

SOMETHING
IS DOWN
THERE

Screenplay by
Rod Thompson and Tim Westland

Based on a story by
Chief Operations Specialist Rod Thompson, U.S. Navy

rodthompson1980@gmail.com
timwestland@hotmail.com

FADE IN.

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - BELOW THE SURFACE - NIGHT

The blackness of the ocean's depths fades in a beautiful azure gradient. Bands of the moon's rays pierce the surface.

SUPER: ATLANTIC OCEAN, LOCATION: CLASSIFIED.

Deep below us, where the sea is blacker than space, an orange glow illuminates the water.

It pulses rapidly, explodes outward, then sputters and dies.

The pure blackness returns.

From the depths, small air bubbles rise.

Then an unopened soda can.

A maelstrom of bubbles and debris appear.

Then a **HUMAN BODY**.

It rotates just so, revealing the still, almost serene face of a drowned Sailor.

Embroidered patches on his uniform read: JACOBS. US NAVY.

From below, more **BODIES** float toward the surface.

FLASH TO:

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - BELOW THE SURFACE - DAY

The darkness and death are replaced by amazing blue skies which allow sunlight to dance over clear, calm water.

SUPER: ATLANTIC OCEAN, SIXTY MILES OFF THE COAST OF SPAIN

A school of tuna swim lazily through the water. One sees something shiny - food! - and darts for it.

But the food is actually bait on the end of a hook.

The tuna feels the bite of its barb and instinctively dives for the protection of the deep.

The fishing line leads out of the water and up to -

EXT. USS MAHAN - DAY - BIRD'S EYE FLYOVER

- the **USS MAHAN (DDG-72)** trawls through the water at a leisurely three knots.

An Arleigh Burke-class Destroyer commissioned in 1998, she's definitely seen better days, but wears her age like a badge. Five hundred feet long from her **Foc'sle** in the front to her **Flight Deck** in the rear.

Her superstructure supports the **Bridge** and its connected **Bridge Wings**, topped with a **Mast** that reaches over a hundred feet from the surface of the water.

Working your way aft from the Foc'sle, through the Port or Starboard break tunnels, the **Quarterdeck** split creates a walk-through gap in between the superstructure and the engineering **Exhaust Stacks**.

Adjacent to the stacks, you pass the **Boat Deck** on the starboard side, where MAHAN's two **RHIBs** are stowed.

Rigid Hull Inflatable Boats (RHIB), pronounced "rib", are small gray boats with an outboard motor, used for the transport of personnel, supplies, or weaponry.

Just past the Boat Deck, still heading aft, and you're on the **Missile Deck**. A flat Vertical Launch System consumes the area, with four upright Harpoon missile launchers nearby.

Finally, you reach an angled ladder, almost like stairs, that descends one level, and connects the Missile Deck to the...

EXT. FLIGHT DECK - DAY

Chief Operations Specialist **ANDY FORD** (39) battles the tuna on the other end of his line, pole bent like a horseshoe.

CHIEF FORD
Smile, you son of a bitch!

Ford winds the reel at a blurring speed.

Behind him, **SAILORS** wander about in shorts and t-shirts and eat grilled picnic fare. Jovial spirits abound.

Music plays from a speaker system connected to an iPhone.

Chief Ford pulls the tuna to the surface, but it's a big bitch and the line won't hold it for long.

CHIEF FORD
Lordes! Get that net over here!

Sonar Tech 2nd Class **JESSICA LORDES** (20) races up with a net.

LORDES
Holy shit, Chief!

She tosses the net. It lands on the tuna on the first try.
Together they heave the monster fish on to the deck.

CHIEF FORD
What'd I tell ya! You gotta know how to bait'm! And that is why man is at the top of the food chain!

Ford's the cool Chief onboard. After twenty years in the Navy, he carries an equal ratio of sea-stories to his vast technical knowledge. Handsome, stoic.

LORDES
And women...?

Ford smiles like Indiana Jones.

CHIEF FORD
Not swallowing that hook, Lordes.
Last thing I need is a grievance on file the month before I retire.

She looks at him like the immature grown man that he is.

CHIEF FORD
Get Doc! It's not a true steel beach picnic til a fish hit's the grill!

Behind them, Chief Hospital Corpsman **RACHEL "DOC" KELTZ** (39) saunters up with her assistant "**BABY DOC**" - the closest thing to doctors the crew has.

Doc carries herself with a brash confidence, but performs her duties with a maternal sense of guardianship. She and Chief Ford served together years ago.

DOC
Helluva catch, Andy! I suppose you want me to waste my down time to inspect --

CHIEF FORD
Hell yes I do! Fish this big could
feed more people than Jesus.

She gets down and inspects the fish as it suffocates.

DOC
Yeah, but Jesus' fish didn't have
cancer, Andy.

CHIEF FORD
What?

She points to the natural spotting on the fish.

DOC
That looks a little iffy. I mean,
I'm not sure that I can clear this
fish for consumption.

Doc glances at Lordes, takes pleasure in Ford's discomfort.

LORDES
Yeah, Chief. I mean, what did that
fish ever do to you anyway?

DOC
Yeah, Chief!

Ford sighs, beaten.

CHIEF FORD
Fine. You get first dibs on the
fillet.

Doc smiles, winks at Lordes, then stands.

DOC
See Lordes, you gotta know your
worth in the situation.
(to Andy)
Thanks, Chief Ford. I'd love the
first fillet. And surely STG2 Lordes
can get second --

CHIEF FORD
Oh, my God! Fine! RAZCOCK!

EXT. MAHAN - MISSILE DECK - DAY

One ladder above the Flight Deck, Damage Controlman 1st Class **RASHIDA RAZCOCK** (30) flips burgers on a small grill. She's black, sassy, strong, and matter of fact.

From below, Ford calls to her.

CHIEF FORD

Yo, Razcock! Doc says you gotta cook this fish before it metastasizes!

Razcock sees the big tuna, looks down at her tiny grill.

RAZCOCK

You done lost your mind, Chief! I don't have room on the grill for a fish that big!

RAPID BELLS ring out from the loudspeaker (1MC), followed by the voice of the **BOSUN** (20s).

BOSUN (FILTERED)

Major Fuel Oil Leak. Major fuel oil leak in compartment one-tack-two-zero-eight-tack-three. Main engine room number two. Fire parties provide from repair lockers two and three.

Like a flipped switch, the Sailors rush inside.

CHIEF FORD

Dammit!

Chief Ford reluctantly throws the tuna overboard.

EXT. MISSILE DECK - DAY

Razcock grabs a nearby **SAILOR**.

RAZCOCK

You on a fire party?

SAILOR

No.

RAZCOCK

Watch my grill!

INT. PASSAGEWAY - DAY

Chiefs, Sailors, and Officers move quickly about the decks. Organized chaos.

INT. PROPULSION CONTROL - DAY

The mechanical brain of the ship, large panels filled with screens, dials, knobs, and buttons consume each wall.

The Chief Engineer, **REBECCA "CHENG" ESPINOSA** (30s), barks orders to the men and women around her.

ESPINOSA

Cease all pumping! Back flow to the
overboard discharge and prep for
halon actuation.'

Espinosa is calculated and callous. Her motto is "If they stumble, leave them behind. If they fall, step over them."

INT. MAIN ENGINE ROOM - DAY

Fuel oil pours from a broken valve like a faucet.

INT. REPAIR TWO - DAY

The door to the #2 Repair Locker swings open revealing a plethora of aging damage control gear.

LT. CHRIS SMITH (28), the ship's Operations Officer draws on a plastic map of MAHAN with a grease pencil.

Razcock leads the scene as young **WOMEN** and **MEN**, most still in their teens, don fire fighting ensembles and SCBA tanks.

RAZCOCK

Check, check, and double check.
Loose straps. Exposed skin. That ish
will get you killed. Make sure your
tanks are on and charged. No sense
going into a fire if you ain't got
no air.

INT. ENGINE ROOM PASSAGEWAY - DAY

Outside of Main Engine Room 2, the **FIRE PARTY** assembles opposite a smoke curtain that hangs over the door.

These Sailors aren't scared or nervous. They're trained.

TEAM LEAD
Stand by to go on air!

INT. MAIN ENGINE ROOM - DAY

The fuel oil flashes. The room alights with the blaze, then darkens from the black smoke.

INT. PROPULSION CONTROL - DAY

A young, clean cut kid, Gas Turbine Specialist 2nd Class **MARK GENTRY** (20s), reads silently from a monitor overhead.

He's a country boy who knows a Gas-Turbine Engine like most kids his age know the map of their favorite video game.

GENTRY
BRAVO FIRE! Halon alarms are in-op.

ESPINOSA
We just tested them before leaving Rota!

GENTRY
Boat's twenty-years old, Cheng.
Tires work fine until they go flat.

ESPINOSA
Status of bilge pumps?

GENTRY
Bilge level below one inch. Pumps actuated manually.

Engineman 3rd Class **ELLA BROOKS** (20s) operates the board professionally, her training evident. Part Dominican, part African-American, all New Yorker, she's brilliant but don't take no shit from anybody.

BROOKS
Bilge eduction - sat!

ESPINOSA
Status of personnel egress?

BROOKS
Waiting on two personnel. Montalvo and Jameson --

ESPINOSA
Actuate when ready.

BROOKS
Ma'am, what about Montalvo and
Jameson? Without alarms --

Espinosa pauses. They share a silent look of disagreement.

GENTRY
Halon ready!
(pause)
Cheng?

Espinosa stares at a monitor, ON SCREEN she sees the feed from inside of the Main Engine room.

Black smoke clogs her view from every camera angle.

A tense moment of staring into the monitor feed.

The phone rings. Brooks answers, acknowledges, hangs up.

BROOKS
Jameson reports evac complete.

ESPINOSA
Put fire teams on standby. Activate
halon and secondary bilge eduction.
Get that fuel out of my engine room.

Espinosa sighs as white clouds of halon fill the Main Engine room on the video feed.

BROOKS
Secondary bilge eduction - sat!

Commanding Officer, **Commander JAMIE DANIELS** (42) enters behind her. He's neither stoic, nor bold, but he's a leader to the bone.

DANIELS
What do we know, Cheng?

ESPINOSA
Bravo fire. Main-Two, sir.

He looks into the monitor at the halon and black smoke battling against each other.

ESPINOSA
Brooks, open the stacks for natural
ventilation.

BROOKS

Aye.

Brooks rolls her chair quickly to another section of her control panel, taps some buttons on the console.

Daniels looks closely at the monitor screen.

DANIELS

Personnel egress?

ESPINOSA

MM2 Jameson reported all clear prior
to halon activ...

Her words trail off as she looks at the monitor.

ON SCREEN: Smoke clears, revealing two boots sticking out from behind the Gas Turbine Module - the ship's engine.

Boots attached to a fallen Sailor.

EXT. FLIGHT DECK - NIGHT

A helicopter lands. The **AIR CREWMAN** jumps from the back.

Doc and two Sailors in Flight Deck gear rush to the chopper with a stretcher that holds **MONTALVO** (20s).

An oxygen mask anchors him to life.

DOC

(yelling)

Halon exposure! No oxygen! Three
minutes! Keep him stable!

The Air Crewman nods. The helo lifts off into the night.

INT. WARDROOM - NIGHT

Officer's dining quarters. One long table with fifteen chairs centers the triangular room. In one corner, Espinosa sits.

Chief Ford knocks, then enters before he sees Espinosa.

CHIEF FORD

Ma'am.

She looks at him. She doesn't nod. She doesn't smile.

Gentry enters with a sullen look on his face, followed by Brooks who's eyes are a shade of post-cry red. A trickle of other officers and Chiefs enter.

Doc arrives, still wearing her Flight Deck garb.

Commander RICK SHEPHERD (40), the ship's Executive Officer enters, followed by LT. Smith.

Smith stands by the door.

SMITH
Attention on Deck!

Commander Daniels enters carrying an orange folder and sits in the chair with an embroidered "CO" on the back.

DANIELS
Seats. Please.

People fill the chairs and couches. Standing room only.

Espinosa walks to her "CHENG" chair at the table and sits.

An uncomfortable silence fills the space. Daniels taps on the orange folder before him on the table.

DANIELS
Chief Ford. Status of the SITREP?

CHIEF FORD
In the air, sir.

Daniels nods.

DANIELS
How was Montalvo when you put him on the bird, Doc?

DOC
Stable, sir. I can give you a full debrief in private after we conclude here.

He glances at Espinosa, takes the temperature of the room.

DANIELS
I'm not going to wallow in the moment or the despair I see in some of your faces. We live and operate inside of a machine with millions of moving parts. If things go south,

we're our own emergency first responders.

He plants his hands on the table and every eye is on him.

DANIELS

Scenarios like a fire on board are what we train for. You can check every box, cross every T, and dot every lower case J, but when the day finally came that put our training to the test... this crew rose to the occasion in exemplary form. I couldn't offer a better example of teamwork and performance. MAHAN is still afloat, the damage is minor and I'm damned proud.

He looks directly at Espinosa.

DANIELS

Why Montalvo didn't evacuate the space rests solely upon Fireman Montalvo. God willing, he'll be able to tell us himself.

Daniels focuses his attention back to the orange folder.

DANIELS

I'll address the crew shortly. In the interim I need Ops, Doc, Cheng and Chief Ford to hang back. Everyone else is dismissed.

The crowd files out. Confused looks from those remaining.

Daniels opens the folder and passes around it's contents.

Reports with TOP SECRET stamped on them. Satellite photos that show wreckage strewn across the surface of the ocean.

DANIELS

About an hour ago, we got a T-S data packet from the Pentagon.

SHEPHERD

What am I looking at?

DANIELS

The USS ECLIPSE. What's left of her anyway.

CHIEF FORD
Eclipse, sir?

DANIELS
She's one of two classified deep sea exploration vessels. Non-combatant. Home ported at a Government research facility on Croquanna Island.

Doc and Ford share a "WTF" look.

CHIEF FORD
Since when do we have a sub base on Croquanna Island?

DOC
A non-combatant asset that has its own secret base? Sounds legit.

She shakes her head skeptically.

DANIELS
Sometime in the early morning hours, the ECLIPSE broke apart about two hundred miles southwest of our current location. Cause unknown. The Pentagon is ordering us to secure the debris field. No amplifying info. No questions allowed. It gets better...

Daniel's pulls a photo of a fishing trawler from the packet.

DANIELS
This is the Ostrov, a covert Russian Intelligence vessel that was last reported by ONI in the vicinity of the breakup. They don't think the Ostrov's involved, but they also want to ensure it stays that way.

He pulls out a closer shot of the debris field.

Bodies float among the debris.

DANIELS
While locating survivors is a priority, the DoD would like us to get there before Ivan starts picking through our above-TOP-SECRET trash.

He slides a chart in front of the group.

DANIELS

So I just need to know two things;
The time-distance to the site and do
we have the fuel to get there?

Chief Ford looks at the chart of a the Atlantic Ocean with a
mark that denotes where the ECLIPSE came apart.

CHIEF FORD

This is only what, about sixty miles
south of tomorrow's route? At thirty
knots, we can be there before dawn.

Espinosa grimaces.

ESPINOSA

We're solid on fuel, sir, but I
can't promise thirty knots on only
one engine. Maybe twenty.

CHIEF FORD

That'll put us on site a little
after sunrise then.

DOC

I don't know about the crew
compliment of the ECLIPSE, sir, but
I only have one box of body bags
onboard. We'll also need Supply
department to start clearing the
freezers.

SMITH

The freezers? Why?

DOC

We'll be blue water ops that far
from land. Helos won't be able to
reach us to offload the dead.

The claustrophobic morbidity of the situation sinks in.

DANIELS

Refueling and storage won't be an
issue. The TRUMAN Strike Group is
coming out of the Mediterranean
tomorrow and should be on station to
relieve us the day after. We can top
off out tanks using their oiler.

Daniels eyes the picture of the dead bodies.

The XO speaks up.

SHEPHERD

The crew's not going to like this, Captain. Accepting tasking at the end of a seven month deployment is going to be a hard sell.

Daniels gathers the papers back into the folder.

DANIELS

Orders are orders, Rick. We all answer to someone. You folks get us to the crash site. Let me worry about the crew.

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - NIGHT

A sixty-foot boat pushes through the dark water. The **OSTROV**.

A Russian Signals Intelligence vessel, it carries multiple antennae on it's superstructure, though disguised to look like a fishing trawler.

Diesel engines pump loudly against the silence of the night.

Around its hull, USS ECLIPSE debris floats.

EXT. OSTROV - NIGHT

On the bow, **ADRIK ZIELKOV** (45) stands. A large man, over six feet tall and two hundred pounds, his thick beard rests upon the opened top buttons of his polo shirt.

He stares out at the all-consuming blackness of the sea.

SERGEI (30s) exits the small Bridge behind Adrik.

The pair share an exchange in Russian subtitled in English.

SERGEI

Captain. There is nothing on the internet or American news about the submarine. Are you sure we heard --

ADRIK

The United States military does not report on submarines that do not exist.

Sergei sees the debris floating past. Fear grips him.

SERGEI

Perhaps this is not the best location, Captain. At least until we know what happened.

ADRIK

You are afraid, Sergei?

SERGEI

Aye, Captain. We all are.

They pass a body, floating semi-buoyant just under the surface, its face ashen-green and bloated.

ADRIK

I want to listen to it again.

Sergei sees another body, steels himself.

INT. OSTROV - COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

Computer monitors and high-tech radio equipment fill the space. A whisp of smoke rises from an ashtray next to a female operator, **KATERINA** (20s).

Adrik enters, followed by Sergei.

SERGEI

Katerina. Again, please. For the Captain.

She passes an uneasy look to another **OPERATOR**, who stands and leaves the room.

Katerina presses play on her audio analyzing program.

From the speakers mounted in the room, the panicked voice of an American Navy **RADIOMAN** crackles through...

RADIOMAN

(filtered)

...States Navy Submarine, in international waters. We have collided with a biological object in position five-one degrees, ten minutes north; zero-two-seven degrees, one-four minutes west.

A loud **MOAN**, like the deep, wretched bleat of a dying whale, drowns out the transmission.

The Radioman stops talking, but other people can be heard in the background.

ADRIK
There. Play that part back. After
the sound.

Katerina rewinds. Sergei looks more nervous than ever.

The background noise plays again.

ADRIK
Isolate the people talking. Amplify
that segment.

She does as he asks with a few clicks.

BACKGROUND VOICE
(filtered)
...one-zero. It's tracking us,
sir!...

Adrik squints in deep thought.

ADRIK
Again.

BACKGROUND VOICE
(filtered)
...It's tracking us, sir!...

Katerina takes a deep drag from her hand-rolled cigarette.

ADRIK
And we are sure it is the same
animal?

KATERINA
Aye, Captain. Tonals match
identically across the spectrum.

EXT. OSTROV - AFT - NIGHT

The Operator who left the comms room takes a powerful drag from his cigarette. He stands on the fantail next to the exhaust port of the loud, diesel engines.

The Operator flicks the butt into the water, then notices debris moving in the distance. Almost as if some invisible force is lifting it high into the air.

Something is headed directly towards the Ostrov.

INT. OSTROV - COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

The same deep moan echoes inside of the room.

ADRIK
Turn it off. I'm thinking.

Panic in Katerina's eyes.

KATERINA
Captain. That wasn't the recording.

Adrik has barely enough time to process her words before the world around him turns into chaos.

Something smashes into the Ostrov.

The ceiling becomes the floor as the ship heaves.

Adrik is flung around and then the lights go out.

Another guttural moan echoes in the darkness of the sea...

INT. USS MAHAN - SONAR CONTROL - NIGHT

...soft whale songs...

The den of sound, where Sonar Techs track submarines.

Lordes sits in her "zone" of the small space. A STAR WARS posters hangs behind her. A Yoda plushie sits on her console.

She adjusts the volume on a speaker near her computer. Whale songs fill the room. She closes her eyes, relaxed.

Sonar Technician 2nd Class **KIRBY** (20s) watches Lordes as he quaffs a Monster energy drink and downs fistfuls of Doritos.

He's the Dennis Nedry of the US Navy.

KIRBY
Again with the whale songs?

Lordes raises her middle finger. He chortles in response.

KIRBY
You broads are always romanticizing shit. Whale songs ain't no different than dogs barking or cows mooing.

LORDES

Oh my God, then don't listen!

On his console, three blips appear.

KIRBY

Oh look! There's the whole family
right there! Be a shame if I gave
those majestic beasts a little taste
of our sonar. One good ping should
be enough to make them beach
themselves, yeah?

He flips the lid on the toggle switch which activates the
sonar system. He laughs like a maniacal Bond villain.

KIRBY

It's just nature, Lordes. Me,
opposable thumbs...

LORDES

Stop.

KIRBY

...and them, big dumbass fish.

Lordes stands, ready to take Kirby's head off.

LORDES

I mean it, Kirby!

His finger increases the pressure on the toggle before he
bursts out in real laughter and replaces the switch cover.

KIRBY

Hippies, man. You guys are too easy.
I'm not going to jail for beaching
some whales just to make you cry.

She fumes. There's a knock on the hatch.

Lordes opens the hatch, where Gentry waits.

GENTRY

Hey!

KIRBY

Isn't he a little short for a
Stormtrooper.

Kirby laughs at his own joke.

GENTRY
 (to Lordes)
 Sorry, I was in the fire debrief.

LORDES
 How's Montalvo?

GENTRY
 Helo'd off.

KIRBY
 After halon? Guy'd been better off
 if he'd gotten pinged with sonar.

More obnoxious laughter.

GENTRY
 Why don't you shut your mouth,
 Kirby!

Gentry advances on Kirby, ready to bust heads.

KIRBY
 Calm down, Billy-Ray. I kid! I kid!
 (beat)
 I'm going to the ship's store.

Kirby walks past the two of them, out the hatch.

Lordes dogs the hatch, turns, and kisses Gentry.

The whale songs echo through the room.

GENTRY
 Whales again, huh?

The sounds move through the space. She wraps her arms around
 Gentry's neck.

LORDES
 You know what I think about when I
 hear whales singing, or dolphins
 hunting, or shrimps doing whatever
 it is that they do?

He picks up the Yoda plushy, waits for her answer.

LORDES
 I picture falling into the dark pits
 of the ocean, and I imagine what's
 down there listening to me up here.
 Do they look up and see the tiny
 silhouette of the ship on the

surface and wonder what magical thing is traversing the world above? Its almost like we're the extraterrestrials to them. We live in a space where they could never survive, occasionally passing overhead. We're the aliens to them. Up here transporting things to and fro, waging wars and sending our dead down to them.

(pause)

Then I'm reminded that I'm on a ship built to end lives, traversing oceans in a world full of people who suck, and I get so damned envious of every peaceful thing that lives down there.

GENTRY

You know not everything down there's peaceful, right?

LORDES

In my fantasy world they are.

GENTRY

You're my fantasy.

She laughs.

LORDES

Corn-ball.

GENTRY

Hey! Fifty years ago you'da been eating out of my hand at that line.

LORDES

Fifty years ago this ship would have been nothing but dudes!

He smiles and kisses her. She pulls back.

LORDES

I thought you were helping DC1 Razcock tonight.

INT. USS MAHAN - MESS DECKS - DAY

Razcock stands in front of a handful of young Sailors. On a television behind her, the bold, underlined words BASIC DAMAGE CONTROL appear on a PowerPoint title slide.

RAZCOCK

Basic-Damage-Control. I'm going to keep this ish as simple as I can. I am First Class Damage Controlman Rashida Razcock. You can call me DC1. Now, first things first. How many of y'all are Operations or Combat Systems?

A majority of the hands raise. She feigns contempt.

RAZCOCK

So it goes like this; when y'all start sucking at your job, and the missiles are flying in, or we smack into something, that's when the DC peeps do our job. Only problem is that there's just -

She holds her hand up, five fingers at attention.

RAZCOCK

- five DC-men onboard MAHAN. So when the ish hits the fan, I don't care if you're an OS, an FC, or an SH - you motherfreakers become DC and help us keep MAHAN afloat

One young sailor, **RAPHAEL CHABOWSKI** (19) leans against the bulkhead, asleep. You can see a hint of civilian in him, the sort of "Little Brother" likable that gets carded in bars.

Razcock sees him and seethes.

She parts the crowd and gets right up in Chabowski's face.

She flicks his nose. Startles him awake. She whispers.

RAZCOCK

Nice nap? Am I boring you?

CHABOWSKI

No, uh, no ma'am.

RAZCOCK

No, DC1?

CHABOWSKI

No, DC1.

Razcock looks the kid over, doesn't like what she sees.

RAZCOCK

You look like the type of punk that finds himself on a sinking ship blaming everyone else for letting him down. That's you, isn't it?

CHABOWSKI

Wha...no.

RAZCOCK

Oh!? So you gonna hunker down when the fight gets real and save the day? Is that you?

CHABOWSKI

Uh... Yes, DC1.

RAZCOCK

So how you gonna save the day when you're sleeping through Basic DC, home-BOY?

Chabowski has no response.

RAZCOCK

Chabowski, I think you just became my new best friend. I'm gonna have that skinny white butt qualified through Team Lead before we pull back into Norfolk! You cool with that?

CHABOWSKI

Y-yes, DC1.

Razcock turns her attention to the rest of the Sailors.

RAZCOCK

Damage Control is more than action, it's decision. Do I use a plug or patch to stop flooding. Do I use water or A-triple-F in a fire. It's deciding to seal the hatch for the sake of the ship when you know that it may cost you or someone else their life. This ain't no ish!

The 1MC crackles to life.

DANIELS (O.S.)

(filtered)

Attention MAHAN, it's the Captain. I need everyone to stop what they're

doing and give me about two minutes...

RAZCOCK
(annoyed)
Really, Cap?! Now?

INT. PROPULSION CONTROL - DAY

Espinosa and her **ENGINEERING SAILORS** are interrupted from their step by step rehashing of the fire by the 1MC.

ESPINOSA
Time out. Turn up the 1MC.

DANIELS (O.S.)
So first off, I want to give a huge Bravo-Zulu to the engineering team and everyone who responded to the fire this afternoon. It's reaction time and training that keep ships from becoming reefs, and you all performed exemplary. Huge shout out to Cheng and all of her guys down there in propulsion control...

A few back pats, but no smiles or celebrations today.

INT. MESS DECK - DAY

Razcock raises a hand to silence her trainees.

DANIELS (O.S.)
...and to DC1 Razcock and her Damage Control training team for keeping this crew always ready to fight the ship. Next to fighting wars, fighting your ship to stay afloat is an all hands event, so bravo-zulu, DC1.

Razcock looks over at Chabowski and nods at him with a fire in her eyes.

He looks scared.

INT. MEDICAL - DAY

A small room with a medical table, overhead surgical light, and stainless steel everything. Cabinets filled to the brim with meds, gauze, and emergency response gear.

Doc reads an email on her computer, barely hears the 1MC.

DANIELS (O.S.)

Also, I want to give you a quick update on Fireman Montalvo. He was flown ashore via med-evac helo a little while ago, and Doc informs me that he arrived in stable condition. So, let's keep Fireman Montalvo in our thoughts and prayers tonight.

ON SCREEN, the e-mail reads: Patient Montalvo succumbed to side effects of oxygen asphyxiation at time 2110Z, and was pronounced dead at 2112Z.

DANIELS (O.S.)

I'm sure the good doctors at Naval Station Rota will get him back on MAHAN's deck plates as soon as possible.

INT. COMBAT INFORMATION CENTER - DAY

Blue lights cast a glare-less glow over Sailors sitting behind radar consoles.

Ford stands in the middle of the room listening.

DANIELS (O.S.)

The crew of MAHAN is the best at what we do. You all proved that today.

Daniels pauses.

DANIELS (O.S.)

And tonight we're being we're being asked to prove it one more time.

Groans from across the ship.

INT. SONAR CONTROL - DAY

Gentry and Lordes listen.

DANIELS (O.S.)

Earlier this morning, one of our nation's submarines, the USS ECLIPSE, broke apart in open ocean not far from our current posit. Tonight MAHAN received orders from the Pentagon to secure what may be left of the her, as well as search for survivors until the carrier strike group relieves us two days from now.

GENTRY

Jesus.

INT. CO'S CABIN - DAY

Daniels stares at the picture of the debris field.

DANIELS

This mission won't be on Fox News or CNN, so until further notice, all off ship e-mail, phone lines, and internet have been secured. This mission honors our fallen brothers and sisters on the ECLIPSE, and though we may pull into Norfolk a day or two later than expected, it will be with our heads held a little higher. That's all I have for now. As always, keep your heads on a swivel and take care of one another. CO, out.

Daniels places the LMC mic into its holder.

Shepherd sits on a couch facing Daniels as Doc knocks and enters. She's robotic and matter-of-fact.

DANIELS

Tell me something good, Doc.

DOC

Captain, XO. I just received an e-mail from Rota. Montalvo didn't make it, sir.

DANIELS

What...?

DOC

He was pronounced brain dead upon arrival. He passed soon after.

Daniels lowers his head and clenches his fists. Shepherd makes a comforting gesture towards Doc.

Daniels thinks, then looks up.

DANIELS

Let's wait to inform the crew. After we're relieved from the crash site.

DOC

Aye, Captain. Just wanted to tell you in person before forwarding the e-mail to your in-box.

DANIELS

Thanks, Doc.

She nods and leaves.

Daniels leans back, sighs.

DANIELS

They can teach you how to drive a destroyer into battle, but they never prepare you for coming back with less men than you left with. Shit!

SHEPHERD

Our job isn't to bring everyone home. It's to ensure that those who are left have a safe home to go back to.

DANIELS

I can't... maybe you're just more equipped for Command than I am.

SHEPHERD

Bullshit. I'm a great ship driver who's been trained to make war, but Sailors only follow my orders because I outrank them. This crew would follow you into hell on a whim. That's true Command, Jamie.

A sigh from Daniels.

DANIELS
I'm sure the crew of the ECLIPSE
felt the same way.

INT. COMBAT INFORMATION CENTER - NIGHT

Chief Ford sits at one of the seats in the middle of the room, in front of the large-screen display, when Doc enters.

CHIEF FORD
Oh my stars, it's Chief Rachel
Keltz, ladies and gentleman!
(to Doc)
What brings you to the glamorous
blue lights of CIC, Doc?

DOC
Just needed to see an old, friendly
face.

Chief Ford notices Doc's red eyes.

CHIEF FORD
Old friend, or friendly and old?
You're up late on a school night.

DOC
Prepping body bags.

He hangs his head, tries to remove his foot from his mouth.

CHIEF FORD
What's a few extra days tending to
the dead, right? Hell, not like I'm
in any hurry to retire or anything.

DOC
Is Chief Petty Officer Andy Ford
having second thoughts? You want to
talk about it?

CHIEF FORD
Oh, come on, Rachel. You're a
Corpsman, not a shrink.

DOC
I've known you for the better part
of fifteen years, Andy. Try me.

He's been waiting to talk, and the words burst forth.

CHIEF FORD

Honestly? I'm terrified to retire. I'm looking around at some of these Sailors, and I'm asking myself am I really leaving the Navy better than I found it? Are these kids really the future of my Navy? Have I done all that I could to set them up for success? Could they really survive combat at sea? I just want some assurance that I've given the Navy my best years and it wasn't a waste.

(pause, nostalgic)

I remember sitting in the recruiting office after high school, and they had these posters on the wall. You know, Join the Navy! See the world! But this one poster, it showed this massive DDG, just like MAHAN, launching tomahawks into the night. It had lightning striking the ocean in the background - just badass --

He stares off, like he's reliving the memory.

CHIEF FORD

- and across the bottom it read, "Be a Hero on The Future's Warship!"

He looks around the CIC. He's surrounded by aging tech. Old consoles. Broken keyboards. Faded paint. Young Sailors.

CHIEF FORD

I've spent twenty years navigating the globe, fighting wars, and training Sailors how to replace me. No wife. No kids. I'm a Navy Chief on the last leg of his career, steering the Future's Warship on the last leg of her final deployment, headed back to decommission the both of us.

Doc waits a few moments to respond.

DOC

...And you don't even own a dog.

He mulls over her words, then cracks a morose smile.

CHIEF FORD

Jesus! Maybe it's a good thing that you're not a shrink.

Doc smiles, then they both chuckle.

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAWN

MAHAN cruises smoothly over the glassy surface of the still ocean. The sea is as eerie as the debris field ahead.

The Bosun pipes reveille into the 1MC, echoing topside.

INT. USS MAHAN - BRIDGE - DAY

Daniels enters the bridge. The Bosun announces his arrival.

BOSUN
Captain on the Bridge!

DANIELS
As you were.

The Officer of the Deck, a young Lieutenant by the name of **WILSON** (26) greets Commander Daniels.

WILSON
Good morning, sir. We're currently five miles from the debris field. Water intakes are secured until Doc gives us the all clear for RADHAZ.

Daniels climbs into his Captain's chair.

DANIELS
How long did she say it would take?

Doc enters from the starboard Bridge Wing.

DOC
She didn't.

DANIELS
Speak up the doc...

DOC
And the Doc appears! I've taken three different samples since zero-four and they're all baseline normal, sir. No signs of leakage from the ECLIPSE's reactor.

DANIELS
Good.

(to Wilson)
Proceed to the edge of the debris
field and man the boat deck to
launch RHIB 1.

WILSON
Aye, Captain.

The Bosun picks up the 1MC, pipes his whistle.

BOSUN
Man the boat deck. Man the boat deck
for the launch of RHIB 1. All hands
not involved remain clear.

EXT. FLIGHT DECK - DAY

Chief Ford exits the interior door, dogs the handle down,
then climbs the ladder to the -

EXT. MISSILE DECK - DAY

He tops the stairs to find **BABY DOC** (22) prepping body bags.

He's a junior Corpsman, new to the fleet. Athletic, African-American, with a smooth baby face.

Doc returns from the Bridge at about the same time.

Nearby, two medical hazmat suits sit on the deck next to a
red plastic box that reads: BIOHAZARD.

CHIEF FORD
Morning, Doc. Baby Doc.

DOC
Andy.

BABY DOC
Morning, Chief.

CHIEF FORD
Navy everything you thought it'd be?

Baby Doc shakes his head.

BABY DOC
I wanted to be on the ground with
Marines. Doc, I'm heading to the
RHIB before O-Eleven shits a brick.

DOC

Copy.

EXT. BOAT DECK - DAY

Deck seamen scramble about in hard hats, most of them no more than eighteen years old. They fashion knots and affix lines.

Boatswain's Mate 2nd Class **"BOATS" ONWUATUEGWU** (27) stands behind the steering console onboard RHIB 1.

A naturalized American citizen, his onyx-dark skin borders on a deep shade of purple. The crew just calls him O-Eleven.

O-Eleven's temper flares at the lack of expedience from his boat crew, and his rolling accent gives his words weight.

O-ELEVEN

Who the hell is my boat engineer?
And where is Baby Doc? This is some
bullshit. They pass the word, you
show up. This isn't hard!

O-Eleven sees Baby Doc running up to RHIB.

O-ELEVEN

Where is Gentry? Probably down there
with his smoochy smoochy in sonar.

Everyone laughs at his accent and delivery.

EXT. FLIGHT DECK - DAY

Smokers mill about, looking out at the water. Kirby comes down the ladder from the Missile Deck.

KIRBY

Bring out your dead, boys! Spot any
bodies, yet?

They roll their eyes. No one likes this turd.

INT. SONAR CONTROL - DAY

Lordes enters and takes over watch from **BOYD** (19), a frumpy looking girl with a southern drawl.

BOYD
It's been quiet all night. There
ain't nothing out there.

LORDES
Okay. I got it. Go hit your pit.

Boyd stands, but is reluctant to leave. The lines on Lordes
face read: not in the mood to talk.

BOYD
Gentry came looking for you. Said
he'd come back later.

LORDES
Yeah, he's on the RHIB.

BOYD
You really think they're gonna find
any survivors?

LORDES
Hope so.

BOYD
Well, my momma always says that
where there's a prayer, there's a
way.

LORDES
I'm an atheist, Boyd.

Boyd just smiles. She's simple, not stupid.

BOYD
I guess I'll just have to pray for
the both of us then.

Lordes smiles, softens, sorry for being short with her.

LORDES
You do that.

Boyd leaves the space with a smile. Lordes slouches behind
her console. Hugs Yoda.

EXT. BOAT DECK - DAY

Gentry rushes up from the Flight Deck.

GENTRY

Sorry. I'm here. Damned Navy must be putting Drain-O in our chow.

He pats his stomach. O-Eleven looks down on him from RHIB 1.

O-ELEVEN

You're late because you had to take a shit?!

Gentry pats his shirt and pants pockets. Searching.

O-ELEVEN

What are you doing?

GENTRY

Looking for some Vagisil.

O-ELEVEN

What is that?

GENTRY

Medicine, Boats. I mean, you're whining like your va-jay-jay hurts, man. Someone get O-Eleven some tampons!

People laugh. All except Espinosa, who serves as safety officer for the evolution with a stone face. LT Smith stands next to her, just there to watch.

ESPINOSA

Watch your mouth, Gentry. You're not in male berthing.

The davit hangs over the side and MAHAN slows down.

SMITH

Why do they call him that? O-Eleven.

ESPINOSA

His name. Starts with an "O" and has eleven letters. Plus no one has a damn clue how to pronounce it.

Smith laughs. He's a dope. Espinosa's attention moves away from the RHIB towards the debris field off of their starboard side. Smith takes it all in.

SMITH

My God...

She nods...

ESPINOSA
Fishes live in the sea, as men do a-
land; the great ones eat up the
little ones.

SMITH
Shakespeare...right?

ESPINOSA
He refers to humans as the great
ones, yet here we are, feeding the
fishes with our dead.

She chokes up.

SMITH
You okay?

A tear falls down her cheek. She turns it to anger.

ESPINOSA
Smith, man, are you here to work or
just being a jaffo?

SMITH
Jaffo...?

ESPINOSA
Jesus!
(pause, calming)
Just...go over there. You can't be
on the Boat Deck without a hard hat.

Sailors look around, trying to ignore her outburst. Smith
walks away dejected, and Espinosa wipes the tear away.

EXT. BRIDGE WING - DAY

Daniels watches boat ops, talks into a walkie-talkie.

DANIELS
RHIB 1, Captain.

O-ELEVEN
(filtered)
Go for RHIB.

DANIELS
We're going to drop you guys, then
come about to keep our distance.
Stay to the edges, then move in from

there. Be careful. Don't get bogged in. Pri-One is survivors only.

O-ELEVEN
(filtered)
Copy.

EXT. MISSILE DECK - DAY

Doc stands away from the edge. Chief Ford glances down the way to where Espinosa just unleashed on Smith.

CHIEF FORD
I think Cheng needs to see a Chaplain.

DOC
Maybe. She's owning too much of what's happened.

Doc looks around. Then speaks in undertones.

DOC
Montalvo didn't make it.

Ford's shocked reaction shows this is the first he's heard.

DOC
CO's not putting it out to the crew until after all of this.

CHIEF FORD
No wonder she's losing her shit.

Chief Ford walks over to the edge, holds onto a lifeline, then looks overboard as RHIB 1 slowly lowers.

DOC
You're really making me nervous right now, Andy.

CHIEF FORD
You have to be the first Chief in the United States Navy that I've met who's afraid of the water.

DOC
I'm not afraid of the water. I'm afraid of water without a visible bottom.

Ford laughs at Doc's discomfort.

CHIEF FORD

Oh, I'm sure there's a bottom down
there somewhere. Let me see...

He leans way over the edge. Doc is forced to look away.

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - BELOW THE SURFACE - DAY

Under MAHAN, fingers of light dance gracefully in and out of the shadow of the warship.

MAHAN's propellers spin slowly in the clear water, mimicking the sound pattern of a fetal heartbeat on an ultrasound.

The hum of the ship's engine pulses out through the water.

Deep below, the transition to black is panic inducing.

SPLASH!

Above, the RHIB hits the water. Its tiny propeller spins in a flurry of bubbles, giving off a high pitch buzz.

INT. SONAR CONTROL - DAY

Lordes listens to the sounds of the RHIB's motor play through her sonar speaker. She looks at her console.

ON SCREEN: A small blip displays the location of RHIB 1 in real-time.

Something's odd though. New blips appear randomly in different spots near the ship.

Lordes stares at the screen, puts her ear to the speaker.

She twists some knobs, filtering out the RHIB and the sounds of the ship.

A seasoned professional, she isolates a sound she's never heard before - almost like **PURRING**.

EXT. RHIB 1 - DAY

Bodies float among the debris. Dozens.

O-Eleven pulls up to the edge of the debris field, idles, puts a dip of tobacco in his lip.

GENTRY
 You've gotta be the first black guy
 I've ever known to dip.

O-ELEVEN
 I'm not black, I'm African.

BABY DOC
 Let me switch places with you,
 Gentry. My ass hurts.

GENTRY
 You need new drinking buddies.

BABY DOC
 Or smaller ones.

They all laugh. O-Eleven kills the power to the motor.

INT. SONAR CONTROL - DAY

Lordes watches on her sonar scope as the small random blips merge into one large blob on screen.

Whatever it is, it's HUGE and approaching the RHIB.

She reaches for the phone, but suddenly the blob disappears from her scope.

EXT. RHIB 1 - DAY

Something catches O-Eleven's eye.

O-ELEVEN
 Baby Doc, you see that over there?

Baby Doc and Gentry share binoculars.

BINO POV: A **BODY** lays on a floating piece of wall paneling.

BABY DOC
 Looks dead.

GENTRY
 I call alive. He's gripping the shit
 out of whatever it is he's laying
 on.

Baby Doc looks through the binos again. Sure enough, the body isn't moving, but both hands firmly grip the paneling.

BABY DOC
Only one way to be sure. O-Eleven,
call it in.

O-Eleven grabs the CB transceiver mic.

O-ELEVEN
Captain, RHIB 1.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. BRIDGE WING - DAY

Daniels walks out onto the starboard Bridge Wing.

DANIELS
Go for Captain.

O-ELEVEN
Sir, we have a body floating on a
piece of debris. Possibly alive
Request to investi-g...investig...

GENTRY
Guh-guh-guh-get it out, Black
Panther!

O-ELEVEN
...investigate.

Baby Doc and Gentry laugh in the background.

Daniels looks out at the RHIB.

DANIELS
Give me cardinals.

O-ELEVEN
Off the bow, about three hundred
yards, sir.

Daniels looks through his mounted binos, sees the body.

DANIELS
Path looks clear in and out from
here. You agree?

O-ELEVEN
Yes, Captain.

DANIELS
Permission granted.

EXT. MISSILE DECK - DAY

Chief Ford points solemnly into the debris field, guiding Doc's attention.

CHIEF FORD

Another one.

Two legs float on the surface. The torso submerged.

CHIEF FORD

Something's wrong.

DOC

What's that?

CHIEF FORD

In a man overboard situation, we factor in shark attack probability based on water temps. We're in warm waters and I've counted at least thirteen intact bodies.

DOC

You're wondering why there aren't any sharks?

Chief Ford nods. Confused.

In the distance, the RHIB enters the debris field.

EXT. RHIB 1 - DAY

O-Eleven carefully steers through the dead bodies, and submarine parts. Gentry stands on the bow, pushing away whatever he can with a halberd.

GENTRY

There's so many of them, man.

BABY DOC

Stay focused on why you're here, not what you see.

GENTRY

I'm here to make sure the engine on the RHIB keeps running. I didn't sign up for this shit.

O-ELEVEN

You need some bag-a-seal.

GENTRY
(annoyed)
What??

O-ELEVEN
Bag-a-seal. For when the jay-jay
hurts.

O-Eleven laughs.

GENTRY
Vagisil! It's Vagisil. Shit, man.

O-Eleven revs the motor slightly, causing Gentry to slip.

BENEATH THE SURFACE

The engine and propellers whine like they're hooked to
amplifiers.

INT. SONAR CONTROL - DAY

Lordes does some more fine tuning when suddenly she hears
the same deep, dread-calling MOAN that the Russian's heard.

She pulls back quickly. Startled.

Lordes grabs the phone again, dials.

LORDES
This is STG2 Lordes. Can you let the
OOD know that I'm picking up
unidentified biologics nearby.

INT. BRIDGE - DAY

The Bosun hangs up the phone.

BOSUN
OOD. Sonar reports unidentified
biologics, sir.

Daniels calls out from the Bridge Wing.

DANIELS
Keep your eyes peeled, Wilson. I
don't want to run over a whale in
this shit.

WILSON
Aye, Captain.

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY - BIRDS EYE

A MASSIVE SHADOW moves in the depths below the debris field.

It's easily as big as MAHAN.

And it's heading towards --

EXT. RHIB 1 - DAY

MAHAN'S a thousand yards away, half of a nautical mile.

O-Eleven kills the engines and they coast to a stop next to the debris-borne survivor.

Unlike the uniformed remains of the dead Sailors that float all around him, this guy's wearing cargo pants and a Polo.

O-Eleven comes around to the side of the RHIB and all three of them pull the large body aboard.

Baby Doc takes a knee and starts checking vitals. O-Eleven grabs the mic.

O-ELEVEN
MAHAN, RHIB 1, over.

BABY DOC
He's alive.

O-ELEVEN
We have a survivor.

DANIELS
(filtered)
Copy. Medical status?

They turn the man over. It's Adrik, Captain of the Ostrov.

He comes to, dazed.

ADRIK
W...w...wa...

O-ELEVEN
Captain wants to know his status.

BABY DOC
Gentry, hand me a bottle of water.

Gentry grabs a water bottle from a small cooler, offers it to Adrik. Adrik shakes his head. Fearful.

ADRIK
W...We need - to get out of here...

Adrik heaves himself up. Half-sitting.

BABY DOC
Calm down, sir. We're with the
United States Navy. We're here to
assist you.

Panic besets Adrik.

ADRIK
United...Navy...!?

He sits up fully and spins around to see MAHAN in the
distance. His eyes alight with terror.

ADRIK
No...

INT. SONAR CONTROL - DAY

Lordes listens as the purr escalates into another deafening
moan. She turns down the speaker.

Fear grips her.

On her console the massive blob reappears and moves quickly
towards MAHAN.

INT. BRIDGE - DAY

Daniels steps onto the Bridge from the Bridge Wing.

DANIELS
Mr. Wilson. Let's hold her here.

WILSON
Aye, Captain.

The **HELMSMAN**, pulls the throttle back. The engine's drone
and hum in deep tones.

Daniels heads back out to the Bridge Wing.

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - BELOW THE SURFACE - DAY

MAHAN's screws slow to a stop.

More importantly - we hear her engines drone down.

Followed by a much LOUDER, BELLOWING MOAN.

EXT. RHIB - DAY

The moan is so deep that it vibrates the RHIB.

GENTRY
The hell was that?

On the far side of the field, opposite MAHAN, a bulbous mass of rising water grows in size as it races towards the RHIB.

O-Eleven sees it.

O-ELEVEN
Hold onto something!

O-Eleven slams the throttle down, jetting forward as the growing wave races past.

RHIB 1 hits the crest of the bulge and launches airborne.

The following wave smacks the rear of the boat, sending them into a flat spin.

Gentry flies overboard, but grabs the mooring line at the last moment, keeping himself from fully submerging.

Baby Doc goes airborne, lands on the tube of the RHIB awkwardly, and breaks his ribs.

O-Eleven falls away, but catches himself from going over.

Adrik sits up from the deck and snatches the throttle back into idle.

EXT. MISSILE DECK - DAY

Chief Ford sees the RHIB wipeout... and the swell as it heads right for the ship, growing in bulk and width.

The swell crests twenty feet above the waterline.

CHIEF FORD
Jesus!

Doc looks up from the box of supplies she rummaging through in time to brace herself. Confusion keeps her from speaking.

EXT. FLIGHT DECK - DAY

Sailors smoking cigarettes see the oncoming wave. They run stupidly to the edge to get a closer look.

EXT. BRIDGE WING - DAY

Daniels sees the swell, and realization quickly sets in.

Something huge under the the water is coming right at them.

He grabs the 1MC.

DANIELS
ALL HANDS BRACE FOR IMPACT!

EXT. MAHAN - DAY

Below the surface, an ENORMOUS BEAST pushes the devastating wall of water toward the ship that rises well above the main topside deck.

Just before impact with MAHAN, the Beast dives like an Orca, leaving the wall of water behind.

EXT. MISSILE DECK - DAY

Doc snatches Chief Ford from the edge and throws him down next to the torpedo launcher. They grab hold of its mount.

The ship rolls hard to starboard, caught in the wave's deep subduction zone.

They look up to see the wave towering over them.

EXT. MAHAN - BIRDS EYE - DAY

The shadow of the Beast passes beneath MAHAN.

EXT. FLIGHT DECK - DAY

With the ship listing to starboard, the wall of water crashes onto the deck like a tsunami, washing Sailors from their feet and into the nets of the Flight Deck.

Kirby tries to hold on to the net but falls overboard into the suction of the propellers where he quickly becomes chum.

EXT. BOAT DECK - DAY

The force of the wave slams Sailors into bulkheads. Espinosa washes through the Quarterdeck to the port side.

RHIB 2, still mounted on-board, breaks loose from its tie-downs, slams LT. Smith against the bulkhead, then washes overboard with his lifeless body.

The ship pendulums back to port, turning the decks into a nonskid water slide.

INT. MESS DECKS - DAY

Sailors hold on to bolted tables as their breakfast trays and drinks fly across the room. Razcock hits the deck to avoid being taken out by flying gear.

The room goes silent with fear as everyone hears the moan.

INT. SONAR CONTROL - DAY

Lordes holds tight to her console and listens on sonar as the Beast sings its dark, bellowing tone.

EXT. QUARTERDECK - DAY

Espinosa's nails dig into the non-skid deck, but it's useless. She's going over.

At the last minute she reaches out, grabs a lifeline, and comes to a jarring stop, popping her shoulder out.

She SCREAMS, then quickly brings her other arm up to brace her weight as her legs dangle over the side.

Gear and boat deck crewmen whoosh past her and fall into the water below. Some wear float coats that deploy upon impact.

Others simply hit the water and are gone.

EXT. BRIDGE WING - DAY

Daniels holds on as the ship rights itself. He looks up to the swaying mast above, then runs to the port Bridge Wing.

WILSON
What is it, sir?

DANIELS
I don't know!

Daniels stares out where he can see the Beast coming about for another pass. Sees the chaos below on deck.

DANIELS
Bosun! Set General Quarters! Now!

EXT/INT. MAHAN - VARIOUS - DAY

The General Quarters Alarm sounds all over the ship.

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - BELOW THE SURFACE

The General Quarters Alarm propagates through the water, taunting the Beast.

EXT. USS MAHAN - BIRDS EYE - DAY

The Beast rushes the ship again.

Another massive swell. This time on the port side.

EXT. QUARTERDECK - DAY

Espinosa sees the wall of water coming toward her and attempts to pull herself on deck with all that she has left.

Her grip falters and she almost goes into the sea. At the last second, she painfully rotates her hand, wrapping the line to her wrist.

EXT. BRIDGE WING - DAY

Shepherd, the XO, steps out onto the Bridge wing. Frantic.

SHEPHERD
What in the hell is going on?!

DANIELS
Hold onto something!

WHAM!

EXT. MAHAN - DAY

The Beast dives like before, but its massive tail makes contact with the bottom of the ship.

The ship spins a little before rolling hard into the subduction zone of the second wave.

EXT. BRIDGE WING - DAY

Shepherd flies over the edge, hits the water. Gone.

INT. BRIDGE - DAY

Wilson looks through the Bridge wing door and sees nothing but water. No horizon. No sky. The ship's listing too far!

Sailors on the Bridge hold onto anything bolted down.

INT. SONAR CONTROL - DAY

Lordes scrambles to the door, only to be thrown into the bulkhead as the attack continues. She's knocked cold.

INT. PASSAGEWAYS - DAY

Sailors run towards their battle stations when the ship pendulums back to starboard.

The wall becomes the floor - up is relative only to gravity.

Some Sailors lose their balance or launch through the air.

Razcock runs towards Repair Locker 2, bracing her arms on the deck, running along the bulkhead.

The sound of metal being ripped apart fills MAHAN.

EXT. MISSILE DECK - DAY

Doc's legs hang precariously over the side as the ship rolls nearly vertical to starboard.

Chief Ford grabs her and holds on for dear life.

The crunching of the ship's skin, followed by the whine and squeal of twisting metal, adds to the chaos.

Doc looks to see the top-heaviness of all of those radars and antennas pulling the mast towards the surface.

DOC
We're gonna capsize!

EXT. MAHAN - DAY

The ship doesn't have time to capsize before the Beast makes another pass on the starboard side.

INT. BRIDGE - DAY

Daniels clamors through the door.

DANIELS
Full power! Get us out of here!

The Helmsman reaches, throttles forward as the wave hits.

Daniels leaves the ground. His body smashes against the helm and flies over, knocking the Helmsman away in the process.

EXT. RHIB 1 - DAY

The four men watch in silence as the ship lists hard to starboard, with propellers spinning at full speed, causing MAHAN to tilt even more to the right.

GENTRY
We have to do something!

ADRIK
(awe)
There is nothing that can be done.

Sharp metal pops and pings from the ship's mast draws their attention. Bolts fly through the air like bullets.

EXT. MAHAN - DAY

MAHAN's mast tears away from its mount, falls hard to starboard but doesn't fully detach.

One leg of the mast remains connected, causing the yardarms to swing down and slice through the ship's starboard side. The roof of the bridge peels away with the mast.

MAHAN pendulums once more to port, stopping short from the starboard lean. The mast tears into MAHAN, while the port yardarms jut out at awkward angles.

INT. PASSAGEWAYS - DAY

Waterside bulkheads blow open and water pours in. Razcock clamors to get through a water tight door, a rush of water raging in behind her.

RAZCOCK

Seal the freaking door! Dog it down!

Sailors join her, putting their weight into closing the door and pulling down the dogging handle against the torrent.

EXT. MAHAN - DAY

Still at full power, MAHAN careens through the water.

The mast's position in the water turns it into a forward rudder, like an oar sticking out from a canoe, forcing the ship sharply to the right.

MAHAN rips into the debris field.

EXT. RHIB 1 - DAY

O-Eleven sees MAHAN turning toward the RHIB.

O-ELEVEN

Shit!

He jumps back behind the console and powers up the engine.

GENTRY

She's coming this way.

MAHAN's wake approaches, turning debris into a moving maze of deadly objects with ever-evolving escape routes.

O-Eleven hits the throttle and shoots away from MAHAN, deeper into the debris field.

The RHIB careens over water and bodies.

The Beast plows through the debris towards MAHAN, then submerges right in front of the RHIB.

O-Eleven goes full throttle again and powers over the swell.

Adrik looks behind them and sees MAHAN blow through their previous location.

EXT. MISSILE DECK - DAY

Chief and Doc struggle up the incline to get away from the edge as MAHAN lists harder and harder to starboard.

CHIEF FORD
She's rolling over. Hold onto something!

INT. SONAR CONTROL - DAY

Lordes comes to and hears the Beast's call - without her headphones on. And it's growing louder.

She looks up at the ship's fathometer that reads out the depth of the water. The numbers decrease like a countdown to destruction as the Beast races up from the depths.

EXT. BELOW THE SURFACE - LOOKING UP - DAY

The MAHAN donuts above as the Beast races up from the depths.

EXT. MISSILE DECK - DAY

Doc and Chief Ford peer into the water through a clearing in the debris and see the Beast emerge from darkness.

EXT. MAHAN - DAY

The Beast plows into the down-facing, starboard broadside. It's so big that it's hard to make out what it looks like.

WHAM!

The impact lifts MAHAN out of the water, revealing a massive crater between the Boat Deck and the Flight Deck.

INT. ENGINE ROOM - DAY

Pipes blow and coolant lines rupture. Chemicals spew.

In a massive cloud of smoke and fire, the engine dies out.

EXT. MAHAN - BELOW THE SURFACE - DAY

The propellers stop turning and the ship slows.

MAHAN comes to rest, crippled, broken, and barely afloat - right in the middle of the debris field.

Silence...

INT. PASSAGEWAYS - DAY

Electricity gone, battle lanterns provide the only light.

Sailors fight the ship, closing water-tight doors, valves, and fittings. Young men and women take charge for the sake of the person next to them.

INT. BERTHING COMPARTMENT - DAY

Crew bunks closest to the bulkhead are sandwiched together.

Water pours in from holes in the bulkhead and overhead ventilation ducts. Deck drains swell over.

Water finds every possible path to sink the ship.

EXT. RHIB - DAY

O-Eleven guns the engine and races across the debris field.

The Beast, still ambiguously submerged, gives chase.

GENTRY

Go! GO!

O-Eleven drives the RHIB at full speed up onto MAHAN's submerged Flight Deck.

The small boat bottoms out short of the ladder leading to the Missile Deck as the Beast slams into the ship again.

EXT. MAHAN - DAY

Everyone topside falls to the ground from the impact.

EXT. MISSILE DECK - DAY

Chief Ford stands and sees Sailors running away from the edge of the Flight Deck.

He runs to the edge, looks over. Waves lap over the stern.

MAHAN is sinking.

Then he sees the Beast, but only the parts near the surface.

Clear dorsal shells that overlap like a lobsters meet in a gradient of onyx black connective tissues. Enormous, armored wings, like that of a manta ray, stretch beyond his vision.

It's larger than MAHAN.

The Beast bumps its armored head against the ship, testing it provocatively. The ship shudders with every hit.

Satisfied that the ship is dead, the Beast submerges.

EXT. FLIGHT DECK - DAY

Adrik lifts Baby Doc without effort and steps from the RHIB onto the ladder. O-Eleven and Gentry tie the RHIB to the ship and follow Adrik up.

EXT. MISSILE DECK - DAY

Doc sees the large man carrying Baby Doc.

DOC
What happened?

Adrik sets Baby Doc on the deck and steps away.

BABY DOC
I broke my ribs.

He winces.

DOC
(to Gentry)
All of my stuff went overboard. Get the first aid kit from the RHIB!

Gentry bolts.

O-Eleven sees his boat crew strewn about the deck with varying degrees of injury and rushes over. Adrik follows.

Gentry reappears and hands Doc the kit. She immediately works on Baby Doc. He removes his shirt to reveal gnarly bruising.

DOC
Shit, kid.

BABY DOC
I need new drinking buddies.

DOC
What?

He laughs, then winces.

Chief Ford notices Adrik on the boat deck aiding the triage.

CHIEF FORD
(to Gentry)
Who's that?

GENTRY
The survivor. He sounds Russian.

Doc pauses to share a look with Chief.

CHIEF FORD
(to Gentry)
Go find the Captain.

EXT. BOAT DECK - DAY

O-Eleven assists other Sailors as they apply first aid to their shipmates.

Chief Ford rushes over as the Russian squats next to a female Sailor who screams in pain.

ADRIK
Shhhh. It's okay, okay.

He holds her broken arm in his hand, and without warning sets the bone. She wails uncontrollably.

ADRIK
Do not move. Your medic is coming.

He stands to move on to the next injured Sailor.

CHIEF FORD
Hey!

ADRIK
Chief Petty Officer. Please help me.

Adrik reaches down to pick up an unconscious Sailor who bleeds from the nose and ears.

Chief Ford assists and they pull the Sailor away from the edge of the deck and set him down mid-ship.

Adrik places a life vest under the Sailor's head.

CHIEF FORD
How did you end up in the debris?

ADRIK
I will explain everything, but first
we must help these people.

EXT. QUARTERDECK - DAY

O-Eleven looks to the port side and sees an arm wrapped in a lifeline.

He races over and finds Espinosa hanging by her arm. Soaked but conscious, her hand is purple from lack of circulation.

O-ELEVEN
Yo, it's Cheng! Somebody help me!

Adrik and Chief Ford rush over and help lift Espinosa from the side of the ship.

CHIEF FORD
Get her over to Doc with the others.

CHENG
(weak, pained)
No. I need to get to Control.

INT. SONAR PASSAGEWAY - DAY

Lordes opens the hatch to Sonar Control and enters the passageway. It's unscathed. No flooding nor fire.

She heads up a ladder to the next deck, right into --

INT. REPAIR TWO - DAY

Razcock leads a PLUG/PATCH team away. She sees Lordes.

RAZCOCK

Lordes! We need bodies! Check in at the locker!

Lordes nods quickly.

EXT. BOAT DECK - DAY

Bodies lay on the deck. Doc rushes from one Sailor to the next. She see's Chief Ford and Adrik on the port side.

DOC

Andy!

Ford runs over, Adrik in tow.

CHIEF FORD

How can we help?

DOC

Go raid Medical. I need bandages and splints. As much as you can carry!

(to Adrik)

You. Help me with him.

Chief Ford grabs some Sailors who aren't so bad off and opens a water tight door in the Quarterdeck cut-through.

Black smoke billows out. He closes it. Swears.

He motions for the Sailors to follow.

CHIEF FORD

We're going aft!

INT. BERTHING COMPARTMENT - DAY

Razcock and a Damage Control Party enter the compartment.

The water is shin-high and the room is a hell of twisted metal and floating gear, scored by the rushing of water.

RAZCOCK

Pipe patching and box patches.
Prioritize by flow. Remember you're not going to keep it all out. I need de-watering down here!

One team member carries in a large water pump. They connect two fire hoses to it.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - DAY

A Sailor plugs his end of one fire hose into a coupling in the wall labeled: OVBD DISCHARGE.

The other hose hooks into a pipe that reads: FIRE MAIN.

INT. BERTHING COMPARTMENT - DAY

A Sailor hits the power button on the water pump but nothing happens. Razcock pulls out a waterproof walkie-talkie.

RAZCOCK

Control, DC1. The pumps aren't firing. I need fire main actuation.

INT. PROPULSION CONTROL - DAY

Espinosa enters with O-Eleven. Brooks mans the multitude of consoles alone. Four different walkie-talkies squawk with different voices calling for assistance.

Two men lay sprawled on the deck. One moans. The other has a severely broken neck. O-Eleven tends to one moaning.

ESPINOSA

Brooks! Where is everybody?

Brooks holds up her hand in a 'give me a second' way. She rapidly taps commands into a remote terminal.

BROOKS

Come on! This is bullshit!

She slams her hand on the console.

BROOKS

I have two fire parties split between four different spaces and flooding in almost all of the starboard and aft spaces. Everything is running on backup power, I can't see shit, and the goddamn fire main won't align!

Espinosa reaches across with her good arm and types on the keyboard.

ESPINOSA

There's a rupture forward by CIC, and another amidships near the

galley. Disengage pumps four and eight and divert everything to port.

BROOKS

But the dewatering teams are all starboard!

ESPINOSA

Then they'll need to use longer hoses to reach the port side!

Espinosa grabs a walkie.

ESPINOSA

This is Cheng. We've redirected the fire main to port. Make all connections from the port side. Pri-One is fire fighting, patching and dewatering. Triage on the Missile Deck.

She places the radio back on the console and pops a MED KIT from the wall. She opens it and removes an arm sling.

ESPINOSA

Brooks. Help me here.

Brooks helps Espinosa sling her arm.

ESPINOSA

It's you and me, sister. This is our room! Do you hear those voices?

Voices call through the radios to repair lockers and Propulsion Control. Brooks starts to crack...

BROOKS

There's so many...

They lock eyes. Brooks fortifies herself. Nods her head.

Espinosa hands Brooks a grease pencil and motions to a status board.

ESPINOSA

Prioritize the threats.

A broken transmission crackles on a radio as Brooks writes.

TEAM LEAD (O.S.)

(filtered, broken)

...this...Team...un...enter the...
space..

INT. GALLEY - DAY

On the other side of the serving line, a conflagration that once was the ship's kitchen burns hot.

The LED, helmet mounted flashlights of FIRE TEAM 1 cut through the darkness of the smoke-filled passageway. The TEAM LEAD wears a bright yellow helmet, the TEAM wears red.

The Team Lead reaches up and touches a button on their face mask. The voice leaves the speaker in the mask with the mechanical resonance of Darth Vader.

TEAM LEAD
Control, this is Team 1, I say
again, standing by to enter.

INTERCUT WITH:**INT. PROPULSION CONTROL**

Espinosa picks up a radio.

ESPINOSA
Enter the space.

TEAM LEAD
Cop...

BACK TO GALLEY

The fire team NOZZLEMAN opens the gate on his nozzle and douses the fire through the serving line. He clears the area nearest to the serving counter as the team makes their way starboard to the entry door into the galley.

TEAM LEAD
Push in. STEP!

The team echoes his command.

TEAM MEMBERS
(in unison)
STEP!

TEAM LEAD
STEP!

TEAM MEMBERS
STEP!

With each command, they push forward into the heat. The Nozzleman reaches the door, followed by the Team Lead who kicks it open. They enter, followed by the seven hosemen.

TEAM LEAD

This one ain't no bitch, boys!

Stainless steel countertops glow orange. Black smoke and steam billow as they lay water to the fire.

INT./EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

Daniels, on his back, opens his eyes. He can see puffy clouds float overhead because the bridge roof is gone.

Face bloodied, Daniels sits up, and leans against the helm.

Looking to the starboard side, the mast hangs against the ship where the Bridge wing once was.

Gentry and the Bosun run to Daniel's aid. Wilson has a RED PHONE radio in his hand.

WILSON

Any station, this is MAHAN, over.

GENTRY

Captain, sir!

Wilson hears Gentry and takes a few steps over to the CO.

WILSON

We have no comms, sir.

DANIELS

(flat)

The antennas are hanging off the side of the ship, son.

The Bosun hands a bottle of water to Gentry.

GENTRY

Water, sir?

Daniels grabs the bottle with a nod of thanks.

DANIELS

How bad is the rest of the ship?

Wilson looks around.

WILSON
I haven't left the Bridge, but...
what happened, sir?

DANIELS
There was something under the water.
Some kind of animal.

WILSON
A whale, sir?

DANIELS
No.

He winces.

DANIELS
I need to address the crew.

BOSUN
Ain't no power. 1MC's down, sir.

DANIELS
Then get me up. The crew needs to
see their Captain.

Gentry and the Bosun lift Daniels up. He regains his balance
and bearings.

GENTRY
Captain, sir, Chief Ford sent me to
find you. That survivor we found -
we think he's Russian.

Daniels considers, chugs from the bottle of water..

DANIELS
If he's not trying to sink my ship,
he can wait.

INT. BERTHING COMPARTMENT - DAY

The eductor pump kicks on, sucking water from the space, but
water pours like a waterfall from a vent in the ceiling.

RAZCOCK
We need a box patch on that vent.
Stuff some fricking pillows in there
and cap it off! Use whatever you can
find.

A voice calls out weakly in the darkness.

Razcock follows the voice to a set of smashed racks in the back of the berthing.

An arm reaches out from the rack through a four inch gap.

She grabs the trapped Sailor's hand and yells to her crew.

RAZCOCK
I need spreaders. We got a man
trapped!

Razcock watches the water rising into the tiny gap where the arm reaches out.

RAZCOCK
Scratch that! There's no time.
Everyone grab hold and lift on
three.

Sailors squeeze in and line up, grabbing the lower leading edge of the middle rack.

RAZCOCK
Three!

They give it everything they have, and a gap opens between the racks, but it's not big enough.

Razcock peers in through the space and sees the baby face of Seaman Chabowski.

RAZCOCK
I knew you was trouble! Don't worry,
Chabowski, we got you! You hear?

CHABOWSKI
(panicked)
I don't wanna drown!

The team again lifts with everything they have.

The water rises. Chabowski presses his face into an air pocket.

One Party Member loses his grip on the wet metal, and like dominoes, the others let go under the increased load.

The middle rack smashes Chabowski in the head. He blacks out and his face disappears under water.

RAZCOCK
No, no, no, no! Again!

The team lifts one last time. Primal screams of effort from everyone. Razcock pulls the kid from his rack and above the surface of the flood.

EXT. MAHAN - DAY

The Beast surfaces and circles the ship. EVERYONE topside sees it this time.

Panic sets in.

EXT. FLIGHT DECK - DAY

Chief Ford and a gaggle of Sailors stand atop the ladder leading to the Flight Deck from the missile deck.

Fear grips them all.

On the Missile Deck, two Sailors in battle gear turn on a dewatering pump. It's loud and vibrates the ground.

The Beast reacts, bumping the ship with its head again.

Chief Ford notices, watches the Beast pass by them, then makes his way down to the Flight Deck door.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - DAY

Ford and the Sailors enter the skin of the ship. He looks all of the way forward, down the long passageway, to the closed watertight door leading to the galley fire.

Every frame rests slightly more askew than the one before it, making the hallway into a slightly twisted accordion.

INT. GALLEY - DAY

The last flames of the fire die.

TEAM LEAD
That's what I'm talking about!

Team Lead grabs the walkie-talkie.

TEAM LEAD
Fire in the Galley is --

WHOOM! The fire REFLASHES. The team falls backward, away from the flame, and the Nozzleman loses his grip.

The hose whips around, kicks into the roaring flames.

The Team Lead bravely dives into the fire and grabs the hose. The Nozzleman and other hosemen rush in to assist.

The team regains control of the hose and attacks the fire until it's nothing but glowing embers and melted materials.

A buzzer sounds from the Team Lead's air tank. The Lead checks a small gauge on their shoulder strap - it's red.

TEAM LEAD
I'm down to ten minutes of air.

FIRE TEAM 2 rounds the corner like clockwork.

The Nozzleman never even kills the water and the two teams turnover fire fighting duties with deft skill.

INT. REPAIR TWO - DAY

FIRE TEAM 1 returns. The Team Lead pulls off her helmet and mask. It's Lordes!

Someone hands her a bottle of water and she quaffs it to the point that it dribbles across her sweaty cheeks.

She breathes heavy. Brings the walkie-talkie to her mouth.

LORDES
Control. Team One Lead. Galley
fire's out.

INT. BERTHING COMPARTMENT - DAY

The flows of water diminished to trickles, the receding water line on the wall shows that dewatering is working.

INT. PROPULSION CONTROL - DAY

Brooks draws a line through the words BERTHING 1 FLOODING on her board.

All of the other flooding and fire line items are already crossed out. Some read: TOTAL LOSS. TEAM EVAC.

Brooks takes deeps breaths and Espinosa gives her a simple, approving nod.

The late afternoon sun shines down onto the carnage that floats on the ocean's surface. The Boat Deck, Quarterdeck, and Missile Deck have become major trauma centers, with injured Sailors placed evenly in rows.

MAHAN's still badly wounded, burning in places, and still taking on water - and the Beast is still out there.

Chief Ford approaches Daniels.

Ford taps the bulkhead.

DANIELS
Only by the grace of God and Damage Control. More than thirty crew members missing, fifty or more badly injured. All spaces aft of berthing three are gone, and teams are still plugging and patching.

CHIEF FORD
But she's still floating.

Daniels nods, then motions to Adrik.

CHIEF FORD
Have you talked to him, yet?

DANIELS
Who is he? How'd he get out here?

CHIEF FORD
He's the Captain of the Ostrov.

Daniels touches at the wound on his head.

DANIELS
Why does that sound familiar?

CHIEF FORD
The brief on the ECLIPSE. The Ostrov
was the Russian intel ship.

DANIELS
Of course, because this day wasn't
dicked up enough.

CHIEF FORD
He helped a lot of injured Sailors.
And Gentry said he tried to warn
them about the attack when they
picked him up.

DANIELS
How's your Russian?

CHIEF FORD
Niet.

ON ADRIK

Adrik stares out into the debris field as the afternoon sun
parks itself behind broken clouds.

Chief Ford and Daniels walk up behind him.

CHIEF FORD
Captain Zielkov. May I present my
Captain --

ADRIK
Commander Jamie Daniels.

Adrik turns around to greet Daniels with a handshake.

ADRIK
U.S. Naval Academy, class of 2000.
Received your Masters degree in
Engineering from the Naval Post
Graduate School, Monterey,
California 2005. You have a
reputations for being tactically
predictable, but strategically
chaotic. You are unmarried and have
no pets.

Daniels smiles.

DANIELS
You forgot my favorite color.

ADRIK
Forgive my parlor trick, Commander.
My name is Adrik Zielkov, former
Captain of the research vessel
Ostrov.

DANIELS
Research...

Adrik shrugs with a Cheshire grin.

DANIELS
Chief Ford tells me that you aided
in the triage of my men, so my
hospitality is open to you. What
little we have left, but you have to
understand --

ADRIK
I am certain you would have done the
same for my men... had they
survived.

Espinosa approaches and stands directly beside Daniels.

DANIELS
Does your research lead you into the
debris fields of destroyed
submarines often, Captain?

ADRIK
Commander, we both know what my boat
was doing here. Perhaps our time
would be better spent discussing
what it was that attacked our ships?

DANIELS

I'd love to, but I haven't --

ADRIK

In 1997, the U.S. Pacific sonar array, that your country installed to keep track of Soviet submarines in the 1980s, picked up an anomaly. A sound never heard before. So loud, it traveled thousands of miles from one end of the array to the other. A sound organic in nature. Made by an animal of incredible size!

Espinosa rolls her eyes.

ESPINOSA

You're talking about the Bloop?

ADRIK

You know of this?

ESPINOSA

The Bloop was a ten minute fun-fact my Oceanography professor told us about. It's an ocean urban legend. They figured out it was ice calving years ago.

ADRIK

No! This was not volcanic venting or calving.

ESPINOSA

The animal would have to be the size --

CHIEF FORD

Of a ship...

DANIELS

The thing that attacked us was bigger than MAHAN. I saw it.

CHIEF FORD

So if this thing's been out here, why hasn't it attacked before now?

ADRIK

This animal is not attacking out of malice. It does not hate you. It was provoked by your submarine.

DANIELS

The ECLIPSE?

ADRIK

We began tracking the submarine five days ago. Prior to the attack, she stayed within the same operating area, broadcasting the same sonar signal over and over. It took us hours to analyze the signal. So much frustration. When we finally ran a complete analysis, we found just one recorded tonal which matched.

ESPINOSA

The Bloop.

Adrik nods. Espinosa scoffs with disbelief.

CHIEF FORD

The ECLIPSE was attempting contact.

DANIELS

But instead they started a fight.

ADRIK

What we hear and what the animal perceives are two different things. It could have been a mating call, or a territorial taunt.

CHIEF FORD

And now it's on the war path.

ADRIK

It sank the ECLIPSE and the Ostrov, and it most certainly attempted to sink your ship. The only constant is location. It is no different than a mother bear protecting her den.

CHIEF FORD

So what do we do now? Sit back and wait for the cavalry to arrive?

ADRIK

If others are coming, and they don't know what is out here, then their fate mirrors our own.

DANIELS

Will you excuse us for a moment, Captain Zielkov?

ADRIK
Of course, Commander.

Adrik steps out of earshot.

Daniels, Espinosa, and Chief Ford discuss quietly.

DANIELS
Chief, with LT. Smith gone, you're
in my ear. You guys buying it?

CHIEF FORD
Believe him or not, something is
down there, and he makes a good
point. The strike group has no idea
what they're driving into.

DANIELS
The carrier will send helos out
before they're within range.

CHIEF FORD
Probably, but this is a big ass
ocean, sir. Just because it hit us
here doesn't mean it'll stay here.

Daniels looks at the mast hanging down into the water.

DANIELS
(to Espinosa)
Is it possible to navigate like
this?

ESPINOSA
How far down the rabbit hole are you
going to follow this bullshit story,
sir? I'll assume we're wasting time
with hypotheticals, because we don't
even know what shape the engines are
in. At low speed, yes, we could
navigate, but you risk further
damage to the hull if the mast
shifts. Hell, it could tear the
entire superstructure off at this
point. You'd need - more than I can
offer.

DANIELS
I'm not looking to go very far.

CHIEF FORD
You're thinking of luring it away?

DANIELS
Yeah. Or go another ten rounds.

ESPINOSA
Well, this was round one, so good
luck with that.

Daniels smiles. Her energy is negative, but usable.

DANIELS
With the XO missing, you're my next
in command, Lieutenant Commander
Espinosa. So tell me what you would
do.

ESPINOSA
Sir?

DANIELS
Come on down into the rabbit hole.
Hell, lets just talk real world
tactics. You have a high value asset
inbound and an unknown hostile
capable of sinking said high value
asset. What is your role?

Espinosa doesn't like the answer. Shakes her head.

ESPINOSA
This is an animal! I can't even...

DANIELS
Well? What is your role? It's simple
destroyermen stuff. Do you --

ESPINOSA
I neutralize the threat using any
means possible. Even if it means
sacrificing my vessel.

Daniels nods.

DANIELS
Cheng.

ESPINOSA
Sir?

DANIELS
I need you to get MAHAN running
again.

She huffs as she walks away, not feeling this plan.

DANIELS

Chief, I need you to gather anyone who can handle a weapon, and the Chief Gunner's Mate if you can find him. I want every .50 Cal manned and fully loaded. Screw it. I want every Sailor that can handle a firearm locked and loaded. Sixteens, two-forties - clear the forward armory.

CHIEF FORD

Everything we got. Aye, sir.

Daniels hobbles over to Adrik.

DANIELS

Captain Zielkov, I'm going to ask that you stay close to me. Despite her condition, this is still a U.S. Naval vessel, and you're still the kind of man who researches the debris fields of sunken submarines.

Adrik nods knowingly.

ADRIK

Of course, Commander.

DANIELS

Call me, Jay.

ADRIK

Adrik.

EXT. MISSILE DECK - LATE AFTERNOON

Doc watches as Chief Ford talks to O-Eleven. O-Eleven then grabs some of the Sailors performing first aid and leaves.

Stressed out, she walks over to Chief Ford.

DOC

Where are they going? I need bodies to help me out back here.

CHIEF FORD

We're manning the fifties and arming up rovers.

DOC

Okay, awesome. But I still need bodies to help me out back here.

CHIEF FORD

Not negating your needs here, Rache.
We need gunners at the ready --

DOC

For what?

CHIEF FORD

The old man wants to lure it away if
Cheng can get the engines going.
Possibly try to kill it.

DOC

What!? Jesus Christ. Look around,
Andy!

The nearby Sailors watch the conversation.

CHIEF FORD

Calm down.

DOC

No, I won't calm down. Look around!
We're Chiefs in the fucking Navy.
That means we look out for our
Sailors. These are our Sailors,
Chief. Those body bags over there
are our Sailors, Chief!

CHIEF FORD

And this is our ship. And so is
every strike group ship headed this
way. We let them come here with this
thing lurking around --

He lets that sink in, then continues.

CHIEF FORD

- and we have led those ships and
all of those Sailors to the end of
the line, sister. So we do what we
have to do because it's what has to
be done! Not because we like it.

Chief Ford looks around. The crew remains silent.

He walks off, angry at himself for getting angry with her.

Lordes and Gentry watch him go.

LORDES

You think they're...together?

GENTRY
No chance in hell. He got the last word.

She laughs, but Gentry doesn't. He looks away. Distant.

LORDES
Wanna go help O-Eleven man up the fifties?

Gentry eyes Espinosa and Brooks standing on the other side of the Missile Deck talking. They start glancing around and pointing. They make eye contact with him.

GENTRY
I think I'm about to get voluntold to do something.

Lordes grabs his hand down where no where can see. He looks at her and she blinks three times. Code for I LOVE YOU.

He nods with a weighted brow, snatches his hand away uncomfortably, then walks away, leaving her confused.

INT. ENGINE ROOM - DAY

Espinosa enters with a team of **ENGINEERS**, including Gentry.

ESPINOSA
Sweep the room from top to bottom. I need a list of everything that's not where it's supposed to be and the parts we need to fix it.

EXT. MAHAN - FOC'SLE - SUNSET

A golden glow of sunset bounces off of the ocean. Chief Ford helps O-Eleven mount a .50 Cal, and load the ammo chain.

O-ELEVEN
You think we can kill it, Chief?

CHIEF FORD
Honestly? I think we definitely have a good shot at pissing it off.

Chief sees the sun setting.

CHIEF FORD
Let's take a breather.

O-ELEVEN

The Supply Department is breaking out stores. I'm going to go down and grab a soda. You want anything?

CHIEF FORD

Hold up a sec.

Chief sits down on a bit, motions for O-Eleven to join him.

O-ELEVEN

What's up, Chief?

CHIEF FORD

Look at that sunset, Boats. What do you see?

O-ELEVEN

I don't know. The sun?

CHIEF FORD

You have to see beyond the sun, Boats. When you dig down and understand the honor we've been entrusted with as Sailors - there's not a retiree out there that wouldn't give up vital parts of their anatomy to come out here and be a Sailor for just one more day at sea. It's talking to the ocean, man. Reaching out and feeling the salt on the lifelines. I look into the sunset and I see twenty of the best years of my life. I see every country I've visited. I see every person that I've ever loved. Every friend that became a brother or sister. Twenty of the best years of my life out there beyond that sun, man.

O-Eleven's face stoically flattens.

The sun dips below the razor horizon and is gone.

O-ELEVEN

Is it okay to be scared, Chief?

CHIEF FORD

Fear keeps you alive if you use it right. Hell yes it's okay to be scared. I'm scared too. We all are.

(after thought)
Nice driving today, by the way. In
case nobody tells you. Go get your
soda, Boats.

O-Eleven pats Chief on the shoulder as he stands to walk
away. Ford just stares into the fading hues of sunset.

INT. ENGINE ROOM - NIGHT

DARKNESS. Gentry wipes sweat from his forehead as he works
on the ship's engine, illuminated by a propped up Maglite.

Another flashlight beam approaches. Behind it, Lordes.

LORDES
How she looking?

GENTRY
Worse than it is. Had to replace the
bolt-on coil section, and the in-
flow filters were completely jacked.
No big shit. Should be lit off in a
few.

LORDES
You think?

GENTRY
We already tested the electricals,
and they're steady. Hell, if all we
needed was electricity, we'd already
be in business.

She sits next to him, looks around, then kisses him.

Gentry pulls back.

LORDES
What's your deal?

GENTRY
I'm just in my zone is all.

He pauses. Tears well and his hand trembles.

GENTRY
It was big, Jess. Wasn't like
nothing I'd ever seen before. And it
just - it was unstoppable. I watched
that thing trying to sink this ship,
and all I could think about was you.

I didn't think about the crew. I didn't think about the ship. I just thought about you.

He shakes his head. Angry.

GENTRY

...and that ain't right. I didn't join the Navy to find no wife. What if this was a war zone? My first thought shouldn't be where in the hell is my girlfriend.

She sees his tears and raises him twenty.

Silence lingers before she nods in agreement.

LORDES

No, you're right. You're absolutely right. Neither of us should.

She stands and walks away without another word.

Gentry turns one more screw, then picks up a radio.

GENTRY

Control, this is Gentry.

INT. PROPULSION CONTROL - NIGHT

Espinosa answers Gentry as she and Brooks prepare to bring the engines back online.

ESPINOSA

Go for Control.

GENTRY (FILTERED)

Ma'am, I think we're golden if y'all want to start bringing electrical systems back online.

Brooks gives Espinosa the hang loose hand gesture and immediately starts flipping switches. Monitors power on.

ESPINOSA

Copy that.

BROOKS

Backup power packs - holding.

Espinosa powers up a console.

ESPINOSA

Same.

They execute the startup, step by step, from memory.

BROOKS

So did you see it? The thing we hit?

ESPINOSA

More like - the thing that hit us.

BROOKS

Some of the guys topside said it was an animal? Like a whale or something?

ESPINOSA

Something like that.

BROOKS

That's crazy. My cousin swore that he saw a mermaid in the Hudson once, but we clowned him and told him it was probably one of them mob bodies that floated over from Jersey!

Brooks laughs. Espinosa cracks a smile.

BROOKS

Montalvo's gonna straight freak out when he hears what happened. My boy has no idea how lucky he is!

Espinosa stops what she's doing. They lock eyes.

BROOKS

You good?

Espinosa wants to tell her, but she needs Brooks focused.

BROOKS

Hey, you know that nobody blames you for what happened to him, right?

ESPINOSA

Thanks, but I --

Espinosa starts to tear up, covers her face with her hands.

ESPINOSA

Montalvo was my responsibility. All of you are.

Brooks puts a comforting hand on Espinosa's shoulder.

BROOKS

And you still have another two-hundred sailors topside relying on you to get this system up and running. Shit, you and me! You can't always run everything alone, yo. Plus, I ain't about to be missing out on no awards, know what I'm saying? Can't have you officers stealing all of the glory.

(pause)

You're a helluva Chief Engineer. No shit...

EXT. MISSILE DECK - NIGHT

With no exterior lighting, the darkness is absolute. Shapes diminish to voids against the stars

Some of the Sailors use flashlights, others have chem-light glow sticks tied to their uniform.

Razcock and Chabowski sit on the Vertical Launching System, looking up into the sky. He rubs the bump on his head.

RAZCOCK

I bet you didn't expect this when you joined.

CHABOWSKI

No, DC1.

RAZCOCK

Man, I don't think I've ever seen so many stars.

CHABOWSKI

Look, just there.

A satellite passes over.

RAZCOCK

Is that a shooting star?

CHABOWSKI

Nah. Satellite. That bright, it's probably the Space Station.

RAZCOCK

No kidding?

CHABOWSKI

You could probably see every
satellite in orbit.

RAZCOCK

So you're a space cadet, huh?

CHABOWSKI

I joined the Navy to pay for
college, and because it looks good
on the Astronaut Candidate
application.

RAZCOCK

Look at you! Here's a fun fact.
Scientists know more about outer
space than they do about the ocean.

Chabowski nods in the dark.

CHABOWSKI

We sink trillions into the search
for extraterrestrial life, but two-
thirds of marine life remains
unidentified. Just imagine what's
out there in the deepest parts of
the ocean! Monsters...

A long, dark, silent beat.

RAZCOCK

Yep - I'm gonna need you to stop
talking now.

EXT. BRIDGE WING - NIGHT

Daniels lights a smoke for Adrik with a Zippo that bares the
ship's insignia laser-engraved on the face.

ADRIK

Thank you.

Behind them, inside on the Bridge, Wilson, the Bosun,
Helmsman, and a bunch of Sailors make ready.

DANIELS

You're a guest and I'm a helluva
host. Excuse the mess!

ADRIK

I am sure your men enjoy your humor.

DANIELS
Levity's important. Especially in
times like these.

Adrik nods.

ADRIK
As is perspective. You and I, we are
children of the Cold War. I grew up
pretending to fight Americans, and
you had Rocky four!

That draws a smile out of Daniels. Adrik shrugs.

ADRIK
We are men in a future far different
than we could have imagined,
stranded on a warship crippled by a
foe we never could have planned for.
Life is...peculiar.

Daniels attention drifts.

ADRIK
So what is your plan when the Beast
returns, Commander?

DANIELS
Plan A is to get it to follow us
away from the area.

ADRIK
And all of the guns?

DANIELS
In case it doesn't like Plan A.

Adrik nods. Serious. A moment of silence passes...

ADRIK
From the darkest of depths do both
monsters and heroism emerge.

DANIELS
And under the illumination of folly,
the fool is most easily seen.

Adrik takes a long pull from his cigarette.

Wilson steps out from the Bridge.

WILSON
Captain, Engineering is ready to
commence startup of electrical
systems and main engines.

DANIELS
Hell yes. Permission granted.

Wilson holds a walkie up to his mouth.

WILSON
Go ahead with start up.

ESPINOSA
(filtered)
Copy.

Like the reverb of a bass drum, a deep hum fills the air
with white noise. The light bulbs above them ignite, dimly.

Daniels pumps his fist.

INT. PROPULSION CONTROL - NIGHT

Espinosa high fives Brooks as they continue to tap on touch
screen monitors and bring the engines online.

BROOKS
Beginning engine primers.

ESPINOSA
Copy.

BROOKS
Here's goes that bullshit...

She taps the screen.

INT. ENGINE ROOM - NIGHT

Gentry listens as fuel pumps into the engine, air circulates
through the intakes.

GENTRY
(to radio)
Primer sequence initiated.

EXT. FOC'SLE - NIGHT

Chief hears the rattle of the labored exhaust stacks.

CHIEF FORD

(yells)

Alright, fellas! Gun's up!

O-Eleven and the other Sailors manning .50 Cals rack their guns. A few Sailors with M-16s step to the edge and look out.

O-ELEVEN

Be ready.

A young African-American Sailor next to O-Eleven chuckles.

SAILOR

Navy common sense. Darker than death out here, and they want us to shoot at something we can't see.

(to O-Eleven)

Yo, you ever hunt like this in Africa? Like in the savanna or something?

O-Eleven sighs with frustration. Locks eyes with the Sailor.

O-ELEVEN

My father is a computer programmer.
My mother is a nurse. But...

O-Eleven looks around.

O-ELEVEN

When I was a boy, the local tribal Chief took me under his mighty wing and taught me the ways of the warrior. How to kill a man in the darkest of night without anyone knowing. For the slightest offense to my honor, or my culture, I am to kill.

SAILOR

I - I didn't mean anything...

O-Eleven busts out laughing.

O-ELEVEN

Someone get this man some bag-a-seal.

INT. PROPULSION CONTROL - NIGHT

The system screens go green followed by a loud whine that fills the ship. All of the lights brighten.

ESPINOSA
(to walkie)
Main engines online, Captain! MAHAN
is free to maneuver.

INT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

Slight cheers. Daniels answers excitedly into his walkie.

DANIELS
(to walkie)
Copy. Good work, folks! Gun teams at
the ready.
(to Helmsman)
Helmsman, ahead, five knots. If
she's stable, bring it up to ten.

HELMSMAN
Aye, Captain. Ahead, five knots.

The helmsman engages the engines.

INT. PROPULSION CONTROL - NIGHT

They high five.

BROOKS
Who's a bad bitch!?

ESPINOSA
System stable. All checks SAT.

Engineering Sailors enter the space.

ESPINOSA
You three cover down. We're going
topside for a few. I need air.

ENGINEERING SAILOR
Yes ma'am.

EXT. MISSILE DECK - NIGHT

People chatter, a few small claps, as the ship makes way.

CHABOWSKI
We're moving...

EXT. MAHAN - BELOW THE SURFACE - NIGHT

The screws turn slowly.

The mast hangs down into the water, pulling MAHAN to starboard.

INT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

The Helmsman fights to keep the wheel turned all of the way to port.

HELMSMAN
Sir... Shit...

DANIELS
Hard over to port and tie her off.

The Bosun runs over with a line and ties off the wheel to a deck-mounted chair bolted down nearby.

EXT. MAHAN - NIGHT

MAHAN creeps forward, but turns heavily to the right.

INT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

The Helmsman scans various readouts.

HELMSMAN
I don't think she can take five, sir.

DANIELS
Then keep her at two.

EXT. MAHAN - BIRD'S EYE - NIGHT

The ship barely moves. Still cutting to starboard.

Bioluminescence ignites from directly beneath the ship.

The Beast!

Enormous, neon-glow manta ray wings flap under the water, stretching hundreds of feet to either side of the ship.

INT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

Adrik races in.

ADRIK
Commander! It's here.

As Daniels heads towards the Bridge wing, he passes the rope that keeps the ship on course.

He doesn't see that the **KNOT IS SLIPPING.**

EXT. FOC'SLE - NIGHT

Chief Ford and the gun crews stare down into the water.

O-ELEVEN
Permission to fire, Chief.

CHIEF FORD
Negative.

O-ELEVEN
Chief?

CHIEF FORD
(yells)
Hold your fire until ordered to fire.

EXT. MISSILE DECK - NIGHT

Doc, Lordes, Razcock, Chabowski, and other Sailors swarm the edge to look down.

Baby Doc sits on the deck nearby.

CHABOWSKI
It's beautiful.

RAZCOCK
It wants to kill us.

LORDES
And we want to kill it.

Baby Doc stares, mesmerized.

BABY DOC
It's what we do to beautiful things.

They all turn back to look at him. Deep thoughts all around.

EXT. QUARTERDECK - NIGHT

Brooks and Espinosa take in the beauty of the beast.

BROOKS
What is it?

ESPINOSA
Bigger than us.

BROOKS
No shit, right?

EXT. BRIDGE WING - NIGHT

Adrik and Daniels stare down at the Beast in awe.

DANIELS
A part of me thinks that's the most
beautiful thing I've ever seen.

ADRIK
And the other part?

DANIELS
Wants to blow the hell out of it
while we have the chance.

ADRIK
Your upper hand is an illusion. We
are at the mercy of the beast.

EXT. MAHAN - NIGHT

Water surges around the mast as MAHAN lurches forward.

EXT. FOC'SLE - NIGHT

Chief Ford hears the whine of bending metal, and looks up.

CHIEF FORD
Oh, shit.

The mast pulls away from the ship, but doesn't detach.

INT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

As the mast shifts, it tears away more of the ceiling.

Everyone on the Bridge ducks instinctively.

The forces are too great and the knot on the line holding the wheel slips. The steering wheel spins to the right.

The Helmsman tries to stop it, but his hand gets caught in the wheels forks. Forearm bones snap and crunch.

He screams as MAHAN kicks hard to starboard.

EXT. FOC'SLE - NIGHT

As the ship lists, Chief Ford and everyone else on deck hold onto the ship to keep themselves from falling over.

EXT. MISSILE DECK - NIGHT

The mass of people at the edge of the ship stumble towards the edge. A few screams, but no one goes overboard.

EXT. MAHAN - BELOW THE SURFACE - NIGHT

The back of the Beast undulates through the water.

MAHAN's rudder swings to starboard, causing the ship to list farther to the right.

WHOP-WHOP-WHOP - The starboard propeller dips deeper into the water and makes contact with the Beast's shell.

The blade slices in, leaving huge gashes in its flesh.

The animal moans, thrashes in pain, then dives, leaving a trail of chemi-luminescent fluid behind.

The propeller wobbles, its shaft bent from the impact.

INT. ENGINE ROOM - NIGHT

The shaft running into the Engine assembly vibrates, then violently bucks and gyrates up and down.

The seals where the mast enters the assembly shred and tear around the spinning shaft.

Black smoke billows out into the engine room.

EXT. MISSILE DECK - NIGHT

Espinosa feels the shudder of the impact, grabs her walkie.

ESPINOSA
Bridge. Cheng. What just happened?

INT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

Wilson throttles down. The Helmsman screams as the Bosun aids in removing him from the wheel.

Daniels rushes in.

DANIELS
What the hell?

BOSUN
Steering line came undone, sir.

WILSON
The mast shifted, sir.

Adrik, on the Bridge Wing, calls through the open door.

ADRIK
Commander. You need to see this!

EXT. BRIDGE WING - NIGHT

Daniels steps out to see a GLOWING CHEM-TRAIL stretching out behind them in the ship's crescent wake.

DANIELS
Jesus, we hit it. Shit!

ADRIK
So much for not being a threat.

Daniels grabs the 1MC and keys it up.

DANIELS
MAHAN, this is the Captain. Now set
General Quarters. I say again, now
set General Quarters.

EXT. MISSILE DECK - NIGHT

Espinosa and Doc hurry to the railing that overlooks the submerged Flight Deck. The chem-trail stretches out behind them like a bloody Aurora Borealis.

The entire ship shudders from the failing shaft. The 1MC crackles, broken and at half power.

DANIELS (O.S.)
(filtered)
...eral quart...

The crew moves around like excited cattle, not understanding the word that was just passed over the 1MC.

Espinosa heads towards the forward port entrance door, passing Gentry and Brooks on the way.

ESPINOSA
Brooks! Gentry! On me.

BROOKS
What happened?

ESPINOSA
I think we just took a bite out of
it with the screw.

Espinosa stops, scans the crowd, then hops up on the VLS.

ESPINOSA
MAHAN, listen up! I need everyone at
their GQ station or repair locker
now! If you're Combat Systems, grab
a gun, stay topside, and make it
count.

EXT. MISSILE DECK / BOAT DECK - NIGHT

The crew hurries en masse to the forward entry doors.

Chabowski rolls up on Razcock like an excited five year old.

CHABOWSKI
Do you see that DC1? That's
bioluminescence. That's how it
glows. I think we cut into it!

Razcocks turns to Chabowski, places hands on his shoulders.

RAZCOCK
Chabowski, I'm going to need you to
stop talking.

EXT. FOC'SLE - NIGHT

Lordes, Boyd, and a few other Sailors run up onto the
Foc'sle and approach Chief Ford.

LORDES
Chief. Cheng told us to find guns
and man up topside.

CHIEF FORD
Say what?

LORDES
Well, we're in Sonar and these guys
are in CICn for GQ, so unless you
need me to track a sub, or these
guys to plot a course, we're here to
shoot guns.

CHIEF FORD
GM1's checking out M-16s over there.
Who are my gym rats?

A couple of **BIG GUYS** raise their hands.

CHIEF FORD
I need you guys humping ammo. I want
every ammo locker between here and
the flight deck unlocked. Don't
empty them until we call for ammo.
No point putting it on deck if it's
just gonna wash away.

They run off as Lordes and the rest of the Sailors arm up.

O-ELEVEN
Chief! I see it!

O-Eleven points and everyone follows his finger off the port
bow. A thousand yards out, the bioluminescent glow of the
Beast shines like a blue and purple etching on the night.

EXT. MISSILE DECK - NIGHT

Doc looks out into the pitch, focusing on the only source of
light in the night as the Beast barrels towards the ship.
She knows what's about to happen.

EXT. BRIDGE WING - NIGHT

Adrik sees the Beast.

ADRIK
Commander...

Daniels grabs his walkie-talkie from his hip.

DANIELS
This is the Captain! All mounts!
Weapons free. WEAPONS FREE!

EXT. FOC'SLE - NIGHT

Chief Ford turns to his crew.

CHIEF FORD
Light it up!

The .50 Cals on the port side open fire, unleashing a lightning storm of lead and muzzle flashes.

Chief Ford and the Sailors with M-16's join in.

Rounds and tracers enter the water or ricochet off.

EXT. MISSILE DECK - NIGHT

Weapons blaze, and Doc sees shell casings eject onto her patients.

She throws herself on top of one Sailor, screaming from the hot shells as they hit her.

EXT. MAHAN - BIRDS EYE - NIGHT

The guns do their job, forcing the Beast to change course and dive deep.

It passes under the ship, trails of chemi-luminescent fluid leak from hundreds of wounds. A small wave pushes the ship and splashes up on deck.

EXT. FOC'SLE - NIGHT

Chief Ford runs to the starboard side. O-Eleven joins him.

They stare down into the water.

INT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

Everyone braces for a wave that never comes.

Daniels picks up his walkie talkie.

DANIELS
I need eyes on. What's happening!
I'm blind to starboard.

EXT. PASSAGEWAY - MAIN ENGINE ROOM ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Espinosa, Gentry, and Brooks head towards the door as two Engineering Sailors exit the Main Engine Room.

One carries the other. Black smoke pours from the open door.

ESPINOSA
The hell's happening?

ENGINEERING SAILOR
Shaft went full ape-shit and tore
itself from the housing. The whole
engine's about to blow. Bridge isn't
answering. We need to power down!

BROOKS
Phone lines are still down.

ESPINOSA
Everybody to Control.

Espinosa pulls out her radio as they rush.

ESPINOSA
(to walkie)
Bridge, we have a catastrophic
failure in the GTM! We need to
remote kill it from the Bridge
immediately.

EXT. BRIDGE WING - NIGHT

Daniels doesn't like the bad news.

DANIELS
Shit!
(to walkie)
Copy.

Daniels, frustrated beyond suppression, storms into the...

INT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

Daniels barks orders.

DANIELS
Wilson, kill the damn engine!
(to walkie)
This is the Captain. Someone get
eyes on the threat!

EXT. MAHAN - BIRD'S EYE - NIGHT

A light grows beneath the ship, turning MAHAN into a silhouette on the dark ocean's surface as the Beast ascends directly beneath them.

EXT. FOC'SLE - NIGHT

Chief Ford reaches for his walkie, when -

WHAM!

The Beast rams MAHAN amidships.

Chief Ford goes airborne along with the rest of the gunners.

EXT. MAHAN - NIGHT

The ship visibly arcs upward in the middle. Sailors are thrown skyward.

INT. MAIN ENGINE ROOM - NIGHT

A fireball erupts from the main engine. Fuel pipes burst.

WHOOM! A Massive explosion tears the place apart.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

The door to the Main Engine Room blows off of its hinges.

INT. PROPULSION CONTROL - NIGHT

The interior bulkhead tears open in a split-second of hell.

In the passageway just outside of Control, the blast consumes Espinosa, Gentry, and Brooks.

EXT. MAHAN - NIGHT

The exhaust stacks explode in a rapture of fire and metal.

The Beast circles around and slams into MAHAN with enough force to open new holes in the skin of the ship.

The power, again, goes out. Darkness overtakes the ship.

EXT. MISSILE DECK - NIGHT

Sailors cling to the ground, covering their heads while trying to brace themselves for another impact.

Doc and Baby Doc shield their patients.

EXT. BRIDGE WING - NIGHT

Adrik and Daniels duck for cover.

EXT. FOC'SLE - NIGHT

The gun team hits the deck as hot metal rains down on them.

EXT. MAHAN - NIGHT

The Beast sideswipes the ship.

INT. REPAIR TWO - NIGHT

The wall opens up in front of Razcock and her repair party. Water pours in, an unstoppable flood.

RAZCOCK
Everybody out! Go! GO!

Everyone races forward into the Bosun Locker passageway.

Razcock looks back to see Chabowski running aft towards the door that leads into the worst section of the ship.

RAZCOCK
Ski! You can't go that way!

He turns around, frantic, and runs towards her.

WHOOM! A hole opens in the wall. The rush of water washes Chabowski backward away from Razcock. He can't even scream.

INT. BOSUN LOCKER PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

Razcock's team dogs the door.

RAZCOCK
Open the door! OPEN THE DAMN DOOR!

SAILOR
(consoling, teary)
DC1...we can't.

She bawls. He's right. She trained them for this moment.

EXT. MAHAN - NIGHT

The Beast circles back, rushes in and thrashes the aft end of the ship that rests below the surface.

The tied-off RHIB bounces around violently as the Beast beaches its head on the submerged Flight Deck.

Lordes, Boyd, and some of the other gunners run to the Missile Deck and join the Sailors already opening fire.

The Beast slides back into the water and heads forward.

EXT. FOC'SLE - NIGHT

An epileptic nightmare ensues as the Foc'sle engages again. Hundreds of glowing chem-trails flow from the Beast.

The **HATCH** to the Bosun Locker opens in the deck.

Chief Ford runs over to assist the Sailors coming up. Razcock is the last one out.

CHIEF FORD
Anyone else?

Razcock shakes her head.

RAZCOCK
Rep two is gone, everything aft of
CIC is either on fire or under
water.

O-ELEVEN
Chief, it's diving!

CHIEF FORD
(to Razcock)
Go regroup. This isn't over yet!

EXT. BRIDGE WING - NIGHT

Daniels looks back to the flaming stacks. Flames and thick, acrid black smoke pours from within.

He again reaches for his walkie-talkie. It chirps the familiar beep of a dying battery alert.

The small screen displays a blinking battery icon.

DANIELS
(to walkie)
Cheng. Captain.

No response.

DANIELS
Cheng. Captain.

Worry weighs upon him. He walks back inside, Adrik in tow --

INT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

The walkie talkie dies, so he sets it on the Helm console.

DANIELS
(to Wilson)
I'm headed down to the Propulsion
Control.

INT. PROPULSION CONTROL PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

BLACKNESS. 2% VISIBILITY. SMOKE FILLS THE SPACE.

Espinosa lays face down on the hard floor.

She gasps, then stretches her t-shirt over her mouth.

Her hands stretch out like feelers. Patting around. She reflexively jerks back as she touches another human hand.

She brings her face inches from the hand, follows the arm, only to find the blood-soaked face of Petty Officer Brooks.

She doesn't cry, nor scream because both require oxygen.

Espinosa feels the floor, where it meets the wall...

GENTRY
(muffled, distant
yelling)
...spinosa...rooks...

She tries to yell, but the words don't come. Can't come.

Espinosa crawls towards the sound of Gentry's voice, then collapses. She's suffocating. The world goes black.

EXT. MISSILE DECK - NIGHT

Injured Sailors surround Doc. One has shrapnel in his chest. Another has a nasty gash across his cheek. Minor injuries.

More and more come to her.

The task before her is overwhelming. The voices of those crying for help is deafening. Blood paints the deck.

DOC
Okay, everyone just STOP!

Silence in the chaos.

DOC
Not everyone needs my attention right now. You've all had basic first aid. If it's bleeding, apply pressure. If it's broken, support and stabilize the limb. If a Sailor is dying on you - then and only then, you bring them to me. Everyone wants to shoot the guns, and fight the fires, but damn it, I need help keeping people alive!

She goes back to working as Sailors assist the injured.

GENTRY (O.C.)
Doc! Doc!!!

DOC
What!?

Doc turns in frustration to see Gentry, wearing an emergency egress hood, carrying a limp Espinosa.

DOC
Shit! Lay her down over there!

He sets Espinosa down. Doc check's her vitals by hand.

DOC

She's breathing. I need oxygen!

Baby Doc winces as he hurries over with an oxygen tank.

Doc stretches the mask from the tank around Espinosa's face.

Espinosa's eyes open and she looks around.

DOC

(to Baby Doc)

Watch her. I don't want her going
into CA from smoke inhalation and us
not see it coming.

BABY DOC

I got her.

Doc hurries back to the previous patient.

EXT. QUARTERDECK - NIGHT

Daniels and Adrik come to the bottom of the exterior
ladderwell from the Bridge, meeting up with Chief Ford,
Razcock, Lordes and a few of the Repair Party members.

DANIELS

Chief. Is your radio working?

CHIEF FORD

Yeah, but I left it on the Foc'sle.
You need me to run and --

DANIELS

No. I'll just head down.

RAZCOCK

Down where, sir?

DANIELS

Propulsion control.

RAZCOCK

No dice. The entire main deck is
either flooded, on fire, or smoked
out from the explosion.

DANIELS

What?

Daniels walks over to the edge of the deck and looks down.

The water is much higher than it should be. Smoke and fire pours from small holes above the waterline.

DANIELS

Jesus.

ADRIK

As one Captain to another, perhaps
it is time to consider last resorts.

Daniels lets the thought sink in before he walks off...

EXT. MISSILE DECK - NIGHT

Espinosa sits upright against the Harpoon Missile launchers when Daniels comes around the corner.

ESPINOSA

It's gone, sir. The whole plant's
gone. We're dead in the water.

DANIELS

I know. Is there any chance of
getting us going again?

She shakes her head. Defeated.

Daniels takes in the sad sight of his crew, bloodied and beaten. No man or woman appears unscathed.

Doc approaches as Chief Ford and Adrik arrive with Razcock.

Daniels looks them all in the eye, one by one.

DANIELS

We can't abandon ship.

RAZCOCK

Sir, we've taken on a lot of water
and there are holes in the bulkhead
in spaces we don't even know about.

DANIELS

With that thing in the water, I'm
not risking the lives of the crew by
abandoning ship.

CHIEF FORD

Sir, if we don't start manning the lifeboats now, we may not have the time when there's no other choice.

Adrik looks out at the water with an inquisitive furrowing of his thick brows. He steps away to the edge.

ADRIK

Why did it stop attacking?

Everyone looks to Adrik.

CHIEF FORD

We gave it everything we had short of the five inch gun. Hopefully we hurt it to the point that it said eff this!

ADRIK

You did not shoot it the first time it attacked you, and yet it ceased that attack as well.

DANIELS

Where are you going with this?

ADRIK

The Beast attacked your ship until your engines failed. Only then did it chase after us on your small boat until we stopped moving. Now, again, your engines have stopped and the Beast is no longer aggressive.

LORDES

It's sound! It's attracted to the sound of the ship. Holy shit!

Adrik nods.

CHIEF FORD

Earlier when we kicked on the pumps, it started nudging the ship.

DANIELS

But just now it didn't become aggressive until we hit it.

LORDES

No. I think we just struck first. What if the bioluminescence was a territorial warning?

Daniels puts a plug in the thought dam.

DANIELS

DC1, how long do you think we have to initiate abandon ship.

RAZCOCK

Two hours? Maybe more depending on how many spaces are dogged out?

Daniels looks at his watch. Doc stands nearby.

DANIELS

Sunrise is in two. Doc, will that give you enough time to prep the seriously wounded.

DOC

I'll need to have all of my category threes on backboards, and some with I-Vs, but yeah. With some help, yeah.

CHIEF FORD

Sir, what about the strike group? Even if we get off of the ship, they're still coming, loud and proud.

DANIELS

I...don't know. We have to hope they send a helo to scout the area. Pray that they do. Otherwise it's going to get really messy out here.

EXT. QUARTERDECK - FIRST LIGHT

POP! A gray plastic barrel hits the water, opens, and expands outward with a loud hiss, turning into a life raft.

Daniels, Adrik, and Chief Ford stand near an opening in the lifelines with a small group of Sailors, Lordes among them.

DANIELS

Okay, boat one crew. Let's do this.

The first Sailor steps to the edge, but jumps back as the Beast slowly swims by, knocking around the life raft.

CHIEF FORD

It's too loud when it hits the water. This thing is sensitive to every little sound.

Lordes steps from the shocked crowd of onlookers. It dawns on her what Chief just said.

LORDES

What if we hit it with sonar?

DANIELS

Say again?

LORDES

Ping it with active sonar! We're always worried about the effects of sonar on sea life. Maybe we can do force it away.

CHIEF FORD

Holy shit. She's right. Whales beach themselves because of sonar effects.

DANIELS

What if it has the adverse effect?

CHIEF FORD

MAHAN's going to be on the bottom of the ocean either way, sir. Sonar is lethal with enough energy output.

DANIELS

Yeah, but energy is something we don't have. Can we even bring the power online to support the array?

Espinosa pushes through. Weak but determined.

ESPINOSA

If I can get to the Aux One, assuming it's intact, I can get you enough power from the switchboard.

Daniels looks upon her with pride.

DANIELS

Are you sure?

She throws a thumbs up as she coughs.

LORDES

But...

DANIELS

What?

LORDES

Active sonar is momentum based, like a wave, so the animal is going to need to be at least, I don't know, a thousand yards out. Minimum.

DANIELS

And if it's not?

LORDES

I mean, I - It could still work, or the thing could just get super pissed. At a thousand yards or more, I know we'll hurt it.

DANIELS

So does anyone have an idea on how to hook a five hundred foot fish and drag it a thousand yards out?

Chief Ford looks back towards the Flight Deck where the RHIB remains tied to the ladder.

EXT. MISSILE DECK - MORNING

O-Eleven and Gentry set a large cylindrical case on the deck. On the side, in bold, military stenciling: SONOBUOY - ACTIVE.

Chief Ford and Lordes supervise as Daniels and Adrik stand near the edge, pointing and planning.

Doc walks up.

DOC

Do you really think this is going to work?

CHIEF FORD

Not a clue...

GENTRY

Why not just lure it away with the RHIB?

CHIEF FORD

We need it to stay at range until we can hit it. It'll thrash the RHIB long before we get the ping off.

Gentry, distracted, sees Lordes standing off by herself. Chief motions with his head. Gentry walks over to her --

ON LORDES AND GENTRY

GENTRY

I'm sorry 'bout what I said last night. I was just--

LORDES

It doesn't feel right. What we're about to do to that thing.

GENTRY

That thing stands between us and life. Ain't no different than an enemy submarine sitting off the bow ready to throw hands.

LORDES

But we're in its home. We're the invaders.

GENTRY

Luke Skywalker was an invader.

He turns on the charm with a rising smile.

LORDES

It's going to take more than a well-placed Star Wars reference for me to forget that you were such a dick to me last night.

He blinks three times and mouth's "I love you."

She rolls her eyes. Smirks.

LORDES

I know.

ON DANIELS AND ADRIK

ADRIK

Commander, with your permission, I would like to assist the boat team.

DANIELS

Not necessary, Captain. It's --

ADRIK

No. I must. My crew knew the danger here, and came only on my order.

Even when we knew what was out there, I did not listen to their objections. Please. Allow me to honor my crew by aiding in the safe return of yours.

DANIELS
I guess Boats could use the muscle.
(to O-Eleven)
Hey, Boats!

O-Eleven runs over.

O-ELEVEN
Sir!

DANIELS
This is Captain Zielkov of the Russian Federation Navy, and he will be assisting you this morning.

Adrik nods to Daniels with respect.

ON CHIEF FORD AND DOC

Chief Ford puts on life jacket.

CHIEF FORD
And here I am again, doing some dumb shit that I never thought I'd do for my country.

Doc smirks.

DOC
Oh, come on. You know you love this shit, Chief.

He nods. Nervous.

Daniels shakes O-Eleven's hand, before the large African steps directly from the Missile Deck into RHIB 1.

The flight deck is ominously semi-opaque, sunken DEEP beneath the ocean's surface.

Adrik follows him in.

O-ELEVEN
Gentry! I gotta hurry, man! Your mama's gonna be waiting for me on the pier!

Gentry laughs, shakes Daniels' hand, then climbs in. He glances back at Lordes one last time.

Chief Ford passes Lordes.

CHIEF FORD
The second you hear the buoy power
up, direct ping down the line of
bearing. Like a bullet.

She nods. Lost in thought.

He looks over to Gentry, then back to her.

CHIEF FORD
I won't let anything happen to him.

Chief winks to her, shakes Daniel's hand, and boards.

Espinosa walks up and stands next to Lordes.

ESPINOSA
Let's move. I need to access the Aux
One trunk through sonar Control.

LORDES
Yes ma'am.

They walk away - leaving Lordes' walkie on the deck.

EXT. RHIB 1 - MORNING

CHIEF FORD
(to O-Eleven)
Cast off, but don't start the motor.
Just drift until I get the go ahead
from Lordes.

Gentry glances back at the ship, where Lordes and Espinosa disappear around the corner of the Quarterdeck.

Adrik, sitting on the bow of the RHIB, unties the line that moors the RHIB to MAHAN, then shoves off.

The RHIB drifts out into the debris field.

O-ELEVEN
It's going to be tough to drive in
this shit.

The debris field surrounds the entire ship on all sides.

CHIEF FORD
Do what you can.

INT. BOSUN LOCKER PASSAGEWAY - DAWN

Flashlight beams bobble in the dark. Water leaks in from various places. A few inches of accumulation on deck.

Espinosa and Lordes spin the scuttle wheel, opening the small hole in the closed hatch to Sonar Control.

The two women descend, closing the scuttle behind them.

INT. SONAR CONTROL - MORNING

Lordes and Espinosa find the space much like Lordes left it after the attack. Lordes picks up plushy Yoda from the floor.

ESPINOSA
Hopefully I can get the power online
long enough to do your thing.

Lordes moves over to her console, reading the screen. All systems are green except for one RED BOX: SONAR DOME.

LORDES
The system is still holding on
internal backup batteries, but it
shows the dome is inoperative.

ESPINOSA
Okay. I'll radio you when I get the
switchboard online.

Lordes reaches around to her rear belt line.

LORDES
Shit! I left my radio on the
foc'sle. I'm supposed to signal
Chief Ford...

Espinosa takes the walkie-talkie from her belt.

ESPINOSA
Take mine to coordinate with Chief
Ford. I won't need it. When you see
the dome come online, you'll know.

She hands Lordes the radio, then descends into the trunk.

ESPINOSA
Just don't close the scuttle on me.

INT. AUXILIARY ONE - MORNING

Another engineering space. It's dark, so Espinosa uses her Mini-Maglite. Water fills the bilge under the grated deck.

ESPINOSA
I hate the fuckin' dark...

INT. SONAR CONTROL - MORNING

Lordes begins initiating sequences on the console.

EXT. MISSILE DECK - MORNING

The Flight Deck now completely submerged, water touches the aft-most portion of the missile deck.

Daniels helps Doc prepare the wounded for transport.

DOC
Sir, you really don't have to help.

DANIELS
You trying to get rid of me, Doc?

DOC
Honestly?

They both share a much needed half-second of levity.

Doc overhears Boyd leading a prayer circle nearby.

BOYD
... Lord, let us remember that your Word tells us that two Christians bound together is stronger than one alone. May your Love and mercy fall upon us, your children, and all those around us. Amen.

The group echoes the Amen.

Doc looks around at all of the Sailors laying on deck.

DOC
Boyd! What was that you just said?

BOYD
A prayer, Chief. In case --

DOC
Yeah, but what was that last part.

BOYD
Ecclesiastes four-twelve. Though one
may be overpowered, two bound
together can defend themselves...

Nearby, small crests of water surge onto the sinking Missile Deck, toying some soda cans littered on the deck. Doc looks at the injured Sailors laying on the deck.

DOC
Jesus. Find a Boatswains Mate and
get me as much line as you can.

EXT. RHIB 1 - DAY

Adrik, Chief Ford, Gentry and O-Eleven stare out into the ocean.

CHIEF FORD
What will you do, Captain Zielkov,
when this is over.

ADRIK
I'm resourceful.

Adrik cracks a smile. So do the others.

ADRIK
Who knows... maybe I'll defect and
open my own fishing charter.`

Thirty feet away, the surface of the water breaks and the back of the Beast emerges and floats lifelessly.

Startled, the men remain still as statues.

GENTRY
Is it dead?

Chief Ford notices the many bleeding holes in the Beast's armored dorsal shell.

CHIEF FORD
Not sure, but it's seen better days.

EXT. MISSILE DECK - DAY

Doc sees the Beast.

Daniels steps to the rail next to her and brings his radio to his mouth.

Razcock, concerned, looks around then hurries off.

DANIELS
(to walkie)
Cheng. Captain.

INT. SONAR CONTROL - DAY

Lordes, still at the console, clicks her walkie.

LORDES
(to walkie)
This is Lordes, sir. Cheng's still
down in Aux One.

DANIELS
(filtered)
Copy.

The Beast's purring emits through the console speaker.

LORDES
(to self)
Ma'am, you really need to hurry.

INT. AUXILIARY ONE - DAY

Espinosa twists wires together in an attempt to bypass the safeties on a six-foot-tall metal junction box.

Nothing happens.

ESPINOSA
Come on. Come on! Work! Dammit!

Behind her in the dark, someone sloshes around. She turns.

ESPINOSA
Is someone down here?

CHABOWSKI (O.C.)
Holy shit!

Chabowski emerges from the darkness.

Espinosa screams. Chabowski screams back.

ESPINOSA
Who the hell are you?

CHABOWSKI
Seaman Chabowski, ma'am!

ESPINOSA
What're you doing down here?

CHABOWSKI
I was in the repair locker last night with DC1 Razcock. Everything started flooding, so I sealed up the hatch outside of CIC, but everything aft was flooded, so I went down the ladders until I found this place.

ESPINOSA
You've been here all night?

Chabowski nods, looks at the junction box.

CHABOWSKI
Are you hot-wiring the ship?

ESPINOSA
No. Yeah - shit, something like that. I'm failing at whatever it is.

Chabowski looks at the schematics on the panel door, then at Espinosa's handiwork. She's hosed up.

CHABOWSKI
What you're doing isn't safe, ma'am. You could die. You have two hots...

ESPINOSA
Wait You know electrical systems?

Chabowski looks at her with dead serious eyes.

CHABOWSKI
You shitting me? Ma'am, I was in the Advanced Robotics Club in high school. Last year we took first place at State --

ESPINOSA
I need to bypass the safeties and route the power to the sonar dome.

CHABOWSKI

Let me help you out so you don't fry
yourself!

He pushes her out of the way, reads the schematics, then
turns and grabs some wires.

ESPINOSA

So...high school. Last year, huh?

EXT. FOC'SLE - DAY

Razcock runs up to the GUN TEAM, as they smoke and bullshit.

RAZCOCK

Yo! Y'all up here coking and joking.
That thing just popped up behind us!

EXT. MISSILE DECK - DAY

Boyd rushes up to Doc with a big spindle of rope.

BOYD

This was all the small stuff I could
find.

DOC

It'll work.

Boyd realizes everyone is staring, then follows their gaze
astern where she sees the Beast.

A hushed panic sweeps through the crowd. For the first time,
the crew takes in the enormity of the Beast.

BOYD

Oh my God.

Doc grabs scissors from a med kit and cuts two-foot strands
of line, hands them to Boyd. She cuts as she speaks.

DOC

Everybody listen up! We need to tie
the injured ankle to ankle, then
anchor them off to the ship. We
can't have anyone swept overboard
when that thing attacks again!

BOYD

You sure? It looks dead, Doc.

BAM! BANG! RATTATATATATATA!

Everyone ducks as the GUN TEAM from the Foc'sle arrives and unleashes a hail of lead at the Beast.

Daniels runs towards them.

DANIELS
Cease fire! God damn it, cease fire!

Too late.

The Beast thrashes, rears up, and dives again.

EXT. MISSILE DECK - DAY

Daniels snatches the gun from one of the Sailors.

DANIELS
Who told you to fire!?

SAILOR
N-no one, sir. I thought it --

WHAM! The Beast charges --

DANIELS
(to crew)
Everyone, prepare to fight!

INT. AUXILIARY ONE - DAY

WHAM! Chabowski grips the line he's working on for support, ripping it from the panel. Cheng catches him. He curses to himself, and starts splicing the wires back together.

INT. SONAR CONTROL - DAY

Lordes watches the blips as the beast swims around the ship.

LORDES
(to walkie)
It's coming back! Starboard!

EXT. MAHAN - DAY

The Beast careens through the debris and slams into MAHAN.

EXT. RHIB 1 - DAY

A wake of debris rushes towards them.

CHIEF FORD
We need to move!

O-ELEVEN
Hold on!

O-Eleven throws the throttle forward and the RHIB races down the Beasts wake, where the debris has been cleared.

CHIEF FORD
Get ahead of it!

The Beast pulls back from the ship and the RHIB dodges.

The waves from its body rock the RHIB.

EXT. MISSILE DECK - DAY

The waterline rises as MAHAN takes on more water.

Doc finishes tying her last knot. Waves surge all of the patients towards the edge, but the ropes hold.

INT. SONAR CONTROL - DAY

Lordes hears the RHIB heading outbound on the speaker.

LORDES
Too soon, fellas. Not yet.

EXT. RHIB 1 - DAY

The RHIB races away from MAHAN. Adrik places a hand on O-Eleven's shoulder, whispers to him, then points...

O-Eleven looks at Adrik like he's crazy, then turns the RHIB back towards MAHAN.

CHIEF FORD
Why are we... what are you doing?

Adrik places a hand on Chief's shoulder.

ADRIK
Atoning.

Adrik leaps from RHIB 1 precisely at the moment they pass RHIB 2, which still floats in a clog of debris from the first attack.

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - BELOW THE SURFACE - DAY

Adrik hits the water, and the Beast passes behind him. The wake surges the debris towards RHIB 2.

He kicks to the surface, colliding with a barrier of wreckage. Like a man trapped under ice, he pounds on the debris.

Adrik searches for a hole in the barrier, but instead finds a rope hanging down into the water. He grabs hold and pulls.

EXT. RHIB 2 - DAY

Adrik pulls himself up through the barrier on the RHIB's mooring line that hangs over the edge.

He drops into RHIB 2, onto his back, out of breath. Adrik looks up and sees the GREEN ignition button.

INT. AUXILIARY ONE - DAY

Chabowski twists the last of the wires and flips a large switch inside the switchboard. It hums to life.

ESPINOSA
Well done! Will it hold?

CHABOWSKI
As long as that thing doesn't come
in here wrecking shit!

INT. SONAR CONTROL - DAY

Lordes sees the DOME indicator turn green.

LORDES
(to walkie)
RHIB 1. Sonar. Go! We're green on
power. Drop the buoy!

EXT. RHIB 1 - DAY

The Beast is on RHIB 1's ass. O-Eleven serpentine.

CHIEF FORD
(to walkie)
Workin' on it!

RHIB 2 passes the Beast and comes along side RHIB 1. Both boats cruise at max speed away from the ship. Side by side. They pass MAHAN, head outbound aft.

Adrik points to RHIB 1, drags his finger across his throat.

Chief Ford nods, then points towards MAHAN.

CHIEF FORD
(yelling)
You need to take it forward! To the dome!

Adrik nods.

CHIEF FORD
Kill the engine!

O-ELEVEN
Chief?

CHIEF FORD
Kill it!

O-Eleven powers down as RHIB 2 peels away from them.

The Beast surges past, chases RHIB 2.

EXT. MAHAN - DAY

RHIB 2 runs parallel to the ship, leading the Beast back around towards the bow of the ship.

The Beast sideswipes the ship, then bucks hard against her.

INT. AUXILIARY ONE - DAY

The ship shakes violently. Sparks fly from the switchboard.

CHABOWSKI
Shit!

A **FUEL PIPE** ruptures a few feet away. Fuel sprays out.

INT. SONAR CONTROL - DAY

The DOME indicator goes red again.

LORDES
Shit!

EXT. MISSILE DECK - DAY

Daniels stands among the GUN TEAM with an M-16 in his hands. Gunfire tears into the Beast's armor plating.

EXT. RHIB 2 - DAY

Adrik zigs and zags to avoid the ever-gaining Beast.

EXT. MAHAN - BIRD'S EYE

On the opposite side of the ship, RHIB 1 races by --

EXT. RHIB 1 - DAY

-- to a point a thousand yards off MAHAN's bow. Out of the debris field.

CHIEF FORD
Now!

Gentry and Chief Ford throw the buoy overboard.

CHIEF FORD
(to walkie)
We have positive deployment. The buoy is a go! I repeat, the buoy is a go!

INT. SONAR CONTROL - DAY

Lordes looks at the DOME toggle on her screen. Still red.

LORDES
(to walkie)
We've lost power. Stand by!

INT. AUXILIARY ONE - DAY

Chabowski examines the panel, smells the fuel in the air.

CHABOWSKI
The heat shielding melted off these
wires when it shorted. It'll work,
but - once the panel heats up...

Espinosa shines her light into the rainbow sheen of fuel in
the bilge below them.

ESPINOSA
Join the Navy. See the world. Blow
shit up...

She places her hand on the switch.

ESPINOSA
On three. Stay right behind me. One.
Two --

CHABOWSKI
Three!

Espinosa hits the switch and they both run.

INT. SONAR CONTROL - DAY

Lordes sees the Dome indicator turn green. She presses a
series of buttons.

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - BELOW THE SURFACE - DAY

The sonobuoy activates and emits a constant "whump-whump-
whump" sound through the water.

EXT. RHIB 2 - DAY

Adrik looks back to see the Beast turning toward the buoy.

EXT. RHIB 1 - DAY

Gentry sees it too.

GENTRY
Oh, shit! Time to go!

O-Eleven guns it.

INT. SONAR CONTROL - DAY

Lordes's finger hovers over a button that reads: ACTIVE.

LORDES
(to walkie)
Sonar PRIMED! Permission to ping!

EXT. MISSILE DECK - DAY

Daniels watches the Beast, clicks his walkie.

DANIELS
Hold. Hold...

The Beast approaches the buoy.

DANIELS
FIRE!

INT. SONAR CONTROL - DAY

LORDES
Me, opposable thumbs. You, big,
dumbass fish.

Lordes presses the button.

EXT. MAHAN - UNDER THE SURFACE - DAY

The sonar dome under the bow releases a massive burst of sonic energy that travels through the water.

EXT. RHIB 1 - DAY

The ping hits the Beast and the effect is immediate.

The Beast breaches like a submarine, high in the air. It's wings wrap around its body, then it splashes back down.

The ensuing wave capsizes RHIB 1.

EXT. MISSILE DECK - DAY

Daniels sees his men fly into the water.

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY

Chief, Gentry, and O-Eleven pop to the surface as Adrik navigates RHIB 2 over the massive waves towards them.

They climb aboard as the Beast rams into the small buoy.

CHIEF FORD

We need to get back. Go! GO!

Adrik throws the throttle forward again.

INT. SONAR CONTROL - DAY

Espinosa and Chabowski exit the scuttle behind Lordes.

ESPINOSA

We have to evac now! Aux One is
about to blow!

Lordes snatches the Yoda plushy and they rush out.

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY

Pulse after pulse of sonic energy strikes the Beast.

The Beast thrashes about. Breach and dive. Breach and dive.

It hits the buoy, destroying it. But the Dome still pings.

The Beast turns towards MAHAN, the source of its torment.

EXT. MISSILE DECK - DAY

Daniels looks back to the Beast. The deck below him now submerged to his ankles. The injured float on their backs.

Doc sloshes over in a hurry.

DANIELS

It's coming back!

DOC

Sir, we need to launch the rafts!

Daniels waves at Sailors standing by to launch the rafts.

The Sailors pop the barrels from their mounts, down into the water where they deploy.

The rafts float away from the Missile Deck.

Doc rushes to the edge, looks down into the darkness below. Bravely jumps. She swims to grab a raft. Others follow suit.

Once on deck, more Sailors help to cut the lines from the injured and load them into the rafts.

INT. BOSUN LOCKER - DAY

Espinosa and Chabowski wait at the top of the ladder leading to the Foc'sle as Lordes climbs up.

LORDES

Take this!

Lordes tosses the Yoda to Chabowski, then continues climbing.

WHAM!

The Beast smashes into the ship on the port side.

The force knocks Lordes off the ladder.

ESPINOSA

Lordes!

Espinosa steps back onto the hatch ladder.

CHABOWSKI

Ma'am?

ESPINOSA

I've got her. Go!

INT. BOSUN LOCKER - DAY

Espinosa reaches Lordes, her leg badly broken. Lifts her.

ESPINOSA

We have to go!

WHAM! The Beast rams again, throwing them both back to the ground. Lordes screams in pain.

Espinosa looks at the ladder to the foc'sle, Lordes' leg, then over to the open door leading to the interior passageway.

Espinosa races over and shuts the door heading into the ship, returns, and lifts Lordes with everything she has.

EXT. BOAT DECK - DAY

RHIB 2 races full speed and slides up the Boat Deck. The men disembark. Gentry freezes in his tracks.

Chabowski rounds the corner in front of them in a sprint. Gentry sees the Yoda plushy in his hand and grabs him.

GENTRY

Where'd you get that? Where's
Lordes?

CHABOWSKI

She fell! She --

INT. BOSUN LOCKER - DAY

Espinosa pushes Lordes up the ladder. She glances back at the door. Sense of urgency. Hairs tingling.

INT. AUXILIARY ONE - DAY

Sparks...the switchboard flashes. The fuel ignites.

EXT. MAHAN - DAY

The explosion rips through the sides of the ship above and below the waterline - everything under the Foc'sle blows.

EXT. MISSILE DECK - DAY

Everyone jumps with a start from the blast. Hands on ears.

DANIELS

MOVE IT! GO! GO! Into the rafts!

EXT. BOAT DECK - DAY

Gentry cries out...

The Beast breaches nearby. Waves incoming. Chabowski forces Gentry to hurry aft.

EXT. MISSILE DECK - DAY

Chabowski and Gentry approach as Chief Ford hurries them to get into one of the few remaining rafts.

CHIEF FORD

No noise! You can't make any noise.

He pushes the raft away from the ship on the starboard side.

EXT. MAHAN - DAY

The gigantic Beast breaches on the port side, again wrapped in its armored wings, and slams onto the Quarterdeck.

The impact is too much and MAHAN's back finally breaks.

The Beast, bleeding profusely, wriggles back into the water.

TWO FIGURES appear out of the port break tunnel. Espinosa supports a hobbling Lordes. All of the rafts float away.

LORDES

...We can jump.

ESPINOSA

You'll never make the swim.

Espinosa looks around. Sees salvation - RHIB 2 rests on the sinking Boat Deck nearby.

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - BELOW THE SURFACE - DAY

MAHAN breaks up in a cacophony of rending metal.

The Beast swims deep, leaving an immense trail of blood.

EXT. MISSILE DECK - DAY

Adrik and Daniels float in the last raft with Chief Ford and O-Eleven. Adrik sees Espinosa and Lordes.

ADRIK

There! Someone on the deck.

CHIEF FORD

Jesus. It's Cheng and Lordes.

Chief Ford watches as Espinosa helps Lordes into the RHIB.

CHIEF FORD
No! Not the RHIB!

DANIELS
The sound of the motor. It'll be on
them in a heartbeat.

The men scream to get Espinosa's attention, to no avail.

EXT. BOAT DECK - DAY

Espinosa hits the ignition as the RHIB slips from the sinking deck. She fires up the motor and backs away.

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - BELOW THE SURFACE - DAY

The Beast turns and rushes MAHAN - rushes the RHIB!

EXT. MAHAN - DAY

EPIC SHOT

The Beast breaches once more, plowing up through some of the floating life rafts full of Sailors, overturning them.

The RHIB peels away under the shadow of the animal.

The Beast rises high above MAHAN's Bridge and slams down hard upon the superstructure - **IMPALING ITSELF** on the yardarms that jut out from the beleaguered **MAST**.

The Beast squirms and flops as would a fish on a spearhead.

MAHAN rocks violently as the Beast attempts to free itself to no avail. Its underside, a hundred chittering legs.

O-ELEVEN
Somebody get that muddafucka some
bag-a-seal!

The Sailors erupt in a roar of victory...

The main body of MAHAN breaks in two. Slowly, both the ship and the Beast slip below the waves. The cheers silence...

EXT. VARIOUS LIFE RAFTS - DAY

From varying angles - the crew watches MAHAN sink.

Lastly, Chief Ford watches.

It's a solemn, somber moment. A watery funeral for the valiant warriors who served well in their final hours, and for the ship that carried them to their ends.

Chief Ford stands. Salutes. Any Sailor that can stand, does.

As MAHAN drifts beneath them to Davy Jones' locker, Espinosa uses the RHIB to tow life rafts towards one another. One by one all of they tie together to form a flotilla.

EXT. RAFT - SUNSET

A **HELICOPTER** appears over the horizon, silhouetted against the sunset. Chief Ford and O-Eleven watch it advance.

There's no room for quips or clever one-liners to end their story. Sailors died today and one of the Navy's mightiest warships succumbed to her wounds.

Ford looks to Doc two rafts over. She glances around at all of the Sailors. He takes lot of them all. Chief Ford nods.

FADE TO BLACK

SUPER: To this day, the sonic anomaly of 1997, known as the "Bloop," has never been explained.

SUPER: It is still considered by most to be biological. Originating from the largest animal... we've never seen.

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - BELOW THE SURFACE - NIGHT

The **OCEAN FLOOR**. Tranquil. Quiet.

MAHAN and the very dead Beast careen into the seabed.

Upon impact, dozens of **ADOLESCENT BEASTS**, about the size of a car, ignite in a burst of bio-luminescence and emerge from the floor-muck like stingrays.

They scatter into the darkness.

FADE OUT.