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Destination Tokyo

By Steve Fisher

In Washington, high-ranking Navy and Army officers meet in closed conference. After months of secret preparations...
... a far-reaching, combined operation is about to begin.
Continued secrecy is imperative...
... for the plan's success.
We've cornered the chili sauce market for you, sir.
Good work, Cookie.
Got steaks to go with it?
Yes, sir.
Captain, last torpedo's on board.
- Right. I'll be at the dock phone.
- Aye, aye, sir.
Any luck on that Oklahoma City call?
Sorry, Captain Cassidy, I haven't gotten through to your wife.
You know how it is. Christmas Eve.
Yes, I know how it is.
Thank you. Cancel the call.
Hi, Rocky. That kid of yours been born yet?
- Yes, sir. It's a boy.
- What, no cigar?
- Congratulations, Rocky.
- Thank you, sir.
- Oh, captain.
- What, Sparks?
- I got the record changer all hooked up, sir.
- So I hear.
The crew certainly does appreciate your gift, sir.
Well, after five patrols, I appreciate my crew, Sparks.
Full fuel, lube, oil, battery and fresh water.
Engineering department ready for sea, sir.
Request permission to warm up the main engine.
- Okay, Larry.
- Thank you, sir.
Sweetheart, we're shoving off

ahead of schedule.
Something urgent.
I tried to telephone you
and the children...
... to wish you a merry Christmas...
... and to tell you I'm now wearing
three stripes on my sleeve...
... and some embarrassingly shiny
scrambled eggs on my cap.
I hope you like
the nylon stockings, darling.
Don't ask me how I got them.
Tell Michael I couldn't find
a toy submarine.
Tell him it's the war.
He'll understand.
There's even a shortage of teddy bears,
but I found one for Debby.
I hope her chickenpox didn't leave
any marks on that sweet face.
Full torpedoes onboard.
All tubes loaded and ready for war shot.
Full ammunition and pyrotechnics
onboard.
- Gunnery department ready for sea, sir.
- Very well, Pete.
- Send in the mail orderly, please.
- Aye, aye, sir.
I've got the same good crew.
A few new men from sub school.
If we were together tonight, darling...
- Mail orderly, captain.
- Mail this before we shove off.
Aye, aye, sir.
All hands aboard. All departments
ready for sea.
Secured quarters.
They won't kick you upstairs.
- You're too valuable at sea.
- Who's kidding who?
I'll be fighting from a desk
after this patrol, Andy.
Gather around, men.
I'm sorry your liberty was cut short.

But I guess the Navy would have let us have
Christmas ashore if this wasn't important.
The men who've been with me know
I don't believe in fight talks.
When a man gives a fight talk,
he needs one himself.
For the benefit of newcomers,
you're here because you volunteered.
You're well-trained, highly selected men,
and we're glad to have you aboard.
You may be infants in
the submarine service...
...but you'll be veterans
by the time we make port again.
We've had pretty fair luck so far.
Let's hope we really smear them
this time.

- Dismiss the crew.
- Aye, aye, sir.

Leave your quarters.
Shore connection is clear.
Topside secured, all except mooring lines.
Okay, chief.
All tested out. Ship ready
for getting under way, sir.
Number one and two
main engines on propulsion.
Okay, let's go.
Single up!
Answer bells.
Take in one!
Pull five! Port, back one-third.
Port, stop.
Take in five!
All ahead one-third.

- Hatch secured.
- Report, forward room rigged for diving.

What do you think you are?
The pipes of Pan?
This, Dakota, is a genuine Nazi flute.

- I paid an Atlantic sailor 5 bucks for it.
- Nazi flute?

You can get them in Frisco for four bits.

- Do you know of Tarpon Springs, Florida?

- Sure.

- You do?

- Yeah.

The best fishermen in the world
are the Greeks, my people.

You're Greek?

- Greek-American.

- What's your name?

Leos Deopoulis Gurfelis Junior.

That "junior" is pure American.

But seeing you're off a destroyer
we'll settle for "Tin Can." Okay?

Okay, just so long as nobody around here
calls me "Hey, Greek."

- I'm sensitive.

- Oh, Mike.

Surprise.

Here's that 5-spot I borrowed.

- Fine time to pay me back.

- But I did pay you.

There goes one of the nicest guys
that ever borrowed 5 bucks from me.

Why doesn't the captain
wear his decorations?

- Doesn't need to.

- We heard a lot about him at sub school.

You can believe anything that was good.

Those torpedoes cost 12,000 bucks
apiece. Our skipper doesn't waste them.

He's got more plain intestinal fortitude
than any guy I ever met.

I'd follow him right into
the mikado's bathtub.

Do you think we'll see action?

Good. That's why I got off
that four-stacker.

Up and down, nothing but escorting.

Made me sick.

- Sitting on a beehive?

- I know. He wants a medal.

Who cares about medals?

I got a better reason.

Pipe down. Look.

In all my 12 years in the Navy,

I never seen a doll on a submarine.
I won her, Mike. Cute, huh?
- She gonna bunk with you?
- Yep.
She's a liberty gimmick.
Makes gals jealous.
- Jealous of that doll?
- Sure.
I take her into a joint, sit her on a table.
Then we have a long talk.
It never fails.
Dame comes up and says,
"That's the best you can do?"
I says, "That's up to you, honey."
What happens then?
- How old are you, Tommy?
- Nineteen.
Come back next year.
Say, that's a cute military objective
you got there.
- That's my sister.
- Oh, intelligent too.
Well, if you boys don't mind, Nita and I,
we want to be alone, don't we?
See? It's cute. I told you.
You know, it works all the time.
Passed the submarine net, captain.
Well, Andy, it'll be a long time
between beers.
Merry Christmas, Mike.
Merry Christmas, Tommy.
This is the first Christmas
I ever spent underwater.
You should have been aboard with us
Christmas Day 1941.
The Japs sure gave us
a Christmas present.
Blasted the living daylights out of us
off Lingayen Gulf.
Between depth charges,
we ate Christmas dinner in the dark...
...200 feet down.
Ice water and sandwiches.
Well-sprinkled with rust and chips of paint

that kept flying off the bulkheads at that.

- Bet you said your prayers.

- I sure did. Some extra Hail Marys too.

- Do you think prayers do any good, Mike?

- Sure, they do.

Some guys say, "Go ahead, prove to me there's a God."

I don't argue. I just know,
like I know there's salt in the sea.
That's the way it is with me too.

Look, Mike, if we get depth-charged,
and I show any signs of being yellow...

...you sock me.

- Right on the button.

- That's a promise?

- It's a promise.

If I were in Connecticut now...

...Mother and Dad would come in
to wake me singing Christmas carols.

It's sort of a custom they started
when I was a kid.

Pretty, ain't it?

Those guys practice all year for this.

- Merry Christmas.

- Merry Christmas, you guys!

- Merry Christmas, Tin Can!

- Happy Noel.

Same to you and many more.

Merry Christmas, skipper.

Merry Christmas, fellas.

Merry Christmas, skipper.

And a very merry Christmas to you gents.

We'll have to top the diesels.

Hey, get a load of him, will you?

Presents.

"For Pills, the pharmacist's mate,
a mournful knell.

He dropped his vitamins
down the periscope well."

So, what do you got?

"The new kid forward
is wiser but sadder.

Since he stepped on the skipper
coming down the ladder!"

I apologized.

"On Wolf's grave, a wreath is laid.

Since he tangled his line
with that chambermaid."

- Come on, open it.

- Open it!

You should have had it filled.

"All hands get ready
to upchuck this dinner.

With Cookie in the galley,
we're going to get thinner."

Fine, listen.

If that ain't a new high
for gratitude.

Who practically mothers
all the guys on this ship?

I do.

Who bends over a hot stove
all day long for you guys?

I do.

Who's going to get all the glory
when you sink a Jap ship?

You! That's who.

Who's gonna get the medals
from this war? You guys!

And what am I going to get? Nothing but
varicose veins and dishwater hands!

Open it! Open it!

What have you got? Open it.

Gee, guys.

You shouldn't have done it.

Lookouts to the bridge.

Keep your eyes peeled, kid.

All submarines look alike.

We're nobody's friend.

Even our ships will shoot first
and ask questions afterward.

He listens to you like you were
a tin god.

- Look pretty snappy today, captain.

- You know, Christmas.

- Coffee, sir.

- Thank you.

- All clear starboard.

- All clear port.
You fellas know me.
I'm no highbrow.
When I come home, if there's
any grand opera playing...
...the whole Connors family goes
down there twice a week.
Don't ask me why, but to me, it's like
going down in a sub.
You shove off,
go deep under the sea.
When you come back up, you got something
inside that's never been there before.
Irish and Greeks, born philosophers.
I got a philosophy too.
Every day a box of Cracker Jacks
with a prize in every package.
I feel sorry for you.
You don't know what family means.
Family means a house has a mortgage,
the kids have measles...
...and the old man pays for the insurance
when he's dead. No, not for Wolfie.
The only babies I want
are those born 21 years ago.
Captain has given permission to pick up
the San Francisco newscast.
This broadcast comes to you
from the Friendly Credit Company.
The Friendly Credit Company trusts you.
Any amount from \$ 25 to \$ 1000.
And so Christmas Day
is bright on all fronts.
San Francisco police are continuing
the manhunt for a sailor...
... wanted on several counts.
The woman making the complaints
insists on prosecution.
The sailor was last seen boarding
a United States submarine at Mare Island.
The sailor is known to the girls
only as "Wolf."
- Well, Wolfie!
- Shut up.

However, his shipmates volunteered information to the police. Enough to send him up for 1042 years. The Wolf has been described as a body of man entirely surrounded by women.

- He's...

- Terrific!

Terrific.

It's just a gag, Wolfie. Just a gag.

Captain give you permission to pull that stunt?

- Yes, sir.

- I was in on the gag too.

- Were you?

- Well, just around the edges.

- Plane coming in at the sun!

- Clear the bridge! Take her down!

- Hatch secured!

- Battle stations manned.

Main induction closed.

What was it?

Looked like a four-motor bomber to me.

Pressure in the boat, sir.

Level off at 150 feet.

- Rig for depth charge.

- Rig for depth charge.

Close main vents.

Main vents closed, sir.

- Blow negative.

- Blow negative.

- Close negative flood.

- Close negative flood.

Negative flood closed, sir.

- Level off at 150.

- Level off at 150.

- Zero bubble.

- Zero bubble.

Open all vents.

- All ahead one-third.

- All ahead one-third.

All answering ahead one-third, sir.

- Pump from auxiliary to sea.

- Auxiliary to sea!

- Can we hear it when it comes?
- Yep, son.
We'll hear it, all right.
- Isn't there anything we can do?
- Yep. We're doing it.
Maybe it's one of our own planes.
If we sink, it doesn't matter
who drops the bombs.
Think they can see
our shadow from the air?
That's what we're finding out.
All clear, sir.
Let's go up for a look-see.
Periscope depth.
Periscope depth. Five degrees up angle.
- Twenty-degree rise on the bow planes.
- Five degrees up angle.
- Twenty-degree rise, sir.
- Take charge of your planes.
Up a foot.
Maybe that plane had feathers.
Looks as if we dunked
for a four-motored albatross.
Service, down scope.
Have a merry Christmas, men.
- Gee, fellas. I could have sworn...
- Albatross have retractable landing gear?
Lookouts to the bridge!
- You can hear that motor so plain!
- Key down. He feels bad enough.
Watch out, or they'll give you
an E for imagination.
Lay off him, Rocky.
That's all right, son.
I'd rather submerge for 100 birds
than not submerge for one plane.
Thank you, sir.
- All clear starboard.
- All clear port.
Hello, Andy.
Almost 24 hours out now, skipper.
About time to open orders?
Three minutes to go, Andy.
I got a hunch it's something big.

Last night, I dreamed we upped periscope.
Right in the middle of
the entire Jap imperial fleet.
Passing in review.
- Did we sink them all?
- With one torpedo.
Billiard shot.
By the way, there's a man
from the forward room.
Wants to see you on a matter
of vital importance.
- Torpedoman Adams.
- Send him in.
I was told I'd have to ask you, sir.
Go ahead. Ask me.
Sir, at sub school, we saw a lot
of pictures of submariners...
...coming back from patrols with beards.
- So you want to grow one?
- Yes, sir.
- Think you can?
- Sir, I'd like to find out.
Well, I'll tell you, Adams.
First patrol, we all grew beards.
I had a pip.
The second patrol was
about half and half.
Then we decided beards are itchy.
They get greasy. We keep a trim ship.
Makes sense we have a trim crew
to man her.
Yes, sir.
But I don't want to cheat you
of a beard on your first patrol.
Oh, that's all right, sir.
I only shave twice a week anyway.
If I could grow one,
it'd look a little limp.
I'll stick to shaving twice a week, sir.
Maybe when we get back,
you'll be shaving three times a week.
Thank you, sir. I guess I'd better
get back and do what I was doing.
Thank you.

Send in the quartermaster
with the chart catalog.

Captain wants the chart catalog, Rocky.

- Chart catalog, sir.

- Thank you. Stand by.

- Has he come yet?

- No. He's still in there.

- Bring in chart 1291.

- Aye, aye, sir.

Just get out that old chart of Tahiti.

I got a tomato in Papeete.

Poetry.

Gonna write a letter

to your wife every night?

- Yep. Sort of keeps us in touch.

- Doesn't make sense if there's no mail.

Who knows? We might hit Australia.

Then again, we might not.

Funny thing about submarines.

The crew always knows where we're going
before the captain does.

Holy smoke! Tokyo?

I always wanted to see those geisha gals
up-close.

- Too bad you didn't study "Japany" lingo.

- Listen, my language is international.

How are we going to get into Tokyo Bay?

The Copperfin just naturally sprouts wings.

We fly over the nets and the minefields...

...plumb in the middle of the harbor.

- Tokyo Bay. Perfect.

Bet we sink 70,000 tons.

20 bucks, even money.

- Seventy thousand tons. You're nuts.

- Look, I got a reason to have luck.

Where I go, there's gonna be
dead Japs.

- What is this reason of yours?

- Never mind. Anybody wanna bet?

It's a secret between him and Roosevelt.

I'll take the bet.

I'll pay off double if we make it.

Only two guys whistle in the Navy.

Boatswain's mates and boots.

You a boatswain's mate?
I'm sorry, Mike. I forgot.
You hear that music?
- Reminds me of a dame I knew in Frisco.
- Here we go again.
- She was built for speed, like a destroyer.
- Now I listen.
Kind of compact too, like a submarine.
She was coming down Sutter Street.
Off my starboard beam.
I sees her and says, "Up periscope."
I gives my motor a third back and
maneuvers for an opening shot.
She picks me up on her detector.
Gives her rudder a hard left.
Makes like she's looking in the window.
Naturally, I gives my rudder
a hard right and moves...
... right up alongside her. She's beautiful.
But beautiful!
Comes up to about my chin.
Fits just right.
Well, neither of us breaks silence.
Naturally, there's a long pause.
We're both running on batteries now.
Something electric is going on between
her and me.
I'd been on patrol three months.
And this was
my first night ashore.
Now, you guys know how it is.
There she was in a nice, clean, crisp,
lacy blouse.
And she looked
just like she had a bath.
So she looked like she had a bath.
She even smelled like geranium.
So she even smelled like geraniums.
Then what?
Here we are, hove to,
with her smelling like geraniums...
...and me with three months' pay
in my whites.
- I'll never forget it!

- Never forget what, Wolf?
Some dames have lips that
are curved all right.
But when you kiss them, you find they
have lips as hard as a warhead?
Well, you could tell hers
was as soft as silk.
Just enough lipstick. Just right.
Well, what did you do about it?
I was so busy drinking her in
out of my starboard lamps...
... that I don't see this Market Street
commando hove to alongside her.
I'm trying to get a recognition signal
out of her...
... when this sailor busts right in

and says:

" Would you like one
of those lacy things?"
And she says, "Sure."
And they go in and buy one.
- Well, what did you do?
- Me? I'm murdered!
There I am, anchored,
dead in the water...
... looking in the window.
She's picking out one.
And this Market Street commando
is giving me the gloat!
Am I burnt. I'm dying!
My first night in. There she'd been,
standing next to me.
- Smelling like geraniums.
- Okay, we been through that.
This Market Street commando peels
off some lettuce and pays.
And she's smiling
as sweet as a dream.
And there I am, outside the window,
bulkheads busted in.
Next thing I know,
she gives this guy a kiss.
And the next thing I know,

she's making for my anchorage...
... with his stuff under her arm,
and she's saying to me:
"Going my way, submariner?"
Then what happened, Wolf?
She was built for speed,
but like I said, kid...
...kind of compact too, like a submarine.
According to the orders, we're to pick
up the lieutenant here at point x-ray.
A PBY boat will meet us at 1430.
Why are they flying him down?
Save us going out of our way
to pick him up. Time's important.
- Who is he?
- Aerology specialist.
North Pacific area.
All we have to do
is put him ashore in Japan.
You are showing signs
of needing a sun lamp.
From now on, sign up.
Everybody, once a day.
- You ever want to be a real doctor, Pills?
- Yeah.
I was one of those wise guys
who didn't know where he was going.
Funny place to find out, on submarines.
- What college did you go to?
- California.
Only a year. Then I signed up.
I had an A in chemistry,
so they made me a pharmacist's mate.
Ain't it wonderful what
an education will do?
When I got out of the third grade,
I took a job at Coney Island.
- Frying hot dogs.
- You should have stuck to hot dogs.
Where's that half-baked barber?
You finishing college
when the war's over?
Yep. Putting my pay
and a half in war bonds.

Working my way
through college underwater.
Pills, if anything happened
to us while we're out on patrol...
...if we got conked off, you figure
we'd see our folks in the hereafter?
I wouldn't bank on it.
My old man wouldn't be overjoyed to see
me. He never thought I was much good.
- I like to think we got souls...
- I don't know.
All those guys I cut up at school,
never found a soul inside.
Well, what does that prove, Pills?
Say you trust a guy.
You can't see the trust,
but it's there.
- I'm from Missouri, Mike.
- I'm not exactly religious.
- But don't you think God...
- No, I don't.
My angle is, I only believe
what I can see.
- Are you an atheist?
- Call it what you like.
The Japs turn the heat on us,
I'll watch you pray.
I've seen it happen before.
- Say, you guys know what?
- No, what?
There's something screwy
about this detour or whatever it is.
We'll know before long.
Hey, Yo Yo, mind if I use your office?
Something private.
- Sure.
- Thanks.
That's the third time
he's asked me.
Well, maybe he's writing poems.
There you are, my little scissorbill.
Get thee behind me.
Mind you, no politics, no ball games,
no hair down my neck.

Nothing but barbering.
Well, Cookie, looks like we're getting pretty close to enemy waters.
Now, Tommy, don't go getting yourself all worried.
Think we ought to take the hat off?
Well, don't you think we'd better?
- Clippers?
- Yes, thanks.
You see, Tommy, there's always one of two things about a submarine. In the first place, either the enemy finds you, or he doesn't. If he doesn't find you, there's nothing to worry about. But if he does, there is still one of two things. Either he drops a depth charge, or he don't. If he doesn't, there's nothing to worry about. If he does...
...then there's still one of two things. Either he drops it close to you or far away. If he drops them far away, it's foolish to worry. If he drops them near you...
...then there is still one of two things to worry about. And that is...
Don't cut too much off. If your pressure hull holds. Of course, if it holds, wouldn't it be foolish to worry? If it doesn't, you won't be able to worry, so why worry?
Are you through?
Yes.
He was worth waiting for. He's a good barber. That looks fine. You next?
One thousand fathoms, sir. Rudder amidships. Steady on course.

- Two-nine-zero.
- Eight hundred fathoms.
Right, five degrees rudder.
New course, 295. All motors stop.
Right, five degrees rudder.
New course, 295. All motors stop.
Three hundred fathoms.
Stations for battle surface.
Stations for battle surface.
Ready on all main engines.
Down scope.
All engines, ahead one-third.
Has the radio man picked
up anything on the frequency?
Contact established.
Plane to starboard, sir.
Hold your fire.
Stand by to challenge.
Okay, Rocky.
Challenge.
Plane answered challenge
correctly, captain.
All stop. Rudder amidships.
Always nice to see
those stars on the wing.
You know, I'd sure like
to hook an Aleutian salmon.
Cute if I opened him up,
and there was a Jap in there.
Fried Jap in tartar sauce.
I'll take mine boiled in oil.
I'll go down and get him.
Lieutenant Raymond. McCary.
Welcome aboard.
- Thank you.
- Come up, meet the captain.
Thanks.
Lieutenant Raymond reporting.
- Glad to have you aboard.
- Glad to be aboard.
Ready on one and two.
You already know McCary.
- Yes, sir. We've met.
- How was your trip?

It was pretty rough.
Is my aerology gear aboard?
Under lock and key.
If you'll go below, we'll arrange
for your berthing later.
- I'd like to get this ship out of here.
- Yes, sir.
How do I get below? I've never
been aboard a submarine before.
There's the hatch. It goes down.
Yes, sir.
Hey! Bear a hand. I got a bite.
Planes approaching, dead astern!
Jap float Zeros.
All ahead full!
Ten degrees right rudder!
Commence firing!
Get him smack in the teeth!
Unexploded bomb forward!
We ought to be diving.
Got six fathoms under us.
Got to get on.
Coming in low! Get down!
Good work, Wolf!
- Is he hurt badly?
- I think so, sir.
There he goes.
If that Nip doesn't get out of there,
he'll end up with a hot seat.
I could pop him off
with a clear conscience.
He looks awful lonesome up there.
Okay.
The unexploded bomb is wedged
in the superstructure.
Let's have a look at it.
Larry, take the watch.
Pick up that Jap aviator.
I want to question him.
We'll have to bring out
the cutting torches.
No time.
I'll get your pigeon for you.
Okay, Mike.

We'll put him to roost.
Looks like the war
is over for you, son.
Mike!
That's enough, kid.
Where's Mike?
Dakota is taking him below.
Mike looked up like he
wanted me to do something.
I just stood there.
Me too. It happened so fast.
We need a man to pull the teeth
of an unexploded bomb.
Volunteers to the control room.
Mike would be alive now
if I hadn't just stood there.
Stow it. These things happen every day.
If you want to take it out on somebody,
take it out on the Japs, not yourself.
Come on. Let's get out of here.
It boils down to a matter of thickness.
The bomb is wedged in a tight spot.
And neither the captain
or I can get to it.
Back home, they used to call me "Slim."
You'll do, "Slim."
Take this and that off.
Your volunteer, captain.
Know what you're volunteering for?
Yes, sir. The bomb.
It's wedged
under the superstructure.
That's not all.
That Jap may have radioed our position.
If planes come while we're down there...
...we'll have to drink a lot of water.
I'll go with you, captain.
Okay, Tommy. Get down below.
In case of another attack, take her down.
Aye, aye, sir.
Clear the decks. Diving stations!
Son...
...that bomb may be a dud
because the firing pin's fractured.

If it is, the slightest jar
will set it off.
So take it very easy.
Here. You'll need this web wrench.
Tell me when you reach the bomb,
but don't touch it.
- Reached the bomb.
- Don't touch it yet.
Look carefully around
the base of the fuse.
The bomb may be a booby trap,
so it will blow up at the slightest touch.
Do you see any hammer marks
or slight indentations?
- No, captain.
- All right.
Now, very carefully...
...feel the nose.
Can you feel any marks?
No marks, sir.
Very gently now...
...place the web wrench
around the fuse.
It unscrews counterclockwise.
Right to left.
You got that?
Yes, sir. It's in place.
- It unscrews left to right, sir.
- Right to left! Right to left!
I'm sorry, sir.
I heard you all right.
I repeated it wrong.
Right to left, sir.
I'm a little nervous.
Stop and take a breath.
You're doing fine.
Well, I guess Mike
got it quicker, that's all.
Shut up.
- Talking don't bother a bomb.
- It bothers me.
You know, Dakota, I once knew a dame
who had a temperament just like a bomb.
Laugh? No laugh.

Start unscrewing it gently.
Just use gradual pressure.
Right to left.
- Right.
- Easy.
Easy. Just loosen it.
- I've loosened it, sir.
- Now, carefully...
...remove the wrench.
Turn the fuse by hand.
Easy.
Very, very gently, son.
Easy does it.
Got "made in U.S.A." stamped on it.
The appeasers' contribution
to the war effort.
Take it and stew it, Cookie.
Adams, you did a fine job.
You earned yourself a higher rating.
Thank you, sir.
You got a great pair
of shoes to fill, Tommy.
One kid's shoe.
And one pipe...
...stem broken.
That completes the inventory.
Mike was a first-class
torpedoman...
...in more ways than one.
Where's the kid?
He went aft. He feels kind of low.
Wonder if we should have told
the exec about that package...
...that Mike used to keep under his sack.
- What package?
Well...
...every time he borrowed
Yo Yo's office...
...he took it along with him.
Hey, maybe it's one
of them censored records.
Say, we could do with a laugh.
I thought Mike was acting
secret when he used to come in here.

Hello, honey.

I hope you play this record
once in a while while you're away.
It'll mean you're missing
me like I miss you...

... from the moment you shove off,
every single time.

Have I ever told you how much those
homecoming bear hugs mean to me, Mike?
Gosh, darling, you could break
all my ribs, having you back is so good.
The kids miss you and make believe
you're at the table each night.

I don't think they know
what being married 10 years...
... to a sweet guy like you is like.

I do, thank God.

Means you've made me
the happiest woman alive.

I hope I've made you happy, Mike.

I always tried my darnedest...

... because I love you...
... with every bit of my heart.

"And whilst we consign...
...his remains to the deep...

...we the living
pray thee heavenly Father...

...to grant him eternal peace
and rest...

...through Christ Jesus, our Lord."

Amen.

Why weren't you up there?

I got no use for burials.

Oh, coffee's more important, huh?

- You don't think I care he's dead?

- Why didn't you come up?

- Sorry for that Jap?

- Shut up! I don't take that from nobody!

I'm surprised at you guys, all of you.

You ought to have

sense enough not to get...

...such dumb ideas!

- I told you, I had my reasons.

- Bilge!

Look.
I had an uncle lived
in the old country, see.
A real high-class guy, not like me.
You know what he was?
He was a teacher of philosophy.
To be that in Greece,
the home of philosophy...
...you got to be A-number-one smart,
and that was my uncle.
So they killed him, them Nazis.
They stood him up against the wall.
You know why?
Because he had brains.
Because everybody's got to be their slave.
Them that won't, like my uncle, they kill.
My old man was no good.
He was a boozer.
He died in bed having the D.T.'s.
But my uncle,
a man with education and charity...
...who used to send my ma
what to eat with.
Him, they stood up against the wall.
And that sticks in here with me.
The difference between
them and us...
...is, with us even the no-good
gets a chance to die in his own bed.
So I don't forget my uncle.
An American flier gets killed,
I think of my uncle.
I see pictures of Chinese kids
getting bombed, I think of my uncle.
A Russian guerrilla gets hanged,
I think of my uncle.
I see Mike lying in there dead,
I think of my uncle.
I ain't got room in here
to see one of our guys get buried.
Not yet. Not until I've done
something to even the score.
So I eat with it, and I sleep with it.
So be sore at me, you dopes.

- I'm sorry, Tin Can.

- Attention.

At ease, men.

- Trying to figure out about Mike?

- Yes, sir.

Well...

...officers and men on submarines
are closer together...

...than in most branches of our Navy.

Mike was with me on my first patrol.

He was my friend. I know his family.

His wife's a fine, great-hearted woman.

I know his kids.

I remember Mike's pride when he bought
the first pair of roller skates for his boy.

They were the finest roller skates
that money could buy.

Roller skates for a 5-year-old.

Well, that Jap got a present too,
when he was 5.

Only it was a dagger.

His old man gave him a dagger, so he'd
know what he was supposed to be.

The Japs have a ceremony
that goes with it.

At 7, a Jap kid is taking marches
under an army instructor.

At 13, he can put a machine
gun together blindfolded.

As I see it, that Jap started on the road 20
years ago to putting a knife in Mike's back.

There are lots of Mikes dying right now.

And a lot more Mikes will die...

...until we wipe out a system that puts
daggers in the hands of 5-year-old children.

You know...

...if Mike were here to put
it into words now...

...that's just about what he died for.

More roller skates in this world.

Including some for the next
generation of Japanese kids...

...because that's the kind
of a man Mike was.

- What's that you're reading?
- San Francisco telephone directory.
- I collect names.
- What do you do with them?
Oh, just meditate. Wonder what kind
of people go with the names.
- Wonder what the names mean, that stuff.
- Names don't mean nothing.
- Oh, no?
- No.
- Well, my name's Wainwright.
- Wainwright. So what?
Well, my grandpa used to build wagons.
A wainwright's a guy who builds wagons.
- Like covered wagons?
- Sure.
Maybe he built some
wagons crossed the plains.
Some grandpas built houses.
Name's Carpenter.
Some grandpas made clothes.
Name's Tailor.
Some guy's grandpa built wheels
for my grandpa's wagons.
Name's Wheelwright,
a guy who builds wheels.
Sun lamp ready in the forward room.
Come on, GI sunshine.
Don't tell me the captain
finally gave up that sun lamp.
Phone books are fascinating.
I'm nuts about them.
Personally, I use phone books
for long shots.
In San Diego, I had nothing to do
and nothing on my mind...
Except skirts.
So I sees this phone book.
I flip it open. I come to a name.
Rosalie Riley.
"Pretty name," I says to myself.
"I wonder what she's like."
- So...
- So you call her up.

No. Why waste time?
I go right out to her house,
21 Valley Road.
Never forget it.
Had roses all over the place.
Very pretty. Very pretty indeed.
- Red and pink roses...
- Now we're going to pick roses.
I pick a rose. So I got something to talk
about when she comes to the door.
Up I go to the door.
I ring the bell. And I hear
a very nice voice from the inside.
"Wait a minute," she says.
"I'm in the bathtub."
Every girl you meet is in the bathtub!
I haven't met her yet. I'm on her porch!
Naturally, I sit down.
I'm rocking back and forth,
back and forth.
Skip the details.
Who cares if you're rocking?
I'm just trying to give you the picture!
We got the picture!
You're in the bathtub!
She's on the porch!
She's in the bathtub.
I'm on the porch!
She comes to the door.
My stomach flutters.
- She's beautiful!
- Now his stomach flutters.
"Oh," she says, "I thought you were
someone else." "Disappointed?" I says.
You're there
with a snappy comeback.
She says,
"I can't ask you to come in."
"Of course not," I says, giving her pearly
teeth. "But I can ask you to come out."
What did she say to that?
Well, she didn't say anything,
that is, right away.
Then I proceeded to pour

on the personality.
Then what did you do?
Now, wouldn't you like to know?
You give me a pain in the pancreas.
You're always shooting off.
Stow it for the rest of this patrol.
Some of us have sweethearts.
Yeah?
Well, maybe some of us haven't.
Hasn't he been telling the truth?
No. You haven't been swallowing
all that stuff, have you?
Captain.
Oh, this it?
I'm afraid to take a look.
Just hope it won't be Coney Island.
Well, I got on my lucky sweater.
What's the bearing?
Zero-five-zero, captain.
Smack on the button. Take a look.
Right down Fujiyama's throat.
Nice work, Andy.
Check your tangents.
Lieutenant Raymond
to the conning tower.
Attention, all hands.
We're lying off the Japanese mainland.
Thought you'd like to know.
Just like the postcards, huh?
You get a better look inside the bay,
captain.
By the way, you think you can
get inside the net?
- That's what orders say.
- What about minefields?
- Can you see them underwater?
- Nope. I wish I could.
But if you do get in, how are you
going to get the ship out?
This is a sort of blind date, Raymond.
- We have to wait and see what happens.
- Got my tangents, captain.
Okay, Andy. Down scope.
We'll break out a chart

of the probable minefields.

Well, boys, looks as if

we have to wait for a ticket in.

This is going to be like waiting

to have your first tooth yanked.

Checking the gravity, captain.

How'd you happen to volunteer

for the submarine service, captain?

Well, when I was a kid...

...I used to get a kick

out of swimming underwater.

How's your wife feel about

your shoving off on these patrols?

The way the wives of all the men

in the services feel.

- Did she know what she was getting into?

- Not when she met me.

She was a blind date.

Not quite the same as the date

we've got ahead.

It was dark. I couldn't see

what she looked like.

- You find out what she looked like?

- Yes.

You see, we have two kids by now.

I meant that night, sir.

No.

But I found you didn't need to know

what a girl looked like to like her.

I liked her voice, the things she said,

the way she laughed.

Still do.

I like the way she is with our kids.

I like everything about her.

- What made you pick the Navy, Raymond?

- Well, I was born and raised in Tokyo.

Tokyo, Japan?

- You speak Japanese?

- Yes, he does.

- We expect to make good use of it soon.

- Let's hear some.

I'm sorry, captain.

I thought there was a Jap

loose onboard ship.

It was Mr. Raymond.

There was a democratic movement in Japan after the last war. What happened?

- The leaders were assassinated.

- What of the people?

They have no voice now.

Starvation is the big stick.

That's right, sir.

A big wage is \$ 7 a week.

They have no unions,

no free press, nothing.

- They do what they're told.

- Most believe what they're told.

Like that hero

who knifed your torpedoman.

- They've been sold a swindle and accept it.

- How can they support such big families?

They don't. Daughters of the poor are often sold to factories or worse...

...when they're about 12.

Females are useful there only to work or to have children.

The Japs don't understand the love we have for our women.

They don't even have a word for it.

Picking up something directly aft, captain.

Bearing, 180.

- All stop. Up scope.

- All answering stopped, sir.

Sounds like a cruiser limping in, destroyers escorting.

She's a heavy cruiser, deep in the water, coming home sick, destroyers for nurses.

- Down scope.

- Dead duck, captain?

Live duck. No torpedoes.

This is our ticket to the feeding grounds.

- Range on cruiser, soundman.

- 4200 yards, sir.

Should be tugs coming to help her.

Surge ahead, entrance to Tokyo Bay.

Aye, aye, sir.

Picking up several ships, sir, confused sound. Maybe three, maybe four.

Good.

- Ten degrees dive on bow planes.
 - Ten degrees on bow planes.
 - All ahead one-third.
 - The Japs don't know it...
- ...but they've sent us an invitation.
- All answering ahead one-third, sir.

Blow negative.

- Close negative flood.
- Negative flood closed.
- Zero bubble.
- Zero bubble.

That cruiser's probably picking up
a plane escort overhead.

- You figure we're right here, huh?
- And the minefields will start in there.

They're a cinch to have a sounding device
to detect uninvited guests like us.

Small ships passing over, sir.

And making so much noise
their destroyers can't hear us.

"Live duck," he says.

Did you guys hear the skipper say
that we're not firing any torpedoes?

He said our mission was Tokyo Bay. Okay,
we're here. What are we doing, sightseeing?

What's the matter, Tommy?

Scared with all the company over us?

I'm not scared, yet.

Tugboats have contacted
cruiser and destroyers.

- A description of what we ain't sinking!
- Shut up.
- It's a free country!
- Not where we're sitting, it ain't.

Right in the Nips' birdbath.

Attention, all hands.

We're going to take a chance following
this cruiser through the minefields.

From now on, normal talking is okay,
but be careful of striking metal on metal.

You all know sound travels
far and clear underwater...

... especially when it's being sucked in by

Jap listening devices above us or onshore.
It's essential that we get
as near to Tokyo as possible.
In addition to mines,
there's certainly a submarine net ahead...
... just waiting for screwballs like us.
The cruiser will be passing any minute.
They'll lower the gate to let her through.
I'm banking on the tugs and cruiser to keep
our motor sound from being picked up.
Stand by. Keep on your toes. Soundman?
Cruiser's starting to pass overhead.
- All ahead two-thirds, steady as you go.
- All ahead two-thirds, steady as you go.
- How's their speed?
- Slowed a few rpms, captain.
Good. That helps us.
Bearing zero.
Bring her up to 55 feet, keel depth.
Anything I can do, sir?
You can join us in holding our breath.
We're trying this on for size.
- Can we hug the cruiser any closer?
- We're just about kissing her now, sir.
If we kiss her bottom,
we get an ashcan right down our neck.
Bearing zero.
Picking up gate vessels off both beams.
We're approaching their submarine net,
Mr. Raymond.
Men, you may all join me
in a silent prayer.
They may not lower the net enough.
We got to take a chance.
Plane up to 45 feet, keel depth.
Attention, all hands.
That bottom you're feeling
is well inside Tokyo Bay.
We'll spend the rest of our first day here
as guests of the Imperial Japanese Navy.
Say, Tommy,
are you sure you feel all right?
Don't think I'd get sick
in the bottom of Tokyo Bay?

It'll be dark upstairs soon.
We'll surface to charge batteries.
I can ask the exec
to let you have some air on the bridge.
No, thanks.
I'm all right, honest.
Aye, aye, sir.
Hey, Wolf, captain wants you
in his stateroom right away.
Now what have I done?
Skipper probably wants information
on Japanese dames.
Yes, sir?
Wolf, how would you like
a little shore leave?
- When, sir?
- Tonight.
- Tonight?
- Sit down.
- Sit down.
- Yes, sir.
Wolf, you've been with me
on five patrols.
I've watched you under fire.
You don't scare easy.
I'm gonna ask you to do something. You
can turn it down. It won't go any further.
- Well, just give me the orders, captain.
- This isn't an order.
If you go, you go voluntarily.
You might not come back.
It has to do with why we haven't betrayed
our position by sinking ships.
Yes, sir?
We're putting three men ashore
to obtain vital data.
- That's why we're here.
- I'll go, captain.
Good. Come with me, Wolf.
- Hi, Sparks.
- Hi, Wolf.
- Here's your other volunteer.
- Glad to have you with me.
- Thank you, sir.

- Forget the "sir" stuff. There won't be time.

Well, let's get down to facts.

Under the command of Admiral Halsey,
our aircraft carriers...

...the Hornet and the Enterprise left
the United States two weeks after we did.

They've followed our course.

At the present time,
they're approaching this position.

The purpose of this combined operation
is the first bombing of Japan.

Sit down.

Lieutenant Raymond
will tell you your mission.

The bombing planes must have information
necessary to a successful operation.

The weather, shore installations...

...barrage balloon positions and the number
and location of Japanese ships in the bay.

We'll get that information to them
by radio.

After you men are ashore, the Copperfin
will proceed as near as possible to Tokyo.

We'll obtain data
that our fliers need on that city.

- That information will be transferred to you.

- Pardon me, sir...

...but how will we know our way around?

- I was raised in Japan.

We've chosen a spot
that I know very well.

- Isn't the coastline one city after another?

- No.

Actually, it's very similar
to that of California.

The spot we've picked is a lonely one.

This special clothing
has been provided for you.

- Anything wrong, sir?

- Oh, no.

We always dim the lights
45 minutes before we surface.

It allows our eyes to get accustomed
to the darkness.

If you should run into any geisha girls
on any porches just out of any bathtubs...
...don't pick any roses.
Shore party to the conning tower.
- Good luck, Wolf.
- Don't forget that bottle of sake.
Give the emperor a boot for me, will you?
See that Nita doesn't get lonesome
while I'm gone.
Be good.
- So long, guys.
- So long, Wolf.
- Ready to go, sir.
- Stand by in the conning tower, Wolf.
- Aye, aye, sir.
- Send us a postcard, kid.
- Happy landings, fella.
- Lot of luck, pal.
Don't take any wooden yen.
- Say, Wolf, how come they picked you?
- I don't know.
Strong arms, strong back, weak mind.
- Pass the word, battle stations.
- Battle stations.
Battle stations.
Stand by to surface.
- Soundman, make another check.
- All clear, sir.
Blow negative.
- Put a bubble in safety.
- Bubble in safety.
All ahead one-third.
Plane up to periscope depth.
Once you're in the boat, we'll submerge
and proceed north to Tokyo...
...to get the necessary information.
If all goes well, we'll return
to this position tomorrow night...
...and surface at 0130.
One of you will come out to meet us in the
boat to get the Tokyo and Yokohama data.
We'll submerge again and await completion
of your shortwave to the Hornet.
- Is that clear?

- Yes, sir.

At 0330, we'll surface again.

If you've completed your transmission
and are ready to return to the ship...

...what letter will you flash?

- C if it's clear.

- And if a Jap patrol is onshore?

- J.

Right. Then you return to cover
until the next night.

We won't respond to your signal,
but we'll be here...

...every night at the same time
until your mission is completed.

Any questions?

Vent safety. All stop.

Make another sweep, soundman.

- All clear, sir.

- Up scope.

Boat detail, stand by.

Down scope.

Surface.

Douse the lights.

Douse that hatch light.

Crack the hatch.

All clear aft.

All clear port.

All clear starboard.

Boat detail, on deck.

Load the gear. Step lively.

Get your eyes accustomed to the night.

You might get a medal

if you keep your skins whole.

- We'll work along those lines, sir.

- Sir, I'll work on keeping my skin whole.

- Good luck, Raymond.

- Thank you, sir.

- Good luck, Wolf. Good luck, Sparks.

- Thank you, sir.

Wish I were going with them.

Are you kidding? I need you onboard.

I might break a leg.

Stand by to dive.

Figured out how close we can get

to Tokyo, Andy?
Course is charted, captain.
Let's pull the cork.
Get loaded.
Head up the trail to the top.
You know, we're kind of like the pilgrims
on Plymouth Rock.
Sixty-two-point-zero.
Fifty-nine-point-five.
Eighty-eight.
You picking up anything, Sparks?
Tokyo Rose, giving out with that
nightly guff to the U.S.A. Listen to this.
- never been defeated in a war.
The sooner you Americans realize
that Japan is invincible, the better.
So perfect is the iron ring of defense
the great leaders have built...
... that no American ship dares approach
within 500 miles of her sacred shores.
The submarine menace has been removed.
The American Navy is afraid
to tell its people of tremendous losses...
... suffered at the hands
of the Japanese fleet. The American...
If you don't need me for a while,
I'll thumb a ride to Tokyo...
...and silence that dame, but good!
Two flattops
building on the ship's ways.
One heavy cruiser in dock,
three outside.
Barrage balloons over large steel plant.
Oil storage tanks on rise to the south.
Here comes a tin can. Down scope.
Take her down to 100.
Coming this way. Close now.
Let's hope they're not listening
in their own harbor.
Passing over now.
Steady on course 173.
- How's for lunch?
- Can use.
Then the captain blew up the power station,

and that silenced the shore batteries.
And then we pumped a dozen fish
into the balance of the convoy...
...and then we beat it.
I guess that was the biggest kick
of the year, eh, captain?
Well, it was a kick, all right.
But I think the biggest kick I got last year
happened on dry land. Oklahoma City.
I took my little boy to the barbershop
to get his first haircut with me.
I put him up on that little board
they use for children.
I told the barber
to give him a Navy haircut.
I just sat down and watched.
My boy asked if he'd cut it so it
would drop down in front of his eyes.
He'd like to see it fall.
All the men waiting their turns
were grinning at me.
Well, my boy just sat up there,
not saying anything, just looking at me...
...very proud.
Just looking at me with his eyes warm.
It was my turn next.
My little fellow asked the barber, could
he sit on my lap while I got my haircut?
Well, the barber knew the boy and I
don't see very much of each other...
...and he said, "Sure."
So Michael climbed up on my lap.
Oh, I guess it really wasn't much...
...but after a while
he put his head back on my shoulder...
...and looked at all the men
waiting their turns and said:
"This is my daddy."
Just something in the way he said it.
But that was my biggest kick
of last year.
Captain, there's a lad forward,
Tommy Adams, with a high fever, sir, 103.
- Well, what's the matter, son?

- I got a fire in my stomach, sir.
- I'll be all right.
- You don't look too good.
- You sure picked a fine time to get sick.
- I'm sorry, sir.

Take him to my quarters.

What have you done for him?

When a guy gets a bellyache,

I usually give him a pill, but this is different.

With that temperature,

this is more than a bellyache.

That's why I came to you, sir.

What do you think?

If it's what I think it is,

I'm afraid to find out.

Go ahead.

Easy does it. Easy.

What's the matter with me, Pills?

Just relax, kid. You'll be all right.

- Well?

- Listen, captain, I'm not a doctor.

All I know is first aid and handing out pills.

I'm not a doctor.

- All right, you're not a doctor.

- I can't be sure.

I mean, I am sure,

and I don't know what to do about it.

- It's appendicitis, isn't it?

- Yes.

- He's gotta have an operation right away.

- Can you do it?

- Do what?

- Operate on him.

- I don't know, sir. I never tried.

- I can't help it. Do you know how?

- I've seen a few.

- Remember what you saw?

- Not enough.

- Got a book?

- The Hospital Corps handbook.

- And a book on anatomy?

I can't guarantee anything.

What if I killed him?

What are his chances

if you don't operate?

He hasn't a prayer. He'll die.

Okay, then we operate.

- How do you feel, son?

- Kind of sick.

- I'm sorry, sir, I...

- Don't be.

You know what you've got?

Acute appendicitis.

- Don't worry about me, sir.

- Pills, give it to him straight.

Listen, kid.

I'm just a pharmacist's mate.

I'm all right on vitamins, sun lamps
and pills, but operations are out of my line.

You need an operation, bad.

You'll be dead in a couple of days
if you don't have it right away.

I trust you, Pills.

You know what you're saying?

I can't promise you anything.

Sure, I know.

- When do we get underway?

- You got plenty of what it takes, kid.

You rest easy.

I appreciate all you're doing, sir.

I guess you've got plenty worries
of your own.

We'll do the best we can for you, son.

So I need muscle retractors, scalpels
and clamps.

- Let's see those pictures.

- I can rig a landing light for you.

- That's good.

- These knives are made of the finest steel.

If we could just get someone
to grind them down into scalpels.

I'll grind them. Don't worry, Pills.

I can make these things.

Let me take your book with me.

Where do you think you'll do it, Pills?

Why, I guess one of these mess tables
is best.

- All squared away?

- I think so, sir.
You may have to take the angle
off the table.
Yes, sir.
Destroyer passing aft
from port to starboard.
When she's gone, take her to the bottom.
We're going to operate on one of the men.
Aye, aye, sir.
I came as near the pictures as I could.
Didn't waste time
except on the working ends.
Thanks, chief.
Give them to Cookie to boil.
Okay, doc.
- Did you find the ether?
- Yes, sir.
Good. I think I can administer it.
We'd better grease his face
against ether burns.
- Where's the stuff? I'll get it.
- In my kit. The white Vaseline.
Cookie's been working
on the ether cone, sir.
Well, here it is. It's only a tea strainer,
but I hope it'll do the work.
It should.
Tommy, when you come out of this,
you order anything you like.
Start cooking
a pumpkin pie now, Cookie.
Pumpkin pie it is, with spanked cream.
There wasn't a bug I didn't kill.
It's all sterilized, just like a hospital.
Thanks, Cookie.
Go back to your quarters.
I'll keep you informed.
Yes, sir. We'll see you, Tommy.
Course is charted, Pills.
Sounds like dead reckoning, sir.
Can somebody read
if I wanna know something fast?
I'll do it, Pills.
I won't read anything wrong, Tommy.

Don't worry.
Your back's against the wall...
...but you'll come through all right.
You got friends pulling for you.
Thanks, Tin Can.
- Ready for sea, Pills?
- Ready for sea, kid.
I want you to know
that whatever happens, it's okay.
I know you'll do your best.
Thanks, kid.
Everything secure?
Everything secure, sir.
I always say my prayers, sir.
So do I, son.
- Go ahead.
- God bless Mom and Dad.
Our Father, who art in heaven,
hallowed be thy name.
- Breathe deeply, son.
- Thy kingdom come...
How long has it been?
An hour.
Smell that ether?
The pressure in the boat
makes it affect everybody.
Sponge, please.
"After applying the three clamps
to the appendiceal base...
...and before the appendix is divided, the
area is walled off with moist gauze packs...
...to avoid any possible contamination
or injury to the surrounding structures."
- How long has it been?
- Hour and a half.
"Traction is then made
on the fixed end...
...of the pursestring suture
by pulling it upward."
More sulfa?
He can't pull through.
I'm taking too long.
I did my best, but he can't.
Finish your job. The ether's gone.

Finished.

And lead us not into temptation...

...but deliver us from evil...

...for thine is the kingdom...

...and the power and the glory forever.

Amen.

All right, Wolf, let's get going.

Two carriers.

Four heavy cruisers.

Seven destroyers in the bay.

Over the city.

Barrage balloons

over the Mitsubishi factory.

That's where the Zeros come from.

Over the Nagoya plant...

...there're about 20.

- Nice dogs.

- So well-trained.

- Ready and waiting, sir.

- Enjoy your shore leave?

- Yes, sir.

- Everything okay?

- Yes, sir.

- Here's the Tokyo-Yokohama dope.

We'll surface again at 0330.

Good luck.

Ready to broadcast.

- Give me the time, Sparks.

- Five seconds to go.

Four.

Three.

Two.

Get it, Hornet. Get it sweet and clear.

Three.

Four.

Message from the Copperfin

coming in, sir.

One.

Two.

Three.

Four.

Five.

- Start recording.

- One.

Two.

Three.

I'll report to the admiral.

- Copperfin contacted, sir. Report coming in.

- Good.

As soon as the message is complete,
rush the records to decoding.

If the Japs pick it up,
they'll think it's one of their own guys.

Stand by the antenna.

I picked up a motor sound, lieutenant.

Hold the boat. Stand by to shove off.

Stand by to pick up shore party.

They're shoving off.

Picking up something

on the promontory, Andy. Check it.

Jap patrol. Lookouts below.

Stand by to dive.

Duck!

Get going. Hurry. Hurry.

Come on. Come on.

Give that gear the deep six.

- Down the hatch, on the double.

- Come on, chief.

Pull the cork!

All ahead full. Level off at 100 feet.

Home sweet home.

Copperfin, sweetheart, I love you.

You won't run into

much interference here.

Those making the Tokyo run will have to do
some plain and fancy hedgehopping.

The weather reports from the Copperfin
are in the hands of the navigators.

The Navy has done a great job
of coordination. The rest is up to us.

Any questions?

One last reminder, fellows.

Double-check your pockets.

Make sure you have nothing on you
that would give information to the enemy.

No man taking off is to have any means
of identification whatsoever.

Who you are, where you're from

or where you're going.
When you get to China, don't get
chop suey. That's an American dish.
Good luck, happy landings,
and God bless you.
Pilots, man your planes!
I'll see you get them back
personally, fellas.
Hey, boy! Go get them, Butch!
So sorry, please.
Attention, officers and men
of the attack force.
Every man on this ship and every man
in the Navy wishes you the best of luck.
Stand by to start engines.
Start engines.
Here come our boys.
I hear Japs are happy to die
for their emperor.
A lot of them are going to be made
very happy.
Take a look at the results
of your broadcast, Ray.
They're dropping eggs all over the place,
men, smack on the target.
Terrific! How do you like that?
Take a look, Andy.
Small ships, bearing 225.
Minesweepers, running interference
for the big babies.
Our planes are chasing
the rats out of their nests.
- Down scope!
- All ahead full.
All ahead full, sir.
They'll lower the gate to let
the capital ships out in a hurry. And us.
We'll take it through the gate
wide-open.
Christoforo Columbo! Here comes a flattop
with a destroyer screen.
Their planes are taking off to tackle ours.
Stand by for a setup.
Mark, bearing 290.

Angle on the bow, 20 degrees starboard.

Range, 6000.

Estimated speed, 20 knots. Down scope.

Steady on course 085.

All ahead full.

- Make all tubes ready for firing.

- Make all tubes ready for firing.

Torpedo setting, 12 feet, high speed.

Firing order, one, three, four, two.

Firing bearing 338.

Fire one.

- Give me a time check.

- Four seconds.

- Five seconds.

- Fire three.

Fire four.

Fire two.

Down scope.

Twenty-one seconds, 22 seconds,

23 seconds.

Missed him with number one.

- That was mine!

- It was mine, jerk!

Number one!

Take her under the carrier. We'll finish
the job with the sting from our tail.

Stand by stern tubes.

Fire five.

Fire six.

Fire eight.

Fire seven.

Take her down. Rig for depth charge.

Take the angle off the boat.

Zero dive bubbles.

Level off at 150 feet.

Hang on, it's gonna get rougher.

- All rigged for depth charges, kid?

- Yes, sir.

When you hear the metallic
click-click, hang on.

- See what I mean?

- Sure giving them a licking, aren't we, sir?

Yeah.

You'll pay off for this too,

you dirty snipes.

Nita, I think they found out
where we are.

Switch to emergency lighting.

I bet \$5 the next one...

...drops on the starboard side.

- I'll take it.

Hey, fellas, the next war,
I'm going to the Ozarks and hide.

Oh, Duke.

- I'm sorry.

- Skip it, Cookie.

I'd rather get wet that way than
have Jap seawater on me.

All stop. We'll try
and coast out from under them.

- Congratulations, Wolf.

- On what?

It's an hour since you were
reminded of a dame.

Sorry, honey.

The exec told me to rope you in.

What makes the clicks
before the depth charges?

Well, we figure it's the detonator
going off before the main charge.

Here's a pencil. Skipper won't mind
if you keep score on his bulkhead.

- All ahead full.

- Shoot me a toolbox!

All secured, sir.

Hello, Ray. Want something to lean on?

There's plenty more coming.

Well, anyway, Tokyo got its face lifted.

And we got ourselves a flattop.

Captain.

- I'm no good.

- Why not?

- I'm scared stiff.

- How do you think the rest of us feel?

You're not scared.

- I've looked at your faces.

- I looked at yours too.

- It's the same as the others.

- You're scared?
I'll say I am.
So is everyone else.
What's the matter? You scared?
No. I was just checking
my grocery stores.
Would any of you fellas be interested
in a 1938 motor scooter?
It's no good, chief.
We're taking a lot of water, sir.
We get one leak wedged,
and another one starts.
- Captain to the phone.
- Phone, captain.
- Yeah?
- Bad leaks in the after-room, skipper.
- Haven't been able to stop them.
- Well, maybe we've lost the Nips.
I'll take a chance on the pumps.
Start drain pumps
on the after-bilges and stand by.
Salt tablets to make up
for what you sweated out.
Thanks.
Do you guys want cotton
for your ears?
If it gets that close,
you won't need cotton.
Pills, do you think prayers do any good?
Yes, they do.
I know they do.
Secure the pump!
Give me another wedge!
Captain on the phone, sir.
You'll have to plug the leaks
as best you can, Andy.
- Those Japs are too smart for us.
- We'll do our best.
Back home, we'd call this fun.
If they don't stop those leaks aft,
we'll be headed for the bottom, stern first.
That's a pretty pattern, that one.
I wonder how the invasion
of Europe is getting along.

Water getting higher
in the after-room, sir.
Come on! Fill them up!
Those are not finger bowls!
We can't take any more
of this. We're finished!
Shut up, Dakota. Don't yell.
Skipper's got to get us out of this.
I've got to see the skipper!
Let go!
I'm sorry I had to sock you.
It was either your chin or the boat.
There's nothing else we could do.
We gotta take it.
We can't win if we can't take it.
Don't you know that?
This ship's taken more
than she should have to.
Anybody hurt back there?
Several.
Pills is fixing them up.
The batteries are low.
If we don't surface soon...
Well, I think we're all tired
of getting pushed around.
How many destroyers
do you count, soundman?
Only one for the moment, sir.
Let's take a crack at that Jap.
All ahead full.
- Ready on the bow tubes.
- Ready on the bow tubes.
- Bring her up smartly.
- Switch to power operation.
Full rise on the bow planes.
Close vents.
- Destroyer bearing.
- Zero-one-five.
Vents closed, sir.
- Stand by the bow tubes.
- Standing by forward, sir.
He's spotted us. Here he comes.
We'll only get one chance at him.
Make it good.

Stand by to fire.
Stand by.
Stand by.
Stand by.
Fire one!
Fire two!
We got him!
- We got him!
- Sweetheart, I love you!
- Yeah, we got him!
- Oh, brother.
There he goes...
...down for the deep six.
Let's get out of here.
Look, chief.
I wonder if they're going
where we've been.
Could be.
Hey, Eddie, do you think that sub
down there saw any action?
No, probably just out
for a couple of practice dives.
I'm hopping the first train
back to the farm...
...and I'm busting open
a big barrel of cider just for me.
I'm going to a platter shop, and I'm gonna
get drunk on Dinah Shore records.
Every night for weeks,
I've been dreaming of green vegetables.
Four heads of lettuce, all in a row.
Boy, I'm dreaming of something else.
Well, there'll be somebody hanging
over a hot stove for me for a change.
Me, I'm gonna take my girl out
in a canoe and propose.
Gonna get married and have seven kids.
You wait till I'm a doctor,
I'll deliver them for free.
That reminds me, I want
a picture of that scar...
...to put on the wall of my office
when the war's over.
It's like Mike said. When you're here,

you wish you were back out there.
Won't be such a long time
between beers now, captain.
For a moment, I thought I saw
my wife and kids on that dock.
I couldn't be that lucky.
Maybe wives have a way of knowing
when their men are coming home.
Take another look.
You're right.
I couldn't be that lucky.
But I am.
To the United States Navy,
our thanks for making this picture possible.
To the gallant officers and men
of the silent service...
... to our submarines,
now on war patrol in hostile waters...
... good luck and good hunting.