

VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA

"NO WAY BACK"

by

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SHOOTING FINAL
January 9, 1968

CAST LIST

NELSON

CRANE

MORTON

SHARKEY

KOWALSKI

SPARKS

HELMSMAN

MR. PEM

MAJOR GENERAL BENEDICT ARNOLD

MAJOR JOHN ANDRE

VARIOUS VOICES (O.S.)

CONTINENTAL SOLDIER

CREWMEN

SET LIST

CONTROL ROOM

REACTOR ROOM

CIRCUITRY ROOM

SEAVIEW LAB

RADIO SHACK

ADMIRAL'S CABIN

SEAVIEW BRIDGE

MISSILE ROOM

"A" CORRIDOR

UPPER CORRIDOR

REACTOR ROOM CORRIDOR

INSTITUTE OFFICE

INSTITUTE PARKING LOT

INSTITUTE GROUNDS

INSTITUTE REACTOR ROOM

"NO WAY BACK"

TEASER

FADE IN

1 EXT. UNDERSEA - DAY (STOCK) 1

FULL SHOT - SEAVIEW
moving steadily through the underwater world.

2 INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY 2

ESTABLISHING SHOT
with all stations manned. Crane is at the plot table
studying a chart. Morton comes forward through the
Control Room to join Crane at the plot table. CAMERA
MOVES IN to a TWO SHOT.

MORTON

We're still getting that electronic
interference.

CRANE

Can't you track it down?

MORTON

Not so far. It's intermittent.
Every time we're about to get a
fix, it stops.

CRANE

(concerned)

I don't like things I can't explain.

MORTON

No sir. Neither do I.

Crane turns to pick up a mike.

CRANE

(into mike)

Sparks, have you made contact with
the Institute yet?

3 INT. RADIO SHACK - DAY 3

ANGLE ON SPARKS
at work at the radio console. He lifts a hand mike.

SPARKS

(into mike)

Affirmative. Admiral Nelson's
coming on the line. I'll patch
him into the Control Room.

- 4 INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY 4
- ANGLE ON CRANE
with the mike.
- CRANE
(into mike)
Very well, I'll hold.
- 5 EXT. NELSON INSTITUTE GATE - DAY (STOCK) 5
- ESTABLISHING SHOT
showing the identifying sign at the Main Gate.
- DISSOLVE TO:
- 6 INT. INSTITUTE OFFICE - DAY 6
- ANGLE ON NELSON
seated at his desk, holding the telephone.
- NELSON
(into phone)
Hello...hello, Seaview...Is that
you, Lee? I can't hear you very
well.
- 7 INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY 7
- ANGLE ON CRANE
holding the mike, raising his voice to make himself heard.
- CRANE
(into mike)
It's interference from here. We
can't pinpoint it.
- 8 INT. INSTITUTE OFFICE - DAY 8
- ANGLE ON NELSON
at his desk with the phone. He is straining to hear.
- NELSON
(into phone)
No use. It's getting jumbled.
Wait...Hold on a minute...
- Nelson rises and crosses to the elaborate short wave set
built into the wall behind a sliding panel. He makes some
quick adjustments. The increasing SQUEAK of static is
heard drowning out all chance of a voice coming through.
Nelson struggles with the controls.

9

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

9

ANGLE ON CRANE

still clutching the mike, baffled by the SOUND of an increasing ELECTRONIC WHINE which rises in pitch and volume. Morton rushes to a console to check an instrument dial.

MORTON

It's getting worse!

Crane drops the mike and rushes to join him at the console where Kowalski is frantically turning various controls.

KOWALSKI

Massive interference, sir. I can't stop it!

CRANE

There's an explosive force building somewhere!

10

CLOSE ON CHIEF

10

at the glass plot board. He rips off his headset as the WHINE reaches an unbearable pitch.

11

ANGLE ON CRANE

11

staring in horror at the board instruments as the WHINE rises rapidly.

CRANE

(shouting above
it)

Look out...It's going to blow!

Suddenly there is an ENORMOUS EXPLOSION as the scene goes white in a BLINDING FLASH!

12

EXT. UNDERSEA - DAY (STOCK)

12

FULL ON SEAVIEW

which explodes violently.

X

13

OUT

OUT

13

FADE OUT

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN

14 EXT. INSTITUTE GATE - DAY (MOS - 2ND UNIT) 14

ESTABLISHING SHOT

to show the identifying sign over the Institute Gate. The Automobile Gate is guarded by Security officers who stop each approaching car to check the passes and credentials of the visitors. Three cars are lined up waiting while the Guards are checking the credentials of the first car in line.

15 ANGLE ON PARKING LOT 15

where hundreds of cars are parked outside the Gate. A figure darts among the parked cars, surreptitiously heading for the last car in line at the entrance. He dashes forward and crouches behind the last car in line, concealed from the Guards. The figure, from this particular angle, cannot be recognized beyond the fact that the man is wearing what seem to be curiously old fashioned clothes. The man, features still concealed from CAMERA, takes a pen knife from his trousers pocket and begins to pick the car's trunk lock. He works with expert speed and succeeds in opening the trunk just as the first car is passed through the Gate. The second car pulls up to the booth and the third car, on which the man is working pulls up a car length. The man scurries up behind the car again, cautiously lifts the trunk lid and slides inside, pulling the lid down over him. Now the last car pulls up to the booth, is checked and waved on through into the Institute grounds with its concealed passenger.

16 EXT. INSTITUTE GROUNDS - DAY (MOS - 2ND UNIT) 16

ANGLE ON CAR

containing the concealed passenger. As the car moves along the street the trunk opens. The stranger hops out of the trunk and rolls over and over on the ground. He scrambles to his feet and moves away, still not revealing his features. He moves over toward an impressive building which serves as the Main Administration Building while the car drives off. The stranger ENTERS the building.

17 INT. INSTITUTE OFFICE - DAY 17

ANGLE ON NELSON

who is standing at the open panel housing the short wave set. He makes various adjustments to the controls and picks up a mike.

NELSON

(into mike)

Nelson Institute to Seaview...

Come in, Seaview.

Cont.

17 Cont.

17
Cont.

He waits a moment and then, in disgust, switches off the set, closing the panel over it. He returns to his desk and picks up the phone which has been lying on the blotter, off its cradle.

NELSON

(into phone)

No...still no response. Have you heard anything from the vessels searching the area?

(listens to a brief reply, strain showing on his face)

Very well. Keep me posted.

He hangs up the phone and slumps back in his desk chair, his shoulders sagging in gloom and anxiety. He is startled by a slight BUZZ as a red light comes on from a row of small lights on his desk. Straightening up, he swivels his chair around to the mouth of a small pneumatic tube protruding from the wall behind him. With a WHOOSHING SOUND, a rolled cylinder pops from the tube. He retrieves the cylinder and extracts a rolled up paper from inside it, unrolling it to look at it. The paper is a sheet of 8x10. He holds it in such a way that its contents are not visible to CAMERA. Regarding it with interest for a moment, he lays it face down on the desk. With a quick glance toward the drawn draperies, he takes a sheaf of papers from the desk drawer and begins to work on them.

18 ANGLE ON DRAPERIES 18
drawn to shut out the view. There is a slight stirring behind the draperies indicating rather plainly that a figure is lurking behind them.

19 ON NELSON 19
who continues to stare at the papers on his desk as though completely absorbed in their study. But then, with his eyes still fixed on the papers before him, Nelson, surprisingly, addresses the draperies.

NELSON

Well don't just stand there.
Come on out!

20 ANGLE ON DRAPERIES 20
as the figure behind them stiffens at the sound of the voice. Then, with almost timid reaction, the figure behind the draperies stirs. The draperies are drawn aside and out steps the figure of MR. PEM...the same strange little manipulator of time who had given Nelson and Seaview so much trouble in the recent past. However, he appears to have lost the jaunty confidence which distinguished him in his earlier encounter. He manages a sheepish, tentative hint of a smile.

20 Cont.

20
Cont.

MR. PEM

Good day, Admiral Nelson.

21

ANGLE ON NELSON

still seated at his desk, almost frozen in astonishment.

21

NELSON

Mr. Pem!

Mr. Pem steps INTO SHOT, nodding.

MR. PEM

The same.

NELSON

(slowly rising
from his chair)You're dead! You were killed
aboard Seaview...a violent
electrical charge...

MR. PEM

Yes, yes, I remember vividly.
Happily for me -- or was it
unhappily? -- There was a slight
residue of time travel energy
remaining in the submarine. It
was enough to shift me slightly
in time. That saved my miserable
hide.

Nelson is now standing facing Mr. Pem.

NELSON

(ironically)

Congratulations.

MR. PEM

You see before you, sir, a
miserable, broken creature.

NELSON

You look reasonably healthy to me.

Nelson turns to reach for the phone. Mr. Pem rushes to the
desk, placing a hand on top of Nelson's to prevent the
Admiral from raising the phone from its cradle.

MR. PEM

Admiral please...I beg you...
Hear me out.

Cont.

21 Cont.

21
Cont.

NELSON

(looking at
him curiously)

Last time you defied me to call
Security. What's happened to
the old arrogance?

MR. PEM

I have lost it, sir. Along with
my power over time.

NELSON

Oh yes, your magnificent device
was destroyed. You mean to say
you haven't replaced it?

MR. PEM

I am without the means to do so.
That is why I was forced to come
here like a common thief.

(then unable to
resist preening a bit)

Although, I must admit I had no
trouble circumventing your rather
inadequate security measures.

NELSON

Really?

Nelson turns to the desk and picks up the 8x10 sheet which
has been lying face down on the blotter. Without comment,
he hands it to Mr. Pem.

22 CLOSE ON PHOTO (INSERT) 22
in Pem's hands. It is a still of the figure of the
unrecognizable stranger crawling into the open car truck.

23 ANGLE ON MR. PEM 23
staring at the photo.

MR. PEM

(crestfallen)

You knew all along.

NELSON

You were under close surveillance
from the moment you attempted
to enter the Institute grounds.

Cont.

MR. PEM

(ruefully handing
back the photo)

You see me as I really am. A
beaten man...and a changed one.

NELSON

(putting away
the picture)

I'm glad to hear it. Any change
would be for the better.

MR. PEM

I agree most heartily. You give
me hope that you will entertain
my proposal.

NELSON

(seating himself
behind his desk)

I certainly didn't mean to. The
last deal we made was nearly fatal
for both of us.

MR. PEM

This time will be quite different,
I assure you. I no longer entertain
my childish lust for power. I realize
that there is far more ultimate sat-
isfaction to be achieved by working
for the benefit of all humanity.

NELSON

(a touch of
sarcasm)

That's very noble, Mr. Pem.

MR. PEM

(hopefully)

Then you'll consider my proposal?

NELSON

Sorry. No deal.

MR. PEM

You haven't let me explain it.

NELSON

That's scarcely necessary. You
want to rebuild your time control
device and you need nuclear energy
to do it.

Cont.

MR. PEM

Exactly! Think of it! Soon you and I will have complete mastery over time. We'll have the ability to move backward and forward through the ages at will. The things we could accomplish --- for humanity, of course.

NELSON

(dryly)

Of course. Mr. Pem, I am going to have you escorted from the Institute grounds. If you ever try to return, I will have you thrown into jail. Is that quite clear?

MR. PEM

(downcast and defeated)

Quite. If only I could convince you of the great change that has come over me...

The red light on the desk winks on and the BUZZER indicates an incoming message through the pneumatic tube.

NELSON

Sorry, but you can't.
(turning in his chair)

Excuse me.

A cylinder is ejected from the tube. Nelson takes a paper from it. As he opens the paper and scans it, an expression of shocked disbelief crosses his face. He sits perfectly still for a long moment.

24

ON MR. PEM

24

whose sharp eyes pick up Nelson's tragic attitude. There is the vague hint of pleasure in his eyes as he moves over to the desk. He makes his face politely solicitous.

MR. PEM

Is something wrong, Admiral?

Nelson swivels around to face Mr. Pem, the stricken expression still on his face. He carefully folds the message before replying.

Cont.

24 Cont.

24
Cont.

NELSON'

I have just received a report from a search vessel. Seaview has been located...lying on the bottom of the Pacific. It's hull is crushed. All hands lost.

MR. PEM

(a touch too
sympathetically)

How terrible! An unbelievable tragedy.

(turns to go)

I must intrude no longer on your grief.

(pauses at the
door, shaking his
head sorrowfully)

If only there were something I could do.

With a sigh of resignation, he turns again to open the door.

25, CLOSE SHOT - NELSON 25
his face tortured. Suddenly his fist crumples the folded message as he looks toward the door.

NELSON

Wait...!

26 CLOSE ON MR. PEM 26
facing the door. He pauses. A half smile of pleased satisfaction on his face. He makes his face blankly innocent as he turns around.

MR. PEM

Yes, Admiral?

27 ANGLE ON MR. PEM 27
as he crosses back to the desk to face Nelson.

MR. PEM

How can I be of service, sir?

Cont.

NELSON

(excited by the
thoughts racing
through his
mind)

Suppose you had a time device
working. Could we go back to
before Seaview was blown up?
Would we be able to find the cause
of the explosion and prevent it
from happening?

Mr. Pem is not unprepared for the question and yet he
hesitates before answering as though giving it the deepest
consideration.

MR. PEM

What an extraordinary notion!
Still, it is far from impossible.
Yes...yes, I believe it might
work. Ah, but we're forgetting.
I have no time device any longer.

NELSON

We'll get one! I can furnish
the power from the Institute
reactor. How long will it take?

MR. PEM

I could produce a crude working
model...one which would move us
back a few days...within a matter
of hours.

NELSON

A few days! That's all I need.
Let's get going!

MR. PEM

One moment, sir. You've for-
gotten the deal.

NELSON

(impatiently)

What are you talking about?

MR. PEM

The crude device is merely a
stop gap. I want to produce
a perfected one.

Cont.

27 Cont.1

27
Cont.1

NELSON

All right, but later. First things first, and right now we're going to rescue Seaview.

He grabs Mr. Pem by the arm and hustles him toward the door.

DISSOLVE TO:

28 INT. INSTITUTE REACTOR ROOM - DAY

28

TWO SHOT - NELSON AND MR. PEM

at the outer casing of the Reactor Core. The room is similar in construction to the Seaview Reactor Room, except that certain of its components are in different locations. Both men are staring into the reactor while Mr. Pem holds a box-like device which is connected by several wires to the power outlets of the core.

NELSON

(tensely)

Well?

MR. PEM

I think so. It should work for a very limited time transfer.

NELSON

What are you waiting for? Try it!

MR. PEM

There are certain risks involved.

NELSON

The devil with that!

MR. PEM

Very well. If my calculations are correct it should take us back in time at least two days.

NELSON

Activate it.

Mr. Pem fiddles with the box-like device, then looks questioningly at Nelson. The vari-colored lights of the Reactor Room play fitfully across the countenances of both men, heightening the weird tenseness of the scene. Nelson nods his head to go ahead and Mr. Pem throws a switch. There is a severe JOLT, a blinding FLASH and thick smoke billows up to obscure the scene.

- 29 EXTREME CLOSEUP - MR. PEM 29
staring tensely ahead through the smoke.
- 30 INT. SEAVIEW REACTOR ROOM - DAY 30
EXTREME CLOSEUP - NELSON
similarly staring.
- 31 TWO SHOT - NELSON AND MR. PEM 31
with no sign of the smoke now. As both men peer around
they seem to be in the same place. But then, as more of
their surroundings are revealed, it becomes apparent that
the room is subtly different, with the various components
now in changed locations.

NELSON

(awed)

Seaview!

(more excited)

This is Seaview's Reactor Room!
It worked, Pem! You've done it!

MR. PEM

(pleased)

I never doubted it for a moment.

Nelson gives him an amused look, then heads for the door.
Mr. Pem, some of his former jauntiness beginning to
return, follows him.

- 32 INT. A CORRIDOR - DAY 32
ANGLE DOWN CORRIDOR
as Chief Sharkey makes his way along the corridor. Nelson
ENTERS the corridor and smiles a greeting as the Chief
stops in his tracks, amazed.

CHIEF

Admiral!

NELSON

Everything all right, Chief?

CHIEF

Yes, sir. Only...

NELSON

How did I get aboard? I'll tell
you later.

Cont.

32 Cont.

32
Cont.

At this point, Mr. Pem rounds the corridor bend. The Chief's mouth drops open in further amazement.

CHIEF

He's back!

NELSON

(amused)

I'll tell you about that later,
too.

(to Mr. Pem)

This way, Mr. Pem.

Mr. Pem, with a benign smile and nod to the Chief, follows Nelson down the corridor. The Chief stands staring after them, still not over his shock. When they have gone, he turns.

CHIEF

Man!

He starts OFF in the opposite direction, obviously looking for someone -- anyone -- to tell.

33 INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

33

MED. SHOT

as the various Crewmen man their stations. Crane is at the plot table, working over a chart. Morton is walking slowly along the line of instrument consoles, checking readings here and there. Kowalski is manning the Sonar station.

34 ANGLE AFT

34

as Nelson ENTERS followed by Mr. Pem. PAN with the two men starting forward through the Control Room toward where Crane stands. One Crewman after another catches sight of them and stares in astonishment.

35 ANGLE ON CRANE

35

his attention on his work. He glances up casually, glances back to the chart and then does a take, completely flabbergasted at the sight of Nelson and Mr. Pem coming toward him. Too surprised to speak, he stares at them.

NELSON

Hello, Lee. Come up to my cabin with us. I want to have a talk with you.

Cont.

35 Cont.

35
Cont.

Nelson proceeds to the circular stairs. Mr. Pem nods pleasantly to Crane as he passes, following Nelson.

MR. PEM

How are you, Captain Crane? Nice to see you again.

Crane, still speechless, barely manages to return the nod.

36 CLOSE SHOT - MORTON 36
similarly affected by the sight.

37 CLOSE SHOT - KOWALSKI 37
who has forgotten all about the Sonar Board as he gapes at the new arrivals.

38 ANGLE ON CRANE 38
still immobilized. He swallows and at last he finds his voice as Mr. Pem follows Nelson up the stairs. Crane turns to Morton.

CRANE

Chip --- take the con.

He turns and rushes up the stairs on the dead run. Morton turns to follow him with his eyes.

39 ANGLE AFT 39
as the Chief, still breathless with excitement, charges into the Control Room. He goes to the nearest Crewman.

CHIEF

Hey, Mac...

The Crewman gives no indication of having heard the Chief who shrugs at the staring men and moves forward to Kowalski.

CHIEF

'Ski, you won't believe this, but...

Kowalski is also still staring, making no acknowledgement of the presence of the Chief. Sharkey darts over to Morton's side.

CHIEF

Mr. Morton, listen to this...

Morton, partially dazed, turns to look at the Chief.

Cont.

39 Cont.

39
Cont.

MORTON

I know, Chief. I don't believe
it either.

The Chief looks at the Exec, helplessly.

40 INT. ADMIRAL'S CABIN - DAY

40

CLOSE ON CRANE

a similar expression of disbelief on his face.

CRANE

This is insane! That man's
supposed to be dead!

PULL BACK to reveal both Nelson and Mr. Pem IN SHOT.
Mr. Pem smiles understandingly.

MR. PEM

I very nearly was, Captain.
Happily, fate saw fit to spare
me.

CRANE

(wheeling on Nelson)

And you permitted him back on
board? Have you lost your mind?

NELSON

Now, now, I know it's a shock,
Lee, but try to take it easy.

CRANE

That explains how you got here.
That time device of his!

NELSON

In a sense, yes.

CRANE

And how do you know what he'll
do with it next?

NELSON

Now simmer down. One thing at a
time. Right now we're faced with
a more pressing problem --- the
lives of you and the whole crew.

41 CLOSE ON CRANE

41

surprised by Nelson's answer. At last he slumps into a
chair with an attitude of resignation.

CRANE

All right, I give up. Suppose
you explain.

42

MED. SHOT

as Nelson looks from Mr. Pem to Crane, still seated in the chair.

42

NELSON

Part of this you'll simply have to take on faith. There's going to be an explosion aboard this ship. Seaview will be crushed and all hands will die.

Crane absorbs this shocking news in silence for a moment, then throws a bitter look at Mr. Pem.

CRANE

(to Mr. Pem)

I see you're in the fortune-telling business now.

MR. PEM

Not at all, sir. Kindly permit the Admiral to explain.

Crane looks questioningly toward Nelson.

CRANE

How can you tell me things that haven't happened?

NELSON

This has happened.

CRANE

(sarcasm in his voice)

I'm sure I'd remember a little detail like that.

NELSON

Try to understand. Mr. Pem and I are no longer in the present, we're in the past -- a full day in the past and before the explosion.

CRANE

In other words, within a short time everyone on this ship -- including me -- will be dead.

NELSON

Unless...unless between now and that time we can find the cause of the explosion and prevent it.

Cont.

42 Cont.

42
Cont.

Something about the statement troubles Crane. He rises to pace a moment, then turns back to Nelson.

CRANE

If won't work. If we tried to stop the explosion, future history would be changed. That just isn't possible.

MR. PEM

Wrong!

(both officers
turn to look at
him)

The future can be changed by changing the past. I don't know why people doggedly refuse to accept that simple truth. Even the present can be altered by some act we journey into the past to commit.

NELSON

You're quite sure of this, Mr. Pem?

MR. PEM

Quite sure.

NELSON

Then my plan will work. We'll get started at once, and locate the cause of the explosion.

CRANE

(with sudden resolve)

I'll get a complete wiring inspection under way at once.

Without waiting for agreement, he goes to the door, opens it, then looks back.

CRANE

How much time do we have?

Mr. Pem smiles pleasantly.

MR. PEM

By an odd coincidence, Captain, it comes to precisely twenty-four hours.

Cont.

42 Cont.1

42
Cont.1

Crane hastily notes the time on his wrist watch, nods solemnly and leaves. Nelson starts for the door, too, but Mr. Pem stops him.

MR. PEM

Where are you going, Admiral?

NELSON

To inspect the ship, of course.

MR. PEM

Surely you are not going to break your promise.

NELSON

What promise?

MR. PEM

To give me the means to perfect my time device again.

(Nelson looks
at him narrowly)

It was clearly a part of our bargain.

NELSON

(with half-concealed
reluctance)

So it was. You'll get the things you need. Come with me.

Mr. Pem beams and makes an almost courtly gesture.

MR. PEM

My dear sir, after you.

Nelson gives him a single searching look, still by no means trushing the odd man. Then he opens the door and steps out. Mr. Pem follows, a look of complacency on his face.

43

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

43

TWO SHOT - CRANE AND MORTON

as Morton looks at the Skipper with an almost blank expression.

CRANE

Now do you understand. Chip?

MORTON

Frankly, no.

Cont.

43 Cont.

43
Cont.

CRANE

It's simple enough. We've got less than twenty-four hours to locate the cause of an explosion that will kill us all unless we find it.

MORTON

(nodding toward
the deck above)

Did that character tell you all this?

CRANE

(irritated)

Never mind that. Have all wiring checked first -- unless, of course, you'd rather die.

MORTON

(giving up on a
rational explanation)

Aye, aye, sir.

DISSOLVE TO:

44

INT. SEAVIEW LAB - DAY

44

ANGLE ON NELSON

moving along a row of shelves where a variety of pieces of lab equipment are neatly stored. Mr. Pem watches with interest.

NELSON

And here in this section is just about everything you need for metalurgy experiments.

MR. PEM

Splendid, splendid! This is even more than I hoped for.

NELSON

Make good use of your time.

(goes to the door
taking a key chain
from his pocket and
exhibiting it to
Mr. Pem)

If you require anything before I get back, call.

Cont.

44 Cont.

44
Cont.

MR. PEM
You're locking me in?

NELSON
I most certainly am!

With a nod, Nelson steps out and closes the door. The SOUND of a key in a lock is plainly audible. Mr. Pem smiles. Alone now, he digs into an inside pocket and takes out an oddly made pocket watch with a elongated stem. He smiles down at it with paternal pride, then steps it down carefully on a cabinet. He goes at once to the row of shelves and begins to take down one carefully selected jar after another with great anticipation.

45 INT. "A" CORRIDOR - DAY (STOCK) 45

ANGLE ON A CREWMAN (KOWALSKI?) (NELSON?)
coming along the corridor with a detecting device as though searching for any unusual electrical impulse.

46 INT. CIRCUITRY ROOM - DAY 46

ANGLE ON CHIEF
who, with several other men, is carefully inspecting every inch of electrical wiring in the complex installation. Crane ENTERS from the corridor and sees the Chief.

CRANE
How's it going, Chief?

CHIEF
Sir, I'd like to be in as good shape as this wiring.

CRANE
Nothing yet then?

CHIEF
'It would help if we knew what we were looking for, Skipper.

CRANE
Anything unusual... Anything that could potentially damage or destroy the ship.

CHIEF
Any special reason for this, sir?

CRANE
Let's say it's vital to the survival of this ship and her crew.

Cont.

46 Cont.

46
Cont.

CHIEF
(utterly baffled)
Aye, aye, sir.

And he stares uneasily after Crane as the Skipper EXITS the room.

- 47 INT. SEAVIEW LAB - DAY 47
- CLOSE SHOT - A LAB BEAKER which is emitting a heavy white smoke. MOVE BACK as the smoke thins out to reveal the almost gloating expression on the face of Mr. Pem. He is extracting the unusual pocket watch from the beaker with a pair of tongs. He is wearing lab gloves and he gingerly takes the chronometer in one gloved hand. Carefully, he holds the watch close to his ear and hears its steady ticking, an expression close to exaltation on his face. He looks around momentarily afraid he might be observed. Satisfied he is not, he extends a finger toward the high watch stem, hesitates, then deliberately presses it down. Instantly, there is a blinding FLASH as the deck tilts under his feet.
- 48 EXT. UNDERSEA - DAY (STOCK) 48
- ANGLE ON SEAVIEW
rocking violently from side to side.
- 49 INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY (STOCK) 49
- ANGLE ON CREW
as they are thrown from side to side by the violently rocking submarine.
- 50 EXT. UNDERSEA - DAY (STOCK) 50
- SAME AS SCENE 48
Suddenly FREEZE FRAME. Hold for a second or two and then the giant submarine POPS o.s. as it vanishes without a trace!

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

51 EXT. UNDERSEA - NIGHT (STOCK) 51

FULL SHOT X

as Seaview suddenly POPS INTO SHOT and is seen lying at dead stop, suspended in the dark waters.

52 INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT 52

ANGLE ON MORTON

as various Crewmen return to their posts after the violent shake-up that has just occurred. Morton hurries from one instrument control to the other, checking each one in turn. Crane comes rushing into the Control Room from the aft hatch, going straight to Morton.

CRANE

What did we hit?

MORTON

Nothing. Sonar's clear. No foreign object has touched the hull.

CRANE

Then what was that jolt?

MORTON

I'm still trying to figure it out. I can't find anything wrong.

Crane moves over to the Helmsman-Planesman station.

CRANE

Helmsman, what's our forward speed?

The Helmsman is staring at an indicator dial.

HELMSMAN

Zero, sir.

Crane is amazed by the report. He turns to Morton who has crossed to join him.

CRANE

We're at dead stop!

MORTON

That's impossible! I gave no such order.

Cont.

52 Cont.

52
Cont.

Crane hurriedly crosses to a panelled dial, taking a hasty reading.

CRANE

(calling to Morton
as he stares at the
dial)

Chip! Come here.

(Morton arrives
at his side)

We're barely clear of the bottom,
yet look at our depth.

MORTON

(surprised)

Periscope depth! The charts
indicate no shoals in this area.

CRANE

Let's have a look.

Both men start aft.

53 ANGLE ON PERISCOPE ISLAND 53
with Crane arriving first and mounting the island.

CRANE

Up 'scope!

Morton reaches the island and jabs a button. The 'scope begins to glide up. Crane snaps down the arm rests and starts a sweep. He stops almost immediately, focusing with the arm rests.

54 CLOSE ON MORTON 54
sensing Crane's surprise.

MORTON

What is it?

55 ANGLE ON CRANE 55
still peering tensely for a moment, then straightening.

CRANE

Have a look.

Morton immediately mounts the island, bending to the eye-piece.

56 P.O.V. SHOT (MASKED FOR PERISCOPE) (STOCK) 56
showing dead calm water and beyond only dark shadows.

57 ANGLE ON MORTON
straightening up to stare at Crane.

57

MORTON

It's night!

Somewhat dazed, Morton flips the arm rests up in place, and Crane pushes the button to retract the 'scope. At the same moment, Nelson enters through the aft hatch.

NELSON

What's the trouble here?

Crane and Morton exchange glances, then Crane faces Nelson.

CRANE

He's up to his old tricks.

NELSON

Pem? Why do you say that?

CRANE

First that jolt. Now we find ourselves at dead stop in shallow water. And up there...

(nods his head
toward the surface)

...it's night!

58 CLOSE ON NELSON
affected by the news.

58

NELSON

(as though to
himself)

But he has no way to do it.

(then to Crane)

See what you can learn about our situation.

(grimly)

I'll handle him.

59 MED. SHOT
as Crane nods.

59

CRANE

Aye, sir.

With a look of determination, Nelson turns to exit through the aft hatch. Crane looks around at Morton.

CRANE

Take us up.

Cont.

59 Cont.

59
Cont.

MORTON

Aye, aye, sir.

Morton moves to a mike while Crane stands in somber thought.

MORTON

(into mike)

Ballast Control...blow main tanks.
Full buoyancy.

VOICE

(over speaker)

Full buoyance, aye.

MORTON

(into mike, switching
channels)

Surface! Surface!

The KLAXON SOUNDS.

60 EXT. UNDERSEA - NIGHT (STOCK)

60

FULL ON SEAVIEW

bubbles pouring from the ship as it begins to rise toward
the surface vertically.

61 INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

61

ANGLE ON CRANE

at the foot of the hatch ladder. He is pulling on a wind
beaker. He takes a pair of special binoculars from the
periscope island and hangs them around his neck. Morton
joins him.

MORTON

We're on the surface at dead stop.

CRANE

Very well. Crack the hatch.

MORTON

(picking up a mike)

Crack main hatch!

VOICE

(on speaker)

Crack main hatch, aye.

Crane starts to mount the hatch ladder. A Crewman approaches,
handing Morton a wind breaker which he begins to put on.

62 EXT. THE BRIDGE - NIGHT

62

MED. SHOT

as Crane appears from the deck hatch. As he peers around he finds himself surrounded by darkness. He raises the binoculars to his eyes and begins to turn in a slow circle. He has just completed his sweep when Morton appears on the bridge.

MORTON

Any indication of where we are?

CRANE

Look for yourself.

(unslings the glasses
from his neck and
hands them to Morton)

Use the infra-red glasses.

Morton takes the special binoculars and raises them to his eyes. Crane steers the binoculars over in one direction.

CRANE

That way first.

Morton peers.

63 MORTON'S P.O.V. (MASKED FOR BINOCULARS) (STOCK) (RED TINT)

63

showing some gently rolling hills coming down to the water's edge. The scene has a red cast because of the infra-red, darkness penetrating glasses.

64 ANGLE ON MORTON

64

as Crane watches his face.

CRANE

Now the opposite way.

Morton trains his glasses to the other side and looks. He lowers the glasses.

MORTON

The same in both directions. We must be in a strait.

CRANE

A river. It looks very much like the Hudson about thirty miles north of New York.

MORTON

The Hudson? But we should be able to see lights. There are supposed to be towns along both banks.

Cont.

64 Cont.

64
Cont.

CRANE
(ironically)
Maybe they haven't been built yet.

Morton looks at him sharply.

MORTON
You think we're back in time?

CRANE
Right now I can't think of any
other explanation. Set your
lookouts. I'm going below.

MORTON
(with concern on
his face)
Aye, sir.

Crane ducks down through the main hatch. Morton picks up
a mike.

MORTON
(into mike)
Duty lookouts to the bridge!

VOICE
(on speaker)
Aye, aye, sir.

Morton replaces the mike, then resumes his study of the
surrounding terrain through the infra-red binoculars. He
shakes his head in wonder.

65 INT. SEAVIEW LAB - NIGHT

65

ANGLE ON MR. PEM
who is studying his pocket watch device with fond attention.
The RATTLE of a key in the lock startles him. He hastily
conceals the device in his pocket then turns with a polite
smile as the door is opened by Nelson.

NELSON
Pem, what are you up to?

MR. PEM
'Up to,' Admiral? Why I'm hard at
work, of course.

NELSON
You've shifted us in time!

Cont.

MR. PEM

Once. To bring you here to Seaview before it was blown up.

NELSON

And a second time, just now.

MR. PEM

Oh, I'm afraid you're mistaken on that score.

NELSON

It's suddenly night outside. We've either lost or gained a good eight hours. Now which is it? Time's vital to us right now.

MR. PEM

Time is always vital, sir. But I'm afraid it's neither one, or the other.

NELSON

(extending his hand
imperatively)
Give me the time device.

MR. PEM

I'm afraid I have none as yet. That is the whole purpose of my work here -- to construct one. After all, I don't work miracles.

Nelson looks hard at Mr. Pem, the irony of that gentleman's last remark not escaping him. Finally, he makes a decision.

NELSON

Come with me, Mr. Pem.

MR. PEM

What about my work here?

NELSON

Consider it over for the moment.

MR. PEM

But, Admiral, your promise...

NELSON

I'm more interested in your promise right now. Come along!

Cont.

65 Cont.1

65
Cont.1

Mr. Pem, with a martyred sigh, shrugs.

MR. PEM

Oh, very well.

He permits Nelson to hold the door open for him as he strolls out of the lab, Nelson following.

66

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

66

ANGLE ON CRANE

as he stands near the periscope island. He is no longer wearing his wind-breaker as he solemnly faces the Chief and Kowalski.

CHIEF

Sir, I don't get it. You mean to say it's night outside?

CRANE

That's right, Chief. And we're lying in the mid-channel of a river.

The Chief and Kowalski exchange baffled glances.

CHIEF

This wouldn't be a put-on, would it, Skipper?

CRANE

You know better than that.

CHIEF

(contritely)

Yes, sir.

CRANE

Kowalski, I want you to man the Radar station. Keep a sharp watch and report anything you pick up. Got that -- any-thing.

KOWALSKI

Aye, aye, sir.

Kowalski immediately moves forward toward the Radar station and Crane and the Chief watch as he relieves the man already on duty there. Morton, wearing his wind-breaker, starts down the hatch ladder. They watch him descend.

Cont.

66 Cont.

66
Cont.

MORTON

(removing his wind-
breaker)Lookouts are posted, Lee. It's
still pitch black up there.

CHIEF

(reaching for
Morton's wind-breaker)

I'll take that, sir.

MORTON

Thanks, Chief.

(as the Chief
leaves to put
away the jacket,
turning to Crane)

What do we do next?

CRANE

That depends on...

KOWALSKI'S VOICE

(o.s., interrupting)

Skipper!

Crane, without hesitating, strides over toward the Radar station. Morton is right behind him. Kowalski has left his seat and is already inspecting the wiring underneath the console.

CRANE

What is it?

KOWALSKI

(still looking
at the wiring)

Radar's conked out, Skipper.

The Chief comes hurrying forward to join them.

CHIEF

How could that be? It's just
been inspected.

MORTON

When?

CHIEF

When we checked all the wiring
on the ship, sir. Nobody
could find anything wrong.

Cont.

Crane, who has been crouching beside Kowalski, now rises and moves to check out several of the instruments in the consoles on either side of the Radar station. He turns back to face the others in baffled concern.

CRANE

Every instrument in here is malfunctioning.

Morton, startled, checks one of the consoles for himself, then shakes his head.

MORTON

This beats me.

Kowalski has taken a small electrical device from his pocket and is working on the wiring with it.

CRANE

What's the line voltage, Kowalski?

KOWALSKI

Erratic, sir. Keep getting line surges.

67

ANGLE AFT

as Nelson ENTERS from the hatch with Mr. Pem. The strange civilian seems happily excited as he steps into the Control Room.

67

NELSON

What's the trouble there?

68

ON CRANE

who looks aft and sees Nelson. He hurries aft to him.

68

CRANE

(reaching Nelson)

Line surges have knocked out some of our detection equipment.

(looking at Mr. Pem, bitterly)

It's got something to do with him.

Mr. Pem looks at Crane with an expression of mock surprise.

Cont.

68 Cont.

68
Cont.

MR. PEM

With me, sir? You wound me,
Captain. What on earth
could I possibly have to do
with your electrical system.

NELSON

(scathingly)

That, Mr. Pem, is precisely
what I intend to find out.

69

CLOSE ON CHIEF
who looks aft, sees something and reacts.

69

CHIEF

Skipper! Look....

He points toward the hatch ladder, o.s.

70

ANGLE ON HATCH LADDER
as both Crane and Nelson turn to look. The two posted
lookouts are coming down the hatch ladder and looking up
in fear and wonder at the head of the ladder. Morton
quickly crosses to them.

70

MORTON

Who gave you men permission
to leave your post?

In reply, the men continue to stare up the ladder.
Morton follows their gaze and reacts to see a man
descending the ladder. He is an extraordinary sight,
dressed in the authentic uniform of a Continental soldier
from the American Revolution! The soldier carries a
bayoneted, flint-lock rifle. As he reaches the deck, he
jabs threateningly at Morton with the bayonet, causing
the amazed Exec to retreat a pace. Crane steps forward.

CRANE

Who are you? Where did you
come from?

In answer, the soldier cocks back the hammer of the
flint-lock. It is obvious he will kill the first man
who tries to interfere with him.

71 CLOSE SHOT - MR. PEM 71
 who beams quite happily at the sight which has momentarily
 paralyzed everyone in the Control Room.

72 ANGLE ON GROUP 72
 as a SOUND from above causes them to look up the ladder
 once more. They stand transfixed as a tall figure in
 the resplendent uniform of a Continental Army General
 descends the ladder to the deck, a handsome dress sword
 dangling at his belt. He stares around for a moment with
 impressed bewilderment which he tries, unsuccessfully, to
 hide. Everyone else is momentarily too astounded to move.
 The General draws his sword and clears his throat.

GENERAL

(in a loud,
 authoritative voice)

In the name of the Continental
 Congress, I hereby confiscate
 this vessel!

(looks around)

Where is her master?

73 ANGLE ON CRANE 73
 standing close to Nelson. The two officers exchange
 quick glances, then Crane steps forward until he is
 facing the General.

CRANE

I'm Captain of this ship,
 and I am not about to turn
 it over to anyone.

GENERAL

(his voice hard)

Oh, you think not, do you?

Nelson steps forward to face the man.

NELSON

Your insignia is that of a
 Major-General. I am a full
 Admiral. I outrank you by
 two stripes.

GENERAL

And I, sir, out-gun you.
 I'm taking the ship.

Nelson finds the statement amusing in spite of himself.

NELSON

So you out-gun us? I'm afraid
 you're in for a surprise.

Cont.

73 Cont.

73
Cont.

Now Mr. Pem almost unobtrusively steps to Nelson's side.

MR. PEM

Correction, Admiral. I out-
gun all of you...

(takes the strange
pocket watch from
his pocket, thumb
on the stem)

...with this.

Nelson stares in surprised reaction.

NELSON

You lied to me! You replaced
the device.

MR. PEM

I have indeed. Would you care
to surrender or would you prefer
another wild excursion through
time?

- | | | |
|----|---|----|
| 74 | CLOSE SHOT - Nelson
looking at him, grim and silent. | 74 |
| 75 | CLOSE SHOT - CRANE
staring. | 75 |
| 76 | QUICK CLOSE SHOTS - VARIOUS CREW MEMBERS
all staring silently. | 76 |
| 77 | ANGLE ON MR. PEM
beaming his pleasure. | 77 |

MR. PEM

A wise decision.
(turning to
the General)
General, introduce yourself.

GENERAL

(bowing)
Your servant, gentlemen. I
have the pleasure to inform you
that my name is Major General
Benedict Arnold.

The others stare at him in shock.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN

78

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

78

FULL SHOT

with every man in the Control Room gazing in shocked fascination at the strange tableau before them. Nelson is the first to recover from the surprise. He turns to Mr. Pem.

NELSON

So you've transferred us back in time to the American Revolution, have you?

MR. PEM

To shortly before midnight of the twenty-second of September of the year seventeen eighty. General Arnold can confirm that, I believe.

GENERAL

I can.

(looks around
him in wonder)

Zounds! What a vessel you have here!

(to Pem)

It was all you said it was, sir...and more.

NELSON

You two seem to be old friends. A perfect combination.

GENERAL

(angrily)

Watch your tongue, sir!

MR. PEM

Peace, gentlemen, peace! There is nothing to be gained by name calling and recriminations.

CRANE

(to Mr. Pem)

If you think I'll surrender my ship, think again -- you'll have to take it by force -- if you can!

X

Cont.

78 Cont.

78
Cont.

MR. PEM

(casually exhibiting
the watch device)

Gently, Captain, gently. If you
won't listen to me, take the advice
of your own Admiral.

Crane looks sharply toward Nelson.

NELSON

(with a hopeless
shrug)

He has the upper hand at the moment,
Lee.

MR. PEM

Exactly. Now, I'd like to propose,
Admiral, that you, General Arnold
and myself retire to your cabin for
a council of war.

NELSON

(with a grudging
nod)

As you wish.

(to Crane)

Don't try anything just yet,
Lee. I want your word on that.

CRANE

For the time being...aye, sir.

(to Mr. Pem)

I warn you, Pem -- sooner or later,
I'll have your neck for this.

MR. PEM

(pleasantly)

Good luck, Captain.

(to the others)

Gentlemen, our conference.

He turns to head for the circular stairs in the nose. The General, with a polite bow to Crane, follows. Nelson, inwardly fuming, holds back a moment or two. Then, resigning himself temporarily to the situation, he strides after them. Crane watches them go, then glances at the Continental Soldier, still holding his flint lock on them. Taking the chance, Crane defies that threat and moves X toward the aft hatch. The soldier doggedly keeps the gun trained on him.

79

ANGLE ON CHIEF

who has withdrawn to the entrance of the Radio Shack to watch the proceedings in shocked silence. Now he sees Crane making for the adjacent aft hatch. He moves quickly and silently to intercept him. Crane looks at the Chief's surreptitious manner with curiosity.

79

CHIEF

(in a lowered
voice)

Skipper, this is our chance.

CRANE

Chance?

The Chief gestures with his hands frantically asking the Captain to lower his voice.

CHIEF

(low, his eyes dart-
ing continually
toward the soldier -
o.s.)

Jump him before he knows what
hit him. Then we can create
a diversion outside the
Admiral's cabin and...

He lets his voice trail off as he sees Crane already shaking his head in denial.

CRANE

Not now, Chief.

CHIEF

Sir, we'll never have a
better chance.

CRANE

Sorry. I promised the Admiral.

CHIEF

But, sir...

Cont.

79 Cont.

79
Cont.

CRANE

That's all, Chief! Carry on.

The Chief is dejected as Crane turns and goes out through the aft hatch. Then, in frustration, he pounds his fist into his open palm.

80

INT. ADMIRAL'S CABIN - NIGHT

80

ANGLE ON MR. PEM

who has comfortably seated himself behind the Admiral's desk. The General is sitting erectly in one of the other chairs, his sword and scabbard resting against one knee. As for Nelson, he is pacing in frustration, ignoring a chair which has obviously been offered him.

MR. PEM

I do wish you'd sit down, Admiral.
Your pacing makes me nervous.

Nelson casts a scathing look at Mr. Pem. Then, with an exaggerated show of obedience, he goes to the vacant chair and perches on it.

NELSON

(with elaborate
courtesy)

Anything else you'd like, Mr. Pem?

Mr. Pem raises the watch device, dangling it before Nelson.

MR. PEM

Only this....if you attempt to
thwart me again, keep in mind
what can happen to you.

NELSON

Believe me, I have it in mind.

MR. PEM

Good. Your function in this plan
is very simple. See to it that
your men interfere in no way with
what is about to happen.

NELSON

(quietly)

I'm not at all sure that I can
agree. I don't like any part of
this plan of yours.

Cont.

80 Cont.

80
Cont.

MR. PEM

Really? How can you say that when you don't have the slightest notion what it is?

Nelson rises again, his face solemn.

NELSON

I have more than a notion, Mr. Pem.
I know what it is.

81

CLOSE SHOT - GENERAL

who, up to this point, had been listening with casual interest. Now he stiffens, leaning forward silently waiting for Nelson's next words.

81

82

MED. SHOT

as Mr. Pem and Nelson face each other.

82

MR. PEM

I'd be amused to hear your version.

NELSON

General Arnold has come here for a secret meeting with Major John Andre, aide to the British Commander, Sir Henry Clinton.

Arnold springs to his feet, drawing his sword.

GENERAL

(a roar)

Enough! I've been betrayed!

NELSON

I wouldn't mention betrayal, General. Not with what you have in mind.

GENERAL

(advancing on

Nelson)

I'll have your head for this!

Mr. Pem scurries forward from the desk to stand between the two angry men.

Cont.

MR. PEM
Gentlemen, please! General Arnold,
put away your sword.

The General hesitates, his anger and alarm still plain on his face. Finally, he sheathes the sword, but his attitude remains unchanged.

GENERAL
(speaking past
Mr. Pem to Nelson)
How much more do you know?

NELSON
Much more. You plan to deliver West Point to the British, split the colonies and see the Revolution crushed. Fortunately, it will end in disaster for you.

MR. PEM
Don't be so certain, Admiral.

GENERAL
Is this man a devil? How does he know these things.

MR. PEM
He has done his history homework. He doesn't realize that history is about to be changed.

NELSON
(grimly)
Not if I can help it.

MR. PEM
(turning to Nelson,
surprised)
What's this? Are you ignoring my warning?

NELSON
You won't shift us in time now. You need the ship right here and now.

Cont.

82 Cont.1

82
Cont.1

With an inscrutable expression, Mr. Pem returns to behind the desk, still holding the time device in his hand. He makes a quick adjustment on the watch-like instrument.

MR. PEM

You are in need of a lesson, Admiral Nelson. I regret the necessity. It is such a tiresome waste of effort. However...

With a deliberate motion, he thumb presses the stem of the "watch." Abruptly, Nelson POPS o.s., vanishing completely as General Arnold stares in open-mouthed bewilderment.

83

VORTEX EFFECT
as Nelson's body spins like a pinwheel.

83

84

INT. INSTITUTE OFFICE - DAY

84

ANGLE ON DESK CHAIR

as Nelson POPS into SHOT, sitting in the chair. For a moment, he is dazed. Then he leaps to his feet, looking around in desperation. The SOUND of Mr. Pem's laughter ECHOES in the room.

NELSON

Pem! Where are you?

MR. PEM'S VOICE

(o.s.)

In your cabin on the Seaview,
of course.

NELSON

What am I doing here?

MR. PEM'S VOICE

Experiencing a new refinement of
my Time Device.

85

INT. ADMIRAL'S CABIN - NIGHT

85

ON MR. PEM

who holds the watch device and seemingly speaks directly into it.

Cont.

85 Cont.

85
Cont.

MR. PEM

I have isolated you in time from your ship. Once our business here is ended, you will have the pleasure of reliving those last anguished moments before you learn of the explosion of your ship...

86 INT. INSTITUTE OFFICE - DAY

86

ANGLE ON NELSON

listening, aghast, to the disembodied VOICE.

MR. PEM'S VOICE

(o.s.)

....and the death of all hands.

In an agony of frustration, Nelson wrestles with his conscience and then surrenders.

NELSON

(looking around the empty room)

Pem...can you still hear me? Pem!

MR. PEM'S VOICE

(o.s.)

What do you wish to say, Admiral?

NELSON

Bring me back. I won't interfere with your meeting. Bring me back.

87 INT. ADMIRAL'S CABIN - NIGHT

87

ON MR. PEM

who beams with satisfaction and presses the watch stem. Suddenly Nelson POPS into SHOT. The General, totally bewildered now, takes a step backward.

GENERAL

(his voice awed)

This is witchcraft. I've placed myself in the hands of Satan himself.

NELSON

(turning to him with a slight bow)

In a sense, General Arnold, that's quite true.

Cont.

87 Cont.

87
Cont.

CRANE'S VOICE

(on intercom)

Admiral, this is Crane.

Mr. Pem, rather magnanimously, gestures for Nelson to answer the intercom himself. Nelson accepts and steps forward to press the button on his desk.

NELSON

Yes, Lee, what is it?

88 INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

88

CLOSE ON CRANE
holding a mike.

CRANE

(into mike)

Another one of those characters
is just coming aboard. What is
this anyway?

89 INT. ADMIRAL'S CABIN - NIGHT

89

ON NELSON
as he listens. He glances at Mr. Pem.

MR. PEM

I would appreciate it, Admiral,
if you would welcome the
gentleman aboard and send him
up here for the meeting.

Nelson nods and turns to the intercom.

NELSON

Very well. I'll be right
there.

Nelson clicks off the intercom.

90 INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

90

ANGLE ON CRANE

who hangs up the mike and turns aft as the figure of a man in Colonial civilian clothes descends the ladder. The Continental Soldier comes to Present Arms as the man reaches the deck level and Crane approaches.

91 CLOSEUPS - CHIEF, MORTON, KOWALSKI

91

as each man stares in increased wonder.

92

ANGLE ON CRANE

92

reaching the side of the new arrival who seems overwhelmed by the alien surroundings. He is a young man, cultured, charming and ordinarily poised. His features are sensitive and his bearing proud. He will shortly identify himself as MAJOR JOHN ANDRE.

CRANE

I'm Crane, Captain of this ship.

Almost by reflex, Andre salutes.

ANDRE

Captain, your servant.

CRANE

Isn't it unusual for a civilian to salute.

ANDRE

(flustered)

Forgive my clothing. I am an officer. Major John Andre, Aide de Camp to General Sir Henry Clinton, in the service of His Majesty. At your service, sir.

CRANE

Major Andre! I've heard of you.

ANDRE

Through some of my foolish verse, no doubt.

CRANE

(uncomfortably)

That...and other things.

ANDRE

I am humiliated, Captain, to show myself in this clothing. I meant to appear in uniform, but your General Arnold insisted on this.

CRANE

I understand. And he's not my General.

Nelson descends the circular stairs, and crosses to join them.

Cont.

NELSON
Major Andre....?

CRANE
This is Admiral Nelson.

ANDRE
(with a bow
of respect)
I am honored, sir.
(a glance
around)
But admittedly bewildered.
This vessel...I have never seen
the like of it anywhere.

NELSON
(briefly amused)
I'm not surprised. General Arnold
is waiting for you in my quarters.
(turning)
Kowalski.

Kowalski hurries over.

KOWALSKI
Sir?

NELSON
Escort Major Andre to my cabin
and return here.

KOWALSKI
Aye, aye, sir.
(a take)
Major Andre, sir?

NELSON
At once, Kowalski.

KOWALSKI
Aye, sir. This way, Major.

ANDRE
(to Nelson and
Crane)
Gentlemen, by your leave.

Cont.

92 Cont.1

He turns to follow Kowalski, almost gawking at his surroundings as he goes. The moment he is out of earshot, Crane wheels on Nelson.

CRANE

How long are you going to let this farce go on?

NELSON

Right now it's out of my hands.

CRANE

It is unless you do something. Pem isn't that clever. Just give us the plan and we'll knock him off.

NELSON

Sorry, Lee. I can't risk it. Mr. Pem watches me almost every second. If he so much as suspects anything, he'll destroy all of us.

CRANE

I see. Then we just give up, is that it?

NELSON

Those are the instructions I was to give you.

(as Crane starts to turn away in disgust)

Of course, there's the possibility -- the slightest possibility, I grant you -- that you and the men might decide to disobey my orders.

93

CLOSE SHOT - CRANE

Suddenly alert to what Nelson is saying.

93

CRANE

Go on.

94 TWO SHOT - NELSON AND CRANE 94
as Crane stares at the Admiral.

NELSON

Naturally, you'd be acting X
without the knowledge that
Pem could wipe us out with X
one touch of his thumb on
that pocket watch he carries.
And naturally, no sane man
would take that chance.

(turns away)

Well, I'd better get back to
the meeting.

Almost casually, he starts away. Crane's eyes rivet on
the Admiral as he walks OFF.

95 ANGLE ON CIRCULAR STAIRS 95
as Nelson ARRIVES at them. He pauses to allow a worried
Kowalski to come down.

KOWALSKI

Sir, about those men up there...

NELSON

Why don't you speak to the
Skipper about it?

And without another word, Nelson mounts the stairs.

96 ANGLE ON CRANE 96
who is now facing the Chief.

CHIEF

Skipper, do you mean to say
that's the real Benedict Arnold
up there?

CRANE

And the real Major Andre, Chief.
Right now they're plotting the
surrender of West Point.

CHIEF

And we're just standing here?

Kowalski approaches and joins them.

KOWALSKI

Excuse me, sir. About those
two...

Cont.

96 Cont.

96
Cont.

CRANE

Never mind. Right now, I need
you both.

(turns)

Chip! Come here.

97

ANGLE ON MORTON

who turns from where he has been standing and hurries
over to join Crane.

97

MORTON

What's going on up in the
Admiral's cabin, Lee?

CRANE

A little plotting. There's
going to be some down here,
too!

(motion for the
other three to
draw closer
together)

Now here's the situation....

98

INT. ADMIRAL'S CABIN - NIGHT

98

CLOSE ON A FOLDED MAP

as slowly PULL BACK as the General speaks.

GENERAL

A detailed map of the defenses
of West Point, Major.

General Arnold and Major Andre stand facing each other
across Nelson's desk as Andre receives the map. Mr. Pem
and Nelson stand somewhat in the b.g., watching the
scene. Nelson's face is stern with disapproval while
Mr. Pem is beaming like a child at a noisy party.

ANDRE

(holding the papers)

If these papers are found on me
while I'm in civilian clothes....

He leaves the sentence unfinished.

Cont.

GENERAL

You have nothing to worry about on that score, thanks to our friend Mr. Pem.

Andre looks quickly at Mr. Pem who looks confident and self-satisfied.

MR. PEM

It's quite simple actually. This magnificent vessel is the most powerful fighting machine the world has ever seen.

GENERAL

Powerful enough to take the Garrison at worst point?

MR. PEM

Powerful enough, sir, to crush the entire rebel army and navy.

ANDRE

If that is true, there would be no need of my delivering the plans to General Clinton.

MR. PEM

No need at all, Major.

NELSON

This man is lying to you! What he is proposing is a total impossibility.

MR. PEM

Is it?

(to the two officers)

Let me show you the vessel's Missile Room...the heart of its striking force. Admiral, you will please come with us.

He fingers his watch and Nelson shrugs helplessly following Mr. Pem and the others from the cabin.

ANGLE ON CRANE

who looks around satisfied that every man is at his post. Morton is at the foot of the hatch ladder with Kowalski, who has already mounted two of the rungs. All hands are keeping their eyes fixed on Crane. The Chief approaches Crane.

Cont.

99 Cont.

99
Cont.

CHIEF

I just got word, sir. They left
the Admiral's cabin and went below
to the Missile Room.

CRANE

(taken aback)

The Missile Room? Are you sure?

CHIEF

Yes sir. I've got a man posted
outside.

CRANE

(after a moments
thought)

All right, it shouldn't affect the
plan. Remember, Chief, you're the
only man on the ship authorized to
use the intercom -- for just one word.

CHIEF

Aye, sir.

With one last look around, Crane slaps the Chief's shoulder.

CRANE

Move out.

Immediately the Chief heads for the circular stairs in the
Nose. Crane turns the opposite way to look.

100 ANGLE ON KOWALSKI 100
who scrambles up the hatch ladder and disappears. Morton
watches him go then nods toward Crane.

101 INT. MISSILE ROOM CORRIDOR - NIGHT 101

ANGLE ON CHIEF

who comes swiftly but quietly into the corridor. He reaches
the door where a crewman is waiting.

CHIEF

(low)

They in there?

The Crewman nods. The Chief goes to the watch wheel and
silently and cautiously turns it.

INT. MISSILE ROOM CORRIDOR - NIGHT

- 102 INT. MISSILE ROOM - NIGHT 102
 EXTREME CLOSEUP ON HATCH WHEEL
 which turns silently. PULL BACK to include Nelson in
 SHOT. He sees the quietly turning wheel and looks quickly
 toward the others in the room.
- 103 HIS P.O.V. 103
 showing Arnold, Andre and Mr. Pem beside a Missile tube.
 Mr. Pem pats the tube with something close to affection.
- MR. PEM
 Yes, Gentlemen, this little tube
 stores enough power to obliterate
 West Point completely, as I shall
 soon demonstrate.
- 104 ON NELSON 104
 who realizes something is up as he looks back at the
 wheel which silently turns back to its original place.
- 105 INT. UPPER CORRIDOR - NIGHT 105
 ANGLE ON THE CHIEF
 who takes his hand away from the wheel. He looks relieved
 and moves noiselessly down the corridor toward a wall mike.
- 106 INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT 106
 ANGLE ON HATCH LADDER
 as two lookouts rapidly descend the ladder. Morton signals
 each man as he reaches the deck to move off. Then Kowalski
 descends rapidly.
- KOWALSKI
 Main hatch secured, Mr. Morton.
- MORTON
 Very well.
- He signals "okay" to Crane.
- 107 INT. MISSILE ROOM CORRIDOR - NIGHT 107
 ANGLE ON CHIEF
 who has picked up the wall mike.
- CHIEF
 (quietly into mike)
 Go.
- He hangs up the mike and starts back up the corridor to the
 Missile Room hatch.

- 108 INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT 108
- ANGLE ON CRANE
who has just HEARD the Chief's single word on the speaker.
- CRANE
That's it. Let's go.
- 109 ANGLE ON "CHRISTMAS TREE" (STOCK) 109
with all lights green. The man on the board sings out:
- MAN
Straight board, sir.
- 110 ANGLE ON MORTON 110
nodding at the report.
- MORTON
Blow negative to the mark!
- 111 ANGLE ON CRANE 111
who crosses to the Helmsman-Planesman station.
- CRANE
A dead flat angle now. Ease her
below. I don't want them to feel
this.
- 112 INT. MISSILE ROOM - NIGHT 112
- CLOSE ON NELSON
whose experience tells him the ship is moving down. He
looks quickly toward the others.
- 113 P.O.V. ON MR. PEM. 113
Who leads the other two over to the Missile firing controls.
- MR. PEM
I have already programmed the
missile. All that remains now
is to fire it.
- 114 CLOSE ON NELSON 114
tense, not knowing what may be coming.
- 115 EXT. UNDERSEA - NIGHT (STOCK) 115
- ANGLE ON SEAVIEW
slowly sinking lower in the dark water.
- 116 INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT 116
- ANGLE ON CRANE
who watches as Kowalski hurries forward and scrambles up
the circular stairs. He looks toward the Helmsman and
Planesman.

116 Cont.

116
Cont.

CRANE

Steady now...stand by. Remember...
all you've got.

The two men nod silently.

117 INT. MISSILE ROOM CORRIDOR - NIGHT 117

CLOSE ON CHIEF

who is at the hatch. He is waiting tensely, eyes on the
corridor, one hand on the hatch wheel. Kowalski comes down
the corridor to join him. Both men wait tensely.

118 INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT 118

ANGLE ON CRANE

who picks up a mike and slowly raises it.

119 CLOSE SHOTS - VARIOUS CREWMEN 119
including Morton. The men brace themselves for the action.120 ANGLE ON CRANE 120
who presses the button on the mike.

CRANE

(loudly into mike)

Lights!

Almost instantaneously the lights go off, replaced by dim
emergency red lights.

CRANE

(to Helmsman-
Planesman station)

Now!

121 ANGLE ON HELMSMAN - AND PLANESMAN 121
as both begin to turn their control wheels wildly.

122 EXT. UNDERSEA - NIGHT (STOCK) 122

ANGLE ON SEAVIEW

which begins to rock violently.

123 INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT (LOW KEY) (RED LIGHT) 123

FULL SHOT

as the deck tilts crazily back and forth and the Crewmen
struggle desperately to keep their feet.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN

124 EXT. UNDERSEA - NIGHT (STOCK) 124

FULL SHOT

as the submarine continues its violent side to side rocking.

125 INT. MISSILE ROOM - NIGHT (LOW KEY) (RED LIGHT) 125

ANGLE ON CONTROL PANEL

as they have been thrown away from the panel by the wildly pitching deck. Andre and Arnold have been flung across the desk and are clutching at it desperately to keep from being flung across the room. Both Nelson and Mr. Pem have been knocked sprawling to the deck. The precious watch has been jarred out of Pem's hands. In spite of his surprise, Mr. Pem's first thought is of the device and he lunges forward to retrieve it. Nelson has seen it and struggles frantically to get to it and prevent Pem from using it. The door is flung open and the Chief and Kowalski charge IN as both Arnold and Andre recover their balance and instinctively attack the two intruders. Arnold draws his sword and swings it, coming within inches of decapitating the Chief. A wild, all-out battle begins between the six men in the murky light with the tilting deck making the fight even more nightmarish. In the confusion of the struggle, Mr. Pem reaches the firing panel and is about to press the button when Nelson dives for him. The unexpected blow sends him sprawling. He strikes the precious time device as he falls, sending it skidding across the deck and the Chief fields it, gets to his feet, making a dash for the door. Arnold swings his sabre, but Kowalski grabs the General's wrist, deflecting the blow just enough to save Sharkey who dashes OUT with the device. Mr. Pem, almost insane in his desperation, takes OFF after the Chief.

126 INT. MISSILE ROOM CORRIDOR - NIGHT (LOW KEY) (RED LIGHT) 126

ANGLE ON CORRIDOR

as the Chief dashes OUT with the precious device, followed by Mr. Pem. The wild rocking has stopped and suddenly the normal lighting is on again. As the Chief reaches the corridor bend, Crane APPEARS, along with several armed Crewmen. The Chief piles into them.

CHIEF

I got it, Skipper! I got it!

Crane looks quickly at the device and nods.

Cont.

126 Cont.

126
Cont.

CRANE

Give it to Mr. Morton!

127

ANGLE ON MR. PEM

127

who has stopped short in his pursuit as the armed reinforcements appeared. Now he turns and springs the opposite way down the corridor.

128

ANGLE ON CRANE

128

seeing Mr. Pem escaping.

CRANE

Stop him!

Two of the armed Crewmen take OFF after the fleeing Mr. Pem. Crane turns to the other Crewmen.

CRANE

Follow me!

He and the Crewmen rush for the door of the Admiral's cabin. Crane levels his gun as he starts inside.

CRANE

Hold it right there!

129

INT. MISSILE ROOM - NIGHT

129

FULL SHOT

as Crane and the Crewmen APPEAR in the hatch. Nelson and Kowalski, battered from the frantic fight, are relieved. Andre and Arnold both raise their hands in the universal gesture of surrender. Nelson turns to Crane.

NELSON

The device?

CRANE

Sharkey has it.

Nelson breathes a huge sigh of relief.

130

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

130

ANGLE ON CHIEF

as he GOES to Morton. The Chief is breathing hard, almost totally exhausted from the battle.

MORTON

Did it all work?

Cont.

130. Cont.

130
Cont.

The Chief, still breathing hard, holds out the device.

CHIEF

Skipper says...give this....
to you, sir.

MORTON

(taking the device)

To me? What'll I do with it?

CHIEF

Just don't push that button!

131 INT. MISSILE ROOM - NIGHT

131

MED. SHOT

with Nelson glancing toward Major Andre and General Arnold while Crane and two Seaview Crewmen stand grimly covering them with their guns. Kowalski, still shaken from the fight, joins Crane.

NELSON

Well, gentlemen?

ANDRE

You have the advantage of us,
sir. The decision is yours.

NELSON

(turning to
Crane)

Where is Mr. Pem?

CRANE

I imagine he's been captured,
sir.

NELSON

(indignant alarm)

You imagine!

CRANE

I'll find out at once.

NELSON

Take your men. These gentlemen
and I have some business to
discuss.

CRANE

Aye, sir.

(to the Crewmen)

Follow me.

He EXITS with the armed men, Kowalski following.

132 INT. MISSILE ROOM CORRIDOR - NIGHT

132

ANGLE ON HATCH
as Kowalski, the last man out, closes it.

KOWALSKI

Now what, sir?

CRANE

Come with me..
(to the others,
pointing)
That way. Find that man. Sing
out the minute you stop him!

The two men dash up the corridor. Crane starts rapidly
OFF in the opposite direction, Kowalski going with him.

133 INT. "A" CORRIDOR - NIGHT

133

ANGLE ON MR. PEM
who comes hurriedly into the passage and stops, listening
for any signs of pursuit. Hearing nothing, he looks
around as though to get his bearings, then starts along
the corridor. Suddenly he freezes at the SOUND of
approaching FOOTSTEPS. Desperately, he rushes toward a
door and slips inside just as two Crewmen ENTER the
corridor at the far end. They walk through the corridor
and stop as the two armed Crewmen APPEAR at the end of
the corridor. They question the first two Crewmen
inaudibly and both men shake their heads. Discouraged,
the armed Crewmen go back the way they came, followed by
the first pair. The moment they have gone, Mr. Pem ducks
OUT and hurries OFF in the opposite direction.

134 INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

134

ANGLE ON CRANE
as he and Kowalski come down the circular stairs and
MOVE aft toward Morton and the Chief. Crane looks around
as he reaches Morton's side.

CRANE

Where is he?

MORTON

Who, sir?

CRANE

Pem, of course.

MORTON

I haven't seen him.

CRANE

(alarmed)
What?

Cont.

CHIEF

I gave Mr. Morton Pem's device,
Skipper.

MORTON

I wish you'd be responsible for
it, Lee.

He offers the device and Crane clutches it.

CRANE

(holds it gingerly)
Chip, alert all hands. We've
got to find Pem immediately.

MORTON

Aye, sir!

Morton starts for a mike. Crane turns to hand the
device to Kowalski.

CRANE

Take this to the Admiral. Guard
it with your life on the way.

KOWALSKI

Aye, sir.

He starts OFF with the precious device. Crane turns to
the Chief.

CRANE

Come with me.

The two men hurry toward the aft exit.

135 INT. SEAVIEW LAB - NIGHT (LOW KEY)

135

ANGLE ON DOOR

which opens slowly to admit Mr. Pem. He looks around the
dimly lit interior, breathing heavily from excitement.
With the attitude of a desperate man, he begins to search
the room.

MR. PEM

(muttering as he
searches)

I left it here...I know I did...
But where....Where?

Cont.

135 Cont.

135
Cont.

He continues to search and then, with a CRY of triumph, he finds the crude version of the device he has used in Nelson's office at the Institute. For a moment, he fondles it almost as though it were a living thing. His face is twisted into a maniacal expression of anticipation.

MR. PEM

Now, Nelson, we'll see who has won!

He presses the activating button. Nothing happens! His face falls in disappointment. Then he realizes the trouble.

MR. PEM

Power! I need power. Well... that should be no problem. No problem at all!

Gathering up the device, he RUSHES from the room.

136

INT. ADMIRAL'S CABIN - NIGHT

136

ANGLE ON DESK

where Nelson sits, the time transfer device lying on the blotter in front of him. Kowalski and a pair of armed Crewmen stand protectively nearby while both Arnold and Andre wait expectantly across the desk.

NELSON

Gentlemen, I'm very much afraid you are both going to have to take your chances with history.

GENERAL

I'm not afraid of history. I'm doing what I know is right. If given the choice, I'd do it again!

NELSON

At any rate, the name of General Benedict Arnold will be remembered. I can promise you that.

(to Kowalski)

See that the General is put in a boat and permitted to land on the west shore.

KOWALSKI

Aye, sir. General....

Cont.

136 Cont.

136
Cont.

Arnold retrieves his sword, sheathes it and turns to Nelson. He salutes and haughtily stalks out followed by Kowalski.

137 INT. REACTOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT

137

ANGLE ON REACTOR ROOM DOOR

as Mr. Pem ARRIVES at it, carrying the crude, box-like device. With a furtive glance around, he darts inside.

138 INT. REACTOR ROOM - NIGHT (LOW KEY)

138

ANGLE ON DOOR

as Mr. Pem ENTERS with the small box. The eerie, multi-colored lights of the reactor play across his odd features as he closes the door. Suddenly Crane and Chief Sharkey STEP from the shadows, the Chief holding a gun.

CRANE

I thought you'd head for here!

MR. PEM

(looking around
at the two men)

Captain Crane, what a dreary
surprise.

CRANE

What's that you've got?

MR. PEM

(holding up the
box-like device)

This? A mere toy. A plaything.
Would you like to see it?

With a sudden movement, he hurls the box at them, full force. The box strikes the Chief in the head and he drops to the deck, stunned. At the same moment, Mr. Pem dives for the gun, getting it a split second before Crane does. But Crane lunges at him, wrestling for possession of the weapon. A weird, unearthly fight to the death begins in the danger-filled surroundings. The fight seesaws back and forth wildly until, at last, Mr. Pem gets momentary possession of the gun just as the Chief groggily struggles to his feet and hurls himself at Mr. Pem's back.

Cont.

138 Cont.

One single shot goes wild as Pem is thrown bodily against a pair of terminals from the reactor pile. There is an enormous, blinding flash as Mr. Pem stiffens, his body overwhelmed by the heavy, radio active discharge. Instinctively, the Chief moves as though to pull the man away, but Crane grabs him.

CRANE

Don't touch him! Not now.

The flashing and sparking stops and the now pathetic figure of Mr. Pem pitches forward to the deck, quite dead.

139 EXT. THE SURFACE - NIGHT (STOCK) 139

FULL SHOT - SEAVIEW

lying quietly on the surface at dead stop.

140 INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT 140

ANGLE ON KOWALSKI

who descends the hatch ladder and crosses to where Nelson is standing. Major Andre waits some distance apart.

KOWALSKI

Sir, General Arnold and the soldier with him have landed on the west bank of the Hudson.

NELSON

Very well. Stand by.

KOWALSKI

Aye, sir.

(Kowalski hesitates with a glance to be sure Andre does not overhear)

Sir... can I ask you something.

NELSON

Go ahead.

KOWALSKI

I kind of like that Major. We all do. I was wondering what happened to him next.

NELSON

He was captured on his way back to New York City. They found the plans on him and arrested him as a spy. He was hanged.

140 Cont.

140
Cont.

Kowalski looks shocked, then moves to the b.g. to wait X
while Nelson turns to approach the young Major Andre.

NELSON

Are you ready, Major?

ANDRE

Quite, sir. There is one matter, Admiral. Since you have already seen the future in some way which I still don't understand, you must know what lies ahead for me.

NELSON

Yes...I know.

ANDRE

Oh, don't worry. I'm not asking you to tell me. Only one thing really troubles me...these civilian clothes. I came here as a soldier. I would prefer to return the same way. I am not a spy, sir.

NELSON

I understand.

ANDRE

Other than that, I have no regrets, whatever is to become of me.
(extends his hand -
Nelson shakes it)
Good-bye, Admiral.

NELSON

(affected by the man's attitude, turning to Kowalski)

Major Andre will return to the east shore.

KOWALSKI

Aye, sir. This way, Major.

Andre follows Kowalski to the hatch ladder. Kowalski climbs it and Andre prepares to follow. He pauses at the foot of the ladder, smiles back at Nelson and gives the Admiral a jaunty, informal salute. Then he climbs to the overhead hatch.

141

CLOSE ON NELSON
who, rather regretfully, returns the salute.

141

142

ANGLE ON AFT HATCH
where Crane watches the touching departure, then moves forward to join Nelson.

CRANE

Pem is dead.

NELSON

(reacting)

How did it happen?

CRANE

This time there's no doubt.
He took a massive radiation
dose straight from the reactor.

NELSON

I see. Well, only one thing
remains...

(takes out Pem's time
transfer device)

...one vital thing.

CRANE

(nods)

To get us back to the present.

NELSON

Not the present. The immediate
past before that explosion
destroyed the ship and crew.

He is busy making a setting on the device.

CRANE

Are you sure you know how to
prevent the explosion?

NELSON

I've been studying the case.
A bomb of some sort was concealed
in the ship's lab. If we return
with enough time to jettison
that bomb, we'll be all right.

CRANE

Can't it be done before we transfer?

NELSON

Hardly. It isn't there yet.

KOWALSKI'S VOICE

(on speaker)

Skipper, this is Kowalski on the
bridge. Major Andre is rowing to
shore.

Cont.

142 Cont.

142
Cont.

CRANE
(picking up
a mike)
Very well.

NELSON
All right, let's try Pem's
device.

Nelson raises the watch and deliberately presses the stem. Immediately there is a violent jolt. The lights flicker, then black out.

143 INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY (REPEAT OF SC. 2)

143

ESTABLISHING SHOT
with all stations manned. Crane, at the plot table, is studying a chart. Morton comes forward through the Control Room to join Crane. CAMERA MOVES IN TO a TWO SHOT.

MORTON
We're still getting that
electronic interference.

CRANE
Can't you track it down?

MORTON
Not so far. It's intermittent.
Every time we're about to get
a fix, it stops.

CRANE
(concerned)
I don't like things I can't explain.

MORTON
No, sir. Neither do I.

Crane turns to pick up a mike, speaks into it:

CRANE
Sparks, have you made contact
with the Institute yet?

144

ANGLE ON AFT HATCH
as Nelson rushes in, stops and stares at the scene before
him.

144

SPARK'S VOICE

X

(on speaker)

Affirmative. Admiral Nelson's
coming on the line. I'll patch
him into the Control Room.

NELSON

(to himself)

It's just before the explosion!
I'm too late...

(tragically)

...too late!

MOVE IN to a BIG HEAD CLOSEUP of Nelson's stricken face.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT FOUR

TAG

FADE IN

145 INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY 145

EXTREME CLOSEUP - NELSON

frozen in horror at what has happened. He holds for a second or two, then dashes out through the aft hatch.

146 INT. RADIO SHACK - DAY (REPEAT OF SC. 3) 146

ANGLE ON SPARKS

at work at the radio console. He lifts a hand mike.

SPARKS

(into mike)

Affirmative. Admiral Nelson's coming on the line. I'll patch him into the Control Room.

147 INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY (REPEAT OF SC. 4) 147

ANGLE ON CRANE

with the mike.

CRANE

(into mike)

Very well, I'll hold.

148 INT. LAB CORRIDOR - DAY 148

ANGLE ON DOOR

which is standing open. Nelson comes tearing out carrying a ticking explosive device in his arms. He sprints down the corridor on the dead run.

149 INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY (REPEAT OF SC. 9) 149

ANGLE ON CRANE

still clutching the mike, baffled by the SOUND of an increasing electronic WHINE, which rises in pitch and volume. Morton rushes to a console to check the instrument dial.

MORTON

It's getting worse!

Crane drops the mike and rushes to join him at the console where Kowalski is frantically turning various controls.

KOWALSKI

Massive interference, sir.
I can't stop it!

Cont.

149 Cont.

149
Cont.

CRANE

There's an explosive force
building somewhere!

150 CLOSE ON CHIEF (REPEAT OF SC. 10) 150
at the glass plot board. He rips off his headset as the
WHINE reaches an unbearable pitch.

151 INT. MISSILE ROOM - DAY 151

ANGLE ON NELSON

who leaps through the hatch carrying the bomb and tears
across the room toward the torpedo tubes. He reaches
a tube and tears open the heavy hatch cover, throwing
the bomb inside and clamping the tube shut. He reaches
out and presses the firing button. There is a WHOOSH
of compressed air as the tube fires.

152 ANGLE ON CRANE (REPEAT OF SC. 11) 152
staring in horror at the board instruments as the WHINE
rises rapidly.

CRANE

(shouting)

Look out...It's going to blow!

Suddenly there is an enormous EXPLOSION as the scene
goes white in a blinding flash!

153 INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY 153

FULL SHOT

as the whole room rocks violently from the concussion
of the exploding bomb.

DISSOLVE TO:

154 EXT. SURFACE - DAY 154

ANGLE ON SEAVIEW

moving peacefully along the surface.

155 INT. OBSERVATION NOSE - DAY 155

ANGLE ON NELSON

at his desk, handling Pem's potent time device while
Crane watches.

X

Cont.

155 Cont.

155
Cont.

NELSON

The bomb I jettisoned was planted by Pem just before Seaview left port. He had a plan all right...No less a scheme than to change the course of history itself.

CRANE

How could he?

NELSON

He almost did. Somehow that twisted genius of a mind had worked things out so that the loss of the American Revolution would ultimately have resulted in making him the most powerful individual of the twentieth century.

Crane shakes his head, incredulously.

CRANE

You actually believe it could have worked out?

NELSON

Knowing Mr. Pem, I believe it could.

(weighs the time
device in his hand)

As for this...it'll have to be destroyed. The world just isn't ready for it...yet.

Crane nods agreement.

FADE OUT

END OF EPISODE

