

THE TITRON MADNESS

By Pete Whiting

Based on Novel of the same name by John Bedford.

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FADE IN

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Trembling female hands hold cup and saucer. RATTLE as put on coffee table next to photo of young man in military uniform. We pull back to see MRS. NASSMAN, 58, on couch next to young female military Officer. An older male Officer sits nearby. 1980's style room. Homely, warm, family looking.

SUPERIMPOSE: "*June 22 1983*"

MRS. NASSMAN

He always wanted to be in the military. Ever since he played army games with the boys next door.

MRS. NASSMAN dabs her eyes with tissue.

FEMALE MILITARY OFFICER

He was a good soldier Mrs. Nassman. The unit leader said he was well liked ... would help anyone. Always excelled. That's why he was selected for this special unit. He had the ability to be elite.

Female military Officer places her hands on Mrs. Nassman's.

FEMALE MILITARY OFFICER (CONT'D)

The best.

MALE MILITARY OFFICER

Sometimes training for war can be just as dangerous as the real thing. We take safety very seriously, but parachuting at night is probably the most riskiest training exercises there is.

MRS. NASSMAN

Yes, yes, I understand. It's just that ... you never think it will happen to your son. Your boy.

Mrs. Nassman takes a sip of her tea. Puts tea cup back.

MRS. NASSMAN (CONT'D)

Thank you both for coming. It's ...
it's been hard since we got the
phone call. So many questions. It's
good they send you out to talk.
About the funeral, can we make it
late next week.

FEMALE MILITARY OFFICER

Of course.

MALE MILITARY OFFICER

Certainly.

FEMALE MILITARY OFFICER

Whatever is best for your family.
If we can help with any
arrangements, please just ask.

MRS. NASSMAN

And they haven't found MARK'S body?

FEMALE MILITARY OFFICER

We're sorry. We've tried our best.
Sometimes the sea doesn't give up
her secrets.

TEA CUP

Picture on cup of beautiful blue sky and ocean.

DISSOLVE

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

Blue sky. Perfect day at sea. Postcard like.

SUPERIMPOSE: *"September 5 1983. North Atlantic Ocean."*

Serene scene interrupted by large black shape moving across
water with the name "Titron" written in white. Pulling back
and high, the size of the cargo ship is revealed. A tall
white superstructure building with rows of tinted windows
across the top at one end.

In the middle are rows of shipping containers stacked three
high. Red deck, dotted with small structures, cranes and
lifeboats. Small building like structure at stern. Pulling
back and moving up, clouds become darker and darker.

EXT. HOUSE DRIVEWAY - DAY

JOHN DELANEY, 39. Good looking, face of deep character, short brown hair and crooked nose from a previous break. Wearing rugged outdoor clothing. Throws hiking backpack into his 4WD.

ON CAR

Delaney's adventure tourism: Hiking. Camping. Rafting.

Phone RINGS from inside house. John contemplates.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

John answers phone in his kitchen.

JOHN

Hello.

John's face turns to look of concern.

EXT. HOSPITAL CARPARK - NIGHT

Black 4WD abruptly pulls into car park.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Car radio with news broadcast of Korean Airlines Massacre. Engine stops. John exits hastily.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

John races to nursing station.

JOHN

VANESSA DELANEY please.

HOSPITAL STAFF

She's in six b. I'll see if she's back from tests.

JOHN

Thanks.

Staff member walks off. John looks around. Staff and visitors circled under wall mounted tv in aisle watching the news. John sees NELL ANDERSON in white coat and stethoscope walk down corridor.

JOHN (CONT'D)
 (to himself)
 Surely not.

Cranes neck to watch her. She turns into a room. Staff member returns.

HOSPITAL STAFF
 You can see her. Six b. That way.

JOHN
 Thanks.

John paces off down corridor.

DOCTOR SARDANA (O.S.)
 John.

John turns to see DOCTOR SARDANA, 60's.

DOCTOR SARDANA (CONT'D)
 John, good to see you.

JOHN
 How is she?

HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

An attractive doctor stands at end of hospital bed. Early 30's, wavy copper hair, large green eyes. She pulls blue marker from her pocket.

NELL
 Blue as requested. Nobody signed my cast in school but hopefully you'll be more popular than I was.

A boy of around eight lays in hospital bed. Wearing a "Mr-T" t-shirt with arm in cast. His parents stand on either side of the bed, wearing paint stained clothes.

BOY
 Cool. It'll match my skateboard.

NELL
 Ah yes, the dreaded skateboard.
 They keep us busy in here.
 (to parents)
 Break it when you get home.

BOY'S DAD
 Sounds like you have a son.

NELL

No. No kids, never married. But I have nephews. Well good luck with the house painting. This has been a nice break from car crashes and measles. Home time for both of us.

EXT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

JOHN

Bloody hell. So she'll have to go through it all over again?

DOCTOR SARDANA

Look John, I'm telling you the truth because she'll no doubt put her political sweet spin on it. She wouldn't want you to worry. But it's different this time. More aggressive.

JOHN

I thought she beat this.

DOCTOR SARDANA

She did. The chemo worked. For that cancer. But it looks like a new tumour. Maybe even more than one.

John run his hands through his hair.

JOHN

Man.

DOCTOR SARDANA

I know it's not what you want to hear. I know it's been a tough few years for you ... with Louise -

JOHN

Time. How long?

DOCTOR SARDANA

Surgery will certainly help. Drugs will manage it. Two to five maybe.

JOHN

Does she know?

DOCTOR SARDANA

Not that part. Look John, some new methods have come to light recently from research over the past few years using genetics. It's controversial, but the trials have been really positive. She'd be an ideal candidate. But it's expensive. Really expensive.

Doctor Sardana gives John his business card.

DOCTOR SARDANA (CONT'D)

Come by the office some time so we can talk. Encourage her to rest.

HOSPITAL ROOM SIX B

John enters. His mother sits up in bed. 60's, grey styled hair, distinguished. Stitches above eye. Hooked up to machines. Lots of flowers on bedside table.

VANESSA

John. You didn't have to come.

JOHN

Lucky they got me. I was about to head off for a hike. How are you feeling? How's the head?

John kisses her. Sits down.

VANESSA

Oh John I'm ok. Really. I had given a speech and felt a bit dizzy and fell. I just put a bit too much passion into it. That's all. Nothing to worry about.

JOHN

Well I do worry. You should be cutting back on your engagements, even retiring. The doctors told you that last fucking time.

VANESSA

Watch your mouth John. I brought you up better than that. I can't retire. People need me. I always believed that if you have the will and desire the opportunities will come along. I just never knew mine were going to come so late in life.

John pours her a water. Stares at specific bunch of flowers.

ON JOHN

Looks sad.

VANESSA

Those were Louise's favourites.

JOHN

Yeah they were.

Shifts focus to another bunch with card attached.

ON CARD

Prayers and Thoughts. Love, your Labor party colleagues.

VANESSA

Now you didn't need to leave work and drive all the way here. I'd see you this week for your birthday.

JOHN

I'm not exactly flat out. Enquiries have dried up. I don't really care though. I just can't be fu ... stuffed.

VANESSA

It will get easier John. It takes time. What about that international courier business thing?

JOHN

Umm ... no. Haven't heard from them for a while.

VANESSA

Good. I don't even know why you do that. Dropping everything to go and deliver some parcel. You'd be gone for days, weeks. I'd have no idea where you were. It was like you were back in the Forces -

JOHN

Sshhh Mum. Rest up and stop worrying.

VANESSA

You know John, Louise would want you to keep going with the business. She knows how much you love it. It wasn't your fault.

John uncomfortably looks around.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

Delaney's don't give up. We didn't give up in the Council Estate all those years ago when your father left ... Or all those protests and causes. I didn't give up during treatment ... And you never give up in chess.

John smiles.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

Go to my purse. There's something for you.

John grabs purse from table. Pulls out wrapped gift.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

I could be here a few days for tests. So happy early fortieth.

John unwraps present. An electronic chess set.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

You're always hassling someone to play.

John curiously examines the box.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

You can play against the computer so you don't need anyone. Which is sadly just the way you seem to like it these days. I remember when Louise was with us, she said you'd seen one and thought ... what was the word she said you used ... rad?

John stands and kisses his mother on forehead.

JOHN

Thanks. I'll see if this engineered opponent is any match for me.

HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

John ducks his head in rooms as he walks past. Bumps into nurse in doorway.

NURSE

Can I help you?

JOHN

Dr. Nell Anderson. Does she work here?

John's pager BEEPS.

ON PAGER

G9. Report immediately.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Shit.

John runs towards the elevator.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Nell pulls keys from handbag. Two rough looking men step from shadows in front of her. Nell stops.

ATTACKER ONE

No need to get your keys out yet.
The night is just beginning.

Second attacker laughs as he walks behind her.

ATTACKER TWO

You are some prime real estate that
is for sure.

Attacker 2 pulls out a revolver and puts it to her head.

ATTACKER ONE

Get in that alleyway. No noise.

Suddenly she disarms attacker two behind her. Breaks his nose, takes gun. Attacker one charges her. Nell kicks him away. Attacker two grabs her. She flips him onto ground and shoots him in knee and shoulder. Attacker one gets up and swings at her. She slips him, hooks him and uppercuts him with the gun. He collapses. Nell proceeds to smash his face in with the gun in a crying rage. POLICE SIREN. She runs off.

INT. NELL'S HOUSE - DAY

White, clean, clinical. Like a hospital. Few furnishings or photos. Trashy romance novel on coffee table and book titled '*finding your Sehnsucht*' among wine bottles.

KITCHEN

Nell rushes through lounge to sink. Washes blood from hands. She's crying. Hands shaking. She takes frozen meal from freezer and throws in microwave and presses start. Takes pill bottle and attacker's gun from coat and puts on table.

Grabs biscuit tin with shaking hands and tips it out. Mixture of pills and pill bottles spill out. She grabs bottle of vodka. Sits. Stares at pills and gun. She stares at Catholic crucifix of Christ on wall. Tears stream down her face.

She takes revolver and opens cylinders. Shakes out bullets. Puts one back in chamber, spins cylinder and closes it. She contemplates as she fondles revolver. Sobbing.

Microwave BEEPS. Scares Nell.

NELL

Shit.

She slams gun on table, wipes her tears and stands up.

NELL (CONT'D)

(to herself)

Toughen up. For God's sake.

PHONE RINGS. Nell jumps.

NELL (CONT'D)

Jesus. Just give me a break.

ON KITCHEN WALL

Two phones are mounted. A standard green phone and a red phone with no number dial. Red phone is ringing.

ON NELL

She stares at phone. Stares at the gun. Stares back at phone.

INT. GOVERNMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

John Delaney walks through a plain well lit corridor with COLIN BROOKS, 20's, tall, corporate type in smart suit.

SUPERIMPOSE: "*Classified Intelligence Building, London.*"

INT. WILLIAM'S OFFICE - NIGHT

WILLIAM CONNORS, 60's, sits at prestigious desk hosting computer, plant, old photos of war buddies. Receding hair portly, deep wrinkles and glasses. Phone BUZZES. William picks it up.

WILLIAM
GENERAL JORDAN. Yes.

INT. GENERAL JORDAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

General Jordan, 60's, short man, full military suit.

GENERAL JORDAN
Have you briefed a team leader yet?
I'm about to enter a meeting.

INTERCUT AS NEEDED

WILLIAM
He's just arrived. John Delaney.
He's a how man, not a why man.
He'll be perfect for this.

GENERAL JORDAN
And if he's not?

WILLIAM
Then it becomes a civilian rescue
team trying to secure a troubled
ship doesn't it? G9 are ghosts.

GENERAL JORDAN
Let's hope so.

WILLIAM
We can afford to start again, we
can't afford to lose it.

GENERAL JORDAN
If Titron becomes lost property ...
you'll be lost. Understand.

WILLIAM
Are you threatening me? Has Titron
been confirmed as lost to the
enemy? No. So go screw yourself.
You've never supported Titron
anyway so what do you care?

GENERAL JORDAN

I'll care when it gets results. How many years now?

WILLIAM

You know as well as anyone it's going to take time.

GENERAL JORDAN

Time we don't have. The department is leaking Connors. It's a fucking sieve. MI5 are all over us. We've already had several crucial cases of lost property. Upstairs are worried.

WILLIAM

If Titron is confirmed as lost property, I'll take care of it. Fuck, I'll even resign if they want. Until then, Titron is mine. Not yours.

William slams phone down.

INT. GOVERNMENT OFFICE ELEVATOR - NIGHT

John and Colin stand in silence. Elevator HUMS.

JOHN

I can't tell if we're going up or down.

COLIN

You're not supposed to know.

GOVERNMENT OFFICE FLOOR

Windowless office, nineteen eighties decor with a hi-tech feel for the era. Desks and partitions. Management offices on right side on a higher level overlooking the floor. Elevators on the left side.

Office is mixture of people in military and civilian clothes. NOISY and frantic. PHONES RINGING, people walking briskly with files, dot matrix printers RUMBLING, people TYPING, TALKING on phones. Lingering cigarette smoke haze.

Colin hastily leads John through to an office door.

ON DOOR:

William Connors

Region 4 Intel Asst. Director

Project Icarus

GCHQ Communications Liaison

Titron

G9

Colin KNOCKS.

INT. WILLIAM'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Big sparse room, brown wood veneer. Numerous large maps on walls. Place of calm and organisation.

WILLIAM

Enter.

Colin and John enter.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Thanks Colin. Sit down Mr Delaney.

Colin exits. William lets out a breath. Leans over and shakes John's hand.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Good to see you John. Seriously, we need to see each more socially.

JOHN

You too. Must be important to summons me here. What's it been? Two years?

WILLIAM

Around that. You going ok? Since Louise I mean?

JOHN

I'm Fine. You're going to need a new door soon. How many things have they got you doing here?

William smiles. He leans forward. Smile disappears.

WILLIAM

It's a thirty five thousand ton container ship called the Titron.

(MORE)

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Ours. Mine. It's not publicly connected to us, it's flying a flag of convenience. We lost contact two days ago. They missed their scheduled comms call and we haven't heard a peep from them. We've tried every method.

JOHN

Pirates or a hostage situation? Is it to do with the CIA sending that passenger plane to play cat and mouse with Soviet defences?

WILLIAM

No on both fronts. And watch yourself John, you're suggesting more than what your clearance allows. She's dead in the water and drifting. Satellite confirm no heat blooms from engines but there's basic lighting so emergency power must be on.

William packs his pipe with tobacco.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

We want you to drop the anchor, secure the bridge and report in what happened. Secondly, you need to stop anybody boarding her under any circumstances. Military or civilian. Understand.

John sits up straighter.

JOHN

Cargo?

WILLIAM

It's on a need to know basis and it has been decided that G9 do not need to know. Hell, not even I am privy to know everything about this ship and it's on my bloody door.

JOHN

Surely there's more traditional teams to use?

WILLIAM

Not with this plane shoot-down. The military build up over there... it's a tinder box John.

(MORE)

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

The U.S is at a high DEFCON level. We're ready to go into Warsaw territory at the drop of a hat to remove our assets, take out comms, radar facilities, ambush fighter pilots... the usual operations prior to an all out war. We've even got our blood banks on standby.

A look of concern and worry comes over John.

JOHN

Regardless Connors, this isn't the type of mission we normally get assigned. It's not some surveillance of a defector or guarding a secret hanger.

William lights his pipe and takes a few puffs.

WILLIAM

I can get a larger team, more equipped, more suitable to relieve you in forty-eight hours. I'm sure the crew just ate something bad or the ship was hit by lightning or something and you're back home playing chess and running your nature walks business in no time.

JOHN

Adventure tourism.

PHONE RINGS. William answers.

WILLIAM

Is this the first one? ... I see ... No surface ships? ... The Gargarin still there? ... Thanks.

William hangs up the phone.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Just to raise the stakes, a Tupolov has been reported flying over the Titron. No report of any red navy elements in the vicinity but you can see why we need you on that ship tonight.

William puffs pipe. Smoke rises.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

The Russians do have an electronic intelligence ship about 300 miles away. The Gargarin. But we know it's there and they know we know. They're doing some sort of space craft testing this week. All above board. Recording telemetry data and the likes. We doubt it's connected to Titron. In fact I highly doubt they even know she's there.

John looks confused. William puffs on pipe.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

It's called raincoat. A prototype cloaking system that hides their radar signature. The equivalent of a stealth plane. Hell, it took us two days to find her. That's one of the reasons we can't let it fall into anyone's hands.

JOHN

And what if it's already crawling with reds? Too many for us to handle?

WILLIAM

Send the code and get off. I have armed planes ready.

JOHN

And we just tread water until you pick us up?

William leans back in chair. chuckles to himself.

WILLIAM

You people know how to survive. You're the best, that's why I singled you out for this.

William holds up files on desk.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

We finalized your team. They're on their way. They just faxed through the details of your new member.

William hands files to John.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Only takes six minutes a page now.

John opens it.

JOHN
EUGENE FORSTER.

WILLIAM
Highly recommended. Third mission
in as many months. Oxford scholar,
joined the army, excelled in
special forces. In your old unit in
fact. Few tours but left to run his
Father's stock broker firm. We
tapped him on the shoulder to keep
his military interest alive. He's
taken to G9 exceptionally well.
He's quite handy. In Israel he -

William stops. Notices John looking intently at a black and
white photo of Nell Anderson in file.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
John? John?

John snaps up.

JOHN
Sorry. Yes.

WILLIAM
Problem?

JOHN
I hope not.

John shuts file.

INT. ANALYSTS ROOM - NIGHT

John and William stand around high white table. Fluorescent
lit room, lots of glass and computers. An ANALYST, 20's,
skinny, thick glasses, big sideburns and wearing funky shirt
stands with them.

ANALYST
Some of these are from our Nimrod
and others from a recent satellite
pass.

Analyst places black and white aerial photos onto table.

JOHN
Mmm ... Nobody on deck. Lifeboats
still attached. Big sucker.

WILLIAM

She's as long as the QE2. She has a capacity for two and a half thousand containers with about eighteen hundred on board.

John grabs magnifying glass.

JOHN

Can't see anyone in the bridge. Crew could've been rounded up. Held below.

WILLIAM

But why kill the motor?

JOHN

Force your hand. Make us come to them perhaps.

Dot matrix printer starts. Analyst tears off paper.

ANALYST

Right, so the wind is picking up around to the south with swells of fifteen metres. This storm is due to hit Titron tomorrow. I'd pack your sea sickness tablets.

John twirls the magnify glass around.

JOHN

I don't know Connors. G9 hasn't really done a mission like this before. And I certainly haven't since the forces. Sounds like a young man's mission.

WILLIAM

The Special Boat Service boys will relieve you in forty-eight. You'll be fine John. It's a matter of national security.

JOHN

Isn't it always?

WILLIAM

This time it's different. So different I've been authorised to pay G9 members triple for this one.

John huffs. Stares at photos. Contemplates.

JOHN
 Alright, when do we go?

INT. PLANE - CARGO HOLD - NIGHT

G9 team members are in military fatigues. Their shoulders display yellow triangle patches showing their names. They are busy as they check their weapons, backpacks and supplies.

John, still in his hiking attire, walks up the cargo ramp. John sees MARTIN GRANT, 35, short with mopyy hair. He's heavy set and looks a little out of shape. He's eating a banana.

JOHN
 Martin. Martin Grant. Good to see you.

Martin turns around.

MARTIN
 Hi.

JOHN
 You keeping well?

Martin nods as he eats.

JOHN (CONT'D)
 Hope you weren't doing anything too important when you got the call.

Martin shrugs shoulders and takes another bite of banana as he turns and walks away. THEODORE LAWTON walks over.

THEODORE
 Hard to believe he's our comms guy.

JOHN
 Theo.

John hugs Theodore. He's 45, tall and wiry Scotsman with big sideburns.

JOHN (CONT'D)
 How's life on the farm?

THEODORE
 Could do with a wee bit more rain but should be a good harvest. I'd rather be there than here. Think I'm ready to give this caper away.

JOHN

Well I'm glad they got a hold of you. I wouldn't want anyone else here. When we get back, I might even visit again.

THEODORE

That'll be good. Flowers are blooming. Louise would've loved them. I heard about your Mother. She'll be fine. She's tough. You have to be to survive politics.

JOHN

You can take the girl out of the council estate but not the council estate out of the girl.

John sees Nell checking oxygen tank. Looks at her a little longer than he should. She catches him looking.

NELL

Looks like our team leader has finally arrived.

ENGINES start. HYDRAULIC whine as ramp closes.

JOHN

That I have. I wasn't expecting to see your face in the file though. I thought you would have given this crap away by now. Married. Kids. Apron. I heard you're still at the hospital.

NELL

Heard or saw?

John walks to EUGENE FORSTER. Eugene loading bullets into magazines. He's 28, good looking, moustache. He's wearing a tank top showing his ripped physique. He places the magazine on his stack of other magazines that sit on his latest edition of Penthouse.

JOHN

And you must be Eugene Forster. William told me about you. Hope you've met my team. I understand you already know Martin.

EUGENE

We've been placed together a couple of times now. Last time was East Germany. Asset extraction.

(MORE)

EUGENE (CONT'D)

Remember that one mate? Man, those East German girls were sweet.

Nell gives Eugene a disliking glare.

A door to front of plane opens. BARRY SILK enters. A giant Irish man mountain. 30's, red hair and all muscle. Has a tattoo on arm that reads "*killin' maketh the man.*"

JOHN

Silk. Well I guess when everything looks like a nail you need a hammer.

BARRY

Not a moment too late either I tell ya. This mission is a blessing. My fucking saviour. It was nearly prison again for old Barry Silk.

NELL

At least one of us has some sort of divine intervention in their lives.

JOHN

Well praise God you're here Silk. You can tell me all about it later.

Plane engines rev hard. Plane rockets forward for takeoff. John grabs bulkhead as team take seats.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Right then. For some of you it's been a while since you were assigned to me.

John looks at Nell.

JOHN (CONT'D)

You know how I like my missions run. This is no exception.

THEODORE

So what's going on John?

BARRY

Yeah, who do we have to kill?

JOHN

Sorry Silk. It's a holding operation more than anything else. A container ship called the Titron is without power and no word from the crew.

EUGENE

Our very own Mary Celeste.

JOHN

Right. So we need to secure the ship, hold the bridge, find out what happened. Connors is hoping it's busted equipment or something. Martin, we're probably gonna need your comms expertise.

Martin nods.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Anyway, we drew the short straw. A bigger crew will relieve us in forty-eight. Hopefully not much for us to do so pack a book.

Theodore sees Eugene roll up his Penthouse magazine and stuff in backpack. Eugene notices Theodore's book, a collection of poems by Robert Burns. Eugene and Theodore give each other an accepting look and nod.

JOHN (CONT'D)

The only one who might have to work is Dr. Anderson if the crew are sick or injured.

NELL

Hey I might need bed pan assistants.

EUGENE

What's on the ship? Gold?

BARRY

Arms?

JOHN

I'll give you the same amount of information I got when I asked the same question. But I can tell you two things. Firstly, it could be rough going with a storm approaching soon. And secondly... there's a chance the Russians are on board.

Barry perks up.

BARRY

And we can take them out right? No diplomatic or political bullshit?

NELL

Good to see you haven't lost your way with people Silk.

JOHN

We've been authorized to use all means... including white phosphorus grenades.

Uneasy look comes over team. Nervous glances at each other.

MARTIN

Geez.

THEODORE

For a holding mission?

JOHN

That's what's been ordered so pack em with your standard grenades.

NELL

Just think twice about using them. And not only make sure you're clear, make bloody sure none of us are around. I've seen first hand what this shit does. Imagine a burning jelly that sticks to your body and excruciatingly eats and corrodes your flesh and bones so inhumanely awful that often people simply die from the pain and not the actual wounds. You can't even take the jelly off. Ever. You often just have to amputate and if that's not possible... a mercy killing. The shit should be banned.

JOHN

Follow my orders at all times. Understand. We hand this ship over in forty-eight and we go home.

THEODORE

Good. I've got a harvest to bring in.

JOHN

We have a few hours to go, kit up.

Nell looks at John's hiking attire. He looks down at himself, smiles at Nell.

JOHN (CONT'D)
I'm speaking to myself too.

INT. PLANE COCKPIT - NIGHT

John enters cockpit. He wears fatigues, webbing and empty holsters.

PILOT
The met guys got it wrong. Again. The storm's coming earlier but this wind is the problem. It's really picked up. Close to threshold. I wouldn't be jumping.

JOHN
Shit. I'll call big house.

John sits next to radio operator. Screens, dials and computers light up his workstation in a red and green hue.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Send this please. High winds. Jump dangerous. Abort?

The radio operator TYPES on special keyboard. On green monochrome screen random letters and numbers appear.

RADIO OPERATOR
It has to go via Menwith Hill listening post. Might take them a minute to respond.

CARGO HOLD

John walks in. The team are putting on black rubber wet suits over their military fatigues. Nell is in her wet suit. Ties her hair back. John catches a glimpse of her beauty but turns away before she catches him looking. Nell quickly sneaks a few pills. Puts container in pouch of pack attached to her chest.

Nell goes to pick up an oxygen tank. Eugene grabs it.

EUGENE
Here, let me help you with that.

Nell snatches it back. Gives him daggers with her eyes. In one motion she impressively swings it around and gets it on.

JOHN
Listen up. We might not be jumping.

BARRY
What?

THEODORE
Thank God.

PLANE COCKPIT

ON SCREEN

Cursor flashes. ELECTRONIC SOUNDS as random numbers and letters appear. Cursor stops, flashes a few times. The word "end" suddenly appears.

RADIO OPERATOR
Whatever the response is, it's short.

Dot matrix printer ROARS to life but stops instantly. John walks in, walks to printer.

ON PRINTER

Albatross

RADIO OPERATOR (CONT'D)
What's it say?

JOHN
Continue at any cost.

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

C130 flies banks left, drops flares.

INT. PLANE CARGO HOLD - NIGHT

A finger is on a green button. The JUMP-MASTER in flight suit and helmet stands ready to press it. G9 line up, spaced apart, They're attached to an overhead cable via a yellow wire strapped to their belt.

Wearing black rubber suits with re-breathers, masks, goggles and flippers. They have a small pack attached to their front. Air tank and parachute on their back. They are individually distinguishable by their triangular yellow name patches on their shoulders.

To the right of each of them are medium parcel looking cubes sitting on a conveyor type system. The cubes are also connected to each individual team member by a long coiled orange wire to their waist.

JUMP-MASTER

The flares have been dropped. We're gonna swing round again, get to jump height and open up. The waves should push you towards the ship. Good luck. With this wind you're gonna need it.

John looks back at the team. Martin makes a cross symbol.

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

The plane bounces around in the high winds.

INT. PLANE CARGO HOLD - NIGHT

Hydraulic motor WHINES. The ramp lowers down. Winds enter the plane. The Jump-master holds on tight. Above him a huge globe glowing bright red turns green.

JUMP-MASTER

GO. GO. GO.

Conveyor roller system starts. The first cubed parcel falls out of plane followed by first team member, John.

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

Flares give red illumination. Cubed object with small parachute SPLASHES into water. Instantly the salt water activated raft begins to self INFLATE. A person parachutes down. It's John. As he nears ocean, he separates from parachute and pin drops into water.

OCEAN

John breaks the surface. Pulls cable attached to his waist. The inflated raft comes to him. Climbs in. Pulls in supply packs attached to raft that are dangling in the water. Removes oar from it's bracket. Text book effort.

EXT. OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

Martin with torn parachute hits water hard on bad angle.

UNDERWATER

Martin yells out in pain through his mask. Struggling.
Releases his parachute, swims up.

OCEAN

Martin breaks the surface. Raft hits him hard in head.
Groggy, he manages to get in. Lays on his back exhausted.
Takes out his respirator. Looks down to see his other arm
bent at a funny angle.

EXT. OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

Nell punches through surface. Takes out her respirator. Sees
her raft. Swims to it.

PARACHUTE ON WATER

Wind lifts parachute high. It lands over Nell, enveloping
her. Takes her back under.

UNDERWATER

Nell desperately tries to reach for respirator. It's caught
up in parachute cords and material. Panic. She's drowning.

EXT. OCEAN - JOHN'S RAFT - CONTINUOUS

John and Eugene have their rafts tied together. Torches on.
Searching for the others.

EXT. UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

Nell pulls out her knife. Frantically cuts every cord and
rope in front of her. Gets an arm free. Gets the respirator
back.

OCEAN

Nell breaks surface. She pulls in the raft cord. Gets to end
of a cut rope.

EXT. OCEAN - JOHN'S RAFT - CONTINUOUS

Theodore's raft slams into John's and Eugene's.

EUGENE

You ok? Have you seen anyone else?

Eugene ties Theodore's raft to his.

THEODORE

I'm fine but someone went down
badly over that way.

JOHN

Get paddling then and find 'em
before this flare dies.

Everyone paddles their three joined rafts.

JOHN (CONT'D)

This wind has pushed us way off.

EUGENE

Think the reds saw our flares?

THEODORE

Chance we'll have to take. If
they're on, hopefully not even the
Russian's are mad enough to be on
deck patrol in this.

EUGENE

There. A torch.

THEODORE

Paddle harder.

EUGENE

It looks like a fat seal. Must be
Martin.

They make it to Martin's raft.

JOHN

Jesus Martin. Guys, get him in our
rafts.

MARTIN

My chute tore. Broke my arm, maybe
my ankle.

They get Martin into their raft.

JOHN

Grab his supply bags but don't tie
on his raft. We're getting too big
to keep control.

Eugene grabs the supply bags attached to Martin's raft.

BARRY (O.S.)
How ya going lads?

Barry Silk pops up at the rear of the rafts.

THEODORE
Silk, You Irish thug. You gave me a heart attack. Where the hell did you come from?

Barry Silk climbs in.

THEODORE (CONT'D)
And did you not bring your raft and supply bags?

BARRY
The raft didn't make it. Shit Martin are you ok?

MARTIN
No.

JOHN
Where the hell is she. Get a flare up. Everyone look.

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

Nell struggles to tread water. Sobbing, crying. Storm really starting. Nell gets dumped, goes under. Pops back up.

NELL
No. No. No. Please No. God no.

Nell sees torch lights. Nell yells. Waves arms.

EXT. OCEAN - JOHN'S RAFT - CONTINUOUS

The team shine their torches everywhere looking for Nell. Raft tossed by high seas.

BARRY
Here. This side. I think she's hurt.

John rushes over to Barry.

ON OCEAN

Outline of body floating in water.

RAFT

John dives in water.

OCEAN

John swims hard. Fights ocean to get to body. Torches from raft dance around him.

RAFT

Team paddle hard toward John.

OCEAN

John reaches body. it disappears under wave. John lunges and grabs an arm. He pulls it up and turns body around.

John recoils. Throws body away.

JOHN

Shit.

ON BODY

A woman's body with a decomposing face covered in sea lice drifts off.

John climbs back in raft.

RAFT

JOHN (CONT'D)

Think that might of been one of the crew.

MARTIN

Jesus.

THEODORE

John...

JOHN

I know.

EUGENE

What do we do?

JOHN

Another ninety seconds. Keep looking.

Raft smashed by wave. Lifts in swell.

EUGENE
We'll be fucking toppled in ninety
seconds.

THEODORE
John.

John repeatedly punches side of raft. His head sinks.

EXT. OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

Wave dumps on Nell. She pushes through it. She's tiring.
She's dying. Hopelessness.

Suddenly, resolve and desperation.

She quickly unzips the pack attached to her chest.

NELL
(to herself)
I'm not gonna die. I don't wanna
die. I don't wanna die.

She pulls out her Uzi. Slams magazine in. Cocks it. FIRES in
the air. A wave smashes on her. She drops her gun.

EXT. OCEAN - JOHN'S RAFT - CONTINUOUS

Everyone paddling hard to Titron.

JOHN
Gunfire.

EUGENE
From the ship?

BARRY
It was an Uzi.

JOHN
Nell. But where?

A Huge EXPLOSION near raft. Torrent of water shoots upwards.

EXT. OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

Nell reaches into her pouch. Pulls out another grenade and
container of pills. Examines both.

EXT. OCEAN - JOHN'S RAFT - CONTINUOUS

The team paddle across the current and waves.

Another EXPLOSION. Water shoots up.

THEODORE

There. Over there. I can just make her out.

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

The rafts pull up alongside Nell. Barry pulls her in. She coughs and spits out water.

NELL

I don't usually accept lifts from strange men.

Exhausted, they all look at each other and lightly laugh. They look out towards the silhouette of Titron.

EXT. TITRON'S DECK - NIGHT

Lightly illuminated under red glow of emergency lighting. Rain coming in sideways. Ship pitches steeply in swell. Rows of shipping containers stacked high, run down middle of ship. Cranes, lifeboats and other structures dot the edge of the deck.

ON DECK RAILING

A grappling hook GRIPS and FASTENS itself to railing.

EXT. OCEAN - JOHN'S RAFT - NIGHT

Team in rafts tied to Titron's hull. Strong wind. Rain. NOISY. Raft smashes into ship side. Team struggling to stay up.

John puts grapple gun launcher back in a supply bag that contains their now non-needed re-breathers and flippers. John pulls the rope, checks its strength. Theodore FIRES his grapple gun launcher.

Everyone clips on night vision goggles. Uzi machine guns are slung around their necks except Nell, who is pulling the slide back on a Browning Hi-Power.

Martin has his arm in a makeshift sling with his Uzi resting in it. John, Eugene and Theodore have the supply bags from the rafts on their backs.

Team struggle to stay balanced in raft.

JOHN

(yelling over storm)

Ok. We get up and we move together to the bridge. We have no idea whose up there so drop anyone suspect. Silk, we need your mountain frame to carry up Martin last.

NELL

(yelling)

Once we're secure Martin, I'll have a better look at you.

JOHN

(yelling)

Ditch the rafts. I don't want anyone knowing we're on. Lets go.

Barry pulls out his knife. Stabs the rafts and cuts ropes.

EXT. TITRON'S DECK - NIGHT

Waves spray over the long deck. Ship moves dangerously in storm. Two black figures climb over deck rail. They struggle to run but do and hide behind various cover.

CRANE

Theodore, Uzi ready, squats behind. Looks back to John who is behind some service boxes. Theodore motions John to move forward.

EXT. TITRONS'S DECK - Night

John runs forward past Theodore. He nearly falls as ship pitches violently. Stops behind a container. METAL SCREECHES. John looks up.

ON CONTAINERS

Top container slides over precariously.

ON JOHN

He looks back in Theodore's direction. Talks into his radio.

JOHN
 (heavy radio interference)
 Theo. Theo?

CRANE

Theodore screws his face up with the interference coming through his headset. Rips headset off. He waves arms and motions to John that the headsets are useless.

EXT. TITRON'S DECK - CONTINUOUS

Nell struggles over deck railing onto deck. Theodore moves close to her. He scouts his eyes around, gun at the ready, protecting Nell. She draws her pistol and moves behind the crane that Theodore was at.

Theodore runs forward. Meets John behind shipping container. Ship pitches. Theodore slips. Slides towards railing and ocean. He's going in. He panics. Desperate to hold onto something.

Ship pitches back other way. Theodore slides back to John. Slams into container. John helps him up.

EXT. TITRON'S DECK - NIGHT

Eugene sprints quickly past John and Theodore, weaving in and out of cover. Unbelievably he makes it close to superstructure that houses bridge. He takes cover behind a small utility room on the edge of the ship.

BEHIND SHIPPING CONTAINER

THEODORE
 Geez he's quick.

JOHN
 Gonna end up quickly dead. Foolish
 fuck.

EXT. TITRON'S DECK - NIGHT

Heavy rain. Martin straddles Barry. Barry uses all his strength to climb over the deck rail.

Nell runs over and helps Martin off Barry. He falls down hard. Nell takes a one kneed military stance, pistol ready, protecting Martin. Barry picks Martin up and puts him behind a lifesaver storage unit.

BARRY
Get going Nell. We'll be fine.

BEHIND SHIPPING CONTAINER

John looks out from shipping container to Eugene. Eugene looks back at him, points his hand towards the bridge, signals the OK sign. John looks back down the deck.

We see Nell running towards them. Behind her Barry is carrying Martin and struggling in conditions.

Ship pitches hard. John and Theodore fall over.

ON NELL

She falls and slides into lifeboat frame.

ON BARRY

With Martin in his arms. They crash and slide.

Titron CRASHES back down.

ON NELL

She pulls herself up.

Titron pitches hard again. METAL SCREECHES.

Nell looks up to see the containers falling.

Nell charges up. Runs.

NELL
Run. Run.

A container falls and misses her by inches.

ON JOHN AND THEODORE

THEODORE
Holy fuck.

Shipping containers fall like lego blocks.

JOHN
Run.

DECK

John and Theodore run as containers CRASH around them with plenty of near misses.

Containers bounce off deck and into ocean. They struggle to run with storm conditions. Nell catches up.

Theodore slips and falls. John and Nell run on oblivious. Eugene runs past them, heading the opposite way.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Gene. What are ya doing? C'mon.

ON THEODORE

He struggles back up. METAL SCREECHES. He looks up. A container slides off the top and is on its way to crush him.

Suddenly we see Eugene run and slide. He takes Theodore's legs out and pushes him to safety. Shipping container CRASHES.

They get up.

THEODORE

Nearly bought the farm. Thanks.

EUGENE

Let's go. We gotta get that bridge.

They run around the container back towards superstructure direction.

SUPERSTRUCTURE

John and Nell stand at foot of superstructure. Holding metal poles for balance. Both catching their breath. Eugene and Theodore run to them. Exhausted.

JOHN

Where's Silk and Martin?

They all turn and look down deck.

DECK.

Shipping containers scattered on deck. Barry carrying Martin through the rain.

ON TEAM

They all smile. Relieved.

Ship pitches again.

DECK

We see a container fall on Barry and Martin.

ON TEAM.

Looks of disbelief.

NELL

No.

Team silent.

ON DECK

We see the container that crushed them. Martin is suddenly thrown on top of the container. A pair of hands appears hanging onto container. Barry hoists himself up.

ON TEAM

Joy. Relief. Some awkward laughs.

INT. TITRON'S SUPERSTRUCTURE - NIGHT

Ship door with a viewing portal OPENS SLOWLY to reveal John, Uzi held at eye level. Slowly walks down a white painted corridor. He looks in open rooms along the way. Other team members follow behind.

They reach end of the corridor. In front of them is a door. "EXIT" written on it. To the right is a stairwell. THUNDER.

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

The team cautiously make their way up stairwell to the next level. The words L2 with an arrow pointing up and L1 with arrow pointing down are written in large letters on the stairwell wall.

INT. TITRON'S SUPERSTRUCTURE - NIGHT

L7 written on the wall. John, Theodore and Eugene stand in front of a metal sliding door. At the other end of the corridor the rest of the team stand in front of another sliding door. John opens a pouch on his chest, pulls out an egg shaped object. Theodore grabs the handle to the sliding door.

JOHN

(mouthing)

One... Two... Three

Theodore RIPS sliding door open. John throws egg inside. Theodore SLAMS door shut.

LOUD DULL THUD as bright light pierces around edges of the door. Theodore RIPS the sliding door open again. John, Eugene and Theodore charge in.

INT. TITRON'S SUPERSTRUCTURE - CONTINUOUS

Nell opens door at her end of the corridor. Barry eagerly jumps in, followed by Nell and Martin.

INT. TITRON'S BRIDGE - NIGHT

The team search the bridge, torches flashing around as they move strategically among consoles and workstations. GLASS SMASHES. Barry spins around low and FIRES.

BARRY

Shit.

ON FLOOR

A bloodied shot up cat and a broken coffee mug.

John takes off his night vision goggles. Everyone copies.

BARRY (CONT'D)

People... sure, I don't mind. They often fucking deserve it. But cats... sorry little fella.

EUGENE

I thought you were secretly soft.

BARRY

Hey fuck you pretty boy. You only read about people like me.

EUGENE

Yes I can read.

Barry walks closer to Eugene who is dwarfed in comparison.

JOHN

Easy Silk. Relax everyone but stay alert. Eugene, find some light switches while Silk cools down. Martin send signal.

Eugene walks to wall switches. THUNDER and lightning.

EUGENE

Nothing. Only emergency back up.

JOHN

Right. You and Silk work together
and find the anchor release.
Hopefully that works on backup. Get
this fucking boat to stay in one
place.

Right on cue, ship pitches violently. THUNDER. The team hang
on to what they can.

EXT. TITRON'S BRIDGE DECK - CONTINUOUS

Martin is getting hit by wind and heavy rain. Pulls out small
high-tech looking communication device. Martin turns it on,
types.

INT. PLANE COCKPIT - NIGHT

Radio operator hears something through his headset.

RADIO OPERATOR

Hey lads. I got a notification.

Matrix printer ROARS to life. Radio operator TEARS paper off.

RADIO OPERATOR (CONT'D)

It says 'Heron'.

PILOT

Well I'll be damned.

EXT. TITRON'S BRIDGE DECK - NIGHT

MARTIN

Come on.

Receiver BEEPS. Martin looks at it. It reads 'Osprey'.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Thank God.

INT. TITRON'S BRIDGE - NIGHT

MARTIN

(coughing, limping)
They know we're on-board.

JOHN

Good work Martin.

John slaps him on back.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Captain's cabin's down there. Nell will take care of you. You rest up for a while. You've done well mate. Real well.

BARRY

I think we - I - got the anchor.

Barry presses a button on one of the consoles.

A MECHANICAL SOUND is heard over the storm.

JOHN

Right. We can't do much more until daybreak and until this storm passes. Get out of these wet rubbers, secure the bridge and take position. Eugene, we've lost a few supply bags so take stock of what we've got. Until we know what's going on, everyone assume the worst and stay combat ready.

EUGENE

Shouldn't we look for the crew?

JOHN

Gene, the jump nearly cost us Nell and Martin and we're lucky we made it this far at all.

THEODORE

John's right. Not worth going back out. The order was to get the bridge and we got it.

JOHN

And our radios aren't working. You think I should risk sending us out to search? How are we gonna stay in comms?

John starts taking off his rubber wet suit.

EUGENE

I was just thinking that if we first -

JOHN

When I want your thoughts I'll ask for them.

(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)

If there's people here, in their rooms or the galley or wherever, then they don't know we're here. Let's keep it that way for now. At least until daybreak.

John turns around. Eugene rips his gloves off. SLAMS them down on a console. THUNDER.

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

Huge wave smashes Titron. It heaves in the ocean. Heavy rain.

INT. TITRON'S BRIDGE - NIGHT

John and team wearing combat fatigues, ammo pouches and holsters with side arms. Eugene and Theodore, Uzis in hand, stand guard at either end of the bridge. Barry sleeps in chair.

John stands in front of windows overlooking the length of the ship. Through the rain, Titron taunts him. It lifts high in the storm. We see Eugene and Theodore struggle with their balance. John stands steadfast. Unmoved. Staring into the storm.

EXT. MOUNTAIN - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Grey storm. Bleak day. High winds and rain. We see hazy image of LOUISE DELANEY, 35, drifting in John's thoughts. She wears camping attire and beanie. Attractive blonde.

LOUISE

John don't go please. Just wait.
Help's coming. Stay John. Stay.
Please John.

INT. TITRON'S BRIDGE - NIGHT

NELL (O.S.)

John. John?

John snaps out of daze. Turns to see Nell.

INT. CAPTAIN'S CABIN - NIGHT

Room lit with emergency lighting. The room looks like a small modern apartment. Paper, lamp and items on floor. Martin sleeps on bed. Bandaged ankle elevated under a pillow.

His arm secured with more formal sling. John and Nell enter. John kneels down beside bed. Put his hand and on Martin's shoulder.

NELL

He won't be mobile for a while. Really bad ankle sprain. I'm guessing maybe even a small fracture. More concerning though is his concussion, broken ribs, possible internal injuries. I've set his arm the best I can with what I've got but he'll need to get to a hospital soon.

John stands.

JOHN

Relief team will arrive in a couple of days. Hopefully on a chopper. He can go back on that.

NELL

I've given him pain killers. He'll be out for a while.

JOHN

I'm sure he'll be ok. I know your work is pretty good.

NELL

You were the worst patient though. Martin doesn't complain half as much as you. How is your lung these days?

JOHN

Fine.

NELL

You know if Theo was a minute later in getting you to me, you would have drowned in your own blood.

JOHN

The scars remind me to thank him everyday. And you. I was actually wondering which doctor they'd put in the team. I thought maybe TOLLNER.

NELL

Tollner? Really? Is that who'd you prefer? You don't think I should have been picked? What, you think because I'm a woman -

JOHN

Hey, calm down. That's not what I said. Jesus.

The ship rises and drops. Nell balances herself on chair.

NELL

Gosh, I'll be glad when this storm settles.

JOHN

I haven't seen weather this bad since Wales.

NELL

What mission were you assigned to in Wales?

JOHN

Never mind.

John turns on his torch. Looks around cabin.

NELL

You don't like questions do you? Or is it the answers you're afraid of?

JOHN

I don't need to question Connors. If he doesn't want us to know everything then I'm sure it's in our best interest.

ON FLOOR

Coffee cup, plate, cutlery, small book case and books are scattered.

NELL

Struggle?

JOHN

Storm.

NELL

I wasn't talking about Connors John. You asked Theo about his farm.

(MORE)

NELL (CONT'D)

Don't you want to know about me?
How I've been going? What's been
happening since our last mission
together?

JOHN

Oh. Ummm... Sorry...

John leans on Captain's desk.

JOHN (CONT'D)

So, how have you been? How's work?

NELL

Forget it John.

Nell turns around, turns on her torch and searches.

ON WALL

Giant orange metal deep diving atmospheric suit hangs on wall
with its large dome helmet and visor. Large metal lobster
claw hands.

John keeps searching the Captain's desk with intensity. Opens
drawers. He stops and picks up log book from floor. He opens
it, quickly flicks through it.

JOHN

Nothing here.

SLAMS book shut. Nell takes it from him while he searches
desk drawers.

NELL

Doesn't this strike you as odd Team
Leader?

JOHN

What?

NELL

Well Titron is like a latter-day
Flying Dutchman. It hasn't been in
port in two years.

John spins quickly around. Snatches the log book back.
Scrutinizing it harder.

NELL (CONT'D)

They must have had supplies brought
out for them. Not come in for them.

(MORE)

NELL (CONT'D)

You sure Connors didn't say anything about this ship?

JOHN

Nope.

NELL

Maybe Titron is too dangerous to be near land.

John scoffs. Walks to door.

JOHN

You let your mind wander too much Doctor. About a lot of things. It'll be daybreak soon. Rest up.

INT. TITRON'S BRIDGE - DAY

John and the team around a large map table. Martin sits on a chair, eating a ration bar.

JOHN

We'll start with the superstructure. They're probably bunkered down in their rooms. Martin will stay here and get comms or power established.

MARTIN

Have you noticed this bridge John? It's like nothing I've seen, even in the Navy. It looks like it's been fitted out from the future. I wouldn't know where to start.

BARRY

Now that Martin mentions it, some serious coin has gone into this bitch.

JOHN

I'm sure whoever built it remembered to put in an on-off switch. See what you can do. Nell, take Martin's Uzi. We'll split up but stay in voice range.

INT. COMMON ROOM - DAY

Overtured tables and chairs, smashed plates, scattered playing cards, overturned tv, dry blood stains on floor. Eugene and Nell walking through slowly. Examining room.

EUGENE

Hello? Hello? Anyone here? God.
What did we miss?

Eugene picks up bloodied shoe.

Nell touches bullet holes in walls. Gives Eugene an uneasy look.

INT. CABIN ONE - CONTINUOUS

Neatly furnished. Bed, desk, stereo, computer and shelves of books. John and Barry rummage through cabin.

JOHN

I take it you don't like our newest member?

BARRY

I don't like his type. Rich playboy prick.

JOHN

Keep it professional. Understand.

BARRY

Anything for you John.

Barry notices titles of books on shelf: '*Principles of organic chemistry*', '*Cell research discoveries vol. 2*', '*Genetic mapping and developments in genome understanding*.'

BARRY (CONT'D)

Not exactly your usual bulk carrier reading material wouldn't you say?

INT. CABIN TWO - CONTINUOUS

Nell searches a pile of army personal files on desk.

ON FILE

UKEO Personnel Mark Nassman - P/5290-8A

Nell puts Uzi down on desk, looks through top file. It contains the same photo of young man in photo frame on Mrs. Nassman's coffee table. She flicks through his report.

IN REPORT

...continuously fails physical challenges...

Skims through other files. They contain photos of soldiers, their stats, medical history, performance reports.

IN REPORTS

...Struggles with army life...

...subject dislikes authority...

...unable to obtain weapons accuracy standard...

...repeated knee dislocation...

Confused, she puts files down except one. She rolls it up and puts it down her top. Walks to fish tank. Grabs food and feeds them.

NELL

You little fella's hungry?

Closet suddenly OPENS. A figure pushes through. Nell instantly reacts with PUNCHES, throws assailant to the floor.

EUGENE

Nell it's me. It's me. Stop.

Nell stops. Eugene removes the clothes covering his face.

EUGENE (CONT'D)

Jeez Nell babe, you hit hard.

NELL

Damn you Forster. You gave me a heart attack. And don't call me babe. Where the hell did you come from?

EUGENE FORSTER

The connecting closet. You know there's room for two.

Nell kicks him.

INT. TITRON'S BRIDGE - DAY

Team stand around map table. Nell gives Martin more pain killers. John leans up against a workstation. Arms folded.

BARRY

Six levels and no-one. I'm no rocket scientist but this is just fucking bonkers.

THEODORE

You're definitely not Silk but the crew were. Books on genetics, bacteria, biology, zinnon lamps -

NELL

Zinnon lamps? Is that what you said?

THEODORE

Aye. Why what are they?

NELL

Umm... You put on a head and face cover, go into a chamber naked and come out covered in white powder. The powder is a layer of your skin burnt away to ash. It doesn't hurt though.

JOHN

Is that common?

NELL

I've only heard of one other.

Nell looks directly at John.

NELL (CONT'D)

At Porton Down.

JOHN

The weapons research facility. Geez. Well what about those personnel files?

NELL

They were just that. Standard personnel files. I found this one though.

Nell gives file to Barry.

BARRY

James Silk? He's my cousin. Royal Air Force. Electronic engineer. Fucking brains of our family. He can't be here though.

NELL

Why?

BARRY

He's dead. His truck crashed during an exercise.

MARTIN

(chewing ration bar.)

Weird. You know what's weirder? You didn't find a radio room. On a ship like this it shouldn't be far from the bridge.

THEODORE

They moved it.

EUGENE

They hid it.

Nell gives John a knowing eye brow raise look.

EUGENE (CONT'D)

In case people tried to radio to get off.

NELL

Well I get cabin fever on a cruise ship. They've definitely been here a while. One of the rooms had a calendar with every month crossed off.

EUGENE

Was it a nudie calendar?

NELL

Is that all we are to you, Oxford boy? What, and then I'm expected to patch guys like you up. Save you. Fuck you Gene. Seriously. This is a mission, not some fucking high school camp.

JOHN

All right. Cool it Nell. It's OK.

John touches her shoulder. She throws it off. Storms off.

EUGENE

It was just a joke. Sorry Nell.

THEODORE

So what would scientists be doing
in the middle of the ocean on a
permanent basis?

Everyone looks at John.

JOHN

We're not here to find out.

INT. CAPTAIN'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Nell's hands shake. She opens ammo pouch, pulls out her pill
container. Swallows pills.

INT. BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

EUGENE

Aren't you just a little curious?

JOHN

Curiosity killed the cat.

EUGENE

Silk killed the cat. We could get
some extra gold stars for us all.

JOHN

I get gold stars by sticking to the
rules. If we're lucky we'll get
debriefed when we get back.

THEODORE

He's right Gene. I've done numerous
missions with John. Some a lot more
dangerous than babysitting a bloody
ship. And we all got back because
John knows how to play the game. We
need to secure the ship and wait
for back up and the best place to
do that is from here.

JOHN

True. But I do know the next move
in the game is to find that darn
radio room and get comms up. Theo,
lets go for a look. The rest of you
stay up here and take position.

John and Theodore head to door.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Keep your radios on just in case.

MARTIN
Wait John.

Martin hobbles to supply bag on floor. Opens it. Takes out a small black box with LCD screen. Throws bag to John.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
Radio trackers. I can see you on this.

Martin holds up the black box.

JOHN
Thanks.

John pulls out trackers from the bag. Clips it on. Throws rest to the team who do same. Nell walks back in. John walks to her. Clips Nell's tracker to her. Their eyes hold for a second. John heads for door.

EXT. STAIRCASE - DAY

John and Theodore walk down external staircase that runs down side of superstructure and leads onto deck. Storm subsided. Still windy and rough, grey Sky. John tries to contact Nell via radio. INTERFERENCE. They descend the stairs. INTERFERENCE on radio getting LOUDER as they descend.

THEODORE
John. You notice that?

Theodore runs up a few steps and then down a few to demonstrate.

EXT. TITRON'S DECK - DAY

John and Theodore follow their radio static source to a large golf ball looking dome structure hemmed in all around by shipping containers.

THEODORE
What on earth is that?

JOHN
Don't know. Didn't see it on the photos.

They walk closer to it. Radio STATIC INCREASES. Theodore searches for a door.

THEODORE
How do we get in?

JOHN
I'm guessing from below, in the hold somehow.

John kneels. Opens one of his pouches. Pulls out Swiss army knife.

THEODORE
You might get an invoice.

JOHN
Ha. Something tells me this project is not short of cash. We gotta be in comms. The next crew could be trying to talk to us for all we know.

Theodore takes out his knife. They unscrew an access panel at the base of the dome. They both fail to see the words 'Raincoat UKEO st15i' in military font written on dome base further down.

THEODORE
Speaking of talking. Where did they get this Eugene guy from?

JOHN
Well, none of us are getting any younger. Time for the new G9 pool. From what Connors said though, he's supposed to be very handy. Proven himself more than once.

THEODORE
Proven he talks too much. Cocky little son of a bitch.

JOHN
So were you when we first met.

THEODORE
Ha. I think he has his eye on your job... and on wee Nell. But he wouldn't be the only one. Would he not?

JOHN

I noticed her when she patched me up... I mean, you know, she's attractive, but I never really thought of her at the time. But then she was put in my team a few missions ago... we got talking... it was too soon after what happened. But I've often wondered.

THEODORE

Yeah well things change don't they. For all of us. I've decided this will be my last mission John.

John looks at Theo.

THEODORE (CONT'D)

I'm too old to be jumping out of planes or rescuing spies. I just wanna quietly work my farm. I could use an extra hand though. My brother wants to leave it for the city life.

JOHN

I'll think about it.

THEODORE

Fresh air, beautiful country, great hikes. You can sit by the fire and play chess to your heart's content. What's there to think about?

JOHN

You'd make a great salesman Theo.

THEODORE

I think the real salesman is William Connors.

John takes off the panel. Sees multitude of wires and electronics. John prods them.

JOHN

Geez. What would Martin do?

THEODORE

Probably think about it over a meal.

JOHN

I wish we had that luxury.

John pulls on a handful of colored wires. Cuts them. The interference on their radios stop immediately.

EXT. OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

Large Russian naval ship sits in calm ocean waters.

SUPERIMPOSED: "*Russian communications ship, The Gargarin.*"

INT. GARGARIN BRIDGE - DAY

Russian naval officer, 20's, turns around in chair.

RUSSIAN NAVAL OFFICER (SUBTITLE)
 Captain. Got a surface ship on
 radar. 300 miles west.

Large older Russian Captain walks to the young naval officer.

RUSSIAN CAPTAIN (SUBTITLE)
 Destroyer?

Russian Naval Officer checks banks of equipment and screens.

RUSSIAN NAVAL OFFICER (SUBTITLE)
 Errr. No sir. Most likely cruise
 ship or cargo ship. But it just
 suddenly appeared.

INT. WILLIAM'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

William reads a file. A disheveled Colin runs in.

COLIN
 Raincoat has been turned off Sir.
 Titron is visible for all to see.

WILLIAM
 What the hell? For God's sake.

INT. GARGARIN BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

A Senior officer comes to the radar console.

RUSSIAN SENIOR OFFICER (SUBTITLE)
 Captain. Earlier A Tupolev reported
 a ship in roughly the same area.
 They said it appeared to have
 mechanical problems. It was
 drifting.

RUSSIAN CAPTAIN (SUBTITLE)
Did they find it with radar?

RUSSIAN SENIOR OFFICER (SUBTITLE)
No. Visually saw it on way to a
check-point. They didn't think
anything of it other than reporting
a standard visual detection.

The Captain is silent and thinks.

RUSSIAN SENIOR OFFICER
(SUBTITLE) (CONT'D)
Captain?

RUSSIAN CAPTAIN (SUBTITLE)
A ship with no radar presence
suddenly appears. All our forces
heading far east. Maybe this Korean
plane is a timely distraction.
Radio in and request a team to
board this ship immediately.

RUSSIAN SENIOR OFFICER (SUBTITLE)
Yes Comrade.

RUSSIAN CAPTAIN (SUBTITLE)
And which ever sub has not yet
launched to Kamchatka, request to
have them head to this ghost ship.

EXT. TITRON'S DECK - DAY

John and Theodore stand along the wall of superstructure near
external staircase.

JOHN
(into radio)
Just keep him rested. We'll keep
searching for the radio room... I
know he's keen to help but he needs
to rest. Just give him a ration bar
or something.

Theodore notices along superstructure a door with magnetic
swipe card lock. It's ajar. Walks off to it.

NELL (O.S.)
Barry is climbing the walls. He's
worried his cousin is here. Gene
thinks with the radios working we
could split up and keep searching
the ship. It's the only thing they
seem to agree on.

JOHN
 (to himself)
 Bloody hell.
 (into radio)
 Negative. No-one is to leave the
 bridge. Keep it secured.

Theodore comes back.

THEODORE
 John. John.

JOHN
 (Into radio)
 Hold for a second Nell.

THEODORE
 I found the radio room.

INT. RADIO ROOM - DAY

John and Theodore charge in.

The room is large. A continuous desk goes around three quarters of the room. Communications equipment, microphones, telephones, computers and screens are neatly set up. On the left, a passage way leading to another room.

THEODORE
 Wow. Looks more like a comms room
 for a nuclear sub.

John presses buttons and flicks switches.

JOHN
 Nothing working though.

THEODORE
 Why doesn't this ship have it's
 power on?

John picks up files.

ON FILES

Raincoat Operating Procedure - Top Secret UK Eyes Only

Def-Comms frequencies and codes - Top Secret UK Eyes Only

Menwith Hill Cryptology - Top Secret UK Eyes Only

JOHN
 Martin might be able to use these.

John rolls files up and puts them down his shirt. Turns around.

Freezes instantly.

Theodore notices and turns around.

Standing in front of them is a half naked man, 60's. He's thin, pale, with grey hair and beard. Head wound. Security access card hangs from his neck.

Shaking and terrified. He holds a grenade and a knife. John opens his arms wide, letting his gun hang from the sling.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Ok. Easy now. Easy. We're here to help you. Whatever happened, we can keep you safe. It's gonna be alright.

Theodore moving slowly around to entrance door. Gun held on the man.

THEODORE

That's right. We're from London. We're friends sent to help you. We have a doctor with us.

John and Theodore look nervously at each other.

JOHN

I'm gonna get out a bandage for your head. Ok. Just take it easy. No-one is going to hurt you.

John slowly unzips one of his pouches. Man SCREAMS and lunges at John with knife. Theodore SHOOTS the crazed man. Double tap to the chest. He staggers back into a wall. With last breath he pulls pin on grenade and awkwardly throws it. Grenade goes over John's head, bounces off rear wall, lands on the desk.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Fuck.

John quickly drops and rolls under a desk. Theodore dives out of room onto deck. BOOM. An instant brilliant flash of yellow and orange, showering the room in sparks and debris.

EXT. TITRON'S DECK - DAY

Theodore quickly gets up off the deck and re-enters the room.

INT. RADIO ROOM - DAY

Room smokey. Ceiling panelling and lights hang down.

THEODORE

John? John?

Theodore HEARS John moving. Pulls broken chair out of the way, lifts collapsed desk, helps him out. They stand and survey the destroyed radio equipment.

INT. TITRON'S BRIDGE - DAY

The team are around the mapping table. Martin swallows more painkillers. John drinking from water canteen. On table is damaged portable satellite phone and security access card from man's neck.

JOHN

Honestly Nell, we did nothing sudden. It was as if this guy was certified mad. Frightened beyond any recall.

THEODORE

He was just plain nuts if you ask me.

JOHN

You're the Doctor, what could drive a man so insane?

NELL

It could be ergot poisoning. It's also one of the theories of the Mary Celeste.

BARRY

What the fuck is ergot?

NELL

Contaminated flour. Basically gives you one hell of a LSD trip. Hallucinations, paranoia even religious visions. It could have made the crew mentally disillusioned enough to jump overboard or even attack each other. He had a grenade, so there must be arms on this ship somewhere.

JOHN

Right then. No-one is to eat or drink anything from this ship. Even the water. Understand. Rations only. Martin, I'll lend you some of mine.

MARTIN

Roger that. Do you think there's more survivors? Maybe down in the hold?

EUGENE

We should go and -

JOHN

And what if they are there Gene? And they're just as crazy as this guy was... and potentially armed? Fifty of them and six of us?

The team are silent. Realization sets in.

JOHN (CONT'D)

We stay up here and wait for back up. It's not a rescue mission.

NELL

John we can't turn our back and just relax up here enjoying the view. There could be normal people holed up somewhere. Scared. Hurt.

JOHN

Nell-

NELL

It's still twenty four hours before the next team are here -

JOHN

Nell -

NELL

Our radios are running. We can search. If we can find some people we can get word to Connors about what the next team should bring or who to bring.

John lets out long defeatist breath.

NELL (CONT'D)

These people are not an enemy.

John looks hard at Nell. Then at everyone else.

JOHN

Always the humanitarian hey Nell. Look, we were able to salvage this satellite phone from the radio room. It's damaged and not a secure line but Martin might be able to get it working. When he does I'll talk to Connors. See what he thinks. In the meantime me, Eugene and Barry will rest. You guys take watch. Let me know when you get that phone working Martin.

INT. WILLIAM'S OFFICE - DAY

William signing papers. Colin BARGES in.

COLIN

John Delaney is on line two.

WILLIAM

You're kidding me. Is he drinking sea water?

William notions Colin to leave. Picks up phone.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

John what on earth are you doing? This line isn't secure.

INT. CAPTAIN'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS

INTERCUTS AS NEEDED

JOHN

Then I'll be brief. All the secure comms are out of action. Ship has no power. We boarded but one of us is injured. The ship is anchored and we have the bridge.

WILLIAM

Good work. Did you find anyone?

JOHN

Yeah. One deranged and mentally unstable person who we had to remove. And someone floating in the ocean. No-one else though. But we haven't checked the hold yet.

(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)

The team thinks we should search.
We're a man down so I'm thinking
wait until next team arrives.

WILLIAM

Check it regardless. Understand. We
need to find someone who can
confirm what's happened.

JOHN

What is Titron exactly?

WILLIAM

Look I can't tell you specifics.

JOHN

Nell found some personnel files.
Are they on the ship?

WILLIAM

All I know is what they're doing
out there could change the balance
of the cold war, give us such an
edge that it might even bring
global peace. And boy do we need
that right now.

JOHN

Understand but -

WILLIAM

The boys up top are starting to
worry the crew have been kidnapped
or even defected. They need
answers. They need confirmation and
they're looking to me to get it.
And I am looking at you John.

JOHN

Defected? Shit. Look Connors, I'm
not keen on leaving the bridge and
risking my team to go searching for
people who may be more of a danger
than a help to us.

WILLIAM

That's a risk you have to take
John. The work on Titron might even
be able to help your Mother. I
might be able to arrange something.
But I need to know what's happened
out there first.

ON JOHN

Thinks. Contemplates.

WILLIAM

I understand the second team is being briefed as we speak. Special Boat Service. Lots of them.

JOHN

Ok then. The team will be glad to know that. I'm glad to know that. This sat-phone is all we got at the moment. I'll report in after the search.

ON JOHN

Rubs his face. Worried. Thinks. Stares at poster on wall of cat hanging from clothes line with a British Bulldog eagerly waiting below. Poster reads "*Hang in there.*"

John lightly scoffs to himself.

EXT. TITRON'S DECK - DAY

Team except Martin walking along deck. Guns ready. Checking. Fallen containers litter the deck.

BARRY

There's no way James would defect. He'd have to be taken kicking and screaming. But if there's defectors hiding here, they're fucking fish food. Commie bastards.

NELL

Easy Silk. Defection makes sense though. Kill the power, stop all comms and just walk away in the middle of what you're doing. They might have boarded another ship and be half way to Moscow by now. Those that didn't want to go... well that would explain the state of the common room or John's friend in the ocean.

EUGENE

It doesn't explain our friend in the radio room though.

NELL

He was shit scared and in hiding. Thought John and Theo were secretly Russians maybe. Level with us team leader, What do you think?

JOHN

I think you guys might be dying of curiosity but I can live with it. I think it's stupid to leave the bridge though when another crew will be here shortly. But Connors has now ordered us to look so we'll look. But honestly, I think the sooner I get us all off this ship the better.

Team walks past fallen container with doors broken off.

NELL

Anyone else find it odd these containers are all empty? Like they're just for show.

JOHN

Let's zip the speculation and focus on the task at hand ok.

They stop at a hold entrance hatch.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Split up. Search the whole deck and meet back at this hatch.

(into radio)

We're gonna search the deck first Martin. Then the hold.

INT. TITRON'S BRIDGE - DAY

Martin sitting. Overlooking deck through large windows. Swallows pain killers. Picks up binoculars.

MARTIN

Roger John. I can see you all.

EXT. TITRON'S DECK - DAY

Eugene, Theodore and Barry searching shipping container rows.

EUGENE

Hey Silk. You're getting too far ahead. We need to stick together.

BARRY

Don't tell me what to do Oxford boy. You're not John.

EUGENE

Fuck you Silk. I deserve to be here as much as you. I've earned it.

BARRY

Earned or bought?

EUGENE

Is this how you treat all new team members? Sorry I'm not a tattooed I.R.A Belfast thug with a chip on my shoulder.

EXT. TITRON'S DECK - CONTINUOUS

John and Nell checking behind structures as they walk along deck edge. John notices Nell's hair blowing in the wind.

JOHN

Anything?

NELL

I keep seeing a periscope.

John races to deck rail.

NELL (CONT'D)

Relax John. Get some fresh sea air.

Silence. They continue walking. Guns at ready.

NELL (CONT'D)

I heard about your mother.

JOHN

Yeah, another reason to get off this fucking ship. We thought she'd beaten it years ago. She didn't tell me the bitch. The Doctor told me.

NELL

She probably doesn't want to worry you. Like you not telling her about G9. I hear you two are close. It's a nice thing you have.

JOHN

Ha. Well You probably know she's
the only woman in my life.

NELL

Yeah. I'm really sorry to hear
about your wife. I wanted to
call... but you know G9's rules of
communication outside of missions.

JOHN

Some rules can be broken. Theo and
I sneak in a regular pint together.

NELL

Was that what you meant when you
mentioned Wales earlier?

John stops walking.

JOHN

(beat)

We were on a hiking tour. One of
the group got sick. A big storm
came in, we radioed for help and
just had to wait. The person got
dramatically worse so I left the
group to get help. I never should
have left. I should have stayed.

(beat)

They found her body at the bottom
of the ravine. I think she tried to
lead them to a safer place out of
the storm. I don't know exactly
what happened. I still haven't read
the coroner's report.

John walks forward.

NELL

You don't think we should find out
about Titron do you? You're afraid
of truths.

JOHN

I'm not afraid. It's just not how I
play things. Better to let answers
come to you in due course. You're a
doctor Nell, you need to find
answers. It's your job. But it's
not mine.

NELL

It's human nature to question. To push and to probe.

John stops walking. Turns around.

JOHN

I'll save you the probing. I'm pissed that Martin is hurt. I nearly lost my doctor and I don't want to risk anyone else. Let the real army sort it out when they get here. And I don't like being undermined or pressured either. By you, the pretty boy or anyone else.

NELL

But you'll be Connor's puppet?

JOHN

I might be a civilian but I'm G9. I obey orders. If Connors wants us to find a crew member, then so be it.

NELL

You honestly think Connors is telling us everything?

John walks off. Nell runs in front of him and faces him.

NELL (CONT'D)

Everything about Titron is wrong.

Nell, counting on her fingers.

NELL (CONT'D)

One. A ship that never enters port. Two. Some sort of scientific force aboard. Three. Everyone is missing. Four. The only contact is a madman. Call it women's intuition. Call it doctor's intuition, but I'm afraid John. Not just for us. Afraid for humanity. I think we should go beyond finding out what's happened and actually find out what's been going on. Find out everything we can. It's our duty.

JOHN

Duty? Jesus Nell. It's not our brief and therefore not our duty. Besides we all signed the official secrets act.

(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)

If it came to it, they'd hush us up somehow... including you. Though I am learning on this mission, that can be quite difficult.

EXT. TITRON'S DECK - DAY

The team, guns at the ready, stand around a huge metal hatch in front of the rows of shipping containers. Barry kneels down, undoes the mechanisms. Heaves open hatch. Eugene grabs his torch, lays on his stomach. Shines torch inside.

EUGENE

Jesus.

THEODORE

What is it Gene?

EUGENE

Shit loads more shipping containers. It's like a lego city.

JOHN

Silk, you first. Nice and slow. The rest of us will follow. Theo, bring up the rear.

(Talk into radio)

Martin, we're heading below.
Martin? Martin?

INT. TITRON'S BRIDGE - DAY

Martin wakes up from his painkiller doze.

MARTIN

Err yes. I'm still reading you.

INT. TITRON'S HOLD - DAY

Team climb down tall ladder. Dwarfed by sheer size of the hold and the maze of stacked shipping containers which form alleyways. Back up emergency lighting provides barest of illumination. They group at the bottom.

JOHN

We don't know what's down here. If anyone feels funny, or starts to feel sick report it immediately.

EUGENE

Hopefully Sirens.

THEODORE

Don't be a dick Gene.

JOHN

Eugene and Theo, you take one of middle passage ways. The rest of us will take the first. Head towards the stern and we'll meet up. If you find anything, radio it in.

They turn on their torches fixed to their Uzis and move out.

INT. TITRON'S HOLD - DAY

John, Barry and Nell cautiously walking down alleyway between containers.

BARRY

Another intersection. What number is this one? It's a giant maze.

NELL

No markings. No serial numbers or anything.

EUGENE (O.S.)

(over radios)

Man, how many containers. John please say we're not going to search each one.

BARRY

(to radio)

Stop your fucking whining Gene. You were pushing to search.

SHIPPING CONTAINER ALLEYWAY

Eugene stops to examine some black ooze on the ground. He kicks it, it crumbles. Theodore walking ahead.

ON THEODORE

He reaches a T-junction.

Suddenly, Orange and grey blur seems to morph out of a container wall. Speeds past Theodore knocking him down. He gets up and chases it.

SHIPPING CONTAINER ALLEYWAY

John, Nell and Barry turn into another alleyway.

STACCATO SOUND of Uzi. They bolt into action running down the alleyway towards the sound. A figure pulls out in front of them from an intersection. John takes aim. He notices the yellow triangle on the figure's shoulder. It's Eugene.

JOHN
What the hell happened?

EUGENE
Something... didn't you see it?

JOHN
No. Where's Theo?

EUGENE
We got split up. I thought they came this way.

JOHN
Shit.

John is quickly on the radio.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Theo. Theo. Do you read? Stand down. Theo.

NELL
Gene, what did you see?

EUGENE
It was like a huge man ... like ten feet tall... a ... a diver or something.

JOHN
Theo do you copy? Lawton -

Everyone's radios transmit a HORRIFIC SCREAM followed by long burst of GUNFIRE that ends with a weird MUFFLING SOUND. More SCREAMING, high pitched and hysterical, GARGLED SOUND, silence.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Theo.

John runs. Everyone follows.

EUGENE
The next left.

They run. Torch beams dancing. They turn left. Find nothing. They keep running. They hit a T-junction, turn right. John stops.

Torch lights reveal a huge pool of blood and a mangled twisted body on the hold floor. The team stand abreast, shining their torches around to reveal blood spatters all down the sides of the containers and blobs of a black oozy slime.

NELL

Oh my God. No. No. Theo.

EUGENE

Jesus. What the hell happened to him?

John kneels.

JOHN

Theo. Not you... Not you. God. Theo.

BARRY

Who the hell has the strength to do that?

Barry's torch reveals twisted, bloodied Uzi.

JOHN

Everyone back to bridge. Quickly.

EXT. TITRON'S DECK - DAY

With urgency, team briskly exit ladder onto deck. John leads. Walking quickly towards the external staircase that leads directly to the bridge.

A team of unknown soldiers are strategically placed around the foot of the staircase. John looks relieved.

JOHN

Fuck that was quick. Thank God. Look, something's happened. We gotta man down and a target in the hold -

One of soldiers at the staircase yells something in foreign language. Soldiers take a firing position.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Shit. Take Cover.

John SHOOTS Uzi from hip as he and G9 run and dive for various cover. Enemy soldiers FIRE AK-47s at them. Bullets fly everywhere, RICOCHETS heard, deadly chaos. The enemy don't have a lot of cover.

They keep low, fanning out and taking up strategic shooting positions around the stairs, and behind various objects.

INT. TITRON'S BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Martin wakes up. Hearing GUNFIRE.

MARTIN

Oh Shit.

Winces with pain as he gets of chair. Hides low behind a console. Pulls out his Browning Hi-Power, wedges it in his legs, COCKS it with good hand. He looks around the console.

ON DOOR

Slightly opens. A hand throws something in.

ON MARTIN

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Shit.

Martin ducks back quickly, closing eyes tightly. Stun grenade EXPLODES. Door kicks open, Soldier enters. Martin half rolls out, FIRING at soldier. Bullets hit chest and throat. Messy. Second soldier storms in. Martin empties magazine into him. He's very dead. Martin crawls to fresh cover. Makes it. Reloads.

EXT. TRITON'S DECK - CONTINUOUS

Eugene stands up from behind forklift that is chained to the deck. FIRING multiple bursts trying to stop soldiers from flanking. He ducks down. Reloads as storm of return bullets HIT forklift. Sparks and RICOCHETS. Tyre bursts.

JOHN

There's at least six. Try and keep them from spreading. They've only got the ocean on their side.

Enemy GUNFIRE rains on G9. They FIRE back from their cover. Big gunfight. Full on. John pops up, FIRING a burst into an enemy soldier's chest. G9 are outnumbered and getting flanked. They're basically stuffed. Only a matter of time unless something miraculously happens.

EUGENE

Silk? Silk? can you get a grenade in from where you are?

BARRY

I think so.

EUGENE

Wait until I'm on that blue container over there.

EXT. TITRON'S DECK - DAY

Enemy soldier runs to better cover but falls instantly to the ground. SCREAMING. Holding his shins. Blood squirts out.

ON NELL

On her stomach under a crane. Revealed as the shooter. She FIRES a single shot.

ON ENEMY SOLDIER

Head explodes.

EXT. TRITON'S DECK - CONTINUOUS

Eugene keeps low, running to small gap in between two shipping containers. He quickly and skilfully shimmies up the height of the containers like a spider. Wow. Look at him go. Impressive.

ON BARRY

Barry watches him. Understanding the plan, he pulls pin on grenade and throws it into stairwell area.

EXT. TITRON'S DECK - DAY

Faced with diving overboard or being killed by the grenade, enemy soldiers run across deck.

TOP OF SHIPPING CONTAINER

From Eugene's advantageous position he takes aim and SHOOTS two.

EXT. TITRON'S DECK - DAY

Barry SHOOTS another. Grenade EXPLODES. Two more enemy knocked to the ground.

Shootout over. G9 wins.

John, Nell and Barry carefully leave their cover. Eugene meets them. They survey the damage.

BARRY

Whoa. Man that was close. Fuck.

Barry turns to Eugene. Smiles.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Nice work Oxford boy. Your stock just fucking skyrocketed.

Barry slaps him on the back of shoulders. Eugene winces. Barry lifts his hand. It's covered in blood.

NELL

Oh my gosh Gene. Were you shot? Are you ok?

EUGENE

Chill. It's a deep graze. It'll need some stitches though.

NELL

The least I can do for you.

John gives jealous glance. Looks at dead man's weapon.

JOHN

Kalashnikov. These guys were Russian. Shit.

BARRY

They must want this ship too. Was it a Russian that got Theo?

EUGENE

The hold's probably full of them.

Eugene touches his back wound.

EUGENE (CONT'D)

Ouch. Man.

NELL

I should get you upstairs.

JOHN

Upstairs. Shit, Martin.

Team sprinting towards stairs. A Russian body at the foot of stairwell bolts upright with pistol in hand and points at John. GUNSHOT.

Blood pouring from the Russian's mouth as he collapses to reveal Martin at the top of the staircase.

EUGENE

You've just earned another ration bar.

INT. TITRON'S BRIDGE - DAY

John storms into the bridge, trips over bodies in the doorway. Angry. Pacing. The others give John some space.

JOHN

Un-fucking believable. I lose Theo. I nearly lose the bridge and all of you.

John kicks over a bin.

MARTIN

What happened to Theo? Where is he?

EUGENE

He's dead. He was with me in the hold... Some giant man. He was fast and looked like he was wearing some kind of armour. It killed Theo and got away.

MARTIN

Oh my God. Was it one of these guys?

Martin notions to dead body on the floor.

EUGENE

No idea. It all happened so quick.

John leans over a console, his back to the team. SMASHES screen with his fist. Nell walks towards John but Barry gently pulls her back.

NELL

It's not your fault John.

JOHN

Maybe, but it's my watch. My mission. Theo... Jeez... Not Theo...

Silence. Eugene leans against a wall. Nell wipes tears. Barry places assuring arm around her.

BARRY

He was a good man. The best. And it's not often an Irishman says that about a Scotsman.

JOHN

I nearly got us all fucking killed.

NELL

We didn't help matters John. We were pushing you. I was pushing you.

MARTIN

Nell's right John. We're sorry. I know you two were mates.

JOHN

No, it's not you guys I needed to stand firm with. For fucks sake.

John kicks a nearby console.

NELL

(sobbing)

God... I always felt better when he was assigned.

BARRY

We all did. We're gonna get whoever it is down there.

Eugene starts dragging bodies away. Nell sneaks down some pills. Nell notices John looking.

NELL

For sea sickness.

EUGENE

We might have another problem guys. If this is the first Russian team and they don't report in... then we can expect more.

MARTIN

I thought this ship was invisible.

JOHN

The stealth device. That's what was causing our interference.

EUGENE

Then lets go patch it up.

JOHN

Too late. They'll find us again easy. We're anchored and no doubt they recorded our position. If we turn raincoat on we'll lose contact with each other again. I'm not risking that. Not now.

EUGENE

So what do we do then? Defend the ship? Find survivors like Connors wants? Find who or what killed Theo? We can't do it all. At least not until the next team arrives.

John storms to map table. Snatches satellite phone.

INT. WILLIAM'S OFFICE - DAY

TV news report on the KAL-007 shutdown in background. Phone intercom SQUAWKS.

SECRETARY (O.S.)

John Delaney is on line three.

INT. CAPTAIN'S CABIN - DAY

INTERCUT AS NEEDED

JOHN

Albatross. What the fuck so important to get us out here at any cost?

WILLIAM

Calm down John. Firstly, since when have you started asking questions? Secondly, I don't know what you're talking about? What on earth is going on out there? What have you found?

JOHN

We just had to wait for the next team. But there's no other team coming is there Connors? That's why you ordered us to search the ship.

WILLIAM

John, listen carefully. I'm on your side.

(MORE)

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

We thought another team might draw attention. We were lucky to get you on.

JOHN

Well, while you had us searching for crew, something killed Theo and a Russian team nearly took Titron.

WILLIAM

Jesus. John, what happened? I'm sorry. I know you were close to him.

JOHN

We don't know what killed Theo. Maybe the Russians... maybe... maybe something else.

WILLIAM

Do you still have the ship?

JOHN

Just. What do the Russians want with Titron?

WILLIAM

I honestly don't know. I told you last time it could be a mass defection. I'm here to help you John but I need your help too. I need to find out exactly what happened. Time is crucial. I'm under a lot of pressure. To the point where my choices may soon be limited to only one.

Silence.

JOHN

If I go back and find out, I want a guaranteed safe passage off this ship for my team.

WILLIAM

Agreed. I can probably buy you around you ninety minutes.

JOHN

Don't screw with me Connors, I -

WILLIAM

I promise John. I'm so sorry about all this... about Theodore.

(MORE)

Martin flicks switches on the console. Turns microphone to John. Pushes himself away on wheelie chair.

ON CCTV SCREEN

Black and white footage of engine room. Looks empty.

BRIDGE

JOHN

(Into microphone)

Hello. Can you hear me? Is there
anyone in the engine room? Hello?
Hello?

ON CCTV SCREEN

Black and white footage. RICHARD MORSEN, 60's, portly man with grey hair and glasses in dirty white scientist coat appears on screen. Bloodied leg. He limps to microphone in wall. Stares at camera.

RICHARD

Who are you?

BRIDGE

JOHN

Can you get up here to the bridge?

RICHARD (O.S.)

I asked who are you?

JOHN

Rescuers. Coast Guard. Look, we're
pressed for time. You have to trust
me. We need to get off this ship
and that includes you.

RICHARD (O.S.)

Trust you? You're not rescuers. Who
are you really?

John hangs his head in frustration.

JOHN

How 'bout I just come down there
and introduce my self.

RICHARD (O.S.)

How about I just turn the engines
off again and we pretend this never
happened.

Nell pushes him John out of the way. Grabs microphone. Sits in chair.

NELL

(into microphone)

Please listen. I want to help you.
I'm Nell. I'm a Doctor. We're
soldiers, they sent us to help.

RICHARD (O.S.)

How do I know you're not here to
kill us? We requested the ship to
be destroyed. Do you know if anyone
got off?

NELL

(into microphone)

We don't know. We don't know
anything. All the lifeboats are
still here. But we know something
is on this ship that needs to be
stopped.

RICHARD (O.S.)

It can't be stopped.

Nell looks at John. Team look at each other. John grabs microphone back.

JOHN

(into microphone)

Look it's killed one of my men
already. Can you get up here or
not?

NELL

Real assuring John.

(into microphone)

William Connors sent us. I know
you're probably scared. It's gonna
be alright. There's a team of us here
to help. You're injured. I can help
with that too. Please, we need to
know what's going on. Where are the
crew?

RICHARD (O.S.)

Your mate. The one who was killed.
Was he killed below deck or up top?

Nell looks up at John.

NELL
 (into microphone)
 Umm, below. Why?

RICHARD (O.S.)
 So Mayon hasn't found a way up
 there yet?

NELL
 (into microphone)
 Whose Mayon? A defector? A
 saboteur?

RICHARD (O.S.)
 He... It's an accident. It was
 brought up from the deep, some
 weird faceless cuttlefish mollusc
 thing with tentacles and sharp
 barbs. Kinda like an octopus but it
 didn't match anything in our books.
 It had sentience though, really
 smart. It would even touch and feel
 our faces. Study us just as much as
 we studied it.

Team listen intently. Martins wheels his chair closer.

RICHARD (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Dr. Mayon discovered it was
 carrying an aggressive virus. He
 cut off part of the mollusc and it
 grew back quickly. The virus seemed
 to repair the cells and tissue so
 the virus could keep living in its
 host. It was the breakthrough we'd
 been looking for in our work.

NELL
 (into microphone)
 What work?

RICHARD (O.S.)
 Connors didn't tell you?

NELL
 (into microphone)
 He seems to have selective memory.

RICHARD (O.S.)
 I'm a virologist. We're collecting
 virus' and bacteria from the
 deepest parts of the Earth.
 Millions of years old.

(MORE)

RICHARD (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Unexposed, non-mutated. From rock
and sediment samples.

NELL
(into microphone)
And you put these virus' into
patients? Here? On the ship?

RICHARD (O.S.)
Soldiers actually.

Eugene and Barry look at each other.

BARRY
(to Eugene)
What the fuck?

RICHARD (O.S.)
If they weren't performing well,
they were sent here. We'd inject
them with viruses we found then
subject them to massive doses of
radiation.

John pushes in.

JOHN
(into microphone)
That doesn't make sense. Connors
said Titron was working on
something to bring peace.

RICHARD (O.S.)
Radiation weakens the body's
resistance. But what if you could
give a soldier a virus or bacteria
so radiation didn't affect him. Or
maybe it could repair radiated or
damaged cells.

NELL
(to herself)
You'd have soldiers that could
survive a nuclear war.

RICHARD (O.S.)
Imagine soldiers who could march
into radiated zones unaffected. No
masks, no suits. They could eat the
food, take land, rebuild. The enemy
might not even fight with nuclear
weapons knowing they would have no
effect beyond initial destruction.

NELL

No it's not. About ten years ago they discovered plants growing near volcanoes. Other vegetation died but not these plants. They lived and thrived. They had a virus in them that made them tolerant to extreme heat. The virus protected them. If they cured the virus, the plant died. If they removed the virus the plant died.

EUGENE

They were symbiotic.

NELL

Right. These virus' could've been injected into rice or wheat to become drought tolerant. Stop world hunger. The Agriculture Department got excited.

JOHN

And I'm guessing the Defence Department's ears also pricked up. This still doesn't explain why we have a killer crustacean on the ship?

BARRY

I think he said it was a mollusc.

JOHN

Whatever.

John takes out his Uzi magazine. Checks number of rounds.

JOHN (CONT'D)

We head to the engine room. We go via those labs and find out what we can. We get this scientist. And we get the hell of this ship.

NELL

John wait. Just stop for a minute. You're running on emotion here. What happened to holding the bridge?

JOHN

We don't have much time. According to Connors, it sounds like we're all on borrowed time.

NELL
He wouldn't.

JOHN
We need to get to that engine room.

NELL
But we don't even know what we're up against. What if it was a virus or biological agent that killed the crew? We don't have masks or suits or anything. And what killed Theo?

JOHN
(pointing at CCTV screen)
He knows what happened to Theo. He's our leverage our off Titron. We all have our reasons to get home.

NELL
And if Connors refuses?

JOHN
We'll take our chances in a lifeboat. Martin, be our eyes. Radio us if there's trouble. It won't take long for satellites or recon planes to notice the power was back on.

INT. ENGINE ROOM - DAY

Smokey room illuminated by red emergency lighting. Richard kneels at generator. A cover is off exposing its insides. He has screwdriver in his mouth. Sweat on his grease stained brow. He leans into generator. Pliers in hand.

INT. TITRON'S SUPERSTRUCTURE - DAY

'Exit' sign on door. CREAKS open. Team enters.

STAIRWELL

John leads team down.

LABORATORY ENTRANCE

Team stands in front of a red door with magnetic access lock. John swipes access card. Door BEEPS.

JOHN

Right. Stay sharp. Whatever killed
Theo could be in here.

Team enter.

John grabs fire extinguisher from wall and wedges it in
doorway.

JOHN (CONT'D)

We've only got one card.

INT. ENGINE ROOM - DAY

Richard is at the electrical board. He pulls reading glasses
case from coat pocket. Takes glasses, smashes them and with
pliers. He cuts off nose bridge and fashions it into fuse.

INT. TITRON'S LABORATORY - DAY

Laboratory is lit with emergency lighting. Green and white
walls. John and Nell quickly check offices on their left but
find nothing. Barry and Eugene search ahead near t-junction.

BARRY

James? James are you down here?
It's cousin Barry. James?

EUGENE

John, you better check this out.

Barry and Eugene stand in front of office door way. Broken
makeshift barricade at entrance. John peers in. Messy,
damaged office. Dry blood on the tables and walls. Shell
casings on the floor.

Power comes back on. Lights flicker. Offices light up.
Remains of several bodies that have been severely mutilated,
their faces missing are on office floor. Dried black ooze is
everywhere. Engines RUMBLE to life.

JOHN

Ok, back in business. You guys
search right and we'll go left.
Nell and I will then head to the
engine room. You guys get back to
Martin as soon as you've searched.
Don't let anyone take that bridge.
I'm counting on you guys.

EUGENE

Roger John.

Eugene playfully punches Barry.

INT. TITRON'S BRIDGE - DAY

Martin watches Barry and Eugene on CCTV walk down a blood smeared corridor full of bodies. Long row of closed cell doors containing viewing windows. Barry and Eugene disappear off camera through some double doors.

INT. TITRON'S LABRATORY - CONTINUOUS

Nell and John check doors of offices and rooms. Most are locked. BANGING on the doors, CALLING out as they walk. They enter an open office. On the desk are messy hand written notes. Nell reads one.

NELL

... Mayon has slaughtered pretty much everyone below. I fear we're next... our products don't seem to work. We even tried a liquid spray form of tri-chlorioctinite...

Nell trails off. Reading to herself. Engrossed.

JOHN

You know I'm starting to doubt Connors's fears of Russian's behind behind whatever has happened. I'm finally starting to question -

NELL

- Shut up John. Jesus. Listen to this ... The soldiers have proved to be more useful than their reports indicated ... Without them we'd be dead a long time ago. They ...

Nell turns over the page. Nothing. Starts looking through the other notes on desk to find next page. John notices something under papers.

JOHN

Shut up Nell. Jesus. Listen to this.

John holds up a Dictaphone. Rewinds it. Presses play.

SCIENTIST

(sobbing, scared, young voice)

...

(MORE)

SCIENTIST (CONT'D)

It seemed to regenerate, we were so excited. You know, the big breakthrough... We were all excited at prospect of going home... But now ... well, fuck,

(voice becomes angry)

that's why I am making this fucking tape aren't I. Because there's no fucking way way we can survive Titron's fucking madness.

(Uncontrollable crying)

I love you Mum.

John stops tape.

JOHN

Not what I really want to hear right now.

Nell takes Dictaphone. Puts in her ammo pouch.

HALLWAY

Nell points to an elevator down hall.

NELL

John.

JOHN

This floor must be false.

JOHN (CONT'D)

(talking to radio)

Martin come in.

MARTIN (O.S.)

Just hear you John, bit of interference.

JOHN

Nell and I found an elevator. We're going down a level.

INT. TITRON'S BRIDGE - DAY

Martin watches screen showing the corridor that Barry and Eugene were in. He notices a cell door is now open.

MARTIN

Err... Roger that John. Be careful.

INT. TITRON'S DIVE POOL - DAY

John and Nell enter huge area with ocean pool in the middle. Medium size yellow scientific submersible with a hydraulic arm attached is in the pool with 'RS1' written on the side. Much smaller one man sized orange submarine with a hydraulic arm is next to it. 'RS2' written on it. Both are moored to the sides of the pool, gently bobbing.

Gantry crane above, workstations containing tools along the walls. Diving tanks, suits and other equipment visible. Equipment scattered across the floor from the earlier storm.

JOHN

This is why my ears popped. This floor's pressurised.

They walk around the pool checking work stations, noticing their surroundings. More blood stains on the floor and walls. More mutilated bodies.

John jumps on the orange sub. Peers inside the opening hatch. John jumps off, walks to Nell who is at a workstation. Pinned to the wall are maps and graphs showing depths and dates. John sees some of the dive depth numbers. John whistles in amazement.

John looks closer at sub operating console. A label reads 'RS2.' There's a keyboard, computer screen, joysticks, CCTV.

JOHN (CONT'D)

The one man sub looks like it can be controlled remotely.

NELL

At these depths it's no surprise. A man could go delusional. It's called nitrogen narcosis. They'd literally freak out and lose any cognitive ability to get back up so at least someone can be here to take over. Same for going down too. They can probably plot the location and let the computer take over rather than risk someone freaking out and crashing it.

Nell walks over to large orange atmospheric diving suits hanging up on wall. Runs her fingers over the hard metal chest.

NELL (CONT'D)

John. Do you think whatever killed Theo was in one of these?

JOHN

No way. There's no way anyone could
move that quick in one of those.

INT. TITRON'S BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Martin hears JINGLING METAL SOUND. He's about to pull out his pistol but notices clipboards moving on the wall. He sees on screen Barry and Eugene are back in laboratory corridor. Barry carries large cardboard boxes.

INT. TITRON'S DIVE POOL - CONTINUOUS

John and Nell stand in front of double doors on far side of pool. Doors reads '*bio-hazard*' with warning symbols. There's a large diagram of laboratory layout that looks like a city train route map. Nell points at it.

NELL

In here... Barrier Zone One. You just have a shower with special soap. As you go deeper into the complex you go through stricter requirements.

John looks at diagram.

ON DIAGRAM

Level two: Combustible paper clothing. Infra red scan.

Level three: Booster injections. Scan for fungal and bacterial legions.

Level four: Zinnon lamp.

INT. TITRON'S BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Martin watches screens. Eats. Orange and grey blur moves with intense speed behind him. Martin hears something FALL. Turns to see hard hats have fallen from the wall.

MARTIN

(to himself)

Silk you didn't do your job properly. There's more cats.

INT. TITRON'S DIVE POOL - DAY

John notices small office set back deep in the area. Walking closer he sees ajar door with finger print scanner.

ON DOOR

'Joshua solution - umbra key carriers only' .

OFFICE

Console and floor covered in blood. HUMMING sound from the console. John steps over an overturned chair. Examines console. It has several missile switches which are open and in the on position. A numerical code-pad with a green monochrome screen above it.

ON SCREEN

CPE1704TKS - Big house code accepted.

Large key in the console turned to the position labelled 'armed'. Green light glowing above it. Next to it is another light glowing red with the label 'remote.' Small monochrome screen continuously scrolls text.

ON SCREEN

9994 error: awaiting remote connection confirmation

Nell enters.

NELL

John, what is it?

JOHN

The crew did try to blow up Titron.

NELL

Oh my God. Are you sure?

JOHN

Looks like they armed it, but something must have happened.

NELL

Shit. It is still armed? You know Porton Down has the same safety device for an extreme emergency.

JOHN

No way.

NELL

Yes way. Think about it. A small nuclear device the size of an artillery shell or some of the worlds most dangerous and toxic chemical and biological agents reaching mankind. Whatever happened here, the crew thought it was worthy of nuking.

JOHN

But Triton wasn't nuked. For some reason big house didn't go through with it.

John starts walking off.

NELL

Maybe with tensions so high over this plane shoot-down, the last thing Connors wanted to do is set off a nuke. It would be picked up by enemy satellites and they'd have to explain why a nuke went off and what it was they were blowing up... That's assuming some Russian didn't get an itchy trigger finger once a satellite revealed a nuke detonation.

John quickly turns back to console. Turns missile key to 'unarmed'. Pulls key out.

JOHN

This ship's gonna fucking kill us all. C'mon.

John storms out.

INT. TITRON'S BRIDGE - NIGHT

Martin painfully bends down to pick up hard hats. Sees orange dive boots at the hallway entrance. They're split and broken with black thick ooze seeping out between the metal slats. The boot material is somehow welded into the ooze so they are one.

Martin looks up. It's ten feet tall. A mix of black slime and orange diving suit meshed together. Long thin purplish and white tentacles with barbs and suckers protrude out of it's back, squirming above it's head. Long thick black tentacles with large suckers and more barbs protrude from the wrists behind the large metal claws.

Orange helmet has the visor intact and respirator in place which makes a weird raspy sound as if it was working. Behind the visor is the twisted disfigured face of Theo.

RASPY HISSING SOUND of respirator becomes more intense. Martin SCREAMS. Fumbles for his pistol.

INT. TITRON'S CORRIDOR - NIGHT.

Nell leads, John follows. Dried black ooze around a dead body. John pushes ooze stuck to wall with gun butt. It just crumbles to powder.

Yellow arrow on wall with '*machine shop*' written underneath.

NELL

So you wanna bet if Connors keeps his end of the deal? What's the prize?

JOHN

Jesus Nell, what did you want me to do? Get a contract faxed out here? Make him swear on a pinky promise? He said he'd get a team.

NELL

Yeah well, he initially lied about that didn't he.

JOHN

I never picked you as cynical type.

NELL

I never picked you as someone who blindly trusts authority so much.

JOHN

You don't trust it enough.

Nell stops and faces John.

NELL

Trust them? They're all lying immoral bastards John. Everyone of them. Connors, Hospital administrators, the Navy. All of them. I hate them John, I hate them all and Titron is just proving again to how right I am to hate them.

Nell looks down. Tears welling.

JOHN
Nell? What's wrong? I -

NELL
It's fine. I'm not going to cry.
I'm no damsel in distress. I'm G9.

John reassuringly grabs her arms.

JOHN
What is it Nell?

NELL
I told myself I wasn't going to do
the girl thing and thank you for
saving my life. But when I was
drowning in that ocean... I really
wanted to live.
(beat)
But what you don't understand is
that for the first time in a long
time I really wanted to live.

JOHN
It's gonna be ok Nell.

NELL
It was horrible John. I... I
couldn't get him off me. I wasn't
strong enough. No-one believed me.
He was a Rear-Admiral. It happened
when I was a med student at the
academy.

JOHN
Jesus Nell... I never knew...I'm
... I'm sorry. Have you told anyone
else? I mean like the Military
Police?

NELL
No. Who'd listen.

JOHN
Well when we get off this ship,
we'll find someone who will.

Nell rolls up her sleeve.

ON WRIST

Knife slashing scars.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Shit.

NELL

I didn't have the guts to finish it. I came close. That's why I joined G9. I thought it would be easier. I'd get shot, killed on a mission, training accident. Something. Anything. I just didn't care anymore.

JOHN

They're not sea sickness pills are they?

NELL

Half a container would do it. This was going to be my last mission. But then I got tangled in my chute and I just suddenly wanted to live. But I was afraid I was going to die... you couldn't find me. You left.

JOHN

I searched Nell. We all did. But you know the mission rules. I had to make a choice. But you made a choice too when you signalled for us. You dug deep. You didn't give up on yourself or me.

NELL

I really want to live John... and to love. But now I'm scared again. Scared Titron is going to kill us all. One way or another.

JOHN

I will get us off this ship Nell. That's a promise. You help me get through this fight, and I'll help you get through yours. Deal?

INT. TITRON'S BRIDGE - DAY

EUGENE

Hey fat boy, we found sealed chocolate biscuits in a galley - Shit!

They surprise the giant orange figure. It moves with speed weaving in and out of consoles. Barry DROPS boxes, army rolls while pulling up his Uzi. Eugene quickly brings his weapon up. They both FIRE. Bullets SMASH into walls, windows, screens and consoles but the orange figure is too quick. It SMASHES through the door to the external staircase.

Barry chases. Stops. Sees remains of Martin on the floor. He's basically ripped in half, entrails hanging out of his stomach cavity, face severely disfigured.

INT. ENGINE ROOM - DAY

John and Nell stand in front of huge rectangular thick steel structure that runs the rest of the ship's length. NOISY.

JOHN
 (yelling into radio
 headset)
 Martin. We're at engine room. Do
 you read?

On huge thick entry door is cracked viewing port and dozens of large inward dents.

Nell BANGS on the door.

NELL
 (yelling)
 Hey. Hello in there. Hello. It's
 us.

She sees an intercom on wall. Presses button.

NELL (CONT'D)
 Hello. Hello. We're here. We're not
 here to hurt you. We're gonna get
 you off this ship. Come with us
 please. Open the door.

Silence.

John pushes in. Presses intercom.

JOHN
 Look stop fucking around we -
 (looks at Nell)
 We don't have time to pander to
 formal niceties but I'm John. This
 is Nell. We need you to come out.
 You're our only ticket off this
 ship of fools. Haven't you got
 someone home that misses you.
 (MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)

Someone that needs you. I know I have. And I want off. I've even got someone I want to get to know better.

Nell smiles. Blushes.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Every minute that passes without me reporting to Connors is another minute closer to him possibly sinking this ship. Only you know what's happened here. We're each others hope in this one.

Silence.

John kicks wall.

Lock TURNS. Door opens.

RICHARD

Richard Morsen. Pleasure. It's a miracle you weren't killed getting to me. We need to head to the deck urgently. I don't think Mayon's found a way up there yet. Follow me. And it's Susan. I need to get home to Susan.

EXT. TITRON'S DECK - DAY

Door on stairwell room at the stern flies open. John and Nell burst out, scan the deck with their guns. John clicks fingers. Richard comes out. They head quickly along deck. Stopping behind one of the containers knocked over by storm.

JOHN

(Into radio)

Martin we're on the deck near the Stern. We have the scientist. Call Connors. Tell him ETA... 7 minutes and I'll call him. Martin? Martin do you read?

John taps radio headset. Nell peers around container. Snaps back.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Nell what is it?

NELL

Thought I saw something move
against that crane.

Nell looks again.

ON CRANE

Something semi-transparent seems to move. Hard to
distinguish.

RICHARD

Is it orange?

NELL

Might be just glare.

JOHN

We'll head to the bridge through
the shipping containers. We'll be
less exposed.

SHIPPING CONTAINERS

John and Nell check intersections.

JOHN (CONT'D)

What's Mayon?

RICHARD

Dr. Mayon. He thought he'd found
the answer to our work with this
unique repairing virus from the
mollusc. We were able to separate
the virus. We hoped to get it to
work on the human genome to repair
radiated cells. But we couldn't get
it to work in anyone. So we
radiated the mollusc instead.

JOHN

What the hell for?

RICHARD

We needed to see what would happen
and what we could learn? How the
virus would react in its host. Only
the virus became extremely
aggressive. Mutated. It grew
rapidly, causing the mollusc to
grow with it.

NELL

Where is Dr. Mayon now?

RICHARD

It got out of the water tank. It latched onto one of the team. Dr. Mayon put on a diving suit to protect himself while he tried to catch and sedate it -

NELL

It got into the suit.

RICHARD

It now had a form to fill. All hell broke loose. It could compress it's body in the suit to give itself incredible strength and speed.

JOHN

My fucking Lord. Theo didn't stand a chance.

(Into radio)

Martin, come in Martin. We're on the deck among the containers. We might be in trouble, we need your eyes. Tell us if you can see anything. Over.

Silence.

A RASPY respirator sound.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Martin? Martin come in.

EUGENE (O.S.)

John. We wanted to wait until you got back ... but Martin's dead.

JOHN

Shit.

RASPY respirator sound but louder.

John looks at the ground. A large blob of black slime falls and SPLASHES on ground several feet in front. John looks up. His face turns to fear.

Mayon standing on top of containers in all its frightening glory. Tentacles and barbs slithering and waving from its wrists and back. RASPY respirator sound fast and intense. Its face partly resembling Martin.

Richard SCREAMS. John brings uzi up and FIRES. Bullets hit Mayon. Sparks, RICOCHETS. Mayon falls down.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Run.

John, Nell and Richard run down container alleyway. John looks back.

ON MAYON

It jumps down from container. It sprints to them.

ON JOHN

FIRES uzi blindly behind him while running.

NELL

This way.

They turn down an intersection.

ON DECK

They run out from containers back onto ship deck. Nell helps Richard run. John has rear guard.

NELL (CONT'D)

In here.

Nell and Richard run into a container on deck from earlier storm. Its doors are half open.

NELL (CONT'D)

John, C'mon.

John FIRES from hip as Mayon makes his way onto deck.

ON MAYON

Bullets hit, some piercing the suit. One bullet severs a tentacle. Horrendous awful SCREAM.

IN CONTAINER

John rushes inside. Nell and John quickly shut the doors as Mayon charges. John takes out empty magazine. Wedges it in door mechanism. John and Nell move quickly backwards. Nell gives John one of her magazines. John reloads.

JOHN

The bridge. Let's go. Hurry.

DECK

John, Nell and Richard run out the other side of container.

IN CONTAINER

Mayon rips open door and enters container. Moving toward John and Nell at other end.

DECK

John and Nell FIRE into container at Mayon. They quickly grab doors. Nell throws in grenade as they shut doors. Lock it with door mechanisms.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Go, go, go.

John, Nell and Richard run down deck.

ON CONTAINER

BOOM. The container jolts upwards. Orange flames pierce door seals. Container lands.

DECK

They stop running and turn.

Silence.

CONTAINER

Doors starts to buckle outward. Mayon is ramming through.

DECK

JOHN (CONT'D)

Oh no.

RICHARD

We're screwed. It's checkmate.

John looks down deck to the superstructure. It's too far.

He turns to deck railing. Sees a rubber zodiac inflatable dinghy attached to crane.

JOHN

Quick.

They run to the zodiac and jump in.

ON CONTAINER.

Doors buckling. Mayon nearly out.

IN RAFT

John pulls the start cord on the outboard motor. It wont start.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Shit.

NELL

John. Hurry.

John pulls harder. It just wont start.

JOHN

For fucks sake. C'mon.

He checks choke. Keeps trying.

ON CONTAINER.

Mayon bursts through. Door clasped in its tentacles. Throws door away. It runs to the the zodiac.

IN RAFT

NELL

Anytime John.

Nell reloads her gun.

She FIRES a whole clip into it.

Mayon still coming.

Nell jumps out of zodiac raft.

JOHN

Nell.

DECK

Nell runs to fire hose reel cupboard. Rips open door. Quickly grabs hose. Reels it out. It jams. She pulls it.

Mayon runs towards her. Nell panics. Pulls harder on fire reel. Mayon is nearly on top of her.

Fire hose suddenly come loose. Knocks Nell off balance. She falls. Grabs hose, gets up. Turns and points hose at Mayon at last possible minute.

High pressure water rockets out.

ON MAYON

Water connects and sends it flying backwards. Water pushes it along deck.

IN RAFT

John pulls cord. Outboard engine ROARS.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Quick. Quick get in.

Nell dives back in zodiac. John pulls out handgun. FIRES it at crane winch. Sparks. The zodiac raft releases and falls just as Mayon arrives.

OCEAN

Zodiac lands heavy. Water sprays up. John opens throttle. Nell and Richard keep low. Zodiac bounces over waves to front of Titron. Pulls up alongside metal ladder rungs leading to deck.

Nell helps Richard climb steps.

EXT. TITRON'S BRIDGE DECK - NIGHT

John stands on deck near the railing outside the bridge. He has a supply bag dripping with blood. Martin's remains. John says the seaman's prayer of internment, commits bag to the ocean. Stares out.

INT. CAPTAIN'S CABIN - NIGHT

Richard sits on bed drinking water from canteen. Nell bandages his leg. Eugene and Barry stand against wall.

RICHARD
Our goal was to keep Mayon below deck. We tried nerve gas and anything else we could create but it did nothing and it ended up having negative outcomes.

NELL
Let me guess. Everyone went insane.

RICHARD
Some died from our own products, some jumped overboard with paranoia. People turned on each other. The place went mad.

EUGENE

You didn't call for help?

RICHARD

Only those with byeman clearance
had access to communications.

EUGENE

But it was you who killed the power
right?

RICHARD

I had no choice. I couldn't find
the bridge crew. I was worried we
would would hit land. I grabbed
food and water and hid in the
engine room. The door is too thick,
even for him. I cut the engines,
the power, everything. Anything to
make help come. There was never any
point in trying to fight Mayon. We
should have got off when we had the
chance. I knew from the start it
was pointless but the crew and
those useless soldiers wouldn't
listen.

Richard drinks water

Barry grabs Richard and slams him up against a wall.

BARRY

I'll show you fucking useless.

INT. TITRON'S BRIDGE - NIGHT

John picks up radio homing transceiver screen laying in a
pool of drying blood. Walks to map table, grabs satellite
phone. Dials.

INTERCUT AS NEEDED

JOHN

We found a scientist. We know
everything about Titron. Martin is
dead. Same thing that got Theo.

WILLIAM

God John. I'm sorry.

JOHN

Don't give me your false
sentiments.

(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)

Under performing soldiers? Really Connors. You son of a bitch. You were a fucking soldier. You were also a friend.

WILLIAM

Don't get all ethical on me now John. What if it was refugees? Enemy spies? Since when have you started caring about the specifics of a mission. Oh, that's right, when I could help your mother benefit from the research.

John thinks.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Who killed them? Rouge crew? Enemy?

JOHN

An experiment gone wrong. Some sort of intelligent creature that's got loose. It's strong and fast.

WILLIAM

And this is what killed the crew? Not Russians?

JOHN

Look, I've done my part. You now know the truth. I even got you a scientist who can report all and answer your fucking questions. Now get us off this fucking ship.

WILLIAM

All right John. I owe you that.

JOHN

What about Titron?

WILLIAM

If the Russians were involved, I was going to destroy it. I've had a PC3 Orion circling over you just in case. But since that's not the reason and you restored power, I think I'll send the SBS team out to sail her back to port. The research is too vital. Plus it sounds like whatever is on there could be of great importance.

JOHN
Please tell me your kidding.

INT. CAPTAIN'S CABIN - NIGHT

Barry has Richard by scruff of neck, ramming him into wall.
Nell and Eugene trying hard to pry him off.

BARRY
He was my cousin. My cousin. He
wasn't even a real soldier you
bastard. He just wanted to work in
electronics. You're the real
fucking monster.

John enters.

JOHN
Let him go Silk.

BARRY
You're playing God out here.

Barry throws him on bed. Richard adjusts shirt. Regains
composure.

RICHARD
Are we? We're already full of
virus'. We're born with them. Some
are just dormant passengers, others
cause problems. We're just making
improvements.

NELL
It's mutilation. That's what it is.

RICHARD
We're humanitarians.

BARRY
You're fucking butchers.

JOHN
Humanitarians? You've got to be
kidding me. You're bartenders,
making genetic cocktails at the
expense of innocent soldiers.

RICHARD
What if civilians could be given
this virus so we could all continue
living in a post nuclear world? Or
the Prime Minister?

(MORE)

RICHARD (CONT'D)

We could keep going while enemy nations would die out. It would render nuclear weapons pointless. The Cold War could end.

JOHN

Titron ends. I'm gonna end it. Connors is getting us off. When we're safe, I'm going to expose this madness.

RICHARD

Don't be so hasty. The spin off from our work has led to cancer breakthroughs which we've shared. Trials have started. We could heal millions. We are so close to perfecting it. We could even patent it. Imagine... a vaccine for cancer. A virus shield.

ON JOHN

Realisation sets in on his face.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

You really wanna be the one to deny people? You think they're gonna ask questions or care about some grunt soldiers who couldn't keep up or follow orders?

Barry launches at Richard. A plane FLIES low overhead. Barry stops. Huge SPLASHES are heard.

JOHN

(to Richard)

You stay here.

INT. TITRON'S BRIDGE - NIGHT

The team run to various windows. Water mines drop from sky and land around the ship.

BARRY

Water mines. The Russians don't want us going anywhere. They're gonna board again.

JOHN

It's Connors. That son of a bitch.

BARRY

You said a relief crew was coming.

JOHN

Yeah, I think to permanently
relieve us. He wants to ensure we
stay put.

John looks at Nell knowingly.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I'm sure a giant oil tanker
explosion would be the standard
explanation to our families.
Connors joked that maybe the crew
got sick or some simple electrical
problem because that's what he was
truly hoping for.

EUGENE

If we reported that, you think we'd
be home no sooner than we arrived?

John looks out another window.

JOHN

'fraid so. But if we reported the
reds were on board, they'd destroy
Titron. If the crew had been
kidnapped or defected, same
outcome. If we found some deadly
bacteria floating around or we
couldn't stop the ship drifting
towards land, same again.
Checkmate. They didn't want to risk
their elite teams confirming their
worst fears.

A mine lands really close to ship. Huge splash.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Connors wanted to be a hundred
percent sure before nuking it and
wasting all that research and
money. That's why we're here. Only
now he knows there's no enemy
threat. He'll get the mines cleared
when his SBS team arrives and takes
her to port.

NELL

Oh my God. He wants Mayon.

JOHN

A new weapon to show off in front
of his bosses.

BARRY

Where's those fucking Russians when you need them.

EUGENE

Even if we take a lifeboat and get through the mines, he'll scuttle us. And this ship is too big to steer through them. Do we take on the Special Boat Service?

JOHN

No. We destroy Mayon and Titron. We're going home.

EUGENE

Titron's gigantic? How are you going to sink her? Surely you're not planning on using that nuke?

BARRY

We use our plastic explosives and place them in the pressurised pool area. We blow a hole, break the pressure and let the water flood in.

JOHN

I thought you weren't a rocket scientist Silk? We take a lifeboat and our chances.

EUGENE

And Mayon? What if it gets us first?

BARRY

No way. I'm gonna kill this fucking thing and maybe even Connors later. Theo, Martin, James ... it's personal from here on in.

JOHN'S POV

Orange wet weather jackets hanging up on wall.

JOHN

That dive suit in the Captain's cabin.

NELL

But what are you going to do?

JOHN

You'll see.

NELL

No John, what are you going to do?

JOHN

Face facts. Find alternatives. Help her fight again. She has spent her whole life fighting for people's rights, this ship is everything she is not. She wouldn't want anything of Titron and it's madness in her. And I don't either. This ship won't bring peace. A virus might stop radiation, but war and destruction... it won't stop that. It will only justify someone doing it.

INT. SCRUB ROOM - NIGHT

Surgeon's scrubbing room area. Rows of sinks and a shower cubicle. Opposite the cubicle is an office with a desk, computer, lab testing equipment. John, Barry and Eugene walk in with dive suit.

JOHN

Here's perfect. Set it up at that desk. There's a good line of sight from the cubicle.

Eugene and Barry set up dive suit. John talks into radio.

JOHN (CONT'D)

(Into radio)

Nell, we found a good spot. It says OT Three on the wall

NELL (O.S.)

Operating Theater Three. Right. Richard and I are nearly at the dive pool.

JOHN

(Into radio)

Get as much evidence as you can carry. Then wait for us to arrive. We'll then plant the explosives... and Nell... be careful... I want to see you again.

NELL (O.S.)

Me too.

Eugene and Barry stop working and stare at John.

JOHN

What are you two looking at? Get
this trap set.

Barry takes a chair. Walks to the shower cubicle.

BARRY

I'll stay. I wanna do this thing
in... for everyone.

SHOWER CUBICLE

Barry sits on chair. Pulls the thick green plastic curtain
across. He then makes a slit in the curtain with his knife.
He peers through the shower screen slit.

BARRY'S POV

Shows diving suit sitting on chair, leaning over desk.

SCRUB ROOM

JOHN

Gene and I are gonna start back
towards the stern and make a shit
load of noise as we make our way
back here. Hopefully it follows.
When we get here, we'll split into
some rooms and hide. If it turns
down this hall, you start firing,
we jump in and fire too.

SHOWER CUBICLE

Barry taps his Uzi.

BARRY

I won't be unprepared like poor old
Martin. Nobody has even lived after
encountering big, bad Barry Silk.

INT. TITRON'S HOLD - NIGHT

John and Eugene exit out of a door in a shipping container
into the hold surrounded by more containers.

EUGENE

Looks like we're back out here again.

JOHN

(talking into radio)
Barry, we're in the hold.

BARRY (O.S.)

Roger John.

JOHN

Ready?

EUGENE

Look John, before we go...
I'm sorry if I've been a bit annoying and come across cocky this mission. I really am a team player. I just wanted to impress the great John Delaney. They still talk about you at forces training.

JOHN

It's ok Gene. You'll be good for G9. Connors said you'd be an asset to us. I forgot to say how great you were taking out those Russians on the deck. That was some impressive shimmying up those containers. Thanks.

EUGENE

I've scaled a few two story homes in my youth to sneak into girl's windows.

John laughs. Eugene laughs.

They both take out their torches. They run, BANGING their torches on containers and YELLING.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Through smashed glass wall Nell sees operating theatre. Robotic arms hang from ceiling, bio suit arms through the walls. Operating bed in middle. To the side of Nell are damaged computers, over turned filing cabinets, strewn papers and broken chairs. Several bodies lay on the floor. Black ooze on the ground.

RICHARD

This is where the most sensitive work happened. The patients were then taken upstairs where we'd monitor them, perform smaller operations, tissue samples etc.

Nell scours room. Sees files.

ON COVER

VIRUS F/x-c01074482.

She grabs them. Quickly stuffs them down her shirt and in her pouches. Nell races along desks, takes floppy disks out of all computers and puts them down her top, grabs more papers and files.

INT. SHOWER CUBICLE - NIGHT

Barry sits, peering through the shower curtain slit. The diving suit dummy sits at desk. Barry lets out a SIGH of boredom. Hears a RASPY HISSING SOUND. Perks up, listens closer. He HEARS it again. Peers through shower screen.

From his POV we see the air tanks on back of dummy diving suit. He assumes they must be source of noise. HEARS noise again but this time it's right on him. A large shadowy figure on shower curtain. Barry brings up his Uzi. Curtain is snatched away.

INT. TITRON'S LABORATORY - CONTINUOUS

GUNFIRE. John and Eugene run through numerous corridors. Reach scrub room. Stop dead. Gun smoke lingers. John turns to see the shower curtain shredded and torn. He pulls it back.

JOHN

Barry.

Barry lays on the shower floor. Blood and tissue everywhere. His face mangled. A black slimy mass on his chest. Huge stomach wound. John drops to his knees, rips the black mass off and throws it hard behind him.

ON DIVING SUIT

Black mass lands on feet of diving suit dummy.

INT. TITRON'S LABORATORY - CONTINUOUS

Eugene pulls out his first aid kit, kneels down, plugs the giant stomach wound. GURGLING noise.

EUGENE

Fuck he's tough. How is he even alive?

(To Barry)

Hang on, we're here buddy. Stay strong. Stay with us.

BARRY

John.

JOHN

It's ok Barry. Hold on. Don't talk.

BARRY

Watch this one John. It's tougher than me. I gotta whole clip into him.

Barry grabs John's shoulder. With the last of his strength, he pulls off the radio transmitter attached to John.

BARRY (CONT'D)

I... I wedged mine into him.

JOHN

You did good Barry. Real good.

BARRY

It... It... It looks like Martin.

INT. OPERATING THEATRE - CONTINUOUS

Richard picks up some ooze from floor. Nell turns around, looking rather bloated from all the data she has stuffed down her clothes.

NELL

Hey stop. What are you doing?

RICHARD

It's ok. The virus seems to die quickly when exposed to air. Maybe that's why it likes the dive suit. Who knows. But it just turns into a dry kelp like state.

Richard crumbles it in his hand.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

There's another thing too. Like an octopus, it can blend into the surroundings. It can secrete a huge amount of itself so it covers the dive suit, then it can camouflage.

NELL

Shit.

(Into radio)

(interference)

John? John can you hear me. Shit.

John. Come in? I think we're too far in.

Richard sees semi auto handgun near a body. Breech open, it's empty. Nell notices.

NELL (CONT'D)

If it's a 9mm. I can give you some ammo.

Nell pulls Uzi magazine from pouch. Takes bullets out.

RICHARD

Thanks, but there's no real point. Guns don't work.

Nell snaps her head up.

NELL

Guns don't work?

RICHARD

The virus makes Mayon quickly self heal. He just regenerates. Nothing works.

NELL

Oh my God. John.

EXT. TITRON'S DECK - CONTINUOUS

John and Eugene are on the ship deck among the shipping container alleyways. Moving stealthily as they follow the radio tracking receiver. John looks down at the device to show a flashing red blip that BEEPS with every flash and a directional arrow.

JOHN

It's this way.

They stop. John looks at the receiver.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Next alley. Left side.

GRINDING, SCREECHING NOISE of metal being twisted.

EUGENE
It's ripping open a container.
Now's our chance.

John reaches into one of his pouches, pulls out his plastic explosives. He puts in a detonator and sets the timer.

JOHN
Get in. Get out. We don't have much
time before this baby rocks. We're
gonna destroy this fucker.

Both take up a charge position with weapons ready. They look at each other. John holds up his hand and counts one, two, three. Both men run out, down the left alley into the open container.

SHIPPING CONTAINER

No Mayon. The container is empty. Just a pool of black ooze on the floor. A drop of ooze splashes into the pool. John and Eugene look up. Mayon is camouflaged into ceiling.

Mayon drops down from ceiling, blocking the only exit. It's tentacles rise above it's head. The tentacles squirt a giant ink cloud.

INT. SCRUB ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nell and Richard arrive at the scrub room. See Barry's remains. Nell raises her Uzi.

NELL
Stay here.

Nell runs into ward rooms and operating theatres frantically looking for John and Eugene. She calls on the radio. Nothing. Runs back to scrub room. Stops dead.

In front of her is the diving suit dummy now standing up and expanding as black slime fills its voids. Small tentacles start to appear from the wrists. The slime behind the visor begins moving around with facial parts until the face resembles a twisted version of Barry.

NELL (CONT'D)
Run.

Nell sprints off. Richard gets a few steps into his stride. The diving suit pounces on him and drags him in. The newly formed tentacles begin ripping apart his body. SCREAMS. Nell looks back.

ON RICHARD

Blood gushing out of him like a fountain.

INT. SHIPPING CONTAINER - CONTINUOUS

Mayon picks up Eugene with tentacles. Eugene SCREAMS, desperately trying to break free while John jumps on Mayon's back. John FIRES Uzi with one hand at point blank range.

Mayon ROARS, flings diving suit arms with full force against John. John flies across the shipping container floor towards the opening.

ON BOMB

It flies out of John's hand. Hits container wall. The detonator pin falls out.

John gets up. He stops suddenly.

ON EUGENE

Eugene holds a grenade.

ON GRENADE

A white strip painted on it with words *Phosp.*

Eugene, blood flowing from mouth, holds grenade close to Mayon's body.

EUGENE

John. Get Nell and get off.

The two men stare at each other with a knowing look. Eugene pulls the pin. Closes his eyes.

John groggily runs out of the container.

We follow him. He slides into an alleyway. Reloads uzi.

ON CONTAINER

EXPLODES in a brilliant flash.

EXT. TITRON'S DECK - MOMENTS LATER

John runs back towards the container. Mayon staggers out, partly on fire, SCREAMING A HORRENDOUS NOISE, patting the flames out frantically with its suit hands and tentacles. John runs towards it, FIRING gun. Runs back into container.

SHIPPING CONTAINER

Container covered in sticking burning phosphorus, boring holes into the metal. John quickly gathers the bomb and detonator. Re-arms bomb.

DECK

John runs out, throws bomb in Mayon's direction and runs away fast.

Massive EXPLOSION and fireball. Containers tossed like toys. John is blown over and lands hard on deck. Mayon is thrown with extreme force into nearby containers, bounces off, collapses in a smouldering heap on the deck.

John staggers up. Limping. Blood flowing from head, shoulder and leg. He pulls a piece of debris from his shoulder. He surveys the damage. He sees Mayon lying face down in a smouldering mess. Slowly walks to it. Smoke rises from it's burnt flesh. He kneels down, cautiously reaches out to roll it over.

Suddenly the sky is lit up with a red flare. John looks to the right. Lots of people in black clothing with guns spreading out over the deck, towards the shipping container area.

JOHN
SBS. Over here.

Some men in black take an aiming position. One YELLS in Russian.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Shit. Not again.

John runs back down the deck towards the superstructure.

We follow John. Guns FIRE, bullets WHIZZ past him creating sparks as they RICOCHET. A bullet glances John's side, he trips and falls.

He slides behind a lifeboat, FIRES back killing one Russian. He SPRAYS some rounds towards a pair of Russians making their way down the deck towards him. The Russians FIRE back. Sparks and ricochets. Some bullets pierce through lifeboat. He's in trouble.

John FIRES, runs behind a near by storage room. Pulls out a magazine.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Freak me out. Last one.

John steps out from behind the store room. Shoulders weapon. Picks off one Russian on the move and hits another in the leg with single shots. Fires a cover spray and runs back into the shipping container alleyways.

We follow John through the maze. He is like a mouse in an experiment. A Russian soldier is in the corridor. John quickly drops down, FIRES and kills him. John gets up, runs down the corridor past the dead soldier and turns right.

Violent SCREAMS from around deck.

Another flare lights up the night sky. Reveals Russian soldier on top of container. John SHOTS him then CLICK. Throws away empty gun.

Pulls out pistol. Moves quickly through alleyways. Russian VOICES heard. Panic. Pressure. Another Russian soldier appears in front of him. How many are there? But this one has his back turned to John. John sneakily runs down a side alleyway. Evades him. More SCREAMS and GUNFIRE.

John CRASHES into a Russian soldier, VLADIMIR ANDREVITCH, 40s, coming around a corner.

John falls, drops pistol. John and Vladimir get up together. Vladimir kicks away John's gun, pulls out a knife and lunges at John. John defends and counters knocking the knife free. A close combat martial art fight ensues.

Vladimir ends up on top of John, choking him. A gun barrel suddenly appears on John's head. Another Russian stands behind John holding an AK-47. Vladimir grins but then his face turns to sheer terror.

The smouldering Mayon stands behind the other Russian soldier. It picks him up, throws him to one side, begins to devour him. John seizes the moment. Kicks Vladimir off, gets up.

JOHN (CONT'D)

No fucking way.

John grabs Vladimir's arm and helps him up.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Come on. Run. Bistro. Bistro.

John and Vladimir run fast down an alleyway. John half runs with a limp. GUNFIRE AND HORRIFIC SCREAMS are heard.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Follow me.

They make turns quickly. Exit near the superstructure and stop for breath.

VLADIMIR

What is that?

JOHN

Do you know why you are here? What this ship is?

VLADIMIR

Err...No. First crew not report in so we get sent to see.

JOHN

Talk later. We need to find my crew member. A doctor.

VLADIMIR

The face... it had face of my men.

IGOR, 20s, suddenly appears. AK-47 pointed at John.

VLADIMIR (CONT'D)

Nyet.

IGOR

(In Russian, subtitled)

Comrade, there is some... some sort of monster on this ship.

John heads to door of superstructure. Vladimir and Igor follow.

INT. TITRON'S SUPERSTRUCTURE - NIGHT

John and the Russians are on the ground floor of superstructure. John heads towards fake exit door that leads to laboratory. Nell suddenly darts out of a room and scares John. She hugs him tightly.

NELL

John. I heard the shooting and bombs. I thought you were gone. I thought I was alone.

JOHN
We're all that's left. Well except
our friends here.

Nell releases John from hug. Examines Russian soldiers in their rubber suits. Igor is young, tall and trying to grow a moustache. He smiles to reveal some gold teeth. Vladimir is older. An attractive man with deep set eyes and lined brow. Nell then notices the poor state John is in. Bloodied and covered in ink stains. He looks wrecked.

JOHN (CONT'D)
It looks worse than it is.

Nell turns to the Russians.

NELL
(In Russian)
I am Nell. Doctor. This is John.

VLADIMIR
(In English)
I am VLADIMIR ANDREVITCH. My young comrade does not speak a lot of English. His name is IGOR.

JOHN
Nell, this thing can't be killed.

VLADIMIR
What is this thing?

NELL
It's a virus gone wrong. We don't have time to explain. We need to get off this ship. Where is your helicopter?

VLADIMIR
No. We not use. We come by sub. We shoot out like this ... in special vehicles. Past mines.

Vladimir makes shooting gesture with hand to explain they shot out of torpedo tubes.

VLADIMIR (CONT'D)
Our sub...err...now going away. It come back close at dawn.

JOHN
We use Titron's sub. We take it and get off.

NELL

We don't know how to pilot a sub.

VLADIMIR

You forget we are Russian
submariners. We drive. We can radio
our sub to stop ... so we meet it
yes.

John notices the radio attached to Vladimir's rubber wet
suit.

JOHN

Vlad, are you able to call your sub
in an unsecured, uncoded way on
your radio?

INT. TITRON'S LABORATORY - NIGHT

Nell, Vladimir and Igor run down a corridor. Nell has her
Uzi, Igor his AK47. John is behind them, half running and
half limping.

JOHN

A new Mayon got the scientist?
You're fucking kidding me. So
there's two of these things running
around now?

VLADIMIR

It come from the deep you say yes?

NELL

Yeah. C'mon John. Hurry.

JOHN

Where's your bedside manner
Florence Nightingale?

VLADIMIR

So can we send it back to deep then
yes?

INT. WILLIAM'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

William is ready to leave the office. Colin Brooks rushes in.

COLIN

More Soviets are back on Titron.
Menwith Hill Echelon just heard
their radio communication to their
sub.

WILLIAM

Go to Joshua solution. Now.

COLIN

Can't. Someone turned it off.

William stomps his cane.

WILLIAM

Damn you John. The Russians can't have Titron. It'll cost us more than just my job.

COLIN

Special Boat Service team took off a short time ago. I can get an ETA.

WILLIAM

No. Too late for them now. Send Exocet armed fighters. If we can't nuke it, I want it blown up.

(Colin slams his cane down as he speaks)

then blown up again and again and again... And then I want a gunship to scour for survivors.

INT. TITRON'S LABORATORY - CONTINUOUS

Nell presses elevator button. It opens. They enter. John's tracking receiver begins beeping.

JOHN

Oh shit Mayon number one.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Elevator doors SHUT. Elevator goes down. SCREECHING of metal bending. Huge THUMP on top of the elevator that makes it JOLT. Sparks fly from elevator panel.

Mayon's arms SMASHES through the elevator ceiling. Tentacles grab Vladimir's leg and lifts him up.

NELL

Cover your ears.

Nell FIRES her Uzi through the ceiling. Mayon drops Vladimir.

ON TOP OF ELEVATOR

Mayon is repeatedly shot, thrown off balance and falls down the shaft alongside the elevator.

ON ELEVATOR CABLE

Bullets hit. Sparks. Cable SNAPS.

ELEVATOR SHAFT

Elevator falls at speed.

ELEVATOR SHAFT FLOOR

Elevator CRASHES with force on top of Mayon.

ELEVATOR

John and Igor push the buckled doors apart.

JOHN

Quick. Get out. It wont hold him.

INT. TITRON'S DIVE POOL - NIGHT

Everyone runs into pool area. John lags behind.

NELL

It's the yellow sub. Get in.

Vladimir, Nell and Igor jump in. John runs gingerly towards sub. He suddenly stops. Nell sticks her head up out of sub.

NELL (CONT'D)

John. What are you doing? Get in.

JOHN

I think Vlad made a good point before.

SOUND of Mayon trying to break free from under elevator. John jumps onto yellow sub. He sticks his head inside the hatch.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Vladimir. Radio your sub again.

VLADIMIR

What are you doing John?

JOHN
Just do it. Tell them this...

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

LOUD bangs. Elevator floor bulges in places.

INT. YELLOW SUBMARINE - NIGHT

NELL
John, no stay with us, stay with me
please. Just get in so we can go.
This is crazy. Stay this time.

JOHN
We need to send it back to where it
came from. We need to know it's
stuck there, dead or alive, where
it can't be found again.

John looks at Vlad.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Especially by a military from
either side.

Nell reaches up and grabs John's face. They kiss.

JOHN (CONT'D)
We're going home Nell. I promise.
Ok, keep low so it can't see you.

John SLAMS the lid shut. He jumps onto orange sub, opens the hatch. He looks up to see the elevator bulging and buckling from below.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Shit.

John jumps off the sub, unhooks the rope from the mooring, runs quickly and awkwardly to the console. He turns it on.

JOHN (CONT'D)
C'mon. Hurry you bucket of diodes.

ON COMPUTER MONITOR:

Select:

Enter coordinates

Manual mode

Semi manual mode

Test mode

Repeat last recorded dive.

John selects last option.

ON SCREEN

Rapidly displays data such as depth, latitude, longitude, speed. At bottom of screen it displays 'START ENGINES (Y/N).'

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - NIGHT

Mayon RIPS through elevator floor. Gets out.

INT. TITRON'S DIVE POOL - NIGHT

John presses 'Y' and hides behind console. The orange Sub motors WHINE into life creating bubbles in the dive pool. Mayon move fast to pool and enters the sub. Falls for the trap.

ORANGE SUB

John jumps on. SLAMS down hatch lid but Mayon's diving suit claw stops hatch shutting. John leans with all his weight on the hatch lid but it's no use. Hatch lid opens wider. A tentacle comes out and grabs John's arm. Suddenly, GUNFIRE.

INT. ORANGE SUB

Mayon flinches back with the bullets.

ORANGE SUB.

Igor is next to John with his AK47 wedged in the hatch opening, FIRING. Mayon flings hatch lid open knocking John over.

Tentacles reach out, grab Igor, pulls him in swiftly. Igor SCREAMS. John bolts upright and slams the hatch shut, locks it. John jumps off.

CONSOLE

John HITS the green launch button. The sub descends.

INT. YELLOW SUBMARINE - NIGHT

Vladimir STARTS the engines. John climbs in. Shuts the hatch.

JOHN

Get going. Shit, Igor. Vlad, I'm so sorry.

Submersible goes down. It CRASHES into the side of the diving pool. Nell gets thrown around, hits her head.

NELL

I thought you could drive subs.

VLADIMIR

In Soviet Russia, sub drives you.

Submarine sinks quickly. Vladimir, John and Nell look out the window. They see inside the orange submarine to reveal Mayon. It's face turns into Igor's. Mayon launches forward at them.

ON ORANGE SUBMARINE CONTROLS

Mayon knocks controls. Submarine lurches.

EXT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT

The two submarines CRASH together. They are entangled by their mechanical claws. Programmed orange submarine drags down the yellow submarine towards the depths.

INT. YELLOW SUBMARINE - NIGHT

Vladimir pulls back hard on the controls. Water sprays into the submarine from a burst seal. Nell bleeds from head cut above eye.

JOHN

Vlad. Get us off.

VLADIMIR

I try.

Vladimir reverses hard. ALARMS sound, LIGHTS flash. Vladimir sees Mayon through the cockpit glass crazily ramming into the side of the sub, desperate to get out.

VLADIMIR (CONT'D)

Hold on everyone.

Vladimir rams throttle forward at full speed. BUCKLING METAL. He RAMS throttle back in reverse sending John and Nell crashing together.

VLADIMIR (CONT'D)

Nyet. We're still stuck. What now?

LOUD MUFFLED EXPLOSION. Sudden violent jolting and rocking of submarine like they've been hit by an invisible backhand. Vladimir falls off chair.

EXT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT

The two entangled subs thrown around at all angles in the water like they are in a washing machine.

EXT. OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

The stern of Titron EXPLODING in a giant fireball. Panavia Tornado fighter jets ROAR over the ship at low altitude.

INT. YELLOW SUBMARINE - NIGHT

New alarms RINGING, more warning lights flash. Water enters with more intensity. They're in a real spot of bother.

VLADIMIR
What fuck was that?

JOHN
Connors.

Vladimir gets up, rams the throttle forward again.

EXT. OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

Titron's nose rises and leans dramatically. Second missile HITS middle of Titron creating fireball that sends the nose CRASHING back on sea. Another Panavia Tornado jet ROARS past.

INT. YELLOW SUBMARINE - NIGHT

Another EXPLOSION. Submarine violently thrown. Vladimir rams throttle back. SCREECHING metal. Engine WHINING.

VLADIMIR
Please. Work. Please.

EXT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT

A sinking shipping container suddenly hits the two tangled subs.

INT. YELLOW SUBMARINE - NIGHT

Vladimir, Nell and John and throw around. Screen cracks.

EXT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT

The two subs split apart. Their damaged sub with mangled dangling mechanical arm turns in the whitewash and drives off as more containers sink past them.

ON ORANGE SUBMARINE

Continues its programmed descent to the deep.

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

Titron slowly listing among debris and containers. We then see several torpedoes race in the water towards the sinking Titron. IMPACT. Multiple fiery EXPLOSIONS and huge water geysers. A Mirage fighter jet then FLIES over and banks high and right. Titron is destroyed and sinks to her watery grave.

INT. YELLOW SUBMARINE - NIGHT

John attends to Nell's head wound and comforts her.

NELL

Will he get out?

JOHN

Good luck to it. It'll have thousands of pounds of pressure on that hatch plus another surprise coming shortly. Good work Vlad. Igor needs a medal for saving us.

VLADIMIR

We head to my sub now, yes. Do not worry. I help you. We are soldiers. We understand what is required in our jobs. But now, you my friends, yes.

EXT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT

Damaged yellow submarine cruises in water.

FRONT HULL OF LARGE MILITARY SUBMARINE.

A torpedo SHOOTS out.

EXT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT

Torpedo Heads towards yellow sub. Looks like impacting. Zooms past.

EXT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT

The orange sub sinks down a deep trench. It's lights reveal a long rock wall. Sub sinks lower and lower. Torpedo IMPACT. EXPLOSION. Sub and Mayon disintegrated.

EXT. RUSSIAN SUBMARINE CONNING TOWER - DAWN

Beautiful sunrise indicates the lovely day at sea coming. John, Nell, Russian Officers and Vladimir look out to sea. Debris and containers everywhere. Small fires on the ocean.

John looks shit. He's battered and bruised around the face, wrist in a sling. Nell wears an oversized Russian Naval jacket over her fatigues. She looks through binoculars to where Titron was. She lowers them. She has stitches and bruising around her left eyebrow.

NELL

Connors hit it good. Exocet missiles and plane launched torps no doubt.

JOHN

I'm betting he'll send gunships out shortly now daybreak is here. Connors will get a rude shock when he finds out his pawns are alive and well.

Nell kisses John.

NELL

You're more of a knight than a pawn.

John kisses her forehead. Nell leans back, pulls disks and files from inside her top and shows them to John.

NELL (CONT'D)

You sure you want to go through with this?

JOHN

We'll be fine. I know a nice Scottish farm we could lay low at and they could do with a couple of harvest workers. And, I just happen to know a lady in politics. Now... how have you been lately? How's work?

Nell smiles, about to give an answer. Officers signal them to return below deck as submarine begins its diving protocol.

EXT. GOVERNMENT OFFICE CARPARK - DAY

William walks to car. He presses the remote. Car BEEPS.

INT. CAR - DAY

Places his cane in the passenger seat. STARTS car.

RADIO NEWS REPORTER (V.O)
 ...the British Maritime Union said the tanker that exploded last week first caught fire but could not be contained by the crew. Union officials ruled out terrorism. Rescue teams found no survivors.

JOHN (O.S.)
 Did they take Titron off your door?

Connors snaps around to see a slightly less bruised John laying in the rear footwell, Browning Hi-Power pointed.

WILLIAM
 Delaney. I'll be dammed.

William turns car radio off.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
 I had a feeling you were alive.

JOHN
 You said it yourself Connors, us people know how to survive.

WILLIAM
 Intel said a Russian on Titron radioed his sub to torpedo an escaping sub of NATO soldiers. But I didn't believe it. I wrote you possibly defected on your file.

JOHN
 Cute.

WILLIAM
 What are you going to do? Kill me?

John DE-COCKS pistol and sits up.

JOHN

The king isn't killed when he's checkmated Connors. He is just forced to live with his poor decisions and wonder how he was got the better of. Start the car and drive off. Try anything smart though and I'll show you just how good you trained us.

EXT. GOVERNMENT OFFICE CARPARK - DAY

William stops at parking booth. William and John wave at staff. Boom gate opens, car exits onto street.

INT. CAR - DAY

WILLIAM

Now what?

William secretly pushes panic button on the side of his chair.

JOHN

Just keep going straight. We have files, we have reports, we have disks. It's all over Connors.

WILLIAM

Is it? There might be an inquiry with your little expose. Some people might fall on their sword and others will be made to take the fall, but it will fade out of the headlines, the public outrage will die down, our funding will secretly return and the department will go back to its secret projects. Projects that exist to ensure our country's survival, our winning edge. Titron may be destroyed but there are other Titrons in the wings ready to take its place. You going to stop them too?

Police sirens WAIL. John looks out the back window.

JOHN

You pressed the panic button.

WILLIAM

You think you're the only one with tricks up his sleeve? Any minute the cops are going to find an armed known defector holding a Defence Department Official hostage.

JOHN

Turn right up here. If you start slowing down I'll blow your brains out over the dash.

WILLIAM

No you wont. That's not your style.

JOHN

But I will shoot you through the chair. If you just happen to bleed out slowly before help arrives then I can live with that.

WILLIAM

You think you're making some sort of righteous difference? You might hurt the department but you won't hurt me and I know that's what you want to do. Don't you?

JOHN

Turn left. You murdered young men Connors, good men. You sent them to that ship to be experimented on. God knows how many international laws your experiment broke.

WILLIAM

It's part of the game John. I'd do it all over again. Those young soldiers were useless anyway. Under performing, injuries. They never would have made good soldiers. This way, they still did something for their country.

JOHN

Turn right, then pull into the second driveway on the right.

The police SIRENS are now louder. John looks around again.

EXT. STREET -DAY

Car pulls into a paved driveway in front of huge black gates. High white stone wall fences run along either side of the gates. A Soviet flag flies from a flag pole.

INT. CAR - DAY

WILLIAM
The Soviet Embassy?

John turns off small tape recorder in his hand. Holds it up.

JOHN
You can choose Connors. Espionage or conspiracy to murder. Mention my name or deny the espionage charge and the House of Commons might be quite interested in hearing this tape and finding out what you did to this nation's young serving men. I wonder what carries more years in prison?

WILLIAM
What espionage charge? What are you playing at?

John looks out side window. Flashing police lights close.

JOHN
I think this is finally checkmate.

John pulls out large white envelope from inside his shirt, throws it on passenger seat. Exits vehicle quickly.

William opens envelope. Revealed is a book on how to play chess. He opens it. Out drops the Raincoat coding information and other top secret sensitive cryptic material John had taken from Titron's radio room. With it is a typed letter.

ON LETTER:

Payment received as arranged. Meet at dead drop five next time for more instructions.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Police cars SCREECH to halt. Black Government car pulls up. Armed agents open William's doors, searching for the emergency. Agent helps William out. Another agent takes envelope from William's hand, examines contents.

INT. CAR - DAY

John and Nell are in the back. Vladimir drives. From their POV, they see William being handcuffed and lead away.

VLADIMIR

I speak to my comrade. I organised money to be in his account like you ask John. He will have trouble explaining it.

JOHN

Good work Vlad. Welcome to the UK. Everything's arranged for you.

Vladimir accelerates away.

EXT. FARM - DAY

Beautiful day. John is on Theodore's farm, painting the barn. Nell walks over with cups of coffee, gives one to John.

NELL

Looks Good. Theo would be proud. His brother said deeds come next week. I spoke to your military police friend too... I'm gonna do it. I wanna do it.

John kisses her on head. Hugs her.

NELL (CONT'D)

Thanks. It's one fight I can't win on my own. I also just got off the phone to some doctor friends. It looks like they can put your Mum into a new drug trial. All above board.

JOHN

That's great news. She'll be happy.

NELL

With some surgery, these new drugs and that Delaney fighting spirit, she should do fine.

John surveys the barn and the farmland.

JOHN

No backing out now. You're sure your ready for this?

NELL

Yep. I'm ready to trade in the
stethoscope for a tractor.

John passes her a paint brush.

JOHN

How about you start with this and
work your way up.

FADE OUT.