

<Underway>

an original screenplay by

<Michael T. Estes>

<Michael T. Estes>
<2D Black Oak Drive>
<Nashua, NH 03062>
<603-438-7216>
<mte7567@hotmail>
action/adventure

UNDERWAY

FADE IN:

EXT. ISLAND - NIGHT

A small island slumbers in the moonlit sea.

SUPER: "POJI-DO ISLAND, South Korea (disputed)"

On a boat tied up at the dock, two men tend to their chores, laugh and josh.

INT. INSTALLATION - NIGHT

In a rustic-looking shack, JANE, 40s, Asian, kind eyes and hard muscles, sits at a very un-rustic computer terminal. She listens to rock music on some headphones.

On the screen: "What To Expect When You're Pregnant". Jane mouses around, reads intently.

Suddenly an IM pops up. It's in Korean.

Jane takes off her headphones, reads the IM.

JANE

"Are you there?" Yeah, I'm here.

She types.

A new message pops up.

JANE (CONT'D)

(reads)

"They know. Get out of there now."

One second of hesitation -- then she explodes into action.

EXT. INSTALLATION - NIGHT

Jane slams out of the shack, which faces the dock. She yells and waves for the men's attention.

JANE

(subtitled Korean)

Hey! Start the boat! Start the boat!!

The men laugh. Is she joking? Then, Jane stops. Looks up.

Two stars move on the horizon. Drop low.

Incoming attack craft.

Jane sees them. Points them out to the men. They freak out, rush around.

Jane runs back inside the shack.

INT. INSTALLATION - NIGHT

She clears the stuff out of the way. Her MP3 player clatters to the floor.

She types feverishly: "4ZXxc7XX88 INST. COMP. ATK IMMNT SOS SOS SOS"

She pops a key, and stands up. Thinks for a frantic second.

Stares over at the bookcase. There's a keychain over there. With a yin-yang fob on it. She grabs it.

EXT. INSTALLATION - NIGHT

Jane runs out. The boat chugs, spews smoke.

The lights are closer. Jane runs down the beach toward the dock.

Missiles ROAR overhead. Explosions bloom on the island behind her.

EXT. ISLAND - NIGHT

A bunkhouse with several sleepers in it -- goes up in flames.

A camouflaged satellite dish is utterly destroyed.

Power transformers, cars, all blown to pieces.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Jane makes it to the dock and sprints down toward the boat. She carries the keychain in her hand.

The men yell for haste. The boat inches away from the dock.

Jane is almost there, when--

AN ATTACK HELICOPTER

looms up from the trees behind them.

The three stand, staring down the maw of its deadly force.

The helicopter opens fire.

INT. OAHU CIA FACILITY - NIGHT

SUPER: "CIA Analysis Section, Oahu, HI"

Rows of cubicles. Analysts listen to CONVERSATIONS in scores of languages. Other analysts examine documents with magnifying glasses, and computer enhancement.

Two young white male analysts talk casually over their cubicle wall.

The JINGLE of an IM. The analyst with the cup turns, looks at his screen:

"4ZXXC7XX88 INST. COMP. ATK IMMNT SOS SOS SOS"

ANALYST

Oh shit.

He sits down at his computer. Pops keys, brings up several windows. His buddy drifts over, sees the activity.

BUDDY

Bring up the eye in the sky.

The analyst does so. A new window overlaps. Successive views zero in on a tiny island just to the left of the Korean peninsula.

The last view -- smoke and flames. The two men exchange glances. The analyst picks up a phone.

EXT. ISLAND - LATER

Troops are on the ground. In magnificent dark green uniforms. Asian. Most of the fires have burned out, but some still throw up smoky flames.

A large plush helicopter lands, and out comes General DONG, 60s, tall, severe, muscular. An imposing presence.

A soldier runs up to him.

SOLDIER

General Dong -- seven personnel in all. All dead.

GENERAL DONG

Comb this wreckage. We've only got an hour or two until company comes. Take everything that looks remotely interesting.

Two medics whistle from the beach. General Dong looks up, sees a blasted ship, burning, and the stump of a dock.

He crosses to the men. They stand over three sheeted corpses. Reveal the first one's face. Then the second.

Then Jane.

General Dong is visibly surprised, but just for an instant. He sets his jaw, scowls.

GENERAL DONG (CONT'D)

Take them with.

He turns his back on the corpses. His eyes water. Is that a tear?

ASSISTANT

General, are you alright?

GENERAL DONG

Smoke.

The assistant nods, turns toward a summons. General Dong stares out at the island. His eyes glisten with emotion.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - NIGHT

The PRESIDENT, 60s, sits on the couch in his bathrobe, rubbing sleep cheese out of his eyes.

Across from him sits ADMIRAL EDDIE BRANTLEY, Chief of Naval Operations. In full dress with scrambled eggs.

BRANTLEY

Sorry to get you up like this, Mr. President.

PRESIDENT

Whaddaya got, Admiral?

BRANTLEY

Well, Mr. President -- we've been maintaining a covert listening post on the island of Poji-Do in the Yellow Sea...

He lays down a map of the region.

BRANTLEY (CONT'D)

South Korean, though the north disputes that.

PRESIDENT

Of course.

BRANTLEY

Well, sir -- a few hours ago... they took it out. Leveled it. Early indications are, all personnel are dead.

PRESIDENT

Jesus.

BRANTLEY

Now, there's very little we can do at this point but wait for the other shoe to drop.

(beat)

But between you and me sir, I don't know how much we want to rattle the sabers on this one.

The president sits back, regards Brantley. He smiles.

PRESIDENT

Now you're going to tell me why.

BRANTLEY

Sir... the operation here was to establish a nascent North Korean underground so that we could build an insurgency.

The president whistles, shakes his head.

PRESIDENT

Good god. The mischief my predecessor initiated knows no bounds.

BRANTLEY

All indications are it was working well. At this point we must assume it's been compromised, if not crushed.

(beat)

If the Norkies get even a whiff of the station's true purpose -- and I'm hearing they got in and out before help could arrive, so all bets are they did -- we could be in for a pretty rough ride.

The president sighs. He stands up, belts his robe tighter.

PRESIDENT

C'mon. Let's go get us some breakfast.

EXT. MILLER - NIGHT

SUPER "U.S.S. Dorie Miller. East China Sea."

A giant aircraft carrier steams through the nighttime ocean. Behind it trail a destroyer and a supply ship.

RADAR (V.O.)
Contact still tracking, sir.

INT. MILLER - BRIDGE - NIGHT

Several men man action stations within the dimly lit bridge of the ship. Large windows look out on the sea.

Standing looking out those windows -- thinking, not admiring the view -- is CAPTAIN MIKE "MIKEY " BLAINE, 40s. A thoughtful, penetrating, sensitive-looking man, but steely underneath.

RADAR, 20s, looks up from his station.

RADAR
He's just waiting there. No attempt at stealth.

BLAINE
Why would he... far as they're concerned, this is all Chinese waters.

Radar listens, perks up.

RADAR
Captain -- contact is maneuvering.
(listens)
Distinctive rattling screws. It's him, sir.

BLAINE
Heyy, Screwloose...

CDR CARRAWAY, Blaine's XO, joins Blaine looking out at the nighttime sea.

CARRAWAY
I missed that guy. Those Arab subs just don't have the same panache.

BLAINE
(off)
Gunny, rig depth charge. Standard ECS configuration please.

LT TODD, the weapons officer, checks his board.

TODD
Stand by, sir.

INT. MILLER - ORDNANCE - NIGHT

A deck seaman takes a sealed bottle of whiskey, wraps it in shaped foam, and places it in a large can along with other goodies -- American cigarettes, girlie mags and so forth.

He seals the can, and two other sailors load it on a hopper.

EXT. SEA - NIGHT

A few hundred yards behind the Miller, the destroyer U.S.S. Shiloh cruises in the waves.

EXT. SHILOH - BRIDGE - NIGHT

The Commanding Officer, COMMANDER PEREZ, 30s, lowers his binoculars. Executive Officer, LCDR HODGES, 30s, stands next to him.

HODGES

They foolin' around with that sub again?

PEREZ

What sub? I don't see no sub.

Perez glances at Hodges. Hodges chuckles. Clearly this is a regular occurrence in these waters.

PEREZ (CONT'D)

Anything to grease our passage into the East China Sea, eh?

HODGES

Like giving trinkets to the Indians.

Perez gives Hodges a pointed glance.

PEREZ

I'm part Indian, you know. Navajo. On my mother's side.

HODGES

Sorry sir, I didn't mean--

PEREZ

Come by my casino, and all will be forgiven.

Hodges smiles and shakes his head. Perez lifts the binoculars again.

INT. MILLER - BRIDGE - NIGHT

Todd listens on his headphones.

TODD
Loaded, sir. Standing by.

BLAINE
Radar?

RADAR
Sir, contact bearing 315...

BLAINE
(to himself)
Heading 135...

RADAR
Heading... 135. Range 400.

Blaine smile and nods.

BLAINE
Gunny, stand by.

Blaine leans over Radar's station, watches the radar display.
He waits a few moments.

BLAINE (CONT'D)
Fire.

EXT. MILLER - NIGHT

A gun fires a depth charge out over the sea. It splashes down.

INT. SEA - NIGHT

A submarine sails through the gloom. Its bow carries Chinese lettering.

As it passes, a slightly cockeyed propeller oscillates with a distinctive SWISH-SWISH-SWISH sound.

The depth charge sinks, lights blinking.

The sub sails into its path -- magnets activate, and the thing adheres to the sub's skin with a CLANG.

INT. MILLER - BRIDGE - NIGHT

Blaine turns a button that sends radar's audio over the bridge speakers.

A moment of radar pings and static, then...

VOICES (V.O.)
Boooooommm!!

The voices dissolve into laughter. The men on the bridge, chuckle along with it.

TODD
Direct hit, Captain.

INT. SCREWLOOSE - NIGHT

The Chinese men, still laughing, turn to their panels. The COMMANDER, 40s, thin and mock-serious, steps away from the periscope.

CHINESE COMMANDER
(in Chinese; subtitled)
Release... garbage!

EXT. SCREWLOOSE - NIGHT

The sub ejects a gout of debris, including one brilliantly colored package that shoots to the surface.

EXT. SEA - LATER

The package bobs on the waves, a light blinking. Men in a launch pull alongside and manhandle it on board.

INT. MILLER - OFFICER'S MESS - NIGHT

The package is deposited into a table. Blaine, Carraway and others gather around.

Carraway uses a boxcutter to open it up. Inside -- a treasure trove of merchandise: fireworks, wrapped goodies, Chinese cigarettes.

Blaine opens up one of the foil packages. A lovely array of steaming pork is revealed. The men ooh and aah.

Blaine is about to taste it, when Carraway stops him.

CARRAWAY
Sir... poison?

Blaine scoffs -- but can't put it into his mouth after hearing that. Carraway takes a bite, smiling.

OFFICER (O.S.)
Jesus, don't risk the OX! Get someone expendable... like an Ensign!

The men laugh.

The men crowd in and attack the gifts.

Everyone's having a good time. The noise of laughter and jest is deafening.

Captain Blaine starts, then pulls out his cellphone. He looks at the display, and moves out into the passageway to answer.

His face darkens with concern.

INT. BLAINE'S STATEROOM - NIGHT

Captain Blaine sits at his desk, on the phone. His face is grave.

BLAINE

Yes.

He listens.

BLAINE (CONT'D)

Why not?

He listens some more.

BLAINE (CONT'D)

But we're on this side of the border,
surely they wouldn't...

He listens. He becomes angry.

BLAINE (CONT'D)

I see. Well. That's very
interesting... no, no, I understand.
Right and wrong go by the boards
when...

He listens, marshals his emotions.

BLAINE (CONT'D)

Of course.

Slowly, he hangs up.

He sits for a moment, alone with his thoughts.

His eyes tear up. He fights back a sob.

He sits impassively, looking lost.

Suddenly, he UPENDS the desk, sending papers, blotter, lamp, everywhere.

Captain Blaine continues his destruction O.S. The sound of GLASS BREAKING, wood splintering.

On a shelf behind the desk are several pictures. Prominently located, but fairly small, is a photograph of two people. Happy and in love.

An Asian woman kisses Blaine. He makes a funny face.

The woman is JANE.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - DAY

SUPER: "North Korea - Location Undisclosed"

A lovely, sprawling villa stands in a serene and picturesque mountain dell.

A phone RINGS.

INT. VILLA - DAY

A butler picks up the phone in an unhurried, but expectant manner. The appointments visible behind him are absolutely opulent and spotlessly clean.

BUTLER

Yes?

What he hears sends him into a paroxysm of rapture/anxiety.

BUTLER (CONT'D)

Yes, immediately!

He hangs up the phone and turns to two domestics who stand beside him with curious looks.

BUTLER (CONT'D)

The Supreme Leader comes!

They burst into action.

EXT. NORTH KOREA - COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Two ragged peasants till a dry and sickly-looking field.

An ancient crone struggles up from a nearby river, carrying two buckets on a handle across a back bent double with age and toil.

Three children wearing only rags run about before a shack, playing an improvised game with a lumpy-looking ball, stuffed with straw.

Suddenly, a troop carrier pulls up in the yard of the hovel, and several uniformed soldiers jump out.

Meekly, not resisting, all are gathered -- the peasants, the old woman, the children -- are forced into the troop carrier at gunpoint.

The soldiers climb in. The troop carrier moves off.

The scene, now devoid of people, bakes in the heatwaves of the sun.

Then, up a feeder road, comes a caravan of gleaming black SUVs and limousines. Windows all tinted black.

They head past the house and continue on.

INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

An obsequious local OFFICIAL, 50s, speaks from a backward-facing seat.

OFFICIAL

This parcel, Supreme Leader, is untenanted at this time. It is lying fallow in preparation for future production. This is just one way in which we increase our yield in this glorious, but unforgiving land.

KIM JONG-IL, 60s, sits in the back seat, totally uninterested.

Sitting next to him -- General Dong. His face an impassive mask.

EXT. VILLA - DAY

The convoy of vehicles pulls into the large parking circle of the villa, and the figures cross en masse toward the door.

They pass through a double line of spotless, singing domestics of all kinds. Their smiles insanely bright.

Not one of the party gives them a second glance. They pass inside.

The domestics drop the fake smiles, their brows knit in consternation. Did they displease?

INT. VILLA - NIGHT

In an opulent study, with a gigantic flatscreen television, Kim, General Dong, two uniformed old generals, and one party apparatchik in mufti are gathered.

Cigars are burning, and brandy is sniffting. Kim sits on the couch, lost in thought. He leans forward.

KIM

And you are absolutely sure?

GENERAL DONG

We are positive. The materials recovered clearly indicate the Americans and the South have conspired to establish some sort of disloyalty within the populace.

(measured beat)

Naturally, they failed.

KIM

Their actions suggest they are taking a more brazen approach. That this signifies a shift in policy.

GENERAL #1

It could well be they fear our nuclear capabilities and are attempting to soften the population in a prelude to invasion.

General Dong opens his mouth to dissent, but Kim cuts him off.

KIM

I agree. It's clear that our show of strength is bearing fruit -- a fruit that we may shake from the trees and consume at a time of our own choosing.

Only General Dong's eyes show his derision at the Leader's flowery attempt at quotability.

GENERAL DONG

We've got no clear indication of actual offensive plans-- Well, it's not likely that an advance post in such a sensitive area, with such a specific mission, would be privy to--

GENERAL #2

But there is extensive coded information among this intelligence, is there not?

Kim perks up at this. He gazes eagerly at General Dong for confirmation.

GENERAL DONG

That is correct.

KIM

Well then -- that must be what we see. After all, why keep it in code unless it is important, eh?

Nobody can -- or will -- disagree with this. Kim smiles. He turns to General Dong.

KIM (CONT'D)

Your section will decode that information immediately. I will expect a complete transcript as soon as you have one.

He stands up and addresses the men.

KIM (CONT'D)

If, as I expect, we are seeing a rampup of activity, and this is a prelude to invasion, we must know immediately. We must retain the element of surprise, if we are to carry out our great and glorious plan. Operation Divine Union remains set for one month from this evening.

(puffs himself up)

The reunification of Korea is at hand, gentlemen! Our years of austerity will soon come to an end! Long will our children, and our children's children, celebrate the efforts we have undertaken on their behalf!

Kim raises a glass, and all the others stand and raise their glasses as well. They drink.

KIM (CONT'D)

Now.

(to apparatchik)

We're ready. Bring in the girls and let's watch "Hot Tub Time Machine".

EXT. MILLER - DAY

Captain Blaine stands on the railing in the sunset. His eyes are far away. He's a man with no happiness in his world.

FLASHBACK - EXT. BEACH - DAY

A similar sunset spreads out over a magnificent tropical sky.

Captain Blaine and Jane lie entwined in a hammock, watching the show. Soft tropical breezes sway the palms, their hair, their bodies in the hammock.

JANE

Hard to believe this time tomorrow
I'll be halfway around the world.

BLAINE

And you can't tell me where you're
going?

Jane wiggles her eyebrows.

JANE

Trade secrets.

BLAINE

You could try... I know a few tricks,
though. You might just get kissed
instead.

She laughs, kisses him.

JANE

Listen, Mikey... there's... I think
this'll be it. This one.

BLAINE

What do you mean?

JANE

With your retirement coming up...
well I want to be with you. And
there's more reason now than ever.
So I'm gonna finish out what I gotta
do and then I'm putting in my papers
as well.

He stares at her.

JANE (CONT'D)

If you want me to.

BLAINE

I want you to! Are you kidding?

JANE

We can just lift the lid on this
"secret affair" of ours... I dunno,
maybe go steady?

Blaine laughs.

BLAINE

Jane, people our age don't go steady,
they get married.

JANE

I didn't want to be presumptuous.

Captain Blaine stares at her. She stares back, smiling.

BLAINE

Do you want to get married?

JANE

Maybe... if you ask me nice.

BLAINE

Well, I've never been too good with
words. You gotta give me some time
to come up with a good line.

JANE

Don't take too much time.

He looks at her. Then he looks at the worn wedding ring of
his left hand, then the ring on Jane's with the obscene rock
on top.

A grin creases his face.

BLAINE

Assuming we haven't been married 10
years...

(Pause)

BLAINE (CONT'D)

Why the change of heart? I'm the
only CO in the battle group with a
working wife.

JANE

No, I know. I just meant maybe there's
a reason that a girl might want stay
home with the kids.

BLAINE

We have no kids.

Jane looks at him impassively.

He stares at her. She glance downward -- at the expanse of
her flat belly. Taps it with a couple of fingers, for
emphasis.

Blaine's mouth drops open. Jane whips out her camera, takes a shot.

BLAINE (CONT'D)

Hey!

JANE

The moment he found out his junk still works!

BLAINE

In the immortal words of George Costanza, My boys can swim!

Captain Blaine laughs joyfully and wrestles her for the phone, which she holds out of his reach.

The winds circle through the sand, and clatter in the palms above.

EXT. MILLER - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

Captain Blaine looks ill.

CARRAWAY (O.S.)

Captain?

Captain Blaine turns.

CARRAWAY (CONT'D)

Got some orders to sign, Captain.

He hands a clipboard to Captain Blaine, who takes them robotically.

CARRAWAY (CONT'D)

You okay, sir?

Captain Blaine looks at him. He signs the papers, hands the clipboard back. Doesn't answer.

Carraway stands there a moment longer, but Captain Blaine is disconnected. He turns and moves off.

EXT. NORTH KOREAN INTELLIGENCE FACILITY - DAY

SUPER: "N.K. Intelligence Facility - Outside Pyongyang"

A long low series of buildings. The one thing out of place is an array of satellite dishes and antennas.

INT. GENERAL DONG'S OFFICE - DAY

General Dong sits at his desk. Out his window can be seen the grounds and some of the satellite dishes.

Inside, he sits surrounded by artifacts of a long and distinguished military career.

The walls are lined with photographs of him with dignitaries -- some of Kim Jong-Il, but many more of General Dong with Kim Il-Sung.

In his hand, General Dong jingles the keychain Jane retrieved from her shack.

A knock on the door. General Dong folds the keychain in his hand.

GENERAL DONG

Come in.

TANG, 20s, computer nerd, dressed in jeans and a sweater vest, with tie askew, enters.

TANG

General. You wanted a report on the decryption process.

General Dong motions for him to continue.

TANG (CONT'D)

We're not having much luck, sir.
Perhaps if Pyongyang could see fit
to share some of their latest decrypts--

GENERAL DONG

(smiles)

For the time being, you'll have to
crack this with your own native
intelligence.

TANG

Which I fear will prove insufficient
to the task, sir. But we will do our
level best.

GENERAL DONG

Prove to us that the youth of the
Motherland exceed the world in acumen
and diligence, Mr. Tang.

Tang smiles, nods. He turns to go, then stops. Turns back.

TANG

Sir...

GENERAL DONG

What?

TANG

It's... well, sir, the team figures it's highly unlikely there'll be any actionable intelligence on here... perhaps our time would be better spent running down possible insurgent cells to cleanse the Motherland of reactionary elements. If we could expand our listening activities, especially at this crucial time, we're bound to--

GENERAL DONG

We have the situation well in hand, Mr. Tang. The Supreme Leader assures me he has the greatest confidence in you.

Tang flushes at the mention. His eyes glisten, as he bows to General Dong, then bows to the portrait of Kim hanging on the wall. He leaves.

General Dong watches him go, then glances up at Kim's photo with a bilious expression.

He contemplates the keys in his hand. He notices something unusual.

The yin-yang symbol -- some copper connections pock one side. There's a memory card in there.

He turns to his desk, and opens the bottom drawer. Reaching in the back, he slides a secret panel aside, and withdraws a device: an Android phone.

He fits the memory card into the slot, and displays its contents: a folder, labeled "PERSONAL". Several documents -- a journal -- some photos.

He clicks through the photos. Photos of life around the Jane's installation. Fooling around with funny hats. A pelican with a fish in its mouth.

Then, other pictures -- a sunset on a tropical location. Then --

The photo of Captain Blaine. Just found out he was going to be a daddy.

And another photo of Captain Blaine and Jane together. She's kissing him, he's making a face.

General Dong regards this. Flips through some more pictures. One last one --

Jane. Looking lovelier than ever. In the prime of life. Smiling, flushed, relaxed... beautiful.

General Dong looks at this picture for a long long time. His eyes swim with tears.

INT. MILLER - BRIDGE - NIGHT

Captain Blaine paces, sips coffee. He looks out at the distant horizon.

Lightning flashes in a cloud formation.

Captain Blaine crosses to the radar station. He looks over the RADAR operator's shoulder. They check out the image, which shows cloud cover encroaching on their course.

BLAINE

Maybe we can hang back, let it go by.

RADAR

Possible, sir. That's an ugly one. Hate to be in it if we could avoid it.

Captain Blaine turns to HELM, a woman, Po3 in her 20s.

BLAINE

Helm, make your speed 10 knots. Bear off a few points to starboard.

HELM

Aye aye, Captain.

Blaine heads back to the window. Stares dully out at the distant typhoon.

There's a new cloud in the way.

Blaine cocks his head. Squints.

The new cloud resolves itself.

It's Jane.

Weeping. Hands over her face.

Blaine, turns slightly, glances at the crew. Nobody notices anything amiss.

Blaine turns back to the apparition. Still there.

The apparition continues weeping, covering her face, her shoulders jerking in sobs.

Then stops. Lowers her hands. Her face has a large GASH across it. She stares at Blaine, hands open in supplication.

Blaine looks away, startled. Swallows heavily.

Blaine crosses to Carraway.

BLAINE

Listen, Tom -- I'm gonna turn in.
You need me, I'll be in my stateroom.
You have the con.

Carraway blinks, watches Blaine go. The others remain engrossed in their duties.

EXT. PYONGYANG - DAY

The showpiece of the North Korean system. As futuristic a city as a country like North Korea can devise.

In the dusk gleam clean wide boulevards, shining office towers. Pictures and statues of Kim Jong-Il and Kim Il-Sung everywhere.

But virtually no cars. Though policemen do stand at every intersection, directing traffic that never comes.

Sparse walkers move to and fro -- dour serious men and women, soldiers in uniform, quiet and minding their own business.

A FLASH

Lights up the evening, bright as day. Too bright. Shining white. Searing.

Overhead, a bloom of light bursts. The people stare upward, panicked.

A wave of destruction tears through the city, bursting buildings, topping statues.

The people, running for cover, are SWEEP AWAY--

INT. BLAINE'S STATEROOM - DAY

Blaine starts awake. Eyes wide, breathing heavy. Drenched in sweat.

Just a dream.

He falls back in bed. The light in his cabin is dim.

He gets heavily to his feet, pads across the floor...

Finds himself before the picture of him and Jane. He stares at it.

INT. BLAINE'S STATEROOM - LATER

Blaine sits at his desk. He's cleaned up, in uniform. He pages through reports, makes some notations.

The phone rings. He answers.

BLAINE

Blaine.

He listens.

BLAINE (CONT'D)

Thanks, Rich, put him through.

INT. FLEET COMMAND - ADMIRAL SHERMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

ADMIRAL SHERMAN, 60s, Fleet Operations Officer, holds the phone to his ear and looks out of his spacious window at a busy port below.

BLAINE (V.O.)

Good afternoon, Sir. Thanks for making time, Sir.

ADMIRAL SHERMAN

Captain. What's this all about?

BLAINE (V.O.)

Sir, I'd like to see about getting some leave time.

ADMIRAL SHERMAN

Leave?

BLAINE (V.O.)

It's... well, sir, I've logged a lot of sea hours, and frankly the wear and tear's starting to tell on these old bones.

ADMIRAL SHERMAN

(laughs)

Jesus, Mike -- you're just a pup. When I was your age, I was bird-dogging Libyan gunboats all over the Gulf of Sidra.

INT. BLAINE'S STATEROOM - DAY

Blaine rolls his eyes. He takes a deep breath.

BLAINE

Indeed. Sir, it's just that... well, with Jane and all, I'd consider it a personal favor if you could just see your way clear to--

ADMIRAL SHERMAN (V.O.)

Of course. I'm very sorry for your loss. Blaine... you're a good man and I'd like to oblige. Fact is, I just can't spare you at the moment.

BLAINE

Sir, surely there are enough available personnel to take over the Miller while--

ADMIRAL SHERMAN (V.O.)

You and I are cut from the same cloth, Mikey. In times of stress, it's our position, our duty that pulls us through. If you go on leave now...what's gonna force you out of your slump?

BLAINE

It's too much, sir. I need a break.

INT. ADMIRAL SHERMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Admiral Sherman's starting to get annoyed.

ADMIRAL SHERMAN

Let me stop you right there, Captain. The fact is there are plenty of personnel here who could use the sea time, but you know that ship like that back of your hand, and frankly, we need to get you turned around and back to the Med A.S.A.P.

INT. BLAINE'S STATEROOM - DAY

Blaine's taken aback.

BLAINE

The Med? My orders are to head directly to Pearl, then on to San Diego.

ADMIRAL SHERMAN (V.O.)

They were that, sure. But with this "Arab spring" business, there's no way we can go sending you to hell and gone across the Pacific.

Blaine's breathing quickens. This is not good.

ADMIRAL SHERMAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
There's no telling when the next
bunch of those sandy bastards is
going to get up in arms over some
shit.

BLAINE
Then I can put in at Sasebo and you
can rotate another--

INT. ADMIRAL SHERMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Admiral Sherman pounds the table.

ADMIRAL SHERMAN
Dammit, Blaine! Are you telling me
my business?

There's a pause other end.

BLAINE (V.O.)
(carefully)
No sir. Of course not, Admiral.

ADMIRAL SHERMAN
Good, it sounded like it there for a
second. Like I said, you're a good
officer and you've got a great record --
don't mess it up now with bullshit
like this.

Another beat on the other end.

BLAINE (V.O.)
Yes sir.

ADMIRAL SHERMAN
So. Put in at Sasebo, yeah, but just
to get stores. No shore leave. Then
turn around and get the hell back to
the Med. We'll cut your orders and
have 'em on the wire within a few
hours. We'll expect you in port in...

He checks his watch.

ADMIRAL SHERMAN (CONT'D)
...twelve hours.

INT. BLAINE'S STATEROOM - DAY

Blaine flips through papers. Checks the latest weather report. A weather map shows a very large radar return between their current position and Sasebo.

BLAINE

Uh, sir, there's a weather system--

ADMIRAL SHERMAN (V.O.)

Blaine, you're getting on my last nerve now. Twelve hours.

The line goes dead. Blaine looks at it.

BLAINE

Thank you, sir.

He replaces the phone.

He thinks. He looks at the map.

He turns and reaches into a row of operations manuals. Flips through, finds the one he wants. He pulls it out, opens it up, flips through the pages.

On the cover is printed "REACTOR OPERATIONS". Printed on the cover is a radioactive symbol.

EXT. NUCLEAR BASE - DAY

SUPER: "Changyon Nuclear Base - near the DMZ"

On the surface, it looks like any army base anywhere. A large yard contains several platoons of soldiers. They perform calisthenics in perfect unison.

The same caravan of cars we saw earlier heads through the gate and stops in front of an administration building.

The exercising soldiers notice. They get distracted, falter. Their lieutenants shout! The soldiers snap to, and continue drilling in unison.

Kim Jong-Il exits in a flock of the usual retainers, along with General Dong.

INT. ADMINISTRATION BLDG. - DAY

The party enters and strides down a long hallway lined with obsequious personnel. Kim smiles and waves at these people. Shakes the hand of one gentleman.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

The men enter an elevator at the end of the hall.

KIM

I suppose you all are wondering why
I brought you to this rather
unassuming base. On the ragged edge
of the capitalist moat that keeps
our sister countries from the
reunification all so desperately
desire.

The doors close. Nothing happens. Kim turns to General Dong.
He hands him a key, and indicates a keyhole at the bottom of
the panel.

General Dong smiles, looks at the others, and puts the key
in the keyhole. He turns it -- a second panel springs out.
It wants his thumbprint.

KIM (CONT'D)

Go ahead, General. Your biometric
information has already been added
to the system.

General Dong presses his thumb into the pad. With a chime,
the elevator descends. Several floors, very quickly.

Suddenly the back wall opens out -- glass. Visible from this
angle -- two parallel rows of gantries containing very large
multi-stage rockets.

The men crowd around and stare.

KIM (CONT'D)

Gentlemen, you are looking at the
striking fist of Operation Divine
Union.

The men are speechless. General Dong looks visibly appalled.

KIM (CONT'D)

While this was a pure research
facility its cover was a closely
guarded secret. Now the research has
ended, and we're ready to put the
next phase of our plan into action.

He turns to General Dong and places both hands on General
Dong's shoulders.

KIM (CONT'D)

Under your command, General Dong.

Kim reaches out for a warm handshake. The other men, jealous, applaud General Dong's great good fortune.

GENERAL DONG

I am... greatly honored, Supreme
Leader. I live to serve your glorious
cause.

Kim smiles biliously. There's something sneaky in his eyes.

KIM

I know you do.
(beat)
I have received a decryption of the
files from the station. From another
team I had working on it -- seems
their techs were a little quicker
than yours this time.

He gauges General Dong's reaction, which is carefully neutral.

KIM (CONT'D)

America has meddled in our affairs
for the last time. In seven days,
we'll begin Operation Divine Union.

General Dong is stoic. But he manufactures a smile which seems to please Kim.

EXT. SEA - NIGHT

SUPER: "East China Sea - 100 miles SSE of the Danjo Islands"

The typhoon is at full blow! Force 8, easy. The waves are high, whitecaps everywhere, the air is full of blown spray.

The Miller makes headway as best it can.

Far behind, spread out over the sea, the Shiloh and the supply ship fight their own battles against the towering seas.

INT. MILLER - BRIDGE - NIGHT

Inside the bridge, it's a bit more peaceful. The wind howls outside, and the place rocks. But these men are used to it.

And they remain intently focused on their activities. Blaine sits in his command chair, alert.

HELM

Captain, headway's down to 8 knots.
At this rate we'll be in this crap
for another 24 hours. Recommend we
turn about and run for--

BLAINE

Negative. Keep her head into the wind. We got a schedule to keep.

The men don't question his orders.

HELM

Aye sir.

The ship rocks and rolls. Blaine sips coffee. He glances at his watch.

Then he turns his attention a bank of monitors to one side of the bridge.

Suddenly a KLAXON sounds. Red lights begin blinking on those very monitors.

CARRAWAY

Captain, there's a problem with the reactor.

BLAINE

Helm, all stop.

HELM

All stop, aye.

The phone rings, and Blaine grabs it.

BLAINE

Blaine here.

WINTER (V.O.)

Captain, this is the Reactor Officer, LT Winter. We've got an apparent water leak in one of the reactors. Not sure what's causing it, I haven't seen readings like this--

BLAINE

You in any danger down there?

WINTER

Not at this time, sir, but we've got our dosimeters active and we're ready to seal the compartment at your command.

BLAINE

Negative. Suit up, see what you can do. Let's avoid a scram if we can.

WINTER

Aye, sir.

Blaine hangs up.

BLAINE

Helm, make your course 310 degrees.
Ahead full.

HELM

Aye, sir.

Blaine turns to the communications officer.

BLAINE

Comm, radio the group, inform them
of our situation, and advise them to
put some distance between us.

The klaxon still sounds.

BLAINE (CONT'D)

And shut that off, will ya?

INT. REACTOR ROOM - NIGHT

LT Winter, 30s, the reactor officer, checks his instruments.
Several red warning lights flash.

The reactors stand beyond thick shielded glass -- two
cylindrical towers, interspersed with stairways and catwalks.

Control systems ring the reactor area, a veritable maze of
pipes, pumps, ladders and catwalks.

Two seamen rush back up the catwalk toward the control area.

SEAMAN

There's no sign of anything wrong,
Lieutenant. And dosimeters show normal
background radiation.

WINTER

(indicates his board)
Why the hell's this thing lighting
up then? It says the water level's
still dropping in reactor one.

Suddenly a new alarm blares out. The boys on the catwalk
crouch in involuntary surprise.

Winter checks the board.

WINTER (CONT'D)

Nuts! Now this thing says two is
dropping too! There's got to be a
leak in the master cooling system!

He thinks a moment, his eyes scanning the board.

WINTER (CONT'D)

Alright, boys -- haul your asses out of there. Clear the compartment.

INT. MILLER - BRIDGE - NIGHT

Blaine grabs the ringing phone.

BLAINE

C.O.

WINTER

Captain, we got a cascade situation. Request permission to scram the reactors.

Blaine thinks it over for a moment.

BLAINE

Very well, scram the reactors.

Blaine hangs up.

BLAINE (CONT'D)

Helm, turn us into the wind.

EXT. MILLER - NIGHT

The carrier slowly, majestically turns into the wind. The seas, if anything, are even more mountainous.

INT. MILLER - BRIDGE - NIGHT

Rain rattles against the windows. Lightning flashes across the entire horizon.

The phone rings. Blaine grabs it.

BLAINE

C.O.

WINTER (V.O.)

Captain -- it won't scram! I can't stop the reaction!

BLAINE

Lock down the board, get out of there and seal the compartment. I'm ordering an evacuation.

The bridge crew look up in surprise. Each man gets to his feet.

The ship's alarms start and the intercom comes to life.

INTERCOM

General quarters, general quarters.
All hands man your battle stations.

There is a flurry of activity as the ship suddenly resembles Wal Mart on Black Friday.

Blaine gets on the shipwide intercom system.

BLAINE

All hands, this is the Captain. Begin
evacuation procedures. This is not a
drill. Abandon ship, I say again,
abandon ship.

INT. ADMIRAL BRANTLEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Brantley is asleep with his wife. His cell rings. He fights
awake, and checks the caller ID.

A picture of Blaine.

INT. ADMIRAL BRANTLEY'S HOUSE - LATER

He sits in robe and slippers in his study.

BLAINE (V.O.)

I'm gonna get him.

BRANTLEY

Who?

BLAINE (V.O.)

Kim. I'm taking out Pyongyang.

BRANTLEY

Blaine...

EXT. SEA - NIGHT

Men bob in the waves. The Miller drops scores of life rafts
in an orange rain.

BLAINE (V.O.)

Jane's dead. And my unborn child.
Someone will pay.

Seamen fight to board the boats and launch in the chaotic
waves. Herman the dog, in safety harness, is lowered into a
launch.

Hundreds of rafts and sailors fill the sea and stream out
behind the ship.

BRANTLEY (V.O.)
That's ridiculous.

BLAINE
Look, Admiral ... you and I both
know that if things go on like this,
there's going to be war. Kim will
attack. Maybe he's already got a
plan...

EXT. SHILOH - DECK - NIGHT

Sailors in life jackets are pulled aboard.

BRANTLEY (V.O.)
Blaine, there's been no concrete
information to suggest that an attack
is coming anytime--

BLAINE (V.O.)
He's desperate. That country is
sinking fast. He's been reaching out
to every bastard nation and illegal
dictatorship in the world -- the
moment he launches, they'll pull
coordinated terrorist attacks across
the globe. We have to take him out.
(beat)
I have to take him out.

Miller crewmen scramble up rope ladders. The deck fills with
wet and weary crew.

BRANTLEY (V.O.)
Dammit, Blaine, you've gone crazy.
We can work this out. We've got the
very best intel--

INT. MILLER - BRIDGE - NIGHT

Blaine barks orders to the crew. The ship makes a course
change.

BLAINE (V.O.)
If they took her out, they did a
purge. They know we know. They're
going to attack, before we even know
what hit us.

BRANTLEY (V.O.)
Blaine, Jesus, this is...

BLAINE

Listen to me, Admiral . I've thought this through. I've got four nuke-tipped ESSMs. That will be plenty to blow the place to kingdom come.

EXT. SHILOH - BRIDGE - NIGHT

Perez stands on the railing and stares out through binoculars.

BRANTLEY (V.O.)

Please...This is something you would never recover from.

The Miller is tiny in the distance, and growing smaller.

BLAINE (V.O.)

I don't need to. The US can't take out the Norkies. That'd start an all out world war. But... if one crazy guy takes out Pyongyang... it's diplomatically doable.

INT. SHILOH - BRIDGE - NIGHT

Perez slips into the bridge, checks the radar.

The return representing the Miller slips off the edge of the scope.

BLAINE (V.O.)

It's either this or put a bullet in my ear, Admiral, and I really don't want to make her death to mean nothing.

INT. ADMIRAL BRANTLEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Brantley sighs, rubs his eyes with his hand.

BRANTLEY

We can't just go along.

BLAINE (V.O.)

I've gone crazy, Admiral . You never know when I'm going to blow that reactor. And you know where that cloud'll go...

BRANTLEY

Right into China.

INT. BLAINE'S CABIN - NIGHT

Blaine nods, grins a sardonic grin.

BLAINE

Right into China. It's an impossible situation for you. Look... nobody's going to cry too many tears for the crater that was Pyongyang.

BRANTLEY (V.O.)

Blaine, there's gotta be another way...

BLAINE

I've valued your friendship, Sir. You're a good man. The Navy needs you. The country needs you. For your sake, for your family's sake -- keep your distance. I've heard your warning, and I have disregarded it. After I hang up, I will sabotage the communications equipment.

(beat)

This'll be the last time we talk, Eddie. In this life.

INT. ADMIRAL BRANTLEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Brantley looks like he's going to be ill.

BRANTLEY

Jesus, Blaine. They'll send the Seals in. They'll take you out.

BLAINE (V.O.)

It's the only way. Besides, I got a few tricks up my sleeve...

(beat)

I always wanted my life to mean something, Admiral Brantley. It'll mean something now, alright.

(beat)

Pray for me.

BRANTLEY

Blaine--

CLICK. Blaine's hung up.

INT. BLAINE'S CABIN - NIGHT

Blaine stares at the phone.

He glances up. In the corner of dim lit room, Jane sits. She gazes at him, her smile unreadable. Mona Lisa-like.

He checks his phone again, brings up a menu. Scrolls around.

Clicks an icon.

EXT. MILLER - NIGHT

In the forest of communications and detection gear atop the mast, a bright spark flares.

As lightning crashes in the skies above, an explosion sends several towers shearing off, into the sea.

INT. MILLER - BRIDGE - LATER

Blaine enters. Tense faces look up. Carraway snaps a salute.

BLAINE

Report.

CARRAWAY

Communications gear's out. Maybe lightning. T.A.O. reports detection gear still functioning.

(beat)

We can't call out and nobody can call in.

Blaine takes the news, pauses for an appropriate beat.

BLAINE

Very well. What's our position?

CARRAWAY

We've just about reached our I.P. Skeleton crew's ready to lock down the ship and evac the minute you give the word.

BLAINE

Negative. Stay on current heading until further orders.

They all look really nervous.

BLAINE (CONT'D)

There's no radiation.

Now they all look confused.

BLAINE (CONT'D)

You can relax, there's no radiation. The reactors are fine. See for yourself.

They check the teltales. Reactor status shows green.

Carraway turns to Blaine.

CARRAWAY

Captain, this is mighty confusing.
Care to explain this?

Blaine smiles.

INT. OFFICER'S MESS - LATER

Blaine stands before a group of about 50 crew, including all remaining officers. Lt Winters stands in the front, stonefaced. Everyone else just looks confused.

BLAINE

It was necessary to do it this way
to get all but the most essential
personnel safely off the ship.

WINTER

And we're the guinea pigs?

Blaine looks at him, waiting for the magic word.

WINTER (CONT'D)

Sir?

BLAINE

That is not the word I would use,
no. But the fact is, ladies and
gentlemen, we have a mission to
perform. This mission is of utmost
importance to our national interests,
and the interests of our allies in
the region -- and the people of the
world. So all available measures
have been taken to conceal the truth
not only from the enemy... but from
our own people as well.

Blaine paces back and forth across the mass of crew.

BLAINE (CONT'D)

Our task will be to maneuver north
into the Yellow Sea, and get as close
as possible to Pyongyang.

He stops to gauge the effect of his words. Professional crew --
their eyes widen, but little more than that.

BLAINE (CONT'D)

At that point, we will conduct
operations.

He turns to the TAO, LCDR REYNOLDS, 30s. LCDR Reynolds
stands, burly arms folded across his chest.

BLAINE (CONT'D)
(to LCDR Reynolds)
You were probably wondering why I
kept you on, as well as your crew.

REYNOLDS
I did kinda wonder, sir, why you'd
need a tactical action officer in a
reactor emergency.

BLAINE
(dismissively)
It's an exercise.

The crew murmurs briefly amongst themselves.

BLAINE (CONT'D)
Pipe down. We've received reliable
intelligence the North Koreans plan
to launch a first strike against
their neighbors in the South. We are
going to make that impossible.

He stops, eyes each officer in turn.

BLAINE (CONT'D)
And, if we're lucky... we get the
top dog himself. Kim.

The crew likes this idea. They murmur amongst themselves.

A Division Officer raises her hand.

BLAINE (CONT'D)
Lieutenant?

LIEUTENANT
Sir, if we're going to launch a
strike, why'd we evacuate all the
pilots and flight crew?

BLAINE
Because we can't use planes to do
it. We're going to use missiles.

The crew murmurs again.

BLAINE (CONT'D)
I understand that's not quite the
function of a ship like ours... that's
why they'll never expect it.

LCDR REYNOLDS
Surely they're not going to just let
us pull up and park off Pyongyang.

BLAINE

You let me worry about that.

Blaine stands before them.

BLAINE (CONT'D)

Total radio silence will be maintained throughout. Which will be made easier by the fact that lightning took out our comm towers.

(beat)

This mission will test all of you, and success will require maximum effort from each of you. The results will literally change the balance of power in the region in one fell swoop. And if we do good, we might just prevent the next world war.

He pauses to let this sink in. His steely eyes gleam.

BLAINE (CONT'D)

Good luck. Dismissed.

The crewmen melt away. They seem interested, but also a bit confused.

Winter joins Blaine.

WINTER

How the hell'd you do that?

BLAINE

What?

WINTER

The thing with the reactor.

BLAINE

(smiles)

I wasn't always the CO. I know my way around. It's actually a trick I pulled on my old CO. Scared the shit out of him.

INT. SITUATION ROOM - DAY

The President, the Secretary of Defense (SECDEF), the Secretary of the Navy (SECNAV), the CHAIRMAN of the Joint Chiefs, Brantley, and several other suits and uniforms gather around a table. The atmosphere is tense.

SECDEF

(to Brantley)

He called you at home?

BRANTLEY

Sir, he's a deployed flag captain.
Of course he has my home phone number.

SECDEF

Yet he gave you no clue as to why he
was doing this?

BRANTLEY

Based on certain comments of his,
and a check of the records, it's
possible he had been hiding a certain
mental strain for some time. You
know about his wife.

PRESIDENT

Of course.

(somber)

He's kind of senior for a disgruntled
employee, isn't he?

He seems amused, but nobody else is.

BRANTLEY

The long and the short of it, sir.

SECDEF

Not by my yardstick, Admiral. We're
gonna get to the bottom of this thing,
quick as hell.

PRESIDENT

Yes, of course, but... what do we do
right now? How do we stop this guy?

CHAIRMAN

Quickly and quietly.

SECDEF

We have to contain this before anybody
gets a whiff of this.

PRESIDENT

That goes without saying. How?

SECDEF

Hard to say.

(thinks)

Without escort, he's vulnerable from
below. Torpedo the screws.

CHAIRMAN

We can't just disable it. We gotta
get in there and take it over.

(MORE)

CHAIRMAN (CONT'D)
Neutralize Blaine. There's really no choice.

PRESIDENT
The Seals.

CHAIRMAN
Seals. Without communications, there's no way to talk him down. We'll have to storm the ship.

BRANTLEY
Sir...

Brantley stands up. He straightens his uniform, and looks the other participants up and down.

BRANTLEY (CONT'D)
Let me suggest a radical solution here.

They wait.

BRANTLEY (CONT'D)
We do nothing.

All eyes narrow. The old soldiers grumble.

PRESIDENT
That's not an option that's on the table, Admiral.

BRANTLEY
Sir, if I may... nobody, here in this room, or out in the world, aside from some pissant rogue dictators, is going to shed a tear over a crater that was once Pyongyang.

They stare at him like's crazy.

BRANTLEY (CONT'D)
Niceties aside, gentlemen... this is the case. We all know it. Now... we've got a rogue captain here intending to nuke Pyongyang with ESSMs. This is a nice, limited, winnable scenario here.

SECDEF
It'll be on us, no matter what, Admiral. He's in the uniform, so it'll be our fault.

BRANTLEY

Surely we can spin this... I mean, should we really be preventing this man from doing something we dearly want done? Taking out the trash, as it were?

(thinks)

Even if you were to argue that rabid elements in the hierarchy would launch a retaliatory strike, consider this -- North Korea is a top-down dictatorship, and most of its people are starving. You take out the top dog, and give them a chance to rebel... well, we had an Arab spring, why not an Asian spring?

The President mulls the ramifications. Brantley presses his advantage.

BRANTLEY (CONT'D)

We can deplore the incident, call it the last desperate act of an insane madman... and reach out a hand in friendship to the North Koreans that remain. Can't you see the possibilities here?

The President looks up, smiles.

PRESIDENT

I can, yes.

(beat)

But it's not gonna happen. Sorry Admiral .

Admiral Brantley shrugs, sits down.

BRANTLEY

Just working the scenarios, sir.

PRESIDENT

I appreciate it. It's an attractive option. But it sets a dangerous precedent. And, it's evil. Flat out evil.

Brantley opens his mouth to interject, but the President holds up a hand.

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

This world works on a kind of political ebb and flow. The consensus of the human race. Barring acts of
(MORE)

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

God, there are no shortcuts. No checking the answers in the back of the book.

Brantley yearns to say something, but chokes it down. The others at the table stare at him, some appraising, some suspicious.

He gazes back at them evenly. He's no shrinking violet.

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

How soon before he's within range to fire his missiles?

BRANTLEY

About eighteen hours.

PRESIDENT

So we've got eighteen hours to crack this. Alright, boys, let's talk turkey here.

EXT. CHINESE BASE - DAY

SUPER: "Coastal Surveillance Station, Xinzhonggang, China"

Giant satellite dishes turn. Detection gear bristles from several complex towers.

INT. CHINESE BASE - DAY

Quiet, efficient men man the various screens and displays. At the front of the room, a big board displays a map of the Yellow Sea and surrounding region.

On the screen, between the coast of China and a potato-shaped island just off the tip of South Korea, one blip is prominent.

Two officers regard the sight quizzically.

OFFICER #1

They never come up this way. Their base is at Chinhae.

OFFICER #2

Maybe they're on their way to Seoul for some sort of holiday function.

Officer #1 looks at his counterpart with irritation.

OFFICER #1

You really are just dying to wind up in a borax mine in Xinjiang, aren't you?

Officer #2's eyes widen. Officer #1 picks up a phone, waits for a response.

OFFICER #1 (CONT'D)
Send up a plane.

EXT. CHINESE MILITARY AIRFIELD - DAY

A fighter jet takes off into the sky, afterburners flaming.

EXT. SKY - DAY

The Chinese jet checks out the sea below.

The Miller, steaming along. Conspicuously alone, absent of the Battle Group.

The pilot keys his mike.

CHINESE PILOT
Base... you may find this hard to believe... there's an American Nimitz-class carrier down here... with no escort of any kind.

EXT. SHILOH - DAY

A helicopter lands on the pad. It's angled and futuristic. The crewmen goggle.

Admiral Sherman issues from the craft, along with two formidable-looking uniformed men, and greets a waiting Captain Cdr Perez.

INT. SHILOH - CAPTAIN'S GALLEY - DAY

Admiral Sherman, Cdr Perez and Lcdr Hodges sit around a large table, strewn with maps and photographs. The two formidable men -- COMMANDER CDR WAITE, 40s, and LIEUTENANT COMMANDER WOLFE, 30s, of the Navy Seals -- outline the situation.

WAITE
Admiral, there are probably forty-three people on the Miller.

ADMIRAL SHERMAN
How many would you have to kill to take the ship back?

WAITE
Possibly one or two, maybe none.

ADMIRAL SHERMAN
That's not so bad.

WAITE

On their side. On our side, that's another story. It's unrealistic to think our detachment could take the ship by force with less than twenty-five percent casualties.

WOLFE

CDR Waite is also giving a best case scenario that if we take out Blaine--

ADMIRAL SHERMAN

(abruptly)
Blaine.

WOLFE

Sorry, Sir. If we take out Blaine right away, we will minimize the casualties.

ADMIRAL SHERMAN

Depending on the loyalty of his crew.

WAITE

Who could be loyal to a traitor?

ADMIRAL SHERMAN

History has a way of ironing out the traitors and forming them into heroes. Let's not jump to conclusions. Casualties?

PEREZ

But the men on the ship aren't armed.

WAITE

The ship itself is a weapon. They have the means to blow us out of the water where we stand without our ever entering their sight.

ADMIRAL SHERMAN

And at this point we must assume Blaine is capable of just about anything. If we don't get in and take over the ship, then he's liable to open those reactors and flood the region with radiation.

WAITE

So you don't believe there was a real reactor accident.

ADMIRAL SHERMAN

I do not.

WAITE

And you're willing to test that with
my men, Admiral?

Admiral Sherman gazes at Waite. Two tough guys.

ADMIRAL SHERMAN

Commander, I know some Marines who'd
be happy to take the burden off of
you and your men, if you like.

WAITE

Negative sir. We're good to go. Tell
us where and when.

ADMIRAL SHERMAN

Give me a plan and see if I like it.

INT. CHINESE EMBASSY - DAY

SUPER: "Chinese Embassy, Washington, D.C."

A very relaxed looking CHINESE AMBASSADOR, 60s, sits back in
a leather chair. He gazes out a wide window at the lovely
wooded grounds of the US Naval Observatory. He holds a phone
to his ear.

CHINESE AMBASSADOR

So, Admiral, you'd tell me, right,
if you had something going on in the
Yellow Sea?

INT. DEPARTMENT OF THE NAVY - DAY

Behind his desk, Brantley holds the phone to his ear and
smiles.

BRANTLEY

All I know about the Yellow Sea is I
read a book by that name once. It
was by... I.P. Freely, if I recall.

INTERCUT TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

CHINESE AMBASSADOR

Ah, yes, I read that one too. And
his other book, "The Yellow River."
Gripping.

BRANTLEY

Did you have anything else to discuss,
or--

CHINESE AMBASSADOR
Don't shit me, Admiral . We know
you've got a carrier heading north
in the Yellow Sea. Unescorted.

BRANTLEY
(reluctantly)
Alright. Look. One of our carriers,
the Miller, had a little reactor
trouble. They're going to put into
Seoul for repairs.

CHINESE AMBASSADOR
And not Chinhae?

BRANTLEY
We judged Seoul would be best. We've
got some facilities there.
(needling)
The yards at Chinhae are already,
after all, crammed full of our newest
and stealthiest ships and planes and
weapons.

CHINESE AMBASSADOR
(laughs)
Oh, of course.
(beat)
It's queer that you wouldn't just
keep the Miller in the middle of the
ocean and send a containment ship
out. Instead you pass it so near
your tender Korean friends.

BRANTLEY
We did not judge the situation
dangerous. It's no Fukushima,
Ambassador. The situation is in the
hands of top personnel.

CHINESE AMBASSADOR
Funny you should mention Fukushima.
As I recall, everything there was
also, as you say, "in the hands of
top personnel". Meanwhile, the plant
was melting down.

INT. SHILOH - CAPTAIN'S GALLEY - DAY

CDR Waite points to areas on the chart as he talks.

WAITE
We'll split into two teams. I will
lead an air assault of twenty men
(MORE)

WAITE (CONT'D)

dropping from an altitude of five-thousand feet. The cloud cover tonight is ideal for this. We activate our chutes low level, fifteen-hundred feet, two-thousand max and drift right onto the ship. But we have to go at night. They'll expect an air attack, if it comes, from the flight deck. We land at the Hangar Bay.

PEREZ

Won't they have the Hangar Bay doors shut?

WAITE

If they do, we'll be able to see well before we reach the ship. We'll land on the flight deck and take our chances.

ADMIRAL SHERMAN

The TAO and the RO are both still onboard. They'll have material Condition Yoke set. Those doors will be shut.

WAITE

Sir, Blaine thinks we think it's a hot ship. He's not expecting visitors. The doors will be open.

(nods)

The other attack will be led by LCDR Wolfe. CDR?

LCDR Wolfe steps forward, smiles at the men.

WOLFE

Our task won't be as simple as the one you just heard. We go by water.

He points to the map.

WOLFE (CONT'D)

The chopper drops us two miles ahead, directly in the Miller's path. We'll drop in full dive gear, then hold station and wait for the ship.

HODGES

They're traveling in excess of thirty knots with a 100,000-ton vessel. What if they run you down?

WOLFE

There is always risk in a tactical operation. We'll have to take our chances.

ADMIRAL SHERMAN

How are you going to board the ship once it reaches your men?

LCDR Wolfe laughs lightly, the edge directed at himself.

WOLFE

Grappling hooks.

The non-Seals all look at each other, impressed.

WOLFE (CONT'D)

Obviously, twenty men all hooking at the same time is bound to arouse suspicion. We'll distribute our forces in a chevron formation. The first three men up will board near the fo'c'sle, the last two on the fantail, the rest in between. Not everyone will make it, but the ones that can... they oughta be enough.

WAITE

If seven men, minimum, can get on undetected, we can take the ship, possibly without a single casualty on either side.

ADMIRAL SHERMAN

(skeptical)

Think so?

CDR Waite gives a superior little smile.

WAITE

Sir, with the sheer size of the Miller -- there are over 2,500 spaces on that ship, and only forty-three personnel on board. Most of them, it's safe to say, clustered in the Island. We're all trained in guerrilla warfare. We'll get the ship.

Admiral Sherman nods, satisfied.

ADMIRAL SHERMAN

Thank you, men. Go get some chow. We'll go at dusk. Dismissed.

Waite and Wolfe salute, and filter out. Admiral Sherman walks to the door and watches as they disappear from sight. When they're gone he turns back to the others.

PEREZ

Admiral... you really think they can pull it off? Without hurting anyone?

Admiral Sherman gives him a good long look.

ADMIRAL SHERMAN

You do what you gotta do.

Perez and Hodges react with subdued alarm.

INT. DEPARTMENT OF THE NAVY - DAY

Brantley sits, staring out the window and thinking.

His SECRETARY knocks on the door, enters. She has a tall glass of soda and a folder in her hand.

SECRETARY

Your afternoon Diet Coke.

Brantley turns, accepts the glass.

BRANTLEY

Ahh, thanks.

He drinks.

SECRETARY

And this secure fax just arrived from COMPACFLT.

Brantley nods. She exits. He opens up the fax and peruses its contents.

The page is titled "OPERATION TAKEBACK". Its contents mention "SHILOH", "stealth helicopters", "Cdr Waite"... and "Blaine."

Brantley nods. He puts the paper down, thinks it over.

He pulls out his phone. Scrolls.

His thumb hovers over the screen, hesitating.

He gets up and leaves his office.

INT. GENERAL DONG'S OFFICE - DAY

Sunset paints the windows red. General Dong sits, staring out the window and thinking.

A knock on his door.

GENERAL DONG

Come in.

Tang enters.

TANG

General. Those decrypts on the Poji-Do intel.

Tang hands General Dong a folder.

GENERAL DONG

Thank you, Mr. Tang. Our Supreme Leader, alas, had them outsourced to another team, who has already decrypted them.

Tang pales, and begins to tremble. General Dong notices the reaction, with weariness.

GENERAL DONG (CONT'D)

I trust you will be more diligent, next time, in your efforts.

Tang's relief is visible, but he attempts to hide it.

TANG

I shall, Sir. Thank you.
(gulps)
Thank you.

GENERAL DONG

Dismissed.

Tang gratefully beats it.

General Dong glances through the sheets. Nods ruefully.

He notices the characters, "4ZXxc7XX88".

GENERAL DONG (CONT'D)

(reads)

"One of the agents used this as her call sign. Messages prefaced with this code were sent to the following e-mail address..."

General Dong gets a pensive look in his eye.

He gets up slowly and moves to his office door.

He locks it.

INT. OAHU CIA FACILITY - DAY

The same Oahu facility. Rows of analyst-containing cubicles. The analyst we saw earlier sits at his computer. He appears to be hard at work.

Over his shoulder, we see that he's playing a video game. Flying an attack helicopter. He blows up another helicopter in a bright gout of video game fire.

BUDDY (O.S.)

Hey!

The analyst laughs. Suddenly -- the jingle of an IM.

A window pops up. The analyst fails to pause the game, and his helicopter flies on unattended. He stares at the IM box, astonished at the message:

"4ZXXC7XX88 IMPORTANT INFORMATION FOLLOWS"

The analyst's helicopter blows up.

BUDDY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Ha haaa!

INT. BLAINE'S STATEROOM - DAY

Blaine sits, pensive, on his bunk, gazing off into the distance.

FLASHBACK - EXT. MOUNTAIN CABIN - DAY

Jane and Blaine sit on the deck of a mountain cabin, drinking hot cider. The cabin is in the Japanese style. Other roofs can be seen off through the trees.

Beyond a lovely panorama of sunlit woods and groomed runs, off in the far distance, lies the Sea of Japan.

Jane sips. Wrestles with something. Puts down her drink, and faces Blaine.

JANE

Honey, listen. I've not been...
entirely honest with you.

Blaine looks at her.

BLAINE

Give me a number.

JANE

What?

BLAINE

You said you've slept with eight men. If it's more, just give me a number. What... hundred? Hundred fifty?

Jane gives mock-offended.

JANE

How dare you! As if I...

He cracks up and she joins in. Then gets serious fast.

JANE (CONT'D)

No, look -- this is a big deal.

She waits for him to settle down.

JANE (CONT'D)

I am not Japanese.

BLAINE

So... where do you come from?

She points out over the Sea of Japan. Blaine looks... computes.

BLAINE (CONT'D)

So you're Korean. I love you anyway.

JANE

No...

She moves her finger a little to the right. Toward the north.

Blaine gets it.

BLAINE

North Korean.

JANE

Yes.

INT. MOUNTAIN CABIN - LATER

The two are snuggled on a couch, a fire crackles nearby.

JANE

I was born in Chongjin. It's a mining town in the northeast. Not far from the Russian border. I lived in a cruddy mass-produced harmonica house. Looks like a harmonica. Two rooms. Everyone had the same thing. Freezing
(MORE)

JANE (CONT'D)

cold in the winter, boiling hot in the summer.

(beat)

I was a girl, so I was the shame of the family. Soon as I was able, they put me to work. Carrying water up from the river, working in the garden, mending clothes.

(beat)

Eventually my mother got pregnant again, and there was much rejoicing. Meanwhile, I felt like a ghost in my own house. But my father loved me. I'd have a warm coat in the winter, sometimes actual shoes. He'd sneak me some candy when he could.

(eyes Blaine)

They had the worst candy, Blaine. It was like burnt hair, flavored with beets. When I got out and tasted western candy for the first time, I damn near had an orgasm.

BLAINE

But you got out?

(joking)

Do they know you're gone?

JANE

Actually, they do not. They think I'm dead.

FLASHBACK - EXT. CHONGJIN - DAY

A blasted, sooty wreck of the place. The one thing that looks in decent repair is the mining works, and even that is covered with rust and decay.

Long lines of workers shuffle in and out. The ones coming out of the mine are black with coal dust. The ones going in aren't much cleaner.

There is only one smile in the place, and that's on the face of Jane's FATHER, 30s, as he spies his daughter, LITTLE JANE, about 10, skinny as a rail, there with his lunch.

He hugs the little girl, takes the container. He sits on the frozen ground, to one side of the plodding workers, and opens the container: a thin stew, with little chunks of meat.

JANE (V.O.)

We never got enough to eat. Girls ate cornmeal. Very little fresh

(MORE)

JANE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
vegetables... turnips and beets,
mainly. The men got the lion's share.
Daddy got "boshintang".

BLAINE (V.O.)
Which is?

JANE (V.O.)
Dogmeat stew.

Jane's father tucks in.

JANE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Actually, it was pretty good. Tastes
like chicken. Anyway, I remember
that day, believe me...

A HUGE EXPLOSION nearby knocks the two down.

Flame, smoke and dust rise high in the sky.

JANE (CONT'D)
It was the loudest noise I had ever
heard. I was knocked completely
senseless... next thing I knew, I
was being carried.

EXT. DOCK - DAY

Jane's father carries Jane. They pass scores of broken,
bleeding, dead bodies. Jane squeezes her eyes shut -- the
opens them wide. Witnessing.

Her UNCLE, 40s, beckons from the smoke. He leads them down
to a dock. A boat is waiting. Smoke and flame obscures them
from view.

JANE (V.O.)
My uncle had a plan. One should always
be ready to seize any opportunity,
he used to say. You never know when
you'll get another shot.

The uncle gets into the boat, and reaches up -- Jane's father
hands her down.

There's only room for two in the boat.

JANE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
He got us into the boat, and then...
(chokes up)
He...

Little Jane importunes her father, with tears running down her face.

Her father gazes back, checking for witnesses, then crouches down at the edge of the dock. He takes her hands and speaks to her.

JANE (CONT'D)

He told me I was the future. That he had to stay behind, or my whole family would die. He had to make sure my mother and my future little brother -- as they always called the one in my mother's belly -- were cared for. He couldn't abandon them.

Jane's father hugs her tightly.

JANE (CONT'D)

But I would have a chance. And I had to take that chance, and do everything I could to live, and thrive, and someday help the family... the whole family. All of my countrymen who suffered and starved and died.

Jane's father pushes the boat off into the sea.

EXT. BOAT - DAY

Jane's uncle rows.

Jane watches her father get smaller and smaller. Smoke drifts past and obscures him from view.

INT. MOUNTAIN CABIN - NIGHT

Jane wipes tears from her face. Blaine gazes at her, moved.

JANE

I never saw him again. No clue what happened to him, or any of them.

BLAINE

Your uncle?

JANE

He got me across the Sea of Japan. It was about five hundred miles. We landed not too far from here, actually. We were not the first ones, of course. The Japanese here knew what to do. My uncle got work, and we lived. And every day I had plenty
(MORE)

JANE (CONT'D)
to eat and went to bed on a clean
mat in a warm house in a quiet
neighborhood, I felt guilty. I
couldn't enjoy it. I wanted all of
them to feel that safety, that
security.

She sighs, rolls over toward him. Stares deeply into his
eyes. She pets some hair away from his face.

JANE (CONT'D)
So, when I got old enough, I went to
work at that very thing. I found a
great company to work for, and I've
been working for them ever since.

BLAINE
Who?

Jane smiles.

JANE
I really can't tell you.

BLAINE
(realizes)
The Company?

JANE
Shh, walls have ears! Listen, you're
a navy captain. You can't get
involved. Don't ask me again.
Besides... I might just be pulling
your leg.

He stares at her. Is she? Impossible to tell.

BLAINE
What happened to your uncle?

Jane sighs. Turns on her back.

JANE
Murdered. In a robbery.

BLAINE
I'm sorry.

JANE
No one said capitalism was perfect.
But it's the best we got.

Blaine nods slowly in agreement.

BLAINE

So... your name isn't really Jane.
Is it.

Jane turns to him and smiles.

INT. SITUATION ROOM - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

SAVIANO, a CIA analyst, briefs the President, Brantley, and the Secretary of Defense.

SAVIANO

Her name was Jin-Kyong. In Japan,
she took the name Shun Yee. Goes by
Jane. Jane was killed in the attack
on Poji-Do island. Three hours ago...
she came back to life.

The others stare back at him.

PRESIDENT

What do you mean?

SAVIANO

Sir... she died in the attack. And a
couple of hours ago, her handler got
a new message. We don't know who's
behind it.

Saviano continues speaking as he passes out copies of the message.

SAVIANO (CONT'D)

But the import of the message is
simple: North Korea has an arsenal.
They have first strike capabilities.
And in about a week, they plan to
launch nukes against the South.

SECDEF

According to this... ghost.

SAVIANO

Correct.

The three men peruse their pages. Brantley is as puzzled as the other two.

PRESIDENT

Who in the hell is this? Is this
information reliable?

SAVIANO

Hard to say. We traced the IP -- back to the firewall that is the DMZ. There isn't much internet in the North, but what there is is utterly impossible to hack. Ironically, because it's so freakin' outdated, we can't--

The president makes a "speed it up" motion.

SAVIANO (CONT'D)

Sir, sorry. The last bit, I think is the key.

(reads)

"I tell you this on behalf of Jin-Kyong. Only I know she did not die twice."

Brantley starts -- then covers it with a cough. Saviano glances at him, then back the President.

SAVIANO (CONT'D)

Sir, if what she told us about her history is true, this strongly suggests that the sender is bona fide. This and the tone, and the lack of specifics -- if it was some kind of a trick we'd expect to be directed to a specific location -- an ambush. But...

The President taps the paper on the table in thought.

PRESIDENT

If it is true... then her husband, the madman with the carrier... may be doing us a big favor.

BRANTLEY

(clears throat)

Unfortunately, sir, that madman will shortly be attacked by the same guys who took out Bin Laden.

Grim faces around the table.

INT. MILLER - NIGHT

Astronomical twilight is just about over. Clouds conceal the moon. Blaine stands at the extreme bow of the ship, on the flight deck.

He idly fiddles with the nozzle of a fire fighting spigot. He stands, feels the wind in his face.

BLAINE
I've never done this before.

Nearby stands Jane's apparition.

BLAINE (CONT'D)
I've never just stood here, let the
sea wind play over my face. Smelled
the ocean. Like a child.

He turns to look at her. She cuddles a baby in her arms.

BLAINE (CONT'D)
I suppose I am going mad. I don't
really care. Without you... Jesus,
what the hell good is sanity? What
good did it ever do me? Lust for
advancement... for station. Who gives
a shit about all that?

He looks at her. She looks back, with infinite tenderness
and understanding.

BLAINE (CONT'D)
I lost sight of what was really
important. And there was no way to
get it back. Once you go down that
road... I should've known it was
foolish to plan for a happy
retirement.

Jane walks back up the flight deck toward the Island. Blaine
checks his watch, walks along with her.

BLAINE (CONT'D)
Did you know this would happen? Did
somehow, deep down inside... did you
sense it would happen?

Jane only smiles sadly. Keeps walking.

BLAINE (CONT'D)
I feel like I've been a good man. I
feel I deserved a happy life with
you. After all I did for my country.
Thinking about it now... I think all
I ever did was serve at the behest
of idiots to preserve the lives of
assholes.

Jane gives him a knowing smile.

BLAINE (CONT'D)

I mean... Mubarak was on this boat,
one time. Our "friend" in Egypt.
Then there's Pakistan. And that
endless business in Afghanistan...
it's like we're engaged in an eternal
war of attrition dictated by pure
political contingency. Just propping
up an endlessly falling house.

He stops. Faces her across the flight deck. She coos at the
baby and looks back at him.

BLAINE (CONT'D)

Now... I know what to do. I know
what needs to be done. What hasn't
been done. I will right a wrong. And
prevent more wrong.

Carraway approaches in the darkness. Blaine can't see him...
but Carraway can hear him.

BLAINE (CONT'D)

And I will do it for you. I will do
it for you and all those like you,
but I will do it for you... because
I hurt, worse than I have ever hurt.
And I will never stop hurting, until
the day I die... but I will surely
die, unless I get those who killed
you...

Jane gives another sad smile. She looks beyond him, to where
Carraway is.

Blaine turns, sees Carraway. He turns back -- Jane's gone.
Blaine walks over to join Carraway.

CARRAWAY

Sir? You alright?

BLAINE

Just taking a walk, Commander.

Blaine begins walking toward the Island, and Carraway
accompanies him.

CARRAWAY

I have my doubts about this mission,
sir.

Blaine stops. Regards Carraway.

CARRAWAY (CONT'D)

Sir, to put these people in such... a highly dangerous and totally unorthodox mission... it doesn't, frankly, seem in keeping with our national security objectives.

BLAINE

Commander, I don't need to justify to you or anyone else our mission here. I do what I'm told, and you do what you're told.

CARRAWAY

Sir, of course, but there were no written orders here, and you showed me no--

BLAINE

This is, as you say, an unorthodox mission, and a paper trail is absolutely to be avoided.

(beat; sighs)

Commander, I shouldn't be telling you this. But you're a good man and you deserve to know the truth.

Blaine chooses his words carefully. He glances off --
Jane stares intently at him.

BLAINE (CONT'D)

The most critical component of this mission, the component that will sell it to the world is that I, Captain Michael Blaine, have gone mad.

Carraway, taken aback, is speechless.

BLAINE (CONT'D)

I will be retiring soon. And I am unattached. So I volunteered for this important mission. A mission whose success requires one man to bear the brunt -- in order to leave all others above reproach.

(sighs)

You are not supposed to know -- none of the crew is supposed to know -- so that the illusion can be maintained. Your lives, your freedom, depend on you taking this secret to your grave. Do you understand?

Carraway slowly nods.

BLAINE (CONT'D)
(emphatically)
Do you understand, Commander?

CARRAWAY
Yes sir, I understand.

BLAINE
Good. When this breaks, I will be vilified as the mad Captain...
(checks his watch)
...and token efforts must be attempted to ensure the sale of the mad Captain theory to the world.

Carraway inclines his head quizzically.

CARRAWAY
Sir? "Token efforts?"

Blaine smiles.

BLAINE
Battle stations, Mr. Carraway.

Carraway looks up, listens hard.

CARRAWAY
Sir... what are we... I don't hear anything...

BLAINE
And you won't. Now listen -- this is very important: you must convince the crew this is simply part of this complex operation. Whose nature will be revealed in time. They must, at all costs, repel these boarders -- and without killing them. For these boarders are ours. Americans.
(beat)
Hop to it, mister.

Carraway jogs into the open hatch leading into the Island.
Blaine follows.

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

Two helicopters move through the sky.

Waite sits up front in one helicopter, watching the skies.

The helicopter drops and the clouds part -- the sea below is revealed.

NAVY PILOT

Sir?

He points. Waite follows his finger.

Below is the Miller -- lit up like a Christmas tree.

Waite and the Pilot exchange glances. Waite goes in back.

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

The men, clustered in like sardines, look out the window at the apparition.

WAITE

What do you think of that?

SEAL #1

He's a cocky bastard, Sir.

SEAL #2

Makin' it real easy. We should be radioing home inside of a half hour.

WAITE

Alright, stand by.

INT. SKY - MOMENTS LATER

The two helicopters ascend into cloud cover. One helicopter shoots forward -- the other pulls up and hovers.

Men spill out of the hovering helicopter and hit the silk.

EXT. MILLER - NIGHT

Waite and his men approach the Miller.

The hangar bay doors are open. Cdr Waite keys his radio.

WAITE

Stay alert. They'll be expecting us from above. Head for the hangar bay.

SEAL #1 (V.O.)

Sir -- let's divvy it up.

WAITE

Roger. Team one, fo'c'sle -- team three, fantail. Team two, on me. Thread the needle, gentlemen.

The parachutes diverge.

EXT. MILLER - HANGAR BAY - NIGHT

Waite and his men steer into the hangar bay.

He detaches his chute the minute his feet hit the deck. The chute whips off into the sea. His men follow suit.

Before they can even get up their guns, they're broadsided by an airplane dolly -- over the rail they go. To join their chutes.

EXT. MILLER - FO'C'SLE - NIGHT

Team 1 comes down. A sailor wearing a sidearm waves to them.

They land all around him, detach their chutes.

Guns up, they converge on the sailor.

SAILOR

Whoa, hey guys. Take it easy.

The sailor backs up, hands over his head, stringing the Seals out into a line.

SEAL #3

Put your sidearm on the deck and step back.

SAILOR

Sure, sure...

He does so -- as he kneels down, JETS OF WATER blow the Seals right off the deck and into the water.

Carraway and three other sailors, standing behind their fire hoses, grin and high-five.

EXT. MILLER - FANTAIL - NIGHT

Most of the team aiming for the fantail slips off astern, to land harmlessly in the water.

Two luckier (or more coordinated) Seals land on the fantail, bracketing a lone sailor, BROOKS. Brandishing their weapons, they take him hostage.

Their radios squeal to life.

WAITE (V.O.)

Did anyone make it?

SEAL #4 picks up his radio trusting SEAL #5 to keep Brooks covered.

SEAL #4
Yes, sir. Just one man on the fantail,
and we got him.

WAITE (V.O.)
Good work. Work your way forward.
Try and clear the road for Captain
LCDR Wolfe.

DONAHUE
Will do.
(to Brooks)
Anyone nearby?

Brooks shakes his head.

Nearby a phone receiver sits propped up in the shadows.

INT. MILLER - BRIDGE - NIGHT

Blaine listens to the interchange. He picks up a handheld radio.

BLAINE
Double-time it to the fantail. Two
unfriendlies have Brooks.

EXT. MILLER - FANTAIL - NIGHT

Brooks seems remarkably calm, given the circumstances.

BROOKS
Most are busy keeping the ship
running.
(beat)
Shouldn't you be, you know...

He makes a motion, like they should be jumping in the water.
The Seals exchange glances.

SEAL #5
What you talkin' about, Sailor? You
realize the shit you're facing?

Brooks laughs, confused. They seem awful serious.

INT. MILLER - BRIDGE - NIGHT

Blaine listens to the interchange.

SEAL #4 (V.O.)
You're headed for a court-martial,
my friend!

Blaine looks concerned.

EXT. MILLER - FANTAIL - NIGHT

Seal #4 digs his gun in Brooks's ribs.

SEAL #4
Alright, let's go. Take us to your
C.O., and don't do anything stupid.

BROOKS
Jesus Christ, you guys, we're on the
same freakin' team!

SEAL #5
Think so, Muttonhead?

He reverses his gun and gives it to Brooks in the gut. Brooks goes down, choking. Seal #5 whips out a zip-tie and is about to bind Brooks's hands when--

WINTER (O.S.)
Hey, asshole.

They look up. Winter and the two other engine room guys from before cradle rifles under their arms.

WINTER (CONT'D)
Take a swim.

The Seals look up at Winter. Odds not good. They carefully back to the railing, climb over -- and jump off.

Winter helps Brooks to his feet.

WINTER (CONT'D)
You okay, sailor?

BROOKS
I think so... thank you, sir.

Winter looks out at the Seals, quickly disappearing in the Miller's wake.

WINTER
Something ain't right here...

EXT. MILLER - FLIGHT DECK - NIGHT

Into the light come several sailors carrying axes. They move low, silently.

EXT. SEA - NIGHT

In the distance, the lighted-up Miller bears down on a group of floating men.

The Seals ready their grapples.

The ship nears.

The ship parts the group as the men position themselves.

Near the stern, the first aims his hook and lets fly!

It bites into the stern railing.

The Seal begins climbing.

Several other Seals also hook in and begin climbing.

EXT. MILLER - FLIGHT DECK - NIGHT

A hook, planted in the deck, trails a taut rope.

A sailor approaches, axe upraised.

He SWINGS --

The rope parts!

The Seal falls back into the sea. And can only wave goodbye as the Miller steams on.

EXT. MILLER - AMIDSHIPS - NIGHT

Here too, sailors chop Seals' lines.

Seals drop like rain.

EXT. MILLER - FO'C'SLE - NIGHT

And here as well, several more Seals are cut free.

Wolfe gets close to the top. He looks up to see a sailor grinning over the railing.

Wolfe growls, pulls his sidearm and levels it at the sailor.

Surprised, pissed, the sailor swings the axe and cuts LDCR Wolfe loose --

Wolfe FIRES a shot!

It misses the sailor by a mile.

But the sailor turns and stares at his buddy incredulously.

INT. MILLER - OFFICER'S MESS - NIGHT

Blaine shakes his head, completely serene.

BLAINE

It was a blank, sailor, that's all.

The sailor stands expressionless.

Blaine looks over to Winter.

BLAINE (CONT'D)

They had to sell it, Commander.

WINTER

Sir, for whose benefit?

BLAINE

This is a serious game we're playing here. The stakes are very high. And now's not the time to be calling my orders into question.

Carraway stands by, arms folded. Blaine looks at him, then back at Winter.

BLAINE (CONT'D)

Listen. How the hell else would I know exactly how and when they would strike us if this wasn't all part of the operation?

The men look somewhat confused by this. Winter's face is still hard.

WINTER

Permission to speak freely--

BLAINE

Denied.

WINTER

Sir, with all due respect--

BLAINE

Thank you, gentlemen, that'll be all.

They don't move.

BLAINE (CONT'D)

Dismissed, dammit!

WINTER

Sir -- a mission like this must
conducted on a volunteer basis. And
none of us volunteered.

BLAINE

You do what the Navy tells you, and
you don't ask why, sailor. Haven't
you learned that by now?

WINTER

Sir, we've got lives and families.
We resent the fact you volunteered
us for this operation, and I
respectfully request to unvolunteer.

Blaine looks around at the gathered men.

BLAINE

Gentlemen, before long, your role in
this operation will come to an end,
and you will be safely evacuated
from the Miller.

Blaine stands up. Puts a very severe face on.

BLAINE (CONT'D)

Until that moment, military discipline
will be maintained and observed by
all personnel. If not, then -- in
addition to my foot up your asses --
you'll receive a serious reprimand
and possibly be brought upon charges.

(frowns)

Dismissed!

The men shut up and file out. Carraway watches them go, turns
to Blaine.

BLAINE (CONT'D)

You too, Commander.

Carraway salutes, turns and exits.

Blaine sits, thinks. He's pensive. He looks up at the clock.

Almost 6 a.m. local.

EXT. MILLER - NIGHT

Down at the water line, a Seal crouches, holding on. This is
Lieutenant (LT) QUILL.

The horizon has begun to lighten. He checks his watch.

He lifts and fires his grappling hook.

And climbs up it.

INT. MILLER - NIGHT

Quill gains the deck.

Nobody around.

He slips in a door and disappears inside.

INT. NORTH KOREAN RADAR STATION - DAY

SUPER: "Coastal Radar Station, Sogong-ni, North Korea"

A radar operator peers at his scopes. The technology is somewhat antique. It's not even in color.

A blip appears. Moving northward. Between two wide-spaced pincers of land -- China on the left, North Korea on the right.

The operator's supervisor walks up, peers over his shoulder. Alarm shows on his face.

He crosses the room and picks up a phone.

EXT. NORTH KOREA - KOREA BAY - DAY

A somewhat antique-looking -- but still lethal -- Soviet-era destroyer cruises through the water.

Several smaller ships escort it.

The crew of the destroyer turns off safeties, hefts and deploys ordnance.

Ship-to-ship missiles gleam in the morning sun.

INT. CHINESE BASE - DAY

The Chinese officers from before note the northward progress of the Miller past the peninsula, on course for Korea Bay.

They also watch the progress of a smaller ship, trailing the Miller at a discreet distance.

It's tagged with Chinese characters -- and one word in English: "SHILOH".

EXT. SHILOH - BRIDGE - DAY

Admiral Sherman lingers at the bridge railing, smoking an unfiltered cigarette.

Perez, two mugs of coffee in hand, joins him.

He hands a mug to Admiral Sherman.

ADMIRAL SHERMAN

Ah. Thanks.

(holds up smoke, cup)

Breakfast of champions.

Perez chuckles, in an obligatory manner. His mien around Admiral Sherman is carefully neutral. No love lost here.

PEREZ

Miller's crossed the 38th parallel.

ADMIRAL SHERMAN

Bastard's probably defecting.

PEREZ

Hard to believe, sir. I've known
Captain Blaine a lotta years.

ADMIRAL SHERMAN

You never really can know a man, Cdr
Perez. You can never know what makes
him tick.

(beat)

I thought Blaine was a good solid
sailor, myself. I should've seen the
warning signs. I should've seen he
was about to crack.

Admiral Sherman sips his coffee, shakes off his thoughts.

ADMIRAL SHERMAN (CONT'D)

Well, I expect we'll get the order
to close and destroy, eventually. We
can't risk that kind of technology
falling into Norkie hands.

(laughs)

Chinese won't stand for it either.

He shakes his head, smiles. Takes a drag off his cigarette.

ADMIRAL SHERMAN (CONT'D)

I imagine things are pretty exciting
at every coastal installation from
Beijing on down, right about now.
Hope our boys got some good stories
to tell 'em.

He sips his coffee.

INT. BRANTLEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Brantley, in Navy PT Gear, black swim trunk style shorts, a grey tee shirt with the word NAVY in all caps across the front and flip flops, holds a glass of milk in one hand and a phone in the other.

CHINESE AMBASSADOR (V.O.)

Well, what it looks like is that your Captain is defecting to the Koreans.

BRANTLEY

I assure you that's not what's happening.

CHINESE AMBASSADOR (V.O.)

Then maybe you can tell me what is happening.

BRANTLEY

I'm afraid I'm not at liberty to say.

CHINESE AMBASSADOR (V.O.)

Have you decided to take Kim out? Finally? Good lord, Admiral, you can tell me that. Drinks are on me, if that's the case.

BRANTLEY

Much as we'd all love to, Ambassador, that is not our intention. Our stated policy in the region is not regime change.

(sighs)

Listen, I'll level with you. But this is off the record. You breathe a word of this to State, I'll pull strings you never heard of, and you'll be on an eastbound plane inside of three hours.

Silence on the other end.

CHINESE AMBASSADOR (V.O.)

(hurt)

Jesus, you don't need to threaten me.

BRANTLEY

Just making things clear.

Brantley collects himself.

BRANTLEY (CONT'D)
One of our commanders... well, it's
kind of a long story.

INT. MILLER - HANGAR DECK - DAY

The hangar deck is quiet and empty.

Four helicopters sit near the open hangar bay door.

Lt Winters appears. Checks to see if the coast is clear.

It is. He beckons.

Several men file out of the passageway behind him. They carry several duffel bags. They move toward the helicopters.

EXT. SHILOH - BRIDGE - DAY

Admiral Sherman crushes out his cigarette. He adjusts the lapels of his jacket and turns to go inside -- when an excited seaman comes through the door.

He has news -- but who to give it to?

ADMIRAL SHERMAN
Report, seaman.

SEAMAN
Sir -- all the Seals have been
recovered.
(holds up a finger)
All but one.

INT. MILLER - BOWELS - DAY

Quill emerges from a passageway. He looks fatigued and irritated.

He looks left -- endless passageway.

He looks right -- also an endless passageway.

He slumps with frustration. Picks a direction at random and trudges off.

INT. MILLER - BRIDGE - DAY

It's a bright sunny day. Visibility unlimited.

In the far distance, sunlight winks off a ship. Blaine hefts binoculars.

BINOCULARS POV

It's a destroyer. North Korean.

BACK TO SCENE

CARRAWAY

You mean to let them board us?

BLAINE

I got a plan.

He re-enters the bridge. The gathered crew watch him. Among them is Lcdr Reynolds.

Blaine crosses to the communications gear, adjusts some dials, and keys the handset.

BLAINE (CONT'D)

This is CVN-84 USS MILLER calling
North Korean destroyer, please
respond.

Static. The crew stares at him.

REYNOLDS

Sir, the comm gear's out, remember?

Blaine looks at him.

VOICE (V.O.)

This is the North Korean destroyer
Glorious Revolution.

BLAINE

(to Reynolds)

I fixed it.

He keys the handset again.

BLAINE (CONT'D)

Glorious Revolution, my name is
Captain Michael Blaine, commanding
the nuclear aircraft carrier USS
Miller. We request that you come to
a full stop and hold station.

VOICE (V.O.)

We cannot do that, Captain.

BLAINE

You can and you will. You want this
ship in one piece. I hereby announce
my intention to defect to your country
and to present you with this carrier.

The crew reacts with astonishment. Lcdr Reynolds crosses toward Blaine, and finds himself staring into the barrel of a .45.

Blaine holds Reynolds and the others at gunpoint.

BLAINE (CONT'D)
(to his men)
Shh.

VOICE (V.O.)
Uhh... acknowledged, Miller. Holding station.

Reynolds checks the displays.

REYNOLDS
He's coming to a stop.

BLAINE
Good. That'll give you all time to board helicopters and get the hell out of here.

CARRAWAY
Sir, what... have you gone crazy?
This cannot be part of this "mission"...

BLAINE
It is not. There is no mission. There never was. This is something I decided to do on my own.

REYNOLDS
Why?

BLAINE
I'd explain, but there's not much time.
(keys handset)
Please connect me with someone with decision-making power within your government so that I may conduct negotiations. I will only speak to your highest-ranking officer in the region.
(to Reynolds)
You've got to get the crew the hell out of here.

The crew is still too shocked to react. Blaine flicks the gun toward the hatch.

VOICE (V.O.)

Acknowledged, Miller, please stand by.

BLAINE

Go. Don't try sabotage. I've got the reactor rigged to go critical if it's messed with. Take the time to save yourselves.

(sadly)

Just follow this one last order, dammit, and don't ask questions. You've got spouses and families and I want you to get back home to them. Please.

Reynolds and the rest hesitate one more moment, then file out.

Carraway brings up the rear.

CARRAWAY

Captain, is this...

Blaine gazes at Carraway for a long moment.

BLAINE

Commander, the North Koreans took from me the only woman I ever loved. If we let them continue to exist, more will die. More families will be torn apart. Whole populations killed, whole regions laid waste. Nuclear deserts.

(beat)

Here, one man can make a difference.

Carraway is very confused. Is this the fiction... or the truth?

But Blaine looks past him.

Jane sits there, sitting on the counter. She makes a "speed it up" motion.

Blaine nods in reply.

Carraway looks -- sees nothing.

BLAINE (CONT'D)

Commander -- get going. You've only got a little time. All this defection shit is just to get me within range of Pyongyang so I can fire my

(MORE)

BLAINE (CONT'D)
missiles. You won't want to be
anywhere near this place.

CARRAWAY
Sir, you haven't slept in... how
long? You'll never make it.

BLAINE
It's okay. My life is over anyway.
(brandishes gun)
Go, or I will shoot you.

Carraway stiffens.

He snaps out a salute.

Blaine returns it.

Carraway exits.

INT. GENERAL DONG'S OFFICE - DAY

General Dong looks out the window of his office. Deep in
thought. His face troubled.

The phone rings. He lets it ring three times, then finally
rouses himself and answers it.

GENERAL DONG
Yes...

His eyes widen at the news he hears.

INT. GENERAL DONG'S HELICOPTER - DAY

General Dong rides in his plush chopper. It's virtually
noiseless in the cabin. Only one pilot can be seen up in the
cockpit.

KIM (V.O.)
General Dong, you have to get me
that carrier. I need it undamaged as
possible. With a state-of-the-art
ship like this, there's nobody who
can stand before us. You're the only
one I can trust with this -- and if
you fail, I will happily shoot you
myself.

GENERAL DONG
I will not fail, Supreme Leader.

The line goes dead.

EXT. MILLER - BRIDGE - DAY

Blaine watches as one by one, helicopters issue from the open hangar bay doors beneath him.

The crew inside stare back at him. They seem confused, pissed, sad... a variety of emotions.

The helicopters bank and head off in the Miller's wake.

Blaine heads down the stairs.

INT. MILLER - CDC - DAY

Miller enters the combat data center. A dim-lit room full of colorful displays.

With some keystrokes, Blaine plots a graph on the screen.

A dotted line inches out from the North Korean coastline. It's labeled, "ESSM Range to Target." At the center of the rough circle is Pyongyang.

The Miller is still well out of range, but closing fast.

Blaine slides over to another panel, and dials in some settings.

The display buzzes. On a graphic display of the missile system, the legend flashes: "Nuclear Warheads unavailable."

Blaine blinks in surprise. Fingers flying, he dials up a video feed:

The feed shows missiles disassembled on the floor of an ordnance compartment.

Blaine stares, unbelieving.

INT. NAVY HELICOPTER - DAY

The same duffel bags we saw earlier sit on the floor of cabin.

Winter and his two crewmen try and keep the sensitive load from jostling overmuch.

Down below they can see the Shiloh come into view.

INT. MILLER - CDC - DAY

Blaine lies with his head down on the panel.

He slowly lifts it, revealing a haunted and drained face.

Jane stands before the tactical screens. Through her body can be seen the plot, showing the Miller approaching the maximum missile range.

BLAINE

It should have worked.

Jane smiles enigmatically.

BLAINE (CONT'D)

I know it was a hare-brained plan.
But I thought I handled every
contingency. The Navy trained me to
handle every contingency. And dammit,
I was good at it.

Jane looks sad. Compassionate.

BLAINE (CONT'D)

Now I'm handing over a seven-billion-
dollar state-of-the-art warship to a
desperate country with nuclear
weapons.

The speakers crackle to life.

VOICE (V.O.)

Miller, this is Glorious Revolution.
Come in please.

Blaine sighs. Stares off into the distance.

VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Miller, this is Glorious Revolution.
Come in please, over.

He picks up a handset weakly, and keys it.

BLAINE

Glorious Revolution, this is Miller.

VOICE (V.O.)

We are sending a negotiator. Inbound,
ETA five minutes.

BLAINE

Send him alone, or I blow the reactor.

VOICE (V.O.)

Understood.

INT. MILLER - CREW MESS - DAY

Quill rummages in a cooler, pulls out a wrapped sandwich. He unwraps it. Takes a hungry bite.

He jabs a straw in a juice box, sucks thirstily.

INT. UNDERWATER - DAY

Beneath the keel of the moving ship, the blue sea is featureless.

That is, until several MIDGET SUBMARINES rise out of the shadows.

The subs release divers. A squad of about ten divers races for the surface.

The massive propeller blades approach. Eyes wide, the divers swim frantically out of the way.

They ready grapples.

INT. GENERAL DONG'S HELICOPTER - DAY

General Dong stares down at the vast expanse of the Miller's deck.

His helicopter slowly touches down.

Alone, holding his cap, General Dong exits the helicopter.

He sees an open door waiting for him at the base of the Island.

He glances toward the stern.

EXT. MILLER - FANTAIL - DAY

North Korean divers climb aboard, and strip off their gear.

They look pretty badass.

They extract Heckler & Koch G36' assault rifles from waterproof wrappers.

INT. MILLER - CREW MESS - DAY

Quill wipes his mouth with a napkin, then stops.

He hears the sound of boots coming up the passageway outside.

Quickly, he hides behind a counter with a view of the door.

Three North Korean commandos run past.

QUILL

Uh oh.

INT. MILLER - ISLAND - DAY

General Dong steps through the open hatch. Bright sunlight frames him from behind.

A .45 presses against his temple. Blaine comes into view beside him.

BLAINE

Hello.

GENERAL DONG

Hello. Are you going to kill me?

BLAINE

Of course not. I need you.

INT. BLAINE'S STATEROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Blaine propels General Dong into the stateroom. Then enters himself. He locks the door behind him.

BLAINE

I know you probably have commandos
boarding.

General Dong doesn't respond. He looks around the cabin.

BLAINE (CONT'D)

So I'll need you as leverage. Once I
figure out what I'm going to do.

General Dong sees the picture of Blaine and Jane, sitting on the shelf.

He reaches out and seizes it. Blaine sees the sudden motion.

BLAINE (CONT'D)

Freeze! What the hell is wrong with
you!

General Dong slowly turns, and gets a good look at Blaine for the first time.

GENERAL DONG

I don't believe it.

BLAINE

What the hell's with you?

General Dong opens his mouth but can't seem to speak. He's momentarily overcome. He fights to order his thoughts.

BLAINE (CONT'D)

Why did you pick up that--

GENERAL DONG
You are the man!

BLAINE
What?

GENERAL DONG
You and Jin-Kyong! You are the man!

At hearing the name, Blaine's mouth falls open.

BLAINE
How the hell...
(hate blazes)
You killed her, didn't you?

He crosses the room and seizes General Dong and presses the gun up against his face. His teeth bare in a hideous snarl.

BLAINE (CONT'D)
You're the man who blew up an island
of innocent scientists! You killed
my wife!

GENERAL DONG
No! I--

BLAINE
Why should I listen to a word you
say? Why shouldn't I just kill you,
right now?

GENERAL DONG
Because I...

He gulps. His eyes close. A tear rolls down his cheek.

GENERAL DONG (CONT'D)
I am her father.

Blaine stares, his mind blown.

EXT. SHILOH - DAY

One of the Miller's helicopters lands on the Shiloh's helipad. Carraway exits the craft and moves forward to meet with Admiral Sherman and Perez.

INT. SHILOH - WARDROOM - DAY

Admiral Sherman stares intently at Carraway. Perez paces in the background.

Carraway sips a cup of coffee.

CARRAWAY

So that's what he told me.

(beat)

I think he's seeing things. I don't think he's slept since this whole thing started.

Admiral Sherman thinks things over.

ADMIRAL SHERMAN

That was good thinking, taking those nukes.

CARRAWAY

That was Winter's doing sir, not mine.

ADMIRAL SHERMAN

And you never thought to question these extraordinary actions on the part of your captain?

Perez stops pacing. Stares at Admiral Sherman. Glances at Carraway -- offering solidarity.

Carraway stands up and faces Admiral Sherman.

CARRAWAY

I do what I'm told. Sir. No matter what ridiculous shit comes down. I follow orders.

Admiral Sherman smiles faintly.

ADMIRAL SHERMAN

That'll be all for now, Carraway. Get some chow.

Carraway salutes and exits.

Admiral Sherman looks over at Perez.

ADMIRAL SHERMAN (CONT'D)

Jesus, don't give me that look.

PEREZ

You think you would've questioned the orders?

ADMIRAL SHERMAN

You bet your ass I would've.

Perez doesn't look so sure.

ADMIRAL SHERMAN (CONT'D)

(sighs)

Well, we don't have any time to waste.
Get me Captain Evanston.

PEREZ

Sir... Jesus, don't you want to clear
this with Washington first?

ADMIRAL SHERMAN

By the time they wake up and get
back to us, this whole thing'll be
over.

INT. SEA - UNDERWATER - DAY

From the shifting blue-blackness appears a tubular form.
Then two others.

Subs. Big ones.

INT. SUBMARINE - BRIDGE - DAY

An officer tears off a sheet of paper, brings it to Captain
EVANSTON, 40s, rock hard and dour.

Evanston reads it. Sighs.

INT. SEA - UNDERWATER - DAY

The three subs take off at flank speed.

INT. MILLER - DAY

Four North Korean soldiers move quickly and silently through
the passageways. They seem to know where they're going.

Corner by corner, they clear and advance. Finally, the
COLONEL, 30s, realizes there's nobody around.

COLONEL

There's nobody here.
(to soldiers)
Secure the bridge.

His group moves off, leaving him alone.

COLONEL (CONT'D)

(into radio)
Reactor secured yet?

INT. MILLER - PASSAGEWAY - DAY

A TEAM LEADER, on the move, keys his walkie talkie. Two other
soldiers move along with him. (In Korean, NOT SUBTITLED.)

TEAM LEADER

Momentarily, sir. No resistance encountered.

COLONEL (V.O.)

Good. Radio when you've achieved your objective.

TEAM LEADER

Yes sir.

The three soldiers stop at an intersection. One prepares to go down a stairway. The team leader stops him. Points down another passageway.

The soldier shakes his head, pointing down the stairs.

SOLDIER

I'm certain it's down here, sir.

TEAM LEADER

No, no, it's further aft.

Quill appears behind them, nodding.

QUILL

(in English)

It is confusing, isn't it?

Before the soldiers can register his presence, he hits the team leader in the Adam's apple and snatches his gun.

The other two bring their weapons to bear and fire -- at nothing. Quill's hit the deck.

He sprays the other two with full auto. They go down.

The Team Leader, choking, wide-eyed, stares at up Quill.

Quill takes pity, gives him the gun butt to the chin. Zip-ties his hands.

He collects their weapons and takes off down the corridor.

INT. BLAINE'S CABIN - DAY

Blaine sits on his bed, his head down, the gun hanging from his hand.

GENERAL DONG

After the mine explosion... after Jin-Kyong's death... I returned to military service. I wanted to provide a safer, more secure life for my

(MORE)

GENERAL DONG (CONT'D)
wife and child. Unfortunately, my
wife died in childbirth... along
with the son I had hoped for.

His eyes are faraway, haunted.

GENERAL DONG (CONT'D)
I rose to a position of prominence.
Always doing what I could to affect
things in a positive manner for my
people. Despite the lunacy that issues
from the idiots in charge.
(beat; ominously:)
I believe that my efforts toward
moderation did not go unnoticed.

He stares at the framed photo in his hands.

GENERAL DONG (CONT'D)
I did not know the identity of the
targets on Poji-Do island. Until I
arrived there and witnessed for
myself.
(beat)
Then I knew I had to take action.
When I saw her, I knew. A father
always knows.

The silence lengthens.

GENERAL DONG (CONT'D)
But you... what do you plan to do?

Blaine rubs his tired face with his two hands, one still
holding the gun.

BLAINE
I plan to get close enough to
Pyongyang to take it out with nukes.

GENERAL DONG
That will not solve the problem.

BLAINE
It'd take out Kim. And his government.

GENERAL DONG
There are innocent people in
Pyongyang.

BLAINE
(hotly)
You think I care?

GENERAL DONG

That would be like using a nuclear bomb to kill a gnat.

(thinks)

But... perhaps we can use a gnat to kill a nuclear bomb.

Blaine gazes at him quizzically.

INT. MILLER - BRIDGE - DAY

The North Koreans sneak onto the bridge. And find nobody there.

Two position themselves on either side of a third man, who puts down his gun and begins to consult the controls.

Another man takes up a position just outside on the walkway.

The Colonel stands back, alert, supervising.

Time drags on. The technician can't figure it out. He moves from panel to panel.

EXT. MILLER - FLIGHT DECK - DAY

Blaine emerges from the Island -- his hands handcuffed behind him.

General Dong propels him at gunpoint to the helicopter.

The two get in and the helicopter takes off.

As they pass the bridge, the North Korean soldiers can be seen inside.

Blaine and General Dong exchange grave glances. Each understands the significance of the carrier falling into enemy hands.

But that's no longer their problem.

The helicopter moves away.

INT. MILLER - BRIDGE - DAY

The soldiers seem to have figured things out now. One mans the wheel, turns it slightly to adjust the course.

Another fools with the communications gear. Dials in a frequency. He hands the handset to the Colonel.

COLONEL

Blue team to base. Come in.

BASE (V.O.)

Go ahead.

COLONEL

We are in possession of the ship. I
say again, we are in possession of
the ship.

One of the soldiers waves for the Colonel's attention. The
Colonel turns from the handset to the soldier.

SOLDIER

Colonel, Red Team hasn't reported
in. What if they haven't locked down
the reactor--

Base says something, but the Colonel talks over the message.

COLONEL

This is not the time for pessimism.
This is the dawning of a new day in
the Motherland's glorious history.
(keys handset)
Say again, Base?

BASE (V.O.)

Repeat, prize crew inbound via
helicopter. ETA seven minutes.

EXT. KOREA BAY - DAY

Three helicopters, full of men, soar through the air.

On the sea below, a fleet of destroyers, cruisers, and smaller
boats motors out in pursuit.

INT. GENERAL DONG'S HELICOPTER - DAY

General Dong and Blaine see this fleet at a distance of
several miles.

Their helicopter flies in the opposite direction.

They glance at each other. Now or never.

General Dong produces the handcuff key.

INT. GENERAL DONG'S HELICOPTER - COCKPIT - MOMENTS LATER

The pilot, gazes watchfully out, his alert hands working he
controls.

He suddenly stops.

A gunbarrel rests against his temple.

BLAINE

Hover.

The pilot obeys. He risks a look back.

Blaine holds the gun on him.

General Dong lies flat out on the floor of the cabin, apparently knocked out.

BLAINE (CONT'D)

Cooperate, and you and the General
will make it out of this alive.

PILOT

I will not turn this helicopter back.

BLAINE

Engage auto-hover and stand clear.

The pilot does so and exits the chair. He smiles.

PILOT

And I suppose you will fly us back
to your ship?

BLAINE

Nope.

(nods toward the back)

He will.

The pilot looks. General Dong smiles. His fist knocks the pilot out.

BLAINE (CONT'D)

And that was necessary why?

General Dong hauls the pilot out of the cockpit and tosses him back into the cabin.

GENERAL DONG

He would've plunged us into the sea.
North Koreans are loyal to their
Glorious Leader only.

General Dong climbs into the cockpit and straps in.

GENERAL DONG (CONT'D)

Just one of many reasons why this
probably will not work.

BLAINE

This is no time to be pessimistic.

GENERAL DONG
(nods toward the back)
Get to work.

INT. MILLER - BRIDGE - DAY

The four North Korean soldiers laugh and shake hands.

Around a corner peeks Quill.

The Colonel pulls out his walkie-talkie.

COLONEL
(in Korean)
Red team. Report.
(listens)
Red team, come in. Status report.

From the corner comes the sound of a rifle bolt being cocked.

QUILL
They're indisposed.

The North Koreans react in shock -- then whip out their guns.

EXT. MILLER - BRIDGE - DAY

Bright flashes accompany the sound of automatic weapons fire.
Shouts and yells ring out.

A pane of glass explodes outward from gunfire.

A North Korean soldier goes out after it -- lands in a crumpled heap on the catwalk.

INT. MILLER - BRIDGE - DAY

Quill, bloodspray across his face, grins happily as he turns the ship's wheel hard to the left.

Around him lie still corpses.

Quill whistles "Anchors Aweigh". Continues over:

EXT. SEA - DAY

The Miller turns away from Korea and back out toward the open ocean.

Her long white wake shows the turn as a sharp half circle.

INT. SHILOH - BRIDGE - DAY

The ship steams through the waves.

Suddenly the radio comes to life.

QUILL (V.O.)
 Shiloh, come in please. This is Lt
 Quill reporting in. I have retaken
 the Miller. Say again, I have retaken
 the Miller.

Perez and Lcdr Hodges look at each other.

LCDR HODGES
 Did I just hear that?

PEREZ
 (to a sailor)
 Get Admiral Sherman.

He checks his radar plot. The mass of ships heading directly
 for the Miller.

PEREZ (CONT'D)
 (calls after him)
 And get TAO Reynolds as well! On the
 double!
 (into handset)
 What about Blaine?

QUILL (V.O.)
 Sir, he was taken off by the Norkies.
 He was handcuffed, but there was
 just one guy. Blaine went pretty
 quietly...

Perez sighs. His face troubled.

INT. GENERAL DONG'S HELICOPTER - DAY

The pilot, out cold, lies handcuffed in the back.

Blaine presents himself to General Dong in the cockpit. All
 decked out in the pilot's uniform, cap pulled low over his
 eyes.

BLAINE
 How's this?

General Dong looks. Nods.

GENERAL DONG
 It'll do.

Through the windshield, the coast comes into view.

Blaine sits down in the copilot's seat.

GENERAL DONG (CONT'D)

They probably have us on their scopes now. Doubt they're looking. I think everyone's too preoccupied with that carrier.

A silence falls between the men. The whirring of the rotors is the only sound.

GENERAL DONG (CONT'D)

What was she like?

Blaine looks at him.

GENERAL DONG (CONT'D)

As an adult. I had not talked to her in so many years.

BLAINE

She was a wonderful, warm human being.

(beat)

Smart as a whip. Guess she gets that from you.

GENERAL DONG

(smiles)

Her mother.

BLAINE

She never stopped believing she could make a difference. Free the North. She always yearned for that day. To bring them out of the dark.

General Dong does not respond.

BLAINE (CONT'D)

We were deeply in love. I was going to retire and she was going to resign and we were raise a child. She was...

His lips form the "p" of "pregnant"... but he reconsiders.

BLAINE (CONT'D)

...the only woman I ever truly loved. We'd hoped to start a family. Live long and happy lives.

Blaine falls silent.

General Dong rouses himself.

GENERAL DONG

Perhaps you and I can now ensure
long and happy lives for other
families.

BLAINE

Yes.

(beat)

It'll have to do.

GENERAL DONG

Not far now, Captain.

BLAINE

You can call me Mikey, General. My
friends call me Mikey.

General Dong gives him a severe look, then his mouth twists
in a sudden smile.

GENERAL DONG

Jin-Ho.

BLAINE

Pardon?

GENERAL DONG

My full name is General Dong Jin-Ho.
My friends...

(smiles ruefully)

I guess I don't have any friends.

The two men look at each other. An understanding passes
between them -- in another life, they might've been pals.

General Dong glances out the window.

GENERAL DONG (CONT'D)

Not long now. Bring me some of those
cords there. Then make ready to
lighten the load.

INT. CDC - DAY

Quill looks out of his depth among the screens and consoles
of the darkened, deadly space.

QUILL

Sir, this is a lot to take in.

ADMIRAL SHERMAN (V.O.)

Nonsense, Seal. Buck up, son, there's
not much time. Handing you off to
TAO Reynolds now...

Quill looks up -- blips of all kinds approach the Miller. Three small ones outpace all the rest. Clearly marked "HELO".

EXT. SEA - DAY

General Dong's helicopter approaches the coast.

Suddenly, the pilot spills out -- yelling -- and drops into the water.

He comes up, watches the helicopter move away over land.

Pissed, but alive, he starts swimming for the shore.

INT. CDC - DAY

On the screen, the helos are getting very close.

QUILL
Three helos closing fast.

REYNOLDS (V.O.)
Right. Let's give 'em the see-whiz.

QUILL
See-what?

REYNOLDS (V.O.)
Close-in Weapons System. Don't worry, you'll love it. Listen -- if the big board is noon, then you'll find the C.I.W.S. panel, clearly marked, over at two o'clock.

Quill hunts -- finds the panel.

QUILL
Got it!

REYNOLDS
Alright. Here's what you do...

EXT. NUCLEAR BASE - DAY

The helicopter comes in low over a hill behind the base.

General Dong and Blaine bail out, hit the ground and roll.

The helicopter continues on, weaving drunkenly.

INT. GENERAL DONG'S HELICOPTER - COCKPIT - DAY

Bungee cords lash the controls together. The cyclic jerks... the pedals shudder...

EXT. NUCLEAR BASE - DAY

General Dong and Blaine hustle down the hill and disappear among the buildings.

INT. GENERAL DONG'S HELICOPTER - COCKPIT - DAY

A bungee cord pops free!

EXT. NUCLEAR BASE - DAY

General Dong and Blaine peer out from behind a dumpster.

They see the helicopter arc down toward several parked jets and a fuel truck.

The helicopter tips over, hits the ground, and careens into one of the jets.

A huge explosion mushrooms up. Secondaries rip through the surrounding structures.

Slowly at first, then more frantically, personnel stream toward the chaos. All attention is on it.

Blaine and General Dong head to a back door. General Dong uses a key, opens it up, and inside they go.

INT. ADMINISTRATION BLDG. - DAY

Curious personnel stand staring out the front windows.

A soldier notices General Dong. Blaine hides behind him.

GENERAL DONG

Quickly! Get out there! There may be intruders!

The soldier and the rest of the personnel waste no time.

Neither does General Dong. He pulls Blaine down a long hall.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

General Dong inserts his key. The panel springs out. He gives it his thumbprint.

The elevator descends.

As before, the back of the shaft opens out and Blaine is presented with the twin rows of missiles.

BLAINE

Damn.

GENERAL DONG

Indeed.

BLAINE

First strike weapons.

GENERAL DONG

Kim has concentrated the whole arsenal right here. Once these are gone, there are no more. Nor are there likely to be, once the blast is detected by the world community.

(beat)

It will be very hard to miss.

(beat)

These are not high-yield weapons. Kim could never produce that much fissionable material. It'll make a nice light show, and scare a lot of people... and the DMZ will be hot for many years. But... the damage will be contained to a relatively small area.

The elevator reaches the bottom. It opens on a very long wide corridor. Technicians are everywhere.

GENERAL DONG (CONT'D)

Stick with me. Try to act like you know what you're doing. North Koreans don't ask questions of their superiors.

(off Blaine's
questioning look)

All too often, the answer is a bullet to the back of the head.

General Dong moves purposefully out of the elevator and toward the nearest missile.

Near the top, panels are off, and works are exposed.

EXT. MILLER - DAY

The three North Korean helicopters smoothly approach the ship. Unwary.

A fat vertical cylinder turns toward them -- revealing a nasty-looking gatling gun poking out from the bottom.

The gun opens fire!

The first helicopter is shredded and explodes instantly. The second, second later.

The third turns and maneuvers wildly -- and goes into the drink.

The blades chop the water and fly in all directions. The third helicopter promptly explodes.

It took about 8 seconds.

INT. CDC - DAY

Quill stares at the destruction on a monitor.

QUILL

Ho-lee shit.

REYNOLDS (V.O.)

Didn't quite catch that, Lieutenant?

QUILL

Uh... helos destroyed.

ADMIRAL SHERMAN (V.O.)

Okay, Seal -- sit tight. We got reinforcements on the way.

EXT. SHILOH - DAY

Helicopters leave the Shiloh behind. Carrying the Miller's crew back to her.

The mood is festive. But Carraway is pensive.

He gazes out the window into the sky. Perhaps wondering where his Captain is now.

INT. GANTRY ELEVATOR - DAY

General Dong and Blaine rise slowly up the shaft of the missile.

General Dong interrupts their thoughts. Hands Blaine his gun.

GENERAL DONG

I have to get in and trigger it manually. You'll need to keep them off me.

BLAINE

Them who?

GENERAL DONG

Just follow my lead.

The elevator opens. Blaine quickly shoves the gun into his waistband, covers it with his jacket.

EXT. GANTRY - CONTINUOUS

They exit, turn the corner --

And there are two soldiers with rifles.

Beyond the soldiers lies a tunnel of plastic sheeting. Inside, three technicians work in a lighted space. They have white jumpsuits, booties and hairnets.

General Dong turns to the soldiers. He snaps out a phrase in Korean. The soldiers, alarmed, turn and head down the elevator.

BLAINE

What, that was easy. Now do the same with the techs.

GENERAL DONG

Not so easy. They're Kim's stooges. Civilians. With a real attitude. We must get them out of there, or they can sabotage the works and make it impossible for us to--

A pneumatic BLAST of air jets out suddenly.

Blaine has kicked out the hose supplying oxygen and pressure to the clean area.

General Dong looks at him like he's crazy. Blaine takes a moment for a tight smile and slips in behind General Dong.

The three techs yell from inside. General Dong looks around innocently.

They quickly retreat out of the clean area, and converge around General Dong. Chattering irritably in Korean.

General Dong plays dumb. One tech gets in his face, clearly very supercilious and insulting.

General Dong smashes the tech in the face. He goes down.

The others stare, shocked. Blaine surges out and takes on the one on the left. General Dong, the one on the right.

The techs fight back, but they're weak. General Dong flattens his.

Blaine takes a big swing at his --

The man takes the hit, reels back...

...and goes over the edge!

GENERAL DONG (CONT'D)

Watch out.

A sickening thud down below. Shouts.

GENERAL DONG (CONT'D)

Quickly now. We have very little time. Once they figure out what's up, they'll cut the power.

BLAINE

Sorry...

General Dong surges inside the compartment and Blaine follows.

INT. PRESIDENTIAL PALACE - DAY

Kim Jong-Il stares up at a video conferencing screen, which shows the face of a North Korean navy Captain.

NK CAPTAIN

Supreme Leader, they destroyed the prize crew's helicopters. They are moving out of the area. It's a treacherous deception!

KIM

Bullshit! This ship is slow! Catch up to it and disable its propellers.

NK CAPTAIN

Supreme Leader, we can fire on the ship and damage--

KIM

Do not fire on it! We want it in one piece! You must board men. Once we get men on in sufficient numbers, it will be impossible for the Americans to get it back!

(beat)

Retrieve the ship, or keep going. You will have no home here. And your wives and children will be executed.

He cuts the connection. He scowls, and thinks a moment, jaw working.

A thought occurs to him. He makes a call.

INT. MISSILE COMPARTMENT - DAY

General Dong stares at the exposed wires and display systems.

GENERAL DONG

Shit.

BLAINE

What?

GENERAL DONG

This is... I don't know this system.
They must've run out of the components
for the new interface. This is...
this looks antique...

Blaine smiles.

BLAINE

Let me at it.

GENERAL DONG

What?

Blaine checks it out, nods.

BLAINE

This is old Cold War stuff. American.
I worked on this exact system at the
Academy.

He dives in and gets to work.

General Dong's phone rings. He sees who's calling, and is
astonished. He takes the call. (In Korean, subtitled.)

GENERAL DONG

(in Korean; subtitled)
Supreme Leader.

KIM (V.O.)

(in Korean; subtitled)
Where the hell are you? Where is
the American? This ship is escaping
and we need him to get it back!

General Dong covers the phone and calls out to Blaine.

GENERAL DONG

(in English)
The ship is escaping!

Blaine hears this. His eyes widen. He smiles and gets back
to work. General Dong uncovers the phone.

GENERAL DONG (CONT'D)
(in Korean; subtitled)
The ship is escaping?

KIM (V.O.)
(in Korean; subtitled)
Yes, there's no much time -- we need
to get the American in front of a
video monitor and stick a rifle in
his mouth! We must have that carrier!

EXT. GANTRY - DAY

The two soldiers from before exit the elevator, and peek
around the corner.

They see General Dong talking on the phone and Blaine's legs
sticking out of a panel.

They creep forward.

INT. MISSILE COMPARTMENT - DAY

General Dong slowly smiles.

GENERAL DONG
Shut up, you fat bastard.

INT. PRESIDENTIAL PALACE - DAY

Kim recoils from the phone. He literally cannot believe his
ears.

KIM
What... did you say?

INT. MISSILE COMPARTMENT - DAY

General Dong laughs.

GENERAL DONG
You heard me, you miserable pile of
shit. I'm about to blow up all your
pretty missiles. And there's not a
damn thing you can do about it.

KIM (V.O.)
Have you gone insane?

GENERAL DONG
No, you have -- about twenty years
ago, you corpulent little prick.
Your time's almost up, Kim. Remember
Mussolini?

(MORE)

GENERAL DONG (CONT'D)

You'll wish they only hung you upside
down by the time they're through
with you.

He hangs up.

General Dong laughs. A release. A deep belly laugh. This's
been a long time coming.

SOLDIER (O.S.)

Freeze!

General Dong looks up.

The two soldiers hold their weapons on him. He reaches for
his gun.

It's not there.

GENERAL DONG

Blaine!

He moves toward Blaine. The soldiers open fire.

General Dong is shot several times. He goes down.

Blaine reverses out of the compartment, sees what's up --
before he can bring the gun to bear from his awkward position,
the soldiers shoot again.

Blaine goes down next to General Dong. Both men lie still,
bleeding badly, barely breathing...

INT. CDC - DAY

Quill stares at the oncoming ships.

QUILL

Jesus, there's too many of 'em!

REYNOLDS (V.O.)

Alright, settle down... maybe we got
this covered.

QUILL

What?

REYNOLDS (V.O.)

Go upstairs and watch. Quick.

Quill rushes upstairs to the bridge.

EXT. MILLER - BRIDGE - DAY

Quill comes out the bridge hatch -- there, off the stern quarter is a line of North Korean ships coming at him.

Suddenly, a white fountain explodes out of the water!

A submarine's just breached. Directly in the path of the ships.

Two more subs surface in a more orderly fashion.

Quill laughs.

The North Koreans change course.

They turn tail and head back the way they came.

Quill laughs and laughs.

The Miller steams on through the waves.

INT. MISSILE COMPARTMENT - DAY

General Dong and Blaine are in bad shape. But both men are still alive.

The soldiers creep forward.

BLAINE

General Dong.

No response.

BLAINE (CONT'D)

General Dong!

GENERAL DONG

Blaine...

BLAINE

Hold on, buddy. I rigged it. It's counting down.

(beat)

I'm sorry.

GENERAL DONG

For what?

BLAINE

I didn't cover you.

GENERAL DONG

It's alright. How much time we got?

BLAINE
Not sure. About ten seconds.

GENERAL DONG
Farewell... Mikey.

He laughs. Blaine joins in.

BLAINE
Goodbye, Jin-Ho.
(beat)
Goodbye, buddy.

He reaches out his hand. General Dong clasps it. The two men smile through bloody lips.

Obscuring the two soldiers who slowly advance -- Jane stands there. Smiling beatifically. She opens her arms.

Blaine, in wonderment, looks over at General Dong.

General Dong sees her too.

WHITE OUT.

INT. PRESIDENTIAL PALACE - DAY

Kim Jong-Il stares out the window.

In the distance the sky brightens unnaturally.

Far away under the clouds, a mushroom cloud -- brighter than the sun -- blooms over North Korea.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

Carraway and Winter witness the explosion. They and their crewmates gaze out at it in wonderment and confusion.

EXT. MILLER - BRIDGE - DAY

Quill watches it himself. He's a little scared. What's going on here?

But he looks up and sees the incoming navy helicopters. Things are looking up.

INT. SEA - UNDERWATER - DAY

A midget sub swims out of the gloom.

In the distance, the keel of the Miller.

The operator of the sub targets the keel and readies a torpedo.

Nearby, however, a

CHINESE SUBMARINE

looms into view.

Its screws make a distinctive SWISH-SWISH-SWISH sound.

INT. SCREWLOOSE - DAY

Radar displays the midget sub. The commander gazes over the shoulder of the radar officer.

CHINESE RADAR OFFICER

That's a very small target, Captain.

CHINESE COMMANDER

Then we mustn't miss.

He turns to his weapons officer.

CHINESE COMMANDER (CONT'D)

Lock target! And...

(beat)

Fire!

EXT. SCREWLOOSE - DAY

A torpedo fires from the submarine.

INT. MIDGET SUB - DAY

The operator stops. He notices something in the gloom. A whale?

It's on him in seconds.

EXT. SEA - DAY

An underwater explosion sends a shower of foam into the air.

EXT. MILLER - BRIDGE - DAY

Quill, nearby, looks down at the fountain, befuddled.

The helicopters come in and land.

Carraway steps out onto the flight deck. He sees Quill up there.

He salutes. Quill smiles, salutes him back.

INT. DEPARTMENT OF THE NAVY - DAY

Brantley sits looking out his window. Lost in thought.

A knock on his door.

Saviano lets himself in. He carries a manila folder. He sees the Admiral's face.

SAVIANO

So you heard.

Brantley nods.

SAVIANO (CONT'D)

We lost a good man today. But he did a noble thing.

BRANTLEY

He did.

SAVIANO

Well, I just wanted to make sure you'd heard. And to express my condolences.

BRANTLEY

Thank you.

Saviano turns. He seems then to remember the folder in his hands. He leans over and tosses it onto Brantley's desk.

SAVIANO

Jane kept some personal stuff on a flash drive. It automatically sync'd to an Agency server. To which I have the only password. I printed those out for you.

BRANTLEY

Thanks.

Saviano nods. Turns and leaves. Closing the door behind him.

Brantley opens the folder. Photos. Jane in the prime of life. Jane kissing Blaine, who makes a funny face.

Jane, and Blaine at a rustic beach bar. With another man.

Brantley.

Jane, Blaine and Brantley, with the sunset behind them.

Brantley's eyes tear up.

MEMORY FLASH

Brantley in his car, talking on a cheap disposable phone.

BRANTLEY (CONT'D)
Blaine... Jane's dead.

MEMORY FLASH

Brantley in his car, same phone.

BRANTLEY (CONT'D)
They're going to raid the ship.
Here's the plan...

MEMORY FLASH

Brantley in his car. That same phone again.

BRANTLEY (CONT'D)
I understand. I wish it didn't have
to be this way. But I will do
everything I can to help.
(beat)
Godspeed, my friend.

MEMORY FLASH

That phone... crunched under the wheel of a car.
Shoes exit the car, and sweep the pieces into a storm drain.
Brantley gets back into his car and drives away.

BACK TO SCENE

Brantley remembers. He allows himself a small smile. But
the smile doesn't last.

He gazes out the window. Thinking of the two friends he's
lost. Perhaps wondering if it was worth it.

FADE OUT.

THE END.