

VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA

"THE LEFT-HANDED MAN"

by

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REVISED SHOOTING FINAL
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"THE LEFT-HANDED MAN"

TEASER

FADE IN

1 EXT. THE SKY - NIGHT (STOCK)

FULL SHOT

A jet in flight across a dark sky.

2 INT. JET - NIGHT

ANGLE ON GRAFTON

NOAH GRAFTON is a slight, grey, wizened man of perhaps sixty with skin drawn tight over sunken cheeks and a thin, straight, cynical mouth. He is impeccably dressed and carries himself with the air of a man accustomed to unlimited authority. He is sitting in an aisle seat of the plane, a map spread open on his lap. Beside him stands the LEFT-HANDED MAN, a tall, slender, sinister-looking individual of about thirty with an impassive face that seems to be frozen into an expression of sullen menace. He is wearing a parachute harness strapped over dark clothing. His hands are encased in thin, dark gloves. These two strange figures are alone in the passenger cabin. Grafton jabs a finger on a point on the map.

GRAFTON

Your target is here. Conditions are ideal. Low, local overcast and a wind-draft of less than one knot. Are you ready?

The Left-Handed Man nods mutely.

VOICE

(over speaker)

Jump in fifteen seconds...Mark!
15...14...13...12...

As the Voice counts, Grafton jerks his head toward the emergency door. The Left-Handed Man walks aft to the door and grasps the release catch.

VOICE

(over speaker)

11...10...9...8...7...6...

The Left-Handed Man moves the release mechanism and grasps a hand bar. The door swings in and the sudden violent draft threatens to sweep him out of the plane. He holds himself back by the hand bar while the count continues.

2 Cont.

VOICE
(on speaker)
5...4...3...2...1...Zero!

The Left-Handed Man releases his hold on the bar and is swept from the plane.

- 3 CLOSE ON GRAFTON
He turns to the window and looks out, an expression of quiet satisfaction on his face.
- 4 EXT. THE SKY - NIGHT (STOCK)
LONG SHOT - PARACHUTIST
who is drifting toward the ground under an open 'chute.
- DISSOLVE TO:
- 5 EXT. NELSON INSTITUTE GATE - NIGHT
ON SIGN
which identifies the Institute. PULL BACK and TILT DOWN as an expensive sports car roars up to the gate and stops. A GUARD leans from the booth to speak to the driver.
- 6 ANGLE ON CAR
NELSON is behind the wheel. The Guard, of course, recognizes him at once. Nelson nods and drives on into the Institute grounds.
- 7 EXT. NELSON'S QUARTERS - NIGHT
ESTABLISHING SHOT
This is a modern bungalow nestled on a quiet, tree-lined street. Nelson's car pulls up and stops. Nelson shuts off his headlights and gets out of the car.

8 ANGLE ON SHRUBS

The figure of a man crouches in the shrubbery, watching Nelson o.s.

9 MED. SHOT - FRONT OF HOUSE

Nelson comes up the walk to the front door. He fumbles with his keys, about to let himself in.

10 CLOSE ON MAN

watching. With a furtive look around, the man stands up.

MAN

(hoarse
whisper)

Admiral.....!

11 ANGLE ON NELSON

Startled by the unexpected voice, he is instantly on guard.

NELSON

Who is it?

12 MED. SHOT

The shadowy figure of the man starts toward Nelson. The Admiral puts one hand inside his tunic where he apparently is carrying a weapon. The man, back to CAMERA and walking slowly toward Nelson, spreads his hands indicating he carries no weapon of his own.

MAN

Sir...I've got to talk to you.

NELSON

Come over here. Let me have a look at you.

The man comes up to Nelson, standing in the glare of the porch light. As the two men face each other in the b.g., a shadowy FIGURE moves silently across the f.g. so quickly it is impossible to identify him. The figure disappears into the shrubbery without a sound.

13 TWO SHOT - NELSON AND MAN

Nelson looks over the stranger with cautious curiosity.

MAN

My name's Cabrillo, sir. I'm an agent for the Office of Naval Intelligence.

Cont.

13 Cont.

NELSON
(holding a hand
out, palm up)
Your identification?

MAN
I'm working in black. Nothing
on me.

The man takes Nelson's arm and pulls him out of the
circle of light on the porch.

MAN
Do you mind? We may be watched.

NELSON
Sorry, Cabrillo. I don't know
you.

14 CLOSE SHOT - THE MAN
His attitude is deadly earnest. He speaks the next
words slowly and deliberately, giving a recognition
code.

MAN
A man is known by the company he
keeps.

15 CLOSE SHOT - NELSON
still wary, but alerted by the phrase. He answers in
the same manner.

NELSON
State your company.

16 TWO SHOT - NELSON AND MAN
facing each other.

MAN
I work alone.

Nelson nods, satisfied with the code identification.

NELSON
All right, Cabrillo, come
inside.

MAN
(hastily)
No...
(looks around
uneasily)
I've been tailed all day. I've
got to keep moving. Just one
thing -- Penfield must be stopped.

Cont.

16 Cont.

NELSON
 (baffled)
 What?

MAN
 George W. Penfield. He must
 not become Secretary of Defense.

Nelson is genuinely shocked.

NELSON
 Are you out of your mind?

The man digs in his pocket and takes out a packet of matches. He opens the flap, tears out the two middle matches and throws them away. Then he hands the match packet to Nelson.

MAN
 Someone will show up at your
 office tomorrow with a match
 folder exactly like this. Your
 secretary is to let this person
 in to see you at once.

NELSON
 Why hasn't C.N.I. contacted
 me direct?

MAN
 I'm sure they will -- when I've
 contacted them.
 (an uneasy
 look around)
 I've got to go.

NELSON
 That's all you can tell me?

MAN
 (nodding)
 For now. Good night, Admiral.

Nelson looks at the man a moment, then down at the match book in his hand. He nods good night, walks back to the door and lets himself in.

17

CLOSE ON THE MAN
 He watches, his back close to the shrubbery. As the front door, o.s., closes, he turns and is about to leave. Suddenly a black-gloved right hand appears in FRAME. A similarly gloved left hand appears, seizes

Cont.

17 Cont.

the right wrist, twists and the artificial right hand comes off! The false hand has concealed a small tubular protuberance at the end of the sleeve. The unseen figure points the end of this tube toward the unsuspecting Cabrillo's back. There is a muffled "swoosh" as some sort of powerful air ejector sends a tiny missile into the agent's back. Cabrillo utters a strangled cry and falls forward on his face. PULL BACK to show the Left-Handed Man, his expression unchanged as he puts the artificial hand back in place. TILT DOWN to show the stricken agent lying face down on the ground in a lifeless sprawl.

FADE OUT

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN

18 EXT. UNDERSEA - DAY

FULL SHOT - SEAVIEW
The giant sub glides gracefully below the surface.

19 INT. SEAVIEW CONTROL ROOM - DAY

ESTABLISHING - AWAY FROM WINDOWS
The crew man their stations. Morton is at the Con.
CHIEF SHARKEY is near him and Kowalski, wearing a
headset, is at a control panel. He turns his head
toward Morton.

KOWALSKI

All green. Flying sub ready for
launch.

MORTON

Very well. Start countdown.

KOWALSKI

Aye, aye, sir. Countdown to
launch.. ten...nine...eight...

20 INT. FLYING SUB - DAY

ANGLE TOWARD SEATS
Crane sits in the pilot's seat. Strapped into the
co-pilot's seat is a strikingly distinguished middle-
aged man with a shock of white hair and the outgoing
personality of a successful political leader. This is
the HONORABLE GEORGE W. PENFIELD as Kowalski's voice
comes over the speaker, Penfield looks toward Crane,
flashing his famous friendly grin. Crane - like
everyone else subjected to the Penfield charm - responds
to the grin as he prepares for the launch.

KOWALSKI'S VOICE

(on speaker)

Seven...six...five...four...

21 INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

ANGLE ON MORTON
listening to the countdown.

DOWALSKI

(into mike)

Three...two...one...zero...launch!

Morton turns to go toward the Observation Nose.
Chief Sharkey follows.

- 22 EXT. UNDERSEA - DAY
 FULL SHOT - SEAVIEW
 The belly hatch opens and the flying sub drops down and starts to move forward. (PROCESS)
- 23 INT. OBSERVATION NOSE - DAY
 ANGLE PAST MORTON AND SHARKEY
 as they watch through the observation windows. The flying sub appears from below, going away and up toward the surface. (STOCK)
- 24 EXT. SURFACE - DAY
 FULL SHOT
 The flying sub breaks the surface and rapidly rises into the sky. (PROCESS)
- 25 INT. FLYING SUB - DAY
 ANGLE TOWARD WINDOWS
 as Crane flies the vehicle low over the water. He pulls the ship up, angling into sky. (STOCK)
- 26 EXT. SKY - DAY
 FULL SHOT - FLYING SUB
 travelling at great speed.
- 27 INT. FLYING SUB
 ANGLE ON CRANE AND PENFIELD
 Crane turns to look at Penfield, who has been gripping the seat handles throughout the take-off.

CRANE

Well, there you are, Mr. Penfield. We can launch below the surface... travel as far as we like submerged... and take off into the sky at supersonic speed. What do you think of her?

PENFIELD

To say I'm impressed is an understatement. Surely there aren't many weapons in our defense complex as formidable as this.

CRANE

(laconically)

There aren't any!

And he noses the ship down for a dive.

28 REVERSE ANGLE (PROCESS
as the ship's nose heads down and the surface of the sea
seems to rise rapidly to meet it. The dive levels off almos
at the surface and the flying sub skims the very edge of the
water.

29 ANGLE ON CRANE AND PENFIELD
The civilian is clutching the seat handles and staring.

CRANE
As you can see, sir, she's highly
maneuverable.

PENFIELD
(a sigh of relief
as they gain altitude)
Thank heaven for that!

CUT TO:

30 INT. OBSERVATION NOSE - DAY

ANGLE ON MORTON - AWAY FROM WINDOWS
who has just poured himself some coffee. Chief Sharkey
stands beside the table.

MORTON
Have some coffee, Chief.

CHIEF
No thanks, sir. I'd just like to
know something.

MORTON
(sipping the
coffee)
What?

CHIEF
How come the captain's got that
guy up with him?

MORTON
Mr. Penfield?

CHIEF
I thought that thing was hush-hush.
We never took a civilian up in it
before.

MORTON
That's not just a civilian, Chief.
That's George W. Penfield - one of
the most important men in this country.

Cont.

30 Cont.

CHIEF

(its news to him
but he won't admit
it)

Oh, sure. That Penfield.

MORTON

The President just nominated him
to be our next Secretary of Defense.
He's got as much right as anybody
to be up there.

CHIEF

Sure, sure, that's right, sir. I
guess I just wasn't thinking.

Kowalski enters the Nose and approaches Morton with a
slip of paper.

KOWALSKI

Mr. Morton - signal from the Skipper.
He's going to change the flight
plan. He'll be aloft another
thirty minutes.

Morton rises.

MORTON

In that case, I'd better make a
course correction.

Morton goes out. Kowalski starts to go but the Chief
stops him.

CHIEF

You know who that guy is up there
with the Skipper, Kowalski?

KOWALSKI

Sure. Some guy named Penfield.
Why?

CHIEF

(scornfully)

"Some guy named Penfield". That's
George W. Penfield -- one of the
most important men in this country.
Look...kid...don't you ever read
the papers?

With an air of superiority, the Chief pours himself a
cup of coffee and sits down to drink it as Kowalski,
baffled, shrugs his shoulders and goes out.

31 OUT

32 INT. NELSON'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

ANGLE ON ANGIE

ANGIE, a Nelson Institute receptionist, is on duty in Nelson's outer office. She is a beautiful girl, alert, well-trained, competent. When the phone rings, she picks it up.

ANGIE

Admiral Nelson's office...no, I'm sorry, the Admiral has cancelled all appointments today..no, I'm afraid he can't talk right now. He's on another line...you're welcome.

33 INT. NELSON'S INNER OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE ON NELSON

who is speaking into the telephone and jotting down a note as he listens.

NELSON

Yes...I see...uh-huh...no that's not necessary.. I'm familiar with its properties. Oh---just one thing-- I want to keep this quiet if it's at all possible...good. Thank you very much.

He hangs up, then stares down for a moment at the note he has written. There is puzzled concern on his face. He reaches for the desk buzzer and pushes it, then resumes his concentration on the note.

34 ANGLE ON DOOR

It is opened by Angie who enters, closes the door behind her and crosses to Nelson's desk.. PAN WITH HER. She carries a steno note pad and pencil. She sits down near the desk, crosses her sleek, attractive legs and poises the pencil over the notebook.

ANGIE

(clears her
throat)

Yes, sir?

Nelson looks up, his train of thought broken.

Cont.

34 Cont.

NELSON

Hmmm? Oh, yes...memo to the Director, Office of Naval Intelligence, the Pentagon. 14 August, 1975. White Code... Priority "A". Last night a man identifying himself as an O.N.I. agent named Cabrillo was killed by a small puncture near the spine from a needle-like missile dipped in a newly developed compound...a saline-based exodin-trioxide. Two or three drops of this compound introduced into the blood stream, will attack the central nervous system and cause death within five seconds. There is no known antidote.

INTERCUT ABOVE WITH CLOSE SHOTS OF ANGIE as her pencil flies across the pages, taking down everything the Admiral says.

35

CLOSE ON NELSON

His face reflecting the gravity of his words.

NELSON

New paragraph. Unless I receive confirmation from your office as to agent Cabrillo's credentials, and if possible the nature of his assignment, I am unable to deal with an unknown and obviously very dangerous adversary. Advise.

36

CLOSE ON ANGIE

who, in spite of her excellent training, glances up in reaction for a brief second before resuming her notes.

37

MED. SHOT

Nelson puts the piece of paper from which he was dictating into an ash tray and burns it to a charred ash.

NELSON

End message. Encode it and put it on teletype right away.

ANGIE

(rising)

Yes, sir.

Nelson sits at his desk staring at the charred remnants of his notes while Angie goes to the door and lets herself out.

38 INT. NELSON'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

ANGLE ON CONNECTING DOOR
as Angie comes from the inner office. She turns toward
her own desk and stops in surprise.

39 P.O.V. - ANGIE'S DESK
A very pretty young girl in the trim uniform of an airline
hostess is leaning over Angie's desk, back to CAMERA, taking
a cigarette from the decorative box on the desk top.

40 ANGLE ON ANGIE
watching for just a moment.

ANGIE
(with mild
sarcasm)
Help yourself.

41 MED. SHOT - THE OFFICE
The girl in the stewardess uniform is startled. She turns,
sees Angie and then smiles easily. She has an open,
ingenuous expression which disarms nearly everyone she
meets and she accepts this reaction as a matter of course.
Her name, it will turn out, is TIPPY.

TIPPY
(casually)
Hi!

Angie sizes up the newcomer carefully while she crosses
to her desk and sits down.

ANGIE
What can I do for you?

TIPPY
(extending Angie's
own cigarette box)
Have a cigarette?

ANGIE
(drily, as she
takes one)
Thanks.

TIPPY
I want to see Admiral Nelson.

ANGIE
Sorry. All appointments for today
are cancelled.

Cont.

41 Cont.

TIPPY

That's okay. I haven't got one
anyhow.

(casually drops a
match folder on
Angie's desk)

Match?

Angie -- annoyed by the girl's attitude -- is about to put the match folder aside when something about it attracts her attention. She looks closer.

INSERT:

42 CLOSE SHOT - MATCH FOLDER
in Angie's hand. It is the same type folder Nelson had received earlier. Angie's hand opens the cover. The two center matches have been removed.

43 ANGLE PAST TIPPY TO ANGIE
who looks up sharply at the girl in front of her. Then she reaches for a button on her desk and presses it three times. Tippy watches with interest.

TIPPY

You think he'll see me?

ANGIE

(rather grimly)

I'm sure he will.

The door from the inner office opens and Nelson stands there. Tippy turns and smiles.

TIPPY

Hello Admiral!

Angie goes to Nelson and silently hands him the match folder.

44 CLOSE ON NELSON
as he looks down at the folder and then up at Tippy o.s.

NELSON

This way, please.

45 MED. SHOT
Tippy goes to the door to the inner office, smiles brightly over her shoulder at Angie and steps inside. Nelson looks at Angie somewhat inscrutibly and moves inside the door, closing it behind him. Angie goes to her desk, picks up the phone and dials a single number.

Cont.

45 Cont.

ANGIE
 (into phone)
 Code Room, please. "A" priority.

46 INT. NELSON'S INNER OFFICE - DAY

MED. SHOT

Nelson is seated behind his desk and Tippy sits, straight and composed, facing him. Nelson holds the match folder in his hand, comparing it to the identical folder given him by Cabrillo

NELSON
 You say your name is Penfield?

TIPPY
 Tippy Penfield. And you're right...
 it's the same Penfield. I'm his
 daughter.

NELSON
 I've always admired your father,
 Miss Penfield.

TIPPY
 Most people do. Adviser to presidents
 ...world famous humanitarian...yes,
 he's quite a man. But I didn't come
 here to discuss that.

NELSON
 Why did you come?

TIPPY
 (very earnestly)
 Because I need you. Because I
 believe you're a man who would do
 anything to protect his country.

47 TWO SHOT - NELSON AND TIPPY

Nelson regards her curiously. Her expression is deadly earnest.

NELSON
 Thank you. And what am I expected
 to do to protect it?

TIPPY
 Prevent my father from becoming
 Secretary of Defense!

Nelson looks at her steadily a moment and then laughs, in spite of himself. He rises from his desk and walks out of FRAME. Tippy, anger welling up inside, looks toward him.

48

MED. SHOT

Nelson turns toward her again, still smiling.

NELSON

You must realize, Miss Penfield, that your request is ridiculous.

TIPPY

(bitterly)

I'll bet you got a barrel of chuckles last night when that man was killed practically under your nose!

Nelson reacts. He strides over to her, taking her arm and pulling her around to face him.

NELSON

What do you know about that?

TIPPY

Wasn't the match folder I brought exactly like the one he gave you? I sent him to you last night because I thought you'd listen to a man like that.

(turns away)

I guess I was wrong.

(starts for the door)

If you don't care what happens to your country, then good luck to you, Admiral Nelson!

49

ANOTHER ANGLE

She walks to the door with quick, purposeful steps. Before she reaches it, Nelson intercepts her.

NELSON

Wait a minute! What you're asking is impossible.

TIPPY

Is it?

NELSON

Suppose you convince me. Do I telephone the President and tell him he's appointed the wrong man?

TIPPY

Of course not. But the Senate has to confirm the appointment. The hearings are going on right now. Ask to testify. They'll listen to you.

49 Cont.

NELSON

(exasperated)

Testify to what? I hardly know your father, but everything I know is good. To be honest, I think the President made an excellent choice.

50 TWO SHOT - NELSON AND TIPPY
She looks at the Admiral, her expression deadly earnest.

TIPPY

If you had documentary evidence that the appointment of my father could be dangerous -- even ruinous to the security of this country -- what would you do?

51 CLOSE SHOT - NELSON
affected by the obviously sincere tone of her voice.

NELSON

Get it to the Senate if I had to ram it down the Committee Chairman's throat!

52 MED. SHOT
Tippy looks at him with disconcerting directness.

TIPPY

I think you mean that. Will you come to Los Angeles with me -- right now?

NELSON

Where in Los Angeles?

TIPPY

Downtown - a little place called The Wide Globe Travel Agency...

NELSON

This evidence is there?

TIPPY

Enough to satisfy anyone...even you, Admiral.

(holds out her hand)

Deal?

Cont.

52 Cont.

Nelson looks at her steadily a moment then extends his own hand and they shake.

NELSON

Deal.

53 INT. TRAVEL AGENCY - DAY

ANGLE ON COUNTER

The figure of the travel agent is sprawled across the counter face down. Beside him is a little counter sign reading "Wide Globe Travel Agency." Papers, folders, etc. are scattered over the top of the counter in wild disorder. PULL BACK to reveal the small, starkly simple room the only features of which are the counter and the brilliant splashes of color furnished by the travel posters lining the otherwise dingy walls. PAN to show a curtained rear door leading to the back of the shop. The curtain is abruptly brushed aside and the Left-Handed Man is standing there, a fistful of miscellaneous papers, bills, etc. in his left hand. His artificial right hand has been removed and the ominous tubelike weapon extends from the right sleeve. He is obviously in a frantic hurry, having just ransacked the shop. He tosses the worthless papers behind the counter, glances down at the body of the agent and then reaches into his pocket for a wooden match. He scratches the match on the counter top and tosses it behind the counter. Immediately a small burst of flame rises from behind the counter and smoke begins to billow up. He is about to go back out the rear door when he freezes at the SOUND OF THE FRONT DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING.

54 HIS P.O.V. - FRONT DOOR

Nelson and Tippy stand, the closed door at their back, staring at CAMERA in surprise, having just entered.

55 CLOSE SHOT - LEFT-HANDED MAN

As he looks at them o.s. there is the faintest suggestion of a smile on his otherwise expressionless face. Slowly he raises his right arm, the deadly weapon pointing toward CAMERA.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

56

INT. TRAVEL AGENCY - DAY

ANGLE ON TIPPY AND NELSON

Only seconds have passed as they stand rooted to the spot, staring at the Left-Handed Man, whose right sleeve is raised, and tube pointed straight at Nelson. Tippy recovers and pushes Nelson as hard as she can just as the ominous WHOOSH of the weapon sends the steel sliver toward the Admiral. The needle-missile strikes the wall just behind him, embedding itself. Nelson dives at the man, grabbing his right sleeve. Smoke has begun to fill the room. The two men are locked in a desperate struggle. Tippy comes up behind the Left-Handed Man, pulling at his shoulders to get him away from Nelson. He twists violently, sending her spinning and at the same time he brings the edge of his left hand across Nelson's throat. Nelson staggers back and the man tears himself free, diving through the curtained door and disappearing. Nelson recovers his balance and starts for him. In the distance is heard the sound of a FIRE ALARM. Tippy grabs Nelson's arm.

TIPPY

No! The evidence!

Nelson turns to look at her. She goes to a wall near the counter, choking from the smoke and shielding her face against the mounting flame. In frantic haste, while the WAIL OF THE APPROACHING FIRE SIREN is heard, she tears a travel poster from the wall. Beneath it, taped flat to the wall, is a small can of 8mm film. She rips it from the wall.

57

ANGLE ON THE BODY

as Nelson goes to the dead agent, takes out a handkerchief and gingerly removes the sliver of steel from the man's back. THE SIRENS ARE LOUDER NOW and smoke is rolling through the room. Nelson wraps the needle in the handkerchief and tucks it into his pocket. Tippy comes into SHOT with the small can containing the roll of 8mm film. She thrusts it into Nelson's hand.

TIPPY

This is it!

Cont.

57 Cont.

Nelson takes the film, pockets it and grabs her by the arm.

NELSON

Let's get out of here!

As they run for the curtained door, THE SIRENS ARE UP FULL, fire engines having pulled up outside the agency. They exit.

58 INT. NELSON'S INNER OFFICE - DAY

CLOSEUP OF MOVIE SCREEN

On screen is a silent movie taken inside the GRAFTON MANSION. The SHOT is a sharp down angle from a high balcony taken with a hand-held camera. PENFIELD is prominent in the shot as he chats with NOAH GRAFTON. PULL BACK to show Nelson and Tippy watching the screen. Nelson turns in surprise and speaks to her over the WHIRR of the projector.

NELSON

Your father!

TIPPY

Do you know the man with him?

NELSON

(his tone
incredulous)

That wouldn't be Noah Grafton...

TIPPY

That's right. We were invited to his place for the week-end. I brought along my home movie camera without telling anyone and I took this from the balcony outside my bedroom.

On SCREEN, a wider angle reveals a slender, dark, one-armed figure in the b.g., quite evidently a part of the gathering. It is unmistakably the Left-Handed Man!

TIPPY

Recognize that other man?

NELSON

The one we surprised at the Travel Agency!

TIPPY

(nods)

The man who killed both Cabrillo and the travel agent.

58 Cont.

Nelson snaps off the projector and turns toward Tippy.

NELSON

He got a good look at you at the Travel Agency. You're in danger yourself now. I'm going to assign you a guard.

TIPPY

(shaking her head)

No! They wouldn't dare to do anything to me. But there's more. Turn on the projector... watch this next part.

Nelson turns on the projector again and looks toward the screen as the picture resumes.

59 CLOSE SHOT - SCREEN
 Penfield and Grafton turn to go toward a small table.
 PAN WITH THEM. On the table is a scale mock-up of the
 Flying Sub. Grafton picks it up and begins to talk to
 Penfield about it. Penfield nods. The film suddenly
 runs out and the screen goes blank.

60 CLOSE SHOT - NELSON
 As he switches off the projector. He is rocked by what
 he has just seen.

NELSON

Noah Grafton...one of the richest
 men in the country -- and one of
 the most hated.

61 MED. SHOT
 Tippy looks at Nelson and shrugs.

TIPPY

Why not? He's never made a secret
 of his sympathy for the cause of
 the Iron Curtain countries.

NELSON

What was your father doing with
 that man?

Tippy smiles, feeling the answer is too obvious to voice.

TIPPY

Now do you begin to understand?

NELSON

(shakes his head)

I can't believe it. Penfield and
 Grafton...there's never been a
 hint of this!

TIPPY

You saw their interest in your
 flying sub. How would you like
 to see my father the Secretary
 of Defense now...with access to
 every military secret we own?

NELSON

Why haven't you gone to anyone
 else with this?

TIPPY

I did go to one man..and he was
 killed. I can't guarantee the
 same thing won't happen again,
 Admiral. Noah Grafton plays
 for keeps!

61 Cont.

MOVE IN on Nelson who looks at her wordlessly, all too aware of the truth of what she says.

DISSOLVE TO:

62 EXT. UNDERSEA - DAY (STOCK)

FULL SHOT - SEAVIEW
as it glides along silently and smoothly beneath the surface.

DISSOLVE THROUGH TO:

63 OBSERVATION NOSE - DAY

ANGLE ON PENFIELD - AWAY FROM WINDOWS
who is standing facing an audience of Seaview officers. He is in the middle of what apparently has been a long, informal anecdote. PULL BACK to show Crane, Morton and several other officers listening closely.

PENFIELD

So the next time the boom came around and almost swept me into the bay, I turned to the Secretary of State and said: "Henry, if you handle the ship of state the way you handle this sloop, I'm switching parties now!"

The men all laugh and Penfield - the eternal politician - laughs with them. Kowalski enters the Nose, goes up to Crane and speaks quietly into his ear for a moment. Crane is surprised. Penfield sees this and looks toward Crane.

PENFIELD

Problems, Captain?

CRANE

Nothing serious. Will you excuse me a minute, Mr. Penfield?

PENFIELD

You go right ahead, Captain. I just hope you steer better than the Secretary of State.

The officers again laugh, with Penfield joining in. Crane starts aft with Kowalski.

64 CLOSE ON CRANE AND KOWALSKI
as Crane stops at the entrance to the Control Room. Penfield's voice o.s. is heard in the b.g.

64 Cont.

PENFIELD'S VOICE

(o.s.)

I recall another time we went
sailing out on Chesapeake Bay
...I'm not boring you, gentlemen,
am I?

VOICES

(a chorus of ad-lib denials - o.s.)

CRANE

(low to Riley
over the above
exchange)

You sure he said to take it in
my cabin?

RILEY

Yes, sir. Your personal code.
For the ears of the Captain only.

CRANE

(with a frown
of worry)

Very well. Carry on.

Kowalski leaves and Crane starts aft again.

65

INT. NELSON'S INNER OFFICE - DAY

ANGLE ON NELSON

The reel of film from the travel agency lies on the
desk. Beside it, still cradled in the handkerchief,
is the small, deadly needle. Angie enters the room
carrying a still picture.

ANGIE

Here's the 8 X 10 still you
ordered from the movie. And
Captain Crane is ready in his
cabin, sir.

She hands the picture to Nelson and crosses to the wall
TV screen.

NELSON

Thank you, Angie. Unscramble.

Angie presses a button. The screen is filled with
zigzag lines as Nelson crosses to it. He looks at
Angie, who understands the silent command and goes out,
closing the door behind her. The screen clears and
Crane's face appears.

CRANE

What is it, Admiral?

8245

66 INT. CAPTAIN'S CABIN - DAY

ANGLE ON CRANE
as he watches Nelson's face on the TV monitor.

NELSON

Lee, I want you to find some
excuse to keep Penfield out
of the flying sub.

CRANE

He's already been up. He was
practically pop-eyed at the
performance.

NELSON

(drily)
I can imagine. Where is he now?

CRANE

In the Nose with the officers.
He's quite a joe, Admiral. He's
spoken to everybody aboard. The
men think he's great.

NELSON

And you, Lee?

Crane is taken aback by the unexpected question.

CRANE

Well...this is the first time
I've met him, but he seems to
be what I expected...a fine
gentleman.

(a beat)

Why, Admiral?

NELSON

(ignoring the
question)

What time are you due in
Santa Barbara?

CRANE

E.T.A. is 1630 hours..

67 INT. NELSON'S INNER OFFICE - DAY

ANGLE ON NELSON

He turns his head from the screen to look at his desk
clock. He turns back to the screen.

Cont.

67 Cont.

NELSON

Lee, this is serious and I've got to leave it to your discretion. Make certain Penfield sees no top security equipment aboard "Seaview" until you get him back here.

68 INT. CAPTAIN'S CABIN - DAY

ANGLE ON CRANE AT SCREEN

Crane, shocked, stares briefly at Nelson's face on the screen:

CRANE

May I ask why, Admiral?

NELSON

I'll explain when I can. I want you to maintain radio silence no matter who Penfield may ask to call. That clear?

Crane, surprised at the Admiral's brusque tone, nods his head.

CRANE

Aye, air.

NELSON

Very well. End transmission.

Nelson's image scrambles and the screen goes blank. Crane, disturbed and thoroughly baffled, cuts off the set and turns toward the door. He hesitates, deep in thought, then strides from the cabin.

69 INT. NELSON'S INNER OFFICE - DAY

MED. SHOT

Nelson is back at his desk studying the still picture when Angie raps on the door and steps into the room. She carries a short length of teletype paper.

ANGIE

This is your reply from the Director, Office of Naval Intelligence. It's been decoded.

Nelson glances up quickly.

NELSON

Read it.

Cont.

69 Cont.

ANGIE

Yes, sir.

(reads)

"Confirm, late Joseph Cabrillo accredited agent on top priority security clearance and counter-espionage. Exact nature of current assignment undetermined as yet. Will advise further"

Nelson frowns in concentration as he makes a decision. He rises abruptly and begins to pace.

NELSON

Take this down, Angie.

(as she sits
and opens a
note pad)

Special telegram to the Senior Senator from Idaho. Respectfully request I be permitted to testify before your committee at tomorrow's afternoon session re: the confirmation of the appointment of George W. Penfield as Secretary of Defense.

70

CLOSE ON NELSON

He stops pacing and looks off into space, acutely aware that he is making a dangerous statement.

NELSON

Have reason to believe his appointment would be detrimental to the security of our country.

71

CLOSE SHOT - ANGIE

she pauses in mid-sentence, too startled for a second to finish. Then hastily she completes the statement and looks up.

ANGIE

Is that all, sir?

72

CLOSE SHOT - NELSON
with a wry smile.

NELSON

Isn't that enough? Within a couple of hours the press of the world is going to be on my head.

(looks toward
his desk)

Put those two things in my wall safe, will you?

He indicates the roll of film and the needle.

73

ANGLE ON ANGIE
She rises and crosses to his desk.

ANGIE

Yes, sir.

She takes the film. As she is about to pick up the handkerchief-encased needle, Nelson speaks abruptly.

NELSON

Careful. That needle is deadly poison!

Angie pulls her hand back quickly.

ANGIE

(gulps)

Yes, sir.

Very gingerly, she picks up the handkerchief and carries it at arm's length to the wall where Nelson's private safe is concealed.

SHOCK CUT TO:

74 OUT

75 INT. NELSON'S INNER OFFICE - DAY

ANGLE ON NELSON

who sits at his desk, listening to the radio and smiling in bitter amusement at some of the statements.

VOICE

(o.s. speaking
over headline)

Adverse reaction in world capitals, as well as here in Washington, is growing rapidly as a result of the unexpected request...of retired Admiral Harriman Nelson that the Senate refuse to confirm the President's appointment of the Honorable George W. Penfield as Secretary of Defense.

76 INT. NELSON'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

ANGLE ON ANGIE

The radio is also on in this office. A newspaper with the headline visible is on her desk. Every button on her phone is lighted and she is answering one call after another.

VOICE

(o.s.)

Penfield, known and respected all over the globe, was considered an ideal selection and political experts are frankly baffled by Nelson's unexpected move.

ANGIE

(over the phone,
simultaneously with
the o.s. voice)

No, I'm sorry. Admiral Nelson cannot be disturbed.

Cont.

76 Cont.

ANGIE (Cont.)

(cuts off call and
pushes a button to
answer the next one)

Admiral Nelson's office. No - there
will be no statements to the press
at this time.

(repeats the business)

Admiral Nelson's office....

77 INT. SEAVIEW RADIO SHACK - DAY

ANGLE ON CRANE

who is listening to the radio voice over the sub's
receiver. His face reflects his incredulity.

VOICE

(o.s.)

Sources close to the President
are particularly shocked since
this marks the first time the
retired Admiral and head of the
Nelson Institute of Marine Research
has ever taken a political stand.
Speculation is rife....

CRANE

(abruptly)

Cut it off.

VOICE

(o.s.)

...here as to the possible motives
behind....

The voice is cut off in mid-sentence as the operator
throws a switch. PULL BACK to show Morton with Crane
in the radio shack. Crane turns to Morton.

CRANE

Has Penfield heard any of this?

MORTON

Not a word. You ordered me to tell
him our communications were out.

CRANE

So that's why the Admiral wanted
him kept in the dark! What's got
into him?

Cont.

77 Cont.

MORTON
(unhappily)
Darned if I know.

CRANE
We'll soon find out! Chip, put
us about and head for Santa Barbara.

MORTON
Aye, aye!
(picks up mike)
Navigation...come to course one -
four - one. Maneuvering, all
ahead standard.

Crane stares at the now silent radio.

78 EXT. SURFACE OF THE SEA - DAY (STOCK)

FULL SHOT
The waters churn and the Seaview comes to the surface,
heading majestically toward port.

79 INT. NELSON'S INNER OFFICE - DAY

ANGLE ON NELSON
studying the still picture with a frown of concentration.
He presses a signal button.

80 MED. SHOT
Angie enters from the outer office and crosses to the
desk. She waits patiently. Nelson looks up.

NELSON
Angie, what does the name
"Noah Grafton" mean to you?

ANGIE
Noah Grafton...
(dawning
realization)
Oh...you mean that crackpot
millionaire you read about in
the papers every once in a while?

NELSON
He's a millionaire all right --
many times over. But I wonder
just how much of a "crackpot" he
is.

Cont.

80 Cont.

ANGIE

Well, he's always visiting behind the Iron Curtain...making fun of our system and things like that, isn't he?

NELSON

That he is, Angie. No one's ever been able to determine how much is a pose and how much is conviction. It's an interesting question.

ANGIE

I know one thing, sir. He'll never win any popularity contests.

NELSON

What concerns me right now is this...
(snaps a forefinger
against the still
picture)

Why should a man of Penfield's supposed integrity be on friendly terms with a man like Grafton?

ANGIE

Maybe they grew up together.

NELSON

Maybe. Grafton has a mansion somewhere in Eastern New Mexico. Find out where and get him on the phone for me. I think it's time we met.

Angie nods and hurries out while Nelson picks up the still and restudies it.

81 INT. SEAVIEW OBSERVATION NOSE - NIGHT

MED. SHOT

(PROCESS)

The submarine is in port and the dockside activity of unloading may be observed through the nose windows as Penfield stands facing Crane and Morton. He is beaming his usual warm smile.

PENFIELD

It's been a most informative voyage, Captain, and I want to thank you personally.

Cont.

81 Cont.

Extends his hand. Crane shakes it, but his expression is concerned.

CRANE

Thank you, sir. I'm sorry about the news that greeted you when we touched port.

PENFIELD

About Nelson? Son, if you don't have the hide of a rhinoceros, you don't belong in politics. Nelson is a rational man. I'm sure he has his own motives.

CRANE

Yes, sir. Mr. Morton will see you ashore.

PENFIELD

That's very kind of him.

CRANE

(to Morton)

See that he's not bothered by reporters.

MORTON

Aye, sir. This way, Mr. Penfield.

The two men leave and Crane looks after them, feeling decidedly uncomfortable.

82

INT. NELSON'S INNER OFFICE - NIGHT

ANGLE ON DESK

as Nelson speaks into the telephone.

NELSON

All right, Angie. Put me through to him.

Nelson pushes a button which activates the phonovision attachment and the face of NOAH GRAFTON appears on screen. His thin, tightly-drawn lips widen into what is almost a smile.

GRAFTON

Admiral Nelson. How do you do, sir?

Cont.

82 Cont.

NELSON

Good evening, Mr. Grafton.

GRAFTON

To what do I owe this unexpected call, sir?

NELSON

I wonder if you've heard about my planned testimony against the appointment of George W. Penfield.

GRAFTON

Of course. All the wire services have the story. You are a courageous man, Admiral. Penfield is quite an adversary.

NELSON

Then you know him?

GRAFTON

By reputation, sir. By reputation.

NELSON

And you admire him?

GRAFTON

I'm a poor one to ask. My criticism of our country's so-called statesmen has left me a target for every self-respecting patriot. Let's just say I think Penfield is a man of good will and we need such men at the helm these days.

NELSON

Then you think I'm making a mistake?

GRAFTON

Indeed I do. One you will regret sorely, I'm afraid. Unless, of course, you change your plans.

NELSON

I don't intend to do that.

GRAFTON

(sighs)

No, I didn't expect you would. This has been a most pleasant conversation, Admiral.

Cont.

82 Cont.1

NELSON

One last question, Mr. Grafton.
You have never actually met
Penfield?

GRAFTON

I have never met him face to face,
no. Is that all, Admiral?

NELSON

Yes. That's all.

The phonovision screen goes black. Nelson, disturbed,
turns to the still again, looks at it.

INSERT:

- A-82 CLOSE SHOT - STILL PICTURE
showing Penfield and Grafton in conversation while the
sinister Left-Handed Man stands in the b.g.
- 83 INT. NELSON'S OUTER OFFICE - NIGHT
- ANGLE ON ANGIE
seated at her desk, her back to the drawn draperies at
the window. She is typing.
- 84 ANGLE ON DRAPERIES
which are some six feet behind her desk. One corner of
the drapes moves and the Left-Handed Man is revealed
standing just outside the open window on the balcony.
With unhurried deliberation, the man silently raises the
handless right arm until the protruding metal tube is leveled
at Angie's back.
- 85 ANGLE ON ANGIE
still typing, oblivious to the menacing figure standing
silently at her back.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN

86 INT. NELSON'S OUTER OFFICE - NIGHT

ANGLE ON MAN
as he levels the ominous weapon. ZOOM BACK to bring Angie into FRAME, typing and oblivious to the threat.

87 REVERSE ANGLE - OPPOSITE WALL
A small wall mirror across the room reveals the reflection of the man.

88 CLOSE SHOT - ANGIE
She glances up and her eye catches the mirror reflection of the man. There is an almost imperceptible pause in her typing, but this is the only reaction to indicate that she is now aware of her danger.

89 MED. SHOT
Just as the man fires the tube device, Angie flings herself from the chair to the floor. The poisoned needle thuds into the desk top.

ANGIE
(a shriek)
Admiral!

The man, startled by the sudden move and scream, hesitates a split second, then turns and dives through the draperies into the night as the door from the inner office bursts open and Nelson runs in, drawing a pistol from inside his tunic. He sees Angie on the floor.

NELSON
Angie!

He rushes to her but she is already getting to her feet. She points to the draperies. Nelson goes to them and looks out. He turns back to the phone and dials one number.

NELSON
(into phone)
Security! There's a man on the grounds near the main building. He's armed and dangerous. Find him!
(hangs up and turns to Angie)
You're not hurt?

She is silently trembling in reaction from her narrow escape. But she manages to shake her head. Relieved, Nelson turns to the desk and sees the needle stuck at an angle in the blotter. It is clear that it would have

Cont.

89 Cont.

struck Angie in the back if she had not moved. MOVE IN CLOSE as he gingerly plucks the dangerous missile from the desk.

MATCH CUT TO:

90 INT. NELSON'S INNER OFFICE - NIGHT

CLOSE SHOT - THE NEEDLE
now cushioned in a handkerchief.

NELSON'S VOICE

(o.s.)

I'm getting quite a collection of
these!

PULL BACK to show the needle resting on the top of Nelson's desk. Nelson is sitting at the desk and Crane is standing beside him, a puzzled frown on his face as he looks at the needle.

CRANE

I don't understand. Where did it
come from?

NELSON

It was meant for Angie...So that some-
one could get at me. Undoubtedly
there's another one with my name on it.

CRANE

Let me get this straight. First
you warn me to keep Penfield from
seeing too much. Next, the public
announcement opposing his appointment.
Now this! They're all connected,
of course?

NELSON

Someone is trying to stop my testimony.
They're perfectly willing to kill me
if they have to.

CRANE

And you're still going through with
it?

NELSON

(nods)

I'm flying to Washington tomorrow
morning.

Cont.

90 Cont.

CRANE

Do you have enough evidence to
convince the Senate?

NELSON

I have enough to convince myself.

Crane leans over the desk toward Nelson, his tone emphatic.

CRANE

You need more than that. If you
face that Senate Committee with
this and lose, it could mean the
end of your career.

Nelson rubs his hand over his eyes in a gesture of pure
exhaustion.

NELSON

Don't you think I know that? All
I can tell you is tomorrow morning,
I'll be on that plane.

91

MED. SHOT

as a BUZZER sounds. Nelson presses the talk button.

ANGIE'S VOICE

(intercom)

Admiral, a Mr. Lasher for you on
four.

NELSON

(puzzled)

Lasher?

ANGIE'S VOICE

(intercom)

He's calling through the White House
switchboard.

Nelson looks quickly at Crane.

NELSON

Fred Lasher. One of the Presidential
assistants!

(Crane nods and
starts to go)

No, stay here. You might as well
hear this.

(into speaker)

Put him on, Angie.

Cont.

91 Cont.

MOVE IN to show the phonovision screen. It flickers and the face of a man of about 35 appears. He is smiling.

LASHER

Good evening, Admiral.

NELSON

Good evening, Fred. Good to see you again. You're working late, aren't you?

LASHER

(pleasantly)

You can guess why. Any change in your plans?

Nelson and Crane exchange glances.

NELSON

Afraid not, Fred.

LASHER

I wish you'd give it some thought. The Boss feels pretty strongly about it, you know. And the people are behind him. We're getting flooded with telegrams here -- all pro-Penfield.

NELSON

And anti-Nelson?

LASHER

Well...frankly, yes. Now what do you say?

NELSON

I'll see you in Washington tomorrow.

LASHER

(shakes his head
sorrowfully)

Have it your way, Admiral. At least I tried. Good-bye.

The image goes off. Nelson rises from his desk.

NELSON

Lee, is the Seaview crew on liberty?

CRANE

All but the stand-by watch. Why?

Cont.

91 Cont.1

NELSON

I hope I'm not going to sound melodramatic, but I've got to make sure I'm alive for that trip tomorrow.

92 CLOSE ON CRANE
He reacts to this.

CRANE

What are your plans?

93 TWO SHOT - NELSON AND CRANE
as Nelson turns to him, his expression serious.

NELSON

I'm going to spend the night in my cabin aboard Seaview. And I want tight security maintained.

CRANE

I'll see to it.

Nelson watches as Crane goes out. He goes to the safe, opens it and takes the film and the needle wrapped in the handkerchief. He puts both carefully into an attaché case and closes it. Then, picking up the case, he switches off his desk light and goes to the door.

94 INT. OUTER OFFICE - NIGHT

ANGLE ON ANGIE

who is fixing her face as she holds a compact. She hears Nelson's door open and she snaps the compact closed. Nelson, carrying his attaché case, comes up to her desk.

NELSON

Any word from Security about that prowler?

ANGIE

No, sir. They're still searching.

NELSON

Well, I don't see any reason why you can't go home. It's been quite a day, hasn't it?

ANGIE

It isn't over yet.

She nods her head toward the other end of the room. Nelson looks in that direction.

95

HIS P.O.V. - TIPPY
 looking pertly pretty and alert in her stewardess uniform,
 she is sitting in one of the reception chairs across the
 room. She raises one hand in a friendly salute.

TIPPY

Hi!

96

TWO SHOT - NELSON AND ANGIE
 Nelson looks back to his secretary.

NELSON

You can still go, Angie.

ANGIE

(rising)

Yes, sir!

She gathers her things while Nelson watches.

NELSON

You have my Washington reservations?

ANGIE

Confirmed and waiting for you at
 L.A. International. Good night, sir.

NELSON

Good night, and thanks, Angie.

97

MED. SHOT

Angie crosses to the corridor door, favors Tippy with a
 nod and goes out. The moment she has left, Tippy rises,
 crosses to Nelson, puts her arms around his neck and
 kisses him warmly.

98

TWO SHOT - NELSON AND TIPPY
 as she ends the kiss and looks at him, smiling.

NELSON

I'm not complaining, you understand,
 but what was that for?

TIPPY

For following through.

NELSON

The testimony?

TIPPY

(nods)

I know what courage it took.

Cont.

98 Cont.

NELSON

(a touch of irony)
Thank you. Why did you come
here again?

TIPPY

I had to. You can do me one more
little favor.

NELSON

Well?

Her smile fades and her face becomes serious.

TIPPY

Call it off.

Nelson is surprised and shows it.

NELSON

The trip?

TIPPY

The testimony...everything.

Nelson smiles in spite of himself.

NELSON

It's a little late for that.

TIPPY

No, it isn't. Issue a statement,
say you were misquoted. Say anything.
Just don't go.

NELSON

Miss Penfield -- you constantly
amaze me. What changed your mind?

TIPPY

(very seriously)
I'm afraid of what might happen to
you.

NELSON

And to you?

She looks at him steadily.

TIPPY

All right...yes! I'm afraid for
myself, too.

Cont.

NELSON

I offered you a guard and you refused it. Obviously you don't believe, any more than I do, that your father would let any harm come to you.

TIPPY

I can't even reach my father. I took a terrible chance giving you that evidence. I thought I was pretty brave...but I'm not! When the chips are down, I want to stay alive.

NELSON

(an ironic smile)
We all want to do that.
(then seriously)
Look, if my testifying puts you in danger I can arrange to keep you right here at the Institute -- under guard.

TIPPY

No! I didn't come here tonight of my own accord. I came under orders.

NELSON

Orders? Whose orders?

TIPPY

I've told you too much already. All I was supposed to do was persuade you to change your mind.
(ruefully)
I guess I'm pretty much of a flop as a temptress.

NELSON

You were extremely effective. But nothing can change my mind now.

TIPPY

All right, just stay alive, Admiral...
(goes to the door and stops)
Stay alive!

She opens the door, letting herself out. Nelson stares wordlessly at the closed door.

CUT TO:

99 INT. SEAVIEW CORRIDOR - NIGHT

ANGLE ON CRANE

who is facing the Chief, Kowalski and a Crewman in the corridor. The three Crewmen are wearing side arms.

CRANE

We have special security details guarding all approaches to the dock. There's also a special guard in the Control Room. Your men will patrol the corridors adjoining the Admiral's cabin. Now are there any questions?

CHIEF

What gives, Skipper? We expecting company?

CRANE

The Admiral has good reasons to believe an attempt will be made on his life before morning.

(the men exchange glances)

If such an attempt is made...you men know what to do. Carry on.

Crane goes down the corridor and around a bend, out of sight.

CHIEF

Okay - get to your posts!

The men start down toward opposite ends of the corridor while the Chief watches grimly.

CUT TO:

100 INT. ADMIRAL'S CABIN - NIGHT

ANGLE ON NELSON

He has removed his uniform blouse and now sits on the edge of his bunk taking off his shoes. He turns down the covers of the bed, then goes over to his desk, takes a small automatic pistol and returns to the bed. He places the pistol under his pillow, looks around the cabin for one last check and then turns off the light. Still partially dressed, he gets into bed.

DISSOLVE TO:

101 EXT. SEAVIEW DOCK - NIGHT

(STOCK)

LONG SHOT

across the deck of the moored submarine to the stone wall and steps leading upward. Two white-helmeted Security Guards armed with rifles walk their posts past the gangplank leading to the Seaview deck. Far up at the head of the stone stairway in the b.g., a single red light burns, marking the dock exit. After a moment, a shadowy figure dressed in a black trench coat appears on the upper balcony near the red light. The figure crouches, watching the pacing sentries below. With excellent timing, the figure waits until the sentries pass each other as they walk their posts. For a brief instant, both Guards have their backs to the gangplank. Moving swiftly and silently, the mysterious figure darts down the stairway, crosses to the gangway and slips aboard the submarine before the Guards turn back. The figure, now concealed from the sentries by the submarine's sail, manages to get the conning tower hatch open and slips inside, unobserved.

102 INT. SEAVIEW CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

ESTABLISHING SHOT

The great Control Room is deserted except for a single armed, white-helmeted Security Guard. The various control panels and instrument boards, usually alive with blinking lights, now reveal only an occasional work light and the normally brilliant interior is dimly lit and silent.

103 ANGLE ON CIRCULAR STAIRWAY

The dark-clad, shadowy figure slips quickly down the stairs and conceals himself in the alcove behind the stairs. With his gloved hand, he removes the false right hand, exposing the end of the tube in his right sleeve.

104 ANGLE ON SECURITY GUARD

The Guard, oblivious to the presence of the intruder, paces the empty Control Room. He turns inquisitively toward the circular stairs and moves a few paces in that direction. He stops, hesitates a moment, then turns his back and begins to move away. At that moment the "whoosh" propels the deadly needle into the small of his back. He gasps, wheels around, takes a single step and collapses to the deck, lying still. The left-handed man moves from his place of concealment, steps over the inert body of the Guard and hurries silently aft.

105 INT. A CORRIDOR - NIGHT

FULL SHOT

The corridor is silent and deserted. A shadow falls across the bulkhead - ominous and foreboding. Then the same

Cont.

105 Cont.

dark-clad figure appears at the end of the corridor. He begins to move silently down the corridor.

106 INT. ADMIRAL'S CABIN - NIGHT

CLOSE ON THE BUNK

Nelson lies on the bunk, sleeping restlessly.

107 INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

ANGLE ON INTRUDER

As he moves along the corridor. Suddenly, he freezes. From beyond the bend at the far end of the corridor comes the SOUND of FOOTSTEPS echoing from the steel deck plates. The intruder hastily loads the sleeve device and raises it. The shadow of an approaching figure is thrown on the bulkhead as the footsteps draw nearer. The footsteps pause a moment. From the shadow that is cast, it is obvious that the approaching man has paused just beyond the corridor bend. The intruder takes aim with his weapon ready to fire the moment the man appears at the end of the corridor. Now the footsteps resume. The intruder draws in his breath... Chief Sharkey comes around the bend. At that instant, the intruder is hit from behind by a vicious flying tackle. The Chief reacts quickly, running forward to join the struggle between Kowalski and the intruder. The intruder, on his back, kicks out powerfully, catching Kowalski in the mid-section and hurtling him back into the Chief. Both men go sprawling as the intruder leaps to his feet and starts to run in the opposite direction, TOWARD CAMERA.

108 REVERSE ANGLE

Kowalski and the Chief disentangle themselves, about to give chase to the intruder who is already about to round the bend at the end of the corridor. But at the bend, he runs straight into another crewman, who comes running in the opposite direction. They fight furiously; just as the crewman is sent sprawling, Kowalski jumps the man from behind, knocking him down. The Chief dashes up and pins him to the deck. Now Kowalski and the Chief hold down the thrashing, struggling man.

Nelson, alerted by the commotion, comes dashing around the bend of the corridor, a drawn automatic in his hand. He sees the men and stops. The Chief looks up and greets the Admiral.

CHIEF

This the visitor you were expecting,
Admiral?

Cont.

108 Cont.

Nelson looks grimly amused. He flourishes the automatic toward the man.

NELSON

Let him up.
 (they release the
 man who sullenly
 rises)
 Cover him!

The three men draw their side arms. Nelson puts his own gun away, goes to the man and tears the trench coat open.

109 CLOSE ON THE LEFT-HANDED MAN

He wears a belt beneath his coat in which a whole supply of poisoned needles are fastened. Nelson appears in the SHOT, ripping the belt away from the man. He looks at the belt of deadly needles with distaste.

NELSON

(to the man)
 You had a busy evening planned,
 didn't you?

110 MED. SHOT - THE GROUP

Nelson hands the belt to the Chief.

NELSON

Take him to Security Headquarters
 for questioning.

(to the man, his
 voice edged in
 sarcasm)

Sorry to have upset your plans.
 When I fly to Washington in the
 morning, I'm taking you along.
 You'll make a convincing exhibit!

Riley and Kowalski, each gripping the man, pull him away along the corridor. The Chief follows with the needle-filled belt. Nelson watches them go.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN

111 EXT. LOS ANGELES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY (STOCK)

FULL ESTABLISHING SHOT
showing the vast, modern complex of a jet age airport.

DISSOLVE TO:

112 EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

MED. SHOT
featuring the rear of a building with a short flight of stone steps leading to a door. This is a private rear entrance to one of the terminal buildings. The door opens and Nelson and Crane emerge. Nelson carries a small overnight bag. They stop at the foot of the steps and look back. Kowalski comes out, his right wrist handcuffed to the left wrist of the left-handed man.

113 TWO SHOT - CRANE AND NELSON
as they stand there looking around.

CRANE

Not a reporter in sight.

NELSON

There'd be plenty of them if the
airline hadn't let us use the
private exit.

CRANE

Here's your transportation.

114 P.O.V. - CUSHMAN CART
driven by an airline employee, as it approaches.

115 MED. SHOT
The cart pulls up before the steps. Crane extends his
hand to Nelson.

CRANE

Good luck.

They shake hands.

NELSON

Thanks. I'll phone as soon as
the testimony is over.

Nelson puts his bag in the cart, gets in beside the driver
and Kowalski climbs into the back with the left-handed man.
The cart moves away leaving Crane to look after them.

116 EXT. PLANE - DAY

MED. SHOT

A jet is parked on a concrete strip while several technicians check it over. The Cushman cart carrying Nelson, Kowalski and the prisoner buzzes up to the loading ramp and stops. Nelson gets out, picks up his bag and starts up the steps to the plane. Kowalski and the manacled left-handed man follow. They pause at the door to look back, then duck inside.

117 INT. JET - DAY

MED. SHOT

Nelson enters the passenger cabin followed by the other two. He goes to the nearest seat, puts his bag down, places his cap on the overhead rack, preparing to settle himself. Kowalski leads the left-handed man to another seat and pulls him down beside him.

118 EXT. PLANE - DAY

MED. SHOT

The moment Nelson's party is inside, the technicians finish their work and start to clear the area. One man goes up the loading ramp and closes the passenger door. The ramp is pulled away, making it possible for the plane to maneuver.

119 OUT

120 INT. JET - DAY

ANGLE ON NELSON

as he hears the whine of the starting jet engines. He looks around quickly.

121 HIS P.O.V. - THE CABIN

The long rows of seats are empty except for Kowalski and the prisoner; they are alone in the passenger compartment!

122 ANGLE ON NELSON

He reacts in surprise, then staggers slightly as the plane begins to roll. He turns toward the forward end, moving quickly. He stops as a voice comes over the speaker.

VOICE

(on speaker)

Keep your seats, please, and fasten your belts. We are taxiing to the main boarding area to load our passengers. We expect to be aloft in approximately fifteen minutes. Thank you.

122 Cont.

Nelson hesitates another moment, then returns to his seat.
He fastens the belt.

123- OUT
124

125 LANDING STRIP - DAY

(STOCK)

FULL SHOT
as the jet begins to gather speed for take-off, roaring
down the strip and lifting gracefully into the sky.

126 INT. JET - DAY

CLOSE ON NELSON
stunned to realize that the plane has taken off. He
unbuckles his seat belt and rises, looking back toward
the rear of the cabin.

127 HIS P.O.V. - THE CABIN
as before, only Kowalski and his prisoner are there.
Kowalski is equally surprised but the expression of the
Left-Handed Man is as enigmatic as ever.

128 CLOSE SHOT - NELSON
as he stares.

TIPPY'S VOICE

(o.s.)
Coffee, tea or milk, sir?

Nelson wheels around toward the voice.

A-128 MED. SHOT - PAST NELSON
Tippy, as usual in her trim stewardess uniform, is smiling
in her best professional manner.

TIPPY

You must keep your seat belt on
until we've reached altitude.

129 ANOTHER ANGLE - NELSON AND TIPPY
Nelson looks at her steadily for a long moment.

NELSON
I give up. What's your angle this time?

She goes to the seat beside him and sits down.

TIPPY
I guess you're fully disgusted with me by now.

NELSON
That's one way of putting it.
(looks around)
Obviously this isn't an airline plane.

TIPPY
(shakes her head)
A privately-owned jet. It belongs to Noah Grafton.
(lowers her voice, speaking with quiet intensity)
I had to do this. Try to understand. And don't worry. I managed to get word to my father. He'll see that nothing happens to you.

130 CLOSE SHOT - NELSON
who reacts to this bit of information.

NELSON
Needless to add, our destination is not Washington, D.C.

131 TWO SHOT - NELSON AND TIPPY
side by side in the passenger seats. She still speaks in low, urgent tones, looking cautiously back toward the impassive figure of the left-handed man.

TIPPY
I can't tell you any more now.

NELSON
Then let me guess. We're bound for a certain estate in Eastern New Mexico.

Cont.

131 Cont.

Tippy looks around again nervously. Then, she rises.

TIPPY

(low)
I've got to do this. Please
understand.

(speaks aloud
in the professionally
cheerful tones of a
stewardess)

Excuse me, Admiral. I have to
serve lunch now. After all, you're
travelling first class!

And with a pleasant smile, she starts aft, down the
aisle toward the galley. Nelson turns his head to
watch her go.

DISSOLVE TO:

132 INT. NELSON'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

ANGLE ON ANGIE

who is pacing back and forth like a caged feline. The corridor door opens and Crane enters. He is relaxed and smiling.

CRANE

Hi, beautiful! They told me at the gate you were trying to find me.

Angie goes quickly to him.

ANGIE

Lee! Thank goodness you're here!

CRANE

Well! I knew we were made for each other, but I never dreamed...

ANGIE

(interrupts)

Stop it! The Admiral's in danger.

Crane is immediately serious, his bantering attitude gone.

CRANE

What is it?

ANGIE

Awhile back, the airline called to say his party didn't board the Washington flight.

CRANE

That's impossible. I put them on that plane myself.

ANGIE

You sure?

CRANE

Well...practically. We were ducking reporters and we went to a rear exit and...wait a minute! Almost anybody could have been driving that courtesy cart!

ANGIE

I had them check around the terminal immediately. He didn't board the plane and no one remembers seeing him after the flight left. With all the reporters there, somebody would have noticed them.

Cont.

132 Cont.

CRANE
 (thinking hard)
 Definitely...unless...

ANGIE
 Unless what?

CRANE
 Unless he flew out on another plane.
 Not on a scheduled airliner, though.
 Angie, get me a list of all special
 flights departing L.A. Airport this
 morning.

ANGIE
 Yes, sir!

She goes immediately to the phone. Crane strides to the door to the inner office and goes in.

133 OUT

134 INT. JET - DAY

ANGLE ON TIPPY

DOLLY BACK as she comes down the aisle and stops at Nelson's seat. There is a tray of half-eaten food before him. He looks up as she leans over.

TIPPY
 We weren't very hungry, were we?

NELSON
 Does the condemned man have to eat
 a hearty meal?

TIPPY
 Oh, come now -- don't talk that way.

VOICE
 (over speaker)
 Fasten your seat belts, please.
 We're entering our glide pattern.

TIPPY
 Here, I'll take that.

She takes the tray and Nelson buckles his belt.

Cont.

134 Cont.

NELSON

(bitterly)

Welcome to New Mexico - "land of
enchantment."

Tippy tries hard to give him a reassuring smile and leaves
with the tray.

135 INT. NELSON'S INNER OFFICE - DAY

ANGLE ON CRANE

sitting at Nelson's desk speaking into the phone.

CRANE

Glad I caught you, Chip. I want
you and two men from the duty watch.
Issue them equipment and stand by
at the flying sub until I get there.

(listens)

I don't know where we're going...
yet. But I do know we've got to
get there fast. Get on it!

He hangs up as Angie enters, carrying a sheet of paper
and a notebook. She goes to the desk and hands Crane
the paper.

ANGIE

Here's the full list of special
flights. Only one of them means
anything. One-forty-four.

CRANE

(looking at
the list)

Noah Grafton! Of course! Have
you any idea where he lives?

ANGIE

(nods)

The Admiral called him yesterday.

(opens her
notebook)

It's in New Mexico. Here's the
address.

Crane takes the book from her, his expression reflecting
his tension.

136 EXT. A LANDING STRIP - DAY

(STOCK)

FULL SHOT

A jet plane comes in for a landing.

DISSOLVE TO:

137 OUT

138 EXT. GRAFTON'S MANSION - DAY

(STOCK)

FULL ESTABLISHING SHOT

An elaborate mansion in an isolated section. (If possible
- show a dark car driving up to the front and stopping.)

DISSOLVE TO:

139 INT. GRAFTON MANSION - DAY

ESTABLISHING

The Reception Room of the mansion is a great hall with a bow window, flanked by French doors, leading to a garden. On either side of the hall are broad, graceful stairways rising up to a second-story balcony which surrounds the hall. OFF the balcony are doors to what, presumably, are the bedrooms of the house. The place has an atmosphere of great, but decaying, elegance. Nelson, Tippy and Kowalski enter, followed by two somberly dressed men. Bringing up the rear is the Left-handed Man, now free of the manacles. Nelson stops to look around, somewhat awed by the surroundings.

140 TWO SHOT - TIPPY AND NELSON
As he looks around, Tippy observes him.

TIPPY

Cozy, isn't it?

GRAFTON'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Welcome to Grafton Hall, Admiral Nelson!

Nelson looks up toward the balcony o.s.

141 HIS P.O.V. - THE BALCONY
Noah Grafton stands there, looking down. He turns to his right and reaches the stairway, descending with unhurried dignity.

142 CLOSE ON NELSON
watching his host descend.

143 MED. SHOT
as Grafton reaches the main floor and crosses toward Nelson, the characteristic thin smile on his lips. He extends his hand in greeting.

144 EXT. THE SKY - DAY (STOCK)

FULL SHOT - FLYING SUB
as it streaks across the sky at high altitude.

145 INT. FLYING SUB - DAY

ANGLE FROM WINDOWS

Crane is in the pilot's seat and Morton in the co-pilot's seat. Behind them are Chief Sharkey and a Crewman. All four men wear flying jackets. Morton looks toward Crane.

Cont.

145 Cont.

MORTON

Look, Lee -- I'm not exactly the nose type but you never did brief us before we took off. We don't even know where we're headed.

CRANE

There wasn't time. I'll tell you what I can...but it isn't much more than you already know.

MORTON

Which is nothing.

The men in the rear lean forward, curious to find out what they can.

CRANE

We're headed for New Mexico -- The private estate of a man named Grafton. I have reason to think the Admiral is being held there. At least, I hope so.

CHIP

And if he isn't?

CRANE

(a look at Morton)

Then he's dead.

The men react silently and grimly to this as Crane concentrates again on flying.

CUT TO:

146 INT. GRAFTON MANSION - DAY

CLOSE SHOT - GRAFTON

who is holding a highball glass in his hand. His expression is calm but deadly earnest.

GRAFTON

It's ridiculously simple, Admiral Nelson. Do as I ask -- or you are a dead man.

147 MED. SHOT

Nelson, Kowalski, Grafton and Tippy are seated near a low cocktail table in the big room. Several silent men, obviously guards, hover discreetly far in the b.g. Nelson deliberately sips his drink before replying. Tippy watches him, a woebegone expression replacing her usual air of innocent gaiety.

147 Cont.

NELSON

Grafton, you're bluffing and I'll tell you why.

Tippy reacts to this, turning pleadingly to Nelson.

TIPPY

He isn't! He's the one who gave me the orders. He would have killed me -- just as he'll kill you.

GRAFTON

(to Tippy, his voice suddenly hard)

Be quiet!

(to Nelson, more casually)

I can't abide chattering women. Finish your thought, sir.

NELSON

To borrow your own phrase, it's ridiculously simple. The whole world expects me in Washington today to testify. If something happens to me, there'll be an immediate investigation. It won't be hard to trace me here.

GRAFTON

Well thought out. Of course, you aren't in possession of all the facts, as yet.

148

ANOTHER ANGLE

Penfield, his handsome face wearing a troubled look, has entered the room.

PENFIELD

So it's true!

149

FULL SHOT

as the others react to the entrance. Tippy rises and rushes to her father.

150

MED. SHOT - FAVORING PENFIELD

as Tippy reaches him.

TIPPY

Thank heaven you got here!

Cont.

150 Cont.

Penfield looks at his daughter almost pathetically.

TIPPY

Now he won't dare hurt these men!

151

ANGLE ON GRAFTON

For the first time, he actually laughs.

GRAFTON

That's very funny.

Penfield comes over to Grafton, looking down at him as the millionaire sits comfortably in his chair.

PENFIELD

Noah, what are you going to do?

Nelson looks from one man to the other.

NELSON

It would be interesting to know which one of you gives the orders.

GRAFTON

(smiling)

Is there any question in your mind?

Rising deliberately and with complete self-assurance, Grafton faces Penfield.

152

CLOSE SHOT

as Grafton stands confronting Penfield while Tippy continues to cling to her father's arm.

GRAFTON

Admiral Nelson, this man you see before you is nothing! Oh, a handsome figure of a man, I grant you. The epitome of a politician. That's why I chose him.

153

CLOSE ON NELSON

reacting.

154

ANGLE ON GRAFTON

enjoying his revelation.

Cont.

154 Cont.

GRAFTON

No, not chose him -- created him.
 George W. Penfield is mine, sir.
 The product of my own genius. I
 picked him cut, a man who was the
 very essence of mediocrity. I
 trained him, coached him, promoted
 him until the world accepted him as
 a leader. It's a delicious irony.
 I'm the most despised man in this
 country and I control its best-loved
 citizen!

Nelson walks up to Penfield, looking directly at him.
 Penfield lowers his eyes, unable to meet Nelson's gaze.
 Nelson turns to Penfield, shock making his voice little
 more than a whisper.

NELSON

Why?

155 CLOSE SHOT - GRAFTON
 his expression filled with self-satisfaction.

GRAFTON

He's been useful in furthering the
 things I believe in. He will be
 far more so in the immediate future...
 although I very much doubt if you
 will be around to see it!

CUT TO:

156 EXT. SKY - DAY

(STOCK)

FULL SHOT - FLYING SUB
 speeding above the clouds.

157 INT. FLYING SUB - DAY

ANGLE ON CRANE
 who has begun to nose down.

CRANE

(looking down)
 Right on the nose.

MORTON

There's an airstrip off to the right.

Cont.

157 Cont.

CRANE

Forget it. We're setting down as close to the house as we can get without being seen. When you're not invited, it doesn't pay to advertise! Once we land, here's how we'll work it...

The men in the rear lean closer to hear the plan.

CUT TO:

158 INT. GRAFTON'S MANSION - DAY

MED. SHOT

Grafton turns away to go back to his chair.

GRAFTON

Mr. Penfield believed...rather pathetically...that I could persuade you not to testify against him... in exchange for your life. Naturally I never believed you would.

159 CLOSE SHOT - NELSON

He shakes his head.

NELSON

I've already told you why you can't risk killing me.

160 CLOSE ON GRAFTON

who drains his glass.

GRAFTON

You do me little credit. You will die in a most plausible way. You accepted a ride to Washington in my private jet. Let's say that en route there was a crash in the mountains. No survivors. The plane, I need hardly add, will be equipped with a drone pilot.

161 CLOSE ON NELSON

who is making quick plans of his own.

162 ANGLE ON GRAFTON

He notes this and smiles. He raises his hand, snapping his fingers. The Left-Handed Man, in the far b.g., approaches.

GRAFTON

You are a clever man, Admiral. You're thinking that if you are sent aloft alone in an automatic jet, you will improvise a way out of your difficulties.

The Left-Handed Man turns to face the group, his right arm dangling at his side.

Cont.

162 Cont.

GRAFTON

Unhappily, however, when I send you aloft you will already be...quite dead!

As Grafton completes his sentence, the Left-Handed Man slowly raises the deadly right arm. There is a peculiarly bright look in his eyes as he begins to remove the artificial right hand.

163

MED. SHOT

as the Left-Handed Man, obviously enjoying the moment, raise the arm with agonizing slowness toward the all but paralyzed Nelson. Several guards stand around, alert and ready. Tippy, in pure horror, gasps and starts to rush at the man. A guard quickly seizes her. Once more, the Left-Handed Man extends the arm. Suddenly, there is a SOUND of LOUD KNOCKING on the door. The man hesitates. Grafton signals with his head. A guard goes to the door and throws it open. Crane is there. He is instantly covered with a gun and thrusts forward into the room. He looks around wonderingly. Nelson, alert now, looks toward Crane.

GRAFTON

(to Nelson)

I see you know this man. Undoubtedly he's here to rescue you.

(to Guards)

Check out there. See if he's brought any friends with him.

CRANE

Don't bother. I'm alone.

The Guards look questioningly at Grafton.

GRAFTON

How did you get here? The airstrip's fully guarded.

CRANE

You might say I dropped in.

(to Penfield)

I forgot to mention our flying sub can land on a dime.

NELSON

A shame, Grafton. It means more work for him, doesn't it?

He nods toward the waiting Left-Handed Man.

GRAFTON

Think nothing of it. He loves his work.

Grafton nods to a guard who goes out the front door, gun drawn. Again the Left-Handed Man lifts his arm, this time ready to finish off the Admiral. At this moment, there is a shattering of GLASS. QUICK PAN to French doors as they burst open and Morton and a Crewman come through the right-hand doors and the Chief through the left-hand doors. Morton carries a very light type pistol. The others carry silencer equipped automatic rifles. Morton fires the rocket pistol and a tear-gas bomb explodes.

- 164 ANGLE ON CRANE
who chops the gun from the guard's hand. Kowalski leaps to pick it up.
- 165 UP ANGLE ON BALCONY
as the armed guard rushes out from one of the bedroom doors, ready to fire.
- 166 ANGLE ON KOWALSKI
who fires.
- 167 ANGLE ON BALCONY
The guard cries out and falls forward, tumbling over the balcony railing to the floor below.
- 168 MED. SHOT
The guards, choking and blinded by the exploding tear-gas bombs, begin to fire wildly toward the men of the Seaview. One wild shot strikes Penfield. He cries out, staggers and falls. Tippy sees it, screams and runs to him, throwing herself across her father's motionless body.
- 169 ANOTHER ANGLE
as the Seaview crewmen, Nelson and Crane battle the guards. The Left-handed Man, half blinded by the tear gas, turns, still seeking Nelson. He prepares to fire his sleeve weapon.
- 170 ANGLE ON GRAFTON
In growing panic, he looks around for a way to escape. Blinded and choking from the gas, he starts to run toward the stairs.
- 171 ANGLE ON LEFT-HANDED MAN
Just as he fires the deadly missile, he is hit from behind by Morton and his shot goes wild.
- 172 ANGLE ON GRAFTON
who reaches the stairs and starts up when the needle strikes him. He wheels, his face contorted, then falls, rolling down the stairs.
- 173 MED. SHOT
Nelson rushes over, grabs Tippy, drags her from the dead body of her father and pulls her toward the French doors as Morton fires more gas projectiles and the Seaview men make their escape.

FADE OUT

TAG

FADE IN

174 EXT. SURFACE OF THE SEA - DAY (STOCK)

FULL SHOT - SEAVIEW
plowing swiftly over through the water.

175 INT. ADMIRAL'S CABIN - DAY

CLOSE SHOT - NEWSPAPER (INSERT)
Its headline reads: "NATION MOURNS DEATH OF PATRIOT."
Below it is a picture of the handsome smiling face of
George W. Penfield.

176 MED. SHOT
Crane, Morton and Nelson are looking at the paper. Morton
shakes his head.

MORTON

Not a hint of what he really was.

CRANE

I'm sorry for his daughter. She
seems like a nice kid. But Penfield
certainly doesn't rate all the
attention he's getting.

177 ANGLE ON NELSON
who takes the newspaper and folds the front page back as
he speaks.

NELSON

There's one nice touch...Grafton's
obituary is back here on page three...
crowded off the front page by the
man he created.

And as Crane and Morton peer over the Admiral's shoulder
to read the story...

CUT TO:

178 EXT. SURFACE OF THE SEA - DAY (STOCK)

FULL SHOT - SEAVIEW
sailing off toward the horizon.

FADE OUT

END OF EPISODE