

LAST RESORT

"Captain"

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LAST RESORT

CHARACTERS

CAPTAIN MARCUS CHAPLIN (50s) - In command of the Ohio-class nuclear missile submarine the U.S.S. Nevada. A veteran of real combat, a leader by nature. Nerves of steel. A patriot, but will not follow any man blindly.

XO SAM KENDAL (30s) - Second-in-command of the Nevada. Married to Christine, who waits for him back home in Maryland. Moral. Sees all sides.

LIEUTENANT GRACE SHEPARD (20s) - New to the sub and to command positions. Grew up as a family friend of Chaplin's through her Admiral father. Gutsy, a battler.

SEAL OFFICER JAMES KING (30s) - Longtime Navy SEAL. A lethal killer. Ex-wife, ex-children, ex-life. No ties back home.

SONAR OPERATOR CAMERON PITTS (20s) - Right hand man to Sam. Ambitious. Competent. Electronic genius. The eyes and ears of the Nevada.

SEAMAN JOSH BRANNAN (20s) - Detroit city-kid. A whiz with engines from working old cars with his dad since he was young. Social, a bit gullible. A fiancée back home.

MASTER CHIEF JOSEPH PROSSER (50s) - The rusty nail that holds the boat together. In charge of all the enlisted men. Principled. Believes in duty, honor, and the chain of command.

PILAR CORTEZ (20s) - Unofficial leader of the nine enlisted female sailors on the boat. Tough and salty, has paid her dues. One of the guys.

SOPHIE GIRARD (30s) - European scientist in charge of the NATO listening array on the island of Sainte Marina. Brilliant, a good heart. Empathetic.

MAYOR JULIAN SERRAT (50s) - Unelected ruler of all things underground in the port city, Soubourg. Cunning, ruthless, a dangerous friend, a more dangerous enemy.

TANI TUMRENJACK (20s) - A native of Soubourg. A mixture of intelligence and naivete. Inherited a local bar, but has ambitions beyond the shores of Sainte Marina. Daughter of elder tribesman.

SIDO (11) - A local island boy with boundless enthusiasm, an infectious smile and surprising intel.

ADMIRAL ARTHUR SHEPARD (60) - The old warhorse now working in the Pentagon. Friend and mentor to Chaplin. An excellent moral compass to go with the guts of a burglar.

KYLIE SINCLAIR (mid-late 20s) - A well-educated, charming lobbyist for her family's weapons manufacturing company. Contacts all over D.C. Very ambitious. Looks out for herself.

CHRISTINE KENDAL (30s) - Sam's dutiful wife whose patience for his return is growing thin. She has plans for their life. Plans that need to start soon.

ACT ONE**EXT. BAY OF BENGAL - NIGHT**

A small inflatable PONTOON BOAT races out to sea, receding from the Pakistani coastline. The sun's last rays angle over rolling ocean. This boat is way too small to be this far out.

EXT. PONTOON BOAT - CONTINUOUS

SIX NAVY SEALS are in the small boat. Full camo, smudged faces. **SEAL JAMES KING**, 30s, scans the horizon, as another SEAL tears open a gauze pack, presses it down on **SEAL BARRY HOPPER**, two rounds in his chest. A third SEAL snaps a needle open, jams it into Hopper's arm.

SEAL WARRANT OFFICER GIL LANGSTON, 40s, is on the radio.

LANGSTON

Hospitality, this is Tango Five. We are at the rendezvous. Over.

(static...)

Hospitality. This is Tango Five. Do you read?

He shares a look with King. Not good. The small boat comes to a stop in the middle of nowhere.

A beat... Then the ENORMOUS FORM of the Nuclear Ballistic Missile Submarine U.S.S. NEVADA surfaces, directly under the small boat! SEALS leap onto the deck, securing the boat.

INT. NEVADA - CONN

We drop into the brain-center of the sub. A well-oiled machine in the middle of a combat operation.

FIRST OFFICER (XO) SAM KENDAL, 30s, coordinates the operation. Knows every sailor, every officer, by name and family history. The beating heart of the boat.

SAM

Helm, ready for dive. We're not going to be here long.

(grabbing a mic)

Master Chief, get those men onboard.

SONAR OPERATOR CAMERON PITTS works his scopes, calls out:

CAMERON

I have multiple contacts. Five...

Six... Make that eight... nine.

Something big outside the lane, working on ident.

CAPTAIN MARCUS CHAPLIN, 50s, pulls away from the periscope. A leader by nature, not effort. Wise eyes, tough skin of a veteran of many tours. Seldom, if ever, raises his voice.

MARCUS

Thank you, Sonar. Gentlemen, we have just surfaced in the middle of a highway. Lemme know if anything acts pissy. Lieutenant Shepard, I need three good ways outta here.

LIEUTENANT GRACE SHEPARD, mid-20s, looks up from charts. The tight professionalism of someone with something to prove. Hair pulled back. Voice crisp and sure.

GRACE

Aye-aye, sir. Where to?

The captain looks at her. Not a look you want to get.

SAM

Just three evasives, Lieutenant. We'll worry about where later.

Grace gets to work, burning. A VOICE crackles over the Comm.

PROSSER (V.O.)

Conn, I'm at the hatch. We got six men coming onboard. One's pretty shot up. Three are in, other two are moving the wounded man down.

MARCUS

(into mic, calm)
Get them inside, Jack. We're leaving in sixty seconds.

CAMERON

Sir! Big boy at sea is a Paki Zulfiguar class frigate, turning on our position.

Marcus and Sam share a look. This just got interesting...

PROSSER (V.O.)

Conn, Hatch. They're in.

GRACE

Sir, all hatches secure. We're airtight.

SAM

Dive the boat, Lieutenant.

GRACE

Diving the boat. Blow all tanks. All ahead one half, angle twenty degrees, come to two-seven-five.

The crew instinctively holds on as the boat HUMS WITH POWER and angles downwards. Marcus takes in his people, then...

MARCUS
Grace, you have the Conn. Sam,
you're with me.

Grace STARES. Really? With a warship bearing down?

GRACE
Sir...?

MARCUS
Relax. We're not actually at war.
(pointing up)
Just make him realize how incredibly
dead he'd be if we were...

INT. NEVADA - CORRIDORS

Marcus and Sam make their way through the boat, moving quickly with a familiarity born of years onboard. It's enormous. 200 yards long, three stories tall. They move through two compartments, drop down a ladder.

They find a soaking wet **MASTER CHIEF JACK PROSSER**, 50s, with a few other soaked **CREWMEN**. Beyond them, the **SEAL TEAM**.

PROSSER
(low, private)
Careful with these boys, they're
wound tight.

Prosser nods towards **JAMES KING** who sits apart, hands covered in blood. The rest of the **SEALS** are in the sub's small **MEDICAL QUARTERS**, the ship's **MEDIC** working on Hopper.

Prosser heads back to his men. Langston comes out, sees Marcus and Sam, puts out a hand. Two leaders, greeting.

LANGSTON
Gil Langston, Captain. Thanks for
the pickup.

MARCUS
Any time. How's your man?

LANGSTON
Been better. Needs a hospital.

MARCUS
We're headed towards the Eisenhower
group to test out a new piece of
equipment. Five hours, we'll be in
range of her choppers.

Sam's eyes play over the **SEALS**. They're too tense...

SAM
Some serious heat came after you.
Anything we should know?

Langston stares at Sam. Then to the Captain:

LANGSTON
Once again, Captain. Thanks for the
pick-up.

He returns to his guys. Marcus heads away. Sam follows.

MARCUS
Had to ask, didn't you?

SAM
I could take him.

Marcus smiles, reaches a Comm, keys it.

MARCUS
Conn, this is the Captain. What's
our status?

GRACE'S VOICE
All clear, sir. We left him
circling the zone.

MARCUS
Nice work. Clear General Quarters.

EXT. UNDERWATER - DAY

The Nevada glides through the depths.

INT. NEVADA

Sam makes his way through the boat, doing his rounds. He comes across **SEAMAN JOSH BRANNAN**, 22. Innocent and guileless. Detroit hip-hop plays on a tiny iPod speaker across from a black sailor, **JONES**, 22.

JOSH
-- No, see, he's like bum-bum, be-
bum be-bum-be-bum-bum. It's a
feeling, it's not intellectual.
You're from Arizona -- and I'm not
even being offensive, I got a cousin
from Tucson -- but it means you have
no idea what he's doing. You think
it's all just "ho" this and "bitch"
that.

They see Sam, come to a relaxed attention, salute.

SAM
You two still at this?

JONES

XO, please inform the seaman that just because he's from Detroit, does not mean he can appreciate the artistry of Jay-Z better than a brother from Arizona.

JOSH

Not just Detroit. Half mile south of 8-Mile. Seen the movie?

JONES

XO, permission to shoot Seaman Brennan in the head.

SAM

Permission granted. Josh, we got company. Go feed the seals.

JOSH

Really? I mean, yes sir!

Josh takes off, too eager. Sam sees two female crew members notice him, try to duck away.

SAM

Cortez! Reynolds! Don't make me chase you down.

INT. NEVADA - WOMEN'S RACK - MOMENTS LATER

Sam goes in first. **PILAR CORTEZ**, 20s, follows him in, pissed off. She's tough and salty, wears attitude on her sleeve. The second woman, **REYNOLDS**, also comes in.

SAM

(checking his watch, rote)
14:00 hours, Day 56 of the tour.
This is a meeting to allow you to inform me if any member of the crew has acted towards you in a manner offensive to yourself or to the other female members of your rack or in a manner contrary to the rules and regulations of Navy policy.

Cortez starts to LAUGH, can't stop herself.

CORTEZ

How you supposed to do sensitivity duty, you all talking about "racks"?

SAM

Just answer the question, Cortez.

CORTEZ

No one has offended, bothered,
copped a feel, or otherwise molested
any member of my rack. Love these
weekly chats though.

Sam nods, makes a note, starts on his way...

SAM

Welcome to the Navy, sailor.

INT. NEVADA - CORRIDOR

Two SEAMEN run over a maintenance checklist.

LAWRENCE

... Closest thing to an actual
engagement we'll probably ever see
and he gives her the Conn. Just
hands it over. Here you go,
sweetheart, you have fun with that.

STERN

Nice being an Admiral's kid. "Oh,
Captain, are you really gonna let me
drive the boat?"

Stern cracks himself up. Lawrence sees something over his
shoulder, pointedly turns back to work.

Grace stands in a doorway, no way to know how much she heard.
The two men tuck tail and vanish, passing by Sam coming the
other way. Grace nods to Sam, not wanting any of it to read.

GRACE

XO. Captain wants to see you in his
quarters, when you're done.

She turns and leaves before he can reply. Sam eyes her.

INT. NEVADA - CONN

Sam comes in. The OFFICER OF THE WATCH sees him.

OFFICER OF THE WATCH

XO on the Conn!

Sam catches PROSSER's eye, motions him to the side.

SAM

(under his voice)

Two of your guys. Lawrence and
Stern. They're busting Grace's
balls.

PROSSER

Wasn't aware of the presence of
those, sir.

Sam gives him a look. Really? Prosser smiles.

PROSSER (CONT'D)
Consider it taken care of.

CAMERON
XO. Can I show you something?

Sam moves over to the Sonar station. Cameron's got every sonar contact up on his board. There's some 20+.

CAMERON (CONT'D)
This is the Eisenhower group. We're on intercept, but the whole group's changed course this way...
(indicates)
This is the Washington group, supposed to be headed due East, but they've also turned. And I think this... is the Virginia.

SAM
You can track the Virginia?

CAMERON
She got bumped taking on cargo near Perth three weeks ago. Ever since, she's been making this... I don't know. It's like a burp.
(points to a grid)
I know we're not technically at war, but what does that look like to you?

INT. NEVADA - CREW TERMINAL ROOM

Six small computers line the walls of this compartment. A crew member rises and Grace slides into their spot, puts on headphones. There's a "familygram" message waiting for her.

The image of a stately older man, **ARTHUR SHEPARD**, 60s, fills the monitor. He's uncomfortable with the medium.

SHEPARD
Hi, Grace. It's your father. Of course. Your aunt Judy says hello, so do the cousins.
(long beat)
Paul's boy, Charlie Conrad, you remember him? He's done two tours. They're giving him the Bronze Star. Boy's a born soldier.

Grace blinks. Her father can't help it, but it stings.

SHEPARD (CONT'D)
Of course, everyone's really proud of what you're doing, too. I know your mother would have been. I'll see you when you come in on the --

VIDEO BLANKS briefly with a note: "Redacted by U.S. Navy".

SHEPARD (CONT'D)
-- Good-bye. I love you, sweetheart.

"END MESSAGE." Grace... exhales, tosses down her headphones, turns to leave. Finds herself face to face with Prosser.

GRACE
Master Chief.

PROSSER
Listen, Grace... Lawrence and Stern, they'll be pulling latrine duty for a week. I just hope you understand, it's not about you being a woman.

GRACE
I just haven't earned their respect.

Prosser shrugs... nods.

GRACE (CONT'D)
Two weeks latrine duty. For both of them. And Master Chief... you address me by my rank, or "Ma'am."
Not my first name.

Grace leaves. Prosser burns, doesn't like answering to her.

INT. NEVADA - WEAPONS ROOM

The SEALs have bunked down between the 20-foot torpedoes. Josh comes in, wowed, sees one of their weapons, SMILES.

JOSH
Oh, man. That's an M4A1. You all have one of those? You know, after this tour, I was thinking about putting in for SEAL training --

LANGSTON comes in from the exterior hall.

JOSH (CONT'D)
Evening, sir. Josh Brannan, I'll be your waiter for this evening. We got...
(reading)
... Turkey meatloaf. Pasta. Some other kind of pasta.

LANGSTON
Just get us five of anything. Okay?

JOSH
Yeah, of course. Right away.

Josh exits, stung. Langston looks at James who's staring off.

LANGSTON

Their Medic's good. We'll see.
James...

(James looks up, unreadable)
What the hell happened back there?

INT. NEVADA - CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS

The captain faces a small mirror, adjusts the collar of his uniform. His eyes play over a shelf of keepsakes.

PHOTO: a YOUNGER MARCUS with a lovely if slightly tired woman, his wife. PHOTO: The team on the Conn. Four men. Marcus, Sam, Prosser, and ANOTHER MAN we haven't met. No Grace. PHOTO: a young man, Marine Private's Uniform. Smiling on the back of an army Jeep in dusty Afghanistan.

Marcus picks up the last picture, stares at it affectionately. There's a knock on the door. Marcus doesn't look back.

MARCUS

Come in.

Sam comes in. Sees Marcus holding the photo.

SAM

How's Jeffrey doing? He get those RayBans he left at the house? Christine got them in the mail right after he deployed.

MARCUS

Yeah, he did. Thank her for that.

SAM

You have to be proud.

Marcus looks at him. Sets the picture down,

MARCUS

He says he's jealous of me, being surrounded by water. Guess there's not a lot where they are.

SAM

Cameron's been tracking the fleet. He's doing that... thing he does --

Marcus turns suddenly to a small monitor in his cabin. Punches it on. Up comes CNN BROADCAST NEWS.

MARCUS

This is the latest grab from when we hit surface.

ON THE MONITOR: Stern-faced politicians leave the Capitol while reporters SHOUT questions. "HOUSE INITIATES IMPEACHMENT PROCEDURES AGAINST BOLTON."

NEWSCASTER VOICE

"... President Bolton vowed today to fight impeachment charges. Congress and the President have been in a wrestling match ever since Bolton's unpopular decision to oust Chairman of the Joint Chiefs, General Gerald Crane."

MARCUS

Crane taught me elementary strategy at NAS Pensacola. Good man, straight shooter. A trait that seems to be a fireable offense in this administration.

Marcus pulls a bottle of Maker's Mark, pours two glasses.

ON THE MONITOR: Congressmen YELL at podiums. The photos of well-decorated GENERALS superimposed.

NEWSCASTER VOICE

"In the light of the Crane firing, three other high-ranking Generals have resigned their posts --"

Marcus MUTES the feed. Hands Sam a glass. They drink.

MARCUS

Ronald Reagan fires all the air traffic controllers. And his guys come to him and they say "Mr. President, why did you go and do such a thing. Everyone's going to think you're crazy." And Reagan smiles, and he points out the window of the Oval Office, towards Russia. And he says "That's right. That is exactly what I need that bastard to think."

Marcus finishes off his drink. To Sam's surprise, he pours himself another.

SAM

What are we celebrating?

MARCUS

He's talking about Brezhnev, half a world away. Everyone knew Brezhnev was crazy. Hell, he invaded Afghanistan. The problem was, nobody knew if Reagan was crazy. And if there's one absolute truth to being the man with your finger on the button that's it. They have to think you're crazy.

(beat)

Here's to being 500 feet under, and half a world away from it all.

They drink. Marcus reaches into Sam's breast pocket, and pulls out a PHOTO. He places it on the table. It's of a BEAUTIFUL WOMAN on a resort balcony, smiling warmly.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Will Frears is looking for a second at Naval Command, Virginia. I recommended you. You can take a week with Christine once we get back, then make the move.

Sam just stares at Marcus, who looks into his drink.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Whatever you think you owe me, Sam, you've paid a hundred times over. You have a woman waiting for you. How long do you think she's going to wait? You don't owe me, or this ocean anything more. Go home. Take a desk. Start a family.

Sam stares forward, stunned and moved. Marcus claps him on the shoulder, then leaves the room.

EXT. ISLAND OF SAINTE MARINA - DAY

Camera pans over this gorgeous South Pacific island and its port city, SOUBOURG. Poor and weathered, but right out of a Jimmy Buffet song.

CAMERA ARRIVES AT --

A brand new chain-link fence GATE with a sign: "**PROPERTY OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC TREATY ORGANIZATION.**" Two ARMED SOLDIERS at the gate, a set of GIANT SATELLITE DISHES...

INT. EARLY WARNING STATION - DAY

The high-tech screens and monitors of a NATO LISTENING STATION. Everything in here is designed to track missiles, planes, boats, and submarines. A BIG BOARD in the center shows the entire Hemisphere, centered on the South Pacific.

Right now **SOPHIE GIRARD**, 30s, is on the phone. This place is her baby. At two other stations two TECHS: A German woman, **FRANKA**, 26, and whip-smart **NIGEL**, 29, British.

SOPHIE

... No, I'm bothering you because we're tracking over two dozen US Navy vessels that have changed course the last few hours into the Indian Ocean... I understand, but NATO regulations demand that you notify us of any military exercises... Fine. Yes. Thank you.

She hangs up the phone, looks at her co-workers, miffed.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
 "This isn't a drill. Everything is normal." You believe that?

Sophie stares intensely at the monitors, bothered.

NIGEL
 Don't forget, these Yanks are the same unreliable bastards who stole their independence by firing from behind trees rather than queuing up in a straight line to get killed like true gentlemen.

Franka tries to push Sophie towards the door.

FRANKA
 Go, go. It's your birthday, Sophie. Mark has made one of his amazing dinners... He's waiting on his boat... Life is perfect and nothing here is going to change that.

Sophie smiles, considering it, but sits down at her monitor--

SOPHIE
 Not yet.

INT. NEVADA - CONN - DAY

Marcus comes onto the Conn.

MARCUS
 I have the Conn.

OFFICER OF THE WATCH
 Aye-aye, captain has the Conn.

Marcus meets eyes with Prosser. A sense of expectation.

MARCUS
 Lieutenant Shepard, position report.

GRACE
 1012 clicks South West of Sri Lanka, crossing the equator in...
 (checking a readout)
 Crossing now sir.

Marcus nods, a subtle head move to Cameron who slots a CD. Suddenly "La Bamba" comes blaring through the ships' speakers.

INT. NEVADA - VARIOUS - CONTINUOUS

A "line crossing ceremony", a ritual as strange as it is true. Sailors dance in the halls. CORTEZ wears the trademark Ritchie Valens jacket over a wifebeater, hair slicked back.

INT. NEVADA - CONN - CONTINUOUS

A group of sailors invade the Conn, Cortez and Josh among them. Grace stares, amazed, confused. Looks to Marcus.

MARCUS

Your first time crossing the equator
on a warship, Gracie?

Cortez hands Captain Marcus her Ritchie Valens sunglasses and he puts them on. He stands on his Conn, not participating, but enjoying letting the crazy flow. Sam slips onto the Conn, watches, smiling, still emotional. He looks across the madness at his captain whose eyes are hidden by the sunglasses. The captain looks back at him... Salutes. Unnoticed in the commotion, Sam salutes back.

It's a perfect moment... The last one.

Sam's gaze is ripped away as he sees the EAM (Emergency Action Message) LIGHT FLARE. The communications operator, LT. CHRIS CAHILL, pulls a paper from a machine, scans it...

LT. CAHILL

Sir! I have an EAM Message on sub-
sonic flash traffic!

Marcus looks over. It takes even him a moment...

MARCUS

General Quarters.

Prosser slaps a button. An ALARM goes off. EVERYONE stumbles to their post. The enlisted personnel stream off the bridge. Marcus takes the order from the Comm Officer, starts to read it. Realizes he's wearing sunglasses, dumps them. Reads.

Cameron kills the music as everyone stares at Marcus.

INT. NEVADA - CORRIDOR - SECONDS LATER

Marcus, Sam, Grace, and Prosser gather together. Everything is done with practiced perfection.

MARCUS

Keys.

Marcus lifts a key from a chain around his neck as Sam does the same. Each slots his into the SAFE in the wall. Door opens. Marcus and Sam take SEALED PACKETS, rip them open. An ELECTRONIC KEY and a plastic CODE CARD slide out.

GRACE

Sir, I have a missile fire order from
D.O.D emergency Antarctic network.

SAM

Antarctica? Why are they using that?

MARCUS
Authenticate the order.

PROSSER
(reading)
Fire order. Authentication code.
Victor. Zulu. Zulu. Charlie.
Mike. Yankee. X-ray. Whiskey.
Zulu. Delta. Delta. Kilo.

MARCUS
The order is authenticated.

SAM
I concur.

PROSSER
Sweet mother of God...

The group heads to the Conn. Grace holds Sam back.

GRACE
They shouldn't be using that
network. They'd only do that if --

SAM
-- the main one was taken out by a
first strike.

The moment weighs heavily on Sam.

INT. NEVADA - CONN - CONTINUOUS

The group strides onto the Conn. Marcus grabs a mic.

MARCUS
Weapons, Conn. We have an
authenticated fire order. Spin up
missiles one through four.

SAM
(taking the Mic)
Weapons, this is the XO. I concur
with the captain.

MARCUS
Helm. Come to heading zero-two-
zero. Come to missile firing depth.

These orders are echoed back by crewmen. The sub ROLLS and
ANGLES UP. Everyone instinctively leans into the motion.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
Alright. We have four targets. Put
'em on the board.

A MAP OF TARGETS IN PAKISTAN comes up on a monitor. Two in
Islamabad, one in Karachi, and a third near Kashmir lit up.

WEAPONS OFFICER (OVER SPEAKER)
 Conn, Weapons. Targets locked into
 computer. Missiles spinning up.

Marcus keys a mic, his voice plays through the boat.

MARCUS
 Crew, this is your captain. We have
 a real fire order to put four
 nuclear weapons into Pakistan. This
 is an authenticated order. This is
 not a drill. This is what you've
 trained for. Do it right.

GRACE
 Sir, boat at firing depth. Outer
 missile bay doors open.

MARCUS
 XO. Insert your key into the firing
 station.

Sam takes his electronic key and SLOTS it into a station.
 Across the Conn, Marcus also slots his key. Lights go GREEN.

SAM
 ... Sir, the only reason they'd use
 the Emergency Antarctic network is
 if D.C Command was gone or rendered
 inoperable. Shouldn't we take a
 look?

Marcus eyeballs him, gives a nod.

SAM (CONT'D)
 Communications, roll out the
 antenna. Get us something to look
 at. Anything.

PROSSER
 Sir, we have an authenticated fire
 order. We are cleared to fire.

Marcus looks at Prosser, then at Sam. Beat. Beat.

Cahill pushes a button and MONITORS flood with NEWS PROGRAMS,
 GAME SHOWS. A blast of normal in a most un-normal situation.
 All eyes on Marcus... as he REMOVES his key.

MARCUS
 Get me D.O.D. Command.

PROSSER
 Sir! We have a missile fire order.
 If we break radio silence, we are in
 direct contradiction to procedure.

MARCUS
 Noted. Get 'em on the horn, Chris.

A moment. Cahill nods to Marcus.

A VOICE
U.S.S. Nevada Command, this is
D.O.D. Command.

MARCUS
This is Captain Marcus Chaplin,
U.S.S. Nevada. I have an
authenticated fire order through the
Antarctic secondary network.
Requesting confirmation of the order
through standard EAM network.

A VOICE
... Captain, you have an
authenticated fire order.

MARCUS
I'm aware of that. Now send it
through the proper channels.

No response. LT. CAHILL speaks up.

LT. CAHILL
Why aren't we firing? It's a direct
order, sir.

VOICE
Captain, are you refusing the order?
Are you refusing the order? Do you
read me?

MARCUS
Listen, whoever the hell you are, I
have four missiles locked on Pakistan.
I have no indication of any action we
are retaliating for. I don't have a
declaration of war and I don't see any
reason for this order to come through
a secondary channel which we all know
has far fewer safeguards and was
designed only to be used if D.C
Command was wiped out. But I'm
sitting here watching "Sixty Minutes"
so I'm not going to annihilate four-
point-three million Pakistanis without
hearing directly from someone whose
authority I recognize. So get me
someone I can talk to. Nevada, out.

Marcus clicks off the Comm. Everybody stares. Holy Shit.

INT. RESTAURANT - WASHINGTON D.C. - NIGHT

High end. Beltway types hob-nob over swanky nosh. ROBERT is
25, Harvard summa cum laude. The woman across from him
wearing the stunning low-cut dress is **KYLIE SINCLAIR**, 20s.
Saleswoman, lobbyist.

Body of a model and the personality of a prizefighter. In her element as she ferociously CRACKS into her lobster.

KYLIE

The U.S.S. Nevada. Ohio class ballistic missile submarine. 150 men on board. Actually, since last year nine enlisted women and two female officers, too. Makes its own air, power, carries twenty-four Trident II nuclear missiles, each with four 100 kiloton mervs. Which can basically...

(demonstrating with a claw)
... Wipe out anything, anywhere, anytime.

ROBERT

God I love it when you talk military hardware.

KYLIE

I know, right? I'm good. But, for the Nevada, there's a problem. Magnetism.

(he laughs)
Big sexy boat like that... has its own magnetic signature which gives it away. Except with the prototype I've put on board... no signature.

ROBERT

The navy --

KYLIE

The navy's already drooling over this thing. And tomorrow after the test, they're gonna want lots of them. That, is where your senator comes in.

ROBERT

You know, Sinclair Dynamics... Everyone thought you guys were pretty much out of the game.

KYLIE

Yeah, you're thinking of a the decade when my idiot brother ran it into the ground. It's my game now, my rules. And we are back and ready to sell you the best weapons federal appropriations can buy.

ROBERT

Okay, I'll bring it to the Senator. Now let's forget all that... and talk about you and me.

She SMILES, starts to respond, but her PHONE CHIRPS. She glances at it.

KYLIE

No no no no no....

She's out of her seat, putting on her coat...

ROBERT

You can't be serious. Is that --

He grabs at her phone, gets there just ahead of her.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

What's "472 Chaplin?" Do you have a friend sending you some fake emergency text so you can ditch me?

She takes her phone.

KYLIE

No, no... Trust me, Robert. Look at yourself. You're gorgeous. And you keep this text to yourself, I'd say you got a sixty-forty chance of taking me home next time. But right now I have to go. Sorry.

And she's gone. He stares after her, stunned.

INT. NEVADA - WEAPONS ROOM

James joins Langston who's talking with FOUR EXCITED SAILORS, including Lawrence and Stern.

STERN

-- The Captain's refusing some kind of shoot order from Command.

LANGSTON

What do you mean refusing?

LAWRENCE

Everyone's afraid to challenge him on it. He's the captain.

Langston and James exchange a look. Years of working and killing together has them in sync. They check their guns.

LANGSTON

(to sailors)

Stay here.

As Langston and James head for the Conn, locked and loaded --

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO**INT. NEVADA - CONN**

The whole crew of the Conn practically frozen in tension. No one moves. Sweat trickles down necks, isn't touched.

Comm buzzes. A SAILOR nods to Marcus who takes it.

MARCUS
Captain Marcus Chaplin.

CURRY'S VOICE
Captain, this is Deputy Secretary of State William Curry. We met about a year ago at the CSG2 event. Do you recognize my voice?

MARCUS
I do, sir. Although why isn't the Secretary of State himself --

CURRY'S VOICE
Captain Marcus Chaplin, you are relieved of your command under section 472 of the naval code. Please pass me to your first officer.

Shock radiates through the Conn. A beat. Marcus and Sam STARE at each other. Marcus holds out the mic. Sam takes it.

SAM
This is Nevada XO Sam Kendal.

CURRY'S VOICE
Lieutenant Commander Kendal. As of this moment, you are advanced to Captain of the boat. We have intelligence indicating an imminent threat on the homeland. You have an authorized fire order. Do you not?

SAM
... Affirmative.
(beat, beat)
Lieutenant Shepard. Take the firing key from Captain Marcus and insert it into the firing computer.

Grace hesitates a small beat, then goes to Captain Marcus, takes his key from him, unable to meet his eyes. She slots it in with trembling fingers. Lights go GREEN. Sam keys a mic.

SAM (CONT'D)
Weapons, Conn. What's your status?

WEAPONS OFFICER (OVER SPEAKER)
 Four missiles, spun up and locked.
 Ready to fire, sir!

Beat. Beat. Beat...

SAM
 Mr. Curry. This is acting captain,
 Sam Kendal. Request that you send
 the order via the regular EAM
 channel, sir.

Silence.

CURRY'S VOICE
 ... Okay, Captain. Stand by.

LT. CAHILL
 Line's dead, sir.

LANGSTON (O.S.)
 What's going on here!?

Langston and James burst onto the Conn, trying to process.

SAM
 Master Chief, remove these men from
 the Conn!

LANGSTON
 (off Marcus)
 Why are you giving orders? I want
 to hear it from him.

LT. CAHILL
 We have a direct fire order. The
 captain and the XO are refusing it!

SAM
 Master Chief! Remove these men!

PROSSER
 You gentlemen are going to have to --

Prosser tries to crowd the SEALS out. James PUSHES him back.

LANGSTON
 I'm not going anywhere until I see
 the order --

MARCUS
 You! You have no authority here!
 This is my boat! These orders do
 not concern you! So get yourself
off of this Conn now!

Marcus moves towards Langston. James intercepts. Sam intercepts James, backed up by two sailors. Langston draws his weapon, levels it at Marcus.

LANGSTON

No one is firing or not firing a weapon until I see the orders!

MARCUS

Thought you SEAL boys were supposed to be smart. Bullets and submarines don't get along so well.

LANGSTON

That's okay, Captain. I don't miss.

PROSSER

Mr. Langston! Holster your weapon!

Prosser has his sidearm out, pointed at Langston. James starts to move, Sam GRABS HIM. James reverses Sam, SLAMS him against a panel, trains his own weapon on Sam.

LANGSTON

I don't want to be doing this, Captain. But there's no way I'm not seeing that order.

Beat. Beat. Just Marcus and Langston, eye to eye...

ALARMS BLARE!!!!

CAMERON

Sir! I have inbound cruise missile, on our position! Came right out of the water.

(charting)

On my God... fifty-five seconds out!

MARCUS

Deploy countermeasures. Emergency dive! All ahead full. Come to bearing one-seven-zero. Pull us around, hard!

James RELEASES Sam who punches a mic.

SAM

ALL CREW. EMERGENCY DIVE! DIVE!

CAMERON

Thirty seconds out!

ALARMS GO OFF as the boat angles insanely downwards.

MARCUS

Maximum bubble! Point us at the bottom!

The angle increases, the walls are becoming the floor...
Anything not strapped down tumbles. The boat GROANS.

CAMERON
Weapon in the water!

MARCUS
Sound collision alarm. Hold on!

Men grab onto whatever they can. Tick. Tick.... KABOOM! A SHOCK WAVE hits the boat, turning it over. LIGHTS DIE. Emergency red lighting pops on. Hundreds of red failure lights blink, with accordant ALARMS. A VOICE counts out depth: "590 feet... 600 feet..."

GRACE
We're breached! Water in compartments five, eight, twenty-two... Reactor is OFFLINE, we're on auxiliary.

MARCUS
Bring us up!

GRACE
Negative, control surfaces are non responsive. Re-booting the system.

Sam grabs a mic. Broadcasts over the boat.

SAM
All hands, evacuate compartments five, eight, twenty-two... We have water in the boat. Evacuate NOW!
(to Cahill)
Seal compartments five, eight, twenty-two...

JAMES
Twenty-two. That's the infirmary, right!? Hopper...

James and Langston start back.

SAM
Wait!
(to Cahill)
Hold twenty-two. I'll do it on site.

He joins the SEALS and the three men race out of the Conn.

The BOAT GROANS!! Metal distending, POPPING, as screens flicker back to life, some lighting restored.

MARCUS
Emergency blow. All tanks.

GRACE

Blowing tanks! Bottom approaching!
Impact in six... five... four...
three... We're going in!

MARCUS

(into mic)

All hands! Brace for impact!

Beat. Beat. Beat... WHAM!!! The sub hits bottom at maybe 10 degrees, SLIDES along the bottom. Everything and everyone is TOSSED. WATER SPRAYS IN!!!! LIGHTS DIE!

EXT. UNDERWATER - DAY

The Nevada comes to a stop on the bottom at an awkward angle.

INT. A 1970 CADILLAC DEVILLE - DAY

DISSOLVE from the sub to a small PLASTIC GALLEON on the bottom of a snow globe, resting on the dash of this beauty Cadillac.

White leather seats. Some repairs, but clean and shiny. Black hands with manicured nails and a platinum watch slot an 8-track tape into the player. The Supremes croon "Love Child."

"MAYOR" JULIAN SERRAT, 50s, is at the wheel. A big man, big smile, big appetite. Likes to own things.

EXT. ISLAND OF SAINTE MARINA - DAY

The huge polished '70 Deville rolls down a pot-holed dirt road, turns onto the Soubourg main drag. The car rolls past fishing shacks, shanty shops, and a tiny hotel for surfers and adventure travelers.

EXT. BUZZARD'S NEST - DAY

The town's main bar, bait shop, general store, trading post. Serrat parks the Caddie in the middle of the street, gets out, leaving the car running.

Across the street, FOUR ARMED THUGS leap down from a pickup truck and follow him as he heads around the side of the bar...

EXT. BUZZARD'S NEST - DOCK - DAY

A FISHING TRAWLER is pulled up to the dock behind the bar, laden with crates. A small stack of crates on the dock is being inspected by TANI TUMBRENJAK, 20s. Born and raised inland, an island native gone townie. A natural beauty and the new owner of the Buzzard's Nest, currently arguing with the ship's CAPTAIN, a portrait of bored corruption.

TANI

No, no. What am I supposed to do with three cases of spoiled milk? Milk need to go in refrigeration.

TRAWLER CAPTAIN

The cold is extra. You pay extra.

SERRAT (O.S.)

That's okay, Bobi. Give my girl here the cold stuff I know you got, I'll pick up the difference.

Everything shifts with Serrat's arrival. The Captain acknowledges Serrat in deference, points to two of his guys who start pulling cases out of a cooling unit...

TANI

No, I... I'll pick up the difference. Thank you all the same.

Serrat looks at Tani a moment, uncomfortable. Then he steps onto the boat. His men locate a set of crates, start opening them. We glimpse AK-47s, grenades, C-4...

Serrat passes them all by with a perfunctory glance, finds a crate with French lettering. He opens it, gazes down.

He rises with a small burlap bag, watches his men haul the other crates up towards the truck waiting on the street.

SERRAT

Can I ask you a question, Tani? Do you really believe that anyone on this earth ever got anywhere without asking another person for help? Doesn't happen. That's just how the world is. So why are you so scared to take the help I offer you? What do you think is going to happen?

TANI

... Nothing, Mr. Serrat.

He finally looks over at her. Gaze lingers.

SERRAT

Give it a try sometime then.

He leaves. Cases of cold milk are stacked next to her.

INT. 1970 CADILLAC DEVILLE - MOMENTS LATER

The Caddie winds up a dirt road, to the EWS. The two ARMED SOLDIERS at the gate see the Caddie coming, open the gate.

INT. EARLY WARNING STATION - DAY

Nigel and Franka at their monitors as Sophie is on the phone again, even more animated now than before.

SOPHIE

No, excuse me! I am staring at a clear missile signature. We've even got a -- Nigel, what was it?

NIGEL

SSM-N-8. See, right here...
(pointing to a monitor)
That velocity out of the gate.
Regulus, for sure.

Up on the big board, the track of the missile that almost hit the Nevada is highlighted.

SOPHIE

It was a Regulus cruise. You say you're not conducting any drills, that everything's normal, yet missiles are being fired just south of the two most unstable nuclear armed nations in the world, which could, you know, lead to someone shooting back at you... Understood.

She hangs up, frustrated. Paces.

NIGEL

All we can do is be their eyes and ears. Can't stop them from being blind, deaf and stupid.

Sophie sees Serrat come into the station.

SOPHIE

(to Franka)

Focus on the target area. Go back into the record, everything for the past hour.

(to Serrat)

Julian, what a pleasure. You know, this is a secure facility. My facility. So even though the rest of this island pretty much kisses your ass, you can't just come waltzing in...

He holds out the burlap bag. She reaches inside, grabs three large containers of chocolate Nutella. Her eyes light up.

SERRAT

There's no gate in this world, there's not something somebody wants won't unlock it... Happy Birthday.

She pecks him on the cheek.

SOPHIE

Thank you, but you need to leave now. How much do I owe you?

SERRAT

It's a gift, Sophie. One day,
you'll give me a gift.

There's something about having him state that so bluntly.
Chilling. Serrat leaves, Sophie turns back to the screens.

FRANKA

I have something, from one hour ago.
It's strange...

SOPHIE

Put it on speakers.

Franka hits some keys and GARBLED NOISE fills the room.
Sophie moves to a console, hands on controls. She closes her
eyes, this is what she's good at. Listening... listening...

Her hands move, like playing an instrument, and sound waves
refine... to... "*Para bailar la bamba, Para bailar la bamba,
Se necesita una poca de gracia. Una poca de gracia...*"

The tune plays through the EWS. Sophie and her people
exchange looks. What the hell?

EXT. UNDERWATER - DAY

The Nevada sits on the bottom at an awkward angle.

INT. NEVADA - INFIRMARY

Langston, James, and Sam wade through water to the infirmary
which is quickly filling. Langston and Sam grab their wounded
man as Sam grabs the unconscious MEDIC and hauls him out.

Sam SLAMS the pressure door closed behind him, spins the
wheel. METAL DISTENDS. A BEAM literally BENDS near them.
The HORRIBLE SOUNDS of the boat struggling not to collapse.
James looks at Sam who answers the unspoken question.

LANGSTON

What about an extraction team?

SAM

We're too deep. The hit we took,
they're gonna assume we're dead.
We're probably 1500, maybe 1600
down. Hull's rated to thirteen. We
stay down here too long and --

POP! POP! Rivets POP out of a steel beam as it DISTENDS...

SAM (CONT'D)

We need to leave, now.

LANGSTON

Get your guy clear. We're right
behind you with Hopper --

POP! Another rivet shoots out, catches Langston right in the forehead. Langston DROPS.

JAMES

Gil!

James goes to him, pulls him up, STUNNED. His friend and commander is dead. Sam is also shocked, can't believe it.

WHOOSH!!!! Water starts SPRAYING out from the seams of the pressure door, filling the compartment!

SAM

Come on! I can't close this thing by myself.

Water sprays James's face. He rises and they throw themselves against the door, trying to tighten it down. As they fight against it, Sam's picture of his wife drops from his pocket.

It lands in streaming water, floats away...

INT. KENDAL HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MARYLAND - DAY

DISSOLVE from the picture of CHRISTINE KENDAL to the real thing, accessibly gorgeous. She talks with her friend EMMA, who rocks a SLEEPING BABY in her arms.

CHRISTINE

Name one reason why it can't work.

EMMA

Because the Navy's Golden Rule dictates the day your sweater store opens will inevitably be the same day Sam's transferred to Alaska.

CHRISTINE

They need sweaters in Alaska.

EMMA

Yes. But your sweater store would still be here in Maryland. Helluva commute.

CHRISTINE

So why am I taking business classes?

EMMA

I thought you were just bored. The other wives already think you're planning orgies every time you leave base.

Christine's attention is drawn to the front window.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Speaking of sexual misconduct, you think Ruth's getting a little on the side when Robbie's out to sea?

CHRISTINE

Emma...

EMMA

What? Wouldn't be the first time a wife got naughty while her husband was punching holes in the water.

CHRISTINE

Emma!

Emma notices the tone. Goes to the window --

AN OFFICIAL MILITARY CAR in her driveway. A CHAPLAIN and TWO MEN in DRESS UNIFORMS walk towards her door. Emma rushes out.

EXT. KENDAL HOUSE - PORCH - DAY

Christine watches the Chaplain give Emma the bad news. Christine sees Emma drop to her knees sobbing, as ANOTHER MILITARY VEHICLE now passes by and pulls into another house, two driveways down. Christine knows the house.

CHRISTINE

No...

Christine turns to see a 3rd MILITARY CAR pull into her driveway. Christine hugs herself tightly. She can only shake her head "no" as a Chaplain and two men approach.

INT. DEPT. OF DEFENSE - NIGHT

Half the people coming and going through this lobby are in uniform. Many well decorated. The others in crisp suits.

LINUS TERMAN, 20s, in uniform, comes in fast, his phone ringing. He checks the ID, doesn't take the call.

KYLIE

Now, see, that's just rude not to take a girl's call.

Kylie has fallen in next to him in lock step. He GLARES at her, angles into --

INT. DEPT. OF DEFENSE - MEN'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Linus blows in, pissed off and scared, Kylie on his heels. He starts checking all the stalls to make sure they're alone.

KYLIE

(off the urinals)

Hey, what the hell happened to those things? How do you make 'em...

LINUS

Yeah, they're flushless now. They don't use any water. Seriously, Kylie. We could both go to jail.

KYLIE

Linus, you texted me!
(holding up her phone)
"472 Chaplin."

LINUS

Look, I wish to God I hadn't sent that. I just thought it was something you could get ahead of. But things have changed and I can't talk to you now. Go away, Kylie.

KYLIE

Linus, they're pulling the Nevada's captain. That never happens. And they're doing it 24 hours before my prototype gets its trial. So tell me this isn't happening, or if it is, tell me what I can do to make it stop happening--

LINUS

Okay, okay... The President's gonna go public in a few hours. The Nevada was sunk by a Pakistani cruise missile. We're at DEFCON 2. So now just forget it, you were never here.

KYLIE

I need you to get me the duty roster for the Nevada.

LINUS

Are you kidding?! That's a classified document.

KYLIE

... You're getting married in two weeks. Carole know about that brunette at Dusty's send off? I think her name was Janet. Janice?

Linus stares at her, actually hurt. Shakes his head.

LINUS

I thought we were friends.

KYLIE
And we still will be.

EXT. INDIAN OCEAN - 200 FEET DOWN - DAY

The Nevada rests motionless on the ocean floor.

INT. NEVADA - WEAPONS ROOM

Now a makeshift morgue. James fits Langston for a body bag. Stops to take one final look at his friend and mentor's face. Makes a silent apology to him and then ZIPS it all the way up.

James RISES, rage on his face --

INT. NEVADA - CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS

GROANS and CREAKS from the water pressure squeezing the sub under Mozart's "Sonata in C", playing on Marcus' iPod as he grabs a MAP, UNROLLS it and SLAMS a bottle of gin on one corner, a rum bottle on the other. Knocks back a tumbler of the gin.

A knock on his door and Sam enters. A look between them.

SAM
The boat's damaged. We've got casualties. We don't know who shot us or if they're waiting on top for a second crack. Even if we do get moving, we got no idea where to go, we got a hundred-fifty lives at stake and the man best equipped to lead us out of this situation is chilling with Mozart and a bottle of gin.

(a beat)
I need your help. They need your help.

MARCUS
They have a captain. You.

The two men stare at each other a moment. Then Sam turns and leaves, closing the door behind him. After a beat, Marcus goes back to the map... searching.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE**INT. NEVADA - CONN**

People fly around the Conn, Sam at the center, in charge, calm considering. Cameron listens, then rips off his head phones.

CAMERON
Son of a bitch... You're not going to believe who shot us, sir. It's the Virginia.

SAM
The Virginia?

CAMERON
It's the Virginia, one hundred percent. I'd recognize that burp anywhere.

PROSSER
Our own people tried to sink us?

GRACE
Why? Who's crazy enough in Washington to order that?

PROSSER
We ignored orders. They must have --

SAM
(hard)
We didn't ignore anything. We questioned. You don't hit your own people for that.
(to Cameron)
Where's the Virginia now, Cam?

CAMERON
Twenty miles east, making donuts back and forth.

SAM
Trying to confirm the kill.
(to Grace)
Engines and navigation?

GRACE
About seventy percent. We can't run, but we can limp pretty fast.

SAM
Go squeeze out more.

Grace moves off.

LT. CAHILL
This is insane. We can't hide from the entire U.S. Navy forever.

PROSSER

The Lieutenant's right. We need to surface and wave the white flag.

SAM

And what if they use that flag as a target? We don't know what their orders are. All we do know is that something is seriously wrong in D.C. So we're leaving this party.

PROSSER

That's your damn plan? Run? For how long? To where?

SAM

Get off the Conn and make your rounds.

PROSSER

There's an old navy saying. "The stupid will be punished."

SAM

Are you challenging my authority?
(silence)
I'll repeat the question. Do you acknowledge my authority or not?

A beat. Sam STARES hard at Prosser.

PROSSER

I do.

SAM

Then get your ass off my Conn and help Lieutenant Shepard restore this vessel to its full capability.

The crew stares as Prosser moves off, not hiding his anger. He passes Josh and Cortez who approach Sam.

CORTEZ

We've got eight confirmed dead. Four more missing, presumed lost in the water. About twenty wounded.

SAM

Understood.
(to Josh, too hard)
What?

JOSH

Well XO, I mean Captain. Everyone's kinda wondering what happens now?

ON SAM. Realizing that a whole crew is waiting for his leadership. Sam takes the mic, addresses the ship --

SAM

This is... this is the acting captain. The Nevada has been returned to operational status. We lost twelve souls in the attack. There will be time to mourn them later. The officers of this vessel will eventually appear before the proper authorities to explain our actions. Until then, let's get somewhere safe so we can see our families again.

(beat)

Everybody do their job.

Sam hangs up the mic and finds himself across from a glaring James. After a beat --

SAM (CONT'D)

We're kinda busy here.

JAMES

My team leader's lying dead back there and I'd like to know why?

SAM

I'm sorry. You want more than that, it'll have to wait.

A beat as James zeroes in on Sam. Then Cortez places herself between the two men -- eye-to-eye with James.

JAMES

I want to dance, sweet thing, I'll let you know.

CORTEZ

You wanna dance, I've had lessons.

A tense beat and then everyone's attention is drawn to --

MARCUS holding a rolled up map. Everyone freezes until --

MARCUS

We get shot by an American boat?

SAM

(amazed)

...The Virginia. How did you...?

MARCUS

Helm. Come to zero - eight - zero.

No one moves. The crew exchange glances, unsure. Suddenly; Sam SALUTES --

SAM

Captain has the Conn.

A beat.

LT. CAHILL

The captain was relieved of duty.
We can explain everything that's
happened up 'til now. But if we put
him back in charge, that's mutiny.

MARCUS

Man your station, Lieutenant.

LT. CAHILL

Not on orders from you, no, sir.

SAM

Cortez, remove Lieutenant Cahill
from the Conn.

Cortez goes to Cahill. As she leads him out --

LT. CAHILL

You all know this is wrong.

SAM

Anyone else who disagrees is free to
leave the Conn now. You won't be
punished and your conscientious
objections will be reflected in the
ship's log.

TWO MORE SEAMEN stand and exit the Conn. This is ripping the
boat apart, but most are still with Sam and Marcus.

SAM (CONT'D)

Captain has the Conn.

GRACE

Captain has the Conn.

The remaining crew nods in acceptance. Marcus faces James.

MARCUS

I'm truly sorry for your friend's
death. The unit's yours now?

(James nods)

I've seen first hand what you boys
are capable of. So... you gonna let
us go about our business of getting
back to land?

A beat.

JAMES

I need to get Gil's body back to his
family in Rockford. You get us
ashore... we'll go our own way.

James exits. Marcus shows his map to a NAVIGATION SEAMAN.

MARCUS

Greg, I need you to plot a course.

As Marcus confers with the seaman, Sam slips off the Conn.

INT. CORRIDOR - NEVADA - CONTINUOUS

Alone for a moment, Sam finds refuge between two missile tubes. He leans his head against the metal... breathes, eyes closed. The strain finally showing.

His hands unconsciously search for his wife's picture... come up empty. He opens his eyes, upset, finds Grace there.

GRACE

"We'll appear before the proper authorities to explain our actions?"
... Then what?

SAM

Depends who really sent the order.

GRACE

And if it came from the President?

Sam stares at her, vulnerable. Doesn't have an answer.

INT. OFFICE OF NAVAL INTELLIGENCE - LOBBY - NIGHT

Televisions in the lobby are all shouting versions of the same headline: "PAKISTAN SINKS U.S. SUBMARINE! AMERICAN RESPONSE ANTICIPATED!" EVERYONE's got a cell phone to their ear.

A cadre of naval officers enter, surrounding ADMIRAL ARTHUR SHEPARD, who we recognize as Grace's father. A powerful man of war, currently in the midst of a father's worst nightmare.

He moves quickly as his attractive and tightly-wound executive assistant ABIGAIL relays information to him...

KYLIE (O.S.)

Admiral Shepard!

The Admiral looks over, surprised to be addressed by this young woman in a power suit. Immediately, five of the Admiral's aides descend on Kylie, pushing her back...

KYLIE (CONT'D)

Sir, I think you'll want to talk to me. It's about the Nevada, sir.

The Admiral stops, closes on Kylie, eyeballing her.

ADMIRAL SHEPARD

Do I know you?

KYLIE

Kylie Sinclair, from Sinclair Dynamics. We had a prototype on board the Nevada.

(beat)

I'm sorry about your daughter, sir.

The Admiral blinks, not understanding. Then grows ANGRY...

ADMIRAL SHEPARD

You realize, we might be in a state of war. You realize, I may have lost... And you want to know about your... toy?

KYLIE

(pointing to the TVs)

No. It's about that, sir.

Suddenly EVERY phone and pager in the place GOES OFF. Abigail juggles two phones. Shepard's people are on him like Secret Service protecting a President. They HAUL him away.

KYLIE (CONT'D)

(calling out)

The Pakis didn't sink her, did they, sir?!

This hits the Admiral like a shot. He STOPS, TURNS.

ADMIRAL SHEPARD

What?

ON Kylie. She hates herself for what she's about to do. But she's used to that. She takes a few steps back. The Admiral motions his people to stay, closes on her alone.

ADMIRAL SHEPARD (CONT'D)

Talk.

KYLIE

It took me a year to get my system on the Nevada. I'm not waiting another year. If you want me to keep quiet, you put my equipment on the next boat that goes out.

ADMIRAL SHEPARD

Get the hell out of my face --

KYLIE

(fierce whisper)

An hour ago I got this text: "472 Chaplin." That's five minutes before the Nevada is hit and Naval Command is processing a 472 Protocol removal of Captain Chaplin. You were relieving him of command. Then the Nevada was sunk.

(MORE)

KYLIE (CONT'D)

(beat)

You had a rogue captain of a nuclear submarine, didn't you? And with twenty-four Tridents on board, no one was gonna take any chances. You sank your own boat, sir.

Emotion Kylie didn't know she had in her wells up.

KYLIE (CONT'D)

You sonofabitch, you sank your own daughter's boat.

The Admiral hears this, steps back, numb. His people surround him, start to move him away. Kylie stares at him...

KYLIE (CONT'D)

(realizing)

You didn't know...

Shepard lets his entourage move him away.

KYLIE (CONT'D)

Sir?!!

The Admiral looks back, holds her gaze a beat. Turns away.

OFF Kylie, watching everyone in the room FREAK OUT in their own quiet way. A bad feeling growing...

INT. EARLY WARNING STATION - DAY

Nigel and Franka man their monitors as Sophie scoops up a gob of CHOCOLATE NUTELLA, bites in. Savors every moment, moans --

FRANKA

You going to eat that or marry it?

SOPHIE

Better than sex.

FRANKA

Maybe your kind of sex.

NIGEL

Be careful. Serrat does you a favor, you never stop owing him.

SOPHIE

Julian Serrat's a small price to pay for living in paradise. Besides, I have him wrapped around my finger.

She pops another one in her mouth as all their MONITORS LIGHT UP with TRAJECTORIES of 4 NUCLEAR MISSILES inbound for Pakistan. ALARMS go off in the room.

NIGEL
Is this real?

Sophie grabs the Emergency Phone and pushes a button.

SOPHIE
Command, this is NATO Listening
Post, Sainte Marina. We are
reporting four tracks originating in
the Indian Ocean, inbound for
Pakistan. Do you see them yet? Are
we shooting at Pakistan?
(hangs up devastated)
... It's real.

The three of them watch helplessly as the MISSILE TRAJECTORIES
get closer to their targets. Franka begins to cry. When they
see the FIRST ONE HIT ISLAMABAD, Sophie flinches. They watch
the SECOND, THIRD and then FOURTH missiles hit.

NIGEL
God help us.

INT. NEVADA - CONN

Relative calm until --

CAMERON
Captain! Serious-ass shock waves.
Those are nukes going off up there,
sir.

The crew takes this info in, somber. Prosser approaches.

PROSSER
Okay. The fight's started. It's
not too late to get into it, sir.

Sam carefully watches the two old war horses.

PROSSER (CONT'D)
Marcus... we have a chance to show
them what side we're on. Please.

MARCUS
That's enough, Jack... Enough.

INT. EARLY WARNING STATION - DAY

Sophie cradles Franka's head, trying to comfort her. Nigel
just has a far-away stare. On this tableau for a beat, then --

WARNING LIGHTS go off and their MONITORS come to life. Sophie
grabs the Emergency Phone as --

NIGEL
Pakistan's firing back!

SOPHIE
 (into phone)
 Command! This is Listening Post,
 Sainte Marina. We are tracking four
 Shaheen IRBM's -- now five missiles
 coming out of Pakistan!

FRANKA
 Three inbound for India.

NIGEL
 Two inbound for the U.S. Army base
 in the U.A.E.

SOPHIE
 Two inbounds targeting Al Dhafra
 Base, U.A.E.!

FRANKA
 India's trying to knock down theirs.

The three watch the monitors transfixed. We see SIX COUNTER-
 MISSILES fly on the monitor from India. The first two DESTROY
 two of the Paki missiles. But the third continues intact.

NIGEL
 One's through.

We see it IMPACT in India. Their attention turns to the
 monitor showing the AMERICAN ARMY BASE in the U.A.E. A swarm
 of counter-missiles DESTROYS the first nuke.

NIGEL (CONT'D)
 One down.

ANOTHER WAVE of counter-missiles take aim at the final nuke.

NIGEL (CONT'D)
 ... It's through.

They watch as the missile closes in, then IMPACTS at the Army
 Base. Sophie shivers. A beat, all stunned, then --

FRANKA
 Is that it?

SOPHIE
 Maybe. Or maybe it's just the
 beginning.

INT. NEVADA - CONN

Marcus and the crew as OVER THE SPEAKER --

SAM (V.O.)
 Conn, this is the XO. Assault teams
 ready.

MARCUS

Let's grab some sunlight, people!

INT. NEVADA - HALLWAY - DAY

Crew members, including Cortez and Josh, are armed and waiting at the hatch. Sam's in the lead, Grace nearby. As the boat angles upwards, Grace notices that the wounded SEAL, Hopper, is moving on his stretcher.

HOPPER

(feverish)

No, sir! No, sir, I am not confirmed! The intel's all wrong on this...

Grace kneels down, puts a hand out... He GRABS her.

HOPPER (CONT'D)

What did we do?!

He ORIENTS, realizes he's staring at Grace. Then his eyes shift to where James and the other SEALS have arrived with their gear. James moves to Hopper, politely pushing Grace aside. He takes his friend's hand.

HOPPER (CONT'D)

Where the hell are we?

JAMES

In a world of hurt, Hop.

Grace stares at the two of them. BOOM! A LOUD SOUND echoes through the boat. Men and women exchange glances...

EXT. SOUBOURG HARBOR - DAY

A FISHING BOAT bobbing on the ocean is literally PUSHED ASIDE as the Nevada SURFACES. The sub plows onwards, like Moby Dick knocking these boats away as if it was swatting flies.

ON SHORE

Serrat walks towards his car when he hears the noise. He looks out at the surf, sees the monstrous submarine plowing towards shore. He stares, disbelieving.

Other locals, including 10-year-old SIDO, precocious and always smiling, watch in awe.

Suddenly, the hatch is open and two dozen ARMED SEAMEN make their way to the dock and run into the city.

ARMED SEAMEN

Get inside! Everyone get inside!

Serrat watches stunned, as two seamen with submachine guns BRUSH right past him, half spinning him around.

ON JAMES KING and his team of three SEALS who carry Hopper on a makeshift gurney. James carries Langston in a body-bag over his shoulder. James approaches Sido.

JAMES
 Hey! Speak English?
 (off his nod)
 Where's a hospital?

Sido points to a DECREPIT BUILDING that looks like anything but a hospital to Western eyes.

JAMES (CONT'D)
 (to the Seals)
 Take him.

The Seals run off with Hopper.

JAMES (CONT'D)
 Got one last question for you, kid.

INT. BUZZARD'S NEST - DAY

Tani wipes down the bar when she hears strange noises from the street. She sees natives and ARMED SOLDIERS sprint past. James enters with Sido, body-bag still over his shoulder.

SIDO
 Hi, Tani. This man wants a favor.

INT. BUZZARD'S NEST - FREEZER - DAY

Tani opens the door for James, who walks inside, places the body-bag gently on an empty section of the floor.

JAMES
 I need a place to keep my friend
 until I can get him home.

James pulls out a WATERPROOF PACK and opens it. \$10,000 in cash. James peels off a wad.

JAMES (CONT'D)
 Will a thousand U.S. cover it?
 (off her stunned nod)
 The rest is to start a tab. I'll
 take the best scotch you have.

James hands her the wad, walks past Tani as she stares at all that money --

INT. EARLY WARNING STATION - DAY

Sophie, Nigel and Franka at their monitors when they HEAR what SOUNDS like a herd of buffalo approaching. Cortez, Josh and six others rush in, guns trained. Josh, nervous, in the rear.

CORTEZ
Get down! Get down! Get down!

Sophie and her team of scientists comply.

CORTEZ (CONT'D)
Secure!

Sam, Grace and Cameron enter. Cameron rushes to one of the computers, sits down, starts fiddling.

SOPHIE
Who are you?

SAM
(ignores her)
Talk to me, Cameron.

CAMERON
Same interface as the Nevada. Same software. Oh yeah, this is going to be easy-peasy.

SAM
Get us eyes and ears.
(into radio)
We're all clear here.
(to scientists)
Who am I talking to?

SOPHIE
This is my installation. I don't know what you think you're doing, but this is a NATO Station.

A half dozen guns still trained on her. She looks Sam in the eye. Marcus STRIDES in, having overheard.

MARCUS
No. This station and that sub parked outside... They all belong to me now.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR**INT. EARLY WARNING STATION - DAY**

Marcus, Sam, Grace, Cameron, Sophie, Nigel and Franka.
Cameron works the radio, hands the mic to Marcus.

CAMERON
It's ringing.

INT. PENTAGON - SHEPARD'S FRONT DESK - INTERCUT

Chaos at the Pentagon. People frantic and scared. A PHONE RINGS. After a moment, Abigail rushes to pick it up.

ABIGAIL
Admiral Shepard's office...

MARCUS
Abigail, this is Marcus Chaplin.
Can I speak to Arthur, please?

A beat. Abigail knows Marcus is supposed to be dead.

INT. SHEPARD'S OFFICE - DAY

Shepard rushes in, picks up the phone.

SHEPARD
Marcus?

INT. EARLY WARNING STATION - INTERCUT

All can HEAR SHEPARD on the radio. Grace reacts to his voice.

MARCUS
Hello, Arthur.

SHEPARD
Where are you? Is Grace --

MARCUS
Grace is right here.

Marcus hands the mic to Grace.

GRACE
Dad, it's me.

Shepard reacts to hearing his daughter's voice.

SHEPARD
I thought you were... is everyone
all right?

GRACE
Not everyone, but most of us. Dad,
what's happening over there?

Marcus takes the mic back from her.

MARCUS
Arthur... listen. We got shoot
orders on the Antarctic channel.

SHEPARD
Antarctic? Why would...

MARCUS
We asked for confirmation on the EAM
network. Instead, the Virginia shot
us up pretty good.

SHEPARD
We got NSA intel it was the Pakis.
The White House called it the last
straw. We're at war.

MARCUS
If you don't know the real reason
this war started, Arthur, then who's
calling the shots over there?

TWO ARMED MARINES suddenly enter Shepard's office.

ARMED MARINE
Sir, I have to ask you to hang up
that phone immediately!

The marine takes the phone from Shepard, hangs up.

SHEPARD
What is this?

ARMED MARINE
You have been temporarily suspended
from duty, on orders from the White
House, sir.

BACK AT THE EWS -- Cameron works the radio.

MARCUS
Get him back on!

CAMERON
Working on it.

INT. KENDAL HOUSE - NIGHT

Christine watches a HOME VIDEO of her and Sam on her iPad. At first she smiles, then the smile turns to RAGE as she SMASHES the iPad on the floor, buries her head in her hands. After a beat, the PHONE RINGS.

She lets it ring. Then the DOORBELL RINGS. She sees THREE MEN IN SUITS at her door. She ignores the phone and goes to the door, opens it.

SUITED MAN #1
Christine Kendal? Come with us,
please. It's about your husband.

CHRISTINE
What about him?

SUITED MAN #1
Please. Now.

He and one of the other men each take an arm of hers, practically manhandle her towards their car. The third man stays behind as the ANSWERING MACHINE picks up.

INT. EARLY WARNING STATION - SOPHIE'S OFFICE - INTERCUT

Sam is on Sophie's private radio as Sophie looks on. They HEAR the end of the message. Then a BEEP.

SAM
Christine, it's me. I don't know
what you've heard. I can explain it
all, but I just need to get home
first.

Sophie watches him, moved. Witness to this intimate moment.

SAM (CONT'D)
I never should have left. When you
asked me to stay, I should've
listened. I'm so sorry.

BACK AT THE KENDAL HOUSE -- where Suited Man #2 looks at the answering machine dispassionately as Sam continues to talk --

SAM (CONT'D)
I love you so much. I'm going to
get home and make it up --

BACK AT THE EWS -- the LIGHTS and POWER go out. Radio's dead. Sam looks to Sophie, who shakes her head.

SAM (CONT'D)
Is this normal?

SOPHIE
No.

INT. BUZZARD'S NEST - DAY

James sits facing the door. A BLACK-AND-WHITE TV flickers in the corner, news reports coming in from India and Pakistan, Tani pours James a drink, moves off as --

Serrat and four THUGS enter. James doesn't visibly react, but we see him SLIDE THE SAFETY OFF HIS GUN under the table. Serrat approaches James.

SERRAT

I couldn't help but notice an...
increase in tourists today. Afraid
I need to ask you your intentions
towards my beautiful little island.

JAMES

Well, my only intention is to get
fall-down drunk. Although you may
have noticed the guy invading the
place.

SERRAT

And when does this man plan on
leaving?

JAMES

Wild guess. You're the tin-pot
dictator who, up until about an hour
ago, ran things here. Drugs? Guns?
Girls? Whatever it is, it's no
match for the boomer floating in
your harbor. You're done, friend.

Serrat sits opposite James. Stares a challenge.

JAMES (CONT'D)

I understand there might be some
cultural differences, so I'll
translate. When someone where I'm
from calls you "friend", they don't
consider you one.

A beat. Serrat drops any pretense of charm.

SERRAT

This is my city. If I allow your
presence, it comes with certain
terms and conditions.

(beat)

Is that clear, friend?

Serrat stares through James. A scary look. Then --

JAMES

He's first.

James, stating fact, not bragging, nods at Thug #1.

JAMES (CONT'D)

He's the only real shooter in the
bunch, so the first bullet's his.

(re: Thug #2)

The big fella's probably gonna need
two in the chest to make sure his
fat ass goes down, so two he gets.

(re: Thugs #3 and #4)

(MORE)

JAMES (CONT'D)

While Dopey fumbles for the gun in his back waistband, Grumpy gets one between the eyes. Then so does he.

(beat)

You, though, Snow White... you, I'm going to shoot clean through the neck. That way as blood gushes out of your choking throat and you want desperately to beg me for your life... no matter how hard you try, you won't be able to make a sound.

(beat)

Or you could leave me in peace to enjoy my drink.

Serrat believes him. He glances at Tani, witness to his humiliation. She looks away. Serrat smiles...

SERRAT

Americans. Such confidence. You and your friends will hear from me.

He rises and exits, as his men follow. James downs his drink. He rises and refills his own glass as Tani watches.

INT. EARLY WARNING STATION - POWER ROOM - DAY

Sam, gun drawn, transits the hall as Sophie points out their destination. As they approach, Sam hears --

LAWRENCE (O.S.)

I'll do everything I can to facilitate... no, it's my duty, sir.

Sam and Sophie round the corner to find Lawrence mucking with the machinery. Sam holds his gun on him.

SAM

Step away, Lawrence!

Lawrence looks at Sam, surprised. Then --

STERN (O.S.)

Put the gun down, Sam!

Sam sees Stern now in a previously hidden alcove, HOLDING a gun on him.

STERN (CONT'D)

Put it down or I'll shoot you both.

Sam places his gun on the floor.

SAM

You cut the power, called Command and told them we'd be blind.

LAWRENCE
Orders are always, not sometimes.

SAM
I trust the captain with my life.
You need to do the same.

Stern, cut off from an exit, waves Sam to move. He doesn't.

STERN
I will shoot and kill you.

SAM
I'm giving you an order now. Put
down the gun.

STERN
You think I won't? We're all dead
anyway. You just don't know it yet.
(Sam stands his ground)
Sorry, Sam. You always put too much
faith in that Old Man.

Stern trains his gun and -- BAM! BAM! BAM!

Three shots hit Stern. Dead center. He drops.

REVEAL GRACE, smoke still coming from her gun. She's stunned she's actually shot someone. Prosser rushes in. Sees Stern shot, Grace holding the gun. As Lawrence checks on Stern --

PROSSER
(to Grace)
What the hell did you just do!?

SAM
(to Sophie)
Can you get the power back on?

SOPHIE
Already trying...

INT. BUZZARD'S NEST - DAY

James serves himself another shot as Tani watches. He points to the TV, flickering news of the suddenly chaotic world.

JAMES
I've got a cousin works on that army
base. Least I did.

A beat. Tani still hasn't said a word to him yet.

TANI
Why are you here?

JAMES

Because a mission went very bad.
And now our country thinks we're
traitors.

TANI

What's going to happen to you?

He looks at her and really sees her for the first time.

JAMES

Same thing happens to most traitors.
Sooner or later, they'll see us all
hang.

INT. EARLY WARNING STATION - DAY

Power suddenly comes on! Cameron, Nigel and Franka rush to
their monitors as Marcus looks on.

CAMERON

Power's back. Rebooting.

Sam, Grace and Sophie rush in.

SAM

We get eyes back?

They wait, wait, wait... then the computers come back to life.

CAMERON

We're on!

Suddenly FOUR BLIPS appear on the monitor.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

Whoa. Four birds heading our way.
B-1 bombers. Fifteen minutes out.

Marcus and Sam share a look.

MARCUS

(to Grace)

Get everyone back to the sub now.

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE**INT. NEVADA - CONN - DAY**

Crew members fly down from the bridge, SCRAMBLE to positions. Cameron calls out to Marcus, Sam, Grace and all --

CAMERON

Bombers five minutes out, closing.

GRACE

All crew accounted for except two. We're short Brannan and Cortez.

SAM

Find them! Prepare to dive!

MARCUS

Belay that! We're not leaving crew behind. And diving's not going to stop them from bombing this city and all the people here. Even if we got away, what would we do? Hide in the ocean the rest of our lives? No. We need to change the game.

Marcus grabs the mic.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Weapons, Conn. Spin up missile one.

Marcus nods to Sam, who weighs this. A beat and then Sam picks up his mic --

SAM

Weapons, this is the XO. I concur with the captain.

WEAPONS OFFICER (V.O.)

Target coordinates, sir?

Marcus and Sam share a look.

INT. NEVADA - WEAPONS ROOM - DAY

Crew scrambles. The WEAPONS OFFICER, 22, rushes to his mic.

WEAPONS OFFICER

Conn, Weapons. Missile One is loaded and ready. Coordinates set.

INT. NEVADA - CONN - CONTINUOUS

Marcus with his key. Across the room, Sam prepares his.

MARCUS

On my count. Three, two, one...

They both turn their keys and Marcus PUSHES THE BUTTON. The crew watches, only half believing what's happening.

EXT. SOUBOURG HARBOR - DAY

A LOUD WHIRRING SOUND as a door opens on the sub and then an ICBM MISSILE flies up and into the sky.

ON SHORE people watch. Sido follows the smoke trail.

INT. BUZZARD'S NEST - DAY

Tani is drawn by the noise to the window, sees the missile pierce the clouds. James sees it from his seat, chuckles.

JAMES
That's not good.

INT. NEVADA - CONN - DAY

Marcus, Sam, Cameron, Grace and others packing the Conn.

MARCUS
Get Command on the horn.

CAMERON
Bombers four minutes out.

Sam stares at Marcus, who picks up the radio mic.

MARCUS
This is Captain Marcus Chaplin of the U.S.S. Nevada. You have four bombers bearing down on our position. In response we have a bird in flight towards D.C. I'm sure you're reading it.

A beat. Then a familiar voice --

CURRY'S VOICE (V.O.)
This is Curry. You're bluffing, Marcus. Initiate missile destruct immediately by order of the President of the United States.

MARCUS
Negative. If those bombers aren't turned around within two minutes, you have my word... that missile will detonate. Over.

Marcus hangs up. The crew look at each other. Bonded together by combat, but nervous.

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

Peaceful. For the moment.

INT. GOVERNMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Suited Man #1 escorts Christine inside a windowless room. A table, two chairs.

CHRISTINE

Somebody tell me what's going on!

The Suited Man exits, closing and locking the door behind him.

INT. NEVADA - CONN - DAY

ON Marcus and Sam as everyone watches the monitors, the BOMBER BLIPS getting closer. Sam tries to keep his cool as --

SAM

Missile One passing over Kansas!

CAMERON

Bombers one minute out! Still coming. They're not turning around.

Sam exchanges a resigned look with Marcus. Their bluff's been called. A beat, then Marcus grabs the radio mic, speaks --

MARCUS

Crew, this is your captain. Despite our best efforts, an attack is imminent. We won't survive it. It's been an honor to serve with each and every one of you. There's no one else I'd rather be with right now.

(beat, to Sam)

Prepare to self-destruct missile.

CAMERON

Bombers thirty seconds out!

Marcus goes to Sam. Offers his hand. Sam shakes.

MARCUS

Guess that desk job'll have to wait.

SAM

I find desks are only good for kindling, sir.

Crew members exchange looks. Some scared, others resigned, others praying. Marcus and Sam each put their KEYS in.

MARCUS

On my mark, initiate missile self-destruct sequence. Three... two...

CAMERON

The bombers are turning back! The birds are running!

The crew ERUPTS in cheers and relief. Hugs and high fives.

CURRY'S VOICE (V.O.)
Nevada, this is Curry. Bombers have
disengaged. Initiate missile
destruct now.

A beat, Marcus takes his key OUT and grabs the mic.

MARCUS
Too late. You missed the deadline
by ninety seconds.

Marcus indicates to cut off communication with them.

SAM
Captain! Put your key in and
initiate missile-destruct sequence!

The crew goes silent, looks to its leader. Sam stares.

MARCUS
No. If they don't think we'll back
up our threats we'll be dead in a
week along with everyone in this
town. They need to understand I'm a
man of my word.

SAM
Captain! Please.

Marcus tucks the key back into his shirt.

MARCUS
Have I ever done anything other than
what was in the best interests of
this boat, this crew and our nation?

The crew looks at him, ready to follow him down the rabbit
hole. If Sam has doubts, he hides them.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - NIGHT

A family of four walks, the Washington Monument in the
background. The youngest boy looks up and sees --

A STREAK OF LIGHT IN THE SKY.

EXT. TWO HUNDRED MILES OFF-SHORE - NIGHT

MISSILE P.O.V. as it hurtles toward the ocean at incredible
speed. It hits --

EXT. NEW YORK CITY COAST LINE - NIGHT

A BRILLIANT FLASH OF LIGHT and a massive explosion. People
gather and look in horror. From the lower tip of Manhattan,
the fiery MUSHROOM CLOUD lights up the Statue of Liberty.

INT. NEVADA - CONN - DAY

The crew stands stunned.

CAMERON

We have a good detonation two hundred miles east of Washington.

MARCUS

No lasting damage, but I'd say close enough to get their attention.

(off the crew)

Now we say hello to the world.

INT. EARLY WARNING STATION - SUNSET

Marcus stands in front of all the high tech surveillance equipment as Cameron VIDEO RECORDS him. Sam, Sophie, Nigel, Franka and some others watch from behind the camera as --

MARCUS

I am Captain Marcus Chaplin of the U.S.S Nevada. A short time ago, my submarine was ordered to fire four nuclear ICBMs at Pakistan. These orders came from a secondary, less secure network, not the traditional chain of command...

INT. GOVERNMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Christine seated as the door opens. DODDS, female, 50s, matronly, friendly, enters with a tray of food.

DODDS

Bet you're hungry.

Dodds puts the food in front of her.

CHRISTINE

What's going on? Why am I here?

DODDS

Your husband is alive.

CHRISTINE

Really!? Oh, my God!

Christine HUGS the complete stranger, overwhelmed.

DODDS

He's a traitor and he's an enemy of the state now.

(Christine withdraws shocked)

I'm sorry. Eat.

Dodds exits. Christine hears the door LOCK. As she contemplates this bombshell, we hear --

MARCUS (V.O.)

... With millions of lives at stake, I requested confirmation of the order be sent through the normal and proper channel. In response, an American attack sub, the U.S.S. Virginia, fired on us and left my crew for dead at the bottom of the Indian Ocean.

INT. SOUBOURG HOSPITAL - SUNSET

A Third World hospital. Grace views a DEAD Stern, lying on a makeshift operating table. After a beat, she turns away from the body to find Prosser and Lawrence. They're pissed.

PROSSER

You little bitch, Grace.

GRACE

It's "you little bitch, Lieutenant," to you.

She stands her ground, earns her respect. Prosser and Lawrence exit, revealing through a half open curtain on the other side of the room, Hopper in a hospital bed. He seems to be staring right at Grace, his eyes almost pleading with her.

MARCUS (V.O.)

... From our submarine, we have watched as the fabric of trust between the government and its people has been torn. And when this boat dared to question why a nation without the capability to directly harm the homeland was to be destroyed... elements of that government tried to kill the 150 volunteer sailors on my boat.

(beat)

And then, these same elements continued on their course. A first strike, unprovoked. Perhaps millions dead. We have all borne witness.

Grace approaches Hopper when -- A SEAL TEAMMATE appears from the other side of the curtain. He sees Grace, CLOSES the curtain, keeping her out.

EXT/INT. SERRAT'S COMPOUND - SUNSET

Serrat pulls up in his Deville. A gorgeous residence in the hills, view of the ocean, but a fortress. ARMED GUARDS inside and out. German Shepherds on leashes. Three GORGEOUS WOMEN in bikinis lounge by the pool.

INT. SERRAT'S DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS - SUNSET

A table is set for a meal for one. Serrat arrives and sits at the table, gently puts the napkin on his lap...

MARCUS (V.O.)

... We have taken over the NATO Early Warning Station on the Island of Sainte Marina. From this facility, we can see the movements of all the world's militaries. We are in control.

Serrat looks up across the table to REVEAL --

JOSH and CORTEZ, seated across from Serrat, handcuffed and blindfolded. Beaten and only semi-conscious. Scared for their lives. Serrat smiles at his new toys.

INT. BUZZARD'S NEST - SUNSET

Tani pours James another drink. James glances at the black-and-white TV flickering news of the world at war. Marcus's broadcast plays on half the screen. James begins to LAUGH.

MARCUS (V.O.)

... I am declaring a 200-mile no-man's land around this island. Effective immediately.

JAMES

You see all that? I made that happen. It's my fault.

She looks at the TV, the devastation on the news. The smile disappears as James contemplates it all.

JAMES (CONT'D)

That was me.

The week's events, combined with the booze, is finally too much. James begins to shake uncontrollably. Tries not to cry. Tani kneels down to his level and HUGS him.

INT. EARLY WARNING STATION - SUNSET

Marcus wraps up his speech as Sam, Sophie, Cameron, Franka, Nigel and others watch.

MARCUS

As for myself, and the men and women of the U.S.S. Nevada, we love our country. We would gladly die for what it represents.

(growing Messianic)

But we do not recognize or obey a government that tries to murder its own, that destroys whole populations.

(MORE)

MARCUS (CONT'D)

If the current United States executive or any other nation violates this perimeter, or tries to harm us in any way... We have twenty-three more nuclear missiles aboard and we will not hesitate to unleash fiery hell down upon you. I give you my word: Test us, and we will all burn together.

(beat, angry)

You've been warned.

A beat. Cameron turns off the camera. Marcus' demeanor shifts back to a stern professionalism. Marcus approaches Sam and Sophie. Gives Sam a look as if to ask, "Well?"

SAM

Just crazy enough, sir.

Marcus nods somberly, claps him on the shoulder, moves off.

SOPHIE

I hope you know what you're doing.

Sam nods, moves off after Marcus. Sophie stands there, staring at the room that was once hers, filled with strangers.

INT. KYLIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Kylie's got three suitcases open, is stuffing them with clothing, computer shit, iPads, other electronic junk. Kylie's 52" flatscreen is on. Marcus's speech plays nonstop while various commentators gas. There's a KNOCK at the door.

KYLIE

It's open!

Admiral Shepard walks in. Abigail waits outside the door.

KYLIE (CONT'D)

Um... Wow, Admiral. You're pretty much the last person I expected to see.

(glances out a window)

Am I getting wacked?

The Admiral smiles, moves to a shelf. Pictures of Kylie with her parents on the grounds of an ESTATE. Huge money.

ADMIRAL SHEPARD

... Where are you going?

KYLIE

World's on the brink and your friend Chaplin just put a nuke right over my damn head, sir. I don't plan on being around for the second shot.

ADMIRAL SHEPARD

You're a coward.

KYLIE

You got your name for it. I got mine.

(beat)

How did you not know, sir?

Beat. That hangs there...

ADMIRAL SHEPARD

Your parents are friends with the President. He's put your weapons company back on the map. He vacations at your family estate.

KYLIE

It's more a compound than an estate. And I haven't seen the President in person in at least a year.

ADMIRAL SHEPARD

But you can get to him.

Shepard stares at Marcus's face on the TV.

ADMIRAL SHEPARD (CONT'D)

There's a reason we have captains, not computers, in charge of our boomers. These men are supposed to act with reason and integrity. Not just follow blindly. There's no man I'd rather go into battle alongside than Marcus Chaplin... and no man I'd fear more as my enemy.

CLOSE ON THE TV: Marcus's face. Strong, determined. But the buried grief perhaps visible...

ADMIRAL SHEPARD (CONT'D)

Marcus lost his wife to cancer, raised his two boys best he could. His youngest turned away from the old man, nobody's heard from him. His oldest, Jeffrey, was the spitting image of his dad, in face and heart.

(beat)

Last week I had to call Marcus and tell him that Jeffrey was killed in the line of duty in Afghanistan.

KYLIE

Even more reason to get the hell out of Dodge.

ADMIRAL SHEPARD

By tomorrow, every move I make, every person I call will be tracked.

(beat)

My old friend Marcus just called out my president in front of the world.

(MORE)

ADMIRAL SHEPARD (CONT'D)
 But I don't know if my president is
 even running this show any more.
 You can find out.

KYLIE
 You seriously overestimate me, sir.

ADMIRAL SHEPARD
 I doubt that. You're a parasite who
 traffics in war without ever getting
 her pretty hands dirty. But I need
 you now. You think you've done your
 part defending your country? You
 haven't. Not like this.

ON KYLIE... strangely still.

EXT. EARLY WARNING STATION VERANDA - SUNSET

Sam stands on the railing looking out onto Soubourg as the sun
 sets into the ocean. The huge shape of the Nevada FLOATS in
 the bay. The town looks peaceful from this vantage point.
 Marcus appears next to Sam. Silence for a moment, then --

SAM
 Was wondering about Christine, what
 she must be thinking. I keep
 running it in my head. Something we
 missed? Something we should have
 done differently? Anything?

MARCUS
 They tried to kill us, Sam. For
 what? Where's the country I grew up
 in? They've made it all a mess.
 (re: Soubourg)
 We could do better right here,
 starting from scratch.

Sam stares at Marcus, doubt creeping in.

SAM
 Everything we did today... it was to
 stay alive long enough to get our
 names cleared and to get home.

A beat.

MARCUS
 Maybe this is home now.

As Sam stares at Marcus, the horror of that sinking in --

END PILOT