

FADE IN:

EXT. RYE BEACH, NEW HAMPSHIRE - DUSK

The surf of the Atlantic Ocean hits the beach.

LARRY POST (16) stands on the beach and tosses a stick.

PRINCESS, a two-year-old Germain Shepard, dashes after the stick.

Across the road from the beach a 1955 Ford bucks slowly forward in a large parking lot. The car stalls. The loud sound of grinding gears.

INT. FORD - DUSK

BOB MURPHY (37), wearing a BOSTON RED SOX cap and glasses, sits on the passenger side.

BOB

The clutch. Step on the clutch,  
Nancy.

NANCY MURPHY (16), attractive, sits behind the steering wheel. Her foot pushes down on the clutch pedal. She turns the ignition key. The car starts.

BOB

Now give it a little gas.

The engine ROARS.

Bob smiles.

BOB

Just push down on the gas pedal  
a little bit.

The engine idles.

BOB

That's good. Now I want you to  
slowly let up on the clutch while  
you give it more gas.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DUSK

The loud sound of a car leaving rubber.

The car jets across the parking lot. It abruptly stops.

INT. CAR - DUSK

Bob stares ahead.

BOB

That was better, but a little  
too fast.

NANCY

Dad, can you buy me an automatic?  
I know where there's one for only  
seventy-five dollars. Please.

BOB

Don't be a quitter. After  
sea trials I'll have you driving  
like a pro. Let's get your friend.

Larry watches Princess run into the ocean.

The ocean gets darker.

BLACK SCREEN

SUPER IMPOSE: APRIL 10, 1963

STOCK SOUNDS

The recorded frightful sounds, GROANS and CLANKS, of the USS  
Thresher breaking apart.

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY

A submarine slowly sinks as the sounds become louder. The  
AFT end of the sub is lower than the fwd end.

The sail breaks away from the hull. It turns towards its  
side as it sinks below the submarine.

INT. SUBMARINE - CONTROL AND ATTACK CENTER

Beams of light from battle lanterns shine on the passage ways and gage boards.

TWO SAILORS sit in front of their control panels.

TWO MEN wearing civilian clothes and TWO SAILORS stand behind the sailors.

Everyone appears to be frightened.

Bob Murphy, wearing a navy uniform, stands by the periscope holding a handset from a sound powered telephone.

He places the handset into its holder and turns.

BOB

The air pressure lines are frozen.  
We can't blow air into the ballast  
tanks.

The load GROANS and CLANKS of the high tensile steel about to break.

The hull above the men breaks in and there is a loud sound "like air rushing into an air tank".

The men burst into flames.

Large pieces of hull and tons of water crush the burning bodies.

INSERT - NEWSPAPER HEADLINES: U.S. NUCLEAR SUB THRESHER,  
WITH CREW OF 129, LOST IN ATLANTIC.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

PRESIDENT JOHN KENNEDY sits on his wooden rocking chair by the fireplace.

ADMIRAL HYMAN RICKOVER, 63, white hair, short, thin, sits across from Kennedy on a white leather sofa.

KENNEDY

What the hell happened, Admiral?

RICKOVER

Insufficient solder at a four-inch pipe joint. Seawater sprayed from that joint onto vital electrical components causing a reactor shutdown and loss of propulsion power. I'm pretty damn sure that's what happened.

KENNEDY

Well, we don't know that for sure.

RICKOVER

We know their method of testing those silver-brazed joints was inadequate. We directed them to use ultrasonic testing. They didn't.

KENNEDY

Okay. Right. Well, Admiral, I'm told that the Navy didn't specify the extent of the testing required.

RICKOVER

Mr. President, the shipyard found that the ultrasonic testing was too costly and time consuming. THOSE BASTARDS SHOULD HAVE BEEN MORE CONCERNED WITH THE QUALITY OF WORKMANSHIP INSTEAD OF MAKING A FEW EXTRA DOLLARS.

KENNEDY

Okay. My father always told me that all business men were sons of bitches.

Kennedy walks over to the fireplace. He ponders.

KENNEDY

I want you to meet with Secretary

McNamara and draft a submarine safety program.

RICKOVER  
A sub-safe program. I like that.

KENNEDY  
I want provisions that allows the Navy to oversee and strictly enforce those requirements.

RICKOVER  
Good. It'll cost the government more money, but it'll be worth it.

KENNEDY  
Okay. We'll talk about this later.

RICKOVER  
Thank you, Mr. President.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

A large group of PEOPLE walk towards their cars.

A MAN opens a car door for his WIFE.

WIFE  
What a waste of money. There's no body, for Christ sake.

The woman gets in the car.

MAN  
It's what Pam wanted.

WIFE  
How could his body incinerate?

MAN  
Has to do with combustion. Intense heat when the hull imploded.

The man shuts the car door.

Nancy and PAM (37) stand by a headstone.

Rickover, wearing a suit, approaches Pam.

RICKOVER

I'm Admiral Hyman Rickover. I'm  
sorry for your loss.

With tears running down her cheeks, Pam glares at Rickover.

PAM

You knew it wasn't safe, didn't  
you?

Rickover looks at Pam for a moment, then turns his head.

PAM

Admiral, you can go to Hell.

Pam cries uncontrollably as Nancy tries to comfort her.

Rickover mopes away.

INT. JOHN KENNEDY LIBRARY - DAY

FOURTEEN YEARS LATER

A painting of John Kennedy sitting in his rocking chair hangs on the wall. Written on the wall next to the painting is 'ASK NOT WHAT YOUR COUNTRY CAN DO FOR YOU-ASK WHAT YOU CAN DO FOR YOUR COUNTRY.'

VELIOTIS (O.S.)

(thick Greek accent)

Warren Harding said, 'We must  
have a citizenship less concerned  
about what the government can do  
for it and more anxious about what  
it can do for the nation'.

Two well dressed MEN stand in front of the words. P. T. VELIOTIS, distinguished looking, mid-fifties, well over six feet tall, pencil-thin moustache and SUBCONTRACTOR, a much smaller man, early fifties, look at the words.

VELIOTIS  
 (thick Greek accent)  
 President Kennedy's most notable  
 words ...a republican concept.

The two men stroll away from the exhibit. While Veliotis talks, they past the "Oval Office" exhibit.

VELIOTIS  
 I'm going to award Frigitemp an  
 additional twelve million dollar  
 contract. Transfer five hundred  
 thousand into my Swiss account.

SUBCONTRACTOR  
 Done.

VELIOTIS  
 I'll be leaving Quincy shortly.  
 Don't get too greedy. We don't  
 want investigators, my friend.

The men stop in front of the 1960 election exhibit. Hanging on the wall is the red and gray election map that shows the state by state final election results.

SUBCONTRACTOR  
 Where're you going, Takis?

VELIOTIS  
 Connecticut. Another shipyard.

Veliotis extends his hand towards the subcontractor. The two men shake hands.

INT. OVAL OFFICE

JIMMY CARTER meets with Admiral Rickover.

RICKOVER  
 Those bastards want another five  
 hundred forty-four million dollars  
 for cost overruns.

CARTER  
 The problems were due to faulty

design data.

RICKOVER

BULLSHIT. They expect the navy to pay for their fuck-ups. Those claims are fraudulent.

CARTER

What do you know about their new General Manager, Veliotis.

RICKOVER

He's from Greece. Not an American citizen. He took Quincy out of the red at our tax payers expense. He likes to fire people.

EXT. - ELECTRIC BOAT - MAIN GATE - DAY

P.T. Veliotis and seven men, all wearing expensive looking suits, march into the shipyard with four uniformed security guards. They proceed down a small hill.

Two men wearing white hard hats talk at the bottom of the hill. Veliotis and a security guard approach the two men. The other men keep on walking.

VELIOTIS

What are you two supervisors doing?

SUPERVISOR

(smiling)

We're just shooting the breeze.

VELIOTIS

You two can shoot the breeze elsewhere, you're both fired.

INT. LIVING ROOM

TELEVISION SCREEN

AN ANCHORWOMAN reports the news.

ANCHORWOMAN

More than three thousand salaried employees were dismissed today at a local defense plant. The full story will be at six.

Nancy, now 30, sits back on a recliner.

Larry, now a paraplegic, sits on a wheelchair. He turns his head away from the television and looks at Nancy.

LARRY

E B?

NANCY

Yeah, I heard they went into offices and told everyone to pack their personal things.

LARRY

Are you safe?

NANCY

I have super seniority, but if they get to someone with more time than me, I'll give up my steward button.

LARRY

That would be foolish.

NANCY

It would be the right thing to do.

TELEVISION SCREEN

Veliotis struts out of the shipyard's main gate. A reporter places a microphone in front of Veliotis' face.

REPORTER

Mr. Veliotis, are you going to lay off more employees tomorrow?

VELIOTIS

I don't care to tell you want

I'm going to do.

BACK TO SCENE

A wedding picture of Larry, wearing an army uniform, and Nancy hangs on the wall above the television.

LARRY

He's a prick.

NANCY

Yeah, a big one. Someday I think I'll be feeling the pain.

INT. VELIOTIS'S OFFICE - DAY

The office is spacious with floor length windows overlooking the shipyard and the Thames river.

Veliotis sits at his large mahogany desk by the windows.

Admiral Rickover sits in front of the desk. Several feet behind Rickover is a long conference table surrounded by chairs. The walls are covered with pictures of submarines and one of Spiro Agnew on the cover of Life magazines May 8, 1970, issue.

RICKOVER

Are more layoffs coming, Mr. Veliotis?

VELIOTIS

Call me, Takas, Admiral. Yes, primarily in the overhead and support functions.

RICKOVER

Will they affect any delivery dates?

VELIOTIS

No, I have brought some good people here to help me turn this place around.

Rickover stands and ambles over to Agnew's picture. He reads

the words on the picture out loud.

RICKOVER

Stern words of silent majority.  
Spiro Agnew knows best. A friend  
of yours, Takis?

VELIOTIS

I met him, Admiral. Did you know  
the Greeks were the first to  
establish a democratic voting  
assembly and a jury system?

RICKOVER

Yes, I knew that.

Rickover points a Agnew's picture.

RICKOVER

Did you know that Mr. Agnew  
accepted bribes?

Veliotis gets up from his desk and slinks over to Rickover.

VELIOTIS

Campaign contributions, Admiral.  
They forced him to plead no  
contest to a tax evasion charge  
for not paying taxes on those  
contributions.

RICKOVER

Who are they?

VELIOTIS

The ones who didn't want Spiro to  
be the next president. Thank you  
for stopping by, Admiral. Here's a  
little something for your wife.

Viliotis hands Rickover a tiny box.

RICKOVER

Thank you. A bribe?

VELIOTIS

No, just a gift. Be sure to pay the gift taxes on it.

RICKOVER

Do you know what, 'quidquid id est, timeo Danaos et dona ferentes' means?

VELIOTIS

Yes. Beware of Greeks bearing gifts. It's only a pair of diamond earrings, Admiral.

(smiling)

Not a Trojan horse.

RICKOVER

(pointing)

I've been noticing your tie clip.

A tie clip shaped like a submarine is fastened to Veliotis' tie.

VELIOTIS

Say no more, I will mail you a dozen.

RICKOVER

Would you make that a couple of hundred. I'll pass them out to my staff, congressmen, and to the President.

VELIOTIS

Consider them in the mail, Admiral.

They shake hands.

INT. INSPECTION OFFICE - DAY

There are six cafeteria style tables located in front of four large desk. There are over thirty people in the office. Most of them appear to be busy: reading procedures,

looking at drawings, and writing up reports. Some are just talking to others.

BOB CRANDALL, early forties, tall, good looking, always holding or smoking a cigarette, sits at a table with Nancy and ROGER HAYWARD, 52, crew cut.

CRANDALL  
(puffs on a pall mall)  
Mcgill mailed the petition  
yesterday.

HAYWARD  
Even if we get our cases go to  
arbitration, we can't beat  
this company.

NANCY  
I trust arbitrators. They're  
smart and honest. All our cases  
are cut and dry.

CRANDALL  
Still the eternal optimist.

NANCY  
Arbitrators can read. It's a  
job requirement. Anybody want  
a coffee?

Nancy stands and glances at her two co-workers.

CRANDALL  
You fly, I'll buy. The money's in  
my pant's pocket. Help yourself.

He pats his thigh.

NANCY  
I thought I noticed a roll of  
dimes in your pocket. I'll buy,  
but I don't deliver.

CRANDALL  
Tell me about it.

Crandall, holding a notebook, gets up from the table. A flashlight and mirror hang from his belt.

CRANDALL

I gotta hit the steel. You going to the apprentice alumni banquet, tonight?

NANCY

A chance to meet the Greek. Wouldn't miss it.

INT. BANQUET HALL - NIGHT

About a hundred men and four women fill the banquet hall. Some sit at tables, but most of them stand around in small groups.

Veliotis stands with Nancy. Eight men stand in line behind her.

VELIOTIS

What do you do in my shipyard?

NANCY

I'm in inspection.

VELIOTIS

Ah, I'll be making a lot of changes in that department.

NANCY

I heard that the tradesman will be inspecting their own work.

VELIOTIS

Don't worry, we will find you a job. We need men...sorry, people to build my submarines.

NANCY

If you do away with inspection, there won't be any quality. You'll be putting lives at risk.

VELIOTIS

No. Supervisors will review the workmanship.

NANCY

Then he would be doing the job of an inspector, a clear cut contract violation.

VELIOTIS

If you think it's a violation, follow the grievance procedure.

NEXT MAN IN LINE

Come on sister, give somebody else a chance.

EXT. POST HOUSE - NIGHT

Nancy walks up to the front door.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Nancy enters.

Larry sits in front of the television. Four empty beer cans lie on the floor next to his wheelchair.

Johnny Carson is talking with Jane Fonda on the television screen.

LARRY

Another night out with the boys.  
I can't say that I blame you.

Nancy strolls over to Larry.

NANCY

You're the only man for me.

She kisses him on the lips.

Larry points at the television.

LARRY

Fonda made a movie with Jon

Voight. She plays a married  
slut who has an affair with a  
paraplegic. Only in Hollywood.

Nancy gets behind Larry and massages his shoulders.

NANCY

Love is much more than a couple  
of minutes of sex.

LARRY

You're telling me you don't miss  
it?

NANCY

I miss not having a baby by the  
man I love. That's all.

LARRY

Find another man. Fall in love  
and have his baby. Ten years  
caring for me is plenty.

Nancy gives Larry a love tap to the back of the head.

NANCY

Stop that. I love you.

Nancy heads for the kitchen.

NANCY

Can I get you another drink?

LARRY

Sure, it's what I live for.

Nancy walks out of the room.

TELEVISION SCREEN

Fonda talks to Carson.

FONDA

Zsa Zsa was holding a cat on  
her lap and asked you, 'Do  
you want to pet my pussy'?

You replied, 'Sure, just get that damn cat out of the way'.

The audience laughs.

Carson laughs and looks around.

FONDA  
Did you say that?

CARSON  
No, I think I would remember that.

INT. SUBMARINE - MANEUVERING ROOM - DAY

A small area with a open doorway on two sides.

Nancy, on her knees, holding a notebook and pen, inspects the bottom of the Ship's Control Panel.

Several feet behind her, CHARLIE COX, an electrician in his 20'S, wires a sound powered telephone.

CHARLIE  
Nancy, can I pet your pussy?

NANCY  
Be nice, Charlie. I heard all about the Tonight Show.

CHARLIE  
Okay, then, while you're on you knees, how about doing me a little favor?

GEORGE LACHAPPELL, mid 40's, steps into the room.

GEORGE  
You pestering my inspector, Cox?

CHARLIE  
Just talking to her.

GEORGE

Is he bothering you, Nancy?

NANCY

No.

GEORGE

Cox, go to the shop and pick up two boxes of banding for Pete Silver. He's working by the Main Seawater Pump.

Charlie leaves the area.

George stares down at Nancy.

GEORGE

How about stopping for a drink after work, Nancy?

NANCY

Sorry, I'm happily married.

GEORGE

So am I. It's only a drink, for crying out loud. I've seen you drinking with Crandall many times.

NANCY

He's a close friend.

GEORGE

Aren't we friends?

NANCY

Not really.

GEORGE

Because I'm management?

Nancy closes her notebook and stands.

NANCY

I'm never going to have a drink with you. And stop leaving roses

on my car.

She storms out of the area.

INT. INSPECTION OFFICE - DAY

Nancy writes up an inspection report. Crandall sits at the table across from her.

CRANDALL

You're mad about something. Did Leo slap your ass again?

NANCY

No, it's Weird George. He won't leave me alone.

CRANDALL

Tell his boss.

NANCY

A lot a good that will do. He's the biggest chauvinist around. He once said if a woman didn't have a...you know, there would be a bounty on them.

CRANDALL

That was before he made general foreman. Now he's seen the light and is a respected member of our shipyard community.

Hayward approaches the table. He's pale, exhausted and out of breath.

NANCY

What's with you? You look awful.

HAYWARD

(Breathing heavy)

Thanks. A wife and seven kids ages you, quick.

NANCY

You know what I mean.

Hayward sits on the bench next to Crandall.

HAYWARD

I know. Lately, I've been short winded. Listen, I just got the word. Tomorrow night we meet with an international representative at the union hall.

NANCY

Kind of a short notice.

HAYWARD

Yeah, and he wants everybody there.

INT. UNION HALL - NIGHT

INTERNATIONAL REP., 62, short, gray hair, PINKSTON, 50, light brown skin, KATT, 49, salt and pepper hair, bushy eyebrows, and MESSIER, 47, sit behind a conference table facing a group of twenty six men and Nancy.

International Rep., looking annoyed as he raises a letter above his head.

INTERNATIONAL REP.

I have a letter of protest signed by twenty seven inspectors. I've been assigned by Vice President Flynn to investigate this matter.

Roger Hayward, sitting in the front row, stands up.

HAYWARD

First, I would like to establish that we have definite cases. These are legitimate cases.

INTERNATIONAL REP

I don't question that, Brother.

HAYWARD

For three years, no settled grievances.

CRANDALL

I called Pinkston about one grievance and he never got back to me.

KATT

We arbitrated inspection and got our jock knocked off. The pipe fitters lost the fit up case.

CRANDALL

Twenty seven people will lose their jobs. It's time to put the toys away and have our day in court.

KATT

A hundred people are losing their jobs every month. We're not losing jobs, we're being eradicated.

NANCY

Our cases are stronger than the pipe fitters' case.

KATT

No. Our attorneys advised us that was our best case.

NANCY

Joe Messier told me that the MTC President is piping and his case goes first.

KATT

I don't believe Joe said that.

NANCY

He's sitting next to you, ask him.

INTERNATIONAL REP.

I've been around for forty years. A communication breakdown is an

important problem. I suggest that two of you meet with Pinkston.

CRANDALL

No. That's no good. We want dates to hear our cases. We pay dues.

KATT

If Pinkston wants dates, I'll give him them.

Pinkston nods.

INTERNATIONAL REP

I'll tell the boss tomorrow that you fellas have reached an agreement. You will have the next available date.

SHIPYARD - ELECTRICAL SHOP - DAY

Nancy strides through the electrical shop.

JOE(40'S), stands next to an unattractive WOMAN. Nancy goes up to him.

NANCY

Joe, I want to talk to you, in private.

They move away from the table and stop between two rows of metal lockers.

NANCY

You signed that you inspected some micro switches for the shutter doors. The switches aren't installed yet. Joe, you signed that they're properly installed.

CEDIO

My boss told me to sign the paper work. He said everything was

installed and inspected.

NANCY

Joe, if I write this up, your boss will deny that. You'll be fired.

CEDIO

You're gonna report me?

NANCY

Not this time. But next time I will, in a heartbeat.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Nancy walks up to her car and removes a single long stem rose from the roof. She tosses it to the ground and unlocks her car door.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Nancy enters.

Larry holds up a four-page letter.

LARRY

Who's George?

Nancy looks stunned.

NANCY

I don't believe it. He sent me a letter?

LARRY

A love letter. Who is he?

NANCY

A crazy supervisor.

Nancy hurries over to Larry and hugs him.

NANCY

Trust me. There's nothing going

on.

Larry pushes her away.

LARRY

He says he dreams of marrying  
you.

Nancy takes the letter and scans it.

NANCY

Honey, you can see he's a nut  
case. No where in the letter  
does he imply that I went out  
with him.

LARRY

I know. It's just that he must  
think you're easy. Why?

Nancy's hurt. She loses it.

NANCY

First you open up a letter  
addressed to me. Now you're  
calling me a tramp.

She rushes out of the room.

A door slams shut.

LARRY

(Yells)

You're never home. Get a divorce,  
then sleep with whoever you want.

INT. RANDY STURM'S OFFICE - DAY

STURM, 50'S, sits behind a desk reading the letter. He lays  
it on the desk.

STURM

It looks like he wants to take

you out. Why should I care?

Nancy stands in front of the desk.

NANCY

I'm married. Keep him away from me.

STURM

What someone does outside the shipyard is none of my business. If he does anything inappropriate in the shipyard, let me know.

NANCY

You're not even going to talk to him?

STURM

Ms. Post...

NANCY

It's Mrs. Post.

STURM

Mrs. Post, we've been building war machines here for over sixty years without any problems. Now, women are working on submarines. Nothing but problems. I'm sorry men stare at you. I'm sorry they swear. It's only human that some may want to ask you out. I'm sorry but there is nothing I can do about that.

NANCY

Actually this is what I expected from you.

Nancy grabs the letter and starts for the door.

STURM

Mrs. Post, are you signed out on union business?

NANCY

Yes, do you want to see my time card?

STURM

No, but I'll be calling your supervisor.

INT. INSPECTION OFFICE - DAY

JAY LAVIGNE, late 30's, reaches across his desk and hands Nancy a warning slip.

She reads it.

NANCY

I wasn't insubordinate to him.

JAY

He says you were and told me to give you a written warning. If you think it's unjust, grieve it.

NANCY

We have more important issues to grieve. What else did you want to tell me?

JAY

We now have a zero tolerance for lost time. All lost time will be charged to vacation time or earned sick time.

NANCY

If we use up our vacation hours, can we borrow from next years?

JAY

No. You miss any time without anything to charge it to, you'll be discharged.

NANCY

Where did these changes come

from?

Jay  
Veliotis.

INT. VELIOTIS'S OFFICE

Veliotis meets with Rickover.

VELIOTIS  
I believe in managing this shipyard .  
This is my shipyard, a private  
enterprise, and I will control it.

RICKOVER  
We are not talking about managing  
a shipyard. WE ARE TALKING ABOUT  
EXTORTING SIX HUNDRED MILLION  
DOLLARS FROM THE GOVERNMENT. GOD  
DAMN IT.

VELIOTIS  
Admiral, I will lay off eight  
thousand workers if the Navy  
doesn't settle the cost overrun  
claims. Production on the 688  
class submarines will stop this  
Friday. We will continue production  
after we are paid.

RICKOVER  
Put in some justifiable claims  
and don't exaggerate, and the  
Navy will pay you.

VELIOTIS  
I'll be meeting with Navy  
Secretary Hidalgo this week.  
He sounded very optimistic  
about settling the claims.

RICKOVER  
He'll probably be working for  
General Dynamics in a few years.

VELIOTIS

I'm a very busy man, Admiral.  
That's all the time I have for  
you today, please leave.

STOCK SHOT - NAVY OFFICIALS AND ELECTRIC BOAT OFFICIALS  
SIGNING DOCUMENTS

NARRATOR(V.O.)

Navy agrees to a compromise that  
provides Electric Boat over six  
hundred million dollars for cost  
overrun claims.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Nancy, Pinkston, and Messier sit on one side of a long  
conference table. Three company REPRESENTATIVES sit on the  
other side.

Nancy passes the representatives copies of test inspection  
reports.

Messier takes the minutes of the meeting.

NANCY

Two former structural inspectors,  
now non-union employees, are  
inspecting lugs on electrical  
wiring. A clear violation of  
Article 2.

PETCHARK, (50'S), a huge man wearing glasses, examines a  
report.

PETCHARK

That's for an arbitrator to decide.

NANCY

Those people have no electrical  
experience. Why didn't you hire  
any of the electrical inspectors  
that were laid off?

GREER, late 30's, jots something on a pad.

GREER

I hired them. That shouldn't concern you.

NANCY

The contract reads that the Company will make an attempt to find suitable work for anyone on layoff status.

PETCHARK

You can arbitrate that too, if you want to.

NANCY

Did they attend classes in proper lug installation?

GREER

Of course.

NANCY

Did you attend those classes?

GREER

As a matter of fact, I did.

NANCY

All of them?

GREER

Yes.

NANCY

What size lug goes on a tsga-300 and how many crimps?

GREER

I don't know.

NANCY

Can you give one example? Any size wire or lug?

GREER

No.

NANCY

How many cut or nicked wire strands  
are allowed?

GREER

I don't know.

NANCY

Can you tell us what was taught  
in any of those classes?

Greer, his face bright red, sits and thinks.

NANCY

There weren't any classes. You're  
lying, aren't you?

PETCHARK

Okay. We'll settle this one.  
How many hours do you want?

PINKSTON

A days pay for twenty inspectors.

PETCHARK

Agreed.

Nancy leans over and whispers into Pinkston's ear. Pinkston  
puts a hand in front of her face.

PINKSTON

I want a cease and desist.

PETCHARK

Agreed, but if we choose to do  
it again at a later date, you  
can grieve it at that time.  
Of course this settlement is  
without precedent and can't be  
used against the Company.

PINKSTON

Just send me the paperwork.

PETCHARK

One more thing. Off the record?

PINKSTON

Off the record.

PETCHARK

The Company has to cut costs to compete with other shipyards. Inspection is costly. Veliotis wants just surveillance inspections. If the union doesn't want to co-operate on these issues, then the Company may take a different stance on other issues.

INT. SHIPYARD-DAY

Rickover, Veliotis, and FRIZT TOVAR, mid fifties, short, stocky, stroll down the dock.

RICKOVER

Our inspections have turned up incredibly poor workmanship. Your administrators are concerned with deadlines and not with the quality of the equipment they deliver to the navy.

VELIOTIS

I've been told that you said that I couldn't handle the construction of a barge.

RICKOVER

The situation is so bad here, I told a congressional committee I would not award Electric Boat anything for two years, even a barge

VELIOTIS

(Raising his voice)

You had no cause to say that I couldn't handle the construction of a barge.

RICKOVER

The submarines are not being  
built to the specifications  
agreed to.

VELIOTIS

We meet all the specifications.  
(Shouts)  
GET OFF MY BACK.

Nancy and Crandall stand in front of a large pressure tank  
watching the three men walk towards them.

CRANDALL

(puffs on a Pall Mall)  
I wonder which ones Moe?

RICKOVER

Loafing and disrespectful.

VELIOTIS

Fritz, escort that man out of  
my shipyard.

Veliotis and Rickover continue walking and Fritz marches  
over to Nancy and Crandall.

FRITZ

(heavy German accent)  
What's this, picnic?

CRANDALL

No, it's a barbecue.

FRITZ

What's your name?

CRANDALL

Crandall, Bob Crandall.

FRITZ looks at their badges and writes their names in a  
small brown memo book.

FRITZ

Come with me, Mr. Crandall?

CRANDALL

I'm witnessing a hydrostatic pressure test on some cables. You have to contact my boss.

FRITZ

You may call your supervisor from the security office.

NANCY

I'm Mr. Crandall's union steward. Is there a problem?

FRITZ

Mr. Crandall's wisecracks will cost him a week's pay, maybe his job.

Fritz and Crandall walk away from the tank.

INT. INSPECTION OFFICE - DAY

Nancy and Hayward sit at their table. Their boss, Jay, watches them from his desk.

JAY

You guys over inspect. You forget who you work for.

NANCY

We just follow our written procedures.

JAY

Hayward, you have a job, go to the boat.

INT. SUBMARINE-ENGINE ROOM

Hayward shows several deficiencies to JOHN GLOOM, 35, tall, over two hundred pounds. Gloom always wears a white shirt, tie, black motor cycle jacket, black dungarees, and black boots.

HAYWARD

John, I showed you the same unsats yesterday. Nothing has changed.

GLOOM

I'll get 'em today. Don't write em up.

HAYWARD

Sorry, John. It's Friday, I have to turn it in today.

GLOOM

If ya do, I'll give Dumaine and Suggs warnin' slips. Ya wanna be responsible for your union brothers gettin' warnin' slips?

HAYWARD

See ya later, John. I gotta write em up.

INT. SUB VET'S CLUB - BACKROOM - NIGHT

Hayward and FIVE MEN sit around a table playing poker. John Gloom enters the room and strides over to the table and points at Hayward.

GLOOM

I wanna see you, outside.

HAYWARD

(smiling friendly)

I don't want to go outside. I just wanna play cards.

GLOOM

I'll be waiting for ya. No matta how long ya play, I'll be waitin'.

Gloom leaves the room. Nobody at the table says a word. Only Hayward seems surprised and puzzled. He throws his cards on the table, gets up, and leaves the room.

INT. CLUB BAR AREA

The Bee Gees singing Staying Alive fills the room.

Hayward walks by four men playing pool, then a group of men standing and sitting at a half dozen tables.

Gloom sits at the bar with SUGGS, 28. 6'4", 240 LBS, black, and DUMAINE, 26, short, thin, red hair.

Hayward goes up to Gloom.

HAYWARD

What's the problem, John?

GLOOM

Come with me.

Gloom ambles over to a door and opens it.

HAYWARD

Why do you want to go outside?

GLOOM

To talk in private. Come on.  
It'll only take a minute.

Gloom exits the club. Hayward hesitates, then follows Gloom outside.

Suggs and Dumaine go up to the door, close it, and peer outside through the glass portion of the door.

EXT. SUB VET'S CLUB-NIGHT

Gloom walks up to Hayward and shoves him against the building.

GLOOM

If I get two days off because  
of you, I'm gonna beat the shit  
outta ya.

HAYWARD

See ya later.

Hayward walks over to the door, grabs the knob and tries to open the door. The door doesn't open.

Suggs and Dumaine smile at him through the glass.

Gloom's grabs Hayward's shoulder and turns him around.

He punches Hayward above the eye, steps back and brings his fist back as though he's about to throw another punch.

Hayward kicks Gloom hard in the testicles. Gloom bends slightly. Hayward lunges at Gloom and flips him across his right leg. As Gloom falls, he grabs Hayward's shirt.

Gloom lands on his back pulling Hayward with him to the ground. Hayward falls to his knees. Then, he lands a solid right to Gloom's nose, and a left to his right eye. Then he connects with a very hard right to Gloom's nose. Gloom grabs Hayward's wrists and shifts his weight.

Now Gloom sits on Hayward. Blood pours from his nose.

Hayward holds onto Gloom's wrists.

GLOOM

Let go of me.

HAYWARD

You got to be kiddin'.

The door to the club opens and a dozen men come running out. ARCHIE GRANADIS, 35, tall, leans over Gloom.

GRANADIS

Let him go John. You could lose your job.

GLOOM

(looks down)

Let's leave everything here.  
You got in few good punches.

Hayward glares at Gloom and doesn't respond.

Gloom gets off him. They both stand. Blood still flows from Gloom's nose. As Hayward walks towards the door, Dumaine

approaches him.

DUMAINE

I saw you throw the first punch,  
Roger. I saw you throw the first  
punch.

HAYWARD

(Breathing heavy)

You call yourself a union steward.  
Merry Christmas, Brother.

INT. ETHIC'S OFFICE

Nancy meets with MILLER, a man in his early 60's.

NANCY

His supervision and security  
told him it happened outside the  
shipyard, so it doesn't concern  
them. That's ridiculous. It's job  
related.

MILLER

Why is it job related?

NANCY

You can't allow supervisors to  
beat up inspectors just because  
they're doing their job.

MILLER

That sounds like a police matter  
to me. What else do you have?

NANCY

Malpractice. Supervisors are  
signing for inspections without  
inspecting. One supervisor signed  
for safety battle lanterns that  
aren't installed. I have many  
examples in this folder.

Nancy hands Miller a manilla folder.

MILLER

I'll look into everything and  
get back to you.

INT. SUBMARINE - RADIO ROOM

LOLA 28, attractive, sits on an upside down trash can  
working on a connector plug.

Crandall, wearing a light green hard hat and a large belt  
with a mirror and flashlight attached, enters the radio  
room.

CRANDALL

Good morning, Lola. You look fantastic,  
as usual.

Lola looks at Crandall and sniffs the air.

LOLA

Wow! What do have on?

CRANDALL

A raging hard-on, but I didn't  
think you could smell it.

LOLA

Be nice, Bob. Did you take a bath  
in cheap cologne this morning?

CRANDALL

You smell my after shave lotion.  
It suppose to turn women on. Stop  
your grinning and drop your linen.

John Gloom, wearing a white hard hat, black tie, and black  
motor cycle jacket , walks into the Radio Room. He goes up  
to Crandall, and taps him on the shoulder.

GLOOM

Are you holding up one of my  
workers?

CRANDALL

No sir. I was just inspecting  
her plug. She does good work.

GLOOM

Who's this asshole, John, you've  
been talking to my crew about?

CRANDALL pulls his mirror from his belt and places it in  
front of Gloom's face. Gloom looks at his own face in the  
mirror.

CRANDALL

That's the asshole.

GLOOM

I could write you up for that.

CRANDALL

I thought hitting from behind  
would be more your style. Then  
again, I'm one tuff bastard.  
I'll do a little more than just  
break your nose.

Gloom just smiles at Crandall.

GLOOM

I want you to clear some unsats  
for me.

CRANDALL

By what authority?

GLOOM

By this authority.

Gloom points to the gold button on his badge.

The word foreman is embossed on the button.

Crandall, shaking his head side to side, turns and walks  
away, laughing uproariously.

CRANDALL

Call my boss.

EXT. SHIPYARD - DAY

Lola walks along a railroad track. To her right are the building ways, and numerous topless dumpsters overflowing with steel and wood. A ten foot long wooden ladder lies on an angle across the top of a wooden crate just before the shipyard hospital building.

A small locomotive slowly moves towards her back.

Two CARPENTERS, standing by the crate, stare at Lola.

Lola walks around the crate and turns by the corner of the hospital building.

The side of the moving train pushes the ladder. One end goes towards Lola.

Lola sees the ladder coming towards her and steps back against the hospital building.

The ladder comes in contact with the center of her chest. As the locomotive slowly moves forward, the ladder goes into her. She lets out a loud SCREAM.

The locomotive continues forward. The ladder snaps into several pieces. Lola, with a piece of wood covered with blood sticking out of her chest, falls to the ground.

The two carpenters run over to her. One looks around and sees a clear poly bag filled with rags. He runs over and grabs a hand full of rags. He runs back to Lola, pulls out the piece of wood and places rags over the large bloody hole.

Lola shows no signs of life.

INT. RECORDS RETENTION CENTER - DAY

WILLIAM MEUNZNER, a grayed haired man, sits at his desk. Nancy stands in front of it.

NANCY

Do you know where I can get a  
copy of an old test form for  
the 685 boat?

MEUNZNER

Sure. All the old records are stored in a warehouse in Norwich.

NANCY

Will I have a problem getting one?

MEUNZNER

The only problem you'll have is climbing the 168 stairs there. I know. I counted them. What's the folder number?

NANCY

It's 676-1.

Meunzner looks through the Rolodex on his desk, stops, then writes row H, box 16 on a small piece of paper. He hands the paper to Nancy.

NANCY

Thanks a lot.

Nancy turns and walks away.

MEUNZNER

Be sure to cover your ass.

Nancy stops and looks back at Meunzner.

MEUNZNER

Don't forget to tell your boss.

NANCY

Of course. Thanks again.

INT. INSPECTION OFFICE

Nancy stands in front of Jay's desk.

NANCY

Jay, I want to go to the Norwich warehouse to pick up an old test folder I need for arbitration.

JAY

I'm not paying you for union  
business outside the shipyard.

NANCY

I know. I talked to Pinkston.  
The union will take care of my  
lost time. I want to leave at two.

JAY

Okay. Make sure you punch out.

Nancy turns and walks over to her table and sits across from  
Crandall.

NANCY

Remember Burt Farrel?

CRANDALL

Yeah. He used to be an inspector.  
Now he's a government inspector.

NANCY

Well, he gave me a page from the  
contract concerning inspections.  
He said Admiral Rickover drew up  
the requirements. It clearly states  
anything manufactured and assembled  
in the shipyard must be inspected.

CRANDALL

Maybe we should write Rickover and  
tell him what's going on here.

NANCY

If we did and the Company found  
out, we'll be fired. I need this  
job.

CRANDALL

What old folder are you going  
to get?

NANCY

An old gallery equipment test  
folder. Evidence for tomorrow's

arbitration case.

INT. NORWICH WAREHOUSE - DAY

A CLERK stands by a copier machine making copies of documents while Nancy watches.

The clerk puts the photo copies into a manila folder and hands it to Nancy.

NANCY

Thanks a lot.

A MAN wearing a white hard hat walks by.

MAN

Make sure she signs out when she's done here.

CLERK

Sure thing, boss.

INT. GROTON MOTOR INN - CONFERENCE ROOM

The company LAWYER (39), wearing a bow tie, Petchark and Sturm, sit behind a long table. Across the room from them, Nancy, Pinkston, and Al GOLDMAN, 71, sit behind another long table.

The ARBITRATOR , 57, sits behind a small table between the two other tables. An empty chair is in front of the ARBITRATOR'S table.

GOLDMAN

I request that the company supply copies of all test folders concerning the gallery equipment.

LAWYER

Al, is that every test folder going back to the Holland built back in 1899?

GOLDMAN

No, just back to the submarines

built by you client in the late sixties will be enough.

LAWYER

We deny that request. It will take three months to find those test folders, if they still exist. Old records are stored in a warehouse that has no filing system.

PETCHARK

The government requires that we keep old records for seven years. After that they are destroyed. And there would be a security problem.

STURM

I once tried to get a voucher out of that warehouse. It was like passing an act through Congress.

LAWYER

Well, with respect to the sixties and the early seventies, the Company would stipulate that the hourly inspectors performed the installation inspections on the gallery equipment. So why do we need those documents?

GOLDMAN

It is to show what the Company instructions provided and how the Company altered those instructions.

LAWYER

Mr. Arbitrator, we are dealing with simply a signature block on a document and who the name ought to be in that block. The undertaking of such a laborious job of providing those documents will be an unreasonable burden

on the Company. It may be impossible to provide those documents.

GOLDMAN

I understand that it is very easy to get documents out of that warehouse. There is a very good filing system there. It took less than ten minutes to get these.

GOLDMAN slams the manila folder on the table in front of him. The room becomes very quiet. Petchark's face turns very red. He stares at Nancy.

NANCY

(whispers to Goldman)  
Petchark looks mad. He's staring at me.

GOLDMAN

Don't worry about it, he's just trying to scare you.

NANCY

He's succeeding.

LAWYER

What did you say, Al.

GOLDMAN

Your client is trying to intimidate my witness. I just told her not to worry about it.

Petchark gets up and leaves the room, slamming the door behind him.

ARBITRATOR

I suggest that we break for twenty minutes. Are you going to put someone on the stand after break, Mr. Goldman.

GOLDMAN

Yes. Mrs. Post will testify on how easy it was to obtain a copy

of an old test folder.

ARBITRATOR

I'll see you all back here in  
twenty minutes.

EXT. SHIPYARD - DAY

Pinkson and Crandall stand in front of the hospital  
building.

CRANDALL

How's Nancy's case look.

PINKSTON

Do you have a picture of her  
in your locker?

CRANDALL

Why would I have a picture of  
her in my locker?

PINKSTON

Because that'll be the only way  
you'd see her in this shipyard  
again.

CRANDALL

Have they offered a deal?

PINKSTON

The company offered to let  
her quit, but she refuses.

CRANDALL

I don't blame her.

PINKSTON

She can't win this one. She's  
just being stubborn.

CRANDALL

What about our inspection  
grievances?

PINKSTON

We can't afford to go forward with them now. We have to arbitrate her discharge. That's gonna cost the union a lot of money.

CRANDALL

She's worth it. She's been fighting hard for us.

INT. SAILOR BAR - NIGHT

The bar is filled with young SAILORS.

FOUR SAILORS sit at a table. Nancy, carrying four bottles of Budweiser on a tray, approaches them.

She lays a bottle in front of each sailor.

One sailor puts his hand on her butt.

SAILOR 1

What time do you'll get off, sweetheart?

Nancy pushes his hand away.

NANCY

My husband picks me up at two, why?

SAILOR

Oh, you're married.

Nancy points at her wedding ring.

NANCY

Yup, to Bill Paquin. Used to be a pro boxer. Maybe you heard of him?

SAILOR 1

No, never heard of him. Was he any good?

NANCY  
You'll find out if you ever touch  
my ass again.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Larry sits in his wheel chair watching television. A dozen empty beer cans lay on the floor.

The front door opens and Nancy appears. She enters the room, closing the door behind her.

NANCY  
You don't have to wait up, hon.

LARRY  
(Slurring)  
I can't sleep until you get home.

Nancy hurries over to Larry and tries to kiss him.

Larry slaps her hard on the side of her face.

Nancy, stunned, steps back and puts a hand to her face.

LARRY  
You just had to work in a men's  
bar, didn't you?

NANCY  
It's the only job I could find.  
It's only temporary. Arbitration  
starts next week.

LARRY  
Get a divorce, please. I can't  
take this any more.

INT. RESTAURANT - GROTON MOTOR INN - DAY

Nancy and Meunzner sit at a table.

Pinkston walks over to the table and sits down.

PINKSTON

Cochran will be with us in a minute. He went over to talk with the Company's lawyer.

NANCY

(to Meunzner)

I never gave them your name.

MUENZNER

I know. Security knew it must have been me. I was told to report to security. When I got there, a statement was already typed out. It stated that I told you to make sure that you got proper authorization before going to Norwich. Which I did. I was told if I didn't sign it, it would mean two jobs, mine and the warehouseman.

NANCY

You only told me to cover my ass.

MUENZNER

That's right. It means the same thing.

COCHRAN (59), expensive suit, hurries over to the table.

COCHRAN

Arnie, did you authorize her trip to the Norwich warehouse?

PINKSTON

Only her lost wages and travel expenses.

COCHRAN

(to Nancy)

I was told they haven't pursued the name of the government inspector who gave you a copy of a page out of a highly confidential document.

In the event you win this case, you are going to be asked to give them his name. If you don't, you are going to be fired for insubordination. If you do give his name, and he denies it, you'll be fired.

NANCY

His name is Burt Farrel. Tell them now and get it over with.

COCHRAN

The man does you a favor and this is the thanks he gets. The Company will fire him. And if he denies it, any Arbitrator is going to think you're a liar and a rat.

NANCY

I don't think so. Just buy Farrel lunch and a few drinks and he'll testify for me. And he works for the government, not the Company.

COCHRAN

You don't want to give them Farrel's name, do you, Arnie?

PINKSTON

No, I don't think we should.

NANCY

I'm the one on the street, and I say give his name. He won't mind.

COCHRAN

The Company will tell his boss.

NANCY

So what. The page is nothing. Don't believe them. If it was confidential, it would be stamped confidential in red.

COCHRAN

Why can't you just say you don't remember who gave it to you?

NANCY

(to Pinkston)

He wants me to tell a lie that no one is going to believe. That's his advice. I told you that I didn't trust this guy. He's too friendly with Katt. And Katt's in the Company's pocket.

PINKSTON

You apologize to him for saying that.

COCHRAN

It doesn't matter. It's your decision who will represent her, not her's. I'm going to postpone this hearing. I want you to contact Farrel and find out what he has to say.

NANCY

I want my hearing today. I don't need him. I don't need two lawyers trying to lose my case.

Nancy puts her hand into a hand bag. She pulls out a tape recorder and places it on the table.

COCHRAN

What's that?

Nancy picks up the recorder and pushes in front of Cochran's face.

NANCY

It's a tape recorder. A reporter from the Hartford Courant is doing an article on my firing, and he wants me to record all our conversations.

Cochran looks stunned. He pulls out a cigarette and lights it up.

COCHRAN

Wait her for a few minutes, please.  
I'll be right back.

INT. RESTAURANT - FIVE MINUTES LATER

Cochran hurries towards the table. He stops in front of Nancy.

COCHRAN

They're willing to let you return to work tomorrow and count the time you've been out as a suspension.

NANCY

No. I'll start Monday. I have plans for tomorrow. I don't want anything on my work record, unless you tell me what I did that was improper.

COCHRAN

That would be up to an Arbitrator to decide. I can get them to agree to your terms, but there won't be any back pay.

NANCY

Okay.

COCHRAN

If I was a little ruff on you, I'm sorry. I was just getting you ready for the hearing.

INT. INSPECTION OFFICE

Nancy sits across from Crandall and Hayward.

HAYWARD

We've had some more lay offs. We're down to nine total, all three shifts. Quality illusion. That should be the name of our department.

NANCY

I'm sorry, Roger. I tried.

HAYWARD

You didn't get any back pay?

NANCY

Nah. If I fought it, I'll probably be out of work for a year.

CRANDALL

Katt's going to work for Petchark. Can you believe that?

NANCY

He took care of the Greek and the Greek took care of him. You know I filed a complaint with the ethic's director before I was fired.

HAYWARD

No, I didn't know that.

NANCY

I called the director about my complaints. He didn't look into them because I was fired.

HAYWARD

Really?

NANCY

Yep. I think that's one of the reasons I was fired. I'll get even. I went through a lot of records when I was in that warehouse. I saw a bunch of boxes marked Veliotis, Quincy. I copied a lot of records. One of his subcontractors

was charging the government three hundred dollars for a screw.

HAYWARD

You're crazy.

NANCY

Four hundred dollars for a hammer. Three hundred and fifty dollars for a knife. I'm going to mail copies to some congressmen. If nothing happens, I'll send copies to the newspapers.

CRANDALL

Be careful. You don't want to get fired again.

NANCY

Roger, how you making out with your breathing problem?

HAYWARD

Well, the x-rays show pleural plaques caused by asbestos. The doctor took some fluid out of a lung and they're going to do some tests.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Hayward meets with his DOCTOR (40'S).

DOCTOR

I want to start the chemotherapy as soon as possible.

HAYWARD

No, no chemo. How long do I have?

DOCTOR

Without chemotherapy, maybe four or five months. With it, two, maybe three years.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

A BARTENDER hands Crandall two 16 ounce glasses of beer. Crandall carries the beers over to a table and lays one down in front of Hayward. Then he sits down.

CRANDALL

Think about the extra time you'll get to spend with your bride.

HAYWARD

It didn't help Burnett, Lamb or Gannon. All of them bald and dead in less than a year. They all looked over a hundred when they died. I didn't recognize any of them.

CRANDALL

Looks don't matter when it's time for the dirt nap. Any time above ground is good time. What's a little hair?

HAYWARD

I'm kidding about the hair. The chemo makes you weak and you sleep all the time. No premium time.

Crandall sips his beer, eyeing Hayward.

CRANDALL

Don't do it. Think about your family after your gone.

HAYWARD

It will give me pleasure. I'll kill as many as I can before the cops get me. All the ones who fucked with me. It's payback time.

CRANDALL

I hope that's the beer taking. Cause it doesn't make any sense.

HAYWARD

I don't have the guts to kill myself. I'm not going to go the way they did. I won't put my family through that. Their final week was Hell. They died a hundred times before that last breath with their wives at their side. No. No fuckin' way I'll put my wife through that.

CRANDALL

Than go away. Disappear. That's better than murder.

HAYWARD

I'll give it some thought. But just thinking about killing those bastards is giving me a woody.

EXT. WINDING ROAD - NIGHT

A car speeds south on the road. It swerves side to side.

INT. CAR -NIGHT

DICK SMITH (30), drunk, sits behind the steering wheel and fights hard to keep his eyes open. The radio blasts. Dick's eyes close.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

The car crosses the road and hits a pole. The pole breaks and an electrical cable splits in two. Sparks fly as the cable lands on the roof of the car.

Smith gets out of the car and kicks the door shut. He staggers away.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

A car moves north on the road. It comes upon the car wreck and stops.

Crandall gets out of the car and hurries towards the wreck. He gets to the drivers side of the vehicle and peers in. He places his hands above the window as he bends to get a better look inside.

Sparks fly. A huge fireball engulfs Crandall.

EXT. DESERTED BEACH - DAY

Hayward sits on the beach reading a newspaper.

INSERT NEWSPAPER ARTICLE: Small headline above article reads: No charges filed against Smith.

MAN, early 20's, approaches Hayward.

Hayward stands.

The man scans the deserted beach.

MAN  
You got the money?

Hayward hands the man some money.

The man puts it in his pocket after counting it. He hands Hayward a hand gun and a box of ammunition.

HAYWARD  
Thanks.

MAN  
No problem. Just get it outta  
Rhode Island. 'member, we neva  
met.

Hayward stomps across the beach.

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE - DAY

Nancy meets with WILMA MAX, 40's.

NANCY

No, I don't want any of his disability money.

WILMA

It's just a formality. We can ask for his left nut, but it doesn't mean we really want it. Yet, I did have some clients that did.

NANCY

Poor Larry doesn't have any testicles to give.

WILMA

Most men don't.

NANCY

No, he lost his in Vietnam. A landmine.

WILMA

I'm sorry. I wasn't aware of that.

NANCY

Anyway, don't even put it in the paperwork. I insist.

WILMA

Mrs. Post, your husband's attorney is going to seek half of any retirement benefits you've earned already in addition to part of your present day income. We have to make demands in order to negotiate a fair settlement.

NANCY

He may overreact.

WILMA

That's his problem, not yours.

NANCY

I don't want to hurt him in  
any way.

WILMA

Okay, but I'll need you to sign  
some papers.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

The doctor examines an x-ray.

Hayward, buttoning his shirt, sits on a stool.

DOCTOR

It's spreading fast. Chemotherapy  
will slow it down.

HAYWARD

Can you drain the fluid out  
again? Last time I felt good  
for a few weeks.

DOCTOR

I'll set up an appointment. You  
realize they will probably fill up  
again in half the time.

HAYWARD

I know. I read up on mesothelioma.  
If there were any chance of a cure,  
I'd do chemo.

DOCTOR

You're making a mistake. Without  
chemotherapy, you'll be lucky if  
you last three more months.

HAYWARD

I hear ya, Doc. Just one more  
draining and you probably won't  
see me again.

The Doctor stares at Hayward.

EXT. SHIPYARD - DAY

Nancy enters the shipyard and strolls down the hill.

INT. INSPECTION OFFICE - DAY

People sit around, drinking coffee and reading newspapers.

Nancy walks into the office.

Jay beckons her over to his desk.

She goes over to him.

JAY

Sorry Nancy.

He hands her a discharge notice.

She reads it.

NANCY

I have vacation time on the books.

JAY

No, you don't. The time you were suspended was charged to vacation time.

NANCY

I told you yesterday I was leaving early to meet with my lawyer. Why didn't you warn me that I didn't have any time left?

JAY

That's not my job. Get your personal things together. Security will be here shortly to escort you out of the yard.

Nancy struts over to her locker.

INT. NEIGHBORHOOD BAR - NIGHT

TWO MEN, early 20's, shoot pool.

A COUPLE, mid 40's, sit at a small table by the bar.

Dick Smith sits alone at the bar. The BARTENDER pours whiskey into the shot glass in front Smith and walks away.

Smith downs the shot, then drinks from a bottle of Budweiser.

Hayward sits at the end of the bar nursing a glass of beer and glaring at Smith.

Smith notices him and looks back.

SMITH

What's your problem, buddy?

HAYWARD

You, I can smell you from here.

SMITH

Fuck you, asshole.

Smith turns his back to Hayward and sips his beer.

Hayward gets off his barstool and marches towards Smith.

BARTENDER

Hey, I don't want any trouble here.

Hayward pulls out his gun and points it at the bartender.

HAYWARD

Keep out of this!

The other patrons stop what their doing and turn towards Hayward.

Smith puts his beer down and spins towards Hayward with his hands in front of his chest.

SMITH

I'm sorry. Put that thing away.

BARTENDER

Don't do anything foolish. His brother's a cop.

HAYWARD

That figures.

SMITH

What's your problem?

The two men stand by the pool table watching. A loud SHOT. Stunned the two men jump back.

Smith in pain holds his thigh. Blood seeps between his fingers. He looks up. The look of pain changes to fear.

A shaking hand gun is aimed at his face.

Smith starts to cry.

SMITH

Please, please don't shoot.

Hayward places the gun to Smith's forehead. His finger squeezes the trigger.

Smith, crying out loud, closes his eyes.

Hayward's having breathing problems. He steps back and lowers the gun. He looks up, taking rapid breaths in and out

Smith opens his eyes.

Hayward hands him the gun.

Smith doesn't hesitate. He shoots him twice in the chest. Hayward falls to the floor.

Smith stands with his weight on one leg and shoots him in the head.

SMITH

Phew! He shit himself.

Smith sits down on the barstool.

SMITH  
Who stinks now, asshole?

EXT. MOTEL - DAY

The motel appears to be rundown. Nancy's car is parked in front of one of the rooms.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Nancy sits on the bed with a telephone handset to her ear.

NANCY  
I swear to you I told her not  
to put that in the paperwork.  
(Beat)  
I'm not lying. I moved out for  
you. Let me live there until we  
go to court.  
(Beat)  
Hello? Larry? Hello, are you  
there?

Nancy puts the handset down. She lays down and stares at the ceiling. Her eyes close.

EXT. ROUTE 84 - DAY

An expensive sports car moves down the road. It slows down as it passes the motel parking lot. Just up the road the car makes a u-turn.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Nancy sleeps on the bed. Loud knocking. Her eyes open.

There isn't a peek hole through the door, but the small chain is secured to the door.

EXT. DOOR TO ROOM - DAY

The door opens slightly. Nancy's face appears in the opening.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Nancy stands by the door. The chain support rips out of the door as it bursts open. Nancy is knocked onto the bed.

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Several police cars and Nancy's are parked in front of the building.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Nancy follows a plainclothes DETECTIVE into a conference room.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

The Detective points at a chair by a small conference table.

DETECTIVE

Have a seat, Mrs. Post.

Nancy sits down.

DETECTIVE

He has an alibi. His supervisor,  
Mr. Sturm.

NANCY

He raped me. It was him.

DETECTIVE

We don't have anything. No DNA.  
You didn't scratch him. No bruises  
on you. Frankly, it doesn't look  
good.

NANCY

What about the motel door? You think I staged a break-in?

DETECTIVE

Of course not. I believe you, but proving it is another matter. No one heard or seen a thing at the motel.

NANCY

He has an extremely small penis. Maybe three inches long, if he's lucky. Isn't that evidence?

DETECTIVE

Are you suggesting a line-up?

NANCY

No, but isn't that unusual? Check it out.

The Detective smiles.

DETECTIVE

I know just man. He would enjoy that.

Nancy glares at the Detective.

DETECTIVE

I apologize. I'll put some pressure on Sturm. Without an alibi, we have a he said, she said case. A good chance for a conviction.

NANCY

Or a plea bargain.

DETECTIVE

We'll do whatever we can to make a case against him. We'll keep you informed. Where will you be staying?

NANCY  
Maine. I'll probably move in  
with my mother until my divorce  
is finalized.

EXT. FRIENDSHIP, MAINE - DAY

A young BOY fishes off a dock.

MARK SCOBEE (33), handsome, maneuvers a lobster boat along  
the side of the dock. He yells at the boy.

MARK  
Give me a hand with these lobsters,  
I'll give you a couple.

The surf hits the rocky coastline. A steep road leads to the  
docking area. At the top of the hill, Nancy's car pulls up  
next to the curb.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Three small rooms make up the apartment. The door less  
bedroom is between the kitchen and living room. A small bed  
and bureau are the only furniture in the room.

A picture of Bob Murphy hangs on the wall.

Pam Murphy, long salt and pepper hair, sits on a beat up  
sofa in the tiny living room. She puffs on a filter  
cigarette as she watches a soap opera on a 19 inch. black  
and white television set.

KNOCKING on the door.

Pam goes over to the door and opens it.

Nancy stands in the doorway.

NANCY  
Hello, ma.

PAM  
What do you want?

NANCY

May I come in?

Pam steps out of the way and lets Nancy enter the room.

She closes the door.

PAM

You still living with that  
baby killer?

NANCY

Ma, he was there, but he didn't  
kill any children. Those charges  
were dropped.

Pam and Nancy sit down on the sofa.

PAM

Forty six murderers and no one was  
punished. Well, God punished him  
for what he done. And he made sure  
he wouldn't have any murdering  
children too.

NANCY

Ma, we've been through this before.  
I don't want to talk about it.

PAM

Why are you here?

NANCY

Larry and I are getting a divorce.  
I need a place to stay.

PAM

Well, talk about your good news  
and bad news. It's about time.  
I thought he would have killed you  
by now.

NANCY

May I stay here?

PAM

Where? There's no room.

NANCY

I'll sleep on the sofa. On the floor. It doesn't matter.

PAM

I want ten dollars a day, board.

NANCY

I don't have a job.

PAM

Find one. I saw a job posting yesterday. Twenty dollars for four hours work. If you hurry, he's undocking now at the dock down the street.

NANCY

A job doing what?

PAM

Pulling in lobster pots.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Mark and the boy stand by a beat up pickup truck that's parked by the beach. Cages filled with lobsters are piled on the back of the truck.

Mark hands the boy two lobsters.

BOY

Thanks.

MARK

You earned them. Good job.

Nancy strolls up to Mark.

BOY

See ya.

The boy, carrying a lobster in each hand, dashes towards the

dock.

MARK

He's a good kid. Can I interest you in some fresh lobsters?

Nancy smiles as she inspects Mark.

NANCY

Are you asking me out for dinner?

Mark checks out Nancy.

MARK

Of course. I always ask pretty women out before I meet them. It saves time. I'm a very busy man.

NANCY

I would love to have dinner with you. But after I start working for you, no more dates. I don't date my employers.

MARK

What if he's charming and very handsome?

NANCY

That depends if he's wealthy or not.

Nancy looks over the beat-up truck.

MARK

Define wealthy.

NANCY

Over six figures a year.

MARK

All right! That's over a thousand a year, right?

NANCY

Maybe. When can I start working?

MARK

How does nine tomorrow morning sound?

NANCY

Like a four o'clock whistle.

MARK

Excuse me?

NANCY

Sorry, old shoptalk. Nine's good for me. Do we meet here?

MARK

Yes.

Nancy offers her hand. They shake.

NANCY

I'm Nancy.

MARK

Pleased to meet you, Nancy. I'm Mark.

NANCY

Well, I'll see you tomorrow, Mark.

Nancy walks towards the hill.

MARK

What about dinner?

NANCY

Maybe some other time. I'll have to see some bank statements first.

She smiles, then turns and walks up the hill.

Mark watches her.

EXT. NEW LONDON COURTHOUSE - DAY

A few well-dressed PEOPLE climb the stairs to the courthouse.

INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

People enter the building. (No security guards or metal detectors. They weren't used back in 1980.)

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

A small courtroom with five rows of pews on both sides.

Nancy and Wilma Max sit in the first row. Two MEN sit in the row behind them and a WOMAN and a MAN sit in the pew across from them.

Wilma glances at her wristwatch.

WILMA

We're early. So, tell me about this guy.

NANCY

He's great. Poor, but a great guy.

WILMA

Poor? Yuck! I find poor very unappealing. He has to be great looking, funny and have a humongous shaft.

Nancy laughs.

NANCY

I'll never tell. But if you want me to measure it, I'll need more than a ruler.

Larry wheels into the courtroom. He has a wool comforter over his lap.

WILMA

He's here. I hear squeaky wheels.

Wilma looks over her shoulder.

Larry moves his wheel chair past first row and turns. He stops several feet away from Wilma and Nancy.

LARRY

You cunts want my disability pension. Fuck you!

Larry pulls a rifle out from under the comforter. He aims it at Wilma and fires.

A bullet hits Wilma in the forehead. She falls to her side and rolls onto the floor.

He aims the rifle at Nancy.

LARRY

Any last words, bitch?

NANCY

Yeah. My mother was right about you. You're nothing but a coward.

Nancy stands.

NANCY

I never realized that until just now. Boy, was I stupid or what?

LARRY

Where do you want it? Head or chest? I owe you that much.

NANCY

You owe me a lot more than that, you ungrateful bastard. Aim for my heart, you broke it.

Larry lowers the rifle and aims it at her heart.

Nancy turns to her side and lunges at the rifle.

It fires.

Nancy grabs the barrel of the rifle and yanks it out of Larry's hands. She holds the rifle in the air.

NANCY

I can understand why you shot  
defenseless children and babies.  
They couldn't fight back.

Nancy, carrying the rifle, storms out of the courtroom.

INT. SUBMARINE - MANEUVERING ROOM - DAY

The CAPTAIN, holding a microphone in front of his mouth, sits on a stool at the control station located center of the maneuvering room. Two sailors sit in front of their control panels. A CIVILIAN ENGINEER, wearing an electric boat badge and holding a notebook, stands next to the captain.

CAPTAIN

Bring her down to 360 feet.

The curtain to the captain's right is pushed aside and Rickover enters the maneuvering room.

RICKOVER

Good morning, Captain.

CAPTAIN

Good morning, Admiral.

RICKOVER

How's she doing?

CAPTAIN

Good. We're presently on a  
high-speed dive.

RICKOVER

How deep?

CAPTAIN

Three hundred sixty feet.

RICKOVER

Let me take over, Captain.

The captain steps aside and hands the microphone to Rickover. Rickover pushes the stool out of the way and stands in front of the control station.

SAILOR 1

She's submerged at three hundred sixty feet, Sir.

RICKOVER

(into the microphone)

Crash back.

A few seconds go by and all heads turn towards the admiral. The engineer brings his mouth close to the captain's ear.

ENGINEER

(whispering )

She's in reverse speed, Captain.  
He didn't give the 'ahead 1/3'  
order.

CAPTAIN

(to Rickover)

Ship dead in water.

Loud popping sounds.

SAILOR 1

Four hundred feet, Sir.

The captain grabs another microphone and yells into it.

CAPTAIN

Ahead 1/3.

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY

A submarine, on a forty degree angle, sinks rapidly.

INT. MANEUVERING ROOM

Loud popping sounds.

Everybody looks worried.

SAILOR 1  
Six hundred feet, sir.  
(Beat)  
590, 580, 560.

INT. VELIOTIS'S OFFICE - DAY

Veliotis sits at his desk and talks on the telephone.

VELIOTIS  
We were lucky we didn't have another Thresher on our hands. He took over the ship, then he lost control. I am very much worried about his ability to command one of my submarines. I'm not going to allow him to go on any more of our sea trials. If a ship has not yet been delivered and accepted by the Navy, I feel a personal responsibility for the safety of the personnel aboard her. You tell President Reagan that. You tell him I think it's time for new people, new ideas. He should retire Admiral Rickover.

INSERT - NEWSPAPER HEADLINES: EB CITES SAFETY AS MAIN CONCERN IN SUB MISHAP

INT. OVAL OFFICE

PRESIDENT REAGAN, CASPER WEINBERGER, JOHN LEHMAN and Admiral Rickover stand in front of Reagan's desk. Lehman and Weinberger shake Rickover's hand and walk out of the office.

RICKOVER  
Mr. President, you are being poorly served by those two. They're afraid to take on defense contractors.

REAGAN  
They're both good men, Admiral.

John may be young, but I have the utmost confidence in him. John assures me that those agreements were made in our best interests.

RICKOVER

Lehman has the backbone of a jellyfish. That piss-ant knows nothing about the Navy. He's just doing the work of the contractors. I'm the only one in the government trying to keep the contractors from robbing the taxpayers.

REAGAN

Well, Admiral, thanks again for that tie clip.

Reagan puts his arm around Rickover's shoulders and walks him to the door.

REAGAN

You made marvelous achievements during you sixty three years of service. Enjoy your retirement, Admiral. In honor of your distinguished career a submarine is being named after you. Admiral, thanks again for a job well done.

INT. OLD LYME INN - DAY

Veliotis and a LAWYER sit at a table. A busboy removes the empty plates in front of the men and walks away. Veliotis grabs a bottle of Batard Montrachet and pours the white burgundy into his wine glass.

VELIOTIS

I warned those greedy bastards...now I'm fucked. Is there any way I can get my six million dollars out of my stock fund.

LAWYER

Not while those indictments are

pending.

VELIOTIS

Who mailed them those documents?

LAWYER

We don't know. It had to be some one who had access to the documents from Quincy.

VELIOTIS

Indicting me for receiving over two million dollars in bribes isn't enough. They 're going to indict me for fraud, conspiracy and racketeering.

(Beat)

By fleeing to Greece, I'll be safe from extradition?

LAWYER

Yes, but you can beat those charges. It will probably take a few years.

VELIOTIS

And a few million dollars.

(takes a sip of wine)

I'll be better off negotiating with the Feds from my villa in Athens.

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY

A lobster boat moves towards a small island.

EXT./INT. LOBSTER BOAT - DAY

Mark sits with his arm around Nancy.

MARK

Up ahead is Dolan's Island.  
I have a house on that island.

NANCY

Really?

MARK

Yup. Beachfront property on two sides.

NANCY

Then you really are rich?

MARK

Nah. No electricity or indoor plumbing.

NANCY

I'm rich.

MARK

I must be paying you too much.

NANCY

I'm going to be rich.

MARK

How rich?

NANCY

Ten percent of six million dollars. The government gets ninety percent, but I'm not complaining.

EXT. VELIOTIS'S VILLA - ROOF - DAY

ATHENS, GREECE

Veliotis meets with a REPORTER, 32, by a large rooftop swimming pool.

VELIOTIS

Yes, Electric Boat deliberately defrauded the Navy. I have tape recordings to prove it, but the Justice Department officials don't want to deal with me.

REPORTER

You want immunity on the kickback

charges?

VELIOTIS

Yes, on kickbacks from a subcontractor. That's the way we did business back then. I regret it. And I'm paying for it now. What about the high paying jobs, favors, donations, and gifts government officials accept from the government contractors. Aren't these things of value given to officials to influence them. In return the contractors receive contracts and favors.

REPORTER

Can you be specific. How about a name?

VELIOTIS

Admiral Rickover. He accepted a pair of diamond ear rings worth over a thousand dollars. And he asked us to make him hundreds of tie clips.

REPORTER

Apparently your gifts didn't influence him. He was one of your biggest nemesis.

VELIOTIS

My relationship with Admiral Rickover wasn't a love affair, to say the least. He was a cantankerous little man that had a lot of power. They called him the father of the nuclear navy. He was what I think you call the midwife.

INT. TV STUDIO - DAY

DIANNE SAWYER sits across from Admiral Rickover.

RICKOVER

No, I never thought I was smart. I thought the people I dealt with were as dumb, were dumb, including you.

SAWYER

I'll tell you, to be called dumb by you is to be in very good company. Edward R. Murrow, for one.

RICKOVER

Oh yeah, he, well, I told him the same.

SAWYER

What is the heart of leadership. Personality? Charisma?

RICKOVER

No. For example I have the Charisma of a chipmunk. So what the hell difference does that make.

SAWYER

Were you surprised when the Reagan Administration told you goodbye?

RICKOVER

No. Secretary Lehman is one of the biggest fools the Navy ever had. There was over a billion dollars worth of claims by shipbuilders which I thought were false and I fought it. Within a month or two after I left, most of that money was given to the shipbuilder.

(Beat)

Of course, that's a coincidence.

SAWYER

A former executive from General

Dynamics, P.T. Veliotis, revealed that you had been given gifts, some of them expensive.

RICKOVER

Oh, they gave me little things, they gave me all kinds...one time, I think I even got a small diamond. But the question that ought to be asked is, did I favor General Dynamics.

SAWYER

But do you worry that, at the end of this long career, that something like this has been raised and your ethics are questioned by the press?

RICKOVER

Well, I don't - it doesn't bother me,

(Raises voice)

IT DOESN'T BOTHER ME.

(Beat)

I think... God knows what I did and I don't care what the contractors or you think.

INT. LIVING ROOM -NIGHT

The room is large with nice furniture.

Rickover's face is on a large television screen.

Nancy and Mark snuggle-up together on the sofa.

MARK

Did you ever meet him?

NANCY

No, but I saw him in person a couple of times. We almost met once, but my mother chased him away.

TELEVISION SCREEN

Sawyer, wearing different clothing, stands.

SAWYER

Since that interview I met with President Carter. Here's what the former president had to say.

President Carter's face fills the television screen.

CARTER

I'm not surprised that Secretary Lehman forced the Admiral into retirement. The defense contractors were out to get Rickover for a long time. He was an embarrassment to them and he was part of a one man watchdog.

Mark rubs his fingers through Nancy's hair.

NANCY

The old watchdog is gone. We'll lose another sub. Deadlines and profits are all defense contractors care about.

MARK

I hope you're wrong. Francis's life might be at risk someday.

NANCY

A space shuttle is so small, why cut corners to save a few bucks. Besides, they'll never risk the lives of astronauts just to meet a launching schedule.

MARK

You're probably right. Would you like a back rub, Mrs. Scobee?

NANCY

I'd love one.

MARK

And a nice steak dinner at  
Deano's, later?

NANCY

Steak, again?

INT. ARNOLD THOMPSON'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON - 1986

THOMPSON, 52, sits at his desk looking over paperwork. The  
telephone RINGS. He pushes a button on an intercom.

THOMPSON

Thompson.

VOICE

It's been postponed until tomorrow  
morning. A cold front is bearing  
down on Florida. Are you concerned?

THOMPSON

You bet. Yes, I am, very. What's  
the latest weather report?

VOICE

Down to 22 degrees at 6 am.

THOMPSON

Damn. This is very serious. Untested  
situations. I'm going to set up a  
teleconference with the SRB project  
manager. Thanks for calling.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Thompson, TWENTY MEN, and SIX WOMEN sit at a very long  
table. A large microphone lies on the center of the table.

ENGINEER 1

On a prior mission, hot gasses blew  
by an O'ring at 53 degrees. Blackened  
grease was found on the joint. Make  
no mistake about it. It was black-just  
like coal. Jet black.

ENGINEER 2

According to the latest reports, we're predicting that the seals would go below freezing, 29 degrees.

ENGINEERING VP

Until the temperature reaches 53 degrees, I don't want to fly.

PROJECT MANAGER (O.S.)

Quantify your claim. Prove it.

ENGINEER 3

Rubber O'rings lose their resiliency at low temperatures and might fail to provide an adequate seal against hot gasses from the burning fuel.

PROJECT MANAGER (O.S.)

Cold gas tests indicate the O'rings will work at 30 degrees. Quantify your claim.

ENGINEER 4

We know the expected temperature is away from the goodness in the current data base.

PROJECT MANAGER(O.S.)

Prove it will fail.

THOMPSON

We can't prove it will fail, but the risk is higher than we should take. The colder the weather, the greater chance of failure.

PROJECT MANAGER(O.S.)

My God, when do you people want me to launch, next April? Would your VP for the space program be willing to launch.

VP

Not over the recommendation of my engineers.

PROJECT MANAGER(O.S.)  
I'm appalled at your recommendation,  
but I'm not going to launch over  
your objection. I've spent some  
time looking over all the data, and  
frankly, I find the data inconclusive.

GENERAL MANAGER  
Excuse us for a few minutes. I'm  
the General Manager here, and I  
would like an off-line caucus to  
reevaluate the data. Thank you.

The general manager pushes the mute button.

GENERAL MANAGER  
We have to make a management decision.  
Bob, take off that engineering hat  
and put on your management hat. Am  
I the only one who wants to fly?  
Do any of my senior executives here  
recommend stopping the launch?

He looks at his three executives.

GENERAL MANAGER  
Good. The teacher flies tomorrow.

INT. CHALLENGER-CREW'S CABIN - MORNING

FRANCIS 'DICK' SCOBEE, 46, and MICHAEL SMITH, 40, sit in  
front of the controls, gages, indicator lights and three  
computer screens. Directly behind and between them is JUDITH  
'J.R' RESNIK, 36. To her right, back to the wall, is  
ELLISON ONIZUKA, 39.

The THREE OTHER ASTRONAUTS sit in the middeck area, below  
them. All the astronauts wear life vests and air tight  
helmets.

DICK  
Welcome to space, guys. Two minutes  
downstairs. Hey NASA, ya gotta watch  
running down there?

MIKE  
(Looking out the  
cockpit window)  
Okay. There goes the lox arm.

ELLISON  
Doesn't it suppose to go the  
other way?

MIKE  
(laughing)  
God, I hope not, Ellison.

JUDY  
Got your harnesses locked?

MIKE  
What for?

JUDY  
Ooh kaaaay.

MIKE  
Dick's thinking of something.

DICK  
Un huh...One minute downstairs.

MIKE  
Alarm looks good.

DICK  
Okay.

MIKE  
Ullage pressures are up. Right  
helium tank is just a little bit  
low.

DICK  
It was yesterday, too. Thirty  
seconds downstairs.

MIKE  
Remember the red button when you

make a roll call.

DICK  
I won't do that, thanks a lot.

A loud BLAST.

DICK  
There they go guys.

JUDY  
All right.

DICK  
Three at a hundred.

JUDY  
Aaalll riight.

DICK  
Here we go.

Another loud BLAST. Everything inside the cabin shakes.

MIKE  
Go you mother.

JUDY  
It's fuckin' hot.

DICK  
Ooohhkaaay.

MIKE  
Looks like we've got a lotta  
wind today.

DICK  
Yeah. It's a little hard to see  
out of my window.

EXT. CHALLENGER - DAY

The Challenger rises. A long cloud of white and black smoke trailing it. A flame appears on the right side.

INT. CHALLENGER

MIKE

Feel that motha go. Woooohooo.

DICK

Reading four eight six.

MIKE

Yep, that's what I've got, too.

DICK

Roger, go at throttle up.

A loud EXPLOSION.

MIKE'S P.O.V.

A brilliant orange flame burns outside the cockpit window.

MIKE

(STUNNED)

UH OH

EXT. CREW'S CABIN - DAY

The crew's cabin breaks away from the rockets. It starts falling to earth.

INT. CREW'S CABIN

The astronauts are pinned down in their seats.

Dick Scobee appears to be sleeping.

Judy opens her eyes wide and turns her head towards Ellison.

Ellison returns a half smile.

JUDY

I'm scared.

ELLISON

Me too.

MIKE

My heart must be racing for  
a reason.

JUDY

Give me your hands.

Mike reaches his right hand behind his seat. Judy grabs it with her left hand and reaches out her right to Ellison. He takes it and gives Judy a big smile. She smiles back. Tears flow down her cheeks.

MIKE

I never did lock my harnesses,  
Judy.

JUDY

I warned ya.

EXT. CREW'S CABIN -DAY

The cabin approaches the ocean at a speed greater than 200 miles per hour. It hits the ocean and disintegrates on impact. A large cloud of ruddy brown smoke hangs over the ocean as objects splash nearby.

INT. RICKOVER'S HOUSE - DAY

Admiral Rickover sits on a rocking chair reading a newspaper. His WIFE, mid forties, wearing glasses, is on the sofa reading Iacocca: An Autobiography.

RICKOVER

DAMN IT. The space shuttle was covered with icicles. The contractor had to know that the extreme cold weather would affect rubber seals.

WIFE

Why would they risk the lives of those astronauts?

RICKOVER

Contractors don't give a damn about anything but profits and

schedules. Seven deaths. Seven families suffering. And we'll never know what really happened. I won't, that's for sure. I won't be around long enough to hear their lies.

WIFE

You know doctors have been wrong before. You're a fighter.

EXT. ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY - DAY

BOBBY (4) walks between Nancy and Mark. They stop in front of the headstone for the seven astronauts that died on the Challenger.

Their faces are embossed on a bronze plate above the words: IN GRATEFUL AND LOVING TRIBUTE TO THE BRAVE CREW OF THE U.S. SPACE SHUTTLE CHALLENGER 28 JANUARY 1986.

Mark points to Scobee's image.

MARK

Who's that, Bobby?

BOBBY

Uncle Francis.

MARK

That's right. He has his own headstone over here.

The walk over to an adjacent headstone.

The inscription reads LIEUTENANT COLONEL FRANCIS R. (DICK) SCOBEE, MAY 19, 1939 - JANUARY 28, 1986.

NANCY

He was your father's oldest brother.

BOBBY

Where is he now?

NANCY

In heaven.

MARK

Rickover's buried nearby, do you want to see his headstone?

NANCY

Sure.

They stroll past the rows of headstones. Mark glances at a map of the cemetery.

MARK

Keep your eyes open. It should be around here.

Nancy points.

NANCY

I see it.

They walk up to Rickover's headstone.

Admiral Rickover's tombstone. It is black with white lettering. There are four stars over the lettering H.G. RICKOVER, 'Father of the Nuclear Navy, 60 years of active duty, January 27, 1900 July 8, 1986'.

NANCY

He took them on.

MARK

No more than you.

NANCY

We both lost. Couldn't change a thing.

MARK

You think he'll be remembered for taking bribes?

NANCY

Probably. People don't care about defense contractors.

MARK

How many lives do you think  
it'll take?

NANCY

Frankly, I don't think they  
give a damn, my dear.

FADE OUT:

Pam Murphy never remarried. In 1990, after being diagnosed with cancer, she rented a small motor boat. The boat was found adrift in the vicinity where the US Thresher went down. A picture of Robert Murphy was left on a seat. Pam's body was never found.

Nancy (Murphy) Scobee was diagnosed with mesothelioma in 2005. She currently resides in Seattle, Washington with her husband Mark. They have one grandson, Francis Richard Scobee.

P. T. Veliotis died May 2, 1992 in Athens, Greece. He was never prosecuted. While living in Greece he claimed that attempts were made to assassinate him.

A 1988 Supreme Court ruling gives government contractors immunity from liability lawsuits if they do not deviate from government design instructions. If the design is flawed, neither the government or the contractor can be held the blame.

The wife of astronaut Michael Smith unsuccessfully tried to sue the government and the defense contractor for the wrongful death of her husband.

One of the engineers who sat at the final meeting concerning the Challenger's launch date said he couldn't watch the launch because he was sure it would explode.

THE END