

The Hunt For Red October

by
LARRY FERGUSON

ON A BLACK SCREEN, THE FOLLOWING CRAWL:

MOSCOW, 17 JULY 1991. THE KREMLIN
ANNOUNCED THE 'RETIREMENT' OF
MIKAHIL GORBACHEV AS WELL AS
POLITBURO MEMBERS YAVOLEV,
MENDVENDEV AND BIRKOVO.

DEFENSE MINISTER ULINOV ASSUMED
THE ROLE OF CHAIRMAN. KGB HEAD
LIGACHEV BECAME PREMIER VOWING
"A RESTORATION OF DISCIPLINE."
WESTERN LEADERS BRACED FOR
A NEW ROUND OF COLD WAR.

FOUR MONTHS LATER...

FADE IN

A BARREN LANDSCAPE

beneath slate-grey sky. Frigid rock and stunted trees fall to an ice-choked coast. Congealed sea on a desolate beach.

MARKO ALEXANDROVICH RAMIUS

bare-headed in cold wind, studies the inclement coast. Bottomless eyes move slowly across the landscape, missing nothing.

SUPER:

POLJARNY INLET
Soviet Submarine Base on the Barents Sea
500 miles north of Murmansk

Ramius wears a tar black winter uniform of Captain First Rank in the Soviet Navy. Behind him, out of sight, someone SPEAKS:

VOICE (OS)

Cold this morning, Captain.

Ramius shivers. When he replies, he speaks not about the weather, but of the land:

RAMIUS

It is cold.

(beat)

And hard.

Turning his back on the icy coast, Ramius smiles fondly at the man who just spoke to him

CAPTAIN SECOND RANK VASILY BORODIN

Ramius' executive officer, also in black uniform. Borodin's rigged with a mike. Brass buttons gambol in his Nubian cap like money.

RAMIUS (CONT'D)

Ease your head a bit. No need to crowd him.

BORODIN

(into mike)

Come left three degrees. Make your course three-four-zero. Sonar, let me know when we pass fifty fathoms.

A HELMSMAN responds on a SPEAKER in the SAIL. Nautical CROSS TALK. Orders GIVEN and AFFIRMED. Pulling back, Ramius and Borodin are revealed standing atop

THE RED OCTOBER

a huge submarine, trailing a gigantic rudder a hundred yards aft her sail. A patrol BOAT and ICEBREAKER escort her to sea. On SPEAKERS in the SAIL:

HELMSMAN (VO)

Captain, political officer Putin requests permission to come to the bridge.

RAMIUS

(glancing at Borodin)

Granted.

BORODIN

(under his breath)

Think of it, Comrade...son of only a humble mill worker...

RAMIUS

Quiet as grass, Vasily. Quiet as grass.
(louder, turning)

Good morning, Comrade political officer —

IVAN YURIEVICH PUTIN

block-faced, forties, pink-necked, political officer assigned to Red October, clambers through the hatch into the air, wheezing:

PUTIN

Ah, Captain, every time I climb that ladder, I realize what an over-fed ox I've become.

Putin smiles. Ramius smiles back, but his eyes are cold. Suddenly, there's not a lot of love on the bridge:

PUTIN (CONT'D)

(expansively)

Such a glorious day. So exciting to finally put the land behind us and be on our way.

(to Ramius)

Bourgeois of me, I know, but my enthusiasm at being chosen political officer on this historic mission fills me with pride.

(beat)

Me, a man of such humble birth, whose father was only a mill worker. Think of it, comrades, a mill worker.

Borodin CHUCKLES. Putin stares at him. Borodin covers with a

COUGH. Putin keeps staring. Flushed, Borodin looks away. Putin turns porcine eyes on Ramius:

PUTIN (CONT'D)

(turning)

Your father was a Lithuanian, was he not, Captain?

RAMIUS

You know he was.

PUTIN

I knew a Lithuanian once...

His words hang like rotten fruit:

PUTIN (CONT'D)

...though I'm sure your father was nothing like him. Permission to go below?

Smirking, Putin leaves. Ramius watches him go. SPEAKERS in the SAIL:

HELMSMAN (VO)

Conn to bridge, sonar reports we are crossing sixty fathoms.

BORODIN

It's time, Captain.

Still dealing with Putin's exit, Ramius turns away from the hatch, contemplating the shore. After a beat, softly:

RAMIUS

We go.

BORODIN

(into the headset)

Clear the bridge! Prepare to dive. Captain coming below. Officer of the deck, make signal to escort.

Ramius and Borodin disappear. Red October prepares to dive. All that remains is icy sea and the land. Then, faintly at first, from the frozen coast

A RED ARMY CHORUS

rises into the swirling sky. It seems to come from everywhere, the rocks, the trees, the sea itself. Red October dives. The screen fades to black and a giant title appears:

KRASNY OKTOBR
THE HUNT FOR RED OCTOBER

CHORUS BOOMS. Male VOICES ring in thundering tribute to the heart and soul of mother Russia. Credits keep rolling. Then, from the darkness

A LITHOGRAPH

of John Paul Jones fighting the Serapis appears. It's on the wall in a cluttered study. Books crowd every bit of space. Photos, models and nautical memorabilia, everywhere.

THROUGH A WINDOW

an English suburb in drizzling rain. Red Army CHORUS SINGS SOFTLY. In a driveway, a late model ROVER waits, lights on, engine running. At a messy desk

JACK RYAN

early-thirties, good-looking, disheveled and harried, stuffs papers into a brief case. Slamming it shut, he reaches for his raincoat. Behind him

A LITTLE GIRL

appears in the doorway. Her name is Sally. She's Ryan's daughter. Wearing a nightgown with butterflies on it, she's carrying a well-worn Koala bear:

SALLY

Daddy?

RYAN

(turning)

Hey. What are you doing up?
You're suppose to be sleeping.

SALLY

I can't.

Kneeling beside her, Ryan talks in a steady unpatronizing way. He loves her to death:

RYAN

What's the matter?

SALLY

Where are you going?

RYAN

I have to go on a business trip and you have to go to sleep or when you grow up you'll only be two inches tall.

SALLY

Stanley keeps waking me up.

Stanley is Sally's bear. Ryan talks to it like it was alive.
It makes Sally grin.

RYAN

What's the matter, Stanley? Are you
nuts or something?

SALLY

He's not nuts. He's lonely.

(slyly)

He needs a brother. If he had a brother
then he could go to sleep better.

Before Ryan can answer, a ravishing woman in her late-twenties
marches into the study. She is

MARGARET RYAN

English, intelligent features, in tweed suit and raincoat. A matronly
woman hovers in the doorway behind her:

MARGARET

We are never going to make it.

RYAN

Just a minute.

(to Sally)

Daddy has to go, cricket. You and
Stanley go upstairs with Mrs. Wheeler
and go straight to sleep. When I'm
away, I'll see if I can find Stanley
a brother.

SALLY

Promise?

RYAN

I promise.

CUT TO:

THE ROVER

pulling to a curb in driving rain at Heathrow. Red Army CHORUS
SWELLS. Leaping out, Ryan grabs luggage and races to the
driver's side. Margaret pulls his face through the window.

RYAN

I'm all wet.

MARGARET
(kissing him)
You're sexy when you're wet.

RYAN
(grinning)
I'm gonna miss you.

MARGARET
Get out of here, Yank. Or I'll
tear you limb from limb.
(he starts)
Wait! I got you these. They'll
help you sleep on the plane.

She has a bottle of pills in her hand. He squints at it, shaking his head in the pouring rain:

RYAN
Won't do me any good —

MARGARET
Jack.

RYAN
(sheepish)
OK. I'll try.

Taking the pills, he kisses her again. All of a sudden, he wants to climb inside, park someplace and steam the windows. Her smile is all knowing:

MARGARET
You only have three minutes.

RYAN
(grinning)
Hey. If I'm lucky, might miss the
damn plane altogether.

CUT TO:

RYAN ON THE PLANE

seated beneath the only light in a dark cabin. Engines HUM. Turbulence RATTLES a TEACUP. A STEWARDESS appears, smiling down at him:

STEWARDESS
Can I get you anything, sir?

RYAN
(lying)
I'm fine. Thank you.

STEWARDESS

Why don't you try to sleep? The flight will go much faster.

RYAN

I can't seem to sleep on planes. It's the turbulence.

STEWARDESS

Pardon?

RYAN

(swallowing)

Turbulence. You know. When solar radiation heats the earth's crust. Warm air rises. Cool air descends. Turbulence. I don't like it.

STEWARDESS

Are you a scientist?

RYAN

No. I just read a lot of books.

STEWARDESS

Well, try and get some sleep anyway.

She leaves. Wide awake, Ryan stares out the window at the spinning dark. Red Army CHORUS BOOMS.

CUT TO:

RYAN

humping his suitcase into a giant terminal at the end of a long line of travelers. Above the line, a sign:

U.S. CUSTOMS
DULLES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT
WASHINGTON, D.C.

A GUY IN SUNGLASSES

moves down the line, stopping beside Ryan:

SUNGLASSES

(respectfully)

Mr. Ryan?

Exhausted, Ryan nods. CHORUS SWELLS. Sunglasses takes Ryan's bags.

CUT TO:

A BLACK LIMO

gliding to a stop at the security kiosk outside a suburban office compound. Sign over the compound's entrance:

CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY

CHORUS PEAKS.

END CREDITS

CUT TO:

ADMIRAL JAMES GREER

sixties; a mane of white hair, in three piece suit, CIA director of naval intelligence, looking up from behind a mahogany desk:

GREER

Jack, boy. Get yourself in here.

(squinting)

Jesus. You look like hell.

RYAN

(entering)

Thanks, Admiral.

GREER

Come on over here and sit down.

You want coffee?

RYAN

I think I need coffee.

Ryan perches on the couch. Greer pours coffee. Ryan takes it in both hands, cooling it with his breath.

GREER

I'm not gonna ask you how your flight was. When's the last time you slept?

RYAN

(eyeing watch)

Don't know. This thing is still on London time.

GREER

How's Margaret?

RYAN

Fine. She sends you her best.

GREER

And Sally? What is she now, three?

RYAN

A very precocious five. A week ago she announced her life would be a lot less lonely if Margaret and I would buy her a baby brother.

GREER

(smiling)

Where you gonna do that?

Ryan grins. Greer eyes him fondly. Putting down his coffee, Ryan opens his briefcase.

GREER (CONT'D)

All right, what's important enough to get you on a plane in the middle of the night?

JUMP CUT TO:

A PAIR OF PHOTOGRAPHS

dropping onto the table in front of Greer. They show the bow and stern of a submarine in dry dock. From the size of the construction crew, it's obvious the boat is huge.

RYAN

British Intelligence received these two days ago. She's the Red October. The Soviet's newest typhoon.

GREER

Jesus. The Brits actually got a man into the construction shed?

RYAN

(dropping more photos)

This pair was digitally enhanced for line resolution. This one for color.

GREER

Big son of a bitch.

RYAN

Twelve meters longer than the normal typhoon, three meters wider. The captain's name is Ramius.

GREER

One of yours?

RYAN

Yes, sir. I did the bio on him last year. He's taken out the lead boat in each new sub class for ten years. Fairly good political connections. He's also trained most of their attack boat skippers. They call him the Vilnius schoolmaster.

Greer studies one of the photos with a magnifying glass. Something captures his attention:

GREER

What are these doors?

RYAN

The doors, Admiral, are the problem. I don't know what they are and neither do the English.

(sipping coffee)

It's just possible our friends at the Ustinov Design Bureau have come up with something new.

(beat)

With your permission, I'd like to show these to someone. Do you know Skip Tyler?

GREER

Sub driver. Did he get hurt or something?

RYAN

(nodding)

He was Captain on an attack boat. Got clipped by a drunk driver and lost a leg. Now he's teaching at the Academy and doing some consulting for Underwater Systems Command.

GREER

Clearance?

RYAN

Top secret or better.

GREER

When do you want to talk to him?

RYAN

Right now if it's OK with you? I've never met him personally, but --

GREER
I'll take care of it.
(picking up
the phone)
Margie, have a car for Dr. Ryan at
the front gate in ten minutes.

Ryan retrieves his photographs. Getting up, Greer watches him,
choosing his words carefully:

GREER (CONT'D)
One of our satellites caught Red October
in Polijarny Inlet this morning.

RYAN
(shocked)
They shouldn't have been sea ready
for weeks.

Ryan closes his case. Greer walks him to the door:

GREER
Relax, son. The Navy's got a Los Angeles
class sitting right off their doorstep.
In a few days we'll know everything
about her but the cook's name.

RYAN
Well, in that case —
(grinning)
Can you tell me where I can buy a
bear?

GREER
For Sally?
(Ryan nods)
Same place you buy a baby brother,
I guess.

CUT TO:

A BANSHEE WAIL

in blackness. The groan of a primordial beast echoing in the dark,
followed by a deep vibration that rattles bones and shatters
eardrums.

The black screen is moving. A massive cylinder glides over the top
of us like a giant spaceship, outlined by flashes of electric-blue
phosphorescence.

SUPER:

USS DALLAS
Los Angeles Class Attack Sub
50 miles west of Polijarny Inlet
Depth: 400 feet

ON THE DALLAS

in the sonar shack, a state of the art sonar display glows blue. High tech graphics pinpoint movements in deep water beyond the hull.

SEAMAN SECOND CLASS RONALD JONES

listens to a headset and eyeballs the display. A college dropout with a genius IQ, Jones is the kind of guy who likes tossing dead cats into crowded cathedrals.

SEAMAN CHARLES BEAUMONT

unruly red hair, a million freckles and a wary smile, sits beside Jones. On SPEAKERS in the bulkhead, the PRIMORDIAL HOWL again, MUFFLED, cluttered with NOISE TRANSIENTS:

JONES

Hear it?

BEAUMONT

No. Maybe. It's buried in...

JONES

(leading)

Yes?

BEAUMONT

Surface clutter? I should go to SAPS?

JONES

Correct, Seaman Beaumont. Surface Affects Processing. There is hope for your small brain yet.

(Beaumont grins)

And like Mozart at Salzburg, you have labored to produce...

(another howl)

A biologic.

BEAUMONT

A what?

JONES

A whale, Beaumont. A whale. A marine mammal that knows a fuck of a lot more about sonar than you do.

Beaumont frowns. Appearing in the sonar shack door, directly behind Jones

THE COB

Chief of the Boat, a barrel-chested bear, smiles at Beaumont:

COB

He gets to raggin you too bad, kid,
you can always ask him about Pavarotti.

Jones sinks into his chair. Beaumont grins. Sea story coming.
From the look on Jones' face, it promises to be a good one:

BEAUMONT

Tell me, Chief.

COB

(taking his time)

Well, Jonesy here, he's a music freak,
right? And he figures this sonar system
is basically just a big old 300 million
dollar stereo unit. So he gets this
piece of Pavarotti —

JONES

It was Paganini.

COB

Whatever. It's this piece of music he
likes so much he wants to share it,
right? So he re-wires the computer and
figures how to put it in the water with
a gigawatt of juice behind it.

(beat)

Now, the Captain, he don't much care.
But about twenty-one boats out of San
Diego, including one way out at Pearl,
starts hearing Pavarotti coming out their
ass. Jonesy has turned the whole fucking
Pacific Ocean into a stereo speaker.

(laughing)

And all of a sudden we got an Admiral
in the middle of it and we're writing
reports out the ying yang.

Beaumont's LAUGHS. Even Jones smiles. Then, a flashing light on
the sonar display catches his eye. He starts flipping switches.
Beaumont sobers up:

BEAUMONT

What should I —

JONES

Be still, I got it.

Jones works in silence, then punches the intercom:

JONES

Conn, sonar.

VOICE

(on intercom)

Captain, aye. What is it Jonesy?

JONES

Distant contact, submerged bearing zero-nine-seven. It's a wild guess, but I'd say we had a Boomer headed out of the barn.

IN THE COMMAND CENTER

forward of sonar, sailors drive the ship beneath a maze of pipes and equipment. At the center of the Conn, surrounded by fire control, quartermaster, helm:

CAPTAIN BARTOLOMO MANCUSO

skipper of the Dallas, early-forties, muscular body encased in a blue jumpsuit, works the intercom on the periscope platform:

MANCUSO

Start a plot, Jonesy. I'll be there in a second.

Leaving the deck, Mancuso glances at his executive officer

LIEUTENANT PHIL THOMPSON

thirties, dark complected, standing at fire control:

MANCUSO (CONT'D)

I'll be in sonar, Phil.

IN SONAR

Jones is already working on the plot. In front of him on the sonar display, the flashing light is starting to move. Mancuso sticks his head in.

MANCUSO

What do you have?

CUT TO:

RAMIUS

in Red October's Conn. Much larger than the control center on the Dallas. Leaving the deck, Ramius heads aft, glancing at Borodin:

RAMIUS

When you see Putin, tell him that when it's convenient, I'll be in my stateroom.

Leaving the Conn, Ramius enters

A HALLWAY

Moving past a radio compartment on his left, Ramius stops at a door, entering the

CAPTAIN'S STATEROOM

Closing the door behind him, Ramius turns into the room. Surprised, he sees

PUTIN

seated at a desk, reading a bible. Startled, Putin looks up:

RAMIUS

What are you doing?

PUTIN

It's my responsibility to oversee the stability of the crew, Captain. You know that.

RAMIUS

And you accomplish this by searching through my papers and invading my privacy?

PUTIN

There is no such thing as privacy in the Soviet Union, Comrade. It's antithetical to the collective good.

Suppressing his anger, Ramius moves to a locker, changing into dungarees. He can feel Putin's weasel eyes crawling up and down his back. Holding the bible, Putin muses:

PUTIN (CONT'D)

You surprise me, Captain. A man in your position reading trash about the end of the world.

(reading)

"I am coming soon. I will give to each according to his deeds. I am the beginning and the end."

(glancing up)

Did you underline these passages?

RAMIUS

The book belonged to my wife. I keep it only for sentimental value.

PUTIN

Your wife was a beautiful woman. A tragedy her life was cut so short.

RAMIUS

(turning)

I assure you, Comrade. There's nothing wrong with my mind.

PUTIN

(trying to joke)

Given the amount of fire power on Red October, I'm sure the whole world will breathe a collective sigh of relief.

RAMIUS

(like ice)

How many more agents does the KGB have on my boat?

PUTIN

(standing)

Captain, this is not your boat. It belongs to the Union of the Soviet Socialist Republics. You would be well advised to remember that.

(Ramius blanches)

Anyway, I am only a political officer. If the KGB has an agent on board, I would be the last to know.

RAMIUS

I suggest we open our orders.

PUTIN

As you wish.

There's a safe on the wall. Ramius spins the combination. Inside, another safe with four locks. Both Ramius and Putin have keys. Inside the second safe, a large envelope.

It has an ornate scarlet seal, marked 'Top Secret'. Ramius cracks the seal, removing four pages of operation orders. Glancing at Putin, he reads:

RAMIUS

We are to proceed to grid 54-90 and rendezvous with the Akula submarine, Konovalov.

PUTIN

Captain Tupolev's boat.

RAMIUS

You know Tupolev?

PUTIN

I know that he is descended from a long line of aristocrats and that he was a student of yours. It is rumored, he has no love in his heart for you. Why is that?

Ramius pours two cups of steaming tea from a silver pot on a serving tray, offering it to Putin. Putin takes the cup.

RAMIUS

There is no room in Tupolev's heart for anyone or anything except Tupolev.

(reading)

Having made contact, we are ordered to run a series of drills. Tupolev will hunt us while we test our ship.

Putting down his tea, Putin stands, suddenly formal, awkwardly obsequious:

PUTIN

Captain, this is an historic moment for all of us. I should like to make a request.

RAMIUS

Before you do, I want to talk to you about something important.

PUTIN

(not hearing)

I know that it is not according to protocol, but would you permit me to post the orders and inform the crew of our mission?

RAMIUS

(resigned)

As you wish, Comrade.

Putin grins, heading for the door. He never makes it. In a sudden violent motion, Ramius kicks Putin's left leg from under him. Surprised, the big man tumbles sideways.

Leaping to his feet, Ramius catches Putin, slamming him into a headlock, driving his thick neck downward, CRACKING his SKULL in the SHARP corner of the DESK.

Putin gags. Cupping his chin, Ramius forces his entire bulk onto the man's chest. Putin struggles. His eyes bulge. Ramius strains, using all of his strength until

PUTIN'S NECK SHATTERS

and his face goes slack. With surprising gentleness, Ramius lowers the shuddering body to the deck. Carefully, he checks the pulse in Putin's neck. Dying, Putin stares into Ramius' face.

RAMIUS (CONT'D)

I am sorry my friend. But it is clear to me now. Where I would walk, you cannot follow.

Whatever his destination, Putin's on his way. Getting up, Ramius goes to the desk. Returning with the teapot, he drenches the body with scalding tea.

Replacing the pot on the tray, Ramius puts the orders in a wastebasket and sets them on fire. Removing a duplicate set of orders from his safe, he places them on the floor by the dead man.

Satisfied everything is the way he wants it, he moves to an intercom and takes a deep breath. Pushing a button, he BELLOWS:

RAMIUS (CONT'D)

Dr. Petrov. Come to my quarters at once. There's been an accident!

CUT TO:

A MINI SUB

resembling an airstream trailer with a propeller on the back. It's floating in a gargantuan tank filled with brightly lit water beneath a vast domed ceiling:

**SUPER: U.S. NAVAL UNDERWATER SYSTEMS LAB
Patuxent, Maryland**

SKIP TYLER

built like a fireplug, a monument to logic and impatience, leans on a cane, atop a platform by the tank, watching

WARRANT OFFICER BILL STEINER

thirties, the bane of Tyler's existence. Steiner's head is sticking out of a hatch on the mini sub. Eyeing him, Tyler BELLOWS:

TYLER

You're never gonna go anywhere, Bill. Unless you close the hatch and start the goddam engine!

STEINER

Brilliant, Skip. You're one of those guys you can't hide things from, right?

Tyler grits his teeth. Steiner closes the hatch. Across the room, Ryan enters. Spotting Tyler, he moves to the platform, staring at the mini sub. The propeller starts turning. It submerges.

TYLER
(turning)

Ryan?

RYAN
Yes sir.
(re: mini sub)
What is that thing?

TYLER
Deep submergence rescue vehicle.

RYAN
That's what a DSRV looks like.

TYLER
That's it. I designed this one. It's called the Mystic.

RYAN
What are you doing with it?

Tyler climbs off the platform, working his cane with practiced precision. Taking Ryan by the arm, he heads for a door:

TYLER
Rigging it with a generic docking collar so it will mate with British, German, other kinds of subs.

(nodding)

This one here is designed to be super mobile. We can get it anywhere in the world in twenty-four hours. If that lunatic doesn't crash it first.

(beat)

Admiral Greer says you have some pictures. —

CUT TO:

TYLER'S OFFICE

high tech naval architecture. Technicians, graduate students move about in the background. Tyler is hunched over the Red October photographs:

TYLER
Bigger than a regular typhoon.
(squinting)
What are these doors?

RYAN

(grinning)

You don't miss much, do you? They're too big for torpedo tubes. Could you launch a missile horizontally?

TYLER

Could. Question is why would you? Besides, they're symmetrical right straight through the hull.

RYAN

How about a towed sonar array?

TYLER

Barely clears the screw in the —

Tyler freezes. Somewhere in that vast abundance of grey matter, a neuron fires:

TYLER (CONT'D)

I'll be go to hell! It's a caterpillar!

RYAN

A what?

TYLER

Caterpillar drive. Magneto-hydrodynamic propulsion. Like a linear induction motor with saltwater as the stator. You follow?

RYAN

(smiling)

Oh sure.

TYLER

It's like a jet engine for water. Goes in the front, gets squirted out the back. Only it's got no moving parts, see. So it's potentially very quiet.

RYAN

How quiet?

TYLER

Try silent. If this works, we'll have to find a whole new way to track submarines.

Ryan grapples with the implications. Tyler trips down memory lane:

TYLER (CONT'D)

We messed with it. Years ago. Never could make it work. They really built this? This isn't a mock-up or anything?

RYAN

It put to sea this morning.

TYLER

(shaking his
head)

You know when I was eleven years old, I helped my daddy build a bomb shelter in the basement because some fool parked a dozen warheads in Cuba, ninety miles from the Florida coast.

(re: photo)

This thing could park two hundred warheads off New York or Washington and nobody'd suspect a thing 'til it was all over.

RYAN

Any records of our work on the caterpillar?

TYLER

(grabbing his
cane)

We got an archive. Let's get dusty.

CUT TO:

PUTIN'S DEAD FACE WRAPPED IN PLASTIC

Two Russian sailors lug his zip-locked corpse into a walk-in freezer in Red October's galley. Three cook's assistants carve steaks and watch. One of them

LOGINOV

twenties, muscular, in striped sailor shirt and bell-bottom pants, tosses a hunk of fat into a pail. To Loginov's right, Ramius and Borodin talk with

DOCTOR NIKOLAY PETROV

forties, thin, bespectacled and careworn. A dedicated Party man and compulsive gossip, Petrov is the Red October's medical officer. Ramius has the counterfeit orders in his hand:

RAMIUS

If I hadn't spilled the tea, Putin might never have slipped and --

PETROV

You must not blame yourself, Captain. Accidents happen. I assume we will be returning to base?

RAMIUS

We will not.

PETROV

But how can we continue a mission without a political officer?

RAMIUS

For many years the Russian Navy went to sea before there were political officers, Doctor.

PETROV

Yes, but —

RAMIUS

(re: orders)

These orders are quite specific. Putin's unfortunate death will not change them.

Turning, Ramius spots Loginov and waves his hand. Loginov freezes.

RAMIUS (CONT'D)

You. Come here.

(Loginov does)

Your name?

LOGINOV

(trembling)

Cook's assistant, Loginov, sir.

RAMIUS

Good. Now, I want you and the Doctor to witness this, Loginov. I have removed Putin's missile key from his neck and am keeping it myself.

Loginov blinks. Petrov frowns. Closing the freezer door, the sailors leave. Loginov isn't sure what to do. Petrov's agitated:

PETROV

This is all very unnerving, Captain. The reason for having two missile keys in the first place is to prevent one person from...

RAMIUS

From what, Doctor?

PETROV

Making a mistake and...

(exasperated)

We must report this to Red Fleet Command.

RAMIUS

Impossible. We are ordered to maintain strict radio silence.

(to Loginov)

That will be all, Comrade.

Glad to be anywhere else, Loginov returns to his work.

PETROV

Captain, perhaps I should keep Putin's key until —

RAMIUS

(sharply)

I suggest you return to sick bay, Doctor. Soon, I will address the crew and explain our orders. This is not a decision for discussion.

Shrugging, Petrov disappears. Borodin and Ramius follow him. Freaked, Loginov watches them go.

CUT TO:

MANCUSO

bent over Jones' shoulder in the Dallas' sonar shack, concentrating on the blinking light on the sonar display. Thompson's to his left. Jones is on a headset:

JONES

(listening)

He's holding steady on zero-two-zero, twelve knots at about ten thousand yards.

MANCUSO

Can you identify him?

JONES

Computer's chewing on it. Twin screw and the plant noise sounds like a typhoon but —

Computer printer CLATTERS. Ripping off the printout, Mancuso studies it:

SIGNAL EVALUATION:
SOVIET TYPHOON CLASS SUBMARINE
UNKNOWN IDENTITY
NOT PREVIOUSLY RECORDED

MANCUSO

Must be a new boat.

(to Thompson)

I miss something in dispatch the last few days, Phil?

THOMPSON

Fleet hasn't said a word about it.

MANCUSO

Alright. Start a file on him, Jonesy.

For now, call him Sierra thirty-five.

(leaving)

I'll see if we can work in a little closer and sniff him out.

Thompson follows Mancuso. Beaumont glances at Jones, whispering:

BEAUMONT

Won't the Soviets hear us?

JONES

Not if we stay in his baffles, seaman Beaumont. Not if we stay in his baffles. Come in behind his propeller and he's deaf as a post.

CUT TO:

RAMIUS SPINNING THE PERISCOPE

in Red October's Conn. At all stations, helm, fire control, quartermaster, sailors work with galvanic precision. Standing next to Borodin

CAPTAIN LIEUTENANT BORIS KAMAROV

Red October's navigator, watches Ramius intently. The tension is palpable. Something extraordinary is about to happen:

RAMIUS

Down scope.

(turning)

Any sonar contacts?

KAMAROV

Sonar is clear, Captain.

RAMIUS

All right. I'm going to address the crew.

Ramius grabs the intership telephone. Jaw set, his eyes blaze with hypnotic intensity:

RAMIUS (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Comrades, here are our orders given to us by Red Fleet Command. It is our good fortune to make the first test of our revolutionary propulsion system.

In various locations all over the ship, sailors stop what they are doing and listen carefully:

IN THE ENLISTED MESS

crowded together at tables, men hear Ramius' voice:

RAMIUS (VO CONT'D)

(on speakers)

We are to pass quiet as water through every one of the American's sonar nets. Maintaining strict radio silence, we are to proceed across the Atlantic to the east coast of the United States.

IN ENGINEERING

beneath a maze of pipes, technicians listen:

RAMIUS (VO CONT'D)

(on speakers)

Once in the home waters of the enemy, we are to conduct a series of missile firing tests, targeting major cities on the enemy's eastern seaboard.

IN THE MISSILE BAYS

men are spellbound by their Captain's intensity:

RAMIUS (VO CONT'D)

(on speakers)

For many years, we have had to stand helplessly in the wings while politicians compromise every advance our military has made.

BACK IN THE CONN

Ramius stands on the periscope platform holding the phone. All eyes are riveted on him:

RAMIUS (CONT'D)

(into phone)

It is politicians who have crippled our armed forces while talking incessantly of peace. And now it is time, comrades, to exchange the cuckoo for a hawk.

RAMIUS (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Our missiles will not be armed, of course, but imagine, if they were. In one bright moment, all that we believe in, all that we honor, would prevail forever.

Ramius is finished. No one moves. Kamarov has goose bumps.

RAMIUS (CONT'D)

Comrade, navigator.

KAMAROV

Captain?

RAMIUS

Rig for silent running.

KAMAROV

(turning)

Reduce engines to quarter speed and open outer doors.

A sailor locks a program into a computer.

OUTSIDE RED OCTOBER

in the water, the mysterious doors on the sub's bow begin to open. Behind them, a strange tunnel is revealed.

IN THE CONN

Ramius and his men hear the dark RING of STEEL on STEEL in deep WATER:

KAMAROV

Outer doors are open, Captain.

RAMIUS

Engage the caterpillar.

OUTSIDE RED OCTOBER

in the water. An eerie green ring of light starts to glow in the tunnel behind the doors. A second light appears. Then a third, flashing florescent.

Behind the tunnel, in the stern, Red October's giant propeller comes to a stop. Suddenly, more light appears, distorted by a sudden rush of water.

CUT TO:

JONES

in the Dallas' sonar shack, working his computer. The COB is behind him, Beaumont to his left. Red October's AMPLIFIED HISS fills the room. Suddenly,

THE HISS STOPS

Jones frowns. The blinking light on his sonar display disappears. Curious, the COB leans over Jones, studying the screen:

COB

What happened?

JONES

Don't know.

COB

What do you mean, don't know?

CUT TO:

RAMIUS

on the deck by the phone in Red October's Conn. Conscious of all eyes on him, he turns to a HELMSMAN:

RAMIUS

Left full rudder.

HELMSMAN

Rudder is left full.

RAMIUS

Navigator, make your new course two-five-zero.

KAMAROV

Coming to course two-five-zero.

Kamarov draws a line on his chart. The new course is west into the Atlantic. Suddenly, the intercom CRACKLES:

SONAR (VO)

Sonar contact, Captain! Dead astern.
An American Los Angeles Class!

BORODIN

He must have been in our baffles.
We can't have —

Raising his hand, Ramius activates the intercom:

RAMIUS

Sonar. Is the American turning to follow us?

SONAR (VO)

(on speakers)

No, Captain. No he's not. He's continuing on our original course.

RAMIUS

(slow smile)

He can't hear us.

Silence, Impulsively, Kamarov starts HUMMING the INTERNATIONALE. Officers and enlisted men join in. It snowballs. One at a time, the crew RAISE their VOICES

THROUGHOUT THE BOAT

In the torpedo room, engineering, wardroom and the Conn, the ANTHEM GROWS LOUDER and LOUDER. Caught in the moment, Ramius JOINS the CHORUS.

CUT TO:

MANCUSO

sticking his head into sonar. The COB and Beaumont are on pins and needles. Jones is working his computer furiously.

MANCUSO

It did what?

JONES

It disappeared, sir.

MANCUSO

(irritated)

What are you talking about? Check your gear.

JONES

Running diagnostics, now, Captain.

Jones is starting to sweat. He runs his tests. Nothing. Turning, he stares blankly at Mancuso:

JONES (CONT'D)

Sonar is working, sir. The Russian just disappeared. One minute he was steady four thousand yards off our bow and then he was gone. And for a second, I thought I heard...well —

MANCUSO

Heard what?

JONES

(reluctant)

I thought, I heard singing, sir.

MANCUSO

Singing?

Jones nods. Hairs stand up on the back of Mancuso's neck:

CUT TO:

A SOVIET SUBMARINE

dead in the water at four hundred feet. About the size of the Dallas, this one's built for speed and maneuverability. They don't come any better.

SUPER:

SSN KONOVALOV
Akula Class Soviet Submarine
Grid Square 54-90

ON THE KONOVALOV

a crew works in the Conn, reading computer displays, checking communications and writing emendations on status boards. On the periscope platform

CAPTAIN VIKTOR TUPOLEV

late-thirties, intense, leans over a navigator table. A blond man with a clipboard approaches. He is

LIEUTENANT ANDREI BONAVIA

early-thirties, Tupolev's executive officer. This Conn is smaller than Red October's and the weird vibes perfectly reflect the rampant paranoia of the Commander:

BONAVIA

Captain Tupolev?

TUPOLEV

What is it?

BONAVIA

Still no sign of Red October, sir. I think we should surface and contact Red Fleet Command.

TUPOLEV

To what purpose?

BONAVIA

To inform them Red October has not appeared.

TUPOLEV

What makes you think she hasn't?

Tupolev glides to a quartermaster's station. Following him, Bonavia's stomach growls.

TUPOLEV

Has it occurred to you that Red October may already be in position? That Ramius is merely hiding behind his silent drive? Waiting for me to break radio silence and make a fool of myself?

BONAVIA

(frustrated)

But —

TUPOLEV

I will not break radio silence. We will lie here quietly for a few more hours. If Ramius hasn't arrived by then, I'll contact Red Fleet Command.

BONAVIA

Captain, I am concerned that —

TUPOLEV

I care little for your concerns, Comrade.

Tupolev leaves. Bonavia glances at the quartermaster. His stomach growls again.

CUT TO:

A BLACK CHAIKA LIMO

moving through the security gates fronting a monstrous Stalinist office building. Snow CRACKS beneath cold TIRES.

SUPER:

MOSCOW

Karpotskiy Prospekt
Soviet Navy Political Directorate

From his post in the portico, a uniformed guard races to the limo and opens the door for a dyspeptic, grumpy, old man. He is

ADMIRAL YURI ILYCH PADORIN

in an overcoat and a rumpled hat, brim turned up in front.

Climbing stairs, Padorin returns rigid salutes with a sour yeah-right-leave-me-alone wave, entering

A COLOSSAL LOBBY

Padorin mounts a giant staircase. Naval officers snap salutes. Padorin answers, dourly. Yeah-right-leave-me-alone-yeah-right-leave-me-alone. Mumbling, he moves through

ANTEROOMS

Leaving a wake of aides and secretaries crawling all over themselves, whispered greetings on their lips. Yeah-right-leave-me-alone. Frowning and cranky, Padorin marches into

HIS PRIVATE OFFICE

where he's met by his seventy-four year old PERSONAL ORDERLY. They've known each other forever and act like an old married couple.

The Orderly takes Padorin's overcoat and hat. Behind a desk, Padorin lights a morning cigarette. The Orderly brings tea things and incessant small talk. Padorin says nothing.

Finally, Padorin sits, focusing on the morning mail. Twenty or so letters are laid neatly on a blotter. Yeah-right-leave-me-alone. Yeah-leave-me-alone. Don't feel like dealing with mail now.

ORDERLY

There's a note from Marko Ramius there.

ADMIRAL

(brightening)

Ah, Marko.

The old coot almost smiles. This he'll read. Getting the envelope open, he prepares for a good time. Somewhere in the first paragraph, his smile fades.

The hand holding his cigarette begins to shake. Reaching absently for the teacup, nearing the bottom of the page, Padorin chokes, spilling everything.

CUT TO:

DALLAS' SONAR SHACK

Mancuso at the door. Beaumont is at his station next to Jones. Wearing a headset, Jones concentrates on his sonar display. Suddenly, he rips the headset off:

JONES

Jesus Christ. Somebody just stepped on the gas.

(re: display)

Sonar contact, Captain. Very loud. Viktor Class Soviet submarine. Cutting big holes in the water. Bearing six-five-zero.

MANCUSO

Put it on the speakers.

WHINING PROPELLERS and CAVITATION NOISE fill the sonar shack. Suddenly, MORE PROPELLERS:

JONES

Jeez. There's another one. Bearing zero-seven-three.

(more)

Hold on. There's two more out there. They're all in a hurry and don't care who the hell knows it.

(turning)

Have the Soviets scheduled submarine races today, sir?

MANCUSO

I'm gonna radio Fleet Command.

He takes off. Jones hears something buried in the PROPELLERS and CAVITATION NOISE. A strange WHOOSHING SOUND. Frowning, he starts a tape recorder.

CUT TO:

A PHONE RINGING

Ryan picks it up. He and Tyler are hip-deep in top secret files in the naval archive stacks.

RYAN

Yes?

(listening)

No, this is Dr. Ryan.

(pause)

Alright.

He stares at Tyler quizzically, waiting:

GREER'S VOICE

(from phone)

Jack?

RYAN

Yes, Admiral, I'm --

GREER'S VOICE

Where the hell are you?! Get your ass to the south entrance of the Executive Office Building in forty-five minutes. It's across from the White House. Got it?

RYAN

Yes, sir, but what's —

CUT TO:

GREER

in his office on the phone to Ryan:

GREER

Let's just say this is no longer a research project. Now move!

CUT TO:

THE WHITE HOUSE

in the background as Ryan springs from his car, racing up the steps to the Executive Office Building. At the top of the stairs, waiting for him, Greer is already in motion:

GREER

Come on.

Ryan follows him past a security guard and into

A LOBBY

decorated with secretaries and suits, all in quiet motion. At speed, Ryan tries to keep up with Greer:

RYAN

I got a line on those doors. You know what they are?

Greer doesn't answer. Impatient, Ryan follows him into

AN ELEVATOR

Greer pushes a button marked SUB LEVEL FOUR. Turning to Ryan:

GREER

A silent propulsion system.

RYAN

(chagrined)

How did —?

GREER

Captain of the sub we had following
her radioed in. Thing up and
disappeared right in front of him.
But that isn't the half of it. Read.

He hands Ryan a sheaf of message filmsies. The descending elevator
stops. Doors open. Ryan reads. Greer leaves. Realizing he's
been left behind, Ryan takes off, entering

A SUBTERRANEAN CORRIDOR

Reading and walking, Ryan does his best to keep up with Greer:

RYAN

Jesus...! This is unbelievable.
(turning pages)
The Kirov, too. They've sortied
their whole bloody fleet!

GREER

About the size of it.

Glancing up from his reading, Ryan notices a sign at the end of the
corridor:

SUB LEVEL FOUR
WHITE HOUSE SECURITY

Stopping on a dime, his eyes narrow:

RYAN

Where're we going anyway?

GREER

(turning)
Briefing for Jeffrey Pelt. The
President's National Security Advisor.
Most of the Joint Chiefs will be there.
Along with a few other people.

RYAN

Who's giving the briefing?

GREER

You are.

RYAN

(wide-eyed)

But —

GREER

The yeoman'll have the slides all laid
out. All you have to do —

Ten feet ahead, Greer realizes Ryan's no longer following. Stopping, he comes back:

GREER (CONT'D)

Look. No one knows this material better than you do. Give him a rundown on the sub and a precis of the stuff in your hand. He's liable to ask some direct questions. Give him direct answers and say what you think. You'll do fine. Come on.

Ryan takes a deep breath.

JUMP CUT TO:

RYAN FOLLOWING GREER

into the White House Briefing Room. Joint Chiefs are gathered around a thirty foot conference table. Greer introduces Ryan to a GENERAL and an ADMIRAL, then mingles.

Left alone, Ryan spots a lectern at the foot of the table. Nearby, a yeoman tends a slide machine, an overhead projector and a large bulletin board. Ryan heads for the lectern.

The yeoman has a list of slides, some photos and illustrations. Trying to gather his thoughts, Ryan steps behind the lectern.

JEFFREY PELT

the President's National Security Advisor arrives. In his mid-fifties, wearing wire-rim spectacles, Pelt's nearsighted, brilliant and a crackerjack poker player.

Generals and Admirals take their places. Pelt sits at the head of the table, turning to Greer:

PELT

Let's get started.

GREER

Yes, sir. The preliminary briefing today will be handled by Dr. Jack Ryan. I believe you've seen some of his work.

PELT

(to Ryan)

You may begin.

Taking a sip of water, Ryan nods at the yeoman. Projector is turned on:

RYAN

Gentlemen, the last twenty four hours have seen some extraordinary Soviet naval activity. The first to sail was —

(slide)

this ship, the Red October. A variant of the typhoon class, she's some six hundred fifty feet long. Thirty-two thousand tons submerged displacement, roughly the size of a World War II aircraft carrier.

(beat)

Unlike the standard typhoon, equipped to fire long-range missiles from Russian waters, Red October carries fifty-six SS-31's, which is a short-range attack missile with eight independent warheads. That's four hundred forty-eight warheads all specifically designed to fire close in.

(another slide)

We believe these doors on the bow, and here again on the stern, enclose a magneto-hydrodynamic drive, or caterpillar, which may allow the sub to run totally silent.

(another slide)

It is possible this new drive system allowed the Captain, a man named Marko Ramius —

Ryan points out two photos on a bulletin board. One is of Ramius alone. The other is a wedding photo of Ramius and a beautiful woman.

RYAN (CONT'D)

— to elude one of our attack boats, the Dallas, which trailed Red October from harbor this morning.

(pointedly)

This drive, if it's working, could render Red October invisible to our SOSUS warning nets in the Atlantic.

PELT

You would characterize this as a first strike weapon, Dr. Ryan?

Ryan glances at Greer. Greer smiles reassuringly.

RYAN

There's no doubt about that, sir. She is designed to approach by stealth, and fire on a target with little or no warning.

ADMIRAL

An offensive weapon. The kind you start wars with.

RYAN

Precisely, Admiral.

(re: map)

If I may continue. Shortly after the Dallas lost contact, there were additional Soviet sailings from Polijarny, Leningrad and the Mediterranean. The Soviets have some —

(checking notes)

fifty-eight nuclear submarines headed at high speed into the Atlantic. And this afternoon's satellite pass over Polijarny found head blooms in the engineering plants of the Kirov, the Minsk and more than twenty cruisers and destroyers, indicating that the bulk of their surface fleet is also preparing to sail.

Flushed, Ryan sits beside Greer. Pelt turns to Greer:

PELT

Conclusions?

GREER

Absence of activity in the Pacific suggest this is probably just an exercise having nothing to do with the Red October.

A General starts to object. He's cut off by JUDGE MOORE, a white-haired civilian near the top of the table:

MOORE

NSA can speak to that, Mr. Pelt.

PELT

Judge?

MOORE

I must emphasize the extreme sensitivity of this information and ask that on no account it leave this room.

(Pelt nods)

Before sailing, Captain Ramius sent a letter to Admiral Yuri Padorin, Chairman of Soviet Naval Deployment.

Pointing at Ramius' wedding picture, Ryan whispers to Greer:

RYAN

That's her uncle!

GREER

Whose uncle?

RYAN

(whispering)

Ramius' wife. Padorin's her uncle!

Greer has no idea what Ryan's saying. Moore's still talking:

MOORE

The contents of the letter are unknown, but Admiral Padorin immediately demanded a meeting with Premier Ligachev and within minutes of that meeting, the Soviet Fleet sailed with orders to find Red October —

(pause)

And sink her.

Audible intake of breath round the room. Pelt is the first to recover:

PELT

Sink her?

ADMIRAL

My god. They've got a madman on their hands. He's gonna start a war.

A spirited discussion ensues. Tuning it out, Ryan stares at the picture of Ramius and his wife. Urgently, he whispers to Greer:

RYAN

This is the twenty-third, isn't it?

Greer nods. Order in the room has broken down. Generals and Admirals argue vehemently about appropriate responses. Staring at the photos, a light goes off in Ryan's brain:

RYAN

You son of a bitch!

Silence. Ryan realizes everyone in the room is staring at him.

PELT

(dryly)

You've something to add to the discussion, Dr. Ryan?

RYAN

Uhhmm...I was just thinking there was perhaps another possibility we ought to consider.

Ryan takes a deep breath.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Ramius might be trying to defect.

Nobody moves. Ryan glances at Greer. Greer rolls his eyes. Too far out. Ryan's on his own. The General bristles:

GENERAL

Do you mean to suggest —

PELT

Go ahead, Dr. Ryan.

RYAN

Well, Ramius trained most of their Officer Corps. He'd be in a position to select men willing to help him. And he's not Russian.

(warming up)

He's Lithuanian by birth, and by heritage. He was raised by his maternal grandfather, who was a fisherman. He has no children, no ties to leave behind and —

(beat)

This morning was the first anniversary of his wife's death.

GENERAL

Oh, come on! Look, what are you doing here, anyway, Ryan —?

(to Greer)

That's his name, isn't, Ryan?

(turning)

You're just an analyst, right? You can't possibly know —

RYAN

I know Ramius, General. He's been a maverick for his entire career. I even met him once at an embassy dinner.

(level)

Have you ever met Captain Ramius, sir?

The General darkens. Making a decision, Pelt turns to the Admiral:

PELT

Bottom line, how long before Ramius will be in a position to launch his missiles at us?

ADMIRAL

Four days.

PELT

Alright. I'll brief the President.
That will be all, gentlemen.

(beat)

Dr. Ryan. Would you stay for a
moment, please?

Everyone gets up to leave. As Greer rises, he winks at Ryan:

GREER

I said speak your mind, Jack, but
Jesus —

Shaking his head, Greer pats Ryan's shoulder and leaves. Ryan's
mouth is dry. Pelt gets up:

PELT

You slammed the door on the General
pretty hard, Jack.

RYAN

It wasn't my intention, sir —

PELT

(grinning)

Yes it was. He was patronizing you
and you stomped on him. In my
opinion, he deserved it.

(beat)

Look, I'm a politician, Jack. That
means I'm a liar, a cheat and when
I'm not kissing babies I'm stealing
their lollipops. But it also means
I know people and keep my options open.

(beat)

Let's assume for a minute that you're
right and he intends to defect. What
do you think we should do?

RYAN

Well, somebody has to go out and try
to contact him.

PELT

OK. When can you leave?

RYAN

(flushed)

Wait a minute. The General was right.
I'm just an analyst —

PELT

Perfect. I can't ask any of these characters to go. None of them would volunteer putting their reputations on the line. And anyway, none of them are expendable.

(Ryan frowns)

I'll give you three days to prove your theory, after that we won't have any choice but to hunt Ramius down and blow him away. Will you do it?

Ryan stares at Pelt.

CUT TO:

CHOPPY SEA

below haze-grey sky. A periscope breaks the surface, trailing a small wake. Submarine is below.

IN THE KONOVALOV

Tupolev spins the periscope in the Konovalov's Conn. Bonavia brings him a message. Frowning, Tupolev reads it.

TUPOLEV

Mother of God.

(turning)

Down scope. Dive the ship.

Sailors in the Conn, prepare to dive. Tupolev is furious. Turning to Bonavia, he sneers:

TUPOLEV (CONT'D)

These orders are seven hours old.

BONAVIA

I know that sir. But you expressly ordered —

TUPOLEV

The entire Soviet Fleet has been ordered to hunt Ramius down and destroy him. And where were we? Out of contact. Dead in the water!

BONAVIA

But, Captain. Have you forgotten that it was you who —

TUPOLEV

(turning)

I have forgotten nothing. All ahead flank. Come to course three-five-zero.

CUT TO:

RAMIUS

at the head of a table in Red October's wardroom, Borodin to his left. Seven officers sit or stand to the side. Beside Borodin

LIEUTENANT ALEXANDER MELEKHIN

forties, grey eyes, Red October's engineer. At the door

ENSIGN IVAN STADNYUK

nervous, twenties, Asiatic, locks a dead bolt, securing the wardroom. Tension is electric, palpable.

LIEUTENANT VIKTOR TBILISI

thirties, curly brown hair, Red October's sonar officer, stares at Ramius, anxious to get something off his chest:

TBILISI

Before we begin, Captain. I would like to know exactly what happened to Putin?

(beat)

He didn't slip on his tea. Did he?

RAMIUS

No, Viktor.

Visibly shaken, Stadnyuk waves his hands:

STADNYUK

Murder, Captain?

RAMIUS

There is no way we could have accomplished our task with Putin aboard. He would have stopped us.

TBILISI

I have no objections to eliminating him. He was a pig. But it's a decision we should all have made.

BORODIN

You're not in command.

TBILISI

Don't give me that command garbage,
Vasily. This is no ordinary cruise.
We're all risking our lives. Everything
that happens affects each of us.

RAMIUS

Enough! Putin is dead. The responsibility
and the guilt are mine.

(pause)

There's something else you should know.
On the morning we sailed, I posted a
letter to Admiral Padorin announcing
our intentions to defect.

Borodin's jaw drops. Tbilisi is speechless. Kamarov whispers:

KAMAROV

In the name of God, why?

RAMIUS

We needed to burn the bridges. Make
a clean break.

STADNYUK

(shrieking)

They'll find us! They'll hunt us down!

BORODIN

(hissing)

Keep your voice down, Ivan. Nobody
can find us.

TBILISI

(to Ramius)

You had to do it, didn't you? You
couldn't just follow the plan and turn
the submarine over to the Americans.

(voice rising)

You had to rub Moscow's nose in it
and make some kind of hare-brained
political statement.

(angry)

Goddammit, Marko. You signed our
death warrants!

RAMIUS

(eyes blazing)

How many times have you served in
my command, Viktor?

TBILISI

(stammering)

Many times —

RAMIUS

Do you know me to be a man who tolerates insubordination?

Tbilisi blanches, but will not look away. Ramius glances at the others:

RAMIUS (CONT'D)

Return to your posts. All of you.

No one moves. Time crawls by. Finally, Borodin gets to his feet:

BORODIN

You heard the Captain. Dismissed!

One by one, the men file out of the wardroom. When they are gone, Borodin turns to Ramius, speaking quietly:

BORODIN (CONT'D)

Captain. I would never disagree with you in front of the men. But Viktor is right. We are in this together. What we are attempting is difficult. And —

RAMIUS

Our original orders were to demonstrate that this ship cannot be found.

(beat)

That is precisely what we will do.

CUT TO:

JONES

working his tape recorder in the Dallas' sonar shack. Varying speeds, filtering extraneous noise, Jones is isolating the eerie WHOOSHING SOUND.

CUT TO:

SHEET LIGHTNING

in a RAGING STORM. An C-2A GREYHOUND appears, TURBOPROPS SCREAMING, buffeted like a ping-pong ball on a HOWLING canvas of PITCH.

IN THE GREYHOUND

Ryan rides out the storm. He's wearing the uniform of a naval commander. Heavy TURBULENCE. LIGHTNING irradiates WINDOWS.

A NAVIGATOR

sits directly behind Ryan at a small desk built into the bulkhead.

Behind the navigator in a cockpit, pilot and copilot. Eyeing Ryan, the navigator SHOUTS:

NAVIGATOR

Some turbulence. Hey, Commander?
(no answer)
You don't enjoy flying?

Ryan shakes his head. Gleefully, the navigator BELLOWS:

NAVIGATOR (CONT'D)

This is a picnic, Commander. You should've been with me six months ago when we hit a typhoon in the Sea of Japan. Guys were puking all over the place. The pilot puked all over his window. I puked the radio to death. Puke was everywhere and I'm not talking lightweight stuff. I'm talking industrial strength puke!

RYAN

(swooning)
Next time you get a bright idea, Jack, try putting it in a memo.

NAVIGATOR

Anyway, when we hit that typhoon everybody knew what everybody else had for breakfast. Puke was on the ceiling. Puke was in the aisles —

Ryan is green.

CUT TO:

AN AIRCRAFT CARRIER

in the STORM, bobbing like a cork in twenty-foot waves, thirty-foot landing strip surging violently in all directions.

SUPER:

USS KENNEDY
The North Atlantic
100 miles south of Greenland

On the deck, A LANDING SIGNAL OFFICER SCREAMS into a WALKIE-TALKIE. Rain POUNDS his FACE. Wiping his eyes, he spots

THE GREYHOUND

heading for the carrier. PROPELLERS SHRIEK over the STORM. LSO BELLOWS INSTRUCTIONS into his WALKIE-TALKIE. At the last moment, WHEELS RIP into the DECK.

A HOOK on the Greyhound's belly CATCHES the last wire. SPARKS cascade on WET STEEL. Moving across the deck with an ensign

CAPTAIN CHARLES DAVENPORT

forties, in a leather flight jacket, approaches the Greyhound. SHOUTING SAILORS batten down the plane.

A door opens. Ryan climbs down a ramp on shaky legs. Taking his arm, Davenport SHOUTS:

DAVENPORT

Charles Davenport, commanding officer of the Kennedy! The Admiral is waiting for you in his quarters!

CUT TO:

A STEWARD

pouring coffee into a large mug on a tray loaded down with sandwiches. Setting down the coffee, the steward leaves.

REAR ADMIRAL JOSHUA PAINTER

fifties, a man of puritanical integrity, takes a hit of the coffee in his quarters on the Kennedy. KNOCK on the DOOR. Ryan and Davenport enter.

RYAN

(shaking hands)

Jack Ryan, Admiral. Sorry for the confusion, but as I was just telling Captain Davenport, I'm not a naval officer.

(beat)

I work for Admiral Greer at the CIA. He thought I would draw less attention if I was in uniform.

PAINTER

He was probably right. How the hell is he, anyway?

RYAN

He's fine, sir.

PAINTER

You want coffee? Something to eat?

(Ryan doesn't)

Alright. What can I do for you, son? You gonna tell me what all this activity is about?

Ryan hands Painter a letter. Opening it, Painter studies the

contents. Davenport leans on a bulkhead, staring at Ryan. Painter returns the letter:

PAINTER (CONT'D)

Can't get any higher authority than that. Now, what's going on?

CUT TO:

JONES

at a translucent status board in the quartermaster's station on the Dallas. Behind the status board, projected on a screen, a nautical map of the North Atlantic. Mancuso and Thompson enter.

JONES

(to Mancuso)

I know you're busy, Captain. But I may have something here.

MANCUSO

Go ahead.

JONES

I've been working on a sound I heard when the typhoon disappeared. I washed it through the tape machine several times and managed to isolate it. But when I asked the computer to identify it, the answer I got was magma displacement.

MANCUSO

Magma displacement?

JONES

Yes sir. See, the system we are using was originally designed to look for seismic events and although we adapted it to hunt for submarines —

MANCUSO

Cut to the chase, Jonesy.

JONES

Aye, aye, sir. Anyway, I got curious and started tracking the sound on our lateral array. I located it four different times. The fifth time it was gone and I couldn't find it. But I want to show you what I worked up.

Picking up a grease pencil, Jones makes calculations on the status board overlaying the nautical map:

JONES (CONT'D)

The first contact was at zero-nine-fifteen hours and the bearing was two-six-nine.

(drawing line)

Then at zero-nine-thirty hours it was bearing two-six-zero. And at zero-nine-forty-eight it was two-five-zero.

(another line)

I came back to it at about ten-hundred and the bearing was two-four-two. The last signal was real faint and I didn't have a very good lock on it.

MANCUSO

So?

JONES

Well, I figure it couldn't be very far away from us, right? Let's say it was halfway between us and Iceland. That would put it on a course like this.

Jones makes more calculations on the status board. Mancuso recognizes a pattern:

MANCUSO

Headed directly into Red Route One.

JONES

Exactly. Sir, I believe the sound I heard is the acoustical signature of some kind of super-quiet Russian submarine and he's taking the inshore track off the Iceland coast.

THOMPSON

What do you think, Captain?

Mancuso stares at the status board, then turns to Jones:

MANCUSO

Let me see if I got this straight. The three million dollar computer tells you you're chasing after an earthquake and you aren't convinced. So you get curious and came up with this theory on your own?

JONES

(uncertain)

Yes, sir.

MANCUSO

Relax, Jonesy. You sold me.

Jones grins.

MANCUSO (CONT'D)

Let me ask you this. If we get close to this super-silent sub again, you think you can track him down?

JONES

Yes, sir. Now that I know what to listen for, I'll bag the sucker cold.

CUT TO:

DAVENPORT

frowning at Ryan, who sits opposite him, finishing a sandwich:

DAVENPORT

Christ! I've heard some strange stuff, Ryan, but that takes it. Ramius must have a hundred men on that boat. They can't all want to defect. He'd have a mutiny on his hands.

RYAN

Not necessarily. If he personally recruited the officers, it's theoretically possible --

DAVENPORT

Theoretically, anything's possible. But you're not in some cubicle at CIA.

Over by the porthole, Painter clears his throat:

PAINTER

For the sake of argument, let's assume you're right and Ramius intends to defect. What are you gonna do with the boat? You can't keep it. The Russians will want it back. And they'll know you've got it, because the crew will tell them so. Or do you intend to keep them too?

RYAN

Perhaps it would be enough to get some men aboard to analyze the propulsion system --

PAINTER

(smiling)

A Coast Guard inspection?

RYAN

Perhaps. I'm not sure that --

PAINTER

Well, I agree with Chuck on one thing, son. You've got your neck stretched way out there. Didn't Greer ever teach you the rules of survival in a bureaucracy?

(Ryan smiles weakly)

Still, it would be nice to keep it. When's the last time you slept?

RYAN

Can't remember. Every time I get the chance, somebody puts me on another airplane.

PAINTER

OK. Why don't you rack out for a while. The Chief outside will find you quarters.
(standing)

We'll be in CIC in the morning. It's gonna get real interesting out here the next couple of days.

Ryan leaves. Painter watches him go. Davenport shakes his head.

PAINTER (CONT'D)

You think he's crazy?

DAVENPORT

Certifiable. And no matter what his credentials are, I don't like him wearing the uniform.

PAINTER

When you shook hands with him, you notice the ring on his finger, Chuck?
(Davenport didn't)

Academy, Class of '72. Marine Corps.

DAVENPORT

You're putting me on. How did you --

PAINTER

Greer told me about him. Three weeks after he was commissioned, he was in a chopper on a rescue mission in the Med. They went down. Bad. Pilot and crew killed instantly. That kid spent eight months in traction with a broken back, and two years learning to walk again. I think it's OK for him to wear the uniform.

(beat)

Don't you?

CUT TO:

RYAN

closing the door to a stateroom. Exhausted, he tumbles face down on a lower bunk, head on a pillow. A sliver of light from the door to a head hits his face:

RYAN

(mumbling)

Gotta be possible...Anything's possible
...Under the guise of Coast Guard...
better to keep it...how do you keep it?

Ryan's sound asleep.

CUT TO:

MELEKHIN

surrounded by HOWLING NOISE in Red October's engineering compartment. The bulkheads shake. A **TECHNICIAN SHOUTS:**

TECHNICIAN

Converter temperature is fifty degrees
above specks and rising!

MELEKHIN

(shouting back)

What's the status of the cryogenic plant?

TECHNICIAN

(shouting)

Liquid helium discharge pressure is
one hundred pounds low and dropping!

Ramius and Borodin race into the compartment. Petrov is right behind them. The ship **GROANS**. Ramius **BELLOWS:**

RAMIUS

What is it?

MELEKHIN

(shouting back)

The cryogenic plant has failed! The
super conducting magnets are not being
cooled and the temperature of the
caterpillar assembly is rising to
dangerous levels. If we don't turn
it off, it's gonna melt!

RAMIUS

(to technician)

Shut everything down!

Ship **SHUDDERS**. Technicians work at a fever pitch. Petrov is white as a ghost. In seconds, the **RACKET** stops.

TECHNICIAN

Caterpillar flows are stabilizing.
(beat)
Magnet temperatures are dropping.

PETROV

(scared)
Any reactor damage?

MELEKHIN

There was a power spike, but the
reactor scrambled itself automatically.

PETROV

But are there any radiation —

MELEKHIN

(angry)
I don't know, dammit!

RAMIUS

How long before you can fix it?

MELEKHIN

I have to find out what's wrong first.
It could be a problem with the liquid
helium cycle. Maybe the super conducting
material has failed.

RAMIUS

We're going to have to run on normal
propulsion. Can you get the reactor up?

MELEKHIN

Yes.

PETROV

Shouldn't we first check the —

RAMIUS

That will be all, Doctor.

Frightened, Petrov stares at Ramius. The Captain's indomitable.
Petrov leaves. Borodin has concerns of his own:

BORODIN

What if we're detected, Captain?

RAMIUS

Pray that we aren't, Vasily.

CUT TO:

JEFF PELT

in a chair in his office in the Executive Office Building. Through a window, the White House. On a couch opposite him

ANDREI LYSENKO

fifties, dewlapped Soviet Ambassador to the United States, in a dark suit and tie. Lysenko's uncomfortable. Pelt stares at him:

PELT

Forgive me, Ambassador, for dispensing with the usual formalities. But the President views this situation as critical. Our military counts thirty-two of your anti-submarine aircraft in the sky laying down enough sonar buoys that a man could walk from Greenland to Norway without getting his feet wet. What's going on?

LYSENKO

(pained)

We have lost one of our submarines.

PELT

Lost it?

LYSENKO

We fear she may be down.

PELT

You're telling us this is a massive rescue operation?

LYSENKO

That is correct.

PELT

Alright. What can we do to help?

LYSENKO

(taken aback)

Uh...I hadn't --

PELT

We will do anything we can to help you locate your missing sub. Perhaps a joint rescue operation?

LYSENKO

Very gracious of you, sir. I will pass the offer on. But at this time, I think we are doing everything that can be done.

Lysenko leans forward:

LYSENKO (CONT'D)

I hope there won't be any confusion
in this matter.

PELT

So do I, Ambassador Lysenko. Confusion
could be —

(carefully)

Catastrophic.

CUT TO:

A SOVIET BEAR FOXTROT

anti-submarine aircraft, **BLASTING** through cumulus at thirty
thousand feet, **TURBOPROPS HOWLING**, a blazing fire-dog in the
white-hot sun.

IN THE FUSELAGE

of the Foxtrot, a wall of electronic equipment supports the starboard
bulkhead.

WARRANT OFFICER ANDREI AMALRIC

twenties, Soviet sonar operator, spots something on a sonar display
similar to Jones'. Speaking into a headset:

AMALRIC

Sonar contact on buoy number one-
seven-nine. Contact is twenty-seven
miles southwest, zero-nine-zero.
Data indicates contact is Red October.

IN THE COCKPIT

of the Foxtrot, forward of Amalric, **PILOT** and **COPLOT** are
surrounded by dials and switches:

PILOT

(into headset)

Acknowledged, sonar. Coming to course
zero-nine-zero.

(to copilot)

Contact Red Fleet Command and reconfirm
our orders.

Grabbing a mike, the copilot **FLIPS** toggle **SWITCHES** above his
head. Leaning on the yoke, the pilot turns the plane.

IN THE FUSELAGE

of the Foxtrot, Amalric works his computer, wiping sweat from his
forehead:

AMALRIC

(into headset)

Recommend dropping a four buoy localization pattern. Will coach to drop point.

IN THE SKY

TURBOPROPS SHRIEKING, the Foxtrot ROCKETS out of a cloud bank at unbelievable speed, leveling off above the racing ocean.

IN THE FUSELAGE

of the Foxtrot, Amalric nudges his computer, punching up one program after another:

AMALRIC

(into headset)

Vector to the drop point. Zero-nine-five. Eighteen miles.

IN THE COCKPIT

of the Foxtrot, the pilot steers the vector. Beside him, the copilot talks into a phone:

COPILOT

Red Fleet Command, this is Bear Foxtrot two-eight-four. We have contact evaluated as Red October. Request conformation to attack?

(turning)

Captain, orders to attack are confirmed.

PILOT

Arm the weapons.

The copilot starts flipping more toggle switches.

IN THE FUSELAGE

of the Foxtrot, Amalric concentrates on the shimmering display:

AMALRIC

(into headset)

Vector zero-nine-six, ten miles. Two minutes to the drop point.

IN THE COCKPIT

of the Foxtrot, still pushing toggle SWITCHES, the copilot checks a fire control monitor, glancing at the pilot:

COPLOT

Weapons are armed. All pre-launch check is satisfactory.

IN THE SKY

the Foxtrot chews up the afternoon, a deadly projectile hell bent on destruction. Below, the ocean streaks by.

IN THE FUSELAGE

of the Foxtrot, preparing to launch his localization pattern, Amalric presses a button on his fire control console:

AMALRIC

(into headset)

Buoys are away. Recommend standard turn to the right.

IN THE SKY

four sonar buoys exit the belly of the Foxtrot. Trailing parachutes, they splash into the ice-cold sea.

CUT TO:

RAMIUS

in Red October's Conn, talking in hushed tones with Melekhin and Borodin. Oblivious to their conversation, the crew moves about in the background.

RAMIUS

What do you mean, you still don't know?

MELEKHIN

Captain, I need —

BORODIN

Dammit, Alex. If we run any longer on normal power, we'll have the whole —

TBILISI (VO)

(on speakers)

Captain, sonar! We have just been overflown by a low altitude multi-engine turboprop!

RAMIUS

(grabbing mike)

Put it on audio.

SONAR on AUDIO. Ramius glances at Borodin. Ashen, Borodin puts down a clipboard. At his quartermaster station, Stadnyuk upends a mess of pencils.

TBILISI (VO)

(on speakers)

Several short transients are close aboard.
Could be water entry of small objects!

RAMIUS

All stop!

(to Melekhin)

We have just run out of time, Comrade.
Get us out of this mess. And hurry!

(Melekhin splits)

Quartermaster, sounding?

(no answer)

Dammit, Ivan. Give me a sounding!

STADNYUK

(stammering)

There are five hundred meters under
the keel.

RAMIUS

(into mike)

Torpedo room, this is the Captain.
Prepare to launch a counter-measure.

Ramius and Borodin exchange glances. At his quartermaster station, Stadnyuk is paralyzed with fear.

IN THE FUSELAGE

of the Foxtrot, Amalric wipes his brow, continuing to work his computer:

AMALRIC

(into headset)

I have a confirmed and localized target.
I am ready to shift aircraft control to
computer for weapons firing.

IN THE COCKPIT

of the Foxtrot, the copilot runs a final check. Adjusting his headset, the pilot answers Amalric:

PILOT

(into headset)

You have permission to shift aircraft
control.

(to copilot)

Ask God for forgiveness, Comrade.

IN THE FUSELAGE

of the Foxtrot, Amalric enters a program on his keyboard. Watching it lock in, he announces:

AMALRIC
(into headset)
Computer is now in control of aircraft.

IN THE SKY

the Foxtrot levels off. Bomb bay doors inch open, revealing a torpedo, sixteen inches in diameter and eight feet long. As the plane's nose dips, the torpedo releases.

Parachute opening behind, a thousand pounds of doomsday device dive earthward at dizzying speed, splashing into choppy sea.

ON RED OCTOBER

in the Conn, Ramius listens to SONAR on AUDIO. Faint PINGS appear, growing inexorably LOUDER, more FREQUENT, the submariner's worst nightmare:

TBILISI (VO)
(on speakers)
High speed screw! Torpedo in the water!

RAMIUS
(into mike)
Torpedo room, this is the Captain.
Launch counter-measure.

The Conn SHUDDERS. Metal GRINDS. Within moments, a second PINGING is added to that of the TORPEDO on AUDIO.

TORPEDO ROOM (VO)
(on speaker)
Captain, this is the torpedo room.
Counter-measure has been launched.

IN THE WATER

outside Red October. The counter-measure, a device similar to a torpedo, designed to confuse acoustic homing mechanisms, spins away from Red October on high-speed screws.

ON RED OCTOBER

in the Conn, torpedo and counter-measure PING LOUDLY on ship's SPEAKERS. Cool as ice, Ramius turns to Kamarov, at dive control:

RAMIUS
Bottom the ship.

STADNYUK
Wait!

Leaving his quartermaster's station, Stadnyuk stands on shaky legs between Ramius and Kamarov:

STADNYUK (CONT'D)

The bottom is five hundred meters
down. We'll be crushed!

RAMIUS

You're relieved of your duties, Ivan!
Return to your quarters.

(beat)

Now!

Amplified PINGS. Torpedo's getting CLOSER. The counter-measure
is MOVING AWAY. Waiting until Stadnyuk has gone, Ramius turns
to the Kamarov:

RAMIUS (CONT'D)

Bottom the damn ship!

IN THE WATER

Tanks flooding, Red October dives into the abyss. Beyond, in the
clammering dark, the torpedo hurtles relentlessly forward, death on
wheels.

IN THE FUSELAGE

of the Foxtrot, Amalric listens to the torpedo:

AMALRIC

(on headset)

Weapon has locked onto target and
is homing.

ON RED OCTOBER

in the Conn, men hang on. Everything is at a forty-five degree
down angle. Kamarov watches a depth gauge plummet.

KAMAROV

Four hundred meters.

Bulkheads CRACK under tons of pressure. Torpedo and counter-
measure PING on AUDIO.

IN THE WATER

Red October dives under the torpedo. It misses the sail by inches.
Lacking a target, it automatically initiates a wide turn to the left.

IN THE FUSELAGE

of the Foxtrot, Amalric reports the torpedo's progress, voice flat:

AMALRIC
(into headset)
Torpedo has lost contact.
(listening)
Searching.

ON RED OCTOBER

in the Conn, men hang on as the ship dives deeper. Kamarov watches the depth gauge creep into a red zone. Torpedo PINGS are farther APART, less FREQUENT.

TBILISI (VO)
(on speakers)
Torpedo has passed over us. It's
hunting for a target.

KAMAROV
(reading)
Four hundred fifty meters. Estimate
bottom at five hundred meters.

All eyes are fixed on the depth gauge. Bulkheads POP. A saltwater relief valve EXPLODES. BLASTED in the face with WATER, a HELMSMAN leaps to his feet, SCREAMING:

HELMSMAN
We're flooding!

Expressionless, Kamarov slams him back to his chair and shuts down the relief valve. The spray stops:

KAMAROV
Keep your teeth on the shelf, boy.
Nobody's flooding.
(reading)
Passing four hundred seventy-five
meters. Estimate bottoming in
twenty-five meters.

IN THE WATER

the Red October hits bottom, kicking up sand and silt, bulkheads fragile as eggshells.

IN THE FUSELAGE

of the Foxtrot, Amalric strains to hear on his headset. Suddenly, his eyes light up:

AMALRIC
(into headset)
Weapon has reacquired. Homing again!

ON RED OCTOBER

in the Conn, BULKHEADS GROAN. On the audio, torpedo and counter-measure PINGS fall into SYNC:

TBILISI (VO)

(on speaker)

Captain, the torpedo is homing on our counter-measure!

PINGS begin a weird contrapuntal DANCE, ultimately becoming SIMULTANEOUS.

IN THE WATER

two thousand meters from Red October, the torpedo EXPLODES. TONS of WATER are DISPLACED.

ON RED OCTOBER

in the Conn, CONCUSSIONS rock the HULL. Sailors cling to the bulkhead. Equipment CRASHES to the FLOOR. Dust falls from the ceiling.

Lights FLICKER. On the deck, face strobing in the blinking light, Ramius looks unearthly. The helmsman, water dripping from his clothes, WHISPERS:

HELMSMAN

Captain, who's shooting at us?

KAMAROV

Easy, boy.

Borodin COUGHS. Confused, the crew watch their Captain. Lights stay on. Concussions die down. Ships speakers CRACKLE:

MELEKHIN (VO)

(on speakers)

Captain, the caterpillar is fixed. Silent drive is operational.

Jarred from his reverie, Ramius opens the intercom, speaking to the entire ship:

RAMIUS

This is the Captain. The explosion you just heard was the first operational test of a new counter-measure. The torpedo was launched by our friends in Soviet aviation.

Borodin stares at Ramius.

RAMIUS (CONT'D)

Until now, orders required that I keep this aspect of our mission secret so that you might be evaluated under simulated battle conditions.

(to Kamarov)

Pump us off the bottom and engage the caterpillar.

Nobody moves. Ramius is indomitable:

RAMIUS (CONT'D)

Diving officer, bring the ship to one hundred meters.

KAMAROV

(to planesman)

Pump auxiliaries to sea. Twenty thousand pounds.

(no response)

Now!

Galvanized, the planesman makes preparations to raise the ship. Ramius stares at Borodin. Things are getting ragged.

CUT TO:

RAMIUS, MELEKHIN AND BORODIN

in a cramped tunnel beneath Red October's engineering compartment. Melekhin is holding a steel pipe. Above, a piece of rope dangles from some gears. A slipknot has been tied on the loose end.

MELEKHIN

Someone rigged the pipe so that when we took a down angle it would fall into the gears.

RAMIUS

Sabotage?

MELEKHIN

No doubt about it. And whoever it was knew exactly how to cripple the caterpillar in a way not easy to find.

(beat)

I still don't know if there's any reactor damage. I'll have to take a sample of the coolant. We are dealing with no ordinary sailor.

RAMIUS

(to Borodin)

We'll have to find a way to get the crew off this ship, now. We are in danger every second they are aboard.

BORODIN

But, Captain. There's over a hundred of them.

CUT TO:

RYAN

brushing his teeth in the head adjacent to his stateroom on the Kennedy. Through an open door, his unmade bunk. Catching sight of himself in the mirror:

RYAN

We'd have to get rid of the crew.

(beat)

How do you get the crew off a nuclear submarine?

CUT TO:

JONES

in the Dallas' sonar shack, working furiously with his equipment. Beaumont watches. The COB's behind him. TRANSIENT ocean NOISE on SPEAKERS. Over the INTERCOM:

MANCUSO (OS)

Sonar, Conn. Anything yet, Jonesy?

JONES

(into intercom)

Conn, sonar. Negative, Captain.

COB

Where is your phantom Russian sub, Jonesy? According to your calculations we should have picked him up hours ago.

JONES

He's close. I can feel it.

COB

Close don't count in anything but horseshoes and hand grenades.

Beaumont CHORTLES. Jones glances at him:

JONES

Don't encourage the man, seaman Beaumont.
He's very old.

COB

The hell you say.

JONES

You're an old man, COB. Way over the
hill. Your trout is so wrinkled it's
about to fall off.

COB

Screw you.

JONES

Speaking of which, what happened to that
Hustler Magazine that was in the head?

COB

(blanching)

Don't start on that crap.

Beaumont grins. The COB and Jones are everything he hoped the
Navy would be:

BEAUMONT

(gleefully)

What Hustler magazine?

JONES

For many months, seaman Beaumont,
there was a Hustler magazine located
in the crew's head. It was community
property.

(working sonar)

Then one day, it disappeared. The
COB here was the last person seen
entering the head before it vanished.

BEAUMONT

Where'd it go?

COB

(squirring)

Come on, Jonesy.

JONES

I have a theory, seaman Beaumont.
I believe the COB is like a black
widow spider. After he has sex
with a magazine, he eats it.

Beaumont HOWLS. The COB turns pink.

COB
Goddam you, Jonesy —

JONES
(raising his
hand)

Wait!

Jones fine tunes a dial. In the distance, barely distinguishable through transient NOISE, the sound of RUSTLING WATER followed by a fleeting HUM.

CUT TO:

PAINTER

leaning over a status board in the Combat Information Center on the Kennedy. Replete with lights, the status board reveals details of force deployment. Ryan enters, carrying coffee:

RYAN
Morning, Admiral.

PAINTER
Sleep well?

RYAN
Like the dead.
(re: status board)
Our friends have been busy.

PAINTER
During the night, they positioned most of their front line submarines at barrier stations between Greenland and Iceland. Here, here and here.

(pointing)
The majority of their Northern Fleet surface vessels are moving in a line abreast through here.

(beat)
It's an old anti-submarine tactic. Like beaters in the jungle making a lot of noise, driving the prey into the guns of waiting hunters.

(pointing)
One of our submarines, the Dallas, reports intermittent contact with Red October and is positioned here at the bottom of Red Route One. With luck, the Dallas will intercept her.

RYAN
Could you get me aboard the Dallas?

PAINTER

We could fly you out there in a helicopter.
But I don't think you'd like that much.

RYAN

(ashen)

No other way?

PAINTER

That's all there is, I'm afraid.

Putting down his coffee cup, Ryan stares at the status board. A sailor arrives with a message. Reading it, Painter glances at Ryan:

PAINTER (CONT'D)

Dallas found Red October and is tracking her now.

Locking eyes with Painter, Ryan grits his teeth.

RYAN

(softly)

Memos. From now on nothing but memos.

CUT TO:

MANCUSO

at fire control in the Dallas' Conn. Thompson's on the deck.

THOMPSON

(to Mancuso)

Captain, we're about a thousand yards on Red October's port quarter. She's tracking on course two-one-zero, eight knots.

MANCUSO

Very well.

IN SONAR

Jones studies his waterfall. The COB stands behind him. Beaumont watches. All kidding has stopped. This is strictly business:

JONES

(on mike)

Conn, sonar. Signal to noise ratio is dropping.

(beat)

Possible aspect change on Sierra thirty-five, Red October.

IN THE CONN

at fire control, Mancuso is suddenly alert.

THOMPSON

Sonar, Conn, aye.

FIRE CONTROL

Concur, possible zig. Bearing rate increasing to the right.

IN SONAR

Jones studies his equipment. Beaumont wonders what's going on. Suddenly, Jones barks:

JONES

(into mike)

Conn, sonar. Crazy Ivan!

IN THE CONN

like a cat, Mancuso moves onto the deck behind Thompson, eyes blazing:

MANCUSO

(to Thompson)

All stop! Come left and stay in his baffles.

(turning)

Rig for quiet running. All compartments eliminate noise evolutions.

IN SONAR

the COB and Jones freeze. Everything's super-quiet. Beaumont whispers:

BEAUMONT

What's going on, Jonesy?

JONES

(whispering)

The Soviet Captain has a blind spot astern in his baffles and he's turning suddenly to see if he can catch us there. It's a trick the Soviets use called a crazy Ivan turn.

(beat)

Your average skipper might get caught with his pants down. Not Mancuso. We stop all engines and turn with him. Staying in his baffles. Quiet as a mouse.

Beaumont frowns. Seconds pass. Working his equipment, Jones WHISPERS into his MIKE:

JONES (CONT'D)

Conn, sonar. Red October is coming left. My read is he's returning to base course.

(grinning at
Beaumont)

Skipper got him. The Russian hasn't got a clue.

IN THE CONN

On the deck, Mancuso glances at fire control.

FIRE CONTROL

Bearing rate has steadied. He's returning to course two-one-zero.

MANCUSO

Very well. Secure from quiet running.

RADIOMAN enters.

RADIOMAN

(to Mancuso)

Just decrypted this message from Fleet Command, sir.

Opening the message, Mancuso scans it:

MANCUSO

Damn!

THOMPSON

What?

MANCUSO

You're not gonna believe this.

CUT TO:

THUNDERING ROTORS

on a SH-3 on the Kennedy's flight deck. Ryan and Davenport move to the waiting chopper. Davenport SHOUTS:

DAVENPORT

The Dallas picked up Red October and is tracking her again. The Admiral issued orders for her to fall back and pick you up.

Davenport takes Ryan's arm.

DAVENPORT (CONT'D)

Ryan, listen to me. Getting someone on a sub is a nightmare. The Admiral told me what happened to you in the Mediterranean. The next hour could be very rough.

Ryan forces a grin. A sailor helps him into the helicopter. Davenport steps back. ROTORS ACCELERATE.

CUT TO:

JEFF PELT

in his chair in his office in the Executive Office Building. Sitting on the couch in precisely the same position as when they last talked, Ambassador Lysenko wipes his brow:

LYSENKO

The weather in Washington is so unpredictable, don't you think?

PELT

How can I help you, Ambassador?

LYSENKO

I'm afraid there's been a new development.

(pause)

Apparently, the initial reports that one of our submarines was missing were not completely accurate.

(Pelt is silent)

The submarine in question, Red October, is commanded by a Captain Marko Ramius. Apparently, he has suffered some kind of a nervous breakdown.

(sweating)

He posted a letter just before he sailed, announcing his intentions to fire his missiles at the United States.

Pelt stares at Lysenko. Lysenko shifts his weight. The Russian finds Pelt's steady gaze unnerving:

PELT

Why didn't you tell me this the last time we met?

LYSENKO

In my position, I'm sometimes compromised by the fact that Moscow doesn't tell me everything.

PELT

So one of your submarine captains has gone insane?

(Lysenko nods)

What is it you want from us?

LYSENKO

The other day you offered your assistance --

PELT

The other day it was a rescue mission. You want us to help you hunt Ramius down and kill him?

LYSENKO

Because American lives are at stake, I've been instructed to ask your President for precisely that.

(swallowing)

Since you were so adamant about the consequences of confusion, I thought we might ask him together.

PELT

I understand.

Pelt picks up the phone.

CUT TO:

BROKEN SUNSHINE

dappling a choppy sea. Ice-cold WIND whips whitecapped waves and lashes the horizon. The helicopter with Ryan aboard circles into view.

IN THE CHOPPER

HOWLING NOISE. PILOT and COPILOT navigate tricky winds. TWO SAILORS crouch by an open door, checking a harness on Ryan. Turning to the pilot, the copilot BELLOWS:

COPILOT

Still no contact with the Dallas!

(reading gauge)

Fuel capacity is in the red!

PILOT

We can't wait any longer!

COPILOT

Hang on. I have contact!

PILOT

OK. Tell them to surface.

(re: Ryan)

Hook him up! But hurry, we don't
have much fuel left!

Sailor threads cable through a winch by the door. Ryan's white as a ghost. NOISE is DEAFENING. Another sailor belts a harness to Ryan's back.

Ryan peers down. Wind from the rotors crushes the waves. Between his feet, Ryan can see the small white wake from a periscope.

ON THE DALLAS

in the Conn, Mancuso spins the scope. Thompson watches him. Both he and Mancuso wear life jackets:

MANCUSO

Whoever this guy is, he's in for one
hell of a ride.

(turning)

Officer of the deck. Surface the ship.

A flurry of activity in the Conn. The Dallas prepares to surface. Mancuso and Thompson move to a hatch by the helm.

IN THE CHOPPER

the sailors finish strapping Ryan into the sling. One of them leans forward, pointing to a lever on Ryan's chest, SHOUTING:

SAILOR

Pull this to release!

Fighting panic, Ryan glances down. A million miles below, the sea boils rime-grey.

ON THE DALLAS

sailors in the Conn work like lightning in cramped quarters. A petty officer straps Mancuso and Thompson into harnesses.

MANCUSO

You got a man dangling at the end of
a line with no point of reference and
helicopter rotors generating enough
static electricity that we have to
ground him or it'll be like grabbing
a hot wire and if he falls in the water
the only way to get him out is with divers
'cause most of the ship's underwater.

(pause)

Fun?

THOMPSON

(grinning)

Why I joined the Navy.

A sailor hands Mancuso a phone for the bridge.

THOMPSON (CONT'D)

I put Jonesy in the forward escape hatch in case he goes in the drink.

MANCUSO

Good. We got no idea who this guy is or why the Navy wants him on our boat so bad.

IN THE CHOPPER

Teeth chattering, struggling with deja vu, Ryan is transfixed by the sub-zero ocean. HOWLING WIND and CRASHING ROTORS. Eyes wide, he watches

THE DALLAS RISE

First the sail, then the foredeck EXPLODE high into the air, finally CRASHING back to the WATER.

ON THE DALLAS

The COB helps Jones climb into an escape trunk aft of the sail. It's cramped and brightly lit. Jones checks his equipment.

IN THE CHOPPER

Ryan watches Mancuso and Thompson climb out of the sail onto the lurching bridge. The sailor leans close, HOLLERING:

SAILOR

Hang on!

He trips a lever on the winch. Cable feeds out a few feet. Holding his breath, Ryan inches into the abyss.

ON THE BRIDGE

Mancuso lays binoculars on Ryan. Thompson ties both of them to the sail. The sub pitches and rolls. Forward and aft are buried beneath waves.

Fingers freezing, Thompson clamps one end of a jumper cable to a metal lip on the bridge to ground the sub against static generated by the helicopter's rotors.

IN THE AIR

savage WINDS from the chopper's ROTORS start spinning Ryan like a top. Desperately, he tries to control the dizzying motion.

Above, caught in an unexpected wind shear, the chopper plummets seaward. Ryan's line goes slack. Angry sea rushes up at him with blistering speed.

IN THE CHOPPER

the pilot struggles for control. Behind him, loose equipment SLAMS into the WINCH, JAMMING the CABLE. CURSING, the pilot regains control. The chopper stabilizes.

IN THE AIR

CRACKING like a WHIP, the CABLE goes TAUT. Ryan feels like he's been hit with a sledgehammer. Unable to breathe, he RIPS off his HELMET.

A rock in a sling, he tries to get his bearings. Everything's grey. Above, the chopper's rotors CHEW the SKY. Helpless, Ryan starts swinging like a pendulum.

ON THE BRIDGE

Mancuso and Thompson watch Ryan rocket by at Mach 10. A huge arc carries him way out over the angry sea. Slowing down, Ryan starts to spin again.

MANCUSO

(screaming)

See if you can get a ground on his line.
I'm gonna try and catch the bastard!

Way out on the horizon, Ryan reaches the end of his arc and starts a comet-like ride back at the ship.

IN THE CHOPPER

the pilot FEATHERS CONTROLS trying to reduce Ryan's mind-boggling ride. Over his shoulder, he BELLOWS:

PILOT

Reel him back in!

SAILOR

(trying)

The cable's jammed!

PILOT

If they don't pick him up this time,
we have to cut him loose!

The sailor keeps trying to rewind the cable. No go. Sweating, he wraps gloved fingers around the emergency release on the drum.

IN THE AIR

Ryan watches the Dallas' sail rush at him with unbelievable speed, a towering black monolith on an ubiquitous canvas of grey.

ON THE BRIDGE

Thompson readies the ground, holding one end in the air. A wave **BLASTS** the DALLAS.

THE GROUNDING CABLE

rips free of the bridge. Surprised, Thompson goes overboard. Caught in his harness, he dangles helplessly above the water.

Mancuso and Ryan reach for each other as Ryan hurtles at the bridge. All hell breaks loose:

A BOLT OF ELECTRICITY

arcs between their outstretched hands. **BLITZED**, Mancuso is **KNOCKED** hard to his **KNEES**.

IN THE CHOPPER

the sailor pulls the release lever, **CUTTING** the cable. It **SLAMS** back inside like a two ton rubber band.

IN THE AIR

unhooked, Ryan sling-shots fifty yards over the pitching bow of the Dallas, disappearing beneath the ice-cold water.

UNDER THE WATER

Bubbles trailing from his mouth, Ryan struggles to free himself from the harness.

ON THE BRIDGE

a vision of hell, hair blowing in all directions, Mancuso eyeballs the spot where Ryan went down, **SCREAMING**:

MANCUSO

(into phone)

Man overboard!

Thompson drags himself back onto the bridge.

IN THE ESCAPE TRUNK

Jones hears Mancuso's voice BOOMING over SPEAKERS:

MANCUSO (VO)
(on speakers)
Man overboard! Twenty yards off
the starboard bow!

The COB SLAMS the HATCH, turning the trunk into an iron tomb. Jones pulls a mask over his eyes, activates his oxygen and drags open the exterior hatch.

SEA WATER THUNDERS

in, submerging him in icy stillness. Securing a line to the bulkhead, Jones swims out into the swirling brine.

IN THE AIR

the chopper banks hard to the left, climbs into the mist and starts circling the Dallas.

IN THE WATER

free of the harness, Ryan bobs like a cork in the waves. Fifty yards away, the keelless sub pitches violently.

A DIVER

surfaces next to Ryan. Removing his mouthpiece, Jones BELLOWS over the CRASHING SEA:

JONES
Are you injured!?

RYAN
(shouting)
No!

JONES
I'm gonna take you in through an
escape trunk!

Jones hooks Ryan to the line. Salt stings Ryan's eyes. His breathing's ragged.

ON THE DALLAS

BEDLAM in the CONN. STACCATO orders. Mancuso helps Thompson through the hatch. Hell on wheels, Mancuso disappears down a passageway.

IN THE WATER

Jones and Ryan ride waves by the curved hull of the ship. Jones offers Ryan his mouthpiece.

RYAN

Wait a minute!

JONES

Listen, you son-of-a-bitch. I'm only gonna tell you once. Stick this fucking thing in your mouth and breathe!

Ryan takes the mouthpiece, inhaling and exhaling rapidly. The helicopter circles above. Jones drags Ryan

UNDER THE WATER

into bruised silence. Pulling themselves downward along the Dallas' rolling hull, Ryan and Jones share oxygen.

IN THE ESCAPE TRUNK

Ryan and Jones pull themselves inside. Blazing light ignites a fire storm of one-celled organisms. Eyes wide, Ryan watches Jones close the hatch.

Jones starts draining the trunk. Everything slows down. Echoes REVERBERATE. The water level in the trunk drops and the

SHRIEK OF PRESSURIZED AIR

ASSAULTS Ryan's EARDRUMS. Hurling the mouthpiece away, he gulps air in the rapidly draining trunk like a banked trout.

IN THE HALLWAY

outside the trunk, Mancuso and crew open the hatch. Tumbling out, Ryan stands on shaky legs, excited, babbling:

RYAN

Jesus Christ! I can't believe it!
Jesus Christ --

MANCUSO

Take it easy --

RYAN

When I hit the water, it was like ice.
I thought I was going to freeze --

MANCUSO

Slow down. You're hyperventilating.
(Ryan blinks)
Now, who are you?

RYAN
(disoriented)
Sorry. I'm Jack Ryan. Are you
Captain Mancuso?

Mancuso nods. The radioman appears with another message.
Mancuso rips it open and starts reading it. Ryan rockets into
present time:

RYAN (CONT'D)
Captain, we have to find the Red October.
She's a Russian —

MANCUSO
(reading)
I already found him, Ryan. Then I
was ordered to pick you up.

RYAN
(quickly)
We have to find him again. The
Captain is going to defect and —

MANCUSO
What the hell are you yammering about?

RYAN
I have to talk to —

MANCUSO
Mr. Thompson. Get this man some
dry clothes and coffee.

RYAN
But Captain —

MANCUSO
I'll be in the Conn.

JUMP CUT TO:

MANCUSO

at the entrance of the sonar shack, fifteen minutes later. Behind
him, in the Conn, the crew is preparing to man battle stations.
Jones has returned to sonar.

MANCUSO
(to Jones)
Any sign that he's alerted to our
presence?

JONES
No, sir, Captain. Operating as before.

Ryan appears in dry clothes. Mancuso ignores him. The officer of the deck turns to Mancuso:

OOD

Captain. Battle stations are manned.

MANCUSO

Very well.

RYAN

What do you mean battle stations?
(urgently)

Look, I've been authorized by the President of the United States to talk to the Captain of Red October.

Mancuso takes the last message from his pocket:

MANCUSO

And I have been ordered to blow him out of the water if he stays on a course to the United States or demonstrates any hostile intentions.

RYAN

(stunned)

I don't understand.

MANCUSO

(re: message)

According to this he's gone bughouse and intends to fire his missiles. So much for your defection theory.

Mancuso hands Ryan the message. Ryan stares at it. Mancuso turns back to the officer of the deck:

MANCUSO (CONT'D)

Officer of the deck. Make —

RYAN

Wait!

(re: message)

Think about this a second. Naturally the Soviets would tell us he is insane. They want us to sink him before he has an opportunity to defect.

JONES

(to Mancuso)

Captain, crazy Ivan.

MANCUSO

All stop! Come left and stay in his baffles. Rig for quiet running.

The officer of the deck repeats Mancuso's orders. Mancuso and Ryan are eyeball-to-eyeball. Ryan whispers:

RYAN

Listen to me, Captain. There must be some way you can establish contact without violating your orders. I'm telling you, he wants to defect.

(Mancuso frowns)

If there's ever going to be peace in the world somebody has to take a risk. Give the man a chance. He's defecting. I know it.

(Mancuso hesitates)

Please.

MANCUSO

(after a beat)

All back two-thirds.

Nobody moves. Jones glances at Mancuso. Mancuso stares at Ryan. The officer of the deck's perplexed:

OOD

Sorry, sir. Would you repeat --

MANCUSO

I said, all back two-thirds!

HELMSMAN

Helm answers. All back two-thirds.

Bell RINGS. Ship SHUDDERS. Ryan's ears pop. Jones glares at Mancuso:

JONES

Captain, we're cavitating. He can hear us.

MANCUSO

All stop!

(to Ryan)

OK, Ryan. We just unzipped our fly. Now if he so much as twitches, I'm gonna blow the bastard to Mars.

CUT TO:

RAMIUS

in the Conn on Red October, surrounded by activity. Urgently, he speaks into a mike:

RAMIUS
Sonar, this is Ramius. Can you
identify the contact?

TBILISI (VO)
(on speakers)
American Los Angeles class attack
submarine. Bearing zero-five-
zero, range three hundred yards.

CUT TO:

MANCUSO

in the Dallas' Conn, on the deck. Thompson's at fire control. Ryan
is to Mancuso's left. Crew's at battle stations.

MANCUSO
Flood tubes one and two and make
torpedos ready in all respects.

RYAN
Wait —

MANCUSO
My orders are specific, Mister.

THOMPSON
Tubes one and two flooded and ready in
all respects.

CUT TO:

RAMIUS

as before in Red October's Conn. The crew has come to battle
stations. Borodin is at fire control.

TBILISI (VO)
(on speakers)
Captain, the American has flooded his
tubes and is preparing to fire!

RAMIUS
(to Borodin)
Prepare tubes three and four and
plot a solution.

BORODIN
Shall I flood the tubes?
(no answer)
Captain, shall I flood the tubes?

RAMIUS

(after a beat)

No. Lock the firing solution into computer. Do not flood the tubes.

CUT TO:

MANCUSO

on the Dallas in the Conn. Eyeing Ryan, Mancuso opens a mike:

MANCUSO

What's he doing, Jonesy? Has he flooded his tubes?

JONES

Negative, Captain. He's just sitting there. Hold on —

(beat)

Hull popping. Target's coming shallow.

Mancuso frowns. The crew's a coiled spring. Ryan's walking on razor blades:

RYAN .

What does it mean?

MANCUSO

It means, he's a very cool customer, your Russian. He knows we're here and that we are ready to fire. But he's not going to provoke us. He's heading to periscope depth to see what's on the surface.

(to Thompson)

What's his course, now?

THOMPSON

(reading)

Target is on course north.

MANCUSO

(to helmsman)

Right ten degrees rudder. Steer course north.

(beat)

Sonar, Conn. Report all contacts.

JONES

Conn, sonar. My only contact is Sierra thirty-five, Red October. Bearing two-seven-zero.

MANCUSO

Conn, aye. Fire control, range to target?

THOMPSON

Range is three hundred yards.

MANCUSO

Diving officer make your depth sixty-five feet.

(to Ryan)

He wants to go up and take a peek, we'll play along.

ON THE SURFACE

Grey sky. Frothy sea. Red October's periscope appears. Seconds later, three hundred yards away, the Dallas' scope breaks the surface.

ON RED OCTOBER

Ramius is glued to the eyepiece of his periscope. He spots the Dallas' scope in the water. Behind him, sailors are tense, wary. Uncomfortable, Borodin sweats at fire control.

RAMIUS

(on scope)

Weapons status?

BORODIN

Weapons are armed. Tubes one and two are not flooded.

RAMIUS

(at scope)

Mark this bearing.

QUARTERMASTER

Bearing zero-nine-zero.

ON THE DALLAS

in the Conn, Mancuso is glued to his scope just like Ramius. Ryan can hear his heart beating.

MANCUSO

All right, Mr. Ryan. You wanted to talk to him. There he is. What do you want to say?

Ryan chooses his words carefully. As he does, Mancuso hits a periscope light in morse:

RYAN

American government told you intend
to launch missiles. Do not approach
U.S. coast. Repeat. Do not approach
U.S. coast, or you will be attacked.
If you understand, ping once.
(to Mancuso)
He can do that, can't he?

MANCUSO

He can do that. But is he gonna do
that?

ON RED OCTOBER

in the Conn, Ramius is still at the scope, watching the light in the
Dallas' periscope. After a moment, he glances at Borodin:

RAMIUS

Verify the range again.
(beat)
Ping one time only.

ON THE DALLAS

in the Conn, Mancuso's at the scope. Ryan is scribbling something
on a pad. Sailors hear a PING. Thompson grins.

MANCUSO

I'll be damned.
(to Ryan)
Now what?

RYAN

(re: pad)
Send him this.

MANCUSO

(reading)
Are you out of your mind?

RYAN

Just send it.
(thinking)
And tell him to ping again if he agrees.

ON RED OCTOBER

in the Conn, Ramius is at the scope, watching the flashing light.
After a second, he steps back, face white. Finally, he turns to
Borodin:

RAMIUS

Verify the range one more time.

BORODIN

But Captain, I just —

RAMIUS

Give me a sounding, Vasily! Ping
once only.

Borodin goes to work. Ramius stares at Melekhin. Melekhin frowns.
What the hell is happening?

ON THE DALLAS

in the Conn, Mancuso, Ryan and the crew hear another PING.
Ryan's ecstatic. Mancuso isn't.

MANCUSO

Down scope.

RYAN

(to Mancuso,
excited)

I need to look at a nautical chart. Do
you have —

MANCUSO

Ryan, what's going on?

RYAN

(grinning)

If the Soviets want us to sink Red
October. We just might have to oblige.

CUT TO:

THE DEEP

black as night, reverberating with eerie nightmares. From the
cloying dark, Red October rises, a shimmering phosphorescent giant.

SUPER:

THE REYKJANES RIDGE
Off the coast of Iceland
Morning of the fourth day

ON RED OCTOBER

in engineering, Petrov and Melekhin stand at a sink on the reactor
bulkhead. Valves and tubing hang over the sink. Technicians in
the background.

Melekhin's in rubber apron, gloves and plastic face shield. Dressed
identically, Petrov holds a book. Signs on the wall indicate
radiation danger.

PETROV
(reading book)
Shut valve three.

MELEKHIN
Valve three shut.

He shuts a valve with a large wrench. Turning a page, Petrov reads:

PETROV
Place flask under valve four and
draw one hundred millimeter coolant
sample.

MELEKHIN
Placing flask under valve four. Drawing
sample.

A tiny stream of fluid falls into the flask. Unexpectedly, an ALARM GOES OFF. Technicians freeze.

PETROV
Shut the valve and secure the sink!

Melekhin shuts the valve. Petrov stares at the alarm. Below it, a meter is flashing red:

PETROV (CONT'D)
Seal that sample in a plastic bag and
take it to the lab. I'll get the Captain!

CUT TO:

RAMIUS AND BORODIN

drinking tea and munching black bread in Red October's wardroom. Nobody else around. Borodin smiles at Ramius fondly:

BORODIN
Do you think they will let me live in
Montana?

RAMIUS
I think they will let you live wherever
you want, my friend.

BORODIN
Good. Then I will raise rabbits in
Montana and marry a round American
woman who will cook them for me.
(smiling)
And she will have friends who are
Indians and we will ride horses on
Sunday.

Ramius laughs. Petrov barges in, talking as he enters:

PETROV

Captain, there are high fission product levels in the primary coolant!

(babbling)

I knew we should have checked the reactor before we started it. When the caterpillar broke down the core must have been damaged!

RAMIUS

Keep your voice down, Doctor. There are several explanations —

PETROV

Listen to me. Radioactive fuel is in the water. If it gets into our air, it could kill us all!

RAMIUS

I said, keep your voice down. The crew —

PETROV

(shrill)

I will not! We have a level four radiation leak. And if something isn't done, we're all going to die!

Ramius stands. Suddenly, Petrov remembers where he is. Ramius' eyes are bullet holes. Wilting, Petrov stammers:

PETROV (CONT'D)

Forgive me, Captain. But —

RAMIUS

It's probably a piece of corrosion in the pipes. That happens. Now let's take another sample. But quietly. We don't want to panic the crew.

JUMP CUT TO:

ENGINEERING

minutes later. Melekhin and Petrov prepare to draw another sample at the sink. Ramius stands behind them. Technicians to the rear. Melekhin struggles with the valve:

MELEKHIN

I may have shut it too hard.

Grabbing the wrench, Ramius leans his weight on it. Suddenly, the

valve CRACKS. HOT water SPRAYS Ramius in the FACE. Melekhin freaks:

MELEKHIN (CONT'D)

Secure the valve before the water turns to steam!

Desperately, Ramius tries to plug the hole. The VALVE BREAKS. BOILING WATER pours out, turning to STEAM, SPLATTERING Melekhin. ALARMS GO OFF. Ramius BELLOWS:

RAMIUS

Evacuate the compartment!

Technicians scramble for the door. Searing hot steam chokes the compartment. Melekhin SCREAMS:

MELEKHIN

I'll try and stop the leak. Everybody get the hell out of here!

IN THE CONN

Crew members are panicking. ALARMS are GOING OFF. Dripping water, Ramius charges in. On the deck, Borodin SHOUTS:

BORODIN

(on headset)

Captain, radiation alarms are activating in all compartments. Engineering is heavily contaminated. Radiation is spreading forward!

RAMIUS

Get us to periscope depth. We'll ventilate!

BORODIN

(turning)

Emergency surface!

While the crew works to get the boat to the surface, Petrov studies a radiation detector. It ALARMS. Gauges are in a red zone.

PETROV

(reading)

Ventilating won't do any good. It's getting worse. At these levels it is only a matter of minutes. We have to abandon ship!

Sailors in the Conn stare at the Captain. Ramius BELLOWS:

RAMIUS

(to Borodin)

Alright. Pass word to abandon ship.
Draft a message to Red Fleet Command
telling them our location and situation!

BORODIN

(into mike)

Stand by to abandon ship! Stand by
to abandon ship! All hands muster on
the missile deck. Designated personnel
bring life rafts!

ON THE SURFACE

Red October rises in angry sea. An emergency door on the sail
opens. Seconds later, a hatch on the missile deck opens also. The
sea RAGES.

Climbing out on the deck, Tbilisi and a half a dozen sailors try to
inflate rafts. Red October PITCHES and ROLLS. Wind HOWLS.
Frustrated, Tbilisi SCREAMS into a headset.

IN THE CONN

through the open emergency door, the sea CRASHES. Frightened to
death, shivering sailors in life preservers line up to leave. Petrov
counts them. Ramius stands by Borodin.

BORODIN

Captain. Lieutenant Tbilisi reports the
sea state is too rough to launch the rafts
over the side. The men will be crushed!

RAMIUS

All right. Instruct the crew to secure
the rafts to the deck. When all personnel
are aboard the rafts, we will scuttle
the ship out from under us!

ON THE DECK

Ocean ROARS. Fighting gale force WINDS, sailors file out of the
hatch and tie down the rafts. Around them, the hounds of hell are
loose on the face of the deep.

IN THE CONN

the last of the crew leaves. Borodin is at the periscope, Kamarov
stands by Ramius. Only officers are left.

KAMAROV

Captain, Major Tbilisi reports the crew are secured in rafts and rafts are tied down. We should join the crew and scuttle the ship.

RAMIUS

(to Petrov)

Do you have a count? Have they all been evacuated?

PETROV

I think so. I —

BORODIN

(on scope)

Captain! Surface warship. Closing fast. Zero angle on the bow. Range nine miles.

RAMIUS

(ashen)

Can you classify it?

BORODIN

U.S. Knox class frigate. She's flashing light. I'll read.

(translating)

Red October. Stay where you are. Do not attempt to submerge or we will fire. Stand by to be boarded.

PETROV

(shrieking)

What are we going to do?

RAMIUS

(to Petrov)

There's only one thing we can do. Go topside and take care of the crew. I and my officers will submerge the ship and take her elsewhere to scuttle. The Americans must never have this boat!

All Petrov wants do to is get his ass off the boat. At the door, Ramius stops him:

RAMIUS (CONT'D)

Doctor. When you get home. You will hear many stories about me and some are true. But tell them that in the end I did my duty.

Petrov splits. Borodin slams the hatch behind him and seals it.

RAMIUS (CONT'D)

(to Borodin)

Submerge the ship.

ON THE DECK

the ocean RAGES. Red October starts to submerge. GEYSERS of WATER and air EXPLODE hundreds of feet in the sky as she dives. The BLOWBACK is STAGGERING.

Wild-eyed sailors in rubber rafts hang on for their lives. On the horizon, Petrov spots the American frigate hurtling forward, light flashing.

A puff of smoke appears, followed by a muted EXPLOSION. The frigate's FIRING. As the round comes in, there is an EARSPLITTING SHRIEK.

A hundred yards beyond Red October's bow, the SEA EXPLODES. The CONCUSSION and the STORM are mind-bending. Petrov thinks the world's coming to an end.

In the rafts, men slash at ropes binding them to the deck. One by one, they drift free of the submerging ship into foaming sea. One sailor can't cut his rope. His raft's dragged under.

Wind HOWLS. The frigate FIRES AGAIN. Another EARSPLITTING SHRIEK. Another EXPLOSION. Tons of icy saltwater cascade over Petrov's head.

Gulping air, Petrov spots the raft and sailor pop back to the surface. Red October's sail disappears. Sailors haul freezing men from raging water. Hell on earth.

CUT TO:

THE FRIGATE

bow slicing through the freezing ocean at flank speed. On the fantail, a helicopter prepares to take off, ROTORS HOWLING

IN THE COMBAT INFORMATION CENTER

aboard the frigate, thirty sailors work various consoles replete with computer terminals, status boards and plotting tables. In the middle of the compartment

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER JIM CURRY

thirties, mans the nerve center of the CIC. Curry has immediate access to both sonar and radio. In the darkness, to his left, TWO SHADOWS:

CURRY
(into mike)
Seahawk One. This is Bravo Command.
You are cleared for take off.

IN THE HELICOPTER

on the fantail of the frigate, PILOT and copilot are strapped into the crowded cockpit. Copilot flips a bank of toggle switches above his head.

PILOT
(into mike)
Roger, Bravo Command. Seahawk One
request vector to target Red October.
(listening)
Copy that. We're on our way.

IN THE AIR

the helicopter rises from the fantail of the frigate. In seconds, it passes over Petrov and his companions floating in rubber rafts in choppy sea.

IN THE HELICOPTER

the pilot glances over his shoulder at a SENSOR OPERATOR working a computer behind the copilot:

PILOT
Torpedo inputs?

SENSOR OPERATOR
Set and verified as ordered.

IN THE WATER

the life rafts converge on the frigate like insects hovering round an oversized queen. In one of the rafts, Petrov watches as a net is thrown down at him.

IN THE HELICOPTER

the pilot eyeballs the sea as it races by. Speaking into a mike:

PILOT
Roger that, Bravo One. Five hundred
yards to the drop point. Torpedo is
armed and ready.

IN THE CIC

aboard the frigate, Curry turns to one of the shadows:

CURRY

Seahawk One reports torpedo armed and ready to fire. Requests final authorization to drop.

IN THE RAFTS

Petrov and the others climb the nets. Halfway up, the doctor stares back at the helicopter hovering in the distance.

IN THE AIR

thirty feet above the water, the helicopter releases a torpedo in the area where Red October went down.

ON THE FRIGATE

Petrov climbs onto the fantail. U.S. sailors are waiting with coffee and blankets. Fuming, Petrov confronts an officer:

PETROV

I protest! What authority do you have to fire? I protest!

IN THE CIC

Curry coordinates information. All around him, men work intensely. Curry turns to one of the shadows:

CURRY

Seahawk One reports torpedo is launched and running normally at forty knots. I have it on sonar.

(turning)

Four hundred yards from drop point. Eight hundred yards. Twelve hundred yards.

One of the shadows leans forward and presses a button on Curry's console. The button is marked Command Control Detonate. The shadow is

ADMIRAL GREER

in a white uniform and cap. Beside him, Skip Tyler, leans on his cane, concentrating on Curry's display.

IN THE HELICOPTER

Pilot studies the sea. Suddenly, it BULGES. Loud CONCUSSION. Shock WAVE. A giant mushroom cap rises from the depths as gas bubbles vent.

ON THE FANTAIL

Petrov watches in horror as a huge concave impression vents below the helicopter. A huge plume of gas and water erupts skyward.

IN THE CIC

aboard the frigate, Curry turns to Greer:

CURRY
Torpedo has detonated.

GREER
And you understand, Lieutenant. I was never here. That torpedo did not self-destruct. It hit the target. Right?
(Curry nods)
Now, contact the Dallas and tell them to proceed.

Curry nods.

CUT TO:

MANCUSO

in the Conn aboard the Dallas with Thompson. Mancuso has a .45 in a holster on his belt. Thompson reads a message:

THOMPSON
Frigate reports phase one completed, Captain. We are ordered to proceed.

MANCUSO
OK. Now comes the weird part.

Thompson follows Mancuso out of the Conn into

A PASSAGEWAY

running aft. Mancuso and Thompson move at speed. Mancuso is far from happy:

MANCUSO
I don't like leaving the boat, Phil.
But the orders are specific.

THOMPSON
We're gonna be fine.

Rounding a corner, they start

DOWN A LADDER

Thompson will never get over how fast Mancuso can move. Aren't guys that big supposed to be slow?

MANCUSO

This has got to be the craziest stunt I've ever heard of. There's only about two million things that can still go wrong.

At the bottom of the ladder, they enter

A PASSAGEWAY

Ahead of them Jones and Ryan wait by a ladder beneath an open hatch. Like Mancuso, Jones is armed. Jones starts up the ladder. Ryan follows. Mancuso turns to Thompson:

MANCUSO

Listen. If anything —

THOMPSON

Captain. We'll be all right.

Mancuso climbs up the ladder, disappearing through the hatch. Thompson closes it.

CUT TO:

WARRANT OFFICER STEINER

sitting before a wheel at a brightly lit panel, just as cocky as when we last saw him in the mini sub at Tyler's lab. Next to him, a COPILOT checks a clipboard.

Behind them, Jones, Ryan and Mancuso climb up through a hatch. Jones shuts it. Steiner speaks into a headset:

STEINER

OK. Passengers are aboard. Check-off complete. Request clearance to lift-off.

(turning)

Gentlemen, we have clearance. Fasten your belts and grab your nuts. We're taking a ride.

Ryan sits opposite Mancuso. Jones is to Mancuso's right. The bulkhead rocks slightly. Steiner turns a yoke.

STEINER (CONT'D)

Battery specs?

COPILOT

Eighty percent capacity. Homing beacon is five degrees to the right. Recommend new course zero-seven-five. Range now five hundred yards.

STEINER

Roger. Coming right to course zero-seven-five. Make initial preparations to land.

The copilot starts toggling switches. Behind him, Mancuso checks the .45 in his holster. Ryan watches.

COPILOT

Contact is two hundred yards below. One hundred yards ahead.

STEINER

Roger.

(beat)

Hit the running lights.

IN THE WATER

.black on black. Then, in a single blinding flash of light

THE RED OCTOBER

is revealed. Hovering above it, floodlights blazing, the DSRV. Descending, it locks onto a hatch by the sail.

IN THE DSRV

Copilot turns to Steiner:

COPILOT

We have a seal. Skirt is dry.

STEINER

Roger. Open the hatch.

Getting up, the copilot heads for the hatch.

MANCUSO

Wait.

Copilot stops. Reaching into his jacket, Mancuso offers Ryan a .45.

RYAN

(eyeing pistol)

He's defecting.

MANCUSO

And he can't change his mind?

RYAN

He's not going to change his mind.

MANCUSO

Willing to bet your life on that?

Ryan stares at the pistol. Sighing, he puts it in his jacket. Copilot opens the hatch. In the gloom below, another hatch. Copilot raps on it. Somebody opens the lower hatch. Mancuso, Jones and Ryan climb down into

THE RED OCTOBER

on a ladder at the forward end of the Conn. Waiting for them, Ramius, Borodin and all the other officers. Awkward silence. Nervous, Borodin drags out a cigarette and lights it. Unexpectedly, Ryan smiles:

RYAN

Russian cigarette?
(Borodin nods)
Could I try one?

Mancuso frowns. Borodin offers Ryan a cigarette. Kamarov has a light. Ryan inhales and COUGHS:

RYAN (CONT'D)

(gagging)
Jesus...

Poking fun, Ryan rolls his eyes. Borodin grins. Ramius smiles. The ice is broken. Men shake hands.

RAMIUS

Gentlemen, I am Marko Ramius. I and my officers request political asylum in the United States.

(beat)

Before I go any further, I want to know whose idea is this impossible plan?

MANCUSO

(re: Ryan)
His.

RAMIUS

(to Ryan)

Amazing. Our intention was to publicly surrender this boat and request asylum. It never occurred to us there would be a way you could keep it. The idea to stage a radiation leak was inspired —

(frowning)

You look familiar. Do I know you, Commander?

RYAN

You have a good memory, Captain. We meet briefly years ago. But I'm not a naval commander. I work for the CIA.

RAMIUS

CIA?

RYAN

Easy, Captain. I'm not an agent. I'm just an analyst.

(smiling)

I write books.

Suddenly, HIGH SPEED SCREWS passing over the HULL:

KAMAROV

Torpedo! Americans are shooting at us.

JONES

Wrong. Ours growl. Yours whine. It's Russian!

CUT TO:

GREER

leaning over Curry's console in the CIC aboard the frigate. Agitated, Curry works his computer.

GREER

What do you mean there's another torpedo? Where in hell did it come from?

CUT TO:

TUPOLEV

in the Conn aboard the Konovalov. His crew's at battle stations. Bonavia mans fire control. Opening a mike, Tupolev SHOUTS:

TUPOLEV

Sonar. Why hasn't our torpedo impacted?

SONAR (VO)

(on speakers)

The weapon enabled on the other side of the target. It passed Red October before it armed.

TUPOLEV

(to Bonavia)

You had the wrong range, idiot! Fire again with the right settings. And reload both tubes.

ON THE DALLAS

Thompson stands outside the sonar shack. To his left, the COB is behind fire control. Beaumont has taken Jones' position.

BEAUMONT

New contact. Sierra four-one, bearing zero-one-zero. Akula class Soviet submarine.

(beat)

Launch noises. He's shooting again.

THOMPSON

What's the status of Red October?

BEAUMONT

Dead in the water.

THOMPSON

They can't maneuver with the goddam DSRV stuck to them.

(whispering)

Come on, Mancuso, move it. Get the hell out of there.

ON RED OCTOBER

BEDLAM in the Conn. Tbilisi and Jones are on their way to sonar. Ramius SHOUTS at Melekhin:

RAMIUS

Get back to engineering and give me some power!

(to Mancuso

re: DSRV)

Get that damn thing off my boat.

Mancuso's halfway up the ladder. He spots Steiner peeking down at him:

STEINER

I think somebody just shot a torpedo at us!

MANCUSO

No shit, buckwheat. Get the hell out of here!

STEINER

(stunned)

Where am I supposed —

Mancuso SLAMS the HATCH. Scrambling down the ladder, Mancuso hears Ramius bellowing at Borodin who is manning the helm:

RAMIUS

No, Vasily. I need you in fire control.
We must track whoever's out there.

Borodin heads for fire control. Ramius tosses Ryan into the chair behind the helm:

RAMIUS (CONT'D)

You sit here!

RYAN

But I can't —

RAMIUS

Do exactly as I tell you!

Stunned, Ryan grabs the helm. Jones and Tbilisi must have made it to sonar. Speakers CRACKLE:

JONES (VO)

(on speakers)

DSRV is away. There's a Russian Akula
about eight thousand yards starboard.

TBILISI (VO)

(on speakers)

It's the Konovalov.

RAMIUS

(to Ryan)

All ahead flank!

RYAN

(panicking)

I told you I'm just an analyst. I
write books.

RAMIUS

(leaning forward)

Turn that knob all the way to the right.

Ryan does. All around him the world is going stark raving mad.
Again, SPEAKERS CRACKLE:

JONES (VO)

(on speakers)

Torpedo in the water. High speed screws.
Bearing zero-two-zero. I estimate range
at about eight thousand yards.

RAMIUS

(to Ryan)

Turn the helm to the left. Steer course
zero-two-zero.

MANCUSO

(to Ramius)

Wait a minute! That's heading into the torpedo. You should turn away from it.

JONES (VO)

(on speakers)

Steady bearing to the weapon. Still zero-two-zero. Range about seven thousand yards.

RAMIUS

(to Ryan)

Turn that helm to the left until the dial says course zero-two-zero.

MANCUSO

No! That's wrong. Ryan, don't turn that goddam wheel!

Ryan stares at Mancuso then at Ramius. Deciding, he turns the helm left, coming to course zero-two-zero.

RYAN

(to Mancuso)

Sorry, Captain. I think --

MANCUSO

(to Ramius)

You're heading straight into that torpedo.

RAMIUS

I know.

IN THE CIC

aboard the frigate. Helpless, Greer and Tyler lean over the display. Curry studies the blips:

CURRY

(eyes narrowing)

Red October is turning directly into the torpedos path.

GREER

Mother of God.

ON RED OCTOBER

in the Conn, it's a deathwatch. Ryan thinks of Sally. Mancuso stares at Ramius. Goddammed if he's gonna be the one to whine.

JONES (VO)
(on speakers)
Torpedo steady bearing zero-two-zero.
Range five thousand yards.

RAMIUS
(on mike)
Melekhin. Can you give me any more
speed?

MELEKHIN (VO)
(on speakers)
Negative. We're going as fast as we can.

JONES (VO)
(on speakers)
Estimate range approximately three
thousand yards. Closing fast.

ON THE DALLAS

Thompson's still outside the sonar shack. The COB's at fire
control. As before, Beaumont works sonar.

THOMPSON
Why is he heading into the torpedo?
Is he trying to kill himself?

COB
Mr. Thompson. We have a solution on the
Soviet Akula. Shouldn't we shoot back?

THOMPSON
(angry)
She didn't shoot at us. Anyway, I can't
attack a Soviet submarine. I have no
goddam authorization!

ON RED OCTOBER

in the Conn, all players have turned to stone.

JONES (VO)
(on speakers)
Torpedo bearing steady at zero-two-
zero. Best range nine hundred yards.
Estimate impact in twenty seconds.

RAMIUS
(to Ryan)
What books?

RYAN
Pardon?

JONES (VO)
(on speakers)
Fifteen seconds.

RAMIUS
What books did you write?

RYAN
(hoarsely)
I wrote a biography on Admiral Halsey,
called, Fighting Sailor. It was about
tactics in combat —

JONES (VO)
(on speakers)
Ten seconds.

RAMIUS
I know this book. I have read some
parts of it.
(Ryan blinks)
Your conclusions were wrong, Ryan.
Halsey acted stupidly.

CRASH. The Conn ROCKS. Sound of TORPEDO BREAKING UP.
Metal SCRAPES along the SHIP. Realizing what's going on:

MANCUSO
I'll be damned.

RYAN
What happened?

MANCUSO
Combat tactics, Mr. Ryan. By turning
into the torpedo, Ramius closed the
distance before it could arm itself.
I never would have thought of it.

RYAN —
So we're safe?

RAMIUS
Not yet. Right now, the Soviet Captain,
a man named Tupolev is removing the
safety features on all his weapons.
He won't make the same mistake twice.

Behind Ramius, Ryan spots a SHADOW at the rear of the Conn. He
can't believe his eyes. The goddam shadow has a pistol in hand.
Suddenly:

A FIRE STORM

of GUNFIRE sprays the CONN. Everybody scatters. Borodin is HIT. SLAMMING into the bulkhead, he falls in a seated position, eyes wide.

Fire control panel EXPLODES. Behind a console, Mancuso drags out his .45 and RETURNS FIRE. The shadow disappears.

ON THE DALLAS

Beaumont rips off his headgear, turning to Thompson in the sonar shack's door, breathing hard:

BEAUMONT
Jesus Christ. Gunfire.

THOMPSON
Gunfire?

ON THE KONOVALOV

in the Conn, Tupolev is furious. He YELLS at Bonavia:

TUPOLEV
Hurry up goddammit! I want all the
enabling devices disconnected!

BONAVIA
Captain, I cannot go any faster.

ON RED OCTOBER

in the Conn, officers crawl from hiding. Sparks ERUPT from WIRES. Fire control is history. Ramius leans over Borodin:

BORODIN
I would have like to have seen Montana.
And the Indians.
(eyes glazing)
Captain?

He dies. RAGING, Ramius POUNDS the BULKHEAD. Kamarov notices a light on a panel:

KAMAROV
He's in the missile compartment!

RAMIUS
(to Mancuso)
The ship is yours.

MANCUSO
But fire control is blasted to hell.
I can't shoot.

RAMIUS

Then get behind him and stay there.
Don't let him put you in his sights
or we're all dead.

Mancuso tosses Ramius his .45. Catching it, Ramius splits. Ryan follows.

CUT TO:

TUPOLEV

a caged tiger in the Conn on the Konovalov. Bonavia turns, looking back at him:

BONAVIA

Enabling devices are removed.

TUPOLEV

About time!

(into mike)

Sonar, give me a bearing on Red October.

SONAR (VO)

(on speakers)

She's taken position behind us.

TUPOLEV

Damn.

(to helm)

Left full rudder. I'll shake him loose.

ON RED OCTOBER

in a passageway outside a door to the missile compartment, Ramius and Ryan hug the bulkhead:

RAMIUS

He'll break into a panel and short
-circuit the wiring on a missile. We'll
be blown to pieces.

Taking a deep breath, Ryan follows Ramius into the

MISSILE COMPARTMENT

coming face-to-face with a BARRAGE of GUNFIRE. Ramius is HIT. Ryan drags him into a space behind an electrical panel. Mercifully, the shooting STOPS.

Ryan checks Ramius. His shoulder's a mess. Mind reeling, Ryan studies his surroundings. He's never felt so alone.

The compartment is vast, dominated by twenty missile tubes six feet

in diameter. Overhead, a catwalk. At the aft end, somebody's working with a wrench.

RAMIUS

We must stop him before he gets into a panel.

Ryan stares at Ramius. Ramius isn't gonna stop anybody. Resigned, Ryan finds the .45 Mancuso gave him in his pocket, MUMBLING:

RYAN

(to himself)

Next time memos. Only memos.

RAMIUS

Be careful what you shoot at in here, Ryan. The compartment is very sensitive.

In a daze, Ryan starts walking aft, still MUMBLING:

RYAN

Be careful what you shoot at, Ryan. Very sensitive...in here...

IN THE CONN

on Red October, a handful of men struggle to fight the ship. Kamarov mans the wheel. Sonar SPEAKERS POP:

JONES (VO)

(on speakers)

He's going deep!

MANCUSO

(to Kamarov)

Twenty degrees down on the bow!

IN THE MISSILE COMPARTMENT

The wall becomes the floor. Fighting to keep his balance, Ryan walks on the wall, still MUMBLING:

RYAN

Sensitive stuff...in here...I have to...be careful...of course.

The ship turns. Wall becomes ceiling. Grabbing the catwalk, Ryan hangs at a ninety degree angle. GUNFIRE. Bullets RIP into the BULKHEAD inches from his HEAD:

RYAN (CONT'D)

I have to be careful what I shoot at... He doesn't have to be careful...He can shoot at anything he wants.

IN THE CIC

aboard the frigate, Curry hunches over a console. Greer and Tyler watch anxiously:

CURRY

The Akula is too fast. No way Red October can stay behind her. It's only a matter of time now.

(beat)

The Akula's turning. She's fired another torpedo. This one can't miss.

ON RED OCTOBER

in sonar, Jones and Tbilisi hear PINGING become LOUDER, more FREQUENT. Holding the mike, ashen:

JONES

Another torpedo, Captain. It has enabled and is active. It has acquired us and is homing.

CUT TO:

THE DEEP

Red October looms into view. To the right, the Konovalov shimmers in the dark. Between them, the torpedo appears. PINGS grow CLOSER and CLOSER. At the last minute

THE DALLAS

races into view, rocketing forward at full bore, streaking between Red October and the torpedo. It's really something.

IN THE CIC

aboard the frigate, Curry SHOUTS:

CURRY

Jesus Christ.

GREER

What?

CURRY

The Dallas has moved between Red October and the torpedo. The torpedo is chasing the Dallas now!

ON THE DALLAS

in the sonar shack. Beaumont works his equipment, speaking into a mike:

BEAUMONT

Conn, sonar. Torpedo is in acquisition.
Range five hundred yards and closing.
You've done it, Mr. Thompson!

IN THE CONN

on the Dallas, Thompson stands on the deck. The COB is at ballast control, holding the emergency blow handles.

THOMPSON

Chief, release counter-measures and
emergency blow all main valves.
Let's hope to Christ this works!

COB

(on phone)
Signal ejector station. Release
counter-measures.
(pulling handles)
Emergency blow!

SHRIEK of the BLOW is DEAFENING. The deck angles crazily upwards at thirty degrees. Gear CRASHES to the FLOOR. Eardrums SHATTERING, Thompson holds on, fighting gravity.

IN THE WATER

the Dallas heads for the surface. Counter-measures head for the bottom. The incoming torpedo chases the counter-measures, disappearing into the abyss.

ON THE SURFACE

The Dallas ERUPTS from the WATER at THIRTY DEGREES, her bottom exposed well aft of the sail. A broaching behemoth, she CRASHES back into the sea, DISPLACING TONS of WATER.

ON THE FRIGATE

neither Soviet nor American sailors on the fantail can believe their eyes. Petrov's jaw drops. Has the entire world gone completely insane?

ON RED OCTOBER

in the missile compartment, blood pounding, Ryan leans flat against a missile tube. On the other side of the tube, METAL falls on CONCRETE.

Rounding the tube, Ryan holds the .45 at arm's length. Kneeling before him, directly in front of an open panel on the missile bay is a Soviet sailor with crazy eyes:

IT'S LOGINOV

the cook's assistant who witnessed the Putin key exchange. He's got a hot wire in each hand. Time stands still. Ryan stares at Loginov. Loginov stares back.

There's something in the Loginov's eyes, an uncompromising, irrational villainy that asks no forgiveness. For a moment, Ryan's paralyzed, a rabbit before a cobra.

Deliberately, Loginov begins to move his hands together, bringing the wires closer. Ryan tries to speak. He can't. Loginov's grin cracks wide like a rotten egg.

RYAN FIRES

Flame LEAPS from the BARREL of the .45. The pistol KICKS like a MULE. Loginov is delivered to eternity. Impotent, the wires fall to the floor.

ON THE KONOVALOV

Flushed, Tupolev towers over fire control. Seated before him, Bonavia tries to hang on to his sanity.

BONAVIA

Directly ahead. Range five hundred yards.

TUPOLEV

Got him. Match bearings and fire.

BONAVIA

We are too close. I have to set —

TUPOLEV

Shoot now!

Tupolev pulls the lever himself.

ON RED OCTOBER

in the Conn, Mancuso, Kamarov and the others are on pins and needles. What next? Suddenly, they hear PINGING.

JONES (VO)

(on speakers)

Launch transient astern. He's shooting again. Very close.

MANCUSO

Left full rudder!

JONES
(louder pings)
Weapon is active.
(louder pings)
It has acquired.

Sound of torpedo passing close to the hull:

JONES (VO CONT'D)
(on speakers)
Weapon passed close aboard. Is
entering re-attack. Hold on. It's
reacquired. But not on us!

Ryan appears with Ramius aft of the Conn. Pinging grows
QUIETER, more DISTANT.

ON THE KONOVALOV

in the Conn, Tupolev is suddenly confused, disoriented by the
PINGS.

TUPOLEV
Wait. I —

SONAR (VO)
(over speakers)
Our torpedo missed Red October and
is homing on us!

TUPOLEV
(stunned)
How could that be?

BONAVIA
The weapon was not properly programmed.

PINGS CLOSER. LOUDER. Finally, PINGS become a SPINE-
TINGLING HOWL. Bonavia SHOUTS:

BONAVIA (CONT'D)
You stupid arrogant bastard. You've
killed us all!

IN THE WATER

Blinding light. The Konovalov disintegrates. Billowing pockets of
gas embrace the deep. Thirty-seven hundred tons of steel and iron
rip apart in the blink of an eye.

ON THE SURFACE

a white mountain of displaced water rises into the air, compresses
and explodes.

ON THE FRIGATE

in shock, the Russian crew gapes at the explosion. The young sailor who took courage from Ramius makes the sign of the cross.

ON RED OCTOBER

in the Conn, as the aftershock subsides, Ryan helps Ramius up off the floor, trying to make him comfortable against a bulkhead:

RAMIUS

Captain Tupolev has just provided your pantomime with the one thing you could never have managed.

RYAN

(nodding)

Wreckage.

CUT TO:

PELT

in his office seated across from Lysenko:

PELT

With the depth of the water and the wreckage scattered over such a wide area, it will be a long time before anything is recovered. Your people are already interviewing the crew and making arrangements for their return.

(Lysenko nods,
soberly)

This has been a terrible tragedy, Mr. Ambassador. I can only stress that if you'd come to us earlier, it might have been avoided.

Lysenko eyes him.

LYSENKO

I appreciate your candor in the matter.

PELT

(smoothly)

And I yours, Andrei.

LYSENKO

(probing)

Perhaps in the future, the technology will be available for a more thorough investigation of the wreckage...

PELT
(steady)

Perhaps.

A long beat as the two men stare at each other. Lysenko finally breaks it off:

LYSENKO
There is another matter...One I am
reluctant to --

PELT
No. Please go ahead.

LYSENKO
One of our submarines, an Akula, was
last reported in the Reykjanes Ridge.
We have not heard from her for sometime.

Pelt stares at him blankly, time hangs suspended. Finally, Pelt reaches for the bridge of his nose as if to stave off a killer headache:

PELT
You've lost another submarine?
(beat)
Andrei...

Lysenko sits, hat in hand. Finally, he averts his gaze.

JUMP CUT TO:

A DRIVER

standing beside a limousine outside the Executive Office Building. Fuming, Lysenko approaches. The driver smiles. Not a good idea. Lysenko snarls:

LYSENKO
Shut up! Don't speak to me Boris. Don't
ever speak to me unless I speak to you
first. And wipe that smile off your face!

Lysenko piles into the limo, slamming the door as hard as he can. Locked inside, he starts shouting and hitting things.

CUT TO:

BRIGHT MOONLIGHT

on the tree studded bank of a large coastal river. A gentle breeze touches the trees and punctuates the silence. Crickets and frogs sing on the shore:

Ramius glances at the rock. Beside it, a muskrat drops quietly into the water.

RAMIUS (CONT'D)

Or perhaps it was something that started long ago...

RYAN

Fishing?

RAMIUS

Fishing.

Taking a deep breath, Ramius studies the surrounding hills. Lights from farms twinkle in the night air.

RAMIUS (CONT'D)

"The sea will grant each man new hope, as sleep doth dream of home."

(on Ryan's look)

Christopher Columbus.

Ryan smiles.

RYAN

(quietly)

Welcome to the new world, sir.

DISSOLVE TO:

A STEWARDESS

walking down the aisle of an airplane, checking passengers. Stopping near the front of the cabin, she glances down at

RYAN

sound asleep in his seat, empty tea cup on a tray beside him. A blanket hangs on one leg. In the seat next to him

A TEDDY BEAR

smiles out at passing clouds. The bear's got a red ribbon round his neck and a seat belt fastened over his bulging tummy.

Covering Ryan with the blanket, the stewardess leaves. Tea cup RATTLES. Ryan doesn't even twitch. Turbulence is a thing of the past.

FADE OUT

THE END