

SLATTERY - 20.1

START →

SLATTERY (PRELAP)

I don't know what to say.

CUT TO

CMDR. MIKE SLATTERY (40), standing by the ship's open HELICOPTER (HELO) BAY door helplessly watching a man, QUINCY (20'S), load equipment into a room that has been completely transformed into a MOBILE LAB, with microscopes, centrifuges, refrigerators, etc.

SLATTERY (CONT'D)

I have no words for what you've done to my helo bay.

Slattery turns and we see RACHEL, her beauty and piercing eyes more pronounced without the obstruction of the Hazmat gear she was wearing when we last saw her in Afghanistan. She's carrying more boxes into the BAY.

Slattery scrutinizes the paper-work in front of him, looking for answers.

SLATTERY (CONT'D)

What is it you do exactly?

RACHEL

I'm a paleomicrobiologist.

SLATTERY

Oh, that clears things up.

RACHEL

We study very small life forms in hard-to-get places.

RACHEL

And we really do appreciate your giving us a lift.

SLATTERY

Don't thank me. This is the first I'm hearing of it.

RACHEL

Well your Commanding Officer was told we were coming aboard.

SLATTERY

As of tomorrow, I'm the C.O.

RACHEL

Apparently not.

Rachel moves past him with more BOXES. Off Slattery, confused and angry --

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CHANDLER

This whole thing -- sending you to the Arctic, the Navy lying to us, allowing us to leave home without having a chance to say goodbye to our families -- it was all just a Hail Mary?

RACHEL

Something like that

Chandler shakes his head ironically -- unbelievable.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

I've been running tests on the samples I dug up in the ice and comparing them to what I got from the Italian and from...Frankie.

(off his look)

The virus has mutated quite a bit, but I've got the whole picture now. It's everything we could've hoped for.

CHANDLER

So we finally caught a break.

RACHEL

Yeah, I think we did.

He looks at her a long beat, wheels turning --

CUT TO

Slattery in his QUARTERS, tearfully looking at photos of his family. His son.

There's a KNOCK on the DOOR. He gathers himself, opens the door for Chandler.

START →

CHANDLER

We still can't find POTUS. And there's no answer at the lab. We can't even get on-line to get any news.

SLATTERY

If the power grids are down, everything's down. We'll know better when we get boots on the ground.

CHANDLER

Mike, we're not going home. Not now.

SLATTERY

What do you mean? We have standing orders from the President.

CHANDLER

From five days ago that cannot be confirmed. I think it's safe to say that circumstances have radically changed since those orders were issued.

SLATTERY

So what is your plan then?

CHANDLER

If the lab in Georgia is still running -- which I highly doubt -- we don't have a chance in hell of getting there with no Helo. Not without getting infected.

SLATTERY

So what? We stay on the ship?

CHANDLER

We have a lab, we have power, and we know that none of us have been exposed. We do everything we can to help Dr. Scott. Go back when she has the vaccine.

SLATTERY

Always the hero.

CHANDLER

What the hell are you talking about? We have a mission. The Navy --

SLATTERY

The Navy?! The Navy?! When was the last time you spoke to someone from the Navy. Oh that's right. Before France blew up! Face it, Tom. We're on our own now. And I have a family. We all have families. I think we've earned the right to get back to them. Don't you want to see your wife?

CHANDLER

(a beat)

The Navy may no longer exist, but
I'm still the Captain of this ship
and I expect you to fall in line.

As Chandler exits --

SLATTERY

The crew won't stand for it, Tom.
You'll have a mutiny on your hands.

BANG. The door closes.

Slattery, fuming, smashes a lamp.

/END

CUT TO

The *NATHAN JAMES* approaching the mouth of a HARBOR in the
full light of DAY.

SUPER: ST. JOHN'S RIVER BAY, MAYPORT NAVAL BASE FLORIDA

A narrow little passage-way that will lead them into the
RIVER, which will carry them to the "safety" of the BASE.

ANGLE ON Various crew on the DECK, watching in yearning at
the sight of America.

CUT TO

The BRIDGE. Ruby Johnson gives orders.

RUBY JOHNSON

Steady on course 272, fifteen
knots.

HELMSMAN

Steady on course 272, fifteen
knots.

Chandler enters.

QUARTERMASTER

CO on deck.

Chandler steps forward, so he can see out over the edge, to
the mouth of the HARBOR.

They're almost there.

He grabs the Binoculars. Looks.

BINOCULAR POV: The MILITARY BASE. No activity.

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