

subVERSION

by

Andrew Ferguson

From pitch black, we are underwater, ascending with velocity through cylindrical space, bubbles trailing in our wake, the abject darkness succumbing to glimmers of light as we BREACH...

Into the steep, vertical tank of a **SUBMARINE ESCAPE TRAINING FACILITY**. Two hundred feet worth of dark water circumscribed by suffocating cement walls. Claustrophobia meets aquaphobia.

A COMMANDING OFFICER barks at NAVAL CADETS. The lone female within the ranks is **CORA CAMERON**, 25. She chews gum, waiting her turn with the intrepid confidence of a four star admiral.

DOUGLAS "DOUGIE" LOCKE, 24, stands beside Cora, staring into the deep, black depths of the tank, his trepidation palpable.

COMMANDING OFFICER

Steam leaks, hull breaches, ADCAPs, carbon dioxide. Submariners suffer no poverty of threats underwater. As much as we like to think we are in control, we are not. Which is why, we will be simulating a DISSUB scenario.

(beat, appraising the cadets)

You cannot afford to be indecisive.
You cannot afford to be frightened.
You cannot afford to to be panicked,
numb, or stupid. So, with this all
being said, who wants to go first?

Cora steps forward with no hesitation. Locke whispers, upset.

LOCKE

Dammit Cora, no.

CORA

Officer Locke and I would like to
volunteer, sir.

INT. STAGING AREA - SUBMARINE ESCAPE TRAINING FACILITY - DAY

Cora and Locke change their uniforms in favor of specialized MK11 submarine escape immersion equipment ("SEIE") -- orange suits with thermal linings and an inflatable buoyancy system.

LOCKE

Why do we always gotta be first?

CORA

So officers can see that anything
women can do, men can do too.

LOCKE

Clever. How long you been sitting on
that one?

CORA

Few weeks. But seriously, we're two hundred feet from our dolphins. What's the worst that could happen?

LOCKE

Worst that could happen? Hm. Pulmonary barotrauma, organ rupture, nitrogen narcosis, vascular hemorrhage --

CORA

Besides that.

LOCKE

-- unceremonious death.

CORA

Doesn't sound so bad.

A PETTY OFFICER conducts a cursory inspection of their suits.

PETTY OFFICER

(to Cora, re: menstruation)

Try not to get blood in the water.

CORA

Good looking out, O'Doyle. Actually, could you hold onto something of mine while I'm in there?

Petty Officer holds his hand out. Cora spits her gum into it.

CORA

Thanks!

Cora seals her ascent hood, smiling at O'Doyle. She CONNECTS to an air hose, INFLATES her suit, repeats the same for Locke.

They astronaut walk forward, voices hushed under polyurethane.

LOCKE

All I'm saying is, on occasion, patience couldn't hurt.

CORA

I hear it's a virtue.

LOCKE

Value not virtue.

CORA

Come again.

LOCKE

Something my mom used to say -- "patience is a value not a virtue".

CORA
Dude, it was rhetorical.

LOCKE
I know, but it's a common mistake.
Cardinal virtues are actually
prudence, justice, temperance and --

CORA
God, I can't wait to meet the woman
responsible for you.

LOCKE
A single parent who's been called
"severe" more than once? Doubt it.

CORA
Is that what I have to look forward
to? Penny calling me "severe" in
twenty years?

LOCKE
Nah, more like "arrogant" in ten. How
is the little princess?

CORA
Five going on thirty five.

LOCKE
Wonder where she gets it.

CORA
No idea.

They clamber inside...

INT. ESCAPE TRUNK - SUBMARINE ESCAPE TRAINING FACILITY - DAY

The confined chamber simulating an escape trunk on an actual submarine. As Locke climbs through the entrance, a protruding lever TEARS into his escape suit, totally unbeknownst to him.

They sit underneath an ovoid HATCH with valves in the middle. Cora is in mission mode, focused, the consummate professional. Locke the opposite, straining to control his breathing rhythm.

CORA
Hey. Shallow breath in. Deep breath
out. No holding. You got this. Two
hundred feet.

LOCKE
Two hundred feet.

They fist bump. Commanding Officer BARKS through the speaker.

COMMANDING OFFICER (SPEAKER)
Prepare to fill and equalize. Okay on
three. One, two, three.

They raise the "okay" hand sign to the closed circuit camera.

Dead silence ensues. Then, we hear the pneumatic HISSING of
valves being released. Water starts INUNDATING the enclosure.

LOCKE
You feel that?

CORA
Gonna have to be more specific.

LOCKE
My foot's hot. Like a pinched nerve
or something.

CORA
Your foot's hot?

The water level rises rapidly, lower halves already submerged.

LOCKE
Why are you looking at me like that?

CORA
'Cause the temp's ninety.

LOCKE
No shit, so we don't get hypothermia
-- wait -- could this be a --

CORA
Breach. Yeah.

LOCKE
You're right, it's water, shit, it's
already at my waist!

CORA
Hey! You're okay, just don't panic.

LOCKE
Hose is punctured too. My air's gone!

Locke frantic, suffocating space exacerbating his panic. He
motions at the camera, but the water level conceals his plea.

LOCKE
We have to abort!

CORA
Pressure isn't equalized yet.

LOCKE
How long until the hatch?!

CORA
Five seconds. Maybe ten.

LOCKE
Shit. What do I do?!

CORA
You can free ascend, but you gotta stay calm! Shallow in. Deep out. Hold on and we'll ride to the top together.

LOCKE
It's in my visor!

Locke RETCHES on water flooding inside his visor compartment.

CORA
Just focus on me, Dougie.

LOCKE
I can't! I can't!

CORA
Grab my hand.

Locke thrashes, reaches for Cora, but cannot move, swimming in place, hose having SNAGGED around a pipe amidst the chaos.

LOCKE
I'm stuck! Cora, please!

Water is at the top, compressing oxygen, equalizing pressure between chamber and tank. The pandemonium renders him useless.

LOCKE
My ears!

His tympanic membranes EXPLODE, blood now gushing from his ears. He flails, shouts, but only choked bubbles trickle out.

CORA
DO NOT HOLD YOUR BREATH --

But the hatch RELEASES, opening, LAUNCHING her from the trunk...

INT. TANK - SUBMARINE ESCAPE TRAINING FACILITY - DAY

Into the training tank. Cora reacts, LATCHING onto the hatch, STOPPING her propulsion. She dangles, upended, legs overhead.

Cora wrestles back inside the escape trunk, her teeth gritted.

CORA
BREATHE DOUGIE!

But Locke is manic as Cora uncouples the hose, **RELEASING** him.

Locke comes **SURGING** out from the escape trunk, kicking loose in his panic, flailing like hooked fish, **CRASHING** into Cora, the vicious **IMPACT** knocking her unconscious, body going limp.

Locke ascends...

And ascends...

And ascends...

But he holds his breath, flooding his organs with excess air.

His lungs **IMplode** and gastric arteries **RUPTURE**, painting his visor with vomited blood, enduring the worst fate imaginable...

As his unmoving husk **SURFACES** and Officers fish him from the water, hauling him to safety and unzipping his exposure suit...

To find the fatal aftermath of pulmonary overinflation. His eyeballs are bloodsoaked, veins ruptured and stomach swollen.

Returning **UNDERWATER** as Cora slowly rises, blinking back to consciousness, the distant surface visible through her visor, a beacon in the darkness. As she floats toward the light, we...

MATCH CUT TO:

Water swirling down the drain of a bathroom sink. Quivering hands cradle under the running faucet, splashing droplets on...

The exhausted expression of Cora Cameron **TWO YEARS** after the fatal accident. Her countenance is saturnine and her posture stooped, creating a stark contrast to the woman we saw prior.

To state the obvious, time has been decidedly unkind to Cora.

Cora squeezes drops into her bloodshot eyes bereft of energy, then removes a tequila shooter from a pocket and drains the bottle in one routine gulp, mouthing the alcohol as medicine.

Music can be heard **THUMPING** outside. She sighs, then exits to...

INT./EXT. CATAMARAN - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

A double decked catamaran idling off the **SAN DIEGO** coast, its port side inscribed with "**CAMERON CRUISES**" in faded lettering.

Deafening melodies **THUNDER** through speakers as **BACHELORETTES** mingle with muscular **MEN**, guzzling booze and grinding groins.

Cora sighs, inured to debauchery. She removes her distinctive **BRASS ANCHOR KEYCHAIN**, STARTS the engine, then glances around.

CORA

Three hours are up, heading back in!

Her update is greeted with AUDIBLE BOOS. Cora could care less.

CORA

Yeah, yeah. Let's get a headcount --
okay, fifteen-ish, good enough for me.

INT./EXT. CATAMARAN - HARBOR - DAY

Party's over, folks. The last of the degenerates stagger off the catamaran. The bathroom door then suddenly flies OPEN. A BACHELORETTE stumbles outside, followed by an inebriated GUY, both giggling in the blushed aftermath of cramped copulation.

Cora shakes her head, downing frustrations in another shooter.

BACHELORETTE

Are you supposed to be drinking when
driving a boat?

CORA

Are you supposed to be banging
strangers when that ring's on your
finger?

Bachelorette instinctively looks to the diamond ring on her finger. Her embarrassment evolves to rage and she storms off.

DRUNK GUY

Wait -- you're married?!

Cora raises an empty tip jar as they wobble off the catamaran.

CORA

Don't forget to tip!

INT./EXT. CATAMARAN - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

Another casual cruise along the coast. This time, passengers are ASIAN TOURISTS snapping pictures of the sunkissed horizon.

A tourist approaches Cora and without preamble, SNAPS a photo.

CORA

Thanks. Make sure to get it framed.

INT./EXT. CATAMARAN - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

Another cruise. TWO PARENTS holding up their cherubic, infant DAUGHTER, pointing at marine life swimming below the surface.

Cora watches the family, subconsciously breaking into a smile.

INT./EXT. CATAMARAN - HARBOR - DUSK

Cora finishes another cruise, pulling inside the harbor. The customer is a MIDDLE AGED WOMAN, who smiles at her, pleasant.

Cora docks, turns the engine off and lowers the platform. The woman disembarks from the boat, smile never leaving her face.

WOMAN

Thanks again.

CORA

Come back anytime.

WOMAN

I will.

As the woman leaves, a young girl scampers across the harbor, smiling wide. This is Cora's daughter, **PENNY**, 7, and she is also accompanied by **NOLAN CAMERON**, 33, her estranged husband.

PENNY

Mommy!

CORA

Hey there honey bee! Ready for our sunset cruise?

PENNY

Sure am!

Penny continues in the boat before Cora can catch her breath.

CORA

Put your lifejacket on!

Cora sees Nolan, leans in for a kiss. He does not reciprocate.

CORA

Well, that's embarrassing.

NOLAN

Sorry. Just don't want to send Penny any confusing signals.

CORA

That her parents are still together?

NOLAN
We're still legally together.

CORA
Just not together.

NOLAN
You know what I mean.

CORA
Rarely anymore. But since we're on the subject, let's talk timeline.

NOLAN
Cora --

CORA
I'm ready.

NOLAN
I'm not.

CORA
But Penny is. There. Two to one. I'll move my things back in Monday.

NOLAN
Okay, sure. All you have to do is answer one question honestly.

CORA
Please. End the suspense.

NOLAN
When was your last drink?

CORA
Today?

NOLAN
Not funny. You're deflecting.

CORA
If I wanted to deflect I'd just mention something mundane like the weather.

NOLAN
Then tell me. Last drink.

CORA
Real scorcher outside, isn't it?

NOLAN
This is serious, Cora.

CORA
And so am I. On my life, I'm sober.

PENNY
C'mon mommy!

CORA
One second!
(back to Nolan)
It's time to let me back in, Nolan.
My daughter needs me.

Nolan wants to believe her, but resists, keeping his distance.

NOLAN
No, she needs her mother.

CORA
You're saying there's a difference.

NOLAN
I'm saying you've held a lot of guilt
over the last two years. Anybody
would --

CORA
Not this again.

NOLAN
-- but it's manifested in some
seriously self-destructive behavior,
and I can't put Penny through that
again. It's not fair to her.

CORA
So, what, you still don't think I'm
ready to be a mom full time again?

He studies her bloodshot eyes, her sunken features. He sighs.

NOLAN
You don't want the answer to that.

Ouch.

NOLAN
Have her back by eight.

INT./EXT. CATAMARAN - HARBOR - DUSK

Cora enters the catamaran, smiles at Penny who is wearing an oversized lifejacket. She reaches inside her pockets, but cannot locate her keys. She pats herself down, still no luck.

CORA
Have you seen my keys?

PENNY
Does this mean we can't go?

CORA
Penelope Ryanne Cameron. You know
your mother always comes prepared.

Cora opens the lockbox under the helm, retrieves a spare key.

CORA
Let's have some fun.

INT./EXT. CATAMARAN - PACIFIC OCEAN - SUNSET

The catamaran floating. Cora and Penny admire dying daylight.

CORA
I swear you get bigger every time I
see you.

PENNY
Girls at school still call me a baby.

CORA
Girls at school don't know sh --
(stopping herself, recalibrating)
You can't listen to them. They're
just jealous.

PENNY
Really?

CORA
Yes, really. We've now got two big
girls at home.

PENNY
But you don't live at home.

CORA
That's only temporary, honey bee.

PENNY
Because Daddy's still mad at you?

CORA
I know it may seem confusing, but
sometimes grown ups need time apart
to realize how close they really are.

Penny processes this, trying to understand. Cora embraces her.

CORA
Wanna see something cool?

Penny nods. Cora stands, places two fingers in her mouth and WHISTLES. After a moment, FINS break the wavetops, WHINING in response. Penny grins wide, astonished by her trick of nature.

PENNY
Dolphins!

Penny tries to emulate her mother, BLOWING spittle everywhere. Her failure is as adorable as it is disgusting. Cora chuckles.

CORA
Put your thumb and finger together,
touch your tongue, curl it back and
blow.

Penny tries again, her BRAYS eventually evolving to WHISTLES.

CORA
Short breath in, then deep out.

Dolphins RESPOND to her attempts. Penny SQUEALS with delight.

CORA
There you go, now you got it!

Cora smiles at her, savoring the moment of genuine happiness.

EXT. BUNGALOW - SAN DIEGO - NIGHT

Cora carries Penny, fast asleep, to the front entrance of a beachside bungalow. Across the street, we notice a **PANEL VAN** loitering in the darkness, engine running but headlights off. **TWO SILHOUETTES** sit in the front, features hidden in shadows.

Unaware, Cora tries the doorknob, locked, a stranger in her own home. So she tries KNOCKING. After a beat, Nolan answers.

NOLAN
You're late. She'll be tired for
soccer practice.

CORA
We were having fun.

PENNY
Mommy talked to dolphins.

Nolan takes Penny via handoff, then appraises Cora, irritated.

CORA
What? She had a good time.

NOLAN

I'm sure. She wants to be just like her mother.

CORA

God help her.

NOLAN

I was thinking the same thing.

Cora is quietly wounded. Nolan softens as she pivots to leave.

NOLAN

Wait.

(off her turning, optimistic)
Why don't I come along next week. See how we do. You know, as a family.

CORA

I'd like that.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BAR - HARBOR - NIGHT

Shot glasses CLINKING, then traveling to Cora's mouth inside a harbor dive bar. Few inveterate BOOZEHOUSES sinking their soused sorrows in the bottoms of bottles. Cora at the bartop, intoxicated to the edge of imbalance. A television plays NEWS.

REPORTER (TELEVISION)

We are reporting from San Diego where Vice President William Bennett will be delivering remarks atop the USS Lincoln aircraft carrier tomorrow...

BOOZEHOUND

That asshole's the reason I can't sail my normal course tomorrow!

BOOZEHOUND TWO

Hell with him!

REPORTER (TELEVISION)

Viewed as the primary architect of our current war abroad, the Vice President is expected to provide an update on combat operations and...

BOOZEHOUND

Here here! Hell with him!

Cora tosses cash down, laughing, then lumbers out of the bar.

EXT. BAR - HARBOR - NIGHT

Cora staggers outside, senses dulled and faculties impaired, heading for the harbor one block away, too sloshed to notice the same PANEL VAN from earlier, lingering across the street.

Cora stops, sensing something sinister. She looks left, then right. The street is pitch black and vacant. Nobody in sight.

When she turns back, TWO SHADOWED FIGURES SUDDENLY APPEAR, THROWING a BLACK BAG over her head, MUSCLING her inside the van in three seconds flat. Off the doors SLAMMING closed, we...

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. RHIB - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAWN

Two cutter-deployed, RIGID HULLED INFLATABLE BOATS ("RHIBs") slashing through swells, built sleek for speed, painted black on black for camouflage and equipped with a machine gun mount.

Peering through binoculars and standing at one ocean sprayed bow like Washington crossing the Delaware is **PENN GAMBLE**, 38, and the singular breed of swashbuckling skipper you'd follow into the ninth circle of hell within five seconds of meeting.

He is Lieutenant Commander of this Law Enforcement Detachment ("LEDET"), an operational, counter narcotics element of the Tactical Law Enforcement Team ("TACLET") within the topflight, deployable specialized forces ("DSF") of the U.S. Coast Guard.

Gamble is flanked by an imposing special operations squad of TACLET OFFICERS boasting bulletproof vests, combat equipment, and close quarters battle receiver ("CQBR") carbines rigged with SOPMOD packages, all locked, stocked, and ready to rock.

On the other RHIB, is a DEA TACTICAL FORCE led by **LEE HUXLEY**, 45, hardheaded SPECIAL AGENT IN CHARGE. He has an exceedingly flatulent opinion of his role and responsibility, like a man who boasts about his Porsche but bought it certified preowned.

Huxley holds on for dear life, an obvious stranger to the sea.

[Author's Note: Dialogue on water is spoken at higher volume.]

GAMBLE

Visual on stateless vessel. Bearing
zero-one-zero. Speed, eight, maybe
ten knots. Prepare for interdiction.

Officers nod, locking, loading, slamming clips home, flicking safeties off as we WHIP PAN to reveal what Gamble is tracking...

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - DAWN

A strange blur cutting through ocean. Three vertical plastic pipes slowly rise from the surface, shedding water to reveal...

The fifty foot NARCO SUBMERSIBLE that the snorkels belong to, camouflaged with azure paint. This hardly buoyant, primitive piece of shit is seaworthy thanks to fiberglass and duct tape.

INT./EXT. RHIB - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAWN

The TACLET driver, **ROURKE**, 27, studies the vessel's contours.

ROURKE
Gonna be a bitch to board.

GAMBLE
Sounds like a bet.

ROURKE
Fifty?

GAMBLE
Make it a hundred.

Huxley's RHIB suddenly pulls parallel with Gamble and company.

HUXLEY
My team's running advance!

Gamble does not react, continuing to peer through his binocs.

HUXLEY
Hear me, Gamble?!

ROURKE
Think the narc wants you, boss.

GAMBLE
Tell him I'm busy.

HUXLEY
Dammit, Gamble! Stand down!

Gamble finally puts down his binoculars and looks at Huxley, then points to his ears, pantomiming like he cannot hear him.

Huxley tries to yell again, but instead SLIPS off his RHIB, saved from going overboard at the last second by one of his own Agents. TACLET Officers laugh at this amateurish display.

GAMBLE
These joint agency ops are fun.

Both RHIBs continue accelerating, sidling next to the vessel.

Gamble steadies himself at the RHIB edge, bouncing with the turbulent tides, a breeze whipping through his hair, grinning like an adrenaline addict looking for his next endorphin rush.

GAMBLE

Mean and clean, fellas. Zero body count. Boarding in three... two...

Gamble motions, seamlessly leapfrogging from the RHIB bow to...

EXT. SUBMERSIBLE - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAWN

The topside of the vessel. Now he is hanging ten, surfing the submersible with lithe elegance. Three officers follow behind.

GAMBLE

Seal their intakes!

One Officer advances, PLUGGING the protuberant, u-shaped air intake pipes, forcing the diesel exhaust back inside the sub.

Gamble negotiates to the pilot house and POUNDS on its hatch.

GAMBLE

Anybody home? I'd like to talk about our lord and savior, Jesus Christ.

HUXLEY

Quit screwing around, Gamble!

A DRUGRUNNER suddenly ERUPTS from the hatch leveling an AK-47.

Gamble sidesteps, adroit, lashes out like a spring uncoiling, DRIVING the gun back, FLATTENING his nose, a deflated balloon.

BAM! BAM! BAM! The poleaxed Drugrunner SPRAYS errant gunfire through fiberglass, VENTILATING the topside with torrid lead.

Gamble dodges the bullets, casual, not even breaking a sweat.

GAMBLE

Must be a nonbeliever.

INT. SUBMERSIBLE - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAWN

TWO MORE DRUGRUNNERS sit in the confined, airless hellscape, suffocating on fumes of diesel gasoline and pungent excrement.

[Author's Note: All italicized language designates Spanish.]

DRUGRUNNER ONE

Flood it! Flood it!

The other Drugrunner clambers into their cargohold stocked with ONE THOUSAND POUNDS WORTH OF COCAINE in one big PALLET, frantically wrenching drain valves until water FLOODS inside.

EXT. SUBMERSIBLE - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAWN

The submersible GROANS forward, water CASCADING over its bow.

GAMBLE

They're scuttling! Time to breach!

Gamble removes a flashbang, TOSSES it inside the submersible. THWOOMP! The flashbang DETONATES in flares of sound and fury.

The three Drugrunners gopher from the hatch, legally blinded, hands raised in surrender, disoriented from the stun grenade.

GAMBLE

Tag 'em and bag 'em!

The Officers subdue every Drugrunner, cuff their wrists, then fling them onto their adjacent RHIB in under ten seconds flat.

TACLET OFFICER

Vessel clear!

Let us not forget, the submersible is beginning its freefall.

HUXLEY

The drugs! Get the drugs!

Gamble tiptoes topside, soles slipping for traction, keeping equilibrium as he jettisons his kevlar vest, gear, and rifle.

GAMBLE

Toss me an emergency life raft!

Rourke smiles, astounded, as he hurls an UNINFLATED BUOYANCY APPARATUS, looking like a hulking orange suitcase, to Gamble.

ROURKE

This is insane!

It sure is. Gamble rides the submersible, plunging headfirst...

INT. SUBMERSIBLE - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAWN

Inside its flooded interior, his arms swimming, legs kicking. He finds the pallet of cocaine, then RELEASES the cargo hatch...

EXT. UNDERWATER - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAWN

The pallet PLUMMETS into the abyss. Gamble holds on for dear life, breath expiring, maneuvering for an advantageous angle. And just as he reaches to pull the buoyancy apparatus ripcord...

INT./EXT. RHIB - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAWN

SLAM BACK to TACLET and DEA teams waiting with bated breath, searching for Gamble. Even the cuffed Drugrunners are curious.

When Gamble BREACHES whitecapped waves, inhaling fresh oxygen.

HUXLEY

God dammit, Gamble! You just lost me
fifty million dollars worth of
contraband!

An INFLATED LIFE RAFT then floats to the surface, repurposed to hold the COCAINE PALLET. Huxley fumes. Gamble just smiles.

GAMBLE

Found it.

INT. CARGO HOLD - PANEL VAN - DAWN

CLOSE ON Cora sitting in absolute darkness, her head bagged, mouth gagged, hands ziptied and ears muffed in total sensory deprivation like enemy combatants detained at Guantanamo Bay.

EXT. PANEL VAN - DAWN

The van navigates sinuous roads abutting the coast, BOUNCING over remote, unpaved terrain, turning in an abandoned **MARINA** untouched for over two decades. This rotting and unfinished **SHIPYARD** borders a thin **ESTUARY** feeding to the Pacific Ocean.

The van parks before we can see what floats inside the marina.

EXT. USCGC MUNRO - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

A few hours later on USCGC MUNRO, a Legend Class Coast Guard cutter ship patrolling the Pacific Ocean. In the boat launch, Gamble pounds fists, still not dried off, watching as TACLET Officers and DEA Agents escort Drugrunners from the RHIBs to the deck. He turns, finds Huxley heading for him, adversarial.

GAMBLE

Exciting stuff, huh?

HUXLEY

Who the hell do you think you are?

GAMBLE

The guy who just fished a thousand pounds of cocaine outta the Pacific so you and the DEA desk jockeys could get your pictures in the paper. Why, who are you?

HUXLEY

Really think I don't know what happened in Miami, Gamble?

Gamble flinches, surprised. Huxley smiles with condescension.

HUXLEY

Improvise on one of my ops again, and I'll screw the last nail in your coffin with a smile on my face.

Huxley storms off. Gamble quickly recovers as Rourke appears.

ROURKE

What happened in Miami?

GAMBLE

Got a tan. Learned how to Salsa.

Gamble starts marching toward the bridge. Rourke shadows him.

ROURKE

Can I ask you a question, sir?

GAMBLE

Think you just did.

ROURKE

How'd you know the raft would hold?

GAMBLE

Vinyl buoyant apparatus. Fifty inches by a hundred. Twenty man model with double webbing. Average weight, 180 pounds. Math says it would stake two tons in the worst conditions.

ROURKE

You figgered all that out while going ass over teakettle?

GAMBLE

Attention to detail, kid. Someday, it'll save a life. And your bank account. Pay up.

Gamble extends his hand for a payout. Rourke feigns searching.

ROURKE

Shit. Wallet's in my other kevlar.

GAMBLE

You owe me. End of day, or I throw a vig on it.

TACLET OFFICER

Yo, Looie. One of our perps is running his mouth, claiming he's got intel on something big.

GAMBLE

Something big, huh. What's he want?

TACLET OFFICER

Dismissed charges. Deportation.

Gamble circles around to DRUGRUNNER ONE, who TALKS in Spanish.

GAMBLE

Topline it for me.

TACLET OFFICER

Apparently, someone's been hiding behind the curtain, buying up land, supplies and labor to build a sub.

GAMBLE

Semi-sub.

TACLET OFFICER

No. Fully.

Gamble raises an eyebrow, this is starting to get interesting.

GAMBLE

Where?

TACLET OFFICER

Baja. Swears he personally worked on it a few months back.

GAMBLE

Doesn't smell right. Tijuana cartel ships by land, not sea. Unless they grew some serious stones and swam straight upstream to --

DRUGRUNNER ONE

America. Sí.

GAMBLE

Light up local sources, then cross-reference them with sat intel south of the border.

GAMBLE

If our friend here's telling the truth, set up a powwow with the three lettered leeches.

ROURKE

(re: DEA Team)

We really gotta bring them in on this one?

GAMBLE

Hafta give 'em a seat at the table, but don't hafta make it a good one.

(back to Drugrunner One)

Let's assume your information checks out. When's the maiden voyage?

DRUGRUNNER ONE

Hoy.

EXT. SHIPYARD - ABANDONED MARINA - DAY

Cora is on her knees atop wooden scaffolding, as the bag is RIPPED off her head, followed by earmuffs. She spits out the mouth gag, gets her bearings, vision calibrating to discover...

A homemade submarine floating in the estuary beneath her feet.

Except this vessel is more sophisticated than the bucket of bolts Gamble interdicted in the prior sequence. It is nearly one hundred feet long, twice as large as an average city bus, with a cylindrical cross section and watertight port windows.

LABORERS place the finishing touches on its exterior, tools GRINDING, sparks GLINTING. Others start DETACHING its chains.

Cora turns ashen, frantic, quickly realizing why she is here.

TWO MEN stand sentinel over her, armed and imperious. These genuine articles are **LUIS** and **JUAN**, 30s, their beards thick, accents thicker, and shoulders thickest, with sinewed flesh slathered in tattoos like scrimshawed whalebone. A THIRD MAN, **MIGUEL**, 40, kneels beside Cora, quivering, hands also cuffed.

LUIS

Cora Cameron. Welcome to Baja.

Cora scans the isolated marina, registering her circumstance.

CORA

I'm assuming nobody can hear me scream out here.

LUIS

You can try.

She shakes her head, knowing it's futile. Luis grins, amused.

LUIS
Any guesses as to why you're here?

CORA
I'm not getting in that thing.

LUIS
Then let me give you a hand.

No hesitation, Luis BOOTS Cora right through the access hatch.

LUIS
Or foot.

INT. NARCO SUBMARINE - DAY

Cora LANDS on the hard surface, drenched in low crimson light. She lumbers to her feet, pained, examining the cramped vessel.

The fiberglass hull is reinforced by kevlar and carbon fiber. Latticeworks of extension cords and piping stretch throughout.

Cora moves into the **CONTROL ROOM**, state of the art technology clashing with recycled components. The front wall is complete with levers, switches, and dials in-between an array of radar, sonar, navigation and touchscreen global positioning monitors.

She pops her head up inside the miniature **CONNING TOWER** that contains a small, circular platform beneath the access hatch. **ONE FIRE EXTINGUISHER** is next to cable on an **UMBILICAL WINCH**.

Back inside the control room, a torn office chair faces the steering station and main console, its rudimentary stern and bow plane yokes emblazoned with corroded Mandarin characters.

Cora then hears WHISTLING coming from an **AFT COMPARTMENT**. She strides for its closed padlocked door, but is interrupted by...

Luis scaling down the ladder, training his machine gun on her.

LUIS
So. What do you think?

CORA
What do I think? I think this is a barely buoyant bathtub that couldn't make it down a lazy river, let alone the Pacific Ocean. What is it you're trying to do here?

LUIS
Not me, Cora. My employer.

A phone then rings, SHRILL and PERSISTENT. Luis hands Cora a **SATELLITE PHONE** inside a **WATERPROOF BAG**. She pauses, unsure.

LUIS

Go ahead. It's for you.

Cora removes the phone and answers. The **VOICE** on the other end uses VOCAL MANIPULATION software, hiding any distinctive accent or characteristic. Its artificial timbre is unsettling.

[Author's Note: The voice will remain off screen until noted.]

VOICE

Hello, Cora.

CORA

Who is this?

VOICE

Your number one fan.

CORA

Give me one good reason not to hang up right now.

VOICE

I'll give you two.

Luis steps forward, proffers **TWO SEPARATE POLAROID PICTURES**. One is of Penny, the other is of Nolan. Both tied and gagged, inside different dark rooms, their surroundings indiscernible.

VOICE

Taken within the last six hours.

Cora reacts, incensed, momma bear after her cub is threatened.

CORA

Listen to me, if you touch --

VOICE

No, you listen to me, Cora. Here is the current situation. Nolan and Penny are under the very real and very imminent threat of violence. You, on the other hand, are inside a fully submersible vessel, and you are going to pilot this fully submersible vessel up the Pacific Coast to its destination in under eight hours, or that threat will become a reality.

Cora is numbed, breaths labored, mind spinning, gears turning.

CORA

I haven't been in a sub in years, let alone skipped something like this.

VOICE

Then you better get acquainted.

Luis motions with his weapon, "go ahead, take a look around". Cora slowly steels herself, starts touring, appraising it all.

VOICE

The vessel is 86 feet by 16 feet.

CORA

Skin's not steel. Or titanium.

VOICE

Fiberglass. Reinforced by kevlar and carbon fiber where necessary.

CORA

Invisible to sonar.

VOICE

Bingo.

CORA

Depth rating?

VOICE

One hundred feet.

CORA

Jesus. What about propulsion?

VOICE

Diesel electric hybrid.

Cora climbs inside...

INT. ENGINE ROOM - NARCO SUBMARINE - DAY

The cloistered room housing TWO 500 HORSEPOWER DIESEL ENGINES.

VOICE

500 horsepower diesel engines. Dual screw. Fifteen knots top speed.

CORA

And when we submerge...

INT. BATTERY COMPARTMENT - NARCO SUBMARINE - DAY

Another cramped chamber with TWO HUNDRED LEAD ACID BATTERIES.

VOICE

Two hundred lead acid batteries
powering twin electric motors.

CORA

This buys us, what, five, six hours
diving duration?

VOICE

Two.

CORA

So, I have to surface four times in
eight hours in broad daylight?

VOICE

Gotta have faith, Cora.

Cora continues forward, scaling down one small ladder inside...

INT. LOWER DECK - NARCO SUBMARINE - DAY

The lower deck, where she must hunch to examine the buoyancy system, consisting of TIN BALLAST TANKS arranged in columns between GO KART STEERING WHEELS mounted on as drainage valves.

CORA

Buoyancy system?

VOICE

Standard ballast depth control.

Cora shakes her head at the insanity, fear evolving to anger.

CORA

I'm not just joyriding this shitbox,
so let's talk about what exactly it
is you got on deck.

VOICE

See for yourself. Bow cargohold.

INT. CARGO HOLD - NARCO SUBMARINE - DAY

An IMMENSE BALE comprised of SMALLER BAGS of WHITE SUBSTANCE that appear to be cocaine. Its volume leaves Cora speechless.

CORA

How much is this?

VOICE

Two thousand pounds even.

CORA
Cocaine?

VOICE
My special product.

CORA
You're cartel. This is a narco submarine.

VOICE
Wouldn't that be cliché.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NARCO SUBMARINE - DAY

Cora collapses in the captain's chair, examining the controls.

CORA
I'm supposed to control depth and direction at the same time? No, this is impossible.

VOICE
Nothing is impossible with the right incentive. Here are the ground rules.

CORA
You're not hearing me --

VOICE
Rule number one. You must reach the specified destination in exactly eight hours. No more. No less.

Cora looks at the console. There is a digital timer, reading...

8:00

VOICE
Rule number two. You must surface every two hours to check in. Don't bother trying to call for help with the satellite phone. It's programmed to receive one number and one number only. Mine.

Cora deflates, helpless.

VOICE
Rule number three. At no point during the trip should you touch my product. I know its exact weight down to the decimal.

VOICE

Rule number four, under no circumstances should you stop, scuttle the submarine, or try and contact authorities. I will be tracking you the entire time.

CORA

I can't --

VOICE

Now comes the part when you ask what happens if you break one of the rules.

Cora absorbs everything, silent with dread, vocal cords faint.

CORA

What happens if I break one of the rules?

VOICE

I will kill your husband. I will kill your seven year old daughter. It will be cruel. It will be unusual. It will not be quick. Do you understand?

(off Cora, speechless)

Cora?

CORA

I understand.

VOICE

Terrific.

CORA

You still haven't told me where I'm going.

VOICE

Chart a course for central California. You'll get exact coordinates later.

CORA

Central California in eight hours? That will never work!

VOICE

Better make it work. Your family is counting on you.

CORA

Okay, okay! Your point's made. I'll run the route, but I can't do it alone.

As if on cue, Juan forces Miguel down the ladder at gunpoint.

VOICE

Correct. Luis is second in command. He'll be my eyes and ears. Juan's there to help ensure you follow directions. And Miguel will be your helmsman, navigator, quartermaster, sonar officer, whatever you need.

CORA

Crack team.

VOICE

Be sure and tread carefully, Cora. You're carrying precious cargo.

CLICK. The call ends, leaving Cora standing there dumbstruck. She looks around the claustrophobic submarine, registers Juan guarding the conning ladder, weapon ready. There is no escape.

CORA

We're really doing this?

Luis steps forward, threatening, brandishing his switchblade. But he then SLICES her zipties off. Does the same for Miguel.

LUIS

Eight hours.

The digital timer begins TICKING DOWN. She leaps into action.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - USCGC MUNRO - DAY

SMASH TO Gamble, dried off, standing in front of satellite maps, spearheading joint agency briefings between COAST GUARD BRASS and Huxley and his DEA TEAM who are back in their suits.

GAMBLE

Local sources just confirmed that two years ago, one entrepreneurial minded perp decided to lay keel and sink seven figures into a homemade water coffin with full immersion capacity. Doesn't set sail 'til today.

HUXLEY

Yet we have no visibility into who's responsible or where the vessel's heading or even why it embarked today.

GAMBLE

No.

HUXLEY

Is there anything the Coast Guard does know?

GAMBLE

Yes. That two dollar tie around your neck is hideous.

Rourke stifles laughter. Huxley looks at his hideous striped tie, seething. COAST GUARD ADMIRAL TY MADDEN, 50, intervenes.

MADDEN

Lieutenant, please. Continue.

GAMBLE

Typical narco routes cross the east Pacific from Colombia where the coke's manufactured, then dock in Southeast Mexico, so coyotes can hoof it over our borders on foot. But the intel here says this sub's leaving Baja and hugging the coast north.

MADDEN

So this route, it would be new?

GAMBLE

It would be unprecedented. Cartels don't ship directly stateside.

MADDEN

Any domestic importers who would roll the dice?

GAMBLE

Unlikely. It'd be a death wish.

HUXLEY

Still looks like a DTE to me.

DEA AGENT #1

Probably a new supplier pounding their chest to make some noise.

HUXLEY

Agreed. And if they're taking this kind of risk, purse is probably north of nine figures.

DEA AGENT #1

Most likely cocaine.

DEA AGENT #2

Or fentanyl.

GAMBLE

Or neither.

This captures everyone's attention, eyes narrowing on Gamble.

GAMBLE

We have no confirmation the sub's freighting narcotics. The route's questionable, and you said it yourself, any distributor would have to be either stupid or suicidal to pull a stunt like this.

HUXLEY

What else would it be?

GAMBLE

If you can carry two tons of cocaine, you can carry two tons of anything.

MADDEN

Either way, we need to take immediate action.

GAMBLE

Even with a head start, Pacific's the autobahn for drug traffickers. And with our current footprint, it's like having two police cars patrol the continental U.S.

HUXLEY

Isn't that why the Navy built SOSUS?

GAMBLE

Narco subs are made from fiberglass. No acoustic emission. Impossible to track with passive sonar.

MADDEN

Tell us what you need, Lieutenant.

GAMBLE

(pointing on maps)

We get birds in the sky flying sneak and peek surveillance, stretching IR grids here, here, and here.

HUXLEY

And then what?

GAMBLE

We cross our fingers.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NARCO SUBMARINE - DAY

Cora sits at the steering station, analyzing its instruments. Miguel sits beside her with trepidation, like a scared puppy.

CORA
What's your name?

MIGUEL
Miguel Cruz.

CORA
Okay, Miguel Cruz. Do you have any
experience with submarines?

MIGUEL
Affirmative.

CORA
We're in a glorified kayak, you can
drop the boy scout act.

Cora turns switches. Her hands tremor from nerves and alcohol
withdrawal. Luis sees this and offers her a liter of tequila.

LUIS
To calm the nerves.
(off her reluctance)
Well, go on. I know you want it.
Every Captain needs a steady hand.

Cora accepts, swigs, ashamed. Miguel reacts, crossing himself.

CORA
Alright. Here's the plan, we need to
get this thing in the water, but
there's no time for a dry dive, so
we're gonna have to improvise. Okay?

Miguel nods, totally overwhelmed. Cora turns to the controls.

CORA
Half this shit's in Mandarin. Fuck it,
dog the hatches! Wake the diesels up!

Miguel flips switches ON, diesel engines HUMMING awake, cast
propellers GROANING alive. Luis and Juan SEAL various hatches.

CORA
We're gonna die, we're gonna die,
we're gonna die.

EXT. ESTUARY - MEXICO - DAY

The narco submarine LURCHES ahead, chewing up silt, gliding
through shallow estuaries, debouching into the Pacific Ocean.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NARCO SUBMARINE - DAY

Cora monitors their progress, fiberglass SCRAPING off terrain.
The hull interior GROANS, spooking Juan, who clutches his gun.

CORA
Really? Guy with the gun gets scared?

LUIS
(amused)
It is because he cannot swim.

CORA
Makes perfect sense he's on a sub.
(then, to Miguel)
Okay, engines full.

Miguel follows her command, DIALING engines to maximum power.

MIGUEL
Engines full!

CORA
Prepare to dive.

MIGUEL
Preparing to dive!

Luis motions for Juan to follow him down into the lower deck.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - MEXICO - DAY

The submarine exits the estuary, cruising for greater depths.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NARCO SUBMARINE - DAY

Cora clutches the makeshift steering yoke, pitching downward.

CORA
Diving to five-zero feet. Ten degrees
down bubble. Nice and easy.

INT. LOWER DECK - NARCO SUBMARINE - DAY

Luis and Juan CHURN the go kart steering wheels with abandon.
Dark ocean water BURSTS inside, inundating the ballast tanks.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NARCO SUBMARINE - DAY

The submersible slopes downward, fiberglass hull THROBBING,
deathly portentous, every foot submerged RATTLING the vessel.

Luis and Juan filter inside, the latter kissing rosary beads.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - MEXICO - DAY

The submarine lowers, its conning tower vanishing underwater.

INT. BATTERY COMPARTMENT - NARCO SUBMARINE - DAY

One of the pvc pipes CREAKS and CREAKS and CREAKS, until it BURSTS from overpressure, saltwater ERUPTING from its breach.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NARCO SUBMARINE - DAY

Hull interior loses daylight, ominously darkening with depth.

Cora tracks the depth readings, ten feet, thirty feet, fifty feet, white knuckling the yoke, sustaining the proper angles.

INT. BATTERY COMPARTMENT - NARCO SUBMARINE - DAY

Water REACTS with the batteries, IGNITING an electrical fire.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NARCO SUBMARINE - DAY

Cora levels the submarine to even keel, smooth sailing so far.

CORA
(smirks, incredulous)
That wasn't so bad.

Red lights FLASH on the panels, emergency in the battery bay.

CORA
Nevermind, that's bad.

The smothered BANG of an electrical explosion suddenly ECHOES.

CORA
That's really bad. Get to the battery
bay, now!

INT. BATTERY COMPARTMENT - NARCO SUBMARINE - DAY

Miguel bolts inside, feet sloshing through seawater SPRAYING from the burst pipe, ELECTRICAL FIRE consuming the batteries.

His head is spinning, unsure which disaster to address first.

Miguel reaches in his pocket, retrieves a replacement collar, and smacks the piece into position, PATCHING the broken pipe, but not before INHALING facefulls of saltwater in the process.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NARCO SUBMARINE - DAY

The hull sputters, stutters and shudders. Cora is distraught.

CORA
I'm losing engine power!

MIGUEL (O.S.)
Fire! Fire! It's gonna blow!

CORA
Hang on!

Cora searches, frantic, grabs the solitary fire extinguisher. She passes Juan who is worthless, clinging to pipes for life.

CORA
Thank god you're here!

INT. BATTERY COMPARTMENT - NARCO SUBMARINE - DAY

Luis storms inside, incensed, flinging Miguel out of the room.

LUIS
Let me do it!

COBALT CURRENTS leap from battery terminals, spreading across the water. Luis takes one step and goes rigid, nervous system STUNNED by thousands of volts, FRYING him in two seconds flat.

Miguel stares at the charred corpse of Luis, could have been him. Out of options, he opens the MAIN POWER CONSOLE and is about to kill electricity, when Cora rushes in to the rescue.

CORA
DO NOT DO THAT!

MIGUEL
We need to kill power!

CORA
Kill power, and we'll sink like a stone before imploding like a star going supernova. That sound like fun?

Miguel still does not move, skeptical of her leadership. So Cora steps in front, negotiating the fire, smoke and turmoil.

CORA
Stand back, sailor.

She BLASTS potassium bicarbonate, QUELLING the conflagration.

CORA

Holy shit.

Cora catches her breath, sees Luis dead as disco. She bends down, notices he was wearing a LIFEJACKET under his fatigues.

Juan appears, quickly gets the wrong idea and raises his gun.

CORA

He was electrocuted! Do you understand? This wasn't our fault --

Juan RIFLEBUTTS Cora in the stomach. She doubles over on her knees, breath gone. Miguel flinches, discomfited by violence.

MIGUEL

I don't think he speaks English!

CORA

(pained)

And yet, I'm understanding him perfectly.

Juan HOLLERS in Spanish, seconds from executing Cora in cold blood. Miguel intervenes, TRANSLATING the situation, frantic.

Then, there is tense quiet, as Juan curls his finger around the trigger, running the numbers, is he better off with Cora dead or alive? Finally, he holsters his rifle and storms out.

CORA

(to Miguel)

Good start.

EXT. HC-27J SPARTAN - SKY - DAY

We HARD CUT to sweeping aerial perspectives over the Pacific Ocean, as a Coast Guard HC-27J SPARTAN SURVEILLANCE AIRCRAFT ascends into frame, soaring through the cumulus clouds, twin engined turboprops silent and surreptitious in the high skies.

INT. HC-27J SPARTAN - DAY

With TECHNICIANS sitting behind a modular "roll-on, roll-off" radar and electro-optical, infrared-optical ("EO/IO") system.

No hits yet.

EXT. UNDERWATER - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

The vessel carves through water fifty feet below the surface.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NARCO SUBMARINE - DAY

Time has passed. Juan watches Cora as she controls the yokes, both slicked with sweat, perspiring from spiked temperatures. Cora can literally feel his hot breath running down her neck.

Miguel appears from behind, face covered with congealed soot.

CORA
What's the damage?

MIGUEL
Diesels still functional.

CORA
And my batteries?

MIGUEL
Fire took about half capacity.

CORA
Half the batteries means half the
dive duration, which means double
the surface charge, which means
twice the surveillance exposure.

MIGUEL
At least we haven't sunk.

Miguel flops beside Cora, exhausted. Juan steps into another room to urinate into a makeshift toilet. A quiet beat passes.

CORA
(hushed)
So, you cartel or what?

MIGUEL
Do I seem like cartel?

CORA
No. That's why I'm asking.

MIGUEL
These days, I'm just a fisherman.

CORA
Then how'd you end up here?

MIGUEL
I used to work in factory, building
ships and subs for Navy. Then, I get
laid off and hear about job to drive
narco sub. I figure this could be an
opportunity for something better.

CORA

Like cold hard cash in your pocket.

Miguel removes a torn, wet PICTURE of his TWO YOUNG DAUGHTERS.

MIGUEL

No, in theirs. My mijas. I thought this would give me enough money to stay in America. Find my own boat, be my own captain. Then, I can support my family for years to come.

Cora softens, understanding the notion of parental sacrifices.

MIGUEL

But they lied to me, kidnap me, bring me here. Say they will hurt my family unless I drive.

CORA

Looks like we're in the same boat.

(beat)

Get it?

Miguel does not smile, not ready to laugh. Cora gets serious.

CORA

When you say "they" -- any idea who's pulling the strings?

MIGUEL

I overheard Luis talk about a foreigner with money.

CORA

Foreigner? They're not from Mexico?

MIGUEL

I did not ask for details. Details are dangerous.

Juan returns and sees them talking. He grabs the photograph from Miguel and TEARS it to shreds. Miguel looks heartbroken.

JUAN

Drive this thing, or they're dead.

The timer suddenly BUZZES, indicating it's time to resurface.

6:00

Juan turns and DIGS into Cora with his rifle muzzle, BARKING.

CORA

Yeah, I got it, chief.
(to Miguel)

CORA

Prepare to surface. Fifteen degrees
up bubble.

Miguel executes her commands, their communications improving.

CORA

I make this call while our batteries
charge. Second we're in the green, we
dive again.

INT. LOWER DECK - NARCO SUBMARINE - DAY

Pressurized air WHEEZES from five metal cylinders, displacing
seawater from the ballast tanks and restoring vessel buoyancy.

EXT. NARCO SUBMARINE - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

The sub APPEARS, sun staining its frame in golden gradations,
half of its conning tower above water, trailing subtle wakes.

The crew hatch flies OPEN. Cora stands halfway out the tower,
gulping air, basking in sunlight, flirting with freedom again.
She looks left, right, only finds infinite ocean. Coast clear.

And do not forget, the submarine is cruising, always cruising.

The satellite phone CHIRPS. Cora answers after the first ring.

VOICE

Right on time.

CORA

Trying to make a good impression.

VOICE

What's your status? I haven't heard
from Luis.

CORA

Doesn't surprise me. He's still in
shock.

VOICE

What did you do?

CORA

Me? Nothing. The electrical fire that
broke out? Pan fried him extra crispy.

Dead silence. As if the voice is calculating the path forward.

VOICE

The objective does not change. The
consequences do not change either.

CORA

How can I know my family's okay?

VOICE

I suppose you can't. Guess you'll have to trust me.

CORA

And if I don't?

VOICE

Is that a risk you really want to take?

It is not, but...

CORA

Want your sub delivered? Guess what? You need me to do that.

VOICE

Look at Cora growing a spine.

CORA

Proof of life, or I sink this thing right now.

VOICE

How about a compromise?

CORA

I'm listening.

VOICE

I put on one of your loved ones -- dealer's choice -- so you can understand just how serious I am.

CORA

Okay. Do it.

There is RUSTLING on the other end, followed by pained GASPS...

NOLAN

Cora? Cora? What's happen --

Nolan prematurely CUTS OUT. Cora is shellshocked, worst fears confirmed, secretly hoping this was just some awful nightmare.

VOICE

Do you believe me now?

CORA

My daughter! Put my daughter on!

VOICE
That wasn't part of our compromise.

INT. HC-27J SPARTAN - DAY

The EO/IO installation BEEPS, locating her thermal signature.

TECHNICIAN
Spartan IV to Munro. Unique infrared
contact on stateless vessel.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - USCGC MUNRO - DAY

The room reacts to this information TRANSMITTED in real time.

TECHNICIAN (RADIO)
Position thirty-degrees-six north by
one-seventeen-degrees-thirty west.

MADDEN
How quickly can you interdict?

GAMBLE
(quickly calculating)
Half hour. But our margin's thin --
they're swimming one of the busiest
inshore tracks, so this is like
finding hay in a stack of hay. It
won't happen a second time.

MADDEN
Then consider this is your immediate
authorization. But no coloring
outside the lines here, Gamble.

Gamble nods, turns to his detachment, who are already moving.

GAMBLE
Get two RHIBs in the water and
scramble a coupla' dolphins for air
support. Keep the ordnance offline
unless I say otherwise.

HUXLEY
My team's not standing on the
sidelines.

GAMBLE
There's nothing to verify the vessel
contains narcotics.

HUXLEY
Yet.

Gamble glances to Madden, who nods reluctantly. Gamble sighs.

GAMBLE

Your team rides in one of the helos.
Don't touch anything.

HUXLEY

Let me educate you on the chain of
command, coastie. I'm the top of it.
I don't take orders from you.

GAMBLE

Here? No. Out there? It's my show,
and there's no changing the channel.

EXT. NARCO SUBMARINE - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

Returning to Cora, oblivious to the imminent, armed offensive.

VOICE

Can I ask you a question, Cora?

CORA

Small talk was never part of the deal.

VOICE

Does your daughter know you're an
addict? Nolan does, that's for sure.

Cora furrows her brow, baffled by the personal interrogation.

VOICE

But Penny, she's probably too young
to understand.

CORA

Don't talk about my daughter.

VOICE

Take that as a "no".

CORA

How long have you been following me?

VOICE

Long enough to know your life's been
wasted. Full of regrets.

CORA

I don't have those.

VOICE

Really? It was your fault your
training partner died, no?

CORA
It was an accident.

VOICE
Hey, don't shoot the messenger. I'm
just telling you what I heard.

CORA
We're wasting time.

VOICE
Tell me something else before you go.
Why the navy? Why submarines?

CORA
I don't know.

VOICE
Yes you do. Why.

More demand than question that time. Cora surveys the cerulean expanse, shakes her head, meditative, might as well be honest.

CORA
Cause it made me feel like I was
something special. Something my
daughter could grow up admiring.

VOICE
Instead of what? A disgraced
alcoholic.

Voice chuckles, sinister, its manipulated prosody is chilling.

VOICE
Suppose that's the least of your
problems at the moment. Don't
complete the mission, and Penny's
blood will be on your hands. What
kind of mother would you be then?

The call TERMINATES. Cora grapples with the surging torrent of emotions, rage, anxiety, despair all swirling deep inside.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NARCO SUBMARINE - DAY

Cora returns to the steering station, notices Miguel staring.

CORA
It's rude to stare, Miguel.

MIGUEL
What was the accident?

It takes a second for Cora to realize what he is referring to.

CORA

It's even ruder to eavesdrop.

He continues staring. Cora decides to be vulnerable for once.

CORA

Two years ago, a dissub training went sideways. My partner -- my friend -- had a defective escape suit that never passed inspection. He drowned. Guilt ate me up 'til I washed out and never looked back. Didn't even make it to the funeral.

MIGUEL

Then how did you command a submarine?

Cora chuckles, sardonic.

CORA

Command? I never even served.

Miguel processes this. He shakes his head, muttering a prayer.

MIGUEL

Dios mío.

CORA

Hey. I'm still our best bet of getting out of this thing alive.

MIGUEL

This is not a game. I am depending on you. My wife is depending on you. My daughters are depending on you.

Cora considers his emotional entreaty, daunted by just how many people are counting on her now. She changes the subject.

CORA

How're we on time?

Cora moves to the navigation screens, calculating their route.

CORA

At an average speed of 14 knots, with 90 nautical miles to go, we're looking at, roughly, six hours and change? Shit, that's not good enough. We need to shave time -- hey, Miguel, are you listening?

Miguel is no longer listening, attention on the radar screen.

CORA

What? What is it?

MIGUEL
Someone's coming.

Cora studies the radar, sees a DOT blinking at the perimeter.

CORA
Maybe a fisherman?

MIGUEL
Not this far off the coast.

CORA
I know, I was being optimistic.

MIGUEL
There's another one.

Another DOT appears on the screen. Then ANOTHER. And ANOTHER.

CORA
All ahead flank.

Miguel nudges the throttle forward, diesel engines RUMBLING, pushed to the outer limits as Cora scales back up the ladder...

EXT. NARCO SUBMARINE - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

And raises her hand to her eyebrow, squinting over the ocean...

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

Where TWO RHIBs are SCREAMING across the water, supported by TWO MH-65C DOLPHIN HELICOPTERS following behind, skimming low to the surface, ocean rippling from the turboshaft rotor wash.

INT. MH-65C DOLPHIN - DAY

Inside the sleek search and rescue chopper reconfigured for armed conflict with Barrett M107 anti-materiel sniper rifles and mounted M240G medium machine guns. Huxley and his agents sit in the backseat, chomping at the bit to play their parts.

EXT./INT. NARCO SUBMARINE - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

Cora gapes, hearing the rhythmic FLUTTER of helicopter blades.

CORA
How did they find us --

When she is suddenly YANKED from behind, landing inside the control room with a DULL THUD. Juan raises his rifle to her forehead, YELLING, igniting complete CHAOS in tight quarters.

CORA
I didn't bring them!

Juan locks and loads, preparing for an unmitigated firefight.
Miguel reels, trapped, uncomfortable, reluctant to intervene.

CORA
What are you gonna do?! Go up there
and start spraying, you'd be dead
before you pulled the trigger!

Juan pushes past Cora toward the ladder, but she delivers an
UPPERCUT. He backpedals, lifts his weapon. So Cora bumrushes
him, shoulder LOWERING to his midsection, gun SKITTERING away.

Cora and Juan wrestle on slicked surfaces, trunks TANGLING,
brutal but inefficient, exchanging headsplitting BLOWS until...

MIGUEL
STOP!

Miguel trains the rifle on them both, the violent peacemaker.

MIGUEL
We either work together, or we die!

CORA
Tell GI José here if we shoot at
them, we authorize use of force, and
they sink us on sight!

MIGUEL
Okay! Okay! *No shooting. No shooting.*
But what do we do?

Cora thinks, hand still clenching Juan's collar, mind racing.

CORA
What's our battery?

MIGUEL
Still at minimum amps.

CORA
We need to buy time.

On the radar screen, the BLIPS are rapidly narrowing the gap.

CORA
We can't outrun them. But we can
outsmart them.

Cora uprights, staring daggers at Juan, who maddogs her back.

JUAN

*Try anything, and I kill you before
they do.*

Cora enters the conning tower, finds DOG CLIPS, CONNECTS them to the UMBILICAL WINCH and uncoils its cable toward the hatch.

MIGUEL

What are you doing?!

CORA

Buying time. Get Juan on the valves,
then, on my signal, hoist me back in
and prepare to dive.

MIGUEL

How will I know the signal?

CORA

Trust me. You'll know.

INT./EXT. RHIB - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

The RHIBs glide parallel to the sub, having narrowed the gap.

GAMBLE

Standard flash and clear, fellas.
Board on my command.

EXT. NARCO SUBMARINE - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

Gamble steps on top of the sub at the same time Cora APPEARS through the crew hatch. They stare at each other, bewildered.

GAMBLE

Gotta be honest. You were not what I
was expecting.

TACLET officers raise their guns, waiting for the green light.

INT. MH-65C DOLPHIN - DAY

Huxley peers through binoculars, spotting Cora, incredulous.

HUXLEY

Who the hell is that?!

EXT. NARCO SUBMARINE - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

Cora clambers to her feet, hands raised to indicate no threat, the winched cable hidden behind her back, invisible to Gamble.

Gamble signals his men to stand down. They lower their rifles.

GAMBLE

Ma'am, you realize you're operating a stateless vessel in violation of United States maritime law!

CORA

I don't suppose you can let me off with a warning?!

GAMBLE

Sorry. I got bosses.

CORA

So do I.

GAMBLE

Then come with me, and we'll talk about the pricks over a beer.

CORA

You buying?

GAMBLE

If it's happy hour.

INT. MH-65C DOLPHIN - DAY

Huxley watches, incensed.

HUXLEY

What's he doing?! Take her out!

EXT. NARCO SUBMARINE - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

Cora looks at the RHIBs, the choppers, calculating an escape.

CORA

Sorry. Can't do it.

GAMBLE

Why not?

CORA

They'll kill my family if I stop this thing.

GAMBLE

Who is "they"?!

Cora steps forward. Gamble clocks this, always the tactician.

GAMBLE
Easy there. Come any closer, and I
get nervous.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NARCO SUBMARINE - DAY

Miguel watches through the periscope, on the edge of his seat.

EXT. NARCO SUBMARINE - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

Cora continues approaching Gamble. He assumes a combat stance.

CORA
Your vest -- it floats, doesn't it?

GAMBLE
Now, that question makes me even more
nervous. Thought we had a good thing
going here.

CORA
We did. But you know what they say
about good things.

GAMBLE
What?

CORA
They come to an end.

Gamble swipes for his service issue rifle. Too late, Cora is
already sprinting topside, TACKLING him, SAILING through air
together, cable running taut, careening from submersible to
sea, SPLASHING in the ocean, vanishing into turbulent swells.

INT./EXT. RHIB - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

Rourke DECELERATES, roostertailing back for search and rescue.

ROURKE
Holy shit!

EXT. UNDERWATER - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

Cora and Gamble THRASH underwater, the cable still connected
to her waistline. She RELEASES Gamble, allowing him to float
to the surface as the submarine continues towing her forward.

INT./EXT. RHIB - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

Gamble breaks through wavetops. Rourke reels him back onboard.

ROURKE
You okay, sir?!

GAMBLE
Socks are a little wet.

Gamble has already recovered, adrenaline regulated, a skilled specialist far more concerned about how much ground they lost.

GAMBLE
We have eyes on her yet?

EXT. UNDERWATER - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

No, because she is being DRAGGED beneath the surface, out of control, cable stretching taut, SWINGING her into the baffles.

And here come the two REVOLVING PROPELLORS rushing into view.

But Cora swims wide, avoiding the screws and a graphic death.

INT. CONNING TOWER - NARCO SUBMARINE - DAY

At the same time Miguel has flipped the winch switch, REELING the mechanical cable inside the submarine at an awkward angle.

EXT. UNDERWATER - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

Cora joyrides the cable to the surface, dog clips STRUGGLING under her momentum, both on the verge of giving out entirely.

EXT. NARCO SUBMARINE - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

As Cora BREACHES the surface, holding the cable as leverage to RUN along the sub exterior, her torso parallel to the Pacific.

INT./EXT. RHIB - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

Gamble watches her daredevil maneuver and grins in admiration.

GAMBLE
That's new.

INT./EXT. MH-65C DOLPHIN - DAY

Huxley is decidedly less amused than Gamble. He SNARLS orders.

HUXLEY
I'm assuming command! Sink that piece
of shit!

GUNNERS obey his instructions, RAINING HELLFIRE from M240Gs,
chain guns SPITTING staccato blasts, TATTOOING the submarine.

EXT. NARCO SUBMARINE - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

RATATATATAT! Bullets SHELL the exterior, blazing behind Cora,
SPLINTERING kevlar surface, almost compromising its integrity.

CORA
DIVE! DIVE! DIVE!

But her dog clips are slowly SPLITTING, seconds from snapping.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NARCO SUBMARINE - DAY

Miguel hears her stifled COMMAND and lunges for the controls.
The POUNDING machine gun rounds sound like biblical reckoning.

MIGUEL
Preparing to dive!

INT. LOWER DECK - NARCO SUBMARINE - DAY

Juan SPINS the steering wheels, OVERFLOWING the ballast tanks.

INT./EXT. RHIB - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

Gamble is stunned to see the air assault. He reaches for his
radio, but cannot find it on his person, lost in the turmoil.

GAMBLE
Weapons hold! Who authorized him?!

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NARCO SUBMARINE - DAY

Miguel begins their descent, nosing the submarine underwater.

MIGUEL
Diving to five-zero feet. Forty
degree down bubble!

EXT. NARCO SUBMARINE - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

The submarine tilts at preposterously precipitous angles. And
lest we forget, beltfed rounds SWARM around Cora like locusts.

CORA

Not that steep! Not that steep!

Now Cora has seconds to access the hatch or the sub will sink.

INT. MH-65C DOLPHIN - DAY

Huxley practically leaps out of his seat, pointing at the sub.

HUXLEY

She's diving! She's diving!

EXT. NARCO SUBMARINE - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

Cora adjusts to its nosediving pitch, BEARCRAWLING along the exterior. Only one problem, her clips SEVER from the tension.

And Cora DROPS, sliding down the bowed submarine surface, her arms windmilling for stability until she DISAPPEARS overboard.

Holy shit, the world stops spinning -- every interested party just staring at the spot where the ocean swallowed Cora whole.

INT./EXT. RHIB - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

Rourke frowns, disappointed.

ROURKE

Pacific's got her now.

GAMBLE

Wouldn't be so sure.

Time suspends, stretching, seconds passing like epochs, until...

EXT. NARCO SUBMARINE - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

Cora suddenly APPEARS, clinging to a wood exterior stanchion, ocean LASHING her face, lower half still submerged underwater.

She claws onto the sub, rising like a phoenix from the ashes, then DIVES through the hatch seconds before the it submerges...

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NARCO SUBMARINE - DAY

And SEALS the hatch. She crumbles, SPEWING swallowed seawater.

MIGUEL

That was outsmarting them?

CORA
Yeah. They overestimated my
intelligence.

Cora slowly regains her footing, drenched, blushed with raw
epinephrine. She moves to the steering station, all business.

CORA
Forty degrees was a little steep.

MIGUEL
It worked, didn't it?

CORA
Not yet.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

BIRD'S EYE VIEW as the submarine descends, receding from view.

INT./EXT. MH-65C DOLPHIN - DAY

Huxley nearly explodes, his cheeks flushed from embarrassment.

HUXLEY
Get charges in the water! Now!

Bomb bay doors underneath the chopper open with a guttural
RUMBLE, revealing a horseshoe-shaped, anti-submarine ROCKET
LAUNCHER, provisioned with ten unguided DEPTH CHARGE MORTARS.

INT./EXT. RHIB - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

Gamble looks overhead, sees charges loading into the launcher.

GAMBLE
Gimme your radio.

Rourke offers Gamble his radio for communication with Huxley.

INT. MH-65C DOLPHIN - DAY

Huxley glances at his radio, HEARING Gamble on the other end.

GAMBLE (RADIO)
We've got NCs on that sub! There's a
better way to do --

Huxley lowers the volume, tuning him out. He faces his agents.

HUXLEY
Drop 'em.

THUMPH! THUMPH! Follow the depth charge mortars as they are DISCHARGED in swift succession, SHRIEKING toward the surface...

EXT. UNDERWATER - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

SMACKING the ocean, sinking underwater, red lights blinking, hydrostatic valves programmed to detonate at a specific depth...

We just do not know when.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NARCO SUBMARINE - DAY

The sonar DINGS, deafening as the charges fall lower. Cora studies the noise signature on the broadband display, reacts...

CORA

Charges in the water! Hold at depth!

MIGUEL

Hold?! We need to dive deeper!

CORA

These things have a kill radius of 50 yards, Coasties will think we're rated deeper than we actually are, and there's more kevlar in our keel than our topside! Do you trust me?!

MIGUEL

No!

CORA

Well, too bad! We're holding.

Cora clutches onto both yokes, hands wrapping around Miguel's, wrestling to maintain their current depth. They stare at each other, firm, as Miguel reluctantly assents to her epic gamble.

EXT. UNDERWATER - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

The charges descend...

And descend...

And descend...

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NARCO SUBMARINE - DAY

Cora, Miguel, and Juan watch the sonar, tension excruciating.

EXT. UNDERWATER - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

Charges sink behind their submarine, passing the blast radius.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NARCO SUBMARINE - DAY

Nobody breathes, pindrop quiet, until Miguel declares victory.

MIGUEL

They missed.

EXT. UNDERWATER - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

Not so fast, Miguel. After sinking below 100 feet, the depth charges ACTIVATE, their springs driving strikers into primers.

THUMPH! THUMPH! THUMPH! Charges DETONATE in swift succession, concussive BLASTS spreading SHOCKWAVES throughout the ocean, WALLOPING the submarine like a plastic toy in the bathtub. It LISTS to starboard, ROLLING at awful angles, up becoming down.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NARCO SUBMARINE - DAY

The hull shakes, shivers, shudders, RAGDOLLING Cora, Miguel, and Juan across the control room, equipment FLYING everywhere.

MIGUEL

We must level out!

CORA

No kidding!

Cora struggles for equilibrium, recognizing what happens next.

CORA

Prepare for secondary shockwave!

EXT. UNDERWATER - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

The chemical bubble dilates, then contracts, IMPLODING in its second shockwave, BENDING the submarine at an unnatural angle.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

Explosions ROCKET through the surface like a whale's blowhole.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NARCO SUBMARINE - DAY

The interior spins off its axis, fiberglass SCREECHING from immense pressure, now seconds from buckling like paper mâché.

Juan SCREAMS along the spinning deck, somersaulting ass over teakettle, nausea rising, vomiting from sea sickened vertigo.

Cora climbs back to the steering station, grasping the yokes, pulling with everything she has, teeth gritted, jaw clenched.

EXT. UNDERWATER - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

The submarine bobs, slowly LURCHING back to its true position.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NARCO SUBMARINE - DAY

Everything uprights and the chaos eventually subsides. Miguel staggers beside Cora, sucking down air. Juan is slumped over, spent, soaked in sweat and stewing in his own purged stomach.

Cora and Miguel meet eyelines. He nods with newfound respect.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

The RHIBs and helicopters circle back, retracing their routes, performing holding patterns, searching for the lost submarine.

INT. MH-65C DOLPHIN - DAY

Huxley struggles to track progress, only finds rising bubbles.

INT./EXT. RHIB - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

But Gamble knows better. No oil, no flames, no debris. No hit.

GAMBLE

Dumbass set the pattern too deep.

He laughs, impressed.

GAMBLE

She's good.

ROURKE

Back to Munro?

GAMBLE

No. We need to RV at the nearest surface asset in this thing's path.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NARCO SUBMARINE - DAY

Cora, Miguel, and Juan recover in the aftermath, surprised to still be alive. Cora checks the clock, time is of the essence.

5:00

She wipes sweat from her brow, starts surveying the submarine. The room is in shambles, debris littered, monitors flickering.

CORA

Spot check for any cracks or leaks.

Miguel traces his fingers along the hull, stress tests pipes.

MIGUEL

Hull's intact.

CORA

Engines still warm. How's the battery?

MIGUEL

Five hundred amps.

CORA

Maintain full speed. Rudder steady.

Cora pivots away, revealing her to be holding Gamble's radio.

EXT. USS STOCKDALE - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

Establishing aerial shots of the USS STOCKDALE, a gargantuan ARLEIGH-BURKE CLASS DESTROYER floating in the ocean. At over 500 feet long, this looks more like a metropolis than vessel.

The RHIBs slide inside the warship's lowered boat launching ramp. Overhead, the MH-65C helicopters LAND onto its helipad.

Madden is already aboard, conferring with NAVAL BRASS on deck.

HUXLEY (PRE-LAP)

A complete and utter shitshow!

INT. COMMAND CENTER - USS STOCKDALE - DAY

WE SMASH INSIDE an ultramodern command center furnished with sleek monitors and computer terminals. There is a PROFILE OF CORA projected on one screen and extrapolated NAUTICAL ROUTES on the other. Huxley is in the middle of dressing down Gamble.

GAMBLE

Mondays, right?

HUXLEY

You think this is funny? In one hour, that coke whale enters our waters. You really want to explain to your bosses at homeland security how it got there?

MADDEN

Special Agent Huxley is right. We need button this up ASAP.

(then)

Do we have a positive ID on the female yet?

GAMBLE

Name's Cora Cameron. We pulled her background. Topped out Annapolis with distinction. Breezed through basic and OCS. Real star spangled sailor 'til she called it quits a week shy of her dolphins.

MADDEN

Why kneel on the one yard line?

GAMBLE

An escape exercise got FUBAR, killed her training partner.

MADDEN

Tough break. Family?

HUXLEY

Married. One kid. Local's making contact now.

MADDEN

None of that explains what the hell she is doing on a narco submarine.

HUXLEY

Accident could have caused emotional distress. Financial ruin. She turns to the cartel, uses her skillset to make a quick buck. It's motive.

GAMBLE

Motive that doesn't add up. She said someone was going to kill her family.

HUXLEY

She also threw you off a submarine.

GAMBLE

But asked if I was wearing a life jacket before engaging.

HUXLEY

How thoughtful.

MADDEN

You're suggesting Cameron's on that sub against her will.

GAMBLE

I'm suggesting somebody's playing chess, not checkers, and we have to make sure to see the whole board.

MADDEN

Doesn't change the approach. Our waters can't be a revolving door for traffickers. The precedent would be catastrophic.

GAMBLE

Still no confirmation of narcotics, and the route makes even less sense now that we --

HUXLEY

You're outta your element, lifeguard. Drug dealers are like vermin. Close one hole, they'll find another.

A SONAR OPERATOR sitting at the opposite room end interrupts.

SONAR OPERATOR

Sir, one of our cutters pinged a pop up contact. Tonal is foreign to our library. Could be the hostile vessel.

GAMBLE

(skeptical)

Sonar?

SONAR OPERATOR

Contact current position is thirty five miles southeast, one-four-zero.

MADDEN

Trajectory's consistent. Make sure they stay locked on it.

Gamble moves, ready for another battle, but Huxley intervenes.

HUXLEY

Grab some pine, coastie. It's my turn to play the field.

GAMBLE

This op calls for scalpels, not sledgehammers.

MADDEN

Exactly. You've been too fast and loose today, Gamble. We can't afford another Miami.

Gamble bows his head, chastened. Huxley brushes past, smiling.

HUXLEY

We'll call you if we see a shark.

EXT. DECK - USS STOCKDALE - DAY

Gamble watches Huxley and his DEA STRIKE TEAM speed from the warship on go-fast boats. He shakes his head with frustration.

EXT./INT. BUNGALOW - SAN DIEGO - DAY

SMASH TO boots POUNDING pavement as the SAN DIEGO SWAT TEAM assumes a tactical position around Nolan and Cora's bungalow.

BOOM! Their battering ram BURSTS through the front door. The officers file inside, weapons raised, clearing rooms, precise.

Nobody is here.

SWAT OFFICER

All clear.

EXT. UNDERWATER - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

Our submarine lumbers through the ocean, bruised and battered.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NARCO SUBMARINE - DAY

Cora studies the navigation chart, devising detailed mappings of the California coastline and the shipping traffic overhead.

CORA

Charges knocked us off course a bit.
Come right five degrees to course
zero-zero-eight, rudder steady.

Miguel punches in the correction. Cora hears DRIPPING noises.

CORA

Hear that?
(off his shrug)
I'll be right back.

Cora searches through the hull, following the dripping SOUNDS...

INT. CARGO HOLD - NARCO SUBMARINE - DAY

Cora opens the cargo hold, discovers a pipe FLOODING into the white packages, some of which have TORN OPEN from the tumult.

CORA

Shit.

She TIGHTENS the lever above the valve, cutting OFF the leak, then stops on a dime, sniffing, nostrils picking up some odor.

Cora dabs her finger into an open package, tastes the content.

This is not cocaine.

She digs deeper into the cargo hold, sifting through, stunned to find an **ARMED TRIGGER MECHANISM** buried beneath the payload.

Before she can process this revelation, Juan appears, furious, CHOKESLAMMING her into a bulkhead, cutting off her air supply.

JUAN

You taking product for yourself?!

CORA

I... Was... Fixing... A... Leak!

JUAN

Don't set foot in here again.

Juan finally RELEASES Cora. She slumps to the ground, GASPING.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

Following behind the RHIBs as Huxley and his DEA strike team SKIM over the ocean, searching the horizon, hunting down Cora.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NARCO SUBMARINE - DAY

Juan frogmarches Cora back inside, gun pressed into her back.

CORA

Smile. Act like everything's fine.

MIGUEL

What?

CORA

(re: Juan)

Smile and act like everything is fine.

Miguel forces an awkward smile, nodding like a confused idiot.

CORA
Subtle.

MIGUEL
Why am I smiling?

CORA
I have good news, and I have bad news.

MIGUEL
Good news, please.

CORA
This sub's not carrying cocaine.

MIGUEL
Really? That is great news.

CORA
You haven't heard the bad news.

MIGUEL
Which is?

CORA
This sub's carrying explosives.

His smile evaporates.

MIGUEL
That is less great news.

CORA
Stay calm and don't tip our hand yet.
Juan could go nuclear if he realizes
there's no pot of gold at the end of
the rainbow.

Juan notices them indicating him in conversation, stomps over.

JUAN
What are you saying?! No more English!

The digital timer BUZZES. Both of them glance at the reading.

4:00

MIGUEL
Surface depth?

CORA
Periscope. Can't risk opening the
hatch again.
(then, sotto)
Keep him distracted.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

Placid stillness. Until their snorkel BREAKS its glass veneer.

INT. CONNING TOWER - NARCO SUBMARINE - DAY

Cora climbs in the cramped conning tower as to not emit heat signatures to infrared sensors. The phone RINGS. She answers.

VOICE

Heard on the Coast Guard band you
attracted some unwanted attention.

CORA

DEA too.

VOICE

I'm taking care of them. How'd they
find you?

CORA

Not exactly the lochness monster when
I have to surface every two hours.

VOICE

You sound upset, Cora.

CORA

Yeah, I'm upset. I'm upset because
you stuck me in a floating soup can
with enough explosives to level a
goddamn skyscraper!

Beat.

VOICE

Did you just admit to breaking a rule?

CORA

No, I didn't!

VOICE

Yes, you did. Rule number three --
"at no point during the trip should
you touch my product".

CORA

Coasties fired on us! Our starboard
hull ate the blast, and a pipe burst
in the hold. I had to fix it, or we
woudla sunk. That's when I saw the
payload wasn't cocaine, but I didn't
touch it. Everything's still there!

A pregnant pause.

VOICE

Okay, Cora. I believe you. No reason to lose composure.

CORA

I'm pretty composed given the circumstances. Why am I routing explosives to central California?

VOICE

Did you know that one of Exxon's most lucrative drilling platforms stands a few miles off the coast of sunny Santa Barbara? Contaminating the ocean and plundering the planet in an endless pursuit of profit. The law entitles us to use force in the prevention of a crime. Is there no greater crime than the complete annihilation of humanity?

CORA

You gotta be shitting me. That's what this is about? I preferred when it was coke.

VOICE

Do you use that kind of language in front of Penny?

CORA

I'm a sailor, remember.

VOICE

Almost a sailor. Which begs a question that's been on my mind. Do you think you're a good mother?

Cora hates dignifying the question.

CORA

Yes.

VOICE

Really? See your daughter once a week, hit the bottle in between, no career, no potential. Hardly the role model.

CORA

There's room for improvement, okay! Is that what you want me to say?!

VOICE

Yes.

CORA

Yes, what?

VOICE

That's what I want you to say.

(off Cora's reticence)

Say it, Cora. Say you're a bad mother.

Say it or Penny won't see tomorrow --

CORA

I'm a bad mother, okay?! I'm a shitty mom whose done a shitty job the past few years, and my daughter's probably better off without me!

Cora surprises herself with the brutal honesty. Voice CACKLES.

VOICE

Didn't have to go that far. But I appreciate the honesty.

CORA

Enough of these goddamn games!

VOICE

Enough? You should be on your knees, thanking me.

CORA

Thanking you.

VOICE

Yes. Yesterday, you were nothing. But today, today you have purpose. Today, you have an opportunity.

CORA

Opportunity for what?

VOICE

To show the world just how far you're willing to go for your family.

The call ENDS abruptly. Cora then looks into the control room, sees Miguel speaking to Juan in Spanish, keeping him occupied.

She turns on Gamble's radio.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

Huxley and company crest rough chop, locating on the horizon...

A narco submarine snorkel slashing through water a mile away.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - USS STOCKDALE - DAY

Gamble studies the profile of Cora, alone with the exception of few TECHNICIANS. He prints out **NEWS ARTICLES** about Cora's training accident and Locke's death, text excerpts revealing...

"The Navy settled a lawsuit with the family for \$20 million".

Rourke suddenly pops inside, breaking Gamble's concentration.

ROURKE

Cora Cameron's on my frequency.

GAMBLE

You're kidding.

ROURKE

And she's asking for you.

Gamble motions for technicians to PATCH the radio into their console. He and Rourke huddle over the conference table, cued.

GAMBLE

Lieutenant Commander Penn Gamble.

INTERCUT:

INT. CONNING TOWER - NARCO SUBMARINE - DAY

Cora where we left her, in the conning tower, radio to mouth.

CORA

This is Cora Cameron. Social Security number 423-88-1945. Birthday, 4/8/95.

GAMBLE

Can I get a credit card number too?

CORA

Not in the laughing mood, Lieutenant.

GAMBLE

Go ahead. I'm listening.

CORA

There isn't much time, so let me be crystal before someone intercepts our air. I'm being forced to drive this halfassed submarine up the coast against my will.

GAMBLE

"Up the coast" where?

CORA

They're withholding exact coordinates, but mentioned something about an oil rig near Santa Barbara. If I don't comply, they will kill my family.

GAMBLE

When you say "they", who are you talking about?

CORA

Was hoping you could tell me.

GAMBLE

Male, female, give me something to work with.

CORA

Voice is disguised, but I can hear water in the background. Also, they're not Mexican.

GAMBLE

Okay, my team's looking into it. Where are you now?

CORA

Why, so you can try and sink me again?

GAMBLE

You tackled me off a moving submarine. Let's call it even and start fresh.

Gamble MUTES the radio feed, addresses the various Operators.

GAMBLE

Get me a bearing on her frequency.

INT./EXT. RHIB - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

Huxley turns to his team, smiling as they close the distance.

HUXLEY

I wanna see the fear in her eyes myself!

INT. COMMAND CENTER - USS STOCKDALE - DAY

Returning to the INTERCUT dialogue as Gamble UNMUTES the feed.

GAMBLE

Cora, you still there?

She glances down, examining the polaroid of Penny in distress.

CORA

Are you a parent, Lieutenant?

GAMBLE

Not the settling down type myself.

CORA

Really thought you were gonna say yes there. Shit, okay. Well, like I said before -- I will not stop this sub until my daughter's safe.

GAMBLE

While I can appreciate the sentiment, some of my colleagues aren't exactly thrilled you're smuggling drugs into domestic waters.

CORA

About that.

GAMBLE

About what?

CORA

It's not drugs I'm smuggling.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

The DEA RHIBs coast parallel with a narco submarine. Huxley inflates his chest, gathering nerve to be the first to board.

He LANDS topside, leadfooted, maneuvering along the exterior, then POUNDS the hatch, expecting Cora to appear at any second.

HUXLEY

DEA! Open up!

DEA AGENT

Coastie's were wrong again! This thing's solid steel!

HUXLEY

Let's breach!

Huxley rips open the access hatch that is curiously unlocked. What he does not see, is the RECEIVER attached to the hatch surface that begins BLINKING. He and his men enter the vessel.

INT. NARCO SUBMARINE - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

But nobody is inside.

While identical to Cora's submarine from the outside, this looks different inside. It has been completely stripped, with one navigation panel remotely controlled by ANTENNAED DEVICES.

Huxley is momentarily stunned. His radio SQUAWKS, it's Gamble.

GAMBLE (RADIO)
 Situation's changed Huxley! You have
 to abort the op!

Huxley hardens, summoning bravado as the receiver turns GREEN.

HUXLEY
 You had your chance. Now it's mine.
 I'm putting this sub on the seabed --

Huxley vanishes in an ERUPTION of fire and steel and gas as this submarine suddenly DETONATES, flames RIPCURLING through...

INT./EXT. RHIB - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

Sending hot shrapnel SLICING through flesh, SWALLOWING the DEA strike team in SEISMIC EXPLOSIONS before they could even comprehend what was happening. Poor souls never had a chance.

Crushed metal and flaming debris SPLASH in the muted fallout.

This was a decoy submarine.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - USS STOCKDALE - DAY

Gamble stares at the radio in stunned silence, color draining from his face, realizing the situation has completely changed.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NARCO SUBMARINE - DAY

Meanwhile, this submersible remains entirely untouched. Cora returns to the control room, examining the navigation charts.

CORA
 Looks like we trimmed some clock. Got
 a ten minute cushion at this pace.

Miguel does not acknowledge her remark, staring ahead, vacant.

CORA
 What's wrong?

MIGUEL
 We're not coming out of this alive,
 are we?

CORA

What makes you say that?

MIGUEL

Juan has no idea either. He thinks he's getting fifty thousand dollars to deliver cocaine to San Diego.

(meaning)

All of us are pawns in this game.

CORA

Not Luis. He had a lifejacket on.

MIGUEL

So?

CORA

So, I don't think he was planning to stick around. Safe to say, he knew more than us three.

MIGUEL

And look how that turned out for him.

Cora gathers resolve, dogged, determined to live another day.

CORA

You're gonna get back home. You're gonna see your girls again.

MIGUEL

How?! You're a drunk who's never even served on an actual submarine!

Miguel regrets the insult. Cora takes the tequila and pours it all out, a gestural offering of commitment to their cause.

CORA

Do you trust me?

MIGUEL

I feel like I'm supposed to say "yes".

CORA

It's like you said earlier. We work together, or we die.

Miguel looks at Cora and nods, forging an uncertain alliance.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - USS STOCKDALE - DAY

All hands on deck after Huxley's death in a controlled chaos of flaring tempers, spiking tensions and combative crosstalk. Top brass, including Madden and **NAVAL ADMIRAL STOUT**, consult with the **SECRETARY OF HOMELAND SECURITY** via video conference.

DHS SECRETARY (VIDEO)
Somebody brief the situation. Fast.

MADDEN
(hot potato)
Lieutenant Commander Gamble from our
embarked LEDET was quarterbacking
initial efforts.

Gamble steps forward, confident.

GAMBLE
Circumstances have changed, turning a
routine interdiction into a terrorist
situation.

DHS SECRETARY (VIDEO)
No need to read the cover. Get to the
fine print.

GAMBLE
From my vantage point, it looks like
a proxy bomb.

STOUT
Proxy bomb?

GAMBLE
In 1973, the British military turned
Northern Ireland into a surveillance
state, cracking down on IRA
resistance, making it damn near
impossible to plant explosives in
strategic targets and escape --

DHS SECRETARY
Make this history lesson relevant as
soon as you can.

GAMBLE
-- so they changed tactics. Strategy
became: abduct some poor bastard's
family, then coerce him into driving
a car bomb to a designated mark.

MADDEN
Or in this case, a submarine.

GAMBLE
Bomb goes off. Driver goes boom.
Target gets hit. Perp runs free.
Tidiest terrorism in existence.

DHS SECRETARY (VIDEO)
And the target here is...

GAMBLE

My asset says the bomber's got the hots for an oil rig off of Santa Barbara. We're already evac'ing it as a precaution.

DHS SECRETARY (VIDEO)

Eco-terrorism?

GAMBLE

Appears that way at the moment.

MADDEN

Is it possible there's a financial component we're missing?

DHS SECRETARY (VIDEO)

(thinking, in agreement)

Short Exxon, short Brent, take out a platform -- you could pocket some healthy returns.

GAMBLE

There are easier ways to make money.

STOUT

(stuck on earlier comment)

I'm sorry, Commander -- you said "asset"?

GAMBLE

Cora Cameron, sir.

STOUT

We must have different definitions of the word. You're referring to the individual sailing two tons of explosives off our coast.

GAMBLE

The individual doing it against her will, yes.

STOUT

Ever consider this "voice" doesn't exist, and Cameron's just blowing smoke up your ass?

GAMBLE

Her husband and daughter are missing.

DHS SECRETARY (VIDEO)

What are you recommending?

GAMBLE

My team muscles up, makes another attempt to interdict and defuse. Worst case, we exfil Cameron, then run a render safe and watch the fireworks.

STOUT

Miss Secretary, this situation is loose and out of control. We need to minimize civilian casualties.

GAMBLE

A civilian is on that submarine.

DHS SECRETARY (VIDEO)

We have five federal agents KIA and a hostile vessel in our waters. This is no longer a maritime operation, but a military one. It's time for the gloves to come off.

GAMBLE

And Cameron's family?

DHS SECRETARY (VIDEO)

Not worth the risk.

STOUT

Do we know the sub's current position?

The room looks to Gamble. He hesitates, wrestling internally, disturbed by everyone's callous disregard for Nolan and Penny.

GAMBLE

No.

Rourke raises an eyebrow.

STOUT

Not an issue. We'll vector in every available asset in the region. There will be nowhere to hide.

DHS SECRETARY (VIDEO)

Good. Call me when you're fishing fiberglass off the ocean floor.

EXT. UNDERWATER - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

Deep underwater, a formidable SHAPE emerges from the shadows.

Revealing USS HAMPTON, a Los Angeles class, nuclear powered attack submarine, or better known by its proverbial nickname...

A hunter killer.

Despite its staggering size of nearly four hundred feet, this submarine is sleek and agile, slashing through waters like an apex predator, constructed specifically for combat objectives.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - USS HAMPTON - DAY

State of the art. Comically antithetical to Cora's submarine.

The CAPTAIN stands monitoring his SAILORS when the EXECUTIVE OFFICER ("XO") appears, holding a very low frequency message.

XO
Skipper, we just received new orders
from fleet command... It's not a TRE.

CAPTAIN
What do they say?

XO
Search and destroy.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NARCO SUBMARINE - DAY

Meanwhile, Cora, Miguel, and Juan remain blissfully ignorant.

CORA
Take us down to five-zero feet.
Twenty degree down bubble.

Miguel obeys. He then glances at Cora, something on his mind.

MIGUEL
How old is she?

CORA
What?

MIGUEL
Your daughter.
(off her look)
I eavesdropped again.

CORA
(beat)
Seven. She's seven years old.

MIGUEL
Seven's a good age.

Cora smiles despite herself.

CORA
Yeah. It is, isn't it?

They continue forward in quiet, a sense of tentative harmony created through shared trauma, shared grief, and shared goals.

INT. SONAR SHACK - USS HAMPTON - DAY

THREE OPERATORS command the sophisticated AN/BQQ-10 A-RCI sonar system, headphones on, ENHANCING every sound signal to granular detail, scanning the sea for our homemade submarine.

SONAR OPERATOR

Sonar's clean. No broadband, no tonals, no active return. Nothing.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - USS HAMPTON - DAY

Captain hears their update, appraises his surveillance suite.

CAPTAIN

Take the robot for a swim along their projected route.

EXT. USS HAMPTON - UNDERWATER - DAY

Soon, THE KNIFEFISH, an unmanned underwater vehicle ("UUV"), LAUNCHES from the sub, white contrails spiraling in its wake.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - USS HAMPTON - DAY

The OPERATOR controlling the drone FLIPS ON a VIDEO MONITOR, underwater coming into view, receiving live visual feeds from the UUV trimming through, scouring ocean for the submersible.

EXT. DECK - USS STOCKDALE - DAY

Gamble marches out onto the deck, Rourke trailing behind him.

ROURKE

Why'd you spike her bearing, sir?

Gamble stops, turns, and sighs. Considers whether to respond.

GAMBLE

I haven't climbed past Lieutenant Commander in almost two decades. Ever wonder why?

ROURKE

Miami?

Guilt manifests in his expression. He nods, continues walking.

GAMBLE

'Bout a decade back, I was running strike squads off district seven in South Beach. Ten times the traffic and hundred times the weight we pinch out West. One night, I get pulled into a joint op. Intel's light, but says it's a simple narc bust on paper. Semi-sub a hundred miles North of Cuba, s'posedly shipping enough blow to bring back disco.

Gamble begins climbing down the staircase to the boat launch.

GAMBLE

But I can tell something's wrong before we even interdict. Route's off and there's no coat of paint on this piece of shit. No camo. Nothing. Brass says it doesn't matter, we're still going in hot to get the headlines. Tagged the tea cup as noncompliant and ordered us to sink it.

Rourke follows Gamble...

EXT. BOAT LAUNCH - USS STOCKDALE - DAY

As he approaches TWO SAILORS supervising the boat launch area.

GAMBLE

CO said he wants you two reporting to the CIC. Didn't look happy.

The sailors trade incredulous looks, then rush up to the deck.

GAMBLE

(to Rourke, continuing the story)
By the time we haul ten dead migrants outta the drink, ribbon rack decides they need a fall guy, even if he didn't pull the trigger. Who better than the wildcard with authority issues? I get hung out and reassigned before my uni could dry.

ROURKE

You couldn't have known.

GAMBLE

No, but I could've gone with my gut instinct. It was a lesson I only needed to learn once.

Rourke contemplates this, surprised by Gamble's vulnerability.

ROURKE
So, what's your gut telling you now?

GAMBLE
(realizing he wants in)
Can't bring you in on this one, kid.

ROURKE
Sure you can. I owe you, remember?

Gamble stops, smiles, then gestures to one unsupervised RHIB.

INT./EXT. RHIB - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

Water SPRAYS behind the stolen RHIB cruising over blue ocean.
Rourke driving, Gamble beside him, going rogue to rescue Cora.

ROURKE
If step one's stealing a boat from the
U.S. Navy, I'm afraid to ask step two.

GAMBLE
It's simple. We intercept the vessel,
exfil Cameron, then run an SEOD.

ROURKE
SEOD?

GAMBLE
Submerged explosive ordnance disposal.

ROURKE
We didn't cover that at the academy.

GAMBLE
That's because I just made it up now.

Rourke considers the daunting task.

ROURKE
Shoulda just paid the \$100.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NARCO SUBMARINE - DAY

Cora and Miguel steering, when something BEEPS on their sonar...
Then disappears.

CORA
The hell was that?

MIGUEL
Debris?

EXT. UNDERWATER - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

Definitely not debris as the Knifefish ACCELERATES past their submersible, then doubles back around for visual confirmation.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - USS HAMPTON - DAY

The crew reacts to the live feed, sailors rushing to position.

OPERATOR
We have a tracking solution on target. Bearing zero-four-one, speed fourteen. Best estimate, three thousand yards to starboard.

CAPTAIN
Close to one-five hundred yards, then we are cleared to engage.

XO thumbs the 1MC speaker, BROADCASTING to the entire vessel.

XO
Flood tubes one and two and open outer doors.

INT. TORPEDO ROOM - USS HAMPTON - DAY

WEAPONS OFFICERS efficiently load rounds inside torpedo tubes.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NARCO SUBMARINE - DAY

An OBJECT returns to their sonar screen. But it is larger and more intimidating than the ephemeral blip that just passed by.

MIGUEL
Another ship?

CORA
No.
(beat)
Another submarine.

Cora, Miguel and Juan track the hunter killer closing the gap.

PING...

PING...

PING...

Tension wrought. Matter of time until the USS Hampton engages.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - USS HAMPTON - DAY

XO addresses the Captain.

XO
Fish loaded in tubes one and two.

CAPTAIN
Mark final bearing.

OPERATOR
Final bearing zero-four-two. Range
one-five-hundred yards.

HELMSMAN
Ship ready.

XO
Solution ready.

CHIEF OF THE BOAT
Weapon ready.

CAPTAIN
Fire.

EXT. USS HAMPTON - UNDERWATER - DAY

The submarine SHUDDERS as compressed air EJECTS TWO MARK 48 ADVANCED CAPABILITY ("ADCAP") TORPEDOES, streaking across the ocean, pumpjet propulsion systems topping fifty miles an hour.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NARCO SUBMARINE - DAY

TWO WHITE TRACKS appear on the sonar screen, approaching fast.

CORA
This can't be happening.

MIGUEL
What?!

CORA
They put fish in the water!

MIGUEL
I don't understand! What does that mean?!

CORA
Torpedoes! They fired torpedoes at us!

MIGUEL

Why couldn't you just say that?!

Juan waves his weapon, trying to understand what's happening.

EXT. UNDERWATER - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

Streamlined torpedoes STREAK through the ocean, their speed dizzying, homing mechanisms deployed, pursuing the submarine.

To make an aerial analogy, this is like trying to evade F-35 stealth fighter jets in a hang glider with holes in its sails.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NARCO SUBMARINE - DAY

The contrapuntal PINGS approach, relentless, swelling LOUDER.

MIGUEL

Torpedoes bear two-one-zero! What do we do?!

CORA

I don't know! They didn't teach this in training!

JUAN

Do something! Do something!

CORA

We're flying blind -- too late to get in their baffles, and we can't rig for silent running -- okay -- shit -- rudder left full, course two-one-zero, and kick her up to a full bell!

MIGUEL

Two-one-zero?! That's heading toward the torpedoes!

CORA

I know.

EXT. NARCO SUBMARINE - UNDERWATER - DAY

The sub circles, now on a warpath with the oncoming torpedoes.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NARCO SUBMARINE - DAY

Cora staunch, Miguel scared, yet both rising to the occasion.

MIGUEL
Range one-two-hundred yards and
closing!

CORA
Faster! Faster! They're active!

MIGUEL
Engines are redlined! Range six
hundred yards!

EXT. UNDERWATER - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

Two torpedoes CRUISING, deadlocked on the submarine, rushing
toward their oncoming vessel in an impetuous game of chicken.

Swimming closer...

And closer...

And closer...

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NARCO SUBMARINE - DAY

No breathing, just the portentous PING of advancing torpedoes.

MIGUEL
One hundred yards.

All three close their eyes, helpless to whatever happens next...

EXT. UNDERWATER - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

WHOOSH! WHOOSH! Both torpedoes coast beyond their submarine,
WHIFFING by mere millimeters, SCRAPING paint off of its hull.

Their firing mechanisms did not arm.

INT. CARGO HOLD - NARCO SUBMARINE - DAY

Improvised explosives RATTLE, every IMPACT potential ignition.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NARCO SUBMARINE - DAY

Miguel celebrates. Juan kisses his rosary beads in gratitude.

MIGUEL
They missed! How?!

CORA
 ADCAPs. We closed the distance before
 they finished their arming sequence.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - USS HAMPTON - DAY

The Captain reacts to the miss.

CAPTAIN
 Torpedoes still active?

OPERATOR
 Weapons in active search and entering
 re-attack.

EXT. UNDERWATER - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

As the sophisticated torpedoes circle back, not yet finished.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NARCO SUBMARINE - DAY

Cora and Miguel register this on the sonar screen, blanching.

MIGUEL
 Oh, come on!

Cora reaches for the rudder helm as Miguel maneuvers the yoke.

CORA
 We can't shake them again!

JUAN
Fix it! Fix it!

Juan trains his gun on her, like that will help the situation.

CORA
 Go ahead! Shoot me! Doesn't matter!

MIGUEL
 So, that's it?

EXT. UNDERWATER - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

The torpedoes have completed their u-turns, accelerating back, twin counterrotating propellers churning to full acceleration.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NARCO SUBMARINE - DAY

On Cora, searching for any solution, sweat dripping down her forehead, desperate to see angelic little Penny one more time.

CORA
Remember that power lever I told you
to never to pull?

MIGUEL
Yes...

CORA
Pull it.

MIGUEL
But what about the stone and the star
and whatever other shitty American
phrase you used?!

CORA
Playing possum's our only chance.

MIGUEL
Oh god.

CORA
Miguel. You have to trust me.

Cora and Miguel stare at one another for what feels like an eternity. At last, he nods, finally coming full circle on her.

Cora turns switches OFF as Miguel PULLS the main power lever.

The effects are instantaneous, their diesel engines SPUTTER DEAD, electric propulsion TAPERS DOWN, screens flicker BLACK.

EXT. UNDERWATER - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

With no target anymore, the ADCAPs CAREEN past the inactive submarine, WHIFFING once again and proceeding into the abyss.

That is the good news.

The bad news is, no power means no propulsion, which means the sub is PLUMMETING through the water, sinking in FREEFALL.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NARCO SUBMARINE - DAY

All eyes tracking the depth gauges, twenty feet, thirty feet.

MIGUEL
Thirty feet! What's our crush depth?

CORA
Hundred feet.

They brace for impact as the deathtrap endures its deathdive...

EXT. UNDERWATER - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

Plunging lower...

And lower...

And lower...

INT. CONTROL ROOM - USS HAMPTON - DAY

The homemade submarine has VANISHED in the surveillance suite.

CAPTAIN

What do you mean they disappeared?

OPERATOR

The target was steady one thousand yards off our starboard bow, and now I'm not holding them on any sensors.

CAPTAIN

Close the last position we had on them.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NARCO SUBMARINE - DAY

The sub interior RUMBLES, hull compromising with every foot, its fiberglass frame unable to withstand increasing pressure.

MIGUEL

Passing fifty feet.

Pressure continues BUILDING, its SOUND awful and apocalyptic.

MIGUEL

Seventy feet.

Various gauges CRACK. Valves BEND far beyond accepted limits.

MIGUEL

One hundred feet!

Bulkheads slowly CAVE inward, lightbulbs SHATTER, bolts BULGE.

MIGUEL

One twenty!

Until, POP-POP-POP, bolts BURST from pipes, hissing haywire like random bullets, creating a CROSSFIRE and SPRAYING water.

CORA

C'MON!

Just as it seems the vessel will IMplode into an awful memory...

EXT. UNDERWATER - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

The vessel LANDS onto the seabed, just missing certain death.

INT. CARGOHOLD - NARCO SUBMARINE - DAY

The explosives JOLT, volatile, ready to explode at any second.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NARCO SUBMARINE - DAY

The kevlar coated hull SPIDERWEBS, an eggshell at this depth.
Ruptured pipe systems SHOWER all three of them with saltwater.

CORA
(forceful whispering)
We need to get these sealed before
they get within range!

MIGUEL
I thought we're invisible to sonar!

CORA
They'll switch to a TB-16, which
could pick up a pin dropping on a
pillow from a hundred miles out!

They work quick, frantic, SHUTTING valves, WRENCHING bolts,
guzzling down water BLASTING them in the face like firehoses.

EXT. UNDERWATER - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

The USS Hampton hurtles through ocean, minutes away, tugging
a two hundred foot TB-16 TOWED ARRAY of ultra sensitive sonar
hydrophones behind, searching for the faintest trace of noise.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NARCO SUBMARINE - DAY

Cora, Juan and Miguel double time repairs, SEALING leaks, as...

EXT. UNDERWATER - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

The USS Hampton coasts above the submersible, no idea that the
hunk of junk is sitting less than one hundred feet below them.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - USS HAMPTON - DAY

Everyone fused to sonar screens, searching for the submarine.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NARCO SUBMARINE - DAY

Cora, Miguel and Juan sit there in staid silence, hands over mouths. Miguel adjusts his positioning, careful and cautious...

But accidentally kicks over Cora's drained bottle of tequila.

Cora winces as the bottle CLATTERS off the deck and vibrates.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - USS HAMPTON - DAY

The IMPACT generates one fleeting sonar BLIP, then evaporates.

OPERATOR

I'm not finding anything but ocean transients. Report complete loss of contact.

The Captain glances at the visual monitor feeding from their drone. There is only ocean onscreen -- no radar, sonar, heat signature or other indication of Cora's fiberglass submarine.

CAPTAIN

SUBPAC said that rust bucket was barely seaworthy. They must have taken a bath beyond crush depth, imploded in a fraction of a second.

Captain shakes his head imagining their unceremonious demise.

CAPTAIN

Reel in the TB-16, then confirm with fleet command. Target down.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NARCO SUBMARINE - DAY

Targets are not down, as Cora, Miguel and Juan listen to the USS Hampton propellor CAVITATIONS diminish into the distance.

The raw tension finally releases, and they can breathe again.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - USS STOCKDALE - DAY

Returning to the situation room as everyone receives the news.

STOUT

Hampton just confirmed -- hostile vessel went sinker.

His announcement is met with collective relief from the room.

INT./EXT. RHIB - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

Gamble and Rourke scan for Cora's bearing across frequencies.

ROURKE

Boss, her bearing's been flatlined
for ten minutes.

GAMBLE

Give it another ten.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NARCO SUBMARINE - DAY

Cora, Miguel, and Juan sweat, faces pallid, eyes half lidded, struggling to not suffocate inside this oxygen-deficient sub.

CORA

We're losing oxygen by the second. We
need to get this thing humming ASAP.

Miguel scrabbles to the main power console, FLIPS the switch...

But nothing happens.

CORA

Again.

Miguel tries again. Nothing. Again. Nothing. One more time.
Nothing. Flicking the switch back on and off with no results.

CORA

No, no, no, no.

She checks the battery gauge, finds its needle resting on RED.

CORA

Come on! Work, god dammit, work!

Cora lashes out, POUNDING the control console with two fists, going nuclear, all her frustration, all her passion, all her terror coalescing into this cathartic outburst to just start the goddamn submarine and live long enough to see Penny again.

Until the words STOP coming out altogether. Her lungs rattle, unable to produce enough air to continue the furious tantrum.

She looks to Miguel, concerned. His breathing is shallow too. Their claustrophobic vessel is saturated with carbon dioxide.

CORA

We're gonna suffocate... Unless we
charge... For emergency blow...

Juan staggers forward, stride unbalanced, eyes bulging, chest heaving, WHEEZING for oxygen, until he COLLAPSES, unconscious.

MIGUEL
How much... How much battery?

CORA
Ten amps... Minimum...

MIGUEL
We can't charge... We can't charge
without running the engines.

CORA
And running engines create exhaust...

MIGUEL
We'll suffocate...

CORA
But we already are...

Cora HITS switches, engines AWAKENING with a growling RUMBLE.
Immediately circulating diesel exhaust inside the submersible.

CORA
Stay awake... Until the battery...
Hits ten amps... Emergency blow...

This is a sprint between asphyxiation and charging batteries.

Cora stumbles as if soused, losing balance, floundering into
the captain chair. Miguel flops to all fours, chest heaving,
anesthetized as diesel FUMES are being circulated in the sub.

Together, they watch the battery slowly tick toward TEN AMPS.

MIGUEL
Almost... There...

CORA
No talking... Every word... CO2...

On Cora, her eyelids falling, vision tunneling, nerve cells
dying, words stroke victim slurring into prelinguistic grunts.

CORA
Prepare... For... Emergency... Blow...
Hit... Chicken... Switch.

The needle rises, their charge crossing the TEN AMP THRESHOLD.

But both sit there, fading, succumbing to the big sleep until...

Cora wakes, summoning one last stand to survive, as she PULLS
chicken switch evacuation handles, sparking an EMERGENCY BLOW.

INT. BALLAST TANKS - NARCO SUBMARINE - DAY

Compressed oxygen EXPLODES, evacuating water from every tank.

EXT. UNDERWATER - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

The submarine SKYROCKETS, nose up like a plane during takeoff.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NARCO SUBMARINE - DAY

Cora, Miguel, and Juan bounce around like crash test dummies, no command over faculties, beholden to the runaway submarine, distracted from the MONOLITHIC OBJECT on their sonar screens.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

Their submarine BREACHES the surface at a preposterous forty degree angle, before SLAMMING back to the ocean with violence at the precise moment a LUXURY MEGAYACHT is STEAMROLLING past.

Missing them by millimeters.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NARCO SUBMARINE - DAY

Cora and Miguel recover from the IMPACT, cognitive functions rebooting, slowly reacquiring control over their extremities.

EXT. NARCO SUBMARINE - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

They scramble out of the hatch, gobbling air and venting out exhaust as the submarine bounces across the megayacht's wake.

Cora makes eye contact with a SMALL BOY in waterwings eating ice cream on the stern. He waves and she waves back. Surreal.

INT./EXT. RHIB - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

Rourke reacts to her radio frequency, triangulates its signal.

ROURKE
Holy shit. She's back online!

GAMBLE
We're close.

Rourke banks right, pedal pinned, carving an aggressive wake.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NARCO SUBMARINE - DAY

Miguel helps Cora tie down Juan, who is still unconscious, to bulkhead pipes. There is only enough cable wire to tie one of his wrists. She then swipes his assault rifle for safekeeping.

CORA

Right fifteen degrees, course zero-two-zero. Hold this clip. We can hide in biologics and shipping noise.

Cora climbs the ladder, stealing one last glance at the timer.

2:00

EXT. NARCO SUBMARINE - PACIFIC OCEAN - MOMENTS LATER

On the hatch topside, Cora TOSSES the weapon into the ocean.

She hears WHINING, turns, notices DOLPHINS swimming beside the vessel bow. She subconsciously smiles, reminded of Penny, until the RINGING phone interrupts her reverie. Cora answers.

CORA

I'm still here.

VOICE

There's been a change of plans. Course correct to San Diego. When that timer hits thirty, you'll receive final coordinates.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NARCO SUBMARINE - DAY

Meanwhile, Miguel pilots the sub, oblivious to Juan stirring awake, coming back to consciousness, realizing he is tied up.

EXT. NARCO SUBMARINE - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

Back with Cora, overwhelmed by confusion, fear, and rage. She is ignorant to Gamble and Rourke APPEARING on the far horizon.

CORA

So Santa Barbara, the oil rig, that was all meaningless. A diversion.

VOICE

A worthy cause. Just not mine.

CORA

What's in San Diego?

VOICE

Patience, Cora. It may not be a virtue, but it is a value you must learn.

CORA

What did you just say?

VOICE

Patience. It's not not actually a virtue, but --

CORA

Holy shit. It's you.

A thunderous beat.

CORA

Dougie's mom.

VOICE

Well, don't sound so surprised.

And off of this seismic, world shattering revelation we will...

INTERCUT:

INT./EXT. CATAMARAN - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

Reveal **KENNEDY LOCKE**, 60, the woman who was on Cora's boat on page eight. Her appearance is remarkably quotidian, closer to a suburban soccer mom than machiavellian terrorist. The **BRASS KEYS** dangle from the helm, Kennedy having swiped them earlier.

She lounges equably inside Cora's catamaran, satellite phone on a table beside portable monitors tracking the submersible.

Sitting opposite Kennedy is Nolan. Bound, gagged, and afraid.

But no Penny.

Kennedy ditches the voice manipulation software, now personal.

KENNEDY

Did you really think you were chosen for your "skillset"? Or because somebody dedicated every minute, every resource, every single solitary fiber of their being to inflicting merciless, systematic retribution?

CORA

I... I don't understand. It wasn't my fault.

KENNEDY

Of course it was! You pushed Douglas
when he wasn't ready. Gambled his
life to gratify your hubris.

Kennedy leans to the phone, her countenance unnervingly cold.

KENNEDY

Welcome to your reckoning, Cora.

Cora is speechless.

KENNEDY

We talk one more time. Don't be late.

The call ENDS.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NARCO SUBMARINE - DAY

Juan reaches down his pantleg, slow, silent and surreptitious,
retrieving A HANDGUN from a concealed ankle holster. Then, in
one violent motion, he RIPS his cabled hand free, SEPARATING
one entire plastic pipe from the bulkhead wall in the process.

He staggers for Miguel, raising the pistol, rage in his glare.

JUAN

Where is she?

EXT. NARCO SUBMARINE - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

Cora wipes away welling tears before they can fall, tormented.
Her radio CHIRPS. She stares at it, unsure whether to pick up.

GAMBLE (RADIO)

Look behind you, Cora.

Before she can respond, Gamble's RHIB is nearly flanking her.
He waves, casual, like they are crossing paths on the street.

GAMBLE

I'm not going to sink you! Just wanna
peek under the hood and see what kind
of bang you're working with.

CORA

Where's the rest of the cavalry?

GAMBLE

They don't know I'm here.

Cora looks skeptical.

CORA
Why are you helping me?

Beat.

GAMBLE
Gut instinct.

Cora measures him, then nods. Moments before Gamble can board...

Juan POPS out from the access hatch, BLEATING with biblical wrath, advancing on Cora, practically foaming at the mouth in a raving lather, his handgun leveled and trigger finger ready.

Cora surrenders, dead to rights. Gamble draws his own sidearm.

GAMBLE
Drop the weapon!

But Juan refuses and proceeds, advancing toward Cora at the front of the submersible, misunderstanding the circumstances.

JUAN
You called the feds!

CORA
You don't understand! You've been
lied to --

JUAN
Piece of shit!

CORA
-- we're on a suicide mission!

GAMBLE
Drop the goddamn gun!

JUAN
Shut up!

Chaos reigns, Juan furious, finger about to curl the trigger...

When the tequila bottle SMASHES his head, glass EXPLODING like confetti over his skull. He stumbles back, unconscious, flailing into the ocean, swallowed by its tempestuous waters.

Reveal Miguel standing there, stunned by his violent actions.

Everyone stares at one another, sifting through the confusion.

ROURKE
That was a bad guy, right?

Seeing Gamble and Rourke, Miguel intuitively raises his hands.

CORA
It's okay, they're here to help.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NARCO SUBMARINE - DAY

Gamble descends the ladder, following behind Cora and Miguel.

CORA
Got an ID on our bomber. Kennedy
Locke. Mother of my training partner
who died.

GAMBLE
Talk about overbearing.

CORA
You don't sound surprised.

GAMBLE
(nope)
Twenty million dollars can buy some
pretty elaborate revenge.

CORA
So you've seen something like this
before?

GAMBLE
Oh, sure. This is my third runaway
submarine bomb disposal this month.

CORA
(to Miguel)
Keep us level. Engines full.

Miguel nods, now a well-oiled machine. Cora guides Gamble to...

INT. CARGO HOLD - NARCO SUBMARINE - DAY

The explosives. He WHISTLES, reaction approaching admiration.

CORA
That bad, huh.

GAMBLE
Worse. Urea nitrate.

CORA
The hell is that?

GAMBLE
Fertilizer based explosive. Used on
the World Trade Center.
(off her glance)

GAMBLE

'93 not '01. More destructive and higher velocity of detonation than ammonium. Soluble, which is why it's inside this waterproof material. Looks to be two, maybe two and half tons of bang. Guessing these prills with this sub's fuel capacity can do some serious damage -- blast radius of, I dunno, thousand feet or so. It's just amazing.

CORA

What is?

GAMBLE

That it hasn't blown yet.

CORA

Anybody mention you talk too much?

GAMBLE

Not in a few hours.

CORA

Can you defuse it or not?

GAMBLE

No.

CORA

No?!

GAMBLE

Trigger's remote high frequency with a microswitch relay and an unstable initiator. Sneeze wrong, and we're fish food. Just let me think.

CORA

We have less than two hours.

GAMBLE

I think fast. How's Locke contacting you?

She shows the satellite phone. Gamble removes an INTERCEPTION DEVICE from his tactical vest and plugs it into its USB port.

GAMBLE

Won't pick up chatter, but will decrypt downlink transmissions and track its origin.

(then)

Follow me.

Cora trails Gamble through the control room and up the ladder...

EXT. NARCO SUBMARINE - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

Where Rourke still cruises beside the submarine, keeping pace.

CORA

What's your timetable? The clock's
ticking, and I still don't know
what's waiting for me in San Diego.

Gamble stops dead, stunned.

GAMBLE

San Diego, not Santa Barbara?

CORA

Yeah. Why?

GAMBLE

In two hours, Vice President
Bennett's giving a speech on a
carrier a few miles off Coronado.

True comprehension dawns on the both of them at the same time.

CORA

This isn't a terrorist attack.

GAMBLE

This is an assassination attempt.

CORA

Killing two birds with one stone.

GAMBLE

Alright. New plan. We scuttle before
she calls back.

CORA

No.

GAMBLE

Excuse me?

CORA

I told you -- this submarine isn't
stopping until my daughter's safe.

They stare at one another. Cora desperate. Gamble conflicted.
After a moment, he shakes his head, chuckling with disbelief.

GAMBLE

One hour. Then I have to pull the
plug. Please don't put me in that
position.

CORA
Find my husband and daughter before
then, we won't have that problem.

Gamble nods, resolute. He returns to his RHIB, then remembers...

GAMBLE
Remember something, Cameron. You got
the upper hand right now.

CORA
How's that?

GAMBLE
Everyone thinks you're dead.

EXT. USS STOCKDALE - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

An hour later. The coruscating sun sinks lower in the horizon.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - USS STOCKDALE - DAY

Madden, Stout, and other brass are still conferring, when a
RADIOMAN receives an incoming call, shocked by what he hears.

RADIOMAN
Sir, some luxury yacht contacted the
Coast Guard an hour ago about a near
collision with a submarine.

A stunned moment of silence.

STOUT
Where?

CUT TO:

EXT. USS ABRAHAM LINCOLN - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

Sweeping AERIAL VIEWS of the sprawling, thousand foot Nimitz-class AIRCRAFT CARRIER anchored ten miles off of its homeport Naval Air Station ("NAS") North Island, its air wing replete with BOEING F/A-18F SUPER HORNETS and SIKORSKY MH-60 SEAHAWKS.

The deck buzzes with SERVICE MEN and WOMEN in uniform, NEWS OUTLETS, JOURNALISTS, and WAR VETERANS eagerly waiting for Vice President Bennett to arrive and deliver planned remarks.

In the center of the carrier is an elevated platform with a podium and microphone, circumscribed by one thousand chairs. An enormous American flag stretches across the control tower.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NARCO SUBMARINE - DAY

Miguel steers, not seeing Cora strip the life jacket off Luis.

CORA

Can I get your help with something
topside?

Cora ascends the ladder, disappearing topside. Miguel notices something odd on their navigation plot before he follows her.

MIGUEL

Cora, I think your course has us a
little too close to the --

Miguel is suddenly HAULED...

EXT. NARCO SUBMARINE - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

Topside where COASTAL LANDMASS is in view. Before Miguel can even react, Cora has slipped the life jacket over his solar plexus, dangling him over the submersible edge by its straps.

MIGUEL

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!

CORA

Your daughters need their father.

MIGUEL

Luis said they would hurt them --

CORA

It was a bluff. It's only my skin in
the game here, not yours.

MIGUEL

But -- but -- any decent sailor goes
down with the ship.

CORA

And any decent captain prevents that
from happening.

(meaning)

We're two miles off the coast. Tide'll
carry you to southern California in an
hour. Get yourself a Prius and a yoga
mat, you'll fit right in.

Miguel stares at Cora, his deep gratitude silent but visibly apparent. He nods, and she RELEASES him into the great ocean.

As the submarine sails onward, Miguel floats peacefully into the shores of America, slowly reduced to nothing but a faint speck of humanity in a pointillist panorama of natural ocean.

INT./EXT. RHIB - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

The RHIB cruises along the coast, heading north to San Diego.

ROURKE

Walk me through your thinking, sir.

GAMBLE

Bomber has to be within close enough range to activate the trigger.

(plus)

Cameron heard water in the background.

(meaning)

Smart money says --

ROURKE

They're on a boat --

GAMBLE

-- with courtside seats.

(indicating device)

When they call Cameron, we'll snag coordinates and strike.

ROURKE

God, I love playing for the good guys.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - USS STOCKDALE - DAY

Admirals, Commanders, Captains, everybody here is scrambling.

MADDEN

What's the Lincoln's current position?

SONAR OPERATOR

Ten miles west of North Island.

STOUT

It just came home from deployment. Swam an extra day so Bennett could make his address.

MADDEN

And it's strike group?

STOUT

Docked yesterday.

MADDEN

So no cruisers, destroyers, frigates or attack subs for defense?

STOUT

No. What about MSST or MSRT teams?

MADDEN
Skeleton fleet. Maybe.

STOUT
Jesus. It's a sitting duck.

EXT. USS ABRAHAM LINCOLN - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

WOOSH! An F/A-18F SUPER HORNET twin engine fighter jet soars through the frame, thrusters FIRING on every cylinder, as it accelerates over the carrier, showboating, eliciting APPLAUSE.

The super hornet circles around, then lowers, lining up with the flight deck, TOUCHING down and making an ARRESTED LANDING.

The cockpit canopy yawns open with a pneumatic HISS and **VICE PRESIDENT WILLIAM BENNETT**, 50s, disembarks, boasting aviator fatigues. He waves to the crowd, who respond with loud CHEERS.

INT. CONNING TOWER - NARCO SUBMARINE - DAY

The sub continues its covert surface run. Cora hovers inside the conning tower to get reception, plagued by an emotional cocktail of terror, doubt and panic the circumstances demand.

The satphone SHRILLING interrupts her rumination. She answers.

INTERCUT:

INT./EXT. CATAMARAN - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

Kennedy is where we left her previously, still tracking Cora.

CORA
I want to talk to my family.

KENNEDY
You're not in a position to be making demands. Thought that would be obvious by now.

CORA
How can I be sure they're still alive?

KENNEDY
In thirty minutes, if you haven't delivered the payload, they won't be.

CORA
Listen, I know you're after the VP, but you don't have to do this.

KENNEDY

Of course I do, Cora! For too long, our elected officials have fomented proxy wars and foreign invasions, fooling good kids like Douglas into enlisting, sending them to their deaths from behind mahogany desks and lapel flags, all in an insatiable pursuit of natural resources or political gain. So there comes a time when one must weigh the consequences of action against inaction. And now, I'm merely choosing to act.

CORA

President was too ambitious though.

KENNEDY

Oh, please. Our commander in chief's a puppet. Bennett's the warhawk. And "national security" is just one big rug for criminals like him to sweep his sins under. Today will prove that.

CORA

The people on board have families. Husbands. Wives. Children.

KENNEDY

Yes. It is the ultimate dilemma. Whose lives do you value more? Nolan and Penny's? Or those of complete strangers?

Cora chuckles, defeated, some amusing memory returning to her.

CORA

Dougie was right.
(beat)
You are severe.

KENNEDY

NOT ANOTHER WORD ABOUT HIM!

INT./EXT. RHIB - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

Gamble receives an ALERT on his satellite interception system.

GAMBLE

Call's in.

He impatiently watches his navigation triangulate the source.

GAMBLE

Come on, come on.

The system DINGS, offering coordinates to Kennedy's location.

GAMBLE

We're a half mile out, kick it up!

Rourke copies, THRUSTS the engine, soaring to suicide speeds.

INT. CONNING TOWER - NARCO SUBMARINE - DAY

Back with the **INTERCUT** dialogue. Cora steels herself, decided.

CORA

Still need the coordinates, don't I?

KENNEDY

Thirty-two-degrees-sixty north by
one-seventeen-degrees-forty west.
Big aircraft carrier. Can't miss it.

CORA

I go through with this. You let my
family go.

KENNEDY

I'm not a monster, Cora.

CORA

Tell that to the innocent people
you're killing.

KENNEDY

Sometimes violence is the only
language people can understand.

CORA

You're insane.

KENNEDY

Yeah. Maybe.

Kennedy breaks into a sadistic smile, succumbing to insanity.

KENNEDY

Thank you for your cooperation. The
pleasure has been all mine.

The line drops DEAD.

INT. CIC - USS ABRAHAM LINCOLN - DAY

CRASH INTO the horseshoe aircraft carrier combat information center ("CIC"). NAVAL INTELLIGENCE SPECIALISTS labor behind computer screens, consoles, monitors, navigation charts, and status boards. Lean team here, because the other sailors are...

EXT. DECK - USS ABRAHAM LINCOLN - DAY

Watching Vice President Bennett ascend onto the podium, fist pumping to the CHEERING crowd, who are standing at attention.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - USS STOCKDALE - DAY

Stout and Madden reach DEFCON ONE, struggling to stay poised.

MADDEN

Call a mayday into North Island, San Clemente, everyone. We need birds in the air and warships in the water.

STOUT

And for chrissakes, someone get Lincoln on the line!

INT. CIC - USS ABRAHAM LINCOLN - DAY

An INTELLIGENCE SPECIALIST notices AN OBJECT on his monitors.

SPECIALIST

I'm picking up activity at the exclusion perimeter. Not one of ours.

INT./EXT. RHIB - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

Gamble and Rourke come HOWLING across the surface, closing in on coordinates positioned mere miles off California coastline.

Only to discover a FLOTILLA OF CIVILIAN BOATS bobbing in the water, gathered to watch the aircraft carrier from a distance.

Kennedy could be in any one.

GAMBLE

You can't be serious.

EXT. DECK - USS ABRAHAM LINCOLN - DAY

Cheers simmer to energetic murmurs. Bennett begins his speech.

BENNETT

Thank you all very much. Admirals, captains, officers, sailors of the USS Abraham Lincoln, and of course, my fellow Americans...

The crowd ERUPTS. Bennett flashes an used car salesman smile.

BENNETT

As major combat operations continue
our war against terror, I am here to
tell you that the United States and
its allies are prevailing...

INT. CIC - USS ABRAHAM LINCOLN - DAY

Specialist taps his headset, receiving a radio communication.

SPECIALIST

That was the Stockdale. They want us
to initiate evacuation protocol.

An incredulous beat.

SPECIALIST TWO

Why?

INT. CONNING TOWER - NARCO SUBMARINE - DAY

Back with Cora riding the sub. She grabs her radio, BLEATING.

CORA

Gamble, what's your status?!

INTERCUT:

INT./EXT. RHIB - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

Rourke and Gamble SLASH between boats, searching for Kennedy.

GAMBLE

Wouldn't happen to know what Locke
looks like, would you?

CORA

I don't know -- middle aged woman --
brown hair -- just plain goddamn Jane!

GAMBLE

Not really painting a picture here.

CORA

Please! I'm running out of time!

GAMBLE

Working on it!

Cora ducks back into the submarine, checks the clock, reading...

0:20

EXT. DECK - USS ABRAHAM LINCOLN - DAY

Bennett mid sentence when SECRET SERVICE AGENTS rush onstage.

BENNETT

It is your courage, your valor, that
has made this all possible, as we
continue to build our coalition,
spreading democracy and peace abroad --

Secret service marshal Bennett offstage before he can protest.
Confusion RIPPLES through the crowd. An ALARM then sounds off.

EXT. NAVAL AIR STATION NORTH ISLAND - SAN DIEGO - DAY

One of the largest naval base installations in the country,
with docked DESTROYERS, SUPERCARRIERS and AVIATION SQUADRONS.

FOUR ANTISUBMARINE MH-60R SEAHAWKS liftoff from the airfield.

At the same time, multiple ZODIAC BOATS deploy from its port,
brimming with Maritime Security Response Team (MSRT) counter
terrorism OFFICERS, all locked, loaded and prepared to boogie.

The cavalry is coming.

INT./EXT. RHIB - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

Gamble scans a panorama of boats filled with indistinct faces.

ROURKE

Yo, looie.

Rourke nods at a catamaran emblazoned with **"CAMERON CRUISES"**.

ROURKE

Attention to detail.

EXT./INT. NARCO SUBMARINE - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

USS Abraham Lincoln comes rushing into view on the horizon as
Cora returns halfway out the access hatch, tension unbearable.

GAMBLE (RADIO)

Hang tight Cora, we're almost there!

From the East, we hear helicopter rotors HUMMING, followed by
ROARING boat engines, both sounds AMPLIFYING, swelling louder.

CORA

Yeah, so are they!

INT./EXT. RHIB - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

The RHIB narrows the gap, gliding up to the catamaran bow. It looks empty. Gamble silently signals to Rourke to go around. So he downshifts, engines whispering, orbiting the catamaran...

To discover Kennedy dangling Nolan over the edge as insurance.

Gamble draws his sidearm. Kennedy just smiles, beyond sanity.

KENNEDY
You guys are early.

GAMBLE
LET ME SEE YOUR HANDS!
(to Rourke)
Rourke, cover!

Rourke sees Kennedy dialing the satphone in her opposite hand.

ROURKE
DROP THE PHONE!

KENNEDY
Please. Send me to see Douglas.

GAMBLE
PUT DOWN THE CELL PHONE!

At the exact second Kennedy is able to THUMB the DIAL BUTTON...

BAM! BAM! BAM! Gamble FIRES three precise rounds center mass.

Kennedy backpedals into the boat, dumbstruck, DROPPING the bound and gagged Nolan into the ocean. He sinks like a stone.

ROURKE
I got him!

Rourke KILLS the engine and -- no hesitation -- SWANDIVES in the ocean to pursue Nolan. Gamble prepares to board the boat.

INT./EXT. NARCO SUBMARINE - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

Cora waits on pins and needles for Gamble to corroborate her family's safety, when the digital timer leaps to **TEN MINUTES**.

Kennedy ignited a dead man's switch.

CORA
That's not good.

Before Cora can despair too much, the satphone starts to RING. Not what she was expecting, Cora answers, waiting for Kennedy.

KENNEDY (PHONE)
Cora? Don't hang up. Please.

CORA
What do you want?!

Her voice is labored, malevolence supplanted by vulnerability.

KENNEDY (PHONE)
Was he scared? Was Douglas scared
when he drowned?

Cora is unprepared for that question. She quells her emotions.

CORA
Yes.

KENNEDY (PHONE)
Oh.

There is SHOUTING and CHAOS on Kennedy's end of the satphone.

GAMBLE (PHONE)
Hands in the air!

KENNEDY (PHONE)
I lied, Cora.

CORA
About what?

KENNEDY (PHONE)
I am a monster.

CORA
What are you talking about?

INTERCUT:

INT./EXT. CATAMARAN - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

With Kennedy who has crawled in the sleeping quarters, hidden from Gamble advancing through the boat, weapon at the ready. Kennedy is drenched in blood, her life expiring by the second.

KENNEDY
You took something from me. So I had
to take the same thing from you.

Frissons of fear rush through Cora, reading between the lines.

CORA
WHERE IS SHE?! WHERE IS PENNY?!

Kennedy COUGHS up crimson, spattering the satphone with blood.

KENNEDY

I said you were carrying precious cargo...

CORA

What did you do? WHAT DID YOU DO TO MY DAUGHTER?!

CLOSE ON Cora, the world crashing around her, unable to speak, unable to breathe. She DROPS the satphone, darts through the submarine, pure instinct and motion, a mad woman on a mission.

She searches with maternal intuition, wet tears obscuring her vision, scouring every inch of the goddamned vessel for Penny.

INT./EXT. CATAMARAN - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

Gamble breaches the sleeping quarters, gun trained on Kennedy.

GAMBLE

HANDS! I WILL SHOOT!

Kennedy MOANS and GROANS, trying to WHEEZE final words, but they remain trapped in her throat. She GURGLES blood instead.

GAMBLE

WHERE'S THE GIRL?!

But Kennedy slumps dead before Gamble can extract the answer.

GAMBLE

Shit.

Gamble moves to the stern, where Rourke SURFACES with Nolan in tow, hauling him onto the RHIB, both men HACKING up water.

GAMBLE

The daughter's still missing.

NOLAN

She... She was never here.

INT. NARCO SUBMARINE - DAY

Cora scanning, searching everywhere. Only one stone unturned...

The aft compartment.

FLASH BACK TO: Cora hearing whistling in the aft compartment.

CORA

I'M COMING PENNY!

The handle is still locked. Cora grabs the fire extinguisher and starts going goddamn nuclear, SMASHING the handle AGAIN and AGAIN and AGAIN until the lock SPLITS and the door OPENS.

Revealing little Penny curled in the fetal position, unmoving, two fingers still inside her mouth from attempting to whistle.

Cora retrieves Penny, cradling her sweet daughter in her arms.

CORA
Penny, wake up! Penny!

Nothing. Cora sets Penny down, starts applying mouth to mouth.

CORA
Stay with me! Can you do that?
Please! Oh god, Penny, please!

And then, subtle movement. Penny rustles, blinking back awake.

CORA
It's okay, honey bee. Mommy's here.

INTERCUT:

INT./EXT. RHIB - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

Gamble barks into his radio.

GAMBLE
Cora, Nolan's with us. He's okay. But we still don't have a twenty on your daughter.

CORA
She's here! She's with me!

NOLAN
What?!

GAMBLE
I'm sorry -- she's on the sub?

CORA
Yes! You need to call off the strike!

GAMBLE
What strike?

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

The ZODIAC BOATS skim across the surface in attack formation, SEAHAWKS overhead, interdicting Cora at a perpendicular angle.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NARCO SUBMARINE - DAY

Cora carries Penny into the control room, frenzied, her time running out. Gamble CRACKLES through her radio, losing signal.

GAMBLE (RADIO)
Get... Out... There... Now...

Cora glances at the timer counting down, the explosives armed.

0:08

CORA
The bomb's still armed! Gamble?!

Cora finesses the radio, but it FIZZLES, no battery remaining.

INT./EXT. RHIB - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

Gamble looks at Rourke, both understanding what happens next.

GAMBLE
They're gonna sink her.

NOLAN
Can't you do something?!

GAMBLE
(to Rourke)
Get me the Stockdale.

INTERCUT:

INT. COMMAND CENTER - USS STOCKDALE - DAY

The room watching screens, tracking progress of their attack.

TECH
Detachment's inbound. Thirty seconds to target.

RADIOMAN
Sir, Gamble's on our air.

The timing concerns Madden. He had forgotten all about Gamble.

MADDEN
Put him through.
(Radioman patches him in)
Gamble, where are you?

GAMBLE
Coloring outside the lines, sir.

MADDEN

What exactly does that mean?

TECH

Twenty seconds.

GAMBLE

You can not engage that submarine!

STOUT

Why the hell not?!

GAMBLE

There are two civilians on that vessel. One of them is a child.

STOUT

There are also two thousand pounds of explosives on that submarine!

MADDEN

Did he say a child?

EXT. NARCO SUBMARINE - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

The submersible coasts within a half mile of the Lincoln as the WARPARTY rushes to intercept, packing real deal artillery.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - USS STOCKDALE - DAY

Tension skyrockets, even decorated brass is unsure what to do.

TECH

Ten seconds.

INT./EXT. RHIB - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

Gamble redfaced, desperate, spitting his orders like prayers.

GAMBLE

There is a child on board. Repeat. A child is on board. DO. NOT. ENGAGE.

INT./EXT. NARCO SUBMARINE - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

Options scarce and time scarcer, Cora scales the ladder fast, frantic, head poking out the hatch to wave the white flag, as...

INT. COMMAND CENTER - USS STOCKDALE - DAY

Everybody quiet, nobody wanting to deliver the death sentence.

TECH

In position, sir. We need a go, no go.

Stout intervenes just as Madden opens his mouth to yell abort.

STOUT

Weapons release.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

Armed forces riding zodiac boats receive the orders, UNLEASH HELLFIRE on the submersible, assault rifles SPITTING hot lead.

EXT./INT. NARCO SUBMARINE - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

Cora cries out, SHUTTING the hatch, avoiding their FUSILLADES. She covers her distraught daughter, then prepares to submerge.

CORA

STAY DOWN, PENNY!

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

Two of the MH-60R Seahawks reduce altitude and turn broadside, allowing mounted GAU-17/A MINIGUNS to WREAK HAVOC on the sub, their rotating gatling barrels FIRING fifty rounds per second.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NARCO SUBMARINE - DAY

Bullets BLAZE against the submersible, creating a PERCUSSIVE CACOPHONY as Cora manipulates the yoke, diving below surface.

The sub eats the BLASTS, klaxons RINGING, screens FLICKERING.

But for one glorious moment, it looks like Cora might escape.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

Until, THWOOMP THWOOMP, the two other MH-60R Seahawks BLAST multiple penguin anti-ship cruise missiles at the submersible.

Two pass OVER the submersible. One cuts SHORT. But the FOURTH...

KABOOM! Sound VACUUMS as the missile TAGS the submersible aft, superheated gas bubble TEARING through fiberglass like tissue paper, sending the sub into a TAILSPIN toward the ocean floor.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NARCO SUBMARINE - DAY

The EXPLOSION is deafening, RIPCURLING throughout the stern, BLOWING propellers clean off their shaft axis, concussions SNAPPING pipes like twigs and FOLDING bulkheads like origami.

PENNY

Mommy!

Water RUSHES through the yawning chasms created by the blast.

EXT. UNDERWATER - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

The submersible ROTATES out of control, sinking to the bottom.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NARCO SUBMARINE - DAY

Cora gropes onto her feet, clawing toward Penny, grabbing the girl and comforting her, as the hull THUNDERS like armageddon.

The depth gauge plummets beyond fifty feet, one hundred feet, one hundred fifty feet, now CAREENING toward TWO HUNDRED FEET...

EXT. UNDERWATER - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

Until the sub CRASHES to the seabed, displacing sand and silt.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - USS STOCKDALE - DAY

Stout exhales, relieved. Madden appears conflicted and unsure.

TECH

Target down. Say again, target down.

INT./EXT. RHIB - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

Gamble, Rourke, and Nolan stand in stunned silence. Nolan's wife and daughter just taken from him in the blink of an eye.

EXT. DECK - USS ABRAHAM LINCOLN - DAY

Anarchy. Secret service abscond with Bennett to an evacuation SEAHAWK. Every Sailor baffled, scrambling for battle stations.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NARCO SUBMARINE - DAY

Awesome pressure COMPRESSES the submersible, its convex hull CAVING inward, HALVING the sub to a concave shell in seconds.

Cora is waist deep in water, holding Penny over her shoulder, wading through darkness barely irradiated by emergency lights.

And now Cora Cameron faces her worst nightmare, in the exact same situation as the opening sequence, trapped underneath hundreds of feet of water with another soul depending on her.

PENNY

Mommy, please! I'm scared!

CORA

Shh, baby, it's okay. I'm here.
Everything's okay.

But everything is not okay. Cora faces two terrible choices, drown slowly or get incinerated in the forthcoming explosion.

0:05

Cora looks at her tearstained daughter, helpless and afraid.

She closes her eyes, tapping into an unfathomable reservoir of maternal resilience, gathering the resolve to survive, to fight back, to live for the human being crying in her clutch.

And an idea forms.

CORA

Free ascent.

Cora hoists Penny up to a pipe running across the sub ceiling.

CORA

Hold on to this baby. I'm gonna be
right back.

PENNY

Promise?

CORA

I promise.

Cora dives underwater, scouring the steering station for the WATERPROOF BAG that originally contained the satellite phone.

The water is dark and unforgiving. Her hands rummage around, searching blind, until she latches to the bag and RESURFACES.

She turns around, clumsily wading through water to retrieve remaining cable and the extinguisher bobbing at the surface.

Cora perseveres, paddling her way back toward Penny, passing Luis' floating CADAVER, his dead, glassy eyes are still open.

CORA

It's time to play a fun game, okay?
We're gonna wait for water to rise to
the tippy top when all that pressure
does something called "equalize".
Then, we're gonna catch the last of
the air just for ourselves, and when
that happens, I want you to start
taking small breaths in, then big
ones out. Small in, big out.

FLASH BACK TO: Cora tells Locke the same thing in the opening.

PENNY

Like I'm talking to dolphins?

CORA

Yes, exactly! Just like you're
talking to dolphins. But this last
part's really important -- do not
hold your breath, okay?

(off her nod)

Good. Then we'll float to the top
together. I'm gonna be by your side
the entire time. Can you do that?

Cora offers her daughter a smile, born from that parental
instinct to reassure their children that everything will be
okay, even in circumstances that may not necessarily be okay.

PENNY

I can do it.

CORA

That's my big girl.

Cora helps Penny climb the ladder toward the access hatch.
She then swaddles the extinguisher to her chest with cable,
steals one last glance at the timer on her way up the ladder.

0:02

Water continues FLOODING inside, seconds until oxygen is gone.

CORA

Shallow in, deep out. Do not let go.

PENNY

It's too cold! It's too cold!

Cora drapes the waterproof bag over both their heads, trapping
the remaining pockets of oxygen in her improvised escape hood.

PENNY

My ears!

CORA
It's okay, Penny. It's okay.

Water races upward, compressing the atmosphere, its pressure nearly lethal. Cora sweating, exhausted, her breaths shallow.

Almost exactly like the opening sequence. Once the pressure inside this submersible can equalize to the pressure outside...

Cora opens the hatch.

EXT. UNDERWATER - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

And they ascend...

And ascend...

And ascend...

Cora and Penny emerge from the stygian ocean depth, locked in fatal embrace, bubbles trailing behind them as oxygen expands.

INT./EXT. ASCENT HOOD - UNDERWATER - DAY

Penny BREATHES like her mother demonstrated. Cora PUMPS the extinguisher, deploying its released pressure for PROPULSION.

EXT. UNDERWATER - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

They break through schools of fish, water tinting lighter as the surface becomes visible, glimpses of salvation just ahead.

INT. CARGOHOLD - NARCO SUBMARINE - DAY

CRASH ZOOM on the explosives as the seconds tick down to zero.

00:03...

00:02...

00:01...

The trigger receives the activation signal, flips the micro switch, which relays electricity to the circuit, and IGNITES...

Two tons of explosives.

EXT. UNDERWATER - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

Operatic slow motion as the narco submarine DISINTEGRATES in an incandescent EXPLOSION, ROILING throughout the seabed and generating a MUSHROOM CLOUD of water, gas and kinetic energy.

Which creates breathtaking SPECTACLE, as Cora and Penny float toward the surface like celestial entities ascending to the gates of heaven, backdropped by brilliant shockwaves of fire.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

The heat and energy of the blast EXPLODE through the surface, BILLOWING skyward, SPREADING a vast radius of water, debris, heat and shrapnel, landing a few feet shy of the USS Lincoln.

The eruption causes the massive aircraft carrier to RUMBLE IN PROTEST, energy and pressure testing its structural integrity.

EXT. USS ABRAHAM LINCOLN - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

Waves of water CRASH onto the deck, soaking awestruck Sailors.

The escape Seahawk carrying Bennett SHUDDERS from the tumult, heatwaves pulsing across its frame, threatening to knock it out of the sky, until the expert pilot steadies the aircraft...

Thereby ensuring that Vice President Bennett remains unharmed.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

Eventually, the clouds evaporate and the waters calm and the waves slow until all that remains is the tranquil ocean as it existed before this eruption, with no sign of our protagonist.

We stay on the serene scene, holding and holding and holding...

SPLASH! Cora and Penny BREACH the surface together, grasping one another tight, waterlogged, disoriented, but still alive.

Tears begin flowing in an intimate catharsis between daughter and mother, both needing the other more than they could know.

Cora swims around to find a familiar hand extending for help...

INT./EXT. RHIB - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

As Gamble HAULS Cora and Penny to safety onto the RHIB. Nolan pushes through, teary-eyed, reuniting with wife and daughter.

A family reconciled.

Gamble checks his watch, smirks, recalling his prior comment.

GAMBLE
 Clock's at 1700, Cameron.
 (off her confused look)
 Happy hour just started. I still owe
 you a beer.

CORA
 Actually, I think I'm off the stuff.

Cora smiles, overcome by great relief and profound gratitude.

FADE TO:

THE PACIFIC OCEAN

During golden hour, pleasant and serene, reflecting moribund rays from the sinking sun hanging low in the distant horizon.

We hear WHISTLING, followed by DOLPHINS breaching the surface.

PENNY (O.S.)
 It's working, mommy! It's working!

INT./EXT. CATAMARAN - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

We reveal Penny standing on the deck of Cora's catamaran, its inscription revised to read "**CAMERON CRUZES**". With Nolan next to her, she WHISTLES for dolphins, pointing at the creatures.

Cora appears, looking healthier and happier than we have seen.

CORA
 That's great, honey bee.

Cora joins Penny, then turns toward the helm station overhead.

CORA
 Hey Captain, can we get a few more
 minutes out here?

Reveal Miguel driving the boat, a smile stretching ear to ear.

MIGUEL
 You got it!

Cora sits with Penny and Nolan, admiring the intimate touch of earth and sun, relishing the visceral bliss of being exactly where one wants to be in life. Off this immaculate tableau we...

FADE TO BLACK.