

SHADOWS BELOW

by Gregory Mandarano & David Max Bluestein

FADE IN:

RITH PHAY

a nine year old boy with defiant eyes

digs in the dirt on his hands and knees. He pulls up a sweet potato by its root, then tosses it into a bamboo basket.

SUPER: "CAMBODIA - 1969"

Satisfied that he's gathered enough, Rith removes his hat and wipes sweat from his brow against a backdrop of lush jungle.

A BASEBALL

spirals mid-air before getting caught in the bare hands of a young Cambodian BOY.

Rith carries his basket past a field of playing CHILDREN, and when the Boy spots Rith makes a mad running dash towards him.

BOY WITH THE BALL

Rith! Rith Phay! Rith Phay! Hey Rith! Why don't you come play with us! We could use-

A RUMBLING NOISE fills the air.

Rith's gaze drifts from the Boy to the skies behind him.

His face pales.

BOY WITH THE BALL (CONT'D)

-Rith? Hey Rith. What's the matter?

Rith raises his hand and points.

The Boy turns, and looks, and drops his ball in terror.

Soon every Child's attention is drawn to the horizon... where

DOZENS OF LARGE GREEN PLANES are approaching.

RITH PHAY

runs towards his village, his basket forgotten. In the distance VILLAGERS step outside to investigate the noise.

WHOOSH! A RUSH OF WIND knocks Rith to the ground. And when he looks up, WAVES OF FIRE pour from the planes as they blanket his village in an inferno of destruction.

Rith stares in awe at the spectacle before finally standing.

He races forward, undeterred by his bloody scraped knees.

IN THE VILLAGE

Half is a field of flame, while half remains protected by a guardian wind blowing smoke away from their homes.

RITH PHAY
Mama! Papa!

MAMA PHAY
Rith!

He rushes into his MAMA's arms.

US TROOPS

enter the village on Jeeps and jump out with guns drawn.

Mama Phay takes Rith by the hand and pulls him into

THEIR HUT

where she sits him on a bed. Rith's PAPA rushes inside.

MAMA PHAY
What's happening?

PAPA PHAY
They say it was an accident.

MAMA PHAY
An accident!

PAPA PHAY
They thought we were Vietnamese...
They're gathering us all up. Say it's to
see their doctor.

Papa Phay moves a table and opens a HIDDEN COMPARTMENT large enough only for a child. He GRABS Rith and STUFFS him in.

PAPA PHAY (CONT'D)
Stay here. Don't come out no matter what.

RITH PHAY
But papa, I skinned my knees. Maybe their
doctor can help.

PAPA PHAY
I don't trust them.

RITH PHAY
But papa! I want to go with you!

PAPA PHAY
Rith. You are my legacy. And you must
live on.

Papa Phay shuts the door on Rith and locks him in.

Rith hears his Parents exit the hut to American shouting.

IN THE QUIET that follows, Rith finds a small dusty chest
beside him. He opens it up and rifles through its contents.

Paper money. Passports. Watches. Envelopes. A KNIFE.

MACHINE GUN FIRE rings out across the village.

Rith hugs his bloody knees close and hyperventilates as the
FRANTIC WAILING of dying men and women fills the air.

As the last of the gunshots die down, Rith goes completely
still. He reaches in the chest and grabs the KNIFE.

Silence slowly falls over the village...

AN ARMY RANGER

enters Rith's hut KNOCKING over tables and FLIPPING over
beds. He stops only when he finds a JAR OF RICE WINE.

Rith peers out through the wall boards at the Ranger's back.

The Ranger drinks, oblivious to Rith creeping out from the
hiding spot with his blade drawn.

Rith raises the KNIFE, ready to slit the man's throat, when
at the last moment the Ranger grabs Rith's small arm and
THROWS him into the wall! Rith falls to the floor in a heap.

But the KNIFE never leaves Rith's hand.

Rith leaps to his feet and swings wildly at the Ranger, who
KICKS the KNIFE across the room and PUNCHES Rith in the face.

Rith falls back with a bloody nose, totally stunned.

But when the Ranger turns to pick up the KNIFE, Rith grabs a
nearby SPOON, and a TOWEL, and stands.

Rith LEAPS onto the Ranger's back and uses the spoon to GOUGE
HIS EYE OUT while muffling his scream with the towel.

Rith drops to the ground, grabs the KNIFE, and seconds later the Ranger is dead, his blood pooling on the floor.

Rith climbs out through the window, and runs.

THE TOP OF A HILL

where Rith stands looking down on his village.

Thick smoke rises from the inferno that was once his home.

The flames reflect in his eyes.

FADE TO:

A PAIR OF BINOCULARS

scans the horizon as it focuses in on a distant CARGO SHIP.

TWO HELICOPTERS take off from its deck.

The binoculars lower, revealing

RITH PHAY

Now in his mid-fifties with a heavily weathered face, but the same defiant eyes. He wears the uniform of a PLA Commander.

SOMALIAN SHILLINGS

drop into a worn and calloused black hand.

The dilapidated stone marketplace buzzes with the sounds of animals and activity as the locals go about their day.

Children play games and chase each other through the crowds.

SUPER: "MOGADISHU, SOMALIA - FIFTY YEARS LATER"

A BURST OF MACHINE GUN FIRE echoes through the streets.

No one seems to care.

A SOMALIAN WARLORD

with a toothy grin laughs as he empties the clip of his assault rifle into the air above him.

He glances at three of his UNDERLINGS and gestures towards a YOUNG BOY playing in the streets. They run off to grab him.

The Warlord loads another clip in the rifle as he addresses the FIVE ISLAMIC MILITANTS standing behind him.

HEAD MILITANT

Do we have a deal?

SOMALIAN WARLORD

Shoots well. No jams.

Crates of rifles line the dock, at the end of which a massive rusty cargo ship sits anchored in the waters of the port.

SOMALIAN WARLORD (CONT'D)

But are they accurate?

He slings the rifle over his shoulder, grabs an APPLE from a scared Merchant, and takes a bite as he approaches the Boy.

The kid cries, right up until the Warlord slaps him.

SOMALIAN WARLORD (CONT'D)

Now listen to me.

He squeezes the Boy's face and forces eye contact.

SOMALIAN WARLORD (CONT'D)

Hold this on top of your head, and stand over there.

The Boy snuffles, takes the apple, and does as he's told.

The Warlord takes aim with his rifle.

SOMALIAN WARLORD (CONT'D)

Don't move now.

HE PULLS THE TRIGGER! The single shot GOES WIDE and safely strikes a distant stone wall. The Boy shivers in fear.

One of the Militants grows angry at the display. He's about to protest when his leader silently stops him with a look.

HE FIRES AGAIN! The bullet GRAZES the Boy's ear.

The Boy struggles to keep his composure, but pisses himself anyway as the THIRD SHOT hits its mark. The apple EXPLODES.

SOMALIAN WARLORD (CONT'D)

Three shots! Not bad!

He howls with sadistic laughter and his Underlings join in.

HEAD MILITANT

So we have a deal?

The Warlord grins.

SOMALIAN WARLORD
Our missile... You can --

KABOOM!

A MASSIVE EXPLOSION knocks everyone down as the cargo ship SPLITS IN HALF amidst a RAIN OF SHRAPNEL and sea water.

The Militants look to the Warlord with accusing eyes.

He raises his arms disarmingly, but when they aim their rifles in response... he dives for cover.

AN EXCHANGE OF FRANTIC GUNFIRE leaves the Warlord and his Underlings dead with the Militants victorious and unharmed.

The HEAD MILITANT spits in the direction of their corpses.

HEAD MILITANT
Forget the guns! Lets leave this
blasphemous country and get that missile
back to base. It's all that matters.

They run along the pier towards a metal shipping container that's suspended by cables from TWO HOVERING HELICOPTERS.

ROPE LADDERS get tossed and the Militants climb up.

The Helicopters lift the container as they fly over the burning wreckage of their ship and out to sea.

In the waters below a dark SHADOW shimmers beneath the waves.

FWOOSH!

A MISSILE SCREAMS up from the water and OBLITERATES one of the Helicopters in a fury of fire and metal.

THE WRECKAGE SWINGS by its cable and pulls the container down with all its weight - instantly SNAPPING BOTH CABLES.

The shipping container free-falls, while the remaining Helicopter goes into an uncontrollable TAILSPIN.

Everything crashes into the sea and sinks below the waves.

CLANG!

The shipping container RISES back up from the water, as

A MASSIVE BLACK SUBMARINE surfaces beneath it.

The door on the submarine's sail opens, and out steps

RITH PHAY

Thick black smoke rises from flames scattering the waves.

Fire reflects in his eyes.

FADE TO:

HUBERT DAVENPORT

speaks into a microphone, stern and serious. He's tall, charismatic, and athletic for sixty six with thin white hair.

DAVENPORT

As I weighed these recommendations, I found myself reminded of something the Secretary of Defense said last year. He quoted Stimson, FDR's War Secretary. Stimson believed that we, as Americans, must act in the world as it is, and not in the world as we wish it were.

THE AMERICAN FLAG

hangs behind him on the wall of the US Capitol House Chamber. Both houses of Congress listen quietly to his words.

DAVENPORT (CONT'D)

Stimson was a realist, and this is a time for reality. But with this reality comes opportunity. The opportunity to reshape our defense enterprise to be better prepared, better positioned, and better equipped to secure America's interests in the years ahead...

(pausing for applause)

We must win the war on terror. We must face reality. This bill must not pass...

(louder applause)

Not for the America that we want! And not for the America that we need.

A HOT CUP OF COFFEE STEAMS

on Davenport's desk. He powers off his smart phone, opens his desk drawer, and pulls from it a second cell phone.

A CHINESE CIGARETTE BURNS

in a black plastic ash tray. A cell phone sits beside it.

THE PHONE RINGS and a hand picks it up.

DAVENPORT (V.O.)
Are you in position?

WALTER (O.S.)
Yeah. But he's on the phone.

DAVENPORT (V.O.)
I'll take care of it. You are a go.

The hand grabs the lit cigarette and pounds it out.

WALTER (O.S.)
Understood.

WALTER SMITH

The mid forties, weasel-faced, recently divorced
Communications Manager to the VP's office.

Wiping steam from a bathroom mirror, he lathers his face up
with Chinese shaving cream and chats on his cell.

WALTER SMITH
You have no idea how badly I wish I was
you right now... Ha ha, no. I tried to
get a drink in the lobby, and they wanted
to charge me a thousand yuan for an apple
martini. What? No, that's like over a
hundred bucks!

HIS PHONE BEEPS and he glances at the screen.

WALTER SMITH (CONT'D)
Shit, I'll call you back.
(switching calls)
Hello?

DAVENPORT (V.O.)
This is Hubert Davenport.

The razor slips and drops into the sink. Blood follows suit.

WALTER SMITH
Mister Speaker! This is a surprise. You
know the Veep hasn't landed yet, right?

DAVENPORT (V.O.)
(with gravitas)
I'm not calling for him, Walter. I'm
calling for you.

WALTER SMITH
There something I can do for you sir?

DAVENPORT (V.O.)

Tomorrow's the Fourth of July, Walter. A very important day for our country. Rest assured that this one shall be remembered for generations to come... Do you have any children, Walter?

WALTER SMITH

I do, yeah... Two daughters.

DAVENPORT (V.O.)

Walter... I promise you... Your daughters will come to think of you as a hero.

WALTER SMITH

A hero, sir?

DAVENPORT (V.O.)

America's grateful for your service Walter... and for your sacrifice.

Walter Smith glances down to pick up his razor, but when he looks back up he sees A SECOND REFLECTION in the MIRROR.

His eyes squint in disbelief at his perfect doppelganger.

WALTER SMITH

Ow...

Walter Smith collapses to the floor, DEAD.

DAVENPORT (V.O.)

Walter? Are you there? Walter?

Standing over his corpse is Walter, a hypodermic needle still in his hand. He drops it in the sink and picks up the phone.

WALTER

(into the phone)

It's done.

Walter deletes the call from memory, then calmly wipes steam from the mirror, fixes his hair, and straightens his tie.

A BLACK TARMAC

glistens in the night to the glow of a thousand spotlights.

Walter and an entourage of SECRET SERVICE and other AMERICANS IN SUITS cross the tarmac and come to a stop beside

ZHUN GAO

the Base Commander. A PLA Captain, he's all business. Four Jeeps and a dozen ARMED SOLDIERS are lined up behind him.

Zhun takes off his hat and stands to attention as

AIR FORCE TWO

turns off the runway and taxis to a stop in front of them.

SUPER: "PLA NAVAL BASE: QING DAO, CHINA"

The door opens and out steps

VICE PRESIDENT EDWARD ALVAREZ

Late forties. Handsome Harvard Law Grad.

WALTER

Mister Vice President. May I introduce to you, Base Commander Zhun Gao.

Zhun and Alvarez formally shake hands. Everyone watches.

ALVAREZ

It is an honor, and a privilege, to be here on the President's behalf for this --

Zhun takes back his hand, turns away, and walks off.

Alvarez shoots a concerned look to Walter, who grimaces.

ALVAREZ (CONT'D)

--- momentous occasion...

(following after Zhun)
signifying the growing ties between our two countries.

Zhun stops beside his Jeep. A Soldier opens the door.

ZHUN GAO

You can save your pointless posturing for the people who matter.

Alvarez stands tall, cool and unfazed.

ALVAREZ

I was promised a tour of this facility.

Zhun gets behind the steering wheel. The door slams shut.

ZHUN GAO

You will have your tour. General Chang's most eager to show you what the world's best minds are capable of building.

ALVAREZ

I look forward to it.

ZHUN GAO

Welcome to China, Mister Vice President.

Zhun starts up his Jeep and drives off.

THE GRAVE OF SUSAN MEADOWS

Beloved mother and wife. 1960-1995.

MARY MEADOWS

sets a tiny pink gift-box beside the grave.

Blonde, mid thirties, went full career after graduating the US Naval Academy with honors and still wears the class ring.

MARY

Happy birthday Mom...

She hears footsteps and turns to see

JACKSON MEADOWS

The US President. Kind eyes, mid fifties, blue suit, American flag lapel pin, and a BIG BOUQUET OF PINK LILIES.

Jackson sets the flowers down next to Mary's gift, then stands beside her in silence. The wind blows. Neither speaks.

Eventually Mary turns and walks away.

JACKSON

Why don't you stay.

Mary stops and sighs. Jackson stares at the grave.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

I could really use your help on the campaign trail these coming months.

MARY

I've got a duty to my country Dad...
And so do you.

THE USS JIMMY CARTER

Largest of the Seawolf-class Nuclear Submarines. No nuclear missiles. This boat is a multi purpose sub-hunter. Its 450 foot tear drop hull rests in the water docked at the pier.

Mary, in full dress uniform, pauses to admire the view.

An expanded-steel ramp connects the sub to the pier, where a NAVY SEAL stands staring down at the water. He is

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER JAMES CLARKE

Mid forties, light blonde, blue eyes, a seasoned veteran with a prominent jaw who's seen his share of action.

A YOUNG SEAMAN

approaches Mary, stands to attention, and salutes.

YOUNG SEAMAN
Commander Meadows?

MARY
That's right.

YOUNG SEAMAN
Just this way ma'am.

A BLACK NAVY SEAL in the water whistles a cat-call as Mary approaches. She doesn't acknowledge him in the slightest.

JAMES
(to Mary)
I apologize for my man's conduct. He hasn't seen his wife in months.

James gestures to shake hands, but she just gives him a wry smile, and glances down at the SEAL who gave the cat-call.

JAMES (CONT'D)
I'm Lieutenant Commander James Clarke.

MARY
I know who you are.

Her eyes give him a once-over. She's careful not to smile.

JAMES
Oh, really?

SEAL ENGINEER DARRYL FOSTER

climbs up from the water in his wet suit. Mid thirties black man, five o' clock shadow covering up some nasty scars.

DARRYL

She's good to go.

JAMES

Load up the rest. Get everyone on board.

(to Mary)

So how do you know me again?

MARY

Oh, just that my father's spoken your name a few times in praise. He thinks quite highly of the SEALs.

JAMES

Your father huh? Well I'll try and live up to my reputation.

James flashes a boyish grin and Mary can't help but smile.

COMMANDER HAROLD MCBRIDE

sits at the desk in his stateroom writing a letter in pen.

Kentucky born Captain of the Jimmy Carter. Once the all-American definition of an athlete, his 56 years barely show.

He pauses a moment, taps the pen against his lips in thought, and takes a sip of his tea before writing more.

All while Mary stands nearby, waiting.

MCBRIDE

My mama. Eighty three years this month, God bless her heart. I like to call her on her birthday, but you never can tell out at sea. She doesn't hear from me... She reads this.

He sets down the pen and folds up the letter.

MCBRIDE (CONT'D)

Now I know what you're thinking. What about e-mails, right? Thing is my mama hates computers more than she hates wasps. Swears up and down they'll give her cancer. Says the same thing about wireless phones.

McBride seals the letter in an envelope and addresses it.

MCBRIDE (CONT'D)

And yet my mama's never, not even once,
said one word to me about the radiation I
spent half my career next to.

(turning to face her)

Now why do you suppose that is?

MARY

She loves you.

MCBRIDE

She loves me, sure. Just like your father
loves you. And she loves her country.
Just as I do, and you do. But that ain't
the reason.

MARY

Then what is the reason, sir?

MCBRIDE

It's not the one reason Commander. For
her it's four of them. Her two brothers.
Her father. Her grand father. Each one of
them bled and died for the tree of
liberty. And each one soaked the good
earth of this great nation with my mama's
tears. You see, my mama understands what
it means to have a reason. Something to
fight for. That part of your soul that
haunts every choice you make and pushes
you towards that brass ring, if there is
one... Now I've got plenty of reasons for
why you're my new XO.

McBride grabs a stack of folders and scatters them.

MCBRIDE (CONT'D)

Shit, I could fill up this damn boat with
reasons, and recommendations, and
evaluations, all telling me why you're a
good addition to my crew, maybe even a
great one. But I want to hear it from
you, Meadows. Why are you here? What's
your reason?

MARY

My mother --

MCBRIDE

-- I know all about your damn family
history! As does every other warm-blooded
American in the Northern hemisphere. Tell
me what I don't know.

MARY

The Jimmy Carter's motto, sir. Semper Optima... Always the best.

MCBRIDE

I said tell me something I don't know.

MARY

That's me, sir. Every second, every day. I'll give your command all I've got in me, and if that's not enough I'll give you more. I'm not here because my father's President. I'm here because I'm the best, sir. And that's what you need.

McBride outright laughs.

MCBRIDE

You think this is a promotion, Meadows?

MARY

I know it is, sir.

MCBRIDE

You're right about one thing. You sure as hell ain't here cause your pappy's the CINC. This here's my boat, has been for a while now too, and I'll be the first one to tell you she shoulda' been scuttled the day her keel first hit the water. We've got a hundred extra feet of over-engineered problems and no parts to fix 'em with. Congratulations are in order, XO Meadows.

McBride stands and shakes her hand.

MCBRIDE (CONT'D)

You've just been promoted to the black sheep of America's submarine fleet.

MARY

Doesn't matter how good the boat is, sir. It's the crew that drives the submarine. The better the crew is, the better the boat's gonna be.

MCBRIDE

You're a God damned optimist, aren't you? I like that. Now, come on. Get out of your fancy dress and into your puppies, then let's take this puppy out to open waters.

MARY
Yes, sir.

Mary opens to the door to leave.

MCBRIDE
And Meadows!

MARY
Sir?

MCBRIDE
Welcome aboard.

MILLIONS OF TINY FISH

form a spiraling column in panic. A school of TUNA cuts their numbers to shreds as they feed.

THE FISH SCATTER

when a black submarine passes through. It is

THE CHANG ZHENG 9 "EXPEDITION NINE"

Type-093 Chinese Nuclear Fast Attack Submarine. A 360 foot ship killer. The water cavitates in its wake.

SUPER: "215 MILES OFF THE COAST OF D.C."

IN THE CAPTAIN'S STATEROOM

a tiny bonsai tree gets lifted from a pool of water. Droplets drain to the sink before it's placed on a dry towel.

CAPTAIN SHINING

a mid-fifties Chinese man with a muscular build and intuitive eyes, looks down at his plant, satisfied.

Shining sits on his bunk, lies back, and shuts off the light.

BZZZT! The phone at his bedside buzzes.

He groans with annoyance and answers it.

KANG (V.O.)
Captain, sonar. Sorry to wake you, sir.

SHINING
Yes, yes. What is it Kang?

KANG (V.O.)
You'd better come down here and see for
yourself.

THE SONAR SHACK

A hundred screens pulse with a neon green glow, but only one
of them commands the attention of

THE XO: KANG

The PLA's ideal officer. Loyal only to China and his Captain,
he sits beside SONAR OFFICER JIAN the head of sonar.

Shining pushes in and stands behind them.

SHINING
What's going on?

SONAR OFFICER JIAN
Broadband contacts, Captain. Dozens of
them. Spread out across bearings three
zero zero through zero six zero. But most
are dead ahead, sir.

SHINING
(into an intercom)
Conn, sonar. What's our current depth?

NAVIGATOR (V.O.)
Two hundred forty six meters.

KANG
That can't be the Americans? Can it? Is
there still no engine noise?

SONAR OFFICER JIAN
Not yet. Could be they're too far away.

KANG
And it's definitely not biological?

SONAR OFFICER JIAN
I'd stake money on it.

SHINING
Switch to very low frequency.

SONAR OFFICER JIAN
(flipping switches)
Just background noise, sir.

SHINING

Run it through a bass-boost filter and
put it on speaker.

Jian complies. They listen to the reverberating noise.

SONAR OFFICER JIAN

Some sort of irregular oscillating hum.
Non mechanical.

Shining breathes a sigh of relief and steps back.

KANG

Sir?

SHINING

They're bubbles.

KANG

Bubbles?

SHINING

Fields of them. I've seen this before,
and so would you if you'd ever been
stationed off Japan. Chart out that hum.
You'll find it's an earthquake deep below
us. These mystery contacts are nothing
more than clouds of methane being
released from fissures in the crust.

KANG

Should we go around them?

A NAUTICAL MAP

at navigation in the conn shows Expedition Nine's current
position off the US coast. The Navigator trails his finger
along the map while Kang and Shining watch carefully.

NAVIGATOR

Intel places SOSUS warning nets here, up
through here, and all the way to the
coast. Here's the undersea activity.

He places down a transparent overlay. Red dashes bar their
Southern course for hundreds of miles in each direction.

KANG

How far gone would it put us if we double
back and avoid the zone altogether?

NAVIGATOR

Five days. Maybe six.

KANG

The Russians expect us for training exercises near Cuba in... ninety one hours, sir. I guess we'll be late.

SHINING

That won't do.

KANG

You said it yourself, Captain. If we pass through the zone, the chance of us being detected by the net increases ten-fold. Let the Russians wait. Their schedule means nothing to us.

SHINING

On the contrary, their schedule is everything. I'll not have a foreign state believe the PLA navy to be anything other than a model of perfection and timing. If they expect us in four days, then that is when they'll receive us.

KANG

But, sir. The Americans.

Shining scoffs and dismisses the comment with disdain.

SHINING

In one day naval command's giving them access to our ELF array. Who's to care if they discover us off their waters? Besides... I've no intention of being detected whether it matters or not.

KANG

But if we're not going forward... and we won't go back...

SHINING

An army can march great distances if it goes where the enemy isn't... We'll head into shallow water. Avoid the zone altogether. Hug the continental shelf South, and break away before Bermuda. The Americans won't even know we were ever at their doorstep.

Kang nods, understanding the gravity of the orders.

SHINING (CONT'D)

(into the mic)

Crew of Expedition Nine.

(MORE)

SHINING (CONT'D)

This is your Captain. Our present course takes us into US waters. I need not remind you that we've never been pinged by American sonar. Today will not be the first. Set condition blue. Prepare for silent running. This is not a drill.

Shining points to the map and drags his finger towards D.C.

COFFEE POURS

into Jackson's cup. Across from him sits Davenport. They wait in silence as STAFF exits the Oval Office.

JACKSON

You know, I read your speech. Compelling stuff. I only wish I'd known how strongly you felt before you decided to lambast my bill in front of a joint session.

Davenport's pale eyes shimmer confidently.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Let's cut to the chase. What do you want?

DAVENPORT

I want what's best for my country.

JACKSON

You don't consider our children's education in the best interest of this country?

DAVENPORT

Not if it costs American lives.

JACKSON

What lives? These defense cuts barely amount to a drop in the bucket! Meanwhile our education system continues to lag behind the rest of the world!

DAVENPORT

Nothing's worth more than the national security. Nothing. Sometimes that means making hard decisions.

Jackson clenches his fist and grinds his teeth.

The intercom BUZZES.

JUDY (V.O.)

Mister President --

JACKSON
 -- I said no calls, Judy!

Davenport hides his smile in his coffee cup.

JUDY (V.O.)
 It's your daughter.

Jackson picks up the phone and holds it to his ear.

Davenport rises and walks towards the door.

JACKSON
 (to Davenport)
 This conversation's not over.

DAVENPORT
 I'm at your disposal, Mister President.

Davenport leaves and Jackson puts the call through.

JACKSON
 Mary?

INTERCUT BETWEEN

MARY IN HER STATEROOM / JACKSON IN THE OVAL OFFICE

Now in a jumpsuit, she unpacks her things while on the phone.

MARY
 Hi dad. Is everything okay? You sound stressed.

JACKSON
 What? A father can't worry about his only child?

MARY
 Don't deflect dad. I can tell when something's on your mind.

JACKSON
 God, you sound so much like her right now. She'd never let me get away with anything, either.

MARY
 There you go dad, deflecting again. Don't make this about her.

JACKSON
Did you call me just to tell me how I'm
supposed to feel?

MARY
I'm your God damn daughter, dad, not your
psycho-analyst.

The POWER CUTS OUT in the Oval Office.

JACKSON
Don't take that tone with me! I can't
believe you'd bring that up... Hello?

Jackson realizes the phone's gone dead.

The power RESTARTS and the lights flicker on.

MARY

holds the phone up to her ear.

MARY
Hello? Dad? Hello?
(tossing the phone aside)
Unbelievable.

She continues to unpack, but stops when she comes across a
photograph of her as a child with her mother and father.

FLASHBACK

FIFTEEN YEAR OLD MARY

watches her parents argue from the backseat of their car.

SUSAN
You liar! All this time! All this time I
should have known!

JACKSON
(trying to drive in the rain)
Will you just calm down. It's not what
you think.

SUSAN
You've been seeing her for two years. Two
years, Jack!

JACKSON
She's my therapist, Susan!

SUSAN
You pay therapists to talk, not to --

MARY
-- Oh my God! Why can't you two just shut up about it already?

JACKSON
I would if your mom would stop being such a bitch.

MARY
You screwed your doctor, dad! How'd you think she was gonna react?

Jackson turns from the wheel and points a finger in her face.

JACKSON
Don't take that tone with me young lady!

SUSAN
-- Jack! Look out!

He turns back to HEADLIGHTS and a HONKING HORN.

Jackson cuts the wheel.

END FLASHBACK

MARY

gets snapped back to the present by the DIVING HORN.

THE SAIL OF THE JIMMY CARTER

slips below the waves as the submarine makes its descent.

JACKSON

stands at his desk with the phone in hand.

JUDY (V.O.)
Sorry. It's going straight to voice mail.

He hangs up the phone and turns to

SECRET SERVICE AGENT WALSH

A mid-40's man listening to chatter on his ear piece. Two more AGENTS with sub-machine guns stand against the walls.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
How could this have happened?

AGENT WALSH
I don't know sir. Some sort of power
fluctuation. They're checking it out.

A USB FLASH DRIVE

gets pulled from a restarting computer in a dark office.

CHRIS REYNOLDS

the devious, mid thirties, Deputy National Security Advisor
to the Vice President slips the drive into his pocket.

A PICTURE OF WALTER SMITH AND HIS DAUGHTERS sits on the desk.

Chris slips out into

THE HALL

and shuts the door behind him. He takes a few quick strides
and slows his pace when two Secret Service AGENTS walk past.

Chris gives a casual nod and they pay him no attention.

He ducks into

A STAIRWELL

and makes sure he's alone before pulling out his cell.

DAVENPORT

climbs into the back seat of an SUV. He gets a text from:

VP-DSA CHRIS REYNOLDS
It's done. The power went out exactly
when you said it would.

Davenport deletes the text, then deletes "VP-DSA CHRIS
REYNOLDS" from his phone's list of contacts.

The phone prompts: ARE YOU SURE? YES/NO

Davenport clicks YES, then turns it off with a smug grin.

WALTER

watches as Alvarez examines a computer console beside

GENERAL CHANG

the rigid mid-fifties Chinese veteran.

A GIANT COMPUTER SCREEN

displays a real-time nautical map of the world. He points towards the only three blinking yellow lights on the screen.

GENERAL CHANG

Expedition four off South America. Depth one hundred meters. Expedition five, New Zealand. Two hundred meters. Expedition six near Sweden. Three hundred meters.

Chang turns a dial on the console, then presses a button.

GENERAL CHANG (CONT'D)

The ELF array communicates instantly with submarines across the globe without the need to deploy a special antenna. In fact, the array already serves as a fully functional component of our naval defenses. Since its activation here in Qing Dao, every submarine in our fleet is permanently coordinated through the central grid, even if its location is unknown to us. Once the treaty's signed, our navies could coordinate an attack on any target, anywhere in the world.

The three blinking lights change from YELLOW to GREEN.

GENERAL CHANG (CONT'D)

There. The messages were received and acknowledged within seconds.

Alvarez nods, satisfied with the demonstration.

WALTER

stands beside Alvarez as he shakes hands with Chang.

A convoy of Jeeps and SUVs line the hotel parking lot.

ALVAREZ

Thanks for the tour, General. I'd sure hate to be a terrorist after tomorrow.

GENERAL CHANG

Very good. Now if you'll excuse me, the Chairman awaits.

Walter follows Alvarez and his entourage into the hotel.

WALTER

sits on his bed peeling an apple. His SHARP KNIFE skins its flesh in one long continuous strip.

His eyes remain fixed on the hotel room's phone... IT RINGS.

Walter picks up the receiver and holds it to his ear.

ALVAREZ (V.O.)

Walter, hello. Could you come by my room?
We need to talk.

WALTER

Sure.

Walter slaps the surgically SKINNED apple down on the table.

ALKA-SELTZER

fizzes in a cup of water. Alvarez swirls it in his hand.

There's a knock at the door.

ALVAREZ

Come in, Walter.

Walter enters and lingers in the doorway.

Alvarez sits reading at a desk with his back to Walter.

WALTER

What's up? I was just about to get some
sleep.

ALVAREZ

Really? That's not like you.

Walter winces. His breath quickens.

WALTER

What do you mean?

ALVAREZ

You hardly ever get any sleep the night
before a big press event...

WALTER

Must be the jet lag...

ALVAREZ

Your daughter called earlier. Said she
couldn't get through to you?

Walter starts to close the door.

WALTER
My phone died. I'll call her tomorrow.

ALVAREZ
Walter... Are you okay?
(turning to face him)
Is there something I should know about?

WALTER
(stone cold)
No... Everything's fine.

The door clicks shut.

Alvarez turns away and looks back to his paperwork.

ALVAREZ
I just got off the phone with Hubert
Davenport.

Walter's eyes twitch with suspicion.

WALTER
Oh did you now?

He takes a few deliberate steps closer to Alvarez.

WALTER (CONT'D)
What did he call you about?

Walter reaches in his pocket and slowly pulls out the knife.

ALVAREZ
Actually, I called him.

There's a KNOCK at the door. Walter buries the knife into his pocket as a Secret Service AGENT enters the room.

THE AGENT
Sir. The President's called for a higher
level of security.

ALVAREZ
Anything I should know about?

THE AGENT
Nothing to concern yourself with, sir.

Walter's eye twitches again.

ALVAREZ
Make yourself comfortable.

The Agent sits himself down on the sofa.

ALVAREZ (CONT'D)
That'll be all Walter. We'll discuss this tomorrow.

WALTER
Good night, sir.

Walter makes a quick exit.

EXPEDITION NINE

moves silently through the dark waters of the Atlantic.

SONAR OFFICER JIAN

closes his eyes and listens intently to the noise in his headset. His hand tweaks a dial on the console.

The dial stops. His EYES OPEN and he sits up straight.

Jian swivels his chair and looks to a monitor.

Yellow dots start popping up on the screen.

SHINING AND KANG

watch as Jian closes his eyes, listening.

SONAR OFFICER JIAN
It's the carrier. I'm sure of it.

SHINING
(into an intercom)
Conn, sonar. Make our depth one five zero meters. Zero bubble.

KANG
Deeper? They can't hear us over their engines from our current depth.

SHINING
That's not what worries me.

NAVIGATION IN THE CONN

Kang and the Navigator watch as Shining draws on the map.

SHINING

If the carrier's here, then the entire area within this perimeter's compromised. We can't risk running into any of their attack subs. That leaves one obvious play. We run west and hide here in Washington Canyon till they pass...

KANG

So what's the problem?

SHINING

It's... too convenient. Any novice could chart this course...

(speaking through his hand)

But I don't see any alternative.

KANG

Sir?

SHINING

The canyon Mister Kang.

(looking up from the map)

Take us in.

EXPEDITION NINE

maneuvers between the walls of the underwater canyon as a DRONE leads the way with a flashlight.

IN THE CONN

Shining and his crew hold their collective breaths as they divide their attention between nautical charts and a grainy-image video feed from their drone as it scouts ahead.

SHINING

Easy now... Slow us down a bit. Take us to two knots... Good. That's good.

KANG

What's that there? You see that?

(into the mic)

Sonar, conn. Shift the camera bearing zero two five degrees.

The video shifts towards a large gray shape lost amongst the boulders and rock formations on the canyon floor.

KANG (CONT'D)

Can you get us in any closer? Just there.

On the monitor: The gray shape transitions into a SUBMARINE.

SONAR OFFICER JIAN (V.O.)
Confirmed contact sir. It's a submarine,
just sitting there, right at the bottom
of the ridge. Engines off.
(long pause)
It's Chinese!

A smile creeps up on Shining's serious demeanor.

SHINING
Can you tell which one it is?

KANG
(into the mic)
Can you identify it? Bring the drone
closer. Towards the sail.

Black letters on the submarines side come into focus.

SONAR OFFICER JIAN (V.O.)
It's Quiet Fire, sir. No doubt about it.

Kang stands shocked.

KANG
Quiet Fire? Fifty miles from the US
Capitol! Captain, our presence here is
excusable, but if the Americans knew we
had nuclear missiles so close to DC
they'd be furious!

SHINING
Mister Kang. Our nuclear redundancy
protocols do allow for Type zero nine
four Captains to take their boats
anywhere without oversight... He must
like to live dangerously.

KANG
But why here? Why the canyon?

SHINING
I suspect... that Quiet Fire's here for
the very same reasons we are...

KANG
(muttering)
Curse those bubbles.

SHINING
(into the mic)
Is there any change in its status?

SONAR OFFICER JIAN (V.O.)
 Negative Captain, I don't think they can
 detect us while we're running silent.
 We're ghosts sir.

SHINING
 He doesn't even know we're here...

KANG
 Should we contact him?

Shining turns to the

OFFICER OF THE DECK (OOD) LIEUTENANT LEE

the mid-fifties man who, like all OOD's, stands responsible
 for relaying the Captain's orders to the crew.

SHINING
 Lieutenant Lee. All stop.

Lee gives his orders and the boat lurches to a stop.

SHINING (CONT'D)
 We'll wait here till the Americans pass.

KANG
 And then?

SHINING
 And then Mister Kang, we'll see just how
 legendary Captain Rith Phay really is.

QUIET FIRE

rests two meters above the floor of the underwater canyon.

Type-094 Jinn Class Nuclear Ballistic Missile Submarine.
 Twelve hatches for missile launch line the top of its hull.

EXPEDITION NINE

hovers motionless above the front of the other submarine...

when Quiet Fire starts to move.

CONN - EXPEDITION NINE

Shining and his Crew sit in silence... waiting.

SONAR OFFICER JIAN (V.O.)
Conn, Sonar! Contact is on the move,
bearing zero three five degrees and
approaching.

SHINING
(into the mic)
Acknowledged. Keep an eye on him.
(to Kang)
We'll let him pass and make some distance
before we swing around.

KANG
Exactly what is it you intend, Captain?

SHINING
Once he's out in open water, we'll come
up behind him through his wake, cut to
his port, and ping him.

KANG
A sounding from that distance? It'll
damage his ears as much as his pride.

SHINING
Not that loud of a sounding. We don't
want to alert the Americans. No. We'll
just softly ring his bell, and quietly
let him know he was out-matched.

SONAR OFFICER JIAN (V.O.)
Captain! Contact is changing depth,
rising fast on approach bearing zero one
five degrees!

KANG
Has he spotted us?

SHINING
Bring us down ten meters, zero bubble.

KANG
Down?

Lee hesitates, and looks to Shining and Kang.

SHINING
Do it. Easy now. Not all at once.

Kang nods, and Lee gives the orders.

QUIET FIRE

rises forward. Expedition Nine sinks into its direct path.

CONN - EXPEDITION NINE

SONAR OFFICER JIAN (V.O.)
 Captain! Contact is on a collision
 course, bearing zero three five degrees!
 Collision in twenty meters...

KANG
 Sir?

SHINING
 Prepare to bring us down another five
 meters, zero bubble. On my mark.

SONAR OFFICER JIAN (V.O.)
 Fifteen meters.

Kang's nervous and the Crew's on edge. Shining is a rock.

SONAR OFFICER JIAN (V.O.)
 Ten meters and closing.

KANG
 Captain...

SHINING
 Mark!

EXPEDITION NINE

sinks just in time for Quiet Fire to pass over it.

IN THE CONN

The Crew breathes a sigh of relief.

Shining smiles, anticipating the thrill of the chase.

SHINING
 And now Mister Kang, the hunt begins.

QUIET FIRE

carves an underwater path, while hundreds of meters behind it

EXPEDITION NINE

begins its approach and closes the gap on its prey.

IN THE CONN

Shining straightens his uniform and grips the console.

SHINING

This is it. Increase speed by five knots,
and approach bearing zero three zero. We
don't want to rattle as we come up
alongside him.

SONAR OFFICER JIAN (V.O.)

Conn, sonar. Contact closing at one
hundred meters... ninety meters... eighty
meters.

SHINING

Mister Kang, prepare to give the sounding
on my mark. Fifteen percent capacity.

KANG

Aye, sir.

SONAR OFFICER JIAN (V.O.)

Fifty meters... Forty --

ANOTHER SONAR TECH (V.O.)

(in the background)
Whining in the water!

SONAR OFFICER JIAN (V.O.)

Captain! They're launching
countermeasures!

KANG

What! How did he know we were here?

SHINING

That sly bastard.

QUIET FIRE

has launched a slurry of small projectiles that spin and
screech in the water, kicking up a torrent of turbulence.

EXPEDITION NINE

loses sight of Quiet Fire behind the veil of bubbles.

IN THE CONN

Shining is shaken, his earlier bravado gone.

SHINING

Increase speed to twenty knots and come about bearing two seven five degrees.

(into the mic)

Sonar, conn! I want the target's location, now!

SONAR OFFICER JIAN (V.O.)

No contact yet, sir! The countermeasures have -- Captain! Torpedo in the water! Bearing zero five zero!

SHINING

Launch countermeasures! Increase speed to twenty three knots, twenty degrees inclination.

THE BOAT TILTS UP and they brace themselves as things slide.

KANG

Sir! Why would he have launched torpedoes? Does he think we're Americans? Why would he risk a war?

SHINING

He's lost his mind. A torpedo exchange on the verge of our peace treaty! What could he be thinking!

A TORPEDO

shoots through the water towards the spinning, bubbling countermeasures. It disappears into the cloud.

IN THE CONN

Shining regains his balance as the boat levels off.

SHINING

Brace yourselves!

Everyone holds tight... but there's no explosion.

KANG

(into the mic)

Sonar, conn! Give us a report damn it!

SONAR OFFICER JIAN (V.O.)

No detonation sir! It must have -- sir it's made it through and locked on to us! Impact in five seconds!

SHINING
 Left full rudder! Full thrust! Turn us!
 Turn us! Now!

Kang gains Shining's attention and they share a look.

KANG
 Rith Phay, huh?

SHINING
 Well played.

SONAR OFFICER JIAN (V.O.)
 Two! One! Impact!

But nothing happens... and for a moment everyone's frozen.

SONAR OFFICER JIAN (V.O.)
 (in disbelief)
 The torpedo! It... It turned away at the
 last second!

KANG
 (into the mic)
 Where is it now?

SONAR OFFICER JIAN (V.O.)
 Disarmed and sinking.

SHINING
 Well played indeed.

KANG
 (awe-struck)
 Training shots! He used a training shot
 on us! He's been stringing us along the
 entire time.

SHINING
 Bring us about, and open communications.

COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER
 We're already being hailed, sir.

Shining empties his lungs with a loud sigh.

RITH PHAY

exudes confidence as he holds the mic in Quiet Fire's conn.
 His presence fills the room with the aura of his legend.

RITH PHAY
 (into the mic)
 Captain Shining...

He motions to his COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER, who puts the conversation on speaker for the whole Crew to hear.

RITH PHAY (CONT'D)
 Fancy meeting you here.

SHINING (V.O.)
 I must congratulate you. We thought you couldn't detect us.

RITH PHAY
 Oh, really?

SHINING (V.O.)
 In fact, my Sonar Officer ensured me that you were incapable of detecting a Type oh nine three running silent.

RITH PHAY
 You want to know how you lost?

SHINING
 Yes... I do.

RITH PHAY
 Tell me... When do you think you were first detected?

SHINING (V.O.)
 When you passed above us. My timing was off. I waited too long and you detected our cavitation. If I'd acted sooner I could have surprised you. Then the game would have been mine.

Throughout Quiet Fire, the Crew listens, and laughs.

RITH PHAY
 There's your problem, Captain. You thought this was a game, when in fact, you'd lost before it had even begun.

SHINING

looks to the equally baffled Kang with disbelief and doubt.

RITH PHAY (V.O.)

Did you really think you'd just happened to stumble across the greatest submarine commander known to man? There's much to discuss. Shall we speak more over dinner?

SHINING

Dinner?

EXPEDITION NINE & QUIET FIRE

now sit side by side in the deep water.

INTERCUT BETWEEN

SHINING'S WARDROOM / RITH PHAY'S WARDROOM

as the two Captains eat dinner at their respective dining tables and speak to each other via sub to sub intercom.

SHINING

You were waiting there for us. Why?

RITH PHAY

Our navy's reputation is at stake. The Russians may be our allies, but that's precisely why we must take extra precautions to maintain our discipline. I needed to be sure that command's choice to send you was the right one.

SHINING

If our places were reversed, I could have trapped you just as easily.

RITH PHAY

All the same, you have much to learn.

SHINING

Well, then. What can the great Kambodzhyskiy kogot teach me about Russians that I haven't already learned from command?

There's a knock at door of Rith Phay's wardroom.

RITH PHAY

Just a moment, Captain.

A knock sounds out from Shining's door as well.

A SEAMAN enters and approaches.

SEAMAN

Priority one alert from the ELF array.

SHINING

What is it?

SEAMAN

The Chairman's ordered the navy's
readiness level lowered to the minimum.

SHINING

Very good. That'll be all.

The Captains soon find themselves alone once again.

SHINING

I never thought I'd live to see the day.
America's now one of our allies? Who's
next, Japan? Those root-heads. That's
just what we need, dwarves walkin' around
command, saluting us as we pass.

RITH PHAY

The Chairman's making a terrible mistake
and he's going to get us all killed...
Mark my words. The Americans will steal
our secrets and use them against us.
They're not to be trusted.

SHINING

I wouldn't be so sure of that.

RITH PHAY

I would. I'm sure. What do you know about
Americans? I know the only good
American's a dead one. I know what they
did in Cambodia. They may deny it, but I
saw the flags on their uniforms. I saw
the devil in their eyes. I know what they
did to my village. I know what I saw.

SONAR OFFICER JIAN (V.O.)

Captain, sonar. Underwater contact
bearing two three zero on the approach.

SHINING

Sonar. Inform conn to stand by. You hear
that, Captain? It seems we have guests.

RITH PHAY

Excellent. This gives us a chance to
prepare for our next lesson.

QUIET FIRE SONAR TECH (V.O.)
 Captain, sonar. Underwater contact --

RITH PHAY
 -- Sonar! Tell conn to stand by!

QUIET FIRE SONAR TECH (V.O.)
 Yes, sir!

RITH PHAY
 You blamed your earlier defeat on an uneven playing field. And now, thanks to our American friend, an even match has just presented itself. Your quiet boat, versus my superior ability.

SHINING
 So what's the lesson?

RITH PHAY
 To learn once and for all that it's the man, and not the boat, which makes the measure of the Captain.

EXPEDITION NINE - IN THE CONN

Kang stands to attention as Shining approaches.

KANG
 What are your orders sir?

SHINING
 A game, Mister Kang. A game to see which of us can get closest to the Americans without being spotted. A game I intend us to win.

KANG
 Yes, sir!

MARY

hangs from a catwalk as she does pull-ups. Two passing Crewmen sidestep around her body in the cramped corridor.

She drops to catch her breath, wipes sweat from her face with an exercise towel, and checks her watch.

Mary turns and spots two SEAMEN fighting by a leaky pipe.

MARY
 Get a hold of yourselves sailors! What the hell's the problem here?

YOUNG SEAMAN
No problem, ma'am.

MARY
The hell there isn't. Now shut up and hand me that wrench.
(to both of them)
How long have you two served on a sub?

OLDER SEAMAN
Two years.

YOUNG SEAMAN
This is my tenth week.

MARY
(to the Older Seaman)
You stay put.
(to the Young Seaman)
Don't you know anything? The torque on this wrench is all wrong! Look at this pipe! Problem like this can only be fixed with some relative bearing grease. Now go down to supply and ask the Chief for some, and I'll try and forget this incident ever took place.

YOUNG SEAMAN
Yes, ma'am!

The Young Seaman runs off in a panic.

MARY
(shouting after him)
You hear me sailor? Relative bearing grease! If you don't get some I'm putting you on report!

When he turns the corner Mary and the Older Seaman laugh.

MARY (CONT'D)
How long you think that's gonna last?

OLDER SEAMAN
Knowing him? Least a couple hours 'for he realizes it's a goose chase.

The Seaman chuckles, and Mary's demeanor turns foul.

MARY
Something funny sailor?

OLDER SEAMAN
(standing straight)
No, ma'am.

MARY
(handing him the wrench)
Get back to work.

MCBRIDE

stands silently at the helm, lost in thought.

When Mary enters the conn he snaps out of it.

MCBRIDE
Oh, Meadows. Glad you're here. What do
you think about running a fire drill?

MARY
I don't think that's a good idea, sir.

MCBRIDE
Oh? Why's that? Think we should switch it
up a little huh? Maybe a reactor scram?

MARY
I have a better idea.

MCBRIDE
What's that?

She glances around at the Crew in the conn.

MARY
I've noticed the crew's been running hot.
Emotions are still pretty raw from what
happened before I came aboard, sir.

MCBRIDE
Hmm... Tensions are a bit high.

MARY
I believe that to be the case, sir.

MCBRIDE
And what would you have us to do improve
morale, Meadows?

MARY
It's the fourth of July and the weather
looks good...

Crewmen look over, hopeful. McBride sighs instinctively.

MARY (CONT'D)

Why don't we have a steel beach picnic.

THE SAIL OF THE JIMMY CARTER

bursts from the water as the sub surfaces into daylight.

MARY

fills a bag with: a towel, sunscreen, trail mix, sunglasses, her laptop. She exits her stateroom and walks out into

THE CORRIDOR

where groups of SAILORS rush by excited.

THE SURFACED JIMMY CARTER

Mary climbs up from the ladder and onto the bridge.

Calm waves lap rhythmically against the side of the hull.

Mary admires the view. There's no land in sight.

HEADPHONES

plug into Mary's laptop. She struggles to concentrate as a third of the Crew PARTIES all around her.

Sailors DIVE from the port side and SWIM in the water. Beach balls get tossed and meat gets cooked on crude fire grills.

Two SNIPERS stand on deck actively scanning the waters through the lens of their assault rifles.

JAMES

climbs up onto the bridge and gives a long look around.

The Older Seaman sidles up alongside James.

OLDER SEAMAN

Six point four miles.

JAMES

What's that?

OLDER SEAMAN

The horizon sir. Yup, from up here you can see pretty far.

James spots Mary sitting alone on her towel.

JAMES

It's not the horizon I've got my eyes on.

MARY

watches a live-feed White House broadcast of the treaty.

JAMES (O.S.)

You stand relieved, sailor! Gimme that rifle.

The SNIPER gladly hands the weapon and responsibility over to James. Mary perks her head up when she hears James' voice.

She slips off her headphones and glances over at him.

The Sniper takes off his shirt and dives into the water.

MARY

That was actually really nice of you.

JAMES

So, you gave the whole crew a picnic just to get a date with me, huh?

MARY

You're wasting your time. I don't fraternize with officers under my command.

JAMES

Glad to hear it!

He takes a knee beside her and ejects the rifle's ammo clip.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Considering I'm not under your command.

James reloads the rifle.

JAMES (CONT'D)

My team's what they call, autonomous...
And whatever we set our sights on...

(taking aim and faking a shot)
We bulls-eye.

MARY

I smell bull something alright.

DARRYL

swims deep underwater with a big green Super Soaker towards

NAVY SCIENTIST RYAN GRAHAM

the late twenties MIT graduate paddling near two NAVY SEALS.

RYAN

Have you guys seen Darryl? I had an idea about the X five twenty three!

GRUFF NAVY SEAL

Come on, Ryan! Leave work for later! We'll be testing the damn laser all month! It's a picnic! Have some fun!

RYAN

No, it's really quite interesting! I was thinking about the laser diffraction differential at deeper depths and I realized, well I don't wanna get too technical here, but the bottom line is with enough amperage --

Darryl surfaces and BLASTS Ryan in the face with his Soaker.

DARRYL

Boom baby!

The Gruff Seal laughs and elbows Darryl in his side.

GRUFF NAVY SEAL

Hey, get a load of the LC workin' his magic with the President's daughter.

Everyone turns to see Mary laughing at something James says.

DARRYL

Oh man! I sure hope he knows what he's doing.

A MILITARY SUPPLY TRUCK

sits at the gate to the Chinese airfield. PLA officers walk dogs around while inspecting the undercarriage with mirrors.

AIR FORCE TWO sits on the tarmac in the distance.

THE GATE OFFICER

receives a clipboard from the TRUCK DRIVER.

GATE OFFICER

Wait here. I've got to clear you.

He picks up the phone.

ZHUN GAO

holds his phone while driving his Jeep across the airfield.

ZHUN GAO

I said let him through!

He pockets his cell, parks his Jeep, and gets out.

Zhun Gao's quickly flanked by a half dozen PLA OFFICERS.

They walk towards a helipad where four GUARDS stand by.

MAIN GUARD

Base commander? These are the Chairman's
helicopters. You want the other field.

ZHUN GAO

Do I?

Zhun Gao's Men raise their silenced pistols and all four
Guards are soon dead.

They board the helicopters and take the bodies with them.

ZHUN GAO WATCHES THE BASE DISAPPEAR INTO THE DISTANCE

through the helicopter's window. He pulls out his cell phone.

WALTER

sits at a long table surrounded by Alvarez, the American
Ambassadors, SS and the entire Chinese delegation.

Walter gets a text from a blocked number.

BLOCKED NUMBER

Everything's in place. You may proceed.

Walter deletes the text, then whispers into Alvarez' ear.

WALTER

Sir, the Press is ready for you now.

ALVAREZ

Alright, Walter. Bring them in.

Walter stands, excuses himself, and walks into the

PRESS ROOM

where dozens of REPORTERS from around the globe are gathered,
all waiting for their chance to enter the treaty room.

Their eyes collectively turn to Walter as he enters.

Walter steps behind the podium and its bouquet of mics.

WALTER

Ladies and gentlemen of the Press, I have an important announcement to make. Are those cameras live?

PRESS TECHNICIAN

They're live sir! Go ahead.

WALTER

People of the world. This American Independence Day we stand at the precipice of a new dawn. A dawn which would have the free peoples of the world stand side by side with China. A dawn which would unite the forces of good, with the forces of evil.

There's a COLLECTIVE GASP from the Press.

Walter nods to the armed PLA Officers at the doors.

They nod back, shut the doors, and lock them.

WALTER (CONT'D)

We will not allow this day to dawn! We will fight for our own independence! Independence from a sickness infecting our global economy!

ALVAREZ

watches as Chairman Shen and General Chang stand abruptly.

ALVAREZ

What's going on?

A wave of PANIC and gossip crosses the Chinese side of the delegation. PLA Officers grab Shen and whisk him away.

WALTER

who's staring into a sea of news cameras.

WALTER

For too long, the defenders of free civilization have put up with the rampant growth of the Red Communist threat.

Some of the Press try to leave, but the Guards BASH their heads in with the butts of their rifles.

THE SUPPLY TRUCK

drives across the tarmac towards AIR FORCE TWO.

Walter's voice blares over the truck's radio.

WALTER (V.O.)
Communism must be eliminated once and for all!

INSIDE THE TRUCK

a SOLDIER kneels beside a NUCLEAR BOMB. He turns the dial to 10, pulls out a pair of rosary beads, and presses a button.

WALTER (V.O.)
Action must be taken!

9... 8... 7...

WALTER

stands at his podium addressing the panic stricken Press.

WALTER
A free world must not tolerate Communism!
Not today... And never again!

A FLASH OF WHITE LIGHT PIERCES THE ROOM

MARY

sits watching the feed of the treaty signing room when the broadcast CUTS OUT and turns to black.

She pulls off her headphones and rubs her face confused.

MARY
What the hell was that? Did you see that?
Something happened. Something's wrong.

All of James' focus is on his rifle as he takes aim.

JAMES
What's that Mary?

MARY
There was a bunch of commotion at the treaty. The Vice President seemed alarmed. Then the feed cut out.

ZHUN GAO

watches through his helicopter's windows as
A NUCLEAR MUSHROOM CLOUD RISES far behind them.

MARY

stands in a state of anxiety, when James FIRES THE RIFLE!
All eyes turn to James, then to the distance where blood
pools in the water. HE FIRES AGAIN. A dead shark floats up.

DISTANT SAILOR (O.S.)
Damn that was a nice shot!

JAMES
I've got a bad feeling about this.

QUIET FIRE

sails underwater beside EXPEDITION NINE as they inch towards
the Jimmy Carter where it sits quietly on the surface.

IN THE CONN

Rith Phay leans against his console, bored.

RITH PHAY
(into the mic)
I'm sorry, Captain. I didn't think the
Americans would live up to their lazy
reputation so well.

SHINING (V.O.)
Training with the Russians had better be
more exciting than this.

PIAO CHOW

approaches with a message. He's visibly shaken.

The mid-thirties XO of Quiet Fire, Chow's easily excitable,
and all too eager to prove himself.

PIAO CHOW
Captain... We've lost communication with
the ELF array.

RITH PHAY
What? Is our equipment damaged?
(into the mic)
Shining? Do you have ELF contact?

SHINING (V.O.)
I'll find out.

PIAO CHOW
The last message received...

Rith takes the message and slowly sits up as he reads it.

SHINING

holds a piece of paper in his hand.

SHINING
Oh. My. God.

SONAR OFFICER JIAN (V.O.)
Conn, sonar! Quiet Fire just blew his
ballasts! He's surfacing! Right by the
Americans!

AMERICAN SAILORS

pull the dead shark onto the boat, excited for sushi.

Mary uses her laptop while James watches over her shoulder.

She clicks on a TV icon and changes the channel to CNN.

The scroll-by reads: "US/CHINA TREATY ATTACKED BY TERRORISTS"

CNN NEWS BROADCASTER
-- have been confirmed! I repeat, the US
Vice President and the leaders of China
are amongst the millions dead as an
unidentified terrorist group has
detonated a nuclear bomb in Qing Dao.

JAMES
(under his breath)
I hate when I'm right.

FWOOSH!

A GEYSER OF WATER ERUPTS off the starboard bow where

QUIET FIRE

bursts from the waves and smashes back down with a SPLASH!

Every single last Sailor gasps in awe as the 150 meter
nuclear submarine surfaces a stone's throw away.

RITH PHAY

stands furious at the conn.

RITH PHAY

Connect us to command's satellites now!

COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER

They're not in range, Captain! Command's
in the dark for four more hours!

Rith pauses and quietly takes a deep breath.

RITH PHAY

Bring up a video feed of the American
news network.

Rith, Chow and the Crew watch highlights of Walter's speech
alongside the caption: "AMERICAN TERRORISTS NUKE CHINA"

PIAO CHOW

What are your orders, sir?

RITH PHAY

Spin up silo one and open the bay doors.

JAMES

moves against the tide of Sailors and walks the length of the
deck to get a better look at the surfaced Chinese submarine.

SAILOR (O.S.)

Get inside! Go! Go! Go!

Mary rushes up behind James.

MARY

What are you doing?

JAMES

That's a Chinese oh nine four, Mary...
It's a doomsday sub.

MARY

Come on, we've gotta get inside.

JAMES

You think it surfaced because of what
just happened?

Mary's struck by his comment. With a flash of realization she
turns and runs back towards the bridge.

And when James sees the 094's SILO DOOR OPEN, he runs too.

INTERCUT BETWEEN

EXPEDITION NINE CONN / QUIET FIRE CONN

Rith and Shining stand their stations, mics in hand.

SHINING

The redundancy protocols were only put in place as a deterrent for nuclear war! We didn't get first-striked Captain! We got attacked by terrorists!

RITH PHAY

A nuclear device has gone off in China. Our leader is dead, and Americans claimed the lives of millions. That is all.

SHINING

We've got four hours until those satellites are in place. You can't just unilaterally decide to start a war! You're only one man!

RITH PHAY

The war has already begun! Do you not see the opening volley being spilled across the West's radio waves? I've heard enough! The time for talk has ended.

MARY

rushes into the conn where McBride stands his station.

MCBRIDE

(into the mic)

Sonar, conn. How the hell could you miss a twelve thousand ton submarine?

Mary rushes to the Communications station, pushes the Officer aside and sits at the console.

OFFICER ON DECK (V.O.)

The bridge is clear, Captain!

MCBRIDE

(into the mic)

Hurry up and get down here. Give me one MC. All hands, rig for dive!

MARY

Belay that order!

Mary gets up and approaches McBride.

MARY (CONT'D)

Captain, I've reason to believe the contact surfaced because it lost communication with the ELF array.

MCBRIDE

That's a fine assumption, Meadows. But what does it mean for us?

MARY

Their next step would be to contact command, but their satellites aren't in range yet. Sir, that sub out there is nuclear capable, and its Captain has effectively just been authorized to initiate ballistic missile launch.

MCBRIDE

I'll be damned. That boat out there can go rogue any minute.

DIVING OFFICER

(looking through periscope)

Sir. One of their silo doors is open.

MARY

What if we let them speak with Chinese naval command through our satellites?

MCBRIDE

There's no way the Chinese government would approve a missile launch so quickly.

MARY

That's why they need the opportunity to speak with their country. Captain, we could avoid a war.

MCBRIDE

Communications! Put me on the deck loudspeaker!

THE JIMMY CARTER

sits on the water's surface beside Quiet Fire.

MCBRIDE

(over the speakers)

I repeat, contact us on short wave channel and we will provide use of our satellites for you to contact China.

RITH PHAY

stands in Quiet Fire's conn, smiling.

RITH PHAY

(into the mic)

The waiting is done, and target lock has been acquired.

PIAO CHOW

Sir, the American Captain's messages?

RITH PHAY

Lies. More American lies.

SHINING (V.O.)

Rith. Don't let your past affect everyone else's future. You have to listen to reason! This isn't what Chairman Shen would have wanted!

RITH PHAY

Shen's blindness is what got him killed! Wake up Captain! The Americans are our enemy! They always have been, and they always will be.

SHINING (V.O.)

This isn't what we were trained to do!

RITH PHAY

I trained the trainers!

SHINING (V.O.)

You may have the authority to launch, but I have the authority to try and stop you.

RITH PHAY

You can try.

Rith cuts off communications.

SHINING

stands in his conn, sweat pouring from his face.

KANG
He isn't kidding. We have to stop him.

SHINING
He's gone insane.
(into the mic)
Weapons, conn. Flood tubes five through
eight. Prepare for sea to air missile
launch.

WEAPONS OFFICER (V.O.)
Yes, sir.

KANG
What if we miss?

SHINING
Even if we do, his nuke will never reach
the mainland. We're still inside the
American defense grid. The problem is he
has one more.

KANG
One sir? I thought his boat should be
outfitted with forty eight?

SHINING
Not in peace time, Mister Kang. Legally
he only has two, and rest assured, he
intends the use them.

KANG
If he only has two, then why waste one
that's guaranteed to be shot down?

SHINING
He's making a political statement. Do I
have to spell it out for you? Rith Phay
has just under four hours to provoke the
US into a war.

RITH PHAY

stands confidently as his XO Chow tries to steady his nerves.

RITH PHAY
(into the mic)
Weapons room, conn! Initiate launch on my
mark!

MARY

waits anxiously alongside the rest of the Crew.

MCBRIDE

I don't like it. It's been too long.

COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER

Maybe they're looking for a translator?

MCBRIDE

Get the Harry Truman on the horn.

RITH PHAY

looks to Chow and smiles.

RITH PHAY

(into the mic)

Mark.

QUIET FIRE

LAUNCHES A NUCLEAR MISSILE from its silo! A PLUME OF SMOKE trails the missile up from the submarine and into the sky!

FOUR MISSILES rise up from beneath the waves and give CHASE!

MARY

leans over her console while the Crew stands in silence.

MCBRIDE

Twenty five thousand tons of Chinese Steel beneath us Meadows, and you decide to throw a picnic.

COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER

Captain! I've got Admiral Harper!

ADMIRAL HARPER (V.O.)

Captain McBride! What's this I hear about a Chinese submarine?

THE NUCLEAR MISSILE

sails in the sky far above the submarines below.

Shining's FOUR MISSILES trail behind it closing the gap.

THE BEACH

where THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE enjoy their Fourth of July by the water. Children play with SPARKLERS. Adults drink BEER.

A Bikini Model poses for a picture with an ocean backdrop.

RITH PHAY

pumps his fist and screams into the microphone.

RITH PHAY

Now!

THE NUCLEAR MISSILE

EXPLODES IN MID-AIR!

Shining's MISSILES are VAPORIZED by the NUCLEAR DETONATION!

THE BEACH

where everyone's blinded by the SECOND SUN which appears in the skies over the ocean. SCREAMS ECHO across the coast.

QUIET FIRE

submerges beneath the water and the Jimmy Carter follows.

JACKSON

sits in a windowless office having a necessary talk with
AMBASSADOR XIAOSI

the head diplomat for the Chinese embassy in Washington.

JACKSON

Ambassador, you have my personal assurance of complete transparency in every measure we take to bring those responsible for this travesty to justice. We can't let fear come between us. We have to work together, now more than ever.

AMBASSADOR XIAOSI

Jack... I wish I had my own assurances to give you. You know me. You've met my wife on a dozen occasions in the past two years alone... But tomorrow I'm leaving DC, and the embassy here is being closed.

JACKSON

Mister Ambassador, please.

The DOORS OPEN to a Secret Service Agent and a Chinese Officer entering simultaneously.

FRIGHTENED SHOUTS and nervous chatter echo from outside.

Jackson spots people crowding around the windows, pointing.

JACKSON

stands by the window looking outside.

THE NUCLEAR EXPLOSION hovers in the distant sky.

FADE TO:

A GOLF BALL

rests on its tee. A golf club SWINGS and HITS the ball!

It FLIES through air against the backdrop of the SWISS ALPS.

THE GERMAN

watches as his golf ball disappears into the clouds below the elevated deck of his SNOW LODGE. He lowers his club, pleased.

He is the overconfident Federal Chancellor of Germany, a mid-fifties man with brown hair and innocent blue eyes.

HIS BUTLER steps out from a sliding glass door.

THE GERMAN

Is it time already?

THE BUTLER

Almost... The President's still on hold.
Shall I terminate the call?

THE GERMAN

Let her wait.

The German bends over and carefully sets another golf ball.

THE GERMAN (CONT'D)

I think I'll take my tea with lemon

THE GERMAN

holds a phone to his ear as he walks through the empty lodge.

THE GERMAN

I understand, Madame President.

MADAME PRESIDENT (V.O.)

I don't think you do! We're smack dab in the middle of a bloody diplomatic crisis over here, and you're off on vacation. It doesn't look good.

He strides down a hall past exquisite artwork.

Wagner plays softly over speakers.

THE GERMAN

I'm boarding my helicopter as we speak.

Two GUARDS with assault rifles wait at the end of the hall.

He pockets the phone and gets admitted past the Guards into

A MODERNIST OFFICE

with silver walls and a simple desk.

The Butler's there waiting for him with fresh tea.

The German sits, sips his tea, and presses a BUTTON.

The FAR WALL transforms into VIEW-SCREENS showing:

THE ENGLISHMAN, THE RUSSIAN, and THE CHINAMAN.

THE RUSSIAN

It's about time. Our agencies have better things to do than to wait for German Intelligence all day!

THE GERMAN

Is something wrong? You know, other than the fact that a Chinese submarine just detonated a nuclear bomb walking distance from America's capitol.

THE CHINAMAN

We have a very serious problem on our hands.

THE GERMAN

Don't worry! The American media's already spinning it as another terrorist attack. Your country's involvement will be swept under the rug. Where is the American, anyway? Davenport should be here.

THE RUSSIAN

No names. No names.

THE ENGLISHMAN

America's dark. Too much interference.

THE CHINAMAN

Gentlemen. Mister Chancellor. Please. I don't think you understand. The submarine that launched that missile... It's under the command of Rith Phay.

THE GERMAN

Who?

The Russian's face pales. He whispers to someone off-screen.

THE ENGLISHMAN

Now I'm the one who doesn't understand. What exactly is the problem?

The Russian gets handed three phones, all set to speaker.

THE RUSSIAN

(into his phones)

Are you there? Are you all there? Yes, good. Listen! Evacuate the Eastern Seaboard! Get all of our people out now!

The German sits up straight, as does the Englishman.

THE RUSSIAN (CONT'D)

No! EVERYONE! We need all of our assets out of Washington and New York! Now! Why? Why? I'll tell you why! The Kambodzhyskiy kogot is at our doorstep, and he's pissed! That's why! We have to --

The German makes the Russian's view-screen DISAPPEAR.

THE GERMAN

These hysterics aside. He's a Captain in your navy, is he not? I fail to see the concern. Who is this man?

THE CHINAMAN

Rith Phay isn't a man, Chancellor. He's a force of nature whose resolve cannot be broken.

THE GERMAN

But the missile exploded prematurely?

THE CHINAMAN

He detonated it himself.

THE ENGLISHMAN

Is he seriously threatening nuclear war?

THE CHINAMAN

It's no threat. He's already started one.
And if the Americans respond in kind,
we'll have no choice but to defend
ourselves and retaliate.

THE ENGLISHMAN

Let's not get ahead of ourselves! I have
reports here which indicate an American
carrier group's nearby. That should be
more than adequate to stop just one rogue
submarine Captain... Right?

The Chinaman takes a nervous sip of water.

THE JIMMY CARTER

sails through the Atlantic Ocean's depth at full speed.

IN THE CONN

Mary and McBride stand over a nautical map as a Navigator
charts a course. The line goes straight into an area marked:

MUNITIONS DUMPING GROUND - ACTIVE EXPLOSIVES

MCBRIDE

He's smart, I'll give him that. He
expects us to circle round here and wait
for him to pass. He can't launch til he
reaches the shallows, and I don't get the
impression he's gonna sit and wait for a
clear path... No, we'll make our depth
one five zero and haul ass to this
position here.

MARY

But Captain if you're right, then that
puts us behind him, and not between him
and the shallows.

MCBRIDE

He's not our target. The second sub is.

MARY

Why don't we just launch Mark forty
eights and set them to actively scan the
zone. We'll find them. They're in range.

MCBRIDE

Too risky. That carrier has at least two of our subs out there, and there's no way to differentiate its signature with theirs. Not with all this interference. No, we'll just have to do this the old fashioned way.

MARY

But we can't even detect the oh nine three. What makes you so sure it'll be there?

MCBRIDE

No, no. It's there. Protecting the other's flank and waiting for us.

MARY

There is another possibility, sir. I think the oh nine four's gone rogue, and the second sub's chasing it down to stop a madman from starting a war.

MCBRIDE

It doesn't matter either way. The nuke's EMP knocked out all communications for a thousand miles. Even if I wanted to there's no way to contact China's naval command to verify your theory, Meadows. We have to proceed as if it's the enemy. There's no other choice.

EXPEDITION NINE

moves carefully through the waters of the MUNITIONS ZONE.

Unspent ordinance, artillery, and bombs litter the sea-bed.

IN THE CONN

Shining stands beside his XO Kang, both equally anxious.

SHINING

That's it, easy now. Just two more degrees.

KANG

Should we increase to fifteen knots? Phay's still closing in on us.

SONAR TECH JIAN (V.O.)
 Conn, sonar. I have contact! Cavitation
 sounded bearing zero five zero and
 approaching at higher depth.

KANG
 (into the mic)
 Sonar, conn. Have they spotted us?

SONAR TECH JIAN (V.O.)
 Doubtful, sir. They've made no move to
 intercept.

SHINING
 I hope they don't do anything stupid.
 (to Communications)
 Is there any way we can contact them?

COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER
 Negative, sir. Not while we're submerged.

KANG
 Where are they even going? Their course
 takes them nowhere near Quiet Fire. Do
 you think they're sailing blind?

Shining turns away from his crew and paces the conn.

SHINING
 I think they're looking for us...

KANG
 Should we ignore them?

SHINING
 (under his breath)
 Never trust Americans...

KANG
 Sir?

Shining shakes off Rith Phay's words and turns to face Kang.

SHINING
 Sound two pings and take us to periscope
 depth.

PING!

MARY

balls her hands into fists as

THE SECOND PING echoes throughout the Jimmy Carter's hull.

SONAR OFFICER (V.O.)

Conn, sonar. Contact bearing three one zero and rising fast. They've emptied their ballasts.

MCBRIDE

We have them!

(into the mic)

Weapons, conn. Flood tubes one through four and plot a solution.

MARY

Captain. This doesn't seem right. We're not running silent. Why give a sounding when they already know we're here? I think they're trying to make contact.

MCBRIDE

I've had enough of your theories, Meadows! Millions of lives are stake.

MARY

We have to give them a chance to talk!

MCBRIDE

That's not a risk I'm willing to take.

(into the mic)

Weapons, conn. Do you have a solution?

WEAPONS OFFICER (V.O.)

Yes, sir.

MARY

(whispering)

Captain... Don't...

MCBRIDE

(into the mic)

Fire torpedoes one through four on my command.

Mary swallows her breath as she stares her Captain down.

MCBRIDE (CONT'D)

(into the mic)

Fire.

SHINING

stands at his station alongside Kang.

SONAR OFFICER JIAN (V.O.)
 Incoming torpedoes bearing zero five
 zero! Four of them, Captain!

KANG
 Those fools! Those damned American fools!

SHINING
 Blow the air pumps! Fill our ballasts
 now! All ahead full rudder, negative
 forty degrees inclination.
 (over the speaker)
 Emergency descent! Everyone hold on!

EXPEDITION NINE

releases a FIELD OF BUBBLES and descends at a severe angle.

FOUR TORPEDOES shoot towards it on an intercept course.

IN THE CONN

SHINING

has climbed onto the Navigation console with his mic in hand.

SHINING
 (into the mic)
 Launch countermeasures! Noisemakers
 pattern Alpha! Decoys pattern Alpha!
 (to OOD Lee)
 Give us a sounding! Navigation, map that
 sea-floor now!

PING!

KANG
 What about torpedoes sir! Should we
 launch a counter attack?

SHINING
 (into the mic)
 Weapons, conn. Prepare the static mines!
 Full tubes! Set timers and launch on my
 command!
 (to Kang)
 The Americans aren't our enemy, Mister
 Kang. They have to see that.
 (to OOD Lee)
 Navigation, find us a hill. Maneuvering,
 whether those torpedoes make it or not,
 bring us down the edge of that hill, as
 close to the bottom as you can get.

MARY

stands beside McBride at the conn.

MARY
He's gonna bottom on us.

MCBRIDE
Maneuvering, follow him into the valley!

MARY
Belay that order! Captain, you're putting us at unnecessary risk!

MCBRIDE
This entire country's at risk, and it's our duty to stop them! Maneuvering, carry out my command!

The Officers diligently comply.

MARY
They may not even be our enemy!

MCBRIDE
(into a mic)
Weapons, conn. Flood tubes five and six.

FOUR TORPEDOES

sail into the cloud of spinning countermeasures.

KABOOM!

All four torpedoes get destroyed in the massive explosion.

EXPEDITION NINE

descends behind a hill that's covered in bombshells, as

THE JIMMY CARTER APPROACHES**MCBRIDE**

screams into his mic.

MCBRIDE
Launch torpedoes now!

SHINING

climbs down and stands on the floor of the conn.

SONAR OFFICER JIAN (V.O.)
 Contact two torpedoes bearing one seven
 five degrees! Impact in twenty five
 seconds! Jimmy Carter forty behind us!

SHINING
 (into the mic)
 Weapons! Set mines to fifteen seconds and
 release on my mark! Mark!

A DOZEN STATIC MINES

launch from Expedition Nine's aft torpedo tubes.
 They drift into the waters trailing behind the submarine.

THE TWO TORPEDOES

crest the hill and descend into the valley.

KABOOM!

A MASSIVE EXPLOSION rocks out as the mines detonate.

THE TORPEDOES EXPLODE too close to the hill and initiate a
 CHAIN REACTION of EXPLODING ARTILLERY SHELLS.

BOOM! BOOM! KABOOM!

Waves of explosions scatter across the entire zone!

THE JIMMY CARTER

gets knocked asunder in the swelling upsurge of bubbles.

IN THE CONN

MCBRIDE

gets FLUNG against the wall!

HIS NECK SNAPS - KILLING HIM INSTANTLY as the sub flips over.

WATER SPRAYS INTO THE ROOM FROM A CRACK IN THE HULL.

MARY

loses her grip and flies through the conn.

HER HEAD SMACKS A PIPE!

WATER POURS OVER HER FACE as she falls unconscious.

FLASHBACK**FIFTEEN YEAR OLD MARY**

sits in the backseat of her parents car as it crashes into the river. A piece of guardrail impales the front windshield.

The CAR'S HORN BLARES in one unending tone.

Her mother's unconscious in the passenger seat.

Jackson unbuckles his belt and looks back to Mary.

JACKSON

Mary! Mary listen to me very carefully.
On the count of three, I want you to roll
down your window.

MARY

But dad! I can't swim!

JACKSON

I know, but I need you to do this. It's
gonna be scary, and the water's gonna
come in. And you're gonna have to wait
until it does before you open your door.

MARY

But, dad!

JACKSON

Please. You can do this. I know you can.

MARY

What about mom?

JACKSON

One. Two.

MARY

Dad!

JACKSON

Three!

Mary rolls down the window.

WATER POURS OVER HER FACE.

END FLASHBACK

MARY

opens her eyes to the water of the broken pipe.

She rises to her feet and coughs water from her lungs.

Half the Crew in the conn is dead, the rest unconscious, as the submarine lists to its side, sinking.

The water's up to her thighs and rising fast.

The Communications Officer struggles to reach the door while carrying a half-conscious Crewman bleeding from his head.

MARY

(pushing past them)

Leave him! The flood's gonna leak! You
have to leave him!

With the sub on its side the water hasn't reached the Conn's door yet, but it's RISING FAST and soon will flood the boat.

Mary climbs through the door and turns back to the Officer.

MARY (CONT'D)

Leave him! That's an order!

COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER

Help me! Come on! Help me!

She waits, but when water starts spilling over the heavy door she grabs it with both hands and struggles to get it closed.

MARY

I'm sorry...

COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER

No! Wait! Please! Wait!

She pushes the door into place

COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER (CONT'D)

You bitch --

and SEALS IT SHUT.

The Officer begs silently through the thick glass porthole.

Mary stands helpless as she watches him drown.

FLASHBACK**FIFTEEN YEAR OLD MARY**

climbs up from the river, half-drowned.

From the shoreline she watches the car dip below the waves.

THE BLARING OF THE CAR'S HORN fades to silence...

END FLASHBACK

MARY

watches as the Officer's face grows still.

The life leaves his eyes.

She takes a knee and sits with her back to the door, crying.

But it's only a few seconds later that some inner resolve passes through her... and she makes her choice.

Mary forces herself to her feet... And she starts to run.

EXPEDITION NINE

turns in the water and maneuvers close to the Jimmy Carter.

IN THE CONN

SHINING

wipes sweat from his brow and catches his breath.

SHINING

(into the mic)

Sonar, conn. Did I hear that right?

SONAR OFFICER JIAN (V.O.)

Yes, sir. The Jimmy Carter's listing port and taking on water.

KANG

Well done, Captain! The Americans are incapacitated and we're free to resume the hunt.

SHINING

Is there anything we can do to stop their sinking?

KANG

Not that I know of sir. They're on their own.

SHINING
 (to OOD Lee)
 Give us a sounding. One ping.

PING!

KANG
 Sir?

SHINING
 I'm making it absolutely clear that we
 have them in our sights and have elected
 not to fire... Now there can be no
 mistaking our intent.

KANG
 Shall we resume course?

SHINING
 Not yet. First let's see if the Americans
 can recover. If they're smart enough to
 realize we're not their enemy, we can
 surely use their help.

KANG
 Will we really be able to stop him?

SHINING
 Honestly Mister Kang...

Kang waits for an answer that never comes...

QUIET FIRE

moves through the deep waters at full speed.

IN THE CONN

Rith Phay stands at his station.

QUIET FIRE SONAR TECH (V.O.)
 Conn, sonar. Multiple detonations
 reported. The Jimmy Carter and Expedition
 Nine have both fallen silent sir.

PIAO CHOW
 Excellent! Now nothing stands between us
 and the shallows.

RITH PHAY
 All stop!
 (into the mic)
 Weapons room, conn.
 (MORE)

RITH PHAY (CONT'D)

Deploy our full compliment of Captor-Sixty mines. Aft and stern tubes. Alert the conn when they've all been dropped.

Rith hangs up the mic and turns to Chow.

RITH PHAY (CONT'D)

Take us back into the munitions zone. Full rudder. I'll be in my stateroom.

QUIET FIRE

releases from its torpedo tubes TWO DOZEN CAPTOR MINES.

They're torpedoes that float like corks attached by cables to heavy weights which pull the mines down to the sea-floor.

They float with their tips aimed upward... waiting.

RITH PHAY'S STATEROOM

The only splash of color in the sparsely decorated room is the RED WICKER CABINET sitting on his desk.

Rith unzips his jumpsuit and strips to his boxers.

He opens up the cabinet and reveals a Buddhist Shrine adorned with a green jade statue of a happy Buddha.

Rith carefully lights three sticks of incense and places them in a stand on the shrine.

RITH PHAY (CONT'D)

I offer you to the Yin, the Yang, and the Dao.

He closes his eyes and stands a moment in quiet contemplation... when the boat turns beneath him.

Rith opens his eyes, then opens his desk drawer.

Inside are BLACK CLOTHES wrapped in thick plastic.

THE CONN

Where Piao Chow holds the mic at the Captain's station.

CREWMAN (O.S.)

Admiral on deck!

Chow and the rest of the command Crew turn to find

RITH PHAY

entering the conn dressed in his VICE ADMIRAL'S UNIFORM.

RITH PHAY
 Captain will do just fine.

PIAO CHOW
 Full speed is achieved Captain. What are
 your orders sir?

Rith Phay strides confidently to Chow and takes the mic.

RITH PHAY
 (into the mic)
 Weapons conn. Set two American Mark forty
 eights to active search pattern omega.

PIAO CHOW
 Looking for Shining, are we?

RITH PHAY
 You forget, Mister Chow. The American's
 carrier group has a submarine detachment.
 The moment Shining engaged the Jimmy
 Carter they moved to intercept.

PIAO CHOW
 You expect to find them in the zone?

RITH PHAY
 No. I expect them to find us.

QUIET FIRE

launches TWO TORPEDOES that shoot from its bow in a direct,
 unwavering line forward.

Quiet Fire follows the torpedoes, lagging behind in its wake.

THE TWO TORPEDOES

find a target and VEER LEFT off their forward course.

RITH PHAY

confidently adjusts his Admiral's hat.

QUIET FIRE SONAR TECH (V.O.)
 Conn, sonar. The torpedoes have found
 their targets bearing two seven five.

RITH PHAY
 Maneuvering, turn us about and take us
 over those Captor mines, full rudder.

Understanding comes to Piao Chow's face.

PIAO CHOW
Brilliant, sir!

QUIET FIRE SONAR TECH (V.O.)
Detecting countermeasure launch! Two sets
of them Captain!

RITH PHAY
(into the mic)
Engines, conn. For the next two minutes,
bang out those cylinders. I want the
Americans to chart our course.

QUIET FIRE SONAR TECH (V.O.)
Detonations Captain! No hits. Both
torpedoes were lost to decoys.

RITH PHAY
A simple trap, for simple Captains.

QUIET FIRE

passes over the Captor Mines at full speed. FAR BEHIND

TWO AMERICAN SUBS

are in hot pursuit and getting closer.

The American submarines open their torpedo bay doors, AS

TWENTY FOUR SHADOWS BELOW THEM

release from the cables and activate their propellers.

STREAKS OF WHITE BUBBLES

make their way towards the Americans.

ALL TOGETHER they strike their targets!

A CATAclysmic DETONATION tears both of the subs to SHREDS.

OIL RISES in plumes while SHATTERED STEEL SINKS.

QUIET FIRE

pushes through the water away from the wreckage of the two
destroyed American submarines.

IN THE CONN

Rith Phay adjusts his uniform with a calm smile.

QUIET FIRE SONAR TECH (V.O.)
They're breaking up sir. Both of them.

PIAO CHOW
Yes! We got them!

RITH PHAY
Now's not the time for celebration.
(to the OOD)
Bring us to the surface. Zero bubble.

The OOD looks to Chow in hesitation.

PIAO CHOW
But sir! The SOSUS nets! We'll set them
off and be detected!

Rith simply looks to the OOD and his command's carried out.

RITH PHAY
That Mister Chow, is exactly what I want.

ADMIRAL LEWIS HARPER

the brash mid-sixties Naval Veteran stands atop the bridge of his massive US Aircraft Carrier overlooking the ocean.

TWO CRUISERS and a DESTROYER follow in the Carrier's wake.

The intercom buzzes and he flips a switch.

CONN OFFICER (V.O.)
Bridge, conn. We just got a ping off the
net, Admiral! It's the Chinese sub.

ADMIRAL HARPER
Conn, bridge. Alert Captain Hawkins.
Navigation, bridge. Chart a course which
takes us between that ping and the
shallows at full speed. Flight control,
bridge. Put wave one in the air.
Communications, bridge. Fire flares
informing our group to initiate depth
charge search pattern Delta.

Harper clicks off the intercom and looks down to the deck below, where PILOTS rush to their Jets and helicopters.

ADMIRAL HARPER (CONT'D)
Gotcha...

THE WHITE HOUSE FRONT LAWN

where two huge helicopters come to a landing.

INSIDE THE WEST WING

it's a state of bedlam. FBI and HOMELAND SECURITY swarm the Vice President's office removing cabinets and computers.

WALTER SMITH'S FRAMED PICTURE OF HIS DAUGHTERS

gets sealed away in a plastic bag as evidence.

IN THE OVAL OFFICE

Jackson stands at his desk as SS Agents crowd the windows.

Judy uses one of two red phones on the desk.

JACKSON

(into his own red phone)

I don't care what it takes, Director. I want every last resource in the CIA made available to China if it pertains to the attack. No exceptions!

He SMACKS the receiver down!

AGENT WALSH

Evac's here, sir! It's time for us to go!

JACKSON

Hold on.

(to Judy)

Do you have him?

Judy hands her phone to Jackson.

JUDY

Admiral Murdock, sir.

JACKSON

(into the phone)

Give me some good news, Admiral.

ADMIRAL MURDOCK

stands in his office at the Pentagon. Behind him is a flurry of activity as dozens of Analysts race against the clock.

ADMIRAL MURDOCK

The Ground Wave Emergency Network's working Mister President.

(MORE)

ADMIRAL MURDOCK (CONT'D)
 We've made contact with Admiral Harper
 and he's moving to intercept... Jackson,
 there's something you should know. The
 sub that spotted the Chinese. It was the
 Jimmy Carter.

JACKSON

holds the phone silently, moved by the revelation.

ADMIRAL MURDOCK (V.O.)
 God help us if he fails.

Jackson's tugged by Agent Walsh and ushered off the phone.

JACKSON
 (into the phone)
 If he fails, Admiral, then God help us
 all.

THE SAIL OF THE JIMMY CARTER

bursts from the waves and comes to a stop at the surface.

IN THE ENGINE ROOM

Mary and her crew have established a second command center.

Darryl, James, and a team of NAVY SEALS work on setting up
 some computer stations near crates of technical equipment.

Marry approaches and pats Darryl on the back.

MARY
 How much longer?

DARRYL
 Almost done Captain. Matter of seconds.

Mary spots a futuristic satellite dish in the nearest crate.

MARY
 What is all this stuff?

DARRYL
 Ryan!

RYAN
 (appearing from nearby)
 Yes, sir!

DARRYL
 Captain here wants to know about the X
 five twenty three.

Ryan shows Mary the satellite dish up close.

RYAN
It's quite fascinating really.

MARY
What does it do?

RYAN (CONT'D)
Well umm, in simplest terms sir, I mean ma'am. It shoots a laser and creates a micro-explosion in the water.

MARY
It's a weapon?

RYAN
No ma'am. More like angry sonar. It's really no different from a search plane ma'am, only it works underwater.

MARY
Could it help us?

RYAN
In our current situation? Probably not. It's only a prototype. Range of three hundred meters won't help much.

MARY
Start putting it together. Just in case.

Two power cables connect and everything COMES ONLINE.

DARRYL
Yeah! I told you that would work!

JAMES
Well done Lieutenant. Now focus on getting that diesel engine operational.

James watches as Mary receives news and makes a hasty exit.

MARY

stands at the bridge of the Jimmy Carter. She and another Officer watch with wide eyes as

EXPEDITION NINE

surfaces beside them.

James climbs up and stands next to her on the rails.

JAMES

Well Ms. Meadows, look at it this way.

Mary turns on a dime and stares into his sea blue eyes.

JAMES (CONT'D)

How lucky are we to have the President's daughter on board when the Chinese want to talk? I only hope those pretty blue eyes of yours ain't all you inherited from your father.

Mary can't help but giggle.

INTERCUT BETWEEN

SHINING IN THE CONN / MARY ON THE BRIDGE

Shining stands beside Kang with the mic in hand.

SHINING

Why the hell did it take you so long to figure out we're on the same side?

MARY

That was my Captain's decision, but he's dead. Am I to understand this oh nine four has gone rogue?

SHINING

More than that! He's gone mad! He's got one missile left and he'll do anything it takes to succeed. We can't let that happen.

MARY

Captain, there's a carrier group nearby, but we've no way of contacting them. If you follow us, or move to engage the oh nine four, they'll think you're an enemy and you'll just get in the way. As for my boat, we're in no condition to fight. We can't even launch torpedoes. I'm afraid there's nothing either of us can do. It's out of our hands.

James lowers his head and sighs.

SHINING

I don't know who you are, but whoever you are, you have to listen to me. Your carrier group, that you so casually assume will be of use. Gone.

(MORE)

SHINING (CONT'D)

Good as sunk. All lives lost. You don't understand who you're dealing with.

MARY

I think I do. We're dealing with one man.

SHINING

Limp towards your carrier if you must. We will follow alongside you. Do not fear for our sake. Fear for your country. When you're ready to talk again we'll be here to listen.

Mary cuts off the intercom. She opens her mouth to speak when
THE DIESEL ENGINE roars to life!

DARRYL (V.O.)

(over James' communicator)
Mission complete sir!

MARY

All ahead, full rudder.

QUIET FIRE

moves through the water with purpose at full speed.

IN THE CONN

Rith Phay couldn't be more excited. He beams in anticipation.

A distant rhythmic rumbling sounds. It's getting closer...

QUIET FIRE SONAR TECH (V.O.)

Conn, sonar. Destroyer's approach now bearing zero one zero.

RITH PHAY

Turn us starboard ten more degrees, I want him dead ahead... That's it. Straighten the rudder. All stop! Bring us down, now! Zero bubble. I want us right off the bottom.

PIAO CHOW

Captain, that's nearly four hundred meters.

RITH PHAY

I'm aware of our position Mister Chow!

PIAO CHOW
But those charges. If our hull ruptures
even the slightest at that depth...

RITH PHAY
The Americans.

PIAO CHOW
Sir?

RITH PHAY
You fear them, don't you.

Chow nods apologetically. Rith laughs.

RITH PHAY (CONT'D)
It is them who should be afraid.

PIAO CHOW
(into the mic)
Sonar, conn. How long until it's over us?

QUIET FIRE SONAR TECH (V.O.)
Eight minutes.

Chow looks to Rith and they share an expressive nod.

RITH PHAY
(into the mic)
Weapons room, conn. Is everything prepped
down there?

WEAPONS OFFICER (V.O.)
Yes, Captain!

RITH PHAY
Good. Start spinning up silos three
through twelve now, and get every man
available ready to help guide them.

WEAPONS OFFICER (V.O.)
Aye, sir.

PIAO CHOW
Captain... You know if this works,
there'll be no going back.

RITH PHAY
The old world ended two hours ago... It's
time we took our first step forward into
the new one.

CVN HARRY TRUMAN

the Nimitz class Aircraft Carrier majestically plows over the waves, nearly eleven hundred feet of American steel.

Three dozen Jets line its deck. Far above them

ADMIRAL HARPER

stands at the head of the bridge as he searches the horizon with his binoculars.

THROUGH THE LENS:

He brings into focus a Jet that DIVE BOMBS the water with a series of depth charges. It SWOOPS off into the sky.

BOOM! KABOOM! DETONATIONS underwater send up bursts of steam.

He shifts the binoculars towards:

THE NEARBY DESTROYER

which launches its own depth charge into the water. Hundreds of feet behind it another one DETONATES below the surface.

HARPER LOWERS HIS BINOCULARS

and presses the intercom.

ADMIRAL HARPER

Conn, Bridge. I want that second sortie of torpedo planes in the air now.

CAPTAIN HAWKINS (V.O.)

Yes, Admiral.

(muffled, to others)

Launch wave two! That's right, all of them!

(louder)

Admiral. We've already got a dozen birds in the sky plus half our helicopters. With radios OOC our air space is gonna get pretty dicey out there.

ADMIRAL HARPER

He will surface Captain, and when he does I want hell to rain down on top of him. Your pilots can't do that from down here.

CAPTAIN HAWKINS (V.O.)

Yes, Admiral.

LIEUTENANT KIRSTEN KELLY

opens a brand new pack of playing cards and shuffles them up.

Late twenties, Cuban, gorgeous. She's your typical Navy Top Gun Pilot. Totally sure of herself with the stare of a hawk.

Around her waits a dozen other NAVY PILOTS in a Flight Room.

HOWIE

the ginger of the squadron sits across from her.

Kelly sets the stack of cards down and cuts to the middle.

It's the Ace of Spades.

Howie makes his own cut.

It's the Eight of Spades.

KELLY

Spooky.

A FLIGHT OFFICER bursts in.

FLIGHT OFFICER

Kelly! You're up! Wave two's a go!

KELLY

You heard the man! Move it!

Kelly stuffs the Ace in her flight jacket while Howie pockets the Eight. They fist bump and grab their helmets.

ADMIRAL HARPER

flips off his intercom and watches over the rails as far below on deck a second wave of PILOTS rush to their JETS.

ADMIRAL HARPER

There's no way he's getting past me.

QUIET FIRE

sits motionless at the bottom of the sea.

A depth charge EXPLODES only a few hundred meters away. A moment later a second DETONATES even closer. Then a third...

IN THE CONN

The sub rattles more and more violently with each successive explosion. Each one followed by an eerie calm.

PIAO CHOW

(confident)

You were right sir. They're only using depth charges for now.

QUIET FIRE SONAR TECH (V.O.)

Charges approaching, depth one five zero meters.

Rith looks to his XO, completely unfazed by the shaking.

PIAO CHOW

They're expecting us to run to the shallows so we can launch from inside their perimeter. That's where their mines are. We can easily wait them out at this depth and head towards safer waters. As long as their communications are down, time's on our side and the chase is ours.

QUIET FIRE SONAR TECH (V.O.)

Splashes right above us! They're directly overhead! Charges incoming!

The Crew is nervous, but Rith and Chow remain motionless.

PIAO CHOW

Well executed Captain.

QUIET FIRE SONAR TECH (V.O.)

Brace for impact!

BOOM! A depth charge DETONATES above them! They jolt back and forth... but nothing breaks and nothing floods. They're safe.

Rith Phay's smile vanishes.

RITH PHAY

I don't intend to wait them out, Mister Chow.

PIAO CHOW

Then what is it --

RITH PHAY

-- I intend to destroy them all!

Chow's blood drains from his face with the realization.

RITH PHAY (CONT'D)
 (into the mic on speaker)
 All crew, ready for emergency surface!
 (to the OOD)
 Empty the ballasts! Maximum air pressure!
 Take us up now! Maneuvering, spin us
 around and put that Destroyer between us
 and the carrier. All ahead, ten knots!
 Thirty degrees inclination!

The sub starts to surface and kick forward. The Crew slides back as the boat tilts up at the steep angle.

DIVING OFFICER
 Three hundred fifty meters... Three
 hundred meters...

RITH PHAY
 (into the mic)
 Weapons, conn. Prepare to open silos
 three through seven and launch on my
 command. Flood tubes one and two! Attach
 torpedo cables for long range control!

DIVING OFFICER
 One hundred meters! Fifty meters!

PIAO CHOW
 Hold on!

RITH PHAY
 (into the mic)
 Weapons! Launch missiles now!

THE DESTROYER

releases another depth charge that sinks into the water.

KATHOOM! The rising spray from an exploding charge SPLASHES up to the surface... BUT AS THE WATER DISPERSES - IT REVEALS

QUIET FIRE

which opens five of its vertical missile bay doors, and LAUNCHES FIVE MISSILES up in a RUSH of FLAME and SMOKE.

ADMIRAL HARPER

watches as patrols of planes swoop across the water... when he spots the STREAK of MISSILE FIRE through his binoculars!

ADMIRAL HARPER
 (into the mic)
 Are those God damned nukes!? Intel said
 he only had one left!

CAPTAIN HAWKINS (V.O.)
 I've got eyes on them, Admiral! Our
 birds'll shoot 'em down... God help us if
 they reach the mainland!

Harper watches as the missiles rise higher into the air...

Then TWIST in formation and start heading back down...

ADMIRAL HARPER
 Oh, Jesus...
 (into the mic)
 Hawkins! Tell our birds to scatter!

CAPTAIN HAWKINS (V.O.)
 We can't, sir! Radio's out!

ADMIRAL HARPER
 Launch the God damned flares!

One by one the missiles LOCK ON TO THE JETS and give chase.

KELLY

ignores the MISSILE LOCK WARNING flashing on her cockpit view-
 screen and jacks the joystick FORWARD.

Her S-3 Viking Fighter Jet DIVES towards the water as a
 MISSILE TRAILS behind her, gaining every second.

KELLY
 Shit, shit, shit!

With the ocean surface fast approaching, Kelly PULLS BACK on
 the stick, JAMS the throttle and blows the AFTERBURNERS!

The BURST from her engines launches a STREAM OF WATER up
 behind her like a ROOSTER TAIL.

The MISSILE STRIKES into the spray, crashes down, and
 harmlessly explodes beneath the ocean's surface.

Kelly breathes a short-lived sight of relief as

FIVE MORE MISSILES LAUNCH FROM QUIET FIRE

and the pieces of FOUR DESTROYED JETS rain down from the sky.

ADMIRAL HARPER

watches helplessly as the MISSILES FIND THEIR MARKS.

When he looks back through the binoculars and focuses in on Quiet Fire, he spots TWO TORPEDOES LAUNCH from its bow.

THE DESTROYER

SOUNDS A HORN as TWO TORPEDOES APPROACH its aft.

ON THE BRIDGE

The DESTROYER CAPTAIN stares through the glass at Quiet Fire.

DESTROYER CAPTAIN

Launch countermeasures! Make sure you keep us vertical to their approach!

DESTROYER CONN OFFICER

We are vertical sir! One eight zero!

DESTROYER CAPTAIN

Why would he launch on us fro -- Oh my God!

The Captain rushes out from the bridge and onto the rails.

DESTROYER XO

Captain! What are you doing? Captain!

The Captain and his XO watch as the torpedoes IGNORE the countermeasures and TURN AWAY from the Destroyer!

DESTROYER CAPTAIN

We're not their God damned target!

ADMIRAL HARPER

watches the Destroyer through his binoculars.

CARRIER SONAR OFFICER (V.O.)

Impact in three! Two! One!

Harper waits, but the Destroyer doesn't explode. His binoculars re-focus and he spots the two torpedoes...

HEADING STRAIGHT TOWARDS HIM.

QUIET FIRE - IN THE CONN

Rith Phay is a man on fire as he issues his commands.

RITH PHAY

(into the mic)

Weapons, activate torpedoes one and two
and disconnect trailing wires! Flood
tubes three and four!

(to the OOD)

Helm! Bring our speed up to fifteen knots
bearing three one zero! Maneuvering, he's
gonna turn and when he does, swing us
back around bearing zero three zero full
right rudder all ahead!

(into the mic)

Weapons, prepare to launch torpedoes
three and four on my mark!

THE DESTROYER

The Captain sees the sub turn and re-enters the bridge.

DESTROYER CAPTAIN

It's making a run on the carrier! Right
full rudder! We've gotta get those deck
guns fixed on him yesterday!

RITH PHAY

stands at the conn, waiting. Chow uses the periscope.

PIAO CHOW

He's turning!

Rith nods to the OOD who issues orders to maneuvering. The
boat lurches to the side as it makes a quick turn.

THE DESTROYER CAPTAIN

witnesses the submarine TURN BACK towards the Destroyer.

RITH PHAY

squeezes the mic in his fist.

RITH PHAY

Do we have him... Do we have him!

PIAO CHOW

Dead ahead!

RITH PHAY

(into the mic)

Weapons! Fire!

THE DESTROYER CAPTAIN

is struck by the realization of his error.

DESTROYER SONAR OFFICER
Sir! Torpedoes in the water!

With his ship turned, the Captain and his XO stare in disbelief as the two torpedoes zip towards them.

KELLY

watches through her cockpit as THE DESTROYER EXPLODES. Its hull breaks into burning pieces and starts to sink.

Seconds later TWO MASSIVE EXPLOSIONS rock the side of the Aircraft Carrier. Its deck tilts. Jets slide into the water.

KELLY
Ho-lee-shit! I don't know if any of you boys can hear me, but I've got lock and I'm droppin' my load. Bombs away!

TWO TORPEDOES drop from her Jet and hit the water's surface.

RITH PHAY

is taken by the finely honed fury of his command.

RITH PHAY
Fill the ballasts! All ahead full rudder down twenty degrees!

Everyone grabs hold as the ship lurches down.

QUIET FIRE SONAR TECH (V.O.)
Torpedoes locked on and approaching!
Impact in thirty seconds!

RITH PHAY (CONT'D)
Maneuvering, take us through that wreckage! Chart a path and sound a ping, full amperage on my mark! Mark!

They cover their ears as a LOUD PING sounds out.

RITH PHAY (CONT'D)
Set noisemakers pattern delta, decoys pattern omega! Launch countermeasures on my mark! Mark!

QUIET FIRE

dives toward the sinking wreckage, two torpedoes on its tail.

It RELEASES COUNTERMEASURES. Some SIZZLE while others SHRIEK, both kicking up a mountain of bubbles and turbulence.

Two torpedoes enter the cloud. THE FIRST EXPLODES!

But the SECOND shoots through and gains on Quiet Fire.

IN THE CONN

Rith shows no sign of his demeanor cracking.

PIAO CHOW
We're going through!

RITH PHAY
(into the mic on speaker)
All hands brace for impact!

PIAO CHOW
I hope that ping was worth it Captain.
Even if we survive, it's a good bet
Shining and the Jimmy Carter now have our
exact position.

Rith outright laughs.

RITH PHAY
By the time those fools can reach us, our
mission will be complete!

QUIET FIRE

cuts a downward swathe through the falling pieces of the Destroyer. They BANG and SCRATCH against its hull.

The trailing torpedo SHOOTS into the wreckage after it.

ADMIRAL HARPER

gets pulled by CREWMEN into a chopper hovering over the deck.

ADMIRAL HARPER
Get your damn hands off me!

Once on board Harper grabs his binoculars and focuses in on the floating wreckage of his Destroyer.

KABOOM!

An underwater explosion sends up a HUGE GEYSER! Harper holds his breath... and that's when he sees it.

A FRESH OIL SLICK

spilling up to the surface apart from the other wreckage.

ADMIRAL HARPER (CONT'D)

Look! Look there! We got him!

Harper undoes his safety belt and opens the helicopter door.

Two CREWMEN grab him by the arms and hoist him back inside.

ADMIRAL HARPER (CONT'D)

Let me go! He's sunk! I've gotta get back to the bridge!

HELICOPTER PILOT

Sorry, sir! No can do! Captain's orders we're to take you to safety! It's too dangerous!

The Pilot pulls back on his stick and the chopper takes off.

FOUR SHADOWS BELOW them zip past unseen beneath the waves.

ADMIRAL HARPER

Danger! What danger? We just sunk him! Can't you see? Over there! I'm needed on the bridge! I order you to land this helicopter right --

KATHOOM!

FOUR TORPEDOES DETONATE simultaneously against the side of the Aircraft Carrier in a single tremendous explosion.

The BLAST OF FORCE knocks the helicopter forward! With his seat belt unbuckled, Harper's head SMASHES the console.

The Crewmen come to his aid as the Pilot loses control!

Against the backdrop of the sinking Carrier, the Admiral's chopper crashes into the sea and sinks beneath the waves.

KELLY

circles the oceanic battlefield. She watches horrified as her Aircraft Carrier disappears in a fiery glow.

Seconds later both CRUISERS take torpedo hits.

EXPLOSIONS rock their sides and send them to flames.

KELLY

Hail Mary, mother of God...

Kelly spots an allied Jet in the air, maneuvers towards him, and pulls into formation right along its side.

Kelly pulls off her breath mask and looks to Howie, who sits in his own S-3 Viking cockpit not fifteen feet away.

KELLY (CONT'D)

(mouthing with hand signals)

DID YOU DROP YOUR LOAD?

Howie nods. Thumbs down. Waves away failure.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Shit me. OKAY! YOU FOLLOW ME BACK TO DC!

(gets a thumbs up)

Kelly veers off back towards land with Howie's Jet in tow.

KELLY (CONT'D)

I've gotta warn base...

(fiddling with the radio)

Come on! Come on! I don't know if you guys at ATC can hear me, but boys if you can, it's time to change your panties. Cause there's a Chinese nuclear sub heading your way with nothing in its path, and in one short hour it's gonna be in our end zone.

The Jet engines ROAR as Kelly speeds up. Howie follows suit.

QUIET FIRE

sails below the water's surface. FLAMES COVER THE SEA ABOVE.

IN THE CONN

RITH PHAY

straightens his back and adjusts his uniform.

Chow and his Crew are astonished by their success.

PIAO CHOW

The ruse worked, Captain.

RITH PHAY

Helm, turn us about, fifteen knots.

PIAO CHOW
Our destination sir?

RITH PHAY
Right where we're expected, Mister Chow.
The shallows of D.C.

MARY

stands beside James on the bridge of the Jimmy Carter. Both are petrified in a mix of awe and fear from what they see.

THE BURNING WRECKAGE

of the oil slicked battlefield are all that remains of the carrier group. Expedition Nine surfaces beside Mary's sub.

SHINING (V.O.)
Has my point been demonstrated well
enough for you?

James looks to Mary, curious as to what she'll say, when his eyes fixate on Mary's fist that's clenched in a boiling rage.

JACKSON

and his Staff board AIR FORCE ONE in a state of panic.

Agent Walsh ushers Jackson into his seat.

JACKSON
How long until we're far enough away that
I can address the nation?

AGENT WALSH
Fifteen minutes, sir.

RITH PHAY

fiddles with his cuff link, his fingernails tapping the gold.

TAP TAP TAP TAP... TAP TAP TAP TAP... TAP TAP TAP --

QUIET FIRE SONAR TECH (V.O.)
Conn, sonar. Surface contact bearing one
eight zero. It's the Jimmy Carter running
on diesel, sir. They're chasing us.

PIAO CHOW
I guess that means Shining lost.

RITH PHAY
Still. We can't take any chances.

Rith takes a moment to gather his composure.

RITH PHAY (CONT'D)
 (into the mic)
 Weapons, conn. Launch on my mark.
 Maneuvering, bring us to the surface.
 Zero bubble.

MARY

watches through binoculars as

QUIET FIRE RISES TO THE SURFACE

AND LAUNCHES A NUCLEAR MISSILE!

She tries to scream but the breath escapes her.

JAMES
 No!!! We're too late!

A streak of black smoke follows the missile into the sky...

QUIET FIRE sinks back beneath the waves...

KELLY

spots through her cockpit window the runway to MOUNT WEATHER,
 a rural emergency government facility.

KELLY
 Yeah! Got it! I knew I could fly blind!

She glances back behind her to get a bead on Howie's Jet and
 notices a STREAK OF FIRE AND SMOKE on the horizon.

Kelly circles round for a better look. The STREAK rises to
 the top of its ascent and starts curving back towards Earth.

Kelly realizes IT'S A MISSILE ARCING TOWARDS WASHINGTON!

KELLY (CONT'D)
 Oh, shit! Oh, shit!

She maneuvers alongside Howie's Jet and gets his attention.

KELLY (CONT'D)
 (mouthing with hand gestures)
 YOU SEE THAT? MISSILE! BOOM!

Howie spots the MISSILE STREAK.

KELLY (CONT'D)
WE NEED TO LAND! YOU FOLLOW ME TO --

In a panic Howie VEERS TO THE RIGHT and bugs out.

KELLY (CONT'D)
(into the mic)
Where the hell are you going? Howie get
back here! It'll fry your systems!

Kelly watches as Howie's Jet abandons the runway approach and picks up speed and altitude away from the MISSILE.

KELLY (CONT'D)
(fiddling with her comm)
Don't! You can't out run it! Howie! God
damn this interference! Howie! No! Howie!

Kelly's torn between chasing after Howie or making her landing. Kelly SCREAMS as she turns back towards the runway.

KELLY'S JET

approaches the long runway, when her eyes focus in on the LENGTHY WALK across the tarmac to the nearest building.

The MISSILE continues getting closer.

KELLY
Forget that!

KELLY'S JET

makes a short landing in a parking lot flooded with cars.

KELLY RUNS

through the parking lot as the MISSILE looms ever closer.

SIRENS WAIL. Kelly runs from door to door but each one's locked, and there isn't a soul ANYWHERE on the surface.

Kelly turns East and silently watches the MISSILE descend.

She stops and stares, her hope for an open door lost.

MARINE (O.S.)
Hey! Air jockey!

She spins to find a MARINE holding a nearby door open.

MARINE (CONT'D)
Last chance!

Kelly looks to the sky in the direction Howie had flown.

KELLY

Good luck, Howie. If anyone can beat the odds, I know you can.

She kisses her Ace of Spades, tosses it to the wind, and pushes past the thick steel door which SLAMS SHUT behind her.

JACKSON

rests his cheek against the window as the plane takes off.

The intercom BUZZES.

JUDY (V.O.)

-- Communications are back online.

JACKSON

That's great Judy, can you call my daughter please!

Jackson rises, moves to his desk, and picks up the phone.

JUDY (V.O.)

It's going to her voice-mail.

JACKSON

That's fine Judy...

(into the phone)

Hi Mary. Look, I'm sorry about today. I was being stupid. You were right, you're always right. I do deflect and I'm sorry. From now on you can count on me to be honest with you, especially about my feelings. And right now I'm... I'm just so damn proud of you. I hope you're safe. Call me as soon as you get this...

OVERLOOKING THE PENTAGON

THE GRAVE OF SUSAN MEADOWS

enjoys the late afternoon sun at Arlington National Cemetery.

A NUCLEAR MISSILE DESCENDS from the sky in a column of flame.

Jackson's big bouquet of PINK FLOWERS have yet to wilt, and Mary's small pink present sits right where she'd left it.

THE MISSILE STRIKES THE PENTAGON AND DETONATES!

In the growing flash of amber light that creeps across the cemetery, the FLOWERS WITHER and turn to blackened ash.

MARY'S GIFT INCINERATES in a burst of flame.

The gray marble of the grave lingers just a moment longer...

Then it too is gone.

A NUCLEAR MUSHROOM CLOUD

rises up behind Air Force One.

Its right wing gets BLOWN OFF by the force of the explosion and sends the plane into an uncontrolled tail-spin.

Jackson gets FLUNG against the wall!

He reaches for the phone but the forces are too great.

JACKSON

Mary!

BURNING WRECKAGE

marks the location where Air Force One crashed in a field.

HOWIE

struggles to maintain control of the Jet amidst a scrambled cacophony of FLASHES and WARNINGS dancing across his console.

The Jet falls into a tailspin and Howie's world turns.

His hand grips round a red lever marked EJECT, and PULLS.

But nothing happens.

The Eight of Spades flies from his pocket and goes whipping about the cockpit! Howie lets go of the controls to grab it.

MARY

stands on the bridge of the Jimmy Carter as it sails across the water, its diesel engines taking it towards Washington.

Through the glass of shielded binoculars, she watches the MUSHROOM CLOUD rise higher into the atmosphere over DC.

JAMES

We'll be safe from the radiation for now,
but keep an eye on your dosimeters.

SHINING (V.O.)
We have a problem.

Mary throws James a look that could kill a man.

INTERCUT BETWEEN

SHINING IN THE CONN / MARY ON THE BRIDGE

MARY
What could be worse than this?

SHINING
I expected him to turn and engage us. Instead he's making a run for the coast on a course that'll leave him beached. I think he's getting as close as he can before he launches another missile.

MARY
Another missile? I thought your Navy had safeguards in place for things like that.

SHINING
Normally you'd be right, but he's no normal Captain. Rith Phay is the PLA's Vice Admiral. He pulls a lot of weight with the Party. And I know the man. He's not one to deprive the world of his ego. This isn't suicide. It's tactical. For all we know, he could be fully armed and operational. Captain, believe me when I say that boat out there could destroy the world, and you and I are the only ones left that can keep that from happening.

MARY
You were wondering what my name is, Captain? Well my name's Mary Meadows, and my father's the President of the United States of America. I've listened to you, Captain, now you listen to me. You're gonna do everything in your power to get that sub to surface. And when it does... I'll ram him and sink us both.

EXPEDITION NINE

speeds underwater as the Jimmy Carter follows on the surface.

FAR AHEAD OF THEM

QUIET FIRE

pushes through the shallow waters only forty feet below.

THREE TORPEDOES launch from its aft, and QUIET FIRE TURNS!

SHINING

tries to steady his composure as he stands at his station.

SONAR TECH JIAN (V.O.)
Impact in forty five seconds.

SHINING
I'm open to suggestions Mister Kang.

KANG
Let's hit him with everything we've got.

SHINING
(into the mic)
Weapons, conn. Flood all twelve tubes,
and all together fire when ready.
Maneuvering, turn us twenty degrees port,
and decrease our speed to twelve knots.

EXPEDITION NINE

launches a volley of TWELVE TORPEDOES from its bow.

Rith Phay's THREE TORPEDOES approach Shining's twelve.

SHINING

SHINING
(into the mic)
Weapons. Prepare our full compliment of
countermeasures!

SONAR TECH JIAN (V.O.)
Conn, sonar! Torpedo contacts are
changing course!

SHINING
(into the mic)
What's their target? The Americans?

SONAR TECH JIAN (V.O.)
Our torpedoes!

THE THREE TORPEDOES DETONATE

and ALL TWELVE of Shining's torpedoes EXPLODE!

QUIET FIRE

LAUNCHES TWELVE TORPEDOES

of its own, then turns away, and resumes its prior course.

SHINING

slams his fist onto the console in a fit of rage.

SHINING

Damn him!

SONAR OFFICER JIAN (V.O.)

Captain, we have twelve torpedoes in the water, bearing zero three zero!

KANG

No! He used our own tactics against us!

SHINING

(into the mic)

How long till impact?

SONAR TECH JIAN (V.O.)

Captain! They're targeting the Jimmy Carter!

SHINING

(into the mic)

What about Quiet Fire?

SONAR OFFICER JIAN (V.O.)

He's turned and resumed course towards the shallows.

KANG

Captain? What are your orders? Captain!

SHINING

Never trust Americans...

KANG

Sir?

SHINING

Maneuvering! Put us between the Jimmy Carter and those torpedoes.

(to Kang)

You were wondering if we could defeat him, Mister Kang? Well it's only now that I realize Rith Phay's impossible to beat on his own terms.

(MORE)

SHINING (CONT'D)

But he does have one weakness. One blind spot left for us to exploit.

KANG

What's that?

SHINING

He hates the Americans so deeply, that he would never expect us to sacrifice ourselves for them.

Kang takes a deep breath and the Crew looks to Shining.

SHINING (CONT'D)

For China.

MARY

stands next to James on the Jimmy Carter's bridge.

KABOOM!

A GEYSER OF WATER erupts off their port bow.

The FORCE THE EXPLOSION rocks the hull of their submarine.

Mary's nearly flung from the bridge, but James catches her.

MARY

(into the mic)

What was that?

CONN OFFICER (V.O.)

Expedition Nine, Captain. They took the torpedoes meant for us. They're gone.

MARY

He saved us? Why? We don't have the means to stop him.

JAMES

Sure you do.

MARY

We do? But how? Our torpedo tubes --

JAMES (CONT'D)

-- Who need torpedoes when you've got the Navy SEALs.

A NAVY SEAL

works in a confined room by the engine, when A PIPE BURSTS and blasts apart a nearby console. Sparks fly!

WATER FLOODS into the room in an uncontrollable fury!

NAVY SEAL
 (into his comm)
 We've got a SNAFU!

MARY

grinds her teeth in frustration.

JAMES
 If we don't fix it we'll lose the engine,
 and if we don't seal that door soon,
 we'll sink. So whoever fixes that station
 is gonna drown.

Mary struggles with the implications of what she must do.

MARY
 Your man... Darryl. The engineer. Let me
 speak to him over your comm.

JAMES
 I'm sorry Mary. But he has a family.

When Mary turns, JAMES STEALS A KISS from her lips, then jumps onto the ladder and slides down into the boat.

QUIET FIRE

drifts closer to the surface as the sea-floor rises.

IN THE WEAPONS ROOM

More than a dozen Crewmen load into the silo a sleek black missile adorned with A BIOHAZARD symbol.

IN THE CONN

RITH PHAY

watches Piao Chow sweat with a wry smile.

WEAPONS OFFICER (V.O.)
 Conn, weapons. It's loaded Captain.

RITH PHAY
 (into the mic)
 How long until we can launch?

WEAPONS OFFICER (V.O.)
 Ten minutes.

PIAO CHOW

If it was peace time, then why smuggle the extra nuke on board? And how was its radiation not detected?

RITH PHAY

It's not nuclear... It's biological.

PIAO CHOW

Sir I must object! Biological weapons have been strictly outlawed by our Party!

RITH PHAY

Without more nuclear missiles it's the only option we have left.

PIAO CHOW

Where did it come from?

RITH PHAY

I recovered it from an ISIS vessel I sunk in Somalia, and I've had it on board ever since...

PIAO CHOW

What will it do?

RITH PHAY

It will kill Americans, Mister Chow! And that's all that matters.

JAMES

pushes into the flooding room and SEALS THE HATCH behind him.

MARY

hides the tears in her eyes with binoculars as she watches the water for Quiet Fire. Darryl clears his throat.

DARRYL

Team's ready Captain. When she surfaces we'll have men on her in minutes.

MARY

Good. That's good.

DARRYL

It's just...

Mary lowers her binoculars and turns to face him.

MARY

What is it?

DARRYL

She'll probably blow her load well before she breaks water. We'll get the kill when she reaches the shallows, sure, but by then the damage'll already be done.

MARY

That's out of my control. All we can do is prepare for the inevitable. It's not like...

DARRYL

Not like what?

MARY

Not like we can force it beach itself!

DARRYL

Ma'am?

MARY

Where's that scientist of yours?

Mary spots Ryan double checking gear by the SEAL team.

MARY (CONT'D)

Ryan! Get over here!

RYAN

Ma'am?

MARY

The X five twenty three. Can you set it up here, on deck instead of underwater?

RYAN

Well, sure I can. But why would I want to do that?

MARY

You said it yourself. It's like a search plane! Far as they know, a whole fleet of aircraft are over their heads right now, all one step away from dropping charges!

Darryl and Ryan are dumbfounded.

MARY (CONT'D)

We need him to surface, right? Don't you two get it?

(MORE)

MARY (CONT'D)

That laser of yours'll simulate the planes! Then we'll just herd him like cattle, drive him straight to the sands, and force him to beach!

RYAN

Genius ma'am! Genius!

DARRYL

Ryan! You heard her! Gather the men and set it up!

RYAN

Sir! Uhh, aren't you coming?

DARRYL

Go ahead. I just have to grab something real quick.

DARRYL

pulls a BLOW TORCH out of a Navy pack on one of the rafts.

He counts out ten paces across the Jimmy Carter's deck, turns on the torch, and makes his first cut into the steel.

MARY

watches as Ryan and a team of SEALs set up the X-523, a strange satellite dish with lots of wires.

Mary takes a deep breath.

QUIET FIRE

rises from the water and PLOWS INTO A SANDBAR!

Sand and water splash everywhere as the submarine beaches.

MARY

watches from the bridge as SEALs cheer.

RYAN

It worked! Yeah!

DARRYL

Pries away a section of the boat's hull and James pops his head up out of the water within. Darryl pulls him out.

JAMES
 (gasping for breath)
 Cuttin' it a little close there, aren't
 ya Darryl?

DARRYL
 Are you ok? You're bleeding.

JAMES
 Piping got me. I'm fine.

James grabs his ribs and shoots a puzzled look at the X-523.

JAMES (CONT'D)
 What's the situation?

MARY

watches through her binoculars as Quiet Fire's silo opens.

JAMES (O.S.)
 That SEAL team's gonna need a commander,
 Captain! And I volunteer for the job.

Mary drops the binoculars and spins around into his arms.

MARY
 I thought you were dead!

JAMES
 Didn't you know? Seals don't drown.

They share a momentary embrace. James winces in pain.

MARY
 You're hurt! You're in no condition to go
 anywhere.

JAMES
 I have to. It's my job.

DARRYL
 I've got this one LC. Captain, I'm taking
 command of the mission.

JAMES
 I can't let you do this.

DARRYL
 It's not your choice to make.
 (turning to the SEALs)
 Come on boys!
 (MORE)

DARRYL (CONT'D)

These are the guys who jacked up our
Fourth of July Cook-out! Let's go set off
some fireworks!

THE SEAL TEAM

Yeah!

RITH PHAY

stands at the conn with a pistol in his hand.

RITH PHAY

How long until launch?

PIAO CHOW

Five minutes.

RITH PHAY

How long until they board us?

PIAO CHOW

Thirty seconds.

RITH PHAY

(into the mic)

Seal the doors to the weapons room shut!
I don't want any --

BOOM! The boat rocks to the side. POP! POP! POP!

GUNFIRE ECHOES across the corridors.

Chow picks up his own pistol and looks around, nervous.

RITH PHAY (CONT'D)

Seal the hatch!

The OOD pushes the door shut and turns the wheel --

BAM! An explosive BLASTS out the hatch and TWO SEALS in full
black combat suits push into the conn with assault rifles.

POP! POP! POP! Gunshots kill half the Crew in seconds.

Chow empties his clip and takes out one of the SEALS before
he gets mowed down by a barrage of bullets. Consoles spark!

Rith fires a single shot and the remaining SEAL drops dead.

His uniform still crisp, Rith strides forward, picks up the
rifle, and takes a long glance around his conn.

Everyone else is dead. Only Rith remains.

WEAPONS OFFICER (V.O.)
Conn, weapons. There's a problem!

RITH PHAY
(into the mic)
Weapons, conn. Go ahead.

IN THE WEAPONS ROOM

The Weapons Officer leans over the intercom.

WEAPONS OFFICER
That blast damaged the relay. It needs to be manually bypassed. No one's down there and we're sealed in. Captain? Hello? Captain?

THE MIC IN THE CONN

dangles from its wire. Rith is nowhere in sight.

A NAVY SEAL

crouches at the edge of a turn in the corridor.

He SIGNALS to the rest of his Four Man Squad, and they follow him down the hall where they pass by a loose console...

RITH PHAY PUSHES OUT

and GUNS THEM ALL DOWN! Rith tosses his empty rifle aside and picks up two fresh ones. POP! POP! POP! POP! POP!

Bullets whizz past him! Rith ducks to the side for cover.

The FOOTSTEPS of approaching MEN clank on the catwalk.

Rith pulls a DEAD SEAL close, GRABS A GRENADE from his belt, TOSSES IT, and uses the corpse for additional cover.

GRUFF NAVY SEAL
Grenade!

KABAM! Rith waits for it to settle, then jumps out with a rifle in each hand finishing off the SEALS as runs past them.

RITH PHAY

pulls down a heavy switch and activates the bypass.

A SHADOW alerts him to an approaching SEAL, and when the man enters Rith BEATS HIM TO DEATH with a heavy wrench.

THE CONN

Rith Phay enters and seals the hatch shut behind him.

He turns around to a BIG BLACK FIST TO THE FACE as Darryl connects a powerful right hook across Rith Phay's jaw.

Rith staggers back upright, his senses dazed by the strike.

But when Darryl advances the attack, Rith is ready.

With perfect execution Rith Judo-Tosses Darryl into the wall.

Darryl stands to face Rith and cracks his knuckles.

DARRYL

You've got some skills for an old man,
I'll give you that. But I've got some bad
news for you.

RITH PHAY

Typical American arrogance. Doesn't know
when he's out matched.

DARRYL

One way or another I'm stopping you.

RITH PHAY

You're the not the first to try today,
and you won't be the last.

Rith and Darryl find their fighting skills an equal match.

They punch, kick, throw, claw, and use everything at their disposal to beat the other in brutal mortal combat.

Guns get grabbed and knocked away. Knives pulled and lost.

Finally Rith sidekicks Darryl's leg and SHATTERS his knee cap. Darryl buckles to the floor in pain.

Rith grabs him by the face, turns him around

AND STABS HIM IN THE NECK WITH A KNIFE.

Darryl keels over, blood spilling from his throat.

Rith coughs up blood of his own and wipes it away.

He recovers the IGNITION KEY from Chow's neck, inserts it into the firing console, and activates it with a turn.

Rith inserts his own IGNITION KEY, and turns it.

The LAUNCH TIMER flickers on and counts down the seconds remaining for guidance lock. 58... 57... 56...

A BROKEN STEEL ROD PIERCES THROUGH RITH PHAY'S CHEST!

Rith cries out in agony as he turns to face Darryl.

They GRAPPLE across the conn. The BLOOD OOZING from their wounds SAPS THEIR STRENGTH as they fight to the bitter end.

Rith gains the advantage and turns Darryl onto his back, then

PULLS THE STEEL ROD OUT OF HIS OWN CHEST

and with all his force, PLUNGES IT THROUGH DARRYL'S BACK.

JAMES (V.O.)

Darryl! Are you there? What's going on?

DARRYL

Blow it! Blow it now!

RITH PHAY

Why won't you Americans just die already!

Rith twists the steel further, ending Darryl's life.

LAUNCH TIMER: 16... 15... 14...

MARY

stands at the bridge beside James. Her finger hovers over the remote detonator switch. She takes a deep breath and --

JAMES pushes her hand out of the way.

JAMES

He's my friend. It'll be on me.

RITH PHAY

is alone, the last man standing in Quiet Fire's conn.

He straightens his Admiral's uniform as he watches the timer.

11... 10... 9...

Rith takes Chow's pistol and holds it to his head.

RITH PHAY

For Cambodia.

He pulls the trigger.

CLICK!

Rith tosses the empty gun away in disgust.

QUIET FIRE EXPLODES

and the pieces of its hull get strewn across the beach.

MARY

stands on the Jimmy Carter's bridge and presses the intercom.

MARY

All crew hear this. Mission complete.
Everyone get inside and check your
dosimeters. Conn, bridge. Turn us about
and set course for Miami.

(the Crew cheers)

This is your Captain. That is all.

JAMES

So what's next, Captain?

MARY

Coffee. Lots and lots of coffee.

She hops onto the ladder, stops, and glances back up at him.

MARY (CONT'D)

You thirsty, Commander?

James smiles.

JAMES

Yes, sir!

THE SMOLDERING REMAINS OF MOUNT WEATHER

The parking lot's dusted over with thick gray ash.

Kelly's Jet is overturned, its tail section snapped in half.

On one side: the tranquil fields of Shenandoah Valley.

On the other: the smoking ruins of D.C.

DAVENPORT

places his left hand on a bible as he raises his right.

The CHIEF JUSTICE stands before him, while assorted Staff, Military, and other US Representatives gather nearby in the central chamber of Mount Weather's underground offices.

Kelly watches from the hall, tears in her eyes.

Mixed feelings of despair and hope paint the faces of everyone who watches. Davenport is stoic and serious.

CHIEF JUSTICE
You, Hubert Davenport, do solemnly swear. That you will faithfully execute the Office of the President of the United States. And will to the best of your ability. Preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States. So help you

DAVENPORT
I, Hubert Johann Davenport, do solemnly swear. That I will faithfully execute the Office of the President of the United States. And will to the best of my ability. Preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States. So help me

FADE TO:

THE AMERICAN FLAG

flaps in the wind from its tall mast on a bright sunny day.

SUPER: "PORT ANGELES, WASHINGTON - THREE MONTHS LATER..."

Far below is a scurry of activity, where both police and military oversee the gathering of US Congressmen and Senators as they crowd into the freshly constructed Chambers Building.

DAVENPORT

stands behind a podium, his demeanor stern, yet energized.

DAVENPORT
My fellow Americans. These past few months have tested our resolve, tested our spirits and tested our faith, both in ourselves and in America and its Allies. I come to tell you today, that we will not yield to terror! We will persevere, and we will win!

THE AMERICAN FLAG

hangs behind him on the wall of the NEW US Capitol House Chamber. Both houses of Congress listen quietly to his words.

DAVENPORT (CONT'D)
The CIA has confirmed the location of terrorists linked to evidence found in the Vice President's office. Today, as of six PM, Aircraft Carriers in the Black Sea will attack those targets. But this isn't enough.

(MORE)

DAVENPORT (CONT'D)

The trail doesn't end there. We can't afford to take half-measures. Not anymore. Now is not the time for the nation to stand divided.

(pausing for applause)

Now is the time for Americans to stand together!

(louder applause)

And together we will end this tyranny of terror once and for all...

DAVENPORT

walks towards a closed door flanked by a group of Secret Service Agents. He stops beside his Secretary's desk.

DAVENPORT

Is it done?

DAVENPORT'S SECRETARY

Yes, sir. The last of the private contractors just left.

He opens the door and she follows him into the

NEW PRESIDENTIAL OFFICE

which has been decorated in tasteful American decor and adorned with a large rug bearing the Presidential seal.

DAVENPORT

Well, it's not oval but it'll have to do.

When his eyes spot the wooden desk at the far side of the office he gasps and takes a slow and steady walk towards it.

DAVENPORT'S SECRETARY

What do you think? Do you like it?

He rubs his hand across the desk's polished surface.

DAVENPORT

The Resolute desk...

He turns to his Secretary who's beaming with satisfaction.

Even the SS agents can't help but smile.

DAVENPORT'S SECRETARY

It's the reproduction from the Jimmy Carter Museum in Atlanta. A gift from Admiral Murdock, sir.

DAVENPORT

Remind me to draft him, and the Navy, a letter of thanks. In the meanwhile...

He motions towards an SS agent, who hands him a briefcase.

DAVENPORT (CONT'D)

I have more important matters to attend to... That'll be all.

DAVENPORT'S SECRETARY

Yes, Mister President!

He waits for them to shut the door, then sits at his desk, opens the briefcase, and reveals

EXECUTIVE ORDER 15095

which he examines for a long moment before finally taking his pen and signing his name at the bottom.

FADE TO:

CVN GERALD FORD

The US Ford-Class Super-Carrier braves the harsh waves of a storm in the dim light of dawn. Rain falls in a torrent.

SUPER: "200 MILES OFF THE COAST OF RUSSIA"

ON THE BRIDGE

THE CAPTAIN of the Aircraft Carrier uses the phone.

CARRIER CAPTAIN

Yes, sir! I understand sir.

(hanging up the phone)

Operation Flashlight is green lit! Put 'em in the air boys! Let's give 'em hell!

ON THE DECK

NAVY PILOTS rush to their planes.

RAMP OFFICERS load the last bits of artillery and cargo.

SIGNALLING OFFICERS wave neon lights in rain.

A SLINGSHOT

launches the first of many FIGHTER JETS into the air.

FADE TO:

DAVENPORT

takes a sip from his steaming coffee before setting it down on his Presidential desk with a smile. The intercom BUZZES.

DAVENPORT'S SECRETARY (V.O.)
The German Federal Chancellor is here.

DAVENPORT
Send him in.

Davenport straightens his back and adjusts his tie.

THE DOOR OPENS and in walks The German.

THE DOOR SHUTS BEHIND HIM

and for a moment neither he nor Davenport speaks.

THE GERMAN
Is the room --

DAVENPORT
-- Secure? Fear not. I had this office designed to my exact specifications. You may speak... freely.

The German's about to sit, but stops himself in hesitation.

He looks to Davenport, yearning to fulfill some inner need.

THE GERMAN
(hopeful)
Mein Fuhrer... May I?

Davenport nods solemnly.

The German stands to attention, and

GIVES A NAZI SALUTE

THE GERMAN (CONT'D)
Heil Davenport!

Davenport leans back and interlocks his fingers.

DAVENPORT
Now Mister Chancellor, if you don't mind.
I'd like to cut straight to the point.

CUT TO BLACK: