

"Attack on the Queen" a/k/a CounterStrike

Starring: Joe Lando and Rob Estes

Teleplay by J. B. White

Based on the Novel by Richard P. Henrick

Director: Jerry London

REVISION HISTORY

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Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 1.

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1 OCEAN -- NIGHT

Thick fog. Water, water everywhere. Ominously still.

We linger on a patch of sea a long moment. And then ... the surface begins to roil, disturbed from beneath. The roiling increases. The water seems alive. Terrifying.

Suddenly -- bursting through to the surface -- a submarine! Emblazoned on its gunmetal bridge: a yellow star in a circle of red, a fingernail of four smaller stars to its right.

**SUPER: The People's Republic of China
Nuclear Submarine Lijiang
The Philippine Sea**

The hatch opens. PRC naval personnel clamber out: Chief Officer WANG, two sentries toting AK-47s, six enlisted men with duffle bags, and -- bringing up the rear -- CAPTAIN SHEN FEI. On the young side. Nervous and trying to hide it. Literally out of his depth here on the deck of his ship.

Wang and the enlisted men hurry sternward. The sentries stand guard beside Shen Fei, who paces, surveys the horizon through binoculars. The fog seems to thicken. He frowns.

He strides to the stern, where Wang is examining the propeller with the enlisted men. Wire cutters in one hand, a clump of wet hemp in the other.

Wang looks up as Shen Fei approaches. They speak in Mandarin with English subtitles.

**WANG
As we suspected, Captain. Fishing net tangled on the propeller.**

Shen Fei turns to the enlisted men. Issues orders. The men jump to. Open

their duffle bags. Retrieve scuba gear. Start putting it on. Shen Fei paces, Wang beside him.

WANG (CONT)

How pleasant to be someone's catch of the day.

He smiles at Shen Fei, who glares at him. Wang's face goes blank.

Suddenly

Shen Fei stops pacing. Leans into the fog. All senses on alert.

SHEN FEI

What was that?

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WANG

What was --

SHEN FEI

Quiet!

He leans further into the fog. Listens closely. And now we HEAR it.

CREAKING

WOOD.

NAVIGATOR'S VOICE

(Amplified from either sail mounted loud speaker or hand held radio)

Radar contact, Captain! Bearing zero-two-zero, relative rough range five hundred metres and rapidly closing.

Shen Fei hurries toward the bridge. Wang right behind. The sentries are peering into the fog. One is pointing.

SENTRY

There, Captain!

Shen Fei peers where the sentry is pointing and now SEES what he heard

...

... a native junk emerging from the fog. A hundred feet from dimension.

Shen Fei turns to the sentries. Issues a tense order. They aim their AK-47s

at the boat. Shen Fei unbuckles the safety strap of his pistol, as a SHAWLED FIGURE appears on the junk's bow and cries out, an old man's voice, in Mandarin:

SHAWLED FIGURE
Greetings, comrades!

SHEN FEI
Identify yourself.

SHAWLED FIGURE
I cannot believe our luck in --

SHEN FEI
Identify yourself.

He grips the handle of his pistol. The sentries aim their AK-47s at the shawled figure, who falls to his knees. Bows his head submissively.

SHAWLED FIGURE
The Moonfire, comrade. Out of Hainan. I am its captain Lo Jung.

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SHEN FEI
Why do you approach a vessel of the People's Liberation Army?

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 3.

SHAWLED FIGURE (LO JUNG)
For help, comrade. My wife has been deathly ill all day.

A stooped, shivering creature emerges from the shadows of the junk and kneels beside Lo Jung.

LO JUNG
She's burning with fever. Could your medical officer have a look at her?
(nods at the stooped figure)
I fear she will not survive the night.

Shen Fei glances at Wang, uncertain how to proceed. Wang shrugs.

WANG

It seems a simple request. They are comrades.

Shen Fei considers a moment. Then nods toward the junk.

SHEN FEI

Pull your boat alongside. I'll summon the doctor. I cannot allow you below deck, lest your wife infect the crew.

Lo Jung shouts back his agreement and thanks. Shen Fei gives an order to one of the sentries, who hurries down the hatch to summon the doctor.

The junk pulls alongside the sub. By now another shawled figure has joined Lo Jung on the deck. He and Lo Jung extend a narrow wooden gangplank between the junk and the sub. Lo Jung helps his wife to her feet. Standing behind her, he and the other man help her onto the gangplank.

Shen Fei stands on the sub end of the gangplank. Watches the shaking, stooped woman shuffle toward him. As she's about to step onto the sub, she slips. Shen Fei reaches out and grabs her arm to steady her.

Her hand grips his arm in return. Clinging to him, she lifts her head. Starts to smile. Then suddenly reaches out and grabs his other arm. Shen Fei peers at the woman and realizes it is a young Caucasian man.

Before Shen Fei, Wang or the sentry have time to respond, Lo Jung and the other man toss aside their shawls. They're packing guns that make the sentries' AK-47s look like toys. And now, appearing on the junk's deck, a dozen other men with weapons.

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SHEN FEI

stares at Lo Jung. Too startled to be terrified.

LO JUNG

isn't Chinese at all. He's **KEVIN BLAKE**, a rugged white man in his forties.

He smiles slightly at Shen Fei -- and starts firing his automatic. **THE SCREEN GOES RED.** Then ...

SLOWLY DISSOLVES TO:

A BLUE SKY

on a cloudless day. **HOLD** a moment, then **CRANE DOWN** to

2 EXT. NATURE PRESERVE -- DAY

A heavily wooded area. A man and a woman on mountain bikes, speeding along a switchback path, racing each other.

SUPER: Fairfax, Virginia

CLOSE ON THE MAN AND WOMAN

fit and attractive, wearing small backpacks. **THOMAS KELLOGG** in his mid-thirties. **BRITTANY COOPER** a few years younger. **TRACK** with them as they speed along.

Each time the path curves, first Thomas ... then Brittany gains the advantage. This is fun -- and deadly serious.

They round a curve ... then another. Neck-and-neck.

They round a third curve. Glance ahead and **SEE ...**

ANOTHER BIKER

speeding from the opposite direction, headed right for them.

THOMAS AND BRITTANY

react at the same time. She shifts to a lower gear, veers left to avoid the biker.

But Thomas veers right -- and flies off the path, seemingly into mid-air!

BRITTANY

brakes to a stop, wide-eyed, and watches

THOMAS

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land on the path where it switches back, twenty feet below. He skids, whirls the bike around and continues pedalling. Way ahead of her now and winning the race.

BRITTANY

stares at him. Truly amazed.

BRITTANY

(British accent)

Bloody hell ...

3 EXT. KELLY'S HOUSE -- DAY

A classic tree-lined street. A number of cars parked outside a modest colonial.

4 EXT. KELLY'S HOUSE, BACK YARD -- DAY -- CONTINUOUS

About fifty people -- mostly parents and their kids -- at a party. A banner between two trees: Happy Birthday, Joshua.

JOSHUA KELLOGG, nine, at a picnic table surrounded by kids.

Opening

presents. His mother, KELLY KELLOGG, early thirties, standing nearby with other adults. Smiling at his obvious excitement.

Joshua rips the paper off a present the size of a microwave oven to REVEAL a box containing some kind of high-tech electronic equipment. He smiles shyly. Looks up at ... VINCE KELLOGG, late thirties, standing next to Kelly.

JOSHUA
What is it, Uncle Vince?

VINCE
High frequency long range radio.

Kelly looks at him: this sounds expensive.

VINCE (CONT)
Just a loaner. For the crossing.
(to Joshua)
I'll have one onboard too. The rest of the QE2 will be under communication blackout -- no faxes, no e-mails, no cells -- but you and me can talk. Got permission from the president herself.

JOSHUA
Wow...

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His friends gather around him to check out the radio.

KELLY
Why the blackout?

VINCE
President Shaw doesn't want to turn this into a media circus, or run the risk of somebody leaking details of the Summit.

KELLY
But you arranged a way to stay in touch with Joshua? Vince Kellogg -- bending the rules?

Vince shrugs sheepishly.

VINCE

Gotta keep up on how the Orioles are doing.

She smiles, touched by his thoughtfulness -- then sees something over his shoulder ...

THOMAS AND BRITTANY

leaning their bikes against the side of the house. Flush from their ride.

VINCE

follows Kelly's gaze. Sees Thomas and Brittany. Frowns.

VINCE (CONT)

I didn't know Thomas was coming ...

KELLY

He's in town for a briefing.

(pecks him on the cheek)

Be nice.

She heads toward

THOMAS AND BRITTANY

He's laughing. She's shaking her head, exasperated.

THOMAS

I made it, didn't I?

You could have killed yourself.

The Joe Lando Web Page

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THOMAS

And miss this great party?

He sees Kelly. Gives her a big hug.

THOMAS (CONT)

Hello, beautiful.

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KELLY

Hello, beautiful yourself.

She eyes Brittany over his shoulder.

THOMAS

This is Brittany Cooper. Brittany, my sister-in-law Kelly.

The two women shake hands, exchange hellos.

THOMAS (CONT)

Brittany's head of security on the QE2. We've been bomb-sweeping the ship all week.

KELLY

Then you're in good hands. Thomas is the best.

BRITTANY

(a sly glance at Thomas)

So he keeps telling me.

THOMAS

(poking fun at himself)

You don't get to be Special Agent in Charge of New York for nothin'.

(to Kelly)

Brittany came down with me for the briefing. I figured she needed a little R&R.

KELLY

Well, if chocolate cake and touch football are your idea of R&R, you've come to the right place.

BRITTANY

Chocolate cake sounds wonderful. But your football's so different from ours -- you'll have to explain the rules.

KELLY

No, I won't -- the way football's played around here, there are no rules.

The two women exchange a smile. Connecting.

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BRITTANY

**I hate to be a bother, but --
(holding up her backpack)
-- I brought a proper party dress.**

KELLY

Follow me.

As they head for the house:

BRITTANY

You have a beautiful home.

KELLY

**It belonged to Thomas' parents. He and his brothers inherited it -- but
I'm
the lucky one who gets to live here.**

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Joshua approaches Thomas, again smiling shyly.

JOSHUA

Hi, Uncle Thomas.

THOMAS

(hugging him)

Hey, buddy. Happy birthday.

He pulls a wrapped present out of his backpack.

THOMAS (CONT)

Let's throw this on the pile.

**They walk to the picnic table. Vince is there. The two men stare at each
other. Neither making a move to say hello. Finally, Thomas grins.**

THOMAS (CONT)

Hey, Vince. How ya doin'?

Vince stares at him another moment, then relents.

VINCE

You want a beer?

THOMAS

I thought you'd never ask.

5 INT. KELLY'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Brittany comes out of the guest bathroom, in an ankle-length summer dress, zipping up her backpack. Passes some photos on the wall. Lingers at one: Vince and Thomas, eight years younger, standing with another, even younger man.

KELLY (OS)

The infamous Kellogg brothers.

Brittany turns. Sees Kelly approaching, carrying some of Joshua's presents.

She nods at the younger man in the photo.

KELLY (CONT)

That's Jack. My late husband. It was taken right after Joshua was born.

BRITTANY

Thomas told me there was an accident. I'm so sorry.

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KELLY

Jack was a great guy ... a great father.

BRITTANY

You must miss him very much.

KELLY

Only every day.

The two women exchange a sad smile. Brittany notices one of the presents

Kelly is carrying -- a movie poster.

BRITTANY

Is that Thad Burrows?

Kelly unfolds the poster --

KELLY

Yep. Joshua's favourite.

-- a slick B-movie one-sheet. Thad Burrows in EAST BEATS WEST! An over-muscled hunk in a fierce martial arts pose. Behind him, a sexy young

Asian woman in a form-fitting, low-cut body suit, striking a similar pose.

KELLY (CONT)

He's seen this one seven times. He's already pre-ordered the DVD.

BRITTANY

Then he must be thrilled about the Summit at Sea.

KELLY

You have no idea. Uncle Vince guards the president every day? Big deal.

But he's gonna cross the ocean with Thad Burrows? That's cool.

(beat)

So how about you? Looking forward to the trip?

BRITTANY

Sure. It'll be a nice change of pace. I make the New York to Southampton run every month.

KELLY

A lot more to worry about on this crossing.

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BRITTANY

Yes -- but a lot fewer people.

6 EXT. KELLY'S HOUSE, BACK YARD -- DAY

Vince and Thomas by the barbecue, in lively conversation with some other men.

FIRST MAN

I just don't think it's a good idea to get into bed with China.

VINCE

President Shaw isn't getting into bed with anybody.

THOMAS

Too bad -- that would be an interesting trip.

VINCE

I know you don't like the president, Thomas -- probably because she's a woman --

THOMAS

No. Because she's inexperienced, and because I worry about her pushing for policies that could put the country at risk.

VINCE

You want to stay at stalemate with China forever and hope for the best?

THOMAS

But Global Zero Alert, Vince?

FIRST MAN

I don't even understand what that means.

THOMAS

It means our missiles and China's will be sitting in their silos unarmed -- without nuclear warheads.

VINCE

The theory being the time it'll take to rearm them could be the crucial minutes we need to avert catastrophe.

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THOMAS

Assuming the Chinese haven't broken the treaty and armed theirs already. And what about Taiwan? We'd run the risk of leaving it unprotected. Or worse, offering it up as a pawn to get China to sign the treaty.

VINCE

Look, all the president intends to do on the cruise is get to know President Wu Yongjing, kick around some ideas.

THOMAS

Since when did being a Secret Service agent mean you had to agree with the president's policies?

VINCE

Since when did being an ATF agent make you an expert on geopolitics?

Thomas is about to answer when a G.I. Joe-type action figure parachutes down, lands at his feet. He smiles, bends over to retrieve it, as Joshua runs up, carrying a toy catapult.

JOSHUA

It's great. Thanks.

(nods at the action figure)

Is that what you looked like when you were a paratrooper?

Thomas studies the action figure. Shakes his head.

THOMAS

Nah. I looked ten times cooler than this.

7 EXT. KELLY'S HOUSE, BACK YARD -- DAY

A football game in full swing, men, boys -- and a girl or two -- playing together. Thomas on Joshua's team, at centre. Vince facing off against him.

Thomas snaps the ball to Joshua, who fades back. Vince tries to run around

Thomas, who blocks him beautifully. Knocks him on his ass.

JUMP CUT TO:

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VINCE

hiking to his quarterback. Now Thomas tries to get around and Vince returns the favour, knocking Thomas on his ass.

JUMP CUT TO:

THOMAS AND VINCE

squaring off against each other again. Thomas hikes. Vince feints one way. Thomas is there. Vince feints another. Thomas is there too. Vince tries to barrel through. Thomas stops him.

BRITTANY AND KELLY

at the picnic table, setting out ice cream and cake. Watching Thomas and Vince. Brittany smiles.

BRITTANY

Are they always this competitive?

But Kelly's not smiling. She actually looks worried. She strides toward her brothers-in-law ...

... as they start pushing and shoving each other, the play long over. Just as it looks like this might escalate into something serious -- Kelly insinuates herself between them. Defusing the tension.

KELLY

Ice cream and cake, guys.

Thomas and Vince back off, but they still glare each other. Finally, Thomas walks away, passing...

... Brittany, staring at him, shocked at the intensity of the brothers' hostility toward each other.

Thomas sees that in her face, glances away, embarrassed.

8 EXT. KELLY'S HOUSE, FRONT YARD -- DAY

The sun setting. The party over. Kelly at the curb, putting the bikes into the back of her SUV.

9 INT. KELLY'S HOUSE, GARAGE -- DAY -- CONTINUOUS

His back to us, Thomas stands at a shelf. A shoebox of knickknacks open. Loose Polaroid's visible -- snapshots of the Kellogg brothers as boys, wearing Scout uniforms. Thomas is holding something, turning it over in his hand, lost in thought. Brittany comes in, still in her party dress.

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BRITTANY

Thomas? Forget the bungee cords. The bikes fit the rack.

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He turns toward her. Unusually subdued. Shows her what he's holding.

A tarnished metal pin -- an eagle with a red, white and blue ribbon. He smiles to himself, lost in a memory.

THOMAS

We all made Eagle Scout. Vince earned this first ... passed it on to me ... then I gave it to Jack. It's hard to become an Eagle Scout. You gotta go the distance.

Still lost in memories, his smile fades. He stares off.

THOMAS (CONT)

About six years ago I took up rock climbing. A way to work off tension, stay

in shape. Jack got interested in it too. We'd go out together. It was a blast. Only ... he wasn't as well trained as I was and ... I didn't do a real good job of bringing him up to speed. Not that he would have listened.

He was a Kellogg. You can't tell us anything.

(a beat; this is painful)

We were on a climb. Making a weekend of it. I was setting up camp for the

night. There was a side ridge he wanted to try. He was insane to climb it without me, but I was too preoccupied to tell him that. He probably wanted

to prove he was as good a climber as I was. But he wasn't, and two-thirds of

the way up the face ...

(beat)

The funny thing about falling is, it happens so fast. When the rope catches

you short, it's like nothing happened. Jack's rope didn't catch him, of course. So it was over quick.

(looking at her)

Vince blames me for what happened -- in case you were wondering why he hates me so much.

He looks away. Closes his hand around the eagle pin.

10 EXT. KELLY'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

The SUV idling at the curb. Kelly at the wheel, Thomas and Brittany passengers. Vince and Joshua saying goodbye.

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VINCE

See you in New York.

THOMAS and BRITTANY

(ad-libbing)

See you tomorrow, etc. ...

KELLY

(to Joshua)

I'll be back in an hour. In the meantime, Uncle Vince is the boss.

She shifts into gear and they drive off. As Vince and Joshua walk toward the house:

JOSHUA

How long is it to England?

VINCE

About a week.

JOSHUA

Are you coming right back?

VINCE

Yep. Know somebody who has a Little League game next week. Can't miss that.

Joshua smiles, pleased. Vince smiles too, puts his arm around him, as they go into the house.

11 EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. HOTEL -- NIGHT

Establishing. Mid-evening.

12 INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

Thomas and Brittany -- still wearing the party dress -- get off the elevator, walk slowly down the hall. Ultra-aware of each other. The air electric.

BRITTANY

That was a wonderful day, Thomas. I'm really glad you invited me.

THOMAS

Hey --- burgers, beer and ball. America at its best.

BRITTANY

Don't forget the chocolate cake.

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**She stops by a door. Fishes in her backpack for the key. Her back to him.
His breath caressing her neck.**

THOMAS

You know, it's not that late ...

BRITTANY

Well, we have an early flight back to New York ...

THOMAS

... we could order room service. Light supper ... a bottle of wine ...

BRITTANY

... and a huge day tomorrow ...

THOMAS

... put on some Barry White ...

She has the key -- a magnetic card -- faces him, smiling.

BRITTANY

Barry White?

THOMAS

Or Ozzy Osbourne -- whatever floats your boat.

BRITTANY

Aren't we a little old for this?

THOMAS

For what?

BRITTANY

One night stands?

THOMAS

Who says first nights have to be only nights?

BRITTANY

Reality says. I sail for England tomorrow ... who knows if we'll ever --

He kisses her.

BRITTANY (CONT)

-- see each other --

And again.

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BRITTANY (CONT)

-- again --

Now she kisses him back. Reaches behind. Unlocks the door. Drifts backward into the room. Kissing him all the way.

DISSOLVE TO:

13 EXT. PASSENGER SHIP TERMINAL -- DAY

At the dock, the Queen Elizabeth 2 in all her glory. A crowd across the street, behind a heavily guarded police line.

SUPER: 57th Street Ship Terminal, New York City

A ROAR from the crowd, as a limo stops at the embark gate. The driver hurries out and opens the door for THAD BURROWS and MONICA CHANG -- the sexy young Asian we saw on the East Beats West poster. They smile. Wave. Shake a few hands. Sign some autographs. He's obviously the centre of attention; she's just arm candy.

An Entertainment Tonight-type TV crew is filming the event. An attractive FEMALE REPORTER steps up to Thad and Monica, in a carefully

**orchestrated
media moment.**

FEMALE REPORTER

You're about to embark on an historic journey, Thad -- the Summit at Sea.

How are you feeling at this moment?

Thad furrows his brow. An athlete who parlayed his camera-friendly good looks and sculpted bod into a movie career --and who now has something really important to say.

THAD

Humble. To play a part, however insignificant, in this important event, it's awesome. It really is.

FEMALE REPORTER

And helping you conduct martial arts classes on the crossing will be the latest "Burrows Girl," Monica Chang.

Thad smiles. Puts his arm around Monica. Hugs her affectionately. Monica smiles demurely.

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17.

THAD

A gentleman never kisses and tells.

The reporter directs her frozen smile at Monica.

FEMALE REPORTER

How about you, Monica? Any secrets you'd like to share?

MONICA

(in a halting accent)

No. No secrets.

FEMALE REPORTER

Are you excited about the crossing?

MONICA

Oh, yes. And so grateful that Thad invited me to join him.

FEMALE REPORTER

When you think about it, you and Thad are truly representative of this summit, aren't you? The two powers coming together. America and China.

MONICA

Actually, I am from Taiwan.

FEMALE REPORTER

Of course.

She keeps smiling -- no idea what the difference is.

14 INT. QE2, LOADING BAY -- DAY

Longshoremen waiting as a Cunard van backs down the ramp and stops at the hatchway. The DRIVER gets out.

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Opens the passenger door. Two friendly-looking musclemen in their late twenties get out -- SANDERS and HART.

They open the back of the van. As longshoremen start unloading metal equipment cases, the driver strolls up the ramp toward the terminal.

15 INT. QE2, CORRIDOR -- DAY

Brittany -- in full dress uniform -- walking swiftly. Thomas -- in an ATF jacket and leading a German shepherd -- emerges from another hallway, falls into step beside her.

BRITTANY

The Burrows party is here. Finally.

THOMAS

I just heard -- and they're about two minutes ahead of the presidents.

They pick up the pace. Two professionals -- last night set aside for the time being.

16 EXT. PASSENGER SHIP TERMINAL -- DAY

A caravan of limos at the embark gate. Four Secret Service agents get out of the first limo. The passenger door to the second, which sports the Presidential seal, opens and SAMUEL MORRISON -- forties, African-American -- gets out, followed by ...

... Vince, in a dark suit and shades. On the job. He, Morrison and other agents fan out around the limo, forming a boundary, as PRESIDENT ELEANOR

SHAW gets out. Handsome, clear-eyed, in her fifties. She waves at the crowd but doesn't approach it. Whispers slyly to Vince:

SHAW
Bet Thad Burrows got a better reception.

And she's right.

Behind her, the doors of the other limos open. PRESIDENT WU YONGJING and his party get out. Wu Yongjing is in his sixties, slim, in an exquisitely-tailored black silk suit. Like Shaw, he's surrounded by security guards, one of whom is a sallow man clutching a briefcase. Most of the crowd cheers, a few boo.

As the American and Chinese security agents escort the two presidents and their entourages toward the embark gate, CAPTAIN YOUNG, commander of the QE2, and his entourage emerge from the boat to greet them.

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YOUNG

Madame President ... Mister President ... welcome. I'm Captain Young, Master of the Queen.

A17 INT. PASSENGER SHIP TERMINAL -- DAY

Not too many people in here. Most outside by the ship. The driver walks across the terminal. Goes into a men's room.

17 INT. QE2, LOADING BAY -- DAY

Sanders and Hart stand beside the equipment cases, waiting with the longshoremen. Near them, agents search other delivery vehicles -- food trucks, a florist van, etc.

Brittany and Thomas arrive. A Cunard security officer hands Brittany Sanders' and Hart's passports. She scans them.

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BRITTANY

Mr. Sanders ... Mr. Hart ...

She returns their passports. Surveys the equipment cases.

BRITTANY (CONT)

Packing manifest, please.

Sanders hands it to her. As she checks it over, Hart checks her over. Likes what he sees.

SANDERS

This is all of Thad's gear for the classes. Gym equipment ... mats ...

Brittany nods. Compares the identification numbers on the cases to those on

the manifest.

Meanwhile, Thomas leads the German shepherd around the cases. The dog sniffs, disinterested.

THOMAS

Did you pack these yourselves?

SANDERS

Yeah.

THOMAS

Is that why you're an hour and a half late?

SANDERS

We weren't late. The van was.

The dog stops at the largest case. Sniffs. Interested.

THOMAS

The van was late?

SANDERS

We waited over an hour for it.

Thomas and Brittany look at each other.

THOMAS

Did the driver call in to report any delays?

BRITTANY

No.

(looking around)

And where is the driver?

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18 INT. PASSENGER SHIP TERMINAL -- DAY

Not too many people in here. Most outside by the ship. The driver emerges from a men's room. No longer wearing the Cunard uniform.

19 INT. QE2, PASSENGER CORRIDOR -- DAY

Young leads Shaw, Wu Yongjing and their entourages down a wide hallway.

YOUNG

We're using only a few dozen of the ship's seven hundred and seventy-nine cabins for the Summit. Two, Three, Four and Five Decks will be completely unoccupied and off limits.

SHAW

The whole ship to ourselves? I feel like Eloise.

20 INT. QE2, LOADING BAY -- DAY

Thomas leading the German shepherd around the van. Everyone watching closely. The dog stops at the back. Sniffs like crazy. Starts BARKING. Thomas kneels down.

THOMAS

Okay, girl. Sit.

The dog stops barking. Sits. Thomas looks at the others.

THOMAS (CONT)

Would you all stand back, please?

They do as they're told. Thomas unclips a flashlight from his belt. Lies down on his back. Slides under the van.

UNDER THE VAN

Thomas slowly sweeps the flashlight along the undercarriage. Stops. Stares

...

... at a remote-controlled bomb taped to the fuel tank.

21 EXT. PASSENGER SHIP TERMINAL -- DAY

The driver standing in the crowd. Peering down at

THE DRIVER'S POV

the van in the loading bay. Thomas underneath.

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 20A.

THE DRIVER

removes a remote control device from his pocket. Turns it on.

UNDER THE VAN

Thomas examining the bomb. Suddenly an LED lights up. "2:00 and counting down: "1:59" ... "1:58" ... "1:57" ...

22 INT. QE2, LOADING BAY -- DAY

Thomas crawls out from under the van. Maintaining a cool exterior -- but all senses alert.

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 21.

He strides to the driver's door of the van. Looks in. The keys in the ignition. He opens the door. Jumps in. Turns on the ignition -- and drives up the ramp. As fast as safety will allow.

23 OMITTED

24 INT. QE2, QUEEN'S GRILL -- DAY

Young giving Shaw, Wu Yongjing et al. a tour of the elegant restaurant.

Vince and the other agents scoping out the exits.

YOUNG

The banquet will be here. Our chefs are preparing a fabulous feast.

SHAW

Oh ... darn. I'm on a diet.

YOUNG

Sorry. No dieting allowed on the Queen.

Wu Yongjing turns to Shaw. Smiles slyly.

WU YONGJING

(perfect English)

Then you have no choice, Madame President. After all, onboard ship, the captain's word is law.

SHAW

Well ... if he insists.

She and Wu Yongjing exchange a smile.

25 EXT. DOCK -- DAY

The van explodes out of the ramp. Turns sharply right, wheels

SCREAMING.

Races down the dock.

26 INT. THE VAN -- DAY -- CONTINUOUS

Thomas at the wheel. Cool and in control. Staring ahead.

26A UNDER THE VAN

The LED ticking down: "1:11" ... "1:10" ...

27 OMITTED

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 22.

28 EXT. THE DOCK -- DAY -- CONTINUOUS

The van speeds down the dock, scattering some longshoremen.

29 EXT. PASSENGER SHIP TERMINAL -- DAY -- CONTINUOUS

The driver walks away from the crowd. Disappears into the terminal.

30 EXT. THE DOCK -- DAY -- CONTINUOUS

The van almost at the end. No turning back.

30A UNDER THE VAN

The LED ticking down: "0:34" ... "0:33" ...

31 INT. THE VAN -- DAY -- CONTINUOUS

Thomas starts to open the door.

32 EXT. THE DOCK -- DAY -- CONTINUOUS

The van twenty yards from the end. The passenger door opens.

32A UNDER THE VAN

The LED ticking down: "0:17" ... "0:16" .

32B INT. THE VAN -- DAY -- CONTINUOUS

Thomas straightens the wheel.

32C UNDER THE VAN

The LED ticking down: "0:06" ... "0:05" ...

32D EXT. THE DOCK -- DAY -- CONTINUOUS

Thomas tumbles out of the van. Somersaults to a ragged but safe stop. Watches as the van flies off the dock and into the air.

32E CLOSE ON THE VAN

as it explodes. Scattering debris over the water.

33 OMITTED

34 OMITTED

35 OMITTED

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 22A.

36 OMITTED

37 INT. QE2, QUEEN'S GRILL -- DAY -- CONTINUOUS

The SOUND of the EXPLOSION outside. Vince pounces on Shaw. Pushes her to the floor. Covering her. One of Wu Yongjing's agents does the same to him.

38 EXT. THE DOCK -- DAY -- CONTINUOUS

Thomas scrambling to his feet. Watching the remains of the van sink.

DISSOLVE TO:

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 23.

39 OMITTED

40 EXT. THE DOCK -- NIGHT

Behind yellow tape, Thomas, FBI and ATF agents examine debris from the explosion. Scuba divers and a crane hauling more from the river.

ANGLE ON VINCE

talking to MIKE GALLOWAY -- forties, seasoned, wearing a jacket with FBI on the back.

MIKE

We cleared the two guys who came in on the van.

VINCE

Martial arts instructors, right?

MIKE

(a dry chuckle)

Yeah -- and they were scared out of their minds.

ANGLE ON SHAW

approaching with some of her staff and Brittany, guarded by Morrison and some other agents. In heated discussion with Morrison.

SHAW

I've already been through this with the vice-president, the joint chiefs, and the man in the moon. The whole point of the bomb was to scare me off, and I'm not gonna. We sail as planned.

They reach Vince and Mike.

VINCE

This is Michael Galloway, Mrs. President. He'll be handling the investigation on behalf of the FBI.

SHAW

If you need anything from the White House on this, Mike, anything at all,

just let us know.

MIKE

Thank you, Madame President.

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 23A.

SHAW

(to Vince)

Which one's Thomas?

Vince walks her toward Thomas, whose back is turned as he examines a piece of debris.

SHAW (CONT)

Special Agent Kellogg?

Thomas faces her, unruffled.

THOMAS

President Shaw.

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 24.

SHAW

I wanted to thank you personally for your bravery today.

She shakes his hand.

SHAW (CONT)

Between you and your brother, maybe I'll get out of this job alive.

(beat)

When I get back from England, I'd like you to join me for lunch at the White House.

THOMAS

Thank you.

She surveys the damage from the explosion.

SHAW

Somebody thought they could derail this trip. Thanks for proving them wrong.

(to her entourage)

Now let's get this show on the road.

They start back for the ship. Thomas grabs Brittany's attention.

Revised -- 5/7/01 -- 2nd Green 25.

THOMAS

Come back in one piece -- you can be my date at the White House.

Their eyes meet. She realizes he's saying he wants this to be more than a one night stand. She smiles, touched.

BRITTANY

I'd like that.

Vince approaches Thomas. Surveys the debris.

VINCE

(dryly)

This oughta keep you busy.

THOMAS

Hey, one of us has to work for a living. Don't get sunburned lounging around the ship's pool.

VINCE

It'll be hard not to. I won't have a care in the world -- knowing Special Agent Thomas Kellogg is on duty, saving democracy.

(gets serious) *

Catch this son-of-a-bitch. And be careful.

THOMAS

Aren't I always?

Vince throws him a look. No. You're not. Brittany takes note of the look and the Presidential staff member gesturing to them to move it.

BRITTANY

Vince? We have to go.

41 EXT. PASSENGER SHIP TERMINAL -- NIGHT

The QE2 moving away from its berth.

MONICA (PRE-LAPPING)

It's me ...

BLAKE'S VOICE

Is this line secure?

Revised -- 5/7/01 -- 2nd Green 25A.

42 INT. QE2, MONICA'S STATEROOM -- NIGHT -- CONT.

Monica alone, on a portable ship-to-shore phone. She doesn't look like arm candy now, but serious, focused. The chirpy accent gone.

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 26.

MONICA

Yes. But we won't be able to talk again. They're instituting a communication blackout.

43 EXT. THE OCEAN -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

An endless expanse of ocean.

BLAKE'S VOICE

Everything go as planned?

MONICA'S VOICE

So far. Where are you?

45 INT. LIJIANG, CONTROL ROOM -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

NAVIGATOR

Depth one-hundred and ten metres, course one-eight-zero true, speed three-two knots, Captain.

SONAR OPERATOR

No contacts on sonar.

Kevin Blake on the radio.

BLAKE

We have the Lijiang.

46 INT. QE2, MONICA'S STATEROOM -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

Monica smiles.

MONICA

And soon, we will have the Queen.

47 EXT. PASSENGER SHIP TERMINAL -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

The ship has left its berth. It's on its way.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 27.

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

48 EXT. THE PENTAGON -- DAY

Establishing.

**49 INT. OP CENTRE BRAVO, THE PENTAGON -- DAY --
CONTINUOUS**

Command centre for the Summit at Sea. State of the art computers. A hi-def TV screen covering one wall, the QE2's progress monitored in real time on a satellite-fed map of the world. A half dozen Naval personnel on duty.

The ship -- represented by a pulsing blue light -- is most of the way up the North American coast, near Nova Scotia. Trailing behind it, a smaller pulsing green light.

ADMIRAL LEWIS -- a square-jawed veteran -- receives a METEOROLOGICAL REPORT from a staff member.

A RADIO OPERATOR turns from his console and speaks to LEWIS.

RADIO OPERATOR

Admiral, I have the Captain of the Polk on line.

Lewis moves to the console.

LEWIS

Captain Kram, this is Admiral Lewis at OP Centre Bravo.

KRAM

Yes, Admiral

LEWIS

How are you doing? Any problems?

KRAM'S VOICE

So far so good. Let's hope we left all the problems in New York.

50 EXT. UNDERWATER -- DAY

A sub passes THROUGH FRAME.

SUPER: Nuclear Powered Attack Submarine USS James K. Polk

LEWIS' VOICE

You got that right.

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 27A.

51 INT. THE POLK, CONTROL ROOM -- DAY -- CONTINUOUS

The control room of a nuclear sub. CAPTAIN BENJAMIN KRAM -- late thirties, an easy air of authority -- stands in command by the sub's periscope.

LEWIS' VOICE

You shadowing close to the Queen?

KRAM

Affirmative. Got our best man on sonar.

He smiles at BRAD BODZIN at the console, wearing headphones, monitoring the sonar. Twenties, lean and loose, as Sky Bar as you can look and still be regulation.

BODZIN

Range to Sierra Eleven six thousand yards.

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 28.

CROSS-CUT BETWEEN THE POLK AND OP CENTRE BRAVO:

LEWIS

FYI, there's a tropical building near Bermuda. Won't come anywhere near you, but things might get a little rough tomorrow.

KRAM

Read that.

LEWIS

How are my SEALs?

CUT TO:

A HAND

slapping down five cards face-up on a table. A full house.

LEIGHTON (OS)

I got a full boat. Jacks over fives.

GROANS and ad-libs: "Beats my straight" ... "I thought my trips were good"

... "Bastard -- sir" ... etc.

52 INT. THE POLK, CREW LOUNGE -- DAY -- CONTINUOUS

The SEALs. Incredibly fit young men, the cream of the crop. Sitting around a table, playing poker. LEIGHTON, their commander, rakes in a pile of chips.

SEAL #1

If we were on the QE2 right now, we'd be playing in a fancy casino ... drinking champagne ... eating caviar.

SEAL #2

I hate champagne.

SEAL #3

Caviar makes me gag.

LEIGHTON

That's good, because unless the lady gets into trouble, we're staying right here.

He deals another hand.

JOSHUA (PRE-LAPPING)

Have you met Thad Burrows yet? Have you talked to him?

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 29.

VINCE (PRE-LAPPING)

Just shook his hand and said hello.

53 INT. JOSHUA'S ROOM -- DAY

Joshua at his desk, talking into the high frequency long range radio.

**Kelly
standing behind him.**

KELLY

And how about Wu Yongjing? What's he like?

54 INT. QE2, STORAGE ROOM -- DAY -- CONTINUOUS

Cluttered with brooms, cleaning supplies, etc. A space cleared on a shelf. Vince's high frequency long range radio set up there. Vince, off duty, in casual clothes, talking into it.

VINCE

Hard to tell, but he and the president seem to be hitting it off.

(beat)

Listen, the captain told me there's going to be some atmospheric

**disturbance
over the next couple of days.**

**KELLY
What does that mean?**

**VINCE
We may have trouble reaching each other. It can interfere with radio
transmission.**

55 EXT. PASSENGER SHIP TERMINAL -- DAY

Quiet. Yesterday's excitement long gone.

**56 INT. PASSENGER SHIP TERMINAL ROOM -- DAY --
CONTINUOUS**

**Investigation central for the bomb attempt. The debris we saw on the
dock
last night -- and more -- on long tables. ATF and FBI personnel analysing
and cataloguing it. Thomas hunched over a microscope. Mike Galloway
next to
him.**

WHAT THOMAS SEES THROUGH THE MICROSCOPE

A piece of twisted metal. The van's undercarriage.

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 30.

**MIKE
peers over his shoulder.**

**MIKE
The bomb's trigger?**

**THOMAS
Yeah.**

MIKE

So who are we dealing with here? Syria? Iraq?

Thomas sits back from the microscope. Frowns.

THOMAS

I think it's one of ours.

An AGENT approaches, carrying a large plastic bag.

AGENT

Cleaning service found this in the men's room trash. We lifted a partial off one of the buttons.

Inside the plastic bag -- the driver's Cunard uniform.

57 EXT. QE2, SUN DECK -- DAY

The top deck of the ship. Vince emerges from a storage shed behind the main funnel. Walks toward...

... the deck below him, where Shaw and Wu Yongjing are in the middle of a spirited Ping Pong match. Morrison and another Secret Service agent on duty, watching, along with two of Wu Yongjing's agents -- including the sallow man with a briefcase.

Vince comes down the stairs. Stands beside Morrison. Watches the game a moment. Whispers:

VINCE

Who's winning?

MORRISON

He is. But she's letting him.

They exchange a smile. Morrison nods at the sallow man.

MORRISON (CONT)

I wonder if he sleeps in the same bed as Wu Yongjing?

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 31.

VINCE

... Who doesn't seem to trust his buddies back in Beijing with the nuclear codes.

He's distracted by something. Morrison follows his gaze to ...

BRITTANY

across the deck, walking briskly with a male associate. She looks sharp and appealing in her uniform.

VINCE AND MORRISON

follow her a moment with their eyes.

MORRISON

(casually)

Attractive woman ...

He returns his gaze to the president. Vince watches Brittany another moment -- obviously agreeing with Morrison's assessment -- then focuses on the Ping Pong game too. PAN TO ... the man with the briefcase. HOLD.

MONICA (PRE-LAPPING)

Once the codes are uplinked to satellite ...

58 INT. QE2, MONICA'S STATEROOM -- DAY -- CONTINUOUS

Monica pointing to a spot on a detailed nautical map. Sanders and Hart hanging on her every word.

MONICA

... we will rendezvous with the Lijiang here. Tomorrow night.

SANDERS

Assuming Blake makes it.

MONICA

He will. We'll board the sub and be on our way by dawn -- with China's nuclear arsenal under our command.

HART

Where do we board?

Monica sets aside the nautical map. Spreads out a schematic of the ship.

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 31A.

MONICA

Here. On Deck Four, near the --

A KNOCK. Monica quickly hides the map. Goes to the door.

MONICA (CONT)

Yes?

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 32.

THAD (OS)

It's me.

She opens the door partway to REVEAL Thad, wearing swim trunks and a muscle shirt. She slips into starlet mode.

MONICA

Hi, Thad.

THAD

You wanna go for a swim?

MONICA

Sure. Give me a few minutes to change. I'll meet you at the pool.

He lingers, smiling at her.

THAD

You know ... I'm really glad you could come on this trip.

MONICA

Me too.

THAD

(teasing but hopeful)

All those crazy rumours about us, maybe the press is on to something.

**Maybe
they can see into the future.**

Monica just smiles -- promising everything, giving nothing.

MONICA

I'll be up soon.

She closes the door. Turns and faces Sanders and Hart. Drops the pose.

MONICA (CONT)

Where were we?

59 EXT. FBI HEADQUARTERS, NEW YORK -- DAY

Establishing.

**60 INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS, FINGERPRINT ROOM -- DAY --
CONT.**

**Thomas and Mike stand by as a TECHNICIAN feeds a blow-up of a
fingerprint
into a scanner linked to a supercomputer.**

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 33.

MIKE

Remember the dark ages -- before we went online?

THOMAS

You had to wait two weeks to match a print.

MIKE

(pats the computer)

Now, we'll get a match ... a photo ... rap sheet ... file -- hell, if that print's on record, we'll find out what this guy had for breakfast.

THOMAS

And people say the FBI is cocky.

Mike just grins -- cocky as hell.

CONNOR (PRE-LAPPING)

We're not going to poison President Wu Yongjing's food!

61 INT. QE2, KITCHEN --- DAY

Huge. Endless stainless steel counters. A bank of ovens. A dozen chefs and other personnel working. CONNOR, the QE2's head chef, a burly Liverpudlian, arms folded across his chest, stares down at PING, a diminutive Asian, who is flanked by his five assistants. Brittany on the sidelines. Ping bows slightly, in polite submission.

PING

It is protocol. I mean no offence.

BRITTANY

He's only following orders, Connor. Let's resolve this.

CONNOR

You have to taste everything before we serve it?

PING

I am China's acting state chef on this voyage. I must sample every dish. It is protocol.

BRITTANY

Why don't you prepare double portions? Mr. Ping will taste one. We'll serve President Wu Yongjing the other.

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 34.

CONNOR

Fine, if I have to -- because I'm not serving food what's had bites taken out of it.

He storms off. Brittany smiles sympathetically at Ping.

BRITTANY

Sorry for the misunderstanding.

Ping smiles, bows slightly again. Brittany walks off. Ping lifts his head to watch her and we DOLLY in CLOSE on him. The submissive look disappears, replaced by one of amused contempt, as his assistants join ranks around him.

THOMAS (PRE-LAPPING)

Barry ... Jinks ...

62 EXT. HIGHWAY -- DAY

Residential New Jersey. Just across the Hudson from New York. ANGLE on a black car, travelling.

THOMAS (VO)

... ex-U.S. Navy. Dishonourably discharged in 1996 for disseminating anti-government literature...

63 INT. BLACK CAR -- DAY -- CONTINUOUS

An ATF agent driving, an FBI agent beside him. Thomas in the back seat with

Mike. An FBI file open between them. Thomas talking on his cell.

THOMAS

... multiple misdemeanour arrests; one felony, for assaulting a federal judge. Served eighteen months. Paroled in 1999. Last known address, 200 Gadstone Way, outside Jersey City. Got that?

A beat.

THOMAS (CONT)

Good. 'Cause we're on our way.

He flips off the phone. Studies a photo: A mug shot of Barry Jinks -- the "Cunard" driver who activated the bomb.

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 35.

64 INT. QE2, HEALTH AND FITNESS CLUB -- DAY

SOOTHING NEW AGE MUSIC with an Asian feel on the sound system.

Thad, Monica, Sanders and Hart -- in full martial arts regalia -- lead Shaw, Wu Yongjing and members of their staff through a simple t'ai chi routine. Wu Yongjing looks like he knows what he's doing. Shaw is game and not half bad.

Morrison -- still on duty -- stands on the sidelines with his fellow Secret Service agent and two of Wu Yongjing's agents -- one of whom, again, is the sallow man with the briefcase.

Brittany performs t'ai chi with the group. She's limber and toned, moves with grace and authority. Which is lost on neither Hart, who again eyes her appreciatively ...

... nor Vince, in the corner, working the weight machines. He steals a glance at her, obviously attracted, then looks away. Pumps the iron even harder.

The NEW AGE MUSIC ends. Thad smiles at the assembled.

THAD

Excellent.

(to Shaw)

If this commander-in-chief gig doesn't pan out --

SHAW

Oh, give the voters a chance -- I'm sure it won't.

Laughter.

THAD

-- then come see me about stunt work.

More laughter.

THAD (CONT)

But seriously. T'ai chi is a great introduction to the martial arts. You'll find many of its moves incorporated into the fighting itself.

He punches a button on the sound system remote. A PULSING ROCK SONG starts.

He turns to Monica.

THAD (CONT)

Monica?

Monica steps forward. Smiling.

Revised -- 5/7/01 -- 2nd Green 35A.

MONICA

Do any of you have martial arts experience?

People glance at each other. No apparent takers. Finally, Brittany steps forward.

BRITTANY

I do.

MONICA

Come. Let us demonstrate.

The two women move to the centre of the room. Everyone watching them -- including Vince, who stops pumping.

Monica and Brittany start circling each other. Then thrusting ... dodging ... kicking ... blocking. Simple at first, then getting more complicated.

Monica is first-rate -- and we can see Brittany rising to the challenge. Determined to keep up with her "opponent" -- but finding it difficult.

The tempo and intensity of their mock fight escalate. So does the music. The moves becoming increasingly more aggressive. Neither woman quite besting the other but Monica clearly running the show.

Vince watches with keen interest. It's not just Brittany who's caught his eye. This is a good fight.

Finally Monica gets the better of Brittany, knocking her feet out from under her and pinning her gracefully to the floor. The MUSIC comes to a stop. Everyone applauds.

Monica helps Brittany to her feet. Winded, Brittany musters a smile -- but it's obvious she hates to lose.

65 EXT. JINKS' HOUSE -- DAY

A rundown one-story on a rundown street near the railroad tracks. PAN TO an ELECTRIC COMPANY VAN parked across the street and down the block. THOMAS sits in the Van. Another agent is up a pole "working" on the lines.

66 INT. ELECTRIC COMPANY VAN -- DAY -- CONTINUOUS

Thomas has been here awhile staking out the house. He lifts a pair of binoculars to his eyes and focuses them on the house.

Revised -- 5/7/01 -- 2nd Green 35B.

66A THOMAS'S POV (BINOCULARS) -- DAY -- CONTINUOUS

Of an unmarked FBI car staking out the house on the street behind the house's backyard. Mike sits behind the wheel with another agent beside him and one in the back. Mike's head nods forward as he starts to doze.

66B INT. ELECTRIC COMPANY VAN -- DAY -- CONTINUOUS

SMALL raises a WALKIE TALKIE to his mouth. INTERCUT BETWEEN THE TWO VEHICLES

THOMAS
Hey Mike?

Mike startles awake, grabs his walkie talkie

MIKE
Yeah.

THOMAS
You staying awake?

MIKE
Of course.

Thomas smiles to himself. Puts down the binoculars.

THOMAS
Good, cause I'd hate to see Jinks show up and have the FBI miss out on the collar.

MIKE
Don't worry. We'll be there to grab the glory (beat)

If he ever shows up.

Thomas looks out through the windshield of the van.

THOMAS

Hold on. We may have something here.

66C THOMAS'S POV -- DAY -- CONTINUOUS

Thomas watches as a beat up SEDAN moves down the block towards the house. It pulls into the driveway and BARRY JINKS gets out.

Revised -- 5/7/01 -- 2nd Green 35C.

INT. ELECTRIC COMPANY VAN -- DAY -- CONTINUOUS

THOMAS

He's here. Move in.

Thomas checks his weapon. Exits the van and checks out the other agent moving down the pole. He then moves across the street towards the house.

67 OMITTED

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Green 36.

68 OMITTED

69 OMITTED

69A INT. JINKS' HOUSE -- DAY

Jinks in his living room. Glances out the front window.

JINKS' POV, THROUGH THE FRONT WINDOW

Thomas approaching the house.

JINKS

goes on alert. Strides to a rear window. Glances out.

JINKS' POV, THROUGH THE REAR WINDOW

Mike and the FBI agents coming across the yard.

69B EXT. JINKS' HOUSE -- DAY -- CONTINUOUS

Thomas stealthily approaching the front door.

Suddenly, a side window explodes -- as Jinks dives through. Somersaults to the ground. And starts running.

Thomas lights out after him. Barks into the radio:

THOMAS

He's running! Headed east towards the tracks. Try and head him off with the car.

69C EXT. REAR OF JINKS' HOUSE -- DAY -- CONTINUOUS

Mike and the FBI agents turn and run back to the car.

69D EXT. JINKS' HOUSE -- DAY -- CONTINUOUS

Jinks running toward the tracks. Thomas right behind him.

69E EXT. REAR OF JINKS' HOUSE -- DAY -- CONTINUOUS

The FBI car SCREAMS away from the curb.

69F EXT. RAILROAD TRACKS -- DAY -- CONTINUOUS

Jinks racing toward the tracks. He glances over his shoulder. Thomas in hot pursuit. Catching up. Jinks picks up speed ...

Revised -- 5/7/01 -- 2nd Green 36A.

By the time Thomas gets to the tracks, Jinks is on the other side. Behind Thomas, Mike's car screeches to halt.

70 EXT. OTHER SIDE OF TRACKS -- DAY -- CONTINUOUS

A car idling, waiting to cross. Jinks runs up. Throws open the door. Drags the driver out. Throws him to the ground. Jumps in the car.

Revised -- 5/7/01 -- 2nd Green 37.

70A EXT. OTHER SIDE OF TRACKS -- DAY -- CONTINUOUS

THOMAS sees

JINKS IN THE STOLEN CAR

jamming into reverse to turn around.

THOMAS

jumps ... lands on the roof of the car.

71 INT. THE STOLEN CAR -- DAY -- CONTINUOUS

Jinks hears Thomas on the roof. Steps on the pedal.

72 EXT. OTHER SIDE OF TRACKS -- DAY -- CONTINUOUS

The stolen car speeds away from the tracks and into a field. Toward a junk yard. Weaving back and forth, as Jinks tries to shake off Thomas.

72A OMITTED

72B EXT. FIELD -- DAY -- CONTINUOUS

The stolen car still weaving. Thomas still hanging on. The field about to end.

JINKS

looking ahead wildly. SEES

A GATE

in the fence around the junk yard.

THE STOLEN CAR

speeds into the junk yard.

72C EXT. RAILROAD TRACKS -- DAY -- CONTINUOUS

The FBI car speeds across the tracks.

72D EXT. JUNK YARD -- DAY -- CONTINUOUS

The stolen car speeding through, still swerving.

JINKS

at the wheel, desperately trying to shake off Thomas.

Revised -- 5/7/01 -- 2nd Green 37A.

THOMAS

on the roof. Pulling out his gun. Peers ahead. SEES

A BULLDOZER

rounding the corner toward them.

JINKS

sees the bulldozer too. Yanks the wheel to the right.

THE STOLEN CAR

flies up a loading ramp -- and over the bulldozer.

THOMAS

hanging on for dear life.

72E EXT. FIELD -- DAY -- CONTINUOUS

Mike's car races across the field and into the junk yard.

72F EXT. JUNK YARD -- DAY -- CONTINUOUS

The stolen car speeding through.

Revised -- 5/7/01 -- 2nd Green 38.

73 INT. THE STOLEN CAR -- DAY -- CONTINUOUS

Jinks keeps weaving ... and suddenly his side window smashes in, spraying him with splintered glass. A glimpse of Thomas' gun butt in the shattered

window.

74 EXT. THE STOLEN CAR -- DAY -- CONTINUOUS

Thomas lying sideways on the roof now. Reaching through Jinks' window.

75 INT. JINKS' CAR -- DAY -- CONTINUOUS

Thomas trying to grab hold of the wheel. Jinks pushes his hand away. Yanks the wheel to the left.

THOMAS

ducks just in time to miss a huge car magnet.

75A EXT. JUNK YARD -- DAY -- CONTINUOUS

Mike's car pulls up alongside the stolen car.

75B INT. THE STOLEN CAR -- DAY -- CONTINUOUS

Jinks yanks the wheel again.

THOMAS

flattens out on the roof -- just missing a large crusher.

75C EXT. JUNK YARD -- DAY -- CONTINUOUS

Mike's car starts to pull ahead of the stolen car.

JINKS' POV, OUT THE WINDSHIELD

a steel claw ahead, swinging toward his car.

MIKE

sees the claw too. Jams on the brakes.

THOMAS

sees the claw -- and rolls off the roof. Hits the ground.

Revised -- 5/7/01 -- 2nd Green 38A.

76 EXT. JUNK YARD -- DAY -- CONTINUOUS

**The stolen car brakes but keeps going, swerving to try and miss the claw -
-
which smashes into the passenger side. The stolen car travels a little
further -- then grinds to a halt.**

**Thomas gets up from the ground. Runs toward the stolen car -- Mike and
the
other agents a beat behind. Jinks staggers out of the stolen car, bloodied
and dazed -- and face-to-face with the barrel of Thomas' gun. As WE**

DISSOLVE TO:

77 EXT. OCEAN -- NIGHT

A tranquil contrast. The QE2 heading east. No land in sight.

78 INT. QE2, SEVEN DECK -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

**Brittany making final rounds. She stops at the door to the Health and
Fitness Spa. Tries the handle. It's locked. She KNOCKS. A beat and the
door
opens a crack. It's Monica. She sees Brittany. Smiles demurely.**

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 39.

MONICA

Ms. Cooper. Hi.

BRITTANY

Just making final rounds. Everything all right?

MONICA

Fine. We're preparing for tomorrow's class.

BRITTANY

You were impressive today. And here I thought everything in the movies was just special effects.

MONICA

Oh, no. We are well trained to fight.

BRITTANY

So I saw. Well ... good night.

MONICA

Good night.

She closes the door. Brittany moves on.

**79 INT. QE2, HEALTH AND FITNESS CLUB -- NIGHT --
CONTINUOUS**

Monica finishes closing the door. Turns and faces Sanders and Hart, who are removing martial arts gear from an equipment case they brought onboard. The case appears to be empty -- but now they start to lift out the bottom. They struggle. It's heavy. Monica comes over and helps them.

HART

Man, I hate lead. It's heavy.

SANDERS

Yeah--but X-rays can't get through it.

They set the piece down.

In the equipment case ... a secret compartment beneath the false bottom. Loaded with assault weapons, ammunition -- and an ominous looking object, the size of toaster oven.

Sanders gingerly lifts the object out of the crate. Sets it on a table. DOLLY in on the object. HOLD. It's a bomb similar to the one we saw taped to the van. Only bigger. FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 40.

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

80 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM -- DAY

Jinks, a little banged up from the crash but otherwise okay, sits at a table across from Mike, staring into space. Unsmiling. Contemptuous. Thomas in his face.

THOMAS

You almost blew me up in that van, you son-of-a-bitch. I want to know who you're working with.

Jinks meets his gaze. And now he smiles. Calm. Cold.

JINKS

I want to call my attorney.

Thomas grabs him by the shirt. Deeper into his face.

THOMAS

Not until you tell me what I want to know.

MIKE

Thomas ...

THOMAS

I'm not gonna let you drag some sleazeball lawyer in here you can hide behind.

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 41.

MIKE

Thomas!

He gets up. Pulls Thomas off Jinks.

MIKE (CONT)

He asked for a lawyer. We can't ask him any more questions.

Thomas glares at Jinks, who just keeps smiling.

LEWIS (PRE-LAPPING)

China confirmed today that one of its subs, the Lijiang, has been taken out of commission.

81 INT. OP CENTRE BRAVO, THE PENTAGON -- DAY

Lewis at the radio.

KRAM'S VOICE

That's an old vessel but it's not ready for the scrap yard.

LEWIS

Copy that. But it's been off our radar for over three days.

82 INT. THE POLK, CONTROL ROOM -- DAY -- CONTINUOUS

Kram at his radio.

KRAM

So what's our best guess?

LEWIS' VOICE

Intelligence is inconclusive at this point. They could be telling the truth --

KRAM

What are the chances of that?

LEWIS' VOICE

-- but their delay in announcing the decommission makes us think the Lijiang probably sank.

NAVIGATOR (PRE-LAPPING)

Depth one hundred and ten metres ...

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 42.

83 EXT. UNDERWATER -- DAY

The Lijiang passes THROUGH FRAME.

NAVIGATOR (VO)

... course one-eight-zero true ...

84 INT. LIJIANG, CONTROL ROOM -- DAY -- CONTINUOUS

The sub's NAVIGATOR reporting from behind the helm.

NAVIGATOR

... speed three-two knots.

Blake, in command, nods at him. Then faces his renegade crew standing in a semi-circle.

BLAKE

Tonight, after we have rendezvoused with our compatriots and retrieved them from the Queen, we will control China's nuclear arsenal, making Taiwan one of the two most powerful nations on earth.

(beat)

Power is a corrupting force. I understand that better than anyone. We're not terrorists, we're patriots. And our mission is simple and clear. "Global zero alert" is a dangerous lie. The only way to protect ourselves from China's nuclear threat is to destroy that threat. And that's exactly what we are going to do.

85 EXT. OCEAN -- DAY

Late afternoon. The QE2 forging ahead. The seas choppy.

86 INT. QE2, QUEEN'S GRILL -- DAY -- CONTINUOUS

Waiters getting the room ready for a banquet.

87 INT. QE2, KITCHEN -- DAY -- CONTINUOUS

A swarm of activity. Connor and his crew in one corner, preparing their feast. Ping and his in another, putting the finishing touches on a magnificent tiered cake, five feet high. Connor glancing darkly at Ping.

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 43.

88 INT. QE2, VINCE'S CORRIDOR -- DAY

Vince, wearing a tuxedo, comes out of his stateroom, just as Morrison, tuxedoed too, comes out of his, opposite. Vince sizes him up. Grins.

VINCE

Be still my heart.

MORRISON

Took me ten minutes to put on the stupid bow tie.

VINCE

Damn. You beat me by three minutes.

(beat; serious)

You sure you don't want to split the shift with me?

MORRISON

Nah. No point in both of us not having champagne.

The boat sways a little. Vince touches the wall to steady himself. He looks pretty green.

VINCE

Champagne? Don't even.

MORRISON

You wearing a seasick patch?

VINCE

Yeah -- for all the good it's doing.

Another stateroom door opens. A tuxedoed Secret Service agent comes out, followed by Shaw in a dazzling evening gown. As she glides past Vince and Morrison:

SHAW

I know. I look fabulous.

Vince and Morrison fall in behind her.

89 EXT. NEW JERSEY HOUSE -- DAY

The street blocked off with black and whites. A number of police, FBI and ATF cars parked in front of the house.

90 INT. NEW JERSEY HOUSE -- DAY -- CONTINUOUS

Forensics going over every inch of the place.

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 44.

91 INT. NEW JERSEY HOUSE, BASEMENT -- DAY -- CONTINUOUS

Dark and dusty. Piles of boxes. ATF and FBI agents sorting through the contents. Mostly old magazines and souvenirs. Mike examining a carton of LPs. Thomas crouching nearby, going through a box of periodicals on the floor.

MIKE

What a pack rat. Jinks must save everything.

THOMAS

Including every wacko political magazine.

Mike pulls out an LP.

MIKE

Oh, man. Look at this. James Brown, Live at the Apollo. This is a great record.

Thomas isn't listening. He's just uncovered a manila envelope under the magazines.

Mike gingerly removes the vinyl. Examines it.

MIKE (CONT)

Wow. This thing is mint. Probably worth a fortune.

THOMAS

No ...

MIKE

Well, a couple hundred, at least.

THOMAS

No ...

Mike glances at him. Sees him staring at a photo he found in the manila envelope. A photo of Jinks on what appears to be a movie set. Blake in the picture too. Both men smiling, their arms around the shoulders of a

woman
standing between them. The woman is laughing. It's Monica Chang.

MATCH CUT TO:

MONICA

laughing. PULL BACK to REVEAL she is in ...

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 45.

92 INT. QUEEN'S GRILL -- NIGHT

... where the banquet is underway. Everyone dressed to the nines.

Monica,
gorgeous in a silk halter-top pants suit, laughing at Thad, who's regaling
the table with an anecdote.

THAD

I said, "No, after you, Ms. Streep."

Monica glances at ...

... Shaw and Wu Yongjing sitting with Captain Young and other senior
officers at the head table. The two presidents deep in conversation. Wu
Yongjing nodding thoughtfully. Connecting.

WU YONGJING

Yes ... I've often thought that myself.

SHAW

I hate to say it, but as Americans, I think we tend to ignore the rest of
the world, as if we're the only ones who matter.

WU YONGJING

Well, that sensibility is not unique to America, I assure you.

Morrison and the other agent on duty at the next table over, with Wu
Yongjing's agents, including the man with the briefcase.

At the back of the room, Vince at a table. An empty chair next to him. He's watching ...

... Brittany make her way across the room toward him. She looks particularly beautiful in a tasteful, flattering gown.

She arrives at his table. Glances at the empty chair, the place card. He stands. Pulls back her chair for her. She smiles at his gallantry.

BRITTANY
Thank you.

As she starts to sit, the boat hits a swell and sways. Vince grips the chair. Looks like he's going to throw up.

BRITTANY (CONT)
Are you all right?

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 45A.

VINCE
Just... a little seasick.

She studies him. He looks a lot seasick.

BRITTANY
Are you taking anything for it?

VINCE
I'm wearing a patch.

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 46.

BRITTANY
Follow me.

As she leads him out of the room:

BRITTANY (CONT)

The first thing you need is some fresh air.

He's too close to hurling to protest.

93 EXT. AIRPORT -- NIGHT

Thomas hurries out of a terminal. To the driver, as he's jumping in a cab:

THOMAS

The Pentagon ...

94 EXT. QE2, RAILING -- NIGHT

Vince washes down two pills with a cup of water. Brittany caps the bottle they came from. Hands it to him.

BRITTANY

Those should put you right. The ship pharmacy always has them on hand.

VINCE

Thanks.

BRITTANY

Are you on duty now?

VINCE

No. Not until midnight.

BRITTANY

Then I recommend you rest for an hour or so. Those pills are going to make you drowsy.

VINCE

Fine -- because I sure as hell don't feel like eating.

(shrugs self-deprecatingly)

What can I tell you? I'm a landlubber.

BRITTANY

Well ... the seas are rough tonight.

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 47.

VINCE

The rest of the team is glad to be on a cruise. Me? My idea of hell.

BRITTANY

We all have one of those.

VINCE

Yeah? What's your idea of hell?

BRITTANY

The safe, sedate life of a suburban housewife.

VINCE

I can relate to that.

BRITTANY

No domestic bliss for you either, hey?

VINCE

I tell myself it's the job. It's an insane life -- how can I ask somebody else to take that on?

(beat)

Well ... that's what I tell myself.

They smile at each other, his attraction to her palpable.

BRITTANY

I'd better get back.

She turns to go. He touches her arm briefly. Looks at her. Like he wants to say something.

BRITTANY (CONT)

What?

VINCE

Just ... thanks. For the pills.

BRITTANY
Sure.

She smiles. And they leave.

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 48.

95 INT. OP CENTRE BRAVO, THE PENTAGON -- NIGHT

CLOSE ON THOMAS AND LEWIS, as Thomas slams down the photo of Jinks with Blake and Monica.

THOMAS
The QE2 should be on Red Alert, Admiral.

96 INT. QE2, QUEEN'S GRILL -- NIGHT

Brittany sits down at her table, next to Vince's empty seat -- just as a waiter sweeps away her untouched dinner plate.

ANGLE ON THE HEAD TABLE

Shaw and Wu Yongjing chatting.

SHAW
You visited Disneyland and Disney World?

WU YONGJING
It was a state tour. I felt it was my obligation to experience everything your beautiful country has to offer.

SHAW
And ... what did you think?

WU YONGJING
I thought, despite what I had been raised to believe, perhaps my homeland was not the happiest place on earth.

She peers at him.

SHAW

Mr. President, I do believe you're pulling my leg.

Wu Yongjing smiles. Next to them, Captain Young stands. Clinks his glass for attention.

97 INT. QE2, KITCHEN — NIGHT

The main course dishes coming in. Preparations for dessert underway. Connor and some of his crew stand around Ping and his cake, smirking.

CONNOR

So you got a girl in there, Ping? A girl in a kimono?

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 49.

His pals chuckle. Ping smiles deferentially.

PING

Kimonos are Japanese ...

98 INT. QE2, VINCE'S CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

Empty for a beat. Then Sanders and Hart round the corner, wearing -- incongruously -- leather jackets. They stride past a room, men with a mission. HOLD on the room.

99 INT. QE2, VINCE'S STATEROOM -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

Vince lying on the bed, eyes closed. He stirs awake. Sits up. He looks better, less green.

100 INT. QE2, QUEEN'S GRILL -- NIGHT

Captain Young, glass raised in a toast. The room quiet.

YOUNG

The QE2 has been the temporary home for scores of world leaders and other passengers of distinction in her long, luminous life.

101 OMITTED

102 INT. QE2, KITCHEN -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

Two of Ping's assistants push a cart to the counter with the cake. The lower section of the cart covered with a cloth.

103 INT. QE2, QUEEN'S GRILL -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

YOUNG

But she has never been as honoured as she is on this historic voyage.

104 INT. QE2, LOWER DECK, CORRIDOR -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

Sanders and Hart at a door: "Crew Quarters/No Passengers Allowed." They shrug off their jackets. Each is toting an ugly ass assault weapon. Sanders kicks open the door.

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 50.

105 INT. QE2, VINCE'S STATEROOM -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

Vince at the sink, adjusting his bow tie.

106 INT. QE2, KITCHEN -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

Ping and his assistants lift the cake onto the cart.

107 INT. QE2, QUEEN'S GRILL -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

YOUNG

We're proud to have been asked to host this meeting of minds ... and we join, I'm sure, all the nations of the world in wishing it well.

108 INT. QE2, LOWER DECK, CONCRETE CORRIDOR -- NIGHT -- CONT.

The stark underbelly of the Queen. Sanders and Hart working their way down the hall. Pulling off-duty crew members out of their rooms. Herding them down the corridor at gunpoint.

109 INT. QE2, KITCHEN -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

Ping and his assistants start to light the cake's candles.

110 INT. QE2, QUEEN'S GRILL -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

YOUNG

So welcome, Madame President ... Mister President. God save you and your mission and, as we never tire of saying hereabouts ... God save the Queen.

He smiles. LAUGHTER from the assembled.

111 INT. QE2, VINCE'S CORRIDOR -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

Vince comes out of his stateroom. Closes his door.

112 INT. QE2, KITCHEN -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

Ping and his assistants finish lighting the candles.

113 INT. QE2, DISCO -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

Where crew and staff gather off-hours. Pool tables. Video games. Snack

counter. Several dozen men and women -- mostly young -- socializing.

Suddenly the door flies open. The herd of frightened coworkers marches in, followed by Sanders and Hart.

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 51.

114 INT. QE2, QUEEN'S GRILL -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

As the laughter dies down:

YOUNG

Now. The good people representing China in our kitchen tonight have prepared something special for us. So. Without further ado ...

He nods to a crew member in the back, who turns out the lights, plunging the room into darkness.

115 INT. QE2, KITCHEN -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

Ping and his assistants start to push the cake out the door. Just as they are leaving, Ping turns and looks at Connor. He smiles -- as nasty and forbidding a smile as Connor has ever seen. Connor reacts, taken aback, as ...

116 INT. QE2, QUEEN'S GRILL -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

... Ping and his crew bring out the cake, candles blazing. In the darkness, it looks like a floating ship of light. The crowd gasps with pleasure -- then starts applauding, as the cake approaches the head table.

ANGLE ON MONICA

as she discreetly slips off her high heels under the table, making herself mobile. Then ...

... starts singing a Chinese folk song. Thad smiles at her, no idea what she's singing. After a measure, Wu Yongjing joins in. Then Ping and his

crew.

And Wu Yongjing's agents and the other members of his entourage. The only Chinese in the room not singing is the sallow man with the briefcase.

As Ping and his crew pass Monica's table, she stands and joins them in walking the cake to the Presidents' table. All the Chinese singing at the top of their lungs. Even some of the Caucasians joining in.

Monica, Ping and the assistants stop at the Presidents' table. They surround the cake, and in one group whoosh, they blow out the candles. The room now totally dark.

The singing continues a few more measures. The song ends. The audience applauds again. After a beat, the crew member in the back turns on the lights to REVEAL ...

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 52.

... Monica, Ping and the five assistants arrayed around the head table. Each toting an assault weapon. Ping's and Monica's aimed at the two Presidents.

Two of Ping's assistants are aiming at the American and Chinese agents. The other assistants are aiming at the crowd.

It takes a moment for the assembled to register what they are seeing. Thad gapes at Monica, astonished.

**THAD
Monica? ...**

**YOUNG
What in the name of --**

Monica aims her gun at him.

MONICA
Sit down!

Captain Young does as he's told. Monica faces the four agents on duty, including Morrison.

MONICA (CONT)
Surrender your weapons.

The agents do nothing. Monica aims her gun at Shaw and Wu Yongjing.

MONICA (CONT)
Surrender your weapons or both presidents are dead.

The agents glance at each other.

SHAW
Do as she says.

Morrison and his associates resignedly retrieve their guns, hand them to one of Ping's assistants. The two Chinese agents still do nothing. Wu Yongjing looks at them now. Issues an order in Chinese. And they hand over their weapons.

The assistant now turns to the sallow man. Monica faces him too, speaks in subtitled Chinese.

MONICA
Give him the briefcase.

The sallow man sits perfectly still. Stares into the distance. Stoic. Unmoving.

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 53.

MONICA (CONT)
(in subtitled Chinese)
Give him the briefcase.

The sallow man does nothing. Monica looks at Wu Yongjing.

MONICA (CONT)

(in subtitled Chinese)

Tell him to let it go.

This time Wu Yongjing says nothing. Monica shrugs --

MONICA (CONT)

(in subtitled Chinese)

As you wish.

-- and returns her gaze to the man with the briefcase. Aims her weapon at him.

CLOSE ON MONICA

as she FIRES OFF a round of shots. Totally calm. Not even blinking.

**117 INT. QE2, QUEEN'S GRILL LOUNGE -- NIGHT --
CONTINUOUS**

The cocktail area outside the restaurant. Vince walking through as the SHOTS ring out.

118 INT. QE2, QUEEN'S GRILL -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

The sallow man lifeless on the floor. Ping's assistant reaches down. Retrieves the briefcase.

BRITTANY

at her table. Shocked like everyone else.

MONICA

faces the head table, eyes on Captain Young.

MONICA

You are relieved of duty, Captain.

**119 INT. QE2, QUEEN'S GRILL LOUNGE -- NIGHT --
CONTINUOUS**

Vince peering through the crack in the door, watching Monica. Heart racing fast. Mind even faster, as WE

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 54.

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

120 EXT. OCEAN -- NIGHT

The QE2 sailing full steam to the east.

YOUNG (VO)

This is Captain Young. May I have your full attention, please.

121 INT. QE2, BRIDGE -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

A Ping assistant holding a gun on the THIRD OFFICER -- green and nervous --

at the wheel. Monica waiting by the radio with Young, who speaks into a mic.

YOUNG

I am no longer captain of this ship. You are now under the command of third parties, who are armed and will brook no insubordination.

122 INT. THE PENTAGON, HALLWAY -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

Secret Service agents and staff surround **CHET RIDGEWAY**, as he strides down the hall. Early fifties, a linebacker's build, wearing jeans and a windbreaker. Everything about him tells us he's a man of purpose and substance.

YOUNG (VO)

It is of paramount importance to ensure your safety and that of our passengers that you obey every command you are given.

123 INT. OP CENTRE BRAVO, THE PENTAGON -- NIGHT

The mood in the room charged. Thomas waits with Lewis. No one saying a word.

The door opens. Ridgeway and his entourage sweep in. Lewis steps forward to greet him.

LEWIS

Mr. Vice-President.

RIDGEWAY

Admiral.

Lewis nods to the **RADIO OPERATOR**, who speaks into his unit.

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 55.

RADIO OPERATOR

QE2, this is Bravo. Are you receiving us?

After a beat. From the radio. A lot of static. The atmospheric disturbance starting to have an effect:

MONICA'S VOICE

Yes?

LEWIS

Vice-President Ridgeway is here.

124 INT. QE2, BRIDGE -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

Monica at the radio. Young standing next to her.

MONICA

Mr. Ridgeway. As you have no doubt been advised, I am now in command of the QE2. Presidents Shaw and Wu Yongjing, and everyone else onboard, are under my command as well. No harm has befallen them and none will if the following demand is met.

CROSS-CUT BETWEEN OP CENTRE BRAVO AND THE BRIDGE:

RIDGEWAY

Ms. Chang, the United States government does not negotiate with --

MONICA

A permanent resolution guaranteeing Taiwan's unconditional independence and the absolute repudiation of any claim the People's Republic of China may have to her must be introduced and approved by the UN by this time tomorrow or the ship and everyone on it will be destroyed. And be advised the bomb that will sink it is already in place and if anyone tries to approach the Queen, by sea or air, the bomb will be detonated. We will contact you again in twenty-four hours to see if our demand has been met.

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 56.

She clicks off the radio.

Ridgeway stares at the radio. Then turns to the others. Grim.

125 INT. OP CENTRE BRAVO, THE PENTAGON -- NIGHT

Ridgeway and the others listen attentively to Thomas. Ridgeway is holding the photo of Jinks with Blake and Monica.

THOMAS

Chang is a Taiwanese national, but her family left the island when she was

young and resettled in Hong Kong, where she got her start in movies.

Her father was an academic and publicly outspoken in his support of Taiwanese reunification with China.

RIDGEWAY

So the move to Hong Kong -- an exile?

THOMAS

That'd be my guess. He wasn't real popular in Taipei. And here's where it gets interesting. He died young. Cirrhosis of the liver.

RIDGEWAY

Drank himself to death.

THOMAS

Monica was an only child. This is dime store psychology, but let's say the father never recovered from being exiled, which is what the drinking was about, and she never recovered from his death.

RIDGEWAY

Then this could all be about restoring his good name in Taiwan. The daughter 's "heroism" reflected back on the father.

THOMAS

Well, like I said, it's dime store psychology.

Revised -- 4/30/01 2nd Pink 57.

RIDGEWAY

Works for me.

He returns his attention to the photo.

RIDGEWAY (CONT)

How'd she hook up with Jinks?

THOMAS

A few years ago, he was a demolitions consultant on one of her movies.

The bomb in the van was a decoy. They never intended to explode it on board. It was a diversion to sneak on the real artillery.

RIDGEWAY

(pointing at Blake)

And who's this?

LEWIS

Kevin Blake.

Ridgeway turns back toward Lewis.

LEWIS (CONT)

He was one of our sub commanders. One of the best.

RIDGEWAY

"Was"?

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 58.

LEWIS

He was discharged with Jinks. They served together ... and went down together.

RIDGEWAY

For being anti-government?

LEWIS

Virulently so. Their beef was that America's too soft on China.

RIDGEWAY

So Global Zero Alert must really piss them off. Where's Blake now?

LEWIS
We don't know.

126 EXT. UNDERWATER -- NIGHT

The Lijiang passes THROUGH FRAME.

127 INT. LIJIANG, CONTROL ROOM -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

Blake standing watch. The navigator turns to him.

NAVIGATOR
We've entered the Gibb's Fracture Zone, Sir. At our present speed we'll reach the Hecate Seamount rendezvous coordinates well within the ordered time frame.

BLAKE
Excellent.

128 INT. QE2, QUEEN'S GRILL -- NIGHT

128

Monica back and in charge. Ping's assistants shepherding people out of the room. Hart doing a head count. The two presidents, Thad and Captain Young remaining. An assistant approaches Monica.

PING'S ASSISTANT
(in subtitled Chinese)
What about the Secret Service agents?

MONICA
(in subtitled Chinese)
They stay. Better to keep your enemies close.

Now Hart approaches her.

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 58A.

HART
Someone's missing.

He nods toward Vince's empty seat. As Monica strides toward the table, Hart reads from a banquet seating plan chart.

HART (CONT)
One of Shaw's agents.

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 59.

They reach the table. Monica aims her gun at Brittany.

MONICA
(to Hart)
Ms. Cooper is ship security. She will know where his cabin is. Have her take you there.

Brittany stares back at her. Fearless on the outside.

129 INT. VINCE'S STATEROOM -- NIGHT

Vince slips in quietly. Closes the door behind him. Whips off his bow tie and cummerbund. Unlocks his briefcase. Retrieves a supply of bullet clips. Stuffs them in his pockets.

130 INT. OP CENTRE BRAVO, THE PENTAGON -- NIGHT

More people have arrived. Including the Secretary of Defence and the other Joint Chiefs of Staff. Ridgeway on the phone.

RIDGEWAY
No, I understand. We'll have to reassess at that time ... Yes. Thank you. (hangs up; looks at the others)

China agrees to lie low for now. Until we have a plan of action. They say they'll honour our news blackout.

LEWIS
Can we trust them?

RIDGEWAY
Do we have a choice?

He stands. Paces.

RIDGEWAY (CONT)
Even if we give Chang what she wants, she's in the middle of the damn ocean.
Where is she gonna go?

LEWIS
(a sudden thought)
The Lijiang.
(off Ridgeway's look)
Three days ago, a Chinese sub disappeared off our satellites. What if Blake commandeered it?

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 60.

Ridgeway stares at him. A sobering thought.

RIDGEWAY
Alert the Polk.

Lewis nods in agreement. Hurries away. Thomas approaches Ridgeway.

THOMAS
Mr. Vice-President?

RIDGEWAY
Yes?

THOMAS
I'd like to get on the ship and try to neutralize the bomb.

RIDGEWAY

We have strict instructions not to approach the ship.

THOMAS

I'll do a HALO jump.

RIDGEWAY

High Altitude Low Opening, right?

THOMAS

Right. A parachute jump from twenty thousand feet. From a plane they won't be able to see. A Combat Talon, to be exact. It's outfitted with special navigation equipment. It pinpoints the target, and if you time the jump just right --

RIDGEWAY

From twenty thousand feet? That's --

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 61.

THOMAS

-- about four miles. When I was an Air Force Special Operations Commando, I trained for it.

RIDGEWAY

You'll never make it.

THOMAS

Statistically speaking, you're right. But my brother's on that ship. I'll make it.

Ridgeway can't help but smile. He likes this guy.

131 INT. QE2, VINCE'S CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

Brittany walking ahead of Hart, who's drinking her in -- she looks hot in her heels and gown. They stop at Vince's door.

BRITTANY

This is it.

Hart stands to the side. Aims his gun at the door. Nods to Brittany. She KNOCKS on the door.

BRITTANY (CONT)

Vince? It's Brittany.

No answer.

BRITTANY (CONT)

Listen to me, Vince. There's a man here in the corridor with me. He has a gun. We're coming in. Put your weapon on the floor in plain sight and stand with your hands above your head.

She waits a moment -- then unlocks the door.

BRITTANY (CONT)

We're coming in, Vince. Please cooperate.

Heart in her throat, she slowly opens the door to REVEAL ...

132 INT. VINCE'S STATEROOM -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

... empty.

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 62.

133 INT. JOSHUA'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Middle of the night. Joshua asleep. The room dark -- except for a light blinking steadily on his desk. The reflection of each blink bouncing on the bed, near Joshua's head.

He must sense the light, because he rolls over. Opens his eyes. Stares at the light a moment. Sits up, groggy. Gets out of bed. Goes to his desk. The light is coming from the high frequency long range radio. He flicks a

switch.

JOSHUA

Hello?

VINCE'S VOICE

Joshua? It's Uncle Vince.

134 INT. QE2, STORAGE ROOM -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

Vince at the radio. 9 mm. drawn. Aimed at the closed door.

VINCE

Man, I'm glad you woke up.

135 EXT. AIRPORT TARMAC -- NIGHT

An MC-130H Combat Talon, a state-of-the-art transport plane, idling.

Thomas

runs out of the terminal, climbs on board.

136 INT. QE2, PASSENGER CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

Brittany and Hart walking. Checking each stateroom. Hart right behind her again, breathing down her neck. A man in heat. Brittany aware of it. She stops. Faces him.

BRITTANY

This is impossible. If we're going to search the whole bloody ship, I can't do it in these.

She kneels down on her left knee. Stretches out her right leg. Starts to slip off her high heel. Lots of leg exposed. A bit of cleavage as she leans over.

ANGLE ON HART

staring hungrily at her -- and suddenly he grimaces. Doubles over in pain.

WIDE TO REVEAL

Brittany has just slugged him in the groin. She clenches her fists. Smashes him under the chin. He flies backwards.

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 63.

Lands on the floor in a heap, out cold. She jumps to her feet. Scoops up his gun.

137 INT. OP CENTRE BRAVO, THE PENTAGON -- NIGHT

The radio operator approaches Ridgeway and Lewis.

RADIO OPERATOR

Admiral? A call just cane in. Tapped into relay from Virginia.

They follow him to the radio.

RADIO OPERATOR (CONT)

(into the radio)

I'm gonna put you on speaker.

He flicks a switch.

RADIO OPERATOR (CONT)

Okay. Everyone can hear you.

KELLY'S VOICE

This is Kelly Kellogg.

138 INT. JOSHUA'S ROOM -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

The lights on now. Kelly up with Joshua. Both in pyjamas and robes, sitting at the radio. Kelly on the phone.

KELLY

My brother-in-law needs to speak to you.

She holds the phone up to the radio.

VINCE'S VOICE

This is Secret Service Agent Vince Kellogg ...

**139 INT. OP CENTRE BRAVO, THE PENTAGON -- NIGHT --
CONTINUOUS**

Everyone still huddled.

VINCE'S VOICE

... I'm onboard the QE2 and --

RIDGEWAY

**Kellogg? This is Vice-President Ridgeway. We know that terrorists have
taken**

over the ship. They've already contacted us. Where are you?

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 64.

140 INT. QE2, STORAGE ROOM -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

Vince still at the radio. Gun aimed at the door.

VINCE

**In the upper deck storage room. Mr Vice President I know there's a team
of**

SEALs on the Polk behind us.

RIDGEWAY'S VOICE

We're already in contact with the Polk.

**FOOTSTEPS approaching. He stops. On alert. Shuts off the radio as
quietly as**

**he can. Crouches down in commando position. Aims his 9 mm. at the
door.**

Steady as a rock.

**141 INT. OP CENTRE BRAVO, THE PENTAGON -- NIGHT --
CONTINUOUS**

Ridgeway and the others staring at the silent radio.

RIDGEWAY
Kellogg? ...

142 INT. JOSHUA'S ROOM -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

Kelly and Joshua at their radio. Concerned.

JOSHUA
What happened to Uncle Vince?

143 INT. QE2, STORAGE ROOM -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

Vince still aiming at the door. The handle starts to turn. The door swings open ... and Vince is staring at the barrel of another gun. In the millisecond before he fires, Vince recognizes ... Brittany. They both lower their weapons, adrenaline pumping, as WE

FADE OUT

END OF ACT FOUR

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 65.

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

144 EXT. UNDERWATER -- NIGHT

The Polk passing THROUGH FRAME.

145 INT. THE POLK, CREW LOUNGE -- NIGHT

The SEALs -- on total alert -- listening to Leighton. Hardly believing their ears.

LEIGHTON

The Pentagon has advised us that at approximately 2130 hours tonight, the QE2 was captured by terrorists. They now control the ship. Fortunately, there is an American agent onboard in a position to stop the ship. As soon as he is able to do that, we will board the Queen and recapture her.

The SEALs smile. Action.

146 INT. QE2, STORAGE ROOM -- NIGHT

Vince at the radio. Brittany rummaging through a storage locker.

VINCE

(into radio)

Kelly? ... Joshua? ... Can you read me? ... Are you there?

No answer. He looks at Brittany, frustrated.

VINCE (CONT)

Is there another radio onboard? One that isn't blacked out?

BRITTANY

Only on the bridge, but the atmospheric interference will be effecting it too.

She finds what she's looking for -- a map of the boat, the kind they hand out to passengers. She brings it over to Vince.

BRITTANY (CONT)

Here's how we stop the ship

Revised -- 5/2/01 -- 2nd Yellow 66.

She spreads out the map for him to see.

BRITTANY (CONT)

In the engine room ... here ... the dual pitch control unit. It's designed for just this purpose, to override the engine and halt the ship in case of emergency.

VINCE

Do you know how to operate it?

BRITTANY

Yes it's all manual. Several control levers and adjustment wheels. We just have to get to them.

VINCE

You mean ... a ship this big and you can stop it by hand?

BRITTANY

An unadvertised special.

They share a gallows smile.

147 EXT. KELLY'S STREET -- NIGHT

Dead of night. The street deserted. The only lights on those at Kelly's. Suddenly, a black car whizzes around the corner. Races just past the house.

The driver slams on the brakes. Yanks the wheel to the left, angling the car 90 degrees so it blocks the street.

Three more cars zoom around the corner. Park in front of Kelly's. A fifth zooms around the corner behind them and pulls the same manoeuvre as the first car, blocking the street from the other direction.

The three cars at the curb now protected, the doors of two of them fly open.

Four Secret Service agents noiselessly emerge from each and hurry toward the house.

A few beats behind them, Ridgeway emerges from the third car, flanked by a quartet of agents.

148 INT. KELLY'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Kelly at the front door. The first eight agents sweeping through the house behind her, securing it. Ridgeway strides up the walk, protected by the other agents. She stares at him, surprised and flustered.

Revised -- 5/2/01/ -- 2nd Yellow 66A.

RIDGEWAY

Mrs. Kellogg? I'm Vice-President Ridgeway.

KELLY

... hi. I mean... welcome, Mr. Vice-President. I didn't expect... I mean, when they said they were sending somebody over, I didn't think --

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 67.

RIDGEWAY

My call. The brass looked a heck of a lot more at home in the Pentagon than

I did. Besides --

(a grin to put her at ease)

-- seems to me this is where the action is. Has your brother—in-law recontacted you?

KELLY

Not yet.

An agent approaches.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT

The house is secure, Mr. Vice-President.

Ridgeway nods. Turns to Kelly.

RIDGEWAY

Where's the radio?

KELLY

Upstairs. In Joshua's room.

Ridgeway starts up the stairs.

ANGLE ON THE TOP OF THE STAIRS

Joshua staring down at Ridgeway, bug-eyed.

149 EXT. THE OCEAN -- NIGHT

The QE2, still steaming east.

150 INT. QE2, QUEEN'S GRILL -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

Situation stat. Monica glances at her watch. Frowns. Clicks on her walkie-talkie.

MONICA

Hart? ... Hart?

(switches to another channel)

Sanders?

151 INT. QE2, DISCO -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

Sanders holding the off-duty staff and the people from the Queen's Grill hostage. Walkie-talkie at his ear.

SANDERS

Yeah?

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 68.

CROSS-CUT BETWEEN DISCO AND QUEEN'S GRILL:

MONICA

Is Hart with you?

SANDERS

Negative.

Monica considers that. Clicks off her walkie-talkie. Turns to one of the terrorists.

MONICA

(in subtitled Chinese)

Go find him.

152 INT. QE2, STORAGE ROOM -- NIGHT

Brittany still keeping an eye on the door. Vince at the radio.

VINCE

Joshua? ... Kelly? ... Do you read me?

153 INT. JOSHUA'S ROOM -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

Ridgeway sitting at Joshua's desk. Wearing a telephone headset patched into the high frequency radio. A Secret Service agent standing guard at the door.

VINCE'S VOICE

Hello? ...

Ridgeway flicks on the radio.

RIDGEWAY

Special Agent Kellogg? This is Vice-President Ridgeway.

154 INT. OP CENTRE BRAVO, THE PENTAGON -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

Lewis and the others around the radio. Patched in too.

RIDGEWAY'S VOICE

The Secretary of Defence and Joint Chiefs are on with us too.

CROSS-CUT BETWEEN JOSHUA'S ROOM, STORAGE ROOM AND BRAVO:

VINCE

Brittany Cooper, head of ship security, managed to escape. She's with me now. We have a plan for stopping the ship.

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 69.

RIDGEWAY

Excellent.

VINCE

We have to get to the engine room to do it, so we'll be incommunicado from here on out.

RIDGEWAY

Understand.

VINCE

Tell the Polk they'll know we made it if the ship starts to slow. Deploy the SEALs then. We'll meet them on the port side at the railing of the Upper Deck.

RIDGEWAY

Got it.

Brittany joins Vince at the radio.

BRITTANY

Mr Vice President the custodian of China's nuclear codes was murdered by the terrorists. They confiscated his briefcase.

Lewis and the others glance at each other. Holy shit.

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 70.

RIDGEWAY

If they uplink the codes they would control China's nuclear arsenal.

He stares grimly at the radio.

RIDGEWAY (CONT)

This isn't about a U.N. resolution. They're buying time. Can those codes be overridden?

LEWIS

Only by President Wu Yongjing.

Ridgeway looks even grimmer now. This is not good.

155 INT. QE2, BRIDGE -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

Ping's assistant guarding the third officer. Ping at the radio. The briefcase open. A computer inside, patched into the ship's radio transmission system. Ping watching the screen. He picks up his walkie-talkie.

PING

(into walkie-talkie; in subtitled Chinese)

The satellite will be within range in two hours. We can uplink then.

156 INT. QE2, QUEEN'S GRILL -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

Monica on her walkie-talkie. She glances at her watch.

MONICA

(in subtitled Chinese)

Just in time for our rendezvous with Blake.

157 INT. QE2, STORAGE ROOM -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

Vince and Brittany still at the radio.

LEWIS' VOICE

One last thing. Someone's on his way to deal with the bomb onboard.

Revised -- 5/2/01 -- 2nd Yellow 71.

VINCE

On his way how?

LEWIS' VOICE

He's going to parachute onto the ship. A HALO jump.

VINCE

That's impossible.

His eyes narrow. He has an intuition.

VINCE (CONT)

Who is it?

158 INT. OP CENTRE BRAVO, THE PENTAGON -- NIGHT -- CONT.

LEWIS

(savouring the reveal)

ATF agent named Kellogg.

159 INT. QE2, STORAGE ROOM -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

LEWIS' VOICE

He should be there by 0200 hours. Good luck. And God bless.

He signs off. As Brittany and Vince double-check their weapons and ammo.

BRITTANY

A HALO jump? Is he mad?

VINCE

No. Just addicted to risk.

He slams the wall with his hand. Frustrated and angry.

VINCE (CONT)

Damnit! Sometimes I think he's got a death wish, he's so bullheaded unable to admit it when he's in over his head.

Brittany looks him over -- gun ready, loaded for bear. She has to smile.

BRITTANY

As opposed to the sensible brother who's about to try and stop an ocean liner full of terrorists?

She's got him. He smiles a little too but he's still upset.

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 72.

VINCE

He pulls these stunts just to piss me off. I swear to God he does.

And they head out.

160 INT. JOSHUA'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Ridgeway at Joshua's desk. Kelly appears at the door, carrying a coffee tray. The Secret Service agent moves to block her.

RIDGEWAY

It's all right.

The agent steps aside. Kelly comes in -- revealing Joshua in the hallway behind her, gawking into his room. Ridgeway sees him. Smiles.

KELLY

I thought you might need some coffee.

RIDGEWAY

That's very thoughtful of you.

She sets the tray on Joshua's desk. She and Joshua linger. Frightened, worried.

KELLY

Any word?

RIDGEWAY

Not yet.

He studies them. Considers.

RIDGEWAY (CONT)

Why don't you stay? We'll find out together. The Joe Lando Web Page

Kelly smiles gratefully.

KELLY

Thank you.

She and Joshua sit down on the bed. She puts her arm around him. They cling together for comfort. And wait with the vice-president.

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 73.

161 INT. QE2, PASSENGER CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

The terrorist Monica sent to find Hart, walking slowly. He passes a broom closet door. Stops. Listens. Goes back to the door. And now we HEAR ... a MUFFLED SOUND behind the door.

The terrorist grabs the door handle. Locked. He hesitates. Then aims his gun at the handle. FIRES. Blasts the lock off. Kicks in the door to REVEAL ...

... Hart. Tied up, duct-taped and mad as hell.

162 EXT. SKY -- NIGHT

The Combat Talon speeding east through the night. The Joe Lando Web Page
The Superstation

163 INT. TALON -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS The Joe Lando Web Page

Thomas in the rear cabin. Ready to jump: goggles, helmet, life preserver, oxygen mask and parachute. Sitting across from him is the LOADMASTER, young yet seasoned. He's listening to his headset. Nods.

LOADMASTER

Roger.
(to Thomas)
Three minutes.

Thomas nods. The loadmaster unbuttons his flight jacket. Retrieves a pack of cigarettes. Offers one to Thomas.

THOMAS
Thanks. Don't smoke.

LOADMASTER
Me neither. Just keep 'em around.

THOMAS
For the occasional dead man jumping?

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 74.

LOADMASTER
Something like that.
(beat)
I'll be honest with you. I wouldn't do what you're doing. Except under orders.

THOMAS
Good. Last thing we want in the service is a bunch of crazy people.

LOADMASTER
So that agent who set up the radio. Kellogg. Any relation?

THOMAS
He's my brother.

LOADMASTER
Wow. What are the chances of that?

Thomas shrugs, not interested in doing the math.

LOADMASTER (CONT)
Putting your life on the line to save him -- don't know if I'd do that for my brother.

THOMAS

Sure you would.

LOADMASTER

It explains it, though.

THOMAS

(not really listening)

Explains what?

LOADMASTER

Why an ATF agent is making the jump instead of one of our guys.

Thomas just stares out the window. Lost in his own thoughts.

LOADMASTER (CONT)

So what's his name?

THOMAS

Hmm ... ?

LOADMASTER

Your brother. What's his name?

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 75.

THOMAS

(to himself)

Jack.

He glances down at his hand. He's holding the Eagle Scout pin. He closes his fingers around it. Squeezes it tight.

164 INT. QE2, CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

Vince and Brittany making their way along one wall. They come to a stairwell.

BRITTANY

Down there.

They start down the stairs.

165 INT. TALON -- NIGHT

Thomas still waiting. Another cue on the loadmaster's headset.

LOADMASTER

Roger.

(to Thomas)

One minute and counting down.

THOMAS

So let's do it.

They unbuckle their seatbelts. Stand. Walk to the back of the cabin. The loadmaster gives Thomas' gear a final once-over. Another cue on the headset.

LOADMASTER

Thirty seconds.

He pushes a button and the clamshell doors of the Talon's rear ramp open.

Thomas looks out and SEES ...

THOMAS' POV, THROUGH THE TALON RAMP

Nothing but black sky.

THOMAS

glances at the jump indicator lights next to the door. The red caution light switches to green.

LOADMASTER (CONT)

Fifteen seconds.

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 76.

Thomas makes a last-minute adjustment to his goggles. Steps up to the edge.

Looks at the loadmaster again.

LOADMASTER (CONT)

Kick a little ass down there.

Thomas nods. The loadmaster gets another cue. Jerks his thumb up.

LOADMASTER (CONT)

Go!

And Thomas jumps.

166 EXT. SKY -- NIGHT

Pitch black. Punctuated by clouds. Everything still for a long moment.

Then

... WHOOSHING past ... Thomas!

CLOSE ON THOMAS

with him now as he hurtles toward Earth. Shifting himself into a compact, frog-like position. Arms and legs bent. Hands close to his shoulders. Focusing on the read-out in his high-tech heads-up display.

INSERT, HEADS-UP DISPLAY

15,000 feet.

THOMAS

angles his line of sight downward. Peers into the night.

THOMAS' POV, THROUGH HIS GOGGLES

blurred by ice crystals. Only dark clouds visible below.

THOMAS

pulls in his wrist for another altimeter check.

INSERT, HEADS-UP DISPLAY

10,000 feet.

THOMAS

glances down again.

THOMAS' POV, THROUGH HIS GOGGLES

still nothing but darkness.

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 77.

THOMAS

starts to look worried. Glances at his altimeter again.

INSERT, HEADS-UP DISPLAY

5,000 feet.

THOMAS

really starting to worry now. Looks down again.

THOMAS' POV, THROUGH HIS GOGGLES

**still blurred by crystals. And now the clouds start to part and below ...
the Queen! Lights sparkling.**

THOMAS

**counts off the seconds. Then pulls his ripcord. The chute opens with a
jolt
and immediately spreads out above him in a rectangular canopy.**

THOMAS' POV, THROUGH HIS GOGGLES

**approaching the Queen fast. Toward the helipad, directly aft of the
funnel.**

167 EXT. QE2, UPPER DECK — NIGHT

All quiet. A long, still moment. And now ...

... Thomas hits the deck! The chute pulls him along, dragging him toward the side. He frantically yanks his cutaway release. The chute flies out to sea. Thomas slides to a stop, inches from tumbling overboard.

And everything is perfectly still again. Thomas lies on his back on deck. Whips off his oxygen mask. Stares up at the sky. Stunned at first -- then breaking into a big smile.

168 INT. JOSHUA'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Ridgeway at the desk. Kelly and Joshua on the bed. The radio light comes on.

Ridgeway leans in. Flicks the switch.

THOMAS

Bravo? Can you read me?

RIDGEWAY

We read you.

Revised -- 5/2/01 -- 2nd Yellow 78.

VOICE ON RADIO

It's Kellogg.

RIDGEWAY

Vince?

169 INT. QE2, STORAGE ROOM -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

Thomas at the radio. Slipping off his halo jumpsuit, revealing a shoulder holster housing an automatic.

THOMAS

No. Thomas. I made it. I'm on the Queen.

170 INT. JOSHUA'S ROOM -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

Ridgeway smiles triumphantly. Turns to Kelly and Joshua, who are smiling too. Immensely relieved that Thomas made it.

171 INT. QE2, CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

Vince and Brittany moving swiftly and quietly. They get to the end of the corridor. Turn the corner. And freeze ...

... as they find themselves face to face with Hart and the terrorist.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT FIVE

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 79.

ACT SIX

FADE IN:

172 EXT. UNDERWATER -- NIGHT

The nuclear sub knives silently through the water.

173 INT. THE POLK, CONTROL ROOM -- NIGHT

Kram paces at the com. Thinking (tense). He moves into the Sonar area and looks over Bodzin's shoulder at the screen.

KRAM

Nothing?

BODZIN

No Sir, nothing.

KRAM

Stay sharp, the Lijiang is out there.

(Beat)

Somewhere.

(Alternate Dialogue)

KRAM (CONT)

Stay sharp, the Lijiang is out there.

(Beat)

It's only a matter of time.

174 EXT. UNDERWATER -- NIGHT

The Lijiang travelling south.

175 INT. LIJIANG, CONTROL ROOM -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

Blake on watch. His SONAR OPERATOR concentrating. After a beat, he turns to Blake, excited.

SONAR OPERATOR

Surface contact, captain, bearing zero-eight-five, relative rough range eleven thousand metres. Initial narrow band analysis indicates she's the QE2, Sir!

Blake studies the screen. To the rest of the crew:

BLAKE

It won't be long, gentlemen.

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 79A.

176 INT. QE2, BRIDGE -- NIGHT

Ping's assistant still guarding the third officer. Ping at the computer transmission centre. The football briefcase humming. But he looks frustrated.

177 INT. QE2, PASSENGER CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

Vince and Brittany, disarmed, hands raised and clasped behind their necks, walk ahead of Hart and the terrorist. They hear a NOISE behind them. Turn and CATCH...

... a brief glimpse of a man disappearing into a side passage behind them.

Hart frowns.

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 80.

Hart turns to the terrorist.

HART
Go see who that is.

The terrorist hurries off. Disappears into the side passage too. A beat -- then a BLAST of GUNFIRE.

Hart waits for the terrorist to re-emerge. Nothing.

HART (CONT)
Deng?

Still nothing. Annoyed, Hart turns Vince and Brittany around. Pushes them down the corridor.

HART (CONT)
Deng Biao? You all right?

As they approach the side passage, Thomas dives out of the side passage.

A
gun in each hand, aimed at Hart.

Brittany and Vince see him. Fall to the floor, leaving Hart exposed.

HART

blinks, uncomprehending, as

THOMAS

blows him away.

HART

slumps against the wall. His body slides to the floor.

VINCE AND BRITTANY

stare at him. Then at Thomas. Brittany jumps up, gives him an impetuous, totally unprofessional hug.

BRITTANY

Thomas!

Thomas grins at Vince over her shoulder. Vince just shakes his head.

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 81.

VINCE

You're crazy. You know that?

Brittany and Thomas disengage. Back to business.

THOMAS

If there's a bomb on the ship, it'll be near the fuel.

BRITTANY

The fuel tanks are by the engine room.

VINCE

Go.

And they hurry off.

178 INT. JOSHUA'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Ridgeway, Kelly and Joshua waiting. The radio silent. The mood tense.

179 INT. QE2, ENGINE ROOM -- NIGHT

The mechanical heart of the ship. Dirty, dark and deafeningly loud.

Brittany

leads Vince and Thomas through. Points to the right. They have to shout over the noise.

BRITTANY

The pitch levers are in there.

Now she points to the left.

BRITTANY (CONT)

The fuel tanks.

She and Vince head right. Thomas branches left.

180 INT. QE2, QUEEN'S GRILL -- NIGHT

Monica and the others still holding everyone hostage. A terrorist guarding

the door opens it to admit Ping. Monica goes to meet him. They talk in subtitled Chinese.

MONICA

Are the missiles armed?

PING

I haven't been able to uplink the codes.

MONICA

Why not?

Revised -- 5/8/01 -- 2nd Lilac 82.

PING

I'm not sure. Some kind of atmospheric interference.

MONICA

(losing her cool)

You can't be serious.

181 INT. QE2, ENGINE ROOM -- NIGHT

The extreme aft of the room. The SOUND excruciating now.

Brittany and Vince approach the Propeller Pitch Control Unit.

(NOTE: the unit is made up of two sides with controls that mirror each other. Three levers and a pitch wheel. Vince and Brittany will turn the wheels in sync to move the pitch degree of both propellers from NINETY degrees to ZERO degrees. A dial on the unit will indicate the change in degree with ZERO degree being neutral which stops the ship.)

Brittany nods at the unit. SHOUTS over the noise:

BRITTANY

(indicating)

You take the left propeller shaft.

BRITTANY pulls down the first lever then moves to the second one and pushes it down.

BRITTANY (CONT)

I've disengaged bridge control and given it to us. We turn the wheels together until the dial reads zero. That will stop the ship.

VINCE

Got it.

BRITTANY

Okay here we go.

They both start straining as they start to turn the wheels. It's not easy.

181A INSERT

THE DIAL. It moves ever so slightly off Ninety degrees.

182 INT. QE2, FUEL ROOM -- NIGHT

Huge tanks of fuel. Thomas walks along the catwalk between them, examining each tank carefully.

Revised -- 5/8/01 -- 2nd Lilac 82A.

183 INT. QE2, QUEEN'S GRILL -- NIGHT

ANGLE ON SHAW AND Wu Yongjing, watching Monica and Ping. The two terrorists agitated. Shaw leans toward Wu Yongjing. Whispers:

SHAW

In case things ... well, I just wanted to tell you how much I have enjoyed these last few days.

WU YONGJING

As have I.

SHAW

I've always wanted to visit Beijing. I understand your Great Hall puts our Capital building to shame.

WU YONGJING

Come see for yourself. As my guest.

MONICA

notices Shaw and Wu Yongjing whispering. This triggers something in her. She storms up to their table. In Shaw's face.

MONICA

This is how the world works, isn't it? The powerful whispering secretly, deciding the fate of everyone else.

Shaw returns her stare, unintimidated.

Revised -- 5/8/01 -- 2nd Lilac 83.

SHAW
You don't know what you're talking about.

Monica's eyes flash fire. She slaps Shaw. Hard. Shaw winces. Her eyes tear.

Monica gets ready to slap her again.

Morrison jumps to his feet.

MORRISON
Stop it!

Monica strides to his table. Aims her gun at him.

MONICA
Excuse me?

184 INT. QE2, ENGINE ROOM -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

Vince and Brittany working hard at the wheels. It's hot down here. Perspiration beads on their foreheads.

184A INSERT

Of the dial. It now reads thirty-five degrees.

185 EXT. UNDERWATER -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

CLOSE on the QE2 props. Starting to spin more slowly.

186 INT. QE2, QUEEN'S GRILL -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

Monica still aiming her gun at Morrison.

MONICA

Would you like to die in her place?

MORRISON

I will if I have to.

MONICA

You're a brave man, Special Agent.

She strides back to Shaw's table. Aims her gun at Shaw.

MONICA (CONT)

That man's ready to sacrifice his life for you. And you, Madame President?

Would you do the same for him?

Shaw, still stinging from the slap, looks away. Monica goes back to Morrison. Aims the gun at him again.

Revised -- 5/8/01 -- 2nd Lilac 83A.

MONICA (CONT)

Let that be your dying thought.

Suddenly the ship slows. Monica staggers backwards.

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 84.

187 EXT. UNDERWATER -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

The props coming to a stop.

188 INT. QE2, ENGINE ROOM -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

Vince and Brittany working the levers. Slowing the ship down.

189 INT. THE POLK, CONTROL ROOM -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

Bodzin at the sonar, on alert.

BODZIN

Conn, Sonar. Sierra Eleven appears to be losing forward speed, Sir! New rev count indicates two-three knots and rapidly falling.

Kram turns to his executive officer.

KRAM

Put the SEALs on ready alert.

The executive officer hurries off.

190 INT. QE2, QUEEN'S GRILL -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

Monica recovers her footing. Forgets Morrison. Turns to Ping, confused.

MONICA

(in subtitled Chinese)

Why are we slowing down?

She turns to the terrorists.

MONICA (CONT)

(in subtitled Chinese)

Watch them.

And she and Ping leave.

191 INT. LIJIANG, CONTROL ROOM -- NIGHT

Blake studying the sonar screen. Frowning.

BLAKE

They're stopping too soon. Before we reach rendezvous.

His sonar operator is frowning too.

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 84A.

SONAR OPERATOR

Underwater contact, Sir! Bearing one-three-three, off the Queen's stern.

Blake studies the screen with him.

BLAKE

American?

SONAR OPERATOR

I can't tell.

Revised -- 5/8/01 -- 2nd Lilac

Blake smiles darkly. He almost seems to relish this new complication.

BLAKE

It must be preparing to rescue the presidents.

192 INT. THE POLK, CONTROL ROOM -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

Bodzin at the sonar, listening carefully.

BODZIN

Conn, sonar. We have a submerged contact, bearing three-four-zero, range two thousand yards. Designate Sierra Seventeen, possible hostile submarine.

Kram studies his screen. Musters his own dark smile.

KRAM

... Kevin Blake ... some bad news you just can't get rid of ... Man battle stations torpedoed! Rig for ultra quiet!

193 INT. LIJIANG, CONTROL ROOM -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

Blake considers his options. Turns to the crew.

BLAKE

Take us under the Queen.

The crew jumps into action.

A194 INT. QE2, ENGINE ROOM -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

The dial approaches the zero degree mark and then hits it.

194 INT. QE2, ENGINE ROOM -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

Vince and Brittany release their respective wheels, exhausted. The din of the propellers has stopped. They share a smile.

BRITTANY

That's done it.

VINCE

Let's get to Thomas.

They exit through the maze of machinery.

Revised -- 5/8/01 -- 2nd Lilac 85A.

195 EXT. OCEAN -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

A SWEEPING SHOT of the QE2, shuddering to a stop.

196 INT. THE POLK, CREW LOUNGE -- NIGHT

Leighton and the other SEALS gearing up. Strapping on knives, grenades, radio headsets, automatic weapons.

197 INT. THE POLK, CONTROL ROOM -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

BODZIN

Sierra Seventeen is descending and headed on course for a direct

**intercept
with the Queen.**

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 86.

**KRAM
(thinking this through)
He's going under her... where they'll be safe from us. Smart, Blake**

198 INT. QE2, BRIDGE --- NIGHT

Ping's assistant in the third officer's face. Monica and Ping stride in.

**MONICA
Why have we stopped?**

The third officer stares straight ahead. Monica aims her gun at him.

**MONICA (CONT)
Why did you stop the ship?**

**THIRD OFFICER
I ... I didn't.**

Monica cocks the trigger.

**MONICA
Then why have we stopped?**

**THIRD OFFICER
Perhaps ... someone applied the pitch levers.**

**MONICA
Are you telling me someone else is controlling this ship?**

199 INT. QE2, FUEL ROOM -- NIGHT

Vince and Brittany make their way down the catwalk.

VINCE

Thomas?

They round the corner and see ...

... Thomas on his stomach, next to a fuel tank. A tool kit laid out on the floor, its inside pockets packed with tools. He's examining the bomb we saw

Sanders remove from the equipment case. It's attached to the fuel tank.

He looks up at Vince and Brittany. Face tense.

THOMAS

Get out of here. Now.

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 86A.

Vince and Brittany bug-eye the bomb.

200 INT. QE2, BRIDGE -- NIGHT

Monica, Ping and Ping's assistant with the third officer. Monica on her walkie-talkie.

MONICA

Hart? ... Hart?

She slams down the walkie-talkie. Mind racing.

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 87.

MONICA (CONT)

... it's that Secret Service agent ... and Cooper ...

201 INT. QE2, FUEL ROOM — NIGHT

Vince and Brittany still staring at Thomas and the bomb.

THOMAS

I haven't figured out how it's activated yet. It could go any second.

VINCE

Then leave it. One bomb isn't enough to take down the ship -- but it'll sure as hell take you down. Let's go.

202 OMITTED

203 INT. THE POLK, CONTROL ROOM -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

Kram rushes into the cramped workspace and approaches his senior sonar operator.

BODZIN

I've lost them, Sir, I've lost contact with Sierra Seventeen!

KRAM

Easy does it, sailor. They're most likely drifting silently beneath that ocean liner up there.

BODZIN

Then how can we risk surfacing to release the SEALs, Sir?

KRAM

We're not going to surface. I intend to approach the QE2, and while still submerged, release our team through the aft access trunk's pressure chamber.

204 INT. QE2, FUEL ROOM -- NIGHT

Vince and Brittany still with Thomas.

Revised -- 5/8/01 -- 2nd Lilac 88.

BRITTANY

Thomas, this is suicide. Come on.

THOMAS

I'm not abandoning a live bomb.

VINCE

The terrorists could be on their way down here right now.

THOMAS

Then stop wasting time talking to me.

BRITTANY

He's right, Vince. Let's go.

But something in Vince holds him back. He looks at his brother. Angry. Frustrated. Afraid.

VINCE

You've been trying to kill yourself for years, haven't you? Ever since Jack died.

Thomas looks away. That struck too close to the mark.

VINCE (CONT)

Like somehow that's gonna even the score.

THOMAS

You don't know what you're talking about.

VINCE

It was an accident, Thomas. It wasn't your fault.

THOMAS

How do you know? You weren't there.

VINCE

Because I knew Jack. And I know you. You take responsibility for everything, like you're God or something.

THOMAS

That's bull.

VINCE

Well, some things you can't control. Thomas, Jack dying is one of them.

Revised -- 5/8/01 -- 2nd Lilac 88A.

THOMAS

Vince, your job right now is to rescue the Presidents. Go do it and let me do mine.

But we can tell Vince's words got to him.

VINCE

(turning to Brittany)

Let's go.

He heads out. Brittany hesitates -- then crouches down beside Thomas.

She searches his eyes. Leans in. Kisses him. Quickly but tenderly.

BRITTANY

(a brave smile)

I'll see you topside when you're done.

She gets up and follows

VINCE

who just keeps going, refusing to turn back.

THOMAS

resumes examining the bomb, as WE

FADE OUT

END OF ACT SIX

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 89.

ACT SEVEN

FADE IN:

205 EXT. UNDERWATER -- NIGHT

The Polk, silently ascending towards the surface and the awaiting QE2.

205A INT. THE POLK, CONTROL ROOM -- NIGHT

EXECUTIVE OFFICER

Ninety feet..eighty-nine.. eighty-eight... on way to ordered depth of eighty feet, Sir.

KRAM

Let's nudge her up nice and quietly these last couple of feet, Gentleman. Don't forget there's a probable hostile out there. (to the XO seated at the auxiliary diving console) Is Commander Leighton ready?

EXECUTIVE OFFICER

They're locked up and ready for a fight, Sir.

Kram grabs the intercom handset that's positioned beside the periscope.

KRAM

(into handset)

We're ready at eighty-five feet and counting, Commander. You've got my permission to enter the trunk and access the pressure chamber.

205B INT. THE POLK, ATTACK CENTRE -- NIGHT

Leighton and his SEALs all suited up and ready to roll. He grabs the mike.

LEIGHTON

**Thanks for the hospitality, Captain.
(then to his men)
Mount 'em up, Ladies. It's time to rumble.**

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 89A.

205C INT. THE POLK, CONTROL ROOM -- NIGHT

EXECUTIVE OFFICER

**Sir, I'm reading high levels of carbon dioxide in the upper trunk.
Recommend
that we take a couple of minutes to vent the area before continuing.**

KRAM

We've got no time. When the first one drops, then we'll ventilate.

LEIGHTON'S VOICE

Request permission to open the access hatch and enter chamber.

KRAM

Granted.

EXECUTIVE OFFICER

I've got a green light on the access trunk hatch display.

LEIGHTON'S VOICE

We're in the chamber. Sealing access trunk hatch. Prepare to equalize.

EXECUTIVE OFFICER

Access trunk is now sealed.

KRAM

Open the seawater valves and get 'em wet.

EXECUTIVE OFFICER

**Three feet of draft in the chamber and rising. Increasing air pressure in
preparation for hull access hatch release.**

206 INT. THE POLK, ATTACK CENTRE -- NIGHT

Leighton and the SEALs standing in the chamber as the water rises. The

**level
almost covering their heads.**

207 INT. QE2, BRIDGE -- NIGHT

Monica turns to Ping. She's starting to look desperate.

MONICA

(in subtitled Chinese)

You have to uplink the codes now.

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 89B.

Ping hurries to the radio transmission system. Monica aims her gun at the third officer.

MONICA (CONT)

Where are these dual pitch levers?

207A INT. THE POLK, CONTROL ROOM -- NIGHT

Kram waiting.

EXECUTIVE OFFICER

All SEALs are away.

That's what Kram was waiting for. He turns to the crew.

KRAM

Dive the boat! Make your new depth five-zero-zero feet.

EXECUTIVE OFFICER

Dive the boat, aye, Sir.

(into IMC--the sub's intercom)

Dive! Dive! Dive!

Diving alarms sounds. Roar of flooding ballast tanks fills the compartment

as it angles downwards.

KRAM

All ahead full on new course of one eight-zero.

(beat)

Let's go hunting.

208 EXT. QE2, ONE DECK -- NIGHT

At the stern. By the Lido Pool. A beat -- and then a scaling rope flies up from the water below. Attaches to the railing and is pulled tight to make sure it's secure. Another beat and Leighton climbs up the rope. Starts to hoist himself over the railing and onto the deck. A hand reaches INTO

FRAME

and grabs his arm. WIDE TO REVEAL...

... Vince and Brittany helping Leighton over. The other SEALs follow.

Vince

and Brittany point toward the Queen's Grill ... the disco.

VINCE

The presidents are down there.

BRITTANY

The rest of the crew's this way.

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 89C.

They split up, Vince leading half the SEALs one way, Brittany and Leighton leading the other half.

209 INT. QE2, FUEL ROOM -- NIGHT

Thomas examining the bomb. Carefully unscrewing the top.

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 90.

210 EXT. QE2, DECK -- NIGHT

Brittany, Leighton and the SEALs running across the deck.

WHIP PAN TO

Monica and Ping's assistant hurrying down the stairs, pushing the third officer ahead of them.

BRITTANY

sees them. Falls to one knee. Aims her gun. Leighton and the SEALs follow suit.

BRITTANY
Stop right there!

MONICA

and the others turn toward them. Ping's assistant levels his gun at them -- and is mowed down in a BARRAGE of BULLETS.

Monica pushes the third officer toward the SEALs for cover, disappears around a corner.

211 INT. QE2, QUEEN'S GRILL -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

The GUNFIRE audible here. The remaining terrorists look at each other, worried. Shaw, Wu Yongjing, Morrison, Young, Thad and the others look cautiously hopeful -- is help on the way?

212 INT. QE2, DECK -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

The SEALs rescue the third officer, who looks ready to faint. Brittany turns to Leighton.

BRITTANY
I'll take care of Monica. Attend to the crew.

213 OMITTED

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 91.

214 INT. LIJIANG, CONTROL ROOM -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

Blake waiting for his own signal.

SONAR OPERATOR'S VOICE

Contact is diving, and heading at speed on a new course of one-eight-zero.

BLAKE

I need an immediate firing solution, tubes one and two!

215 EXT. QE2, LIFEBOAT SECTION -- NIGHT

Monica untying a lifeboat as fast as she can. A SHOT rings out. PINGS the boat. A warning shot.

Brittany emerges from the shadows, gun aimed at Monica.

BRITTANY

Drop your weapon.

Monica lets her gun drop. The moment it hits the deck -- she whirls around in a breathtaking spin and kicks the gun out of Brittany's hand. The gun goes sliding across the deck.

Monica whirls again -- and Brittany feints. Somersaults away, tumbling to her feet in a perfect martial arts pose. Monica has met her match.

The two women circle each other warily. Poised to attack. Waiting to see who will make the first move.

It's Monica, who whirls again, spinning rapidly toward Brittany -- who again feints. But Monica anticipated this and kicks at Brittany -- who anticipated that and falls to one knee, just missing the kick.

Brittany turns that knee drop into another somersault. Tumbling to her feet again a safe distance from Monica --

-- who sweeps her right hand over the cuff of her left leg, and emerges with a knife. She lunges at Brittany -- who feints to her right.

Monica swings her knife hand behind her back, spinning to her right so the knife hand comes around straight at Brittany --

-- who manages to lean away from the blade, which just misses her.

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 91A.

Emboldened, Monica lunges again. Off balance, Brittany staggers backward -- just escaping the blade but bumping up against the rail. Trapped.

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 92.

Monica pounces on Brittany -- who grabs Monica's knife hand, holding her at bay. Monica pushes against her, bending Brittany over the rail.

BRITTANY'S POV

The lower deck ... the ocean ... and oblivion below.

BRITTANY

summons all her strength -- and pushes Monica away. But Brittany's still off balance, so Monica lunges again. Coming in for the kill. She guesses that Brittany will feint right -- but she guesses wrong. Brittany feints left -- and the knife plunges into the wood of the railing. Stuck.

Brittany grabs Monica's wrist with both hands. Tries to pry her fingers off the knife. Monica grabs Brittany's wrists with her free hand.

The two women stand as if frozen, struggling over control of the knife.

Suddenly, Monica lets go of the knife and Brittany's wrists. Executes another breathtaking spin--

-- during which Brittany is able to yank out the knife. As Monica finishes her spin, leg swinging to kick her, Brittany drops to one knee and plunges the knife upward ...

... straight into Monica's chest.

Monica falls back against the railing. Stares at the knife. Amazed -- and mortally wounded. She looks at Brittany, who's scooping up her gun.

As Brittany aims the gun at her, Monica -- starting to lose consciousness -- slips a remote control device out of her pocket. Turns it on. In the instant before she collapses to the deck, she pushes a button on the remote.

216 INT. QE2, FUEL ROOM -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

Thomas lifting the top off the bomb. Suddenly part of it lights up. An LED,

reading "3:00" and counting down: "2:59" ... "2:58" ... "2:57" ...

Thomas stares at it.

**THOMAS
Not again...**

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 92A.

217 EXT. QE2, LIFEBOAT SECTION -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

Brittany rolls Monica's body over. Sees the remote control device.

218 INT. QE2, BRIDGE -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

Ping at the window, watching Brittany below. He sees the remote control device too. His eyes go wide. He whips out his walkie-talkie.

219 INT. QE2, QUEEN'S GRILL -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

One of the terrorist's walkie-talkies comes on.

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 93.

PING'S VOICE

(in subtitled Chinese)

The bomb's set! Get to the lifeboats!

The terrorist calls out to his companions in Chinese. They back their way toward the exit, guns aimed at the assembled.

Shaw and the others glance at each other: what's happening?

The terrorists back their way out the door. Close and lock it behind them.

220 INT. QE2, DISCO -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

Sanders listening to his walkie-talkie.

PING'S VOICE

(in English)

Abandon ship!

He too backs out, locking the door behind him.

221 INT. QE2, FUEL ROOM -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

Thomas looking inside the bomb. The LED reads "2:14."

222 INT. QE2, BOAT DECK CORRIDOR -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

Vince and the SEALs running. They turn a corner and they're face to face with ...

... the terrorists from the Queen's Grill. One makes an effort to fire his gun -- and Vince blows him away.

The other terrorists throw their weapons to the floor and raise their hands above their heads. Babbling in terrified Chinese: "Get us off this boat!"

223 INT. QE2, CREW QUARTERS CORRIDOR -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

Leighton and the SEALs run toward the disco. Sanders rounds the corner toward them. Leighton dives. Tackles him to the floor and subdues him.

WHIP PAN

down the corridor, as the door to the disco bursts open. Several crew members tumble out, having battered it down with their shoulders.

Leighton reacts as the hostages spill out of the disco.

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 93A.

LEIGHTON

Get to the Upper Deck. Move it! Move it!

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 94.

224 INT. QE2, QUEEN'S GRILL -- NIGHT

The door bursts open from the outside -- and Vince and the SEALs rush in.

Vince races to Shaw and Wu Yongjing's table.

VINCE

Madame President ... President Wu Yongjing ... all of you. Follow us now.

He heads for the door, Shaw and Wu Yongjing falling into place behind him, then Morrison, then the others.

225 INT. QE2, FUEL ROOM -- NIGHT

Thomas carefully grips a green wire inside the bomb with pliers. Clips it with a pair of wire cutters. Nothing happens. The LED reads "1:37."

226 INT. LIJIANG, CONTROL ROOM -- NIGHT

Blake at the ready.

BLAKE

(furious)

What the hell's holding up that firing solution!

WEAPON'S CHIEF OVER INTERCOM

I'm just getting it now, Sir ... Torpedoes ready for firing!

BLAKE

Open and flood tubes one and two.

WEAPON'S CHIEF OVER INTERCOM

Tubes one and two open and flooded.

BLAKE

Fire one! Fire two!

227 OMITTED

228 OMITTED

229 OMITTED

230 EXT. UNDERWATER -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

Two torpedoes zoom out of the Lijiang.

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 94A.

231 INT. THE POLK, CONTROL ROOM -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

231

BODZIN

Conn, sonar. Torpedoes in the water! Bearing zero-four-eight and zero-five-zero.

All eyes glued to the monitor as

INSERT, MONITOR

two blips representing torpedoes speed toward them ...

KRAM

Right full rudder! All ahead flank! Launch port countermeasures!

WEAPON'S OFFICER OVER INTERCOM

Countermeasures away!

KRAM

(over the IMC)

Rig for collision!

BODZIN

Conn, sonar. Torpedoes are at twenty-five hundred yards and closing,

Sir!

KRAM

XO, I want that flank speed and I want it now!

EXECUTIVE OFFICER

Maneuvering is answering to flank bell, Captain. Twenty-three knots..twenty-four...twenty-five...

BODZIN

Conn, sonar. Torpedoes are range gaiting! Range is down to one-six-six-zero yards and continuing to close.

EXECUTIVE OFFICER

Twenty-six knots... twenty seven...

BODZIN

Conn, sonar. Torpedoes are at one-thousand yards and closing fast!

KRAM

**Sound collision alarm! Shift rudder hard aport!
Launch starboard five-inch evasion device!**

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 94B.

WEAPON'S OFFICER OVER INTERCOM

Countermeasure away!

EXECUTIVE OFFICER

Twenty-nine knots...

KRAM

Hold on, Gentleman. It's going to be close.

BODZIN

Conn, sonar. Torpedoes appear to be turning, Sir. They're going after the decoys!

A pair of deafening explosions sound outside, and the Polk wildly vibrates.

KRAM

Sonar, conn. Get me a firm lock on that shooter!

BODZIN

Conn, sonar. Aye, aye, Sir.

KRAM

All stop! Scram the reactor! Prepare for snap shot, tubes one and two.

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 95.

232 OMITTED

233 OMITTED

234 EXT. QE2, DECK -- NIGHT

Vince emerges through a door, leading the crowd from the Queen's Grill.

WHIP PAN TO

the other end of the deck -- in time to see Leighton and the disco contingent emerge too.

235 INT. QE2, FUEL ROOM -- NIGHT

Thomas grips a red wire. Clips it. Still nothing. The LED reads "1:09."

236 INT. LIJIANG, CONTROL ROOM -- NIGHT

Confusion and concern. The Polk gone from the monitor.

SONAR OPERATOR

Target appears to have evaded our torpedoes, and has dropped off our passive

and active sonar's!

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 96.

BLAKE

He must've scrambled his reactor.

(to the helm)

Take us down below the thermocline, to crush depth if necessary.

237 INT. QE2, FUEL ROOM -- NIGHT

Thomas stares at the bomb. Frustrated. The truth finally hitting him. He grips all the wires. Yanks them out. Dummies. Attached to nothing. The LED reads "0:48."

238 EXT. QE2, DECK -- NIGHT

Brittany joins Vince, Leighton and the others. They hurry toward the lifeboats.

VINCE

Monica?

BRITTANY

She's dead.

239 INT. QE2, FUEL ROOM -- NIGHT

Thomas stares at the dummy wires. Back to square one. No time to reinvent.

The LED reads "0:32."

240 INT. THE POLK, CONTROL ROOM -- NIGHT

The sub straightened out now. Bodzin riveted to the monitor.

BODZIN

Conn, sonar. Sierra Seventeen is headed for the depths, on bearing

three-two-five. They're approaching the thermocline, Sir.

KRAM

We've got to get them before they penetrate that layer.

241 EXT. QE2, DECK -- NIGHT

Everyone still moving toward the lifeboats.

242 INT. QE2, FUEL ROOM -- NIGHT

Thomas still staring at the wires -- and something catches his eye. On the wall near the tank. A fire extinguisher. A halon extinguisher -- one that shoots frozen gas!

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 96A.

243 INT. THE POLK, CONTROL ROOM -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

All eyes on the monitor.

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 97.

WEAPON'S OFFICER OVER INTERCOM
Tubes one and two ready, Captain.

KRAM

Fire one! Fire two!

He watches the monitor.

244 EXT. UNDERWATER -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

Two torpedoes zoom out of the Polk.

245 INT. QE2, FUEL ROOM -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

Thomas grabs the fire extinguisher. Aims it at the bomb. Releases the safety clip. Starts firing. A stream of liquid nitrogen hits the bomb.

246 EXT. UNDERWATER -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

The Lijiang diving. The Polk's two torpedoes closing in.

247 INT. LIJIANG, CONTROL ROOM -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

The sub diving. The sonar operator watching the monitor.

SONAR OPERATOR

Sir!

He points -- terrified -- at two incoming blips on the sub's stern. Closing in fast.

BLAKE

stares at the blips too. Knows it's too late.

BLAKE

Son-of-a-bitch ...

248 EXT. QE2, DECK -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

Everyone still moving. And suddenly -- a LOW, DULL ROAR. The boat shudders and shakes. Vince and Morrison instinctively pull Shaw to the deck, covering her. The Chinese agents do the same to Wu Yongjing.

The shuddering subsides. Nobody hurt. Vince and Brittany look at each other.

VINCE

Thomas...

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 98.

249 INT. QE2, FUEL ROOM -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

**Thomas still spraying the bomb. The LED counting down: "0:05,"
"0:04,"
"0:03" -- and it stops. Frozen.**

Thomas stares at it, blinks.

250 INT. THE POLK, CONTROL ROOM -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

BODZIN

Conn, sonar. They're implosions all right. Sierra Seventeen is toast!

Jubilation. High fives. The Lijiang is toast.

251 EXT. QE2, DECK -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

**Everybody getting up. Vince and Brittany look devastated. But Brittany turns
to Captain Young, doing her job.**

BRITTANY

That explosion was a bomb in the fuel room, Captain.

She turns to Presidents Shaw and Wu Yongjing.

BRITTANY (CONT)

Please follow me. We must get you off this ship.

**They start toward the lifeboats, a jumble of confusion. Everyone trying
hard
not to panic. Suddenly:**

VINCE (OS)

Thomas!

He's staring at ...

... Thomas, grimy and exhausted, walking across the deck toward them.

Vince runs to his brother. Pulls him into his arms. And gives him an impetuous, totally unprofessional hug.

DISSOLVE TO:

252 INT. JOSHUA'S ROOM -- DAY

Dawn. Light coming in. Ridgeway, Kelly and Joshua on tenterhooks. The radio light flashes on. Ridgeway flicks the switch.

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 99.

SHAW'S VOICE

This is President Shaw, I have a message for Joshua Kellogg.

RIDGEWAY

He's right here.

SHAW'S VOICE

Your Uncle Vince will be back this weekend, Joshua. He'll see you at the game.

Joshua is beaming. Kelly puts her arm around him, eyes moist.

RIDGEWAY

Are you okay, Madame President.

**253 INT. OP CENTRE BRAVO, THE PENTAGON -- DAY --
CONTINUOUS**

Lewis and the others listening.

SHAW'S VOICE

We're safe, Chet. President Wu Yongjing, the Queen -- and everyone on it.

Lewis and the whole OP Centre let out a big CHEER.

254 OMITTED

255 EXT. THE OCEAN -- DAY

The sun up here too. A beautiful morning. The QE2 is moving again.

256 EXT. QE2, DECK -- DAY -- CONTINUOUS

Thomas and Vince stand at the railing, sipping coffee from mugs. Staring out to sea. After a beat:

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THOMAS

Remember, when we were kids, how Jack all the time said he was gonna get on a ship someday and sail around the world?

VINCE

Yeah. I remember.

THOMAS

I think he would have liked this ship.

VINCE

Yeah. I think he would have.

Another beat.

THOMAS

Did you mean what you said about Jack? You don't blame me for what happened?

VINCE

Of course I don't blame you. He was climbing where he shouldn't have.

**His
rope slipped. You couldn't have done anything about that.**

**THOMAS
Then why do I blame me?**

**VINCE
Because you never talk to anyone about it. You keep it all inside.**

**THOMAS
(pointedly)
Maybe that's 'cause I'm a Kellogg.**

**VINCE
Fair enough.
(controlling his emotions)
But just so you're clear on this: I get so mad when you put yourself
in danger because I lost one brother... and I don't want to lose another.**

That gets to Thomas. He controls his emotions too.

After a beat, he turns toward Vince.

**THOMAS
Look what I found.**

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He gives him the Eagle Scout pin. Vince smiles.

**VINCE
Man. I haven't seen that in years.**

He turns it over in his hand -- as if it were a holy relic.

**THOMAS
Those are hard to get, you know. You gotta go the distance.**

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VINCE

I bet Joshua would really like this.

The two Eagle Scouts look at each other. Share a quiet smile. Some kind of peace beginning.

Brittany approaches, in uniform.

BRITTANY

Gentlemen? The captain has requested the honour of your presence at his breakfast table.

She's talking to both of them -- but she's looking at Thomas. And he's looking at her. Vince takes it in ...

... then swoons. Grabs the railing. Looks woefully at Brittany.

VINCE

Did you have to mention breakfast?

He hurries off, weaving against the swaying of the boat.

Brittany and Thomas watch him, amused, as he rounds a corner.

VINCE

out of sight now, stops weaving. Smiles to himself. Walks on. Steady as a rock.

THOMAS AND BRITTANY

start walking across the deck. Keeping their professional distance but completely keyed in to each other.

THOMAS

I may be wrong, but I think we're gonna get more than just lunch at the White House out of this.

BRITTANY

A weekend in the Lincoln Bedroom perhaps?

THOMAS

What? And ruin the memory of a great one night stand?

She glances at him. Catches his grin. Returns it. They keep walking, and WE

Revised -- 4/30/01 -- 2nd Pink 102.

LIFT OFF

up into the sky, watching them get smaller below us, and the Queen getting bigger, until all of the magnificent ship is BENEATH US. Back on track. Sailing toward England. Toward home.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END

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