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Gray Lady Down

By James Whittaker

- Right 10 degrees rudder.
Steady two seven zero.

- Right 10 degrees rudder.
Steady two seven zero.
Aye, sir.

- All ahead two thirds.
Make turns for eight knots.

- All ahead two thirds.
Make turns for eight knots.
Aye, sir.

- Sonar Con, make a sweep around.
Report all contacts.

- Make sweep around.
Report all contacts.
Sonar on.

- Rudder is right 10 degrees.
Answering all ahead two thirds, sir.

- Very well, Mr. Skinner,
bring her up to one five zero feet.

- One five zero feet.
Aye, sir.
Make your depth one five zero feet.
10 degree up bubble.

- One five zero feet.
Aye, sir, 10 degree up bubble.
Aye, sir.

- Sonar con on.
No contact, sir.

- Very well, better make
sure radar's ready to go.

- Aye, Captain.

- Hope we get a nice day
up there, Captain.

- Why not?
Well, XO, after 11 days,
nine hours and eight minutes,
I pronounce this lady 100% checked out.
You're getting a good boat, Dave.

- I'll drink to that.

- Steady on course 2-7-0, sir.

- Very well.
Diving officer, prepare to surface.

- Aye, sir.
Prepare to surface.

- Rig for red.
- Prepare to surface.
Prepare to surface.
- Hey, who's gonna bring
the captain a cup of coffee?
- I'll drink to that too.
- Boy, that fresh air smells good, sir.
- Funny feeling, taking
her home for the last time.
- We're sure gonna miss you, sir.
- Thanks.
Too bad they can't overhaul me too.
Chug along up here at 12 knots.
Get into New London for lunch.
Lieutenant, you have the con.
- Yes, sir.
Lieutenant Murphy here.
I have the con.
Captain leaving the bridge.
- Bridge, Radar.
I have contact bearing three one five,
6,000 yards and closing on
course one eight zero, 12 knots.
- Radar, Bridge.
Can't see a thing.
Dense fog at that bearing.
Notify me at 3,000 yards.
Captain.
- Come in.
- Party's ready to go, sir.
- Oh!
What about the guest of honor?
- Oh, Caruso went to tell him
there's a fight in the galley.
- That ought to bring him down.
- Okay, Mac, he's coming.
Come on!
- I said, vanilla!
- I said, pistachio!
- I said, vanilla!
- Pistachio!
- Knock it off!
Hey!
What the hell do you men think...

Oh, for Christ's sakes.

I'll have your ass for this, Caruso.

- I was only obeying orders, sir.

- That's right, Dave.

We just wanted you to know
how we feel about you.

I gotta say, giving you this boat
for your first command's
one of the few smart things
that computer ever did.

You've been a good exec.

You'll make a hell of a skipper.

- Hey, hey, let's hear it!

Let's hear it!

- This is, uh, it's from all of us.

- Nothing's gonna jump at me, is there?

Aw.

- Yeah!

- All right!

- I, uh...

Well, for a fella who's never
been at a loss for words,
I'd just like to say that
I'm at a loss for words.
I know just how to break this in though.
Monday, I'll go pipe the
new squadron commander
into his swivel chair.

- Ah, yes.

- All right.

- Yes, hey, hey, hey!

- Congratulations, Captain.

- Bridge, Radar.

I have Contact Alpha holding
on bearing three one five,
range, 3,000 yards and closing.

- Bridge, aye.

Helm, Bridge.

Come right to course three one five.

Captain to the bridge.

- Well, just as a way of sort
of wrapping this all up, men,

I just wanna say to--

- Captain to the bridge.

- Gangway, Roberts.
Let's go ahead and get a fix, Larson.
- Aye, sir.
- Soundings, please?
- Soundings, aye, sir.
- Put the low
pressure blower on all
the main ballast tanks for 10 minutes.
- Thanks, fellas.
- What's up?
- Captain, we got a contact
at three one five degrees,
3,000 yards on course two seven zero.
That's a collision course with us.
I've come around to three one five.
- That ought to take
us well astern of him.
Range?
- Radar, Bridge.
Range to Contact Alpha.
- Kind of ship
out there doesn't know
the rules of the road?
- Bridge, Radar.
Range, 1,000 yards and closing.
Contact Alpha has turned to
new heading one three five.
- Captain, he's--
- I know.
Helm, Bridge.
Right full rudder, all ahead full.
Sound the danger signal.
- Aye, Captain.
- Captain!
- Jesus Christ, he's on top of us!
- All ahead flank!
- Captain!
- Hit the collision alarm!
Collision imminent!
Collision imminent!
Oh, Jesus!
- All stations, this is Neptune!
Neptune!
- Secure that door!

- There are men back there!
- Secure it!
- Get out of there!
Get out!
- All stations, this is Neptune,
Neptune! We're hit!
- 40 degree up bubble, sir.
- Depth, one zero zero.
- I need propulsion!
- We have none, sir.
- Engine Room, Con.
- Depth, one one zero.
- Main Control, Con.
- One two zero.
And one three zero feet.
- Engine Room, Con.
- Depth, one four zero.
- Can you hear me?
And one five zero.
- Main Control, Con.
Can you hear me?
- One six zero feet.
And one seven zero.
- Engine Room, Con.
- Depth, one eight zero.
One nine zero.
Engine Room, Con.
- Two zero--
- Engine Room, Con.
Can you hear me?
Engine Room, Con.
Can you hear me?
Engine Room, Con.
Main Engine Room, Con.
Main Engine Room, Con.
- Please get me a damage
report from the engine room!
- Trying, sir, no answer.
Main Engine Room, Con.
Can you hear me?
Main Engine Room, acknowledge.
- Two seven zero feet.
- Blow main ballast tanks.
Blow safeties.

Blow auxiliaries.

- Blowing all ballast tanks.

- Full dive on bow planes.

Try to get her leveled off.

- Full dive on bow planes.

Aye, sir.

- We're slipping back, sir.

- 50 degree up bubble.

Can't control our depth, sir.

- Secure blowing, and kill that horn.

- Blowing secured.

- What's the depth under us?

- 2,000 feet, with drop-offs down to--

- Jesus, Jesus, Jesus!

- Harris!

- We crush at 1,200 goddamn feet.

- Stow that crap, sailor, now!

- Depth, eight zero zero.

- Did we get off a radio signal?

- We tried to, sir, but we

may have been too far under.

- Fathometer's reading

a ledge or something.

- How deep?

- I can't tell, sir.

We're sinking too fast.

- 1,300 feet!

- We're going to hit it.

- We're gonna bottom out.

Grab something and hold on.

- She's holding.

She's holding!

- Are we gonna crush, sir?

- I guess not.

1,450 feet.

They really built this baby.

- Thank God.

- God and General Dynamics.

High pressure air system holding?

- Air holding, sir.

- Have Engineering check it,
and put a watch on it.

- Yes, sir.

- I gotta find out

how bad we're hurt.

- Sir!

- Get him up forward.

Visual check on that, Chief.

- Aye, aye, sir.

- Get Doc in here.

- He was aft, sir, along
with Kelly, Frazier--

- All right.

Get Page then. Anybody.

We got people hurt in here.

- Aye, aye, sir.

- This is the captain.

We're bottomed out on a
shelf here at 1,450 feet.

Looks like we're hurt pretty
bad, but our hull is holding.

The reactor's shut down.

Our engine spaces may be flooded,
but we have battery power for
most systems, including air.

Whoever hit us must have radioed,
so by this time, Norfolk
has to know what's happened.

Help's probably already on the way.

So, what we do is sit tight
till they get that rescue
vehicle down on us,
then we all take an elevator ride.

That's all for now.

Dave, I thought--

- Congratulations, skipper.

- Identify her, Jim?

- Looks like the Neptune.

She was the only sub in that area.

- What's the closest
thing you've got to her?

- An LST, Nassau.

She's about 50 miles east
of the collision point.

- Well, move her in there.

- Aye, aye, sir.

- Hello?

What?

Oh, just a minute.

Michael!

- Barnes.

- Sir, this is CINCLAN fleet duty officer.

At 05:

a sub 60 miles east of New London.

Sub which sank following

collision, believed to be Neptune.

- Yeah, Bennett.

- I need you on the double.

Gray lady down.

One of yours.

- 10 minutes.

- List of the missing, sir.

- Good God.

- 52.

It's more than--

- I can read.

- Sorry, sir.

- Easy, easy.

Easy, hey, you're bleeding.

- Captain, report on the damage.

- All right, Chief.

Let's just see what we

got up forward first.

- I've put Page in charge, sir.

- Fine.

- He's the closest we've got to a medic.

- Oh, we're lucky to have him.

- Thank you, sir.

- Phil, how are you feeling?

- Pretty good, sir.

- Yeah, that's

a professional job.

- Nothing to that.

- Do you have any idea

who hit us, Captain?

- No, not a clue.

- I'd sure like to break his ass.

- I'll hold your coat.

Let's have a look at your patients.

- Up this way.

- Collins.

- I've got most of the serious injuries up here.

- Well, you think you can handle it all right?

- Well, sir, I can handle the stitching, and I can handle the broken bones. But we got three head wounds up here, and Richards is no good at all. That ice pack's about all I can do for him.

- How bad is he?

- Can't tell without X-rays. These men need to get to a hospital, but fast.

- Do the best you can. We really need you.

- Yes, sir. Captain? Some of the men have asked for tranquilizers.

- Just don't get my crew stoned on me, huh? Yes, sir.

- Oh, Chief, let's have it, huh?

- Here, sir. We took it real hard in the stern, sir. Split right through, I guess. All compartments were flooded. But the bulkheads are holding this far down. Don't ask me how. And most of our air system is still intact too.

- Most of it?

- One of our purifiers is out, sir.

- 41 men exhale a lot of carbon dioxide.

- Well, we'll be okay for maybe a day and a half.

- Oh, we won't be down here that long. Where's the storekeeper?

- Hanson?

- Here, sir.

- How are we fixed for food?

- We got plenty of food, sir. We got a hundred chicken

fricassees, 300 lime Jell-O--

- Yeah, I didn't ask for a menu.

- No, sir.

- Just give the men whatever they want whenever they want it, huh?

- Yes, sir.

- Okay, fellas, coming through.

- We have to assume they're somewhere in the area of that channel.

- Right, sir.

Or, if they've landed in the canyon, it's all over.

But if they've landed in the neck of it--

- Can we get them out?

- Maybe, sir.

- What do you mean, Ben?

- Have a look at this.

It so happens I'm fairly familiar with the area.

We've done sonar testing here.

Sinking old cars and tracking them all the way to the bottom.

Thank you.

Ah.

Here's the neck of the canyon.

As you see, it's shaped like a trench.

Hopefully, Neptune is located somewhere in this area.

But, Admiral, notice the slope of that trench.

- It's nearly vertical.

- Which causes gravity slides.

They're frequent, and they're very severe.

Even if she has bottomed out in this area, one large slide, and it's a two-mile ride to the bottom.

- When will Nassau arrive there?

- Not for a couple of hours, Admiral.

- I want you the honor to take charge of search and rescue, Ben.

We've got an aircraft waiting for you.

A DSRV will be flown to New London.

Should meet you about mid-afternoon.

Hopefully by then, you
will have established
some kind of contact.

Good luck.

- Thank you, sir.

- Your car

is at the entrance, sir.

- I'll be right there.

- Yes, sir.

- Hello.

- Liz, it's Neptune.

- Is Paul all right?

- I don't know, I'm on
my way there now myself.

Listen, do me a favor, will you?

Tell Vickie Blanchard yourself
before they officially--

- Of course.

- And, Liz, tell her,

whatever it takes,

we'll get him out of there.

- Now hear this.

Now hear this.

This is an emergency.

All Deep Submergence
Rescue Vehicle personnel,
prepare DSRV number one
for immediate departure.

A nuclear submarine is
down in the Atlantic.

All DSRV number one
personnel report at once
and prepare for immediate departure.

This is an emergency.

This is an emergency.

- Any station, any
station, this is Neptune.

Over.

- It's getting
a little thick in here.

How are you coming with that purifier?

- Forget it!

- Caruso.

- Sir, number two air

purifier non-fixable, sir!

- Get lost, Caruso.

- I'll fix it in one shot, I told him.

- Any station, this is Neptune.

Neptune.

Over.

- Captain, Page needs to see you, sir.

- Yeah. Right.

Keep calling, Harris.

- Any station, any

station, this is Neptune.

- Sir?

- Over.

- Recheck the hatches, Chief.

- Aye, aye, sir.

- Where's Page?

- Up there, sir.

- What's up, Page?

- It's Richards, sir.

I think he might go, sir.

You want me to move him?

Away from the others, I mean?

- No.

- What do you want me to do if he goes?

- Cover him up.

- Fowler's covering the control room, sir.

- Yeah, I know that.

Where'd you learn to

play the flute like that?

- Home, sir.

Not easy to find a flute

teacher in Nashville.

- They're pretty big on guitars

down there, I guess.

- Yeah.

Do you think we'll ever

get home again, sir?

- Hell, yes.

- My folks, I'm like

their fair-haired wonder.

Annapolis and all.

They're plain people.

They're just very proud of me, sir.

- Well, they're not gonna lose you, Danny.

Anything yet, Harris?

- Nothing yet, sir.

- Keep trying.

Come.

- We're still tight, sir.

Found this, sir.

- Give me about five minutes,
then ask him to come in here, will you?

- Yes, sir.

- Hey!

He's down, isn't he?

- Any station, any
station, this is Neptune.

Over.

- Oh, Dave.

- It goes with a ship and a crew.

- Yeah, so they tell me.

- All yours, skipper.

- Oh, wait a minute!

- We didn't have to surface.

- Dave--

- But you just wanted to ride
into port up there.

Everybody look.

Captain Friendly on the
bridge for the last time!

It's the last time, all right.

- Now, look.

You can either take a couple of aspirin
and quit the bullshit or
get yourself into sick bay.

I don't want any more--

Jesus Christ.

- Any station, any
station, this is Neptune.

Any station, any station, this is Neptune.

Over.

- What is it, Captain?

- Gravity slide.

Check for damage.

- Aye, sir.

- Any station, any station,
this is Neptune.

Over.

- Report all damage to the control room.

- Where's the chief?

- He's gone forward, sir.

I'll get him.

- Answer me, goddamn it!

Why aren't any of you here?

Why aren't they here?

They don't fool me, man!

I know they can hear me!

- Harris.

- Why don't they hear?

- Harris.

- Why don't they hear me?

- Get him forward into a bunk.

- Not fooling me.

- Come on, Harris.

Come on.

- They're not deaf.

They're not deaf!

- Take it easy.

- Oh, wait.

Oh, I'm sorry, sir.

I'm sorry.

- It's okay.

- Don't relieve me, sir.

Don't relieve me.

- It's okay.

- I can watch, I can stand my watch.

- Better put someone on this.

Right?

- Pena.

- Aye, sir.

Any station, any station, this is Neptune.

This is Neptune. Over.

Any station, any station, this is Neptune.

This is Neptune. Over.

Any station, this is Neptune.

Over.

- That's between us and the ocean.

Pressure on it must be unbelievable.

- 600 pounds per square inch.

About 4,000 tons.

- Built-in safety factor or not,
we're pushing our luck in here.

Look at that.

- It could give way anytime, sir.

- Shouldn't we evacuate
the control room, sir?

- Can't. We need it, Danny.

- Captain.

Station calling Neptune, say again.

You're very garbled and barely readable.

Over.

- What have you got?

- Contact with a surface ship, sir.

The signal is very garbled,
and I didn't get most of it,
but I did hear "Neptune."

- Stay on it.

- This is Neptune, this is Neptune.

Over.

Come in, anybody.

Is anybody up there?

Over.

- This is.

We re.

Mission.

Your.

Is.

You.

Over.

This is Nas.

- It's Nassau, it's gotta be Nassau.

- Nassau, Nassau, this is Neptune.

Do you copy? Over.

Nassau, Nassau, this is Neptune.

Do you copy? Over.

Nassau, Nassau, this is Neptune.

Do you copy? Over.

- Neptune, this is Nassau.

Over.

- Knock it off.

- Nassau, this is Neptune.

Are we ever glad to hear you.

- Hello, Tom!

- Good morning, Captain.

Welcome to Nassau.

- Thank you, sir!

- Captain, we have voice contact with Neptune.

- Very well!

- Lieutenant Phillips.

- Sir.

- Notify Admiral Barnes in Norfolk immediately. Find out the current status of the DSRV. And, Phillips, get me the latest weather picture, and then report to the operations center.

- Aye, sir.

- Captain Blanchard standing by, sir.

- Thank you.

Hello, Captain.

Hal Bennett here. Over.

- Glad to know it's you up there, Ben.

Over.

- What's your exact situation, Paul?

- All compartments aft of the control room appear to be flooded. The bulkhead's holding. The reactor's shut down. We're on battery power with 90% capacity. We have adequate air for 36 hours. 41 men accounted for. Several casualties, some critical.

Over.

- What is your exact angle and depth?

Over.

- We're at one four five zero feet, down nine degrees with the stern with a 10-degree starboard list.

Over.

- Roger.

Paul, we have an approximate fix on your location. A DSRV is en route.

14:

Over.

Yeah, I told you.

Didn't I tell you?

- Shut up.

Shut up!

- We'll be home for dinner!

- Shh!

- How's your crew

holding up, Captain?

- Just fine, sir.

I think we'd all like to
get word to our families.

- I understand.

Have one of your men

prepare a list of survivors.

I'll take care of it right away.

Over.

- Roger. Out.

Now you can let it out.

Everybody out of the control room
except necessary personnel.

- The XO?

- Here.

- Aye, sir.

All personnel not actually on
watch, leave the control room.

All right, fellas, everybody out.

- Phillips?

- Sir.

- Do you see any problems
with the DSRV here?

- None so far, sir.

- Right.

- Bloome.

- Sir.

- Any problems?

- No, sir.

We can operate on any
angle up to 50 degrees.

Fortunately, the Neptune
is only listing 10 degrees,
so we can attach without
any problems, sir.

This matches up with the
sub's forward escape hatch.

Sea pressure will keep us seated on her,
allowing the hatches of both

vessels to be opened and--

- Bloome, I don't need the whole lecture.

- Yes, sir.

- What about the currents, Phillips?

- Well, this is the location of the sub, sir, we have a fairly strong current in that channel, one to three knots.

- Weather forecast?

- Clearing, sir.

Seas, three to five feet.

- Uh-huh.

Oh.

Thank you, gentlemen.

- I don't know, Chief, I don't know if he's very smart or very dumb.

I think he's gone under the boat!

Hey, put your gloves on, both.

- Hey!

- Come on.

- Oh, no sound!

- Hey, there's no sound out here!

- Come on!

Can't hear!

- Oh, look at that.

Here he comes.

- Oh!

Oh!

- I'll catch that mother, or my name ain't--

- Oh, stop being so aggressive.

- Hey, I think I'm gonna throw up.

- Did somebody

ring the dinner bell up here?

- Oh, God.

- Hey, what's going on?

- What is it?

- Oh my God, no.

- What is going on in here?

- No.

- Secure all watertight doors.

Secure all watertight doors.

Secure the...

Hey, that door!

Dave, flood the ballast tanks.

That might settle us.

- Flooding the ballast tanks!

- Give me a hand.

- Sit him up.

- Bring him on in.

Okay, watch it, watch it, watch it.

- Nassau, Nassau, are
you still reading us?

Over.

- Roger.

- We've had a gravity slide
here, severe gravity slide.

Get Captain Bennett on the horn.

- Hello, Neptune, this is Captain Bennett.

Do you read me? Over.

- Roger, read you loud and clear.

We must have had an avalanche down here.

I don't know what's on top of us.

- All right, Paul, listen to me carefully.

We've got to know how much
of your hull is covered,
particularly the escape hatch.

Make a manual test.

Repeat, manual test.

Over.

- Roger. Out.

- Let me have a big
bandage out of that case.

Cover him up good.

- Here's a bandage.

- If that hatch is covered up, sir.

- Keep your fingers crossed.

- Captain Bennett.

- Thank you.

- Ben, we're socked in.

Manual test confirms it.

The escape hatch seems
to be completely buried.

Mud, rocks, God knows what.

Over.

- Situation understood, Paul.

Informing Norfolk immediately.

Paul, I promise you, we will find a way to clear that hatch.

- Roger. Out.

- Oh, yes.

"We will find a way."

- Bill.

- Michael.

- Gentlemen.

- Gentlemen.

- Lieutenant.

- I'm Bill Williams.

- Captain.

- Excuse me.

They're all here, Mr. Secretary.

- Finally.

- Gentlemen, will

you come in, please?

- Mr. Secretary, Admiral Barnes.

- Hello, Admiral, it's good to see you.

- How are you?

- Captain Skinner.

- Captain Skinner.

- I wouldn't have called

you away, Admiral,

but I feel it's imperative

that we all be briefed on this.

- Yes.

- Please, please, sit down.

I understand the ship is resting

now below its crush depth.

- Yes, sir, it is, but the

hull seems to be holding.

- Well, how much deeper can

she go and still survive?

- Who can say?

A few hundred feet might finish her.

- If that happens,

what are the chances

of a nuclear accident?

- Crushing will not cause

a nuclear accident, sir.

- There'll be no radioactive seepage.

The system design will not

allow that to happen, sir.

- Thank you, gentlemen.

How much time do we have?

- Maybe 30 hours.

If nothing changes.

- What do we have that will clear that hatch, Bill?

- We have a small submersible that--

- It's a little bug, but it might just do the job.

- It was developed on a shoestring budget.

But the man that designed it, claims it'll do most anything.

- It has an arm, and I believe it's television-equipped, isn't it?

- Well, yes, I think so.

- Well, nevertheless, it's supposed to do a lot of things, and clearing the earth off an escape hatch could certainly be one of them.

But let me emphasize, sir, it's still experimental.

It's called the, the Snark?

- Can we get it?

- Absolutely.

Well, that is if the secretary will authorize it.

And I think Don Gates should go along with it.

He's the young captain who's developed it.

- All right, I'll authorize it.

- Captain Gates!

Captain Gates!

Hey, sir!

You got a call from the office of the Secretary of the Navy!

Hello!

A sub is down!

They wanna use the Snark!

- Hey, partner, how's that arm?

- Been doing better, sir.

- Feeling fine?

- Captain?

- Harris.

How you doing?

- I don't know what happened up there.
- You just did what we
all felt like doing.
- Yes, sir.
- Take it easy.
How you doing?
- Captain?
May I speak to you a moment, sir?
- What's up?
- Is that, um, whatchamacallit here yet?
- Not yet, should be along anytime.
Lieutenant Fowler's gonna help
you figure out a procedure
to get these people through
here to the escape hatch.
- You think it can dig us out, sir?
- Captain Bennett thinks so.
- Do you think so, sir?
- Yeah, I do.
- Have Lieutenant Bloome report
to me on the helo deck immediately.
- Aye, aye, sir.
- Captain Gates?
Hal Bennett. Welcome aboard!
- Don Gates!
Just secure her for now!
We'll dive in 20 minutes!
Can you show me to the com shack?
- Aye, aye, sir.
Right this way.
- Mickey.
- Sir.
- Everything working okay?
- Yeah.
You want set this up?
- Certainly. Excuse me.
Oh, uh.
These will have to go.
Here, take these.
Okay.
- We don't have power yet.
What I need is 110, AC.
- Yeah, right over there, Chief.
- TV monitor, talk back.

This'll be able to see
everything the Snark can see.
Get this set up, and before you know it,
you and me will be down
at the bottom of the sea
with that submarine.

- You betcha.

- Captain Gates.

Captain Gates?

I think we'll operate more efficiently
if we bear in mind who's in charge here.

- Yes, sir.

- The Snark is a two-man
vehicle, is that correct?

- Yes, I work it with Mickey here.

- This is Lieutenant Bloome, Gates.

You'll be working with him today.

- What?

- Have a good look at the
controls in that thing
before you go down, Bloome.

- Aye, sir.

- Just a minute.

- Captain Gates, Lieutenant
Bloome is a submersibles expert.

He's one of my team here.

- This is a unique vehicle.

There are no experts.

There's me and Mickey.

He planned it with me, built it for me.

- Sir, you see--

- Look, Captain Gates,
this is not a town meeting.

I said you will take Bloome.

He knows these waters.

When will you be ready to dive?

- We'll dive in 45 minutes.

- Bloome.

- Sir, would, um...

- Excuse us, gentlemen.

Okay, Bloome.

Now, you're down here
on your belly like this.

Now, to operate the nose

camera and the light,
both in sync, so wherever
you point the light,
camera goes there too.

- How about the mechanical arm?
- That works just like a crane.
- Uh-huh.
- Pull it back to retract it.

See the stick?

- Mm-hm.
- Side to side.

Nothing hard about it.

- How in the hell do you stay so calm?
- You know, I had this funny flash
when we were bottoming out, sir,
that I didn't give a damn
one way or the other.
- Hit me just the opposite.

Hit me just how much I
wanted to stay around,
especially with this boat and this crew.
And only yesterday I was
thinking, it's all over, isn't it?

- All set, Captain?
- All set.
- Lieutenant, you

understand this contraption?

- Yes, sir.

It's not all that different
from our own RV-1.

- Just remember, any problems,
you notify us immediately.
Two dead heroes won't help anyone.
- Now listen, don't try to
take off too much in one bite.

- Let's hit it.

- Good luck.

- Bye.

- Snark, do you read me?

Over.

Snark, do you read me?

Over.

Snark, do you read me?

Over.

- Of course I do.
- Have you got it?
- Yes, sir.
- No problems so far.
200 feet.
- Roger.
- 250 feet.
340 feet.
Water temperature, 48 degrees.
Passing 400 feet.
Looks good, Mickey.
- What's his angle of descent?
- Snark, what is your angle of descent?
Over.
- 10 degrees, increasing
one degree every 150 feet.
525 feet.
There's a little vibration.
Nothing to worry about, Bloome.
Coming up on 600 feet.
- That shouldn't bring him
down very far off, sir.
- Not too fast.
Go on your sonar now.
- Passing 1,000 feet.
- Go on.
- We're turning on the
cameras and going on sonar.
There she is.
- We have a sonar contact.
Do you read us up top?
We're taking a little beating down here.
- Current layer, sir, we're expecting--
- Yeah, that's okay.
Yeah, it's fine.
Sir, as long as it doesn't
go too deep, you know?
- Gates, this is Bennett.
Hold on till you get beneath that layer.
- Okay, Captain.
We're gonna hold on.
Uh-oh, we've lost contact.
- That layer must be
deflecting your sonar.

Decrease your rate of descent.

You'll have to make contact visually.

- Coming up on 1,300 feet.

Seems to be settling down.

- Neptune, are you getting all this?

- We hear it.

- Just take a little

longer, that's all, Paul.

- We'll be here.

You heard the man.

Relax.

- Relax. Yes, sir.

Are you relaxed?

- Yeah, I'm, we're relaxed.

I'm relaxed.

- We are relaxed.

- Yeah.

- Coming up on 1,400 feet.

And my sonar is saturated
with reverberations.

- Wait a second.

I think I see...

Damn, it's hard to see.

Light reflections.

There.

That must be it.

Hard to starboard.

- Do you see her?

- Yeah, Bloome thinks so.

We're moving in for a closer look.

It can't be this far off.

- Easy.

In a little closer.

Little closer.

There.

I do see it.

Yeah.

Oh, my God!

- Sorry, Paul.

What we thought was you
turned out to be an old sonar target.

- Captain Bennett,

I'm taking it back up.

- How far?

- All the way.
- We'll try again, Paul.
- Roger.
- Captain Gates, what happened?!
Why did you stop looking for her?!

- I gotta have
my own man down there!

- And you thought that's sufficient reason
to abandon the search?!

- When I'm steered to a
'52 De Soto, yes, sir!
It's not your fault.
You'd really get the hang of it
after a week of lying
on your belly looking
through those little peepholes.
But we haven't got a damn week!

- We haven't got time
for this either, Gates.

- I'm sorry.

- You have dived nowhere but
Nantucket Sound in that--

- Contraption.

No, sir.

- Captain, Lieutenant Bloome
is an expert in these waters.
He knows the currents, he
knows the rock formations.

- I don't mean to argue,
but, please, we can dig those guys out.

- Gates, how can you be sure that this man
is even physically fit for the job?

- Mickey, show him your
muscles or something, will ya?

- I really can handle it, sir.
No kidding.

- Sir, Pigeon
and DSRV approaching.

- Lieutenant Phillips,
advise Neptune she's here.

- Aye, aye, sir.

- There's our rescue vehicle, Gates.
We don't wanna keep her waiting,
so get back in your machine

and do what you were sent here to do.

- Can I take my chief with me?

- Take Little Orphan Annie if you need to.

- Sir, we've lost

communication with Neptune.

- Can you fix it?

- I don't know.

I'm gonna have to get

behind this control panel.

- Oh, goddamn it.

- What are we gonna do, sir?

Even if they do get to the hatch now,

how are we gonna know when--

- How do I know?!

All I know is I'm beginning

to feel like a one-legged man

in an ass-kicking contest.

Are you supposed to be here?

- Well--

- Lieutenant, you on watch?

- No, I'm not on watch.

- Then get out!

- Yes, sir.

What'd you call me?

Captain Friendly?

- Look, Paul, whatever I said back there--

- Let it go.

- Mickey!

- Coming, sir!

I want those back shined.

Let's go.

Cables are free, sir.

How deep was that current layer?

- 1,100 feet.

Only lasted for a couple of hundred,

but it sure scared the hell out of me.

- Well, at least this

time we know it's coming.

- Snark, this is Bennett.

Do you read me? Over.

- Roger, Mother Hen.

This is Baby Chick.

I roger your transmission.

How me?

- Oh, give me a shot, will ya?

- Sorry, buddy.

There's none left.

- Hey, Jackson.

- Hey.

Hey, why don't you hold this for me?

- Sure.

- Thanks.

- What would you have done?

- What?

- Well, if you were on the bridge

and you had radar contact

on a collision course.

- Danny.

- I said notify me at 3,000 yards.

- Danny, what are you talking about?

- Well, I can't help thinking--

- Hey, hey, whatever it is, forget it.

- Yes, I know--

- Forget it, okay?

- Yeah. Sure.

- Here, give me a hand.

- There you go.

- Feels like we're

coming down on the layer.

I'm gonna try to drop it

through faster this time.

- Okay.

- Slowing.

Slowing.

- Very nice.

- Get on the camera.

- All right.

Sonar.

Camera.

- Have you got anything on your monitor?

- Nothing yet.

Do you have sonar contact?

- Sonar contact?

We got nothing but sonar contact.

Reverberations off these

mountains down here.

- We don't have a reading on that, Chief.

- Why, you no-good,

rotten, complicated son of a--

- All right, that's not gonna help.

- I'll be damned if I know

what's wrong with it, sir.

- Get the wiring diagram.

- Aye, sir.

- Yeah, and a nine-pound sledgehammer.

- I know how you feel, Chief.

- Huh? Yeah, yes, sir.

Yes, sir.

Complicated.

- Come right about 10 degrees.

A little more.

- Bennett, do you see her?

We've found her.

Do you see her?

- All right.

- Yes, we do, Gates.

Congratulations.

- Jesus Christ.

Are you picking this up?

- It's a miracle anybody's alive in there.

Try them again.

- Neptune, do you read?

Neptune, do you read?

Over.

Neptune, do you read?

Over.

- We'll attempt to make contact.

- Sounds like somebody locked in the head.

That came from outside.

They're on the deck.

- Shh.

- "Will clear escape hatch for DSRV."

- How about that?

- I hope they understood it.

- If I did, they did.

- Okay, I'm gonna lift her off now.

- Okay.

- And no physical movement

unless it's absolutely essential.

We do have reserve air in

the high pressure system,

but we've gotta conserve it.

We don't know how long
this is gonna take them.

- I think they're using
chopsticks up there.

- Why don't you belay that, Chief?

- Well, it's good occupational therapy.

- We're getting low on juice.

We need a recharge.

- Go on auxiliary.

- Listen, if we do that, we're all--

- Just do it.

We can't go up now.

We'll be finished in half an hour.

- Finished is the word, boy.

- Pigeon Control, do you read me?

This is Captain Bennett.

Over.

- Have

you loud and clear.

Over.

- The second I say go,

we want DSRV underway.

Is that understood? Over.

- This is Pigeon.

Roger.

We'll be ready.

Out.

- Come on. Come on.

- I'm just checking this power supply.

- Just keep going.

Earth slide.

Bennett, earth slide.

- Pull her back!

- It's getting worse.

- We're reading it here.

Bring it up!

- No, we've gotta see

what happens to the sub.

- Captain!

Captain, we're going over!

- Holy Christ!

Look how we're lying!

- They'll never get to us now!

- Fowler, check for damages aft.

- How much more can we take?!
- I said check for damage, mister!
- Aye, aye, sir.
- Murphy!

Get a detail to help up here.

If there's any people hurt
back there, move them forward.

- Aye, aye, sir.
- Come left a little.

That's it. Steady up.

- Are you getting this?
- Yes.

- At that angle, the DSRV
can't hook up to her,
even if they're still alive.

- I'll go and find out.
- Roger.
- We got anything left here, Dave?
- Not much, sir.
- Captain.

Page got them all on mattresses, sir.
That's all he can do.

- All right.
- What else?
- I don't know.

I will be damned if I know what else.

If we could just apply some
high school physics here.

If we could shift our balance,
then we'd come upright,
or at least upright enough
to get at that escape hatch.

Our ballast tanks are above
us and below us now, right?
Both of them full of water.

- Right.
- We can still reach the
emergency bypass valves.

We could blow the starboard tanks.
That'd let the weight of the water
in the port tanks roll us over.

- It's worth a try.
- I like it.
- What if we can't

control how far we roll?

- And when we blow the tanks,
we blow our reserve air.

- That's right.

And we don't know if it'd even work.

It's pure theory.

We don't have many options.

- Any.

- The Avon lady.

- We gotta signal them
what we're gonna do.

- McAllister, bring that wrench.

- Yes, sir.

- Jesus H. Christ.

- Okay, here it is.

It's not too good.

They're down to 37 men now.

The hull and the bulkheads
are still holding.

Their angle is precisely 70 degrees.

Seven O.

- Roger.

- Okay, there's more.

Blanchard thinks that if he
blows his starboard tanks,
the boat may right itself enough
so that the DSRV can mate
up with the escape hatch.
Only thing is, he's not sure
whether the tanks are ruptured or not.
Also, he has to use all his
reserve air to blow them.

Over.

- Roger. Bring the Snark up.

- Sir, we'd just as soon
stay down here with them.

- That won't be necessary, Gates.

- Sir, we've seen it through this far.
I really think we should stay with it.
We'll come up to 1,300 feet, okay?

- Gates.

Gates.

Gates?

- What's all this "we" stuff?

- I don't wanna hurt your image.

- Think it'll take it?

- Let's go.

I don't want anybody else in there when I open those valves.

Come on. Everybody out.

- Commander.

- Come on!

- I'll do it!

- Murphy!

- Dave, get out!

- Danny, get outta there!

- I can't!

I gotta hold these open!

- Come on!

- Clear out, Paul!

It's too heavy!

You'll never close it from that side!

Help me, you son of a bitch!

Come on, Paul!

- Gates, is it working?

- Yeah.

Yeah, it's turning.

- Ah, it stopped!

- Damn it!

- Do you see that, Bennett?

That rock's stopping her.

- Yes.

She's caught there.

That angle doesn't look good.

- No less than 60 degrees.

It won't work.

We're coming up.

- What the hell happened?

- It's all right.

- We just stopped.

I don't understand right now.

- Something's holding us back.

- Well, what is it, Captain?

- Take it easy.

- Sir, what happened back there, sir?

- Captain?

Captain?

- What happened back there?

- Captain.
- Captain.
- How much air do you calculate they've got left?
- No more than 10 to 12 hours, sir.
- Gates.
That mechanical arm on the Snark, it's fairly versatile, isn't it? Can it handle explosives?
- Handle?
- Carry them?
Place them?
- I guess so.
- I was thinking, if we could blast away just a section of that rock, there'd be no more obstruction. The sub would roll upright, and the hatch would be cleared.
- Captain, your explosion would cave in the whole submarine. There would be no one left to rescue.
- Not if we use shaped charges. You see, the blast from a shaped charge goes only in one direction. We could rig it so that it would blow away from the submarine.
- We have no demolitions team.
- We can get one.
- Sir.
- Don't touch it, Chief. It's live.
Okay, Captain.
What you wanna do is very dangerous. I mean, we're taking a live charge down that's all ready to blow, and it can damn sure go off when we place it.
- Will it be ready soon?
- Yes, sir.
But, listen, if it's not placed just right, we're gonna put one hell

of a hole in that sub.

- Well, then, we'll have to place it just right, won't we, Lieutenant?

- I'm with you, sir, but I'm here to tell you it's kind of tricky when you got earth slides and currents. You're using a mechanical arm.

- Lieutenant, I know you can do it. After you.

- Yes, sir.

- Three's a crowd, huh?

- Watch it on television, Mickey.

- Everything set?

Gates, the men have gotta know what's happening down there before the blast.

Can you signal them?

They're not gonna believe it.

I'm not sure I do myself.

- Hey!

- Hey.

- Hey, what the hell's that?

- What's going on?

- Hey, the lights.

Hey, the batteries.

- Batteries.

- Hey, come on, put the lights on!

- All right, fellas, knock it off.

Light the battle lanterns.

Light the battle lanterns.

- Here, Danny, hold this.

- Coming through, fellas.

Watch your head, sir.

Well, here we go.

All right, hand me that one.

- Yeah.

- Here you go.

- The air's kind of stale already.

- You starting to feel drowsy?

- Yeah, maybe a little, sir.

- Collins, gangway.

Harris, you getting this?

- Yes, sir.

- What are they doing, sir?

- They're gonna blast away the rock that's keeping us over at this angle. That'll let us right ourselves. Then comes the DSRV. Simple.

- Oh, yeah.

- All right. Take it easy. Now, listen. Everybody keep alert. Really on your toes. That's gonna be one hell of a big shockwave hitting this boat. I don't think the door of that control room back there'll hold. Chances are we'll lose the next compartment here too. Maybe it'll act as a cushion. All right, secure all loose gear. Do what you can to protect the injured men. Remember, the boat will roll to port.

- Captain, do you really think that's gonna work?

- Caruso, what can I tell you? It'll either work or blow us to kingdom come.

- All right. Now move it right up so the base is flush against that rock.

- Easy, Gates.

- Why doesn't he shut up?

- Yeah. I'm nervous enough as it is.

- You're doing great for an amateur.

- Thanks, Captain. I needed that. Let's get the hell out of here. Oh, yeah. That really gets the adrenaline going.

- We all set?

- Yeah.

All I have to do now is push that little plunger up there.

- Okay.

Bennett, we're coming up.

- All right, stand by to bring Snark aboard.

Charges will be detonated right after its arrival.

Pass the word to DSRV.

They will prepare to launch one minute after that.

- Aye, sir.

- Now all hands stand alert on DSRV launching stations.

Be prepared to launch on command.

Personnel, take their positions and await launching signal.

- Here we go.

That's it. That's it.

That's it. Come on!

Bring her down.

Be ready with the ladder.

- Standing by to transfer you to Pigeon, sir.

- Thank you.

Do you operate this?

- No, sir, only the lieutenant.

- Thanks, Waters.

Bennett, I'm going back down.

- Gates.

- I have to.

How else are we gonna know?

- All right.

But go easy, will you?

- Don't get too close, Captain.

- Excuse me, sir, excuse me.

Come on.

Come on, I gotta get in there first!

- Two's a crowd this time, Mickey.

- Now, wait a minute.

Just hold it!

- Take her down.

- Sir!

- All right, let's go!

Both the DSRV and Snark on this?

- Aye, sir.

- DSRV, this is Bennett.

Stand by.

- Roger.

Standing by to launch.

- Gates, give yourself a safe margin.

- So long as I can see her.

- 1,300, Gates.

That's close enough.

- Make it 1,400.

I'll throw in an extra pair of pants.

- Okay, brace yourself.

- Hold on tight.

- Get a good grip.

- Here we go.

- All right.

Come on.

- I got her, Captain.

- Yes, we see her.

Prepare to detonate.

Waters, this is Bennett.

Standby for countdown.

15 seconds from mark.

- 14, 13, 12, 11, 10,

niner, eight, seven, six,

five, four, three, two, one.

- Execute!

- Come on, make it work!

- Come on!

- It's gotta work.

- Come on!

- It's going over the edge.

Gates!

- No!

No, goddamn it, no!

- It's working.

It's working!

They're holding firm.

Launch the DSRV.

- Roger.

Launching underway.

- Page, that compartment's flooded, right?

- Sure is, Captain.

- Let's start getting the badly injured men up to the escape hatch. They'll be the first ones out. Come on, move it, they'll be here any minute.

- Captain, can I take my camera, sir?

- Caruso, no personal, oh, stick it in your shirt.

- Come on.

- Come on.

- Okay.

- One at a time.

One at a time.

- Keep moving.

That's it.

Be careful.

- Got your footing.

- Come on.

- Come on.

- Go easy, easy.

- You the fella that called for a bucket of chicken?

- Yeah.

What took you so long?

- Hand down the oxygen.

- Tell them to move it.

Not too stable here.

- Hook those up down there.

- All right, shoes off, everybody.

Let's move it, we haven't got all day.

- Come on, guys.

- Caruso, give me some help.

- Come on.

- Yeah, let's go.

- Fowler, you're in the first load.

- But, sir, I think I should--

- All right, knock it off.

That's an order.

- Yes, sir.

- Easy, son.

Watch his ribs.

All right.

Keep it moving.

- I got you.

- Come on.

Take it easy.

- Come on! Move!

- Pigeon Control, come in, over.

Pigeon Control.

- We read you. Over.

- Captain Bennett here.

Is the first load coming up yet?

- This is Pigeon.

First load of rescuees to board the DSRV,
they're lifting off at this time.

- Roger.

- Let's go.

- Okay, let's get those
stretchers in here!

- Coming through there!

- Hey!

Hey!

Hey!

Hey!

- What about the injured, Captain?

- They've all been removed
and are being taken care of.

Over.

- How about the DSRV?

- It's in good shape, Gates.

Everything's on schedule.

Over.

- When will it launch?

- It submerged a few minutes ago.

- Good.

- Conditions holding down there?

- For the moment.

DSRV in sight.

- Let's go, Captain.

- All right, hit it.

- Let's go.

- Move it up.

- Move it.

- She's slipping off.

- Hanson, don't stop!

Keep moving!

- Yes, sir, yes, sir.

- Over the ledge.

- That's it. Move it out, boys.

- Keep it moving.

- Close it up there.

- That's the stuff.

- DSRV, get out, fast!

- All right, let's go, let's go.

- Come on! Make it!

Come on! Come on!

- Let's go!

- What are you doing, sir?

- It stopped, something's holding us.

Let's go!

- Get outta there!

- He can't hear you, sir.

- Excuse me.

Gates.

- Neptune arriving.

- Paul.

Welcome aboard, Captain.

- Thank you.

- Congratulations, sir.

- Thanks.

- Welcome aboard, Captain.

- Thanks.

- Welcome aboard, Captain.

- Welcome aboard, Captain.

- Thank you.

- Welcome aboard, Captain.

- Thank you.

- Welcome aboard, sir.

- Thanks.