

BELOW

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REVISED

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BLUE

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EXT. OCEAN - DAY

We're flying under the wing of a submarine attack plane,  
circa  
1940. Below us lies an infinite ocean. CREDITS PLAY  
over this  
unrelenting waterscape until we spy...

A sequin of light.

INT. ATTACK PLANE - DAY

The PROP ROAR is deafening. A Navy LOOK-OUT mimes to his  
PILOT,  
*"Go down, go down."*

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

Circling, we descend on the water. Soon "whitecaps"  
resolve into  
scattered wreckage. One scrap winks at us again. It's a  
small  
boat.

EXT. LIFEBOAT - OCEAN - DAY

An empty tin is being rocked back and forth, its bottom  
catching  
sunlight. We're so CLOSE that we can't see who does the  
signaling.

INT. ATTACK PLANE - DAY

The look-out pencils "HELP IS COMING."

The note goes inside a coffee thermos.

The thermos goes out the window.

EXT. ATTACK PLANE - DAY

As the attack plane peels away.

INT. MANTA - DECRYPTING MONTAGE

CONTINUE CREDITS. A radio message is being decrypted.  
We see  
CLOSEUPS of cipher wheels being turned on E.C.M.  
gear...new  
letters appearing...each letter dutifully retyped on a  
jagged  
typewriter. A double "X" ends the message.

EXT. MANTA BRIDGE - PRE-DAWN

SURVIVORS SPOTTED X  
LONG 13 31W LAT 46 7N X  
LEND ALL POSSIBLE ASSISTANCE XX

Finished reading, Lt. RICHARD BRICE passes the message on  
to Lt.  
PAUL LOOMIS. If this were today, we might intro these  
two 30-  
year-olds playing beach volleyball or working the Nasdaq  
exchange.  
But it's not today, it's 60 years ago, so instead we find  
them  
conning 310 feet of Balao-class submarine (the V.S.S.  
Manta),  
riding surface across an inky ocean, just trying to get  
home to  
Connecticut.

LOOMIS  
Almost a day behind us.

No outward reaction from Brice.

LOOMIS

Well, who are they? Americans? Brits?  
'Talians? Doesn't even say.

BRICE

I think we can assume they're friendly,  
Mr. Loomis.

(off his look)

Besides, it doesn't appear to be a  
suggestion, does it?

LOOMIS

(warming to the  
inevitable)

Hell, why not? Might get a silver star  
out of this patrol yet.

BRICE

Have Coors plot it out.

Loomis grinds out a smoke and starts below. Brice lifts  
binoculars to scan the horizon ahead.

EXT. MANTA BRIDGE - DAY

BINOX POV: Abruptly it's daytime. In our sights now is  
a red-  
sailed boat, adrift. We're still too far away to see  
faces, but  
arms are waving madly at us.

BRICE (O.S.)

Not very many....

A rescue detail is assembling on the foredeck of the sub.

Two

BLUESHIRTS man the look-out posts up in the periscope  
sheers.

Joining Brice topside is Ensign DOUGLAS ODELL, 23,  
Brigham Young,  
smart but green.

ODELL  
(reminding)  
Gunner's mates standing by below, sir.

BRICE  
Stow the weapons. They're British.

ODELL  
You can tell that? From here?

BRICE  
The sail -- Krauts use white on their  
lifeboats, Brits red. Don't they teach  
that in O.C.S., ensign?

ODELL  
'Fraid not, sir. Though I can recite the  
submariner's motto in Latin.

Brice gives him a look. *"Handy."*

INT. CONTROL ROOM

RADAR MAN  
Mr. Coors?

Lt. STEVEN COORS, 26, leans over the RADAR MAN'S shoulder  
to  
check...

The cathode screen. A blip is materializing.

EXT. MANTA BRIDGE - DAY

COORS (O.S./INTERCOM)  
Radar contact, sir, starboard beam, 11  
miles out....

As one, all binoculars whip starboard.

BINOX POV: We can't spot the warship that's out there yet -- the horizon is hazed in -- but we do see a plume of black smoke above the haze. Ominous.

ODELL

Think they see us?

BRICE

[They're] pourin' on the coal for somebody.

He does the mental math: The warship's likely approach-speed on the Manta...the Manta's approach-speed on the lifeboat...the time needed by the rescue party....

BRICE

(into intercom)

All ahead emergency. Rudder amidships.  
Crew to battle stations.

(shouting to  
foredeck)

Awright, let's do this at flank speed!  
You grab what's breathing on that boat and  
leave anything else behind! Got it?

(down the hatch)

Stand by to board passengers!

BINOX POV: Of the warship's smoke. Growing denser.

INT. CONNING TOWER - DAY

The first of three survivors appears: SCHILLINGS is lowered through the bridge hatch via an improvised rope-sling. He's

burned, slick with oil, unconscious. Moving fast, Loomis and a few blue shirts guide him down.

LOOMIS

Well done, well done. Just lay him aside and keep 'em comin', keep 'em comin'....

Next appears KINGSLEY, 40, wearing the tatters of a British merchant marine uniform. One leg is splintered with a broken oar.

KINGSLEY

Easy on the leg, lads...already in enough pieces....

LOOMIS

Talk later, move now. Next ladder, next ladder....

Kingsley is helped below. Reaching for the third survivor, the men suddenly find themselves in the company of...

CLAIRE PAIGE, 30. She's lovely in a salt-caked, sun-beaten, water-starved sort of way.

LOOMIS

Well done.

INT. MANTA - SERIES OF ROOMS

CAMERA FOLLOWS a series of men as the message is passed through the boat in bucket-brigade fashion:

SERIES OF MEN

"Three survivors...Brits...one's a woman."  
Pass it on.

The message travels back, past the radio shack...

...through the galley and mess room...

...through the crew quarters...

...through the engine room...

...through the maneuvering room...

INT. AFT TORPEDO ROOM

...and finally dead-ends here.

HOAG

"Three tea bags." And get this -- one's a bleeder.

STUMBO

Aw, Sweet Baby Jesus....

PAPPY

Well, if it means you guys finally wash the butt-squirt outta your shorts, I'm all for it.

PAPPY is the ancient mariner of the boat -- he's 43.

STUMBO and

HOAG are torpedo mates and world-class misogynists.

We've seen

most of the blue shirts now, and they're a cranky, pasty-faced,

unshaven lot on the 50th day of patrol.

STUMBO

That's all this boat needs -- one more piece of rotten luck.

INT. CONNING TOWER

Dropping inside from the bridge above:

BRICE

Let's pull the plug.

LOOMIS

Clear the bridge, rig for dive.

He jerks the alarm box: AHOOGA-AHOOGA.

BRICE

Periscope depth.

LOOMIS

Cycle the vents, blow negative, take us  
down to 65 feet.

INT. MANTA - DIVING MONTAGE

In FAST SHOTS we see:

The bridge hatch is slammed shut and dogged down.

In the control room, the "Christmas tree" board switches  
to solid  
green. All hatches are now air-tight.

CHIEF

Pressure in the boat.

Ballast controls are thrown.

Maneuvering room: Telegraphs ratchet up "STANDARD SPEED"  
and  
"FULL DIVE." Pappy and his men yank levers in response.

Control room: PLANESMAN #1 swings a handle and...

EXT. MANTA - DAY

The bow planes deploy, catching water.

EXT. MANTA - ABOVE AND BELOW WATER - DAY

We dive. The ocean rushes over us and swallows us whole.  
Moments

later we're burrowing through a world of perpetual  
twilight. And  
no matter how long we're down here, we'll never really  
get used to  
it.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

(NOTE: There are no DAY/NIGHT designations for our  
interiors as  
they have no meaning aboard a submarine. Besides, every  
scene  
should feel like night -- with pooling lights, noir  
shadows,  
corpse-like bodies sleeping in bunks.)

SONAR #1 (O.S.)

Contact bearing 1-5-0....

CONNING TOWER VOICES filter down on the three survivors,  
sprawled  
on the control room floor. A STEWARD offers sips of  
water. Odell  
checks the unconscious Schillings.

CLAIRE

He's in and out. I didn't try to dress  
the wounds until they'd been cleaned.  
Have any sulphating agents?

ODELL

(rummaging  
through medical

pouch)  
Morphine...penicillin...ether...this looks  
like, uh....

CLAIRE  
You're aren't the doctor, are you?

ODELL  
Pharmacist Mate is best you get on a  
submarine...

Claire nods. *"I understand."*

ODELL  
...but he missed the boat. I'm Odell,  
supply officer. They gave me the job 'cuz  
I have keys to this stuff. Here....

He helps get her life jacket off. Stenciling reads "Fort  
James."

ODELL  
What happened to your ship?

From the tower above:

BRICE  
We'll debrief later, Mr. Odell. Just find  
them quarters.

INT. CONNING TOWER

PERISCOPE POV: A water-lapping view of a German warship.  
It's  
out of the haze now. And angling our way.

BRICE (O.S.)  
Two-stacker. 'Bout 9,000 tons. Possible  
Rhine class.

Brice watches on the attack periscope. Loomis flips through a ship-identification manual, finds a match.

LOOMIS

If it is...rear racks, no side throwers, twin six-inch guns, grapplehooks...good to 200 feet.

SONAR #1 looks over his shoulder at Brice, wondering how long he's going to think things over.

SONAR #1

Fast screws, Mr. Brice. 30 knots or better.

BRICE

(deciding)

250 feet, right full rudder.

For whatever reason, Brice is ducking the fight -- and most here seem fine with that. Loomis resets the alarm-box.

LOOMIS

Secure from battle stations.

INT. STATEROOM

Bone-tired, Kingsley drops into one bunk while...

INT. CLAIRE'S STATEROOM/FORWARD CORRIDOR

Odell and the steward ease Schillings into another.

Odell rejoins Claire in the corridor. She's taking stock of the forward section, everything disturbingly tight here.

ODELL

So this "Fort James"....

CLAIRE

Hospital ship. We were attacked two nights ago. Two nights? Sorry, brain's a bit foggy -- though I'm reasonably sure I'm Claire Paige. Should be able to fill in the details as soon as --

A MOURNFUL WAIL interrupts her. It seems to come from outside the hull.

ODELL

Just a whale.

CLAIRE

How far down are we?

ODELL

200 feet or so, on our way to 250.

(off her ashen  
look)

Still gets to me, too -- the sounds down here.

CLAIRE

No, no, it's just that...I have a small problem with...confined areas.

Lugging shoring beams, Stumbo and Hoag appear.

STUMBO

Comin' through...watch your toes...make way for the workin' men....

Claire shies back as they plow through, aware of their disapproving looks. The steward steps back into the corridor.

STEWARD

(re Schillings)  
Doesn't look good.

ODELL  
See if you can't cut those clothes off.  
Get a better look at his wounds.

CLAIRE  
I can change the dressings. Other than  
that, I think it's best to just let him  
be.

ODELL  
Officers' shower just forward. We try to  
hold it down to 30 seconds, but [in your  
case]....

CLAIRE  
Do we know if there were others? Anyone  
else rescued?

ODELL  
Not that I heard of, ma'am. Sorry.

It weighs on her.

CLAIRE  
Thank you. Thank you ever so much.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

COORS  
...but with these currents, let's consider  
this heading plus-or-minus one degree  
until our next star-fix.

At the chart table, Brice and Loomis review Coors' calcs.

BRICE  
Well done. If we make 15 knots by night,  
we can be back in the barn in 96 hours.

LOOMIS

[So we're] taking the Brits back too?

BRICE

Mr. Coors, you have the conn.

(to Loomis)

Let's get their story.

INT. OFFICERS' WARDROOM

Brice and Loomis are debriefing Kingsley, who sits on the table

having his leg re-splinted by Odell as...

KINGSLEY

Sorry, maybe I didn't make myself clear.  
I saw it. Crossed the moon's reflection  
just before the explosion. Wasn't a mine  
-- it was a U-boat.

Brice and Loomis swap looks. "A U-boat. Wonderful."

LOOMIS

What class? Type 7? Older boat?

Loomis produces an "AXIS IDENTIFICATION MANUAL," plops it  
down in

Kingsley's lap and starts flipping pages, showing him  
silhouettes

of various German submarines.

LOOMIS

Or one of their newer ones? Clean at the  
bow? No net-cutter?

KINGSLEY

It was just a second or two. Sorry, know  
it would be helpful, but....

BRICE

So you were on look-out that night,  
Mister....

KINGSLEY

Kingsley, sub-lieutenant, merchant marine.  
Hello. Grabbing a gasper, actually,  
starboard deck. A "smoke."

BRICE

And how many aboard your ship?

CLAIRE (O.S.)

300 patients.

Claire appears, newly showered. The men can't help  
notice how  
well she cleans up.

CLAIRE

At least that many. Out of North Africa.

KINGSLEY

And probably 70 hands in the crew, so....

Brice nods grimly. "*400 lives.*" We hear more WHALE  
CRIES,  
forlorn and disturbing.

ODELL

(to Kingsley)

You said they fired one torpedo?

BRICE

Odell, better tell sonar we've got an  
enemy sub in the area.

ODELL

(trying to finish  
splint)

Just give me one....

BRICE

Do it now.

Odell leaves. Claire takes his place -- and proceeds to rework the splint.

BRICE

I'm just sorry we couldn't save more. And the third in your party? He's....

CLAIRE

One of the patients. Though I couldn't tell you his name just now.

Kingsley flinches. Did Claire hurt him? Or did he flinch at her answer?

BRICE

So under normal conditions, I'd drop you at the nearest port in England, but that's a 300-mile detour for us, and we're over-extended as it is. Sorry, but seems we're stuck with each other.

CLAIRE

Can we get a radio message off? Let people know we're still --

BRICE

We only radio when we're on the surface, Miss Paige, and we only surface at night -- if we can help it.

(starting to  
leave)

Oh, and last thing. Try not to fraternize. Most men are fine, but some get a little strange about [women aboard]....

CLAIRE

"Strange" as in "superstitious"?

BRICE

As in "strange."

INT. MANEUVERING ROOM

WEIRD WALLY

"...his boots went thwuck, thwuck, thwuck through the boggy shallows. Sweat and oil and grime clung to his Adonis brow. Suddenly his heart rolled over backwards in his chest as he saw the huge wretched thing before him..."

WEIRD WALLY, the boat's yeoman, reads from a pulp magazine. He's 25 with a voracious imagination. Listening in are Stumbo and Pappy. Pappy's feeding Crackerjack to his pet fish, kept in a bowl suspended from the rafters. ZAP enters and takes his post. He's Pappy's right-hand guy.

ZAP

Weird Wally, at it again.

WEIRD WALLY

"Instantly its mouth widened into a terrible and hungry menace. Now the malediction uttered a deep-throated sound...."

PAPPY

"Malediction?"

WEIRD WALLY

Look it up. "...and its breath stank gloriously of rotted carp and matted gorilla skins and bilge-water. Now it slouched toward him...not fast, but

slowly, slowly, so very slowly...."

CRACKING METAL jars them -- but it's only a bulkhead settling under pressure. Gauges show the sub trimming lower.

STUMBO

Whazzis story called again?

Weird Wally flips to the cover of the "Incredibly Weird Tales" pulp. A banner reads "Strange! Mysterious! Satanic!"

WEIRD WALLY

"The She-Witch of Blood Lake...."

STUMBO

Another female....

PAPPY

I don't wanna hear this shit no more.

WEIRD WALLY

This is classic fiction here.

PAPPY

Hey, "Farewell to Arms" is classic fiction. "Incredibly Weird Tales?" Chicken-fried ass-wipe. Now get outta here, alla you. This is the maneuvering room, and I can't maneuver with all you bull-slingers cloggin' up the --

A MANEUVERING BELL. Telegraphs clank over to "2/3" speed. Pappy and Zap yank levers, making it so. Skimming through the room now is the CHIEF of the boat, 35.

CHIEF

Look alive, Stumpie. Got a U-boat out there....

STUMBO

Hey, Chief? Krauts don't name their subs after females, do they?

INT. FORWARD CORRIDOR

Brice is passing when he spots...

Claire in her cabin. She uses a blade to cut new dressings for Schillings, who lies naked under a blanket. Presently Schillings stirs. Claire leans down to WHISPER SOMETHING in his ear.

Brice watches. Is the guy awake? Or is Claire just talking to him like you might talk to a coma patient?

INT. CONTROL ROOM

LOOMIS

What exactly bothers you?

Odell and Loomis confer privately. Loomis bounces a yo-yo while they talk: It helps him shed stress.

ODELL

Well, you got a slow-sinking ship -- slow enough to get at least a few lifeboats off. But this U-boat only fires one torpedo the whole time. That's not textbook German tactics. They keep firing until the target is sunk.

LOOMIS

So it was their last torpedo.

ODELL

Why didn't they use their deck guns?

LOOMIS

What is this, Odell? Second patrol?

ODELL

My third.

LOOMIS

And your first was a little shakedown run off the coast of Florida in one of those old school boats?

ODELL

Just wondering if their story doesn't seem a little..."off."

LOOMIS

Wouldn't worry about it, champ -- they got here somehow. Hey, want coffee?

ODELL

Sure.

LOOMIS

Two cups. Sweet and blonde for me.

He yo-yos away. If we weren't sure who the junior officer was before this conversation, we are now.

INT. CONNING TOWER

Sonar #1 presses headphones tighter to his ear. He's eavesdropping on the outside world via...

EXT. MANTA - UNDERWATER - DAY

A hydrophone on the deck of the sub.

INT. CONNING TOWER

The sonar guy fast-clicks at Coors. *"Got somethin' here."* Coors grabs the growler phone and gives it a crank.

COORS

Sonar contact.

INT. STATEROOM

In his cabin, Kingsley sees Brice double-timing past.

INT. CONNING TOWER

Brice listens on spare headphones. We hear it now too: The SWISH-SWISH-SWISH of turning screws.

Stopwatch in hand, Sonar #1 counts turns-per-minute.

SONAR #1

90-plus turns. Could be a destroyer, could be....

LOOMIS

That Rhine Class. Maybe we didn't shake him after all.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

Kingsley and Claire enter. Odell and Coors are here, listening to...

SWISH-SWISH-SWISH. It's coming through the hull now. All eyes

turn upward.

EXT. GERMAN HULL - UNDERWATER - DAY

The cruiser powers overhead, parting our hair with its keel. But now the screws shut down...

INT. CONNING TOWER

...and the SWISHING DIES.

SONAR #1  
Listening for us....

BRICE  
Full stop!

LOOMIS  
Full stop! Rig for quiet!

INT. MANEUVERING ROOM

As Pappy lunges on his levers.

EXT. MANTA - UNDERWATER - DAY

As the Manta's screws shut down.

INT. MANTA - RIG-FOR-QUIET MONTAGE

SELECTED SHOTS of the crew going church-mouse quiet:

Odell clicking off a SQUEAKY FAN...

A blueshirt snoring in his bunk, Hoag closing the guy's mouth...

Someone shooing a pet hamster off its exercise wheel..

In the ship's office, Weird Wally stopping typing, putting his feet up, diving into some pulp fiction. He actually likes these moments.

INT. CONNING TOWER

SONAR #1

(whispering)

How could they know we're here....

BRICE

(to helmsman)

10 degrees down-bubble. Find us some cold.

(down the hatch)

Get on the thermograph, Mr. Odell.

EXT. MANTA - UNDERWATER - DAY

As the Manta drifts lower.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

CLOSE on the bathy-thermograph, a gauge of outside water temperature. Its stylus scratches out a line that now eeks lower.

ODELL

(into growler)

Right there. Five-degree gradient at 2-1-0 feet.

He finds Claire and Kingsley watching.

ODELL

Colder water...deflects sound waves...just  
in case they start to --

PING! It cuts right through the hull, right through our  
skulls.

INT. CONNING TOWER

As the sonar guy tears off his headphones.

INT. MANTA - PINGING MONTAGE

REACTION SHOTS as the PINGING is heard bow to stern.

Pappy starts stuffing his ears with cotton. Other  
blueshirts  
follow suit. Some even bite down on rags.

In the control room, Kingsley turns and hobbles out: He  
thinks he  
knows what's coming -- and wants no part of it.

INT. CONNING TOWER

The PINGING ENDS abruptly. Now an itchy silence. Is  
this when  
the depth-charges come? Loomis looks at...

The sonar guy. *"Anything?"* He wags his head. *"They  
ain't doin'  
nothin'."*

INT. CONTROL ROOM

CLOSE on the bathy-thermograph. No one is watching it  
now except  
us -- and we see it take a another big drop.

Claire hugs herself, feeling the cold.

CLOSE on faces. Tight. Grim. Silent. The grand pause is shattered by...

FRANK SINATRA

"I'll be seeing you...in all the old familiar places...."

The MUSIC IS INSANELY LOUD. At first no one knows where it's coming from. Then Odell lurches past Claire...

INT. OFFICERS' WARDROOM - CONTINUOUS

...and enters the empty wardroom. The phonograph is playing.

RRRRRRRIIP: Odell slaps the needle off-track.

Silence again.

Brice appears. He glares at the record player. Then glares at Odell.

ODELL

Have no idea, sir. I just ran in and it was already --

INT. CONNING TOWER

SONAR #1

Splashes!

LOOMIS

(down the hatch)

Splashes!

EXT. MANTA - UNDERWATER - DAY

DEPTH-CHARGE POV: With CAMERA RIDING the back of the depth-charge, we plummet through water. At first we see only more barrels dropping around us. But soon we spy our target, the Manta, looming up out of the murk. In a blinding flash, WE EXPLODE.

INT. MANTA - CONCUSSION MONTAGE

CONCUSSIONS rock the sub. We see lockers flying open...

Bakelite boards shattering...

Someone's front teeth shattering...

The control-room depth gauge knocked off the wall...

And blueshirts knocked out of their bunks.

EXT. MANTA - UNDERWATER - DAY

The Manta runs a GAUNTLET OF EXPLOSIONS that batters the sub from side to side. The last depth-charge is a wicked down-firing EXPLOSION.

INT. FORWARD TORPEDO ROOM

Instantly the sub loses depth. Everyone pile-drives into the ceiling...

...gets pancaked there for a few seconds...

...then gets thrown back to the floor. Electrical PANELS  
BLOW.  
White lights die.

EXT. MANTA - UNDERWATER - DAY

One last depth-charge rains down...strikes the Manta's  
bow...and  
starts tumbling down the deck.

INT. MANTA - CLANK-CLANK MONTAGE

Stressed-out faces. Seen only by red light. Listening  
to that  
one BARREL CLANK-CLANK-CLANK over their heads.

EXT. MANTA - UNDERWATER - DAY

The depth-charge comes to a stop near the bridge. It  
just sits  
there. Unexploded.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

The SWISHING STARTS UP again: The enemy ship is moving  
on.

We wait as another ROUND OF DEPTH-CHARGES goes off, more  
distant  
now. The SWISHING FADES AWAY.

Blueshirts start bungling forward from aft rooms, jamming  
the  
control room doorway.

BLUESHIRTS

(overlapping)  
Shit on a stick, was that a dud? And who  
the fuck was playing music? Huh? Trying  
to get us killed?

LOOMIS  
Back to stations! I want reports! BACK  
TO YOUR STATIONS!

INT. CREW MESS

The boat has stabilized. The mess room is now a  
temporary trauma  
center for the wounded, Odell doing what he can. The  
case load is  
eased by Claire, who stitches shut a gash on the inner  
thigh of...

ZAP  
Christ, 'zat all my blood? Runnin' 'cross  
the floor like that?

CLAIRE  
Only a pint. Tighter, keep the tourniquet  
tighter.

ZAP  
Think I may faint.

CLAIRE  
Hold on, hold on. Don't take this wrong  
now....

She buries her face in his lap to chew off the stitch.

CLAIRE  
Better?

ZAP  
Completely.

Claire smiles. *"Thought so."* She turns to look for another patient and comes nose to nose with...

BRICE

I asked you to stay forward.

ODELL

My idea, sir. She's a certified med-tech, which may be the nearest thing to a doctor we've --

BRICE

(to Claire)

Were you or Mr. Kingsley in the wardroom before the attack? Just prior?

CLAIRE

I was in the control room, as I believe Kingsley was, too.

BRICE

He was with you the whole time?

CLAIRE

Be quicker, lieutenant, if you just tell me what you're after. Are you suggesting that one of us is responsible for the --

A rising REVVING-SCREECHING SOUND stops them both -- stops everyone here. It's the kind of sound you never want to hear aboard a submarine. Brice takes off. Odell is right behind.

ODELL

(to Claire)

Keep working! Please!

INT. FORWARD CORRIDOR

Running toward the SOUND, Brice collides with Chief.

CHIEF

Hot fish, out of the tube! Forward room!

INT. FORWARD TORPEDO ROOM

Brice reaches the doorway to see...

Chaos: A torpedo runs wild in its moorings, PROPELLER SCREAMING at 10,000 rpm and spewing steam everywhere. Stumbo and Hoag and a few others are grappling with it, but it's like trying to wrestle a car.

Odell jumps into the fray. Chief starts to join in, too -- but turns back, a new shade of pale.

CHIEF

Mark-14. It'll detonate magnetically, around any steel hull, after 500 yards.

BRICE

So? It's not moving.

CHIEF

The boat is.

A horrible beat.

INT. MANEUVERING ROOM

As telegraphs slam over to "EMERGENCY REVERSE."

EXT. MANTA - UNDERWATER - DAY

As screws start spinning backwards.

EXT. MANTA - UNDERWATER - DAY

As the Manta slows -- but doesn't stop.

INT. FORWARD TORPEDO ROOM

The battle rages. There's so much exhaust that it's hard to tell who's doing what.

CHIEF

Get it out, get it out, just get it out  
the god damn tube!

The men start working as a team: Odell opens a torpedo tube as...

Others start cranking the come-along wench and...

More bodies lean on the cable to help move...

The SCREAMING TORPEDO. It inches toward the open tube.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

BRICE

Torpedo party to the tower! Now, now,  
now, now, now!

Brice races in. Battle stations over the IMC: BONG-BONG-BONG-BONG-BONG....

INT. CONNING TOWER

The torpedo party double-times up the ladder.

LOOMIS

Open outer doors! Bow tubes!

EXT. MANTA - UNDERWATER - DAY

As the outer torpedo doors open.

INT. FORWARD TORPEDO ROOM

The Chief has the torpedo in its tube. Fighting the exhaust, it takes a several bodies just to close the door.

ODELL

(into IMC)

Fish in the barrel, sir!

INT. CONNING TOWER

LOOMIS

Flood number two tube!

INT. FORWARD TORPEDO ROOM

They hear the WATER FLOODING the tube and HITTING THE PROPS. It sounds like a nuclear garbage disposal.

CHIEF

Go, go, go, go, go....

EXT. MANTA - UNDERWATER - DAY

As the torpedo corkscrews out of the sub.

INT. CONNING TOWER

LOOMIS

Torpedo underway!

BRICE

Hard left rudder!

EXT. MANTA - UNDERWATER - DAY

Maneuvering faster than we thought a sub could, the Manta veers away, backs away from the torpedo that now spirals right toward CAMERA. It BLOWS in our face.

INT. MANTA - DETONATION MONTAGE

MULTIPLE SHOTS of the sub rocked by the detonation. Lights sputter, insulation cracks free and rains down on heads - - but all told, it could've been worse. Much worse.

INT. CONNING TOWER

An hour later. The boat's five officers -- Brice, Loomis, Coors, Odell, and Chief -- hold summit in the tower.

LOOMIS

...well, maybe the phonograph wasn't secured...and maybe the intercom was left "on"...and maybe that fish went haywire for no reason, but goddamn....

Traded looks. Are they thinking the same thing? That it all

started when the Brits came aboard?

COORS

And maybe someone's trying to kill us.

BRICE

(to Odell)

Miss Paige claims she was in the control room the whole time.

ODELL

I think that's right.

BRICE

So what about the other one?

ODELL

Kingsley?

COORS

If that's his name. Where was he when it all happened?

ODELL

Not sure. May've stepped out.

COORS

"Stepped" out? Or "slipped" out?

LOOMIS

You know, maybe we're spending more time watchin' pretty little Missy than we are watchin' our backs.

Odell double-takes: Loomis is staring at him.

ODELL

Me? I've talked to her twice.

LOOMIS

About what?

COORS

Heard you were bird-doggin' her, Odell.

LOOMIS

Been runnin' your mouth, ensign? About  
boat-matters?

It knocks Odell off-balance. *"Why are they pouncing on  
me?"*

ODELL

Wai', wai', wait. Chief. Wasn't there a  
maintenance bulletin on Mark-14s?  
Something about self-starting?

CHIEF

(nodding)

Got a history of twitchy behavior.

(to others)

And as for the record player goin' off --  
well, yeah, that's strange, but I'm not  
sure it calls for a lynching party. Maybe  
we should all just take a deep breath  
and --

The PHONE GROWLS. Brice grabs it.

BRICE

Brice.

STEWARD (O.S./GROWLER)

'Tenant, need you back in mess. Straight  
away.

INT. CREW MESS

Blueshirts watch anxiously as the steward shows Brice a  
pair of  
oily trousers.

STEWARD

Was all set to toss 'em out. Then I noticed this.

CLOSE on the inside waistband. It's stitched "Sonderklasse Firma, Berlin."

BRICE

These came from....

STEWARD

The half-dead guy.

INT. ARMORY LOCKER - AFT TORPEDO ROOM

CLOSE on ankle-chains being broken out. Just for insurance, a Browning sidearm is loaded.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

Heads turn as...

The arrest party crosses the control room in wide strides. Brice has the pistol.

INT. CLAIRE'S STATEROOM/FORWARD CORRIDOR

Claire is here, checking up on Schillings. Hearing FEET APPROACH, she turns and finds the men choking her doorway.

BRICE

Wake him up.

CLAIRE

I'm sorry, I'm not sure what --

BRICE

Wake the German up.

Her mouth opens but no words come out. Eerily,  
Schillings rolls  
over in his bunk and locks eyes with Brice.

SCHILLINGS

Hallo, mein kapitän.

He's attempting to show grace under pressure. It goes  
unappreciated.

STUMBO

Jesus.....

CLAIRE

(preemptively)

I'm the one who asked him not to speak.  
Me. I just thought it would be better if  
we all could think of him as any other --

STUMBO

She had 'im right under our noses...whole  
goddamn time....

None too gently, Brice evicts Claire from the room,  
putting her in  
Odell's restraining arms.

BRICE

Away.

Odell struggles to remove Claire, in part because she  
won't go  
gently, in part because she starts pleading her case  
directly to  
him. With growing desperation:

CLAIRE

I'll tell you, I'll tell you everything.  
His name is Bernard Schillings, he's a

downed aviator and a patient of mine.  
He's a prisoner of war, which means he's  
entitled to protection under the Geneva  
Conv --

ODELL

Got to come this way, ma'am.

CLAIRE

He had no cause to do those things...he  
has a family, children...he wants to get  
home just like the rest of us....

ODELL

Let them sort it out....

CLAIRE

Doesn't matter whose side he's on now....

ODELL

Be all right, really, just....

INTERCUT Claire and Odell with...

Brice and Schillings. Now in quick escalating moves:

Someone brandishes the chains.

Schillings sits up quickly, getting his feet under him.  
He  
doesn't know if they're about to chain him -- or beat  
him.

Brice shows his pistol.

Schillings' reaches for the blade left by Claire.

Brice levels the pistol.

Schillings' hand. Hovering over the blade.

Brice's face: "Don't."

Schillings' eyes. Darting. Panicking.

We're BACK ON Claire and Odell for the GUNSHOT. They flinch together.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

As heads spin to the SOUND.

INT. FORWARD CORRIDOR

The men part as Brice exits the stateroom.

Claire breaks from Odell and starts for the cabin. Brice slams a hand against the opposite wall, blocking her. She sees the back-splash of blood on his shirt sleeve. His pistol sleeve.

BRICE

You should have told me.

CLAIRE

(overwhelmed)

Maybe I was worried that...that you would do exactly what you did.

BRICE

You should have told me no matter what, because your little secret nearly cost every man here his life.

CLAIRE

But he had no reason to --

BRICE

Mr. Odell, the woman is confined to quarters for the duration of patrol. If

she asks to use the toilet, you are to bring her a bucket. Stumbo, secure the body.

STUMBO

Fuckin' A-1, sir.

BRICE

Mr. Loomis, conn is yours. I'll be in my berth -- sleeping.

He leaves. Stumbo cobra-spits in the general direction of...

CLAIRE

(forceless, still  
trying to  
explain)

I just wanted to save one...just one of my patients....

She searches faces for a hint of understanding. Odell is the only one who will even meet her eyes.

INT. SKIPPER'S STATEROOM

Behind drawn curtains, Brice removes his bloody shirt, puts it in a laundry sack. Unlaces his shoes. Finds more blood on his hands, washes it off. Lies back on the bunk. Clicks off a light. Blows a long sigh and finally, finally closes his eyes.

FRANK SINATRA

"I'll be seeing you..."

The eyes leap open.

FRANK SINATRA

"...in all the old familiar places...."

BRICE  
(breathless)

No....

It wasn't the German.

INT. CLAIRE'S STATEROOM

As Claire rolls over in her bunk, hearing.

INT. OFFICERS' WARDROOM

CLOSE on the phonograph. Spinning away.

Brice stares -- then snatches the record off the turntable and smashes it. He smashes every goddamn record he can find.

BRICE  
So who's screwing with me? Huh?

INT. FORWARD CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Stepping out:

BRICE  
WHICH ONE OF YOU IS DOING THIS NOW?

It echoes the length of the boat. Only the WHALES ANSWER. But this time their cries are different -- sounding somehow less animal than before. More human.

EXT. MANTA - UNDERWATER - DAY

The Manta plows on through the murk. There are no whales. Just the submarine. Alone.

FADE OUT

INT. FORWARD TORPEDO ROOM

Stumbo finishes mummy-wrapping Schillings' body in canvas. Seeped blood shows the fatal wound.

Deeper in the room we find Brice, Loomis, Coors. The three lieutenants have retreated to the forward end of the boat for a discreet talk. Odell enters and joins.

LOOMIS

How're those hydrogen levels?

ODELL

Almost three percent. Chief says we need to vent before long.

BRICE

We'll ride surface tonight. 2100 hours.

Odell nods and waits for the discreet talk to continue, assuming he's welcome. Instead...

BRICE

Something else?

ODELL

Well, just.... I can't believe it's one of our own hands doing this. Seven weeks, I think I know most the guys now. Just don't believe it's one of them.

BRICE

Been a rough patrol -- men do strange things under duress. Want you to keep your eyes open, Odell. Could be anyone.

ODELL

Aye-aye.

Odell withdraws to the doorway.

STUMBO

Maybe we could vent our bleeder, too.

ODELL

Say again?

STUMBO

Little Missy. Never trust anything that bleeds for five days and don't die, I always [say] --

ODELL

Shut up, Stumbo. Just shut your stupid mouth.

The three lieutenants watch as Odell leaves.

LOOMIS

Bright kid, Odell.

INT. IRON LUNG - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

We're in a metal cylinder. But where? Is this the inside of a torpedo tube? As we adjust to the dim light, we find ourselves looking at the frail body of a 10-year-old girl. A hand comes up to try and scratch her nose...

But the hand bumps into a bulkhead. Blocked.

INT. CHILD'S ROOM - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

On the other side of the bulkhead, the 10-YEAR-OLD GIRL screws up her nose in lieu of scratching it. It doesn't help.

WIDER TO reveal a child's room, dolls and other timeless playthings in evidence. Completely out of place here is an iron-lung machine -- hulking, ugly, loathsome -- a coffin for the not-yet-dead. Baffles rise and fall, GASPING in sync with the girl's own RASPY BREATHING.

Unable to sleep, the girl searches the mirror mounted above her face.

HER POV: Of a half-open door behind her. A light is on in the outer hallway. O.S. VOICES. Is it morning yet? Is it time to get out now?

The silhouette of an adult -- HER MOTHER, maybe -- enters and speaks from the doorway.

LABORED VOICE

You shouldn't be here....

INT. CLAIRE'S STATEROOM

Claire wakes -- and finds herself breathing badly. It takes her a moment to normalize her breath, to remember where she is. Now,

twenty years late, Claire scratches her nose.

LABORED VOICE

You should get off when you can....

*"Wasn't that voice in my dream?"* Claire peers at the bunk below.

There's someone there.

LABORED VOICE

Get off before it's too late....

She reaches for the light.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

A SCREAM.

INT. FORWARD CORRIDOR/CLAIRE'S STATEROOM

Brice lopes forward. Others have beaten him here, including Odell and Kingsley. Brice pushes through to see...

Schillings back in his bunk, face exposed, petrified mouth open.

CLAIRE

I thought he...spoke to me.

KINGSLEY

Claire....

CLAIRE

No, it wasn't his voice, but it was...I mean....

KINGSLEY

Claire.

Claire takes another look -- and sees things differently now in full light. Schillings is clearly dead. Her fright giving way to anger, Claire looks back at...

Stumbo and Hoag. Hiding their grins.

CLAIRE

(going after them)

Is this what you do for sport? You have nothing better to do in the midst of a war than to play sick little jokes with --

Odell wedges between.

ODELL

Okay, it's over, it's over....

BRICE

(re body)

Wrap it back up, Stumpie. We'll dump him when we surface.

CLAIRE

A bit more respect for the dead might be in order, Mr. Brice. From everyone aboard this ship.

BRICE

This is a "boat" you're a guest on, not a "ship."

CLAIRE

I won't forget.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

The body, rewrapped, is carried into the control room by Stumbo and Hoag.

HOAG  
(with labored  
voice)

"Get off before it's too late...."

Stumbo mock-screams in imitation of Claire. We understand that Hoag was the ventriloquist.

INT. CONNING TOWER

Hoisted up into the tower, the corpse gets dumped behind the second-string sound man, SONAR #2.

STUMBO  
Compliments of the C.O.

SONAR #2  
I'll thank him when I see him.

Getting a whiff, he clicks on a fan. Hoag starts below. Stumbo starts adding chains to the corpse's ankles in anticipation of a sea-burial.

INT. CLAIRE'S STATEROOM

Kingsley limps in with two coffees.

KINGSLEY  
Since no one seems able to sleep anyway...  
try some of this motor oil they call  
"coffee"....

He finds Claire reclined ungainly, her head craned back so as to open her breathing passage. She's having difficulties.

KINGSLEY

Claire?

CLAIRE

Changing, isn't it? The air.

KINGSLEY

Think you'll pull through?

CLAIRE

(indicating her  
chest)

Comes and goes. Polio-myelitis, growing  
up. Didn't breathe well when I slept, so  
every night -- eight months running --  
they stuck me in an iron lung.

Kingsley winces, seeing the irony of being stuck aboard a  
submarine now.

KINGSLEY

I saw you down in the respirator ward, of  
course, working with all the patients, but  
I never knew....

CLAIRE

Was so wretched that I swore I'd help  
other people through it, someday, if I  
could....

(eyeing the curved  
hull around her)

Maybe it's just all this metal...this  
"boat" of theirs. Something not right  
about it...sealed off...living below the  
real world....

KINGSLEY

We're scarcely the people to complain,  
Claire. Especially after what with  
Schillings -- which you know I thought was  
a mistake.

CLAIRE  
(not listening)  
Something not right....

INT. CONTROL ROOM

Electrical mates replace vacuum tubes in the radar boards, Coors supervising. Behind their backs...

The bathy-thermograph. The stylus is etching lower again: We're entering cold water. Or at least that's what the gauge says.

PLANESMAN #1  
Can have it any temperature you want --  
'long as it's either "too hot" or "too  
cold."

He punches into a over-shirt.

INT. CONNING TOWER

Stumbo is hooking weights to the corpse. Soon he notices...

The pool of blood expanding on the canvas. Is it possible? Do dead bodies still bleed like this? Stumbo tries to shrug it off and get back to work. He tries.

HOARSE WHISPER  
So much dark....

The voice was like a rusty hinge. Stumbo shoots a look down the

hatch, but Hoag is long gone. That means the voice must've come from...

Sonar #2, the only other person here.

STUMBO

Nice try. Hoag tell you? He musta toldja.

The sound man never turns around. Is he pretending to not hear?

HOARSE WHISPER

... trying...trying to find the way back, but...

Stumbo spins to face the corpse. *"No fucking way."* He eases his ear to the canvas-wrapped head.

HOARSE WHISPER

...but it's so cold here....

INT. CONTROL ROOM

WHUMP! Stumbo hits the control room floor like a sack of groceries. He just fell from the tower and landed behind...

COORS

'Smatter? Stumpie?

Eyes riveted on the conning tower, Stumbo backs out of the control room.

INT. MANEUVERING ROOM

STUMBO

...tellin' ya, some baaaad hoodoo on this boat.

Zap and a MESS STEWARD are giving Stumbo the time of day, but Pappy's in no mood.

PAPPY

Hey, Stumbo? Mighta worked on the female, but not me. Go try --

STUMBO

Fuck the Brillo pad, this ain't about her. It talked to me.

ZAP

The dead guy.

STUMBO

The dead Kraut.

PAPPY

Uh-huh. And did he talk to you in English or German?

STUMBO

Well, it was, uh...English, I guess.

PAPPY

Case closed. Give it a blow, huh? You're upsettin' my lucky fish.

MESS STEWARD

Stumbo, you wouldn't also happen to be the Sinatra fan, wouldja?

STUMBO

Go up there. Right now. Don't believe me? Listen to the dead guy.

MESS STEWARD

I gotta milk the cows.

The steward starts to leave. Stumbo reels him back with a new thought.

STUMBO

What if...you know...what if it's "him"?

Even though we don't, everyone here knows who "him" is, and the thought, no matter how crazy, drops a guillotine blade on the conversation. Off their mute faces, CUT TO:

INT. CONNING TOWER

A clock shows 2100 hours.

BRICE

Let's take a look.

Loomis jerks the alarm-box.

INT. FORWARD CORRIDOR

AHOOGA-AHOOGA-AHOOGA.

LOOMIS (O.S./1MC)

Rig for surface. Prepare to charge batteries and take on air through main induction.

Officers and blue shirts file past on their way to stations. When the forward section of the boat has thinned out, Kingsley hobbles into the corridor -- followed by Claire.

Claire walks the hall, breathing deep, stretching her legs,

testing her leash. All cabins here have name-plates that list quartered officers. But at Brice's cabin, Claire notices...

No name-plate. Just the ghost-image of one that used to be here.

Claire eases open the curtain to see...

A bunk, chair, clothes locker, fold-down desk, stand-up photo of Brice and his wife. And a book on the desk. The "PATROL LOG."

A thinking beat. Claire signals "one-minute" to Kingsley, then slips...

INT. SKIPPER'S STATEROOM - CONTINUOUS

...inside. Claire opens the patrol log with one guilty finger --  
and suddenly the pages go blood red, startling her.

LOOMIS (O.S./1MC)  
Switching to night lights.

INT. CONNING TOWER

More red lights activate as:

LOOMIS  
Eight degrees up-bubble. We're on our way to 65 feet.

EXT. MANTA - UNDERWATER - NIGHT

As the Manta angles toward the surface.

INT. SKIPPER'S STATEROOM

Eyes adjusting to the red lights, Claire begins reading the patrol log.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

"1420 hours. Took periscope photos of German sub-pens at Lorient before moving on to areas north. O.N.I. should be happy with results. 1550 hours. Saw multiple shipping targets but passed on all. Men getting itchy to come home with at least one kill..."

She stops cold, hearing an UNKNOWN MAN'S VOICE speaking the words right along with her. Claire actually checks over her shoulder before continuing.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

"...but so far I'm resisting the temptation, staying focused on primary mission of photo recon...."

The voice is gone. Was her head just playing games with her?

EXT. MANTA - UNDERWATER - NIGHT

As our periscope, seen from below, breaks the surface.

INT. CONNING TOWER

PERISCOPE POV: Through big dark swells, we spy moonlight on the surface.

Loomis passes the scope to Brice.

LOOMIS

Some tall grass out there....

BRICE

Good skies, though. Should be able to shoot the stars and lock our position. Well done.

(to Coors)

Sextant. In my cabin.

INT. SKIPPER'S STATEROOM

The sextant. In an open box, it sits right next to...

Claire. She flips ahead, finds a conspicuously blank page. *"What goes here?"* She flips further ahead to read.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

"0840 hours. Picked up three survivors from the Fort James, British merchantman and hospital ship, reportedly victims of a German U-boat..."

(huffy)

"Reportedly."

CLOSE on a cross. It's been doodled in the margins by Brice, presumably. Claire notes it and flips on.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

As Coors drops down the ladder and heads forward.

INT. SKIPPER'S STATEROOM

Noticing something, Claire flips back and forth between two entries: They're written by different hands. Now Claire checks the front of the patrol log and finds reference to...

"Lt. Cmdr. Winters."

Frowning, Claire eases open a locker. Taped up inside are photos of an officer we haven't yet seen, the 40ish WINTERS.

Her frown deepens. *"Just who's cabin is this?"*

KINGSLEY (O.S.)

...wondering where a fellow could get a little Earl Grey tea....

COORS (O.S.)

Check with the mess steward.

Claire is about to close the locker when she notices one last photo. This one transfixes her.

INT. FORWARD CORRIDOR

KINGSLEY

(stalling)

So we'll be surfacing soon? Taking on some fresh air?

COORS

Trying to.

He slaps open the curtain...

INT. SKIPPER'S STATEROOM

...and pulls up short. Claire lies quietly on the bunk.

COORS

What're you doing here?

CLAIRE

Hmm? Oh, wasn't feeling comfortable in my room -- what with the bloody walls. Didn't think anyone would --

COORS

Shouldn't be in the skipper's cabin without permission.

CLAIRE

Gladly ask him. Mr. Brice is the skipper, isn't he?

It thumbs a nerve in Coors: Is the question as innocent as it sounds? Or is she baiting him? He grabs the sextant.

COORS

Lieutenant Brice is the current C.O. of this boat. And you need his permission to be anywhere besides your assigned quarters.

He holds open the curtain. She takes the hint.

INT. CLAIRE'S ROOM/FORWARD CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Claire waits until Coors is gone before removing the last photo from her shirt.

CLOSER, we see it shows two men shaking hands at a U.S.O. function. One we take to be Winters. The other is Frank Sinatra.

INT. CONNING TOWER

CLOSE on the depth-gauge. "0" feet.

A look-out is spinning the wheel of the bridge hatch,  
about to  
open it. We're seconds from breathing fresh air when...

SONAR #2  
Screws kicking over! Starboard quarter!

Brice lunges to the periscope, swings it around fast.

PERISCOPE POV: A hulking silhouette crosses the wedge of  
moonlight. It's the German heavy.

BRICE  
Periscope down! Emergency dive!

LOOMIS  
Emergency dive! Blow negative and cycle  
the vents!

AHOOGA-AHOOGA.

The periscope plummets.

The hatch is cranked shut.

The Christmas tree goes green.

Ballast levers are jerked.

Plane wheels get spun hard.

EXT. GERMAN HULL - UNDERWATER - NIGHT

We hear DISEMBODIED PINGING. Suddenly the hull of the  
German ship  
passes overhead, hydrophones prominent.



A SIX-CHANNEL BOOM. It jolts them hard.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

Looking for answers, Kingsley hobbles in. He manages to corner Coors.

KINGSLEY

What? What did we hit?

COORS

Just the bottom.

KINGSLEY

"Just the...." Well, just how long can we stay down here? Before the CO2 gets so --

COORS

Don't worry about CO2.

KINGSLEY

Don't?

COORS

"Hydrogen."

Enigmatically, Coors moves on. But Odell overheard.

ODELL

We use the diesels above, batteries below -- and the batteries off-gas hydrogen. As for "how long"...

LOOMIS (O.S./1MC)

Rig for quiet. All hands ordered to racks unless on watch -- no extraneous activity. And the smoking lamp is out.

ODELL

Guess we're gonna find out.

INT. ENGINE ROOM

MOTORMAC #1 takes a quick drag on his cigarette before moving to stub it out. But he catches himself, noticing...

The cigarette burning oddly. Flaring unnaturally.

An ALARM SOUNDS. Responding, Chief double-times in with Zap. They drop through a floor hatch...

INT. BATTERY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

...and reach this area crammed with, literally, 200,000 pounds of lead-acid battery cells. Chief cranes his neck to check...

A ceiling-mounted hydrogen monitor. The needle shows 5%, start of the orange zone.

Chief kills the alarm. The men swap looks. *"Not good."*

INT. CREW QUARTERS

WEIRD WALLY

"...Johnny tried whistling a little tune, but it didn't help -- his nerves were like old frayed electrical cords. So he paused in the cold dead heart of the cemetery to light his last cigarette..."

Weird Wally's back at it, reading by hamper-light now: The hamper runs on a wheel, which turns a mini-generator, which

powers a small reading light, which provides the only white light in the red-lit room. The audience is noticeably larger than before, and the men seem rapt by the latest installment of "Incredibly Weird Tales."

WEIRD WALLY

"Just then the pregnant moon ran away, wisely taking refuge behind the leaden clouds. And now, beside Johnny's unwary foot, the ground -- the soft, wormy, freshly dug earth -- began to heave...."

Odell enters. As he checks on the wounded, he sets about confiscating matches and lighters from all the men.

ODELL

How're those stitches holdin', Zap? Good? Okay, matches, Zippos, c'mon, give 'em up, Chief wants 'em under lock and key.... Be right back to change those bandages, Meyers....

Ignitables get dumped in a bucket. Odell reaches Weird Wally's group.

ODELL

What's this one called?

SONAR #1

"The Undeniable Undead..."

HOAG

'Bout these Chinese railroad workers, couple hundred years ago. Buried alive.

STUMBO

(gravely)

It's research.

SONAR #1

They're dead, but not dead-dead, y'know?

HOAG

Like on the farm, you chop a chicken, sometimes it don't die right off? I seen this rooster chase a girl 'round a whole big barn once -- with no head.

WEIRD WALLY

So...what happened to her head?

ODELL

Wallace, you givin' everybody nightmares again?

WEIRD WALLY

It's my calling, sir.

ODELL

Well, stow it. And gimme that Zippo, Hoag.

The group breaks up. Sighing, Weird Wally dog-ears the page and slips the 10-cent pulp inside his mattress cover. Odell exits.

Instantly the pulp comes back out, the men regroup.

STUMBO

So Wallace? What's, like, the "theme" of the story?

WEIRD WALLY

Saying that death can be a very imprecise thing. Just because we want it to be clean and absolute, doesn't make it so. Sometimes death gets....

HOAG

"Sloppy."

WEIRD WALLY

"Sloppy."

STUMBO

Very "sloppy."

INT. CLAIRE'S STATEROOM

A piss-bucket on the floor. Used.

Claire is staring at the Sinatra photograph, absorbed in it until she hears a creepy FLUTTERING-SLAPPING SOUND. Where is it coming from?

VOICE (O.S.)

Seaweed...

Claire starts. It's Brice, filling her doorway.

BRICE

...maybe a fishing net. Gets caught up and slaps against the hull. Hear a lot of strange things at depth. I can't even identify them all.

The SOUND FADES. Whatever it was.

BRICE

So what should I do with you? Hmm? What would happen in your navy if a passenger defied orders aboard ship? Chained up? Gagged? What?

CLAIRE

I'm sorry. I regret not telling you about Schillings because...well, I should've realized that a submarine isn't a good place to keep secrets. Is it?

Noting the double-edge of her words, Brice looks off.  
Does he  
have trouble meeting her eyes?

BRICE

We were in a running battle with a German  
cruiser. Took some licks in the depth-  
charging, but we finally got our shot in:  
Cracked its back with one torpedo. We  
went topside to survey damage. Ship was  
already gone, but there was a lot of  
debris in the water, and Winters decides  
to go down on deck and haul some in.  
Middle of the Atlantic, and he wants to do  
a little souvenir hunting -- something for  
his fireplace mantle, think he said. I  
tried to talk him out of it, but....  
Anyway, the boat hit an underwater  
obstruction. He fell, struck his head,  
went under before we could get to him.

(off her look)

Heard you were asking.

CLAIRE

So he drowned.

BRICE

No real secret -- already radioed  
Connecticut with news of the accident.

(noting piss  
bucket)

Maybe we got off on the wrong foot, Miss  
Paige. Feel free to move about the  
forward sections of the --

The overhead lights brighten...

INT. FORWARD CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

...and flare out all at once. The corridor where Brice stands is abruptly coffin dark. Soon he perceives...

A silhouette at corridor's end, just mirroring his stare. Who is it?

SILHOUETTE/ZAP

Sorry, sir. Humidity builds up, trips out the power buss. I'll get right on it.

It takes Brice a moment to shake it off: It's almost like he was expecting someone else.

INT. CLAIRE'S STATEROOM - CONTINUOUS

CLAIRE

So would you reconsider England? Finding a port there?

BRICE

I'm sorry.

He withdraws...

INT. FORWARD CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

...and grabs a battle lantern off the wall. When he flicks it on:

LOOMIS

Sorry for what?

Loomis stands there mock-casual, one towel around his waist, another drying his hair.

BRICE

[She was] just asking about Winters.

LOOMIS

And you told her....

BRICE

The story.

Brice moves on, leaving Loomis in the dark.

INT. CONNING TOWER

ODELL

(urgently)

So what is it? Identify.

SONAR #2

Coming up astern, but....

Odell snaps on headphones. PUSH IN TIGHT as he hears the expected SCREWS of the pursuit ship -- and then something else, too: An EERIE HARMONIC.

SONAR #2

Don't know what that is....

EXT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT

Sweeping out of the murk is an array of steel cables. Towed by the German ship overhead, the CABLES THRUM LIKE CHELLO STRINGS as they rush toward us. Soon we see what the cables drag:

Hooks. Oversized grappling hooks, each coming for us like some prehistoric claw.

The hooks hit bottom. They rip up the ocean floor on their way toward...

The Manta. One HOOK SCRAPES the length of the sub, leaving claw marks on the hull while...

INT. MANEUVERING ROOM

Filling the boat with a METAL-ON-METAL HOWL.

PAPPY  
Shit of a saint....

INT. CONTROL ROOM

Brice enters fast. The towel-wrapped Loomis is right behind.

LOOMIS  
Hooks! They're using their hooks!

From above:

ODELL  
Lieutenant Brice! What are your orders?

Brice wavers: If they can't surface and they can't hide on the bottom....

EXT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT

The hooks retreat into the dark, but...

Overhead, the German hull turns hard.

The hooks reappear, bearing down on us again, whiskering  
right  
past CAMERA on their way back to...

The Manta.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

LOOMIS  
WHAT ARE YOUR ORDERS, MR. BRICE?

EXT. MANTA - UNDERWATER - NIGHT

One hook snags the periscope sheers...

And rips them away.

INT. CONNING TOWER

Both periscope cylinders buckle.

Seawater rushes in through ruptured gaskets...

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

...and torrents into the control room. Bodies start  
washing down,  
Odell among them.

INT. FORWARD CORRIDOR

COLLISION ALARMS. Claire and Kingsley head for the  
control room,  
but...

Someone slams the airtight door in their faces, locking  
them out.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

LOOMIS

Who else? Anyone? IS EVERYBODY OUT?

Praying so, Odell and some blueshirts fight to get the tower sealed off. Brice is still unresponsive, so Loomis, butt naked now, towel washed away, takes over: He pushes the helmsman onto redundant controls down here:

LOOMIS

Blow ballast! All ahead flank!

HELMSMAN

Heading, sir?

LOOMIS

Any goddamn heading -- just get us outta here!

INT. MANEUVERING ROOM

As Pappy jams his levers.

EXT. MANTA - UNDERWATER - NIGHT

Kicking over, the Manta's props churn up clouds of silt.

WIDER as the Manta lifts off the bottom. The giant hooks return for the death-stroke...

But this time they miss. Narrowly.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

The PINGING STARTS FADING, faces start to ease: Maybe they'll come out of this alive. Loomis tracks down Brice.

LOOMIS

Let's hope you do better at the Board of Inquiry.

He said it only for Brice -- but when he turns away in disgust, he notices Odell staring at him. Brice, too, sees that Odell overheard.

INT. ENGINE ROOM

Minutes later. Chief is hustling through the engine room when Motormac #1 catches him.

MOTORMAC #1

Chief? Take a look.

CLOSE on the fuel-oil gauges in question: One shows pressure, the other level. The pressure gauge reads below normal. The level gauges shows equivalent to "half full" -- 190 tons.

MOTORMAC #1

Look right to you?

Chief studdies the situation -- then smacks the level gauges. The needle plummets to 80 tons.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

Bursting in:

CHIEF

We're sloughin' oil. 'Least 10 tons in  
the last 12 hours.

REACTION SHOTS of the still-drenched Brice, Loomis,  
Odell. *"What  
else can go wrong?"*

INT. CONTROL ROOM

START on blue-prints being slap-rolled open. They detail  
the  
Manta's superstructure.

CHIEF

...somewhere in the port tank. And if  
it's leaking here or here...it's dumping  
oil into main ballast. Which means every  
time we surface or dive --

LOOMIS

We leave a goddamn slick.

BRICE

That's how. That's how they been ridin'  
us.

PLANESMAN #1

This boat is cursed....

He meant to say it under his breath. But suddenly  
everyone's  
staring at him.

PLANESMAN #1

Figgera speech.

COORS

So how do we fix it?

CHIEF

Only one way. From the outside-in.

We hear a distant salvo of DEPTH-CHARGES.

LOOMIS

Oh, they'll be linin' up for this job.

BRICE

Odell, make ready some dive gear and pick two volunteers...

ODELL

Aye-aye.

BRICE

...beside yourself.

INT. SHIP'S OFFICE/FORWARD CORRIDOR

WEIRD WALLY

...so you want someone to free-dive outside...into coal-black water...make our way below the boat...locate the flood ports...slither in between the two hulls...

Odell is petitioning volunteers. Weird Wally, Stumbo, and Hoag are the dubious prospects.

ODELL

Find the leak and fix it. That's right.

WEIRD WALLY

...at night...

HOAG

Hang on. If we're still submerged, that means the main tank's fulla water.

WEIRD WALLY

...in the dark...

ODELL

Chief thinks with the tower flooded, that gives us enough weight to stay down even when there's air in the main.

WEIRD WALLY

...with depth charges and all this inexplicable shit happening.

ODELL

Hey, you up to it or not?

WEIRD WALLY

News flash: "Yeoman Wallace Leads Desperate Repair Mission."

Chief appears, lugging dive gear. He and Odell train their cross-hairs on Stumbo.

STUMBO

Fuck, no.

INT. FORWARD TORPEDO ROOM

Stumbo. He's outfitted with goggles, respirator, fins, battle-lantern. *"How the shit did this happen?"*

Odell, Weird Wally, and Stumbo are prepping under the escape trunk. Odell notices Coors suiting up nearby.

LOOMIS

I asked him to go. Buddy system.

Odell accepts without comment.

Working at a back-up sonar station here, Sonar #1 throws a switch:

A steel cylinder drops through the boat, pushing out...

EXT. MANTA SONAR CAVITY - UNDERWATER - NIGHT

A hydrophone. It deploys beneath the Manta.

INT. FORWARD TORPEDO ROOM

Claire arrives in time to see Odell poised on the ladder beneath the escape trunk. Sonar finishes his scan.

SONAR #1

Explosions. Starboard flank. Long way off, though.

Claire catches Odell's eyes. *"You're going out there with the depth-charges?"*

LOOMIS

(to divers)

You're greased.

Odell answers her with a shrug. *"Guess so."*

INT. ESCAPE TRUNK

A hatch closes beneath the four men. The trunk fills with sea water.

WEIRD WALLY

Hey, when we first get out there?  
Everybody turn off their lights, okay? Be

really amazing.

COORS

Belay that, Wallace.

The water hits their chins. They bite down on mouth-pieces.

EXT. MANTA - UNDERWATER - NIGHT

A deck-hatch opens. One by one, the four men drift out into near-perfect dark.

Coors sparks up an underwater torch. It flares to life, revealing...

An explosion of stingrays. Flapping madly, they scramble away from the light -- but not before they scared the bile out of us.

VERY WIDE: Leading with the torch, the men crawl head-first down the side of the sub. In the distance, DEPTH CHARGES EXPLODE, backlighting the entire bulk of the sub. The divers are miniscule by comparison, mere pilot-fish on a whale's back.

EXT. MANTA FLOOD-PORTS - UNDERWATER - NIGHT

They arrive below. The sub's flood-ports are here, open to the sea, and the first three men squeeze through. For a moment, Odell is alone outside the sub. And in that moment...

A presence wells up behind him.

Odell spins. What was that? Just another ray? His lantern probes black water. Nothing now.

It grabs his shoulder.

Odell nearly coughs up his mouth-piece, but...

It's only Weird Wally. Hanging upside-down through the port, he gives Odell a goggle-eyed look. "*Comin' or not?*"

INT. MAIN BALLAST

(NOTE: A submarine has two hulls -- the pressure hulls on the inside, a sea hull on the outside. We're between the hulls now. It's a place few people, even submariners, have ever seen.)

Surfacing, the men beam lights around to behold...

A curving cathedral of steelwork. The tank is maybe 10 feet wide by 20 feet tall by who-knows-how long. Oil and kelp bob on the surface of the water. Dead squid dangle from struts and braces. Lots of them.

STUMBO

Holy Jamoley....

COORS

Musta sucked up a school of squid, one point....

Coors uses a steel mallet to TAP the inner hull...

INT. CONTROL ROOM

...and send a message to the control room.

CHIEF

They're in.

Chief RETURN-KNOCKS.

BRICE

(to Loomis)

Standing down for a while.

LOOMIS

Good idea. Little rack time, feel like a champ.

It grates on Brice, but he lets it go.

CLAIRE

(to Chief)

How long should it take?

CHIEF

Once they find it? Pretty straight-forward repair.

Claire eyes the hull. If it's claustrophobic in here, it must be intolerable in there.

CLAIRE

Easily said, from this side.

INT. MAIN BALLAST

COORS

You guys, forward. We'll check aft.

Splitting up, Coors and Odell slosh one way, Stumbo and Weird

Wally the other. Anxious to get this over with, Stumbo  
heads out  
fast. CAMERA LAGS BEHIND with Weird Wally.

WEIRD WALLY

"Making his way through the chamber,  
redolent with the stench of dead and dying  
calamari...the trailing man realized...  
that it wasn't such a good idea to be the  
trailing man...."

Weirding himself out, Weird Wally hurries to catch up.

INT. SKIPPER'S STATEROOM

Brice sits. He stares at one particular book on his  
shelf for a  
troubled beat before pulling it down.

It's the patrol log.

INT. FORWARD CORRIDOR

Passing, Claire notices a light on in the skipper's  
cabin. She  
lays an eye on the curtain-crack to see...

Brice. He runs a Kurtz-like hand over his skull as he  
ponders  
that blank page of the patrol log: Portrait of a man who  
feels  
the hounds of Hell gaining on him.

INT. SPLIT SEAM - MAIN BALLAST

The ballast tank finally dead-ends. Here Stumbo and  
Weird Wally  
find...

A split seam. FUEL OIL GURGLES through.

Stumbo breaks out wooden wedges. Weird Wally uses a mallet to TAP

A MORSE MESSAGE on the outer hull for...

INT. MAIN BALLAST

Coors and Odell. They stop and listen.

ODELL

"Found it." [Should we] head back?

COORS

They found one.

Searching for other ruptures, they press on.

INT. SKIPPER'S STATEROOM

EXTREMELY CLOSE on Brice's fountain pen, writing. The words don't come easy.

BRICE (V.O.)

"2330 hours: We surface to confirm sinking of German ship. Four officers go topside -- Commander Winters, myself, Lt. Loomis...

INT. MAIN BALLAST

BRICE (V.O.)

...and Lt. j.g. Steven Coors."

Continuing aft, Coors leads Odell through hip-deep water.

It

seems even darker at this end of the tank.

ODELL

So the night we lost Old Man Winters...

Coors stops.

COORS

Odd time to bring that up.

ODELL

It's an odd place. How did he bang his head? 'Fore he went over?

COORS

You heard.

ODELL

I heard that the boat hit something -- but I never felt anything down below.

SOMETHING SPLASHES nearby. Odell jumps and beams his light on...

A squid's head in the water, one big eye watching him. Did it just fall?

Coors studies the back of Odell's head. As he does, we DROP DOWN to study the steel mallet in Coors' hand.

Odell turns back.

COORS

Let's keep movin'.

INT. SPLIT SEAM - MAIN BALLAST

Drenched in oil, Stumbo drives wooden wedges into the split.

Weird Wally provides light. Soon SLOSHING FOOTSTEPS turn them

both around to see...

Absolutely nothing.

STUMBO

What?

WEIRD WALLY

Didn't say anything.

STUMBO

But what were you thinkin'?

WEIRD WALLY

Well, I used to hear about these dock workers who got welded up inside these kinda places -- and were never heard from again.

STUMBO

You are so fucking out of bounds with that shit, Wallace.

INT. WATER FALL - MAIN BALLAST

Coors and Odell reach the after terminus and a fall of water.

They point lights up but can't see the source.

COORS

Stern tank, looks likes.

Getting ready to climb, he belts his hammer, slips off fins.

COORS

So anything I say stays here? This side of the hull?

(off Odell's nod)

There were survivors from the sinking. Brice and Loomis even started to fish a

few out. But Winters had other ideas -- he ordered Brice to bring a gunnery party topside. Well, three of us had a problem with machine-gunning these men right in the water -- even if they were Germans. There was an argument. Got kinda heated.

Coors starts climbing a cat's cradle of girders. The steel is covered with algae, making the footing difficult.

ODELL

Why didn't you tell us?

COORS

Guess we were trying to protect him, his memory. Felt Winters was a good C.O. -- even if he could be a tough sonuvabitch, sometimes. For his reputation...his family's sake....

Coors finds another seam-split. Water fans from this one.

ODELL

Okay. But I still don't understand how he hit his head.

COORS

Slippery metal...bad footing....

Coors takes the steel mallet out. He looks back down at...

Odell way below. Hard to tell if he's buying it: He's just sweeping his light around now -- and not looking up. It'd be so easy....

COORS

Accidents happen, right?

Right beside Coors, something moves in the fan of water.  
Coors  
jars and looks again. Nothing now. And just when he  
decides his  
nerves are acting up...

A form extrudes through the water. A face.

Coors recoils.

The hammer drops.

Odell looks up as...

The falling hammer smashes into him and his lantern.  
Everything  
goes dark. INTERCUT ALL THIS WITH:

EXT. MANTA - FLASHBACKS - NIGHT

QUICK FLASHBACKS: Of Winters. His head striking the  
deck.  
Falling overboard. Hitting the water face-first.

INT. MANTA - SERIES OF ROOMS

A HOWLING SCREAM.

RAPID-FIRE REACTION SHOTS around the boat: Claire and  
Kingsley.  
Loomis and Chief. They all know it's coming from between  
the  
hulls.

INT. SKIPPER'S STATEROOM

As Brice's fountain pen blots the page.

INT. SPLIT SEAM - MAIN BALLAST

Weird Wally and Stumbo look toward the DECAYING SCREAM.

A  
petrified beat, then...

They bolt.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

Everyone rushes here. Chief is banging the hull.

CHIEF

Coors! Sound off!

KINGSLEY

Here? Or aft? Where was it?

CLAIRE

Get him out, get him out of there...

CHIEF

Odell! SOUND OFF! ODELL!

Brice enters. He and Loomis touch eyes.

INT. MAIN BALLAST

Lights bouncing wildly, Stumbo and Weird Wally head in  
the  
direction of the scream. They collide with Odell.

STUMBO

Fuck of God, was that you?

ODELL

Gimme the light, gimme the light, gimme  
the light....

They all move aft now, senses racing, ducking girders and pushing through squid entrails -- before realizing: Those aren't squid entrails. They lift their lights to find...

Coors. He's draped over a girder above them. When he fell, he must've impacted so hard that he vomited one of his lungs. It dangles from his dead mouth like an embryonic sac.

They gape. *"Is this shit even possible?"*

ODELL

Get him down....

SLOSHING FOOTSTEPS. They whirl to see...

Something retreating into shadow. A human form? Is there someone else in here?

Stumbo takes off like a cannon shot.

ODELL

Help me get him down.

Weird Wally spurts after Stumbo. For one moment Odell is left alone with a dead Coors...the dangling lung...and the Thing In The Shadows before...

He dives away, following the other two.

EXT. MANTA FLOOD-PORTS - UNDERWATER - NIGHT

With adrenal speed, Stumbo and Weird Wally shoot out the bottom of

the sub. Odell appears a beat behind. Just as he's about to clear...

Something catches his foot. Maybe his fin is simply caught on a barb, but Odell doesn't bother to investigate: He kicks right out of his fin and keeps swimming.

INT. FORWARD TORPEDO ROOM

The escape trunk is cracked open. Three men get dumped inside with the seawater. Instantly everyone is TALKING AT THEM.

LOOMIS

Shut up...shut up...WOULD YOU GROW SOME DICKS AND SHUT UP!

(half-beat)

Now where is Mr. Od...

Odell rolls onto his back.

LOOMIS

...Coors. Where's Coors?

The three men just stare back through goggles, sucking on mouth-pieces, too amped up to respond. Soon we grow aware of RANDOM TAPPING SOUNDS.

BRICE

Tell me that's him. That's gotta be Coors. He's still alive, right?

WEIRD WALLY

(locating his voice)

Sir...that's the one person...I can guarantee it's not.

Claire pushes through the crowd to check on Odell. He indicates "I'll live." But Stumbo is still breathing like a plow horse. Claire tries to take his pulse but gets slapped away hard: It's like she touched a burn victim.

STUMBO

Don't touch...don't touch...

HOAG

(re TAPPING)

Was that a "b"? Dit-dot-dot-dot?

PAPPY

I didn't hear a "b".

SONAR #1

Dit-dot. "A". Thought I heard an "a".

PAPPY

That's not morse. Just some shit got caught up in the bow planes, now it's smacking up against --

HOAG

"C". Did you hear a "c"?

SONAR #1

Dot-dit-dot-dit. Definitely a "c".

LOOMIS

Hull sounds. You guys are gettin' lathered up about hull sounds. Now would somebody please tell us what the hell happened to Coors?

HOAG

"Back." B-a-c-k.

STUMBO  
(to himself)  
He's "back"...

LOOMIS  
WHERE'D YOU GET THE "K" FROM?

KINGSLEY  
Dit-dot-dit. While you were talking.

LOOMIS  
Hey, champ, you can stay out of this. And  
the rest of you jugheads can --

BRICE  
Enough already.  
(to repair team)  
In the wardroom, one minute. Keep your  
mouths shut until we debrief.

Brice exits. The TAPPING FADES AWAY.

LOOMIS  
There was no goddamn "k".

INT. OFFICERS' WARDROOM

20 minutes later. Still a sorry sight, Odell, Stumbo,  
and Weird  
Wally are finishing up with Brice and Loomis.

BRICE  
And the fuel leak. It was repaired prior  
to....

STUMBO  
Guess so. Yeah, sure. Just about had it  
sewed up when...when...

BRICE

(to Loomis)

So if weather's good, we surface tonight,  
run diesels topside while we charge the  
batteries. Keep pushing for the barn.

ODELL

(blinking)

"The barn?" Our "barn?"

Brice stands and leaves. Odell follows him right out the  
door...

INT. FORWARD CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

...and into the forward corridor, where Claire and  
Kingsley and a  
few anxious blueshirts wait. Suddenly everyone is  
following Brice  
toward the control room.

ODELL

Sir, southern ports of England couldn't be  
more than two days away. Mr. Kingsley  
here is a navigational officer -- he  
should know the area and --

KINGLSEY

I know all the ports, the depths -- I know  
where the submarine nets are, the mine  
fields....

BRICE

And have the R.A.F. bomb us? Because they  
mistook us for a hostile boat?

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Brice ducks the doorway. With everyone still dogging his  
heels:

KINGSLEY

There are safety-corridors that we could use when --

BRICE

Considered and rejected. Thank you.

ODELL

Mr. Brice, we've lost both periscopes and our main sonar -- we're blind and nearly deaf down here. The men are in a bad way, and two of our senior officers are now --

BRICE

Welcome to the war, Odell.

CLAIRE

This has nothing to do with the war.

The procession stops. Brice turns and glares. It's one thing for Odell to challenge Brice -- but not the female. Not the fucking Brillo pad and not in front of the crew.

CLAIRE

Just how much longer can we not say what we're all thinking? What, no one wants to be the first? Fine, allow me: This submarine is [haunted] --

Brice snaps up the LMC and booms his voice around the boat:

BRICE

Now hear this. The loss of Lieutenant Coors is unfortunate but fails to affect our plans. It's daylight now, but I expect to surface at 1900 tonight, recharge the batteries, then proceed on base course back to Connecticut. That is

all.

He hooks the mike, steps back to Claire.

BRICE

If you can find the back door on this boat, you're free to leave any time.

(to Odell)

And if you can find in the regs where an ensign still working on his first can of Burma Shave sets the course, I'll gladly give you the conn. Until that time, I'd ask that you not say anything that might further agitate this crew. Or me.

Odell opens his mouth to object but...

BRICE

Stay out of my way, Odell.

INT. BATTERY ROOM

CLOSE on a hydrometer filling with battery acid, giving a reading on specific gravity. It's turkey-baster technology.

Zap is checking the charge on the batteries. As he moves on to the next gang, Chief takes a nervous glance at...

The hydrogen monitor. The needle is crossing 10% -- the start of the red zone.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

Brice and Loomis work the chart table, plotting a heading.

BRICE

Not so bad. Just knock the nose around a bit, and we're back on base. Make it 2-8-5.

LOOMIS

Right standard rudder. Make it 2-8-5, true.

HELMSMAN

2-8-5, true.

The helmsman rolls his wheel.

Blowing a sigh, Loomis breaks out his yo-yo and starts doing tricks.

CLOSE on the gyro-compass charting the course correction:  
"270...  
280...290..."

Loomis "walks the dog", making his yo-yo bottom out. He notices the taut string is leaning to one side of the boat. Leaning hard.

LOOMIS

You're over-steering, helmsman.

HELMSMAN

Yessir, just getting some...resistance from the rudder.

He's struggling with the wheel. Loomis lends a hand, pulling with the helmsman.

EXT. MANTA - UNDERWATER - DAY

The rudder. Hard over. Not responding.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

CLOSE on the gyro-compass: "300...310...320..."

Now Planesman #2 joins the tug-of-war. Jaws clench.  
Veins bulge.  
The wheel starts shuddering in their hands.

BRICE  
(into 1MC)  
Chief of Boat to control room...Chief of  
Boat to control room...

EXT. MANTA - UNDERWATER - DAY

As the Manta keeps coming about.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

As the vibration in the wheel grows, so does a POUNDING  
SOUND:

Imagine the noise made by angry Zulu warriors trapped  
between the  
hulls of the sub and trying to break free with sledge  
hammers.  
Then double it.

BRICE  
Awright, belay that, BELAY THAT!

Not hearing, the three men hang onto the wheel for  
another bone-  
jarring moment, until...

The rudder wheel shatters.

Bakelite shrapnel sends everybody ducking for cover.

The ZULU HAMMERS DIE.

PLANESMAN #1  
(a beat)  
Nasty shimmy.

EXT. MANTA - UNDERWATER - DAY

Now, smooth as silk, the rudder centers itself.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

HELMSMAN  
(amazed)  
Rudder amidships, sir.

He looks to Brice. Brice looks to Chief. Chief, equally flummoxed, looks to the motormac which entered with him.

MOTORMAC #1  
(unconvincing)  
Some kinda hydraulic failure....

CHIEF  
Maybe the I-M-O pump, but never heard anything quite like --

LOOMIS  
Well, get on it, huh? Christ, musta overshot our heading by....

BRICE  
170 degrees.

He's looking at the gyro-compass, which is holding at "95." We get the uncanny feeling that the boat just made its own course-correction.

INT. CREW MESS

CLOSE on an anti-oodoo necklace being made. Carved-wood icons, scrimshaw bits, Cracker Jack prizes, and bird feathers are all strung on a wire by...

Weird Wally. Other blueshirts are playing cribbage and cards, too stressed to sleep. Planesman #1 enters with news.

PLANESMAN #1

(low)

Rudder malfunction. And when we tried to shut down the props? No dice -- wouldn't respond. We're on a runaway boat, fellas. Now can anyone top that?

HOAG

Well, I had a strange thought.

STUMBO

Take a number.

HOAG

Yeah, but this one's really...creepshow stuff.

Weird Wally perks up. Others tune in, too.

HOAG

What if...when we took on that Kraut ship ...we didn't sink them? What if...and I'm just battin' ideas around here, don't nobody get excited...what if they sank us?

WEIRD WALLY

(a beat)

Oh, good twist.

STUMBO

I don't get it.

HOAG

Might explain how that dead Kraut talked to Stumpie, since, you see...

STUMBO

I don't get it.

WEIRD WALLY

(getting into it)

And the controls...they froze up because ...they've rusted up...because we're actually on the bottom of the ocean. Flooded out.

HOAG

'Course, not sure what all that pounding was about....

WEIRD WALLY

Rescue divers. Pounding on the hull. Only they're too late.

PLANESMAN #1

So everything we're doing -- playing cards, trying to make repairs -- maybe it's all happenin' in some kinda....

HOAG

"Slop-world."

STUMBO

Shit. I get it.

WEIRD WALLY

Very good twist.

PAPPY

Hydrogen...CO2...ozone from the electrical shorts -- that's what we're breathin' right now, and it's makin' all you guys

loopier than a roller coaster. We got mechanical problems. That's all. So what's new?

Everyone falls quiet. For a beat.

WEIRD WALLY

'Course, we haven't got any radio messages lately.

PAPPY

Sweet-and-sour Jesus. Hand me a pot to beat him with.

HOAG

When was the last one? Before or after the sinking?

WEIRD WALLY

Orders to pick up the Brits.

PAPPY

There you go. After. Now pinch this shit off, wouldja?

That seems to settle it. For a beat.

WEIRD WALLY

'Less it happened during the depth charging.

HOAG

Remember that one? Rolled right down our deck?

*"Maybe it wasn't a dud."*

INT. CONTROL ROOM

Odell scans the control room: No other officers here. He grabs

the map off the chart table and leaves.

INT. CLAIRE'S STATEROOM

A curtain closes.

The map opens, getting pressed to a wall.

A lantern snaps on, illuminating the map and...

ODELL

So exactly how far from England are we?

KINGSLEY

Can I ask why you're asking.

ODELL

No.

KINGSLEY

Right. What's our heading?

ODELL

Zero-nine-five.

KINGSLEY

(getting to work)

Looks like the last star-fix, here...and  
at this latitude, variation 'tween true  
north and magnetic north....

CLAIRE

(to Odell)

Looking for a back door, are we?

ODELL

Just in case this boat can't make it home.  
For whatever reason.

CHIEF (O.S.)

...I-M-O pumps check out. But the rudder

has a dedicated line all the way to the stern. If we can tap into that somewhere abaft, should regain our steering....

Odell shuts off the lantern. INTERCUT Odell, Claire, Kingsley listening in the dimmed cabin as...

INT. FORWARD CORRIDOR

Brice, Loomis, Chief move forward in the boat.

BRICE

Where would you tap in?

CHIEF

After battery room.

LOOMIS

Little dicey, isn't it? Without venting first?

CHIEF

Just threading up new hydraulics. No welding.

BRICE

What are we at, anyway?

CHIEF

13 percent, down in the --

LOOMIS

13 percent hydrogen?

BRICE

Keep your voice down.

CHIEF

Look, I don't know any other way to regain control of this boat. Do you?

A beat. A decision.

BRICE

Make sure you're sealed off -- don't need  
a repeat of the Hindenburg here. And  
let's keep this quiet, huh?

CHIEF

You don't want the men to know?

Subtly, Brice checks for listeners -- human or otherwise.

BRICE

Fewer the better.

INT. CLAIRE'S STATEROOM

CLAIRE

(whispering)

Like it's a bloody mechanical problem....

The FOOTSTEPS leave. Odell snaps the lantern back on.  
Kingsley  
returns to his calcs.

WE TRACK WITH his pencil as it projects a heading across  
empty  
water. The graphite makes a long, lonely journey  
eastward until  
it reaches...

A tangle of pencil-markings -- jagged course corrections  
and  
torpedo-attack notes. The Manta has been here before.

KINGSLEY

What is this? What happened here?

HOLD on Odell's face. *"Oh, shit."*

INT. CONTROL ROOM

On their way to make repairs, Chief and Helmsman duck through the aft doorway, turn back to close the door. Stumbo and Weird Wally skim through at the last second, moving forward in the boat.

The AIRTIGHT DOOR CLANGS SHUT. The lever locks.

INT. GALLEY/CREW MESS - CONTINUOUS

Above the door is a wheel marked "Air to Control Room." Chief cranks it closed.

Heading aft, Chief and Helmsman pass the cribbage players...

INT. CREW QUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

...continue past 30 sleeping bodies...

INT. ENGINE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

...and enter here. Waiting for them, Pappy and Motormac #1 seal the doors on either end of the engine room. Chief notes Pappy's fish hanging from the pipes.

PAPPY

Guardian angelfish.

(explaining)

Took the second-place team trophy in the Army-Navy bowling tournament with that fish watching over me.

Not arguing the point, Chief drops through the floor-hatch...

INT. BATTERY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

...and winces when he sees the hydrogen monitor at 15% --  
pegged  
out at the end of the red zone. Is it even higher than  
it shows?  
For a moment he considers not doing this.

CHIEF

Awright, we take no chances, make no  
mistakes. This is the line we wanna tap.  
Rag your tools.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

LOOMIS

(to Planesman #2)

Grab some chow. I'll let you know when  
we're ready to surface.

The planesman peels off. Loomis fills out watch-sheets  
as Odell  
enters with the map.

ODELL

'Tenant? A word?

LOOMIS

One sec, champ. My watches are gettin'  
all --

ODELL

Now, Mr. Loomis.

INT. BATTERY ROOM

CLOSE on a wrench uncoupling a hydraulic line. The head of the wrench is wrapped in a rag: No metal-on-metal contact in this witches' brew of an atmosphere.

Chief and his team start bleeding the hydraulic rudder line. As the dark red fluid bleeds out...

One of those HALF-HUMAN wails is heard. Not only did it seem to come from inside the boat, but it sounded positively wounded.

MOTORMAC #1

That is a whale, isn't it?

CHIEF

What else would it be?

INT. CONTROL ROOM

The map is back on the table. Loomis listens as...

ODELL

...now maybe it's just a coincidence...I know Coors wasn't too sure about his fix to begin with...but it sure seems like we're going right back to where we sunk the German ship.

(half-beat)

Where we lost Winters.

INT. ENGINE ROOM - BATTERY ROOM

HELMSMAN

Hey, Pappy? "Second-place team trophy in the Army-Navy tournament...." Isn't that

sorta like "last place?"

Finished threading up the new controls:

CHIEF

Okay. Let's repressurize the line from this point aft -- see if we can't put the brakes on this little joyride once and for --

The ZULU HAMMERS return. Lights shut down.

PAPPY

I'll reset the buss.

Pappy hustles forward. Helmsman grabs for a battle-lantern in the dark, fumbling it. When he picks it up, he fails to notice the shattered lens. Just as Pappy gets the forward door open...

The aft door opens, too.

HOAG

Hey, Chief? You know we tripped out back --

Both bulkhead doors are open.

CHIEF

Shut that goddamn door before I shut it with your goddamn --

The helmsman switches on the broken lantern.

EXTREMELY CLOSE on the carbon filament inside the lantern.

Excited by the hydrogen, it flares like a just-struck match.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

The BOAT SHUDDERS. Not a lot. Just enough to be felt but overlooked as Loomis and Odell start to square off.

LOOMIS

What are you saying, Odell? It's not a coincidence? Somebody put us on this course?

ODELL

Just asking the question.

LOOMIS

Lemme ask one. Where were you when the rudder went over? Huh?

(off Odell's  
baffled look)

This course heads back to England -- and I've noticed you've had a hard-on for anything English. So where were you, Odell? Back of the boat, messin' with the rudder assembly? Or did you get some motormac to do it for --

ODELL

That's so stupid I can't even --

LOOMIS

Not as stupid as what you're thinkin'.  
I'm tired of this hoodoo horseshit. It's not what you think it is. It's not even remotely fucking possible, okay?

Blood spatters the chart: Loomis hit the table so hard that he cracked the embedded gyro-compass and cut his fist. Odell just stares: Loomis -- the guy who eats nails for breakfast, the one

guy who seemed iron-clad -- even he's showing cracks.  
Odell  
breaks the gaze as...

Brice enters. He grabs a growler and cranks up "Engine Room."  
Getting no response, he switches to the 1MC.

BRICE  
Engine room, how much longer?

STATIC answers him.

INT. FORWARD CORRIDOR

BRICE (O.S./1MC)  
After room, see the Chief in the engine  
room, ask him to respond.  
(a beat)  
After room?

Sensing something wrong, Claire and Kingsley step out  
into the  
corridor.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

BRICE  
Mr. Hoag, report.  
(a beat)  
Crew quarters, report.  
(a beat)  
Anybody, pick up your 1MC.

Claire and Kingsley enter and join everyone else in  
staring at...

The 1MC speaker. HISSING.

Heart revving, Odell moves to the aft door, looks through the three-inch porthole, sees only darkness beyond. He starts to throw the lever -- and catches himself.

ODELL

It's warm.

Loomis pushes him aside, BANGS metal against the door. As they wait for a response....

Anxious REACTION SHOTS: We tally the faces on this side of the door -- Brice, Loomis, Odell, Claire, Kingsley, Stumbo, Weird Wally. That's it. Everyone else is on the "warm" side.

BRICE

Break out some lungs.

INT. CREW MESS

Utter blackness.

The bulkhead door cracks open, spreading light into the room, revealing swirling smoke. Nothing else moves.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

Loomis and Brice beam battle-lanterns inside, but visibility is minimal. Odell is the first to put on a Momsem lung. Loomis grabs a second lung. Claire grabs a third.

BRICE

Two is enough. Everyone else stays.

CLAIRE

I don't see anyone else here with medical training.

(off his stony  
look)

What're you going to do? Put me off the boat?

(to Odell)

Let's go.

She gets the respirator on. Behind them all, Weird Wally dons another anti-voodoo necklace.

WEIRD WALLY

"His intelligence getting the better of him, Wallace chose not to lead the mission this time...."

INT. GALLEY/CREW MESS

Loomis, Odell, Claire. They enter and keep low, trying to move below the densest smoke. Claire jumps when...

The bulkhead DOOR CLUNKS SHUT behind her. Brice's face fills the porthole.

Soon their sweeping lights find...

The first body in the galley. A steward.

They find a second body. Then a third and a fourth. Maybe a half-dozen casualties here, some playing cribbage even in death.

Claire checks one of the steaming bodies. The flash-fire passed

through here so fast that it didn't burn -- it seared, it suffocated. And bizarrely, it preserved.

The three reach the next bulkhead door, the one leading to crew quarters. It's open -- and that gives a sick-in-gut feeling. Again, Loomis CLANKS METAL futilely. They step on through...

INT. CREW QUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

...and enter a charnel house: 30 more lie dead in here, most still in their bunks, frozen in time like victims of Pompeii. Light-beams pick out the grim details:

The hamster still on its wheel...

A roll of Lifesavers still clutched in a smoldering hand...

Photographs of sweethearts, charred but intact, like negative prints now...

Dog tags fused into someone's chest skin...

An untouched locker, "Fire Equipment Inside."

Stepping over the few men who escaped their bunks, Odell and Claire continue on.

Lagging behind, Loomis catches movement out of the corner of his vision. He whips a light on...

A sooty mirror. The light reveals his own veiled form. Under

other circumstances, Loomis might laugh at himself. But now he notices that...

His reflection is out of synch with his movements.

Loomis rubs his worried head -- then watches himself do it again in the mirror. *"What the fuck is going on? Oxygen deprivation?"*

ODELL

Loomis? 'Smatter?

LOOMIS

Change out my scrub....

He motions them on, starts swapping out the vial in his mask that holds the oxygen-scrubbing chemicals.

INT. ENGINE ROOM

Odell and Claire push open the engine room door and reach Ground Zero. There's nothing remotely alive, including...

Pappy's lucky fish. Boiled alive in its bowl.

Blue light strobos dangerously from an unseen source. Suspecting the worst, Odell starts clearing charred bodies from the hatch area of the battery room. As he does...

Claire hears a METALLIC SOUND. Is it tapping? She moves deeper into the engine room as...

Odell lowers himself through the hatch...

INT. BATTERY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

...and sees an indoor lightning storm: The great batteries are discharging erratically, sending tongues of blue fire licking across the room.

INT. ENGINE ROOM

The sound Claire hunts becomes a FEEBLE TAPPING. Her light finds...

A hand clutching a tool. The light jumps to a blackened face.

It's Chief, crumpled in a corner, impossibly alive.

CLAIRE

Back here!

(to Chief)

Awright, we found you, we found you...  
how're the legs? Can you feels your toes?  
Anything at all?

He touches her like a blind man, groping her face, her throat.

CHIEF

Don't try....

CLAIRE

No, no, no, you're going to pull  
through....

CHIEF

Don't try and stop me....

Alarms go off in Claire's head: Is that rusty-hinge voice really

his? Is this really the Chief? She tries to remove his hand from her throat, but he won't release.

CHIEF

Especially you....

He goes lax. Only now can Claire pry the hand off her throat, and as she does...

Another one grabs her shoulder.

ODELL

Clear out. Now.

(no response)

Batteries are still arcing. C'mon, Claire -- we could be next.

Seeing only the dead Chief here, Odell jerks her away.

INT. CREW QUARTERS

Odell slams the door to the engine room, dogs it, hurries after Claire. They shoot past...

Loomis. He watches them go, then readjusts his mask and steps back to the sooty mirror. Somehow it's vital to him -- to his sanity -- to understand what's going on with the man in the mirror.

INT. CREW QUARTERS/CREW MESS

Claire and Odell. Stumbling their way back, light-beams slashing

over steaming corpses, falling and getting back up,  
disoriented in  
the dark, finally reaching the last bulkhead door and  
wrestling  
with the lever until...

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

It opens. They collapse into the control room. Claire's  
mouth-  
piece has long since fallen away, and now she just sits  
on the  
floor wheezing, unable to speak.

BRICE

What happened? Odell?

ODELL

Somethin'...somethin' kicked off the  
hydrogen and...and they're all...they're  
all....

KINGSLEY

"They're all?"

BRICE

MR. LOOMIS?

INT. CREW QUARTERS

He's testing the sooty mirror: The strange time-delay is  
gone  
now. Just to reassure himself, Loomis reaches out to  
wipe the  
mirror clean.

MAN-IN-THE-MIRROR POV: We're inside the mirror looking  
out at  
Loomis as he clears a swath. Suddenly his mouth gashes  
open.

Horror stretches his face.

Winters is staring back at him.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

Brice beams a light through the doorway just as...

Loomis erupts into the control room, bowling Brice over.

LOOMIS

Outta here...outta here...gotta get the  
hell outta here....

BRICE

Loomis! Get back here!

Stumbo and Weird Wally grab him, trying to calm him. But Loomis, bull-strong, tears free and keeps going. Stumbo winds up with his Momsem lung.

LOOMIS

WE GOTTA GET OFF THIS BOAT!

INT. FORWARD CORRIDOR

Loomis careens past. Brice is steps behind.

BRICE

Loomis! There's nowhere to go!

Loomis ducks into the forward torpedo room. Just as Brice gets there...

The DOOR WHUMPS SHUT in his face. The lever locks.

Brice, Stumbo, Weird Wally grapple with the door,  
SHOUTING,  
SWEARING, fighting to undog it.

INT. FORWARD TORPEDO ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The door opens. The last six -- Brice, Stumbo, Weird  
Wally,  
Odell, Kingsley, and Claire -- funnel inside to find...

Loomis gone. There's absolutely no sign of him except  
for...

His yo-yo. It swings like a pendulum right below the  
closed  
escape trunk. The other end is inside.

Brice checks a water-level gauge. It's topping out.

Stumbo looks at the Momsem lung he still holds. Loomis'.

STUMBO

(stunned)

Did he...even have....

KA-THUNK! An unseen hatch opens somewhere on the boat.

EXT. MANTA - UNDERWATER - DAY

With CAMERA behind the bridge, we see Loomis rise up out  
of the  
escape hatch -- without a lung. He tries swimming for  
the  
surface, but that lasts only as long as his one breath of  
air.

The forward momentum of the boat brings him  
closer...closer...and  
by the time he snags on the mangled periscopes right in  
front of  
us, he's more dead than alive.

There Loomis flutters, a new flag for the Manta.

INT. FORWARD TORPEDO ROOM

Everyone is rooted in shock -- until the boat jolts and the torpedo room tilts to starboard. It brings an O.S. THUMPING AND BANGING. What now?

INT. FORWARD CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Everyone back-tracks to find...

Clothes, books, photographs -- all of Brice's stuff littering the corridor. Was it thrown here when the boat jolted?

BED COILS STRAIN behind the closed curtain of Brice's cabin. A DISEMBODIED SIGH follows. If we didn't know better, we'd swear someone just went down for a much-needed nap. Brice doesn't seem eager to do it, so Odell reaches out with quaking hand to draw back the curtain. And just as we get a sliver-glimpse inside...

The lights shut down in the forward section. The entire boat has gone dark. And all anyone sees now is...

The glistening of terrified eyeballs.

EXT. MANTA - UNDERWATER - DAY

As the Manta, listing to starboard, journeys on.

FADE

OUT

INT. CONTROL ROOM

(NOTE: The remainder of interior scenes will be lit by just gauge lights and battle-lanterns.)

Odell and Weird Wally are trying to free the air-ballast controls.

They pull on a lever from above while Stumbo, on his back, muscles the linkage from below. Claire and Kingsley shed light.

ODELL

Try again. One, two, three.

STUMBO

C'mon you tight bitch, give....

It won't budge. Odell slings something across the control room in frustration.

ODELL

What the hell is wrong here?

(a miserable beat)

If we could blow the main, get to the surface...but I don't know how to fix this friggin' stuff....

It all hits Odell now -- the confinement, the dark, the deaths.

He points his light down so nobody can see his eyes puddling up.

CLAIRE

Even if you could -- the real problem wouldn't be fixed, would it?

KINGLSEY

I think it's time we were told about "Old Man Winters." Everything.

ODELL

(to Weird Wally,  
Stumbo)

Keep trying, huh?

Stumbo grumbles, rattles through a tool box. Odell pans a light around. Brice isn't here.

ODELL

(low)

All I know is what Coors told me...that Winters wanted to shoot the German survivors, shoot them right there in the water. Brice, Loomis, Coors -- they wanted to help. Apparently Winters lost the argument.

If a submarine can SHUDDER, that's what the Manta does now,  
listing a few more degrees starboard.

ODELL

And I'm just repeating.

CLAIRE

Well, I count two versions of the story.  
How many more do you suppose there are?

INT. GALLEY/CREW MESS

ODELL

Mr. Brice?

Lights probe the burned-out section. Claire and Kingsley trail

Odell in. Claire needs a Momsem lung to breathe back here.

ODELL

Lieutenant?

KINGSLEY

Certain he went back here? Here?

BRICE (O.S.)

Looking for me?

Lights jump to a table, finding Brice seated and working on something we can't quite see. Evicted from the forward part of the boat, he's taken up residence back here with the steaming dead.

ODELL

(off-balance)

Just, uh, reporting that we haven't been able to repair the electrical. Heating's down, too. Ballast levers are inoperable, probably jammed during the depth-charging, Stumbo's working on it now. We show 90 pounds of compressed air left in the 600-pound system, and I'm wondering if we should save that for when we try and surface -- or use it now to breathe.

BRICE

Shinola.....

ODELL

Sir?

BRICE

Running out of Shinola, too.

He brings a rag and a shoe above-table. And now we realize: In the dark, on a runaway submarine, the C.O. is waxing his shoes. It's an attempt to impose normalcy on his life.

CLAIRE

We also came to ask about Commander Winters.

(a beat)

If there's anything else you want to tell us about that night...something that may help us understand...why.

ODELL

(a beat)

Sir, do you have any idea why this boat seems to be going back to where the skipper died?

When he finally looks up, Brice looks at Claire.

BRICE

Don't pretend you don't know. Just don't pretend anymore.

He goes back to his shoes.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

KINGSLEY

Well, wasn't that awkward.

They re-enter the control room, wrapping up in blankets and jackets as they go. It's getting numbingly cold in here. Condensation is icing up on walls.

STUMBO (O.S.)

Maybe Hoag was right...maybe we already bought it....

It takes a moment to find Stumbo: He's curled up on the floor by the ballast levers, shivering.

STUMBO

If not the depth charge, then the hydrogen ...if not the hydrogen, then maybe the cold...if not that, then we got Heap Big Evil Spirit battin' clean-up. Too many. I mean, shit, there should only be so many ways a guy can die. Ain't fair....

Odell kneels.

ODELL

Stumbo, CO2 hangs low -- it's working its way from the floor up. Gotta stay on your feet.

STUMBO

Maybe we're just gonna die over and over again....

ODELL

Stumbo. I need you to keep workin' on the ballast controls. We need them to surface, okay?

STUMBO

...stuck in some vicious "slop-world" cycle....

Claire touches Odell's shoulder. "*Let me try.*" She kneels and, with her best bedside manner, smacks him across the face.

CLAIRE

Feel that?

STUMBO

You fucking whore!

CLAIRE

Then you're still alive, aren't you?

Incensed, Stumbo gets up and goes for her. Odell and Kinglsey wedge in.

KINGSLEY

Easy, lads....

ODELL

Hey, hey, maybe there's some kinda... pulley or wench, or.... Isn't there a come-along in the forward room? Can't we use that?

STUMBO

(still eyeing  
Claire)

Yeah, but....

KINGSLEY

Let's go, Stumbo. We'll do it together.

Kinglsey coaxes Stumbo away. Odell turns to Claire.

ODELL

So tell me why. Tell me why these three officers would kill their skipper and conspire to cover it up. That's what you're thinking, isn't it?

CLAIRE

If I am, I see I'm not alone.

ODELL

Loomis was up for a major citation, okay? Brice was in line for his own command, Annapolis, naval family...Coors had this Irish girl up in Boston, they were talkin' about.... These guys had everything to

live for, Claire.

CLAIRE

By that thinking, had everything to lose,  
too.

ODELL

"Why." I haven't head "why."

She shakes her head and looks back in Brice's direction.

CLAIRE

"Don't pretend you don't know." What the  
hell could he have....

(a beat)

Are we missing somebody?

Their lights sweep.

ODELL

Wallace?

(into 1MC)

Wallace, sound off.

The only answer is CREEPY SILENCE. Now they notice...

Light coming from the ship's office.

Odell and Claire ease closer to find...

INT. SHIP'S OFFICE/CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Weird Wally. He's sitting in his chair, head dipped,  
open pulp in  
his lap.

ODELL

Wallace?

Still no answer. We get an itchy feeling this is one of  
those he-

looks-alive-but-he's-really-dead moments. Odell reaches out to touched Weird Wally...

And he jumps in his chair.

Odell and Claire jump in their skins.

Weird Wally removes headphones that he's using as earmuffs. His chest bristles with amulets and totems, his tiny office is adangle with charms and talismans. All that's missing is the "Voodooville" sign.

WEIRD WALLY

I am trying to read here.

ODELL

Look, running out of plays in the playbook. If you have any ideas on how to get control of this boat....

WEIRD WALLY

"They scoffed at him...tried to silence him...yet in their most dire hour, they turned to Wallace for understanding...."

(indicating a  
stack of pulps)

I've been checking the literature on the subject, and the thing we know about maledictions is --

CLAIRE

"Maledictions?"

WEIRD WALLY

Look it up. "Maledictions" don't issue from heaven or hell, but some unresolved place in between.

(flipping pages)

In fact, there's a great description of it

in "The Natives of Netherworld," a novella  
by Pierce Milestone which opens in --

ODELL

Wallace? We're running out of air.

WEIRD WALLY

Suffice to say, the malediction needs  
satisfaction in order to escape its  
netherworld.

ODELL

And if you had to guess what would satisfy  
our "malediction"....

WEIRD WALLY

I thought it was obvious.  
(off their blank  
faces)

Old Man Winters never got a chance to go  
down with his ship. Did he?

Looks. *"He's taking us back to sink us?"* Without  
warning, Claire  
slides bonelessly down the wall, hand to her chest.  
Odell knows  
what it is: The canary in their coal mine just fell off  
its  
perch.

ODELL

Okay, okay, I'm gonna take care of it  
right now.

CLAIRE

Don't....

ODELL

Just bleed a little air into the control  
room, just enough to --

CLAIRE

Need it to surface...said so yourself....

ODELL

I don't know how much we need. But we'll die down here if we don't do something soon. And you'll be the first, Claire.

CLAIRE

Just let me...please, let me have....

She sucks on her Momsem lung. Odell's lantern dims. He tries to smack it back to life, but it dies in his hands. It's all going wrong. Everything.

ODELL

(to Weird Wally)

Keep watch. If she gets any worse, find me.

He touches her head gently, wishing he had magical healing powers, then leaves to find more light.

Weird Wally hitches closer to Claire. She notes the tangle of religious artifacts on his chest. Trying gamely to sound better:

CLAIRE

[I] gather you're religious....

He fingers a Star of David, a Muslim Crescent, a fat-bellied Buddha -- and a Latin cross -- before shaking his head.

WEIRD WALLY

Just in case he is.

Almost smiling, Claire lets her eyes drift closed.

MEMORY HIT: Of another cross. The one scribbled in the patrol log.

Her eyes snap back open. Now it means something to her.

INT. FORWARD CORRIDOR

Darkness.

Alone, Claire steps into the corridor set at a drunken angle. She takes a hit of air from her lung -- and that's it, no more. Now she just listens. Soon a WET, METHODIC BREATHING becomes audible. It's the kind of sound a submarine might make on its own -- but it's also the sound a drowning victim might make if he returned from the dead. Claire flicks off her lantern and aims it ahead at...

The skipper's cabin. Is "he" asleep?

Steeling herself, Claire approaches...

INT. SKIPPER'S STATEROOM - CONTINUOUS

...and eases the curtain open. The BREATHING IS LOUDER here. Her light checks the bunk. Empty. *"Well, what did I expect?"* The light flits to the desk -- and finds the patrol log.

Claire moves inside and opens the log. There it is again -- the cross. Apparently it means something to Brice, too. Claire finds

his latest entry and reads.

BRICE (V.O.)

2230: Sight target believed to be German cruiser. Winters orders flank speed to close target and gain a firing angle...

INT. CONNING TOWER - FLASHBACKS

We see QUICK VISUALS to support the voice-over: The men in the tower working fast and feverish. Taking periscope glimpses. Scribbling on charts. Feeding data into the TDC.

BRICE (V.O.)

2315: Loomis checks target profile against I.D. log, matching it to Berlin class. I personally verify match.

We see Loomis and Brice consulting a ship I.D. log, concurring on a silhouette.

BRICE (V.O.)

2320: Single torpedo fired from #4 tube. Heard the strike, followed by collapsing bulkheads.

We see Coors smacking the "fire" button. A stop-watch running.

Tense faces waiting. Soon the MUFFLED STRIKE.

BRICE (V.O.)

2330: We surface to confirm sinking. Four officers go topside -- Commander Winters, myself, Lt. Loomis, and Lt. j.g. Steven Coors....

We seen an overhead HATCH CRACKING open. On that sound, we CUT

BACK to...

INT. SKIPPER'S STATEROOM

An INKWELL BREAKING on the floor. Claire just knocked it off the desk. Her breathing stops just as...

The other BREATHING STOPS. BED COILS GROAN. Dreading it, Claire puts her light on...

The bunk. Motionless. But the bedcovers have moved. Haven't they?

After a small forever, the other BREATHING RESUMES. Claire takes the patrol log and backs out of the room.

INT. OFFICERS' WARDROOM

RAPID-FIRE SHOTS of Claire's hands opening two books, rifling through page after page of ship silhouettes. Her fingers tremble from cold and fright, but they manage to tear out two pages.

Behind the drawn curtain of the wardroom, Claire overlays the two pages and puts a light behind them. The two silhouettes line up almost perfectly.

Her mind reels.

Now we see the books she's torn from: One is the "AXIS IDENTIFICATION LOG." The other, "ALLIED IDENTIFICATION LOG."

Claire makes a move to leave but...

The BUNK SQUEAKS across the corridor. HEAVY FEET hit the floor.

Nap time's over.

Now she hears a CURTAIN OPENING and FOOTSTEPS THUMPING out. The fabric of Claire's curtain ripples as something passes on the other side. Then it's gone. Just as Claire's heart starts up again, the FOOTSTEPS DOUBLE BACK to her.

CLOSE on the curtain-rings. Starting to move.

Claire backs into a dark corner and shuts off her light as...

The curtain opens. He's standing right there.

ODELL

Claire? What're you doing in here?

INT. CONTROL ROOM

Stumbo and Kingsley have retrieved the come-along wench. They start hooking chains into the frozen ballast controls.

INT. OFFICERS' WARDROOM

START on the two ship silhouettes, overlapped and backlit. Claire is showing Odell the similarity. Wasting as little breath as possible:

CLAIRE  
German cruiser, Berlin class...type Brice  
said you sunk...and my ship...Fort James.

We can almost see Odell's brain trying to catch up to his  
eyes and  
ears.

ODELL  
Are you telling me...that the German  
submarine Kingsley saw....

CLAIRE  
Wasn't.

Time stands still.

ODELL  
But it was an accident.

CLAIRE  
Not leaving us in the water to die. They  
had to hear the calls for help. In  
English.

ODELL  
And you think that Winters would actually  
just.... Or do you think that he wanted  
to pick up survivors...and that maybe it  
was...

CLAIRE  
Who mis-i.d.'d the ship? Who had  
everything to lose?

INT. CREW HEAD

As Brice just shaves in the dark.

EXT. MANTA - UNDERWATER - NIGHT

As the Manta's props shut down.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

An UNNERVING QUIET overtakes the boat. Stumbo puts a light on the telegraphs: Both show "STANDARD" speed. The boat should be moving -- but it's not.

CLOSE on the bathy-thermograph: The stylus has bottomed out. It's like it just dropped dead.

Kingsley sweeps an arm across the chart table for a clear view of the map. A coffee cup gets knocked over and...

A block of ice-coffee tumbles out. That's how cold it is now.

Odell and Claire enter.

STUMBO

Either batteries finally crapped out,  
or....

WEIRD WALLY

Or we're here.

ODELL

Let's use that air!

They attack the come-along, cranking the handle, taking up slack in the chains. As they do...

EXT. MANTA - UNDERWATER - NIGHT

The Manta starts going nose-down. The depth-charge rolls off the deck.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

The control room tilts forward. Anything not bolted down starts moving. Sliding. Tumbling. Including...

Claire. Odell grabs her.

STUMBO

Oh, fuck me, this is it!

WEIRD WALLY

I hate being right.

ODELL

Keep cranking, keep cranking!

The chains go taut, but the ballast levers still resist. We can actually hear METAL LINKS STRETCHING. Suddenly...

The main ballast lever collapses, snapping off...

...tomahawking across the control room...

...and smashing gauges next to Stumbo. It could've been his head.

But did that do it? Did the lever throw before it snapped? HULL-CRACKING SOUNDS as the outside pressure changes.

STUMBO

Goin' down! He's gonna take us all down!

Odell lurches to the depth gauge, still hanging by its wires. The needle is dropping.

ODELL

No. No, no, no....

The gauge is hanging upside-down. He rights it -- and sees the needle rising.

ODELL

It's working.

EXT. MANTA - UNDERWATER - NIGHT

As the Manta spirals ass-first toward the surface.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

STUMBO

JUST LIKE I SAID! WE'RE RISING, WE'RE RISING!

INT. CREW HEAD

JAGS OF RELIEF from the O.S. control room. Brice hears the ruckus -- and just towels off his baby-smooth face.

EXT. MANTA - RAIN SQUALLS - NIGHT

Props first, the Manta erupts out of the ocean.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

Everyone holds on tight as the control room rocks back, leveling off.

INT. CREW HEAD

Brice is buttoning up a fresh shirt when the boat levels. Something slides off a shelf, and he catches it just before it hits the floor.

It's the pistol.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

The BOAT GOES QUIET again. The depth gauge is zeroed out. Odell instinctively waits for orders -- then realizes.

ODELL

All right. Okay. We do this fast. Stumbo, see if we can drain the tower. If we can't get out that way, we use the forward trunk. Wallace, see about raising the radio mast for a distress call.

Stumbo and Odell attack the tower hatch. Weird Wally starts for the radio shack, but notices...

The radar screen hazing to life.

WEIRD WALLY

Hey....

(no one hears)

Hey, guys....

(no one hears)

We have contact on SJ radar! 4,000 yards starboard bow!

There's a blip closing on them.

EXT. MANTA - RAIN SQUALLS - NIGHT

As the radar antenna sweeps.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

Crowding the radar screen:

ODELL

Lemme see, lemme see....

STUMBO

Same contact? Same German cruiser?

KINGSLEY

If we're back in the shipping lanes, could be a merchantman. Could be British.

It's impossible to tell.

ODELL

Wallace, raise the mast, issue a radio challenge on the RAL-6. Get that ship to i.d. itself before....

He stops himself, seeing...

Shined shoes. Crisp khakis. Perfect Windsor knot in a black tie.

And the pistol, holstered.

BRICE

Well done, Mr. Odell. But I'm feeling much better now.

A beat. No one speaks.

BRICE

You were saying?

ODELL

We have a contact. And maybe an

opportunity.

BRICE

"An opportunity...."

ODELL

To abandon ship.

Brice frowns at the radar screen.

BRICE

I don't know that's a friendly out there. Just because you hope it is, doesn't make it so. And if it is a hostile --

ODELL

I think it's better to scuttle and take our chances with a surface vessel, any surface vessel, rather than --

BRICE

And tell Connecticut what? Hmmm? That we scuttled a fleet submarine because we lost a few men carrying out our mission?

STUMBO

"Few men?" Lieutenant....

BRICE

That we panicked? Lost our heads? Hmmm? That a handful of people disagreed with their superior officer, ignored the chain-of-command, and took matters into their own...their own hands....

He stops himself. Claire and Odell touch eyes. *"Did he just come close to confessing?"*

CLAIRE

We have a chance, maybe one, to get off this sewer pipe you call a "boat," and we

need to take it. Now.

BRICE

We'll wait right here.

He unholsters the pistol. An electrified beat.

WEIRD WALLY

Seeing as how there's a lull in the conversation...contact at 2,500 yards. Might cross astern.

ODELL

Mr. Wallace. No matter what Mr. Brice says, I want you to go to the radio shack and establish voice contact with that --

BRICE

Belay that, Wallace! You are not the skipper here, Mr. Odell!

ODELL

And neither are you, sir!

Brice cracks his mouth with the pistol. Odell goes down like lead. Brice walks over him, pivots to the radio shack...

INT. RADIO SHACK - CONTINUOUS

...and BLOWS THE SHIT out of the radio gear.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Brice reloads. Consults the radar screen. Sees the blip at 2,000 yards. Hears A SHIMMERING SOUND on the hull.

BRICE

Rain squall. Little luck, he won't see us

in all this [weather]....

He sees one light toggle red on the "Christmas tree."  
One hatch  
just opened somewhere on the boat.

Brice does a quick head-count. All the men are here.  
All the  
men.

EXT. MANTA - RAIN SQUALL - NIGHT

The forward escape hatch is open. CAMERA SWINGS UP to  
find...

Claire. Lying on the deck. Taking deep life-renewing  
breaths.

Spending a few precious seconds before getting up and  
making her  
way aft in the downpour. Praying she's in time for...

The ship. Is that it? Those lights?

Claire sweeps a battle-lantern back and forth, YELLING  
HERSELF  
HOARSE, stopping only when...

Gun metal touches her neck.

BRICE

It's really not safe up here, Miss Paige.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

CLOSE on the radar. Odell's mouth-blood is pattering the  
screen.

The blip is at 1,200 yards.

ODELL

Stumpie, Wallace, with me.

They grab lanterns and charge aft.

EXT. MANTA - RAIN SQUALLS - NIGHT

Topside, Claire hasn't moved. She just keeps her eyes --  
and  
lantern -- trained on the coming lights.

BRICE

We're going below now.

Still she doesn't move. Brice grabs her by the scruff  
and tosses  
her forward, sending the lantern skittering away. Claire  
steadies  
herself on cabling.

CLAIRE

Bury everybody and bury the truth! Is  
that it, Brice?

BRICE

Time to go.

Claire moves right back to him -- and lets the pistol  
touch the  
front of her neck.

CLAIRE

Like this. This is how I go.

Brice tries to back up and get separation. She matches  
him step  
for step in a danse macabre, clutching his gun hand now,  
keeping  
the pistol to her own throat.

CLAIRE

If that's your plan, get on with it.  
Because I am done being scared.

(a beat)  
GET ON WITH IT, YOU FUCKING COWARD!

INT. AFT TORPEDO ROOM

CLOSE on keys being torn off a dead man's neck.

CLOSE on a key opening the armory locker. Weapons and munitions tumble to the floor. One box is stenciled "M-55 SIGNAL PROJECTILES."

ODELL  
Know how these work?

STUMBO  
Mortar tubes in both torpedo rooms, but I've never --

ODELL  
Try.

Odell grabs a semi-auto rifle and arrows away.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

On his own now, Odell races back through the control room, passing...

KINGSLEY  
(reading radar)  
800 yards! It'll be a close shave!

EXT. MANTA - RAIN SQUALLS - NIGHT

Brice twists free of Claire's grasp. He always did have trouble

meeting her eyes, and when he looks away now, he finds himself staring at...

Loomis. Still hanging from the gnarled periscopes.

BRICE

(parroting Loomis)

"Just leave." "They'll blame it on a U-boat." "Just get outta here and they'll never fucking know...CHAMP!"

He PUMPS A FEW ROUNDS into Loomis' corpse. It's misplaced rage, and Brice realizes it. Now it all drains out of him. He slumps against the deck gun.

BRICE

Kept looking for some way...to take it back...make it end right...some way without dishonoring Winters, but...I was going to wear this uniform back to port and now [it's ruined]....

(wretchedly)

What should I do, Miss Paige?

Claire doesn't need to look at the ship anymore: She can hear the BIG DIESELS bearing down.

CLAIRE

You let me have the light. You let me signal for help.

Brice shakes his head. *"I don't know...I just don't know...."*

CLAIRE

That's the right ending.

On the other side of the tower, Odell claws his way topside. He takes a precious second to check the load on his weapon.

Brice picks up the lantern. Checks to make sure it's still working. Thinks. Walks it back to Claire as if there were all the time in the world.

Odell arrives in time to catch...

Claire and Brice facing off. Behind them is a moving, THUNDERING

WALL of steel: The ship is passing the Manta right fucking now.

Claire has her hands out for the lantern: *"Please...."*

BRICE

Finally figured out why he didn't kill me, too....

(like it's the  
secret of life)

He didn't have to.

Brice slings the lantern overboard...

CLAIRE

NO!

...and EMPTIES THE CLIP into his brain.

Odell. Shocked senseless.

Claire. Spiraling away but looking back to see...

Brice. Staring at her as he falls overboard. The last thing we saw on his face wasn't pain. It was relief.

The ship. Stern sweeping into view. On its rear deck...

A British flag.

Claire. SCREAMING HER ANGUISH. Realizing the ship never  
saw the  
Manta. Realizing it's...

Vanishing. Being swallowed by the rain.

Odell charges aft, FIRING HIS WEAPON as he runs, waving  
his light,  
trying anything to get the ship's attention.

It powers past, oblivious.

Claire slumps against a deck-pipe.

CLAIRE

Dear God, it didn't see us....

White-hot FLAME HISSES out of the deck-pipe...

...snakes up into the night sky...

...and DETONATES. Red light illuminates...

The British ship. Almost out of range. But visible for  
another  
moment or two.

Odell gives a FRENZIED WAR CRY and stomps the deck,  
trying to be  
heard in the torpedo room underfoot.

ODELL

Again, Stumbo! Again!

INT. AFT TORPEDO ROOM

As Stumbo rams another M-55 into the mortar tube.

EXT. MANTA - RAIN SQUALLS - NIGHT

A second FLARE HISSES out of the deck-pipe...

And BLOWS overhead.

The ship. Still there. Barely.

A third flare launches and BLOWS. As its light fades,  
it's  
replaced in the sky by...

A YELLOW FLARE suspended by a parachute. It came from  
the British  
ship.

Suddenly standing in a world of golden rain, Claire  
laughs and  
cries and loses her footing. Odell catches her before  
she hits  
the deck -- and sees no reason to let go.

Weird Wally and Kingsley appear, armed and primed for  
action. But  
they uncoil when they see...

No Brice. Just Odell and Claire holding each other.

Stumbo stumbles topside.

ODELL

They saw. British freighter. They saw  
and they acknowledged.

All five survivors huddle together, steadying one  
another, forming  
a human atoll on the rolling deck of the Manta. Claire  
finds  
herself arms-locked with Stumbo. In his face we see  
grudging  
respect.

STUMBO

Weren't the first woman that ever slapped me -- and won't be the last. But well done, Miss Paige.

CLAIRE

Well done, Mr. Stumbo.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BRITISH SHIP - PRE-DAWN/DAWN

The rain is easing. Morning is a promise on the horizon.

Claire, Kingsley, Stumbo, and Weird Wally are being tended to on the deck of the rescue ship, hot liquids and blankets dispensed.

Removed from the others, Odell is joined by...

BRITISH CAPTAIN

Thought I'd turn the 4-inch guns on your boat, help you scuttle her. But looks like someone beat me to it.

He motions to...

The Manta. 100 yards off, it's starting to bubble under.

Odell nods vacantly. *"Looks that way."* The British captain leaves as Claire approaches. She watches side-by-side with Odell as sunlight breaks over the Manta. Its stern is rising for the last time.

ODELL

So what would you say? If you were the one who had to go back and explain it all?

CLAIRE

(feeling sunlight  
on her face)

Seems unlikely, doesn't it? Now.

ODELL

Have you considered it? That maybe when Winters died, he just died? Period? And the rest of it...I mean, the kind of air we were breathing...does things to your brain.

CLAIRE

You say what you have to say, ensign. But I'll always know what happened down there.

Off their shared look, CUT TO:

EXT. UNDERWATER - DAY

Nose first, the Manta does a downward death-spiral. It leads us to...

A shipwreck, perched on an undersea ledge. HOLD here as the Manta continues into the depths. The shipwreck is a torpedo-ripped hulk -- yet we can still make out the white cross painted on its flank. This was a hospital ship. This was the Fort James.

FADE

OUT

