

K-19: THE WIDOWMAKER

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Based on a screenplay by
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FADE IN:

1 INT. SUBMARINE K19 - DAY 1

Eerie shadows from blue battle lamps...hissing...in the dim light we can just make out a tall cylinder, looming above... then a release of air-- pah!-- like a dragon exhaling...

2 INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY 2

A shaky hand...a small safe...a combination being dialed... the safe opens, revealing a yellow envelope...

3 INT. PASSAGEWAY - DAY 3

Red light flashing...a shrill horn...boots stomping on the metal deck plates...a SAILOR's face-- sweaty, tense...

4 INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY 4

Map of United States...FALICHEV, nav assistant, plots with a slide rule...the yellow envelope torn open...a tiny circuit board drops in the hand of CAPTAIN YENIN. He gives it to SUSLOV, the political officer. Both men remove keys from around their necks and insert them in the circuit board...

DEMICHEV, the XO, is looking through the periscope: (NOTE: bracketed dialogue is in Russian with subtitles.)

DEMICHEV

[Report on enemy contact.]

ON the PPI (sonar) scope: a line of bearing, closing...

SERGEI

[Enemy submarine is three minutes from torpedo range, sir.]

Suslov has trouble getting his key in...Yenin watches, impatient...Suslov gets it in, hands the circuit board to LERMONTOV, comm officer, who inserts it into a port.

5 INT. MISSILE COMPARTMENT - DAY 5

A grunting MISSILEMAN turning a hand crank. It's tough going.

6 EXT. SAIL/K19 - DAY 6

ON the outer door of the missile tube as it slides open...

7 INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY 7

Yenin and Suslov watch the port on Lermontov's communications panel...finally, a green light blinks on.

(CONTINUED)

LERMONTOV

[Moscow has confirmed nuclear weapons
release authority, sir.]

Yenin steels himself...grabs a kashtan (hanging microphone).

8 INT. BOW TORPEDO ROOM - DAY

8

TORPEDOMEN seal the breech door...Yenin comes over the
speaker:

YENIN'S VOICE

[This is the captain. All hands prepare
for missile launch.]

The Torpedomen look at the speaker apprehensively.

9 INT. MISSILE COMPARTMENT - DAY

9

MUKHIN, weapons officer, and Missilemen MAXIM and VANYA look
at lights flickering on a console...gauge needles fluttering.
Mukhin silently curses the machine...

10 INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

10

Yenin stares at the squawk box, waiting. He turns to
Demichev: what's taking so long? Demichev shrugs. ON the
PPI scope as a second line of bearing appears...

SERGEI

[Another contact, sir! Enemy submarine,
bearing one nine zero.]

Yenin shuts his eyes...a silent prayer?

11 INT. PASSAGEWAY - DAY

11

Suslov, breathing hard, white Zampolit uniform glowing in the
blue light, scurries down a ladder.

12 INT. MISSILE COMPARTMENT - DAY

12

Console lights blink on full. Mukhin leaps over and pushes
the button on his squawk box:

MUKHIN

[Power-up procedure complete, sir.
Missile ready for firing.]

13 INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

13

Yenin, mopping brow, grabs the kashtan:

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

YENIN
[Activate the warhead.]

14 INT. MISSILE COMPARTMENT - DAY 14

A hand buttons the strap over a pistol...it's Suslov. He stands beside Mukhin, who's inserting a key in his console. Hand trembling, Suslov inserts his own key...both men turn their keys and red fluid fills an indicator tube...

15 INT. MISSILE SILO - DAY 15

MISSILEMEN running up a ladder...taking positions along a row of valve cranks...behind them in the gloom, the tall cylinder..."CCCP" painted on the side...

16 INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY 16

Tense, clammy faces all around the room.

YENIN
[Report on enemy contact.]

SERGEI
[Thirty seconds from range, sir.]

YENIN
[Prepare for emergency dive after launch.]

ON the PPI scope: the two blips, coming closer and closer...

17 INT. MISSILE SILO - DAY 17

Missilemen turning cranks with all their might...grating metal plates... Looking up the length of the missile: daylight bleeds through the rubber membrane above its tip, forming a golden halo. Snake-like hissing leads into...

18 INT. MISSILE COMPARTMENT - DAY 18

Mukhin watches as a relay light goes on.

MUKHIN
(into squawk box)
[Inner hatch open, sir. Silo free of water, ready for launch.]

19 INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY 19

Everybody has one eye on the Captain. Yenin glances at Demichev and clears his throat. This is it.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

YENIN
(into kashtan)
[Launch Number One Missile.]

20 INT. MISSILE COMPARTMENT - DAY

20

Mukhin sets the second hand of his clock to 15 seconds.

MUKHIN
[Start missile firing sequence. Time to
launch is 15 seconds...]

21 INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

21

Sergei, watching the scope. Suddenly he hops out of his seat.

SERGEI
[Sir! We've been fired on! Enemy
torpedo at bearing one nine zero!]

ON Yenin, tensing...

22 INT. MISSILE COMPARTMENT - DAY

22

Maxim and Vanya crouch, covering their ears. As Mukhin reaches 10 in his countdown, he presses and holds two black buttons. Suddenly there's a buzzing sound, the lights flicker-- and everything goes dark. He pounds on the console with his fist. It's dead. Mukhin flips on his squawk box:

MUKHIN
[Captain, we've lost power.]

23 INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

23

Cursing, Yenin swings the kashtan away and Demichev has to dodge it. Yenin stalks off.

SERGEI
[Torpedo at 8000 meters...7500...]

Passing the sonar station, Yenin flicks a switch and the PPI scope goes dark. He continues up the ladder to the sail.

24 EXT. SAIL/K19 - DUSK

24

The hatch clangs open and Yenin emerges in a fury. Then he sees something across the way that makes him turn pale:

Several ADMIRALS in full dress uniforms are standing on a ceremonial viewing platform...a loudspeaker beside them is chattering with Demichev's voice:

(CONTINUED)

DEMICHEV'S VOICE

[I expect the captain's gone to get roaring drunk! That's what I'd do if I had to command a miserable bunch of incompetents like you!]

Grim-faced, the Admirals are turning and hurrying off toward idling black limousines...

REVERSE: the K19, over 100m long, seems suspended in air. Actually, she's in dry dock and far from sea ready: equipment piled up...lines snaking everywhere...insignia half-painted... PULL BACK to REVEAL the sub base at Polyarny in the Arctic Circle: a few gray buildings in the Khrushchev style...bleak hills beyond...shadowy in the northern twilight. Alone atop this majestic ship, Yenin looks very small indeed.

25 INT. HOTEL LOBBY/MOSCOW - DAY

25

CLOSE ON a TV: the fireball and spreading mushroom cloud of thermonuclear detonation, but completely silent.

A CROWD of Muscovites is watching this in the ornate lobby of a belle epoque hotel...behind the TV a REPAIRMAN gingerly holds two wires together...

TITLE: June 1961

On TV: explosion continues...the sound begins to sputter and kick in: rumbling...

An OLD WOMAN tries to cross herself surreptitiously...a TEENAGER finds his GIRLFRIEND's hand without taking his eyes off the TV...a WWII VETERAN fingers a medal on his uniform coat...his thumb is missing...behind him is another man in uniform-- naval captain's blues, glittering with medals. NIKOLAI ZATEYEV, 30s, checks the time on his pocket watch.

On TV: Khrushchev comes on the screen, ranting and sputtering:

KHRUSHCHEV

[Let there be no doubt, the people will be defended. For every missile they build we will build five, ten, a hundred missiles! When the enemies of peace threaten us with force, we have no choice but to counter them with force. If the Americans choose to test our will, we will bury them.]

As the Veteran cups an ear, we see Zateyev is gone.

26 EXT. RED SQUARE - DAY

26

Brilliant sunshine...red stars atop the medieval towers of the Kremlin...the onion domes of St. Basil's shimmer... A tow truck pulls a broken-down taxi across the cobblestones, revealing a line of citizens waiting to get into Lenin's tomb...a smart detail of SOLDIERS goosesteps past the line... Zateyev gives his papers to the GUARDS at the Tsar's tower.

27 EXT. DRY DOCK/POLYARNY NAVAL BASE - DAY

27

A bustle of CREW working on the ship...a PAINTER fills in the "K19" designation...a couple of WELDERS are plating over a hole at the base of the sail... A limousine pulls up to the end of the pier...a crisp LIEUTENANT gets out and heads toward the ship...some of the workers pause, watching him...but the Welders keep at their work, paying no attention as the Lieutenant approaches on the pier below. He stops.

LIEUTENANT

Comrade Captain?

(louder)

Comrade Captain?

One of the Welders lifts his mask and we see it's Yenin, hot and grimy. He doesn't return the Lieutenant's salute.

LIEUTENANT (CONT'D)

Rear Admiral Sorokin requests your presence in HQ, sir.

28 INT. GORSHKOV'S OFFICE/NAVAL HQ - DAY

28

A marble chess set, mid-game-- black is in the dominating position. Zateyev examines the board, winding his watch absentmindedly. A radio drones on about bomb shelters and civil defense procedures...then a hand shuts it off...Zateyev turns to see who shut the radio off and finds ADMIRAL SERGEI GORSHKOV, 50s. Zateyev salutes immediately.

GORSHKOV

You've time enough for me, I hope.

Zateyev looks confused, then realizes-- the watch. Gorshkov smiles coolly.

ZATEYEV

A gift from my grandfather, sir. They both made it through the revolution without a scratch, so he decided it must be lucky.

(CONTINUED)

GORSHKOV

I have heard of your grandfather. A hero of the revolution.

Zateyev nods. Gorshkov seems uncomfortable with this topic. He nods toward a pile of folders:

GORSHKOV (CONT'D)

My reports on you. "Zateyev displays unmatched loyalty to the Party... Zateyev gets maximum productivity from his men... Zateyev is the finest submarine captain in the navy." And so on.

ZATEYEV

That's good to hear, sir.

GORSHKOV

It might be, if I paid attention to reports. Is it true you nearly sank an American ship in the Bosphorus?

ZATEYEV

I was just obeying orders, sir.

GORSHKOV

How is Leningrad treating you?

ZATEYEV

My wife is fond of it.

GORSHKOV

Naturally. But you have loftier ambitions.

ZATEYEV

After my training, I'd hoped for an atomic command. But I'd welcome whatever assignment you think me suited for, sir.

GORSHKOV

I'm playing the black. How do you rate my chances?

Zateyev looks back at the chess board.

ZATEYEV

Your position is excellent, sir.

GORSHKOV

Malinovsky is the white. No doubt I'll lose this match.

(CONTINUED)

ZATEYEV

Not likely, sir. The Defense Secretary has exposed his queen stupidly.

Gorshkov shakes his head. Zateyev looks at the board again.

ZATEYEV (CONT'D)

Yes, I see your predicament. Even in chess one must observe the chain of command.

Gorshkov nods approvingly.

GORSHKOV

Too many young officers learn only tactics. But the board we play on is much larger than 64 squares, eh?

A beat. He hands a briefing book to Zateyev.

GORSHKOV (CONT'D)

It's a difficult assignment. You'll be replacing another man.

29 INT. OFFICERS CLUB - NIGHT

29

Yenin's hand fills two glasses with vodka...the club is empty except for Yenin and Demichev...

DEMICHEV

Zateyev's got friends in high places, you know, married a girl with Party connections. He knows which fork is for salad so they make him a captain!

YENIN

Zhukov himself pinned bars on him. Ahead of schedule.

DEMICHEV

So what?

YENIN

Maybe he's qualified.

DEMICHEV

Maybe I'm Peter the Great. No matter what he tries to pull, the men are still behind you. You'll always be captain to us.

Yenin seems touched by this but fights the impulse.

(CONTINUED)

YENIN

Well. It's his problem now.

(smiles bitterly)

They say there was a cosmonaut who orbited earth before Yuri Gagarin. But he wasn't loyal enough to hold his breath after the life support system gave out. So now he never existed.

DEMICHEV

That's just a rumor.

YENIN

Gagarin was lucky enough to make it back alive. That's all.

(raises his glass)

To heroes.

30 EXT. ROAD/KOLA PENINSULA - NIGHT

30

A polar white night...a black limousine races across the barren landscape...

31 INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

31

A schematic drawing of the K19 rests in Zateyev's lap. An AIDE is filling him in:

AIDE

K19 is our first atomic-powered ballistic submarine. Her propulsion technology is far superior to anything the Americans have.

ZATEYEV

Why is the project so far behind schedule?

AIDE

I'm not qualified to affix blame, sir.

ZATEYEV

Maybe you have a guess.

The Aide thinks a moment, then points to the schematic.

AIDE

In the extended sail, here, you'll see she carries three missiles with a range of 700km--

ZATEYEV

Tell me about Captain Yenin.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

AIDE

He's very popular with the men, sir.
Some might say too popular.

Nodding, Zateyev looks out the window: the landscape is now broken by the prefab buildings of Polyarny.

32 EXT. ZATEYEV'S QUARTERS/POLYARNY - DAY 32

Rain falls on a baby grand piano, covered by a tarp...suddenly it lurches into the air... ANTONINA, too fashionably dressed for Polyarny, supervises several SAILORS struggling to lower the piano from a truck. She shivers in the wind.

33 EXT. K19 IN DRY DOCK - DAY 33

Rain. Officers drop one-by-one into the aft hatch.

34 INT. GENERATOR COMPARTMENT - DAY 34

A deafening ROAR from the generators. KOZYREV, the chief engineer, supervises his men as they check the gauges. Yenin leads Zateyev in from the aft compartment. Behind them are Demichev, POGOROLEV and other officers. Yenin points to features of the room as Zateyev nods, straining to hear him.

As they head into the next compartment, Zateyev stops to show how the rubber hatch seal can be peeled off. Falichev makes a note. As Zateyev turns to go, hydraulic fluid drips from a pipe and runs down his face. He wipes it off-- not pleased.

35 INT. ENGINE COMPARTMENT/K19 - CONTINUOUS 35

It's quieter. Following them in, Falichev writes on his pad.

FALICHEV

Yes, Comrade Captain, there will be no more hydraulic leaks.

He rolls his eyes. Kozyrev follows Falichev in.

YENIN

The main engines are here, of course, including the backup diesel in the unlikely event we lose power in the reactors.

Zateyev looks around. Despite being a state-of-the-art atomic submarine, there's a decidedly jury-rigged look to the K19. Exposed pipes, bundles of wire hanging from the ceiling, numerous drips of unknown origin...

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

ZATEYEV

Why aren't these wires secured?

Kozyrev has no good answer.

ZATEYEV (CONT'D)

By the end of the day, Kozyrev.

KOZYREV

Yes, sir.

ZATEYEV

I won't tolerate sloppiness. Make sure the men know they won't get away with short-cuts any longer.

Yenin stews silently.

DEMICHEV

Perhaps you'd like to see the reactor compartment now, sir.

Zateyev nods and they start forward. Then he stops, pointing at a Sailor's boot: it's untied. As the kid bends to tie it, we catch a glimpse of Yenin: he can't believe this guy...

36 INT. REACTOR CONTROL ROOM - DAY

36

VOLKOV, the reactor officer, grabs a flask of vodka and slips it inside his shirt...YURI, at the port controls, grins... Zateyev, Yenin and the others come into the control room.

YENIN

Lt. Volkov, our reactor officer, and his assistant, Yuri Yerastov.

VOLKOV

Good morning, Comrade Captain.

Zateyev nods, eyeing Volkov, then walks over to a heavy metal door with a porthole. He looks inside. Through the porthole: the gleaming stainless steel covers of the reactors...pipes and gauges...a tiny catwalk.

ZATEYEV

The reactors are running now?

VOLKOV

Yes, sir. We're running at 50% so Kozyrev can test the generators.

Zateyev nods, looking at the reactors. Suddenly he turns:

(CONTINUED)

ZATEYEV

Are you in the habit of drinking while operating the reactors?

VOLKOV

I haven't been... One drink, sir--who doesn't--

ZATEYEV

You're relieved. Get off my ship.

VOLKOV

But, sir...

Zateyev is stonefaced. Volkov turns to Yenin, who won't meet his gaze. Finally, Volkov leaves the reactor room in silence. Grim, Zateyev turns to face his officers.

ZATEYEV

The exercises begin in two weeks and they won't be postponed again. The way I see it, we'll either have the ship ready by then or we'll drown. The choice is yours.

He heads out of the control room. After a beat Yenin, Demichev and the others follow. Falichev is last, muttering:

FALICHEV

Holy shit.

37 EXT. K19 IN DRY DOCK - DAY

37

Zateyev and Yenin on the pier, in the shadow of the submarine.

ZATEYEV

I want her out of dry dock. It sends the wrong signal to the men.

Yenin nods. A beat.

ZATEYEV (CONT'D)

I realize it's awkward, keeping you on as XO. But with our short lead-in to the exercises, command wanted your expertise on board. Consider it a compliment.

Yenin says nothing. Zateyev turns to go.

YENIN

I don't think it's advisable to relieve the reactor officer.

(CONTINUED)

ZATEYEV

We can't have drinking around the reactor. It's dangerous.

YENIN

Not as dangerous as breaking in a new man two weeks before we sail.

ZATEYEV

I'll make that judgment.

YENIN

We're all aware the ship needs work, sir, but worrying over cosmetics like hanging wires is useless. The problem is Moscow. They organize tours for Party VIPs while we're stuck with drunken yard crews and missing parts. Putting this ship to sea in two weeks is madness. My willingness to tell the truth about it is the only reason you're here.

ZATEYEV

(a beat)

A captain who explains his orders is no captain at all, is he? I expect the ship to be ready in two weeks, Commander. To my specifications, cosmetic and otherwise.

YENIN

(shaking his head)

It's your responsibility.

ZATEYEV

Yes. It is.

Zateyev spins and goes. A few steps away, the unctuous Suslov appears from nowhere to introduce himself:

SUSLOV

Leonid Suslov, Deputy Commander for Political Affairs. Your reputation precedes you, Comrade...

Yenin watches them walking away, speechless.

38 EXT./INT. YENIN'S QUARTERS - DAY

38

Yenin knocks first then opens the door with his key...he goes inside...looks around as if he didn't recognize the place... Georgi, half-dressed in a dirty uniform, comes in and gets a bottle of vodka from the refrigerator...

(CONTINUED)

GEORGI
Come and have a drink, Volodya-- no hard
feelings, hm?

Yenin stares at him, eyes slits...then VLADIMIR, 8, runs in.

VLADIMIR
Papa!

He leaps into Yenin's arms.

39 EXT. WATERFRONT - DUSK

39

Vladimir unwraps a chocolate bar as he walks to the end of an unused pier with Yenin. Looking out at the stark landscape across the water, he doesn't notice the boy is holding out a piece of chocolate for him. So Vladimir eats it himself.

VLADIMIR
When you come home will you move back
with me and mama?

YENIN
No-- I don't know-- it's... You'll
understand when you're older, all right?

VLADIMIR
Don't worry, papa, Georgi's okay.
Yesterday we built a house of cards up to
here. He's nice.

YENIN
Good. That's good.

Yenin wipes at his eye with a sleeve and clears his throat.

40 INT. ZATEYEV'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

40

Sparse furnishings...the piano, covered by the tarp...a bare bulb over a wobbly formica table...Zateyev fiddles with his watch while Antonina sips tea in her overcoat. A beat.

ANTONINA
Is something wrong with your watch?

Zateyev looks up.

ZATEYEV
It's slow lately.

ANTONINA
Perhaps because we're so close to the
North Pole.

(CONTINUED)

ZATEYEV

Perhaps.

He resumes toying with the watch...a beat...

ANTONINA

I know your real home is the ship, but when you are here, I wish you'd try to be a more engaging houseguest.

Zateyev looks up...Antonina is on the verge of tears...

ZATEYEV

I miss you when I'm at sea.

ANTONINA

Yes. But not as much you miss the sea when you're with me.

She fights the tears, loathe to show weakness...Zateyev looks at her a long moment...she's holding her coat closed...

ZATEYEV

I'll get someone to fix the heat.

41 EXT. PIER/K19 IN DRY DOCK - DAY

41

A bell CLANGS...YARD CREW rush about: checking valves, securing lines, preparing for undocking...K19's officers and crew are lined up along the pier. Seamen First Class MISHA, LEN, ANATOLY, IVAN and VALERY are among them-- standing at attention but talking to each other under their breath:

LEN

Once a month the bosses have to put her in the water. Gives the illusion we're getting somewhere.

ANATOLY

We'll sail this time. The new captain is different.

VALERY

Looks like a real hardass to me.

IVAN

Check out these recruits: one thumb in their mouth and the other up their ass.

Gurgling as the dry dock starts to submerge...

MISHA

Watch how they piss themselves when the boat goes in.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

With a groan and a splash the majestic ship eases into the water. Many of the crewmen cheer, tossing their caps. Misha and friends join in halfheartedly, smirking at the enthusiasm of their comrades... Suddenly someone shouts "attention!" and the men jump back in line. Zateyev stands on the stairs alongside the submarine, surveying them. A long beat.

ZATEYEV

You men were chosen for this mission because you're the cream, the best of all submariners. But without me, you're nothing.

CU on the men's faces: who is this guy? Another beat.

ZATEYEV (CONT'D)

Without you, I'm nothing. As you come to hate my guts, and you will, you'll be wise to remember that.

Zateyev pauses, looking them over. It's very quiet.

ZATEYEV (CONT'D)

From now on, all men will be berthed on the ship to avoid distractions. Anyone who wants to leave the ship must have his request approved by me personally. Report to stations.

The men as they head for their work stations, muttering... Valery nods sagely to Ivan: I told you so.

ANATOLY

So much for your honeymoon.

Len shakes his head, stricken.

42 INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

42

So dark we could be anywhere...footsteps hurry up stairs... three men...hissing at each other to be quiet...a paint can swings in somebody's hand...they burst through a door:

43 EXT. ROOFTOP/POLYARNY - CONTINUOUS

43

A polar white night...Ivan, Valery and Misha emerge onto the flat roof of one of the base's apartment blocks and drop to their knees. They commando crawl: Ivan lets the paint can clank on the roof...Misha gives him a dirty look...Valery drops a book: a Russian-English dictionary...

44 EXT. K19 AT PIER - DAY

44

Holes gape in the hull, covered by tarps...scaffolding has risen around the sail...a PAINTER slathers red rustproofing compound over new welds while a WELDER works nearby...

Alongside the ship a crane dangles a 600lb torpedo, warhead down. Slowly the torpedo swings toward the Torpedomen standing on the bow deck. GLEB is responsible for guiding it in. YEVGENY, big and muscular, and DMITRI, a shrimp, help.

GLEB

(to Yevgeny)

Not so fast! Lodka likes it slow.

Gleb guides the torpedo into a slender shaft, straddling it, until the torpedo is about halfway in. He pauses for effect.

GLEB (CONT'D)

(continuing; falsetto)

To the hilt, Comrade!

The others laugh at his antics. Gleb shoves and the torpedo slides in. A cheer. As the next torpedo rises on a crane, REVEAL LT. BORIS KORCHILOV coming up the staircase onto the deck. He looks around, not sure where to go.

45 INT. COMMAND CENTER/K19 - DAY

45

The room is crowded with crewman tweaking their equipment, but it's strangely quiet: Zateyev is watching. Len and Anatoly struggle through the door with a PPI scope.

ANATOLY

We were told to bring this to the command post, sir. It's a new PPI scope for the sonar station.

ZATEYEV

Go ahead and install it.

LEN

Don't know how, sir. We work on the reactor. Where's Sergei?

Everybody looks around...

YENIN

I took the liberty of giving him leave, sir. His wife is ill.

Zateyev fixes Yenin with a chilly stare...the crew looks on, expecting fireworks...then Boris slides down from the sail. He looks around: why is everyone so quiet?

(CONTINUED)

BORIS
Captain? Lt. Boris Korchilov reporting
for duty, sir.

With a salute, he steps toward Zateyev...he's tall so he has
to duck to avoid hitting his head.

ZATEYEV
Who are you?

BORIS
I'm the new reactor officer. A bit tight
in here, huh? Never actually been on a
sub before. I just aced my atomic
certification and I was supposed to start
practical training next month... I can
get used to it.

A stunned moment...the crew looks at Boris with contempt...

ZATEYEV
Report to engineering.

BORIS
Right, sir.

He looks around uncertainly. Zateyev points.

ZATEYEV
That way.

Turning to go, Boris knocks his head against a kashtan. It
swings toward Ivan, who catches it. Boris grins. Nobody
else does. Boris continues out. Zateyev notices Yenin
staring at him in disbelief. Zateyev turns and climbs the
ladder out of the command center.

46 EXT. NAV BRIDGE - DAY

46

Yenin follows Zateyev down the stairs from the bridge.

YENIN
He's never operated a reactor at sea.
The first thing that goes--

ZATEYEV
He's qualified or he wouldn't be here.

YENIN
Volkov is still on the base. He could be
back--

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

ZATEYEV

Drunks are useless to me. And so are subordinates who don't know their place. Next time a sailor requests leave, refer him to me.

He continues downstairs as Yenin tries to control his temper.

47 INT. REACTOR COMPARTMENT - DAY

47

Beyond the reactor lids is a vascular system of pipes leading to and from the steam generators (large tanks). Valery is on his hands and knees examining a pool of blue fluid.

MISHA (O.S.)

Right through here, sir.

Boris, looking around, comes in from the control room with Misha and Ivan. He stops-- listening to something.

BORIS

Hear that? That's her heartbeat.

He leans down, puts his ear to the reactor lid. Waves Misha and Ivan to follow him.

BORIS (CONT'D)

(continuing; hushed)

That's the future. Airplanes that fly months without landing, cars that never need gas, free electricity for every peasant. Now the infant is still in the womb, but by the 1970s, I predict she'll be fully grown.

He laughs at their expressions. Valery comes over.

VALERY

Want to have a look, sir?

Boris follows him across the room and examines the blue pool. He rubs some between his fingers, then stands up. He wipes his hand off with a rag.

BORIS

It's coolant.

VALERY

Could be a leak.

Boris shakes his head, unconcerned.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

BORIS
Probably got spilled by your yard crew
morons. Just keep an eye on it.

48 INT. SUSLOV'S STATEROOM - DAY

48

Suslov places a small bust of Lenin on the shelf.

SUSLOV
I only wanted to say how sympathetic I am
about the change in command. These
decisions are not always for us to
understand.

YENIN
Thank you, Comrade.

SUSLOV
Still, you must feel it an honor to serve
on this ship in any capacity. It's
historic.

YENIN
Indeed.

SUSLOV
Someday we'll all be remembered as
pioneers-- like Yuri Gagarin-- and you'll
say to your children, "I was there."

Yenin fakes a smile...

49 EXT. ROOFTOP/POLYARNY - NIGHT

49

They're at it again...Valery pores over the dictionary...Ivan
serves as lookout...Misha is on his hands and knees, painting
feverishly. He's working on an "s". The first three
letters, six feet high, have been completed: "USA".

VALERY
Their alphabet is back-asswards.

Ivan hisses...all three drop to their bellies and listen to
the crunch of gravel as...a MILITARY POLICEMAN walks past
them on the street below...

50 EXT./INT. K19 AT PIER - DAY

50

Departure approaches: holes in the hull have been patched and
covered with red paint, scaffolding around the sail has been
removed and there are fewer lines attached to the ship.

(CONTINUED)

A bustle on the pier. Trucks backing up...crates of supplies and slabs of meat being passed along a chain of crewmen: across the pier and up the stairs to the submarine...officers check requisition forms and watch for theft... With a wink to Yevgeny, Gleb pilfers a couple of oranges from a passing crate, gives one to Yevgeny and slips the other into his jacket. Yevgeny looks at his orange a beat too long and Pogorolev catches him. He whacks Yevgeny's hand with a stick.

We FOLLOW the crate as it continues up the stairs...across the deck...down the hatch...oranges disappear at every turn... until it arrives in the hands of Andrei outside the galley. He grins knowingly at the half-full crate as DR. GAVRIL, in a lab coat, barrels past with a box... Men try to hide their oranges, fumbling as he passes, but Gavril pays no mind...

Outside, Gavril rushes down the stairs to the pier...

GAVRIL

Hey!

Gavril breaks through the line of provisions, rushing down to the road, where one of the trucks is pulling away...

GAVRIL (CONT'D)

You there! Stop! You gave me the wrong drugs! Hey!

Panting, waving the box, he chases after the truck...men on the line laugh at the sight... Suddenly there's a screech of brakes...Gavril in the road...another truck, going too fast...can't stop. Gavril falls...the wheels THUMP over him.

Those near the sub, not sure what happened, reach back for the next box, but the progression of supplies has stopped...men are running toward the accident...a circle has formed around Gavril's mangled body...

SAILOR

Somebody get the captain!

Two men rush over with a stretcher...in the jumble an orange is kicked and rolls along the pier...it falls into the water.

51 INT. ZATEYEV'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

51

Antonina is sound asleep. But Zateyev lies awake...

52 EXT. ROOFTOP/POLYARNY - NIGHT

52

Spattered with paint, Misha, Valery and Ivan are finishing a "k". We're too close to make out any other letters... Misha waves at the others to hurry.

53 EXT. K19 AT PIER - DAY

53

In the distance, ominous limousines wind down the road to Polyarny. Zateyev watches the procession from the bow, calmly smoking a cigarette. K19 is painted a glistening black now; ready to sail. Yenin emerges from the hatch, wiping grease from his hands with a rag. He glances toward the limousines.

YENIN

Ever since the solid ballast was loaded we've had a half-degree list to port. I tried everything, but she won't even up.

ZATEYEV

A half-degree list won't kill us. We'll fix it after the exercise.

YENIN

As you wish.

ZATEYEV

I'm told the men are superstitious, they see the accident with the doctor as some sort of sign.

YENIN

It's just idle talk.

ZATEYEV

There will be no more discussion of this accident. Any man who speaks of it should be reported to me.

Yenin says nothing...Zateyev stamps out his cigarette.

ZATEYEV (CONT'D)

I appreciate your efforts, Commander. The crew has made strides.

YENIN

Yes, sir. Apparently they just needed a change of leadership.

He hands Zateyev the greasy rag.

YENIN (CONT'D)

For your hands, sir.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

He heads downstairs to the pier. Zateyev glances at the rag in his clean, manicured hands.

54 INT. FLOTILLA COMMAND HEADQUARTERS - DAY

54

Map of the Kola Peninsula and the Arctic Ocean. A row of blue submarine pins form an arc around Polyarny. A single red submarine pin is stuck there. SOROKIN gives a briefing:

SOROKIN

Our diesel subs will act as enemy attack boats blocking you in port.

REVEAL Zateyev at a conference table, flanked by ADMIRALS, including Gorshkov, and MALINOVSKY-- in an Army uniform.

SOROKIN (CONT'D)

You must elude this blue squadron and proceed under the ice cap to fire the test missile here.

MALINOVSKY

The Americans will detect the missile with their spy planes and our threat will be made.

GORSHKOV

Any questions, Captain?

Zateyev studies the map...Malinovsky drags on his cigarette and scrutinizes him...

ZATEYEV

K19 will fulfill the mission, sir, but to do it we'll have to push the limit of her capacity. We should follow the exercise with a thorough systems check and structural review.

MALINOVSKY

(to Gorshkov)

Does he mean at the base? Chairman Khrushchev is under the impression that the testing phase is complete.

There is an uncomfortable silence. Then Gorshkov speaks.

GORSHKOV

I'm sure a systems check won't be necessary, Captain.

Zateyev scans the expressionless faces surrounding him... Malinovsky regards him suspiciously...

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

MALINOVSKY

Operation Arctic Circle is no mere exercise, Comrade, it's a vital instrument of policy. With K19 at sea, we have the ability to put a nuclear missile in Kennedy's lap before he knows he's been attacked.

He meets Zateyev's intense stare...and smokes...

MALINOVSKY (CONT'D)

The people must be defended.

55 EXT. K19 AT PIER - DAY

55

SOLDIERS with Kalishnikov assault rifles lined up along the pier. Gorshkov leads Malinovsky and VIPs past...

GORSHKOV

The K19 can distill fresh water from the sea and make her own oxygen by electrolysis-- remaining below the surface up to two months, Comrade Secretary. She's an unparalleled achievement of Socialism...

Malinovsky nods, half-listening: he's heard the hype before.

56 INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

56

The room is crammed with ADMIRALS, GENERALS and POLITICIANS. Zateyev, Yenin and senior officers stand at attention. Malinovsky runs his finger over a row of buttons.

MALINOVSKY

These buttons are for what?

ZATEYEV

Telephones, sir. Each compartment can be addressed separately.

MALINOVSKY

What's in four?

ZATEYEV

The nuclear missiles, sir.

Malinovsky glances over at the VIPs with a mischievous grin. He presses button #4 and yells into the speaker:

MALINOVSKY

Fire Missile One!

He laughs and the VIPs join in. Then the speaker crackles:

(CONTINUED)

MAXIM'S VOICE

Hey, asshole! Quit playing with the phone or I'll come up there and shove it down your throat!

The room goes silent. Malinovsky is startled: no one ever... Zateyev steps over to the comm panel.

ZATEYEV

If I may say so, sir, the Secretary's address was off-manual, so the reply was off-manual.

Zateyev punches button #4 and talks into the speaker:

ZATEYEV (CONT'D)

This is the Captain. Report.

MAXIM'S VOICE

Compartment Four, manned and ready.

Malinovsky nods, pleased. He likes Zateyev's cool.

MALINOVSKY

Good. The people are counting on you. Especially Admiral Gorshkov.

He gives Gorshkov a malevolent grin and turns to the VIPs:

MALINOVSKY (CONT'D)

Let's get out of here. Submarines make me feel like I'm getting fitted for a coffin.

57 EXT. STREET/POLYARNY NAVAL BASE - DUSK

57

A limousine idles near HQ.

58 INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

58

Gorshkov and Zateyev sit in silence a moment.

GORSHKOV

Your wife is enjoying the piano?

ZATEYEV

Yes. Thank you, sir.

GORSHKOV

Women are easy to please, no? You just give them whatever they want.

ZATEYEV

I don't believe the ship is ready.

(CONTINUED)

Gorshkov looks sympathetic.

ZATEYEV (CONT'D)

We still have technical problems-- safety equipment hasn't arrived-- in some compartments the lights don't even work. I've pushed the crew as far as I can, but-

GORSHKOV

Chairman Khrushchev has heard reports of an American missile submarine in the Baltic Sea. Within range of Moscow. He expressed great concern.

A beat. Zateyev nods.

GORSHKOV (CONT'D)

A commander must sometimes risk lives to achieve victory. You understand that, don't you?

ZATEYEV

Yes, sir.

GORSHKOV

The ship is ready then?

Zateyev looks at him a moment. There's only one answer.

ZATEYEV

Yes, sir.

Gorshkov turns away. Zateyev gets out of the car. Gorshkov raps the partition and the car pulls away. Through the back window we see Zateyev walking alone toward the piers. We HEAR a piano playing "Moonlight Sonata"...

59 INT. ZATEYEV'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

59

A reel-to-reel tape recorder spins atop the piano... Antonina plays "Moonlight Sonata"...Zateyev sits on a chair, eyes far away...Antonina hits a wrong note and turns off the recorder, biting her lip in frustration. She watches Zateyev a moment: he seems oblivious to the fact that she's stopped. Then:

ZATEYEV

Why did you stop?

Smiling, Antonina starts the recorder again and plays...

60 INT. ENLISTED MEN'S CLUB - NIGHT

60

Packed with crew from K19, carousing...HOOKERS...a Sailor playing the accordion...a CHANTEUSE, oozing out of her tight dress, sings folk songs...Maxim raises a glass:

MAXIM

To the Motherland and Chairman
Khrushchev!

Cheers...everybody drinks...vodka fills a tall glass...the youngest RECRUITS have lined up before Gleb, who makes each drink the whole glass then walk a chalked line...laughter as the first Recruit collapses halfway through...Maxim raises another glass:

MAXIM (CONT'D)

To the luscious Katerina! Future mother
of my children!

She gives him "yeah, right" look...laughter...cheers...everybody drinks... Hands wave over a sailor's cap, then produce a canary...it's Andrei, performing a magic trick...some very drunk crewmen are impressed...Andrei, who has the air of a gypsy, tosses the canary up and she flies overhead...

The door bursts open...Misha, Valery and Ivan saunter in, paint-covered and proud of themselves...they sit down:

IVAN

We just left a little message for
Kennedy.

ANATOLY

What are you talking about?

MISHA

When their spy plane comes over...

The painters laugh at their cleverness...Maxim raises another glass:

MAXIM

To those no longer with us.

Some stop talking...Vanya rises, bangs the table...

VANYA

(louder)

To those no longer with us.

The buzz dies down...music stops...the others stand...glasses are raised...and they all drink solemnly...

61 EXT. K19 AT PIER - DAY

61

Zateyev watches hungover crewmen file across the pier and into the ship...DR. KOSSACH looks around uncertainly, then spots Zateyev...he steps through the line of men and offers a hand:

KOSSACH
Captain? I'm Josef Kossach. Your new medical officer.

ZATEYEV
I take it you have experience with radiation effects. I'll want the men monitored throughout the mission.

Kossach flushes, embarrassed.

KOSSACH
I'm just the base physician, you know, that's rather outside my expertise.
(a beat)
We won't be at sea long, will we? I have a nervous stomach.

62 INT. CREW BERTHING - DAY

62

Crewmen bump elbows, stowing their belongings in the shallow trays under their bunks...Yevgeny is looking for a spot to put a white mouse in a cage...Gleb looks up from his Red Star:

GLEB
Fifteen centimeters of headroom and he gives half to a rodent.

...sheepishly, Len hands Anatoly a sheaf of letters...

LEN
My wife wrote these. I want you to give me one every couple days.

ANATOLY
Sure, Len, but you do me a favor too: If I ever decide to get married, just smother me in my sleep.

Smirking he tucks the letters inside a tattered Playboy under his bunk...Dmitri gives Yevgeny a sheet of foil with a wink:

DMITRI
The guys who work by the reactor said we should wrap our dicks in aluminum foil. Otherwise the radiation...

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

He indicates extreme limpness...Yevgeny's eyes widen...other men stifle snickers behind his back...nervously, Yevgeny slips the foil into his shorts...

63 EXT. K19 AT PIER - DAY

63

A band playing...water behind the submarine churns as engines are revved...Malinovsky, Gorshkov and other VIPs watch from the platform...Zateyev, Yenin and senior officers are at attention in the nav bridge...Gorshkov signals and the band stops playing.

ZATEYEV

Request permission to carry out orders in defense of the Motherland.

GORSHKOV

Carry out your patriotic duty.

Zateyev salutes. Gorshkov returns it. The band strikes up again...the Yard Crew releases the lines...and the K19 begins to sail away from the pier...Malinovsky turns to Gorshkov:

MALINOVSKY

Khrushchev is looking forward to this missile launch, Comrade. For your sake, I hope he isn't disappointed.

64 EXT. HARBOR - DAY

64

The K19 is picking up speed, heading out to sea...passing under a cliff with a giant painting of Lenin on it...in the nav bridge, officers wave to their loved ones-- all but Yenin, who scans the crowd in vain. He goes below.

Along the shore Antonina and other WIVES and CHILDREN have gathered to send off the ship...then Vladimir breaks through the crowd and looks for Yenin on the submarine...but he's already out of sight...

The K19 slips gently beneath the surface...across the gray water the Northern sun hangs low over the ice... Rising above the rugged landscape, we catch a glimpse of the apartment block roof. The painted message: "USA sucks disk."

65 INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

65

A SAILOR holds a tray as Zateyev ladles sugar into his glass of tea. Yenin has the conn:

YENIN

We're at cruising depth, sir.

ON the PPI scope: lines of bearing begin to appear.

(CONTINUED)

SERGEI
I have the blue squadron on scope.

ZATEYEV
Set turns for 24 knots.

YENIN
They'll pick up our cavitation.

Zateyev sips his tea.

ZATEYEV
24 knots, Commander.

YENIN
Set turns for 24 knots.

There are now five lines of bearing on the PPI scope.

66 EXT. BELOW THE SURFACE - DAY

66

The twin screws spin and the submarine surges forward.

67 INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

67

The lines of bearing are converging on a center point.

SERGEI
They have a fix on us, sir.

ZATEYEV
How long until we're in their torpedo range?

SERGEI
About 60 seconds, sir.

Zateyev opens his pocket watch.

SERGEI (CONT'D)
Forty seconds, sir. Closing fast.

Yenin turns to the Captain, ready for an order...Zateyev winds his watch...Lermontov glances at Pogorolev, who turns to Demichev, who shrugs...Zateyev snaps his watch shut.

ZATEYEV
Course, zero six zero. Bow planes, 20 degree down bubble.

YENIN
Course, zero six zero. Bow planes, 20 degree down bubble.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

The Planesman and Helmsman adjust their controls.

ZATEYEV

All stop. Rig for silent running.

YENIN

All stop. Rig for silent running.

68 EXT. BELOW THE SURFACE - DAY 68

The screws stop turning. The K19 glides downward.

69 INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY 69

Silence. Some officers are watching the PPI scope: the lines of bearing continue to converge on the center point for a moment, then slow and split off in various directions.

LERMONTOV

Looks like they lost us.

Zateyev raises a hand for quiet.

70 EXT. BELOW THE SURFACE - DAY 70

Silent as a phantom, K19 coasts beneath the smaller diesels.

71 INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY 71

Sergei listens to his headphones.

SERGEI

(whispering)

I can hear them cursing, sir.

Smiles spread around the room. But Yenin looks sour.

YENIN

An American nuclear boat would've sunk us easily. That was like winning an arm-wrestling match with your grandmother.

Zateyev leans back in his chair, a little smug.

ZATEYEV

Set course one one zero. Make turns for 12 knots.

72 INT. PASSAGEWAY - DAY 72

Alarm light flashing red...a bell ringing...a door swings open and Gleb, Dmitri and Yevgeny charge out.

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

YENIN'S VOICE

(on loudspeaker)

This is a drill. Class Bravo fire in the galley. This is a drill.

73 INT. MESS DECK - DAY

73

Yevgeny, Gleb and Dmitri pull on OBA (breathing) equipment while other men ready foam fire extinguishers. Gleb grabs an extinguisher and moves into the galley, pointing the hose as if he's spraying a fire. Yevgeny and Dmitri follow.

74 INT. GALLEY - CONTINUOUS

74

Andrei is on the stove waving a red handkerchief (the "fire") and making faces as the men with extinguishers encircle him and pretend to cover him with foam. He makes a theatrical production of the "death" of the "fire," gradually slowing the waving of the handkerchief-- his face conveying the fire's "feelings" at being doused-- then pulling it into his fist till just a red tip winks out. Then the tip disappears in his fist and Andrei opens his hands: the handkerchief is gone.

Yevgeny stands there open-mouthed. Smiling, Andrei reaches behind Yevgeny's ear and produces the handkerchief. Yevgeny looks even more impressed. Dmitri cracks-up at the rube.

75 INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

75

Zateyev snaps his watch shut. Frowns.

ZATEYEV

Let's try it again.

Yenin takes the kashtan...the alarms ring again...

76 INT. CREW BERTHING - NIGHT

76

A symphony of snores...Anatoly walks down the aisle, drops a letter on Len's bunk...Len opens it...Yevgeny watches the mouse run on a wheel...adjusts his foil; it's uncomfortable... across the aisle, Ivan buries a laugh in his pillow... Suddenly a bell sounds...red lights flash on... Valery bolts up, smacking his head on the bunk above. Ow!

77 INT. PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

77

Alarm lights flashing...men run along the deck, pulling on their clothes...

78 INT. COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT 78

Zateyev snaps his watch shut, shrugs: not quite. Yenin sighs and reaches for the kashtan...the bell rings again...

79 EXT. BELOW THE SURFACE - DAY 79

Silence. Looking up at the submarine as it sails beneath the ice cap...ominous ice formations reaching down...

80 INT. REACTOR CONTROL ROOM - DAY 80

Through the porthole: the reactors hum softly-- it almost sounds like they're breathing. Then steam fogs the glass.

Boris wipes his breath off the porthole and goes back to his console. Anatoly, Len and Misha are stationed at other consoles. Yuri comes in with a cup of tea. As he passes by the door to the reactor, he makes the sign of the cross.

BORIS

You're wasting your time, Yuri. God never built a reactor.

YURI

Unlike you Russians, a Ukrainian still knows which hand to make the cross with.

Boris grins, then notices something odd on his console: the needle on his pressure gauge is jerking strangely, in and out of the red. He flicks the glass with a finger and it stops.

81 INT. AFT STEERING COMPARTMENT - NIGHT 81

A pipe spurting black fluid...Gleb and Dmitri, covered with the stuff, struggle to shut it off...Zateyev watches from the hatch...they finally stop the flow and see Zateyev hovering... they freeze...Zateyev makes a note in a book and walks away.

DMITRI

(a whisper)

What's the big tool doing all the way back here?

Gleb shrugs: who knows? He sticks out his middle finger and puts his hand in his pocket. Then he vigorously gives Zateyev the finger with his hand still in the pocket.

82pt INT. MESS DECK - DAY 82pt

Weary crewmen trooping in...Suslov sitting behind a movie projector in his starched white uniform...Ivan and Misha whisper together as they sit down:

(CONTINUED)

IVAN

Lev from first shift told me it's a
Marilyn Monroe movie.

MISHA

He's full of shit.

IVAN

Five rubles says it's Marilyn.

He plunks down a bill...Misha matches it...lights dim...

82A EXT. FIELD - DAY

82A

A FILM is projected on the wall: sunshine...endless fields of
golden wheat...a horse approaches from afar...a female rider,
long blonde hair flowing behind her...she waves...could it
be?...the camera pulls in for a close-up...the music
swells... it's definitely not Marilyn. Suddenly a giant
reaping machine roars alongside her...the camera pulls back,
revealing a whole row of reaping machines harvesting the vast
field of wheat... patriotic music blares...

82pt As Misha grabs the money, the alarm sounds...the men groan.82pt

YENIN'S VOICE

(on loudspeaker)

Action stations, set torpedo attack
condition. This is a drill.

The movie goes off...the lights go on...the men head for
their stations, brimming with hate for Zateyev...

83 INT. PASSAGEWAY - DAY

83

As the men run for their stations, Anatoly hands Len another
letter...suddenly the lights go out in the passage leaving
only the flashing red alarm...Ivan stops and punches the wall
with great force...the lights come back on...he runs on...

84 INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

84

Yenin is watching the PPI scope over Sergei's shoulder.
Zateyev steps into the frame, opening his watch.

ZATEYEV

(into kashtan)

Stand by to simulate firing Number One
starboard torpedo.

YENIN

Captain, I'm seeing ice formations near
our depth. Suggest we go deeper and run
the drill later.

(CONTINUED)

ZATEYEV

Negative. Keep an eye on those formations, Sonar. ASW, make firing solution for target.

Yenin returns Zateyev's glare.

85 INT. BOW TORPEDO ROOM - DAY

85

The Torpedomen work quickly, hoisting the torpedo and maneuvering it toward the tube.

TORPEDO OFFICER

Move! Let's do it right for once.

Rushing, a Torpedoman slips and loses control of his line... the torpedo lurches...men on his side race to right it...

TORPEDO OFFICER (CONT'D)

Pull on it! Left, left!

ON a Torpedoman, straining...his grip is slipping...

TORPEDOMAN

I can't hold it!

He lets go of his line...the torpedo falls...men dive for cover...the man who slipped, still on the deck, rolls over just in time to avoid being crushed by the torpedo...CRASH!

He hops up, furious and terrified, and jumps at the man who lost his grip...he punches him in the face and they fight... the others hop in to help...it's a wall-to-wall brawl. The Torpedo Officer wades in to try to stop it, but is knocked back immediately. He runs for the kashtan...

86 INT. BOW TORPEDO ROOM - LATE

86

Torpedomen lined up at attention, faces bruised and bloody from the brawl...Zateyev is motionless before them...the only sound is the Torpedo Officer, whacking his palm with a stick. The wait is worse than the beating they expect... Finally:

ZATEYEV

Let's do it again.

87 INT. BOW TORPEDO ROOM - LATE

87

Exhausted Torpedomen push the torpedo in the tube and seal the door. They turn to Zateyev, who's looking at his watch.

ZATEYEV

Again.

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED:

Wearily, a Torpedoman opens the breech door again...

88 INT. CREW BERTHING - DAY

88

Dmitri is in the aisle, bouncing a soccer ball on his thigh, counting off reps. Torpedomen stagger in: he's in the way. They push past him, ending his streak, and collapse on their bunks. The pipsqueak Dmitri knows better than to say anything. He picks up the ball and starts over.

89 INT. OFFICERS WARDROOM - DAY

89

Cards being played...a pair of hands claims the trick... Yenin smiles and slides a little pile of money over to his side. He's playing with Lermontov, Demichev and Arkhipov.

ARKHIPOV

We're just letting you win because you used to be captain.

LERMONTOV

And we can't let Zateyev win because he won't play with us.

DEMICHEV

Pompous ass.

Yenin deals.

YENIN

He's afraid.

DEMICHEV

Of what?

YENIN

He's afraid the men will notice the emperor has no clothes. But I think they already have.

He checks his cards. The others are staring at him.

90 INT. AFT STEERING COMPARTMENT - DAY

90

Gleb is removing a plate from the side of the torpedo with a screwdriver...behind him, Yevgeny keeps a lookout...inside the torpedo is a maze of pipes and valves...Gleb screws a valve out of its post and fills a mug with clear fluid.

GLEB

Alcohol fuel. 190 proof.

He takes a taste and passes it to Yevgeny.

91 INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

91

Zateyev stands in the nav cubicle with Demichev and Falichev, looking over their course.

DEMICHEV

We're nearing the missile launch zone,
sir. Ahead of schedule.

Zateyev nods and goes back to his chair. Yenin has the conn.
Zateyev adds sugar to a glass of tea. Thinking.

YENIN

Should we prepare for the test firing,
sir?

ZATEYEV

Would you say the men have performed well
to this point of the mission?

YENIN

Up to expectations, sir.

ZATEYEV

But not up to standards.

YENIN

No, sir. Perhaps they're exhausted from
the drills.

Zateyev regards Yenin coolly. He sets down his tea.

ZATEYEV

Prepare for emergency dive drill. Bow
planes, 20 degree down bubble. Make your
speed 18 knots.

YENIN

(into kashtan)

This is the XO. Prepare for emergency
dive drill.

(to Operators)

Bow planes, 20 degree down bubble. Make
your speed 18 knots.

The dive bell rings...the Planesman adjusts his controls...
ON the depth gauge: 100 meters...110...

92 INT. MAIN ENGINEERING CONTROL - DAY

92

SERGEEV supervises his CREW as they adjust ballast valves.

93 INT. MESS DECK - DAY 93

Crewmen having lunch...horse-trading rations-- chocolate for caviar, etc...they respond to the dive bell by curling an arm around their plates and continuing to eat.

94 INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY 94

ON the depth gauge: 180 meters...190...

ZATEYEV

What's our crush depth?

YENIN

Maximum recommended depth is 300 meters, sir.

ZATEYEV

I didn't ask that. What's our crush depth?

YENIN

Between 450 and 500 meters.

95 INT. AFT STEERING COMPARTMENT - DAY 95

The torpedo with its access plate removed...two empty mugs... Yevgeny and Gleb dozing contentedly against the torpedo...a creak from the hull makes Yevgeny open an eye.

96 INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY 96

ON the depth gauge: passing 300 meters...the hull creaks and groans from the pressure.

97 INT. REACTOR CONTROL ROOM - DAY 97

The sounds of the hull are freaking Boris out: he grips his console with white knuckles...Ivan mocks him to Misha, who stifles a laugh...Yuri goads Boris by kneeling to pray...

98 INT. MESS DECK - DAY 98

The Crewmen here are starting to get alarmed by the creaks and popping. Even the more seasoned men stop eating.

99pt INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY 99pt

ON the depth gauge: passing 350 meters. The red zone-- 400 meters-- is coming up... Demichev catches Yenin's eye: what is he trying to prove? Zateyev notes the look between them.

ZATEYEV

500 meters, you say?

(CONTINUED)

YENIN

We're good to 400. Beyond that I respectfully suggest it's an unnecessary risk.

ON the depth gauge: 370...380...390...

ZATEYEV

The purpose of our mission is to see what the ship's capable of, isn't it?

YENIN

I couldn't say, sir. Only the captain knows the full extent of our mission.

DEMICHEV

We're past 400 meters, sir.

Zateyev turns to the gauge: red zone...410...420...430...

100 INT. REACTOR CONTROL ROOM - DAY

100

Yuri is now praying for real...the hull groans alarmingly and Boris shuts his eyes tight...Ivan and Misha look scared too.

99pt INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

99pt

Sweat runs down Demichev's face...Zateyev is cool.

ZATEYEV

Bow planes, 20 degrees up, bring her to 400.

YENIN

Bow planes, 20 degrees up, bring her to 400.

Looks of relief flash around the room.

101 INT. MESS DECK - DAY

101

Feeling the ship level off, the Crewmen go back to eating.

99pt INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

99pt

The gauge: 420...410...400...

YENIN

400 meters and holding, sir.

ZATEYEV

Steady as you go.

He has a sip of tea.

102 INT. AFT STEERING COMPARTMENT - DAY

102

Yevgeny is shaking Gleb's arm but he won't wake up...above them there's seepage around the aft escape hatch...a drop of water splats on Gleb's forehead. His eyes open...then shut again. Yevgeny jumps up and grabs the kashtan:

YEVGENY

This is ten. We have flooding around the escape hatch!

103 INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

103

Arkhipov, the damage control officer, jumps up:

ARKHIPOV

There's flooding in ten!

ZATEYEV

Flooding?

ARKHIPOV

The aft escape hatch is going.

ZATEYEV

Emergency surface now! Bow planes up 30 degrees, all ahead full!

YENIN

Bow planes up 30 degrees! All ahead full!

ARKHIPOV

(into phone)

Evacuate ten and seal the bulkhead!

ZATEYEV

(into kashtan)

This is the captain. Prepare for emergency surfacing. Repeat, prepare for emergency surfacing. This is not a drill.

Yenin turns to Pogorolev:

YENIN

Watch those trim tanks.

(to Zateyev)

With our half-degree list, we might start to roll.

Zateyev knows. The men in the Command Post try to keep their balance as the ship lurches upward.

104 INT. MESS DECK - DAY 104

Men are tossed off the benches as they eat...Vanya, carrying a tray of dishes to the scullery, loses his balance and his tray crashes to the deck...

105 INT. MAIN ENGINEERING CONTROL - DAY 105

Chaos...the crew rushing around from valve to valve...Sergeev screaming...Yenin shouting orders on the loudspeaker...the deck lurching from side to side...

106 INT. REACTOR CONTROL ROOM - DAY 106

Boris adjusts the reactor controls...the power isn't rising fast enough to suit him.

BORIS

Come on...

107pt INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY 107pt

The depth gauge: 360...350...340...

YENIN

Rising smartly, captain. No apparent drag from the flooding.

Zateyev seems curious about that fact but says nothing.

108 INT. AFT STEERING COMPARTMENT - DAY 108

Yevgeny is dragging Gleb toward the hatch.

YEVGENY

Come on, we've got to get out of here.
Gleb! We're flooding!

Gleb shakes the cobwebs out and pushes Yevgeny away. He runs over to the area beneath the aft escape column. There's a thin stream now. Gleb watches it run onto his boot.

GLEB

It's nothing. Get me a wrench.

Then he almost loses his balance because of the ascent.

GLEB (CONT'D)

Shit, how come we're going so fast?

Yevgeny looks helplessly at Gleb. He points to the escape hatch, then his eyes go toward the kashtan...

107pt INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

107pt

Arkhipov has the phone to his ear.

ARKHIPOV

Captain, it's a false alarm! Somebody panicked.

Zateyev nods as if he'd already figured that out...Yenin turns to him-- holding on to a rail to keep from falling...he's waiting for Zateyev's order, but the Captain is silent... The depth gauge: 250...240...230...

YENIN

Request permission to stop emergency surfacing.

ZATEYEV

Denied.

YENIN

What about the list?

ON the tea in Zateyev's glass as it sloshes over the side.

POGOROLEV

We're starting to roll, sir.

YENIN

Blow the port trim. Captain!

ZATEYEV

Continue surfacing.

YENIN

I don't know if we can control an ascent this fast. If there's no flooding, there's no reason to try.

Zateyev glares at him. Yenin turns and starts adjusting the ballast controls himself.

109 EXT. BELOW THE SURFACE - DAY

109

K19 surges upward...listing...bubbles rise from the hull...

107pt INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

107pt

The depth gauge: 190...180...170... The room rocks from side to side as Yenin releases ballast, first from one side, then the other, trying to keep the ship level.

YENIN

Request permission to reduce speed!

(CONTINUED)

ZATEYEV
Denied.

YENIN
For God's sake...

ZATEYEV
(into kashtan)
Captain here. Simulate class Charlie
fire in compartment seven. This is a
drill. Repeat, this is a drill.

Yenin looks at him in shock. A drill? Now? It's insane.
The ship lurches and Yenin is thrown back into his controls.

110 INT. TURBINE COMPARTMENT - DAY 110

A FIRE TEAM rushes into the compartment with gas masks and
OBA canisters on. They look around for the "fire," finally
spotting a red handkerchief waving near the opposite hatch.

111 EXT. BELOW THE SURFACE - DAY 111

The K19, still surging toward the surface.

112 INT. MESS DECK - DAY 112

The men are on the deck, holding on for dear life...a saucer
slides back and forth on a table...Vanya watches it...every
other dish has already found its way to the deck...then the
ship shudders...the saucer races for the edge...suddenly a
hand reaches up from under the table and grabs it.

107pt INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY 107pt

The depth gauge: 60...50...40... Yenin on the controls:

YENIN
Level off, damn it!

Zateyev finishes his tea and sets down the glass.

ZATEYEV
Brace for impact.

YENIN
Hold on! We're going over!

The room slides alarmingly to the side. Zateyev's tea glass
crashes to the deck.

113 EXT. ARCTIC ICE CAP - DAY

113

After all the chaos, a sudden calm. Sun glints blindingly off the endless expanse of ice... CRASH! The K19 roars through the surface, showering fragments of ice. The ship seems airborne as it comes surging out of the water, then settles back with a splash into the gaping hole.

114 INT. MESS DECK - DAY

114

The hand still holds the saucer on the table...men begin to stand or crawl from under the tables...the hand is Maxim's. He takes the saucer to Vanya, who's looking sadly at all the dish fragments, and sets it on his tray.

115 INT. TURBINE COMPARTMENT - DAY

115

The Fire Team takes off their equipment-- breathing hard.

116 INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

116

Everyone is frozen-- gripping railings, chairs and handholds as if the ship were still moving.

ZATEYEV

(into kashtan)

This is the captain. All compartments report readiness.

After a moment the reports start coming over the squawk box: "This is One. Manned and ready." "This is Two. Manned and ready." And so on. Zateyev waits until all ten compartments have reported in as ready.

YENIN

Request permission to make a damage assessment.

ZATEYEV

That can wait.

(to Demichev)

Are we in the launch zone?

DEMICHEV

Yes, Captain.

ZATEYEV

Prepare to fire the test missile.

Everyone in the Command Post looks stunned. Now?

(CONTINUED)

ZATEYEV (CONT'D)
(continuing; into kashtan)
Report to action stations for test
missile launch.

Yenin rises and brushes himself off. Without a word, he walks out of the room. Zateyev ignores his insubordination.

ZATEYEV (CONT'D)
Take the conn, Demichev.

Demichev doesn't move. Neither does anyone else.

ZATEYEV (CONT'D)
That's an order.

A beat. Then Demichev slowly takes Yenin's place at the conn.

117 EXT. SAIL - DAY

117

CLOSE ON the periscope column and antennae as they rise from the top of the K19's sail.

118pt INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

118pt

Zateyev and Suslov step into the nav cubicle and pull a curtain shut behind them... Suslov dials the combination to a safe, opens it and removes a yellow envelope.

119pt INT. MISSILE COMPARTMENT - DAY

119pt

Mukhin, Vanya and Maxim watch lights flickering on the console... gauge needles trip as circuits are checked... Mukhin crosses his fingers behind his back...

118pt INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

118pt

Zateyev opens the envelope and takes out a circuit board. He and Suslov get keys from around their necks and insert them in the circuit board.

119pt INT. MISSILE COMPARTMENT - DAY

119pt

On the console, the lights stop flickering.

VANYA
Power up procedure complete, sir.

118pt INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

118pt

Lermontov's hands insert the circuit board into a port... Zateyev and Suslov stand behind him, watching. After a moment, a green light goes on.

(CONTINUED)

LERMONTOV
Comrade Captain, Moscow confirms test
missile launch authority.

At Zateyev's signal, Demichev goes to the periscope.

ZATEYEV
(into kashtan)
Stand by for live missile launch.

120 EXT. SAIL - DAY 120

The periscope turns...the outer door of the missile silo
starts to slide open...

121 INT. MISSILE SILO - DAY 121

Darkness...the sound of metal plates grinding...Missilemen
turning a series of valves...hissing...then a glow through
the rubber membrane reveals the missile...

119pt INT. MISSILE COMPARTMENT - DAY 119pt

Suslov here now, sidearm strapped on. He and Mukhin watch as
a relay light goes on.

MUKHIN
(into squawk box)
Inner hatch open, sir. Silo free of
water, ready for launch.

118pt INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY 118pt

All eyes on Zateyev.

ZATEYEV
(into kashtan)
Launch Number One Missile.

119pt INT. MISSILE COMPARTMENT - DAY 119pt

Mukhin sets the second hand of his clock to 15 seconds.

MUKHIN
Start missile firing sequence. Time to
launch is 15 seconds, 14, 13, 12...

Mukhin presses the firing buttons...a low, rumbling
shudder...

122 INT. REACTOR CONTROL ROOM - DAY 122

Boris and Yuri react to the vibrations.

118pt INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY 118pt

Zateyev sits in his chair and leans back.

123 EXT. ARCTIC ICE CAP - DAY 123

The missile soars out of the submarine and into the sky.

119pt INT. MISSILE COMPARTMENT - DAY 119pt

Mukhin, exhilarated, punches the squawk box button.

MUKHIN
(into squawk box)
Missile away, sir! Missile away!

118pt INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY 118pt

Demichev watches through the periscope.

DEMICHEV
Confirm missile away, sir.

124 EXT. SKY - DAY 124

The fiery tail of the missile soars upward until it disappears into the clouds.

119pt INT. MISSILE COMPARTMENT - DAY 119pt

Mukhin and his men jump up and down, cheering and hugging.

118pt INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY 118pt

Cheering...hats in the air...Suslov rushes back into the command post and salutes Zateyev.

SUSLOV
Well done, Comrade. We just wrote our
names in the history books.

He wipes away a tear and starts singing the national anthem. One by one the men in the command post join in. Their pride in accomplishing the mission overwhelms any doubts about Zateyev. Even Demichev starts to sing... Suslov flips a switch on the communication panel.

125 INT. REACTOR CONTROL ROOM - DAY 125

The sound of the national anthem comes over the loudspeaker. Yuri, Boris and the others join in.

- 126 INT. MISSILE COMPARTMENT - DAY 126
Mukhin and his men sing along.
- 127 INT. MESS DECK - DAY 127
Andrei and the Galley Mates join in.
- 128 INT. AFT STEERING COMPARTMENT - DAY 128
Yevgeny, Gleb and Dmitri are singing at the steering controls.
- 129 INT. PASSAGEWAY - DAY 129
The sound of the national anthem echoes through the hallway.
- 130 INT. YENIN'S STATEROOM - DAY 130
Yenin lies on his bunk, eyes open, listening to the singing through his speaker. He looks miserable.
- 131 INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY 131
Zateyev sits back, austere even in triumph...
- 132 EXT. ARCTIC ICE CAP - DUSK 132
K19 alone in the white expanse...a Crewman is hanging laundry from a line on the deck...
- 133 INT. PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT 133
Yenin is outside the door to Zateyev's stateroom. He knocks.
- ZATEYEV (O.S.)
Come in.
- 134 INT. ZATEYEV'S STATEROOM - CONTINUOUS 134
Yenin comes in and shuts the door behind him. Zateyev looks up from his work.
- ZATEYEV
If you've come to apologize about leaving your post during the missile drill, don't. I won't mention it in my report.
- YENIN
I want you to mention it. Ask them to transfer me to the Black Sea.

(CONTINUED)

ZATEYEV

That's career suicide. Atomic submarines aren't based in the Black Sea.

YENIN

I'm finished in the atomic program. I was replaced two weeks before my first mission.

ZATEYEV

You're under stress.

YENIN

I want off this ship.

ZATEYEV

Throwing away your training is unprofessional.

YENIN

Unprofessional? You nearly got us killed today-- and for what? To show the men you didn't get your bars by marrying a Politburo member's niece?

Too far. Zateyev grits his teeth.

ZATEYEV

You're dismissed.

YENIN

You'll be in my report, Captain. Your recklessness, your abuse of the men--

ZATEYEV

Maybe you've noticed we're finally reaching our productivity goals.

YENIN

Because you're running the men into the ground!

ZATEYEV

Unless you set the bar too high, a man will never know what he's capable of. That is what a captain does. If you didn't spend so much time making friends with conscripts, maybe you wouldn't be in this position.

YENIN

I've been here since the hull was laid. If I'd kept quiet about the design problems I'd still be--

(CONTINUED)

ZATEYEV

You'd still be in port! You were replaced because a ballistic submarine can only act as a deterrent if she's at sea.

A beat.

YENIN

You've been lucky, Zateyev, that's all. I just hope I'm on another ship when your luck runs out.

ZATEYEV

That makes two of us.

135ptEXT. ARCTIC ICE CAP - DAY

135pt

Two seaman's caps, 10 feet apart on the ice. THUD! A soccer ball streaks toward the caps...Anatoly dives in front of the caps, punching the ball away from the "goal" at the last moment...Yenin, intense, curses his luck...as Yevgeny chases the skittering ball, falling on the ice...

136 EXT. SAIL/K19 - DAY

136

Demichev is watching the soccer game...His POV: in the awesome whiteness, the dark shapes of the men are clustering for a corner kick... Meanwhile, on the bow deck, Andrei is on his hands and knees, cooing to a stray seagull...

137 INT. TURBINE ROOM - DAY

137

A low buzz of machinery...stark shadows on the walls...a wire dangles, swung by an unseen hand... a clang and hiss from the pipes...in the half light we might imagine ourselves in the presence of a living thing... hydraulic fluid runs down from the ceiling and into a cracked light fixture: the lamp is dimming, gradually covered by the black fluid. A shadow crosses the fixture and we track to see:

Zateyev, making a note of the problem in his little book... There's a whine, almost like an infant's cry, from a turbine and Zateyev spins. For a moment even he looks spooked...

135ptEXT. ARCTIC ICE CAP - DAY

135pt

Yenin dribbling the ball, charging hard through the other team. His face is grim with intensity as he tosses a cheap elbow at Falichev's jaw and...kicks! High, much too hard and high, over the goal.

138 INT. REACTOR CONTROL ROOM - DAY

138

CLOSE ON the port reactor pressure gauge: the needle is trembling. First it makes a little jerk forward, then another jerk back. A finger flicks at the glass of the gauge but the needle keeps trembling... It's Boris-- puzzled.

135pt EXT. ARCTIC ICE CAP - DAY

135pt

Dmitri traps a pass on the run and has a clear path to the goal...he turns on the speed, but Yenin is charging him from the side, a demon...Dmitri's eyes widen with fear, he puts his head down, tries to run faster...the goal is wide open... Dmitri cocks his leg to shoot and...WHAM! Yenin tackles him hard from the side... The ball flies harmlessly away from the goal and Dmitri, tripped, falls face first and skids across the ice and between the caps. A goal!

139 INT. ENGINE COMPARTMENT - DAY

139

Half light and shadows...an engine clattering...oily pistons churning. A shadow crosses the engine, then turns into Zateyev. He lays a hand on it, feeling its heartbeat.

BORIS (O.S.)

Captain!

140 INT. REACTOR CONTROL ROOM - DAY

140

Boris is showing Zateyev the troublesome gauge-- but now, of course, it looks fine.

BORIS

Every so often we get a fluctuation in coolant pressure.

ZATEYEV

A leak?

BORIS

Before departure we found some spilled coolant near the steam generators, but it wasn't repeated.

ZATEYEV

What's your best guess?

BORIS

It's probably nothing-- a self-sealing crack at worst. But just to be on the safe side, maybe we should limp home on one reactor.

(CONTINUED)

ZATEYEV

We'll be late.

BORIS

Yes, captain. But at least we'll have more time for drills.

He grins. Zateyev has a bit of a twinkle in his eye. If we didn't know him better, we might think he's amused...

ZATEYEV

All right, Lieutenant. You can power down the port reactor.

141 EXT. BOW DECK - DAY

141

The soccer players are posing for a photo, holding a flag in front of them...Suslov has the camera...everyone freezes, smiling...but Suslov doesn't take the picture.

SUSLOV

Get that laundry out of there.

Yuri yanks down the line and hops back into formation by Andrei-- who's moving strangely...a bulge shifting beneath his coat...Yuri looks at him quizzically as...the photo is snapped.

142pt INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

142pt

ON the telex machine, clattering out a message. As it finishes, Lermontov rips off the paper and hands it to Zateyev. He reads the message, his face betraying nothing, then folds it up and puts it in his pocket.

YENIN

New orders, sir?

ZATEYEV

Set course zero two zero. Make turns for 15 knots.

YENIN

Course zero two zero. Make turns for 15 knots.

143 INT. REACTOR CONTROL ROOM - DAY

143

Boris looks confused as he starts to power up his reactor.

YURI

I thought we were taking the port stove offline.

(CONTINUED)

BORIS
(shrugs)
He said 15 knots.

Misha and Ivan share a look: what's going on?

142pt INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

142pt

Zateyev takes a kashtan:

ZATEYEV
This is the Captain. We have been given
the honor of going on missile patrol. I
expect you men to perform to the highest
standards.

ON Yenin, he can't believe he's stuck with this asshole for
another six weeks... Demichev lines up the new course on the
plotting board: his ruler is pointing right at New York City.

144 INT. MESS DECK - DAY

144

Maxim, Vanya and others-- stuck at a table with Suslov:

SUSLOV
Missile patrol, Comrades, think of it.
We are the standard bearers, leading the
people to the radiant future promised by
Lenin, walking hand in hand with
history...

He's interrupted by a commotion in the galley...a seagull
flutters up into the pass-through, then a pair of hands grab
it and yank it back in...

145 EXT. ARCTIC ICE CAP - DAY

145

The sail of the K19 starts to slip beneath the surface...the
antennae are retracting...we notice a rubber seal that has
ripped free; it's flapping in the wind...as the sail
submerges, seawater pours in at the base of the antenna...it
sparks...and then the sail disappears under the water.

146 EXT. BELOW THE SURFACE - NIGHT

146

Utter blackness...the sound of the K19 whooshing over us...

147pt INT. COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

147pt

Nav cub...a nautical chart...the line marking K19's course is
off the coast of Greenland.

FALICHEV
Why are we slowing down, sir?

(CONTINUED)

DEMICHEV

We're passing with 50 miles of the American base at Jan Mayan. The captain doesn't want them to hear us.

In the main area Yenin, grinning, speaks into a kashtan:

YENIN

Yenin here. Stand by for a special announcement.

He hands the kashtan to Anatoly, who unfolds a letter...

148 INT. PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

148

Len, Misha, Ivan and Valery, walking:

LEN

Where the hell's Anatoly? He'll be late for the shift.

MISHA

Beats me.

But he can't keep a straight face...Len looks confused, then:

ANATOLY'S VOICE

(on speaker)

A little news from home, Comrades:

(falsetto)

"To my darling sweet Lenishka, my beloved, my sweetest treasure, how I long to hold you in my arms and rest my head on your shoulder..."

As Anatoly reads the letter, Len turns red with fury and runs for the ladder. His laughing comrades hold him back.

ANATOLY'S VOICE (CONT'D)

My every thought is of you, so far away. In my dreams I'm with you still, brushing my hair against your skin until you sigh with pleasure... covering your face with countless tiny kisses...singing you to sleep, your head against my chest as our hearts beat in time...Oh, Lenishka...

As Anatoly continues, the men in the Command Post are still laughing, but now their laughter is tinged with envy.

149 INT. ZATEYEV'S STATEROOM - NIGHT

149

Zateyev, writing at his desk, looks up and smiles. He turns off his speaker. Then he remembers something.

(CONTINUED)

149 CONTINUED:

He takes a tape from his desk and puts it on a reel-to-reel player: it's Antonina playing "Moonlight Sonata." He shuts his eyes.

147pt INT. COMMAND CENTER - MUSIC OVER (MOONLIGHT SONATA) 147pt

Accepting applause, Anatoly waves goodbye with the letter and heads below...

150 INT. GALLEY - MUSIC OVER 150

Andrei is making blini, flipping them out of the skillet and onto a plate...he tosses one to the seagull...

151 INT. REACTOR CONTROL ROOM - MUSIC OVER 151

Boris and Yuri are grinning at their consoles. Misha, Valery, Anatoly and Ivan are at their posts also-- biting their cheeks to keep from laughing. Len is still red-faced with fury...

147pt INT. COMMAND CENTER - MUSIC OVER 147pt

Quiet now...everybody back at their stations...Sergei yawns as he watches the empty PPI scope...

152 INT. CREW BERTHING - MUSIC OVER 152

Lights are low...bunks full of snoring men...Yevgeny pets his sleeping mouse as he talks quietly to Gleb across the aisle:

YEVGENY

...and I'd just lie in the fields at night, watching the stars peek out, feeling like I was floating up, all the way to the sky.

GLEB

Like a Cosmonaut.

YEVGENY

Maybe I wouldn't mind it here if I could see the sky.

GLEB

You'll get used to being underwater. When I muster out I'll just go work in the coal mines with my brothers, so it's all the same to me.

Yevgeny looks at his mouse...something's wrong...

153pt INT. REACTOR CONTROL ROOM - MUSIC OVER (MOONLIGHT SONATA) 153pt

Misha and comrades sneaking a game of cards while they keep an eye on the instruments...Len refuses to play...Boris leans an elbow on his console, stifling a yawn...the "sticky" pressure gauge is now jerking its way down. Boris doesn't notice.

154pt INT. REACTOR COMPARTMENT - MUSIC OVER 154pt

We travel down the access ladder...across the catwalk between the lids of the reactors...back to the network of pipes that connect the reactors to the steam generators... CLOSE IN on a tiny fissure in a pipe, invisible except there's a jet of bluish steam rising out of it...as Antonina hits an off note, the pipe suddenly ruptures-- hissing-- spewing blue mist... coolant flows from the crack and onto the deck plates...

153pt INT. REACTOR CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT 153pt

An alarm goes off. Boris jerks awake.

155 INT. COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT 155

Alarms are also going off on consoles here...Yenin jumps up...

156 INT. ZATEYEV'S STATEROOM - NIGHT 156

Zateyev is asleep...the music has stopped but the reel still spins, the end of the tape flapping...

153pt INT. REACTOR CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT 153pt

Boris looks at his instruments in shock.

BORIS

(into squawk box)

I have a complete loss of pressure in the primary cooling circuit--

YURI

Look.

Yuri points to a gauge. Boris nods, alarmed.

BORIS

(into squawk box)

Sir, it looks like both the main and auxiliary pumps have seized up with the lack of pressure. We're... getting some overheating.

155pt INT. COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

155pt

Yenin is looking at the temperature gauge here.

YENIN
(into kashtan)
How bad is it, Lieutenant?

153pt INT. REACTOR CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

153pt

Boris checks gauges again, desperate for good news. But...

BORIS
(into squawk box)
It's very bad, sir.

Yuri crosses himself.

155pt INT. COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

155pt

Yenin turns to Falichev:

YENIN
Get the captain.

154pt INT. REACTOR COMPARTMENT - NIGHT

154pt

The crack in the pipe is wider now...steam pouring out...blue mist everywhere, condensing and dripping down the walls, sloshing on the deck plates...

157 INT. AFT REACTOR STATION - NIGHT

157

Misha looks through the porthole...numerous pipes come through the wall here and head back toward the engine compartments... Anatoly, Len and Ivan are furiously turning valves, trying to shut off the flow of coolant.

MISHA
It's slowing down...

Through porthole: the steam jet is shrinking...

158 INT. PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

158

Falichev pounds on Zateyev's door.

159 INT. REACTOR CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

159

Boris is searching through a cabinet.

BORIS
Where's the fucking manual?

(CONTINUED)

Yuri grabs it from beside his console and gives it to Boris. Turning too fast, Boris smacks his head against the cabinet door. He punches it in retaliation and leaves.

160 INT. COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

160

Zateyev comes in.

ZATEYEV

What's the problem?

YENIN

Primary coolant loop has shut down, sir. They've stopped the leak but the core is overheating.

ZATEYEV

Surface.

YENIN

Bow planes up 20 degrees...

ZATEYEV

I want all the engineers up here now.

161 EXT. BELOW THE SURFACE - NIGHT

161

Too dark to make much out; but we hear the propellers kick in...gurgling...the bubbles rising from the ballast tanks...

162 INT. REACTOR COMPARTMENT - NIGHT

162

The blue mist has stopped spewing from the crack. Things look deceptively calm now...

163 INT. CREW BERTHING - NIGHT

163

Men stumble out of bed, cursing...

YENIN'S VOICE

(on speaker)

All hands report to action stations.
Repeat...

DMITRI

Fucking drills...

164 INT. PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

164

Suslov standing in the door of his stateroom, watching sleepy-eyed as men rush past him.

165 INT. COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

165

Boris is whipping through the manual. Zateyev, Yenin, Pogorolev, Kozyrev and others are gathered around.

BORIS

This is useless.

ZATEYEV

Can the leak be fixed or not?

YURI

There's no point, sir. The pumps don't work, so even if we sealed the leak no coolant would flow.

BORIS

The temperature will just keep going up until it hits 400 degrees, melts through the hull and sets off a hydrogen explosion. We'll be fish food and our fallout will cover everything for hundreds of miles.

YENIN

Including the American base at Jan Mayan.

BORIS

On balance, I'd say we get the better end of the deal.

ZATEYEV

How long do you estimate we have until meltdown?

BORIS

Three hours tops. We shouldn't have fired up that reactor again.

Zateyev glares at him and Boris flushes...nervous looks among the others-- it's the first they've heard of this...

ZATEYEV

We don't have time to worry about things beyond our control.

YENIN

What does the manual say?

BORIS

"In the event of coolant failure, flush the reactor core with water." They just forgot to tell us how.

(CONTINUED)

ZATEYEV

Then we'll have to figure it out.

He looks at his engineers: nothing but blank faces.

166 INT. AFT STEERING COMPARTMENT - NIGHT

166

Dmitri, Gleb and Yevgeny are at their stations. Gleb is holding Yevgeny's mouse upside down by the tail.

GLEB

Sorry, kid.

He hands it back. Yevgeny cradles the mouse. Dmitri is about to say something snide when a thought occurs to him:

DMITRI

Maybe it was the radiation, huh? Fuck.
Get it out of here.

He grabs the mouse and hurls into the next compartment. Yevgeny looks stricken.

167 INT. REACTOR CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

167

Blue steam clouds through the porthole...an ominous hum...
Suslov backs away from the porthole, spooked, and hurries out. HOLD on the temperature gauge, reading 350C...

168 EXT. NORTH ATLANTIC - DAWN

168

K19's antennae break the surface...there's a glimmer of dawn to the east, but no silhouettes on the horizon...

169 INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

169

Lermontov hunched over his radio, talking softly:

LERMONTOV

...K19 reporting casualty, need immediate assistance, over.

Suslov, decked out in his white dress uniform, has joined the circle of engineers, watching...Yuri dabs at his nose with a finger: there's blood...Kozyrev points at a reactor schematic:

KOZYREV

But if a man came at it from here, he could get access to the pumps and replace them.

(CONTINUED)

YENIN

You can't send men into that compartment.
There's a foot of radioactive coolant on
the deck.

POGOROLEV

What if we de-water it first?

BORIS

It doesn't matter-- there's no time to
replace the pumps.

YURI

We're fucked.

Zateyev is poring over the schematic...he turns it upside
down and follows the line of a pipe with his finger...

ZATEYEV

(to Boris)

Does the air intake system connect deep
enough in the core?

Boris looks at the schematic, perking up...

BORIS

Yes, sir... We could hack off the air
intake valves and connect pipes to the
fresh water supply... We can weld most
of the rig on the weather deck-- the time
inside would be 30 minutes at most.

ZATEYEV

A rig like that wouldn't hold long. The
pressure's too high.

BORIS

It might hold long enough for a rescue
ship to reach us.

Zateyev nods...this has potential...

ZATEYEV

What do you think, Kozyrev?

KOZYREV

You'd need high grade pipe to do
something like that.

YURI

Cut it from the torpedoes.

Kozyrev nods: that might work.

(CONTINUED)

YENIN

It's too soon to try anything this drastic, sir. Anybody who goes in there to weld is committing suicide.

BORIS

We send in teams of two, get them out after ten minutes or so, they might avoid the lethal dose.

YENIN

Might?

ZATEYEV

(to Yenin)

I don't see any alternative.

YENIN

Boris has limited experience with this reactor, sir. The fact is, no one really knows how long it will take to reach the melting point-- we may well be rescued. The least we can do is contact HQ first.

(a beat)

As you know, sir, Flotilla authorization is required to disregard safety procedures.

BORIS

There's no time for that.

ZATEYEV

Lermontov?

LERMONTOV

Yes, sir?

ZATEYEV

You raise HQ yet?

LERMONTOV

They're not responding, sir.

ZATEYEV

Keep trying.

BORIS

You're going to wait for clearance?

Zateyev glances at Yenin. Nods.

ZATEYEV

We'll wait for clearance. But you can start collecting the pipes.

170 INT. AFT STEERING COMPARTMENT - DAY

170

Gleb and Yevgeny taking the plate off a torpedo...Dmitri drags a hefty cutting torch assembly toward them...another group already has their torpedo open and a Crewman is laboring over a pipe with a hacksaw...alcohol fuel streams out of the cut. Kozyrev, supervising, yells at Yevgeny:

KOZYREV

Get some rags and mop up that fuel.

Yevgeny grabs some rags-- which look pretty oily-- and tries to mop up the alcohol fuel. But he doesn't have enough... Gleb fires up his acetylene torch and begins cutting a pipe.

171 INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

171

Lermontov repeats the distress signal, over and over. Zateyev and Yenin wait behind him.

ZATEYEV

What are you getting?

Lermontov turns up his speaker: "God Bless America" blares.

LERMONTOV

Nothing but the Voice of America, sir.

172 INT. KOSSACH'S STATEROOM - DAY

172

Kossach pages through a medical book...finds an article on radiation...tears the pages out and puts them in his pocket...

173 EXT. NORTH ATLANTIC - DAY

173

K19 drifts in a gentle swell. In the nav bridge, Yenin scans the empty expanse of sea: there's no wisp of land or rescuing ship as far as the eye can see.

On the sail, Lermontov is poking around the antenna. He peels back the seal we saw flapping before and finds the base of the antenna is covered in water. He curses.

174 INT. REACTOR COMPARTMENT - DAY

174

The hiss and whistle of steam...a faint purple glow on the reactor lid...Boris has his nose pressed to the porthole... the temperature gauge is nearing 370C...

175 INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

175

Bustle...Lermontov's chair conspicuously empty...the engineers are still going over the plans, though Boris and Yuri are gone.

ARKHIPOV

(into squawk box)

He wants the reactors offline. We're switching to diesel only.

...Zateyev is talking to Pogorolev...

ZATEYEV

We'll run the ship with skeleton crews and put the rest of the men topside. If we rotate shifts, we can keep them out of the radiation as much as possible.

POGOROLEV

Yes, sir.

ZATEYEV

(to Falichev)

Get a Geiger counter and check all compartments. I want to know where the hot spots are.

FALICHEV

Yes, sir.

Falichev goes, passing Boris as he comes in.

BORIS

Look, I don't know how much longer we can wait.

Neither does Zateyev. Then Lermontov slides down the ladder.

LERMONTOV

Antenna's shot, sir. The sealing gasket ruptured.

ZATEYEV

What about the emergency transmitter?

LERMONTOV

I've been using it, sir. But the range is only 100 kilometers.

Dejected, Lermontov sits back in his chair. Zateyev catches a glimpse of Boris, looking impatient.

(CONTINUED)

ZATEYEV

All right, Boris. Let's do it.

176 EXT. NORTH ATLANTIC - DAY

176

Suslov has joined Yenin in the nav bridge.

SUSLOV

It was madness, of course, letting a new man operate the reactor.

YENIN

Even when he was drunk Volkov was more competent than Boris.

SUSLOV

I'd hate to think that the Captain chose an inferior officer just to establish his control.

Yenin puts down the binoculars.

YENIN

I'm sure--

SUSLOV

It's pure speculation. I can say that some of the captain's decisions have been controversial. And morale will not improve when the men learn the extent of the crisis.

YENIN

Is there a problem with morale?

SUSLOV

Haven't you noticed? It's been in decline since the change in command.

YENIN

(a beat)

Regardless of their feelings toward Zateyev, the men will do their duty.

SUSLOV

Yes, of course. But in the end our situation may require more than duty, don't you think? It may require... flexibility.

Yenin looks at him a long moment...and nods.

177 INT. AFT STEERING COMPARTMENT - DAY

177

Kozyrev, Gleb, Dmitri and others carry pipes up the ladder to the escape hatch and out onto the deck...alcohol is still oozing from some of the torpedoes...

ARKHIPOV'S VOICE

(on speaker)

Attention, all hands. Switching to diesel generator.

Everything goes black for a moment and the lights that come back on are the dim, blue battle lamps.

178 INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

178

Zateyev, Yenin, Pogorolev, Demichev, Boris and Yuri are gathered around the reactor schematic. Suslov hovers behind.

BORIS

...as long as we get them out after ten minutes--

POGOROLEV

Who goes in?

ZATEYEV

Who's on watch in that compartment?

YENIN

The third shift battle unit.

(a beat)

It's their duty, sir.

Zateyev nods.

ZATEYEV

I need a volunteer to lead the first team.

YENIN

I'll do it, sir.

ZATEYEV

No. The XO is integral to the missile firing procedure.

YENIN

Under the circumstances--

ZATEYEV

I won't compromise our mission.

(a beat)

Boris? It's your plan.

(CONTINUED)

Boris freezes: it obviously hadn't occurred to him that he might be the one to go in. He looks at his hands in silence, unable to meet Zateyev's intense gaze.

YURI
I'll do it.

Zateyev waits a moment, disappointed, but Boris still won't look up. All eyes are on him.

ZATEYEV
All right, Yuri. Let's get to work.

Everybody turns and heads off. Boris hangs back, humiliated.

179 INT. KOSSACH'S STATEROOM - DAY

179

The article from the medical book on the bed...Kossach rifles through cabinets, but he doesn't seem to have the supplies he needs...Vakhromeyev appears in the doorway.

VAKHROMEYEV
The captain asked me to help you with the casualties.

KOSSACH
Let's not get hysterical, all right? We don't have any casualties yet.

VAKHROMEYEV
We should put some cots in the bow torpedo room, just in case.

KOSSACH
You know what I have to work with here?
Aspirin and hemorrhoid ointment. Jesus.

180 INT. PASSAGEWAY/CLOSET - DAY

180

Yenin tears through the closet-- full of yellow raincoats-- looking for something.

181 EXT. AFT DECK - DAY

181

Boris supervises the teams welding the rig...the weather is bitterly cold and sea spray makes the job that much harder...

182 INT. REACTOR CONTROL ROOM - DAY

182

The sixth compartment battle unit-- Anatoly, Valery, Len, Misha and Ivan-- drag in welding equipment and OBA gear.

(CONTINUED)

VALERY

It's not as bad as all that. Your hair falls out or something.

IVAN

Including your pubes.

LEN

Good news, Misha-- you'll finally be able to find your balls.

Misha gives him the finger. Everybody's laughing except:

ANATOLY

An hour later and our watch would've been over.

The others go silent. He's spoken what they're all thinking.

VALERY

It's fate, that's all.

IVAN

We have protective suits, right?

MISHA

Lenishka's got it worse than us. Think what his wife'll say when he comes home with a shriveled pecker.

A few smiles, but nobody really laughs...

IVAN

Somebody's looking for the suits, right?

ANATOLY

It's shitty luck, that's all I'm saying.

MISHA

You're a conscript in the Russian Navy-- what do you expect? If a boss pukes on the floor, we wipe it up and thank him for not making us lick it.

He starts assembling his OBA system. The others follow suit.

183 INT. CREW BERTHING - DAY

183

Men are pulling blankets off their bunks and throwing them into a pile on the floor.

184 INT. PASSAGEWAY/CLOSET - DAY

184

Standing in front of the closet full of raincoats, Lev is getting chewed out by Yenin:

YENIN

We don't have radiation suits?

LEV

The warehouse was out, sir; they gave us raincoats instead.

YENIN

Raincoats?

LEV

They had an overstock, sir-- it's how they operate. If they'd had an overstock in sardines, we would've gotten sardines. I'm sure they didn't know we'd be needing the suits.

A beat. Then Yenin grabs an armful of raincoats out of the closet and thrusts them at Lev.

YENIN

Take these to the men in reactor control. Tell them they'll help-- they're lined with lead or something, I don't care. Just don't say they're raincoats.

185 INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

185

Zateyev is looking at the reactor readouts in the Command Post. The temperature gauge is already over 375C.

186pt INT. PASSAGEWAY - DAY

186pt

The fresh water storage tank. Kozyrev hooks up a flexible metal hose to a fitting, then starts dragging it down the hall.

187 INT. GALLEY/MESS DECKS - DAY

187

As men stream by on their way topside, Andrei looks under the tables, cooing and dropping blini: he can't find his seagull.

188 EXT. NORTH ATLANTIC - DAY

188

Crewmen clamber through the hatch and climb up to the sail. Wrapped in blankets against the frigid wind, they wait as comrades tie down safety lines.

186pt INT. PASSAGEWAY - DAY

186pt

Kozyrev drags the metal hose along at a run.

189 INT. REACTOR CONTROL ROOM - DAY

189

Boris carries in the rig made of torpedo pipes...the battle unit is suited up with raincoats and OBA canisters...gas masks on their belts...Yuri fingers a religious icon. He thinks he's being secretive about it but when he glances up, Zateyev is looking right at him. Yuri slips the icon in his pocket.

ZATEYEV

You men understand the consequences.
Anyone who wants to back out can leave
now, no questions asked.

He looks over the men of the battle unit, one by one. Each man meets his gaze. Kozyrev clangs open the door and drags in the metal hose. Across the room he connects it to a fitting.

KOZYREV

This hose runs back to the fresh water tank. When you're done welding, just hook up to the fitting inside.

Yuri nods.

YENIN

Do what you can in ten minutes and get out.

ZATEYEV

All right, then. Lt. Kozyrev will be watching the clock.

Yuri and Anatoly share a look: they're ready.

YURI

Request permission to carry out reactor repair, Comrade Captain.

He salutes Zateyev. Zateyev returns it then says, looking right at Yuri:

ZATEYEV

Go with God.

Yuri smiles gratefully. He and Anatoly strap on their gas masks and heft the welding equipment and fire extinguisher...

(CONTINUED)

189 CONTINUED:

Kozyrev opens the door to the reactor...Yuri and Anatoly jump in...Kozyrev slams the door shut and seals it...the rest of the battle unit leans against the far wall, watching the door.

190pt INT. REACTOR COMPARTMENT - DAY

190pt

Yuri and Anatoly stand on the catwalk. There's a hiss of steam and heat-- they're drenched with sweat almost instantly--but they share a look: it's not so bad.

Sloshing through the coolant on the deck, Yuri examines the lid of the port reactor, now glowing purple. He points to the air intake valve. Anatoly nods and crawls across the lid. He takes out a hacksaw and goes to work on the valve, but his cumbersome gloves make it impossible to get a good grip on the saw. He yanks off the gloves and tosses them away. Then he grabs his saw, but--

Ow! Its metal handle is too hot to hold. Anatoly pulls a rag from his pocket and wraps it around the handle. He saws while Yuri hooks up a flexible hose to a fitting on the wall. Steam rises, misting over his gas mask.

A couple more strokes and-- clang!-- the intake valve is sawed off. Whoosh! A huge cloud of steam flies out of the reactor, knocking Anatoly backwards. In the intense heat the steam bursts into puffs of flame, like will-o'-the-wisps, that dart at the men from every angle.

Yuri grabs the extinguisher...Anatoly's sleeve is burning... Yuri sprays it with foam, then attacks the little fires dancing in the air...

191 INT. AFT STEERING COMPARTMENT - DAY

191

Click, click, click...a shadow slipping along the wall... Dmitri, Gleb and Yevgeny sit amid the debris of the hacked up torpedoes, waiting-- watching the shadow come closer... Falichev walks in with his Geiger Counter...clicking...he passes by them without a word, then turns and heads back out...ON Yevgeny, pale and sweating...

192 INT. REACTOR CONTROL ROOM - DAY

192

The temperature gauge goes past 380C...Zateyev reaches for his watch-- realizes he doesn't have it-- and turns to Kozyrev:

ZATEYEV

Has it been ten minutes yet?

Kozyrev shakes his head. Zateyev peers through the porthole.

190pt INT. REACTOR COMPARTMENT - DAY

190pt

Anatoly is struggling to weld the rig to the intake valve--struggling because his mask is completely fogged over. He turns to Yuri, who wipes it with a rag. But as soon as Anatoly starts welding again it's covered. He starts to take off his gas mask but Yuri grabs his hand, shaking his head. He wipes off the steam again and Anatoly tries to weld. A hand raps on the porthole and waves them back in.

193 INT. REACTOR CONTROL ROOM - DAY

193

Anatoly and Yuri come into the control room giving the thumbs up sign. Yuri pats Valery and Misha on the shoulder as they go into the reactor room and Kozyrev slams the door shut. Len and Ivan look relieved.

KOZYREV

How's it look in there?

Yuri takes off his mask to answer the question but the words that come out are garbled... He can't see that his lips are swollen, almost inside out, and the rest of his face is red and swelling right before our eyes. Dots of blood are on his forehead...there's a trickle escaping from his nose.

Yuri looks around, confused-- why can't I talk? Why is everybody looking at me like that? Then he turns to Anatoly...whose face is just as deformed. Terrified, Anatoly reaches for his throat, then pitches forward and vomits a yellowish foam all over the floor.

The men, including Yenin and Zateyev, pull back in horror... Yuri reaches up to touch his cheeks, feeling the strangeness of the swelling...Anatoly is on his hands and knees...

ZATEYEV

Help me get them to sick bay.

He and Yenin lead Yuri and Anatoly out. A beat. Kozyrev clears his throat.

KOZYREV

They'll be all right. The first five minutes are always the worst.

Silence. ON the temperature gauge: nearing 385C...

194 INT. SICK BAY - DAY

194

Falichev waves the wand of his Geiger counter over Anatoly. It clicks rapidly. Vakhromeyev glances at the needle.

(CONTINUED)

VAKHROMEYEV

Good news, Anatoly: you're under the lethal dose.

Kossach glances at Vakhromeyev-- this is obviously a lie-- then tries to cover. He waves ammonia under the dozing Yuri's nose. His head pops back and Kossach gives him a pill.

YURI

It looks like aspirin.

KOSSACH

Are you a doctor all of a sudden? Just take your medicine.

195 INT. AFT REACTOR STATION - DAY

195

Through the porthole here, a silent tableau: Len and Ivan working on the reactor. A shadow flutters across the glass... we track to the seagull, shivering in the eaves...

196 INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

196

Zateyev and Yenin are looking at the temperature gauge.

ZATEYEV

(to Yenin)

I need Boris right away.

He goes into the nav cub...spreads open a map...and pulls the curtain shut behind him.

197 INT. MAIN ENGINEERING CONTROL - DAY

197

Vakhromeyev is headed toward reactor control with a first aid kit, but stops suddenly. There's a dark shape behind the periscope column...it's Len. A beat, then Len stammers:

LEN

I'm a newlywed, sir.

Ignoring him, Vakhromeyev goes into the control room...

198 INT. REACTOR CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

198

Misha and Valery emerge from the reactor room and take off their masks. They look as bad as the others did. Ivan is ready to go and Kozyrev starts to open the door, but--

KOZYREV

Where the fuck is Len?

(CONTINUED)

VAKHROMEYEV

He's taken ill.

Everyone knows Len chickened out. Kozyrev grabs a raincoat.

KOZYREV

I'll go with you.

199pt INT. REACTOR COMPARTMENT - DAY

199pt

Kozyrev and Ivan, welding furiously. Steam engulfs them. They've tossed aside their gas masks and hold their torches with bare hands wrapped in rags.

200 INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

200

Lermontov is hunched over his radio, repeating the distress message over and over...the temperature gauge crosses 390C...grim faces watching it...Zateyev, Yenin and Boris are in the nav cube, curtain drawn:

YENIN

It's better for the explosion to happen below the surface.

BORIS

For us it makes no difference. But if we explode at the bottom, there's less chance of the fallout getting to the American base.

ZATEYEV

What do you suppose our leaders would do if an American sub blew up near our base? Do you think they'd wait to see if it was an accident?

Yenin says nothing: the answer is obvious.

ZATEYEV (CONT'D)

If the temperature doesn't stabilize soon, we'll open up the bow tubes and take her to the bottom. I won't be the man who started World War III.

YENIN

There won't be time to evacuate the men, sir.

ZATEYEV

I'm aware of that.

199pt INT. REACTOR COMPARTMENT - DAY

199pt

Ivan and Kozyrev, welding...a slithering sound leads us to... the walls, where giant strips of paint are peeling free and falling, like so many snakes, then bursting into flame in the intense atmosphere...Kozyrev jumps up from the welding and grabs a fire extinguisher. He starts foaming the burning strips of paint...Ivan keeps welding-- he hasn't even noticed. Vakhromeyev is rapping at the porthole: time's up...Kozyrev yells at Ivan; waves toward the door. But Ivan won't move.

CLOSE ON the torch flame, welding the metal together, then going out...Ivan waves to Kozyrev: he's finished...Kozyrev splashes over and helps Ivan connect the rig to the hose from the wall...Vakhromeyev is still rapping.

KOZYREV

(garbled)

Turn on the water!

He and Ivan struggle back to the door...it opens and they collapse into the control room.

201 INT. REACTOR CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

201

Kozyrev, on his hands and knees, still yelling "tum nom de adda"...Vakhromeyev jumps across and turns a valve. We hear the rush of water in the hose.

202pt INT. REACTOR COMPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

202pt

ON the jury-rigged system, water hissing as it runs through the red-hot pipes...but no leaks, no steam escaping. The reactor lid glows purple...more paint snakes slither off and burn...the steam and smoke surround us... It's hell.

203 INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

203

Yenin, Boris and Zateyev watch the temperature gauge: near 400C...it doesn't seem to be going down...Zateyev rubs his eyes as everyone gathers around them to watch the gauge.

YENIN

Should I ready the bow tubes, sir?

Boris turns to Zateyev-- his expression is pleading: a few more minutes, Captain-- but Zateyev nods. Yenin heads below.

204 EXT. NORTH ATLANTIC - DAY

204

The weather is worsening; there's a swell washing over the deck. The men on the sail cling to the ropes and each other.

205 INT. PASSAGEWAY - DAY

205

Yenin hurries along in the blue chiaroscuro, making room as he passes Falichev, Geiger counter clicking...

206pt INT. BOW TORPEDO ROOM - DAY

206pt

The miserable men of the third shift battle unit on their cots, checking the loudspeaker for news... Yenin comes in and all eyes follow him as he walks to the torpedo breech doors.

YENIN

Vakhromeyev, take the other tube.

VAKHROMEYEV

Sir?

YENIN

On my signal we'll open them.

VAKHROMEYEV

But, sir, if we--

Yenin stops him with a look...Vakhromeyev heads for the other breech door as the sick men watch nervously...

202pt INT. REACTOR COMPARTMENT - DAY

202pt

The lid, purple glow intensifying...the coolant on the deck, sloshing with the rocking of the ship...the hiss of steam...the slithering of paint strips sloughing off...

207 INT. REACTOR CONTROL ROOM - DAY

207

A radiation warning light blinks on above the door.

206pt INT. BOW TORPEDO ROOM - DAY

206pt

Yenin and Vakhromeyev wait at the breech doors, sweating, eyes on the loudspeaker...

208 INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

208

Zateyev stands with the kashtan, cool...behind him, the crowd around the gauge cast nervous eyes back at the captain...ON the temperature gauge: holding about 400C...then trembling...it falls back to 395C...

BORIS

It's falling, sir.

Zateyev steps over to the gauge.

206pt INT. BOW TORPEDO ROOM - DAY

206pt

Hands tense at the breech door valves...the speaker crackles:

ZATEYEV'S VOICE

This is the captain. The reactor temperature has stabilized.

Silent relief. Kozyrev reaches over to pat Yuri's shoulder, but stops: he doesn't want to interrupt a prayer. Then:

ANATOLY

How about a cheer or something? We beat the bastard.

ON Misha, a hoarse but full-throated shout of joy...and then the others-- giving vent to what they've been through-- yell with all they've got. It's primal, wolves baying at the moon. Yenin walks silently through the celebration and out.

209 EXT. SAIL - DAY

209

The men are cheering.

210pt INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

210pt

As the men cheer, Zateyev tries to talk over them:

ZATEYEV

(into kashtan)

...and thanks to the third shift battle unit. They did their duty.

Pogorolev goes to offer congratulations to Boris, who ignores him-- slipping out of the room.

211 INT. MISSILE COMPARTMENT - DAY

211

Empty. A warning light blinks on above a hatch.

212 INT. ENGINE COMPARTMENT - DAY

212

Checking his instruments, the Engineer doesn't notice the warning light as it blinks on.

213 INT. CREW BERTHING - DAY

213

Empty. Scattered possessions on the floor from the men's hasty retreat to the sail. Another warning light blinks on.

210pt INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

210pt

Zateyev and the others are looking at the light that's on here. The cheering has stopped. A beat.

214 INT. REACTOR CONTROL ROOM - DAY

214

Alone, Boris peers sadly through the porthole at the reactor.

215 INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

215

Everybody's back in place. Zateyev stands behind Lermontov at the radio...Demichev, Falichev, Yenin, Andrei, Kossach and Suslov surround him...

LERMONTOV

I could go topside and yell about as far as this thing transmits.

ZATEYEV

Radar, sonar, report contacts.

RADAR OP

No contacts, sir.

SERGEI

No contacts, sir.

ZATEYEV

What's the radiation level?

Falichev turns on the Geiger counter: the rapid clicking says it all. A sharp look from Zateyev makes him turn it off.

FALICHEV

We're 50 units an hour in places. You see the warning lights?

Falichev indicates the light over the door.

ZATEYEV

It shouldn't be that high already.

YENIN

Some of the reactor shielding was removed during construction. They were afraid we wouldn't beat the Americans' speed.

ANDREI

The men on deck are hungry, sir.

KOSSACH

They can't eat anything-- the food is contaminated. Just give them vodka to slow the absorption of radiation.

ANDREI

Vodka, sir?

(CONTINUED)

Kossach shows Zateyev the pages he tore out. Zateyev nods.

ZATEYEV

(to Andrei)

No more than 100 grams. And see what you have in the galley that's canned or wrapped in foil.

ANDREI

I have chocolate, sir. Canned juice.

ZATEYEV

That will have to do.

Andrei and Kossach go. Zateyev glances over at Lermontov, repeating the distress signal into his microphone.

YENIN

Should I set a course back to base?

ZATEYEV

Set course one eight zero.

YENIN

South, sir? It's open ocean.

ZATEYEV

We'll try to intercept the diesels from the exercise.

YENIN

How? You don't know where they're headed.

ZATEYEV

It's 1500 miles to base. Running on the surface, that's at least a week. At 50 units an hour, we'll all reach the lethal dose in a day or two. We'll be a ghost ship.

Yenin just looks at him, wishing there were another choice.

YENIN

Set course one eight zero.

216 INT. MESS DECK - DAY

216

A line of chocolates on the floor...the seagull works his way down the line, eating each piece...at a table, Boris watches the bird, smiles sadly...he pours half an inch of juice into a glass then fills it to the rim with vodka...he drinks...

217ptEXT. NORTH ATLANTIC - DAY

217pt

K19 starts to turn...the men on the edge of the sail grab their lines...others have formed a circle out of the wind to play cards...Len skulks, collar up, trying not to be seen... Andrei passes out chocolates and juice...catches a man about to eat an orange and throws it over... Vanya and Maxim huddle at the edge, holding on as the sea rocks the submarine:

VANYA

It's more like a really bad sunburn, I think. They'll be all right.

MAXIM

Probably end up with a few months in the hospital. Sitting on their ass and eating custard.

VANYA

They were wearing leaded suits.

Maxim scans the sea and gets a face full of wind.

MAXIM

It's fucking freezing.

Andrei crawls over and opens a can of juice for them.

ANDREI

Now don't drink this all at once. It has to--

Suddenly Maxim jumps to his feet, knocking the can out of Andrei's hand.

ANDREI (CONT'D)

Watch it!

But Maxim is pointing at the sky. There's a black dot approaching...the chopping sound of rotors...

218ptINT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

218pt

ON the radar screen: a blip appears at the edge.

RADAR OP

Captain! I have a contact!

217ptEXT. NORTH ATLANTIC - DAY

217pt

All the men on the sail watch as the helicopter buzzes closer and closer...until it's close enough to see the insignia...

(CONTINUED)

217ptCONTINUED:

81.
217pt

ANDREI
Americans.

218ptINT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

218pt

Through periscope: an American destroyer, the USS Decatur, in the distance...Zateyev folds up the handles on the periscope.

ZATEYEV
It's a destroyer from the American base.

LERMONTOV
She's contacting us on the emergency band, sir. They can see our men on the sail and her captain is offering assistance.

YENIN
(a beat)
You could at least talk to him, sir.

ZATEYEV
It's pointless. We're forbidden to accept help from NATO forces.
(to Lermontov)
Tell them we're just getting some air.

217ptEXT. NORTH ATLANTIC - DAY

217pt

The helicopter hovers...a CREWMAN is snapping photos of them.

MAXIM
Hey! He's taking pictures of us.

VANYA
Fucking spies!

He stands and "moons" the helicopter. Andrei laughs, then hops up and joins Vanya in mooning the helicopter. Maxim gets up...then somebody else... ON the Helicopter Crew: what the hell are they doing?

219 INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

219

An argument is in progress:

DEMICHEV
But how can we get clearance without a radio?

ZATEYEV
Precisely. And without clearance, we cannot accept help.

(CONTINUED)

YENIN

It's an extreme situation.

ZATEYEV

They only want to steal the ship's technology.

YENIN

In 24 hours we'll all be dead and they can take it anyway.

ZATEYEV

I won't accept help from the enemy.

YENIN

We can scuttle the ship and use the life rafts to reach the Americans. The water here is three miles deep-- they'd never recover her.

ZATEYEV

Scuttle the ship?

YENIN

What's the alternative? You can't seriously think we'll stumble across those diesels before we die of radiation poisoning.

Suslov clears his throat.

SUSLOV

Ordinarily destroying state property without authorization would be out of the question, Comrade. But under the circumstances we may approach the guidelines with some flexibility.

Zateyev scans the faces of his senior officers-- all ready to adopt this extreme plan-- and seems to consider it himself for a moment. Then he takes a kashtan:

ZATEYEV

This is the Captain. All emergency team leaders are to collect the life rafts and pitch them overboard. Do not inflate them. Repeat, the life rafts are to be jettisoned.

A stunned silence.

YENIN

What sense does it make to throw--

(CONTINUED)

ZATEYEV

There are no circumstances under which I will abandon this ship. Is that clear?

YENIN

As usual, sir, you leave no room for doubt.

Zateyev turns to Lermontov.

ZATEYEV

Stop monitoring the emergency band. It's a waste of time.

220 EXT. SAIL/NORTH ATLANTIC - DAY

220

From the sail, the USS Decatur is a small silhouette on the horizon...Vakhromeyev moves among the men, pouring shots of vodka. Despite the liquor, the mood of the men is dark. They are looking down at the aft deck, where...

Yenin helps Yevgeny, Dmitri and Gleb toss the uninflated life rafts into the sea. The orange bundles drift away. As the last one splashes in, Dmitri and Yevgeny share a nervous look.

YENIN

Forget it. We won't need them anyway.

YEVGENY

What about the Americans, sir? Will they help us?

Gleb gives the rookie a dirty look.

YENIN

They'd slit our throats and steal the submarine. Don't worry, we'll find a Soviet ship soon.

Yevgeny nods, but the men don't look too sure...

221 INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

221

The blip of the American destroyer on the radar screen... Lermontov repeating the distress signal...sidelong glances at Zateyev, stirring his tea. It's uncomfortably quiet.

222 INT. BOW TORPEDO ROOM - DAY

222

Groaning men...Kossach passes out vodka...when he bends to help Yuri drink, Yuri reaches up and grabs him by the collar.

(CONTINUED)

222 CONTINUED:

His hand is red and swollen, the skin peeling off, but he hangs on with a viselike grip and pulls Kossach's ear to his lips. He speaks, yellow bile oozing from his mouth:

YURI
Kill me. Kill me.

Kossach struggles free...vodka spills...other men look on...

YURI (CONT'D)
Please. Kill me.

Recoiling, Kossach fights the impulse to flee. Finally, he bends down and picks up Yuri's glass. He refills it and holds it to Yuri's lips.

KOSSACH
Drink. You'll feel better.

Still pleading with his eyes, Yuri sips it.

223 EXT. NORTH ATLANTIC - DAY 223

The USS Decatur is a bit closer now. The men on the sail are watching it with great interest...

224 INT. ZATEYEV'S STATEROOM - DAY 224

A flapping sound in the background as Zateyev buttons up his uniform jacket-- his dress uniform, covered with medals. He bends down and buffs a spot off his shoe...smooths his hair and puts a cap on...checks himself in his tiny mirror...and picks up the watch from his pillow...it's stopped at 4:15.

Finally he turns his attention to the flapping: the tape is still whirling around on the tape deck. He shuts it off.

225 INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY 225

Nav cubicle. Demichev is looking over the charts. Suslov steps in and pulls the curtain shut behind him. Demichev glances up-- and goes back to work.

SUSLOV
I believe the captain is exhibiting signs of stress.

DEMICHEV
Aren't we all.

SUSLOV
It's possible his judgment has been influenced by the radiation poisoning. His fitness for command is in question.

(CONTINUED)

Demichev looks up.

SUSLOV (CONT'D)

I'm authorized by the political branch to replace the captain if his judgment becomes unsound.

DEMICHEV

Are you going to command the ship yourself, Comrade Commissar?

Suslov takes two automatic pistols from his bag. He slips one into his belt and covers it with his jacket. He puts the other on the plotting table.

SUSLOV

Yenin is the rightful captain, don't you think?

No argument there. Demichev looks at the gun in front of him.

226 INT. PASSAGEWAY - DAY

226

Outside the makeshift sick bay...Boris, drunk, is trying to get in...Vakhromeyev blocks the door.

BORIS

Look, it'll just take a minute. I want to congratulate them.

VAKHROMEYEV

They're resting.

BORIS

Those are my men in there. I'm the reactor officer.

VAKHROMEYEV

You could use some sleep yourself.

A beat. Vakhromeyev says nothing further, but Boris can sense his contempt. Boris turns sadly and starts to go back-- just as Zateyev comes down the passage. In the tight space Boris can only get around the captain with difficulty.

BORIS

It appears our plan saved us from a quick and merciful death, Captain. Now we can all die by millimeters like the poor wretches in there. You should've taken the ship to the bottom and let her explode.

(CONTINUED)

Zateyev ignores him, but his face suggests the same thought has occurred to him... He continues into the Torpedo Room:

Kossach is ministering to Kozyrev's burnt hands...Zateyev sits beside Yuri's cot and talks softly...Kossach gets flustered trying to make the dressing stay on...Zateyev takes off one of his medals and presses it into Yuri's hand.

ZATEYEV

Until you get your own.

Yuri clutches it, grateful, and Zateyev gets up. As he starts to go, he taps Kossach on the shoulder.

227 INT. KOSSACH'S STATEROOM - DAY

227

Kossach and Zateyev step in.

ZATEYEV

How are they doing?

KOSSACH

How would I know? I don't know a damn thing about radiation sickness. I'm giving them aspirin and trying to keep the doomed from irradiating the ones who still have a little hope. And the longer I spend in there--

ZATEYEV

Are you worried about your own safety, Doctor?

KOSSACH

Why shouldn't I? They're exposing everyone who treats them and for what? It's all pointless!

A beat. Zateyev takes the bottle of vodka from Kossach's hand and pours two glasses.

ZATEYEV

Go back and tell them they're improving. As you say, you know nothing about radiation. Perhaps they are.

He hands Kossach the vodka. They drink. Kossach calms down.

KOSSACH

I'll do what I can.

ZATEYEV

Don't ever lose your temper like that in front of the men. You're an officer.

(CONTINUED)

Kossach nods. Zateyev pats him on the shoulder and turns to go. Yenin is standing in the doorway.

YENIN

Excuse me, sir. I'm here to report the life rafts have been jettisoned.

Nodding, Zateyev steps past him. Yenin follows him into the...

228 INT. PASSAGEWAY - CONTINUOUS

228

ZATEYEV

Despite your complaints, Yenin, you do your duty. Eventually.

YENIN

It's done wonders for morale, sir.

Zateyev stops...turns...

ZATEYEV

I was always taught the ship is a member of the crew. You don't turn your back on a comrade when he's ailing.

YENIN

Of course not.

ZATEYEV

Then you must agree we should stay with the ship at all costs.

YENIN

Not at the cost of 123 men. I'd rather abandon our mission than waste their lives. I guess that's the difference between us.

ZATEYEV

That's quite touching, Commander. But if we can't fulfill our duty, I don't see the sense of surviving.

229pt INT./EXT. AFT STEERING COMPARTMENT - DAY

229pt

Clicking...through the open emergency hatch: a patch of sky... Near the torpedoes, Yevgeny stares up at the sky, trembling, while Gleb and Dmitri play dominoes on the deck. We track to the clicking, which is, of course, Falichev-- checking the compartment. He goes out and the clicking fades. Suddenly Yevgeny leaps to his feet and starts clambering up the ladder to the escape hatch--

(CONTINUED)

GLEB

Hey!

Gleb and Dmitri rush after Yevgeny, grabbing him and trying to pull him back. Panicked, Yevgeny kicks at them and knocks Gleb down. Dmitri clings to his leg, but Yevgeny keeps climbing the ladder. Gleb stands and goes up again. Yevgeny is halfway out the hatch, gulping fresh air, when Gleb gets both hands on his belt and yanks him back inside...

Yevgeny disappears down the hole again, grabbing at anything to break his fall...he gets a bundle of loose wires on the ceiling, which fall in a shower of sparks as Yevgeny and Gleb land in a heap on the deck. They fight. Dmitri yells into the next compartment for help.

A wisp of smoke rises from a pile of greasy rags...

230 INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

230

Demichev comes up behind Lermontov.

DEMICHEV

Are the Americans still offering assistance on the emergency band?

LERMONTOV

The captain said not--

DEMICHEV

Check.

Lermontov tunes in to the emergency band. Listens.

LERMONTOV

They're still there.

Demichev glances at Suslov.

229pt INT. AFT STEERING COMPARTMENT - DAY

229pt

Gleb and Dmitri are still trying to subdue Yevgeny, but he's so strong and crazed they can't pin him down...an Officer and two men run in to help... the smoldering rags start to flame, a little pyre...Dmitri is knocked to the deck by Yevgeny, close to the burning rags. He leaps up.

DMITRI

Fire! Fuck! Fire!

Dmitri starts stomping the rags with his boot...Gleb and the others turn away from Yevgeny to help...Yevgeny races up the ladder and out the escape hatch...

231 EXT. SAIL/NORTH ATLANTIC - DAY

231

The USS Decatur, now a little closer...

VANYA

I'm telling you, that ship's CIA.

ANDREI

They're sailors just like us.

MAXIM

If Yenin was still captain, we wouldn't be sitting out here in the wind arguing about it.

ANDREI

Zateyev's a fanatic. He'll let us die before he breaks regulations.

Solemn nods all around-- except from Vanya, who's looking toward the aft deck... ON Yevgeny, dogging the inner hatch beneath him and wedging himself in the escape column. He gulps the fresh air...

229pt INT. AFT STEERING COMPARTMENT - DAY

229pt

Smoke...Gleb opens a storage locker...sees empty hooks and disgustedly grabs the only OBA kit inside...Dmitri struggles to get an extinguisher off its moorings...other crewmen are stomping the rags, now spread into several burning piles...

OFFICER

Seal that bulkhead! I don't want this to spread.

(to Gleb)

Where are the other breathing kits?

GLEB

I don't know, sir.

A Torpedoman seals the hatch...Dmitri finally gets the extinguisher free...opens the valve...everybody's coughing, but the crewmen are having success stomping out the rags. There's just one stubborn pile left... Dmitri comes over to spray it with foam when a smoldering rag falls between the deck plates and ignites a pool of alcohol fuel in the bilge.

Whoosh! A sudden inferno...flames race up the Officer's leg, he's screaming...Gleb races back to the phone...Dmitri sprays foam wildly... The other men keep stomping, but now it's useless... the lone gas mask has been left on the deck in the confusion...its plastic face guard is melting...

232pt INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

232pt

Yenin follows Zateyev in...the quiet tension between them is obvious to everyone, including Demichev and Suslov. Then Arkhipov turns away from his panel:

ARKHIPOV

Fire in ten!

ZATEYEV

Get a team back there on the double.

Arkhipov circles the aft-most compartment on his diagram...
Suslov reaches behind his back, checking his gun...

233 INT. PASSAGEWAY - DAY

233

Alarm screeching...lights flashing...boots running on the deck...men tearing through storage lockers for fire gear...

234 EXT. AFT DECK - DAY

234

Yevgeny sits in the escape column, his head just above the deck. He is humming softly...a thousand-yard stare...

229pt INT. AFT STEERING COMPARTMENT - DAY

229pt

Thick black smoke and flames everywhere...the Officer is rolling on the deck, burning...Dmitri is pushing on the escape hatch, only able to get it open an inch or two before Yevgeny's weight forces it down again. The other men try to help, but in the cramped space, holding on to the ladder so they won't fall, it's hard to get much force on the hatch... The hatch cracks open again...the men pull their heads up and try to breathe the fresh air...then the hatch shuts. Gleb looks desperately for another way out...

232pt INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

232pt

Arkhipov turns away from the squawk box.

ARKHIPOV

Ten's stopped responding, sir.

YENIN

How bad is the fire?

ARKHIPOV

There's no way to tell.

POGOROLEV

If the torpedoes explode, sir--

(CONTINUED)

ZATEYEV

I'm aware of that. Where's the fire team?

ARKHIPOV

On their way, sir.

POGOROLEV

We can flood the compartment with freon suppressant.

YENIN

That would kill everybody in there.

POGOROLEV

They have breathing kits.

YENIN

They don't. We took them for the reactor teams.

Zateyev shakes his head, disgusted.

YENIN (CONT'D)

Give the fire team some time, sir.

LERMONTOV

I have the Americans on the radio. They've seen smoke and--

ZATEYEV

Tell them we don't need any help!

235 EXT. BOW DECK - DAY

235

The men on the sail watch as a FIRE TEAM clambers out the emergency hatch and onto the deck. Struggling with their heavy hoses and equipment, they head aft, clinging to the sides of the sail as they go around...

236 INT. AFT STEERING COMPARTMENT - DAY

236

Dmitri and the others are still struggling with the hatch, but slowing down now...the heat and fumes are intense... Gleb drops down from the ladder and runs for the bulkhead hatch...but it's an inferno...he is quickly engulfed in flames, a human torch struggling to open the bulkhead hatch...his comrades yelling at him to come back...

237 INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

237

Arkhipov is shouting into the squawk box:

(CONTINUED)

ARKHIPOV

Ten, this is damage control, report.
Come on, you guys.

Static. He turns to Zateyev:

ARKHIPOV (CONT'D)

Nothing, sir.

YENIN

Maybe their phone isn't working-- if
there's heat-- it doesn't mean--

ZATEYEV

I can't wait any longer. Turn on the
freon suppressant.

ARKHIPOV

I can't, sir.

ZATEYEV

That's an order, Lieutenant.

ARKHIPOV

The emergency bypass never got hooked up,
sir. Someone's going to have to run back
to nine and flip the interlock switch.

ZATEYEV

What do you mean someone? You're the
damage control officer.

Arkhipov won't meet his gaze...Zateyev turns to his officers,
furious...they won't look him in the eye either...except:

YENIN

I'll do it, sir. Just give the fire team
a few more minutes.

LERMONTOV

(accented; into mic)

Thank you many times, no. We need not
help.

Zateyev turns and goes down the ladder.

YENIN

Sir?

Yenin starts to follow him but Demichev is in his way.

DEMICHEV

How much longer are we going to stand
here doing nothing?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

237 CONTINUED: (2)

DEMICHEV (CONT'D)

He's out of his mind-- every man on this ship knows it, including you. He's killing us.

YENIN

He's the captain.

DEMICHEV

Not if you say the word. Every man on this ship is behind you.

Yenin looks at him a moment, weighing his options...then:

YENIN

Take the conn; I'm going below.

He heads down the ladder. Demichev turns to Suslov...

238ptEXT. AFT DECK - DAY

238pt

The Fire Team pulls Yevgeny out of the escape column and tries to get the hatch open, but it's stuck-- not to mention red-hot. They put on gloves and start yanking on it...

239 INT. MAIN ENGINEERING CONTROL - DAY

239

Zateyev heads aft, Yenin right behind.

YENIN

Sir, you can't leave the command post now. Your duty is to--

ZATEYEV

My duty is to put out the fire.

YENIN

I said I'd go.

ZATEYEV

Can I depend on you to do it?

YENIN

It's an extreme step-- it's only rational to wait until the last possible moment to--

Zateyev keeps walking.

YENIN (CONT'D)

If you don't return to your post I'll accept help from the Americans. You'll be in no position to stop me.

This stops Zateyev cold. Lermontov slides down the ladder.

(CONTINUED)

LERMONTOV

Sir! The American captain is on the line-
- he insists on talking to you
personally.

240 EXT. NORTH ATLANTIC - DAY

240

LONG SHOT of the K19, wisps of smoke rising from her stern,
and the USS Decatur, approaching...Suddenly the helicopter
buzzes out of the clouds and swoops down toward the K19...a
Crewman in the helicopter is snapping more pictures...

The men are too numb to sing or moon the Americans
now...Vanya grabs a juice can and hurls it at the
helicopter...it splashes harmlessly into the water...FIND
Yevgeny, sobbing, as he's led down into the sail hatch.

241pt INT. COMPARTMENT NINE - DAY

241pt

Yenin pounds on the hatch to 10...burns his hand...yells:

YENIN

Hey! Anybody in there?! Hello?

No response. Yenin stands on a pipe...reaches up to a switch
box...flips the safety cover open...takes a deep breath...
He can't do it. Instead he opens a storage locker and suits
up.

242 INT. AFT STEERING COMPARTMENT - DAY

242

Flickering light from the flames...smoke billowing...a grimy
hand clings to the top rung of the ladder...it's Dmitri,
barely alive...his fingers loosen around the ladder rung and,
finally, release. We hear his body thud on the deck.

238pt EXT. AFT DECK - DAY

238pt

The Fire Team finally gets the emergency hatch open...thick
black smoke billows out.

243pt INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

243pt

Everyone watches Zateyev as he talks to the American captain
on the radio, struggling with his English:

ZATEYEV

A small fire only. Smoke, you know, but
small.

(listens)

And I...thank you...

(listens)

This word "guarantee," I don't...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

243ptCONTINUED:

ZATEYEV (CONT'D)
(listens)
Yes. It is a kind offer.

The buzz of the American's voice stops and for a long moment Zateyev just sits there. He glances up at the radiation light above the door... Lermontov-- listening on a second headset-- turns: the Americans are waiting for his response. Finally:

ZATEYEV (CONT'D)
(continuing; into mic)
Is better if you don't come close. Our ships will be here soon and I want no wrong understandings. Goodbye, over.

He takes off the earphones and turns to find Demichev holding a gun in his face.

244 INT. AFT STEERING COMPARTMENT - DAY

244

A smoky hell but the flames have diminished because there's little left to burn...Yenin comes through hatch, quickly sealing it behind him...he sprays foam everywhere, checking for survivors...Dmitri's hand moves...Yenin rushes over and puts his OBA kit on Dmitri. Holding his breath, Yenin picks him up and carries him toward Compartment Nine.

241ptINT. COMPARTMENT NINE - CONTINUOUS

241pt

Yenin seals the hatch behind him...lifts the mask to check Dmitri's breathing...he's still alive... Yenin secures the mask again and carries him forward. On the speaker:

DEMICHEV'S VOICE
This is Demichev. Commander Yenin,
report to the Command Post.

243ptINT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

243pt

Suslov and Demichev train their guns on Zateyev.

SUSLOV
As political officer I exercise my
authority to assume command.

Zateyev sneers at him. Demichev turns to the others:

DEMICHEV
We don't want the ship for ourselves. We
only want to restore order.

ZATEYEV
I wasn't aware order had been lost.

(CONTINUED)

SUSLOV

We can't let the men stand by absorbing radiation so you can protect your reputation with Flotilla Command.

ZATEYEV

Cowards.

DEMICHEV

Sir, if you don't accept assistance, we'll place you under arrest and give command to Yenin.

ZATEYEV

Of course. Your beloved Yenin. Go to hell.

Zateyev looks him in the eye, defiant. Demichev raises the gun to Zateyev's temple.

DEMICHEV

I'm placing you under arrest, sir. Let's go to your quarters.

Zateyev stares him down. His eyes dare Demichev to shoot.

SUSLOV

Comrade, please, don't make this more difficult.

Demichev cocks his gun. Zateyev turns so the barrel is right in his face...

245 INT. PASSAGEWAY - DAY

245

Yenin, running forward with Dmitri... On the speaker:

DEMICHEV'S VOICE

Commander Yenin to the command post at once. Repeat, Commander Yenin to the command post.

Yenin heads into...

246 INT. BOW TORPEDO ROOM - CONTINUOUS

246

Yenin carries Dmitri into the makeshift sick bay and lays him on a cot. Kossach comes over to help. He peels off the mask and listens to Dmitri's raspy breathing.

DEMICHEV'S VOICE

Yenin to the command post at once.

(CONTINUED)

Kossach glances up at the speaker, then at Yenin: panting, sweaty, covered with soot. Kossach puts an oxygen mask over Dmitri's mouth...

247 EXT. NORTH ATLANTIC - DAY

247

The USS Decatur is closing on the K19...

243pt INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

243pt

The stalemate continues. Zateyev hasn't moved an inch.

DEMICHEV

What's taking him so long?

SUSLOV

(to Lermontov)

Tell the Americans to send a lifeboat.

DEMICHEV

We have to wait for Yenin.

SUSLOV

Just for the injured. He won't argue with that.

DEMICHEV

(to Lermontov)

Do it.

Lermontov hesitates. Suslov turns his gun on him.

SUSLOV

Now, damn it!

Lermontov turns back to his radio.

DEMICHEV

I'm going to find him.

He turns to go. For a split second Suslov is focused on Lermontov and Demichev has his back turned...Zateyev strikes, grabbing the gun from Suslov's hand and leaping at Demichev's back. Suddenly he's holding the pistol to Demichev's head.

ZATEYEV

Give me your gun.

Slowly Demichev lowers his weapon and hands it to Zateyev. He turns to Sergei and offers him one of the guns.

ZATEYEV (CONT'D)

Take them below.

(CONTINUED)

Sergei doesn't move. Zateyev offers the gun to the Planesman.

ZATEYEV (CONT'D)

Take the mutineers below. That's an order.

The Planesman also doesn't move. Zateyev looks around. The whole room is paralyzed.

DEMICHEV

You see, Captain? You've lost command regardless.

Zateyev turns and sees why the men have disobeyed him: Yenin, still sweaty and black with soot, is in the doorway. Demichev salutes him.

DEMICHEV (CONT'D)

Comrade Commissar has used his discretion to give command to you, sir. We await your orders.

Yenin looks from one to the other, betraying nothing. A beat. One by one the men in the command post stand at attention for him. The ship is Yenin's. Disgusted, Zateyev drops the guns to the deck and starts to leave, but Yenin blocks his path.

YENIN

The fire in Compartment Ten has been extinguished, Captain, and a reflash watch has been set. There were four casualties. One survivor.

Zateyev looks surprised: a survivor?

YENIN (CONT'D)

Dmitri. Fortunately, the freon suppressant system was not required. I await your orders, sir.

Demichev takes a step toward Yenin-- you don't understand-- but Yenin salutes Zateyev. Zateyev just looks at him a moment, perilously close to expressing gratitude... Then:

ZATEYEV

Escort the Commissar to his quarters.

Two men lead Suslov out. Zateyev turns to Demichev:

ZATEYEV (CONT'D)

Unfortunately, I still need you to navigate. Return to your post.

(CONTINUED)

RADAR OP
Contact is at 1000 meters and closing,
sir.

YENIN
Contact?

ZATEYEV
They asked the Americans for help.

248 EXT. NORTH ATLANTIC - DAY

248

The Decatur is close enough now that the men on the sail can
see the American sailors smiling and waving at them.

ANDREI
You see? Sailors just like us.

He waves to the Americans.

MAXIM
Hi!

He waves too. Several of the men get up and start to wave.

ANDREI
Marilyn Monroe! Baseball!
(to Vanya)
It's all the American I know.

ON the Decatur as they start to lower a lifeboat. The
crewmen are dropping blankets and parcels into the boat.

MAXIM
They're sending a boat for us.

VANYA
I still say they just want to steal our
technological secrets.

ANDREI
(grim)
These technological secrets they can
have.

Suddenly Zateyev's voice booms from the speaker:

ZATEYEV'S VOICE
Forward torpedo crew to action stations
on the double! Forward torpedo crew to
action stations!

(CONTINUED)

248 CONTINUED:

The Torpedomen look at each other a moment, confused, then race down into the ship...ON the men as they cut short their waving...except for Andrei...

249pt INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

249pt

Everyone has returned to his post.

ZATEYEV

(into kashtan)

Ready tubes one and two. This is not a drill. Repeat, this is not a drill.

(to ASW Officer)

ASW, make your target.

250 INT. PASSAGEWAY - DAY

250

The alarms are blaring again. The skeleton crews left inside the ship rush for their action stations.

251pt INT. BOW TORPEDO ROOM - DAY

251pt

Some Torpedomen rush to move cots out of the way while others check the breech doors...pull levers...

249pt INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

249pt

Lermontov is listening on his headphones.

LERMONTOV

He's sending the lifeboat anyway, sir.

ZATEYEV

Tell him he didn't understand-- your English is no good. We don't need help.

RADAR OP

Still closing on us, sir.

ZATEYEV

If he continues to approach, I'll consider it aggressive action.

Lermontov turns back to his radio.

251pt INT. BOW TORPEDO ROOM - DAY

251pt

A Torpedoman at the breech door checks his indicator and gives the Torpedo Officer the thumbs up.

249pt INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

249pt

ON radar screen: the blip of the Decatur coming closer... Zateyev and Yenin are watching it.

(CONTINUED)

YENIN

If you flood the torpedo tubes, he'll pick it up on sonar.

ZATEYEV

And if he has any sense, he'll back off.

YENIN

Yes, sir. If he has any sense. But in case he doesn't, maybe you should let him know what's coming.

Zateyev thinks it over, then turns to Lermontov:

ZATEYEV

Tell the captain I'm about to flood my torpedo tubes. If he doesn't withdraw to a distance of at least one kilometer, I'll fire.

Lermontov conveys the message. Listens. Everyone waits.

ZATEYEV (CONT'D)

What did he say?

LERMONTOV

Nothing, sir.

252 EXT. NORTH ATLANTIC - DAY

252

The USS Decatur starts pulling up its lifeboat...the men on the deck suddenly run for stations... On the sail, Andrei watches this with alarm.

VANYA

What are they doing?

MAXIM

The maniac scared them off.

The Decatur starts to veer away from the K19...Andrei turns to his comrades and salutes. Then, without a word, he jumps into the water and swims toward the Decatur.

VANYA

Hey, Andrei! What are you doing?

MAXIM

Come back! That water's freezing!

But Andrei is still swimming away from them...the Decatur picks up speed...Andrei pauses, some 100 meters from the submarine. He looks back toward his mates.

(CONTINUED)

252 CONTINUED:

VANYA

Look, he's coming back. It was just a joke.

MAXIM

(smiling)

Fuck you, Andrei, that's not funny.

Andrei looks back toward the Decatur. It's impossible for him to catch up. Nonetheless, he turns and swims toward it.

VANYA

Hey!

Maxim and Vanya and the others watch, stunned...Andrei's cap floats back toward the K19 on a swell...

249pt INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

249pt

A blip on the radar screen...

RADAR OP

They're backing off, sir.

ZATEYEV

(into kashtan)

All hands stand down.

He sits back in his chair.

ZATEYEV (CONT'D)

Steady as she goes.

253 EXT. AFT DECK - DUSK

253

Maxim fishes Andrei's cap out of the water. He looks across the sea, where the American ship is now just a speck on the horizon. The sea is getting choppy. The sun is setting. The men on the sail hunker down under their blankets.

254 INT. COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

254

Nav cubicle. Yenin and Zateyev looking at the plotting board. The curtain is drawn.

YENIN

You think we'll intersect with the diesels here?

ZATEYEV

Yes, I've made this run before. After dark they'll come up to snorkel and recharge. They'll be able to receive our signal until first light.

(CONTINUED)

YENIN

It's over 100 miles. In this weather
we're barely making five knots.

ZATEYEV

The weather will have to improve.

YENIN

And if it doesn't?

(a beat)

Put the reactors back online and we can
make 15 knots.

Zateyev has already thought of this...he shakes his head.

ZATEYEV

The coolant line can't take that kind of
stress.

YENIN

What choice do we have? By morning we
may not have enough healthy men to
operate the ship.

ZATEYEV

I won't risk an explosion. We'll stay on
course.

YENIN

If you're bent on suicide, there are
quicker ways.

ZATEYEV

What happens to us is irrelevant at this
point. The stakes are too high.

YENIN

If the reactor overheats we always have
the option to go to the bottom.

ZATEYEV

I've made my decision, Commander.

YENIN

All through this mission you've pushed
the men to do what they thought was
impossible. Now I'm asking you to do the
same. Give us the chance to live.

Zateyev is silent. Yenin slides open the curtain, then
stops.

(CONTINUED)

254 CONTINUED: (2)

YENIN (CONT'D)

I hope the mutiny hasn't cost us your nerve, Captain. It's all we have left.

255 EXT. NORTH ATLANTIC - NIGHT

255

Moonlight. The men-- teeth chattering, some vomiting over the side in the rising seas-- are just hanging on. FIND Lermontov, tossing something into the air... The seagull. She rights herself after being thrown, flies a circle, and comes right back to Lermontov. He shakes his head.

LERMONTOV

Stupid thing doesn't have sense enough to fly away.

He tucks the bird inside the flap of his coat.

256 INT. BOW TORPEDO ROOM - NIGHT

256

Yevgeny rocks back and forth on a cot, nearly catatonic... WIDEN to reveal the room, stacked with cots and sick men-- not just the men who went into the reactor, but Mukhin, the Torpedo Officer, Missilemen and others. There aren't enough cots, so some of the men sit on the deck-- among them, Len. Overwhelmed, Kossach and Vakhromeyev rush around offering pills and vodka to the new arrivals.

Yenin comforts Misha and Valery. Their skin is cracked and burned, their faces swollen...tremors in their hands.

YENIN

When we get back they'll send you to one of those sanitariums on the Black Sea to recuperate. With cherry trees and pretty girls and nothing to do all day but lie in the sun.

Misha nods, not entirely convinced. Beyond him Yuri lies motionless, with only bubbles of pink froth around his nose to indicate he's still breathing.

VALERY

(hoarse)

When will we get back, sir?

Yenin is about to answer when Falichev enters the room with his Geiger counter clicking. Conversations fall silent as he starts to take readings of the men on the cots.

The clicking seems to snap Yevgeny out of his daze. When Falichev approaches him, Yevgeny grabs the Geiger counter, smashes it on the deck and stomps it with his boot for good measure. The clicking stops. A stunned moment.

(CONTINUED)

256 CONTINUED:

256

Falichev looks at the pieces of the Geiger counter, dizzy, then sinks to his knees...yellow foam oozes from his mouth...

257 INT. PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

257

Zateyev walks alone, deep in thought. But he's distracted by a noise coming from the crew berthing area. He steps into...

258 INT. CREW BERTHING - CONTINUOUS

258

Yevgeny is making up the bunks, each one crisp and perfect. Zateyev watches him a moment. Yevgeny notices the captain and stops to salute. Zateyev returns it.

259 INT. BORIS' STATEROOM - NIGHT

259

Boris asleep on a cot. Zateyev crouches next to him. Boris' eyes flutter...he winces.

ZATEYEV

I want to power up the reactors.

BORIS

What?

ZATEYEV

I need to make 15 knots. Do you think the cooling system can hold?

BORIS

How long?

ZATEYEV

About 12 hours. If we can't find them in 12 hours, it won't matter.

Boris thinks a moment, then gets out of bed. Big mistake--his head is throbbing. Zateyev helps him stay up.

BORIS

Just point me to reactor control.

260 INT. PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

260

Boris, weaving down the passage, bumps into a Torpedoman.

TORPEDOMAN

Excuse me, sir.

Looking at him, Boris has an idea:

BORIS

Come with me.

261 INT. COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

261

Zateyev walks in.

ZATEYEV

Increase speed to 15 knots.

Yenin turns to him, surprised.

ZATEYEV (CONT'D)

Any problems with the reactor and I'll
take the ship down to 450 meters.

Yenin nods gravely...others exchange nervous looks...

YENIN

Put the stove back on line. Make turns
for 15 knots.

Zateyev coughs up a little yellow foam. He wipes it away,
checking to see if anyone has noticed.

262pt INT. REACTOR CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

262pt

Boris at his console, wincing from his headache. He gives
instructions to the Torpedoman, who's at Yuri's console:

BORIS

To the right-- other right. And don't
yank on it like it's a goat's tit,
bonehead. This is very sensitive
equipment.

263pt EXT. SAIL - NIGHT

263pt

Wind...men holding on for dear life...a red point of light
arcs across the distant sky...Maxim watches it...

264pt INT. COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

264pt

Sergei is listening to his headphones, a funny expression on
his face...he turn to Zateyev:

SERGEI

I'm getting some odd percussions, sir.

Zateyev rises...Sergei hands him the headphones...

263pt EXT. SAIL - NIGHT

263pt

Another red light in the sky...then a blue one...Vanya, Maxim
and others have risen to the feet, excited...

(CONTINUED)

MAXIM
Looks like flares.

VANYA
Flares?

MAXIM
I bet it's the diesels. We're rescued.

VANYA
Hey! Somebody get the captain!

Other men rouse themselves...the excitement is building...a buzz of "flares" and "find the captain" and "rescue"...

264pt INT. COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

264pt

Zateyev puts down Sergei's headphones, perplexed.

ZATEYEV
Radar?

RADAR OP
All I see is the American destroyer, sir.
They're still tracking us.

A Crewman flies down the ladder from the sail:

CREWMAN
Captain! Flares!

263pt EXT. SAIL/NAV BRIDGE - NIGHT

263pt

Red and blue tracers all over the sky...every man on the sail is on his feet...each new flare brings a shout of excitement. Zateyev comes up through the hatch and takes the binoculars from the Deck Officer. He scans the horizon.

DECK OFFICER
It's a lot of flares, sir. Must be three or four ships out there.

The men in the nav bridge watch Zateyev hopefully as he scans.

ZATEYEV
What's the date today?

DECK OFFICER
July 4, sir.

Zateyev hands back the binoculars.

(CONTINUED)

ZATEYEV

Those are fireworks, not flares.

DECK OFFICER

Fireworks, sir?

ZATEYEV

It's their Independence Day.

He turns and goes below...the murmur of excitement among the men dies quickly...they settle back into place on the sail.

265 INT. BOW TORPEDO ROOM - NIGHT

265

Len kneels beside the wheezing Anatoly, bathing his face gently with a towel...Yevgeny helps Kossach into a cot, nodding as Kossach gives him instructions in a hoarse whisper. He offers Kossach one of the pills. Kossach hesitates: he knows it's useless, but an example must be set. He swallows the pill and lies back.

262pt INT. REACTOR COMPARTMENT - NIGHT

262pt

The Torpedoman listens as Boris, perking up, regales him:

BORIS

It's not just power, you know. It's the future. Airplanes that fly months without landing, cars that never need gas, free electricity for every peasant. Right now the infant is still in the womb, but...

(trails off)

How's your core temperature look?

TORPEDOMAN

Holding steady, sir.

Boris nods, smiling: he knew it all along.

266 INT. COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

266

Men working in silence...only by total concentration on their tasks can they keep their minds off the situation-- and even that doesn't work...Zateyev steps calmly behind the curtain of the nav cubicle and spits some blood into a handkerchief. Composing himself, he heads topside.

267 EXT. NAV BRIDGE - NIGHT

267

Zateyev takes the binoculars from Yenin, who goes below. Alone, Zateyev scans the empty sea. Then a face leans over from the top of the sail:

(CONTINUED)

LERMONTOV

Hey! We need another patsy for cards.
You in or not?

Zateyev turns and the moonlight catches his face.

LERMONTOV (CONT'D)

Oh, I'm sorry, Captain. I thought you
were someone else.

ZATEYEV

You thought I was Yenin.

Lermontov nods. He is about to withdraw when Zateyev starts
climbing up to the top of the sail.

ZATEYEV (CONT'D)

Promise you won't just let me win?

LERMONTOV

Is that an order, sir?

268 EXT. NORTH ATLANTIC - NIGHT

268

LONG SHOT of the lonely submarine, pitching forward in rough
seas...dark clouds cross the moon...

269 INT. BOW TORPEDO ROOM - NIGHT

269

Len cradles Anatoly in his arms...he's dead...

270 EXT. NORTH ATLANTIC - DAWN

270

Rain...wind...K19 tossing violently...the sail is now empty.
In the nav bridge, Zateyev scans tirelessly with his
binoculars. Yenin comes up through the hatch.

YENIN

I moved the men from the sail into the
forward compartment. The radiation is
lowest there.

(scans the sea)

With the weather we didn't make the kind
of time I'd hoped for. It was worth a
shot.

ZATEYEV

Maybe we should tell Boris to shut down
the reactors.

Yenin nods. A beat.

(CONTINUED)

ZATEYEV (CONT'D)

I should've said it before, but I appreciate your loyalty. The ship was yours for the taking.

YENIN

Despite my complaints, I do my duty. Eventually.

ZATEYEV

When you saved Dmitri from the fire, you were countermanding my order.

YENIN

I used my judgment.

ZATEYEV

A dangerous habit. But the results are difficult to argue with.

(smiles)

I'd like to think that if we'd worked together under better circumstances, perhaps we might've been friends.

Yenin doesn't say anything for a moment.

YENIN

I heard a story about you once. Your first command you had a battery failure and got yourself stuck in a field of icebergs. So you stood in the nav bridge for six hours in an ice storm--

He grips the rail tightly, back straight as a rail-- a perfect imitation of Zateyev.

YENIN (CONT'D)

--guiding the ship through the danger, refusing to let anyone else take the watch-- despite the fact you were new to the Fleet and there were half a dozen men on board who had more experience with icebergs. When you finally got the ship back to base your arms had frozen to the rail.

Yenin pulls on the rail, pretending his arms are frozen.

YENIN (CONT'D)

They say the men had to dump buckets of boiling tea over your arms to get you free.

(CONTINUED)

ZATEYEV

(a beat)

It was hot water. Whoever said tea is stretching it.

Yenin laughs.

YENIN

There's no way in hell I'd be friends with a maniac like that.

Yenin tugs at the rail, pretending his arms are frozen. Zateyev starts to laugh, remembering the absurd spectacle. Suddenly the speaker crackles to life:

LERMONTOV'S VOICE

Captain, I have a contact! It's one of the diesels, sir-- S270! They're responding to our call.

ZATEYEV

(into microphone)

Where is he? Tell him to send up a flare.

They scan the gray sky. For the longest time, it seems, nothing happens. Then an orange flare arcs in the distance...

271 INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

271

Zateyev slides down the ladder into the command post:

ZATEYEV

Ask Captain Sverbilov to contact Flotilla Command. We need clearance to abandon ship.

LERMONTOV

Yes, sir.

ZATEYEV

And tell Boris to power down the reactors right away.

Zateyev grabs a kashtan:

ZATEYEV (CONT'D)

This is the captain. We are in contact with a rescue ship. Prepare the sick for evacuation. Repeat, we have been rescued.

272 INT. REACTOR CONTROL ROOM - DAY 272

The captain's voice on the loudspeaker wakes up Boris. The Torpedoman cheers. Boris is about to join him when he sees something strange: the porthole to the reactor is misted over. Boris looks down at the temperature gauge: it's over 360C and rising fast... He leaps toward the squawk box.

273 INT. BOW TORPEDO ROOM - DAY 273

Packed with sick crewmen and the wet guys from the sail... they're all cheering...

274 EXT. NAV BRIDGE - DAY 274

Grinning, Yenin fires off an answering flare.

275 INT. REACTOR COMPARTMENT - DAY 275

A whistling jet of steam is spurting from a weld on the makeshift cooling system...water runs out of the crack...the room is clouded with steam...

276 INT. CREW BERTHING - DAY 276

More cheering. The men are hugging each other, delirious.

277 INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY 277

It's very quiet here. Yenin comes down the ladder, his smile vanishing when he sees Zateyev standing at the temperature gauge. They don't have to say anything...

ZATEYEV

Bow planes, down 30 degrees. Make your depth 450 meters.

DEMICHEV

(a beat)

You want to dive, sir?

YENIN

You don't need an explanation. Just do it!

DEMICHEV

(into kashtan)

Prepare to dive.

(to Planesman)

Bow planes, down 30 degrees. Make your depth 450 meters.

The Planesman and Helmsman adjust their controls.

(CONTINUED)

YENIN
Permission to go to the reactor
compartment, sir.

Zateyev nods; Yenin heads below. Lermontov turns to Zateyev:

LERMONTOV
Do you have a message for Captain
Sverbilov before we go under?

ZATEYEV
Tell him to back off.

278 EXT. NORTH ATLANTIC - DAY

278

The K19 slips below the surface. Her parachute flare is
still hovering in the sky...

279 INT. REACTOR CONTROL ROOM - DAY

279

The Torpedoman looks nervous in his raincoat. Boris helps
him rig an OBA canister and welding torch.

BORIS
It's a little crack, shouldn't take more
than five minutes. But it's hot so
you'll have to remember to breathe.

TORPEDOMAN
Sir?

BORIS
At these temperatures the automatic
functions of the brain shut down. You
have to think to breathe.

The Torpedoman swallows hard...Boris hands him the welding
torch...the kid's hand is shaking...Boris looks into his
eyes.

TORPEDOMAN
I'm ready, sir.

A beat. Then Boris grabs the torch back.

BORIS
Give me your breathing kit.

TORPEDOMAN
Sir?

(CONTINUED)

279 CONTINUED:

BORIS

I can't be responsible for sending incompetents in there. Give me your kit. That's an order.

The Torpedoman takes off the OBA canister and Boris puts it on. He grabs some rags and stuffs them in his pockets. He heads for the reactor door as Yenin and Vakhromeyev come in, carrying medical gear and equipment.

BORIS (CONT'D)

I'm going in.

YENIN

That's all right, Boris. The Captain has given permission for me to--

BORIS

It's my responsibility. Sir.

A beat. Yenin nods. As Boris heads for the reactor door, the Torpedoman offers his raincoat.

TORPEDOMAN

You want this, Lieutenant?

BORIS

Don't be an idiot. That's useless.

He turns and...pauses at the porthole. He puts on the OBA mask and-- what's the harm?-- he crosses himself. He starts to open the door, but the pressure inside forces it open-- clang!-- against the wall, knocking him back. Steam rushes out. Boris jumps through into the reactor chamber as Yenin and the Torpedoman force the door shut behind him.

280pt INT. REACTOR COMPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

280pt

Boris stands on the catwalk in the intense heat and steam... He lights his torch and sloshes over to the leak.

281 EXT. BELOW THE SURFACE - DAY

281

The K19 glides deeper and deeper...

282 INT. SUBMARINE S270 - DAY

282

CAPTAIN SVERBILOV is yelling at his COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER:

SVERBILOV

What do you mean they're not responding?

(CONTINUED)

282 CONTINUED:

COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER

They just said to back off and then I
lost contact.

RADAR OP

I don't have them on scope, sir.

SVERBILOV

What? All ahead full. Tell Moscow we're
going to aid K19.

(to Radar Op)

Don't look at me. Find them.

280pt INT. REACTOR COMPARTMENT - DAY

280pt

Glowing water sloshing around Boris' ankles...he bends over
the cracked pipe, welding, holding the torch with rags
wrapped around his bare hands...Boris stops, takes off his
gas mask. The steam sears his eyes. He looks closely at the
tiny crack: there's still a little steam coming out.

He sprawls over the reactor lid to get a better angle. He
starts welding again...a hand knocks at the porthole... ON
Boris, welding, his face glowing from the torch...a trickle
of blood runs out of his nose and sizzles in the flame...

283 EXT. RED SQUARE - DAY

283

Limousines driving too fast...screeching to a halt in front
of the Kremlin...Admirals and Generals rushing to the gate...

284 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM/KREMLIN - DAY

284

A haze of cigarette smoke...a map of the North Atlantic
showing K19 and the American destroyer...an Aide brings
Malinovsky a brandy...he's at a round table, flanked by
Admirals and Generals...Gorshkov hurries in...Malinovsky
rises, a grim smile on his lips...

MALINOVSKY

Gorshkov, good of you to come. This is
General Vershinin of the KGB.

VERSHININ nods curtly at Gorshkov, who looks pale.

MALINOVSKY (CONT'D)

The General wants to know if your man
Zateyev is a traitor.

VERSHININ

We'd hate to see that splendid submarine
fall into enemy hands.

285ptEXT. AIRFIELD/KOLA PENINSULA - DAY

285pt

Air crewmen pulling on jackets, running across the tarmac...a turbo prop TU-95 bomber being towed out of a hangar...

286ptEXT. NORTH ATLANTIC - DAY

286pt

S270, steaming on the surface...Sverbilov is in the nav bridge, scanning with his binoculars. His XO is beside him.

X.O.

I swear, they were right there.

287 INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

287

ON the depth gauge (red zone): 400...410... The hull is creaking. Zateyev sits back and winds his watch.

288 INT. REACTOR CONTROL ROOM - DAY

288

Yenin looks at his watch, turns to Vakhromeyev.

YENIN

He's over 15 minutes.

289 INT. REACTOR COMPARTMENT - DAY

289

Boris, intent on his welding...ON the steam jet as it stops... Yenin sloshes over the catwalk...takes off his mask to talk-- the heat makes him gasp.

YENIN

It's time to go.

Boris doesn't respond. Yenin examines the pipes.

YENIN (CONT'D)

The leak is stopped. Come on.

BORIS

(hoarse)

I can't.

YENIN

Now. It's an order.

BORIS

Sir, I-- I can't walk.

290 INT. REACTOR CONTROL ROOM - DAY

290

The door swings open and Yenin carries Boris in. Yellow foam flows from Boris' mouth, gagging him. Yenin holds his head.

(CONTINUED)

290 CONTINUED:

290

When the spell is over, Boris smiles faintly and gives the thumbs up. Yenin starts dragging him toward the door.

YENIN

Help me get him to sick bay.

Boris protests-- unintelligibly-- until Yenin figures out that he's pointing at his console. Yenin helps him to his seat.

285pt EXT. AIRFIELD/KOLA PENINSULA - DAY

285pt

Crewmen pushing a giant bomb on a cart toward the bomber... another bomb is already being loaded into the bay...

286pt EXT. NORTH ATLANTIC - DAY

286pt

S270, dead in the water...in the nav bridge, Sverbilov scans the horizon. His squawk box crackles:

S270 SONAR OP

(on speaker)

Captain, I think I found him. But...
he's over 400 meters down.

291 EXT. BELOW THE SURFACE - DAY

291

The K19 is just hovering now. 450 meters down.

292 INT. BOW TORPEDO ROOM - DAY

292

The men listen to the creaking of the hull.

293 INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

293

Zateyev and Yenin stand by the temperature gauge.

YENIN

It was Boris, sir.

ZATEYEV

Boris?

YENIN

Yes, sir. He got a terrible dose.

They watch the arrow, hovering around 390C...then stuttering and ticking down...

ZATEYEV

(softly)

He did it.

294 EXT. AIRFIELD/KOLA PENINSULA - DAY 294

The bomber taxis down the airstrip and takes off...

286pt EXT. S270/NAV BRIDGE - DAY 286pt

Sverbilov is still scanning the horizon: where are they?

295 INT. REACTOR CONTROL ROOM - DAY 295

Boris holds himself up at his console, watching the temperature gauge...a faint smile...

296 INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY 296

Zateyev and the others return to their positions.

ZATEYEV

Bow planes up 30 degrees. All ahead full.

297 EXT. BELOW THE SURFACE - DAY 297

Screws churn, but the submarine stubbornly refuses to rise.

298 INT. BOW TORPEDO ROOM - DAY 298

The men hold on as the ship shudders with the exertion.

299pt INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY 299pt

The shuddering has everyone on edge...the depth gauge is still on 450 meters.

YENIN

We're not moving.

POGOROLEV

We're deep, sir, it's hard for one reactor to drive us to the surface.

ZATEYEV

All stop.

YENIN

All stop.

The ship stops shuddering. Zateyev takes a kashtan:

ZATEYEV

Prepare for emergency surface. We're going to blow the forward ballast.

300pt INT. MAIN ENGINEERING CONTROL - DAY

300pt

Sergeev shouts into the phone:

SERGEEV

Can't do it, sir. The high pressure air is depleted and we can't get the compressor online.

Engineers are working on the sputtering compressor.

299pt INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

299pt

Frustrated, Zateyev swings the kashtan away. Everybody looks around: what now? The only sound is the hull creaking.

ZATEYEV

I guess we're going to sit here awhile.

He sits...his eye is drawn to a pencil, rolling forward over the deck...Zateyev watches it, curious...he looks up at the depth gauge: slowly ticking from 450 to 460...he stands...

301 INT. S270/COMMAND CENTER - DAY

301

Sverbilov is talking to his XO:

SVERBILOV

What's that maniac doing? He must be close to crush depth.

COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER

Sir! I have orders from Moscow. They want us to clear the area.

Sverbilov looks disgusted.

SVERBILOV

Tell them we can't. The rescue is already in progress.

COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER

Sir?

SVERBILOV

You heard me.

302 EXT. BELOW THE SURFACE - DAY

302

The K19, bow angle slightly down, is easing deeper...

299pt INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

299pt

Everybody has swung into action...the gauge ticks down to 470...480...groaning...

POGOROLEV
(into squawk box)
We need that compressor now!

ZATEYEV
Can anybody tell me why we're sinking?

YENIN
Maybe ballast shifted in the forward tanks-- or we have a leak.

ZATEYEV
(into kashtan)
This is the captain. All compartments report! Do we have leaking?

ON the squawk box:

VOICE
This is one. No leaks here, sir.

BORIS' VOICE
This is five. No leaks, sir.

ON the depth gauge: 480...490...creaking... Zateyev turns to the silent squawk box, puzzled:

ZATEYEV
(into kashtan)
This is the captain. All compartments report. Now.

YENIN
The others are unmanned, sir.
Everybody's in the bow torpedo room because of the radiation.

Zateyev turns to him with a strange smile...

YENIN (CONT'D)
What?

ZATEYEV
(into kashtan)
All hands aft, on the double!
(to Yenin)
A hundred men must weigh eight, nine tons, right?

(CONTINUED)

YENIN

Enough to tip the bow down...

ON the depth gauge: ticking to 500...

303 INT. BOW TORPEDO ROOM - DAY

303

Chaos. Everybody scrambling out...trying to carry the ones who can't walk...too many guys trying to get out the door at once...the creaking and popping is terrifying...

299ptINT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

299pt

White knuckles grip handrails and equipment...ON the depth gauge: 510...510...510...a tremendous groan from the hull...

300ptINT. MAIN ENGINEERING CONTROL - DAY

300pt

Hands bloody, the engineers work on the compressor. Suddenly steam belches in their faces...it's running. Sergeev leaps for his controls...

304 EXT. BELOW THE SURFACE - DAY

304

Bubbles rise from the hull and the submarine begins to rise.

305 INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

305

ON the depth gauge: 510...500...

ZATEYEV

(into kashtan)

Hold on to something!

306ptEXT. BELOW THE SURFACE - DAY

306pt

K19 surges toward the surface at tremendous speed.

307 INT. PASSAGEWAY - DAY

307

Men running...falling...climbing over each other...trying desperately to get aft as the ship lurches...

306ptEXT. BELOW THE SURFACE - DAY

306pt

Surging upward.

308 EXT. NORTH ATLANTIC - DAY

308

K19 flies through the surface like a giant cork and splashes down in a cascade of water. A hundred yards away S270 is waiting. Sverbilov stands on the nav bridge, waving...

309 EXT. SKY - DAY

309

The bomber streaks along, roaring above the clouds...

310 INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

310

Lermontov on the radio. Zateyev and Yenin wait behind him. Yenin wipes foam from his mouth, tries to keep his balance.

LERMONTOV

We have a message from Moscow, sir.
They're sending a freighter to tow us
back to base.

ZATEYEV

What about the men? Did they give
permission to abandon ship?

LERMONTOV

No, sir. They just said to beware of
American ships.

There are dirty looks and grumbling among the others.

ARKHIPOV

After all this they leave us to die.

POGOROLEV

I say we go anyway.

YENIN

Leaving the ship without orders is out of
the question-- the captain would be court-
martialed. We'll wait for clearance.

Zateyev looks around the room, at the tired faces of these
men who've been through so much. His expression has lost
some of its stoicism...there's emotion in his eyes.

LERMONTOV

I have another message from Moscow, sir.
They want to know who's well enough to
testify.

Zateyev nods, looking at his watch.

ZATEYEV

(softly)

When my grandfather went to sea he used
to carry these great handfuls of earth in
his pockets. A bit of the Motherland, he
said. They don't understand that. You
can do it for power or glory, but nothing
scares them more than a patriot.

(CONTINUED)

310 CONTINUED:

YENIN

(a beat)

Are you all right, sir?

Zateyev takes a kashtan:

ZATEYEV

All hands, this is the captain. Prepare to abandon ship.

Yenin grabs the kashtan from his hand.

YENIN

Not even Gorshkov can save you if you evacuate without clearance.

ZATEYEV

I know just what he'll say, too. I was overeager, a young captain with my first nuclear command. I rushed the ship to sea without telling him it needed more work. The entire catastrophe will be blamed on the captain's errors of judgment.

YENIN

I'll testify on your behalf-- we all will.

Zateyev turns to Lermontov:

ZATEYEV

Inform base of my decision to evacuate at 1200. I won't wait for confirmation.

YENIN

(to Lermontov)

Don't do it.

ZATEYEV

You're not usually so concerned about command protocol.

YENIN

We can wait.

ZATEYEV

If you were captain, would you wait?

Yenin can't say yes. Zateyev turns to Lermontov:

ZATEYEV (CONT'D)

Now.

(CONTINUED)

310 CONTINUED: (2)

Lermontov starts to convey the message.

ZATEYEV (CONT'D)

In the inquiry I suggest you tell them
you only abandoned ship at the direct
order of your commanding officer.

YENIN

They'll send you to the gulag.

The room is quiet. Zateyev is lying across the railroad
tracks for them all. He puts the watch in his pocket.

ZATEYEV

Come on, let's move it. I want all hands
on deck and ready to go by 1200.

311 EXT. NORTH ATLANTIC - DAY

311

A rope flies through the air and is caught by a sailor on the
deck...he secures it...the S270 is now alongside the K19.
Men lash the submarines together at their bows so the bow
planes form a sort of bridge between them...others line up on
the bow deck, preparing to cross...Lermontov is in the line,
trying to keep the seagull in his coat...Len stuffs a sheaf
of letters in his pocket...above them the American helicopter
circles...

312 INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

312

A bustle of preparations...Zateyev supervises the loading of
the code bags...Pogorolev comes up from below.

POGOROLEV

Captain? Korchilov refuses to leave the
ship, sir.

313 INT. REACTOR CONTROL ROOM - DAY

313

Boris clings to the sides of his console, struggling to hold
himself up...Zateyev appears in the doorway.

ZATEYEV

I hear you turned yourself into a hero
when I wasn't looking.

BORIS

I was still a little drunk.

ZATEYEV

It's time to go.

(CONTINUED)

313 CONTINUED:

BORIS

I can't, sir. I haven't finished my practical training and if I leave the ship in the middle of a tour I won't be certified.

ZATEYEV

There are specialists in Moscow, you know--
- doctors--

BORIS

(a sad smile)

There's nothing they can do for me.

A beat. Boris teeters a bit...then, white knuckles, holds on.

ZATEYEV

Carry on, Lieutenant.

313A INT. ZATEYEV'S STATEROOM - DAY

313A

Zateyev comes in and takes one last look around. Then he turns on the tape recorder. We hear "Moonlight Sonata." He flips on the kashtan overhead.

314 INT. PASSAGEWAY - MUSIC OVER

314

Zateyev walking alone through the bowels of the ship...

315 INT. REACTOR CONTROL ROOM - MUSIC OVER

315

Boris, slumped over his console, listens to the music from the speaker and smiles...

316ptEXT. BOW DECK - DAY

316pt

Naked, shivering men scurry over to the S270...as Yuri comes across on a stretcher, his icon falls into the water and floats away... when they reach the other side, S270 crewmen pour hot water over them and scrub them with soapy rags before they are allowed to go below decks...Sverbilov is on the deck with his men, passing out blankets and clean clothes.

From our POV on the K19 we see Suslov pulling rank on the sailors on S270, pointing to his insignia and refusing to strip and be washed like the other men...

Suddenly there's a roar overhead and a plane breaks out of the clouds and swoops down toward the submarine...

316A EXT. BOMBER - DAY

316A

ON the bomber...the pilot's face through the window...he looks more bewildered than anything...BOMBER POV: a line of naked men are running from one submarine to another.

316ptEXT. BOW DECK -DAY

316pt

On the deck, Zateyev and Yenin stand back of the line to go over. They watch the bomber pass over:

ZATEYEV

He's here to sink us if I try to give the ship to the Americans.

YENIN

They can't possibly think...

Zateyev shrugs.

ZATEYEV

Who knows what they think?

He and Yenin start undressing. Yenin notes the care with which Zateyev wraps the watch chain around his wrist and covers the watch with a handkerchief.

YENIN

Your grandfather was purged by Stalin.

ZATEYEV

He gave this to me just before they took him away. I was 10. Every day since then I've burned to be a captain. Even the day I had to sign a paper saying he was a traitor to his country.

YENIN

My son wants to be a captain, too.

ZATEYEV

Let him. I have no regrets.

He looks up at the bomber, banking back toward the clouds.

BOMBER POV: Far below, Zateyev and Yenin dash over to the S270. We keep rising...the two submarines get smaller and smaller...until the clouds block them out.

FADE IN:

317pt INT. ZATEYEV'S APARTMENT/MOSCOW - DAY (1990)

317pt

ON a pair of gnarled hands buttoning a naval dress uniform. Reflected in the mirror is a modest apartment: everything secondhand except for a beautiful piano. The uniformed man-- we still can't see his face-- walks over to the piano and picks up a familiar pocket watch that's resting on top.

318 INT. CELL - DAY (1961)

318

Footsteps...Zateyev, unshaven, stands in the middle on the cement floor, his piercing eyes awaiting the next man brave enough to approach his cell...a GUARD looks away as he pushes a metal tray under the door...Zateyev lifts the cover: gray slop and hard bread...he slides it back where it came from.

317pt INT. ZATEYEV'S APARTMENT/MOSCOW - DAY (1990)

317pt

Zateyev puts on his hat and looks in the mirror. He's over 60 now but he still holds himself with military bearing...

319 INT. ELEVATOR - DAY (1990)

319

Medals glinting, Zateyev stands alone in a tiny, stinking elevator. It creaks and rattles like a sub at 400 meters...

320 INT. HEARING ROOM/POLYARNY - DAY (1961)

320

Gorshkov and two other ADMIRALS, sitting at a tribunal... Zateyev, handcuffed, at a table...Suslov is on the stand:

SUSLOV

...and despite warnings from Comrade Yenin, the Captain ordered that the evacuation begin without clearance...

321 INT. MOSCOW METRO - DAY (1990)

321

Zateyev stands on a crowded subway train...COMMUTERS instinctively make space for him...

322 EXT. MOSCOW METRO - DAY (1990)

322

Snow falling...Zateyev comes up the subway steps and looks around...he walks toward a cemetery...

323 INT. HEARING ROOM/POLYARNY - DAY (1961)

323

Gorshkov and the Admirals...the table where Zateyev sat before is empty...ALEXANDROV, a rumpled academic, is on the stand:

(CONTINUED)

ALEXANDROV

As a physicist my opinion is that Captain Zateyev performed heroically under the circumstances. His actions prevented a catastrophic explosion and brought the people's submarine back to base intact. After refitting and decontamination, K19 can return to active duty.

324ptEXT. KUZMINKI CEMETERY - DAY (1990)

324pt

Zateyev wanders among the monuments. He stops and starts, not sure where to go. Then he turns a corner and sees another man in uniform ahead of him, limping. Zateyev hurries up to the man and taps him on the shoulder.

ZATEYEV

Good morning, Comrade.

Yenin turns and looks at him a long time. Then smiles.

YENIN

I guess they didn't execute you after all.

325 INT. CELL - DAY (1961)

325

A tray slides under the door...Zateyev lifts the lid...this time it's fresh fruit and caviar...he looks up and sees the Guard is holding his uniform...

324ptEXT. KUZMINKI CEMETERY - DAY (1990)

324pt

Yenin and Zateyev walking along a snowy path. Quiet.

YENIN

Good day for it, I guess. Snow improves a cemetery.

ZATEYEV

You're limping.

YENIN

It's nothing.

Zateyev nods. They walk on.

326 INT. CELL - DAY (1961)

326

Gorshkov pins a medal on Zateyev, now shaved and in uniform.

GORSHKOV

Instead of the gulag, you get the Order of the Red Banner.

(CONTINUED)

Zateyev glances at the new ribbon on his chest...unimpressed.

GORSHKOV (CONT'D)

You understand the K19 incident will remain classified.

ZATEYEV

I understand perfectly, Comrade Admiral. You're giving me a medal but I can't say how I earned it.

A beat. Then Gorshkov smiles. He salutes. Zateyev returns the salute but not the smile.

324ptEXT. KUZMINKI CEMETERY - DAY (1990)

324pt

Zateyev and Yenin, still walking.

ZATEYEV

You know where the grave is?

YENIN

Out of the way, of course. Before Glasnost we never would've found it.

ZATEYEV

(a beat)

I looked for you. For the others. But it was impossible.

YENIN

Of course. They were afraid we'd talk.

ZATEYEV

And now there's an article about the accident in Pravda.

YENIN

Everything's different now.

Zateyev waves a hand dismissively.

ZATEYEV

The old days were better. You knew where you stood.

YENIN

True.

They stop at a fork in the path and scan the gravestones. Then Yenin spots something. He points to the ground ahead.

YENIN (CONT'D)

Footprints.

(CONTINUED)

Sure enough, footprints lead off the path. Zateyev and Yenin follow them through the beeches until they end at a row of shrubbery. Pushing through, they emerge into a small clearing:

The surviving crew of K19-- about 80 men-- wait in their uniforms, many of which don't fit well after 29 years. When they see Zateyev and Yenin they snap to attention and salute. Zateyev returns the salute, then walks down the line of men in silence. The men look as stiff and nervous as they did when Zateyev first surveyed them at the pier. Finally, Zateyev nods: inspection satisfactory. The men stand at ease. And Zateyev turns to the grave...

A tarnished little plaque on the ground. Engraved on the plaque is a picture of K19 and the names of dead. On the ground behind it someone has placed large, framed photos of Boris, Yuri, Anatoly, Misha, Kozyrev and Valery.

The crewmen have left trinkets beside the plaque: submarine service pins, snapshots, medals... Zateyev bends down and wipes a thin film of snow from the plaque. He picks up a photo: black and white...young crewmen gathered on the deck of K19 at the North Pole...one holds a soccer ball... Visibly moved by the offerings of the men, Zateyev takes out his pocket watch and sets it beside the plaque.

The men are passing bottles of vodka around, filling up the little glasses and jars they've brought along for the occasion. No one breaks the silence. Zateyev turns and accepts a glass of vodka from one of the men. A beat.

ZATEYEV

For their courage I nominated the men buried here for the title Hero of the Soviet Union. But the committee ruled that because it didn't happen in wartime, because it was merely an accident, that these men aren't worthy of the title "hero."

(a beat)

What good are honors from such people? These men didn't sacrifice for a medal. They did it because, when the time came, it was their duty. Not to the navy or to the state, but to us, their comrades. And so. To comrades.

He raises his glass.

CREWMEN

Comrades!

(CONTINUED)

They drink...Zateyev turns back to face the memorial...CLOSE
IN ON the memorial...the offerings of the crew...the old
photo of them young and optimistic at the North Pole...as
we...

FADE OUT