

DREADNOUGHT

Screenplay by

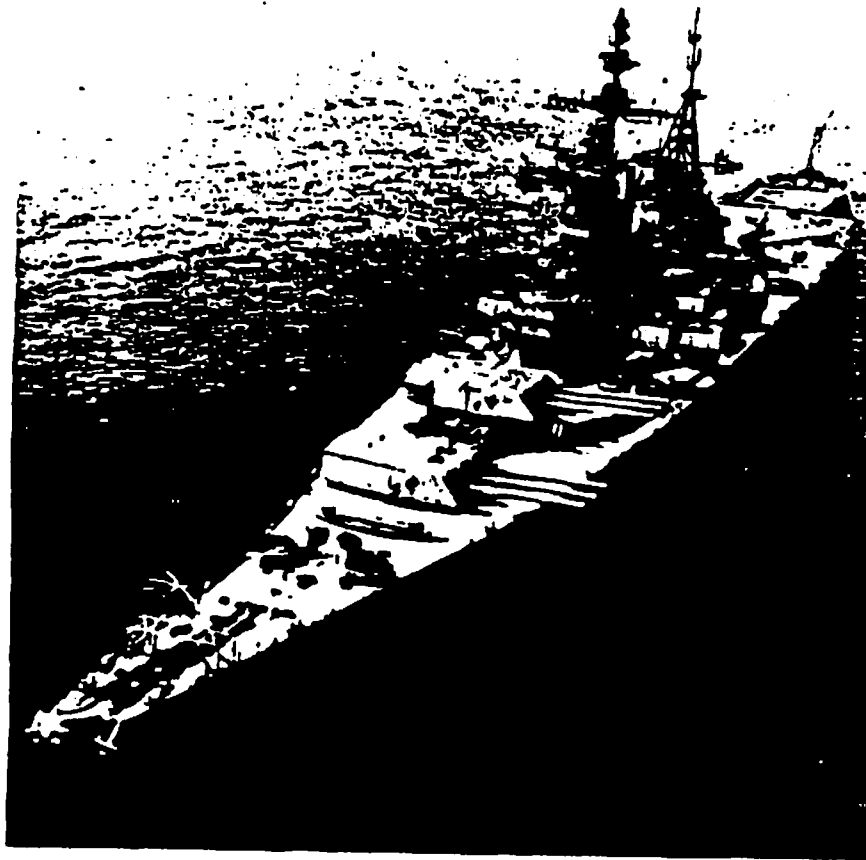
J. F. Lawton

AKA:
("Under Siege")

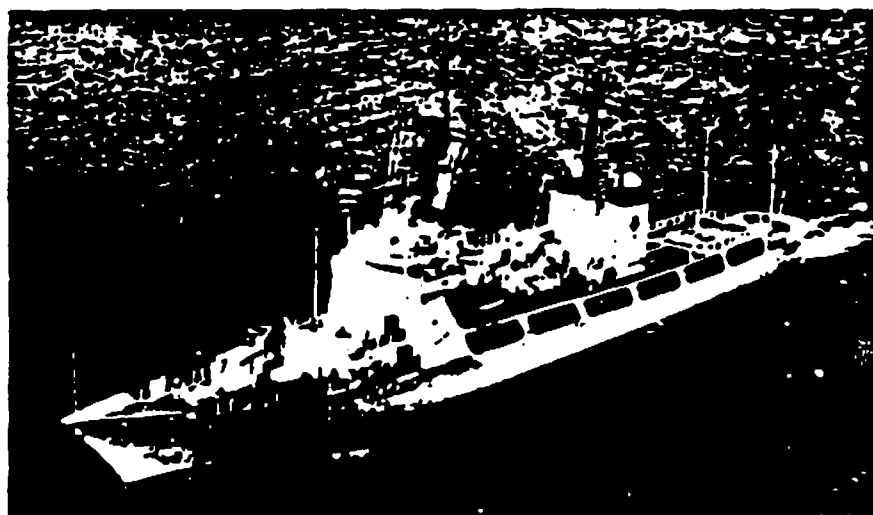
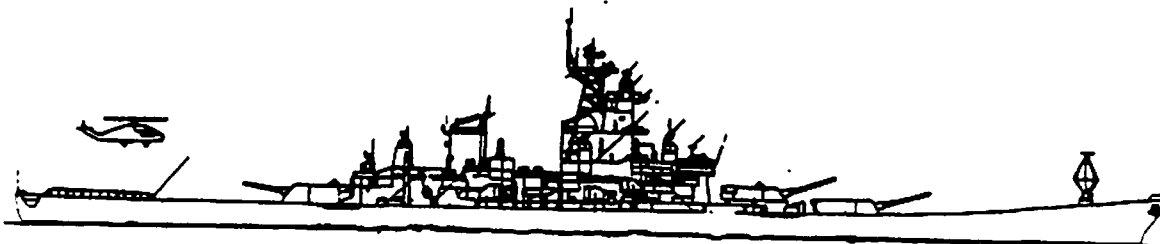
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First Draft

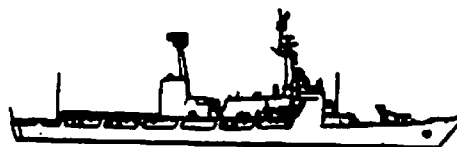
dread-nought (dred'nô't') n. A heavily armed battleship.

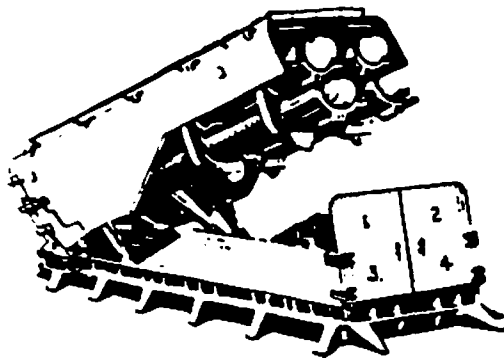


NEW JERSEY (BB 63)



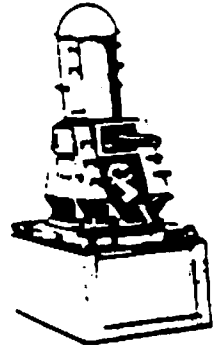
RUSH (WMEC 723)



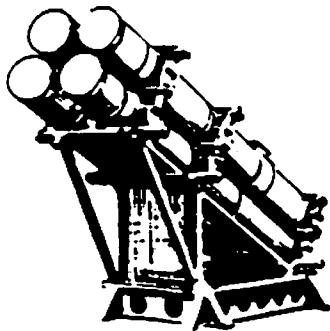


Tomahawk Missile
Launcher (open)
Anti-Air/Sea/Land
Optional Nuclear Warhead

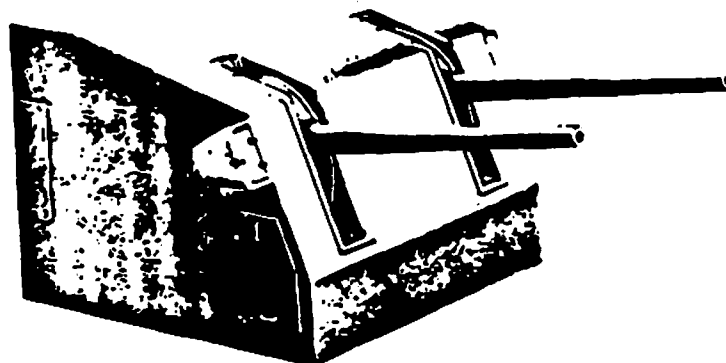
Phalanx
Anti-Aircraft
Machine Gun



Harpoon Missile
Launcher
Anti-Ship



16' Gun Turret



'5 Twin Gun Turret

FADE IN:

EXT. OPEN SEA - DAY

A tiny speck of a ship dwarfed by the vast open sea.

NEW JERSEY

Jump to ship. It is no small craft. U.S.S. *New Jersey*. Fifty thousand tons of iron. Largest, fastest, most powerful battleship on Earth.

Rushing from the tip of the bow we travel an endless length of giant sixteen inch gun turrets, rocket launchers, computerized Gatling guns. Nothing could beat this ship in one to one combat. Its guns could single handedly level a small nation. Its nuclear cruise missiles could level a large one.

Reaching the helicopter deck on the stern, a tiny SAILOR working there seems as small and alone in this sea of steel as the *New Jersey* appears in the Pacific Ocean.

FLIGHT DECK

The deck ape mops grease from the landing circle.

Near the hanger, ENSIGN TAYLOR, a young officer, speaks with PETTY OFFICER JOHNSON who's in charge of flight deck.

JOHNSON

An unauthorized helicopter landing?

TAYLOR

Commander Krill authorized it.

JOHNSON

Krill isn't running this ship. The Old Man has to okay it.

TAYLOR

How's the captain gonna authorize a surprise birthday party for himself?

JOHNSON

We're operating on a skeleton crew. We stowed all the gear and..

TAYLOR

In a week the ship gets mothballed. It's our last party. Krill wanted something special for the captain.

JOHNSON

What's on this helicopter?

TAYLOR

Everything. Booze, food, and a cake with something very special inside.

Taylor hands Johnson a folded piece of paper. Johnson opens it. It's a Playboy fold out. A beautiful buxom blonde.

JOHNSON

(mouth open)

She's in the...

TAYLOR

Barbi Tynne. Miss January. Think you can be ready for her?

JOHNSON

We'll be ready. Ready and willing! Hey, Krill isn't such a bad guy after all.

INT. WEAPONS STATION - DAY

Commander KRILL is a tall, cold professional. He's used to giving orders and he's used to having them obeyed. He is currently chewing out a CHIEF PETTY OFFICER. TWO OTHER SAILORS stand off watching the argument.

KRILL

When I say everybody, I mean everybody! They'll be a fore and aft lookout, a small bridge crew and a couple snipes on fire watch. Everyone else reports to the Rec room and that's an order.

CHIEF

Regulations require a standing watch in this weapon station at all times.

KRILL

Our attack systems are deactivated. The ship is being decommissioned. We won't be called into service.

CHIEF

Sir, deactivated or not, we still have nuclear weapons on board. An armed watch is required...

KRILL

We're in the middle of the Pacific! If someone sneaks in and steals a cruise missile, I'll personally search the crew when we get off in Long Beach. But tonight everyone will be in that Rec room! Understood?

CHIEF

Aye, aye, sir.

KRILL

Not a word to the captain. This is a surprise party.

INT. GALLEY - DAY

The galley on the *New Jersey* was equipped to serve a crew of sixteen hundred. But with the ship nearing its last days the enormous room is vacant and dim. A hundred chairs are strapped atop the long tables.

JACKSON, a second class gunner, wanders through the ghost filled room and heads toward a light in the kitchen.

KITCHEN

Half a dozen sailors eat at a table that used to be for the kitchen staff but now serves the remaining crew.

First Class CASEY RYBACK chops up onions with a large knife. Ryback is a handsome, strong man, not what one expects in a Navy cook. But with a white cotton apron over his denim uniform, he handles the blade as expertly as a chef at Benihana.

Jackson strolls over.

JACKSON

What's cooking, Ryback?

RYBACK

What do you want? I'll make you something special. How about Pasta alla posillipo?

JACKSON

Got any shit on a shingle?

Ryback shakes his head, goes to a simmering pot, tosses a piece of toast on a plate and pours a heap of slop over it.

JACKSON

Great!

RYBACK

You've been in the Navy too long.

JACKSON

Look who's talking, hash marks. What you got for the captain's birthday?

RYBACK

His favorite: Bouillabaisse, Boston Creme pie.

Jackson eats off his plate. Between bites.

JACKSON

Forget the pie. The X.O. is flying in a cake with a girl inside.

RYBACK

Krill? That asshole?

JACKSON

Yep, bunny coming in from Hawaii with champagne. Maybe Krill figured since he's never going to make captain, he shouldn't be such a tight ass.

RYBACK

Doesn't sound like Krill.

The Chief calls out from the dining table.

CHIEF

He's gone nuts if you ask me. We're breaking more regs today than this ship has in fifty years. Old Man would have a cow if he knew. If we have a fire this ship is history.

RYBACK

They removed Krill's brains at the Naval academy.

JACKSON

Hell, why should we care? It's his neck. Long as I got my bottle of champagne. Me and Miss January can share a life boat. We'll save the Navy the cost of mothballing her.

Ensign Taylor enters and the enlisted men fall silent. Not out of respect, since ensigns are fair game in the Navy, but to make him feel uncomfortable.

TAYLOR

Petty officer Ryback?

RYBACK
(sarcastically)
Ensign Taylor?

TAYLOR
(correcting him)
Sir.

RYBACK
You don't have to call me "Sir", Ensign Taylor. We're casual here in the kitchen.

The enlisted men snicker. Taylor clears his voice.

TAYLOR
Watch it, Ryback, we still have a week together.

RYBACK
Then I won't get to see you go through puberty. What do you want?

TAYLOR
I have orders from the X.O. on the captain's birthday.

RYBACK
I don't take orders. Dinner will be ready at nineteen hundred. Like it always is.

TAYLOR
Negative. You're not cooking dinner. We're having it flown in from Hawaii. The mess hall will be cleared by eighteen hundred and you and your crew are to report to the rec room.

RYBACK
Negative.

TAYLOR
What?

RYBACK
It means, go to hell. I've been cooking for the Old Man for five years and I know what he likes and I know what he wants and if you don't... then talk to him.

TAYLOR
Ryback, this is a surprise party. No one talks to the captain about this.

RYBACK

He knows it's his birthday so it isn't going to be a surprise.

TAYLOR

If you continue to be insubordinate I will inform Commander Krill.

RYBACK

Fine. Tell him I don't give a shit what he planned, I'm cook on this ship.

Taylor storms out. Harris whistles.

HARRIS

Krill's gonna skin you alive, Ryback.

RYBACK

Let him try.

Ryback grips the knife by the point and throws it. It flips gracefully and lands point first into a wood block mounted on the bulkhead.

BERTHING COMPARTMENT

Two SAILORS play cards while a THIRD admires Barbi's foldout.

SAILOR

Think she'll be in a bikini? Or buck naked?

SAILOR TWO

Naked if there's a god in heaven.

SAILOR THREE

Look at this, on the back it says her favorite activities are target shooting and martial arts.

SAILOR TWO

Bullshit it does!
(grabbing it from him)
He's right. Martial arts?

SAILOR THREE

Keeps her in shape. I'd love to tangle with her.

SAILOR TWO

(reading)
Says her dream is to get rich and retire to her own island. Think she'll have room for two?

EXT. ARMY AIR STATION / HAWAII - DAY

An Army CH-47C Chinook transport helicopter waits on the flight pad as a GROUND CREW fuels it. SEVERAL DOZEN MEN file inside.

Riding roughshot over them, in army fatigues, is STRANNIX. A CIA covert operations specialist, his superiors often remark "thank God he's on our side" even as they worry if he really is.

STRANNIX

Move it! We're airborne in ten!

An ARMY LIEUTENANT and ARMED M.P. approach him.

ARMY LIEUTENANT

Mr. Strannix..

STRANNIX

I don't have time to talk.

ARMY LIEUTENANT

I'm afraid you'll have to talk to me.
There's a problem with your orders.

STRANNIX

We'll work it out later. This operation
is taking off.

Holding up a flight authorization.

ARMY LIEUTENANT

Not without a flight pass. I pulled it
from the controller.

Strannix looks at him for the first time.

ARMY LIEUTENANT

You take off and I'll have you shot down.
My office?

Strannix smiles obligingly.

INT. LIEUTENANT'S OFFICE - DAY

The lieutenant sits behind his desk. Strannix stands in front of him. The M.P. waits near by.

LIEUTENANT

I know you CIA boys are used to having your own way, but confiscating a transport on three hours notice was a bit much for me. I've traced back your orders and no one will verify them. No one denies them, but...

STRANNIX

Lieutenant, if we're not in the air in five minutes I will cut off your head and stuff your dick inside the hole. Give me the phone.

Strannix goes around the desk and reaches for the phone.

STRANNIX

Who would you like to talk to? Mr. Cheney? Webster? Bush?

LIEUTENANT

I'd be satisfied with...

Before he can finish, Strannix grabs him by the hair, pulls his head back, grabs his chin and snaps his neck in two.

The M.P., who made the mistake of blinking, suddenly notices the lieutenant falling out of his chair, dead. He goes for his holster, struggling to remove the flap and get his gun out.

It's too late. In three quick strides Strannix has crossed the room and produced a Navy K-bar knife. Just as the soldier's gun is drawn, the blade point rips into his heart, right to the hilt.

Pinned by the knife like a squirming bug on a needle, the soldier drops his gun and silently, quickly dies.

As he falls, Strannix drags him behind the desk and slumps him onto the Lieutenant. Strannix grabs the flight pass and exits.

EXT. ARMY AIR STATION - DAY

Strannix crosses the field and flags a ground crew member.

STRANNIX

There was a mix up. I straightened it out. Run this to the controller. Fast. We're taking off now.

GROUND CREW MEMBER

Yes, sir!

Strannix boards the Chinook. The turboshaft engines start and it rises into the air.

INT. CH-47C HELICOPTER - DAY

Strannix talks with DIMPLER, a soldier of fortune, as they change into battleship Grey commando outfits. In the background DOZENS OF MEN are doing the same.

DIMPLER

Won't they come after us?

STRANNIX

Eventually. Half hour to find the bodies. Two hours to figure out what happened. Then they call the Air Force for a jet fast enough to catch us. Another hour before it's in the air. By then we've been flying for four hours under radar. By the time they find us it'll be too late.

Strannix rubs a silenced Czech-made CZ-75 with a gun cloth. He cocks it, clicks on the safety and slips it into a shoulder holster. The CZ-75 is the only 9mm auto that can be carried cocked and locked. Barretas are for safety conscious police and only James Bond and Hunter S. Thompson carry Walthers. The CZ-75 is the combat sidearm.

Strannix glances at a figure in green fatigues standing near by.

STRANNIX

You'd better get ready. I don't want to disappoint those horny sailors.

The figure pulls off the Army cap and shakes out her long blond hair. She is an incredibly beautiful young woman, BARBI TYNNE. She strips down to skimpy panties and bra.

She smiles at Strannix with a gorgeous smile. She has a body to die for and clearly isn't shy.

BARBI

Don't worry. I'll knock them dead.

She takes a bag and unpacks a mini-skirt, makeup and hairspray.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NEW JERSEY - SUNSET

The sun is going down across the ocean. The giant ship maintains its course.

INT. BRIDGE - SUNSET

CAPTAIN ADAMS, an old sea hound in his early sixties, stands watching the panoramic view of the sunset. THE OOD (OFFICER ON DECK), A HELMSMAN, QUARTERMASTER and TWO OTHER SAILORS go about their duties.

Commander Krill enters and stiffly salutes.

KRILL

You wanted to see me, captain?

CAPTAIN

Yes. Let's go to my cabin.

(to helmsman)

Take the conn, Mr. Landers.

OOD

Aye, aye, captain.

INT. CAPTAIN'S CABIN - EVENING

The captain takes a seat behind his desk and motions for Krill to sit.

CAPTAIN

Mr. Krill, I told you when we dropped off the crew in Hawaii that I didn't want any birthday activities.

Krill tenses.

KRILL

Yes, captain. I take it someone..

CAPTAIN

It's a small ship when it comes to secrets. How'd you think you'd land a helicopter without me knowing?

There is a painful silence as Krill avoids the captain's stare.

KRILL

It was a mistake to think I could..

CAPTAIN

No, it was a mistake to try. I want an explanation. Now.

Another tense beat. Krill looks him in the eye.

KRILL

Admiral Green wants to present you with a plaque for your birthday. He's flying in from the Enterprise.

Suddenly the tension evaporates. The captain chuckles.

CAPTAIN

That old fart. I see. I was about to tar and feather you.

KRILL

He wanted it to be a surprise.

CAPTAIN

That's his idea of a surprise alright. Aircraft carrier and a helicopter lift. He'll do anything to get a bowl of Ryback's Bouillabaisse. Alright, a small party. But keep this circus simple. We've barely enough men to stay afloat. Off duty personel can attend, but all watches are by the book. Our job is to get to Long Beach in one piece. Understood?

KRILL

Aye, aye, captain.

The captain goes to his window and looks outside.

CAPTAIN

The Admiral offered to let me off in Hawaii. Didn't think it was dignified for a captain of my experience to take her into mothballs. But I wanted to see her to the finish..

KRILL

It must be hard to let the ship go.

The captain turns and faces him, surprisingly cheerful.

CAPTAIN

Hell no. Looking forward to spending time with my wife. I'm glad this stupid cold war is over. One thing I've never liked is this key.

Pulls it out from around his neck.

CAPTAIN

I was in Japan in 49 and saw what those little A bombs did. Ours make them look like firecrackers. Mutual annihilation. Seemed like a stupid idea, but it worked. Now I'm glad to put them to bed.

KRILL

Then it worked out well for you.

Captain Adams notices a bitter tone.

CAPTAIN

Not happy with your new orders, Mr. Krill?

KRILL

I've spent my whole life working to be a captain. Why shouldn't I be happy with a desk job in San Diego?

CAPTAIN

You'll make captain.

KRILL

I'll make captain, but I'll never be captain. I'll get the stripe, but not the ship. Not with the cut backs in the fleet.

CAPTAIN

It's better than war, Commander.

KRILL

You've had your turn. I just wish I'd had mine.

CAPTAIN

It wasn't a game. We were defending the peace. We've done our job.

KRILL

Yes, captain. Is that all?

The captain nods. Krill stands. He goes to the door, pauses.

KRILL

The Admiral wanted this to be a surprise. If you could stay in your cabin for a couple hours...

CAPTAIN

(nodding)

I'll be engrossed in a book.

Krill sharply salutes and exits. The captain thinks for a moment and then picks up a phone by his desk.

INT. KITCHEN - EVENING

Ryback adds spices to a giant steaming pot of bouillabaisse as he talks on the ship's intercom.

RYBACK

What do you want, barnacle butt?

CAPTAIN (O.S.)

Nobody better be in the room when you call me that, Ryback. What are you cooking? The Admiral's flying in.

RYBACK

The whole fleet's landing from what I hear. I'm cooking corned hash. Why?

CAPTAIN (O.S.)

If you've forgotten what day it is I'll have you keel hauled.

RYBACK

I didn't think we celebrated Ground Hog day.

CAPTAIN (O.S.)

You know why the Admiral's coming? Besides your bouillabaisse, which you better damn well be cooking. He knows your orders are up and he wants to haul you back with him. Interested?

RYBACK

My enlistments over in a month.

CAPTAIN

Then get out and open a restaurant. You'll make a fortune. Since I'm retiring you have permission to leave the Navy.

RYBACK

(shrugs)

I don't know. Where else can I get lousy pay for long hours working for jerks. I'll probably re-up. I'm a lifer.

CAPTAIN (O.S.)
If you want my advice, get out. You're
wasting your talent, but tell me what
orders you want and you've got them. I
can get a cook like you stationed
anywhere in the world. Even one with
your seriously bad attitude.

RYBACK
Speaking of my bad attitude, answer a
question, Anchor Ass. Am I the cook on
this ship? Am I the only one that slings
hash on this rust tub?

CAPTAIN (O.S.)
I'll hang anyone that says otherwise.
Why?

RYBACK
Just checking.

SHIP'S PASSAGEWAY

Krill looks at his watch nervously as he walks down the
passageway accompanied by a chatty LIEUTENANT.

LIEUTENANT
It's beautiful. Streamers everywhere and
I have men cutting out big letters
spelling happy birthday...

KRILL
Yes, yes. Will everyone be there?

LIEUTENANT
I've made it very clear. Once the
caterers are onboard every crew member
will report to the Rec room.

Krill reaches his cabin. He turns to the lieutenant.

KRILL
Eighteen hundred. Not a minute late.

LIEUTENANT
As ordered.

They salute. Krill opens his door and enters. Ensign Taylor
rushes up.

TAYLOR
Mr. Krill?

He follows him inside.

KRILL'S CABIN

Krill quickly goes to his desk and pulls a bottle of whiskey from a drawer. He undoes the cap and takes a quick slip.

TAYLOR
Commander?

KRILL
(sharply)
What?

TAYLOR
I've got a problem with the cook. He refuses to report to the rec room..

KRILL
Ryback. I should have expected it.

TAYLOR
He's bucking for a court martial..

KRILL
Get two Marines from the brig. Not Sergeant Long, he likes Ryback. Two privates. Armed. Meet me there.

TAYLOR
Aye, Aye.

Taylor exits and shuts the door. Krill takes another sip and puts the cap back on.

He pulls a service issue 45 automatic from the drawer and inserts a loaded clip. He hides it in his uniform.

KRILL
Ryback.

INT. KITCHEN - EVENING

Ryback slices a cake and fills it with creme. A couple OTHER SAILORS are busy washing dishes.

Krill enters slowly, watching Ryback cook, somehow relishing this moment. Behind him, Ensign Taylor and two MARINES follow.

KRILL
Hello, Ryback.

Ryback turns and sees Krill. It's clear these two not only hate each other's guts, but they enjoy hating each other's guts.

RYBACK

Hello.

(to the sailors)

No need to hurry, guys, dinner isn't until nineteen hundred.

KRILL

You know, Ryback. I'm really going to enjoy tonight. Just because of you.

RYBACK

Compliments, compliments. You're going to turn my head.

KRILL

Something like that. It doesn't matter why, but this time the captain isn't going to save your butt.

RYBACK

Really?

Krill, with his men behind him, crosses over to Ryback's steaming pot of soup. He glances into it.

KRILL

Looks delicious. The captain really loves this. I've put up with a lot of shit from you because he likes your cooking. But not tonight.

Krill spits in it. He turns to Ryback and smiles.

Suddenly, with amazing speed, force and precision, Ryback's fist flies through the air and smashes into Krill's face. This is not so much a punch as a hurricane. It snaps Krill's head back and flips him to the deck with a loud smack.

The Marines grab Ryback roughly and throw him into the bulkhead, pinning him. Taylor rushes to help Krill up.

TAYLOR

That's it! Striking an officer! Ten years in Naval prison!

The Marines spin Ryback around and handcuff him.

RYBACK

Go ahead, court martial me. I want to talk to the captain, now!

Krill slowly stands. His right eye is swelling up bigger than a puff adder. He looks at Ryback dizzily.

KRILL

You're not going to talk to anyone.
Throw him in the brig, we'll court
martial him tomorrow.

RYBACK

No one goes in the brig without the Old
Man's sig. Sergeant Long...

KRILL

Good point, Ryback. Thanks. Throw him
in the meat locker.

The Marines drag Ryback to the ship's huge meat locker. Taylor
opens the vault-like door and they toss him in.

Krill takes a large serving spoon and runs it through the door
locks. He turns to one of the Marines.

KRILL

What's your name, Private?

BARKER

William Barker, sir!

KRILL

Barker? You came aboard in Hawaii?

BARKER

I'm being stationed in Long Beach. Came
into the corps in January.

KRILL

Then you don't know about Petty Officer
Ryback. He's a psychopath. Hates
officers and hates America. It's the
captain's last birthday before he retires
and I don't want him ruining it.
Understand?

BARKER

Yes, sir!

KRILL

Tomorrow he gets court martialled.
Tonight, you're responsible. No one lets
him out. No one talks to him. If he
tries to escape, shoot him.

BARKER

Yes, sir!

KRILL

He's a tricky one. Don't trust him.
Don't listen to him. Got it?

BARKER

Yes, sir!

Krill and the others exit. Barker stands guard by the locker.

MEAT LOCKER

Boxes of meat are stacked in rows. It's cold. Ryback manages to get to his feet, which isn't easy with his hands cuffed behind his back. He goes to the door and tries to open it. It doesn't open, but then, he didn't expect it to.

RYBACK

Striking an officer. Five to Twenty.
(sigh)

At least I didn't shoot him.

Fog floats from his breath.

EXT. FLIGHT DECK - NIGHT

The sun is gone and landing lights illuminate the flight deck like a football stadium for a night game.

The Chinook lands, sweeping wind at the NAVY GROUND CREW. The crew members exchange glances.

CREW MEMBER

What the hell is a caterer doing with a transport? What are they landing, an army?

ANOTHER CREW MEMBER

Maybe Krill got women for all of us.

The helicopter stabilizes and the half dozen sailors move toward it, suspicious and curious.

The cargo door slides open to reveal a smiling Barbi in spiked heels and a micro mini-skirt that looks painted on. She tosses her huge main of hair back and forth, waves, giggles and speaks in a sweet baby doll voice. She's a sailor's wet dream.

BARBI

Hi! Could somebody help me?

There is a rush. Pushing and shoving. Six sailors offer her their hands. They lift her from the transport and set her onto the ground.

She leads them from the cargo bay like the Pide Piper with a heard of mice. The rest of the transport could be filled with free money, they don't give a shit.

BARBI
 This is your boat? It's so big and long!
 I just love sailors!

A DOZEN CATERERS, dressed in white overalls, emerge from the copter and start unloading a huge cake and other supplies. Printed on their overalls is "Honolulu Catering."

CREW MEMBER
 Did you need anything from the copter?

BARBI
 Oh, no, Maurice will handle it. He's very fussy about his cake.

From behind them, Strannix appears with a hideous green sharks tooth sports jacket over his grey turtleneck and trousers. He has a large matching green purse and nerd glasses on his face.

STRANNIX
 (prissy)
 Boys! Let's hurry. Miss Tynne needs to get undressed and in the cake and I have crepes to warm. Lead the way!

As Strannix swishes past them he gives a couple of the sailors a wink. They won't look him in the eye again.

Within seconds Strannix, Barbi and the cake are escorted by the entire ground crew off the deck and into the ship's interior.

CH-47C HELICOPTER CARGO AREA

Hidden from view, DOZENS OF GREY DRESSED COMMANDOS wait, guns ready.

They don't carry Uzis which, despite their popularity with Hollywood terrorists, are awkward to reload in battle and only accurate short distances. They carry British Sterling MK 5 silenced 9mm machine guns, light, silent and precise.

A dozen "hard hitters" also carry Navy issue Thompson .45 caliber machine guns, pound for pound the deadliest weapon made. Two sharp shooters have scoped and silenced rifles. All have CZ-75 sidearms and grenades. A smorgasbord of fine armament.

Dimpler looks at the second hand on his watch.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

Barbi and a growing collection of horny sailors file down the passageway followed by Strannix, the cake and caterers.

Krill appears from the corner. Sailors salute him in unison.

SAILORS
Reporting to Rec room as ordered,
Commander Krill!

KRILL
Carry on.

Krill's nerves are shot. His eye is bruised. Sweat is forming on his forehead. He pushes through the crowd to Strannix.

STRANNIX
Hello! You must be Commander Krill!

As the others continue on, Strannix grabs Krill aside and lowers his voice to a vicious whisper.

STRANNIX
You were to meet us on the flight deck.

KRILL
Last minute details. Had problems with the captain. And a stupid cook. Everything's under control now.

STRANNIX
Where's the captain?

KRILL
In his cabin. Waiting for the party.

STRANNIX
Kill him.

KRILL
... what?

STRANNIX
Kill him. In the cabin. If he suspects anything he's dangerous. Once he's dead the ship is ours. The rest is just clean up.

Krill stares at Strannix, horrified.

KRILL
We didn't plan it this way... I...

STRANNIX
Is that too much for you, Commander?
He's unarmed, alone, he trusts you.
Quick, decide! If I send one of my men they might be spotted...

KRILL
 (swallowing)
 I'll do it.

MEAT LOCKER

Ryback is cold. And pissed off. He yells through the door.

RYBACK
 Private! I'm freezing in here.

BARKER (O.S.)
 Should have thought of that before you
 hit an officer.

RYBACK
 Didn't think the officer would take it
 upon himself to freeze me to death.
 How's the captain gonna feel when he gets
 a dead body to court martial?

No reply. The door opens. Barker comes in. Shuts it.

BARKER
 It's not so cold in here. This is one of
 your tricks. Isn't it Ryback?

RYBACK
 If I had any tricks, Private, I wouldn't
 be in a meat locker FREEZING!

BARKER
 Krill warned me you were tricky.

RYBACK
 Tricky as all fucking get out. I plan to
 overpower you, jump ship and swim a
 thousand miles to California.

BARKER
 Try it and I'll beat the shit out of you.

Ryback eyes Barker with a grin. Barker towers over him, but
 something about Ryback's eyes say Barker's underestimating him.

RYBACK
 We'll have to try that someday. But for
 now why don't you let me out before I
 become a Popsicle?

BARKER
 No. We'll both stay in here. If you
 freeze. I freeze.

RYBACK

What a brain. You buy it in Hong Kong?

WEAPONS STATION

The Chief looks at his watch.

CHIEF

Okay, guys, show time. Lock up.

The group files out.

SAILOR

Time to party!

BUNK ROOM

Ensign Taylor yells to more SAILORS heading for the rec room.

TAYLOR

Everyone to the rec room! Now!

As they file out:

SAILOR

I hear she's got tits out to here!

SAILOR TWO

I saw her picture, man, she's definitely stacked!

ANTE ROOM

The cake sits inside an ante room leading into the recreation hall. Barbi stands by, a dozen sailors watching her every move.

As a caterer opens the secret door in the bottom of the cake, Barbi starts to pull up her mini skirt, revealing a skimpy pair of red panties. The sailors drool.

Barbi turns as if suddenly realizing the sailors are present. She pulls her mini skirt down shyly and waves a finger at them.

BARBI

Now, now! You have to go! You have to wait for your cake like all the rest! Scoot! Scoot!

She herds them out into the Rec hall, shuts the door behind them, locks it. Her face loses its goofy dumb blonde expression. This is a cold, vicious chick.

A sailor who has hidden behind a speaker's podium peers over to watch her undress. Instead he sees:

The caterers peel off their overalls to reveal grey uniforms and holstered pistols. From the cake they produce Sterlings, Thompsons, nerve bombs and gas masks.

SAILOR

What the... ?

Barbi spots him. She lunges, grabs him by the arm, and with a sharp twist spins it behind his back in a painful Judo hold.

BARBI

Don't you know not to sneak up on a lady?

With his arm breaking behind his back, Barbi knees him in the stomach and as he doubles over she knees him in the face. She flips him to the ground.

A Commando aims his CZ-75 and a silent bullet slices into the sailor's forehead. He's dead.

Barbi looks at the Commando, pouting.

BARBI

Hey! You spoiled my fun.

COMMANDO

There's more to come.

He tosses her a Thompson.

RECREATION ROOM

Strannix preens by several hundred sailors seated at tables in the ship's vast recreation room. Banners strung everywhere read "HAPPY BIRTHDAY, YOU OLD SEA DOG."

STRANNIX

Boys! Listen up, boys!

One sailor leans over to another.

SAILOR

Can you believe that fruit?

STRANNIX

Everyone, get seated. Quiet down. When Mr. Krill brings in the captain everyone will yell happy birthday! Then we'll bring out the cake and I'll have dinner served. You're going to love it. Hurry!

Taylor sits with several other officers. He's excited.

TAYLOR

This is going to be a great party!

More sailors arrive. Strannix urges them inside.

STRANNIX

Come on, no stragglers! The captain will be here any minute. I hate stragglers!

CAPTAIN'S CABIN

The captain relaxes with a book and sips scotch as Krill enters the room. Sweat beads on Krill's face.

CAPTAIN

I heard the copter. Did Iron Balls make his entrance?

The captain looks up. Krill locks the door behind him. A trembling hand reaches into his uniform.

CAPTAIN

What's the matter, Mr. Krill?

Krill pulls out his automatic and aims it at the captain. It's a little shaky, but on target.

CAPTAIN

Commander! What is this?!

Krill swallows and his face hardens. He takes a step forward.

KRILL

You know, Jack. I always hated your guts.

The captain takes a breath to yell for help. The gun fires.

The captain's chest explodes with blood. .45's don't leave neat holes. They rip you apart.

Krill, nerve failing, starts to twitch. He fires again to make sure. Misses. Fires again. This one hits. But it wasn't necessary. Blood pools on the polished deck.

Krill goes to the captain and pulls the missile key from around his neck.

Krill wipes the sweat from his face. Sure, he served in Lebanon and Vietnam. But on a dreadnought you kill people from miles away. He's never seen any one die in person. Up close.

He goes to the captain's secret bar. He makes a drink. He needs it.

INT. CH-47C HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Dimpler looks up from his watch. He nods to a COMMANDO with a scoped and silenced rifle.

DIMPLER
Stern watch.

The commando flies out of the helicopter.

FLIGHT DECK

The commando emerges, a silent blur, his uniform blending into the Grey painted iron that covers most of the ship's surface.

He slips off the flight deck toward the stern, kneels and raises his rifle. A figure is trained into crosshairs on his scope.

STERN

A lone sailor, with binoculars and a headset to call in sightings, stands looking at the empty sea, bored and unhappy.

There is a wizzing sound and his head explodes. The rest of his body falls.

FLIGHT DECK

Commandoes pour from the helicopter. Dimpler leads them. Within seconds they split into teams and swarm over the ship.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

Strannix exits the noisy Rec room and closes the double doors behind him. He pulls a locking chain of aircraft cable from his purse and wraps it through the door handles.

One of his men in overalls has finished doing the same to the other three exits. He holds a thumb up.

Strannix nods and pulls a Sterling from the purse, loads it, pockets an extra mag and tosses the bag. He hears footsteps.

Three late sailors come running from around the corner. They are shocked to see:

Strannix's machine gun leveled on them. He smiles.

STRANNIX
Naughty, naughty! I said no stragglers!

The silenced barrel sputters and bullets rip through two of the sailors. A third escapes around the corner.

Strannix calmly strides to the corner and takes aim on the helplessly fleeing target.

STRANNIX

Tardiness! I hate tardiness!

Bullets rip into the man's back. He's dead. Strannix tosses off his green jacket and phoney glasses.

RECREATION ROOM

The doors from the annex burst open and half a dozen masked commandoes toss nerve bombs deep into the room. They explode.

The nerve gas is invisible, only small puffs of smoke rise from the explosives. It takes just a second to see the results. Convulsions, paralysis, death. It spreads through the hundreds of sailors like a drifting cloud.

Those who have time to see what is happening, hold their breath and run for the doors. They are secured from the outside. They trample each other and pound helplessly. Ultimately they catch a whiff of the gas and die.

A few brave ones rush their attackers. A single Thompson blows them away, one by one. They fall in a bloody heap.

Through the clear visor on the gunner's gas mask, we see Barbi's eyes. We can't see her lips, but we can tell she is smiling.

ENGINE ROOM

Six commandoes burst in, Sterlings ready. A lone SNIPE, navy slang for an engine worker, stands the fire watch. As they approach he raises his hands in surrender.

One of the commandoes sets his gun to semi-auto and continues forward. He places the barrel on the snipe's temple and fires a single shot, assassination style. The snipe falls.

The commando didn't want to damage any equipment.

The rest take positions monitoring the engines.

ANOTHER PASSAGEWAY

Strannix advances through a passageway, commandoes follow. He nears the captain's door. Tries it; it's locked.

A quick burst of bullets blow the lock apart. He kicks it open.

CAPTAIN'S ROOM

Krill spins and Strannix almost shoots him. Krill cautiously lowers his pistol. Strannix his Sterling.

Krill has a glass of scotch in his other hand. His face is white but for the large bruise blackening his right eye.

STRANNIX

Get him?

Krill quietly aims his shaking gun at the cooling body. Strannix glances at the captain and laughs.

STRANNIX

And I was sure you would fuck it up.
Come on.

EXT. MIDSHIPS - NIGHT

Commandoes slowly cross the deck of this enormous ship. Above them looms the 16 inch gun turrets.

They spot their target in the distance. A lone WATCH on the bow, looking ahead into the sea.

The sharpshooter goes on one knee and prepares to fire.

BRIDGE

A WATCHMAN on the bridge sees the bow watch go down.

WATCHMAN

What the hell was that?

OOD

What?

WATCHMAN

Chuck fell. Looks like... like someone shot him.

The rear door bursts open. Strannix, Krill and six commandoes enter, machine guns ready.

STRANNIX

Hands up! Up! Now!

OOD

Mr. Krill... ?

KRILL

Do what he says!

The six members of bridge watch raise their hands.

STRANNIX

Back up to the starboard hatch.

They obey. Strannix's men take over the helm.

STRANNIX

Outside, slow and easy.

A sailor opens the door and they all file out onto the starboard observation deck. Krill hangs back as Strannix follows them.

STRANNIX

Come on, Krill, you don't want to miss this.

Krill reluctantly follows.

OBSERVATION DECK

A cold wind blows. Strannix urges them out onto the open deck. Krill follows.

STRANNIX

Back. Back. Great. That's perfect. Now smile and say cheese!

Strannix opens fire. Krill closes his eyes and takes a breath. The six crew members are riddled with bullets. They scream. Strannix keeps firing after they have all fallen. He finishes off the magazine. They stop screaming.

Strannix pops the mag and inserts his spare. Krill opens his eyes and sees the pile of dead.

He doubles over, falls to one knee and throws up.

Strannix looks down at him.

STRANNIX

Oh, come on. I thought you'd enjoy that. I sure did.

KRILL

I knew them. I... they...

He gags and throws up again.

STRANNIX

You Naval fags. Don't think twice to shell a city with your big guns. You've killed thousands, Krill. But a little blood up close and personal...

Krill wipes his face. Pulls himself together.

KRILL

... easy for you. Fly in with a hundred men and machine guns. I was alone. I set them up for you.. wasn't easy..

STRANNIX

There, there, sweetheart. It's all over now. Have another drink and dream about your ten million dollars. Give me the warhead keys.

Krill hands him the captain's key and his own.

KRILL

When do we get off? Where's the sub?

STRANNIX

Nine hours.

KRILL

Why isn't it here?! Nine hours?

STRANNIX

Your sonar man might have spotted it. We won't have the warheads ready until then anyway. It's better to keep moving. Don't worry. Nothing in the world can stop us now.

INT. MEAT LOCKER - NIGHT

Ryback is still cold. Barker bounces up and down on his feet.

RYBACK

Told you it was cold.

BARKER

Not so cold. You need to use the head?

RYBACK

No.

Barker keeps bouncing.

RYBACK

You have to go?

BARKER

It's just, when you got to piss, it's worse when you get cold..

He keeps bouncing.

RYBACK

Too bad you're stuck on guard. Try not to think about waterfalls. You want a beer? Or some coffee? That always helps me.

BARKER

Shut up.

RYBACK

Bladder's about to burst, huh? Don't worry, we'll only be here a few more long hours. Did I tell you about the time I went white water rafting. Rushing down that wet flowing river...

BARKER

I'm going to the head. And you're going with me.

RYBACK

Really, Private, I don't think I want to get to know you that well.

Barker grabs him roughly by the shoulder and takes him out.

INT. REC ROOM - NIGHT

A commando, still in gas mask, patrols the slaughter counting bodies with a small hand counter. He clicks off each one. Click, click, click, click. Four more bodies. He finishes.

He goes to Barbi who is also masked. He holds up the clicker.

COMMANDO

Five short.

BARBI

Strannix got three outside. That leaves two unaccounted for.

COMMANDO

Bridge? Engine room?

Barbi shakes her head.

BARBI

They all came out as planned. We're missing two people.

BRIDGE

Strannix stands in a commanding position as his men control the bridge. Krill slumps against a bulkhead drinking.

STRANNIX

Alright. Let's see how fast this boat can go. Full ahead.

ENGINE ROOM

Strannix's men are running the engines.

COMMANDO

Full ahead.

The World War II built steam turbine engines come alive.

EXT. NEW JERSEY - NIGHT

Despite their enormous size, battleships aren't slow, and the *New Jersey* is the fastest ever built. With a top speed of thirty three knots, there are few ships in the open sea that could keep up with it.

It rips though the water leaving an growing wake, a six mile slash across the ocean.

BRIDGE

Strannix looks out into the sea, pleased with himself. Dimpler and Barbi enter.

DIMPLER

We've got a problem.

BARBI

We're missing two men.

KRILL

Oh, shit!

Everyone turns to Krill who looks like someone stuck a pin in his butt. Strannix crosses to him, eyes burning.

STRANNIX

Where are they, you moron?

KRILL

I forgot. Everything was so crazy...

STRANNIX

WHERE ARE THEY?!

KRILL

The galley. Near the meat locker. I ordered them to stay put. I had no choice, I knew we could get them..

STRANNIX

Who?!

KRILL

A trouble making cook and a Marine
guarding him. He's got a forty five.

STRANNIX

Anything else? A brigade in the armory?!
Fifty Green Berets in the helicopter
hanger?! Your mother-in-law in the
laundry room?

KRILL

... no. That's it. Two men. That's all.
I can take you to them.

STRANNIX

You've fucked up enough for one night.

Strannix points his finger in Krill's face like a gun barrel.

STRANNIX

The only reason you're alive is there's a
slim chance you might be useful. Any
more memory lapses and you'll be dead.
Got it?

Krill nods. Strannix turns to Dimpler.

STRANNIX

More stragglers. No big deal. We were
bound to miss a couple. Send Cates and
Ziggs.

Dimpler nods and exits.

KRILL

The marine's armed. He's a big guy.
Maybe you should send more.

STRANNIX

Those two can handle twenty marines and a
hundred fucking cooks. I need the rest
of my men right now. We have work to do.

WEATHER DECK

TRAINED COMMANDOES are rearming the Harpoon anti-ship missiles
in the ships MK 26 launchers.

Others are loading and powering up the Phalanx anti-aircraft
machine guns.

Further down the deck men prepare the Tomahawk anti-aircraft missiles.

INT. C.I.C. (COMBAT INFORMATION CENTER) - NIGHT

Strannix's men have taken over the ship's computerized war room, the C.I.C., a room lit by red battle lamps and green phosphorus data screens. The key man TWIDGET, a Naval equivalent of a computer nerd, sits at the control consoles easily doing the work of four men.

TWIDGET

SPS-10F surface search radar. SPS-49 air surveillance radar. Activating tracking computer. Tomahawk TASM, Harpoon and CIWS activated. Alright, baby, come for us. We'll blow you away.

HEAD

Ryback, hands still cuffed behind his back, leans against the bulkhead as Barker stands unzipped over a urinal. Waiting.

RYBACK

Somehow, when I woke up, I didn't expect to spend the evening in the head, handcuffed, waiting for a leatherneck to pee.

BARKER

Shut up. You're making me nervous.

RYBACK

Is this your first time?

BARKER

It's just, you know, how sometimes when you have to go really bad, you just can't get started.

RYBACK

I'm glad we can share these moments together.

Ryback crosses toward the door. Suddenly a tinkle streams into the urinal. Barker exhales with relief.

RYBACK

I'm bored. I'm going to go talk to the captain.

Ryback exits. Barker turns, stunned. Still in mid-pee, he debates cutting it off... waiting to finish... pissing on the floor...

He pushes hard, half finishes and zips his fly as he runs for the door.

BARKER
I'm going to kill you!

PASSAGEWAY

Barker rushes out of the head and is promptly tripped by Ryback who was waiting against the bulkhead for him.

Barker crashes to the deck and Ryback is on top of him. Ryback's knee pins Barker behind the back of his neck, twisting his head down at a sharp angle.

BARKER
Ah! You're breaking my neck!

RYBACK
(calmly)
No I'm not.

Ryback reaches his cuffed hands around and grabs Barker's keys. Barker struggles to free himself but the pain is too intense.

RYBACK
Just relax and I won't hurt you.

Ryback unlocks his cuffs and takes Barker's service pistol. Barker manages to get an arm around to grab for him, which is exactly what Ryback wanted. Ryback twists the wrist around into a control hold and handcuffs it.

BARKER
AH! My wrist...

RYBACK
Neck or wrist, get it straight.

In a flash, Ryback cuffs the other side to a pipe running up the bulkhead. He pockets the key and stands. As Ryback walks away, Barker grabs for him like a dog on a short leash.

BARKER
How'd you do that?!

RYBACK
Easily.

BARKER
You're in big trouble! Escaping from custody! We're talking major time!

RYBACK

I already hit an officer. What's one Marine? But, Private, allowing a prisoner to escape. That's not going to look good, is it? Don't worry, I'll put in a good word for you when I talk to the captain.

Ryback pulls the clip and tosses the gun back to Barker.

RYBACK

I hope you finished first.

He walks away.

BARKER

Ryback!

KITCHEN

Two Grey suited commandoes, ZIGGS & CATES, enter the kitchen, machine guns ready. The perfect team, they divide up the room and do a quick search. Nothing.

They reach the meat locker and Cates slowly opens the door and enters. Ziggs covers him.

ANOTHER PASSAGEWAY

Ryback casually returns to the kitchen door. He hesitates. Something about that open door makes him pause to think.

RYBACK

Doesn't matter why, but this time the captain isn't going to save you..

Ryback listens and hears a faint sound in the kitchen. Very faint. He silently goes to the door and looks in from the edge..

KITCHEN

Ziggs waits outside the the meat locker. Clearly not the type of person you expect to see looking for a late night snack.

Ryback watches from the edge of the door. His face takes on an intense look, a mixture of anger and readiness. Something tells us this isn't the first time he's encountered someone ready to kill him.

Cates emerges from the locker and shakes his head at Ziggs. They turn to continue the search.

CLICK. Ryback turns off the kitchen lights by the door and quickly ducks behind the counters.

A flood of silent FLAMING BULLETS rip through the darkness toward the sound. They loudly SHATTER into the bulkheads around the light switch.

Ryback creeps to the opposite end of the counter. His suspicions were confirmed. He whispers under his breath.

RYBACK

Bad guys.

The commandoes stop firing and wait for their eyes to adjust to the darkness.

The counters aren't solid, as it might appear at first, but made up a series of open shelves. Ryback can watch the commandoes through the cracks. He snatches two large kitchen knives from a low shelf.

Ryback watches them silently split up, to make tougher targets. As they cross the room they head for opposite ends of the counter.

Cates takes a small concussion grenade and flips out the pin.

Ryback's face registers the sound. He darts for Ziggs' side.

During a grenade toss, there's a moment when the attacker is vulnerable because he freezes and half closes his eyes in anticipation of the explosion. Ryback uses this half second. As Cates tosses the bomb behind the middle of the counter, Ryback appears from one end and lets fly a knife.

As the grenade EXPLODES, Ryback's blade rips into Ziggs' throat. Ziggs' machine gun BLASTS AWAY wildly, as he dies. In the chaos Ryback disappears behind another counter.

Bullets ricochet through the room and pots and pans clatter from the blast. Cates scans the room, unsure what the hell happened. Ziggs has stopped firing. Cates looks at him. Ziggs topples, dead, the knife handle protruding from his throat.

There is a silence. Where did the blade come from? Cates fires blindly, dispensing a stream of bullets in a low arc across the room. He hopes to get lucky or force his opponent to reveal himself.

He stops firing. Silence. Nothing.

Cates starts to retreat, gun up. It's time for backup. His eyes scan the shadows. Something is out there. Somewhere.

As Cates steps backward, Ryback rises behind him, a living shadow. Ryback's right arm extends and contracts like a pocket knife closing. Suddenly Cates has a blade resting firmly across his throat.

RYBACK

Drop the gun.

Cates swallows. A tiny drop of blood slides from a hairline cut in his throat. He drops the Sterling.

As it hits the deck, Cates spins his head to one side, drops to his knees, grabs Ryback's arms and flips him over his back.

Ryback lands with a thud, loses his knife, rolls and lands next to Ziggs.

The side of Cates throat has been slashed in the process but not deep enough to kill instantly. Cates holds the bloody wound with one hand and pulls his pistol with the other.

Ryback has recovered from his roll. He grabs Ziggs' machine gun. He's got half a second. Cates won't miss. He spins.

Cates takes aim.

Ryback fires.

A stream of bullets rise through Cates' midsection. Ryback stops when a shot lands between Cates' eyes. Cates falls dead.

Ryback's eyes hunt the room for a new opponent. Nothing. He takes a breath. Half relaxes.

RYBACK

Either somebody wants to kill me, or they really hate bouillabaisse.

He takes off his cooking apron.

INT. C.I.C. - NIGHT

Strannix looks over Twidget's shoulder at the radar screen.

TWIDGET

Pursuit plane approaching. Guessing an F-4.

STRANNIX

Correct. It just radioed to inform us it was entering our airspace. Some evil person stole a helicopter and they tracked it our way.

TWIDGET

What do you want me to do?

STRANNIX

Let it get closer and then blow it up.

TWIDGET

I can get it now.

STRANNIX

I know. But I want to see it.

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

An F-4 Phantom II jet roars over the ocean. The *New Jersey* is just a point in the distance.

JET COCKPIT

The navigator is talking to the ship on his radio.

NAVIGATOR

It was flying below radar but we're pretty sure it was heading this way.

RADIO ROOM

Dimpler is on the radio with the fighter.

DIMPLER

We haven't picked up any aircraft in over six hours.

C.I.C.

Twidget targets the jet and fires the missile.

TWIDGET

Bye, bye.

MISSILE LAUNCHER

A Tomahawk cruise missile bursts out of its armored box launcher and roars into the sky with a stream of fire and smoke.

KITCHEN

Ryback is searching the bodies, relieving them of weapons and explosives, when he feels the ship shake.

RYBACK

What the hell?

SKY

The F-4 Phantom II is approaching the distant ship as flames burst from the deck into the sky.

JET COCKPIT

The Pilot's eyes widen.

PILOT
What the hell?

NAVIGATOR
New Jersey! New Jersey? Have you
launched a weapon?

DIMPLER (O.S.)
Negative. Negative. We had an explosion
on deck. There's a fire.

The Pilot rapidly scans the ship, losing precious seconds.

PILOT
A fire?

SEA

The cruise missile skims above the sea just below the speed of sound.

COCKPIT

Warning lights kick on. Alarms scream from his instruments.

PILOT
Fuck that! I've got a vampire on my
radar! We've got to...

SKY

At the last minute the cruise missile changes course and roars up into the belly of the jet. Contact.

A FIREBALL consumes everything. The jet and the missile are gone. Moonlight illuminates smoke and falling shards of metal.

BRIDGE

Strannix watches the explosion through a pair of binoculars.

STRANNIX
That should wake up some bodies in
Washington. Maybe we should give them a
call.

He hands the binoculars to Barbi.

EXT. NAVAL BASE / LONG BEACH - NIGHT

Establishing shot of the Naval base in Long Beach.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

ADMIRAL GREEN tucks his shirt into his pants as he follows a RADIO OFFICER.

ADMIRAL GREEN

This better be good..

RADIO OFFICER

We got a call on the Hi Comm. They demand to talk to Washington. They are threatening to launch nuclear cruise missiles...

ADMIRAL GREEN

Who? Who? How did they get on that channel?

RADIO OFFICER

It's the *New Jersey*, sir. They've captured the *New Jersey*.

Admiral Green almost drops his pants.

INT. RADIO ROOM - NIGHT

Admiral Green stands by the radio. ANOTHER OFFICER speaks to him in a low voice.

OFFICER

We've confirmed that the signal is in fact the *New Jersey*. And we've confirmed that a helicopter was stolen from an Army base where two men were murdered and the Air Force has lost contact with the F-4 that was pursuing it.

ADMIRAL

We're all going to hang for this.

The Admiral exhales wearily and picks up the radio.

ADMIRAL GREEN

This is Admiral Green.

TRANNIX (O.S.)

I don't give a shit who you are, I asked to talk to Washington.

ADMIRAL GREEN
We're arranging that. What have you done with the crew? Are you holding them hostage?

STRANNIX (O.S.)
The crew is dead. I am holding the world hostage.

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - NIGHT

Establishing shot of Washington D.C..

INT. WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT

The top man on the President's staff, TRENTON, stands outside the oval office as an AIDE briefs him. As the aide talks he casually checks to make sure his tie is on right.

AIDE
... demanding that no ships or aircraft approach within a hundred miles or he will destroy the nearest major city.

TRENTON
So I tell the President that our most powerful warship is in the hands of a madman who threatens to use our own nuclear weapons on us.

AIDE
... yes.

TRENTON
Just checking. Doris! Get me a cup of coffee!

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

A meeting of heavy weights. Trenton sits at the head of a table with GENERALS and ADMIRALS of the Army, Navy, Air Force and a beady eyed CIA man, BREAKER.

TRENTON

Strannix demands four days of unobstructed passage across the Pacific so that he can defect to Russia. The Russians plan to laugh at us a lot and hand us back the ship. We'll look like idiots and the Russians get a free look at our missiles. That is if Strannix isn't nuts and doesn't blow up a city on the way. I've got orders from the President to sink the ship. I want you to tell me how to do it.

NAVY ADMIRAL

It won't be easy. The *New Jersey* is heavily armored, fast, it carries thirty two Tomahawk cruise missiles, ten of which have nuclear warheads. The bad news is that both Hawaii and Los Angeles are in its nuclear strike range.

TRENTON

Any good news?

NAVY ADMIRAL

Well... it's heading south east and by tomorrow, L.A. will be out of range.

TRENTON

There's a plan. We just sit back and it will be Tokyo's problem. Any other suggestions?

AIR FORCE GENERAL

I can have a bomber squadron over them in four hours.

NAVY ADMIRAL

Its Radar will spot you an hour in advance. The ship's missiles could knock out half your jets and its armour could withstand a full air assault for hours. There's nothing to prevent him from carrying out his threat to use the nuclear warheads.

DEFENSE DEPARTMENT

It's a highly complex ship. I doubt this Strannix can run it to its full capabilities.

TRENTON

He was your man, Tom, what do you think?

BREAKER

(without hesitating)

He's already taken down a F-4. I wouldn't put anything past him.

AIR FORCE

They didn't expect one of our ships to fire on them. This squadron will be ready, we'll lose a jet or two but...

TRENTON

I don't want to lose any more fifty million dollar jets. Next suggestion.

NAVY ADMIRAL

The ship has no anti-submarine escort. I can have four fast attack subs in range in thirteen hours. They can move in undetected. Once they engage, we can knock the ship out in ten minutes with torpedoes and missiles.

TRENTON

Thirteen hours. A long time to sweat. Alright, let's go with the subs. Keep the jets on standby.

HALLWAY

Trenton and Breaker are talking.

TRENTON

You know this Strannix?

BREAKER

Yes.

TRENTON

Personally?

A pause.

BREAKER

Yes.

(beat)

He's good. Very good. He's done covert operations since the beginning of Nam. We've had him under psychiatric and administrative observation the last few months.

TRENTON

Hate to think what he could have done if you hadn't been observing him.

BREAKER

People who know as much as he does are hard to retire. You don't just give them a gold watch and say thank you.

TRENTON

He's not defecting. What is he doing?

BREAKER

Buying time. Figures if he tells us four days we'll think we have two. We probably have less than that.

TRENTON

Until what?

BREAKER

My guess: he wants the cruise missiles. Past few years he's been buying and selling weapons for us. He's got long tentacles in the black market. We suspected he might be pocketing money for himself. Those missiles could make him very rich.

TRENTON

So the real problem is he steals the missiles before we sink the ship.

BREAKER

We need to watch him until the subs get there. I'm setting up a satellite program, but it may not be ready in time. There's a Coast Guard cutter in the area. Hamilton class, search and rescue. It's got a five inch gun and a couple torpedo tubes, but Strannix won't see it as a military threat. It's fast enough to keep up with them. It can observe at a discrete distance.

TRENTON

And if they steal missiles the cutter yells at them in a stern voice?

BREAKER

It calls us and we send the jets.

TRENTON

And if Strannix doesn't want to be watched?

BREAKER

Then we know he's not defecting and we
send the jets. The Coast Guard ship is
expendable.

TRENTON

Send it in.

EXT. SEA - NIGHT

The *Rush* is one of the finest ships in the Coast Guard fleet. Painted bright white with blue and red racing stripes, it is the seagoing embodiment of a white hatted hero. Nothing could make a sinking ship feel more confident of being rescued than the sight of this sleek cutter approaching.

A war ship, however, it is not. A mere third of the size of the *New Jersey*, the single five inch gun on the bow seems like an afterthought.

INT. RADIO ROOM OF *RUSH* - NIGHT

CAPTAIN HAVELL, a black academy man with white hair, is on the Hi Comm to Washington.

NAVAL ADMIRAL

... welcome to the Navy. I repeat again,
no contact of any kind with the vessel.
Keep us informed of its activities. If
any shooting begins, get out of the area
fast.

HAVELL

Don't have to say that twice. What's the
likelihood there will be fireworks?

NAVAL ADMIRAL

Well, Jim, let's just say this is good
chance for a Navy Cross.

PASSAGEWAY ON *RUSH*

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER GREY is a very attractive woman officer in her late thirties. She wears no makeup and, in fact, makes an effort to play down her looks in hopes of gaining more respect.

She has just finished a late watch and is returning to her cabin when she notices a pair of white panties taped on the bulkhead next to her door. Written on the panties in red lipstick is "OFFICER COUNTRY."

She grabs the panties and crushes them into a fist, pissed.

INT. GREY'S CABIN - NIGHT

Grey's cabin has a personal library of books on Naval subjects: command, ship strengths, seamanship, Naval tactics.

She sits behind her desk as SENIOR CHIEF CLADY enters.

CLADY

Yes, mam?

Grey tosses him the panties. Clady looks at them.

CLADY

Yours?

GREY

No. They were on the wall outside.

CLADY

The bulkhead?

GREY

... yes, the bulkhead. Someone thinks it's a joke. I want to know who and I want them court martrialled. I want an investigation of your men to...

CLADY

How do you know it wasn't an officer?

GREY

It wouldn't be a...

Grey pauses. She really can't be sure. She sighs.

GREY

Who knows? Sometimes it seems like everyone on the ship has it in for me.

CLADY

You're a woman and it's your first sea duty. You're an easy target.

GREY

I'm a Lieutenant Commander with ten years in. I haven't been treated like this since I was an Ensign.

CLADY

To the crew you're a landlubber who wanted to play with boats.

GREY

(angrily)

So sometimes I screw up Naval jargon, but I know more about ships than..

She cuts herself off. She's arguing with the wrong person.

GREY

Alright. I appreciate the honesty. So I'm the butt of everyone's jokes. What do I do?

CLADY

You don't really want a panty investigation, do you, mam?

GREY

I'll look like a fool, won't I?

CLADY

I'll find out who did it secretly. If he's enlisted, don't say a word, but assign him shitty watches. It'll drive him crazy wondering if you knew it was him. If it's an officer, you retaliate in kind. Dye his underwear pink or something.

GREY

(smiling)

Thank you, Hank. That's good advice. At least I have one friend.

Clady goes to the door and looks back with a smile.

CLADY

How do you know it wasn't me?

GREY

Get the fuck out of my cabin, Chief.

CLADY

Now you sound like a shell back.

As he exits a VOICE comes in on the intercom.

VOICE

Lieutenant Commander Grey? The captain's having an emergency meeting in the Wardroom.

GREY

I'll be right there.

WARDROOM

Captain Havell, Lieutenant Commander Grey, COMMANDER BERMAN, the XO, and LIEUTENANT JACOB, a short, slightly balding man, sit at the table with half a dozen other officers. They go over the new PCD's (Plan of the Day).

HAVELL

We're being sent in on the theory that we won't provoke it. Let's hope that's right. We'll remain on general quarters until further notice. I'll take the bubble until we sight it. Then Berman, Jacob, Thomas, Lands...

GREY

Captain, I'm not on this list.

HAVELL

You're in the radio room, Grey, taking shifts with Ensign Burns and Lopez. In this situation you don't have the experience to man the Comm.

GREY

I came here to get experience.

HAVELL

This isn't time for school. This is the most dangerous assignment this ship has ever faced. I need my best people watching the bubble.

Grey is quiet.

HAVELL

Unless anyone else has a gripe, let's go to our stations...

EXT. SEA - NIGHT

As the gas turbine engines kick in, the *Rush* picks up speed and changes course.

EXT. NEW JERSEY - NIGHT

The *New Jersey* rips through the waters.

INT. WEAPONS STATION - NIGHT

Strannix, a dozen men, and Barbi enter. Strannix goes to a console. He inserts the keys as he chats happily with Barbi.

STRANNIX

The TLAM/N cruise missile is designed to self destruct if tampered with. To off load them you need two keys.

He inserts the keys and turns them. A red light goes on. He moves to a series of ten numbered dials.

STRANNIX

You also need a code. Right now they're deactivated. With the right code we could fire them. Another code allows them to be off loaded. So that these fearsome weapons shall never fall into the wrong hands, these codes are guarded very carefully. Even the Captain and Executive officer does not know them. The proper code is radioed to the ship at the proper times.

Strannix looks at the dials and smiles.

STRANNIX

Ten numbers between one and ten. Odds are a billion to one against guessing it. But let's try.

He sets the dials to 8873627272. Presses a button and a light clicks on. MISSILE OFFLOAD.

STRANNIX

What luck!

He nods to the others..

STRANNIX

You've got five hours. Try to make it four.

They head off to the missile room. Once they are alone, Barbi pets his shoulder seductively.

BARBI

How did you know the code?

STRANNIX

There are always people. People you can buy things from. Greedy people.

Barbi leans over and kisses him deeply.

BARBI

I want you. Now.

STRANNIX

Sorry, we're on a tight schedule. I've got everything timed to the second.

BARBI

(cooly)

You didn't schedule me?

STRANNIX

Of course, I've got you at zero one hundred.

Looks at watch. It's 12:59.

STRANNIX

We start in twenty seconds...

BARBI

I can't wait.

She kisses him.

PASSAGEWAY

Barker sits on the floor, miserably chained to the pipe as Ryback appears around the corner, armed to the teeth.

BARKER

Ryback! I'll...

RYBACK

Shut up.

Ryback holds up the key to the handcuffs. Barker falls silent.

RYBACK

Listen, Private, you don't know how glad I am you're alive. Just listen to me for a couple minutes before you open your trap.

Ryback uncuffs him.

RYBACK

Someone has taken over the ship. I was ambushed by a couple commandoes. Real pros. I spotted some more moving through the ship like they own it. We've got to get the fuck out of here.

Ryback hands Barker his clip back and a Sterling.

RYBACK

I want you to do exactly as I tell you...

Barker inserts his clip, chambers a bullet and aims the pistol at Ryback's temple.

BARKER

You're under arrest, Ryback.

RYBACK

You fucking idiot! Put that down. We're in serious shit!

BARKER

Krill told me you were tricky, but I never thought you..

RYBACK

Krill's the one who fucking set us up, you moron..

BARKER

You expect me to believe that the entire ship has been taken over by commandoes? What, Russians?

RYBACK

Not Russians. I don't know who for sure, but I just killed two in the kitchen.

BARKER

Uh, huh. And how'd you, unarmed, kill them if they're pros? You're a cook! Did they teach you guerilla warfare in cooking school?

RYBACK

Maybe they did! I didn't have much trouble taking you out.

BARKER

That's 'cause I slipped up and you got lucky. Try it again and you get a bullet in the head.

RYBACK

Private, if you don't believe me then explain where I got the machine guns. Why the fuck I would bother to invent a lie this big?

BARKER

I don't know. That's why we're going to call the comm and talk to Krill.

RYBACK

Earth to Private!?! Are you really this stupid?

BARKER

We're talking to the comm. Now watch your step.

Barker keeps his gun on Ryback and marches him down the hall.

CAPTAIN'S CABIN

Barbi and Strannix enter and he shuts the door behind him.

STRANNIX

Best room in the place. I don't think the captain will mind.

He pulls the bedcovers from the bed and tosses them over the captain's body.

BARBI

Shouldn't have done that. He might have enjoyed watching...

She crosses to the bed. Strannix follows. He kisses her. She pushes him away.

BARBI

Tell me about the money again.

STRANNIX

Money, money, money. Ten nuclear cruise missiles, quite in demand. Easy to launch, can fly a thousand miles under radar and kill a lot of people. A lot of people. Iran will start the bidding at a hundred million each.

It's clear this is foreplay for Barbi. She bites his lip and nibbles on his neck. Strannix slips off her shirt.

STRANNIX

A hundred million. I'll laugh! Syria offers half a billion for two of them. Iraq offers billions to keep them from Iran. Pakistan wants three. Half a billion each, maybe more.

Strannix pulls off her pants.

STRANNIX

Total of five to ten billion dollars. With my hundred loyal companions getting ten million a piece and various start up costs, I should end up with at least two to five billion.

Strannix throws her onto the bed. She struggles as he grabs her. He pins her down and unzips his pants.

BARBI

What about me? How much do I get?

STRANNIX

Ten million. Like the rest.

They are kissing. He's on top of her. Barbi pulls his hair back, hard.

BARBI

More. I want more.

STRANNIX

Alright. Twenty million.

He pulls her hand from his head. Her other hand digs fingernails into his back.

BARBI

More.

STRANNIX

You always want more.

He thrusts his pelvis into her. They make love roughly, like cats in heat.

RADIO ROOM

Dimpler stands next to one of his commandoes, listening to the communications relay in amazement.

BARKER (O.S.)

This is Private Barker. Is Commander Krill still at the party? I need to speak with him immediately.

Dimpler quickly motions to the commando to get Krill. He exits.

DIMPER

Just a moment.

BARKER (O.S.)

Sir? Who is this? I was wondering if anything unusual is going on..

Krill enters from the bridge.

DIMPER

I'll have Commander Krill explain it to you.. *Private Barker.*

Dimpler looks at Krill evenly. Krill fumbles to the intercom.

KRILL

Um... Barker... where are you?

BARKER (O.S.)

Deck three, sir, just behind the kitchens. We were relieving ourselves in the head when... Petty Officer Ryback tried to escape. I recaptured him.

Dimpler puts his hand over the intercom and whispers.

DIMPLER

Send them back to the meat lockers.

PASSAGEWAY

Barker keeps his gun on Ryback as he talks into a intercom.

KRILL (O.S.)

Private, report back to the meat lockers. I sent two men to take your watch. Then you can join the party.

BARKER

Um, sir... something strange happened. When Ryback escaped he came back with two machine guns and a crazy story about killing commandoes. You warned me not to believe him so...

RADIO ROOM

Dimpler and Krill are stunned. Krill thinks up a lie.

KRILL

Private... we are involved in a top secret operation right now. We have special agents on board. I can't tell you more than that, but get to the meat lockers immediately and don't listen to Ryback. He might be a spy.

BARKER (O.S.)

Yes, sir!

Krill shuts off the intercom. Dimpler glares at him.

DIMPLER

Who the hell is this Ryback?

KRILL

A cook. He's just a cook.

DIMPLER

He couldn't have killed Cates and Ziggs by himself. It's impossible. I don't know what's going on but I'm sending twenty men down there. Thank god the private's an idiot.

KITCHEN

Barker marches Ryback inside. The Sterlings dangle from straps on his back and he keeps his pistol on Ryback's head.

RYBACK

You're an idiot, you know that? Krill's setting us up. They're coming to kill us.

BARKER

Shut up.

Barker turns on the light switch. He sees the dead bodies of Ziggs and Cates.

BARKER

Shit... you killed them. You are some kind of spy. Aren't you, Ryback?

RYBACK

Private, if your brain doesn't begin working in about two seconds I'm going to have to beat the shit out of you.

BARKER

Try it and you're dead.

RYBACK

You can't shoot me, you forgot to cock your gun.

Barker glances at the pistol (which was cocked by the way) and in that second Ryback springs on him like a panther. He grabs Barker's gun arm, twists it and throws him into the bulkhead.

He slugs Barker across the chin with a loud crunch. Another punch slams Barker's head back the other way. Barker's eyes unfocus and he drops his gun, stunned. He falls to the deck, semiconscious.

Ryback picks up the pistol. He fires into the light switch and it EXPLODES, taking the lights out with it. He takes the machine guns off Barker.

Quickly, Ryback grabs some rags from a shelf and tears them into thick strips. He begins to expertly tie and gag Barker.

CAPTAIN'S CABIN

Barbi is naked on the bed, quite content, as Strannix puts on his pants. His bare chest has a couple bullet scars. Dimpler knocks.

STRANNIX

Enter.

Dimpler comes in, and averts his eyes from Barbi, who sits on one elbow with a smile. As mentioned earlier, she isn't shy.

STRANNIX

Come on, you've seen breasts before. What is it?

Strannix pulls on his shirt.

DIMPLER

Those two loose sailors are still loose. They may have killed Cates and Ziggs.

Strannix stands, furious.

STRANNIX

What the hell are you talking about?

KITCHEN

Two huge refrigerators sit side by side at one end of the kitchen. Barker is stuffed behind one. He is tied so tightly he can barely breath. Ryback hides behind the other, watching the kitchen from the opening between them, machine gun ready.

Silently, a dozen commandoes enter the room from three different entrances. They try the lights, but the switches are all smashed.

COMMANDO

Private Barker?

Barker's eyes look over at Ryback who aims the machine gun at his temple.

COMMANDO

Private Barker?

Flash lights come on and the commandoes search the room.

ANOTHER COMMANDO

They got Ziggs and Cates.

As others make a cursory search, two go into the meatlocker.

COMMANDO

Nothing in here.

Strannix enters with Krill at his side. Ryback can barely make them out in the shadows and flaring flashlights.

STRANNIX

Where are they?

ANOTHER COMMANDO

Gone.

STRANNIX

(to Krill)

I thought you told them to come here?

KRILL

I did. Maybe they didn't trust me.

STRANNIX

I wonder why.

Strannix leans over and examines the bloody bodies. He takes special note of the knife in Ziggs' throat.

STRANNIX

Whoever did this is highly trained. Who is he? What is he?

Strannix stands and grabs Krill by the shirt collar.

KRILL

He's a cook. He's been on the ship for five years.

STRANNIX

What did he do before that?

KRILL

He cooked on escort ships. The captain heard he was good and brought him aboard. Maybe because he's good with cooking knives he...

STRANNIX

You fucking moron, he killed two of my best men! He's no cook.

Strannix throws him off. He goes to a commando.

STRANNIX

Get the rest of the nerve gas. We don't have time to dick around with this. They could be anywhere by now. We already control the areas we need and we can seal them off. We'll flood gas into the ventilation ducts of every other space. They won't know what hit them.

Strannix exits and the rest file out.

Ryback looks over at Barker, whose eyes are wide. Ryback speaks in a calm soft voice.

RYBACK

You hear all that?

Barker nods.

RYBACK

You understand what's going on?

Barker shakes his head, "no."

RYBACK

Do you understand that they want to kill us? Both of us?

Barker nods.

RYBACK

And that you need to listen to me and do exactly as I say?

Barker nods. Ryback unties him.

EXT. RUSH - NIGHT

The *Rush* continues after the *New Jersey*.

INT. BRIDGE OF RUSH - NIGHT

Captain Havell stands on the bridge.

COMMANDER BERMAN

Captain, we have the *New Jersey* on radar.

CAPTAIN

We'll approach along side. We'll get just within binocular range.

COMMANDER BERMAN

You want to shut off our running lights?

CAPTAIN

No. They'll spot us on radar anyway.
We'll act as if nothing is happening. We
won't do anything to provoke them.

INT. C.I.C. - NIGHT

Dimpler enters. Twidget's at the radar.

DIMPLER

What have we got?

TWIDGET

Coast Guard cutter. Small cannon,
torpedoes. No missiles. Not a threat,
but it's getting into visual range.

DIMPLER

To spy on us.

TWIDGET

I can sink it.

DIMPLER

If we attack they might have time to
radio for help. Besides, we've got men
working near the rockets. We'll let it
sit there until we get closer to the sub.

PASSAGEWAY

Ryback leads Barker down a hallway. They carry the two
Sterlings, ready. They talk in soft voices as they keep an eye
out for anything.

BARKER

What happened to the rest of the crew?

RYBACK

Probably dead.

BARKER

How do you know?

RYBACK

What that guy said about "the rest of the
nerve gas." That's why Krill wanted
everyone in the rec room. To kill them.

BARKER

It's hard to believe that of an officer...

RYBACK

Kid, officer is short for offensive asshole. And Krill is the worst. He'd sell his own mother for body parts.

BARKER

Who are they? What's their plan?

RYBACK

I don't know and we're not going to stick around long enough to find out. We'll get to the stern and jump ship with an inflatable.

BARKER

But... we've got to stop them.

RYBACK

This is the Navy's problem.

BARKER

But you're in the Navy.

RYBACK

No I'm not. I dropped out of the Navy years ago. I'm just along for the ride. I'm a cook. And I don't want to get killed. There are at least a hundred of these guys. We don't stand a chance.

BARKER

You killed those two guys back there.

RYBACK

Two isn't a hundred. They didn't expect anything. It won't be so easy next time.

BARKER

Well, I'm a Marine. And it's my duty as a soldier to fight the enemy.

RYBACK

Uh, huh. And I rank you, Private Barker. It's your duty to obey the orders of your superiors and I'm ordering a retreat. If we can get a couple on our way out we will, but I'm calling the shots. Get it?

BARKER

Yeah.

Ryback looks at Barker sideways.

RYBACK

Barker, you're not John Wayne. You wouldn't last ten seconds against one of these guys and I'd be lucky to last fifteen. I'm too old for this shit. A dead hero isn't going to do anyone any good. Trust me. The Navy's better off having us alive to tell them what happened. Shhh.

They approach a closed hatch. Ryback motions for Barker to hold back as he nears it. Slowly, silently, Ryback turns the latch and eases it open a fraction of an inch. It's an amazing feat of stealth.

Ryback peers through the tiny crack.

MISSILE DECK

Strannix's men slowly, carefully remove the missiles from their launch tubes and load them into crates. The crates are wheeled near to the ship's crane, ready to go.

PASSAGEWAY

Ryback's face tenses, concerned. His hand floats toward his machine gun. Is a tiny kernel of patriotism stirring in this burnt out cook with a seriously bad attitude? Ryback starts counting men.

MISSILE DECK

Aside from the workers, who are all armed, a dozen extra men stand guard. It won't be long before one of them spots the slightly ajar hatch.

PASSAGEWAY

Ryback changes his mind. It's suicide. His hand drifts away from his gun and he slowly closes the hatch. He turns back to Barker, business as usual.

BARKER

What was it? You looked like you saw something.

RYBACK

Too many guards that way.

BARKER

There was something else. What did you see?

RYBACK

It's not our problem. Let's go.

Ryback leads him down another passage.

INT. STORAGE ROOM- NIGHT

Ryback pulls two life jackets and a large lifecraft package from the shelves. Barker stands to the side, practically pouting.

RYBACK

There might be a stern watch. I'll kill him and cover you. Bring out the jackets and the lifeboat. We'll put them on and lash ourselves to it. You paying attention?

Barker looks at Ryback.

BARKER

What did you see?

RYBACK

(relenting)

They're unloading the cruise missiles. That's what they want.

BARKER

We've got to stop them. Those could kill millions of people.

RYBACK

We can't stop them. Once we're out of sight, we can inflate the raft and use the radio to call for help.

BARKER

I'm not going. I'm going to stay and fight.

RYBACK

What do you think, Barker? You'll shoot up the bad guys and seize the ship? Then the President will give you the Medal of Honor? It doesn't work that way. The Navy doesn't want heroes. Chances are some asshole Naval officer planned this whole thing and you'll get court martialled for screwing it up. Maybe Ollie North needs to sell those missiles to Iran and the fucking CIA figured this is the best way to do it.

BARKER

They wouldn't kill the entire crew to...

RYBACK

You're a babe, kid. You don't know what they'll do. There are people above us so fucking corrupt killing a few hundred people is nothing to them. It wasn't a problem for Krill. I've seen things that...

Ryback cuts himself off.

RYBACK

Chances are nerve gas is floating our way. I'm going topside. I'm getting off this ship alive. I hope you follow me.

Ryback grabs the gear and heads out the hatch. Barker pauses and then reluctantly follows.

STERN COMPARTMENT

Ryback reaches a ladder that leads to a topside hatch. Barker comes in behind him. Ryback tosses him the gear. He checks his machine gun and climbs the ladder.

Slowly, he opens the hatch.

EXT. STERN - NIGHT

One of Strannix's men stands guard, watching the Coast Guard Cutter in his binoculars.

Ryback rises half out of the hatch. There is a loud squeak of rust from the hinges. No time for silence. Ryback throws it open just as the guard spins toward the sound.

Ryback's Sterling FIRES first. The bullets sputter out and quickly kill the guard.

Ryback leaps out the hatch and checks for more targets. He is at the very tip of the stern, a football field away from the superstructure, behind the helicopter landing. There is no one else in sight.

He goes to the hatch and helps Barker pull the gear out. Once he's on the deck, Ryback closes the hatch tightly.

They drag the gear to the rim. Ryback looks at the rough wake below.

RYBACK

It's like jumping into a white water river. Let's hope we miss the propellers.

Ryback starts to tie a line to the life raft and the jackets.

BARKER

What's that?

Running lights in the distance. Ryback steals the binoculars from the dead body and looks through them. He sees the ship.

RYBACK

That means we're going to be saved before the sharks get us.

Ryback pulls apart the emergency kit on the inflatable and comes up with a short wave radio. He sets it to the emergency channel.

INT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

Strannix and Dimpler are talking. Barbi stands not far away, back in her mini-skirt, playing with a pistol.

STRANNIX

The nerve gas should get them. We'll just have to watch our backs until then. I just can't figure out how a cook managed to kill...

DIMPLER

We've got another problem. There's a Coast Guard cutter watching us.

Dimpler hands Strannix a pair of binoculars and leads him to the windows. He points in the distance. Strannix studies it for a moment and then casually hands back the binoculars.

STRANNIX

It's a toy. Sink it.

DIMPLER

They might call for help...

STRANNIX

Of course, they'll call for help. Then Washington will panic for an hour or two and then send the Air Force to sink us. By then we'll be on the sub and long gone. The Air Force can destroy the evidence that we escaped with the missiles.

RYBACK

(to himself)

A woman officer. That's a frightening thought.

(to the radio)

Alright, listen. In case you don't know, some mercenaries have taken over the *New Jersey*. Seeing as we don't want to get killed, we're jumping overboard. We'd appreciate a lift.

GREY (O.S.)

I'm sorry, we've been ordered not to have any contact with the ship. We'll have to radio command for approval. Stay where you are until...

RADIO ROOM ON RUSH

Grey and the radio man are listening.

RYBACK (O.S.)

You are an officer, aren't you!? I can tell because your head is up your ass! While we're arguing, a couple dozen guys with machine guns are hunting us down. So why don't you make your own fucking decisions girlie?!

Grey pauses.

GREY

Alright, Sailor. Jump. We'll help you.

RADIO MAN

We have strict orders not to pick up anyone. If they're the enemy...

GREY

We can lower them a life boat until we get new orders. I'll notify the captain.

STERN

Ryback is on the radio.

RYBACK

Listen, girl, there's something else you people should know. They're unloading the missiles. They're packing them up. Nuclear missiles.

DIMPLER

Maybe we should wait until we're closer to the sub. If the jets reach us before...

STRANNIX

They won't. If we wait any longer they might spot the sub on sonar. I don't want anyone to know about it. I don't want them hunting us down. Sink it now.

DIMPLER

We've got men on the missile decks.

STRANNIX

Get them off and blow it up! We've got all these fun missiles and I want to use them!

INT. RADIO ROOM ON RUSH - NIGHT

A RADIO MAN is at the controls. Grey sits reading a *Jane's Ships Yearbook*. She has it open to the data on the *New Jersey*.

GREY

It's sixteen inch guns have a range of twenty two miles. Jesus...

RADIO MAN

I've got something on the emergency channel, mam. It's a strong signal. I think it's from the *New Jersey*.

Grey sits up. The radio man opens the speaker.

RYBACK (O.S.)

Mayday. Mayday. Calling the Coast Guard. We are about to jump ship.

STERN

Ryback is on the radio with Grey.

GREY (O.S.)

This is the Coast Guard Cutter *Rush*. What is your status?

RYBACK

Listen, little girl, I want to talk to someone important.

GREY (O.S.)

You are. This is Lieutenant Commander Grey. Where are you?

Ryback looks forward toward the missile decks, expecting to see men taking them down. Instead he sees them shutting open hatches and scurrying away. He looks through his binoculars. The targeting radar has come alive.

RYBACK
Shit, girl... !

GREY (O.S.)
Sailor, stop calling me..

RYBACK
They're going to fire on you! They're activating the Harpoon missiles!

RADIO ROOM ON RUSH

Grey's eyes open wide.

GREY
Keep him on the radio! Find out what you can.

She grabs the bridge phone.

GREY
Captain. The *New Jersey* is about to open fire on us..

BRIDGE

Captain Havell is on the phone. Commander Berman stands by.

GREY (O.S.)
... we've got to turn the bow around. It's our only..

HAVELL
Ms. Grey, you don't give me orders! What makes you think..

GREY (O.S.)
Captain, trust me. We only have seconds. We must turn our stern..

HAVELL
God damn it, calm down and answer my question.

GREY
We got a radio report in. Some sailors from the ship. They were trying to escape when..

HAVELL

How do you know they aren't...

In the distance, there is a silent flash of flames and smoke. Havell's eyes widen.

HAVELL

Hard a port! Come around. Come around!

Soon the sound of the rocket fills the air. A hideous roar of fire burning and air screaming.

SEA

The *Rush* has just begun to turn. It is too late. The Harpoon missile is upon it, heading right for the bridge.

BRIDGE

The missiles' flames are reflected in Havell's eyes.

HAVELL

Damage control stations...

BOOM. The room explodes.

SEA

The superstructure of the ship bursts into flames. The bridge is completely engulfed by the explosion.

RADIO ROOM OF *RUSH*

The ship shakes and flames shoot through the passageway outside the radio room. Grey and the radio man are thrown to the deck.

STERN

Ryback and Barker watch helplessly as the *Rush* burns.

BRIDGE

Strannix watches the flames, pleased with himself. Barbi is thrilled too. Krill and Dimpler are in the background. Krill has had just enough scotch to loosen his tongue.

STRANNIX

Very nice. Now let's finish the job.

KRILL

You've disabled her enough. The crew will be tied up fighting the fire. She won't come after us. It could take three or four more rockets to sink a ship that size...

STRANNIX

Shut up, you moron. I want to see it go down.

KRILL

We've got fifteen anti-ship rockets left. We shouldn't waste them. If we encounter a destroyer or a...

STRANNIX

You're telling me what to do?!

Dimpler takes Strannix aside.

DIMPLER

He may be right. We might need them. Besides, we got to get back to work on the cruise missiles. We can't have men on the deck if...

Strannix raises his hand to cut him off.

STRANNIX

Alright. Get the men back to work on the warheads.

KRILL

There's no point in killing anyone we don't have...

STRANNIX

Oh, we'll kill them alright. But not with missiles. I'm going to send a team to the sixteen inch guns.

KRILL

You don't have enough men to...

STRANNIX

We have enough to man one gun. And we've got plenty of ammo. How many hits with the one ton shells do you think it will take to sink the ship?

Krill looks at him evenly.

KRILL

One. Just one.

Krill turns goes back to his bottle. Strannix smiles.

PASSAGEWAY ON RUSH

Flames rush through the passageway from the bridge. Grey comes out and dashes to a fire station. The flames singe her hair and burn her clothes. She rips out the hose and turns it on.

The stream of water hits the fire and the flames flare at her angrily. But after a moment she fights them back. She briefly sprays the ceiling to douse herself in water to put out the fires on her clothes.

She pushes the fire back toward the bridge and past the radio room.

GREY

Bob! Take this!

The radio man grabs the hose from her and continues to fight the fire.

GREY

Keep at it. I'm going to get a team to hit it with foam.

She darts off.

ENGINE ROOM OF RUSH

Lieutenant Jacob stands at the emergency steering station. A SAILOR approaches.

SAILOR

The bridge is gone, sir. We've lost all contact. The captain and XO appear to be dead.

LIEUTENANT JACOB

Then I'm assuming command. Switch over to the emergency steering. Come about. We're high tailing it out of here. Full speed.

SAILOR

Aye, aye sir.

STERN

Ryback and Barker are on the stern.

BARKER

We have to do something.

RYBACK
I'm open to suggestions.

The burning *Rush* turns and begin to roar away at top speed.

BARKER
They're running.

RYBACK
They can't out run missiles.

C.I.C.

Strannix and Twidget are talking.

TWIDGET
You're joking. Those guns are WWII. Low tech. It might take us half a dozen tries to hit it.

STRANNIX
We've got plenty of shells. The first priority is to get those cruise missiles ready for the sub. I just need you to help them sight it.

TWIDGET
Alright, they do have quite a kick. It's running from us now. They're too close to get a good sight on them, but in half a mile... well, maybe this will be fun after all...

Strannix pats him on the back and exits. Twidget hits some buttons and taps his headphone.

TWIDGET
Come in midships turret. The target is moving into range and..

STERN

Ryback and Barker are on the stern as the *New Jersey* slows and turns to position its guns on the escaping ship.

RYBACK
We're slowing.

Suddenly the midship's sixteen inch gun comes alive. Like a steel giant on a small boat, the whole ship seems to rock as it turns toward its target.

RYBACK
They're going to use the guns.

BARKER

Maybe it can make it out of range.

RYBACK

There isn't an out of range. Those suckers shoot for a couple dozen miles. One hit and...

Ryback grabs the radio.

RYBACK

Girlie? Girlie where are you?

WEATHERDECK OF RUSH

A hastily organized DAMAGE CONTROL TEAM fights the fire that has wiped out the bridge and pilot house. Fire-fighting equipment sprays a foam layer over the bridge. Others fight with water hoses. Grey is in charge.

GREY

Shut off the water! Shut down the water! You're just washing out the foam! Let the foam do the job!

They comply. Senior Chief Clady runs up to her. Grey jumps him.

GREY

Have you got men in the cannon?

CLADY

No... I... we can't...

GREY

Get them in there. Load it. Have the men seal off all water tight compartments. Fire teams on every deck. We're probably going to get hit again.

CLADY

The captain. Did he...

GREY

He's dead. And Commander Berman and twelve others.

CLADY

Then you're the ranking officer.

GREY

I'm... look, just do as I said. We've got to get this fire out and radio for help. Then meet me in the emergency steering room.

CLADY

Yes, sir... I mean, mam..

(beat)

... I mean, *yes, Captain.*

Clady dashes off. Grey pauses. It takes her a second to realize the implications. He's right. She is the captain.

NEW JERSEY

The sixteen inch cannon FIRES at the *Rush* like a dragon spewing death. Imagine a cannon shell the size of a small car, filled with explosives, roaring through the sky with a range of twenty two miles. That's what the guns of the *New Jersey* can do. The shells can penetrate twenty nine feet of reinforced concrete. One hit and the *Rush* is dust.

The ROAR of the shell make the missiles seem like softballs.

RUSH

Fortunately, the shell misses by a few dozen yards. Water EXPLODES where the shell lands, a geyser bursting high above the *Rush's* radar mast. The *Rush* continues its desperate course away.

ENGINE ROOM OF RUSH

Lieutenant Jacob commands the ship from the emergency steering station.

SAILOR

It struck just port. They're using the sixteen inch guns.

JACOB

We'll just have to out run it. They can't shoot more than a few miles.

Jacob is sweating in the heat of the engine room.

JACOB

Can't we get any more speed out of this thing?! What about the radio room? Can't we call for help?

SAILOR

We don't have contact with it.

JACOB

The Air Force. We can get jets after them.

RADIO ROOM OF RUSH

Grey drags the radio man back into the radio room.

GREY

Send a mayday on the standard channels.
I'll get on the Hi Comm.

The radio man calls into his mike as Grey talks on the radio phone.

RADIO MAN

Mayday. Mayday...

GREY

This is the *Rush*, we are under attack..

C.I.C.

Twidget watches the Rush's progress on his radar screen as he talks into his intercom.

TWIDGET

Close, but no cigar. You guys reloaded yet? Change the target setting to..

BRIDGE

Strannix watches through binoculars impatiently.

STRANNIX

Come on. Come on. Fire.

KRILL

Your men are having trouble reloading.
It's a complex cannon. With a proper crew you can fire every thirty seconds but..

STRANNIX

I've had enough of you. Another word and I'll have an extra ten million to split among my men.

Krill falls silent. Strannix looks out, waiting.

STRANNIX

Let's go, let's go.

RADIO ROOM OF RUSH

The radio man looks at Grey.

75

RADIO MAN
What's the word?

GREY
They understand our situation and will investigate the possibilities. Best hope is a bomber squadron in three or four hours. If we're lucky...

RADIO MAN
We're not going to last...

SEA

BOOM the cannon roars again. The shell flies from the *New Jersey* and CRASHES into the sea just ahead of the fast moving *Rush*. Closer, but not close enough.

STERN

Ryback and Barker watch the attack.

BARKER
We've got to stop those guns!

RYBACK
The turret's walls are two feet of steel. It's like Fort Knox. There's no way to stop them, but...
(into the radio)
Hello? Hello, dead Coast Guard ship!

RADIO ROOM OF RUSH

The radio man checks his frequencies.

RADIO MAN
That sailor on the *New Jersey* is trying to reach us again.

GREY
Put him on.

RYBACK (O.S.)
Girlie? Hello? Are you there?

GREY
Yes, sailor. What do you want? I don't think we can be much help to you right now. You're better off with the sharks.

RYBACK (O.S.)

You ain't kidding. But you're making it worse for yourselves. You can't out run those guns. They shoot for miles...

GREY

Twenty two miles. I know.

RYBACK (O.S.)

But also the further you get out the easier it is for radar to target you. The only reason they're missing now it because you're in too close.

GREY

So what do you suggest? We turn around and head for you?

RYBACK (O.S.)

I know it sounds crazy. But if you get within a mile the radar can't sight you. That means they'll have to use dead reconning. They'll have to put men on the deck to spot...

GREY

So what?

STERN

Ryback is on the radio.

RYBACK

Well... then I can kill them.

RADIO ROOM ON RUSH

That gets Gray's attention. She swallows.

GREY

What about the missiles?

STERN

Ryback bites his lip.

RYBACK

Well... maybe I can blow up the launchers. Or at least the target control units...

RADIO ROOM ON RUSH

Grey isn't sure if she's talking to a madman, or a saviour.

GREY

That would be very helpful. Sailor, you mind if I ask what your rating is?

RYBACK (O.S.)

I'm a cook.

That doesn't exactly reassure Grey.

RYBACK (O.S.)

Listen, I better get started. Take my advice, come around. Good luck. You're going to need it.

The signal cuts off. The radio man looks at Grey.

RADIO MAN

He's nuts. A cook? You're not going to...

GREY

He's right about one thing. They'll get us if we don't do something. The best defense at sea is always an attack. I'll be at the emergency steering room. Keep me posted.

She runs off. The radio man shakes his head.

STERN

Ryback relieves the dead stern watch of his pistol and extra cartridges. He pulls a full mag from the guard's Sterling. Barker watches excitedly.

BARKER

So we're going to do it? We're going to fight them! Yeah!

RYBACK

Shut up! I volunteered us to be killed, that's all. Nothing to cheer about.

He glances at the helicopter on the landing deck.

RYBACK

Follow me. Close.

They run to the helicopter.

SEA

BOOM. Another cannon shell blasts through the air. It lands in the sea, missing by a hair. Given that each shell has hit closer, the next one is bound to strike the ship.

C.I.C.

Twidget relaxes in his chair.

TWIDGET

Okay. I think I've got it worked out now. We'll allow a little less for the wind resistance. The next one should be right on. Hurry up and reload.

ENGINE ROOM OF RUSH

Grey strides in with Chief Clady. Lieutenant Jacob sweats at the comm.

JACOB

Grey! Did you radio for help?!

GREY

Yes, help is hours away. We're on our own. Come around. Hard a starboard.

JACOB

Are you crazy? We're under fire! We have to get out of here.

GREY

Mr. Jacob, as ranking officer and acting captain I gave an order to come around.

JACOB

You don't have enough experience to be captain. The captain said so himself. You're panicking. We've got to keep on course.

GREY

I rank you, Mr. Jacob, step aside.

JACOB

Forget it.

The tall, bulky Chief grabs Jacob and pulls him aside. The sailor at the emergency helm looks at Clady.

CLADY

Obey the captain. She gave you an order.

The sailor, not sure what the hell's going on but trusting the Chief, turns the helm. Grey looks at Clady.

GREY

I'm going topside. I'll set up an emergency comm on the bow. That way I can get a visual and relay orders down to you. Call the weapons station have them arm torpedoes one and two. And the crew in the cannon. Tell them to be ready to fire on my order.

CLADY

(nodding)

Yes, Captain.

Jacob shakes his head.

JACOB

That's like attacking a horse with a pea shooter. Our five inch guns can't get through the battleship's armor. We'll just make them mad.

GREY

Then let's piss them off before they sink us! If we have some luck with the torpedoes, we could disable them.

JACOB

You can't beat a battleship!

GREY

Not alone. But hopefully we'll have some help.

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Ryback and Barker strip off inside the abandoned helicopter. They quickly change into a couple spare grey pants. As they pull on turtle necks Barker spots several mean looking tattoos on Ryback's arms.

RYBACK

I've got two minutes to teach you as much as I can.

Ryback pulls the CZ-75's. They now have three. And the service 45., two Sterlings with extra mags and half a dozen grenades.

RYBACK

How good a shot are you?

One CZ-75 he puts in his holster. He removes the silencer from another and slips it into the back of his pants.

BARKER

Pretty good..

RYBACK

That's not good enough. Use the forty five until you run out of bullets. The rest of these are nine mils and unless you hit someone in the spine or brain they'll keep moving. With the forty five you can rip out their chest.

Ryback uses a lighter to make a small fire with his old clothes.

RYBACK

When you go to the machine gun, fire in short bursts. Don't lock your finger on the trigger. Short burst, re-aim, short burst. Just because someone fires at you, don't assume they know where you are. If they don't hit you on the first shot, chances are they're just guessing. Don't fire unless you see them.

BARKER

How do you know all this?

RYBACK

Cooking school.

Ryback puts out the blackened clothes and smears the soot onto this face. Barker follows his example.

BARKER

You were a S.E.A.L. I saw your tattoos. You were in 'Nam.

RYBACK

Yeah. Listen up. You can become invisible if you believe it. If you're hiding on the edge of a hatch you become part of the hatch. Imagine you are a hatch. I know it sounds like bullshit but it fucking works. When I was in the Delta I could hide in a bush and become a bush and a Viet Cong would walk two feet past and not see me. I could become a log, part of a hut, some shit floating in an irrigation ditch. When someone approaches, don't look directly at them. Look just off to the side...

BARKER

Why'd you leave the S.E.A.L.s?

RYBACK

I got kicked out.

Ryback uses the black soot to smear vertical lines and sharp shapes down Barker's uniform. The better to fit in with the grey corners and shapes of the ship.

RYBACK

I was scout on a four man team. We'd been doing serious fucking covert ops for two years without any of us getting killed. That was a record, and since I was the scout I got credit for it. One day Major Asshole Interrogation Officer wants to go on a day strike. I'm not good at day work, I'm a shadow man, but he says we have to get this guy in the daylight. So we go in and it's fucked... we get ambushed and everybody but me and this asshole get killed. We finish the job, kill this guy, I mean, back then I thought this shit was important, but it turns out he was only a tax collector.

He smears camouflage lines on himself.

RYBACK

The only reason we hit him was to steal his money. For a lousy thousand this asshole got three men killed.

(beat)

When we got back, he offered to split the money with me, like that would make up for it. I shot him in the stomach. Didn't kill him, but wanted to.

BARKER

So they court martialled you.

Ryback pockets the grenades.

RYBACK

Yeah, but when all this shit about the asshole started to come out, the C.I.A. decided they didn't want a trial. The charges disappeared, but they washed me out of the S.E.A.L.s. Funny thing was three months later the C.I.A. tried to recruit me. I told them to go to hell. End of story. Let's go. You first...

Barker exits the helicopter and Ryback follows.

SEA

The *New Jersey's* gun blasts again at the cutter. But now the *Rush* has changed course and turns back toward the battleship in a wide circle. The shell hits where it would have been, missing by a mile.

BRIDGE

Strannix watches the miss angrily.

STRANNIX

What the hell? Another miss!

Strannix grabs the phone to the C.I.C.

STRANNIX

Are you blind? I want you to sink it.
Not scare it away.

C.I.C.

Twidget is on the phone.

TWIDGET

We would have hit it, but it's changing course. It's coming right toward us.

BRIDGE

Strannix yells into the phone.

STRANNIX

Well, get it, God damn it. Get it!

LANDING PAD

Ryback has stuffed a rag in the gas tank of the helicopter. He lights one end.

RYBACK

That should get their attention. Run for it.

He and Barker run toward the superstructure.

The helicopter EXPLODES.

BRIDGE

Strannix is still on the phone.

STRANNIX

Don't give me excuses. If it gets closer
it should be easier to...

BOOM. There is a flash of light from the observation deck.
Strannix drops the phone and looks out through the back window.

The landing pad burns.

STRANNIX

Fuck, how did that...

Strannix looks at Krill.

STRANNIX

Your cook is at it again.

EXT. BOW OF *RUSH* - NIGHT

Grey stands on the bow with a couple other sailors and some plug
in intercoms. She watches the fire in the distance with a smile
on her face.

GREY

It looks like my friend cooked up
something. They appear to be on the
stern. Aim for the bridge. Fire the
cannon.

The *Rush's* tiny (in comparison to the *New Jersey's*) five inch
cannon blasts away.

NEW JERSEY

The shell impacts on the iron bow, hardly doing more than
creating a minor fire works display.

BRIDGE

But to Strannix, who sees it right before him, all hell is
busting loose.

STRANNIX

They're firing on us!

KRILL

How dare they defend themselves.

STRANNIX

The missiles. We've got to go back to
the missiles!

DIMPLER

Our crew's on the deck.

STRANNIX

Get them off.

DIMPLER

We reach the sub in an hour. We've got to finish crating the warheads. Jets are probably on their way. Let them fire. They can't hurt us. This ship was built to withstand eighteen inch guns, those pop guns are nothing. One hit from our cannon and they're dead. It's just a question of time.

STRANNIX

Alright! But get that cook! You personally. He's our biggest problem. Kill him before we get to the sub.

Dimpler nods, and exits toward the stern.

Strannix angrily looks at the approaching Coast Guard ship. It fires again. Another shell impacts on the bow.

STRANNIX

They're heading right for us. If we let them keep firing like that they're bound to hit something.

STERN GUN TURRET

Ryback and Barker dash from the spreading flames of the helicopter and throw themselves into the shadows of the enormous stern gun turret. (The turret firing at the *Rush* is the middle one on the other side of the ship.)

Barker follows Ryback's example and stands frozen in the shadows, trying to blend in.

BARKER

I am a gun turret. I am a gun turret.

RYBACK

Turrets don't talk! Shut up!

Barker is silent, but in his furrowed brow we can almost see him thinking, "I am a gun turret. I am a gun turret."

From the superstructure, half a dozen of Strannix's men run toward the flames, guns ready.

They run past the turret, completely missing the invisible Barker and Ryback.

Ryback fires, silenced bullets ripping into the heads of the passing men.

Barker fires also, a couple .45 shells tearing into the commando's backs.

They're dead before they can turn to fire. Ryback spots a Thompson. He takes it from a dead body and tosses it to Barker.

RYBACK

Use this. Short bursts. The missile control units! You know what they look like?

BARKER

No!

RYBACK

They're... forget it! Just kill anyone you see! Take the starboard side. I'll meet you midships on the weather deck.

They run toward the superstructure.

A shell from the Coast Guard cutter roars through the air and explodes harmlessly against the ship's armour.

BOOM another shell blasts from the *New Jersey's* guns.

SEA

The shell roars over the *Rush* and crashes behind it.

RUSH

Grey is on the bow. In command.

GREY

Fire torpedoes one and two.

The order is relayed.

Torpedoes spew from the *Rush* and jet through the water toward the *New Jersey*. These don't go as fast as missiles. It'll take them a few seconds to make contact. Meanwhile...

C.I.C.

Twidget is sweating over his computers.

TWIDGET

I can't hit it! They're in too close. These are long range guns! You've got to give me my missiles!

BRIDGE

Strannix is calling back.

STRANNIX

I can't. We've got to get the warheads ready. I'll post some men on deck to help target.

BOW OF *RUSH*

Grey relays steering directions.

GREY

New course, let's get behind their ass...

RUSH

The *Rush* turns and heads around the New Jersey's stern.

NEW JERSEY

The torpedoes impact on the hull and explode.

RUSH

The crew on the deck of the *Rush* cheers.

WEATHER DECK

Ryback feels the ship shake. He spots the *Rush* and smiles.

RYBACK

Not bad, girlie. We might pull this off after all...

BRIDGE

The ship rocks violently.

STRANNIX

What the hell was that?

KRILL

Torpedoes.

STRANNIX

They can't hurt us... can they?

KRILL

Sounds like they broke the hull. One of our compartments is flooding. A hit like that in the right place could knock out an engine or boiler room. It only took four torpedoes to sink the *Musashi*. That cutter carries eight.

Krill takes his drink to the window and watches the *Rush*.

KRILL

The captain's smart. He's going to hide behind our stern. The forward gun turrets will be useless. You'll have to send a crew aft. By then he can torpedo our propellers and leave us a drift.

Strannix looks concerned.

MIDSHIPS COMPARTMENT

A hole in the hull floods water into a midships compartment.

WEATHER DECK

Barker barrels up a ladder on the starboard side.

Ryback slips up silently on the port.

Barker attracts the attention of a commando who fires at him. Barker manages to duck down the ladder as bullets rip over him.

He fumbles to hold the Thompson and hang on the ladder at the same time.

The commando slowly stalks over to the ladder, ready to kill.

But from behind, a shadow is stalking him. Just as the commando reaches the edge and is about to fire on Barker, Ryback grabs his head from behind and snaps his neck.

Ryback helps Barker up. They run to a MK37 fire control unit.

RYBACK

This is it. There are four, we need to get them all. Then the missiles are dead.

Ryback shoots open a repair panel and stuffs a grenade inside. They dash off. He tosses Barker a grenade.

RYBACK

Three to go. Take starboard.

The control unit explodes.

BRIDGE

Strannix watches the Coast Guard cutter disappear behind them.

STRANNIX

We need the missiles. We have to clear the deck..

Twidget's voice comes in from the C.I.C.

TWIDGET (O.S.)

Strannix, what's going on? I just lost one of my targeting units. Fuck! There went another one!

WEATHER DECK

The forward MK37 BLOWS APART.

Ryback shoots open the panel and tosses a grenade into the port MK37.

On the starboard side Barker does the same.

The port unit DETONATES.

The starboard unit EXPLODES.

TWO COMMANDOES spot Barker and fire. He blasts at them with his Thompson.

On the port side Ryback is engaged in gun fire with GROUP OF FOUR COMMANDOES. Ryback kills one and the other three continue to fire.

RUSH

The *Rush* makes a graceful turn and heads for the New Jersey's stern.

GREY

Ready on torpedoes three and four.

C.I.C.

Twidget is freaking out.

TWIDGET

I've lost them all. We're dead!

BRIDGE

Strannix sweats as he listens.

TWIDGET (O.S.)
We're dead! It's coming around from
behind us. I can't do anything without
those fire control units!

Krill laughs and takes another drink.

KRILL
Your first command and you've already
lost control of the ship. Such a shame.

Strannix reels and slaps the drink out of his hand. He draws his knife.

STRANNIX
You're dead.

Krill smiles.

KRILL
I'm the only one that can get you out of
this. We Naval fags might not be good at
killing up close, but we do know how to
run a ship.

STRANNIX
What would you do?

KRILL
Give me the ship. I want command. We
follow my orders from here on.

Another shell hits the ship. Strannix doesn't have any choice.

STRANNIX
Alright. It's yours.

Krill, drunk, invigorated, marches forward and takes the comm.

KRILL
Full speed ahead. You left us dead in
the water. Take your crew out of the
sixteen inchers. They're over powered.
Put them in the five inch twin turrets.
Port and Starboard. They take less men
to run. The cutter's five incher can't
get through our armour, but our guns will
make swiss cheese of their ship.

STRANNIX

But we don't have any target control radar.

KRILL

At eighteen rounds a minute they can take wild guesses. We're close. Helmsman, hard a port!

WEATHER DECK / STARBOARD

Barker is pinned in by the commandoes. He returns their fire with his Thompson.

WEATHER DECK / PORT

On other side of the ship, Ryback is backed onto the end of a upper deck. There is no where to run except over the railing and a long fall to the deck below.

He uses a demolished radar unit as cover, while the Commandoes attack him from a forward position.

Another group of THREE COMMANDOES appear from aft on the lower deck, cutting off his escape. They fire up at him.

Dimpler has joined the commandoes fighting on Ryback's deck. He motions and two commandoes jump out and attack. A stream of bullets bombard Ryback's position.

Ryback whips out and fires with the Sterling. Two short bursts. Both on target. Both commandoes fall dead.

As he exposes himself, the commandoes on the deck below fire, forcing him back.

Dimpler fires a Thompson. Bullets slowly rip apart Ryback's cover.

Meanwhile, a gun crew hurries along the main deck to the midships twin gun turret.

Ryback spots them, sprays fire down at them, but can't get a clean shot. Bullets push him into hiding.

The gun crew gets inside and shut themselves behind a steel door.

RYBACK

Shit.

Ryback inserts his last spare mag into the Sterling. Bullets fly over his head.

RUSH

The *New Jersey* arcs to the port side as the *Rush* pursues it.

GREY

She's turning. Fire the torpedoes.
We'll miss the screws but we might punch
another hole in her.

The order is relayed.

Torpedoes burst into the water.

BRIDGE

Krill is ordering Twidget.

TWIDGET (O.S.)

Those are anti-aircraft guns...

KRILL

Now they're anti-torpedo guns. Pull them
off the radar. Set up a wide spray to
the port side. Now!

C.I.C.

Twidget activates the computerized Phalanx Gatling guns.

PHALANX CIWS

Hundreds of 20 mm bullets rip out from the two port machine
guns. The six barrels of the gun spin so fast they are a blur.
The motors rock the gun back and forth at high speed. White hot
bullets rain into the sea.

SEA

Bullets rip into the water as the torpedoes rush forward. One
of the torpedoes is hit, EXPLODES and BLOWS the other up with
it.

BRIDGE

Krill is satisfied. Strannix is impressed. Barbi too.

KRILL

Now we attack.

FIVE INCH TWIN TURRET

Cannon fire **BLASTS** from the twin five inch guns. Not as impressive sounding as the larger guns, but the shots ring out quickly and consistently like a barrage of artillery.

RUSH

Grey and Clady are on the bow. Shells crash into the water near the ship one right after another.

CLADY

They got our torpedoes and they've got another gun on us.

GREY

Return the fire. Arm torpedoes five, six, seven, eight.

The *Rush's* cannon **FIRES**.

NEW JERSEY

A shell shatters against the armor plating on the *New Jersey*, making only a dent and a black smear, as the twin guns continue fire.

RUSH

Things are not so good for the *Rush*. A shell **CRASHES** into the superstructure and **EXPLODES**, causing a new fire.

As men rush to put it out another shell **HITS** on the stern of ship, **BLOWING UP** the ship's rescue helicopter.

Shells continue to fly and explode in the water around the ship.

BRIDGE

Strannix watches with binoculars.

STRANNIX

Maybe you aren't a moron after all.

KRILL

It won't be long now. A few more hits and they won't be able to control the fires. Then we can sit back and watch it burn.

WEATHER DECK

Ryback also watches. If something isn't done soon... He senses a movement below. He looks down.

The commandoes on the lower deck have taken positions closer. Ryback fires in their direction. Two of them pull grenades. They throw.

Without hesitation, Ryback drops his machine gun, leaps out of his cover and springs to the railing at the edge of the deck.

BULLETS FLY into the air from both teams of commandoes around him. The grenades land behind him.

Like a gymnast on a parallel bar, he swings off the railing to the deck below just as the grenades EXPLODE behind him.

The EXPLOSION rips across the deck momentarily stunning everyone.

Ryback hits the deck below. He rolls and lands on his feet with the silenced CZ-75 in his hand. Shots sputter from his gun.

He hits the three commandoes like picking off ducks in a shooting gallery. Each gets a hole in the forehead.

Ryback doesn't have time to pause. The twin gun is still blasting shell after shell at the *Rush*.

Ryback runs for it. Dimpler and his men fire after him.

RUSH

Most of the shells are missing and exploding in the water, but one bursts into the stern and another explodes on the bow, knocking out the *Rush's* only cannon. A fire starts.

Grey is on the bow with Clady. The fire is spreading toward them. An extra explosion on the stern confirms that it's over.

CLADY

That was the boiler room. It was a good try, captain. I'm proud to have served under you.

Grey stares pensively at the still firing dreadnought.

GREY

Thank you, Chief. Shut down the engines. Lower the lifeboats. And let's send them a parting present while we still can. Fire torpedo five!

The torpedo rips from its launch tube.

Another shell hits the *Rush* in the superstructure. Fires are breaking out all over the ship. The *Rush* is losing power and starting to drift.

GREY

Stagger the remaining torpedoes, fire six.. seven.. eight!

The torpedoes burst out one after the other. Grey seems spent and tired.

CLADY

Abandon ship?

GREY

Anyone who wants to is free to go. I'm going to stick around for awhile and fight the fires. Chances are this is the last time I'll command.

CLADY

I'd be honored to help you, captain.

Grey and Clady run back toward the bow to help the crew fight the spreading fires.

MAIN DECK

The twin cannons continue to blast at their slowing target.

Ryback reaches the turret, searching for a way to get in or some vulnerable spot. It's sealed tight.

Gun fire rains down from above where Dimpler and his men stand. Ryback fires off the remaining shots from his pistol, kills the men and forces Dimpler back.

He drops the empty pistol and jumps onto the turret. The cannons are mounted on steel pivots for targeting. Between the pivots and the turret is a small crevice. Just big enough for a grenade. Ryback tosses one down into it.

Ryback leaps away and bullets fly from the upper decks at him. The grenade EXPLODES.

Ryback leaps for cover under a deck overhang.

BIG EXPLOSION. Some of the ammunition went. The turret blows itself apart, the cannon barrels rip out of their sockets and fly out into the sea.

BRIDGE

Krill sees the explosion.

STRANNIX

What was that?

KRILL

I don't know. But we've got torpedoes coming. Fire the Gatling guns!

SEA

The torpedoes, one after the other, are rushing toward the *New Jersey*.

PHALANAX CIWS

The machine guns fill the sea with a shield of bullets.

MAIN DECK

Ryback hides in the shadows of an over hang, face covered with soot and blood. He spots the approaching torpedoes and the bullets in their way.

Dimpler jumps down from the deck above, looking for Ryback.

He's found him. Ryback slugs him across the face, stunning him. He punches him in the stomach.

Ryback doesn't have time to finish him. He rips Dimpler's Thompson away.

He opens FIRE on the Phalanax guns. Quick bursts.

SEA

Bullets strike one torpedo. It explodes.

PHALANAX CIWS

Forty five caliber bullets impact into the armored machine guns as they continue to fire. At first they don't seem to have any effect and then suddenly one hits in the right place and..

IT EXPLODES.

MAIN DECK

Ryback steps back and shifts his FIRE to the other Phalanax gun.

SEA

Bullets from the remaining gun strike another torpedo, BLOWING IT APART.

PHALANAX CIWS

The remaining gun fires as it is bombarded by Ryback's Thompson. IT EXPLODES.

SEA

The remaining torpedoes make it through and impact the hull of the ship.

They BLOW A HOLE through two feet of steel.

FORWARD ENGINE ROOM

Strannix's men are minding the engine as the hull of the ship bursts apart.

Water and FLAMES ROAR into the room. The engines catch fire.

MAIN DECK

Ryback spins with his machine gun to finish off the recovering Dimpler. Click. His gun is empty.

Dimpler draws his pistol. He blows a hole in Ryback's stomach.

Blood bursting into his mouth, Ryback throws the Thompson at Dimpler's pistol before he can get another shot. The gun is knocked lose.

Dimpler leaps forward and punches Ryback in the stomach, right on his bloody wound. Ryback winces in pain.

Dimpler slugs him across the face.

Ryback slugs him back. Again. Again.

Ryback, fading, pulls his remaining pistol from the back of his pants, but Dimpler knocks it loose.

Dimpler kicks Ryback hard in the stomach. Ryback spits blood, buckles over, falls to his knees.

Dimpler grabs a pistol from the deck and takes aim.

Ryback coughs up blood.

WE HEAR A SHORT BURST and bullets rip through Dimpler.

Dimpler crumples to the ground, dead.

Behind him, hidden in the shadows of a bulkhead is Barker. Ryback looks at him.

RYBACK
I didn't see you.

BARKER
I imagined I was a bulkhead.

RYBACK
Good job. Can you give me a hand?

Barker helps Ryback to his feet. Ryback throws an arm over him for support.

BARKER
I got a bunch of guys on the other side.

RYBACK
Pick up the pistols. Grab that Sterling. We've got to keep moving.

Barker leans over and grabs up some small arms. The two of them head off toward the bow.

RYBACK
I underestimated you, Barker. You saved my ass.

BARKER
I had a good teacher. You okay?

RYBACK
Wonderful. A fatal wound to some vital organs, some hair line fractures, a couple concussions to the head... beyond that, I'm great.

BRIDGE

Strannix, Krill, Barbi and the rest of the bridge crew are recovering from the series of explosions. Krill runs to the damage control display. Lights flicker all over it.

KRILL
The torpedoes got through. We've lost the forward engine room. We're running on half power. There are fires in the hold. They'll probably spread...

STRANNIX
We lost the gun turret. Get a crew to the other. We've got to finish them off!

Krill grabs Strannix and shakes him roughly, which surprises the fuck out of Strannix.

KRILL
NO YOU IDIOT! NO!

Krill points to the burning *Rush* in the distance. It's dead in the water.

KRILL
They're out of torpedoes. We've knocked out their cannon and probably their engines. They're dead in the water! We could shoot at it for another hour and maybe sink it, but trust me, the fires will kill them just as fast.

Krill lets Strannix go.

KRILL
And while you've been playing Ahab and the white whale, we've lost our forward engines and flooded two compartments. We don't have enough men to even attempt to fight all the fires on board. If we encounter a jet or another ship we're completely helpless. We have to reach the sub. Now! We have maybe an hour. If we don't hurry, we'll burn up and sink before we get to it.

Strannix looks at Krill coolly.

STRANNIX
What can I say? You're right.

KRILL
Thank you.
(turning away)
Helmsman, give us what speed we have left and let's get back on course..

Strannix draws his gun and blows Krill's brains out with three quick shots.

Krill falls to the ground in a bloody heap.

STRANNIX
I hate it when people point out my short comings.

The rest of the bridge crew stare at Strannix. He looks at them calmly.

STRANNIX

You heard the man. Full speed ahead.
Let's get to the sub. And somebody clean
up this mess.

Strannix exits to the observation deck. Barbi follows.

OBSERVATION DECK

Strannix watches the *Rush* burn as the *New Jersey* steams away.

STRANNIX

He was right. The fire will get them.

BARBI

Have you forgotten the cook? He has to
be the one that knocked out our guns.

STRANNIX

Dimpler will get him.

BARBI

Unless he got Dimpler first. We'd better
get some more men and investigate.

Strannix sighs.

STRANNIX

Work, work, work.

EXT. FORWARD SIXTEEN INCH TURRET - NIGHT

Barker helps the limping Ryback. Blood drips from his wound and
leaves a telltale trail across the deck.

RYBACK

This is far enough to give us some time.
I've got to stop the bleeding.

They duck into the shadows of the giant gun turret. Ryback
leans against the steel and rests. Barker lays out the guns and
keeps an eye out for commandoes.

Ryback watches the *Rush* as it fades into the distance, burning.

RYBACK

They're letting it go. I wonder if that
girl survived.

BARKER

You did everything you could. They'd all
be dead if it wasn't for you.

Ryback pulls off his bloody shirt.

RYBACK

The bullet impacted in my gut. I need your help. Let me see your hands.

Barker shows him one.

RYBACK

Big fucking fingers. God damn it. This is what you do—it's really gross but it works—put your left hand behind my back like we're dancing. The soft spot behind the wound.

He does.

RYBACK

Now push with that hand and take two fingers of your other, reach in the wound and pull out the bullet..

Barker takes a breath and starts to reach for the wound.

RYBACK

No! Not with your thumb, it's too fat and not long enough. Use your fingers. That's it.

Barker pushes fingers into the wound. Ryback winces.

RYBACK

Hurry up... God damn it... this isn't foreplay. Push behind me. It'll force the bullet toward you..

Barker pushes, searches and finally pulls out his bloody fingers. He holds up the bullet. Ryback falls back, faint. He holds the wound tightly to stop the blood.

RYBACK

Thanks. That's better. Keep an eye out. I need a minute or two to rest. Then we'll kick some butt.

Ryback closes his eyes for a second.

MAIN DECK

Strannix, Barbi and a dozen men stand over the body of Dimpler.

STRANNIX

Dimpler, my best friend. Dead as a doornail. Well, I know he would have wanted me to take his share of the money.

They inspect the rest of the devastation left by Ryback.
Weapons blown up. Bodies everywhere.

STRANNIX

You know. This cook is starting to
become a problem. Am I paranoid, or does
he have it in for me?

Barbi spots the trail of blood.

BARBI

That way, toward the bow.

They cautiously move forward and see the trail leading out into
the open deck. Strannix turns to some men.

STRANNIX

Get the M60's and mount them around the
deck. They can't go below and if they
come back gun them down.

BARBI

You're going to leave them out there?

STRANNIX

I'm dying to kill them, love, but I can't
afford to lose any more men. They can
bleed out there while we catch the sub.

BARBI

Let me get them.

Strannix smiles at her, touched.

STRANNIX

That's sweet of you to offer. I have
trained you well, but I can't risk it.
This cook is very good.

BARBI

I'm better. If I can't get close to two
sailors, Hef will revoke my mansion
privileges.

STRANNIX

(interested)

What do you have in mind?

BARBI

Tear my dress.

STRANNIX

You always have that in mind.

He tears her dress open and she reaches down to one of the dead bodies and smears some blood on herself like she's wounded.

She pulls out a makeup mirror and applies soot from the burnt equipment to her face in just the right spots. She looks up at Strannix and smiles.

BARBI

(in her breathy
dumb blonde voice)

Help, help. I'm a damsel in distress.
Can't you big strong sailors help me?

STRANNIX

It might work. And if they kill you, I
know you'd want me to have your share.

TURRET

Barker scans around the turret for enemies. Ryback leans back resting his eyes.

BARKER

You okay?

RYBACK

I'm trying to get rid of this ache in my
gut. Pain's psychological. You can turn
it off if you stop thinking about it..

BARKER

Tell me why you stayed in the Navy. I
mean, after they kicked you of the
S.E.A.L.s, why didn't you go home?

RYBACK

I couldn't go home after that. I grew up
in a big family in Allentown, steel
eaters, all war heroes. Dad was a
paratrooper in World War II and claims
personal responsibility for the fall of
Hitler. My big brother was a Marine in
Korea and got more medals than MacArthur.

Ryback takes a breath, sits up and pulls out a pocket knife. He
cuts the sleeves of his shirt into strips for a bandage.

RYBACK

So Vietnam was my big chance. S.E.A.L.s were the toughest outfit and I signed up. Wanted to be a hero. For a while I was. After training I got assigned to Bright Lights, a MACV-SOG operation to free P.O.W.s. We weren't killing babies or shit. We killed really bad guys and saved people from being tortured. We'd sneak into a place, blow it apart and pull half dead guys from tiger cages and carry them home. I mean if that doesn't make you feel like a fucking hero, nothing does. It was top secret so I couldn't write home about it, but I knew someday...

Ryback starts to wrap his wound with the makeshift bandages.

RYBACK

Well, fuck, we were so good the CIA got wind of us. But they didn't care about rescuing people. They had their own agenda. Kidnaping, murder, booby trapping villages. We did things that turned my stomach... even before I shot that asshole officer I wasn't feeling like a hero anymore. After being drummed out, I didn't want to go home a loser. No medal of honor, no commendations, just a big black smear across my record. I didn't want to tell war stories about what I'd been doing the last year. I had friends who went home and got crazy. Went completely nuts. Delayed stress syndrome and all that. I figured if I stayed in I couldn't break down and if I did no one would know.

Ryback finishes the bandage and ties it off. He checks the pistols and reloads the empty one.

RYBACK

Faded into the Navy. Got on a ship as a nobody. Washed dishes, struck for cook, found out I was good at it. Nice thing about being a cook is if you're good, no one messes with you. The old man let me get away with all sorts of shit. I wonder what they did to him.

Ryback pockets the pistols, grabs the Sterling and checks it.

BARKER

Ryback, maybe we'll get a medal for this.
Then you could go home and...

RYBACK

Kid, the only way we're going to stop
them is to blow this whole boat apart.
No one's going home. Understand?

BARKER

Yeah.

RYBACK

With me?

BARKER

Yeah.

They hear the pathetic SCREAM of a woman being tortured.

MAIN DECK

Strannix holds Barbi in front of him with a pistol to her temple. A dozen of this men hide all around and on top of the superstructure, machine guns ready.

Barbi's dress is torn open as she screams. Strannix slaps her.

STRANNIX

Shut up!

(calling out)

Listen out there! Julia Child! I'm
tired of playing games! I have a
hostage! If you do not put your guns
down and come out with your hands up, I
will kill her!

Barbi screams again for effect.

TURRET

Barker, concerned, looks out and sees the tortured Barbi.

BARKER

They've got a girl! We've got to do
something.

MAIN DECK

Strannix and Barbi catch a flash of his eyes peering out. In a low whisper.

STRANNIX

See that. Behind the turret.

BARBI

Got it.
(loudly)
No! No, please!

TURRET

Ryback grabs Barker and pulls him back into the shadow. In a sharp whisper.

RYBACK

Don't be an idiot. She's with them.
They're trying to get us to expose our
position. Keep quiet.

BARKER

No, she's real. Barbi Tynne. Miss
January. I recognize her.

RYBACK

So she was a playmate. What does that
mean? She's with them.

Barbi screams again.

STRANNIX (O.S.)

Come out right now or I'll kill her.
Slowly. Very painfully. First I'll
shoot her in the leg, then in the arm.
I'll blow her away piece by piece!

BARKER

We've got to do something.

RYBACK

There's nothing we can do. If she isn't
with them, they'll just kill her anyway.

STRANNIX (O.S.)

Alright. That's it. It's on your head!

Barbi screams. Barker can't help himself. He peers out.

MAIN DECK

Strannix throws Barbi to the ground. He aims his gun at her.
She screams horrified and starts to run from him. Toward the
turrets.

He fires. Barbi shrieks in pain.

BARBI

AH!! AHHHHH! HE'S KILLING ME! HELP!

TURRET

Barker grabs the Thompson.

RYBACK
No!

Barker jumps out and starts to fire. Ryback has no choice. He grabs the Sterling.

MAIN DECK

Bullets fly from behind the turret and Strannix ducks for cover.

Barbi crawls toward the turret. She raises a bloody hand toward them.

BARBI
Help me! I'm bleeding!

Strannix's men fire some shots overhead for effect. She drags herself closer and closer.

BARBI
Please!

TURRET

Barker runs out.

BARKER
I'm going for her! Cover me!

RYBACK
Barker!

Too late. Barker runs out. Ryback opens fire to cover for him.

MAIN DECK

As bullet fly overhead, deliberately, Barker grabs Barbi and pulls her back.

TURRET

Barbi's arms are all over Barker as he pulls her into the shadows. Barbi looks at Barker with big blue eyes. She touches him with bloody hands and presses her half naked body to him.

BARBI
I'm bleeding. I'm dying.

BARKER

It's okay, it's okay. We're going to take care of you.

Ryback has his gun on her.

RYBACK

She's with them. She's setting us up!

BARBI

No! I didn't know anything about it! I didn't! They just hired me. Please!

BARKER

It's okay. We believe you.

RYBACK

We don't fucking believe you! One wrong move and I'll shoot you!

BARBI

He's scaring me!

Barbi shifts around Barker, behind him. Barker shields her.

BARKER

Back off Ryback, she's...

In a flash Barbi steals Barker's .45 and gets him in a choke hold. She slams the gun to his temple. She uses him for cover as she threatens Ryback.

BARBI

Drop the gun.

BARKER

Don't do it!

Ryback hesitates. Barbi shifts aim and shoots Barker in the leg. As Barker screams the gun goes back to his head.

BARBI

Now!

BARKER

AHH! Shoot us both!

RYBACK

I can't.

He drops the gun.

BARBI

Stand up. Lift your hands. Back up.

Ryback obeys. Barbi shouts out to Strannix.

BARBI
All clear. I've got them!

Barker looks at Ryback.

BARKER
I'm sorry. I screwed up.

RYBACK
It's okay, kid. It always worked when John Wayne did it.

Strannix and a dozen commandoes stroll up. Barbi pushes Barker away, takes all their guns and joins Strannix.

BARBI
I could have killed them myself, but I thought you'd enjoy the honor.

STRANNIX
I never should have doubted you, my dear. Let's take them out in the light so I can get a look at them. I'm curious what this cook looks like. That way, boys.

MAIN DECK

Strannix's men force Ryback and the limping Barker out onto the deck. As they get into the light Strannix stares at Ryback. Ryback stares at Strannix. A slow smile comes to both of their faces.

STRANNIX
Ryback. I should have known it would be you.

RYBACK
If had know it was you, Strannix, I would have enjoyed fucking you up more.

STRANNIX
After all these years, how are you? You look older, but not bad..

BARKER
You know each other?

STRANNIX
Sure we do. He was under my command in 'Nam. Fucker shot me in the stomach. Oh, I'm going to enjoy this, Ryback. I'm really going to enjoy watching you die.

RYBACK

I see you've moved from petty larceny to treason and grand thief.

STRANNIX

You're belittling me. This is beyond that. Far beyond. This is the most incredible crime against one's country in history. I've stolen a fucking battleship! Look at it! It's mine! Ten nuclear cruise missiles. I've blown up an F-4 and demolished a cruiser. This is the most powerful ship on the ocean!

RYBACK

It seems to be on fire.

He glances toward the flames glowing on the stern.

STRANNIX

Yes, alas. Someone's been giving me quite a headache. There's a fire in one of the engine rooms we can't seem to control. But we have the missiles all packed up. Ready to go. And a sub is meeting us shortly.

RYBACK

I'd love to see the sub.

STRANNIX

I'm sure you would. But I'll be busy and my mind will be on other things. I'm afraid I wouldn't be a good host. It's better to say goodbye now and kill you. But first you can watch your friend die..

Strannix raises his pistol. Ryback calls out desperately.

RYBACK

I set a bomb!

STRANNIX

That's nice.

Strannix takes aim.

RYBACK

Twenty feet away. Timed. Booby trapped. I used the gunpowder sacks from the turret. It's big enough to kill us all from here.

STRANNIX

I know you, Ryback. You're very good. We'll never be able to disarm it. So let us just not worry about it...

RYBACK

I could disarm it for you. If you take us there...

STRANNIX

That's really a pathetic lie. And when is this bomb supposed to go off?

RYBACK

Any second...

STRANNIX

Oh, come on...

Strannix shoots Barker in the other leg. Barker screams and falls.

STRANNIX

That's for a stupid lie. Ryback, you used to be such a clever man. Think of something better. I'm in the mood to be amused.

RYBACK

It's there, and it will take us all out. You know I could do it...

STRANNIX

Yes, but I just don't believe you. Call it a gut instinct... maybe it's that desperate look in your face... think of something else.

Strannix fires again. Hits Barker in the stomach. Barker screams.

STRANNIX

In the stomach. That really hurts. I know. Remember when you shot me in the stomach? Ryback? You're not talking. Still thinking about that imaginary bomb of yours? Now if you were Williams, I would have believed it. He was better with bombs. Remember when we went out with Williams? You seemed upset when he got killed. But I still got my thousand dollars...

111

Ryback, unable to control himself, starts for Strannix. Strannix stops him by jabbing the gun right into Ryback's forehead. The barrel bites into his skin.

STRANNIX

You're going to end all my fun if you act like this. Back away...

RYBACK

Get it over with you asshole!

STRANNIX

No. No. Back away. I think your friend can take a couple more hits before he loses consciousness. Toward the end his eyes will roll up in their sockets. I want you to see that. Back away...

Ryback doesn't move.

STRANNIX

Have it your way. Barbi? Dear? Would you please shoot that handsome Private?

BARBI

Where?

STRANNIX

Isn't she wonderful? Very thoughtful. Just two years ago she was a struggling actress. Miss Tynne, shoot him wherever you want. Lady's choice.

Suddenly, a HUGE EXPLOSION ROCKS THE SHIP.

Everyone assumes that it's Ryback's bomb and looks under them, or toward the gun turrets. Except Ryback.

Ryback grabs Strannix's hand and forces the gun away. As a second EXPLOSION knocks everyone to the floor, Ryback rips the gun from Strannix's fingers.

The explosion is actually coming from the stern, but everyone is unnerved enough to give Ryback some crucial seconds.

Strannix gets elbowed in the head. Ryback jumps to his feet.

Ryback SHOOTS a commando raising a Sterling. Continuous FIRE from his pistol kill two more commandoes.

Barker grabs the Sterling and opens FIRE. Three more go down.

Ryback turns for Strannix. Strannix kicks Ryback in the stomach. Right in his wound. Ryback buckles. Strannix runs.

Barker FIRES WILDLY from a sitting position at anything that moves, hitting commandoes right and left.

Barbi sits up and aims for Ryback. Ryback spots her and FIRES first. Hits her in the chest. FIRES again. Shoots her through the head.

Strannix has made it to cover.

Ryback grabs a Sterling and FIRES in the direction Strannix left. It's too late, he's gone.

Barker has taken care of the rest. Things are quiet but for the flames burning uncontrollably on the stern.

BARKER

What was that? Did you really set a bomb?

RYBACK

No, that was the boiler room. The fire must have spread to it. They'll lose the other engine room soon. In twenty minutes this thing will be under water.

BARKER

I can't move my legs.

RYBACK

Sure you can. Come on.

Ryback grabs weapons right and left and then grabs Barker. He helps him to his feet. They limp off toward the superstructure.

INT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

Strannix hurries into the bridge. Takes a breath. Relaxes. Twidget runs up to him.

TWIDGET

The boiler room went. We're losing power. I had to shut off the engines. The whole ship's going up. We're just drifting forward on our momentum.

STRANNIX

The sub? Where's the sub?!

Twidget points at a light ahead.

TWIDGET

There. I radioed it that we were in trouble. It's steaming to us.

Strannix laughs.

STRANNIX

Then we're fine. Fine. What a worrier you are..

TWIDGET

The ship is burning up!

STRANNIX

So what? We don't need it anymore. Get everyone who isn't dead to the missile deck with all the guns we have left. Betty Crocker is still running around.

TWIDGET

That's not all, there's a squadron of jets coming. They'll be here in an hour.

STRANNIX

But we'll be gone by then, won't we? Come on. Cheer up! We're going to be rich! I promised you ten million. Make it ten and a half!

SEA

The *Sealion*, an amphibious transport submarine, steams toward the burning *New Jersey*. Its diesel engines blacken the sky.

INT. LIFE BOAT - NIGHT

Ryback loads the fading Barker into a life boat. The life boats on the *New Jersey* are big, motorized with a covered cabin. He drags Barker into the back of the cabin. He hands him a Sterling and a pistol.

BARKER

I want to come with you. I'm feeling better now. I might be able to walk.

Ryback pulls the first aid kit and hands it to him.

RYBACK

Right. Here's a first aid kit, use it. See that lever there? Hit that and it drops the boat. Do it at the first sign of trouble. I'd put you in the water now but they might spot you. You have to go before this ship goes down. Don't wait for me. Okay? Someone comes aboard, shoot them and drop the lever. Got it?

BARKER

I'm coming with you. I can help..

RYBACK

Look, this is my problem. I should have shot that asshole in the head instead of the stomach. Now I've got to do it right. This is a grudge match.

Ryback sorts through weapons. Makes some picks. Two grenades in back pockets. Two pistols, one silenced in holster, one in back of pants. Thompson with two spare mags in front pockets.

He searches through the life raft's survival kits. He finds a K-bar knife and sheath. Straps it on his belt.

BARKER

When you kill them, give them an extra hit for me. Okay?

RYBACK

I will.

Ryback starts to exit.

BARKER

I'll wait for you.

RYBACK

Don't fucking wait for me. Someone has to live long enough to tell my folks I was a hero.

He exits.

MISSILE DECK

Strannix's MEN are everywhere. Everywhere. Ready. There are at least fifty left armed with machine guns ready to fight an approaching army. And they seem to expect it.

Most of them surround the ten missiles which are cased in boxes, lined up in a neat row.

Some man the ship's starboard crane.

Others patrol the surrounding decks.

Strannix himself seems a trifle nervous. He has a Sterling handy and a new pistol in his holster.

A fire glows on the stern. Occasionally, small tremors indicate another compartment is catching fire.

MAIN DECK

On the starboard side, a COMMANDO with a machine gun hides in the shadows, scanning the bow for the first sign of trouble.

Silently, the bulkhead behind him moves and takes shape. It's Ryback. His knife comes out, circles around to the Commando's throat...

FORWARD GUN TURRET

Ryback quietly opens the hatch and slips inside.

SEA

The *Sealion* pulls along side the *New Jersey* and lines are thrown to it. A crew stands on its deck to catch and secure the lines. Capstans draw the sub right against the *New Jersey's* hull.

The cargo doors open. The crane on the *New Jersey* swings out with the first cruise missile.

They lower it inside.

INT. TURRET - NIGHT

Ryback assembles a bomb. The room has several fifty pound silk sacks of gunpowder, left over from firing on the *Rush*. He fills a plastic map case with spare bullets and gun powder.

RYBACK

Didn't believe me, you jerk.. I taught Williams everything he knew about bombs..

Ryback cuts a hole in the top of the case and inserts a grenade to use as the firing mechanism. Crude, but effective.

He piles the remaining gunpowder tightly underneath an explosive shell, which lies on a conveyer belt that can load it into the cannon.

He fashions a fuse from a long cloth saturated with gun powder. He wets it with his mouth to slow the fuse. Spits out sulfur. He lays it across the deck and inserts one end into a pile of gun powder next to the bags.

He picks up his map case bomb, lights the fuse leading to the gun powder and runs out. He shuts the hatch tightly behind him.

The fuse burns.

MISSILE DECK

Strannix watches as another missile is loaded into the Sealion. Six left. He glances around uneasily. Turns to Twidget.

STRANNIX

Everything seems to be under control.
I'm going to wait on the sub.

He starts across the deck toward it.

COMMANDO (O.S.)

I found a body! Brown's throat was cut!

Several men run in the direction of the shouting commando.

Strannix keeps going toward the sub.

WEATHER DECK

A commando turns toward the shouting. A silent bullet hits him in the back of the head.

Ryback strides past, pistol in one hand, bomb in the other. He moves confidently through the shadows, as if he was invisible.

He shoots another guard in the head.

MAIN DECK

Most of the activity is on the decks above, where the cranes lift the missiles. Several men stand near the mooring lines.

Suddenly another massive EXPLOSION rocks the ship. This seems to be the biggest one yet.

TURRET

The turret blows apart. Which isn't to say into little pieces since it is a steel giant. Instead, the cannon barrels rock loose, smoke bursts out every crevice, and the ship shakes horribly. The explosion rips through the decks below.

MISSILE DECK

Strannix reaches a ladder as the ship shakes. Chaos breaks out. The ship burns from bow to stern.

Strannix shouts to his men.

STRANNIX

Stay calm! It's a diversion. Protect
the missiles!

MAIN DECK

As the ship shakes and men scurry around searching for the enemy, Ryback casually slides down a ladder right into the heart of the commandoes. While Strannix's men look outward, he's already inside them.

He strides toward the railing. A missile is swinging out toward the sub. The men on the mooring lines turn and are blown away by Ryback's silent pistol.

He empties the pistol into them. Drops it. He pulls the pin on the grenade bomb and tosses it into the cargo hold of the sub. It lands inside just as the new missile is swung out.

The cargo hold of the sub EXPLODES. The force of the explosion knocks the missile loose and it falls into the sea. Flames leap from inside the sub.

Ryback runs like hell.

RYBACK

How's that for a fucking bomb!

He pulls the Thompson around from his back and opens fire. There's no need for stealth now.

Bullets roar from this gun and blast into commandoes all over the deck. They return the fire in the wrong directions.

The flames in the cargo hold ignite the rocket fuel in the loaded missiles. A NEW EXPLOSION guts the insides of the sub, shattering it's hull. It begins to sink.

MISSILE DECK

Strannix's face falls as he spots the sub burning. Men jump from its decks. Gun fire erupts everywhere. In this one instant he knows everything is lost. Nothing matters now. The ship is burning around him and the sub is gone. There is no way to save the missiles.

Twidget runs up and sees the same bleak scenario.

TWIDGET

The life boats! We've got to the get to the life boats!

STRANNIX

No life boats. They'll just pick us up anyway. We have to find him. We've got to kill him. That's all that matters.

TWIDGET

It doesn't matter now! We've lost! It's all over. We've got to save ourselves.

Twidget yells to another Commando.

TWIDGET

The life boats! Lower the life..

Strannix shoots Twidget in the back. Twidget falls. The Commando looks at Strannix like he's lost his mind, maybe he has.

STRANNIX

Find him! Kill him! No one leaves the ship!

The Commando doesn't agree, as doubt flashes over his face, Strannix shoots him through the skull.

SEALION

More explosions rip through the sinking *Sealion*.

NEW JERSEY

Flames are rapidly consuming the ship.

Strannix's men are completely lost. They have no clear goal. Some run for life rafts. Some search in vain for the army that seems to be attacking from all sides.

MAIN DECK

Those that actually encounter Ryback are quickly killed. His Thompson spews out death in every direction.

His magazine empties and he tosses a grenade into an oncoming group. The EXPLOSION sends them flying into the bulkhead.

A new magazine is popped in and he continues BLASTING.

NEW JERSEY

The ship is clearly sinking. The bow rises and the stern is dropping rapidly. Water flooding onto the stern steams as it touches the hot iron decks.

Strannix's men abandon ship. Life boats are dropping. Rubber rafts are inflating. Some men just jump into the water.

SEALION

The *Sealion* has been slowly sinking, but at a certain moment the cargo bay lowers to the water line and it is rapidly flooded. In a second it goes down. Fast. Like a stone.

The wake it leaves is strong enough to rock the *New Jersey*.

MISSILE DECK

Strannix stands on the deck. He has a new goal. He blasts down with the *Sterling* at his own men as they jump ship.

He blast holes into the rubber rafts, sinking them. He shoots up the couple of life boats that have hit the water.

STRANNIX

No one leaves! No one escapes.

INT. LIFE BOAT - NIGHT

Things are somewhat quieter on the port side. Several men climb into the lifeboat where Barker is finishing bandaging his legs.

As they enter the darkened cabin, Barker takes aim at them with a *Sterling*.

COMMANDO

(to each other)

Where's the lever to lower this thing?

BARKER

Right here.

Barker fires and quickly guns them down.

He struggles to his feet and crosses out of the cabin.

EXT. LIFE BOAT - NIGHT

Barker limps to the edge of the life boat and spots some more of Strannix's men preparing to jump ship. They are easy targets. He FIRES.

MISSILE DECK

Strannix finishes off his magazine, pulls it and finds he doesn't have another. He tosses the machine gun away and fires off a couple shots from his pistol. Clean shots that kill two men in the water.

He climbs down the ladder.

MAIN DECK

Ryback has run out of ammunition for the Thompson. He's down to his last pistol, but there aren't any targets left. He slips into the shadows and makes a quick patrol. There's only one person left that he wants to find..

NEW JERSEY

Flames fill every compartment in the superstructure. The ship is tilting to the starboard side and the stern is sinking.

MIDSHIPS

Strannix crosses the large open deck. In his eyes glow the flames of the burning superstructure. His pistol hunts out a target.

RYBACK (O.S.)

Drop it.

Strannix freezes. He drops the pistol. He turns.

Ryback appears from the shadows a few feet behind him. Pistol aimed to kill.

STRANNIX

Come on, Ryback, no prisoners. Didn't I teach you anything?

Strannix slowly reaches into his shirt and draws out a K-bar knife.

STRANNIX

You've already shot me once before. It would be redundant to do it again.

Strannix raises out his knife. It glints invitingly in the flames.

STRANNIX

Come on. Man to man. Bullets are effective, but unsatisfying. You want to enjoy this don't you? After all these years. You want to savor it..

Strannix backs away and circles him, like a fencer preparing for a duel. Ryback keeps his pistol on target.

STRANNIX

Or are you afraid? I understand if you are. You do have that stomach wound. Maybe you're not up to it. But hurry and decide. I'd hate to get started and not have time to finish..

Another explosion rocks the ship. Ryback tosses his gun away. He draws his knife. He grips it firmly and begins to approach.

STRANNIX

That's it.

Strannix reaches into his back pocket with his left hand and draws a .38 snub nose. He shoots Ryback in the shoulder.

STRANNIX

Opps! I have another gun. It seemed silly to carry it all night and have it go to waste.

Ryback grabs at his fresh wound.

STRANNIX

I bet you're feeling like an idiot right now. Taken advantage of. Have I betrayed your trust? I mean, I was being honest. I do want a knife fight. I just want to make sure I win. What do you think? Are the odds enough in my favor now, or should I give you another shot?

RYBACK

I don't need another.

STRANNIX

It's no trouble, really. I've got four more. I'm a good shot.

RYBACK

(gritting his teeth
through the pain)

One's plenty.

Strannix shoots him again. In the leg.

STRANNIX

I'm sorry. I'm just cautious to a fault. Now we can get started.

He tosses the gun away and goes for him with his knife.

Ryback is a mess but somehow finds the strength to fight.

Strannix's blade stabs toward him and Ryback dodges it.

Ryback's blade swings around and Strannix grabs his wrist.

Ryback grabs Strannix's wrist with his free hand and the two struggle to bring their blades into each other's throats.

It's a test of raw arm strength and Ryback begins to win. His knife point touches Strannix's throat and draws blood.

Strannix knees Ryback in the gut. In the wound. Ryback yelps and Strannix breaks free of his grip.

Strannix's knife swings out and rips in.

Ryback leaps back, he has no time to do anything except fall backwards.

Strannix steps forward. Ryback throws himself backward, crawling away, trying to get enough distance to get to his feet. But his leg is giving out. He is helped slightly by the growing slope of the deck.

Strannix is playing with him. Stalking him like a snail to be stepped on.

Ryback finds himself in a couple inches of water. The deck is overflowing. The ship is going down.

Ryback buckles and springs, leaping at Strannix, knife out.

Strannix sees him coming a mile away. He kicks Ryback cleanly in the face.

Ryback hits the deck. He only has one last chance. He throws his knife.

It flips through the air gracefully.

It misses.

Strannix looks at him. Disappointed.

STRANNIX

I guess two shots were too many. I
always over do things, don't I?

Strannix steps toward him. Water is above their ankles.

STRANNIX

I hate to end this. After you're gone
there isn't going to be much left to
entertain me...

Strannix thrusts his blade down on Ryback. Ryback just barely catches Strannix's wrist. The blade inches closer.

Ryback uses both hands to keep it off. But he's losing strength. As Strannix pushes it in he punches Ryback in the gut with his free hand. He punches him again.

Water is rising around them more quickly. It is waist high now. Strannix keeps pushing his blade in.

STRANNIX

Bet that salt water hurts.

The blade is inches away from Ryback's face.

Suddenly, Ryback stops fighting it. He shifts slightly, and Strannix's knife whips down, just barely missing. Strannix loses his balance and goes down with it. Into the water.

Ryback is on top of him. He pushes Strannix's head into the water and keeps it down. He gets Strannix's arm twisted behind his back. Strannix thrashes around, trying to free himself, but Ryback practically crawls onto his back to pin him down.

Chances are, that would be it for Strannix, except that this part of deck is now exposed to the open sea. A wave crashes through the railing and sends them both flying toward the bulkhead.

Ryback catches onto a ladder leading to the deck above. He holds on as the wave washes back.

He climbs the ladder.

Strannix manages to get to his feet. Somehow he still has the knife. He throws it at the fleeing Ryback.

The knife hits Ryback in the back. A shallow hit, the ribs slowed it, but deep enough to hold the blade.

Ryback shakes with pain. He can hardly hold on. He reaches back and pulls the knife.

Strannix is on him. He pulls Ryback from the ladder.

Ryback falls back, spins, jabs out with the blade and hits Strannix square in the chest.

They both fall into the water. Blood spreads through it. Ryback holds onto Strannix and keeps pushing the blade in deeper, deeper. Strannix starts to scream. Ryback pulls the blade through his chest, cutting through ribs, trying to slice him completely in half.

Strannix is gone. His eyes start to unfocus. Waves flood the deck.

RYBACK

You were right, Strannix. This is more satisfying.

Strannix dies. Ryback pulls the blade.

Strannix's body floats down the deck and tangles into the railing.

Ryback now has a new problem. One just about as serious as the last. How to stop from drowning.

He lets himself be washed to the railing and uses it to drag himself up toward the bow, where the water is shallow.

He can barely walk. He makes it up the deck. The tilt of the ship makes it seem like climbing a hill.

He has to make it all the way around the bow and back down to the port side. It doesn't look good.

EXT. LIFE BOAT - NIGHT

Barker is still in the life boat. Waiting. His legs are still pretty bad so there isn't anywhere he can go.

The ship is tilted toward the starboard side, but at the rate it's sinking, it won't be long before the life boat will be afloat whether he lowers it or not.

He looks at the superstructure. The ship is completely consumed with flames. It's too late for Ryback.

Barker hits the lever. The electric supports swing the boat out over the deck. Another button will lower it.

RYBACK

What?! You aren't going to wait for me?!

Ryback limps down the deck to him.

BARKER

Ryback!

RYBACK

I'm gone fifteen fucking minutes and you won't wait for me.

Ryback climbs into the boat.

RYBACK

Let's go! Let's go.

Barker hits the button and the boat drops into the waters.

SEA

Ryback and Barker cut the boat loose.

Ryback frantically tries to get the motor running. It turns over but won't start.

RYBACK

God damn it! God damn it!

The boat drifts away from the burning dreadnought.

BARKER

Relax. It's okay. We're safe now.

RYBACK

Safe as a cockroach in a toilet bowl. At some point there's going to be more water in that thing than air and then it's going to sink like the iron it is. And when it does, the suction's going to take everything in a hundred yards down with it.

Barker grabs an oar and starts to paddle.

RYBACK

You can't...

He fights with the engine.

BARKER

Don't flood it!

RYBACK

I won't...

It turns over. Ryback guns it.

The life boat roars away.

NEW JERSEY

As the little boat escapes, the giant ship continues to burn and sink.

Suddenly the bow leaps up. The stern whips down. Like an iron missile aimed at the bottom of the sea, it drops and disappears.

LIFE BOAT

Ryback and Barker are speeding away. They hear the gush of the ship going under. The life boat momentarily rocks, but it is safe.

They both breath easier.

They both slide to the deck, exhausted. Ryback looks at Barker. Barker looks at Ryback.

RYBACK

Jez, you're a mess.

BARKER

You don't look so great yourself.

A squadron of Jets fly overhead.

BARKER

Some help they were.

RYBACK

What do you want to bet they fly back and say, "Yeah, we sunk it. Sure. We sunk it right down." And they'll probably get our fucking medals.

BARKER

Maybe we should signal to them.

RYBACK

I'm too tired.

He slumps back and closes his eyes. Barker does the same.

EXT. SEA - MORNING

The life boats drifts.

VOICE

Ahoy, life boat! Life boat?

Ryback and Barker stir. They look up.

The *Rush*, busted up, burnt, but still afloat comes along side them. It tugs along slowly using its bow thrusters.

A sailor calls down to them from the bow.

SAILOR

Do you need help?

RYBACK

Help? Well, maybe some food, surgery, and a manicure.

INT. PASSAGE WAY - MORNING

Grey follows a sailor though a slightly charred passageway.

SAILOR

The boat's definitely from the *New Jersey*. They claim to be the only surviving crew members. They're suffering from serious wounds and I think they're delirious. They say they single handedly... sunk the ship.

Grey looks at the sailor sideways.

GREY

Maybe they did.

EXT. QUARTERDECK OF *RUSH* - MORNING

Grey comes out and sees Ryback and Barker sitting wrapped in blankets as a doctor looks them over. Ryback stands.

RYBACK

Girlie, is that you?

GREY

You're...

Grey and Ryback look at each other for a moment. You almost wonder if they are going to hug.

Grey smiles and salutes him.

Ryback salutes her back.

FADE OUT.

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