

FADE IN:

EXT. NAGASAKI, JAPAN - DAY

On the heels of a nuclear detonation and flash, a mushroom cloud sweeps into the sky.

SUPER: "NAGASAKI - AUGUST 9, 1945"

EXT. TOKYO BAY, JAPAN - DAY

The Japanese surrender to the Allies on the Battleship Missouri.

SUPER: "SEPTEMBER 2ND, 1945"

EXT. YAKU ISLAND, JAPAN - DAY

U.S. occupation TROOPS arrive by landing craft (LST), finding several bodies on the pier.

The SERGEANT (28) and MAJOR (42) guide the troops past the dead, the decomposing bodies riddled with lesions and sores.

The Sergeant glances at the Major, who grits his teeth and pushes on.

EXT. YAKU RESEARCH FACILITY

The troops approach Research Facility 734.

PVT.'s DANAU and MARCO (early 20's) stop at the body of a dead Japanese Officer.

PVT MARCO

What the hell happened ta this place? No sign of bomb damage. The only living thing is birds.

Pvt. Danau withdraws the dead officer's sword.

PVT MARCO

What are ya doin, Danau? Ya know we're not supposed ta touch anything. Stuff could be booby-trapped.

PVT DANAU

Souvenir time, Kilroy. For my kid.

Danau withdraws the Officer's medals, pricking, then sucking his finger.

PVT DANAU

Ouch!

PVT MARCO

Serves ya right. Maja's comin,
betta cut that shit.

MAJOR

Private, I gave orders not to
touch anything.

PVT DANAU

Yes, sir, but I saw this and I...

Danau drops onto his knees, feverish and disoriented.
The Major grabs him.

MAJOR

Son, you all right?

PVT DANAU

I don't know. I don't know
what...

Danau passes out. The Sergeant runs to his side.

SERGEANT

Couple of you men get him back to
the LST.

Three men rush up, lifting Danau and cart him off.

MAJOR

Get the men back to the boat, Top.

SERGEANT

But, sir, G2 wants a survey.

MAJOR

I don't give a damn what G2 wants.
Do it!

SERGEANT

The old man wants ya back at the
boat, now. Make it happen.

EXT. BEACH

As the men carrying Danau wipe perspiration from their
foreheads, eyes and lips, they begin showing signs of
contamination. Some collapse, bodies riddled with
lesions.

INT. LST PILOT HOUSE - DAY

SERGEANT

What the hell is going on, sir?

MAJOR (ON RADIO)

Symptoms? Yeah! I got men dropping all around me. We need help. Now!

HEADQUARTERS (V.O.)

Major, what's your current position?

MAJOR

(To LST pilot)

What's our coordinates?

EXT. LST. DECK

The Sergeant follows the Major up to the LST deck.

SERGEANT

Why'd we cut the engines? What the hell is going on?

MAJOR

They're flying a medical team out by PBY.

SERGEANT

Well, hell, sir! We could be on the mainland before they get their people off the ground.

MAJOR

Our orders are to stay put, Top.

They hear the rush of incoming artillery. The sea around the vessel surges skyward from the barrage. The Major rushes back to the pilothouse.

INT. LST PILOT HOUSE

MAJOR (ON RADIO)

Check your fire! Check your fire!
What the hell are you people...

The pilothouse explodes.

EXT. LST

The LST disintegrates in open water, as the sea around the vessel subsides.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. MOJAVE DESERT - DAY

The midday air undulates as heat waves rise off the sand in the Mojave Desert, a car making its way along the only road.

The old battered station wagon, filled with gadgets, slowly pulls up to the gate at Fort Irwin.

SUPER: "US BIOLOGICAL WARFARE RESEARCH FACILITY
MOJAVE DESERT - PRESENT DAY"

The driver, DR. MICHAEL SEYMOUR (38), a handsome civilian medical researcher working for the Navy, searches for his ID.

GUARD

It's in your top left pocket,
Doctor.

SEYMOUR

Oh, yes. Yes of course.
(hands him his spill-
proof coffee mug)
Here hold this.

Seymour flashes his ID. The car kicks as he speeds through.

GUARD

(still holding the
coffee)

Hey, hey wait...damn! That boy
just makes you want to suffer!

INT. MOJAVE RESEARCH FACILITY

ADMIRAL FREEMAN (50), Chief of Naval Operations, chairs a meeting in-progress with Board Members from the Navy, a NAVAL CAPTAIN (38) and DR. ELAINE PAXTON (40), Head of the Atlanta Center for Disease Control.

A uniformed clerk, SADIE, delivers coffees.

ADMIRAL FREEMAN

The question is how to transport the biotoxin. (BEAT) Thank you, Sadie.

Sadie stands at attention near the back wall.

NAVAL CAPTAIN

I'm surprised we'd consider transport, sir. We're not even supposed to have -

ADMIRAL FREEMAN

It's safe. There's an antitoxin.

(beat)

Is there an antitoxin?

Seymour rushes in late, his papers out of order.

SEYMOUR

Yes, gentlemen. We can reasonably contain enhanced K2R37 during transport. Over 40 years of data -

Preempting Seymour, the Admiral hands out a report.

ADMIRAL FREEMAN

Yes. Findings indicate we're ready to test a delivery system for the biotoxin.

SEYMOUR

(floored)

What findings?

ADMIRAL FREEMAN

Sadie! Roll the film.

The lights dim. Sadie rolls a film showing white-clad technicians, in a sterile lab, peeling back the skin on a nuclear warhead and inserting small plastic vials.

ADMIRAL FREEMAN

Findings rule out airborne testing as potentially damaging to K2R37 cells. But transport, inside a closed container -

NAVAL CAPTAIN

Such as the missile system on a nuclear sub?

ADMIRAL FREEMAN

Yes, Captain.

SEYMOUR

Stop the film! Stop the -
 (flipping on the
 lights)
 Who gave you this?

ADMIRAL FREEMAN

I own this film, Doctor Seymour.
 Your assistant, Dr. Dunn, was more
 than happy to comply -

SEYMOUR

Dr. Dunn? He released the film and
 recommended a weapons test on an
 incompleated -

PAXTON

Look, it's just transport. We're
 just gonna drive it around the
 ocean for a bit.

SEYMOUR

Around the ocean, that's fine. But
 around a crew, no. The enhanced
 toxin kills in minutes. We don't
 know what successive generations will
 do, especially in containment. The
 Geneva Convention -

ADMIRAL FREEMAN

Doctor Seymour, we are all familiar
 with the Geneva Protocol of 1925 and
 that of the Biological and Toxin
 Weapons Convention of '72. We have a
 moral responsibility to abide by our
 agreements, as you can see in the
 morning paper...

Freeman tosses a newspaper on the table. Seymour picks
 it up. Over a photo of the US PRESIDENT the caption
 reads, "New Millennium Geneva Conference - President
 Supports Bio-weapons Ban"

ADMIRAL FREEMAN

...but we also have a responsibility
 to ensure the survival of this nation.
 It costs millions to build a nuclear
 weapon; it costs virtually nothing to
 wage biological warfare. It can
 happen anywhere, anytime. The
 Southern axis countries all have
 access. This is my grave concern.

SEYMOUR

And there is grave, if unlikely,
 risk, even in transport.

You need to inform the crew -- the President, as well.

ADMIRAL FREEMAN

No. No, more of your drag-ass research. And no publicity. We have funding despite your failures. You will listen. This time we go "need-to-know basis" and the President doesn't need to know. Sadie?

Freeman moves to the large digital screen at the front of the room, as Sadie types rapidly into a laptop.

ADMIRAL FREEMAN

Within the next 72 hours, three of four submarines will deploy on multiple mission assignments, some strategic - some research, some both.

A map appears on the screen. Sadie hands Freeman a pointer.

ADMIRAL FREEMAN

(using the pointer)

The Nebraska and Indiana will depart from New London, the Connecticut from Pearl Harbor. We can safely test transport of the biotoxin within the confines of one of these vessels.

SEYMOUR

The Connecticut?!

NAVAL CAPTAIN

Yes. Along with routine reconnaissance that crew will test the Mark-52 torpedo, as well...Good cover, Doctor.

ADMIRAL FREEMAN

Is that your choice?

SEYMOUR

Ask Dunn, your diversity poster child.

ADMIRAL FREEMAN

Doctor Seymour -

SEYMOUR

(topping him)

Let the record show I am against this.

ADMIRAL FREEMAN

Dr. Seymour, you know there is no record. Now, which sub?

SEYMOUR

(hesitates)

OK. The Connecticut, but I wanna be on board.

EXT. PEARL HARBOR, HAWAII - NIGHT

The last rays of an orange sun fade behind a panoramic view of Pearl Harbor.

SUPER: "PEARL HARBOR: PRESENT DAY"

The silhouettes of Naval destroyers, cruisers and air craft carriers are thrown into bold relief.

EXT. PEARL HARBOR, SUBMARINE PEN

In the pen, the U.S.S. Connecticut, an Ohio class sub three stories tall, is moored in slip.

SUPER: "U.S.S. CONNECTICUT"

Chief Petty Officer and Chief of the Boat, MATSON (48), strolls toward the exterior silo bay doors.

He watches DR. DUNN (28), African-American, athletic type and the TECHNICIANS screw in bolts on the Trident missile silo, clearly marked "SILO #8".

TECHNICIAN

What're we puttin' in here anyway?

DOCTOR DUNN

Isotope 239. We use it to test for leaks.

The technician spits on a bolt to wet it, then secures it with a hammer tap.

MATSON

All secure, Dr. Dunn?

DOCTOR DUNN

Certainly.

COMMANDER JOCELYN SACHS (32), pert, attractive, luggage in hand, steps onto the gangway, marveling at the size and splendor of her ship. She is dressed in military whites.

Noting the silo activity, she salutes the Ensign (flag) and Chief Matson.

SACHS
Permission to come aboard?

MATSON
(returns the salute)
Permission granted, ma'am.

Sachs salutes CAPTAIN MAYO (50-ish), who stands on the bridge above her.

SACHS
(to Mayo, re: silo #8)
A problem with the missile silos, sir?

MAYO
Just a routine electronics update.

SACHS
From what I've heard, sir, nothing you do is routine.

MAYO
Good to have you aboard, Commander. Get out of your whites. We're all working men here. Report to my quarters at 2100 hours.

EXT. HONOLULU AIRPORT - NIGHT

Dr. Seymour, carrying a medical cooler and his luggage, tries to flag a cab in the rain.

A Navy sedan pulls up.

DRIVER
Doctor Seymour?

SEYMOUR
It's about time!

The DRIVER steps out and around with an umbrella.

DRIVER
Your flight was late.

SEYMOUR
Tell me about it.

The driver reaches for Seymour's medical cooler.

SEYMOUR
No. I'll carry this!

With a CLAP of thunder, the skies open.

Seymour, drenched, enters the sedan. The driver runs back around and does the same.

INT. NAVY SEDAN

Barely able to see past the rain, the driver pulls out, then screeches to a halt.

SEYMOUR
What the - !

Seymour grabs the cooler before it tips.

DRIVER
(waving teenagers
past)
Sorry, sir.

Seymour opens the cooler and checks. The vials, labelled "ANTITOXIN", are intact.

The driver continues on, slowly.

INT. CT. PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

Commander Sachs walks through the well-lit, sterile corridor of her submarine.

She touches the walls, amazed at the spaciousness of the sub's interior.

Stepping through a hatch, she pauses in front of the Captain's quarters.

She straightens her gig-line and cap, then knocks.

MAYO (V.O.)
Enter!

INT. CT. CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Sachs enters to find the Captain with two international observers.

MAYO
Ah, Commander Sachs, meet our international observers. Lieutenant Commander Paddy Ashdown of the Royal Naval Academy.

COMMANDER ASHDOWN (44), weathery, upstat but enjoying the turn of a Cockney phrase, salutes.

ASHDOWN
For the Queen, Miss.

SACHS
It's Commander.

Sachs locks eyes with Ashdown. He breaks away first.

MAYO
And Lieutenant Commander Patrice
Ballsey.

PATRICE BALAUZE (28), classically good-looking, is quick to take offence.

BALAUZE
Bahl-ohz!

MAYO
Like I said, Ball-sey. Of the
French Navy.

BALAUZE
(takes Sachs' hand)
Enchante.

Sachs places her right hand over Balauze's, stopping him.

SACHS
Tres heureuse, Lieutenant
Commander.

Balauze steps back.

MAYO
In addition to our international
observers here...
(lying)
...a radiological survey team will
also be on board - to check
radiation containment.

Sachs looks concerned.

MAYO
A routine check, Commander. Two
civilian medical doctors will be
with us as we test the Mark-52
torpedo. It's in your brief.

SACHS
Yes, sir.

MAYO

Well, I guess that's all for now
gentlemen...

(to Sachs)

...and Number-one.

(to the Men)

You have your quarters assignment?

BALAUZE

It will be, how you say, cozy?

ASHDOWN

Said the vicar to the tart.

Balauze frowns, discomfited.

MAYO

A problem with that, Lieutenant?

BALAUZE

No. No, sir.

He looks Sachs up and down.