

THE HUNT FOR RED OCTOBER

Written by

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ON A BLACK SCREEN, THE FOLLOWING CRAWL:

MOSCOW, 17 JULY 1991. THE KREMLIN

ANNOUNCED THE 'RETIREMENT' OF

MIKAHIL, GORBACHEV AS WELL AS

POLITBURO MEMBERS YAVOLEV,

MENDVENDEV AND BIRKOVO.

DEFENSE MINISTER ULINOV 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

Rank in Ramius wears a tar black winter uniform of Captain First

the Soviet Navy. Behind him, out of sight, someone SPEAKS:

VOICE (OS)

Cold this morning, Captain.

weather, Ramius shivers. When he replies, he speaks not about the

but of the land:

RAMIUS

It is cold.

(BEAT) -

And hard.

the man Turning his back on the icy coast, Ramius smi-I fondly at
who just spoke to him

CAPTAIN SECOND., RANK VASILY BORODIN

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

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

aft a huge submarine, trading a gigantic rudder a hundred yards
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 YURIEVICH PUTIN

assigned to Red block-faced, forties, pink-necked, political officer
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 polidcica].
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

Putin

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

turns porcine eyes on Ramius:

PUTIN (CONT'D)

(TURNING)

Your father was a Lithuanian, was
he not, Captain?

RAMIUS

You know he was.

PU TIN

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?

the

Smirking, Putin leaves. Ramius watches him go. SPEAKERS in

SAI :

HELMSMAN (VO)

Conn to bridge, sonar reports we are
crossing sixty fathoms.

BORODIN

hatch,

it's time, Captain.
St M dealing with Putin's exit, Ramius turns away from the
contemplating the shore. After a beat, softly:.

RAMIUS

We go.

BORO DIN

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

A RED ARMY CHORUS

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

KRASNY OKTOBR

THE HUNT FOR RED OCTOBER

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

THE DARKNESS

A LITHOGRAPH

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

papers
early-thirties, good-looking, disheveled and harried, stuffs

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.
Kneeing 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.

twenties
Before Ryan can answer, a ravishing woman in her ..late-
marches into the study. She is

MARGARET RYAN

matronly
English, intelligent features, in tweed suit and raincoat. A
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

CHORUS
pulling to a curb in driving rain at Heathrow. Red Army
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 Ml
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 pil3s, 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)

Turbulence. You know. When solar radiation heats the earth's crust. Warm air rises. Cool air descends. Turbulence. I don't like it.

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

DU:LLES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT

WASHINGTON, D.C.

A GUY IN SUNGLASSES

moves down, the line, stopping beside Ryan:

I

SUNGLASSES

(RESPECTFTAY)

Mr. Ryan?

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

CUT TO:.

A BLACK LIIKO

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

CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY

CHORUS PEAKS.

END CREDITS

CUT TO:

ADMIRAL JAMES GREER

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

GREER

Jack, boy. Get yourself in here.

(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 coffee.
Ryan perches on the couch. Greer pours Ryan takes it in
both hands, cooling it with his breath.

GREER

I'm not gonna ask you how your
last 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 lot less lonely if Margaret
and I would buy her a baby brother.

GREER

(SMILING)

Where you gonna do that?

Ryan
Ryan grins. Greer eyes him fondly. Putting down his coffee,
opens his br efse.

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

and
dropping onto the tihle in front of Greer. They show the bow
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 CAFFEE)

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.

him,
Ryan retrieves his photographs. Getting Up, Greer watches
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
c'la'ss sitt'ng 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 brgther,
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
electxic-blue
phosphorensence.

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
dead
with a genius IQ, Jones is the kind of guy who likes tossing
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 Salzburg, 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 Pavarrattt..

Jones sinks into his chair. Beaumont grins. Sea story
coming.

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 coming 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 smiles. Then, a flashing light
on
the sonar display catches his eye. He starts flipping
switches.

Beaumont sobers:: up:

BEAUMONT

What should I --

JONES

Be still, I got it.
Jones works in silence, then punches the intercom:

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, sailers drive the ship beneath a maze of pipes and equipment. At the center of the Conn, surrounded by fire control, quartermaster, helm :

CAPTAIN BARTOLOMO MANCUSO

skipper of the DaZa, early-forties, muscular body encased in a blue jumpsuit, works the intercom on the periscope platform:

MANCUSO

Start a plot, Jonesy. IM 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 front 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 feel 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 collective 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.

(RAMIUS BLANCHES)

Anyway, I am only a political odfoer.
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 seeal, 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,
Kononov.

PUTIN

Captain Tupalev's boat.

RAMIUS

You know Tupolav?

PU TIN

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 drills. Tupolev
will 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

(RESIGNED)

As you wish, 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

lowers
pulse in
and his face goes slack. With surprising gentleness, Ramius
the shuddering body to the deck. Carefully, he checks the
Putin's neck. Dying, Putin stares into Ramius' face.

RAMIUS (CONT'D)

Ramius
body
of
dead man.
intercom
I am sorry my friend. But it is
cyear to me now. Where I would
walk, you cannot follow.
Whatever his destination, Putin's on his way. Getting up,
goes to the desk. Returning with the teapot, he drenches the
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
orders from his safe, he' places them on the floor by the
Satisfied everything is the way he wants it, he moves to an
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 acciderit!

CUT TO:

A MINI SUB

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

SUPER: U.S. NAVAL UNDERWATER SYSTEMS LAB

Patuxent, Maryland

SKIP TYLER

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

WARRANT OFFICER BILL STEINER

sticking
thirties, the bane of Tyler's existence. Steiner's head is

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 is 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
named 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 collar

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
October
about in the background. Tyler is hunched over the Red

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 Party man 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 wall
be returning to base?

RAMIUS

We will not.

PETROV

But how can we continue a m scion without
a political offcer?

RAMIUS

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

PETROV

Yes, but -

RAMIUS

(RE: ORDERS)

These orders are quite specific. Putin's
unfortunate death wall 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. Ioginov isn't sure what to do. Petrov's

agitated:

PETROV

This is all very unnerving, Captain. The reason for having two missile 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, Ioginov 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, Ioginov 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 file 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 precision.
Standing next

TO BORODIN

CAPTAIN LIEUTENANT BORIS KAMAROV

Red October's navigator, watches Ramius intently. 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.
Ramus 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.

they are In various locations all over the ship, sailors stop what 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 ine 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 poll ns compromise every advance our military has made.

BACK IN THE CONN

All
Ramius stands on the periscope platform holding the phone.
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

open.
in the water, the mysterious doors on the sub's bow begin to
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 tunnel behind the doors. A second light appears. Then a third, flashing fluorescent. 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 AMPISIFIED

HISS

fills 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

all

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

RAMIUS

Left full rudder.

HELMSMAN

Rudder is left fuB..

RAMIUS

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

KAMAROV

into the

Coming to course two-five-zero.
Kama=ov draws a line on his chart. The new course is west Atlantic. Suddenly, the intercom CRACKLES:

SONAR (VO)

Sonar contact, Captains Dead astern.
An American Los Angeles 0ass3

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
INTERNATIONALE. Officers 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

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

MANCUSO

it did what?

JONES

It disappeared, sir.

MANCUSO

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

JONES

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

the
don't
dead In the water at four hundred feet. 'About the. size of
Dallas, this one's bualt for speed and maneuverability. They
come any better.

SUPER: SSN KONOVALOV

Aku]a Cass Soviet Submarine
Grid Square 54-90

ON THE KONOVALOV

checking
a crew works in the Conn, reading computer displays,

COMMUNICATIONS AND

writing emendations on status boards. On the

PERISCOPE PLATFORM

CAPTAIN VIXTOR TUPOLEV

blond man
]ate-thirties, intense, leans over a navigator tab] e. A
with a clipboard approaches. He is

LIEUTENANT ANDREI BONAVIA

smaller
the rampant
than Red . October's and the weird vibes perfectly reflect
paranoia of the Commander:

BONAVIA

Captain Tupolev?

TUPOLEV

What is it21

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.

stomach Tupolev leaves. Bonavia glances at the quartermaster. His growls again.

CUT TO:

A BLACK CHAIKA: LIMO
Stalinist moving through the security gates fronting a monstrous office building Snow CRACKS beneath cold TIRES.

SUPER: MOSCOW

KARPOTSKIY PROSPEKT
limo Soviet Navy Pniitical Dir ctorafie
From his post in the portico, a uniformed guard races to the 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
salutes. Padorin mounts a giant staircase. Naval officers snap Padorin answers, dourly. Yeah-heave-me-alone. Mumbling, he moves through

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

HIS PRIVATE OFFICE
ORDERLY. where he's met by his seventy-four year old PERSONAL They've known each other forever and act like an old married couple. The orderly takes Padorin's overcoat and hat. Behind a desk,

things
so
alone.
now.

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 letters are laid neatly on a blotter. Yeah-right-leave-me-alone. Yeah leave-me-alone. Don't heel like dealing with mailâ€Ž

ORDERLY

There's a note from Marko Ramivs there.

ADMIRAL

(BRIGHTENING)

envelope
absently
chokes,

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

CUT TO:

DALLAS' SONAR SHACK

Jones.

Mancuso at the door. Beaumont is at his station next to 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)

Sonar contact, Captain. Very loud. Viktar Class Soviet submarine. Cutting big holes in the water. Bearing six-five-zero.

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 3t

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 stairs, 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 tries 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 -?

-34-

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 briefing?

GREER

You are.

RYAN

(WIDE-EYED)

BUT

GREER

The yeoman'fl have the slides all, laid
out. ALL 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. Yowll 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
illustrations.
Trying to gather his thoughts, Ryan steps behind the
lectern.

JEFFREY PELT

the President's National Security Advisor arrives. In his
mid-40s,
wearing wire-rim spectacles, Pelt is nearsighted, brilliant
and a
crackpot 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 will 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 spedfically 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 -

Ramius 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 f r om harbor this morning.

(POINTKUY)

This drive, if it's working, could render Red October invvsihl8 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 Pa tjarny, 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 Policjarny 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

MOORE

I must emphasize the extremi ' sensitivity
of this information and ask that on no
aooount it leave this room.

(PELT NODS)

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:

RYAN

That's her uncle!

GREER

Whose uncle?

RYAN

(WHISPEG)

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

MOORE

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 --

(PAUSE)

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

to

RECOVER:

PELT

Sink her?

ADMIRAL

My god. They've got a madman on
their hands. He's gonna start a war.

the
Greer: A spirited discussion ensues. Tuning it out, Ryan stares at
picture of Ramius and his wife. Urgently, he whispers to

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

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)

Too Ramius might be trying to defect.
Nobody moves. Ryan glances at Greer. Greer rolls his eyes.
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 sect
men willing to help him. And he's not
Russian.

(WARMING UP)

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 -

(BEAT)

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

GENERAL

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

(TO GREER)

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

(TURNING) '

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

RYAN

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:

PELT

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

ADMIRAL

Four days.

-40-

PELT

Alright. I'll brief the President. That will, be all, gentlemen.

(BEAT)

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 politk:ian, Jack. That means I'm a liar, a cheat and when I'm nvt kissing babies I'm stealing their lallipops. 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

Bonavia
Tupolav spins the .periscope in the Konovalov's Conn.
brings him a message. Frowning, Tupolev reads it.

TUPOLEV

Mother of God.

(TURNING)

Turning
Down scope. Dive the ship.
Saes in the Conn, prepare to dive. Tupolev is furious.
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

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

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 elect_ic, palpable.

LIEUTENANT VIKTOR TBILISI

stares at
thirties, curly brown hair, Red October's sonar offer,
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, Vlkto.
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!

BORODIN

(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 fallow 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?

T BILISI

(STAMMERING)

Many times --

RAMIUS

Do you know me to be a man who talerates 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!

gone,
One by one, the men file out of the wardroom. When they are
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 difficult. 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

Varying
eer9e
working his tape recorder in the Dallas' sonar shack.
speeds, after filtering 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
canvas of

PITCH }

IN THE GREYHOUND

naval
commander. Heavy TURBULENCE. LIGHTNING irradiates WINDOWS.-

A NAVIGATOR

sits directly behind Ryan at a small desk built into the
bulkhead.

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Ryan,
Behind the navigator in a cockpit, pilot and copilot. Eyeing
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 it 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
fiort ies, 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 lettew. Opening It, Painter studies the

-47-

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

PAINTER (CONT'D)

Can't get any higher authority than
that. Now, what's going on?

CUT TO:

JONES

on the at a translucent status board in the quartermaster's station
nautical Dalla. Behind the status board, projected on a screen, a
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 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.

status
Picking up a grease pencil, Jones makes calculations on the board overlaying the nautical map:

-48-

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 million 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

Relax, Jonesy. You sold me.
Jones grans.

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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 necessarily. 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 men aboard to analyze the propulsion

SYSTEM -

PAINTER

(SMILING)

F

A Coast Guard Inspection?

RYAN

Perhaps. I'm not sure that ---

L

I

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?

(DAVENPORT 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. P11 and crew killed instantly. That kid spent eight months in traction with a broken. back, and two years learning to walk again. I think lt:'s O K for him to wear.: the uniform. -
(beat),

Don't you?

-51-

I

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

Caterpi']]ar 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, dammiti

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 offff 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 stares at him:

PELT

Forgive me, Ambassador, for dispensing
with the usual formalities. But the

President views this situation as critical.
Our m,7 ttary 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

display
twenty, Soviet sonar operator, spots something on a sonar
simuar 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 Amalr4c, 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 copflct FLIPS toggle SWITCHES above his
head. Leaning on the yoke, the p110t 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

copilot of the Foxtrot, the pilot steers the vector. Beside him, the
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

display: of the Foxtrot, Amalric concentrates on the shimmering

AMALRIC

(INTO HEADSET)

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

IN THE COCKPIT

checks a of the Foxtxvt, still pushing toggle SWITCHES, the copilot
fire control monitor, glancing at the pilot:

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COPILOT

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

IN THE SKY

bent on the Foxtrot chews up the afternoon, a deadly projectile hell
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, "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
overflowed by a low altitude multi-
engine turboprop!

RAMIUS

(GRABBING MIKE)

Put it on audio.
SONAR on AUDIO. Ramius glances at Borodin. Ashen, Borodin

Stadnyuk puts down a clipboard. At his quartermaster station,
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

his Of the Foxtrot, the copilot runs a final check. Adjusting
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

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

AMALRIC

(INTO HEADSET)

Computer is now in control, of aircraft.

IN THE SKY

a the device the Foxtrot levels off. Bomb bay doors inch open, revealing
torpedo, sixteen inches in diameter and eight feet long. As
plane's nose dips, the torpedo releases.
parachute opening behind, a thousand pounds of doomsday
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

outsle Red October. The counter-measure, a device similar to a torpedo, designed to confuse acoustic homing mechanisms, spins away from 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
turns
is MOVING AWAY. Waiting until. Stadnyuk has gone, Ramius
to the Kamarov:

RAMIUS (CONT'D)

Bottom the damn ship!

IN THE WATER

Tanks flooding, Red October dives into the abyss.. Beyond,
in the
death on
clammering dark, the torpedo hurtles relentlessly forward,
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,. Amalric reports the torpedo's progress,
vaice f lat:

-60-

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.
ALL 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!
Expressinnless, 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

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

IN THE FUSELAGE

Suddenly, of the Foxtrot, Amalric strains to hear on his headset. .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

the light, in the Conn, CONCUSSIONS rock the HULL. Sailors cling to the bulkhead. Equipment CRASHES to the FLOOR. Dust falls from ding, . Lights FLICKER. On the deck, face strobing In the blinking

his Ramius looks unearthly. The helmsman, water dripping from
clothes, WHISPERS:

HELMSMAN

Captain, who's shooting at us?

KAMAROV

Easy, boy.

Lights Borodin COUGHS. Confused, the crew watch their Captain.

stay on. Concussions die down. Ships speakers CRACKLE:

MELEKHIN (VO)

(ON SPEAKERS)

Captain, the caterpa`llar is fixed.

silent drive is operational.

to the Jarred from his reverie, Ramius opens the intercom, speaking

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
ci:½taerpa'T]ar.

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 calculatâ€šons 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 faU 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 C O 8 and Jones are everything he hoped
the
Navy would be:

BEAUMONT

(M AY)

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 CO B Is like a black
widow, spider. After he has sex
with a magazine, he eats it.
Beaumont HOWLS. The COB turns pink.

-65-

COS

Goddam you, Jonesy --

JONES

(RAISING HIS

HAND)

Wait!

Jones 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 submaxlne 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 inte pt her.

RYAN

Could you get me aboard the Dallas?

-66-

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. All kidding has stopped. This is strictly business:

JONES

(ON MIKE)

Conn, sonar. Signal to noise ratio
is dropping.

(BEAT)

Possible 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

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

Suddenly, Jones barks:

JONES

(INTO MIKE)

Conn, sonar. Crazy Ivan!

IN THE CONN

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

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

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

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're not gonna believe this.

CUT TO:

THUNDERING ROTORS

move on a SH-3 on the Kennedy's flight deck. Ryan and Davenport 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 ftroes a grin. A sax7or helps him into the helicopter. Davenport steps back. ROTORS ACCELERATE.

CUT TO:

JEFF PELT

Sitting in his chair in his office in the Executive Office Building. 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 new 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 missile at the United States. 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 tell 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

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

IN THE CHOPPER

TWO
HOWLING. NOISE. PILOT and COPILOT navigate tricky winds..

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!
Sail, or threads cable through a winch by the door. Ryan's
white as
to 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 for 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 saftors i nish strapping Ryan into the sling. One of
them leans
forward, painting 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 affair, -'lcer 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, sta:ugg 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
cramped 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 sailer 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. sweating, 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 keenness 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.

IN THE WATER

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-af-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

Dalla into bruised silence. Pulling themselves downward along the rolling hull, Ryan and Jones share oxygen.

IN THE ESCAPE TRUNK

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

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 --Â»

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:

Behind
stations.
at the entrance of the sonar shack, fifteen minutes later.
him, in the Conn, the crew is preparing to man battle
Jones has returned to sonar.

MANCUSO

(TO JONES)

Any sign that he's alerted to our
presence?

JONES

No, sir, captain. operating as before.

of
Ryan appears in dry clothes. Mancuso ignores him. The of5cer
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 it. Come left and stay in his baffles. Rig for quiet running.

and The officer of the deck repeats Mancuso's orders. Mancuso
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

Urgently, he in the Conn on Red October, surrounded by activity.
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.
is to Mancuso's left. Crew's at battle stations.

Ryan

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
stations. Borodin is at fire control..

battle

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
l f ooded 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-
f f ve 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

the
wary.

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

RAMIUS

(ON SCOPE)

Weapons status?

BORODIN

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

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 .w>7 . be attacked.
If you understand, ping once.

(TO MANCUSO)

He can do that, can't he?

MANCUSO

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

reactor in Dressed in the background. Melekhin's in rubber apron, gloves and plastic face shield. My, 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 m peter coolant sample.

MELEKHIN

Placing flask under valve four. Drawing sample.

A tiny stream of fluid falls into the flask. Unexpectedly,
an ALARM GOES OFF. Technicians freeze.

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 w91 let you live wherever
you want, my find.

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 wiin ride horses on
Sunday.

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

PET RO V

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!

RANIUS

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 !

BREAKS.
Desperately, Ramius tries to plug the hole. The VALVE

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]i 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
also. The
try to
opens. Seconds later, a hatch on the missile deck opens
sea RAGES.
Climbing out on the deck, Tblllsi and a half a dozen sailors
inflate rafts. Red October PITCHES and ROLLS. Wind HOWLS.
Fru-rated, Tbilisi SCREAMS into a headset.

IN THE CONN

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

BORODIN

Captain. L,ieutenant Tbi3JsJ 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 force 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

Kamarov the last of the crew leaves. Borodin is at the periscope,
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)

Captain! Surface warship. Closing
fast. Zero angle on the bow. Range
nine miles.

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 die. 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 to do 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,

light

flashing.

A puff of smoke appears, fbnowed 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

Petxov'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

of the compartment

ISEUTENANT 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

into the on the fwltml of the frigate, PILOT and copilot are strapped
above his crowded cockpit. Copilot flips a bank of toggle switches
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

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

IN THE HELICOPTER

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

PILOT

Torpedo Inputs?

SENSOR OPERATOR

Set and verified as ordered.

IN THE WATER

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

IN THE HELICOPTER

the p eyeballs the sea as it races by. Speaking into a mike:

PILOT

Roger that, Bravo One. Five hundred yards to the drop point. 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

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

IN THE AIR

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

ON THE FRIGATE

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

PETROV

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

IN THE CIC

intensely. Curry coordinates information. All around him, men work 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 point. Eight hundred yards. Twelve hundred

yards.

Curry's One of the shadows leans forward and presses a button on console. The button is marked Command Control Detonate. The

SHADOW IS

ADMIRAL GREER

his in a white uniform and cap. Beside him, Skip Tyler, leans on cane, concentrating on Curry's display.

IN THE HELICOPTER

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

ON THE FANTAIL

below Petrov watches in horror as a huge concave impression vents 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

.45 in in the Conn aboard the Dallas with Thompson. Mancuso has a
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 fo lows Mancuso out of the Conn into

A PASSAGEWAY

far running aft. Mancuso and Thompson move at speed. Mancuso is

FROM HAPPY:

MANCUSO

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

THOMPSON

We're gonna be f ne.
Rounding a corner, they start

DOWN A LADDER

Aren't Thompson will never get over how fast Mancuso can move.
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 ml]]k n things that can st]]l. go wrong.
At the bottom of the ladder, they enter

A PASSAGEWAY

open ladder. Ahead of them Jones and Ryan wait by a ladder beneath an
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.

(TURNING)

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

checks
Roger. Coming right to course zero-seven-
ive. Make initial preparations to land.
The copilot starts toggling switches. Behind him, Mancuso
the .45 in his holster. Ryan watches.

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

DSRV.
is revealed. Hovering above it, floodlights blazing, the
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

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

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- SMI1 :

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.ih18 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.

(SMRNNNG)

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 cost 'aL 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

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

BEAUMONT

New oorrtact. Sierra four-one, bearing
zero-one-zero. Aku]a cla.i;½.s 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'lisi 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:

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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

BUT CAN'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 torpedo's 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)

Melekhin. Can you give me any more speed?

MELEKHIN (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?

JONES (VO)

(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 dammed.

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.

He

hand. can't believe his eyes. The goddam shadow has a pistol in

SUDDENLY:

A FIRE STORM

of GUNFIRE sprays the CONN. Everybody scatters. Borodin is
position, HIT. SLAMMING into the bulkhead, he falls in a seated
eyes wide.
out Fire control panel EXPLODES. Behind a console, Mancuso drags
his .45 and RETURNS FIRE. The shadow disappears.

ON THE DALLAS

sonar Beaumont rips off his headgear, turning to Thompson in the
shack's door, breathing hard:

BEAUMONT

Jesus Christ. Gunge.

THOMPSON

Gunfire?

ON THE KONOVALOV

in the Conn, Tupajav 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'â-°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

looking a caged tiger in the Conn on the Konovalov. Bonavia turns,
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. T11 shake him loose.

ON RED OCTOBER

Ramius

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 Ramiaais into the

MISSILE COMPARTMENT

HIT.

Mercifully,

six feet

coming face-too-face with a BARRAGE of GUNFIRE. Ramius is

Ryan drags him into a space behind an electrical panel.

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

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. Ramiii 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

Ryan
The wall becomes the floor. Fighting to keep his balance,
walks on the wall, still MUMBLING:

RYAN

Ryan
the
Sensitive stuff...in here ...I have
to... be careful... of course.
The ship turns. Wall becomes cuing. Grabbing the catwalk,
hangs at a ninety degree angle. GUNFIRE. Bullets RIP into
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

Tyler

aboard the frigate, Curry hunches over a console. Greer and

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

shimmers Red October looms into view. To the right, the Konovalov

in the dark. Between them, the torpedo appears. PINGS grow CLOSER and CLOSER. At the last minute

THE DALLAS

between raves into view, rocketing forward at full, bore, streaking

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

into a in the sonar shack. Beaumont works his equipment, speaking

MIKE:

BEAUMONT

Conn, sonar. Torpedo is in acquisition.
Range five hundred yards and closing.
You've done it, Mr. Thompson!

IN THE CONN

ballasCt on the Dallas, Thompson stands on the deck. The COB is at
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 the DALLAS heads for the surface. Counter-measures head for
bottom. The incoming torpedo chases the counter-measures,
disappearing into the abyss.

ON THE SURFACE

she The Dallas ERUPTS from the WATER at THIRTY DEGREES, her
bottom exposed well aft of the sail. A broaching behemoth,
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 missale bay is a Sovvet sail or 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 sthl. 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 tri es 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 oontroL 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':

and

in the : Conn, Mancuso, Kamarov and the others are on pins

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, disorientaed 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 for the bridge of his nose as if to stave off a jolt

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

breeze
frogs
sing on the shore:
on the tree studded bank of a large coastal river. A gentle touches the trees and punctuates the silence. Crickets and

SUPER: ORICOKE RIVER

PAMLICO SOUND

NORTH CAROLINA

THE RED OCTOBER

on
one
glides quietly up the river's surface. Ramius and Ryan stand the sail. Behind them, two junior officers, one American and 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.

Ramius 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.

Lights

Taking a deep breath, Ramius studies the surrounding hills. 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 smilm.

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

RYAN

him. A

sound asleep in his seat, empty tea cup on a tray beside blanket hangs on one log. In the seat next to him

A TEDDY BEAR

round his

smi> out at passing clouds. The bear's got a red ribbon neck-and a seat belt fastened over his bulging tummy.

cup

Covering Ryan with the blanket, the stewardess leaves. Tea

the

RATTLES. Ryan doesn't even twitch. Turbulence is a thing of past.

FADE OUT

THE END