

AZORIAN

Screenplay by
Kel Symons

Based on a true story...

**At the height of the Cold War the
Russians lost a nuclear submarine.**

The Americans found it first.

EXT. THE PACIFIC OCEAN - NIGHT

A sea of India ink under a full moon.

TITLE: 2350 hrs, March 10, 1968 - 1900 miles north of Hawaii

A PERISCOPE breaks the surface, scanning for contacts before--
SOVIET SUBMARINE K-129 surfaces, its towering SAIL rising--

EXT. K-129 - SAIL - CONTINUOUS

A hatch opens and CREWMEN emerge on the observation deck to take bearings before CAPTAIN KOBZAR (37) joins them.

Kobzar has thoughtful eyes and a clean-shaven, boyish face.

Kobzar switches on a RED NIGHT OPS LAMP and reads the clipboard the sailors noted sextant readings on. Reacts--

Kobzar keys the ship's INTERCOM box: In *Subtitled Russian*--

CAPTAIN KOBZAR
Send for the Executive Officer.

Kobzar scrutinizes the navigational figures before X.O.
ZHURAVIN joins his captain. Kobzar hands him the clipboard--

CAPTAIN KOBZAR (CONT'D)
We're off course.

X.O. ZHURAVIN
Yes sir. Navigation reports we are hundreds of miles from our assigned patrol route. Shadowing that carrier from Pearl Harbor took us--

CAPTAIN KOBZAR
Relax, Alex. I'm not assigning blame.

Kobzar shakes a cigarette from a pack kept in his great coat and lights it, offering another to Zhuravin.

CAPTAIN KOBZAR (CONT'D)
We must expect the unexpected when playing Cossacks and Robbers with the Americans.

X.O. ZHURAVIN
Thank you, Comrade Captain. Of course you are right.

CAPTAIN KOBZAR

As soon as we recharge the batteries radio Rybachiy and update them with our revised coordinates.

X.O. ZHURAVIN

Speaking of the radio, I had a request from Lieutenant Gerasimov-- He asks permission to tune into one of the stations broadcasting from Hawaii... we should be close enough to pick up something.

CAPTAIN KOBZAR

I don't think a few minutes listening to Western music is quite enough to corrupt our crew.

PRE-LAP: Whine of STATIC. Ghosts of distant RADIO CHATTER--

INT. K-129 - RADIO ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A pimply RADIOMAN methodically tunes the dial on his receiver, on the hunt for a civilian station.

Lands on AM 1380Mhz, fine-tuning until A BIG ENERGY VOICE snaps into clarity--

RADIO D.J. (OVER HEADPHONES)

This is Poi Boy Bob "The Beard" Lowrie manning the midnight hour on K-P-O-I Honolulu with a super simian single from '67--

Crossfade into *The Monkees' "(I'm Not Your) Steppin' Stone"*--

Target acquired. One foot taps to the beat as the radioman jacks the output into the boat-wide INTERCOM SYSTEM--

INT./EXT. K-129 - VARIOUS - CONTINUOUS

MUSIC pipes from tinny INTERCOM SPEAKERS as the CREW reacts - rock n' roll is a rare treat for Cold War-era Russians.

THE MESS: CREWMEN dining on black bread and coffee gradually bob their heads to the beat.

CREW BUNKS: A YOUNG OFFICER studies in bed, tapping his pencil on his NOTEBOOK in time to the music.

SHARP EYES NOTE: SEAWATER drips from PIPES that run overhead - a fault common aboard Soviet subs of this generation.

THE BRIDGE: A CADET dances until he's caught by his grizzled SENIOR LIEUTENANT, a bear of a man who set to sea when Stalin was still around--

The younger man quickly snaps to attention... until his superior surprises him and the rest of the crew by unleashing a rollicking HIP SWIVEL, just like he once saw Elvis do--

SENIOR LIEUTENANT
*You think I've never heard the
Beatles before, boy?*

THE SAIL: Kobzar and Zhuravin listen to the music from the intercom box. Kobzar's happy the crew's happy.

INT. K-129 - MISSILE COMPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

LIEUTENANT GERASIMOV turns the music up on the box as his TEAM OF ENGINEERS begins the delicate and dangerous task of bleeding excess hydrogen from the THREE VERTICAL MISSILES.

LIEUTENANT GERASIMOV
*Ears on the music, comrades. Eyes
and hands on your task.*

An engineer unscrews the access panel off of his R-21 missile. FLUID leaks from a corroded rubber seal--

ENGINEER
*Detecting a faulty seal on Missile
Number Three, Lieutenant.*

Gerasimov flicks on his HEADLAMP to closely examine the seal--

LIEUTENANT GERASIMOV
Shoddy Soviet craftsmanship.

He comes away with a shiny viscous FLUID on his fingertips--

LIEUTENANT GERASIMOV (CONT'D)
The hydrogen propellant is leaking--

ENGINEER
Everything on this tub leaks, sir.

LIEUTENANT GERASIMOV
*Yes. But not everything is as
sensitive as liquid hydrogen.*

Gerasimov's headlamp beam illuminates a STEADY STREAM OF LIQUID HYDROGEN running down the length of the missile.

LIEUTENANT GERASIMOV (CONT'D)
Damn... there's more...

He angles his beam along the stream until we're--

CLOSE UP: On a SINGLE DROP of hydrogen propellant forming--

SWELLING until gravity takes over and it FALLS THROUGH SPACE--

And that's when Gerasimov realizes there's a SMALL PUDDLE OF SEAWATER on the deck--

His HAND shoots out, desperate to stop the drop... MISSES--

SLOW MOTION: A BRILLIANT SPARK!

When the liquid hydrogen contacts the water it instantly and violently superheats to a rapid boil, unleashing

AN UNGODLY AMOUNT OF ENERGY--

A thermodynamics lesson Gerasimov recalls from his physics schooling the moment he and the rest of the compartment is

CONSUMED IN A MASSIVE EXPLOSION THAT RIPS THROUGH K-129--

EXT./INT. K-129 - VARIOUS - CONTINUOUS

THE SAIL: Shrapnel rips through Kobzar while a flaming Zhuravin is catapulted fifty feet.

K-129 HULL: A massive hole is rent into K-129 above and below the waterline, rapidly filling with seawater as she lists.

BRIDGE: An inferno sweeps through the compartment.

AMIDSHIP COMPARTMENTS: A torrent of rushing seawater as crewmen struggle and fail to dog bulkhead hatches in time.

THE MESS: Flooding. Panicked crewmen desperately claw for pockets of air above which shrink inch-by-maddening-inch.

RADIO ROOM: Gear short circuits, electrocuting the radioman.

UNDERWATER: Back broken, the crippled K-129 sinks. Follow her descent into the murk, The Monkees fading as she disappears--

EXT. VIRGINIA STATE ROAD 123 - MORNING

Overcast. Traffic flow consists of a lot of boxy Fords and Buicks in conservative browns, blacks and greys.

The one outlier is a sporty yellow '64 KARMANN GHIA putt-putting through traffic with the top down and *The Rolling Stones*' "She's a Rainbow" blaring on the 8-Track.

INT. KARMANN GHIA - CONTINUOUS

Behind the wheel is BOONE RANDALL (26). Longish hair, sideburns, skinny tie and a suit from Sears.

Boone takes on a number as he passes the other commuters.

Exits the highway into a rural area. Comes to ANTI-WAR PROTESTERS on the road ahead in front of a SECURITY GATE.

Boone flashes them a PEACE SIGN then flashes an ARMED GATE GUARD his security badge. He's waved through the gate into--

TITLE: CIA HEADQUARTERS - LANGLEY, VIRGINIA**EXT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - ESTABLISHING - DAY**

The nexus of the American intelligence community.

Boone guns into a spot in a far-away lot with the other mid-level worker bees. Stashes his roach in the ashtray, swishes Listerine in his mouth, then grabs his leather satchel.

He's halfway to the HQ building when he senses it's about to RAIN so he has to run back and hastily put the top up, getting there just as the drops start to fall--

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - INTELLIGENCE DIVISION - CONTINUOUS

Straightening his tie, finger-combing his wet hair and checking his breath, *CIA Case Officer* Boone Randall steps off the ELEVATOR into a vast expanse of desks manned by CIA personnel - almost all of them white men. Ah yes, the '60s.

A haze of cigarette smoke hangs over the room, ashtrays actually molded into the Formica desks used by staff.

Specific intel sections are identified by signs: CHINA, MIDDLE EAST, EASTERN EUROPE, NORTH KOREA, NORTH VIETNAM etc.

Boone heads for largest section in the back: RUSSIA.

FOLLOW BOONE: Past the COMPUTER ANALYSIS SECTION. Behind glass walls massive processors whirl and blink.

Past a warren of PNEUMATIC TUBES transporting comms in capsules through the 30 miles of pipes that run through the building - this is "proto-email."

SHUUUNK... SHUUUNK... SHUUUNK--

Each time you hear that an important message is coming in.

FOLLOW: One CAPSULE through every bend and curve of the air-powered habitrails until SHUUUNK! - It lands in the receiver.

A SECRETARY removes a large envelope marked TOP SECRET, NATIONAL RECONNAISSANCE OFFICE, and PROJECT: GAMBIT

INT. RUSSIA SECTION - BOONE'S DESK - CONTINUOUS

Boone tosses his satchel under his desk in a section marked SOVIET NAVY. Squirts EYE-DROPS into bloodshot eyes.

Note personal items: Penn State pennant. Red board from a BATTLESHIP GAME, a game in progress with pegs and ships displayed. A photo of Boone (22) and his brother, JOSH (19).

CLOSE ON: A SECRETARY in a mini-skirt and Aqua-Net shellacked bouffant pushes a MAIL CART. Wheeling past Boone's desk she drops off that ENVELOPE stamped TOP SECRET. Opens it to find--

SATELLITE IMAGES of ship activity on the ocean.

Boone searches his desk until he finds a MAGNIFYING GLASS.

Uses it to zoom in on the PHOTOS, eyes suddenly very clear--

BOONE

Holy shit--

INT. INTELLIGENCE DIVISION - LATER

Rushing with those photos Boone sees through the glass walls of a CONFERENCE ROOM an Intel meeting is already in progress--

INT. INTELLIGENCE DIVISION - CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Most agents are white and male (couple of them Yalies, too - especially the assholes). One exception is the man in charge: Head of Foreign Intelligence, DR. GARRETT TYLER (50s).

In the old boy/white boy Beltway network of American intelligence, as a Black man, Dr. Tyler had a tough climb.

DR. TYLER

Status update on Operation: Shock?

NORTH VIETNAM CASE OFFICER

Thieu will resign because of Tet.

We think his VP takes over and gets the NVA to negotiate a cease-fire.

Boone enters. Tyler looks at his watch with mock disapproval--

DR. TYLER

Let me guess, it wouldn't start?

<p>YALIE ANALYST #1 Couldn't get the rubber-band wound tight enough, Boone?</p>	<p>YALIE ANALYST #2 Buy American, hippie.</p>
---	--

Snickers among table as Boone takes a seat. He hides it well but he's uncomfortable around his more polished colleagues with their frat boy good looks and Brooks Brothers suits--

DR. TYLER
 Does the Red Fleet Desk have
 anything new, Mr. Randall?

BOONE
 Actually, Dr. Tyler, yes. If
 someone can get the lights--

No one moves, so Tyler gets the lights as Boone clumsily loads a photo onto the glass of an OVERHEAD PROJECTOR--

BOONE (CONT'D)
 N.R.O. sent an array of sat
 pictures from Gambit--

Only THE PHOTO is backwards. One Yalie gestures to his colleague, toking on an imaginary joint. A FEMALE ANALYST kicks him under the table as Boone gets it right side up--

BOONE (CONT'D)
 Sorry. Here you go-- They captured
 a major deployment of Soviet assets
 in the Pacific.

FEMALE ANALYST
 Odd place to hold a Party meeting.

<p>YALIE ANALYST #1 Looks like your routine Soviet naval exercise.</p>	<p>YALIE ANALYST #2 They do it every couple of months.</p>
--	--

BOONE
 Sorry, no that's wrong: Your
 routine Soviet naval exercise is
 more spread out.

The Yalies don't appreciate getting shut down. Another photo--

BOONE (CONT'D)
 This is a much smaller operational
 area-- maybe ten square miles.

Tyler stands in front of the screen for a better look.

DR. TYLER
 Scenario?

BOONE

Photos aren't great but my hunch says this is a SAR operation.

DR. TYLER

Search and Rescue? The Reds lost a boat? What do you need to confirm?

BOONE

Something above my pay grade, sir.

YALIE ANALYST #1

(whispering...)

The janitor's above his pay grade.

BOONE

Could help if you whistled up a U2 for a lower-level recon run.

The Yalies' laughter tells us this is a big ask. Only, Tyler considers the request: *He trusts Boone's hunch.* The laughter stops when Tyler picks up the phone--

PRE-LAP: *"Big Bird" by Eddie Floyd.*

EXT. AIR BASE TARMAC - SAME

A U2 SPY PLANE is on the flight line.

TITLE:

9TH RECON WING

Tom of *Tom and Jerry* fame is painted on the fuselage with big ol' *Ahooga!* eyes popping out of his head.

The PILOT climbs into the cockpit and fires up the engines--

EXT./INT. U2 SPY PLANE - HIGH ABOVE THE PACIFIC - HOURS LATER

The U2's high-tech SPY CAMERA snaps photos CLICK-CLICK-CLICK capturing SHOTS OF RUSSIAN SHIPS gathered like a real-life game of Battleship.

EXT./INT. SOVIET KASHIN-CLASS DESTROYER - SAME

Inside the COMBAT OPS CENTER a Russian RADAR TECHNICIAN picks up a BLIP on his scope. He has a hard time dialing it in--

RUSSIAN RADAR TECHNICIAN

Sir, intermittent contact. Very high-altitude aircraft.

His superior OFFICER joins him at the scope.

RUSSIAN RADAR TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)
*Difficult getting a lock. He's
 really up there-- Yes! I have it
 now. Confirmed target. 60,000 feet.*

The Russian Officer picks up a phone to the bridge--

RUSSIAN OFFICER
*Captain, radar has picked up an
 unidentified aircraft over our
 operating zone. The extreme
 altitude suggests an American spy
 plane. Yes, sir!
 (hangs up)
 Missile control. Lock on and fire.*

A deck-mounted ANTI-AIRCRAFT MISSILE hurls into the sky--

EXT./INT. U2 SPY PLANE - SAME

Warnings CHIME as radar picks up an INCOMING MISSILE--

U2 PILOT
 Tomcat to Base, looks like I
 spooked the Rooskies.

9TH RECON WING BASE (OVER RADIO)
 Roger, Tomcat. Time to bug out.

EXT. U2 SPY PLANE - HIGH ABOVE THE PACIFIC - CONTINUOUS

Climbs so high it enters the point where the wild blue yonder
 meets the black of space, Earth's curvature starkly visible.

ON THE S.A.M.: It claws for altitude in a futile attempt to
 catch the U2.

The missile finally spurts and sputters - IT RUNS OUT OF
 FUEL, toppling back to Earth.

U2 PILOT
 Better luck next time, Ivan.

PRE-LAP: SHUUUNK!

INT. INTELLIGENCE DIVISION - PNEUMATIC TUBES - DAYS LATER

A CAPSULE lands in the receiver.

INT. RUSSIA SECTION - BOONE'S DESK - CONTINUOUS

A secretary drops off another envelope marked TOP SECRET.

INT. DR. TYLER'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Framed photos and a Lockheed EC-121 model are evidence of Tyler's many years in Naval Intelligence as a SIGINT officer.

BOONE

U2 snagged these, boss. Took fire, too. Soviets sure were touchy about something.

Boone spreads the photos out. Much sharper and detailed--

BOONE (CONT'D)

I count fifteen ships of the line. Twenty support craft. That's the Red Fleet's entire 8th Operation Squadron in the Pacific.

DR. TYLER

Your hunch paid off. I'll need a memo in an hour to slot into the President's daily brief.

(Boone's about to exit--)

And Mr. Randall, you may have had one of the highest entrance exam scores I've ever seen, but this is the CIA, not a Grateful Dead show.

Boone sniffs his clothes, wondering how Tyler knew--

INT. BOONE'S DESK - LATER

Boone hunt-and-pecks a TOP SECRET MEMO on his IBM Selectric.

Tears the memo from the roller just as Tyler walks by for the hand-off on his way to meet the Director--

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - CAFETERIA - DAYS LATER

Like high school, lunch at the CIA is cliquish: An intel table, secretaries table, Yalie table, computer table, etc.

But Boone dines alone, penning a letter to his brother Josh, that Battleship board open in front of him--

BOONE (V.O. - LETTER TO JOSH)

Mom told me you're leaving Parris Island and are awaiting orders. She's worried you'll be sent "over there" as she calls it. Of course Dad couldn't be prouder. At least one son is doing the right thing. Work here at the State Department is predictably boring.

(MORE)

BOONE (V.O. - LETTER TO JOSH)
Lots of Beltway bullshit. Your last
move was a hit. Are you cheating?
Sure you can't see my pieces? My
move: J-10. That should finish off
your carrier. Love, Boone.

He seals the letter in an envelope as Tyler walks past--

DR. TYLER
Grab your stuff.

And his boss keeps moving. Boone hastily grabs his game and
drops the letter in a mail box as he runs after Tyler--

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - MAIN LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Boone fast-walks across the expanse of marble to catch up. At
the elevator Tyler takes an empty car just as Boone joins.
Two senior CIA officers want in but Tyler holds up a hand--

DR. TYLER
Take the next car, please.

HUFFY SENIOR CIA OFFICER
Who the hell do you think you are?

DR. TYLER
Take the next car.

The doors close on the two stunned men.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Tyler and Boone stand there. Tyler hands Boone a RECON PHOTO--

DR. TYLER
She's a Golf II called the K-129.

BOONE
They carry three 4-kiloton
warheads.

DR. TYLER
Any idea how close we came to a
shooting war in '62?

BOONE
So close a lot of guys like you
won't even talk about it.

DR. TYLER
Now there's more boats like this
Golf swimming around our shores
packing first-strike weapons.
(MORE)

DR. TYLER (CONT'D)

(beat)

K-129 missed her scheduled radio check two weeks ago. Eventually Red Fleet broadcast to her in the clear. Still no response.

BOONE

We have someone on the inside?

Tyler throws some serious side-eye Boone's way--

DR. TYLER

You're not cleared to know about Soviet assets. But they don't expect to recover her. Even if they do find her they don't have the equipment to bring her up.

BOONE

Why not try to get it ourselves?

DR. TYLER

Because we don't have the equipment either. Besides, if the Reds can't find her, what chance do we have?

INT. RECORD STORE (COMMANDER SALAMANDER) - NIGHT (LATER)

Boone peruses a funky Georgetown shop selling the latest albums. Settles on a Richard Pryor comedy LP.

INT. BOONE'S GEORGETOWN APARTMENT - LATER

News from Vietnam muted on the tv and Richard Pryor on the Hi-Fi. Boone's cross-legged on the floor picking out stems and seeds, trying to find enough shit for a decent joint.

Splayed out around him are those U2 recon photos...

INT. BOONE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - LATER (LATE AT NIGHT)

Boone tosses and turns. A CAR BACKFIRES outside his window. Boone jolts up. His alarm clock glows 1:33 am.

A second BACKFIRE goes off: An idea hits him--

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - MAIN LOBBY - WEE HOURS OF THE MORNING

The SECURITY OFFICER scrutinizes Boone's ID badge and the bed-head and shabby costume Boone hastily threw on at 2 a.m. before he lets Boone through the turnstile. *Under his breath--*

SECURITY OFFICER

College boy.

INT. RUSSIA DESK - BOONE'S DESK - CONTINUOUS

No one here but housekeeping. A vacuum drones. Boone picks up his phone. Realizes he doesn't know who to dial. Hits "0."

A SALTY WOMAN answers, voice rough from decades of Camels--

CIA PBX OPERATOR (OVER PHONE)
This is PBX Operator Lydia James.
Who do you want me to reach, honey?

BOONE
I'm... I am--

CIA PBX OPERATOR (OVER PHONE)
I know who you are, hon. And you're
there awful late so why not tell me
who you want me to call.

BOONE
I need to talk to the O.N.I. -
whoever's in charge of their Sound
Surveillance System in the Pacific.
Only I have no idea who that is.

CIA PBX OPERATOR (OVER PHONE)
SOSUS PACOM. Admiral Jennings,
though I doubt he wants you waking
him up at this wet ass hour. You
are looking for the duty officer.
Tonight that's Commander MacKay.

INTERCUT WITH:**INT. SOSUS PACOM - SAN DIEGO - SAME**

A room jam-packed with computers and reel-to-reel tape recorders tied into to a network of sonar hydrophones.

They record every sound the ocean makes in an effort to keep tabs on who's out there and what they're up to.

TITLE: SOSUS NETWORK - PACIFIC FLEET COMMAND - SAN DIEGO

SONAR TECHNICIANS with headphones monitor the network also.

COMMANDER MACKAY (30) is already two cups of coffee into his shift when the SECURE PHONE rings--

COMMANDER MACKAY
SOSUS-PACOM, this is MacKay.

CIA PBX OPERATOR (OVER PHONE)
 Commander, this is Langley, I have
 a Mr. Randall from the Soviet Navy
 Desk on the line.

COMMANDER MACKAY
 Go ahead, Mr. Randall. What can the
 ears of the sea do for you?

BOONE
 Commander, I'm looking for any sort
 of acoustical event that might have
 occurred two weeks ago.

MacKay snaps his fingers, alerting the sonar techs--

COMMANDER MACKAY
 What are we listening for?

BOONE
 It should be like an *explosion*. A
 boom, maybe? You're the experts.

COMMANDER MACKAY
 Things don't exactly sound
 underwater like they do on the
 surface, but I understand the op.

BOONE
 Just send me anything you find,
 will you? I'm not going anywhere.

COMMANDER MACKAY
 (hangs up)
 Neither am I.

SONAR TECHNICIAN
 What do you need, sir?

COMMANDER MACKAY
 To start, a third cup of go-juice.
 And get yourselves some too because
 it's going to be a long one: The
 CIA would like us to find a *boom*.

MONTAGE:

- Sonar technicians listen to archived tapes on reel-to-reels, feeding the recordings into computers for analysis.
- Mackay scans long paper tapes with continuous GRAPHS OF ACOUSTIC SIGNATURES. Ambient ocean sound is recorded as a flat line with the occasional BLIP, but nothing with a spike which might indicate an explosion.

- One sonar technician has a "hit." His computer displays a graph with ONE SPIKE. MacKay listens in on another set of phones, hiss of the ambient sea then a single, distinct POP.

COMMANDER MACKAY (CONT'D)
Son of a bitch I think that's it.

SONAR TECHNICIAN
Just after midnight on March 11th.

COMMANDER MACKAY
Find out if any other hydrophones
recorded something so we can
triangulate a set of coordinates.

INT. BOONE'S DESK - MORNING

RINGING jolts Boone. He scrambles to answer his phone, knocking over a long night's worth of Styrofoam coffee cups.

BOONE
Randall!

COMMANDER MACKAY (OVER PHONE)
I think we found your boom.

INT. DR. TYLER'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Boone doesn't knock as he runs in, so wired on caffeine he's practically vibrating, clumsily unfurling a NAUTICAL MAP--

BOONE
I thought about what you said: Why can't the Red Fleet find her? But K-129's a sub. They don't always follow scheduled patrol routes. Their job is to keep quiet. Hidden. Only something bad happens. They lost that Hotel-class in '61. Then a Foxtrot the next year. Both exploded and sank. Makes a noise, right? And the Navy's got this whole network of underwater listening stations the Reds don't have, so I called them up--

DR. TYLER
--I'm familiar with the SOSUS network and see where you're headed--

BOONE (CONT'D)
--and had them go back through their tapes and we got something.

BOONE (CONT'D)
 (points on the map)
 This is where the Red Fleet has
 been focused. But *this* is where the
 noise was detected. The Russians
 are off by more than 600 miles.
 (a much needed beat...)
We can get this boat.

DR. TYLER
 Now you're asking for the one thing
 the American bureaucracy hates to
 give up: Money. For something
 that's never been done before.

BOONE
 Doesn't mean it's not worth trying.

DR. TYLER
 Hmm... We *have* had no luck to date
 figuring out Soviet missile design,
 which is a priority. Okay, I need
 you to brief the President's
 Foreign Policy Advisor. Find
 something decent to wear first.

EXT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - PARKING LOT - MINUTES LATER

Tyler and Boone exit to a waiting car. Boone's borrowed a
 blazer one size too big and a very ugly tie.

EXT. THE WHITE HOUSE - DAY

More ANTIWAR PROTESTORS on Pennsylvania Avenue as the CIA car
 drives around to an underground entrance.

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - UNDERGROUND GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

They're met by an officious aide, CHIP DILLER (20s). Old
 Glory lapel pin. Looks like he should be out sailing his
 yacht on the Chesapeake.

CHIP DILLER
 His schedule is tight, Dr. Tyler,
 but he can give you five minutes.

Boone juggles maps and photos. The aide appraises him with
 narrow-eyes. Definitely does not like the cut of Boone's jib--

CHIP DILLER (CONT'D)
 Thanks for dressing up.

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Moving quickly the aide takes pride in various decorations--

CHIP DILLER

That painting there is on loan from King Gustaf Adolph of Sweden. This sculpture is obviously a valuable Remington. And here we have Theodore Roosevelt's faithful terrier "Scamp," who used to hunt rats in the White House.

Boone pets a STUFFED DOG, creeped out by its feel--

BOONE

(sotto; re: Chip)

Think you missed one there, Scamp.

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - SECURE "WHISPER ROOM" - CONTINUOUS

A special counter-intelligence space with wall-to-wall acoustical tiles. Chip offers them seats at a table.

CHIP DILLER

He will join you in a moment. Interestingly enough this table, made in 1780, was actually fashioned from the timbers of--

BOONE

George Washington's teeth?

While Chip scowls Boone runs his hand across the FAR WALL--

BOONE (CONT'D)

Has anyone ever noticed this wall has a distinct curve to it?

A BOOMING VOICE with a heavy German accent startles him--

HENRY KISSINGER (O.S.)

Yes. Some might even consider the room beyond to be oval-shaped.

Chip takes a seat but his boss waves him out of the room--

HENRY KISSINGER (CONT'D)

Thank you, Chip. That will be all.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Chip closes the door. Pauses as a WHITE HOUSE STAFFER passes him. Then Chip leans in, trying to listen through the door--

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - SECURE "WHISPER ROOM" - SAME

Hidden speakers emit soft, overlapping dialogue - "WHISPERS" - to foil surveillance and eavesdropping. Sorry, Chip.

HENRY KISSINGER

Did Chip show you Teddy's stuffed dog? Personally, I think it is a bit odd. *Ach*, the touch...

(shudders)

Okay, what have you brought me?

DR. TYLER

The scenario is this, sir: We found a sunken Russian missile submarine.

Kissinger's eyebrows arch like a couple of fuzzy caterpillars as Boone lays out his map and the U2 photos for him.

DR. TYLER (CONT'D)

This is Boone Randall. He works for me and he's the one who found it.

BOONE

A couple days ago the Soviets began a large Search and Rescue operation in the Pacific. Only they're looking in the wrong spot. And they have no idea we found it first.

HENRY KISSINGER

This business with the Koreans and *The Pueblo* is most embarrassing--

MONTAGE:

- The *U.S.S. Pueblo* - a Navy surveillance ship - operates off the coast of North Korea conducting SIGINT operations.

Picking up coded broadcasts. Attempting to decrypt them.

TITLE: 1 MILE OFF COAST OF NORTH KOREA - JANUARY 23, 1968

- North Korean MIG-21s harass *The Pueblo* by air.

- *The Pueblo* is fired upon by North Korean Navy vessels.

- One sailor is gunned down. Other crew are injured by gunfire as the ship is BOARDED by the North Korean Navy.

- *The Pueblo* CREW: Blindfolded. Beaten. Poked with bayonets. All 82 were captured and held for a year (and were captives during this time).

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - SECURE "WHISPER ROOM" - SAME

HENRY KISSINGER

And we know the Soviets were behind its capture. I would relish an opportunity to return that favor.

BOONE

We can bring it up, sir.

Tyler wishes Boone hadn't said that--

BOONE (CONT'D)

Recover it, for all its secrets. Electronics. Crypto. Missile design. The whole damn boat.

Kissinger is delighted by Boone's enthusiasm--

HENRY KISSINGER

Treasure buried on the bottom of the sea, like a Jules Verne tale. Okay. What do you need from me?

DR. TYLER

You have had ongoing strategic arms talks with the Russians?

HENRY KISSINGER

Yes. Any insight into Soviet nuclear technology would certainly provide an advantage.

DR. TYLER

This sub could give you a peek at their cards, sir. But to be clear: something like this has never been conceived of before, let alone attempted. We will need a budget. And it won't be cheap.

HENRY KISSINGER

I imagine to bring a submarine up from the depths is an endeavor not unlike putting a man into space. But can you actually do this thing?

BOONE

DR. TYLER

Y--

Maybe.

HENRY KISSINGER

On one shoulder reasonable caution whispering in my ear. I should listen.

(MORE)

HENRY KISSINGER (CONT'D)
In the other, the fervent optimism
of youth. Ach! Such dilemmas. What
can I do to get us from your
"maybe" to his "yes?"

Boone looks at Tyler, who gestures: *Go ahead, tell the man--*

BOONE
For starters I want to borrow the
Navy's top secret spy submarine.

EXT. DEEP UNDER THE PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

Looming out of the murk an American SUBMARINE glides towards
us as "*Mr. Kiss Kiss Bang Bang*" by Shirley Bassey plays--

TITLE: U.S.S. HALIBUT - COORDINATES: CLASSIFIED

Not like other U.S. subs, *Halibut's* built for special ops.

On the fore-deck is an odd "camel hump." Behind that, STEEL
CABLE is unspooled, trailing a cylinder called "THE FISH,"
packed with video, high-res 35mm cameras, lights and sonar
whiskers. The fish "flies" over the BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN.

INT. U.S.S. HALIBUT - CONTINUOUS

Under the hump is a section restricted from the regular crew.

Manned by Navy Intel spooks, it's got its own bunks, dark
room, and an OPERATIONS CENTER stacked with video monitors
radiating a greenish glow and a UNIVAC computer that runs
everything. The spooks call this compartment--

INT. "THE BAT CAVE" - CONTINUOUS

Monitors display a fuzzy LIVE-FEED from the fish's video
cameras. It's hard to see much though. Active sonar PINGS on
another screen. And there's a depth readout: 16,544 feet.

Another screen displays a COMPUTER GRID of the boat's search
area. Sections that have been searched are blocked out; the
rest is open squares. And there aren't many of those left.

PETTY OFFICER 3RD CLASS ROBERT JACKSON mans a video station.
He's in charge of SEAMAN BERGEN in "birth control glasses"
and farm boy SEAMAN O'NEIL spitting chew into a soda can.

Bergen rubs his eyes--

SEAMAN BERGEN
Ugh. It's like watching paint try
to stay wet.

PO3 JACKSON

We're watching tv at the bottom of the ocean, man. So that's pretty cool, right Bergen?

SEAMAN BERGEN

Only we can't pick up *Get Smart*.

They all hum the *bum-baaaaa-daa-daas* from the theme song.

The SEARCH GRID display behind Jackson BEEPS and fills in another square. Jackson notes this in a logbook.

SEAMAN O'NEIL

We're runnin' out of acreage.

PO3 JACKSON

The bright-ass folks who drew up this plan made the best guess they could with what they had.

SEAMAN O'NEIL

Ain't they the same bright-ass folk who waste thirty thousand bucks on a two-dollar wrench?

PO3 JACKSON

You really think those wrenches cost that much, O'Neil? How do you think they hide budget items from Joe Taxpayer? Like the one we're floating around in right now.

SEAMAN O'NEIL

'Least they don't scrimp on the food. Hear they got big ol' steaks and chocolate ice cream tonight.

SEAMAN BERGEN

Pack it on like that and you won't be able to fit in here anymore.

Three NEW CREWMEN arrive--

NEW PETTY OFFICER

90 minutes is up, boys.

Stations are swapped. Jackson unloads the 35MM FILM CANISTERS from the camera banks. The other petty officer reloads them.

SEAMAN O'NEIL

I'm headed to the chow line.

SEAMAN BERGEN

This surprises no one. Jackson?

PO3 JACKSON

I'm gonna take the 35 down to the
dark room and process it.

INT. U.S.S. HALIBUT - DARK ROOM - LATER

IMAGES MATERIALIZE in a tray of developer. 8x10s hang from
drying lines. Jackson flips on the white lamp and scans each
with a magnifying glass. Stops at one. What first looked like
an outcrop of rock has a definitive RIGHT ANGLE AND LINES--

PRE-LAP:

PO3 JACKSON

Make a hole! Make a hole!

INT. U.S.S. HALIBUT - BROADWAY CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Jackson sprints through the cramped, low-ceilinged corridor
that runs the length of the boat the crew calls "Broadway."

INT. U.S.S. HALIBUT - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

COMMANDER HICKS is with his X.O. and the CHIEF OF THE BOAT.

PO3 JACKSON

Captain Hicks! Captain Hicks!

COMMANDER HICKS

Slow down, Jackson. Navy put some
expensive things in the bridge.

PO3 JACKSON

Sorry, sir.

He hands over several photos to his Captain--

COMMANDER HICKS

They're still wet.

PO3 JACKSON

I didn't want to wait.

COMMANDER HICKS

Okay, let's see what's got Jackson
all hot and bothered.

He lays the photos on the map table under the light.

PO3 JACKSON

This edge is what got me most excited. That's not rock, sir. That's definitely man-made.

CHIEF OF THE BOAT

That's the sail of a submarine.

PO3 JACKSON

These were from the last grid square we traversed.

COMMANDER HICKS

Good job. COB, make sure Petty Officer Jackson here gets two scoops tonight at chow.

PO3 JACKSON

Thank you, sir.

COMMANDER HICKS

But you'll have to eat it in the Bat Cave because I need your eyes. We're going back over every inch of that grid square.

EXT./INT. CHIP'S GEORGETOWN APARTMENT - LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY

Chip carries laundry to a machine. After a NEIGHBOR exits he pulls the pipe of an OVERHEAD DUCT free. Cuts his finger--

CHIP DILLER

Yebat'!

That's "Fuck!" in *Russian* if you're wondering.

Reaching into the duct Chip removes a CIPHER MACHINE--

INT. CHIP'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Chip inserts a DISC with slots around its radius into the cipher machine. Feeds in FLASH PAPER and taps the keys.

For every "E" he types a "K" appears on the paper, etc.

Done typing he rolls the paper up and slots it into a small CANISTER designed to look like an AA battery.

Opens the window: FLOWER BOXES hang. Rearranges them: purple flowers now on the right and yellow ones now on the left.

EXT. DULLES AIRPORT - DAY

A Navy C9-Skytrain touches down and taxies to a special section of the airport reserved for military use.

TITLE: DULLES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT

A CIA station wagon pulls up as personnel off-load cargo.

The DRIVER signs for pick-up with the NAVY LOADMASTER as one of his crew to hands off a box marked: O.N.I.: PHOTO RECON.

The Driver tosses the box in the back, ready to leave--

NAVY LOADMASTER
Hold up there, son!

CIA DRIVER
There's more?

The loadmaster grins as GROUND PERSONNEL off-load BOX AFTER BOX into the station wagon, suspension sagging.

CLOSE UP: The bow of a SAILBOAT cuts through currents. Sails past a huge MAPLE LEAF lazily coasting the water's surface.

PULL BACK: The "sailboat" is actually an RC MODEL controlled by Chip on a STREAM. Not exactly that Chesapeake yacht...

EXT. ROCK CREEK PARK - DAY

Downstream a paunchy PARK RANGER (50s) with a thick mustache fishes the boat from the water.

The ranger quickly removes the MESSAGE CANISTER from the little boat, setting it back in the water just as quickly.

Chip turns the RC boat back up-stream as the ranger disappears into the trees--

INT. RUSSIA SECTION - BOONE'S DESK - DAY

Boone scans a Department of Defense INTELLIGENCE REPORT on North Vietnamese Army troop movements.

Over his shoulder--

DR. TYLER
Didn't know the Red Fleet had
operations in Da Nang and Hue.
(beat)
Your brother's in-country?

BOONE

Sorry. Just trying to keep tabs on the action. Fighting's been intense since Tet.

DR. TYLER

You ever need to pull intel, drop my name. You'll get what you need. By the way, the photos from *Halibut* just arrived.

BOONE

Is someone sending them up?

DR. TYLER

Not exactly--

EXT./INT. NATIONAL PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERPRETATION CENTER - LATER

This is where photo experts review the CIA's image intel.

TITLE: NATIONAL PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERPRETATION CENTER

An enormous room where an army of TECHS assemble boxes of 8x10 black-and-white photos on a long wall.

DR. TYLER

Took a week of deep sea recon passes until they got the whole thing, photo by photo.

SOME EXPLANATION: Three miles down *The Halibut* was incapable of snapping a single, perfect photo of the wreck of *K-129*.

Instead, it passed back and forth over the area, repeatedly taking individual shots, resulting in not one photo but--

DR. TYLER (CONT'D)

Twenty-two thousand in all.

TIME-LAPSE: Photo techs work around the clock, day by day, photo by photo until they jigsaw a GIGANTIC MOSAIC of *K-129*.

INT. NATIONAL PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERPRETATION CENTER - DAYS LATER

Boone and Tyler walk the length of the PHOTO MOSAIC, twenty-five feet long from end to end and eight feet high.

BOONE

You can see she broke in two.

DR. TYLER

The bow's remarkably intact.

BOONE

And salvageable. Even with the missile compartment blown out.

DR. TYLER

Kissinger wants those miss--

Tyler HALTS, shaken by the SKELETON OF A RUSSIAN SAILOR lying on the seafloor next to K-129. One hand stretches out toward the submarine almost like he died trying to reach his boat--

BOONE

Haunting, isn't he?

DR. TYLER

That water is freezing. He couldn't decompose in so short a time.

BOONE

That's what I figured too until someone pointed out these little guys here--

Boone points to black SQUIGGLES coming up through the sand--

BOONE (CONT'D)

Carnivorous worms picked him clean.

A dose of sobering reality: The enormity of standing before this WALL-TO-WALL MOSAIC - staring disaster in the face - snaps into focus with the loss of A SINGLE RUSSIAN SAILOR.

DR. TYLER

Okay, Mr. Randall, what's the scenario now?

BOONE

Everyone has ideas, from raising her with inflatable balloons to-- someone actually proposed this: rocket boosters.

DR. TYLER

Rocket boosters?

BOONE

It's down the alphabet of plans. The Navy boys want to send down robotic submersibles. Get into these open hatches here and basically pull stuff out.

DR. TYLER

You agree?

BOONE

What I want to do is talk to some outside contractors. Deep-sea salvage experts. Ocean drilling companies. Anyone with experience with something like this.

DR. TYLER

Nobody has experience with something like this.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - COMPUTER ANALYSIS SECTION - LATER

An ANALYST feeds punch cards into the computer.

Data tapes whir as an OPERATIONAL CODENAME is randomly generated. The printer finally spits out:

PROJECT: AZORIAN.

EXT. GLOBAL MARINE HEADQUARTERS - LOS ANGELES - ESTABLISHING

It's a hazy, smoggy summer day.

TITLE: GLOBAL MARINE DEVELOPMENT - LOS ANGELES

Their primary focus is designing deep-sea drilling vessels.

INT. GLOBAL MARINE HQ - CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Giving a presentation to some Texas oil execs is CALVIN CONROY (60s).

A British ex-Pat, if Richard Harris played King Arthur outfitted in Saville Row rather than chainmail he'd be Conroy, wavy hair still blonde, looking a decade younger.

CALVIN CONROY

Global Marine are the pioneers in ocean drilling. Our *Glomar Challenger* is the first and only commercial vessel that uses dynamic positioning for station-keeping--

Uses a model of *The Glomar Challenger* - his latest ship - about to demonstrate but the INTERCOM BUZZES--

RECEPTIONIST (ON INTERCOM)

I'm sorry Mr. Conroy, but I have an urgent call. The gentleman on the line insists he must speak to you.

CALVIN CONROY

I'm in the middle of a presentation, Darlene. Can you take a message, please. Thanks.

SHELL OIL EXECUTIVE

Now what is that, exactly, Cal...
"Dynamic positioning?"

CALVIN CONROY

Computer-controlled thrusters maintain position so *Challenger* can stand station over a target area no matter how rough the sea, aided by the very latest in navigation: Global Positioning Satellites. Only Global Marine and the military have access to that technology.

The intercom BUZZES again, exasperating Conroy--

CALVIN CONROY (CONT'D)

Darlene...

RECEPTIONIST (ON INTERCOM)

I am sorry Mr. Conroy. It's that gentleman again.

CALVIN CONROY

Tell the bastard to call back. I'm trying to get these good ol' boys from Shell to buy a boat from us--

RECEPTIONIST (ON INTERCOM)

He's here, sir.

CALVIN CONROY

What do you mean he's here? I thought he just called.

RECEPTIONIST (ON INTERCOM)

Yes sir. But now he's here with two other men. They seem very serious about meeting with you.

(whispering--)

I think they're with the government.

INT. CONROY'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Boone enters with two CIA FIELD AGENTS in dark suits whose eyes don't miss a thing.

CALVIN CONROY
Gentlemen, you are mucking up an
important business deal I--

Conroy is surprised one AGENT uses a handheld SIGNAL METER to
sweep the room, needle on the readout not moving.

CIA FIELD AGENT
We're clean.

The two agents take station near the door.

BOONE
Mr. Conroy, my name is Boone
Randall. I'm with the CIA.

Conroy frowns: *Boone doesn't dress like the other two agents.*

CALVIN CONROY
Far out kid. Don't suppose you have
any identification to back that up?

BOONE
We don't really carry badges, sir.
You may feel free to call Langley
to verify we are who we say we are.

CALVIN CONROY
CIA's in the book?

BOONE
Government agencies. Under "C."

CALVIN CONROY
Those two guys I definitely believe
are with the CIA. You, however,
look like you should be carrying a
protest sign instead of a pop gun.

BOONE
We don't really carry firearms,
either, sir. I mean, I don't.
(looks at the other two)
You guys don't, right?

Neither man answers. Boone immediately regrets asking--

BOONE (CONT'D)
Without going into specifics is it
possible to bring an object from
the bottom of the sea, weighing a
few thousand tons from a depth of
maybe three miles?

CALVIN CONROY

That's like standing atop the
Empire State Building and trying to
use a fishing pole to bring a Buick
up off the street.

BOONE

Is it possible?

CALVIN CONROY

Theoretically.

BOONE

Far out.

PRE-LAP: On the phone, Boone's father ROBERT RANDALL--

ROBERT RANDALL (OVER PHONE)

What are you doing in Los Angeles?

EXT./INT. AVERAGE L.A. MOTEL - BOONE'S ROOM - LATER

The 6 O'CLOCK NEWS is on--

NEWS ANCHOR (ON TELEVISION)

With increased troop deployments
comes the war's deadliest week so
far, with 562 Americans killed and--

Boone turns down the volume, talking on the phone--

BOONE

Dad, the State Department has
business outside D.C. In fact most
of it takes us overseas. You should
see my passport: England, Italy--

ROBERT RANDALL (OVER PHONE)

But definitely not Vietnam, right?
Your brother's off fighting in some
green hell and you're poolside in
Shaky Town bird-dogging bikinis.

BOONE

I'm here for work. *Important work.*
Work you should be proud of, Dad.

ROBERT RANDALL (OVER PHONE)

Nothing's more important than
serving your country.

Boone hears the pop top and SHHZZZT of a beer can opening on
the other end: It's Miller Time in the Randall household.

BOONE

My paycheck is signed by Uncle Sam
just like Josh's. And what I do may
end the war and bring Josh home
faster. Or even prevent him from
having to serve in the next one.

ROBERT RANDALL (OVER PHONE)

You got air conditioning, goose
down pillows and ice-cold Coca
Cola. Know what we called guys like
you? *REMFs*. Know what it means?

BOONE

Rear Echelon Mother Fuckers. You've
told me before, Dad.

ROBERT RANDALL (OVER PHONE)

Here, talk to your mother--

The phone is handed off and HELEN RANDALL comes on--

HELEN RANDALL (OVER PHONE)

Sorry, Dear... You know how your
father can get when he's like that.

BOONE

Like what? Piss-drunk?

Good W.A.S.P. that she is, Helen Randall changes the subject--

HELEN RANDALL (OVER PHONE)

Any chance we'll see you this year
for Thanksgiving? Josh is trying to
get leave to come home, too.

Boone regards the BATTLESHIP game he's brought with him, his
war against Josh laid out in plastic--

BOONE

I'll try. That's the best I can do.

EXT. CAL TECH - THE NEXT DAY

Conroy drives Boone and the two agents to the university.

TITLE: CALIFORNIA INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY - PASADENA

BOONE

Tell me why we're here again?

CALVIN CONROY
William Shapiro is the most
brilliant nautical architect since
the guy who first hollowed out a
tree trunk and set to sea. We're
going to need his expertise.

INT. CAL TECH - ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

CALVIN CONROY
Plus he's got security clearance
already. The Navy approached him
when they lost *The Thresher*.

INT. SHAPIRO'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

BILL SHAPIRO (late 50s) is a curmudgeonly lefty and a
recovering alcoholic, downing can after can of Pepsi.

He's immediately on guard over the two agents in dark suits.

CALVIN CONROY
Hey, Bill, got a moment?

BILL SHAPIRO
For you, anything. For these no-
goodniks, not a chance. Here to put
my students on a watch list again?

One agent pulls out the SIGNAL METER but Boone wisely
gestures for him to stow the device.

CALVIN CONROY
Bill, I have just entered into an
unusual contract with the CIA.

BILL SHAPIRO
You don't say.

BOONE
Pleasure to meet you, Mr. Shapiro.

BILL SHAPIRO
He's with the CIA? You look more
like you're with Procol Harum, kid.
Okay, Mod Squad here can stay but
the two narcs have to wait outside.

Boone gestures for the other two agents to leave--

BILL SHAPIRO (CONT'D)
Lost another one, didn't you?

BOONE

This one's a little more sensitive than when the Navy approached you.

BILL SHAPIRO

It belongs to the other team, that it? I don't do this anymore, Cal. And you know why. I made promises.

CALVIN CONROY

I know. But I don't think I can do it without you.

BOONE

What we need has never been done before. Cal tells me if anyone can do it, it's you.

Shapiro knows this kid is only flattering him. But still finds the idea of doing something impossible *intriguing*--

BILL SHAPIRO

How deep?

BOONE

Over sixteen thousand feet.

BILL SHAPIRO

You're right. It's never been done before.

Shapiro consults a SLIDE RULE then closes his eyes for some quick calculations. He moves to a blackboard, erases what was on it and begins to scribble some nasty math.

BILL SHAPIRO (CONT'D)

I'm going to need a minute. You two guys go get some lunch.

(Boone and Conroy exit...)

And bring me back a cheeseburger!

EXT. IN-AND-OUT BURGER DRIVE-THRU - TEN MINUTES LATER

They inch forward during the lunchtime rush.

BOONE

The Navy cleared *that* guy?

CALVIN CONROY

Helps being the smartest one in the room.

BOONE

I have concerns about bringing more people into the circle.

CALVIN CONROY

Bill is only the beginning. You're going to need contractors, engineers, salvage experts, roughnecks and a crew to run her.

BOONE

That's hundreds of security clearances.

CALVIN CONROY

Ha. Try thousands.

BOONE

We'll never keep it quiet. I'll need a cover story for the Russians and now one for *our own people*.

CALVIN CONROY

Make it good because this ship will be huge. You can't just park it out there without drawing attention.

BOONE

What about faking a breakdown? Radio that we're disabled?

CALVIN CONROY

That maybe buys a week. You need more time than that. And what happens if the Russians show up to offer assistance, because I bet they will for a chance to get aboard. If they poke around and see what's under the bonnet--

BOONE

We risk starting World War III when they find out what we're really up to. Okay, what about oil drilling? That's what you build these for.

CALVIN CONROY

Then you'll need to partner with someone like Gulf or Shell. That comes with corporate oversight because they are publicly traded. You might be able to fool the Russians, but you'll never fool the SEC or the shareholders.

INT. SHAPIRO'S OFFICE - LATER

Bill Shapiro finishes his burger in front of that BLACKBOARD.

It's now full of figures relating to weight distribution, tensile strength of military-spec steel, etc.

Shapiro washes the last bite down with another Pepsi.

BOONE

So, do we have a ship?

BILL SHAPIRO

No. *Three ships.*

He flips the blackboard over to where he has expertly sketched DIAGRAMS OF THREE VESSELS to illustrate. (**NOTE:** Image on page 118 if you're curious)--

BILL SHAPIRO (CONT'D)

First we need a Capture Vehicle, which picks up the sub - sort of like those penny arcade claw machines. Since it's the one that tips our hand it'll be assembled secretly then hidden in vehicle number two: The Barge.

He sketches the Capture Vehicle fitting *inside* the BARGE then draws arrows from the barge to the last and largest SHIP--

BILL SHAPIRO (CONT'D)

The barge hands off the capture vehicle to ship number three, which is our Drill Platform equipped with a moon pool so the spooky part of the operation can be completed subsurface: We lower the CV to the sub, grab on and bring her up. This compartment drains and you have your sub tucked inside.

Crushes his Pepsi can and chucks it into a waste basket--

BILL SHAPIRO (CONT'D)

Be a miracle if it works. But I'm excited to try. This is my excited face.

His expression has not changed.

INT. GLOBAL MARINE HEADQUARTERS - CONROY'S OFFICE - LATER

It's late and most of the staff is gone for the day.

Conroy offers Boone a drink. Sits back, sun setting through the blinds winks off SOMETHING METALLIC on the credenza--

CALVIN CONROY

I think I have your cover story.

Grabs an ORB with metallic nodes pebbling its surface. THUNK--

BOONE

What's this? A meteorite?

CALVIN CONROY

Manganese. It's used to strengthen steel for military applications. It's rare in North America so we get most of our supply from foreign mines. *However*, recent surveys have discovered entire fields of nodules like this one all over the Pacific.

BOONE

Really?

CALVIN CONROY

Only it's expensive to bring up so no one's tried before. But if a *private operator* got involved. A maverick known for risky ventures--

EXT./INT. DR. TYLER'S HOME - CRESTWOOD, D.C. - NIGHT

A Colonial in a quiet residential area near Rock Creek Park.

Boone hesitates at the FRONT DOOR. Considers ringing the bell. Reconsiders and starts back to his car when the door opens and RUBY TYLER (50s) calls out--

RUBY TYLER

Can I help you, young man?

Busted, Boone turns back up the walk to the house--

BOONE

I'm sorry. I was going to ring, but then I realized it was late.

RUBY TYLER

Who might you be?

BOONE

I work for your husband, ma'am. But it can wait until the morning. I'm sorry to have bothered you.

RUBY TYLER

It's no bother. Garrett's in his study. And clearly it was important enough to come out this way in the first place. So please, come on in.

Boone enters. The decor is antiques with a nautical theme.

RUBY TYLER (CONT'D)

(calls out)

Garrett... You've got company.

Tyler, in comfortable after-work attire, exits his study, very surprised to find Boone at his home--

DR. TYLER

Mr. Randall. This is unexpected.

BOONE

Sorry, sir. I shouldn't be here.

DR. TYLER

And yet here you are.

RUBY TYLER

Randall. Boone Randall? Yes, it seems I recall Garrett mentioning you a time or two.

Boone is surprised by this. Tyler looks at Ruby as if to say: *Please dear, let's not.* Her response: *Let me have my fun.*

RUBY TYLER (CONT'D)

Can I get you something? Soft drink? Coffee? Maybe some tea?

The knowing manner she says this tells Boone she's not exactly referring to Lipton's. He almost laughs--

BOONE

Thank you ma'am. But no. I'm fine. I've cut back on tea, lately.

This admission is as much for Tyler as it is his wife.

RUBY TYLER

Then I'll let you two get to it.

INT. DR. TYLER'S HOME - PRIVATE STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Wood paneled and warm. Boone notices a photo of a YOUNG MAN IN UNIFORM behind Tyler's desk.

BOONE

I didn't know you had a son, sir.

DR. TYLER

David. He passed.

BOONE

I'm so sorry.

DR. TYLER

Kim Son Valley. Two years ago. So, you're here... What's the scenario?

BOONE

I think we found what we need in terms of equipment. But it occurred to me to pull this off we'll need a bulletproof cover story to keep the Russians - and the public - from asking questions. That requires partnering with a civilian--

DR. TYLER

I take it you have someone in mind?

BOONE

Yes sir. Howard Hughes.

DR. TYLER

Ha. The man's certifiable.

BOONE

Which works to our advantage. Our cover is that the ship is a deep-sea mining vessel - something that's never been tried before. Only a *crazy person* would sink money into something so risky.

DR. TYLER

After that ridiculous giant plane of his wouldn't fly how do we just hand him the reins to this project?

BOONE

We don't. Global Marine is still the contractor. We'll just make it seem like they're building the ship for Hughes, not us. Hughes drums up press about how he wants to make a killing in ocean mining. The Soviets will buy it. So will our own people. It's the perfect cover.
(deep breath)
(MORE)

BOONE (CONT'D)

Only that's not the craziest part:
I want to run this, sir. I want to
be project manager.

DR. TYLER

You're not field personnel.

BOONE

It's not like I'll be in a trench
coat sneaking around East Berlin. I
know this project. I put it
together.

DR. TYLER

You don't have to prove anything to
me.

BOONE

It's not you I-- Sir, believe me I
can do this. I *need* to do this.

Unexpected seriousness and candor. Tyler thinks for a beat.
Looks at that picture of David. Back to Boone--

DR. TYLER

Kissinger likes you, so that's
definitely a point in your favor.

BOONE

Thank you, sir--

DR. TYLER

Hold it-- Reputations will be on
the line with this project, not the
least of which is mine. Do you
understand that scenario?

BOONE

I won't embarrass you, boss.

INT./EXT. DR. TYLER'S HOME - FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Tyler and Ruby see Boone out--

RUBY TYLER

It was a pleasure to meet you, Mr.
Randall.

BOONE

You as well. Have a good night.

After Boone's down the walk and out of earshot--

RUBY TYLER

Not what I expected. Not what you described, anyway.

DR. TYLER

Yes. He surprised me, too. But you know I've had to work twice as hard to get half as far in the Agency.

(tapping his modest Alabama roots)
And there's a mess'a folk there who, if a boy like me slips up on somethin' big - real big - they'd hang the blame on me quicker than a hiccup.

RUBY TYLER

Garrett, you went to Howard on the G.I. Bill, then earned your PHD in International Affairs. You're not in Mobile anymore.

DR. TYLER

If everyone saw me the way you do, Ruby, we'd have a house down in Fairfax instead of Crestwood.

EXT. HUGHES TOOLS AND AIRCRAFT - CULVER CITY - LATER

Once the operations center of Howard Hughes's empire it's now a mausoleum housing his fading legacy.

SECURITY grants Boone access after an excessive pat-down.

TELEPHOTO LENS VIEW FROM ACROSS THE STREET:

A PHOTOGRAPHER snaps a series of photos of Boone.

INT. HUGHES TOOLS AND AIRCRAFT - SAME

Howard Hughes's right hand, NIGEL ANDERSON (60s), a thin man in glasses and a tailored suit, greets Boone at the door--

NIGEL ANDERSON

Mr. Hughes asked me to escort you.

Littered with various inventions, from the H1-Racer plane to a Surveyor robotic lunar lander, to a cantilevered brassiere (yes, he designed a bra) and countless movie memorabilia.

INT. HOWARD HUGHES'S PRIVATE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A landscape of shadows. A fire burns in a massive fireplace, dusky light struggling and failing to beat back the gloom.

NIGEL ANDERSON
Please. Sit.

Boone takes a seat on a couch. He strains to make out what appears to be SOMEONE sitting behind a desk in that dark.

A PHONE on an end table rings so softly he barely hears it--

NIGEL ANDERSON (CONT'D)
That will be for you.

BOONE
(picking up--)
Mr. Hughes. I am Boone Randall from
the Central Intelligence Agency.

DOLLY: Through THE VOID across the room, leaving Boone's voice in the b.g. as he explains Project: Azorian.

CLOSE ON: Hughes. Just a SHADOW. When he speaks it's quiet, measured and with just a hint of Texas twang--

HOWARD HUGHES
Be happy to do it. Send whatever
paperwork y'all need to Mr.
Anderson there - he has my proxy.

EXT./INT. LOS ANGELES EXAMINER - DAY (LATER)

That photographer drops the photos he took earlier on the desk of reporter JOHN ARMSTRONG (50s). He's the brand of chain-smoker who lights his next cigarette off the glowing cherry of the one he just smoked to the butt.

PHOTOGRAPHER
Howard Hughes is back in business.

JOHN ARMSTRONG
Bullshit. Man's cheese slid off his
cracker years ago and he's been
cocooned in that mausoleum ever
since. Who is this guy?

PHOTOGRAPHER
Dunno. But based on that East Coast
pale skin I'd say he's not a local.

EXT. DRY DOCK FACILITY - PHILADELPHIA - DAY

Massive. On the Delaware, it once churned out battle wagons for the Navy in WWII. Now it manufactures OIL TANKERS.

TITLE: SUN SHIPBUILDING & DRY DOCK CO. - PHILADELPHIA

INT. SHIPBUILDING OFFICES - CONTINUOUS

Head engineer FRANK BLOCK (40s) meets with Boone, Conroy and Shapiro. Got a sailor's foul mouth because he used to be one--

FRANK BLOCK

Bill, good to see you back. Love to tell you this is the greatest goddamn drill ship I've ever seen and it'd be an honor to build it.

BILL SHAPIRO

I feel a "but" coming on...

FRANK BLOCK

But since the Money Guy's in the room you get it straight: This is without a doubt the most expensive, fucktangular ship my company has ever had the misfortune to bid on.

BOONE

Fucktangular?

BILL SHAPIRO

Engineer-speak for complicated and messy in multiple unpleasant and difficult ways.

CALVIN CONROY

Read: *Expensive*. Engineers do not understand the subtlety of seducing the client.

FRANK BLOCK

Can't afford to, Cal. Not only do you want this ship to lay more pipe than the Homecoming King at Roundheel U, this heavy lift system Bill designed is going to be as tall as City Hall and throw the whole center of gravity off.

Frank leads them to where a fully operational MODEL OF THE HEAVY LIFT SYSTEM has been constructed--

FRANK BLOCK (CONT'D)

I had my wrench-jockeys mock up this one-tenth scale model just to see if the damn thing would work. Guess what, Bill? It does.

BILL SHAPIRO

Sometimes my designs always work.

FRANK BLOCK

To reach the depths you're working
at you're going to need to haul
more doubles than any drill
operation ever.

BILL SHAPIRO

I estimate twenty-thousand feet of
60-foot pipe.

FRANK BLOCK

Our egg-heads said the same.
(takes out a POLAROID)
See this? It's my wife and kids.

BILL SHAPIRO

Adorable.

FRANK BLOCK

Took it Monday, Bill. They got one
of me on the fridge. Since we ain't
gonna see each other for a while I
thought it might be a good way to
remember what we all look like.

(beat)

Mr. Randall, our estimators put the
initial bid at fifty million, but I
know that's lower than a snake's
pecker. Is the client good for the
overages?

BOONE

Mr. Hughes is good for overages.

Block pins the Polaroid to a wall--

FRANK BLOCK

All right, let's build a damn boat.

INT. HOWARD HUGHES'S PRIVATE OFFICE - WEEKS LATER

Boone sits with Anderson. Howard Hughes lurks in the
background. Boone hands over a set of documents.

BOONE

This is the white contract. It
publicly states Howard Hughes's
Summa Corporation is hiring Global
Marine to build a ship for the
purpose of marine mining. Use it
for taxes, licenses, etc.

(hands him a second contract)

This is the *black contract*.

(MORE)

BOONE (CONT'D)

This states that Howard Hughes is actually operating as an agent of the CIA. It does not go public.

Anderson signs both. Files the white contract in a cabinet and the black he locks in a large walk-in SAFE.

BOONE (CONT'D)

One more thing: For this to cover story to work, we need you to make a public statement.

NIGEL ANDERSON

I can draft a press release--

BOONE

No. We need more than that.
(yelling across the room)
Mr. Hughes, we need it to come directly from you. It's our best chance to make the story stick.

NIGEL ANDERSON

He doesn't really go out in public--

A figure slowly emerges from the gloom--

HOWARD HUGHES

I am many things that are hardly complimentary, young Mr. Randall, but the best I am is an American.

INT. HOWARD HUGHES'S BEDROOM - DAYS LATER

Hughes buttons up his shirt. Unbuttons it. Then manically buttons it back up again, a symptom of what psychiatrists once diagnosed as "insanity" but what we know today as OCD.

The whole time he repeats this mantra--

HOWARD HUGHES

Justactnaturaljustactnaturaljustact
naturaljustactnaturaljustactna--

PRE-LAP: *"Act Naturally" by Buck Owens--*

EXT. CINERAMA DOME - NIGHT

Spotlights. Flashbulbs. The gala Hollywood premiere of *ICE STATION ZEBRA*. Throngs of fans, press and Hollywood types.

Actors ROCK HUDSON, JIM BROWN, PATRICK MCGOOHAN and other stars of the film arrive, mobbed by press and fans.

Howard Hughes alights from a limousine with AVA GARDNER on his arm. Boone is with them in the b.g.--

REPORTER 1

Mr. Hughes! Mr. Hughes! We haven't seen you in some time. Can you tell us what you've been up to?

HOWARD HUGHES

Oh, I've been cooking up something.

Hughes looks at Boone and winks. In the b.g. reporter John Armstrong keenly notices this exchange.

REPORTER 2

Is this going to be another Spruce Goose? The plane that didn't fly?

HOWARD HUGHES

I believe y'all mean the Hercules transport plane and that did fly.

REPORTER 3

For half a minute!

HOWARD HUGHES

Still flew, son.

JOHN ARMSTRONG

Come on, tell us what you're cooking up, Howard. Just you and me talking. I can keep a secret.

The rest of the reporters all laugh and Hughes leans in--

HOWARD HUGHES

Okay John. Since it's just between you and me. One word: Manganese.

Hughes takes a NODULE from his pocket and shows it off--

REPORTER 1

What the heck is that?

REPORTER 2

Can you spell that?

HOWARD HUGHES

Don't know how to spell 'em gents. I only know how to find 'em. Manganese is more precious than gold and rarer than uranium. The Pacific is full of nodules like this. And I intend to go get 'em.

JOHN ARMSTRONG

How?

HOWARD HUGHES

I'm building a ship, John. And
along with it a whole new and
exciting industry: marine mining.

REPORTER 3

You're crazy.

HOWARD HUGHES

Y'all have said that about me, yes.
But the first one to explore and
exploit this unseen frontier will
make a damn fortune. I ought to
know. I've made plenty of fortunes.

JOHN ARMSTRONG

Lost a few, too.

HOWARD HUGHES

True. That's why I have to keep
making more. Risk, boys, is what
keeps me the swashbuckling tycoon
y'all can't stop writing about.

INT. CINERAMA DOME THEATER - LATER

Ice Station Zebra plays in 70mm Cinerama. Hughes is utterly
transfixed by the movie, which just happens to heavily
feature a SUBMARINE. Seated next to Hughes, Boone slips out.

INT. CINERAMA DOME - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Boone wanders the lobby where one or two patrons have a
smoke. From behind--

JOHN ARMSTRONG (O.S.)

Exciting movie, huh?

BOONE

Yeah, I guess.

JOHN ARMSTRONG

That Rock Hudson sure is something.
(lights a cigarette)
He's a queer, you know. Whole town
knows. Reporters like me take the
occasional bribe to make up stories
about which starlet he's banging.

BOONE

It's a living, I guess. Excuse me--

He tries to go back to the theater but Armstrong grabs him--

JOHN ARMSTRONG

Who are you? I saw you come in with Howard Hughes. Seemed like you were close and I happen to know he's not close to anyone. So who are you?

BOONE

Just an associate. Now excuse me.

JOHN ARMSTRONG

You involved in this marine mining malarkey?

BOONE

Malarkey? Why do you say that?

JOHN ARMSTRONG

(releasing Boone--)

Gut instinct. Enjoy the movie, kid.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - CAFETERIA - DAYS LATER

Boone and Tyler push their trays along the line--

BOONE

I don't trust this reporter.

DR. TYLER

We looked into him. He's a hack sensationalist. But security in L.A. will watch him. Now give me a status update.

BOONE

Word is out about Hughes and Global Marine. Trade publications are talking up the wonderful world of manganese and marine mining.

DR. TYLER

Is that an unnecessary risk?

BOONE

We're only spooning out a few vague details as part of the cover story. We need to keep acting as though we have nothing to hide.

DR. TYLER

What's the scenario on ship construction?

BOONE

There's some design problems in Philadelphia but Shapiro's on it. Conroy is in San Diego supervising the capture vehicle and he's got a team in San Francisco working on the barge. At this stage we wait.

DR. TYLER

And pray our boats don't leak in more than one way.

EXT./INT. RANDALL FAMILY HOME - VARIOUS - DAY - WEEKS LATER

Framed photos: Black and white of Boone's parents on their wedding day. Kodachrome of Boone (11) and Josh (7 1/2) in pjs playing their newly unwrapped Battleship game.

TITLE: PITTSBURGH, PA - THANKSGIVING

In the kitchen HELEN RANDALL (early 50s) flits about the kitchen preparing turkey, stuffing and ambrosia.

In the living room ROBERT RANDALL (late 60s), watches football. A retired trucker he has a flattop and a fearful disdain for the changes in the world around him. Boone watches too but there's little between them but silence--

ROBERT RANDALL

Government let you wear your hair that long?

BOONE

It's not that long.

ROBERT RANDALL

It is to me.

BOONE

Dad, a Buddhist monk's hair is too long for you.

ROBERT RANDALL

Government let you run your mouth like that, too?

More silence until LT JOSH RANDALL (23) in his USMC dress uniform enters--

ROBERT RANDALL (CONT'D)

There he is!

Boone's mother flies out of the kitchen to hug her boy.

HELEN RANDALL

Joshy!

ROBERT RANDALL

Come on son, tell me what you've been up to. What you've seen.

HELEN RANDALL

Oh, now Bobby, we get enough of that on the news already--

JOSH

Not much to tell, Pop. Actually, to be honest, I have been considering re-upping for another tour.

ROBERT RANDALL

Stay in son. Earn your twenty. Wish I'd done that instead of hauling steel all across the country.

JOSH

I feel like right now I'm doing some good. There's been a lot of--
(wants to say "casualties")
--turnover. Corps needs seasoned men to keep the boots in line.

HELEN RANDALL

I don't want to discuss this any further. Bobby, set the table.

JOSH

Go ahead, Pop. We'll talk later.
(after their dad leaves--)
I see he hasn't changed.

BOONE

Nope. You still with 1st RECON?

JOSH

Yup.

BOONE

You were on the Vu Gai last month.

JOSH

Now how would you know that?

BOONE

We get plenty of briefs at State. Besides, you don't think I'd be looking out for my little brother?

INT. RANDALL FAMILY HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

Robert Randall snoozes in front of another game. Helen takes the beer can from his grip and turns the tv down.

SHE LOOKS AT HER BOYS: On the floor playing BATTLESHIP. It makes her heart full--

JOSH

G-8

BOONE

That's a miss. Let's try A-1.

Josh's expression sours. Puts a red peg in his CRUISER--

JOSH

Lucky guess. Been meaning to tell you, ran into a co-worker of yours. Guy named Dave Gates from the State Department was assigned to us to do a research paper. Try I-2.

BOONE

Another miss. State Department is pretty big. Did he say he knew me?

JOSH

No. Just thought maybe you two ran in the same circles. Kind of nerdy. Bookish. A lot like you.

BOONE

Hilarious. A-2.

JOSH

Hit. Funny thing: He was already an expert on the NVA. Knew more than our own intel guys: troop strength, disposition, command structure.

(beat)

Two weeks later he left and another State guy replaced him. Guess what his name was? Dave Gates.

BOONE

Makes it easy to remember. You going to make a move or what?

JOSH

Dave Gates Two was chatty. After a few beers he confided that he was really with the CIA.

(MORE)

JOSH (CONT'D)

That a lot of them said they were
with State as cover. K-10.

BOONE

Hit.

JOSH

About time.

Their father SNORTS awake briefly in his chair, then passes
out again. Josh hooks a thumb to the front door--

EXT. RANDALL FAMILY HOME - FRONT PORCH - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

The TWO BROTHERS sit on the steps. Josh surprises Boone by
taking a JOINT out of his breast pocket. Off Boone's look--

JOSH

We all have our secrets, don't we?

Lights up and takes a hit, passing it to Boone--

JOSH (CONT'D)

You know the spring before you
joined the State Department some
guy came to talk to me about you.
Said it was background for a
government life insurance policy.

BOONE

You never told me that.

JOSH

Just seemed so weird at the time.
He asked a whole bunch of
questions. One or two were about
your health and habits, did you
smoke, did you drink. Don't worry:
I lied on both accounts.

BOONE

Good man.

JOSH

Most of his questions were about
character. Who were your friends -
only this guy kept calling them
"associates." Were you reliable.
Trustworthy. Did you ever lie.
Brag. Gamble. Odd insurance policy.

BOONE

I don't know what to say.

JOSH

So listen instead: Forget Pops. He
doesn't see what I see.

(very serious)

Not every soldier is in Vietnam.

Josh puts his arm around Boone and they sit there like that--

JOSH (CONT'D)

Now how about you quit Bogarting
that and hand it back?

EXT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - ESTABLISHING - DAY (2 MONTHS LATER)

It's snowing. 30° and two inches of snow on the ground.

INT. INTELLIGENCE DIVISION - CONTINUOUS

A MAINTENANCE WORKER removes a picture of President Johnson
and replaces it with one of newly sworn-in PRESIDENT NIXON.

INT. DR. TYLER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Boone enters and lays a form in triplicate on Tyler's desk.
He scans the document, expecting it to be routine--

DR. TYLER

It's thirty degrees outside and you
want the government to send you to
the Caribbean?

BOONE

Conroy arranged for me to meet with
a deep-sea salvage expert based
there.

EXT. BERMUDA - ESTABLISHING - DAY

A SEA PLANE circles the island paradise.

TITLE: BERMUDA

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

The plane touches down and taxis to a SALVAGE SHIP equipped
with an crane and towing a BARGE PILED WITH SALVAGE MATERIAL.

EXT. SALVAGE SHIP - CONTINUOUS

Deck hands tie off the plane. Boone boards, in resort wear--

BOONE

Permission to come aboard?

DECK HAND
We're pretty casual here, Admiral.

BOONE
I'm looking for Jake Martinez.

DECK HAND
(hooks his thumb at crane)
Should be coming up now--

THE CRANE pulls up a load of barnacle-encrusted CYLINDERS - riding atop them is a DIVER wearing a bulky dive-suit and a helmet with a full faceplate.

The CRANE OPERATOR deposits the load on the barge with a feather-touch then delivers the diver to the salvage ship.

Boone's surprised when the diver pulls off her helmet letting long hair free: JACQUELINE "JAKE" MARTINEZ (28).

BOONE
Jake Martinez? I was expecting--

JAKE
Never heard that one before.

She tosses Boone her helmet, stripping off her suit to reveal a one-piece--

BOONE
I'm Boone Randall.

JAKE
Jacqueline.

BOONE
Calvin Conroy suggested I meet you for a special project. And thinking about it I'm pretty sure he set me up by only telling to ask for someone named Jake Martinez. Sorry.

JAKE
Don't sweat it. You're not the first one he's pulled that on.
(signals to crane op)
Tony! Let's bring up another load!

Thumbs up from TONY LIU (30s), the Chinese-American crane op, as he lowers another diver into the water.

BOONE
What's this you're working on?

JAKE

Munitions ship. Sank in '44 hauling bombs to Europe. Every so often it shifts and sets one off. Hazard to shipping lanes so the Coasties pay us to haul them up.

(beat)

So, you said "special project?"

INT. SALVAGE SHIP - CREW MESS - MOMENTS LATER

Jake pours coffees and they sit. Boone watches Jake pinch salt into her brew, the look on his face is pure: *WTF?*

JAKE

My dad served on a destroyer during the war. It's how they drank it.

A curious Boone pinches salt into his cup and tries it.

BOONE

Not bad. That why you work on the ocean? Because of your dad?

JAKE

We traveled to a lot of coastal towns. Drawn to the sea, I guess. What about you? CIA the family business?

BOONE

I never said I was with the CIA.

Jake just tilts her head: *Come on.*

BOONE (CONT'D)

My dad was a long-haul trucker. Agency recruited me out of college.

JAKE

Ah. Still he must think it's pretty cool that his son is doing this.

BOONE

He thinks I work at the State Department.

Boone slides a LEGAL DOCUMENT to her and nods to the two CREWMEN seated nearby--

JAKE

Why don't you guys take a break.

FIRST CREWMAN

I just sat down with my coffee--

JAKE

Jimbo. Sully. Take the air.

The two crewmen aren't happy but follow their boss's order--

BOONE

Conroy vouches for you and your crew, but I am still required to advise you that if you disclose anything I tell you, you're subject to fines and/or imprisonment.

JAKE

That apply to women, too, Mr. Bond, James Bond?

She signs and slides the document back. He tucks it away and hands her A COMPOSITE of the photo mosaic of K-129.

BOONE

She's almost three miles down.

JAKE

And you have the equipment to reach that deep? Because I don't.

BOONE

Working on it.

JAKE

You also know you're going to need one hell of a crane.

BOONE

It's not a crane, exactly. We're calling it the capture vehicle.

JAKE

Working on that, too? Because I have just the guy to operate it.

INT. SALVAGE SHIP - CREW MESS - LATER

Tony Liu passes Boone the signed SECRECY AGREEMENT.

Gets the PHOTO in return. Liu dresses like a SoCal surfer but has the nerves of a fighter pilot. Raises his Wayfarers--

TONY LIU

Walking, talking Jesus. You really gonna bag this thing?

BOONE
That's the plan.

TONY LIU
You're gonna be mainlining a
monster amount of pressure and
stress. We're talking Godzilla.

Liu traces his finger over the EXPOSED MISSILE COMPARTMENT--

TONY LIU (CONT'D)
Hm. My dad and I used to build
these model rockets in the back
yard... You send them up. They
float back down on little plastic
parachutes. These are a bit bigger.

BOONE
It's the thing we want the most.

TONY LIU
(Wayfarers back over his eyes)
Bitchin'.

INT. RUSSIA SECTION - BOONE'S DESK - A WEEK LATER

A tanned Boone enters fresh off the plane from Bermuda. Sets
his bag down and collapses into his chair. Tyler approaches--

BOONE
Hey, boss! Got you souvenir.

Roots in his bag and hands Tyler a CONCH SHELL--

BOONE (CONT'D)
It's a symbol of authority. Or
fertility. Depends who you talk to.

DR. TYLER
We may have a problem.

BOONE
(re: portrait of Nixon)
What, Johnson's out so *he* wants to
pull the plug because he didn't
initiate it?

DR. TYLER
No, in fact our new National
Security Advisor has sold this plan
to his boss. Nixon is very much in.

BOONE
So what then?

DR. TYLER

This might violate Maritime Law.

BOONE

I thought salvage rights say if you find it abandoned and you recover it, it's yours.

DR. TYLER

Military vessels are excepted.

BOONE

What does our new National Security Advisor say?

PRE-LAP:

HENRY KISSINGER (O.S.)

I want that fucking boat.

EXT./INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - BOWLING ALLEY - DAY

Boone and Tyler join KISSINGER in maroon slacks, a bowling shirt and shoes - oddly off-putting seeing him dressed so.

HENRY KISSINGER

That is what the President will tell me. He will not be concerned with what is legal, or not.

Pins reset for the next frame as Kissinger launches his BALL down the lane with a thunderous KER-RASH!

Two wobbling BACK PINS are left standing.

HENRY KISSINGER (CONT'D)

What do you think, Dr. Tyler?

DR. TYLER

Tough split, sir. Aim for the ten.

HENRY KISSINGER

The President had this installed. He finds it relaxing and often takes meetings here. It is not my favorite, but I would like to get my average to a respectable 140.

Kissinger waits on the ball return as the pins are reset--

HENRY KISSINGER (CONT'D)

The Soviets have violated law after international law in their support of North Vietnam.

(MORE)

HENRY KISSINGER (CONT'D)
 Their "advisors" have been in
 direct combat with our forces. Why
 should we follow laws when they do
 not?

BOONE
 It just occurred to me we may have
 a way around maritime law: The
 Soviets never actually announced
 that they lost K-129.

DR. TYLER
 They don't readily admit failure.

HENRY KISSINGER
 A Russian will always lie, even
 when it is not in their best
 interest to do so.

Kissinger smiles as he picks up his BALL from the return--

HENRY KISSINGER (CONT'D)
 This is a street fight, gentlemen.
 There are no referees. No ring. If
 we fight a little dirty, well then.

Kissinger rolls his spare shot, picking up the 10-pin which
 kicks at the 7, striking it, but it doesn't fall--

HENRY KISSINGER (CONT'D)
 Ach.

A SERIES OF SCENES: Bill Shapiro's THREE VESSELS move from
 his sketches on the blackboard to being built in real-time
 with *The Ides of March's* "Vehicle" rocking out over it all--

EXT. PHILADELPHIA DRY DOCK - DAY

Watch as *The Glomar Explorer* is built from the keel up.

INTERCUT: HISTORICAL AND POP CULTURE TIME-STAMPS:

*Black Power marches. Manson murders. Anti-war protests.
 Woodstock. Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid.*

INT. SAN DIEGO DRY DOCK - DAY

Conroy oversees the CV's construction. At over 250-feet long,
 comparing it to one of those toy-grabbing claws is insulting.

INT. COMMERCIAL AIRLINER - LATE NIGHT

Passengers sleep as Boone pages through a TRADE MAGAZINE
 about drilling and mining - Howard Hughes on the cover.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO DRY DOCK - DAY

The BARGE begins construction.

INT. SHIPBUILDING OFFICES - PHILADELPHIA - DAY

We mark time as Frank Block pins up a new POLAROID of his family on that wall. It's one of several already.

EXT. SHIPBUILDING OFFICES - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Watch-party for the MOON LANDING. Hardhats and hippies - Boone and Shapiro among them - passing joints and beers.

Amid all the turmoil the country faced, America may have never been more united than this moment.

EXT. BAR - THE CASTRO, SAN FRANCISCO - LATE NIGHT

TWO MEN exit, laughing.

One, a BLEACH-BLONDE (20s), lures the other - whom he just picked up - down an alley. They make out in the shadows.

Blondie slashes his lover's throat, blood geysering. Leans over the dying man and yanks an ID BADGE from his pocket.

INT. SHIPBUILDING OFFICES - PHILADELPHIA - NIGHT

A tired and frustrated Bill Shapiro struggles to draft a work-around for the center of gravity problem. Crumples a diagram.

When he thinks no one is looking he pours A SHOT OF WHISKEY into a Pepsi can and drinks it, trying to steel his nerves.

*Black September hijackings. M*A*S*H. Elvis visits Nixon. Doonesbury. Hardhats vs. Hippies. Beatles break-up.*

INT. FRANK BLOCK'S FAMILY HOME - KITCHEN

Frank's WIFE pins a new Polaroid of Frank to the fridge. Several others posted already. Months have gone by.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO DRY DOCK - DAY

A man in coveralls and a hardhat gains entry at a security check-point with an ID BADGE.

This is KGB agent COLONEL NIKOLA GOGOL (40s) - sharp eyes recognize this master of disguise as the "Park Ranger" with Chip and the killer "Bleach-blondie" from The Castro.

Gogol gets close to THE BARGE and uses A TINY SPY CAMERA to take pictures on the sly.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA DRY DOCK - DAY

Pieces of *The Explorer* are added like Lego bricks. The super-structure rises.

INT. PHILADELPHIA BAR - LATE AT NIGHT

Bill Shapiro downs a shot. A beer on deck. Doesn't look well.

EXT. DRY DOCK FACILITY - PHILADELPHIA (LATER THAT SAME NIGHT)

A shit-faced Shapiro stumbles through the graving dock as the third shift works the wee small hours. Showers of SPARKS rain down around him from arc welders on the scaffolding above.

He screams at *The Glomar Explorer*. Pissed, Shapiro throws a bottle of booze at it, christening the hull with rage.

EXT. SAN DIEGO INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - EARLY MORNING

Travel-weary Boone exits - it's clear he's logged a lot of air miles between Philadelphia, San Francisco and San Diego.

EXT. SAN DIEGO DRY DOCK - DAY

The Capture Vehicle is complete. Boone watches an engineer christen the CV by painting "*Clementine*" on it.

Klute. The Pentagon Papers. "Down goes Frazier!" Lt. Calley's trial for Mai Lai. D.B. Cooper.

INT. SHIPBUILDING OFFICES - LATE AT NIGHT

A frazzled Frank Block works overtime. In the b.g. there's now three rows of POLAROIDs of his family pinned to the wall.

INT. RANDALL FAMILY HOME - CHRISTMAS DAY

Boone opens a present from his mother. Notes his moody father adds a healthy shot of whiskey to his egg nog.

INT. PHILADELPHIA MOTEL BATHROOM - MORNING

Eyes bloodshot, Shapiro dresses. Retches into the sink. Rinses his mouth out. Carries on as if nothing happened.

INT. FRANK BLOCK'S FAMILY HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Kids are having breakfast. The refrigerator door is covered with Polaroids - time-line of Frank's exhausting workload.

The Godfather. Watergate break-in. Munich Olympics attack. Bobby Fischer defeats Boris Spassky. Nixon re-elected.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA DRY DOCK

A christening as *Glomar Explorer* is launched.

She's nearly the size of a battleship.

The song ends.

EXT. RED SQUARE - MOSCOW, RUSSIA - DAY

Packed with cheering citizens as A PARADE showcases Soviet military might: tanks, armored vehicles and marching troops.

TITLE: MOSCOW, U.S.S.R. - MAYDAY PARADE

A line of trucks hauls INTER-CONTINENTAL BALLISTIC MISSILES, massive phallic death-dealers boasting large blood-red stars.

Once these were the most-feared thing on the planet, the West plagued by apocalyptic nightmares of an atomic inferno.

The missiles parade past THE KREMLIN--

CLOSE UP: A slide projector throws an image of THE BARGE surreptitiously taken by the spy Gogol onto a screen--

INT. THE KREMLIN - CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME

Cigarette smoke curls through the projector beam as Gogol reports to the SECRETARIAT (head of the KGB) and his cronies--

GOGOL

It is an unusual vessel. I showed these to several admirals - the sober, reliable ones - and they had never seen its like before.

He flips on the lights while the Secretariat pages through that same OCEAN DRILLING PUBLICATION we saw Boone reading--

GOGOL (CONT'D)

Apparently it's related to this capitalist's plans to mine the bottom of the sea.

SECRETARIAT

Yet you do not believe that?

GOGOL

My source in D.C. has not been able to confirm any of my suspicions. But they are Americans. They lie about everything.

SECRETARIAT

*And what is it you suspect, Comrade
Colonel Gogol?*

GOGOL

*The vessel's dimensions suggest it
is designed for only one purpose:
To hide something inside. Perhaps a
new weapons system... perhaps
something else.*

The Secretariat opens the curtains to watch THE PARADE below--

SECRETARIAT

Just like a Matryoshka doll.

GOGOL

*It is conceivable this Howard
Hughes is concerned some other
decadent rival would be interested
in stealing his company's secrets.*

SECRETARIAT

*Just to be certain you should
continue your surveillance. Perhaps
the Rodina could profit from your
findings. The sea and her resources
should not be for America alone.*

EXT./INT. TEMPLE UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL - PHILADELPHIA - DAY

Boone walks through the halls with flowers and a newspaper.

INT. BILL SHAPIRO'S HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A leaden-faced Shapiro is in bed hooked up to machines and IV
drips. He lights up when Boone enters. Sees the flowers--

BILL SHAPIRO

Pansies. My favorite.

Boone lays the NEWSPAPER on Shapiro's lap.

Headline: **HOWARD HUGHES'S MINING SHIP SETS SAIL.**

BOONE

You see this?

BILL SHAPIRO

Phillies lost again.

BOONE

Come on--

BILL SHAPIRO

To be honest I didn't think we'd pull it off.

BOONE

You pulled it off, Bill. She's headed to Bermuda for sea trials.

BILL SHAPIRO

I wish I were going.

BOONE

Don't worry. Frank's with her.

BILL SHAPIRO

Make sure that slide rule-slinging baboon knows to keep an eye out for rolls. She's still top-heavy and anything more than seven degrees she might capsize--

Shapiro hacks and coughs up yellow bile into a handkerchief--

BOONE

Frank knows what to look for.

BILL SHAPIRO

Sorry about the baboon thing. Frank put a lot into that boat.

BOONE

You all did.

Shapiro wheezes.

Hard to breathe, but he's also choking up.

He knows he's dying. So does Boone...

BILL SHAPIRO

Look, Procol Harum, they got me scheduled out the wazoo today: Racquetball at 11. Lunch on the terrace. Thanks for stopping by.

BOONE

We'll see you up and around soon.

BILL SHAPIRO

Sure, kid. Sure.

EXT./INT. HUGHES TOOLS AND AIRCRAFT - NIGHT

TWO MEN in masks exit a car on the street and hop the fence.

A NIGHTWATCHMAN walks the perimeter, checking locks. When he unlocks the glass door to the LOBBY he's tackled--

SKI MASK #1
Keep quiet and head down.

SKI MASK #2 duct tapes the guard's hands and mouth, blindfolding him before pushing him inside.

INT. HOWARD HUGHES'S PRIVATE OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

The men in ski masks force the nightwatchman to the floor, duct taping his ankles together now.

CLOSE ON: THE NIGHTWATCHMAN. In the shadows behind him we see the men in ski masks ransack the filing cabinets.

SKI MASK #1
Petty cash. Looks like three or four grand.

SKI MASK #2
Grab it. And anything that looks important.

Ski Mask #1 shoves handfuls of files into a black bag.

POP and HISS: Ski Mask #2 ignites an ACETYLENE TORCH--

INT. HOWARD HUGHES'S PRIVATE OFFICE - HOURS LATER

LAPD and go over the crime scene.

The nightwatchman is interviewed in the b.g.

Howard Hughes's right-hand man Nigel Anderson examines the safe's LOCK - melted clean through.

EXT. LONG BEACH HARBOR - DAY (ESTABLISHING)

The Glomar Explorer is at dock. Day-trippers and lookee-loos coast by, all eager for a glimpse of this unusual ship.

TITLE: LONG BEACH, CALIFORNIA

EXT. GLOMAR EXPLORER - HELIPAD - SAME

Boone, sporting a new mustache and soul patch, awaits an S-58 EXECUTIVE HELICOPTER making a show of circling the harbor before orbiting overhead. On the side: HUGHES AVIATION.

Finally it touches down. A grinning Conroy exits first, giving a slight wave like the Queen of England.

CALVIN CONROY
Can I make an entrance or what?

BOONE
Less for you and more for them.

Boone gives a nod ACROSS THE BAY to--

EXT. SHORELINE MARINA - SAME

Crowds of TOURISTS strain for pix of *The Glomar Explorer*.

Dressed as locals GOGOL and TWO KGB AGENTS push through the crowd for a better look.

A KID'S BALLOON

blocks Gogol's view until he POPS! it with a lit cigarette.

The tyke runs screaming to mommy while Gogol uses binos to take notes on *The Glomar Explorer* in a notebook while his partners film in 16mm and take photos with a long-lens Nikon.

EXT. GLOMAR EXPLORER - HELIPAD - SAME

Next off is Jake and Liu. When she sees Boone's facial hair--

JAKE
That's certainly... different.

Boone's disappointed she doesn't seem to dig it. Liu however--

TONY LIU
I think it looks awesome, dude.

Last off is a MAN (late 30s) in khakis and a golf shirt.

He has the lean, compact architecture that only comes from field ops assignments.

With him are SEVEN CARBON COPIES. He approaches and introduces himself to Boone--

DAVE GATES
Hey there, I'm David Gates. OPSEC.

BOONE
"Dave Gates?" Really?

DAVE GATES
Somebody was using "John Wayne."

The rest of Gates's team offloads equipment cases, bags and DIVE GEAR (several of these guys are ex-Navy SEALs).

DAVE GATES (CONT'D)
Don't suppose you care the KGB's
watching us.

BOONE
I only care about them seeing what
I want them to.

DAVE GATES
Huh. A CIA agent who's not worried
about standing out. Novel.

Gates watches JAKE AND LIU several steps ahead of them--

DAVE GATES (CONT'D)
You and she seem to know each
other. You two aren't uhhhh...

BOONE
What? No. Why would you-- No.

DAVE GATES
(not really buying it)
Cool.

Gates jogs ahead and like a gentleman takes one of Jake's
bags. It's clear Boone is not happy with this.

PRE-LAP: *"A Sailor's Life" by Fairport Convention.*

EXT. LONG BEACH DOCKS - DAY (LATER)

A line of BUSES is waved into a secure section, disgorging
crew, roughnecks, undercover CIA personnel and engineers.

EXT./INT. GLOMAR EXPLORER - VARIOUS - CONTINUOUS

Over 150 crew come aboard where Gates and his Operational
Security team hand out berthing assignments.

INT. CREW QUARTERS

Liu tosses his duffle on the top bunk. His roommate is a CIA
tech, SONNY REED (30s). Sonny sets down SAXOPHONE CASE.

INT. JAKE'S QUARTERS

As the only woman aboard she is one of the few to get private
quarters with her own head and shower.

INT. BOONE'S QUARTERS

Boone also has private quarters. Sets up his Battleship game.

INT. REC ROOM

Liu and other crew mates are excited to find a pool table, foosball, darts, pinball, jukebox and a well-stocked library.

INT. GLOMAR EXPLORER - BRIDGE - LATER

CAPTAIN TAYLOR (50s), with years of drill-ship experience, sends word to the crew to make ready to depart.

His FIRST MATE (30s) and the rest of the bridge crew scramble.

EXT. DOCKS - SAME

Lines are cast. *The Glomar Explorer's* SCREWS chop the water into a frothy wake as she pulls away, making for the harbor.

EXT. LONG BEACH HARBOR - CONTINUOUS

Tugs guide our Bonny Boat to open sea.

INT. HOWARD HUGHES'S PRIVATE OFFICE - SAME

Hughes watches *The Glomar Explorer* depart on a LIVE-FEED.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO BAY - DAY - DAYS LATER

THE BARGE - with Clementine neatly tucked inside her - sets out for her rendezvous. It's shadowed by a RUSSIAN TRAWLER.

EXT. THE PACIFIC OCEAN - DAYS LATER

The Glomar Explorer heads north. Another RUSSIAN TRAWLER keeps pace, antennae listening in on every radio signal.

EXT. THE PACIFIC OCEAN - RENDEZVOUS SPOT - DAYS LATER

The barge halts. Four massive posts called stabilizing cylinders, two each on both starboard and port sides slowly raise by degrees until they stand straight up before lowering into the water as the barge sinks under the surface.

EXT. THE PACIFIC OCEAN - UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

The stabilizing cylinders settle on the bottom becoming "mooring legs" for the barge.

INT. LOS ANGELES - SUNSET STRIP RESTAURANT - DAY

BUTTS OVERFLOW IN AN ASHTRAY.

John Armstrong smokes at a back table.

A MAN enters and sits opposite him. Armstrong slides a THICK ENVELOPE to him: It's full of \$20s. The man takes it and leaves a manila envelope on the table on his way out.

INSIDE THE ENVELOPE: The CIA BLACK CONTRACT stolen from Howard Hughes's office. Armstrong was behind the break-in.

EXT. THE PACIFIC OCEAN - RENDEZVOUS SPOT - LATER

The Glomar Explorer takes station over the barge.

EXT. RUSSIAN TRAWLER - TOPSIDE - SAME

Gogol watches this through a massive telescope.

EXT. THE PACIFIC OCEAN - UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

SEA DOORS beneath the hull open revealing a MOON POOL above.

Below, the barge creeps up the legs set on the bottom. Barge doors open to reveal CLEMENTINE.

INT. GLOMAR EXPLORER - MOON POOL COMPARTMENT - SAME

A cavernous space - big enough to house a downed Russian sub.

Three stories above around Clementine's DOCKING CRADLE is a ring of CATWALKS where Boone, Jake and Conroy look down onto the football field-sized MOON POOL, open to the ocean below.

DOCKING LEGS lower from the cradle to meet Clementine, locking on with a CLANK as it enters, sea doors closing.

INT. GLOMAR EXPLORER - SPOOK SHACK - SAME

Clementine's controls: Various gauges, pressure dials and sensitive intelligence gear.

Watching this unfold on CCTV Liu, Sonny and a few other CIA operatives celebrate as Clementine settles into her cradle.

Note Liu has started to grow *his own mustache* like Boone's.

EXT. THE PACIFIC OCEAN - LATER

The Glomar Explorer sets off for deeper water. And the prize.

INT. GLOMAR EXPLORER - VARIOUS - (TWO WEEKS PASS)

SPOOK SHACK: Liu runs equipment checks. Boone writes his latest Battleship move to Josh. Engineers replace hydraulic valves. **INFIRMARY:** DOCTOR RILEY sees patients. **HELIPAD:** Jake and crew mates play volleyball. Gates reads *Carrie*. Liu and crew play Dungeons & Dragons.

THE MESS: Everyones want to dine with Boone. It's cool to eat with him. **TOP DECK,** Sonny plays his sax. **MOVIE THEATER:** A cozy Boone and Jake watch the trippy sci-fi/horror flick *Phase IV* with some other crew.

INT. PASADENA HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

And Bill Shapiro in bed, surrounded by family, dies.

"How can I live now my sweet William is gone..."

EXT. THE PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

The Glomar Explorer slows as it arrives at the target site.

TITLE: 40.1° N LATITUDE, 179.9° E LONGITUDE - JULY 4TH

On the HELIPAD crewmen set off FIREWORKS to celebrate.

INT. GLOMAR EXPLORER - BRIDGE

Boone, Gates and Conroy are with the rest of the bridge crew--

CAPTAIN TAYLOR	FIRST MATE
Reverse full, all stop.	Aye Skipper, reverse full.
	All stop.

CAPTAIN TAYLOR
Are we alone?

RADAR TECH
No surface contacts.

CAPTAIN TAYLOR
How's the weather?

A retired Navy METEOROLOGIST (60s) reads a ticker-tape machine giving constant weather updates--

METEOROLOGIST
Fleet Weather Center predicts
difficult conditions for the next
72 hours. Swells, rain and fog.

A DOPPLER RADAR SCOPE shows more weather on the way--

METEOROLOGIST (CONT'D)
And we've got Tropical Storm
Harriet spinning up behind that.

BOONE
Let's drop the positioning markers
before the weather hits.

EXT. GLOMAR EXPLORER - TOP DECK - LATER

The ship makes a circle around the target site. Liu operates the DECK CRANE, picking up SIX BARRELS - each a POSITIONING TRANSPONDER - and carefully drops them into the ocean.

EXT. UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

A PINGING TRANSPONDER sinks to the bottom of the ocean.

INT. GLOMAR EXPLORER - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Captain Taylor monitors each beacon, matched to A SEAFLOOR MAP, forming a ring around the K-129 wreck.

Eyes on a STATION-KEEPING SCOPE, the HELMSMAN makes corrections to center *Explorer* between the beacons.

CLOSE UP: THRUSTERS churn, inching the ship into position.

NAVIGATION SCOPE: Digital *Glomar Explorer* centers - BULLSEYE!

INT. GLOMAR EXPLORER - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

CAPTAIN TAYLOR
Standing station. Open outer doors.

EXT. UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

SEA DOORS crank open, exposing the moon pool to the open sea, CLEMENTINE tucked her docking cradle above.

EXT. GLOMAR EXPLORER - DERRICK - CONTINUOUS

The first pipe is vertically delivered. The TOOL-PUSHER - a mountainous Texan with a deep water tan - directs ROUGHNECKS to lower it through the aperture--

TOOL-PUSHER
(into walkie-talkie)
Starting the pipe string.

INT. GLOMAR EXPLORER - SPOOK SHACK - SAME

Connected by radio Liu watches monitor views from inside the moon pool compartment and P.O.V. angles from Clementine--

TONY LIU
Roger that. Bridge, I'm releasing mooring clamps and letting Clementine out of her cradle--
(flips switches)
Somebody get the camera cuz baby's about to take her first steps.

INT. GLOMAR EXPLORER - MOON POOL COMPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Clementine releases from her docking cradle and slowly lowers until she hovers over open water, waves lapping the sides.

As the ship rocks, so does Clementine over the moon pool.

INT. SPOOK SHACK - SAME

Liu monitors HYDRAULIC PRESSURE DIALS, needles barely moving--

TONY LIU
Hydraulics within tolerance range.
Testing capture tines.

Liu flips several more control switches--

INT. MOON POOL COMPARTMENT - SAME

Beams and davits on CLEMENTINE open.

Think of them as an 8-fingered claw, each "finger" referred to as a "tine" like on a fork - five on one side, three on the other. With a hiss of hydraulics the tines close again.

TONY LIU (OVER RADIO)
We're in business.

EXT. GLOMAR EXPLORER - TOP DECK - SAME

Boone and Jake watch the sea crowned with whitecaps. A hard wind blows. The AMERICAN FLAG whips in the stiff breeze--

JAKE
Got a squall moving in. Big one.

CAPTAIN TAYLOR (OVER P.A. SYSTEM)
All hands, suspend topside ops and
secure for foul weather.

CLOSE ON: JUKEBOX drops the needle on *Stevie Wonder's*
"Superstition"

EXT. THE PACIFIC OCEAN - NIGHT - DAYS LATER

The Glomar Explorer rides 15-foot waves, heavy rain pounding--

INT. GLOMAR EXPLORER - BRIDGE - SAME

Captain Taylor and his seasoned bridge crew ride it out, rain slashing against the windows, helmsman keeping them centered.

INT. REC ROOM - SAME

MUSIC on the jukebox. Liu tries to play pool but the constant pitch and roll keeps knocking the balls all over the table.

INT. MOON POOL COMPARTMENT - CATWALKS - SAME

Boone, Jake and Conroy hold onto the railing as the ship pitches. Clementine rocks in her cradle over the moon pool, ocean churning, sending spray high enough to soak them.

Conroy pukes over the side--

CALVIN CONROY
I just design them. Never said I
liked being on them.

INT. GLOMAR EXPLORER - BRIDGE - THE NEXT DAY

Boone and Gates are here as the radio operator receives a message--

RADIO OPERATOR
Skipper, I'm picking up a distress
call.

Boone and Gates share a look of suspicion--

CAPTAIN TAYLOR
Put it on speaker.

BEL HUDSON CAPTAIN (OVER SPEAKER)
Glomar Explorer, Glomar Explorer:
This is the *M/V Bel Hudson* bound
for Seattle, seeking immediate
assistance for a medical emergency.

The First Mate pages through a book of *Ships' Registries*--

FIRST MATE
Says she's a British bulker out of
Liverpool.

CAPTAIN TAYLOR
(into radio mic)
Read you, *Bel Hudson*, this is
Explorer. State your emergency--

BEL HUDSON CAPTAIN (OVER SPEAKER)
We have a crewman experiencing
severe chest pains. Our medic
thinks he's having a heart attack
but we are not equipped to treat.
Do you have a doctor on-board?

EXT. THE PACIFIC OCEAN - HOURS LATER

The massive British bulk merchant ship *M/V Bel Hudson* has arrived, anchored a half-mile from *The Glomar Explorer*.

INT. BRIDGE - SAME

Doctor Riley joins the team debate of the situation--

CAPTAIN TAYLOR

We're bound by Maritime Law to respond. We don't have a choice--

DAVE GATES

This is exactly the way I'd sneak someone aboard for a look-see.

BOONE

Me too. But the distress call was transmitted in the clear so if the Soviets are listening in it would be even more suspicious if we ignored it.

DOCTOR RILEY

I can go over there.

DAVE GATES

I'm going with you.

EXT. M/V BEL HUDSON - LATER

A launch brings Dave Gates and Doctor Riley aboard.

INT. M/V BEL HUDSON - INFIRMARY - CONTINUOUS

A cramped space. Limited supplies.

A CREWMAN lies on a bunk in obvious pain and distress.

Doctor Riley examines him, while *The Bel Hudson's* CAPTAIN and MEDIC observe with Gates--

BEL HUDSON MEDIC

Most I can do is give them aspirin and a shot of whiskey.

BEL HUDSON CREWMAN

Doc, I'd definitely take some 'o that whiskey if you're of a mind.

BEL HUDSON CAPTAIN

Like hell you will, sailor.

BEL HUDSON CREWMAN

I did administer a dose of
Peritrate but it didn't help.

DOCTOR RILEY

That's because I don't think this
man had a heart attack.

He presses on the sick crewman's sternum. The man moans--

DOCTOR RILEY (CONT'D)

But we need to get him aboard
Explorer.

CLOSE UP: A CHEST X-RAY lit-up on an illuminator board--

INT. GLOMAR EXPLORER - INFIRMARY - HALF AN HOUR LATER

The *Bel Hudson* CREWMAN is lying on a gurney in the ship's
state-of-the-art and well-stocked medical facility as Doctor
Riley reviews the chest film--

DOCTOR RILEY

It's not a cardiac event. This man
has three broken ribs.

DAVE GATES

So let's tape him up, shoot him up
with pain meds and get him back on
his ship.

DOCTOR RILEY

I'd like to keep him a day--

DAVE GATES

Doc, I played college ball. Tape
him up and get him off our boat.

EXT. M/V BEL HUDSON - LATER

The injured crewman is returned to his vessel. The Captain
lowers A CRATE down to *Glomar Explorer's* launch--

BEL HUDSON CAPTAIN

Here's a case of 12-year-old Black
Label as a thank you.

EXT. THE PACIFIC OCEAN - MORNING (A WEEK LATER)

The seas are calm now but fog envelopes *The Glomar Explorer*.

INT. GLOMAR EXPLORER - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

A frustrated Captain Taylor glasses the sea--

CAPTAIN TAYLOR
Can't see ten yards in this soup.

RADAR TECH
There it is again, skipper.

CAPTAIN TAYLOR
What do you have?

RADAR TECH
Unclear. It comes and goes. At
first it's a mile out then it moves
off. Comes back again even closer.
(another BLIP on the scope)
See? It's coming right for us now.

Captain Taylor keys the mic for the ship-wide P.A. system--

CAPTAIN TAYLOR
All hands, all hands. This is the
Captain. Appears we have a visitor.

INT. GLOMAR EXPLORER - CORRIDORS - SAME

Boone scrambles for the bridge. Runs into Gates--

DAVE GATES
You expecting company?

INT. GLOMAR EXPLORER - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Boone and Gates find Conroy already there. They can't see
much but the grey beyond the windscreen.

BOONE
What are we looking at?

CAPTAIN TAYLOR
A whole lot of nothing so far.

RADAR TECH
400 yards... 300 yards.

THE CAPTAIN
That's almost on top of us.

A massive SHADOW emerges from the gloom--

EXT. THE PACIFIC OCEAN - SAME

The shadow sharpens into an INTIMIDATING SOVIET SHIP.

It bristles with antennae and a huge white RADOME atop her
superstructure that looks like God's golf ball.

Several smaller craft on deck and a Kamov Ka-25 antisubmarine HELICOPTER sits on an aft pad.

There's also several mounted machine guns and 4" DECK CANNON which menacingly swings around to zero in on *Glomar Explorer*.

INT. GLOMAR EXPLORER - BRIDGE - SAME

There's Cyrillic writing on the Soviet ship's bow--

DAVE GATES
Anyone make that out?

BOONE
It's *The Chazhma*. She's an intelligence-gathering ship.

Gates gives an *I'm impressed* head tilt towards Boone.

The Chazhma lets out a LOUD BLAST on its horn.

CALVIN CONROY
What do we do?

BOONE
Say hello back.

Captain Taylor nods to his FIRST MATE, who answers back.

The Chazhma just sits there - a monolith.

EXT. GLOMAR EXPLORER - AFTERNOON (HOURS LATER)

The fog has burned off. *The Chazhma* still just sits there.

EXT. THE CHAZHMA - TOPSIDE - SAME

Gogol is on deck spying on *The Glomar Explorer* with binoculars. He's not in uniform like the other Soviet crew.

EXT. GLOMAR EXPLORER - HELIPAD - SAME

Boone, Conroy, Gates, Jake, Liu and more than two dozen other curious CREWMEN keep watch over their guest.

CALVIN CONROY
Anything?

Gates suns himself in a deck chair but he has BINOS trained on *The Chazhma*, observing activity from the Soviet sailors.

DAVE GATES
So far they're still giving off good vibrations.

TONY LIU

Hopefully we don't give them any
excitations.

JAKE

So, what if they try to board us?

DAVE GATES

Turn the water cannons on them.
Make it difficult.

CALVIN CONROY

We have any weapons?

DAVE GATES

A few shotguns and rifles. Not much
against machine guns and that 4-
inch cannon though.

JAKE

What about you Agent Double-O Soul
Patch? Bring your Walther PPK?

BOONE

Left it in my other tuxedo.

JAKE

Don't suppose we have any
friendlies in the area, do we? Like
maybe a submarine lurking somewhere
below, ready to step in?

Several crew have gathered, also wanting an answer to this--

BOONE

Listen up. I have two jobs on this
ship: Go get that sub. And try not
to recreate Cuba in 1962 doing it.
Which means there's no cavalry
coming if things get hairy.

DAVE GATES

Nearest Navy ship is two days away
so Ivan doesn't get nervous.

BOONE

If the Soviets catch us trying to
walk out the door with their
merchandise, they'll send their
entire fleet to take us and this
ship.

DAVE GATES

And maybe start a war doing it.

The crew remain quiet - they all know what they signed up for. They go back to watching *The Chazhma*.

Gates sidles up to Boone, just the two of them and *quietly*--

DAVE GATES (CONT'D)
*You neglected to mention the
"contingency plan."*

BOONE
*You mean the lose-lose scenario
where, if we are overtaken, the
Navy will dispatch a sub to sink
not them, but us, so this ship
never reaches a Soviet port? Didn't
want to be a bring-down bummer.*

With a knowing shrug, Gates returns to his binoculars--

DAVE GATES
*Got a guy not in a Soviet uniform.
Upper deck of the superstructure.*

Boone has his own binos--

BINOS P.O.V.: Scanning *The Chazhma* he finds Gogol--

BOONE
KGB spook. Odds are he's in charge.

Gogol spies back at Boone. Knows he's been made and exits--

INT. THE CHAZHMA - BRIDGE - SAME

Among the many controls in the command center this is where the RADIO STATION and SONAR STATION are housed. GOGOL enters--

GOGOL
*Captain, order the helicopter
prepared. I want a closer look.*

The Chazhma's CAPTAIN spent a lifetime the Russian Navy.

Though he's a loyal Party member he's not fond of the KGB - finds them rude. But he knows not to say so.

CHAZHMA CAPTAIN
*Yes Comrade Colonel. Second
Officer, alert the air crew.*

BINOS P.O.V.: SOVIET CREWMEN board that Ka-25 helicopter, rotors spinning. It waits for Gogol before it lifts off--

EXT. GLOMAR EXPLORER - HELIPAD - SAME

DAVE GATES

Now we got a Bear in the Air.

CALVIN CONROY

Those things armed?

BOONE

Sometimes.

The Ka-25 orbits *The Glomar Explorer*. Out of a side hatch GOGOL - armed with a FILM CAMERA - captures everything.

DAVE GATES

They're just checking us out folks.

BOONE

Give them a nice, friendly wave.

(everyone waves as it passes...)

That's right. We're nothing but a commercial mining ship out fortune-hunting like good little capitalistic piggies.

TONY LIU

Snort-snort-snort.

Gates watches the chopper climb, hit the apex, the pilot expertly spinning it back around. He senses what's coming--

DAVE GATES

Shit.

The Ka-25 DIVES - a claws-out raptor, buzzing the pad, scattering crew who hit the deck as it thunders overhead--

Gates tackles Jake to the deck. Her reaction suggests she really didn't need saving. Liu has tackled Boone the same way. Boone's reaction isn't much different: *Really, dude?*

The helicopter swings around for another buzz run and ROTOR-WASH BLASTS everyone with dust and debris.

JAKE

What if they try to land?

Gates WHISTLES to the gathered crew--

DAVE GATES

Everybody! I want anything that's not strapped down brought up here and stacked on the pad. Move it!

The motivated crew hauls boxes, crates and any cargo they can carry until the helipad is rendered inaccessible.

The helicopter just hovers there, filming them.

TONY LIU
Let's give 'em something to film.
(off their puzzled reaction)
We moon 'em. Real savage-like.

Boone, Jake and Gates share a look: *Why the hell not?*

Everyone drops trou and MOONS the helicopter.

Then the helicopter peels off for *The Chazhma* and lands.

EXT. THE CHAZHMA - LATER THAT NIGHT

Those huge antennae eavesdrop on every radio signal coming off *The Glomar Explorer*.

INT. THE CHAZHMA - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

A KGB RADIOMAN and Gogol listen in, also recording on tape.

DAVE GATES (OVER RADIO)
Summa this is *Glomar Explorer*.
We're signing off for the night but
wanted to get you an update...

KGB RADIOMAN
Summa?

GOGOL
*That's Howard Hughes's headquarters
in California. We've got a
listening post there, too.*

EXT. HUGHES TOOLS AND AIRCRAFT - CULVER CITY - NIGHT (SAME)

All's quiet. But parked down the street is a MOVING TRUCK.

PUSH IN: Several ANTENNAS atop the roof.

INT. MOVING TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Two KGB AGENTS wired on coffee and cigarettes listen in.

DAVE GATES (OVER RADIO)
We had some trouble with the number
four thruster today.

INT. HUGHES TOOLS AND AIRCRAFT - SIGNALS ROOM - SAME

DAVE GATES (OVER RADIO)
And we had a small kitchen fire.

Two CIA SIGNAL OPS TECHNICIANS on duty copy down the messages from Gates and scan through a CODE BINDER--

CIA SIGNAL OPS TECH #1
Here it is: "Number Four Thruster"
is code for the arrival of a Soviet
warship. "Small Kitchen Fire" means
they engaged us, but all is good.

EXT. THE PACIFIC OCEAN - NEXT MORNING

The weather is calm and the sea is flat.

INT. GLOMAR EXPLORER - BRIDGE - SAME

Boone, Conroy and Gates are present.

METEOROLOGIST
We've got four foot swells but the
worst of the weather has passed.

CAPTAIN TAYLOR
What's Ivan up to?

FIRST MATE
Hasn't moved an inch, Skip.

CAPTAIN TAYLOR
What do you think?

BOONE
We're three weeks behind schedule,
the Russians aren't going anywhere
and Uncle Sam paid a lot of money
for a ship that can operate in
secrecy.
(into mic)
Clementine, start the music.

PRE-LAP: *Pink Floyd's "Set the Controls for the Heart of the Sun" plays--*

INT. SPOOK SHACK - SAME

The music's coming from a reel-to-reel tape machine over Liu's station. Sonny James in the seat beside him.

TONY LIU
Bang a gong, let's get it on.

He puts his Wayfarers on and keys his radio mic--

TONY LIU (CONT'D)
Topside, start the pipe string.

EXT. DERRICK - SAME

ROUGHNECKS labor to add pipes to the pipe string.

INT. MOON POOL COMPARTMENT - SAME

Drive gear activated, CLEMENTINE slowly plunges into the sea.

INT. SPOOK SHACK - SAME

Liu flips switches and a bank of CCTV MONITORS comes to life.

INTERCUT:

ON CLEMENTINE: Lights wink on, penetrating the ocean depths--

INT. SPOOK SHACK - CONTINUOUS

Monitors get multiple P.O.V.s from Clementine's six live-feed cameras as she slips deeper underwater.

Active sonar PINGS away.

TONY LIU
Let's start recording video.

Sonny slips a 3/4" VIDEO TAPE into a U-Matic deck.

TONY LIU (CONT'D)
We can run tape continuously but in order to save tape--

Liu flips switches on the video control panel--

TONY LIU (CONT'D)
The system can capture and store an image every five minutes instead.

EXT. UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

As CLEMENTINE DIVES fish are curious about this leviathan.

INT. THE CHAZHMA - BRIDGE - SAME

A SOVIET SONARMAN picks up noises on his passive sonar--

SOVIET SONARMAN
*Colonel Gogol, I am hearing
underwater activity. Perhaps they
are testing their mining equipment?*

GOGOL
If that is indeed what they carry.

INT. SPOOK SHACK - SAME

MONITORS display a field of black. Depth meter ticking away--

TONY LIU
Passing 1000 feet.

He digs into a bag of Doritos--

TONY LIU (CONT'D)
Settle in. This'll take a while.

INT. GLOMAR EXPLORER - CORRIDORS - LATER THAT DAY

CAPTAIN TAYLOR (OVER P.A. SYSTEM)
All hands... All hands...

Boone and Gates nearly collide as they both double-time it to the bridge, their expression: *Again?*

INT. GLOMAR EXPLORER - BRIDGE - MOMENTS LATER

Boone and Gates are with Captain Taylor looking out at *The Chazhma* circling *The Glomar Explorer* like a shark.

CAPTAIN TAYLOR
She started moving about ten
minutes ago. Headed astern.

The Chazhma passes dangerously close to port, that DECK
CANNON trying to bully the Americans as it heads aft--

FIRST MATE
What's she doing that for?

CAPTAIN TAYLOR
Ocean current's flowing that way.

BOONE
She's taking up station to collect
our trash.

DAVE GATES
We don't throw classified materials
overboard. They're incinerated.

BOONE

Doesn't mean we can't give them
something interesting to read--

EXT. GLOMAR EXPLORER - DERRICK - LATER

Boone holds a TRASH BAG as crew throw ITEMS into it (we won't see what though). The Tool-Pusher, in rubber bib overalls and arm-length rubber gloves, opens A CAN OF THICK GREEN SLIME--

TOOL-PUSHER

Aqua-Lube to grease the pipe
joints. Sticks like napalm and if
you get any on your clothes or skin
it's not coming off for weeks no
matter how hard you scrub.

He empties the can into the trash bag, coating whatever's in there. The bag is tied up and tossed down the trash chute--

EXT. GLOMAR EXPLORER - STERN - CONTINUOUS

The chute empties into the sea with a SPLASH! that TRASH BAG floating on the surface toward *The Chazhma*, which lowers away a MOTOR LAUNCH scrambling to intercept--

EXT. THE CHAZHMA - TOPSIDE - MOMENTS LATER

Soviet crewmen haul the bag up from the launch. An intensely curious Gogol rips open the bag: It's filled with PLAYBOYS--

Excited Soviets grab the porno mags realizing too late they're slick with STICKY LUBE.

Even Gogol is covered with it - trying to wipe it off his hands some splatters his face.

EXT. THE PACIFIC OCEAN - LATER THAT NIGHT

The sea is choppy, *The Glomar Explorer* riding swells.

INT. SPOOK SHACK - SAME

Bleary-eyed Liu sits in front of the monitor taking pulls from a coffee thermos as Clementine descends past 4000 feet.

INT. BOONE'S QUARTERS - SAME

In his bunk Boone reads *Stranger in a Strange Land*. His SQUAWK BOX CRACKLES to life--

RADIO OPERATOR (OVER INTERCOM)

Mr. Randall? I've got a call for
you patched in from the mainland.

INT. BRIDGE - MOMENTS LATER

Boone takes the handset from the radio operator--

RADIO OPERATOR
It's from Summa. In the clear.

Boone nods: he understands anyone can listen in--

BOONE
Hello?

DR. TYLER (OVER PHONE)
Boone?

BOONE
Good timing, boss. Mining equipment tests began today--

DR. TYLER
Boone, I've got your father calling on another line. Hang on, we'll patch him in--

INT. THE CHAZHMA - BRIDGE - SAME

The KGB Radioman and Gogol eavesdrop. (Gogol's hands and face are STAINED GREEN from the Aqua-Lube and will be all movie)--

ROBERT RANDALL (OVER HEADPHONES)
Boone...?

BOONE (OVER HEADPHONES)
Dad? What's wrong?

INT. GLOMAR EXPLORER - BRIDGE - SAME

Robert Randall's voice is small and very far away, and it's not just the long-distance connection--

ROBERT RANDALL (OVER PHONE)
Son, we... we lost Josh.

BOONE
What?

Boone is stricken white. The rest of the bridge crew know he's getting bad news, many avoiding eye contact--

ROBERT RANDALL (OVER PHONE)
There was a car accident. Christ, four combat tours and he comes home only to be killed in a smash up.
(MORE)

ROBERT RANDALL (OVER PHONE) (CONT'D)
Funeral's Friday. I can help with
plane fare... pick you up.

BOONE
Dad... I won't be able to make it.

ROBERT RANDALL (OVER PHONE)
What?

BOONE
It's work. I'm not even in the
United States right now, I'm sorry--

ROBERT RANDALL (OVER PHONE)
Sorry? Get your sorry ass home for
your brother's funeral, you hear
me? Your brother's funeral.

BOONE
I understand, Dad, but I can't.
It's just impossible right now.
Josh would have understood.

ROBERT RANDALL (OVER PHONE)
Well I don't understand.

He hangs up. Tyler comes back on the line--

DR. TYLER (OVER PHONE)
Boone, I'm sorry. I can see about
getting a helicopter out to you--

BOONE
Appreciate that, Summa. But we
already started the... *equipment*
tests. I'm needed here.

INT. BOONE'S QUARTERS - MOMENTS LATER

Boone paces his tiny space. Rage. Hot tears that won't stop.
Swats the Battleship game off his desk, pieces flying. Needs
a moment, hand against a wall to steady himself. Shit.

EXT. HELIPAD - NIGHT (AN HOUR OR SO LATER)

Boone sits on the edge of the pad drinking from a bottle of
scotch the Brits gave them. Notes of SAX MUSIC are carried on
the night breeze, Sonny up on the superstructure playing.

Jake sits beside him. Reaches for his hand. He holds hers.
Both sit there staring at the void of the sky and the sea.

EXT. THE PACIFIC OCEAN - GLOMAR EXPLORER - DAWN (NEXT DAY)

A night-to-morning transition.

INT. SPOOK SHACK - SAME

Boone, Jake and Conroy gather as Sonny mans the controls while Liu dozes in the seat beside him, sunglasses on.

JAKE

He oughta go back to his quarters
and rack out for a few hours.

SONNY JAMES

Said he doesn't want to miss
anything.

The digital counter reads the depth--

CALVIN CONROY

8,000 feet.

BOONE

Halfway mark.

The VIDEO SCREENS are nearly black, lights on-board
Clementine casting weak globes of light that struggle to
penetrate this atmospheric depth called "The Midnight Zone."

BIOLUMINESCENT CREATURES flash in front of the camera lens--

CALVIN CONROY

Bloody nightmare fuel.

Without moving or even twitching, glasses still on--

TONY LIU

Saw two whales eat a squid last
night. Those cats ought to be on
Wild Kingdom.

Jake waves her hand over Liu's eyes, but he doesn't move.

SONNY JAMES

He goes in and out like that.

The SONAR SCOPE tries to map the bottom--

SONNY JAMES (CONT'D)

Been receiving sonar returns from
the bottom but we're not deep
enough to get any clear resolution.

INT. GLOMAR EXPLORER - OUTSIDE SPOOK SHACK - MOMENTS LATER

As Boone exits several CREW MEMBERS and ROUGHNECKS are gathered around the hatch, led by the Tool-Pusher--

TOOL-PUSHER
How's it going in there Mr.
Randall?

BOONE
Don't you all have some place to
be?

TOOL-PUSHER
Already saw *Dirty Harry* four times.

INT. GLOMAR EXPLORER - VARIOUS - LATER

ELECTRICIANS wire TV MONITORS in the Bridge, Mess, and Rec Room with a direct feed from Clementine's CCTV cameras so the entire ship can keep tabs on the operation. Which they do.

INT. SPOOK SHACK - CONTINUOUS

Sonar PINGS away and starts to get a return on the scope: A digital model of the bottom of the ocean forms on a monitor, showing the ridges and rises of the seafloor. Into his mic--

TONY LIU
This is Control: Clementine just
passed 13,000 feet and the sonar
return is kicking back an image.

CLOSE UP: SONAR SCREEN: Pixels form a loosely-defined image of the seafloor, filling in details of the wreckage of *K-129*--

INT. SPOOK SHACK - 30 MINUTES LATER

Boone, Conroy, Jake and Gates gather around the monitors. The CCTV picks up video of *K-129*. Weird, sightless FISH hover and 6-foot CRABS skitter over the wreckage like spiders.

INT. GLOMAR EXPLORER - VARIOUS - SAME

Crewmen crowd around the live-feed MONITORS, eager to see all their hard work finally pay off.

EXT. GLOMAR EXPLORER - SAME

The Chazhma coasts past, getting closer.

INT. GLOMAR EXPLORER - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

RADIO OPERATOR
Russian warship... Russian
warship... wave off. You are too
close to our ship during a
sensitive mining operation.
Skipper, they're not reading us.

CAPTAIN TAYLOR
They're reading us, all right.

EXT. UNDERWATER - K-129 WRECK - SAME

Clementine hovers over the sub, thrusters adjusting position.

INT. SPOOK SHACK - SAME

Liu steers a set of CROSSHAIRS over the wreckage.
Then the whole room *tilts sharply* several degrees--

EXT. UNDERWATER - K-129 WRECK - SAME

The pipe string shifts and Clementine is pulled off target.

INT. SPOOK SHACK - SAME

The crosshairs swing sharply. Boone grabs an intercom phone--

BOONE
Bridge, what the hell was that?

INT. BRIDGE - SAME

The helmsmen spins the wheel back as Captain Taylor answers--

CAPTAIN TAYLOR
Those blasted Reds just tried to
ram us, Control. Again.

INT. SPOOK SHACK - SAME

Liu angles the joystick to put the crosshairs back on target--

TONY LIU
Guys, I could use some major mellow-
osity about now. Cool? Cool.
(flips toggles)
Activating breakout legs--

EXT. UNDERWATER - K-129 WRECK - SAME

Clementine hovers over the submarine, lowering into position.

BREAKOUT LEGS surround the four corners of the wreck. Sharp-edged PANELS called "cookie-cutters" unfold from each, cutting into the seabed with a puff of silt, creating a base.

INT. SPOOK SHACK - SHACK

Liu peers at his monitor as the cloud of silt over the site dissipates until we see Clementine's legs on terra firma--

TONY LIU
Touchdown!

INT. GLOMAR EXPLORER - VARIOUS - SAME

All aboard the ship CREWMEN watching the CCTV monitors spontaneously erupt with joy.

INT. SPOOK SHACK - SAME

They can hear the crew celebrating all throughout the ship--

TONY LIU
And the crowd goes wild.

EXT. UNDERWATER - K-129 WRECK - SAME

Now the TINES open like a hand as the breakout legs' hydraulic pistons gently lower the claw around the wrecked sub. The tines close, curling around the submarine, trying to dig into the floor beneath, straining--

INT. SPOOK SHACK - SAME

Everyone watches the row of HYDRAULIC PRESSURE GAUGES - big round dials with a needle rising as pressure is applied--

TONY LIU
This seabed's one tough mutha--
shut 'yo mouth!

JAKE
Focus, please.

Liu pushes a lever to INCREASE PRESSURE, the tines struggling to dig deeper as needles on the gauges swing into the red - the upper-extremes of pressure the CV was designed to handle.

Finally Clementine's tines punch through the floor and under the wreckage, until it's "grasping" K-129.

EXT. UNDERWATER - K-129 WRECK - SAME

Leg pistons lift Clementine off the floor like a jack, tines closing tighter around the wreckage as K-129 is lifted free.

EXT. GLOMAR EXPLORER - DERRICK - SAME

Roughnecks react when the pipe string SHAKES. Even the Tool-Pusher looks worried as pumps SHUDDER. Valves vent steam.

What a racket! An artillery barrage of BANGS heard throughout the ship.

EXT. GLOMAR EXPLORER - SAME

The ship *actually sinks ten feet deeper*, the sea around her erupting as a frothy, rippling six-footer you could surf on.

INT. SPOOK SHACK - SAME

The whole ship groans under the stress. A monitor bolted to the wall breaks free and CRASHES to the deck, sparks flying.

Boone shoots Conroy a worried look--

CALVIN CONROY

Trust in Bill's design. We're now
fourteen million pounds heavier
than we were a minute ago but
she'll hold.

(strokes a bulkhead)

That's it darling, you can hold.

EXT. UNDERWATER - K-129 WRECK - SAME

When the site clears of silt and debris Clementine hovers over the sea floor. The breakaway legs remain sunk into the floor but K-129 is safely tucked under her.

PRE-LAP: SHUUUNK!

INT. DR. TYLER'S OFFICE - DAY

A secretary delivers a CAPSULE to Tyler. He unscrews it and retrieves a slip of paper. On it: *Champagne popping, boss.*

EXT. THE PACIFIC OCEAN - GLOMAR EXPLORER - DAY

The Chazhma continues to harass the American ship, each pass they make coming closer and closer to striking her.

TITLE:

TWO DAYS LATER

INT. THE CHAZHMA - BRIDGE - SAME

Gogol smiles devilishly - he enjoys this game. *The Chazhma's* Captain however knows just how reckless this has become.

GOGOL

Bring us closer! Closer damn you!

The worried SECOND OFFICER approaches his Captain--

CHAZHMA SECOND OFFICER

Sir, I must speak with you.

The Captain guides him out of earshot, then quietly--

CHAZHMA CAPTAIN

What is it Piter?

CHAZHMA SECOND OFFICER

I calculated our rate of fuel consumption based on our current "situation"... We won't make it home without a mid-sea refuel.

CHAZHMA CAPTAIN

Very well. Make the arrangements.

CHAZHMA SECOND OFFICER

That's not all, sir. Our stores-- When our guest from the Directorate arrived and ordered us from our primary mission, we were due to re-supply. As such we did not. Food and freshwater are low. Very low.

CHAZHMA CAPTAIN

*(doesn't like doing this)
Place the men on half-rations.*

CHAZHMA SECOND OFFICER

Half rations? Sir--

CHAZHMA CAPTAIN

I am fully aware of what that means, Piter. Carry out my orders.

EXT. GLOMAR EXPLORER - DERRICK - SAME

Roughnecks haul up the pipe string, disconnecting the 60-footers and tossing them into a pile to return to storage.

Because of the weight they're hauling up there is constant strain on the pipe string, which randomly VIBRATES from the stress of several thousand tons of the CV and the Soviet sub.

INT. BRIDGE - SAME

Gates watches the Helmsman nervously keeps the wheel steady. The Captain places a calming hand on his shoulder.

CAPTAIN TAYLOR
Ivan's just playing chicken, son.

FIRST MATE
They know we both lose that game,
right?

DAVE GATES
Reds can't fire on us without
consequence so they'll try to
disrupt our operations. Maybe even
"accidentally" cause a collision.

POM-POM-POM--

Three cannon SHOTS fired explode in geysers of seawater
across *Explorer's* bow. Crew ducks like they were hit until--

FIRST MATE
That sure sounds consequential...

INT. SPOOK SHACK - SAME

Sonny pops a fresh tape into the U-Matic, pressing a few
buttons to start recording--

Each time the bridge has to maneuver away from the Russians
the needles on those PRESSURE GAUGES swing into the red, the
strain on the pipe string groaning and creaking.

SONNY JAMES
Really wish they wouldn't do that.

Liu keeps watch on the monitor, *K-129* nestled in the tines--

TONY LIU
Everything's copacetic, my man.

He stands and stretches - hasn't moved from his seat in
several hours. Moves to a COT he set up in a corner--

TONY LIU (CONT'D)
Time for some eyelid maintenance.
Wake me if you see a really hot
mermaid or something.

Liu collapses in exhaustion and is out and dozing in seconds--

EXT. GLOMAR EXPLORER - TOP DECK - SAME

A crewman waves off *The Chazhma* with signal flags but is
clearly ignored. Gates mans one of the WATER CANNONS -
designed to fight fires - letting go with a powerful blast of
seawater at the Soviet ship in an attempt to keep it at bay.

INT. THE CHAZHMA - BRIDGE - SAME

Coming around for another close pass, this time Gogol shoves the HELMSMAN aside and yanks the wheel hard over--

EXT. GLOMAR EXPLORER - TOP DECK - SAME

Gates instinctively leans away from a near-collision as *The Chazhma* passes within mere feet, her wake causing *The Glomar Explorer* to rock in the roiling seas--

DAVE GATES

We almost swapped paint with that last pass!

EXT. UNDERWATER - SAME

The slowly-rising Clementine with K-129 cradled beneath her sways slightly on the pipe string as the ship above rocks.

INT. THE CHAZHMA - BRIDGE - SAME

The Captain yanks Gogol away from the helm--

CHAZHMA CAPTAIN

You bloody durak! My orders from the Directorate do not include starting a war with the Americans.

GOGOL

Your orders - which I wrote - are to do whatever I tell you to. Fail me and you'll be scrubbing out the toilets on a Volga garbage scow.

Gogol storms off, leaving the Captain with the desperate realization he needs to do something about this manic.

EXT. THE PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY (HOURS LATER)

The Chazhma circles The Glomar Explorer.

INT. MOON POOL COMPARTMENT - DAY

The pipe string runs down into the sea--

CLOSE ON: THE PIPE STRING as the CAMERA FOLLOWS it down--

EXT. UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

Along the length of pipe, nearly two miles down where we find CLEMENTINE gripping K-129 in her claws.

Clementine TREMBLES, just a small tremor at first--

E.C.U.: A CRACK appears in the Number 5 arm where it meets the tine of the davit holding K-129 in its grip.

A groan of metal and the CRACK WIDENS--

INT. GLOMAR EXPLORER - SPOOK SHACK - SAME

Liu still catches ZZZs. Sonny keeps one eye on his monitors, another on his SAX which he oils and cleans.

He does not see RED LIGHTS wink on above a row of DIALS--

E.C.U.: HYDRAULIC PRESSURE GAUGE DIALS - the needle for Number 5 swings wildly, deep into the red, then back again--

EXT. UNDERWATER - SAME

Number 5 davit snaps at the knuckle. Then two others... K-129 breaks from Clementine's grasp, sinking back to the bottom--

INT. CREW MESS - SAME

Boone and Jake grab lunch. Boone sets his coffee mug down. Odd... He notices the surface of the coffee TREMBLES--

Silverware begins to rattle across the table's surface then the whole SHIP ROCKS as though an EARTHQUAKE just hit--

EXT. GLOMAR EXPLORER - TOP DECK - SAME

With a groan the ship rolls several degrees, throwing Gates and the crew to the deck, grabbing anything to stop sliding.

INT. GLOMAR EXPLORER - MOON POOL COMPARTMENT - SAME

The landscape shifts as the ship rolls sharply and thousands of gallons of seawater wash over the deck from the pool.

INT. GLOMAR EXPLORER - BRIDGE - SAME

Even the sea-legs of the seasoned bridge crew weren't expecting that. Captain Taylor bangs his head against an instrument console and the helmsman hits the deck--

CAPTAIN TAYLOR
(blood pouring)
Were we hit? Did they ram us?

FIRST MATE
Negative. They're still close
though. I'm sending for the Doc to
look at that cut, Skip.

CAPTAIN TAYLOR
Never mind that, find out what just
happened!

EXT. DERRICK - SAME

METAL SCREAMS! The heavy-lift system crying as BOLTS pop then
PING and ZIP across the deck like bullets in a cowboy movie.

TOOL-PUSHER
Watch out!

Jets of PRESSURIZED SEAWATER spew from seams in the pumps as
roughnecks duck and cover.

INT. SPOOK SHACK - SAME

The shack pitches violently, tossing Liu to the deck--

TONY LIU
Jesus H. Disco-Dancing Christ!

EXT. THE CHAZHMA - SAME

She circles *The Glomar Explorer*, coming dangerously close--

INT. THE CHAZHMA - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

The Soviet Sonarman has maxed his PASSIVE SONAR volume
listening to the strange cacophony underwater, nearly blowing
out his eardrums hearing the disaster aboard *Glomar Explorer*--

INT. SPOOK SHACK - SAME

Boone, Jake and Conroy rush in--

BOONE
Did we lose it?

Sonny points to the monitors: All is well with Clementine,
cameras capturing images of K-129 still in its grip--

TONY LIU
No. We still gotta visual. See?

BOONE
(keying a mic)
This is heavy-lift control. What's
going on up there?

TOOL-PUSHER
It's an absolute Bohemian goat-
fuck, Control. We definitely had a
rapid loss of weight.

BOONE

Stop the ascent and stand by.

Liu checks the gauges. Some hold steady... Others--

TONY LIU

Weird. Pressure dropping on numbers
four... five... seven. Needles
flat. Complete loss of pressure.

CALVIN CONROY

We for sure lost something.

SONNY JAMES

That can't be. Look at the monitor:
Clementine's still got the sub.

Liu examines the monitor controls--

TONY LIU

No, no, no... This picture's
buffered from five minutes ago! You
gotta keep refreshing it--

Liu keys the LIVE FEED: Clementine's cameras now show A MESS
OF ARMS AND DAVITS THAT HAVE SNAPPED FREE, debris all around
and two-thirds of K-129 no longer gripped in her claws--

Boone sinks into his seat. Last time he said the following
words he was a bit more optimistic... Not so much today--

BOONE

Holy shit.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SPOOK SHACK - HOURS LATER (EARLY EVENING)

Boone sits on a chair, staring blankly at the live feed from
Clementine. There's still about 40' of sub still in her grip.

EXT. UNDERWATER - SAME

Clementine is frozen mid-ascent in a cloud of K-129 debris.

INT. SPOOK SHACK - SAME

Gates has joined, using a code binder to decode an INCOMING
MESSAGE which he hands to Boone to read--

BOONE

Kissinger wants us to go back and
get the section that we lost.

Conroy points to the monitors--

CALVIN CONROY

Impossible. Even if Clementine were operable - *which she bloody well isn't* - we left the stabilizing legs on the bottom of the ocean! Without them we couldn't pick up a tea cup let alone several thousand tons of Soviet state property.

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - SECURE "WHISPER ROOM" - MOMENTS LATER

Gathered at the table is an embarrassed Tyler along with Kissinger, and several CIA bigwigs and Navy Admirals.

BOONE (OVER SPEAKERPHONE)

Summa, this is *Hughes Glomar Explorer*. Regarding last communique from the Board, we cannot comply. The nodule collection vehicle was severely compromised. We will need to dry dock for repairs.

HENRY KISSINGER

No! Return to the ocean bottom and--

Tyler quickly stabs the MUTE BUTTON--

DR. TYLER

Sir, if I may, this is an open channel and your voice is *distinct*.

Kissinger leans back in his chair, simmering. Tyler picks up the handset so it's just he and Boone talking now--

DR. TYLER (CONT'D)

The Board of Directors is insisting we try again, *Explorer*.

BOONE (OVER SPEAKERPHONE)

This was a one-shot deal. We still have some nodules we can bring up, but going back for more at this time is impossible.

DR. TYLER

Understood, *Explorer*. Bring up what you can and I will explain the situation to the Board.

INT. SPOOK SHACK - SAME

BOONE

Start the ascent. Let's see what
Clementine managed to hold onto.

INT. THE CHAZHMA - BRIDGE - SAME

The Soviet Radioman eavesdrops on this call, Gogol over his
shoulder.

SOVIET RADIOMAN

*It appears the American mining
operation failed.*

GOGOL

*A glorious and predictable failure
of Western excess, Home of the Free
and Land of the Dollar Bill.*

CHAZHMA CAPTAIN

*Does this mean we'll be returning
to base?*

GOGOL

*It means nothing of the sort. We
still have much to learn about what
they're doing here. I'll be in my
compartment - well, your
compartment - wake me for anything
important.*

Gogol exits. The Captain considers a beat--

CHAZHMA CAPTAIN

(to RADIOMAN)

*Sergei, I would like to make a
secure ship-to-shore call.*

INT. MOON POOL COMPARTMENT - NIGHT (LATER)

TWO CREWMEN are on watch, startled by a GASP OF AIR as a
METAL CYLINDER pops up in the pool, illuminated by the bright
floodlights above. It's got Cyrillic writing on it.

Slowly other debris floats to the surface. One of them fishes
something out with a boathook: It's a shredded piece of
SOVIET UNIFORM with a hammer & sickle patch--

CREWMAN

Get Mr. Randall.

INT. MOON POOL COMPARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Boone and Gates examine the uniform--

BOONE

If the Russians fish something like
this from the sea--

Another CREWMAN shouts down the catwalk above--

CREWMAN

The Captain says the deck watch is
seeing some other debris floating
around the ship.

BOONE

For God's sake tell them not to
shine lights on that crap. We don't
need the Soviets seeing it too.
Dave, get your divers - we need to
police up this debris and fast.

INT. MOON POOL COMPARTMENT - LATER

The security guys in dive gear, plunge into the dark water.

EXT. UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

Armed with lights, hooks and mesh bags the divers swim
around, scooping up all the debris floating up from K-129.

EXT. THE CHAZHMA - TOPSIDE - SAME

A couple of SOVIET SAILORS on deck share a cigarette,
oblivious to the muted lights in the dark sea below.

INT. MOON POOL COMPARTMENT - AFTER MIDNIGHT

Flood lights burn as Clementine surfaces in the pool.

Boone and the others watch from the CATWALK above.

The docking legs extend and connect, raising the CV and maybe
40-feet of bow section - all that remains of K-129.

The SEA DOORS close before sea water is pumped back out.

PRE-LAP: The HARSH CRACKLING of a radiation dosimeter--

INT. MOON POOL COMPARTMENT - HOURS LATER

The compartment is dry, but carpeted with MUCK that came up
with K-129. Debris drained from the sub. Sand and dirt.

Dead or flopping fish. The BOW SECTION rocks and groans, water draining from the three deck levels of the boat.

A RADIATION ASSESSMENT TEAM - covered head-to-toe in Tyvek suits - examines the submarine with Geiger counters. They talk via radios under their full headgear and face masks--

RADIATION TECHNICIAN #1
Definitely hot.

RADIATION TECHNICIAN #2
Reading three times normal
background radiation.

RADIATION TECHNICIAN #1
Not getting any plutonium
particulates, which is good news.

INT. INFIRMARY - LATER

Doctor Riley reviews the radiation data--

DOCTOR RILEY
Radiation levels aren't ideal, but
not high enough for real concern.

INT. MOON POOL COMPARTMENT - SAME

Clementine lowers the bow section as ENGINEERS in protective gear use wood to shore up the sides so it's stable.

DOCTOR RILEY (O.C.)
I recommend no crew member work in
and around the submarine more than
two-hours at a time.

One of the engineers picks up a metallic orb, holding it up.

ON BOONE AND CONROY: Atop the catwalk two stories above--

CALVIN CONROY
What's that?

BOONE
Ha... A manganese nodule.

INT. OUTER LOCK COMPARTMENT - LATER

The crew strips protective gear off into special receptacles.

INT. SHOWERS - LATER

The crew scrubs with soap and exceptionally hot water.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - LATER

Doctor Riley runs the dosimeter over the freshly-scrubbed crew members, not picking up any radiation.

EXT. THE PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

The Glomar Explorer's screws start up and she makes a lazy arc across the surface headed east - and home. She gives The Chazhma THREE FAREWELL HORN BLASTS--

INT. THE CHAZHMA - BRIDGE - SAME

CHAZHMA SECOND OFFICER
They're leaving the area.

GOGOL
Helm, I want to follow that ship.

CHAZHMA CAPTAIN
Belay that order.

GOGOL
You dare countermand me?

CHAZHMA CAPTAIN
Never, Colonel Gogol. New orders from the Directorate.
(hands him a message sheet)
We are to return to base at best possible speed. It comes from the Secretariat himself.

Gogol reads the message but can't believe it. Crumples the paper. Closes on the Captain, but the entire the bridge crew stand ready to defend him. Then quietly seething--

GOGOL
I won't forget this.

CHAZHMA CAPTAIN
I doubt we will forget you either. Second Officer, please escort the Colonel to the crew bunks. You'll find them more than adequate for the trip home. Durak.

EXT. THE PACIFIC OCEAN - THE CHAZHMA - CONTINUOUS

As the Soviets make for home, water churning in their wake, a piece of FLOTSAM SURFACES: A MEDICAL KIT stamped in Cyrillic.

EXT./INT. GLOMAR EXPLORER - BRIDGE - LATER

Gates reads a message the Radio Operator just handed him, a confused look on his face. Gives it to Boone--

DAVE GATES

From Summa. Sent in the clear.

CAPTAIN TAYLOR

They're not going to try to get us
to go after the section we lost
again, are they?

BOONE

No. Nixon just resigned.

CLOSE ON: JAKE as she is fitted with protective gear. Hooded Tyvek suits, thick rubber gloves and boots, which are duct-taped at the wrists and ankles for a proper seal.

She fits a walkie-talkie with a headset and mic on her head before she's helped with the hood and more tape is applied.

JAKE'S P.O.V.: She steps through the OUTER LOCK into--

INT. MOON POOL COMPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The K-129 is shored-up by wood to keep it from rolling over.

Other SALVAGE TEAM MEMBERS in protective gear have set up a WORK AREA: They shovel sludge into buckets fitted with sieves, hosing them down. It's like panning for gold.

JAKE

Okay everyone, listen up. After all
this time in freezing water the
ship is remarkably well-preserved.

(she steps up to the sub)

But you can see after only a few
hours exposure to air it's begun to
oxidize, rusting before our eyes.

She walks over to a row of table with LARGE WASHTUBS set up.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Anything you recover gets put in
one of these for an ultrasonic bath
which will clean and preserve them.

SALVAGE TEAM MEMBER 1

Does it decontaminate radiation?

JAKE

Supposed to. Any books, manuals, etc. go in these salt-water vats to keep them from dissolving until the CIA documents team can review and photograph them. All organic materials go here--

SALVAGE TEAM MEMBER 2

Organic materials?

JAKE

I am guessing by that stench that these suits can't keep out you have realized we're going to find some of the Russian crew's remains.

She holds up a thick black rubber BODY BAG--

JAKE (CONT'D)

Those crew that we find fully intact will be placed in these lead-shielded body bags. Any parts you can't identify go in these containers here. Everything will be refrigerated in our morgue.

TWO ENGINEERS use an acetylene torch to cut a "doorway" in the side of the hull. As they maneuver the plating away, a

GIANT CRAB SKITTERS OUT,

scaring the shit out of everyone.

INT. K-129 - BOW SECTION - LATER

Ladders are set up and work-lights installed. Jake, using a head lamp and a flashlight, climbs the ladder to enter first, with the two other SALVAGE TEAM MEMBERS behind her.

One carries a Geiger counter, sounding a steady CLICKING indicating low-level background radiation.

INT. K-129 - FORWARD TORPEDO ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jake runs her light over two TORPEDOES still in their storage racks. Consults "flash cards" clipped to her belt, each a picture of some piece of Soviet technology they might find--

JAKE

Looks like these are ASB-30 torpedoes. Says they're armed with "special combat payloads."

SALVAGE TEAM MEMBER 1
What's that supposed to mean?

His partner runs a Geiger-counter over the nose of a torpedo, giving off a LOUD BUZZING different from the steady click--

SALVAGE TEAM MEMBER 2
It means they have nuclear warheads.

Jake puts a hand on his shoulder:

JAKE
Boom.

SALVAGE TEAM MEMBER 2
You asshole.

Jake keys a WALKIE-TALKIE--

INT. MOON POOL COMPARTMENT - CATWALKS - SAME

Boone and Conroy observe from their perch above K-129--

JAKE (OVER WALKIE-TALKIE)
Good news: These torpedoes are tipped with nuclear warheads.

Conroy pats a relieved Boone on the back--

CONROY
Result!

INT. K-129 - FORWARD CREW COMPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Jake climbs a rusty access ladder and enters a compartment with bunks lining the hull walls. Personal footlockers.

JAKE
(into walkie-talkie)
We're in the forward crew compartment now.

She opens a footlocker, removing water-logged personal papers. ID card. A PHOTOGRAPH of a young Soviet sailor in uniform with his bride and child.

One of the other salvage team finds a NOTEBOOK that's in remarkably good shape. After flipping through its many handwritten pages, Jake bags it for recovery.

SALVAGE TEAM MEMBER 2
I found it under this bunk.

Her flashlight beam catches the DESICCATED HAND of a SOVIET OFFICER in his bunk where he died, ghostly white flesh clawing the air (**NOTE:** We met him in the opening sequence)--

SALVAGE TEAM MEMBER 1
God, he's so young.

JAKE
Looks like he was studying it when
he died.
(keying her walkie)
We're going to need the medics.

INT. MOON POOL COMPARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

The body-bagged Soviet Officer is gently maneuvered out of the sub and onto a gurney and wheeled to the morgue.

E.C.U.: The camera moves over ITEMS collected from K-129. Personal effects such as photos and letters and ID cards. Sailor's dog tags. Logs and notebooks. Cutlery and flatware stamped with the hammer and sickle. The ship's BRASS BELL.

P.O.V.: A CAMERA focuses on A PAGE with handwritten Cyrillic.

INT. GLOMAR EXPLORER - DOCUMENTS LAB - CONTINUOUS

A PHOTOGRAPHY TECH dials the focus and snaps a page from that NOTEBOOK. With gloves and precision forceps he gently turns the page. Snaps a photo. Turn the page. Another photo.

INT. SPOOK SHACK - LATER

Jake joins Boone, Conroy and Gates. Boone has a sheaf of PHOTOGRAPHS - every page from the notebook Jake recovered--

BOONE
You know what you found?

Hands her one of the photographed pages--

JAKE
"Dear Penthouse, I am a small town
Russian sailor..."

DAVE GATES
Hey, don't stop there.

BOONE
It's an officer's detailed notes on
the nuclear capabilities of a Golf
II submarine. We may have lost the
missiles but those torpedos we
recovered have nuclear warheads.
(MORE)

BOONE (CONT'D)
Between them and this notebook,
this trip has them very excited
back in D.C.

CLOSE ON: A REEL-TO-REEL DECK plays "*The Soviet Anthem*"--

EXT. GLOMAR EXPLORER - TOP DECK - DAY

Seventy-five CREW MEMBERS assemble in a line.

A LEAD VAULT painted red flanked by a white-suited HONOR GUARD of OPSEC guys headed by Gates. Two others hold aloft an American and a Soviet flag. Another films the proceeding.

PALLBEARERS march slowly down the line of crewmen carrying litters with the bodies of SIX RECOVERED SOVIET SUBMARINERS, each draped with crimson Soviet flags.

Crossfade from the anthem to "*Once I Was*" by Tim Buckley as this procession marches past a clean-shaven BOONE standing beside Jake and Conroy at the end of the line.

Boone grips his BATTLESHIP GAME as the bodies pass.

One-by-one each body is transferred to the vault, Soviet flag draped over them as Captain Taylor reads from *Prayers at Sea*.

Boone steps up. Lays his BATTLESHIP GAME on top of the flag then returns to his place as the doors are shut and sealed.

Liu, manning the DECK CRANE, hoists the vault up and over the side, setting it gently into the water. It sinks.

ON BOONE: He still holds a little grey plastic SUBMARINE game piece that he kept, closing his fist over it.

EXT. THE PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

The Glomar Explorer continues on her trip home.

EXT. GLOMAR EXPLORER - HELIPAD - SAME

Boone and Conroy await the arrival of that S-58 HELICOPTER. There's no fancy show this time as it comes straight in and touches down. Frank Block alights. Handshakes and hugs--

FRANK BLOCK
Congratulations.

BOONE
Couldn't have done it without you.

FRANK BLOCK
No shit.

CALVIN CONROY
Is it just you?

Frank takes something from the helicopter: AN URN.

FRANK BLOCK
Not exactly. Bill had a request.

EXT. GLOMAR EXPLORER - HELIPAD - DUSK (LATER)

A solemn gathering: Boone, Conroy, Frank and a few engineers and technicians who were with the project from the beginning.

The sun sets as everyone takes turns spreading Bill's ashes into the wind before CHAMPAGNE is poured for a toast--

CALVIN CONROY
Bill gave us a hell of a boat.

FRANK BLOCK
Are you kidding? This thing's practically science-fucking-fiction. So much advanced tech and engineering went into this design it'll be twenty years before anything comes close.

BOONE
God bless America.

EVERYONE
God bless America.

EXT./INT. THE WASHINGTON HILTON - NIGHT (DAYS LATER)

It's the evening of the White House Correspondent's Dinner.

In a **SPRAWLING BAR** liquor flows and journalists rub shoulders with the Beltway elite getting lubricated before the dinner.

Tyler is here with Ruby enjoying champagne when a chain-smoking JOHN ARMSTRONG approaches. Tyler recognizes him--

RUBY TYLER
What it?

DR. TYLER
Someone I was not expecting to see.

JOHN ARMSTRONG
Dr. Tyler, isn't it?

DR. TYLER
Correct.

JOHN ARMSTRONG

John Armstrong of the *Los Angeles Examiner*.

DR. TYLER

This isn't your normal beat, Mr. Armstrong.

JOHN ARMSTRONG

Oh, you'd be surprised how similar politics and entertainment can be. They say D.C. is just Hollywood for ugly people-- present company excepted, of course.

RUBY TYLER

Garrett, why don't I meet you at our table. Mr. Armstrong.

Ruby exits and Armstrong lights another cigarette.

JOHN ARMSTRONG

Don't think she cares much for me.

DR. TYLER

She's not fond of these events.

JOHN ARMSTRONG

I'm out here doing some research for a story.

DR. TYLER

Some congressman sleeping with a starlet?

JOHN ARMSTRONG

Something far juicier. There was a break-in at Howard Hughes's company a little while back. Maybe you heard? Some highly sensitive documents were taken.

Tyler just sips his champagne.

JOHN ARMSTRONG (CONT'D)

I've got it, Dr. Tyler. Maybe not the whole story, but enough.

DR. TYLER

Bold to admit to the Head of Foreign Intelligence you're in possession of stolen classified documents.

JOHN ARMSTRONG

Can I get a quote or should I just go with that?

DR. TYLER

(pulling him aside)

Off the record, I doubt you have a story. I'll grant you, maybe a piece of one. But whatever you think you have, there may be vital security interests at stake.

JOHN ARMSTRONG

What's at stake, Dr. Tyler, is the truth. Call me about that quote.

EXT. LONG BEACH HARBOR - DAY

The Glomar Explorer comes back to port, greeted by tugs saluting with HORN BLASTS as they escort her to the dock.

EXT. LONG BEACH DOCKS - CONTINUOUS

Friends and family of the crew cheering as their loved ones - gone for over 90 days - disembark.

CLOSE ON: A stencil is spray-painted on the side of a CONEX CONTAINER - *Hughes Ocean Mining, LTD.*

INT. GLOMAR EXPLORER - CARGO HOLD - SAME

Wrapped in plastic, we see a section of K-129 loaded in the conex. One of Gates's OPSEC guys closes the container and padlocks it, then guides a crane hook to the harness tackle--

EXT. DOCKS - SECURE SECTION - SAME

A line of SEMIS idle behind the heavily-guarded fence. There's plenty of private security patrol cars, and all the uniformed men driving them are undercover CIA.

Liu, manning the deck crane, hoists CONEX CONTAINERS from *The Glomar Explorer* onto the flatbeds of the trucks.

Gates supervises the off-loading. Boone approaches--

BOONE

Where are they taking them?

DAVE GATES

Air Force has a secure facility in Nevada, out near Groom Lake. The Navy and CIA nerds will be picking over the bones of K-129 for years.

BOONE

It was definitely an interesting trip, Dave.

DAVE GATES

Call me Tom, Boone. Tom Curtis.

BOONE

Ha. Okay, Tom. See you at the reunion I guess.

Gates boards the lead truck, giving Boone a farewell salute--

EXT. DOCKS - LATER

Liu and Jake disembark and meet up with Boone--

TONY LIU

Everything seems smaller. Does it seem smaller to you guys?

BOONE

Can you give us a moment, Moondoggie?

Boone offers his hand to shake but instead Liu nearly knocks him off his feet with a crushing BEAR-HUG before heading out.

TONY LIU

Vaya con Dios, Cisco.

BOONE

Headed back to Bermuda, Jackie?

JAKE

Jackie?

BOONE

I'm taking it for a spin.

JAKE

(shaking her head)

I'm gonna sleep for a week, but then yeah, back to Bermuda. You?

BOONE

Catching a flight to D.C. in two hours. Now comes the paperwork.

JAKE

Will they give you any time off or is it right back to martinis, shaken-not-stirred?

BOONE

I figure I have vacation time due.

JAKE

So visit. The only radiation you'll have to worry about is the sun.

BOONE

I'll see you there, Jacqueline.

EXT. VIRGINIA STATE ROAD 123 - MORNING (THE NEXT DAY)

Boone tools along the highway in his Karmann Ghia.

EXT. CIA HEADQUARTERS

Parks in the far away lot. Grabs his satchel.

INT. INTELLIGENCE DIVISION - MORNING (THE NEXT DAY)

Boone steps off the elevator. It's business as usual as he makes his way to his desk. But a hush falls over the room as his co-workers seem awed by his presence. Throws him off.

Even more when EVERYONE APPLAUDS. Even the Yalies.

Tyler emerges from his office--

DR. TYLER

Word may have gotten out about what you were up to.

Boone doesn't know how to react, face flushed.

EXT. GOLF COURSE - DRIVING RANGE - DAY

Boone and Tyler visit Kissinger, practicing, this time dressed in a yellow polo and matching tartan slacks.

HENRY KISSINGER

This new President prefers golf. As if international diplomacy was not sport enough.

BOONE

Could be worse. Could be football.

HENRY KISSINGER

(tees up a ball)

What you did was nothing short of extraordinary, gentlemen. Picking the Russians' pockets of their nuclear secrets. You should be justifiably proud.

Kissinger takes an ugly, off-balance swing. Hooks it.

HENRY KISSINGER (CONT'D)
Ach! I understand the capture
vehicle is being repaired.

BOONE
Turns out we used an incredibly
strong steel for the tines, but the
downside is that it's also brittle.
Couldn't handle the load. Engineers
have corrected the issue.

HENRY KISSINGER
(tees up a new ball)
And the rest of the submarine - it
is still intact?

DR. TYLER
The Seawolf surveyed the area. The
section we lost is salvageable.

Uncoils another swing like a drunken mongoose. Shanks it.

HENRY KISSINGER
Huch! There is considerable
interest in trying again.

BOONE
We got lucky with the Soviets this
time. I think they would be even
more suspicious if *The Explorer*
returned to that exact spot again.

HENRY KISSINGER
But, it could be done, yes?

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - COMPUTER ANALYSIS SECTION - LATER

The technology has evolved. It's now an IBM TERMINAL. An
ANALYST types commands on the keyboard. The hard drive clicks
and whirs until an OPERATIONAL CODENAME is randomly
generated, appearing as glowing amber letters on the CRT:

OPERATION: MATADOR.

EXT./INT. LOS ANGELES EXAMINER - THE PRESSES - NIGHT

An ink-smudged TYPESETTER painstakingly assembles CAST METAL
LETTERS. Sets them in a frame, creating a FRONT PAGE plate.

The plate is inserted into the press and inked. A test page
is printed. Headline: **CIA NABS RUSSIAN BOAT UNDER RED NOSES.**

INT. INTELLIGENCE DIVISION - NEXT DAY

Boone stands over a NEWS TELEX spitting out that same story line-by-line as he scans through the paper tape--

BOONE

Shit.

He tears it from the machine and runs, long paper train fluttering behind him.

INT. MEN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Boone bursts in--

BOONE

Boss!

Urinals are unoccupied so he starts looking under stalls--

BOONE (CONT'D)

Boss?

DR. TYLER

I'm a little busy, Boone.

Boone finds Tyler's stall and feeds the paper under the door--

BOONE

The story broke.

Tyler reads, paper train slowly disappearing under the door--

DR. TYLER

Shit!

A FLUSH and Tyler exits.

BOONE

It's that asshole reporter from L.A.-- Armstrong. He has sources, but one of them comes from that Hughes company break-in.

DR. TYLER

Looks like Matador is off.

INT. THE KREMLIN - THE SECRETARIAT'S OFFICE - SAME

In a RECEPTION AREA, elegant trappings from the Romanov Era mix oddly with a bust of Lenin and dogmatic Soviet ornaments.

COLONEL GOGOL stands at attention. Dress uniform. Shiny medals. Looks nervous. And he should be.

The RECEPTIONIST has a copy of *Pravda* with their version of the *Glomar Explorer* story.

She won't make eye-contact with Gogol. Neither will the TWO SECURITY GUARDS.

It's how you regard a *condemned man*.

The heavy door to the Secretariat's inner sanctum CREAKS open, revealing a void beyond. The receptionist gestures that Gogol should enter. With a resigned breath he marches in.

The doors close on him with OMINOUS AND SOLID FINALITY.

EXT./INT. THE DESERT INN HOTEL - LAS VEGAS - LATE NIGHT

Penthouse suite. Howard Hughes sits in bed, in a robe, hair a mess, fingernails too long, his 21" Philco tv set on. The Late Movie on KLAS-CBS TV. *The Lion in Winter*.

TITLE: LAS VEGAS, NEVADA

Hughes PUNCHES NUMBERS into a nearby phone--

HOWARD HUGHES

(into receiver)

Hi, hello... Yes, you know who this is. Put it on. Please.

(beat)

I am aware there's another movie playing right now. But what's the point of owning a tv station if you can't put on whatever you want to watch whenever you want to watch it? Thank you.

Hangs up. The Late Movie goes black mid-scene. After a brief "Please Stand By" test pattern *Ice Station Zebra* starts up.

Howard Hughes smiles - it's his favorite movie.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - INTELLIGENCE DIVISION - DAYS LATER

Boone comes to work. The fanfare has certainly died down, but he is definitely regarded with more respect than he once was.

Tyler motions from his office for Boone to join him--

INT. DR. TYLER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

DR. TYLER

I wanted you to know Friday is my last day here.

BOONE

What? Please tell me it doesn't have anything to do with our not recovering the whole submarine.

DR. TYLER

In a way, it does--

BOONE

Son-of-a-bitch. Let me--

DR. TYLER

Boone. Here's the scenario: I've just been *promoted*. Deputy Director of Operations.

Boone is take aback by this news. Then grins--

DR. TYLER (CONT'D)

And, as my first act as DDO, I am declassifying certain aspects of Project: Azorian to two civilians.

Tyler guides as still elated Boone out of his office--

INT. INTELLIGENCE DIVISION - CONTINUOUS

The elevator opens and a SECURITY GUARD (the same one who called Boone "College Boy") escorts ROBERT AND HELEN RANDALL.

Boone goes from elation to jaw-on-the-floor SHOCK--

His parents aren't faring much better.

ROBERT RANDALL

Boone, what is going on here? You left the State Department?

DR. TYLER

Actually Mr. and Mrs. Randall, Boone was never *with* the State Department. He's always worked for us here at the CIA.

HELEN RANDALL

Is this true?

BOONE

(kissing his mother)

Sorry, Mom. I never meant to lie to either of you.

Tyler beckons Boone's parents--

DR. TYLER

If you'll join me in my office I would like to tell you both the story of how your son Boone pulled off a very important, practically impossible and frankly incredibly patriotic mission for America.

Boone is surprised to see his father beam with pride.

ROBERT RANDALL

I would love to hear that story.

It hardly fixes everything. It might not even fix *anything*.

DR. TYLER

Boone, you coming?

But at least it's a start.

BOONE

Yes, boss.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - INTELLIGENCE MUSEUM - DAY

TITLE: TODAY...

In a display not open to the public the camera moves over artifacts from the CIA's storied history: Saddles from the Afghan War. A stolen Nazi Enigma machine. Argo movie script.

There's a section reserved for artifacts from the raising of *K-129*: The American flag that flew from *The Glomar Explorer*. A crew patch. A manganese nodule frozen in clear Lucite.

SUPER:

IN 1992 CIA DIRECTOR ROBERT GATES DELIVERED TO THE KREMLIN FOOTAGE OF THE BURIAL AT SEA OF THE REMAINS OF THE K-129 CREW AND THE SUB'S BELL.

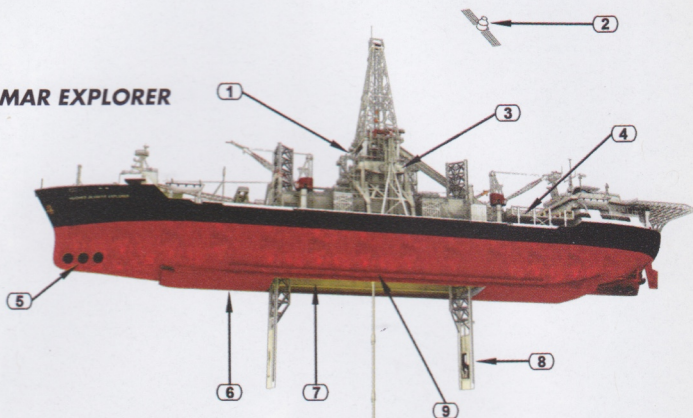
TO THIS DAY THE CIA STILL HAS NOT DECLASSIFIED ANY REPORTS RELATING TO PROJECT: AZORIAN. NOR HAS IT REVEALED WHAT, IF ANYTHING, THEY RECOVERED.

THEIR OFFICIAL STATEMENT WAS “WE CAN NEITHER CONFIRM NOR DENY” THE OPERATION EVEN TOOK PLACE - THE FIRST TIME THIS PHRASE WAS EVER USED BY A GOVERNMENT AGENCY - NOW KNOWN AS THE “GLOMAR RESPONSE.”

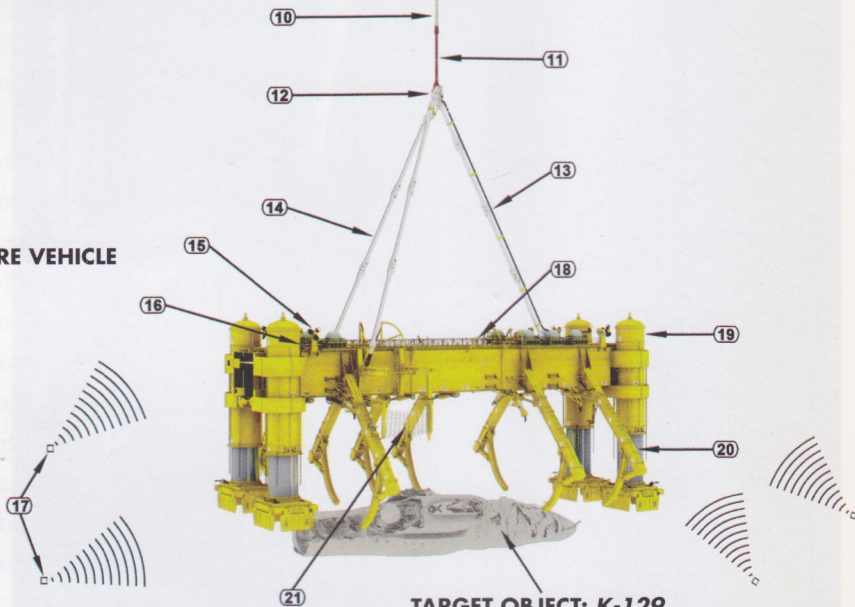
THE END.

**The following illustrations are for reference only
and not cleared for use.**

HUGHES GLOMAR EXPLORER



CAPTURE VEHICLE



TARGET OBJECT: K-129

- (1) - Heavy Lift System
- (2) - Satellite Navigation
- (3) - Gimbal Platform
- (4) - Control centers
- (5) - Positioning thrusters
- (6) - Moonpool gates
- (7) - Moonpool

- (8) - Capture Vehicle docking legs
- (9) - Hydrophone Array
- (10) - Pipe String
- (11) - Dutchman
- (12) - Apex block
- (13) - Hydraulic line
- (14) - Bridle assembly

- (15) - Hydraulic thrusters
- (16) - Electric yaw thrusters
- (17) - Transponders
- (18) - Search sonar
- (19) - Breakout legs
- (20) - Grabbers
- (21) - Missile containment net