

# MAERSK ALABAMA

(from the book "A Captain's Duty"  
by Richard Phillips)

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FADE IN... on a man in a floating hell. We are:

INT. LIFEBOAT - NIGHT (2 A.M.)

An enclosed, fiberglass LIFEBOAT, 28 feet long - with 60 seats, and HATCHES fore and aft. It's steamy, hot, even at night. Floating on the Indian Ocean, 300 miles from Somalia.

RICHARD PHILLIPS sleeps upright in this sweatbox, at gunpoint. He's 50, a career merchant mariner - now a hostage.

His captors are four Somali pirates: BILAL is 16, his left foot wrapped in bloody gauze. ELMI is 25, has a three-colored ROPE on his lap. NAJEE is 24. They're asleep too. But: \*

MUSI, their leader, is wide awake. 25 years old, 5'9", maybe 135 pounds. A rail-thin killer. His hand, bandaged and bloody, holds an AK-47 as he studies the sleeping Phillips.

After a beat, Musi rises, and "undogs" (opens) the AFT HATCH, stepping out onto the lifeboat's tiny AFT DECK. He lays his AK at his feet, and pees off the edge.

Phillips' eyes instantly snap open. Turns out, he was awake. \*  
He assesses his options - IMAGES, hitting us in a hurry: \*

Three pirates asleep; the THREE-COLORED ROPE on Elmi's lap; Musi's back turned to us; the AK on the deck... and SIX FULL FUEL BUCKETS, tied down in the boat's nose. It's time to go.

So he rises, heads for the aft hatch. The rest is a blur:

EXT. LIFEBOAT - AFT HATCH/AFT DECK - CONTINUING

The craft is orange, shaped like a submarine. Musi pees off \*  
its deck, the AK at his feet. Phillips can grab it and fire \*  
away. He considers that.

But a half-mile away, lit up like a distant jewel, is a US NAVY GUIDED MISSILE DESTROYER - the *USS Bainbridge*. 508 feet long. Immense, powerful, here to rescue him - so...

He pushes Musi off the deck and dives in. We FOLLOW: \*

EXT. WATER - CONTINUING - NIGHT

His glasses fly off, gone forever in the cool water. He starts swimming madly, moonlight shining through. Behind him, \*  
Musi surfaces, howling in Somali at his crew. \*

Next Phillips hears the engine of the lifeboat roaring to \*  
life. He swims, kicks, gasps... then he looks back. Oh no: \*

The lifeboat is coming at him, Musi clinging to its side. \*

Phillips sucks in air, and DIVES down. Even underwater he can hear the pirates shouting. The lifeboat passes over him, then STOPS, idling right atop him. Phillips can touch its hull. \*

He surfaces beneath the bow - a quiet breath - grabs the ENGINE COOLING PIPES under the keel and guides himself along. \*

FOOTSTEPS on the deck above him. Pirates howling, enraged. He ducks under the boat again, comes up *on the port side*. \*

But waiting there, in the water, is Musi. Oh shit.

They lunge for each other's throats instantly. *Hand-to-hand combat*, just like that. Phillips gets Musi's head under water, Musi's scream turning into a burble of air.

Holding the guy down - Musi flailing, kicking - Phillips trying to drown the bastard, until... another nightmare: \*

POP POP POP. Three rounds from the AK, whistling past his ear into the water. He looks up.

Elmi, on deck. Firing. It's over. Phillips releases Musi.

That fast, Phillips is *yanked out of the water by Elmi and Bilal*, thrown through that aft hatch and back inside, where:

INT. LIFEBOAT - CONTINUING

Elmi and Bilal throw him to the floor of the boat. Then they pounce: beating the hell out of him. Najee jumps in too. Shot after shot, swarming like angry bees.

NAJEE

We kill you! Kill you!

Shouting, spitting, kicking. Elmi ties Phillips' hands to a horizontal bar, exposing his torso. Bilal trusses Phillips' feet to the base of a seat. He's helpless, a punching bag.

...as Musi, wet and *enraged* now, steps up. Silence... Then:

MUSI

How much you worth, Irish? One million? Two million?

CRACK. A right cross to Phillips' jaw, staggering him. Now the others join in again: pounding, spitting, shouting... \*

...until, gradually, *they stop* - too winded to continue. \*

MUSI (CONT'D)

You stay tied now, like an animal.  
And you pee in a bottle.

Phillips is a bruised, bleeding mess. Gasping...

\*

PHILLIPS

I can't feel my hands. You trussed  
'em too tight.

MUSI

Like an animal!

Phillips tries to *chew the ropes*. Musi hits him again.

MUSI (CONT'D)

Ropes can't touch your mouth! They  
are *halal*!

He walks away. Najee and Elmi follow... leaving Bilal, the youngest, to stand guard, AK in hand. Bilal studies Phillips, perplexed. A long quiet beat... then he has to ask:

BILAL

Why you didn't just shoot us?  
(Phillips is silent)  
Gun was right there. Why you don't  
just grab it and shoot us?

PHILLIPS

I just... wanted to go home.

\*

Bilal doesn't respond. He can't. We CUT TO:

EXT. MAERSK - STARBOARD - AMIDSHIP - NIGHT

The MAERSK ALABAMA is a cargo ship: 508 feet long, 83 feet  
abeam, displacing 31,000 tons of water. Massive. With a seven-  
story superstructure, "The House", rising from her stern.

She idles, a mile from the lifeboat... as she is *boarded by*  
*U.S. NAVY SAILORS* - guys climbing up flexible-steel ladders  
from two NAVY ZODIACS idling beside the Maersk amidship.

INT. MAERSK - BRIDGE - SAME

SHANE MURPHY stands at the helm of the Maersk, 120 feet above  
the waterline. He's Chief Mate on this ship - 27, tough as a  
bouncer but with a Boy Scout face. From Seekon, Mass.

MURPHY

The leader has a knife wound on his  
right hand, pretty deep. Another guy,  
he was the youngest, his foot's cut  
up - from glass shards.

\*

Murphy and 10 OTHER MAERSK CREW-MEMBERS (we'll meet them  
soon) are being debriefed by LT. PRICE, USN.

\*

\*

...as Navy SAILORS take control of this ship. An ENSIGN named REID at the helm. Murphy can see the Bainbridge from here... and that tiny orange fiberglass lifeboat. This sucks... \*

MURPHY (CONT'D) \*

Is there some rescue planned? You guys gonna get him outta there? \*

LT. PRICE \*

Orders are, no offensive measures until the FBI Negotiator is on sight and in contact with the pirates. \*

ENSIGN REID \*

We okay to come about, Lieutenant? \*

LT. PRICE \*

Yeah. Come about. \*

Reid turns the wheel. The giant cargo ship turns. Murphy sighs; none of the crew-members look happy. Chief Engineer MIKE PERRY, (55, devout Christian) voices it: \*

PERRY \*

Doesn't feel right, leaving him out there. \*

LT. PRICE \*

Command wants this vessel out of hostile waters - we're escorting you all the way to Mobassa. \*

The men hate that. Murphy studies them... then:

MURPHY \*

Can we at least get word to his wife? \*

EXT. UNDERHILL VT. - RIVER ROAD - PHILLIPS' DRIVEWAY - DAY

FOUR NEWSVANS and 15 REPORTERS crowd the snowy driveway and street outside the home of Richard and Andrea Phillips.

Underhill Vermont is a town with no stop-lights. But today it's the center of the world, and Phillips is the reason. A REPORTER, his breath fogged, does a remote from the porch. \*

...as we PUSH INSIDE, through a window, to:

INT. PHILLIPS' HOME - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUING

An 1830's design, timber ceilings. Messy and warm. But what used to be a calm home is now Mission Control: NEIGHBORS, FAMILY MEMBERS - manning phones, monitoring CNN, fretting. \*

We KEEP PUSHING THROUGH - faces, voices, a spilled soda - to: \*

EXT. PHILLIPS' HOME - BACK PATIO - DAY

A stone patio, dusted by light snow. ANDREA PHILLIPS sits out here, a brief moment of solitude amidst crisis. Behind her we see a perfect Vermont pasture, blanketed white.

Andrea is the one all those reporters want to talk to. *The wife*. Lovely, fierce... but desperate just now. She stares at an old NAUTICAL BELL that hangs over a clothes-line.

Through the patio doors she sees her SISTERS, her SISTERS-IN-LAW, NEIGHBORS. All here to help. But none of them can.

On her face, fear. Sadness. She lifts a CELL-PHONE to her ear, hits speed-dial. FOUR RINGS... then *she hears*: \*

PHILLIPS (OUTGOING MESSAGE)  
You know the spiel. Now do the deal.  
I'll call you back.

BEEP. Andrea starts crying. About to hang up... Instead:

ANDREA (INTO CELL)  
Hi, Honey. You're gonna have a bunch of hang-ups on this number. Sorry, they're all me; it's the only way I can hear your voice. Dumb, right? Richard, I keep thinking about the airport. Dropping you off like that. I *always* walk you in and watch the plane take off. *Always*. So why didn't I this time? I don't know.

(a beat)

The kids are good. They're both on their way home. Everybody's calling, even people we never talk to, guys I dated thirty years ago. I think they think I'm now available.

(half a laugh, then:)

Keep looking for me, Honey. Every night in the stars. I'm up there. And I'm looking for you. So I'll see you soon, right? I love you.

She *shuts the phone, eyes* that old SHIP'S BELL overhead. \*

ANDREA (CONT'D)  
Damn it!

INT. LIFEBOAT - MOVING - RESUMING (NIGHT) \*

*This lifeboat chugs along, airless and fetid.* \*

Phillips, bound now, his face beaten and bruised, silently prays. Musi, on the bridge, watches, amused. \*

MUSI

Hey Phillips, you turning Catholic again?

(NOTE: the bridge is two steps above the lifeboat floor, with nav and radio gear, two seats, and tiny cockpit windows.) \*

The pirates look strained, edgy; Elmi nervously works that three-colored ROPE: weaving strands of white, orange, and red into a whole. Phillips watches with an unspoken dread. \*

PHILLIPS

I have to urinate.  
(no one replies)  
I need the bottle. I have to urinate.

MUSI

No bottle.

PHILLIPS

You just said...

MUSI

You pee on yourself, like an animal.

PHILLIPS

Won't be too clean.

MUSI

I'm clean. My men are clean. No bottle.

Two Captains, eyeing one another. The pirates watching...

PHILLIPS

None of us are gonna get out of here alive. You know that.

MUSI

Why? 'Cause of Navy? Don't worry, Irish. They not gonna hurt me. I work for those guys.

PHILLIPS

Is that right?

MUSI

Oh yeah. This is a training mission. We take ships, see how the Navy does. Your company hired us. Navy guys and me, we're friends!

Crazy bastard. He points at the *Bainbridge*, brightly lit, a half mile away, then chuckles. Phillips studies him...

MUSI (CONT'D)

We offer them beer! No American say  
no to beer! Beer and tv. Lazy, lazy.  
We're Somali Marines, we're 24/7. We  
can do anything.

\*  
\*

Najee picks up the three-colored rope, consults with Elmi about it in Somali. Clearly, it has great meaning to them.

PHILLIPS

That's for me. Isn't it.

(Musi grins)

The rope. Is it for me?

\*

Musi looks to his men: *Do I tell him?* A beat, then...

MUSI

Yah, it's for you, Irish. But you  
can't touch it. Your hands are *lalil*.  
Unclean.

(relishing this)

It's what we tie you up with before  
we kill you. So your soul never  
leaves these waters.

Phillips digests that. Musi grins, pleased.

MUSI (CONT'D)

You had to pee, right? So pee! Pee,  
Irish!

The pirates laugh. Phillips eyes them, defiant. *You will not break me...*

And he begins to pee, darkening his pants.

The pirates start WHOOPING, celebrating, as:

EXT. PHILLIPS' HOME - BACK PATIO - RESUMING

Andrea *remains alone out here... until:*

\*

AMBER (O.S.)

Andrea?

AMBER, Andrea's oldest friend, stepping on to the patio.

ANDREA

Who's been calling?



AMBER

Matt Lauer, Katie Couric, Diane Sawyer, Senator Kennedy, Senator Leahy. But we didn't want to interrupt you...

ANDREA

You could've interrupted me for Matt Lauer.

Amber breathes out a smile, then drops a bomb:

AMBER

Honey, there are two people from Maersk here.

Andrea sees them now, through the patio door: two CORPORATE TYPES, a man and a woman, just got here. Standing out like sore thumbs in a room full of friends and family.

She tightens. *Maybe they're here to deliver bad news*. Amber seems to think so too. She leads Andrea into:

INT. PHILLIPS' HOME - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUING

The room is suddenly silent, all eyes on the suits: ALLISON McCALL (blonde, pretty, likes her BlackBerry) and JONATHAN HENSON (35, solid). They approach Andrea, who gulps...

ALLISON

Hi, Andrea. I'm Allison McCall. This is Jonathan Henson. We're from Maersk.

ANDREA

Okay.

Bracing herself. Everyone in the room doing the same...

ALLISON

I'm going to be managing anything media-related for you. Jonathan's going to be liaising with the Defense Department, so you'll be getting steady and real-time information.

Okay. She's *not* here to deliver devastating news. Everyone relaxes. A sister-in-law, NANCY, extends a phone as:

NANCY

Um. I have the Governor on the phone. He wants to know if there's anything he can do.

ALLISON

Yes. He can send over some State Troopers to move all the reporters off the road out there. They're causing a traffic hazard.

Nancy pauses. *Am I actually supposed to say that?*

ANDREA

I'll be with him in a second, Nancy.

Nancy nods, relieved. Andrea studies Allison, wary.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

I appreciate your being here, Allison. But it's really not necessary. I know how things go. Maersk got their ship back, and all of their cargo, and most of the crew. That's a pretty good result. And sometimes one man gets sacrificed for the good of others. That's the sea.

\*  
\*

ALLISON

Mrs. Phillips, Maersk is not going to let anything happen to your husband.

ANDREA

I see. Then how much are they willing to spend to save him?

WHAM. That caught Allison flush. Andrea closes her eyes:

\*

ANDREA (CONT'D)

Richard, you have to save *yourself*.

INT. LIFEBOAT - NIGHT

A JOLT: Phillips is yanked out of a seat by Musi - suddenly, urgently. Rage in Musi's eyes. Something's infuriated him:

\*

MUSI

I want you to know something. We were all *fishermen* once. Other countries come and overfish our waters, dump all their trash here - no Somali government to stop them. So there's no more fishing.

A few feet away, Najee and Elmi pull an ORANGE SURVIVAL SUIT from a bin, and begin to spread it on the floor. Odd...

PHILLIPS

What's the survival suit for?

MUSI  
We were fishermen!

PHILLIPS  
What's it for?!

MUSI  
If your body touch the floor, it  
makes the whole boat unclean.

Oh. Musi loads a 9mm handgun, hands it to Bilal. The pirates drop to their knees to PRAY for Allah's blessing. Game over; Phillips knows it. And he can only utter a single word:

PHILLIPS  
Andrea...

He shuts his eyes. We SMASH TO BLACK - and...

Super: "**Eight days earlier.**"

FADE UP AGAIN: on Phillips, when the world was still sane.

INT. PHILLIPS HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

Phillips is home. In bed. Studying Andrea's face as she sleeps - trying to sear the image of her into his memory. He knows he won't be seeing that face again for a while.

This is their bedroom: a four-poster bed, a crucifix on the wall, timber ceiling overhead. Messy and warm, with Vermont outside the window - a snowy pasture on a March morning.

Andrea awakens. Phillips is the first thing she sees.

PHILLIPS  
(Barry White voice)  
Baby, when'll your husband be home?

Andrea blushes, grins. She loves when he kids like that. \*

Then the grin's gone, that fast - because she just remembered what today is. Instead, sadness. Resignation. These two love each other deeply. It makes the goodbyes awful.

ANDREA  
All packed?

Phillips nods. We CUT TO... a *different* kind of home:

INT. MUSI'S HUT - EYL, SOMALIA - EARLY MORNING

Musi awakens on a dirt floor in a stone hut. His wife, ABDI, and their two kids sleep. He studies them fondly. RETURN TO:

INT. PHILLIPS HOME - UPSTAIRS - RESUMING

Phillips eyes his daughter's room. (She's away at school). Every inch of wall space is filled with posters, bumper stickers, equestrian ribbons. They make him smile.

Then his son's room. Lots of clutter, photos of swimsuit models on the walls - and *the kid himself*, just awakening now. DAN, 19. Phillips is **angered** to see him here. \*

PHILLIPS

Thought you were driving back to school this morning.

DAN

Yeah. Woke up with a sore throat.

PHILLIPS

(**hates** being lied to) \*  
Uh-huh. What time'd you get in last \*  
night? \*

DAN

It wasn't late. \*

PHILLIPS

Had to be after midnight - 'cause I \*  
was still up and you weren't here. \*

DAN

You really gonna interrogate me, Dad? \*

PHILLIPS

Oh. I'm sorry. Are you still sleepy? \*  
(no reply) \*  
It's really simple, Dan. You go to \*  
school. Classes. That's your job. \*  
You're either doing it or you're not. \*

DAN

Dad, you wanna boss people around? Do \*  
it on the boat, okay? Jesus. \*

A blow-up, that fast. Silence hangs... \*

PHILLIPS

You driving back, or aren't you? \*

DAN

Obviously. \*

PHILLIPS

Good. And check in on your mom while \*  
I'm gone. \*

DAN  
I know the drill.

Lots of distance here. It makes them both uneasy.

EXT. PHILLIPS HOME - PATIO - SAME

Andrea brooms snow off the patio, bumping her head on the OLD SHIP'S BELL hanging here. Damn. She *hates* that bell. She sees Phillips descending the stairs, irritated, bags in hand.

INT. MUSI'S HUT - EYL, SOMALIA - RESUMING

Musi's "belongings" lie in a corner, discards collected over the years: someone's sun-glasses, a chipped coffee mug, a book. He steps into some ratty sandals.

On a stone wall is a sliver of a mirror, too small to reflect his whole face. He eyes a portion of his own reflection.

EXT. PHILLIPS HOME - DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Toyota Minivan. Andrea gets in. Phillips beside her.

ANDREA  
I'm gonna take down that bell.

PHILLIPS  
Please don't. It has sentimental--

ANDREA  
I keep banging my head on it.

PHILLIPS  
I'll raise it, soon as I'm back.

ANDREA  
In July.

PHILLIPS  
In July.

Not a happy reality. He takes her hand. It helps a little. She pulls out of the driveway. Phillips looks up:

There's Dan, glancing down from his bedroom window. Father and son exchange looks. That's it.

ANDREA  
He stayed over so he could *see you* off this morning.

PHILLIPS  
I don't like him to miss class.

Departure days are always tense. And edgy. We RETURN TO:

INT. MUSI'S HUT - EYL, SOMALIA - RESUMING \*

Abdi hands Musi a gift, a homemade BRACELET of red cloth. He smiles, takes it, kisses her. Then he goes... \*

INT. UNDERHILL, VT. - GENERAL STORE - MORNING \*

Underhill is snowy pastures, the local cemetery, a handmade sign for fresh eggs, St. Thomas' Church. And a GENERAL STORE. \*

It's run by MIKE WILLARD, (60, former merchant mariner), who grins as Phillips makes his usual pre-trip purchase: 15 pounds of "8 O'Clock Coffee" beans, in bags. \*

MIKE WILLARD \*

Where ya bound on this one? \*

PHILLIPS \*

Salalah, Djibouti, Mombasa - delivering handshake food. \*

MIKE WILLARD \*

That's a good run. \*

Andrea tightens. No, it's not a good run. Not lately. And Willard knows the tension well. \*

MIKE WILLARD (CONT'D) \*

Your boy gonna work for me over the Summer again? \*

PHILLIPS \*

Maybe sooner than that, he keeps screwin' around. \*

(Willard smiles fondly) \*

Can I get a receipt? \*

EXT. VILLAGE - EYL, SOMALIA - MORNING \*

Musi emerges from his hut... into a wasteland: Eyl, Somalia. No roads, no power or water. A goat ambles by, an old man with NO HANDS sits, staring. Musi walks past him. \*

INT. MINIVAN/EXT. BURLINGTON AIRPORT - CURB - MORNING

Airport. Andrea pulls up to the curb. Phillips pauses. \*

PHILLIPS

You're not coming in?

ANDREA

I can't today. Late for my shift.

PHILLIPS

Oh. Okay.

He lets *it* go, gets out. We STAY WITH ANDREA - as Phillips grabs his stuff, then *walks around to her side of the car* - just in time for her to blurt out:

\*  
\*

ANDREA

Two runs a year, Richard. That was our deal. This is number three. Is being away that great?

PHILLIPS

You want the speech about college tuitions and mortgages again?

ANDREA

I just want you home.

Phillips knows that. He sighs, looks up at the sky.

PHILLIPS

I'll be right up there, like always. Right?  
(she half-nods)  
I love you.

He leans in. She pulls him close, urgently, shuts her eyes tight. Then her guard goes up again. End of hug. He smiles.

PHILLIPS (CONT'D)

(Barry White voice again)  
Thanks, Baby. See ya next time I'm in town.

She almost laughs. Almost. One last look, then he goes, *vanishing* into the terminal. *On Andrea's face we CUT TO:*

\*  
\*

EXT. BEACH - EYL, SOMALIA - MORNING

\*

Musi crosses a wind-whipped beach. No commerce here, no hope, just overturned BOATS. To his right is what used to be a FISH FACTORY - abandoned now, rotting. Musi continues on...

\*  
\*  
\*

EXT. PORT - SALALAH, OMAN - DAY

Phillips emerges from a car in the port of SALALAH, OMAN.

This place is booming - ships everywhere, big ones... But all Phillips can see is the *Maersk Alabama*, ugly and immense.

\*

Huge CRANES fill her hold with dumpster-sized CONTAINERS. (She can carry 1,092 of them, but on this trip she'll only be carrying 400.) She bears no flag of nationality.

Phillips is instantly in Captain-mode: scrutinizing how the cranes are operating, how the ship's CREW is moving... Then:

MURPHY (O.S.)  
Good to see you, Cap.

Shane Murphy, the Chief Mate. These two respect one another.

PHILLIPS  
You too, Shane. How's she look?

EXT. EYL, SOMALIA - OLD HARBOR - DOCK - MORNING

We find a beaten TRAWLER with TEN MEN aboard it: black, lean, hungry. At their feet: AK-47's, side-arms, ammunition. These men are pirates. This trawler is their MOTHER-SHIP.

It has two SKIFFS tied to its stern: motorboats. Not much for amenities, but fast. The rest of this harbor is empty...

Musi walks a rickety dock, approaching the pirate-trawler. THREE CREW-MEMBERS see him coming. They *stand at attention*.

Bilal. Elmi. Najee. Musi nods to them and boards the Trawler.

EXT. MAERSK - MAIN DECK - IN PORT - DAY

Phillips walks the length of the Maersk, eyeing everything. He wears a blue Polo shirt, khakis, steel-toed boots.

Behind him is the ship's "House", seven-stories tall, home to crew quarters, hospital, mess, engines, the Bridge...

Before him is the ship's massive HOLD, home to all those containers, (several marked *WORLD FOOD PROGRAMME*.) Another one's being loaded in. Shane Murphy approaches.

MURPHY  
Seventeen tons of grain, wheat, and peas, bound for Kenya.  
(Phillips nods)  
Beats hauling Toyotas from Yokohama to Seattle, right? God, that's a shitty run.

PHILLIPS  
Voyage Plan's got us sailing three hundred miles off-shore. That's two extra days.

MURPHY  
Lotta bulletins comin' in about pirates last couple weeks, Cap. Crew's kinda edgy about it.



PHILLIPS

Yeah? Then why's security so lax  
around here?

(Murphy shrugs)

Engine Door, Bridge Door, Cargo  
Scuttle - all of 'em wide open. I  
want 'em secured. Even in port.

Murphy nods. Phillips eyes the PIRATE CAGES (welded bars)  
that are *supposed to be* protecting the STEPS rising up seven  
stories from here to the Bridge. They're unlocked.

PHILLIPS (CONT'D)

Pirate cages unlocked. What kinda  
crew are you handing me?

Whoops. That was said just as TWO CREW-MEMBERS walk by: "ATM"  
RAIZA (26, black) and COLIN WRIGHT (30, Southerner). They  
just decided the new Captain is an asshole. That fast.

ATM

Cap.

PHILLIPS

Nice to meet you.

Off they go, unimpressed. Murphy waits 'til they're gone.

MURPHY

They're okay. The Captain took his  
foot off the gas, last few days.

PHILLIPS

I'm puttin' it back on. Spread the  
word.

MURPHY

Cap, go easy. They *lost* a guy last  
week, outside Djibouti.

PHILLIPS

Lost him how?

MURPHY

Deck Machinist, twenty-year vet. Guy  
just opted out, middle of the night.  
Left a note in his cabin. "Tell 'em I  
went for a swim." That shit always  
spooks a crew.

PHILLIPS

Sorry, Shane - but I need 'em un-  
spooked. And sharp. You on it?

MURPHY

Yeah.

PHILLIPS

I guess I also need a new Deck  
Machinist.

Murphy eyes him, sobered, then nods "On it."

EXT. PIRATE TRAWLER - EYL, SOMALIA - HARBOR - DAY

Musi touches the bracelet his wife gave him as we put to sea. \*  
The Captain of this trawler is an elder named HUFAN. He has \*  
an old map, a radio, and some cigarettes. \*

INT. MAERSK - BRIDGE - IN PORT - DAY \*

The maps in here are electronic. The radar screens have data  
scrolling across them. The radios are fed by satellite.

We're 120 feet above the waterline, looking out at the world \*  
through massive windows. A bright, trouble-free day... But \*  
there's a tension hanging, even before we've left port. \*

At the helm are KEN QUINN (2nd Mate) and ATM Raiza (whom \*  
Phillips pissed off on deck). This is hushed: \*

ATM \*

I'm just sayin', Coast Guard \*  
advisories say we should be six \*  
hundred miles off-shore. \*

KEN QUINN \*

You think a pirate trawler couldn't \*  
find a ship six hundred miles out? \*

Murphy, ten feet away, needs to cut this off. So: \*

MURPHY \*

Uh-oh. We're screwed, Fellas. \*

The guys turn... to see a sailor named DURELL (25, black, \*  
fit) who just stepped on to the bridge. Durell freezes. \*

...as the guys in here study him, like Pledge-Masters.

MURPHY (CONT'D) \*

This your first ship, Kid? You right \*  
outta merchant mariner school? \*

DURELL \*

Yes. \*

MURPHY  
Aw, Jeez. We got an FNG, Boys.

KEN QUINN  
Friggin' New Guy.

MURPHY  
Didn't they teach you it's bad luck  
to walk on to the Bridge left-foot  
first?

Durell's eyes go wide. Murphy looks so serious. They all do.

DURELL  
No...?

MURPHY  
Write this down, Rook. Full moons and  
dolphins - good luck. Priests,  
redheads, fresh flowers, and walking  
on to the Bridge left-foot first, bad  
luck. Brutal. Now go back out and do  
it again.

Durell freezes again. Really? He starts to back out...

...when ATM and Quinn start laughing, big-time, which tells  
Durell it's all a gag. He takes it pretty well. More laughs.

Then Phillips enters - and things tighten. The laughs get  
choked back. He's the boss. And not big on goofing off.

MURPHY  
Cap, this is Durell, new A.B.

PHILLIPS  
Welcome to the sacred fraternity of  
merchant mariners, truckers of the  
ocean. Shane'll teach you the fight  
song later. We all set, Fellas?

MURPHY/KEN QUINN/ATM  
Yes sir.

Phillips nods, heads for the coffee-maker.

KEN QUINN  
Hey, Cap. I never been on this run  
before. Are the ports any good?

MURPHY  
Askin' the wrong guy, Kenny. Cap  
never leaves the ship. Doesn't matter  
where we put in, he stays on board.

KEN QUINN

That right, Cap?

PHILLIPS

I'm married and I'm cheap. What'm I gonna do on shore?

The guys laugh. Phillips grabs a printed E-MAIL from "The Office of Naval Intelligence." *Subject: "Pirate Activity on the East African Coast."* He eyes it soberly, as:

PHILLIPS (CONT'D)

Okay then. Dead Slow Ahead.

KEN QUINN

Dead Slow Ahead.

Quinn pushes the ENGINE ORDER TELEGRAPH (throttle), and:

EXT. MAERSK - FROM THE WATER - CONTINUING

The Maersk Alabama puts out to sea... Slow but muscular.

INT. MAERSK - BRIDGE - RESUMING

Phillips moves to a computer - sends off a quick e-mail: "*We're underway, Honey. I'll be seeing you in the stars.*"

...as *Murphy eyes* that bulletin from Naval Intel - about *the surge* in piracy off the East Africa coast... \*  
\*

EXT. INDIAN OCEAN - PIRATE TRAWLER - MOVING - EVENING

Hufan's men eat stale crackers while he monitors his radio.

*Musi is thumbing through* a weather-worn ENGLISH DICTIONARY, \*  
*memorizing words by the glow of a FLASHLIGHT... until he* \*  
*suddenly tosses the book overboard with disdain. Splash.* \*

BILAL (SOMALI, SUBTITLED) \*

*Why you do that?* All the ships we \*  
board, no captain ever speak Somali. \*

MUSI (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)

Everybody speaks AK-47, Bilal.

EXT. MAERSK - MAIN DECK - STERN - AT SEA - MORNING \*

A blazing hot day. Phillips walks the length of the ship again - his daily inspection tour - when he sees something:

Suspended *above B-DECK* - right where it should be - is that fiberglass LIFEBOAT. 28 feet long, enclosed, looks like an orange submarine, sitting on SKIDS at a 45-degree angle.

But ten feet below it, sitting on overturned buckets, are two members of his crew: DEL and DAVE, old salts, each over 60 and overweight, smoking Marlboros.

Phillips pauses, instantly irritated.

PHILLIPS  
Enjoying your break, Fellas?

They eye him without alarm. Or chagrin.

DEL  
Sorry, Cap. I got a slipped disc.

PHILLIPS  
Oh.  
(at Dave:)  
How're your discs?  
(Dave shrugs)  
Get to work. Christ. Aren't you guys supposed to be cleaning the lifeboat? And there's no smoking on deck.

Del and Dave put their cigs out and rise, *grabbing a hose*.

PHILLIPS (CONT'D)  
No. Not a hose. Get up in a harness and soogee it, with a Turk's Head.

DEL  
Really?

PHILLIPS  
Yep. Hosin' it ain't the same thing.

They eye the lifeboat, suspended above them. Hanging up there in a harness sounds like a hassle. Phillips turns to go.

DAVE  
Hey, Cap.  
(Phillips turns back)  
We're spittin' distance of the Somali coast - got pirates takin' down ships right and left. How's cleanin' a lifeboat gonna help anything?

Phillips can debate the point, or walk away. He walks away.

PHILLIPS  
Just get it done.

INT. MAERSK - MESS DECK - MESS - LATER MORNING

Murphy and Ken Quinn, eating. Phillips enters, irritated.

PHILLIPS

Got some confused sailors on board,  
Shane. They seem to think my name's  
Maersk. I'm just the Captain.

\*  
\*  
\*

MURPHY

You need me to tune somebody up, Cap?

Phillips is about to reply when he sees ANOTHER BULLETIN on  
the table: "Worldwide Threats to Shipping".

\*  
\*

...it's sitting in front of Ken Quinn. Clearly, he and Murphy  
have been discussing it. *23 pirate attacks reported off of  
East Africa in a single week.*

\*  
\*  
\*

Now Phillips is really irritated - because a bulletin like  
this should NOT be loose on the ship. He grabs it.

\*  
\*

PHILLIPS

No. I want you to show our crew a  
Goddamn map.

\*  
\*  
\*

He gestures to a MAP on the wall.

\*

PHILLIPS (CONT'D)

Here's Somalia. Here's Mombasa.  
Here's Djibouti. Here's us. Coast  
Guard advisories say we should be six  
hundred miles off-shore. Great,  
except you can't be six hundred miles  
away from Somalia if you're going to  
Mombasa, because *Mombasa is sixty  
miles from the Somali border.* You can  
go a thousand miles straight out, but  
you still gotta come back into range,  
because that's our destination. And  
by the way, these guys've hit ships  
*twelve-hundred* miles off shore, just  
like they've hit ships that are at  
anchor in port. These are the waters  
we're sailing. Okay?

\*  
\*  
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\*

Murphy nods. Quinn too. Phillips seems calmer now.

\*

MURPHY

Understood.

\*  
\*

PHILLIPS

Good. We're running a security drill  
today. Unannounced.

\*  
\*

MURPHY

Great! I love unannounced drills.

PHILLIPS  
In five minutes.

MURPHY  
'Kay. I wanna start out with--

PHILLIPS  
Don't tell me what you're going to do. Let's just see how we perform.

INT. MAERSK - BRIDGE - 9 A.M.

Colin Wright is at the helm. Beside him are ATM and a 70 year-old crew-member named MARV, (white, pleasant, but useless.) \*  
Phillips enters... and leans in to Wright, calmly: \*

PHILLIPS  
It's Colin, yeah?

WRIGHT  
Yes, Cap. Colin Wright.

PHILLIPS  
There's a boat on our starboard side, Colin. Two men with weapons, acting hostile.

Wright turns. Marv freezes.

WRIGHT  
Ohhhhkay.

PHILLIPS  
You have to do something about that - right?

WRIGHT  
Is this a drill, Cap?

Phillips just stares: "Show me something." Wright rings the GENERAL ALARM, which sounds throughout the ship. LOUD. \*

PHILLIPS  
Not the general alarm. We hit the whistle first - to let the pirates know you are aware of them and are ready to defend the ship.

Wright nods, sounds a WHISTLE (audible five miles away).

PHILLIPS (CONT'D)  
Now the General Alarm. Long-short, long-short.

Done. ATM takes the helm. Marv still hasn't moved.

PHILLIPS (CONT'D)  
You are...?

MARV  
I'm Marv, Cap.

PHILLIPS  
Got pirates approaching, Marv. Hit  
the fire pump.

There are two FIRE-PUMP lights on a console. One red, one green. Marv hits the RED one and moves away.

PHILLIPS (CONT'D)  
Red means off. We need it ON.

MARV  
Got it.

ATM reaches over him, hits the green button... but:

ATM  
The pumps aren't working, Cap. No  
water pressure.

PHILLIPS  
Okay. Fix it. Marv, go secure the  
three bridge doors.

MARV  
Got it.

Marv scurries off. Phillips watches him go... \*

INT. MAERSK - ENGINE ROOM - SAME \*

Guys file in, without urgency. It's just a drill. \*

INT. MAERSK - LIFEBOAT - SAME \*

Whistles and alarms ring, but Del and Dave haven't moved. \*

DEL  
Nice. Can we go now? \*

DAVE  
I'm almost done. Relax. \*

What's Dave doing? *Using a key to scratch a caricature of Phillips, and the words "Phillips is a shit", into a hatch door. A few last touches, then:* \*



DAVE (CONT'D)  
 There. Now we can go.

INT. MAERSK - A-DECK - PASSAGEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Phillips emerges from a stairwell: CREW-MEMBERS move past, some with *keys jangling on their belts*. There are doors left unsecured. Not good. He spots a STEWARD, ambling by:

PHILLIPS  
 What's the non-duress password?

STEWARD  
 Mister Jones.

PHILLIPS  
 No. That's the *Secret Security Alarm* code. Non-duress is "supertime."

STEWARD  
 Supertime. Got it.

This isn't going well.

INT. MAERSK - BRIDGE - RESUMING

Murphy appears on the Bridge. Feeling some heat.

MURPHY  
 Have we switched the radio to VHF?

WRIGHT  
 On it.

Just then - Marv returns, winded.

MURPHY  
 Where you been, Marv?

MARV  
 Captain sent me to close the doors.

MURPHY  
 Oh. Which doors did you close?

MARV  
 Every door on every level.

MURPHY  
 Did they have locks on them, these doors?

MARV  
 Yeah.

MURPHY

But you were just closing them. Not locking them. *Securing* them.

\*

MARV

Um.... No. Just closing.

MURPHY

Which wouldn't do much good if we were under attack. Would it?

MARV

No. I guess not.

WRIGHT

I've gone over this with him six or seven times.

MURPHY

Okay, Marv. Get to your muster point.  
(Marv's a blank)  
The Ship's Office. Go.

Marv goes... just as Phillips returns to the bridge.

PHILLIPS

We are in search of excellence - but  
oh we will accept so much less.

\*

\*

\*

MURPHY

How's it look down there?

\*

PHILLIPS

Like monkeys trying to hump a football. Got watertight doors open on the Main Engine Level; they should all be secured, with deadbolts. Guys running around with key-chains on their hips. One set would give a pirate access to every room on the ship. That was in the Night Orders. Did we get the pump fixed?

MURPHY

Yeah. That's done.

PHILLIPS

Okay. Let's shut this down and bring everyone into the Ship's Office for a critique. Five minutes.

MURPHY

'Kay. Sorry about the screw-ups.

PHILLIPS

Don't be sorry. Be angry. They'll jump higher.

Murphy nods, shuts off the alarm. Phillips turns away.

...when something catches his eye. THREE BLIPS - *coming from the 10-cm RADAR SCREEN*. Odd.

He stops. Leans in. The BLIPS indicate THREE SMALL VESSELS, seven miles astern. They're moving in on us. Fast.

Just like they would if this were *the real thing*. Hmmm...

Phillips grabs a pair of BINOCULARS and heads outside, to:

EXT. MAERSK - PORT SIDE BRIDGE WING - CONTINUING

He looks through the binoculars, to find:

PHILLIPS' POV - ACROSS WATER - CONTINUING

Two MOTORBOATS *pound* through FOUR-FOOT SWELLS at 21 knots, right at us. A TRAWLER behind them. We can't see faces yet... But they certainly are moving like pirates would. Real ones.

EXT. MAERSK - PORT SIDE BRIDGE WING - RESUMING

Phillips lowers the binoculars. Collects himself. Returns to:

INT. MAERSK - BRIDGE - CONTINUING

He moves to the Engine Order Telegraph, leans on it a bit. A gage tells us his RPM's just shot up to 122 revs. The ship surges forward. The men notice. He looks to Murphy:

PHILLIPS

Call down to the Engine Room. Tell 'em to let me know if anything goes red. I'm increasing our speed.

MURPHY

Cap? We still in the drill?

Phillips is already at a phone, dialing. Two rings, then:

UKMTO OPERATOR (THRU PHONE)

United Kingdom Maritime Trade Operations.

PHILLIPS (INTO PHONE)

This is the Maersk Alabama - position is two-degrees-two north by forty-nine-degrees-nineteen east. Course is  
(MORE)

PHILLIPS (INTO PHONE) (cont'd)  
 one hundred eighty, and speed at  
 seventeen knots. We have two skiffs  
 approaching at five-point-five miles,  
 with a possible mother ship behind  
 them. Potential piracy situation.

That got everyone's attention. But it's still a drill. *Right?*

UKMTO OPERATOR (THRU PHONE)  
 It's probably just fishermen. But you  
 should get your crew together and get  
 your fire-hoses ready. And you may  
 want to get the ship locked up.

PHILLIPS (INTO PHONE)  
 We understand that, thank you. Will  
 keep you posted.

MURPHY  
 Cap?

Phillips hangs up. The men await an answer...

PHILLIPS  
 Three boats. This is not a drill.

Oh. He dials another number. Hears a ring. Then two.

MURPHY  
 Never heard of an attack in the  
 middle of the day, Cap. Visibility's  
 too good.

PHILLIPS  
 They aren't here to fish.  
 (hands him the phone)  
 Take this. I'm trying to reach the  
 U.S. Maritime Emergency Line.

Murphy takes the phone. Phillips returns to the Bridge Wing:

EXT. PORT SIDE BRIDGE WING - RESUMING

Another look through the binoculars. More DETAILED now:

The skiffs are getting CLOSER, despite the four-foot SWELLS.  
Somalis. With AK-47's. (Musi and his crew aboard one; a  
 pirate named ASAD and his crew on the other.) In other words:

*An actual attack, real pirates, coming at us now.*

INT. MAERSK - BRIDGE - MOMENTS LATER

Phillips returns - to find SIX SAILORS **now** staring at him:

\*

Ken Quinn, Durell, and Marv have joined Murphy, Wright, and ATM on the bridge. They look concerned. \*

PHILLIPS

Sea's helping us. They're getting pounded out there. But they are coming. Two skiffs carrying armed men. Four miles out and closing.

Murphy lowers the phone.

MURPHY

Twelve rings. There's nobody there.

PHILLIPS

Colin, sound the intruder alarm.

Wright hits the ALARM. Phillips grabs a P.A. MIKE:

PHILLIPS (INTO MIKE)

Captain speaking. This is not a drill. All crew report back to your muster points. Repeat, this is not a drill. Crew to the Ship's Office. Engineers to the Engine Room. Locked up and sealed in. Now.

(lowers mike)

Shane, let's go to hand steering. Left fifteen.

MURPHY

Left fifteen... \*

EXT. MAERSK - AFT - BELOW THE WATERLINE - CONTINUING

Giant TWIN **TILLERS** move fifteen degrees right, pushing the ship *left* - and creating a swell in its wake. \*

EXT. MUSI'S SKIFF - MOVING - AT SEA - SAME

Musi's skiff **SLAMS** into a swell. He adjusts his course. To his right, Asad's skiff does the same. Zeroing in...

INT. MAERSK - BRIDGE - RESUMING

Phillips watches the radar screen. BLIPS moving in.

PHILLIPS

Right fifteen.

MURPHY

Right fifteen.

The ship surges starboard. Phillips grabs the ship's RADIO:

PHILLIPS (INTO RADIO)  
Chief, how we doing on engines?

\*

MIKE PERRY. *We met him already - eight days ago.*

\*

PERRY (THRU RADIO)  
We're good, Cap.

PHILLIPS (INTO RADIO)  
Increasing speed to 124 revs.

\*

PERRY (THRU RADIO)  
No problem.

Phillips pushes the Engine Order Telegraph forward.

MURPHY  
They're at three miles, Cap.

\*

WRIGHT  
A lotta chop out there. Don't they know there's a lotta chop out there?

Phillips eyes the radar again. We CUT TO:

INT. MUSI'S SKIFF - SAME

Musi bears down on the Maersk, his face a stone.

INT. MAERSK - BRIDGE - MINUTES LATER (MORNING)

Murphy looks up from the radar. But Phillips already knows:

MURPHY  
Two miles, Cap.

PHILLIPS  
Send out a call to "War Ship 237."  
I'll pretend to get it.

MURPHY  
Huh?

PHILLIPS  
Forget it. I'll do it.

He grabs the radio, speaks into it:

PHILLIPS (INTO RADIO)  
Warship 237, Coalition Warship 237.  
This is Maersk Alabama, come in.

Then he changes his voice, pretending to be "Warship 237":

PHILLIPS (INTO RADIO, CONT'D)  
 ("warship voice")  
 Maersk Alabama, come in. This is  
 Coalition Warship 237.  
 (normal voice:)  
 This is Maersk Alabama. Position is  
 two-degrees-two north by forty-nine-  
 degrees-eighteen east. Course is one  
 hundred eighty and speed at eighteen  
 knots. Request immediate assistance.  
 We have two skiffs approaching and a  
 mother ship trailing behind. Look to  
 be pirates, heavily armed.  
 ("warship voice")  
 Roger that, Maersk Alabama. How many  
 do you have aboard?  
 (normal voice:)  
 Crew of twenty. No injuries at this  
 time.  
 ("warship voice")  
 Roger that. We have a helicopter in  
 the air. His ETA to your position is  
 approxiamately five minutes.  
 (normal voice)  
 Copy that, 237. Maersk out.

He puts the radio down. Murphy and Quinn eye him.

MURPHY  
 I'm pretty sure that was illegal.

PHILLIPS  
 So's piracy...

EXT. PIRATE TRAWLER - SAME

On the mother ship, Hufan *just heard that fake transmission*.  
 He eyes the sky overhead for a chopper, as:

EXT. MUSI'S SKIFF - MOVING - AT SEA - SAME

CRASH! Musi's skiff slams into a huge swell, almost upending.  
 His crew is sent sideways. Musi rights himself.

...then notices that *Asad's skiff is now peeling off and  
 heading away*. (Asad also heard that fake transmission, via  
 HANDHELD RADIO.) Musi's crew-members look to him, waiting.

He presses on, bearing down on the Maersk...

INT. MAERSK - BRIDGE - SAME

\*

Phillips is watching all this. Murphy's at the radar.

PHILLIPS

This guy doesn't scare worth a damn,  
does he.

(into radio.)

Chief, you got your men secured?

PERRY (THRU RADIO)

We're good, Cap.

MURPHY

They're at one mile now, Cap.

PHILLIPS

Hit the hoses.

EXT. MAERSK - MAIN DECK - STERN - CONTINUING

FIVE FIRE HOSES - one starboard, one port, three stern - fill  
quickly, each sending 100 pounds of water-pressure per square  
inch off the ship. It's their only real line of defense...

EXT. MUSI'S SKIFF - MOVING - AT SEA - RESUMING

Musi's got a six foot SWELL in front of him. His men brace  
themselves. He barrels right over it, then PLUMMETS...

Big DROP. Big splash. The skiff's engine stalls. Musi tries  
to restart it. No luck. More swells are coming. He looks to  
the Maersk - its hoses shooting HUGE JETS of water down...

INT. MAERSK - BRIDGE - RESUMING

Phillips watching Musi. Murphy watching the radar...

MURPHY

Holding at zero point nine, Cap.

PHILLIPS

He started from too far out. They  
dropped him too far out.

Through binoculars again, we see Musi, trying in vain to re-  
start his engine. No use. The skiff is adrift...

PHILLIPS (CONT'D)

He's dead in the water. \*

MURPHY/KEN QUINN

Hell yeah! Awesome. See ya!

Phillips looks through his binoculars again. \*

Musi has binoculars too. Two captains, studying one another -  
with a shared sense that they'll be seeing each other again.



PHILLIPS

We got lucky...

Each Captain lowers his binoculars... as we CUT TO:

INT. MAERSK - A-DECK - MESS - NIGHT

A silent game of TRIVIAL PURSUIT. Murphy, Durell, ATM, Colin Wright, Mike Perry. Guys trying to *distract* themselves.

But Durell is kicking all of their asses in the game...

WRIGHT

You gotta be kidding me. Where'd you pull "The Treaty of Paris" out of?

DURELL

College.

MURPHY

Hey, ya know those things that could bring a ship bad luck? Guess what the worst one is? *The Friggin' New Guy* winning Trivial Pursuit. Seriously.

DURELL

Sorry.

INT. MAERSK - E-DECK - CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Spacious quarters. Phillips reads an E-MAIL from Andrea:

*"It snowed again today. I keep thinking how much you love that. And every morning I wake up on your side of the bed. So I must be missing you. Yes, definitely missing you. Miss your voice. And I miss those great long LETTERS you used to write to me when you were gone. E-mail stinks. Love you. Andrea."*

Phillips breathes out a smile, looks out his window - a sky full of stars. Then he STOPS. Just heard a BANGING noise.

It's outside his door. He opens the door to investigate:

INT. MAERSK - E-DECK - PASSAGEWAY - CONTINUING

Here's the source of the noise: Marv. Slumped against a bulkhead, bottle in hand. *Very drunk*. Phillips sighs.

PHILLIPS

Marv. What're you doing?

MARV

Trying to find my bunk.

PHILLIPS

No. I mean on this ship. You should be home collecting a pension and raising gardenias.

MARV

And miss all this?  
(drunken amusement)  
"Being at sea is like going to jail with a chance of drowning." Mark Twain.

He gestures wildly, shattering his bottle. Silence...

MARV (CONT'D)

Am I done?

PHILLIPS

Yeah. You're done. You can't sail with me anymore.

MARV

Guess I'll get another ship then.

PHILLIPS

You do that.

Phillips turns to go... but:

MARV

By the way... his name was Sam.

PHILLIPS

Huh?

MARV

The Deck Machinist who opted out... His name was Sam. Four kids he sent money home to, and an ex-wife. Who takes care of them now, huh?  
(Phillips is silent)  
Ship keeps sailing, I know; he was replaceable. But it woulda been nice if you'd at least asked his name.

Marv turns to go - then stops, confused. *Where am I going?*

PHILLIPS

B-Deck. Berth Two. Ya need a map?

INT. MAERSK - A-DECK - MESS - RESUMING

The Trivial Pursuit game - the guys *trying* to forget the day's events... Then Phillips enters.

And everyone tightens again. He notes it.

\*

PHILLIPS  
Who's winning?

KEN QUINN  
Friggin' New Guy.

PHILLIPS  
Aw, Jeez. Didn't they tell you that  
was bad luck?

Tight laughs. Phillips grabs a coffee... the unease in here  
going unaddressed... until:

ATM  
Ya think they'll try again, Cap?

There it was. Phillips pauses. The guys await an answer.

PHILLIPS  
Most likely, yeah.

PERRY  
And, uh... That gonna be the program  
again? Evasive maneuvers?

PHILLIPS  
That's the book. Why?

PERRY  
I didn't much like being outgunned.

PHILLIPS  
Me neither. But they have weapons and  
we don't. So evasion's all we got.

PERRY  
Then maybe we should have weapons.

A few guys nod. Clearly, *it's been discussed in here tonight.*

PHILLIPS  
Sorry. The guys who own this ship  
disagree, and they sign the checks.

ATM  
I don't get that, Cap. None of us do.

PHILLIPS  
Ships start carrying guns, pirates  
are going to come back with mortars.  
We start carrying depth charges,  
pirates are going to come back with  
(MORE)

PHILLIPS (cont'd)  
 rocket-launchers. Besides that, there  
 are ports on this run that won't  
 allow an armed ship to dock.

PERRY  
 Careful, Cap. You're starting to  
 sound like a suit.

ATM  
 Did have a corporate ring to it.

Phillips looks to Murphy, who looks away: "Can't help you."

PHILLIPS  
 If the hoses don't keep them away,  
 we've got flares, pikes, axes,  
 hatchets. We can gel the decks or  
 wire the stairways.

MURPHY  
 That's bringing a stick to a  
 gunfight, Cap.

PHILLIPS  
 Hey, we get in a gunfight and lose,  
 we could have twenty sailors killed  
 or captured - huh? You all know the  
 orders. If we're boarded, the crew  
 gets to their muster points and we go  
dark and cold. Power off. Lights off.  
 And we stay that way. Our performance  
 today was embarrassing. And by the  
 way, the non-duress codeword is  
 "supertime." Half the crew still  
 doesn't know it. Unless you hear it,  
 you stay sequestered. No one on this  
 crew is going to be taken hostage.

ATM  
 Somebody's trying to hijack a ship,  
 it goes against a sailor's nature to  
 run and hide. *We're men, ain't we?* \*

This isn't going anywhere good. Phillips reads the faces.

*...and decides to stop pushing the company line.* \*

PHILLIPS \*  
*You guys wanna know the truth? \*  
 (they're waiting) \*  
 The truth is, I don't feel any better \*  
 about the hoses than you do. I wish \*  
 we had machine guns. But I don't own \*  
 this vessel. And I'm not in the game. \**  
 (MORE)

PHILLIPS (cont'd)

(that landed)

You wanna change the rules? Buy a shipping line. Until then, this is the job. We're here for the ship; the ship isn't here for us. Anybody who can't accept that can deboard at Mombasa. I won't think any less of you.

Silence. No one replies. But he just gained some respect...

PHILLIPS (CONT'D)

Let's shut this down. It's late.

(out the door)

We're still in apache country, so everyone stay vigilant.

EXT. MAERSK - FROM THE WATER - NIGHT

The Maersk muscles through the water. All is calm...

EXT. PIRATE TRAWLER - ON THE WATER - MOVING - NIGHT

The two SKIFFS are tied to the trawler again. Musi and Asad stand before Hufan, who looks very displeased... then:

HUFAN (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)

The voices on that ship sounded American. Could be a lot of money. And we only have one skiff.

(Musi and Asad, waiting--)

Musi will take it.

ASAD (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)

Why?

HUFAN (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)

Because he doesn't turn back.

Then - BAM - Hufan *shoves Asad off the boat and into the sea*. Splash. No one moves - everyone shocked, even Musi - because the boat is pulling away. Asad calls out to Musi for help.

Musi is frozen, watching - as Hufan goes to the bridge and GUNS THE ENGINE. The trawler speeds away, *leaving Asad in the water*. Howling. A point just got made.

And Asad's helpless cries grow more and more distant... as:

INT. MAERSK - E-DECK - CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - 5:25 A.M.

Pre-dawn. Phillips sleeps.

Then his eyes snap open - right *before* his phone rings:

PHILLIPS (INTO PHONE)

Yeah.

WRIGHT (THRU PHONE)

Better get up here, Cap. They're back.

INT. MAERSK - BRIDGE - 5:30 A.M.

Colin Wright and ATM are on watch. Phillips enters.

...just as a VOICE becomes audible on the RADIO:

HUFAN (THRU RADIO)

This is Somali pirate! Somali pirate!  
Coming to get you!

*A pirate? Announcing that he's coming? Very unusual.* Phillips looks to the radio; it's on Channel 16.

WRIGHT

They're five miles out.

Phillips grabs his binoculars... and finds the TRAWLER, five miles astern, towing those two skiffs... but:

HUFAN (THRU RADIO)

Somali pirate! Coming to get you!

...as Musi's skiff casts off from the trawler, coming at us.

PHILLIPS

Let's go to one hundred twenty revs.

ATM

One hundred twenty revs.

PHILLIPS

What's our course?

ATM

Heading two hundred thirty.

PHILLIPS

Bring it over to one-eighty.

ATM

Left to one hundred eighty.

A flick of the wrist, and the ship lurches left. Phillips keeps his eyes on the trawler.

...as Murphy arrives on the bridge.

MURPHY

We make a course correction, Cap?

PHILLIPS

Find out where the Bosun has his people.

MURPHY

What's up?

PHILLIPS

Four point one miles astern. Doing twenty knots.

Phillips gestures... and Murphy gets the **picture: there's** Musi's skiff, barrelling in on us over a calm, windless sea. \*

PHILLIPS (CONT'D) \*

Call UKMTO, tell 'em this is not a drill.

Movement, tension. Phillips grabs the ship's phone:

PHILLIPS (INTO PHONE)

Chief, we're in a piracy situation. I need you in the engine room with all your men. Locked in and secured.

(a beat)

And, Chief. Bring your Bible. This time you're gonna be there a while.

He hangs up, heads for a cabinet, pulls out a PYROTECHNIC BOX. Eighteen FLARES in there. He grabs ten of them.

**MURPHY** \*

(re: **radio**) \*

He says call back when they're within a mile.

PHILLIPS

Christ. Leave the line open so they can monitor what's happening. Sound the intruder alarm, and switch the radio to emergency band, Channel One.

Murphy sounds the INTRUDER ALARM. Long-short, long-short. Phillips eyes the console. We're doing 16.8 knots.

PHILLIPS (CONT'D) \*

ATM, let's start the fire-hoses and sound the general alarm.

ATM hits the GENERAL ALARM. Phillips approaches Wright with the flares.

PHILLIPS (CONT'D)

Take these and go out on the bridge wing. When they get within a mile you fire your first one. But I want you to cease firing if they get any closer than a couple hundred yards.

MURPHY

I can handle that, Cap.

PHILLIPS

No. I want you below. Get the crew out of the Ship's Office and into the After-Steering Room. It's deeper inside the house. And make sure all the engineers are locked into the Engine Room. Every man accounted for.

MURPHY

Okay.

PHILLIPS

And Shane? That includes you. I don't wanna see you back up here.

Murphy hates that... but he nods, exits the Bridge.

EXT. MAERSK - MAIN DECK - SAME

The FIVE FIRE-HOSES begin spraying...

EXT. MUSI'S SKIFF - ON THE WATER - MOVING - RESUMING

Musi's skiff is doing 21 knots. He shouts at his men: \*

MUSI (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)

Let them know you are here! Let them know you are Somali marines!

EXT. MAERSK - STARBOARD SIDE BRIDGE-WING - SAME

Wright aims a flare at the skiff, a half-mile out, when: \*

MUZZLE FLASHES appear on the skiff. And just like that, we're being strafed by automatic gunfire. SLAP-SLAP-SLAP. Bullets clang off the house and smokestacks. Wright hits the deck.

...as Phillips leans out of the bridge.

PHILLIPS

Colin! Get the hell in here!

WRIGHT

I can hit 'em, Cap!



PHILLIPS

Now!

Wright hurries into:

INT. MAERSK - BRIDGE - CONTINUING

ATM at the helm. Phillips grabs the ship's radio:

PHILLIPS (INTO RADIO)

Shots fired. Shots fired. They're a quarter mile out. Port side.

A rain of bullets: POP-POP-POP. Hitting various spots on the House. Musi's skiff revs up and comes BEHIND THE SHIP.

WRIGHT

The hoses aren't gonna cut it. Are they, Cap?

PHILLIPS

No.

(into radio:)

Shane, you got everybody secured?

On Phillips, we PULL BACK, through the window of the bridge:

...while TRACKING RIGHT and DROPPING DOWN, outside the "house"... until Phillips is out of frame, and:

EXT. MAERSK - OUTSIDE BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS SHOT

We move down and across the entire House, PUSHING THROUGH its steel shell, revealing the innards of:

E-Deck, *then down through D-Deck, C-Deck, B-Deck...* each empty, just unmanned Quarters. CONTINUE MOVING DOWN, into:

A-Deck, where we find the Mess, and the Hospital Bay. Then the MAIN DECK. There's the Ship's Office, also empty.

We keep descending, THROUGH THE WATERLINE, plunging in and down, until we reach:

INT. MAERSK - AFTER-STEERING ROOM - CONTINUING

A STORAGE room, 60-by-20. Huge bundles of rope in coils. And barrels of greases, oils, cleaning fluids.

Murphy guides TEN CREW-MEMBERS in, hurriedly. We recognize Ken Quinn, Durell. Murphy corralling them:

MURPHY

In, in, in! Let's go! Everybody in!  
 Ken, get me a headcount.  
 (into radio:)  
 Chief. Your men all accounted for?

We blow through a steel door - SAME CONTINUOUS SHOT - to:

INT. MAERSK - ENGINE ROOM - CONTINUING

The ENGINE ROOM is three stories deep, 130 feet long, wide as the ship. Massive diesel engine, huge boilers, all run from:

INT. MAERSK - ENGINE CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUING

A nerve center. Rows of upright machines and monitors.

Chief Engineer Mike Perry and his men are all here: the 1ST ENGINEER, 2ND ENG., 3RD ENG., OILER, and DECK MACHINIST.

PERRY (INTO RADIO)

We're in and secured.

BIBLE in hand, Perry shuts the door. We END SHOT, and CUT TO:

EXT. MAERSK - PORT SIDE BRIDGE-WING - SAME

The skiff is now just 100 feet away, on our port side. And Phillips is now on the bridge-wing, firing flares at it.

EXT. MUSI'S SKIFF - ON THE WATER - MOVING - SAME

Two flares miss, falling harmlessly into the water. Bilal sits cross-legged in the front of the skiff, grabs his AK, aims right at us, and:

EXT. MAERSK - PORT SIDE BRIDGE-WING - RESUMING

POP POP POP. Bullets pucker the WIND-DODGER (a metal hood, there to deflect wind off the bridge) over Phillips' head.

He ducks down. Then pops back up again.

PHILLIPS

C'mon, Baby. Find a gas tank.

He FIRES the flare, but:

EXT. MUSI'S SKIFF - ON THE WATER - MOVING - RESUMING

The flare misses. Now Elmi, also cross-legged, is firing too.

EXT. MAERSK - PORT SIDE BRIDGE-WING - RESUMING

Gunfire - a TORRENT of POPPING SOUNDS around Phillips. And he's out of flares. He runs back into:

INT. MAERSK - BRIDGE - RESUMING

Phillips, hollering:

PHILLIPS  
Fifteen left!

ATM  
Fifteen left.

EXT. MAERSK - AT THE WATERLINE - CONTINUING

The ship surges left, away from the skiff.

...but the skiff has found a spot amidship that isn't protected by the fire-hoses. Musi bears in...

INT. MAERSK - BRIDGE - RESUMING

Phillips looks to the GPS. We're doing 18.3 Knots.

PHILLIPS  
Fifteen right!

ATM  
Fifteen right.

EXT. MAERSK - AT THE WATERLINE - AMIDSHIP - CONTINUING

The ship swerves right into the skiff. But Musi steadies it. Again, there's no fire-hose covering this spot.

INT. MAERSK - BRIDGE - CONTINUING

Phillips, scrambling.

PHILLIPS  
I need a rifle. We should have  
Goddamn rifles! Fifteen left.

ATM  
Fifteen left. And yes we should.

EXT. MUSI'S SKIFF - AT THE WATERLINE AMIDSHIP - SAME

Najee unfolds and extends a LADDER straight up. Damn thing is twenty feet long, Home Depot quality, with GRAPPLING HOOKS:

INTERCUT WITH/EXT. MAERSK - PORT SIDE DECK - CONTINUING

The GRAPPLING HOOKS wrap snugly around the FISHPLATE (solid metal, six inches high) on the deck of the Maersk.

Musi grabs the ladder while moving at 18 knots. He jumps from the speeding skiff to the ladder, climbing... \*

INT. MAERSK - BRIDGE - RESUMING

Phillips grabs ATM, pushes him down, literally, to the floor.

PHILLIPS

Stay there.

ATM doesn't argue. He'll steer the boat from down here. Phillips grabs the rest of the flares, heads out to:

EXT. MAERSK - PORT SIDE BRIDGE-WING - CONTINUING

...where he sees what he didn't want to see:

EXT. MAERSK - MAIN DECK - AMIDSHIP - CONTINUING

Musi is aboard. Running across the Maersk's deck...

EXT. MAERSK - PORT SIDE BRIDGE-WING - RESUMING

Phillips fires two more flares... They skitter off the deck and into the sea as Elmi also boards the Maersk.

PHILLIPS (INTO RADIO)

Two pirates have boarded. Two pirates aboard now, amidship.

Oddest thing. Elmi sits *cross-legged* on the deck, just like before, and starts firing his AK, right at us. POP-POP-POP.

The wind-dodger puckers an inch from Phillips' face.

He ducks down. Pops up again, firing wildly. MORE GUNFIRE drives him down again. Then:

A HAND, grabbing him. It's ATM, pulling him away.

ATM

Get inside, Cap! They're gonna kill you!

PHILLIPS

Goddammit I told you to stay down! On the bridge!

But more GUNFIRE strafes them. Shit. They crawl back to:

INT. MAERSK - BRIDGE - CONTINUING

GUNFIRE nicks the BRIDGE WINDOWS. (They're bulletproof).  
Wright is trying to stay calm. It's an effort.

WRIGHT  
Whadda we do, Cap?

PHILLIPS  
You two get to the After-Steering  
Room with the rest of the crew.  
(they eye him: *huh?*)  
Go. Both of you. I have the bridge.

ATM  
Sorry, Cap.

WRIGHT  
Can't do that, Cap.

They aren't moving. Phillips isn't surprised. We CUT TO:

EXT. MAERSK - DECK - BASE OF THE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

All that stands between Musi and the bridge is seven flights  
of steps - protected by that steel "PIRATE CAGE".

He nods to Elmi, who SHOTS THE LOCK OFF THE CAGE. The cage  
swings harmlessly to the side. Easy. They begin to climb.

INT. MAERSK - BRIDGE - RESUMING

Phillips knows they're coming. Damn it. He grabs the radio.  
(NOTE: it will stay on his hip for the next 12 hours.)

PHILLIPS (INTO RADIO)  
This is the Captain. Listen up.

INTERCUT WITH/INT. MAERSK - ENGINE CONTROL ROOM - SAME

Perry and his Engineers come to a stop. And one room over:

INTERCUT WITH/INT. MAERSK - AFTER-STEERING ROOM - SAME

Murphy and the rest of the crew do the same, listening.

PHILLIPS (RADIO, CONT'D)  
We're about to lose the bridge.  
Chief, you now have control of the  
ship. Shane, the men are under your  
command. I've got Colin and ATM on  
the bridge with me; I'm going to get  
them to safety as soon as I can.  
Everyone else accounted for?

PERRY (INTO RADIO)  
Yes, Cap.

MURPHY (INTO RADIO)  
Uh, no Cap. We don't have a twenty on Marv.

Phillips sighs - but has to keep going:

PHILLIPS (INTO RADIO)  
Okay. You know the plan. We counteract everything they want to do. They wanna take this ship back to Somalia. That's no good. So we go dark and cold. Engines off, non-emergency power off. They can't do much with a dead ship. They wanna take a bunch of hostages. Also no good. So every man stays out of sight. NO ONE comes out until you've heard the all-clear from me, WITH the non-duress password.

INTERCUT WITH/EXT. MAERSK - SUPERSTRUCTURE - STEPS - SAME

Musi and Elmi, climbing fast toward the Bridge...

INT. MAERSK - BRIDGE - RESUMING

Phillips can feel them coming. And he *hates* to say this, but:

PHILLIPS (INTO RADIO)  
I'm gonna do everything I can to make sure this doesn't happen - but if they find you, and capture you, here's what you need to remember:

That lands on the faces of Murphy and the crew...

And - in the next room - Perry, and all the Engineers, as:

EXT. MAERSK - SUPERSTRUCTURE - STEPS - SAME

Musi and Elmi, nearing the top...

INT. MAERSK - BRIDGE - RESUMING

Phillips, **keeping it calm and direct:**

\*

PHILLIPS (RADIO, CONT'D)  
Do what they tell you. Try to appear helpful. You've got giveaways - use them: showing them the ship's safety equipment, or how to get fresh water.  
(MORE)

PHILLIPS (RADIO, CONT'D) (cont'd)  
 Make them feel they're in control  
 while guiding them away from the  
 important stuff, like radar or the  
 engine controls. And never reveal the  
 locations of the rest of the crew. If  
 you are drawn into conversation with  
 them, do not mention religion.  
 Nothing about Allah or Jesus or your  
 faith being better than theirs. They  
 may throw politics at you or tell you  
 America is the worst country in the  
 world. Don't take the bait. You're  
 not there to defend your nation's  
 honor. You're there to survive.

The guys are listening. The pirates are climbing...

PHILLIPS (RADIO, CONT'D)  
 Don't call attention to yourself.  
 Don't appear too confrontational or  
 too meek. Maintain your dignity. If  
 you're screaming at them or  
 whimpering in the corner, you give  
 them a personal reason to put a  
 bullet in your head.

Murphy, Durell, Wright, Perry... hanging on every word...

PHILLIPS (RADIO, CONT'D)  
 Last thing. A sense of humor helps.  
 Unfortunately, none of you guys are  
 funny - so try not to get captured.

That broke a bit of the tension. But just a bit.

PHILLIPS (RADIO, CONT'D)  
 We know the ship; they don't. Just  
 keep looking out for one another.  
 We'll be okay.

He puts down the radio. ATM and Wright are silent. He grabs a \*  
 JACKKNIFE off a table, pockets it... \*

...as the sound of an AK-47, firing, spins our head around.

The bridge-door opens - *Elmi rushing in, pointing that AK at us and shouting in Somali like a guy on a meth-bender.*

Instant chaos. ATM and Wright drop to their knees, hands up. Phillips stands still. He has lost the bridge, officially.

Elmi shouting. ATM and Wright scared witless. Musi glides in - meeting Phillips for the first time now:

MUSI  
Relax, Captain, relax. Just business.  
No Al Qaeda. You stop the ship.

Phillips nods. Musi looks the bridge over, notes Wright and ATM - shocked to find a black sailor here.

MUSI (CONT'D)  
What nationality?

PHILLIPS  
Me? Or the ship?

MUSI  
The ship. American, right?

PHILLIPS  
Yes. This is the Maersk Alabama.

That's BIG NEWS. Musi nods, pleased. Elmi WHOOPS. \*

MUSI  
Okay. Just business. Stop the ship.

Phillips nods, heads toward the ENGINE ORDER TELEGRAPH, while quietly keying his handheld radio and *talking softly*:

PHILLIPS  
Bridge is compromised. Bridge is  
compromised. Take the steering.

INT. MAERSK - ENGINE CONTROL ROOM - SAME

Perry and his Engineers just heard that. Perry hits a SWITCH that gives him OVERRIDE OF THROTTLE AND RUDDER COMMANDS.

INT. MAERSK - AFTER-STEERING ROOM - SAME

Murphy speaks to his men (and into his radio):

MURPHY  
Okay. You know what to do. Kill the  
engines and all non-emergency power.

INT. MAERSK - BRIDGE - RESUMING

Alarms are WHOOPING. Phillips silences them. Musi watching.

MUSI  
No Al Qaeda, no Al Qaeda. We want  
money only. Stop the ship.

PHILLIPS  
Okay, okay. It takes a minute.



MUSI  
Where's your crew?

PHILLIPS  
I don't know. I'm here with you.

He moves to the Engine Order Telegraph. Jiggles it. Of course, it doesn't respond. Musi is about to complain, when:  
...with a SHUDDER, the thrum of the ship's engine STOPS.

Then, that fast, the POWER GOES OUT. Consoles, screens, A/C. All dead. And we're *adrift*. Musi looks around.

MUSI  
What is that?

PHILLIPS  
We shut the engines down too fast.  
(pure bullshit)  
There's a check-down procedure. We rushed it, knocked out the grid.

That pisses Musi off. Meanwhile, the ship is drifting with the current, almost in a circle.

MUSI  
Stop this circling! Straighten the ship out!

Phillips "tries", turning the wheel, to no effect.

PHILLIPS  
We shut it all down too fast! Ship's broken, ship's broken.

He points to the console, taps on the bow thruster and the rudder angle indicator. None of them respond.

MUSI  
Move.

Phillips obliges. Musi tries the instruments, futilely, as:

Phillips moves to the RADAR. Three knobs on it. He turns down the "gain" knob and turns up the "anti-rain" and "anti-sea-clutter" knobs. Then he moves toward the VHF radio...

INT. MAERSK - AFTER-STEERING ROOM - SAME

EMERGENCY LIGHTING down here - but Murphy can see what Phillips is doing on INDICATORS relayed from the Bridge.

MURPHY  
 Attaboy, Cap.

KEN QUINN  
 What's he doing?

MURPHY  
 Degrading the radar. And changing the  
 frequency on the radio so they won't  
 be able to contact their mother ship.

The men like it. But they're getting *warm* in here. No A/C...

INT. MAERSK - BRIDGE - RESUMING

Bilal and Najee arrive on the bridge now. Shouting, pointing  
 their AK's. Musi smiles.

MUSI  
These guys are Somali pirates! Crazy.  
 I'm just interpreter.  
 (no reply from Phillips)  
 Dangerous guys! They'll kill you!

ATM and Wright keep their hands up and their heads down. Musi  
 orders Bilal and Najee to take positions by the bridge doors.

MUSI (CONT'D)  
 Call your crew. I want them up here!

PHILLIPS  
 Okay.

Phillips moves to the P.A. MIKE:

PHILLIPS (INTO MIKE)  
 All crew, all crew. Pirates want you  
 to report to the bridge. Repeat,  
 pirates want you on the bridge.

INT. MAERSK - AFTER-STEERING ROOM - RESUMING

Semi-darkness down here. And HEAT. Murphy eyes the men.

MURPHY  
 Until you hear the word supertime,  
 we don't move.

INT. MAERSK - BRIDGE - RESUMING

Elmi pokes at Wright and ATM with his AK. Phillips steps in:

PHILLIPS

Hey, do your guys want some water? Or some cigarettes? I got a couple cartons here.

MUSI

Cigarettes.

Phillips heads for a cabinet, grabs a few cartons.

PHILLIPS

ATM, grab some sodas for these guys, all right?

ATM

Sure, Cap.

Phillips hands packs of cigarettes to Musi and his men. ATM grabs a few sodas, offers them to the pirates. Elmi ignores him, starts rifling through cabinets. \*

PHILLIPS

Hungry?

(Elmi grunts)

You're in luck. We've got seventeen tons of wheat and peas in the hold. It was intended to feed most of Kenya, but what the hell - go to town.

Elmi didn't like that. Phillips sits beside Wright.

WRIGHT

(quietly)

Cap, how much ya got in your safe?

PHILLIPS

Less than they want.

WRIGHT

But a couple grand, right? Maybe we give it to 'em and they go away.

PHILLIPS

It's a U.S. ship, Colin. They're thinking millions - not thirty grand.

WRIGHT

How do you know?

Phillips just knows. Meanwhile Musi leans over the radio, trying to re-set it, careful not to let his frustration show.

MUSI  
What's your tribe, Captain?

PHILLIPS  
I'm an American.

MUSI  
Not your nationality. Your tribe.

PHILLIPS  
I don't have a tribe. I told you. I'm  
an American.

MUSI  
Your people. Your tribe.

PHILLIPS  
Oh. I guess I'm Yankee Irish.

MUSI  
I'm a Somali Marine. A real sailor.

The ship is still drifting in a circle. And Musi just ERUPTS: \*

MUSI (CONT'D)  
Where is your crew, Irish?

PHILLIPS  
I don't know. I'm here with you.

MUSI  
Get them up here now! If not, these  
crazy-guys kill you!

Bilal and Najee jump as if they'd been plugged into a socket: \*  
shouting again, pointing the AK's:

BILAL/NAJEE  
Down! Down!

ATM and Wright drop their heads, *the AK's pressed inches away  
from them now*. Things just ramped up in a hurry.

MUSI  
You want to die! Two minutes, they  
kill you! They kill your men!

PHILLIPS  
Take it easy. I'm doing my best.

NAJEE  
Minute thirty now!

MUSI

I told you! Bad guys! Bad guys!

Wright looks to Phillips, who moves again to the P.A. MIKE.  
All he has to say is "suppertime" and the crew will oblige...

PHILLIPS (INTO MIKE)

All crew, all crew. Pirates want you  
on the bridge now. Report to the  
bridge immediately.

NAJEE

One minute! We kill everyone!

PHILLIPS

Can you back your men off, please?  
Before someone gets shot?

MUSI

Get them up here right now!

Wright, terrified, looks to Phillips - pleading...

PHILLIPS (INTO MIKE)

Pirates want you on the bridge, right  
now.

NAJEE

Thirty seconds! You hear me! Thirty  
seconds and you DIE!

INT. MAERSK - AFTER-STEERING ROOM - SAME

Then men know to stay put. But it's now 105 DEGREES in here.  
Del, the old salt, is panting from heat stroke.

INT. MAERSK - BRIDGE - RESUMING

Wright is about to burst. ATM too.

NAJEE

Fifteen seconds!

MUSI

Dangerous pirates! Get your men!

PHILLIPS

You just heard me call 'em!

ATM and Wright, each with guns at their heads...

NAJEE

Ten seconds!

MUSI  
Call them again, Irish!

PHILLIPS  
Hey. You wanna shoot somebody, shoot me. I'm the Captain. I'm the Captain.

He moves in *front* of his men. Elmi pushes him away, hard. Phillips falls. While he's down, he keys his handheld:

PHILLIPS (INTO HAND-HELD)  
If you don't hear from us in one minute, we are gone. Defend the ship.

NAJEE  
Five seconds!

WRIGHT  
Cap? Please!?

NAJEE  
We kill you all!

Najee yells. Elmi and Bilal too. Deafening. *Wright starts yelling* out of sheer terror.

...when a single unexpected sound pierces the air.

A knock, at the bridge door.

Everything stops. Every head turns. Musi nods to Phillips: "Go open it." Phillips crosses to the door, opens it. Sighs.

...because it's Marv. Of course. Right where he shouldn't be. Phillips can hardly believe it.

MARV  
Cap?

PHILLIPS  
C'mon in, Marv. You're dead.

Before Marv can reply, Elmi grabs him by the collar and puts him on the ground next to ATM and Wright.

But the crisis, oddly, has passed. Musi eyes Phillips:

MUSI  
Let's go. We search the ship.

PHILLIPS  
For what?

MUSI

Your crew.

Phillips discreetly keys his radio, so this'll be broadcast:

PHILLIPS

You wanna search the ship? Good. I'm eager to find those guys as you are.

Musi pushes Phillips to the door, nods to Bilal.

MUSI (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)

You too. Bring your gun. And that flashlight.

INT. MAERSK - AFTER-STEERING ROOM - SAME

Murphy heard that. He heads for a steel door.

MURPHY

Everybody stay put.

INT. MAERSK - BRIDGE - RESUMING

So Najee and Elmi will be left here with Wright, ATM, and Marv. Phillips pauses at the door:

PHILLIPS

I want your assurance that my men won't be harmed in any way.

Musi pauses, breathes out a grin... then *says something to Najee and Elmi in Somali*. They nod. Then:

PHILLIPS (CONT'D)

What'd ya tell 'em?

MUSI

Go.

He nudges Phillips out the door.

INT. MAERSK - ENGINE ROOM - CONTINUING

Emergency lighting. Perry and his FOUR MEN (all in their 50's and 60's), are sweltering in here. Murphy enters.

MURPHY

Did you hear that?

PERRY

Yeah. Sounds like two of 'em are coming, and Cap.

MURPHY

Way too much light down here; **they're gonna find us**. We gotta shut down the emergency power.

\*  
\*

JOHN CRONAN

That generator's on the deck, Shane.

That's JOHN CRONAN, First Engineer. In his 40th year at sea.

MURPHY

His orders were we go dark and cold, right?

JOHN CRONAN

Yeah. When's the "cold" part start?

MURPHY

I'm going for the E-PIRB and some water. Can you get to the generator?

PERRY

Probably. Damn it.

MURPHY

Gotta kill the plant, Chief. That's the whole game now.

INT. MAERSK - E-DECK - PASSAGEWAY - DAY

Phillips leads Musi and Bilal into a 65-foot-long passageway.

When the door shuts, we're in semi-DARKNESS. Every fourth light lit. And we're adrift. It's spooky, even for pirates. Phillips starts talking. Too loud. With his RADIO KEYED:

PHILLIPS

This is E-Deck. You just tell me which doors you want opened.

MUSI

All of them.

INT. MAERSK - SUPERSTRUCTURE - PORT STAIRWELL - SAME

Mike Perry moves quickly - but quietly - up stairs. Ahead of him is a door. He pauses here... then nudges it an inch:

Sunlight spills in...

INT. MAERSK - E-DECK - PASSAGEWAY - RESUMING

Phillips, moving loudly, RADIO KEYED. Comes to a door.



PHILLIPS

These are the Chief's Quarters.

(opens it)

Listen, don't think too badly of my crew. They're good guys. I think they're just scared.

Musi barks at Bilal to inspect the CHIEF'S QUARTERS.

MUSI

Somali Marines, you tell them to do something, they do it. Nobody scared.

(eyeing another door)

They real sailors.

PHILLIPS

That's just a safety locker. Nobody in there.

MUSI

Open it.

Phillips opens the door. It is, indeed, a SAFETY LOCKER.

PHILLIPS

I'm not here to trick you. I wanna find 'em as much as you do.

EXT. MAERSK - MAIN DECK - SAME

Murphy emerges from a STARBOARD STAIRWELL on to the Deck.

Light sears his eyes. He squints, doesn't see any pirates out here. Just an EXTERIOR STAIRWELL. He makes a dash for it.

INT. MAERSK - E-DECK - PASSAGEWAY - RESUMING

Phillips, Musi, Bilal - searching this passageway:

PHILLIPS

And these are my quarters.

MUSI

What's that door?

PHILLIPS

That's a telephone booth.

MUSI

Show me.

EXT. MAERSK - MAIN DECK - SAME

Perry emerges from the PORT STAIRWELL. His eyes adjust.

\*

From here, he can see across the deck. 50 feet away is his target: the ship's EMERGENCY GENERATOR. Five feet tall, five feet long, ten feet wide. Green. But:

Straight above it, seven stories off the deck, is a grated metal WALKWAY jutting off the Bridge.

Elmi is currently standing guard on it, meaning he can see from here straight through to the Generator below.

Damn it. Perry exhales, calculating the odds...

PERRY (INTO RADIO)  
I've got the generator in sight.

INT. MAERSK - E-DECK - CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - CONTINUING

Musi enters Phillips' QUARTERS. He can't help but react.

The place feels palatial to him. A large room, sunlit by big windows. With an OFFICE and a SATELLITE OFFICE jutting off it. He begins to drift through, taking it all in.

PHILLIPS  
Standard Captain's Quarters. Then we can drop down to D-Deck.

Musi pauses. Before him is a MIRROR. Might be the biggest one Musi's ever seen. He eyes his own reflection *as if he'd never seen his whole face before*. An odd, private moment.

Then he notices PICTURES - of Andrea, and Dan, and Phillips' daughter MARIAH. Musi reacts; Phillips catches it.

PHILLIPS (CONT'D)  
You have a family?

Musi half-nods, looks at the picture of Dan...

PHILLIPS (CONT'D)  
When he was a boy and I had to go to sea, he'd stand in front of the door to keep me from leaving. He still kids me about it: "My father never loved me. He'd rather be on a ship somewhere." I think I'm gonna tell him not to joke like that anymore.

MUSI  
My son says it too.

That hovers. They eye one another.

PHILLIPS  
What's his name?

MUSI  
Ghedì.

PHILLIPS  
He gonna be a pirate too?

MUSI  
If he live long enough.

Then Musi heads out.

PHILLIPS  
There's a stairwell right at the end  
of the passageway here...

EXT. MAERSK - B-DECK - STERN - SAME

Murphy reaches the BULKHEAD beside that ORANGE LIFEBOAT.

Affixed to the bulkhead by a bracket is an E-PIRB (Emergency Position-Indicating Radio Beacon) a 406 MHz DISTRESS SIGNAL, red, looks like a walkie-talkie, with an antenna.

He yanks it from its housing, activates it. It starts to BLINK and BEEP. Sending out a signal... as:

INT. NOAA OFFICE - WASHINGTON D.C. - NIGHT \*

National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration. Night shift. \*

A pup named FLOURNOY rises from his monitor, heads for a desk where DIETZ, his boss, is reading a newspaper. \*

FLOURNOY  
Boss, a call just came in from the  
Sarsat desk in Riyadh. They got a  
ping from an E-Pirb off the coast of  
Somalia. \*

DIETZ  
What kind of vessel? \*

FLOURNOY  
American. The Maersk Alabama. \*

Not a small piece of news. Dietz grabs a phone... \*

INT. MAERSK - D-DECK - PASSAGEWAY - CONTINUING

Another 65-foot-long corridor. Phillips, Musi, Bilal.

PHILLIPS  
 D-Deck. Crew quarters.  
 (re: a door)  
 That's a closet.

\*

MUSI  
 Open it.

Phillips opens **the** door. Just a closet. Musi eyes him...

\*

PHILLIPS  
 Where'd you learn your English?

MUSI  
 Open that one.

Phillips nods, opens **another** door - revealing:

\*

INT. MAERSK - D-DECK - MATE'S QUARTERS - CONTINUING

ATM Raiza's room. There's a PRAYER RUG on the floor. And an ARROW on a desk, pointing to "Mecca." Musi stops. Bilal too.

BILAL  
 Muslim?

Musi throws a *searing look* at Bilal: "*Quiet!*" Bilal shrinks.

PHILLIPS  
 I guess.  
 (off Musi's look:)  
 What, you thought we were all Irish?

EXT. MAERSK - MAIN DECK - RESUMING

Perry closes his eyes, grabs the CRUCIFIX around his neck in heartfelt prayer, then starts across the deck - racing for that EMERGENCY GENERATOR, directly below Elmi.

INT. MAERSK - C-DECK - PASSAGEWAY - DAY

Another corridor. Phillips, Musi, Bilal.

PHILLIPS  
 C-Deck. More crew quarters.

MUSI  
 He the only Muslim in the crew?

PHILLIPS  
 I don't know. I don't get into anybody else's business.

MUSI  
You Christian?

PHILLIPS  
Does it matter?

Opening doors throughout, letting Bilal and Musi inspect...

MUSI  
I was Christian 'til I was ten. Yeah,  
you tell me what you are.

PHILLIPS  
If you really need to know, I'm sort  
of a half-assed Catholic.

MUSI  
Your children?

PHILLIPS  
My daughter's kind of on the fence  
about church. If it started later in  
the morning and served more wine,  
she'd probably go.  
(nods to a door)  
That's another closet.

Again, Musi wants it opened. Again Phillips complies. And  
again, it's just a closet...

INTERCUT WITH/EXT. MAERSK - DECK - RESUMING

Perry, running for that Emergency Generator...

INTERCUT WITH/INT. MAERSK - MESS-DECK - MESS - SAME

Murphy enters, sets the blinking E-PIRB on a table, heads  
into the KITCHEN...

INT. MAERSK - C-DECK - BOSUN'S ROOM - DAY

Musi searches another small room, then stops: there's a pair  
of NEW SANDALS lying here. He eyes them. Hmmm.

His sandals are old, ratty. But Bilal has no sandals at all.

Musi takes the new sandals for himself and shuts the door  
without Bilal knowing what he's missed. But *Phillips* saw...

EXT. MAERSK - MAIN DECK - SAME

Perry - *unseen by Elmi, seven stories above* - gets to the  
EMERGENCY GENERATOR. It has a lid, like a dumpster.

\*  
\*

Perry opens it. Yanks a FUEL VALVE loose. Then throws TWO SWITCHES... and:

INT. MAERSK - MESS-DECK - CORRIDOR - SAME

Sudden BLACKNESS. The Emergency Power just shut off.

...and we're in a windowless corridor. Musi grabs the flashlight from Bilal, too quickly. It falls to the ground.

MUSI

What happened? What happened?

PHILLIPS

Emergency generator must've failed.

Musi gets to the flashlight. The beam hits Phillips' face. The rest of the world is PITCH-BLACK. Drifting, creaking...

MUSI

How come nothing work on this boat,  
Irish?!

PHILLIPS

Bad luck, I guess.

To their right is a door. We DRIFT THROUGH IT, to:

INT. MAERSK - MESS-DECK - MESS - RESUMING

Murphy is on the other side of that door, carrying the E-PIRB, jugs of WATER, bags of food. Now he *freezes* - as:

PHILLIPS (O.S.)

Crew's Mess. This is where we eat.

MUSI (O.S.)

Show me.

Oh shit. Murphy moves away as fast as he can.

...as Phillips "fumbles" his keys, stalling... then he opens the Mess-Door and *pauses in the doorway*. Here's why:

The flashlight just hit something that *shouldn't* be here:

A lump on the mess-table, a BLANKET clumsily covering the water jugs, food-bags... and the E-PIRB, which is blinking.

Moving fast, Phillips takes the flashlight - as if to lead the way - starts walking toward the KITCHEN.

PHILLIPS

You guys hungry? Got some melon in the fridge. You should take it, bring it back to your men. It's just gonna spoil anyway.

Musi and Bilal follow, leaving the blanket behind. But:

INT. MAERSK - MESS DECK - KITCHEN - CONTINUING

*Murphy himself is hiding in this Kitchen...* huddled under a desk. Phillips spots the edge of Murphy's shoe, sticking out... but he keeps his poker face. In fact:

He shines the flashlight on Bilal's bare feet - just inches away from the hiding Murphy, who notes them, as intended.

Phillips opens the fridge. Of course, no light pops on. He pulls out four big CANTALOUPEs, and some JUICE-BOXES. Hands them to Bilal, who has the AK in his hands.

PHILLIPS

(re: AK)

Want me to hold that for you?

Bilal laughs. Then gets another sharp look from Musi.

PHILLIPS (CONT'D)

I'll find a bag.

He grabs a bag, puts the melons in it. Time to go.

PHILLIPS (CONT'D)

This leads to the Hospital.

He starts walking, in the darkness. Musi follows. Bilal too.

Murphy, under that desk, finally breathes...

INT. MAERSK - MESS DECK - HOSPITAL BAY - CONTINUING

Phillips leads them into the Hospital Bay. The flashlight beam reveals nothing.

\*  
\*

PHILLIPS (CONT'D)

Okay. Where to next?

MUSI

Engine Room.

Musi grabs the flashlight back from Phillips.

...as Murphy, under that desk, tightens. Oh, no...

INT. MAERSK - AFTER-STEERING ROOM - DAY

110 and pitch black. 65 year-old Del is barely breathing.

The guys hear a tapped out KNOCK on the door. Durell opens it. Here's Perry. He hurries back in, winded.

PERRY  
Everybody okay?

DURELL  
Del's in trouble, Chief. We gotta get him some air and water.

PERRY  
Soon. Soon. Just gotta hang in there.

Perry flips his RADIO ON - just as:

MURPHY (THRU RADIO)  
Chief, it's Shane. They're leaving the Hospital Bay and coming your way. Break some glass outside the Engine Room door. One of 'em's barefoot.

PERRY (INTO RADIO)  
Copy that. Thanks, Shane.

Perry eyes the men in here. They're fading fast...

INT. MAERSK - MAIN DECK - CORRIDOR - LATER DAY

Phillips leads Musi and Bilal toward the Engine Room, well aware that his crew is in there somewhere.

PHILLIPS  
Hang on, lemme just find the Engine Room key. It's hot down here...

MUSI  
All your men babies like you?

PHILLIPS  
My men are merchant mariners.

\*

That had an edge on it. They step toward the door... when:

...we hear a CRUNCHING SOUND, and a *groan* from Bilal; he just stepped on what we now see is BROKEN GLASS, by the door.

The kid winces in silence. Musi eyes him, then looks to Phillips, "Open the door." Phillips obliges. They enter:



INT. MAERSK - ENGINE ROOM - CONTINUING

A deep space. Phillips pauses in the doorway. Musi waves the flashlight. Bilal is on one foot now, in searing pain... \*

*...as we drift just on the other side of a door, to:*

INTERCUT WITH/INT. AFTER-STEERING ROOM - CONTINUING

12 men, hiding. Durell attending to Del. They hear:

MUSI (O.S.)  
Where all your engineers?

PHILLIPS (O.S.)  
I dunno. They could be anywhere.

Durell looks to Perry, who quietly grabs a JACK-KNIFE...

*...as we RETURN TO Phillips and Musi - walking ahead of Bilal, who is too hobbled to keep up.*

MUSI  
Why they don't come when you call,  
Irish? They don't like you?

Phillips hadn't expected that. He pauses.

*...while his men, on the other side of the door, listen in.*

PHILLIPS  
Not much, no. I think they think I'm  
a prick.

That landed - on the faces of Phillips' men...

MUSI  
What that word mean? Prick. \*

PHILLIPS  
A guy who keeps telling you what a  
horse's ass you are 'cause he thinks  
it'll make you work harder.

MUSI  
Then I'm a prick. Good!  
(Phillips almost laughs)  
You treat sailors too nice, you get  
soft sailors. Lazy, lazy. Captain has  
to be a prick.

PHILLIPS  
No. He doesn't. It's just a habit.

MUSI

If you keep 'em scared of you, maybe  
they sail better - then you don't  
have pirates taking your ship away.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

PHILLIPS

That wasn't them. That was me.

(a beat)

I always thought when the time came  
I'd be able to outrun you. My  
mistake.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

The men heard that too. But Musi wasn't listening.

MUSI

What's that door?

Musi's pointing at the very door separating him from all  
these men, the AFTER-STEERING ROOM DOOR. Uh-oh...

PHILLIPS

That's a Haz-Mat closet.

Musi weighs that. Bilal wincing. The moment just hanging...

Then Musi moves on, choosing not to open the After-Steering  
door. He just heads out. Bilal follows, limping.

PHILLIPS (CONT'D)

We should get back to the bridge.

INT. MAERSK - AFTER-STEERING ROOM - RESUMING

Massive relief on the faces in here. Some gratitude too.

INT. MAERSK - BRIDGE - DAY

ATM, Wright, and Marv on the floor. Najee and Elmi on guard.

The door opens. Phillips, Musi and Bilal return - Bilal  
hobbling, bleeding badly. Najee and Elmi are silent, only  
because voicing disappointment would be insubordinate.

But Musi can *feel* their anxiousness. It infuriates him. So:

MUSI

We go search again.

PHILLIPS

That's a waste of time.

MUSI

My ship now! Understand?

He grabs *that* FLARE GUN *off a desk*, and: \*

EXT. MAERSK - PORT BRIDGE-WING - CONTINUING

From here, Musi can see his SKIFF, bobbing gently *aport*. \*

It's a tiny target, one that Phillips missed several times. But Musi takes aim with that flare. A single shot...

BULLSEYE. The flare hits. The skiff catches fire.

INT. MAERSK - BRIDGE - CONTINUING

Musi returns. From here, all the men can see the SMOKE rising from the burning skiff. It's unsettling, for the *pirates* too.

MUSI

I decide! We look again!

PHILLIPS

You wanna find my crew? Then take these guys.

He gestures to ATM, Wright, and Marv. Musi's thrown.

PHILLIPS (CONT'D)

The crew's not gonna respond to me. I'm the guy they're mutinying against. Take them.

Musi pauses, wary. Eyes the three crew members... then:

MUSI

(re: ATM)

I take the Muslim.

Phillips sags; he'd wanted *all* his men off this bridge...  
Musi grabs an AK, yanks ATM up off the floor - but: \*

ATM \*

They aren't gonna come out if you're  
armed. \*

(Musi pauses) \*

It's a respect thing. They're  
sailors. \*

Musi considers that, studies ATM - a long beat - then crosses to Najee, handing off the AK and mumbling instructions. \*

...which gives Phillips a chance to mumble to ATM, *out of Musi's earshot* - while **KEYING his radio:** \*

PHILLIPS

Take him to the guys. *They'll know what to do.*

\*  
\*

ATM nods. Musi returns, *studies ATM.*

\*

MUSI

You really a Muslim?

\*

ATM

Yeah.

MUSI

Then why you sail with these guys?

ATM

Why you sail with pirates?

MUSI

'Cuz pirates own the water, Brother.

He grabs a LONG-KNIFE, and pushes ATM out the door. Phillips *watches, concerned but hopeful.* We CUT TO:

\*  
\*

INT. PHILLIPS' HOME - BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

\*

2 a.m. Andrea sleeps. Outside, a cold WIND blows. Hard.

\*

She's sleeping through it... until the wind jogs that old SHIP'S BELL on the patio. It rings. And her eyes open.

\*  
\*

Fear, that fast. She knows something's wrong... We CUT TO:

\*

INT. MAERSK - BRIDGE - LATER DAY

\*

TWO HOURS have passed, in silence and heat. Tension hanging. Phillips is *removing the glass from Bilal's feet.* It feels like kindness, but Bilal can't quite trust it.

NAJEE

Where are they? Where they go?

PHILLIPS

I don't know. I'm here with you.

(Najee grunts, irritated)

Colin. Marv. Go look for them.

Wait. *What?* The pirates eye Phillips. So do Wright and Marv.

PHILLIPS (CONT'D)

My men know the ship. They'll find 'em. And that way you guys can stay up here on the bridge.

A pretty bold play - and Wright's fairly sure it isn't going to fly. But Najee decides quickly... turns to Wright:

NAJEE  
(re: Phillips)  
You no come back, he die.

Wright nods, rises. Marv too. The pirates feign disinterest. ...which gives Phillips a chance to say to Wright, quietly:

PHILLIPS  
I don't expect to see you two back up here. Is that understood?

Wright nods. Marv half-nods. They head for the door...

INT. MAERSK - ENGINE DECK - PASSAGEWAY - SAME

125 degrees now. Sweltering. ATM leads Musi.

ATM  
This leads to the Engine Room and the After-Steering.

MUSI  
I know the boat. Why you guys all talk so much?

ATM's about to reply... when they both stop. Shocked.

*Musi's flashlight just landed on a FACE - Perry - 20 feet away. Perry ducks behind a corner. Musi starts after him. ATM has to do something about it. He grabs Musi, but:* \*

*Musi strikes him with the flashlight across the jaw and charges down the corridor. We FOLLOW...* \*

*...through this dark, tight space - just a flashlight beam and Musi's heavy breaths. Around that corner, when:* \*

A JOLT OUT OF THE DARKNESS - Perry, lunging at Musi with the JACK-KNIFE, slicing into Musi's hand. Musi howls, drops his long-knife and the flashlight.

ATM jumps in now, grabbing the injured pirate, backing him up against a bulkhead. Perry puts the knife to Musi's throat.

There's a RADIO on Perry's hip. He grabs it, flips it on:

PERRY (INTO RADIO)  
Hey, Pirates. Come in, Pirates.

INT. MAERSK - BRIDGE - SAME

The Pirates turn, deeply thrown. *That voice, crackling through the RADIO overhead. Who is that?*

\*  
\*

PERRY (THRU RADIO, CONT'D)  
This is the crew of the Maersk  
Alabama. We have your Captain.

Phillips grins. But the pirates are irate.

PERRY (THRU RADIO, CONT'D)  
Do you read, Pirates? We have your  
captain. Will trade him for our  
men... and for you guys getting the  
hell off this ship.

The Pirates confer intensely in Somali... until it's decided that Najee will reply. He grabs the radio.

NAJEE (INTO RADIO)  
You have our guy?

PERRY (THRU RADIO)  
Yeah. Bleeding, but we got him.

NAJEE (INTO RADIO)  
We don't have a boat.

PHILLIPS  
Take our lifeboat. On the stern.

Najee lowers the radio, looks to Phillips:

NAJEE  
We need money.

PHILLIPS  
It's in my room.

NAJEE  
Show me.

INT. MAERSK - E-DECK - CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - EVENING

Phillips opens his safe, extracts \$30,000.

PHILLIPS  
Thirty thousand dollars.

NAJEE  
And how much you worth, Irish? How  
much a couple of your guys worth?

That had some edge. Phillips hands over the cash.

EXT. MAERSK - B-DECK - STARBOARD STERN - EVENING

The lifeboat sits on those skids, above B-Deck. Anyone inside it will drop from here, *45 feet straight into the sea.*

Elmi, Najee, and Bilal eye it, trying to look undaunted.

NAJEE  
Need more fuel.

PHILLIPS  
We can arrange that.

NAJEE  
And food. Water.

Phillips calls out... one deck up... to:

EXT. MAERSK - C-DECK - CONTINUING

Murphy and Durell are one deck above the lifeboat, watching:

PHILLIPS  
They want some food.

Murphy looks to Durell, who nods, under his breath:

DURELL  
I'll go find something spoiled.

MURPHY  
Pork. Make sure it's pork.

Durell smiles, goes. Murphy leans over and half-waves to the three Pirates, as if he were their best pal:

MURPHY  
Food's on the way!

NAJEE  
You show us our captain!

MURPHY  
Soon as you're in the water.

Najee doesn't like it. Murphy doesn't care.

PHILLIPS  
Let's go get your fuel.

INT. MAERSK - EMERGENCY GENERATOR ROOM - EVENING

Phillips siphons fuel from a DIESEL GENERATOR into buckets.

Najee stands guard. Elmi is a few feet away, flipping the same GENERATOR switches that Perry used to kill the power.

PHILLIPS  
Will you please leave those alone?

ELMI  
You trouble, Irish. You pain in the  
ass.

PHILLIPS  
Let's go.

NAJEE  
No. More fuel.

PHILLIPS  
Where ya headed? Disneyworld?

NAJEE  
More.

INT. LIFEBOAT - SUSPENDED - EVENING

Najee, Elmi, and Bilal get their first look inside the lifeboat: hatches, seats, the elevated bridge... (They don't know it yet, but this will be "home" for the next few days.)

PHILLIPS  
Once you're in and secured, you're gonna hit this valve. Might take a few pumps. The cog releases, and you go down the skids and into the water.

Najee should be nodding. He isn't. Something odd about that. But before Phillips can react... he sees *the caricature of himself, drawn by Dave. And the words "Philips is a shit."* \*

*Phillips eyes it, breathes out an ironic smile.* \*

PHILLIPS (CONT'D)  
*At least spell my name right...* \*

*The pirates don't comment. He moves on:* \*

PHILLIPS (CONT'D)  
Your food's here.

Najee nods. Phillips steps through the AFT HATCH, to:



EXT. MAERSK - B-DECK - CONTINUING

Bilal and Elmi watch as Durell steps forward with a box of FOOD, covered with tinfoil. Phillips gets a whiff, smiles.

PHILLIPS (CONT'D)  
Specialty of the house, huh?

DURELL  
Steward called it "horse-cock."

Phillips grins. Murphy is ten feet away, glaring at the pirates. They're keeping a watchful eye on him.

PHILLIPS (CONT'D)  
Crew holding up okay?

DURELL  
Couple heat-strokes, but they're fine.

PHILLIPS  
See that they get treated, huh?

DURELL  
Why, Cap? You goin' somewhere?

PHILLIPS  
Ya never know.

That hangs there. He turns to the pirates:

PHILLIPS  
Okay. Get yourselves harnessed in.  
We'll send your captain down to you  
once you're in the water.

NAJEE  
No.

That halted things. Murphy waits. Phillips *not* reacting, as:

NAJEE (CONT'D)  
You come in water with us. When we  
have captain back, you show him how  
boat works, then you go free.

MURPHY  
That *wasn't* the deal, Asshole.

Najee points an AK right at Murphy's head, and:

NAJEE  
New deal.

That fast, *everything ramps up*. Elmi points his AK at Durell. Bilal, on one foot, points his at the guys on C-Deck. And suddenly everybody's barking - Somali vs. English:

NAJEE (CONT'D)  
 (re: crew-members)  
 Who you like *least*, Captain? Who you don't mind if they dead?

More barking. More AK-pointing, testosterone rising - until:

PHILLIPS  
Belay that! All of you!

The barking stops. We PUSH IN on Phillips...

PHILLIPS (CONT'D)  
 (at Najee)  
 Stop threatening my crew.

NAJEE  
 You get in the boat, nobody shout at nobody.

PHILLIPS  
 Then let's go.

The pirates lower their weapons, heading for the lifeboat. Phillips too. No one on the crew can believe it.

MURPHY  
 Wait a minute. You're goin' in the water with these guys?

PHILLIPS  
 Send him down once we're underway. On the ladder amidship.

Murphy's at a loss. The whole crew is.

MURPHY  
 How 'bout I go instead? And you stay on deck. I can show 'em how it works as good as you.

PHILLIPS  
 You buckin' for overtime pay now?

MURPHY  
 Cap, you get in there with them, you ain't comin' out.

PHILLIPS  
We want 'em off the boat, right?

MURPHY

Yeah. But not like this.

Phillips *climbs in the lifeboat.*

MURPHY (CONT'D)

Cap...

PHILLIPS

Crew's yours, Shane. You got it?

A last look between them. Feels like a goodbye. Murphy nods. Then Phillips "dogs" (closes) the aft hatch.

INT. LIFEBOAT - CONTINUING

Phillips, sealed in with them now, moves to the bridge.

PHILLIPS

Get your yourselves secured. This thing drops like a stone.

The seats in here have harnesses like those on a carnival ride. Bilal, Elmi, and Najee strap themselves in, facing aft.

BILAL

Hey, Irish. How come you do that? Your guy wanna take your place in here with the dangerous pirates. How come you say no?

PHILLIPS

I'm Captain. He's crew. Are you harnessed in?

Bilal nods without understanding. Phillips grabs a radio:

PHILLIPS (INTO LIFEBOAT RADIO)

They can still strafe the ship, so keep the guys out of harm's way.

PERRY (THRU RADIO)

Roger that.

PHILLIPS (INTO LIFEBOAT RADIO)

How's his hand?

INTERCUT WITH/EXT. MAERSK - C-DECK - SAME (EVENING)

Musi, bound and gagged, his hand bleeding profusely, has been brought up to C-Deck under guard. Perry eyes him.

PERRY (INTO RADIO)

He'll live.

PHILLIPS (INTO LIFEBOAT RADIO)  
Okay. Releasing lifeboat now.

Phillips puts the radio down, harnesses himself in, grabs a RELEASE VALVE, (a hydraulic pump.) Starts PUMPING it, as:

INTERCUT WITH/EXT. MAERSK - B-DECK - RESUMING

A COG holds the lifeboat on these skids.

Now it's receding, hydraulically...

...as Phillips keeps pumping the valve, eyeing the pirates.

PHILLIPS  
(quietly, eyes heavenward)  
God, if you have to kill someone on  
this drop, I'd appreciate it not  
being me...

A few more pumps on that release valve, then:

...the COG on the skids falls away.

...and the lifeboat, unmoored, rockets down the skids. 12 feet, like a sled, nose down, then *off the edge of the ship*:

EXT. MAERSK - STERN - CONTINUING

A 45-FOOT DEAD DROP, hurtling toward the water.

INT. LIFEBOAT - FALLING - CONTINUING

The pirates are stunned by their own velocity. Phillips braces himself. The surface rushing up to meet him, then:

A THUNDEROUS PLUNGE as the lifeboat smashes into the sea, sending up a huge plume, vanishing under water.

It's like a car wreck in here, bodies hurtling, banging, restrained by those harnesses. Water ABOVE us... until:

INTERCUT WITH/EXT. WATER-LINE - CONTINUING

The nose of the lifeboat breaches the surface, its bridge ten feet above the waterline, visible through those WINDOWS.

Phillips gathers his wits, looks to his passengers.

PERRY (THRU RADIO)  
Cap, you okay?

PHILLIPS (INTO LIFEBOAT RADIO)  
We're okay. Bring him amidship.

EXT. MAERSK - DECK - STARBOARD - EVENING

Murphy on deck. Musi, hand badly BLEEDING, is beside him. \*

The lifeboat - powered by a 4 cylinder diesel engine - pulls up alongside the Maersk 20 feet below, idling amidship.

MURPHY

You go in, he comes out. Right?

Musi smiles. The whole crew is watching from various decks - as he begins to climb down his own ladder, slowly.

INTERCUT WITH/EXT. LIFEBOAT - WATER-LINE - CONTINUING

Elmi opens the aft hatch, points his AK at the Maersk crew again. Nobody flinches. Musi keeps descending.

INTERCUT WITH/INT. LIFEBOAT - CONTINUING

Through the cockpit window, Phillips can see Murphy on the Maersk deck - but there's an ocean between them now.

Phillips clutches the radio... then:

PHILLIPS (INTO LIFEBOAT RADIO)

Listen, Shane. This ship is due in Mombasa two days from now.

MURPHY (INTO RADIO)

That's what the schedule says.

PHILLIPS (INTO LIFEBOAT RADIO)

I expect you to get it there.

That lands. And Murphy doesn't like it. He watches Musi, descending, then looks to the open hatch, doing the math.

MURPHY (INTO RADIO)

I got a better idea. How 'bout you jump outta that lifeboat, right now.

PHILLIPS (INTO LIFEBOAT RADIO)

Can't do that, Shane. You know that.

MURPHY (INTO RADIO)

Cap, enough of this already. Get the hell outta there. We can take these assholes.

PHILLIPS (INTO LIFEBOAT RADIO)

Crew did a helluva job today; you did too. Tell 'em that, okay?

Murphy's about to respond when...

\*

Musi reaches the hatch, and climbs in - leaving it open.

INT. LIFEBOAT - CONTINUING

Musi eyes Phillips, and *Bilal's now-bandaged foot*, (with a look of mild scorn.) Najee quickly hands over the \$30,000.

PHILLIPS

Not much to operating this thing;  
I'll take you through it. If you want  
me to fix up your hand there's a med-  
kit behind you.

MUSI

Did you say goodbye to your men?

So much for pretense. Phillips expected that.

PHILLIPS

I did.

MUSI

Good.

...which is when - no surprise - Musi grabs Phillips and shoves him to the floor, then throws the hatch shut, and guns the throttle, the lifeboat speeding away.

The crew on the Maersk holler, but they're helpless.

Phillips is shoved into a seat at gunpoint. No expression.

EXT. MAERSK - DECK - RESUMING

The lifeboat speeds away from us. The men watch it go, livid.

MURPHY

You dumb son of a bitch.  
(sighs, then...)  
Okay, let's **power up and** run 'em  
down. Full ahead, and hard left.

\*

The crew goes into action... We **CUT TO:**

\*

INT. BURLINGTON HOSPITAL - NURSE'S STATION - DAY

Andrea's in the middle of a shift (she's an E.R. NURSE)  
Checking a medical chart, when her CELL rings.

ANDREA (INTO CELL)

This is Andrea.

MIKE WILLARD (THRU CELL) \*  
 Andrea, it's Mike Willard. What's the  
 name of the ship Rich is on?

And just like that, Andrea knows. Her husband's in trouble. \*

ANDREA (INTO CELL)  
 What happened?

Pure dread. We CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH COURSE - VIRGINIA BEACH, VA. - MORNING

Navy SEALS run on a beach. BRAVO PLATOON: 16 guys, ages 25-35. Warriors. Athletes. Patriots. Led by LT. SAYERS.

A black SUBURBAN pulls up alongside them. Driving is LT. COMMANDER ROBERT ABOITIZ, (36, from East L.A.) Behind him are THREE MORE SUBURBANS. The SEALS come to a stop.

ABOITIZ  
 Need all your men in the trucks,  
 Lieutenant. We have a situation.

SAYERS  
 What's up, Boss?

ABOITIZ  
 An American's been captured by  
 pirates off the coast of Somalia -  
 holding him in an escape craft.  
 Nearest warship is 345 miles out.  
 (that lands)  
 No calls to wives or girlfriends.  
 We're briefing in the Team Area. Then  
 we're geared up and on a plane.

SAYERS  
 (at his men)  
 Okay, Bravo. Into the trucks.

INT. LIFEBOAT - MOVING - NIGHT

A muggy fiberglass hell. Elmi checks the FUEL BUCKETS in the \*  
 nose of the lifeboat. Phillips watching. \*

Musi, at the helm, is dividing the \$30,000. He gives himself \*  
all the 100's, splits the 50's among three other piles. \*  
Phillips notes that too. \*

PHILLIPS \*  
 What's all the fuel for? \*  
 (no reply) \*  
 (MORE) \*

PHILLIPS (cont'd)

Ya got five times more than you need.  
What's it for?

MUSI

Protect us from other pirates.  
(Phillips is silent)  
Some other tribe come, try to take  
you away. We make big speed, then...

He makes an EXPLOSION sound, laughs. Phillips eyes him.

Musi opens the FOOD-PACKAGE from the Maersk. He smells it, grimaces. Motions to Bilal, "Take the wheel." Then Musi opens the tiny aft hatch - again, Phillips watching.

EXT. LIFEBOAT - AFT DECK - SAME

Musi tosses the styrofoam box into the water, then spots something... He stares - angered but not surprised:

It's the MAERSK, fully powered now, on his tail. Musi ducks back down, shuts the hatch.

INT. LIFEBOAT - MOVING - RESUMING

Musi eyes Phillips.

MUSI

Thought you said ship was broken.

PHILLIPS

I guess they fixed it.

MUSI

Uh-huh.  
(at his crew, in Somali)  
*Come get your shares!*

The men approach him on the Bridge. He hands each their "share" of the \$30,000. It's bloody money, though. From the GASH on his hand.

PHILLIPS

Careful. You're bleeding all over my boat.

MUSI

My boat now.

PHILLIPS

Congratulations. Where we going?

MUSI

Home.



Phillips feigns indifference; it's an act...

INT. PHILLIPS HOME - DEN - MORNING

SEVEN NEWSCREWS outside now. 20 PEOPLE inside, here to help.  
(TIMELINE: *The Maersk reps have not yet arrived.*)

Nancy is manning the door - a REPORTER trying to get in...

NANCY

Um, this guy says he's a local reporter. But I don't know him.

AMBER

Check his shoes. Is he wearing penny loafers?

NANCY

Yes.

AMBER

He's not local. No one from Underhill wears penny loafers. Close the door.

Nancy smiles politely, shuts the door.

...as Andrea drifts through, talking on her cell with Dan: \*

ANDREA (INTO CELL)

We still don't know anything yet.

DAN (THRU CELL)

I'm gonna come home. \*

ANDREA (INTO CELL)

No, Honey. You need to stay there. You've got your exams this week.

DAN (THRU CELL)

Mom... \*

ANDREA (INTO CELL)

It's a zoo here, Honey. Reporters all over. I want you away from it.

(over him) \*

Whaddaya think *Dad* would say? \*

DAN (THRU CELL) \*

He'd probably say, "Do you know how much I'm spending on that school? Stay put and do your job."

ANDREA (INTO CELL) \*

Probably.

Amber approaches Andrea, holding a LAND LINE.

AMBER  
(re: phone)  
Andrea, it's John Reinhart. Chairman  
of the Maersk Line.

Andrea pales. *Maybe he's calling with bad news...*

ANDREA (INTO CELL)  
Sweetheart, I have to take this; it's  
the guy from Maersk. I'll call you as  
soon as I know anything. It's all  
gonna be okay. I love you...

DAN (THRU CELL)  
I'm getting in the car. I'll be home  
tonight. \*

CLICK. Andrea sighs, hangs up the cell, grabs the phone... \*

ANDREA (INTO PHONE)  
Hello?

REINHART (THRU PHONE)  
Hi, Andrea. This is John Reinhart. \*

ANDREA (INTO PHONE)  
Just your typical April morning...

REINHART (THRU PHONE) \*

I understand. Listen, there's been a  
development - and I wanted you to  
hear it from me. We've gotten the  
ship back. The crew's fine. The  
pirates have escaped on a lifeboat.  
(dreading this...)  
But they have your husband with them.

Andrea pales. Can barely speak. The room waits...

ANDREA (INTO PHONE)  
On the lifeboat.

REINHART (THRU PHONE)  
Yes. It's a hostage situation. But  
you have my assurance, we're going to  
do everything we can to get him back  
to you safely.

ANDREA (INTO PHONE)  
I see.

REINHART (THRU PHONE) \*  
 I'm sending two of my best people to \*  
 your home - to help you deal with the \*  
 media, incoming calls, anything you \*  
 might need. Would that be okay? \*

Andrea can't reply. She can barely breathe. \*

REINHART (THRU PHONE)  
 Andrea?... Andrea?

INT. LIFEBOAT - MOVING - DAY

9 a.m. 105 degrees in here. Phillips sits, sweating. Baking. Musi sitting opposite us, flexes his injured hand, pained.

PHILLIPS  
 That infected yet?

MUSI  
 How would I know?

PHILLIPS  
 Fever, shaking, vomiting,  
 incontinence. Then it gets bad.

Musi pauses, conscious that his men are watching.

PHILLIPS (CONT'D)  
 They're not gonna think you're a  
 baby. They're gonna think you're  
staying fit enough to maintain \*  
 command. \*

Musi rises, gets the First Aid kit, hands it over. Phillips pulls out eyewash, saline, bandages, a long roll of tape. \*

Phillips casually cuts the tape with the JACK-KNIFE that's been in his pocket for two days now. The pirates eye him.

Without comment he surrenders the knife... and unwraps the bloody shirt off Musi's hand, revealing a nasty-looking gash. He pours eyewash and saline on it, gestures toward Bilal: \*

PHILLIPS (CONT'D) \*  
 Need to re-dress his foot too.

MUSI  
 Why you so worried about him?

PHILLIPS  
 He's a sailor and he's injured.

MUSI

Remember what I tell you about  
treating a sailor too nice?

PHILLIPS

How're the sandals? They fit okay?

MUSI

You trouble, Irish. Yeah, you a  
problem.

They eye Bilal, nervously knotting that three-colored rope.

MUSI (CONT'D)

Nothing wrong with him - he just  
afraid.

PHILLIPS

You're not?

MUSI

Yes. Of seeing my children starve.

(no reply)

We get back to Somalia, everything  
working. Tell insurance guys what we  
want for you, and everybody get rich.

PHILLIPS

Sorry. But I doubt it.

(Musi waits)

Why would the line pay you? They got  
their ship back, their crew, all of  
their cargo. And Captains are  
replaceable; don't you know that?

MUSI

Only some.

INT. PHILLIPS HOME - DAY

*Dan is home now.* He sits beside Andrea... and Amber, Nancy,  
DAWN, JANET, PATTY (more sisters in law); LEA (Andrea's  
sister); Mike Willard; TEN OTHER NEIGHBORS.

All of them looking at *Allison* - the Maersk rep - who stands  
in front of two ERASURE BOARDS. She shuts the tv off, and:

ALLISON

Okay. Rule Number One. No more tv.  
There are too many rumors bouncing  
around, and way too many opinions.  
From now on, we get our information  
only from the State Department,  
Defense Department, or from Maersk.

(MORE)

ALLISON (cont'd)

Everything that's confirmed goes on these erasure boards. Starting with this: the USS Bainbridge is on site and in contact with the pirates. There hasn't been an official ransom demand made yet. The Commander of the Bainbridge is taking his orders from a Task Force Commander, who answers to the Flag Officer of the Task Force, an Admiral named Michelle Howard. We are in touch with her on a regular basis.

AMBER

Go Michelle.

ALLISON

She answers to the Fifth Fleet Commander in Bahrain. He answers to the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, who answers to the Secretary of Defense, and ultimately President Obama. All of whom are monitoring this situation closely. The President is receiving regular updates on the situation. If he feels a military response is required, he will give the go-ahead for a rescue. It's his call. Flattering, right?

It is. So why'd Andrea just go pale?

ANDREA

Oh shit.  
(they wait...)  
Richard voted for McCain.

INT. LIFEBOAT - MOVING - DAY

Phillips, in his usual seat. Then:

THUMP THUMP THUMP. The sound turns our heads. It's Najee, trying to break a WINDOW ON THE BRIDGE with the butt of his AK-47. Repeatedly. An attempt to get some air in here.

PHILLIPS

Ya might ask him to stop that, before he takes your head off.

MUSI

He wants air.

PHILLIPS

But he's still got the clip in.

Musi nods, then barks at Najee in Somali. Najee removes the clip from the AK, starts banging again...

Finally, he breaks a pane. A small trickle of air blows in.

PHILLIPS

I have to urinate.

Musi calls to Bilal, who puts down the rope, grabs his AK, and - hobbling - leads Phillips back to the aft-hatch. Bilal un-dogs it, and they emerge:

EXT. LIFEBOAT - AFT HATCH - MOVING - CONTINUING

Phillips steps outside... and his jaw drops - just saw something huge, off our stern:

\*

The USS BAINBRIDGE, Guided Missile Destroyer, 300 yards away.

\*

Bilal smiles, thrilled. Huh? He pushes Phillips inside...

\*

INT. LIFEBOAT - MOVING - RESUMING

Bilal dogs the hatch closed. Looks to Musi.

BILAL (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)

Navy here, Boss! U.S. Navy!

\*

MUSI (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)

Yeah?

Musi turns to port... and there it is, visible through the tiny cockpit windows. The *Bainbridge*.

Instant reaction: Musi WHOOPS with excitement. Couldn't be happier. The others join in. Phillips is at a loss.

As they yell and shout, Musi grabs the lifeboat radio:

MUSI (INTO LIFEBOAT RADIO)

Navy Navy? You got the pirates here!  
No military action! No military  
action! We not Al Qaeda!

The voice of CAPTAIN FRANK CASTELLANO comes through:

CASTELLANO (THRU LIFEBOAT RADIO)

This is the USS Bainbridge.

MUSI (INTO LIFEBOAT RADIO)

Good to see you! We not Al Qaeda!  
Need food, water, batteries, and more  
bullets! Lifeboat out!

\*

End of transmission. Musi laughs. His men do too. Huh...?

PHILLIPS

I don't get it. Why're you so happy  
to see a navy ship?

MUSI

We got an escort now - get us back to  
Somali waters, safe from other  
pirates! Everybody knows to stay away  
from the gray!

(means it)

You beautiful, Irish! You better than  
twenty hostages!

EXT. NAVY ZODIAC/EXT. LIFEBOAT - DAY

A NAVY ZODIAC (inflated motorboat) skims water. Aboard it are  
FOUR SAILORS, commanded by LT. KINIMURA, bearing a BOX of  
PROVISIONS. The Zodiac reaches the lifeboat, both idling.

Musi opens the aft hatch, armed. Eyeing Kinimura.

KINIMURA

We want to see the Captain first,  
make sure he's still okay.

Musi barks at Elmi below deck, who shouts at Phillips:

ELMI (O.S.)

Come. Wave.

Phillips appears in the hatch, waves at the sailors... then  
Elmi pulls him back down below. A beat...

Kinimura's men hand over the provisions: a RADIO, batteries,  
water, chocolate POP-TARTS. And, strangely, A-1 Steak Sauce.

Kinimura pulls the radio out, hands it to Musi:

KINIMURA

Dedicated channel. My C.O. wants to  
talk to you again.

MUSI

I'll talk to him later.

Kinimura reacts, thrown. Musi smiles.

MUSI (CONT'D)

Old Somali saying: "You have all the  
watches. But we have all the time."

He laughs. Kinimura doesn't. We CUT TO:

EXT. UNDERHILL, VT. - ST. THOMAS PARKING LOT - MORNING

The ARMY OF REPORTERS is now confined to a church parking lot. They watch as a "COME HOME CAPTAIN PHILLIPS" sign is hung across the street. There are YELLOW RIBBONS everywhere.

INT. PHILLIPS HOME - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUING

TV, phones, 20 people here to help. *Andrea drifts through.* \*

FOOD PLATTERS are all over now. Casseroles, lasagnas, cakes, sent by friends, strangers. Serving trays are everywhere. Lea approaches Andrea, bearing a particularly grand one. \*

LEA

This is from the local Somali community. They want you to know how sorry and ashamed they are.

ANDREA

We have a local Somali community?

*Lea shrugs. Andrea looks around for Dan. There he is, by a window, looking out at the snow.* \*

ANDREA (CONT'D) \*

*You doin' okay?* \*

*He shrugs, but the answer's no.* \*

DAN \*

*I was just thinking how much he loves the snow. If the temperature hits eighty, he thinks it's too warm. But he never complains about snow.* \*

ANDREA \*

*He's gonna be okay, Honey. He's looking up at the sky, right now, just like you are - thinking about you.* \*

DAN \*

*Or maybe telling the pirates how to sail.* \*

*She breathes out a much-needed laugh. Dan too... but there is pure terror behind it. Andrea can see it; it's heartbreaking.* \*

*She knows what to do. A few feet away is FATHER DANIELSON. He's 50, their local priest - has been here all morning. Andrea takes his hand:* \*



ANDREA

Can we say one more, Father? Maybe  
all of us together?

(Danielson pauses)

Richard's so strong; I know he's  
hanging in there. But can we say one  
for the men who're trying to help  
him?

Danielson nods, of course. Andrea grabs Dan, as we CUT TO:

INT. C-17 - FLYING - NIGHT

A MILITARY TRANSPORT PLANE, 5,000 feet over the ocean.

Inside, gear - weapons, comm, nav, scuba - all strapped into  
an RHIB (rigid-hull-inflatable-boat). The RHIB is secured to  
the floor by cables, with parachutes attached to its stern.

...as 16 men stand, game-faces on. This is NAVY SEAL TEAM  
SIX. We move down the row of them, starting with their TEAM  
LEADER, Lt. Aboitiz. Then face after face, until we land on:

Two Seals - PETTIS (black, future world-leader), and JOON  
(Korean-American, quiet.) A light above them goes green.

ABOITIZ

Okay, guys. Time to hop and pop.

The BACK OF THIS PLANE OPENS like a mouth. Wind rushes in. A  
GUILLOTINE severs the cables securing that gear-laden RHIB.

...and the RHIB *rockets out of here at 120 mph*, sucked out  
with awesome force, its chute deploying automatically. Now  
the SEALS themselves dive out. We FOLLOW PETTIS:

EXT. MID-AIR/EXT. INDIAN OCEAN - CONTINUING - NIGHT

Falling, in darkness. Not a photon of light beneath us, (the  
waters of the Indian Ocean don't refract light at night.)  
Feels like an endless abyss down there. No form at all.

But there's a lit ALTIMETER on our wrist, counting down...  
700 feet, 600... Our CHUTE above us. Then the RHIB hits water  
below us. A huge SPLASH. We keep plummeting, down...

Then... a BIGGER SPLASH. That's us, submerging powerfully,  
water all around us... then coming up again, to find:

16 men in synchronized action, SEALS leaving their chutes to  
sink in the water and boarding the RHIB. The BAINBRIDGE  
appears now, coming to get us. The C-17 is long gone.

We've just "splashed in," SEAL-style...

INT. USS BAINBRIDGE - CIC - NIGHT

The COMBAT INFORMATION CENTER of a guided missile destroyer:  
icy blue lighting, a horseshoe layout of consoles manned by  
20 SAILORS, under the command of Captain Castellano: \*

CASTELLANO

Everybody vigilant. Game faces on.

Beside Castellano is RICHARD GARRIDOS, an FBI man to his  
core, the only civilian on board. They turn as Lt. Aboitiz  
enters, exchanging a salute with Castellano.

CASTELLANO (CONT'D)

Lieutenant Aboitiz, SEAL Team  
Commander. Richard Garridos, FBI.

ABOITIZ

Sir.

GARRIDOS

Good to meet you. Where are we?

ABOITIZ

In place and ready to go. \*

INTERCUT WITH/INT. BAINBRIDGE - HELO HANGAR - SAME \*

Pettis, Joon, and EIGHT OTHER SEALS pass through a hangar  
containing two MH60 Knighthawk HELICOPTERS - as we hear:

GARRIDOS (V.O.) \*

Orders right now are, no offensive  
action. We just keep shouldering 'em  
away from Somali waters. \*

Huge RETRACTABLE DOORS open in front of the SEALS, revealing: \*

EXT. USS BAINBRIDGE - FANTAIL - CONTINUING

The fantail of the Bainbridge sits low and flat in the water. \*  
From here, *the lifeboat is a tiny target on black ocean.* The  
SEALS drop their gear...

ABOITIZ (V.O.) \*

Understood. \*

INT. USS BAINBRIDGE - C.I.C. - RESUMING

Aboitiz, Castellano, Garridos:

GARRIDOS \*

But that directive is countermanded  
if the hostage is observed to be in  
(MORE) \*

GARRIDOS (cont'd)  
 immediate danger. What kind of  
 surveillance do we have?

\*  
 \*

INTERCUT WITH/EXT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT

\*

We're right UNDER the lifeboat. And we aren't alone.

\*

A team of SEAL FROGMEN are here too - attaching LISTENING DEVICES to the hull of the lifeboat. The devices are round, black, like hockey pucks. The SEALS activate them.

\*  
 \*  
 \*

INT. USS BAINBRIDGE - CIC - RESUMING

\*

An ENSIGN is at a console, *listening in on the lifeboat.*

\*

ABOITIZ  
 We have good ears on the boat. And  
 I've got sniper-killer teams  
 surveilling from the fantail, locked  
 in.

\*  
 \*  
 \*  
 \*  
 \*

GARRIDOS  
 Those windows aren't much of a  
 target. How're you gonna hit 'em from  
 the fantail of a moving boat?

A few sailors react. But Aboitiz is unfazed:

ABOITIZ  
 A lifeboat riding bow-down on this  
 ship's rooster-tail has a 17-second  
 cycle of harmonic motion. At the half-  
 point of every cycle, or at 8.5  
 seconds, the lifeboat will, for a  
 brief instant, be steady on.

As he CONTINUES, we RESUME INTERCUT WITH:

\*

EXT. USS BAINBRIDGE - FANTAIL - RESUMING (NIGHT)

Five SNIPER-KILLER TEAMS, in pairs: RAMOS-WINSTROM; INGRAM-  
 NGUYEN; SHRIDAR-KAY; REESE-HICKS; and Pettis-Joon.

\*

Four of the teams set up shop on LARGE CRATES, (a shooter  
 resting his weapon on the crate, spotter behind him.) Pettis  
 lies belly down on a mat, on the fantail, Joon behind him.

\*

The snipers have SR-25's. The Spotters have OPTICS DEVICES.  
 Through Joon's we see the lifeboat in the distance. Its  
windows look TINY from here. Bobbing up and down...

Every SEAL sound-checks his NECK MIKE, as:

ABOITIZ (O.S.)

During that lull, the scopes on a sniper's SR-25 can image their targets very easily. The first shot, a wad cutter, takes out the windows, removing all deflection criteria and giving four shooters, each on a single target, a clean line of sight.

INT. USS BAINBRIDGE - C.I.C. - RESUMING

Aboitiz and Garridos:

ABOITIZ

Any of our team members could then put three slugs inside the head of a quarter at 100 meters - although that is not the ideal distance.

Garridos takes all that in, sold. Then:

GARRIDOS

I'll talk to the pirates now, Captain.

INT. LIFEBOAT - MOVING - SAME (NIGHT)

Najee is finishing that multi-colored rope. Elmi is sitting up front, near the fuel buckets. Musi on the bridge.

That leaves Bilal, guarding Phillips.

PHILLIPS

How's your foot? Any better?

Bilal shrugs, conscious of fraternizing with the hostage.

MUSI (O.S.)

You stop talking to him.

Musi, calling out from the Bridge, angry. Bilal tightens.

MUSI (CONT'D)

He already got one captain. Somali Marine don't need two.

Phillips shrugs, turns away... looking through that box of provisions. Pop-Tarts, etc... until he notices something:

The back of that bottle of A-1 steak sauce. Something's been written on it. By hand, in English - obviously a message left for him by the Navy. Phillips reads it:

"Talk. We can hear you. USN."

Oh. But Phillips barely has time to integrate it, when:

\*

GARRIDOS (THRU LIFEBOAT RADIO)  
Pirate leader. Pirate leader. Come  
in.

Musi turns, unmoved. But:

INTERCUT WITH/INT. USS BAINBRIDGE - CIC - SAME

Garridos, watched by Aboitiz and Castellano.

GARRIDOS (INTO RADIO)  
This is the FBI. Come in.

Musi's eyes just went wide. His men react as well. FBI. Three  
VERY big letters. He regroups, grabs the radio:

MUSI (INTO LIFEBOAT RADIO)  
No F.B.I.! We not Al Qaeda! We talk  
to insurance negotiator.

GARRIDOS (INTO RADIO)  
Sorry. F.B.I. My name's Garridos.

MUSI (INTO LIFEBOAT RADIO)  
No military action! We want only  
ransom.

GARRIDOS (INTO RADIO)  
Okay. What'll you give me?

MUSI (INTO LIFEBOAT RADIO)  
We want two million dollars and  
passage back to Somalia. Then you get  
your man.

Phillips watches all this... noting Bilal's reaction.

GARRIDOS (INTO RADIO)  
What's your name? I'd like to know  
what to call you.

MUSI (INTO LIFEBOAT RADIO)  
You can call me Captain.

GARRIDOS (INTO RADIO)  
Okay. You and I will be working  
together until we figure this thing  
out. Tell me about your injury. And  
your crew-member.

MUSI (INTO LIFEBOAT RADIO)  
What?

GARRIDOS (INTO RADIO)  
 You have a gash on your right hand,  
 and you've got a crew-member with  
 glass in his foot. Correct?

MUSI (INTO LIFEBOAT RADIO)  
 I want to talk to the insurance guy!

GARRIDOS (INTO RADIO)  
 I have trained medical personnel on  
 this boat, and a first-class hospital  
 bay. Maybe you two come aboard and  
 get treated. Then we can talk about  
 things, face to face.

MUSI (INTO LIFEBOAT RADIO)  
 I get it fixed when I get back to  
 Somalia. We talk then.

GARRIDOS (INTO RADIO)  
 That's gonna be a problem. We're  
 willing to work with you - but we  
 can't let this thing reach land.

MUSI (INTO LIFEBOAT RADIO)  
 We Somali Marines! We have right to  
 go back to our country!

GARRIDOS (INTO RADIO)  
 Not with an American hostage.

Musi hangs up, angry. No one speaks. Then:

GARRIDOS (THRU RADIO)  
 Garridos for lifeboat. Come in.

Musi grabs the radio again.

MUSI (INTO LIFEBOAT RADIO)  
 No military action! We talk to  
 Insurance negotiator! Two million  
 dollars!

GARRIDOS (INTO RADIO)  
 Look out your window, Captain.

MUSI (INTO LIFEBOAT RADIO)  
 We going to Somalia.

GARRIDOS (INTO RADIO)  
 Captain. Your cockpit window.

Musi does... and he sees *the five sniper-killer teams* on the  
 fantail of the Bainbridge - aiming right at *him*.

\*

\*

\*

It's just a moment - blink and you'd miss it - but all of his bravado just vanished; and Phillips *saw*. Bilal *saw* too. Musi regroups quickly... Then, with utter control: \*

MUSI (SOMALI, SUBTITLED) \*  
We going home now. Stay away from the \*  
windows. \*

He leans on the throttle, instant acceleration. His men don't speak. But they know something's wrong. \*

Najee and Elmi drift away, quietly. That leaves Phillips and Bilal, out of everyone's earshot. \*

Phillips studies the kid. Bilal looks away... Then: \*

PHILLIPS \*  
Are you a good swimmer? \*  
(Bilal's a blank) \*  
'Cause you need to jump off this boat \*  
and get away from here, as fast as \*  
you can. Your captain's leading you \*  
to some very bad places. \*

BILAL \*  
I never been anywhere else. \*

That landed. Bilal walks away. Phillips sags. On the bridge, Musi starts singing a SOMALI WAR SONG. Loud. Off-key. Intentionally unsettling. And he keeps singing, as: \*

INT. USS BAINBRIDGE - CIC - RESUMING \*

Garridos, listening in. He takes off his headset. \*

GARRIDOS \*  
Captain, I need a chopper. \*

Castellano nods, no problem. \*

INT. PHILLIPS HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT \*

Andrea is in bed but wide awake. Amber sleeps in a chair. An anxious stillness hangs. \*

Then it's shattered: the PHONE RINGS. Oh no. Andrea grabs it. \*

ANDREA (INTO PHONE)  
Hello?

INTERCUT WITH/INT. MAERSK - BRIDGE - IDLE - DAY \*

Shane Murphy, on the bridge of the Maersk: \*

MURPHY (INTO PHONE)  
Andrea, it's Shane Murphy.

ANDREA (INTO PHONE)  
Oh. Hi, Shane....

MURPHY (INTO PHONE)  
You doin' okay?

ANDREA (INTO PHONE)  
Uh, you know. Anxious.

Flanking Murphy are some of the Maersk CREW-MEMBERS we now \*  
know: ATM, Durell, Perry, Ken Quinn, Colin Wright. Even Marv, \*  
Dave, Del. Murphy's speaking for all of them. \*

MURPHY (INTO PHONE)  
The Navy wouldn't let me call you \*  
before. We're in Mombasa now, as \*  
scheduled.

ANDREA (INTO PHONE)  
That's good.

MURPHY (PHONE, CONT'D)  
Just wanted to tell you - we all did - \*  
we owe your husband our lives, every \*  
guy on this ship. He got in that  
lifeboat to save us, and you should  
be proud of that. He's a brave son-of-  
a-bitch, Andrea; and he's gonna  
outlast those guys, I know it. He'll  
wear 'em down. Last we heard he was  
doing okay and in good spirits. So  
you stay strong, okay? He loves you.  
He'll get back home to you.

Andrea just nods, a single tear rolling down her cheek.

MURPHY (PHONE, CONT'D)  
Anyway. I gotta go. Still got a ship \*  
to run. \*

ANDREA (INTO PHONE)  
Thanks, Shane.

MURPHY (INTO PHONE)  
If you talk to him before I do, tell  
him we all said thanks, okay?

End of call. Amber takes her hand. We STAY WITH MURPHY: \*

Through the bridge windows we see CRANES off-loading the \*  
Maersk's containers. She has docked in Mombasa now. \*



The NAVY GUYS are leaving. A NEW CAPTAIN, Phillips'  
replacement, comes aboard. Murphy nods politely. The show  
 goes on - as we CUT TO:

INT. LIFEBOAT - MOVING - NIGHT (2:30 A.M.)

Phillips stands, wet and bleeding. His hands tied to the  
 horizontal bar overhead, feet tied too.

*(We've TIME-JUMPED again: Phillips has already been beaten  
 for trying to escape. They've just made him piss himself.)*

But there's now an AK an INCH FROM HIS FACE - held by Elmi,  
 who pulls the trigger.

CLICK. He's just dry-firing it, but the flinch from Phillips  
 made Elmi smile. The tenor in here has gotten meaner. Sicker.

Najee knots that three-colored rope. Musi's on the bridge.  
 Bilal is silent. The lifeboat muscles along.

...when, unsolicited, Phillips begins to speak:

PHILLIPS

So it's the beginning of time. Adam's  
 the first man ever. And all of his  
 body parts hold a meeting, to see who  
 should be in charge.

Wait. *Is he telling a joke? Now?* Elmi can't believe it.

PHILLIPS (CONT'D)

Adam's heart says, "I think I should  
 run things, 'cause if I stop pumping,  
 he dies." But his eyes say, "Wait a  
 minute, we think we should run  
 things. I mean, without us, he  
 couldn't see anything, or get  
 around." Then his brain says, "I'm  
 obviously the most important organ. I  
 control breathing, thinking,  
 everything." A real argument.

No doubt about it; he's telling a joke. Musi turns, intrigued  
 by the balls on this guy. Najee and Bilal too, watching...

PHILLIPS (CONT'D)

Then, from down deep, a quiet voice  
 pipes in. "Excuse me. But I think *I'm*  
 the most important body part." It was  
 the asshole talking.

The pirates eye one another, mild disbelief and amusement.

PHILLIPS (CONT'D)

The other body parts just laughed at him - *get serious, buddy* - and went back to work, deciding to vote on it in a couple days.

(a beat)

But the next morning, the asshole surprised them all. He shut down. Wouldn't let anything through. Breakfast, lunch, dinner - nothing. And pretty soon, the whole body began to suffer. The brain got foggy, the heart could barely beat, the eyes couldn't stay open. After three days of it they all came to him and said, "Okay! Okay! You win! You're the most important! We give!" Argument over.

(eyes on Musi now)

And that's why, ever since, all through history... it's assholes who have always been in charge.

There it was, a huge fuck-you, aimed right at Musi. Silence.

...then Bilal can't help himself. He starts to laugh. Elmi too. Then Najee. Even Musi finds himself chuckling. Phillips too. Five strung-out overheated guys, laughing.

...until this boat is suddenly ROCKED by an unseen force - pounding it, turning it SIDEWAYS. The pirates are knocked to their feet - it's that violent. And NOISY, deafening:

EXT. LIFEBOAT - AT SEA - CONTINUING

One of those NAVY KNIGHTHAWK HELICOPTERS is *hovering right above us* - its rotors' GALE-FORCE WIND literally knocking the lifeboat sideways. A pretty impressive show of force.

INT. LIFEBOAT - MOVING - RESUMING

Musi struggles with the wheel, but it's useless. The craft isn't powerful enough to keep its heading.

MUSI

What are they doing, Irish?

Phillips keeps his eyes on those FUEL BUCKETS - sliding around. The wind keeps pounding us. And that noise... \*

MUSI (CONT'D)

What are they doing?!

PHILLIPS

I don't know. I'm here with you. \*

Musi, livid, guns the engine. But it dies on him. \*

Now the powerless lifeboat is pushed in a CIRCLE by the wind. \*  
Spinning like a top, buffeted by air and noise. Musi's men, \*  
dizzied, await his orders... as: \*

GARRIDOS (THRU LIFEBOAT RADIO) \*  
Garridos for lifeboat. Come in.

Musi doesn't answer - just hits the ignition again. The \*  
engine won't turn over. \*

GARRIDOS (THRU LIFEBOAT RADIO) \*  
Garridos for lifeboat. Come in, \*  
lifeboat.

We're spinning in circles, deafened by the noise - the \*  
Knighthawk literally sitting right on top of us... \*

MUSI (CONT'D) \*  
What's wrong with your boat, Irish? \*

PHILLIPS \*  
Now it's my boat again? \*

MUSI \*  
What's wrong with it? \*

PHILLIPS \*  
How the hell should I know? \*

MUSI \*  
You baby, Phillips. Lazy American. \*

Musi fumes. His men await a plan. Noise pounding. Sniper \*  
teams waiting on the Bainbridge. Everything closing in. \*

INTERCUT WITH/INT. USS BAINBRIDGE - CIC - RESUMING \*  
Garridos, with Aboitiz and Castellano hovering: \*

GARRIDOS (INTO RADIO) \*  
This is Garridos, Captain. You having \*  
engine trouble? \*

MUSI (INTO LIFEBOAT RADIO) \*  
You pull back now! \*

GARRIDOS (INTO RADIO) \*  
Hey, I'm just a guest on this boat. I \*  
can't tell the Captain what to do. \*  
But I can send over a mechanic to \*  
take a look for you. \*

MUSI (INTO LIFEBOAT RADIO) \*  
 Pull back! No military action! \*

GARRIDOS (INTO RADIO) \*  
 Fine. What will you give me? \*

MUSI (INTO LIFEBOAT RADIO) \*  
 I give you his ears! I give you his \*  
 fingers! \*  
 (no reply) \*  
 I told you! I talk only to insurance \*  
 man! Only to money man! \*

GARRIDOS (INTO RADIO) \*  
 Sorry. I'm all you got. And we cannot \*  
 allow you to return to Somali waters. \*

We PUSH IN on Musi, all that noise bearing down on him, as: \*

MUSI (INTO LIFEBOAT RADIO) \*  
 (ice cold) \*  
 Fine. We die here then. \*

He slams the radio down, looks at his men: \*

MUSI (SOMALI, SUBTITLED) \*  
 Finish the ropes. \*

That sounded permanent, and Phillips looks shaken. We're \*  
 still spinning, getting hammered by the rotor wind... \*

MUSI (CONT'D) \*  
 What's wrong, Phillips? You don't \*  
 want to die at sea? What kind of \*  
 sailor are you? \*

PHILLIPS \*  
 Like to see my wife again. And my \*  
 kids. \*

MUSI \*  
 American sailors are all babies. \*

GARRIDOS (THRU LIFEBOAT RADIO) \*  
 Captain! Come in. \*

MUSI (SOMALI, SUBTITLED) \*  
 Untie him. \*

Elmi starts to untie Phillips, as: \*

GARRIDOS (THRU RADIO) \*  
 Why don't you come aboard now? Get \*  
 some medical care. We'll figure a way \*  
 (MORE) \*

GARRIDOS (THRU RADIO) (cont'd)  
 out of this thing. We can set up a  
 tow-line from our fantail, so you  
 don't drift into hostile waters. We  
 know there are rival tribes around  
 here. Look, a gesture of goodwill:

The noise suddenly STOPS, the chopper pulling up. SILENCE. \*

Somehow, that infuriates Musi even worse. He decides: \*

MUSI (INTO LIFEBOAT RADIO)  
 Okay. We gonna kill the hostage now.  
 Need a bodybag over here. Out.

End of transmission. He marches toward Phillips - at the very  
 moment Phillips, untied by Elmi, falls into a seat... and our \*  
narrative catches up to itself COMPLETELY, as: \*

A JOLT: Phillips yanked out of the seat by Musi - suddenly, \*  
urgently. Rage in Musi's eyes, infuriated by all this... \*

MUSI  
 I want you to know something. We were  
 all *fishermen* once. Other countries  
 come and overfish our waters, dump  
 all their trash here - no Somali  
 government to stop them. So there's  
 no more fishing.

A few feet away, Najee and Elmi pull an ORANGE SURVIVAL SUIT  
 from a bin, and begin to spread it on the floor. Odd...

IMAGES, JUMP-CUT: Musi handing the 9mm to Bilal; the pirates  
 kneeling down to pray for Allah's blessing, and:

PHILLIPS  
 Andrea...

He shuts his eyes.

EXT. PHILLIPS' HOME - BACK PATIO - DAY

Allison emerges on to the patio - to find Andrea, hiding here \*  
again, alone against the snow, staring sadly at that old \*  
SHIP'S BELL. \*

ANDREA  
 (re: bell)  
 He's so stubborn about things.

ALLISON  
 I'm counting on it.

Andrea smiles. Allison sits. \*

ALLISON (CONT'D)  
 Your family's doing a prayer circle.  
 You wanna come in?

ANDREA  
 The Navy's not expecting a good  
 result. Are they.

Bam. That put Allison on her heels. She regroups, then:

ALLISON  
 The Navy's doing exactly what it set  
 out to do - isolate the pirates and  
 keep them from getting to shore.

ANDREA  
 But they can't launch a rescue  
 without getting him killed. And  
 there's no way the U.S. Government  
 could allow the pirates to take  
 ransom and escape prosecution. So...  
 (Allison's silent)  
 Has anybody said anything to you  
 about preparing me for the worst?

No reply. The answer, obviously, is yes.

ALLISON  
 It's not an indicator of our  
 confidence in the outcome...

That sounded lame, and she knows it. A beat passes...

ALLISON (CONT'D)  
 Do you want to come in with us?

Andrea starts to cry again, can't quite hold it in.

ANDREA  
 I think I'll take a walk instead.

And away she goes, off the patio and out into the SNOWY FIELD  
 beyond. Allison, helpless, just watches her go.

From here, Andrea grows smaller and smaller. We CUT TO:

INT. LIFEBOAT - NOT MOVING - SAME

The pirates pray to Allah. Phillips watches, powerless...

We CIRCLE AROUND him, his breath shortening, heart rate  
 climbing - as these men pray for a blessing to kill him.

PHILLIPS

You're not gonna get paradise and  
seventy-two virgins for doing this.  
You're just gonna get your men  
killed.

Musi looks up from his prayer, his eyes lifeless:

MUSI

Keep talking, Irish...

That was chilling. Musi returns to his prayer, then gives an  
order in Somali. The pirates get to their feet.

Najee grabs that THREE-COLORED ROPE now, weaving it through  
Phillips' hands. Carefully. We hear "*Halal. Halal.*"

We PUSH IN ON PHILLIPS - as he steels himself for one last  
stand. Just can't let himself surrender too easily. \*

MUSI

Bring him over.

Elmi grabs Phillips, starts to pull him on to the orange  
survival suit. But there's a problem, instantly:

Phillips isn't moving.

Huh? Elmi tries again - but Phillips digs in and *puts his  
fists under his chin.* Not moving. \*

PHILLIPS

No. Sorry. \*

What? They scream at him, livid. \*

MUSI

You make hands-up posture now!  
Execution posture!

PHILLIPS

I'm not moving.

Musi shouts at Elmi, who shouts at Phillips. Najee and Bilal  
jump in too, Bilal pointing that handgun at him - as we:

INTERCUT WITH/EXT. UNDERHILL - WOODS - DAY

Andrea walks, all alone and shaky as hell. Then she STOPS...  
And turns. Some instinct just told her to get back home... \*

INT. LIFEBOAT - RESUMING

The pirates grab him and throw him on to the survival suit.

But he won't stand still, or drop to his knees. They howl.

MUSI  
You make hands-up posture!

PHILLIPS  
No!

MUSI  
You going against the preaching!

INTERCUT WITH/INT. PHILLIPS HOME - CONTINUING

15 people form a PRAYER CIRCLE, heads bowed. We CUT BACK TO:

INT. LIFEBOAT - RESUMING (NIGHT)

The pirates try to push Phillips down, try to get his fists out from under his chin. But he WILL NOT BUDGE.

MUSI  
You can't go against the preaching!

Four guys pushing on him, howling. But he just won't comply. Keeps his fists under his chin... *as we:*

\*  
\*

INTERCUT WITH/INT. CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

MARIAH PHILLIPS, 18, drives too fast - blinking back tears. Listening to NPR, a report about her father. *Just get home.*

INT. LIFEBOAT - RESUMING

Phillips is kicking, twisting, defying, keeping his fists under his chin. Musi is shouting, spit flying.

MUSI  
You make the good posture! Hands up!  
You make the good posture!

EXT. UNDERHILL - WOODS - RESUMING

Andrea, running home. She steps onto an icy slick and *loses her footing*, falling. She lands in snow. Damn it...

INT. PHILLIPS HOME - RESUMING

15 people, heads down, hands together, praying. We JUMP TO:

INT. MAERSK - BRIDGE - SAME

The men of the Maersk - Murphy, ATM, Durell - huddled at a radio, waiting for word. Mike Perry silently praying...



INT. LIFEBOAT - RESUMING

Phillips keeps resisting, fighting, kicking, never moving his fists from under his chin. Pirates howling, spitting, until:

THUMP. Silence. Everything goes white.

Bilal just butt-ended him in the head with the handgun. Phillips falls forward, on to the suit. Everything foggy.

He's on the ritual rug now. Certain he's about to die. The pirates start WHOOPING again, celebrating... when:

MUSI (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)

Stop.

(his men eye him)

Look at the rope.

Silence. The pirates examine the three-colored rope they'd labored so hard to fashion. It has Phillips' BLOOD on it now. He SPITS on it, weakly, for good measure. Ritual spoiled.

The pirates sag and drift away. Phillips is about to pass out on the survival suit when he hears:

BRITISH VOICE (THRU RADIO)

Pirate Lifeboat. Pirate lifeboat.

This is Reuters news service. Do you read? Reuters news--

We STAY WITH PHILLIPS, as we hear Musi answer:

MUSI (O.S., INTO RADIO)

This is pirate lifeboat. We are surrounded by warships and don't have time to talk. Please pray for us.

Phillips' eyes begin to close. Then he's out.

INT. PHILLIPS HOME - NIGHT

Everyone's quiet. Andrea enters from the back patio, just as:

MARIAH (O.S.)

Mom?

Mariah, stepping through the front door. Bereft. And barely visible behind all the food platters and gift baskets.

MARIAH (CONT'D)

Did daddy die?

ANDREA

What? Why?

MARIAH

There's never any food in this house!

A beat... then everyone in here either starts crying or laughing. Andrea rises, crosses to her daughter.

Mariah collapses in her mother's arms. Both sobbing. CUT TO:

INT. USS BAINBRIDGE - C.I.C. - SAME

Castellano puts down a phone, eyes Garridos and Aboitiz:

CASTELLANO

The President has given the okay. If we have a clean shot, we take it.

Aboitiz nods. Garridos grabs his radio:

GARRIDOS (INTO RADIO)

Captain, you're in trouble. Let's talk.

INT. LIFEBOAT - RESUMING

Musi heard that. He eyes Phillips, unconscious on the floor. We... END SEQUENCE. And DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LIFEBOAT - ON THE WATER - MORNING

Day breaks, hot and flat.

EXT. USS BAINBRIDGE - FANTAIL - SAME

We're looking through a SCOPE at the lifeboat. Sunlight glints off one WINDOW. (The other was knocked out days ago.)

REVEAL Pettis, flat on his belly. In position, as always.

PETTIS (INTO NECK-MIKE)

Boss, I have some minor glare, need a course correction. Please ask the Captain to go two degrees starboard.

\*

ABOITIZ (THRU EARPIECE)

Roger that. Two degrees.

INT. LIFEBOAT - SAME

Musi has spent the night working on the lifeboat's ENGINE. He goes to the Bridge. Hits the ignition. The engine starts.

The sound awakens Phillips - still atop the survival suit, his head aching. He looks up at Musi.

MUSI

I'm going on the navy boat. To get our money.

Not a small bit of news. Phillips studies him...

PHILLIPS

It's a ship.

MUSI

Huh?

PHILLIPS

The destroyer, it's a ship. A boat is something like *this*, something you can carry on a ship. Navy guys hate it when you call their ship a boat.

Musi sighs: *Do you ever stop fighting?* Phillips shrugs.

MUSI

And we getting a tow. Bainbridge gonna tow us.

PHILLIPS

Then why fix the engine?

MUSI

They try any tricks, we cut the tow-line and go into their hull.

Phillips notes the FUEL BUCKETS. They've all been UNCAPPED - *as if about to be turned into weapons*. He considers that. \*  
Just then, a SOUND outside: a ZODIAC, pulling up. Musi turns. \*

EXT. ZODIAC/EXT. LIFEBOAT - ON THE WATER - CONTINUING

Lt. Kinimura, bearing another BOX OF PROVISIONS.

...and a TOW-LINE extending from the fantail of the Bainbridge. Musi eyes it from the hatch, his face a mask. \*

INT. PHILLIPS HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - 5 A.M.

Still dark. Andrea awakens in a panic. Jumps out of bed...

INT. PHILLIPS HOME - DOWNSTAIRS - CONTINUING

She hurries down the steep steps, zeroes in on a sofa... where Allison sleeps. Andrea shakes her awake, urgently:

ANDREA

Allison. Allison.  
(Allison stirs a bit)  
(MORE)

ANDREA (cont'd)  
Please wake up. You have to wake up.  
I need you.

ALLISON  
What? What happened?

ANDREA  
I blew it. I blew it!  
(no reply)  
It's Easter Sunday.

ALLISON  
So?

ANDREA  
I could've done something. And I blew  
it!

ALLISON  
Andrea, what're you talking about?

ANDREA  
There's this homily Richard learned -  
from a Priest in Africa. "God is  
good, all the time. All the time, God  
is good." We say it as a family now;  
it's a tradition.

ALLISON  
It's lovely.

ANDREA  
Don't you understand? It's Easter  
Sunday. Every Catholic in Vermont is  
going to be in church today. I  
could've asked our priest to spread  
it around. I could've had it said in  
every church up and down the state. I  
just wasn't thinking.

Allison pauses a beat, her wheels turning... then:

ALLISON  
Let me work on this. \*

INT. LIFEBOAT - CONTINUING

Musi gives some last instructions to Najee. Elmi guards  
Phillips. Bilal prays, Phillips watching... \*

PHILLIPS  
My wife used to go to church a lot.  
She stopped because I didn't wanna  
go. That's a regret. \*

ELMI  
 Maybe you start now.

\*  
 \*

In other words, *bow down and face Mecca*. Phillips shrugs.

\*

PHILLIPS  
 Can I have that, please?

\*

He's pointing to a CLIPBOARD, hanging on a nail on the bulkhead, a pen dangling from it. Elmi doesn't respond.

PHILLIPS (CONT'D)  
 I'd like to write something - for my family.

ELMI  
 Why?

PHILLIPS  
 In case.

\*

ELMI  
 What you tell them, Irish?

PHILLIPS  
 I dunno. *Goodbye? I love you?*

INTERCUT WITH/INT. USS BAINBRIDGE - CIC - SAME

Garridos, headphones on, heard that. Just as intended.

INT. LIFEBOAT - RESUMING

Phillips... almost broadcasting this to the Bainbridge:

PHILLIPS (CONT'D)  
 I want my wife to know that I'm sorry for the call she's about to get - and that I sailed all these years because I'm a sailor, not because I liked being away. And I'm sorry I was such a pain in the ass to my kids about school - I just, when it was my son's turn, I didn't want him to have to spend his life out here like I did, leaving his family seven or eight months a year just to make a living. It costs too much. I made mistakes; sometimes I treated my children like they were crew-members.  
 (just realized)  
 ...and treated my crew-members like they were children. I wish I could undo all that.

\*  
 \*  
 \*  
 \*  
 \*  
 \*  
 \*  
 \*  
 \*  
 \*  
 \*

On the Bainbridge, Garridos is listening. Castellano too. \*

PHILLIPS (CONT'D) \*

Have to tell them that - have to make  
sure they know. Or I won't be clean.

Elmi, nods, hands over the clipboard. Phillips grabs it, as: \*

Bang. Musi knocks it to the floor, noisily. Rage in his eyes.

MUSI

We all have letters to write.

He turns, heads for the hatch. Phillips calls out to him:

PHILLIPS

Did you say goodbye to your men? \*

That was an echo - and an accusation. Musi turns... \*

PHILLIPS (CONT'D) \*

Captain's supposed to be the last one  
off the ship - don't they teach you  
that in the Somali Marines? \*

MUSI

Keep talking, Irish.

And out he goes. Najee dogs the hatch shut.

ELMI \*

Why you talk to him like that? \*

PHILLIPS \*

'Cause I'm never gonna see him again.  
And neither are you. \*

The Pirates don't know how to take that... \*

EXT. ZODIAC - ON THE WATER - CONTINUING \*

The TOW-LINE now connects the bow of the lifeboat to the  
stern of the Bainbridge, maybe 75 yards from here. \*

Musi boards the Zodiac; it bears him away...

INT. LIFEBOAT - RESUMING \*

The pirates hear the Zodiac go. Phillips eyes them... \*

PHILLIPS \*

(at Bilal) \*

Listen to me. Get off this boat and  
swim away. Now. \*

ELMI  
You shut up, Irish!

PHILLIPS  
It's over. Your captain bailed on  
you. There's no money coming.

ELMI  
Why you keep talking?!

Elmi tosses a rope at him, angrily.

ELMI (CONT'D)  
Here. You tie knot. Like we do.

PHILLIPS  
You tie it.

EXT. USS BAINBRIDGE - FANTAIL - MOMENTS LATER

The Sniper-Killer Teams are in their same spots. Four pairs  
of men behind crates. Pettis flat on his belly.

ABOITIZ (THRU EARPIECE)  
All teams, be advised. Proceeding to  
reel in lifeboat now.

Beside one of the crates is a WINCH. The metal TOW-LINE  
extends from here to the lifeboat. The winch comes to life,  
beginning to *pull the lifeboat closer*. Slowly... as:

Musi is helped up on to the fantail of the Bainbridge. He  
eyes the Sniper-Killer Teams. *And that WINCH, slowly pulling  
the lifeboat closer.*

Guilt hits Musi, hard. He's led inside by two SAILORS...

The SEALS behind the rifles never look up from their scopes.

INT. LIFEBOAT - RESUMING

Elmi slaps Phillips. Two ropes fall to the floor.

ELMI  
That's *lalil!* The ropes can't touch!

PHILLIPS  
He cut a deal. He's not coming back.

ELMI  
You don't know.

PHILLIPS

I know when he found a pair of new sandals he took them for himself and left your friend here barefoot. I know when he divvied up that thirty thousand he took all the hundreds and gave you guys all the fifties.

That landed on Bilal. Elmi turns on him instantly:

ELMI

You don't listen to this!

BILAL

I didn't say anything.

ELMI

You want to be an American sailor? You want to be lazy and drink beer? Go ahead, go to movies with him. Be a nigger. Go ahead.

Elmi shouts at Bilal - in Somali now - Bilal shouting back, both men rising -- a *flashpoint*, until: \*

NAJEE (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)

Shut up!

They turn. Najee is on the bridge, glaring at Elmi and Bilal.

NAJEE (SUBTITLED, CONT'D)

Come here.

The two pirates approach the bridge. We FOLLOW...

...as they see what he's seeing, the TOW-LINE, tightening.

NAJEE (SUBTITLED, CONT'D)

They're pulling us in.

Fear. Rage. Elmi and Bilal storm at Phillips, the MUZZLES of their weapons inches from his face, that fast.

ELMI

Unclean place, Phillips. You going to an unclean place.

PHILLIPS

Fine. Long as I don't have to tie anymore Goddamn knots.

...which is when we hear something new from them. They begin to CHANT. It's low, guttural, ceremonial. A tribal chanting, their bodies rocking a bit - much scarier than being hit.



They circle him, chanting. Bilal loudest of all. \*

EXT. USS BAINBRIDGE - FANTAIL - RESUMING

Pettis is flat on his belly, Joon spotting.

PETTIS

Tall Guy just moved from the Con.  
Report that in.

JOON

Copy that.

Pettis has been in this position forever. We see a single bead of SWEAT trickling down his forehead...

INT. USS BAINBRIDGE - HOSPITAL BAY - SAME

A MEDIC re-wraps Musi's hand. Musi is silent, troubled... \*

..as Garridos enters, CLIPBOARD in hand. \*

MUSI

You never said tow-line would be  
pulled in.

GARRIDOS

What're you worried about? You're  
safe. That was the deal, right? \*

That sickened Musi. Garridos hands him the CLIPBOARD. \*

GARRIDOS (CONT'D) \*

Standard plea agreement. As  
discussed. \*

INT. LIFEBOAT - RESUMING

The chanting continues. Guns pointed at Phillips.

ELMI

You move here.

He gestures to a seat. Phillips moves to the seat.

ELMI (CONT'D) \*

You pick that up!

He gestures to a cloth. Phillips picks it up.

ELMI (CONT'D) \*

You put it over there!

Phillips does so - then stands up tall, sweat pouring down.

PHILLIPS

Please let me write to them. Please  
let me say goodbye...

ELMI

Military posture. Verrrrrry good.

The chanting continues. Najee nods to Bilal, who puts a  
BLINDFOLD on Phillips...

NAJEE

Animal! Lazy animal!

EXT. USS BAINBRIDGE - FANTAIL - RESUMING

That WINCH keeps cranking, slowly, drawing in the line.

ABOITIZ (THRU EARPIECES)

Line should be at 35 meters now.  
Advise, is that a correct reading?

We hear replies from the SHOOTERS behind the crates:

RAMOS (INTO NECK-MIKE)

35 meters. Alpha-Team check.

INGRAM (INTO NECK-MIKE)

35. Bravo-Team check.

NGUYEN (INTO NECK-MIKE)

35. Charlie-Team check.

REESE (INTO NECK-MIKE)

35. Delta-Team check.

...as we land on Pettis, flat on the mat.

PETTIS (INTO NECK-MIKE)

35. Echo-Team check.

We STAY HERE, TIGHT... close enough to find that *single bead of sweat*, now dripping down Pettis' forehead, near his eye...

PETTIS (CONT'D)

DJ, I've got some perspiration on my  
forehead. Need a hand with it.

Joon, without a hint of awkwardness, wipes the bead of sweat  
from Pettis' forehead. Pettis doesn't move a muscle...

INT. LIFEBOAT - SAME

\*

Phillips puts his forehead to his shoulder, shaking the  
blindfold off. Elmi, livid, slugs him - puts it back on.

\*

INT. PHILLIPS HOME - NOON

\*

Andrea, Dan, and Mariah at home. Tense silence... Then the phone rings. Andrea recognizes the number, answers.

ANDREA (INTO PHONE)

Allison?

ALLISON (THRU PHONE)

Put me on speaker. I want the kids to hear this too.

Andrea hits the speaker button...

INT. LIFEBOAT - RESUMING

The chanting builds. But Phillips rises, shakes the blindfold off, starts walking toward the aft hatch. Huh???

\*

\*

ELMI

What're you doing, Irish?

PHILLIPS

I'm going for a swim.

ELMI

You sit!

PHILLIPS

You sit.

ELMI

We shoot you!

PHILLIPS

Then shoot me, you pussies. I'm out of here.

He takes one more step before... POP POP POP - Najee fires the AK-47. Rounds ricochet off the ceiling. Phillips stops.

Silence. Najee eyes Elmi and Bilal... then:

NAJEE (SOMALI, SUBTITLED)

Cut the tow-line.

EXT. USS BAINBRIDGE - FANTAIL - RESUMING

Every SEAL reacts to the shots. We hear OVERLAPS of:

PETTIS/JOON/RAMOS/ETC.

Small arms fire coming from the lifeboat. Muzzle flashes on the  
(MORE)

PETTIS/JOON/RAMOS/ETC. (cont'd)  
 lifeboat. One shooter, automatic  
 weapon.

ABOITIZ (THRU EARPIECES)  
 Affirmative. We have that.

Then *Pettis sees something that makes his eyes go wide:*

PETTIS  
Boss, we have movement on the deck of  
the lifeboat.

Sure enough, Bilal emerges from the bow-hatch of the  
 lifeboat, *releasing the tow-line from the Bainbridge.*

PETTIS/JOON/RAMOS/ETC.  
 They've cut the tow. Repeat, lifeboat  
 is not in tow at this time.

Everything ratchets up. *The spotters and shooters adjust*  
*their scopes. Fast.*

INT. LIFEBOAT - SAME

Najee hits the IGNITION. The lifeboat engine rumbles awake.

Phillips whips around - *his eyes on those FUEL BUCKETS in the*  
*nose of the ship* as Elmi grabs him, pushes him back on to the  
 survival suit, knocking Phillips down to his knees. We hear:

CASTELLANO (THRU RADIO)  
 Lifeboat! What's going on in there?  
 We're hearing reports of gunfire and  
 a severed tow-line. Come in.

Najee grins. Bilal re-enters from the bow, shuts the hatch.

INT. ST. VINCENT'S CHURCH - BURLINGTON, VT. - NOON

TIGHT on Allison, who holds up a CELLPHONE, to capture:

...an ENTIRE CONGREGATION, in unison:

ENTIRE CONGREGATION  
 God is good, all the time. All the  
 time, God is good.

Allison's crying. So's Father Danielson. So are many of the  
 congregants. The homily starts again, as:

INT. PHILLIPS HOME - SAME

Andrea and her kids, hearing it on the speakerphone:

ENTIRE CONGREGATION (THRU PHONE)  
 God is good, all the time. All the  
 time, God is good.

It plays off the faces of the kids. Andrea grabs them:

ANDREA  
 He's going to be okay. Your father's  
 going to be okay!

INT. LIFEBOAT - RESUMING

Elmi ties Phillips' hands behind his back, RE-BLINDFOLDS him. \*  
 ...as Phillips bows his head, praying in earnest: \*

PHILLIPS \*  
 (to no one) \*  
 God is good all the time. All the \*  
 time God is good. God is good all the \*  
 time. All the time God is good... \*

ELMI \*  
 You think so, Irish? \*

Phillips sees Bilal, approaching the Bridge - then DARKNESS. \*

NAJEE (INTO LIFEBOAT RADIO)  
 No problem, no problem. Just a  
 mistake. No shooting. Okay?

But he's about to ram the Bainbridge. Fuel sloshes out of the \*  
 uncapped buckets as the lifeboat floor vibrates...

EXT. USS BAINBRIDGE - FANTAIL - RESUMING

Suddenly, *all three pirates appear on the lifeboat bridge.*  
 Pettis has *his target*, (Elmi), scoped.

JOON (INTO NECK-MIKE)  
 Echo has visual. Request permission  
 to go hot.

RAMOS (INTO NECK-MIKE)  
 Alpha has visual. Request permission  
 to go hot...

INT. LIFEBOAT - RESUMING \*

Phillips, bound and blindfolded, is on his knees on that \*  
 orange survival suit - head down, whipped.

PHILLIPS  
 I tried, Ange. I really tried.

...as Najee reaches for the THROTTLE...

\*

INT. USS BAINBRIDGE - HOSPITAL BAY - RESUMING

\*

Musi, sick inside, signs the plea deal...

\*

INT. BAINBRIDGE - C.I.C. - SAME

Aboitiz looks to Castellano...

CASTELLANO (INTO MIKE)  
Weapons release.

EXT. USS BAINBRIDGE - FANTAIL - RESUMING

Snipers ready. The fantail is still.

ABOITIZ (THRU EARPIECES)  
On my mark. Three, Two, One... Mark.

FOUR TRIGGERS, squeezed at once...

INT. LIFEBOAT - RESUMING

Phillips, head down, hears FOUR POPS. Uh-oh. He shouts:

PHILLIPS  
What're you doing?! What're you guys  
doing?!

Then he hears a THUMP, close by. He shakes the blindfold off.

...to find Bilal, inches away, head-shot, dead. Elmi and Najee have dropped too, breathing their last - the boat's throttle out of their reach...

\*

Before Phillips can react, he hears two launches racing toward this lifeboat. That fast, the fore and aft hatches open. FOUR SEALS jump in, weapons ready:

SEAL #1  
Are you okay? Are you injured?

PHILLIPS  
I'm fine. I'm fine...

INT. USS BAINBRIDGE - C.I.C. - RESUMING

Castellano gets word - and reports it:

CASTELLANO (INTO RADIO)  
We have a good result. Repeat, a good result. Hostage is unharmed and in custody.

Game-faces vanish for a moment. The SAILORS in here CHEER.

INT. MAERSK - BRIDGE - SAME

Docked in Mombasa, Shane Murphy puts down a phone. Turns.

The men of Captain Phillips' crew await word. Durrel, Perry, ATM, Colin Wright, Ken Quinn. Murphy eyes them, then:

MURPHY

It's over.

The men sag, deflated... until:

MURPHY (CONT'D)

Pirates dead. Captain safe and sound.

A cheer EXPLODES from the crew, the sound CARRYING OVER TO:

INT. USS BAINBRIDGE - HOSPITAL BAY - SAME

Somehow, Musi can hear those cheers.

\*

There's a mirror in here - big enough, once again, to reveal his whole face. He eyes his reflection...

EXT. RHIB - ON THE WATER - MOVING - SAME

SEALS in the RHIB speed Phillips away. He fights off a tear.

EXT. USS BAINBRIDGE - FANTAIL - MOMENTS LATER

The SEAL Teams on the fantail quietly pack their gear...

...as Phillips boards the Bainbridge. And he sees the guys who just saved him. Pettis. Joon. All of them. But these aren't men who want to be thanked. Or acknowledged at all.

So it's just a nod, from Phillips. Then the SEALS are gone...

INT. PHILLIPS HOME - DAY

Dan and Mariah sit on the couch. I-POD for her, a book for him. Andrea smiles at them sadly, then goes upstairs...

INT. PHILLIPS HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Andrea lies down, turns on a tv. There's a movie on. She settles in to watch it. Then her eyes go wide:

There, across the bottom of the screen, a NEWS TICKER:  
 "Captain Richard Phillips freed." She bursts out of the room.

INT. PHILLIPS HOME - DOWNSTAIRS - CONTINUING

She flies down the stairs. Mariah and Dan turn, startled.

...just as Allison rushes in through the door, breathless.

ANDREA  
Is it true?!

ALLISON  
It's true.

Andrea throws her head back, grabs the kids. They're at a loss - but they hang on. She starts crying, as:

...the PHONE RINGS. Andrea's head snaps toward it. Her eyes meet Allison's. Andrea gets to the phone, answers it.

ANDREA (INTO PHONE)  
Hello?

PHILLIPS (THRU PHONE)  
(Barry White voice)  
Is your husband at home?

At last, the call she's been praying for...

ANDREA (INTO PHONE)  
Richard?! Richard?!

PHILLIPS (THRU PHONE)  
Hi, Honey.

ANDREA (INTO PHONE)  
OhMyGod! OhMyGod! Kids!

They rush forward, listening in. Laughing. Crying. Then:

ANDREA (PHONE, CONT'D)  
Richard! What were you thinking  
getting into that lifeboat!?

Phillips laughs, we DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BURLINGTON AIRPORT - TARMAC - DAY

Andrea, Dan, and Mariah wait on the tarmac. A *WELCOME HOME CAPTAIN PHILLIPS* banner behind them.

...as a private JET, provided by MAERSK, taxis toward them.

DAN  
Mom. I can't stand here. Can I run?



ANDREA

Run.

He starts to run. Mariah too. Then Andrea. As we CUT TO:

EXT. TARMAC - TEETERBORO AIRPORT, N.J. - SAME

Another JET taxis to a stop. Doors open. Garridos and TWO FEDERAL MARSHALLS emerge... with a prisoner, in cuffs:

It's Musi. No one here to greet him but more COPS.

EXT. BURLINGTON AIRPORT - TARMAC - RESUMING

The private jet comes to a stop. Its doors open. Phillips emerges, jumps down the steps. They all fly into his arms.

A LOUD CHEER ERUPTS - as we reveal A THOUSAND NEIGHBORS, all here to greet him. Everyone wearing a yellow ribbon.

Big family hug. Phillips holding on tight, nothing said. The CHEER CONTINUES, one thousand voices. He's *home*.

And as that lands across his face we FREEZE FRAME... then:

FADE OUT...

\*