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Up Periscope

By Richard H. Landau

And in accordance with my orders
to remain undetected,
stayed on bottom additional six hours
after sonar reported convoy had passed
in order to ensure
not being sighted or detected
by possible trailing destroyer.
Ford, James A, Seaman First Class,
badly injured by accident
in forward torpedo room.
Paul Stevenson. Commander, US Navy.
That water's cold.
Cold. Cold water, warm heart.
Who said warm? It's a fire.
That's a pure chemical reaction, lady.
One part you, one part me.
You put the two together...
I see what you mean.
Is that what they train you for
at Underwater Demolition School?
That's classified information.
Let's you and I get back
to tactical maneuvers on dry land.
What's the matter,
don't you want to learn about strategy?
No, Ken, it isn't that. It's just that...
Well, something just happens
and suddenly I feel
all the fight going out of me.
That's good.
Ken, we've only known each other a week.
And two days.
All right. A week and two days.
And yet I feel I really don't know
anything about you at all.
I'm classified information, too.
Kenneth M. Braden, Lieutenant JG,
United States Navy.
246772. Name, rank and serial number.
And where have you been
all my young, lonely life?
I'm beginning to wonder.
It isn't like there wasn't a war.
Other people make up your mind for you.

You're being trained.

But for what? Where do you go and when?

Questions, questions, questions.

- You know what I think?

- What?

You talk too much.

You don't mind that song following us,
do you?

- Have enough to eat?

- It was delicious.

- Like the wine?

- Delicious.

- Sally.

- Yes, Ken.

You had enough to eat?

Delicious.

And so was the wine and I love that song.

Good.

You know the beach maneuvers

I was using this afternoon?

Well, I wasn't trying to establish
just any old beachhead.

What are you trying to say, Ken?

Well, I guess I don't say it very well.

Well, you spend a lot of sleepless nights
rehearsing the words

and picking just the right time

and the right place,

then when you get there it's...

Well, all I'm trying to say is

I love you. I want to marry you.

I say something wrong?

No.

You didn't say anything wrong.

I just don't know what to think.

You're not supposed to think

at a time like this.

You're just supposed to say yes.

- Dance with me, Ken, before I start to cry.

- Sure.

I just didn't know

you were gonna be so upset.

Well, it isn't every day

a girl gets proposed to.

It isn't every day I ask a girl to marry me.

And maybe I'm kidding myself.

Maybe I'm the only one

who feels this way.

- Don't say that.

- What else can I say?

You see? I don't have to say anything.

You say it all yourself

without ever having to speak a word.

It isn't what you think.

You don't tell me what you think.

If I told you that I loved you, too?

That isn't saying you'll marry me.

- What's going on?

- Are you Lieutenant Braden?

- That's right.

- I'm getting your gear out.

Got orders to get you packed

and out to the airport.

You sure you got the right Braden?

One "N" in Braden?

- Two "N's" in Kenneth?

- That's right.

Narrows the field considerably, doesn't it?

- Hey, I got time for a phone call?

- I'm sorry, sir.

No calls. Skipper's orders.

No smoking.

Pearl Harbor in five minutes.

Fasten safety belts.

Hey.

Seatbelt.

Lieutenant JG Kenneth Braden, reporting.

Just a moment, Lieutenant.

- Yes.

- Lieutenant Braden is here, Captain.

- Send him in, please.

- Yes, sir.

- All right, you can go in.

- Thanks.

Lieutenant. Sit down.

Thank you, sir.

- How was your flight from California?

- Very good, sir.

Do you have any idea why you're here?

Well, the duty officer
at Underwater Demolition School
tapped me on the shoulder
and next thing I know
I'm on a plane to Pearl.
Surprised?

It's a volunteer outfit, sir.
I realize they were gonna call on me
sooner or later.

I just wish it had been later.

On account of the girl?

The girl?

Sally Johnson.

- You know her?

- No.

You met her about a week ago.

"A week and two days."

- Give or take an hour or two.

- "It started out routine.

"Dinner, a couple of drinks, dancing.

Took her to the beach, swimming.

"Then the usual beach maneuvers.

Proposed."

You proposed again. You got tapped.

Now you're here.

- You look confused, Lieutenant.

- I am, sir.

Simple. Security screening.

Miss Johnson works for
the Office of Naval Intelligence.

You were her assignment.

Coffee?

No, thank you, sir.

Other members of your class
were screened, too,
but Miss Johnson's report
made you top man.

- She classified me 1A?

- You might say that.

That's fine.

I've fallen in love with a girl
and she's sending in a...

Must've had a lot of fun.

I don't think so. She fell in love, too.

Was that in the report?

Reports are pretty complete, Lieutenant.

Nobody in this war has an easy job.

Supply has all your gear ready.

You pick it up.

Be at Pier 5 tomorrow

and report to Captain Stevenson

aboard the Barracuda.

- Is that all, sir?

- Yes.

- Good luck.

- Thank you very much, sir.

- Glenn.

- Yes, sir.

- Is Captain Stevenson still here?

- No, sir.

He went over to Naval Hospital

with Seaman Ford's wife, sir.

He's dead.

Oh, no.

Oh, no.

No, no, no.

Oh, no.

No, no.

Yeah!

Oh, brother,

that Malone sure swings a mean rudder.

- Come on, Peck, drink it up.

- Sure. I'll drink to Ford.

- Why don't you knock it off?

- Easy.

Shove off, Floyd.

I still say you don't sit your tail

on the bottom

as long as we did

after that convoy passed.

I say if we left, Ford would still be living.

So the skipper played it safe.

What are you worrying about?

You got back.

I might be Ford some day.

You all might.

Go ahead, drink your drink. Forget it.

- Maybe you can. I can't.
- Me, neither.
And I got news for you, Chief,
a lot of the other guys feel the same way.
You know, argue, argue.
That's all you guys do is argue.
- You all blame it on the skipper?
- Who else?
You don't think laying there
breathing in all that stinking air
did Ford any good, do you?
Right, Ash?
Maybe. I don't know.
You mean, not bringing him up
topside sooner wouldn't have helped?
Might have.
Well, putting him on a plane
and getting him back to Pearl
wouldn't have helped save his life?
Look, how do I know?
I'm only a pharmacist mate,
not God.
Oh, come on, Billy.
Let's have some fun here.
Come on, drink it up.
That Malone sure swings a mean rudder.
Long distance.
Long distance,
I want to place a person-to-person call
to Miss Sally Johnson
in San Diego, California, please.
I'm sorry, sir.
Unless you have a military priority,
there are no long distance calls
going through to the States
- for the next 24 hours.
- 24 hours?
- Operator, there's a war on.
- Do tell.
There's nothing I can do about it.
Yeah, yeah.
Scotch, please.
- Encore!
- Encore!

- You promised to dance with me next.

- No, sweethearts.

No argument.

It shall be as I said, but not now.

Bartender, give me a beer
with a rum chaser.

Lieutenant, your money's
not any good in here tonight.

This is my welcome home party.

- Thanks, mister, but...

- Not Mr. But.

Malone. Pat Malone. Been an ensign
in the navy for fifteen years.

- Ken Braden. Welcome home, Ensign.

- Thank you.

Yes, welcome home. Be it ever so humble.

And I believe in sharing my blessings.

Lieutenant Braden, girls.

This is Mui-Mui, Moy-Moy
and Oi-Oi.

How are you doing?

Well, come on, girls.

Now run along and relax.

Oh, no, sweethearts,
there's enough of Malone for everybody.

Go on, now. Patience.

Patience, sweetheart.

Bye.

A man of ambition, Mr. Malone.

I'll predict you'll go far.

Already have been.

Fifty-seven days out
and most of it underwater.

Ambitious?

I've hardly got a conscience left.

To the remnants of your conscience,

Mr. Malone.

Our exec.

Oh, Mr. Carney, have we
got some nice fish and poi here tonight.

Better start learning to like
navy chow again.

Your attention, men!

Mr. Carney. Welcome aboard!

Come on and join the party.
Simmer down.
Drink up. All leaves and liberty canceled.
Oh, no.
Report back to the boat immediately.
Now, of course, sir. Phil, sir.
You and I know
this is just a pleasant little joke.
We will end up on land tomorrow,
each in our own little wiki
with our own gorgeous little hangover.
Oh, well, come on. Say we will.
I wish that's how it was, Pat,
but that's not how it's gonna be.
Let's move it, men!
- You're not gonna do this to me again.
- Let's go!
Malone, do you really have to go?
- Please don't leave us.
- What about our dance?
- Now, girls, girls.
- Oh, no.
Let's face this situation
with a brave little smile.
- Come, children.
- But, Mr. Malone, you promised.
Patrick Malone always keeps his promises,
one way or the other.
And now I've saved these up.
Lieutenant, sir, be my guest.
They're all paid for.
- Well, thank you, Ensign.
- You're welcome.
Well, girls, goodbye.
Mui-Mui.
Oi-Oi.
Moy-Moy.
Well, goodbye.
- Aloha, Mr. Malone.
- Aloha, Mr. Malone.
Yeah, aloha.
- Aloha.
- Aloha.
Well, now, girls, gather around.

That's better, isn't it?

Let me see.

- Moy-Moy.

- Oi-Oi.

- Now, well, that doesn't matter, does it?

- No.

Well, now.

Can I have another Scotch, please?

Easy.

Mr. Malone!

- Yeah!

- Last one!

- Secure all the loading hatches, York!

- Aye, aye, sir.

Torpedoes are all loaded.

Food, fuel, and supplies are all checked in.

Good.

Now we sit and wait

for our passenger to show.

Yeah, if this passenger service works out,
you suppose we'll get the mail contracts?

Wow.

There's a sewer pipe I'd give up

a month's leave

and a little black book

full of telephone numbers to serve on.

Well, you could do worse

than the Barracuda, Pat.

Sure, Phil. I could get a transfer

to the Monitor or the Merrimack, too.

It must be a sweet feeling

coming home with your

keel chalked up and tubes empty

and letting them know

that you swept a lot of dirt to the bottom.

Now, us. Wouldn't hurt a fly, us wouldn't.

We'll be waving a broomstick of our own
one of these days.

Yeah, and I can tell you from where.

I think you made your point clear,

Mr. Malone.

Yes, sir. I'd better double-check

those water lines, sir.

Hey, Peck, Gruber!

Give him a hand on that number four line!

Well, well, well.

Lieutenant, so you're our passenger.

Hello, Malone.

And what did you do

with my wine, women and leis?

- They were expendable.

- They were what?

Expendable.

I'm looking for the duty officer.

Lieutenant, sir,

you're looking at the duty officer.

I'm also the assistant communications

and sound officer,

the assistant

to the assistant approach officer,

the assistant engineering officer,

the assistant diving officer,

the assistant gunnery and torpedo officer.

I'm also a mess treasurer

without assistant

and a cold hand poker player without peer.

- You're late, Lieutenant.

- I had to wait for my gear, sir.

- Where is your gear?

- On the jeep, sir.

- Better see that it gets stowed.

- Yes, sir.

Prepare to get underway in five minutes,

Mr. Carney.

Five minutes. Yes, sir.

Malone, get a couple of hands

to help you with that gear.

Then station the maneuvering watch

and stand by the lines.

Aye, aye, sir.

Captain Bligh has got quite a bark,

hasn't he?

Got all his own teeth, too.

Here, Lieutenant,

I'll help you aboard with that.

Thank you.

Lieutenant,

did you say they were expendable?

Yeah.

Jerry, Hodins, Gunner, get up here
and get this gear out of the jeep.
Watch your step now, Lieutenant.
This way.

- Mr. Braden, Mr. Doherty.

- Hi.

Now watch your head.

Easy now.

Oh, you're doing fine, Lieutenant, just fine.
Another three or four more times,
you'll hardly even feel it.

- Hey, what's going on?

- Checking the night-lights.

- We always run with a red light at night.

- Why?

Condition our eyes to the darkness,
in case we have to get topsides in a hurry.
Here we are.

Home.

Note the lavish furnishings and the decor
and the latest plumbing.

Pardon me, Lieutenant.

Kind of a gracious, spacious,
spread out type of living.

And the comfort, sir.

Inner springs. This is where you'll bunk.

Supine, sir?

Good. Here, you may as well try it.

Well, you see,

it only costs a little more to go first class.

Oh, before I forget.

The air down here is rationed.

We're supposed to take turns breathing.

- After you, sir.

- Thank you.

- Comfy?

- Yeah, fine.

Good.

- Say, Lieutenant.

- Yeah.

Would you mind if we spoke briefly again
about that wine, women and expendables?

Mr. Malone,

we're members of the silent service
and gentlemen
don't speak of those things.
Of course not. Sorry, sir.
It's on the right, Lieutenant.
Sit down, Braden.
All right, here's the set-up.
There's a buildup on for an offensive
in the Gilbert and Marshall Islands.
Now, the Japanese have air bases,
sea bases and submarine bases
at Tarawa, Majuro, Kwajalein,
Eniwetok and Truk.
Orders of their local forces,
and right now our particular interest
is submarines,
are beamed to them
from a radio transmitter
situated on the island of Kusaie.
We can't break that code.
Our cryptanalysts doubt we can break it
under six months.
That radio station on Kusaie.
That's our mission.
We knock it off?
No, we don't want the island.
We just want the code.
We need it to know
when they're gonna start
and where they're gonna go,
where the submarines are, so we can
feed them information of our own.
Set up decoys, lead them into traps.
Our traps.
When?
- When what?
- The invasion.
Soon.
If we can break that code first,
we're gonna save a lot of ships
and a lot of men.
Or is talk of this mission boring you,
Mr. Braden?
- Are we keeping you up, sir?

- Oh, no, sir. I was just thinking.
Now I know why the navy had me
playing commando these last few weeks.
Me, I had to go to college
to learn Japanese on my own.
Well, school's out, Mr. Braden.
My job is to get you to that island.
Get you on it, get you off
and get you back.
Here are your instructions.
You're to go ashore unseen.
Locate that radio transmitter, undetected.
Leave no evidence,
get the code and photograph it.
Come back to your own ship,
undiscovered.
There's not much to that at all,
is there, sir?
Here's some Japanese language books.
There's a dictionary in there
with a special list of Japanese ideographs.
Noting time, location, ship types,
movement, and geography.
There's also a chart made up
by our own cryptanalysts
on what to look for
and how to recognize it when you see it.
- Commit that to memory and burn it.
- Yes, sir.
Make up an OP plan as soon as possible.
- Submit it to me for approval.
- Yes, sir.
The orders said that
you were picked for this job
because you're the best, Mr. Braden.
I'm to work with you as close as I can.
- Thank you very much, sir.
- What about the crew?
Well, the orders also state
that except for Mr. Braden,
nobody except
the Captain and his Executive Officer
shall know the mission.
If any word of this plan whatsoever

were to leak to the enemy,
he'd change his code
and set up defensive measures.
It would take twice the blood
this invasion should cost.
All right. That's all, Mr. Braden.
One thing more, Mr. Braden.
You don't get captured.
I wouldn't think of it, sir.
Looks like they slipped you
a real hot one this time.
Yeah.
Now, I got a 90-day wonder on my back.
- His job is pretty tough, too.
- Oh, sure, sure.
I'll explain it to the crew.
At beat, they'll owe they hate my guts.
Perfect set-up for a successful patrol.
Just like the last one.
You couldn't help yourself on that one.
Somebody else might have said the hell
with secrecy and shot their way out.
- Well, you're not somebody else.
- Yeah, I know. I sat it out.
That's the way you saw it.
One man lost his life.
I lost an entire crew.
And we had to be the one lousy boat
to be around for this mission.
Oh, you know that isn't so, Paul.
You gotta be the one man
that does it by the book.
Even when it hurts.
That's why you got picked.
Let me ask you something.
If you had been in my shoes,
and you were calling the signals,
how would you have played it?
Played it safe.
I didn't ask you that.
Come on, now. Level with me.
What would you have done?
I think I would've pulled out sooner.
You, the crew and Mrs. Ford.

- I'm sorry, Paul. You asked me.

- Yeah, yeah, I know.

Look, you better explain to the men

this is another recon mission.

Even if they see a hot target,

it's fingers off the trigger, right?

Sure is a real bright day up here.

Looks like you could see a million miles.

Yes, sir. Real bright day.

You figure the Japanese can see us, sir?

That's a good question.

- Sure is a bright day, all right.

- Weary, you've got a broken record.

Yes, sir.

- How come they call you Weary?

- That's my name.

Nickname?

No, sir. My real name.

I'm the youngest of 13 children.

I guess when I was born,

my mother couldn't think of another name.

Anything else for you, gentlemen?

- Not a thing. Thank you.

- No, thank you.

Captain say he was gonna run

surfaced all day?

That's what he said.

Don't worry, you can dive awful fast

if you're scared enough.

It isn't that. It just isn't in the book.

It is in his.

You've been sailing with him long?

I've been his exec over three years.

Not the friendliest type I ever met.

What's eating him?

- He lost a kid last time out.

- I heard about that.

A real nice kid.

- Just married.

- All right, Cy, lets cut it.

Let's bury that last patrol

and keep it buried.

Don't you have a little gardening to do?

Oh, yeah.

Thanks for reminding me.
What's the matter?
He say something wrong?
Good weather. Hope it holds.
How did the Captain take it?
- Take what?
- Losing the kid.
How would you take it?
I don't think I'd sleep very well.
Don't think he does either.
Any further orders you want
in the night order book, sir?
Nothing else, Pat.
Nothing about submerging at dawn?
Nothing, Mr. Malone.
Aye, aye, sir.
- Ready to relieve you.
- It's a pleasure.
Standard speed. Three main engines.
Course 2-0-0.
Right. Anything else I ought to know?
Look at the last page.
How you doing, Lieutenant?
Still cramming for final exams?
I hadn't looked at it quite that way.
You know, all that homework,
it's liable to kill you.
These days, what isn't?
Well, everybody waiting up for daddy?
- That's nice.
- What's topsides?
Still on the surface.
There's nothing in the Captain's night
order book about submerging at dawn.
Say, Lieutenant.
- May I ask you a personal question?
- Why not?
Are you important people?
Only to my mother.
Then how come the skipper is in such
a hurry to get you where you're going?
Is he?
He's got to be.
You ride surface during the daylight,

you're just begging for a little brown bird
to fly over and lay an egg
right down your conning tower.
And I know I'll be just the happy slob
standing there waiting for him.
You sure you're not important people?
Yeah, I'm sure.
Mui-Mui.
- Night, Mount.
- Yeah.
Night, Lieutenant.
Good night, Malone.
Good night, girls.
- You looking for me, Braden?
- About my OP plan, sir.
- Is that it?
- Yes, sir.
Come on in.
No, I will not enter the lagoon.
Fifteen fathoms.
Not in that water.
These back and forth trips are too risky.
I'm sorry, Braden, this won't work.
Do you mind telling me why, sir?
Here's Kusaie Island.
Here's the lagoon
you want me to bring you into.
The entrance could be mined or netted.
They could let us in
and then slam the door in our face.
And on that water,
a plane flying over could spot us
maybe a 100, 150 feet down.
We'd be a nice fat duck in a pond.
They'd have us
for breakfast, lunch and dinner.
That means I'd have to swim in
from the seaward side.
Those coral reefs
can chop a man up pretty bad.
They can chop a submarine up
pretty bad, too.
So far, you got me taking all the risks.
How close to the reefs

will you bring me, sir?

2000 yards.

I won't take my boat in less than
60 feet of water.

- 2000 yards...

- That's right, you heard me.

Captain, that's a pretty good swim.

With all the gear I have to carry,
distance is the kiss of death.

Mr. Braden, I'm concerned about
a \$10 million submarine
and the lives of 80 men.

Navy regulations
direct court-martial proceedings
against any commanding officer
who recklessly exposes his ship
or his men to unwarranted danger.

Now, what would you have me do?

Do you mind if we took off the bar, sir,
and just lay this on the table
between you and me?

Yeah, sure. Go ahead.

What do navy regulations
say about a commanding officer
not giving a man proper support
and killing off a mission
before you even start?

I thought you were trained
for this mission, Mr. Braden?

I was trained to do it,
not kill myself on the way in.

You went by the book on your last trip.

You wound up burying a man.

You out for the same record this trip?

You can put the bars back on now,
Lieutenant.

Work over that plan
and bring it back to me for approval.

- I'm telling you...

- I'm telling you, Braden!

That'll be all.

Yes, sir.

Phil, what's his bearing?

Radar, what's his bearing?

- Off the port quarter.
- Off the port quarter, sir.
He's off the port quarter, sir!
I've got him now, sir.
Stand by to dive.
Stand by to dive.
Can you make out
what type he is, Johnny?
No, sir. He's too far.
- How about you, Sloane?
- Me neither, sir.
Moving off.
- He's moving off, sir.
- He's moving off, now, sir.
Going.
All clear.
All clear, sir.
All clear, now, sir.
Hold the dive. Belay the dive.
Belay the dive.
How long are you gonna
keep running surfaced?
Until we get there.
- Crew's getting kind of jumpy.
- I'm sorry, but it's gotta be that way.
Anything else on your mind?
Braden.
What about Braden?
Two thousand yards, Paul,
that's a long swim.
It's a hell of a long swim,
but there's nothing else I can do.
Don't you think I'd like to set
my tail right up on the beach
and wait there till he got back?
But I can't, Phil, I just can't.
Even if it was you making that swim,
I wouldn't...
I couldn't do it any other way.
No, I guess you couldn't, Paul.
It's like I said. You gotta play it
by the book even when it hurts.
Yeah, that's right.
Take over, will you?

- How's everything back here, Adams?
- Fine, Captain.
- Smoother than a baby lass.
- What?

We're making a good 15 knots, sir.

Hey, Ron, tell Esparge
to send up a 12 SN 7 on the double.

Control Room, send up a 12 SN 7
on the double.

Come on, baby, make with the eye.

Make with the eye.

Deader than that.

I'll take that.

We got company.

- Jap plane in the sun.
- Get below. Lookouts, get below!
- Dive the boat. Dive the boat!
- Dive! Dive! Dive!
- Dive!
- Dive!

Get below.

Malone, take her down.

Take her down fast!

Murphy, get him below. Get him below.

Easy, easy. Go along.

Keep close to the bulkhead.

Sloane! Sloane! Sloane!

Come on, Murphy. Help me get him down.

I can't make it. Get below, Murphy.

Close the hatch!

- Please, sir...

- Get below!

I said get below!

Where's Carney?

- Where's Carney?

- Topside.

Hit. Ordered me to close the hatch.

- Catch her at 55 feet.

- Catch her at 55 feet.

Down periscope.

Continue the dive.

Take her down to 150 feet.

Steer course 0-9-0.

Continue to dive.

Course 0-9-0. Aye, sir.

I watched him as long as I could.

He was floating face down.

He didn't move.

That's the last I saw of him.

All right, come on. Give me a hand here.

- Mr. Doherty.

- Yes, sir.

You are now executive officer of the boat.

Phil has just been killed.

Hold it steady on course.

Steady on course.

This is the Captain speaking.

Lieutenant Carney,

our executive officer, is dead.

I'd like all hands to join me

in a moment of silent prayer.

Oh, my leg.

- All right, take it easy.

- My leg.

- I'm gonna give you a shot.

- That's the navy for you.

When in doubt, give all hands a shot.

How are they, Ash?

Sloane's got a hunk of shrapnel

in his shoulder.

Mr. Mount's got it good. 50-caliber slug
went through his leg.

- Didn't hit the bone, though.

- Stay with it, Cy.

Murphy had a flap of skin on his head
peeled back.

- It's not too serious.

- Captain, my fault.

- I shouldn't have left him there.

- No, no, it's not your fault, Murphy.

- I should've dragged him down.

- No, no, he ordered you to go below.

I shouldn't have listened.

I should've gone to him.

- Take it easy.

- It's my fault!

I let him die. I let him die.

The morphine's getting to him, sir.

He'll sleep in some time.
Captain, we're heavy, sir.
I can't maintain depth.
- Conning tower, all ahead full.
- All ahead full, sir.
Trouble in the engine room, Captain.
Adams says main air induction line
pouring full stream of water
into engine room bilges.
Cannon shell must have holed the pipe.
Too deep here to sit around
the bottom all night
and bring her up then for repairs.
And we don't know what other damage
we may have. Got to find out now.
- Adams?
- Aye, aye, sir.
Close drains. Put the pump in the bilges.
- Aye, aye, sir.
- Blow safety tank.
Blow safety tank.
Engine room reports
bilges being pumped, sir.
Safety blown.
Doherty, when you get
the command of service,
you better come up fast.
We may have a fight on our hands.
- Sound the general alarm.
- Aye, aye, sir.
Tell the damage control party to stand by.
Damage control party, stand by.
Pass the word. Battle stations, surface.
Battle stations, surface.
All right, surface.
Crack the hatch.
Doherty, take the list off her.
Doherty, did you hear me?
Take the list off her!
Can't get it off, Captain.
Shell bursts have holed us
on the starboard side.
- Secure blowing number two and vent it.
- Aye, aye, sir.

What's wrong?

Well, try a little prayer

we've only got one tank hit.

Number two flooded, sir.

Well, you must have a direct line.

Radar, what do you see?

All clear.

All clear, sir.

- Mind if I go down on deck, sir?

- Yeah, go ahead.

Adams, how does it look?

Captain, we got

some of the damage spotted.

We can plug those main induction holes

with wooden plugs,

but I don't know what it's like

below the water line.

Go ahead, plug it up.

Clint. Go below and get a couple of BARS

up on deck.

They'll be around again.

Nothing they'd like better than a little

cold turkey limping back to Midway.

You think Thanksgiving will be

a little early this year, Captain?

Yeah, maybe.

All right, gun crews, look sharp now!

- Lieutenant Braden.

- Yes, sir.

I wanna talk to you.

I still got that boat ride to make with you,

but I couldn't outrun a dead fish if I had to

and I can't take the risk

of going back to Midway.

That leaves just one choice.

Somebody's gotta go underneath the boat,

see how bad the damage is.

I've been trained for that, sir.

- If we're attacked...

- Yes, sir.

You save the boat and the men.

I understand that.

Do you?

The way you read me the book

the other night,
I think I can recite it from memory.
I assume nothing's changed.
That's right, Lieutenant.
Nothing's changed.
I'll get my gear, sir.
- How's it coming?
- This is the last one here, sir.
Let's still keep everything crossed
they don't write this one up
as Stevenson's folly.
Yes, sir.
Bogey. Bogey.
Bogey, Captain.
- Any identification signals?
- No, Captain.
Sound general quarters.
All hands except the gun crews
clear the decks and bridge.
Sound general quarters.
All hands except the gun crews
clear bridge and decks.
Get down below. On the double.
Radio reports
plane transmitting voice, Captain.
Only word he can make out is Hinoshi.
Radio Bridge, aye.
That's a Japanese destroyer class.
Got him off the port bow, sir.
Pharmacist mate, Pharmacist mate.
To the bridge, on the double.
A nervous way to make a living.
- I'm proud of you, Malone.
- All right. Get him below.
- Nice shooting, Pat.
- Thank you, sir.
Give me a hand here.
That Japanese flyboy
never would have died happy
unless he got the full word out on us.
We're too close to our destination
to chance discovery by a destroyer now.
We gotta move out of here
and move out fast.

- Lieutenant?
- Yes, sir.
- How did you make out below?
- I finished.
Will those patches hold?
You're gonna worry yourself
into an early grave, Doherty.
Captain to engine room. All ahead full.
Lookouts, keep your eyes open.
Contact.
Range 1, 5000. Must be a ship.
Contact, Captain.
Range 1, 5000.
High speeds cruise, Captain. Bearing 2-5-9.
Sounds like a destroyer. Closing in fast.
Clear the deck! Clear the bridge!
Clear the bridge!
- Come on! Come on!
- Guide the boat.
Take her down fast, catch her at 60 feet.
Dive! Dive! Dive!
- Keep the squawk box open.
- Aye, aye, sir.
Hold her at 60 feet.
Hold her at 60 feet.
- Left full rudder.
- Left full rudder. Aye, sir.
- Rudder is left full, sir.
- Very well.
Keep the periscope up.
Keep periscope up.
- What's your bearing mark?
- Twenty-two.
Range mark?
When we should run, we sit.
Ten thousand.
When we should sit, what do we do, huh?
We play tag.
Gruber, you writing again?
I was only writing my girl how lousy I feel.
Yeah, pretty good.
What are you laughing at? You doing
all right with that eating routine, too.
Yeah, I don't do bad.

Adams, drain all the diesel oil
into the bilges.

Stand by to pump it overboard
when I give you the word.

Pump bilges?

- You heard right, Mr. Adams.
- Aye, aye, sir.
- Rudder at midships.
- Rudder at midship, aye, sir.
- Rudder is midship, sir.
- Very well...

Adams, pump the bilges.

It's heading right for our periscope.
That's it. Keep coming at us, little man.
Come on. Keep coming. Don't lose us.
Have Mr. Adams keep pouring out that oil.

- Tell him, keep pumping it out.
- Aye, aye, sir.

Mr. Adams, keep pumping bilges.

We're doing great, we are.

Gushing oil like we owned all of Texas.

What are you worrying about?

Maybe we'll wind up millionaires.

Yeah, rich, dead millionaires.

Make ready all tubes. Set depth eight feet.

Stand by to fire a spread
of three torpedoes.

What did I tell you, fellows?

Nothing to worry about.

Okay, girls, stand by on tubes.

On the double.

- Rig for depth charge attack.
- Aye, aye, sir.

Rig for depth charge attack.

Down scope.

- Right full rudder.
- Right full rudder.
- Secure the bilge pumps.
- Aye, aye, sir.

Secure the bilge pumps.

Rudder is right full, sir.

Call the torpedo room,
fire false target shell.

What's a false target shell?

An explosion of bubbles.
Sends out an echo to where he's pinging.
He'll pick it up and think it's us.
We hope.
Lowest creeping speed,
rig for silent running.
Aye, aye, sir.
Maneuvering room,
make slowest creeping speed.
Rig for silent running.
Rig for silent running.
Rig for silent running.
- All ahead full.
- All ahead full.
Answers up. All ahead full, sir.
Any of you guys know how to pray,
do it now.
- Left full rudder.
- Left full rudder.
Rudder is left full, sir.
Forward tubes report ready, sir.
Depth set eight feet.
Very well. Up scope.
Bearing mark 3-4-0.
Range mark, 300 yards.
She's doing about 25 knots. Down scope.
- Gesundheit, Mr. Malone.
- Thank you, sir.
Steady as you go, Dalton.
Steady as you go.
Steady as she goes, sir.
Fire at any time, Captain.
Thanks, Mr. Malone.
Up scope.
Down scope.
Fire one.
Number one torpedo, fired electrically.
Fire two.
Number two torpedo, fired electrically.
Fire three.
Number three, fired electrically.
All torpedoes fired, sir.
All torpedoes running
hot, straight and normal.

Eight seconds, seven seconds...
Two seconds, one second, zero.
First one should be there, Captain.
Number one still running
hot, straight and normal.
- Sound fading.
- We've missed.
Three seconds, two seconds,
one second, zero.
- Number two fading, sir.
- We've missed.
Right full rudder. All ahead flank.
Right full rudder. All ahead flank.
Sound, what do you hear?
We're too close to make it out, sir.
Its screws have stopped.
- Is he on top of us?
- No, sir, just abeam now.
All ahead one third. Up scope.
All ahead one-third.
- She's hit.
- Yeah!
That's right! I knew she'd change our luck.
Hey there, laughing boy, what do you
think about the skipper now, huh?
You celebrate if you want to, I'm not.
We're still a long way from home.
What are you worried about?
We got food, ain't we?
We got lots of food.
- Hi.
- Lieutenant.
- Hi, Lieutenant.
- Hi.
What you got there, Shelton,
Milkman's Matinee?
Tokyo Rose. She kind of gets you
right here, doesn't she?
Yeah, she does.
Little Fox schedule coming in.
"Promotions. All Navy.
"All ensigns, 25,000 to 30,000 to JG."
Well, what do you know? 26.
That ALNAV caught Mr. Malone.

Now, that's one promotion
that I can approve of.
It's gonna be good news to Pat.
Sure is.
Now he's got nothing to worry about.
Yeah, well, I don't know.
A few promotions in Pearl
he's a little worried about.
What?
Nothing. Forget it.
Lieutenant Malone.
As you were, men.
Take it easy, Willie.
Attention.
- Hey!
- Lieutenant Malone!
Lieutenant Malone!
Thanks, Weary.
Well, say something.
Well, there's not much I can say,
but I can tell you guys
that I've waited for this for a long time.
You've made me feel good. Real good.
Congratulations.
Hey, Lieutenant. Come on. Cut the cake.
Lieutenant, will you autograph this?
I wrote my girl in Mission all about you.
- Yeah, sure. Here, give me that pen.
- Come on, Lieutenant.
- When you gonna cut that cake?
- I'm happy.
I have an extra pair of bars, Lieutenant.
I wish you'd use them.
Thanks, Lieutenant.
Say, can I talk to you a minute?
- Sure.
- When you gonna cut the cake?
Look, you guys cut the cake,
and I'll be right with you. Save me a piece.
Now that we're brother Lieutenants,
well, we share the same rank and all,
we shouldn't have any secrets
from each other, should we?
No.

Well, you know what I mean.
Well, remember what we were
talking about the day you came aboard?
- Yeah.
- Well...
Well, Lieutenant Malone, if I told you
the truth, you wouldn't believe it.
Come on, test me.
No.
Escape hatch check out okay, Lieutenant?
Yeah, it's fine, Chief.
Lung?
- Lung okay.
- Watch?
Okay.
Camera?
Camera okay.
Survival kit?
Survival kit okay.
- Rig for silent running.
- Aye, aye, sir.
Rig for silent running.
Rig for silent running.
Down scope.
- Sonar, what do you hear?
- Nothing, sir.
- All ahead creeping speed.
- Aye, aye, sir.
Maneuvering room,
all ahead creeping speed.
All ahead creeping speed.
This is the Captain.
There's been a change in plans.
We are now entering the lagoon.
So the ice is melted.
What did you say?
There is an enemy ship directly above us.
I didn't say anything.
I want absolute silence in the boat.
Yeah, like a morgue.
Reef 10 degrees on starboard bow, sir.
Left standard rudder.
Left standard rudder. Aye, aye, sir.
- Steady as you go.

- Steady as she goes, sir.
Steady as you go, Dalton.
Steady as you go.
Steady as she goes, sir.
- Steady as you go.
- Steady as she goes, sir.
- Rig in sound heads.
- Aye, aye, sir.
Rig in the sound heads.
All stop. Let her settle to the bottom.
All stop, sir.
- All checked out?
- Yes, sir.
Take a walk for a minute, huh, Pat?
Aye, aye, sir.
You're in 500 yards offshore.
Thank you, sir.
Don't thank me, thank them.
At 2000 yards you'd have to surface
to make that swim.
If you surface in this light with them there,
they'd spot you.
If they spot you, they get me.
And the mission.
And the mission.
This way you go all the way underwater.
No problem, sir.
Get this through your head, Lieutenant.
Nothing's changed.
There is a problem.
Today we've been running submerged.
Our oxygen supply is limited.
Now, I could try to sneak out
the same way I came in here.
I could surface, recharge,
pump in fresh air,
come back, and sit and wait for you.
I do it the first time,
maybe I can get away with it.
I do it twice, I could get clobbered.
- You know what I'm gonna do?
- No, sir.
I'm gonna sit and wait for you.
Not three days, not two,

not even one.

No RSVP?

Oh, sure.

You'll answer in 18 hours.

We can't breathe long on carbon dioxide.

Eighteen hours? That's 10:00 tonight, sir.

That's right. That's your deadline.

If you're not back by then,

I go one way, out.

And I don't come back. You understand?

That couldn't be clearer, sir.

- Braden.

- Yes, sir.

I hope you make it.

Thanks.

It isn't what you think.

It isn't what you think.

It isn't what you think.

If I told you that I loved you, too?

That isn't saying you'll marry me.

- Thank you.

- Good night.

At your service, ma'am.

Thank you.

I'm sorry I got so female just now.

Why do you think

I asked you to marry me?

Look, lady,

you marry me

and I'll make it worth your while.

Yes, I know.

You don't give a girl a chance

to enjoy your proposal.

That's because I'm not a girl.

But don't you know that

a girl likes to dream about these things?

Well, half the fun is to walk around

in a daze and imagine what it's like.

Brag to her friends.

That's such a waste of time.

- I got an idea.

- What?

Why don't we go on the post

and wake up the padre?

He's a real great guy and likes
nothing better than to marry people.

No.

No license.

I got an even better one. We go to Tijuana.

Well, what do you say?

I would love nothing better, Ken. Honest.

But please, do it my way.

- Give it just a little more time.

- Sure. Till tomorrow.

No, Ken. You don't understand.

Yes, I understand.

I can wait.

It will make me nervous, but I can wait.

How's the oxygen?

Down to about 20 minutes, sir.

Ash ran a test on the CO2.

Nearly at the fatal mark, Captain.

Hold it.

Hey, I'm sorry, Peck.

Yeah, Kovak, me, too.

What happened?

Tell the engine room to stand by.

- Prepare to get under way.

- Aye, aye, sir.

Engine room, prepare to get under way.

Prepare to get under way.

- Captain to the conning tower.

- Yes, sir.

He's back.

Let's get out of here, Mr. Doherty.

- Pass the word to all hands.

- Aye, aye, sir.

Engine room, all ahead tripping speed.

Please, Lieutenant, sir.

Get your wet clammy hands off of me.

- Did you get it?

- Yes, sir, I got it.

Thanks for waiting, sir.

Murphy, the yeoman's on the sick list.

You wanna take a letter for me?

Yes, sir.

From Commander Paul Stevenson
of the US Navy

to Commander Submarine Force Pacific.

Subject:

of the Navy,
violation of.

On the 17th of this month,
in order to accomplish assigned mission,
I entered Lele Lagoon,
submerged without proper charts,
and remained there in absolute silence
on the bottom for a period of 18 hours.

Paragraph two.

Thereafter,
in violation
of my own strict orders for silence,
I caused breaking of said silence
by sending out tapping signals
to guide Lieutenant JG Kenneth Braden
back to the Barracuda.

Paragraph three.

I am guilty, therefore,
of violation of Article 4, Section 10
of the subject AGN
in that I knowingly and improperly
hazarded the vessel under my command
and exposed the lives of the crew.

Paragraph four.

It is respectfully requested, therefore,
that a Board of Investigation
be convened to inquire
into my conduct
during the present mission.

Signed.

Type that out for me, right away.

If you're looking for the letter you wrote,
sir, it's lost.

Lost?

Yes, sir. The...

Well, the crew...

Well, sir, it's lost.

Expendable.

English