

SEAQUEST 2032
"Depths of Deceit"

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. NEW CALIFORNIA - DAY (CGI)

A massive BOMBER, the 2032 equivalent of the stealth bomber, cruises over the ocean and towards land. As it passes high over the coastline, its bomb bay doors open, revealing MULTIPLE MISSILES inside.

INT. DEON INTERNATIONAL - BOARD ROOM

CHRYON: DEON INTERNATIONAL HQ. GAMBIA ABYSSAL PLAIN, MID-ATLANTIC FREE ZONE. One side of the long conference table is lined with UEO officials; the other with Deon executives. A stony-faced McGath stares at a nervous TECHIE, who works a computer screen.

MCGATH

Do we have confirmation?

TECHIE

It's an Octavian-class bomber, sir,
heading directly for New San Diego.
Full payload.

EXT. BOMBER (CGI)

The bomber releases its cargo, dropping bomb after bomb down towards the defenseless ground below.

INT. DEON INTERNATIONAL - BOARDROOM - DAY

The techie looks up from his screen, ashen.

TECHIE

Payload released, sir. Impact in
thirty seconds.

PARMENTER, a Deon executive, steps up to McGath.

PARMENTER

Not a lot you can do in thirty seconds
with current UEO defenses.

MCGATH

I'm well aware of the situation.

Parmenter slowly, all eyes on him, HITS A SWITCH on the techie's console.

EXT. SPACE (CGI)

An ominous-looking space platform orbits the Earth, bristling with lasers and other weapons. As it turns slowly, we can see the giant DEON LOGO on the side. A LASER CANNON on the side aims and fires BURSTS OF RED LIGHT.

THE BOMBER (CGI)
is hit by the laser blast and
EXPLODES. Other laser blasts take
out all the bombs before they hit
their targets.

INT. DEON INTERNATIONAL - BOARD ROOM

Parmenter beams at the display.

TECHIE
Drones destroyed.

McGath smiles and shakes Parmenter's hand, then turns to the UEO officials.

MCGATH
A space-based missile defense system
has been every peace-loving nation's
dream for most of a century. We owe
Deon Corporation our gratitude for
making it a reality with the Deon
Platform.

There's applause from the UEO side of the table.

MCGATH (CONT'D)
When can we expect delivery of the
control system to our installation?

Parmenter shoots a nervous look at his fellow Deon-ites.

PARMENTER
Frankly, the board of directors of
Deon International has become
concerned about maintaining the
balance of power. So we have decided
to retain control of the platform.

There's pandemonium from the UEO side of the room.

MCGATH
The UEO paid for the platform.

PARMENTER
And we're prepared to offer you a
full refund. Or, you can apply that
money to Deon's new security service.
\$40 million a month brings you the
special kind of protection that only
the Deon platform can provide.

MCGATH

We had a deal.

PARMENTER

With our former chairman, Larry Deon, and I'm sure he'd stand by his agreement. Unfortunately, Mr. Deon is still in a coma and the company has a new chairman.

MCGATH

Let me talk to him.

That's when the doors at the far end of the room swing open and ALEXANDER BOURNE strides in.

BOURNE

We can talk all you like, but my decision is final. Deon International my company will retain control of the space platform.

AND AS MCGATH STARES IN SHOCK:

FADE OUT.

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. OCEAN - CGI

A patch of blue sea, over which we CHYRON: MID-ATLANTIC FREE ZONE, FIFTY MILES NORTH OF THE MACRONESIAN BORDER. An instant later, A DEON SUB streaks past, chased by a Macronesian lysander-class sub, spitting LASERS.

EXT. SEAQUEST - CGI/STOCK

Cruising through the water at a rapid clip.

INT. SEAQUEST - BRIDGE

The crew is on alert.

O'NEILL

(off his console:)

A Deon sub is fleeing across the free zone, a Lysander-class in pursuit.

LUCAS

Scanning the Deon sub...

(then, shocked:)

Sir, there's not a weapon on it. The Alliance is attacking a defenseless ship.

HUDSON

Bring us around, Mr. Piccolo.

(to Henderson:)

Lock weapons on the attack sub. Make sure their sensors pick it up.

Henderson nods, she understands.

FORD

Sir, with all due respect, do we really want to risk an international incident to help Larry Deon?

HUDSON

Not Deon, Commander. Helpless refugees. When Bourne started nationalizing Deon's colonies, thousands of innocent employees were left homeless.

(then:)

Besides, it's called the Free Zone for a reason and I intend to keep it that way.

HENDERSON

Weapons locked, sir.

HUDSON

(to O'Neill:)

Are they breaking off their attack?

O'NEILL

No, sir.

AND ON HUDSON'S CONSTERNATION:

EXT. OCEAN - CGI

A LASER from the Lysander cuts into the Deon sub, causing it to spin out of control, VEERING off OUT-CROPPINGS and SCRAPING the OCEAN FLOOR.

INT. BRIDGE

O'NEILL

The Deon sub has been hit. It's out of control.

Hudson has lost patience.

HUDSON

(to Henderson:)

Fire at will.

EXT. OCEAN - CGI

The SeaQuest looms protectively over the Deon sub and FIRES TORPEDOES at the pursuing Lysander sub... which makes a futile

attempt at evasion before it's hit...and EXPLODES. The Deon sub skids along the ocean floor, grinding to a stop in the silt, BUBBLES rising from its SCORCHED HULL.

INT. BRIDGE

HENDERSON
Lysander destroyed, sir.

HUDSON
The Deon sub?

O'NEILL
It's hit bottom, sir. The crew reports minor injuries and a hull breach in their engineering deck. They're sealing it off.

FORD
(into comm:)
Bridge to Med Bay Rescue party to the launch bay two on the double.

HUDSON
See to their needs, Mr. Ford. Offer whatever assistance we can.

FORD
Yes, sir.

Ford hurries out.

HUDSON
(to O'Neill:)
Get me McGath. In my quarters.

Hudson marches off.

INT. SEAQUEST - CAFETERIA

Dagwood faces the camera and says:

DAGWOOD
Hi, Rachel. It's me, Dagwood.
(then:)
I miss you.

ANGLE WIDENS to show Dagwood is facing an EMPTY VIDLINK which simply shows the word "recording." He stops, frustrated and hits a switch. Piccolo, watching from a distance, comes up Dagwood.

PICCOLO
What was that?

DAGWOOD

I'm trying to send a message to my friend Rachel but I can't get it right.

PICCOLO

You mean, like a love letter?

DAGWOOD

(embarrassed:)

I don't know.

Piccolo smiles and puts his arm around Dagwood.

PICCOLO

Relax, Dagwood, you came to the master.

DAGWOOD

I didn't come to you.

PICCOLO

Here's what you say: Rachel, you are one hot Dagger babe. I want you so much, I'm scratching the walls.

DAGWOOD

Why would I scratch the walls?

PICCOLO

Trust me, she'll love it. She'll be eating out of your hand.

Dagwood looks at his hand and smiles.

DAGWOOD

I'd like that.

Piccolo claps Dagwood on the back and moves on.

INT. SEAQUEST - HUDSON'S QUARTERS

Hudson paces, McGath is on the vid-link.

HUDSON

While Larry Deon has been laying in a coma, President Bourne has been "nationalizing" all of Deon's Macronesian colonies. Refugees have been spilling over the border into the free zone for weeks.

MCGATH

Captain...

Hudson plows on. He's not going to let this bureaucrat deprive him of his say.

HUDSON

These are innocent, unarmed civilians Bourne is shooting at -- their only crime was accepting a paycheck from Larry Deon. They don't deserve to die for that. Politics be damned, this has got to stop.

MCGATH

I agree, Captain.

Hudson is taken aback.

HUDSON

You do?

McGath can't help but be a bit amused.

MCGATH

What did you expect me to say?

HUDSON

Stop meddling in internal, Macronesian politics and shut the hell up.

MCGATH

President Bourne's behavior is an affront to decency and basic human rights. We can't just stand by and watch while people die.

HUDSON

He's been massacring dissidents in the Romanche plain for months and the UEO didn't care. What's the difference now?

Hudson's got McGath nailed on that one.

MCGATH

The colonies aren't the only Deon holdings Bourne has taken since the assassination attempt. He's making a play for control of the Deon Platform.

HUDSON

We can't let that happen.

MCGATH

I'll handle the platform, you keep the peace in the free zone.

(then:)

Capt. Windom and the Navis-19 Cobra will arrive in four hours to assist you. McGath out.

Hudson stares contemplatively at the dead vid-link and we
CUT TO:

EXT. DEON INTERNATIONAL HQ - CGI/STOCK

CHYRON: DEON INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS, MID-ATLANTIC FREE ZONE, GAMBIA ABYSSAL PLAIN.

INT. DEON INTERNATIONAL - DEON'S OFFICE

Bourne wanders around the incredibly luxurious office, amused. STASSI, much less so, tries to speak seriously.

BOURNE

Perhaps I should have stayed out of politics and entered the private sector to begin with.

STASSI

Sir?

BOURNE

Look around. I used to think my presidential palace was sumptuous, but Larry Deon's office puts me to shame.

STASSI

I was raised to believe that we Macronesians had a higher calling than personal luxury, Mr. President.

BOURNE

True. And yet, how can our people feel good about their country knowing a computer salesman has such a higher standard of living than their leader?

Bourne goes to the built-in refrigerator and pulls out a bottle of very expensive champagne, popping it open.

BOURNE (CONT'D)

Perhaps I should raise taxes to remodel the palace. Call it national pride surtax.

STASSI

On top of the 80 percent we're already taking to finance our war machine?

Bourne pours himself a glass of champagne and settles into Deon's chair.

BOURNE

Is that disapproval I hear in your voice, General?

STASSI

With all due respect, sir.

BOURNE

Such an amusing phrase. Seemingly so fraught with meaning, and finally so utterly without.

(turns cold)

Speak your mind.

Stassi considers the alternatives, then does as he's told.

STASSI

Our troops have been unable to quiet the unrest in our colonies along the free zone, particularly in the Romanche Plain. And the refugee problem is only making it worse.

BOURNE

A little nerve gas should bring some peace and quiet.

STASSI

A temporary peace that will breed a million martyrs, sir.

(then:)

Our people are going hungry to finance your drive for world domination.

BOURNE

We are all making sacrifices for the greater good.

STASSI

The people are wearying of sacrifice. They're beginning to listen to the seditious lies of the dissident underground.

BOURNE

We have ways of dealing with traitors, General.

STASSI

How many? A thousand? A hundred thousand? Ten million?

BOURNE

If necessary.

STASSI

It won't be if you remind the people what it is we're fighting for. They need to believe we have a common enemy, but all they hear about are refugees fleeing from the Deon colonies we're pillaging.

BOURNE

Cleansing. The people understand the need to purify our newly acquired properties.

STASSI

No, sir, they only understand their own need for food and medicine. They love you, sir, but you're neglecting them. Devote yourself to Macronesia's internal problems, and stop this drive for conquest until you have solved them.

Bourne fixes Stassi with a steely gaze.

BOURNE

It is Macronesia's destiny to rule the world, and I will see that destiny fulfilled soon. Until then, any internal problems are your responsibility. Dismissed.

Stassi salutes, turns on his heel, and marches out, keeping his thoughts off his face. Bourne settles back in his chair, another problem solved.

INT. SEAQUEST - WARD ROOM

Hudson meets with Lucas and Ford.

FORD

I don't see what Bourne hopes to gain by creating a refugee crisis, especially while he's trying to quash a dissident movement.

HUDSON

He's nationalizing Deon's holdings to destabilize the company and cause share prices to plummet.

FORD

So he can secretly buy it up on the cheap. But why?

LUCAS

The Deon Platform. A military satellite, developed for the UEO, capable of vaporizing any target on the face of the earth -- from a single human being on a street corner to an entire undersea colony.

Ford is floored.

HUDSON

The refugees are a ploy. His fleet is amassing along the free zone under the pretense of securing his borders. I think once he has control of the Platform, he'll invade.

(then:)

What are our options, gentlemen?

Ford and Lucas share a look. There aren't any.

FORD

Outside of doing our best to defend the border, nothing sir.

HUDSON

I refuse to accept that.

LUCAS

Even with SeaQuest, we are no match for the Alliance fleet and the Platform.

HUDSON

Then we have to make sure he doesn't get it.

FORD

How?

Hudson paces anxiously.

HUDSON

I'll find a way.

FORD

It's politics, Captain. It's out of our league.

HUDSON

(to Lucas:)

I want you to start looking for a way to disable the Platform.

LUCAS

All the specs are classified. I'll be working entirely from guess-work. It's not going to be easy, sir.

HUDSON

If it was easy, I'd do it.

That's when O'Neill's voice comes over the COMM.

O'NEILL

The Navis-19 Cobra has arrived, sir. Capt. Windom is requesting permission to board.

HUDSON

By all means.
 (to others:)
 That will be all.

They leave. And on Hudson, deep in thought.

EXT. SEAQUEST - CGI

The NAVIS-19 COBRA maintains position a short distance away from SeaQuest. It's a sleek, deadly battleship, second only to SeaQuest in size and power.

INT. SEAQUEST - HUDSON'S QUARTERS

as Hudson hands a drink to CAPTAIN ANDREW WINDOM, 40s, Hudson's contemporary and perhaps even more military than he is.

HUDSON

Forty year old, single malt scotch.
 I've been saving it for a special occasion.

WINDOM

Like rubbing an old friend's nose in your new command.

HUDSON

Exactly.

They toast.

HUDSON (CONT'D)

Just like you did when you won the Cobra, flagship of the UEO fleet.

WINDOM

I gave you the XO chair but instead you chose to prowl the ocean in a moth-balled hauler, obsessed with a boat you'd never find. You were insane.

HUDSON

I found her.

WINDOM

In a cornfield.

Hudson shrugs.

HUDSON

She's everything I knew she'd be... and more.

WINDOM

And with SeaQuest back, I might as well be commanding a hauler.

They share a friendly smile, enjoying the simple pleasure of one another's company for a moment.

HUDSON

I'm glad you're here, Andrew. It's up to us to stop Alexander Bourne.

WINDOM

The world is going to hell, Oliver, and there's nothing we can do about it. We're soldiers, Oliver. Alexander Bourne is beyond the reach of men like us. We just clean up the mess.

Something occurs to Hudson. He sets down his glass and goes to the comm unit.

HUDSON

Mr. Ford, order me up a shuttle.

FORD

Sir?

HUDSON

Just do it.

Hudson clicks off the unit.

WINDOM

Was it something I said?

HUDSON

As a matter of fact, it was. I'll be back in 24 hours. In the mean time, Commander Ford is in charge.

Hudson claps Windom on the back and leaves.

EXT. TWELVE OAKS - DAY

CHYRON: NEW ORLEANS. A GLORIOUS MANSION stands at the end of a tree-lined drive. A sign over the gate tells us this estate is TWELVE OAKS. The 2032 equivalent of a jeep pulls up under the sign.

INT. JEEP - DAY

Hudson, dress uniform, in the passenger seat, reaches for the door handle.

HUDSON

This is far enough.

DRIVER

Do you want me to wait here?

HUDSON

How about I wait here and you go in?

The driver gives him a puzzled look. Hudson scowls.

HUDSON (CONT'D)

I'll call the base if I need a ride.

Hudson gets out of the jeep, which zooms away, and stands under the sign, thinking, hesitating, not wanting to go up. Then he does, walking purposefully up the drive.

EXT. TWELVE OAKS - MANSION - DAY

The mansion is even more spectacular as you get close. As Hudson comes to the front door, it swings open and a WELL-DRESSED, ELDERLY MAN flies out, his face full of joy,

ELDERLY MAN

Oliver!

Hudson studies the older man, torn between conflicting emotions.

HUDSON

Ben. It's good to see you again.

The older man Ben throws his arms around Hudson and hugs him. The he pulls back and gives Hudson a serious look.

BEN

He's in the conservatory.

He opens the door and lets Hudson in.

INT. TWELVE OAKS - GREENHOUSE - DAY

More like a palace for exotic plants. Ben leads Hudson past rows of rare orchids until they find CHARLES, 70s, stronger and more powerful than a man his age has any right to be, tending to a row of "Ladyslippers".

HUDSON

All this from one sanderianum seed
you found in Borneo and carried back
in your shoe.

Charles freezes, puts down his pruners, and rises to face Hudson.

CHARLIE

You'd be surprised what you can
accomplish in twenty years.

Charles smiles.

CHARLES
Welcome home, son.

And on Hudson's mixed feelings:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. TWELVE OAKS - ESTABLISHING - DAY

INT. TWELVE OAKS - GARAGE - DAY

A massive TEN CAR garage, which contains mostly futuristic cars of the POST-2000 ERA. One car, however, is under a tarp. Hudson and Charles stand beside it. Hudson whips off the tarp to reveal a MINT-CONDITION, RED 1966 TRIUMPH. Hudson can't help but smile.

HUDSON
My '66 Triumph.

CHARLES
Just the way you left it, son, though
I took a couple of the dings out.

HUDSON
There were never any dings.
(then:)
Shame gasoline is illegal.

CHARLES
Not for everybody. She's got a full
tank.

Charles dangles the keys in front of him. Suddenly Hudson's pleasure evaporates.

HUDSON
No, thank you.

Charles, however, is amused.

CHARLES
Still as self-righteous as you always
were.

HUDSON
And you still see yourself living in
a rarefied world above everyone else,
making up your own rules as you go
along.

CHARLES

You're no different. Only I use my influence, and you use SeaQuest or your fists. But I guess this time, neither will get you what you want.

Hudson is taken aback. Is he that transparent?

HUDSON

What makes you say that?

CHARLES

You'd never apologize and since the only other reason you'd come back is my funeral, you must need me for something.

They start walking through the garage, Charles admiring his collection. Hudson swallows his pride...and that isn't easy.

HUDSON

You have stock in Deon International.

CHARLES

Want some? With Bourne grabbing Deon's Macronesian operations, they're giving the stock away at just \$3000 a share.

(then:)

Of course, that would mean dipping into your trust fund for the first time.

HUDSON

Do you have enough power to stop Alexander Bourne?

CHARLES

Why would I want to do that?

HUDSON

Because if he gets his hands on the Deon Platform, it could irrevokably tip the global balance of power.

CHARLES

Maybe it's time it tipped. The world economy hasn't exactly thrived under the UEO.

It's all Hudson can do to control his rage.

HUDSON

Bourne is a vicious dictator who leads by oppression and terror. If he succeeds, freedom and democracy will only exist in history books. This isn't about money.

CHARLES

It's always about money, son. I
thought you'd learned that by now.
(then:)
Isn't that why you're here?

Charles has him on that one, and Hudson knows it.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

If you want my help, you'll have to
ask for it.

HUDSON

Will you help me?

CHARLES

Yes. Not for the UEO, and not to
stop Bourne I'll do it for you. But
we'll do it my way, is that clear?

Hudson nods. Charles smiles.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

It's good to have you back, Oliver.

And on Hudson's discomfort, we CUT TO:

EXT. SEAQUEST - CGI

holding position, the Cobra alongside a short distance away.

INT. SEAQUEST - HENDERSON'S QUARTERS

Henderson opens the door to reveal Dagwood.

DAGWOOD

Could I ask you a question?

HENDERSON

Of course. Come in.

DAGWOOD

I asked Tony, but I don't know he
really knew the answer. I'm want to
send a message to my friend Rachel.
But I don't know what to say.

Henderson smiles.

HENDERSON

Whatever is in your heart.

Dagwood doesn't get it.

HENDERSON (CONT'D)

What a woman wants to know are your
feelings -- told with tenderness and
care.

DAGWOOD

I like her.

HENDERSON

Then say: when you see her, your spirit soars, free and wondrous.

DAGWOOD

I miss her.

HENDERSON

Without her, you're breathing but you aren't truly alive.

DAGWOOD

I want her to eat out of my hand.

That takes Henderson by surprise.

HENDERSON

I think you've got to work this out on your own.

That's when we go into RED ALERT, ALARMS BLARING. Henderson rushes out, leaving a bewildered Dagwood behind.

INT. SEAQUEST - BRIDGE

Henderson goes directly to her weapons station.

LUCAS

A caravan of refugee ships are attempting to cross the Macronesian border into the free zone, but a half-dozen Lysander-class subs are picking them off.

O'NEILL

They're calling for help on every open frequency, sir.

EXT. OCEAN - CGI

The Lysanders swarm all around them the dozen refugee subs, picking them off wherever they can. The refugee subs return fire on the run, but it's largely futile. INTERCUT WITH:

INT. SEAQUEST - BRIDGE

FORD

How long until they make it to the free zone?

HENDERSON

Three minutes, but the Alliance is hitting them hard.

Windom suddenly appears on the vid-link.

WINDOM

Are your sensors malfunctioning,
Commander?

FORD

No.

WINDOM

Then surely you see what's happening
out there.

FORD

I'm well aware of it, Captain.

WINDOM

Then what the hell are we waiting
for?

FORD

They are still in Macronesian waters.
Until they reach the free zone, we
can't get involved.

WINDOM

They may never make it to the free
zone, Commander... while the two
most powerful boats in the UEO sit
and watch.

FORD

Hold your position, Captain.

EXT. OCEAN - CGI

The refugee caravan is cut down to half it's size by the
merciless Lysander subs.

INT. SEAQUEST - BRIDGE / INT. COBRA - BRIDGE / INTERCUT

FORD

How far are they from the border?

O'NEILL

Three thousand meters.

WINDOM

What's three thousand meters when
lives are at stake?

FORD

The difference between peace and
war.

WINDOM

And life and death for those refugees.

O'NEILL

They're in the free zone.

Ford springs to action.

FORD
 (to vidlink:)
 Give the refugees cover across the
 free zone.

WINDOM
 Those that are left.

Windom signs off.

FORD
 (to Henderson:)
 Launch subfighters. Lock on enemy
 targets, fire at your discretion.
 (to O'Neill:)
 Rescue teams to assault crafts.

EXT. OCEAN - CGI / INT. COBRA - BRIDGE

The Cobra cuts off the Lysanders from the refugees and opens fire on the attackers. The refugee ships flee to SeaQuest, which shelters them in a protective blanket of plasma laser fire and subfighter cover.

Windom's female executive officer, LT. HARKIN, turns to him.

HARKIN
 They're running, sir.

WINDOM
 Not fast enough. Get them, Harkin.

The Lysanders turn and go back the way they came, the Cobra giving chase.

INT. SEAQUEST - BRIDGE

O'NEILL
 The Macronesians are retreating across
 the free zone.

FORD
 Very good.
 (then:)
 Identify damaged ships, deploy rescue
 teams and prepare the med bay for
 casualties. Tell the seaworthy crafts
 to fall into line behind us.

LUCAS
 Sir, the Cobra is in pursuit.

FORD
What? How far are they from the
 Macronesian border?

LUCAS
They've crossed it.

AND ON FORD'S FURY:

EXT. OCEAN - CGI

The Cobra follows the Lysanders beyond a ridge to REVEAL AN ATTACK SUB, which OPENS FIRE.

INT. SEAQUEST - BRIDGE / INT. COBRA - BRIDGE / INTERCUT

Ford has Windom on the vidlink. Clearly, the Cobra is in the midst of battle.

WINDOM
You afraid you'll lose your parking spot? We can use your help out here.

FORD
Return to the free zone immediately.

Windom can barely hold his anger in check.

WINDOM
We've got them on the run, Commander. With SeaQuest, they don't stand a chance.

FORD
Our mission is to protect the refugees, Captain, not invade Macronesia.

WINDOM
You want me to run from a fight we can win?

FORD
I want you to follow orders, Captain. And yours are to return to the free zone now.

Windom, furious, signs off. He stewes for a moment then reluctantly turns to Lt. Harkin.

WINDOM
Break off the attack. Set a course for the free zone, full ahead.

HARKIN
But sir...

WINDOM
Do it.

Harkin nods, does as she's told.

EXT. OCEAN - CGI

The Cobra makes a sharp turn, breaking off her attack, and charges back the way it came.

INT. SEAQUEST - BRIDGE

O'Neill reads his console.

O'NEILL
The Cobra is back in the free zone,
sir.

FORD
And the Alliance ships?

O'NEILL
No sign of them, sir.

And on Ford's look, we CUT TO:

EXT. OCEAN - CGI

CHYRON: SOUTH CHINA SEA. A large, private SUB-YACHT hovers in the empty waters.

INT. SUB-YACHT - DRAWING ROOM

Remember Brideshead Revisited? Stick any three of that castle's reception rooms together, add a few high-tech monitors, and you've got the general idea. Charles Hudson relaxes easily on a gigantic leather sofa; his son is much less comfortable, pacing like a lion in a zoo.

CHARLES
Relax, Oliver, this isn't a cage.

HUDSON
Not one that you can see, anyway.

CHARLES
(smiles)
Is it so painful to accept that you're
entitled to this life?

HUDSON
I'll earn my own way, thank you.

Charles shrugs.

CHARLES
The charter on this boat is \$50,000
a day. If you don't have cash, I'll
take a voucher.

Hudson shoots his father a tight smile. That's when a voice comes from a monitor.

STEWARD'S VOICE

Sir, there's a shuttle requesting permission to dock.

CHARLES

Granted.

(to Hudson)

You can stop worrying you might enjoy yourself. This is the man we're waiting for.

EXT. SUB-YACHT (CGI)

As a small shuttle docks with the yacht.

INT. SUB-YACHT DRAWING ROOM

Hudson regards his father suspiciously as a BOSUN'S WHISTLE plays over the intercom and the steward's voice speaks.

STEWARD'S VOICE

Passenger on board, sir.

CHARLES

Send him in.

HUDSON

Who is it?

CHARLES

The least of many evils, of course.

(off Hudson's look)

You're not going to like this, Oliver.

But this is my world you're in now.

If you want my help, don't interfere.

Before Hudson can answer, the door swings open, revealing.. Stassi. Hudson is shocked and angry.

HUDSON

Stassi?

Stassi is almost as surprised as Hudson.

STASSI

(to Charles)

What's he doing here?

CHARLES

I'm sure the Captain would like to ask the same thing about you.

(then, smiling:)

Sit, I implore you both.

Hudson and Stassi continue to stand, eyeing each other warily.

STASSI

I do not feel comfortable talking in front of this man.

CHARLES

I don't see you have much of a choice, General. Say your piece, or leave.

STASSI HESITATES, THEN:

STASSI

Let me make one thing clear before we go any further: I am not a traitor. What I do, I do for my country.

CHARLES

Your people deserve a leader who thinks about them, not his personal power.

HUDSON

Leader?

Hudson is about to object further, but Charles whips around and gives him a look so fierce it silences. Yes, there is one man in the world who can do this to Hudson.

CHARLES

The Macronesian people are suffering under Bourne. So are my investments. We have a mutual interest in freeing your country.

STASSI

But you will still be looking for a profit.

Charles shrugs of course, that's business.

CHARLES

You simply agree to return all Deon assets that Bourne nationalized and give up his stake in the company.

STASSI

And in return?

CHARLES

The arms you need... and my assurance the UEO will not get involved in your "political realignment."

(then:)

And you'll have a turret on the Deon Platform, at discount, of course.

Hudson grimaces. But he knows better to interfere now. Stassi considers the offer, then:

STASSI

It is done.

He puts out his hand. Charles shakes it warmly. Stassi turns and, with a quick look at Hudson, leaves the room. Hudson stares at his father, who turns to the intercom.

CHARLES

(into intercom)

Our guest is leaving. Make sure he goes unobserved.

(to Hudson)

Any other little problems that need taking care of?

Hudson is not amused.

HUDSON

Do you have any idea what you've done?

CHARLES

I've kept the Deon platform out of Bourne's hands.

HUDSON

By thrusting half the world into a bloody civil war.

CHARLES

The other half of the world. Which should make life substantially safer for everyone on this side.

Hudson can only stare at his father across the gulf that separates them. He takes a breath to calm himself, then starts again.

HUDSON

Stassi is no better than Bourne. As soon as he's taken care of his internal problems, he'll launch his own attack against the UEO.

Charles smiles sadly and settles into an easy chair.

CHARLES

Good guys, bad guys, it's so simple in the military. Here in the real world, the answers aren't always so clear.

HUDSON

Right and wrong are always clear.

CHARLES

I seem to recall hearing that from you before just before you said you'd never see me again. And yet, here we are.

Hudson's about to respond when the steward's voice cuts in.

STEWARD'S VOICE

Pardon me, sir, there's a vidlink call for Captain Hudson.

HUDSON

Put him through.

Ford's concerned visage appears on the vidscreen.

FORD

I'm sorry to disturb you, Captain, but we have a major problem here. Captain Windom has staged an incursion into Macronesian waters.

HUDSON

Keep him on our side of the line until I get there. Use force if necessary.

He clicks off the vidscreen and scowls.

CHARLES

Take my jump-jet. You can be at the free-zone in an hour.

Hudson would like to stick that jump-jet where planes don't usually fly. But he knows the importance of speed, so he swallows his pride.

HUDSON

Thank you.

CHARLES

It's always a pleasure to lend my son a hand.

AND ON HIS SMILING FACE:

EXT. SEAQUEST - CGI

The refugee ships behind her, the Cobra nearby.

INT. SEAQUEST - WARD ROOM

Windom enters, perturbed to find Hudson and Ford waiting for him. Windom makes a point of ignoring Ford as he speaks to Hudson.

WINDOM
We have to talk.

HUDSON
So talk.

WINDOM
I was hoping for a little privacy,
Oliver.

HUDSON
You have it.

Windom shoots a glance at Ford, then back to Hudson.

WINDOM
Very well.
(then:)
I've had an opportunity to view
Commander Ford's abilities in battle
and I find them severely lacking.

Ford starts to comment, but Hudson holds up his hand, cutting him off.

HUDSON
In what regard?

WINDOM
He doesn't have the back-bone for
the job.
(then:)
We could have given those Macronesians
a beating that would make Bourne
think twice before venturing into
the free zone again. But we lost
that chance because Commander Ford
didn't act at the crucial moment.

FORD
(to Hudson:)
Permission to speak freely, sir.
(off Hudson's nod:)
Captain Windom's personal objectives
were not my concern. My mission was
to maintain peace along the free
zone.

WINDOM
And the best way to do that is to
cripple the Macronesian fleet. We
could have plowed right through them.
By the time Bourne sent
reinforcements, we could have
liberated the entire Romanche Plain...
and given a real boost to the
dissident movement.

FORD

But that was not your decision to make.

WINDOM

In battle, you take the opportunities as they come --because they may not come again.

(to Hudson:)

You know that, Oliver.

HUDSON

What I know is that you violated a direct order, Captain.

This stuns Windom -- he was certain Hudson would be on his side.

WINDOM

The commander doesn't know what the hell he's doing. Allowing him to lead this mission was a mistake. I've got twenty years of experience on him, fifteen as a Captain.

HUDSON

I left him in charge. You questioned his orders in front of the men and undermined his authority in a battle situation. You're lucky I don't bring you up on charges.

WINDOM

Ten years ago, when Admiral Vanalden court-martialed you for violating a direct order, I was the only person to offer you the XO chair again. I admired the strength of your convictions, the UEO be damned.

(then:)

Apparently, I misjudged you.

Hudson flinches, but before he can say anything, Lucas' voice comes over the COMM.

LUCAS

Captain, excuse me for intruding, but this is important. I've been quietly using a UEO communications satellite to monitor the Deon Platform.

HUDSON

The point, Mr. Wolenczak.

LUCAS

The platform is powering up.

HUDSON

On my way.

And on the three men racing out of the room, we CUT TO:

EXT. MACRONESIAN PRESIDENTIAL PALACE - DAY - CGI

CHYRON: MACRONESIAN PRESIDENTIAL PALACE, GREATER MACRONESIA. A lavish castle befitting a man of Bourne's opulence and ego.

INT. PRESIDENTIAL PALACE - DAY / EXT. SPACE - CGI / INTERCUT

Bourne sits at his desk, facing PARMENTER on the vidlink, which shows he's calling from Deon Interntional HQ. Stassi stands nearby, not pleased with what he's seeing.

BOURNE

You have the coordinates.

PARMENTER

Coordinates logged and locked, Mr. President.

The Deon Platform turns in space, its turrets zeroing in on a new target.

BOURNE

Then by all means, proceed.

STASSI

But sir, there are three hundred thousand Macronesians on Romanche Colony.

BOURNE

And all of them are traitors, General. Think of the money we're saving our justice system this way, funds that can be better spent caring for the health and welfare of our loyal countrymen.

The Platform FIRES, a PLASMA LASER BLAST scorching down towards earth.

EXT. ROMANCHE COLONY - CGI/STOCK

A typical underwater colony, not unlike the many we've seen before. Peaceful, alight with life, nestled in blue tranquility until THE LASER BEAM hits it from above, obliterating it in a BLINDING FLASH OF LIGHT. An instant later, all that remains are RUINS.

INT. SEAQUEST - BRIDGE

Hudson, Ford and Windom are gathered around Lucas, who takes off his headset and looks grim.

LUCAS

The Romanche colony has been
destroyed.

Windom, as disgusted with Hudson as he is with the
Macronesians, walked out. And on Hudson's anger and
frustration, we CUT TO:

EXT. DEON INTERNATIONAL - CGI/STOCK

CHRYON: DEON INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS, MID-ATLANTIC FREE
ZONE.

INT. DEON INTERNATIONAL - BOARD ROOM

McGath and the board of directors are furious...with the
exception, of course, of Alexander Bourne, who sits calmly
at the head of the table.

MCGATH

Using the Deon Platform to massacre
your political rivals is an outrage,
not only to this board, but to the
entire human race.

BOURNE

What is outrageous, Mr. Secretary,
is that even as our nation mourns
this horrific accident, the UEO is
trying to use this unprecedented
tragedy for political gain.

MCGATH

Do you expect us to believe that, of
all the places on earth, the Platform
"accidentally" annihilated the heart
of the Macronesian dissident movement?

BOURNE

What you believe really doesn't
matter. Larry Deon is no longer in
control of this company I am. As of
now, I'm dissolving the board and
taking possession of the Deon Platform
to ensure our safety.

MAN'S VOICE

I don't think so, Al.

All heads turn in the direction of the voice...to find LARRY
DEON, alive and well, sauntering into the room, flanked by a
dazzlingly beautiful young woman, his PERSONAL ASSISTANT.

DEON

But I'm sure you had the best
interests of the company at heart.

And on everyone's SHOCK, we FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWOACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. DEON INTERNATIONAL - BOARD ROOM

Bourne can't believe his eyes as Deon comes up beside him. They speak between themselves for a moment:

BOURNE

You were shot point-blank with a plasma laser... your heart was obliterated.

DEON

Your get well cards and flowers really made the difference.

BOURNE

Last week you were still a vegetable plugged into life-support.

DEON

Actually, that was my assistant. Hit-and-run driver, massive head trauma, a very sad story. But as luck would have it, we have the same blood type. His heart continues to beat in me.

Bourne glances malevolently at Deon's beautiful new assistant.

BOURNE

I wonder what your new assistant's blood type is.

DEON

I don't.

Deon turns to the board members, and takes over Bourne's place at the table, leaving Bourne seething.

DEON (CONT'D)

The Deon Platform is staying where it is -- but I am doubling the monthly payment for its use to \$100 million.

MCGATH

May I remind you, the Deon Platform was developed with the UEO for its exclusive use... until Bourne somehow found out about it and tried to take over this company.

DEON

I'm as upset as you are -- but now that the secret is out, it really wouldn't be fair to deprive others of this tremendous resource.

MCGATH

At \$100 million a month.

(then:)

If I didn't know better, I'd think you leaked the project to Bourne.

Deon hands McGath A DISC.

DEON

Now you know better.

Deon glances at his watch and turns back to the board members.

DEON (CONT'D)

This has been very productive. See you all at the company picnic.

Deon leaves, shooting Bourne a smile on his way out.

DEON (CONT'D)

You'll understand if you're not invited this year.

And on Bourne's anger, and McGath pondering the disc, we CUT TO:

INT. DEON INTERNATIONAL - DEON'S OFFICE - DAY

Deon comes in and closes the door.

DEON

Bourne is on his way back to the Presidential Palace. If he's smart, he'll start packing when he gets there.

Deon turns, to face the BACK OF HIS DESK CHAIR.

DEON (CONT'D)

You like the chair? Corinthian leather. I can get you one if you like.

His desk chair swivels around to REVEAL STASSI sitting behind the desk.

DEON (CONT'D)

Think of it as an inauguration gift, Mr. President.

Stassi rises from his seat, not amused.

STASSI

You, of all people, should know the price of under-estimating Alexander Bourne. Success is far from assured.

DEON

No wonder you're still middle-management. Forward thinking, Admiral, that's what separates leaders from followers.

STASSI

That, and a space-based weapons system.

DEON

You'll get your little toy in due time, Admiral. There are a few moves left before this game is over.

STASSI

This isn't a game. The future of my country and the fate of her people is riding on this transaction. Even if we succeed, our struggle has only begun.

DEON

All the more reason to comfortable furniture.

Deon spin the chair.

DEON (CONT'D)

Corinthian leather, hand-stitched by some gnarled old craftsman. All the world leaders have one.

Stassi leans on the desk, getting in Deon's face.

STASSI

The difference between me and Alexander Bourne is that I am not doing this for the trappings of power. I am doing this for a better Macronesia. And time is short.

Stassi marches out. Deon looks after him, a smile on his face.

DEON

(to himself:)

Strictly middle-management material, no question about it.

EXT. TWELVE OAKS - ESTABLISHING - DAY

INT. GREENHOUSE - DAY

as Charles tends to his orchids. A commotion draws his attention...UFO SOLDIERS, weapons out, stream into the greenhouse, Charles in their gunsights. An OFFICER steps forward.

OFFICER

Charles Hudson, I'm placing you under arrest for treason.

CHARLES

On who's authority?

The soldiers part, and McGath steps forward.

MCGATH

Mine, Charles.

And on Charles' shock, we CUT TO:

EXT. OCEAN - CGI/STOCK

SeaQuest, Cobra, and the refugee ships as we left them.

INT. SEAQUEST - CAFETERIA

Lucas sits at a table, covered with papers, leaning intently as he works on his LAPTOP. Dagwood comes up behind him.

DAGWOOD

What are you doing?

LUCAS

Trying to figure out how to disable the Deon Platform. But without the schematics, it's useless. I understand the theory, but not the details.

DAGWOOD

I think I have the same problem.

Lucas motions him to sit down.

LUCAS

Something I can help you with?

DAGWOOD

I'm trying to send Rachel a love letter.

LUCAS

I think I'll have better luck disabling the Platform.

(MORE)

LUCAS (CONT'D)

(off his look:)

You understand the theory, so the details. Well, you should say somewhere you love her, but not unless she said it first, in which case, say you care about her, but not so much that she feels you care more than she does. Never, ever, say she's "very special," because that means you're dumping her, which you don't want to do, unless you know she's dumping you first.

(then:)

Does that help?

Dagwood looks at him for a long moment, then stands up.

DAGWOOD

Good luck with the platform.

INT. SEAQUEST - BRIDGE

Hudson approaches Ford, who is at the con, deep in thought. Henderson and O'Neill are at their stations. O'Neill, listening to something on his headset, looks troubled.

HUDSON

Status?

FORD

All quiet for now. But UEO intelligence reports violent uprisings between dissidents and Macronesian security forces in Vema, Sierra Leone, and across the Pernambuco Abyssal Plain.

HUDSON

Then it won't be quiet in the free zone for long.

FORD

Bourne's actions don't make any sense. Why decimate the Romanche Colony, sparking the bloodiest conflict yet within his own borders, and at the same time provoke a fight with the UEO in the free zone?

HUDSON

I don't know, Commander. But we have to be ready for anything.

That's when Captain Windom marches in, followed by a phalanx of ARMED UEO SECURITY OFFICERS, who immediately take positions throughout the bridge. Windom comes right up to Hudson.

WINDOM
I'm relieving you of command, Captain.

HUDSON
Like hell you are.

Two ARMED GUARDS come up on either side of Hudson.

WINDOM
By order of the secretary general,
I'm placing you under arrest for
violation of article 15-7, subsection
six, of the UEO Charter.

HENDERSON
Article 15-7, Subsection six?

HUDSON
Treason, Lieutenant.

The shock among the bridge crew is palpable. Windom hands Ford a paper. Ford glances at it, then gives it back, meeting Hudson's gaze.

WINDOM
(to Hudson:)
I used to respect you.

FORD
The papers are in order, sir.

Windom looks at Hudson with contempt.

WINDOM
Get that man off my boat.

Windom motions to the soldiers. Ford looks as if he might do something, but Hudson stops him with a look.

HUDSON
You have your orders, commander.

The soldiers lead Hudson away. Ford shoots a furious look at O'Neill, who looks away guiltily.

FORD
Why wasn't I informed they were
boarding?

But before O'Neill can answer, Windom answers for him.

WINDOM
Because Mr. O'Neill is a UEO officer
who obeys orders. If you want to
stay on this boat, you'll follow his
example.

FORD

Yes, sir.

Windom addresses himself to the bridge crew.

WINDOM

I'm Captain Windom. As of this moment, I am taking command of SeaQuest. I'm no happier about this than you are, but I remind you all that our duty and allegiance is to the UEO, not Captain Hudson. Is that clear?

There are no objections. Windom motions to the remaining soldiers, who march out. Windom settles into the captain's seat and takes it all in.

WINDOM (CONT'D)

Helm, chart a course to Vema Colony, full ahead.

FORD

That's well inside Macronesian territory.

WINDOM

I'm glad you know your geography, commander. It's also the new flashpoint for the dissident uprising.

(to O'Neill:)

Tell the Cobra to maintain position.

FORD

Sir, that will leave the free zone unprotected.

Windom glares at him.

WINDOM

For ten years, the Cobra was the flagship of the UEO fleet and pride of the open sea. Besides, when we are done, there won't be any need for protection.

(then:)

SeaQuest is going to lead the dissident attack against Macronesia.

And on Ford's fury, we CUT TO:

TIGHT ON A VIDSCREEN

showing Charles Hudson's conversation with Stassi on the yacht-sub.

CHARLES

...my assurance that the UEO will not get involved in your "political realignment."

INT. UEO HEADQUARTERS MCGATH'S OFFICE - DAY

Charles Hudson sits stonily across from McGath, who snaps off the vidscreen. Next to Charles sits WALTER GRANT, a lawyer in a suit worth more than McGath's entire wardrobe.

MCGATH

I'm praying to God there's an explanation for this, Charles.

GRANT

My client demands to know how you got surveillance footage purporting to be photographed on his private property.

McGath looks angrily at Charles is this really the way he wants to play it? Charles gives him nothing back.

MCGATH

You have no idea how bad this is, do you, Charles?

GRANT

My client is innocent of all charges.

McGath ignores the lawyer and presses directly into Charles.

MCGATH

You think the world is your playpen, but your outrageous actions have consequences.
(into intercom)
Send him in.

A door slides open and Hudson is led in in electronic handcuffs. Charles stares, stunned. Hudson gives them both a tight smile.

CHARLES

What kind of game is this?

MCGATH

Yours, Charles. Now it's your move.

CHARLES THINKS, THEN:

CHARLES

(to Grant)
Leave us.

Grant begins to object, but Charles cuts him off with a look. He leaves. Charles turns the power of his wrath on McGath.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Free my son.

McGath waves a device over Hudson's cuffs, and they spring open. Hudson meets McGath's eyes.

MCGATH

Do you have something to say for yourself?

HUDSON

Andrew Windom is not qualified to captain seaQuest. You are jeopardizing the entire region by leaving him in command.

MCGATH

No, Captain, you did that when you met with Stassi. Do you realize how much harm you've done to the UEO?

CHARLES

If you've watched the tape, you know my son has done nothing wrong. Stop this farce before you embarrass yourself, Arthur.

McGath aims his fury at Charles.

MCGATH

If you two are convicted of treason, I will be forced to resign as well. Picture the UEO trying to confront Bourne once its political, financial, and military heads have been lopped off there's your farce.

Hudson contemplates the picture and realizes just how grim the situation is.

MCGATH (CONT'D)

I need to know everything you and your father have done.

CHARLES

Don't say a word, Oliver.

Hudson doesn't even glance at his father.

HUDSON

There was just that one meeting between the three of us. We were attempting to broker a deal that would keep the Deon Platform out of Bourne's hands.

McGath stares at Hudson, disappointed beyond words.

MCGATH
Is that your story?

HUDSON
It's the truth.

McGath sighs and hits the play button on the vidlink console.

MCGATH
It's amazing how much information
you can fit on one of these things.

He pops the disc in the player. The VIDSCREEN shows ENCODED DEON INTERNATIONAL TRANSMISSIONS. Hudson is confused. Charles isn't he's horrified.

HUDSON
What is this?

MCGATH
Proof of treason, Captain.
Transmissions from your father to
Alexander Bourne informing him about
the Deon Platform months before
your "one meeting."

Hudson stares at his father, shocked. Charles won't meet his gaze.

MCGATH (CONT'D)
Perhaps you would like time to rethink
your stories. You have half an hour
before I turn you both over to Section
Seven.

And with that, McGath stalks out.

INT. SEAQUEST - BRIDGE

Windom sits at the con, staring intently at the screen.

WINDOM
Range.

FORD
Ten thousand meters to Vema colony.

WINDOM
(to Lucas:)
WSKRS on long range scan.
(to Ford:)
Go to red alert. Flood forward tubes.
Pilots to subfighters.

FORD
Yes, sir.

The bridge goes to RED ALERT. Everyone prepares for battle.

WINDOM

Stay sharp, people. This battle could be Macronesia's death knell.

FORD

It is my duty to remind you this invasion constitutes an act of war.

WINDOM

Subducting San Diego was an act of war, Commander. This is a rescue mission. The dissidents need a fighting chance.

(to Lucas:)

How many attack subs are attacking Vema?

LUCAS

WSKRS aren't detecting any.

Windom whirls around towards Lucas, furious.

WINDOM

Run a complete diagnostic. We can't go into battle blind.

LUCAS

I have, sir. There are no malfunctions.

Ford and Lucas share a worried look.

WINDOM

That's what they'd like us to think. My guess is they've intercepted the WSKR data stream and are feeding us false readings.

O'NEILL

Approaching Vema Colony, sir.

EXT. OCEAN - CGI

as the SeaQuest comes on VEMA COLONY...everything looks peaceful.

INT. SEAQUEST - BRIDGE

Windom stares at the screen in disbelief.

WINDOM

Where are they?

Ford and Lucas share a concerned look.

O'NEILL

I'm intercepting a distress call from Vema colony. They're under attack.

WINDOM

Just as I thought, it's a trick. Launch subfighters. Fire plasma lasers, random pattern omega-six.

O'Neill looks at him.

O'NEILL

Sir, they're calling the Alliance High Command. It's us they're afraid of.

WINDOM

What?

HENDERSON

They're powering up their laser cannon array and locking on us.

Windom rises from his seat and steps towards the main vid-screen.

WINDOM

We came to help them. I don't understand.

FORD

I do.

Ford takes the con.

FORD (CONT'D)

(to Lucas:)

Retract WSKRS.

(to O'Neill:)

Tell the Cobra to go to Red Alert.

(to Piccolo:)

Helm, get us to the free zone, rig for emergency speed.

PICCOLO

Aye, sir.

EXT. SEAQUEST - CGI/STOCK

as it rockets forward, leaving behind a wake of super-heated water.

INT. SEAQUEST - BRIDGE

FORD

(to Windom:)

The UEO intelligence was false. You did exactly what Bourne wanted you to do. It's why he chased refugees into the free zone and destroyed Romanche Colony.

HENDERSON

(realizing:)

He wanted us to attack... and leave the free zone unprotected.

O'NEILL

I can't reach the Cobra, sir.

Windom, horrified, turns to Ford.

WINDOM

The Macronesians are invading. And I opened the door.

FORD

All sensors on long-range scan.

EXT. OCEAN - CGI

The Cobra is under intense bombardment by Lysanders. ANGLE WIDENS to show SCORES OF ATTACK SUBS and Lysanders still coming.

INT. SEAQUEST - BRIDGE

LUCAS

I'm detecting...

(looks up:)

At least five Macronesian Attack subs and a dozen Lysander-class subfighters...maybe more.

HENDERSON

The Cobra is under heavy attack.

Windom sags, almost as if he's taken a blow.

LUCAS

I'm reading hull breaches on four decks.

FORD

Can we get there any faster?

LUCAS

Not fast enough.

EXT. OCEAN - CGI

The Lysanders swarm over the embattled Cobra...which shudders and EXPLODES INTO BITS. And on the Macronesian subs streaming by, we FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. OCEAN - CGI

The SeaQuest is in the heat of battle, it's LASERS FIRING, as Lysanders strafe her. SeaQuest subfighters attack, taking out TWO LYSANDERS. But while the SeaQuest is engaged in battle, even more Macronesian ships are streaking past her into the sea beyond.

INT. SEAQUEST - BRIDGE

Red Alert. Everyone scrambling. This is war. The SeaQuest is rocked by a HIT. Ford is clearly in command. Windom stands to one side, a broken man.

LUCAS

Plasma torpedo hit, launch bay two.
We've got a hull breach.

FORD

(into com:)
Rescue Teams to Launch Bay Two, get
those people out of there.

O'NEILL

We've lost another WSKR. We're down
to four.

HENDERSON

Attack sub, dead astern.

FORD

Flood tubes Bravo 1-4, fire when
ready.

HENDERSON

Torpedoes away.

The SeaQuest is hit AGAIN. Smoke and sparks everywhere.

O'NEILL

The Wallengren Rise is under attack.

PICCOLO

I don't get it -- if they kept those
forces here, they could have already
sunk us.

FORD

They still might their priority now is to keep us occupied while they grab as much territory as they can.

WINDOM

Commander, fire all our flash warheads and EMP mines, timed to detonate simulatenously.

FORD

What good would that do?

WINDOM

The electromagnetic pulse and somaluminiscent field should scramble their sensors long enough for us to dive into the Sprague Trench at emergency speed.

Ford looks at him with utter contempt.

FORD

Are you suggesting we run and hide?

WINDOM

I'm "suggesting" we're not doing the people of Wallengren Rise any good here.

The SeaQuest is ROCKED by another explosion. Ford makes a tough choice. He turns to Henderson.

FORD

Recall subfighters. Launch EMP mines and flash warheads when ready.

EXT. OCEAN - CGI

SeaQuest launches the MINES and WARHEADS. And instant later, they DETONATE, enveloping the immediate area in a tremendous ENERGY PULSE. The Lysanders SPIN out of control, some even EXPLODING. When the PULSE clears, SeaQuest is GONE.

INT. MCGATH'S OFFICE - DAY

Hudson paces like a caged jungle cat. Charles, an air of ease about him, reclines in McGath's chair.

HUDSON

How did McGath get that information?

CHARLES

From Deon, of course. He and Stassi must be in league together.

(MORE)

CHARLES (CONT'D)

(chuckles)

Must say it took me by surprise. I didn't think the general had it in him.

Hudson just shoots him a look and keeps pacing.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Relax, Oliver. My lawyer's out reminding a few key members of the UEO General Assembly about the favor's I've done for them. We'll be out in half an hour.

HUDSON

Maybe we shouldn't be.

(then:)

You gave Alexander Bourne the information about the platform, didn't you?

CHARLES

A small case of insider trading. At worst, they'll ban me from the markets for a day.

Hudson stares at his father, unable to believe what he's hearing.

HUDSON

You may have tipped the balance of world power irrevocably towards a bloodthirsty dictator.

CHARLES

The balance of power tips hourly. The trick is to guess which way before the markets catch up.

Hudson feels a lifetime of anger rise up in him.

HUDSON

You may have sentenced the entire free world to death, and all you can see is your own wallet.

Charles starts to object, but Hudson cuts him off.

HUDSON (CONT'D)

Nothing else matters to you, not freedom, not humanity, just money.

CHARLES

What matters to me is my family.

Hudson turns on him, amazed at his self-deception.

HUDSON

You care nothing for your family.
For years, you begged me to come
back to you. And when I finally did

CHARLES

(interrupting)

It was the happiest moment of my
life.

HUDSON

-- You used me as a pawn in one of
your cheap schemes.

CHARLES

It wasn't like that.

HUDSON

It was always like that. All I've
ever been to you is one more piece
to move around on the board.

CHARLES

Don't you understand? I did this all
for you.

Hudson stares at him, a terrible understanding beginning to
dawn.

HUDSON

You gave Bourne the Platform so I'd
have to come to you for help.

CHARLES

I knew it was the only way to see
you again.

HUDSON

You risked destroying the world.

CHARLES

For a few last days with my son. And
I'd do it again.

Hudson sinks into a chair, torn by his loathing of what his
father has done and his first awareness that the old man
really does care for him. That's when McGath comes in,
scowling.

MCGATH

I don't know what dirty secrets or
covert deals you have with the
security council, but they're
pardoning you both.

They rise to go.

MCGATH (CONT'D)

Before you start celebrating, you should know that Bourne has invaded the free zone. Your "freedom," and the rest of the world's, may be very short-lived.

McGath storms out. Hudson turns to his father.

CHARLES

We can't let this happen.

HUDSON

Isn't it a little late to start caring?

CHARLES

I created this problem, and I can fix it. I didn't give Alexander Bourne everything I have on the Platform.

Hudson thinks for a moment, then:

HUDSON

Do you know how to reach him?

CHARLES

There isn't anybody I can't reach.

HUDSON

Come with me.

And as the Hudsons rush out, we CUT TO:

EXT. SEAQUEST - CGI/STOCK

as the SeaQuest speeds through the sea.

INT. SEAQUEST - BRIDGE

Ford paces behind the con. Windom sits impotently in the chair.

FORD

ETA to Wallengren Rise?

PICCOLO

Twenty minutes sir.

FORD

Is that enough time?

WINDOM

I doubt it.

HENDERSON

Long-range sensors are picking up five Macronesian attack subs closing in on our position.

O'NEILL

I've got Captain Hudson on priority channel.

FORD

On screen.

INT. SHUTTLE / INT. SEAQUEST BRIDGE - INTERCUT

Captain Hudson and Charles are in a shuttle.

HUDSON

Ensign Wolenczak, I'm transmitting the datalinks and schematics for the Deon Platform, along with my coded instructions.

Lucas stares at his console.

LUCAS

Yes sir, I'm decrypting them now.

HUDSON

How's she holding up, Commander?

FORD

Barely, sir. But we're not going down without a fight.

Lucas looks up from his console.

LUCAS

Captain I'm not sure I can pull this off, even if I had a week.

HUDSON

You have an hour. Hudson out.

INT. DEON INTERNATIONAL - BOARD ROOM

Deon and Stassi study the VIDLINK, which displays a graphic showing the Macronesian encroachment across the free zone.

DEON

Congratulations, Admiral, Macronesia is about to take Wallengren Rise.

STASSI

While within Macronesia, people starve. I don't see any cause for celebration... yet.

Stassi moves to the Deon Platform control console.

STASSI (CONT'D)

Now is the time to strike, while
President Bourne is absorbed in his
invasion.

DEON

What shall we destroy, Admiral?
Brisbane? Sydney?

STASSI

The Presidential Palace will do.

Deon types a few keys, then motions to Stassi.

DEON

Be my guess.

Stassi shakes his head.

DEON (CONT'D)

It's a lot of fun...

Still, Stassi stands firm. Deon shrugs and hits the button.

EXT. SPACE - CGI

The Deon Platform spins, targets, and FIRES.

EXT. PRESIDENTIAL PALACE - DAY

as it's HIT by a laser blast and BLOWN APART.

INT. DEON INTERNATIONAL - BOARD ROOM

Deon reads something off the console.

DEON

Done.

(then:)

And you thought staging a coup would
be hard.

Deon turns to see Stassi pointing a PLASMA LASER GUN at him.
Deon smiles.

DEON (CONT'D)

Is this your way of saying you want
to re-negotiate the deal?

STASSI

I'm arresting you for the
assassination of President Bourne.

BOURNE'S VOICE

A bit premature.

That's when Stassi is hit by a LASER in the back and crumples to the ground, revealing PRESIDENT BOURNE standing in the door way, a GUN in his hand, flanked by the Hudsons.

BOURNE

Hello, Larry. Where's your assistant?

DEON

Running an errand.

BOURNE

It's a shame, you're going to need her.

Bourne and the Hudsons stride into the room. Hudson goes to the console.

DEON

I never thought I'd see the three of you on the same side.

BOURNE

Charles figured out your tawdry little plot and warned me.

DEON

(to Charles:)

What's in it for you?

CHARLES

President Bourne is recalling his forces from the free zone and assigning me his share of Deon International.

Hudson turns to Deon.

HUDSON

Give me the unlock code, Deon, I'm taking the platform off-line.

Bourne presses his gun in Charles' back.

BOURNE

I don't think so, Captain. You have to destroy SeaQuest first.

And on Hudson's fury, we CUT TO:

INT. SEAQUEST - BRIDGE

O'Neill reacts to something he's hearing.

O'NEILL

The Wallengren Rise has fallen, Macronesian forces are swarming over the Canary Abyssal Plain.

Before that has a chance to sink in...

HENDERSON

We're surrounded sir, by five
Macronesian Attack subs. They're
flooding their tubes.

WINDOM

We don't have the intercepts to take
their torpedoes out. Even if we did,
we're out-gunned.

FORD

I'm well aware of that, Captain.
(to Lucas:)
Lucas?

Lucas types furiously at his console.

LUCAS

I'm trying, sir. But the algorithms
are more complex than anything I've
dealt with before.

FORD

Then you better start guessing.

LUCAS

And if I'm wrong?

FORD

We're dead anyway.

And on their concern, we CUT TO:

INT. DEON INTERNATIONAL - BOARD ROOM

Bourne uses his free hand to type something into the console.

CHARLES

We had a deal.

BOURNE

You didn't really expect me to honor
it, did you?
(then:)
Coordinates plotted. Target locked.

Bourne looks at Hudson, who glares back at him.

HUDSON

I'm not going to destroy my own boat.

BOURNE

Then you can see your father die...
right before I kill you and destroy
SeaQuest myself. Either way, the
deed is done.

Hudson grimaces and brings his fist down on the button.

EXT. SPACE - CGI

The Platform turns, targets and FIRES.

INT. OCEAN - CGI

The LASER BEAM breaks through the water, streaks towards SeaQuest... and DESTROYS one of the ATTACK SUBS, following in RAPID SUCCESSION by LASER BLASTS taking out the remaining ATTACK SUBS.

EXT. SPACE - CGI

The PLATFORM is rapid-firing lasers from all it's turrets.

INT. SEAQUEST - BRIDGE

Lucas looks up from his console.

LUCAS

It worked, sir. The Platform is systematically destroying the entire Macronesian fleet.

And on Ford's relief, we CUT TO:

INT. DEON INTERNATIONAL - BOARD ROOM

Bourne stares at the console in horror.

BOURNE

It's destroying my subs!

CHARLES

You're right, Bourne, we didn't expect you to honor our agreement.

DEON

This is the last time I do business with any of you.

HUDSON

We've reprogrammed the Platform into identifying Macronesian sub sonar signatures as SeaQuest. It's on a continous firing sequence. In fifteen minutes, your entire fleet will be decimated.

BOURNE

And your father will be dead if you don't stop it.

HUDSON

If you're sure that's what you want.

BOURNE

Do it!

Hudson hits a button on the console.

EXT. SPACE - CGI

The space platform EXPLODES.

INT. DEON INTERNATIONAL - BOARD ROOM

Bourne stares at the vidscreen.

BOURNE

You've destroyed the platform.

HUDSON

I saved your fleet... or what little's left of it.

Deon glares furiously at Hudson.

DEON

Do you have the slightest idea what you've just done?

HUDSON

Restored the balance of power in the world.

BOURNE

For the moment.

Bourne, resigned, lowers his gun and motions to Stassi.

BOURNE (CONT'D)

(to Deon:)

Forgive me for leaving a mess.

BOURNE TURNS AND WALKS OUT

DEON

You missed your calling, Captain.
You're a born businessman.

And on Hudson and Charles sharing a look, we CUT TO:

INT. SEAQUEST - CAFETERIA

Dagwood passes a table, where Piccolo, Lucas and Henderson are eating.

PICCOLO

Hey, Dagwood, how's the message coming?

DAGWOOD

I think I know what to say. You were all a big help.

Dagwood walks away.

LUCAS

(to Piccolo:)

You were a help?

PICCOLO

I know how a woman thinks.

LUCAS

You don't even know how you think.

HENDERSON

Neither one of you have a clue. What Dagwood needed was a woman's perspective.

PICCOLO

Dagwood is in trouble now.

And as they continue to bicker, we FIND Dagwood at the VIDLINK.

DAGWOOD

Hi, Rachel. It's me, Dagwood. I miss you.

HE SMILES AND HITS A BUTTON. AND AS THE WORD SEND APPEARS ON SCREEN, WE CUT TO:

EXT. TWELVE OAKS - DAY

As a Jeep pulls up and TWO ARMED SOLDIERS get out. They march up to the front door and confront Ben.

SOLDIER

We're here for Captain Hudson.

BEN

Yes, sir.

INT. TWELVE OAKS GREENHOUSE - DAY

Hudson lowers a young orchid plant into the hole his father has just dug.

CHARLES

Careful if you bruise the bulb, it will never bloom.

HUDSON

Yes, sir.

That's when Ben leads in the soldiers.

SOLDIER
Captain Oliver Hudson?

HUDSON
I'm ready.

CHARLES
Can't you give us a few minutes?

SOLDIER
We have orders from Secretary General McGath himself to escort Captain Hudson back to seaQuest as quickly as possible.

HUDSON
Wait out side for a moment. I'll be right there.

The soldiers nod and leave.

HUDSON (CONT'D)
I don't know how you squeezed McGath to get me my boat back, but thank you.

CHARLES
Just be gentle with him for a few days. He's a good man for a politician. Besides, with Deon back at his company and Bourne consolidating his empire, we need him on our side.

There's an awkward moment between them, then:

CHARLES (CONT'D)
You'd better get going.

HUDSON
I'll never approve of what you did...
(then:)
But I can respect why you did it.

CHARLES
Respect?

HUDSON
It's a first step.

He turns to go, then turns back:

HUDSON (CONT'D)
I have some leave coming up. Maybe I could stop by to check on my orchid.

CHARLES
I hope you will.

The two men share a hearty handshake, then Hudson leaves.
And on Charles watching him go:

FADE OUT

THE END