

WOLFGANG  
BOY  
BOY  
OF THE SEA  
SERIES

"THE HAUNTED SUBMARINE"

by

William Welch

SHOOTING FINAL  
October 14, 1966

CAST LIST

ADMIRAL NELSON

CAPTAIN SHAEMAS O'HARA NELSON

CAPTAIN CRANE

COMMANDER MORTON

CHIEF SHARKEY

KOWALSKI

VOICE (OVER INTERCOM)

SET LIST

INTERIORS:

CONTROL ROOM - SEAVIEW

CREW'S QUARTERS

ADMIRAL'S CABIN

UPPER CORRIDOR

STAIRWAY CORRIDOR

MISSILE ROOM

OBSERVATION NOSE

"THE HAUNTED SUBMARINE"

TEASER

FADE IN

1 EXT. UNDERSEA - DAY (STOCK) 1

FULL SHOT - SEAVIEW  
moving smoothly through the underwater world.

DISSOLVE TO:

2 INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY 2

FULL SHOT  
showing all stations manned.

3 INT. CREW'S QUARTERS - DAY 3

ESTABLISHING SHOT  
with the room empty. The door opens and KOWALSKI ENTERS,  
followed by the CHIEF. Kowalski goes up to a wall vent  
and points.

KOWALSKI

There. That's where it came from.  
It was a moaning sound, like somebody  
was dying or something.

CHIEF

(a scornful  
expression on  
his face)  
And it came from there, huh?

KOWALSKI

That's right.  
(reacting to  
the Chief's  
skeptical look)  
Okay, you think I've flipped,  
don't you? Well, I know what  
I heard.

CHIEF

Kid, look...those ventilator ducts  
run from one end of the ship to  
the other. Right? Well, sometimes  
the pressure in one compartment  
will be higher than the pressure  
in another compartment.

Cont.

3 Cont.

3  
Cont.

KOWALSKI

Don't you think I know all that?

CHIEF

(ignoring Kowalski's  
protest)

Now -- when that happens air rushes  
through the ducts. And then it  
makes this kind of moaning sound.  
That's what you heard, Kowalski.  
Air in the ducts.

KOWALSKI

(dubiously)

I don't know, it didn't sound like  
that.

CHIEF

You got a little excited, that's  
all. Now come on. Your watch is  
coming up.

KOWALSKI

Okay. Only I know what I heard.

Kowalski goes out. The Chief pauses long enough to glance  
up at the duct, shaking his head as though amused by  
Kowalski's gullability. He turns, about to exit, when  
a SOUND freezes him in his tracks. It comes from the  
vent -- faint and almost indistinguishable at first, then  
rising in intensity, until it becomes unmistakably a  
cackling, unearthly LAUGHTER. The Chief stares, his eyes  
almost bulging. And then, as suddenly as it came, the  
LAUGHTER fades away.

CHIEF

(in alarm)

'Ski! Wait for me!

And he hurries out of the room, slamming the door behind  
him.

DISSOLVE TO:

4

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

4

ANGLE ON CRANE

facing Kowalski and the Chief, who look somewhat shaken.

CHIEF

I tell you, Skipper, it was some  
kind of laugh. A weird cackling  
laugh.

Cont.

CRANE

And you heard it too, Kowalski?

KOWALSKI

Well...no, sir. Not then. I was already out in the corridor. But before that I heard this moaning sound...

CHIEF

That's when he called me, sir. It seemed to come from the ventilator grid.

Crane listens gravely. MORTON approaches.

MORTON

Kowalski...you're due on Radar watch.

KOWALSKI

Aye, sir.

Kowalski looks questioningly at Crane.

CRANE

All right, Kowalski, that's all.

Kowalski goes off to take his place at the Radar console. The Chief hesitates, making no move as yet to leave.

CHIEF

Skipper, I..uh..I guess there's a good logical explanation for what we heard...isn't there, sir?

CRANE

Naturally. And if you hear anything else unusual, I want you to report it to me personally.

CHIEF

Aye, aye, sir.

When the Chief departs, Morton throws a questioning look at Crane.

MORTON

More of those reports?

CRANE

(nods)

Chip, how long have we been running submerged this cruise?

MORTON

This is our fourth day submerged.  
Our twenty-fourth at sea. Why?

CRANE

I wonder if the crew isn't getting  
edgy. Maybe they need shore leave.

MORTON

They always need shore leave.  
They'll be okay.

5

ANGLE ON KOWALSKI

at the Radar station. He has hardly settled in when he  
sees something on his board, reacts and adjusts his  
instruments.

5

KOWALSKI

Mr. Morton...

Morton comes over to Kowalski.

MORTON

What are you getting?

KOWALSKI

Surface ship, oh-one-seven degrees  
relative...range two-five-double-  
oh yards.

MORTON

Very well. Keep it on your screen.

PAN with Morton as he crosses to the plot table to refer  
to the chart. Crane turns to him.

CRANE

Problem?

MORTON

I don't think so. Surface ship almost  
dead ahead.

Crane takes a look at the chart.

CRANE

Funny. We haven't been tracking  
any surface vessels in this area.

Cont.

MORTON

(marking  
the map)

We've got one now.

Crane is puzzled. He picks up a hand mike.

CRANE

(into mike)

Sparks...there's a surface ship  
within twenty-five hundred yards  
of us. Raise them and request  
an identification...

VOICE

(on speaker)

Aye, aye, sir.

MORTON

(as Crane hangs  
up the mike)

A lone vessel a hundred and fifty  
miles off the nearest shipping  
lane...What do you make of it, Lee?

CRANE

I don't know -- but I sure want  
to find out.

VOICE

(on speaker)

Skipper, the ship doesn't respond  
to our signal.

CRANE

(picking up mike)

Try it again. And keep trying until  
you get a response.

VOICE

(on speaker)

Aye, aye, sir.

Crane hangs up the mike and turns to Morton.

CRANE

Bring us up to periscope depth.

MORTON

Aye, sir.

Cont.



5 Cont.1

5  
Cont.1

MORTON (Cont.)  
(calling out)  
Ten degrees up bubble.

Crane has already started aft toward the periscope island.

6 EXT. UNDERSEA - DAY (STOCK) 6

FULL SHOT - SEAVIEW  
its bow tilted as it begins to rise toward the surface.

7 INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY 7

ANGLE ON PERISCOPE ISLAND  
where Crane waits, with Morton on the steps near him.

VOICE  
(o.s.)  
Periscope depth, sir.

CRANE  
Up 'scope.

Morton pushes a button and the periscope rises. Crane flips down the arm rests and focuses as he makes a sweep, then stops. He peers through the eyepiece with interest.

CRANE  
Chip...

Morton mounts the platform and Crane relinquishes the eyepiece to him.

8 P.O.V. (MASKED FOR PERISCOPE) (STOCK) 8  
on the surface, some distance away is an unbelievable sight...a majestic, square-rigged frigate from 200 years in the past!

FADE OUT

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN

- 9 INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY 9
- P.O.V. (MASKED FOR 'SCOPE) (STOCK AS IN SC. 8)  
showing the square-rigged frigate on the surface.
- 10 ANGLE ON PERISCOPE ISLAND 10  
as Morton straightens up and looks at Crane in amazement.
- MORTON  
No wonder Sparks can't contact  
them! That ship looks a couple  
of centuries old.
- CRANE  
I still want to know who they are  
and where they came from.
- MORTON  
We could signal them with semaphore.
- CRANE  
We'll have to. Take her up, Chip.
- MORTON  
Aye, aye, sir.  
(picking up a mike)  
Prepare to surface!
- The KLAXON SOUNDS.
- 11 EXT. THE SURFACE - DAY (STOCK) 11
- FULL SHOT - SEAVIEW  
as it broaches.
- 12 INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY 12
- ANGLE ON HATCH LADDER  
with Crane, wearing a windbreaker and binoculars slung around  
his neck, beginning to mount the ladder. He pauses halfway  
up to look down at Morton.
- CRANE  
I don't know how that square-  
rigger will react to us. Stand  
by to take us down in a hurry if  
we have to duck.

Cont.

12 Cont.

12  
Cont.

MORTON

We'll be ready.

Crane nods and starts up the ladder again.

13 EXT. THE SURFACE - DAY (STOCK)

13

LONG SHOT - SQUARE-RIGGER  
which suddenly and unexpectedly fires at broadside.

14 INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

14

ANGLE ON HATCH LADDER

The sub is rocked violently by the broadside. Crane, almost at the top of the ladder, clings desperately to it as he is all but hurled to the deck by the violent shock of the broadside. Morton, at the foot of the ladder, clutches at the rail of the periscope island to keep his balance. The lights go out momentarily as all hands in the Control Room are jolted by the sudden violent impact. The lights flicker on again as Crane scrambles down the hatch ladder to the periscope island.

CRANE

Take us down fast!

MORTON

Crash dive!

The KLAXON BLARES TWICE.

15 EXT. THE SURFACE - DAY (STOCK)

15

LONG SHOT - SQUARE-RIGGER  
again unleashing a broadside.

16 INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY (STOCK)

16

MED. SHOT

as the ship rocks violently under the impact of the second broadside.

17 MED. CLOSE SHOT - CHRISTMAS TREE (STOCK)

17

as a Crewman, wearing a headset, rapidly punching buttons under the panel. The lights are turning from red to green.

18 ANGLE ON MORTON

18

who looks over toward the panel o.s.

VOICE

(o.s.)

All green.

Cont.

18 Cont.

18  
Cont.

MORTON  
(into a mike)  
Dive! Dive!

19 EXT. SURFACE - DAY (STOCK)

19

FULL SHOT  
as Seaview slips below the surface.

DISSOLVE TO:

20 EXT. UNDERSEA - DAY (STOCK)

20

FULL SHOT - SEAVIEW  
levelling off and moving along below the surface.

21 INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

21

ANGLE ON CRANE  
who has moved to the plot table. Morton joins him.

MORTON  
We're riding at one hundred  
feet.

CRANE  
Bring her to a full stop.

MORTON  
(picking up a mike)  
All stop!

VOICE  
(on speaker)  
All stop...aye.

22 EXT. UNDERSEA - DAY (STOCK)

22

FULL SHOT - SEAVIEW  
gliding slowly to a stop and hovering silently.

23 ANGLE ON MORTON

23

turning to look toward one of the stations.

MORTON  
How's our trim?

VOICE  
(o.s.)  
Trim satisfactory, sir.

MORTON  
(turning to Crane)  
We're at one hundred feet, dead  
stop, trim satisfactory.

Cont.

23 Cont.

23  
Cont.

CRANE

Very well.

(picks up the mike)

Damage Control...what's our  
condition?

VOICE

(on speaker)

Damage Control, sir. Full water-  
tight integrity in all compartments.

Crane hangs up the mike and looks at Morton.

CRANE

Those must have been old-fashioned  
cannon balls they were throwing.  
I doubt if they even scratched us.

MORTON

I'll ready the two forward  
torpedo tubes.

CRANE

What for?

MORTON

We can blow that hulk out of  
the water.

CRANE

We're not going to fire on her.

MORTON

She fired on us.

CRANE

I still want to know more about  
her.

NELSON'S VOICE

(on speaker)

Control Room...

Crane and Morton exchange quick glances. Then Crane picks  
up a mike.

CRANE

(into mike)

Yes, Admiral?

24

INT. ADMIRAL'S CABIN - DAY

24

ANGLE ON NELSON

at his desk, speaking into a mike.

Cont.

24 Cont.

24  
Cont.

NELSON

(into mike)

What's going on down there,  
Lee? What did we hit?

25 INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

25

ANGLE ON CRANE  
as he holds the mike.

CRANE

(into mike)

Nothing, Admiral. Something  
hit us.

26 INT. ADMIRAL'S CABIN - DAY

26

ANGLE ON NELSON  
reacting to what he hears over the speaker.

CRANE'S VOICE

(over speaker)

We've been attacked by a two-  
hundred year old square-rigger!

NELSON

(into mike)

I'll be right down.

Nelson rises and starts for the door.

27 INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

27

ANGLE ON CRANE  
who replaces the mike and crosses to the radar station.

CRANE

Kowalski, what are you reading  
now?

KOWALSKI

The ship hasn't moved, Skipper.  
She's still up there on the surface.

Crane looks down at the instruments, deep in thought.

28 INT. UPPER CORRIDOR - DAY

28

ANGLE ON NELSON  
who has come from his cabin, heading along the corridor.  
Suddenly he HEARS a cackling LAUGH. He halts in his tracks,  
wheeling around to look behind him.

12

29 HIS P.O.V. - THE CORRIDOR (STOCK) 29  
 which is completely deserted.

30 BACK TO NELSON 30  
 looking puzzled. He hesitates a moment, undecided. Then he resumes his way along the passage and turns the bend at the far end.

31 INT. OBSERVATION NOSE - DAY 31  
 ANGLE UP CIRCULAR STAIRS  
 as Nelson descends. He reaches the bottom and turns, about to stride into the Control Room. Suddenly he stops dead and stares into the nerve center of the ship, an expression of incredulity on his face.

32 HIS P.O.V. - THE CONTROL ROOM 32  
 where all Crewmen are at their stations. Crane is at the radar post, looking over Kowalski's shoulder. Morton is leaning over the plot table. The Helmsman and Planesman are at the twin wheels. No one stirs and the room is dead still. Even the lights, usually blinking at various speeds now blaze steadily. The entire area is completely frozen into immobility!

33 BACK TO NELSON 33  
 who continues to stare. He rubs his hand across his eyes as though unable to believe what he sees. Then he turns to look toward the Nose.

34 P.O.V. - TOWARD NOSE WINDOWS (FROZEN FRAME - STOCK) 34  
 The bubbles usually rising rapidly across the face of the windows are similarly suspended motionless.

35 BACK TO NELSON 35  
 as he again looks toward the Control Room and then moves forward into it.

36 INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY 36  
 MED. SHOT  
 PAN with Nelson as he moves cautiously and wonderingly through the usually bustling room where now every man stands frozen like a statue. He stops in front of Morton who leans over the plot table, staring down at a chart with unseeing eyes.

NELSON

Chip...

Although Nelson speaks quietly, his voice seems to reverberate through the tomb-like silence of the room. Morton does not stir. Nelson turns toward the Helmsman.

- 37 ANGLE ON HELM 37  
where the two operators sit holding the control wheels. They stare straight ahead and the wheels are frozen into immobility. Nelson, his alarm growing, stares at both men, then quickly moves off, heading aft.
- 38 ANGLE ON RADAR POST 38  
where Crane bends forward looking at the instruments over Kowalski's shoulder. Neither man stirs as Nelson comes up to them.

NELSON

Lee...what is it? What's this all about?

There is no reply, no movement, no hint of a reaction from anywhere. Nelson looks down at the Radar screen.

- 39 P.O.V. - RADAR SCREEN (STOCK - FROZEN FRAME) 39  
The screen, with its sweeping electronics line, is now completely motionless in spite of the fact that it remains lighted.

- 40 ANGLE ON NELSON 40  
His bewilderment increasing. He looks at Crane's frozen face.

NELSON

Can't you hear me?  
(looks around,  
raising his  
voice)  
Can't anybody hear?

Only his own voice echoes through the eerily silent room, Nelson turns and reaches for a wall mike. MOVE IN for a CLOSE SHOT.

NELSON

(into mike)  
Now hear this - all hands. This is Admiral Nelson. Report your condition!  
(he waits, looking toward a wall speaker, but hears nothing)  
Report!

He hangs up the mike, baffled. Once more he stares around the silent, motionless Control Room. He shakes his head.

Cont.



40 Cont.

NELSON

(to himself)

It's not happening. It can't be.  
I must be dreaming. Yes, that's it  
-- a dream...Some absurd nightmare.  
I'm not here at all. I'm asleep in  
my bunk. It's the only explanation...

He turns to start toward the aft exit, only to halt abruptly as, once again, the weird cackling LAUGHTER comes from the speaker. It stops as suddenly as it had started.

Cont.

40 Cont.

40  
Cont.

NELSON

Who's that?  
                   (a beat)  
 Who are you?

When there is no further sound, he looks around the unearthly stillness of the Control Room, then hurries out.

41 INT. STAIRWAY CORRIDOR - DAY 41

ANGLE ON STAIRS

which are deserted, as is the corridor. The echoing SOUND of FOOTSTEPS is heard as someone approaches the head of the stairs, moving cautiously. A long shadow from the corridor heralds the figure's approach and then the man himself appears. It is Nelson! He moves toward the stairs, looking from left to right, in the almost tangible silence. Finally he starts down the stairs, still proceeding with caution.

42 REVERSE ANGLE 42  
As Nelson reaches the lower deck and pauses to look around.43 P.O.V. DOWN CORRIDOR (STOCK) 43  
showing the passageway completely deserted and lifeless.44 ON NELSON 44  
who starts down the corridor, still moving cautiously.

45 INT. SECOND CORRIDOR - DAY 45

ANGLE ON CORRIDOR BEND

A figure is standing out of sight beyond the bend, its presence revealed by a distinct shadow cast against the bulkhead. The shadow figure has one hand raised and holds the unmistakable silhouette of a pistol. Nelson enters from behind CAMERA. He sees the shadow and freezes.

46 CLOSE SHOT - NELSON 46  
as he peers at the shadow o.s. his expression tense, his mind working rapidly. He looks around, then back toward the shadow.

- 47 P.O.V. - THE SHADOW 47  
 standing exactly where it had been, silent and unmoving,  
 yet ominously menacing.
- 48 ANGLE ON NELSON 48  
 who turns again to the bulkhead where an anti-radiation foam  
 container hangs on a bracket. He goes to the bracket and  
 silently, with great care, takes down the container. Armed  
 with this, he begins to inch his way forward toward the bend  
 where the ominous shadow still stands. He prepares the con-  
 tainer, grasping the end of the hose with one hand ready to  
 aim it. He stops just short of the bend, holding his breath  
 and listening for the slightest sound or the first sign of  
 movement. At last, bracing himself, he suddenly thrusts the  
 container nozzle around the bend, at the same moment releasing  
 a stream of foam at the face of the unknown figure lurking  
 just past the bend. Then Nelson springs around the bend,  
 ready to attack. Instead he stops, staring at what he sees.
- 49 ANGLE PAST NELSON 49  
 to reveal Chief Sharkey. He is standing, frozen in immobility.  
 In his right hand he holds, not a gun but a wrench. His  
 position indicates that he had been carrying the wrench and  
 walking down the corridor when, unaccountably, he had  
 suddenly frozen into a statue. His expression is blandly  
 unperturbed, although his face and shoulders are covered  
 with the foam Nelson has just sprayed on him. As Nelson  
 faces him, the Chief makes no movement and gives no sign  
 of awareness.
- 50 ANOTHER ANGLE 50  
 as Nelson stares at the Chief with mixed feelings of relief  
 and bewilderment.

NELSON

I don't suppose you can hear  
 me either.

(no reaction from  
 the Chief)

No. I didn't think you could.  
 What is all this?

Then, as suddenly as before, there comes the wild, cackling  
 LAUGH. Nelson starts and looks down the corridor.

51 P.O.V. - DOWN CORRIDOR (STOCK) 51  
showing it completely deserted, although the LAUGHTER  
continues.

52 ON NELSON 52  
who looks at the **foam container in his hands**. It is his X  
only weapon. He grips it tightly and then starts down the  
corridor toward the SOUND of the LAUGHTER. Just as he  
approaches the bend, the LAUGHTER dies away into a ghostly  
echo.

SHOCK CUT TO:

53

INT. CREW'S QUARTERS - DAY

53

CLOSEUP - A CREWMAN  
 his face half turned from CAMERA and standing frozen in place. CAMERA MOVES PAST him to reveal another Crewman sitting on the edge of a bunk as though immobilized in the act of getting to his feet. CONTINUE TO PAN showing several other men stretched on bunks, similarly motionless. At last CAMERA HOLDS on the door which slowly begins to open. Nelson appears, still clutching the container X He stops to look over the lifeless room. He is no longer surprised but his bewildered uneasiness increases with each new discovery. And then, as though half expected this time, the cackling LAUGHTER fills the room. Nelson discards the container and crosses to an arms locker. X He digs some keys from his pocket, inserts one in the lock and swings open the door. He reaches into the locker and takes out an automatic pistol. He rams a magazine in place and examines the weapon to be sure it is operative. He looks up sharply as the LAUGHTER abruptly stops. With an expression of grim determination, he hefts the weapon, takes one quick glance around the silent room, then strides for the door, going out and closing it behind him.

DISSOLVE TO:

54

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

54

ANGLE ON NELSON  
 as he moves along the passage, drawn gun in hand. He stops short as he hears the DISTINCT SOUND of WALKING FOOTSTEPS. He listens for a moment until he is satisfied the footsteps are really there.

NELSON

(calling out)

Who's that?

The FOOTSTEPS halt abruptly while his voice echoes through the stillness. Then the FOOTSTEPS resume, moving away on the run. Nelson takes off, running to the end of the corridor and stopping to listen.

55

CLOSE SHOT - NELSON

55

Listening. Sweat shines on his face now. The FOOTSTEPS ring out as some unseen person begins to run up the metal treads of a staircase. Nelson gives chase.

56

INT. STAIRWAY CORRIDOR - DAY

56

ANGLE ON STAIRS  
 as Nelson dashes up the corridor, gun in hand, and pauses to listen. Now the SOUND of RUNNING FOOTSTEPS resounds from somewhere in the upper corridor. Nelson reacts and

Cont.

56 Cont.

56  
Cont.

starts up the metal stairway, two steps at a time. At the top, he exits into the upper corridor in hot pursuit of the disappearing SOUND.

57

INT. AN UPPER CORRIDOR - DAY

57

ANGLE ON NELSON

who comes charging around the corridor bend at full tilt, then stops to look toward the door to his cabin.

58

P.O.V. - DOOR TO ADMIRAL'S CABIN

58

which stands ajar, swaying slightly as though someone had just entered the cabin.

59

ANGLE ON NELSON

59

with an expression now of grim satisfaction. He checks his gun once more, then moves silently forward to the slightly open door of his cabin. He pauses just before reaching the door and strains his ears for any sound from within. There is nothing. Flattening himself against the bulkhead, and holding the pistol ready to fire in his right hand, he reaches for the door with his left. A sudden movement flings the door open and at the same moment, Nelson leaps into the cabin.

60

INT. ADMIRAL'S CABIN - DAY

60

ANGLE ON DOOR

which Nelson has just leapt through. He drops to one knee, his gun ready to fire. Now he stares.

61

HIS P.O.V.

61

The cabin is lit by the lamp on his desk, which casts weird shadows on the walls and leaves the recesses of the cabin in velvety darkness.

62

ANGLE ON NELSON

62

his back to the open door, peering around the cabin searchingly, his gun constantly ready.

NELSON

(hoarsely)

Where are you...Speak up. I know you're in here.

He slowly rises to his feet, his eyes trying to penetrate the darkest corners. Suddenly the door behind him swings closed with a noisy slam. Nelson spins around in alarm and tries to reopen it. He finds it locked.

Then he stiffens as the strange LAUGH sounds behind him, within the confines of the cabin. Very slowly now, he turns back toward the room, not sure what to expect.

Cont.

62 Cont.

62  
Cont.

NELSON

(angry now)

All right, I've had enough! Speak  
up! Who's in here?

VOICE

(o.s.)

It's a comical picture you make, and  
you standing there with your mouth  
open.

X

NELSON

(levelling his gun)

Come out into the light where I  
can get a look at you.

63

CLOSE SHOT - NELSON  
straining his eyes to see.

63

NELSON

Where are you? I warn you --- if  
you don't show yourself, I'll open  
fire.

64

ANGLE ON NELSON  
standing uncertainly facing the darkest corner of the cabin.  
He raises the gun to arm's length, ready to pull the trigger.

64

VOICE

(from behind him)

Back here! Look out!

Nelson reacts instinctively, whirling and firing at a dark  
shadow which almost seems part of the shadowy corner. The  
dark figure takes a single step forward and Nelson fires  
again, directly at the figure.

VOICE

That'll be enough of that! A shame  
it is to scar these handsome walls  
of yours.

Nelson slowly lets the gun droop in his hand as he stares  
incredulously at the shadowy form.

NELSON

All right, who are you? Come  
into the light where I can get a  
look at you.

VOICE

A look at me, you say! And your not  
afraid of the sight your eyes may  
behold.

64 Cont.

64  
Cont.

NELSON

Step into the light!

VOICE

You'll be puttin' away your gun  
first.

65      CLOSE SHOT - NELSON 65  
as he hesitates, trying to evaluate the half-seen figure in  
the shadows in front of him. Finally, he holds up the  
gun, studying it for a moment, and then tosses it over on  
the desk top. Then he turns to look again at the figure.

66      PAST NELSON TO THE FIGURE 66  
which waits a moment and then, with two vigorous strides,  
steps from the shadows into a shaft of light. The figure  
is a man in the uniform of an early 19th Century sea  
captain. And as the light falls across his face, the  
features are those of Nelson himself!

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE



ACT TWO

FADE IN

67

EXT. UNDERSEA - DAY (STOCK)

67

FULL SHOT - SEAVIEW

suspended at full stop below the surface.

68

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

68

FULL SHOT

For a second or two, the entire personnel of the Control Room remain frozen as they had been before. Then, as though nothing at all had happened, they resume their normal activity. Lights on the various panels blink again in contrast to their steady glare a moment before. MOVE IN on Crane, who is with Kowalski at the radar post. On the radar screen, the line makes its standard circular sweep in contrast to its frozen position before. Crane picks up his conversation with Kowalski exactly where he had left it in Sc. 27.

CRANE

Well, sing out if she changes her position.

KOWALSKI

Aye, aye, sir.

Crane crosses to where Morton is working at the plot table.

CRANE

As soon as the Admiral comes down, we'll try to figure out what to do about that ship.

MORTON

At least she doesn't seem to have any modern weapons aboard. I've been half expecting her to dump a load of depth charges on us.

CRANE

So have I.

(looks toward the  
circular stairs)

Funny -- I wonder what's keeping the Admiral?

MORTON

I don't know. He's had plenty of time to get here.

Cont.

68 Cont.

68  
Cont.

Crane picks up a hand mike.

CRANE

(into mike)

Admiral, we thought you were on  
your way to the Control Room.

69 INT. ADMIRAL'S CABIN - DAY

69

ANGLE ON NELSON

still badly shaken by his encounter with the mysterious  
stranger, who has his face. He reacts to the SOUND of  
Crane's voice on the speaker.

CRANE'S VOICE

(on speaker)

Is anything wrong?

Nelson turns to face the mysterious stranger.

70 P.O.V. - THE CABIN  
No one is there!

70

71 ANGLE ON NELSON  
rubbing a hand across his eyes, totally baffled.

71

CRANE'S VOICE

(on speaker)

Admiral...what is it?

Nelson gets a grip on himself and crosses to pick up a  
mike.

NELSON

(into mike)

Nothing, Lee. I'm coming down now.

In almost a dream-like trance, Nelson replaces the mike,  
then picks up the pistol from his desk. He examines it,  
sniffing the barrel and realizing that it actually has been  
fired recently. He hesitates a moment, weighing the gun  
in the palm of his hand. Then he opens his desk drawer,  
deposits the gun in it and closes the drawer. He takes  
one more careful look around the cabin to make certain  
it is indeed deserted. Finally, shaking his head in  
bewilderment, he strides to the door, flings it open and  
EXITS the cabin, shutting the door after him.

DISSOLVE TO:

72 INT. OBSERVATION NOSE - DAY 72

ANGLE ON CIRCULAR STAIRS

as Nelson comes down. He pauses at the foot of the stairs to look into the Control Room.

73 HIS P.O.V. 73

showing the busy Control Room. Every man busy at his station, the whole scene appearing perfectly normal in marked contrast to the last time he had seen it.

74 ANGLE ON NELSON 74

observing the normal appearance of the Control Room with mixed feelings of relief and wonder. Then he starts for the Control Room.

75 INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY 75

ANGLE ON CRANE

looking up as Nelson crosses to join him. Morton is still bent over the plot table examining some papers.

NELSON

Now what's all this about being attacked by a two hundred year old square rigger?

CRANE

Strange as it sounds, that's exactly what happened.

(to Morton)

Find anything yet, Chip?

MORTON

(shakes his head)

Nothing in the Registry Lists.

CRANE

You must have missed it. Let me check.

Crane takes the sheaf of papers and is about to scrutinize them when Nelson reaches over and takes the papers from him.

NELSON

Don't bother. You won't find it. There hasn't been a square rigger in commission anywhere for a dozen years.

CRANE

Then how do you explain the one that fired on us?

Cont.

75 Cont.

75  
Cont.

NELSON

(an edge of  
weariness in his  
voice)

I can't...yet.

CRANE

It's still on our radar.

Crane turns toward the radar console as though to confirm his statement. Then stops as Chief Sharkey appears from the aft section. He still carries the wrench and his face and shoulders are still splashed with foam. He starts toward them as Crane and Morton stare.

MORTON

What happened to you, Chief?

CHIEF

That's what I'd like to know, sir.

CRANE

(looking closely  
at the Chief)

Is that foam all over you?

X

CHIEF

Yes, sir, it is.

CRANE

Well, how did it get there?

76

CLOSE SHOT - NELSON

who realizes he is the only person there who knows the answer.

76

77

MED. SHOT

as the Chief faces the three officers.

77

CHIEF

(unhappily)

I went to the aft tool locker to get this wrench. I'm walking along the corridor on my way back here, and the next thing I know I'm covered with this foam.

Morton and Crane exchange questioning glances.

Cont.

77 Cont.

77  
Cont.

CRANE

Where did it come from?

CHIEF

That's just it. I didn't even  
feel it hit. One second I'm dry,  
the next second....

(he gestures to  
indicate his  
present condition)

MORTON

Better go below and get cleaned up.

CHIEF

Aye, aye, sir.

The Chief starts to go, then pauses to look at Nelson almost pleadingly, as though expecting a thorough and rational explanation of what happened to him. But Nelson merely shrugs. The Chief turns away and starts aft to EXIT. Crane looks back at Nelson.

CRANE

How do you explain that?

NELSON

(evasively)

There might have been a leak in  
the reactor control system... X

CRANE

Check it out.

MORTON

Aye, sir.

He hurries away. Crane again turns his attention to the Admiral.

CRANE

That's just one case. We've had a  
whole series of them...crewmen  
hearing strange noises...things  
like that.

NELSON

Well...it could be a general case  
of jitters...

Cont.

77 Cont.1

77  
Cont.1

CRANE

It wasn't jitters that fired a broadside and nearly sank us.

NELSON

Has it made any further hostile move?

CRANE

No - but that's probably because it doesn't carry depth charges. It has no way to reach us.

NELSON

Then I fail to see how it can hurt us, do you?

CRANE

If it attacked us, it might attack an unarmed surface ship...and sink it. We've got to do something about it, Admiral.

NELSON

All right, have Sparks send out a general inquiry, if you like. See if anyone can give us information on such a ship. If you learn anything, call me in my cabin. I'll be working there.

With that, Nelson turns away and starts for the circular stairway in the Nose.

78

CLOSE ON CRANE

who watches him go, his expression clouded with worry at Nelson's oddly detached attitude.

78

DISSOLVE TO:

A-78

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

A-78

ANGLE ON CHIEF

who comes along the corridor. He wears a bathrobe and, around his neck, a towel. He has just taken a shower. As he comes to the corridor bend where he had received the foam dousing he stops in his tracks, staring.

B-78

HIS P.O.V.

showing the same cylinder lying on the deck which Nelson had used earlier to spray him with foam.

B-78

C-78

ANGLE ON MORTON

X

C-78

approaching down the corridor. He is using a flashlight to inspect the ceiling as he comes toward the Chief. The Chief looks toward Morton with some excitement.

CHIEF

Mr. Morton, I've found something!

MORTON

What is it?

CHIEF

Look there...

(points)

Right around the bend!

Morton goes to the bend and looks. He turns back to the Chief.

MORTON

Well?

CHIEF

That's what sprayed me! That cylinder lying on the deck.

MORTON

Chief...do you feel all right?

CHIEF

I feel fine. At least I will when we find out how that cylinder got there in the first place.

MORTON

What cylinder?

CHIEF

Right there! It's as plain as the...

The Chief has looked around the bend. Now he stops in mid-sentence, stunned.

D-78

P.O.V. - THE DECK

D-78

with no sign of a cylinder ever having been there.

E-78

ANGLE ON MORTON AND CHIEF

E-78

as the officer looks at him curiously.

MORTON

Would you mind pointing it out?

Cont.

E-78 Cont.

CHIEF

(baffled)

It's gone! But I saw it a couple  
of seconds ago! It was...

(checks himself as  
he sees Morton's  
skeptical expression)

Sir, you believe me...don't you?

MORTON

Sure, Chief. Look...why don't you  
get into uniform?

CHIEF

But I saw...

(gives up)

Aye, sir.

He can't resist one more look around the bend. Then, more baffled than ever, he resumes his way down the corridor, shaking his head in disbelief. Morton watches him go, then is also tempted to take one more look for himself. He shrugs off his own bafflement and resumes his inspection tour.

79

INT. ADMIRAL'S CABIN - DAY

79

ANGLE ON DOOR

as it opens and Nelson ENTERS. His attitude, once in the cabin, and the door closed, is cautious and apprehensive. He reaches for a light switch and presses it, flooding the cabin with light, so that there are no longer any dark shadowy corners. He looks around, finally satisfied that he is alone in the room. He goes to the door and locks it, trying the handle to be certain the lock is holding. Having done all this, he goes to his desk, opens the drawer and checks to see that the gun is there. Now, somewhat reassured, he settles in the desk chair and is

Cont.



79 Cont.

79  
Cont.

immediately lost in thought. Almost immediately, he is jarred by the same mysterious cackling LAUGHTER. He takes the gun from his desk and rises, looking around the room for the source of the SOUND. He sees nothing. Finally, with a resigned gesture, he tosses the gun back in the drawer.

NELSON

(wearily)

Please. No more games. If you have something to say, show yourself and say it.

Immediately, as though in reply to his words, the main light in the cabin dims down and goes out like a guttered candle, leaving only the single desk lamp as a light source. Now the dark, mysterious shadows appear in the remote recesses of the cabin.

80

CLOSE SHOT - NELSON  
as he peers around the dead, silent cabin.

80

NELSON

I'm waiting...

VOICE

(o.s.)

Good lad! And it's proud I am of you!

Nelson turns quickly in the direction of the voice.

81

ANGLE PAST NELSON TO THE VISITOR  
who perches comfortably on the edge of Nelson's bunk. He beams at Nelson with a kind of mischievous warmth.

81

STRANGER

Sit down, lad. Rest your weary bones. We've some talkin' to do, you and me.

82

CLOSE SHOT - NELSON  
who looks at the stranger o.s., with wry resignation. He turns, goes to his high-backed desk chair and sits, swiveling the chair to face CAMERA.

82

83

REVERSE - PAST THE CHAIR BACK  
as the stranger nods his satisfaction.

83

STRANGER

Aye, that's better now. I suppose you'll be askin' who I am.

Cont.

83 Cont.

83  
Cont.

NELSON

(his figure concealed  
by the high chair  
back)

That's a reasonable assumption.

STRANGER

It's a proud name I bear, as you  
will be the first to admit. I'm  
called Nelson. Captain Shaemas  
O'Hara Nelson...Your servant, sir.

84

ANGLE ON NELSON

who reacts with faint amusement to the name.

84

NELSON

Captain Nelson...Yes, I've heard  
of you.

85

PAST CHAIR BACK TO THE CAPTAIN

who beams again at this and preens himself.

85

CAPTAIN

Have you now? Well, it's small  
wonder.

86

ANGLE ON NELSON

watching the man with amused understanding.

86

NELSON

You made a fortune in the China  
trade. Importing tea, wasn't it?

87

PAST CHAIR BACK TO THE CAPTAIN

as the Captain glows from Nelson's words.

87

CAPTAIN

Aye, tea it was...and other heathen  
goods. Tell me now, what else do  
you know of me, lad?

NELSON

(from behind the  
chair back)

You're my richest ancestor and you  
died at sea in the year 1822.

The Captain's face clouds slightly.

CAPTAIN

We'll talk no more of that, lad.  
It's not among my happiest  
recollections.

Cont.

87 Cont.

87  
Cont.

CAPTAIN (Cont.)

(a bit brighter)

Still and all, I've not done badly,  
you'll agree, in spite of that one  
unhappy circumstance you speak of.

(rises from the  
bunk)

But enough of me. It's you I'm here  
to talk about. There's more than a  
bit of salt in your blood, lad, and  
you got it from nobody strange.

88 ANGLE ON NELSON

88

still amused by the tone the conversation has taken.

NELSON

All right, I love the sea. But  
you didn't come here to tell me  
that.

X

89 PAST CHAIR BACK TO CAPTAIN

89

still standing and looking toward CAMERA, his expression  
now more solemn.

CAPTAIN

No, and that's a fact, lad. What I  
came for was...you.

90 ANOTHER ANGLE (SPLIT SCREEN)

90

as Nelson rises from his chair in surprise and stands to  
face the Captain.

NELSON

Me? What do you mean by that?

CAPTAIN

What I say. You'll be coming with  
me now...away from this ship and  
onto my own.

NELSON

Well, thank you for the invitation,  
Captain, but I'm afraid I must  
respectfully decline.

CAPTAIN

Decline? You've no right to decline,  
lad. It was not an invitation I  
issued. It was a command.

NELSON

In that case, I don't decline. I  
refuse!

Cont.

90 Cont.

90

Cont.

The Captain pauses a moment, then takes a silver snuff box from his pocket, takes a pinch of snuff, sneezing violently. He extends the box toward CAMERA.

CAPTAIN

Pinch of snuff?

NELSON

I don't use it.

CAPTAIN

Ah but you should, lad. You should! A wondrous thing it is for clearing the head.

(replaces the box  
in his pocket)

So you refuse to come off with me?  
And do you know what you'd be missing?

NELSON

No. And I don't care.

CAPTAIN

I'll tell you all the same. You and me, lad, we could lead a life the like of which you never dreamed of! A brawling, bawdy life it'd be. Sailing fast on the open sea with a spanking breeze off our quarter, and the sharp salt air in our lungs. Then every now and again we'd touch a port and the sparks would fly for fair! The things I could teach you, lad! The things those eyes of yours could see!

NELSON

I've got work of my own to do and little enough time to do it.

CAPTAIN

Time, is it? Time is nothing. I'm offering you immortality!

NELSON

How? By killing me?

CAPTAIN

There would be certain formalities involved, but think of the rewards, lad!

Cont.

90 Cont.1

90  
Cont.1

NELSON

I am thinking of them. And my answer's the same. Thanks, but no thanks.

CAPTAIN

And what would you be doing here may I ask?

NELSON

The work I've devoted my life to... Here aboard my ship.

CAPTAIN

Ah, so that's it -- your ship. Well, my fine lad, we'll see about that. We'll see.

With an almost careless gesture of his hand, the desk light goes out for less than a second. Then the full lights come up in the cabin and the Captain is gone! (END SPLIT SCREEN) Nelson stands for a moment in dazed silence, staring at where the figure had just been standing.

91 INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

91

ANGLE ON PLOT TABLE

where Crane is standing as Morton comes up to join him.

MORTON

Lee, we've checked the reactor control system. It wasn't responsible for what happened to the Chief.

X

CRANE

Very well, Chip.

MORTON

But what was?

CRANE

(ferverently)

I wish I knew!

92 ANGLE ON RADAR

92

with Kowalski reacting to something on the screen.

KOWALSKI

Skipper...could you take a look at this.

Cont.

90 Cont.2

90  
Cont.2

Both Crane and Morton come over to join Kowalski, looking at the screen.

MORTON

She's moved!

KOWALSKI

Almost directly overhead, sir.

Cont.

92 Cont.

92  
Cont.

CRANE

So I see. I don't like this.

MORTON

It could be a coincidence. Without  
detection gear, she'd have no idea  
where we are.

CRANE

Maybe, Chip. But who says she's  
without detection gear?Morton gives Crane an apprehensive glance, then both offi-  
cers train their eyes again on the radar screen.

93 EXT. UNDERSEA - DAY (STOCK) 93

FULL SHOT

as a depth charge drifts down through the clear water and  
explodes with an enormous crash.

94 INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY (STOCK) 94

FULL SHOT

as the room rocks under the impact of a violent explosion.

95 ANGLE ON INSTRUMENTS (STOCK) 95  
exploding in fire and smoke as the electrical system shorts  
out.96 ANGLE ON CRANE 96  
who has been thrown to the deck by the force of the explosion.  
Emergency RED LIGHTS replace normal lighting. Crane claws  
his way to his feet and seizes a wall mike.

CRANE

(shouting into mike)

Rig for depth charges! Rig for  
depth charges!

A WARNING BELL begins to CLANG.

97 EXT. UNDERSEA - DAY (STOCK) 97

FULL SHOT

as again a depth charge drifts serenely down, then goes  
off with an ear-shattering explosion.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN

- 98 EXT. UNDERSEA - DAY (STOCK) 98  
FULL SHOT - SEAVIEW  
as the great submarine, reeling under the impact of the  
attack, noses down toward the bottom.
- 99 INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY (STOCK) 99  
FULL SHOT  
as the Fire Detail fights the flames which lick at the  
various consoles and panels.
- 100 CLOSE SHOT - CRANE 100  
as he picks up a mike.  
CRANE  
(into mike)  
We're going to hit bottom. All  
hands brace for crash!
- 101 EXT. UNDERSEA - DAY (STOCK) 101  
FULL SHOT - SEAVIEW  
as it strikes, nose first, on the bottom and slowly settles.
- 102 INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY (STOCK) 102  
X  
FULL SHOT  
as the Officers and Crewmen hold on to anything they can  
grab as the room rocks when the ship strikes bottom.  
Then, in a moment, everything is still.
- 103 ANGLE ON MORTON 103  
as Crane crosses to him.  
CRANE  
I want a full assessment of  
damage from all departments. Get  
right on it.  
MORTON  
Aye, aye, sir.  
Morton starts away. PAN to show Nelson descending the  
circular stairs and entering the Control Room.  
NELSON  
How badly are we hurt? X

Cont.



103 Cont.

103  
Cont.

CRANE

I don't know yet.

104 EXT. UNDERSEA - DAY (STOCK)

104

FULL SHOT

as another depth charge slowly sinks and then detonates with frightening force.

105 INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

105

ANGLE ON CRANE AND NELSON

as the sub shakes and the lights dim momentarily from the somewhat more distant explosion. Nelson and Crane steady themselves against the jarring motion. When the motion stops, Crane glances up at the ceiling.

CRANE

I knew there was something phony about that square rigger. She's carrying depth charges.

NELSON

(more to himself  
than to Crane)

That's not all she's carrying.

CRANE

(looking sharply  
at the Admiral)

What do you mean?

NELSON

Nothing.

X

Crane looks at Nelson wonderingly for a moment. Then makes a decision. He picks up a mike.

CRANE

(into mike)

Missile Room, this is the Captain.

CHIEF'S VOICE

(on speaker)

Missile Room, aye.

CRANE

(into mike)

Chief...is that you?

- 106 INT. MISSILE ROOM - DAY 106
- CLOSE SHOT - CHIEF  
standing at a bulkhead, holding a mike. He has now cleaned himself up after his foam bath.
- CHIEF  
(into mike)  
Yes, sir. I've been checking damage down here.
- 107 INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY 107
- ANGLE ON CRANE  
as Nelson watches with a curious expression.
- CRANE  
(into mike)  
Are we able to fire missiles?
- 108 INT. MISSILE ROOM - DAY 108
- CLOSE ON CHIEF  
who glances around, then nods.
- CHIEF  
(into mike)  
Yes, sir. The tubes are clear and firing mechanisms are operative.
- 109 INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY 109
- ANGLE ON CRANE  
with Nelson still regarding him cryptically.
- CRANE  
(into mike)  
Good. Load all forward tubes with MS-Ones and stand by to fire.
- CHIEF'S VOICE  
(on speaker)  
Aye, aye, sir.
- Crane hangs up the mike and turns to look at Nelson who shakes his head dubiously.
- CRANE  
What's the matter, Admiral?
- NELSON  
You can't sink that ship.

Cont.

109 Cont.

109  
Cont.

CRANE

Why not? It's doing everything it  
can to sink us.

NELSON

I didn't say you shouldn't. I said  
you can't.

CRANE

With four heat-seeking torpedoes?  
We'll blow it sky-high.

NELSON

Don't count on it.

X

Crane looks at the Admiral, puzzled and disturbed by his  
words.

- 110 INT. MISSILE ROOM - DAY (STOCK) 110  
ANGLE ON TORPEDOES  
as they are loaded into the tubes.
- 111 INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY 111  
CLOSE ON RADAR (STOCK)  
as the sweeping line on the Radar reveals a blip.
- 112 ANGLE ON KOWALSKI 112  
monitoring the Radar. Crane comes over to him.

CRANE

Any change in the position of the  
square rigger?

KOWALSKI

No, sir. There she is...

(indicates the  
Radarscope)

Riding on the surface directly  
above us.

Morton enters SHOT, crossing to Crane.

MORTON

We've been pretty lucky, Lee. No  
structural damage. All controls  
operative.

CRANE

Very good.

Cont.

112 Cont.

112  
Cont.

MORTON

Shall I get us underway?

CRANE

No. Not until we sink that ship  
up there.

CHIEF'S VOICE

(on speaker)

Missile Room to Control. Forward  
tubes loaded and ready for firing.

Crane crosses to pick up a mike.

CRANE

(into mike)

Very well. Stand by to fire.  
Firing order will be one, three, two,  
four.

CHIEF'S VOICE

(on speaker)

One, three, two, four...Aye.  
Standing by.Crane looks over to where Nelson is watching him skeptically.  
Crane raises the mike again. Morton takes a stop watch  
and holds it in his hand, waiting for Crane's order.

CRANE

(into mike)

Fire one!

113 INT. MISSILE ROOM - DAY (STOCK) 113

CLOSE SHOT

a firing button being pushed.

CHIEF'S VOICE

(o.s.)

One fired!

114 INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY 114

CLOSE UP - STOP WATCH (INSERT)

as the second hand moves around approaching five seconds.

115 ANGLE ON MORTON 115  
holding the watch. He nods to Crane.

CRANE

(into mike)

Fire three!

- 116 INT. MISSILE ROOM - DAY 116  
 CLOSE SHOT  
 as the Number Three firing button is pushed.  
 CHIEF'S VOICE  
 (o.s.)  
 Three fired!
- 117 EXT. UNDERSEA - DAY (STOCK) 117  
 FULL SHOT  
 as two torpedoes race forward trailing streams of bubbles.
- 118 INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY 118  
 ANGLE ON NELSON  
 watching the operation, his expression still dubious.  
 CRANE  
 (into mike)  
 Fire two!
- 119 CLOSE SHOT - STOP WATCH (INSERT) 119  
 with the sweep second hand approaching fifteen.  
 CHIEF'S VOICE  
 (on speaker)  
 Two fired!
- 120 ANGLE ON CRANE 120  
 still holding the mike. Morton, tracking the time on  
 the stop watch in his hand, nods again.  
 CRANE  
 (into mike)  
 Fire four.
- 121 INT. MISSILE ROOM - DAY (STOCK) 121  
 CLOSE ON FIRING BUTTONS  
 as Number Four is pressed.  
 CHIEF'S VOICE  
 (o.s.)  
 Four fired!
- 122 EXT. UNDERSEA - DAY (STOCK) 122  
 FULL SHOT  
 as two more torpedoes race through the water leaving  
 their trail of bubbles.

- 123 INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY 123
- ANGLE ON CRANE  
lifting the mike one last time.
- CRANE  
(into mike)  
Secure firing.  
(replaces the  
mike)  
Count down from ten, Chip...Mark!
- Morton, his eyes on the stop watch, begins to count off  
the seconds.
- MORTON  
Ten...nine...eight...
- 124 CLOSE ON NELSON 124  
watching curiously.
- MORTON'S VOICE  
(continuing the  
countdown)  
Seven...six...five...
- 125 ANGLE ON CRANE AND MORTON 125  
with Nelson o.s.
- MORTON  
Four...three...two...
- CRANE  
(to Nelson, o.s.,  
over Morton's  
count)  
Hang on, Admiral. In a couple  
of seconds you'll...
- FREEZE FRAME. Suddenly there is a complete silence in the  
Control Room. Crane, Morton and the various Crewmen in  
SHOT are totally immobilized.
- 126 CLOSEUP - STOP WATCH (INSERT) 126  
as the sweeping second hand is similarly frozen between  
seconds.
- 127 EXT. UNDERSEA - DAY (STOCK) 127
- FULL SHOT - FROZEN FRAME  
showing two of the speeding torpedoes frozen in time,  
their trail of bubbles also as immobile as a still picture.

- 128 INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY 128
- CLOSE ON NELSON  
 reacting as he sees what has just happened. He turns his head slowly, surveying the errily silent Control Room.
- 129 P.O.V. - ON CRANE 129  
 looking toward CAMERA, as if in the middle of the sentence he had already begun. PAN to pick up Morton who is looking at the stop watch, frozen as he was counting the last few seconds. PAN to radar station where Kowalski sits frozen at the lighted but immobilized Radarscope. Continue to PAN to show various other Crewmen frozen at their stations. Continue to PAN, then STOP ABRUPTLY as the grinning figure of Captain Nelson appears. He nods toward CAMERA as though in greeting.
- 130 ANGLE ON THE ADMIRAL 130  
 reacting to the sight.
- NELSON  
 I thought you'd be here.
- 131 P.O.V. - THE CAPTAIN 131  
 facing CAMERA.
- CAPTAIN  
 A hard man you are to convince, lad.  
 Ah but it's a Nelson trait, and a fine one, all in all.
- 132 ANGLE ON ADMIRAL 132  
 with a nod, accepting the compliment..
- NELSON  
 Suppose you tell me what this is all about.  
 (nods around the silent Control Room)  
 What kind of parlor trick are you playing? X
- 133 P.O.V. - THE CAPTAIN 133  
 mildly indignant at the words.
- CAPTAIN  
 Parlor trick, is it? And you an eye witness to the greatest natural phenomenon any living soul has been privileged to share. Why, lad, this is the dream of many a man with a lively mind. You're here watching time stand still -- caught in a net betwixt one second and the next.

134 ANGLE ON ADMIRAL 134  
looking around him again.

135 P.O.V. - FULL SHOT 135  
showing the totally immobilized Control Room.

136 P.O.V. - THE CAPTAIN 136  
with a gesture that encompasses the room.

CAPTAIN

Think of it, lad! The mastery of  
time, man's greatest enemy. In  
the span of a single heart beat, a  
man with this gift could accomplish  
a lifetime of work...

(with a wink)

Or of play, if he had that turn of  
mind. And this gift is yours, if  
you've a will to have it for your  
own.

137 ANGLE ON NELSON 137  
who has listened skeptically.

NELSON

In exchange for what?

138 P.O.V. - THE CAPTAIN 138  
using his most persuasive manner.

CAPTAIN

Why the terms you've already had  
from me. Join forces. Come with  
me to my ship and the two of us  
can roam the length and breadth of  
all the seven seas! Don't you see,  
lad? It's immortality I'm giving  
you. And a true wondrous thing it  
can be!

X

139 ANGLE ON NELSON 139  
looking around the silent Control Room.

140 HIS P.O.V. - THE CONTROL ROOM 140  
with all hands frozen in time and the usually blinking  
lights now burning steadily.

141 ANGLE ON NELSON 141  
turning to look at the Captain o.s.

NELSON

And what about my men?



142 P.O.V. - THE CAPTAIN  
who shrugs indifferently.

142

CAPTAIN

Let 'em sink to the bottom and be  
done with. They matter nothing to  
me. Nor will they to you once you  
put your hand in mine.

X

He extends his right hand.

143 ANGLE ON NELSON  
as he looks steadily at the Captain o.s. and makes no  
move to accept the proffered hand.

143

CAPTAIN'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Well now, and what do you say? I  
offer my hand. Will you take it?

NELSON

I will not.

144 P.O.V. - THE CAPTAIN  
whose former pleasant smile turns to a glower.

144

CAPTAIN

I make you an offer in the best of  
faith and you refuse as lightly as  
all that! You'll regret this, my  
lad. Regret it deeply and with all  
your heart!

145 ANGLE ON NELSON  
who turns away in a gesture of dismissal.

145

NELSON

Then I'll regret it - but my  
decision's final.

146 ANGLE ON CAPTAIN  
now scarcely able to control his anger.

146

CAPTAIN

Is it now?

(with an effort,

he regains his control)

Still and all, you are of my  
blood, and I can't find it in  
my heart to destroy you without  
one last chance to repent and  
mend your ways.

147

ANGLE ON NELSON  
turning to face CAMERA.

147

NELSON

You've tried twice to destroy us and  
failed both times. We're too strong  
for you and you know it!

148

ANGLE ON CAPTAIN  
his rage near the surface again.

148

CAPTAIN

I was toying with you, like a cat  
with a mouse. But I'll toy no more.  
One hour you have to come to your  
senses. One hour and then you and  
your whole blasted crew go once and  
for all to a watery grave and no  
power on Earth can save you. One  
hour, my lad, and no more!

X

And within the blink of an eye, the Captain vanishes into  
thin air. PAN QUICKLY to show NELSON staring at the spot  
where the apparition had been, his face seamed with  
anxious worry.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN

149

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

149

ANGLE ON MORTON

standing just as he had been, frozen and holding the stop watch. Nelson is o.s. Suddenly, along with Crane and the others in SHOT, he resumes his activities. The b.g. HUM of the Control Room is HEARD again and things return to normal once more.

MORTON

(continuing  
his count)

One...zero!

CRANE

(over Morton's line)

...hear the explosion that blows  
that ship to bits!

PULL BACK to include Nelson in SHOT. He looks up as if cocking an ear to listen. Everyone else in the Control Room tenses, ready to HEAR the explosion. There is a moment of tense silence.

NELSON

(with rueful  
half smile)

I don't hear anything.

CRANE

(baffled)

I don't understand. Our HS-One's  
never miss. They can't miss.

NELSON

Apparently these did. Now if you'll  
excuse me, I'm going to my cabin. I  
have some important work to do and  
there's not much time to do it.

(starts away, then  
pauses, turning  
back to Crane)

By the way, you can raise us off the  
bottom now, Lee. We won't be attacked  
again -- for awhile.

And he turns and leaves the Control Room. Crane and the  
others stare after him, bewildered.

DISSOLVE TO:

150 EXT. UNDERSEA - DAY (STOCK)

150

FULL SHOT - SEAVIEW

on the bottom as it stirs and then slowly begins to lift.

DISSOLVE TO:

A-150 INT. MISSILE ROOM - DAY

A-150

ANGLE ON FIRE CONTROL PANEL

where the Chief is checking over the controls, a worried frown on his face. Morton ENTERS SHOT.

MORTON

Chief...what happened down here?

CHIEF

I don't know, Mr. Morton. I was just checking.

MORTON

You realize, of course, your torpedoes missed the target.

CHIEF

I know I didn't hear an explosion. Yes, sir.

MORTON

How do you explain it?

CHIEF

All I know, sir, is if one of these babies is fired it's gotta hit.

MORTON

Four were fired with no hits.

CHIEF

There's only one way that could happen. There was no target up there.

MORTON

But there was. We're still tracking it.

CHIEF

Then there's just no way to explain it.

Cont.

A-150 Cont.

MORTON

Are you sure the tubes didn't misfire?

CHIEF

That I can guarantee. I heard every one of them when they were launched. You can't mistake that sound, Mr. Morton. Any torpedo man will tell you that.

Morton has already gone to the console to make a close examination of the instruments. The Chief watches confidently. At last Morton turns around.

MORTON

(puzzled)

Your tracking tapes indicate all four were released and headed directly for target.

CHIEF

See that, sir? I told you.

MORTON

I'll just have a look at the tubes.

He EXITS SHOT. The Chief waits a second, then hurries after him.

B-150 ANGLE ON TORPEDO TUBE as Morton approaches. The Chief arrives as Morton takes hold of the handle on the tube cover. B-150

CHIEF

You don't even have to check, Mr. Morton. The tubes are empty. You saw for yourself on the tracking tapes.

Morton gives the Chief a look, then jerks open the tube hatch. The tail of a torpedo is clearly visible inside! Morton throws a scathing glance at the Chief, then EXITS. The Chief, badly shaken, feels the tail of the torpedo. It is clearly there. He turns to stare after Morton, then takes out a handkerchief to mop his sweating brow. Then he makes a decision and starts off.

DISSOLVE TO:

151 INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

151

ANGLE ON CRANE  
standing near the plot table. Morton turns from an instrument panel.

MORTON

(to Crane)

Depth one-five-oh and holding trim satisfactory.

CRANE

Very well. All ahead standard.

MORTON

All ahead standard, aye.

(turns to  
approach Crane)

Well, we're off the bottom. The Admiral knew what he was talking about.

CRANE

(troubled)

How could he know? It's as though he could see into the future.

And Crane turns away, deep in thought.

152 EXT. UNDERSEA - DAY (STOCK)

152

FULL SHOT - SEAVIEW  
moving ahead through the clear water.

153 INT. ADMIRAL'S CABIN - DAY

153

ANGLE ON NELSON  
seated at his desk and speaking into the intercom phone.

NELSON

(into phone)

That's right, Sparks. I'll repeat it for you. 'Maritime Museum, Boston, Massachusetts. Request all possible information on career of Captain Shaemus O'Hara Nelson who died at sea in 1822' It's extremely urgent. Send me a decoded answer the moment you receive it.

He hangs up the phone and stares thoughtfully across the room. He looks at his desk clock. It is five minutes past the hour. Suddenly he starts at the SOUND of a KNOCK on his door.

NELSON

Come in.

154 ANGLE ON DOOR  
as it is opened by the Chief.

CHIEF  
Admiral -- can I see you for a  
couple of minutes?

155 MED. SHOT  
as Nelson looks across his desk toward the Chief.

155

NELSON  
Sure, Chief. Come in...sit down.

As the Chief perches on a chair opposite him.

CHIEF  
Sir...I was wondering...

NELSON  
(interrupting,  
holding out a  
cigarette box)  
Here...Have a cigarette,

CHIEF  
(taking one)  
Thanks, sir. I...uh....

NELSON  
(again interrupting)  
Light?

The Chief accepts the light from Nelson's lighter.

CHIEF  
Thank you, sir.

NELSON  
Now...What's on your mind?

CHIEF  
(somewhat  
ill-at-ease)  
I don't know exactly. All I do  
know is that something pretty  
peculiar is going on around here.

NELSON  
(dryly)  
That's a fair statement! Go on.

Cont.

155 Cont.

CHIEF

Well, the thing is, Admiral, if  
anybody's got the answers, I  
figure it's you.

NELSON

I wish I did. But the shoe's on  
the other foot.

(rises)

Francis...I'd like you to answer a  
question for me.



- 156 CLOSE SHOT - CHIEF 156  
flattered by the unexpected use of his first name.
- CHIEF  
Yes, sir. Anything I can.
- 157 ANGLE ON NELSON 157  
as he paces a moment, trying to find the right phrases.
- NELSON  
Francis...suppose somebody offered  
you something that could prove more  
valuable to you than your wildest  
dreams. And all you had to do to  
get it was to accept the offer.
- 158 CLOSE SHOT - THE CHIEF 158  
His eyes lighting up as his own imagination goes to work  
on the statement.
- CHIEF  
Yes, sir?
- 159 ANGLE ON NELSON 159  
pausing and turning to face the Chief.
- NELSON  
But...if you accepted, it would  
mean hurting somebody. In fact,  
hurting just about everybody who  
means anything to you.
- CHIEF  
(promptly)  
Then I wouldn't do it.
- NELSON  
No wait. It's not quite that simple.  
If you refused the offer, you could  
actually endanger the lives of those  
same people you didn't want to hurt.  
What then?
- The Chief puzzles over this a moment.
- CHIEF  
Well, that's kind of different,  
sir. Still and all ---
- NELSON  
Yes? Go on.

Cont.

159 Cont.

159  
Cont.

CHIEF

Well, maybe this sounds corny,  
but the way I see it, if you felt  
that taking this thing - whatever  
it is -- wasn't right...Well, then,  
I wouldn't take it no matter what.  
A man's got to take a stand somewhere.

160 CLOSE SHOT - NELSON  
affected by the Chief's words.

160

NELSON

(quietly)

Thank you, Chief.

A-160 MED. SHOT  
The Chief rises, stamps out his cigarette, is about to go.

A-160

NELSON

Wait a minute...What about your  
question?

CHIEF

That's all right, sir. Some other  
time.

He goes out.

DISSOLVE TO:

161 INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

161

ANGLE ON RADARSCOPE

with the sweeping line revealing a blip. PULL BACK to  
show Kowalski studying the screen. Continue to PULL BACK  
to reveal Crane behind him also watching.

CRANE

Still there I see.

KOWALSKI

Yes, sir. It seems to move right  
along with us. Sir, how can a  
sailing ship go this fast?

CRANE

It can't - obviously. And yet if  
it had auxiliary motors we'd be  
picking them up.

Morton comes into SHOT with a sealed envelope.

Cont.

161 Cont.

161  
Cont.

MORTON

Lee, Sparks just handed me this.  
It's a decoded message for the  
Admiral. Shall I send it up to  
him?

CRANE

No...Let's see it.

MORTON

(handing it to him)  
It's marked confidential.

Cont.

161 Cont.

Crane gazes at the sealed envelope thoughtfully a moment, then makes a decision.

CRANE

I'll take it up myself.

He starts off. Morton looks after him a moment, then turns his attention to the Radarscope.

DISSOLVE TO:

162 INT. ADMIRAL'S CABIN - DAY

162

CLOSE SHOT - DESK CLOCK

with the hands now indicating only a few minutes before the hour. TILT UP to show Crane standing in front of the Admiral's desk, waiting.

163 ANGLE ON NELSON

163

at his desk. The torn envelope is on the desk and Nelson is reading the message it contained with great concentration. Finally he puts the message down.

NELSON

(to himself)

The old devil....

CRANE

(puzzled)

What?

NELSON

Nothing, Lee. Nothing.

CRANE

Admiral...exactly how much do you know about all the things that have been happening to us?

Nelson glances down uneasily at the message, then up at Crane.

NELSON

What makes you think I know anything about it?

CRANE

I don't know. But I'm sure you know more about it that you're telling.

NELSON

Do you think I'm involved in some sort of plot to destroy us all?

163 Cont.

CRANE

No, of course not. But you do have some information and if I'm responsible for the safety of this ship, I have a right to share in it!

NELSON

I'm sorry. I wish I could tell you more, but I can't.

CRANE

(nodding toward  
the message)

That's part of it, isn't it? I'd like to see that message.

NELSON

It's a confidential matter.

CRANE

Can you give me your word that it is nothing to do with the safety of the ship.

NELSON

(hesitantly)

No...no, I can't.

CRANE

(making a decision)

Then I've got to read it.

He reaches for the message. Nelson grabs Crane's wrist in a hard grip. Their eyes lock.

NELSON

I can't let you see it.

Crane straightens up slowly, still looking at Nelson.

CRANE

I don't want to do this, Admiral, but I consider us to be in a state of extreme emergency. If you are holding back information that endangers all of us, I have to take steps of my own.

NELSON

(wearily)

Yes, I know and I don't blame you. In your place, I'd do the same thing. But I need a little time before you act. Believe me, Lee, this is vital!

163 Cont.1

163  
Cont.1

CRANE

Time? How much?

Nelson looks at the desk clock. Its hands point to five minutes before the hour.

NELSON

Five minutes.

Crane stares hard at the Admiral for a moment, thinking hard. Then he nods solemnly.

CRANE

I'll be back in five minutes.

He hurries out of the cabin. Nelson, emotionally spent for a moment, leans back in his chair. But his eyes never leave the desk clock.

164 CLOSE SHOT - DESK CLOCK (INSERT) 164  
with the hands indicating some four and a half minutes to the hour.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

A-164 INT. OBSERVATION NOSE - DAY A-164

MATCHING CLOSEUP - CRANE'S WATCH

with the same time as Nelson's desk clock. PULL BACK to show Crane looking at the wrist watch as he stands close to the Nose windows (BUBBLE TANKS). He stands for a moment staring thoughtfully out at the sea. Then he turns and walks slowly over to an instrument panel to the left of the windows. As he examines the panel there is a sudden slight shudder of the sub. Crane reacts to this, then crosses to the Control Room.

B-164 INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY B-164

ANGLE ON MORTON

who is standing at the plot table as Crane approaches.

CRANE

(low, to Morton alone)

Chip...what was that?

MORTON

I don't know.

Crane picks up a mike.

Cont.

B-164 Cont.

CRANE  
(into mike)  
Engine Room, this is the Captain.

VOICE  
(on speaker)  
Engine Room, aye.

CRANE  
(into mike)  
Any indication of trouble down  
there?

VOICE  
( speaker)  
Negative, Skipper.

CRANE  
(into mike)  
Very well.

He hangs up the mike, a doubt nagging at the back of his mind. Morton attempts to disguise his own uneasiness.

MORTON  
It couldn't have been anything,  
Lee.

Crane no sooner nods agreement when a second, more pronounced shudder is felt. The two officers exchange quick glances. Crane again picks up the mike.

CRANE  
(into mike)  
Reactor Room...report your  
condition to the Control Room.

SECOND VOICE  
(on speaker)  
Reactor Room, sir. Condition  
normal. All units functioning.

CRANE  
(into mike but  
looking at Morton)  
Very well. Keep me advised.

SECOND VOICE  
(on speaker)  
Aye, aye, sir.

Cont.

B-164 Cont.1

CRANE

(to Morton, the mike  
still in his hand)

Something's wrong!

Crane hangs up the mike and goes to inspect an instrument panel.

165 INT. ADMIRAL'S CABIN - DAY 165

CLOSE SHOT - DESK CLOCK (INSERT)  
with the hands now straight up on the hour.

166 CLOSE ON NELSON 166  
sweat glistening on his forehead as he waits tensely and expectantly.

167 INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY (STOCK) 167

ANGLE ON CRANE  
as he comes up to Morton. Just then the lights in the Control Room flicker strangely. Both men look around in growing alarm.

CRANE

Get Engineering to check the main circuitry!

MORTON

Aye, aye, sir.

He starts to reach for a hand mike.

168 CLOSE SHOT - A PANEL (STOCK) 168  
Sparks suddenly flare from the panel as numerous short circuits threaten to blow it up. Flames begin to lick from the panel.

169 FULL SHOT - CONTROL ROOM (STOCK) 169  
as flames break out in other spots. An ALARM BELL begins to SOUND. Men seize CO<sub>2</sub> extinguishers and begin to battle the blaze.

A-169 INT. ADMIRAL'S CABIN - DAY A-169

ANGLE ON NELSON  
sitting tensely at his desk. Suddenly the deck pitches under his feet, nearly throwing him from his chair. He recovers his balance, dashes for the door, flings it open and goes running down the corridor.



B-169

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

FULL SHOT

with Nelson hurrying down the corridor. Another violent tilt of the sub throws him against the bulkhead. He recovers and continues his dash toward the Control Room.

170

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY (STOCK)

170

CLOSE ON CRANE

who grabs a mike.

Cont.

170 Cont.

170  
Cont.

CRANE

(into mike)

Blow main tanks! Full up angle  
on all planes! Surface! Surface!

Morton ENTERS SHOT. The lights flicker out and the EMERGENCY  
RED NEONS COME ON.

MORTON

There goes our power!

CRANE

Can you hold trim?

MORTON

I doubt it!

There is a sudden lurch which sends them both off balance.

- 171 FULL SHOT (STOCK) 171  
as the sub rocks violently, sending Crewmen and Officers  
sprawling.
- 172 VARIOUS SHOTS (RED LIGHTING OR RED TINT) (STOCK) 172  
of violently tilting decks in different sections of the  
ship as men are thrown about.
- 173 ANGLE ON CRANE (RED LIGHTING) (STOCK) 173  
who has been thrown to the deck of the Control Room. He  
claws his way to a mike and grabs it.

CRANE

(into mike)

Engineering!

(gets no reply)

Engineering!!

Morton fights his way over to Crane's side.

MORTON

No use! We've lost power all  
over the ship! We're going down!

FREEZE FRAME:

- A-173 EXT. UNDERSEA - DAY (STOCK) 173
- FULL SHOT - SEAVIEW (FROZEN FRAME)  
as the sub is caught poised motionless in the act of settling to the bottom.
- 174 INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY (STOCK) 174
- FULL SHOT (AS IN SC. 173) (RED LIGHTING)  
with the entire crew immobilized.
- 175 ANGLE ON SPIRAL STAIRS (RED LIGHTING) 175
- as Nelson comes hurrying down the stairs. He stops to survey the Control Room.
- 176 P.O.V. - CONTROL ROOM (RED LIGHTING) 176
- as the men are frozen in the positions of Sc. 173.
- 177 ANGLE ON NELSON (RED LIGHTING) 177
- continuing to look around.
- NELSON
- All right -- show yourself!
- 178 ANGLE ON A BULKHEAD (RED LIGHTING) 178
- Slowly, the figure of Captain Nelson dissolves into the SCENE. His expression is glowering.
- CAPTAIN
- It's doomsday for you now, lad...  
unless you have a change of heart.
- 179 ANGLE ON NELSON 179
- who takes the message blank from his pocket.
- NELSON
- Captain Nelson, you're a fraud.
- 180 REVERSE ON THE CAPTAIN 180
- becoming indignant, drawing himself to his full height.
- CAPTAIN
- Fraud, is it? I'll show you the meaning of power, my fine lad. And it's a lesson you won't be liking! That I promise.
- 181 ON NELSON 181
- his voice sharp and cutting.
- NELSON
- Now hold on! You've been lying to me. All this fine talk about two seafarers adventuring around the world together! Lies! Bald-faced lies!

- 182 REVERSE ON THE CAPTAIN 182  
 his own voice hard.
- CAPTAIN
- Lies indeed! I can crush you with  
 a twist of my hand and I'll do it  
 to you or any man who calls me a  
 liar!
- 183 ON NELSON 183  
 a half smile on his face. His hand raises the message  
 blank. He shoves it toward the Captain o.s.
- NELSON
- Then I suggest you read this.
- 184 ON THE CAPTAIN 184  
 who picks up the message, scowling as he reads it. Then  
 he crumples it and drops it to the deck.
- CAPTAIN
- So your fine and noble sensibilities  
 are shocked, are they?
- He takes his snuff box from his pocket and lifts a pinch  
 of snuff to each nostril. Waiting for the expected  
 sneeze, he sets the box down on one of the steps of the  
 circular stairs. He sneezes violently, then rubs his  
 sleeve across his nose.
- CAPTAIN
- A bloody shame, that is!
- 185 ANGLE ON NELSON 185  
 his face tense and angry.
- NELSON
- My noble ancestor! You didn't  
 make your fortune trading tea!  
 You made it trading slaves!
- 186 ANGLE ON CAPTAIN 186  
 glaring his defiance.
- CAPTAIN
- And who are you to sit in judgment  
 on what a man does! Sure I took  
 my money where I found it and a  
 fine fat fortune it was too!
- 187- OUT 187-  
 189 OUT 189

190

MED. SHOT (SPLIT SCREEN)  
as Nelson stands face to face with the Captain who glares  
his defiance. 190

NELSON

You were the worse kind of scum,  
Captain -- a slave trader! And  
you're paying for it now, aren't  
you? Doomed to sail the same sea  
you disgraced.

CAPTAIN

You dare say these things to me,  
your own ancestor? The man who  
offered you his hand in friendship!

NELSON

Friendship! You didn't want my  
friendship. You were looking for  
a scapegoat...somebody of your  
own blood to serve out the rest  
of your penance so that you could  
find peace after all these years.  
That's why you needed me! That and  
nothing else!

CAPTAIN

I'll hear no more from you.

NELSON

Go on, Captain. Do your worst!  
Kill us all and add another page  
to the list of your crimes.

The Captain begins to back toward the wall, CAMERA  
FOLLOWING, until Nelson is out of SHOT.

CAPTAIN

You're a wiser man than I knew.  
What you say is true enough. With  
you serving out my penance, I could  
have been truly free again.

(somewhat  
wistfully)

Although the things I promised  
you...the sailing and the brawling  
and all of that...it did sound  
wonderful good at that. If things  
had been a bit different and no  
penance to be paid, we could have  
had a time for ourselves, lad, we  
truly could. But then, another  
day...

Cont.

190 Cont.

190  
Cont.

And slowly he dissolves to melt into the wall and vanish.  
Instantly the lights come on brightly again.

191 CLOSE ON NELSON

191

as he watches grimly. Suddenly the deck tilts under his  
feet, throwing him down.

192 EXT. UNDERSEA - DAY (STOCK)

192

FULL SHOT - SEAVIEW

as the submarine begins to drop, out of control, toward  
the bottom.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT FOUR

TAG

FADE IN

193 EXT. UNDERSEA - DAY 193

FULL SHOT - SEAVIEW  
now righted and moving serenely through the water.

194 INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY 194

ANGLE ON RADAR  
as Kowalski monitors the 'scope and reacts.

KOWALSKI

Skipper, it's gone! The blip's  
disappeared!

Crane comes into SHOT, reacting as he looks at the  
'scope. Then he turns to look toward the Observation Nose.

195 FULL SHOT 195  
as Nelson comes from the Nose and ENTERS the  
Control Room. Crane starts over to join him. X

196 ANGLE ON NELSON 196  
with Crane joining him.

CRANE

The sailing ship's gone! It's not  
up there any more.

NELSON

(quietly)  
I'm not surprised.

CRANE

What's going on? One minute we're  
completely out of control, diving  
for the bottom. The next minute all  
controls are operative and we're on  
an even keel.

NELSON

(looking around  
with interest)  
Remarkable, isn't it?

CRANE

(with a sharp,  
questioning glance at  
Nelson)  
Admiral, just how much do you know  
about all this?

Cont.

196 Cont.

196  
Cont.

NELSON

(blandly)

Not a thing, Lee. Not a blessed  
thing.

And he strolls forward toward the stairs where he picks  
up the snuff box, looks at it and slips it into his pocket.  
Crane stares after him with a puzzled frown.

DISSOLVE TO:

197 EXT. UNDERSEA - DAY (STOCK)

197

FULL SHOT - SEAVIEW  
cruising gracefully along.

FADE OUT

END OF EPISODE