THE LAST SHIP

"Phase Six"

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"Phase Six"

FADE IN:

Somewhere between Afghanistan and Pakistan.

A low-level HUM enters the sound track, rising in volume as we hurtle over miles of DESERT. Red, burning sand as far as the eye can see. Desolate, the middle of nowhere.

We soar over a ridge and a large AIRPLANE HANGAR APPEARS. The HUM turns into a cacophony of SHRIEKS…

…as we enter…

THE HANGAR

More of a rusty, corrugated metal box with a dirt floor. The heat unbearable. Rows of COTS, filled with sick and dying VILLAGERS. Some shiver under thin blankets; others writhe and sweat; others lie still, waiting for death to bring them peace. Those with any strength scream out for their God or their mothers or for someone to please help them!

The MEDICS, brave locals armed only with useless surgical masks and a diminishing supply of morphine, try in vain to treat the sick, but they're overwhelmed. Here at the end of the world, nobody can help them.

Until…

A PERSON bursts in and rushes toward camera, wearing a BIO-HAZARD SUIT, complete with space helmet and air tank.

It's a WOMAN. Under that mask, we can see her long dark hair and her beautiful and sharp eyes. Her name is RACHEL SCOTT.

Rachel moves quickly among the dead and dying, stopping at the cot of a 30 year old PASHTUN. He's gaunt, sweating, taking quick, shallow breaths. His glassy eyes struggle to focus on the vision of this woman in the space suit.

Behind the glass of her helmet, Rachel offers a sympathetic smile to the condemned man. He reaches out a hand. Rachel takes it, pulls his arm toward her, and…

…PLUNGES a needle into his arm. The man panics at the sight of his own blood filling the syringe.

The blood sample taken, Rachel withdraws the syringe, rests the confused man's arm down next to his frail body.

RACHEL
I'm sorry.

THREE ARMED MILITIA MEN fight through the warren of cots and head right for her. They YELL to her in Pashtun.

She hurries off in the other direction. The dying man watches her disappear into the burning afternoon light, and we…

FADE TO *

FADE IN ON *

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

AN AERIAL VIEW OF NAVAL STATION NORFOLK, VIRGINIA. A sprawling twenty-eight square mile complex of NAVY SHIPS and BARRACKS. *

SWOOPING DOWN from our Bird's eye view, we HOME IN on the *USS NATHAN JAMES,* a Navy Arleigh Burke-Class Guided Missile Destroyer: Five hundred feet of steel encasing a billion dollars in military and stealth technology. *

A series of shots details the organized madness surrounding the preparations for disembarkation. SAILORS everywhere, loading in supplies, hoisting fuel lines, etc. *

BY THE FUEL input tank, JUNIOR LT. GLENN CHUNG (20's) finishes the refueling. He looks down at all the activity on deck and takes a deep anxious breath. *

CUT TO *

The GANGPLANK as a GERMAN SHEPHERD strides up to the Quarterdeck. Next to the dog is LT. DANNY GREEN (20'S), NAVY SEAL and all-around badass. *

Danny reaches the deck and looks right at us with a smile. *

DANNY *
Permission to board? *

REVERSE TO LT. JACKIE MAKENA (20's, attractive), standing on the QUARTERDECK, who turns to Danny completely off guard. *

JACKIE MAKENA *
Danny - what are you doing here!? *

DANNY *
CO requested a SEAL team. *

Jackie's stunned, maybe a little flushed. History here. She covers by kneeling down to the dog.

JACKIE MAKENA
Hey, boy!
(to Danny)
I see you're still taking orders from Admiral Nelson.

DANNY
Don't go anywhere without him.

As she rises, he winks at her and moves past.

Jackie watches him go, exhales deeply, this is going to be trouble...

CUT TO

CMDR. MIKE SLATTERY (40), standing by the ship's open HELICOPTER (HELO) BAY door watching QUINCY TOPHET (40's), load equipment into a room that has been completely transformed into a MOBILE LAB, with microscopes, centrifuges, refrigerators, etc.

SLATTERY
I don't know what to say. I have no words for what you've done to my helo bay.

Slattery turns and we see RACHEL, her beauty and piercing eyes more pronounced without the obstruction of the Hazmat gear she was wearing when we last saw her in Afghanistan. She's carrying more boxes into the BAY.

SLATTERY (CONT'D)
What is it you do exactly?

RACHEL
I'm a paleomicrobiologist.

SLATTERY
Oh, that clears things up.

QUINCY
We're virus hunters.

RACHEL
Not that exciting, really. We study very small life forms in hard-to-get places.

Among the high-tech lab equipment, Slattery notices BIO-HAZARD SUITS hanging along the wall.

SLATTERY
I'm about to embark two hundred seventeen men and women aboard this ship. Anything I should be concerned about?

RACHEL
(re: the suits)
Oh, that's just so we don't contaminate the work. Not the other way around.
(with a smile)
We really do appreciate your giving us a lift.

SLATTERY
(as he leaves)
Don't thank me. It wasn't my idea.

Quincy watches Slattery go.

QUINCY
Nobody told these guys anything?

A beat. The weight of the world on her.

RACHEL
Come on, let's finish up.

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

CUT TO

A LONE FIGURE, silhouetted by the bright sky at the end of an exterior passeway (pway) as he marches purposefully toward the ship's forecastle. From his posture and his gait, you can tell he's a man of considerable power.

The man emerges into the light of the FORECASTLE (FOH-k-sel) and we meet COMMANDER TOM CHANDLER (40'S), handsome, determined. He's wearing the blue digi-camo, a gold leaf on his cover. He's the ship's captain.

Chandler's face softens at the sight of...

SAM
Daddy!

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

CHANDLER
What do you think? Pretty cool ship, huh?

SAM
Way cool!

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

He kneels down and shows them two GOLD COINS, with a picture of the ship emblazoned on them.

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

SAM
Does that mean you're the best Captain?

CHANDLER
I'd better be, right?

Chandler sees Ashley moping.

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

ASHLEY
Thanks, Dad.

SAM
Let's go check out the big gun!

DARIEN
Five minutes, kids!

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

CHANDLER
Ashley's not happy with me.

DARIEN
She's gonna miss her daddy.

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

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

Chandler smiles, but his expression is pained.

CHANDLER
Fleet Forces called this morning. The mission's changed. We're not going to the Med. Navy wants us to conduct our tests under conditions of extreme cold.

DARIEN
How cold?

CHANDLER
The Arctic. That's about as specific as I can get.

DARIEN
So...I'm <u>not</u> meeting you in Mykonos for our anniversary.

CHANDLER
It gets worse. We'll be EMCON Alpha. Total radio silence.

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

CHANDLER
It's all top-secret spy stuff, Darien. I get two minutes on the HF per week. And that's in code. Otherwise, we're dark.

Darien looks at the children as the SHIP'S HORNS BLAST THREE TIMES. Activity on board the ship picks up.

CHANDLER (CONT'D)
It's six months tops. Just tell the kids their old man's gonna be chillin' with Santa at the north pole.

DARIEN
They don't believe in Santa anymore.

CHANDLER
Since when?

DARIEN
Since the last time you were away for Christmas.

Darien's upset, Chandler puts his arms around her.

CHANDLER
Come on, sugar. It's my last hurrah. This time next year, my ass'll be parked at a desk and I'll be coaching Little League.

ANOTHER HORN BLASTS. It's time to go.

As they stare at each other longingly, we

CUT TO

A high-wide shot of the *NATHAN JAMES* PUSHING OFF at the DOCK. A SERIES OF SHOTS detail the pageantry of a Destroyer leaving port: CREW MEMBERS wave good-bye to family and friends on the pier:

Chung salutes his UNIFORMED FATHER and proud mother;

On the BRIDGE, Slattery peers down at his wife and four kids, including his SON, who happily waves his CUBS hat at his Dad.

ON THE FLIGHT DECK, Chandler scans the crowd of well-wishers to FIND Darien, Sam and Ashley waving at him. He and Darien share a loving smile. She blows him a kiss. As Chandler waves farewell...

RACK to Rachel, standing at the HELO BAY, watching everyone saying goodbye. She presses a BUTTON, she steps back into the shadows and as the GATE CLOSES, we

SMASH CUT TO

SUPER: THE BARENTS SEA, 80 DEGREES NORTH

Locked in mortal combat with the sea, *The USS Nathan James* surfs up twenty foot waves and crashes down into bottomless troughs, only to be pummeled by the powerful, icy waves.

In the waning hours of arctic sunlight, a WATCHMAN (DEREK EVANS, 20'S) ties down ropes and heaves equipment as the waves crest above the ship on both sides and crash down on him, nearly washing him away.

ON THE FLIGHT DECK - Buffeted by heavy winds, an SH60 ROMEO HELICOPTER attempts to land on the unsteady ship.

A FLIGHT DECK CREWMAN (SULLY, 20'S) rushes toward the helo,

dragging a large CABLE from a hole in the flight deck. Fighting the down draft and the rocking ship, the crewman hooks the cable to the bottom of the helo and backs away.

While the crewman performs an elaborate dance of hand signals, the PILOTS thrust upward and the cable pulls down, creating a tension line which slowly draws the helo down onto a CLAW that catches it and secures it to the flight deck.

IN THE BRIDGE - the HELMSMAN (TIMOTHY SPARKS, 20's) AND THE OFFICER OF THE DECK (ALISHA GRANDERSON, 20's, African-American) steer the ship over the lacerating sea. The JUNIOR OOD, BOATSWAIN and three other ENLISTED men and women hold onto rope lines to keep from falling and smashing into equipment. Everyone wears cumbersome cold-weather jackets, making maneuvering about the ship that much more difficult. *

CMC HUGH JETER (Command Master Chief, 40's) watches the Helo touch down. *

CMC JETER
Red deck.

Behind Jeter stands XO Slattery, running the Bridge. *

SLATTERY *
Set a course thirty degrees for *
target acquisition. *

Slattery gets on the INTERCOM. *

SLATTERY (CONT'D) *
Captain, Bird's in the barn and *
we're set for weapons test. *

CUT TO *

The COMMAND INFORMATION CENTER (CIC), the tactical heart of * the ship, as Chandler -- grizzled from months at sea -- grabs * the radio. *

CHANDLER
Copy that, good work, Commander. *

Chandler turns to JACKIE, who sits in front of two FLAT PANEL * MONITORS. *

CHANDLER (CONT'D) *
Okay, Lieutenant. The Helo just *
dropped a target somewhere in the *
ocean. It's five feet long, and in *
the icy water, it emits no heat *
signature. Our radar is off. *
(MORE)

CHANDLER (CONT'D)
Why don't we see if we can kill it with our eyes closed?

JACKIE MAKENA
Aye aye, sir.

Jackie hits the button on her console and...

ON DECK - a MISSILE launches.

On the CIC MONITORS we track the missile over the frozen sea. From the image of the MISSILE, we go to

The sky, as WE FLY WITH THE MISSILE. From this POV, we see the tip of the missile and the water racing below us hundreds of miles per hour.

BACK IN THE CIC, Chandler, Jackie and the rest of the tactical team watch the monitors anxiously. Suddenly, the missile appears to take a hard right turn.

JACKIE MAKENA (CONT'D)
Target area acquired, sir. Homing in.

ON SCREEN - the missile turns and then straightens out.

JACKIE MAKENA (CONT'D)
Impact in 3...2...1.

A silent explosion on the monitors.

CHANDLER
Boom.

JACKIE MAKENA
Confirmed, Sir. Target destroyed.

Off Jackie's relieved smile, Chandler reaches for the 1MC (ship's public address system).

CHANDLER
(on Mic)
Attention crew of the *Nathan James.*
This is your Captain speaking.
Bravo Zulu to each and every one of you Blue Noses. We've passed every test the Navy has thrown at us these past four months.

WHOOPS from the team in the CIC and...

IN THE BRIDGE...where Slattery salutes Bridge cheering crew.

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

BACK IN THE CIC - Chandler turns to another MONITOR where he sees a LIVE VIDEO FEED of the SNOW-COVERED ISLAND a few hundred yards off the Ship's stern. *

ON VIDEO: Silhouetted by the preturnaturally setting sun, two small FIGURES stand on the ice. It's Rachel and Quincy, in their biohazard suits. On screen, they look like astronauts on the surface of the moon -- except for the THOUSANDS of BIRDS soaring above them and ambling on the ice. *

CHANDLER
Lieutenant, what time is sunset today?

JACKIE MAKENA *
12:36, sir.

CHANDLER
It's going to drop to 50 below.
Get them off the ice. *

CUT TO

The ICE. Rachel sneaks up on a FLOCK OF BIRDS while Quincy assays the water in a hole behind her. *

QUINCY
We'll get a decent sampling, but *
the concentrations will be low. *
We'll have to dig deeper tomorrow.

He looks over at Rachel, hands outstretched, focused on catching a bird. She takes three ginger steps, trying not to crunch on the ice when --

A BUZZING NOISE scatters the BIRDS.

RACHEL *
Damn it!! *

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

The snow mobiles catch air and slide to a stop just feet away from Rachel. The driver in front takes off his helmet, and we once again meet Navy SEAL LT. DANNY GREEN, 20's, all-around badass. His buddy is LT. FRANCIS "FRANKIE" BENZ, 20's. *

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

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

FRANKIE
It wasn't an invitation, ma'am. *

Off Rachel, pissed...

CUT TO Chandler and Slattery on a walk-and-talk through the *Nathan James*, stepping through passageways (pways), oval doorways, ascending and descending steep ladders, etc. Their progress takes us past the WARDROOM, MESS HALL, COMBAT INFO CENTER, etc.

SLATTERY
The boys caught some fresh cod. Lopez is making fish tacos tonight.

CHANDLER
That sounds good. Nineteen hours of darkness wreaks havoc on morale. *

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

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

SLATTERY *
They were six games up when we * left. *

CHANDLER *
That was June. And they're the * Cubs. *

As they reach the entrance to the FLIGHT DECK, the doors * swing open, bringing a GUST OF FREEZING WIND and A FURIOUS RACHEL, who rips off her mask and bee-lines for Chandler.

RACHEL
You had no right to pull me from my work.

Slattery backs away: she's all yours. *

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

CHANDLER
Doctor Scott.

RACHEL
You don't have the authority-

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

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

CHANDLER
Rachel!

She stops.

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

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

CHANDLER
Dr. Scott. As Captain of this ship, I've tried not to let it bother me that no one saw fit to tell me the nature of your work here-

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

He holds up a hand to stop her.

CHANDLER
- Still talking. Now, we've taxied you and your partner all around the islands here so you could test water and chase ducks--

RACHEL
Yellow Wagtails.

CHANDLER
You need to think about wrapping up. Our mission's done and we'll be headed back to Norfolk.

RACHEL
I don't think so.

She walks off...

CHANDLER
Whose ship do you think you're on?

She keeps walking. Off Chandler, what the fuck?

CUT TO

THE SEA - 1800 (Six PM) - The waters are calm. The stars burn with a white luster in a pitch black sky. The *Nathan James* enjoys a quiet respite.

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

WIDEN TO REVEAL Rachel pulling her HANDS out of a SEALED GLASS CASE which houses FOUR MICE. In THE HELO BAY/BIO-LAB.

A PSSSSSH takes us to the...

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

CUT TO

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

CMC JETER
Dammit. You got me pinned down.

ALISHA
Come out nice and slow. I promise, you won't suffer.

CMC JETER
If I go, I'm taking you with me!

FRANKIE
(to Alisha)
Can I please?

She hands him the gun controller and he instantly puts a bullet through a crack in the wall -- holstering it as CMC Jeter's avatar stumbles out and dies.

Jeter glowers playfully at Frankie, who smiles a mile wide.

CUT TO

THE HEAD, where Propulsion Engineer LT JG GLENN CHUNG (22 but he looks 16), throws up into a TOILET. Seals SMITH and ROWLER (both late 20's) pass by.

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

CHUNG
It was just something I ate.

And he throws up again.

SMITH
Pathetic.

CUT TO

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

JACKIE MAKENA
Hey, Nellie! How are ya, boy? You being a good boy?

A hand reaches out and grabs Jackie, pulling her into the

SICK BAY - It's Danny.

JACKIE MAKENA (CONT'D)
Not fair, using the Admiral as bait!

DANNY
All's fair in love and war.

He starts to kiss her.

JACKIE MAKENA
(kissing back) Danny!

DANNY
It's fine. Doc's getting chow.

JACKIE MAKENA
If somebody sees us...

DANNY
Nobody's gonna see us.

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

JACKIE MAKENA
We're almost home.

CUT TO

The AUXILIARY RADIO ROOM - Chandler smacks the side of the HF radio transceiver, trying to fight through static for a decent signal. He keeps an eye on the DIGITAL CLOCK counting down the time he has remaining to speak.

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

A beat. Static. The clock ticks down. 20..19..18... Tom leans in, thinking he's lost contact. After a beat...

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

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

CHANDLER
Extended? Why?

VOICE
Maintain your current position until you receive further instructions at next call. *

Before he can respond, the clock reaches zero and the connection breaks. Angry and suspicious, Chandler tosses the headphones.

DISSOLVE TO

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

CUT TO

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

CUT TO

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

FRANKIE
What's up, Danny boy?

DANNY
Same same water buffalo.

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

DANNY
Ours is not to reason why... *

ON THE BRIDGE - Chandler watches Rachel and Quincy through BINOCULARS. *

ON THE ICE - Rachel DRILLS into the snow bank. Quincy collects more water. *

On the VIALS, starting to VIBRATE as... *

A low frequency RUMBLE grows in volume and intensity. *

They look at each other -- earthquake?! *

And then see... *

THREE RUSSIAN ATTACK HELICOPTERS bursting over the horizon. *

RACHEL *
Oh, God. *

BACK ON THE SHIP *

DANNY *
What the hell!? *

ON THE BRIDGE, ALARMS GO OFF. As the attack helos approach, * TWO SMALLER TROOP CARRIERS emerge from around a mountain. * During which: *

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

CHANDLER *
General Quarters!

CUT TO

SAILORS mustering below deck.

CUT TO

THE ICE - The Russian attack helos race toward the *James*. The others bank toward Rachel and Quincy.

QUINCY
Rachel -

RACHEL
(still drilling)
Almost there.

BACK TO THE BRIDGE - Chandler stares down the incoming helicopters.

CHANDLER
Get SCAT team ready. CIWS (see-whiz) set to AW Auto. Hold Fire ON!

SLATTERY
(on a radio)
I repeat. This is the XO of the USS Nathan James. Identify yourself.

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

SLATTERY
What the hell?!

CHANDLER
Send the SEALS.

ALISHA
Missile incoming!

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

CHANDLER
Prepare chaff! Launch!

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

The concussion of the blast rocks the ship.

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

ON THE ICE - Quincy and Rachel watch the helo explode, then turn to see another Russian Helo sweep over them. Rachel tosses the drill aside, drops to her knees and shovels away the remaining snow, trying to get to the DIRT below. *

QUINCY
Rachel, come on!

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

Quincy sees the RUSSIAN HELO hovering over the ice a hundred yards away. A ROPE LINE drops and FOUR MEN IN BLACK -- wearing RESPIRATOR MASKS -- drop down to the snow with ASSAULT RIFLES around their necks.

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

RACHEL
You go. I'm right behind you! *

CUT TO

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

IN THE BRIDGE -

JACKIE MAKENA
We're taking hits!

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

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

Rachel grabs the sample box and runs. One of the Russians fires a warning shot.

QUINCY
Rachel, Rachel! Stop.

RACHEL
No. No! Keep running!

Crack! They fire off another shot as the first HELO races to cut Rachel off.

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

Russians close in all sides, the men pointing their assault rifles and shooting at the ice around Quincy and Rachel.

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

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

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

The *James's* SH-60 Romeo HELO swoops in to help and takes heavy gun fire from the Russians, its engines smoking.

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

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

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

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

MASON *
Gunship approaching off the *
starboard side. 200 meters. *

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

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

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

CHANDLER
Jackie, go to the 5 inch!

JACKIE MAKENA
(switching guns)
Okay, Boris. Game over. *

INSIDE THE RUSSIAN HELO, the PILOT flips the lid on the joystick and prepares to fire at Rachel.

JACKIE lines up her shot.

JACKIE MAKENA (CONT'D)
Come on. Come on...

ON THE ICE, Quincy puts himself between Rachel and the shooters.

She looks up to see the RUSSIAN HELO, guns pointed right at them. Rachel looks down at the icy water. Should I jump?

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

JACKIE MAKENA (CONT'D)
Firing!

The 5" Gun fires and... BAM!

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

SMASH CUT TO

Danny and Frankie carrying Rachel onto DECK on a GURNEY, Quincy by her side. Chandler approaches with DOC COZZENS (30'S, ship's doctor). She's bleeding badly.

DOC COZZENS
Get her to sick bay.

CMC JETER
Captain!

Chandler turns to see Smith and Rowler drag a dying RUSSIAN SOLDIER onto the DECK.

Chandler rushes over, pulls the Russian up, and RIPS off his RESPIRATOR MASK.

CHANDLER
Kto Ti? Shto khoteetye? Otvet'tye!

The Russian stares at Chandler with more than fear of death in his eyes. Choking on his own blood, he barely gets out the word...

RUSSIAN SOLDIER
Le...chen...ieh.

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

SLATTERY
What did he say?

CHANDLER
The cure. He wants the cure.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN ON

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

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

Slattery directs traffic, moving toward the HELO BAYS.

He spots Derek Evans and the Helo Pilots working on the wounded SH-60 ROMEO. *

SLATTERY
Damn it, she is shot to shit. *

DEREK EVANS
And the other helo's back in Norfolk 'cause we gave the god-damn bay to that scientist. *

CUT TO

Chandler storming through a PWAY carrying Rachel's SAMPLE BOX. Comms officer Mason in tow. * *

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

Mason peels off as Chandler bursts into the SICK BAY. Rachel's hooked up to an IV. Bruised and bandaged, but conscious. Attended to by DOC COZZENS (30's).

CHANDLER (CONT'D)
She all right?

RACHEL
(sitting up)
I'm fine. Are those my samples?

CHANDLER
(to Doc)
Give us the room.

Doc Cozzens leaves.

CHANDLER (CONT'D)
You don't get your samples until you tell me what the hell's going on here.

RACHEL
You have no right --

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

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

CHANDLER (CONT'D)
Start talking.

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

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

RACHEL
You can't do that--

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

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

Chandler looks at her. What?!

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

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

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Fourteen months ago, outside Dar Es Salaam Tanzania, there was an outbreak. A virus of unknown origin. It quickly swept through the village, killing everyone it infected. Six weeks later, in rural Bangladesh, it reappeared with similar results.
(MORE)

RACHEL (CONT'D)
The CDC and W.H.O wanted to sample the virus from the victims to create a vaccine. But I saw how fast the virus was mutating and believed we needed to find the primordial strain at its source. Here, in the arctic.

CHANDLER
The birds...

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

CHANDLER
(re: sample case)
And this is it?

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

CHANDLER
How fast is it spreading?

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

CHANDLER
How fast?!

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

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

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

CHANDLER
Are you?

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

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

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

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

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

Comms Specialist Mason knocks and enters.

MASON
Sir. I have Naval Command.

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

CUT TO

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

CHANDLER
Commander Chandler actual.

YOUNG MAN
Stand by for President Geller.

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

PRESIDENT GELLER
Morning, Commander.

CHANDLER
(confused)
Ma'am?

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

CHANDLER
She thinks so, ma'am.

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

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

CHANDLER
-- Ma'am, the Russians-

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

PUSH in on CHANDLER as he takes in the President's words:

PRESIDENT GELLER (CONT'D)
Captain, your ship was fortunate enough to be out of the hot zone these past months. You've avoided the virus. Most of our population, including our armed forces, is sick, dying, or dead. We have no allies; we have no enemies. Just a world of sick people desperate for a cure. If you have it, you need to come home as quickly as possible.

CUT TO

LONG SHOT - Chandler and Slattery on the SHIP'S DECK as the SUN SETS. Chandler's just told him everything. The two officers stand in silhouette, the weight of the world on their shoulders, like Jack and Bobby Kennedy during the Cuban Missile Crisis.

CLOSER: Slattery looks up solemnly.

SLATTERY
So this whole weapons test-

CHANDLER
Was just a cover. Dr. Scott is back in her lab and she's got the sample she needs. Keeping her alive is now our primary mission.

SLATTERY
Jesus-

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

SLATTERY
And what are we going to tell the crew?

CHANDLER
What nobody told us. The truth.

CUT TO

A MONTAGE:

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

Frankie claps a hand on Danny's shoulder.

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

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

NETWORK ANCHOR (V.O.)
Supply chains are completely broken. Food is in short supply, hospitals are overrun-

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

BBC REPORTER (V.O.)
...Germans and the French are blaming China for the release of the virus. Which the Chinese deny.

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

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

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

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

FOX NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
...urban services are completely overwhelmed. In most cities, entire power grids are down, making communication next to impossible-

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

LOCAL ANCHOR
Utter chaos on the streets of Chicago --

ANOTHER ANCHOR
...New York...

ANOTHER REPORTER
...and Los Angeles...

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

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

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

Mason enters.

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

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

PRE-LAP PHONE RINGING...

CUT TO

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

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

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

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

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

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

CUT TO

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

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

CUT TO *

The Bridge, as Chandler enters. *

QUARTERMASTER *
Captain on the Bridge! *

Chandler takes a seat in his CHAIR. Alisha approaches. *

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

CHANDLER
Were you able to reach home, Lieutenant? *

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

He nods somberly. *

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

CHANDLER
That's the stuff that matters. *

That sits there for a moment.

QUARTERMASTER *
XO on deck.

Alisha moves off as Slattery enters the Bridge. *

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

Slattery nods, but doesn't move.

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

CHANDLER
Oh Mike...

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

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

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

ALISHA *
(yelling from BRIDGE)
Sir, we have a FIRE ORDER! It came across all channels, but it's garbled. I cannot authenticate.

CHANDLER
Maintain Battle Stations. Prepare for fire order!

Chandler looks at Slattery:

SLATTERY
I'll take the deck. Go!

CUT TO

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

CHANDLER
Lieutenant. What do we know?

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

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

JACKIE MAKENA (CONT'D)
Could be anywhere on this line: Kiev, or Tehran maybe.

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

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

CHANDLER
Spin the tomahawks. Hold for a location.

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

JACKIE MAKENA
Vampire! Vampire! Vampire!

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

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

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

CUT TO

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

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

CUT TO

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

It’s beautiful and awesome and horrible.

CUT TO

Rachel and Quincy in the LAB, lights flickering.

CUT TO

CIC - As Jackie, Chandler and the CIC squad watch all their monitors blinking uncontrollably.

As Chandler computes the import of what just happened, the ENGINES DIE and the POWER GOES OUT, sending the ship into DARKNESS.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN ON

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

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

FIND CHANDLER, sliding down the ladder into the dark. He stops a man with a FLASHLIGHT.

CHANDLER
Who's that?

LT. CHUNG
(breathing quickly)
Chung, sir!

CHANDLER
What's our engine status?

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

CHANDLER
Okay, calm down, son.

LT. CHUNG
The pulse - the electromagnetic - from the - from the bomb sir-

CHANDLER
Chung - take a breath.

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

CHANDLER (CONT'D) *
Okay, we're gonna need a clean-up *
in aisle three. *

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

CHANDLER
That you, Jeter?

CMC Jeter slides down the ladder, flashlight in mouth.

CMC JETER
Captain, Commo says are radios are down. No way to get messages in or out.

CHANDLER
The jet stream's pushing everything north, northeast. We're looking at one, maybe two hours before a giant cloud of radiation drops on top of us.

CMC JETER
That's correct, sir. After that, the skin of the ship'll give us another few hours of protection before we fry.

CHANDLER
Lt. Chung, Can you get the engines back on line? Chung!

Chung looks up to see Chandler staring at him. Nodding. Chung gets strength from Chandler's gaze.

LT. CHUNG
We're going to have to improvise, sir.

CHANDLER
Damn right we are. Let's move.

CUT TO

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

RACHEL
What's the temperature?

QUINCY
Forty-one degrees.

RACHEL
Damn it, we're going to lose them.

CUT TO

Jackie racing down a P-WAY. Danny, Frankie, Smith and Rowler rush toward her going the other way. Danny pauses, letting the others pass so he can steal a moment with Jackie.

DANNY
You have any idea what's going on? What's the CO saying?

JACKIE MAKENA
So far, nothing. Nobody saw this coming.

DANNY
You okay?

Jackie tearfully nods and squeezes Danny's hand.

CUT TO

The ENGINE ROOM.

CHANDLER
All right gentlemen, we're gonna give this ship a kick start.

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

CREWMAN
Fuel lever on start.

CHANDLER
Now.

Chung hits a button.

A BLAST of compressed AIR shoots into the TURBINES. The engines sputter and...

BAM! BAM!

Sparks fly.

LT. CHUNG
Damn it!

ENGINEER
We've got two more flasks.

CHANDLER
Larson, grab a fuse from filtration and replug that.

CUT TO

Slattery issuing commands up and down the FORECASTLE.

SLATTERY
Seal all doors and lock down the vents. I want this ship air-tight.

CUT TO

Alisha reads the stars with a sextant. *

HELMSMAN
We're moving at about two knots. Bearing 090...

ALISHA *
Toward the impact zone. Shift your rudder.

BACK TO

THE ENGINE ROOM -

BAM. BAM. Sparks flying again. Engines don't start. Chung turns to Chandler nervously.

LT. CHUNG
Sir, it's not going to hold.

As the crewmen ready another tank of compressed air, Chandler steps toward the TANK and sticks his hand into the ENGINE, holding the fuse in place.

CHANDLER
Rip it.

ENGINEER
Get your hand out of there- *

CHANDLER
Rip it!

Engineer hesitates, glances at Chung -- who nods.

Bang!

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

The ENGINES SPUTTER TO LIFE.

The crew WHOOPS.

Chung moves to Chandler, offering a hand.

CHUNG
Yippy kaye-ay, Captain. *

Shaken, Chandler grabs Chung's hand and lets the lad pull him to his feet. *

CHANDLER
All engines full power. Let's get out of here.

CHUNG *
(proudly) *
Aye aye, sir!

CUT TO

Chandler bursting onto the BRIDGE.

CHANDLER
What's my fuel percentage?

Alisha looks at the monitor. *

ALISHA *
Eleven percent, sir.

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

CHANDLER
Do I have any contacts on surface search?

PETTY OFFICER #1
No, sir. Thirty mile range.

CHANDLER
AIS?

PETTY OFFICER #1
No, sir. Board's clean, sir.

CHANDLER
There used to be at least five NATO fueling ships in this area. There's got to be somebody around.

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

SLATTERY
There's something in the radar shadow.

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

SLATTERY (CONT'D)
Change range scale.

Radar Operator hits a few buttons.

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

Chandler comes over to have a look.

SLATTERY (CONT'D)
Behind that island.

CUT TO

The *NATHAN JAMES* sailing through the DARK NIGHT somewhere in the ATLANTIC OCEAN. It feels like they're the only people in the universe.

On the BRIDGE, Slattery's working the electro-optical infrared RADAR SCREEN. Chandler's next to him, watching.

Slattery uses a small joystick to manipulate...

The CAMERA atop the MAST -- moving into position.

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

CHANDLER
It's a ship.

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

CHANDLER (CONT'D)
VHF operational?

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

Chandler picks up a radio.

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

He waits. No response.

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

Again, nothing.

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

Off Slattery --

CUT TO

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

CUT TO

Chandler looking through BINOCULARS.

CHANDLER (CONT'D)
Nothing coming back.

They move closer and closer, entering the BAY, and now they can all see with their naked eye --

-- the oddly dazzling, eerie sight of a CRUISE SHIP -- listing in the water.

Chandler nods to Slattery: again.

Slattery signals again. Again, no response.

Chandler and Slattery look at each other. What now?

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN ON

The two ships -- *NATHAN JAMES* and the CRUISE SHIP, facing one another. Idling in the OCEAN.

The lights of the James illuminate the name of the ship, painted across its side: *La Bella Sirena*

CHANDLER (V.O.)
All right, here's the drill...

CUT TO

The LAB. Chandler and Slattery with Rachel.

Chung, Danny and Frankie, Smith and Rowler are assembled to hear their mission.

CHANDLER
We need fuel and we need food -- both of which we think we're going to find on that cruise ship. Chung, you'll need a whiz-bang and all the JP-five hoses you can get your hands on. We'll rig the hoses here and have them ready for deploy on the RHIB. The XO will maneuver the *James* around and we'll pump whatever fuel they've got out of there. Smith and Rowler, you'll assist Chung with the haul. Green, Harris and Benz will hit the kitchen and the supply rooms and clear everything out.

SLATTERY
Un-reps are always a bitch, even when both ships are under control. The suits are heavy and unwieldy so move carefully, but get what you need and get out fast.

FRANKIE
We're not looking for survivors?

RACHEL
There won't be any survivors.

A BEAT as the guys take in the stakes, and then...

DANNY
Well what are we waiting for?
Let's do this!

FRANKIE/SMITH/ROWLER
Ooh-ahh!!

CUT TO

Chung and the boarding team climbing down the ropes on the side of the *JAMES* and getting into the RHIB (Rigid Hull Inflatable Boat).

ANGLE ON much of the CREW on DECK, watching their fellow sailors with concern.

Jackie looks down, catches Danny's eye. He nods to her -- it's going to be okay -- and helps Rachel down the rope.

ANGLE ON Chandler striding across the DECK in his Hazmat suit, carrying the helmet.

Slattery cuts him off.

SLATTERY
You shouldn't be going anywhere
near that ship.

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

He starts down the rope.

CUT TO

The RHIB approaching the CRUISE SHIP, dragging the 300 foot hose along with it. Rachel struggles to put her helmet on and winces in pain from her recent injury.

FRANKIE
Ma'am, are you all right?

RACHEL
(brushing him off)
I'm fine.
(then to the crew)
Remember, everyone. This is an
airborne virus. Virulent and
highly, highly contagious. Even
from a recent corpse. You MUST keep
your helmets ON at all times!

Rowler sees Chung, hand shaking with nerves.

ROWLER
You got this, Chung?

Chung nods, but doesn't look so convinced.

Chandler claps a hand on the young sailor's shoulder.

CHANDLER
A calm sea never made a great sailor. This is your time.

CUT TO

The BRIDGE. Slattery stands on the edge, watching the currents, navigating his way toward the CRUISE SHIP.

SLATTERY
Left full rudder, starboard engines ahead one third.

CUT TO

The RHIB, alongside the CRUISE SHIP. Danny shoots a GRAPPLING HOOK onto the Cruise Ship's DECK.

The HOOKS grab the side and lock in.

The Team climbs up the ropes, struggling a bit in their Hazmat suits. Danny slips and nearly falls but Frankie grabs him. Pulls him back safely to the rope.

The Team lowers a JACOB'S LADDER down to the RHIB.

Chandler takes Rachel's hand and helps her onto the LADDER.

CUT TO

Smith, Rowler and Chung hauling the HUGE TUBE across the DECK of the SHIP.

Chung looks up to see...

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

FRANKIE (PRELAP)
Holy mother of God.

CUT TO

DEAD BODIES sprawled everywhere.

Danny and Frankie move through the SHIP -- the SHIP'S LIGHTS flickering on and off, illuminating the eerie, harrowing scene as cheery MUZAK plays on a loop...

Their POV: Dead bodies. Some fresh, some already decomposing. Rats feasting on the emaciated BODIES.

Frankie fights back the urge to vomit.

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

Frankie nods, tries to catch his breath.

CUT TO

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

CUT TO

The *NATHAN JAMES* moving slowly toward the CRUISE SHIP from the other side. Creeping forward, trying to get alongside it without allowing the current to smash the two ships together.

CUT TO

The BRIDGE of the JAMES.

SLATTERY
Slow, steady, all engines stop. Engines back one third.

ALISHA *
Tide's shifting. We're going to get some wicked currents in here.

SLATTERY
Not as bad as the swells in the open sea. That ship gets pushed out of the bay, we're screwed.
(into radio)
How's it looking there, Chung?

CUT TO

CRUISE SHIP MAIN DECK. Chung on the radio:

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

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

CUT TO

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

Lugging a duffel bag of his own, Danny moves through the huge space and finds a CORPSE.

He gently kicks the dead man aside. He's about to take some cans that were near the corpse, then thinks better of it.

CUT TO

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

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

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

CUT TO

Smith and Rowler securing the GRAPPLING HOOKS to one end of the HUGE HOSE.

From the EDGE of the CRUISE SHIP'S DECK, they shoot it 120 FEET across the OCEAN. It lands....

On the DECK of the *NATHAN JAMES*.

Derek Evans and three sailors grab it and secure it into their FUELING STATION to start the underway replenishment.

CUT TO

HEAVY BREATHING.

We're with Chung, as he moves into the vast, serpentine ENGINE ROOM. He's so nervous that we can hear his BREATHING as if he's Darth Vader.

He steps over the bodies of two CORPSES (and the attendant rats) to enter the heart of the ROOM...

PUMPS and VALVES everywhere.

He shines his flashlight from one to the other. Which one?

Chung tries to read the placards on the pipes, but the writing's in Italian. He thinks he finds the right one, follows the line of pipe --

Curving and turning until he finds the VALVE.

As he turns it, a RAT scurries across his HAND.

He flinches, then gathers himself and OPENS the VALVE. Listens, thinks he hears OIL PUMPING. Pulls out his radio.

CHUNG (CONT'D)
Valve's open. You getting any?

CUT TO

The CRUISE SHIP'S DECK. Smith's on the radio, standing by as Rowler puts his hands around the hose.

ROWLER
I feel something.

The HOSE starts to tighten and then fill out.

ROWLER (CONT'D)
We got it. It's coming.

CUT TO

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

DYING MAN (O.S.)
Uccidermi, uccidermi.

Chandler finds the source of the voice. A 50-ish MAN on a cot. Blood trickling out of his eyes. On death's door.

Chandler looks at the man with compassion, then calls out:

CHANDLER
Doctor Scott!!

She comes over.

DYING MAN
Uccidermi, uccidermi.

Rachel injects him with a SYRINGE, drawing his BLOOD.

DYING MAN (CONT'D)
Uccidermi, uccidermi.

RACHEL
I'm sorry. There's nothing we can do to help you.

CHANDLER
He’s not asking for help.

Chandler pulls out his gun, points it at the man’s head. Rachel braces.

CHANDLER (CONT’D)
Mi dispiace tanto.

BANG.

BLOOD splays across Chandler’s MASK.

CUT TO

Slattery on the DECK, watching the two ships, monitoring the currents, and yelling into the BRIDGE.

SLATTERY
Rudder amidships starboard engines back one third.

ALISHA *
Sir, the cruise ship’s drifting toward the ocean.

SLATTERY
How’s our fuel capacity?

QUARTERMASTER
Sixty-two percent, sir.

SLATTERY
We need at least 75 to get us home. Hang tight. Port engines back one third.

CUT TO

The CRUISE SHIP. Danny and Harris rig the DUFFEL BAGS to the ROPES and slide them down to the RHIB below. The RHIB DRIVER catches the Bags, unrigs them and puts them safely into the BOAT. Like clockwork.

CUT TO

Chandler and Rachel marching down the HALLWAY.

CHANDLER
(into radio)
Green? What’s the status?

CUT TO

Danny hurrying down a different HALLWAY with an empty duffel.

DANNY
(on radio)
Clearing the residential cabins and medical. Supplies were low. They must have been at sea for a while. But we completed four full loads. Should have enough to feed us a couple of weeks.

CHANDLER
Don't take any more chances then. Let's get out of here.

DANNY
Yes, sir.

CUT TO

The TWO SHIPS getting dangerously close to one another.

CUT TO

Slattery yelling from the DECK onto the BRIDGE:

SLATTERY
Rudder amidships starboard engines back one third!

CUT TO

Chung, Smith and Rowler holding onto the HOSE. Chung radios:

CHUNG
We're leaking, sir. Can't hold it much longer.

SLATTERY
(on his radio)
We're at Seventy-eight percent. Stand-by to disconnect.

CUT TO

Frankie moving from CABIN to CABIN, checking for supplies. In almost every room, there's a dead body or bodies.

Danny marches down the HALLWAY from the other side.

DANNY
The place is tapped out. Let's go, Frankie!

CUT TO *

The BRIDGE.

SLATTERY
Port engines one third! We're too close!

CUT TO

Smith and Rowler turning the VALVE to shut off the gas.

CHUNG
(into radio)
Five seconds, sir. Stand by!

CUT TO

The Cruise Ship rocking and... *

...slamming into the *JAMES*. *

CUT TO

Rachel and Chandler falling to the FLOOR.

CUT TO

The HOSE -- CUT like a knife between the TWO SHIPS.

ON the CRUISE SHIP DECK, the HOSE whips and snaps like a giant snake, SPRAYING OIL everywhere.

As Chung tries to corral it, and the Cruise Ship rocks out of control because of the waves...

Rowler SLIPS on the OIL and slides across the DECK -- about to go OVER-BOARD...

CUT TO

The BRIDGE.

SLATTERY
All engines back full emergency!

CUT TO

The *JAMES* backing away at full-speed from the CRUISE SHIP.

CUT TO

Rowler hanging off the edge of the CRUISE SHIP, gripping the LIFE-LINE, about to plummet into the WATER.

He looks up to see a HAND reaching down for him.

It's Chung, who pulls him up to safety.

CUT TO

On the BRIDGE of the JAMES -- *

SLATTERY (CONT'D)
Hard right rudder! Starboard engines forward! *

CUT TO *

The SHIPS banging into each other again. *

CUT TO

Frankie and Danny heading down a SET of STAIRS. The impact of the collision sends Frankie falling down the STAIRS.

DANNY
Frankie!

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

DANNY (CONT'D)
It's all right. Frankie, it's all right.

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

CUT TO

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

FRANKIE (O.S.)
Just get out of here!

DANNY (O.S.)
I'm not leaving you!

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

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

RACHEL
(nods grimly)
He’s been exposed.

DANNY
(to Chandler)
Sir!

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

RACHEL
You want to risk your entire crew?! My life? Quincy’s? When we may have what it takes to save the planet?!

Frankie pulls out his GUN.

FRANKIE
I can’t let you do that, sir. Mission comes first. And I’m not all too interested in dying like the rest of these people.

CHANDLER
Give me the gun, Frankie. We don’t even know for sure if you’ve got --

Frankie puts the gun to his head.

CHANDLER (CONT'D)
I am giving you a direct order! Put down that weapon!

Frankie looks at Danny.

DANNY
Frankie, no!!

BANG.

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN ON

The RHIB speeding toward the *NATHAN JAMES*. They all ride in silence. Danny stares into the dark, still in shock.

CUT TO

Pssshhhh! Chandler stands, naked, in the DECONTAMINATION TANK behind the Helo Bay. Powerful jets of water/cleansing agent spray him down head to toe.

He steps out as Smith steps in. Behind Smith, Rowler and the devastated others take off their Hazmat suits and toss them into a BIO-HAZARD CONTAINER as they wait their turn.

CUT TO

Quincy (in Hazmat suit) spraying down the CANS of FOOD taken from the Cruise Ship.

CUT TO

Rachel (in Hazmat suit) carefully squirts the INFECTED BLOOD out of a SYRINGE and onto a GLASS SLIDE.

CUT TO

ENGINE ROOM. Chung, finding his voice, barks orders at the Engineers.

CUT TO

Slattery and CMC Jeter standing over the NOSE OF THE SHIP, examining the damage.

CUT TO

The SUN rising over the horizon.

CUT TO

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

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

Rowler locks eyes with Chung, nods to him. Thank you.

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

Their GAZE is broken by the raising of SEVEN RIFLES.

They shoot into the AIR three times.

After a solemn beat, the crew disperses.

Chandler sees Rachel, waiting at a respectful distance, but he can tell she has news. He moves to her.

RACHEL
I compared the blood we got from the Italian to some of the samples I took before we left. The virus has mutated again, but not in the way that I expected. It has an extra protein now -- which only could have been added with human intervention.

CHANDLER
It's been weaponized.

RACHEL
Engineered to block the human immune response. That's how it killed so many people so quickly.

CHANDLER
Jesus -- who had the expertise to do that?

RACHEL
There are a dozen government and private labs that might have the capability, the question is -- who would want to? Of course, it could have been an experiment gone wrong.

CHANDLER
Well someone took it as an act of war, otherwise we wouldn't have seen Europe go up in flames.

RACHEL
All the things we feared about a pandemic -- not just the sickness, but the reactions of people -- are coming to pass.

CHANDLER
Is there anything we can do about it?

RACHEL
As a matter of fact, yes. All this virus cares about is killing and replicating. The engineered version lets it do that unchecked. So it no longer needs to mutate. Which makes it stable and easier to defeat with a vaccine.

CHANDLER
Then why haven't they done it yet?

RACHEL
Because they didn't have a primordial sample. We do. That's the key.
(off Chandler)
Frankie didn't die for nothing.

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

FADE TO WHITE

And come up on...

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

WATCHMAN
Land ho!

CUT TO

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

CUT TO

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

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

Chandler smiles, pats Jeter on the back...

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

CUT TO

Mason in the COMMS ROOM behind the controls, anxious.

MASON (CONT) (CONT'D)
I repeat. This is the *USS Nathan James* broadcasting over all FleetSat channels...Is anybody out there?

He stops, sees...a SCREEN blinking.

An Incoming Message.

MASON (CONT'D)
(picks up phone)
This is Commo. Get me the Captain.

CUT TO

Chandler hurrying down the HALLWAY and into the COMMS ROOM.

MASON (CONT'D)
Sir, we just got the comms up. I can't get anyone on the line, but this came through. A message from Potus.

He hands him a paper with a printed message.

CHANDLER
This is five days old.

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

Slattery enters.

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

He hands Slattery the orders.

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

MASON
Sir, I've been trying. There's nothing.

Chandler grabs a phone.

CHANDLER
Try the Pentagon.

Mason pulls out a binder, finds the number, dials.

It rings and rings and then...

MASON
It just died.

SLATTERY
If the President and Veep are dead, you've got to figure Geller's in a secure bunker.

Chandler grabs the binder, flips pages feverishly, finds the connection.

CHANDLER
If anyone's there, we'll get through.

He dials, waits. Again, nothing.

SLATTERY
I'll try the lab.

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

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

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

CHANDLER
(to Mason)
Play it.

Mason hits a button.

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

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

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

DARIEN (CONT'D)
I've been trying to get through to you for months, but the Navy kept refusing...

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

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

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

DARIEN (V.O.)
...or where you might be. The kids are healthy -- somehow. We managed to get out early and have been up here for a couple of months already. We haven't heard anything from your brother or sister for a while. My um...my sister didn't make it.
(fighting back tears)
Neither did Kate or Ella...
(collecting herself)
The power grid is down, so we're running on a generator here. There are militias roaming the area - everyone's fighting for food and medicine...But. We're fine. We really are. And I really hope you are, too.

She signals off-camera and the kids enter FRAME.

ASHLEY
Daddy, where are you? We miss you.

SAM
We love you, Daddy.

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

An awkward pregnant beat and then --

They're gone. The SCREEN goes BLUE.

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

CUT TO

Chandler standing on the QUARTER-DECK, gazing out at the COASTLINE. Rachel approaches.

RACHEL
You wanted to see me?

CHANDLER
(still looking out at sea)
You got anybody?

RACHEL
Excuse me?

CHANDLER
Back home?

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

CHANDLER
Did he know what you were doing?

RACHEL
Why are you asking me this?

He turns to her.

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

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

CHANDLER
But if you had to, could you?

CUT TO

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHANDLER
From five days ago that cannot be confirmed. I think it's safe to say that circumstances have radically changed since those orders were issued.

SLATTERY
So what is your plan then?

CHANDLER
If the lab in Georgia is still running -- which I highly doubt -- we don't have a chance in hell of getting there with no Helo. Not without getting infected.

SLATTERY
So what? We stay on the ship?

CHANDLER
We have a lab, we have power, and we know that none of us have been exposed.
(MORE)

CHANDLER (CONT'D)
We do everything we can to help Dr. Scott. Go back when she has the vaccine.

SLATTERY
(losing it)
What are you -- I have a family! We all have families. I think we've earned the right to get back to them. Don't you want to see your wife?

CHANDLER
More than anything. But we have a mission. The Navy --

SLATTERY
The Navy?! The Navy?! When was the last time you spoke to someone from the Navy. Oh that's right. Before France blew up! Face it, Tom. We're on our own now. I want to go home and so does everybody on this ship.

CHANDLER
No matter what's happening out there. I'm still the Captain of the *Nathan Hale*. And I expect you to fall in line. Are we understood? *

Slattery stares him down. As Chandler exits --

SLATTERY
They won't stand for it, Tom.

BANG. The door closes.

Slattery, fuming, smashes a lamp.

CUT TO

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

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

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

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

CUT TO

The BRIDGE. Alisha gives orders. *

ALISHA *
Steady on course 272, fifteen knots.

HELMSMAN
Steady on course 272, fifteen knots.

Chandler enters.

QUARTERMASTER
Captain’s on the Bridge.

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

They’re almost there.

He grabs the Binoculars. Looks.

BINOCULAR POV: The MILITARY BASE. No activity.

He lowers the binoculars.

CHANDLER
Hard left rudder. All engines ahead flank.

ALISHA *
Sir?

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

ALISHA *
Hard left rudder. All engines ahead flank.

CUT TO

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

On the DECK, Derek Evans grabs Sully.

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

BACK TO

The BRIDGE.

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

ALISHA *
1-4-5. Aye aye, sir.

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

He takes a deep breath and picks up the 1MC radio.

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

CUT TO

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

CHANDLER (V.O) (CONT'D)
...in that lab in our helo bay, are the ingredients for the cure.

CUT TO

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

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

CUT TO

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

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

CUT TO

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

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

BACK TO

Chandler, fighting back his own emotion:

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

CUT TO

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

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

BACK TO

CHANDLER.

CHANDLER
Because we're going to make damn sure that it meant something. And I can make that promise because this is the most courageous and resilient crew I've ever been associated with.

CUT TO

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

CHANDLER (V.O.)
We will come through this together and we will prevail...

BACK TO

CHANDLER, pouring his soul into the 1MC.

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

He looks at his crew on the Bridge.

CHANDLER (CONT'D)
This is your Captain, signing off.

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

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

CMC JETER
Lieutenant Granderson?! *

ALISHA *
Yes, Command Master Chief?

CMC Jeter looks at Chandler.

CMC JETER
Permission to salute the Captain!

ALISHA *
Permission granted.

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

Chandler salutes them back.

CUT TO

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

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

Scores of his men and women at work.

He sees Rachel come out to the DECK.

As they share a determined look.

CUT TO

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

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

As we get closer, we REVEAL...

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

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

He's speaking Russian. *

FINAL FADE OUT.

END EPISODE ONE