

BALLAST

Written by

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ballast | (ba-ləst) n. an entity placed in such a way
in hope of achieving stability and control

DEPOSITION VIDEO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The date and time in the corner. A camera pointed across the table at a woman in her 40s, business dress at odds with her weathered features. This is JODIE DONNELLY.

A distance to her as she waits for those around her. Finally -

VOICE (O.S.)
State your name for the record.

JODIE
Jodie Donnelly.

VOICE (O.S.)
What is your present title?

JODIE
I am a Port Captain in charge of cargo stowage operations and vessel stability for Norfolk Autoliners.

VOICE (O.S.)
You hold an STCW 11/2 Chief Mate Certificate as well as degrees in nautical science and engineering from the United States Naval Academy, is that correct?

JODIE
That's accurate.

VOICE (O.S.)
Were you assigned to the vehicle transport vessel Norfolk Caprica on March the 22nd of this year?

JODIE
I was.

VOICE (O.S.)
Can you explain to the best of your ability the conditions that led to the Caprica's terminal list, its consequential capsizing, and ultimate casualty of the crewman on board.

JODIE

The vessel failed to maintain an allowable metacentric height.

(off their silence)

It's a measure of the ship's initial stability. It's a curve. Where you are on that curve is determined by the distribution of the vessel's accumulative weight - fuel, ballast, fresh water, cargo, people. The more metacentric the weight, the higher the available residual stability. In port, at rest, it's relatively high. At sea, during adverse weather conditions, it drops. In this case the Caprica was making a 12 knot turn with a residual stability of 1.29 against a minimum requirement of 1.34, failing the acceptable margin of stability.

VOICE (O.S.)

Whose responsibility was it to maintain that margin?

JODIE

The Master is the ultimate officer responsible for the cargo and seaworthiness of the vessel.

VOICE (O.S.)

Is the balance of the ship's tonnage not the responsibility of the Port Captain?

Silence, then:

JODIE

...The Master is the ultimate officer responsible for the cargo and seaworthiness of the vessel.

CUT TO:

BLACK

A VOID, without sight, sound, or gravity. As blue twilight flickers in we make out the silhouette of A CAR, ghostly and half-buried, as if a dream. Suddenly SILT kicking up...

We realize *we're underwater*. The heartbeat of a PROPELLER as the form of an enormous SHIP materializes out of the deep.

As we rise to the surface...

EXT. CHESAPEAKE BAY, MARYLAND - CONTINUOUS

A VEHICLE CARGO SHIP. Steel hull painted white and oxblood red. A metal glacier floating silently down the channel.

SUPER: 2 YEARS LATER

Smaller vessels falling under its shadow as it passes. Men at their rails watching as it drifts by, heading inland toward...

The PORT OF BALTIMORE, rising through the fog in the distance.

INT. DONNELLY HOME, BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

A phone alarm going off. MARK DONNELLY stirs beneath the sheets. Bald at 40, a Baltimore Raven's sweatshirt for pajamas, arm slung across the bed.

He rubs his face, looks over. We see the phone is on the opposite nightstand. And that side of the bed is empty.

INT. DONNELLY HOME, FAMILY ROOM - SAME

Mark shuffles through the house with the phone. He glances at the couch: blankets out, slept on but empty now too.

He continues on.

INT. DONNELLY HOME, GARAGE - SAME

He finds JODIE at the back of an open SUV, packing. Inside glimpses of weather gear, binders and a steel-cased laptop. A hard hat with a "NORFOLK" logo thrown in with the rest.

MARK

Thought you weren't leaving till six.

JODIE

Office changed the UK itinerary for the discharge ports. I should be there to supervise the new roll on.

She heaves in a duffel, staying busy.

MARK

Well I'll still drive you. Let me go get Lorie up-

JODIE

She's not here.

Mark pauses in the door.

MARK

...what do you mean? She didn't come home?

JODIE

I don't know, bed didn't look slept in. Figured she stayed out with Chrissy or one of the girls. Just slept over there.

Mark curses under his breath, starts dialing on the phone.

MARK

What's wrong with her. She *knew* you were leaving this morning...

JODIE

Don't worry about it.

MARK

(stops dialing)

You're going to be gone for three months Jode.

JODIE

It's okay. Really, I'm not mad.

She goes back to packing. He watches her a moment. Then-

MARK

I wish you would be.

She pauses there as he grabs his boots and goes inside.

EXT. PORT OF BALTIMORE, DUNDALK TERMINAL - MORNING

The SUV pulls into a lot outside the security gate.

INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

Mark and Jodie hug in the front seat. It's brisk. She gets out, pulls her gear from the back.

Mark watches as she shoulders her duffel, starts toward the security booth.

After a few steps she turns around, walks back to the car.

She opens his door and hugs him for real. They hold each other a while, no eye contact but trying here. Finally she turns away, heads for the gate.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM, PORT OF BALTIMORE - DAY

Fifty workers waiting around the room. Styrofoam coffee cups and industrial coveralls. They are STEVEDORES, specialized drivers and loaders for the port's vehicular cargo.

At the head of the room their foreman ROOKER talks quietly with a merchant-uniformed man in his late 30s - Chief Officer of the Norfolk Emperor MALCOM SEAVER. Alert, trim, a guy that does ten different jobs twelve hours a day.

Both turning as Jodie enters, lugging her gear over to them.

SEAVER

Orioles last night. Got my fifty bucks?

JODIE

Ravens last month. Got my hundred?

SEAVER

(winces, then motioning)
Jodie this is Stevedore cap Bill Rooker. Jodie's our port captain.

A cursory shake as she takes in the room, not seeing someone.

JODIE

Just us?

SEAVER

Stayed on the bridge.

On Jodie, a flash of annoyance as she opens a binder...

JODIE

Okay, I want to run your weigh-bridge numbers from check in against the manufacturer estimates on the preliminary stowage plan...

ROOKER

We haven't received the preliminary stowage-plan.

Jodie looks up.

JODIE

I sent it to the Master last night.
 (off their looks)
 He didn't give it to you.

No. Jodie presses on, hands them each a binder copy from her bag, letting them catch up as she addresses the room.

JODIE (CONT'D)

Okay good morning. We're going to do the dirty version here and keep this short. We had a reversal of UK itinerary, so we'll be starting with Glasgow moving back. First on last off. Drivers, Mr. Rooker will have your vehicle assignments. Lashing crews, nothing under a 2000 kilogram break load. You need chains, you need webs, you find the deck captains or you find Mr. Seaver here. Today's load is...

She flips through her binder, starts reading...

JODIE (CONT'D)

2087 passenger vehicles, 47 city buses, 49 agricultural combines, 16 light rail subway cars, an electric wind turbine and an installation piece for the Belgium Royal Museum of Art... so check your mirrors.

(lowering the binder)

Get your rides, scan 'em in, strap 'em down. We launch at 18:00.

All rising.

EXT. PORT OF BALTIMORE, AUTO TERMINAL - DAY

A SEA OF CARS glinting by the water of the Chesapeake Bay. Tens of thousands, the cranes of the port looming in the distance as a convoy breaks away from the lot, uniformly streaming down along shore to...

The NORFOLK EMPEROR

She is one of the world's largest vehicle carriers. Twelve decks of windowless hull running two football fields long, watertight ramps the width of a freeway, space for *eight thousand vehicles* meticulously stowed away inside.

And right now she is perfectly balanced.

INT. EMPEROR, STERN ENTRY - CONTINUOUS

Inside is a behemoth nautical parking garage. Ramps leading to decks above and below. As they enter vehicles splitting off toward their designated zones: *Amsterdam, Tokyo, Brisbane*

INT. EMPEROR, PARKING DECK (7) - CONTINUOUS

Coming over the rise we see hundreds of cars already stowed, factory tape still on the paint, mirrors folded in.

The new vehicles pilot to their spots, a perfect balancing act of speed and precision, A FOREMAN measuring the space between:

...15 cm door to door, 40 on the bumpers, only 10 overhead...

Every meter on this ship is money.

As the foreman flags it good the LASHING CREW jumps in, hooking the car into nylon straps on the deck, winching them tight as the DRIVER climbs out for another run.

EXT. EMPEROR, PORT SIDE BRIDGE WING - DAY

The driver emerging below as Jodie ascends a set of stairs above, heading toward the bridge.

INT. EMPEROR, BRIDGE - DAY

Looking out 220 feet above the water here. Offices in the back, instrument consoles lining the floor. MASTER KRISTOFER HAGEN hovers over a digital charts table. 50s, hard eyes and a permanent frown. A product of generations at sea.

He stands conferring with two others. These are Helmsman ECKHOFF (32, Norwegian) and 2nd Officer CHEN (27, Chinese).

Sound flooding the room as the outside door pulls open, Jodie stepping onto the bridge, binder in hand. The men look over.

JODIE

Jodie Donnelly sir. I'm your port captain for the crossing.

HAGEN

(gravel, Norwegian accent)
Good morning.

JODIE

I sent in the pre-stowage plan last night-

HAGEN

Yes, it was received.

He nods, returning to the charts. She watches him a moment.

JODIE

...not by everyone.

He looks over. She shrugs, sheepish.

JODIE (CONT'D)

You're crossing the Atlantic with 77,000 gross tonnage across ten football fields of deck. Thought you might want to know where it's all going.

(then)

I was expecting we'd discuss at the pre-load meeting this morning.

HAGEN

Amundsen-Group regulations only require an officer to attend the pre-load.

JODIE

Norfolk regulations also stipulate an on-site and final-load meeting, all with the Master present.

HAGEN

Well I am not working for Norfolk. They may own the ship, but Amundsen has hired my crew and I to run it. And I will run it, yes?

A hard look. Then a smile.

HAGEN (CONT'D)

But you're welcome to file a complaint against me on record with your bosses in Virginia. I believe you're familiar with the procedure.

Jodie weathers this.

JODIE

I'm just here to balance your boat.

HAGEN

(feigned politeness)

Then don't let me keep you.

Jodie leaves the binder copy, pulls open the bridge door.

HAGEN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 And Ms. Donnelly.
 (she turns)
 As for the crossing... welcome
 aboard.

INT. EMPEROR, HEAVY CARGO DECK (1) - DAY

Jodie waits for a STRING OF SUBWAY CARS being loaded into the hull. As they clear she crosses the deck, passing a bearded crew member heading for the stairwell. This is PALMER.

Yelling over the noise.

PALMER
 Master on the bridge?

JODIE
 He's up there.

PALMER
 You the port captain?

She nods. Palmer offers a work-gloved hand.

PALMER (CONT'D)
 Palmer, Deck Marshaller.
 (pulling out a printout)
 Need someone to authorize a booking
 stoppage. Client is trying to rush
 passage for a last minute add but
 Atlantic port operations has a
 cutoff 24 hours before launch.

JODIE
 Maybe in other ports. This is
 Baltimore my friend, last stop to
 hitch a ride across the pond. What
 are they sending?

PALMER
 That's where fun gets funner, no
 fucking clue. Still hasn't arrived,
 manifest order doesn't say - just
 got dimensions and tonnage.

Showing those numbers to her. Her eyebrows raising, impressed.

JODIE
 That's a new one...
 (studying, then)
 Send it through. I'll make it work.

Palmer shoots her a wary look. She grabs his printout.

JODIE (CONT'D)

Look, on deck six I got two dozen Land Rovers that were checked in as Range Rover Sports. That model is .35 tons lighter which gives us 8.4 tons to either spread out or make up. We move the Rovers to port here, and here,...

(marking as she goes)

Zone a spot on starboard, bring on our mystery box.

PALMER

Master's not gonna like that.

JODIE

...Then don't tell him.

Jodie hands the printout back. Then, looking past him.

JODIE (CONT'D)

Hey... hey!

DOWN THE DECK - One of the stevedores hovering between cars. Hearing Jodie he pockets his phone into a backpack, starts walking the other way as Jodie starts toward him.

JODIE (CONT'D)

You. What's your team number?

INT. EMPEROR, MID-DECK - CONTINUOUS

Alone here. The man heading for the daylight of the ramp, Jodie calling from a distance as she follows...

JODIE

We got a two hundred car-an-hour pace to keep, you wanna be on your phone - do it on break. What's your team number?

The man keeps walking.

JODIE (CONT'D)

Hey, asshole, I'm talking to you...

Suddenly the man stops. He quietly turns, facing her. 50s, grey stubble, unremarkable.

Jodie slows. A moment, looking at each other.

She knows this man.

After a moment the man continues on his way, heading for a van idling on the ramp, the shuttle back to the lot.

He climbs in, other drivers shifting as he slides inside.

ROOKER (O.S.)
Sorry about him...

Jodie turns. Rooker walking over, having seen the exchange. He nods toward the van, reaches for his radio.

ROOKER (CONT'D)
I'll get on his case-

JODIE
No.
(then, dismissive)
No it's fine.

She pulls out her paperwork, starts making adjustments.

JODIE (CONT'D)
How long's he been on your crew?

ROOKER
Felson? I don't know, maybe nine,
ten months?

JODIE
(as she writes)
Guy's got a Class 2 Marine
Mechanic's certificate. Could be
making three times the rate, what's
he doing driving cars?

Rooker glances at her.

ROOKER
So you know him.

JODIE
Crewed with him.

Rooker watches curiously as Felson's van starts down the ramp.

ROOKER
Yeah? On a carrier job?

JODIE
On the Caprica.

Rooker looks at her, but Jodie just checks her watch as she reaches for her radio.

JODIE (INTO RADIO) (CONT'D)
 Okay that's a wrap-out on Greece.
 We got a clock folks, let's hustle
 up on three and release lot ten.
 Bring on the heavies.

EXT. EMPEROR, STERN RAMP - SERIES

As the WHEELED BEHEMOTHS of industry are brought on board...

- A fleet of rescue vehicles, firetrucks, S.W.A.T vans...
- SPORTING RIGS - speed boats, monster trucks, Formula 1...
- A colossal CONCRETE HEAD of a weeping woman, the art piece caged within its scaffolding.

INSIDE

Men walking backwards as the cargo descends into the hull.

Trailers slide into their berths as more cars RISE on a huge INDUSTRIAL VEHICLE ELEVATOR, ascending to the levels above.

EXT. EMPEROR, TOP DECK - DAY

Even the open deck here has been claimed by vehicles, a grid of cars positioned around a raised platform marked "WINCH"

This is the ship's HELICOPTER LANDING PAD. Palmer currently working atop it, gripping his hard hat in the wind as he looks out: sees something approaching in the distance...

INT. EMPEROR, HEAVY DECK (1) - DAY

JODIE's radio crackling as she supervises the load-on here.

PALMER (OVER RADIO)
 Mystery box is inbound.

JODIE (INTO RADIO)
 Yeah? What do we got?

A beat. Then on the other end we hear what sounds like Palmer... *chuckling*. He signs off. She turns toward the ramp, a camo-painted metallic barrel coming up over the rise...

An M1-A ARMORED TANK following, Gulf-war era, bulk and grease, treads rattling on its trailer as it descends.

Jodie sizes it up, chews her gum.

As it comes down - another deck cadet, CHILDS (30, wiry), eyes the zone that Jodie measured for it. He motions the driver to halt, turns to Jodie.

CHILDS
...I don't think so cap.

JODIE
Fuck you, bring it in.

Childs exhales, waves the driver onwards.

Jodie stands in the spot, eyes her paperwork, illegible with chicken-scratch calculus scrawled across the page.

As it backs in she backs up with it, one step at a time, nervously eying the INDUSTRIAL BULLDOZERS on either side.

The tank inches in closer... its main gun barrel lancing out further, further...

And *threads the needle* between the two trucks behind it.

The air breaks releasing on the trailer as it *locks in place*, Jodie exhaling with it, worming her way out...

Men around her lashing it down as she starts back up, pausing as she sees:

HAGEN watching from the top of the ramp. Expressionless. They stare at each other a moment. Finally he walks off toward the stairwell.

INT. EMPEROR, BRIDGE - AFTEROON

OUT THE WHEELHOUSE WINDOW:

The waters of the Port of Baltimore, port traffic silently drifting across in the distance.

HAGEN stands at the window, studying the harbor. A figure steps onto the bridge behind him. It's Seaver.

SEAVER
Departure drafts sir. 9m forward,
8.4 aft. Loading computer gives us
a metacentric of 1.46. We're in the
margin.

HAGEN
Adjusted for the ramp off the quay?

SEAVER
Adjusted sir.

Hagen absorbs this, looks back at him.

HAGEN
Okay then. Seal her up.
(to Eckhoff at the helm)
Notify BTS. Let's take her out.

As Eckhoff reaches for a VHF radio on his panel...

EXT. EMPEROR, STERN RAMP - AFTERNOON

The mammoth WATERTIGHT RAMP rising up off the cement bank.

INSIDE

Daylight cutting off. Three-stories tall. As cylinders lock and compressors hiss shut, an indicator light flashing from red to green.

A sense we ourselves are being sealed in.

EXT. CHESAPEAKE BAY - MINUTES LATER

Floating over the Emperor as she heads out of the harbor, and waiting beyond:

The Atlantic. Vast. Endless seas running to the horizon.

EXT. EMPEROR, VARIOUS - AFTERNOON

Around the ship as the crew settles in -

TOP DECK

A two-story tall "**NO SMOKING**" painted above the deck. Below it a basketball hoop erected on the helicopter pad, several crew playing a pick-up game.

BRIDGE

Chen settling in for his shift, flipping open a text book: *McMillan's International Trade Law*. He begins to study.

OUTER DECK

Seaver in sweats, running laps along the deck.

CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS

Lived in, full amenities. Hagen enters, finds a small wooden crate waiting on his bed. A note taped to the lid.

It's in Norwegian. Though we don't understand it, we see the small heart beside the signature at the bottom.

Hagen lifts off the lid... smiles down.

Inside: A polished FIDDLE, inlays along the wood. And beneath it... a case of six bottles of amber liquor. *Aquavit*.

INT. EMPEROR, CREW MESS - AFTERNOON

Daylight here, the two top decks housing the crew quarters and facilities.

In the corner the skinny deck cadet we met earlier, CHILDS, picking at his fries as he eats with two others - ANDERS (30, Philly) and LINCOLN (60s, gold tooth).

CHILDS

...tank man. They got a fuckin' Howitzer on E-Deck.

ANDERS

It's an M1 Abrams.

CHILDS

You don't know shit man.
(then calling)
Yo Kellogg...

Childs calls over to a fourth man eating in the corner, idly bouncing a tennis ball as he reads a book. 30s, a midwestern kid with a quiet intelligence to him. This is KELLOGG.

CHILDS (CONT'D)

You did two tours. What kind of tank is that on E-Deck.

Kellogg takes another bite, chewing...

KELLOGG

...M1 Abrams.

ANDERS

Gahhhh there you go.

LINCOLN

Dumbass.

CHILDS

Whatever, either way, port cap made it fit in a nine-by.

(MORE)

CHILDS (CONT'D)

A fuckin' nine-by, those spots are meant for four wheelers.

LINCOLN

If we can fill 'em we can bill 'em.

ANDERS

Maybe she and Norfolk can. We ain't billing shit.

(and then)

You know port cap was on the Caprica.

LINCOLN

Caprica made a bad turn.

ANDERS

Master was an eleven year vet. You think he's still making bad turns?

CHILDS

...what kind of guns are on a Howitzer...

LINCOLN

Southampton's port is a bitch to pilot. You got the Calshot turn, the fort shallows...

ANDERS

He'd done it before... port cap hadn't.

LINCOLN

C'mon man...

ANDERS (CONT'D)

I'm just saying, I heard...

INT. EMPEROR, PASSAGEWAY - AT THAT MOMENT

SEAVER finished with his run, heading for his quarters. He glimpses inside the open mess door as he passes...

INT. EMPEROR, CREW MESS - AFTERNOON

Anders continues.

ANDERS

...it's a fuckin' money game man.

LINCOLN

According to what, cause your cousin works in the office?

ANDERS

According to shit rolling uphill,
and cause of her the guy will never
set foot on water again.

SEAVER (O.S.)

Hey!

All turning, Seaver standing in the doorway. He's been listening. He let's them hang there in silence, then:

SEAVER (CONT'D)

Almost 1900. Don't you guys have a
lash rotation.

LINCOLN

Yeah, deck six.

Chastened now. Seaver stares them down, then --

SEAVER

I think you're done here. Why don't
we get to it.

The men exchanging looks as they silently rise.

INT. EMPEROR, JODIE'S QUARTERS - DUSK

A fraction of the Master's quarters, but private.

Jodie sits at the desk, her laptop out, a manifest pulled up as she works on stowage plans for the upcoming ports.

Her phone lights up on the desk beside her. A new text from Mark coming in: "*Hey, still got service? Try Lorie?*"

Jodie stares down a moment.

Reluctantly she picks up the phone, swipes and dials. The phone ringing, static blips as she waits, then --

GIRL'S VOICE (OVER PHONE)

Hi you've reached Lorie Donnelly,
please leave a message and...

Jodie lowers it, about to hang up, *pauses*. Softening here. It *beeps*, recording silence. Finally she lifts the phone again --

JODIE (INTO PHONE)

Hi, it's mom. I um... I should not
have said what I said yesterday. I
get why you're mad, I'm mad too. I
know lately it's all been...

(MORE)

JODIE (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)
 (looking for words)
 Well listen it's going to get better.
 I'm going to be better... I'll call
 you guys in a few days. Take care of
 dad. And the fish... okay, love you.

She ends the call, the phone returning to the background screen: a photo of her, Mark, and a TEENAGE GIRL we haven't seen yet. This is her daughter, LORIE.

Finally she dims the screen, goes back to work.

INT. EMPEROR, DECK (6) - NIGHT

A passenger car deck, 700 packed as far as the eye can see.

Lincoln, Childs, and Anders go from row to row, hands cranking as they retighten lashes around each car, working their way down the deck.

CHILDS
 ...the line is 'Chevy didn't make a
 327 engine in '55 because it didn't
 even come out until '62.'

LINCOLN
 That's not the line, Chevy *did* make
 the four barrel before '62. Cause I
 was born the year it came out.

ANDERS
 Well that's 1862.

LINCOLN
 (ignoring him)
 It was '59, I know because...

All pausing to brace themselves casually as the ship sways, a chorus of lashes straining tight around them.

The ship settles. Continuing on...

LINCOLN (CONT'D)
 Because *I* drove the goddamn thing.

CHILDS
 No, Pesci has her say-

LINCOLN
 Well then *My Cousin Vinny* don't know
 shit. But that's not what she says.

Lincoln finishes his row, moves ahead to the next.

CHILDS

Forty bucks that's the line. They got it in the DVD closet. We'll settle it after shift.

(then, as an afterthought)
DVDs, you'll like em, it's like cave paintings but with sound.

Lincoln smirks, then pauses, noticing something down the line. As he wanders closer...

THE TRUNK of one of the cars left slightly open. Lincoln mutters under his breath, starts for it.

ANDERS

What, you find a '59 Chevy running?

LINCOLN

Stevedore left a trunk popped.

Lincoln takes hold of the trunk to slam it back down.

CHILDS

Linc's first Chevy ran on his feet.

Childs glances back at Anders as they snicker...

Then GLASS AND HOT AIR BLOWING PAST, a *deafening boom exploding behind them*, both men knocked to the ground.

They lift themselves up, peering out over the roofs.

The car Lincoln was at now ENGULFED, Lincoln nowhere in sight, flames licking shattered windows as it quietly burns.

INT. EMPEROR, CREW DECK - NIGHT

An alarm going off along the ceiling, lights strobing.

INT. EMPEROR, JODIE'S QUARTERS - SAME

Jodie looking up at the noise.

INT. EMPEROR, PASSAGEWAY (DECK 14) - NIGHT

Jodie opens her door, about to step out - TWO MEN run past. They sprint down the hall, disappearing into the stairwell.

Jodie follows after them.

INT. EMPEROR, PASSAGEWAY (DECK 13) - NIGHT

Exiting the stairwell she hears muffled yells down the hall.
Making her way --

CHILDS and several others gathered outside the infirmary,
everyone talking at once. Blood smeared on Child's coveralls,
others trying to calm him.

CHILDS

...I don't know, he wasn't talking
man, he wasn't t... goddamnit!

He sits on the ground, buries his head. Jodie peers through
the chicken wire of the infirmary window.

INSIDE

A flurry of activity -- hands flying over a gurney -- a glimpse
of charred cloth and skin. We realize *this is Lincoln*.

On Jodie, frozen.

INT. EMPEROR, INFIRMARY - LATER

Through the window - the room emptied out now. A red-haired
deck officer (JESSUP, 30s) at the counter. Lincoln laying on
the cot beside him. Through bandages we see his eyes closed,
his hair burned, an oxygen mask over his face.

PRELAP

SEAVER (O.S.)

Closest Coast Guard yard is Curtis
Bay...

INT. EMPEROR, BRIDGE HALLWAY - NIGHT

Seaver, Jodie and Palmer convening in the hallway. Low voices
-- We see Chen and Hagen on a SAT phone call in the bridge
office in the b.g.

SEAVER

...should still be in range for a
med evac. We've got tele-medical
walking us through till then.

JODIE

You don't have a medical officer on
board?

SEAVER

We have occupational training,
lacerations, gastric, hypothermia
but this...

Hagen emerges from the office.

HAGEN

There's a weather system moving in
off the NA drift. Curtis should be
able to dispatch someone before it
gets here.

(to Jodie)

How's our spread?

JODIE

Moved one to port to compensate.
We're fine.

Hagen turns to Palmer.

HAGEN

Who's down there now?

PALMER

Fire team is done. Got a crew
securing the debris. Another
checking for more leaks.

JODIE

You think this was a gas leak?

PALMER

...or electric, clipped a ramp. Or
fume buildup, exhaust reservoirs...

SEAVER

Engineering's on it.

Hagen nods. Good.

HAGEN

What did the other two say?

SEAVER

Not a lot. Anders saw Lincoln go to
check a rear lash. One second he
was standing there. The next...

A grim silence.

HAGEN

Okay. Keep Jessup with him. I want
to get Norfolk on the line-

Just then KELLOGG climbs up the stairs into the hallway. He's got a yellow fire suit on, his face covered in sweat and grit. He catches his breath as he approaches.

KELLOGG
Sirs... I think you should maybe
come look at something.

INT. EMPEROR, DECK (6) - NIGHT

Crew members in the distance, walking the rows for leaks.

The group emerges onto the deck. Kellogg leads them over to the wreck, the shell of the car still steaming.

KELLOGG
Found it wedged in the debris.

Kellogg digs into his pocket as they walk, holds out a warped metal cube, dice-sized.

KELLOGG (CONT'D)
At first I thought it might be part
of the tailgate, but then the guys
kept finding more of 'em in the
sweep.

Kellogg tosses it into a pile with the others, dozens of metal chips collected next to the wreck.

KELLOGG (CONT'D)
They look incendiary to me.

Seaver pokes at the pile with his foot. Hagen glances over.

HAGEN
Incendiary? What like from an
ignition?

KELLOGG
Like from an explosive, sir.

Seaver's foot stops. All going quiet, looking over at him.

SEAVER
Wait you're saying this was
intentional?

KELLOGG
I don't know that sir. I'm just
saying whatever went up wasn't part
of the car.

Palmer scowls, snatches up one of the chips.

PALMER

Bullshit. They could be from the break calipers, or-or the fuel mount-

KELLOGG

Too uniform. Also all those parts are made from steel or aluminum. Those are cast iron.
(hesitant, then)
I believe it's shrapnel sir.

All falling silent. Hagen crouches down, picking up one of the pieces.

JODIE

You sound sure, you've seen this stuff before?

KELLOGG

Marines ma'am. Ran IED sweeps in the Anbar Province on my first deployment.
(a beat)
I'm guessing if you look at Lincoln, he's got a few of those in him as well.

PALMER

Hold on now we're not sure what that is. Let's see what Curtis Bay says. Hell, this could be just some dipshit camper shipping his wheels, left his propane in the trunk. We don't know.

HAGEN (O.S.)

No... we don't.

Hagen still examining the piece, marveling at it in his hand.

HAGEN (CONT'D)

That's the part I don't like.

Seaver takes note of the car line around them.

SEAVER

Okay, till then let's check the manifest, see if it was private or factory stock.
(to Jodie)
(MORE)

SEAVER (CONT'D)

What do you think? If it's factory,
maybe something left behind when it
came off the line?

JODIE

Be a hell of a fucking recall.

Stirring as a radio on Seaver's waist sparks to life.

CHEN (OVER RADIO)

10.22. Bridge to chief.

SEAVER (INTO RADIO)

Yeah go for Seaver.

CHEN

...We've got Norfolk calling in.

INT. EMPEROR, OFFICER'S CONFERENCE - MOMENTS LATER

A phone on the table. Hagen's hand reaches in, clicks a call
through.

HAGEN

We're on.

As he sits we see the others, Chen now seated amongst them. A
series of clicks as calls are connected somewhere. Then --

LOVELL (OVER PHONE)

Kristofer, this is Norfolk
operations director Gene Lovell.

HAGEN

Aye. You've received our incident
report?

LOVELL

We did. Before we begin may I ask
who's in the room with you.

HAGEN

...Officers Seaver and Chen,
crewmen Palmer and Kellogg, and
Port Captain Donnelly are all
present.

A pause.

LOVELL

I'd like to ask the crewmen to
please leave the room.

The others wary now. Palmer and Kellogg rise, compliant. They exit.

HAGEN

All right. We have the room.

LOVELL

Thank you. I've also got Dianne Olmstead from Amundsen, and Lieutenant Ross from the 2nd Fleet on the line.

Confused looks all around. Hagen leans in, measured.

HAGEN

Gene I'd sure like to know why we're talking with the American Navy.

LOVELL

...Home office received an email a little over an hour ago. I'm going to read it in its entirety, and then we should... all discuss.

Shifting on the other end. Finally -

LOVELL (CONT'D)

It reads "...My name is Terrance Felson. I was a member of the crew of the Caprica the day she went down, under-balanced and overweight. A choice made by Norfolk to squeeze every last dollar into her hold, and a weight she could no longer bear. The insurance claimed over 7000 company assets were lost that day. My son, class two mechanic Robbie Felson, was one of them. As she went down, I was not allowed to go back for him. Because of you, his wife is a widow. Because of you, I have outlived my son.

The group still around the table. Seaver glances at Jodie. Lovell continues.

LOVELL (CONT'D)

By now the crew of the Emperor has discovered the explosive in the car on deck six. There are more...

INT. EMPEROR, DECK (6) - AT THAT MOMENT

The metal chips piled on the ground. Kellogg's boots approach in the background. He kneels, starts collecting them.

LOVELL (V.O.)
 ...hidden amongst the 8355 vehicles on board. If you do nothing, they will blow. If you go looking for them, you will not find them all. In time, the ship will go down.

INT. EMPEROR, MACHINE SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

Kellogg busy beneath a lamp at a work bench.

LOVELL (V.O.)
 Your only option is to abandon the Emperor. If its souls aboard leave now, most of them will be saved. Once again you have a choice between your crew and its cargo...

As we float closer we see Kellogg's tennis ball, metal chips glued around it, attempting to recreate the device's original structure, a vague pineapple shape starting to form. Undeniable now...

It was a grenade.

INT. EMPEROR, OFFICER'S CONFERENCE - CONTINUOUS

Close on the phone on the table:

LOVELL
 Either way, you will lose her.
 Either way, she will know the same hurt you brought to me, and mine."
 (a pause)
 That's where it ends.

The group, motionless. Chen looks up at the rest, still in disbelief --

CHEN
 Jesus is, is this for real?

JODIE
 What are the authorities saying?

SEAVER
We're already six hundred
miles out...

CHEN
Should we be calling crew to
their muster points-

Hagen raises a hand, cutting them off.

HAGEN
How serious is this Gene?

LOVELL (OVER PHONE)
Authorities are aware. They're
checking with the stevedore company
and they've got BPD looking for
Felson now. Apparently it appears as
if he's left his home.

OLMSTEAD (OVER PHONE)
In the mean time I'd like all work
rotations on hold, and crew confined to
quarters and the residency levels.

SEAVER
Should we be reversing course?

LT. ROSS (OVER PHONE)
We are not advising a course
alteration at this time. This is
Lieutenant Ross speaking now. The
storm system we're tracking is
developing two hundred nautical
miles off the New Jersey coastline.
At this rate you're too far out,
and it's possible a direct return
might put you in its path.

(Then)
First priority now is to arrange a
med evac for your injured. Now, on
that same transport we'd like to
send out an EOD team, Explosives
Ordnance Disposal. Once on board
they can help assess, neutralize if
possible, evacuate if necessary.

SEAVER
And if necessary?

LOVELL
We're not there yet, listen - I do
recognize the current circumstances,
but in all plausibility the rest of
this could be an empty threat. Felson
is a disgruntled employee who was
dissatisfied with an accident
settlement.

(MORE)

LOVELL (CONT'D)

Until we verify the full situation we should consider the ancillary costs here; distributor interruptions, port penalties, docking fees...

HAGEN

Docking fees, Christ... Dianne are you listening to this?

OLMSTEAD

I think what Gene is trying to convey-

LOVELL

(rising above the rest)

Bottom line is there's a precedent here. We have seen this before and we are following protocol. Hundreds of vessels get bomb threats every year - hell someone called in a dirty bomb on the Equinox in '09, turned out they blew a water cooler filled with diesel. Site was secured and they completed the route. The industry *does not* turn around every time it gets a crank call.

CHEN

Let's ask Cadet Lincoln in the infirmary. See if he thinks this was just a crank call.

Hagen shoots him a look, but takes his point.

HAGEN

Lieutenant Ross, what's the eta on your med evac?

LT. ROSS

We're looking for arrival by 0500. After that NMS is suspending all flight paths until the storm clears.

SEAVER

(to the room)

And what are we supposed to tell the crew until then?

Nothing is said. Then --

JODIE

Don't open any trunks.

EXT. EMPEROR - NIGHT

The STORM brewing in the distance. Below we see headlamps on the top deck as Hagen's voice comes on the loudspeakers.

HAGEN (OVER PA)
This is the Master. There will be a
suspension of all rounds...

INT. EMPEROR, CREW LOCKER - NIGHT

Lockers open. Crew listening on the bench, half dressed.

HAGEN (OVER PA)
...to go into affect immediately. A
fume build-up has been detected on
the mid-ship cargo decks. While
this is investigated...

ANDERS among them, looking up at this, doubt on his face.

INT. EMPEROR, VEHICLE DECK - NIGHT

Crews heading for the stairwell, clearing out.

HAGEN (OVER PA)
...and we certify CO2 levels have
returned to acceptable, vacate all
levels all decks.

INT. EMPEROR, JODIE'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Ship manifests ignored on the desk. Across the room Jodie sits alone on her bed, phone clutched in her hands. She stares down at the text she's just sent back to Mark: *"Call me"*

HAGEN (OVER PA)
We ask all crew to return and
remain in their quarters until
further notice.

The screen dims. She lets her head fall back against the wall, staring off.

INT. EMPEROR, ENGINE ROOM - NIGHT

The lights turned low, generators humming. Seaver sits at the instrument board, a panel above showing numbered squares around the ship.

These are the ship's BALLAST TANKS, adjustable water-filled basins built along the perimeter to keep the ship balanced.

Seaver glances at their readings as he works at his terminal.

JODIE (O.S.)

Trade you a coke for a cigarette.

Jodie leans in the doorway, two cans in hand. Seaver grunts.

SEAVER

After that call, if I had smokes
I'd have smoked 'em.

JODIE

How about for a chair then?

He wheels a chair down as she tosses him a can, takes a seat.

JODIE (CONT'D)

How are the tanks looking?

SEAVER

One through twelve ballasts are all
in the margin. Fuel and oil at
eighty, in a few days once we burn
that off I'll transfer weight from
the number two aft tanks to
compensate. And no I promise I will
not be offended when you ask to
check my numbers anyway.

Jodie smirks as he slides her a clip board. Seaver returns to his entries as she pours over the page, lips reciting silent calculations. Then, from beside her:

SEAVER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Was he right? On the Caprica. Was
she overweight?

JODIE

Over? No...

Jodie frowns, sets the clip board aside a moment.

JODIE (CONT'D)

In port that morning, we lost a few
units, took on a few more. I
rebalanced, redid the numbers, gave
the Master the stowage plan. Salvage
team recovered the servers after the
crash. Those numbers, never made it
into the loading computer.

(a beat)

(MORE)

JODIE (CONT'D)

The Master had been out the night before. His son had just graduated medical school, family had flown in to celebrate. Blood alcohol was still over when they pulled him from the water ten hours later.

Seaver, easing back in his chair. Processing it all...

SEAVER

And what did Felson mean, not letting him go back for his kid?

JODIE

...Chief was trying to get everyone to the boats. Told Felson his kid was already off. When he learned he wasn't - Felson broke out, tried swimming back, had to be sedated.

(seeing his look)

His son was in the machine shop, right next to the impact zone. He was already two decks under water. Kid was gone.

They fall back into silence, both imagining it. Then -

JODIE (CONT'D)

You think this thing is real Mal?

SEAVER

...I don't know what to think. If it is, he turned the ship into a goddamn haystack. We wouldn't know *where*, wouldn't know *how*, wouldn't know *how many*...

(then, leaning in)

Why do you think I'm holed up in here?

They share a grin, then Seaver watches as *she suddenly rises*, killing off her coke and grabbing a walkie.

JODIE

Hold it down. Your readings checked out, but I'm going down to the tanks on three, take some manual soundings.

SEAVER

Manual? What's wrong with the engine room gauges?

JODIE
Call me old fashioned.

She starts sliding on her hoodie. Seaver relents as she heads for the hatch.

INT. EMPEROR, DECK (3) - NIGHT

The deck abandoned, cars lashed and silent in their spots. The echoes of metal tapping somewhere in the distance.

WITH JODIE

Kneeling beside a service hatch in the floor as she reels in an industrial measuring line. Down below we see the black water of one of the massive ballast tanks as the line emerges.

She checks the watermark, seals the hatch.

As she starts for the next one there's a buzz in her coveralls. She unearths her phone, clocks the screen.

A missed call from Mark. She swipes, about to dial back - sees the signal icon in the corner: finally out of service.

She sinks a little, starts putting her phone away... *slows*, seeing something down the deck.

AMONGST THE CARS

A Pontiac sitting down the row, its headlights glowing.

Jodie wanders toward it, keeping her distance, circling from afar. She takes a step toward it...

Trips over a lash, stumbling and catching herself. Cursing under her breath as she rights herself, stalking closer...

INSIDE

Looking through the driver's side, the lever beside the steering column visible through the window. The knob for the lights left to "ON"

MOMENTS LATER

Jodie walking along the bulkhead, peering down each vehicle row, not seeing what she's looking for, moving on... stops.

Another car, its lights left on.

INT. EMPEROR, BRIDGE - SAME

The bridge radio crackling to life.

JODIE (OVER RADIO)
Someone on bridge?

In the bg Hagen and Eckhoff on watch. Hagen keys the radio.

HAGEN (INTO RADIO)
Yeah go ahead.

JODIE
I need you to turn the house lights
off on deck three.

HAGEN
...what are you doing on three?

JODIE
The house lights, turn them off.

Hagen looks over to Eckhoff, shrugs, motions for him to go ahead. Eckhoff wheels down the terminal toward a panel...

INT. EMPEROR, DECK (3) - CONTINUOUS

Wide on the deck as overhead lights go out grid by grid.

JODIE

As she's plunged into darkness. A faintly lit silhouette as she climbs on top of a nearby scissor lift, getting a better vantage point. She looks out...

ACROSS THE DECK

LIGHTS, dozens of low beams left on, scattered and hidden amongst the rest.

HAGEN (OVER RADIO)
So you want to tell me what's going on?

Jodie just stares off at the lights. Finally she reaches for her vest pocket, pulls out a pen.

INT. EMPEROR, OFFICER'S CONFERENCE - MORNING

A DIAGRAM OF THE SHIP now drawn across the conference windows. A series of red x's on each deck, and next to them -

Coordinates: Deck, zone, row, VIN #s...

FURTHER DOWN

Jodie writing in the last of the vehicles. She pauses, peering up into the sky...

The sound of helicopter rotors beating in the wind.

EXT. EMPEROR, TOP DECK - MORNING

A United States Navy CHOPPER overhead, rocking in the storm winds.

Seaver and Jessup duck low as they roll Lincoln's gurney up a ramp out onto the winching platform, shielding eyes as a line is lowered from the chopper.

They secure him in, clearing the pad as Lincoln starts to ascend, gurney swaying as he's brought in.

Moments later a figure appears on the landing runners. Helmet and camo, one of the EOD team, hooked into a gear bag. Others waiting to follow as the they start to descend...

Then suddenly FLUNG SIDEWAYS as a violent gust pushes its way across the deck. The helicopter above swerving to correct...

The EOD Tech clinging on, lowering themselves in fast but controlled bursts...

They hit the deck HARD, rolling with the impact, releasing the line as it *whips off* the platform and over the rail.

Seaver and Jessup seeing this, about to go for them - stop in place as the tech waves for them to hold, looking up.

ABOVE

The helicopter tilting in the squall, attempting to right itself. The EOD tech signaling to them below, radio conversations we can't hear.

The helicopter begins to back off, leveling as it starts away. They're aborting the drop.

DECK

As the chopper disappears the EOD Tech hitches up their bag and hustles off the platform toward Seaver and Jessup.

Arriving we see the EOD tech is a woman, late 40s, a good-humored grin through strains of hair whipping in the wind as she crowds beside them. This is P.O. MATHERS.

MATHERS

(yelling over the wind)
 Petty Officer Mathers! Looks like
 you're stuck with me for the next
 few days!

SEAVER

We'll take it! C.O. Seaver, welcome
 aboard!

Leading her off the deck...

MATHERS

Lieutenant said you might have
 found something!

SEAVER

About fifty of them! Scattered all
 over the ship!

MATHERS

Any activity?

SEAVER

Just sitting there with the goddamn
 lights on! Far as we can tell
 there's nothing wrong with them!

Mathers just grimaces as they reach the hatch. She's heard
 that before.

MATHERS

Show me.

INT. EMPEROR, CREW REC ROOM - DAY

Ping Pong paddles sliding on the table as the ship seesaws.
 The crew scattered around the room, passing time.

A group of engine machinists - BENNINGS (39, smoker),
 PITT (20, harelip), and STYLES (20, glasses) huddled over a game
 of Stratego.

Another lashing team, two men from Singapore (The LAU
 COUSINS) lounging across the room, a movie playing on the
 projector. Childs among them, zoned out.

Anders peers out the window, watching the helicopter fly off.

ANDERS

They got him in a navy chopper.

BENNINGS

What do you want them to pick him up in, an Uber?

ANDERS

That's a coast guard job. This one's got guns and shit. They don't send those for a med evac. Something's going on.

PITT

You're in forty bucks from last game is what's going on.
(makes his game move)
Sergeant takes scout.

Anders ignores him, pushing off the window, walking the room.

ANDERS

They're calling this an exhaust buildup. You can smell exhaust. Anyone smell exhaust?

Silence, half shaking their head, half not listening.

ANDERS (CONT'D)

Kellogg you were on cleanup, you smell exhaust?

Kellogg looks up from his book, choosing to stay quiet, gives a non-committal shrug.

KELLOGG

I got allergies man.

The others snickering. Anders eyes him. One of the Lau cousins, HUANG LAU, calls over -

HUANG LAU

Anders why do you give a shit?
We're still getting paid the same.
You're not out anything.

ANDERS

Cause whatever's goin' on, the guys who sign the checks got a lot more invested in decks one through twelve then they got in us. You ever think about that?

No responses. Guys going back to their games, moving on.

ANDERS (CONT'D)

Okay, explain this then. If it's a fume buildup inside, why do they got the top deck out *there* locked down?

The games slowing now. This lands, faces considering this...

CHEN (O.S.)

Kellogg.

Chen stands in the doorway, head nodding toward the hallway -

CHEN (CONT'D)

Master wants you in the officer's room.

Kellogg rises, men watching as he follows the officer out.

INT. EMPEROR, HALLWAY - DAY

Chen and Kellogg exit. Down the hall officers are already streaming out of the conference room, heading their way.

KELLOGG

Sorry sir but, what's-

MATHERS (O.S.)

You.

Mathers amongst the officers, noticing Kellogg. She holds up the rebuilt tennis ball grenade as she passes.

MATHERS (CONT'D)

You the one that put this together?

KELLOGG

Yes ma'am.

MATHERS

Okay you're with us.

She tosses it to him, continues on, Chen falling in with them. Kellogg stares, even more confused. Flags Seaver as he passes:

KELLOGG

Sir, sir... w-what's happening?

SEAVER

(low, eyeing the crew rec)
We're going down there. Hopefully find a way to disarm the others.

Kellogg, color draining from his face. *The others?*

Seaver starts to go, motions to the ball in Kellogg's hand.

SEAVER (CONT'D)
Get rid of that thing.

ELEVATOR

Kellogg scurrying off in the bg as Jodie, Mathers and the other officers hail the elevator, wait. In the silence --

JESSUP
You think you can do what you need
to? You know... without the others?

Mathers looks up, sees all eyes on her.

MATHERS
If I didn't I wouldn't have gotten
off the chopper.

The elevator arrives. They step inside, silent as they wait for the doors. As they close....

MATHERS (CONT'D)
...But if you see me running try
and keep up.

INT. EMPEROR, DECK (3) - DAY

THE PONTIAC SEDAN now secluded on the deck, lights glowing. Someone has slapped a "Hazardous Material" sticker across its windshield. Its panels propped open: doors, gas tank, hood...

...everything but the trunk.

NEARBY

The surrounding cars have been pulled back into a barricade, Jodie and others looking out, a no-mans zone between them.

MATHERS (OVER RADIO)
...got the spare kit, first aid...

IN THE PONTIAC

We see more of the interior disassembled, the paneling removed, glove compartment open, overhead lights dangling.

MATHERS lays across the backseat in a light coverage suit: kevlar vest, mask, Nomex gloves...

The upholstery has been strategically slashed. Mathers watches a small monitor as she feeds a video line into the trunk, stops:

MATHERS (CONT'D)
 ...there you are.

On the monitor: The silhouette of something on the floor. She tilts the scope camera, sending light down onto:

A *fragmentation grenade*, fastened near the trunk latch.

BARRICADE

The others motionless, listening as Mathers' tempered voice continues over the walkie.

MATHERS (CONT'D)
 Fishing line. Tied one end to the pin, threaded it through the latch, tied the other end to the trunk. Trunk opens, pulls the pin.

Jodie exchanging looks with Kellogg. Hagen lifts the radio.

HAGEN
 You think that's what's been going off?

MATHERS (OVER RADIO)
 ...No, doesn't explain the lights. I think it's the do-not-enter sign. (and then) There's something else here.

TRUNK

As the scope camera silently continues in the red din of the tail light, dust particles floating... moving deeper.

PONTIAC

Beads of sweat on Mather's temple as she continues on, passing the camera across each surface: jumper cables, a road atlas... holds. Reverses, panning back to the corner...

TRUNK

The *tail light wires exposed*. A small AA battery pack spliced into the line.

PONTIAC

Mathers staring at the monitor.

MATHERS (CONT'D)
 Damn.

HAGEN (OVER RADIO)
 What? What is it?

Mathers ignores him, follows the wires, sees they snake off to somewhere under the trunk lining, toward THE FUEL TANK.

Mathers' jaw clenches, eyes closing a moment.

MATHERS
 ...damn.

She kills the monitor, starts retracting the line...

PRELAP:

MATHERS (V.O.)
 He's using the car battery as a timer.

INT. EMPEROR, OFFICER'S CONFERENCE - MOMENTS LATER

Mathers leans at the window, the ship diagram behind her.

MATHERS
 It's why the lights are on. As soon as the battery drains, triggers the explosive.

Jodie and the others sitting around the table.

JODIE
 We're already ten hours out. How long's a battery take to drain?

HAGEN
 Depending on the model and the draw, twelve, thirteen hours.

SEAVER
 Just long enough to put us in the middle of the Atlantic.

CHEN
 If the power drains, won't that keep it from going off?

MATHERS
 It's powering a transistor that's blocking the charge.
 (off their looks)
 Think of it like cutting the wrong wire.

(MORE)

MATHERS (CONT'D)

Instead of cutting, he's just powering it down, lets the circuit complete - charge goes off.

Dead silence.

JODIE

So we start their engines. We have the keys, recharge the batteries-

SEAVER

The keys are gone.
(looking over at her)
Felson must have taken them before we left port.

JODIE

...can we turn off the lights? Save the battery, buy us some time...

MATHERS

Might delay it, won't stop it.
(to the room)
And right now, how bright those lights are are the only indication of how much time we've got left.

HAGEN

And there's no way to defuse them.

Asking here, reaching. Mathers sighs, weighing out loud...

MATHERS

With no timer... and if I could x-ray and drill into the trunk... had three times the people...

KELLOGG

We've got three times the people.
The lashing crews cr-

JODIE

We can't use the lashing crews.
(a glance at Kellogg)
No offense but these guys aren't engineers, they're... glorified parking valets. And may I just remind everyone that we've got 350 million dollars worth of stock out there on deck. So a little caution-

HAGEN

Jesus Donnelly you really are what they're saying out there about y-

JODIE
 I'm saying *they're not qualified* to deal with this, and I shouldn't have to be the only one reminding us the damage we're trying to avoid here Kristofer-

HAGEN (CONT'D)
 I'm not playing teams to save your merchandise from a few dents and scratches. We're trying to solve a problem here, you're worried about *chipping the fucking paint-*

MATHERS
 (rising over them)
 Even with- *EVEN WITH* a full team, we get called in on a site like this, we would not attempt a render safe operation. Primary response is we do a controlled detonation.

SEAVER
 What are you saying?

MATHERS
 I'm saying we let them go off.

Faces falling, going quiet.

MATHERS (CONT'D)
 The decks are twelve inch deep drop-forged steel. They should be able to take the impact.

CHEN
 ...is there really no other option?

Mathers stares back evenly.

MATHERS
 If there is we've got two hours to figure it out.
 (then)
 In the meantime keep your people away, get your fire suppression systems ready.

The situation sinking in. This is really happening. The room rising, getting to work. Mathers catches Jodie's look as she grabs her things.

MATHERS (CONT'D)
 Even on land this would be standard operating procedure.

JODIE
 Well we're not on land Officer.

Hanging there as Jodie exits.

INT. EMPEROR, HALLWAY - DAY

As the officers flood out of the room...

ANDERS

Watching from the rec window down the hall.

INT. EMPEROR, OFFICER'S CONFERENCE - DAY

With Chen as he drops off another load of fire gear, tanks and rebreathers starting to amass on the floor.

INT. EMPEROR, COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - DAY

Weather systems on the radar, thermals swirling violently.

A FAX MACHINE at work beside it, a print-out coming over. Hagen seeing it from afar, starts over. He rips it off, reading:

WWV 0700 GMT C72 - NORTH ATLANTIC STORM SYSTEM UPGRADED - HURRICANE JENNY / ALL NAVY VESSELS TO EVACUATE REGION..."

Hagen reads further, *grabs for the phone.*

INT. EMPEROR, JODIE'S QUARTERS - DAY

WIND HOWLING at the window. Ship diagrams spread across the desk. JODIE scribbling across one of them. Her pen *stops.*

She stares down at the final number, troubled.

Just then - YELLING outside her room. We see bodies passing in the window, heading for the bridge.

INT. EMPEROR, BRIDGE - DAY

The LASHING CREWS now crowding the bridge. Jessup and Eckhoff cornered against the window, yelling back.

JESSUP

-- I told you, you get back to the crew rec, or back to-

ANDERS

-- What's down there! You either tell us what's going on-

ECKHOFF

I said it's a leak Anders.

ANDERS
Bullshit! Where's the Master?

ECKHOFF
Just get back to your quarters and-

Eckhoff raising his arm out. Anders knocks it away, the two men starting to shove. Men behind them joining in, yells rising --

SEAVER (O.S.)
Hey! HEY!

Roaring out behind them. All looking back. Seaver in the doorway. Jodie, Mathers and the other officers behind him.

Seaver glares across the room.

SEAVER (CONT'D)
Everyone knocks this shit off right now. *Right now.*

Anders threads his way forward. His anger giving away to exhaustion, looking for answers. He's *afraid*.

ANDERS
Sir we just, we want to know what's going on.

JODIE
(speaking up)
We are in a situation. We are handling it.

Anders stares at her, swallows. Then --

ANDERS
Why's Kellogg got this thing under his bunk?

He holds up the tennis ball grenade. Seaver casts a look over at Kellogg, who shrugs helplessly. Anders continues --

ANDERS (CONT'D)
What are you all talking about in there? What are those red x's in the window mean. Is there something wrong with the ship?

JODIE
No, the x's they're just... they're import flags. We need to tag-

HAGEN (O.S.)
They're bombs.

All eyes going to HAGEN, now standing down the bridge. He holds up the manifest binder Jodie brought him earlier, tosses it down on the terminal desk.

HAGEN (CONT'D)

Piggy-backing off the gas tanks. In two hours, every vehicle marked in there is wired to explode... and no one else is coming for us.

Dead silence. On Jodie, turning cold as Anders slowly turns, staring back at her.

INT. EMPEROR, HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Looking in on the Officer's room, Hagen now inside with the crew, walking them through the situation, answering questions.

Jodie leans against the wall outside, eyes glued at nothing.

MATHERS (O.S.)

It was the right call.

Mathers stepping in, leaning beside her.

MATHERS (CONT'D)

We're on our own now with a lot of deck to cover. We could use the hands, turn them into-

JODIE

Or we just turned fourteen mildly harmless people into a liability looking to do something stupid.

Mathers weathers this. Jodie stares ahead with her, troubled.

JODIE (CONT'D)

We've got another problem.

(glancing over)

The weight. One car goes, that's two tons. I can balance that. We lose a couple of cars around it, debris, fluids, combustibles... I can balance that. Guy drives on fifty cars...

(a pause)

Nobody balances that.

On Mathers, absorbing this.

MATHERS

How many cars would we need to save to keep the ship balanced?

JODIE

It's relative. We lose three on port we let three go on starboard. We lose ten cars on deck five and none on ten then we're top-heavy, be like standing on a surfboard with a cinderblock on our head.

She looks over, Mather's giving her a look. Just *give me an answer*.

JODIE (CONT'D)

Thirty one cars. Two hundred metric tons.

Just then Hagen sticks his head out.

HAGEN

We might have something.

INT. EMPEROR, OFFICER'S CONFERENCE - MOMENTS LATER

The crew on one side, officers on the other. Machinist Bennings selected as the designated speaker for the moment.

BENNINGS

...we gotta forget everything on deck seven. Teslas, Priuses, they got proprietary software just to start the damn things. Same for the John Deere harvesters. For everything else...

(looking around)

We're going to hot-wire them.

Officers exchanging glances.

SEAVER

You all know how to do that?

PALMER

Styles and Pitt can, I've seen them do it.

Styles and Pitt shrug, outed.

BENNINGS

We hot start the rigged cars, get them running, let the alternator charge the batteries.

MATHERS

Won't work.

(the others looking over)

(MORE)

MATHERS (CONT'D)

Even if that didn't trip the charge, at this point the battery wouldn't turn over the engine. Cars are too far gone.

ANDERS (O.S.)

Cars next to them aren't.

Silence. Anders in the back, speaking up.

HAGEN

What do you mean?

ANDERS

Well we hook our dead ones up to one of those, give 'em a jump. Like a blood transfusion. Battery will still charge without the car on.

MATHERS

You got fifty pairs of jumper cables in the machine shop?

KELLOGG

No, but we got eight thousand other cars on board. There's got to be a couple sets in those.

(then, to the Lau cousins)

Huang we still got those voltmeters in the rack?

They nod.

HUANG LAU

Last I saw.

KELLOGG

(back to Mathers)

Plug those in, check your charge, probably get them back up to 80-90 amp-hours.

Hagen looks over at Seaver and Mathers. Their eyes then drifting back to Jodie, sitting behind them.

She watches Anders in the corner, staring back at her, expressionless. Jodie nods.

JODIE

That should work.

Hagen turns to the others.

HAGEN

Won't be enough to start the motors
again but we could top them off,
long enough to get us-

A LOW RUMBLE. Eyes looking up at the distant tremor.

Suddenly Jessup's voice in stereo as it comes over walkies
around the room, tuned to the same channel.

JESSUP (OVER RADIO)

11-25 we have a port fire on deck
four. Response team to four.

The crew's eyes darting around, alert now.

PITT

I thought you said we had a two
hours?

Hagen looks around, lands on Mathers, no answer either.

VOOM. Another rumble.

JESSUP (OVER RADIO)

Deck nine, lot six starboard fire,
Fire team to nine. *Is anyone there?*

A pause.

It's starting.

And then THE ROOM ON ITS FEET. *Things moving very quickly now -*

Orders being *shouted -- grabbing gear --* Mather's shoves a
radio into Jodie's hand as crew rushes out, nods to the map
of the ship on the window.

MATHERS

The weight, call it out - keep us
even. We lose one you tell us where
to pick it up.

Jodie can't speak, just nods.

MATHERS (CONT'D)

(affirming)
Thirty one cars.

JODIE

Thirty one.

An unsure look as she *runs off.*

INT. EMPEROR, DECK (9) - SERIES

GLASS SHATTERING

A tire iron exploding the rear window of a Chevy, gloved hands reaching for the jumper cables inside.

Wide on THE DECK

Four cars burning. A fifth erupting in the distance.

STYLES AND CHEN

In fire-suits rushing to douse the next blaze, passing...

PITT AND SEAVER

Coils of jumper cables slung on their shoulders, handing a pair off to...

PALMER AND JESSUP

Ready next to the open hood of a lit-up Mercedes, another propped open beside it, engine running.

Sparks flying as Palmer clamps on. Jessup holds the voltmeter to the battery contacts as the engine beside them runs.

ON ITS GAUGE

We see it holding ".08..." and then, slowly ".09... 1.0..."

INT. EMPEROR, OFFICER'S CONFERENCE - AT THAT MOMENT

The radio on the table:

PALMER (OVER RADIO)
Mercedes on nine is up.

Jodie at the window. We see she's BISECTED the diagram of the ship, deck ten all the way down to deck one - a running tally of the weight on each side.

<u>PORT</u>	/	<u>STARBOARD</u>
8194 t	/	7892 t
8188 t	/	7900 t
8160 t	/	7927 t

She grabs the radio as she marks the Mercedes safe.

JODIE
Okay that's seven cleared. Take the Pontiac, spot 902.

She switches channels.

JODIE (CONT'D)
Deck four I need you on --
(off the diagram)
The Astin Martin - 421.

EXT. EMPEROR, DECK (6)

Close on HEADLIGHTS - springing back to life.

Hagen and others rigging in a fleet of limousines.

ACROSS THE DECK

Kellogg slides a pair of jumper cables off his shoulder onto the deck, pops the hood of a glowing *Humvee*.

Next to him Bennings climbs up into the driver's seat, about to start the ignition.

MATHERS (O.S.)
Clear! Clear!

MATHERS calling from down the deck. Bennings halts. Kellogg looks down. The lights right beside him, now *gone dark*.

BENNINGS
God damn mother-

Bennings spilling out, Kellogg unclipping, both scrambling --

AS THEY CLEAR

A FLARE inside, and then a chain-reaction as the tank IGNITES, the blow *lifting the body*, flames *blossoming out* and-

INT. EMPEROR - OFFICER'S CONFERENCE

Jodie at the window. Another dozen cars crossed out.

KELLOGG (OVER RADIO)
We lost the Hummer on six.

JODIE
Shit...

Her eyes roam the map, some mental math. She grabs the radio -

JODIE (INTO RADIO) (CONT'D)
Okay, take the two Mustangs on ten.
(switching channels)
(MORE)

JODIE (INTO RADIO) (CONT'D)
 Deck four we're limping left, I
 want you leave the Martin, head to
 the Volkswagen on five...

INT. EMPEROR, DECK (4)

Anders and Childs thrown, exchanging looks over the engine.

ANDERS (INTO RADIO)
 We just got done wiring it.

JODIE (OVER RADIO)
 Well, unwire it.

Collecting their gear. A forlorn look at the classic car.

CHILDS
 Sorry girl.

As they run off --

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY

WAVES, the ship *swaying in the spray*...

INT. EMPEROR, DECK (3)

Tires SKIDDING, straining against their lashes.

HAGEN

Eyeing this warily, a team working on a CITY BUS in the bg.

HAGEN (INTO RADIO)
 Donnelly how are we doing?

INT. EMPEROR, OFFICER'S CONFERENCE - AT THAT MOMENT

Erasing old numbers with her sleeve.

JODIE (INTO RADIO)
 ...Doing a lot better if we had
 another eight tons off our ass.
 We're dragging aft-

A deep rumble. Jodie lifts the radio...

JODIE (INTO RADIO) (CONT'D)
 What was that?

No answer.

JODIE (INTO RADIO) (CONT'D)
Kristofer, what was that.

INT. EMPEROR, DECK (3)

The radio laying on the ground.

The bus now ON FIRE in the distance. Two crew downed on the deck, stunned but alive, Hagen and others kneeling beside them as they help them away.

A boot steps in, picks the walkie up. Up to:

MATHERS (INTO RADIO)
It was one of the buses.

INTERCUT:

Jodie, cursing under her breath. Situation getting to her.

MATHERS (OVER RADIO) (CONT'D)
Jodie go to two.

Jodie switches, on a private channel now.

MATHERS (CONT'D)
How many cars do we have left?

JODIE
(eyes closed, thinking)
There's ten still out there. If we can get-

MATHERS
The weight. Thirty one cars. How short are we?

A beat. She lifts the radio.

JODIE
Nine.

On Mathers. Only allowing herself a moment, then steeling herself, calling out across the deck.

MATHERS
Okay let's go!

JODIE - staring at the numbers on the window, then jams a walkie onto her belt, *dashes off*.

EXT. EMPEROR - DAY

Flying over the ship, the OCEAN COMING ALIVE around it...

INT. EMPEROR, DECK (8)

FIRES BURNING as *gear slides*, crew criss-crossing the deck - ratcheting, RPMs roaring, *on full steam now...*

STAIRWELL

The door *slamming open*. Jodie shoving her way onto the deck. She shoulders a stack of cables, jumping into the fray.

INT. EMPEROR, DECK (5)

ANDERS skids to a stop next to a red car. He throws up the hood, grabs the jumper cables - *freezes*. Staring down...

INT. EMPEROR, DECK (8)

Jodie lugging cables, her radio crackles to life. Listening as she continues...

ANDERS (OVER RADIO)

Yeah we got a situation on five.
Lights are good but I can't get to
the battery.

JODIE (INTO RADIO)

What's the problem?

ANDERS (OVER RADIO)

It's a Porsche 356.
(and then)
The engine's in the trunk.

A beat. Mathers breaks in.

MATHERS (OVER RADIO)

Leave it for the fire team. Clear
and let it go.

A pause.

ANDERS (OVER PHONE)

...we're not gonna wanna do that
ma'am.

INT. EMPEROR, DECK (5) - DAY

CLOSE ON a cherry red PORSCHE 356 lashed down at the end of its row. As we pull back, we see the giant letters stenciled against the bulkhead wall beside it:

"DIESEL FUEL LINE - FLAMMABLE"

Mathers, Hagen, Jodie and Anders now standing across from it.

HAGEN

How clear do we need to get it?

MATHERS

Fifteen, twenty yards around.

ANDERS

And where are we supposed to get that!? Look around. We got a car every ten inches, you see any private lots laying around?

JODIE

The helipad.

All looking to Jodie.

MATHERS

How are we going to get it up there, we can't start it-

JODIE

We're not going to start it. We're going to push it.

MATHERS

Up five decks!?

But Hagen is catching on now...

HAGEN

The cargo lift.

Nodding across the deck - the open-platform VEHICLE ELEVATOR we saw earlier.

ANDERS

We got enough time for that?

All turning now, looking down at the fading headlights...

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. EMPEROR, DECK (5) - MOMENTS LATER

The Porsche in neutral, doors *wingspanned open*, Hagen and Anders *pushing from the frame* --

Jodie and Mathers in the back - grimaces and grease as they roll across the deck...

AHEAD

Crew clearing cars out of their path. All hands joining in - the last car left. SEEVER jumping down from a cab as the Porsche glides on. His eyes on:

THE HEADLIGHTS -- growing dim.

Crew scrambling off, Hagen about to step onto the platform.

IT STARTS RISING

Looking up to find MATHERS keying the controls, taking it up herself. Not letting anyone else go. Hagen yelling, drowned out by the hydraulics...

The CREW all seeing this as *she disappears above*...

Hagen bolts for the stairs.

INT. EMPEROR, CARGO LIFT - CONTINUOUS

Mathers, alone now with the car, both rocking as the lift presses upward. Her eyes tick toward the headlights...

She reaches inside, flicks them off. Every amp counts now.

Then DAYLIGHT coming down the shaft from above...

EXT. EMPEROR, TOP DECK - CONTINUOUS

Metal hatch doors unfolding as the cargo lift rises from below.

MATHERS

Hit with the wind, squinting as she looks around: A labyrinth of pipes and gas lines. And rising above:

THE HELIPAD

The ramp ten yards ahead. Mathers goes to the back, heels digging in. The car *slowly rolling ahead*, tires squealing. She gets to the base of the ramp. Uphill from here...

A breath, heart pounding. She HEAVES FORWARD --

SLIPS, boot losing purchase on the spray-slick deck. Water dripping down the darkened headlights.

She gets up, about to go again --

HAGEN suddenly beside her, shoulder pressing the bumper. PALMER appearing on the other side, pushing.

MORE HANDS. Joining in - shirts clinging, GREEKS straining as they roll their metal boulder up...

...and OVER THE RISE onto the helipad.

UP FRONT

SEAVER locking in the parking break as it's placed.

SEAVER
(screaming over the wind)
CLEAR! CLEAR!

The crew scrambling back into the stacks of cars - abandoning the Porsche there --

Still running as a PLUME OF YELLOW lights their backs - an EXPLOSION THUNDERING out over the waves, debris hissing past.

Looking back as they take cover - all watching:

A FIREBALL

Burning on the pad, the skeletal remains of the car inside. A debris field echoing out...

The scene *hissing* as the rain begins to fall.

INT. EMPEROR, PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

Later now. Seaver working his way down the causeway.

INT. EMPEROR, BRIDGE OFFICE - NIGHT

As he arrives in the doorway, finds Hagen and Jodie leaning over the phone. We hear Lovell's voice on speaker.

LOVELL (OVER PHONE)
...not entirely conclusive, but
hoping it'll confirm conditions to
put you back on route.

HAGEN
Any word on Felson?

OLMSTEAD (OVER PHONE)
They're still looking. His car was
missing, they think he's likely left
the state. We have another call with
the BPD liaison in the morning.
We'll update you then. In the
meantime try and get some sleep.

HAGEN
Okay.

Hagen ends the call, turns to Seaver in the doorway.

SEAVER
Mathers is briefing Lt. Ross in the coms
room. Couple guys are asking to use the
bridge line to call their families.

HAGEN
Tell them their families are being
notified. I want to keep the coms
open for now.

SEAVER
(nodding, then)
Holding everyone else in the crew
rec. If we're cleared... I was
about to reassign the rounds.

Hagen, silent for a moment.

HAGEN
No. There's something I need to
show them.

INT. EMPEROR, CREW REC ROOM - NIGHT

The crew gathered. The two Lau cousins, bruised and bandaged. Low uneasy conversations as they all wait, falling silent as Seaver enters the room, holding the door.

Hagen appears, lugging a small wooden crate. He sets it down, all quiet as he extracts...

One of the *Aquavit liquor bottles* from inside.

HAGEN

STCW Convention requires
administration to monitor and
prohibit any smoking or consumption
of alcohol while on board.

(and then)

But tonight, I'm going to bed.

He slides the crate forward with his foot. The crew smiling at each other, start to rise. As they dig in Hagen pauses by Seaver on his way out, hands him the bottle he pulled out.

HAGEN (CONT'D)

For the Ensign and first crew after
shift. Make sure the rest sleep it
off.

SEAVER

How about the ballast rotation?
Probably time to rebalance the
tanks.

HAGEN

Leave it for the morning. I want
everyone to have the night.

(nods at the bottle)

You as well.

Seaver nods, music starting as Hagen retires to his room.

INT. EMPEROR, HALLWAY - LATER

Music louder now. Jodie stopping in the window, watching.

INSIDE

The crew blowing off steam, shirts tied around heads, a card game going. We see MATHERS has joined them, men stopping by with back slaps and drinks, joking with her.

WITH MATHERS NOW

Smiling along as she plays her hand. Then getting a sense, she glances up at the window.

Nobody there. Jodie is gone.

INT. EMPEROR, JODIE'S QUARTER'S - NIGHT

Jodie at her laptop in bed, reading glasses and one of Mark's Baltimore Raven's sweatshirts on.

An alert appearing on screen - low battery.

She rises, searching for her charger, rummaging through the mounted room furniture. She opens the desk, checks a drawer, checks another, *pauses*, feeling something. Reaching deeper...

Pulls out a *Garmin satellite phone* - likely left behind by the last tenant. She checks the screen, appears dead.

Just then a knock at the door. Jodie leaves it, calls over --

JODIE

Yeah.

Mathers politely looking in, holds up two dixie cups, sets them on the table.

Jodie shrugs as she takes one, *why not*, sits as she stares down into the drink.

JODIE (CONT'D)

Crew seems to be a fan of yours.

MATHERS

(leaning against the desk)
Pretty sure they're just a fan of
not getting blown up.

JODIE

Well can't argue there.
(rising her cup)
Cheers then.

Mathers declines politely, motions to the uniform.

MATHERS

Can't till I'm relieved... those
are both yours.

JODIE

Look like I need it that bad huh?

Mathers shrugs, smiling. She notices Jodie's phone on the nightstand, eyes the background photo of Jodie's daughter.

MATHERS

Mine did the same, pierced her nose.

On Jodie, a little surprised. Sitting back...

JODIE
You got kids.

MATHERS
Oh yeah. Two girls.

JODIE
How's that work out, you being gone
all the time?

Mathers just bobs her head, *that's the problem isn't it.*

MATHERS
...just gotta...make sure to make
it count when I'm not.
(then)
But you know that. It's tough, when
they tell us to go we go, right?

Jodie smiles, finally takes her drink. Then --

JODIE
They didn't tell me. I volunteered.
(off Mather's surprise)
Accident a few years ago. They
cleared me but, company worked it so
I could stay at home more, get some
family time. Me being around though,
seemed to just make things worse.
Decided I'd rather miss them than
keep fighting with them.
(pained smile)
What does that say about me?

MATHERS
(choosing her words)
It says... that if you wanted some
peace and quiet, you sure picked a
shitty boat to do it on.

A laugh here, falling silent again. And then --

JODIE
You think we're out of this thing?

MATHERS
...I do.
(calm, reassuring)
LT's stationing me on board till
we're back in port. These things, you
can't know but from my experience,
guy had a window, took his shot.

This lands. Jodie nods, looking off.

JODIE

You know I saw him that morning.
 (looking to Mathers)
 Felson. Down below on one. Thing I
 can't put together is, of all the
 decks he had cars assigned to, deck
 one wasn't one of them. So what was
 he doing there?

Mathers absorbs this, considering.

MATHERS

Waiting for a ride?

JODIE

...could be.

MATHERS

Lashing crews were down there
 earlier, they report seeing
 anything?

Jodie shakes her head. About to let it go --

MATHERS (CONT'D)

So we'll go down there. Check
 around in the morning.

Mathers rises to leave, sees Jodie's surprise.

MATHERS (CONT'D)

Got four more days on this rig.
 It's either that or watching
 Chinese bootlegs in the rec room.

Jodie grins, nods. *Okay then.*

Mathers turns to go... halts. She reaches over, takes the
 remaining dixie cup and downs the drink, breathing out.

She exits.

EXT. EMPEROR - MORNING

A grey dawn breaking in the distance, cloud cover running to
 the horizon.

INT. EMPEROR, CREW REC - MORNING

Childs and Bennings asleep on the couches.

INT. EMPEROR, OUTER DECK - MORNING

Seaver running his AM laps, nods ahead as he passes --

MATHERS, jogging the other direction.

INT. EMPEROR, JODIE'S QUARTERS - MORNING

Jodie brushing her teeth at the compact sink. An electronic ringing going off behind her...

The SATELLITE PHONE - now charging on the desk. Jodie spits -- goes over to it, eyes the screen.

A long 13 digit number calling in. She waits a second, unsure whether to answer, reaches for it...

JODIE

Hello?

Static and silence.

JODIE (CONT'D)

If you can hear me - this phone was left on the MV Norfolk Emperor...

Noise on the other end. Might be a breath, might just be signal feedback. She listens...

JODIE (CONT'D)

Call sign LRUJ7...

A click. Jodie clocks the screen. The call has died.

INT. EMPEROR, BRIDGE - MORNING

Folgers chugging in the Mr. Coffee. Hagen pours himself a thermos from the pot, stares out at the day.

Across the room, Jessup at the helm. Hagen starts toward a terminal, calls out to him.

HAGEN

Barometrics. How's our pressure?

JESSUP

Floating around 03 since 0400.

Hagen, a slow exhale.

HAGEN

Okay then, gently to 310, knots at
16, resuming course.

He finds his chair, sets down his mug as he eases into it.

INT. EMPEROR, PASSAGEWAY DECK (14) - MORNING

Jodie waiting in the hall, two cups of coffee in hand.
Mathers exits her temp quarters, falling in step with Jodie
as they head toward the elevator.

As they step inside Mathers grins, nods at the coffees.

MATHERS

Paying me back?

Jodie clocks the second cup, pushes the button to go down.

JODIE

No, these are both mine.

The door closes.

INT. EMPEROR, DECK (1) - MORNING

The heavy cargo deck we saw earlier. Helicopters, subway cars
and semi-trucks forming tall, claustrophobic passageways up
and down the deck.

LIGHT filling the window of an AMBULANCE as Mathers walks
past, panning a flashlight up and down the rig.

MATHERS

And this is where you saw him?

JODIE (O.S.)

...that's where he was...

Mathers finishes, finds nothing. As she continues down the
aisle, flashlight sweeping...

INTERCUT WITH:

NEXT AISLE

Jodie walking along, doing the same.

JODIE (CONT'D)

The cars Felson rigged, they
normally go up like that?

MATHERS

What'd you expect?

JODIE

Well you guys said he's
piggy-backing off the gas tanks.
But they only have two gallons in
them, keeps the weight down.

MATHERS

Gas isn't the problem, it's the
fumes. Blow a full tank, you'll
just get wet, if it goes at all.
You set off inside a 2.6 cubic tank
full of fumes... now you got a
mortar.

Jodie makes a face.

JODIE

Would love to hear the table talk
at dinner at your house.
(and then)
Your girls' father, you guys still
together?

No response. She looks down. Mather's flashlight has gone
still, hovering over something on the other side.

Jodie steps over.

WITH MATHERS NOW

Finds Mathers kneeling beside the MI ABRAMS TANK, light fixed
on something underneath. Jodie kneels beside her...

A WHITE CONTAINER wedged beneath the tank, small, cellophane
coating reflecting the light back.

MATHERS

I don't see an ignition from here.
Might run up under the-

Quieting as Jodie crouches forward, reaching under...

MATHERS (CONT'D)

No hold on wait wait--

Mathers flinching as Jodie *grips* the box and pulls, prying it
free. She brings it out into the light, holds it up...

A pack of Camel cigarettes.

Mathers stares at her in disbelief.

MATHERS (CONT'D)
How'd you know that?

JODIE
Cause I'm the one that hid them
there.

Mathers staring another beat, then collapsing back against the treads, Jodie guiltily shoving them back into her pocket.

JODIE (CONT'D)
Forgot about them till now.
Sorry...

Jodie sobering as Mathers shoots her a look, serious. Mathers rises, points her light along the port hull wall.

MATHERS
Let's walk the hull and finish up
huh.

JODIE
Yeah, right.

They start along in silence, Mathers trailing ahead. Then...

JODIE (CONT'D)
So you want one-

MATHERS
Yeah.

INT. EMPEROR, ENGINE ROOM - MORNING

Lights flickering on as Seaver enters. He lays his jogging hoodie down as he goes to the control panel we saw him working earlier, gauges and dials humming.

He boots on an old monitor, keys his radio.

SEAVER (INTO RADIO)
Okay bridge, Engine room is online,
we are go for scheduled ballast
rotation.

INT. EMPEROR, BRIDGE - AT THAT MOMENT

Hagen working in the back office. JESSUP at his station, following along on his own monitor.

JESSUP (INTO RADIO)
Copy that Engine. We'll be doing a
discharge from the forward peak
tank over to Number five.

INTERCUT WITH:

SEAVER as he follows along on the board...

SEAVER
...discharge to number five...

Opening lines between tanks, gauge lights going red to green.
He steps over to a PUMP CONTROL PANEL, flips a cover off...

SEAVER (CONT'D)
Outboard valve maxing to 300 cm's
per hour, and... engaging pump.

As his finger goes down on the button.

INT. EMPEROR, DECK (1)

Mathers, a cigarette now dangling from her mouth, looking up
suddenly as a METAL SHUDDER echoes along the hull wall.

Jodie sees it, calls ahead to her.

JODIE
Ballast rotation.

MATHERS
Always that loud?

JODIE
Every time.

Mathers continues on, muttering under her breath.

MATHERS
...four more days...

INT. EMPEROR, BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Hagen topping off his coffee as he starts back to his
terminal, pressing on a coms mic.

HAGEN
Okay Engine. If you would let's
give the starboard tanks a stir.
Valve at 45.

ENGINE ROOM

Seaver wheeling his way across the console, reaching across the panel.

SEAVER

Starboard number two...

Flipping switches open to allow the flow, suddenly he stops, raises his hand...

Sneezes into his hoodie. Resuming...

SEAVER (CONT'D)

Valve open 45 and... flow.

INT. EMPEROR, BALLAST TANK CRAWL SPACE - AT THAT MOMENT

A tangle of pipes between bulkhead walls. The sound of a submerged clanging - GROWING as we float over the pipes, coming to rest on a VALVE CUPPLING, a rusted wheel over the hatch. And tied to it...

A DOZEN FISHING LINES leading into the pipe, the same we saw on the grenades, now straining against the current, the sound of metal *bouncing violently inside and...*

They suddenly *go silent...* breaking free from their pins, CAMERA *whip-panning* down the pipe as the grenades are taken downstream, five... four... three...

INT. EMPEROR, DECK (1) - CONTINUOUS

Mathers walking the perimeter. She pauses a moment, smiling to herself. She ticks off her flashlight, looks back at Jodie.

MATHERS

You know, it got infected when she did it.

JODIE

What did?

MATHERS

My girl's piercing. Her nose. I told her she couldn't do it so she, took this hobby needle, heated it up-

MATHERS' BODY DISAPEARS in a torrent of metal and spray, the ballast wall beside her BURSTING OPEN.

Jodie KNOCKED BACK, head smacking the deck plating, the world ringing. Her eyes coming around, looking up at *two stories of water* surging violently onto the deck, more metal groaning along the wall beside her.

In a daze Jodie turns away, claws to her knees, starts to run-
The hull behind her BLOWS.

CUT TO:

BLACK

EXT. BALTIMORE CAR WASH - DAY (**THE PAST**)

The Donnelly's SUV pulls up to an automatic car wash.

INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

Mark putting the car in neutral. Jodie beside him, church clothes on, the teenager from the photos in the backseat on her phone - their daughter LORIE.

All bouncing as the car is pulled onto the track. Jodie tugs a soda can off a six pack, hands the rest back to Lorie.

JODIE

Honey throw these in the cooler
with the rest please.

LORIE

The cooler's in the garage fridge.

JODIE

...Lorie the sandwich trays were in
there. I told you to put it in the
back.

LORIE

I didn't hear you I'm sorry.

Light on the remorse. Jodie glaring into the rear-view as soapy columns pound the windows.

MARK

Jode it's okay.

JODIE

No we aren't showing up the
only family who doesn't bring
anything to a baptism...

MARK (CONT'D)

So I'll run in somewhere and
get something...

LORIE

Can you grab me some gum?

Both look back at her, amazed. Lorie absorbed on her phone.

Suddenly Jodie reaches back, snatches it from her, Lorie immediately pawing after it.

LORIE (CONT'D)
Mom no, *give it back-*

JODIE
Are you listening to yourself?

Lorie suddenly positions her finger on ceiling, hovering over the *sun roof button* as the wash outside continues.

JODIE (CONT'D)
...Don't you dare.

LORIE
Give my phone.

JODIE
You'll *soak the car...*

LORIE
Then give me my phone.

An awkward stand off. Fabric tentacles starting to slather back and forth across the windshield.

Both half-mad, half-smiling at the absurdity.

LORIE (CONT'D)
I'll do it.

Threatening as the machine makes its way forward.

Jodie hands the phone back. An unspoken cease fire. They sit there in silence, sprinklers raining down...

Suddenly Mark reaches up, *hits the sunroof button -- The glass sliding open.*

The girls screaming in shock, laughing as a flurry of soap and water sprays down on them.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. EMPEROR, INFIRMARY - DAY (**PRESENT**)

Jodie lies on the infirmary's gurney. A dark bruise across her face, gauze wrapped around her right eye as it slowly flutters open.

A stool screeching, footsteps leaving.

HER POV

THE DOOR swinging shut beside her, a figure exiting down the hall. But through the infirmary door her eye goes to the window outside, the horizon level on the ocean...

The world is TILTED. Not ebbing and flowing but *completely static*, permanently slanted 30 degrees.

Jodie's eye going WIDE.

The DOOR suddenly opening, Seaver bracing himself in the doorway to compensate for the uneven floor.

SEAVER
How's the head?

An imperceptible nod, eyes going back to the horizon.

JODIE
How off are we?

SEAVER
30 degrees. Explosion buckled tanks six through nine. Left deck one under about two feet of water, maybe 400,000 gallons all weighing down the-

JODIE
Mathers?

Seaver watches her, shakes his head.

On JODIE absorbing this, sound dropping as he continues on...

SEAVER
We were able to isolate the breaches we know of, but with the damage to...

EXT. EMPEROR, TOP DECK - FROM THE AIR - DAY

A bird flies over the top deck, a freeway pile-up below. Cars bunched and t-boned where lashes failed, others hung-up on the rails.

INT. EMPEROR, OFFICER'S CONFERENCE - DAY

Jodie still staring off. Around her Hagen, Seaver and the other officers mid conversation on a teleconference.

CHEN

...and to the steering gear as far as we can observe. But even if under power, if we tried moving now - with the excess water tonnage weighing down the starboard hull, we'd be unable to retain a vertical center of gravity.

OLMSTEAD (OVER PHONE)

What's the possibility of pumping out the excess ballast?

CHEN

Pump two was lost in the explosion. Pump one is operational if we had replacements for the discharge lines, which we don't have on board.

Hagen leans in now, a graver issue on his mind.

HAGEN

We also suffered damage to the stern life boat launch. We believe we still have the port-side boat, but with the ship's tilt it's currently stuck at the top of the ship and no longer over water. If anything else were to happen, we'd be unable to deploy. So for all intents, we are stuck aboard and dead in the water.

LOVELL (OVER PHONE)

...But you *are* currently stable.

Looks exchanging at Lovell's tone, then looking to Jodie, still drifting. She looks up, sees all eyes on her.

JODIE

...that's accurate.

Silence.

OLMSTEAD (OVER PHONE)

With conditions as they are, Gene... I wonder if it's time to consider sending someone to evacuate the vessel.

LOVELL

We've been looking at that contingency on our end...

(a beat, then)

(MORE)

LOVELL (CONT'D)

And considering the viability of the ship we *do not feel* that's the right course of action at this time.

The room hearing this, voices talking at once.

SEAVER

We don't *know* the viability of the ship - we've got engineers in Virginia making a call *1600 miles away!*

LOVELL (OVER PHONE)

The material and ecological impact it would have...

CHEN

...if we'd left when we had the chance...

LOVELL (CONT'D)

(rising above)

But we've concluded in conjunction with the NTSB, that the prudent thing to do now is abandon course and return to port in Baltimore.

The room settling, not expecting that. Momentarily placated.

HAGEN

...we're committing to this?

LOVELL

Lt. Ross has already dispatched the USS Detroit to escort you in. Naval Meteorology is working on clearing vessels to re-enter the region, but it'll take some time. Assuming the storm system doesn't change course - they should be able to rendezvous with you sometime tomorrow. Though Kristoffer, with the drainage operations and any repairs needed to get you back under power... well you might be out there a little longer.

HAGEN

How long.

LOVELL

A while. We're likely talking weeks not days.

Hagen and the rest, absorbing this. Olmstead speaks up suddenly.

OLMSTEAD (OVER PHONE)

We need to address another issue.

LOVELL
 ...Diane we'll discuss that
 separately...

OLMSTEAD
 If it could give us any insight-

LOVELL
 Right now *is not the-*

OLMSTEAD
 There was some additional
 information contained in Felson's
 message that we initially omitted.

Dead silence around the room.

SEAVER
 Information... what kind? Would it
 have... Jesus *do you know what*
we've been going through out here-

OLMSTEAD
 Nothing was left out, we told you
 everything we knew. The message
 itself though...
 (a beat)
 It was addressed to Norfolk. But he
 also addressed it by name, to Ms.
 Donnelly.

On Jodie, going still. Lovell breaks in, irritated.

LOVELL
 Okay I think that's enough. This
 has no bearing on the present
 situation. Felson's motivations are
 not material, never-mind rational.
 You will all proceed as designated.
 (shuffling, rising)
 We'll update you as more
 information comes in.

The call ends. The others all looking down the table at her.

INT. EMPEROR, ENGINE ROOM - LATER

Alone here. Jodie hidden amongst the stacks, bathed in the
 green light of the gauges, adding numbers to the log book.

SEAVER (O.S.)
 Was he right? Felson.

Seaver watching her from the hatch. A change in his voice.

SEAVER (CONT'D)
The Caprica, the stowage plan you
gave the Master... was she
overweight?

She meets his stare. Heaviness in the air. Finally --

JODIE
It was a couple of cars. Twenty,
thirty tons, max. It- it *did* narrow
the margin, but if he had just gone
with *the numbers I gave him-*

SEAVER
What about the others. How many
other ships does Norfolk run heavy?

Jodie, guilty but in denial, revealing nothing back.

SEAVER (CONT'D)
And what about us.

All warmth gone. Jodie's eyes, wounded.

SEAVER (CONT'D)
This ship, Jodie. Are we
overweight?

JODIE
(almost a whisper)
No.

Seaver staring, Jodie's eyes pleading to be believed...

He leaves her there.

INT. EMPEROR, JODIE'S QUARTERS - DAY

Furniture and debris settled against the walls, gathered at
the lowest point of the room.

JODIE braces herself in underwear and a t-shirt, in a trance
as she changes into a fresh set of crew coveralls.

Then - a muffled ringtone, buried somewhere beneath the
rubble. Jodie pulls herself up, digs for it, finds...

The satellite phone.

We see x12 missed calls. Another incoming -- She answers.

JODIE

Hello?

Waiting, but knowing...

JODIE (CONT'D)

This is you, isn't it.

And then a man speaks, deep and tired. This is the voice of Terrance FELSON.

FELSON (OVER PHONE)

I wish you would have left the ship. You could have stopped this.

JODIE

(swallows)

You didn't have to start it.

FELSON

...I didn't. *They* did... you did.

JODIE

Yeah, you keep telling yourself that asshole-

FELSON

They're all going to die because of you.
(eerily calm, then)
They didn't have to.

The call ends. Jodie's hard front dissolving. Then staring at the screen: The 13 digit incoming number, blinking back at her as the call ends.

The sound of a *torrential* roar rising as...

EXT. EMPEROR - DAY

SURF CRASHES violently against the hull in gale force winds.

INT. EMPEROR, BRIDGE - DAY

Looking in on Jodie in the coms room as she talks on the ship's hard line, the SAT phone on the desk beside her.

OUT ON THE BRIDGE

Jessup and Eckhoff watching. Pitt arrives on the bridge, senses the silence, follows their gaze over. Scowling...

PITT
...well what about the rest of us,
 Chief said all calls were on
 lockdown. Why's she gettin' one?

ECKHOFF
 She's on with the police.

PITT
 Oh... well they learn anything new?

JESSUP
 Felson. He called her.

PITT
 ...oh...

Pitt shuts up, looks on with them.

Inside the call ends. Jodie sits there a moment, then rises, the three men averting eyes as she walks off the bridge.

INT. EMPEROR, DECK (1) - DAY

Gravity swinging the door open and against the wall, the bang echoing across the deck. Jodie steps out of the stairwell.

REVERSE TO:

CREWS down the deck, circling cars as they re-tighten their lashings along the ripped metal of the bulkhead.

The water has pooled at the lowest part of the ship. Jodie wanders along the rows, surveying the leakage. She stares down, sees something floating on the water's surface...

The Camel cigarette carton. She turns away soberly, climbs into the back of one of the ambulances, sits there...

And *starts sobbing*, bursting into tears. She glances over her shoulder... no one can see her. Her hand over her mouth, trying to keep the sound and pain in as she falls apart.

INT. EMPEROR, BRIDGE - DAY

A print-out coming over the fax. Hagen ripping it off as it finishes, reading:

"Deck cadet Avery Lincoln, succumbed to injuries at 05:51 this morning after..."

Hagen lowers it soberly, his eyes drifting.

CCTV MONITORS

Muted feeds from around the ship. Jodie on one in the corner, crying inside the ambulance. Hagen watches. Differences aside it pains him to see this, even more-so: helpless to stop it.

Behind him others walking onto the bridge. Hagen clicks off the monitor, giving her some privacy.

INT. EMPEROR, HAGEN'S QUARTERS - DAY

His own quarters still in disarray from the angle. Hagen overturns a chair, removes some debris, unearths...

The Hardanger fiddle case. He kneels, opens the lid...

Cracked across the body, a single string remaining.

Hagen lifts it out, sits on the bed. Then quietly he sets it to his neck... raises the bow, runs it softly across the remaining string.

A long, frail note. Like a birdsong wail, ending in silence.

She will not play again.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. EMPEROR, BRIDGE WING - AFTERNOON

Jodie stands smoking at the angled railing, staring off as her cigarette ember flares in the wind.

HAGEN (O.S.)
Will they be able to use it? The
phone.

Hagen in the bridge doorway behind her. Jodie just shakes her head, doesn't know the answer, turns back away.

Hagen pulls his coat tight, joins her at the rails. After some silence --

JODIE
My daughter, I didn't get to see her
before we left. Didn't even try.

HAGEN
...I'm sorry.
(a beat)
I don't have children, outside the
twenty-two in there. But I...

Looking for some more words.

HAGEN (CONT'D)

Well I'm sure they're doing everything they can. Felson, he's done.

JODIE

Yeah and what if he's not.

Hagen falls silent, watching her.

JODIE (CONT'D)

He knew. When the first explosion would go off, when the lashing crews would start, knew we'd have to shift ballast halfway through...

(watching the waves)

It's my fault. He wants me to know. On the Caprica, what it did to him, what I did to him when-

HAGEN

I don't care.

Jodie looks over. Hagen shaking his head, smiling humorlessly.

HAGEN (CONT'D)

It doesn't matter, not out here. When this is over, you go ahead and do what you need to to live with yourself. But for all the good whatever you're about to tell me will do out here, we may as well be on the moon.

Then looking up thoughtfully, as if reading the stars.

HAGEN (CONT'D)

...we are now 1600 kilometers away from your daughter, I am 4300 kilometers away from my wife. And I'm quite sure, if our bodies would let us, we'd both jump this rail and swim to them right now if we could. But, we cant.

Jodie, absorbing this. They fall back into silence. And then:

HAGEN (CONT'D)

So what do you want to do?

A new firmness in his voice. Jodie looks back, surprised, finds him looking right at her.

HAGEN (CONT'D)

We can float here, accept what Felson's done, hope the navy engineers can get us home, pray the storm doesn't change course before then, or... we accept none of it.

JODIE

...and do what.

HAGEN

You said you were here to balance my boat.

Rising off the rail. A look.

HAGEN (CONT'D)

Then do it.

On Jodie as she watches him leave.

INT. EMPEROR, JODIE'S QUARTERS - DAY

The ship's diagram rolled out on the desk.

JODIE

Reading glasses on, studying it by lamplight as she writes figures in the margin.

INT. EMPEROR, BALLAST TANK CAUSEWAY - DAY

Floating along blown and exposed pipes, still dripping from the blast.

Jodie shines a flashlight down into one of the tank hatches:

Black water lapping quietly below.

She punches on the headlamp on her hard hat, starts climbing down *inside the tank*.

INT. EMPEROR, BRIDGE - DAY

A trail of muddy footprints now tracked across the floor.

IN THE OFFICE

The VEHICLE MANIFEST BINDER open on the table. Jodie paging through, looking for something. She lands on a page, runs her finger down the row... stops.

INT. EMPEROR, DECK (4) - DAY

A parking lot of city vehicles: Snow plows, garbage trucks...

IN THE LABRYNTH

Jodie walks the aisles, manifest in hand, following it as she cranes her neck, trying to see over roofs. Frustrated she starts climbing the school bus beside her, stands on the hood as she peers across the deck. Then, seeing it:

The fleet of firetrucks in the distance...

INT. EMPEROR, CREW HALLWAY - DAY

The two Lau cousins walking down the hallway, pausing outside the officer's room as they look in...

INSIDE

The windows now COMPLETELY FILLED IN. Jodie drawing across them - a Euclidian network of lines connecting the ship.

INT. EMPEROR, DECK (1) - DAY

Back on the flooded deck. Work crews watching as Jodie wades in the water, marking depths with a broomstick, as if some mariner water diviner.

MOMENTS LATER

Jodie perched on a car hood away from the others, coveralls soaking as she finishes some figures on the manifest.

She looks down at her numbers. Something's not right.

INT. EMPEROR, ENGINE ROOM - NIGHT

The engine room radio crackling to life.

JODIE (OVER WALKIE)
Someone in the engine room?

A chair creaking as someone reaches in. It's JESSUP. He keys the radio -

JESSUP (INTO WALKIE)
Go for Engine.

INTERCUT - DECK (1)

JODIE
What are the ballast tanks reading?

JESSUP
Same as when you asked the first
four times.

JODIE
(off her numbers)
Then why is there an extra sixty
thousand gallons on deck?

Jessup mulls this, wearily rolls down to re-clock the gauges.

JESSUP
Gauges all read fine ma'am.

Jodie, looking off...

INT. EMPEROR, TANK CAUSEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Jodie kneels beside a tank hatch as we saw in the beginning. Her manual measuring line emerging from the water below as she reels it in. She clocks the water mark...

It reads fine.

As she wipes it clean she glances around the causeway. Something feeling off but nothing is.

She continues to the next tank, "IFO" stenciled on the wall. Another look around as she opens the hatch, drops the weighted line in...

EYES JERKING DOWN as it *rapidly unspools* off the reel, a metallic clang as it *hits the bottom*. Jodie looks in...

Ripped metal below, a SHAFT of light cutting across...

Jodie's mind firing. *Horror seeping in*. Her walkie up --

JODIE
(breathless)
Everyone off the deck.

INT. EMPEROR, DECK (1)

CHEN supervising the lashing crews. Palmer and Kellogg behind him. Palmer clocks his walkie confusedly, grabs it.

PALMER (INTO WALKIE)
Sorry lady I don't think I got that-

JODIE

Who is that - Palmer!? Palmer you need to shut everything off and get everyone out of there *now*.

PALMER

(incredulous)
We still got half the floor to-

JODIE

Shut up and listen to me. Felson didn't just blow the ballast tanks - he blew the IFO reserve...

WITH JODIE - running down the corridor now.

JODIE (CONT'D)

The extra gallons on deck, it's not water, *it's fuel*.

PALMER

Looking down, knee deep in it. Peering down the deck:

A team working the other end: lashes dripping, winches splashing, crew sloshing about as they talk, oblivious.

Palmer - about to yell...

DOWN THE DECK

A CAR STEREO BLASTING Stevie Ray Vaughan. Bennings, Styles and Pitt working around a Buick as they tighten it down.

Styles looks up, taps the others. All looking over:

Palmer in the distance, wildly waving his arms.

Styles reaches in, dials down the music, Palmer's yells bleeding in:

PALMER

...urn it off! Get off the deck!

The three exchanging confused looks. Bennings yelling back --

BENNINGS

Man we got twenty rows left!

PALMER

Kill the engine and get off the godda-

And then -- LIGHT.

One of the work lights sparking behind him, Palmer
DISSAPEARING INTO A CLOUD OF FLAME.

Chen *swallowed behind him* - Kellogg *thrown* -- the whole scene
BURSTING as the semi-truck catches beside them -- EXPLODES.

INT. EMPEROR, BRIDGE

A console alarm going off on the bridge panel.

Eckhoff and Seaver looking over. Hagen emerging from the
office. A beat, then jumping on the coms, barks at Seaver --

HAGEN

The suppression system, go.

Seaver bolts off the bridge.

INT. EMPEROR, DECK (1)

Debris spraying, a hundred little islands of flame now
floating across the flooded deck.

Hagen and Jodie's voices both screaming over the walkies.

JODIE

*...diesel in the water, clear
causeway B, stairwell B...*

HAGEN

*...sit report now! What the
hell is...*

STYLES's eyes darting, fire beginning to spread...

STYLES

Go -- go!

Shoving the others toward the exit. As they flee...

The Buick's dashboard *still aglow inside*, music playing on...

INT. EMPEROR, CREW DECK

Seaver pushing past crew in the halls, in a dead sprint.

INT. EMPEROR, STAIRWELL

Pitt and the last of his team bursting off the deck into the
corridor, disappearing up the stairs. A beat...

Jodie appears down the hall, about to mount the stairs herself-

...she stops. Listening... someone's yelling.

INT. EMPEROR, DECK (1)

Jodie warily peering out of the hatch: Half the deck smoldering, flames floating, the other half yet to catch.

And then the yell again, haunting, echoing above the rest.

VOICE (O.S.)
Heeeeyyyy!! God, oh... Heelllppp!!!

Jodie wavers, turns back for the stairs...

Holds there. Squeezes her eyes shut. Her breath hammering.

She wades in...

ACROSS THE DECK

Jodie following the screams, coming around an RV...

KELLOGG sprawled out - thrown from explosion, disoriented and head bleeding. Breaking down into tears as he sees Jodie.

KELLOGG
...I can't move my goddamn leg...

The fabric around his leg ragged and running deep red. Jodie splashing over, crouching at his side.

KELLOGG (CONT'D)
Jesus, I can't--

JODIE
It's okay. We need to go.

She gets her arms under him, starts floating him toward the door...

Kellogg suddenly SCREAMING OUT IN PAIN as the ship *sways again-*

THE DECK

Water shifting with it, flames riding on top, *combining, slithering* further down the deck...

...and under the lit up Buick. They smolder there, licking the under carriage...

-- KRAKOOM - THE BUICK QUAKING as the gas tank BURSTS.

Jodie and Kellogg watching in horror as a new wall of fire starts bleeding out... *cutting off their path to the door.*

INT. EMPEROR, GENERATOR ROOM -

Seaver charging in, a chorus of fire alarms blaring around the room. He vaults down a set of stairs...

TURBINE LEVEL

A metal catwalk running between the two-story engine blocks - Seaver runs through - a panel at the end --

INT. EMPEROR, DECK (1) -

Jodie dragging Kellogg back -- FLAMES catching across the surface, crawling toward them. Water *igniting* beneath cars...

One by one they START TO BLOW, a domino affect down the row --

Jodie scrambling backwards, boots scraping, splashing --

Cars kicking like raging bulls as tanks burst - *flipping into each other* - over each other... bearing down on them --

Jodie's eyes ticking around them: the dead end of the hull coming up, surrounded by a sea of flames. *Nowhere else to go.*

Kellogg - *looks down the row* - *looks back up* --

We LOSE SIGHT OF THEM as the next car ERUPTS....

INT. EMPEROR, GENERATOR ROOM -

A FIRE SUPPRESSION PANEL. Seaver reaching it... flipping trigger lids, punching release buttons...

INT. EMPEROR, DECK (1)

The sprinklers coming alive above.

SOUND DROPS as water mists down, flames fighting back and dying, the scene disappearing in a haze of smoke and spray.

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - DUSK

Time passing. The storm brewing on one horizon, the sun setting on another.

INT. EMPEROR, DECK (1) - LATER

Through the smoke two figures emerge, gas masks, tanks and fire suits. Underneath: SEAVER and PITT. Flashlights panning as they search the wreckage, find:

A scorched elephant graveyard, husks of cars, metal peeled and warped by the heat.

PITT

Wandering ahead. We see the submerged frame of a work light. Pitt turns over a car door, shines his light down:

The floating bodies of Palmer and Chen.

DOWN THE DECK

Seaver making his way down the aisle, ducking through debris.

...the ambulance, charred inside. The museum head, face blackened by smoke...

No sign of Jodie and Kellogg. Out here - nothing survived.

Seaver reaches the end of the deck, starts back toward Pitt, turning his back on...

The towering STERN VEHICLE RAMP we saw being sealed in the beginning. Floating closer we see it's *now damaged*, a charred truck blown over and landed against it, one of the ramp's locking clamps *now bent and HANGING LOSE*.

Higher up on the wall the blackened indicator light glowing beside the seal. As we watch it --

Momentarily *flickering red. Silent.* Goes back to green.

BACK ACROSS THE DECK

PITT

Got anything?

SEAVER

No...

PITT

C'mon we gotta call and bring down-

In the distance... *banging metal*.

Seaver's flashlight instantly up. Trying to source the sound.

PITT (CONT'D)

What is it-

SEAVER

Shhhh.

The banging getting louder. Seaver's beam trailing closer, going up an overturned flatbed trailer, sees it's landed on:

THE M1 ABRAMS TANK.

MOMENTS LATER - INSIDE THE MILITARY TANK

Looking up at the underside of the hatch. Muffled voices above as they slide the flatbed trailer clear.

The hatch OPENS. Seaver and Pitt looking down:

REVERSE TO:

Jodie inside, exhausted eyes looking up at them, face smeared in sweat and soot. An unconscious Kellogg cradled in her lap.

FROM ABOVE:

Hands reaching in for them. Relief and emotions swelling as two of their own are pulled from this godawful hell.

INT. EMPEROR, COLD STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

THREE BODIES carefully wrapped, laid together on the floor.

INT. EMPEROR, INFIRMARY - NIGHT

Jodie inside making sure Kellogg is settled. She leaves him with Jessup as she exits, starting down the hall.

INT. EMPEROR, BRIDGE OFFICE - NIGHT

Chen's law text book still sitting out. Hagen and Seaver huddle nearby, going through damage reports on the bridge terminals.

HAGEN

...then find where else we need to check for contaminants.

SEAVER

There goes another one.

Both looking over:

An indicator button flashing down the board, goes dark again.

SEAVER (CONT'D)

Going off all over the goddamn ship.

HAGEN

They're intermittent, could be something's throwing off the sensors.

SEAVER

Or if there was another fuel leak from the-

JODIE (O.S.)

It's not the fuel we need to worry about. It's the fumes.

Jodie in the door. Both surprised to see her upright.

HAGEN

You should be in the med bay-

JODIE

(ignoring this)

The fuel, it's less dense than the water, Felson knew it'd eventually rise to the top. Operatively, the heavy deck is now a sixty thousand gallon gas tank.

Winching as she sits across from them.

JODIE (CONT'D)

Right now we have no idea what the damage is down there. But I do know that eventually those fumes are going to rise, level by level, until they fill the entire ship. By morning we can't run emergency systems, we can't flip a *light switch*, we-

HAGEN

We've lost the ship.

Looking across at the others, realizing the extent. The others silent, know it's true. Finally --

JODIE

We need to deploy the lifeboat.

SEAVER

How. We drop it now it'll skid and break up before it ever hits the water. We're *off center-*

JODIE

Not if we right the ship.

Both men pausing. She turns, addresses Hagen directly now...

JODIE (CONT'D)

I can still balance the boat. Long enough to get us off.

Then, leaning over the diagram monitor:

JODIE (CONT'D)

Look, we've still got five tanks intact on the port side, they're built for a hundred thousand gallons each but I've been inside them, they can take more.

(points across the ship)

We've got half a million excess gallons weighing down starboard. We bring them over in the right order, get the ballast water back into the remaining tanks, recoup our vertical center of gravity.

HAGEN

Bring them over how? The pumps are blown.

JODIE

There are ten Spartan IPS Fire Engines in the hold, each with a 1500 GPM pump and twelve hundred feet of hose.

The other two processing this, can't help but be a little impressed. Seaver looks up from the monitor, realizing --

SEAVER

You spread the ballast that thin our margin is gone. One wrong wave... Norfolk won't be able to recover the ship.

JODIE

I know.

Unwavering. A change in her here, Hagen and Seaver quietly welcoming it, but concern still in their eyes. Jodie sees it.

JODIE (CONT'D)
It'll work. This guy, he thinks
he's thought of everything.

SEAVER
You're saying he hasn't?

A beat.

JODIE
I'm saying fuck him. I'm getting us
home.

INT. EMPEROR, CREW REC - MOMENTS LATER

The crew staring back at them from angled furniture.

ANDERS
No.

SEAVER
Anders if we don't move now...

ANDERS
We stay here, wait it out.

JODIE
There *is no waiting it out*. That
naval ship is over 200 kilometers
away, we stay on board we-

ANDERS
Palmer and Chen *are dead!*

Shivering in anger.

ANDERS (CONT'D)
Lincoln, *dead*. Mathers, *dead*. So I
am *done* listening to some fucking
suit saying what's in our best
interest, cause every time we do,
there's less of us up here.
(staring her down)
You're not actually asking us to *go
back down there...*

HAGEN
No, I am.

Jodie turns, surprised. Hagen ignoring her, eyeing the rest.

HAGEN (CONT'D)

I'll be down there myself. For the rest of you, I can't make you do it. But I'm asking.

Silence. The crew's eyes on the ground. And then:

CHILDS

We do this, we get off the ship?

HAGEN

We get access to the lifeboat, yes. If it's intact.

CHILDS

And if it is, we go home?

Hagen nods. Childs only takes a second.

CHILDS (CONT'D)

So what have we got?

Anders, incredulous. But Jodie sees others starting to nod around the room, stepping up. She almost smiles. *Good.*

JODIE

For most of you, just running hoses to the pumps.

(more)

But the internal lines to the tanks were all damaged in the blast. There's still one line open, but - it's the external discharge port on the stern.

BENNINGS

...That's outside the ship.

STYLES

And under water.

JODIE

Not anymore. With the ship's tilt it's currently hanging about five stories above sea level.

Thrown looks all around.

CHILDS

Then how are we gonna get to it?

INT. EMPEROR, DECK (1) - NIGHT/LATER

THE STERN VEHICLE RAMP on the abandoned deck.

The tick tock of the seal indicator light clicking softly on and off with the rock of the boat.

INT. EMPEROR, DECK (5) CAUSEWAY - SAME

CHILDS standing in the causeway, bracing himself as Seaver and Anders tighten a bosun's REPELLING HARNESS around him.

Anders eyes Seaver warily as they work the straps.

ANDERS

You know these things are meant for painting.

SEAVER

They're rated for his weight.

ANDERS

That's while we're in port. Not at sea with sixty mile an hour winds.

Seaver doesn't answer. He doesn't like it either, not like they have a choice.

He goes off to retrieve a fire hose down the corridor. We see it runs along the floor toward the pumps below.

Alone now Anders ties in a final line, almost a paternal concern for Childs.

ANDERS (CONT'D)

You sure you want to do this?

CHILDS

I was next up on hull maintenance duty anyway.

Hiding behind the joke. But then --

CHILDS (CONT'D)

Unless you wanna switch shifts?

Anders gives him a look, hands Childs a helmet. Nope.

INT. EMPEROR, DECK (4)

A network of hoses running to and from the Fire Engines, the lines we saw Jodie drawing in the window. Crew ready at their pumps. Hagen with them as he lifts a radio.

HAGEN

Engine pumps ready on four.

INT. EMPEROR, ENGINE ROOM

Jodie flipping a few last switches on the ballast lines.

JODIE

Ballast tanks ready for intake.

INT. EMPEROR, DECK 5

Seaver pulling down a release on an outer pilot's hatch, wind instantly filling the causeway.

They position Childs on the edge. A last look.

EXT. EMPEROR, OUTER HULL - NIGHT

CHILDS SILHOUTTE emerging. This is the side of the ship tilting AWAY from the water - the normally upright wall now a steep downhill as he belays lower, the line of FIRE HOSE now tied into his rigging.

INTERCUT WITH

Seaver and Anders working the ropes, the hose unspooling as they ease him down.

ABOVE - SAME

The LIFEBOAT marooned at the top of the ship in the distance. And further down... a car broken through the rail, teetering precariously on the edge.

CHILDS

Eyeing it as he lowers himself, voice shaking over the coms.

CHILDS (OVER WALKIE)

Passing deck 4...

ENGINE ROOM

Jodie listening in.

CHILDS (OVER WALKIE) (CONT'D)
Deck 3...

DECK (4)

Hagen and crew gathered around the walkie.

 CHILDS (CONT'D)
...coming up on the water line now...

CHILDS

Hits on a helmet light. The iron hull stained here, rust and barnacles running down the newly exposed underside. As he comes over the crest of the ship...

THE ROARING MIDNIGHT SEA

The darkness swallowing his light, an abyss below.

 JODIE (OVER WALKIE)
You're doing great Childs. You
should see it about eight meters
below the plimsoll line.

Childs gathers himself, starts panning the light along the hull -- Comes to rest on a small EXTERIOR PIPE PORT.

 CHILDS (OVER WALKIE)
I've got it.

ENGINE ROOM

 JODIE
Okay there's a coupling ring at the
bottom. Attach the adaptor, hook in
the line, that should give us
pressure.

 CHILDS
It's still about ten feet aft...
going to make a run at it.

He grips the line, climbing sideways -- *boots crunching barnacles - the line straining* --

He *SLIPS* -- slides back along the hull. Cursing as he resets, tries again, *reaching out...*

...falls short. AROUND THE SHIP all hearing his attempts on the radio. Scraping and cutting himself with each go.

Anders grimacing as he listens, hating this. Suddenly a *screech of metal* outside --

ABOVE

The overhanging car lurching as the rest of the top rail *snaps*.

Childs watching from afar as it breaks free, sparks and pieces spinning off as it *tumbles down the hull*, spilling off into the waves below. The life boat's fate if they'd deployed as is.

ANDERS

Looking back in at Seaver, ghost white.

ANDERS

Okay that's it I'm pulling him up.

CHILDS (WALKIE)

No. No. I can do it.

(exhausted)

I'm going to go again.

Anders hearing this, uneasy, but can't help feeling some pride for his friend here.

OUTSIDE

Childs grips the line, about to run ahead...

Just then a SWELL in the waves. The Emperor *leaning*, tilting even FURTHER in its wake. Gravity *shifting*, Childs' boots *leaving the hull* as:

He's *swung out and over the water*. Soaring from the end of the line, eyes wild as he stares at the thundering void below.

And then, as the ship re-centers itself - coming back...

CHILDS *CRASHES* AGAINST THE HULL.

ANDERS and SEAVER

Feeling it on the line. Anders grabs the radio.

ANDERS (INTO WALKIE)

Childs... Childs!? Hey man!

No answer.

ENGINE ROOM

With Jodie. Anders' panicked voice echoing over the walkie.

ANDERS (CONT'D)

Childs you gotta talk to me... pull on the line or something...

DECK (4)

Hagen and crew listening in silence.

ANDERS (CONT'D)
Goddamnit pull on the line! Childs?

Nothing back.

SEAVER

Seaver shining a light down as Anders goes on. The line disappearing over the side. Childs nowhere to be seen.

ENGINE ROOM

The channel goes quiet. Jodie's face starting to fall. The weight of all this coming down again. Then... looking down the panel at a pressure gauge...

...as it slowly *begins to rise*. Jodie lighting up:

JODIE
...we've got pressure...

Then remembering the walkie, scrambling for it.

JODIE (INTO WALKIE) (CONT'D)
We've got pressure. *We've got pressure!*

OUTSIDE

The hose now linked in.

CHILDS resting against the hull, sliding away a heavy wrench, his other arm limp at his side.

We see he's landed beside the DISCHARGE PORT, tied into it to keep his position as he keys the radio with his good arm.

CHILDS
Christ can you guys pull me up?

HATCH

Seaver and Anders looking up at the sound of his voice.

CHILDS (OVER WALKIE) (CONT'D)
I think I broke my fuckin' arm man.

Anders laughs hysterically, overjoyed as he goes for the ropes.

DECK (4)

Hagen exhaling, a relieved grin himself. Around him the crew already off toward the fire engines.

HAGEN

All right! Let's run the lines!
 (then to the ship herself)
 Time to stand up tall you big iron
 bitch.

SERIES - MUSIC RISING

The crew of the Emperor:

- locking in hoses
- cranking on pumps
- HOSE LINES coming alive as water begins to flow...

INT. EMPEROR, ENGINE ROOM

Jodie overseeing, gauge numbers and pneumatic needles ticking up across the board...

INT. EMPEROR, CREW REC

Furniture sliding off the walls, back toward place...

INT. EMPEROR, CAUSEWAY

Anders leading Childs to the medical bay, a blanket over him, bracing him as the hallway starts to turn...

INT. EMPEROR, DECK (8)

VEHICLES straining against lashes...

Then SLACKING, a chorus of tires skidding back to center.

EXT. EMPEROR, TOP DECK

The LIFE BOAT rolling in its harness as it's carried back over the water into position...

EXT. EMPEROR - FROM THE WATER - NIGHT

The silhouette of the NORFOLK EMPEROR slowly rising once again. A gigantress awakening, majestic, its lights like a constellation moving in tandem against the jet black sky.

INT. EMPEROR, DECK (1)

Camera *emerging from water* as it levels out on the deck. Streams dripping off vehicles as they drain...

INT. EMPEROR, ENGINE ROOM

CLOSE ON a meta-centric gauge as the needle floats higher... higher... and *stops*.

Pointing directly up.

JODIE, watching it stabilize there.

INT. EMPEROR, DECK (4)

Hagen and crew working. Jodie's voice coming over --

JODIE (OVER WALKIE)
This is the port captain... we are
balanced.

A CHEER explodes from the men --

INT. EMPEROR, ENGINE ROOM

The channel roaring from feeds around the ship, hollering.

JODIE's head collapsed in her hands, listening to it. We see she's looking down on:

Her phone: The screen now cracked but the photo of Mark and her daughter there. Lighting her face, eyes glistening as she stares down on them. *Close now*.

She rises.

EXT. EMPEROR, LOADING PLATFORM - DAWN

Two hydraulic arms extending out over the water, crew securing the life boat as it's lowered level with the deck.

INT. EMPEROR, OFFICER'S CONFERENCE - DAWN

A fraction of the original officers around the table. Those who remain dirty, red-eyed, cut and burned.

All listening as Lovell fumes:

LOVELL (OVER PHONE)
 ...deliberately compromised the
 stability of the ship. Violated
 Solas 11-2, violated-

JODIE
 Gene we have a *catastrophic*
sustainability failure on-

LOVELL (OVER PHONE)
 ...violated article six of the
 maritime SC. There are over *eight*
thousand assets aboard that ship. I
 am not authorizing you to-

HAGEN
 You don't have to. We've already
 sounded the distress mayday to the
 Detroit.
 (Lovell growing quiet)
 Norfolk may attempt to salvage its
 ship, but my crew will not be on it.

Anger in the silence on the other end. Then, restrained:

LOVELL
 Let me confirm... you are *refusing*
 to follow this order. Of a 350
million dollar vessel.

HAGEN
 Mr. Lovell, I am the Master of the
 MV Norfolk Emperor. I am not
 refusing your order, I am failing
 to recognize it at all.

Dead silence. Hagen continues --

HAGEN (CONT'D)
 I want it to be known that Ms.
 Donnelly's actions among others
 preserved the lives of several
 members of this crew, and likely
 resulted in keeping the ship afloat
 for as long as she was.

(then)

(MORE)

HAGEN (CONT'D)

And ultimately she had no part in
the decision to abandon the vessel.

Lovell taking this in.

LOVELL (OVER PHONE)

Jodie, you were unaware of the
decisions that led to this?

Jodie locking eyes with Hagen. Gratitude. She leans forward:

JODIE

...that is not accurate.

(a beat)

Not only was I aware of it - Gene I
showed them how to do it.

Looking up to find the others watching her. Lovell simmering
at the audacity on the other end, his composure dissolving:

LOVELL

Jodie, when you return *there will be-*

Hagen reaches over, hangs up. They've heard enough. He looks
to the others.

HAGEN

Everybody get your things, report
to the muster outside the life
boat. We launch in twenty.

The room rising. Jodie remains in her chair. Hagen sees she's
looking off longingly at her calculations for the ship,
spanning across the conference windows.

JODIE

I thought I could save the boat...

Almost to herself. Failure in her voice.

HAGEN (O.S.)

You did.

She turns, Hagen looking on with her, then down to her.

HAGEN (CONT'D)

And now, it's time to go.

INT. EMPEROR, CREW DECK - DAY

Drawers emptied on the ground. Crew hastily evacuating, wallets and keepsakes going into go-bags.

INT. EMPEROR, STERN VEHICLE RAMP - AT THAT MOMENT

Indicator light now violently flickering between green and red as the sea bangs the three-story ramp in its treads, like some leviathan outside demanding entry.

INT. EMPEROR, INFIRMARY

Kellogg being gurney'd out. Jessup following alongside him, filling a syringe as they walk. Childs trailing in a sling.

INT. EMPEROR, JODIE'S QUARTERS

The gurney passing in the doorway as Jodie packs.

HAGEN (OVER PA)

All hands proceed to the life boat station on deck eleven. This is not a drill. No drill. This is the Master.

Jodie throws the last things in her bag --

The SAT phone starts to ring. She looks at it... then zips up her duffel, starts for the door.

The phone behind her, calling out. She glances back at it, screaming there. A new fire lights inside. She stalks over, face full of rage as she lifts the phone, about to speak --

But Felson speaks first:

FELSON (OVER PHONE)

You're still there, good.

JODIE

Not for long.

FELSON (OVER PHONE)

I've been listening... on the radio bands. They said the ship's in trouble. I was hoping we'd get to talk one more time, before she goes.

JODIE

Well I'm done talking. So you can-

FELSON (OVER PHONE)
Did you ever meet him? My boy,
while you were on board.

No anger in his voice. Sincere here. Jodie staying firm but giving him an answer -

JODIE
I... I don't know I don't remember.

A LOUDSPEAKER on Felson's end starts in the background. Someone talking to him. Realization washing over Jodie's face-

JODIE (CONT'D)
They found you.

FELSON (OVER PHONE)
...Yeah. Outside now. Caught me
surprised too, didn't even see 'em
till I opened--

Grimacing as he shifts.

FELSON (OVER PHONE) (CONT'D)
...you know I never owned a gun my
whole life before now. First thing
it does, gets me shot at.

He coughs through a laugh. Injured. Then, growing quieter --

FELSON (OVER PHONE) (CONT'D)
They'll be coming soon. I can hear
them on the roof. In the back yard...

JODIE
Yeah why don't you let them in.

Her voice cold, no sympathy for the man. But he ignores this. In the background the loudspeaker calling out something.

A sudden wave of urgency.

FELSON (OVER PHONE)
Tell me, are you leaving yet?

JODIE
You got what you wanted. You said
I'd lose her, you won. So give
yourself up, or don't. I don't give
a fuck anymore...

FELSON (OVER PHONE)
When I said you'd lose her, I
didn't mean the boat.

Jodie goes still.

FELSON (OVER PHONE) (CONT'D)
 There's a picture, taped under the
 drawer. Same one I left the phone in.

Jodie still not moving. Then forcing herself she goes to the
 desk... reaches under. Pulls out --

A Polaroid of a teenage girl unconscious in the trunk of a
 car. The flash casting her in sterile unmistakable light.

It's Jodie's daughter, *Lorie*.

JODIE

The wind fleeing from her lungs. Words misfiring in shock...

JODIE
 I... w... let her go, you let her
 go right now - *right fucking now* --

FELSON (OVER PHONE)
 Jodie, I don't have her.

Jodie hyperventilating, confused...

FELSON (OVER PHONE) (CONT'D)
 She was never here with me. She's
 always been out there, with you.

The world dropping beneath her.

Just then a muffled CRASH in the background on the other end.
 Boots charging in. Jodie's mind starting to fire --

JODIE
 Tell me which car she's in.

Footsteps canvassing, voices growing audible now --

OFFICER (OVER PHONE)
 ...entering, remain on the
 ground...

JODIE
 Which car is it!?

Felson no longer listening, mind wandering, losing blood...

FELSON (OVER PHONE)
 ...you know it's me who got Robbie
 hired.

(MORE)

FELSON (OVER PHONE) (CONT'D)
 When he was a kid, he loved
 watching the sparks from the
 welders...

JODIE
 Goddamnit where is she!!

The voices closing, outside the room now...

OFFICER 2 (OVER PHONE)
Eyes on! Felson lower it!

Jodie realizing what's happening. Her voice desperate,
 pleading to men she knows can't hear her...

JODIE
 Don't kill him...

OFFICER (OVER PHONE)
Suspect armed! Suspect Armed!

JODIE
 Please don't shoot him...
 (crying, praying)
Tell me first. Where's my girl?

Felson's voice calm, devoid of everything now.

FELSON (OVER PHONE)
 There's no bomb in her car. That
 would be painless. My son didn't
 get painless.

OFFICER (OVER PHONE)
...You will be fired upon!...

JODIE
 (nothing left)
 ...please... tell me...

OFFICER (OVER PHONE)
Your weapon down now!

OFFICER 2 (OVER PHONE)
Moving!

FELSON (OVER PHONE)
 You know what car she's in...

And then his voice going up an octave. *He's crying.*

FELSON (CONT'D)
 ...she's with Robbie.

Metal scraping the floor -- BAM! BAM! BAM! -- Gunfire
 deafening the other end.

The SAT phone dropping as Jodie crumples to the floor, shouting, crying...

...and then almost immediately, catching her breath. She needs to move. An engine going on inside of her, overtaking her, lifting her up --

Jodie starts to run.

EXT. EMPEROR, LOADING PLATFORM - SAME

The crew now assembled at the life boat platform. Tightening life jackets as Eckhoff opens the aft hatch, climbing into the pilot seat.

INT. EMPEROR, STERN VEHICLE RAMP - AT THAT MOMENT

Indicator light now beaming red.

POP - a blade of spray piercing through as the seal BURSTS. Another bursting higher up -- *another* --

INT. EMPEROR, LOADING PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

Loading in. Kellogg being passed through the hatch, now unconscious from the injection.

Seaver and Hagen orchestrating on deck, all bracing as the ship SHUDDERS, one of the alarms sounding inside.

SEAVER

That's the containment alarm.

Hagen looking up, and then over the railing:

OVER THE SIDE

A whirlpool where water is entering the ship. To Seaver:

HAGEN

Get the search and rescue transponder from the bridge. I'm going for the EPIRB. We launch in two minutes.

Both rushing off...

INT. EMPEROR, BRIDGE - DAY

Seaver bursting onto the bridge, pulls an orange antennae off the wall. He turns back for the wing, sees --

JODIE in the office, manically flipping through the vehicle manifest.

SEAVER

What the hell are you doing!?

JODIE

I need to find the closest car to the machine shop!

SEAVER

(rushing over)

The seal's breached on the stern ramp, we need to go *now*-

JODIE

It's Lorie - Felson drove her on board. She's in one of the trunks.

Seaver freezing. Jodie going back to her search, focusing as Seaver's eyes drift to the CCTV monitors:

A fountain now pouring in. Deck two filling to the camera...

SEAVER

...Jodie someone would have heard her. It's been days.

JODIE

He could have drugged her. Left her with-

SEAVER

The machine room is already *under water*.

JODIE

Not entirely. I can get there.

SEAVER

We can't wait-

JODIE

Then don't. I'll find a canopy raft, or one of the emersion suits-

Seaver reaching for her arm, she rips it away --

JODIE (CONT'D)
I am not *leaving her!*

Feral. Seaver sees there's no changing her mind. He painfully eyes the door back outside...

CLOSE ON Jodie as she finds her car in the manifest. *She rips the page out, shoves it into her shirt-*

SEAVER'S ARMS suddenly CLAMPED AROUND HER --

INT. EMPEROR, LOADING PLATFORM

The last men loading in. Styles and Jessup ferrying the wrapped bodies of Mathers, Palmer, Chen through the hatch...

SEAVER exploding through the door, Jodie fighting every step as he drags her down the deck. Styles seeing it:

STYLES
What the hell is going on!?

JODIE	SEAVER
<i>Get off me! I have to get down there! No let me go -</i>	Goddamnit help me with her! Jessup get the Midazolam.

Styles running over, jumping on her legs as Jessup retrieves the vial. Jodie *kicking - thrashing* - but overpowered by the larger men's grips. Seaver struggling as he pins her --

SEAVER (CONT'D)
...Jodie we gotta do this - We gotta do this -

JODIE
(seeing the syringe)
No! Don't -- *Please please please please stop it stop it*

Jessup finishes extracting from the vial, ready.

Just then the ship *lurching again as it continues to slide*. Seaver momentarily losing balance, one arm on the rail.

In the split second Jodie *rears her knee back* -- *KICKS STYLES IN THE FACE* - crashing back as she squirms free.

SEAVER
Jodie no!

Seaver diving for her leg -- *missing* as she disappears into the labyrinth inside.

INT. EMPEROR, DECK (3)

Water surging up through lashing mounts in the floor, spreading...

EXT. EMPEROR, TOP DECK WING -

Hagen prying a metal panel open, freeing an EMERGENCY BEACON to float to the surface. A final scan onboard -

EXT. EMPEROR, LOADING PLATFORM - SECONDS LATER

Hagen returning to the life boat, see's Seaver kneeling over Styles, blood gushing from his nose.

HAGEN	SEAVER
What are-	It's Donnelly, she's inside!

Hagen bewildered, taking in the scene: the ship leaning, the crew waiting. He makes the call --

HAGEN (CONT'D)
Prepare to launch.

INT. EMPEROR, CREW DECK

Jodie running down the hall: furniture sliding out of the rooms into her path. Jodie vaulting it -- getting clipped -- pushing it off -- a battering ram run as she ducks into --

THE OFFICER'S ROOM

The pile of FIRE GEAR on the floor.

EXT. EMPEROR, LOADING PLATFORM -

The life boat hatch now SEALED, suspension cables straining as it swings away from the deck.

INSIDE

Eckhoff at the steering panel. The rest of the crew rocking on the benches behind him. He glances back out at the deck through the port window:

No one in sight. He grimaces, punches the release --

AS IT DESCENDS

INT. EMPEROR, DECK (3)

The door kicks open, Jodie now hauling an air tank and axe - scanning the deck:

Now ankle deep under water, a sea of sunken cars as water seeps up from below.

Jodie jumps down, ripping out the manifest as she wades in.

The haunting glow of headlights shimmering across the water as she trudges down the aisle -- tracking spots, taking huffs from her rebreather as she goes.

She shines her light down, clocks the spot number beneath the water - pans up to a hatch bulkhead wall:

"ECR/MACHINE W-SHOP"

And beside it: a 1980s Lincoln Town Car.

Jodie stumbles through the water, splashing over to it -

JODIE
Lorie... LORIE!!!

Trying to listen over the rushing water, nothing back, the waves up to bumper now...

Jodie claws at the trunk, sees the metal key hole, splashes over to the driver's door -- *locked*.

She lifts the axe, reels back -

Glass exploding as she *shatters the window*. She wrenches the door open - reaches for the keys in the ignition...

They're not there.

JODIE.
No...

She hunts around the dash, hoping for a release - doesn't find it, a wave of panic. She swallows it, splashes back behind the car --

The water higher now, seeping into the trunk.

JODIE
Lorie hang on I'm coming.
(eyes roaming, stepping back)
Get as far away from the lock as you can.

She raises the axe, *hacks it down*, the metal only denting.

Undeterred she goes again, pounding. Tears forming as she hacks away at the latch --

JODIE (CONT'D)
 ...I'm coming, I'm sorry, I'm so
 sorry, I'm coming for you baby...

Water inches into the trunk now.

She drives it down again, *again: the metal PIERCES - breaking through.* Reinvigorated she aims for the slit, sweat beading, heart beating, *an engine that will never be stopped --*

JODIE (CONT'D)
 I'm right here... I'm right-

Jodie heaves the axe up -- brings it down:

EXPLODING BACK as THE GRENADE INSIDE IS SET OFF. Parts of shrapnel pelting the inner trunk. The force of the rest *blowing Jodie back....*

UNDERWATER

As she her body hits, sound plunging, the lights of cars and fires flickering...

Small trails of blood drifting as she floats there, unconscious, water rising around her...

And then a FIGURE diving in after her. As they reach her --

ABOVE WATER

It's Hagen. Cradling Jodie above water, shaking her.

HAGEN
Jodie - hey... hey...

His hand coming away bloody, gashes on her head, in her side. He peers around....

ACROSS THE DECK

The top of the stern ramp - still above water here, more surging in at its base. Rising to their shoulders now.

He checks her again. Alive but unresponsive. Can't move her far. Hagen looking for options...

And then, his eyes drift up, sees they're standing beneath...

A PROPELLER. Whatever it belongs to straining against its straps as it begins to float on the flooding deck.

INT. LIFE BOAT - DAY

Seaver and Eckhoff at the pilot's station, looking through binoculars. The crew at the portholes below... all watching.

And then - Eckhoff pointing out:

ECKHOFF

There!

EXT. EMPEROR - FROM THE WATER - CONTINUOUS

The rear vehicle ramp *powering open* on the Emperor. Water rushing into the breach. As it does...

ONE OF THE SPEED BOATS shooting out of the hold.

SPEED BOAT

Hagen as he pilots the two-seater clear, wind whipping, Jodie laid out on the floor behind him.

LIFE BOAT

The crew ERUPTING in cheers. Seaver watching, overwhelmed with relief. As Hagen pushes ahead toward them...

INT. EMPEROR, VARIOUS

Throughout the empty the ship, air *wavering* as gas fumes rise:

- An *electrical outlet* in the abandoned crew mess...
- The *instrument panel* in the vacant engine room...
- A *headlight* on the decks...

A spark *sparks*. A flame *flames*. The air *catching* as fire *blossoms out*, ENGULFING THE SCENE.

INT. LIFE BOAT - MOMENTS LATER

Men tying the speed boat into the life boat's cleats. Seaver tightening his line, then gazing up past the others in awe:

THE NORFOLK EMPEROR filling the sky. Muffled explosions within as fires break out. Her wake churning, her immense hull starting to roll as water surges inside her...

She will go down.

And then the roar of a HORN - sounding across the seascape.
Crew crawling across benches to the other side --

IN THE DISTANCE

The outline of a navy destroyer, the USS DETROIT, just
visible on the horizon.

INT. RANCH HOME, MARYLAND SUBURB - DAY

Following behind a head DETECTIVE as he steps through the
splintered front door. Mold, old carpets, no furniture.

He continues past Police, Forensic Techs, stops at a bedroom:

Felson's body on the ground. Paramedics working around him.

The detective continues on.

EXT. RANCH HOME, BACK YARD - SAME

Stepping into the back, a few officers securing the door. A
Junior sergeant arrives at his side, hands him some papers.

DETECTIVE

(as he flips through)

What's the story with the house?
Central had half the state troopers
on their way to Pennsylvania.

JUNIOR

Daughter-in-law's.
(off detectives look)
Changed her primary address. Moved
over a year ago. Felson was never
on the paperwork. Uniforms are
checking with the neighbors.

DETECTIVE

Yeah...
(and then)
...they check that?

He's looking over at -

A garage shed a little ways into the woods, grown over,
sticking out of the trees.

SHED - MOMENTS LATER

On the inside as the door rises, Detective and Junior lifting it up. Light flooding in as they look in on:

A PARKED CAR. Cans and half empty water bottles littered around the trunk.

INT. USS DETROIT, INFIRMARY - DAY

Jodie's eyes fluttering open, finds Medical Officers working around her, cutting away her coveralls, her shirt --

Blood seeping out where the shrapnel went through. Voices calling it out as hands fly.

An officer seeing her coming to, keeps working as --

HM ODELL

Ms. Donnelly can you hear me? Ms. Donnelly I'm Corpsman Odell, you're onboard the Detroit. Can you tell me what happened to you?

Jodie's eyes wandering.

HM ODELL (CONT'D)

There's been some blunt thoracic trauma, your ribs are fractured, and there's some debris near your abdomen. We're going to remove it, we'll need to put you under.

IVs dangling, the lights above blinding.

HM ODELL (CONT'D)

We're going to take care of you. Stay with us. When you're awake we'll get you on the line with your husband and daughter.

Jodie's eyes darting to Odell. Someone sliding an oxygen mask over her face. Through it --

JODIE

What?

HM ODELL

Your husband and daughter have been notified. We'll get you some time-

JODIE

She's okay? My daughter, she's-

HM ODELL

She's okay. They found her, she's
okay. You'll talk to them both...
now lie back. Lie back...

Jodie's eyes welling as she's lowered down. The medication hitting. Weeping through it as her eyes close.

INT. PORT OF BALTIMORE BUILDING - DAYS LATER

An open terminal hangar. A television in the corner cycling through footage of the Emperor's WRECK SITE, Atlantic fleet and smaller salvage craft around a mile long circle of bouys.

TERMINAL FLOOR:

Families waiting across the space. Young children chasing each other, wives gripping jackets, retired fathers kept company by Port Workers taking the day for this.

A warehouse side-door opens...

We see Childs stepping through, looking around, his arm in a cast now. Scanning nervously --

A woman *calling out*, breaking through the crowd, running to him as more crew start coming through the door: Bennings... Jessup... Anders... families migrating to them. And then:

JODIE

Stepping through, bandaged face anxious as she searches. Across the floor her husband Mark bolting up from a bench, spotting her. Then as others around him begin to clear --

Their daughter Lorie - held at his side. A little pale but the first to charge ahead --

Jodie trying to hold it in as they go to each other, clinging on, pulling tight, the cold embrace we first saw gone.

ACROSS THE FLOOR

Hagen watching this. Happy for her here, the side he's never seen. And then suddenly - someone *hugging him*.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Kristoffer takk Gud...

His wife burying herself in his chest. He pulls her in, rocking there, whispering softly to each other.

As they embrace, he and Jodie connect looks across the room. Something unsaid here, *what they've been through - what comes next*, but right now neither interrupting the other's moment.

WITH JODIE

As she lets go, about to say something but the words *suddenly gone*. Mark sees it, just cradles her cheek, relieving her --

MARK

C'mon, let's go.

She nods okay. As they start her hands *finding each of theirs*, gripping them tightly.

She will not let go again.

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

INT. OUTER OFFICE, U.S. MARITIME ADMINISTRATION - MONTHS LATER

Jodie sits alone in a waiting area outside a conference room. She looks rested, her scars mostly healed, a simple blouse on.

She watches the rainfall out the window.

SEAVER (O.S.)

Raven's game last week.

She looks up, Seaver standing over her, the conference door now open behind him. We see it's the deposition room we saw in the beginning, staff working inside as they reset.

SEAVER (CONT'D)

Got my hundred?

Jodie summons a smile, digs into her purse, holds it out. He takes it, not really meaning it though.

SEAVER (CONT'D)

How's your girl doing?

JODIE

Good. We've been staying down in Emmitsburg with Mark's sister.

Doing home school for a while.

(and then)

How'd it um, how'd it go in there?

Glancing back in, shrugging -

SEAVER

Ah you know... godawful.

They share a laugh. Then, getting earnest...

SEAVER (CONT'D)

I could have said anything in there. Tried to, but who am I? All this... won't change anything.

She watches him.

JODIE

I don't know Mal. This time, it might.

Seaver studies her, then his eyes drifting down. A file box on the floor beside her chair. Binders of Norfolk stowage plans and hard drives stacked inside. Evidence. Years worth.

He looks back at her, sees her shrug. Then:

JODIE (CONT'D)

Might need that hundred back for a while though.

He smiles, slips it into his pocket.

SEAVER

Come and get it sometime.

Then, standing a little taller, he offers his hand.

SEAVER (CONT'D)

Good luck in there Port Captain.

She gazes up at him, then grips it, shaking.

She retrieves her box, takes a moment to find her breath... and walks inside.

Seaver collects his jacket from the stand, looks back in:

DEPOSITION ROOM

Jodie sitting there, waiting for those around her, nerves showing - but an unwavering conviction in what she's about to say.

On Seaver, with that same conviction in her. He exits.

Through the door as the man across the table begins:

MAN (O.S.)
State your name for the record.

JODIE
Jodie Donnelly.

MAN (O.S.)
And your position?

Jodie sits there a moment, reflecting. Then:

JODIE
For the last eleven years I served
as Port Captain in charge of vessel
stability for Norfolk Autoliners.

A weight lifting. Staring straight at them. She's ready.

MAN (O.S.)
Can you please explain to the best
of your ability the conditions that
led to...

Their words fading as we begin to drift back, the room
listening, a lawyer rising and slowly closing the door as
Jodie begins to speak.

THE END