

PORTS  
TV PILOT

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - NIGHT

THE USS SHEPHARD, an Atomic submarine, rolls on massive waves. The front is crushed metal and scraped paint from a recent collision. SAILORS attempt to repair the damage while holding on for dear life.

INT. SHEPHARD SUBMARINE - NIGHT

Commander MILKEN late 40s, trim and short holds tight to a support as FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN, taller and heavier, gives him a rundown. The crew is nervous, on edge. The sub tosses again.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN

The superstructure is leaking, we need to get to port before it gets worse.

COMMANDER MILKEN

Prepare to dive.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN

I would recommend we NOT dive until we get complete damage reports and ascertain that the vessel we collided with is clear of the area.

COMMANDER MILKEN

How long? We can't ride this storm out on the surface.

SONAR OFFICER

Sir, the other vessel has reached the bottom, I heard collapsing steel, now silence.

COMMANDER MILKEN

Perry, has HQ confirmed our SOS?

RADIO OPERATOR PERRY

Negative sir, I can't be certain if the transmission got out. There may be damage to the antenna.

COMMANDER MILKEN

Keep trying. Prep the emergency buoy with all log entries for jettison.

The remaining staff look unhappily to RADIO OPERATOR PERRY (late 20s, handsome), this last command is in preparation for complete loss of the hull, they're sinking.

The SONAR OFFICER'S face goes white, he flips some knobs.

SONAR OFFICER  
We need to dive NOW, sir.

Milken, annoyed, takes a position behind the Sonar Officer.

COMMANDER MILKEN  
For what reason?

The officer's finger extends to a LARGE WHITE OBJECT that stretches across the screen. Milken knows what it is.

COMMANDER MILKEN (CONT'D)  
How high?

SONAR OFFICER  
Thirty metres, minimum. Here in two minutes.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN  
That can't be right, thirty meters?  
Where would such a wave come from?

Commander Milken keeps his eyes glued to the sonar screen for an instant longer, then YANKS a RED HANDLE. The LIGHTS on the bridge change to RED, KLAXONS SOUND. He grabs a MICROPHONE.

COMMANDER MILKEN  
Crash dive. Attention all crew,  
Secure stations for crash dive.

EXT. SHEPHARD SUBMARINE - NIGHT

Two WELDERS work furiously trying to repair the Shephard. WELDER ONE hears something in his headphones. He shuts the valve off on the gas tank they're using, kills the flames. WELDER TWO is annoyed.

Welder one points Westward, in the distance the moon glints off the top of an IMPOSSIBLY TALL WAVE. They grab their equipment and race to the hatch, terrified.

INT. SHEPHARD ENGINE ROOM - NIGHT

Four wet and scared CIVILIANS cower in the engine room. Water is at their knees and rising, pours in from a variety of leaks.

Klaxons and red lights BLARE. Handsome MIKE BALDOZ, African American and 25 stands with his buddy RODERICK DAPSLASH, similar age, shows more worry.

MIKE

Crash dive? That can't be good.

RODERICK

We've got shit luck. Two sinking ships in one night?

CHARLOTTE

An emergency dive is to avoid a collision.

RODERICK

Wish they'd thought of that an hour ago, we'd all still be choking down Hors d'oeuvres and cheap champagne.

CHARLOTTE

In seas like this, it can be very difficult to sight another craft until it's too late.

BANG ! A loud noise of metal GIVING WAY and subdued sounds of CRUSHING and SCREAMING from further forward.

MIKE

That definitely isn't good.

He grabs a beam for support.

INT. SHEPHARD SUBMARINE CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Everyone braces for the Tsunami.

SONAR OFFICER

Impact in...

The ship rises at an incredible rate, MASHING the Sonar Officer and Milken into the ceiling, BOTH crumple to the floor, DEAD.

The boat SLAMS BACK DOWN, the Tsunami WREAKS HAVOC.

CHAOS. Crew getting up from the floor, some bleeding. Some don't get up. Steinman tries to revive the captain, his head lolls like a doll.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN

Medic, check on the Captain.

MEDIC FORD, (20s, eager) rushes to the Captain's still body.

FORD

I'm sorry sir, he's dead.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN  
I can see that, revive him.

Ford holds the captain's head up, there's a three inch GASH in his forehead.

FORD  
That's a negative. You're in command now, sir.

First officer Steinman shakes his head, not what he wanted. He listens to his radio headset. Checks the readouts on his console, shakes his head, not good. He looks to see who is left alive on the bridge, slim pickings.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN  
Perry. Take Sonar and ops.

RADIO OPERATOR PERRY  
Aye, sir.

Perry moves to the Sonar console, pulls the DEAD OPERATOR from his seat, drops him to the floor. Starts reading from the console.

RADIO OPERATOR PERRY (CONT'D)  
We lost the forward bulkhead. The original crash damage wasn't fully repaired, it allowed a seawater breach. Flooding in forward berthing compartments and the mess hall.

The sub tilts down, they fall forward.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN  
Arrest the dive, adjust trim. Up angle on dive planes. All ahead flank.

RADIO OPERATOR PERRY  
I'm afraid we've taken on a great deal of water and lost buoyancy.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN  
Blow tanks, emergency ascent.

DIVE CONTROL OFFICER  
Aye, sir.

The DIVE CONTROL OFFICER cranks the emergency blow valve. The PIERCING SOUND as air BLASTS for several seconds. The dive only slightly lessened.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN  
Why aren't we rising?

Everyone still standing looks at Perry. On a console in front of him a great many lights have swapped from green to red.

DIVE CONTROL OFFICER  
The entire front half of the boat is flooded. There is no way to regain buoyancy, I'm afraid. Our descent will continue.

Steinman takes the death sentence in. Thinking. ABOLT POPS, shoots right into the DIVE CONTROL OFFICER'S head, he falls lifeless on his console.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN  
Perry, assume Dive Control station.

RADIO OPERATOR PERRY  
Aye, sir.

Perry stands, walks to the dead officer. Gingerly pulls him from his console and gently lowers to him to the floor. He slides into the seat and works the controls.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN  
The sea floor?

About to tell everyone they're going to die, Perry squirms.

RADIO OPERATOR PERRY  
Seven hundred metres below crush depth, I'm afraid.

A stare that goes on too long.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN  
All right then. Prepare a complete report for the final record. Jettison as soon as possible.

RADIO OPERATOR PERRY  
Yes, sir.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN  
And shut off that damned klaxon!

His hands gathered behind his back, Steinman surveys the room. Sounds of the hull CONTRACTING, CREAKING, GROANING OVERWHELM all else. Another bolt head POPS, someone in the back of the room YELPS.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN (CONT'D)  
Steady men, remember your training.

INT. SHEPHARD ENGINE ROOM - NIGHT

Everyone in the room sways with the ship's movements. Waist high water continues to rise.

MIKE  
What was that sound?

CHARLOTTE RAY takes Mike's hand. She's a looker. Twenty three, tops, a blond with two pools of blue behind long lashes. They have chemistry.

CHARLOTTE  
Hard to say for certain.

BROWN  
Fer Christ's sake, tell him. Who's left to be nice for?

Confusion. They look to Charlotte as the CREAKING and GROANING intensify.

CHARLOTTE  
It sounded like they blew tanks, the emergency ballast.

BROWN  
And we're still sinking in this freezing cold water.

He shivers, they look at Charlotte, waiting for some good news.

RODERICK  
When do we level out?

His answer is a loud BANG as a bolt head POPS. Another SPRAY of water starts.

CHARLOTTE  
We're heavier than the water around us, with no way to change that. Eventually we'll pass crush depth.

MIKE  
Let's go see the captain.

He walks to the hatch that seals them in the room. A red light glares next to it, LOCKED. Mike traces the wiring to a box.

BROWN

Remember after they "rescued" us  
they LOCKED us in here, genius?  
Some rescue.

Mike takes a screwdriver from a rack above them.

MIKE

Here's the thing. They didn't  
design this to lock PEOPLE in or  
out, just water.

BROWN

What are you doing? That's US navy  
property. You'll be charged and  
fined.

MIKE

They can bill me. I'm not gonna sit  
around waiting to drown.

BROWN

You don't understand Navy  
procedure.

Mike pops the cover off, shorts some wires. There's a  
pleasing "KUNK" sound, the red light changes to green. He  
swivels the wheel, opens the hatch, and motions to the amazed  
remaining few.

MIKE

You wanna lead the way Captain  
Crunch, or do you think they're  
still mad we wrecked their sub?

Peeved, Brown makes his way to the hatch, reluctantly playing  
Captain.

BROWN

As I explained, I was second  
mate...

MIKE

Second rate? OK, yeah, I got that.

INT. SHEPHARD SUBMARINE CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Steinman stands in silence, crew looking to him as the noises  
INCREASE.

RADIO OPERATOR PERRY

Sir, any words for the crew?



FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN  
As long as we're still sailing,  
we're still a crew. Remain at your  
posts. Perry, note in the log that  
the crew behaved with bravery.

RADIO OPERATOR PERRY  
I'd love to sir, but...

Perry motions to a readout that declares "Log Functions  
Terminated", Steinman takes note, nods.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN  
Thank you, Perry. Good work.

Steinman shakes his head, disappointed.

Perry hears something surprising in his headphones.

RADIO OPERATOR PERRY  
Sir, I'm reading an underwater  
beacon.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN  
Officer Perry?

All eyes on the handsome young radioman.

RADIO OPERATOR PERRY  
Very similar to the Navy Underwater  
Base beacon, but not exact.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN  
Where?

RADIO OPERATOR PERRY  
Dead ahead, down another three  
hundred meters.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN  
We passed crush depth two hundred  
meters back.

RADIO OPERATOR PERRY  
It's a base and we're headed for  
it. Nowhere else to go.

There is a CHEER amongst the remaining crew. The CREAKING and  
increasing WATER LEAKS leave doubt that they'll get to the  
base.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. SHEPARD CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

A LOUD BANG as the Shepard mates with a docking ring. The crew are THROWN to the ground again. RED LIGHTS FLASH and more water LEAKS IN. Brown and the rest of the tourists make their way onto the bridge.

BROWN

Permission to enter the bridge,  
Captain?

FIRST OFFICER PERRY

Denied. You were ordered to stay in  
the engine room.

MIKE

The engine room is flooded. It's  
not survivable.

They take a few steps further onto the bridge.

BROWN

If you hadn't torpedoed us, we  
wouldn't be bothering you.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN

If the brig wasn't already flooded  
I'd put you in it. No torpedo, you  
crashed into us. And in case you  
hadn't noticed, The Shepard is  
pretty much sunk too. Most of the  
crew is dead or missing.

RADIO OPERATOR PERRY

Sir, may I suggest we continue this  
conversation in whatever facility  
we just docked on? Hull integrity?

He points at the numerous sprays of water.

RADIO OPERATOR PERRY (CONT'D)

While technically we should have  
imploded hundreds of meters ago, by  
having the whole front half of the  
ship full of water...

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN

(interrupts)

Stow it Professor. Everyone still  
breathing to the docking hatch,  
now.

MIKE

If that means we're leaving this  
leaking tub, I'm all for it.

INT. BASE PORT 1 AIR LOCK - NIGHT

A cramped air lock between the sub and the base on the ocean floor. MEDIC FORD work the wheel on the large round hatch sealing them off from The Shepard. Being young, he has lots of energy and doesn't seem as afraid as the tourist group.

MEDIC FORD

Door sealed sir.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN

Lead the way.

Another SMASH from deep in the Shepard.

MEDIC FORD

I'm not certain how to operate the  
lock here sir. It's in an odd  
language.

Perry squeezes his way to the door.

RADIO OPERATOR PERRY

I think you just push this green  
button.

Before anyone can stop him he HITS the GREEN BUTTON. The HATCH OPENS and he JUMPS OUT into a darker and larger room. He takes a couple deep breaths.

RADIO OPERATOR PERRY (CONT'D)

Air's good.

First Officer Steinman leans in, can see only darkness.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN

Weapons Officer Millicent, give me  
an armed reconnaissance of the  
area.

She eagerly brandishes her 9MM.

MILLICENT

Yes sir. Ford and Perry, unholster  
your sidearms and follow me.

Happily do as they're told.

INT. BASE PORT 1 CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

As soon as all three step a few feet into the room LIGHTS FLICKER from the ceiling. It's a large room with control surfaces arranged around the center.

Everything is a glowing white, no signs of dust or use. The three of them look rather silly aiming guns at the vast empty space.

MILLICENT

Sir? The immediate vicinity is secure.

First Officer Steinman and the others climb from the air lock. SHEILA BELMAN, a middle aged secretary from the pleasure cruise, is last.

As soon as she clears the hatch it closes and locks automatically. First Officer Steinman isn't happy.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN

Hey, stop that hatch from closing!

Sheila, embarrassed at the attention.

SHEILA

What, me? I didn't touch anything, I just climbed out.

Steinman and Perry try turning the wheel and pushing buttons. Nothing has any effect.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN

All right, where the hell are we? Perry, Millicent either of you see anything like this before?

MILLICENT

No, sir.

RADIO OPERATOR PERRY

Me either, sir.

Brown bursts out laughing.

BROWN

You can drop the act, Steinman. It's obvious you've brought us to a secret US Military Base.

First Officer Steinman doesn't address Brown directly, turns to Perry.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN  
Who is this clown?

PERRY  
He was Helmsman aboard the pleasure  
craft that rammed us.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN  
When we get topside, I'll have you  
brought up for dereliction of duty,  
poor seamanship, and general  
incompetence leading to gross loss  
of lives.

Brown takes an angry step toward Steinman, which leads to  
THREE WEAPONS being aimed at him.

MIKE  
Brown, stand down or you're gonna  
end up dead.

Brown angrily steps back.

FIRST OFFICER PERRY  
This remains a military mission.  
You will take orders from me, or  
I'll zip tie you to that hatch  
there. Is that clear?

MIKE  
Yes, sir.

He elbows Brown.

BROWN  
Yes, sir.

First Officer Perry motions for his crew to holster their  
weapons.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN  
I wish very much that this was a  
secret US base. It is not.

MIKE  
Where are we, then?

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN  
We're in unfamiliar territory and  
poorly provisioned. We will head  
through the that door and recon  
this facility.

Mike steps forward.

MIKE

What are we looking for?

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN

Our immediate needs. Food, water,  
and a means of communication with  
the surface.

MIKE

Fair enough. Do we get guns or is  
that just for you Navy boys and  
girls?

Millicent steps forward, smiling.

MILLICENT

Your resident loudmouth is packing.  
Looks like a twelve millimeter Red  
Meteor flare gun stuffed in his  
pants.

They turn to Brown, he sheepishly pulls out the flare gun.

BROWN

I thought it might come in handy.

MILLICENT

Armed.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN

Let's head out.

First Officer Steinman heads to the nearest door with his  
team.

MIKE

Well Roderick, ready to explore the  
magical mystery sea base?

Roderick shrugs his shoulders, starts walking.

RODERICK

I hope we find some food, I'm  
hungry.

MIKE

I think I smell a McDonalds up  
ahead.

A loud CRACKLING comes from speakers somewhere, a light on  
the ceiling turns blue. A pleasant VOICE reads through a  
recording of some sort.

After a few seconds the light turns green and the language changes. The whole process repeats again with red light, there is a MUSICAL TONE and it turns back off.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
Anyone recognize a language?

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN  
Continue on mission.

RODERICK  
That would be "no".

Parsons leads them to the door. Mike grabs Charlotte's hand.

MIKE  
You and your friend stay with us.

BROWN  
Why, know your way around?

MIKE  
Two girls, two guys, or one  
asshole. You do the math.

Brown takes a swipe at him, Mike dodges.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
That was your freebie. Next time  
you wake up on the floor next to  
your teeth.

Brown boils but doesn't take another swing. Steinman turns to see them falling behind.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN  
Let's keep together, you can play  
games later.

Melinda turns to her friend Charlotte.

MELINDA  
Marooned at the bottom of the ocean  
for ten minutes and you've already  
got guys fighting over you. Color  
me impressed.

INT. BASE PORT 2 CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

First Officer Steinman leads them into another similar Control room, guns drawn. This room has a large open port of water in the center of the room.

A half moon of controls around one side of it. The controls glow in colored light, awash in strange markings.

BROWN

Sir, the civies are unarmed and docile. If there's some top secret intel on this place, please share.

First Officer Steinman stops, annoyed at the question.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN

Everyone listen up. This will be the last time I answer this question. I have no fore knowledge of this facility WHATSOEVER.

MILLICENT

It's odd that the Navy is unaware of such a large and impressive base in US waters.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN

If any of you have prior knowledge, you are ordered to share it now.

Everyone shakes their heads vigorously.

MILLICENT

We know this hasn't been in a bulletin. It's not anything known before to our government.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN

Then let's get on with gathering intel so we may return to the surface and share it with NORSUBCOM.

He walks to the water in the center of the room. As they approach the seven metre opening they see small waves. From below come regular pulses of light.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN (CONT'D)

The lights may be from submersible craft below us. Perhaps we can signal them?

Perry walks to the consoles, tries to make sense of them, points.

RADIO OPERATOR PERRY

That one looks like the roof.



He points up at the ceiling. Above them is a GLASS DOME with what appear to be METAL SHUTTERS. Thirty metres across and exactly the same shape as the marking by the button.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN

Do it.

Perry hits the button. Panels fold away, exposing the glass dome above them. They're amused at first, but as they see the variety of UNFAMILIAR SEA CREATURES they become alarmed.

MILLICENT

Sir, are those?

Creatures similar in shape and size to GIRAFFES swim effortlessly in the sea above them. At regular intervals their NECKS GLOW BRIGHTLY. With the dome open, the effect is overwhelming.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN

This can't be. Someone explain this to me?

He looks to his crew, all eagerly wishing he could explain it to them.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. BASE PORT 2 CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

They marvel at the giraffe like creatures for some moments.  
Perry snaps some photos with his phone.

BROWN

We're seeing a new species.

MILLICENT

Not from the Earth we know.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN

What are you saying?

MIKE

She's saying what we all know.

CHARLOTTE

Those aren't defined in current  
taxonomy.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN

Nobody said anything about taxes.  
What are you talking about?

MELINDA

She's second year in Oceanography.  
Her knowledge of the ocean goes  
beyond "how to shoot stuff".

The giraffes swim about, necks aglow. First Officer Perry  
points at them.

FIRST OFFICER PERRY

All right, oceanographer in  
training, what are those?

Charlotte stares at the oddities above them.

CHARLOTTE

I have no fucking idea.

MILLICENT

Ma'am, that's not how to address  
the acting commander.

MIKE

"I have no fucking idea, sir?"

BROWN

I'm still waiting for him to start acting like a commander.

Millicent pulls out a baton, ready to kneecap Brown, Steinman motions for her to put it away.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN

I need actionable intelligence. What are these anomalies, who created them, how can we use them to our advantage, etc.

CHARLOTTE

As far as I know, those creatures don't exist on Earth. Not now and not ever.

RADIO OPERATOR PERRY

Ever?

CHARLOTTE

That said, I'm not a student of paleontology. Perhaps they survived from the mesozoic era somehow.

She walks to the open water port, touches the water and tastes it. Makes a face.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

That's not sodium chloride. More like potassium chloride, or another heavier salt.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN

What ocean would that be?

CHARLOTTE

Not one on earth.

They watch the giraffes swim languidly.

FIRST OFFICER PERRY

Perry, do you see any way to use that control panel to communicate?

Perry stares at the arcane symbols again.

RADIO OPERATOR PERRY

I have no way to read any of these symbols, but I'm happy to try.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN  
The Navy spent a fortune training  
you on the latest computer  
equipment.

RADIO OPERATOR PERRY  
Nothing like this.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN  
If all you can do is guess, that  
can be done back in the room with  
the Shephard. Let's continue for  
now.

MILLICENT  
We haven't done a complete survey  
of this area, sir.

First Officer Steinman glances quickly around the room.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN  
I don't see food, water, or a means  
of communication. Survey done.

They head for the next door. As they walk through Perry stops  
to observe a pale light splashing on his arm.

RADIO OPERATOR PERRY  
This light, I don't think it's just  
for illumination.

First Officer Steinman briefly examines the light on his own  
hand.

FIRST OFFICER PERRY  
If it isn't food, water, or a  
radio, right now we don't care.

He leads them forward, Perry lingers, he thinks they're  
missing an important clue.

INT. BASE PORT 3 CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

They walk into another large control room. The lights flicker  
on and they encounter an open port in the floor. A crescent  
of controls around half of it, like the others.

MILLICENT  
Everyone stay handy, don't straggle  
off.

BROWN

Or what? You don't have any authority anymore.

Millicent is tired.

MILLICENT

Fine, straggle off if you want. Best of luck to you.

Steinman, Millicent, and Perry examine the consoles. Perry copies symbols down in a notebook. The rest sit a few meters away around the open ocean port.

BROWN

I've read about places like this. US Secret Ops. Probably spied on Russian subs in the cold war.

MIKE

There's no way those consoles are decades old. They look new.

Roderick and the girls walk to the water's edge.

RODERICK

Hey, there's fish!

Colorful SMALL FISH swim around in circles and figure eights just under the water surface. Charlotte has a puzzled look, leans down.

CHARLOTTE

They look like Lariana Downis, or a relative.

MIKE

Lori who?

BROWN

Wrong, they look like dinner.

Brown swipes his open hand through the water, tries to catch some. The fish easily dodge his grasp.

BROWN (CONT'D)

Fast little fuckers.

CHARLOTTE

Lariana Downis is a species native to Africa.

BROWN

OK, Miss Ocean Expert, why is this water so much warmer than in the sub?

Roderick dips his hand in, one of the fish swims around his hand.

RODERICK

It's much warmer, almost like a bath. Look, I think the little guy wants to be friends.

BROWN

I've got two words. "Tartar sauce"

The fish LEAPS out of the water. Using it's tail like legs, it walks up Roderick's arm. Charlotte is surprised and delighted.

CHARLOTTE

Lariana Downis can't do that. Unbelievable.

They watch in amazement as it seems to dance and sway on Roderick's arm.

RODERICK

He just needs some music.

The fish leaps into the air, seemingly able to fly. It lands in Roderick's open mouth, and with a gulp it's gone. Roderick tries to spit it back up but can't.

RODERICK (CONT'D)

Yuck! Why he do that?

BROWN

Congratulations! You just discovered food, one of our three missions. Gold star in the mail.

CHARLOTTE

Hold on, we haven't determined if they're edible. Some fish contain compounds toxic to humans.

Roderick moves his tongue around.

RODERICK

It wasn't salty.

BROWN

I'm not too worried about flavor.

RODERICK  
Not the fish, the water.

CHARLOTTE  
Impossible.

She dips her finger in and tastes, surprised at the result.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)  
Warm and fresh. Impossible.

BROWN  
Back to ocean school sweetheart.

Brown dips an empty CANTEEN in the water to fill it. Some of the cute fish swim near his hand. Charlotte jerks his hand from the water.

CHARLOTTE  
Let's see how things progress with Roderick. There's no logical, rational way that water can be fresh.

Brown takes a defiant gulp from the canteen. The fish do adorable figure eights where he filled it.

BROWN  
But it is. Mom and Dad paid too much for that fancy education. I'd be happy to teach you a few things. Swig?

Unnoticed, Melinda puts her hand in the water, another fish starts walking up her arm.

MELINDA  
Watch everyone!

Charlotte looks over, aghast.

CHARLOTTE  
No!

Melinda opens her mouth, the fish jumps in. Off Charlotte, horrified.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. BASE PORT 3 CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Brown passes the canteen around. Roderick takes an especially large gulp, finishes it off.

BROWN  
Way to Bogart the water.

RODERICK  
Worried we'll run out?

He dips the canteen under the water, takes another swig, hands it to Brown.

BROWN  
Thanks, but you fish lipped it.

Brown wipes imagined spit from the opening. Roderick stares lovingly at the water. With no warning, he JUMPS IN. Everyone leaps up, shocked.

MIKE  
Hey, Roderick, you can't swim!

SHEILA  
He doesn't seem to know that.

In fact, he swims beautifully with his new fish friends, even reacts when the school changes direction. Melinda takes the canteen from Brown, takes a gulp.

MELINDA  
Best. Water. Ever.

TIME PASSES

Roderick is back out of the water, dripping wet but happy. The rest are uncomfortable with his heightened energy, he paces the floor.

RODERICK  
It's just amazing, they give off this electricity, you FEEL their life. An entire community connected as one through the water.

The only person in the moment with him is Melinda. Mike protectively puts his arm around Roderick.



MIKE

How about we sit down and relax for a minute buddy?

RODERICK

I don't need to relax. There's so much to think about.

MELINDA

Could you hear them thinking?

CHARLOTTE

Fish don't think, not in a conventional sense.

Roderick lunges at her.

RODERICK

That's were you're wrong! They know we're up here. They wonder about us, if we're like the ones who came before.

All look at Roderick. He paces a figure eight on the floor, has left a path of water.

MIKE

Roderick, you're scaring me, please sit down.

Mike notices it first, small moving bumps on Roderick's skin. Before long, everyone has noticed. They slowly back away from Roderick, except for Mike and Melinda.

RODERICK

Why? I've never felt better. Except it's hard to breathe in here, the air is too thin. Anyone else notice? And I'm thirsty again.

Melinda walks to fill the canteen, the fish swim near but don't try to jump on her again. She drinks, fills it again, and walks back to Roderick robotically.

MELINDA

Here you go. They want you to have enough.

MIKE

Who wants him to have enough?

Melinda smiles as Roderick drinks lustily.

RODERICK

It's incredible water. I could  
drink it all day.

MELINDA

It's the best water. I will drink  
it all day.

Once she's under the light they see the same little bumps  
swim around in her body as well. She and Roderick join hands.

RODERICK

Won't you come swim with us? They  
so badly want to meet you. All of  
you.

MELINDA

It's the truth. They care so much.

She leans toward Charlotte, her hand out. Brown leaps between  
them, flare gun drawn.

BROWN

That's far enough, fish girl.

RODERICK

There's no need for that. We mean  
you no harm.

Brown points the flare gun at him. Steinman and Millicent  
walk over from the consoles.

MIKE

Hey, let's not get ahead of  
ourselves.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN

Holster that, civilian.

Brown can't decide who to point the gun at, goes back and  
forth between them.

BROWN

The government testing mind  
control, trying to get us to drown  
ourselves. Don't touch me.

Brown sees the bumps, now clearly fish shaped, swimming  
beneath their skin. He gets even more agitated. Steinman and  
Millicent have weapons drawn but pointed down.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN

Drop the weapon!

BROWN

That is some fucked up shit, right there. You two get away from me.

Mike wants to rush him, but is wary of the flare gun. Steinman nods at Millicent, she takes aim.

MILLICENT

Mr. Brown, holster the weapon now, before you start a fire.

Brown backs away, slowly lowers his flare gun.

BROWN

You're all part of the conspiracy.

MIKE

Someone's off their meds.

BROWN

Your best friend has gone fish crazy but I'm nuts?

Mike thinks it over.

MIKE

Yeah, that pretty much sums it up.

Roderick starts choking, he can't breathe. He falls to the floor, convulsing. Mike tries to help him, Melinda smiles and starts taking her clothes off.

MELINDA

It's all right. He just needs to breathe. Let him breathe.

She demonstrates, flexes some flaps on her neck, they look like gills. They look down at Roderick, he has them too.

BROWN

That's just gross.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN

What the fuck is going on here?

BROWN

I've trying to get control of the situation.

Roderick starts flopping uncontrollably on the floor.

MILLICENT

Nice job.

BROWN

A fucking fish out of water. Get  
him out of here!

First Officer Steinman and Millicent keep their guns trained  
on Roderick, unsure what to do. Mike is beyond upset.

MIKE

Someone help him!

Smiling, Melinda assists her convulsing friend to the water's  
edge. Roderick slithers into the water, suddenly better.

She prepares to join him, Charlotte stops her.

CHARLOTTE

We'll get you help, you don't have  
to do this.

Melinda smiles again, then leaps in. She bobs at the surface,  
looking back to Charlotte eerily.

MELINDA

You want to know the ocean. We're  
offering you a chance to become  
PART of the ocean. Join us!

Charlotte sadly shakes her head. Melinda shrugs, ducks  
beneath the surface for the last time. Mike and Charlotte  
look at each other, empty, exhausted, afraid.

FIRST OFFICER PERRY

Perry, open the dome.

Perry looks over the console, finds the familiar button, hits  
it. The shutters retract.

BROWN

Well, look at that. Happy as pigs  
in shit now.

Above them Roderick and Melinda, nude and looking even more  
like fish, swim in a large school. Oblivious of their past  
lives as humans.

CHARLOTTE

How can we get them back?

BROWN

I don't think you do.

The fish do a lap around the dome and are gone.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. BASE PORT 2 CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Ford goes to refill his canteen, Charlotte stops him.

CHARLOTTE  
Don't fill it on this side.

FORD  
Why, is this the salty side?

She points down at the fish.

CHARLOTTE  
No, it's the side with the unknown  
parasite that just took my best  
friend from me.

He gives her a funny look but walks to the other side. First Officer Steinman has overheard, he walks over.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN  
Why did you let them ingest an  
unknown species?

MIKE  
She didn't "let" them, or the fish,  
do anything. It just happened.

CHARLOTTE  
They didn't "ingest" the fish, the  
fish jumped into their mouths.

Steinman rouses the crew.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN  
We have located fresh water. Now  
that we know how to open the  
viewing domes above, let's go back  
to the Shephard and asses the  
situation there.

They grab their few possessions and walk back toward the first port room.

INT. BASE PORT 1 CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

The walk in, all seems as they left it.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN  
Millicent, check the port door  
again.

He points to the submarine air lock. Millicent walks to look  
into the hatch.

MILLICENT  
Sir, it's not there.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN  
What's not there?

MILLICENT  
The Shepard, sir. It's gone.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN  
Don't be absurd, it can't be gone.

Steinman looks through the port, sees the same NOTHING that  
Millicent saw. He shakes slightly.

MILLICENT  
Sir?

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN  
Perry, the dome.

Perry goes to the console, hits the button. Slowly but surely  
the slats open.

MIKE  
I don't believe it.

Where the Shepard was is empty space. Dark sea all around  
them, a Manta Ray calmly swims by.

MILLICENT  
How do we get home?

INT. BASE PORT 1 CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

They stare at the dark sea through the dome.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN  
I'm open to any suggestions as to  
what happened here.

Vacant stares.

MILLICENT  
I suppose it's possible the Shepard  
broke loose, became adrift.

MEDIC FORD  
Doubtful. Mooring was secure.

Steinman is uncomfortable, looks around with suspicion.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN  
We're in their hands of a hostile  
power. They took our boat. We will  
locate and retake it.

MILLICENT  
Sir, we should recon the remainder  
of the facility.

MIKE  
There's another door.

They look at the doorway.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN  
We recon the entire facility,  
starting there.

INT. BASE PORT 4 CONTROL ROOM - DAY

First Officer Steinman leads them into another identical  
room. As usual the lights flicker on. They walk to the water  
in the center area, no signs of life. The water glows light  
blue.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN  
Perry, work on those panels, find a  
way to contact NORSUBCOM. That's an  
order.

RADIO OPERATOR PERRY  
I'll do my best, sir.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN  
We won't be overdue for another  
week. Nobody'll be looking for us  
until then.

MILLICENT  
The water is glowing. No pulsing or  
movement, just a steady glow.

Steinman joins her by the opening.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN  
Wait, I think I see a fish down  
below.

Excited, he points. Indeed, somewhere far below them is the familiar outline of a large fish.

MILLICENT

A shark, sir.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN

Isn't it strange that seeing a shark is comforting?

MILLICENT

Could the glow be daylight?

Steinman looks at his watch.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN

No chance, it's twenty three hundred hours. Mr. Perry? The dome.

Perry hits the button, the dome starts sliding back.

MILLICENT

Sir, a submarine!

Off to the side they see a docked submarine.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN

Not US Navy, foreign build.

RADIO OPERATOR PERRY

17P on the conning tower. That's the Surcouf, a French sub. Vanished between Bermuda and Panama in 1942.

BROWN

Bermuda, home of the infamous triangle.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN

Don't be ridiculous.

MIKE

Tin foil getting a little tight on the ears?

MILLICENT

And the sun IS high in the sky, looks like noon.

The water glows blue, alive with light. A brilliant sun glints down on them. First Officer Steinman checks his watch again, it just makes him more unhappy. Millicent pulls her pistol.



MILLICENT (CONT'D)

Sir, fresh footprints from the sub.

Many boot prints lead from the air lock. Steinman pulls his pistol as well.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN

We need to recon that boat.

Millicent advances on the air lock.

MILLICENT

Our goal sir?

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN

We take control. Use it to escape this facility.

MILLICENT

Sir? It's seventy years old.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN

We don't need everything on board working. We just need to blow tanks and surface.

RADIO OPERATOR PERRY

Of course, fill them with air, even if nothing else works it'll rise up.

BROWN

We'll need some form of propulsion to keep from foundering. Basic control of the vessel.

MIKE

A radio to call home might be nice...

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN

We're moving to the Surcouf. A quick recon and we'll take control of the vessel. If it's in useable condition, we will surface.

BROWN

But what if we encounter resistance?

MILLICENT

What are you worried about? You've got your flare gun.

MIKE

And his tin foil hat.

BROWN

Punk.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN

Perry? Sit at the console and figure out how to reach headquarters. I promise you a gold star if you get a radio connection to HQ.

Perry stands and salutes, likes the carrot better than the stick. He looks over the console again.

RADIO OPERATOR PERRY

I have no idea what these symbols are but if there's a way, I'll get you in touch with the President himself.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN

I'd settle for a fishing boat. Anyone on the surface.

Steinman and Millicent go to the door port that leads to the French submarine. They try with great effort to open the door, get nowhere.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN (CONT'D)

It's no use, just like The Shephard. Probably needs to have a lock released from the console. Perry?

Perry shakes his head.

RADIO OPERATOR PERRY

No idea, all I can do is guess.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN

Then guess.

Annoyed, Perry pushes some buttons. Nothing happens.

RADIO OPERATOR PERRY

I'm sorry, sir. I need time.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN

Time it seems is the one thing we have in abundance

RADIO OPERATOR PERRY  
I'd like to point out that sub  
outside was built in the 1930s. It  
could never exist anywhere near the  
depth we docked at.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN  
Neither could The Shephard, as I  
recall.

RADIO OPERATOR PERRY  
I'd also like to point out that the  
sun, even if it were high noon,  
would never reach down seven  
hundred meters.

Millicent shakes her head sadly.

MILLICENT  
He's telling us this port is in  
much shallower water than where we  
docked, as well as being in the  
daytime.

They all consider this quietly for a moment.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN  
Not possible. Until we find a  
rational explanation speculative  
chatter will be held to a minimum.  
Am I clear?

MILLICENT  
Yes sir.

RADIO OPERATOR PERRY  
Certainly sir.

CHARLOTTE  
Hey everyone, great news, edible  
fish.

The group is enlivened, runs to join her.

Steinman drops a short steel bar he's been trying to spin the  
wheel open with. It CLATTERS to the floor as they walk away  
from the docked sub.

We linger on the port. From the other side come barely  
audible BANGS. Someone inside the sub is using MORSE CODE to  
respond.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN  
We could use some good news.

BROWN

I'm ready to try Sushi. But cut'em up first, I don't want'em swimming inside me.

Everyone's mood is buoyed. Bright blue light pours in from the dome as a variety of fish swim by.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN

Your sure they're edible?

CHARLOTTE

Yep. We just need to catch them.

MIKE

Who's got a pole?

They eye the fish hungrily, it's been awhile since anyone ate.

MILLICENT

The first aid kit has basic fishing supplies.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN

Excellent.

Millicent digs through the First Aid kit. Charlotte cautiously tastes the water, smiles.

CHARLOTTE

Good old salty seawater. But I can't explain the sunlight.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN

Obviously artificial. It's part of whatever zoo this is.

CHARLOTTE

No.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN

What else could explain it?

MIKE

Why would a zoo have an antique submarine?

They look at the Surcouf. A small stream of bubbles rises from it.

CHARLOTTE

Wait, you think that submarine has been here seventy years?

(MORE)

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

I'd be surprised if it's been here seven weeks.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN

Based on?

CHARLOTTE

Lack of barnacle growth, paint integrity, and the scant oxides on the exterior.

First Officer Steinman knew this without her help, was avoiding thinking about it.

BROWN

OK, so it's shiny and new. Better for us. Let's board her and go home.

MIKE

The existing crew may want a say in that.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN

What makes you think there's anyone on board?

MIKE

What makes you think there isn't? Subs didn't have auto-pilot in World War Two did they? Somebody brought it here.

Perry keeps futzing with the arcane controls, hits a series of keys. The ceiling light changes to purple around the dome. Strange music and a voice in one of the odd languages.

RADIO OPERATOR PERRY

Hey guys, something changed.

MIKE

Yeah, looks like you put it in disco mode. Good work.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN

Or maybe he unlocked the door.

Mike and Steinman advance on the air lock. They bump elbows reaching for the locking wheel.

MIKE

Go ahead.

Steinman advances on the door, tries as hard as he can, it doesn't budge. He steps back.

STEINMAN  
Youth before beauty.

Mike takes a try, also no luck.

FIRST OFFICER PERRY  
All hands on the wheel.

No amount of effort from the crew makes the wheel move a millimeter. Mike traces some wires from the lock.

MIKE  
Looks similar to the one in the  
Shephard's engine room.

First Officer Perry shakes his head at the impetuous youth.

Mike's had enough. He walks forward, takes Steinman's service weapon.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
May I?

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN  
Ricochet!

Steinman and Millicent duck, sure he's going to fire in the enclosed metal area. Before they can stop him, Mike bangs the wiring conduit with the gun butt, busting it open. He rips a wire apart, there is a dull CLANG.

MIKE  
Try now.

Steinman stands slowly, irritatedly takes his gun back and checks it for damage. He holsters it.

STEINMAN  
Ask next time.

He twists the wheel on the door, it spins open.

MIKE  
You're welcome.

Steinman starts to walk in the airlock but is forced backward, his hands in the air. FIVE FRENCHMEN, weapons drawn, come out. VANROUE is the leader, early 20s, dark mop of hair.

VANROUE  
Où es-tu, où sont nos hommes?

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. BASE PORT 4 CONTROL ROOM - DAY

The English speakers have their hands up, the French sailors all highly agitated. Sheila steps forward slowly.

SHEILA

He wants to know who we are and where their men are.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN

Tell him we're Americans. We have no idea where his people are.

SHEILA

Nous sommes Américains. Nous n'avons aucune idée de l'endroit où se trouvent vos gens.

One of the French comes forward, holsters his gun, and holds his hand out. He speaks with a heavy accent.

ARMAND

Sorry for the guns. Americans are our friends. We had trouble with Germans up above. I am Corporal Armand.

He shakes with First Officer Perry, and eventually everyone else. His countrymen aren't as friendly.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN

Why do they still have their guns on us?

ARMAND

We lost several crew to a German attack, our navigator brought us here then vanished. The Captain led a large party out to search the facility yesterday. They never returned.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN

This is a strange place. We should all get aboard your sub and leave, now.

The French speak amongst themselves in low voices for a moment, holster their guns.



ARMAND

Perhaps when our Captain returns with the crew. We need supplies and fuel. Can you help us?

First Officer Perry snorts.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN

We have nothing to offer but ourselves. Our sub was taken, and most of my crew are dead.

ARMAND

This isn't an American base?

FIRST OFFICER PERRY

I wish it was. Our sub docked here, but it is no longer in our possession.

ARMAND

Your uniforms, your haircuts, everything is very strange. Is that a woman officer?

MILLICENT

Sergeant Millicent Frankles, thank you.

Mike steps forward.

MIKE

Let's get to the point. We look strange to you because we are from your future. The year 2018 to be exact.

Armand looks to the Naval officers.

STEINMAN

It's the truth.

Armand examines the consoles Perry sits at, clearly well beyond 1942.

ARMAND

You are certain this is not your base in the future of 2018?

MIKE

We are all here by some sort of cosmic accident.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN  
 Let's hold that discussion after we  
 escape. Allow us to follow Military  
 protocols, return to your tourist  
 friends.

Mike throws his hands up, walks back to Charlotte.

MIKE  
 Jar heads.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN  
 Did you search for your men?

ARMAND  
 The port locked after they left.  
 Someone tried to send us a morse  
 message not too long ago, but it  
 made no sense.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN  
 That may have been us.

One of the French goes back into the Surcouf, returns with a  
 massive radio.

ARMAND  
 We will call our men.

They all stare at the unit as he flips switches, turns dials.  
 Perry takes a special interest in it.

RADIO OPERATOR PERRY  
 Now that isa classic!

ARMAND  
 It is almost warmed up now.

Vanroue takes the microphone.

VANROUE  
 Équipe de terrain, veuillez  
 répondre...Équipe de terrain,  
 veuillez répondre.

There is a crackle from the speaker. Static followed by more  
 static.

ARMAND  
 Why don't they answer?

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN  
 Let's look in the next room, we  
 never made it there yet.

Steinman points to the unexplored room.

Four Frenchmen cautiously walk toward the opening, weapons drawn. One remains in the entrance to the sub, gun in hand.

VANROUE  
Êtes-vous là?

As the lights flicker on, the sound of EXCITED FRENCHMEN.

INT. BASE PORT 5 CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Steinman and Mike follow the four Frenchmen. In the distance are more French, our group runs for them, blabbering. There is no response, no movement. Mike and Steinman walk in.

MIKE  
Their crew is frozen.

Standing in front of them is the remainder of the crew, frozen solid mid step.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN  
This is bad. We need to leave here.

The jubilant mood has turned to horror. Perry walks in to the room.

RADIO OPERATOR PERRY  
They're not the only frozen thing.

He points to the water port. It too is frozen solid. The outlines of terrible creatures motionless inside the water.

MIKE  
I don't like this room. I'm going back.

ARMAND  
What happened to our men? What did you do?

The shocked French slowly raise their weapons. Mike stops.

MIKE  
Whoa guys. I don't think you understand. We're victims here too.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN  
Correct, we need to ally ourselves against this hostile place.

Shock and despair register on the French faces.

ARMAND

How can we trust you?

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN

Let's go back to the other room and create a plan.

MIKE

His way of saying none of us has a choice.

Mike holds a canteen out to one of the newcomers who graciously takes a swig.

FRENCHMAN 1

Merci beaucoup, ça fait des heures. J'avais tellement soif.

Mike smiles and nods.

MIKE

Okey Doke, Ace. All we need to know is if your sub can get us to the surface.

Armand has overheard. He turns to them.

ARMAND

Our sub? The Surcouf has suffered some damage but should be able to get to the surface easily.

MIKE

All aboard. Let's go.

INT. BASE PORT 4 CONTROL ROOM - DAY

ARMAND

We need a few hours for repairs. And we are low on batteries and diesel fuel.

MIKE

We can do repairs on the surface, right Commander?

Perry nods.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN

We need to surface and contact HQ for rescue. First I need to take command of the vessel.

ARMAND

I doubt my men will agree.

Steinman looks them over, all young kids.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN

What, a couple mess hall staff and engine room personnel? Not a one of you is over twenty-five. I've got fourteen years at sea under my belt.

The lights in the room change color again, accompanied by the strange voice in three different languages.

ARMAND

Do you have experience fighting the Nazis?

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN

In the world I left, the Germans are our allies. As are the French. We're all part of a group called NATO now.

ARMAND

How do you know the world above us is the world you left?

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN

I have a feeling.

ARMAND

Vanroue knows every system on this sub, he knows what it can and can't do. He would be a better choice.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN

Has he, or anyone else left alive, been captain of anything larger than a canoe? I didn't think so.

From somewhere in the distance there is the SOUND of a large door opening, followed by an inhuman SCREAM.

MIKE

How about you finish the "Mine's Bigger" contest inside the sub?

He grabs Charlotte.

CHARLOTTE

Where are we going?

MIKE  
Hopefully to safety.

He leads her into the sub, the French watch them, quickly follow.

INT. THE SURCOUF - CONTROL ROOM - DAY

French sailors at some control surfaces, Americans at others. The tourists stand aimlessly in the middle.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN  
Depth and speed?

FRENCH SAILOR 2  
Trente mètres à quinze nœuds.

Steinman turns to Armand seated at the radio console.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN  
Twenty meters at fifty knots?

ARMAND  
Thirty meters at fifteen knots.

CHARLOTTE  
Back to French school.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN  
Radio, can you transmit yet?

ARMAND  
We need to reach periscope depth for a radio to function, as anyone knows.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN  
Helmsman and dive officer, Periscope depth, sil vous plate.

DIVE OFFICER  
Oui.

Steinman walks to the periscope, confused by the antique mechanism.

DIVE OFFICER (CONT'D)  
Periscope depth sir.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN  
Attempt to make contact via radio, see who's out there.

The radio officer tries in vain. Every frequency HISSES with STATIC.

ARMAND

It seems the radio may have been damaged. We receive nothing, not even civilian frequencies.

FIRST OFFICER PERRY

Perry? Fix the radio.

Perry looks at the dated console.

PERRY

I'm not familiar with tube based equipment, sir.

ARMAND

You can assist our man.

Perry looks at the radio officer. No words are exchanged, just a smile. Brown notices.

BROWN

Oh Jesus, what happened to "Don't ask, Don't Tell"?

PERRY

It got rescinded, like keelhauling and the cat'o'nine tails.

BROWN

Pity, all of them.

PERRY

Jackass.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN

Not on the bridge, gentlemen.

First Officer Steinman tries to use the periscope, can't get it working.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN (CONT'D)

How do I...?

Armand walks over, flips the release. Steinman manipulates the device, stares through the optics.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN (CONT'D)

Amazing, just like a World War Two movie.

Armand is distressed by the reference.

ARMAND

Movie? My parents died this year fighting for the resistance. For you it is amusement at the cinema.

First Officer Steinman approaches, ignores Armand.

MILLICENT

What do you see, sir?

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN

Getting impatient?

MILLICENT

I'm sorry sir, but I'm told we're very low on fuel. We should get where we're going ASAP.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN

I see calm blue water. No storms and no Nazis. Just a beautiful little island dotted with swaying palms. Sonar?

Armand sees communications have broken down.

ARMAND

Officier de sonar, y a-t-il des contacts?

SONAR OFFICER

Rien.

ARMAND

All clear, Commander.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN

Let's surface. I could use a breath of fresh air. I think we all could.

ARMAND

We should circle the island, do proper recon.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN

I just heard that we don't have enough fuel.

ARMAND

But sir, if the Nazis...

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN

Get us close to land and surface!



EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN NEAR COZUMEL ISLAND - DAY

Calm blue sea BREAKS as the Surcouf CRESTS the surface. White sand beaches lie just beyond them. The top hatch flips open.

EXT. THE SURCOUF TOP DECK - DAY

Everyone gleefully climbs out, happy to breathe fresh air. Mike and Charlotte step out, aglow.

CHARLOTTE

I was starting to think we'd never see the sun again.

MIKE

It's like we're back in the Bahamas. Wonder where my shades ended up?

Charlotte looks around.

CHARLOTTE

More likely we're somewhere in the Gulf of Mexico.

MIKE

This due to vibrations of minute cilia on invisible crustaceans?

She smiles, doesn't care he's making fun of her.

CHARLOTTE

Something like that.

First Officer Steinman smiles broadly, first time we've seen this on him.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN

Mr. Armand, is there a launch for shore parties?

ARMAND

Indeed sir. It requires a crew of two oarsmen.

FIRST OFFICER PERRY

Prepare it.

ARMAND

Eye, sir. Will I be leading?

FIRST OFFICER PERRY

Send Vanroue and two crew.

ARMAND

As you say.

Armand turns to run off.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN

Take one of our radios, I don't want someone to throw their back out with yours.

He points behind him where Perry has dragged one of the massive French radios on deck.

Armand perks up, it's quite an honor.

ARMAND

Of course sir.

First Officer Steinman holds up one of their 2017 Walkie Talkies.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN

Have Perry show you how to use it.

RADIO OPERATOR PERRY

What if we're still in 1942?

FIRST OFFICER PERRY

Do you hear yourself? Don't be ridiculous.

First Officer Steinman heads toward the launch. Perry keys the large radio receiver a few feet away.

PERRY

Um, hello, Jaques? Vous m'entendez?

The radio spits out static, but then...

JAQUES

(O.S.)

Oui mon nouvel ami, je vous entends bien.

Perry stands, disturbed by the message.

PERRY

Sir, that's not good.

FIRST OFFICER PERRY

Why, what did he say?

PERRY

No idea, the point is the ship's radio works. We didn't fix it. We should be hearing lots of other sources, whether we're in 1942 or 2017.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN

Read the manual again, something's wrong. Gain's out of whack or something.

PERRY

Sir, I'm pretty sure they know how to use their own radio.

BROWN

Maybe you dropped some glitter in it, twinkletoes?

Perry closes his eyes, shakes his head.

PERRY

Sir, I can't work in these conditions.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN

Brown, go scrub some barnacles.

Armand returns, he points to a launch tied to the sub.

ARMAND

It's ready sir, one of the men, Rico, he speaks some English.

FIRST OFFICER PERRY

Excellent, ready to head out Rico?

RICO

Yes.

ARMAND

I think I should go with them.

FIRST OFFICER PERRY

I need you here. Tell him if there's a long range radio on that island we need to find it.

ARMAND

But what if encounters the Nazis?

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN

Shoot'em.

He winks at Mike, who ignores him. Steinman walks off toward the launch. Mike talks to Perry.

MIKE

He knows this isn't a video game,  
yes?

RADIO OPERATOR PERRY

He'll figure it out. How about you  
and your fish expert girlfriend  
catch us some lunch?

MIKE

She's not...nevermind.

EXT. COZUMEL ISLAND BEACH - DAY

The Frenchmen paddle on shore. RICO has dark unkempt hair, smokes constantly. (speaking in French with English subtitles)

RICO

Good job, lets get the launch  
hidden in the trees.

FRENCH SAILOR 2

Dragging it across the beach could  
damage it.

RICO

We've got to hide it. I don't want  
to become a German POW.

FRENCH SAILOR 3

We'll need your help, the boat is  
heavy.

Rico joins them carrying the boat up the beach. They wedge it in some brush and cover it with palm fronds.

RICO

Let's head into the interior of the  
island.

FRENCHMAN 1

We'll cover more ground if we stay  
on the beach.

RICO

And we'd be a lot easier to find.  
Come on.

He grabs the modern walkie, hits the button.

RICO (CONT'D)  
Sir, we've made it to shore. We'll  
head north through the interior,  
I'll report in thirty.

ARMAND  
(O.S.)  
Copy that. Good job.

RICO  
How does such a little thing work?

INT. THE SURCOUF - CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Perry smiles as he works with the Jaques the radio operator.

PERRY  
Can I alter the frequency?

JAQUES  
La frequence?

The young Frenchman moves his hand from the console. Perry slowly slides his hand to a knob, adjusts it carefully and picks up the microphone. Jaques watches him.

PERRY  
Rico? Do you read me?

EXT. COZUMEL ISLAND JUNGLE - DAY

Rico and his crew stop. He grabs his radio.

RICO  
This is Rico. Who am I speaking to?

INT. THE SURCOUF - CONTROL ROOM - DAY

PERRY  
It's Perry, back on the Surcouf. I  
just wanted to verify that the  
ship's radio works over some range.

EXT. COZUMEL ISLAND JUNGLE - DAY

Rico is annoyed.

RICO  
Maintaining radio silence, out.

INT. THE SURCOUF - CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Perry does his best to make light of the disrespect.

PERRY  
What a grouch.

JAQUES  
Grouch?

Perry makes a mean face, they both laugh.

EXT. COZUMEL ISLAND JUNGLE - DAY

The Frenchmen struggle to get through the jungle. They come into a clearing with several stone statues.

EXT. COZUMEL ISLAND CLEARING - DAY

They walk cautiously forward, examine the statues.

RICO  
Ancient ruins, interesting.

FRENCH SAILOR 2  
Ancient?

He points to the ground below one of the statues. There are rock chips and dust.

RICO  
Maybe not so ancient. The statue isn't done yet, either.

They walk closer to the statue, Rico picks up a strange tool.

FRENCH SAILOR 3  
What the hell is that?

RICO  
Good question.

FRENCH SAILOR 2  
Maybe we should go.

Three Aztecs BURST from the JUNGLE, one holding a bow and arrow. He pulls the quiver back and ZWAPP, an arrow goes RIGHT THROUGH FRENCH SAILOR 2's head. He GURGLES, falls to the ground.

RICO  
What the...

The Aztec reaches for another arrow, Rico snaps out of it, raises his PISTOL. He sends TWO BULLETS through each Aztec in seconds. The look of SURPRISE on their faces tells us they've never seen a gun before.

RICO (CONT'D)

But why? Why kill poor Jean Louis?

EXT. THE SURCOUF - TOP DECK - DAY

Mike and Charlotte sit fishing with a Frenchmen, a small pile of fish next to them. The sailor whispers something to Mike, scoops the fish up and takes them below,

MIKE

Now we'll see how good their French cooking is.

CHARLOTTE

I'm really hungry, I would have been fine carving up some sushi. What did he say to you?

MIKE

There is some concern over Steinman's ability to lead. They're formulating a backup plan.

CHARLOTTE

What sort of...wow, check out the boat show.

Mike looks up, shocked by what he sees.

MIKE

What the hell?

Everyone stares at a decorative SAILING SHIP moving toward them. The Frenchmen cheer when they recognize the FRENCH FLAG.

CHARLOTTE

It's some sort of sailing display, an old three masted ship. The colors are incredible.

First Officer Steinman joins them from the other side of the ship.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN

Isn't anyone at Sonar? Why didn't I know that ship was coming?

BROWN

Maybe because it's made of wood?  
Who cares about an old wood ship?

The Frenchmen wave to their countrymen, Mike notes something odd.

MIKE

What are those puffs of smoke?

CHARLOTTE

Part of the show, I imagine.

KERSMASH ! A cannonball CUTS one of the crew in HALF, blood and entrails FLY EVERYWHERE. At the same time the SOUND of the SHOTS arrives. MANGLED CORPSE PIECES fall to the deck, BLOOD runs to the ocean.

Large SPLASHES in the nearby water signify more shots that barely missed.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN

We're under fire, all below deck!  
Prepare to dive.

Everyone runs for the hatch, panicked.

INT. THE SURCOUF - CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Perry and Jaques test circuits as the crew DASHES madly inside, several SPLATTERED with BLOOD.

PERRY

What's going on?

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN

We're being fired on! We're diving.

JAQUES

Nazis?

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN

The French, an old sailing ship.

PERRY

What? Wait, a sailing ship?

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN

Is everyone aboard?

ARMAND

Yes sir.



FIRST OFFICER PERRY

Dive !

ARMAND

We can't sir, we're too shallow.

FIRST OFFICER PERRY

Then take us to deeper water,  
immediately.

ARMAND

Aye, Aye sir.

In front of them, the radio CRACKLES TO LIFE.

RICO

(O.S.)

Landing party to the Surcouf.

EXT. COZUMEL ISLAND JUNGLE - DAY

Rico and his remaining team run frantically through the jungle. He's having trouble swatting away leaves and branches while holding the walkie talkie in front of him.

RICO

Come in Surcouf! We're in a  
situation here. We're being pursued  
by hostiles. They're firing arrows  
and spears at us. We have lost one  
crew.

INT. THE SURCOUF - CONTROL ROOM - DAY

There is a loud THUMP above them, everyone ducks.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN

Damage report.

ARMAND

I don't believe it breached the  
hull sir, but they're getting  
closer.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN

How long until we can dive?

ARMAND

At least another three minutes

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN

Shit!

ARMAND

Give me that microphone.

Perry hands him the radio microphone.

ARMAND (CONT'D)

Rico, we've got a situation ourselves I'm afraid. We're under fire, a fifteenth century sailing ship, French I believe.

Mike runs down the conning tower ladder.

MIKE

Commander, more bad news. Two more sailing ships closing from the North.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN

We have to dive.

ARMAND

If we submerge, we lose radio contact with the landing party.

MIKE

And if we sink, we lose everything. Not a tough call.

ARMAND

Sir, we'll be able to submerge to periscope depth in one minute. But the water is so clear, they'll still see us.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN

We've got to get to deep water.

ARMAND

We can't leave the men on shore. No man left behind. They need rescue.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN

One good cannonball strike and they're going to have to rescue us.

The boat shudders from another cannonball, First Officer Steinman stares at Armand.

EXT. COZUMEL ISLAND BEACH - DAY

Steinman and his team run on the beach, a team of angry natives close behind. They see the sailing ships closing on the Surcouf.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN  
I can confirm you have three  
sailing ships closing.

RICO  
Sir, they're gaining on us.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN  
Prepare to stop and return fire.  
We'll make a stand at those rocks.

Steinman points top a line of rocks ahead.

INT. THE SURCOUF - CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Tense, everyone convinced that the next cannonball will be the last.

ARMAND  
We can submerge now. But the  
batteries, they're very low.

FIRST OFFICER PERRY  
Take us to periscope depth, NOW!

ARMAND  
Diving.

He grabs the microphone from Perry, keys it.

FIRST OFFICER PERRY  
We have to dive, but I swear we'll  
be back for you, I swear as god is  
my witness.

They hear a snippet of Steinman's response but it quickly drifts into static then silence.

ARMAND  
Periscope depth.

First Officer Perry makes his way to the periscope, spins around, enraged.

FIRST OFFICER PERRY  
Fuck, we're surrounded. They're  
closing.

ARMAND

They can wait longer than we can.

FIRST OFFICER PERRY

Dive to two hundred meters and take us around the island. We'll lose them and pick up our men.

ARMAND

Sir, I've been trying to tell you, the batteries are almost drained. We may founder.

FIRST OFFICER PERRY

Then charge the damned batteries.

ARMAND

We can't while submerged. And we're low on diesel fuel to charge with.

MIKE

We can charge them at the base.

Everyone stops and looks at Mike. It's the obvious answer nobody wanted to think about.

FIRST OFFICER PERRY

How the hell do you know that?

MIKE

Batteries use DC current, the door locks use DC current. I can make it work.

FIRST OFFICER PERRY

We're not leaving our men here.

EXT. COZUMEL ISLAND BEACH - DAY

Steinman and his men DIVE behind the rocks. A dozen Aztecs are ten meters behind them. The soldiers let loose with a BARRAGE OF GUNFIRE, taking out the front runners.

RICO

I've only got two more clips.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN

Make every shot count.

They pick off a few more Aztecs, the remainder run to the jungle, disappear from sight.

RICO  
Are they gone?

To answer him, a spear comes from the jungle and LANDS right between he and Steinman.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN  
I'd say "no".

Fear on the men's faces as ARROWS and SPEARS continue coming from the jungle.

RICO  
Can we radio for reinforcements?

Steinman drops an empty mag, reloads and shakes his head forlornly.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN  
They've submerged, we're on our own for now.

RICO  
But your little magic radio, you said it was so much better than ours.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN  
It can't break the laws of physics.

RICO  
How do we account for Aztecs and sailing ships?

Steinman shrugs.

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN  
Everything stopped making sense when we docked at that base.

Rico thoughtfully nods.

RICO  
Without help, how are we going to survive?

FIRST OFFICER STEINMAN  
If First Officer Perry can come for us he will. But it may be awhile. Until then, it's up to us.

INT. THE SURCOUF - CONTROL ROOM - DAY

First Officer Perry is extremely agitated, the room tense and uncomfortable.

ARMAND

I'm sorry, we're at five percent of the batteries. Once they run out we lose ventilation, we'll have to blow tanks and surface.

FIRST OFFICER PERRY

We'll wait until dark. Then we'll attack.

The French exchange knowing glances, the American captain is losing it.

ARMAND

We can't maneuver in the dark with no power. For all we know half of their Navy is waiting up there now.

MIKE

We go down to the damned base, I drag some wires inside and get the batteries to one hundred percent. We come back to this fight ready. Why stay here in a weak condition?

First Officer Perry sees the way things are going, rests his hand on his pistol.

FIRST OFFICER PERRY

How about because I'm the commander and I FUCKING SAY SO!

MIKE

Not good enough to die for.

Mike looks to Armand, he nods. Mike pulls his knife out and SLASHES through a hose. Air RUSHES out, the sub LURCHES into a dive.

FIRST OFFICER PERRY

What the HELL have you done?

He's at the end of his rope, can't stand to be without his XO.

ARMAND

He's cut the control valve line. The ballast tanks are filling with water. We are diving.

First Officer Perry pulls his gun, aims at Armand.

FIRST OFFICER PERRY  
Fix it, take us to the surface.

Behind First Officer Perry two Frenchmen sneak up and DISARM him with a struggle.

ARMAND  
I'm sorry sir, his is a better plan. We're going to the base to charge the batteries.

They WRESTLE First Officer Perry into a chair and TIE his arms down.

FIRST OFFICER PERRY  
This is wrong. You're leaving your own men behind. How do you even know we can come back here? For all we know we'll come back and there will be dinosaurs or spaceships.

Perry steps forward.

PERRY  
Actually sir, I've been thinking. I'm pretty sure when I messed with the console I changed the time we'd surface at.

ARMAND  
Yes?

PERRY  
So there are two times I know we can come back to. This one, or if I set the knobs back where they were, we'd be back in 1942.

ARMAND  
That's the answer we wanted to hear.

He pulls his own gun, motions to Mike.

PERRY  
What's that for?

ARMAND  
Be happy, you and Jaques can continue your little romance, back in our world.

(MORE)

ARMAND (CONT'D)

When the Surcouf comes back up to  
the surface, it will be in 1942.

MIKE

But...

ARMAND

I'm in charge of this vessel now.  
We're going to the base to charge  
the batteries. Then we'll return  
to where we belong, 1942.

FADE TO BLACK