

THE LAST SHIP

"Phase Six"

Written by

Hank Steinberg & Steven Kane

Fifth Draft

September 4, 2012

COPYRIGHT © 2012 TURNER PAGES, INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. NO PORTION OF THIS SCRIPT MAY BE PERFORMED, PUBLISHED, REPRODUCED, SOLD OR DISTRIBUTED BY ANY MEANS OR QUOTED OR PUBLISHED IN ANY MEDIUM, INCLUDING ON ANY WEB SITE, WITHOUT THE PRIOR WRITTEN CONSENT OF TURNER PAGES, INC. DISPOSAL OF THIS SCRIPT COPY DOES NOT ALTER ANY OF THE RESTRICTIONS SET FORTH ABOVE.

**FADE IN ON**

We're soaring over miles of DESERT. Red, burning sand as far as the eye can see. Desolate, the middle of nowhere.

A LOW-LEVEL HUM rises in volume as a JEEP hurtles into frame from behind a dune.

The driver is a young AFGHANI MAN (20's). Next to him, RACHEL SCOTT (30's), driven and fiercely intelligent, searches the burnt horizon and points.

The Driver turns, the Jeep fishtails, sending a plume of dirt in its wake. As it bounds down the rocky terrain, REVEAL...

...a REFUGEE CAMP, set into the barren desert. A warren of tents and corrugated lean-to's.

RACHEL

Stop here.

The driver skids to a halt. Rachel hops out, warning him:

RACHEL (CONT'D)

You go no further.

She moves to the trunk and pulls out a BOX.

QUICK CUTS: Rachel slides on a SYNTHETIC WHITE JUMPSUIT, GLOVES, a MASK, and a RESPIRATOR.

TIME CUT TO

Rachel making her way through the CAMP in her BIO-HAZARD SUIT. VILLAGERS stare in curiosity and fear. The Darth Vader WHEEZING of the respirator fills our ears, merging with the sounds of WAILING as she approaches then bursts into a...

LARGE TENT, where we find a half-dozen sick and dying AFGHAN VILLAGERS, writhing under thin blankets.

A LOCAL DOCTOR in a useless surgical mask looks up to see her approach the bed of a 30 year old PASHTUN; gaunt, sweating, taking quick shallow breaths. His glassy eyes struggle to focus on the vision of this extra-terrestrial standing over his cot. He reaches out a hand.

Rachel pulls his arm toward her and PLUNGES a NEEDLE into it. He panics at the sight of his own blood filling the syringe, but within moments, Rachel withdraws the syringe and rests the man's arm next to his frail body.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

CUT TO \*

A FLUTTERING OF WINGS as SEA GULLS scatter to reveal... \*

NAVAL STATION NORFOLK, VIRGINIA. Seen from ABOVE to establish. A sprawling complex of NAVY SHIPS and BARRACKS. \*

CUT TO \*

A LONE FIGURE, silhouetted by the bright sky at the end of an exterior passageway (P-WAY) as he marches purposefully toward the FORECASTLE of the USS NATHAN JAMES. From his posture and his gait, you can tell he's a man of considerable power. \*

He emerges into the light and we meet TOM CHANDLER (40'S), rugged, determined. His face softens at the sight of... \*

SAM \*

Dad! \*

SAM (6) and ASHLEY (9) racing toward him. Behind them stands DARIEN, Tom's wife, who smiles sadly. \*

CHANDLER \*

What do you think? Pretty cool, huh? \*

SAM \*

Way cool! \*

CHANDLER \*

C'mere. We don't have much time. I got something for y'all. \*

He kneels, shows them two GOLD COINS. \*

CHANDLER (CONT'D) \*

See this. The *USS Nathan James*. That's us. And here, this spear. It's what they call us. The "Spear of the Navy." Cause we're the best ship in the sea. \*

SAM \*

Does that mean you're the best Captain? \*

CHANDLER \*

I'd better be, right? \*

SAM \*

Are you gonna get to shoot people? \*

CHANDLER \*  
 Navy's mission is to help people, \*  
 son. I've told you -- we only have \*  
 the guns for protection. \*

Chandler sees Ashley moping. \*

CHANDLER (CONT'D) \*  
 What do you say, Princess? \*

ASHLEY \*  
 (unenthused) \*  
 Thanks, Dad. \*

SAM \*  
 Let's go check out the big gun! \*

DARIEN \*  
 Five minutes, kids! \*

Sam races off towards the large MK45, Ashley trailing behind. \*  
 As Darien comes up and puts her arms around Chandler... \*

CHANDLER \*  
 Ashley's not happy with me. \*

DARIEN \*  
 She's gonna miss her daddy. \*

They turn to see Sam gesticulate excitedly about the big gun. \*

DARIEN (CONT'D) \*  
 On the other hand, I think Sam's \*  
 ready to enlist. \*

Chandler smiles, but his expression is pained. \*

CHANDLER \*  
 Fleet Command just called. The \*  
 mission's changed. Navy wants the \*  
 weapons tested under conditions of \*  
 extreme cold. \*

DARIEN \*  
 You're not going to the Med. \*

CHANDLER \*  
 The Arctic. \*

DARIEN \*  
 And we're not meeting in Mykonos \*  
 for our anniversary. \*

CHANDLER \*  
 Gets worse. We'll be EMCON Alpha \*  
 the whole tour. Total radio \*  
 silence. \*

DARIEN \*  
 Wait...you won't even be able to \*  
 check in? No Skype, no email? \*

CHANDLER \*  
 Two minutes on the HF per week. \*  
 Otherwise, we're dark. \*

DARIEN \*  
 I've never heard of anything like \*  
 this. \*

CHANDLER \*  
 It happens. Not often, but -- it's \*  
 a classified mission, I can't even \*  
 tell you exactly where we'll be. \*  
 (off her upset) \*  
 This all fell into my lap twenty \*  
 minutes ago. I haven't even been \*  
 briefed on all the details myself. \*

CUT TO \*

XO MIKE SLATTERY (40's) walking XO MIKE SLATTERY (40's) \*  
 walking on the FLIGHT DECK, crossing with NAVY SEALS DANNY \*  
 GREEN and FRANKIE BENZ (both 20's). He shakes Danny's hand. \*

SLATTERY \*  
 Dan the man! I heard the Seals \*  
 were on board. What gives? \*

DANNY \*  
 Damned if we know. \*

SLATTERY \*  
 That's six extra bodies, anybody \*  
 alert the kitchen? \*

Frankie reveals the Seal Dog (ADMIRAL NELSON), on a leash. \*

FRANKIE \*  
 Seven. And he eats for two. \*

The SOUND of a CHOPPER OFF-CAMERA draws Slattery's attention. \*

SLATTERY \*  
 What the -- \*

MOMENTS LATER, \*

Slattery strides toward the HELO BAY, a Chopper rising into the air behind him. \*

SLATTERY (CONT'D) \*  
 (yelling into the bay) \*  
 Where my helo going? Who the hell \*  
 are you? \*

REVERSE to REVEAL Rachel unloading boxes of scientific equipment in the HELO BAY. Behind her, her assistant QUINCY TOPHET (40's) sets up their make-shift BIO LAB. \*

RACHEL \*  
 Dr. Rachel Scott. \*  
 (handing him papers) \*  
 Department of Defense authorized us \*  
 moving in here for the tour. \*

SLATTERY \*  
 And you're going to be playing \*  
 house in my helo bay? \*

RACHEL \*  
 I apologize. It was the only place \*  
 that could accommodate our needs. \*

SLATTERY \*  
 And what is it you do exactly? \*

RACHEL \*  
 We're paleomicrobiologists. \*

SLATTERY \*  
 Well that clears everything up. \*

Slattery notices BIO-HAZARD SUITS hanging along the wall. \*

SLATTERY (CONT'D) \*  
 I got 217 men and women aboard this \*  
 ship -- and a dog. Anything I \*  
 should be concerned about? \*

RACHEL \*  
 Oh, that's just so we don't \*  
 contaminate the work. Not the \*  
 other way around. \*  
 (ending this) \*  
 We really appreciate you giving us \*  
 a lift. \*

SLATTERY \*  
 Don't thank me. It wasn't my idea. \*

Quincy watches Slattery go. \*

QUINCY \*  
 Nobody told these guys anything? \*

A beat. The weight of the world on her. \*

RACHEL \*  
 Come on, let's finish up. \*

As Rachel goes to get more supplies, Quincy reaches into a \*  
 box and pulls out a CAGE -- filled with MICE. \*

CUT TO \*

Sam on the FORECASTLE, looking at the coin. \*

DARIEN (O.S.) \*  
 What are you going to tell the \*  
 kids? \*

RESUME WITH Chandler and Darien: \*

CHANDLER \*  
 I was hoping I could sell them on \*  
 the idea that I'll be hanging out \*  
 with Santa. Maybe put a good word \*  
 in for them. \*

DARIEN \*  
 They don't believe in Santa any \*  
 more. \*

CHANDLER \*  
 Since when? \*

DARIEN \*  
 Since the last time you were at sea \*  
 for Christmas. \*

CHANDLER \*  
 I'll make it this year. \*

DARIEN \*  
 Promise? \*

He wraps her into a hug and as he holds her tight, we \*

SMASH CUT TO \*

AN AERIAL VIEW of the NATHAN JAMES crashing through the blue \*  
 black sea. \*

The ship's remaining SH-60 ROMEO soars in and lands on the \*  
 FLIGHT DECK and a HORN BLAST... \*

...takes us to the BRIDGE, where CMC JETER (Command Master Chief, 40's), barks into a radio. \*

CMC JETER \*

Red deck. Bird's back in the barn. \*

HELMSMAN TIM SPARKS, (20's) and OFFICER OF THE DECK ALISHA GRANDERSON (20's, African-American) steer the ship. Everyone wears cumbersome cold-weather jackets. \*

Slattery enters from outside, unzipping his heavy coat. \*

SLATTERY \*

Goddamn it's cold. I can't feel my face. Lieutenant Granderson, tell me: Do I still have a face? \*

ALISHA \*

Yes, sir. Though it looks like you could use some lip balm. Sir. \*

SLATTERY \*

I should've taken the desk job in Miami. Goddamn it's cold! \*

Chandler enters. \*

QUARTERMASTER \*

Captain on the Bridge! \*

ALISHA \*

Captain, we're all set for the weapons test. \*

Chandler takes his starboard-side seat and scans the dark sea with his BINOCULARS. \*

CHANDLER \*

Thank you, Lieutenant. Commander Slattery, our Helo just dropped a target somewhere within a 30 mile radius. The target is five feet long, two feet wide and in the icy water it has no heat signature. Let's see if we can kill this thing and get your frozen ass back to Norfolk. \*

Off Slattery's smile...

JACKIE MAKENA (PRELAP) \*

Aye Aye, sir. \*

CUT TO

The CIC - where LT. JACKIE MAKENA (20's) and her team scan the ocean for the target. Chandler next to her. Slattery behind them.

JACKIE MAKENA (CONT'D)  
Target area acquired.

CHANDLER  
Fire.

Jackie hits the button on her console and...

ON DECK - a VLS LAUNCHER BAY OPENS and a MISSILE launches.

BACK IN THE CIC, we track the missile over the sea. From the animated image of the MISSILE on the screen, we go to

The sky, FLYING WITH THE MISSILE. From this POV, we see the missile's tip and the sea racing below us at hundreds of mph.

BACK IN THE CIC, Everyone anxiously watches the monitors. Suddenly, the missile appears to take a hard right turn.

JACKIE MAKENA  
Impact in 3...2...

A silent explosion on the monitors.

CHANDLER  
Boom.

JACKIE MAKENA  
Confirmed, Sir. Target destroyed.

Off Jackie's relieved smile, Chandler reaches for the ILC (ship's public address system).

CHANDLER  
(on Mic)  
Attention crew of the *Nathan James*.  
This is your Captain speaking. We  
just passed our final test. Bravo  
Zulu to each and every one of you  
Blue Noses.

WHOOOPS from the team in the CIC and...

IN THE BRIDGE...where Alisha and her crew cheer.

HELMSMAN  
(to no one in particular)  
This mean we're going home?

BACK IN THE CIC -

CHANDLER  
Nice job, Lt. Makena.

JACKIE MAKENA  
Thank you, sir.

SLATTERY (O.S.)  
Captain.

Chandler turns to see Slattery standing by another monitor, which shows a LIVE VIDEO FEED of the SNOW-COVERED ISLAND a few hundred yards off the Ship's stern.

ON VIDEO: Silhouetted by the setting sun, two small FIGURES stand on the ice. They wear the same bio-hazard suits Rachel was wearing in Afghanistan, and they're surrounded by THOUSANDS of BIRDS soaring above them.

CHANDLER  
Lieutenant, what time is sunset today?

JACKIE MAKENA  
12:36, sir.

SLATTERY  
It's going to drop to 50 below.

CHANDLER  
Get them off the ice.

CUT TO

A SEA BIRD waddling on the ICE. Reverse to reveal Rachel, in her suit, slowly sneaking up on the bird.

RACHEL  
Here, little bird. Here, here.

Behind Rachel, another suited person (QUINCY TOPHET, 40's) kneels over the ice, assaying the water.

QUINCY  
If this is the place, we'll need to dig deeper to get a better concentration. Come back tomorrow if the weather holds.

Rachel's not listening; she's intent on catching the bird.

QUINCY (CONT'D)  
Rachel...

She takes three ginger steps, trying not to crunch on the ice when --

A BUZZING NOISE sends the bird flying.

RACHEL

Damn it!!

She turns to see two WHITE SNOW MOBILES, racing towards them.

The snow mobiles catch air and slide to a stop just feet away from Rachel. The driver in front takes off his helmet, and we reveal Danny. Next to him is Frankie. \*

DANNY

Ma'am. CO says I need to get you back on the ship. Now.

RACHEL

You can tell the Captain that I know how to find the ship, and I'll return when I'm ready.

FRANKIE

It wasn't an invitation, ma'am.

Off Rachel, pissed...

CUT TO

THE SEA - 1800 (Six PM) - The waters are calm. The stars burn with a white luster in a pitch black sky.

CLOSE UP of A MOUSE -- A rubber-gloved HAND picks it up. Another HAND injects it with a syringe.

WIDEN TO REVEAL the converted HELO BAY/BIO-LAB, filled with all sorts of scientific equipment. Rachel pets the mouse and places it inside a GLASS CASE with FOUR OTHER MICE. As she removes her mask, deadly serious...

A PSSSSSH takes us to the...

DECONTAMINATION SHOWER OUTSIDE the LAB. Rachel stands naked in the hot, high-pressure shower, the jets pounding away at her from all angles, high-grade disinfectant soap washing over her.

CUT TO

The MESS DECK, where the crew of the *James* enjoy a hot meal. Follow Navy SEAL Frankie Benz to find Alisha and CMC Jeter shooting it out on a "Call of Duty" type video game.

ALISHA

I got you pinned. Come out nice and easy. I promise, you won't suffer.

CMC JETER

I'm not going down without a fight.

FRANKIE

(to Alisha)

May I?

She hands him the gun controller.

CMC JETER

Aw, what's Frankie gonna do-

Instantly, Frankie puts a bullet through a crack in the wall -  
- holstering it as CMC Jeter's avatar stumbles out and dies.  
Jeter glowers playfully at Frankie, who smiles a mile wide  
and moves on, past...

THE HEAD, where Propulsion Engineer LT JG GLENN CHUNG (22),  
pukes in a TOILET. SMITH and ROWLER (20's) pass by.

ROWLER

Jesus Christ, Chung. Four months  
underway and you're still sea sick.

CHUNG

It's just something I ate.

He throws up again.

SMITH

Man, I pity the guy who bunks under  
you.

CUT TO

Lt. Jackie Makena walking down a P-WAY. She spots the SEAL  
DOG, sitting at attention by the sick bay door.

JACKIE MAKENA

Admiral Nelson! How are ya, boy?  
You being a good boy?

As Jackie approaches the dog, a hand reaches out and grabs  
her, pulling her into the

SICK BAY - It's Danny.

JACKIE MAKENA (CONT'D)

Not fair, using the Admiral as  
bait!

DANNY

All's fair in love and war.

He starts to kiss her.

JACKIE MAKENA

(kissing back)  
Danny!

DANNY

It's fine. Doc's getting  
chow.

\*

JACKIE MAKENA

If somebody sees us...

DANNY

Nobody's gonna see us.

Jackie kisses him one last time and pushes him off. Off his wounded expression, she smiles and caresses his cheek.

JACKIE MAKENA

We're almost home.

CUT TO

Chandler and Slattery on a walk-and-talk through a P-WAY.

SLATTERY

We haul ass from here, we should  
make it back for the Series.

CHANDLER

You're not really thinking the Cubs  
are still in it.

SLATTERY

They were six games up when we  
left.

CHANDLER

That was June. And they're the  
Cubs.

As they reach the entrance to the WARD ROOM, a freshly-showered, wet-haired Rachel intercepts them.

RACHEL

Captain Chandler - You had no right  
to pull me from my work!

Slattery backs away: she's all yours.

SLATTERY

I'm just gonna check the, uh...

CHANDLER  
Doctor Scott.

RACHEL  
You don't have the authority-

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
Sending your goons to get me.  
I nearly lost a box of  
samples. My work is vital  
here and I've finally found  
what I'm looking for --

CHANDLER  
Those "goons" are SEALs - the  
Navy's finest - and the only  
reason they're even here is  
to protect you so you can do  
whatever it is you're doing.  
Doctor-

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

CHANDLER  
Doctor!

She stops.

CHANDLER (CONT'D)  
First of all, thanks for checking  
in. This is the first time you've  
said more than three words to me in  
four months.

RACHEL  
I'm sorry I haven't had you over  
for tea.

He holds up a hand to stop her.

CHANDLER  
- Still talking. Now, I think I've  
been more than a gracious host. I  
gave up an airship so you could  
convert one of my helo bays into a  
floating mad scientist's lab and  
I've taxied you and your assistant  
around the islands here so you can  
chase ducks --

\*  
  
\*  
  
\*  
  
\*

RACHEL  
Yellow Wagtails.

CHANDLER  
And I've tried not to let it bother  
me that I was ordered to take you  
on board without a clue as to the  
nature of your work here.

RACHEL  
It's classified. By orders from  
the Pentagon--

He holds up a hand again.

CHANDLER

You need to wrap it up. Our  
mission's done and we'll be headed  
back to Norfolk.

RACHEL

I don't think so.

She walks off...

CHANDLER

Whose ship do you think you're on?

She keeps walking. Off Chandler, what the fuck?

CUT TO

The AUXILIARY RADIO ROOM - Chandler smacks the side of the HF radio transceiver, keeping an eye on the DIGITAL CLOCK counting down the time he has remaining to speak.

CHANDLER (CONT'D)

We have a noisy channel. I repeat:  
Mission objectives achieved. We're  
ready to come home. Over.

A beat. Static. The clock ticks down. 20..19..18...  
Chandler leans in. Is anyone there? After a beat...

VOICE

That's a negative, Commander. The  
mission has been extended. Over.

11...10...9...

CHANDLER

Extended? Why?

VOICE

Maintain your current position  
until you receive further  
instructions in seven days.

The clock reaches zero and the connection breaks. Angry and suspicious, Chandler tosses the headphones.

CUT TO

The *Nathan James* bobbing in the icy waters of the Barents.  
On the FLIGHT DECK, the HELO PILOT hoses down the SH60-Romeo.

ON THE QUARTERDECK - Danny stands morning watch. Frankie joins him.

FRANKIE  
What's up, Danny boy?

DANNY  
Same same water buffalo.

FRANKIE  
We should've been outta here a week ago.

DANNY  
Ours is not to reason why...

CUT TO

RACHEL'S LAB. Under the garish flourescents, the empty lab is eerily quiet. We PUSH through the plastic-lined walls and PAN ACROSS the lab equipment, coming to rest on the SEALED RODENT CAGE, where ALL FOUR MICE LIE DEAD.

ON THE BRIDGE - Chandler watches Rachel and Quincy through BINOCULARS. Rachel DRILLS into the snow bank. Quincy collects more water.

ON THE ICE - Rachel places a VIAL in a SAMPLE BOX, next to three other vials of liquid.

On the VIALS, starting to VIBRATE as...

A low frequency RUMBLE grows in volume and intensity.

Rachel and Quincy look at each other -- and then see...

THREE RUSSIAN ATTACK HELICOPTERS bursting over the horizon.

RACHEL  
Oh, God.

BACK ON THE SHIP

DANNY  
What the hell!?

ON THE BRIDGE, ALARMS GO OFF. TWO SMALLER TROOP CARRIERS appear, joining the three attack helos.

JACKIE MAKENA  
Captain. I have three -- make that five -- unknown aircraft coming in hot from 010 and 035.

CHANDLER  
General Quarters!

CUT TO

THE ICE - The Russian attack HELOS race toward the *James*. The others bank toward Rachel and Quincy. Rachel restarts her drill and tries to get back to work.

QUINCY  
Rachel -

RACHEL  
Almost there.

ON THE BRIDGE - Chandler stares down the incoming helos.

CHANDLER	SLATTERY	*
Get SCAT team ready. CIWS	(on a radio)	*
(see-whiz) set to AW Auto.	I repeat. This is the XO of	*
Hold Fire ON!	the USS Nathan James.	*
	Identify yourself.	

JACKIE MAKENA  
(looking through scope)  
They're Russian, sir. Confirmed,  
the helos are Russian.

CHANDLER  
Send the SEALS.

ALISHA  
Missile incoming!

They look through the front windshield to see an AIR-LAUNCHED MISSILE fast approaching.

CHANDLER  
Prepare chaff! Launch!

ON THE FORECASTLE DECK - DECOY CANNONS explode, sending thousands of METALLIC SHARDS into the air, away from the ship. Drawn by the flying metal, the Russian Missile veers away from the *James* and safely explodes over the water.

The concussion of the blast rocks the ship.

CHANDLER (CONT'D)  
Take 'em out.

IN THE CIC - a flurry of activity as the crew shoots a RUSSIAN HELO out of the SKY.

ON THE ICE - Quincy and Rachel watch the helo explode, then turn to see another RUSSIAN HELO hovering over the ice a hundred yards away. A ROPE LINE drops and FOUR MEN IN BLACK - wearing RESPIRATOR MASKS -- drop down to the snow with ASSAULT RIFLES around their necks.

Rachel tosses the drill aside, drops to her knees and shovels away the remaining snow, trying to get to the DIRT below.

QUINCY  
Rachel, come on!

She grabs a pile of DIRT and stuffs it into a SAMPLE BOX.

QUINCY (CONT'D)  
There's no time!

RACHEL  
You go. I'm right behind you!

CUT TO

THE SKY, as another Russian Helo fires on the *James*.

IN THE BRIDGE -

JACKIE MAKENA  
We're taking hits!

The Russian HELO buzzes right over the FLIGHT DECK, chased down by the *James's* machine guns.

ON THE ICE, the Russians close in on Rachel and Quincy.

Rachel grabs the SAMPLE BOX and runs. One of the Russians fires a warning shot.

QUINCY  
Rachel, Rachel! Stop.

RACHEL  
No. No! Keep running!

Crack! Another shot as a HELO races to cut Rachel off.

QUINCY  
If they wanted to kill us they'd have done it already. It's the samples they want!

Russians close in all sides, the men pointing their ASSAULT RIFLES and shooting at the ICE around Quincy and Rachel.

A RUSSIAN raises his rifle and gets Rachel in his sights. His finger closes around the trigger, squeezing...and then...

BAM! He's killed where he stands by...

FRANKIE, who sits behind DANNY on a racing SNOW MOBILE. Behind them are Smith and Rowler, who exchange gunfire with the Russians.

The *James's* SH-60 Romeo HELO swoops in and shoots the second troop carrier down. It veers and crashes in the sea. The remaining gun ships engage with our Helo.

THE BRIDGE. Chandler hears the HELO PILOT over the comm.

HELO PILOT (V.O.)  
We're hit! We're hit!

Jackie fires rounds at the Russians on the ice, letting the SH-60 Romeo beat a smoky retreat.

IN THE CIC - COMMS OFFICER MASON watches the video screen, gets on the radio.

MASON  
Gunship approaching off the  
starboard side. 200 meters.

ON THE ICE, Rowler jumps off his snow mobile and lifts an RPG, firing at the second Russian helo - blowing it to bits.

Danny nearly takes a bullet, kills another Russian as Rachel and Quincy run from the FIRE FIGHT. They reach the end of a PATCH OF ICE. Bullets behind them, FREEZING WATER in front.

THE BRIDGE. Chandler spies the last RUSSIAN HELO bearing down towards Rachel and Quincy on the ICE.

CHANDLER  
Jackie, go to the 5 inch!

JACKIE MAKENA  
Okay, Boris. Game over.  
(as she lines up her shot)  
Come on. Come on...

ON THE ICE, Quincy puts himself between Rachel and the shooters. She looks between RUSSIAN HELO and the icy water. Should I jump?

The Russian Helo gets to within 100 feet, and....

BAM! The Russians are BLOWN out of the SKY. METAL and GLASS rain down over Rachel, knocking her hard to the ICE.

SMASH CUT TO

Danny and Frankie carrying Rachel onto DECK, Quincy by her side. She's bleeding badly. Chandler rushes toward Rachel -

CMC JETER

Captain!

CMC Jeter points out Smith and Rowler dragging a dying RUSSIAN SOLDIER onto the DECK. Chandler hurries over, pulls the Russian up, and RIPS off his RESPIRATOR MASK.

CHANDLER

Kto Ti? Shto khoteetye? Otvet'tye!

Choking on his own blood, the Russian pleads...

RUSSIAN SOLDIER

Le...chen...ieh.

The Russian DIES. Chandler releases him, turns to Slattery.

SLATTERY

What did he say?

CHANDLER

The cure. He wants the cure.

**END ACT ONE**

ACT TWO**FADE IN ON**

The SHHHH of a FIRE EXTINGUISHER spraying FOAM at a FIRE.

BOOTS race across DECK as Sailors move about the *James*.

CUT TO

Chandler storming through a P-WAY carrying Rachel's SAMPLE BOX. Comms officer Mason in tow.

CHANDLER

Get me Fleet Command. If they  
don't answer get me Naval Command.  
If they don't answer get me the  
Pentagon.

Mason peels off as Chandler bursts into the SICK BAY.  
Rachel's hooked up to an IV. Bruised and bandaged, but  
conscious. A ship's DOCTOR by her side.

CHANDLER (CONT'D)

She all right?

RACHEL

(sitting up)

I'm fine. Are those my samples?

CHANDLER

(to Doc)

Give us the room.

He leaves.

CHANDLER (CONT'D)

You don't get your samples until  
you tell me what the hell's going  
on here.

RACHEL

You have no right --

CHANDLER

I've got every god-damn right. We  
may have just gone to war with  
Russia. And they were clearly  
after you. The time for secrets is  
over.

He opens up her SAMPLE KIT and dangles it over the TOILET.

CHANDLER (CONT'D)  
Start talking.

RACHEL  
I can't say anything until I speak  
to the Secretary of State.

CHANDLER  
(shaking the kit)  
You're going to talk to me.

RACHEL  
You can't do that--

CHANDLER  
-- You put my entire crew at risk!  
Now I want answers!

RACHEL  
You dump that out you lose any  
chance of saving life on the planet  
as we know it!

Chandler looks at her. What?!

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
The world is sick. Very sick.

Chandler pulls back the Sample Kit. Go on! Rachel sighs and  
finally unburdens herself:

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
Fourteen months ago, outside Dar Es  
Salaam Tanzania, there was an  
outbreak. A virus of unknown  
origin. It quickly swept through  
the village, killing everyone it  
infected. Six weeks later, in  
rural Bangladesh, it reappeared  
with similar results. The CDC and  
W.H.O wanted to sample the virus  
from the victims to create a  
vaccine. But I saw how fast the  
virus was mutating and believed we  
needed to find the primordial  
strain at its source. Here, in the  
arctic.

CHANDLER  
The birds...

RACHEL

The birds were the carriers. The virus came from deep within the permafrost, where it lay dormant for hundreds of thousands of years. As the earth warmed, this ancient microbe was released into the atmosphere, where the birds picked it up and spread it to the human population. That was my theory, anyway. And I convinced the D.O.D. to give me a chance to find the strain.

CHANDLER

(re: sample case)  
And this is it?

RACHEL

(nods)  
We finally found the feeding ground where the birds picked up the virus.

CHANDLER

How fast is it spreading?

RACHEL

When we left Norfolk four months ago, the virus was at Phase 2. Limited to small clusters of communities in Asia and parts of Africa.

CHANDLER

How fast?!

RACHEL

We're at Phase Six -- Global Pandemic.  
(beat)  
It's moving faster than anyone could have imagined. Like nothing we've seen before.

CHANDLER

You're telling me the whole world's dying and they send two people to save it?

RACHEL

Like I said, most of my colleagues thought I was crazy.

CHANDLER

Are you?

RACHEL

No. And the scientists back home aren't making any progress. What you have in your hand there may be the only hope.

He sits down, reeling, absorbing the magnitude of what he's just been told. Thinking about his family.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

I'm sorry you had to find out this way. Orders came from the White House. It was a matter of national security.

CHANDLER

Well there was a breach somewhere. We were radio silent and the Russians still found us.

RACHEL

I don't know how that happened. I've been talking to my people on the HF. Just like you. It should have been secure. Now may I have my samples back? Please.

Comms Specialist Mason knocks and enters.

MASON

Sir. I have Naval Command.

Chandler hands her the samples and heads out. Off Rachel --

CUT TO

Chandler entering the AUXILIARY RADIO ROOM, where he sits down in front of a MONITOR. He's on video conference with a YOUNG MAN in a CONFERENCE ROOM somewhere. Behind him, we see people standing -- legs, arms, but no faces.

CHANDLER

Commander Chandler actual.

YOUNG MAN

Stand by for President Geller.

PRESIDENT GELLER, a 60ish woman, sits down -- into FRAME.

PRESIDENT GELLER

Morning, Commander.

CHANDLER  
 (confused)  
 Ma'am?

PRESIDENT GELLER  
 I know. Last you heard I was  
 Speaker of the House. The  
 President died two months ago, the  
 Vice-President a week after him.  
 What's left of the federal  
 government is holed up two hundred  
 feet below the White House and  
 communication is getting spotty, so  
 I need to know -- now -- Does Dr.  
 Scott have what she needs to make a  
 vaccine?

CHANDLER  
 She thinks so, ma'am.

We hear MUFFLED SIGHS OF RELIEF and "Thank Gods" from whoever  
 is with the President.

PRESIDENT GELLER  
 Good. That's good.  
 (looks at someone off-  
 camera, then)  
 We're sending you the coordinates  
 to a secure bio-lab on the  
 Connecticut coast --

CHANDLER  
 -- Ma'am, the Russians--

PRESIDENT GELLER  
 Russia no longer has a functioning  
 government. From what we're  
 hearing, two Speznat divisions  
 broke off under General Vladimir  
 Bulakov. We think they might be  
 the ones responsible for the  
 attacks -- though we're trying to  
 ascertain the facts ourselves.

CHANDLER  
 Our families, ma'am, how do we --

PRESIDENT GELLER  
 -- I wish I could tell you,  
 Captain. Most of our population,  
 including our armed forces, is  
 dying or dead. We have no allies;  
 we have no enemies. Just a world  
 of sick, desperate people.

(MORE)

PRESIDENT GELLER (CONT'D)

Your ship was fortunate enough to be out of the hot zone these past months. If Dr. Scott has the makings of a cure, you need to come home. Now.

CUT TO

LONG SHOT - Chandler and Slattery on the SHIP'S DECK as the SUN SETS. The two officers stand in silhouette, the weight of the world on their shoulders.

SLATTERY

So this whole weapons test-

CHANDLER

-- all of it was just a cover.

SLATTERY

-- and the radio silence was meant to keep us in the dark about what was going on at home.

CHANDLER

I'm sure that was part of it. Dr. Scott's back on her feet and she's got the sample she needs. Keeping her alive is now our primary mission.

SLATTERY

Jesus-

CHANDLER

There's an unmanned refueling station off the coast of France. If we re-up there, we'll have enough fuel to get to the lab at three-quarter speed.

SLATTERY

And what are we going to tell the crew?

CHANDLER

The truth.

\*

CUT TO

A MONTAGE:

On the FLIGHT DECK, Chandler delivers the news to forty of the crew. Shaken to their core, fearing for their loved ones, clinging to each other for support.

Frankie claps a hand on Danny's shoulder.

REPORTER (V.O.)

...accurate numbers are hard to come by, but by our estimates, there are over two hundred million dead in the US...

In the MESS HALL, Slattery tells eighty of the enlisted men and women. Jeter fights back a tear.

NETWORK ANCHOR (V.O.)

Supply chains are completely broken. Food is in short supply, hospitals are overrun-

In the ENGINE ROOM, Chung leans sullenly against a pipe as he and the Engineers are told by Chandler the devastating news.

BBC REPORTER (V.O.)

...the Germans and the French are blaming China for the release of the virus. Which the Chinese deny.

Rachel looks down at the FLIGHT DECK, where Chandler comforts a YOUNG OFFICER, who wipes away his tears and heads back inside to get back to work.

CANADIAN REPORTER (V.O.)

...with possibly half of the world's population dead or dying, rumors that the US is hoarding a vaccine continue to swirl.

Chandler catches Rachel looking down at them, holds her look, then follows his people back into the SHIP.

In the CIC, Jackie and twenty of the TACTICAL OFFICERS stand/sit by their SCREENS, trying to absorb the news as Slattery tells them.

FOX NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

...urban services are completely overwhelmed. In most cities, entire power grids are down, making communication next to impossible-

CUT TO a MONTAGE OF NEWS FOOTAGE, assaulting us with images of sickness, chaos, sadness, and death.

LOCAL ANCHOR

Utter chaos on the streets of Chicago --

ANOTHER ANCHOR  
 ...New York...

ANOTHER REPORTER  
 ...and Los Angeles...

- VIEW FROM A NEWS HELICOPTER of RIOTS in the streets of LOS ANGELES as desperate people break into a PHARMACY.

HELICOPTER NEWS PERSON (V.O.)  
 ...the police are nowhere to be seen and with no end in sight, people are asking "Where is the government?"

WIDEN TO REVEAL we're in the AUXILIARY RADIO ROOM where Chandler and Slattery are watching the news footage. Still in shock themselves at precisely what they're going back to.

Mason enters.

MASON  
 Captain, we just crossed sixty degrees. POTS are up. We have ten open phone lines. Including yours and the XO's.

CHANDLER  
 (to Slattery)  
 Let's line people up. Everyone's going to want to call home.

PRE-LAP PHONE RINGING...

CUT TO

PANNING ACROSS photos of Darien and the kids to find Chandler, alone in his QUARTERS, pressing the phone to his ear, waiting and hoping for the call to be answered.

RING, RING, RING...a CLICK...

Chandler's hopes are raised. And then...

WONK. WONK. WONK. The phone shrieks and goes dead.

He hangs up, quickly dials another number. It goes right to an error tone and A SOULLESS RECORDED VOICE.

SOULLESS RECORDED VOICE  
 The mobile customer you are trying to reach is unavailable or out of range. Please hang up and try your call again...

CUT TO

Chandler emerging into the HALLWAY MOMENTS LATER. A dozen crew-members are lined up outside his door.

Chandler nods to them somberly and cedes his QUARTERS to the next person in line.

CUT TO

The Bridge, as Chandler enters.

QUARTERMASTER  
Captain on the Bridge!

Chandler takes a seat in his CHAIR. Alisha approaches.

ALISHA  
Sir, no contact with French Naval Command. The refueling station's supposed to be unmanned, but we've got extra watch and guns at the ready.

CHANDLER  
Were you able to reach home, Lieutenant?

ALISHA  
No, sir. I think only four people got through to anyone. And the news wasn't good.

He nods somberly.

ALISHA (CONT'D)  
Last time we made port in France, I promised Jenny we'd come back and see Paris together. Funny, with everything -- that's all I keep thinking about.

CHANDLER  
That's the stuff that matters.

QUARTERMASTER  
XO on deck!

Alisha moves off as Slattery enters the Bridge.

CHANDLER  
(to Slattery)  
50 miles from France and the French Navy is nowhere to be found.

Slattery nods, but doesn't move.

SLATTERY

I finally got through. My boy's gone, Tom.

CHANDLER

Oh Mike...

SLATTERY

Christine's up in Deer Park. Some kind of safe zone. The girls are with her. At least I reached her. At least there's hope for them.

CHANDLER

Why don't you take a break, I've got it under-

SLATTERY

No, I -- I don't want to sit around my cabin staring at the walls. This is where I need to be.

ALISHA

(yelling from BRIDGE)

Sir, we have a FIRE ORDER! It came across all channels, but it's garbled. I cannot authenticate.

SLATTERY

(to Chandler)

I'll take the deck. Go!

CUT TO

COMBAT INFORMATION CENTER - where Jackie is already at work trying to decode the message. Chandler rushes in.

CHANDLER

Lieutenant?

JACKIE MAKENA

Confirmed fire order, sir. But the target's unclear.

She pulls up a MAP on the monitors. A view of EUROPE AND ASIA. The other screens show live video from the front of the ship - a dark sea.

JACKIE MAKENA (CONT'D)

Could be anywhere on this line: Kiev, or Tehran maybe.

CHANDLER  
Or it's not a city at all. The  
Russians have mobile launch sites.

SLATTERY  
(over radio)  
Captain, no response from command!  
No way to authenticate.

CHANDLER  
Spin the tomahawks. Hold for a  
location.

Chandler scans the map, hoping for a clue. And then...

JACKIE MAKENA  
Vampire! Vampire! Vampire!

ANGLE - Jackie's RADAR SCREEN -- an approaching missile.

CHANDLER  
It's coming in low and fast.  
That's a nuke-

JACKIE MAKENA  
Direction 0-4-2, headed for land -  
Oh God --

CUT TO

Danny and Frankie standing watch on the DECK. All is quiet until their faces suddenly light up with the brightness of a thousand suns.

REVERSE TO SEE -- an ENORMOUS FIRE-BALL hitting MAINLAND EUROPE, followed by a MUSHROOM CLOUD.

CUT TO

The BRIDGE where Slattery, the Helmsman, Alisha watch -- mouths agape -- as the cloud rises into the heavens.

CUT TO

Rachel and Quincy in the LAB, lights flickering.

CUT TO

CIC - As Jackie, Chandler and the CIC squad watch their monitors blinking uncontrollably as the ENGINES DIE and the POWER GOES OUT, sending the ship into DARKNESS.

**END ACT TWO**

ACT THREE

FADE IN ON

The *Nathan James* drifting without power off the COAST OF FRANCE, completely in the DARK.

IN THE ENGINE ROOM - DARKNESS, except for the criss-crossing beams of FLASHLIGHTS as ENGINEERS scramble to restore power. \*

CHANDLER slides down the LADDER into the dark. He stops a man with a FLASHLIGHT. \*

CHANDLER  
Who's that?

LT. CHUNG  
Chung, sir! \*

CHANDLER  
What's our engine status?

LT. CHUNG  
Sir, our electric grid is blown.  
Engines won't spin. No propulsion,  
no lights, and we can't make any  
fresh water. The pulse - \*

CHANDLER  
Okay, calm down, son.

LT. CHUNG  
-- the electromagnetic - from  
the - from the bomb sir- \*

CHANDLER  
Chung - take a breath.

Chung turns and HEAVES into the darkness - we hear the puke SPLAT on the pavement.

CHANDLER (CONT'D)  
Looks like we're gonna need a clean-  
up in aisle three. \*

CMC JETER (O.S.)  
Is the CO below!?

CHANDLER  
That you, Jeter?

CMC Jeter slides down the LADDER, flashlight in mouth. \*

CMC JETER  
Commo says the radios are down. No  
way to get messages in or out. \*

CHANDLER

We need to move this ship away from  
the blast zone. Lt. Chung? Chung!

Chung looks up to see Chandler staring at him.

CHANDLER (CONT'D)

I need engines back on-line. Now. \*

CUT TO

The LAB, illuminated only by battery-powered LANTERNS.  
Rachel and Quincy hurriedly pack their samples in ICE.

RACHEL

What's the temperature?

QUINCY

Forty-one degrees.

RACHEL

Damn it, we're going to lose them. \*

CUT TO

Jackie and Danny huddled together in a P-WAY, whispering.

JACKIE MAKENA

...and if Russians lost military  
command and control, there are  
loose nukes everywhere.

DANNY

It might not even be rogue. Could  
be the Chinese or Pakistanis  
blaming the Europeans - we have no  
idea what's going on.

CUT TO

The ENGINE ROOM.

LT. CHUNG

Fuses in. Open valves 3, 4, and 5.  
Shut valve to auxiliary engines and  
emergency air.

ENGINEER

Fuel lever on start.

CHANDLER

All right, let's give it a kick  
start. Now. \*

Chung hits a button. A BLAST of compressed AIR shoots into the TURBINES. The engines sputter and...

\*

BAM! BAM! Sparks fly.

ENGINEER

This is our last flask, sir.

Jeter enters.

JETER

The jet stream's pushing everything north, northeast. We've got a cloud of radiation about to drop right on us.

CHANDLER

Larson, grab another fuse.

CHUNG

Sir, it won't hold!

CHANDLER

It'll hold.

Chandler steps toward the TANK and sticks his hand into the ENGINE, holding the fuse in place.

CHANDLER (CONT'D)

Rip it.

ENGINEER

Get your hand out of there-

CHANDLER

Rip it!

Bang!

The BLAST sends Chandler flying back against PIPES and...

The ENGINES SPUTTER TO LIFE.

The crew WHOOPS.

Jeter moves to a shaken Chandler, offering a hand.

\*

JETER

Yippy kaye-ay, Captain.

\*

Jeter pulls Chandler up as Chung watches, admiring.

\*

CUT TO

Chandler bursting onto the BRIDGE.

CHANDLER  
What's my fuel percentage?

SLATTERY  
Eleven percent. Even at max  
conserve, we'll run dry in the  
middle of the Atlantic.

CHANDLER  
Any contacts on surface search?

QUARTERMASTER  
No, sir. Thirty mile range.

CHANDLER  
There used to be NATO fueling ships  
in this area. There's got to be  
someone out there.

\*  
\*

Slattery takes a closer look at the RADAR. Squinting,  
leaning over the shoulder of the RADAR OPERATOR.

SLATTERY  
Look. In the radar shadow.

INSERT SCREEN: Blue background, the outline of an island  
very sharp. A hint of slightly different hue from behind it.

SLATTERY (CONT'D)  
Change range scale.

Radar Operator hits a few buttons as Chandler comes over.

\*

INSERT SCREEN: Zooms -- the light a bit sharper.

\*

SLATTERY (CONT'D)  
Behind that island.

CUT TO

The *JAMES* sailing through the NIGHT somewhere in the  
ATLANTIC. It's like they're the only people in the universe.

\*  
\*

On the BRIDGE, Chandler watches Slattery using a small  
JOYSTICK to manipulate...

\*  
\*

The CAMERA atop the MAST -- moving into position.

CAMERA POV ON RADAR SCREEN: A faint outline of lights...

CHANDLER  
It's a ship.

Chandler claps a hand on Slattery's shoulder: great job.

CHANDLER (CONT'D)  
VHF operational?

ALISHA  
Sat com's still down but we should  
have Bridge to Bridge, sir.

Chandler picks up a radio.

CHANDLER  
Vessel in vicinity 48 degrees  
latitude, 15 degrees longitude,  
this is Tom Chandler, Charlie Oscar  
of US Navy Warship 108 on your  
starboard bow. Acknowledge and  
identify yourself, over.

No response. \*

CHANDLER (CONT'D)  
This is US Navy Warship 108 on your  
starboard bow. Acknowledge and  
identify yourself, over.

Again, nothing.

CHANDLER (CONT'D)  
XO, how's your Morse code?

CUT TO \*

The *James'* LIGHTS flicker to send the message as the ship  
turns around a LANDMASS -- the ISLAND -- and toward a BAY,  
where the UNKNOWN SHIP idles.

CUT TO

Chandler looking through BINOCULARS.

CHANDLER (CONT'D)  
Nothing coming back.

They move closer, entering the BAY, and now they can all  
see...the oddly dazzling, eerie sight of a CRUISE SHIP. \*

Chandler nods to Slattery: again.

Slattery signals again. Again, no response.

Chandler and Slattery look at each other. What now?

**END ACT THREE**

**ACT FOUR**

FADE IN ON

Rachel, Chung and the Seals (Danny, Frankie, Smith, Rowler) on the DECK of the *James*, getting their Hazmat suits on.

RACHEL

Remember. If that ship has been  
infected by the virus, it is  
airborne and highly, highly  
contagious. Even from a recent  
corpse. You MUST keep your helmets  
ON at all times!

\*

ANGLE ON Chandler striding across the DECK in his Hazmat suit, carrying the helmet. Slattery cuts him off.

SLATTERY

Tom, you shouldn't be going  
anywhere near that ship.

CHANDLER

I'm asking them to go, I go.  
And I want to see this myself.

ANGLE ON a higher DECK. The crew watches with concern. Jackie catches Danny's eye before he drops into the waiting RHIB. He nods to her -- it's going to be okay.

\*

\*

CUT TO

Rachel, Chandler, the Seals, Chung on the RHIB as it approaches the CRUISE SHIP, dragging a 300 foot FUEL HOSE.

\*

\*

CUT TO

The CRUISE SHIP DECK. The Team pops into FRAME, climbing the last few steps of the JACOB'S LADDER. Smith and Rowler lug the HOSE on board as Chandler turns to Chung.

\*

\*

\*

CHANDLER (CONT'D)

Get as much fuel as you can as fast  
as you can and get off the ship.

Chung nods, terrified. Chandler claps a hand on his shoulder.

\*

CHANDLER (CONT'D)

A calm sea never made a great  
sailor.

\*

Chandler heads inside and Chung looks up to see...

\*

A CORPSE staring down at him from a BALCONY three stories up.

FRANKIE (PRELAP)  
Holy mother of God.

CUT TO

DEAD BODIES sprawled everywhere. Some fresh, some already decomposing. Rats feasting on the emaciated BODIES. \*  
\*

Danny and Frankie move through the SHIP -- the INTERIOR LIGHTS flicker on and off, illuminating the eerie, harrowing scene as cheery MUZAK plays on a loop... \*

Frankie fights back the urge to vomit.

DANNY  
Easy Frankie B. You don't wanna puke in your mask. Just don't look down.

CUT TO \*

Chandler and Rachel moving together down a HALLWAY toward the BALL ROOM. With the JAZZY MUZAK playing, the mix of grandeur and macabre is something out of "The Shining."

CUT TO

The BRIDGE of the JAMES. Slattery speaks into the radio: \*

SLATTERY  
How's it looking there, Chung? \*

CUT TO

CRUISE SHIP MAIN DECK. Chung, by the FUEL PORT, on the radio:

CHUNG  
The JP's are too narrow, sir.  
We're putting on an adaptor.

Smith and Rowler put BOLTS around the HOSE to try to secure it to the FUELING STATION.

CUT TO

The CRUISE SHIP'S SUPPLY ROOM. Frankie grabs canned foods, dry foods, anything in boxes and stuff them into DUFFEL BAGS.

Lugging a duffel bag of his own, Danny moves through the huge space and finds a CORPSE. He gently kicks the dead man aside. He's about to take some cans that were near the corpse, then thinks better of it. \*  
\*

CUT TO

Rachel and Chandler entering the BALL ROOM. Chandler fights back his anguish and horror as they see...

Scores of BEDS and COTS -- rows and rows, filling the room. This was clearly a make-shift hospice. Now, it's a morgue. \*

Rachel makes her way past the bodies, bending down to each one, looking for someone who's alive.

CUT TO

HEAVY BREATHING. We're with Chung as he moves into the vast, serpentine ENGINE ROOM. He steps over the bodies of two CORPSES (and rats) to enter the heart of the ROOM... \*

PUMPS and VALVES everywhere. He shines his flashlight from one to the other. Which one? \*

Chung reads the placards on the pipes, but the writing's in Italian. He thinks he finds the right one, follows the line of pipe -- curving and turning until he finds the VALVE. \*

As he turns it, a RAT scurries across his HAND. He flinches, then gathers himself and OPENS the VALVE. Listens, thinks he hears FUEL PUMPING. Pulls out his radio. \*

CHUNG (CONT'D)

Valve's open. You getting any?

CUT TO

The NATHAN JAMES. Derek Evans feels the HOSE on his end.

DEREK EVANS

I feel something.

The HOSE tightens and fills out. Evans, into his radio: \*

DEREK EVANS (CONT'D)

We got it. It's coming. \*

CUT TO

The BALL ROOM. Chandler moves through the sea of DEAD BODIES. He stops, hearing something, under the music.

DYING MAN (O.S.)

Uccidermi, uccidermi.

Chandler finds a 50-ish MAN on a cot. Blood trickling out of his eyes. On death's door. Chandler looks at the man with compassion, then calls out: \*

CHANDLER  
Doctor Scott!!

DYING MAN \*  
Uccidermi, uccidermi.

Rachel comes over, injects him, drawing his BLOOD. \*

DYING MAN (CONT'D)  
Uccidermi, uccidermi.

RACHEL  
I'm sorry - I can't help you.

CHANDLER  
That's not what he's asking for.  
Step back, Doctor.

She does. Chandler pulls out his gun, points it at the man's head. Rachel braces. He hesitates, but has no choice... \*

CHANDLER (CONT'D)  
Mi dispiace.

BANG. BLOOD splays across Chandler's MASK.

CUT TO

Danny and Frankie chucking the filled DUFFEL BAGS to the RHIB \*  
below, look up at the sound.

FRANKIE  
The hell was that?

DANNY  
Come on. One more load and we're  
out of here.

CUT TO \*

Chung, Smith and Rowler holding onto the HOSE.

CHUNG \*  
(into radio) \*  
We're leaking, sir. Can't hold it  
much longer.

INTERCUT WITH the JAMES BRIDGE: \*

SLATTERY \*  
(into radio)  
We're at 72 percent. We need 75 to  
get us home. Hang in there.

The jury-rigged connection between the HOSE and SHIP'S PUMP is giving way.

SLATTERY (CONT'D)

73...74...

Chung, Smith and Rowler hang on as the HOSE buckles. \*

SLATTERY (CONT'D)

And...75. Got it. Disengage! \*

But before they can, the HOSE BURSTS, SPRAYING FUEL everywhere and SMASHING Rowler off his feet... \*

Rowler flies backward, nearly falling off the side of the ship, only to be... \*

...grabbed by Chung, who pulls him to safety. \*

CUT TO \*

The DARK. Frankie and Danny hurry down a SET of STAIRS, arms full with DUFFEL BAGS. Frankie's trying to manipulate his flashlight as he struggles to carry the weight, all while wearing the cumbersome, unfamiliar bio-Hazard suit.

His foot catches a ridge on the STAIRS and he tumbles down... \*

DANNY

Frankie!

At the BOTTOM, Frankie sits up, looks around. His helmet has fallen off and he's lying on top of a DEAD BODY.

DANNY (CONT'D)

It's all right. Frankie, it's all right.

Frankie touches his face with his GLOVED HAND. There's blood all over it. And now we see -- the BLOOD on his face.

CUT TO

Chandler (with FLASHLIGHT) and Rachel (holding her Sample Kit) moving down the HALLWAY...

FRANKIE (O.S.)

Just get out of here!

DANNY (O.S.)

I'm not leaving you!

...to find Frankie and Danny arguing. Rachel gasps at the sight of Frankie covered in blood.

FRANKIE  
I'm a dead man.  
(sees Rachel)  
You tell him.

RACHEL  
(nods grimly)  
He's been exposed.

DANNY  
(to Chandler)  
Sir!

CHANDLER  
(to Rachel, pitching)  
We put him back in his suit,  
quarantine him on the ship --

RACHEL  
We can't risk it. If the virus  
gets loose on the ship --

FRANKIE  
I can't let you do that, sir.  
Mission comes first.

Frankie pulls out his GUN.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)  
And I'm not all too interested in  
dying like these people.

CHANDLER  
Give me the gun, Sailor.

DANNY  
We don't even know for sure if  
you've got --

Frankie puts the gun to his head.

CHANDLER  
I am giving you a direct order!  
Put down that weapon!

Frankie looks at Danny.

DANNY  
Frankie, no!!

BANG.

**END ACT FOUR**

**ACT FIVE**

FADE IN ON

WIDE SHOT -- The SUN rises over the FLIGHT DECK of the *James* where the whole crew is assembled.

CUT TO

CLOSE -- A photo of Frankie Benz in uniform. Smiling, proud.

WIDEN: Chandler, Slattery, Jeter, the officers and the enlisted men stand at attention on the FLIGHT DECK as the SHIP'S PASTOR reads a prayer.

Rowler locks eyes with Chung, nods to him.

Danny fights back a tear. Then looks at Jackie -- needing her comfort. She smiles sadly, tears in her eyes, wishing she could hold him.

Their GAZE is broken by the raising of SEVEN RIFLES as the HONOR GUARD shoots into the AIR three times.

After a solemn beat, the crew disperses.

Chandler walks off to the edge of the DECK, off on his own, and stares out to sea.

Rachel approaches tentatively.

RACHEL  
Captain...?

CHANDLER  
You got anybody?

RACHEL  
Excuse me?

CHANDLER  
Back home?

RACHEL  
Well, I don't have a home, really.  
I spend most of my life in the  
field. But yes, I've got somebody.  
Last I heard he was in the Sudan  
covering the civil war for the AP.

CHANDLER  
You get a chance to say goodbye?

RACHEL

Actually, no. I never told him.  
(off his look)

I compared the blood we got from the Italian the samples I took before we left. The virus has mutated again. It has an extra protein now -- which only could have been added with human intervention.

CHANDLER

It's been weaponized.

RACHEL

Engineered to block the human immune response.

CHANDLER

So this plague was an act of war.

RACHEL

Perhaps, but you're missing the larger point: All this virus cares about is killing and replicating. The engineered version lets it do that unchecked. So it no longer needs to mutate. Which makes it stable and easier to defeat with a vaccine.

CHANDLER

Then why haven't they done it yet?

RACHEL

Because they didn't have a primordial sample. We do. That's the key.

(off Chandler)

Frankie didn't die for nothing.

As she walks off, Chandler stares into the RISING SUN and we

FADE TO WHITE

And come up on...

The COASTLINE OF AMERICA appearing like a mirage on the HORIZON.

WATCHMAN

Land ho!

CUT TO

Sailors running to the edge of the FLIGHT DECK to get a glimpse of America -- excited and nervous.

CUT TO

The QUARTERDECK. Chandler's with CMC Jeter, who's checking a GEIGER COUNTER. Jeter turns to Chandler with a grin.

CMC JETER

Clean, Captain. If we were nuked,  
it wasn't here.

Chandler smiles, pats Jeter on the back...

MASON (PRELAP)

This is the *USS Nathan James*  
broadcasting on all Fleet-Sat  
channels. Over.

CUT TO

Mason in the COMMS ROOM behind the controls, anxious.

MASON (CONT) (CONT'D)

I repeat. This is the *USS Nathan James*  
broadcasting over all  
FleetSat channels...Is anybody out  
there?

He stops, sees...a SCREEN blinking.

An Incoming Message.

MASON (CONT'D)

(picks up phone)

This is Commo. Get me the Captain.

CUT TO

Chandler hurrying down the P-WAY and into the COMMS ROOM.

MASON (CONT'D)

Sir, we just got the comms up.  
This came through. A message from  
POTUS.

He hands him a paper with a printed message.

CHANDLER

This is five days old.

MASON

Yes, sir. It was transmitted while  
we were dark.

Slattery enters.

CHANDLER  
(off the note)  
Connecticut's not safe. They want  
us to change course for Mayport,  
Jacksonville. There's a lab just  
across the Georgia border that's  
supposed to be secure.

He hands Slattery the orders.

CHANDLER (CONT'D)  
We need to confirm these orders.  
(to Mason)  
Get me Fleet Command.

MASON  
Sir, I've been trying. There's no  
answer there, or at the Pentagon.

CHANDLER  
Try the Presidential bunker.

Mason dials. It rings and rings and then...

MASON  
...It just died.

SLATTERY  
I'll try the lab.

Slattery picks up the phone, reading the orders, dials.

MASON  
(off the screen)  
Sir, there's another message coming  
through. It was transmitted at the  
same time as POTUS's. Looks like a  
much bigger file. It's an mpeg,  
sir.

Slattery hangs up, shakes his head -- no answer at the lab.

CHANDLER  
(to Mason)  
Play it.

Mason hits a button.

On SCREEN -- Chandler's wife DARIEN appears. Sitting on a  
chair in a RUSTIC CABIN. Talking to the camera...

DARIEN

Tom...it's ah...it's me. We're at your father's cabin.

Chandler's eyes widen. He sits, leans toward the screen.

DARIEN (CONT'D)

I've been trying to get through to you for months, but the Navy kept refusing...

Slattery looks at Mason, nods his head toward the door. They both exit, leaving Chandler to his private moment.

DARIEN (CONT'D)

Your father thinks he has a way to get this message out through his contacts at the Pentagon. I hope that it somehow finds its way to you. It's October 14th today, I have no idea when you might be seeing this...

Chandler glances at the digital calendar on the wall. Today's October 23rd.

DARIEN (V.O.)

...or where you might be. The kids are healthy -- somehow. We managed to get out early and have been up here for a couple of months already. We haven't heard anything from your brother or sister for a while. My um...my sister didn't make it.

(fighting back tears)

Neither did Kate or Ella...

(collecting herself)

The power grid is down, so we're running on a generator here. There are militias roaming the area - everyone's fighting for food and medicine...But. We're fine. We really are. And I really hope you are, too.

She signals off-camera and the kids enter FRAME.

ASHLEY

Daddy, where are you? We miss you.

SAM

We love you, Daddy.

DARIEN

Please just...wherever you are, get here if you can. We love you. We love you so much.

An awkward pregnant beat and then --

They're gone. The SCREEN goes BLUE.

Chandler wipes away a tear, relieved that they're alive, tormented that he's not with them.

CUT TO

THE LAB, where Rachel and Quincy work in their BIO-HAZARD SUITS. A BUZZ turns Rachel to the door and Chandler staring at her from behind the glass. He holds an INTERCOM PHONE.

Rachel walks over, grabs the PHONE on her side of the SEALED DOOR. Their VOICES sound eerie over the phone.

CHANDLER

You said you had what it takes to make the vaccine. If you had to, could you do it here? On the ship?

RACHEL

(warily)

The lab was never intended for that. It's for collecting data.

CHANDLER

But if you had to, could you?

A beat as they stare at each other.

CUT TO

Slattery in his QUARTERS, lying on his cot, looking at the photos of his family on the mantel. His son.

A KNOCK. He gathers himself, opens the DOOR for Chandler.

CHANDLER (CONT'D)

We still can't find POTUS. And there's no answer at Mayport. We can't even get on-line to get any news.

SLATTERY

If the power grids are down, everything's down. We'll know better when we get boots on the ground.

CHANDLER

Mike, we're not going home. Not now.

SLATTERY

What do you mean? We have standing orders from the President.

CHANDLER

From five days ago. If the first lab in Connecticut isn't secure, why should we think we'll have any luck in Georgia?

SLATTERY

We won't know til we try.

CHANDLER

Even if the lab is still running -- which I highly doubt -- we don't have a chance in hell of getting there from Mayport without a Helo. Not without getting infected.

SLATTERY

So what? We stay on the ship?

CHANDLER

We have a lab here, we have power, and we know that none of us have been exposed --

CHANDLER

We do everything we can to help Dr. Scott. Go back when she's ready. Mike -

SLATTERY

You're counting on that scientist and her one assistant to save the world?! No!

\*

SLATTERY

Listen to yourself, Tom!

(loaded beat)

I have a family! We all have families. I think we've earned the right to get back to them. Don't you want to find out what happened to Darien and your kids?

\*

\*

CHANDLER

(stung)

I'm still the Captain of this ship and I've just laid out our mission. I expect you to fall in line, Commander.

Slattery stares him down. As Chandler exits --

SLATTERY  
Crew won't stand for it, Tom.

BANG. The door closes. Slattery, fuming, smashes a lamp.

CUT TO

The *NATHAN JAMES* approaching the mouth of a HARBOR in the full light of DAY.

SUPER: ST. JOHN'S RIVER BAY, NAVAL STATION MAYPORT, FLORIDA

A narrow little passage-way that will lead them into the RIVER, which will carry them to the "safety" of the BASE.

ANGLE ON Various crew on the DECK, watching in yearning at the sight of America.

CUT TO

The BRIDGE. Chandler enters.

QUARTERMASTER  
Captain's on the Bridge.

Chandler steps forward, so he can see out over the edge, to the mouth of the HARBOR.

They're almost there. He grabs the Binoculars. Looks.

BINOCULAR POV: The MILITARY BASE. No activity.

He lowers the binocular. Takes a deep breath.

CHANDLER  
Hard left rudder. All engines  
ahead flank.

ALISHA  
Sir?

CHANDLER  
I have the conn. Hard left rudder.  
All engines ahead flank. Now.

ALISHA  
Aye Aye. Captain has the conn.  
Hard left rudder. All engines  
ahead flank.

CUT TO

LONG SHOT -- The James turning away from the HARBOR and back into the OCEAN from whence it came.

On the DECK, Derek Evans reacts:

DEREK EVANS

No, no no. What the hell are we doing?

BACK TO

The BRIDGE.

CHANDLER

Lieutenant Granderson, set a course bearing 1-4-5.

ALISHA

1-4-5. Aye aye, sir.

Chandler reads the eyes of Jackie, Alisha, his Helmsman and Quartermaster. He sees their doubts and their concerns and knows he's got to step up.

He takes another deep breath and picks up the LMC radio.

CHANDLER

This is your Captain speaking. We have no contact with home and I have good reason to believe that the American government is no longer functioning. The country we all hoped we were coming back to no longer exists. The world as we knew it no longer exists. We left these shores four months ago as members of the United States Navy. But now we are more than that. Now we are soldiers who must serve the world. On board this ship is the hope. For our futures, for our families. And for all humanity. Because on board this ship...

CUT TO

Rachel and Quincy look up from the work in the LAB.

CHANDLER (V.O) (CONT'D)

...in that lab in our helo bay, are the ingredients for the cure.

CUT TO

Lt. Chung and his fellow engineers in the ENGINE ROOM. Chung wipes the sweat from his brow.

CHANDLER (V.O.)  
Our mission now is simple. We do  
whatever it takes to stay alive --  
at sea...

CUT TO

Sailors on the SHIP'S FORECASTLE, watching America turn away. In front of them is THE OPEN SEA.

CHANDLER (V.O.)  
...long enough for our scientists  
to do their work. To find that  
cure.

CUT TO

Slattery at the STERN of the SHIP, staring at the WAKE and America receding in the background.

CHANDLER (V.O.)  
There's an unmanned food and fuel  
station in the Bahamas. That is our  
destination.

BACK TO

Chandler, fighting back his own emotion:

CHANDLER  
As you all know, we lost one of our  
own on this mission. But I can  
promise you this...

CUT TO

Danny, at his rack, putting on a fresh uniform. He stops to look at the bunk of his best friend and the PHOTOS taped to the wall behind the pillow.

CHANDLER (V.O.)  
...Francis Benz's sacrifice will be  
remembered by everyone on this  
ship.

BACK TO

CHANDLER.

CHANDLER

Because we're going to make damn sure that it meant something. And I can make that promise because this is the most courageous and resilient crew in the United States Navy.

CUT TO

A PANNING SHOT across all the SAILORS on the Bridge. Their expressions solemn, but filled with pride and determination.

CHANDLER (V.O.)

We will come through this together and we will prevail...

BACK TO

CHANDLER, pouring his soul into the IMC.

CHANDLER

As long as you believe in yourselves as I believe in you.

He looks at his crew on the Bridge.

CHANDLER (CONT'D)

This is your Captain, signing off.

He puts down the radio and looks at his people: Alisha, Jackie, CMC Jeter and the rest of the Bridge personnel.

Are they with him? For a moment, it's hard to tell. Then...

CMC JETER

Lieutenant Granderson?!

ALISHA

Yes, Command Master Chief?

CMC Jeter looks at Chandler.

CMC JETER

Permission to salute the Captain?

ALISHA

Permission granted.

As a unit, everyone on the Bridge hops to attention and salutes Chandler.

Chandler salutes them back.

CUT TO

Chandler moving onto the QUARTER-DECK, looking out at America as the *James* completes its left turn.

And then looks down to the DECK BELOW to see...

Scores of his men and women at work.

He sees Rachel come out to the DECK.

As they share a determined look.

CUT TO

The LAB. Panning across the cage of mice, the microscopes, the slides, the Bio-Hazard suits hung on the rack, we hear the sound of someone talking.

But we can't recognize what's being said.

As we get closer, we REVEAL...

...Quincy, speaking on the HF line in a hushed tone.

Moving into his CLOSE-UP, we begin to discover that...

He's speaking Russian.

FINAL FADE OUT.

**END EPISODE ONE**