

THE ON-THE-ROOF GANG

by Matt Zullo

Based on a true story

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OVER BLACK:

Morse code fades in:

DIT-DIT-DAH, DIT-DAH, DIT-DAH-DI-DI-DAH, DAH-DIT-DAH-DAH-DIT

FADE IN:

EXT. WASHINGTON, DC - SKYLINE - DAY

SUPER: "NOVEMBER 1940"

Snow whips across a dull white Navy building wedged between the Lincoln Memorial and the Washington Monument.

EXT. MAIN NAVY BUILDING - ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

A squat concrete blockhouse looms behind chain-link fencing.

Telegraphic code rattles the windowpanes.

DIT-DAH-DAH, DAH-DAH, DIT-DI-DAH-DAH, DAH-DIT-DAH-DIT

INT. MAIN NAVY BUILDING - ROOFTOP CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

Inside, a classroom. The telegraphic code plays on a speaker.

Blackout curtains obscure the sun. Black-box radio receivers line scarred wooden tables. Headphones dangle.

Ten young NAVY RADIOMEN in civilian clothes crowd around a table. Coffee cups. Cigarette smoke rising from ashtrays.

Harry KIDDER, late 30s, instructor and Navy Chief Petty Officer, faces a chalkboard. Compact. Balding. Tropic-tanned.

He recites:

KIDDER

Ah, ee, oo, eh, oh, kah, kee...

He transcribes the characters onto the chalkboard:

アイウエオカキ

The students struggle to follow, muttering to themselves.

Ray RUNDLE, 19, tall and recklessly charming, is lost.

RUNDLE

(to himself)

What the...?

Hal JOSLIN, tall and bespectacled, equally bewildered.

JOSLIN
(under his breath)
Gibberish.

RUNDLE
What the hell is *that*, Chief?

KIDDER
Katakana, try to keep up.

Kidder presses on without missing a beat.

KIDDER (CONT'D)
Sah, shi, soo, seh, soh...

He writes: サ シ ス セ ソ

RUNDLE
(aping)
Ah, keh, koh, oh, see...

Rundle flaps his elbows like a chicken. The students chuckle.

RUNDLE (CONT'D)
Looks like a drunk chicken tap
danced through ink. Buh-GAWK!

His classmates burst out laughing.

KIDDER
Check your cheat sheets. Like Morse
code, just a different alphabet.

RUNDLE
Ohhh-kaaaay...

Rundle makes a show of picking up his index card, seeking a
rise out of his classmates. Some students snicker.

Kidder stops the recording; SLAMS the chalk onto the tray.
The students jump.

KIDDER
If you can't read this, Americans
die.

RUNDLE
You've got to be kidding...

KIDDER
I'm not kidding, Rundle.

The students - and Kidder - settle down.

KIDDER (CONT'D)

Here's the rub - the reason you signed your secrecy agreements... You can't ever speak about this. Ever. Not to your family. Not to your sweethearts. You talk - you'll hang for treason.

Kidder lets this sink in, then continues.

KIDDER (CONT'D)

We've been eavesdropping on Japan for years. We know they're preparing for war. We just don't know where they'll hit first. So we need more intercept operators. That's why you're here.

The room is still.

KIDDER (CONT'D)

Now pay attention. Try to follow.

Kidder turns the volume back up, and gets back to it.

KIDDER (CONT'D)

Nah, nee, noo, neh, noh...

He writes: ナニヌネノ

EXT. WASHINGTON, DC STREET - AFTERNOON

After class, the students saunter along two-by-two. Their shoes crunch in the white crusty dusting of snow.

The rhythmic katakana code replays in Rundle's mind.

DAH-DI-DI-DAH...

The cadence loops in his mind until it blends into the sound of a solitary meadowlark greeting the afternoon with a cascade of bright, fluting notes.

He walks next to Joslin and parodies Chief Kidder.

RUNDLE

Ah, eh, nee, oh, oo...

ALBERTSON

You're killing me, Ray!

Joslin interjects.

JOSLIN
Not supposed to be talking about
this. It's secret.

RUNDLE
What are they gonna do, shoot us?

Joslin clears his throat; changes the subject.

JOSLIN
Where you from, Ray?

RUNDLE
The West. Montana. You?

JOSLIN
Further west. Washington. You got a
girl back home?

RUNDLE
(caught off guard)
What? No, not really...No.

JOSLIN
Not really? What's that mean?

RUNDLE
Bernice? She's...it's complicated.

JOSLIN
Marie and I are getting married as
soon as this class is over.

RUNDLE
That's great, Hal. Happy for you.

The group arrives at a brownstone townhouse with a sign in
front that reads, "Ma Travers Guest House."

Rundle bows and opens the door as they file in. He goofs for
each one of them.

RUNDLE (CONT'D)
(flourishing)
After you, sir.

JOSLIN
Why, thank you, sir.

RUNDLE
My pleasure...My liege.

STUDENT1
Carry on.

RUNDLE
Your majesty.

STUDENT2
Shithead.

The last one in punches Rundle on the arm as he passes.
Rundle feigns pain and follows them inside.

INT. MAIN NAVY BUILDING - RESEARCH DESK OFFICE - EVENING

An office hallway with dark wooden doors. A sign reads:

CODE AND SIGNAL SECTION
OP-20-G
RESEARCH DESK
AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY

Lieutenant Commander Laurance SAFFORD, 40s, tall, thin, blonde, wears round wire-rimmed glasses, sits at his desk. His Navy dress blue jacket slung over the back of his chair.

At the adjacent desk is Agnes DRISCOLL, 30-ish, wearing an oxford blouse with splayed collar, hair in a bun. She works confidently in a man's world.

Chief Kidder strides in. Agnes greets him with a smile.

Safford gestures to a chair, and Kidder sits.

SAFFORD
How's the new class, Chief?

KIDDER
Best radiomen in the fleet.

SAFFORD
And they've signed their secrecy agreements?

KIDDER
One and all.

SAFFORD
Your intercept operators are a credit to you, Chief. It's amazing how much intel they're producing.

KIDDER
And yet Stinson says "Gentlemen do not read other gentlemen's mail."

They both laugh.

KIDDER (CONT'D)
Redman is the real problem.

DRISCOLL
Damn right, he is.

SAFFORD
He'll change his tune if we can
figure out the Japanese war plan.
We have to crack their new code.

DRISCOLL
No pressure.

SAFFORD
Can you do it?

DRISCOLL
It's double-encrypted. Brutal, but
not impossible.

SAFFORD
Sure seems like Japan is going to
make some sort of move.

KIDDER
Yeah, but when? Where?

SAFFORD
That's where your intercept squad
comes in.

Kidder stands to leave.

SAFFORD (CONT'D)
One more thing, Chief.

KIDDER
Sir?

SAFFORD
Sorry to hear about your parents.

KIDDER
They were old. We weren't close.

SAFFORD
Still hard to lose them both.
What'll happen with the farm?

KIDDER
Lawyers think it'll bring ten
grand.

SAFFORD
Put it in the bank. It'll come in
handy when you get married.

KIDDER
Neither one of us has ever had
dough like that.

SAFFORD
You'll be able to build a good life
for yourselves.
(beat)
I lost my father not long ago.

KIDDER
I'm sorry, sir.

SAFFORD
Every promotion letter I sent home,
he'd ask when I was going to get a
real command.

A faint smile.

SAFFORD (CONT'D)
To him, ships won wars, not
paperwork.
(beat)
If we're wrong about Japan, I've
spent twenty years building the
wrong thing.

KIDDER
My old man always said the harvest
starts long before the corn comes
up.

SAFFORD
I hope he was right.

INT. MAIN NAVY BUILDING - REDMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

The commander's office - mahogany walls and silk drapes.
Captain Joseph REDMAN - 40s, polished and political, sits
behind his walnut-stained desk.

Safford stands rigid before Redman's desk.

REDMAN
No, Lieutenant.

SAFFORD
Sir--

REDMAN

I said no. Secretary Stinson has already shut down the Black Chamber. I'm not giving you permission to set up your own covert operation.

SAFFORD

I'm not asking for permission. I'm informing my chain-of-command.

REDMAN

You insubordinate son of a bitch. You're building your own private intel outfit with my radioman, and I won't have it.

SAFFORD

We're only using men who would have separated anyway. Volunteers.

REDMAN

And you're training them where?

SAFFORD

Small classroom on the roof.

Redman stews.

REDMAN

Let me tell you, Lieutenant, if this blows up in my face, I'll personally see to it that you and your gang... your...

(gestures upward)

...on the roof gang... Are strung up on the nearest yardarm.

SAFFORD

Aye, sir.

REDMAN

I don't want to hear another word. Get out of my office before I remember your career belongs to me.

Safford turns to leave, mission accomplished.

SAFFORD

(nodding, to himself)

Hm, on the roof gang.

EXT. MA TRAVERS GUEST HOUSE - DUSK

SUPER: "CHRISTMAS, 1940"

Whispering snow dances in front of large picture window. A sign out front reads "Ma Travers Guest House."

A Christmas tree shimmers in the front room; ankle-deep snow outside glows. Christmas music plays, muted by the windows.

INT. MA TRAVERS GUEST HOUSE - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The students enjoy a holiday feast.

MA TRAVERS, 60s, dowager innkeeper, sits at one end of the table. At the other is Kidder, the de facto man of the house.

Housekeeper SUSIE, 30s, pours wine for everyone. As she serves Kidder, she traces her fingers against his shoulder.

The room buzzes with laughter and too much wine.

INT. MA TRAVERS GUEST HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - LATER THAT EVENING

Kidder and the students unwind on sofas and arm chairs, fire crackling in the fireplace.

Kidder gently lowers the needle of a gramophone onto a spinning record. A *POP* and *SCRATCH* before the needle settles into a groove with a crackle. Christmas music fills the room.

The firelight flickers across Rundle's face. The laughter around him fades away.

MATCH CUT TO:

FLASHBACK INT. DARK SPACE - DAY

Darkness. TEEN RAY hears a match flare. Fire blooms in the darkness. Cruel laughter ricochets off unseen walls.

END FLASHBACK

He shakes away the memories.

RUNDLE

Not sure what Susie sees in you,
Chief.

KIDDER

Can you believe it?

RUNDLE

You must be rich, huh?

KIDDER

I wish.

RUNDLE
SHE wishes!

Everyone laughs, including Kidder.

Beach blond Tack WALVOORD, 20s, interrupts.

WALVOORD
So tell us, Chief, how did you get
started in all this?

Kidder scans the room.

KIDDER
Years ago. Had a ham rig in my
apartment. One night the whole band
lit up with code. Couldn't copy it.

RUNDLE
Katakana.

KIDDER
Turns out.

The room laughs.

KIDDER (CONT'D)
Most men hear noise and move on.

The laughter fades.

KIDDER (CONT'D)
That's why you're here. Same
thing's wrong with all of you.

The men grin.

KIDDER (CONT'D)
Anyway, enough philosophy. Time for
a toast...To the best damn crew
nobody's ever heard of...To the On-
the-Roof Gang.

ALL
To the On-the-Roof Gang!

INT. MAIN NAVY BUILDING - ROOFTOP CLASSROOM - DAY

SUPER: "MARCH 1941"

Katakana code blares from a speaker.

DAH-DI-DIT, DIT-DAH-DAH, DAH-DAH-DIT, DAH-DAH-DAH

The students type along with the code - their typewriters sounding off in unison. Rundle's eyes are closed as he listens, fingers gliding over the typewriter keys. Groups of katakana characters fill his page.

CLACK CLACK CLACK, pause: "NI KO SU"
 CLACK CLACK CLACK, pause: "WA MO RI"
 CLACK CLACK CLACK, pause: "MI SA WA"

The code ceases. They stop typing.

Kidder smiles like a proud papa.

KIDDER
 I told you! You're gonna make damn fine intercept operators...One final lesson. Something we can't practice here, but the best of you will learn over time.

The men are intrigued.

KIDDER (CONT'D)
 Let's try this: everyone close your eyes.

The students groan.

KIDDER (CONT'D)
 Go on.

They comply.

KIDDER (CONT'D)
 Don't copy. Listen.

Code plays on the speaker. One operator, then another...and another.

KIDDER (CONT'D)
 OK, open...how many operators did you hear.

SMITH
 There was just one.

KIDDER
 Nooo...?

WHITLOCK
 I heard two - talking to each other.

KIDDER
 Better.

RUNDLE

There were four. Two different conversations.

KIDDER

(impressed)

Good! Rundle, you got it...Here's something to remember, boys. Listening is more than hearing. This code is a language. They're telling you everything, but you have to be ready to listen. One operator hesitates between dits. One hits the key too hard on his dahs. But you have to *listen* in order to get it.

WHITLOCK

I think I get it. How long before we get to that point?

KIDDER

You'll each have to figure that out yourselves.

RUNDLE

Time for ropeyarn?

KIDDER

Nice try, Rundle. Not yet. Next, I have transfer orders for everyone.

Kidder pulls out a stack of papers.

RUNDLE

(to himself)

Send me someplace warm. C'mon sunshine.

KIDDER

Joslin...

Joslin perks up.

KIDDER (CONT'D)

...heading to Station BAKER, Guam.

Kidder shuffles the papers.

KIDDER (CONT'D)

Whitlock, Otte...Station CAST.

They share a glance.

KIDDER (CONT'D)
 Briggs, Station M, Maryland...
 Wildman, Navy Research Lab, DC...
 Pearson, FRUPAC Hawaii...
 Albertson, Lehman, Rundle,
 Walvoord...

RUNDLE
 (under his breath)
 Say Hawaii, c'mon Hawaii.

KIDDER
 Station HYPO.

RUNDLE
 Hawaii! All right!

JOSLIN
 (whispers to Rundle)
 Told ya!

RUNDLE
 My cousin, Louie, is at Kaneohe
 Bay. Says Waikiki Beach is aces.
 Where are you headed, Chief?

KIDDER
 It's HYPO for me, too.

RUNDLE
 (Stands and hula dances)
 Aloha 'oe, aloha 'oe!

Everyone guffaws at Rundle, who hams it up.

RUNDLE (CONT'D)
 Can't wait to see all the island
 girls!

KIDDER
 Everyone gets leave en route. Make
 it count. Kiss your girl, if you
 got one. Find one, if you don't.
 War's coming. Better give somebody
 a reason to write.

INT. MA TRAVERS GUEST HOUSE - DAY

Harry and Susie kiss in the front room.

SUSIE
 Don't leave me, Harry.

KIDDER
 Marry me. You could come along.

SUSIE
Harry, we can't. Not yet.

KIDDER
Okay. I'll get an R&R trip halfway
through. It'll fly by. You'll see.

SUSIE
I suppose.

KIDDER
Banker called - you're on my
account. You can start looking for
a place for us to live.

SUSIE
But that's your inheritance.

KIDDER
It's ours already, as far as I'm
concerned.

SUSIE
Harry...that's everything you have.

KIDDER
You're my girl, aren't you?

SUSIE
Of course, Harry.

KIDDER
OK, then. It's settled. Promise
you'll wait for me?

SUSIE
(hesitates)
...I promise.

INT. MAIN NAVY BUILDING - RESEARCH SECTION - DAY

Rows of civilians and officers labor over intercepted
Japanese traffic. A young cryptanalyst scowls at a sheet of
katakana groups.

YOUNG ANALYST
This one's corrupted.

He slides it toward Safford.

YOUNG ANALYST (CONT'D)
Two groups don't fit. Transmission
error.

Safford studies it.

SAFFORD
Could be.

Agnes passes behind them carrying a stack of folders. She glances at the she, pausing only momentarily.

AGNES
Not corrupted.

Safford looks up quizzically.

AGNES (CONT'D)
The operator fell behind.

Safford and the analyst exchange a look.

AGNES (CONT'D)
He skipped a group...realized it...
then repeated the previous one to
recover his rhythm.

She points at two code groups.

AGNES (CONT'D)
Delete that one. Move everything
after it back one position.

The young analyst does exactly that. The analyst blinks.

YOUNG ANALYST
How did you know that?

Agnes shrugs.

AGNES
Everyone has habits.

SAFFORD
Remind me never to play poker with
you, Agnes.

She walks off.

SAFFORD (CONT'D)
That's why we call her Madame X.

EXT. MILES CITY, MONTANA - DAY

An old cattle town reinventing itself. A railroad bisects a bustling Main Street before giving way to quiet neighborhoods and stately homes.

Rundle steps onto the train platform. Steam hisses. Porters shout. He cannot shake the uneasy reverberation of katakana code bouncing in his head.

He takes a deep breath of Montana air and the code fades into a meadowlark song echoing in the station, welcoming him home.

A cedar-shingled house behind a white picket fence anchors a corner lot. Rundle approaches.

INT. BERNICE'S HOME - FRONT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The doorbell rings. BERNICE O'Connor, 20, graceful, glowing blonde with green eyes, glides across to open the front door.

RUNDLE
Hey, Bernie.

BERNICE
Ray!

She jumps into his arms and hugs him.

RUNDLE
Wow, I wasn't expecting that.

BERNICE
I wasn't expecting you at all.

RUNDLE
Thought I'd surprise you.

BERNICE
Just like Louie surprised me.

She holds up her left hand to show him an engagement ring.

RUNDLE
(trying to smile)
He...proposed?

BERNICE
I...I wasn't expecting it...from him, anyway.

An awkward pause, avoiding each other's gaze.

RUNDLE
Louie's a lucky guy.

BERNICE
I'm not so sure. I'm kind of a mess.

RUNDLE
You're not a mess, Bernie.

He finally meets her gaze.

BERNICE
I'm coming to visit, y'know.

RUNDLE
Hawaii?

BERNICE
Hm-mm. In the autumn. Louie wants
to show me the islands. He sent me
tickets for the SS Lurline.

RUNDLE
Sounds fun.

BERNICE
Looking forward to seeing you, too.

She leans in to kiss him. He kisses her back momentarily,
then backs off.

RUNDLE
Bernie...we can't do this to him.

BERNICE
How much time do we have?

RUNDLE
I leave tomorrow.

BERNICE
Will you write?

RUNDLE
What about Louie?

BERNICE
You know he doesn't like to write.
Promise you'll write?

RUNDLE
I'll try.

INT. MOVING TRAIN - AFTERNOON

Maynard ALBERTSON, barely tall enough to join the Navy, and
Roy LEHMAN sit across from Rundle and Walvoord.

The rails hammer beneath them:

Click-CLACK, click-CLACK, click-CLACK.

Rundle taps his foot in time with the train.

A drunk MARINE stumbles through the aisle and bumps into
Albertson.

MARINE
Watch it, pip-squeak.

ALBERTSON
Sorry, I--

The Marine grabs Albertson by the shirt and hauls him halfway out of his seat.

Rundle rises.

RUNDLE
Easy. He didn't do anything.

The Marine turns; puts Albertson down.

MARINE
You gonna do something about it,
squid?

RUNDLE
Just let him go.

Without warning, the Marine punches Ray square in the face.
He crashes back into his seat.

MARINE
Thought so.

He moves on. Albertson stares.

ALBERTSON
Jesus, Ray.

Rundle presses a hand to his swelling eye and looks away.

The train barrels onward.

Click-CLACK, click-CLACK, click-CLACK.

Eyes closed, foot tapping in time with the train wheels.

FLASHBACK INT. DARK SPACE - DAY

Teen Ray is tossed into a dark space; a door *SLAMS*.

Darkness. Laughter from outside.

END FLASHBACK

He closes his eyes and clinches his fists, trying to quiet his mind's eye. The train clickety-clacks on; his foot taps.

EXT. PEARL HARBOR NAVY BASE - DAY

SUPER: "PEARL HARBOR, TERRITORY OF HAWAII"
 "APRIL 1941"

Sunlight flashes across the harbor as trade clouds race overhead. Dozens of US Navy ships and submarines at piers, dry docks, and anchored offshore. Ford Island in the middle of the harbor. Battleships stand in formation.

A Navy troop transport ship is pier-side. Cranes unload cargo and sailors stream off a gangplank.

EXT. PEARL HARBOR NAVY BASE - PIER - CONTINUOUS

Rundle, wearing crackerjack whites, marches down the gangway. He stops halfway to salute the American flag before stepping onto the pier. A fading black eye marks his face.

His classmates follow, saluting in turn. HAWAIIAN GIRLS drape leis over the new arrivals.

A sailor in Navy dungarees - LOUIE KERN, Ray's cousin - steps forward.

LOUIE
 Aloha, Ray!

They embrace.

LOUIE (CONT'D)
 Nice shiner.

RUNDLE
 You should see...

TOGETHER
 ...the other guy!

They laugh.

Louie notices Ray eyeing the single puka shell hanging from a leather cord around his neck.

LOUIE
 Beach girl talked me into it.

A quick chortle from Rundle.

LOUIE (CONT'D)
 You heard from Bernie?

Ray hesitates.

RUNDLE
One letter.

LOUIE
Good. If she writes you...I don't
have to.
(beat)
Come on. Let's get you checked in.

Rundle gestures toward his classmates.

RUNDLE
Mind if they tag along?

LOUIE
Wouldn't have it any other way.

EXT. STATION HYPO - DAY

SUPER: "STATION HYPO"

Waves lap on the shore of a white sand beach in Kaneohe Bay.
A cluster of low military buildings on the shoreline is
surrounded by a chain link fence topped with barbed wire.
Antenna towers loom.

A sign reads:

"US NAVY COMMUNICATIONS RESEARCH STATION, HE'EIA."

INT. STATION HYPO - CONTINUOUS

Racks of radio gear line the expansive and windowless
operations room. Rows of typewriters hammer like machine
guns. Fluorescent light struggles through a permanent haze of
cigarette smoke. INTERCEPT OPERATORS in dungaree uniforms
work with headphones on - some tune receivers, others type.

Rundle enters and freezes.

Harry Kidder, now in charge of Station HYPO, supervises. He
spots Ray.

KIDDER
Rundle! We've been expecting you.
You settled in?

RUNDLE
Barracks.

KIDDER
Good! See Petty Officer Okins over
there for your assignment.

Rundle approaches Petty Officer First Class Elliott OKINS, late 20's, senior intercept operator on watch.

OKINS
You Rundle?

RUNDLE
Ray Rundle.

OKINS
Take a seat.

Rundle drops into an intercept position and reaches for the headphones.

OKINS (CONT'D)
Let's see what Chief Kidder taught you.

Rundle powers up the receiver. The tubes glow. A signal erupts in his headphones.

DAH-DAH-DAH-DIT, DAH-DIT, DIT-DI-DI-DAH, DAH-DIT-DAH-DIT

A grin spreads across his face. He types.

CLACK, CLACK, CLACK, pause. CLACK, CLACK, CLACK, pause.

Okins watches the page fill.

OKINS (CONT'D)
Not bad.

INT. STATION HYPO - LATER

Rundle and Okins amble toward the exit, shift over.

Kidder emerges from his office, flipping through envelopes.

KIDDER
(to himself)
Still nothing.

He turns his attention to his men.

KIDDER (CONT'D)
Mail call! Mail call, everyone!
Okins. Albertson.

He hands Okins an envelope, then Albertson.

KIDDER (CONT'D)
Rundle, I have one for you, too.
(teasing)
Smells like a girl.

Rundle stuffs the letter into his pocket and exits.

INT. STATION HYPO - BARRACKS ROOM - LATER THAT EVENING

Rundle plops onto his bed; takes the letter out. It's from Bernice.

He opens the letter and reads:

BERNICE (V.O.)

Dearest Ray,
I haven't heard from you since you
left, but I'm still planning my
visit. Louie has the details. I hope
I'll see you when I'm there.
Please write to me and let me know
you're all right.
Love, Bernie.

EXT. PEARL HARBOR NAVY BASE - NIGHT

Floodlights illuminate ships, piers, hangars, and buildings at Pearl Harbor Navy Base.

EXT. PEARL HARBOR - FRUPAC - CONTINUOUS

SUPER: "FLEET RADIO UNIT, PACIFIC (FRUPAC)"
"NOVEMBER 1941"

A two-story building on the eastern shore of Pearl Harbor.

A floodlit sign reads, "14TH NAVAL DISTRICT, ADMIN BLDG."

INT. PEARL HARBOR - FRUPAC - CONTINUOUS

In the windowless basement, a US Navy radio intelligence unit. Sailors and officers labor beneath low ceilings and thrumming ventilation. Gray steel desks disappear beneath piles of intercept traffic.

Lieutenant Joe ROCHEFORT, 30s, works in a smoking jacket and red slippers - surrounded by classified documents and overflowing ashtrays.

A Marine COURIER arrives with a box and a clipboard.

COURIER

Another box from Station HYPO, sir.

ROCHEFORT

Thanks, Marine.

The Marine hands Rochefort the clipboard and surveys the room.

COURIER
Kinda cold down here, huh?

Rochefort signs for the box.

ROCHEFORT
Best damn codebreakers in the world
— shoved in a basement.

EXT. WAIKIKI BEACH - DAY

The midday sun glitters on the Pacific. Hawaiian steel guitar drifts from a nearby radio. Surf rumbles onto shore.

Rundle, Louie, and Bernice relax beneath a beach umbrella.

BERNICE
I've never seen anything like this.

LOUIE
Told ya Hawaii was paradise.

A LOCAL GIRL approaches carrying strands of puka shell jewelry.

BERNICE
Oh, those are beautiful.

Bernice picks up a simple leather wristband with a single puka shell.

BERNICE (CONT'D)
This one's perfect, Ray.

She gives the girl a coin and ties it around his wrist.

RUNDLE
You didn't have to do that.

BERNICE
I wanted to.

For a moment the noise of Waikiki disappears between them.

Louie, oblivious, spots a group of girls walking past.

LOUIE
Now that's what I call paradise.

Bernice rolls her eyes.

BERNICE
You're impossible.

RUNDLE
Highly unlikely, anyway.

Rundle rolls the puka shell between his fingers as the Pacific stretches beyond the breakers.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

A dive bar overlooking the Pacific Ocean. A hand-painted sign over the door reads, "Castle Bar."

INT. CASTLE BAR - CONTINUOUS

Chief Kidder sits at the bar, smoking a cigar and nursing a whiskey on the rocks. Hawaiian steel guitar floats through a haze of cigarette smoke. Rundle, Louie, and Bernice approach.

RUNDLE
Hiya, Chief!

KIDDER
Hey, Rundle. Glad to see you relaxing a bit.

RUNDLE
This is my cousin Louie. And Bernice.

KIDDER
Aloha.

BERNICE
Aloha, Chief.

Louie wanders off toward the bartender.

Kidder notices the puka shell on Ray's wrist.

KIDDER
Where'd you get that?

BERNICE
I picked it out today.

KIDDER
Puka shell.

RUNDLE
Everybody keeps saying that like it means something.

KIDDER
Locals call it the *spirit of the*
ocean.

Bernice smiles.

KIDDER (CONT'D)
Sailors wear 'em for luck.
Protection from bad spirits.
(beat)
Never know. Might save your life
someday.

RUNDLE
Sure, Chief.

KIDDER
Just don't lose it.

INT. STATION HYPO - DAY

SUPER: "NOVEMBER 1941"

Katakana code pulses in Rundle's headphones.

DIT-DI-DAH-DAH-DIT, DAH-DI-DI-DI-DAH, DIT-DI-DAH-DAH, DIT-DIT

Eyes closed, he types with an easy deliberate rhythm, fingers dancing over the keys; puka shell wrist band clicks on the keys. He taps his toe; bops his head in time with the code.

CLACK CLACK CLACK, pause.
CLACK CLACK CLACK, pause.
CLACK CLACK CLACK, pause.

Groups of three katakana characters fill his intercept log.

The code in Rundle's headset finally quits and he stops typing. He pulls the sheet from his typewriter and holds it over his head. A Yeoman scampers over and collects it.

OKINS
You're doing great, Ray.

RUNDLE
Thanks, Okie. There's a rhythm to
it, huh? Like music.

OKINS
If you say so.

RUNDLE
It's like every signal is an
instrument in a band.
(MORE)

RUNDLE (CONT'D)

You can listen to them
individually, or hear the tune
together. Right?

OKINS

Sure, Ray...just tell me what you
copied.

RUNDLE

Not quite sure. A long broadcast
from I.J.N. HQ.

OKINS

The boys in FRUPAC will decode it.

RUNDLE

Maybe they're saying they're going
to surrender, since they know I'm
on the poz.

OKINS

(sarcastic)
Highly likely.

INT. STATION HYPO, OFFICE - LATER

Chief Kidder is on the phone, sitting at his desk.

KIDDER

Hi, Ma. I haven't heard from Susie.
Do you know why? Do you think she's
okay?...I need to hear from her...
If you do, please tell her...
Thanks, Ma. Bye.

INT. PEARL HARBOR - FRUPAC - DAY

SUPER: "DECEMBER 1, 1941"

Jimmy PEARSON and George HOPKINS, both 20s and rooftop
training graduates wearing Navy dungaree uniforms, read pages
of intercept, confused. They both rifle through the traffic.

Finally, they realize.

PEARSON

Oh, no.

HOPKINS

I see it. We gotta tell the boss.

They rush to Rochefort's desk with stacks of intercept logs.

PEARSON
Sir, I.J.N. code change!

ROCHEFORT
What? When?

PEARSON
Overnight. Can't decrypt anything.

ROCHEFORT
Nothing?

They both shake their heads.

HOPKINS
And the carriers vanished.

ROCHEFORT
Vanished? Explain.

PEARSON
Comms levels are way down. We only
have this little bit of intercept.

Pearson shows him some of the intercept logs.

PEARSON (CONT'D)
We can account for a lot of the
I.J.N. ships, but we haven't seen
any of the aircraft carriers in
comms for a few days now.

Rochefort's face stiffens, concerned.

ROCHEFORT
Find them. Quick.

INT. MAIN NAVY BUILDING - RESEARCH DESK OFFICE - DAY

Agnes stands at a blackboard. Safford, two junior OFFICERS,
and a YEOMAN study the board.

DRISCOLL
They're not hiding the destination.

SAFFORD
Then what are they hiding?

Driscoll circles several groups with chalk.

DRISCOLL
The sequence.

The others stare blankly.

DRISCOLL (CONT'D)
Everybody assumes the Japanese
encode the message and then
transmit it.

She shakes her head.

DRISCOLL (CONT'D)
They're encoding the transmission
schedule itself.

Nobody follows.

DRISCOLL (CONT'D)
Look at the timestamps.

She taps the board.

DRISCOLL (CONT'D)
The intervals repeat every third
day. The call signs don't. The
freqs don't. The intervals do.

YEOMAN
Why would they do that?

DRISCOLL
Because they know we'll attack the
content.

The room falls silent.

SAFFORD
You got all that from timestamps?

DRISCOLL
That's where people hide things.

YEOMAN
Madame X is at it again...

INT. MAIN NAVY BUILDING - REDMAN'S OFFICE - LATER

Safford and Driscoll stand in Redman's office, waiting.
Redman meanders in and sits at his desk.

REDMAN
What is it now, Safford?

SAFFORD
Sir, we've got problems. The I.J.N.
has changed their codes.

REDMAN

Break it. Isn't that why you went over my head, to break unbreakable codes?

DRISCOLL

It's going to take time.

Redman peers at Safford, disregarding Agnes's mere presence.

REDMAN

What's it got to do with me?

SAFFORD

They've changed their codes and now we can't find their carriers. The I.J.N. is up to something, I can feel it.

REDMAN

You can feel it, I see...You're not hearing me, Lieutenant. You've got a problem that has nothing to do with me, but you're standing in my office expecting, I don't know what, from me.

(pause)

You've got a problem. So fix it.

DRISCOLL

Lieutenant Safford is right, sir, the Jap--

REDMAN

(interrupting)

The day I need military advice from a secretary, I'll ask for it. Get out and take your assistant with you.

SAFFORD

Sir, she's not--

DRISCOLL

(interrupts)

The Japanese won't care what my title is.

She storms out. Redman's face flushes.

INT. STATION HYPO - DAY

SUPER: "DECEMBER 4, 1941"

Rundle, Okins, and other intercept operators tune their radios searching for anything to copy. No one types. The intercept floor is eerily quiet.

OKINS
(whispering)
You finding anything?

Rundle shakes his head. Static hisses in his ears. He tunes through the spectrum. A chirp. He slows to listen and evaluate, then moves on.

RUNDLE
Dead air.

INT. STATION HYPO, OFFICE - DAY

Chief Kidder stares at a bank statement on his desk. The statement indicates a single withdrawal of over \$10,000. The balance reads zero.

Kidder stares at the empty balance. Something inside him caves in.

INT. STATION HYPO - NIGHT

SUPER: "DECEMBER 6, 1941"

Kidder, dark circles under his eyes, paces behind a row of intercept operators - Rundle and Okins among them.

KIDDER
C'mon, c'mon, c'mon...

Many operators spin dials and press headphones to their ears.

OPERATOR
Nothing.

Static.

OPERATOR #2
Me too.

Kidder grimaces; checks with his best operator.

KIDDER
Rundle, you got anything?

Rundle tunes through the scratchy *HISS* of empty airwaves.

RUNDLE
Still quiet.

Kidder wanders away, peering over the shoulders of the intercept operators.

RUNDLE (CONT'D)
(to Okins)
He's uptight, huh?

OKINS
Scuttlebutt is his girl took off
with all his money.

RUNDLE
Susie? Jeez, that's rough.

OKINS
He's worried about war, too.

RUNDLE
They better wait until Monday.
Louie and I have a beach day
planned tomorrow.

OKINS
It's today, so pay attention to
your job.

INT. PEARL HARBOR - FRUPAC - NIGHT

Rocheftort talks on the phone; dark circles under his eyes.

ROCHEFORT
Eddie, I'm concerned...Yes, but
I've got a real reason...The I.J.N.
has changed their codes. We can't
find their carriers. We have no
idea where their fleet is. All the
comms have dried up. This is bad,
Eddie. Okay, I will... You're going
to tell Kimmel, right? Okay, bye.

EXT. PEARL HARBOR MILITARY HOUSING - MORNING

SUPER: "DECEMBER 7, 1941"

Rocheftort and his wife ELMA exit their bungalow; he has a picnic basket in hand.

ELMA
Thanks for taking the day off.

ROCHEFORT
Perfect day for a picnic.

They hop onto bicycles and head toward the beach.

EXT. HAWAIIAN STREET - MORNING

Rundle and Louie meander in the morning sun.

RUNDLE
Finally, a day off.

LOUIE
Waikiki, here we come!
(pointing back)
You ever gonna tell me what you
guys do in there?

RUNDLE
Nope.

LOUIE
Probably boring, anyway.

RUNDLE
Well, today's not about work, it's
about the beach.

LOUIE
And the girls.

RUNDLE
Montana conquers Hawaii!

LOUIE
Fathers, lock up your daughters!

SMASH CUT TO:

A low flying aircraft makes them duck. The rumbling plane engine is loud enough for them to feel it in their chests.

RUNDLE
What the f--?

LOUIE
He shouldn't be flying so low here!

They freeze when they see a red painted circle on the body of the plane.

The canopy is open and the PILOT casually props his elbow on the edge, fixing his gaze at the pair.

The pilot locks eyes with them - and grins.

RUNDLE
Jesus Christ...that's a Zero!

The pilot closes his canopy and dives toward the bay.

The Zero unleashes cannon fire, throwing geysers of water into the air. The pilot finds his targets, hitting the runway and several parked planes.

RUNDLE (CONT'D)

Shit!

The plane circles to come around again; they duck into a deli to take cover.

INT: DELI - CONTINUOUS

Upbeat ukulele music plays on the radio, oddly out of sync with what's going on outside.

They burst in, panting. The bell on the door bangles. A SHORT ORDER COOK looks up from grilling spam and eggs.

SHORT ORDER COOK

What can I get you boys?

The men ignore him.

LOUIE

Shit!

RUNDLE

What the hell?

The music on the radio cuts out and a RADIO ANNOUNCER fumbles for the mic. He clears his throat.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Attention! Attention! This is not an exercise! Pearl Harbor is under attack! All Army, Navy, and Marine Corps personnel report for duty immediately.

RUNDLE

I gotta get to base.

LOUIE

Me too. But how?

RUNDLE

We'll make a run for it.

LOUIE

I'm not going out there.

RUNDLE

You heard the announcement, we're supposed to report to base.

LOUIE
Let's stick together.

RUNDLE
No, no. Louie, you go. I have to
get to He'eia. They need you in
Kaneohe. I'll catch up with you
later. You'll be fine.

LOUIE
But...

RUNDLE
You'll be fine. Go!

LOUIE
Shit, okay.

They dash out of the deli in opposite directions.

EXT. HAWAIIAN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Sirens wail. Rundle searches for a car to give him a ride.

He hears a car and sticks out his thumb up. The car pulls
over; Okins is at the wheel.

OKINS
Get in, Ray!

Rundle jumps into the passenger seat.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

The car radio blares with the repeating radio announcement.
Okins turns down the volume.

RUNDLE
Did you see it!? There are Zeros
attacking Kaneohe! Where'd they
come from?

OKINS
Hell if I know! Let's go!

Okins guns the engine, and Rundle swivels his gaze back. He
sees Louie sprinting downhill toward Kaneohe Station.

Planes swarm. Louie runs and ducks. Planes line up above the
road and one opens fire. Bullets chase Louie down the street.
He runs and ducks.

Louie crumples hard onto the pavement.

RUNDLE

LOUIE!

Gawking out the back window of the car driving toward He'eia, Ray's face twists in anguish.

The world drops away: The screaming. The engines. The gunfire. Gone.

Ray hears only his own breathing. A ragged inhale. A broken exhale.

He is unable to turn away; hoping to see Louie get up.

He doesn't. Louie doesn't move. Okins continues to drive.

EXT. PEARL HARBOR NAVAL BASE STREET - MORNING

Japanese aircraft buzz overhead like bees around a hive.

Rochefort and Elma abandon their beachside picnic and hop on their bikes.

ROCHEFORT

You get home. Stay there. I need to get to work.

ELMA

Be safe, Joe.

ROCHEFORT

I'll try.

Rochefort pedals his bicycle with all his might toward the melee. One last glance backward at Elma heading home. Explosions ahead - he presses on.

INT. PEARL HARBOR - FRUPAC - CONTINUOUS

The men of FRUPAC take cover under desks and tables in the basement of the still undamaged building.

Rochefort enters, surveys the room, and sits at his desk. He picks up his phone - dead.

Immense explosions outside echo inside the basement office, shaking coffee cups and ashtrays off the desks.

Boom! BOOM! He dives under his desk.

INT. STATION HYPO - MORNING

The intercept floor is a storm of ringing phones, flying intercept logs, and hammering typewriters. *CLACK CLACK CLACK CLACK* around the room.

Yeomen scramble between positions collecting intercept logs. Boxes fill with intercept logs quickly.

Kidder checks man to man, reassuring and calming them.

KIDDER
Petty Officer Walvoord, take a
breath. You know what to do.

WALVOORD
Thanks, Chief. I'm good.

KIDDER
Breathe. Copy your traffic.

ALBERTSON
Aye, Chief.

Okins and Rundle rush in. Ray glowers, the muscles in his jaw bulging; veins on his temple pulsing. Eyes hollow and glazed.

KIDDER
You two get to work!

Ray immediately complies; sits at an open intercept position.

OKINS
(to Kidder)
Chief, Ray's not right. Louie got
mowed down out there.

KIDDER
Shit.
(to Rundle)
You okay, Ray?

RUNDLE
Just give me a headset.

He pounds the keys as if he can type his way back in time.

CLACK CLACK CLACK, CLACK CLACK CLACK, CLACK CLACK CLACK!

EXT. PEARL HARBOR - FRUPAC - LATER

The enemy planes are gone.

Rocheft emerges from the basement, still in his civvies, and sees the expansive damage at Pearl Harbor.

EXT. PEARL HARBOR (ARCHIVE FOOTAGE) - CONTINUOUS

Pearl Harbor burns beneath a sky black with smoke.

Next to the dock, a minelayer is on its side, sinking. Alongside, a cruiser, still upright, burns. Injured sailors are tended to by others. Dead men are lined up on the deck.

EXT. PEARL HARBOR - CONTINUOUS

Rochefort hurries to lend a hand tending to injured sailors.

INT. MAIN NAVY BUILDING - RESEARCH DESK OFFICE - DAY

Sailors and officers work frantically.

Safford reviews paperwork at his desk; talking on the phone.

SAFFORD

Guam's been overrun. We've lost
Station BAKER. They're all missing.
The P.I. will fall, too, so we have
to figure something out for Station
CAST...Thank God Station HYPO and
FRUPAC are safe.

INT. MILES CITY - DINER - MORNING

Bernice sits at a table with three FRIENDS, untouched coffee cups in front of each. Between them is a newspaper - The Billings Gazette with the headline, "Japanese Declare War on U.S.; Kill 3,000 Men in Hawaiian Bombing."

FRIEND 1

Do we know anyone in Hawaii?

FRIEND 2

Bob Hagland is at Hickam Field.

FRIEND 3

And Joe Solberg is at Pearl Harbor.

FRIEND 2

Oh, my. I hope he's okay.

Bernice fiddles with her engagement ring.

FRIEND 1

Oh, my gosh! I forgot about Louie.
I'm so sorry, Bernie.

FRIEND 3

Where is he stationed?

BERNICE

He's at Kaneohe. Papers haven't said anything about it.

FRIEND 2

That's good. Maybe he's far away from the action.

BERNICE

I don't know.

FRIEND 3

I'm sure he's all right.

She twists her engagement ring on her finger.

BERNICE

Ray is there, too.

FRIEND 1

Ray?

BERNICE

Ray Rundle. From our class.

FRIEND 1

Oh.

FRIEND 3

I'm sure they'll be okay.

INT. STATION HYPO - DAY

SUPER: "DECEMBER 10, 1941"

The operations floor is bustling with activity.

Rundle copies - katakana code throbbing in his headset.

DIT-DI-DI-DAH, DIT-DAH, DIT-DI-DAH, DIT-DAH-DI-DIT

His typewriter reports, *CLACK CLACK CLACK CLACK*.

Okins approaches with a new intercept operator, Radioman Second Class Walter ROUGEUX, 20s, tan and mustachioed.

He interrupts Rundle.

OKINS

Ray, this is Walter Rougeux, new guy from Bainbridge Island.

RUNDLE

Hey.

ROUGEUX
(big smile)
Aloha, Ray. Call me Ruggy.

RUNDLE
What the hell are you smiling
about?

OKINS
Ray!

ROUGEUX
Why not?

RUNDLE
Don't you know we're at war?

ROUGEUX
Sure, but--

Rundle dismisses Rougeux.

RUNDLE
(mumbling)
Freakin' boot.

ROUGEUX
I don't--

OKINS
Ray, you're relieved. Time to go.

RUNDLE
Fine, sit your happy ass down. The
poz is yours.

OKINS
(sternly)
Ray, I said you're relieved.

Rundle pushes back his chair to leave.

Okins gestures "*I'm sorry*" to Rougeux.

Chief Kidder emerges from his office. He taps Walvoord on the
shoulder, nodding toward the operations room.

Walvoord whistles; everyone stops.

KIDDER
Men, an update.

Silence in the room.

KIDDER (CONT'D)

First, the easy stuff. We're moving the intercept site to Wahiawa. Reception should be better up there and it will allow us to grow.

Some quiet conversation among the men.

KIDDER (CONT'D)

I have news about your shipmates: Station CAST is safe. Corregidor Island is holding strong. DC is working on a plan to get them outta there.

(pause)

The news from Station BAKER isn't so good. As of this morning, Guam has fallen.

An audible gasp around the room. Some grumbling and cursing.

KIDDER (CONT'D)

We haven't heard from any of the operators. We'll let you know as soon as we know anything.

RUNDLE

Oh, shit. Hal...

INT. STATION HYPO - BARRACKS ROOM - NIGHT

Rundle tosses in his bed, sleeping fitfully.

DREAM SEQUENCE

Telegraphic code echoes in his dreams, breaking through a scratchy static.

Teen Ray turns back as a shed door *SLAMS*.

Darkness. Thunderous fire fills his consciousness. Evil laughter fills the void between flashes.

RUNDLE

(to Louie)

You'll be fine. Go!

Japanese planes *ROAR* overhead. Louie runs and ducks. Planes line up above the road and open fire.

Louie is hit and falls.

Memories intercut each other. Flames in the darkness. Louie shot. Evil laughter. Machine gun fire. Door slamming. Plane engine whining. A bomb explodes.

**END DREAM
SEQUENCE**

Rundle bolts upright in bed, covered in sweat, panting. He glances at his puka wristband and settles back, eyes wide.

INT. MAIN NAVY BUILDING - RESEARCH DESK OFFICE - NIGHT

Laurance Safford sits alone in his office, reading the latest intel reports. The top one reads:

STATUS OF STATION BAKER PERSONNEL:

RMC BARNUM - MISSING IN ACTION
RM1c SMITH - MISSING IN ACTION
RM2c DULLARD - MISSING IN ACTION
RM2c ELLIS - MISSING IN ACTION
RM2c FAULKNER - MISSING IN ACTION
RM3c JOSLIN - MISSING IN ACTION
RM3c PARR - MISSING IN ACTION
RM3c McCUNE - MISSING IN ACTION

He closes the file and his eyes.

INT. PEARL HARBOR - FRUPAC - DAY

SUPER: "JANUARY 4, 1942"

The basement hums with ventilation and the relentless rhythm of typewriters.

Rocheft, in slippers and a smoking jacket over his uniform, answers a ringing phone.

ROCHEFORT
...Yes, I'll be right there.

He opens the door to find Lieutenant Commander Edwin LAYTON with Admiral Chester NIMITZ.

ROCHEFORT (CONT'D)
Eddie.

LAYTON
Joe. Admiral Nimitz.

Nimitz barely notices Rocheft. He's listening to the room.

NIMITZ
Never thought war would sound like
typewriters.

ROCHEFORT
After a while, you stop hearing the
machines...and start hearing Japan.

Now Nimitz studies him.

NIMITZ
Layton says you're my best chance
of figuring out what Yamamoto does
next.

ROCHEFORT
That's the idea, sir.

NIMITZ
Because right now, the Pacific
belongs to him.

ROCHEFORT
What if I told you what he was
going to do...before he did it?

The typewriters increase in volume.

NIMITZ
That could change everything.

ROCHEFORT
The Japanese think nobody can hear
them.
(beat)
They're wrong.

The typewriters hammer on.

INT. STATION HYPO - DAY

The operations floor is a cacophony as intercept operators
and yeomen toil.

CLACK CLACK CLACK, CLACK CLACK CLACK, CLACK CLACK CLACK.

No joy on Rundle's face. Eyes closed and singularly focused
on the telegraphic code thrumming in his headphones.

DAH-DI-DAH, DAH-DIT, DAH-DAH-DAH, DIT-DAH-DIT

His fingers chase the signal across the keyboard,
rhythmically clicking: *CLACK CLACK CLACK, CLACK CLACK CLACK.*

*CLACK...*He stops and hesitates on some code. Okins notices.

OKINS

Problem?

RUNDLE

No, same operator as yesterday,
that's all.

INT. STATION HYPO - KIDDER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Rochefort sits in Kidder's office. Typewriters hammer away in uneven rhythm, filling the basement with a metallic racket.

ROCHEFORT

You're doing a bang-up job, Chief.
I was just bragging about you to
Admiral Nimitz.

KIDDER

It's not me, sir. It's the men.

ROCHEFORT

And who trained them?

Kidder shrugs off the compliment.

ROCHEFORT (CONT'D)

Anyway, Nimitz and Layton are
concerned we're stretched too thin
to make any impact against the IJN.

KIDDER

They're right. We need more
operators.

ROCHEFORT

But we don't have anywhere to put
them. We've lost Guam and we're not
sure what's going to happen in the
P.I. Station HYPO is the only
intercept site in the fleet.

KIDDER

That's the answer, isn't it?

ROCHEFORT

What is?

KIDDER

Put them in the fleet. Send the
operators to where the action is.

ROCHEFORT

On board ships?

KIDDER
Exactly.

ROCHEFORT
Can that work?

KIDDER
Oh, yes. We've done it before. USS
Gold Star and the Grand Maneuvers.
Just need the right equipment.

ROCHEFORT
That would give us intercept
stations all over the Pacific.

KIDDER
In every task force...in every
battle.

ROCHEFORT
This is a great idea. I'll talk to
Safford in DC and Layton in Pearl.
We need to make this happen.

INT. BERNICE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bernice writes at her desk:

BERNICE (V.O.)
My dear Ray,
We received word about Louie. The
whole town is in shock. We're going
to have a memorial in his honor.
I feel so alone now and need to
know you're okay. I don't know what
I'd do if I lost you, too. Please
write.
Love, Bernie

She lowers the pen and breaks down.

INT. PEARL HARBOR - FRUPAC - DAY

Pearson and Hopkins work at their desks.

PEARSON
George, you gotta see what I'm
seeing in the intercept from HYPO.

HOPKINS
Whatcha got, Jimmy?

PEARSON

Looks like they're using digraphs and trigraphs instead of place names. I've got a bunch of them figured out. Come see.

Hopkins gets up and leans over Pearson's desk.

PEARSON (CONT'D)

See here: AA is Wake Island, I'm sure of it.

HOPKINS

Yeah, I agree.

PEARSON

RR is Rabaul. AF, Midway. PT, Truk.

HOPKINS

That's good work, Jimmy. How many do we have figured out?

PEARSON

About twenty. Not hard to figure out. Some ship says they're going to this digraph or that one, then we wait to see where they show up.

HOPKINS

Let's get this into a report.

Hopkins faces a teletype machine and types.

INT. MAIN NAVY BUILDING - RESEARCH DESK OFFICE - DAY

Laurance Safford is on the phone in his office.

SAFFORD

Rochefort? Hi, Joe. Listen, I just got through talking to Redman. He doesn't like the idea. Doesn't think we have enough On-the-Roof Gang operators to send them to sea. Yes, he's a problem...Anyway, I got him to agree to one mission. If we want to keep on doing this, it will have to work the first time, or we're sunk...We won't get a second chance...Okay, great. Thanks, Joe.

He hangs up.

EXT. CUSTER COUNTY CEMETERY, MILES CITY - DAY

A crowd of several dozen people gather for a graveside memorial service. A Lutheran PASTOR, dressed in full church regalia, addresses the gathering.

PASTOR

Louis Kern - "Louie" to most of us -
gave his life in service to our
great country. John 5:13 says
"Greater love has no one than this:
to lay down one's life for one's
friends."

Some in the crowd sob. Others console them. Bernice sits stoically.

PASTOR (CONT'D)

To say a few words about his
sacrifice is Louie's fiancée,
Bernice.

She stands and moves to the front; gathers herself.

BERNICE

Louie's death reminds us how
quickly life can change...and how
important it is to tell the people
we love that we love them while we
still can.

The crowd quietly nods.

BERNICE (CONT'D)

When you see me...don't look away
because you're afraid you'll say
the wrong thing. Just say hello.
Tell me a story about Louie. Say
his name. The only way we lose him
twice...is if we stop talking about
him.

She looks skyward.

EXT. STATION HYPO - DAY

SUPER: "STATION HYPO, WAHIAWA"
"MARCH 10, 1942"

Several new wooden buildings nestled within a pineapple grove on an expansive plateau in the center of Oahu. The 48-star American flag flies over the station.

Dirt roads lead up to the site and around all the buildings. Antennas dot the landscape.

INT. STATION HYPO - CONTINUOUS

Dozens of Station HYPO men assemble in a briefing room. Rundle sits near the back of the room. Others file in.

Okins enters with Rougeux and sits near Rundle. Rundle notices Rougeux and dismisses him with his back.

ROUGEUX

(to Okins)

I don't know what I did to offend that guy.

OKINS

Don't worry, Walter. He'll come around.

Chief Kidder arrives to address the gathering. Rundle sits quietly.

KIDDER

I want you men to know your work is making a difference. Commander Rochefort asked me to pass along his personal thanks. FRUPAC is making real progress against the new I.J.N. code, and Admiral Nimitz is putting your intelligence to good use.

A murmur ripples through the room. Rundle remains stoic.

KIDDER (CONT'D)

All right, settle down. We've still got a fight ahead of us.

The room quiets.

KIDDER (CONT'D)

You've all been asking about your shipmates.

(beat)

Everyone on Corregidor is safe. They've been evacuated to Australia to set up a new intercept station.

Relieved smiles.

KIDDER (CONT'D)

As for Guam...

The room goes still.

KIDDER (CONT'D)

We've received word all eight men from Station BAKER are alive...

(MORE)

KIDDER (CONT'D)

(beat)
...but they're prisoners of war in Japan.

RUNDLE

(mumbling)
Need to do something about those fuckers.

OKINS

Shhhh, Ray!

KIDDER

What'd you say, Rundle?

Rundle pops up, defiant.

RUNDLE

I said, I wish there was something we could do instead of sitting here listening to those murderers.

He sits.

KIDDER

That's why we're here. I need volunteers, but the mission is dangerous. We're going to start using intercept operators at sea. I can't tell you any more at this point.

Rundle's hand shoots up.

INT. STATION HYPO - OFFICE - LATER

Chief Kidder sits at his desk. Four intercept operators - Rundle and Lehman are joined by two others: Willie WESPER, lean, intense, full of nervous energy and Howard CAIN, calm smirk and needing a haircut to be within Navy regs.

KIDDER

The mission you've volunteered for is a dangerous one. There's still time to back out.

CAIN

What's the mission, Chief?

KIDDER

I can tell that you'll be on USS Enterprise and you'll be going into harm's way.

The men become uneasy.

KIDDER (CONT'D)
 Lieutenant Slonim from FRUPAC will
 give you more details about the
 mission when you're on board.

CAIN
 Right.

KIDDER
 You boys are dismissed. Report to
 Enterprise at Pearl tomorrow at
 zero-seven-hundred hours.

TOGETHER
 Aye, Chief.

KIDDER
 Oh, and boys...
 (beat)
 Once you step aboard that
 carrier...you're no longer just
 intercept operators...You're
 targets.
 (beat)
 Stay on your nets. Do your jobs,
 and you'll be safe.

EXT. SCHOOLYARD - DAY

Bernice directs from behind a folding table. A sign affixed
 to the wall behind her reads:

Save Scrap for Victory!
 Save METAL!
 Save PAPER!
 Save RUBBER!

A man with a spare tire approaches.

BERNICE
 Rubber over there. Thank you!

A lull in the action and Bernice's smile fades - crowd moving
 around her. She happily greets a woman with pots and pans.

BERNICE (CONT'D)
 Metal over there. Thanks!

Two boys with stacks of newspapers.

BERNICE (CONT'D)
 Paper right here. Thank you, boys!

EXT. SEA (ARCHIVE FOOTAGE) - DAY

SUPER: "US NAVY TASK FORCE 16"
"APRIL 13, 1942"

U.S. aircraft carrier USS Enterprise makes headway through drizzling rain and fog.

Alongside is another carrier, USS Hornet, fading in and out of the fog, sixteen U.S. Army Air Force B-25s on the deck.

INT. USS ENTERPRISE - RADIO ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A cramped 10x10-foot room packed with radio racks. Headphones hang from receivers. Typewriters on tiny desks.

Lieutenant Gilven SLONIM addresses the intercept team.

SLONIM
All right, boys--

LEHMAN
Lieutenant, those bombers aren't getting off that flat top.

SLONIM
That's USS Hornet. Doolittle's tested it. They'll have a headwind.

Lehman still looks doubtful.

SLONIM (CONT'D)
They'll launch 400 miles out, bomb Tokyo, then fly on to free China. Your job is to find anything that finds us. Recce aircraft. Picket boats.

Rundle nods.

SLONIM (CONT'D)
I'll be with Admiral Halsey. The second you hear anything, I want to know.

He exits.

WESPER
Ray, how do you always know what to do?

RUNDLE
Common sense.

He turns to the others.

RUNDLE (CONT'D)
Cain, you're with me on days.
Willie, Roy: you've got mids.
Relieve us at eighteen-hundred.

The men nod and move to their positions. Headphones on.
Receivers warm.

Rundle slowly tunes across the spectrum. Nothing but hissing static, punctuated by the occasional hum, crackle, or warble.

INT. USS ENTERPRISE - RADIO ROOM - PRE-DAWN

SUPER: "APRIL 18, 1942"

Days later, Lehman and Wesper work in the radio room.

Rundle and Cain arrive for their watch. Lehman and Wesper take off their headphones.

RUNDLE
Anything yet?

WESPER
Nothing.

RUNDLE
Where are we?

WESPER
Getting close. About 650 miles from
Japan, last I heard.

RUNDLE
(nodding)
The closer we get, the better for
those flying boxcars.

He and Cain relieve the watch; put on headphones. Rundle hears the drone of hissing static, and tunes his radio. Signals blip in and out as he passes radio stations.

Static, CLICK, BUZZ, static, hum.

CAIN
Anything?

RUNDLE
Nothing.

A weak signal passes Rundle's headset. He chases it, backs the dial. Then forward. Back to static.

RUNDLE (CONT'D)
Shit.

INT. ENTERPRISE - BRIDGE - DAWN

Admiral William "Bull" HALSEY, 59, studies the dark, empty horizon through binoculars.

His CHIEF OF STAFF steps in smartly.

CHIEF OF STAFF
Still no intercepts.

HALSEY
Aye. Keep me posted.

Halsey keeps watching.

EXT. USS HORNET - FLIGHT DECK - SAME TIME

Sixteen Army B-25 bombers sit idle on the carrier deck. Ground crews work in silence. Pilots drink coffee.

Lieutenant Colonel Jimmy DOOLITTLE walks slowly down the line, checking each airplane, each crew.

INT. USS ENTERPRISE - RADIO ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Static. Rundle tunes his receiver. A faint *CHIRP*.

He freezes. Turns the dial back. It disappears.

Ray exhales. Dials slowly. There. Barely. A weak Japanese transmission. Broken. Fading.

Ray closes his eyes, listening. His fingers hover over the typewriter. Nothing again.

Cain watches.

CAIN
You lose him?

Ray doesn't answer. He backs the dial; the signal returns. Very weak. He begins typing.

*CLACK...CLACK...*long pause.

Katakana code pulses rapidly in his headset. Ray is alive.

DIT-DAH-DIT, DAH-DI-DI-DAH, DAH-DAH-DIT, DIT-DI-DI-DAH-DIT

RUNDLE
He's back.

CAIN
Who?

RUNDLE
Picket boat. Same transmitter.

CAIN
I'll get Slonim.

Cain leaves. Rundle types everything he hears.

CLACK CLACK CLACK, pause.
CLACK CLACK CLACK, pause.
CLACK CLACK CLACK, pause.

Intercept fills his paper. Cain returns with Slonim.

SLONIM
Talk to me, Rundle.

RUNDLE
Picket boats.
(keeps typing)
They just spotted us!

SLONIM
Spotted us? You sure?

RUNDLE
I'm sure, sir. They're reporting
our position to I.J.N. HQ!

He bursts from the compartment.

INT. USS ENTERPRISE - PASSAGEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Slonim runs. The ship rocks.

SLONIM
MAKE A HOLE!

Sailors flatten against bulkheads. He takes the ladder two steps at a time.

INT. USS ENTERPRISE - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

The door flies open.

SLONIM
Admiral!

Slonim hands him the intercept.

SLONIM (CONT'D)
Pickets. Squawking.

Halsey looks toward the horizon.

CHIEF OF STAFF

Sir?

HALSEY

We've been seen.

(beat)

Signal Hornet, now! Launch
immediately.

EXT. USS HORNET - FLIGHT DECK - CONTINUOUS

Signal flags snap. Klaxons sound. Deck crews explode into action. Pilots sprint. Wheel chocks pulled.

Propellers begin turning. Doolittle climbs into his cockpit.

One after another, Engines ROAR.

The propellers of sixteen B-25 Mitchell bombers burst into life; bow of the ship pointed into the wind.

As the first plane motors forward, it seems to move forward in slow motion. Landing gear to slowly raise from the deck.

One by one, each of the planes goes through this slow motion evolution until all sixteen are airborne.

INT. USS ENTERPRISE - RADIO ROOM - DAY

Rundle and Cain tune their radios, headphones on.

CAIN

What now?

RUNDLE

Now, we listen for the Japanese air defense nets...and hope like hell that Doolittle's raiders bomb the shit out of Tokyo.

INT. PEARL HARBOR - FRUPAC - DAY

SUPER: "APRIL 20, 1942"

Pearson and Hopkins work at their desks.

HOPKINS

I think I've got something here.

PEARSON

What's up?

HOPKINS

It's about a new trigraph I'm seeing - "R.Z.P."

PEARSON

Port Moresby, right?

HOPKINS

Right. They're saying R.Z.P. and then listing all these call signs. This could be an attack force.

PEARSON

You think they're planning an attack?

HOPKINS

Yeah, let's tell Rochefort.

EXT. PEARL HARBOR - PIER - DAY

The intercept team follow Slonim down the gangplank from USS Enterprise, carrying their seabags.

On the pier, Rochefort waits. Slonim approaches; men gathered behind him.

ROCHEFORT

You boys did a hell of a job out there.

SLONIM

Thanks, Joe. Did it work?

ROCHEFORT

They hit Tokyo, but we're still trying to work out if they all made it to China.

SLONIM

God help them if they didn't.

ROCHEFORT

Admiral Halsey was impressed with the radio intelligence. You boys saved the ship from sailing right into their picket boats.

Cain and Wesper elbow each other and smile.

ROCHEFORT (CONT'D)

Men, I know you're tired after your mission, but I'm going to need to ask one of you to cross-deck to USS Yorktown for a new mission.

RUNDLE

That's me, sir. I'm ready to go.

SLONIM

Rundle is the man you want. He was the best operator I had out there.

RUNDLE

What's the mission, sir?

ROCHEFORT

Let's get you to Yorktown.

EXT. USS YORKTOWN - PEARL HARBOR - DAWN

SUPER: "USS YORKTOWN"
"MAY, 1942"

USS Yorktown silently motors south out of the safety of Pearl Harbor, white wake following behind.

INT. USS YORKTOWN - RADIO ROOM - DAY

Red battle lights bathe the radio compartment.

The deck gently rolls beneath four radio positions bolted to the steel deck. Vacuum tubes glow amber. Ashtrays overflow. Coffee mugs rattle against the chart table with every swell.

Minutes after departure; three men are already working.

Lieutenant (junior grade) Tex BIARD, 30s, sleeves rolled, studies a wall chart covered in frequencies and call signs. Bill EATON, 20s, tunes two receivers at once while updating an intercept log. Across from him, Paul SEAWARD sits with headphones clamped tight, eyes closed.

Rundle ducks through the hatch carrying his seabag.

BIARD

Rundle?

RUNDLE

Yes, sir.

Biard extends a hand without ceremony.

BIARD

Lieutenant Biard. In here you can call me Tex.

Ray shakes it.

BIARD (CONT'D)
Welcome aboard Yorktown.

He gestures around the compartment.

BIARD (CONT'D)
This is Bill Eaton.

Eaton offers a slight nod.

BIARD (CONT'D)
Paul Seaward.

Without opening his eyes:

SEAWARD
You're late.

RUNDLE
I was busy on Enterprise.

Seaward shoots a glance. Biard hands him a headset.

BIARD
Sit down.

Ray slides into the empty position. The receiver hums softly.

BIARD (CONT'D)
How was Enterprise?

RUNDLE
Fast.

BIARD
Good. Forget everything.

Ray looks up.

BIARD (CONT'D)
Different ship. Different admiral.
Different mission.

Eaton tears an intercept sheet from his typewriter.

Ray sits and slips on the headphones. Katakana code washes over him. He begins copying.

CLACK CLACK CLACK, pause.

Yorktown rolls hard to port. Ray's typewriter slides. He catches it just before it crashes to the deck.

He looks up. Nobody else reacted. Seaward is still copying. Eaton calmly adjusts his tuning dial.

Biard notices Ray watching them.

BIARD (CONT'D)
The sea is another operator.

Ray frowns.

BIARD (CONT'D)
She'll help you. Or she'll take the
signal away. Depends whether you're
paying attention.

Before Ray can answer, a sound-powered phone squawks on the wall. Biard answers immediately.

BIARD (CONT'D)
Radio.
(listens)
Understood.

He hangs up.

BIARD (CONT'D)
Fletcher believes they're out
there.
(beat)
Let's go find them.

INT. USS YORKTOWN - RADIO ROOM - LATER

Battle stations. The compartment is darker now. Every receiver alive. Every operator wearing headphones.

Ray sweeps across the frequency band. He hears only static.

RUNDLE
Nothing here.

The phone rings again.

BIARD
Radio.
(listens)
Nothing yet.
(hangs up)
Bridge wants updates every five
minutes.

EATON
Hard to update nothing.

A faint chirp. Ray freezes. He turns the dial back. The signal disappears. STATIC again.

RUNDLE

Talk to me...

Half a turn forward. There. Weak. Katakana code. Fast.

His fingers hover. One group. Another. He begins typing.

CLACK...pause. CLACK...pause.

The ship suddenly rolls; his hand slips. The signal vanishes.

STATIC. Ray closes his eyes. Listening.

Another burst of katakana. Much stronger.

CLACK, CLACK, CLACK, CLACK.

CLACK, CLACK, CLACK, CLACK.

CLACK, CLACK, CLACK, CLACK.

He rips the page from the typewriter. Biard steps over.

BIARD

Whatcha got?

Ray hands him the page.

BIARD (CONT'D)

...prepare...launch...bearing...

EATON

Could be recce birds.

SEAWARD

Or strike aircraft.

BIARD

(to Rundle)

Your gut?

The room goes still.

RUNDLE

Not sure.

BIARD

We're not here to be sure. We're
here to be early. I want your gut.

RUNDLE

It's different...urgent.

Another burst. Ray catches the beginning this time.

CLACK, CLACK, CLACK, CLACK.

His eyes widen.

RUNDLE (CONT'D)
There!...not recce birds.

Biard grabs both sheets; runs out.

INT. USS YORKTOWN - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Rear Admiral Frank FLETCHER, 57, no doubt he's in charge, turns. Biard bursts in.

BIARD
Flat tops, sir.

FLETCHER
How certain?

BIARD
It's them.

FLETCHER
(loudly)
Launch the CAP! Now.

The Officer of the Deck spins toward the signal bridge.

OFFICER OF THE DECK
Launch Combat Air Patrol!

EXT. YORKTOWN - FLIGHT DECK (ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE) - CONTINUOUS

Pilots sprint. Crewmen yank wheel chocks. Engines cough, then ROAR to life.

EXT. BERNICE'S HOME - DAY

Bernice returns home after a day of volunteering.

She stops in front of her mailbox, takes a deep breath, opens it. Empty. Hope drains from her face.

INT. USS YORKTOWN - BRIDGE - DAY

Biard hands Fletcher another intercept.

BIARD
Strike group's pivoting. Looks like
they spotted us.

Fletcher nods once.

FLETCHER

Very well.

(beat)

Officer-of-the-Deck, move the task force south.

OFFICER-OF-THE-DECK

Aye, sir.

(into a phone)

Helm, hard to port. Signal the task force.

Yorktown turns.

INT. USS YORKTOWN - RADIO ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The ship heels. Typewriters slide. Coffee spills.

Ray catches his receiver before it tears loose from the desk.

The signal vanishes. STATIC.

RUNDLE

Damn it...

He adjusts the tuner. The ship steadies. The signal returns.

CLACK, CLACK, CLACK, CLACK.

Explosions outside rock the radio room.

Rundle presses his headphones against his ears; copies what he can. *CLACK...CLACK...CLACK.*

Biard comes into the radio room, picks up intercept logs, and leaves again.

A huge explosion from outside the radio room. *KABOOM!* Power fails. Darkness. Radios silent, the men quit intercept work. Rundle dives into a corner.

Smoke and the odor of burning oil seep into the radio room.

MATCH CUT TO:

FLASHBACK INT. GARDEN SHED - DAY

Teen Ray turns back to see the bullies *SLAM* the door behind him. Darkness. Cruel laughter from outside. A match scratches.

BULLY 1

Light it!

He hears a *THUMP*. Flames *CRACKLE* at the base of the wall.

Loud flashes of fire. Evil laughter fills the void between flashes.

END FLASHBACK

Past and present intertwine. Battle sounds merge in. Laughter. Anti-aircraft fire. Explosions. Laughter.

Ray cowers in the dark until Seaward opens the door to the radio room. They all exit and Ray follows, shaking.

EXT. USS YORKTOWN (ARCHIVE FOOTAGE) - CONTINUOUS

Smoke pours from the flight deck of USS Yorktown.

Nearby, USS Lexington explodes ferociously and comes to a stop; listing badly. Smoke billows.

USS Yorktown limps forward, burning.

INT. PEARL HARBOR - FRUPAC - DAY

SUPER: "MAY 10, 1942"

Sailors and officers in the basement of FRUPAC work like a well-oiled machine. Simultaneously:

- Couriers stack boxes of intercept logs.
- Yeomen unpack, sort, and send logs to codebreakers.
- Codebreakers decrypt the text into Japanese language.
- Linguists translate.
- Analysts type reports.

Rocheft at his desk; Edwin Layton visits.

LAYTON

Your boys on the Yorktown did a bang-up job, Joe. We kept them from taking Port Moresby.

ROCHEFORT

I told ya, Eddie, we can tell you what they're going to do before they do it.

LAYTON

Yeah, but to see it in action...

ROCHEFORT

We'll do better once we have JN-25 completely broken.

LAYTON
Can you actually read it?

ROCHEFORT
Enough.

LAYTON
Enough?

ROCHEFORT
Enough to know where they're going.

LAYTON
I believe you, Joe.

ROCHEFORT
Good, 'cause I'm gonna ask you to
go out on a limb for me...for us.

LAYTON
Go ahead.

ROCHEFORT
The I.J.N. is planning their next
big attack in early June. Comms say
it's even bigger than Pearl Harbor.

LAYTON
Shit. Where?

ROCHEFORT
That's the rub. We know where it's
gonna happen...only the brass in DC
don't believe us.

LAYTON
Run it for me.

ROCHEFORT
The next attack is going to happen
at a place they're calling "AF,"
and we know that means Midway
Island.

LAYTON
And DC disagrees?

ROCHEFORT
They think the attack will happen
in the Aleutians or somewhere else.
They think the Japanese wouldn't
dare get that close to Hawaii
again. Redman will bust me for
insubordination for even asking
this: do you think you can get
Admiral Nimitz on our side?

LAYTON

Not without proof, Joe. Can you prove AF means Midway?

Rochefort thinks.

ROCHEFORT

I think I can, Eddie, but I'm going to need some help from Japanese intelligence.

LAYTON

What!?

ROCHEFORT

What if we have Midway transmit a message in the clear - a very specific message? Maybe they will intercept it and relay it back to Tokyo. We'll look for that message in our own intercept.

LAYTON

Sounds like a long-shot, Joe.

ROCHEFORT

This whole damn war is a long shot.

INT. BERNICE'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Bernice sits at the table with her MOTHER, tissue in hand, wiping tears from her cheeks.

MOTHER

It'll be okay, Bernie.

BERNICE

It's not what you think, Mom.

MOTHER

Don't you miss Louie?

BERNICE

Sure I do. Everyone does.

MOTHER

So, what is it?

BERNICE

It's Ray.

MOTHER

Ray? You're misplacing your grief.

BERNICE
No, Mom. I think I love him.

MOTHER
(thinking it through)
Then tell him.

EXT. PEARL HARBOR NAVY BASE (ARCHIVE FOOTAGE) - DAY

SUPER: "MAY 27, 1942"

USS Yorktown docked pier-side in Pearl Harbor, listing. The fires are out, but there is a gaping hole in the flight deck.

INT. STATION HYPO - DAY

Rundle stands in the doorway of Kidder's office.

KIDDER
Say WHAT, Rundle?

RUNDLE
Chief, send me to sea again.

KIDDER
You just got back. You nearly got killed out there. It's Okins's turn. You need rest.

RUNDLE
I...don't want...

Rundle struggles to keep his emotions in check.

FLASHBACK INT. DELI - DAY

RUNDLE
(to Louie)
You'll be fine. Go!

Planes line up above the road and open fire.

Louie is hit and falls.

END FLASHBACK

RUNDLE (CONT'D)
...to rest. We need to get those bastards, and I need to be there.

Kidder takes a few breaths.

RUNDLE (CONT'D)
Send me, Chief. You know Okins
doesn't want to go.

KIDDER
This is about Louie, isn't it?

Rundle clenches his jaw and seethes.

RUNDLE
I just...can't...be here.

INT. PEARL HARBOR - FRUPAC - DAY

SUPER: "JUNE 1, 1942"

An intel report sits on Rochefort's desk. Circled in red are the words "AF is short of water."

Layton and Rochefort shake hands.

LAYTON
Good job, Joe. Now DC has no leg to
stand on.

ROCHEFORT
Captain Redman is livid. He still
doesn't buy it.

LAYTON
But Nimitz is on board. That's all
we need.

ROCHEFORT
I just hope I have a job tomorrow.

LAYTON
Would Redman really do that?

ROCHEFORT
I think he would.

EXT. SEA (ARCHIVE FOOTAGE) - DAY

SUPER: "USS YORKTOWN"
"JUNE 3, 1942"

USS Yorktown steams west; flight deck crudely patched.

INT. USS YORKTOWN - RADIO ROOM - DAY

Intercept operators Rundle, Walvoord, and Albertson enter the radio room.

RUNDLE
She feels different.

WALVOORD
Whaddya mean?

RUNDLE
Just a strange vibration.

ALBERTSON
Smells like burnt metal.

RUNDLE
I suggest we sleep here. I don't
want to have to deal with berthing.

ALBERTSON
Sounds good to me.

They throw their seabags behind the racks of radios and
spread their clothing out to create a sleeping area.

They don headphones.

Rundle scours the airwaves for any comms from the Japanese
Combined Fleet.

A scratchy, pulsing *BUZZZZZ* fills his headset, but no katakana
code.

INT. USS YORKTOWN - RADIO ROOM - NEXT DAY

Walvoord and Albertson sleep on their seabags.

Rundle, still searches for comms through the crackling hiss
of static. Suddenly, katakana code bursts into his headset.

DAH-DAH-DAH, DIT-DI-DI-DAH, DIT-DI-DAH-DAH, DAH-DIT-DAH-DIT

RUNDLE
Get up, get up! Planes in the air!

Albertson and Walvoord scramble to their intercept positions
and put on headsets. Katakana pulsates in their ears.

Rundle is immediately on task, typing his intercept, *CLACK
CLACK CLACK, CLACK CLACK CLACK.*

RUNDLE (CONT'D)
I've got Zuikaku's planes heading
to Midway.

WALVOORD
(typing)
Shokaku's, too!

RUNDLE
They don't know we're here!

ALBERTSON
Right!

In Rundle's ears:

DI-DI-DAH-DI-DIT, DI-DI-DAH-DI-DIT, DI-DI-DAH-DI-DIT.

He types. *CLACK, CLACK, CLACK.*

On his intercept log: "TO TO TO"

RUNDLE
They're attacking Midway Island!

Fullinwider enters the radio room to see all three intercept operators busily at work.

RUNDLE (CONT'D)
They don't know we're here! They're
attacking Midway!

Blaring katakana in Rundle's headset. His toe taps as his fingers bounce along the typewriter keys.

His typewriter reports: *CLACK, CLACK, CLACK.*

Albertson types. *CLACK CLACK CLACK: "HI HI HI"*

ALBERTSON
Air raid. They're on to us!

RUNDLE
They know we're here. They're re-
arming with torpedoes!

FULLINWIDER
Right!

Fullinwider takes the intercept logs and runs out again.

The team continues typing.

From outside, the men hear aircraft screaming by, bombs exploding, canons firing. The ship lurches side-to-side.

As he's typing:

ALBERTSON
Jeez! Our guys are getting
slaughtered out there!

RUNDLE

Tack, you gotta help me with these
air freqs! You take 330 and 333
kilocycles. I'll take 336 and 339.

WALVOORD

I'm on it, Ray!

RUNDLE

All right! C'mon, boys!

WALVOORD

Here they come!

Katakana code rings in their ears.

Typewriters report back: *CLACK CLACK CLACK, CLACK CLACK, CLACK.*

RUNDLE

We've got incoming!

Yorktown lurches, taking evasive maneuvers. Anti-aircraft guns explode into life. The sound inside the radio room is deafening. Intercept impossible in the din.

The men throw off their headphones and dive behind the racks of radio equipment. They bury themselves in their seabags.

Power in the ship goes out; the room is thrown into darkness.

Anti-aircraft gunnery is interrupted by huge explosions - near misses by Japanese bombs.

In the darkness, Ray covers his head with his arms; crying, screaming. The din of the battle drowns out his screams.

No, no, no!

MATCH CUT TO:

FLASHBACK INT. GARDEN SHED - DAY

Teen Ray covers his head in the darkness.

BULLY 1

Light it!

He hears a *THUMP*. Flames at the base of the wall. The smell of smoke.

Loud flashes of fire. Evil laughter fills the void between flashes. Ray shakes in the corner, screaming. The fire builds into a rumbling roar.

TEEN RAY
No, no, no!

END FLASHBACK

A huge explosion lifts the ship. The men become airborne for a moment. The ship slams back down onto the water.

The explosions stop, and lights flicker on. Albertson and Walvoord scramble back to their intercept positions.

WALVOORD
I thought that would never end.

ALBERTSON
Let's see what's going on.

The men get back to intercepting. Rundle cowers on the deck, trying to recover from the terror.

ALBERTSON (CONT'D)
Nothing...Wait! I hear them!
(starts typing)
Kaga, Soryu, and Akagi are
reporting damage...they're burning!

The temperature rises in the radio room. Oily, ink-black fluid seeps in between the bulkhead seams, coating the men with black, sooty grease.

Fullinwider bolts into the radio room.

FULLINWIDER
What are you men still doing here?

The men are confused.

FULLINWIDER (CONT'D)
Everyone's evacuating. We gotta get
out of here. The ship is sinking!

RUNDLE
Shit!

The intercept team scrambles out into the cool evening air.

EXT. USS YORKTOWN - FLIGHT DECK (ARCHIVE FOOTAGE) - EVENING

Mayhem. SAILORS fight fires forward and aft. Smoke billows from several holes in the flight deck and superstructure.

DEAD BODIES lined up on the flight deck, some in white body bags. Sailors carry more to the makeshift morgue.

EXT. USS YORKTOWN - HANGAR DECK - CONTINUOUS

FULLINWIDER

Follow me, men.

They negotiate the damaged catwalks and stairwells down into the hangar deck, smoke wafting past their faces.

They wade through ankle-deep seawater. Twisted aircraft wreckage drifts beneath the hangar deck lights. A dead sailor floats past like forgotten cargo.

They climb over a low railing and scramble down a net on the side of the ship.

EXT. MOTOR LAUNCH - CONTINUOUS

They clamber onto a motor launch, bobbing in the waves. A SAILOR turns the wheel and it heads away from the mortally wounded Yorktown. Distant fire; groaning steel.

Breathless and exhausted, the intercept team is covered in greasy black soot. The slap of waves against the hull of the motor launch.

Oil drips from the puka shell Bernice tied around his wrist. He notices it tapping the gunwale - *CLINK, CLINK*.

He turns backs to see the crew trying to save their ship.

ALBERTSON

Holy shit. Look at her!

WALVOORD

She's going down.

Rundle is speechless, face lifeless as Yorktown goes down.

EXT. SEA (ARCHIVE FOOTAGE) - CONTINUOUS

Yorktown lists badly and burns. Sinking. Their boat approaches the cruiser, USS Astoria.

INT. STATION HYPO - AUDITORIUM - DAY

SUPER: "JUNE 15, 1942"

Rundle, Walvoord, and Albertson at attention at the front of an auditorium. A crowd of fellow intercept operators watch the ceremony.

Rocheft, visiting from FRUPAC, faces the them.

Kidder reads a citation from behind a lectern:

KIDDER

On temporary duty on board USS Yorktown during the Battle of Midway, these men remained on duty for over 36 hours without relief aboard a burning ship and were responsible for actionable intelligence provided to their commander.

(pauses)

For their extreme dedication to duty, Maynard Albertson, Raymond Rundle, and Wesley Walvoord are hereby advanced one pay grade to Radioman First Class. BRAVO ZULU!

The assembled crowd claps. Rochefort hands them certificates and shakes their hands.

Rochefort, having a captive audience, shares a few words.

ROCHEFORT

Men, these three Sailors experienced something I hope not many of us will have to - their ship was sunk from under them. As such, and in keeping with Navy tradition, they each will receive two weeks R&R, commencing immediately.

Albertson and Walvoord glance at each other and smile. Rundle stares blankly.

After the ceremony, men line up to shake the intercept team's hands. Kidder shakes Rundle's hand. Holds on.

KIDDER

Good job out there, Rundle.

RUNDLE

Thanks.

KIDDER

While you were gone, some mail came in for you. They're all from Bernice.

He hands Rundle several envelopes, while still shaking his hand. Rundle tucks them into his back pocket.

KIDDER (CONT'D)

Answer those, Rundle. You won't know what you're missing until she's gone.

INT. MOVING TRAIN - LATE AFTERNOON

The train follows the Yellowstone River eastward. Rundle taps his toe in time with the *clickety-clacking* of wheels on the tracks. The rhythm slows as the train approaches an all-brick station with arched windows. The cornerstone has '1922' engraved. A sign reads "Miles City."

He stands to get off.

EXT. TRAIN PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

Rundle wanders off the platform alone. A stiff breeze urges him forward toward Main Street, the golden afternoon sun casting a shadow in front.

EXT. BERNICE'S HOME - EVENING

Rundle notices a high school classmate, LOIS Johnson, and follows as she approaches Bernice's home in the affluent East Main Street neighborhood.

The front door is open - Lois knocks on the screen door. Bernice answers and invites Lois in. Rundle can hear the conversation.

LOIS (O.S.)

I'm so sorry about Louie, Bernie.

Ray backs away from the door to stay hidden from view, but remains close enough to hear.

BERNICE (O.S.)

Thanks, Lois. I'm still in shock.

LOIS (O.S.)

And I heard that Ray saw the whole thing. Is that true?

Rundle raises his eyebrows.

BERNICE (O.S.)

Gee, I'm not sure, Lois.

LOIS (O.S.)

Don't you hear from him? Ray?

BERNICE (O.S.)

No. Why would I?

LOIS (O.S.)

You were friends, weren't you?

BERNICE (O.S.)
Sort of. He's Louie's cousin, more
than anything. I'm not sure I'll
ever talk to him again.

Rundle's face drops.

Bernice and Lois approach the screen door. Rundle backs
deeper into the shadows.

LOIS
I see. Well, I just wanted to come
by to pay my respects.

BERNICE
Thanks for dropping by.

Bernice pushes open the door, and Lois departs. She pauses at
the screen door, as if expecting someone else.

Rundle slinks away into the darkness.

INT. MAIN NAVY BUILDING - REDMAN'S OFFICE

Safford stands tall in Redman's office, eyes forward.

Redman sits at his desk, lack of poker face betraying that he
has all the cards.

REDMAN
You think you're smart, Safford,
don't you.

SAFFORD
Sir?

REDMAN
I specifically told you the
Japanese were going to attack the
Aleutians. But you knew better,
didn't you?

SAFFORD
The main attack was always going to
be Midway.

REDMAN
Oh, yes, Midway. And you were
right. But that doesn't permit you
to go to Nimitz behind my back.

SAFFORD
But--

REDMAN

(yells)

I'm talking now!

(takes a breath)

You're smart, Safford, but you forgot how the chain of command works. You want to talk to Admiral Nimitz? You go through me.

SAFFORD

Yes, sir.

REDMAN

It's "yes, sir" now because you're busted...right?

Safford is silent.

REDMAN (CONT'D)

If I fire you now, everyone will know the big, bad Captain Redman retaliated against a piss-ant Lieutenant Commander. I'm not going to give you that satisfaction.

SAFFORD

No, sir.

REDMAN

So, here's how it's going to go: I'm reorganizing the Department of Naval Communications. You're going to be in charge of Communications Security.

SAFFORD

COMSEC? But that's has nothing to do with intelligence.

REDMAN

Precisely. I'm changing the name of your Research Desk to the Naval Security Group, and I'm putting Commander John Redman in charge.

SAFFORD

You're brother?

REDMAN

You catch on quick. But that's not the end of it. You're little sidekick at FRUPAC - Rochefort?

SAFFORD

Yes, sir.

REDMAN
He's getting his own command.

Safford perks up.

REDMAN (CONT'D)
That's right. He's going to be the
new C.O. of Floating Dry Dock #2 at
Mare Island.

Safford slumps.

REDMAN (CONT'D)
So you see, Safford, I'm having my
cake and eating it, too. I'm
promoting both of you, but you're
done with intelligence. And I'm
through with the two biggest thorns
in my side for good. Now get out.

Safford hesitates.

REDMAN (CONT'D)
Out!

INT. STATION HYPO - DAY

SUPER: "JULY 25, 1942"

Rundle has returned from R&R. Intercept operators copy
katakana code. Okins supervises.

Kidder approaches.

KIDDER
Okins. Men.

The intercept operators stop to listen to their Chief.

OKINS
What's up, Chief?

KIDDER
Need ya to know...An Allied task
force is heading to Guadalcanal. Be
on the lookout for any I.J.N. comms
in the Solomons. We need to warn
our boys if they're spotted.

OKINS
You heard the Chief. Let's turn
two, fellas!

Kidder turns to leave.

RUNDLE
Say, Chief. Can I have a minute?

KIDDER
Sure, walk with me.

Rundle and Kidder leave together.

RUNDLE
I was hoping to go to sea again.

KIDDER
No. You've done your part.

RUNDLE
But, Chief--

KIDDER
(stops walking)
I said no. Get me? No more. You got
a death wish?

Ray doesn't answer.

KIDDER (CONT'D)
Listen. I know losing Louie hurt.
It's gonna be a long war. We'll get
you back out there, I promise.
Right now, we need you here.

RUNDLE
(resigned)
Aye, Chief.

KIDDER
Good. Now get back to work.

INT. STATION HYPO - DAY

SUPER: "SEPTEMBER 20, 1942"

Okins supervises as Rundle and Rougeux copy I.J.N. comms. His hands bounce along the keys of the typewriter in time with the pulsing code in his headset. *CLACK, CLACK, CLACK.*

He pulls his intercept log from his typewriter; takes off his headset. He gets up and compares his log to a map.

RUNDLE
Okie?

OKINS
What's up, Ray?

RUNDLE
I'm seeing something strange here.
Want to take a look?

Rougeux perks up to listen in.

OKINS
Sure. Whatcha got?

RUNDLE
Look here..."NI HO HI."
(pointing at his paper)
I saw it yesterday too, "NI HO HI."

OKINS
I don't follow, Ray.

He glances at his notes and then the map.

RUNDLE
Look, this call sign is I.J.N.
Fourth Fleet HQ.

OKINS
Truk.

RUNDLE
Right. He sends out "NI HO HI" to
his support ships, followed by this
formatted traffic.
(pointing, thinking)
Unencrypted...

OKINS
Okay...?

RUNDLE
Same time, every day. Eighteen-
hundred hours. "NI HO HI," then
this unencrypted traffic.

OKINS
Right, so...?

RUNDLE
Then there are these other call
signs...and times...and...

Rundle imagines the code ringing out while working out the
puzzle in his mind.

RUNDLE (CONT'D)
That's it! Shit, this is big!

OKINS
What is it, Ray?

RUNDLE
These "NI HO HI" messages are
traffic around Truk Atoll.

ROUGEUX
Maybe tomorrow's traffic?

OKINS
Tomorrow?

ROUGEUX
Yeah, they could be listing what's
going to happen tomorrow.

RUNDLE
Tomorrow's ships! That's it. Look!
(excitedly pointing)
The support ships need to know
who's coming and going. This
callsign is the carrier Chujo -
she'll be leaving Truk tomorrow at
noon.
(draws on the map with a
grease pencil)
See? And this is the troop carrier
Heiyo Maru, she's arriving at
sixteen-hundred tomorrow.
(draws again)

OKINS
Holy shit, Ray. Are you sure?

Rundle and Rougeux share a quick glance.

RUNDLE
Yeah, I'm sure! We have to get this
to FRUPAC.

OKINS
Give me your copy. I'll tell Chief
Kidder.

ROUGEUX
That's amazing, Ray.

OKINS
I hope you're right.

EXT. USS WHALE - SUBMERGED - NIGHT

SUPER: "USS WHALE, UNDERWAY NEAR TRUK ATOLL"
"SEPTEMBER 21, 1942"

USS Whale runs deep and silent.

INT. USS WHALE - CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The commanding officer, Lieutenant Commander John AZER, seemingly too young to be in charge, peers through the periscope.

A RADIOMAN approaches with a clipboard.

AZER
Hi, Sparky.

RADIOMAN
Sir, the zero-eight-hundred sked.

Azer flips through several messages on the clipboard, then stops to read one more carefully. The message reads:

"TOP SECRET (SPECIAL INTEL): IJN CHUJO TO DEPART TRUK SOUTH PASS AT 1200. HEIYO MARU TO ARRIVE TRUK NORTH PASS AT 1600."

Azer pauses a moment to think.

AZER
Helm, make your course zero-nine-zero. Engine room, make turns for six knots.

HELM
Zero-nine-zero, aye sir.

ENGINE ROOM (O.S.)
Six knots, aye sir.

AZER
Let's check this out...

LATER

Azer at the periscope.

AZER (CONT'D)
1530...Here we are, intel weenies. We're too late for Chujo, but let's see if you're right about Heiyo Maru.

Azer sweeps the periscope around slowly.

He sees a column of smoke on the horizon.

AZER (CONT'D)
Target spotted! Engine Room, ahead one-third.

ENGINE ROOM (O.S.)
Ahead one-third, aye, sir.

AZER
Well, I'll be! Heiyo Maru! That's
her all right!

Through the periscope, a Japanese troop transport ship heads straight for them.

A report blares out over the control room speaker.

SONAR (O.S.)
Conn, sonar: target bearing zero-
one-zero. Distance five thousand
yards.

AZER
Sonar, conn: aye. Down scope. All
compartments, secure from silent
running. Engine room, make turns
for one-zero knots. Dive, make your
depth one-zero-zero feet. Helm,
make your course zero-nine-zero
degrees. All compartments, battle
stations, torpedo. Ready torpedo
tubes one through six.

The men of Whale quickly and efficiently respond.

DIVING OFFICER
Sir, depth is one-zero-zero feet.

ENGINE ROOM (O.S.)
Speed one-zero knots. Attack speed.

TORPEDO ROOM (O.S.)
All forward torpedo tubes loaded
and ready to fire.

AZER
Helm, left full rudder, make your
course three-zero-zero degrees.
Dive, make your depth five-five
feet. Let's get one last look.

HELM
Periscope depth.

AZER
Up scope!

Through the periscope, Azer frames the target perfectly.

AZER (CONT'D)

Here we go, boys!...Fire tubes one through six! Reload all forward torpedo tubes!

TORPEDO ROOM (O.S.)

Fish away! All torpedoes running straight and true...Forward tubes loaded and ready to fire, sir.

AZER

Aye.

Azer and the entire crew of USS Whale wait in anticipation.

The torpedoes find their mark. Boom, ba-boom, boom! Whale shakes with the reverberations of six explosions.

AZER (CONT'D)

Six hits! Target burning!

EXT. SEA (ARCHIVE FOOTAGE) - CONTINUOUS

Heiyo Maru burns and lists through the periscope.

INT. BERNICE'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Bernice eats a sandwich at the table. She perks up as she sees the mailman approach. He passes by without stopping.

She blinks slowly - tears welling in her eyes.

INT. STATION HYPO - DAY

SUPER: "OCTOBER 1, 1942"

An intercept operator relieves Rundle, whose day is done. He departs with Okins. Kidder catches up.

KIDDER

Rundle!

Rundle nods at Okins, who proceeds alone.

RUNDLE

What's up, Chief?

KIDDER

Wanted to let you know you had a confirmed kill.

RUNDLE

Whaddya mean?

KIDDER
Heiyo Maru. A sub near Truk sunk
her last week.

RUNDLE
Oh?
(considering)
How many men were on board?

KIDDER
Couple hundred, at least.

RUNDLE
Oh, man, that's rough. I'd hate to
be on that ship.

KIDDER
No, Rundle, that's good work.
That's what that is. Keep it up.

RUNDLE
(shaking his head)
Hm.

KIDDER
We also had mail call today. These
came for you. From Bernice again.

He hands Rundle a couple of envelopes.

INT. STATION HYPO - BARRACKS ROOM - NIGHT

Rundle plops down onto his bed. He considers the letters from Bernice in his hand; opens one. He slowly pulls the letter from the envelope.

On the page, in neat cursive:

Dear Ray,
I continue to pray for you and hope
against hope that I hear from you.

Unable to continue, he closes his eyes, folds the page, and tucks it back into the envelope.

He opens his nightstand drawer and flips the letters on top of the stack of others.

INT. STATION HYPO - DAY

SUPER: "APRIL 14, 1943"

Rundle works at the intercept position next to Rougeux.
Katakana code booms in his headset, the code heavy and loud.

RUNDLE
That's him!

ROUGEUX
Who's that?

RUNDLE
It's Yamamoto! Or at least his
radio operator.

ROUGEUX
Okie!

Okins rushes over.

ROUGEUX (CONT'D)
Ray says he's got Yamamoto.

OKINS
Shit! Really?

RUNDLE
Yeah, I know this guy.

Rundle gets back to copying. The katakana telegraphic code
booms in his headphones.

DIT-DAH-DIT, DIT-DI-DIT, DIT-DI-DAH-DAH, DAH-DIT-DAH-DIT

Okins calls Chief Kidder over and whispers to him.

Rundle types out line after line of formatted text.
CLACK CLACK CLACK, pause. CLACK CLACK CLACK, pause.

When the transmission ends, he pulls the intercept log out of
the typewriter.

RUNDLE (CONT'D)
It's Yamamoto, I know it!

KIDDER
How?

RUNDLE
He's angry today.

KIDDER
What?

RUNDLE
Listen...he pounds the key harder
when he's in a hurry.

KIDDER

Ray, if we send this to FRUPAC and you're wrong, our pilots could get ambushed.

RUNDLE

I'm not wrong.

KIDDER

If you're sure, make a note on your intercept and sign it.

Rundle hesitates over the page, pen hovering. He scribbles a note at the top in red ink: "This is Yamamoto! NO DOUBT. RR"

KIDDER (CONT'D)

We'll get it to FRUPAC for decryption right away. We need to know what it says.

INT. PEARL HARBOR - FRUPAC - NIGHT

A marine courier arrives with a box from Station HYPO.

He drops the box at the desk of Lieutenant Charlie KISNER, 30s, a codebreaker.

Kisner opens the box and sees Rundle's scribble at the top of an intercept log.

KISNER

Yamamoto, huh? Let's see about that.

He pulls out a codebook and decodes the message.

MOMENTS LATER

Kisner delivers the message to US Marine Corps Major Alva LASSWELL, 30s, at a nearby desk.

KISNER (CONT'D)

Alva, you gotta translate this right away.

LASSWELL

Whatcha got, Charlie?

KISNER

Not quite sure. But HYPO says it's Admiral Yamamoto.

LASSWELL

Shit, let's have it!

Lasswell glances at the message, quickly scanning the Japanese text.

LASSWELL (CONT'D)
Charlie, you better get Rochefo--
...shit...

KISNER
Goggins...Redman fired Rochefort,
remember?

LASSWELL
(shaking his head)
And Safford. I still can't believe
it. Just because they proved him
wrong.

KISNER
Vindictive shithead.

LASSWELL
(deliberately)
You better get Commander Goggins.
He'll want to see this.

Kisner retrieves Commander William GOGGINS, installed by DC to replace Rochefort, from his office.

GOGGINS
What is it, Alva?

LASSWELL
You may not believe it, but it's a
flight itinerary for Admiral
Yamamoto. He's gonna fly around the
Solomon Islands for inspections. I
can tell you exactly where he's
gonna be, and when.

GOGGINS
That's gold, Alva! Let's get it to
Layton. This needs to get to the
Army Air Corps.

INT. STATION HYPO - DAY

SUPER: "APRIL 18, 1943"

Rundle sits the intercept watch, headphones on, waiting.
Static crackles in his headset.

The static also emanates from a speaker.

A crowd of operators gather, as if listening to a baseball game on the radio. Kidder, Okins, and Rougeux in the crowd.

Rundle tweaks the settings on his radio in order to cut through the static. The tone waivers in pitch as he tunes in.

OKINS

(to the other operators)
We're waiting for Yamamoto's radio operator. If FRUPAC's translation was right, we should hear him soon.

Katakana code rings out from the speaker.

RUNDLE

There he is! That's his fist!

Rundle copies the transmissions. *CLACK, CLACK, CLACK. CLACK, CLACK, CLACK.*

The men lean in. Code pulses on the speaker. Rundle's intercept log fills up.

OKINS

(providing play-by-play)
This is it! Yamamoto's plane is in the air, right on time!

KIDDER

Our boys should be waiting.

More katakana code blares from the speaker.

OKINS

He's transmitting in the clear.

Rundle copies with ease and precision. Okins provides commentary.

OKINS (CONT'D)

He's at altitude...with escorts...

More code; Rundle copies.

ROUGEUX

Get him, Ray.

The code pauses for a moment, and the men lean in.

Moments pass before the code returns - louder, faster. The code sounds panicked.

OKINS

They're under attack...evading...
reducing altitude!

The code blares more quickly; Rundle copies.

The code stops. A long pause. Men exchange glances.

Rundle presses his headphones to his ears and squints.
Nothing. He shakes his head at Kidder.

OKINS (CONT'D)
He's down! Yamamoto is down!!

INT. BERNICE'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Bernice writes at the kitchen table. Her mother enters.

MOTHER
Another letter to Ray?

BERNICE
Yes, mom.

MOTHER
I think it's time to give up on
him, dear.

BERNICE
He's busy, is all.

MOTHER
If he wanted to write you, he'd
find the time.

She puts her pen down.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
Time to move on, Bernie.

BERNICE
(reluctantly)
I guess...

INT. STATION HYPO - BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

SUPER: "FEBRUARY 17, 1944"

A briefing room.

Chief Kidder briefs many intercept operators, including
Rundle, Okins, and Rougeux in front of a map of the Pacific.

KIDDER
Today is the day, men. Operation
HAILSTONE is going down. Admiral
Mitscher's task force is going to
attack Truk...the enemy's biggest
naval base outside of Japan.

RUNDLE
Let's get 'em.

LATER

Telegraphic code blares in Rundle's headset. He copies and types almost without effort. The intercept log in his typewriter fills up - *CLACK CLACK CLACK, CLACK CLACK CLACK.*

RUNDLE (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Yes!...yes!

Rundle copies with a crazed expression.

Ships frantically transmit katakana code and then disappear from air. Rundle transcribes.

RUNDLE (CONT'D)
Get him! Get him! GET HIM!!

Rundle continues to copy.

RUNDLE (CONT'D)
Kill him...Kill him!

Sitting nearby, Rougeux is shocked by Rundle's yelling.

More and more I.J.N. ships and stations fall silent as they're destroyed.

RUNDLE (CONT'D)
Die, you sons of bitches!

He seethes with anger as more I.J.N. ships and stations go off the air. Beads of sweat build on his forehead.

MATCH CUT TO:

FLASHBACK EXT. HAWAIIAN STREET - DAY

Planes line up above the road and open fire.

Louie is hit and falls.

END FLASHBACK

Back at his position, Rundle hears his own words and stops typing. His hands hover over the keys and tremble.

INT. STATION HYPO - BARRACKS ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Rundle flips on the light, plops onto his bed, and sobs.

After a few moments, he settles down and opens his nightstand drawer to see the stack of letters from Bernice.

RUNDLE
(aloud to himself)
Bernie, what am I supposed to do?

INT. BERNICE'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Bernice flips through the newspaper until she find the classified pages. She skims the Help Wanted listings and stops on:

TYPIST WANTED
Competent young lady for newspaper war desk.
Must achieve 75WPM at entrance exam.
Relocation expenses paid from within Montana.
Apply Billings Gazette, Box B-24, Billings

She circles the ad in pen and takes a deep breath.

Her mother walks in and smiles.

MOTHER
You're doing the right thing,
honey.

BERNICE
What?

MOTHER
Moving on.

BERNICE
Is that what I'm doing, mother?
Because it feels like I'm quitting
on him.

INT. STATION HYPO, WAHIAWA, HAWAII - DAY

SUPER: "APRIL 30, 1945"

Rundle knocks and enters Kidder's office.

RUNDLE
You called for me, Chief?

KIDDER
Chief Rundle, yeah.

RUNDLE
Who are you calling "Chief?"

KIDDER

You, Ray.

Kidder waits for Rundle's reaction.

RUNDLE

Are you kidding?

KIDDER

I'm not. Congratulations. You've earned it.

RUNDLE

Holy shit.

KIDDER

That's only part of the reason I called you in.

RUNDLE

Now the bad news?

KIDDER

I've gotta send you to sea.

Heavy sigh from Rundle.

KIDDER (CONT'D)

Not so keen any more?

RUNDLE

What do you need?

KIDDER

We've got a lot of new operators, and I need you train them at sea. Teach them the ropes.

RUNDLE

Understood. Who am I taking?

KIDDER

Slonim's the O-I-C. Rob Hynson is your supe trainee. Brase and Huston are brand new operators. USS New Mexico. Heading to Okinawa.

RUNDLE

I'll need a senior operator.

KIDDER

How about...Rougeux?

RUNDLE

He's good, isn't he?

KIDDER
He's good.

RUNDLE
(deep breath)
Okay.

KIDDER
Good.
(checks his watch)
I've arranged a phone call for you.

RUNDLE
Who am I calling?

KIDDER
You're not calling anyone.

The phone *RINGS*.

KIDDER (CONT'D)
That's for you.

Kidder leaves, closing the door behind him.

The phone rings again. And again. Finally...

RUNDLE
Hello?

BERNICE (V.O.)
Ray?

RUNDLE
Bernie.

BERNICE (V.O.)
It's good to hear your voice.

RUNDLE
Yeah.

BERNICE (V.O.)
We've all been worried sick. Why
haven't you written?

RUNDLE
I didn't know what to say.

BERNICE (V.O.)
You didn't have to know.
You just had to be alive.

Silence.

BERNICE (V.O.)
Ray...There's something I've been
trying to tell you.

RUNDLE
Bernie...

BERNICE (V.O.)
Please. I have to say this.
(beat)
I loved Louie.

Rundle shuts his eyes.

BERNICE (V.O.)
But I wasn't in love with him.

A long silence.

BERNICE (V.O.)
I'm in love with you.

Rundle grips the receiver tighter.

RUNDLE
You shouldn't be.

BERNICE (V.O.)
I don't get to choose that. Neither
do you.

RUNDLE
Louie's dead because I wasn't
there.

BERNICE (V.O.)
Louie died because there's a war.

RUNDLE
I was supposed to protect him.

BERNICE (V.O.)
You were his cousin...not his
guardian angel.

Silence.

RUNDLE
I hear it every day.

BERNICE (V.O.)
Hear what?

RUNDLE
The attack...Louie.

Another silence.

BERNICE (V.O.)
Then let me help.

RUNDLE
I don't think I can.

Bernice fights back tears.

BERNICE (V.O.)
I'm not going to stop writing you.
Whether you answer me or not.
(beat)
But someday...I hope you'll listen.

A long silence.

BERNICE (V.O.)
Goodbye, Ray.

The line goes dead.

Rundle remains frozen, the receiver still pressed to his ear.

Only the faint hiss of the open line.

EXT. SEA (ARCHIVE FOOTAGE) - DAY

SUPER: "USS NEW MEXICO - OFF THE COAST OF OKINAWA"
"MAY 11, 1945"

An armada of Allied warships cuts through white-capped waves.
The battleship USS New Mexico in front.

INT. USS NEW MEXICO - RADIO ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rundle and Rougeux enter the radio room, followed by the rest of the intercept team.

RUNDLE
Chief Kidder always said you were
one of the best.

ROUGEUX
He wasn't wrong.

RUNDLE
(smiles)
No... He wasn't.
(beat)
I owe you an apology.

ROUGEUX
Already forgotten.

RUNDLE
Thanks.

ROUGEUX
Let's get to work.

Rundle shows the new intercept operators - Petty Officers Hayden HUSTON, Gene BRASE, and Ron HYNSON, all early 20s - around the radio room.

RUNDLE
You've got your receivers
there...scopes...antenna cables
leading topside...Each position has
a set of headphones, but there
should be more in boxes over here.

He points to some shelving against a bulkhead. It catches his attention and he approaches.

RUNDLE (CONT'D)
Now, this is different. Looks like
they've tried to weld these shelves
over the only porthole...Shoddy
job, though. Looks like it might
fly off in a stiff breeze.

Rundle rattles the poorly affixed shelves, which separate and bang back against the bulkhead.

Slonim enters the radio room and notices Rundle rattling the odd shelving.

SLONIM
What's with the blocked porthole?

RUNDLE
(shrugging)
Ship's company.

SLONIM
Hm. I wanted to tell you that
things might get rough soon. The
Japanese are getting desperate and
are using their own planes as
weapons.

RUNDLE
You're kidding.

SLONIM

Yep, *kamikaze*, they're calling it.
We'll have to be on the lookout for
any flights out of Kyushu.

RUNDLE

Top of our list.

EXT. JAPANESE AIRFIELD (ARCHIVE FOOTAGE) - DAY

Swarms of Japanese aircraft take off.

EXT. USS NEW MEXICO (ARCHIVE FOOTAGE) - DAY

USS New Mexico cuts through waves.

INT. USS NEW MEXICO - RADIO ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The General Quarters klaxon clamors - *BONG! BONG! BONG!*

Rougeux and Brase tune radios; headphones on. Hynson
supervises. Rundle and Huston burst in.

RUNDLE

What's going on?

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Incoming hostile aircraft. All
hands man battle stations.

HYNISON

Kamikazes airborne, ten minutes
ago...nothing since.

ROUGEUX

I'll find them again, Chief.

Rougeux and Brase search the airwaves.

From outside, the sound of planes screaming by.

EXT. USS NEW MEXICO (ARCHIVE FOOTAGE) - CONTINUOUS

Guns from USS New Mexico unleash hellfire. The ship bucks in
the waves.

INT. USS NEW MEXICO - RADIO ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The radio room becomes a cacophony - hell in a steel box.

The klaxon. Sirens. Gunfire. Airplane engines. Loud static.

Rundle, Huston, and Brase dive under a table.

Rougeux remains at his intercept position, desperate to locate the kamikazes on the airwaves. Hynson grabs the back of Rougeux's chair.

RUNDLE
Ruggy, get down here!

ROUGEUX
(ignoring the order)
Gotta find those damn kamikazes!

Flak bursts, gunfire, and airplane engines create a din inside the radio room. Air-raïd sirens wail.

The shriek of an aircraft engine as it plows into the sea nearby. Another.

From outside, a deep thudding *BOOOOM!!* Then an approaching *SCREEEECH* as a kamikaze crashes into the deck and slides closer to the radio room. A wall of white noise.

It crashes into the superstructure in a massive fireball, wedged outside the radio room door.

A HUGE EXPLOSION outside the radio room door, throwing Hynson across the room. He lands in a heap, arm bent grotesquely above the elbow.

Chaos. Smoke pours in round their only exit. The door begins to glow red from the heat. The overhead lights cut out. A single emergency light blinks on, casting the space in a sickly green.

Blood gushes from a gash across Huston's right eye.

Rundle squeezes his eyes shut. Shaking. Screaming. A high-pitched squeal fills his head. A thundering *ROAR* of fire engulfs the entire space.

MATCH CUT TO:

FLASHBACK INT. MILES CITY STREET - DAY

Teen Ray walks home from school with Louie. A pair of bullies knock Louie over.

RUNDLE
Hey, what gives?

BULLY 1
Whatcha gonna do?

RUNDLE
You know it ain't right.

BULLY 1
Go ahead and tell on me, why don't
ya? You gonna tell your mommy?

RUNDLE
No.

BULLY 1
Gonna tell your daddy?

RUNDLE
I don't have a father.

BULLY 1
He doesn't have a father! He's a
bastard, boys! Fair game!

They drag Teen Ray toward a garden shed, toss him in, and
slam the door.

INSIDE

Darkness. A *THUMP*.

BULLY 1 (CONT'D)
Light it.

Flames at the base of the wall. Loud flashes of fire. Evil
laughter fills the void between flashes. Flames fill the
space. The fire builds into a rumbling *ROAR*. Distant screams
creep into his head. Crackling fire. Running feet. Air-raid
siren.

He squeezes his eyes shut.

TEEN RAY
No, no, no!

The door pushes open, knocking a trowel to the floor. A
single metal-on-metal *CLINK* pierces the cacophony. His eyes
pop open.

A wedge of sunlight hits his face. Squinting, he sees bright
sunlight enveloping the form of a person in the doorway.

The door opens further. It's Bernice.

TEEN BERNICE
C'mon Ray, let's get out.

She helps Teen Ray off the ground and walks him out of the burning shed.

END FLASHBACK

Under the table, Rundle opens his eyes; grits his teeth.

The radio room door glows red; a high-pitched *SQUEAL* as it buckles. Flames and black smoke pour in.

RUNDLE
We gotta get out.

BRASE
We're trapped!

Black smoke chokes the room.

Rundle crawls along the deck; finds the makeshift shelving. He yanks and yanks the shelves, which rebound and *BANG* against the bulkhead. Over and over again, he yanks at the shelves. *BANG-BANG-BANG*. One last tug with all his might and they give way.

The porthole.

Holding his breath, Rundle stands up into the caustic smoke, coating his face with black soot.

He opens the porthole, letting fresh air flood the compartment. He gulps fresh air and turns back.

Brase and Rundle wrestle Hynson through the porthole. Huston crawls out, leaving bloody streaks on the deck and bulkhead. Brase scrambles out next.

Rundle turns to let Rougeux out, but he isn't there.

Where's Ruggy?

RUNDLE
Ruggy!

Rundle gets on the deck and searches. He finds Rougeux lying on the deck near the blistering hot door.

RUNDLE (CONT'D)
C'mon, Ruggy. We gotta go.

He shakes Rougeux. He doesn't move.

RUNDLE (CONT'D)
Walter!

Nothing.

He takes a closer look and sees the top of Rougeux's head is sheared off. He's dead.

RUNDLE (CONT'D)
Oh, shit. Ruggy...

Crying, Rundle pulls Rougeux's limp body closer. Blood pools on his lap. He collapses over Rougeux's corpse and cries.

The fire *THUNDERS* all around him.

A vulgar, gooey, metallic *THUD* as the door buckles - Flames burst into the room and lick against Rundle's uniform.

Streams of tears leave streaks in the soot under his eyes. The fringes of his uniform catch fire.

Fear. Despair. Sounds fading as he drifts off.

Eyes closed, tears streaming, he rocks back and forth with the lifeless Rougeux.

He gives up.

RUNDLE (CONT'D)
(sobbing)
Louie...Louie...Louie...

Smoke engulfs him. Uniform legs aflame. The leather band of his puka bracelet catches fire. Ready for the end, he takes his final breath...

Darkness. Quiet. Only his slowing breath now. Rundle hears a distinct *CLINK* pierce the cacophony - his puka shell wristband hitting the metal deck. Impossible to hear, yet louder than anything else.

His eyes pop open. The *CHAOTIC DIN* returns - fire thunders, klaxons squawk, sirens wail, men scream.

The white glowing door reflects on his face. In his mind's eye, he sees the form of a person in the doorway.

RUNDLE (CONT'D)
(whispering)
Bernie.

He places Rougeux's head on the deck and rolls away, the puka shell scraping along the deck as he scoops it up.

He crawls away under a curtain of flames and smoke.

His smoking uniform legs flutter kick as he exits through the porthole.

EXT. USS NEW MEXICO - DECK - LATER

The fires are out. An eerie silence hangs over New Mexico.

The intercept team gathers on the battered deck. Around them, dead and mangled BODIES await burial.

Rundle leans against the rail, burns blackening his hands and face. His puka shell bracelet hangs from his fingertips.

Hynson's arm rests in a sling. Huston's head is wrapped in blood-soaked bandages, one eye peering through.

Brase silently passes around a canteen. Each man takes a sip.

Slonim, his own uniform torn and scorched, counts heads.

SLONIM

Rougeux?

Rundle looks toward the scorched bulkhead and blackened porthole.

RUNDLE

He did his job 'til the end.

INT. STATION HYPO - DAY

SUPER: "JUNE 1, 1945"

Rundle reports to Kidder's office. Scars on his hands and face. Blackened, scratched puka shell bracelet on his wrist.

KIDDER

Welcome back, Ray. Good to see you
in one piece.

Rundle stares ahead blankly.

KIDDER (CONT'D)

You did a hell of a job out there.

RUNDLE

If you say so.

KIDDER

Listen, I'm sorry about Rougeux.

RUNDLE

(slow to respond)

I...

KIDDER

In any case, I don't think this
war's gonna last much longer.

RUNDLE

Good.

KIDDER

They're putting together plans to invade Japan.

Rundle exhales.

KIDDER (CONT'D)

But I think I owe you some time off. How'd you like some R&R?

RUNDLE

That...yeah.

KIDDER

I don't know what happened between you and Louie and Bernice, but--

RUNDLE

It's complicated.

KIDDER

Of course it is.

Kidder tosses a couple of envelopes from Bernice onto his desk.

KIDDER (CONT'D)

It seems to me that Bernice hasn't given up on you. I would pay to have that in my life right now.

RUNDLE

Susie really hurt you, huh?

KIDDER

It doesn't matter. What matters is what you're gonna do about Bernice.

(taps his finger on the envelope)

Have you given up on *her*?

Rundle is silent.

KIDDER (CONT'D)

Okay, then. Two weeks R&R. We'll see you when you get back - ready to see this thing out.

RUNDLE

(weakly)

Thanks, Harry.

INT. STATION HYPO - BARRACKS ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

All the letters Rundle has received from Bernie lie open on his desk. He's finally read them all. His eyes are red and swollen.

He writes at the desk. An envelope is freshly addressed to Bernice O'Connor.

RUNDLE (V.O.)

Dearest Bernie,
 You asked me a long time ago to
 write and tell you I was all right.
 The truth is, I couldn't. I wasn't.
 I'm sorry I made you wait for an
 answer.
 There are things about this war I
 can never tell you. I suppose I'll
 be carrying some of them for the
 rest of my life.
 But I don't want to carry them
 alone anymore.

INT. MOVING TRAIN - EVENING

Fence posts whip past outside as Rundle rides in silence in his khakis. Wheels *clickety-clacking* on the tracks.

RUNDLE (V.O.)

I read every one of your letters.
 I should've done it sooner.
 Somewhere along the way I forgot
 what home sounded like.
 Your words reminded me.
 If you'll still have me, I'm ready
 to come home.
 Yours truly, Ray

The train approaches Miles City station. The platform is empty.

The train conductor strides into the car.

CONDUCTOR

Miles City! Next stop Miles City.

Rundle grimaces as he stands.

CONDUCTOR (CONT'D)

You okay, Sailor?

RUNDLE

I was expecting to see someone.

CONDUCTOR
(teasing)
Maybe she found a new beau.

RUNDLE
Probably.

EXT. TRAIN PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

Rundle scans the platform. No Bernice.

He waits. Passengers disappear. The platform empties.

Passengers reunite with waiting families all around him.

A little girl runs into her father's arms. A soldier kisses his wife.

Rundle forces a smile for them...then shoulders his seabag and heads toward the stairs.

Halfway, he hears footsteps. Fast.

BERNICE (O.S.)
Ray!

Now he turns. Bernice appears from around a corner and runs up the steps, wearing a floral print dress and matching hat.

BERNICE (CONT'D)
Ray.

RUNDLE
Bernie!

BERNICE
(pointing to a carnation
on her lapel)
Sorry, I'm late - I had to stop and
buy a flower.

RUNDLE
Bernie...

His knees give out; he sits on a bench. She sits beside him. Neither speak.

Finally--

RUNDLE (CONT'D)
I still see it.
(beat)
Every night. The plane. The road.
Louie running.

Bernice waits.

RUNDLE (CONT'D)
I told him to go.
(beat)
If we just stayed together--

BERNICE
Stop.

Ray's trance is broken.

BERNICE (CONT'D)
Don't do that.

RUNDLE
Do what?

BERNICE
Tell the story like you know how it
would have ended.

RUNDLE
I do know how it would've ended.

BERNICE
No.
(beat)
You know what happened. That's
different.

Ray studies the boards beneath his boots.

BERNICE (CONT'D)
You didn't send Louie to die.

RUNDLE
I told him to go.

BERNICE
Because you were both trying to
get back to base.

RUNDLE
I could've stayed with him.

BERNICE
And then what?

Ray says nothing.

BERNICE (CONT'D)
Would you have stopped the bullets?
(beat)
Would you have wrestled the plane
out of the sky?

Silence.

BERNICE (CONT'D)
You act like you had some kind of
power over what happened.

RUNDLE
I was supposed to protect him.

BERNICE
No.

The firmness in her voice surprises him.

BERNICE (CONT'D)
Louie loved you, Ray. And if he
were sitting here right now, he'd
be furious with you.

RUNDLE
Why?

BERNICE
Because you've spent years turning
his death into your punishment...
YOU! That makes me angry.

RUNDLE
Angry?

BERNICE
You act as if you're the only one
who lost him that day.

Long silence.

BERNICE (CONT'D)
Louie died that day. You didn't. So
stop acting like you were supposed
to.

RUNDLE
How am I supposed to act?

Bernice reaches over and takes his wrist. Touches the puka
shell.

BERNICE
Like you're still alive.

They embrace. She lifts his chin...and they kiss.

INT. STATION HYPO - DAY

SUPER: "AUGUST 7, 1945"

Rundle, having returned from R&R, works at an intercept position, searching for something to copy.

A new wedding ring adorns his left hand. His puka wrist band hangs from his right wrist.

A newspaper with the headline "A-BOMB DESTROYS HIROSHIMA" rests next to the typewriter.

Okins and Kidder positioned behind. Rundle has one earpiece pulled aside so he can hear the conversation.

KIDDER
That single bomb killed thousands
of people, maybe more.

OKINS
And how close was it to where our
boys are being held?

KIDDER
It's close.

RUNDLE
Do you think they're safe?

KIDDER
God knows.

INT. FRUPAC - DAY

SUPER: "AUGUST 10, 1945"

Goggins reads a report at his desk.

The words "TOP SECRET" stamped across the top and bottom of each page. The title of the report reads, "SECOND ATOM BOMB DROPPED ON NAGASAKI."

When he's done reading, he puts down the report and stares across the busy FRUPAC operations floor, dumbstruck.

INT. STATION HYPO - DAY

SUPER: "AUGUST 16, 1945"

A crowd is gathered on the operations floor. Rundle closes his eyes. Code sounds off in his headphones.

KIDDER
Whatcha got, Ray?

Rundle hushes him with his hand and begins to copy.

He types; the crowd watches over his shoulder.

CLACK CLACK CLACK:

"WTJJ DE JNP / ANSWER 13740 KCS"

OKINS

They're calling MacArthur's H.Q.!
But it's in international Morse,
not katakana.

Rundle types in English, and Okins recites aloud.

CLACK CLACK CLACK CLACK CLACK CLACK:

OKINS (CONT'D)

WE ARE IN RECEIPT OF THE MESSAGE OF
THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT AND
DESIRE TO MAKE THE FOLLOWING
COMMUNICATION.

HIS MAJESTY, THE EMPEROR, ISSUED AN
IMPERIAL ORDER AT 1600 ON AUG 16 TO
CEASE HOSTILITIES IMMEDIATELY.

The message repeats and Rundle stops copying, mouth agape.

INT. STATION HYPO - DAY

SUPER: "SEPTEMBER 2, 1945"

The watch floor at Station HYPO is transformed into a party.

Streamers hang across the room, and men dance on desks
wearing party hats. Whiskey and rum flow, filling coffee cups
to the brim.

The men revel in the victory over Japan. Songs break out.

Chief Kidder leads the revelry, pouring spirits into any
coffee cup held in his direction.

Rundle drapes his arm around Albertson's shoulder and sways
with the crowd. They're both drunk on whiskey and jubilation.

Kidder motions to Walvoord, who whistles loud enough to make
them all pop to attention.

WALVOORD

There you go, Pappy. All yours.

Kidder turns his attention to the crowd.

KIDDER

Men, a moment of your time before
you get back to the party.

The room quiets.

KIDDER (CONT'D)

You have helped make history, and I
want you to think about...

Kidder chokes back tears. Silence in the room.

RUNDLE

Go on, Pappy!

KIDDER

I mean to say that you should feel
proud of what you've accomplished.
First and foremost, you survived,
and that's not the case for many
who fought in this damn war. And we
know this fact firsthand.

Kidder finds Rundle in the crowd.

KIDDER (CONT'D)

We have people to remember, so
charge your glasses.

Around the room, the men pass around bottles of spirits and
replenish their coffee cups.

KIDDER (CONT'D)

First, we must thank God for
President Roosevelt, may he rest in
peace. He led us through the worst
war in our nation's history, and we
drink to him.

Kidder raises his cup.

CROWD TOGETHER

To President Roosevelt!

KIDDER

We all work for Admiral Nimitz, a
leader who understood the value of
what we do.

CROWD TOGETHER

To Admiral Nimitz!

KIDDER

Now, a little closer to home.
Through this whole war, our outfit
lost only one man, and we toast him
today. To Radioman First Class
Walter Rougeux.

CROWD TOGETHER

To Ruggy!

Rundle chokes back tears.

KIDDER

But we know there were many others
who lost their lives, and we cannot
forget them. Although most of us
never met him, he was a good friend
and cousin to our own Chief Rundle.
To Louie Kern!

CROWD TOGETHER

LOOOUIE!!!

Rundle loses it and cries - an emotional mixture of joy,
relief, and despair.

In the crowd, someone initiates a cheer.

CROWD TOGETHER (CONT'D)

Hip hip! Hooray!
Hip hip! Hooray!
Hip hip! Hooray!

A yeoman brings a message to Kidder who quickly reads it.

KIDDER

Okay, men, settle down. Settle
down!

The crowd hushes.

KIDDER (CONT'D)

There is one last group of men we
need to recognize...I have just
received word of the men of Station
BAKER.

RUNDLE

The POWs...Hal...

Collective inhale.

KIDDER

We have received word that all
eight have survived and are
recovering!

A huge cheer erupts in the crowd.

FADE TO BLACK

OVER BLACK

The unmistakable rhythm of Japanese katakana code.

DI-DI-DI-DAH-DAH. DAH-DI-DI. DAH-DAH-DAH.

Beat by beat...it slowly dissolves...into the bright, effortless song of a meadowlark.

FADE IN

INT. WASHINGTON, DC - NAVY BUILDING - DAY

SUPER: "WASHINGTON, DC"
"JUNE 17, 1983"

The meadowlark sits on a branch, singing to a crowd of over 400 people gathered for a ceremony to dedicate a memorial to the On-the-Roof Gang.

Poster size photos on easels of Walter Rougeux and Harry Kidder in uniform. Flowers surround them.

Nearly fifty ELDERLY ON-THE-ROOF GANG MEMBERS with their FAMILIES sit at the front of the crowd.

Among them are Hal Joslin, Maynard Albertson, Tack Walvoord, Willie Wesper, Elliott Okins, George Hopkins, Jimmy Pearson, and many more.

ELDERLY RAY sits next to ELDERLY BERNICE, his wife of nearly forty years. A well-worn and repaired leather band with a single puka shell on his wrist.

From outside, Ray hears wind move through trees. An American flag pops as it stands at attention on its pole.

Admirals and politicians speak. The crowd rises, cheers and applauds - an extended ovation.

ELDERLY BERNICE
(whispering)
You never said anything.

He shakes his head ever so slightly. She smiles and squeezes his hand.

INT. WASHINGTON, DC - NAVY BUILDING - LATER

Elderly Ray, tears welling in his eyes, unveils a 10-foot tall brass plaque with the names of all 176 members of the On-the-Roof Gang.

The elderly On-the-Roof Gang members stand as the crowd cheers vociferously.

Outside, the wind whips the American flag. The halyard taps against the metal flagpole - *CLINK, CLINK, CLINK*.

MATCH CUT TO:

Buried in the cheers, Ray hears the distant echoing of the sounds of his life:

- Telegraphic code pulsing
- Typewriters hammering
- Train wheels clickety-CLACKing
- Hawaiian guitar music floating
- Kidder reciting katakana

KIDDER (O.S.)
Most men hear noise and move on...
(beat)
...I couldn't.

The sounds fade. Elderly Ray removes his puka shell wrist band and places it atop the plaque. As it hits the brass plate, a solitary *CLINK*.

EXT. WASHINGTON, DC - NAVY BUILDING - LATER

The assembled On-the-Roof Gang members, Elderly Rundle center among them, gather for a photo on the wide cement steps.

A camera shutter *KA-THUNK* and freeze frame of a photograph of the men.

FADE TO BLACK