ON A BLACK SCREEN, THE FOLLOWING CRAWL:

MOSCOW, 17 JULY 1991. THE KREMLIN
ANNOUNCED THE 'RETIREFMENT' OF
MIKHAL, GORBACHEV AS WELL AS
POLITBURO MEMBERS YAVOLEV,
MENDVENDEV AND BIRKOVO.
DEFENSE MINISTER ULYNOV ASSUMED
THE ROLE OF CHAIRMAN. KGB HEAD
LIGACHEV BECAME PREMIER VOWING
"A RESTORATION OF DISCIPLINE."
WESTERN LEADERS BRACED FOR
A NEW ROUND OF COLD WAR.
FOUR MONTHS LATER...

FADE IN

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

MARKO ALEXANDROVICH RAMIUS
bare-headed in cold wind, studies the inclement coast.

Bottomless
eyes move slowly across the landscape, missing nothing.

SUPER: POLWARNY INLET
Soviet Submarine Base on the Barents Sea
500 mi north of Murmansk
Ramius wears a tar black winter uniform of Captain First Rank in the Soviet Navy. Behind him, out of sight, someone SPEAKS:

VOICE (OS)
Cold this morning, Captain.
Ramius shivers. When he replies, he speaks not about the weather, but of the land:

RAMIUS
It is cold.

(BEAT)-
And hard.
Turning his back on the icy coast, Ramius smi-I fondly at the man who just spoke to him

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

RAMIUS (CONT'D)
e your head a bit. No need to crowd him.

BORODIN

(INTO MIKE)
Come left three degrees. Make your course three-four-zero. Sonar, let me know when we pass fifty, fathoms.
A HELMSMAN responds on a SPEAKER in the SAIL. Nautical CROSS TALK. Orders GIVEN and AFFIRMED. Pulling back, Ramius and Borodin are revealed standing atop
THE RED OCTOBER
a huge submarine, trading a gigantic rudder a hundred yards aft
her sail. A patrol BOAT and ICEBREAKER escort her to sea. On SPEAKERS in the SAIL:

HELMSMAN (VO)
Captain, political officer Putin requests permission to come to the bridge.

RAMIUS

(GLANCING AT BORODIN)
Granted.

BORODIN
(under his breath)
Think of it, Comrade... son of only a humble mM worker...

RAMIUS
Quiet as grass, Vastly. Quiet as grass.
(louder, turning)
Good morning, Comrade political officer

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

PUTIN
Ah,, Captain, every time I climb that ladder, I realize what an over-fed ox rve become.
Put in smiles. Ramius smiles back, but his eyes are cold.
Suddenly,
there's not a lot of Lave on the bridge:

PUTIN (CONT'D)

(EXPANSIVELY)
Such a glorious day. So exciting to h t ally put the land behind us and be on our way.

(TO RAMIUS)
Bourgeois of me, I know, but my enthusiasm at being chosen polidcical]. officer on this historic mission Its me with pride.
(BEAT)
Me, a man of such humble birth, whose
father was only a mill. worker. Think
of it, comrades, a mill worker.
Borodin CHUCKLES. Putin stares at him. Borodin covers with a

COUGH. Putin keeps starring. Flushed, Borodin looks away.

Putin
turns porcine eyes on Ramius:

PUTIN (CONT'D)

(TURNING)
Your father was a Lithuanian, was
he not, Captain?

RAMIUS
You know he was.

PUTIN
I knew a Lithuanian once...
His words hang like rotten fru

PUTIN (CONT'D)
...though I'm sure your father was
nothing like him. Pefmisrdon to go
below?
Smirking, Putin leaves. Ramius watches him go. SPEAKERS in

SAI:

HELMSMAN (VO)
Conn to bridge, sonar reports we are
crossing sixty fathoms.

BORODIN
it's time, Captain.
St M dealing with Putin's exit, Ramius turns away from the

hatch, 
contemplating the shore. After a beat, softly:

RAMIUS
We go.
(into the headset)
Clear the bridge! Prepare to dive.
Captain coming below. Of cer of
the deck, make signal to escort:
Ramius and Borodin disappear. Red October prepares to dive.

All that remains is icy sea and the Sand. Then, faintly at first, from the frozen coast:

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

KRASNY OKTOBR

THE HUNT FOR RED OCTOBER
CHORUS BOOMS. Male VOICES ring in thundering tribute to the heart and soul of mother Russia. Credits keep rolling. Then, from

THE DARKNESS

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

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

JACK RYAN
early-thirties, good-Looking, disheveled and harried, stuffs papers
into a brief case. Slamming it shut, he reaches for his raincoat.

BEHIND HIM

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

SALLY
Daddy?

RYAN

(TURNING)
Hey.., What are you doing up?
You're suppose to be sleeping.

SALLY
I can't.
Kneeling beside her, Ryan talks in a steady unpatronizing way. He loves her to death:

RYAN
What's the matter?

SALLY
Where are you going?

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

SALLY
Stanley keeps waking me up.
Stanley is Sally's bear. Ryan talks to it like it was alive. it makes Sally grin.

RYAN
What's the matter, Stanley? Are you nuts or something?
SALLY
He's not, nuts. He's lonely.

(SLYLY)
He needs a brother. If he had a brother then he could go to sleep better.
Before Ryan can answer, a ravishing woman in her late-twenties marches into the study. She is

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

MARGARET
We are never going to make it.

RYAN
Just a minute. -

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

SALLY
Promise?

RYAN

CUT TO:

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

RYAN
I'm all wet.
MARGARET

(KISSING HIM)
You're sexy when you're wet.

RYAN

(GRINNING)
I'm gonna miss you.

MARGARET

Get out of here, Yank. Or I'll tear you limb from limb.

(HE STARTS)
Wait! I got you these. They'll help you sleep on the plane.
She has a bottle of piUs in her hand. He squints at it, shaking his head in the pouring rain:

RYAN

Won't do me any good ---

MARGARET

Jack.

RYAN

(SHEEPISH)
OK. I'll try.
Taking the pills, he kisses her again. All of a sudden, he wants to climb inside, park someplace and steam the windows. Her smile is

ALL KNOWING:

" MARGARET
You only have three minutes.

RYAN

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

CUT TO-0---
seated beneath the only light in a dark cabin. Engines HUM. Turbulence RATTLES a TEACUP. A STEWARDESS appears, smiling down at him:
STEWARDESS
Can I get you anything, sir?

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

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

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

STEWARDESS
Pardon?

RYAN
(SWALLOWING)

STEWARDESS
Are you a scientist?

RYAN
No. I just read a lot of books.

STEWARDESS
Well, try and get some sleep anyway. She leaves. Wide awake, Ryan stares out the window at the spinning dark. Red Army CHORUS BOOMS.

CUT TO:

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

U.S. CUSTOMS

DULLES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT

WASHINGTON, D.C.

A GUY IN SUNGLASSES

moves down, the line, stopping beside Ryan:

I

SUNGLASSES

(REPECTFTAY)

Mr. Ryan?

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

CUT TO:

A BLACK LIIKO

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

CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY

CHORUS PEAKS.

END CREDITS

CUT TO:

ADMIRAL JAMES GREER

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

GREER


(SQUHTUNG)
Jesus. You look like hell.

RYAN

(EGG)
Thanks, Admiral.

GREER
Come on over here and sit down. You want coffee?

RYAN
I think I need office.
Ryan perches on the couch. Greer pours Ryan takes it in both hands, coaling it with his breath.

GREER
I'm not gonna ask you how your 11 flight was. When's the last time you slept? --

RYAN

(EYEING WATCH)
Don't know. This thing is still on London time.

GREER
How's Margaret?

RYAN
Fine. She sends you her best.

GREER
And Sally? What is she now, three?

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

GREER
(SMILING)
Where you gonna do that?
Ryan grins. Greer eyes him fondly. Putting down his coffee, Ryan opens his briefcase.

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

JUMP CUT TO:

A PAIR OF PHOTOGRAPHS
dropping onto the title in front of Greer. They show the bow and stern of a submarine in dry dock. From the size of the construction crey, it's obvious the boat is huge.

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

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

RYAN

(DROPPING MORE PHOTOS)
This pair was digitally enhanced for line resolution. This one for color.

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

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

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

GREER
What are these doors?

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

(SIPPING CAFFE)

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

(BEAT)

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

GREER
Sub driver. Did he get hurt or something?

RYAN

(NODDING)

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

GREER

GREER
When do you want to talk to him?

RYAN
Right now if it's OX with you? 've never met him personally, but -
GREER
I'll take care of it.

(PICKING UP
THE PHONE)
Margie, have a car for Dr. Ryan at
the front gate in ten minutes.
Ryan retrieves his photographs. Getting Up, Greer watches
him, choosing his words carefully:

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

RYAN
(SHOCKED)
They shouldn't have been sea ready
for weeks.
Ryan closes his case. Greer walks him to the door:

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

RYAN
Well, in that case --

(GRINNING)
Can you tell me where I can buy a
bear?

GREER
For Sally?

(RYAN NODS)
Same place you buy a baby buggy,
I guess.

CUT TO:
A BANSHEE WAIL
in blackness. The groan of a primordial beast echoing in the dark,
followed by a deep vibration that rattles bones and shatters eardrums.
The black screen is moving. A massive cylinder glides over
the top of us like a giant spaceship, outlined by flashes of
electric-blue phosphorescence.

SUPER: USS DALLAS
Los Angeles Class Attack Sub
50 mks west of Polijarny Inlet

DEPTH: 400 FEET

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

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

SEAMAN CHARLES BEAUMONT
unruly red hair, a minion freckles and a wary smile, sits beside
Jones. On SPEAKERS in the bulkhead, the PRIMORDIAL HOWL
again, MUFFLED, clued with NOISE TRANSIENTS:

JONES

HEAR I

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

JONES
(LEADING)
Yes?

BEAUMONT
Surface clutter? I should go to SAPS?

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

(BEAUMONT GRINS)
And like Mozart at Saltzburg, you have labored to produce...

(ANOTHER HOWL)
hiclocdc.

BEAUMONT

JONES
A whale, Beaumont. A whale. A marine mammal that knows a fuck of a lot more about sonar than you do.
Beaumont frowns. Appearing in the sonar shack door, directly

BEHIND JONES

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

COB

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

From the look on Jones' face, it promises to be a good one:

BEAUMONT
Tell me, Chief.

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

**JONES**
it was Paganini.

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

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

**(LAUGHING)**
And all of a sudden we got an Admiral in the middle of it and we're writing reports out the yang yang. Beaumont's LAUGHS. Even Jones sm Ies. Then, a flashing light on the sonar display catches his eye. He starts flipping switches.

Beaumont sobers:: up:

**BEAUMONT**
What should I --

**JONES**
Be sti 1, I got it.
Jones works in silence, then punches the intervom:

**JONES**
Conn, sonar.
VOICE

(ON INTERCOM)
Captain, aye. What is it Jonesy?

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

IN THE COMMAND CENTER
forward of sonar, sailors drive the ship beneath a maze of pipes and equipment. At the center of the Conn, surrounded by fire control, the skipper of the DaZa, early-forties, muscular body encased in a blue jumpsuit, works the intercom on the periscope platform:

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

Leaving the deck, Mancuso glances at his executive officer:

LIEUTENANT PHIL THOMPSON
thirties, dark complected, standing at fire control:

MANCUSO (CONT'D)
I'll be in sonar, Phil

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

MANCUSO
What do you have?

CUT TO:

RAMIUS
in Red October's Conn. Much larger than the control center on the Dallas. Leaving the deck, Ramius heads aft, glancing at Borodin:
RAMIUS
When you see Putin, tell him that when
it's convenient, I'll be in my stateroom.
Leaving the Conn, Ramius enters

A HALLWAY
Moving past a radio compartment on his left, Ramius stops at
a door,

ENTERING THE
CAPTAIN'S STATEROOM
Closing the door behind him, Ramius turns into the room.
Surprised, he sees

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

RAMIUS
What are you doing?

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

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

PUTIN
There is no such thing as privacy in the Soviet Union, Comrade. It's
antithetical to the collective good.
Suppressing his anger, Ramius moves to a locker, changing
into
dungarees. He can flee. Putin's weasel eyes crawling up and
down
his back. Holding the bible, Putin muses:

PUTIN (CONT'D)
You surprise me, Captain. A man in your
position reading trash about the end of
the world.

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

(GLANCING UP)
Did you underline these passages?

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

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

RAMIUS

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

PUTIN
(trying to joke)
Given the amount of fire power on Red October, I'm sure the whole world will breathe a cm1 eotive sigh of relief.

RAMIUS

(LIKE ICE)
How many more agents does the KGB have on my boat?

PUTIN

(STANDING)
Captain, this is not your boat. It belongs to the Union of the Soviet Socialist Republics. You would be well advised to remember that.
Anyway, I am only a political officer. If the KGB has an agent on board, I would be the last to know.

RAMIUS
I suggest we open our orders.

PUTIN
As you wish. There's a safe on the wall. Ramius spins the combination. Inside, another safe with four locks. Both Ramius and Putin have keys. Inside the second safe, a large envelope. It has an ornate scarlet seal, marked 'Top Secret'. Ramius cracks the seal, removing four pages of operation orders. Glancing at Putin, he reads:

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

PUTIN
Captain Tupalev's boat.

RAMIUS
You know Tupolav?

PUTIN
I know that he is descended from a long line of aril rats and that he was a student of yours. It is rumored, he has no love in his heart for you. Why is that? Ramius pours two cups of steaming tea from a silver pot on a serving tray, offering it to Putin. Putin takes the cup.

RAMIUS
There is no room in Tupolev's heart for anyone or anything except Tupolev.
(READING)
Having made contact, we are ordered
to run a series of drill. Tupolev
w2l hunt us while we test our ship.
Putting down his tea, Putin stands, suddenly formal,
awkwardly

OBSEQUIOUS:

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

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

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

RAMIUS
(REIGNED)
As you wash, Comrade.
Putin grins, heading for the door. He never makes it. In a
sudden
violent motion,, Ramius kicks Putin's left leg from under
him.

Surprised, the; big man tumbles sideways.
Leaping to his feet, Ramius catches Putin, slamming him into
a
headlock, driving his thick neck downward, CRACKING his
SKULL
in the SHARP corner of the DESK.
Putin gags. Cupping his chin, Ramius forces his entire bulk
onto
the man's chest. Putin struggles. His eyes bulge. Ramius
strains,
using all of his strength until..
PUTIN'S NECK SHATTERS
and his face goes slack. With surprising gentleness, Ramius lowers the shuddering body to the deck. Carefully, he checks the pulse in Putin's neck. Dying, Putin stares into Ramius' face.

RAMIUS (CONT'D)
I an sorry my friend. But it is cyear to me now. Where I would walk, you cannot fallow. Whatever his destination, Putin's on his way. Getting up, Ramius goes to the desk. Returning with the teapot, he drenches the body with scalding tea. Replacing the pot on the tray, Ramius puts the orders in a wastebasket and sets them on are. Removing a duplicate set of orders from his safe, he' places them on the floor by the dead man. Satisfied everything is the way he wants it, he moves to an intercom and takes a deep breath. Pushing a button, he BELLOWS:

RAMIUS (CONT'D)
Dr. Petrov. Come to my quarters at once. There's been an accident!

CUT TO:

A MINI SUB
resembling an airstream t xxzller with a propeller on the back. It's floating in a gargantuan tank fS1led with brightly lit water beneath a vast domed cet'ling:

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

SKIP TYLER
built-like a fireplug, a monument to logic and impatience, leans on a cane, atop a platform by the tank#I watching

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

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

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

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

TYLER

(TURNING)
Ryan?

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

TYLER
Deep submergence rescue vehicle.

RYAN
That's what a DSRV looks like.

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

RYAN
What are you doing with it?
Tyler climbs off the platform, working his cane with
practiced
precision. Taking Ryan by the arm, he heads for a door:

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

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

(BEAT)
Admiral Greer says you have some pdr ures.- -

CUT TO:

TYLER'S OFFICE
high tech naval architecture. Technicians, graduate students move about in the background. Tyler is hunched over the Red October

PHOTOGRAPHS:

TYLER
Bigger than a regular typhoon.

(SQUINTING)
What are these doors?

RYAN

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

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

RYAN
How about a towed sonar array?
TYLER
Barely clears the screw in the --
Tyler freezes. Somewhere in that vast abundance of grey
matter, a

**NEURON FIRES:**

TYLER (CONT'D)
I'a be go to he'll! it's a caterpillar!

RYAN
A what?

TYLER
Caterpillar drive. Magneto--hydrodynamic
propulsion. Like a linear induction motor
with saltwater as the ;tat-r. You follow?

RYAN
(SMILING)
Oh sure.

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

RYAN

TYLER
Try silent If this works, we'll have to
find a whole new way to track submarines.
Ryan grapples with the implications. Tyler trips down memory
lane:

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

RYAN
It put to sea this morning.
TYLER

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

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

RYAN
Any records of our work on the caterpillar?

TYLER

(GRABBING HIS CANE)
We got an archive. Let's get dusty.

CUT TO:

PUTIN'S DEAD FACE WRAPPED IN PLASTIC
Two Russian sailors lug his zip-locked corpse into a walk-in freezer in Red October's galley. Three k's assistants carve steaks and watch. One of them

LOGINOV
tweet 6ts, muscular, in striped sail or shirt and bell-bottom pang, tosses a hunk of f into a pail.. To Loginov.'s right, Rami:a and Borodin talk with

DOCTOR NIKOLAY" PETROV
forties;, .thin, bespectacled and careworn. A dedicated and `compulsive gossip, Petrov is the Red October's medical ofdoer.
Ramius has the; counterfeit orders in his hand:

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

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

RAMIUS
We will not.

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

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

PETROV
Yes, but --

RAMIUS
(RE: ORDERS)
These orders are quite specific. Putin's unfortunate death will not change them. Turning, Ramius spots Loginov and waves his hand. Loginov freezes.

RAMIUS (CONT'D)
You. Come here.

(LOGINAV DOES)
Your name?

LOGINOV
(TREMBLING) Cook's assistant, Loginov, sir.

RAMIUS
Good. Now, I want you and the Doctor
to witness this, Ioginov. I have removed Putin's missile key from his neck and am keeping it myself. Ioginov blinks. Petrov frowns. Closing the freezer door, the sates [save. Loginov isn't sure what to do. Petrov's agitated:

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

RAMIUS
From what, Doctor?

PETROV
Making a mistake and...

(EXASPERATED)
We must report this to Red Meet Command.

RAMIUS
Impossible. We are ordered to maintain strict radio silence.

(TO IOGINOV)
That will be all, Comrade. Glad to be anywhere else, Loginov returns to his work.

PETROV
Captain, perhaps I should keep Putin's key until --

RAMIUS
(SHARPLY)
I suggest you return to sick bay, Doctor. Soon, I will address the crew and explain our orders. This is not a decision for discussion. Shrugging, Petrov disappears. Borodin and Ramius.. follow him. Freaked, Loginov watches them go.
CUT TO:

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

JONES

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

MANCUSO
Can you identify him?

JONES
Computer's chewing on it. Twin screw and the plant noise sounds like a typhoon but - Computer ptintar CLATTERS. Ripping off the printout, Mancuso

STUDIES IT:

SIGNAL EVALUATION:

SOVIET TYPHOON CLASS SUBMARINE

UNKNOWN IDENTITY

NOT PREVIOUSLY RECORDED

MANCUSO
Must be a new boat.

(TO THOMPSON)
I miss something in dispatch the last few days, Phil?

THOMPSON
Fleet hasn't said a word about it.

**MANCUSO**
Alright. Start a fie on his, Jonesy. For now, call his Sierra thirty-five. (.Leaving)
r91 see if we can work in a little closer and sniff his out.
Thompson fcDows Mancuso. Beaumont glances at Jones, whispering:

**BEAUMONT**
Won't the Soviets hear us?

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

**CUT TO:**

**RAMIUS SPINNING THE PERISCOPE**
in Red October's Conn. At all stations, helm, fire control, quartermaster, sailors work with galvanic prec s4r n.
Standing next to Borodin

**CAPTAIN LIEUTENANT BORIS KAMAROV**
Red October's navigator, watches Ramius i tently. The tension is palpable. Something extraordinary is about to happen:

**RAMIUS**
Down scope.

*(Turning)*

Any. sonar contacts?

**KAMAROV**
Sonar is clear, Captain.

**RAMIUS**
All right. rm going to address the crew. Ramius grabs the whip telephone. Jaw set, his eyes blaze with

**HYPNOTIC INTENSITY:**
RAMIUS (CONT'D)

(INTO PHONE)
Comrades, here are our orders given to us by Red Fleet Command. It is our good fortune to make the first test of our revolutionary propulsion system. In various locations all over the ship, sailors stop what they are doing and listen carefully:

IN THE ENLISTED MESS
crowded together at tables, men hear Ramius' voice:

RAMIUS (VO CONT'D)

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

IN ENGINEERING
beneath a maze of pipes, technicians listen:

RAMIUS (VO CONT'D)

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

IN THE MISSILE BAYS

S
men are spellbound by their captain's intensity:

RAMIUS (VO CONT'D)

(ON SPEAKERS)
For many years, we have had to stand helplessly in the wings while pawns compromise every advance our military has made.
BACK IN THE CONN

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

RAMIUS (CONT’D)

(INTO PHONE)

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

RAMIUS (CONT’D)

(INTO PHONE)

Our missies will not be armed, of course, but imagine, if they were. In one bright moment, all that we believe in, all that we honor, would prevail forever. Ramius is finished. No one moves. Kamarov has goose bumps.

RAMIUS (CONT’D)

Comrade, navigator.

KAMAROV

Captain?

RAMIUS

Rig for silent running.

KAMAROV

('TURNING)

Reduce engines to quarter speed and open outer doors. A sail cr locks a program into a computer.

OUTSIDE RED OCTOBER

in the water, the mysterious doors on the sub’s bow begin to open. Behind them, a strange tunnel is revealed. -
IN THE CONN
Ramius and his men hear the dark RING of STEEL on STEEL in deep WATER:

KAMAROV
Outer doors are open, Captain.

RAMIUS
Engage the caterpillar.

OUTSIDE RED OCTOBER
in the water...: An eerie green ring of light starts to glow in the tunnel behind the doors. A second light appears. Then a third, flashing florescent. Behind the tunnel, in the stern, Red October's giant propeller comes to a stop. Suddenly, more light appears, distorted by a sudden rush of water.

CUT-- TO:

JONES
in the Dalla' sonar shack, working his computer. The COB is behind him, Beaumont to his left. Red October's AMPIFIED HISS f Ms the room. Suddenly,

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

COB
What happened?

JONES
Don't know.

COB
What do you mean, don't know?

**CUT TO:**

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

**RAMIUS**
Left full rudder.

**HELMSMAN**
Rudder is left full...

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

**KAMAROV**
Coming to course two-five-zero. Kamarov draws a line on his chart. The new course is west into the Atlantic. Suddenly, the intercom CRACKLES:

**SONAR (VO)**
Sonar contact, Captains Dead astern. An American Los Angeles class

**BORODIN**
He must have been in our baffles. We can't have
Raising his hand, Ramius activates the intercom

**RAMIUS**
Sonar. Is the American turning to Ballow us?

**SONAR (VO)**

(ON SPEAKERS)
No, Captain. No he's not. He's continuing on our original course.
RAMIUS

(SLOW SMILE)
He can't hear us.
Silence, Impulsively, Kamarov starts HUMMING the INTERNATIONAL. Of cers and enlisted men join in. It snowballs.
One at a time, the crew RAISE their VOICES

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

CUT TO:

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

MANCUSO
it did what?

JONES
It disappeared, sir.

MANCUSO
it a d)
What are you talking about? Check your gear.

JONES
Running diagnostics, now, Captain.
Jones is starting to sweat. He runs his tests. Nothing.

MANCUSO
he stares blankly at Mancuso:

JONES (CONT'D)
Sonar is working, sir. The Russian just disappeared. One minute he was steady four thousand yards off our bow and then he was gone. And r a second, I thought I heard... well ;--
Mancuso

heard what's

Jones

(reluctant)
I thought, I heard singing, sir.

Mancuso

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

Cut to:

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

Super: SSN Konovalov
Akuja Cass Soviet Submarine
Grid Square 54-90

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

Captain Vixtor Tupolev
[late-thirties, intense, leans over a navigator tab] e. A blond man
with a clipboard approaches. He is

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

Bonavia
Captain Tupolev?

Tupolev
BONAVIA
St M no sign of Red October, sir. I think we should surface and contact Red Fleet Command.

TUPOLEV
To what purpose?

BONAVIA
To inform them Red October has not appeared.

TUPOLEV
What makes you think she hasn't? Tupolev glides to a quartermaster's station. Following him, Bonavia's stomach growls.

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

BONAVIA
(FRUSTRATED)

BUT -

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

BONAVIA
Captain, I am concerned that -

TUPOLEV
I Care little for your concerns, Comrade.
Tupolev leaves. Bonavia glances at the quartermaster. His stomach growls again.

**CUT TO:**

**A BLACK CHAIKA: LIMO**

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

**SUPER: MOSCOW**

**KARPOTSKIY PROSPEKT**

Soviet Navy Political Directorate

From his post in the portico, a uniformed guard races to the limo and opens the door for a dyspeptic, grumpy, old man. He is **ADMIRAL YURI ILYCH PADORIN** in an overcoat and a rumpled hat, brim turned up in front.

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

Padorin mounts a giant staircase. Naval officers snap salutes.

Padorin answers, dourly. Yeah-heave-me-alone. Mumbling, he moves through **ANTEROOMS**

Leaving a wake of aides and sues crawling all over themselves, whispered greetings on their lips. Yeah-right-leave-me-alone.

Frowning and cranky, Padorin marches into **HIS PRIVATE OFFICE**

where he's met by his seventy-four year old PERSONAL ORDERLY.

They've known each other forever and act like an old married couple.

The orderly takes Padorin's overcoat and hat. Behind a desk,
Padorin lights a morning cigarette. The orderly brings tea and incessant small talk. Padorin says nothing. Finally, Padodn sits, focusing on the morning mail. Twenty or so letters are laid neatly on a blotter. Yeah-right-leave-me-alone. Yeah leave-me-alone. Don't heel like dealing with mailâ€”now.

ORDERLY
There's a note from Marko Ramivs there.

ADimiral
(Airightening)
Ah, Marko. The old coot: almost smiles. This he'll read. Getting the envelope open, he prepares for a good time. Somewhere in the first paragraph, his smile fades. The hand holding his cigarette begins to shake. Reaching absently for the teacup, nearing the bottom of the pager Padoadn chokes, spilling everything.

CUT TO:

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

Jones
Jesus Christ. Somebody just stepped on the gas.

(Re: Display)
Mancuso
Put it on the speakers. WHINING PROPELLERS and CAVITATION NOISE fill the sonar shack.

Suddenly, MORE PROPELLERS:

Jones
Jeez. There's another one. Bearing .,even-three.

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

(TURNING)
Have the Soviets scheduled submarine races today, sir?

Mancuso
I'm gonna radio Fleet Command. He takes off. Jones hears something buried in the PROPELLERS and CAVITATION NOISE. A strange WHOOSHING SOUND. Frowning, he starts a tape rewarder.

CUT TO:

A PHONE RINGING,
Ryan picks it up. He and Tyler are hip-deep in top secret fees in the naval archive stacks.

Ryan
Yes?

(Listening)
No, this is Dr. Ryan.

(Pause)
Affright. He stares at Tyler quizzically, waiting:

Greer's Voice
(From Phone)
Jack?

Ryan
Yes, Admiral, I'm ---
GREER'S VOICE
Where the hell are you?! Get your ass to the south entrance of the Executive Office Building in forty-five minutes. It's across from the White House. Got it?

RYAN
Yes, sir, but what's-

CUT TO:
GREER
in his office on the phone to Ryan:

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

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

GREER
Come on.
Ryan follows him past a security guard and into

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

RYAN
I got a line on the doors. You know what they are?
Greer doesn't answer. Impatient, Ryan follows him into

AN ELEVATOR
Greer pushes a button marked SUB LEVEL FOUR. Turning to Ryan:
GREER
A silent propulsion system. -

RYAN

(CHAGRINED)
How did -?

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GREER
Captain of the sub we had following
her radioed in. Thing up and
disappeared right in front of him.
But that isn't the half of it. Read.
He hands Ryan a sheaf of message flimsies. The descending
elevator stops. Doors open. Ryan reads. Greer leaves. Realizing he's
been left behind, Ryan takes off, entering

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

RYAN
Jesus... ! This is unbelievable.

(TURNING PAGES)
The Kirov, too. They've sortled
their whale bloody fleet!

GREER
About the size of it.
Glancing up from his reading, Ryan notices a sign at the end
of the

CORRIDOR:

SUB LEVEL FOUR

WHITE HOUSE SECURITY
Stopping on a dime, his eyes narrow:
RYAN
Where're we going anyway?

GREER
(F IG)
Brle$ng Jeffrey Pelt. The.
President's National Security Advisor.
Most of the Joint Chiefs will be there.
Along with a few other people.

RYAN
Who's giving the brieefing?

GREER
You are.

RYAN
(WIDE-EYED)

BUT

GREER
The yeoman'fl have the slides all, laid out. AIL you have to do --

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

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

JUMP CUT TO:

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

Left alone, Ryan spots a lectern at the foot of the table.

Nearby, a yeoman tends a slide machine, an overhead projector and a
large bulletin board. Ryan heads for the lectern.
The yeoman has a list of slides, some photos and
mustrations. Trying to gather his thoughts, Ryan steps behind the

lectern.

JEFFREY PELT
the President's National Security Advisor arrives. In his

mid-mss, wearing wire-rim spectacles, Pelt's notsighted, brOliant

and a crackerjack poker player.

Generals and Admirals take their places. Pelt sits at the

head of the table, turning to Greer:

PELT
Let's get started.

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

PELT

(TO RYAN)
You may begin.
Taking a sip of water, Ryan nods at the yeoman. Projector is

TURNED ON:

RYAN
Gentlemen, the last twenty four hours
have seen some extraordinary Soviet
naval activity. The first to sail was --
(SLIDE)
this ship, the Red October. A variant of the typhoon class, she's some six hundred fifty feet long. Thirty-two thousand tons submerged displacement, roughly the size of a World War II aircraft Carrier.

(BEAT)
Unlike the standard typhoon, equipped to fire long-range missiles from Russian waters, Red October carries fifty-six SS-311s, which is a short-range attack mis it with eight independent warheads. That's four hundred forty-eight warheads all specifically designed to fire close in.

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

(ANOTHER SLIDE)
it is possible this new drive system allowed the captain, a man named Marko

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

RYAN (CONT'D)
to elude one of ' our attack boats, the Dallas, which trailed Red October from harbor this morning.

(POINTKUY)
This drive, if it's working, could render Red October invvisihl8 to our SOSUS warning nets in the Atlantic.

PELT
You would characterize this as a first strike weapon, Dr. Ryan?
Ryan glances at Greer. Greer smi reassuringly.

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

ADMIRAL
An offensive weapon. The kind you start wars with.

RYAN
Precisely, Admiral..

(RE: MAP)
if I may continue. Shortly after the Dallas lost contact, there were additional Soviet mailings from Parijarny, Leningrad and the Mediterranean. The Soviets have

SOME --

(CHECKING NOTES)
fifty-eight nuclei submarines headed at high speed into the Atlantic. And this afternoon's satellite pass over Parijarny found head blooms in the engineering plants of the Kirov, the Minsk and more than twenty cruisers and destroyers, indicating that the bulk of their surface fleet is also preparing to sail.
Flushed, Ryan sits beside Greer. Pelt turns to Greer:

PELT
Conclusions?

GREER
Absence of activity in the Pacific suggest this is probably just an exercise having nothing to do with the Red October.
A General starts to object. He's cut off by JUDGE MOORE, a white-haired civilian near the top of the table:

MOORE
NSA can speak to that, Mr. Pelt.

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

Before sailing, Captain Ramius sent a letter to Admiral Yuri Padorin, Chairman of Soviet Naval Deployment. Painting at Ramius' wedding picture, Ryan whispers to Greer:

That's her uncle!

Whose uncle?

(RYAN)

(Whisper) Ramius' wife. Padorin's her uncle! Greer has no idea what Ryan's saying. Moore's still talking:

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

And sink her. Audible intake of breath round the room. Pelt is the first to

(RECOVER:)

Sink her?

(PELT)

My god. They've got a madman on their hands. He's gonna start a war.
A spirited discussion ensues. Tuning it out, Ryan stares at the picture of Ramius and his wife. Urgently, he whispers to Greer:

**RYAN**
This is the twenty-gird, isn't it?

Greer nods. Order in the room has broken down. Generals and Admirals argue vehemently about appropriate responses.

Staring at the photos, a light goes off in Ryan's brain: SljenCel. Ryan realizes everyone in the room is staring at him.

**PELT**
(DRYLY)
You've something to add to the discussion, Dr. Ryan?

**RYAN**
Uhhmm... I was just thinking there was perhaps another possibility we ought to consider. Ryan takes a deep breath.

**RYAN (CONT'D)**
Ramius might be trying to defect. Nobody moves. Ryan glances at Greer. Greer rolls his eyes. Too far out. Ryan's on his own. The General bristles:

**GENERAL**
Do you mean to suggest -

**PELT**
Go ahead, Dr. Ryan.

**RYAN**
Well, Ramius trained most of their Officer Corps. He'd be in a position to select men willing to help him. And he's not Russian.
He's Lithuanian by birth, and by heritage. He was raised by his maternal grandfather, who was a fisherman. He has no children, no ties to leave behind and -

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

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

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

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

I know Ramins, General. He's been a maverick for his entire career. I even met him once at an embassy dinner. I met captain Ramius, sir? Have you ever

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

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

Four days.

Alright. I'll brief the President. That will, be all, gentlemen.
Dr. Ryan. Would you stay for a moment, please?
Everyone gets up to leave. As Greer rises, he winks at Ryan:

GREER
I said speak your mind, Jack, but

JESUS --
shaking his head, Greer pats Ryan's shoulder and leaves.

Ryan's mouth is dry. Pelt gets up:

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

RYAN
It wasn't my intention, sir -

PELT

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

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

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

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

PELT
OK. When can you leave?

RYAN

(FLUSHED)
Wait a minute. The General was right. I'm just an analyst --
PELT
Perfect. I can't ask any of these characters to go. None of them would volunteer putting their reputations on the line. And anyway, none of them are expendable.

(RYAN FROWNS)
IR]. give you three days to prove your theory, after that we won't have any choice but to hunt Ramius down and blow him away. Will, you do it?
Ryan stares at Pelt.

CUT TO:

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

IN THE KONOVALOV
Tupolav spins the .periscope in the Konova]ov's Conn.
Bonavia brings him a message. Frowning, Tupolev reads it.

TUPOLEV
Mother of God.

(TURNING)
Down scope. Dive the ship.
Saes in the Conn, prepare to dive. Tupalev is furious.
Turning to Bonavia, he sneers:

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

BONAVIA
But, Captain. Have you forgotten that it was you who -
TUPOLEV

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

CUT TO:

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

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

ENSIGN IVAN STADNYUK
nervous, twenties, Asiatic, locks a dead bait, securing the wardroom. Tension is electric, palpable.

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

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

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

RAMIUS
No, Vlktor. Visibly shaken, Stadnyuk waves his hands:

STADNYUK
Captain?

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

T BILISI
I have no objections to eliminating him. He was a pig. But it's a decision we should all have made.

BORODIN
You're not in command.

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

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

(PAUSE)
There's something else you should know. On the morning we sailed, I posted a letter to Admiral Padorin announcing our intentions to defect. Borodin's jaw drops. Tbilisi is speechless. Kamarov whispers:

KAMAROV
In the name of God, why?

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

I STADNYUK

(SHRIEKING)
They'll find us! They'll hunt us down!

80RODIN

(HISSING)
Keep your voice down, Ivan. Nobody
can find us.

**TBILISI**

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

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

**(ANGRY)**
Goddammit, Marko. You signed our death warrants!

**RAMIUS**

**(EYES BLAZING)**
How many times have you served in my command, Viktrxr?

**TBILISI**

**(STAMMERING)**
Many times --

**RAMIUS**
Do you know me to be a man who tolerates insubordination?
Tbili- blanches, but will not look away. Ramius glances at the

**OTHERS:**

**RAMIUS (CONT'D)**
Return to your posts. All of You.
No one moves. Time crawls by. Finally, Borodin gets to his feet:

**BORODIN**
You heard the Captain. Dismissed!
One by one, the men file out of the wardroom. When they are gone,
Borodin turns to Ramius, ... speaking quietly:

BORODIN (CONT'D)
Captain. I would never disagree with you in front of the men. But Viktor is right. We are in this together. What we are attempting is d'f cult. And --

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

(Beat)
That is precisely what we will do.

CUT TO:

JONES
working his tape recorder in the Dallas' sonar shack.
Varying speeds, aftering extraneous noise, Jones is isolating the

WHOOSHING SOUND.

CUT TO:

SHEET LIGHTNING
in a RAGING STORM. An C-2A GREYHOUND appears, TURBOPROPS SCREAMING, buffeted like a ping-gong ball on a HOWLING

PITCH }

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

A NAVIGATOR
sits directly behind Ryan at a small desk built into the bulkhead.
-45-

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

**NAVIGATOR**

Some turbulence. Hey, Commander?

**(NO ANSWER)**

You don't enjoy flying?

Ryan shakes his head. Gleefully, the navigator BELLOWS:

**NAVIGATOR (CONT'D)**

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

**RYAN**

**(SWOONING)**

Next time you get a bright idea, Jack, try putting åÊit in a memo.

**NAVIGATOR**

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

**CUT TO:**

**AN AIRCRAFT CARRIER**

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

**USS KENNEDY**

The North Atlantic

100 miles south of Greenland

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

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

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

CAPTAIN CHARLES DAVENPORT
fiores, in a leather flight jacket, approaches the Greyhound. SHOUTING SAILORS batten down the plane.
A door opens. Ryan climbs down a ramp on shaky legs. Taking his arm, Davenport SHOUTS:

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

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

REAR ADMIRAL JOSHUA PAINTER
fifties, a man of puritanical integrity, takes a hit of the ooze in his quarters on the Kennedy.. KNOCK on the DOOR. Ryan and Davenport enter.

RYAN;'(sha)dng hands) Jack Ryan, Admiral.. Sorry for the confusion, but, as:-l was just. telling Captain Davenport, I'm not a naval of cer

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

PAINTER
You want coffee? Something to eat?
(RYAN DOESN'T)
Alright:. What can I do.for you, son?
You gonna tell me what all this activity
is about?
Ryan hands Painter a lettw. Opening It, Painter studies the

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

PAINTER (CONT'D)
Can't get any higher authority than
that. Now, what's going on?

CUT TO:

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

JONES

(TO MANCUSO)
I know you're busy, Captain. But I
may have something here.

MANCUSO
Go ahead.

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

MANCUSO
Magma displacement?
JONES
Yes sir. See, the system we are using was originally designed to look for four seismic events and although we adapted it to hunt for submarines -

MANCUSO
utto the chase, Jonesy.

JONES
Aye, aye, sir. Anyway, I got curious and started tracking the sound on our lateral array. I located it four different times. The fifth time it was gone and I couldn't find it. But I want to show you what I worked up. Picking up a grease pencil, Jones makes calculations on the status board overlaying the nautical map:

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JONES (CONT'D)
The first contact was at zero-nine-Been hours and the bearing was two-six-nine.

(DRAWING LINE)
Then at zero-nine-thirty hours it was bearing two-six-zero. And at zero-nine-forty-eight is was two-ive-zero.

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

MANCUSO
So?

JONES
Well, I figure it couldn't be very far away from us, right? Let's say it was
halfway between us and Iceland. That would put it on a course like this. Jones makes more calculations on the status board. Mancuso recognizes a pattern:

Mancuso
Headed directly into Red Route One.

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

Thompson
What do you think, captain? Mancuso stares at the status board, then turns to Jones:

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

Jones
(uncertain)
Yes, sir.

Mancuso

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Mancuso (cont'd)
Let me ask you this. If we get close to this supers lent sub again, you think you can track him down?

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

CUT TO:

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

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

RYAN
Not ne s_~:4'y. If he personally recruited the officers, it's theoretically possible -

DAVENPORT
Theoretically, anything's possible. But you're not in some cubicle at CIA. Over by the porthole, Painter clears his throat:

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

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

PAINTER
(SMILING)

F
A Coast Guard Inspection?

RYAN
Perhaps. I'm not sure that ---
PAINTER
Well, I agree with chuck on one thing, son. You've got your neck stretched way out there. Didn't Greer ever teach you the rules of survival in a bureaucracy? (Ryan smiles weakly)
Still, it would be nice to keep it. When's the last time you slept?

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

PAINTER
OK. Why don't you rack out fear a while. The chief outside will find you quarters.

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

PAINTER
When you shook hands with him, you notice the ring on his finger,, Chuck?

(DAVENTPORT DIDN'T)
Class of M. Marine Corps.

PAINTER
Greer told me about him. Three weeks after he was commissioned, he was in a chopper on a rescue mission in the Med. They went down. Bad. PI1 and crew killed instantly. That kid spent eight months in traction with a broken back, and two years learning to walk again. I think it's O K for him to wear. the uniform. - (beat),
Don't you?

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

**RYAN**

*(MUMBLING)*
Gotta be pie... Anything's possible ...
... Under the guise of Coast Guard...
better to keep it.. how do you keep ft? Ryan's sound asleep.

**CUT TO:**

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

**TECHNICIAN**
Converter temperature'is egress above specks and rising!

**MELEKHIN**

*(SHOUTING BACK)*
What's the status of the cryog

**TECHNICIAN**

*(SHOUTING)*
Liquid helium discharge pressure is one. hundred pounds low and drpl g!
Ramius and Borodin race into the compartment, Pet= is right behind them. The ship GROANS. Ramius. BELLOWS:

**RAMIUS**
What is It?
MELEKHIN

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

RAMIUS

(TO TECHNICIAN)
Shut everything down! Ship SHUDDERS. Technicians work at a fever white as a ghost. in seconds, the RACKET stops.

TECHNICIAN
Caterpillar flows are stabilizing.

(BEAT)
Magnet temperatures are dropping.

PETROV

(SCARED)
Any reactor damage?

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

PETROV
But are there any radiation --

MELEKHIN

(ANGRY)
I don't know, dammit!

RAMIUS
How long before you can fix it?
MELEKHIN
I have to find out what's wrong first. It could be a problem with the liquid helium cycle. Maybe the super conducting material has failed.

RAMIUS
We're going to have to run an normal propuLainn. Can you get the reactor up?

MELEKHIN
Y]

PETROV –
Shouldn't-'we first check the

RAMIUS
That will be all, Doctor. Frightened, Petrov, stares at Ramb, The Captain's indomitable.
Petrov leaves. Borodin has concerns of his own:

BORODIN'
What if we're detected, Captain?

RAMIUS
Pray that we aren't, Vasily.

CUT TO:

JEFF PELT: ` in a chair in his offf in the Executive Office Building. Through a window, the White House. On a couch opposite him

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

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

LYSENKO
we fear she may be down.
Lysenko leans forward:

LYSENKO (CONT'D)
I hope there won't be any confusion in this matter.

PELT
So do I, Ambassador Lysenko. Confusion could be --

(CAREF'ULLY)
Catastrophic.

CUT TO:

A SOVIET BEAR FOXTROT
anti-submarine aircraft, BLASTING through cumulus at thirty thousand feet, TURBOPROPS HOWLING, a blazing firedog in the white-hot sun.

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

WARRANT OFFICER ANDREI AMALRIC
twenty, Soviet sonar operator, spots something on a sonar display simiar to Jones'. Speaking into a headset:

AMALRIC
Sonar contact on buoy number one-seven-nine. Contact is twenty-seven mil southwest, ze o-nine-zero. Data indicates contact is Red October.
IN THE COCKPIT
of the Foxtrot:, forward of Amalric, PILOT and COPILOT are . surrounded by dials and switches:

PILOT

(INTO HEADSET)
Acknowledged, sonar. Coming to course.-
zero-nine-zero.

(TO COPILOT)
Contact Red Fleet Command and r2con8rm. our orders.
Grabbing a mike, the coplct FLIPS toggle SWITCHES above his head. Leaning on the yoke, the pil10t turns the plane.

IN THE FUSELAGE
of the Foxtrot, Amalric works his computer, wiping sweat from his

FOREHEAD:

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AMALRIC

(INTO HEADSET)
Recommend dropping a four buoy localization pattern. Will coach
to drop paint.

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

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

AMALRIC

(INTO HEADSET)
Vector to the drop paint. Zero-nine-five. Eighteen males.

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

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

(Turning)
Captain, orders to attack are confirmed.

PILOT
Arm. the weapons.
The copilot starts flipping more toggle switches.

IN THE FUSELAGE
of the Foxtrot, Amalric concentrates on the shimmering display:

AMALRIC

(Into Headset)
Vector zero-nine-six, ten mZ 7es.
Two minutes to the drop paint.

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

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

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

**IN THE FUSELAGE**

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

**AMALRIC**

*(INTO HEADSET)*

Buoys are away. Recommend standard turn to the right.

**IN THE SKY**

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

**CUT TO:**

**RAMIUS**

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

**RAMIUS**

What do you mean, â€œ you stall, don't know?**

**MELEKHIN**

Captain, I need -

**BORODIN**

Dammit, Alex. If we run any longer on normal power, weft have the w-hole -

**T BILISI (VO)**

*(ON SPEAKERS)*

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

**RAMIUS**

*(GRABBING MIKE)*

Put it on audio.

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

**TBILISI (V O)**

*(ON SPEAKERS)*

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

**RAMIUS**

All stop!

*(TO MELEKHIN)*

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

*(MELEKHIN SPLITS)*

Quartermaster, sounding?

*(NO ANSWER)*

Dammit, Ivan. Give me a sounding!

**STADNYUK**

*(STammering)*

There are five hundred meters under the keel..

**RAMIUS**

*(INTo MIKE)*

Torpedo room, this is the Captain. Prepare to launch a counter-measure. Ramins and Borodin exchange glances. At his quartermaster station, Stadnyuk is paralyzed with fear.

**IN THE FUSELAGE**

of the Foxtrot, Amalrioa wipes his brow, continuing to work his

**COMPUTER:**
AMALRIC

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

IN THE COCKPIT
Of the Foxtrot, the copilot runs a final check. Adjusting his headset, the pilot answers Amalric:

PILOT

(INTO HEADSET)
You have permission to shift aircraft control.

(TO COPILOT)
Ask God for forgiveness, Comrade.

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

AMALRIC

(INTO HEADSET)
Computer is now in control, of aircraft.

IN THE SKY
the Foxtrot levels off. Bomb bay doors inch open, revealing a torpedo, sixteen inches in diameter and eight feet long. As the plane's nose dips, the torpedo releases. parachute opening behind, a thousand pounds of doomsday device dive earthward at dizzying speed, splashing into choppy sea.

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

TBILISI (VO)

(ON SPEAKERS)
High speed screw 1 Torpedo in the water!

RAMIUS

(INTO MIKE)
Torpedo room, this is the Captain.
Launch counter-measure.
The Conn SHUDDERS. Metal GRINDS. Within moments, a second PINGING Is added to that of the TORPEDO on AUDIO.

TORPEDO ROOM (VO)

(ON SPEAKER)
Captain, this is the torpedo room.
Counter-measure has been launched.

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

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

RAMIUS
Bottom the ship.

STADNYUK
Wait!
Leaving his quartermaster's station, Stadnyuk stands on shaky legs between Ramius and Kamarov:
STADNYUK (CONT'D)
The bottom is five hundred meters down. We'll be crushed!

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

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

RAMIUS (CONT'D)
Bottom the damn ship!

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

IN THE FUSELAGE
of the Foxtrot, Amalrk listens to the torpedo:

AMALRIC

(ON HEADSET)
Weapon has locked onto target and is homing.

ON RED OCTOBER:
in the Conn, men bang on. Everything is at a forty-five
degree down angle. Kamarov watches a depth gauge plummet.

KAMAROV
Four hundred meters.
Bulkheads CRACK under tons of pressure. Torpedo and counter-
measure'. PING on AUDIO.
Red October dives under the torpedo. it misses the safl by
inches.
Lacking a target, it automatically initiates a wide turn to
the left.

IN THE FUSELAGE
of the Foxtrot. Amaltic reports the torpedo's progress, voice flat:

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AMALRIC

(INTO HEADSET)
Torpedo has lost contact.

(Listening)
Searching.

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

TBIISSI (VO)

(ON SPEAKERS)
Torpedo has passed over us. It's hunting for a target.

KAMAROV

(READING)
Four hundred fifty meters. Estimate bottom at five hundred meters. AIL eyes are fixed on the depth gauge. Bulkheads POP. A saltwater relief valve EXPLODES. BLASTED in the fame with WATER, a HELMSMAN leaps to his feet, SCREAMING:

HELMSMAN
We're flooding! Expressinless, Kamarov slams him back to his chair and shuts down the relief valve. The spray stops:

KAMAROV
Keep your teeth on the shelf, boy. Nobody's flooding.
(READING)

Passing four hundred seventy-five meters. Estimate bottoming in twenty-five meters.

WATER

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

IN THE FUSELAGE

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

AMALRIC

(INTO HEADSET)

Weapon has reacquired. Homing againi

ON RED OCTOBER

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

TBIIISI (VO)

(ON SPEAKER)

Captain, the torpedo is homing on our counter-measure! PINGS begin a weird contrapuntal DANCE, ultimately becoming SIMULTANEOUS.

IN THE WATER

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

ON RED OCTOBER

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

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

HELMSMAN

Captain, who's shooting at us?

KAMAROV

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

MELEKHIN (VO)

(ON SPEAKERS)
Captain, the caterpa'lllar is fixed. silent drive is operational. Jarred from his reverie, Ramius opens the intercom, speaking to the ENTIRE SHIP:

RAMIUS

This Is the Captain. The explosion you Just heard was the first operational test of a new counter-measure. The torpedo was launched by our friends in Soviet aviation. Borodin stares at Ramius:

RAMIUS (CONT'D)

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

(TO KAMAROV)

Pump us off the bottom and engage the cîç'ëtaerpa'Tjar. Nobody moves. Ramius is indomitable:

RAMIUS (CONT'D)

Diving officer, bring the ship to
one hundred meters.

KAMAROV

(To Planesman)
Pump auxiliaries to sea. Twenty thousand pounds.

(NO RESPONSE)

Now!
Galvanized, the planesman makes preparations to raise the ship.

Ramius stares at Borodin. Things are getting ragged.

CUT TO:

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

MELEKHIN

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

RAMIUS

MELEKHIN

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

(Beat)
I st]. don't know if there's any react= damage. I9]. have to take a sample of the axilant. - We are dealing with no ordinary sailor.

RAMIUS

(to Bo=odin)
We21. have to find a way to get the crew
off this ship, now. We are in danger every second they are aboard.

BORODIN

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

CUT TO:

RYAN

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

RYAN

We'd have to get rid of the crew.

(BEAT)

How do you get the crew off a nuclear submarine?

CUT TO:

JONES

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

MANCUSO (OS)

Sonar, Conn. Anything yet, Tonesy?

JONES

(INTO INTERCOM )

Conn, sonar. Negative, Captain.

COB

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

JONES

He's close. I can feel it.

COB

Close don't count in anything but horseshoes and hand grenades. Beaumont CHORTLES. Jones glances at him:
JONES
Don't encourage the man, seaman Beaumont. He's very old.

COB-
The hell, you say.

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

COB
Screw you.

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

COB
(BLANCHING)
Don't start on that crap. Beaumont grins. The COB and Jones are everything he hoped the Navy would be:

BEAUMONT

(MAY)
What Hustler magazine?

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

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

BEAUMONT
Where'd it' go?

COB

(SQUIRMING)

Come on, Jonesy.

JONES

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

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COS

Goddam you, Jonesy --

JONES

(RAISING HIS HAND)

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

CUT TO:

PAINTER

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

RYAN

Morning, Admiral.

PAINTER
Sleep well?

**RYAN**

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

**PAINTER**

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

**(PIG)**

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

**(BEAT)**

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

**(PIG)**

One of our submarines, the Da71as, reports intermittent contact with Red October and is positioned here at the bottom of Red Route One. With luck, the Dallas will intercept her.

**RYAN**

Could you get me aboard the Dallas?

---

**PAINTER**

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

**RYAN**

**(ASHEN)**

No other way?
PAINTER
That's all there is, I'm afraid.
Putting down his coffee cup, Ryan stares at the status board. A sal]ci r arrives with a message. Reading it, Painter glances at Ryan:

PAINTER (CONT'D)
Dallas found Red October and is backing her now.
Locking eyes with Painter, Ryan grits his teeth.

RYAN

(FLY)
Memos. From now on nothing but memos.

CUT TO:

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

THOMPSON

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

MANCUSO
Jones -'studies his w tern - The COB stands behind him. Beaumont watches. A]l kidding has stopped. This is strictly business:

JONES

(ON MIKE)
Conn, sonar. Signal to noise ratio is dropping.

(BEAT)
Possib3e aspect change on Sierra thirty-five, Red October.
IN THE CONN  

at fire control, Mancuso is suddenly alert.

    THOMPSON  

Sonar, Conn, aye.

    FIRE CONTROL  

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

    IN SONAR  

Jones studies his equipment. Beaumont wonders what's going on.

Suddenly, Jones barks:

    JONES  

(INTO MIKE)  

Conn, sonar. Crazy Ivan!

IN THE CONN  

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

    BLAMING:  

    MANCUSO  

(TO THOMPSON)  

All stop i Come left and stay in his baffles.

(F IG)  

Rig for quiet running. All compartments eliminate noise evolutions.

    IN SONAR  

the COB and Jones ft+eeze. Everything's super-quiet.

Beaumont

    WHISPERS:  

    BEAUMONT  

What! s ' going on, Jonesy?

    JONES  

(WHISPERING)  

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

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

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

JONES (CONT'D)
Conn, sonar. Red October is coming left. My read is he's returning to base course.

(GIG AT

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

IN THE CONN
On the deck, Mancuso glances at fire control.

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

MAN CUSO
Very well. Secure from quiet running. RADIOMAN enters.

RADIOMAN

(TO MANCUSO)
Just decrypted this message from Fleet Command, sir. Opening the message, Mancuso scans it:

MANCUSO
Damn!
THOMPSON
What?

MANCUSO
I'm not gonna believe this.

CUT TO:

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

DAVENPORT
The Dallas picked up Red October and is tracking her again. The Admiral issued orders for her to fall back and pick you up. Davenport takes Ryan's arm.

DAVENPORT (CONT'D)
Ryan, listen to me. Getting someone on a sub is a nightmare. The Admiral told me what happened to you in the Mediterranean. The next hour could be very rough. Ryan froes a grin. A sax7or helps him into the helicopter. Davenport steps back. ROTORS ACCELERATE.

CUT TO:

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

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

PELT
How can I help you, Ambassador?
LYSENKO
I'm afraid there's been a pew development.

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

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

(SWEATING)
He posted a letter just before he announcing his intentions to fire his miss' it at the United Stat s. Pelt stares at Lysenko. Lysenko shifts his weight. The Russian finds Pelt's steady gaze unnerving:

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

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

PELT
So one of your submarine captains has gone insane?

(LYSENKO NODS)
What is it you want from us?

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

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

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

PELT
I understand. Pelt picks up the phone.

CUT TO:

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

IN THE CHOPPER
HOWLING. NOISE. PILOT and COPILOT navigate tricky winds. TWO SAILORS crouch by an open door, checking a harness on Ryan. Tuiindng to the pi ot, the copilot BELLOWS:

COPILOT
no contact with the Da'Ha!

# (READING GAUGE)
Fuel capacity is in the red!

PILOT
We can't wait any Unger!

COPILOT
Hang on. I have contact!
PILOT
OK. Tell them to surface.

(RE: RYAN)
Hook him up! But hurry, we don't have much fuel left!
Sailors thread cable through a winch by the door. Ryan's white as a ghost. NOISE IS DEAFENING. Another sailor belts a harness to Ryan's back.
Ryan peers down. Wind from the rotors crushes the waves. Between his feet, Ryan can see the small white wake from a periscope.

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

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

(NG)
Officer of the deck. Surface the ship. A flurry of activity in the Conn. The Dallas prepares to surface. Mancuso and Thompson move to a hatch by the helm.

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

SAILOR
Pull this to release! Fighting. panic, Ryan glances down. A million miles below, the sea bans - mine-grey.

ON THE DALLAS
sail in the Conn work like lightning in cramped quarters. A petty officer straps Mancuso and Thompson into harnesses.

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

(PAUSE)

Fun?

THOMPSON

(G NING)
Why I joined the Navy.
A sager hands Mancuso a phone for the bridge.

THOMPSON (CONT'D)
I put Jonesy in the forward escape
hatch in case he goes in the drink.

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

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

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

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

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

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

**ON THE BRIDGE**
Mancuso lays binoculars on Ryan. Thompson ties both of them
to
the sail The sub pitches and rolls. Forward and aft are
buried
beneath waves.
Fingers freezing, Thompson clamps one end of a jumper cable
to a
metal lip on the bridge to ground the sub against static
generated
by the helicopter's rut

**IN THE AIR**
savage WINDS from the chopper's ROTORS start spinning Ryan
like
a top. Desperately, he trams to control the dizzying motion. Above, caught in an unexpected wind sheer, the chopper
plummets
seaward. Ryan's line goes slack. Angry sea rushes up at him
with
blistering speed.

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

**IN THE AIR**
CRACKING like a WHIP, the CABLE goes TAUT. Ryan feels like
he's been hit with a sledgehammer. Unable to breathe, he
RIPS off
his HELMET.
A rock in a sling, he tries to get his bearings.
Everything's grey.
Above, the chopper's rotors CHEW the SKY. Help! s, Ryan
starts
swinging like a pendulum.
ON THE BRIDGE
Mancuso and Thompson watch Ryan rocket by at Mach 10. A huge arc carries him way out over the angry sea. Slowing down, Ryan starts to spin again.

MANCUSO
(SCREAMING)
See if you can get a ground on his line. I'm gonna try and catch the bastard! Way out on the horizon, Ryan reaches the end of his arc and starts a comet-like ride back at the ship.

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

PILOT
Reel him back in!

SAILOR
(TRYING)
The cable's jammed!

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

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

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

ON THE BRIDGE
Thompson readies the ground, holding one end in the air. A wave
BLASTS the DALLAS.

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

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

**A BOLT OF ELECTRICITY**
arcs between their oohed hands. BLITZED, Mancuso is KNOCKED hard to his KNEES.

**IN THE CHOPPER,**
the sailor pulls, the release lever, CUTTING the cable. it SLAMS back inside like a two ton rubber band.

**IN THE AIR**
unhooked, Ryan sling-shots fifty yards over the pitching bow of the Dalyas, disappearing beneath the ice-cold water.

**UNDER THE WATER**
Bubbles trailing from his mouth, Ryan struggles to free himself from the harness.

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

MANCUSO

(INTO PHONE)

Man overboard!
Thompson drags himself back onto the bridge.

**IN THE ESCAPE TRUNK**
Jones hears Mancuso's voice BOOMING over SPEAKERS:

MANCUSO (VO)
(ON SPEAKERS)
Man overboard! Twenty yards off
the starboard bow!
The COB SLAMS the HATCH, turning the trunk into an iron
tomb.
Jones pulls a mask over his eyes, activates his oxygen and
drags
open the exterior hatch.

SEA WATER THUNDERS
in, submerging him in Icy stillness. Securing a line to the
bulkhead, Jones swims out into the swirling brine.

IN THE AIR
the chopper banks hard to the left, climbs Into the mist and
starts
circling the Dams.

IN THE WATER
free of the harness, Ryan bobs like a cork in the waves.
Fifty
yards away, the keeness sub p bahes violently.

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

JONES
Are. you injured!?

JONES
I'm gonna take you in through an
escape trunk!
Jones hooks Ryan to the line. Salt stings Ryan's eyes. His,
breathing's ragged.

ON THE DALLAS
BEDLAM in the CONN. STACCATO orders. Mancuso helps
Thompson through the hatch. Hell on wheels, Mancuso
disappears
down a passageway.
Jones and Ryan ride waves by the curved hull of the ship.

Jones offers Ryan his mouthpiece.

**RYAN**

Wait a minute!

**JONES**

Listen, you son-of-a-bit h. I'm only gonna tell you once. Stick this fucking thing in your mouth and breathe! Ryan takes the mouthpiece, inhaling and exhaling rapidly.

The helicopter circles above. Jones drags Ryan UNDER THE WATER into bruised silence. Pulling themselves downward along the Dalla rolling hull, Ryan and Jones share oxygen.

**IN THE ESCAPE TRUNK**

Ryan and Jones pull themselves inside. Blazing light ignites a fire storm of one-caned organisms. Eyes wide, Ryan watches Jones c3 se the hatch. Jones starts draining the trunk. Everything slows down.

Echoes REVERBERATE. The water level in the trunk drops and the SHRIEK OF PRESSURIZED AIR ASSAULTS Ryan's EARDRUMS. Hurling the mouthpiece away, he gulps air in the rapidly draining trunk like a banked trout.

**IN THE HALLWAY**

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

**RYAN**

Jesus Christ! I cant believe it!
Jesus Christ ""

**MANCUSO**

Take it easy --

**RYAN**

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

**MANCUSO**

Slow down. You're hypervent it sting.
(RYAN BLINKS)
Now, who are you?

RYAN

(DISORIENTED)
Sorry. I'm Jack Ryan. Are you Captain Mancuso?
Mancuso nods. The radioman appears with another message. Mancuso rips it open and starts reading it. Ryan rockets into

PRESENT TIME:

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

MANCUSO

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

RYAN -

(QUIC)DY)
We have to find him again. The Captain is going to defect and -

MANCUSO
What the hell are you yammering about?

RYAN
I have to talk to -

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

RYAN

BUT CAPTAIN
MANCUSO
I'll be in the Conn.

JUMP CUT TO:
at the entrance of the sonar shack, fifteen minutes later.

Behind him, in the Conn, the crew is preparing to man battle stations.

Jones has returned to sonar.

MANCUSO

(TO JONES)
Any sign that he's alerted to our presence?

JONES
No, sir, captain. operating as before.

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

OOD
Captain. Battle stations are manned.

MANCUSO
Very well.

RYAN
What do you mean battle stations?

(URGENTLY)
Look, I've been authorized by the President of the United States to talk to the Captain of Red October. Mancuso takes the last message from his pocket:

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

RYAN
(STUNNED)

I don't understand.

MANCUSO

(RE: MESSAGE)

According to this he's gone bughouse and intends to fire his missiles. So much for your defection theory. Mancuso hands Ryan the message. Ryan stares at it. Mancuso turns back to the officer of the deck:

MANCUSO (CONT'D)

Officer of the deck. Make,

RYAN

Wail!

(RE: MESSAGE)

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

JONES

(TO MANCUSO)

Captain, crazy Ivan.

MANCUSO

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

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

RYAN

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

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

(MANCUSO HESITATES)

Please.

MANCUSO

(after a beat)
AIL back two-thirds.
Nobody moves. Jones glances at Mancuso. Mancuso stares at Ryan

The ofSt r of the deck's e d

OOD
Sorry, sir. Would you repeat --

MANCUSO
I said, aill back two-thirds!

HELMSMAN
Helm answers. AIL back two-thirds.
Hell RINGS. Ship SHUDDERS. Ryan's ears pop. Jones glares at

MANCUSO:

MANCUSO
AIL shop!

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

CUT TO:

RAMIUS
in the Conn on Red October, surrounded by activity.

Urgently, he speaks into a mike:
RAMIUS
Sonar, this is Ramius. Can you identify the contact?

TBILISI (VO)

(ON SPEAKERS)
American Los Angeles class attack submarine. Bearing zero-five-zero, range three hundred yards.

CUT TO:

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

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

RYAN
WAIT -

MANCUSO
My orders are specific, Mister.

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

CUT TO:

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

TBILISI (VO)

(ON SPEAKERS)
the American has flooded his tubes and is preparing to Orel

RAMIUS

(TO BORODIN)
Prepare tubes three and four and plot a solution.
BORODIN
Shall I flood the tubes?

(NO ANSWER)
Captain, shall I flood the tubes?

RAMIUS
(after a beat)
No. Lock the (ring solution into computer. Do not flood the tubes.

CUT TO:

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

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

JONES
Negative, Captain. He's just matting there. Hold on --

(BEAT)
Hull popping. Target's coming shallow.
Mancuso frowns. The crew's a cased spring. Ryan's walking on

RAZOR BLADES:

RYAN
What does it mean?

MANCUSO
It means, he's a very cool customer,

YOUR RUS
sian. He knows we're here and that we are ready to fire. But he's not going to provoke us. He's heading to periscope depth to see what's on the surface.
(TO THOMPSON)
What's his course, now?

THOMPSON

(READING)
Target is on course north.

MANCUSO

(TO HELMSMAN)
Right ten degrees rudder. Steer course north.

(BEAT)
Sonar, Conn. Report all contacts.

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

MANCUSO
Conn, aye. Fire control, range to target?

THOMPSON
Range is three hundred yards.

MANCUSO
Diving oar make your depth sixty-five feet.

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

ON THE SURFACE
Grey sky. Frothy sea. Red October's periscope appears.

Seconds later, three hundred yards away, the Dalla' scope breaks the surface.

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

**RAMIUS**

*(ON SCOPE)*

Weapons status?

**BORODIN**

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

**RAMIUS**

*(AT SCOPE)*

Mark this bearing.

**QUARTERMASTER**

Bearing zero-nine-zero.

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

**MANCUSO**

All right, Mr. Ryan. You wanted to talk to him. There he is. What do you want to say? Ryan chooses his words carefully. As he does, Mancuso hits a periscope light in morse:

**RYAN**

American government told you intend to launch mis. lc s. Do not approach U.S. coast. Repeat. Do not approach U.S. coast, or you will be attacked. If you understand, ping once.

*(TO MANCUSO)*

He can do that, can't he?
He can do that. But is he gonna do that?

**ON RED OCTOBER**
in the Conn, Ramius is still at the scope, watching the light in the Dalla' periscope. After a moment, he, glances at Borodin:

```
RAM=S
Verify the range again.
```

*(BEAT)*

Ping one time only.

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

```
MANCUSO
I'D. be dammed.
```

*(TO RYAN)*

Now what?

```
RYAN
(RE: PAD)
Send him this.
```

```
MANCUSO
(READING)
Are you out of your mind?
```

```
RYAN
Just send it.
```

*(THINKING)*

And ten him to ping again if he agrees.

**ON RED OCTOBER**
in the Conn, Ramius is at the scope, watching the flashing light. After a second, he steps back, face white. Finally, he turns to

```
BORODIN:
RAMIUS
Verify the range one more time.
BORODIN
But Captain, I just --

RAMIUS
Give me a sounding, ' Vasily! Ping once only.
Borodin goes to work. Ramius stares at Melekhin. Melekhin frowns.

What the hell is happening?

ON THE DALLAS
in the Conn, Mancuso, Ryan and the crew hear another PING. Ryan's ecstatic. Mancuso Isn't.

MANCUSO
Down scope.

RYAN
(to Mancuso,..

EXDITD)

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

MANCUSO
Ryan, what's going on?

RYAN
(9 G)
If the Soviets want us to sink Red October. We just might have to oblige.

CUT TO:

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

THE REYKJANES RIDGE
Off the coast of Iceland
Morning of the fourth day
in engineering, Petrov and Melekhin stand at a sink on the reactor bulkhead. Valves and tubing hang over the sink. Technicians in the background. Melekhin's in rubber apron, gloves and plastic face shield. Dressed identically, Petrov halls a book. Signs on the wall indicate radiation danger.

**PETROV**

*(READING BOOK)*

Shut valve three.

**MELEKHIN**

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

**PETROV**

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

**MELEKHIN**


**PETROV**

Shut the valve and secure the sink! Melekhin shuts the valve. Petrov stares at the alarm. Below it, a meter is flashing red:

**PETROV (CONT'D)**

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

**CUT TO:**
Ramius and Borodin
drinking tea and munching black bread in Red October's wardroom.

Nobody else around. Borodin smiles at Ramius fondly:

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

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

**BORODIN**
Good. Then I will raise rabbits in Montana and marry a round American

I woman who will cook them for me.

**(SMILING)**
And she will have friends who are Indians and we will ride horses on Sunday.

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

**PETROV**
Captain, there are high Esâ–°sion product levels in the primary coolant!

**(BABBLING)**
I knew we should have checked the reactor before we started it. When the caterpillar broke down the vare must have been damaged!

**RAMIUS**
Keep your vcadoe down, Doctor. There are several explanations -

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

RAMIUS
I said, keep your voice down. The

CREW -

PETROV
(SHRILL)
I will not! We have a level four radiation leak. And if something isn't done, we're all going to die! - Ramius stands. Suddenly, Petrov remembers where he is. Ramius' eyes are bullet holes. Wilting,, Petrov stammers:

PETROV (CONT'D)
Forgive me, Captain. But -

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

JUMP CUT TO:

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

MELEKHIN
I may have shut it too hard. Grabbing the wrench, Ramius leans his weight on it. Suddenly, the

-87-
valve CRACKS. HOT water SPRAYS Ramius in the FACE. Melekhin

FREAKS:
MELEKHIN (CONT'D)

Secure the valve before the water
turns to steam!
Desperately, Ramius tries to plug the hole. The VALVE
BREAKS.

BOILING WATER pours out, turning to STEAM, SPLATTERING
Melekhin. ALARMS GO OFF. Ramius BELLOWS:

RAMIUS

Evacuate the compartment-

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

MELEKHIN

in try and stop the leak. Everybody
get the hen out of here!

IN THE CONN

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

BORODIN

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

RAMIUS

Get us to periscope depth. We ji ventilate!

BORODIN

(TURNING)
Emergency surface!
While the crew works to get the boat to the surface, Petrov

studies

a radiation detector.' it ALARMS. Gauges are in a red zone.

PETROV

(READING)
Ventilating won't do any good. Ws
getting worse. At these levels it is
only a matter of minutes. We have to
abandon ship!;

Sailors in the Conn stare at the Captain. Ramins BELLOWS:
RAMIUS

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

BORODIN

(INTO MIKE)
Stand by to abandon ship! Stand by
to abandon ship! All hands muster on
the miss Bp- deck. Designated personnel
bring lire rafts!

ON THE SURFACE
Red October rises in angry sea. An emergency door on the
sail
opens. Seconds later, a hatch on the missile deck opens
also. The
sea RAGES.
Climbing out on the deck, Tbilisi and a half a dozen sailors
try to
inflate rafts. Red October PITCHES and ROLLS. Wind HOWLS.
Frustrated, Tbilisi SCREAMS into a headset.

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

BORODIN
Captain. Lieutenant Tbilisi reports the
sea state is too rough to launch the rafts'
over the she. The men will be gushed!

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

ON THE DECK.
Ocean, ROARS. Fighting gale farce WINDS, sailors Me out of the hatch and tie down the rafts. Around them, the hounds of hell are loose on the face of the deep.

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

---

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

**RAMIUS**

**(TO PETROV)**
Do you have a count? Have they all been evacuated?

**PETROV**
I think so. I --

**BORODIN**

**(ON SCOPE)**

**RAMIUS**

**(ASHEN)**
Can you classify it?

**BORODIN**
U.S. Knox class frigate. She's flashing light. I']. read.

**(TRANSLATING)**
Red October. Stay where you are.
Do not attempt to submerge or we will are. Stand by to be boarded.

PETROV

(SHRIEKING)
What are we going to do?

RAMIUS

(TO PETROV)
There's only one thing we can do. Go topside and take care of the crew. I and my officers will submerge the ship and take her elsewhere to scuttle. The Americans must never have this boat! All Petrov wants do to is get his ass off the boat. At the door,

Ramius stops him:

RAMIUS (CONT'D)
Doctor. When you get home. You will hear many stories about me and some are true. But tell them that in the end I did my duty. Petrov splits. Borodin slams the hatch behind him and seals it.

-90-

RAMIUS (CONT'D)

(TO BORODIN)
Submerge the ship.

ON THE DECK
the ocean RAGES. Red October sets to submerge. GEYSERS of WATER and air EXPLODE hundreds of feet in the sky as she dives. The BLOWBACK is STAGGERING. Wild-eyed sailors in rubber rafts hang on for their lives. On the horizon, Petrov spots the American frigate hurtling forward,
flashing. A puff of smoke appears, followed by a muted EXPLOSION. The frigate's FIRING. As the round comes in, there is an

**EARSPLITTING SHRIEK.**
A hundred yards beyond Red October's bow, the SEA EXPLODES. The CONCUSSION and the STORM are mind-bending. Petrov thinks the world's coming to an end. In the rafts, men slash at ropes binding them to the deck.

One by one, they drift free of the submerging ship into foaming sea. One sailor can't cut his rope. His raft's dragged under. Wind HOWLS. The frigate FIRES AGAIN. Another EARSPLITTING SHRIEK. Another EXPLOSION. Tons of icy saltwater cascade over Petrov's head. - Gulping air, Petrov spots the raft and sail r pop back to the surface. Red October's sail disappears. Sailors haul freezing men from raging water. Hell on earth.

**CUT TO:**

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

**IN THE COMBAT INFORMATION CENTER**
aboard the frigate, thirty sailors work various consoles replete with computer terminals, status boards and plotting tables. In the middle

**ISLEUTENANT COMMANDER JIM CURRY**
thirties, mans the nerve center of the CIC. Curry has immediate access to both sonar and radio. In the darkness, to his left, TWO

**SHADOWS:**
CURRY

(INTO MIKE)
Seahawk One. This is Bravo Command.
You are cleared for take off.

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

PILOT

(INTO MIKE)
Roger, Bravo Command. Seahawk one
request vector to target Red October.

(Listening)
Copy that. We're on our way.

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

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

PILOT
Torpedo Inputs?

SENSOR OPERATOR
Set and verified as ordered.

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

IN THE HELICOPTER
the p eyballs the sea as it races by. Speaking into a mike:

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

**IN THE CIC**
aboard the frigate, Curry turns to one of the shadows:

---

**CURRY**

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

---

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

---

**IN THE AIR**

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

---

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

---

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

---

**IN THE CIC**
Curry coordinates information. AIL around him, men work intensely.

Curry turns to one of the shadows:

---

**CURRY**

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

---

*(TURNING)*

Four hundred yards from drop paint. Eight hundred yards. Twelve hundred
yards. One of the shadows leans forward and presses a button on Curry's console. The button is marked Command Control Detonate. The SHADOW IS ADMIRAL GREER in a white uniform and cap. Beside him, Skip Tyler, leans on his cane, concentrating on Curry's display.

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

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

IN THE CIC
aboard the frigate, Curry turns to Greer:

CURRY
Torpedo has detonated.

GREER
And you understand, Lieutenant. I was never here. That torpedo did not self-destruct. It hit the target. Right?

(CURRY NODS)
Now, Contact the Dallas and tell them to proceed.
Curry nods.

CUT TO:

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

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

**MANCUSO**
OK. Now comes the weird part. Thompson follows Mancuso out of the Conn into a passageway running aft. Mancuso and Thompson move at speed. Mancuso is far from happy:

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

**THOMPSON**
We're gonna be fine. Rounding a corner, they start down a ladder. Thompson will never get over how fast Mancuso can move. Aren't guys that big supposed to be slow?

**MANCUSO**
This has got to be the craziest stunt I've ever heard of. There's only about two million things that can go wrong. At the bottom of the ladder, they enter a passageway. Ahead of them Jones and Ryan wait by a ladder beneath an open hatch. Like Mancuso, Jones is armed. Jones starts up the ladder. Ryan follows. Mancuso turns to Thompson:
MANCUSO
Listen. If anything --

THOMPSON
Captain. We'll be all right.
Mancuso climbs up the ladder, disappearing through the hatch.
Thompson closes it.

CUT TO:

WARRANT OFFICER STEINER
sitting before a wheel at a brightly lit panel, just as cocky as when we last saw him in the mini sub at Tyler's lab. Next to him, a COPILOT checks a clipboard. Behind them, Jones, Ryan and Mancuso climb up through a hatch. Jones shuts it. Steiner speaks into a headset:

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

(TURING)
Gentlemen, we have clearance. Fasten your belts and grab your nuts. We're taking a ride.
Ryan sits opposite Mancuso. Jones is to Mancuso's right. The bulkhead rocks slightly. Steiner turns a yoke.

STEINER (CONT'D)
Battery sperm?

-95-

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

STEINER

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

**STEINER**
Roger.

**(BEAT)**
Hit the running lights.

**IN THE WATER**
-black on black. Then, in a single blinding flash of light

**THE RED OCTOBER**
is revealed. Hovering above it, floodlights blazing, the

**DSRV.**
Descending, it locks onto a hatch by the sail.

**IN THE DSRV**
Copilot turns to Steiner:

**COPilot**
We have a seal. Skirt is dry.

**STEINER**
Roger. Open the hatch.
Getting up, the copilot heads for the hatch.

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

**RYAN**

**(EYEING PI- )**
He's defecting.

**MANCUSO**
And he can't change his mind?
RYAN
He's not going to change his mind.

MANCUSO
Willing to bet your life on that.'
Ryan stares at the pistol. Sighing, he puts it in his jacket.

Copilot opens the hatch. In the gloom below, another hatch. Copilot raps on it. Somebody opens the lower hatch. Mancuso, Jones and Ryan climb down into

THE RED OCTOBER
on a ladder at the forward end of the Conn. Waiting for them, Ramins, Borodin and all the other of Awkward silence. Nervous, Borodin drags out a cigarette and lights it. Unexpectedly,

RYAN- SMILE:

RYAN
Russian Cigarette?

(BORODIN NODS)
Could I try one?
Mancuso frowns. Borodin offers Ryan a cigarette. Kamarov has a light. Ryan inhales and COUGHS:

RYAN (CONT'D)

(GAGGING)
Jesus...
Poking fun, Ryan rolls his eyes. Borodin grins. Ramius The ice is broken. Men shake hands.

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

(BEAT)
Before I go any further, I want to know whose idea is this impos...18 plan?

MANCUSO

(RE: RYAN)
His.
RAMIUS

(TO RYAN)
Amazing. our intention was to publicly surrender this boat and request asylum. it never occurred to us there would be a way you could keep it. The idea to stage a radiation leak was inspired --

(FROWNING)
You look familiar. Do I know you, Commander?

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

RAMIUS
CIA?

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

(SMRNNG)
I write books.
Suddenly, HIGH SPEED SCREWS passing over the HULL:

KAMAROV
Torpedo! Americans are shooting at us.

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

CUT TO:

GREER
leaning over Curry's console in the CIC aboard the frigate. Agitated, Curry works his computer.
GREER
What do you mean there's another torpedo? Where in hell did it come from?

CUT TO:

TUPOLEV
in the Conn aboard the Konovalov. His crew's at battle stations.
Bonavia mans fire control, opening a mike, Tupolev SHOUTS:

TUPOLEV
Sonar. Why hasn't our torpedo impacted?

SONAR (VO)
(ON SPEAKERS)
The weapon enabled on the other side of the target. It passed Red October before it armed.

TUPOLEV

(TO BONAVIA)
You had the wrong range, idiot! Fire again with the right settings. And reload both tubes.

ON THE DALLAS
Thompson stands outside the sonar shack. To his left, the COB is behind fire control. Beaumont has taken Jones' position.

BEAUMONT
New oorrtact. Sierra four-one, bearing zero-one-zero. Akula class Soviet submarine.

(BEAT)
Launch noises. He's shooting again.

THOMPSON
What's the status of Red October?
BEAUMONT
Dead in the water.

THOMPSON
They can't maneuver with the goddam DSRV stuck to them.

(WHISPERING)
Come on, Mancuso, move it. Get the hell out of there.

ON RED OCTOBER
BEDLAM in the Conn. Tba'lis and Jones are on their way to sonar.
Ramius SHOUTS at Melekhin:

RAMIUS
Get back to engineering and give me some power!

(TO MANCUSO)
RE: DSRV
Get that damn thing off my boat.
Mancuso's halfway up the ladder. He spots Steiner peeking down at him:

STEINER
I think somebody just shot a torpedo at us!

MANCUSO
No shit, buckwheat. Get the hell out of here!

STEINER
(STUNNED)
Where am I supposed --
Mancuso SLAMS the HATCH. Scrambling down the ladder, Mancuso hears Ramius bel]Dwing at Borodin who is manning the helm:
RAMIUS
No, Vasily. I need you in fire control. We must track whoever's out there. Borodin heads for fire control. Ramius tosses Ryan into the chair behind the helm:

RAMIUS (CONT'D)
You sit here!

RYAN

BUTICAN'T --

RAMIUS
Do exactly as I tell you! Stunned, Ryan grabs the helm. Jones and Tbilisi, must have made it to sonar. Speakers CRACKLE:

JONES (VO)

(ON SPEAKERS)
DSRV is away. There’s a Russian Akula about eight thousand yards starboard.

TBILISI (VO)

(ON SPEAKERS)
It’s the Konovalov.

RAMIUS

(TO RYAN)
All ahead flank!

RYAN

(PANIC)DNG
I told you I'm just an analyst. I write books.

RAMIUS

(LEANING FORWARD)
Turn that knob all the way to the right. Ryan: does. AIL around him the world is going stark raving mad. Again, SPEAKERS CRACKLE:
JONES (VO)

(ON SPEAKERS)
Torpedo in the water. High speed screws. Beaming zero-two-zero. I estimate range at about eight thousand yards.

RAMIUS

(TO RYAN)
Turn the helm to the heft. Steer course zero-two-zero.

MANCUSO

(TO RAMIUS)
Wait a minute! That's heading into the torpedo. You should turn away from it.

JONES (VO)

(ON SPEAKERS)
Steady bearing to the weapon. Still zero-two-zero. Range about seven thousand yards.

RAMIUS

(TO RYAN)
Turn that helm to the left until the dial says course zero-two-zero.

MANCUSO

No! That's wrong. Ryan, don't turn that goddam wheel! Ryan stares at Mancuso then at Ramius. Deciding, he turns the helm left, coming to course zero-two-zero.

RYAN

(TOO MANCUSO)
Sorry, Captain. I think --
Mancuso

(to Ramius)
You're heading straight into that torpedo.

Ramius

I know.

IN THE CIC
aboard the frigate. Helms, Greer and Tyler lean over the display. Curry studies the blips:

Curry

(eyes narrowing)
Red October is turning directly into the torpedos path.

Greer

Mother of God.

On Red October
in the Conn, it's a deathwatch. Ryan thinks of Sally.

Mancuso stares at Ramius. Goddamned if he's gonna be the one to whine.

Jones (vo)

(on speakers)
Torpedo steady bearing zero-two-zero.
Range five thousand yards.

Ramius

(on mike)
Mejekhin. Can you give me any more speed?

Mejekhin (vo)

(on speakers)
Negative. We're going as fast as we can.
JONES (VO)

(ON SPEAKERS)
Estimate range approximately three thousand yards. Closing fast.

ON THE DALLAS
Thompson's still outside the sonar shack. The COB's at Fare control. As before, Beaumont works sonar.

THOMPSON
Why is he heading into the torpedo? Is he trying to kill himself?

COB
Mr. Thompson. We have a solution on the Soviet Akula. Shouldn't we shoot back?

THOMPSON

(ANGRY)
She didn't shoot at us. Anyway, I can't attack a Soviet submarine. I have no goddam authorization!

ON RED OCTOBER
in the Conn, an. payers have turned to stone.

JONES (VO)

(ON SPEAKERS)
Torpedo bearing steady at zero-two-zero. Best range nine hundred yards. Estimate impact in twenty seconds.

RAMIUS

(TO RYAN)
What books?

RYAN
Pardon?
(ON SPEAKERS)
Fifteen seconds.

RAMIUS
What books did you write?

RYAN

(HOARSELY)
I wrote a biography on Admiral Halsey, called, Fighting Sailor. It was about tam in combat --

JONES (VO)

(ON SPEAKERS)
Ten seconds.

RAMIUS
I know this book. I have read some parts of it.

(RYAN BLINKS)
Your conclusions were wrong, Ryan. Halsey acted stupidly. CRASH. The Conn ROCKS. Sound of TORPEDO BREAKING UP. Metal SCRAPES along the SHIP. Realizing what's going on:

- MANCUSO
I'll be damned.

RYAN
What happened?

MANCUSO
Combat tack, Mr. Ryan. By turning into the torpedo, Ramius closed the distance before it could arm itself. I never would have thought of it.

RYAN
So we're safe?

RAMIUS
Not yet. Right now, the Soviet Captain, a man named Tupolev is removing the safety features on all his weapons. He won't make the same mistake twice. Behind Ramius, Ryan spots a SHADOW at the rear of the Conn.
can't believe his eyes. The goddam shadow has a pistol in hand.

SUDDENLY:

A FIRE STORM
of GUNFIRE sprays the CONN. Everybody scatters. Borodin is HIT. SLAMMING into the bulkhead, he falls in a seated position, eyes wide. Fire control panel EXPLODES. Behind a console, Mancuso drags out his .45 and RETURNS FIRE. The shadow disappears.

ON THE DALLAS
Beaumont rips off his headgear, turning to Thompson in the sonar shack's door, breathing hard:

BEAUMONT
Jesus Christ. Gunge.

THOMPSON
Gunfire?

ON THE KONOVALOV
in the Conn, Tupal'ev is furious. He YELLS at Bonavia:

TUPOLEV
Hurry up goddammit! I want all the enabling devices disconnected!

BONAVIA
Captain, I cannot go any faster.

ON RED OCTOBER
in the Conn, cars crawl from hiding. Sparks ERUPT from WIRES. Fire contra is history. Ramius leans over Borodin:

BORODIN
I would have like to have seen Montana. And the Indians.
(eyes gT'å¬g)
captain? - _.
He dies. RAGING, Ramius POUNDS the BULKHEAD. Kamarov notices a light on a panel:

**KAMAROV**

He's in the missile compartment!

**RAMIUS**

(TO MANCUSO)

The ship is yours.

**MANCUSO**

But the control is blasted to hell. I can't shoot.

RAMIUS

Then get behind him and stay there. Don't let him put you in his sights or we're all dead.

Mancuso tosses Ramius his .45. Catching it, Ramius splits. Ryan follows.

CUT TO:

**TUPOLEV**

a caged tiger in the Conn on the Konovalov. Bonavia turns, looking back at him:

**BONAVIA**

Enabling devices are removed.

**TUPOLEV**

**ABOUT TIMEL**

(INTO MIKE)

Sonar, give me a bearing on Red October.

**SONAR (VO)**

(ON SPEAKERS)

She's taken position behind us.
TUPOLEV
Damn.

(TO HELM)
Left full rudder. T'll shake him loose.

ON RED OCTOBER
in a passageway outside a door to the missile compartment,
and Ryan hug the bulkhead:

RAMIUS
He'll break into a panel and short-
circuit the wiring on a missile. We'll
be blown to pieces.
Taking a deep breath, Ryan follows Ramia into the

MISSILE COMPARTMENT
coming face-too-face with a BARRAGE of GUNFIRE. Ramius is
HIT.
Ryan drags him into a space behind an electrical panel.
Mercifully,
the shooting STOPS.
Ryan checks Ramius. His shoulder's a mess. Mind riling, Ryan
studies his surroundings. He's never felt so alone.
The compartment is vast, dominated by twenty tussle tubes

six feet

in diameter. Overhead, a catwalk. At the aft end, somebody's
working with a wrench.

RAMIUS
We must stop him before he gets into
a panel..
Ryan stares at Ramius. Ramii isn't gonna stop anybody.
Resigned, Ryan finds the .45 Mancuso gave him in his pocket,

MUMBLING:

RYAN

(TO HIMSELF)
Next time memos. Only memos.
RAMIUS
Be careful what you shoot at in here, Ryan. The compartment is very sensitive.
In a daze, Ryan starts walking aft, still MUMBLING:

RYAN
Be careful what you shoot at, Ryan. Very sensitive...in here...

IN THE CONN
on Red October, a handful of men struggle to fight the ship.
Kamarov mans the wheel. Sonar SPEAKERS POP:

JONES (VO)

(ON SPEAKERS)
He's going deep!

MANCUSO

(TO KAMAROV)
Twenty degrees down on the bowl

IN THE MISSILE COMPARTMENT
The wall becomes the floor. Fighting to keep his balance, Ryan walks on the wall, still MUMBLING:

RYAN
Sensitive stuff...in here...I have to...be careful...of course.
The ship turns. Wall becomes cuing. Grabbing the catwalk, Ryan hangs at a ninety degree angle. GUNFIRE. Bullets RIP into the BULKHEAD inches from his HEAD:

RYAN (CONT'D)
I have to be careful what I shoot at.
He doesn't have to be careful...He can shoot at anything he wants.

IN THE CIC
aboard the frigate, curry hunches over a console. Greer and Tyler

**WATCH ANXIOUSLY:**

**CURRY**
The Akula is too fast. No way Red October can stay behind her. It's only a matter of time now.

*(BEAT)*
The Akula's turning. She's fired another torpedo. This one can't miss.

**ON RED OCTOBER**
in sonar, Jones and Tbzisi hear PINGING become LOUDER, more FREQUENT. Holding the mike, ashen:

**JONES**
Another torpedo, Captain. It has enabled and is active. It has acquired us and is homing.

**CUT TO:**

**THE DEEP**
Red October looms into view. To the right, the Konovalov shimmers in the dark. Between them, the torpedo appears. PINGS grow CLOSER and CLOSER. At the last minute

**THE DALLAS**
raves into view, rocketing forward at full, bore, streaking between Red October and the torpedo. it's really something.

**IN THE CIC**
aboard the frigate, Curry SHOUTS:

**CURRY**
Jesus Chi i t.

**GREER**
I

**CURRY**
The Dallas has moved between Red October and the torpedo. The torpedo is chasing the Dallas now!

**ON THE DALLAS**
in the sonar shack. Beaumont works his equipment, speaking into a

MIKE:

BEAUMONT
Conn, sonar. Torpedo is in acquisition.
Range five hundred yards and counting.
You've done it, Mr. Thompson!

IN THE CONN
on the Dallas, Thompson stands on the deck. The COB is at

ballasCt control, holding the emergency blow handles.

THOMPSON
Chief, release counter-measures and
emergency blow all main valves.
Let's hope to Christ this works!

COB

(ON PHONE}
Signal ejector station. Release
counter-measures.

(PULLING HANDLES)
Emergency blow!
SHRIEK of the BLOW is DEAFENING. The deck angles crazily
upwards at thirty degrees. Gear CRASHES to the FLOOR.
Eardrums SHATTERING, Thompson holds on, fighting gravity.

IN THE WATER
the DALLAS heads for the surface. Counter-measures head for

the bottom. The incoming torpedo chases the counter-measures,
disappearing into the abyss.

ON THE SURFACE
The DALLAS ERUPTS from the WATER at THIRTY DEGREES, her
bottom exposed well aft of the sail. A broaching behemoth,
she CRASHES back into the sea, DISPLACING TONS of WATER.
ON THE FRIGATE
neither Soviet nor American sailors on the fantail can believe their eyes. Peirov's jaw drops. Has the entire world gone completely insane?.

ON RED OCTOBER
in the missile compartment, blood pounding, Ryan leans flat against a missile tube. On the other side of the tube, METAL fans on CONCRETE.
Rounding the tube, Ryan holds the .45 at arm's length.
Kneeling before him, directly in front of an open panel on the missile bay is a Soviet sailor with crazy eyes:

IT'S LOGINOV
the cook's assistant who witnessed the Putin key exchange. He's got a hot wire in each hand. Time stands still. Ryan stares at Loginov. Loginov stares back. There's something in the Loginov's eyes, an uncompromising, irrational vi lainy that asks no forgiveness. For a moment, Ryan's paralyzed, a rabbit before a cobra.
Deliberately, Loginov begins to move his hands together, bringing the wires closer. Ryan tries to speak. He can't. Loginov's grin cracks wide like a rotten egg.

RYAN FIRES
Flame LEAPS from the BARREL of the .45. The pistol KICKS like a MULE. Loginov is delivered to eternity. Impotent, the wires fall to the floor.

ON THE KONOVALOV
Flushed, Tupolev towers over fire control. Seated before him,
Bonavia tries to hang on to his sanity.

**BONAVIA**
Directly ahead. Range five hundred yards.

**TUPOLEV**
Got him. Match bearings and the.

**BONAVIA**
We are too close. I have to set

**TUPOLEV**
Shoot now!
Tupolev pulls the lever himself.

**ON RED: OCTOBER**: in the : Conn, Mancuso, Kamarov and the others are on pins and needles. What next? Suddenly, they hear PIN GIN G.

**JONES (VO)**

(ON SPEAKERS)
Launch transient astern. He's shooting again. Very close.

**MANCUSO**
Left full rudder!

**JONES**

(LOUDER PINGS)
Weapon is alive.

(LOUDER PINGS)
It has acquired.
Sound of torpedo passing close to the hull:

**JONES (VO CONT'D)**

(ON SPEAKERS)
Weapon passed close aboard. Is Ong re-attack. Hold on. It's reacquired. But not on us!
Ryan appears with Ramius aft of the Conn. Pinging grows QUIETER, more DISTANT.

**ON THE KONOVALOV**
in the Conn, Tupalev is suddenly confused, disorientated by the

**PINGS.**

**TUPOLEV**
Wait. I -

**SONAR (VO)**

**(OVER SPEAKERS)**
Our torpedo missed Red October and is homing on us!

**TUPOLEV**

**(STUNNED)**
How could that be?

**BONAVIA**
The weapon was not properly programmed.
PINGS CLOSER. LOUDER. Finally, PINGS become a SPINE-TINGLTNG HOWL. Bonavia SHOUTS:

**BONAVIA (CONT'D)**
You stupid arrogant bastard. You've Idiled us all!

**IN THE WATER**
Blinding light. The Konovalov disintegrates. Billowing pockets of
gas embrace the deep. Thirty-seven hundred tons of steel.
and iron
rip apart in the blink of an eye.

**ON THE SURFACE**
a white mountain of displaced water rises into the air,
compresses
and explodes.
ON THE FRIGATE
in shock, the Russian crew gapes at the explosion. The young sailor who took courage from Ramius makes the sign of the cross.

ON RED OCTOBER
in the Conn, as the aftershock subsides, Ryan helps Ramius up off the floor, trying to make him comfortable against a bulkhead:

RAMIUS
Captain Tupalev has just provided your pantomime with the one thing you could never have managed.

RYAN
(NODDING)
Wreckage.

CUT TO:

PELT
in his office seated across from Lysenko:

PELT
With the depth of the water and the wreckage scattered over such a wide area, it will be a long time before anything is recovered. Your people are already interviewing the crew and making arrangements for their return. (Lysenko nods,

SOBERLY)
This has been a terrible tragedy, Mr. Ambassador. I can only stress that if you'd come to us earlier, it might have been avoided.

LYSENKO
I appreciate your candor in the matter.

PELT
(SMOOTHLY)
And I yours, Andrei.

LYSENKO
(PROBING)
Perhaps in the future, the technology will be available for a more thorough investigation of the wreckage...

PELT
(STEADY)
Perhaps.
A long beat as the two men stare at each other. Lysenko finally breaks it off:

LYSENKO
There is another matter... One I am reluctant to -

PELT
No. Please go ahead.

LYSENKO
One of our submarines, an Akula, was last reported in the Reykjanes Ridge. We have not heard from her for sometime. Pelt stares at him blankly, time hangs suspended. Finally, Peat reaches far the bridge of his now as if to stave of a jdtler

HEADACHE:

PELT
You've lost another submarine?

(BEAT)
Andre...
Lysenko sits, hat in hand. Finally, he averts his gaze.

JUMP CUT TO:

A DRIVER
standing beside a limousine outside the Executive Office Building. Fuming, Lysenko approaches. The driver smiles. Not a good idea.
LYSENKO SNARL:

LYSENKO
Shut up! Don't speak to me Boris. Don't ever speak to me unless I speak to you first. And wipe that smile off your face!

Lysenko pBe into the limo, slamming the door as hard as he can.

Locked inside, he starts shouting and hitting things.

CUT TO:

BRIGHT MOONLIGHT
on the tree studded bank of a large coastal river. A gentle breeze touches the trees and punctuates the silence. Crickets and frogs sing on the shore:

SUPER: ORICOKE RIVER

PAMLICO SOUND

NORTH CAROLINA

THE RED OCTOBER
glides quietly up the river's surface. Ramius and Ryan stand on the sail. Behind them, two junior officers, one American and one Russian, Conn the ship:

RYAN
We're two hundred miles from the nearest naval base.

RAMIUS
Interesting notion, hiding a submarine in a river.

(EYEING SHORE)
How do you know this place?

RYAN
I grew up not far from here.

(PAINTING)
My grandfather taught me to fish right over there on that rock.
Ramius spots a large rock on the shore. So warm and inviting, this land, when compared to the bitter cold coast he left a lifetime ago.

Ramhl studies Ryan in the stillness:

RAMIUS
There is one question you have not asked me.

RYAN
Why?

(RAMIUS NODS)
I assumed you would speak when you were ready.

RAMIUS
We are standing on part of the reason. I've spent my life preparing to fight a war I hoped would never happen. This ship was not built to fight such a war. It was built to start one.

(BEAT)
And there were personal reasons.

RYAN
Your wife?

RAMIUS

(NODDING)
it started there, perhaps.

Ramius glances at the rock. Beside it, a muskrat drops quietly into the water.

RAMIUS (CONT'D)
Or perhaps it was something that started long ago...

RYAN
Fishing?

RAMTUS
Fishing.
Taking a deep breath, Ramius studies the surrounding hills. Lights from farms twinkle in the night air.

RAMIUS (CONT'D)
"The sea will, grant each man new hope, as sleep doth dream of home."
(on Ryan's look)
Christopher Columbus.
Ryan smiles.

RYAN

(QU'EDY)
Welcome to the new world, sir.

DISSOLVE TO:
A STEWARDESS
walking down the aisle of an airplane, checking passengers. Stopping near the front of the cabin, she glances down at him. A blanket hangs on one log. In the seat next to him

A TEDDY BEAR
smiles out at passing clouds. The bear's got a red ribbon round his neck—and a seat belt fastened over his bulging tummy.

Covering Ryan with the blanket, the stewardess leaves. Tea cup rattles. Ryan doesn't even twitch. Turbulence is a thing of past.

FADE OUT

THE END