

# CREW NINE

## YESTERDAYS HERO

By Natasha Lee Martin

Based on the treatment 'CREW-9: THE NEW COLD WAR'  
By Jay Stockwell

Rev by  
B.L. Jurgens

Director  
Balbinka '*Binka*' Korzeniowska

v.02.3.2  
January 2019

**EIGHT Films, LLC**  
Copyright 2018/19  
1754 14TH STREET  
SANTA MONICA, CA, 90404

CREW NINE

INDIAN OCEAN THEN 1981 TITLE CARD WHOOSHES PAST THE...

CLOUDS AS...

EXT. BOEING SKYFOX. BREAKS THE SUNLIGHT

NAUTI'GAL painted over Sailor's Girl as NOSE ART.

EDWARD (O.C.)

She wasn't into me, I'm telling  
you. It was her friend.

ANTOINE (O.C.)

I don't know what it is about you  
corn crackin farmboys that know  
nothin 'bout ladies.



THROUGH GLASS:

INT. COCKPIT. MORNING. P.A. KNOB IS...

Turned up to +11

Pat Benatar's "Hit Me With Your Best Shot" is pumping &  
pounding the plane's panels. EDWARD 'Ed' (21) yells...

EDWARD

That's what I'm talk'n 'bout,  
(with song) FIRE AWAY!

Ride'n the captain's seat is **ANTOINE** (22) Good looks of a  
USNA rowing-crew, though now he's CREW NINE'S leader. All  
confidence, bravado, or that's what he wants you to  
think. Rolls his eyes.

EDWARD

(In song)

You com'n with it, come-on.

ANTOINE

Maybe that ridiculous bandana is  
too tight.

Edward halts, dead-serious stare. KNOB TO 5

EDWARD

Cap. This's my lucky bandana. I  
was wear'n-it the day I...

A LOUD **CLUNK** interrupt. --BANG! --THE PLANE...

CREW NINE

PITCHES DOWN... VIOLENTLY, A FULL-ON NOSE DIVE!

SKY replaced by SEA, *rushes the WINDSHIELD.*

MUSIC to zero. ALARMS: a Klaxon of Warnings; INSTRUMENTS LIGHT-UP like a Christmas Tree on FIRE.

SMASH CUT:

TITLE CARD: **NINE HOURS BEFOR THE INCIDENT**

**I/E. HANGER 18. SUNSET ON...**

Commotion: missiles being loaded & unloaded, men running, tools being dropped, flight gear stowed, *a Ballet of war.*

All COMMOTION STOPS as...

Loooong LEGS enter. This is HELEN (20s), cat-eyes that tell us: she never backs-down, though not today, today melancholy is the look.

She's pushing a STROLLER right up to Edward & Antoine. Helen's clutching a Doctor's LETTER.

ANTOINE

Ed, give me a min.

EDWARD

Hey Helen.

She gives Ed nothing.

EDWARD

Good talk - Good talk.

Ed wonders over to the waiting ORION, walks around the plane, all the while watching Antoine & Helen. He (& we) Can't hear a word.

Antoine reads the letter. He holds Helen's shoulder. Helen sinks her head into her hands.

They're look into the stroller when a SIRON begins to whine.

Ed finds something to look at on the Orion. Antoine appears, forces a smile to hide a frown.

EDWARD

Everything hunky-dory Cap?

CREW NINE

ANTOINE

Not really.

Ed's bout to dig further, when the COMMANDER intervenes.

COMMANDER

Wrong plane gents, need you two  
for a special op. Walk with me.

CUT TO:

**I/E. HANGER 18. IN THE CORNER IS...**

A Boeing Skyfox, oil drips, rust stains, paint chips, the only thing new is the CAMERA mounted on the fuselage.

EDWARD

You gotta be kidding?!

ANTOINE

Yeah the commander is kidding, cus  
he's such a crack-up.

EDWARD

Oh shit.

ANTOINE

Just a quick recon, a cakewalk.

EDWARD

Cakewalk, in that fucktard?!

JUMP TO:

**DEEP. SEABED. DARKNESS**

TWO DIVERS excavating a sunken WRECKAGE site. Dive gear gleams modern:(Helium DDS) FMGS operating below 700 feet.

Something feels familiar. Hand signals tells us: they need to separate, one to the bow, & one to the stern.

DIVER ONE loses his sightline, gets snagged in the hungry kelp. He struggles violently. -THUD- he HITS his head.

Darkness closes around him. In the stillness, he surrenders to the murky seabed.

--A **DARK-FORM** BLOTS-OUT OUR VIEW?!

BACK TO:

CREW NINE

**INT. BOEING SKYFOX COCKPIT. MORNING**

Edward, *NO FUCKTARDS* marks his helmet: grabs his YOKE, pulls it back between his legs.

The plane won't level-out. Now...

Both men must tug the plane out of the dive.

ANTOINE

D'fuck waz-zat?!

EDWARD

(Panicky)

It's still really sluggish.

ANTOINE

I've got the plane.

EDWARD

You sure?!

ANTOINE

Yeah. Noth'n like a little mechanical hiccup keep us on our toes. --Just'a cakewalk.

EDWARD

(VOICE CRACKING)

I still got no trim control. Cap?

ANTOINE

We're flying, so-long as the weather holds, We'r fly'n.  
(to himself) C'on hold on!

*Karma's a bitch---*

WIND / RAIN starts an assault on the CANOPY.

THEN BACK TO:

**DEEP. SEABED. DARKNESS**

DIVER TWO alone, surging through the thickening KELP, relentless tide. Times running out, as is the air.

EUREKA!! *He...*

Unearths: THE BLACK BOX veiled in barnacles & Sea growth.

He snaps it up.

CREW NINE

Checks DIVE-COMPUTER, '**LOW**' *FLASHES*, *brightly*.

Pushing on, laboring to swim. Drunk Narcosis setts-in.

We hear his deeper, now shallow breaths.

EDWARD (V.O.)  
(Over radio - Static)  
*\_Con\_dition\_ worse\_\_ng, it's a  
raging storm up\_re! Hurry da-hell\_*

DIVER TWO gives an *unanswerable* nod.

Pushing on...

DIVE-COMPUTER

**20**

SECONDS LEFT

...For what seems like an infinity.

CREW NINE

**10**

SECONDS LEFT

CREW NINE

**5**

SECONDS LEFT

# BUZZ!

**ZERO** SECONDS LEFT

OH SHIT

DIVER'S EYES GO W-I-D-E WITH DREAD

**SILENCE.** Air is GONE. We hold our breath as he...

Reaches through darkness, discovers...

The FIN/LEG of his companion.

Has to make the call to desert him or he will soon join his companion in his fluid coffin.

BUBBLES TO:

**E/I. SKYFOX. MORNING**

STORM'S BELLY. Deafening rumble of THUNDER.  
Rain pounding on the canopy, 65+ knot winds.

CREW NINE

EDWARD  
(Ed's losing it)  
Oh god, we're diving again!

ANTOINE  
Ed! Work the problem.

Below a CONTAINER TANKER list on the vast SWELLS.

**INT. COCKPIT. MORNING**

Indicator needle of the non-directional beacon going haywire.

PILOTS are rattled around like a bag of marbles. Edward's visibly shaken as the plane *fishtails*.

EDWARD  
O'god, this is it!

Antoine's a cool cucumber.

**WHUMP!!** --The plane hits a severe bump!

ANTOINE  
YEEHAW! *RIDE'EM COWGIRL!*

*A little background:* This is pre-FLIR capability & ESM radar. No long-range engagements possible. NO AGM-84 Harpoon sea-skimming anti-ship missile. No GM-84K SLAMER, yet...

What happens next happens ***fast***, so pay attention.

CLOSE-ON: **ALERT**

INBOUND MISSILE. Requests for men to check in on their coordinates. As they do, aircraft surges, rolls from being struck. --Both men glance at each other.

ANTOINE  
Pull up pull up! HOLD!

EDWARD  
I'm jammed... Cap what...

ANTOINE  
Hey. Hey, Failure's for fucktards!  
Right?

EDWARD  
Yeah, right, FUCKTARDS!!!

CREW NINE

ANTOINE  
Strap on. Hold on tight.

EDWARD  
What? Why? Whacha gonna do...?

ANTOINE  
We need to get'us some time.  
I got control.

Antoine aims the plane straight up. --It stalls.

EDWARD  
*Ahhhhhhhhh! What da...f*

All's deadly quiet. All but the WHISTLING WIND. Antoine lets the plane stall sideways, then straight down.

EDWARD  
Oh Jesus-Christ in heaven!

The plane picks up dizzy amounts of speed----->

EDWARD  
All I see'n waves, OH GO/

ANTOINE  
ED! When I say pull up hard.

EDWARD  
WHAT?

ANTOINE  
NOW!!

At the very-last second: Both men PULL UP.

--SMASH through A WAVE, then another, Ed vomits.

EDWARD  
FUCK, I didn't know this thing  
could even do that!

ANTOINE  
Prepare for a water-landing.

EDWARD  
This is gonna hurt.

Waves race up to meet the plane.

DOWN TO THE:

CREW NINE

**DEEP. SEABED. DARKNESS**

Diver Two removes Diver One's air hose.

Pupils dilating sharp BLUE EYES, we've seen those cat eyes before. Uses air from DIVER ONE.

The headlight pierces through the weeds, bouncing off the wreck. Outline of their bodies struggling to be free, as they ascend.

CUT TO:

**SURFACE. SEA. STORM'S HALFLIGHT**

Diver resurface, tearing HIS mask off. **Oops**, it's a SHE. Hauls the tanks up, gasping gratefully for purity of air. Still holds Diver One.

The TEMPEST rages around them, though all is oddly-calm? They're in the EYE of the STORM.

A Navel Seal's SKIFF hauls-ass towards them.  
A line is thrown. -----O

A MAN leans over the side. We see now that this is Edward, +20 years, same silly bandana. The woman diver is Roxy, 20s, & super-hot, if she gave a shit.

One look at her, *we ask if this is Helen? With no aging??*

She pulls her dive partner's mask off, *you guess it: it's Antoine, also +20 years.*

ANTOINE

(raspy & gaspy)

We got it?

ROXY

Oh-yeah, we got it!

The Divers flop aboard. Depleted, relieved. Roxy jerks on her Navy Seals coat in stark contrast to the Sunset.

ROXY

Daddy, you okay?

Now we get it, she's Helen's daughter, the baby we met a few pages back, time-flies. Then what happened to Helen?

Then the UNEXPECTED...

CREW NINE

As if a great & hungry sea monster rises: A TYPHOON CLASS  
USSR SUB breaks the surface with such violence & force,  
the skiff almost capsizes. Almost...

ANTOINE

This is turning into quite a day.

The Russian Sub waste no time. Gun turrets all point an  
accusing finger at our little band of **Yesterdays Heroes**.

HERE ENDS **THE COLD OPEN**

**ACT ONE**

. . .

Now the real story begins.....