

The Hunt For Red October; The First Four Days

Written by

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Adapted from the novel

The Hunt For Red October

by

Tom Clancy

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Initial, Final Draft----If anything more gets done with
this, there is much trimming that can be done

BLACK

RECORDS CLERK
(O.S., Russian)
Natalia Bogdanova, do you wish to
marry Marko Aleksandrovich?

FADE IN

INT. SOVIET NAVY ASSEMBLY ROOM---DAY

Natalia is dressed in a white wedding dress, with veil. Off
behind her are quite a lot of military uniforms and medals.

NATALIA
(Russian)
Yes.

RECORDS CLERK
(Russian)
Marko Aleksandrovich, do you wish to
marry Natalia Bogdanova?

EXT. POLYARNYY---DAY

RAMIUS is alone, dressed for arctic weather, with a set of
binoculars hanging around his neck.

RAMIUS
(O.S., Russian)
Yes.

RECORDS CLERK
(O.S., Russian)
Sign here.

INT. SOVIET NAVY ASSEMBLY ROOM---DAY

Ramius is dressed in a USSR Navy captain's uniform, and
beyond him and Natalia, the room is filled with uniforms and
medals, a mix of Soviet Navy and Politburo.

Ramius and Natalia sign the registrar book. The wedding
guests start to APPLAUD

EXT. POLYARNYY---DAY

The wedding APPLAUSE continues as Ramius is standing in a
big square opening in a flat, black painted metal surface.

Standing a little behind him are Gregoriy KAMAROV and a LOOKOUT. The APPLAUSE suddenly stops.

RAMIUS
(Russian)
Engines ahead slow, Kamarov.

Kamarov picks up a telephone and speaks into it. The square opening is at the front of several tens of feet of black painted metal. Far forward and rather below the three of them, a dirty tugboat is backing away from a black painted metal peninsula.

KAMAROV
(Russian)
Engines ahead slow.

He puts the phone down.

Ramius turns to look behind him, where the square opening is at the top of a several tens of feet long metal tower.

The tug's commander waves from his bridge as the tug continues to slide out of the way of five hundred seventy five feet length of submarine, about seventy five feet across, the Soviet nuclear missile submarine called Red October.

A few hundred feet down the black painted deck of the submarine, Ramius waves back from atop the sail.

A title appears.

Soviet Navy Northern Fleet Submarine Base at Polyarnyy

It fades, and is replaced momentarily.

Friday, 3 December

Kamarov points forward, past the bow.

KAMAROV (cont'd)
(Russian)
There's Purga, Captain.

An icebreaker waits about a hundred yards ahead of the Red October. Ramius nods.

As the Purga leads the Red October down the fjord, the choppy, oil covered water begins to wash down the submarine's missile deck. Beyond both vessels, the water has left a black ring on the fjord's rocky walls.

RAMIUS

(Russian)
Increase speed to one third.

Sailors can be seen stomping about the Purga's after deck as Kamarov picks up the telephone again.

KAMAROV

(Russian)
Increase speed to one-third.

Ivan Putin pops his head through the hatch and starts awkwardly clambering up into the control station.

PUTIN

(Russian, loud,
abrupt)
So, my Captain, again we go to sea to
serve and protect the Rodina!

RAMIUS

(Russian, much
cheer)
Indeed, Ivan. Two weeks at sea. It
is good to leave the dock. A seaman
belongs at sea, not tied alongside,
overrun with bureaucrats and workmen
with dirty boots. And we will be
warm.

PUTIN

(Russian,
incredulous)
You find this cold?

RAMIUS

(Russian)
I have been in submarines too long,
my friend. I grow accustomed to
moderate temperatures and a stable
deck under my feet.

Putin beams out over the fjord.

PUTIN

(Russian)
Ah, Marko Aleksandrovich, in Gorky on
a day like this, flowers bloom!

RAMIUS

(Russian)

And what sort of flowers might those
be, Comrade Political Officer?

Ramius stares out over the fjord through his binoculars.
The sun is barely over the southeast horizon, casting orange
light and purple shadows along the rocky walls.

PUTIN

(Russian, laughing
loudly)

Why, snow flowers, of course. On a
day like this the faces of the
children and the women glow pink,
your breath trails behind you like a
cloud, and the vodka tastes
especially fine. Ah, to be in Gorky
on a day like this!

RAMIUS

(Russian)

Where we are going, Ivan Yurievich,
it will be colder still.

Putin claps Ramius' shoulder.

PUTIN

(Russian)

Why is it, Comrade Captain, that you
always seem glad to leave the Rodina
and go to sea?

Ramius smiles behind his binoculars.

RAMIUS

(Russian)

A seaman has one country, Ivan
Yurievich, but two wives. You never
understand that. Now I go to my
other wife, the cold, heartless one
that owns my soul.

Ramius's smile vanishes.

RAMIUS (cont'd)

(Russian, flat)

My only wife.

Putin's glee freezes into a mask that goes blank in seconds.

RAMIUS (cont'd)
(O.S., Russian,
distant)
My wife is complaining of abdominal
pain.

There is a creak of a gurney as a NURSE is taking notes.

NURSE
(O.S., Russian,
distant)
She is in the best of hands, Comrade
Captain!

INT. CLINIC ENTRANCE ROOM---NIGHT

Natalia is lying on a gurney, being examined by a DOCTOR. Ramius and a nurse are standing nearby, watching. Natalia gasps in pain as the doctor probes her belly.

RAMIUS
(Russian, quickly)
What is it?

The doctor looks up at the nurse.

EXT. POLYARNYY---DAY

Ramius stares out over the fjord while Putin busily ignores his own expression of embarrassment as he peers towards the large combatant vessels based on both sides of the inlet.

DOCTOR
(O.S., Russian)
Probably an inflamed appendix. Get
the surgeon, now!

INT. CLINIC SCRUB ROOM---NIGHT

The doctor is with the SURGEON, who is slouched in a chair, holding an oxygen mask as he wobbles.

DOCTOR
(Russian)
She's been waiting an hour now.

SURGEON
(Russian, blearily)
Has she been prepared for surgery?

The surgeon takes a deep breath from the oxygen mask.

DOCTOR
 (Russian)
 Yes, she has. Her father is in the
 Politburo.

The surgeon very majorly shrugs as he pulls the mask's
 straps over his head, holding the mask to his face.

SURGEON
 (Russian, muffled,
 blearily)
 And?

INT. CREMATORIUM---DAY

The room is packed with bemedalled party officials, over a
 hundred Navy personnel in full uniforms, including Putin,
 who is sobbing, and Ramius, with members of Natalia's
 family.

DOCTOR
 (O.S., Russian)
 So was her husband's father.

Ramius watches as his wife's coffin rolls into the cremation
 chamber.

SURGEON
 (O.S., Russian,
 muffled, drunk)
 And, doctor, my father, also, is in
 the Politburo.

EXT. POLYARNYY---DAY

The Purga and the Red October are approaching the upper,
 seaward area of the fjord. Far off on one side is a small
 glacier, and in the water is a cluster of ice. The lookout
 points.

LOOKOUT
 (Russian)
 Ice.

Kamarov peers towards it.

KAMAROV
 (Russian)
 Loose-pack ice, starboard side of the
 channel, or perhaps something calved
 off the east-side glacier. We'll pass
 well clear.

The bridge speaker SQUAWKS.

SPEAKER
(Russian, metallic)
Captain! Message from fleet
headquarters.

RAMIUS
(Russian)
Read it.

SPEAKER
(Russian)
Exercise area clear. No enemy
vessels in vicinity. Proceed as per
orders. Signed, Korov, Fleet
Commander.

RAMIUS
(Russian)
Acknowledged.

The speaker CLICKS off.

RAMIUS (cont'd)
(Russian)
So, no Americans about?

PUTIN
(Russian)
You doubt the fleet commander?

RAMIUS
(Russian)
I hope he is correct But you
remember our briefings.

Putin shifts on his feet.

RAMIUS (cont'd)
(Russian)
Those American 688-class submarines,
Ivan, the Los Angeleses. Remember
what one of their officers told our
spy? That they could sneak up on a
whale and bugger it before it knew
they were there? I wonder how the
KGB got that bit of information. A
beautiful Soviet agent, trained in
the ways of the decadent West, too
skinny, the way the imperialists like
their women, blond hair. . .

Ramius grunts amusement.

RAMIUS (cont'd)

(Russian)

Probably the American officer was a boastful boy, trying to find a way to do something similar to our agent, no? And feeling his liquor, like most sailors. Still. The American Los Angeles class, and the new British Trafalgars, those we must guard against. They are a threat to us.

PUTIN

(Russian)

The Americans are good technicians, Comrade Captain, but they are not giants. Their technology is not so awesome. Ours is better.

Ramius nods thoughtfully.

RAMIUS

(Russian)

Ivan, didn't the farmers around Gorky tell you it is the wolf you do not see that you must fear? But don't be overly concerned. With this ship we will teach them a lesson, I think.

PUTIN

(Russian)

As I told the Main Political Administration.

Putin claps Ramius' shoulder again.

PUTIN (cont'd)

(Russian)

Red October is in the best of hands!

Ramius and Kamarov both smile derisively at that.

The ship and boat are approaching the opening of the fjord. The Purga has begun to wallow in the swells of the approaching ocean. The Red October has started to roll, and Ramius, Kamarov, and the lookout, are alone again. Kamarov points forward, towards a red-lighted buoy which is riding actively on the waves.

KAMAROV

(Russian)

Sea buoy in sight, Captain.

Ramius picks up the bridge phone.

RAMIUS
 (Russian)
 Control room, what is the sounding?

INT. RED OCTOBER CONTROL ROOM---NIGHT

A Warrant OFFICER is talking on the phone.

OFFICER
 (Russian)
 One hundred meters below the keel,
 Comrade Captain.

EXT. POLYARNYY---DAY

RAMIUS
 (Russian)
 Increase speed to two-thirds, come
 left ten degrees.

Ramius looks at Kamarov.

RAMIUS (cont'd)
 (Russian)
 Signal our course change to Purga,
 and hope he doesn't turn the wrong
 way.

Kamarov reaches for the small blinker light stowed under the
 bridge coaming.

The Red October begins to accelerate slowly, and more water
 washes down the missile deck.

The Purga is to one side as the Red October passes, the bow
 wave now a three-meter standing arc of water rolling down
 the missile deck, splitting against the front of the sail.
 Ramius looks aft at the bluffs of the Kola fjord. He picks
 up the bridge phone, pushes a button.

RAMIUS (cont'd)
 (Russian)
 Radio room, transmit the following
 message to fleet headquarters,
 Kamarov, signal to Purga. Diving at--

Ramius checks his watch.

RAMIUS (cont'd)
 (Russian)
 1320 hours. Exercise OCTOBER FROST
 begins as scheduled.
 (MORE)

RAMIUS (cont'd)
Purga released to other assigned
duties. We will return as scheduled.

Kamarov works the trigger on the blinker light to transmit the message. The Purga responds at once. Titles appear, with the response.

IF THE WHALES DON'T EAT YOU. GOOD LUCK TO RED OCTOBER!

Ramius pushes a different button.

RAMIUS (cont'd)
(Russian)
Control room. Depth under the keel?

INT. RED OCTOBER CONTROL ROOM---NIGHT

OFFICER
(Russian)
One hundred forty meters, Comrade
Captain.

RAMIUS
(Russian)
Prepare to dive.

Ramius hangs up the phone and turns to the lookout.

RAMIUS (cont'd)
(Russian)
Go below.

The lookout goes to the hatch, takes a last look around at the sea and clouds, then climbs through the hatch.

RAMIUS (cont'd)
(Russian)
Clear the bridge. Take the conn when
you get below, Gregoriy.

Kamarov nods and drops down the hatch, leaving the captain alone.

Ramius makes one last careful scan of the horizon. The sun is barely visible aft, the sky leaden, the sea black except for the splash of whitecaps. He climbs through the hatch, inspecting the hatch mechanism before he closes it.

INT. RED OCTOBER CONTROL ROOM---NIGHT

Ramius drops into the control room. The warrant officer shuts the second hatch and with a powerful spin, turns the locking wheel as far as it can go. Vasily BORODIN is at the periscope.

RAMIUS
(Russian)
Gregoriy?

Kamarov points at the diving board.

KAMAROV
(Russian, crisp)
Straight board shut.

All hull-opening indicator lights show green, safe.

KAMAROV (cont'd)
(Russian)
All systems aligned and checked for
dive. The compensation is entered.
We are rigged for dive.

Ramius makes his own visual inspection of mechanical, electrical, and hydraulic indicators. He nods, and the warrant officer of the watch unlocks the vent controls.

RAMIUS
(Russian)
Dive.

Ramius moves to the periscope to relieve Borodin. Kamarov pulls the diving alarm, and the hull reverberates with the racket of a loud BUZZER.

KAMAROV
(Russian)
Flood the main ballast tanks. Rig
out the diving planes. Ten degrees
down-angle on the planes.

Kamarov watches all the sailors in the control room. Ramius watches through the periscope.

There is a distant ROAR as the air rushes out of the tanks.

The roaring has stopped and there are assorted POPPING noises as the water pressure increases around the hull. A few of the younger crew members go pale, but stay at attention.

RAMIUS
(Russian)
Scope under.

Ramius steps away from the periscope

RAMIUS (cont'd)
(Russian)
Down periscope.

KAMAROV
(Russian)
Passing forty meters.

RAMIUS
(Russian)
Level off at one hundred meters.

Ramius watches the bridge crew. The popping has ceased.

KAMAROV
(Russian)
Steady at one hundred meters.

RAMIUS
(Russian)
Well done, Comrade Lieutenant. You
have the conn. Slow to one-third
speed. Have the sonarmen listen on
all passive systems.

Ramius turns to leave the control room, motioning Putin to follow him.

INT RED OCTOBER CORRIDOR---NIGHT

Ramius holds the wardroom door open for Putin, then follows him in.

INT. RED OCTOBER WARDROOM---NIGHT

Ramius closes the door and locks it behind himself. As Ramius sits down, Putin pours tea. Ramius looks at his watch.

PUTIN
(Russian)
Two more weeks of confinement.

Putin stirs his tea.

RAMIUS

(Russian)

The Americans do this for two months, Ivan. Of course, their submarines are far more comfortable.

PUTIN

(Russian)

You want to cruise for two months?

RAMIUS

(Russian)

I have done it on diesel submarines. A submarine belongs at sea, Ivan. Our mission is to strike fear into the hearts of the imperialists. We do not accomplish this tied up in our barn at Polyarnyy most of the time, but we cannot stay at sea any longer because any period over two weeks and the crew loses efficiency. In two weeks this collection of children will be a mob of numbed robots.

PUTIN

(Russian, sneers)

And we could solve this by having capitalist luxuries?

RAMIUS

(Russian)

A true Marxist is objective, Comrade Political Officer. Objectively, that which aids us in carrying out our mission is good, that which hinders us is bad. Adversity is supposed to hone one's spirit and skill, not dull them. Just being aboard a submarine is hardship enough, is it not?

PUTIN

(Russian)

Not for you, Marko.

RAMIUS

(Russian)

I am a seaman. Our crewmen are not, most never will be. They are a mob of farmers' sons and boys who yearn to be factory workers. We must adjust to the times, Ivan. These youngsters are not the same as we were.

PUTIN

(Russian)

That is true enough. You are never satisfied, Comrade Captain. I suppose it is men like you who force progress upon us all. Do you think you could do it, Marko, cruise for two months with these farmboys?

RAMIUS

(Russian)

I prefer half-trained boys, as you know. They have less to unlearn. Then I can train them to be seamen the right way, my way. My personality cult?

Putin laughs as he lights a cigarette.

PUTIN

(Russian)

That observation has been made in the past, Marko. But you are our best teacher and your reliability is well known.

Putin waggles his finger.

PUTIN (cont'd)

(Russian)

You should be commanding one of our higher naval schools, Comrade Captain. Your talents would better serve the state there.

RAMIUS

(Russian)

It is a seaman I am, Ivan Yurievich. Only a seaman, not a schoolmaster--- despite what they say about me. A wise man knows his limitations.

The chronometer CHIMES four bells. Ramius spins his dial of the two lock safe, and Putin does the same with his. Ramius turns the handle of the safe and opens it. Inside is a manila envelope plus four books of cipher keys and missile-targeting coordinates. Ramius removes the envelope, then closes the door, spinning both dials before sitting down again.

RAMIUS (cont'd)
(Russian,
theatrically)
So, Ivan, what do you suppose our
orders tell us to do?

Putin smiles

PUTIN
(Russian)
Our duty, Comrade Captain.

RAMIUS
(Russian)
Indeed.

Ramius breaks the wax seal on the envelope and extracts the
four page operation order. He reads it quickly.

RAMIUS (cont'd)
(Russian)
So, we are to proceed due East, to
grid square 54 90 and rendezvous with
our attack submarine V.K.
Konovalov---that's Captain Tupolev's
new command. You know Viktor
Tupolev?

Putin shakes his head.

RAMIUS (cont'd)
(Russian)
No? Viktor will guard us from
imperialist intruders, and we will
conduct a four-day acquisition and
tracking drill, with him hunting
us---if he can.

Ramius chuckles

RAMIUS (cont'd)
(Russian)
The boys in the attack submarine
directorates still have not figured
how to track our new drive system.
Well, neither will the Americans. We
are to confine our operations to grid
square 54-90 and the immediately
surrounding squares. That ought to
make Viktor's task a bit easier.

PUTIN
(Russian)
But you will not let him find us?

RAMIUS

(Russian, snorts)

Certainly not. Let? Viktor was once my pupil. You give nothing to an enemy, Ivan, even in a drill. The imperialists certainly won't! In trying to find us, he also practices finding their missile submarines. He will have a fair chance of locating us, I think. The exercise is confined to nine squares, forty thousand square kilometers. We shall see what he has learned since he served with us---oh: that's right, you weren't with me then. That's when I had the Suslov.

PUTIN

(Russian)

Do I see disappointment?

RAMIUS

(Russian)

No, not really. The four-day drill with Konovalov will be interesting diversion.

Putin finishes his cigarette and his tea, then stands.

PUTIN

(Russian)

So, again I am permitted to watch the master captain at work---befuddling a poor boy.

He turns towards the door.

PUTIN (cont'd)

(Russian)

I think ---

Ramius kicks Putin's feet out from under him just as he steps away from the table. Putin falls backwards while Ramius springs to his feet and grasps Putin's head in his hands. Ramius drives Putin's neck downward to the sharp, metal-edged corner of the ward-room table. The neck strikes the point as Ramius pushes down on Putin's chest. There is a crackle of bones as Putin's neck breaks.

Putin tries to shout, but his mouth flaps open and shut without a sound except for the exhalation of his last lungful of air. He tries to gulp air down like a landed fish. His eyes go up to Ramius, wide in shock. Ramius lies him gently on the tile deck.

Putin's face flashes with recognition, then darkens. Ramius reaches down to take Putin's pulse. While he waits, he picks up the mission orders with his other hand and places them in a pocket inside his jacket.

After a moment, Ramius takes the teapot from the table and pours two cups' worth on the deck, careful to drip some on Putin's shoes. Next, he lifts the body to the wardroom table and throws open the door.

RAMIUS

(Russian)

Dr. Petrov to the wardroom at once!

Ramius starts to massage Putin's chest. After a few seconds, Petrov comes charging through the door.

PETROV

(Russian)

Yes, Comrade---

He freezes when he sees Putin, then continues to enter, going for the body. Borodin appears at the door, and follows Petrov in.

RAMIUS

(Russian, gasps)

He slipped on the deck where I spilled my tea. I tried to keep him from falling, but he hit his head on the table.

Petrov shoves the captain aside, moves the body around, and leaps on the table to kneel astride it. He tears the shirt open, then checks Putin's eyes. Both pupils are wide and fixed. The doctor feels around Putin's head, his hands working downward to the neck. They stop there, probing. The doctor shakes his head slowly.

PETROV

(Russian)

Comrade Putin is dead. His neck is broken.

The doctor's hands come loose, and he closes Putin's eyes.

RAMIUS

(Russian, shouts)

No! He was alive only a minute ago!

Ramius is sobbing.

RAMIUS (cont'd)
(Russian)
It's my fault. I tried to catch him,
but I failed. My fault!

Ramius collapses into a chair and buries his face in his hands.

RAMIUS (cont'd)
(Russian)
My fault!

Ramius is shaking his head in rage, struggling visibly to regain his composure. Petrov places his hand on Ramius's shoulder.

PETROV
(Russian)
It was an accident, Comrade Captain.
These things happen, even to
experienced men. It was not your
fault. Truly, Comrade.

Ramius swears under his breath, regaining control of himself.

RAMIUS
(Russian)
There is nothing you can do?

Petrov shakes his head.

PETROV
(Russian)
Even in the finest clinic in the
Soviet Union nothing could be done.
Once the spinal cord is severed,
there is no hope. Death is virtually
instantaneous---but also it is quite
painless.

Ramius draws himself up as he takes a long breath, his face set.

RAMIUS
(Russian)
Comrade Putin was a good shipmate, a
loyal Party member, and a fine
officer.

Borodin's mouth twitches.

RAMIUS (cont'd)

(Russian)

Comrades, we will continue our mission! Dr. Petrov, you will carry our comrade's body to the freezer. This is---gruesome, I know, but he deserves and will get an honorable military funeral, with his shipmates in attendance, as it should be, when we return to port.

PETROV

(Russian)

Will this be reported to fleet headquarters?

RAMIUS

(Russian)

We cannot. Our orders are to maintain strict radio silence.

Ramius pulls a set of operations orders from an outside pocket and hands them to the doctor.

RAMIUS (cont'd)

(Russian)

Page three, Comrade Doctor.

Petrov takes the orders, turns to page three, and reads, his eyes going wide during the reading.

RAMIUS (cont'd)

(Russian)

I would prefer to report this, but our orders are explicit: Once we dive, no transmissions of any kind, for any reason.

Petrov hands the papers back.

PETROV

(Russian)

Too bad, our comrade would have looked forward to this. But orders are orders.

RAMIUS

(Russian)

And we shall carry them out.

PETROV

(Russian)

Putin would have it no other way.

RAMIUS

(Russian)

Borodin, observe: I take the comrade political officer's missile control key from his neck, as per regulations.

Ramius takes the chain around Putin's neck as Petrov goes to the door and gestures down the corridor. Ramius pockets the key and chain.

BORODIN

(Russian, gravely)

I note this, and will so enter it in the log.

Petrov brings in his medical corpsman and they carry the body out.

INT. RED OCTOBER CONTROL ROOM---NIGHT

The control room is subdued.

RAMIUS

(Russian)

I have the Comm. Navigator, set course two-- nine-zero degrees, west-northwest.

EXT. UNDERWATER---DAY

The Red October slides by, twin propellers slicing through the water. A title appears on the screen.

Saturday, 4 December

INT. RED OCTOBER CONTROL ROOM---NIGHT

Ramius enters the control room, wearing his uniform. A Warrant Officer salutes.

OFFICER

(Russian)

The forenoon watch is set, Comrade Captain.

Ramius returns the salute.

RAMIUS

(Russian)

Thank you, Comrade Officer.

He goes to the intercom system, pulls some file cards from his jacket pocket and picks up the microphone.

RAMIUS (cont'd)

(Russian)

Comrades! This is the captain speaking. You all know that our beloved friend and comrade, Captain Ivan Yurievich Putin, died yesterday in a tragic accident. Our orders do not permit us to inform fleet headquarters of this.

INT. RED OCTOBER WARDROOM---NIGHT

Kamarov is sitting at the table, reading.

RAMIUS

(O.S., Russian)

Comrades, we will dedicate our efforts and our work to the memory of our comrade, Ivan Yurievich Putin --- a fine shipmate, an honorable Party member, and a courageous officer.

Kamarov looks up towards the the bulkhead-mounted speaker. He shakes his head.

INT. RED OCTOBER GALLEY---NIGHT

Various sailors are doing assorted galley work. A COOK is looking at the speaker as he works on some bread.

RAMIUS

(O.S., Russian)

Comrades! Officer and men of Red October! We have orders from the Red Banner Northern Fleet High Command, and they are orders worthy of this ship and this crew!

INT. RED OCTOBER CONTROL ROOM---NIGHT

RAMIUS

(Russian)

Comrades! Our orders are to make the ultimate test of our new silent propulsion system.

(MORE)

RAMIUS (cont'd)

We are to head west, past the North Cape of America's imperialist puppet state, Norway, then to turn southwest towards the Atlantic Ocean.

INT. RED OCTOBER SONAR---NIGHT

Sonarmen with headphones are peeking in the direction of the speaker. A warrant officer, in charge and without headphones, is staring intently at the sonar displays.

RAMIUS

(O.S., Russian)

We will pass all of the imperialist sonar nets, and we will not be detected! This will be a true test of our submarine and his capabilities.

INT. RED OCTOBER CONTROL ROOM---NIGHT

RAMIUS

(Russian)

Our own ships will engage in a major exercise to locate us and at the same time to befuddle the arrogant imperialist navies. Our mission, first of all, is to evade detection by anyone.

INT. RED OCTOBER GALLEY---NIGHT

The Cook is looking at the speaker as he works on some bread.

RAMIUS

(O.S., Russian)

We will teach the Americans a lesson about Soviet technology that they will not soon forget! Our orders are to continue southwest, skirting the American coast to challenge and defeat their newest and best hunter submarines.

INT. RED OCTOBER CONTROL ROOM---NIGHT

RAMIUS

(Russian)

We will proceed all the way to our socialist brothers in Cuba, and we will be the first ship to make use of a new and supersecret nuclear submarine base that we have been building for two years right under their imperialist noses on the south coast of Cuba.

INT RED OCTOBER MEDICAL OFFICE --- NIGHT

Petrov is seated, staring at the overhead.

RAMIUS

(O.S., Russian)

A fleet replenishment vessel is already en route to rendezvous with us there.

INT. RED OCTOBER CONTROL ROOM---NIGHT

RAMIUS

(Russian)

Comrades! If we succeed in reaching Cuba undetected by the imperialists---and we will!---the officers and men of Red October will have a week---a week---of shore leave to visit our fraternal socialist comrades on the beautiful island of Cuba.

INT. RED OCTOBER CREW AREA---NIGHT

A few sailors are clustered around a paused card game.

RAMIUS

(O.S., Russian)

I have been there, comrades, and you will find it to be exactly what you have read, a paradise of warm breezes, palm trees, and comradely good fellowship.

The sailors look quite delighted at the idea of comradely good fellowship

RAMIUS (cont'd)

(O.S., Russian)

After this we will return to the Motherland by the same route. By this time, of course, the imperialists will know who and what we are, from their slinking spies and cowardly reconnaissance aircraft.

INT. RED OCTOBER CONTROL ROOM---NIGHT

RAMIUS

(Russian)

It is intended that they should know this, because we will again evade detection on the trip home.

INT. RED OCTOBER GALLEY---NIGHT

A michman is supervising a couple of other sailors as the Cook is looking at the speaker.

RAMIUS

(O.S., Russian)

This will let the imperialists know that they may not trifle with the men of the Soviet Navy, that we can approach their coast at the time of our choosing, and that they must respect the Soviet Union!

INT. RED OCTOBER CONTROL ROOM---NIGHT

Ramius looks up from his prepared speech. The men on watch in the control room are exchanging grins.

RAMIUS

(Russian)

Comrades! We win make the first cruise of Red October a memorable one!

Ramius changes cards in his hands.

RAMIUS (cont'd)

(Russian)

Comrades! Officers and men of Red October! This mission will not be an easy one. It demands our best efforts.

INT RED OCTOBER TORPEDO ROOM --- NIGHT

Several sailors are sound asleep in assorted bunks.

RAMIUS

(O.S., Russian)

We must maintain absolute radio silence, and our operating routines must be perfect! Rewards only come to those who truly earn them.

INT. RED OCTOBER CONTROL ROOM---NIGHT

RAMIUS

(Russian)

Every officer and every man aboard, from your commanding officer to the newest matros, must do his socialist duty and do it well! If we work together as comrades, as the New Soviet Men we are, we shall succeed. You young comrades new to the sea: Listen to your officers, to your michmany, and to your starshini.

INT. RED OCTOBER GALLEY---NIGHT

The Cook keeps working on the bread, keeps looking up at the speaker.

RAMIUS

(O.S., Russian)

Learn your duties well, and carry them out exactly. There are no small jobs on this ship, no small responsibilities. Every comrade depends for his life upon every other.

INT. RED OCTOBER CONTROL ROOM---NIGHT

RAMIUS

(Russian)

Do your duty, follow your orders, and when we have completed this voyage, you will be true Soviet sailors! That is all.

INT. RED OCTOBER GALLEY---NIGHT

The Cook is standing still, holding a warm loaf of bread and looking curiously at the speaker. He looks puzzled. The michman with him is grinning and chuckling as he points him back to working on the bread.

INT. RED OCTOBER CONTROL ROOM---NIGHT

Ramius sets the microphone back in the cradle.

RAMIUS

(Russian)

I wonder if any American submarines are about?

BORODIN

(Russian)

Indeed, Comrade Captain. Shall we engage the caterpillar?

RAMIUS

(Russian)

Proceed, Comrade.

BORODIN

(Russian)

Engines all stop.

OFFICER

(Russian)

All stop.

The QUARTERMASTER dials the annunciator to the STOP position. An instant later, the order is confirmed by the inner dial, and a few seconds after that the dull RUMBLE of the engines die away.

Borodin picks up the phone and punches the button for engineering.

BORODIN

(Russian)

Comrade Chief Engineer, prepare to engage the caterpillar.

INT. RED OCTOBER ENGINEERING---NIGHT

The Chief ENGINEER looks at a couple of dials, then picks up the microphone.

ENGINEER
 (Russian)
 Ready, Comrade Borodin.

INT RED OCTOBER CONTROL ROOM---NIGHT

BORODIN
 (Russian)
 Open doors fore and aft.

The warrant officer of the watch reaches up the control board and throws four switches. The status light over each changes from red to green.

OFFICER
 (Russian)
 Doors show open, Comrade.

Borodin speaks into the intercom.

BORODIN
 (Russian)
 Engage caterpillar. Build speed slowly to thirteen knots.

ENGINEER
 (O.S., Russian,
 metallic)
 Build slowly to one-three knots,
 Comrade.

INT. RED OCTOBER CREW'S QUARTERS---NIGHT

There is a HUM of electric motors as a handful of sleeping men are in their bunks. An intermittent RUMBLE is heard from aft. They stir briefly in their bunks, but do not wake.

INT. RED OCTOBER CONTROL ROOM---NIGHT

The reactor PLANT NOISES are almost imperceptible. At the officer's station, the speed gauge is at five knots, and begins to creep upward.

BORODIN
 (Russian)
 Caterpillar functioning normally,
 Comrade Captain.

EXT. UNDERWATER---DAY

The USS Bremerton is cruising submerged.

RAMIUS
(O.S., Russian)
Excellent. Steer two-six-zero, helm.

A title appears.

30 miles to the Northwest

Attack submarine USS Bremerton

INT. USS BREMERTON CONTROL ROOM---NIGHT

In front of the steersmen, the speed readout shows 14 knots. Two fire control officers are staring at a fire control map of the Kola peninsula. On it is a label, RED OCTOBER, with a dashed line running back towards Polyarnyy. Commander WILSON is in his command chair.

HELMSMAN
(O.S., Russian)
Two-six-zero, Comrade.

SONAR calls Wilson over the intercom.

SONAR
(O.S.)
Conn, sonar.

Commander Wilson lifts the phone.

WILSON
Conn, aye.

INT. BREMERTON SONAR---NIGHT

SONAR
Contact lost, sir. His screws stopped a few minutes ago and have not restarted. There's some other activity to the east, but the missile sub has gone dead.

WILSON
(O.S.)
Very well. He's probably settling down to a slow drift. We'll be creeping up on him. Stay awake, Chief.

INT. USS BREMERTON CONTROL ROOM---NIGHT

Wilson puts the phone down and takes two steps to the chart table. Two fire control officers look up as Wilson looks at the table.

WILSON

If it was me, I'd go down near the bottom and circle slowly right about here.

Wilson traces a rough circle on the chart that encloses the Red October's position. He looks at the fire control officers.

WILSON (cont'd)

So let's creep up on him. We'll reduce speed to five knots and see if we can move in and reacquire him from his reactor plant noise.

Wilson turns to the officer of the DECK.

WILSON (cont'd)

(cont.)

Reduce speed to five knots.

DECK

Aye, Skipper.

INT. SEVEROMORSK POST OFFICE---DAY

A mail sorter watches sourly as a truck driver dumps a large canvas sack on the work table in front of the sorter. The sorter is about 62, and looks it. An empty bag is on the other side of the table.

A title appears as the driver goes out the door.

Severomorsk, USSR

Headquarters, Red Banner Northern Fleet High Command

The sorter unties the drawstring and turns the sack over. Several smaller bags tumble out. He stares at the bags for a moment, then finally reaches for a small one. Opening the bag, he pulls out an official looking envelope. A title appears as the Cyrillic address becomes visible.

From: Captain Marko Ramius, Soviet Nuclear Missile Submarine Red October.

To: Comrade Admiral Yuri Ilych Padorin,

Main Political Administration of the Navy, Moscow.

The sorter stares at it. His expression grows more and more disdained.

RAMIUS

(O.S., Russian)

Uncle Yuri. Thank you for your confidence, and for the opportunity you have given me with command of this magnificent ship!

Finally, the sorter negligently tosses the envelope towards the mailbag on the opposite side of the table. It slides past the bag, and hangs on the edge of the table.

RAMIUS (cont'd)

(O.S., Russian)

In return, I intend to take this ship to the west,

The envelope drops to the floor. A title appears as the empty mail bag sits, Cyrillic lettering turned up.

Moscow daily mail

RAMIUS (cont'd)

(O.S., Russian)

to sail, undetected, into the harbor of New York, and defect to the Americans, taking the Red October with me.

The sorter stares sourly at the table top. Finally, he reaches for another bag.

INT. RYAN'S HOUSE---DAY

Text is displayed on a computer monitor.

Jack RYAN scowls at the monitor

RYAN

(O.S.)

Halsey's greatest popular success was his greatest error. In establishing himself as a popular hero with legendary aggressiveness,

A title appears.

Morrow, England

RYAN (cont'd)
the admiral would blind later
generations to his impressive
intellectual abilities and a shrewd
gambler's instinct to ---

Ryan looks at the pile of computer discs by the Apple
computer. SALLY speaks from beside his chair.

SALLY
(O.S.)
Daddy?

Ryan looks down at Sally.

RYAN
And how's my little Sally today?

SALLY
Fine.

Ryan picks her up and sets her on his lap, careful to slide
his chair away from the keyboard. Sally leans her head
against Ryan's shoulder.

RYAN
You don't look fine. What's bothering
my little girl?

SALLY
Well, Daddy, y'see, it's almost
Chris'mas, an . . . I'm not sure that
Santa knows where we are. We're not
where we were last year.

RYAN
Oh, I see. And you're afraid he
doesn't come here?

SALLY
Uh huh.

RYAN
Why didn't you ask me before? Of
course he comes here. Promise.

SALLY
Promise?

RYAN
Promise.

SALLY
Okay.

Sally kisses Ryan, slides off his lap, and runs out of the room. Ryan looks around the desk area, then pulls open a drawer and digs out a disk. He inserts the disk into the spare disk drive, clears the screen, and opens a file headlined Christmas. A few keystrokes later, the printer starts up, and begins to print the text on the screen.

EXT. UNDERWATER---DAY

The Soviet submarine V. K. Konovalov floats through the water. A title appears.

Attack submarine V. K. Konovalov

INT. V. K. KONOVALOV CONTROL ROOM---NIGHT

Viktor Alexievich TUPOLEV paces slowly around the periscope pedestal. A STARPOM is leaning against a plotting table, staring past sailors stationed at a sonar display. On the table is a chart with assorted map details and an X. Next to the X is a name in cyrillic.

A title appears.

Rokossovskiy

TUPOLEV
(Russian)
Anything new on sonar?

STARPOM
(Russian)
Nothing new, Comrade Captain.

The starpom turns and taps on the X.

STARPOM (cont'd)
(Russian)
Our friend is still cruising in a slow circle. Do you think that Rokossovskiy might be trying to confuse us? Would Captain Ramius have arranged for him to be here, to complicate our task?

TUPOLEV

(Russian)

Perhaps, but probably not. This exercise was arranged by Korov himself. Our mission orders were sealed, and Marko's orders should have been also. But then, Admiral Korov is an old friend of our Marko.

Tupolev thinks for a moment.

TUPOLEV (cont'd)

(Russian)

"No. Korov is an honorable man. I think Ramius is proceeding this way as slowly as he can. To make us nervous, to make us question ourselves. He will know we are to hunt him and will adjust his plans accordingly. He might try to enter the square from an unexpected direction—or to make us think that he is. You have never served under Ramius, Comrade Lieutenant. He is a fox, that one, an old gray-whiskered fox. I think we will continue to patrol as we are for another four hours. If we have not yet acquired him then, we will cross over to the southeast corner of the square and work our way in to the center. Yes.

EXT. UNDERWATER---DAY

The Red October crawls through the dimly lit ocean. A title appears.

Sunday, 5 December

INT. RED OCTOBER CONTROL ROOM---NIGHT

The navigation chart shows a course line running across the West edge of the Barents Sea. Ramius enters the control room. IVANOV is watching the helmsman. Ramius looks at the chart, then at the instruments covering both bulkheads. He makes some notations in the order book.

RAMIUS

(Russian, sharply)

Lieutenant Ivanov!

Ivanov snaps to attention.

IVANOV
(Russian)
Yes, Comrade Captain!

RAMIUS
(Russian)
I will be calling a meeting of the senior officers in the wardroom. You will now be the officer of the watch. This is your first cruise, Ivanov. How do you like it?

IVANOV
(Russian)
It is better than I had hoped, Comrade Captain.

RAMIUS
(Russian)
That is good, Comrade Lieutenant. It is my practice to give junior officers as much responsibility as they can handle. While we senior officers are having our weekly political, discussion, you are in command of this vessel!

Ivanov's eyes widen slightly.

RAMIUS (cont'd)
(Russian)
The safety of this ship and all its crew is your responsibility! You have been taught all you need to know, and my instructors are in the order book. If we detect another submarine or surface ship you will inform me at once and instantly imitate evasion drill. Any questions?

IVANOV
(Russian)
No, Comrade Captain.

RAMIUS
(Russian)
Good. Pavel Ilych, you will forever remember this as one of the great moments of your life. I know, I can still remember my first watch. Do not forget your orders or your responsibilities!

INT. RED OCTOBER MEDICAL OFFICE---NIGHT

Petrov is reading a manual with a title that is mostly Cyrillic, except the word X-ray. Ramius appears in the door.

RAMIUS
(Russian)
Good morning, Doctor.

PETROV
(Russian)
Good morning to you, Comrade Captain.
It is time for our political meeting?

RAMIUS
(Russian)
Yes, it is, Comrade Doctor, but I do not wish you to attend. There is something else I want you to do. While the senior officers are at the meeting, I have the three youngsters standing watch in control and the engineering spaces.

Petrov's eyes go wide.

PETROV
(Russian)
Oh?

Ramius smiles.

RAMIUS
(Russian)
Be at ease, Comrade. I can get from the wardroom to control in twenty seconds, as you know, and Comrade Melekhin can get to his precious reactor just as fast. Sooner or later our young officers must learn to function on their own. I prefer that they learn sooner. I want you to keep an eye on them. I know that they all have the knowledge to do their duties. I want to know if they have the temperament. If Borodin or I watch over them, they will not act normally. And in any case, this is a medical judgment, no?

PETROV
(Russian)
(MORE)

PETROV (cont'd)

Ah, you wish me to observe how they react to their responsibilities.

RAMIUS

(Russian)

Without the pressure of being observed by a senior line officer. One must give young officers room to grow--but not too much. If you observe something that you question, you will inform me at once. There should be no problems. We are in open sea, there is no traffic about and the reactor is running at a fraction of its total power. The first test for young officers ought to be an easy one. Find some excuse for traveling back and forth, and keep an eye on the children. Ask questions about what they are doing.

Petrov laughs.

PETROV

(Russian)

Ah, and also you would have me learn a few things, Comrade Captain? They told me about you at Severomorsk. Fine, it will be as you say. But this will be the first political meeting I have missed in years.

RAMIUS

(Russian)

From what your file says, you could teach Party doctrine to the Politburo, Yevgeni Konstantinovich.

INT. RED OCTOBER WARDROOM---NIGHT

Ramius appears in the door. Kamarov, Borodin, the MISSILE officer, and the rest of the senior officers sit at attention. There are several pots of tea and some black bread and butter on the table. Ramius turns to lock the door, then sits down. He looks around the table.

RAMIUS

(Russian)

Just before we sailed, in the last mailbag taken off the boat, I posted a letter to Admiral Padorin, telling him of our intent.

The officers stiffen, then relax. They sit, sober.

BORODIN

(Russian)

So, there is no going back.

RAMIUS

(Russian)

We have all agreed upon our course of action. Now we are committed to it.

KAMAROV

(Russian)

And what if they locate us?

RAMIUS

(Russian)

I doubt that even the Americans can find us when the caterpillar is operating. I am certain that our own submarines cannot. Comrades, I helped design this ship.

MISSILE

(Russian, mutters)

What will become of us?

RAMIUS

(Russian)

First we must accomplish the task at hand. An officer who looks too far ahead stumbles over his own boots.

BORODIN

(Russian)

They will be looking for us.

Ramius smiles

RAMIUS

(Russian)

Of course. But they will not know where to look until it is too late. Our mission, comrades, is to avoid detection. And so we shall.

INT. GREER'S OUTER OFFICE---DAY

A bored guard is sitting at his desk. Ryan wanders past him and down a corridor. A title appears.

Monday, 6 December

After a moment, the title is replaced as he approaches
NANCY.

C.I.A. Headquarters

NANCY
Good morning, Dr. Ryan.

Ryan smiles at her.

RYAN
Hi, Nancy.

NANCY
How's the family, Doctor? Looking
forward to Christmas?

RYAN
You bet---except my Sally's a little
worried. She's not sure Santa knows
that we've moved, and she's afraid he
won't make it to England for her. He
will.

NANCY
It's so nice when they're that
little.

Nancy pushes a button behind her desk.

NANCY (cont'd)
You can go right in, Dr. Ryan.

RYAN
Thanks, Nancy.

Ryan twists the knob and walks into Greer's office.

INT. GREER'S OFFICE---DAY

James GREER is reclining in his high-backed judge's chair,
reading through a folder. His oversized mahogany desk is
covered with neat piles of folders whose edges are bordered
with red tape and whose covers bear various codewords.

GREER
Hiya, Jack! Coffee?

RYAN
Yes, thank you, sir.

Ryan goes to the coffee machine behind Greer's desk and pours himself a cup.

GREER
You hungry, Jack?

Greer pulls a pastry box from a desk drawer.

GREER (cont'd)
I got some sticky buns here.

RYAN
Why, thanks, sir. I didn't eat much on the plane.

Ryan takes one, along with a paper napkin. Greer is amused.

GREER
Still don't like to fly?

Ryan sits down in the chair opposite Greer.

RYAN
I suppose I ought to be getting used to it. I like the Concorde better than the wide-bodies. You only have to be terrified half as long.

GREER
How's the family?

RYAN
Fine, thank you, sir. Sally's in first grade---loves it. And little Jack is toddling around the house. These buns are pretty good.

GREER
New bakery just opened up a few blocks from my place. I pass it on the way in every morning.

Greer sits upright in his chair.

GREER (cont'd)
So, what brings you over today?

RYAN
(casually)
Photographs of the new Soviet missile boat, Red October.

GREER

(suspicious)

Oh, and what do our British cousins want in return?

RYAN

They want a peek at Barry Somers' new enhancement gadgets. Not the machines themselves---at first---just the finished product. I think it's a fair bargain, sir. We have ten frames, low obliques, five each bow and stem, and one from each perspective is undeveloped so that Somers can work on them fresh. We are not committed, sir, but I told Sir Basil that you'd think it over.

Greer grunts.

GREER

To use the new system, Jack, we need the camera used to take the shots.

RYAN

I know.

Ryan pulls the camera from his coat pocket.

RYAN (cont'd)

It's a modified Kodak disk camera. Sir Basil says it's the coming thing in spy cameras, nice and flat. This one, he says, was hidden in a tobacco pouch.

GREER

How did you know that---that we need the camera?

RYAN

You mean how Somers uses lasers to ---

GREER

(snaps)

Ryan! How much do you know?

RYAN

Relax, sir. Remember back in February, I was over to discuss those new SS-20 sites on the Chinese border?

(MORE)

RYAN (cont'd)

Somers was here, and you asked me to drive him out to the airport. On the way out he started babbling about this great new idea he was heading west to work on. He talked about it all the way to Dulles. From what little I understood, I gather that he shoots laser beams through the camera lenses to make a mathematical model of the lens. From that, I suppose, he can take the exposed negative, break down the image into the--original incoming light beams, I guess, then use a computer to run I through a computer-generated theoretical lens to make a perfect picture. I probably have it wrong. Greer is scowling.

GREER

Somers talks too goddamned much.

RYAN

I told him that, sir. But once the guy gets started, how the hell do you shut him up?

GREER

And what do the Brits know?

RYAN

Your guess is as good as mine, sir. Sir BasiI asked me about it, and I told him that he was asking the wrong guy--I mean, my degrees are in economics and history, not physics. I told him we needed the camera--but he already knew that. Took it right out of his desk and tossed it to me. I did not reveal anything about this, sir.

GREER

I wonder how many other people he spilled to. Geniuses! They operate in their own crazy little worlds. Somers is like a little kid sometimes. And you know the First Rule of Security: The likelihood of a secret's being blown is proportional to the square of the number of people who're in on it.

Greer's phone BUZZES. He picks it up.

GREER (cont'd)
Greer . . . Right.

He hangs up.

GREER (cont'd)
Charlie Davenport's on the way up,
per your suggestion, Jack. Supposed
to be here half an hour ago. Must be
the snow.

Greer jerks a hand towards the window, towards the two
inches of snow on the ground.

GREER (cont'd)
One flake hits this town and
everything goes to hell.

Ryan laughs.

GREER (cont'd)
So, Jack, you say this is worth the
price?

RYAN
Sir, we've wanted these pictures for
some time, what with all the
contradictory data we've been getting
on the sub. It's your decision and
the judge's but, yes, I think they're
worth the price. These shots are
very interesting.

GREER
We ought to have our own men in that
damned yard. I don't suppose Basil
told you anything about their man?

Ryan smiles, shaking his head.

RYAN
No, sir, and I did not ask.

Greer nods his approval. The door opens and DAVENPORT and
CASIMIR walk through the door. Davenport wears an admiral's
insignia, and Casimir is a captain with the wings of a naval
aviator.

DAVENPORT
Morning, James!

GREER
Hi, Charlie. You know Jack Ryan,
don't you?

DAVENPORT

Hello, Ryan.

RYAN

We've met.

DAVENPORT

This is Captain Casimir.

Ryan shakes hands with both men.

DAVENPORT (cont'd)

Weather in England must be as bad as here, Ryan.

Davenport drops his bridge coat on top of Ryan's.

DAVENPORT (cont'd)

I see you stole a Royal Navy overcoat.

RYAN

A gift, sir, and quite warm.

DAVENPORT

Christ, you even talk like a Brit. James, we gotta bring this boy home.

GREER

Be nice to him. Charlie. He's got a present for you. Grab yourself some coffee.

Casimir scurries over to fill a mug for Davenport, then sits down at Davenport's right hand. Ryan lets them wait a moment before opening his briefcase. He takes out four folders, keeping one and handing the others around.

DAVENPORT

They say you've been doing some fairly good work, Ryan.

Davenport opens his folder.

DAVENPORT (cont'd)

And---Jesus Christ!.

RYAN

(formally)

Gentlemen, I give you Red October, courtesy of the British Secret Intelligence Service.

Greer, Davenport, and Casimir look at the photos.

RYAN (cont'd)

Gentlemen, as you can see, the lighting wasn't all that great. Nothing fancy here. It was a pocket camera loaded with 400-speed color film. The first pair was processed normally to establish high levels. The second was pushed for greater brightness using normal procedures. The third pair was digitally enhanced for color resolution, and the fourth was digitally enhanced for line resolution. I have undeveloped frames of each view for Barry Somers to play with.

DAVENPORT

Oh?

Davenport looks up briefly.

DAVENPORT (cont'd)

That's right neighborly of the Brits. What's the price?

GREER

Info on Barry's camera system.

DAVENPORT

Pay up. It's worth it.

GREER

That's what Jack says.

DAVENPORT

Figures.

Davenport chuckles.

DAVENPORT (cont'd)

You know he really is working for them.

Ryan bristles at that, then takes a deep breath.

DAVENPORT (cont'd)

I gather that Sir John Ryan is still well connected on the other side of the ocean?

RYAN

(cooly)

We have lots of friends over there, sir, and some of them were kind enough to give you these.

Davenport softens.

DAVENPORT

Okay, Jack, then you do me a favor. You see whoever gave us these gets something nice in his stocking. They're worth plenty. So, exactly what do we have here?

CASIMIR

What are these doors for?

DAVENPORT

Hmm. She's a big bastard. Forty feet longer than we expected, by the look of her.

RYAN

Forty-four, roughly. Somers can calibrate that for us. And more beam, two meters more than the other Typhoons. She's an obvious development of the Typhoon class, but ---

DAVENPORT

You're right, Captain. What are those doors?

RYAN

That's why I came over. I don't know, and neither do the Brits.

GREER

Torpedo tubes? No---four of them are inboard.

Greer reaches into his drawer and brings out a magnifying glass.

DAVENPORT

You're the sub driver, James.

GREER

Twenty years ago, Charlie.

Greer peers through the glass.

GREER (cont'd)

Well, they can't be torpedo tubes. They have the normal four of them at the bow, inboard of these openings . . . must be six or seven feet across. How about launch tubes for the new cruise missile they're developing?

RYAN

That's what the Royal Navy thinks. I had a chance to talk it over with their intelligence chaps. But I don't buy it. Why put an anti-surface-ship weapon on a strategic platform? We don't, and we deploy our boomers a lot further forward than they do. The doors are symmetrical through the boat's axis. You can't launch a missile out of the stern, sir. The openings barely clear the screws.

DAVENPORT

Towed sonar array.

RYAN

Granted they could do that, if they trail one screw. But why two of them?

Davenport gives him a nasty look.

DAVENPORT

They love redundancies.

RYAN

Two doors forward, two aft, I can buy cruise missile tubes. I can buy a towed array. But both sets of doors exactly the same size?

Ryan shakes his head.

RYAN

Too much of a coincidence. I think it's something new. That's what interrupted her construction for so long. They figured something new for her and spent the last two years rebuilding the Typhoon configuration to accommodate it. Note also that they added six more missiles for good measure.

DAVENPORT

Opinion.

RYAN

That's what I'm paid for.

GREER

Okay, Jack, what do you think it is?.

RYAN

Beats me, sir. I'm no engineer.

Admiral Greer looks his guests over for a few seconds. He smiles and leans back in his chair.

GREER

Gentlemen, we have what? Ninety years of naval experience in this room, plus this young amateur.

He gestures at Ryan.

GREER

Okay, Jack, you've set us up for something. Why did you bring this over personally?

RYAN

I want to show these to somebody.

Greer's head cocks suspiciously to one side.

GREER

Who?

RYAN

Skip Tyler. Any of you fellows know him?

Casimir nods.

CASIMIR

I do. He was a year behind me at Annapolis. Didn't he get hurt or something?

RYAN

Yeah. Lost his leg in an auto accident four years ago. He was up for command of the Los Angeles and a drunk driver clipped him.

(MORE)

RYAN (cont'd)

Now he teaches engineering at the Academy and does a lot of consulting work with Sea Systems Command--- technical analysis, looking at their ship designs. He has a doctorate in engineering from MIT, and he knows how to think unconventionally.

GREER

How about his security clearance?

RYAN

Top secret or better, sir, because of his Crystal City work.

GREER

Objections, Charlie?

Davenport frowns.

DAVENPORT

Is this the guy who did the evaluation of the new Kirov?

CASIMIR

Yes, sir, now that I think about it. Him and Saunders over at Sea Systems.

DAVENPORT

That was a nice piece of work. It's okay with me.

GREER

When do you want to see him?

RYAN

Today, if it's all right with you, sir. I have to run over to Annapolis anyway, to get something from the house, and---well, do some quick Christmas shopping.

DAVENPORT

Oh? A few dolls?

Ryan turns to look the admiral in the eye.

RYAN

Yes, sir, as a matter of fact. My little girl wants a Skiing Barbie doll and some Jordache doll outfits. Didn't you ever play Santa, Admiral?

Davenport blinks.

DAVENPORT

Did they tell you over there that
October sailed last Friday?

RYAN

Oh? I thought she wasn't scheduled
to sail until this Friday.

DAVENPORT

So did we. Her skipper is Marko
Ramius. You heard about him?

RYAN

Only secondhand stuff. The Brits say
he's pretty good.

GREER

Better than that. He's about the
best sub driver they have, a real
charger. We had a considerable file
on him when I was at DIA. Who's bird
doggin' him for you, Charlie?

DAVENPORT

Bremerton was assigned to it. She
was out of position doing some ELINT
work when Ramius sailed, but she was
ordered over. Her skipper's Bud
Wilson. Remember his dad?

Greer laughs out loud.

GREER

Red Wilson? Now there was one
spirited submarine driver! His boy
any good?

DAVENPORT

So they say. Ramius is about the
best the Soviets have. But Wilson's
got a 688 boat. By the end of the
week, we'll be able to start a new
book on Red October.

Davenport stands.

DAVENPORT

We gotta head back, James.

Casimir hurries to get the coats.

DAVENPORT

I can keep these?

GREER

I suppose, Charlie. Just don't go hanging them on the wall, even to throw darts at. And I guess you want to get moving, too, Jack?

RYAN

Yes, sir.

Greer lifts his phone.

GREER

Nancy, Dr. Ryan will need a car and a driver in fifteen minutes. Right.

DAVENPORT

Been nice talking to you, Ryan.

RYAN

You too, sir.

Greer sets the receiver down as Davenport leaves.

GREER

No sense getting you killed out there in the snow. Besides, you'd probably drive on the wrong side of the road after a year in England. Skiing Barbie, Jack?

RYAN

You had all boys, didn't you, sir? Girls are different.

Ryan grins.

RYAN (cont'd)

You've never met my little Sally.

GREER

Daddy's girl?

RYAN

Yep. God help whoever marries her. Can I leave these photographs with Tyler?

GREER

I hope you're right about him, son. Yes, he can hold onto them---if and only if he has a good place to keep them.

RYAN
Understood, sir. GREER When you get back---probably be late, the way the roads are. You're staying at the Marriot?

RYAN (cont'd)
Yes, sir.

Greer thinks that over.

GREER
I'll probably be working late. Stop by here before you bed down. I may want to go over a few things with you.

RYAN
Will do, sir. Thanks for the car.

Ryan stands.

GREER
Go buy your dolls, son.

INT. ACADEMY CLASSROOM---DAY

Skip TYLER is sitting at a desk, grading papers. Tyler's prosthetic leg ends in a square, rubber-coated band instead of a pseudo-foot. A title appears.

U.S. Naval Academy

Ryan leans against the door frame.

RYAN
How's it goin', Skip?

Tyler looks up.

TYLER
Hey, Jack! I thought you were in England. Tyler jumps to his foot and hobbles over to grab Ryan's hand.

TYLER (cont'd)
So, what are you doing here?

RYAN
I had to fly over to get some work done and do a little shopping. How's Jean and your. . . five?

TYLER
Five and two-thirds.

RYAN
Again? Jean ought to have you fixed.

TYLER
That's what she said, but I've had
enough things disconnected.

Tyler laughs.

TYLER
I guess I'm making up for all those
monastic years as a nuc. Come on
over and grab a chair.

Ryan sits on the corner of the desk and opens his briefcase.
He hands Tyler a folder.

RYAN
Got some pictures I want you to look
at.

TYLER
Okay.

Tyler flips it open.

TYLER (cont'd)
Whose---a Russian! Big bastard.
That's the basic Typhoon
configuration. Lots of
modifications, though. Twenty-six
missiles instead of twenty. Looks
longer. Hull's flattened out some,
too. More beam?

RYAN
Two or three meters' worth.

TYLER
I heard you were working with the
CIA. Can't talk about that, right?

RYAN
Something like that. And you never
saw these pictures, Skip.
Understood?

TYLER
Right.

Tyler's eyes twinkle.

TYLER (cont'd)

What do you want me not to look at them for?

Ryan pulls the blowups from the back of the folder.

RYAN

These doors, bow and stern.

TYLER

Uh-huh.

Tyler sets them down side by side.

TYLER

Pretty big. They're two meters or so, paired fore and aft. They look symmetrical through the long axis. Not cruise missile tubes, eh?

RYAN

On a boomer? You put something like that on a strategic missile sub?

TYLER

The Russkies are a funny bunch, Jack, and they design things their own way. This is the same bunch that built the Kirov class with a nuclear reactor and an oil-fed steam plant. Hmm . . . twin screws. The aft doors can't be for a sonar array. They'd foul the screws.

RYAN

How 'bout if they trail one screw?

TYLER

They do that with surface ships to conserve fuel, and sometimes with their attack boats. Operating a twin-screw missile boat on one wheel would probably be tricky on this baby. The Typhoon's supposed to have handling problems, and boats that handle funny tend to be sensitive to power settings. You end up jinking around so much that you have trouble holding course. You notice how the doors converge at the stem?

RYAN

No, I didn't.

Tyler looks up.

TYLER

Damn! I should have realized it right off the bat. It's a propulsion system. You shouldn't have caught me marking papers, Jack. It turns your brain to Jello.

RYAN

Propulsion system?

TYLER

We looked at this---oh, must have been twenty some years ago---when I was going to school here. We didn't do anything with it, though. It's too inefficient.

RYAN

Okay, tell me about it.

TYLER

They called it a tunnel drive. You know how out West they have lots of hydroelectric power plants? Mostly dams. The water spills onto wheels that turn generators. Now there's a few new ones that kind of turn that around. They tap into underground rivers, and the water turns impellers, and they turn the generators instead of a modified mill wheel. An impeller is like a propeller, except the water drives it instead of the other way around. There's some minor technical differences, too, but nothing major. Okay so far?

Ryan nods.

TYLER

With this design, you turn that around. You suck water in the bow and your impellers eject it out the stem, and that moves the ship.

Tyler pauses, frowning.

TYLER (cont'd)

As I recall, you have to have more than one per tunnel.

(MORE)

TYLER (cont'd)

They looked at this back in the early sixties and got to the model stage before dropping it. One of the things they discovered is that one impeller doesn't work as well as several. Some sort of back pressure thing. It was a new principle, something unexpected that cropped up. They ended up using four, I think, and it was supposed to look something like the compressor sets in a jet engine.

Ryan is taking rapid notes.

RYAN

Why did we drop it?

TYLER

Mostly efficiency. You can only get so much water down the pipes no matter how powerful your motors are. And the drive system took up a lot of room. They partially beat that with a new kind of electric induction motor, I think, but even then you'd end up with a lot of extraneous machinery inside the hull. Subs don't have that much room to spare, even this monster. The top speed limit was supposed to be about ten knots, and that just wasn't good enough, even though it did virtually eliminate cavitation sounds.

RYAN

Cavitation?

TYLER

When you have a propeller turning in the water at high speed, you develop an area of low pressure behind the trailing edge of the blade. This can cause water to vaporize. That creates a bunch of little bubbles. They can't last long under the water pressure, and when they collapse, the water rushes forward to pound against the blades. That does three things. First, it makes noise, and us sub drivers hate noise. Second, it can cause vibration, something else we don't like.

(MORE)

TYLER (cont'd)

The old passenger liners, for example, used to flutter several inches at the stern, all from cavitation and slippage. It takes a hell of a lot of force to vibrate a 50,000-ton ship; that kind of force breaks things. Third, it tears up the screws. The big wheels only used to last few years. That's why back in the old days the blades were bolted onto the hub instead of being cast in one piece. The vibration is mainly a surface ship problem, and the screw degradation was eventually conquered by improved metallurgic technology. Now, this tunnel drive system avoids the cavitation problem. You still have cavitation, but the noise from it is mainly lost in the tunnels. That makes good sense. The problem is that you can't generate much speed without making the tunnel too wide to be practical. While one team was working on this another was working on improved screw designs. Your typical sub screw today is pretty large, so it can turn more slowly for given speed. The slower the turning speed, the less cavitation you get. The problem is also mitigated by depth. A few hundred feet down, the higher water pressure retards bubble formation.

RYAN

Then why don't the Soviets copy our screw designs?

TYLER

Several reasons, probably. You design a screw for a specific hull and engine combination, so copying ours wouldn't automatically work for them. A lot of this work is still empirical too. There's a lot of trial and error in this. It's a lot harder, say, than designing an airfoil, because the blade cross section changes radically from one point to another. I suppose another reason is that their metallurgical technology isn't as good as ours--- same reason that their jet and rocket engines are less efficient.

(MORE)

TYLER (cont'd)

These new designs place great value on high-strength alloys. It's a narrow specialty, and I only know the generalities.

RYAN

Okay, you say that this is a silent propulsion system, and it has a top speed limit of ten knots?

TYLER

Ballpark figure. I'd have to do some computer modeling to tighten that up. We probably still have the data laying around at the Taylor Laboratory. Probably still classified, and I'd have to take it with a big grain of salt.

RYAN

How come?

TYLER

All this work was done twenty years ago. They only got up to fifteen-foot models---pretty small for this sort of thing. Remember that they had already stumbled across one new principle, that back-pressure thing. There might have been more out there. I expect they tried some computer models, but even if they did, mathematical modeling techniques back then were dirt-simple. To duplicate this today I'd have to have the old data and programs from Taylor, check it all over, then draft a new program based on this configuration.

Tyler taps the photographs.

TYLER

Once that was done, I'd need access to a big league mainframe computer to run it.

RYAN

But you could do it?

TYLER

Sure. I'd need exact dimensions on this baby, but I've done this before for the bunch over at Crystal City.

(MORE)

TYLER (cont'd)

The hard part's getting the computer time. I need a big machine.

RYAN

I can probably arrange access to ours.

Tyler laughs.

TYLER

Probably not good enough, Jack. This is specialized stuff. I'm talking about a Cray- 2, one of the biggies. To do this you have to mathematically simulate the behavior of millions of little parcels of water, the water flow over---and through, in this case---the whole hull. Same sort of thing NASA has to do with the Space Shuttle. The actual work is easy enough---it's the scale that's tough. They're simple calculations, but you have to make millions of them per second. That means a big Cray, and there's only a few of them around. NASA has one in Houston, I think. The navy has a few in Norfolk for ASW work---you can forget about those. The air force has one in the Pentagon, I think, and all the rest are in California.

RYAN

But you could do it?

TYLER

Sure.

RYAN

Okay, get to work on it, Skip, and I'll see if we can get you the computer time. How long?

TYLER

Depending on how good the stuff at Taylor is, maybe a week. Maybe less.

RYAN

How much do you want for it?

Tyler waves him off.

TYLER

Aw, come on, Jack!

RYAN

Skip, it's Monday. You get us this data by Friday and there's twenty thousand dollars in it. You're worth it, and we want this data. Agreed?

TYLER

Sold.

They shake hands.

TYLER (cont'd)

Can I keep the pictures?

RYAN

I can leave them if you have a secure place to keep them. Nobody gets to see them, Skip. Nobody.

TYLER

There's a nice safe in the superintendent's office.

RYAN

Fine, but he doesn't see them.

TYLER

He won't like it. But okay.

RYAN

Have him call Admiral Greer if he objects. This number.

Ryan hands him a card.

RYAN

You can reach me here if you need me. If I'm not in, ask for the admiral.

TYLER

Just how important is this?

RYAN

Important enough. You're the first guy who's come up with a sensible explanation for these hatches. That's why I came here. If you can model this for us, it'll be damned useful. Skip, one more time: This is highly sensitive. If you let anybody see these, it's my ass.

TYLER

Aye aye, Jack. Well, you've laid a deadline on me, I better get down to it. See you.

INT. GREER'S OFFICE---NIGHT

Ryan closes the door behind him as he enters the office. Greer looks up from his desk.

GREER

Well, did you get your Surfing Barbie?

RYAN

Skiing Barbie. Yes, sir. Come on, didn't you ever play Santa?

GREER

They grew up too fast, Jack. Even my grandchildren are all past that stage.

He turns to get some coffee.

GREER

We have something more on Red October. The Russians seem to have a major ASW exercise running in the northeast Barents Sea. Half a dozen ASW search aircraft, a bunch of frigates, and an Alfa-class attack boat, all running around in circles.

RYAN

Probably an acquisition exercise. Skip Tyler says those doors are for a new drive system

GREER

Indeed.

Greer sits back.

GREER

Tell me about it.

RYAN

Skip says it's a series of propellers inside tunnels running the length of the sub. We experimented with it before, but dropped it.

(MORE)

RYAN (cont'd)

He says he can generate a computer simulation of its effectiveness.

Greer's eyebrows go up.

GREER

How soon?

RYAN

End of week, maybe. I told him if he had it done by Friday we'd pay him for it. Twenty thousand sound reasonable?

GREER

Will it mean anything?

RYAN

If he gets the background data he needs, it ought to, sir. Skip's a very sharp cookie. I mean, they don't give doctorates away at MIT, and he was in the top five of his Academy class.

GREER

Worth twenty thousand dollars of our money?

RYAN

Sir, if we followed normal procedure on this, we'd contract one of the Beltway Bandits. They'd charge us five or ten times as much, and we'd be lucky to have the data by Easter. This way we might just have it while the boat's still at sea. If worse comes to worst, sir, I'll foot the bill. I figured you'd want this data fast, and it's right up his alley.

GREER

You're right. Okay, the Soviets have a new missile boat with a silent drive system. What does it all mean?

RYAN

Nothing good. We depend on our ability to track their boomers with our attack boats.

(MORE)

RYAN (cont'd)

Hell, that's why they agreed a few years back to our proposal about keeping them five hundred miles from each other's coasts, and why they keep their missile subs in port most of the time. This could change the game a bit. By the way, October's hull, I haven't seen what it's made of.

GREER

Steel. She's too big for a titanium hull, at least for what it would cost. You know what they have to spend on their Alfas.

RYAN

Too much for what they got. You spend that much money for a superstrong hull, then put a noisy power plant in it. Dumb.

GREER

Maybe. I wouldn't mind having that speed, though. Anyway, if this silent drive system really works, they might be able to creep up onto the continental shelf.

RYAN

Depressed-trajectory shot. You think October was built with that in mind?

GREER

I'm sure the thought occurred to them. It would have occurred to us. Well, we have Bremerton up there to keep an eye on her, and if this data turns out to be useful we'll see if we can come up with an answer. How are you feeling?

RYAN

I've been on the go since five-thirty London time. Long day, sir.

GREER

I expect so. Okay, we'll go over the Afghanistan business tomorrow morning. Get some sleep, son.

RYAN

Aye, aye, sir.

Ryan gets his coat.

RYAN

Good night.

INT. SOSUS CONTROL---NIGHT

A small army of navy uniforms is sitting at individual stations of six rows of consoles. A title appears.

Sonar Surveillance System Atlantic Control

An elevated control room is in the rear. FRANKLIN is seated at console 15, leaning back in his swivel chair, puffing an old briar pipe. He is listening to a mix of sound piped in over his headset.

An eyebrow goes up, and he cocks his head to one side. The pulls on the pipe grow irregular. His right hand reaches forward to the control panel and switches off the signal processors. The noise changes as it comes in without computerized interference. After a moment, he switches the filters back on. Next, he tries some changes in his azimuth controls. Franklin queries his computer terminal and the name USS Dallas appears. He smiles, thinly.

FRANKLIN

(quietly)

Gotcha!

Another noise comes through, a low-frequency rumble that only lasts a few seconds before fading out. Franklin sets his pipe down and begins making adjustments on his control board. QUENTIN calls him over the headphones.

QUENTIN

Chief?.

FRANKLIN

Yes, Commander?

QUENTIN

Can you come back to control? I have something I want you to hear.

FRANKLIN

On the way, sir.

Franklin pulls off the headphones. The room by itself is as quiet as a tomb. Franklin rises quietly and goes to the control room. Quentin is sitting at the command station with multiple sets of headphones plugged in and lying around.

FRANKLIN (cont'd)
Howdy, Commander. What do you have
for me, sir?

QUENTIN
On the Barents Sea net.

Quentin hands him a pair of phones. Franklin listens for
several minutes, but doesn't sit down.

FRANKLIN
Damned if they ain't pretty busy up
there. I read a pair of Alfas, a
Charlie, a Tango, and a few surface
ships. What gives, sir?

QUENTIN
There's a Delta there, too, but she
just surfaced and killed her engines.

FRANKLIN
Surfaced, Skipper?

QUENTIN
Yep. They were lashing her pretty
hard with active sonar, then a 'can
queried her on a gertrude

FRANKLIN
Uh-huh. Acquisition game, and the
sub lost.

QUENTIN
Maybe.

Quentin rubs his eyes.

QUENTIN
But the Alfas are still pinging, and
now they're headed west, as you
heard.

FRANKLIN
Oh.

Franklin ponders that for a moment.

FRANKLIN
They're looking for another boat,
then. The Typhoon that was supposed
to have sailed the other day, maybe?

QUENTIN

That's what I thought---except she headed west, and the exercise area is northeast of the fjord. We lost her the other day on SOSUS. Bremerton's up sniffing around for her now.

FRANKLIN

Cagey skipper. Cut his plant all the way back and just drifting.

QUENTIN

Yeah. I want you to move down to the North Cape barrier supervisory board and see if you can find her, Chief. She'll still have her reactor working, and she'll be making some noise. The operators we have on that sector are a little young. I'll take one and switch him to your board for a while.

FRANKLIN

Right, Skipper.

QUENTIN

Did you pick up on Dallas?

FRANKLIN

Yes, sir. Real faint, but I think I got her crossing my sector headed northwest for Toll Booth. If we get an Orion down there, we might just get her locked in. Can we rattle their cage a little?

Quentin chuckles.

QUENTIN

No, NIFTY DOLPHIN is over. Chief. We'll just log and let the skipper know when he comes back home. Nice work, though. You know her reputation. We're not supposed to hear her at all.

Franklin snorts.

FRANKLIN

That'll be the day!

QUENTIN

Let me know what you find, Deke.

FRANKLIN

Aye aye, Skipper. You take care of
yourself, hear?

END