

HUNTER-KILLER

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August 5, 2014

The Moscow Boys Choir hearkens to a time gone by... *perhaps*.

FADE IN:

Credits over a MEDIEVAL SEA CHART: *sea serpents wrap around ancient vessels*. Push in on an inscription:

HERE BE MONSTERS

DISSOLVE TO MATCH:

SATELLITE IMAGE of the Barents Sea. PUSH IN on the massive ice shelves enshrouding Scandinavia.

EXT. ICE LEVEL - DUSK

Snowdrifts shed over frozen seas. The sky is a fiery red behind the setting midday sun.

CAPTION: "**THE BARENTS SEA.**" We sink beneath the ice...

EXT. BARENTS SEA - UNDER THE ICE - CONTINUOUS

...into a cathedral of fading light. Like a stained-glass window, the ceiling filters columns of green. Stalactites of ice hang downward. As we sink, the MOSCOW BOYS CHOIR echoes. The deeper the water, the greater conduction of sound.

And out of the abyss, a mammoth black shape emerges: a SUBMARINE, passing close, RUSSIAN INSIGNIA on its tail.

Then, almost silent, ANOTHER SUBMARINE emerges in pursuit of the first, US Navy insignia on the conning tower.

Our present-day monsters. We move inside...

INT. SONAR ROOM, USS MIAMI - CONTINUOUS

THREE U.S. SONAR OPERATORS fill the cramped sonar shack: sailors in headphones, *hearing the boys choir* as they eavesdrop on their Russian rival. CAPTION: "**U.S.S. MIAMI**"

MIAMI SONAR 1
(into mic)
Conn, sonar, maintaining contact. Best bearing zero-three-five.

As they go off headset, these highly-trained operators transform into the young twenty-somethings they are:

MIAMI SONAR 1 (CONT'D)
You know those fools are playing that music just to drive us crazy.

MIAMI SONAR 2
I feel sorry for 'em. If that's their music, imagine what their food must taste like.

SONAR 3, the rookie of the group, keeps one ear pressed against his headphone listening...

MIAMI SONAR 3
I don't get it. What's the point of
all this cat and mouse when they know
we're following them?

MIAMI SONAR 1
Navy's gotta keep everybody busy during
peacetime, son. Admirals push paper
around. We chase our tails.

Sonar 3 shake his head and then --

BOOM!!! A shattering crack in the headphones. Sonar 3 jerks them away from his ear instinctively.

CLOSE ON THE HEADPHONES: Tinny chaos can be heard. It's bedlam aboard the Russian sub. Sirens and screaming.

All three exchange bewildered looks. Sonar 2 recovers his headphones, calling the control room:

SONAR 2
Conn, sonar. Explosion aboard the
Gepard!

From the headphones on the floor, a RUSSIAN DISTRESS CALL.

SONAR 2 (CONT'D)
Conn, we're receiving a mayday call.

CAPTAIN OF THE MIAMI (V.O.)
Sonar, Conn. Respond to the call. Get
us a bearing on that boat.

In the HALL, crewmen run to their stations, the American sub waking suddenly from a long nap.

Sonar 3 has his headphones on. He listens.

SONAR 3
Hold on. I hear something... What is
that?

We hear the growing whine of an approaching TORPEDO.

SONAR 1
Conn, sonar! Torpedo in the water!

INSERT:

A TORPEDO cuts through the water in pursuit of the Miami...

BACK TO SCENE: SONAR 1, calculating. SONAR 2, praying.
SONAR 3, *astonished*. The amplified MOTOR of the torpedo
CRESCENDOES and--

CUT TO BLACK.

ON A CELLPHONE

A text lights up a room. We hear only strained breath, it's -

JOHN FISK (mid-40s), head rising and falling in darkness. He's doing pull-ups with a warrior's focus. Dawn is coloring the windows as he murmurs the count, an astonishing flurry, *thirty, thirty-one, thirty-two*. Finally, he lets go to lower himself into...

A WHEELCHAIR. He's missing both legs, the left to the knee, the right to mid-thigh. He wheels ahead to the CELLPHONE, still glowing and reads the text. From his reaction, we can tell the news is urgent.

INT. FISK'S DC APARTMENT - DAWN

Fisk is a young *admiral*, his uniform emblazoned with distinguished service and commendation medals. He's rushing through a complicated process.

CLOSE: We're watching the painstaking ritual of a man putting on the second of two prosthetic legs. A thin silk sock goes over the stump. Then a thicker one. He smooths out creases, impatient. This process can't be rushed. Then there's foam, shaped like a socket. As he readies his second prosthesis, we glimpse the PATENT-LEATHER SHOE at the bottom.

He pauses, spits on it, then shines the shoe with his towel.

EXT. THE PENTAGON - WASHINGTON, DC - ESTABLISHING SHOT**INT. WAR ROOM, NMCC - THE PENTAGON - CONTINUOUS**

Even as the room buzzes, HEADS TURN as Fisk enters with pitched, altered walk. He ignores salutes, moving rapidly to a wall of screens, the station of CAPTAIN FORBES (30s).

FORBES

The Miami went missing right here,
above the Kola Peninsula. NAVSEA
reports no recent repairs, no problems
with her radio, no weather over the
Barents Sea.

FISK

Awfully close to Russian waters.

FORBES

They've been shadowing a Russian sub
out of Polyarny for weeks. The Gepard.

FISK

How long are they overdue for check in?

FORBES

Two hours.

Fisk stares at the LED SCREEN.

FISK
Check SOSUS for any unusual activity in
the area.

A Junior Officer jumps to follow the order.

FISK (CONT'D)
And tell Norfolk I want a fast-attack
boat in the water now.

FORBES
You want me to call Vice Admiral
Donnegan?

FISK
No, I want you to find me the closest
Hunter-Killer we have.

ON A MONITOR he brings up *SLEEK, PREDATORY-LOOKING SUBS*.

FORBES
Here's a list of possible subs...
there's only one in EUCOM region with a
rescue-sub attachment. The Toledo.

A sub rotates: *USS TOLEDO (SSN-769)*.

FISK
Coordinates.

A TECH hits some keys and a large map display comes up
showing a blinking DOT with the GPS location for the Toledo.
She's just below the Arctic circle -- not far from the second
blinking dot that represents the location where the Miami
went missing.

FISK (CONT'D)
Good. She can be on-site in a matter
of hours.

FORBES
(looking at his screen)
Uh, sir... The skipper of the Toledo
was medivac-ed to Germany yesterday for
a burst appendix. The XO is the acting
captain.

Fisk peers over Forbes's shoulder to see the monitor.

FISK
(reading)
Only two months on the job? He's not
ready for command. We need another
option.

FORBES
We have a list of approved sub
commanders standing by in Norfolk --

FISK
Norfolk is twelve hours away. There
are a hundred and ten men on the Miami.
If she's down, every minute counts.
Who is in the region?

FORBES
(hits some keys)
There aren't a lot of senior
officers...

Fisk jabs a finger at the screen.

FISK
What about him?

FORBES
Joe Glass?
(shakes his head)
I recommend we keep looking.

FISK
(reading)
The guy commanded a Los Angeles Class
sub for five years... two distinguished
service commendations... *currently*
serving as the Liaison to the Royal
Navy in Faslane, Scotland??
(looks to Forbes)
How the hell did he end up there?

Forbes sighs.

FORBES
Glass gave a bad performance review to
Donnegan's nephew... kept his
integrity, lost his boat.

Fisk shakes his head...

FISK
I don't have time for politics right
now. Just tell me one thing; can Joe
Glass skip a boat?

A beat on Forbes. He nods reluctantly.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BARENTS SEA - SUNSET

Choppy dark seas stretch to the horizon under a slate gray
sky. WE HEAR THE THUMP-THUMP-THUMP of an approaching Navy
HELICOPTER before we see it. As it descends, the rotor wash
creates a circular pattern in the white caps below. Then...

SWOOSH! The conning tower of the U.S.S. Toledo breaks the
surface and the great submarine rises, water streaming off
her sleek metal surfaces.

INT. CHOPPER - CONTINUOUS

ON THE FACE of CAPTAIN JOE GLASS (40s). Rugged, handsome face that has seen a few bar fights. He looks down through the window at the submarine.

GLASS
(under his breath)
That is a beautiful sight.

EXT. THE DECK OF THE TOLEDO - MOMENTS LATER

The hatch is thrown open and CREWMEN in reflective jackets and emerge on deck to guide the HELO. What follows is a perfectly choreographed and dangerous ballet as the helicopter hovers over the boat, tossed on the rough seas below.

Glass is lowered on a line to the Toledo. Crewmen reach out hands to help him -- he unhooks himself from his belay line.

As soon as his feet hit the deck, Glass stands easily, ignoring the roll of the boat and the icy whip of the spray. He can't contain a hint of a smile; this is a man who has just arrived where he belongs.

As the chopper peels away, the Toledo's blue-blooded XO, BRIAN EDWARDS (35, Annapolis man) salutes Glass stiffly. Where Glass is gruff, Edwards is smooth, a son of privilege.

EDWARDS
Welcome aboard, Captain Glass. Brian
Edwards, XO.

Glass barely pauses to return the salute before striding toward the hatch.

INT. TOLEDO, CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Edwards keeps up with Glass.

EDWARDS
When Captain O'Brian was medivac'ed off the boat, our orders were to sail back to port. Then they told us you were coming... nothing else...

Edwards looks at Glass expectantly. Glass doesn't respond, his sharp eyes roving over every detail of the boat as they walk.

EDWARDS (CONT'D)
The men are looking forward to some shore leave. They're asking about it...

GLASS
Orders change.

A beat. Edwards tries to make small talk.

EDWARDS

So... you didn't get much warning for this assignment. They must have pulled you out of Scotland pretty damn fast.

GLASS

Not fast enough.

Edwards smiles tightly.

They approach a pair of CREWMEN coming on shift. The men salute and make way as the officers pass.

As Glass and Edwards round a corner, Glass notes the time.

GLASS (CONT'D)

Why are those men coming on watch now?

EDWARDS

Captain O'Brian switched us to a 24-hour day. Eight hour watches instead of the standard six. It's been a very successful change --

GLASS

Experiment's over. We resume standard 18-hour days. Effective immediately.

EDWARDS

All due respect sir, Captain O'Brian believes that --

Glass stops on a dime. Turns.

GLASS

Captain O'Brian is no longer in command of the Toledo. I am. A boat only has one skipper. Are we clear, XO?

Glass does not raise his voice. Doesn't have to. Edwards swallows his resentment.

EDWARDS

Yes sir.

GLASS

Good. Time for a spot check on the Torpedo room.

EDWARDS

I'll notify them we're coming, sir.

Edwards picks up a COMM unit from the wall -- Glass takes it from his hand and hangs it back up.

GLASS

That's not necessary.

INT. TORPEDO ROOM, USS TOLEDO - MOMENTS LATER

NICK KAPLAN (19, a new "puke"), TURNER (WEAPONS CHIEF) and BRICKOWSKI (30, supply grunt) sit on cots, playing POKER. Kaplan studies his hand hard, then finally puts several crumpled bills into the pot.

KAPLAN
Okay, I'll call...

EDWARDS (O.S.)
Attention!

They turn and see the Captain and XO have entered the room. They spring to their feet guiltily, cards in hands.

GLASS
At ease, men.

EDWARDS
(stern)
You men know gambling is against regulations.

Glass, cool, steps forward.

GLASS
(to Kaplan)
May I?

Glass looks at the cards in Kaplan's hand, then at the pot.

GLASS (CONT'D)
You were gonna call with a pair of threes??

He shakes his head and hands the cards back.

GLASS (CONT'D)
I think we can let it slide this one time, XO. That's not what I came down here for.

The men sigh with relief, off the hook. Glass examines the room. Below the torpedo tubes is a cot and a row of "dummy" torpedoes, used for drills.

GLASS (CONT'D)
You always have a man hot bunking in the Torpedo room?

TURNER
Yes sir. We're short on space.

GLASS
Get the bunk out. And find another place for these dummy torpedoes. I want live ordnance next to the tubes and ready to go.

TURNER

Sir?

GLASS

From this moment on, I want these weapons ready to fire.

A beat. Turner and Kaplan are stunned. So is Edwards but he knows his job:

EDWARDS

You heard the Captain, Turner.

TURNER

Yes sir.

Glass turns to exit. Kaplan and Turner exchange a glance: WTF was that?

INT. MESS, USS TOLEDO - MOMENTS LATER

The men sit around nine stainless steel tables, beneath a poster of a UK GLAMOR MODEL, covered in dart holes.

BELFORD (21, sonar, quick-wit, practical joker) settles in with his tray --

BELFORD

This new skipper sounds like a total hard-ass.

He joins MCCAWE (23, mechanic) and JIMENEZ (27, mini-sub pilot).

MCCAWE

Can't be all bad. I heard he started as a wrench monkey.

BELFORD

That's hardly a recommendation.

MCCAWE

Fuck you, college boy. At least he's not some pillow-bitin' ring-knocker like the XO.

Jimenez shakes his head and shoves food into his mouth.

JIMENEZ

Problem with the guys that come up through the ranks is that they've got a chip on their shoulder. Always something to prove. And they gotta use us to prove it.

Nods of agreement as the crew returns to their food.

INT. CONTROL ROOM, USS TOLEDO - MOMENTS LATER

C.O.B. WALLACH (Chief of the Boat, a seasoned veteran) and Navigator POWELL look up from their duties as Glass and Edwards enter.

WALLACH
Wallach, sir. Chief of the Boat, at your service.

POWELL
Navigator Powell. Where are we headed, Captain?

GLASS
The Kola Peninsula. Russian waters.

ON the faces of the men as they react to this news. Not what they were expecting...

INT. WAR ROOM - NMCC - PENTAGON - DAY

CLOSE ON A WOMAN'S HIGH-HEELED SHOES: She's hustling into the dimness around the LED SCREENS and work stations. Her security badge dangles: CIA SENIOR ANALYST, JANE NORQUIST.

She's a beautiful if somewhat officious woman in her mid-thirties. Despite a sleek business suit, she's looking harried, with tied-back hair coming undone and the flush of exertion on her face. She reaches an -

LCD MAP OF THE KOLA PENINSULA.

Fisk sits below it, COFFEE balancing on his armrest.

NORQUIST
Admiral Fisk?

Fisk swivels in his chair.

FISK
That's me, ma'am. How can I help you?

NORQUIST
You can start by explaining why nobody called me sooner. You lost your sub over three hours ago.

Fisk takes a sip of coffee, unperturbed.

FISK
Nice to meet you too, Miss...
(peers at her badge)
Norquist.

NORQUIST
You should have notified the CIA immediately.

FISK
Last time I checked, I don't work for
the CIA. I have my own job to do.

NORQUIST
Have you found the Miami?

FISK
I've sent a Hunter-Killer.

NORQUIST
Well I'm scheduled to brief the
President in less than an hour. I need
to know everything.

Forbes bites his tongue, watching Fisk absorb this woman's
abuse. But Fisk takes it in stride, a little bemused by
Norquist.

FISK
SOSUS picked up two explosions right
where the Miami went missing.

NORQUIST
Two?

FISK
Maybe one of theirs and one of ours.

NORQUIST
Is it possible they collided?

FISK
Unlikely. The Miami has advanced sonar
and they were tracking the Russian sub
out of Polyarny.

The word Polyarny gets Norquist's attention.

FISK (CONT'D)
I assume you've reached out to your
counterparts. What do the Russians
have to say?

NORQUIST
Sorry. That's classified.

Fisk studies her for a beat. Then realizes...

FISK
They're not answering, are they?

She looks at him sharply. Both impressed and irritated that
he has figured this out so quickly.

FISK (CONT'D)
What else aren't you telling me?

Norquist regards him for a moment.

FISK (CONT'D)
We're on the same team, you know.

Norquist relents slightly...

NORQUIST
President Smitrov is in the midst of negotiating a nuclear disarmament treaty. The hardliners are against it; especially his Minister of Defense. The two men are scheduled to meet in secret today. In Polyarny.

FISK
And you think that's connected to the Miami disappearing?

NORQUIST
I've been following this for weeks. Something is going down. And I'm convinced it's happening on that base.

Fisk thinks for a beat.

FISK
You need eyes and ears on the ground.

NORQUIST
That would be nice. I've been trying to get CIA to authorize an op but they're dragging their feet and now things are moving too fast.

FISK
We have SEAL teams in the region.
(pause)
I can send one in for recon. With a missing sub, I have some latitude.

Norquist pauses. Looks at him skeptically.

NORQUIST
I don't believe the Pentagon has ever offered the CIA free help before. What would I owe you?

FISK
How about a smile?

She stares back at him. Her mouth doesn't move -- but there's a flicker in her eyes.

FISK (CONT'D)
Close enough.

He turns and picks up a phone --

EXT. A BACK ALLEY BAR - NIGHT

CAPTION: DUSHANBE, TAJIKISTAN

INT. BAR - NIGHT

A rough Tajik crowd fills the smoky room. A pair of hard-looking American MEN, HALL (31) and JOHNSTONE (29) sit across from a younger man, MARTINELLI (24). A half bottle of unidentified liquor sits on the table.

HALL
I'll bet you two thousand *somoni*.
Right now.

Johnstone leans forward and whispers helpfully:

JOHNSTONE
That's about four hundred dollars.

MARTINELLI
You guys are crazy.

HALL
Then take the easy money, junior.

MARTINELLI
The man's a killer.

They all turn to look at the object of discussion: a GRIZZLED MAN at the bar: BILL BEAMAN. Already weathered in his mid-thirties, burn scars under one eye, a divot on his chin. Quiet and dangerous.

JOHNSTONE
(re: Beaman)
He may be a killer, but he is also an
artist.

HALL
You wouldn't believe what he is capable
of.

Martinelli looks back and forth between them.

HALL (CONT'D)
(to Johnstone)
Remember Managua?

JOHNSTONE
Managua was nothing. How about that
hole-in-the-wall club Lima? Place was
crawling with Sendero Luminoso -- most
lethal terrorist group in the country.
(shakes his head)
I swear that man didn't bat an eyelash.

Martinelli steals another look at Beaman. Can't decide what to believe... Finally:

MARTINELLI
Okay. I'm in.

Martinelli ponies up. He slaps a pile of foreign currency in the center of the table. The others match it. Johnstone gets up. Walks past Beaman and goes to the KAROAKE MACHINE.

A few moments later Al Green's "LET'S STAY TOGETHER" comes on...

Beaman finishes his drink and stands... then lifts the mic and starts to sing:

BEAMAN
*I'm... I'm so in love with you/Whatever
 you want me to do/Is all right with
 me...*

The amazing thing is... he's good! Even on the high notes. Cheers and whistles from the bar.

Martinelli's jaw drops. Johnstone returns to the table and shares a laugh with Hall. As they scoop up the money --

JOHNSTONE
 Toldya. The boss is a man of many talents.

Just then Beaman's phone buzzes in his pocket. He stops mid-song and reads the text:

INSERT:

TEXT -- OPSEC PROTOCOL

Beaman's demeanor shifts on a dime. He walks off the stage mid-song and goes to the table where Johnstone and Hall are already groaning...

BEAMAN
 Playtime's over boys. We're up.

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. TARMAC - NIGHT

CAPTION: "BLACK MOUNTAIN FACILITY. TAJIKISTAN."

NOW WE SEE BEAMAN leading his DEVGRU team across the Tarmac in tactical gear, ready to roll. This is what these guys look like out of civilian clothes... the baddest mother-f*ckers in the U.S. Navy.

A SEAL COMMANDER is waiting for them, holding a large FOLDER with orders. He hands it Beaman.

SEAL COMMANDER
 Sorry to cut your R&R short, Lt.
 Commander Beaman.

Beaman take the folder. Doesn't look in the least put out. In fact, he seems positively excited to have a mission.

BEAMAN

You at least sending us somewhere warm?

SEAL COMMANDER

Not exactly.

CUT TO:

BLOWING SNOW FILLS THE SCREEN.

CAPTION: "POLYARNY NAVAL BASE, RUSSIA"

EXT. POLYARNY NAVAL BASE - DAY

Freezing. It's the northernmost base in Russia, a cluttered mix of old and new. MISSILE STOCKPILES ooze anti-freeze colored waste. Around the bend:

A MOTORCADE approaches. The vehicles stop in front of the Headquarters Building.

RUSSIAN SOLDIERS stand in a 'Guard of Honor' as PRESIDENT **NIKOLAI SERGEYEVICH SMITROV** (50s) gets out. His SIX FSB AGENTS escort him into the building.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - POLARNY - LATER

CLOSE ON A CUP OF TEA being poured from an ornate ceremonial samovar. REVEAL the person pouring the tea is...

ADMIRAL DMITRI DUROV (47). He passes the tea to President Smitrov. The two men sit across from one another formally, military AIDES and SMITROV'S BODYGUARDS look on. The two men speak in Russian:

DUROV

I'm sorry we couldn't provide better weather for you, Mr. President.

PRESIDENT SMITROV

I went to school in Murmansk. This is balmy.

They exchange smiles -- two old adversaries, circling one another.

DUROV

I'm honored that you made the journey up here to see me.

PRESIDENT SMITROV

Dmitri, you and I spent too many years fighting with one another. When I was elected President, I named you Minister of Defense so that we could put those battles behind us.

Durov looks at him evenly.

DUROV
And so we have.

PRESIDENT SMITROV
I know you oppose this disarmament treaty.

DUROV
I don't deny it. I believe that giving up our nuclear arsenal would irrevocably shift the balance of power to the Americans.

PRESIDENT SMITROV
I can't have one of my own ministers undermining my policy. It weakens our position with the public and with the international community.

DUROV
(reasonable)
I understand, Mr. President. But you can't expect me to support a treaty I believe to be a mistake.

PRESIDENT SMITROV
That is why I'm here Dmitri. To find a middle ground... as they say:
"Politics is the art of compromise."

Before they can get down to negotiations, the door bursts open and TRETIAK (Durov's chief of security) enters:

TRETIAK
Excuse me, Admiral...

Durov turns flashes an angry look at the interruption.

TRETIAK (CONT'D)
(bows apologetically)
I'm sorry, sir. But we just got news:
the Gepard has been sunk by an American submarine. In our own waters.

Smitrov and Durov react with shock and horror.

PRESIDENT SMITROV
Good God... Are you sure? There must be a mistake...

DUROV
The Americans have been challenging our borders in the Barents Sea for some time. It's the last strategic oil reserve in the world.

PRESIDENT SMITROV
I must call Washington.

DUROV

Let me check in with Naval Intelligence first, Mr. President.

(rising)

You should at least know if this was an accidental encounter that got out of hand, or something more calculated.

Smitrov nods reluctantly as Durov excuses himself. He leaves, flanked by Tretiak and a handful of his SPETSNAZ guards.

EXT. BARENTS SEA, UNDER THE ICE - DAY

Beneath an icy ceiling, 10 feet thick, an Akula lies in wait.
CAPTION: "THE VOLK, AKULA CLASS SUBMARINE, BARENTS SEA."

INT. VOLK SONAR ROOM - DAY

CLANK, CLANK, CLANK - in the headphones of the Volk SONARMAN. The VOLK CAPTAIN enters. His brill-creamed hair and formal tone scream 'Old Guard.'

VOLK CAPTAIN

What's the status of the Gepard?

VOLK SONARMAN

Sir. They're alive. I hear them. They're resting on the sea floor...

VOLK CAPTAIN

I've received orders from Polyarny. We are to stay here and not reveal our position.

VOLK SONARMAN

Sir, they're running out of air...

VOLK CAPTAIN

Our orders are clear; no rescue attempt can be made. We are to hold our position.

He takes a deep breath. Looks at the pained face of the Sonarman and softens his tone.

VOLK CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

It wouldn't matter anyway, Moryak. At 160 fathoms it's too deep. There's nothing we can do for them.

(beat)

Except pray.

VOLK SONARMAN

(bows his head)

Aye, sir.

He holds his headphones on: *Clank, clank, clank...*

EXT. UNDERSEA - DAY

USS TOLEDO crosses frame.

INT. SONAR ROOM, USS TOLEDO - CONTINUOUS

WHALE SOUNDS articulate their position on SONAR SCREENS. The room's filling with IDLE CREWMEN: this is a rare treat.

BELFORD
(holding out an iPod)
It'll work.

JIMENEZ laughs at the track: *WHALE LOVE SONGS*.

BELFORD (CONT'D)
Alright, boys.
(plugging iPod in)
Attempting contact...

The room is packed as Belford sends out a RECORDED WHALE SOUND. They get a reply: "*HHHMMEEEEOOOHHHH*."

JIMENEZ
You're turning them on, Belford.

BELFORD
(laughing)
We're going to get violated by a
freakin' Humpback.

LAUGHTER reverberates. Belford turns and his smile fades as he sees --

GLASS. Standing behind them, stone-faced. He motions to Belford: '*step outside*.' There's no outside, just a recessed area in the threshold with the control room, the course-plotting tables in the background.

Belford approaches Glass.

GLASS
What's your name sailor?

BELFORD
Belford, sir. Sonar Operator.

GLASS
You always a jackass or is this special
behavior to impress your new captain?

Belford opens his mouth... unsure what to say.

BELFORD
Um...

GLASS
That was a rhetorical question,
Belford.

Belford looks up at Glass and sees a slight twinkle in his eye. Is Glass just messing with him?

GLASS (CONT'D)
(lowers his voice)
I know what goes on below decks. The crew's been talking about me behind my back, haven't they?

BELFORD
No sir, Captain.

GLASS
If you wanna lie, you're gonna have to learn to do it better, son. What are they saying?

Belford squirms and glances back at the other crew members who are busily pretending to go about their work.

BELFORD
Just talk, sir. Speculation and what not.

GLASS
Go on.

BELFORD
Well... everybody knows you told them torpedo boys to get the live ammo ready. And there's a rumor you got court-martialed once. Some of the fellas think you might get us all killed... stuff like that. Sir.

Belford cringes. Glass looks at him evenly. But then... Glass smiles.

GLASS
Thank you Belford. That's helpful.
(beat)
Guess it's time I spoke to the men.

Glass moves back into --

INT. CONTROL ROOM, USS TOLEDO = CONTINUOUS

Glass turns to Edwards.

GLASS
Get me on the 1 MC.

Edwards lifts a MIC and hands it to Glass. Flips a switch. As Glass speaks, his voice echoes throughout the boat.

GLASS (CONT'D)
Gentlemen, this is your new Captain.
Joe Glass.

INT. GALLEY, USS TOLEDO - CONTINUOUS

The young men stop mid-chew.

GLASS (V.O.)
I know there's been some grumbling
among you... some of you may even feel
that I am being overzealous. But I
promise you that there is a reason for
everything. As you may have heard, we
are not headed back to port.

Murmurs of disappointment and disgust ripple through the sub.

INT. ENGINE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

GLASS (V.O.)
The Toledo has been given a classified
mission. This is *not* a training
exercise.

The men around the nuclear reactor quiet down.

GLASS (V.O.)
The USS Miami has gone missing off the
Russian coast.

On the faces of the crew as they react with shock to this
news.

INT. TORPEDO ROOM - CONTINUOUS

GLASS (V.O.)
We are being sent to find her.
(takes a deep breath)
There is a chance that this was not an
accident. So we go in prepared for
anything.

Turner and Kaplan look from one another to the live ammo that
is now placed by the tubes, understanding.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Edwards watches Glass warily as he speaks.

GLASS (ON THE 1 M.C.)
It has been over half a century since
Russian and American naval forces have
engaged in combat. But if it comes to
pass on our watch, we will not back
down. You have trained for this.

INT. MESS DECK - CONTINUOUS

Around the tables, the seriousness of their mission sinks in.

GLASS (V.O.)
Each of you has a vital job to do on
this sub;
(MORE)

GLASS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 I expect all of you to carry out your
 duties with discipline and
 professionalism.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Glass looks around the room.

GLASS (INTO THE 1 M.C.)
 The men of the Miami are counting on
 us.

Glass hands the mic back to Edwards who swallows hard. Like most of the men on the sub, he has never seen combat before...

EXT. BARENTS SEA, UNDER THE ICE

The U.S.S. Toledo dives deeper beneath pack ice, through diminishing columns of greenish light. Descending, they pass the last streaks into an undersea twilight.

INT. CONTROL ROOM, USS TOLEDO - NIGHT

Glass braces himself against a desk as the floor tilts. The men's faces are now lit only by the glow of the consoles.

EDWARDS (XO)
 (whispering)
 Approaching Miami's last known
 position.

Glass approaches Powell, navigator, at the CHART TABLE.

POWELL
 We should be on top of them.

GLASS
 Are we alone, Belford?

Belford pauses. Nods. *He doesn't look convinced.*

WALLACH
 Captain?

GLASS
 We're 40 miles from Russia.
 We might not be the first ones here.

Glass thinks. *His first big call.*

EDWARDS
 Sir?

GLASS
 Get the robot in the water.

EXT. OCEAN FLOOR, BARENTS SEA - A SHORT TIME LATER

The "SEA SCAN" emerges from a TORPEDO TUBE, dives toward a barren sea floor. A spotlight shines, illuminating the ridged sand, looking like the surface of the moon.

INT. CONTROL ROOM, USS TOLEDO - A SHORT TIME LATER

Glass stares at a magnetometer. Suddenly, a BLIP. JIMENEZ nudges a joystick, controlling the robot.

JIMENEZ

There's a debris field below.

Glass flips on a VIDEO MONITOR. The room is dead quiet, as the OCEAN FLOOR comes into focus on screen.

EDWARDS

It could be vents in the sea floor.
Could be a deep water reef.

GLASS

Wouldn't affect the magnetic field.

They all stop as they see: the WRECKAGE of a SUBMARINE, spilled out across the discolored sand.

Glass closes his eyes for a moment.

GLASS (CONT'D)

It's the Miami.

The CAMERA pans over a piece of mangled steel.

WALLACH

Oh, Jesus.

Jimenez steers the robot closer.

ON SCREEN: Dead bodies, torn, water-logged, litter the sand. Red king crabs and eel-like hagfish devour the corpses.

Everyone turns away, except for Glass, with the alertness of a fighter.

GLASS

Jimenez. Determine the cause.

EXT. OCEAN FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

THE SEA SCAN approaches the Miami's BOW DOME, twisted by floor impact.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - USS TOLEDO - CONTINUOUS

The men watch as the scan reveals a GAPING HOLE in the hull.

EDWARDS

She was torpedoed.

GLASS
Man battle stations.

WALLACH
Battle stations!

The CALL TO BATTLE STATIONS echoes through the sub. CREWMEN sprint to their posts.

GLASS
Flood tubes one, two, and three. Open
outer doors on tube two.
(to Powell)
Have radio draft a message for next
surface. "USS Miami sunk by enemy
action."

POWELL
Yes, sir.

Belford leans in from the adjacent sonar shack:

BELFORD
Captain?
(ALL EYES fall on Belford)
Uh... you should hear this.

INT. SONAR SHACK, USS TOLEDO - MOMENTS LATER

Glass presses a HEADPHONE to his ear: *CLANK, CLANK, CLANK.*

GLASS
Tell me that's coming from the Miami.

The spooked Sonarmen shake their heads: it's not.

GLASS (CONT'D)
Get me a bearing.

BELFORD
Bearing two-two-one. Clear as a bell.

GLASS
Mr. Edwards! Bearing two-two-one. Get
that robot on board, ASAP!

EXT. BARENTS SEA, UNDER THE ICE - DAY

At a distance, the Toledo turns away from the Miami's grave.

In the foreground, sit the shadows of ANOTHER MANGLED
SUBMARINE.

CLANK, CLANK, CLANK. The hammer bangs inside the GEPARD.

We MOVE UPWARD toward the bright PACK ICE high above to find:

THE VOLK - the Miami's killer - lying in wait.

INT. VOLK SONAR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

CLANK, CLANK, CLANK... the frantic hammering still fills the Russian Sonarman's ears, a tapping inside a coffin. On a screen before him: *there's a blip. The Toledo.*

VOLK SONARMAN
*Captain! American submarine bearing
 zero-eight-three. They're headed
 toward the Gepard, sir.*

There's the hint of a question in the sonarman's voice. The Volk Captain's look hardens.

VOLK CAPTAIN
*Flood tubes one and two! Open outer
 doors!*

INT. SONAR ROOM, USS TOLEDO - DAY

Belford is inches from the sonar "green waterfall," studying pixels. *CLANK, CLANK, CLANK* -- continues, a desperate percussion. Suddenly Belford notices another *blip*.

BELFORD
The hell is that?

Edwards steps in behind him with an anxious look.

EXT. BARENTS SEA, UNDER THE ICE - CONTINUOUS

The Toledo passes directly beneath the Volk.

INT. SONAR ROOM, USS TOLEDO - CONTINUOUS

Belford grimaces, PRESSES his headset to his ears...

BELFORD
*I got something else. Conn, sonar.
 Detecting auxiliary noises overhead!
 (off mic, horrified)
Somebody's ice-picked up there!*

INT. CONTROL ROOM, USS TOLEDO - CONTINUOUS

EDWARDS
Captain Glass! They're on top of us!

GLASS
*All ahead flank! Take her down to a
 thousand feet.*

INT. VOLK CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

VOLK SONARMAN
Range 850 meters. He's diving!

VOLK CAPTAIN
Fire torpedoes one and two!

The VOLK crew looks stunned for a moment, then complies.

EXT. BARENTS SEA, UNDER THE ICE - CONTINUOUS

The Toledo passes in foreground. The Volk is 1000 YARDS over her shoulder, as two TORPEDOES erupt out of the Russian sub.

INT. SONAR ROOM, USS TOLEDO - CONTINUOUS

BELFORD
Torpedoes in the water!

EDWARDS
They fired at us!?

BELFORD
In the baffles! Best bearing zero-nine-zero and *closing*!

Shock and adrenaline fill the room. Edwards and Wallach look clammy with sweat in the dim light. Glass jaw tightens as he moves to MCKITTRICK, the HELMSMAN. There's an intense, *Emergency Room* calm in his voice.

GLASS
Launch evasion devices. Helmsman, take her to manual. Right *full* rudder. Forty-degree down bubble. Keep me just off the bottom.
(beat)
Hang on, boys.

As the Toledo's deck ROLLS violently.... RAPID SHOTS SHOW:

INT. GALLEY - U.S.S. TOLEDO - CONTINUOUS

POTS, PANS and FROZEN STEAKS fly across the narrow kitchen around LAMBERT. CAFETERIA TRAYS slide across the MESS DECK. PLAYING CARDS spill out of the BERTHING AREAS...

EXT. BARENTS SEA, UNDER THE ICE - CONTINUOUS

The EVASION DEVICES, tumbling out behind the Toledo, create a sound field of bubbles, like a squid's ink; the 'masked' Toledo drives towards the bottom, banking HARD.

The Russian torpedoes BLOW BY the evasion devices - two bullets headed for the Toledo's tail.

INT. CONTROL ROOM, USS TOLEDO - CONTINUOUS

The deck slants so steeply that it puts massive PRESSURE on the hull. It moans and creaks like a settling house.

BELFORD
Torpedoes bear zero-nine-zero! Active!

GLASS
Snapshot, tube one on the bearing of incoming weapon!

EDWARDS
Solution ready!

MCKITTRICK
Ship ready!

WALLACH
Weapon ready!

Glass steels himself. Pulls the trigger:

GLASS
Shoot on designated bearing!

WHOOSH THUMP! The Toledo lurches as the torpedo ejects.

EXT. BARENTS SEA, UNDER THE ICE - AFTERNOON

The AMERICAN TORPEDO accelerates to better than 60 KNOTS, cutting through the water like a barracuda.

It passes underneath the Russian submarine, too deep. *The firing mechanism doesn't arm.*

INT. VOLK CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Russian Captain hears the *PINGING* of the onrushing ADCAP.

VOLK SONARMAN
*Captain, torpedo launched! Bearing
zero-nine-zero, it passed under us!*

VOLK CAPTAIN
It won't find us in the ice.

EXT. BARENTS SEA, UNDER THE ICE - CONTINUOUS

But the intelligent ADCAP CIRCLES BACK. It ascends, all 650-pounds of PBNX WARHEAD, until it's directly beneath the VOLK:

A SOUND VACUUM. Then... **BOOM!**

THE SHOCK WAVE TEARS THROUGH THE DOUBLE HULL like tissue paper. The superheated gas bubble LIFTS THE VOLK AND CARRIES IT UPWARD INTO THE ICE PACK ABOVE.

EXT. BARENTS SEA, ABOVE THE ICE - CONTINUOUS

The heat and force of the blast *sprays* upward through the ice pack, like the blowhole of a whale.

INT. CONTROL ROOM, USS TOLEDO - CONTINUOUS

Belford pumps his fist and throws off his headphones.

Hit!! BELFORD

GLASS
Get those headphones back on, Belford!

Chastised, Belford pulls back on the headphones to hear: the WHIR OF RUSSIAN TORPEDOES. *It's not over.* His face drops.

BELFORD
Torpedoes still active and closing!

INSERT: As the Volk's breached HULL sinks in the distance, its TWO TORPEDOES scream past camera, straight at us.

GLASS
Nav, get us on a direct bearing to the Miami.

EDWARDS
The Miami, sir?

GLASS
If I have to say everything twice, Edwards, we're not going to make it. Head to *the Miami*!

POWELL
Yes, sir. Come left to Zero One Zero.

GLASS
(to McKittrick)
Keep the forty-degree down bubble. Come left to Zero One Zero. When I tell you, pull up with everything.

FATHOMETER OPERATOR
Depth to the bottom, one five zero. ONE ZERO ZERO... ZERO FIVE ZERO!!

GLASS
Pull up!

MCKITTRICK pulls up with everything he's got.

EXT. BARENTS SEA, UNDER THE ICE - CONTINUOUS

The Toledo's nose *just* rises up before the bottom, coming close enough to stir up a layer of sand. She moves across the sea floor, straight for--

THE MIAMI.

The torpedoes trail Toledo straight for the WRECKAGE OF THE MIAMI.

INT. CONTROL ROOM, USS TOLEDO - CONTINUOUS

Edwards sees the MIAMI ON THE CHARTS. Sees TOLEDO's COURSE:

Edwards, fearing a collision with Miami, can't contain it:

EDWARDS
Skipper, suggest we come up to - !

GLASS

Hold her! Stay on the floor!

INSERT: The torpedoes fall in line behind the Toledo's tail, gaining, fast as reef sharks. It's a matter of seconds...

No one breathes inside the Toledo. Edwards and Wallach turn to Glass. Calmly, Glass rolls a SUBMARINE WARFARE COIN, back and forth across his knuckles, as he watches the 'bug' on the chart. Finally:

GLASS (CONT'D)

RIGHT FULL RUDDER! NOW!

EXT. BARENTS SEA, UNDER THE ICE - DAY

TORPEDO POV: bearing down on Toledo when it VEERS RIGHT, revealing the MIAMI WRECKAGE, DEAD AHEAD. We lock onto the sunken American "Miami" - right up to IMPACT:

The **TWO EXPLOSIONS** erupt only 100 feet astern of Toledo.

INT. CONTROL ROOM, USS TOLEDO - CONTINUOUS

Everyone is knocked off their feet by the concussions.

EXT. BARENTS SEA, UNDER THE ICE - CONTINUOUS

The explosions send up a cloud of sound and debris, which spreads out and engulfs the Toledo like a sandstorm.

INT. CONTROL ROOM, USS TOLEDO - CONTINUOUS

Everyone is so silent, they can hear the sand raining on the outside of the ship like hail. Glass climbs up, exhaling, glancing around at his men as they climb to their feet.

WALLACH

Everybody alright? Captain?

'AYES' all around, stations checking in. Glass doesn't respond to Wallach, though. He keeps staring ahead.

Edwards looks over at Glass with a newfound respect.

EDWARDS

That was... remarkable, sir. You saved the boat.

GLASS

I'd hoped to save the Miami. Instead I used her graveyard as cover.

Glass lowers his head. A beat of silence as they all pay their last respects to the men of the Miami. Finally Wallach, the oldest crewman, addresses Glass:

WALLACH

The men of the Miami would forgive you, Captain. You did what you had to do.

Glass looks up at him.

GLASS

Who knows what anybody will forgive or forget when this is over. For all we know, that was the first shot of a war.

A beat has his words land. Then...

BELFORD

Captain?

Belford flips on speakers: *CLANK, CLANK, CLANK*. The desperate rhythmic sound breaks the dark spell that's come over the crew.

BELFORD (CONT'D)

Somebody's still down there, Captain.

GLASS takes a breath and walks ahead to Belford's controls, face glowing as he peers down. *CLANK, CLANK, CLANK*.

INT. WAR ROOM, N.M.C.C. - DAY

Fisk in the back of the dark room humming with LCD screens. He places an espresso cartridge in an ultra-modern machine - presses three buttons - sneaks his cup beneath...

FRONT OF THE COMMAND CENTER

Fisk hobbles toward a pale-looking Forbes.

FORBES

Message from the Toledo, sir.

As Fisk reads, his face falls.

THE MESSAGE: USS MIAMI SUNK BY ENEMY ACTION.

EXT. BARENTS SEA, UNDER THE ICE - CONTINUOUS

CLANK, CLANK, CLANK. In gloomy light, the GEPARD rests at a forty-degree angle on a sandy ridge. The strong currents look like gusting wind around it.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. POLYARNY - NIGHT

Wind blows snow drifts against the buildings.

INT. DUROV'S COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

TECHNICIAN

Polyarny to the Volk. Do you copy?
(more urgent)
Last known position 69.87 latitude,
33.06 Longitude.

The TECHNICIAN looks up. Durov enters, followed by Tretiak and his SPETSNAZ guards, shaking off the cold.

TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)
*Minister Durov. The Americans have
 arrived. They sunk the Volk.*

Durov's cool demeanor shows a crack -- which he quickly covers.

DUROV
It has begun.

He turns to his second in the room: CAPTAIN VLADE SUTREV (50s).

DUROV (CONT'D)
*Captain Sutrev. Take the Levchenko and
 two cruisers. Find the American
 submarine and destroy it.*

VLADE
Yes sir.

He salutes and heads for the exit. Durov turns to Tretiak.

DUROV
*The men guarding the President... they
 are all with us?*

TRETIK
*Yes sir. I handpicked them myself. He
 has only his personal bodyguards.*

DUROV
*Good. Keep everything locked down.
 Send word that I'm on my way.*

INT. WAR ROOM - NMCC - PENTAGON - DAY

Fisk and Norquist look at satellite images of Polyarny Base on a big screen. The images are obscured by cloud cover but THERMAL and INFRARED overlays reveal buildings, objects and topography. Hard for a novice to decipher but...

FISK
 (points)
 Right there. Those rectangles by the
 docks... you see what I see?

NORQUIST
 Awnings. They're concealing which
 ships are in port and which are out to
 sea.

FISK
 Exactly. They don't want us to know
 where their fleet is.

EXT. SKY OVER THE BALTICS - NIGHT

A DHL CARGO PLANE flies its daily route, above the clouds.

INT. DHL 727 CARGO PLANE - CONTINUOUS

BEAMAN hunched over a LAPTOP, while his team -- Johnstone, Hall, and Martinelli watch him from a dim rear cabin.

On the LAPTOP, Beaman is facing FISK for a briefing.

FISK (V.O.)
You are eyes and ears only. No heroics.
After you recon the base, you'll exfil
via the Norweigan border.

BEAMAN
Understood, sir. We were never there.

CUT TO:

THE REAR OF THE CABIN

Martinelli, Hall and Johnstone look up expectantly as Beaman approaches.

BEAMAN
Tags and personal effects.

The two veteran men remove their dog tags like they know this drill. Wedding rings. Martinelli follows, more slowly.

Beaman puts the personal items in an envelope. He dumps a bunch of clothes at their feet.

BEAMAN (CONT'D)
Get changed.

Martinelli lifts one of the items Beaman dropped: a RUSSIAN NAVAL UNIFORM.

MARTINELLI
We're jumping in Russian uniforms?

Johnstone simply begins unlacing his shoes to change.

JOHNSTONE
Think of it as a costume party.

HALL
Welcome to the wild west.

FIVE MINUTES LATER

A RED LIGHT blinks over the Jumpmaster in the aft. The FOUR SEALS in Russian uniforms.

JUMPMASTER
We're over the target, sir.

Beaman joins them, gives the GO SIGN. The Jumpmaster opens the tail ramp. EIGHTY-BELOW-ZERO AIR.

BEAMAN

Oxygen.

They clamp their masks. The Jumpmaster nods. And they STEP OFF TOGETHER, *dropping into the night*.

EXT. SKY OVER THE BARENTS SEA - HALO JUMP - NIGHT

Biting wind around Beaman. Inside his helmet, we hear his breathing. He checks the altimeter on his wrist: 32,000 ft.

His teammates maneuver easily into formation. At this point, it's a beautiful starry night, but:

ANGLE FROM ABOVE

They descend toward a THICK CLOUD LAYER, faintly luminous in the dark. As they hit it, puncturing the fog, orientation is gone. They're passing through a *hail storm*. Huge chunks of ice carom off their backs and sides, pummeling them.

A VICIOUS GUST OF WIND knocks MARTINELLI out of formation. As he swims in the air on his side, his mask slides off.

Without oxygen, Martinelli becomes disoriented and panics, flailing in the air.

BEAMAN is so adept in the air that he angles toward him, slicing across the air. Through a violent air pocket, he wavers, coming right to Marty and *locking* onto his elbow.

At 20,000 feet, BEAMAN slides MARTINELLI'S MASK back over his face.

Martinelli holds up his thumb. Beaman lets go and EXTENDS HIS ARMS. He swoops forwards - angling through the clouds - as Martinelli follows him.

EXT. FROZEN LAKE OFF BARENTS SEA - NIGHT

The FOUR AMERICAN OPERATIVES skim above the tree-tops of a Boreal forest, reaching a vast frozen lake. They separate, pulling CHUTES one after another, skidding across the lake.

Martinelli's the last to land... THUMP. His teammates run to him. *He's had a rough ride*.

JOHNSTONE

Marty, you alright, little brother?

From a distance, Beaman is watching as the others help Martinelli to his feet. After the mid-fall rescue, Beaman's face seems aggravated, like a stern father's. He hisses for them to be quiet.

He takes out a THERMITE CHARGE.

BEAMAN lights the thermite charge. It sparks upward, rapidly *melting a hole in the ice*. Without a word, the men begin stripping off their gear to the Russian uniforms below. They *stuff* parachutes and other gear *into the hole*.

FROM BELOW THE ICE

The parachutes spread out like jellyfish as they sink down into the dark depths. FOLLOW THE LAST CHUTE INTO THE DARKNESS, DISSOLVING TO:

EXT. BARENTS SEA FLOOR - NIGHT

Out of darkness, the Russian GEPARD is suddenly SPOTLIT. The Sea Scan's robotic camera passes over the crippled sub...

JIMENEZ (V.O.)
(in disbelief)
It's another Akula, alright.

We hear the *CLANK, CLANK, CLANK...* like a dying heartbeat.

INT. CONTROL ROOM, USS TOLEDO - CONTINUOUS

Glass sits next to Jimenez as he operates the robot.

JIMENEZ
Damage to the bow. Probably on impact with the sea floor.

WALLACH
The Miami took her down with her.

As the camera circles the GEPARD...

GLASS
No. *Her torpedo doors are closed.*

We pass DISMEMBERED BODIES, Russian, half covered in sediment, accompanied by the undying S.O.S.: *CLANK, CLANK.*

JIMENEZ
How does anyone live through that?

Finally, the camera reaches stern, revealing a GAPING HOLE WITH JAGGED METAL POINTING OUT in jagged shards.

GLASS
(to Edwards)
Have you ever seen a blast signature like that before?

EDWARDS
Until today, I hadn't seen *any* torpedoed submarines.

GLASS
Well, you're not seeing one here. Look at the skin of the hull.
(MORE)

GLASS (CONT'D)

The shrapnel patterns are pointing out.
You lit cherry bombs as a kid, right?

EDWARDS

You and I had very different
childhoods.

GLASS

We used to put them in car mufflers.
They'd make slivers like *those*. That
explosion came from inside the sub.

WALLACH

One of her torpedoes cooked off?

GLASS

They're not that far aft. Not even on
an Akula. Not the reactor, either.

CLANK. CLANK. CLANK.

GLASS (CONT'D)

What's the depth of the Russian sub?
Can we get them out?

Edwards looks astonished as the crew watches.

POWELL

It's almost three-hundred meters.

BELFORD

Sir, they took out the Miami. They
don't *deserve* a rescue.

GLASS

They were following somebody's orders,
Belford.

The entire crew seems to agree with Belford. Edwards takes
Glass aside, lowering his voice.

EDWARDS

Captain, we hit a sub in *their* water.
They'll respond with a search party on
high alert.

GLASS

That's logical, Edwards.

(beat)

But if *they* were behaving logically
they would've tried their own rescue.
Not *fired* on us.

Glass studies the eyes of his crew, watching him like he's a
madman.

GLASS (CONT'D)

Nobody's following the playbook. We
don't know what's happening up top.

(MORE)

GLASS (CONT'D)

The only people who might have a clue
are down there on that ocean floor.
For some reason their comrades left
them for dead.

(nodding, confident)

Launch the Mystic. Put her down aft of
the sail. I want those Russian sailors
outta there.

Wallach is staring at him, in disbelief.

EDWARDS

Sir... at the very least, we need to
contact Norfolk!

GLASS

Those men will be dead by the time we
get an answer. I'll deal with Norfolk
later. Let's move.

EXT. BARENTS SEA, UNDER THE ICE - A SHORT TIME LATER

Toledo, with Mystic on her back, hovers near the Gepard.

JIMENEZ (V.O.)

Toledo, Mystic. Mating latch released.
Flooding and equalizing skirt for
undocking.

Mystic lifts off Toledo, turns and heads for the Gepard.

EXT. BARENTS SEA, UNDER THE ICE - CONTINUOUS

The submersible lowers, a bubble filled with only four NAVY
SEALS. It passes down into the shadowy depths.

JIMENEZ (V.O.)

Currents are *strong, cabrón*.

INT. MYSTIC SUBMERSIBLE - CONTINUOUS

It's a pocket of hot, nervous breath. As they descend
further, the oceanic landscape fading to black, it's pure
claustrophobia. NICHOLS, the co-pilot, groans.

JIMENEZ

Coupl'a feet deeper and we're going to
get crushed like a beer can.

NICHOLS

Hold steady. Hold steady.

JIMENEZ

I'm in a goddamn riptide. I hope
Captain Glass likes his *new pen pals*.

EXT. MYSTIC SUBMERSIBLE - CONTINUOUS

The difficulty locking onto the GEPARD becomes clear. The currents are like a tornado of grit, kelp bits, and debris, swirling around the sub as it teeters at a precarious angle. The MYSTIC SUBMERSIBLE tilts to match the angle.

INT. MYSTIC SUBMERSIBLE - CONTINUOUS

We hear the creaking of pressure, pushing in on the walls. Jimenez is clenching his teeth as he steers the Mystic over the GEPARD'S hatch.

NICHOLS
Now that is one first-rate piece of
parallel parking.

NICHOLS leaves the controls...

JIMENEZ
Gear up, boys.

NICHOLS
You got that right. Who the hell knows
what's in here.

CLANK. CLANK. CLANK. The sound is right beneath them.

INTERCUTTING INSIDE AND OUT

The Mystic's docking skirt is secured. A watertight seal.

Nichols lowers into the rescue chamber, setting foot on top of the Gepard's cold steel surface.

He BANGS his SHOTGUN on the wet hull, matching the same rhythm of the clanking.

The CLANKING stops. Nichols, in full mask, stares at his ARMED CREW above: *'Nice knowing you'*, when--

The Gepard's HATCH OPENS. Freezing air blasts Nichols. He stares down into darkness, eyeing FOGGY MASKS, like aliens.

A RUSSIAN SAILOR shields his eyes from Nichols' light with

A HAMMER. Then... he sees Nichols outstretched hand.

INT. HATCH OF THE USS TOLEDO - LADDER - MOMENTS LATER

A dozen CREWMEN from the USS TOLEDO reach up with their hands. They're helping someone down, someone nearly paralyzed with hypothermia.

As Glass watches, lowered down the ladder comes black leather shoes, navy blue uniform pants, then the decorated jacket of

A RUSSIAN NAVY CAPTAIN

He's helped upright and carried ahead by MCCAWE and TURNER.
Three Russians follow him. They stop before Glass.

GLASS
I am Captain Glass of the USS Toledo.

The Russian Captain's lips are white and cracked. He shivers with hypothermia but he lifts his chin defiantly.

ANDROPOYOV
Ya Kapitan Sergi Andropoyov. Ne govoryu po-angliski.

Glass stares him in the eye. A long beat.

GLASS
Edwards. Have these men looked at by the medic and treated for hypothermia. But place them under guard; until we hear anything from above, these men are prisoners of war.

Edwards nods. As the Russians are led away...

GLASS (CONT'D)
And separate the Captain from his men. I want him kept in isolation.

As the men are pulled past him Glass remains still, in thought.

INT. WAR ROOM - NMCC - PENTAGON

Fisk is studying satellite images on the monitor when --

VICE ADMIRAL DONNEGAN (O.S.)
Fisk...

He turns to see VICE ADMIRAL DONNEGAN (50s, hawkish, old-school Navy). Has spent more time fighting in boardrooms than on the battlefield.

VICE ADMIRAL DONNEGAN (CONT'D)
You gave *Joe Glass* the Toledo?

FISK
He was the closest qualified commander, sir.

Donnegan throws a dark glance at Forbes.

VICE ADMIRAL DONNEGAN
You also sent a SEAL team to Polyarny. At the request of the CIA.

Donnegan looks at Norquist accusingly.

FISK

We just lost 110 men, Vice Admiral. I think it's fair to say we all want some answers right now.

Donnegan glances from Fisk to Norquist. Can't very well argue with Fisk on that point. A beat.

VICE ADMIRAL DONNEGAN

Well I sure as hell hope they get some fast. The President is waiting to be briefed and we still don't know what's going on over there.

As Donnegan steps up to the monitors...

EXT. HILLS ABOVE POLYARNY - NIGHT

Through intense, blowing snow, the FOUR NAVY SEALS cross. They walk in each others' footprints. HALL drags a blanket, filling in their footprints. They leave no trace.

AN OVERLOOK

They come to a ridge looking over the vast base. Rimmed by decommissioned ships and cranes, burnt-out buildings and ammo dumps, in the center is the bunker-like CONTROL ROOM. It's flanked by the MONOLITHIC STRUCTURE of the MAIN BARRACKS, laundry hanging like flags in the cold. The entire base is crossed by train tracks, emerging from a tunnel in the hills.

The skies are awash with eerie color: the *Northern lights*.

BEAMAN

Let's go get a closer look.

He leads the way down the hill.

ON A RUSSIAN PATROLMAN - MOMENTS LATER

With the freight train bellowing in the distance, he leads his GERMAN SHEPHERD through the shipyard. PAN UP TO:

THE RUNGS OF THE CRANE

The FOUR SEALS hide within the latticework of steel bars, each man on a different level. They blend in with the patina of rust on the steel. BEAMAN raises high-powered, video-record BINOCULARS and looks across the base to:

THE POLYARNY DOCKS.

Beaman focuses on the TRAIN just cutting through a tunnel and entering the base. It hauls MISSILES ON FLATBEDS. Beyond it, there's the flurry of a crew rushing to unload.

MARTINELLI

Whaddya see?

Beaman scans across a flurry of men, coming and going from inside sheltered dry docks built into tunnels in the cliffs.

BEAMAN
Sailors. Fired up. Ready to roll.

JOHNSTONE
(deadpan to Martinelli)
Maybe your mother's in town.

Martinelli flips him the bird.

Beaman sees Russians moving a dolly of *finned* ordnance.

BEAMAN
Hedgehogs. They're loading *destroyers*.

BEAMAN scans the dock, hitting "*record*" on the bins.

BEAMAN (CONT'D)
Start sending these pics live to
Washington.

Hall checks a panel and flicks some switches.

HALL
On it...

INT. WAR ROOM, NMCC - PENTAGON - CONTINUOUS

Fisk, Donnegan and Norquist crowd around the monitor.

TECHNICIAN
Image should be coming up now.

BLACK AND WHITE MONITORS show movement through the Naval Base, the images *flicker*. Then they go to static.

FISK
What's wrong with the feed?

The technician shakes his head and turns some dials.

TECHNICIAN
Not sure, sir.
(into a mic)
Eagle Two this is Atlantis. Your video
transmission is not coming through.

EXT. POLYARNY DOCKS - CONTINUOUS

Hall is struggling with the equipment on his end.

HALL
(into mic)
This is Eagle Two. I copy. Trying to
find a clean frequency.

INT. WAR ROOM - NMCC - PENTAGON - CONTINUOUS

They all stare at the flickering images.

HALL (V.O.)
Something is giving us a ton of
interference.

NORQUIST
Someone is using a signal jammer.

VICE ADMIRAL DONNEGAN
But our audio comms are working. Why
just block the video?

FISK
(realizes)
Because our comms aren't what they're
trying to block...

Norquist glances at him, completing the thought --

NORQUIST
Somebody is trying to stop Russian
communications in and out of the base.

CUT TO:

INT. TOP FLOOR SUITE - POLYARNY BARRACKS - SAME

Smitrov is attempting make a call on his cell. He curses in
frustration, unable to get a signal.

OLEV, his lead FSB agent, returns from the balcony.

PRESIDENT SMITROV
*I cannot reach Moscow! Or anywhere
else for that matter. What is going
on?*

Olev moves closer and lowers his voice, glancing at the door.

OLEV
*Sir, all satellite frequencies and
cellular channels have been blocked.*

Smitrov's anger suddenly fades. His face grows cold as he
realizes what this means.

PRESIDENT SMITROV
Durov...

INT. WAR ROOM - NMCC - PENTAGON - DAY

Norquist consults her smart phone. Then looks up --

NORQUIST
Tell him to try frequency 2282.5 MHz.

The technician turns, surprised by the very specific request.

TECHNICIAN

Ma'am?

NORQUIST

2282.5 MHz.

She is insistent. The Tech looks to Fisk who nods.

EXT. POLYARNY DOCKS - NIGHT

TECHNICIAN (V.O.)

Go to 2282.5. Repeat, 2285.2.

Hall switches the frequency as instructed...

INT. WAR ROOM - NMCC - PENTAGON - CONTINUOUS

The images flicker to life and become crystal clear. Norquist realizes both Fisk and Donnegan are looking at her.

NORQUIST

CIA has a few satellite frequencies we don't normally share...

(a glance to Fisk)

We're all on the same team, right?

Then their attention is drawn to the image on the screen --

EXT. POLYARNY DOCKS - NIGHT

BEAMAN'S POV through binocs -- a MASSIVE DESTROYER, the Levchenko, is pushing out of the docks in the distance. It's like a city unto itself, cutting through a snow flurry.

BEAMAN

They're sending out the fleet.

EXT. POLYARNY DOCKS - NIGHT

"THE LEVCHENKO" churns out into the bay, as snow flurries dissolve in black water.

INT. RUSSIAN DESTROYER BRIDGE - THE LEVCHENKO - CONTINUOUS

VLADE (Durov's Second) leads the DESTROYER out to battle.

ON BEAMAN

Grimacing, he returns to his binos, scanning through a large CROWD leaving the docks.

HALL

How we gonna find the head of this anthill?

JOHNSTONE

Follow the salutes?

In the midst, he sees a group of men all pausing to salute *MINISTER DUROV*, as he moves past.

Beaman records the image of Durov as he steps into a DARTZ SUV, and drives away from the docks.

INT. WAR ROOM - NMCC - PENTAGON - CONTINUOUS

They see the same image.

NORQUIST
That's Minister Durov.

FISSK
(into a mic)
Stay with him Eagle Two.

EXT. POLYARNY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Beaman lowers his binocs. Turns to his men.

BEAMAN
Alright. Hall and Martinelli: We're
playing follow the leader. *You're it.*

They climb down the scaffolds toward the ground.

EXT. POLYARNY SCRAPYARD - MOMENTS LATER

The cargo train howls past. As it leaves us, we see A STACK OF CONCRETE DRAINAGE PIPES. Hall and Martinelli push out to the edge of them, as if appearing in different pores of a honeycomb. Hall peers through a NIGHT VISION SCOPE at:

THE POLYARNY COMMAND CENTER. A silo with a mushrooming cluster of satellite dishes around it in the snow. An entire brigade of PATROLMEN surround it, carrying AK-47s.

From his pack, Hall unfolds a small dish - a high-powered *parabolic microphone*. As he aims it, DUROV's SUV arrives at the barracks. He exists with Tretiak. They are joined by a team of ten heavily-armed SPETSNAZ.

Murmurs come through static in the mic as Hall eavesdrops. They cross the base and move into: THE POLYARNY BARRACKS.

INT. TOP FLOOR SUITE - POLYARNY BARRACKS - SAME

Smitrov is standing by the window when Durov enters, trailed by TEN SPETSNAZ.

PRESIDENT SMITROV
(without turning)
*The phone lines are non-functional,
Minister. I am cut off from the
command structure.*

DUROV
*I have sealed off the base as a
security precaution.*
(MORE)

DUROV (CONT'D)
All communications are shut down.
 (beat)
*The Americans sunk the Volk and the
 fleet has been put on combat readiness.*

Smitrov turns slowly. He looks more weary at this news than surprised.

PRESIDENT SMITROV
*Do not go through with this, Dmitri.
 We still have a chance to work out our
 differences. But only if I return to
 Moscow immediately...*

He takes a step forward...

Durov's SPETSNAZ block his path, hands resting lightly on their weapons. This prompts the entire six-MAN FSB team to shield the PRESIDENT.

A stand-off between two teams of elite, armed Russians. Nobody moves for a beat.

DUROV
*I'm afraid that it is too late for
 that, Mr. President. I've sent word
 that you are indisposed. Moscow has
 been informed that you will remain
 here, under my protection, for the time
 being.*

OLEV (Smitrov's personal bodyguard) carefully eyes the Spetsnaz team, looking for an opening.

Smitrov maintains his composure.

PRESIDENT SMITROV
*You've miscalculated. The military
 won't follow your orders.*

DUROV
*On the contrary. I'm the Minister of
 Defense. As far as they are concerned,
 the orders I give come from you.*

CLOSE ON OLEV

As he decides it is now or never... he makes his move, swiftly drawing *his sidearm* --

But the SPETSNAZ are too fast and too well-trained to be taken off guard. Their leader levels his AK-47 and fires off a burst! The rounds pelt the wall, puncturing Olev's shoulder and throwing him back.

INSERT: HALL yanks out the earpiece from the parabolic mic.

RESUME SCENE: As Olev crumples in the corner, coughing blood. Smitrov looks from Olev to Durov, shaking with fury.

PRESIDENT SMITROV
This is treason, Dmitri.

DUROV
*Mr. President, it's going to take time
 to sort out the traitors from the
 patriots now.*

Durov gestures to the Spetsnaz who take the remaining FSB and lead them outside at gunpoint.

PRESIDENT SMITROV
You'll be executed for this.

DUROV
*No. I will be the only one in charge
 during a crisis. By the time anyone
 knows what's happened here... the
 nation will be at war, and they will
 want a strong leader. Everything else
 will be forgotten...*

EXT. POLYARNY SCRAPYARD - CONTINUOUS

As Hall and Martinelli watch from a distance as the remaining FIVE FSB AGENTS are led outside of the barracks at gunpoint.

DUROV (V.O.)
 (in earpiece, static)
...as it always is.

THROUGH THE BINOCULARS

Beaman watches as the SPETSNAZ push down the FSB AGENTS face-down in the snow.

DUROV (V.O.)
*Your forget, Nikolai Sergeyevich:
 history is not written by men who do
 what is right; it is written by those
 who do what is necessary.*

The Spetsnaz lower AK-47s into the backs of their skulls.

Pop! Pop! Pop! -- the SPETSNAZ execute Smitrov's security team, one by one.

ON BEAMAN -- wincing. *Pop! Pop!*

He watches as heads explode into SPLASHES OF BLOOD in the snow. The sound warps, cutting in and out, becoming:

INT. WAR ROOM - NMCC - PENTAGON - CONTINUOUS

THE LIVE-FEED to the NMCC. On a black-and-white screen, the image flutters: executions in the snow.

NORQUIST
 Good God.

Fisk and Norquist look on in somber silence as the splashes of blood darken the snow like shadows. Finally...

FISK
It's a *coup*.

Norquist turns to Donnegan.

VICE ADMIRAL DONNEGAN
We need to brief the President.

INT. POLYARNY COMMAND CENTER - MOMENTS LATER

A high-tech room of monitors and sensors. As DUROV enters with TRETIAK, one TECHNICIAN has picked up a reading.

TECHNICIAN
Sir? We're picking up an unauthorized transmission. 2282.5 MHz. Going out from near the base.

Confused, Durov meets eyes with Tretiak.

DUROV
We may have some visitors.

Off his look, Tretiak nods and heads out --

EXT. ABANDONED BARRACKS - POLYARNY - NIGHT

Beyond the outskirts of the base lies an icy ruin of shattered windows and stained concrete. It's a relic to the days when the base extended much farther along the coast.

Tretiak leads a Spetsnaz search party with barking DOGS following a scent. They leave their own braille of footprints behind them. As they pause outside, PUSH THROUGH A WINDOW INTO:

EXT. ABANDONED BARRACKS - POLYARNY - MOMENTS LATER

Inside it looks like a glacier is calving through the corridors. Pure darkness, the RUSSIANS enter.

TRETIAK throws a FLARE. It glows like a firecracker and casts moving shadows, scaring up a family of RATS.

As he moves up the stairwell, he *shines* A RED LASER SIGHT mounted on his AK-47 across the gutted floor.

ON BEAMAN AND JOHNSTONE

The red beam passes a few inches from BEAMAN and JOHNSTONE as they lay motionless in the alcove of an abandoned room. Posters of Russian hockey players still cover the walls, even though a layer of permafrost spans the floor.

Suddenly, a RAT... *crawls across JOHNSTONE'S leg*. He grimaces. It crawls up his torso...

ON TRETIK

The GERMAN SHEPHERDS begin barking frantically at -

- the rat, scampering across the room. Tretiak keeps the laser on it and *FIRES!*

The bullet sprays through it and sparks off the wall just inches from BEAMAN.

The SEARCH PARTY begins to move on, but...

THE RAT moves up Johnstone's coat. He can't *help* it. He flinches, throwing it off...

The DOGS BELOW GO CRAZY. The SPETSNAZ move back in silently, taking positions, signaling to each other.

BEAMAN keeps his cool, and nods to Johnstone. He shows him a THERMAL CHARGE.

He pulls the pin and throws. *It lights up*, momentarily blinding the RUSSIANS.

Beaman and Johnstone retreat through gutted walls, eroded holes, bare rebar, mouse-holing their way to THE STAIRWELL.

EXT. ABANDONED BARRACKS - ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

Beaman and Johnstone burst onto the roof with the lights of the shipyard behind them. They reach the edge, where a snowdrift has accumulated against the windward side of the structure.

FROM ABOVE: They leap off, forty feet into splashes of snow.

EXT. HILLS ABOVE POLYARNY - CONTINUOUS

Hall and Martinelli have taken positions. The lit windows of the ACTIVE POLYARNY BARRACKS loom beyond them. As they hunker down, Hall uses the binos to scan the docks.

MARTINELLI
Place is a shithole.

Suddenly, *sniper shots* come out of the dark. Two bullets chip through the base of a tree. Then a third...

...clips Martinelli in the leg. Hall spins, searching. There's nothing but dark windows. The shots are coming from a sniper far across a LAUNDRY LINE. Each bullet clips loose another towel, sending it falling into the snow. Hall and Martinelli rush back off the roof.

INT. SITUATION ROOM, WHITE HOUSE

PRESIDENT DAVID DOVER massages his temples. The room is crowded with military brass and security advisors, in heated debate.

PRESIDENT DOVER

What about reaching out to the heads of Russian military directly? Or the Parliament?

CHIEF OF STAFF

Diplomatic and military relations have been pretty strained since the last round of Ukraine sanctions took effect... trust is at a very low point. Without hard proof, they won't believe Smitrov is being held against his will.

Vice Admiral Donnegan and Fisk sit in the front row of advisors. Fisk sits behind them in the second tier.

VICE ADMIRAL DONNEGAN

Mr. President, the fact remains that they are moving to a war footing. We need to respond with a show of force. I recommend we deploy the carrier group and raise our status to DefCon 2.

NORQUIST

If we do that, we play into Durov's hands. He wants our fleets to engage.

PRESIDENT DOVER

Why?

NORQUIST

When the Russian Constitution was written in '93, it *never fully* detailed a succession of power. But there's a relic from the Soviet system. In *war-time*, military command would fall to the Minister of Defense. Durov. He's creating a conflict so he'll have *legitimate* authority.

CHIEF OF STAFF

If that's true, it means this isn't a widespread revolt. If Durov already had the support of the rank and file he would have simply seized control. The Russians may not want this conflict anymore than we do.

VICE ADMIRAL DONNEGAN

Be that as it may, we need to respond to their actions -- not their internal politics. They attacked us. They killed over one hundred Americans.

NORQUIST

If we take an overly aggressive posture, the situation could escalate.

VICE ADMIRAL DONNEGAN

And if fail to respond, the Russians will take it as a sign of weakness. As they did in the Crimea.

(turns to face Dover)

Mr. President, the Russian navy will soon be in position to seal us off from the site of the Miami. We cannot allow that to happen; it's a graveyard, it's a crime scene and there's a wealth of classified technology onboard. We must send our fleet in now to challenge them.

Pause. President Dover sighs heavily.

PRESIDENT DOVER

It seems we don't have a choice.

A voice from the back row chimes in...

FISK

What if we could free President Smitrov?

All heads turn. Donnegan glares --

VICE ADMIRAL DONNEGAN

(scornful)

He's being held on a military base full of Russian soldiers. We need to stay focused on realistic options.

Donnegan turns his back on Fisk dismissively.

VICE ADMIRAL DONNEGAN (CONT'D)

Now, Mr. President --

But the President holds up his hand.

PRESIDENT DOVER

Let him speak. I want to hear it.

The President nods to Fisk.

FISK

We have a SEAL team outside the gate and a submarine just off the coast. The pieces are in place for a rescue and exfiltration, sir. If we can deliver him to Moscow, Smitrov could marshal the military leaders loyal to him and contain Durov.

(glances at Donnegan)

Yes, it's a difficult mission. But it's not impossible.

A long beat as President Dover considers... finally:

PRESIDENT DOVER

Here is what we're going to do. Vice Admiral Donnegan; take us to DefCon 2 and have the carrier group move into position. If Durov comes out on top, we have to be prepared to confront him.

Donnegan smiles tightly, satisfied.

PRESIDENT DOVER (CONT'D)

But I want to do everything possible to avoid that...

(to Fisk)

So your rescue attempt has my authorization as well. The stakes are too high not to try.

INT. WHITE HOUSE HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The advisors file out. Donnegan leans over Fisk's shoulder --

VICE ADMIRAL DONNEGAN

Congratulations, Fisk. When your plan goes belly up, it will be on your head.

He walks away. Fisk slows. Rubs his knee painfully.

Norquist pauses beside him. They exchange a look. She gives him a nod of respect. She's on his side.

CUT TO:

EXT. HILLS OUTSIDE POLYARNY - NIGHT

Snow drifts between trees. The HOWL of a German Shepherd under a Russian moon. Three of the four SEALS are gathered at a rendezvous point below the crest of a hill.

Martinelli sits against a tree. The snow beneath his injured leg is red with blood.

JOHNSTONE

Let me take a look at that leg.

MARTINELLI

It's not that bad.

Johnstone kneels and cuts open Martinelli's pant leg to examine the bullet hole.

Hall lies prone, aiming his gun at movement. He lowers it as he sees: BEAMAN, returning with his radio, breath steaming.

Johnstone looks up at Beaman.

JOHNSTONE

Martinelli got hit. Bullet went through. But he's not running a marathon anytime soon.

Beaman nods and kneels in the snow, facing his team.

BEAMAN

Well I've got good news and bad news...
on the plus side, we don't have to hike
to Norway. The United States Navy is
sending us our very own nuclear
submarine to give us a ride.

HALL

A U.S. sub? Up here?

BEAMAN

(nods)

There's a catch. We're supposed to
grab the Russian President and take him
with us.

A beat of stunned silence. Not much fazes these guys. But
this gets their attention.

JOHNSTONE

Are you serious?

Beaman almost smiles.

BEAMAN

It's a big ask. No doubt. But I have
never heard the Pentagon sound this
shit-your-pants scared before. We're
at Defcon 2. And I get the feeling
that if we don't pull this off, things
could get ugly. Like, real ugly.

On the faces of the men as they listen.

BEAMAN (CONT'D)

And when it comes down to it, do you
really wanna leave the fate of the
world in the hands of the generals and
politicians? I got an ex-wife, two
kids and a Rottweiler back home. When
it comes to protecting them, I'd rather
bet on this group right here than all
the geniuses in Moscow and D.C. put
together.

He looks around at each of them. Johnstone takes a deep
breath.

JOHNSTONE

What the hell. I'd rather go kick some
ass than freeze my nuts off here.

They all chuckle grimly and prepare to go to work.
Martinelli struggles to stand, but can't put weight on his
leg. Beaman puts a hand on Martinelli's shoulder.

BEAMAN

I have other plans for you.

EXT. ABOVE THE ICE, BARENTS SEA - BRIGHT NIGHT

Nothing but ice under the stars.

Suddenly, an ERUPTION of snow and spray; the Toledo's CONNING TOWER bursts through the pack ice.

INT. GLASS'S STATEROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Glass at a laptop on his small desk. He pores over a classified file: CAPTAIN ANDROPOYOV'S PICTURE and STATS. Andropoyov has served on subs, like Glass, since he was 18. There is a knock on the door...

RADIOMAN (O.S.)
Captain... orders from Washington
coming in!

INT. CONTROL ROOM, USS TOLEDO - MOMENTS LATER

A printer slowly spews a PAGE. Glass grabs it and scans the page. His expression is somber. He looks up as XO Edwards, COB Wallach and other senior officers gather.

GLASS
We've been ordered to Polyarny base.

CUT TO:

ON THE MAP: DEPTH POINTS along the treacherous inlet.

MCKITTRICK
The Murmansk Fjord? How far are we
going?

GLASS
Right up to their doorstep.

EDWARDS
(shakes his head)
It will be heavily defended by Russian
destroyers. Half the fleet is there.

GLASS
Top priority orders, XO. We're going
in to extract four Navy SEALs... and
one Russian.

The Officers look stunned.

GLASS (CONT'D)
I want the latest charts on the mine
fields and ASW monitors. COB, have the
weapons and fire control systems double-
checked.

WALLACH
Yes, sir.

GLASS

Powell, go over the power plant and the ship's noise signature. I want this baby so quiet fish bump into her.

The men are nervous.

EDWARDS

Captain, that fjord is mined. Covered with sensors. Sonar fields. No matter how many precautions we take, it won't be enough to get through undetected.

GLASS

You're right.
(evenly)
We need a local navigator.

CUT TO:

ANDROPOYOV

A blood-pressure cuff deflates on his arm, as JONES, the medic, hovers over him. We're in:

INT. TORPEDO ROOM, USS TOLEDO - A SHORT TIME LATER

Andropoyov sits here, facing the medic. Silent.

Glass enters with a FOLDER in his hand. He watches a moment, as Jones reads the dial.

JONES

Ninety over sixty. Heart-rate is coming back up, but still forty-five. It was moderate hypothermia.

GLASS

Is he fit to talk?

JONES

Yes sir.

GLASS

Then leave us.

Glass faces Russian Captain.

GLASS (CONT'D)

We've crossed paths before down here. I was the skipper of the Baton Rouge when we brushed past you off Greenland.

Andropoyov doesn't respond. He just remains still.

GLASS (CONT'D)

I've read your file, Captain. I know you speak English.

Andropoyov stares at him for a long beat. Then, in accented, but perfectly clear English:

ANDROPOYOV
FUCK. YOU.

GLASS
(dry)
Very good. Now we're talking.

Andropoyov's eyes are full of anger and suspicion.

ANDROPOYOV
I have nothing to say to you.

GLASS
We did not fire on your submarine,
Captain. No one did.

Andropoyov scoffs.

GLASS (CONT'D)
You don't believe me? Look.

Glass simply hands him the folder. Andropoyov opens it onto:
PICTURES OF THE GEPARD.

The Russian Captain sorts through, stopping on the CLOSE UPS
of the hole -- the BLAST SIGNATURE. His hands are shaking.

GLASS (CONT'D)
You can't look at a picture like that
and *not* see what I see. You blew up
from the inside-out. You were
sabotaged.

Andropoyov stares down, hurting. A moment of grief. He
finally looks up at Glass, eyes narrow.

ANDROPOYOV
Why do you show me this?

GLASS
Because I need your help.

ANDROPOYOV
I will not cooperate with the enemy. I
am not a traitor.

GLASS
I'm not saying you are. The traitor is
the man who blew up your sub. The man
responsible for the deaths of all those
young sailors. Russian *and* American.
Admiral Durov.

Andropoyov glances up sharply.

GLASS (CONT'D)

He chose your sub to blow up for a reason. What happened? He approached you, didn't he? And you refused to join his coup?

Almost involuntarily, Andropoyov nods.

ANDROPOYOV

I told him I would never betray my country.

GLASS

Durov is holding Smitrov hostage at Polyarny. My orders are to sail through the fjord: we're going to rescue your president.

(beat)

I can't do it without your help.

ANDROPOYOV

I trained the men of Polyarny. I will not help you kill them.

GLASS

We're not trying to kill anybody. They may be hunting us, but we're not hunting them.

Andropoyov wavers. Glass can see he is getting through.

GLASS (CONT'D)

I've spent the better part of my life underwater. I've missed two elections, a sister's wedding and my father's funeral. Done every job you can name -- cleaned torpedo tubes, manned the sonar, been a Bull Nuke. Never wanted to do anything else. I think you're just like me, Captain. We've been down here our entire careers, toe-to-toe. We're not enemies, we're brothers. There's no one up there who could understand what we do: the isolation, the fear, the ocean closing in. Months in the dark, riding inside a fucking *bomb*, scraping the bottom of the sea. You *know*. You know I risked everything to get you out of that sub. I risked myself and a mutiny. Because it was the right thing to do. And I'm willing to bet my life that you'll do the same.

EXT. HILLS OUTSIDE POLYARNY - A HALF-HOUR LATER

TRETIK leads a RUSSIAN SEARCH TEAM into the forest. The DOGS have locked onto a scent, and they converge on -

A BLOOD STAIN IN THE SNOW.

It's the spot where Martinelli just lay. Spetsnaz stalk past, shining lights, finding nothing. Tretiak picks up one of many scattered RATION BARS (left to distract the dogs). He turns, 360 degrees, as if sniffing out the SEALs himself.

Slowly, we rise above Tretiak...

HIGH INTO THE TREES... where MARTINELLI is perched in a collapsible stretcher, strapped into the branches, like a cocoon on the highest limbs of a pine tree.

EXT. TRAIN TUNNEL - NIGHT

Dark and perilously narrow, the tunnel is insinuated through pure stone. There comes a rumble, then the swirling of air, like the recoil of a gun.

Suddenly - the light of the train is visible. As it blasts its horn and gusts through the tunnel...

PAN DOWN TO:

BEAMAN, HALL AND JOHNSTONE. Concealed, they clutch the side, pressed close. As the train passes, their backs nearly scrape the craggy stone walls.

Timed perfectly, they drop off with perfect PK rolls, tumbling into an alcove... facing a VENT in the tunnel.

Beaman slips a glob of C4 onto the outer casing, and gestures for his men to fall back. They do - as A SPLASH OF DUST blows outward, filling the tunnel.

For a moment, we're swarmed with smoke. As the debris slowly settles, the tunnel is empty, the vent is gouged open - and our three SEALs are gone.

EXT. UNDER THE BARENTS SEA - NIGHT

Through a cloud of bubbles and tumbling ice chips, the Toledo navigates the dark water southward.

INT. MESS, USS TOLEDO - NIGHT

On steel tables, twenty men eat a meager-looking pre-dawn breakfast. MCCAW, TURNER, KAPLAN, and BRICKOWSKI sit over their meals (freeze-dried eggs). LAMBERT, the chef, moves out of the kitchen with a mop.

MCCAW

What the hell is this, Lambert? You scrape this shit off the floor?

LAMBERT

Just yours, McCaw.

TURNER

It's a damn shame, Lambert. We're in World War 3. But we gonna die of food poisoning.

Kaplan laughs, then chokes as he sees something. Turner pats his back a few times, before turning to see:

CAPTAIN GLASS takes a shortcut through the mess, leading CAPTAIN ANDROPOYOV. The entire crew goes silent at the sight of the Russian Captain, still in uniform.

INT. CONTROL ROOM, USS TOLEDO - MOMENTS LATER

Glass takes Andropoyov into the dim room, where they're met by Edwards.

GLASS
Men, this is Captain Andropoyov of the
Gepard. XO, I want you to set him up.

Every crewman stops and looks up from his console.

WALLACH
Whatsa matter? You never seen a
Russian Captain in here before?

The crew is frozen with disbelief. Finally Edwards speaks:

EDWARDS
Sir, there are classified systems here.

WALLACH
Just a quick tour of the ballistic
missiles...

Uneasy smirks. Andropoyov quietly takes a seat next to Powell at the navigation table. Powell stares at him a moment, then forces a smile.

POWELL (NAVIGATOR)
(saluting awkwardly)
Privyet.

BELFORD
You speak Russian, Powell? Ask him if
he knows the Captain that shot down the
Miami.

GLASS
He trained him to do his job, Belford.
Now do *yours*.

Edwards speaks to Glass, aside.

EDWARDS
You know how Norfolk is about security
protocols, Captain. You're gonna make
some serious enemies back there.

GLASS
Wouldn't be the first time.
(to the crew)
Our mission's to cross waters no
American sub has ever crossed.
(MORE)

GLASS (CONT'D)

Guessing our way through, it's ten to one at best. But we have a guide. In his backyard. We saved *his* life... the odds are at least even that he's going to save *ours*.

Every eye is on him, wide with adrenaline. Powell, Belford, McKittrick, Wallach... Edwards.

GLASS (CONT'D)

Powell? *Take us into the Fjord.*

EXT. MURMANSK FJORD, UNDERWATER - NIGHT

Pure darkness is broken by a powerful spotlight. It shines across *an underwater minefield*. Like strange bristly dandelions, the mines are steel balls floating atop long chains affixed to the rocks below.

Into this man-made forest comes the USS TOLEDO, missing the first wave of mines by moving dangerously close to a JAGGED ROCK FACE in heavy currents.

INT. CONTROL ROOM, USS TOLEDO - CONTINUOUS

A MAP. Suddenly, a few beads of sweat drip onto the map. It's Wallach, breathing hard as he peers down. Glass waits alongside Captain Andropoyov, who scans monitors.

POWELL

We're in enemy waters, Captain.

WALLACH

(studying the map)

Stay as close as you can to the rocks without scraping the paint.

Edwards watches Andropoyov.

GLASS

(moving to the map)

Captain? Our Intel had submarine sensors here, here, and here.

Andropoyov watches as Glass's fingers dance across the map.

Finally Andropoyov *touches* another place in the depth readings. Wallach circles it.

ANDROPOYOV

(pointing)

And here... *minnyo pole*.

WALLACH

Command-detonated mines.

POWELL

How are we supposed to get past those?

ANDROPOYOV

There is another way through... here.

Andropoyov points to a maze of canyons. There is no clear escape route shown on the map.

EDWARDS

He's trying to lead us into a dead end.
Look at the map!

ANDROPOYOV

Your map is wrong. There is passage.

Glass studies the map. Who does he trust?

GLASS

(to Andropoyov)
Where is this passage?

ANDROPOYOV

Levyi. To the left.

Glass studies the Russian Captain's face, like it's a tense hand of poker. He waits, then makes his call.

GLASS

To the left, full rudder.

EXT. MURMANSK FJORD - INTERCUTTING INSIDE AND OUT

Toledo enters a NARROW CANYON, heading straight for the flashing laser-light of a SENSOR. The submarine slowly drifts left, sinking, falling beneath the spreading beam.

GLASS (CONT'D)

Edwards. Take us along the ocean floor.

EDWARDS

(fuming)
Yes, sir.
(to the DIVING OFFICER)
Forty down angle.

ANDROPOYOV

And here...
(finger to his lips)
Shhhh....

WALLACH

Sound sensors.

Glass moves to the INTERCOM, speaking softly:

GLASS

Silence, men. Not a breath.

The SUBMARINE WARFARE COIN flutters across Glass's knuckles, then back into his pocket. LIDDY turns down RADIO ELECTRICS, sweat on him. The crew freezes.

EXT. MURMASNK FJORD, UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

The USS TOLEDO glides in silence along the deep sea floor.

INT. TORPEDO ROOM - CONTINUOUS

KAPLAN tightens a bolt strapping down a TORPEDO. The bolt SQUEAKS, prompting glares from MCCAWE and TURNER. Kaplan stops and begins to put the wrench back into his tool belt. As he does, he --

-- *drops the wrench.* Just before it hits the ground, MCCAWE kneels down and *swipes* it out of the air, catching it just before it strikes the steel mesh.

INT. CONTROL ROOM, USS TOLEDO - NIGHT

Total silence. Captain Andropoyov cautions to them with his hands, hold it. Then he checks Powell's instruments and begins counting down on his fingers: 4...3...2.. 1...

They made it past the sound sensors. Then...

UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

The CANYON NARROWS. Impossible to even turn around now. THE TOLEDO approaches the spot on the map where the canyon comes to an end. There is no sign of an opening...

INT. CONTROL ROOM, USS TOLEDO - CONTINUOUS

The radar doesn't show any way through.

WALLACH
(getting nervous)
No sign of a passage, sir.

Glass glances at Andropoyov.

ANDROPOYOV
Wait.

The crew is sweating. It looks like they are on a suicidal course.

EDWARDS
(desperate, to Glass)
Captain, we're going to run straight into a wall! We have to reverse thrusters!

Glass holds up his hand. His eyes locked on Andropoyov. Finally...

Powell spots something on the radar.

POWELL
There's an opening!

UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

REVEAL A NARROW PASSAGE in the rock.

The Toledo glides through the opening. Just as Andropoyov said.

INT. CONTROL ROOM, USS TOLEDO - CONTINUOUS

A loud exhale across the room. Glass exchanges a small nod with Andropoyov.

GLASS
Right five degrees rudder, ahead one third.
(to Wallach)
Let's off-load the Mystic and find us some deeper waters.

Glass studies everyone. There's a deep sense of relief. Edwards looks like he's had a near-death experience. He stands with an exhausted posture, watching Glass with beleaguered eyes that suggest, *he can't fight him anymore.*

GLASS (CONT'D)
XO? What's better? To be *right...* or to be alive?

EDWARDS
Aye, sir. Ready for orders.

INT. HATCH OF THE USS TOLEDO - LADDER - NIGHT

Mini-sub CO-PILOT NICHOLS climbs a ladder to the MYSTIC HATCH. Glass sees a tense Jimenez off:

GLASS
The orders are for four US NAVY SEALS and one Russian civilian.

Jimenez laughs with tension.

GLASS (CONT'D)
There aren't too many training simulations for this one, Jimenez.

JIMENEZ
Roger that, sir.

Jimenez climbs the ladder up into the MYSTIC.

EXT. MURMANSK FJORD, UNDERWATER - NIGHT

The Mystic still latched to the Toledo's back...

JIMENEZ (V.O.)
All systems check. Ready to disconnect.

The mini-sub FLOATS AWAY from Toledo, turning towards Polyarny, into darkness.

INT. POLYARNY DOCKS - BENEATH A PIER - A SHORT TIME LATER

As Russian crews continue to work - Beaman's team moves underneath, in the dark around the pilings. Every few moments, they're lit by the bright passing beam of a LIGHTHOUSE built onto a jetty.

Beaman grabs a LASER DESIGNATOR. JOHNSTONE pockets C-4 EXPLOSIVE. Each takes NIGHT-VISION GOGGLES, and ROPES.

BEAMAN

Okay boys. Nothing to it. We go in, snatch the President of Russia, then a quick, refreshing swim to rendez-vous with a U.S. sub.

HALL

(chuckles softly)
Sounds like a plan, boss.

JOHNSTONE

What about Marty?

BEAMAN

If I'm alive, I go back for him.
That's a promise.
(a beat)
Now let's go do this.

Hall and Johnstone are already set. Beaman checks his watch.

In the distance, ARMED GUARDS come down a stairwell and pour into the deep concrete tunnel insinuated into the cliffs.

In the distance, Beaman spies a FORKLIFT carrying a TRIDENT NUCLEAR MISSILE. As it passes, a crowd moves with it.

TIMED WITH THE PASSING BEAM OF THE LIGHTHOUSE, the SEALS move quickly across the docks and *straight into the light*.

They move onto the slick jetty and find cover. The lighthouse sits halfway between the jetty and BARRACKS. The light passes and they rush out in a pocket of darkness.

INT. AUTOMATED LIGHTHOUSE - JETTY - POLYARNY - CONTINUOUS

As the light churns around them, the narrow space alternates between darkness and blinding light. Beaman kneels down with his binos, studying the active barracks. It's SURROUNDED by guards at the front entrance.

BEAMAN

Shit. I don't see how we sneak in.

Suddenly -- CLICK-CLICK. A bullet's chambered in a MAKAROV PISTOL, thrust into Beaman's neck. He freezes in the dark. As light washes over them again, we see:

It's **OLEV**, the head guard from Smitrov's FSB unit. He's drenched with blood, pale and weak, shivering.

JOHNSTONE
(whispering)
It's Smitrov's *guard*. I thought they
killed him. Motherfucker's a zombie.

Olev is bewildered, gun trembling, ready to fire.

OLEV
(in Russian)
You're Americans?
(in English)
Why are you here?

BEAMAN
(in Russian)
Search and Rescue. Unofficial.
(in English)
Three ghosts, one zombie.

Olev limps to the corner and sits, gun propped on his knee.

BEAMAN (CONT'D)
We're on your side of this mess.
(a tense beat)
You know what I know: Polyarny's cut
off and Durov's starting a war. Your
side won't go in if they think Durov's
got a gun to the president's head.

Olev sighs a blast of steam, deep in thought.

OLEV
One of Durov's men, he sees I am alive.
And he leave me. He could not pull
trigger. Most of the men on this base
are not traitors. Just following
orders.

BEAMAN
In a few hours, the navies are going to
face off, and this is going to get
uglier. Right now, we just might be
the only people who can help each
other. If...

OLEV
(grudgingly)
If I can get you to President Smitrov.

EXT. POLYARNY BARRACKS - BACK ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

By a checkpoint and a section UNDER CONSTRUCTION, black plastic tarps blanket unfinished walls. They gust like shrouds in the wind.

The guards stand still at their posts, talking casually in Russian. Behind them --

THE SHAPE OF A FACE forms in the plastic sheeting.

The TARP STRETCHES OUT, like something emerging from tar.

It's BEAMAN, rupturing through it. He grabs the guard and *snaps his neck*.

Just as the SECOND GUARD draws his weapon: *PFFT!*

From behind the other tarp, OLEV shoots him through the back of a head, the bullet whistling through a silencer.

As Johnstone and Hall knife their way out of the blowing tarp, Olev nods to Beaman, gesturing to the BUILDING ahead.

It's the tall, grim BARRACKS for the entire base, festooned with laundry lines, stretching into the fog.

BEAMAN
I don't figure he's on the bottom
floor?

Olev shakes his head: no.

INT. TOP FLOOR - POLYARNY BARRACKS - CONTINUOUS

PAN ACROSS TEN GUARDS, they sit and lounge in the hallway with carbines and AK-47s. The dirty tile floor is littered with cigarette butts. PASS through the door into:

INT. TOP FLOOR SUITE - POLYARNY BARRACKS - CONTINUOUS

More guards in the FRONT ROOM watch a TV. Beyond them, in another room, glimpse a FORTIFIED DOOR.

PASS THE GUARDS to the BALCONY DOOR. Laundry is strung, blankets drape like flags over the rail. We MOVE OVER THE RAIL and down the side of the building to find:

BEAMAN, JOHNSTONE, HALL and OLEV

- scaling up the corner of the building, brick by brick.

INT. TOP FLOOR SUITE - CONTINUOUS

A guard looks up, noticing movement. He can't see anything but his own reflection in the glass door. Suddenly -

PFFT! A single gunshot through a silencer *pierces his reflection*. Confused, he looks down and sees: *he's been hit through the chest*. Laughter still rains from the TV. As he raises his AK-47 -

PFFT! PFFT! PFFT! He's downed along with two other guards, each hit with efficient shots punching through the glass.

The glass door is punctured full of holes, giving a partial reflection of the room, until -

The rest of it splashes inward and OUR TEAM bursts through...

EXT. HALLWAY - TOP FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

The guards sit all along the hallway, rifles in their laps: they've heard nothing.

EXT. TOP FLOOR SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Olev and Beaman rush into the room, *blowing away two more startled guards* with perfect shots through silencers. They come upon the fortified door.

Once Johnstone and Hall drag the guards inside and out of view, Johnstone then sets to the door. He suctions C-4 EXPLOSIVES around the lock.

HALL

Hold!

They move back into the doorway, covering eyes and ears.

JOHNSTONE

Three... two... one...

BOOM! The door splinters into flying shrapnel; the drywall and rebar around it are pulverized into dust.

THROUGH A CLOUD OF DUST

THE THREE SEALS AND OLEV *emerge* into a VAULT, already firing through silencers. Two guards inside are hit right away.

ALARMS SOUND ALL OVER THE BUILDING.

Hall stays behind the door as a *wave of guards* rush into the room from the hallway, *opening* fire.

As Hall is struck with a bullet in the side, he drops down, firing his MK23 pistol non-stop, swiping across the *knees* of three guards.

BOOM! Olev is hit with a carbine shot through his collarbone. As he drops to a knee, with his one good arm, he fires his Makarov non-stop, killing each man as he falls.

EXT. POLYARNY BASE - CONTINUOUS

The alarms summon *two full teams* of Spetsnaz, who rush toward the barracks in tactical gear.

INT. TOP FLOOR SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Hall presses on his wound and bleeds through his fingers.

As Beaman cuts loose and helps up PRESIDENT SMITROV...

SMITROV

Olev!? What's happening? They're American? What are you doing with Amer-

Olev cups his hand over the President's mouth, clamping down to silence him.

OLEV

Quiet, sir. I know it looks crazy. But they are here to free you... They're the only option before it's too late.

As he takes his hand away, Smitrov is speechless.

OLEV (CONT'D)

It's my job to protect you, sir. No matter what it takes.

(in English)

Be ready for the guards below. I will keep the rest in the hallway.

As Johnstone grabs Hall, Beaman lifts up Smitrov off the chair. They head toward the balcony, unwinding ropes.

Smitrov looks back at Olev one last time, panicked. Olev, with blood crusted on his hand, *salutes*.

EXT. BALCONY - POLYARNY BARRACKS - CONTINUOUS

In a frenzy, Johnstone and Beaman tie ropes to the railing.

INT. TOP FLOOR SUITE - POLYARNY BARRACKS - CONTINUOUS

Olev picks up TWO AK-47s from fallen guards. He searches another and finds THREE GRENADES inside his vest.

He drops down and braces both rifles. As the guards rush in from the hallway, *he opens fire*, emptying out.

EXT. BALCONY - POLYARNY BARRACKS - CONTINUOUS

Johnstone, Hall, and Beaman rush with the ropes, hands shaking with tension. The gunfight lights up the room, stray bullets piercing the glass, chipping plaster from the walls.

INT. TOP FLOOR SUITE - POLYARNY BARRACKS - CONTINUOUS

Olev's hit in the arm, the chest, the leg. As one gun is spent, he continues with the other, shell casings flying. At last, he's out of ammo. Durov's men hear his AK-47 clicking empty. THE SPETSNAZ TEAM fill the front room, moving ahead in tactical formation.

Drenched with blood, Olev puts his hands up.

Durov's men surround him, laughing at him. One SPETSNAZ jabs Olev in the head with the butt of his rifle, cursing at him in angry, spitting Russian. Just then, Olev looks up with his icy blue eyes -- AND GIVES THEM THE FINGER.

CLOSE: Looped around his middle finger are GRENADE PINS.

The men's faces all *drop*. *BOOM!*

EXT. BALCONY - POLYARNY BARRACKS - CONTINUOUS

Just as the explosion shatters the glass, TWO FIGURES LEAP OFF THE TOP FLOOR. It's:

BEAMAN AND JOHNSTONE - rappelling downward, each leap spanning three floors. BEAMAN holds the President on his back. JOHNSTONE carries Hall, who's dripping blood.

As Johnstone lands - *SNAP!* - his knee hyperextends under the weight of Hall.

Beaman rushes to THE PHYSICAL PLANT. He lights it up with *rounds*, cutting the power to the building.

The men throw on night vision goggles. The base takes on an EERIE GLOW, as more GUARDS emerge from the barracks' lobby.

PFFT! PFFT! PFFT! Beaman takes out snipers with precise shots through silencers.

Just then -- BAM! An AK-47 burst lights up the air, knocking PRESIDENT SMITROV off his feet.

The Russian gunman is ripped in half by shots from Beaman and Johnstone; but the PRESIDENT lies wounded on the snow.

Beaman opens Smitrov's shirt, blood seeping from a BULLET HOLE in his shoulder. Beaman applies pressure.

BEAMAN
Shit! We'll stabilize him on the move.

Beaman lifts Smitrov onto his back, exiting to the street--

EXT. POLYARNY NAVAL BASE - CONTINUOUS

Alarms sound all over the base. Beaman and Johnstone emerge, carrying the wounded men on their backs.

EXT. TRAIN TUNNEL - MOMENTS LATER

In silhouette, the two figures, each carrying the wounded, walk the track back out of the base. As they emerge back into the snow, Johnstone drops HALL onto the ground gently.

CLOSE ON HALL: Johnstone kneels over him. He slaps his cold face. Nothing, no pulse, no breath.

Johnstone exhales steam.

JOHNSTONE
Billy? Hall's gone.

CLOSE ON BEAMAN: With the strain of the president on his back, we still see this news register in his eyes. It's fleeting, as Beaman carries on.

BEAMAN
Okay. Keep going.

Johnstone closes his friends' eyes and leaves him. No time to mourn right now. They continue onward...

EXT. HILLS OUTSIDE POLYARNY - A HALF-HOUR LATER

Beaman and Johnstone carry on through the woods. Suddenly, in the distance, HEADLIGHTS begin splintering through the trees.

SPETSNAZ arrive, FOUR TRUCKS skidding on ice.

INT. FOREST - MOMENTS LATER

Black boots through white snow. Russians gaining. Beaman hoists Smitrov higher on his back.

BLAM! The trees begin to explode all around the SEALs. This is the end. Or it should be. Until SPETSNAZ begin to fall.

One, two, three SPETSNAZ cut down. The rest slow, confused.

JOHNSTONE
Who's shooting at them?

BEAMAN
Martinelli!

HIGH IN THE TREES

Martinelli has flipped to a prone position. He FIRES DOWN, covering his brothers.

EXT. ROCK FACE, OFF BEACH - MOMENTS LATER

Beaman slips down a sheer rock face, Smitrov in his clutches. Johnstone follows gingerly, loses his grip... lands in a THUD.

Beaman scans the DARK, CHOPPY HORIZON: no sign of the Mystic.

BEAMAN
C'mon, where is she?

PRESIDENT SMITROV
(fleeting consciousness)
Durov. It's Durov.

BEAMAN
Johnstone... you all right.

Johnstone vomits, the pain in his leg too much.

JOHNSTONE
I tore up my knee pretty bad.

BEAMAN
Keep moving, don't stiffen up--

JOHNSTONE
There she is.

Johnstone, as if in a higher consciousness, SPOTS THE MYSTIC.

BEAMAN
Mr. President, we have a sub out there
to meet you. I'm going to swim with
you on my back. But we're gonna have
one hell of a cold dip.

Smitrov tries to speak... but can't...

BEAMAN (CONT'D)
Let's go.

They wade into the freezing water.

INT. WAR ROOM, N.M.C.C. - CONTINUOUS

Fisk and the others are on the edge of their seats, watching
a monitor: the feed from BEAMAN and JOHNSTONE'S cameras
flickers to life.

WE SEE them in the water, the chaos of the swim.

FORBES
They've got Smitrov! They're in the
water.

FISK
They're gonna make it.
(whispers)
C'mon. C'mon, swim!

Suddenly, a PAIR OF HEADLIGHTS appear onscreen.

FISK (CONT'D)
No. What is that?

The image clarifies into: A RUSSIAN JEEP WITH A MOUNTED
MACHINE GUN. Silently, TRACERS stitch across the water.

EXT. 50 YARDS FROM THE BEACH - NIGHT

LOUD and VIOLENT, the water explodes around the SEALs.
They've survived an entire bandolier of .50-cal BMG rounds.

BEAMAN
(re: the Mystic)
Dive!

The MYSTIC banks, locks in on the SEALs and Smitrov. Johnstone TAKES A SHALLOW BREATH, dives, then comes right back up.

He can't last three seconds underwater.

He takes another DESPERATE BREATH. Two seconds this time.

BEAMAN (DISTORTED) (CONT'D)
YOU GOTTA DIVE! DIVE! DIVE!

Beaman takes a deep inhale, and DRAGS SMITROV UNDER.

Resigned, Johnstone rolls onto his back. STARS LUMINOUS this close to the pole... Everything SLOWS DOWN:

He sees a majestic spray - *like a fountain* - but it's from the ROUNDS raining down...

Suddenly a *hand* reaches back, *pulling* JOHNSTONE under.

UNDERWATER

It's BEAMAN. He swims downward with all his strength, dragging Smitrov, as Johnstone recovers and follows.

Beaman frog-kicks his way underneath the Mystic...

INT. MYSTIC SUBMERSIBLE

Jimenez in the pilot's seat, nervously eyeing the LAPPING WATER on the open floor hatch behind him.

JIMENEZ
Come on, come on...

Beaman bursts through the hatch, pulling Smitrov on deck.

BEAMAN
(re: Smitrov)
Keep him breathing.

Johnstone struggles in and begins coughing up water.

JIMENEZ
Where're the others!?

Beaman's blank. He watches Nichols give Smitrov CPR.

JIMENEZ (CONT'D)
We gotta get outta here!

Smitrov COUGHS. He's alive - barely.

JIMENEZ (CONT'D)
Alright, seal the hatch!

Beaman snaps out of it. He's not finished yet.

BEAMAN
You seal it.

Beaman swims back out.

SURFACE - MOMENTS LATER

Beaman resurfaces and begins swimming back. One last attempt to save...

EXT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS

MARTINELLI, HIGH IN THE TREES. Incoming fire shattering branches all around. SPETSNAZ VOICES closing in...

EXT. MURMANSK FJORD - NIGHT

USS Toledo glides silently along the fjord's granite walls.

INT. CONTROL ROOM, USS TOLEDO - NIGHT

Glass leans over the chart, across from Powell.

POWELL
 We're approaching the rendezvous point,
 Skipper.

GLASS
 Any sign of our boys?

EDWARDS
 Not yet. But we've got a *Grisha* patrol
 boat dipping sonar nearby. Sir,
 they're going to pick us up. Should we
 dive?

GLASS
 Not yet.

EXT. MURMANSK FJORD - NIGHT

On the surface, the GRISHA drags SONAR APPARATUS.

INT. MYSTIC SUBMERSIBLE - NIGHT

The floor of the mini-sub is covered in blood and seawater. Smitrov murmurs in Russian.

NICHOLS
 (hushed; to Jimenez)
 How long?

JIMENEZ
 (furious)
Shit, we lost a lotta juice. I got ten
 minutes of fuel - not even.

NICHOLS
 He's freakin' dying on me!

JIMENEZ
Hang on. *Quiet.*

PING... PING... PING...

JIMENEZ (CONT'D)
Patrol boat.

NICHOLS
We've gotta call - we've gotta tell the
Toledo where to come get us!

JIMENEZ
(whispering)
Shhh. Can't. We contact the *Toledo*,
that patrol boat's gonna hear. It'll
put us on the bottom of the bay.

NICHOLS
(to Smitrov)
C'mon, sir, keep breathing.

PING... PING... PING...

INT. SONAR ROOM, USS TOLEDO - CONTINUOUS

Glass moves to where Belford is monitoring the GRISHA with the crew all in silence. Calmly, Glass puts his hand on Belford's shoulder.

GLASS
Belford. I think now's the time for
one of your love songs.

Belford looks completely flummoxed. Suddenly, he *realizes* what Glass means.

Belford raises his iPOD.

INT. MYSTIC SUBMERSIBLE - CONTINUOUS

Smitrov MOANS in pain. Johnstone is sitting up now, a film of bloody water around him.

JIMENEZ
Shut him up.

JOHNSTONE
Sir. We need to be quiet now.

The *PINGS* continue from above.

Suddenly, the *sound of WHALE SONGS* fill the monitors. Jimenez and Nichols look at each other in disbelief.

NICHOLS
Humpbacks?

JIMENEZ
Belford? Jesus, lock onto the signal.
 (astonished)
 The Captain is calling us in.

INT. SONAR ROOM, USS TOLEDO - CONTINUOUS

Glass listens to playback of WHALE SOUNDS. Belford looks up at the Captain, with a look that's almost childlike. A young man awaiting approval.

GLASS
 Helm, come left to two-three-five,
 ahead standard and wait.
 (a beat)
 Belford's going to lead them to us.

Glass glances at Andropoyov, who flashes a smile at the trick.

EXT. MURMANSK FJORD - NIGHT

SEARCHLIGHTS from the GRISHA sweep the fjord. The light flashes over the distant, hulking DESTROYER.

INT. RUSSIAN DESTROYER BRIDGE - LEVCHENKO - NIGHT

VLADE (Durov's trusted 'second') looks over the shoulders of TWO YOUNG, BLONDE SONARMAN. He scans the screens himself. The whale sounds play in their headphones.

VLADE
The American submarine is right under us. Kill the engines. No noise.

INT. SONAR ROOM, USS TOLEDO - NIGHT

BELFORD
 Conn, Sonar, I'm picking up a faint 300 hertz tonal. No screw beat. Sounds like an auxiliary.

INT. CONTROL ROOM, USS TOLEDO - CONTINUOUS

GLASS
 Is it Jimenez?

BELFORD (V.O.)
 No, Skipper. It's on the surface.

GLASS
 What is it, Belford? I need to know.

Then, from behind Glass, eyeing the screen:

ANDROPOYOV
 It's the LEVCHENKO. A destroyer.
 There is... no escape.

EDWARDS
What makes you so sure?

ANDROPOYOV
I train the men myself. They will not miss.

Glass just studies Andropoyov with an intense glare.

INT. MYSTIC SUBMERSIBLE - NIGHT

Jimenez' battery gauges are deep in the red. Nichols presses his headphones to his ears.

NICHOLS
I got the beacon. Real weak. Toledo bears zero-three-one.

JIMENEZ
(into mic)
Mama, this is Baby. Hold your signal. Depth eight-zero-zero.

BELFORD (V.O.)
Roger, Baby. Mama at eight-four-five. Course two-one-zero. Speed two.

JIMENEZ
Roger, coming around now.

A faint DARK SHAPE becomes discernible on a TV monitor.

NICHOLS
That is a pretty sight.

EXT. MURMANSK FJORD - UNDERWATER - NIGHTT

Approaching the Mystic, the Toledo passes MAGNETIC SENSORS.

INT. RUSSIAN DESTROYER BRIDGE - NIGHT

Sensors BLINK RED. The *Andropoyov-trained* SONARMAN responds:

SONARMAN 1
Captain, Harbor Control reports a contact at the magnetic sensors.

VLADE
That's him. Launch rocket mortar on the designated bearing!

INSERT: A ROCKET MORTAR LIGHTS UP THE NIGHT SKY.

EXT. UNDERWATER, MURMANSK FJORD - CONTINUOUS

The Mystic settles onto Toledo's back. *PING, PING, PING...*

JIMENEZ (V.O.)
 Goddamnit!
 (into mic)
 Mama, Baby has touched down. Engaging
 latch!

EXT. SURFACE, MURMANSK FJORD - NIGHT

The ROCKET MORTARS splash violently, hunting underwater...

INT. CONTROL ROOM, USS TOLEDO - CONTINUOUS

Belford hears a SOUND that makes his blood run cold.

BELFORD
 Rocket mortar splashes! Overhead!

INT. MYSTIC SUBMERSIBLE - CONTINUOUS

It's CHAOS as they remove Smitrov from a stretcher, LOWERING HIM down the hole...

JIMENEZ
 MOVE! Get the hell out of here!

OUTSIDE, UNDERWATER

A DOZEN ANTI-SUB MORTARS sink above Toledo and Mystic.

INT. CONTROL ROOM, USS TOLEDO - NIGHT

GLASS
 Rocket mortars incoming! Lock it down!
 All ahead flank!

EDWARDS
 Skipper, we'll rip the Mystic right
 off!

GLASS
 Jettison that thing now!

INT. ENGINE ROOM - NIGHT

The SEALS pull a limp Smitrov down, out of the Mystic.

JIMENEZ
 (last one down)
 Shut it!

A sailor SLAMS THE HATCH SHUT. He pulls the release.

OUTSIDE, UNDERWATER

The MYSTIC breaks loose from Toledo, BOUNCES ALONG THE DECK, and sinks into the deep...

INT. CONTROL ROOM, USS TOLEDO - INTERCUTTING INSIDE AND OUT

POWELL

Fifteen knots, coming up fast. Twenty seconds since the splash.

The Toledo races away from the mortars.

POWELL (CONT'D)

Twenty knots. Twenty-five seconds.

GLASS

Left full rudder! Steady course north.

Toledo BANKS HARD LEFT - and the MORTARS EXPLODE!

BOOM! BOOM! Powell goes flying into a hydraulic manifold.

BOOM! BOOM! Andropoyov hits the deck.

BOOM! BOOM! Glass hits the chart table and goes down in a heap. The terrifying thunder ends. But...

IN THE ENGINE ROOM -- A pipe has burst from the overpressure, spraying steam out, creating an eerie fog. McCaw goes at the leak with the wrench, screaming as he burns himself.

GLASS -- pulls himself up like an injured prize fighter. He surveys his control room, men rising slowly to their feet.

GLASS (CONT'D)

Ahead two-thirds, make turns for fifteen knots.

Glass waits. His crew is shaken.

GLASS (CONT'D)

Ahead two-thirds. Make turns for fifteen knots.

Now the TOLEDO TURNS. Navigator Powell has struck his head and bleeds down his uniform collar.

GLASS (CONT'D)

Mr. Edwards, you take over for Powell.

There's a long look between the two men; then Edwards *nods*.

EDWARDS

Yessir. Of course, sir.

GLASS

Belford, where's that Destroyer?

BELFORD

I can't find him. It'll be a while before the echoes die down.

EDWARDS
If we can't hear him, Captain, he sure
as hell can't hear us.

GLASS
(nodding)
Let's see if we can't slip outta here.

INT. WAR ROOM - NMCC - PENTAGON - CONTINUOUS

On the MONITOR, Beaman's HELMUT-CAM comes back on line briefly. WE SEE Beaman's POV as he crawls from the water. The image flickers, then goes out.

VICE ADMIRAL DONNEGAN
What the hell is he doing? Why is he
going back?

FISK
(quiet)
Because. He left a man behind.

Donnegan reddens. It's embarrassing that this didn't even occur to him.

EXT. MURMANSK FOREST - NIGHT

Beaman barely leaves a footprint in the snow. He grinds his teeth, to stop them from chattering. He's reached--

THE TREE where Martinelli was hidden. The stretcher lies broken on the ground. Then... GUNSHOTS through the forest.

Beaman RUNS TOWARDS THEM.

DEEPER IN THE FOREST

Trees flash by as we TRACK with Martinelli, running for his life. Limping painfully.

Flashlight beams bounce in the snow. A SPETSNAZ UNIT is closing in on him.

Martinelli bursts into a clearing in the moonlight. He stumbles and falls. As he struggles to his feet he stops... turns... finds himself surrounded.

Four Spetsnaz AGENTS train their guns on him. Martinelli puts his hands on top of his head. The Spetsnaz force him to his knees. The LEADER keys his radio.

SPETSNAZ LEADER
(into his radio)
*We have captured the American. What are
our orders?*

They wait a beat for instructions. Then Tretiak's voice crackles over the line:

TRETIK (V.O.)
Execute him.

The LEADER takes out his PISTOL and cocks the hammer --

BANG! The Spetsnaz LEADER'S head explodes. Beaman steps into the clearing with a pistol in each fist. He fires as he strides ahead. BANG! BANG! BANG! He drops the entire Spetsnaz team with deadly accuracy before any of them can get off a shot.

He hurries to Martinelli and tosses the fallen Spetsnaz off of his youngest teammate... Martinelli looks up at him in disbelief.

MARTINELLI
 You came back...

BEAMAN
 Needed the exercise.

Martinelli breaks into a smile. Just then they are both startled by a Russian voice:

TRETIK (V.O.)
 (over the radio)
*Is it done? Did you take care of the
 American spy? ... Do you copy?*

Beaman helps Martinelli to his feet.

BEAMAN
 We can't stay here. Come on.

INT. DUROV'S COMMAND CENTER - NEAR DAWN

Durov stands in front of a big sat-map of the Barents Sea.
American and Russian ships are converging.

TECHNICIAN
*Our ships will have visual of the
 Americans within the hour. The entire
 fleet is coming.*

DUROV
*Our navy will follow protocol. We will
 meet force with force.*

A SPETSNAZ LIEUTENANT gets a radio call. Offers the receiver to Durov.

TRETIK (V.O.)
Minister...

INTERCUT

EXT. MURMANSK FOREST - CONTINUOUS

Tretik stands over the bodies of the dead Spetsnaz team in the clearing.

TRETIAK (INTO RADIO)
The Americans got away.

DUROV (INTO RADIO)
And Smitrov?

TRETIAK (INTO RADIO)
 (ashamed)
*The Americans took him. If he's alive,
 he's on their sub.*

Durov turns away. His expression determined.

DUROV
*Seal the fjord. We have to sink the
 American sub before it escapes.*

INT. GALLEY - USS TOLEDO - CONTINUOUS

Jones has turned the galley into a TRAUMA CENTER. Glass and Andropoyov sit across from Smitrov who has been bandaged.

PRESIDENT SMITROV
 I must speak with my allies in
 Parliament and the other generals.
 Once they know I am alive, they will
 rally to stop Durov.

GLASS
 I understand, sir. But if we move up
 into a communication window, you won't
 be alive much longer.

INT. TOLEDO, CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Glass and Andropoyov walk back to the control room. The Russian Captain glances at him sidelong.

ANDROPOYOV
 You used to command the Baton Rouge.
 What happened?

GLASS
 I was relieved of command.

ANDROPOYOV
 What for?

Glass continues walking.

GLASS
 I didn't play by the rules.

ANDROPOYOV
 I have hard time imagining.

Glass looks at him. Then realizes that the deadly serious Russian Captain has made a joke. He breaks out in a grin.

INT. WAR ROOM, N.M.C.C. - CONTINUOUS

Fisk's eye is drawn to SOMETHING DISTURBING:

FISK
What the *hell* is that?

SEVEN SHIPS line up across the mouth of the Murmansk fjord. SIX OTHER SHIPS are heading into the area from the south, moving to surround the LANT FLEET.

FORBES
It's a blockade. They're moving into position to meet LANT fleet.

FISK
Six ships. The entire Arctic and White Sea Flotillas coming in. Has Durov got those admirals under his control now?

FORBES
Sir, I believe they're simply responding to our movements.

Fisk stares ahead at the screen, deep in thought. He downs the rest of his lukewarm coffee with a bitter face.

FISK
(a deep breath)
They're being *led* into the fight. By us.

EXT. MOUTH OF THE MURMANSK FJORD - DAWN

The SEVEN SHIPS buoy: TWO GRISHAS join 'arm-in-arm' with a CRUISER, TWO FRIGATES, and TWO PATROL BOATS. From behind the boats, we PUSH past, into the winding fjord...

EXT. HILLS OUTSIDE POLYARNY - DAWN

It's begun to snow now - flakes spiraling in the light of the base. Beaman supports Martinelli as they trudge on through the snow -- the darkness that was their friend is disappearing, leaving them exposed against the white landscape.

Beaman pauses to let Martinelli catch his breath. Martinelli leans against a tree for a moment as Beaman scrambles up onto a rock to look back behind them.

MARTINELLI
(weakly)
How's it looking, boss?

BEAMAN
It's a freakin' winter wonderland.

FOLLOW BEAMAN'S gaze to the valley below -- WE SEE Tretiak's hunting party, complete with dogs and Spetsnaz. They are gaining on them. Closing in.

EXT. MURMANSK FJORD - DAWN

The Levchenko is hunting on the surface of the steel gray waters...

INT. RUSSIAN DESTROYER BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Vlade watches from the bridge, his Destroyer DEAD QUIET.

VLADE
(to Sonarmen)
You have something?

SONARMAN 1
*Yes, Captain, picking up contact,
bearing two-two-one. They're shallow.*

VLADE
*All ahead flank! I want that submarine
on the floor!*

The destroyer's ENGINES ROAR TO LIFE.

INT. CONTROL ROOM, USS TOLEDO - CONTINUOUS

Total silence.

GLASS
(whispering)
*Shhhh... Here they come. Powell,
we're going to have to dive fast and
hard.*

INT. HALLWAY, USS TOLEDO - CONTINUOUS

A SPARSE LINE OF IDLE, EAVESDROPPING CREWMEN leads us to--

THE SONAR SHACK

Belford hears the engines, and the accompanying *PINGS*.

BELFORD
(the Destroyer)
They're firing!

THE CONTROL ROOM,

ON Andropoyov - this doesn't look good.

GLASS
Dive! Sixty-degree down bubble.

McKittrick steers them downward, at a dive angle so steep that no one can stand any longer. The sub floor becomes an almost vertical drop.

ANDROPOYOV
Bottom depth is nine-two-five.

GLASS

Thank you, Captain.

Nobody breathes, as the incessant *PINGS* grow louder...

ON THE SURFACE -- the destroyer charges full-bore.

BELFORD

DEER ORD
Contact on the destroyer!

EDWARDS

(flying into action)

Contact on the destroyer - bearing zero-two-one. Heavy screw beat - he's coming fast!

GLASS

Snapshot! Tube one on the destroyer!

EDWARDS

Solution ready!

ENG OFFICER

Ship ready!

WALLACH

Weapon ready!

GLASS

Ahead flank! Launch evasion devices.

EVASION DEVICES tumble into the Toledo's growing wake. The devices deploy, producing a thick METALLIC CLOUD...

The FIRST RUSSIAN TORPEDO detonates in the cloud.

The SECOND TORPEDO misses the cloud and motors on, DIRECTLY BEHIND TOLEDO...

EXT. RUSSIAN DESTROYER BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

An UNDERWATER EXPLOSION bubbles up, just aft of the destroyer. Vlade holds on as the Russian ship ROLLS on the violent waves.

INT. CONTROL ROOM, USS TOLEDO - CONTINUOUS

The submarine shudders from the distant explosions. Belford still tracks the Russian torpedo that wasn't fooled:

BELFORD (SONARMAN)

Incoming weapon bearing three-five-five! It's active.

Glass thinks. Andropoyov looks on.

BELFORD (CONT'D)

Sir, there's still one coming!

AT THEIR STATIONS, the idle crew can hear the sickening WHINE of the incoming torpedo... closer and closer.

WALLACH
Sir! Do we *fire back*?

GLASS
Open outer door on tube three! Depth
to the bottom?

Andropoyov looks on at Glass with growing admiration.

EDWARDS
Depth five-zero feet under the keel.

GLASS
Pull back to twenty-five down bubble!
(to Andropoyov)
Captain, is the bottom soft?

ANDROPOYOV
Yes, Captain. Mud.

GLASS
Bring me down to it. Do it quick!
We're going to lie down there like a
catfish.

EXT. UNDERWATER, MURMANSK FJORD - CONTINUOUS

The Toledo dives towards the bottom, levelling off as her screw CHURNS UP CLOUDS OF SEDIMENT... A more inviting target.

It works. The torpedo zeroes in on the GREAT CLOUD...

But the Toledo's barely clear when--

BOOM! The EXPLOSION spreads violently along the fjord floor.

INT. WAR ROOM - NMCC - PENTAGON - CONTINUOUS

The ECHOES from the explosion reverberate half a world away.
Forbes looks up, ashen --

FORBES
SOSUS has detected two explosions in
the Murmansk Fjord. In the region of
the Toledo.

The room falls silent. Fisk rubs his temples.

VICE ADMIRAL DONNEGAN
Is she down?
(beat)
Is the Toledo sunk?!

FORBES
(quiet)
We can't confirm that, sir.

VICE ADMIRAL DONNEGAN
Goddammit!

He wheels on Fisk. Furious.

VICE ADMIRAL DONNEGAN (CONT'D)
 You realize what you've done, Fisk?
 The President will be calling our NATO
 allies soon. How is he supposed to
 explain to them that the Russian
 President died in our hands? You just
 handed Durov the whole shooting match --
 if he didn't have Russia behind him
 before, he sure as shit will now.
 He'll spin this that we kidnapped
Smitrov and that we're responsible for
 his death. It's perfect for him!

Everybody looks away as Donnegan continues his public lashing
 of Fisk.

VICE ADMIRAL DONNEGAN (CONT'D)
 (fuming)
 This is why your cowboy, macho bullshit
 belongs on the battlefield, not here.
 That way, when you fuck up, its only
 your own legs that get blown off!

Donnegan turns and walks away. You could hear a pin drop.

Fisk sits, face burning. Norquist turns away.

EXT. VALLEY OUTSIDE POLYARNY = DAWN

Tretiak stands in a slow-moving JEEP. He is following fresh
 tracks in the snow. Spots of blood.

He is getting close.

EXT. VALLEY, BEAMAN'S POSITION - CONTINUOUS

Martinelli can go no further. He is weak from blood loss.
 Beaman lowers him to the ground.

MARTINELLI
 I'm s-sorry boss. After you came back
 all this way... you better go on
 without me.

BEAMAN
 What's the matter, Marty? You losin'
 faith in me?

MARTINELLI
 (grins, eyes flutter)
 Never, boss...

Beaman hears the sound of Tretiak's jeep approaching.

BEAMAN
 Just shut up and do what I tell ya.

ANGLE ON TRETIK - MOMENTS LATER

As the jeep rumbles to a stop; Tretiak holds the mounted gun, rotates into a 'kill position.'

ANGLE ON BEAMAN

Beaman's a sitting duck now. All alone -- no sign of Martinelli. He rolls onto his back... and then he begins *waving his arms* in the freshly fallen snow - as the bullets start to fly.

ANGLE ON TRETIK

As his gun runs dry. He climbs down from the jeep and begins to hike into the valley...

EXT. VALLEY, BEAMAN'S POSITION - MOMENTS LATER

Tretiak comes forward to where .50-cal rounds have scorched the snow and earth. He leans down, seeing only a soft indentation in the snow where Beaman lay: a snow angel.

As he leans down to study it - legs rise out of the snow and whip Tretiak down with a sweeping kick. *Beaman has been lying disguised just beneath the surface of fresh powder.*

Beaman seizes Tretiak instantly. The two go after each other, both expertly skilled in hand-to-hand combat. There's a flurry of fists, elbows, and knees until -

Beaman lands a punch to Tretiak's throat. Tretiak staggers back, gasping for air. It gives him just enough pause to look up, surprised - at his American equivalent.

Then - suddenly - Tretiak goes for a concealed HANDGUN. As he pulls it, almost instantaneously Beaman kicks it from his hand. As Tretiak stumbles, Beaman locks him up from behind, pushing his head forward at a steeper and steeper angle and -

CRACK. SNAPPING HIS NECK.

BLACK SCREEN.

HANDS DIG furiously in the snow. Slowly light and shapes become clear as it is REVEALED that --

This is MARTINELLI'S POV from inside the SNOW CAVE where Beaman buried him.

Beaman finishes uncovering Martinelli. Beaman grasps him by the hand and pulls him out.

CUT TO:

EXT. MURMANSK FJORD - DAWN

The Russian fleet sits on the surface... waiting to see if they have destroyed the Toledo.

INT. CONTROL ROOM, USS TOLEDO - CONTINUOUS

GLASS
Damage report?

MCCAW (V.O.)
We've lost both turbine generators!
Slowing quickly, sir!

INT. MANEUVERING ROOM, USS TOLEDO - CONTINUOUS

Half the young men attempt to restart the reactor. The other half frantically repairs the seawater pipes.

INT. RUSSIAN DESTROYER BRIDGE - DAWN

DESTROYER SONARMAN 2
*Damage to the American sub, sir. She's
dead in the water.*

VLADE
I want a confirmed kill.

INT. CONTROL ROOM, USS TOLEDO - DAWN

BELFORD
The destroyer is closing, sir. Heading
right for our position!

GLASS
Torpedo room, damage report.

INT. TORPEDO ROOM, USS TOLEDO - CONTINUOUS

Water sprays the room from a burst pipe. Knee-deep, McCaw struggles to fix it.

MCCAW (MECHANIC)
Water to two feet, sir.

GLASS (V.O.)
Load another tube.

MCCAW
YESSIR!

Kaplan and the crew fight to roll another torpedo along the loading rack. Suddenly, the ship lists - the TORPEDO FALLS off the rack--

PINNING KAPLAN UNDERNEATH. The water's at his ears. Crewman STRAIN to lift the torpedo off Kaplan's chest.

BRICKOWSKI
We need help!

McCaw barrels his way across the room. He joins the effort, lifting to no avail, as the water rises. KAPLAN GOES UNDER.

EXT. MURMANSK FJORD - DAWN

The Russian destroyer closes in for the kill.

INT. RUSSIAN DESTROYER BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

With looks of dread on their faces, the RUSSIAN SONARMEN eavesdrop on the *chaos* down in the USS TOLEDO below.

INT. TORPEDO ROOM, USS TOLEDO - DAWN

Kaplan SCREAMS underwater, still pinned. McCaw attaches a chain to the torpedo - a ceiling-mounted hoist is engaged.

MCCAW

LIFT!!

Kaplan is freed. He gasps and chokes.

INT. CONTROL ROOM, USS TOLEDO - MOMENTS LATER

WALLACH

It's loaded, sir. Tube four! Ready to fire.

GLASS

Wait.

Wallach is apoplectic.

WALLACH

Sir!

GLASS

Belford?

Belford looks down from the Sonar shack, sweat running down his face.

GLASS (CONT'D)

Glad you came along for this ride?

Belford smiles.

WALLACH

We are *out of time*, sir. We need to fire.

GLASS

We fire on them, we kill a ship full of innocent men. We do nothing, we die. Either way, we run the risk of triggering a nuclear war.

On Glass, thinking...

GLASS (CONT'D)

There's only one other option...

EDWARDS

Sir?

Glass crosses the room toward Andropoyov.

GLASS

You trained the men on that destroyer?

ANDROPOYOV

Yes. Every one. They were my men.

GLASS

Would they be loyal to you?

ANDROPOYOV

(proud)

Of course.

GLASS

Then talk to them.

(raising his voice)

XO, raise the slot buoy.

Glass grabs the mic and thrusts it at Andropoyov.

EXT. TOLEDO - UNDERWATER

The SLOT BUOY, tethered by a cable to the sub, is released. It starts to float to the surface to relay a universal UHF signal --

INT. RUSSIAN DESTROYER BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

The rows of SONARMEN freeze as they hear a voice: CAPTAIN ANDROPOYOV coming in over the radio frequency. Faint, crackly, but his voice is calm. *It's a morning roll-call.*

ANDROPOYOV (V.O.)

*"Fyodor Dubasov." "Ivan Gorshkov."
"Vladimir Grigorovich."*

SONARMAN 1 reaches out, and puts the voice onto the *speakers*. It echoes throughout the Destroyer.

EXT. DECK OF DESTROYER - CONTINUOUS

As Andropoyov says the sailors' names, we *see their faces*, stunned to hear his voice.

ANDROPOYOV (V.O.)

*"Pavel Isakov." "Mikhail Kolchak."
"Zinovy Kononov."*

INT. RUSSIAN DESTROYER BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

VLADE

Turn it off!

(furious)

Turn that off!

But the sailors are paralyzed along the controls.

INT. CONTROL ROOM, USS TOLEDO - CONTINUOUS

Glass watches as Andropoyov speaks calmly, authoritatively.

ANDROPOYOV
*This is Captain Andropoyov. I am
 onboard the American submarine. Hold
 your fire.*

INT. RUSSIAN DESTROYER BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Vlade hisses at the Sonarman 1...

VLADE
*He is no longer your commander. You
 will fire on that sub!*

Nobody moves a muscle. Vlade realizes he is no longer in control.

ANDROPOYOV (V.O.)
*We are going to surface. Our President
 is on board.*

EXT. POLYARNY COMMAND CENTER - DAWN

Russian soldiers look out over the water as...

INT. DUROV'S COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Andropoyov's voice comes over the speakers.

ANDROPOYOV (V.O.)
*I repeat, stand down. President
 Smitrov is on board the American sub.
 Do not fire.*

Durov listens with growing fury. His pair of SPETSNAZ BODYGUARDS exchange an uneasy glance.

The rest of the room is in shock -- there are over a dozen Russian junior officers and enlisted men at work stations. These are rank and file men, following orders, not part of Durov's coup.

A young MISSILE OPERATOR whispers to his colleague:

MISSILE OPERATOR #1
*I thought President Smitrov was here on
 the base?*

MISSILE OPERATOR #2
They told us he was sick with a fever.

They both steal glances at DUROV.

Durov eyes the big MONITORS showing video feed from the bridge of the Levchenko. Durov grabs a mic.

DUROV
*Get me an open channel to the entire
 fleet. Now!*

INT. CONTROL ROOM, USS TOLEDO - DAWN

GLASS (INTO INTERCOM)
 All hands! Prepare for emergency blow.

EXT. DECK OF DESTROYER, VARIOUS - CONTINUOUS

A nervous RUSSIAN GUNNER sites down the barrel of the 30mm AK-630. His eyes scan the churning water, waiting...

On the bridge, Vlade remains in a stand-off. Durov's voice comes over the radio:

DUROV (V.O.)
*Comrades! You have all just heard the
 message broadcast by the traitor,
 Captain Andropoyov. Do not believe his
 lies! He is with the Americans, on
 their submarine! The same submarine
 which invaded our waters and sunk the
 Volk, killing your brothers!*

ON the faces of the Russian soldiers and sailors. Unsure what to think...

DUROV
*Do not let them escape justice! Do not
 believe their lies. Destroy the
 American sub!*

Heads turn to look out over the water --

EXT. MUMANSK FJORD - MORNING

The conning tower of the Toledo rises up through the surface of the water, majestic in the morning sunlight.

INT. WAR ROOM - NMCC - PENTAGON - CONTINUOUS

Everybody is watching on the big sat map as the Toledo surfaces.

FORBES
 There she is! That's the Toledo!

Forbes pumps his fist in the air.

Fisk and Norquist exchange a look, relief floods their faces.

EXT. MURMANSK FJORD - CONTINUOUS

RUSSIAN GUNNER'S POV -- the Toledo is squarely in the crosshairs.

The gunner's hand hovers over the trigger.

INT. DUROV'S COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Durov sees the same image of the Toledo on his MONITOR.

DUROV
Fire! What are you waiting for?

INT. WAR ROOM - NMCC - PENTAGON - CONTINUOUS

The satellite image shows the American sub encircled by Russian ships.

VICE ADMIRAL DONNEGAN
He's just surfaced in the midst of the Russian fleet! What the hell is Glass doing?

FISK
He's playing his ace in the hole.

As a SAT CAM zooms in with perfect HD resolution on the deck of the Toledo we MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. DECK OF THE TOLEDO - CONTINUOUS

The HATCH opens up...

EXT. BRIDGE OF THE DESTROYER, VARIOUS - CONTINUOUS

Vlade looks on through binocs. His heart stops.

EXT. RUSSIAN FLEET, SHORE - VARIOUS - CONTINUOUS

Russian sailors and soldiers line the railings to see...

EXT. DECK OF THE TOLEDO - CONTINUOUS

President SMITROV steps shakily out into the sunlight, flanked by Glass and Andropoyov.

A RUSSIAN CHOPPER circles overhead...

INT. DUROV'S COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Durov sees Smitrov on his MONITOR and goes pale. The room is silent. The Russian soldiers shift in their seats --

Durov turns to the MISSILE OPERATOR #1 at the controls of the KH-35 GUIDED MISSILE SYSTEM.

DUROV
Target that sub.

MISSILE OPERATOR #1 hesitates. Durov takes a step forward.

DUROV (CONT'D)
*I gave you an order, soldier. Enter
 the coordinates. Now.*

OPERATOR #1's eyes dart helplessly to his pal -- he doesn't want to do it but then Durov's two Spetsnaz place their hands threateningly on their weapons.

OPERATOR #1 begins entering the coordinates...

EXT. POLYARNY COMMAND CENTER - DAWN

The turret of the KH-35 MISSILE LAUNCHER begins to rotate toward the bay...

BINOCULAR POV -- of the MISSILE LAUNCHER moving.

EXT. THE DECK OF THE TOLEDO - DAWN

Glass lowers his binocs. He turns to the Russian President.

GLASS
 Talk fast, Mr. President.

President Smitrov begins to speak into a mic:

PRESIDENT SMITROV
*My fellow Russians. This is your
 President and commander-in-chief.*

EXT. MURMANSK FJORD, VARIOUS - CONTINUOUS

The entire Russian fleet is listening.

PRESIDENT SMITROV
*...I have been rescued from a violent
 coup attempt led by Minister Durov. He
 has brought us to the brink of war. I
 order all of our fleet commanders to
 stand down immediately and return to
 base.*

EXT. DECK OF DESTROYER - CONTINUOUS

The RUSSIAN GUNNER looking through his sights sees Smitrov in his crosshairs. He removes his hand from the trigger.

ON THE BRIDGE -- the men turn to glare at VLADE. It's a mutiny.

INT. DUROV'S COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Durov listens with mounting fury and desperation.

PRESIDENT SMITROV (V.O.)
*Any one following the orders of
 Minister Durov from this point forward
 is committing a criminal act.*

All eyes turn toward Durov. MISSILE OPERATOR #1's hand trembles by the LAUNCH BUTTON.

DUROV
Fire that missile.
 (takes out his handgun)
Fire!

OPERATOR #1 closes his eyes. Then, defiantly, he turns away from the controls. He won't do it.

CRACK! Durov pistol-whips OPERATOR #1! The young man falls to the floor.

Durov lunges forward and slams his hand down on the launch button!

EXT. POLYARNY COMMAND CENTER - DAWN

A KH-35 RADIO GUIDED MISSILE ERUPTS from the launcher in a flash and burns into the sky!

EXT. DECK OF THE TOLEDO - CONTINUOUS

ON GLASS as he sees the launch --

GLASS
 Missile inbound!!

INT. DUROV'S COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

MISSILE OPERATOR #2 leaps and tackles Durov! The two Spetsnaz rush to his aid but... the room erupts!

The rank and file Russians swarm the bodyguards.

INT. WAR ROOM - NMCC - PENTAGON - CONTINUOUS

The satellite image shows the heat signature of the missile streaking from the Polyarny base toward the Toledo.

Everybody reacts with dismay.

EXT. MURMANSK FJORD - CONTINUOUS

The missile arcs across the sky like a comet. Russian and American sailors stare up, helpless to do anything. Until --

It explodes in mid-flight! Erupts into a fireball!

INT. DUROV'S COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON THE CONTROL CONSOLE -- the hand of young MISSILE OPERATOR #1 holds down the detonate button! As it pulls away...

EXT. DECK OF THE TOLEDO - CONTINUOUS

Glass is the first one back on his feet. The others rise slowly and look up in astonishment and relief.

Flaming debris rain harmlessly down in the bay.

INT. DUROV'S COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

MISSILE OPERATOR #2 looks up from the ground where he and the others have pinned Durov and subdued the Spetsnaz. He sees...

MISSILE OPERATOR #1, blood dripping from his forehead... has pulled himself back up to the console where he just detonated the missile mid-flight.

The two young men share a smile.

INT. CONTROL ROOM, USS TOLEDO - MOMENTS LATER

The entire crew waits. Then the radio crackles to life --

GLASS (V.O.)
The Russians have taken Durov into
custody. It's over.

There's an eruption of cheering inside the SUB, which carries out onto:

EXT. LEVCHENKO DECK - CONTINUOUS

The cheering breaks out among the Russians as well. The cheering reverberates all the way to--

INT. WAR ROOM - NMCC - PENTAGON - CONTINUOUS

They screen shows the dots representing the Russian ships begin to turn.

FORBES
The Russian fleet is bearing off.
They're turning around!

Cheers erupt in the room. A catastrophe avoided.

Vice Admiral Donnegan looks over at Fisk. Gives the slightest of nods -- hardly an apology, but it's an acknowledgement that one way or another, they are both on the winning team.

EXT. MURMANSK FJORD - A SHORT TIME LATER

A Russian Zodiac from the Levchenko is pulled up alongside. President Smitrov is helped onboard.

Andropoyov pauses to say farewell to Glass before following.

GLASS
Captain.

ANDROPOYOV
Captain.

They share a smile. Andropoyov salutes. Glass returns the gesture.

GLASS
See you down below.

MOMENTS LATER

Glass watches the Russian Zodiac speed away. Edwards comes up beside him.

EDWARDS
Shall we make sail, Captain?

GLASS
We have a couple of passengers to pick up first, XO.

He nods his head toward a small DINGHY coming toward them across the bay.

At the helm: BEAMAN, with the injured Martinelli.

INT. WAR ROOM, NMCC - CONTINUOUS

APPLAUSE, deep inside the Pentagon, all directed at Donnegan.

FISK is patted on the back by a few admiring officers... but he walks away and finds an abandoned station in the celebration. He bows his head, exhausted.

NORQUIST (O.S.)
You know Donnegan's gonna get all the credit, right?

Fisk turns to face her.

FISK
The desk jockies always do.
(beat)
Punch me in the face if I ever get like that.

NORQUIST
(deadpan)
With pleasure.

She turns to go.

FISK
Hey... Don't you owe me a smile?

Fisk smiles. And finally... Norquist does too.

EXT. DECK OF THE TOLEDO - A SHORT TIME LATER

Beaman stands by the railing, a blanket thrown over his shoulders. Glass approaches and stands beside him. Both men are quiet at first.

GLASS
(hand extended)
Joe Glass.

BEAMAN
Bill Beaman.

GLASS
How's the water? Cold?

BEAMAN
I didn't feel it until *now*.

GLASS
How's your man?

BEAMAN
Lost a lot of blood, but the medic says
he's gonna be fine.

GLASS
Thanks to you.

BEAMAN
Couldn't have made it out if you hadn't
stuck around to pick us up.
(looks around)
It's a good boat you've got yourself.

GLASS
(smiles)
Yeah. She is.

EXT. POLYARNY - DAY

At the docks, Andropoyov is greeted by Russian naval officers and sailors. He looks back over the water.

The TOLEDO pulls away from port.

Atop the CONNING TOWER, Captain Glass and Lt. Commander Beaman take in the landscape of Polyarny at dusk.

From a distance, Glass sees Andropoyov on shore. Andropoyov smiles and *salutes*. Glass salutes back.

Then Beaman and Glass descend below, as a wake rises.

Slowly, the CONNING TOWER sinks back into the sea, leaving only a whirlpool in the water, a trail of cawing seagulls, and a silent *current*, vanishing slowly in the open sea.

ROLL CREDITS.