

NARCO SUB

by  
David Guggenheim

BLACK. We hear a loud RUSH OF WATER -- *WHOOOSH!* -- and SNAP TO --

JOHN NORTH

as his head shoots up from a sink -- water trickling down his face -- location UNKNOWN -- all the angles in EXTREME CLOSE-UP. Somewhere TIGHT though. CONFINED.

He's handsome -- but hard. Looks way beyond his 29 years. Blue-grey eyes -- bloodshot. Military buzz cut.

North's eyes shift from a small mirror to a POSTCARD tattered and taped to a wall: the beautiful and exotic skyline of Quito, Ecuador.

North gazes at the picture -- longingly. Then -- a KNOCK. And a VOICE.

VOICE

Commander. Are you in there, sir?

POP WIDE --

and we see we're in an OFFICER'S STATEROOM -- aboard a Navy submarine -- and North is dressed in Service Khaki -- the uniform of a submarine officer. Rank: Lt. Commander.

VOICE (CONT'D)

Sir?

NORTH

What?

VOICE

Captain requests your presence on the bridge, sir.

(beat; off his silence)

Commander?

But North still doesn't answer -- silence overtaken by the sound of METAL STRIKING METAL as the camera PANS DOWN TO --

NORTH'S HANDS

which we see are SHAKING -- causing his WEDDING RING to repeatedly tap against the steel sink.

North then returns his stare to the mirror -- locking eyes with his reflection -- full of self-doubt and nerves.

Off which -- we MATCH CUT TO --

THE SAME FACE -- YEARS LATER

but now with 2 week stubble and long unkempt hair. He looks like hell. Disconnected. Lost. We're now:

INT. BAR - UNDISCLOSED

A total dive. Dark -- depressing -- and dotted with weary DRUNKS -- tossing back beers and watching a soccer game on a rabbit-eared TV above the bar.

NEW ANGLE -- NORTH

isolated at a corner table -- fighting sleep. A shot of Cuervo rests in front of him.

A SPANISH WAITRESS -- shirt cut off at the midriff -- walks over. But when she makes a move for the glass -- North's hand gets there first.

NORTH  
I'm not finished yet.

WAITRESS  
Franco says you are.

North looks past her -- to the bartender FRANCO.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)  
Says you've been here all night.  
Don't you have some where better to  
be?

He then downs the shot --

NORTH  
What's better than here?

-- and rises -- dumping bills onto the table. He then slogs over to the doors and pushes them open -- allowing BLINDING DAYLIGHT TO FLOOD INSIDE -- as he emerges onto a street in:

EXT. QUITO, ECUADOR - DAY

Early Monday morning. The city is teeming with activity. It's LOUD. Colorful. But this isn't a place for tourists. There's danger here -- a constant sense of foreboding.

RESUME NORTH:

as he slips on a pair of Ray-Bans -- protecting his worn, deserted eyes from the blinding sun -- and disappears into the crush of people. How the hell did he end up here? Off this mystery -- CUT TO --

THE ATLANTIC OCEAN

at NIGHT. Calm and quiet. You could easily fall asleep to its sound. Suddenly --

A 45-FOOT RESPONSE BOAT-MEDIUM (R-BM)

tears across black water -- ROCKETING at over 100 km per hour -- the ROAR of its twin-diesel engines SHATTERING the silence.

NEW ANGLE -- AN ECUADORIAN FLAG

flapping in the wind above the bow. The all-aluminum boat (THE ALVARADO) belongs to the ECUADORIAN NAVY. But the show belongs to:

BILL BOWMAN

of the UNITED STATES COAST GUARD. 46. An absolute Pitbull. Turned down three promotions to avoid being stuck behind a desk.

The only American on board -- Bowman is backed up by several members of the Ecuadorian Coast Guard. We've just found ourselves in the middle of a joint operation. Into his wireless headset:

BOWMAN

Alvarado to Air Force Hawkeye, any hot spots? Anyone have eyes?

IN THE SKIES ABOVE THE ATLANTIC:

a U.S. Grumman E-2D Hawkeye cuts through the clouds.

INT. GRUMMAN E-2D HAWKEYE - NIGHT

Five man crew. WE PULL BACK from the glass cockpit to reach a radar operator station located in the rear fuselage. A fresh-faced OPERATOR works the new APY-9 radar -- scanning the area. Comes up empty.

RADAR OPERATOR

Negative Alvarado. Water's clear.

EXT. ALVARADO - SAME

As Bowman slips on a pair of GT-14 NIGHT VISION GOGGLES. Peers out over the boat.

NEW ANGLE -- BOWMAN'S POV

in spectral green -- nothing but ocean for miles. An uninterested ECUADORIAN ANTI-NARCOTICS OFFICIAL (DANIEL LEON, 40's) appears over Bowman's shoulder.

DANIEL LEON  
 Maybe this isn't your night.

BOWMAN  
 And maybe you should give it more  
 than an hour before you run your  
 fucking mouth off.

Bowman's accompanying steely look is enough for Leon to  
 retreat.

Then as Leon backs away -- Bowman takes a canteen, walks over  
 to the edge of the boat, leans over and collects some ocean  
 water.

He then pours some into the cap -- and knocks it back like a  
 shot. A nearby CREWMAN takes note -- disgusted.

CREWMAN  
 The hell you doing?

BOWMAN  
 What's it look like?

CREWMAN  
 Looks like you're insane.

BOWMAN  
 (shakes his head)  
 Old Navy trick. Two shots of salt  
 water every hour relaxes the  
 stomach muscles. Makes it so you  
 don't get seasick.

CREWMAN  
 You get seasick?

BOWMAN  
 Not since I started drinking the  
 sea.

With that -- he takes another shot. Then offers the canteen  
 up to the crewman -- who goes green. Bowman then puts the  
 goggles back up to his eyes. Still nothing.

INT. GRUMMAN E-2D HAWKEYE - LATER

With everyone just waiting -- seconds slowly ticking by like  
 minutes -- then -- *BLIP!* -- the radar operator gets a hit on  
 his screen. He springs up -- excited:

RADAR OPERATOR  
 Got a live one. A slow moving  
 contact -- heading 2-4-0.

EXT. ALVARADO - SAME

Bowman and the others looks around. But there's nothing out there.

ALVARADO CREWMAN  
Negative contact. I don't see anything.

INT. GRUMMAN E-2D HAWKEYE - NIGHT

RADAR OPERATOR  
It's there, Alvarado. I got an infra-red hit right off their engines. Range: three hundred meters.

EXT. ALVARADO - SAME

VERY FAST --

the R-BM is cranked up another thirty knots; goes THUNDERING forward; COAST GUARD CREWMAN quickly grab assault weapons -- GT goggles. They're now ready for war.

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - SAME

As the Alvarado -- VROOOOM! -- RACES.

EXT. ALVARADO - SAME

As Leon looks through his night-vision monocles.

NEW ANGLE -- LEON'S POV

still no sign of anything.

DANIEL LEON  
I don't know what the hell they're talking about.

Bowman can't disagree -- then he comes up with a solution.

He quickly drops down -- finds a UTILITY BOX -- opens it up and grabs a FLARE GUN. Rising -- he aims the gun ahead of the boat and LAUNCHES a flare -- which LIGHTS UP THE NIGHT SKY -- as well as:

AN UNREGISTERED SUBMARINE

painted with a camouflage design of blue, black and gray. 30 meters long -- gliding just above the surface.

This is a NARCO SUBMARINE -- used by drug cartels to smuggle cocaine into American waters from South America.

ALVARADO CREWMAN  
 "Go-Slow" boat contact: thirty  
 meters west.

ALVARADO CREWMAN #2  
 Intercept is bearing 1-5-3. Speed 6  
 knots.

BOWMAN  
 Get us alongside her!

INT. NARCO SUB - SAME

As the FIVE MAN CREW SCRAMBLE -- grabbing guns. Getting caught is not an option for these guys.

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - SAME

As the Alvarado pulls up alongside the sub -- Bowman and a team of SIX throw lines and start to board the vessel.

A HATCH

on the top of the fiberglass sub swings open. One of the SMUGGLERS springs out -- firing hundreds of rounds from his Heckler & Koch machine gun.

The Ecuadorian Coast Guard return fire -- Bowman taking aim with a Carbine -- *BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!* -- taking out the smuggler who slumps over.

Bowman and the others move fast -- racing over to the hatch before the smugglers inside can close it on them -- Bowman using the body of the dead smuggler to block them from closing the hatch.

He then sticks his gun through the opening in the hatch and just starts UNLOADING -- shooting anyone he can -- before throwing the hatch open and beginning his descent inside:

INT. NARCO SUB - SECONDS LATER

As Bowman and his men board -- dropping down onto the bodies of THREE DEAD SMUGGLERS -- corpses riddled with bullet holes.

Gun leading the way, Bowman quickly heads up a narrow hallway -- on the hunt -- passing COCAINE BRICKS -- stamped with a SCORPION LOGO on them -- lashed to the side of the sub by heavy straps.

Bowman stops to regard them -- job well done -- then he hears SOMEONE -- a surviving crewman -- in the engine room.

He throws back up his weapon and starts heading toward a closed door at the end of the corridor -- feet start to move against:

WATER

that's starting to fill up the boat -- rising fast.

Bowman -- shit! -- knows what this means and picks up his pace -- water SPLASHING as he reaches:

INT. NARCO SUB - ENGINE QUARTERS - SECONDS LATER

The door swings open and Bowman bombs inside -- finding:

THE LAST SMUGGLER (ORTEGA)

by an instrument panel -- throwing open all the valves to let the ocean water seep into the sub.

BOWMAN

Hey -- hey!

Ortega whips around -- and FUCK -- HE'S HOLDING A LIVE GRENADE IN HIS HAND -- finger tickling the pin -- stopping Bowman dead in his tracks.

NOTE: dialogue in *ITALICS* is spoken in SPANISH with ENGLISH subtitles.

ORTEGA

*GET THE FUCK BACK OR WE ALL DIE!*

It's now a stand-off -- the two men playing chicken as water continues to RISE UP AROUND THEM. The ship will sink in a matter of a seconds.

Bowman takes a step forward. Ortega FLINCHES -- tugging on the grenade pin. Bowman quickly stops again.

NEW ANGLE -- THE WATER

RISEING -- up to their shins -- with no sign of stopping. Bowman needs to make a choice. Can't waste any more time.

*BANG!* Bowman fires a precision shot to Ortega's brachial nerve causing him to instantly drop the grenade -- with the pin still in it.

Bowman doesn't waste time.

He then quickly activates -- rushing forward -- hoisting Ortega up by his arm and HAULING him out of the engine room.

It's now a RACE to get out before the sub goes down -- with Bowman DRAGGING Ortega through the hallway -- FIGHTING against FLOODING SEA WATER -- now up to their waist as the sub starts to SINK -- turning nose-down -- sending DEBRIS FLYING DOWN at Bowman and Ortega -- who now have to CLIMB UP to GET OUT.

They reach the cocaine but -- fuck -- there's no time -- and Bowman orders Leon and the others -- also holding onto the sides of the sub for support -- to:

BOWMAN  
Leave it! Go! Go!

Together they all make a mad climb for the exit hatch -- against a roaring tide of water PUSHING them back down as the sub DROPS FAST into murky depths.

Bowman then reaches the hatch --

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - SECONDS LATER

-- and pushes Ortega out the top of the sub. He then climbs out after him -- onto the deck of the narco vessel which is now almost completely SUBMERGED.

With seconds to go -- Bowman and Ortega LEAP off the sub -- landing onto the deck of the Alvarado -- with just enough time to spin around to catch --

-- the narco sub CAPSIZING -- going down like the Titanic. Bowman watches it drown -- taking the coke with it. Off which -- CUT TO --

EXT. QUITO - MORNING

Orange fog looming over the hot South American capital.

INT. NORTH'S APARTMENT - MORNING

A fucking dump. Cockroaches and water-stains. An *Apocalypse Now* ceiling fan spins above North -- sound asleep.

ON THE BEDSIDE TABLE -- a worn Bible and a sad collection of empty beer bottles.

A mixed-breed mutt soon comes wagging up to North -- licking his hand. North's eyes blink open -- waking up.

NORTH  
Hey Jo-Jo.

The dog barks. Then with a creek in his bones, North rises. Sound of water running -- as we GO TO --

INT. SHOWER - MOMENTS LATER

As North dips his head under the faucet -- letting the water distill over his body -- amazingly still fit -- camera just catching a flicker of:

THE HORRIFIC SCAR

running down the side of his torso.

INT. NORTH'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

As North finds a crumpled up t-shirt in a pile of dirty clothes and throws it on. Suddenly -- a drop of water taps the top of his head. He looks up.

The cheap ceiling plaster is starting to droop -- because of a water leak in the apartment directly above.

And soon -- there's a KNOCK at his door -- and an ELDERLY VOICE calling out for North to "come quick" -- in SPANISH. Off North:

INT. MRS. AGUILAR'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE ON -- A TELEVISION

tuned to Ecuador TV -- Channel 38. A local news report about rival drug cartels -- REPORTER COMMENTARY accompanying brutal images of street violence. Burned bodies. Mass graves. Bombed-out buildings and cars.

REPORTER

*Another day of bloodshed in the ongoing street war between rival drug cartels. At stake? The country's billion dollar cocaine trafficking empire.*

POP WIDE --

and we find North under the kitchen sink with a wrench, trying to stop the pipes from spewing water -- as his elderly neighbor, MRS. AGUILAR looks on. Pushing 80.

We see North's good with tools, applying just enough pressure to stop the leak. As he rises --

MRS. AGUILAR

Gracias, señor. Gracias.

NORTH

I still have to switch out the brass pipes for plastic. I can pick one up for you later.

MRS. AGUILAR

(speaks in broken English)  
Please stay. Let me make you nice meal.

NORTH

Thank you, but I have to go.

MRS. AGUILAR

You spend too much time alone. I never see anyone come in, come out. I never see you with family or friends. You should find a nice woman.

NORTH

Come on Mrs. Aguilar. You know I only have eyes for you.

He leaves. Aguilar watches him go -- concerned. That line used to work on her. Doesn't anymore. GO TO --

EXT. NOBLE AND GREENOUGH SCHOOL - MORNING

Establishing: one of Boston's premiere private institutions.

INT. DREW'S DORM ROOM - MORNING

A BACKPACK is draped over a wooden chair: Noble and Greenough School.

VOICE (O.S.)

Come on, Drew. We gotta go!

DREW

I'm coming, I'm coming.

IN THE BACKGROUND -- a BOY -- dressed in his private school uniform -- scrambles to find his MacBook. This is DREW, North's son. 11 -- going on 21. Independent. Good-willed.

He finally finds his computer and slips it into his backpack. He's just about out the door when his cell phone buzzes. He checks the display: 111-111-1111. Answers.

DREW (CONT'D)

Yeah, hello?

EXT. QUITO STREET - SAME

A bus -- spewing black smoke -- passes a PAY PHONE -- where we find North -- quiet.

DREW (V.O.)  
Hellooo?

North stays silent. This is hard for him. Awkward.

INT. DREW'S DORM ROOM - SAME

Silence on the other end. Drew's about to hang up when --

NORTH (V.O.)  
Hey, Drew.

Drew tenses. Doesn't always hear from North. Doesn't always want to.

DREW  
John.

INTERCUT NORTH:

his own name never sounded so cold. Recovering:

NORTH  
Happy Birthday.

DREW  
(not wanting to talk)  
Thanks.

A beat -- then:

NORTH  
So I spoke to your grandma --

DREW  
Yeah, she told me, look I really gotta get to class so...

NORTH  
Yeah, okay.  
(before he goes)  
But you're doing alright though?

Drew pauses -- thrown by the question:

DREW  
Like you care.

We see that hurts North and he gets quiet again.

VOICE (O.S.)  
Drew, come on! Move your ass!

DREW  
I'm coming!

EXT. QUITO STREET - SAME

DREW (V.O.)  
Look, I gotta bounce.

NORTH  
Yeah. I'll talk to you --

*CLICK.* Drew hangs up. But North doesn't yet -- frozen. A beat, then he hangs up -- resting his head on the phone.

Another pause -- then North looks across the street. To the entrance of a building.

We recognize it as the building he stepped out of in the opening: THE DIVE BAR.

North debates. Then heads for it -- as we GO TO --

EXT. U.S. COAST GUARD HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Establishing: 2100 Second Street, SW, in Washington, D.C..

HANOVER (V.O.)  
Right off the bat, let me extend to  
you a well-deserved  
congratulations, lieutenant.

INT. U.S. COAST GUARD HEADQUARTERS - CHAMBER - DAY

Where we find Bowman -- seated across from a PANEL of U.S. COAST GUARD OFFICIALS -- led by JEFFREY HANOVER -- the recently named Eleventh United States Coast Guard District Chief of Enforcement. 43. Balding. An unimpressive bean counter.

HANOVER  
Hard to fathom it was only two years ago that Alejandro Juan Gutierrez and the other Ecuadorian drug cartels were launching a narco sub every week -- and for every five that hit the water, four got past us. Now the drug runners are lucky if one gets through every year. And that's largely a testament to you.

Bowman nods. But he's not happy.

HANOVER (CONT'D)

I think we can declare this offensive in the war on drugs a resounding success.

BOWMAN

Sure, if you count a draw as a win.

HANOVER

I'm sorry?

BOWMAN

We got these pieces of shit on the ropes and you wanna tie my hands right when I ready to unleash a Haymaker.

HANOVER

I don't know what you're referring -  
-

BOWMAN

(cutting him off)

I'm referring to my revised budget. The one you slashed in half.

HANOVER

You weren't supposed to see that yet, but yes this latest operation of yours was only budgeted at \$60,000. Yet the final cost was three times that amount.

BOWMAN

Guess I shouldn't've taken that detour to the Bahamas.

HANOVER

Lieutenant --

BOWMAN

I'm sorry if how I do my job conflicts with how you do yours, but I really don't give two shits whether or not the way I bring down a boat is cost effective, as long as it's effective. I've held this position 15 months. No one else wanted it. I did.

(MORE)

BOWMAN (CONT'D)

I vowed to make a difference on the front lines of the drug war and ever since I left the Navy I've captured over 30 mini-sub's transporting black market cargo out of Ecuador and Columbia. But I don't wanna just stop these boats once they're launched -- I wanna stop them from launching at all. That means taking out their shipyards -- which yes, can't be done for free. And if that doesn't track with you, I suggest you pay me my \$22,000 pension now and close the books on me, cause I will do everything I can, no matter the cost, to put a final nail to Gutierrez and the rest of these drug dealers.

(adding)

And only then can you say congratulations to me.

Off Hanover -- considering his words -- MUSIC BUILDS -- as we SMASH TO --

A PASSPORT

as its STAMPED and handed back to its owner: Bowman. We're:

INT. MARISCAL SUCRE AIRPORT - CUSTOMS - ECUADOR - DAY

As Bowman slips the passport back into his pocket and crosses the busy terminal -- approaching Daniel Leon -- waiting.

DANIEL LEON

Señor Bowman, we hardly had time to miss you.

Bowman breezes past him -- out of the airport -- man on a mission. CUT TO --

EXT. QUITO - NIGHT

Just as hot -- even without the sun.

INT/EXT. PEDRO'S - UP-FRONT/ALLEY/KITCHEN - NIGHT

A greasy spoon/local dive with just a handful of regulars eating local cuisine.

NEW ANGLE -- NORTH

working as a bus boy -- complete with apron -- clearing a table of dirty dishes. Some of the PATRONS jeer at him.

JUMP CUT --

as North sweeps up the kitchen floor.

JUMP CUT --

as North dumps several garbage bags into the alley outside.

JUMP CUT --

as North scrubs piles of dirty dishes in the sink.

NEW ANGLE -- PEDRO

the restaurant owner -- looking up from his desk in the back. It's late. Closing time. Pedro and North are the only ones left in the kitchen.

PEDRO

Slow night.

North says nothing -- head-down -- working. Pedro counts out some bills and rises -- pocketing the cash.

PEDRO (CONT'D)

Slow night. Slow week. Slow month.

He crosses up to North, grabbing two beers out of refrigerator along the way and offering one up to him.

PEDRO (CONT'D)

Beer?

North takes the bottle.

NORTH

Thanks.

PEDRO

Alegrías.

They both take swigs.

PEDRO (CONT'D)

How long have you worked for me now, my friend?

NORTH

Two months, give or take a month.

PEDRO

You know, when Mrs. Aguilar said her tenant needed a job, I didn't expect someone like you to show up.

NORTH

Well, she's good people.

With that -- North goes back to the dishes -- Pedro noticing a FADED TATTOO on his upper right forearm.

PEDRO

(reading)

USS California...you in the Navy?

North -- hesitant to share:

NORTH

Once upon a time.

PEDRO

You do something wrong?

NORTH

(slight pause; looking back)

Who says I did something wrong?

PEDRO

Americans don't live here if they did something right.

NORTH

(beat)

Well, let's just say the Navy and I had a disagreement about the best way to serve my country.

PEDRO

Do you miss it?

NORTH

The Navy?

Pedro shakes his head.

PEDRO

America. It would kill me to be so far away from my country, my family.

North pauses -- then:

NORTH  
No. Doesn't kill me.

Liar. He continues SCRUBBING AWAY -- as we GO TO --

EXT. QUITO STREET - LATER

As North walks home -- approaching his run-down, walk-up apartment building.

INT. QUITO STREET - MOMENTS LATER

As North climbs steps -- up to his home -- along the way, accosted by SEVERAL PROSTITUTES who also lay their heads down in the building. He breezes past them -- shaking his head "no thank you" -- as he slips a key into his door.

HOOKER #1  
What's wrong, baby? You like being  
alone all the time?

Bowman -- entering -- says nothing -- closing the door behind him.

INT. APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Utter silence. North pauses. Looks around his apartment. Not much to take in. Some books. A chair by the window.

A beat -- then Jo-Jo comes rushes up to greet him.

NORTH  
Hey Jo, what do you know?

The dog's tail wags. North exits frame.

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE ON -- A PHOTOGRAPH

of North -- standing proud in front of a docked United States submarine -- with his boy Drew and beautiful wife, RONNI.

POP WIDE --

North -- lying in bed -- staring at the picture on his bedside table. His nightly ritual.

He then kills the lights -- and shuts his eyes. The clock reads: 1:12.

Off North -- asleep:

FLASH -- RONNI (IN CLOSE-UP)

*just waking up in bed -- mouth curling into a sweet smile.  
She's an angel.*

FLASH -- NORTH

*making love to her -- their bodies interlocking.*

FLASH -- A SPINNING GLOBE

*going round and round -- countries blurring by -- no sign of  
stopping.*

FLASH -- A SEMI-TRUCK

*SMASHING head-on into a car -- an EXPLOSION of metal and  
glass -- as we GO QUICKLY BACK TO --*

PRESENT

*as North BOLTS AWAKE in bed -- sweating -- breathing heavy.  
And as soon as he realizes he was dreaming -- he rubs his  
face with his hand --*

NORTH

Shit.

*-- and looks to the clock. It now reads: 3:18.*

INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

*North heads to the sink. Fills up a glass of water. Downs it  
all. Then re-fills. A beat as he stares out the window. Then  
he gathers himself, turns away from the window and heads back  
to the bedroom -- stopping when he sees:*

JO-JO

*lying across the floor -- on a carpet. Something about the  
way he's just there gives North pause. He calls out to him.*

NORTH

Hey Jo, what do you know?

Nothing from the dog.

NORTH (CONT'D)

Jo. Come here, boy.

*Again, nothing. North starts approaching the dog -- anxiety  
rising -- then SPIKING when he realizes --*

NORTH (CONT'D)

Jo?

-- JO-JO'S DEAD -- his blood staining the carpet. As soon as North fully comprehends this -- eyes going wide with horror --  
 -- he whips around -- seeing behind him:

ZAPATA

standing -- SIX INCH KNIFE in hand -- locking eyes with him. Large and intimidating as hell. A short-tempered killer.

Suddenly -- *BOOM!* -- A SECOND INTRUDER PLOWS INTO NORTH.

They go SLAMMING up against the wall -- SMACKING straight into a mirror. It CRASHES to the ground -- SHATTERING into hundreds of sharp fragments.

North ELBOWS the intruder back -- WAILS him across the jaw with a right fist. The intruder REELS -- RECOVERS -- and SWINGS a hook.

North -- the more experienced fighter -- DUCKS -- and returns an UPPERCUT -- stunning the intruder.

He then grabs the man by the shirt and THROWS him head-on into the wall -- KNOCKING him back on his ass -- before RACING BACK to the bedroom -- TWO MORE INTRUDERS exploding out of the shadows -- CHASING HIM into:

INT. NORTH'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Where in one swift move -- on the fly -- he picks a nearby chair -- HURLS it at a window -- SHATTERS the glass -- and LEAPS OUT of the bedroom --

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING DIRECTLY ACROSS - CONTINUOUS

-- FLYING across a gap between his building and the adjacent structure -- just CATCHING a wrought-iron fire escape across the way. Meanwhile -- the INTRUDERS have reached the open bedroom window -- peering out just in time to see:

NORTH

losing his grip. He SLIPS -- and goes CRASHING four stories to the pavement below -- hitting the ground -- HARD. He WAILS in agony -- as we GO BACK TO --

INT. NORTH'S APARTMENT - SAME

As Zapata and his men haul ass for the front door -- in pursuit.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING/QUITO STREET - SAME

As North -- wincing -- pushes himself up off the pavement, LIMPING in pain as he makes his way STRAIGHT ON INTO NIGHT TRAFFIC -- CARS ROARING PAST -- nearly CLIPPING him -- HORNS BLARING!

A PAIR OF HEADLIGHTS

bear down on his back and North turns to see a Dodge coming at him -- quickly HOOKING around him at the last possible second. North gets spun around by the car -- turning to see:

ZAPATA

emerging out of the apartment building -- into the street. His men back him up -- raising assault weapons.

North -- shit -- DARTS -- RACING -- ARMS PUMPING -- just trying to put distance between himself and them -- other cars weaving around him -- except ONE:

A BLACK VAN

which comes CAREENING UP -- CUTTING North off. He SLAMS right into the side of it -- impact KNOCKING him hard onto his ass.

North looks up at the stars -- dazed -- head spinning -- as Zapata and company arrive over him -- reach down -- and HAUL him up into the van -- its doors sliding open.

They toss him inside --

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

-- and another TWO ENFORCERS are there to grab him -- and throw a SKI-MASK over his face -- eyes sewn shut so he can't see. A BLINDFOLD. Once Zapata and the others climb inside --

EXT. QUITO STREET - SAME

-- the doors slide shut and the van SPEEDS OFF down the street -- disappearing around a corner -- as we CUT BACK TO --

INT. VAN - NIGHT

With North -- in the back -- unable to see a thing -- just wondering how much longer he's gonna be alive.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

As the van travels over an unpaved road -- somewhere outside Quito -- in hill country.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

North bounces around in the back. Up front -- Zapata gives directions to the DRIVER -- who nods. Understood.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

As the van arrives at the first of many SECURITY CHECKPOINTS. A mean-as-hell-looking GUARD -- toting a Heckler and Koch machine gun -- crosses up to the van -- slowing to a stop at a rusty metal gate.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

The driver lowers the window. The guard shines a flashlight inside the van. The beam hits North.

UNDERNEATH THE SKI-MASK:

North tries to see something -- anything -- but there's still nothing. The guard then sees Zapata -- recognizing him -- and gives them the all-clear.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - SAME

As the gate pulls open, letting the van continue its drive up the road, camera CRANES UP to frame -- in the distance:

THE GUTIERREZ COMPOUND

An expansive hillside villa. Modern. All glass. Heliport on the roof -- chopper ready to fly at a moment's notice.

INT. GUTIERREZ COMPOUND - MOMENTS LATER

Giant wraparound windows -- bulletproof thick -- with a vista overlooking a neighboring slum. Monitors where there would be paintings. His art is security.

North -- ski-mask still on -- is escorted inside by Zapata. Given a stainless steel chair -- across from a glass desk.

The ski-mask is then removed and North adjusts his focus to find he's face to face with:

ALEJANDRO JUAN GUTIERREZ

33. Looks more like a young CEO than the head of a powerful Ecuadorian drug cartel. Harvard educated. No accent. His \$7,000 suit -- a custom European fit -- looks ironed onto his body.

In his FBI file, Gutierrez is known as the "ESCALPELO" ("The Scalpel"). Because he's not a hot head. He's precise.

Exacting. Intelligent. A businessman. But make no mistake: he'll kill you in a heartbeat if you fuck with him.

GUTIERREZ

El paseo de Quito puede ser arduo.  
Ayuda usted mismo a un poco de  
agua.

North is at a loss.

GUTIERREZ (CONT'D)

You've lived here seven months and  
you still don't speak Spanish? I  
learned English before I went to  
live in your country. What kind of  
guest are you?

North -- unsure how to play this -- keeps quiet.

GUTIERREZ (CONT'D)

I said "the ride from Quito can be  
arduous. Help yourself to some  
water."

North eyes a glass of water in front of him. Shakes his head.

NORTH

I'm good.

GUTIERREZ

Please. You're hardly good. See  
that man there?

He indicates Zapata -- over North's right shoulder.

GUTIERREZ (CONT'D)

He's my intel man. Name's Zapata.  
He's former right-wing Colombian  
paramilitary. Made his first kill  
when he was eight years-old. A  
bodega clerk who caught him  
stealing. And if a man like him  
takes orders from a man like me?  
You can only imagine who I am.

North's scared. Tries not to show it.

GUTIERREZ (CONT'D)

My name is Alejandro Juan  
Gutierrez. In 9 days, I have to  
deliver a \$180 million load of  
cocaine to my supplier in Florida.

(MORE)

GUTIERREZ (CONT'D)

Now if this was two years ago, I'd just do a run with a mini-sub but your Coast Guard has this new cowboy. He can't be bought. He can't be stopped. Last week, I lost my fifth boat in a row and if another one of my subs go down? I'm *pizd'ets*.

(off North's look)

"Fucked." My distributors will find a new supplier and that's it, I'm out of work. But when I found out there was American -- an ex-Navy officer -- in town? I almost dropped to my knees. I mean, just imagine my fucking luck. You're gonna be my Hail Mary. My *salvador*.

Looking for a way out -- North's first instinct:

NORTH

Look, uh, I'm sorry, but I swear I don't know what you're talking --

GUTIERREZ

Please don't insult me.

NORTH

No, it's true, you have to believe me. You got the wrong --

Gutierrez shuts him up by turning on a monitor with a remote.

NEW ANGLE -- A MONITOR

as North's OFFICIAL NAVY DOSSIER pops up -- complete with file photo -- and corresponding bio -- pages stamped "COPY". North is shocked that Gutierrez's reach extends to the United States Military.

GUTIERREZ

Lieutenant Commander Jonathan North of the United States Navy. Graduate top of his class, Naval Academy. You wrote your senior thesis about Russian covert submarine operations against your American fleet during the Cold War -- which makes you somewhat of an expert in Soviet naval warfare.

(MORE)

GUTIERREZ (CONT'D)

Afterwards, you scored your first commission aboard the USS Intrepid, the USS Indiana, before becoming the youngest executive officer in the history of the USS California. Captain Arnold has a reputation for being a hard ass, but he liked you. After you washed out, it took him over a year to replace you.

The monitor shuts off.

GUTIERREZ (CONT'D)

My reach extends way beyond Ecuador, señor.

Back to business:

GUTIERREZ (CONT'D)

I have a Russian sub. The kind that was built to get past American boats. You are going to use your knowledge to help make it sea worthy again and then your skills to captain it past the United States Coast Guard and Border Protection Patrols into Florida.

NORTH

(in disbelief)

You're crazy.

GUTIERREZ

I need a game changer. To put the odds back in my favor. An experienced submarine commander should have no problem doing this for me.

NORTH

Except I'm not a submarine commander.

GUTIERREZ

You're saying you will not do this? Not for any price?

North shakes his head "no."

NORTH

Not for any price.

A beat -- as Gutierrez appears to think about that -- then:

GUTIERREZ

Okay. Very well. You may go.

North -- huh? Gutierrez -- off his confusion -- repeats:

GUTIERREZ (CONT'D)

Go on. You're free to leave.

North -- a beat -- then pushes away from his seat. Just starting to rise when:

GUTIERREZ (CONT'D)

Of course I won't extend the same courtesy to your son.

A chill instantly runs through North.

NORTH

What?

The image on the monitor then switches to:

HAND-HELD VIDEO FOOTAGE

of someone moving through a trailer and up to a closet door. North looks on -- breathless -- as a hand pushes open the closet door to reveal:

DREW

handcuffed and blindfolded. He flinches when the door is opened -- startled. Even more so when a MACHETE is produced, the cold steel put to Drew's cheek. He SHIVERS in fear. It's a horrifying image -- whether or not you're a father.

GUTIERREZ

Now you may not give a shit about dying. But you'd be a true cold hearted fuck if you didn't value your son's life -- especially considering what happened to his mother.

North is absolutely frozen now. Full of fear/anger and confusion -- his entire world spinning.

GUTIERREZ (CONT'D)

Of course nothing will happen to him unless I pick up the phone and make it happen. And the only way I'll do that is if you don't do exactly what I say.

The image shuts off. North -- still gut-struck:

GUTIERREZ (CONT'D)

Now I got a deal with some men in the Coast Guard. They're gonna have a spot opened up for you off the Florida coast on the day of the run. Once you get there, you'll rendezvous with one of my freighters, transfer the product aboard and scuttle the sub. You succeed, you get your boy back. It's that simple.

North looks up -- snapping out of his daze -- swallowing dry:

NORTH

(incredulous)  
Simple? Wait --

GUTIERREZ

You will have everything you need to make this work.

NORTH

(shaking his head;  
protesting)  
-- no, no, you have to listen to me. What you're asking is impossible.

GUTIERREZ

Is it?

NORTH

Yes! The Coast Guard has sonar nets, anti-submarine mines, a fleet of attack vessels. I don't know what you think I can do. I washed out. I'm a fucking wreck.

GUTIERREZ

Who at one point was the most promising officer in the Navy and I'm all about giving people a second chance.

North is still taken aback as Gutierrez looks to the far door swinging open. In walks:

KARINA

dressed smartly in a business suit. A stunning beauty with street smarts to match. Not easily intimidated -- or impressed.

GUTIERREZ (CONT'D)

This is Karina. She runs the numbers. You tell her what you need to get and if the numbers make sense -- she gets it.

North locks eyes with her.

KARINA

Just make sure to give me a 24 hour notice for any purchases in excess of five figures.

GUTIERREZ

Any other questions?

World still spinning -- North repeatedly shakes his head in disbelief:

NORTH

I can't do this.

GUTIERREZ

(rising)

Of course you can. Besides, you don't really have a choice.

Walking out --

GUTIERREZ (CONT'D)

Smile, Commander. You're going home.

Off North -- reeling -- gut-stuck -- GO TO --

EXT. GUTIERREZ COMPOUND - NIGHT

As North walks with Karina and TWO SECURITY MEN -- we see his mind working hard to come up with an escape plan.

He knows that if he doesn't do what they want -- he's screwed. And if he somehow *does* pull this off -- no way will they just let him and Drew go.

As they arrive at a set of outdoor steps -- North ACTIVATES.

In one quick move -- Navy training backing him up -- North THROWS an elbow into a security man's nose -- then quickly pulls his gun free -- yanks Karina in front of him -- and puts the barrel deep into her neck.

NORTH  
 (to the other man; wild  
 and frantic)  
 BACK -- GET BACK!

KARINA  
 (calm)  
 You're making a mistake.

NORTH  
 SHUT UP!

Then when North shifts his eyes away -- looking over the stairs -- to a car below --

-- Karina STRIKES -- VIOLENTLY -- AND SUDDENLY -- LASHING OUT at him -- SWINGING BACK her arm -- KNOCKING him across the side of the head -- then CRACKING his wrist so he drops the gun.

North SLAMS HARD to the ground -- the security man POUNCING on him -- THROWING a gun in his face before he can get back to his feet.

Meanwhile -- Karina picks up North's fallen gun -- stands over him -- aims and without any remorse -- BANG! -- fires a bullet into North's right leg.

He WAILS like a banshee -- hand immediately going for the wound -- trying to stop the out pour of blood.

Karina then nods to the security men -- who hoist North up and DRAG HIM away -- his eyes rolling up into the back of his head -- about to pass out as we:

FLASHBACK -- EXT. UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY - DAY

*Graduation day in Annapolis. North -- dressed in a white Navy uniform -- and with a clean military buzz-cut -- stands proudly with his fellow graduates -- listening to the COMMENCEMENT SPEAKER -- his carefully chosen words about duty and honor ECHOING:*

COMMENCEMENT SPEAKER  
 -- you must be unwavering -- and hold yourselves up to the highest personal and professional standards of honor, duty and service. The ideals of the Navy, the ideals of the U.S. armed forces, the ideals of the best traditions of this great country.

IN THE STANDS:

*Ronni holding Drew in her arms. He clutches a mini-American flag. Waves it proudly.*

*The speaker soon wraps up -- and the graduates -- including North -- TOSS their hats up into the air -- as we CUT TO --*

THE BLINDING HOT SUN

Its rays being broken up by hundreds of trees as we travel underneath them -- staring up. This is the POV of:

NORTH

riding in an open top jeep -- wind whipping his hair. We're now:

EXT. JUNGLE ROAD - PRESENT

The jeep moves deep into the jungles of Ecuador -- heading toward the Columbian border.

EXT. JEEP - DAY

North sits in the back -- with Karina -- and another SECURITY MAN. Zapata sits up front -- imposing as all hell.

North looks down at his right leg. It's been bandaged -- but it still hurts like a bitch. North puts his hand on it. Winces. Karina looks over -- expressionless.

EXT. JUNGLE ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

As the jeep drives past -- tires spitting up dirt and mud.

EXT. JEEP - SAME

Scenery whipping past -- Karina dictates to North:

KARINA

Remember: any and all financial requests must be cleared by me. Only I can administer funds. Are we understood?

NORTH

I don't know. Are you gonna shoot me again?

KARINA

I'm sorry, but did you think just because I wear a skirt that I don't have the balls to put a round in you?

Turning -- to lock eyes with her:

NORTH

No, actually I think you got nothing but balls. You and your boss. 'Cause if you two knew a thing you'd know that I can't pull off miracles. I told Gutierrez: I haven't been inside a boat in years. You have to get him to let my son go. He's an 11 year-old kid. He's got --

KARINA

(cutting him off)

Gutierrez is a businessman -- and a good one. But only because when he makes promises -- he keeps them. And the promise he made is to deliver \$180 million worth of product to Florida.

(simply)

You will do this or you can be sure he will make good on the promise he made to you last night.

North -- silent -- turns his head away -- looking back out.

KARINA (CONT'D)

Now as I was saying, this operation is budgeted at \$5 million. The sub cost us three. That leaves two million you have to play with.

(off his silence)

Are you paying attention?

(hard to tell)

I said --

NORTH

What if I need more?

KARINA

You can't have more. The ceiling's two million. Besides, our engineer estimates you'll only need half that.

NORTH

(whipping back to her)

Engineer, what engineer?

KARINA  
 A Russian by the name of Spasky.  
 He'll be working with you to get  
 the sub ready to travel.

North turns his head away again -- looking back out. Karina examines his profile -- studying him -- then:

KARINA (CONT'D)  
 You should thank us you know.

North's head whips back to her -- flabbergasted.

KARINA (CONT'D)  
 (with irony)  
 We're giving you an opportunity to  
 be a father again.

Now it's Karina's turn to look forward -- leaving North to study her face.

A beat as he weighs her observation -- then turns back forward -- the two continuing on in silence -- as we GO TO --

EXT. JUNGLE ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

As the jeeps roars around a twist in the landscape. Then sputters to a stop.

EXT. JEEP - SAME

The driver and Zapata step out. North turns to Karina.

NORTH  
 We here?

KARINA  
 Far from it.

NORTH  
 Then why are we stopping?

KARINA  
 We're not. We're walking.

Off North -- CUT TO --

ALL BLACK

with only the occasional hint of texture piercing the darkness.

Over which we hear the sound of leaves CRACKING, mud SLUSHING and deep, labored BREATHING -- tired and spent.

EXT. JUNGLE ROAD - DUSK

As North -- BLINDFOLDED and LIMPING -- is led deeper in the jungle on foot. It's a long and arduous trek. Mosquitoes are EVERYWHERE.

He's sweating -- at the point of collapse -- and unable to see -- trips over a rock and crashes into mud -- his hands not able to shoot up in time to catch his fall. *SPLASH!*

Zapata and the other enforcers circle him. Chuckle. North -- face caked in mud -- weak -- mutters:

NORTH

Wa...ter.

An enforcer tosses Zapata a canteen. He dips it into a small mud puddle -- fills it with dirty water. Hands it to North. He chugs it down -- then quickly spits it up.

The others laugh some more. Zapata orders North to his feet.

A pair of hands HOIST him up -- as we GO TO --

EXT. MANGROVE SWAMPS - DUSK

The sun is just starting to set above mosquito-ridden marsh land.

North -- barely able to stand -- hours into the hike -- is led alongside a makeshift bridge of wooden planks over swamp water, following Zapata, Karina and the other cartel solders past:

SEVERAL CARTEL SENTRIES

toting black market AK-47's -- all muscle-bound and fitted with bullet belts -- smoking joints.

They eye North with scorn as he walks past -- his feet occasionally slipping into swamp -- before finally landing on hard land. Wherever he was being led to -- he's now there.

Zapata then puts a hand on North. Pushes him to a seat on the ground. Karina then hands him a canteen.

He hesitates -- then lets a drop touch his tongue. It's fresh water. North pours the entire canteen down his throat -- on his face -- refreshing as all hell.

Zapata then removes the blindfold from his eyes -- and North blinks his vision back into focus. Looks around.

NEW ANGLE -- NORTH'S POV

## A CARTEL CAMP

all built on raised platforms amidst the mangrove marsh, complete with sleeping quarters for the cartel soldiers, bathrooms and kitchens.

NORTH

Where are we?

Zapata only offers up:

ZAPATA

You're nowhere asshole. Up.

Another set of hands then help North up to his feet.

ZAPATA (CONT'D)

Go.

Zapata motions for North -- still wincing -- to continue forward. He walks on. Passes a group of HOSTAGES being escorted past him by cartel soldiers. Engineers. Ratty clothes. Barefoot. Gaunt figures. Look near death.

North eyes them -- is that what I'm gonna end up like?

A gun barrel to the back pushes North forward -- and he follows Karina deeper into the camp -- North looking up into the distance -- eyes widening as he arrives at:

## AN OUTDOOR SHIPYARD

fashioned out of tin -- camouflaged -- beside a RIVER. It's an odd sight. A warehouse in the middle of no where.

North stops a moment to regard the structure -- floored. Karina pauses when she realizes North has his feet planted. She looks back at him --

KARINA

This way.

-- and escorts him up to:

EXT. SHIPYARD - CONTINUOUS

Where North is met by a truly awesome image:

## A TARP-COVERED SUBMARINE

held up by heavy chains on platform -- above a ramp -- lit by floodlights.

North is taken aback by its sudden appearance -- staring up at the sub's outline -- in awe. It's one thing to see a submarine in a United States naval dock. Another in the middle of the Ecuadorian jungle.

NORTH  
(sotto)  
Jesus.

Standing underneath the leviathan bow --

KARINA  
This is her.

With that -- cartel soldiers yank back on ropes -- dropping the tarp to reveal:

A 70'S ERA USSR SUBMARINE (K-129)

and instantly -- any sense of awesomeness goes away. It's a fucking relic. An eyesore. More rust than boat. Even parts of the interior are exposed.

North now regards it with complete horror. How the fuck is he gonna make this work?

KARINA (CONT'D)  
So...what do you think?

He turns back to her.

NORTH  
Are you kidding?

No.

NORTH (CONT'D)  
What, you couldn't afford a kayak?

KARINA  
It's a Russian Golf II Class  
ballistic missile submarine --

NORTH  
I know what it's supposed to be --

KARINA  
-- part of the Ballistic Missile  
Division at Rybachiy. Diesel-  
electric powered. 2700 tons  
submerged. Speed: 15-17 knots  
Surface. 12-14 knots Submerged.

NORTH

Yeah, it's a regular Red October.  
Except for the part where it works  
underwater.

KARINA

When are you gonna realize --

NORTH

No way this is gonna work!

ZAPATA

(getting in his face)

Well you better figure out a way to  
make it work, pendejo.

NORTH

(not giving an inch)

What do you suggest? A little spit  
and polish? It's a fucking  
dinosaur! I don't care if you kill  
me! I don't care if you kill all of  
us! But you can't kill my son --

*WHACK!* Zapata strikes North across the face. Blood sprays  
from his nose as he hits the ground.

Zapata then stands over him -- COCKS a gun -- and levels it  
at his head -- about to fire when --

KARINA

*Enough!*

-- he releases his finger on the trigger. North's eyes re-  
open -- alive. Zapata looks to Karina -- who orders him to:

KARINA (CONT'D)

Show him.

Off North -- show me what? -- CUT TO --

EXT. MANGROVE SWAMPS - MOMENTS LATER

North is led by gun barrel to a wooden shack near the edge of  
the swamp. It's locked. Zapata inserts a key. Swings open the  
door. Flies BUZZ. The stench hits North like a fist to the  
face. He immediately GAGS.

KARINA

This man...also refused to do his  
job.

WE NEVER SEE WHAT'S INSIDE -- but North's reaction speaks  
volumes about what it could be. Something awful.

Off which -- QUICK CUT TO --

ANOTHER ANGLE -- NORTH -- SECONDS LATER

collapsing to his hands and knees -- dry-heaving into the swamp -- sickened beyond belief -- not even bothering to swat away the MOSQUITOS all around him.

A beat -- and Karina appears over him.

KARINA (CONT'D)

Now you see...what will happen to your son if you don't do yours.

Walking away --

KARINA (CONT'D)

You have 8 days.

Off North -- green -- GO TO --

EXT. PENAL GARCÍA MORENO - NIGHT

Guard tower lights cast shifting shadows across Ecuador's infamous maximum security prison. An absolute hell hole.

A government-issued SUV comes roaring up. GUARDS perched on rooftops with assault weapons take notice as the SUV stops. Doors swings open.

Out steps -- Daniel Leon and Bowman -- who looks up at the prison -- then heads inside.

INT. PENAL GARCÍA MORENO - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

A rusty steel door BUZZES open. Prison guards escort Bowman and Leon down a dingy stone corridor.

DANIEL LEON

I don't know what you expect him to tell you. They picked him up en route. He doesn't know where the sub launched from.

BOWMAN

That doesn't mean he doesn't know where it came from.

With that -- they round a corner -- and we GO TO --

INT. PENAL GARCÍA MORENO - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Where we find Ortega (the surviving smuggler) -- in prison yellow -- sitting in a steel chair -- under a lone light.

Bowman stares him down from across the room -- hands behind his back. Leon keeps watch in the corner -- silent.

BOWMAN

You know what a Shellback  
Initiation is?

(off Ortega's silence)

It's a rite of passage -- when a sailor crosses the equator for the first time -- his or her shipmates give 'em a small hazing. Now today's Navy frowns on this -- and in a moment you're gonna see why -- but in my day it was the best way to test a new sailor's ability to withstand long, hard days at sea. Me? I was given ten lashes across my back with a wet rope. But if I made a sound -- another ten were added.

Bowman then reveals what's behind his back:

A COIL OF WET ROPE

which he unrolls down to the cold cement floor -- dripping. Ortega eyes the rope -- which Bowman walks behind him -- under:

BOWMAN (CONT'D)

My initiation went on for almost two hours...I screamed every minute 'til I passed out. But I don't have that sorta time, so we're gonna do the opposite. You're gonna tell me where your sub got its sonar and other equipment and if you keep quiet...well...

Bowman's face tightens --

BOWMAN (CONT'D)

...that's an extra ten lashes,  
isn't it?

-- and he SWINGS DOWN the rope --

ORTEGA

OKAY, OKAY!

-- SMACKING IT HARD against the floor -- with a resounding BOOOM! Off Ortega -- heart about to explode -- GO TO --

A STEEL DOOR

being swung open -- Bowman and Leon stepping out into:

INT. PENAL GARCÍA MORENO - HALLWAY - LATER

Where they make their way swiftly toward the exit -- under:

BOWMAN

Get me everything you can on the cargo ship "Achuar". Specs -- blueprints -- the whole layout.

DANIEL LEON

I know someone who owes me a favor.

BOWMAN

Good. We're gonna do a little shopping on the black market.

DANIEL LEON

The Navy really give you all those lashes?

BOWMAN

(shaking his head "no")  
Worse. They made me sing "Anchors Aweigh" in drag.

Leon smirks -- and off that -- WE HEAR what sounds like a STAMPEDE -- as we GO TO --

RAINDROPS

pounding a tin roof. We're:

EXT. SHIPYARD - NIGHT

North stands in the shadow of the Russian sub -- staring her down -- taking her all in -- as CARTEL GUNMEN keep a watchful eye nearby.

NOTE: we will always feel their presence -- suggesting that North has ZERO chance of escape. GO TO --

A SERIES OF CUTS

in which North examines the sub -- MUSIC DRIVING US --

1) North positions himself underneath the forward trim tank. Bangs the body with his fist. Metal shards sprinkle down. He looks defeated.

2) North checks out the main ballast tanks. Sees it's sustained heavy rusting damage. Corroded. Fuck.

3) North examines the tail planes. Tries to turn them with his hands. They don't budge -- as they should. He can't believe it.

4) North takes in a large gape in the hull -- and welds that need rust-proofing. Can it get worse?

5) North switches on a flashlight. The beam immediately dims. North gives the flashlight a smack. The beam resumes at full brightness.

North climbs up a ladder to reach the sub's aft hatch. Drops down into:

INT. K-129 - VARIOUS - CONTINUOUS

Pitch-black. The only illumination comes from North's flashlight as he steps down a rusty metal ladder -- dropping into the sub passageway -- feet ECHOING as he stomps down onto the metal deck plates.

The air is thick. Stale. North moves the beam up and down the claustrophobic catwalk -- back and front. Casts light on 70's-era instrument panels -- a "CCCP" logo -- broken valve cranks. Dust dances.

The sub is a GHOST SHIP.

North continues his tour through the sub -- horrified as he sees its condition from the inside: exposed pipes; wiring; ceiling drips -- before his beam finds:

A CORAL SNAKE

slithering across a RADAR OPERATOR'S DESK -- and over a HEADSET -- covered in cobwebs. North eventually finds his way into:

INT. K-129 - NAV BRIDGE - MOMENTS LATER

Like the rest of the sub -- a fossil. Timeworn tech. Breached piping. Weathered consoles.

North looks around -- taking inventory. Scorpions crawl across a sonar scope. He shakes his head. Fuck.

Moving the beam around -- taking in the bridge -- the first time he's been on one in years -- his brow starts to SWEAT and his heart begins to POUND.

He used to feel at home on a bridge -- but now everything feels CLAUSTROPHOBIC.

NEW ANGLE -- NORTH'S POV

as things start to get HAZY -- without FOCUS -- BLURRY.

North STUMBLES. Unsteady legs. Has to hold up his hand to the low ceiling -- to center himself.

VOICE (O.S.)

I had a very similar reaction to these circumstances myself.

North quickly WHIPS AROUND -- flashlight beam catching:

SPASKY

Russian. 60's. Salt and pepper ratty hair and beard. Vodka for blood.

SPASKY

Feeling like I had to hold up the sky cause it was falling.

NORTH

Who are you?

SPASKY

I'm Spasky. The engineer.

Spasky's hand finds a lever. Turns it up. There's a loud ELECTRICAL HUM as the yellow bridge lights turn on -- giving us our first real look at Spasky. Instantly we notice:

SPASKY'S BARE FEET

are horribly BURN-SCARRED. North's mind immediately goes to torture. Spasky sees this. Corrects him.

SPASKY (CONT'D)

Oh, no. This isn't recent. July 26, 1978. My first commission aboard the *Lenok*. There was an electrical fire in engine room. Right place, wrong time. Current went straight through feet. Set my shoes on fire. I haven't worn a pair since.

(smiling; proud)

But you better believe I still put fire out.

North shuts off the flashlight. Spasky shakes his hand.

SPASKY (CONT'D)

So what do you think of her?

NORTH

I think we don't have to worry about submerging.

SPASKY

Don't let her looks fool you. In '73, this sub came within ten miles of your radar stations in the Arctic Circle without so much as a BLIP on their screens. In a weird way, being here...like being home. She just needs love. I already made some headway with navigation. And crew, believe it or not, is pretty decent.

NORTH

What about sonar?

SPASKY

Still have some kinks to work out there. Communication's shot too. Unless you count antique in radio room. But all it sounds out is static.

NORTH

No, but we're not gonna be talking to anyone anyway. How's the propulsion?

SPASKY

Should be fine if we don't run into trouble. Same can't be said about engines though. Or transmission.

NORTH

Perfect. Any other good news?

SPASKY

I'm also a tremendous drunk.

North flinches.

SPASKY (CONT'D)

But don't worry. I'll have her ready to launch in time.

INT. K-129 - VARIOUS - MOMENTS LATER

As Spasky leads North toward the engine room -- passing various compartments: radio room -- state rooms -- missile compartments -- torpedo room -- under:

SPASKY

I've read your file. You had quite an impressive run. Short. But impressive.

Stepping underneath some hanging wires:

SPASKY (CONT'D)

It's a shame you had to throw it away.

NORTH

I don't wanna talk about it.

SPASKY

Is it because of what happened to your wife?

North stops -- spins -- and gets into his face:

NORTH

I said I don't wanna talk about it.

SPASKY

Hey. Same side, friend.

NORTH

Bullshit, friend. I'm only doing this because if I don't they're gonna kill my son. You're working with them.

SPASKY

You're wrong. I am just like you. I was traded.

Off North's confusion:

SPASKY (CONT'D)

I owe a man back in Russia. He does dealings with Gutierrez. He agreed to pay my debt -- if I come do this for him. I'm trapped here too.

North pauses -- understanding -- then turns back around and continues on. Off Spasky --

INT. K-129 - ENGINE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

As North and Spasky enter -- coming face to face with the sub's massive twin diesel-electronic engines.

SPASKY

Now as I say: the engines are technically in working order. But can't be pushed. You must baby them, understand?

North nods and looks over the various instrument panels, valves and depth gauges -- all labeled in RUSSIAN. It all seems OVERWHELMING -- and North soon tunes everything out. In his own head.

SPASKY (CONT'D)

(off his silence)

Captain?

Snapping out of it --

NORTH

Yeah?

SPASKY

I said you can't force engines too hard.

NORTH

Yeah, right. So this crew I've inherited --

SPASKY

Lemme guess. Where did they come from?

(North nods)

Everywhere. Ex-Ecuadorian Navy. Coast Guard. They earn up to 10,000 Euros a day. It's like winning lottery down here.

(then)

Which is in many ways is what Gutierrez must feel like finding someone like you in hell hole like this.

NORTH

What's that mean?

SPASKY

It means this has to work for him. Gutierrez is a wounded fish. Your Coast Guard has been mounting pressure. His operation is bleeding cash. Other cartels are like sharks, smelling blood in water, circling him.

(MORE)

SPASKY (CONT'D)  
But this run could generate  
millions in new monies for him. And  
with monies comes security.

NORTH  
But only if the sub gets to  
America.

SPASKY  
(correcting him)  
Only if you get sub to America.

Off North -- clocking that -- GO TO --

EXT. CARTEL CAMP - NIGHT

Tomb-like silence. A thin mist looms over the swamp.

INT. SHACK - NIGHT

CLOSE ON -- A HANDCUFF

locked around North's right wrist -- and connected by a long  
chain to a bolt in the wall.

NEW ANGLE -- NORTH

lying on the dirt floor -- heavy eyes staring at something:

NEW ANGLE -- HIS WEDDING BAND

He pauses -- reflecting -- then lays head down -- falling  
asleep -- as we GO TO --

FLASH -- RONNI

*kissing North in bed -- passionate love-marking.*

FLASH -- A JEEP

*speeding down a Georgia highway.*

FLASH -- THAT SPINNING GLOBE

*still going round and round -- just starting to slow.*

FLASH -- NORTH

*behind the wheel of the jeep -- Ronni beside him, sleeping.*

FLASH -- THE SPINNING GLOBE

*slowing...slowing...slowing...STOPPING on --*

*FLASH -- NORTH*

*asleep at the wheel -- getting woken up by Ronni -- just as a SEMI-TRUCK comes right at their car.*

*North -- HOLY FUCK! -- wakes right up -- but it's too late to turn -- and a split-second before the moment of impact -- we CUT FAST TO --*

PRESENT

as North JERKS AWAKE -- snapped out of a nightmare.

INT. SHACK - NIGHT

North is in a cold sweat. Takes him a moment to place himself. Fuck. He's still here. Of course. Where else would he be? CUT TO --

EXT. PORT OF ESMERALDAS - DAY

Establishing: an industrial seaport on the Pacific coast, dotted with warehouses and rusty CARGO SHIPS. CUT TO --

A METAL DETECTOR WAND

being run over Bowman's body. We're now:

INT. CARGO SHIP "ACHUAR" - DECK - DAY

Where Bowman is being checked for weapons by a large MERCENARY -- dressed all in black -- with combat-toned muscles -- and wielding a Spanish CETME assault weapon.

INT. CARGO SHIP "ACHUAR" - STAIRWELL - MOMENTS LATER

As Bowman is escorted down a rusty staircase -- he eyes SEVERAL GUNMEN keeping watch -- armed to the teeth -- and holding back mean-looking ROTTWEILERS on chains -- BARKING like mad.

He soon arrives at a heavy steel door. The merc leading him knocks twice on the hatch -- which then opens up. Bowman steps through the open door to arrive:

INT. CARGO SHIP "ACHUAR" - HOLD - CONTINUOUS

Lit by fluorescents. A black market arms bazaar is in progress -- set up like a flea market -- with multiple tables and vendors hawking illegal weaponry to a VARIETY OF BUYERS: BLACKWATER-TYPES; AFRICAN REBELS; UKRAINIAN MAFIA.

Bowman heads down one of the aisles -- holding back his composure as he soaks in -- on the tables -- for sale: RPG's;

CANISTERS OF NERVE GAS; MISSILE-JAMMING TECHNOLOGY; DOUBLE-ENFORCED ARMOR PLATING FOR CARS AND PLANES; STINGER MISSILES.

Bowman arrives at a "booth" -- where a small portable TV is playing an instructional video on American submarine sonar technology -- and stops. Looks up at the vendor:

HENRY SPICER

a South African national. 43. Ex-National Intelligence Service (NIS). Chrome-head. Chewing on an apple.

BOWMAN

You Spicer?

HENRY SPICER

I know you?

BOWMAN

Diego Ortega referred me. Said you were the one to talk to about sub tech.

HENRY SPICER

Diego Ortega was right. Welcome to my shop.

Bowman looks down at his table -- sees various submarine equipment.

BOWMAN

This all?

HENRY SPICER

(scoffs)

What more do you need?

BOWMAN

I'm looking for a Voyage Management System, a Sonar 2087 and a Type 2193 mine countermeasure made to retrofit a 30 meter long submersible.

HENRY SPICER

I can get you the VMS -- but I just sold off my last MCM and Sonar 2087.

BOWMAN

Who too? Maybe I can make a better offer.

Spicer's about to respond -- when he clocks:

DANIEL LEON

stepping up behind Bowman -- obviously backing him up.

RESUME SPICER:

reacting to the sight of Leon. Immediately pegs him as a cop.

Bowman picks up on this -- fuck! why did he crowd him? -- and Spicer immediately draws a Smith & Wesson Model 686 -- aims it at Bowman --

-- who ACTIVATES -- TOSSING Spicer's table back at him. The arms dealer JUMPS BACK -- CALLING OUT for back-up to:

THE MERCENARIES

keeping security over the room. They immediately aim Heckler & Koch MP5K's at Bowman and Leon who DIVE FOR COVER behind the over-turned desk as the mercs OPEN FIRE -- UNLEASHING A FURY OF BULLETS at them.

Everyone in the room SCATTERS -- RACING FOR THE EXITS.

Bowman finds a gun on the floor -- having fallen off the table. Grabs it. Starts shooting back at the mercs -- while clocking:

SPICER

hauling ass through an exit door.

BOWMAN (CONT'D)  
He's heading Port side!

DANIEL LEON  
(seeing this)  
GO, GO!!

Leon then trades Bowman's gun for his WALKIE and starts laying down COVER FIRE -- giving Bowman the opening to CHARGE across the room -- bullets chasing him -- as he slips through the same door that Spicer just ran through.

Off Leon -- trading bullets with the mercs -- GO TO --

INT. CARGO SHIP "ACHUAR" - CORRIDOR - SAME

As Spicer SPRINTS down the hallway -- arms pumping --

NEW ANGLE -- BOWMAN

right on his ass -- not stopping -- while BARKING into Leon's walkie-talkie -- calling back-up:

BOWMAN

Breach, breach! Port side, four  
levels down, last door before the  
cargo hold!

EXT. PORT OF ESMERALDAS - SAME

As a fleet of ECUADORIAN ANTI-NARCOTICS VANS screech up to the cargo ship -- SWAT OFFICERS pouring out -- racing up the plank to the Achuar -- on their way to back up Leon -- WE GO BACK TO --

INT. CARGO SHIP "ACHUAR" - CORRIDOR - SAME

Where we pick-up the chase again: Spicer vs. Bowman -- with the American refusing to let his age stop him -- HAND-HELD MADNESS as he CHARGES after Spicer -- who just reaches:

EXT. CARGO SHIP "ACHUAR" - REAR DECK - CONTINUOUS

Where he makes a desperate attempt to climb down a rope ladder over the side -- to the dock below.

Bowman arrives -- looks down over the deck railing -- and sees Spicer is half-way to the dock. He turns around to find:

A WOODEN AXE

mounted to the wall behind him -- in case of emergencies.

He quickly yanks it off the wall and SWINGS it down onto the rope ladder -- SEVERING it in two -- causing Spicer to PLUMMET OFF THE SIDE OF THE BOAT -- his body SMACKING HARD onto the dock -- right on his back.

NEW ANGLE -- BOWMAN -- SECONDS LATER

as he appears over Spicer -- moaning in agony -- any number of bones broken.

BOWMAN

Now...wanna tell me who you sold it  
to?

Off Spicer -- HOWLING in agony -- GO TO --

FULL SCREEN -- A PHOTO OF KARINA

on a computer monitor -- along with a corresponding bio.

INT. ANTI-NARCOTICS UNIT - BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

Where we see Bowman and Leon hovered over the computer monitor with Karina's picture on it.

DANIEL LEON

Her name's Karina Moreno. 28. Juvie record: dope, possession, grand theft auto.

BOWMAN

A wild child.

DANIEL LEON

With an IQ north of 200. She cleaned herself up -- then put herself through university.

BOWMAN

With whose help? I don't think she qualified for student aid.

DANIEL LEON

(checking a file)

Alejandro Juan Gutierrez.

Bingo. Bowman -- eyeing her photo:

BOWMAN

I want round the clock on her. Any luck -- she's gonna bring us right to one of the bastard's subs.

Off which -- music SPIKES -- and we CUT TO --

EXT. SHIPYARD - DAY

A SERIES OF CUTS

in which we see North and Spasky work on the sub's exterior, backed by a YARD CREW of local workers:

- 1) Using a welding torch, North plates over a hole on the deck.
- 2) Local workers slather a rust proofing compound over the leviathan bow.
- 3) Spasky patches up more holes underneath the forward trim tank.
- 4) North supervises workers replacing the propeller with one fashioned out of fiberglass.
- 5) Spasky patches up corrosion on the Forward Hydropane. Makes repairs to the forward ballast tanks.

Music CONTINUES -- as we GO TO --

INT. K-129 - VARIOUS - LATER

As the crew works to fix up the sub -- storing cables and putting away electrical wires. North walks up -- pleased with the progress.

The ship is being resurrected before our eyes.

INT. K-129 - ENGINE ROOM - LATER

Where we find North -- covered in grease -- flashlight between his teeth -- on his back -- underneath an instrument panel -- consulting a manual -- while connecting and reconnecting a knot of wires until all the consoles COME TO LIFE -- lighting up -- engine HUMMING.

He sits back up -- now bathed in the glow of the room's red lights -- pleased -- as we END MUSIC -- and CUT TO --

EXT. SHIPYARD - MAGIC

The sky getting dark -- surrendering the blue. North sits on the ground -- across from the sub -- being painted with a camouflage design of black and green.

She's far from ready -- but she leaps and bounds better than when we first laid eyes on her.

North takes a moment to bask in its advancement. A shadow falls on his back.

VOICE (O.S.)

You're making good progress.

North looks back at:

KARINA

standing over his shoulder. He faces front again.

NORTH

She's coming along.

KARINA

Wasn't talking about the boat.

North pauses.

KARINA (CONT'D)

Did you always know...that you were going to be a Navy officer?

NORTH

I'm not a Navy officer.

KARINA  
I mean before.

NORTH  
(turning around)  
Before what, I became a drug  
runner?

He looks back to the charts. Shakes his head.

NORTH (CONT'D)  
Not in the slightest. I was a  
fucking terror as a kid. Had a  
sheet the length of my right arm by  
the time I was 12. When I was 13,  
my step-monster shipped me off to  
military school to straighten me  
out. I ran away three times --  
doin' shit -- just begging them to  
kick me out. But that's the thing  
about the military. It takes a lot  
for them to give up on you.

His voice trails off. She says nothing -- and goes to leave  
when --

NORTH (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
This isn't gonna work.

She stops. Looks back. He turns around.

NORTH (CONT'D)  
We don't have a snowball's chance  
in hell. The sub's not ready. I'm  
not ready. But the United States  
Coast Guard? They are ready. This  
is not gonna work.

Karina studies him -- then:

KARINA  
You know, Gutierrez was wrong about  
something.  
(beat)  
You do care about dying.

North turns to her.

KARINA (CONT'D)  
I knew the night I met you. The way  
your eyes looked when I shot you.  
They were so afraid. Just like they  
are now.

North looks away.

KARINA (CONT'D)

No it's good. Means you're happy  
you're still alive...even if you've  
forgotten how to be.

With that -- she walks away. North watches her go -- as we  
CUT TO --

NAUTICAL CHARTS

displaying the East Coast of the United States and the  
Atlantic Ocean.

EXT. CARTEL CAMP - LATER

Where we find North going over the charts with Spasky and his  
FIVE MAN SUB CREW. Zapata keeps watch nearby.

NORTH

The US usually keeps patrols here  
at bearings: 2-6-9, 2-6-3 and  
another group at 2-6-8. Now diesel-  
powered subs are slower than  
nuclear powered vessels but they're  
also much harder to detect.

A crewman, MALTA, speaks up:

MALTA

What's your plan for the Atlantic  
sonar nets?

NORTH

Standard procedure. Avoid and  
evade. If we trip up any radars,  
we're not gonna out-run anyone and  
we're not gonna out-gun anyone. But  
we don't need speed if we have  
stealth.

(makes a mark in the  
chart)

So we'll go slow and hold course  
bearing 0-0-5 the whole way home.

We see -- on the chart -- that he plans on steering the sub  
directly to a spot off Florida.

NORTH (CONT'D)

Now Gutierrez's man in the Coast  
Guard is supposed to open up a door  
for us here. As long as he holds up  
his end...

He can't bring himself to finish -- because there really isn't any guarantee.

Another crewman, MONTALVO, asks perhaps the most obvious question:

MONTALVO

What happens if we do trip up a radar?

North looks at him. Doesn't have an answer. Better not to give a fake one. So he moves on -- continuing:

NORTH

Let's finish up.

NEW ANGLE -- THE SKY

directly above their heads. We notice something. A glimmer. A shiny star in an otherwise all-blue sky. What the hell is that?

REVERSE ANGLE --

and we're now looking down on the entire cartel camp through the lens of a KH-12 spy satellite -- which is constantly SNAPPING AWAY PHOTOGRAPHS of the swamps.

FULL SCREEN -- A SERIES OF FREEZE FRAMES

of the camp. *CLICK* -- the sub under repair. *CLICK* -- gunmen keeping watch. *CLICK* -- North seemingly in charge.

Off which -- CUT TO --

SURVEILLANCE PHOTOGRAPHS

being spread across a table. We're back:

INT. ANTI-NARCOTICS UNIT - NIGHT

Where Bowman and Leon go over the pics.

DANIEL LEON

(focusing on a shot of the sub)

That doesn't look like any narco sub I've seen before.

BOWMAN

It's not. It's a Russian Golf II Class.

Leon looks at Bowman.

BOWMAN (CONT'D)

(explaining)

My first boat, I worked sonar. Played hide and seek with one through this thermal front in the Norwegian Sea. After five days hunting her, Captain Miller had to threaten me with the brig if I didn't get some sleep -- but I was like a dog with a bone.

DANIEL LEON

What happened?

BOWMAN

I was young. Slipped up. Lost her tail.

(ironic smile)

Found her now though.

Leon looks at Bowman -- studying him:

DANIEL LEON

I need to ask...what made you trade the Navy for the Coast Guard, señor?

Bowman pauses -- then reveals:

BOWMAN

My best friend. We grew up together. Went to school together. Followed the same path pretty much step for step since we were sixteen.

(beat)

Until he changed and one weekend got so strung out on heroin and crystal meth that he mistook my .45 for a cigarette lighter and blew his brains over my living room wall.

Beat.

BOWMAN (CONT'D)

It scared me. How it changes you.

Beat.

BOWMAN (CONT'D)

And after the funeral, sitting with his mom and baby sister, I made a vow to them, to me, to do whatever I could to make sure it didn't change anyone else again.

Leon nods -- understanding. Pause then:

BOWMAN (CONT'D)

What about you?

Leon thinks -- then shrugs:

DANIEL LEON

Anti-narcotics officers get the best bribes.

Bowman smiles. Leon chuckles. Just then -- Bowman notices North in one of the photos. His eyes narrow.

BOWMAN

Holy shit.

DANIEL LEON

What?

BOWMAN

No fucking way.

Bowman quickly grabs a nearby glass of water and puts it over the photo like a magnifying glass to get a better look at North.

BOWMAN (CONT'D)

Son of a bitch.

DANIEL LEON

Don't tell me you know him.

BOWMAN

(nodding)

Third row -- fifth seat from the window.

Off Leon's look:

BOWMAN (CONT'D)

They used to have me teach at the Naval Academy. Experiential Leadership. This kid was a rock star. I recommended him for his first officers' commission. Name's John North.

DANIEL LEON  
What happened to him?

BOWMAN  
Way I heard it: he was on leave one night. Was driving home with his wife. Fell asleep at the wheel. Drove right into a semi. He ended up in a coma. Wife wasn't so lucky. Afterwards, North just circled the drain. Couldn't handle the pressure anymore. Washed out. Fled the country.

DANIEL LEON  
And right into Gutierrez's employ.  
What does this mean for us?

BOWMAN  
It means we gotta work fast to bring this traitor in before he gets this sub in the water cause I'm telling you -- if he's half the skipper he was? He's gone.

Off which -- CUT TO --

EXT. CARTEL CAMP - DAWN

Pin-drop quiet. Air rich with anticipation. We're mere hours before the main sub launch.

We hear a loud WHOOSH -- as we GO TO --

INT. SHACK - MORNING

As North shoots up into frame -- from a small basin -- water dripping down his face. He regards his reflection in a small mirror. Hates it. Knows it's the face of someone who can't pull this off.

He looks down. He's been given a set of SCISSORS. He picks them up. Grabs a lock of his hair.

Starts cutting.

And cutting. And cutting. Hundreds of hairs sprinkle to the floor and in the end -- North's hair is back to its military length.

Fuck, if he looks like a Navy man again.

EXT. SHACK - MOMENTS LATER

As North steps out of the shack -- TWO CARTEL GUNMEN waiting to escort him away -- at gunpoint. But he breezes right past them -- and up to Karina.

NORTH

I wanna make a phone call.

She looks at him -- out of the question.

NORTH (CONT'D)

I wanna make a phone call or I'm not stepping one foot on that boat.

Karina studies him.

KARINA

Is that an order, Captain?

North says nothing. A beat -- then:

KARINA (CONT'D)

Alright...one phone call.

EXT. FLORIDA TRAILER PARK - MORNING

Depressing as hell. Scattered double-wide trailers. A dog barks.

INT. FLORIDA TRAILER - SAME

Where SOSA -- a drug cartel enforcer in a wife-beater with a mean-looking tat on the back of his bald head -- smokes a cigarette while watching TV. A phone BUZZES. Sosa answers.

SOSA

(listens)

Si...si.

He rises -- heads over to the closet -- camera following him. He slides open the door -- revealing:

DREW

still inside -- malnourished -- a dirty bucket in the corner.

EXT. CARTEL CAMP - SAME

As Zapata hands the phone to North -- who then -- under the watchful ever-present eyes of Karina and cartel gunmen:

NORTH

Hello?

Nothing.

NORTH (CONT'D)

Drew?

Just STATIC -- a bad connection -- then:

DREW (V.O.)

(weak)

Hello?

North immediately exhales -- relieved.

NORTH

Are you alright?

But before he can answer -- Zapata's in North's face.

ZAPATA

This isn't a conversation.

North shoots Zapata a look to freeze fire -- then backs off.

NORTH

(after slight hesitation)

Look, uh...I'm so sorry about...

I'm...just know that you're gonna  
be okay.

INT. TRAILER - SAME

With Drew -- phone to his ear -- shivering -- sick.

RESUME NORTH:

as he takes another beat -- gathering his words -- knowing that this could be his last chance to talk to his boy:

NORTH

I...I just want you to know that,  
uh, I don't blame you for hating  
me.

(beat)

Ronni...your mom...she was...

He pauses -- emotion rising.

NORTH (CONT'D)

God I don't know if this is easier  
or harder now.

Another beat.

FLASH -- THAT SPINNING GLOBE

RESUME NORTH:

NORTH (CONT'D)

I, uhh, did I...ever tell you how we picked where to go for our honeymoon? We had this old globe, right? And your mom one night just spun it around and around and around and closed her eyes and just pointed and wherever it landed, that's where we we're gonna go.

(beat; smiling)

I don't know how she convinced me to let her do it that way but I'm glad she did because those four days we spent in Quito...I think I spent more time laughing than I ever had in my life.

We PUSH IN on North's face -- tears welling.

NORTH (CONT'D)

It was, uhh...a perfect memory.

(beat)

We, she was so perfect.

NEW ANGLE -- KARINA

listening -- taking it all in.

RESUME NORTH:

as he opens up his deepest scar:

NORTH (CONT'D)

I killed her, Drew. I killed your mom.

His eyes close -- overwhelmed:

NORTH (CONT'D)

And then I killed myself. I killed our family. I just ran away -- and hid from everyone who cared. From you. I couldn't feel anything.

(beat)

I didn't want to feel anything.

(beat)

And I just didn't think I could be the father you needed.

RESUME KARINA:

and we start to see it in her face -- she's becoming emotionally affected by the story.

RESUME NORTH:

NORTH (CONT'D)  
But I realize now...I should've stayed. A man would've stayed.

RESUME DREW:

tears streaming down his face.

RESUME NORTH:

NORTH (CONT'D)  
(beat)  
I'm sorry...I'm so...sorry...

His voice trails off -- and after a beat --

NORTH (CONT'D)  
I just needed you to know that.

RESUME DREW:

overwhelmed -- but grateful to hear his dad's words.

RESUME NORTH:

as Zapata steps up to him. Orders:

ZAPATA  
Let's go.

NORTH  
I gotta go now, Drew.

RESUME DREW:

NORTH (V.O.)  
But I promise...

RESUME NORTH:

as he makes a vow to himself -- and his son -- determined:

NORTH  
I'm gonna see you soon. I'm gonna see you real soon.

With that -- North hands the phone back to Zapata -- then starts heading toward the sub -- as we GO TO --

EXT. SHIPYARD - MOMENTS LATER

As the chains holding up the sub are released -- DROPPING the sub down the ramp -- and into the river. SPLASHDOWN!

INT. ANTI-NARCOTICS UNIT - INTERCUTTING

As Bowman, Leon and a room of ECUADORIAN MARINES load assault weapons and slip on Kevlar -- ready for war -- as we CUT TO --

INT. K-129 - TURBINE COMPARTMENT - INTERCUTTING

As cartel workers load \$180 million worth of COCAINE.

INT. K-129 - PASSAGEWAY - DAY

As North drops down into the sub from the aft hatch.

Workers are busy storing the last of the cluttered electrical wires hanging everywhere as North heads down the catwalk -- camera TRACKING HIM -- as he steps up to:

A CLOSED HATCH

and he pauses -- taking a moment -- closing his eyes. Silent prayer?

A beat -- then he takes the handle -- and swings open the hatch -- stepping through it to arrive:

INT. K-129 - NAV BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Where he sees his makeshift crew is already at their stations -- flipping switches -- checking gauges.

CAMERA PANS AROUND North -- taking it all in. Jesus, he can't believe he's about to command a sub.

And he can't take it -- suddenly overwhelmed. Stage fright. This is too much for him -- his vision starting to get BLURRED again.

Off North -- sweating -- weak -- CUT FAST TO --

EXT. CARTEL CAMP - MOMENTS LATER

As North throws up his breakfast -- HEAVING at the base of a tree. He then spits -- and wipes the excess throw-up from his mouth.

A beat -- as he holds his position -- hand on the tree -- all that's keeping him from collapsing.

For a moment -- he just stands there -- mind still reeling.

But then he hears something -- faint -- almost from elsewhere.

He turns his head -- peering out into the swamp beyond.

NEW ANGLE -- NORTH'S POV

nothing but mosquitoes and marshland.

RESUME NORTH:

as his eyes narrow. Does he see something we don't?

RESUME NORTH'S POV:

zeroing in on a patch of marshland -- seemingly darker than the swamp around it.

What the hell is that? We're not sure at first -- but then it moves -- and we realize -- just as North does -- it's:

AN ECUADORIAN MARINE

in full camouflage and body armor -- taking up position with a Colt Commando.

North just has enough time to react before -- MACHINE GUNFIRE RINGS OUT -- on the other side of the camp -- North whipping around to see:

CARTEL GUNMEN

trading heavy GUNFIRE with advancing Ecuadorian soldiers. *RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT!*

IT'S AN ALL OUT BATTLE -- the two formidable sides unloading HUNDREDS OF ROUNDS at the other.

*BOOOOOOOOOM!* -- AN EXPLOSION RIPS through one of the housing shacks -- SPLINTERING it to pieces. *BOOOOOOOOOM!* -- ANOTHER BLAST takes out the outdoor kitchen.

ZAPATA

screams orders to his men to fight -- refusing to be taken alive as --

-- North -- dodging gunfire -- looks around -- sees the back of a cartel soldier firing mercilessly at the Ecuadorian officers -- and in that moment makes his move -- RUSHING toward the gunmen -- praying he won't turn around before --

-- *WHAM!* -- he BARRELS into him from behind -- TACKLING the gunmen to the ground.

North then grabs a ROCK -- and when the soldier turns over to fight back -- *WHACK!* -- North CLOCKS him across the face with the rock -- knocking him unconscious.

North then grabs the cartel soldier's Heckler & Koch. Rises. Just then --

-- *BOOOOOOOOOOM!* -- another EXPLOSION -- right at his feet. He gets thrown backwards -- landing a few feet behind where he just was -- in a shower of dirt and mud -- FLATTENING HARD against the ground.

He blinks -- head SPINNING -- ears RINGING. He's alive. But barely. All around him --

CARTEL GUNMEN AND ECUADORIAN MARINES

are DROPPING -- taking heavy fire on both sides.

NEW ANGLE -- DANIEL LEON

firing from behind one of the shacks -- bullets splintering the wood -- sending up chunks.

NEW ANGLE -- KARINA

hiding behind the sub -- bullets exploding all around her -- striking the boat -- sending up SPARKS -- as:

BOWMAN

aims through his Colt AR-15 Law Enforcement Carbine. Starts SPRAYING at various cartel gunmen -- PICKING THEM OFF.

A GAS TANK gets pierced -- *BOOOOOOOOOOM!* -- sends a fireball up to the heavens.

NEW ANGLE -- SPASKY

also dodging the gunfire. A cartel soldier drops dead in front of him.

RESUME NORTH:

still on the ground where we left him -- ears still buzzing -- trying to regain his bearings when:

ZAPATA

reaches down -- and YANKS him up to his feet -- SCREAMING:

ZAPATA  
LET'S GO -- MOVE!

Zapata then starts DRAGGING the limp North with him -- back to the sub as:

THE ECUADORIAN MARINES

start getting the upper-hand -- out-manning and out-gunning the cartel soldiers -- as we --

RESUME NORTH:

being pulled over to K-129 -- Zapata forcing him at gunpoint to climb up to the aft hatch -- bullets BURSTING around him.

RESUME BOWMAN:

watching from afar -- as North and Zapata make their way into the sub through the aft hatch.

He SCREAMS over the gunfire -- back to Leon:

BOWMAN

They're gonna try to run!

BANG! A bullet strikes Bowman in the chest -- and he drops.

BOWMAN (CONT'D)

AHH!

POP WIDE --

and we see the gunfight continuing from above -- hundreds of rounds and grenades trading sides as --

-- *VRROOOOOOM!* -- AN ATTACK HELICOPTER buzzes the swamp from above -- as we GO TO --

INT. K-129 - PASSAGEWAY - SAME

As North DROPS down into the catwalk -- Zapata right behind him -- PUSHING him to hurry down the corridor --

ZAPATA

GO, GO, TAKE US DOWN OR YOU'RE  
FUCKING DEAD!

-- and into:

INT. K-129 - NAV BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Where he's forced to take immediate command of the submarine -  
- brushing past:

KARINA

moving out of his way -- into the corner -- North storming up to Malta -- at the forward controls.

But he doesn't know what to do -- still unsure of his capabilities -- FROZEN until --

-- *CLICK!* -- Zapata puts a gun to his temple.

ZAPATA  
I said take us down!

Snapping out of it --

NORTH  
Alright, alright --

-- back to Malta:

NORTH (CONT'D)  
-- set cruising depth -- all ahead  
two-thirds.

UNDERWATER:

bullets slice through water as the twin screws spin --

EXT. MANGROVE SWAMPS - SAME

-- and the submarine surges ahead -- the GUNFIGHT still on-going -- as we ANGLE --

BOWMAN

still on the ground -- gasping for breath -- as he reaches to his chest -- and RIPS off his shirt to reveal:

A KEVLAR VEST

INT. K-129 - NAV BRIDGE - SAME

Where North fights to get his mental bearings --

NORTH  
Uh, um...set turns for 12 knots.

MALTA  
(nodding)  
12 knots.

Sweating -- North then sneaks a peek over his shoulder. Sees Zapata standing menacingly -- as we GO TO --

EXT. MANGROVE SWAMPS - SAME

As the sub continues its escape -- picking up speed:

THE ATTACK HELICOPTER

BANKS down -- and takes aim on her hull.

HUNDREDS OF ROUNDS

shoot up the sub's exterior -- sending up SPARKS -- SHREDDING parts of the sub.

INT. K-129 - NAV BRIDGE - SAME

As the ship ROCKS -- bullets piercing the ceiling -- shooting inside -- North and the crew TAKING COVER -- SPARKS FLYING EVERYWHERE! -- bullets STRIKING instruments -- causing FIRES.

EXT. MANGROVE SWAMPS - SAME

As the chopper swoops around for another pass -- guns hot.

INT. K-129 - NAV BRIDGE - SAME

As North barks order to the crew --

NORTH

Patch up those holes NOW! Get those flames out!

The crew scrambles -- EXTINGUISHING the fires by batting them down with their clothes as --

INT. K-129 - PASSAGEWAY - SAME

-- TWO CARTEL GUNMEN go racing up the catwalk -- toting with them: A RPG-7.

EXT. MANGROVE SWAMPS - SAME

As the attack chopper levels --

EXT. K-129 - SAME

-- the gunmen pop up through the aft hatch -- aim and LAUNCH an RPG at the helicopter -- *WHOOOOOSH!* -- and -- *BOOOOOOOOM!* -- the tail EXPLODES -- causing the chopper to spin like a top and then -- BLOW UP!

Pieces of fiery wreckage splinter off -- and SLAM into the side of the sub -- as it CRASHES -- the two cartel soldiers ducking back down into the sub -- closing the hatch behind them as we GO TO --

INT. K-129 - NAV BRIDGE - SAME

As North prepares the sub to submerge:

NORTH  
Course 0-6-0. Bow planes, 20  
degrees down bubble. Dive, dive,  
dive!

EXT. K-129 - SECONDS LATER

As water rises over her bow --

UNDERWATER:

-- the sub descends -- bullets still chasing her as she moves out of the swamp.

EXT. CARTEL CAMP - SAME

Back with Bowman -- just making out -- through the thick wall of black smoke spewing from the several still-burning fires -- the escape path of the sub.

Off Bowman -- steaming -- GO TO --

INT. K-129 - NAV BRIDGE - SAME

As the crew HOOTS and HOLLERS -- FUCK YEAH! WE DID IT! -- all except:

NORTH

sitting down -- noticing his hand is SHAKING. Off which --

UNDERWATER:

The sub continues on its journey -- as we RETURN TO --

INT. K-129 - TURBINE COMPARTMENT - DAY

As North bombs inside the compartment -- boiling over with nervousness -- storming over to the:

COCAINE BRICKS

stored inside -- SHAKY-CAM as North just LOSES IT -- POUNDING his fists in frustration against the bricks -- KICKING at them -- FLAILING -- SCREAMING -- all in JUMP CUTS -- just trying to feel something other than nerves when --

AN INSTRUMENT PANEL

lights up -- indicating a damaged section of the sub. North stops short -- and turns. Sees the light. Knows what it means. Can't lose it. Not now.

NORTH

Fuck.

He immediately grabs the nearest comm. Calls down to:

NORTH (CONT'D)

Spasky, report.

No response.

NORTH (CONT'D)

Engine room? Spasky?

Nothing. North hangs up the comm -- quickly darts of the compartment --

INT. K-129 - PASSAGEWAY - CONTINUOUS

-- and makes his way down the catwalk -- underneath overhead FLICKERING lights -- running on minimal juice -- eventually arriving:

INT. K-129 - ENGINE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Where sea-water is flooding inside -- rising up to North's ankles as he enters -- finding Spasky trying to repair a busted overhead pipe that's spewing water into the room.

NORTH

Shit.

SPASKY

We're bleeding bad here.

NORTH

Can you fix it?

SPASKY

If I had something to patch it up with.

North looks around for options -- then a light bulb goes off.

INT. K-129 - TURBINE COMPARTMENT - SECONDS LATER

North rushes inside and quickly grabs a few cocaine bricks -- as we GO BACK TO --

INT. K-129 - ENGINE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

And we see North packing the bricks into the holes of the busted pipes -- creating a makeshift DAM to stop the leaks.

SPASKY  
That gonna hold?

NORTH  
I don't know. It has to. I gotta  
get back to the bridge.  
(on his way out)  
Just make sure we stay underwater.

SPASKY  
That'll happen most definitely.

With that -- North doubles-back out of the hatch. Spasky looks back to the broken pipes. The water now just DRIZZLES out.

Off which -- we HEAR A LOUD WHOOSH OF WIND -- and CUT TO --

A KA-25 ANTI-SUBMARINE, SHIP-BOARD HELICOPTER

banking down in front of us -- flying at a top-speed of 220 km/hr to the Ecuadorian Navy Command in Guayaquil.

INT. KA-25 HELICOPTER - DAY

Where we catch back up with Bowman and Daniel Leon -- wind whipping through their hair.

Leon receives a message over his headset -- and relays it to Bowman -- yelling over the HOWLING NOISE:

DANIEL LEON  
Last sighting was at bearing 0-9-2!  
The Coast Guard thinks --

BOWMAN  
(cutting him off)  
I don't care what they think -- you  
have to get me to a submarine.

DANIEL LEON  
Bill, our Navy's already dispatched  
--

BOWMAN  
(cutting him off; a man  
possessed)  
I said I don't give a shit! Just  
get me on a sub!

Leon nods -- whatever you say -- as Bowman barks into his headset.

BOWMAN (CONT'D)

Yeah. It's Bowman. I want every fucking destroyer in a 100 mile radius on full alert -- and get me Hanover. Priority One.

And off Bowman --

EXT. SKIES ABOVE ECUADOR - SAME

-- the helicopter ZOOMS past -- and we GO BACK TO --

UNDERWATER:

as K-129 persists its silent run.

INT. K-129 - NAV BRIDGE - DAY

North stands over Galvez -- scanning the area. But the sonar just keeps going in and out.

GALVEZ

*Fucking piece of shit!*

Galvez SLAMS his hand against the monitor. The signal becomes clear again. North then turns away from Galvez -- moving straight into Zapata -- not pleased:

ZAPATA

Why the fuck we moving so slow?

NORTH

(not backing down)

'Cause even if I wanted us to go faster -- which I don't -- it won't happen. We can't push the engines any harder than we already have or you're gonna be swimming to Florida, got me?

Zapata then shoots North a glare to freeze fire -- then walks away. North then walks over to a desk -- consulting his NAUTICAL CHARTS -- focusing on:

A SYNTHETIC APERTURE RADAR (SAR) IMAGE

of the Gulf Stream region of the Northwest Atlantic. While we may not know the significance of this yet -- North does and we watch as he consults them image -- then takes a slide rule to his charts -- plotting various courses.

KARINA  
 (walking over)  
 You know, if I didn't know you so  
 well, I'd say you were a Navy  
 captain.

North locks eyes with her -- threatening:

NORTH  
 My son better be perfect when we  
 get there or I swear --

KARINA  
 (cutting him off)  
 You get us there and he will be.

Off their stare --

NEW ANGLE -- THE VENTILATION FANS

above -- circulating and recirculating the same air. Suddenly  
 they slow to a SCREECHING STOP.

North looks up at the fans. Registers they're not working.

SPASKY (O.S.)  
 North!

North whips around as Spasky rushes in -- out of breath:

SPASKY (CONT'D)  
 We have a new problem.

Off North -- shit -- what now? -- GO TO --

INT. K-129 - ENVIROMENTAL CONTROL SHACK - LATER

As North -- Spasky -- Karina -- and Zapata -- look over a  
 70's-era console -- with a blacked-out screen.

SPASKY  
 See this?  
 (kicks the machine)  
 Junk. Goddamn environmental  
 controls have been shot to shit.

We see the stress in North's face -- fuck.

KARINA  
 (picking up on this)  
 What's that mean for us?

NORTH  
Submarine air needs to be  
continually recycled or else it can  
get toxic -- fast.

ZAPATA  
How fast?

NORTH  
Three, four hours.

SPASKY  
We have to surface.

NORTH  
We can't surface. Why didn't you  
check the system before we left?

SPASKY  
I did -- but I didn't count on the  
stress. There's only so much I can  
do. Sub's being held together by  
bubble gum for Chrissakes.

North thinks -- then:

NORTH  
Alright. We seal off every  
compartment we don't need, contain  
as much clean air as we can. We  
push it as far as it can be pushed.

SPASKY  
And if we run out?

The question hangs there. Off North -- not answering -- CUT  
TO --

INT. K-129 - VARIOUS - MOMENTS LATER

A SERIES OF SHOTS

in which North and the crew work quickly to lock down hatches  
and seal off compartments -- as we CUT TO --

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - LATER

As the camera ROCKETS across the waves -- panning up to frame  
the:

U.S.S. FREEDOM

an Arleigh Burke-class United States Navy destroyer slicing  
across the water -- directly above the submerged narco sub.

INT. K-129 - NAV BRIDGE - SAME

As Galvez SNAPS up in his seat -- excited:

GALVEZ  
Got a new contact! Bearing 0-4-8.

He whips around -- eyes full of fear.

GALVEZ (CONT'D)  
It's American.

EXT. U.S.S. FREEDOM - SAME

As a TWIN LIGHTWEIGHT ASW TORPEDO gets launched from its bow.  
SPLASHES down into the water.

INT. K-129 - NAV BRIDGE - SAME

As the sonar picks up the torpedo -- Galvez FREAKS:

GALVEZ  
JESÚS -- COGIDA -- TORPEDO!

NORTH  
Where?

No answer.

NORTH (CONT'D)  
Where!?!

But Galvez CAN'T answer -- because the fucking sonar screen has gone DARK.

NORTH (CONT'D)  
Shit!

North then moves fast -- diving underneath the sonar station  
and throwing aside a panel to expose --

-- A TOTAL MESS OF WIRES -- with a family of wooly tarantulas  
crawling out. Off North -- oh fuck -- GO FAST TO --

UNDERWATER:

as the torpedo SHOOTS toward the sub.

INT. K-129 - NAV BRIDGE - SAME

As North pulls apart some wires -- then reconnects a few  
others -- like he was hot-wiring a car -- then there's a  
SPARK -- and the sonar screen blinks back to life.

GALVEZ  
GOT HER! -- Bearing 2-2-1.

NORTH  
(rising)  
Launch counter-measures!

MONTALVO  
We don't have any.

NORTH  
(remembering)  
Fuck.  
(quickly to helm)  
ALL AHEAD FLANK. LEFT FULL RUDDER  
NOW!

UNDERWATER:

the sub maneuvers -- the torpedo ROARING after her.

INT. K-129 - NAV BRIDGE - SAME

NORTH  
FULL THROTTLE -- THIRTY DEGREES  
DOWN ANGLE -- DIVE, DIVE!

UNDERWATER:

K-129 descends deeper -- pressure causing --

INT. K-129 - VARIOUS - SAME

-- BOLTS to start SHOOTING out of the walls -- like bullets.

*BING! BING! BING! BING!* -- as overhead pipes BURST, causing  
sea water to SPRAY inside the boat -- as well --

INT. K-129 - BOW TORPEDO ROOM - SAME

-- HYDRAULIC FLUID to come SPEWING out of one of the broken  
pipes -- and onto the electrical panels -- causing them to  
SHORT CIRCUIT and SPARK! -- the beginnings of a FIRE.

The sub is nowhere near ready to take on such pressure.

UNDERWATER:

The torpedo continues to CHARGE after the submarine --

INT. K-129 - NAV BRIDGE - SAME

-- causing HIGH SPEED SCREWS to pass over the hull.

GALVEZ  
Torpedo range: 4,000 yards and  
gaining.

UNDERWATER:

The torpedo speeds ahead -- seconds from impact.

INT. K-129 - NAV BRIDGE - SAME

GALVEZ  
3,000 yards!

NORTH  
MOVE!

With that, North PUSHES Malta aside -- GRABS the helm -- and  
CRANKS the wheel to the right --

UNDERWATER:

-- causing the sub to TURN.

INT. K-129 - NAV BRIDGE - SAME

Back with North -- twisting the helm -- sweating.

GALVEZ  
2,000 yards!

MALTA  
IT'S GONNA FUCKING HIT US!

NORTH  
Come on, come on.

GALVEZ  
1,000 YARDS!!!

Zapata, Karina and the others BRACE for impact while North  
continues to turn the helm -- refusing to give up -- teeth  
GRITTING -- then SCREAMING -- NOT WANTING TO DIE -- as --

UNDERWATER:

-- VROOOOOM! -- the torpedo comes FIRING UP -- and just as we  
think it's gonna impact the sub -- North turns the boat just  
enough for the torpedo --

-- to SCRAPE along its side -- SCREECHING METAL -- before  
shooting ahead.

INT. K-129 - NAV BRIDGE - SAME

As it takes a moment to settle -- yes, they're alive. When they do -- the crew HOOTS and HOLLERS -- FUCK YEAH! -- but then:

THE INSTRUMENT PANEL

lights up like a Christmas tree. An ALARM SOUNDS -- LOUD and SCARY!

North whips his head around -- anxiety spiking -- what now? -- as we GO FAST TO --

FLAMES

LEAPING OUT AT US -- completely ENGULFING:

INT. K-129 - BOW TORPEDO ROOM - SAME

Where we see -- in the center of the room -- surrounded by fire:

SPASKY

working like crazy trying to bat down the flames out with a ratty blanket -- but the fire is out of control -- ANGRY!

INT. K-129 - PASSAGEWAY/BOW TORPEDO ROOM - SAME

As North -- Zapata -- and a gunman -- come RUSHING up the catwalk -- and up to the torpedo room -- but they are kept from entering by thick black smoke and red-hot fire SHOOTING out at them.

North tries to make out what's happening -- but it's hard to see beyond the smoke and flames. Then finally spying Spasky --

NORTH

Spasky -- get out of there now!

But he shakes his head -- fighting the flames:

SPASKY

The torpedoes! The fire is gonna set them off!

North -- oh fuck -- yells back:

NORTH

CO2 -- hit the CO2!

Spasky looks up -- seeing a red button:

## THE AUTOMATIC EXTINGUISHING SYSTEM

He runs over -- leaps up -- and hits the button -- expecting CO2 to start spraying --

-- BUT NOTHING HAPPENS. He tries again -- fuck -- still nothing.

SPASKY  
IT'S NOT WORKING!

NORTH  
DAMMIT!

North then goes racing back down the passageway -- pushing Zapata and the gunmen aside --

NORTH (CONT'D)  
MOVE! MOVE!

-- while Spasky continues to fight the fire -- desperate to get it out -- flames SURROUNDING HIM -- keeping everyone else at bay.

INT. K-129 - PASSAGEWAY - SAME

North RACES -- eyes looking for something -- anything to help put the fire out -- as we GO BACK TO --

INT. K-129 - BOW TORPEDO ROOM - SAME

As wooden shelving starts to burn and COLLAPSE -- sending torpedoes CRASHING to the floor -- flames cooking them -- CUT FAST TO --

NORTH

as he scrambles to look inside:

INT. K-129 - SUPPLY ROOM - SAME

But he doesn't find anything -- tossing aside decades-old CCCP navigation manuals -- to finally discover:

AN EMERGENCY WATER HOSE

covered in cobwebs. North finds a valve -- CRANKS IT -- and takes the hose back into the passageway with him -- as we GO BACK TO --

INT. K-129 - BOW TORPEDO ROOM - SAME

Where the metal casings on the torpedoes are starting to melt.

OUTSIDE --

North comes running up with the hose -- ready to put out the fire -- but when he opens up the hose --

-- NOTHING COMES OUT -- it's busted -- like everything else on the ship. North tosses the useless hose aside --

NORTH

Fuck!

-- and SCREAMS back to Spasky:

NORTH (CONT'D)

Spasky -- get out of there NOW!

But Spasky doesn't listen -- still trying to put the fire out. A man possessed.

SPASKY

No -- I can't!

NORTH

You're not gonna get the fire out!

Spasky -- flames around him:

SPASKY

I don't have to -- I just have to buy you time!

He DUCKS BACK -- as another FLARE-UP nearly catches Spasky's face.

NORTH

There is no time -- get out!

SPASKY

Flood compartment!

NORTH

Spasky --

SPASKY

I SAID FLOOD GODDAMN COMPARTMENT!

North -- by the hatch -- hesitates.

SPASKY (CONT'D)

DO IT OR WE ALL DIE!

And off that -- North steals one last look at Spasky -- then quickly double-times it back to the bridge as Spasky orders Zapata and the gunman to:

SPASKY (CONT'D)

Seal me in!

Zapata then reaches for the hatch door and quickly swings it shut -- LOCKING Spasky inside the burning room -- flames quickly consuming him.

INT. K-129 - NAV BRIDGE - SECONDS LATER

As North comes back inside -- moving over to a control panel and finding a specific set of gauges -- we RETURN TO --

INT. K-129 - BOW TORPEDO ROOM - SAME

And in TOTAL SILENCE:

Spasky starts to catch on fire -- the flames scolding his flesh and body as --

INT. K-129 - NAV BRIDGE - SAME

-- North spins the valve --

INT. K-129 - BOW TORPEDO ROOM - SAME

-- which sends sea water RUSHING in -- extinguishing the flames -- along with Spasky -- as it FILLS UP THE ROOM.

INT. K-129 - NAV BRIDGE - SAME

SOUND RESUMES:

as North rests his head against the console.

INT. K-129 - BOW TORPEDO ROOM - SAME

Where we see the compartment is completely underwater -- with Spasky's lifeless body gently floating past camera.

INT. K-129 - NAV BRIDGE - SAME

Off North -- head bowed -- CUT TO --

THE KA-25 HELICOPTER

shooting across the black sky. We're now:

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - NIGHT

Where we see the chopper hover above choppy icy waters as:

A TYPE 209 ATTACK SUBMARINE

breeches the surface, wind from the chopper crushing the waves around her.

INT. KA-25 HELICOPTER - SAME

As Bowman looks down at the boat: a diesel-electric on loan to Ecuador from the German Navy. This is the BAE HUANCAVILCA.

INT. HUANCAVILCA - CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

As the boat's skipper -- CAPTAIN ARTURO PEREZ -- comes walking up the cramped hallway to greet Bowman -- moving with Leon from the aft hatch -- like a force of nature.

BOWMAN  
Captain Perez?

CAPTAIN PEREZ  
You Bowman?

Thundering past him -- right into it:

BOWMAN  
Yeah look, right now every minute counts, so I'll give you the short version: I'm taking control of your sub.

Perez -- completely taken aback -- now having to chase him.

CAPTAIN PEREZ  
Excuse me!?!

BOWMAN  
You should be receiving confirmation from Rear Admiral Correa any second. I'll try to keep you in the loop but don't count on it.

CAPTAIN PEREZ  
Who the hell do you think --

But an ENSIGN cuts Perez off -- stopping him short. He's holding up a sheet of fax paper.

ENSIGN  
Captain.

Perez rips the paper from the ensign's hand. Looks at it. It's exactly what Bowman said it would be -- a letter from Rear Admiral Correa ordering him to relinquish command to Bowman.

Off Perez -- head shooting back up -- just catching Bowman disappearing into the bridge -- SMASH TO --

A NAUTICAL CHART

being unrolled. We're now:

INT. HUANCAVILCA - BRIDGE - MOMENTS LATER

An unbelievable contrast to K-129: modern -- sleek -- and filled with a professional submarine crew: TACTICAL SYSTEMS WATCH; NAVIGATION WATCH; DIVING OFFICER; PLANESMAN; HELSMAN; OFFICER OF THE DECK.

NEW ANGLE -- BOWMAN

looking over the chart with Leon -- the CHIEF OF THE BOAT (COB) -- and Perez.

COB

Alright...one of your destroyers engaged the submarine at bearing 2-5-1 -- then they lost her somewhere around here.

CAPTAIN PEREZ

Which would put her on a western course -- bearing 5-3-1.

Bowman thinks about that -- then shakes his head.

BOWMAN

No. Too obvious.

CAPTAIN PEREZ

(offended)

Is that so?

BOWMAN

Yes. If he's gonna make a run for the coast North knows he's gonna have us looking right while he goes left.

COB

What do you know of this skipper, North?

BOWMAN

I know he's good -- but I'm better.

Bowman's eyes narrow -- playing chess in his head -- then seeing something on one of the charts.

BOWMAN (CONT'D)

What's that?

COB

It's a Gulf Stream thermal front.  
Synthetic aperture radar picked it  
up yesterday morning.

BOWMAN

So North knows about it.

DANIEL LEON

So?

BOWMAN

So thermal fronts fuck with sonar.  
Makes it harder to detect boats.

DANIEL LEON

(catching up)

Which is how that Russian sub  
escaped you in the Norwegian Sea.

BOWMAN

Which is just what North is  
counting on this time. He's an  
expert on Cold War tactics. He's  
gonna ride that thermal front  
straight to America.

(whipping over to COB; in  
full command)

We gotta get in front of him.

COB

He's got a significant lead on us,  
sir.

BOWMAN

Not for long. Put us on a high  
speed course on this bearing and  
I'm telling you we can cut him off.  
All ahead full now -- GO!

Off the crew ACTIVATING -- carrying out Bowman's orders -- we  
SMASH TO --

UNDERWATER:

as K-129 glides by.

INT. K-129 - ENVIROMENTAL CONTROL SHACK - NIGHT

With North -- on his back -- flashlight beside him -- working to repair the console wires with a pair of pliers -- when he suddenly boils over in frustration at his lack of progress and starts SLAMMING the console -- SCREAMING.

Then as he settles -- a voice:

KARINA (V.O.)  
Would you rather it was you...

North looks over -- at Karina outside.

KARINA  
...or your son?

North rises -- nerves shot -- confidence waning -- pleading:

NORTH  
You have to listen to me...we got about two hours of clean air left...the torpedo room's destroyed...the propulsion's damaged...sonar's going in and out...the engine room's flooded...

Now begging:

NORTH (CONT'D)  
Please. We have to surface. You have to contact your people. Get them to release my son. The sub can't stand the pressure --

KARINA  
Or you can't.

That stops North.

KARINA (CONT'D)  
We stay on course.

Karina turns to go -- then:

NORTH  
You're right. I told you: I'm not that guy anymore.

She looks back -- as North further drops his guard:

NORTH (CONT'D)  
 I studied so hard. I trained so hard. To be the best at this. But after my wife...

He pauses -- full of emotion.

NORTH (CONT'D)  
 Lord knows I tried to bounce back. But it was never the same...I was never the same. Every time there was danger I flashed to her -- my nerves... I just can't do it.

He looks down. She steps forward. States it simply:

KARINA  
 The attack on the camp. The torpedo. The fire. The air. The water.  
 (beat)  
 And we're still here.

Locking eyes him:

KARINA (CONT'D)  
 You keep saying you can't do this. But when are you going to realize? You are doing this.

Off North -- considering her words -- CUT TO --

UNDERWATER:

as the narco sub shoots past frame -- before we GO TO --

THE HUANCAVILCA

on its high speed pursuit course.

INT. HUANCAVILCA - BRIDGE - NIGHT

As the helmsman looks back at Bowman -- standing at the CONN, an elevated platform, center aft. Again, the design and tone of the sub couldn't be more different than the chaos of K-129.

BOWMAN  
 Course heading 8-2-1.

COB relays the order to the helm:

COB  
 Course heading 8-2-1, aye, sir.

AT THE SONAR SHACK:

The SONAR SUPERVISOR -- fresh-faced -- gets a hit on his screen -- and snaps up -- excited:

SONAR SUPERVISOR  
CONN/SONAR: Narrow band tonal  
bearing 3-2-7! Possible submerged  
threat, depth 1-1-0 feet.

Bowman quickly rushes over and looks at his screen -- watching the contact's pattern -- then figuring out its classification.

BOWMAN  
Forget it. It's not them. Los  
Angeles Class. North must've  
slipped past her too.

Bowman then looks back -- at Leon behind him.

BOWMAN (CONT'D)  
But we're getting close.

Off which -- GO TO --

INT. K-129 - RADIO ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON -- A MONITOR

first filled with SNOW -- then a MESSAGE appears on the screen. A PRINTER spits it out -- a hand rips out the paper.

INT. K-129 - NAV BRIDGE - MOMENTS LATER

As one of the crew marches in -- handing the sheet of paper to Karina. She reads it over -- then looks over to North.

KARINA  
They're waiting for us at the  
rendezvous.

She hands North the paper.

KARINA (CONT'D)  
You're almost home.

Off North --

UNDERWATER:

as the broken and busted-up narco sub cruises past.

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN/FLORIDA COAST - NIGHT

As the camera comes up from underneath the water -- to find:

A FREIGHTER

dropping anchor -- waiting. An aged, ugly vessel.

INT. FREIGHTER - DECK - SAME

Where we see the occupants: DRUG CARTEL ENFORCERS -- heavily armed with AKM assault rifles -- staring out at the sea -- smoking hash -- waiting for K-129 to deliver its multi-million dollar cargo.

INT. FREIGHTER - HALLWAY - SAME

As Sosa comes walking up -- Walther PPK's in his belt -- and up to a bathroom -- secured with a LOCK -- which he opens up. The door then slides open to reveal:

DREW

handcuffed inside -- bag over his head.

He JERKS up when the door opens. Sosa peers inside -- then re-shuts the door on him -- sending us to --

-- BLACK. A beat -- then -- *BEEP!...BEEP!...BEEP!* -- CUT TO --

INT. HUANCAVILCA - SONAR SHACK/BRIDGE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON -- THE SONAR SCREEN

scanning the area -- but it doesn't pick up any hits. Bowman studies the monitor -- anxious -- waiting -- hoping. A beat then -- *BEEP!* -- it registers a new contact.

SONAR SUPERVISOR

CONN/SONAR: I have a new 200-hertz tonal contact -- bearing 0-7-2, bearing drift right, depth 2-1-0 feet. Classified as submerged Type II.

BOWMAN

(reading the signature)  
That's them.

SONAR SUPERVISOR

Designate as Alpha-One.

COB

Confirm designate Alpha-One.

UNDERWATER:

and we see K-129 cruising. RACK FOCUS -- and we find Bowman's attack sub directly above her.

INT. K-129 - NAV BRIDGE - SAME

Where we see that North has zero clue he's being hunted.

RESUME BOWMAN:

on the bridge of the Huancavilca -- Bowman issuing orders over the P.A.:

BOWMAN

Man battle stations -- torpedo rig  
for silent running.

The COB hits the general alarm.

BOWMAN (CONT'D)

WEAPONS/CONN: pressurize all tubes.

WEAPONS (V.O.)

(over P.A.)

CONN/WEAPONS: pressurizing all  
tubes, aye, air.

BOWMAN

Helm, all ahead standard, left full  
rudder, swing us right behind her.

UNDERWATER:

the Huancavilca DIVES -- moving behind K-129.

INT. K-129 - NAV BRIDGE - SAME

As -- *BLIP!* -- Galvez picks something up on a sonar -- but is hesitant to share. Seeing this -- North walks over.

NORTH

What is it?

GALVEZ

Not sure. Probably nothing. Comes  
and goes.

North takes his headphones. Gives a listen. Nothing.

UNDERWATER:

the Huancavilca speeds up behind K-129.

INT. K-129 - NAV BRIDGE - SAME

TIGHT ON -- NORTH

listening -- listening -- listening -- but doesn't hear anything.

Still -- instinct kicks in. A sailor's sixth sense. Something's off. Better be sure.

NORTH  
Helm, clear baffles.

INT. HUANCABILCA - BRIDGE/SONAR SHACK - SAME

As sonar calls out:

SONAR SUPERVISOR  
Alpha-One clearing baffles.

PUSH IN -- on Bowman -- smirking:

BOWMAN  
Hello, North.

INT. K-129 - NAV BRIDGE - SAME

As Galvez picks up the Huancavilca on sonar.

GALVEZ  
Got her! New contact. Enemy submarine. Port quarter, close aboard, drawing left.

INT. HUANCABILCA - BRIDGE/SONAR SHACK - SAME

SONAR SUPERVISOR  
Alpha-One now blowing ballast tanks.

INT. K-129 - NAV BRIDGE - SAME

KARINA  
How much time before they can fire?

GALVEZ  
90 seconds.

NORTH  
They won't fire -- they just wanna drive us.  
(quickly to helm)  
Evasive maneuvers -- ALL AHEAD  
FLANK!

ZAPATA

Fuck that -- we need to fire before  
they do or we're dead!

With that -- Zapata goes to head out the bridge -- North seeing him out the corner of his eye -- makes a move to stop him.

NORTH

WAIT -- NO!

But -- *WHAM!* -- he runs straight into a crewman RAMMING the an AK-47 into his gut -- and he hits the floor -- GASPING as:

ZAPATA

rushes out -- making his way down the passageway -- toward the torpedo room -- while:

THE CREWMAN

makes on a move to North -- still on the floor.

But before he can grab him -- North THROWS a hard and fast uppercut -- CRACKING the guy's jaw -- throwing him back -- exposing:

A GLOCK

in the guy's belt. North quickly takes it -- and waves it in the crewman's face:

NORTH (CONT'D)

Get back -- BACK!

The crewman backs off -- hands up. North then whips the gun over to:

KARINA

who freezes.

North then SCURRIES out the bridge and off Karina -- eyeing him -- GO TO --

INT. K-129 - PASSAGEWAY - SECONDS LATER

As North sprints after Zapata -- but he doesn't see him. He stops on the catwalk -- and looking around -- there! -- he spies him -- on the platform BELOW -- stepping through a hatch.

North PICKS UP the chase again -- RACING after him -- as we GO BACK TO --

INT. K-129 - NAV BRIDGE - SAME

As Galvez checks on the status of the sub.

GALVEZ  
Firing range: 45 seconds.

Off Karina -- worried -- CUT HARD TO --

INT. K-129 - AFT. TORPEDO ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

But when North charges in:

AN ELECTRICAL WIRE

immediately wraps around his neck -- and gets YANKED BACK tight by:

ZAPATA

behind him -- choking him. The gun DROPS from North's hand. Gets KICKED ASIDE.

North -- going blue -- GASPS for breath. Zapata WHIPS him up against some piping on the wall -- *SLAM!* -- and sticks a gun in his face -- *CLICK!*

ZAPATA  
Fire the fucking torpedo, culo.

But North stands his ground -- refusing. Zapata steams --

ZAPATA (CONT'D)  
Either you fire --

-- and buries the gun barrel DEEP into North's forehead.

ZAPATA (CONT'D)  
-- or I will.

Off North -- wincing -- CUT TO --

INT. K-129 - NAV BRIDGE - SAME

GALVEZ  
30 seconds.

INT. K-129 - BOW TORPEDO ROOM - SAME

As a tarp is pulled down to reveal:

A DUST-COVERED STEST-68 TORPEDO

circa 1960 -- wire-guided.

VERY QUICKLY --

North fights to crank down a rusty pulley chain -- loading the torpedo into a firing tube. He then turns a heavy hand crank -- sealing the breech door.

Then -- literally under the gun -- North sets bearings for the torpedo. But before he hits the button to fire --

-- he HESITATES. Doesn't push. Can he really fire on another submarine?

But Zapata's right there -- in an instant -- gun in his face.

ZAPATA  
I SAID RIGHT NOW MOTHERFUCKA!

WHAM! North throws an elbow -- CATCHING Zapata in the face. But it doesn't faze him too much -- and he -- WHACK! -- PISTOL WHIPS North across the nose -- causing blood to SPLATTER.

Zapata then JERKS him aside -- and pushes in the firing button.

UNDERWATER:

the torpedo WHOOSHES out of K-129 -- on target to hit the Huancavilca.

INT. HUANCAVILCA - BRIDGE - SAME

As high speed SCREWS pass over the hull --

SONAR SUPERVISOR  
Torpedo in the water! Estimate  
range: 3,000 yards and closing.

BOWMAN  
All ahead flank.

HELMSMAN  
All ahead flank, aye.

INT. K-129 - BOW TORPEDO ROOM - SAME

Where North -- face planted on the floor -- gun in his cheek and knee is back -- can only WAIT for the torpedo to impact the sub -- powerless -- eyes welling.

UNDERWATER:

the torpedo rockets up to the Ecuadorian sub -- trying to maneuver out of its path -- but too late.

*BANG!* The torpedo SLAMS FAST AND HARD against the submarine's nose --

-- BUT IT DOESN'T EXPLODE!

INT. K-129 - BOW TORPEDO ROOM - SAME

Because North DIDN'T ACTIVATE IT! He lets out a small smile. Relieved.

INT. HUANCAVILCA - BRIDGE - SAME

As Bowman grabs the P.A.:

BOWMAN  
WEAPONS/CONN: launch torpedo 1!

UNDERWATER:

a torpedo WHOOSHES OUT of the Huancavilca -- going right after K-129.

INT. K-129 - NAV BRIDGE - SAME

GALVEZ  
(into P.A.)  
Torpedo in the water! Bearing 7-3-1.

INT. K-129 - PASSAGEWAY - SAME

As North huffs and puffs back to the bridge.

UNDERWATER:

the torpedo arms itself.

INT. K-129 - NAV BRIDGE - SAME

North comes RUSHING back inside -- barking orders:

NORTH  
ALL AHEAD FLANK! LEFT FULL RUDDER!  
ZERO BUBBLE!

As his orders are carried out -- SMASH TO --

UNDERWATER:

as the Huancavilca launches a SECOND TORPEDO -- WHOOOOSH!

INT. K-129 - NAV BRIDGE - SAME

NORTH  
Continue dive -- five down! FULL  
THROTTLE!

GALVEZ  
Jesus -- I got a second torpedo --  
bearing 7-3-0 -- closing fast!

Off North -- FUCK!

UNDERWATER:

with the two torpedoes RUSHING past.

INT. K-129 - NAV BRIDGE - SAME

VERY FAST --

North ACTIVATES -- moving over to his desk and throwing aside  
some pieces of collapsed panels -- to locate:

HIS NAUTICAL CHARTS

and looking them over -- formulates a plan -- whipping his  
head back over to helm:

NORTH  
Set turns for 30 knots. Steer to  
course 0-2-2. ALL AHEAD!

UNDERWATER:

K-129 speeds ahead -- torpedo still on its tail.

INT. K-129 - NAV BRIDGE - SAME

As we PUSH IN on Galvez -- picking up something on sonar.

GALVEZ  
Jesus -- you're driving us right  
into a wall!

UNDERWATER:

and we see North has put the boat on a collision course with  
a large ROCK WALL -- part of an underwater CANYON.

INT. K-129 - NAV BRIDGE - SAME

CLOSE ON -- NORTH

muttering under his breath -- panicking:

NORTH  
Comeon, comeon, comeon.

UNDERWATER:

and the torpedos come up behind the narco sub.

INT. K-129 - NAV BRIDGE - SAME

North looks at the gauges -- then back to the helm -- it's time -- BARKING:

NORTH  
Turn right 3-4-2!

Malta CRANKS the helm --

UNDERWATER:

-- and K-129 turns -- hooking around the wall. But the torpedoes can't make the twist in time -- both of them IMPACTING the wall -- BOOOOOOOOOM! BOOOOOOOOOOM!

INT. K-129 - NAV BRIDGE - SAME

The SHOCKWAVE throws everyone off their feet -- and all the lights THROUGHOUT THE BOAT to SHUT OFF. The sub is pitched into TOTAL DARKNESS -- but --

UNDERWATER:

-- the collision has sent ROCKS and DEBRIS EVERYWHERE -- which completely screws up the sonar of:

THE HUANCAVILCA

gliding into frame. It now has NO IDEA where K-129 went.

NEW ANGLE -- K-129

on the other side of the dust cloud -- continuing on.

INT. K-129 - BRIDGE - SAME

As North crashes down into a seat -- overwhelmed -- then taken over by a tremendous sense of pride. Accomplishment.

He did it -- and he knows it -- and despite everything -- he allows himself a smile.

INT. HUANCAVILCA - BRIDGE/SONAR SHACK - MOMENTS LATER

As sonar provides an update:

SONAR SUPERVISOR  
Torpedo 2 impact. Range 1,000  
yards.

BOWMAN  
Any more contact with Alpha-One?

The Sonar Supervisor checks. A beat then -- he shakes his  
head -- defeated:

SONAR SUPERVISOR  
Negative, sir.  
(beat)  
I've lost her.

Bowman -- steaming -- whips over to COB.

BOWMAN  
I want every possible destination  
along their last known route.

COB  
What are we looking for?

BOWMAN  
A rendezvous.

COB nods and exits. Off Bowman -- silent -- CUT TO --

SEA WATER

rushing out of a busted pipe. We're now:

INT. K-129 - CREW BERTHING - NIGHT

And we see the sub has sustained heavy flooding damage due to  
its run-in with the Huancavilca.

INT. K-129 - PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

Where we see the water has risen to ankle level.

INT. K-129 - NAV BRIDGE - NIGHT

Lit by crisscrossing flashlight beams -- the camera PANS  
AROUND -- and we see the crew is in bad shape -- COUGHING.  
Going GREEN. The air is getting thicker. Contaminated. North  
checks his watch. They're running out of time.

EXT. GUTIERREZ COMPOUND - NIGHT

Establishing.

INT. GUTIERREZ COMPOUND - NIGHT

CLOSE ON -- A FLAT-SCREEN MONITOR

displaying the night's news broadcast: footage of the shipyard raid.

NEW ANGLE -- GUTIERREZ

watching the TV -- drink in hand -- angry. Even more so when a FILE PHOTO OF KARINA appears -- linking her to the cartel.

Gutierrez -- boiling over -- LAUNCHES his glass at the monitor -- SHATTERING the monitor.

He then picks up a nearby phone. Places a call.

INT. FREIGHTER - STERN HALLWAY - SAME

With Sosa -- walking -- when his phone buzzes. He answers.

SOSA

Si.

(beat)

*Understood.*

CLICK -- he shuts the phone. Off which -- GO TO --

UNDERWATER:

K-129 cruises past.

INT. K-129 - NAV BRIDGE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON -- THE SONAR

as it gets a hit -- *BEEP!*

GALVEZ

Got a contact, bearing 0-1-1.

North sits up in his seat -- as we GO TO --

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN/FLORIDA COASTLINE - NIGHT

Where we see the freighter -- waiting in the distance. Rain POURS DOWN. A storm at sea.

INT. K-129 SUB - NAV BRIDGE - SAME

NORTH

Prepare to surface.

Montalvo cranks some valves. North looks behind him -- to Karina -- who nods.

KARINA  
Congratulations. You're home.

Off North --

UNDERWATER:

as the sub starts to rise then --

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN/FLORIDA COASTLINE - SAME

-- BURST UP -- conning tower the first part of the sub to make the breach -- as we GO BACK TO --

INT. K-129 - NAV BRIDGE - SAME

NORTH  
Launch moorings.

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN/FLORIDA COASTLINE - SAME

As Malta and the last CREWMAN -- toss heavy moorings to the CARTEL GUNMEN on the freighter -- securing the two ships together.

JUMP CUT --

and a metal catwalk gets dropped down from the freighter to the sub -- creating a bridge between the two boats. *CLANG!*

INT. K-129 - PASSAGEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

As the aft hatch UNLOCKS -- and swings open. Sosa and FOUR CARTEL GUNMEN drop down into the submarine -- with FLASHLIGHTS and Heckler & Koch machine guns slung over to their shoulders.

They make their way up the catwalk -- as we GO TO --

INT. K-129 - NAV BRIDGE - SAME

As the crew files out -- North crosses up to Karina.

NORTH  
Alright we're here -- now where's Drew?

KARINA  
Follow me.

INT. K-129 - VARIOUS - MOMENTS LATER

QUICK CUTS --

as the gunman unload the cocaine from the sub -- tossing the bricks into giant DUFFEL BAGS -- zipping them up -- then DRAGGING them down the sub's corridor -- and up to:

EXT. FREIGHTER/K-129 - DECK - MOMENTS LATER

Where the crew and the gunmen -- working assembly-line-style transfer the coke bags off the sub -- and onto the freighter.

INT. K-129 - PASSAGEWAY - SAME

CLOSE ON -- SOSA

conversing with Zapata -- their dialogue referring to:

KARINA

walking up -- with North -- feet splashing flooding water. She immediately picks up that something is wrong.

KARINA  
*What is it?*

Zapata turns to her.

ZAPATA  
*You're burnt. Your face is all over the news. The entire operation's been compromised.*

We see the weight of that lands with her. She knows what it means -- and her mind works to come up with a solution.

KARINA  
*Alright...*

She locks eyes with Zapata. Nods.

KARINA (CONT'D)  
(professional)  
*I can fix this.*

ZAPATA  
*We already have.*

A beat -- then everything happens INCREDIBLY FAST --

KARINA

knowing she's about to be killed -- whips her head over to North -- SCREAMING at him to:

KARINA

RUN!

But before she can even finish her warning --

ZAPATA

pulls his Glock and -- *BANG!* -- fires a bullet through her chest -- and she SPINS right into North -- her body CRASHING into his -- KNOCKING them both down to the ground -- so she's now on top of him.

Then as Zapata and Sosa hover over them -- North quickly takes Karina's gun and FIRES -- *BANG!* -- *BANG!* -- killing Sosa.

Zapata recovers -- and shoots back -- but Karina is now acting as North's shield -- and he can't hit him -- North's repeated rounds causing Zapata to quickly RETREAT down another corridor -- as North --

NORTH

Come on!

-- grabs Karina -- and hoists her up to her feet -- DRAGGING her limp body with him down the hallway.

EXT. FREIGHTER/K-129 - DECK - SAME

Then as the last of the cocaine bags are taken off K-129 --

INT. K-129 - ENGINE ROOM - SAME

-- Zapata comes sloshing inside -- the water now up to his waist -- and starts throwing open all the valves -- allowing --

INT. K-129 - VARIOUS - SAME

-- SEA WATER TO POUR INTO THE SUB WITH A TERRIFYING ROAR!

EXT. FREIGHTER/K-129 - DECK - SAME

The catwalk is rescinded and K-129 starts to CAPSIZE!

INT. K-129 - PASSAGEWAY - SAME

As Karina collapses to the floor -- barely alive -- blood seeping out of her mouth -- North trying to rally her:

NORTH

Let's go -- we gotta make it to the  
escape hatch.

Karina just shakes her head -- her eyes going lifeless -- her  
breathing labored and weak:

KARINA

Can't.

She manages to look up at North -- and lock eyes with him.

KARINA (CONT'D)

Save...your boy.

Her eyes go blank.

NORTH

(shaking her)

Hey. Hey.

But she has no life left. A beat. Then off North -- GO TO --

UNDERWATER:

and we see the submarine start to SINK -- its nose DROPPING.

INT. K-129 - PASSAGEWAY - SAME

Everything not screwed down start to slide -- North  
STRUGGLING to keep his footing as --

UNDERWATER:

-- K-129 goes vertical -- nose down.

INT. K-129 - PASSAGEWAY - SAME

North now has to climb up the floor like a ladder -- SEA  
WATER rushing up beneath him -- chasing him. He soon reaches  
a hatch and climbs through, shutting the door behind him and  
sealing the water out.

UNDERWATER:

K-129 lowers to the ocean depths.

INT. K-129 - ESCAPE TRUNK - SECONDS LATER

North -- wincing -- climbs inside the air lock -- working  
fast to shut the hatch behind him -- filling the trunk with  
water and pressurizing it to sea pressure.

UNDERWATER:

as the trunk's outside hatch opens. North quickly swims out and to the surface --

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN/FLORIDA COASTLINE - SAME

-- BURSTING UP -- sucking in much needed air. Rain hitting his head -- he looks out to see:

THE FREIGHTER

just starting to draw up its anchor.

North -- exhausted -- then starts to make a tough swim for the boat -- as we CUT TO --

INT. FREIGHTER - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Zapata makes his way up the corridor -- to the bathroom.

INT. FREIGHTER - BATHROOM - SAME

The door unlocks. We see Drew -- still inside -- but his head is slumped over -- and he's not moving.

Zapata kicks Drew's foot. Nothing. Zapata then takes a beer bottle. Splashes the boy's face. He jerks up -- awake.

Zapata then takes out his gun -- as we GO TO --

EXT. FREIGHTER - DECK - SAME

As North pulls himself onto the deck -- then collapsing -- exhausted -- rain pelting his face.

He lays there a moment -- completely spent -- then wills himself to rise. He has to keep going -- for his son.

INT. FREIGHTER - GALLEY - SAME

Where we see the collective TEN GUNMEN -- enjoying liquor and hash -- laughing -- celebrating.

INT. FREIGHTER - HALLWAY - SAME

North comes walking up -- careful not to make a sound. He stops when he sees:

BLOOD

seeping out of a closed compartment door -- and into the corridor.

North freezes -- thinking the worst: Drew. He quickly throws open the door -- nearly throwing up when he sees:

THE BODIES OF THE DEAD NARCO SUB CREW

stacked inside -- all executed. A horrific gut-wrenching sight.

North reacts -- fuck! -- and quickly shuts the door.

A beat -- as he recovers -- bent over -- hands on his knees. Is the boy even alive? But then --

A SCREAM -- coming from the aft deck. North recognizes it immediately.

IT'S DREW!

And he's off -- RACING down the corridor -- as we GO TO --

EXT. FREIGHTER - AFT DECK - SAME

Where we see Drew -- on his knees -- CRYING HYSTERICALLY with Zapata behind him -- gun to the boy's head -- about to execute him and dump his body overboard when --

NORTH

comes CHARGING out of the hatch behind them -- CRASHING into Zapata -- full-on.

As the two HIT the deck -- Zapata's gun goes free -- sliding off the side of the boat -- into the water.

North immediately capitalizes on the surprise -- BURYING his fist into Zapata's rib cage -- then yelling back at a stunned Drew to --

NORTH  
GO DREW -- RUN!

Drew sprints off -- rushing back into the freighter -- as Zapata KICKS North off of him.

Zapata then rises to his feet -- North scrambling to get to his -- as the two start to TRADE BLOWS. It's a bare-knuckle fight-to-the-death BRAWL.

In the end -- WHAM! -- Zapata swings a right -- connecting his fist with North's jaw -- sending him SLAMMING across the deck. Then as Zapata advances -- ready to finish North off --

-- RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT! MACHINE GUNFIRE RINGS OUT.

NEW ANGLE -- CARTEL GUNMEN

raining down bullets -- from an overhead platform.

NORTH

scrambles to RACE AWAY -- quickly ducking behind a crate just as it gets riddled with rounds.

But now he's pinned down. No escape.

THREE MORE GUNMEN

soon come rushing onto the deck -- from another hatch. They advance on him -- when suddenly --

A GIANT SPOTLIGHT HITS THE SHIP -- AND A BOOMING VOICE ECHOES ACROSS THE WATER:

BOWMAN (V.O.)  
THIS IS THE UNITED STATES COAST  
GUARD! PREPARE TO BE BOARDED!

North whips his head over to the water -- to see:

THE HUANCABILCA

SPEEDING toward the freighter at 15 knots -- Bowman visible on the deck of the sub -- along with Daniel Leon -- and armed Huancavilca CREWMAN.

AN ALL-OUT GUN BATTLE

between the two ships ERUPTS -- as cartel crewman SHOOT BACK at the deck of Huancavilca -- MUZZLE FLASHES and GUNFIRE lighting up the night sky -- providing North with the opportunity to go RUSHING back inside the ship.

INT. FREIGHTER - HALLWAY - SAME

Where Drew goes racing down the corridor -- arms pumping. He rounds a corner and --

-- *BAM!* -- runs right into a GUNMAN who quickly grabs hold of him.

Drew STRUGGLES to get free -- FLAILING like mad -- but the soldier keeps his grip -- DRAGGING the boy back down the corridor as we CUT TO --

NORTH

making his way down ANOTHER CORRIDOR -- and stopping when he hears his son about to cross the open hatch ahead of him.

He looks around for options -- spying:

A FIRE EXTINGUISHER

mounted on the wall. He pries it down.

RESUME DREW:

still being dragged down the hall -- when North explodes into the corridor -- SLAMMING the fire extinguisher across the gunman's jaw -- KNOCKING him off of Drew -- then when he's keeled over -- WHAM! -- CRACKING the extinguisher across the back of his head -- laying him out.

And the second he hits the ground --

-- Drew RUNS over to his dad -- the two collapsing into a tight embrace -- tears leaking from Drew's eyes.

DREW

Thank you...thank you.

North -- eyes welling -- doesn't want to let go -- but he knows they have to keep moving.

NORTH

Come on. We gotta move.

With that -- he grabs the soldier's gun -- and his son's hand. The two then start to make their way down the hallway when North pauses -- feeling winded.

Why? Because he's BEEN SHOT. He was hit on the left side of his torso -- right before he made it to that crate on the deck. And now he's bleeding -- bad.

North -- color starting to drain from his face -- applies pressure to his wound -- but he needs a doctor -- fast.

DREW

Dad, are you alright?

North nods. Liar.

NORTH

Let's go.

And with that -- he continues on with Drew -- as we RETURN TO --

EXT. FREIGHTER/HUANCAVILCA - SAME

Where the gunfight RAGES on -- Bowman leading the charge of Huancavilca crewmen picking off cartel gunmen -- as lines are cast from the sub to the freighter -- lashing the two boats together.

NEW ANGLE -- ZAPATA

firing multiple rounds -- but he's out-gunned by the advancing Huancavilca crewmen -- and he quickly RETREATS back into the ship.

INT. FREIGHTER - HALLWAY - SAME

Where North rushes his son into the:

INT. FREIGHTER - CREW QUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

And moves him quickly over to one of the cots -- ordering him to:

NORTH  
Stay under here. Don't come out.

He goes to move -- but Drew grabs hold on him.

DREW  
Wait -- where are you going?

NORTH  
I gotta lead them away from you.

DREW  
(hysterical)  
No please -- don't leave me.

North takes his son's face with his hand -- and locks eyes with his son -- promising:

NORTH  
I will come back for you. I promise.

A beat -- then Drew nods.

NORTH (CONT'D)  
Now take this.

He hands him the soldier's gun.

NORTH (CONT'D)  
Remember when I took you hunting that time?

Drew nods.

NORTH (CONT'D)  
Shoot anyone that's not me.

North then kisses his son's forehead -- slips him underneath the bed -- and heads out -- as we GO FAST TO --

BOWMAN

climbing onto the deck of the freighter.

EXT. FREIGHTER - DECK - SAME

Where he takes aim at TWO GUNMEN -- picking them both off.

THE HUANCABILCA CREW

also reach the deck -- taking heavy gunfire -- but ultimately driving the cartel gunmen back.

INT. FREIGHTER - HALLWAY - SAME

As Zapata moves up -- he stops -- seeing:

NORTH

rounding the corner ahead of him.

Zapata raises up his gun and opens fire -- sending North DUCKING back. Zapata CHARGES after him -- but when he rounds the same corner --

-- North is GONE. Vanished. Zapata looks around for him. Where did he go? He then notices:

NORTH'S BLOOD

on a nearby staircase. Gun leading the way -- he then heads down the stairs -- searching for North -- soon arriving:

INT. FREIGHTER - ENGINE ROOM - SAME

Steam rises off machinery -- and a ceiling lined with pipes.

NEW ANGLE -- NORTH

ducked behind the engines -- hiding -- waiting -- listening for:

ZAPATA

making his way down below. North then notices:

DROPS OF HIS BLOOD

trickling out of his torso -- and onto the floor. Shit.

INT. FREIGHTER - VARIOUS - SAME

As Leon and the Huancavilca crewmen storm the ship -- SWAT-style -- securing compartments.

INT. FREIGHTER - HALLWAY - SAME

Now with Bowman as he rounds a corner -- stepping into an empty corridor.

He's about to continue on when he hears NOISES -- emanating from the deck below.

As he descends down that same narrow stairwell -- RETURN TO --

INT. FREIGHTER - ENGINE ROOM - SAME

Where Zapata hunts North -- gun at the ready -- finger on the trigger.

NEW ANGLE -- NORTH

still hiding -- then quickly darting for another concealed spot. Zapata whips around in his direction -- but he fails to see him.

A beat -- and Zapata resumes his search as:

BOWMAN

comes creeping into the engine room -- his foot striking a TOOL BOX on the floor -- causing it to *BANG!*

ZAPATA

whips around -- in the direction of the noise -- but when he rushes over --

-- Bowman is gone.

Zapata spins -- guard-up -- looking. He then sees a SHADOW across the floor. Heads for it -- as we:

NEW ANGLE -- BOWMAN

moving -- also on the hunt -- but when he moves around a piece of machinery --

-- *WHAM!* -- Zapata is there to strike him with the butt of his gun -- right to his jaw -- sending Bowman *CRASHING* to the floor -- and his gun skidding across the room. Zapata then aims his gun down -- about to blow out Bowman's brains when:

NORTH

across the room -- *CRANKS* down a valve -- sending *SCORCHING HOT STEAM TO BE RELEASED OUT OF AN OVERHEAD PIPE -- DIRECTLY ABOVE ZAPATA.*

Zapata -- SCALDED -- SCREAMS BLOODY MARY -- and SPINS around with his gun -- ready to shoot at North when --

-- BANG! BANG! BANG! THREE GUNSHOTS RING OUT -- tagging Zapata in the back. He turns around to see:

BOWMAN

on the ground -- smoking gun in his hand.

Zapata -- stunned that this is the end -- then COLLAPSES onto his face -- dead.

NORTH

breathing labored -- then looks over from Zapata's corpse to find Bowman -- now aiming his gun at him.

As Bowman considers what to do with North -- WE HEAR:

HANOVER (V.O.)  
So what do we know about  
Gutierrez's operation as it stands  
now?

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN/FLORIDA COASTLINE - MORNING

As the sun starts to rise -- causing the waves to glow gold. Coast Guard vessels and Emergency Response helicopters circle the Huancavilca and the freighter.

BOWMAN (V.O.)  
Well Chief Hanover, as I said,  
we've recovered approximately \$180  
million worth of his cocaine.

CUT TO --

BOWMAN

bruises healing -- sitting before Hanover -- and that same panel of COAST GUARD OFFICIALS he addressed in the beginning.

BOWMAN  
That robs him of considerable  
security, leaving him vulnerable to  
his competitors.

EXT. GUTIERREZ COMPOUND - NIGHT

As Daniel Leon -- backed by a SWAT TEAM -- storms up the front gates -- military-style -- to the front door -- taking a RAM to it -- and BREAKING IT DOWN -- to enter:

INT. GUTIERREZ COMPOUND - NIGHT

Where they wrap around a corner -- to find:

GUTIERREZ'S HEADLESS BODY

tied to a chair in his living room.

RESUME BOWMAN:

testifying.

BOWMAN

And as a result of the intel gathered at his compound --

EXT. VARIOUS CARTEL CAMPS - NIGHT

Where we see several RAIDS on known narco submarine construction sites take place.

BOWMAN (V.O.)

-- several other sub factories were located.

NEW ANGLE -- A NARCO SUB

under construction in an outdoor shipyard. An ECUADORIAN MARINE attaches an explosive charge to her hull.

BOWMAN

And several more narco submarines were successfully decommissioned.

JUMP CUT --

*BOOOOOOOOM!* -- as the submarine EXPLODES -- blackening the sky with smoke.

RESUME BOWMAN:

BOWMAN (CONT'D)

In other words. I promised you a home run. But you got a grand slam.

Hanover can't help but let a smile creep past his lips. Then:

HANOVER

And what of the sub's skipper, Jonathan North?

CUT TO --

CAMERA SPEEDING UP A HIGHWAY

sunlight skimming off the blacktop.

RESUME BOWMAN:

BOWMAN

I believe Commander North's  
testimony is more than sufficient  
for our purposes. We should  
consider the matter, as far as he's  
concerned, closed.

(beat)

We owe him our gratitude.

RESUME HIGHWAY:

as the camera catches up to an open-top car driving up the  
road -- finding -- in the passenger seat:

DREW NORTH

wind in his hair -- smiling -- as he looks to the driver:

JOHN NORTH

looking fresh-faced and healthy -- with a clean buzz cut and  
dressed in familiar Service Khaki -- the uniform of a Navy  
submarine officer.

He looks back to his son -- returning his smile -- then turns  
forward again -- driving ahead -- camera CRANING UP to see  
their ultimate destination:

EXT. NAVAL SUBMARINE BASE KINGS BAY - DAY

Southeastern Georgia. Where we find the USS ALASKA -- a Ohio-  
class ballistic missile submarine is docked.

John North's come home.

CUT TO --

BLACK.