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Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea

By Irwin Allen

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Come with me
Come with me
On a Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea
In the sea
on blue green
We will find love at
the bottom of the sea
Unbelievable, inconceivable,
fantastic it will seem
But we'll be the first, the very first
to live such a strange new dream
There will be lost and free
on our Voyage to the
Bottom of the Sea

[CHORUS]

Come with me
On our Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea

[CHORUS]

Come with me...

[DRAMATIC MUSIC]

[BEEPING]

Today's top of the news
comes from the top of the world.
The unpredictable
Admiral Harriman Nelson has done it again.
His brain-child,
a fantastic atomic submarine...
with an amazing glass nose...
is now undergoing final tests
below the ice at the North Pole.
To sit in judgment on the final test...
the Bureau of Marine Exploration
has sent a seaplane...
with its top officer,
the former vice admiral B.J. Crawford...
to rendezvous with
the submarine Seaview in the Arctic.
Flying with him is the congressional
watchdog of the budget...
penny-pinching congressman
Llewellyn Parker...
who had fought a losing fight
against what he had termed...

"Nelson's Folly."

And so the question of the day
comes to this...

Will the final test

on the U.S. O.S. Seaview...

turn it into "Nelson's Folly"...

or will it be another triumph
of a great man...

a great inventor who,

despite his oddball reputation...

may yet emerge as the predominant
scientific genius of our time?

So bon voyage, Admiral Nelson.

Good luck, Seaview.

Well, gentlemen, modesty forbids
my adding anything to that.

- Shall we take her down, Captain?

- Aye, aye, sir.

- Let's make it 90 feet at the start.

- Aye, sir.

[KLAXON BLARING]

Diving stations.

Diving stations.

- Any time you're ready, Mr. Thompson.

[ON SPEAKER] Aye, aye, sir.

- Stand by.

[KLAXON BLARING]

Clear the decks, Mr. Thompson.

[THOMPSON ON SPEAKER] Decks clear.

- Decks clear.

Prepare to dive.

MAN:

MAN 2:

Ballast tanks full.

- Close the vent.

- Flood negative.

Full dive on the planes.

Fifteen degrees down bubble.

Secure the air.

- All agreed?

- All agreed.

Dive! All dive!

- Pressure in the boat.
- Up scope.
9-0 feet.

MAN:

Down scope. All ahead two-thirds.
All ahead two-thirds.
- Final trim, Captain.
- Carry on.
Well, final trim, sir.

Depth:

Well, Lee, it's been a long, tough haul...
from conception to execution...
but, my boy, we've done it.
You've done it, sir. It bears out
what you taught us at Annapolis.
"The wild dreams of today...
are the practical realities of tomorrow."
I'm glad you remembered
one of my more temperate quotes.
[Chuckling]
Some of our colleagues haven't
been quite so diplomatic.
Say, speaking of diplomacy,
we've got some guests to entertain.
I've met 'em. Now it's your turn.
And just remember, they hold
the purse strings to this "folly" of ours.
- Shall we dress?
- Dress?
Black tie.
Let's go.
- Take the conn, Ed. I'll be fore.
- Aye, aye, sir.
Beautiful, isn't it?
It's the most exotic thing I've ever seen.
No more, thank you.
Admiral. Nice to see you, sir.
- Captain Crane, Dr. Hiller.
- How do you do?
- Congressman Parker.
- How do you do, sir?
You have an expensive toy here, Admiral.

Though it is suitable for sightseeing.
Quite right, sir. We hope to
see sights never before seen by man...
and by seeing, solve some
of the mysteries of the deep.
Sorry for the brief hello
when you came aboard...
but this toy of mine is a demanding lady.
Aren't we all.
Washington probably thought
you needed a woman's touch around here.
[CHUCKLES] Research project, isn't it?
- That's right.
The reaction of crewmen under
conditions of lengthy confinement?
Yes, Admiral, and I appreciate
the honor of being the only woman aboard.
- Ah, but you're not. We have another one.
- Oh?
You'll meet her.
Shall we see the rest of the ship?
Well, I did think that was
the purpose of our visit.
- Doctor.
- Congressman.
The control room the brain of the sub.
Over here, we have our chauffeurs.
It takes two to run this toy
helmsman and planesman.
Now, on a submarine,
it's always Christmas.
That's what I've been telling Congress.
Wrong deduction, sir.
That's our Christmas tree.
Tells us when we can dive.
Now, if we go down before
all those lights are green...
we start bailing.
Over here...
we have our ballast control.
- How does it work?
- Like an elevator system, doctor.
Takes us up and lets us down.
Now, on this side...

that is radar.

This is sonar. Sonar keeps us from running into anything under the water.

- Radar does the same thing on the surface.

[LEAD ON PENCIL BREAKS]

Try this one, Congressman.

Two "S"s in "progress."

Now if you'll come down here, doctor.

This is our missile tracking tape.

If we have to shoot, at least

we like to know where the missile's going.

And if we do shoot,

over there are the buttons.

The trick is to know which one.

Suppose the other fella shoots first?

In that event, sir, that's the way out.

This way, doctor, please.

And watch your step here.

The radio shack. Lee?

- Excuse me. This way, please.

- Sparks?

Make that Washington call

in exactly 11 minutes.

Aye, aye, sir.

Not even Jules Verne

dreamed of anything like this.

- The world's only undersea aquarium.

- What on earth is he doing?

- Shark walking.

DR. HILLER:

Come on, Bessie. Come on.

You want to get well, don't you?

For ages, man has been trying

to learn the secret of the fish.

Now we have a perfect

underwater laboratory.

Well, Lucius,

back with your fish again, I see.

B.J. It's nice to see you.

Commodore Emery, this is

Dr. Hiller and Congressman Parker.

How do you do, Commodore?

I still don't understand what he's doing.

The commodore regards
all sea creatures as personal friends.
He'd rather be remembered
for his discovery of a new fish...
than as one of the leading
physicists of our time.

- May I explain?

- I wish you would.

My little friend Bessie here, we had
to drug her in order to do some tests.
Now I'm trying to force some water
through her gills so she doesn't drown.
In her present condition,
she wouldn't even bite a congressman.
Well, then she's the only one
on board who wouldn't.

Oh, you're much too sensitive,
Congressman.

Right you are, doctor.

- Come along, everybody.

- See you later, Lucius, I hope.

Come on! Hup, two, three.

Come on. Get going.

Watch your step there.

You've seen the brain of the sub.

In here is the heart...

- the atomic motor room.

[ALARM RINGS]

- Careful, sir. That's our warning system.

- Disregard.

No one is allowed in there,
not even congressmen.

You understand. For your own safety.

[ALARM RINGS]

Now, down here you'll find
the sting of the ship.

In fact, there are more stings in here
than in a hornet's nest.

The missile and escape room.

Congressman, there is more
destructive force in this room...

than in all the explosives
used in World War II.

The missiles are for research.

Experimental torpedoes. You name 'em,
we've got 'em. Show 'em, Lee.
Right. Well, let's see.
Here's something new.
This is a magnetic primer. In case
we lose power in the control room...
we just slap this dude on by hand,
and away she goes.
This looks like a pineapple.
Some pineapple. One bite, and pow.
- Well, don't worry. It can't activate itself.
- Captain?
- Yes, sir?
- Where does this door lead to?
That leads to Davy Jones's locker, sir.
I would suggest if you contemplate
using it, you use this.
- No, no, thank you.
- No offense, sir. Red.
- Yes, sir.
- Well, shall we continue?
B.J?
Take a look at this lad. He's Seaman Smith.
- Recognize him?
- Should I?
Seems only yesterday you were
bouncing him on your knees.

SMITH:

- Yeah.
- Spittin' image of him too.
- Isn't he?
His mother wrote me that
he finished his hitch in the navy...
so I had him sign up with us on the double.
He looks a little big for me
to bounce on my knee now.
Yeah.
- Jimmy, isn't it?
- Yes, sir.
And now you're a minisub man.
How do you like the new model?
She handles like a dream, sir.
I can't wait to test her under the ice.

- You will. Good luck, my boy.

- Thank you, sir.

Sorry to break in on your social life.

Back to work.

This should interest you, doctor.

Dr. Jamieson, Dr. Hiller,

Congressman Parker.

- How do you do?

- Happy to meet you, Congressman.

- Thank you.

- The Dr. Hiller?

It's a pleasure to welcome
such a distinguished psychiatrist aboard.

You flatter me. You seem very well
equipped here and pleasantly unoccupied.

Well, we're hoping to keep it that way
with the help of these little gadgets.

Afraid it's mandatory that you wear
our newest style in submarine sportswear.

- May I?

- Thank you.

If you pick up a fatal dose of radiation,
it glows red.

A fatal dose of radiation?

Oh, there's a warning.

It loses all its color first.

By the way, give me one of those
for Admiral Crawford.

I hate to break this up, Doc, but I have
some healthier places to show our guests.

I'll check in later with you, doctor.

See ya.

This way, please.

Ah, there you are.

I've just introduced
our guests to Dr. Jamieson.

By the way, Admiral,

I have your dosimeter here.

Good man, Jamieson.

He'll keep you well

filled in on statistics.

[TRUMPET]

Attention!

Well, Admiral, I-I suppose

she's your dancing dietitian?

And he's your musical chef?

- She is my secretary. And as for him

- Sorry.

- I'm to blame, sir. I started it all.

- I have no doubt of that.

Doctor, I told you

another woman was aboard,

but I hardly expected you to meet her...

under such boisterous circumstances.

It all seems very gay and happy,

and I am here to observe.

Yes, not choreography to a trumpet!

Mr. Romano, belay that noisy horn.

As for you, Miss Connors,

we shall have a little talk later.

Doctor.

I'll have a little talk now,

Lieutenant, outside.

Romano, aren't you about

due back on duty?

Not for another two minutes yet, sir.

- Now, Lieutenant...

- Yes?

- Yes, sir.

- Sir!

I'm sure your act will get a wonderful

review in the Congressional Record.

- Will they break me, Captain?

- Well, they've broken better men for less.

How do you explain

this undignified behavior?

I was just showing them

how I'll dance at my wedding.

I see.

Well, that is an extenuating circumstance.

- In about three weeks, isn't it?

- And two days and four hours.

Mm-hmm.

Who's the unlucky man?

Pardon me, Captain. May I?

By all means, Lieutenant.

What did you say about

undignified behavior, Captain?

[MAN ON SPEAKER] Captain Crane.

Control Room, please.

We'll continue this discussion later...

Lieutenant.

[MAN ON RADIO] Calling Seaview.

Calling Seaview.

- Come in, Washington.

- Hello, Seaview.

- We're making contact, sir.

- Very well.

- You called me, sir?

- Yes.

We're just about through to Washington.

Stand by to take her deep.

- Come in.

- All set, sir. Inspector Bergen's on the line.

- Bergen, Nelson here.

- Forget the amenities. How's she running?

Like a clock. We're all set
to make our dive under the ice.

Official checkout time: 3-4-2.

- Make it 500 feet.

- Aye, aye, sir.

We'll be out of sound range
in a few seconds, Bergen...
and then ride radio silence
for the next 96 hours.

- Give him my regards.

- B.J. Sends his best to you landlubbers.

Is he seasick yet?

He was the worst sailor in the navy.

- Well, good hunting.

- Thank you, Inspector.

Keep a lamp burning.

- Hi, Susan.

- Oh, hi, Cathy.

Personnel file you asked for.

Oh, thanks. Have some hot coffee?

Best prescription

you've written today, doctor.

Say, this Captain Crane of yours
is surprisingly young for a job this size.

He was the youngest

sub captain in the navy.

He must have a friend at court.

The admiral?

It's a bad diagnosis, doctor.

They are almost like father and son,
but the captain earned his rank.

Neither he nor the admiral
would have it any other way.

Oh. No criticism intended.

I'm sure you'll both live happily ever after.

You know, settling down isn't going
to be an easy adjustment after all this.

Well, I was born on a farm,
and I'm going back.

- We bought a small ranch in Colorado.

[RUMBLING]

- What do you read?

- Can't make it out, Captain.

- Iceberg, sir?

- I don't know.

- Nose camera.

MAN:

[RUMBLING CONTINUES]

Take over. I'll be fore.

Here they are.

- Admiral

- How deep are we?

Riding at 500 feet.

650 left from keel to bottom.

Take her to a thousand.

Take her to a thousand feet. Emergency!

[SCREAMS]

- Sonar?

- Clear overhead, sir.

- Surface!

- Surface! Surface!

[KLAXON BLARING]

Congressman, you and the ladies go aft.

It might be safer there.

Break out the polar gear.

Let's go, B.J.

[KLAXON BLARING]

- Just breaking surface, sir.

- All stop.

- All stop.
- Crack the hatch.
- Crack the hatch!
- Let's go. Come on, B.J.
My God!
The sky's on fire!
[THUNDERCLAPS]
What happened?
Come on. Let's find out.
Get Washington.
- Hurry up. Make it quick. Get Washington.
- Aye, aye, sir.
[STATIC ON RADIO]
There's a bad magnetic storm, sir.
- Can you clear it?
- I'm trying, sir.
U.S.O.S. Seaview calling Washington.
Come in, Washington.
- I can't seem to break through, sir.
- Keep trying.
Admiral Nelson calling Bureau of Marine
Exploration. Inspector Bergen.
Rescue team, up and out on the double!
Man on the ice. Belay the parkas.
Rescue team, topside, on the double!
All set, sir. Inspector Bergen's
on the line.
- Pipe this through the ship.
- Aye, aye.
Bergen, we've just seen it. What is it?
Nelson, we've been calling you
for almost three days.
- What's that fire in the sky?
- It's the Van Allen Belt of radiation
the 300-mile level.
It caught fire about 50 hours ago.
Nobody knows how,
but a South African observatory...
reported heavy meteor activity
at about the same time it exploded.
- Theoretically, it's possible.
- What's the forecast?
We just don't know. The U.N. has called
an emergency scientific conference.

It's working around the clock.
The world's top brains are there...
Pittar, Zucco, Charbier... and the
president wants you there on the double.
- Can you send a plane for me?
- Impossible.
Thermal conditions
have grounded all aircraft.
There's nothing flying
anywhere in the world.
The temperature has reached
135 degrees...
and there's no way of knowing
how much hotter it will get.
Dew line headquarters just below the pole
reports the polar ice caps are melting.
Okay, Bergen, we're on our way.
Be there in two days.
Godspeed. Out.
- Let's get going, Captain.
- In a moment, sir.
Picked up a survivor.
He's in pretty bad shape.
Doc, lend a hand.
Must've been out there for two days.
He's burned to a crisp.
- Who is he?
- I don't know.
Let's get him to sick bay.
- Take her down. Full speed. New York.
- New York?
Aye, aye, sir.
- He had this pooch with him.
- Take care of him.
- Here are the man's papers.
- Take her down, periscope depth.
- Dive!
[KLAXON BLARING]
Full dive on the planes. Flood negative.
- All ahead full.
- All ahead full.
- What's his name?
- Miguel Alvarez.
A civilian scientist. Doing a government

survey on Ice Floe Delta.

- He's lucky to be alive.

- So are we.

Yeah.

- How is he, doctor?

- Severe exposure.

Small wonder lying out there
in 135-degrees heat for two days.

- Listen, doctor.

- Jim, you there?

I can't hold on. It's breaking away.

The ice floe's drifting. Jim. Jim.

Can you hear me?

Mac, you there? Mac? Mac?

There must be others
still out there on that ice.

This is the captain. Reverse course.

Repeat:

Rescue team, stand by.

This is Admiral Nelson. Hold your course.

You heard what the man said.

We can't leave this area
without searching for survivors.

Captain Crane, if we waste
any time at all here...

there may be no survivors
left anywhere in the world.

[MUTTERING]

Help me! Please!

Help me! Mac! Mac!

[MUTTERING]

I've got it, Lieutenant.

Sir?

I didn't know there was a regulation
about not picking up survivors.

Lee? Lee?

The chances are no one's
still alive out there anyway.

He was still alive, wasn't he?

[ANNOUNCER ON TV] The blazing Van Allen Belt
continues to spread a path...

of death and destruction across the world.

The rising heat has touched off

raging forest fires...
in the Ural Mountains of Russia...
the Black Forest of Germany,
and the rich French timberlands.
These film clips from the northwest...
Let's see how the rest
of the crew's taking it.
The situation grows more desperate
with a report that emergency shipping...
- Are they still at it, Cookie?
- For more than 24 hours, sir.
And they've eaten nothing
but coffee and pencils in all that time.
- Excuse me.
- I better see if he needs me.
The projection must be on the nose.
No margin for error.
Now, if these figures prove out...
[Sighs]
Keeping you awake, Harry?
[Sighs] Yeah.
Now, the last temperature reading...
It checks. It checks! On the nose!
Lucius, I think we've hit it.
Oh, you're always so sure of everything.
If the temperature maintains
the same rate of progression...
- If.
- Yes, if.
- And if we can reach there by the 29th...
- 29th?
- It has to be the 29th.
...and project at exactly 16 hours...
B.J., it's right.
I don't see how we can miss!
Do you need me, sir?
Huh? Oh, uh, no, Connors.
Thank you.
And close the door on the way out,
will you?
- Yes, sir.
- Lucius?
- Now what?
- Get off that couch.

Let's double-check these figures.

I do more walking for you
than I do with the shark.

Yeah. Now, at the present rate
of temperature rise...

[ANNOUNCER] The fiery sky is
now threatening to strike a mortal blow...

at the heart of the Midwest farm belt.
Thousands of acres of vital grain...

have already shriveled
under the intense heat...

giving rise to fears of famine...
if the flaming belt

continues to rage unchecked.

In Italy, all roads leading
to Rome and the Vatican...

have been jammed for two days.

From all over Europe, the faithful have
been streaming towards St. Peter's...

to pray for deliverance from the
catastrophe which has struck the Earth.

Here now, our television satellite camera
in outer space...

showing the frightening ring of fire
encircling the Earth.

Ladies and gentlemen,

this concludes our broadcast for today.

[CHATTERING]

Well, there will be a hot time
in the old world tonight.

That's not even funny, Mac.

- Attention!

- As you were.

Well, you've all seen it.

There's not much that I can add...

except to tell you that the situation
is far from hopeless.

Right now in New York, the greatest
scientific minds in the world...

are working around the clock

analyzing ways and means of survival.

And don't forget, we have two of the best
scientific minds right here on this boat.

Sir? Sir, what about leave?

I live in New York, and I got a baby
that's new in the family.

I'm sorry.

There hasn't been any word on leaves yet.

But I'll keep you all posted.

We've just received word that

Admiral Nelson is in the building...

and he's walking through

the lower hallway.

Excitement has been at fever pitch

since last night's radio report...

from the submarine Seaview...

that the admiral had conceived a plan...

which hopefully might extinguish

the flaming Van Allen Belt.

Now, several theories are already

under consideration by the U.N.

In fact, yesterday, Dr. Zucco,

the eminent physicist of Vienna...

presented his own plan...

which in essence says,

"Hands off. Let's wait and see."

Unofficial sources tell us

that Dr. Zucco's arguments...

swayed the scientific body, and they

might give him their stamp of approval.

However, in view of Admiral Nelson's

tremendous scientific achievements...

we've been advised that

the international scientific committee...

is standing pat until

Nelson's plan can be evaluated.

[MAN SPEAKING FRENCH]

[WOMAN SHOUTING IN FOREIGN LANGUAGE]

Pardon the interruption. Some woman

is a bit hysterical. Nerves are on edge.

And this may be one of the most

important moments in history.

The admiral and Commodore Emery

are coming into the conference room

right now.

[MAN SPEAKING FRENCH]

[CHATTERING]

[GAVEL POUNDING]

We thank the French delegate
for his remarks...
and we will take them under advisement.
We acknowledge the arrival...
of two of the world's
most distinguished scientists...
Admiral Nelson and Commodore Emery.
And now, the chair
will listen to Admiral Nelson.
Mr. Chairman...
distinguished scientists,
ladies and gentlemen.
This planet is impaled
on a roasting spit...
slowly but inexorably
being seared and blistered...
by the fire in the sky.
If the Van Allen Belt continues to burn,
the world will burn with it.
And no one can doubt that civilization
as we know it will disintegrate...
if the temperature should rise
to 175 degrees.
Now, in the last five days,
the recorded temperature rise...
has been two degrees every 24 hours.
If that rate is maintained...
our planet has a life expectancy
of about three weeks.
[CHATTERING]
Therefore...
Therefore, if we are to avoid cremation...
we must act at once.
Lucius, let me have those charts of ours
and the maps, will you, please?
Thank you. Now,
if I may make a comparison.
When a diseased appendage
threatens the life of a human body...
a doctor has no choice but to amputate.
We have no choice either.
We must amputate the belt, or die.
Amputate? How?
Not with a knife, doctor,

but with a shot in the heart.
The burning belt must be exploded
clear of the Earth's magnetic field.
And we have exactly 16 days and...
three hours in which to do it.
How do you arrive
at that particular timing?
How? The admiral and I have worked out
the mathematical formula...
and, believe me, our figures are correct.
Oh, he irritates me.
The shot must take place
on August the 29th at exactly 4:00 p.m.
The location of this operation
is as vital as the time.
A place...
205 miles north-northwest of Guam
in the Marianas Islands.
To be exact...
Where are those figures, Lucius? Ah.
To be exact, latitude, 15 degrees north...
longitude, 145 degrees east.
The location and the time
are dictated by the Earth's rotation...
and the consequent trajectory of firing.
Firing of what, Admiral?
An atomic missile, doctor,
fired from the submarine Seaview.
The missile will arc
along the burning belt.
As it detonates, it will seed the flames
with an overdose of radiation...
'causing the belt to explode
outward into space.
To simplify it, take a toy balloon.
A little too much air, and poof.
No balloon.
A little too much radiation, and...
- Poof! No world!
[SHOUTING IN FOREIGN LANGUAGE]
Insanity! Insanity!
This lunatic scheme will destroy us all.
You gentlemen care to look at our figures?
Give me those.

The admiral's scheme is suicidal insanity.
You should know that, Commodore.
Explode the belt,
and you explode the world!
Not if the blast is directed away from us.
No, no, no!
I am diametrically opposed.
I know the chemical composition
of the gases within the belt...
at the rate of consumption by fire.
My calculations cannot be wrong!
I say the belt will burn itself out.
At 173 degrees, it will burn itself out!
Fine. What if it doesn't burn itself out?
You have your plan. I have mine.
Time will judge which one is right.
Doctor, our plan can't wait.
You say the belt
will burn out at 173 degrees.
At the present rate of climb,
that's August the 30th.
We say it won't burn out,
but we can't wait to test our theory...
because we must fire the missile
on August the 29th.
Otherwise, we lose our angle of trajectory.
Then this scientific body
must decide which one of us is right.
I'm not gonna wait and watch
the world burn to a crisp.
I have 16 days to get to the Marianas...
and I shall need every ounce of speed
and every precious moment of time.
Lucius, have the captain stand by
to get under way.
[CHATTERING]
[GAVEL POUNDING]
I say the admiral's scheme
be referred to committee!
[INDISTINCT]
- There's no time.
- Then I call a vote.
- All those in favor of the admiral's scheme?
[SHOUTS OF "Aye"]

- All those against?

[SHOUTS OF "No"]

- There's your answer.

- Not mine, yours.

My answer shall come only
from the president of the United States.

[CHATTERING, SHOUTING]

- Look out!

- We'll never get out of the building.

We go out the basement.

Sir, what about
the congressman and admiral?

There's no other way.

We'll have to leave them behind.

Whew. This heat. Hold these, Lieutenant.

Get out of this.

Aboard ship!

Cast off! Clear the decks!

You all right?

I'll tell you in just a minute
as soon as I get my breath.

- Crash dive.

- What?

You heard me. Crash dive.

The U.N. Police are on deck.

A crash dive will kill 'em.

Give 'em a 15-second warning to clear off,
and then dive. That's an order.

Come on, Lucius.

Attention. This is the captain.

This sub will dive in 15 seconds.

Clear the deck.

- Sound the klaxon.

[KLAXON BLARING]

- Camera.

- Sail camera on.

Close all main ballast tank vents.

CRANE:

is diving immediately. Clear the deck.

Clear the deck.

- All right, take her down.

- Prepare to dive!

[KLAXON BLARING]

- Ballast tanks full.
- All green. Dive! Dive!
Bow's under. Deck's awash.
Stern gone.
Take the conn, Lieutenant.
I'll be in the admiral's cabin.
Aye, aye, sir.
Lee! He had no other choice.
I hope Washington agrees with you.
I don't understand ordering
a crash dive with men on deck.
- Zucco just can't be right.
[KNOCKING]
- You'd better make deadly sure he's wrong.
[Knocking Continues]
- Come in.
- Sir.
Oh, forget it, Lee. Military police swim
like fish. It's part of their training.
Now here's our goal the Marianas.
And we've only got 16 days to get there.
What do you think, Captain?
If the Panama Canal is knocked out...
to go around the Horn
doubles our distance.
In my opinion, I'm afraid it's impossible.
Impossible? Sounds like Zucco.
Nothing is impossible.
We'll make it if we get
the president's permission.
Captain, set your course for the Marianas
as though we already had that permission.
- And give us all the speed you can make.
- Sir...
Captain!
Very well, sir.
Doctor. Mr. Alvarez.
I'd forgotten you two were still aboard.
My orders did not include a trip to
the Marianas or wherever you're headed.
Admiral, I must get off this submarine.
There may be no chance
to get into port, doctor.
I'm afraid you'll both

have to go along for the ride.

[INTERCOM BUZZING]

- Yes?

Sparks, sir. No contact yet.

Since the heat went over 139,
radio contact is highly erratic.

The radiation has set up a field of static.

Forget the technicalities. Keep at it.

I must talk with the president.

- Aye, aye, sir.

- Now, look here, Admiral...

Doctor, as I remember, your
research project was "Men under stress."

You couldn't have picked
a better laboratory.

Glad to see you up and about, Mr. Alvarez.

Sorry you didn't get ashore...

but I'm sure we'll be able to find
something to keep you busy.

Don't worry about me, Admiral.

Man must accept what is ordained.

That's a convenient rationalization,
but under the circumstances...

there seems to be no alternative.

- Check the heat.

- Up scope.

- How hot is it up there?

- 141.2 degrees.

No snow today.

Down scope.

- U.S.O.S. Seaview calling Washington.

[BEEPING, STATIC]

Come in, Washington.

Twenty-five hours of static in my ear.

Man, I'm gettin' shell shock.

And I'll say it again, loud mouth.

You talk pretty big...

behind the admiral's back.

Yeah? Well, here's a message for you,
special delivery.

[All Shouting]

Break it up! Hold it!

Hold it! Knock it off!

All right, Smithy!

[SHOUTING CONTINUES]

[WHISTLES]

- All right, break it up!

Attention!

- Now, I don't know

who or what started this...

but I'm telling you,

the next fight ends up in the brig.

- Is that clear?

- Yes, sir.

Now you two men shake hands

and forget it.

Carry on.

- Question, Captain.

- Shoot.

Are we headin' for the Pacific?

I'd answer that question, Gleason,

if I could, but I can't yet.

Well, we certainly are headin'

some place mighty fast.

Sir, maybe home soon.

I can tell you this. We've been

heading south for the last 25 hours.

Whether or not we stay on course

depends on the president.

The admiral's still trying to contact him.

As for home...

you'll be holding that new baby

on your knee before you know it.

But what about this burning belt, Captain?

[MAN ON SPEAKER]

Captain Crane, I just picked up Miami.

- That's my hometown.

- What about that, huh?

Sparks, this is the captain.

Pipe it through the ship.

Aye, aye, sir.

[ANNOUNCER] And the news from Paris

is just as disastrous.

The rising water of the Seine

has overrun its banks...

flooding out thousands of homes

in the low-lying areas.

From Moscow, scattered reports

indicate a severe shortage of water...
as wells from the Ukraine
to the Steppes all dry up.
In China and India
conditions are chaotic...
as riots and pestilence sweep the land.
Meanwhile, the heat has burned like
a giant torch across the face of Africa.
Terror-stricken herds of wild animals
fleeing from the blazing forests...
to the open plains are dying of thirst
around mud-caked water holes.
Other reports indicate
that steaming water...
from the melting North and South Poles...
are being sucked into the air currents...
spreading weird, freakish fog banks
throughout the world.
In many areas, dense fog
severely hampers vital operations.
In this country,
the blistering heat continues to blaze...
a path of destruction
across the Midwest grain belt.
The rich farmland of America
is now almost a waste...

Excuse me.

- What's the matter?
- What's the story, Captain?
- Sparks, did we lose contact?
- No, sir.

The admiral ordered a news blackout.

[CHATTERING]

- All right, knock it off!

NELSON:

Sir, may I ask

why you blacked out the news?

A matter of morale, Captain.

No news is better than bad news.

I can't agree, sir. This is no time
to cut the men off from the world.

There may be no world at all if we don't start
making news instead of listening to it.

- May I be excused, sir?

- Go.

What was that about the fog bank?

Do you remember?

Lee!

All right, Lee. Simmer down.

Now, I know the admiral was rough,

and I also know

about maritime regulations.

- It had nothing to do with regulations.

- Lee!

It's a matter of common decency! The men

are worried sick about their families.

They have a right to know the facts,

good or bad.

Lee, come have a cup of coffee,

talk it over.

I don't want any coffee.

Please! Now, you know the admiral

as well as I do...

and we've never known him

to be wrong on a question of policy.

- Even if it ruins morale?

- That's just what he hopes to avoid!

He has a strange way of showing it.

There may be some here

whose friends and loved ones...

have already gone to meet their maker.

If it is God's will that

they and we shall die, so be it.

A joyous reunion can be

only a brief moment away.

That's enough, Mr. Alvarez.

That's more than enough.

What kind of talk is this anyway?

- I only came to offer comfort.

- Comfort? You offer defeatism!

May I remind you this is a federal ship,

and these are federal seamen.

By what right do you dare

preach of imminent death...

of meek resignation to the inevitable?

- Captain, I...

- Nothing is inevitable except defeat...

for those who give up without a fight.
I'll remind you to keep your
sniveling philosophies to yourself.
Now get forward
and stay away from my men.
As you wish, Captain.
- Carry on.
[CHATTERING]
Lee! Please, don't do it.
Come in. Yes, Captain?
Still upset about that news blackout?
As a matter of fact, I am, sir.
And more than that, this man Alvarez
is trying to subvert the crew.
If I'm gonna meet your deadline
in the Marianas,
I need fighters, not fatalists.
Then order Alvarez
to keep away from the crew.
I've already done that.
But if I might suggest, sir...
it would help if you treat the crew as men
and not like children.
If you'd just let them in on your plans!
That has always been my intention,
Captain, but only at the proper time.
- Sparks!
- Sir?
- What luck with Washington?
- Static's gettin' worse, sir.
That Miami pickup was just a freak.
Now all contact's blacked out.
Very well.
Now what?
If you can't reach the president...
- I haven't given up trying.
- But the radio...
- Where are we now, Captain?
- Sir?
Just exactly where are we?
- We're right here, sir.
- Good.
Set a course,
close in toward Cape de Sao Roque.

May I ask why, sir?

Static caused by magnetic storms
may knock out radio,
but it won't affect a telephone cable.

- Telephone cable?

- Yes, Lucius, right here.

Our mine detectors should locate it easily
where it crosses the continental shelf.

- Have Engineering rig a tapping device.

- And tap the cable?

If we can't reach the president by radio,
we'll tap the cable and phone him...

over the Rio-to-London telephone cable.

I like that, Harry.

Thank you.

- Check your mask.

- Right.

- Check.

- Alvarez, I thought I asked for volunteers.

- That's right.

- A little out of character, aren't you?

Hardly out of character, Captain.

Undersea work was part of my job.

All right, let's move out.

- All clear?

- Clear.

Secure the hatch.

- Hatch secure.

- Prepare to flood.

- Ready here.

[MAN ON SPEAKER] Divers ready.

Slow flood.

- Let's hope this works.

- I wouldn't count on it.

- There's the signal. They've found it.

- Where?

Right out there.

- Get Sparks.

- I can't see anything but the signal.

Stand by, Sparks.

They've located the cable.

- Should be a connection in a minute.

- Aye, aye, sir.

SPARKS:

Connection made, Admiral.

- Hello? Hello?

[RADIO STATIC]

This is submarine Seaview.

Can anybody hear us?

- Hello?

- Something's coming in.

- Can you hear us?

MAN:

Hello? This is London speaking.

Can you hear me, London?

This is submarine Seaview,
Admiral Nelson.

I hear you, Seaview. Go ahead.

Could you patch me through
to Washington?

Hello? Hello? Come in, London.

Sorry, sir, not a chance.

We've been out of contact
with the States for 35 hours.

There's no answer
on either the north or south cables.

Harry, we'll never get through.

Could you relay a call
through the telephone satellite?
Impossible.

The whole system's flooded out.

- London's been evacuated, and...

[STATIS INTENSIFIES]

Hello? Hello?

Come in, London.

Are you there? Hello?

Break the connection, Sparks.

Order that last man in.

Aye, aye, sir.

Lee? Oh, am I glad to see you!

Am I glad to see you.

What do you say, Doc?

Apparently, no ribs broken.

You're very fortunate, Captain.

He's all right.

Where's Alva... Thanks.

It was a perfect shot. Saved my life.

- My hand was guided by the Lord.

- Perhaps.

But I'm glad your fatalism didn't run its obvious course.

Lee!

I'm sorry. That was uncalled for.

Thanks.

This will have to be seen to, doctor.

- Bring him to sick bay.

- Please come this way.

How about you, Romano?

- In the pink, Captain.

- Good.

You had me kind of worried there for a minute.

- I had myself worried.

- Lee, are you all right?

Well, I'm still in one piece.

What's the news, Admiral?

Disastrous. For all they know, there isn't any Washington.

- No London either from the sound of things.

- What do we do now?

Let's get the ship under way, then have the crew stand by for an announcement.

- Aye, aye, sir.

- Lucius.

I'm about to make the most important decision of my life, and I'd like you there.

- Connors.

- Yes, sir.

- Sparks?

- Sir.

- Pipe this through the ship.

- Aye, aye, sir.

Ready, sir.

Now hear this.

Men, this is a time for decision.

You heard the tragic news over the cable.

Contact with Washington

is now impossible.

This means we can't get

presidential approval of my plan.
Therefore, the final decision
must be made now.
There are only two choices.
So with higher directives unavailable
and by the authority vested in me...
I have made that final decision.
We are headed for the Marianas
to fire the missile.
Now, it's a race against time...
a countdown of only 14 days
in which to cross half the world.
If we are to win that race, and we must...
sacrifices will become daily obligations.
The new work schedule
will be posted immediately.
And I tell you now, it's a rough one.
Just one thing more.
Our world faces its darkest hour...
but I am convinced that, with God's help...
my plan will succeed
and the world will survive.
That is all.

- Doctor.
- Captain.
- Just checking on Alvarez.
- He went forward with Dr. Jamieson.
- Seems to be all right.
- Good.

I wish I could say the same
of some of the others.

- George Young.
- Mm-hmm.

I've given him a sedative.
Nervous hysteria.
After all, doctor,
he just became a new father...
and it's only his second trip.
It's not necessarily
a question of experience.
Now, here's a veteran,
your engineer, Lieutenant Hodges.
Lieutenant.
What seems to be

your problem, Mr. Hodges?
Just don't feel good, sir.
I'll be okay in an hour or so.
You try and get some rest. We'll manage.

- Yes, sir.
- Doctor.
- What happened to him?
- Same thing. Hyper neurasthenia.
Your crew is like a capped oil well.
When tension builds up,
there's bound to be an explosion.
But these are handpicked men.
Therefore with eyes to see
and minds that question.
They know the world's probably
on the brink of oblivion...
but instead of trying to get to
their homes and finding their families...
here they are, racing under the sea...
driven on by one man's wild scheme,
which has no proven scientific basis.
Doctor, this is a submarine,
not a nursery school.

- And the admiral's orders must be obeyed.
- I wonder.
Professionally, I am interested to know
if the admiral always behaves this way.
- This ruthless compulsion that...
- Doctor. Doctor.
Excuse me.
Where are we, Romano?
Sub's right here, Skipper.
We ought to raise the...
- Engine Room, what happened?
- The generator's gone out, sir.
- How bad?
- Don't know yet, sir. We're checking.
- All stop!
- All stop, sir.
What is it, Lee?
It's the generator.
They're checking on it now.
- It's an armature, Captain.
- How long to fix?

- About 10 hours.
- We can't afford to wait 10 hours.
It's dangerous not to wait.
Radar and sonar are both knocked out.
- We can't move without 'em.
- Yes, we can.
There's nothing wrong with the motors.
As for sonar and radar...
these are safe waters.
Keep moving and rush those repairs.
That's an order, Captain.
- All ahead two-thirds.
- All ahead two-thirds.
Get on those repairs on the double.
- Hello.
[GASPS] Oh.
- Oh, you startled me. It's so dark in here.
- I'm sorry.
Well, I'm the one that's sorry.
I didn't thank you for saving Lee.
That was a very brave thing you did,
risking your life to save his.
We'll all die when our time comes.
You really believe the world
is coming to an end?
Yes, I do.
I had time to think about it
out there on the ice.
At first, I was puzzled.
But then I began to see things clearly.
As a child, I was pledged to the church...
but my mind was filled with doubts...
enough to make me turn my back
on my chosen path.
But out there,
the fire burned away my doubts...
and I saw the truth...
crystal clear in my mind and in my heart.
- I found peace again.
- And resignation?
Has man a right to even try
to oppose God's will?
Why should God want to destroy us?
Haven't we tried to destroy ourselves?

I don't agree with anything you say.

I won't.

I doesn't matter. Perhaps our death comes even sooner than the others.

[GASPS] Mines!

Lee! Mines, mines! Dead ahead!

Hundreds of mines!

- All stop!

- All stop.

- Take over.

- Aye, aye, sir.

[SCRAPING SOUND]

It's caught in the searchlight casing, sir.

- All back. Dead slow.

- All back. Dead slow.

- Hold it! All stop!

- All stop!

We've got to clear it from the outside.

Frogmen.

No, we're too deep. Use the minisub and a torch. Burn through the cable.

- Minisub in all these mines?

- Can you think of a better idea, Captain?

I could a couple of hours ago when I suggested we wait for repairs.

You made your point.

The responsibility is now mine.

Aye, aye, sir.

Harry, take it easy.

This is the captain.

We're in the middle of a minefield.

A cable is caught

on the forward searchlight.

I need two volunteers for the minisub.

- Gleason, sir. I'll go.

- Right, Gleason.

Okay, Red, here's your chance for that joyride.

Smith, sir. Count on me.

- Right, Smith.

- Hey, that's young Jimmy.

Now, look, this is a pretty touchy situation, so play it cool.

Aye, aye, sir.

- Aye, aye, sir.
- Good luck.
Damage patrol, stand by!
What are your orders now, sir?
Back out of the minefield dead slow.
Then proceed with caution
until the generator is fixed.
Aye, aye, sir.
All back. Dead slow.
Are you all right, sir?
Yes, yes, of course, Connors.
Perfectly all right.
Are you, Harry?
Gleason was a good man.
So was young Smith.
Little Jimmy.
Look, you have no right to brood, Harry.
You had to take a gamble. Otherwise,
your entire plan would have been wrecked.
The commodore's right, sir.
If the generator hadn't gone out...
- You're both very kind, thank you.
- Kind? No, I think...
Hey, that's pretty good, isn't it?
Only about six hours.
- What do you say, Connors?
[CHUCKLES]
- What's that?
- Nothing important.
It seems that somebody's concerned
about my health and welfare.
- Huh?
[INTERCOM BUZZES]
- Yes?
- This is the captain.
Please come to the sick bay, sir, at once.
- Very well.
- Now what?
Let's find out.
Come along, Connors.
Hodges?
He smashed in the medicine chest
and swallowed these, Admiral.
He must've typed that note on my machine.

"I was to blame for the death
of Gleason and Smith.

I sabotaged the generator...
although only God knows why
I did this terrible thing."

- Sabotage?

- He wasn't responsible, Admiral.

It was a severe nervous breakdown.

That's beside the point, doctor.

All right, Captain. You blamed me
for the death of Gleason and Smith...

but here is positive proof
that those men were victims...

not of my impatience,

but of deliberate sabotage.

- Any comments?

- Yes, sir.

Sabotage might be just the beginning.

You're driving my crew
to the point of exhaustion...

possibly even rebellion.

These are men, not machines.

If they break down or blow up,

we'll never meet your deadline.

We'll meet it because we have to meet it.

I'm not worried that your men can't take it.

They can.

But I am concerned about

your alternative: Rebellion.

I found this note in my cabin...

just a few minutes ago.

"If you continue your lunatic project,
you'll never live to see it completed."

Hodges will never see it completed.

And he won't bother you anymore.

I'm not so sure that he did.

These notes were not typed

on the same machine.

Double the security guard.

All men off duty are

restricted to quarters.

Until proved otherwise,

everyone is suspect.

- Lee? Don't turn against the admiral.

- I'm not turning against anybody.
Lee, let's not argue, please. Not now.
Not now.
Lieutenant.
There is something you can do to help.
Take this note sent to the admiral.
- Run a test sample on all the typewriters.
- I don't have to.
The dot's off the small "I".
This was typed on my machine.
- In the admiral's office, Cathy?
- Yes.
- Captain, may I speak freely?
- Please do.
You're so concerned about your crew that
you're overlooking other danger signs.
Admiral Nelson's becoming
a textbook case.
Taciturnity combined with anxiety,
high irritability.
And now, perhaps delusions of persecution.
Delusions?
The admiral could've typed
that threatening note himself.
Susan! How can you consider such a thing?
Cathy.
Thanks very much for your diagnosis,
Dr. Hiller.
The admiral is showing signs of strain.
However, I'm sure he's in
complete command of his senses.
I hope so. We still have a long way to go.
[SCREAMING]
Fire in the admiral's cabin!
Lee! The admiral's cabin!
[SIREN BLARING]
- Step up the power to the ventilators!
- Lee! Lee!
It's not smoke. Look up here. It's gas!
Surface! Surface!
[COUGHING]
[HORN BLARING, FAINT]
[ALL COUGHING]
Ship off the port side, sir.

Glasses.

Looks becalm.

On the ship! On the ship!

Do you read me?

On the ship!

Do you read me?

Shall I send out a boat, sir?

We can't proceed

until we ventilate anyway.

- Very well.

[SHIP HORN BLARING, FAINT]

Rescue team, up and out on the double.

Check forward. Check aft.

[HORN BLARING]

Let's go.

Dead. They're all dead.

Let's go.

- What'd you see out there?

- Dead men.

Dead men on a dead ship.

Ain't it about time we went home?

Yeah. You've all got families, haven't you?

Well, how about it?

Leave it to me!

- Yes, Lieutenant?

- It's a complete derelict, sir.

Just four days out of Honolulu.

Everyone's dead. The heat, no water.

We found this in the bar.

It's the Hawaiian Times.

It's dated last Thursday.

I've been asked to speak

for some of the crew, sir.

- What is it, Kowski?

- We've been feeling this way for days, but...

Well, I guess that dead ship

brought it to a head.

Brought what to a head?

Sir, the men feel

if it's really the end coming...

they ought to be spending their last hours

with their wives and families.

Now, we respectfully demand, sir,

that you take us back home.

I see.

May I remind all of you
that this is a government ship.
Demands made by a crewman or
an officer could be considered mutiny.
Shall I so consider it?

Well, speak up!

Captain, as a civilian, may I say a word?
The world may end at any minute now.
Certainly at such a time,
these men have a right to choose
where to die and with whom.

- Listen, Mr. Alvarez...

- Just a minute, Captain.

Mr. Alvarez makes a valid point.

I do not believe the world is ending.
If I did, I'd be heading for home myself.
But in fairness to everyone,
there is some recent news...
that may have a bearing on your decision.

It comes from a Honolulu newspaper
found on the derelict yacht.

The headline reads: "World Subs Ordered
to Stop Seaview from Firing Missile."

So in addition to all our other problems,
we are now a hunted ship...

and we may never get a chance
to fire the missile.

This in no way alters my plans.

This ship will hold its course.

But in view of this news
and your request...

the men who want to go home
may do so on that yacht.

I think you're fools to try it...
but I'll supply sufficient water...

and food to give you
a good fighting chance.

Admiral, if we're to meet your deadline
to the Marianas...

it's madness to split this crew.

- In view of the threat of mutiny, we...

- It's not mutiny yet, Captain.

Your challenge was not

taken up by the men.
All our trouble stems
from the fanatical desire...
on the part of some
not all of them to go home.
I'd rather have a small loyal crew
than risk further sabotage.
- Admiral...
- That's enough, Captain.
Men, you have 15 minutes
to make your decision.
Please have any in the sick bay
that want to go placed aboard the yacht.
One of you doctors better go along.
The other, stay here.
Dr. Jamieson, I would say that
this looks like a job for you.
Yes, sir.
Get the supplies rolling, Captain.
Excuse me.
- All clear on deck!
- Very well. Captain, take her down.
- Take her down! Hundred feet.
- Hundred feet, flood negative.
Are you all right, Admiral?
Perfectly all right,
thanks to Captain Crane.
Well, Mr. Alvarez,
I see you decided to stay with us.
Stay or go what's the difference?
What's to be will be.
- That guy gets on my nerves.
- Cheerful, isn't he?

SPARKS:

- Full speed ahead, Captain.
- One moment, sir.
Lieutenant, I ask you to take
official note of my protest...
against the admiral's actions.
- Actions?
- Yes, sir.
Despite my objection,
you encouraged desertion.

I can't argue with that. You're within your rights to record a protest.

But, Lieutenant, you can also record this. Desertion or not, we're better off without a murderer on board.

The note I found was no idle warning. That fire in my cabin was deliberately set.

Begging your pardon, sir. Romano. Fire detail found a cigar burning on the floor, sir.

- Meaning I was smoking in bed?

- Apparently, sir.

Apparently, sir. Except I ran out of cigars before I went to bed.

Lieutenant, file the captain's report. Then have my cabin cleaned up.

I'm going to check supplies... for more cigars.

Delusions are typical in cases like this.

- I'll be in my quarters.

- Aye, aye, sir.

[KNOCKING]

- Yes?

Hi. Buy you a cup of coffee?

- Look, Lee...

- Now, wait... wait just a minute.

I appreciate your blind loyalty to the admiral.

I felt that way myself until his lunatic actions started to follow a pattern.

- Lunatic actions?

- All right, is this rational?

No search for survivors on Ice Floe Delta. Crash-dived in New York with police on deck.

Sent a minisub into a minefield which killed two of my men.

He had to take the chance.

Drove a fine officer to sabotage and suicide.

Produced a threatening note which he probably wrote himself.

Then he dreamed up this so-called murder attempt...

which was actually his smoking in bed.

- I believe him.

- And now, the final straw!

He approves of desertion...

when we desperately need

every able-bodied man on this sub.

- Lord knows what he'll do next.

- Or what you'll do next. Is that it?

"Procedure under which

a subordinate officer...

may relieve a superior of his command."

- That's just in case.

- Of what?

If I decide the admiral is irresponsible.

Irresponsible?

Then what are you going to do

about the missile? It has to be fired.

Why? If the admiral is crazy,

his plan is crazy too.

The U.N. Thought so. They've got

subs out looking for us right now.

Well, Professor Emery believes in it.

I'm sorry, but until I say so,

the matter's closed.

[DOOR SLAMS SHUT]

Sir.

Less than eight degrees

to Dr. Zucco's burn-out point.

165. Let's hope he's right.

Hang it up.

What's our position?

Guam's due south of us, sir.

Just 12 miles to target.

[NELSON ON SPEAKER] Yes?

- This is the captain.

We're 12 miles and 50 minutes to zero.

Missile ready for firing?

- All ready, sir.

- I'll speak to the ship.

- Sparks, pipe the admiral through the ship.

- Aye, aye, sir.

CRANE:

This is the admiral.

The missile is primed...
and in exactly 49 minutes it will be fired.
Shortly thereafter, we should know...
if our long voyage across the world
has been justified.
With luck, we'll soon be on our way home.
That is all.
Connors, we're all out of aspirin here.
I'm sorry, sir. I'll get some.
- Susan, where do you keep the aspirin?
- Top drawer, over there.
Thank you.
- Lucius, what happened to you?
- Oh, nothing.
I got a little too close to one of my sharks.
You know Bessie.
- Will he be all right, doctor?
- It's not serious, Admiral.
I thought Bessie was a friend of your...
Lieutenant, you should be on duty.
Not me, sir. I'm beat.
- Aren't we all? Get forward.
- Sorry, sir.
As a sick man,
I take my orders from the doctor.
Sick, huh? In my judgment, you're faking.
With due respect, sir, I think
your judgment's been a little rocky lately.
Why, you goldbricking pip-squeak!
What brought that on?
- Go on, tell him.
- I don't know.
What do you mean, you don't know?
Tell him.
First, the doctor tells me to rest.
Then the admiral comes in
and orders me back to duty, then pow.
Doctor, I request you certify the admiral
as irresponsible, if you agree.
- What?
- I certainly do, Captain.
Master at Arms, Sick Bay on the double.
Hold it, sir. It was all my fault.
I was disrespectful.

- Captain, you can't arrest the admiral.

- Of course you can't, Lee.

Any other decision would be dangerous
for everybody else on board.

Captain, that missile's scheduled
to be fired at 4:00.

Are you still going to permit this?

I guarantee the admiral's plan is sound.

Dr. Zucco and our finest
scientific minds don't agree.

- Dr. Zucco.

- You can't do it, and I'm going to warn him.

Lieutenant, confine yourself
to your quarters. That's an order.

Follow me.

[INTERCOM BUZZES]

- Yes?

- Dr. Hiller, this is the admiral.

- Is the captain still there?

- He has just gone forward, Admiral.

Sir.

Sir, I deeply regret this,
but under federal regulations...
number 249,
governing conduct on the high seas...

I am forced to relieve you
of your command.

Arrest?

- Not arrest, sir. I'm placing you on sick list.

- And if I refuse?

I'm afraid you have no choice.

I must also inform you of this, sir.

- I've decided not to fire the missile.

- Lee, for the love of heaven...

Most of the scientists agree the fire
will burn itself out at 173 degrees.

I'll wait and see.

Lee, you must fire that missile at 4:00,
or we lose the angle of trajectory.

- Detail.

[MAN ON SPEAKER] Captain, this is Sonar.

Unidentified fast propellers

bearing 0-9-0...

about 2,000 yards astern.

They've found us.
Torpedo approaching to starboard!
Left full rudder. Battle stations.
Take off.
Sparks, contact that sub
and tell them we're not firing the missile.
Sonar, switch pickup into the P.A.
Battle stations!
Battle stations!
- Move! Move!
- Battle stations!
[TORPEDOES PASSING OVERHEAD]
Too close.
Sparks, can't you reach that sub?
- There's no answer, sir.
- Rig for attack! Ready torpedoes!
No, no! We can't fire on a U.N. Sub.
We've got to make a run for it.
Torpedoes approaching starboard!
Left full rudder!
- We're a sitting duck. Dive!
- I'm giving orders aboard this ship.
I'm not challenging that,
but I built this ship!
We can take the pressure of the Mariana Trench.
That sub can't dive as deep.
- Dive, Lee, dive, for heaven's sake!
- Dive, dive!
- Dive! Dive!
[KLAXON BLARING]
- 400 feet!
- 400!
- 1,200 feet.
- 1,200.
- 1,400 feet.
- 1,400.
- 2,300 feet.
- 2,300.
2,400.
- 2,500 feet.
- 2,500.
Torpedoes approaching port side.
Right full rudder!
Fools. They'd better get up fast.

- 3,200 feet.
- She'll blow!
- All stop! Check for damage!
- All stop!

Damage control, make check!

Fire detail, on the double!

Return to stations!

Return to stations!

- Full emergency power!

- Full emergency power!

All full!

Captain, this is Sonar. We're picking up something else, real close.

- Well, it can't be another sub.

- Not at this depth.

Lee, what the...

CRANE:

Shoot a charge through the hull.

- Aye, aye, sir.

[ELECTRICAL CRACKLING]

It must give way.

- Full emergency power!

- Full emergency power!

It's breaking loose.

That did it, Lee.

- All ahead full.

- All ahead full.

[SUB POWERING DOWN]

Now what happened?

Power Room. Power Room!

- Power Room! Power Room!

- No answer?

Negative.

Control Room,

what happened to the reactors?

- Don't know, sir. They just quit.

- I'll find out myself.

[DR. ZUCCO'S VOICE]

The admiral's scheme is suicidal insanity.

[NELSON'S VOICE] If you pick up

a fatal dose of radiation, it glows red.

[MAN'S VOICE] You gotta stop the admiral.

He'll destroy the world.

Doctor, what were you doing in there?

Making sure you don't reach
your target position by 4:00.

- So you were the saboteur.

[EXPLOSION]

[SCREAMS]

[SCREAMING]

Control Room! Switch to auxiliary, fast!
Aye, aye, sir. Moving on batteries, sir.
Very well.

What's the temperature reading?

173.2, and the fire's still burning.

I knew it. Zucco was wrong.

There is no burn-out point.

Stand by to fire.

- Aye, aye, sir.

- Sail camera, prepare to track missile.

Sail camera on. Missile Room,
stand by, number eight tube.

- Missile Room standing by.

- Target position in 10 minutes.

This is the missile room.

Hatch opening now.

We've made it, Alvarez.

We'll fire that missile on time.

I think not, Admiral.

- Alvarez!

- No man has a right to challenge God's will.

Have you gone completely mad?

Put down that bomb.

Man has sown the seeds of sin.

Now he will reap the whirlwind.

Everybody, stand still.

Lieutenant, get away
from the missile button.

Don't move, Admiral.

Hold it!

Attention, everyone!

This is Alvarez. I have a bomb.

- A bomb?

- If anybody tries to fire the missile...

I'll blow up this ship.

Captain Crane, wherever you are,
see that no one interferes.

- Cathy.
- Commodore, where's Lee?
Come on. We have no time to lose.
We must find him.
- Lee!
- What's the matter?
What's the matter, my boy?
- What happened?
- Alvarez has a bomb.
He's holding the ship at bay.
We've only got a few minutes,
and the missile's got to be fired.
Alvarez is covering the control room.
- There must be some other way.
- You go to your quarters.
Only eight more minutes, Admiral...
and it will be too late
for you to do anything.
Diving gear, on the double.
- Which hatch is opened?
- Number eight, sir, just under the bridge.
Alvarez, for heaven's sake, man,
come to your senses.
If the missile isn't
fired in six minutes...
It won't be.
God's will is written across the heavens.

NELSON:

that man must accept destruction
even though it's in his power to avert it?
It's not for us to judge, Admiral. Freeze!
Not to judge, maybe, but we can reason.
If God ordains that man should die
without a fight...
then why does he give us the will to live?
Your time's run out, Admiral.
This is the admiral.
Surface! Surface!
Surface! Surface!
[KLAXON BLARING]
[EXPLOSION]
- You did it!
- Lucius, we did it.

- Admiral, sir.
- Lieutenant.
- Thank you, sir.
- Good luck, lad.
- Thank you.
- Admiral?

Lee.

- Full speed for home, Lee.
- Aye, aye, sir.