

Government Inc.

"DEEDEE'S LITTLE CRAPPY SHIPS"

written by  
Patrick Hale

Patrick@rooksllc.com

## TEASER

EXT. BEACH, SAN DIEGO NAVY YARD - NIGHT

The white beach glints in the Moonlight, as the ocean rhythmically breaks on shore.

A blinking red light from an unseen naval vessel off shore is the only sign of humanity.

The sound of BRISTLING palm trees is replaced by low RADIO CHATTER.

RADIO CHATTER

(static)

Six plus One.

(trees bristling)

Confirmed...

(static)

TTA +10.

(trees bristling)

Cleared. Geo-sat...

(static)

Coords... on approach.

FOUR MEN run out of the tree line with a Jet Black pontoon boat. TWO MEN carry a BODY from the edge of the trees.

The FOUR MEN Secure the boat and grab gear silently. They help the TWO MEN pull the body into the boat. The SPUTTERING of the small outboard motor is canceled out by the sound of the CRASHING waves.

The boat sails into the darkness, out of view.

INT. BRIDGE OF SHIP

A red glow illuminates the brim of CAPTAIN RICHARD's (55, Male, Handsome) tour of duty hat. His eyes fixated on a small screen in front of him.

MASTER CHIEF SMILEY (55, Female, Smart, Hard to Impress, Inspires Loyalty) enters the bridge, and nods to XO GOLDMAN (50, LT CMD, confident, obedient).

MASTER CHIEF SMILEY

(to Captain)

Captain. 6 plus one confirmed. We got 'em.

The Captain turns to XO Goldman.

CAPTAIN RICHARDS  
 Turn us around.  
 (glances at timer)  
 Let's put it behind us.

Steering Control, SEAMEN RODRIGUEZ (20, Female), readies for the command.

XO GOLDMAN  
 Aye, Captain.  
 (to Seaman Rodriguez)  
 Full astern, Right Full Rudder.

SEAMAN RODRIGUEZ  
 (adjust steering)  
 Full astern, Right Full Rudder.  
 Aye, Captain.

EXT. OPEN OCEAN

The waves, like white snow caps, dot the water.

A red light bounces off a distant shadowy Naval Vessel in the ocean.

A loud BANG then water HISSES echo over the water.

CAPTAIN RICHARDS (O.S.)  
 Chief, report --  
 (gruff)  
 What did you do to my ship?

MASTER CHIEF SMILEY (O.S.)  
 Engine room reports--  
 Water Jets... inoperable Captain.

CAPTAIN RICHARDS (O.S.)  
 Full stop.

XO GOLDMAN (O.S.)  
 Full stop.

INT. BRIDGE OF SHIP

CAPTAIN RICHARDS  
 (To Chief)  
 Sit-rep.

Master Chief Smiley shakes head.

MASTER CHIEF SMILEY  
(to Captain)  
Captain, -- we are dead in the  
water.

XO GOLDMAN  
Captain, should I call it in.

CAPTAIN RICHARDS  
No, I will...

The Captain squints as the digital timer reads -00:01, -00:00  
then +00:01, +00:02.

CAPTAIN RICHARDS (CONT'D)  
...inform command.  
(walking out)  
Blew the exercise.

XO GOLDMAN  
Aye, Captain.  
(to Communications  
Officer)  
Call the--

CAPTAIN RICHARDS  
(opens hatch)  
--and those bastards better be  
waiting for us at the dock.

MASTER CHIEF SMILEY  
(to Captain)  
Skipper?

CAPTAIN RICHARDS  
The Contractors.

CUE TITLE: GOVERNMENT INC.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT I

FADE IN:

INT. PENTAGON

DEIDRE 'DEEDEE' SIMCIK (35, Female, socially awkward, over-achiever, honest, unassuming) shifts her weight as she adjusts the microphone at the head of a giant wooden desk.

On either side of the large desk sit the Agency Heads, five on each side and behind them sat their aides, staring wide-eyed at Deedee.

DEEDEE

We are all familiar with the  
Littoral Combat Ship program's  
mission, but,--

The room is SILENT.

DEEDEE (CONT'D)

--with respect, the Navy has a  
history of belated acknowledgment  
of

(glances around)

Inconvenient facts. I think if we  
shift,--

ADM. VERN "BULLDOG" CLARK (64, Male, Father of the LCS program, humorless) sits under a low-hanging lamp which exaggerates his jowl line. He shifts uneasily in his thick leather seat.

DEEDEE (CONT'D)

(nervous)

Operations must be tailored to the  
theater, it's strategy,

(air quotes)

"One-oh-one"

(adjusts the mic)

We aren't fighting Iranians in fast  
moving boats with RPG's, we-- It's  
the Chinese in the first island  
chain, the Russians, we--

REAR ADM. BRYAN CLARK (55, Male, Aide to Chief of Naval Operations, Self-Serving, Charismatic, Impatient, arrogant) motions for Deedee to sit.

REAR ADM. CLARK

(stands)

I hate,--

(MORE)

REAR ADM. CLARK (CONT'D)  
 (gestures)  
 To dispute my best analyst.  
 (to Bulldog)  
 It's not actually flawed, so much  
 as, the architecture is difficult  
 to support.  
 (To Deedee)  
 Sit Down.

REAR ADM. HODGES (63, Male, Loud, Impulsive), turns in his  
 seat and rests his face on his hand.

BULLDOG  
 (waves)  
 No need to mince words Admiral,  
 (sarcastic)  
 Please,--

All eyes in the room turned to Deedee.

BULLDOG (CONT'D)  
 (to Deedee)  
 -- Do Continue.

TIM REIDECKER (35, Male, Cunning, Clumsy, Occasionally  
 competent/ Mostly not) glares at her from the side of the  
 room. His thick rimmed glasses and shirt with both new and  
 old food stains jiggles as he laughs.

Rear Adm. Clark turns toward Deedee, makes direct eye contact  
 and very, very slowly shakes his head.

DEEDEE  
 Thank you for your time.

Bulldog slowly stands and leans forward, his belly rubbing an  
 already worn table, pushing wires and paper around. Everyone  
 in the vicinity instinctually move the coffees out of the  
 way.

BULLDOG  
 (to Deedee)  
 We are staying on mission.

Bulldog gestures towards DAME VERA GREGORY (55, Female, Ex-  
 British Intelligence turned contractor, smart, dangerous,  
 well-connected) who steps out of the shadows.

BULLDOG (CONT'D)  
 (staring at Rear Admiral  
 Clark)  
 Most of you are familiar with Dame  
 Gregory.  
 (MORE)

BULLDOG (CONT'D)  
 (points)  
 She just got off the god-damn boat.

REAR ADM. CLARK  
 (stands)  
 With all do respect, we can--

BULLDOG  
 (slams desk)  
 Sit down!

Rear Adm. Clark sits, humbled.

BULLDOG (CONT'D)  
 (points to Vera)  
 She is working for us now and you  
 better pay attention to what she  
 tells you.  
 (pats chest)  
 I know I will.  
 (gestures)  
 Oh, Admiral--  
 (to Rear Adm. Clark)  
 I would like a word with you. Now.  
 (to everyone)  
 Dismissed.

Deedee walks slowly over to Rear Adm. Clark.

DEEDEE  
 (whispers)  
 Do you want me to,--

REAR ADM. CLARK  
 (under his breath)  
 Stay? You out of your mind?  
 (gathers papers)  
 Next time you want to discuss  
 your,--  
 (air quotes)  
 "Opinions"  
 (whispers)  
 On approved Naval doctrine-

ADM. GREER (65, Female, Smart, Patient) walks behind Rear  
 Adm. Clark and extends her hand.

ADM. GREER  
 I don't know whether to  
 congratulate you or not.

Rear Adm. Hodges walks over to them, grinning.

REAR ADM. HODGES  
(to Greer)  
I wouldn't.

REAR ADM. CLARK  
(to Greer and Hodges)  
Right.

Adm. Greer retracts her hand and exits the room behind Rear  
Adm. Hodges.

REAR ADM. CLARK (CONT'D)  
(to Deedee)  
Best not insult the guy that  
fucking wrote it.  
(whispers)  
Send me a memo. If it's good, I use  
it. If not,--  
(shrugs)  
Got it?

Deedee nods, yes.

DEEDEE  
Yes, Admiral.

Rear Adm. Clark closes his briefcase and is caught at the  
door by Vera.

VERA  
We have some business.

REAR ADM. CLARK  
(to Vera)  
I'll brief you on,--

VERA  
(shakes head)  
Today.

REAR ADM. CLARK  
Can't today.  
(hurried)  
Monday.

VERA  
I'm at the Embassy Monday.

REAR ADM. CLARK  
British Embassy?  
(smiles)  
Sure, sure.



VERA  
 (bemused)  
 You,-  
 (points)  
 Be there.

REAR ADM. CLARK  
 I will be there.  
 (waves)  
 I'll be there.

Rear Adm. Clark leaves in a hurry.

Vera glances and nods at Deedee then exits.

Deedee watches from the corner of the room then turns,  
 running directly into Tim.

TIM  
 Hey, slow down there.  
 (holds up hands)  
 Don't want to screw up again.  
 (points to door)  
 Wouldn't want mommy to find out.

Deedee takes a menacing step forward and startles Tim, who  
 slinks away. She picks up the rest of her brief, removes her  
 ID card from the computer and EXHALES DEEPLY.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SHIP - DREAM SEQ

Deedee's footsteps ECHO through an empty hangar. She squints  
 at a dark figure at the ships railing, and the ocean beyond.

CAPT. HUGHES' (Male, Deceased, Legendary Strategist, Fleet  
 Tactics Author, Professor, Mentor to Deedee) VOICE BOOMS all  
 around but his mouth doesn't move, as if he spoke for the  
 ocean itself.

CAPT. HUGHES (V.O.)  
 Deirdre, --

Capt. Wayne P. Hughes turns and smiles at Deedee.

Deedee, now at the railing, looks out over an unknown sea.  
 She turns to Capt. Hughes and smiles.

CAPT. HUGHES (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 -- With a little ingenuity you may  
 yet wrest, a measure of success...

The ocean CRASHES against the ships hull as it cuts through the shallow, teal water.

CAPT. HUGHES (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
From this...

Capt. Hughes smiles then turns away.

CAPT. HUGHES (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Catastrophe.

Deedee reaches out for Capt. Hughes but only grabs air.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. DEEDEE'S BEDROOM

Deedee bolts upright in her bed and yanks her sleep mask off.

A single cat MEOWS and stretches at the foot of the bed.

Deedee's eyes dart around the bedroom as she clutches her chest. She grabs her phone.

ON SCREEN: 3:20AM

Deedee EXHALES deeply then throws off her blankets and walks to her desk. She flicks the light on and sits, examining LCS's CRS reports for procurement by year, Crew manifests and comprehensive Maintenance reports.

DEEDEE  
(smiles)  
Wait...

Deedee stops reading on a folder named "LCS-2 Maintenance Reports 2006-2009". She grins and starts to type:

TEXT ON SCREEN:

Memo: LCS Independence Crew Analysis...

Findings point to a +10% Efficiency across the board.  
Recommend increasing crew from 40 to 50.  
Contractors to fill in while crew trains.  
15-18 months total refit time.

Deedee's is startled by her phone ALARM, she grabs her phone and shuts it OFF.

DEEDEE (CONT'D)  
(exhales)  
Already?

## MONTAGE -

1. Sunrise over the Potomac along GW Parkway.
2. Deedee puts in a Keurig Coffee Refill.
3. Cat yawns in the window sill.
4. Deedee closes the front door of Condo.
5. Bumper to Bumper traffic on Key Bridge.

## INT. CAR

A sign reading, PENTAGON EXIT ONLY, comes into view.

DEEDEE  
 (waves behind her)  
 Sorry.  
 (car HONKS)  
 Thank you.

Deedee's sister, CLAIRE (30, Female, Witty, Honest, Naive, Mother of two), calls just as she crosses two lanes of traffic.

DEEDEE (CONT'D)  
 (looks at phone)  
 Hold on. Hold on.

Deedee slides the button on her phone and answers the live video call from Claire.

CLAIRE  
 Look at the baby...

DEEDEE  
 Hey baby. Aw.  
 (HONKING sounds)  
 Sorry, sorry.

CLAIRE  
 Hey,  
 (baby coos)  
 Did you get my invites?

DEEDEE  
 (distracted)  
 Can't talk now Claire. Driving to the office.  
 (glances at phone)  
 Aw, My pretty girls.

CLAIRE  
 When are you coming to see us?

DEEDEE  
I just got my passport back  
(looks behind her)  
I'll be there Christmas.

CLAIRE  
Good.

Deedee HONKS and misses the PENTAGON ONLY EXIT.

DEEDEE  
God-damn it!  
(hits steering wheel)  
Missed it.

Deedee pulls into a garage with a sign that reads,  
"SATELLITE PARKING - PENTAGON".

DEEDEE (CONT'D)  
Never mind.  
(hits steering wheel)  
Had a strange dream last night.

CLAIRE  
'bout your dad?

DEEDEE  
Different sailor.  
(flips turn signal)  
Hold on. Come on man, let me in.

CLAIRE  
(baby talk)  
Deedee's having bad dreams baby...

DEEDEE  
Professor Hughes.

CLAIRE  
(baby talk)  
Was he naked?

DEEDEE  
Nope.

CLAIRE  
(baby talk)  
Were you naked?

DEEDEE  
Nope.

CLAIRE  
 (makes SNORING sound)  
 Boring  
 (singing)  
 My...  
 (yawns)  
 Baby...

DEEDEE  
 Ok. Sweet girls, great talk. Gotta go.  
 (waves)  
 Bye, bye, bye! Kisses!  
 (blows kisses)  
 Love you!

Deedee ends the call.

# INT. PENTAGON PARKING BUS

The Pentagon can be seen from the front window of the overcrowded Parking Lot bus.

Deedee checks her watch then looks around at everyone. She notices the different badges around everyone's neck and panics. She checks her neck then her purse.

DEEDEE  
 (to herself)  
 No, not today.

Tim appears behind Deedee on the bus. A CRINKLE of a sunflower bag gives away his position.

TIM  
 (cracking a seed)  
 (whispers)  
 I hate it when that happens.

Deedee is startled and winces trying not to turn and make eye contact.

DEEDEE  
 (to Tim)  
 Ew...  
 (checks her bag)  
 Why are you like this?

TIM  
 (cracks a seed)  
 Just the way,  
 (spits in a bag)  
 God made me.  
 (MORE)

TIM (CONT'D)  
 (smiling)  
 I'll be sure to let everyone know  
 (cracks another seed)  
 You are gonna be a few minutes  
 late.

The bus doors SQUEAK open.

TIM (CONT'D)  
 (pushing forward)  
 See you soon...

Deedee accidentally bumps Tim in the groin with the back side of her heavy purse as she pushes through the crowd.

Tim SHRIEKS in pain, and spits a mouthful of wet, sunflower seeds onto the hand of a large, barrel chested EX-MARINE.

EX-MARINE  
 Nasty habit.

The BUS DRIVER glares back at Tim and the Large Marine.

BUS DRIVER  
 (looking back)  
 Man --  
 (points)  
 I told you about eating on my bus.

Deedee races off the bus to catch the next shuttle back.

INT. CRYSTAL CITY PARKING BUS

The Bus doors close behind Deedee as she takes her seat next to the window.

Deedee, searching for her headphones, lets out a DEEP SIGH as she pulls her missing badge out of her jacket pocket.

DEEDEE  
 Yep... Found it.

EXT. PARKING LOT

By the time Deedee gets back the Entire Office is on the hot Pentagon parking lot milling about waiting for the FIRE ALARM to stop.

Deedee walks over to her designated waiting area.

MIKE MENDELSON (40, Male, analyst, baseball fan, impatient) paces closely behind Deedee.

MIKE  
You heard right?

Deedee is facing the opposite direction, she turns when she hears Mike.

DEEDEE  
What? They found something?

MIKE  
No it was Bulldog.  
(chuckles)  
He...  
(chuckles)  
He had the poor secretary open it  
though...

An Ambulance SIREN is heard in the background.

DEEDEE  
Oh no. What Happened?

KEITH GARIBALDI (39, Male, patient, quiet, obsessive interest in Naval Boilers from the turn of the century) walks up next to Mike.

KEITH  
Did you tell her.

MIKE  
I was about to.

KEITH  
Bulldog.

MIKE  
You gonna let me tell it?!

Deedee laughs and spins in place.

DEEDEE  
What happened?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE

Bulldog storms into his office, checks the corners and then takes his seat.

Ensign Macomb (30, Male, eager to please) closes the door, coffee in hand, and walks over behind the Admiral placing the coffee, two Splenda's, and a tiny spoon and saucer in front of the Admiral.

The Ensign gently blows the coffee.

KEITH AND MIKE VOICE BULLDOG AND ENSIGN MACOMB O.S.

KEITH (O.S.)  
(as Bulldog)  
Get the fuck out of my face Ensign.

MIKE (O.S.)  
(as Ensign Macomb)  
Yes, sir.

KEITH (O.S.)  
(as Bulldog)  
When did we switch back to men.  
(looks Ensign up and down)  
Secretary, eh?

MIKE (O.S.)  
(as Ensign Macomb)  
Ensign, sir.

KEITH (O.S.)  
(as Bulldog)  
(farts)  
Get out of here.

MIKE (O.S.)  
(as Ensign Macomb)  
Sir, you have...

KEITH (O.S.)  
(as Bulldog)  
You want the horn's boy?

MIKE (O.S.)  
(as Ensign Macomb)  
Sir?

KEITH (O.S.)  
(as Bulldog)  
Bull horns.

MIKE (O.S.)  
(as Ensign Macomb)  
But your name refers to the dog...  
sir.

Bulldog glances at his desk for something to throw.



KEITH (O.S.)  
 (as Bulldog)  
 Where's my god-damn pewter ship.  
 The heavy one.

MIKE (O.S.)  
 (as Ensign Macomb)  
 I swapped it out with that sir.

Ensign Macomb points to an American Bulldog Figure signed by  
 Admiral "Bulldog" Clark himself.

KEITH (O.S.)  
 (as Bulldog)  
 God dammit I do love that thing.

MIKE (O.S.)  
 (as Ensign Macomb)  
 Mail. Sir.

Bulldog looks at the pile of mail in Ensign Macomb's hands.

KEITH (O.S.)  
 (as Bulldog)  
 I didn't fight in two wars to open  
 my own fucking mail. Let's get that  
 straight.  
 (folds hands)  
 Read it to me... Secretary.

Ensign Macomb opens the first piece of mail.

MIKE (O.S.)  
 (as Ensign Macomb)  
 This one's an invitation To Admiral  
 Bookers "Annual Booker Birthday  
 Bash."

KEITH (O.S.)  
 (as Bulldog)  
 Hmm.

MIKE (O.S.)  
 (as Ensign Macomb)  
 You plus one.

KEITH (O.S.)  
 (as Bulldog)  
 I suppose you'll want to go.

MIKE (O.S.)  
 (as Ensign Macomb)  
 Sir...

(MORE)

MIKE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 (taken aback)  
 Wow.

KEITH (O.S.)  
 (as Bulldog)  
 Don't cream your pants... you're  
 going to have to talk to them.  
 (waves hand)  
 Next.

MIKE (O.S.)  
 (as Ensign Macomb)  
 This one is... From Clair Sim--

White Powder BURSTS out of the Envelope.

KEITH (O.S.)  
 (as Bulldog)  
 Oh No!  
 (yelling)  
 Anthrax  
 (shouts)  
 Anthrax!

Ensign Macomb passes out on the ground.

A Fire Alarm CLANGS in the background.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT

Deedee stares at Keith and Mike in disbelief.

KEITH  
 And...  
 (pantomimes)  
 Bulldog MOANS and collapses,  
 (kneels)  
 Crawling under his desk.

DEEDEE  
 This all happened, --  
 Just now?  
 (to herself)  
 Maybe it was canceled then.

MIKE  
 (throwing up hands)  
 Yes... What?

DEEDEE

(sighs)

Had a meeting with the Admiral,  
Rear Adm. Clark, not Bulldog.

(glances around)

So that's what all this is?

(puzzled)

What about -- I mean... What was  
it?

Keith and Mike shake their heads in unison.

MIKE

Baby Powder.

KEITH

Baking Powder.

MIKE (CONT'D)

No, it was baby powder.

(shakes head)

It was an invitation to someones  
Baby Shower.

Deedee re-focuses her attention to Keith.

DEEDEE

You said the note was from whom?

KEITH

Claire S --something.

(thinks)

S...

DEEDEE

Simcik? Simcik?

KEITH

Uh...

DEEDEE

Claire? My sister?

KEITH

Your sister is

(loudly)

Claire Simcik? Oh no.

Deedee holds her hand over Keith's mouth.

KEITH (CONT'D)

(muffled)

It's been so long since anyone  
touched me.

Deedee removes her hands from Keith's mouth.

DEEDEE  
 (wiping hand)  
 So wet.

The FIRE ALARM stops.

Deedee shakes her head and walks off.

MIKE  
 (to Keith)  
 I told you she had a sister.

KEITH  
 (to Mike)  
 What do we do?

KEITH (CONT'D)  
 (looks at Mike)  
 Southside.

MIKE  
 (looks at Keith)  
 Drinks.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. SOUTHSIDE BAR AND GRILL - NIGHT

Deedee, Mike and Keith can be seen laughing through the front window of Southside Bar and Grill.

EXT. SOUTHSIDE PARKING LOT

Deedee, Mike and Keith burst into a parking garage, SINGING loudly.

KEITH  
 (singing)  
 ... And I would walk 500... mile...  
 (loudly)  
 Deedee. Deedee. Deedee.

DEEDEE  
 (quietly)  
 Yeah.  
 (taps Keith)  
 I'm right here.

KEITH  
 (spins and sings)  
 ...500 more...  
 (laughs)  
 I wanted to know... ya know... why  
 would...  
 (hiccups)  
 Your sister... Send that invite...

Deedee pulls out her cell phone.

DEEDEE  
(calls Claire)  
Ya know what?

Mike pulls up in his Car.

MIKE  
(rolls down window)  
This is a no spew zone.

DEEDEE  
(to Mike)  
Oh! Calling my sister!

Claire answers the video call, bouncing the baby on her leg.

CLAIRE IS SUPERIMPOSED ON PHONE

CLAIRE (O.S.)  
Hola, chica.

MIKE  
Whoa.  
(to Claire)  
Hey I'm Mike.

KEITH  
(waves from backseat)  
Hey.

CLAIRE  
Hey Dummies.  
(to Baby)  
Say hi, 'millie.

DEEDEE  
They, er,  
(waves finger)  
We, wanted to know why you put baby  
powder and why Admiral--

The Baby vomits white milk all over himself.

CLAIRE  
Oh, little drool-y, baby.

Keith and Mike gag and roll down their windows.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
Baby powder because it smells like  
babies, duh.

KEITH  
 (gagging)  
 Makes sense.

MIKE  
 (gagging)  
 Yep.

CLAIRE  
 And,  
 (wipes baby)  
 I sent it to him because I have a  
 list of gifts online if someone,--  
 (baby vomits again)  
 --chooses not to come.

Keith and Mike begin to vomit in their mouths.

KEITH  
 Yeah but,--  
 (gags)  
 You don't even know him.

Keith hits Mike in the arm.

MIKE  
 Exactly, dude.

KEITH  
 (gags)  
 Ohhhhh.

CLAIRE  
 Any more--  
 (Baby Vomits)  
 Silly questions?

Mike and Keith shake their heads outside of the windows, No.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
 I didn't mean to start an  
 international incident.

DEEDEE  
 (glances around)  
 Don't worry.  
 (pats Mike's back)  
 It's a decidedly National incident.

KEITH  
 No,  
 (pointing)  
 The country code--  
 (MORE)

KEITH (CONT'D)  
(gagging)  
She's in France.

CLAIRE  
(knowing)  
Yeah, that's why I said it.

DEEDEE  
Ok, well you are breaking up now-  
(cooing)  
Oh, I miss you, be there soon!  
(laughs)  
Bye! Love you!

Deedee hangs up and smiles, putting her seatbelt on.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT I

ACT II

INT. CAR

Deedee sips coffee as the British Embassy rolls into view.  
Copies of the LCS Brief lay on the passenger seat.

DEEDEE  
(looks at self in mirror)  
You can do this. They are just  
people.  
(inhales deeply)  
Just regular, run-of-the-mill  
sociopaths that have somehow,--  
(Grabs her Badge)  
Made it.

Deedee pulls up to the British Embassy and flashes her badge  
to GUARD 2 at the Gate.

GUARD 2  
Good Morning. ID, please. Name?

DEEDEE  
Deedee Simcik meeting with... Dame  
Vera Gregory.

GUARD 2  
She's expecting you.

Guard 2 points to the Parking Garage.

GUARD 2 (CONT'D)  
Park over there. You are heading to  
the Veranda.

DEEDEE  
We are going to be outside? It's  
hot.

GUARD 2  
Yes, mam. Should get in the 90's  
today.

Deedee drives into the Garage.

The air is moist in the DC heat.

DEEDEE  
I just bought this--  
(quietly)  
fucking dress.



Deedee pops the glove box open and an unopened invitation to her sisters baby shower drops onto the ground.

DEEDEE (CONT'D)

Oh.

Deedee looks at the envelope on the floor for a second, then rips open the top.

EXT. BRITISH EMBASSY - VERANDA

Rear Adm. Hodges, Adm. Greer and Dame Vera chat on veranda.

ADM. GREER

(checks watch)

Clark.

REAR ADM. HODGES

(waving a brandy snifter)

I never get to drink out of these fancy glasses.

Deedee walks through the patio doors, her dress rimmed in baby powder like the salt rim on a margarita.

ADM. GREER

(surprised)

Who is this?

Vera looks up from her glass.

VERA

Are you lost dear?

Deedee looks around.

DEEDEE

I'm from Admiral's office. Deirdre  
S--

VERA

You are joking.

REAR ADM. HODGES

(uncontrollable laughter)

He, Of course, he would--

(holds chest)

-send you.

VERA

Is this his idea of a joke?

Rear Adm. Hodges grabs his chest and exits the veranda.

ADM. GREER  
 (taps his glass)  
 Refreshment? Ms. --

DEEDEE  
 Deedee Simcik.

ADM. GREER  
 Deedee?  
 (motions with hand)  
 Deedee. Well, well, well.  
 (smugly)  
 Welcome to the party.

DEEDEE  
 Some Decaf Tea would be lovely.  
 Thank you.

Vera is leaning over the bar.

VERA  
 (to herself)  
 Tea.  
 (politely)  
 Sit. Please.

Rear Adm. Hodges enters through the veranda door, still giggling.

REAR ADM. HODGES  
 Almost pissed myself.

DEEDEE  
 (extends hand)  
 Deirdre Simcik, sir.

REAR ADM. HODGES  
 (holds his hands in the air)  
 I didn't wash.  
 (rubs hands together)  
 I'll spare you.

DEEDEE  
 (under her breath)  
 That's so generous.

Deedee maintains her composure, retracts her hand and notes Vera's side-eye.

REAR ADM. HODGES  
 (glances at Deedee)  
 What are you drinking?

Vera smiles wryly and waves her arm at the waiter in the background.

ADM. GREER  
(to Deedee)  
How can we help you?

DEEDEE  
(smiling at Greer)  
Admiral Clark --

REAR ADM. HODGES  
Rear Adm. Clark.

DEEDEE  
Yes sir,--  
(opens folder)  
--Needs your help.

REAR ADM. HODGES  
(looking through the  
papers)  
Oh, Yes I'm familiar with the LCS  
Program.  
(closes folder)  
How can we help you?

The waiter sets the drinks down.

DEEDEE  
(to waiter)  
Thanks.

DEEDEE (CONT'D)  
Admiral Clark isn't here because he  
has been,--  
(coughs)  
Promoted.

VERA  
What? Oh, right.

DEEDEE  
Yes, well, the Anthrax scare, gave  
us a black eye.

VERA  
So?

DEEDEE  
His predecessor, Admiral Bradshaw,-  
-

REAR ADM. HODGES  
 (shouting)  
 Bulldog?!

DEEDEE  
 Affirmative,--

REAR ADM. HODGES  
 Shit.  
 (checks phone)  
 Bulldog.

DEEDEE  
 They found him cowering under his desk.  
 (rolls eyes)  
 Press had a field day.

REAR ADM. HODGES  
 (takes drink)  
 You live your whole life waiting for that perfect moment.  
 (looks up at sky)  
 Thought you had forsaken me?

DEEDEE  
 Admiral Clarke needs a miracle. We need this to work.  
 (pats folder)  
 I can make it work.

Vera raises her eyebrows at Adm. Greer.

DEEDEE (CONT'D)  
 (opens folder)  
 CRS reports, procurement deadlines, new crew manifests. I've laid it all out.  
 (checks folder)  
 I have it here.

Adm. Greer raises his hand to stop Deedee.

REAR ADM. HODGES  
 (takes sip)  
 Seems to me you got promoted too...  
 (puts drink down)  
 But nobody wants in on this...  
 Makes me curious.

DEEDEE  
 The late Wayne Hughes... Was like a father to me.

Rear Adm. Hodges glances at Adm. Greer who nods back.

REAR ADM. HODGES  
The legend himself.  
(adjusts himself)  
You were a student of his?

DEEDEE  
Yes sir.

REAR ADM. HODGES  
Sold. You got 12 months kid.  
(beat)  
But, from what I hear you don't  
have that long.

DEEDEE  
I was instructed to give you a  
brief.

Deedee looks around at their stern faces, exuding aggressive  
anti-briefing vibes.

DEEDEE (CONT'D)  
(quietly)  
I will just leave this here.

Deedee closes the folder and places it on the table.

ADM. GREER  
(to Deedee)  
Yeah, alright.

DEEDEE  
Do you want, --

REAR ADM. HODGES  
(dismissive)  
-- Nice to meet you, Deedee.

INT. PENTAGON

An anteroom separates Bulldogs office from the main hallway.  
A few boxes remain, full of Naval maps, pictures and loose  
bottles of spirits dropped off by co-workers.

REAR ADM. CLARK (O.S.)  
In here, Simcik.

Rear Adm. Clark's voice is coming from behind a partially  
opened bathroom door at the side of the office.

REAR ADM. CLARK (CONT'D)  
 Sorry...

Rear Adm. Clark widens the door.

REAR ADM. CLARK (CONT'D)  
 Sit down.

Rear Adm. Clark flushes the Toilet.

DEEDEE  
 I prefer to stand.

Rear Adm. Clark walks out without washing and walks to the front of his desk.

Deedee sits.

REAR ADM. CLARK  
 So they went for it?  
 (looks at open door)  
 At the embassy?

Deedee shrugs her shoulders.

DEEDEE  
 (nods)  
 Yes sir. I believe so sir...

REAR ADM. CLARK  
 And...

DEEDEE  
 They said if I tried to "teach" them anything... they'd hang me from a yard arm.

REAR ADM. CLARK  
 (slaps desk)  
 Sounds promising.  
 (nods in agreement)  
 Look... You are,  
 (air quotes)  
 A solid "analyst".

DEEDEE  
 Sir?

REAR ADM. CLARK  
 I don't need an analyst... I need someone who speaks the language of these contractors.  
 (nods)  
 Give me a no bullshit assessment.

DEEDEE  
But, I don't really,--  
Think that... That's me.

REAR ADM. CLARK  
Greer and Hodges like you.

Deedee remains calm, and doesn't shift her weight.

DEEDEE  
Yeah but...

Rear Adm. Clark holds up hand.

DEEDEE (CONT'D)  
Who's Vera working for?

REAR ADM. CLARK  
British Aerospace Contractor,  
systems integration as it pertains  
to black ops.  
(sarcastic)  
Beware...  
(wiggles fingers)  
Spy shit.  
(waves)  
But seriously, don't get in her  
way.

Rear Adm. Clark nods his head without saying anything.

DEEDEE  
(understanding)  
... that explains a lot.

REAR ADM. CLARK  
Passport up to date?

DEEDEE  
Yes, sir.

REAR ADM. CLARK  
(reading file)  
No kids, no spouse... no other  
people sliding down the  
evolutionary ladder besides you and  
your sister.

DEEDEE  
Yes, sir. No, sir. Half-Sister,  
sir.

REAR ADM. CLARK  
(chuckles)  
Oh, Half, --  
that's funny.  
(closes file)  
Any plans this winter? You like the  
holiday's?

DEEDEE  
Yes sir --  
With my sister, sir.

REAR ADM. CLARK  
Forget about that...  
(sits)  
Here's the deal. I need to slap  
your wrist.  
(points to folder)  
This...  
(points to Deedee)  
...is your's now.

DEEDEE  
I was under the assumption that it  
was mine already...

REAR ADM. CLARK  
No, you did the work, I took the  
credit...  
(waves hands)  
Not anymore. I've got bigger fish  
to fry.  
(shakes head)  
Just don't over promise. Get me  
regular reports and...  
(exhales)  
Embarrass this office again,  
(stands)  
And I shit you not,--  
(leans over desk)  
I will wear you like a fucking skin  
suit.  
(points)  
You hear me?

DEEDEE  
(softly)  
Yes, Sir.

REAR ADM. CLARK  
(leaning close)  
You got 6 months but,



DEEDEE  
They said 12 months.

REAR ADM. CLARK  
I have twelve months.  
(points)  
You have one week. After that  
you'll have an option to extend.  
(waves a folder)  
Exercise went south. They had to  
take a Tug into port, with the  
Seals on board.

DEEDEE  
(looks at folder)  
One week, I,--

REAR ADM. CLARK  
We need to turn this around quick  
before our NATO partners hear about  
it and pull out. They got places to  
be.

DEEDEE  
(stands straight)  
Yes, Admiral.  
(walking out)  
Admiral, is this a promotion?

REAR ADM. CLARK  
(holds finger to lips)  
Shh.  
(waves arms)  
Off the record... I actually  
thought it was funnier than hell.  
(whispers)  
If you ask me... it was about time  
with Bulldog. But,--  
(smiles)  
You have your work cut out for you.  
(holds out hand)  
Deirdre.

DEEDEE  
(shake hand)  
Admiral Clark.

Deedee begins to walk out.

REAR ADM. CLARK  
Hey, almost forgot.  
(twirls thumbs)  
I forwarded your memo--  
(points)  
(MORE)

REAR ADM. CLARK (CONT'D)  
They are in the process of  
implementing your plan.

DEEDEE  
Plan...

REAR ADM. CLARK  
Yeah, right. Good stuff.  
(holds up finger)  
You got one week.

Rear Adm. Clark's phone RINGS. He answers.

Deedee reads the room and slowly backs out of the office.

END OF ACT II

ACT III

EXT. DECK OF LCS-2 INDEPENDENCE

Deedee waits on deck as the ship readies for Departure.

METALLIC GROANS are heard from inside the ship.

CREWMAN

Yeah,  
(shakes head)  
What is that?

DEEDEE

You don't know? Is that normal?

CREWMAN

No sir. It don't sound too normal  
does it?  
(points)  
Head over to the hangar and Master  
Chief Smiley will get you squared  
away.

DEEDEE

(Turning around)  
Thanks...

The SAILORS on deck form a line and salute until port is cleared.

INT. HANGAR - SHIP

Sailors secure a Helicopter. Oil from the constant maintenance rolls off of one of the rotors and on to Deedee's newly pressed blouse.

DEEDEE

(looking up)  
What the..?

They stare and laugh at Deedee as she enters the hangar.

Master Chief Smiley glares at the Sailors and instantly SILENCES them.

MASTER CHIEF SMILEY

(to Sailors)  
(stern)  
Stow that shit.

She then points at Deedee, entering the hanger.

MASTER CHIEF SMILEY (CONT'D)

You...

(smiles)

... Look lost. Apologies,

(points)

Damn things bleed oil.

Master Chief hands Deedee a dirty towel.

MASTER CHIEF SMILEY (CONT'D)

Deirdre Right? Am I saying that  
right?

DEEDEE

Yeah.

(wipes her face)

I'm Deirdre Simcik. Deedee.

MASTER CHIEF SMILEY

(picks up Deedee's bag)

Deedee.

(smiles)

Follow me.

MASTER CHIEF SMILEY (CONT'D)

I'm Master Chief Smiley. Besides  
the Captain, and XO,

(pats his chest)

I'm the tallest hog in the trough.

(Opens Hatch)

I'll show you around. Mind your  
head and watch those unfinished,  
corners.

(places hand over Deedee's  
Head)

Watch yourself.

Deedee ducks beneath another bulkhead.

DEEDEE

How long have you been attached to  
LCS?

MASTER CHIEF SMILEY

Oh. 18 Months. Damn thing keeps  
changing hands. Half dozen or so of  
us, damn peculiar. The only  
constants are the contractors.

DEEDEE

You would prefer to get to know the  
ship.

MASTER CHIEF SMILEY  
Is that such a hard thing to ask?  
(places hand on Deedee  
head)  
Watch yourself.  
(squeezing through  
doorway)  
Make a hole.  
(scoffs)  
If we had any ammunition, we could  
shoot it.

DEEDEE  
After the pivot to the upgraded  
system?

MASTER CHIEF SMILEY  
Updating not Upgrading.  
(sighs)  
I'm just the Master Chief.  
(points to her bunk)  
Ok, Deeds... This is your stop.

Deedee looks into the room.

DEEDEE  
Not at all what I was picturing.

Master Chief Smiley KNOCKS twice on the hull and a LOUD  
RUMBLING SOUND echoes throughout the ship, answering back.

Deedee darts her eyes and tightens her stance.

MASTER CHIEF SMILEY  
(sincere)  
Get settled and I'll send someone  
to collect you around 1500 hours.

DEEDEE  
Is the boat broken?

MASTER CHIEF SMILEY  
Eh, part growing pains part  
bureaucracy. The Propulsion system  
has been... Ah I'm sorry.  
(smiles)  
I'm just talking your ear off.

Master Chief Smiley Nods and walks away.

INT. SHIP - DEEDEE'S ROOM

Deedee's Five foot, Three inch Tall body fit within the bunk, with room to spare. She lets out a big YAWN, falling asleep.

INT. DEEDEE'S BUNK

A red light flashes.

Deedee pulls the privacy curtain open and takes her headphones out.

An alarm is CLANGING in the Distance.

Deedee walks groggily towards the door. She turns the door handle and stops.

DEEDEE  
That's not supposed to happen,--  
(nervous)  
I'm pretty sure.

Deedee feels the door for Heat.

DEEDEE (CONT'D)  
(to self)  
Why are you testing the  
temperature, D?  
(opens door)  
Please be a dream...

Sailors are running down the hallway.

SAILORS  
Make a hole!

Deedee ducks back into her room.

Master Chief Smiley runs through several bulkheads as if she were born on the ship.

DEEDEE  
Hey Chief.

MASTER CHIEF SMILEY  
Hope you can swim.

DEEDEE  
What?

MASTER CHIEF SMILEY  
Kidding. Follow me.  
(point above him)  
(MORE)

MASTER CHIEF SMILEY (CONT'D)  
These walls come loose when either  
of our engines aren't in sync.

DEEDEE  
Rarely?

Deedee follows closely behind the Master Chief.

MASTER CHIEF SMILEY  
Watch your head.  
(holds hand over Deedee  
head)  
Only, every time we use the  
engines.

DEEDEE  
Any hope in getting a dry cabin.

MASTER CHIEF SMILEY  
There's always hope.

DEEDEE  
Yeah?

The Chief shakes her head, No.

MASTER CHIEF SMILEY  
Navy Signs my checks.

DEEDEE  
Mine too.

MASTER CHIEF SMILEY  
Then we are in the same...  
(knocks on captains cabin)  
Boat.

MUFFLED VOICES are heard through the Captains closed hatch.

INT. CAPTAINS CABIN

Captain Richard's cabin door unlocks from the other side with  
a CLANG.

MASTER CHIEF SMILEY  
(steps through the Hatch)  
Captain Richards.  
(waves his hand)  
Deirdre Simcik. DOD.

Deedee extends her hand.

MASTER CHIEF SMILEY (CONT'D)  
 If there's nothing else you'll be  
 needing Captain.

CAPTAIN RICHARDS  
 No, get outta here Chief.  
 (sarcastic)  
 You've done enough damage.  
 (to Deedee)  
 How do you do, Ms.--  
 (shakes Deedee's hand)

DEEDEE  
 Simcik.

Deedee nods at the handsome Captain.

CAPTAIN RICHARDS  
 Simcik, was it? Simcik, Simcik...  
 (spelling it out with his  
 fingers)  
 S... I... M.

Deedee has been through this a million times and closes her  
 eyes.

CAPTAIN RICHARDS (CONT'D)  
 (snaps fingers)  
 S... I... K.

DEEDEE  
 (gulps)  
 C... I, K.

Captain Richards BANGS his head on the Hull.

DEEDEE (CONT'D)  
 (grins)  
 Almost.

Captain Richards steps out of the hatch, one long leg at a  
 time.

CAPTAIN RICHARDS  
 I suppose you'll be wanting the  
 tour.

Deedee stares into the Captain's big blue eyes. She takes a  
 step back and fumbles for words.

DEEDEE  
 (stammers)  
 Yeah, whatever... yah know.



Deedee then noticed a distinguished streak of gray that ran through the Captain's hair.

DEEDEE (CONT'D)

(distracted)

Whatever you had planned... I mean.

CAPTAIN RICHARDS

This way please.

(waves hand)

I'm surprised you came for this one.

DEEDEE

Hmm, what now?

CAPTAIN RICHARDS

Live fire exercise's.

(opens hatch)

Gonna get loud. And, possibly, very dangerous.

DEEDEE

Why dangerous?

CAPTAIN RICHARDS

Well, for instance, our Mine Layer

(beat)

Has never been, um, -- successfully tested.

DEEDEE

Oh...

CAPTAIN RICHARDS

Most things haven't.

(shrugs)

I suppose I have you to thank for the additional crew... And,--

(ducks under hatch)

The extra Contractors as a stop gap, am I right so far?

DEEDEE

(nervous)

Yeah. That was me.

CAPTAIN RICHARDS

Good. Good.

(smiles)

Master Chief's really happy about that... don't know if you noticed. But,--

(MORE)

CAPTAIN RICHARDS (CONT'D)

(stops)

It's not enough.

DEEDEE

Not enough?

The boat GROANS from an unseen stress.

CAPTAIN RICHARDS

(shakes head)

Not enough.

METALLIC CLANGS can be heard coming from the engine room. The boat shakes.

Deedee loses her footing but the Captain reaches out and steadies her.

DEEDEE

Thank you...

(sarcastic)

Where can I make my last call?

CAPTAIN RICHARDS

I suppose you will be wanting your last supper too?

(opens hatch)

That's on the tour.

END OF ACT III

ACT IV

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM

Seaman Rodriguez mans the internal logistics hub of the ship.

Deedee looks around the busy room. She picks up a white tag hanging from an empty equipment bay. It Reads:

ON SCREEN: "Phalanx RADAR Control / Installation Date -  
Q22004 Q12007 Q22009 Q42011"

Master Chief enters through a hatch behind the Captain.

DEEDEE

(to Seaman Rodriguez)

Some of these work orders--are 10  
years old.

Seaman Rodriguez glances at Deedee then at the Chief.

The Master Chief nods and shifts her weight as if to deflect the question.

MASTER CHIEF SMILEY

Speak freely, Seaman Rodriguez.

(nods towards Deedee)

Ms. Simcik here is gonna see to it  
we get what we need.

(to Rodriguez)

Go on then, tell her what you need.  
Seaman Rodriguez.

Deedee waves her hand, nervously.

SEAMAN RODRIGUEZ

Well, Chief...

(theatrical)

Why can't we use the space for  
something else?

DEEDEE

(interested)

Like what?

SEAMAN RODRIGUEZ

(picks up white tag)

Here's my thinking,

(walks over to empty  
space)

Yeah...

(measures with hands)

...looks like it would fit.

Master Chief Smiley hands Deedee a styrofoam cup of coffee.

DEEDEE  
(taking coffee)  
Thanks.  
(To Seaman)  
What would fit?

Master Chief Smiley sips her coffee and watches.

SEAMAN RODRIGUEZ  
Either a Dual Espresso machine, --  
ya know one of those nice Italian  
ones.

Deedee frowns.

SEAMAN RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)  
Or... or...  
(measures again)  
A cage for a mascot. Like a Naval  
hamster.

CAPTAIN RICHARDS  
(looks at monitor)  
You might be onto something Seaman  
Rodriguez.

DEEDEE  
(sarcastic)  
I'm making a mental note of it.  
(rebounding)  
But if you want anyone to take you  
seriously,  
(shrugs)  
It's gotta be an otter. --  
Something aquatic.

MASTER CHIEF SMILEY  
Hook it up to a harness. Maybe we  
can stop using these god damn tugs.

DEEDEE  
Captain.  
(points at monitor)  
Who's that coming towards us?

MASTER CHIEF SMILEY  
Ah!  
(sarcastic)  
Noon already?  
(to Seaman)  
Seaman, can you give us a view of  
aft loading.  
(MORE)

MASTER CHIEF SMILEY (CONT'D)  
 (To Deedee)  
 The contractors.

DEEDEE  
 I thought they stayed on the...

MASTER CHIEF SMILEY  
 ... Ship?  
 (sips coffee)  
 Sometimes, but  
 (shrugs)  
 But, we haven't left port on our  
 own power yet so they decided to  
 stay at the Hilton last night.

DEEDEE  
 That must be nice.

MASTER CHIEF SMILEY  
 I like it here.

DEEDEE  
 Oh I didn't mean...

MASTER CHIEF SMILEY  
 I'm just joshing you...  
 (points at monitor)  
 Look at these cleft assholes.

EXT. CONTRACTOR'S BOAT

MONTAGE -

1. Eight men and women stand on the rear deck of a large Navy Grey boat with odd looking antenna's.
2. Expensive work bags and equipment held securely.
3. Lanyards with Honeywell, Siemens and Raytheon Logos flap in the wind.
4. Specialty glasses with safety straps.
5. Full Sleeve Tattoos adorn two contractors arms.
6. A black ring is seen on one of the Contractors hands.
7. Tim insists on standing on the bow of the boat.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CCTV

Tim stands on the bow of the incoming boat, like Washington crossing the Delaware.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM

Deedee stares at the CCTV.

DEEDEE  
 (squinting)  
 Oh my god, what is he...  
 (shakes head)  
 Got any weapons that actually work?

CAPTAIN RICHARDS  
 (shakes head)  
 Yep, --  
 Harsh language  
 (motions with hand)  
 Master Chief.

Master Chief Smiley nods then sets her coffee down and starts prepping by cracking her neck and massaging her jaw bone.

MASTER CHIEF SMILEY  
 (exaggerating)  
 (slowly)  
 Lit-tle. Bast-ard. Bu-oy Fucker.  
 (faster)  
 Lit-tle. Bast-ard. Bu-oy Fucker.

DEEDEE  
 (waves hand)  
 That would only encourage him.

EXT. AFT LOADING ZONE

SEAMAN 1 helps Tim as he slips on the wet metal railing. He wipes his prescription safety glasses. His clothes are completely soaked from ocean spray.

TIM  
 (pointing)  
 You should put some rubber down over here.  
 (waves hand)  
 People must slip all the time.

SEAMAN 1  
 (shaking head)  
 I'll let them know.

TIM  
 Don't worry young man.  
 That's, --  
 (thumps chest)  
 Why I'm here.

Seaman 1 ties a rope-line on a cleat, shaking his head.

Tim spins and runs into Vera.

VERA  
(pushes Tim)  
Do you mind waiting your bloody  
turn?

Deedee enters the Aft Loading section.

DEEDEE  
(to Vera)  
I got him.  
(to Tim)  
Of course he sent you.

Tim smiles, mischievously.

DEEDEE (CONT'D)  
(to Vera)  
Mission brief at five...  
(stammers)  
I mean seventeen hundred.

The contractors unload the rest of their equipment and nod to Deedee on their way into the ship.

DEEDEE (CONT'D)  
(to Tim)  
Ready to work?

INT. SHIP CORRIDOR

Vera and Deedee face each other on either ends of a long narrow corridor, partitioned by several bulkheads and hatches.

Deedee takes a step through the first hatch and looks at Vera, slowly stepping through her own.

The second hatch has the women approach more cautiously and they each step through, now separated by a single bulkhead.

Deedee and Vera both stand each expecting the other to go through. Crossing their arms and trying to look at the other through the thick metal bulkhead.

Several sailors squeeze through the hatch, slowly looking up at the stubborn women in the corridor.

SEAMAN 02  
 (to Vera)  
 Mam,  
 (to Deedee)  
 Mam.

VERA  
 (to Deedee)  
 Go on then.

SEAMAN 03  
 (to Deedee)  
 Excuse me mam,  
 (crawling through)  
 (to Vera)  
 Mam.

DEEDEE  
 (to Vera)  
 You go, I want you to go.

VERA  
 I was here first.  
 (waves arm through hatch)  
 You go.

Master Chief Smiley eats an apple and watches from the end of the corridor. She stops a Sailor and points.

MASTER CHIEF SMILEY  
 (to Sailor 03)  
 (in Australian accent)  
 Crikey, you ever seen anything like this?

SEAMAN 03  
 Chief?

MASTER CHIEF SMILEY  
 (in Australian Accent)  
 Two Magnificent beasts face off in the wild.  
 (waves hands)  
 Notice the fighting,  
 (bites apple)  
 Unique to the breed.

Vera and Deedee are still crossing their arms.

SEAMAN 03  
 I see it. I see it.



MASTER CHIEF SMILEY  
It's hard going, in the bush, but  
if we are patient we could be  
witnessing an SS.

SEAMAN 03  
An SS?

MASTER CHIEF SMILEY  
Shitty-Standoff.

SEAMAN 03  
Right. Of course, Chief. An SS.

Seaman 03 Kneels next to the Chief. Sailors gather on either  
end of the Corridor.

VERA  
(to Deedee)  
Go you imbecile. Go.

Deedee uncrosses her arms and walks through hitting Vera with  
her Face as she attempts to do the same.

VERA (CONT'D)  
(to Deedee)  
You hit my face with your face!

MASTER CHIEF SMILEY  
(bites apple)  
(In Australian Accent)  
Ladies and Gentlemen, nature at its  
finest.

DEEDEE  
(to Vera)  
You said go!

Master Chief stands and holds the apple in her mouth as she  
claps.

MASTER CHIEF SMILEY  
Bravo!

The Sailors mimic the Master Chief and each end of the  
corridor erupts in APPLAUSE.

VERA  
(rubbing face)  
(to Sailors)  
Oh piss off.

Deedee rubs her face and walks over to the Master Chief.

MASTER CHIEF SMILEY  
 (In Australian Accent)  
 That was a big one,  
 (points down the hall)  
 Not many come across a Croc that  
 big in the wild and live to tell  
 the tale.

Master Chief pats Deedee on the Back and pulls her down the hallway.

MASTER CHIEF SMILEY (CONT'D)  
 You must be hungry!  
 (waves)  
 Dinner is on me!

The Sailors erupt in APPLAUSE.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM

Deedee folds her phone and put it in her Lapel pocket as she steps into the Briefing room.

Master Chief Notices Deedee putting the phone in her pocket from outside the hall, she follows Deedee in.

XO GOLDMAN  
 Let's get started.  
 (glances around)  
 Looks like everyone here.

The Master Chief takes a single step and silently removes the phone from Deedee's pocket and walks outside the classified room.

Deedee smacks her head with her hand.

The Master Chief comes back through the hatch and locks it.

The light above the door switches from Red to Green.

MASTER CHIEF SMILEY  
 Aye,  
 (gives thumbs up)  
 All here Skipper.

DEEDEE  
 (whispers to Chief Smiley)  
 I'm so sorry,  
 it won't--

MASTER CHIEF SMILEY  
 (whispers)  
 Don't mention it.  
 (winks)  
 Ever.

Captain Goldman walks through a hatch in the Rear.

XO GOLDMAN  
 Captains on deck.

Everyone Stands.

XO Goldman nods and turns towards the Captain, standing in the projector light.

CAPTAIN RICHARDS  
 As you were.  
 (to crowd)  
 We are all going to do what we were  
 too inept or incapable of doing the  
 last time around.  
 (stomps)  
 They want this boat to fly. 45  
 Knots they said and I gave my word.  
 (stares out over the  
 crowd)  
 I gave them my word.  
 (slaps hands)  
 I want it, god-damn it I want it. I  
 want us at 45 knots with room to  
 spare.  
 (to master Chief)  
 Master Chief, the floor is yours.

MASTER CHIEF SMILEY  
 Thanks, Skipper  
 (to Sailors)  
 Let me interpret for you Sailors.  
 (darts eyes at Captain)  
 If I may Skipper.

The Captain smiles and nods.

MASTER CHIEF SMILEY (CONT'D)  
 (Glares into crowd)  
 We have some new duty rosters.

The Sailors let out a GROAN.

MASTER CHIEF SMILEY (CONT'D)  
 (to Deedee)  
 We have a guest from the DOD and we  
 don't want to disappoint her.  
 (MORE)

MASTER CHIEF SMILEY (CONT'D)  
 Ms. Simcik back there has some new  
 ideas.

Master Chief SNAPS her fingers.

Seaman Rodriguez hands the Chief a binder.

MASTER CHIEF SMILEY (CONT'D)  
 (to Sailors)  
 I know, I know, I know-- How much  
 you hate to work.  
 (stern)  
 Well, I'm gonna ring it out of you.  
 (looks at paperwork)  
 We got three shifts now.  
 (holds up three fingers)

Sailors GASP.

MASTER CHIEF SMILEY (CONT'D)  
 I thought you'd like that.  
 (smiles and nods to Vera  
 and Tim)  
 We also got some extra hands to  
 help out with the transition.  
 (to Sailors)  
 Show them what you are made of, I  
 want a one hundred and ten percent  
 out of each of you.  
 (smiles)  
 They want the best.

SAILORS  
 (in Unison)  
 (shouting)  
 You got the best, Sir!

MASTER CHIEF SMILEY  
 Outstanding.  
 (pointing)  
 Seaman, am I keeping you from your  
 bunk?

Seaman 03 nods off in his seat.

MASTER CHIEF SMILEY (CONT'D)  
 (nods)  
 You are on deck wash  
 (smiles)  
 Then you can sleep.  
 (to XO)  
 That's all I got.

XO GOLDMAN

Ok.

(to crowd)

You've got the broad strokes--

CAPTAIN RICHARDS

(interrupting)

I want a flawless exercise.

(points with Coffee)

Them NATO boys aren't waiting  
around for us. I want it,--

(emphasizes)

Flawless.

XO GOLDMAN

Alright,

(glances around)

You heard the Captain.

The word is given.

(waves arms)

Dismissed.

Deedee unfolds her arms and waits outside for the Master Chief.

MASTER CHIEF SMILEY

(walking out of hatch)

There you are.

Master Chief walks over to the Phone Locker.

DEEDEE

Seriously, thank you.

The Master Chief unlocks the locker and hands Deedee her phone.

MASTER CHIEF SMILEY

(smiles)

I said.

(walking away)

Don't mention it.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SHIP

MONTAGE -

1. Tim tries to interview Sailors, they wave him away.
2. Deedee organizes Procurement orders.
3. Vera works with Contractors on complex engines.
4. Sailors shake their heads in the background.

5. Deedee and Vera try not to make eye contact or touch each other in narrow hallways.
6. Master Chief Smiley holds drills with sailors.
7. Sailors lean against ship trying not to fall asleep.
8. Deedee and Master Chief work on crew rotations.
9. Captain Richards stands on bridge.
10. The water jet propulsion works, 40 knots.
11. The Captain crosses arms, glances at Deedee.
12. Master Chief Smiley pats Deedee on the back.

EXT. BEACH, SAN DIEGO NAVY YARD - NIGHT

The white beach glints in the Moonlight, as the ocean rhythmically breaks on shore.

A blinking red light from an unseen naval vessel off shore is the only sign of humanity.

The sound of BRISTLING palm trees is replaced by low RADIO CHATTER.

RADIO CHATTER  
(static)  
Six plus One.  
(trees bristling)  
Confirmed...

FOUR MEN run out of the tree line with a Jet Black pontoon boat. TWO MEN carry a BODY from the edge of the trees.

The boat sails into the darkness, out of view.

INT. ENGINE ROOM

Vera checks the diesel units digital flow charts.

Contractors are patched in to the systems. One by one, they each give a thumbs up.

INT. BRIDGE OF SHIP

Captain Richard's stares at the Mission Clock. His eyes fixated on a small screen in front of him.

Master Chief Smiley picks up the Ship Communication Headset. Nods to XO Goldman.

MASTER CHIEF SMILEY  
(to Captain)  
6 plus one confirmed.

The Captain turns to Deedee, who sits nervously in the background with the red light beaming off of her face. She nods.

CAPTAIN RICHARDS  
(nods to XO)  
Let's get a move on.

XO GOLDMAN  
Aye, Captain.  
(to Seaman Rodriguez)  
Full astern, Right Full Rudder.

Seaman Rodriguez, readies for the command.

SEAMAN RODRIGUEZ  
(adjust steering)  
Full astern, Right Full Rudder.  
Aye, Captain.

Deedee closes her eyes.

EXT. SAN DIEGO NAVY YARD -

The LCS-2, USS Independence, comes to life, churning up phosphorescent algae as it speeds through the water at 45 knots.

A glowing green trail is all that's seen in the pale moonlight.

EXT. SHIP -

Captain Richards joins Deedee at the ships railing, looking out on the ocean.

CAPTAIN RICHARDS  
Hell of a job Deirdre.

Deedee is taken aback by the use of her first name.

DEEDEE  
Thank you sir.

CAPTAIN RICHARDS  
You said you needed to use the  
phone right? There's a Sat phone in  
my quarters. Give me...  
(checks watch)  
... 'til about 2100 hours.

Deedee gazes up at the Captain.

DEEDEE  
 (Nods)  
 Thank you, --  
 Cap...

The Captain turns and disappears up a flight of stairs.

Deedee waits in SILENCE until the Captains METALLIC FOOTSTEPS disappear in the distance.

DEEDEE (CONT'D)  
 (whispers)  
 Just like the...

Fog moves in and her surroundings begin to resemble her dream with her old mentor.

DEEDEE (CONT'D)  
 (closes her eyes)  
 Oh... What did he say?

Deedee rests her hands on the railing and steadies her feet.

DEEDEE (CONT'D)  
 (listens to waves)  
 With a little ingenuity,--  
 You may yet...  
 (smiles)  
 Wrest a measure of success.

TWO SEAMEN, out walking patrol, nod respectfully at Deedee.

Deedee nods. She turns away to go into the hatch and allows herself a smile.

OVER BLACK:

TEXT ON SCREEN:

Attn.: Rear Adm. Clark  
 Re: LCS-2 Independence Refit and Training for  
 Sea Trials / Combined Forces Expeditionary  
 Exercise FY2009 - Mission Success.

END OF ACT IV



TAG

INT. CAPTAINS CABIN

Deedee dials her sister, Claire, with the Captain's Satellite phone.

DEEDEE  
Come on, answer.  
(looks in Mirror)  
Claire!

CLAIRE (O.S.)  
(static-y)  
Who's the...  
(baby talking)  
... little booboo?  
(baby talking)  
That's you.  
(baby talking)  
Yes! That's you yes it is.

DEEDEE  
Claire!  
(yells)  
Claire!

CLAIRE (O.S.)  
Hey! What...  
(static)  
You sound weird.  
(static)  
Did he --

DEEDEE  
I'm in the Captains room  
(cupping hands)  
Using his Satellite phone. Look I  
just wanted to tell you I...

Deedee looks at herself in the bathroom mirror.

CLAIRE (O.S.)  
Oh my. Oh my god... Did --  
(static)  
--the captain?

DEEDEE  
... I can't come for Christmas...

CLAIRE (O.S.)  
(static)  
What? It sounded like you said...

A KNOCK on the Captain's Cabin Door startles Deedee, dropping the phone in the small toilet.

DEEDEE  
Oh... oh no.

A louder KNOCK at the door.

DEEDEE (CONT'D)  
What do I do?

Another KNOCK.

VERA (O.S.)  
Richie.  
(TAPPING fingernails on door)  
Open up.  
(throaty)  
I have something for you.

DEEDEE  
(whispering)  
What do I do?

Another Loud KNOCK.

VERA  
I'm not waiting all bloody day for  
your half-size cock.  
(beat)  
I have work to--

Vera flings the Captains Cabin Door open.

VERA (CONT'D)  
(glares at Deedee)  
--do.

Deedee fishes the Captains Satellite Phone from the Toilet.

DEEDEE  
(waves from Toilet)  
Hi.

FADE OUT.

END OF TAG