

"ATLANTIS"

by

Michael France

Story by Adrian Askarieh & Michael France

NOVEMBER 7, 2005

If it rises...we fall.

to: anonymous
from: dm1asst@vwna.com
2006-02-10 03:11 PM

FADE IN:

AN ANCIENT MAP OF THE OCEANS

TITLES OVER the maps, which are alternately rough and polished, mythological and scientific, depicting real dangers like volcanoes and legendary ones like sea beasts. From every century, promises of adventure and warnings of death.

WE PULL OUT to find we are in the ancient world of --

1981 - A PUBLIC LIBRARY - A TABLE IS COVERED WITH MAPS

and there is a kid there, moving from map to map, trying to figure out how these different languages, different cultures, different maps all fit into the puzzle in his mind.

We PULL OUT MORE and see three tables. One table is ancient maps -- another is full of scientific geographical charts and real nautical charts -- a third is covered with every kind of book opened up. The kid is moving among them all, furiously scribbling at one part of the table, flipping the pages to a fold out map and erasing and re-drawing his own map.

Nine year old RAY MCCLARREN is taking on the mystery of the ages, the one no one's been able to figure out. His smile says he's winning. He's got eureka all over his face.

An eight year old girl, JULIE, is coming out of the stacks with a new group of maps. Gotta be three dozen out by now.

Nearby, two LIBRARIANS look on, doing "rock-scissor-paper".

LIBRARIAN #1

Do Ray and Julie have to pull out
every map, every single day?

LIBRARIAN #2

Rock breaks scissors. You do it.

JULIE BRINGS THE MAPS TO RAY

and puts them down. Ray's driving this research, but she's into it too and clearly has a crush that a nine year old boy would never notice. Ray looks up at her --

RAY

No more possibilities left.

(looks up, excited)

I know where it is!

(off librarian's

look, whispers)

I know where it is. I told Dad I'd
find it first. He's due back today.

JULIE

Can I see your Dad's face when you
tell him?

RAY

Only if you can keep up!

Ray smiles and dashes out the door. Julie follows. The librarian who picked "scissors" starts to mop up the thousands of years of knowledge the kids have strewn around.

EXT. KEY WEST - DOCKSIDE - DUSK - RAY IS RUNNING A ZIG ZAG

on the seawall's edge, filled with joy, dodging and skipping around birds, fishermen, tourists, toward the docks --

-- Julie is right behind him, laughing --

CLOSE ON RAY'S FACE

It's the happiest moment of his life. But it's over. Through the golden light of the Florida sunset, a **red light** streaks across Ray's face -- and his smile levels out.

RAY STOPS FOR A MOMENT

and drops the notebook -- it was the most important thing in the world a second ago, now it's nothing --

-- and Ray takes off again, running along the seawall, no longer, and never will he be again, a carefree kid.

Julie sadly stops, picks up Ray's notebook, and watches --

AT THE DOCKS - THE COUNTY CORONER WAGON IS THERE

and so are a couple of cop cars, top lights on. Locals are crowded at the docks, recognizing and pointing at the poor little boy running toward the dock --

-- as a county tug boat is pulling in a thirty foot boat.

CLOSE ON RAY'S FACE

as he's running straight as a shot to the red light, faster and faster, trying to come up with an innocent explanation for what he sees, but he can't. There's only one possibility.

CUT TO:

EXT. UNDERWATER - RIGHT NOW - RAY MCCLARREN (30S)

is again seen with a a red tint, through a couple of plastic bags of red liquid he's working with methodically.

The dreamer in that little boy is nowhere in sight. But we still see the driving intellect of a man who breaks down mysteries of the world into understandable pieces.

EXT. MEDITERRANEAN SEA - RESEARCH BOAT - DAY

It is a thirty footer, packed with high tech equipment, all of it either won on a bet or bought off the back of a truck. The same boat we saw earlier. The name is worn off with age, the sonar, computers and equipment are all worn with use --

-- and used by the equally worn JIMMY SHEAR (30s), a Brit who's wearing a radio headset and a vintage Elvis Costello t-shirt while manning a computer station that has three stratas of the water underneath them mapped out, as well as a MiniDV video feed from a camera in Ray's helmet.

JIMMY (ON RADIO)

Tide's drawing everything in, Ray.
Want to skip it for today?

RAY (ON RADIO)
 The quakes have been folding up
 these caverns like origami. The
 samples I get today ain't gonna be
 there tomorrow -- for anyone.
 This'll be the biggest payday yet.

UNDER THE WATER - CLOSE ON RAY

who is meticulously working with the ROVs. In his facemask,
 we see the reflection of what he's swimming toward --

A LAYER OF SHARKS ARE CIRCLING THE WATERS BENEATH HIM

and they're not showing interest in him -- yet.

RAY SWIMS DOWN TOWARD THEM WITH NO WEAPONS

just a pair of small ROVs -- remote control robots used for
 undersea exploration. A pair of sharks nudge up toward Ray --

RAY (ON RADIO)
 Part them like the red sea. Or
 else I'm going to be the red sea.

IN BOAT CONTROL ROOM - JIMMY HITS A PAIR OF JOYSTICKS
 to track in opposite directions --

JIMMY (ON RADIO)
 If this doesn't work, I get your
 Elvis Costello bootleg LPs.

IN THE WATER - RAY RELEASES THE ROVS

which swim away in opposite directions, both trailing those
 red bags -- the sharks are still coming, Ray doesn't react --

RAY (ON RADIO)
 If this doesn't work, Lee gets my
 EC bootlegs, because he made the
 big sacrifice on this dive, but
 you can have my Clash bootlegs.

The sharks veer away from Ray, splitting to follow the ROVs.

JIMMY (ON RADIO)
 So am I about to get my own copy
 of "Live At Lyceum"?

RAY (ON RADIO)
 Keep checking Ebay, Jimmy.

THE ROVS ARE TRAILING PLASTIC BAGS WITH PINPOINT LEAKS

trailing blood -- they're moving fast enough to lead the
 sharks on two merry chases, far away from Ray.

Ray swims down, with a totally clear field, toward a bizarre,
 twisted coral reef -- it looks like the ocean floor --

RAY (ON RADIO)
 Down to the coral. I'll thread
 this in thirty seconds.

ON THE BOAT - JIMMY SWITCHES HIS ATTENTION

to a second sonar screen, showing the coral reef's full features -- jagged shards shoot out in all directions. It's a labyrinth of razor sharp obstacles for Ray to swim through.

JIMMY (ON RADIO)

Take sixty, hot shot. The coral's razor sharp -- you start bleeding and that ROV trick is over.

RAY (ON RADIO)

Dumb as they are, no shark is dumb enough to follow me down here. By the way -- how's Lee feeling?

Jimmy looks to LEE (20s), the newbie crewman who gets the shit jobs -- he's grimacing and rubbing a bandage on his arm.

LEE

There's got to be an easier way to work my way back to the States.

Lee leans on one of several huge cylindrical tanks containing biological samples -- this one is a huge, mean looking eel that thrashes against the glass. Jimmy wheels around --

JIMMY

Watch it -- that's worth more than the boat. Million bucks easy.

(off Lee's look)

New eel we found 1500 feet down in the Fiftyeast Ridge. Big pharm can bring great joy to the world by using the venom for a PMS drug.

LEE-

Venom? They want to kill women who have PMS?

JIMMY

There may be a market for that...but I think what they had in mind was an analgesic.

LEE

You guys are scientists?

JIMMY

Better. Scientists are pussies. Scientists will not swim in shark infested waters over active faults to get their samples. Scientists sit back in air conditioned lockups, waiting for guys like me and Ray to sell them the world, piece by piece. Then they sell it back to your grandmother over the counter. Christ, look out --

(moves Lee off)

-- that's the most important piece of equipment on the boat!

Lee moves away from the "important" equipment -- it's the source of the music on the boat. A vinyl turntable, sitting on a home built but impressively complex system of shock absorbing gels, ball bearings and a gyro that keeps it level and vibration free, no matter which way the boat sways.

Still puzzled, Lee looks over at the untouched deep sea fishing gear on the boat's edge.

LEE

You advertised for someone to crew on a fishing trip.

JIMMY

That's another thing that makes us more manly than your basic labcoat -- we didn't exactly get official permits from the government for this kind of dive in their waters, or we'd have to cut them in on our action.

LEE

(lightbulb goes on)

Arrrrrr -- you're pirates.

JIMMY

Spot on. Latest kind.

(back to radio)

Ray, you got anything down there?

RAY'S POV - RAY WINDS THROUGH RAZOR SHARP CORAL BRANCHES

and the path he's following is just wide enough for him, as one lightly scratches his equipment bag. But as he breaks through to the bottom of the coral, we see --

-- this area of ocean floor is carpeted with shipwrecks.

Simple fishing boats, bigger galleons, and the broken, rusted wreck of a United States Naval Destroyer, circa 1944.

RAY (ON RADIO)

Hey, whaddaya know -- here lies the U.S.S. Dempsey.

IN THE BOAT - JIMMY ROLLS HIS EYES

JIMMY

Not what we came for, mate. Do not go inside that thing --

UNDERWATER - IN THE DEMPSEY - RAY SWIMS INSIDE

and his light reveals the algae and rust coated remains of a warship. Skeletons move in Ray's wake as he swims further in -- and he uncaps a tube of phosphorescent liquid.

RAY (ON RADIO)

Have to. It's the way in.

(follows trail)

Damn, this wreck's worth millions.

Ray uncaps the tube -- the fluid moves ahead of him, taken by a light current, creating a glowing trail for him to follow.

JIMMY (ON RADIO)
The sample you get'll be worth
more than that junk. Quit
sightseeing and get a decent one,
don't bother coming back at all.

Ray's eyes widen as the trail leads him further into the ship.

RAY (ON RADIO)
That might be how it works out.

THE BOAT'S ARMORY IS AHEAD

and the hull has been torn apart, no doubt due to a blast. There are dozens of old depth charges and torpedoes, precariously strapped to the hull pieces remaining. It looks like one breath could take it down and set off a chain reaction. They rattle together from the water movement.

The phosphorescent trail snakes ahead of Ray, right through the crack in the hull -- to the opening of a cavern.

Ray swims behind the trail, gently. Very gently. But he widens the hull breach as a rusty piece of the ship tears off.

JIMMY (ON RADIO)
Thermals show you're almost there.

INTO THE DARKNESS OF THE CAVERN SYSTEM - RAY SWIMS BEHIND

the fluorescent trail -- an eerie, snaking light in this darkness. It twists and turns, revealing a ring of phosphorescent algae rims a geologic vent.

RAY (ON RADIO)
Sickly green-blue. The color of money. This is exactly the slime Merck was looking for.
(takes samples)
I won't need the cargo balloon.
This is coming off easy.

Ray carefully removes the stuff and packs it into sample cannisters. Ray is about to leave -- but his helmet light picks up something further down. Bright, shining, golden.

And now we see in Ray's face the return of that kid in the library. A kid who just spotted a big question mark and can't resist trying to straighten it out.

JIMMY (ON RADIO)
Ray -- do you read me? You're already late. Out. Now.

Ray almost goes up, but something in him can't resist -- he swims down the hole.

RAY GOES FURTHER INTO THE HOLE AND FINDS

a gleaming golden jewel -- it looks bizarre. Like some kind of ornament, but it looks polished, not primitive. It is embedded in the wall, next to a barnacled human skeleton.

RAY (ON RADIO)
This is something. Weird sort
of -- jewelry, I guess.

Ray pulls it loose. And swims further into the tunnel.

IN THE BOAT - JIMMY IS LOOKING AT THE SCREENS
and veins are popping out of his forehead --

JIMMY (INTO RADIO)
Skeletons are nature's way of
telling you to turn around, now --

IN THE CAVERN SYSTEM - RAY IS SWIMMING INTO THE DARKNESS
past more skeletons lining the walls -- and more objects that
are clearly from a wrecked ship.

RAY (INTO RADIO)
Hmm -- lots of fragments from a
wreck. Calcified remains -- wood,
metal -- must be thousands of
years old. Tide had to have chewed
it all up in these tunnels.

Ray moves through the winding tunnel to a cavern the size of
a hotel ballroom, closer to another shining object. It's a
golden cask, half imbedded in the walls. Aside from the fact
that it's stuck there, there isn't a mark on it -- no rust,
no scratches, but there is ancient writing on the side.

CLOSE ON RAY'S FACE - HE RECOGNIZES THE WRITING
and somehow this means something to him. Ray starts chiseling
away to free the cask.

RAY (INTO RADIO)
Gotta get this one, Jimmy.

JIMMY (ON RADIO)
Goddamnit, Ray --

RAY (INTO RADIO)
This cavern's lasted thousands of
years, I've got three minutes.

AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE CAVERN - THE HOLE IN THE HULL
of the US destroyer has opened a bit -- changing the way the
tide washes through there -- and it has loosened the live
depth charges in the ship, drawing them into the cavern --

-- where Ray went in, two charges CLINK together --
BARRRRROOOOOOM -- twin explosions take out the entrance --

-- the explosions SHUDDER shockwaves through the system --

-- more blasts track back to the sunken destroyer, causing
the rest of the armory to EXPLODE --

IN THE CAVERN SYSTEM - CRACKS ARE UNMISTAKABLY FORMING
in the ceiling -- the shocks are reverberating everywhere --

ON THE BOAT - THE BOAT ROCKS FROM THE UNDERCURRENTS

that are churning the water under the ship now. Jimmy barely stops a cup of coffee from shooting into his monitor --

IN THE CAVERN SYSTEM - RAY IS STILL CHISELING

to get the cask out of the wall -- the BOOMS of caverns caving in and the changing pull of the currents is yanking at him, the speed of the water is visible from all the debris washing past him, but he's not going to give up --

JIMMY (ON RADIO)

Ray, get out of there -- the way
you came in is gone, take any way
out you can find --

RAY (INTO RADIO)

Two more taps, Jimmy --

Ray finally pulls the cask loose -- he latches a cable around the cask and winds it around his arm, and he starts swimming up through the turbulent water --

-- and the cavern he was in cracks and collapses into rubble -- another moment and he would have been buried there. Ray swims up against the current, holding the cask, but the downward pull is impossible for him to beat, and above him --

-- the entire cavern ceiling is breaking and collapsing -- the pieces are falling towards him, and any could crush him --

ON RAY'S FACE

This wasn't a good idea after all. Ray struggles against the current, but can't win -- he clings to a cavern wall as the current drags tumbling slabs of stone past him -- even now, he's struggling to hold the cask as well as to stay alive.

RAY (INTO RADIO)

This. Sucks.

JIMMY (ON RADIO)

You got options --

RAY (INTO RADIO)

Possibility one: I drown.
Possibility two: I get slurped
down into a bottomless drainhole
and water pressure mashes me to
the size of a Troll doll --

JIMMY (ON RADIO)

Wouldn't take that one, Ray.

RAY (INTO RADIO)

-- right, too slow. Could take
possibility three if I'm lucky --
I could get smeared all over this
cavern wall by a big damn rock --

JIMMY (INTO RADIO)

I'd pass on that too. Look for a
crevice you can hide in. --

Ray clings to a wall, but he can see the approaching web of cracks and hear the rumble of the wall's collapse.

RAY (INTO RADIO)
The wall's in bigger trouble than
I am. Any way I figure it --

Ray looks up at the many chunks of stone raining down -- and he cuts loose his equipment pack. All but one item.

IN THE BOAT - JIMMY IS GAPING AT THE RADAR PICTURE

of the cavern system -- it is virtually all blue, the grey pieces of the cavern are shattered and going down the drain --

RAY (ON RADIO)
-- I got a date with a coffin.

JIMMY (ON RADIO)
-- No -- Ray --

IN THE CAVERN DRAIN - RAY PULLS A RIPCORN

that triggers and inflates a gas cargo balloon. The balloon pulls Ray up, tearing him out of the drain --

-- Ray hangs on as the balloon races up -- he has to hang onto the cask, and simultaneously he has to steer the balloon to avoid the tons of stone tumbling down toward him --

CLOSE ON RAY'S FACE FOCUSING UP TOWARD THE SHOWER OF STONE

so he can steer -- but he is also in physical pain. The balloon is racing up, way, way faster than a human is supposed to surface from a deep dive --

IN THE BOAT - A COMPUTER MONITOR BEEPS

to show that a cargo balloon has been inflated -- and Jimmy realizes what's happening -- he bolts from his chair --

JIMMY
He's riding a cargo balloon
through an underwater landslide --

LEE
-- off the chain! I'm next!

JIMMY
He's gonna have a first class case
of the bends, dipshit!

Jimmy grabs the wheel and hits the engine, steering toward the center of the roiling water --

UNDERWATER - THE BALLOON IS RISING PAST THE ROCKS

and it collides with smaller ones -- as some bigger slabs of stone go by, the water pressure shifts the balloon to the side. This isn't a straight up trip, this is as turbulent as riding a hot air balloon in the middle of a hurricane. He's almost clear of the shattering cavern ceiling -- a hole opens and Ray steers through it. But he's still in trouble:

RAY'S FACE - HIS EYES ARE RED AND BULGING

-- you are not supposed to go up this fast -- he YELLS in pain, but still hangs onto the balloon and the cask --

CLOSE ON THE BALLOON - HEAVY SHARP STALACTITES SCRAPE IT making a rip in the side of the balloon -- gas is escaping --

RAY LOOKS UP THROUGH THE WATER

he can see the sun, far off -- he can see the gas escaping from his ride -- he can feel himself slowing, because the suction is growing much stronger as the balloon weakens --

ON THE BOAT - JIMMY AND LEE

look at the water, which is visibly drawing down --

JIMMY

Take the wheel and hit the throttle when I tell you -- not one second before. But first -- (urgent) -- take the needle off that Elvis Costello bootleg!

Lee saves the record, and he's a little nervous -- the water is really, really starting to draw down now -- the boat is shaking like crazy, including the shock resistant turntable.

LEE

Ahh -- we're okay, right? The boat's okay, right? The tide won't take a boat down, right?

JIMMY

You think there's a reason there are a dozen shipwrecks in this area and nobody ever dives on them?

IN WATER - RAY AND THE BALLOON ARE ALMOST TO THE SURFACE

but the balloon is deflating -- it's not going up anymore, it's faltering, and finally -- it's going down --

RAY IS IN AGONY

from the bends, but he can see what's happening -- he fumbles with the clip holding him to the balloon --

-- the balloon starts to be drawn down fast -- Ray's fingers are stiff and cold, but just before the cable goes tight and crushes his hand, Ray undoes the clip --

-- Ray fiercely swims up, up, up -- the effort is incredible, just to get an inch, another inch, another inch -- and in all this, he will not let go of the cask --

RAY BREAKS THE SURFACE TEN YARDS FROM THE BOAT

-- he's gasping and about to go down, but, Jimmy throws him the line -- flailing around, Ray grabs the line and wraps it around one wrist -- Jimmy SHOUTS up --

JIMMY
Full throttle! Go, go, go!

ON THE WATER - THE SUCTION IS BUILDING INTO A FUNNEL

that's going to flush Ray **and** the boat down the drain -- Ray is clinging to the rope but the suction pulls him down like a sinker on a fishing line -- air bubbles are racing down past him in the roiling, turbulent water --

-- the boat itself is getting drawn into the strengthening pull -- but the throttle slowly pulls it out, and tears Ray out of the suction, and onto the surface.

THE BOAT CLEARS THE SUCTION AREA AND STOPS

Jimmy hauls the line in -- Ray is half dead, but still hanging onto the cask, and he shoves it over the side before he gets in. Jimmy tears Ray's mask off. He looks horrible. He's in pain from the bends. But he's smiling.

Ray dumps a bucket of water on the cask. It looks perfect and new. Gleaming, golden, covered with ancient writing. Jimmy, totally unimpressed, takes the sample jars from Ray's belt while leaving the golden ornament he found in it.

JIMMY
Wow. It's....shiny. What could this possibly be worth?

RAY
To a sane person...absolutely zero.

JIMMY
I thought you gave up the Bronze Age bling bling a long time ago.

RAY
I did. I like getting paid once in a while. But I've got a friend who never grew up who still collects junk like this. She'll love it.

Ray winces with pain, and Jimmy helps him to his feet.

JIMMY
Some guys would bring flowers, or candy, you bring a soggy ancient spittoon. What a way with women --
(realizes)
-- ahhh, you want to give this to Julie. Think it'll be enough?

RAY
If I went through fifty cave-ins, nothing would be enough for her unless one of them pancaked me.
(hit by pain)
Now get me in that coffin, huh?

INT. CABIN - JIMMY HELPS RAY TO THE "COFFIN"

A cylindrical hyperbaric chamber for exposure to the bends.

JIMMY

You have a nice little nappy --
when you get out we'll give you a
juicebox and a sandwich, okay?

RAY

Take me out in eight. Then we're
off to Sumatra. Tectonic plates
are in full boogie there. We get
another few samples and cash in.

JIMMY

Sumatra? They've got great record
stores there -- a UK distributor
shipped a ton of Stiff vinyl there
in the 80s by mistake. We could --

RAY

You could buy every record store
in East Asia after we wrap the big
pharm bidding war on these
samples. Out in eight, Jimmy.

Ray pulls the door shut, sealing himself in. As the chamber
pressurizes, Ray shuts his eyes -- and we --

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE UP - THE TOTAL DARKNESS OF UNCONSCIOUSNESS BECOMES

the almost total darkness of the inside of the hyperbaric
chamber. Ray groans as he comes around, and TAPS the door.

RAY

Jimmy? Jimmy --

A long moment passes. Ray BANGS on the door again and again,
and the only response is the ECHO booming in the chamber.

OUTSIDE THE CHAMBER - THE HATCH CREAKS OPEN

and Ray pulls himself out with some difficulty.

RAY

Hey, guys -- I didn't want a
mimosa, a western omelette and a
silver coffee pot waiting for me,
but I was sort of hoping for a
little goddamn help getting out --
(yelling)

-- and come to think of it, I do
want a mimosa, a western omelette,
and a silver pot of coffee.

As Ray gets out, we can HEAR seagulls chirping just outside.

RAY

I can see how feeding the seagulls
is a real priority considering --
(shouting again)

-- **by maritime law I could have
you all put to death!**

(looks out window)

Jee-sus Christ. The Greek coast.

RAY
(shouting)
Wake up, guys, we do not have
government clearance to pull
samples in these waters -- oh shit.

Ray sees a Greek police boat is coming on the other side. Ray
races for the miniDV equipment, he pops out the tapes --

RAY
Jimmy! Lee! We've got thirty
seconds to make this boat look
like we were fishing, or we're
gonna do thirty years in a
"Midnight Express" prison --

Ray stops, his mouth hanging open. Stunned into silence, he
slowly steps out onto the deck, and we see what he sees --

ON THE DECK - JIMMY AND LEE ARE BOTH DEAD

Virtually blown apart. They look like a barrel of chum
slopped all over the deck. Birds are swooping down for pieces.

Ray leans against the wall, devastated. Just in time for the
police to tie up to his boat, one officer holding a rifle up.

ON THE BOAT - A WHILE LATER - A GREEK POLICE OFFICER

is asking Ray questions, while the two other OFFICERS are
checking the boat out. They're deciding whether Ray is a
victim or a killer, and they're leaning toward "killer".

GREEK OFFICER
And you were -- "sleeping" --
while this is happening.

RAY
No, unconscious. With the bends.
I was in that hyperbaric chamber.
If pirates hit the boat --

The Greek officer draws a breath. The interview is over.

GREEK OFFICER
I have seen many attacks, many
thefts against boats. One thing,
though. Pirates always are taking
the toys, the electronics.
(points at them)
Also the money for harbor fees.
Mobile telephones, passports --

The Greek officer is getting angry now at this bullshit story
as he points out all the things the "pirates" left behind.

RAY
But listen -- they took the cask
I brought up from the bottom --

GREEK OFFICER
So -- you are diving for
commercial interests, illegally in
Greek waters without permission.

RAY

Yes. Yes, I admit it. So you know
I'm telling the truth about this.

GREEK OFFICER

What I know from twelve years of
police work is that when someone
admits committing a crime, I have
caught someone who is guilty of
something far worse. Mr.
McClarren, you're under arrest.

The Greek officer doesn't get his sidearm out. But his hand
is near enough to it. Ray looks resigned to his fate. Sighs.

RAY

You know what I think?

(beat)

We're both going to have a story
about the one that got away.

And like lightning, Ray throws his arm out, unclips a bolt
and shoves over a towering tank containing the eel --

-- the Greek cop isn't slow either, he grabs his gun -- but --

-- the tank smashes on the cabin wall and pins the Greek
cop -- the eel thrashes against the cracked glass an inch
from the cop's face -- he has to hold the slippery tank up --

-- Ray grabs his sample belt, which contains the MiniDV tapes
and the smaller golden jewel -- and he snatches a tank,
rebreather and mask off a rack in one sweeping move -- the
other Greek cop rushes in, ready to fire, but there are more
ferocious looking eels in tanks between the cop and Ray --

-- the cop gets out and FIRES, but as bullets smash the wood
and metal of the rail, Ray is already diving over the side.

UNDERWATER - RAY BLOWS OUT THE MASK AND STRAPS ON THE TANK

In the time it takes to read this, he's breathing underwater.

ON BOARD THE SHIP - THE GREEK OFFICERS ARE SHOUTING

as the eel's tank smashes to the deck -- glass and seawater
shoot everywhere, followed a pissed off venomous fish --

-- the eel is shooting around the deck, and the Greek cops
jump up out of the eel's path, and the eel shoots overboard --

UNDERWATER - THE PROPELLOR SHAFT IS UNSCREWED

from the police boat -- Ray has undone the screw and the
propellor gently twirls free to the ocean bottom.

Ray swims away, and a second propellor is already spinning to
the bottom -- he has already completely disabled both boats.
The eel is free too -- Ray waves goodbye as he swims to shore.

ON POLICE BOAT - THE GREEK OFFICER SHOUTS A HOMERIC CURSE

The engine won't start. An officer dives in after Ray, but
he's a few minutes late and a scuba tank short.

UNDERWATER - CLOSE ON RAY'S FACE

as he swims away, moving toward shore. He consciously has to control his breathing. He's escaped and he knows it. But someone killed his best friend and he's being blamed for it.

CUT TO:

INT. NAVAL SATELLITE MONITOR BASE - GIBRALTAR - DAY

Sitting behind a very orderly, uncluttered desk is LT. THOMAS ORTON (20s). Orton is staring intensely at his monitor. Several steps back, other OFFICERS are at work, and a new ENSIGN (19) is shown around by LT. COMMANDER EDMUNDS (40s).

ON THE MONITOR - NO ACTIVITY AT ALL

It's a thermal tracking screen for the Med. Totally blank. Until, suddenly -- a pinpoint of red flares on screen.

Orton expands the segment of the Mediterranean, blowing up the map three, four, five times -- and it's holding steady.

ORTON

Lieutenant Commander Edmunds --
heat signature located in the Med,
tracking North to Greek coast.
Looks radiological in nature, sir.

EDMUNDS

It just popped up in the Med?
(off Orton's nod)
Then what you have there,
Lieutenant Orton, is a fresh
volcanic smoker or seaquake.

ORTON

Sir, the signal isn't stationary --

EDMUNDS

It's an Earth fart, son. Call USGS
and let them whiff it.
(gets closer)

You took quite a tumble to wind up
glued to the hot channel all day.
Push it and find out how many shit
details we've got below this.

Edmunds walks away. Orton looks at his screen, still worried.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT - CLOSE ON A CONTORTED FACE OF DEATH IN STONE

It's frozen in fear and stretched -- physically stretched -- in agony. A hand comes into view, an eyedropper drops some fluid on the face, a delicate brush moves in.

JULIE FIEDLER (20S) IS THE ARCHEOLOGIST RUNNING THIS DIG

She has the same sense of wonder on her face that we saw on that girl in the library. Anyone else would turn away from this face of death. She's going deeper. A PORTUGUESE ARCHEOLOGIST is behind her.

ARCHEOLOGIST

Twenty years I have dug in
Portugal, never have I seen tribal
art as grotesque.

Julie is silent. Her face shows something is disturbing her.

FURTHER BACK IN DIGSITE - THE CRIMSON DESERT OF PORTUGAL

Activity everywhere. Dozens of laborers haul carts of dirt, diggling out a wall covered with twisted, agonized relief sculptures of people frozen in agony. It's like Picasso's "Guernica" come to life. At least thirty feet high, and the part they've uncovered is fifty yards long, with more to come.

ELLIOTT CURRAN (20S) WALKS QUICKLY PAST THE HORROR

clutching some paperwork, through a crowd of workers --

CURRAN

I have the results, Julie. Carbon dating has it around eleven thousand years ago --

JULIE

Glad they agree, but I dated it from the strata when we dug down here -- what about composition?

CURRAN

It tests positive for calcified soft tissue and skeletal remains. Interlaced with sandstone.

JULIE

Ordinary fossilization has minerals replacing tissue -- and this tested as something different?

CURRAN

If you're going to spew, keep it off my shoes. But yes -- your guess was right. If this was art, the sculptor'd have to be working in the medium of skin and bone.

(waves to wall)

These are all bodies. And somehow they're fused with the stone.

Julie steps back from the part of this grisly "mural" she's been working on. The enormity of this is devastating.

JULIE

There's a field of instant death that runs for two kilometers -- which suggests a large, sudden catastrophe like a volcanic eruption or meteor strike -- but there's nothing geologically to match either. There's a dried lake in the strata but no impact crater.

(looks at bodies)

Some of them ran. Some of them froze. Some of them prayed.

JULIE

But every one of them saw it and
every one of them was scared.

(to archeologist)

This isn't tribal art. And it
isn't a mass burial from a plague.

(looks at bodies)

It's Hiroshima, eight thousand B.C.

The CAMERA MOVES ACROSS the agonized faces of men, women, and
children, the moment of their horrible deaths frozen forever,
the wind whistling past them like an echoing shriek.

CUT TO:

INT. GIBRALTAR NAVAL SATELITE MONITOR BASE - ORTON

is facing the gatekeeper to another section -- the same brand
new, skittish Ensign who was being shown around earlier.
Orton urgently bulls through without stopping.

ENSIGN

You -- don't have clearance for
this section, sir --

ORTON

Christ. Is this your first day?
WMD issue. CO needs analysis ASAP
for a CIC report. Got it? *C I C.*
(off scared reaction)

So clear my path, or by God, I'll
have you scrubbing MILFs by 0500.

Orton whizzes past the Ensign and gets to a workstation. He
knows he's got a couple of minutes, tops. Orton takes the
coordinates from the boat, and focuses in. The computer does
the rest, zooming in again and again until he finds --

-- a blurry shot of Ray's boat. You can just make out that
Ray is on board and so is the crew -- this photo is from
right after Ray surfaced with the cask.

ORTON KNOWS SOMETHING'S THERE - HE MAGNIFIES THE IMAGE

again, drawing it closer to the deck -- and the crew is
grouped around, and securing, a strange looking metal cask.

Orton turns around to see --

EDMUNDS IS AT THE SECURITY DOOR CHEWING THE ASS OFF

of the duty officer. He glances at Orton, and pushes in.
Orton flags the Ensign and hands him some papers.

ORTON

Get me everything on this boat.
Greek coastal authorities, port
information, all of it. Right now.

The ensign sees the activity and looks at Orton blankly.

ORTON

Edmunds is going to arrest me for
breaching security. At minimum.

ORTON

He may go for treason on the side
and espionage for dessert. You let
me in so you're an accessory.

(off ensign's look)

Unless you can help me prove I had
a goddamn good reason. So get
Commander Duncan now, or you get
the bottom bunk in our cell later.

The ensign scoots off, and Edmunds storms up with the MPs.
COMMANDER DUNCAN (40s) walks up, stern and determined.

DUNCAN

What the hell is going on here?

EDMUNDS

Lieutenant Orton took a flight of
fancy and landed here. Now he's
late for the brig.

ORTON

Commander, I've found a heat
signature in the Medeterranean
that I believe to be radiological
in nature. Sat photos confirm --

EDMUNDS

-- bullshit. USGS confirmed a
sequake. That's your heat sig.

Duncan doesn't know what to think. Orton hands him photos.

ORTON

This sat pic shows a diver picked
up a cask at exactly the time and
place of the thermal bloom.

There's a thermal bloom and some
kind of radiological signature.

(now taking a leap)

What if this diver located a
nuclear device, or a plutonium
cask lost in the area?

EDMUNDS

Bullshit. Nukes are lying around
on the Med floor like seashells?

ORTON

The United States had three broken
arrows there: submarine Cauley in
1958, submarine Teller in 1973 and
carrier Roberts in 1995. Our
intercepts show Soviet reports of
lost nukes from Krask in 1968 and
the Guvalia in 1980. Sir.

Duncan smiles a little as the blood drains from Edmunds' face. Apparently he doesn't like Edmunds either.

DUNCAN

Step back, Lieutenant. I do
believe you're showing off.

The ensign returns to give Duncan some paperwork on the boat.

DUNCAN

The ship, recovered by Greek police, belonged to a Raymond McClarren -- a professional research and salvage diver.

(all stare at him)

Everyone on board but McClarren was murdered -- he escaped custody and is considered a suspect.

ORTON

McClarren might have raised it without knowing what it was. He seems like the kind of guy who might know how to sell it. Either way, it's in the open right now and we've got to contain it.

Duncan agrees. Edmunds is looking smaller and smaller.

DUNCAN

I'll lead a NEST detail into Athens. Nice work, Orton.

(to Edmunds)

Let's not send the Lieutenant to the brig over this "flight of fancy", all right?

Edmunds grinds out a painful nod of assent and waves off the MP. As Duncan starts away, Orton presses his luck --

ORTON

Request permission to join NEST detail, Commander.

EDMUNDS

Back to your station, Lieutenant.

Duncan says nothing -- Orton has to take the order and retreat. But Duncan steps over to Edmunds.

DUNCAN

Why've you got a man like that in front of the hot channel all day?

EDMUNDS

Any numbnut with a pulse can work that station, sir, and he's lucky to have any detail at all. He was the XO on board the Neville.

(off Duncan's look)

That's right. The Neville. You don't want to follow his lead. He's a first class foulup.

DUNCAN

He's the most observant foulup I've ever seen. Relieve him at his station and have him in transport in two hours.

EDMUNDS

We haven't got any relief for him!

Duncan takes Edmunds wrist, turns it over and lays his fingers on the pulse point.

DUNCAN

You seem *fully* qualified, Edmunds.

CUT TO:

EXT. VINTAGE AIR RACE - DAY - ENGLAND - A 1940 SPITFIRE

is in the lead, closely followed by a Corsair, running tight fast laps around an airfield as crowds watch from bleachers.

INSIDE THE CORSAIR - MICKEY FISKE (60S) IS THE PILOT

He guns it, and laughs maniacally --

FISKE

Twelve o'clock high! You really didn't think you'd win when you saw I showed, did you? Did you?

THE CORSAIR IS SEVERAL YARDS BEHIND THE SPITFIRE

and it's trailing streamers from the wings. Fiske takes the Corsair up, inch by inch, passing the tail so his propellers turn the Spitfire's streamers to confetti --

INSIDE THE CORSAIR - FISKE GOES FOR THE OTHER SIDE

and guns the plane on the other wing's streamers --

THE CORSAIR RIPS UP THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PLANE

and eats the streamers inch by inch, moving up until it looks like the planes are flying tangled -- until inevitably --

-- the Spitfire drops down and peels off -- an airshow trophy ain't worth dying for -- and the Corsair flies to the finishing lap, as a RACE OFFICIAL drops the flag. Fiske's won.

ANNOUNCER (ON PA)

-- and the winner, in a 1941 US Corvair -- Mickey Fiske!

He loops the plane for a low victory lap over the crowd.

CLOSER IN ON THE CROWD - RAY IS THERE

in a cap and sunglasses, trying to keep a low profile.

INT. ENGLISH PUB - DAY - RAY AND FISKE ARE SHOVELLING DOWN

some food. Fiske is finishing a joke:

FISKE

-- so then Adam said to Eve --
"why'd you do *that*, now all the fish are going to smell that way!"
(laughs and eats)
So -- how'd that smell get on you?

RAY

I had to catch a ride with Charley T. He flies drums of caviar from Beluga, through Cyprus, to London.

FISKE

You reek like a bait bucket.

(changes subject)

I lost the Tobago gold.

RAY

I heard. Mickey, I need help --

FISKE

I spent six years tracking it --

I dove on eight spots til I had barnacles on my ballsack --

(getting worked up)

-- finally trailed it to the western Gulf and hauled it up. I spent fifty grand on equipment --

RAY

You stole the equipment, Mick.

FISKE

Whatever -- I got an eighty million dollar haul -- and Lloyds of goddamn London steps up to say they paid an eighty thousand dollar insurance claim on the cargo a century and a half ago --

RAY

Don't fleck spittle on my eggs --

FISKE

-- and the god damn court says they get one hundred percent of the find and I get one hundred percent of my dick --

RAY

Your three ex-wives carved out fifty percent each on that one. My math says you need an extra half a dick to have none at all.

(to move him along)

So it's destiny, huh? Like Sinbad.

FISKE

Goddamn right. I always knew I'd be like Sinbad. Find six fortunes, lose six fortunes, but number seven will be mine to keep.

(calms a little)

So you've got a tip on my seventh?

Ray pushes a paper across, with his drivers license photo and a Greek headline over a photo of the boat.

RAY

Somebody stole my most recent find too, but they didn't use a lawyer.

RAY
They spread Jimmy and another kid
all over my deck.

FISKE
(sickened)
Christ. Why Jimmy. What can I do?

RAY
Whoever took the artifacts must
want to sell them. I know who'd be
the most obvious buyers. So I need
a lift to talk to them both.

FISKE
If my wingbolts hold together, you
got it. One condition, though.
(keeps eating)
Splash on a little Old Spice
before you get in my plane, huh?

CUT TO:

EXT. PORTUGAL - COASTAL TOWN - DAY - ESTABLISHING

The small town square has a marketplace with vendors hawking
cheap local foods to the villagers -- and not far away,
upscale hotels and cafes for visitors who can afford better.

Ray and Fiske wander through the marketplace -- and Fiske
stops at one of the stands for a skewer.

FISKE
Ah...espetadas. I love these.
Can't find 'em anywhere else.
(bites into it)
You know, I can't believe you're
still using your Dad's boat.
That's bad luck.

RAY
Couldn't afford the upgrade. I've
lost a couple of fortunes too.

FISKE
There's the biggest one you ever
let get away.

Fiske points across the marketplace -- and Ray lights up with
recognition. Fiske is about to wave a hand, but Ray stops him.

RAY
Don't. Not yet. I love the way she
looks right now.

CLOSE ON JULIE'S FACE

as she talks to a vendor, picking up a piece of stone
jewellery -- Ray's description is dead on.

RAY (O.S.)
She's trying to figure out if that
thing was carved last week or a
thousand years ago.

RAY

She's spent the last ten days with no sleep digging in a dust bowl, and she looks like a supermodel. Why? She loves this, that's why. Her heart's pounding with the hope of a new chase. Her eyes hunger for things unseen for millennia. She's soaring on the high of solving mysteries that've taunted the world for eons. She's --

Abruptly, something changes in Julie's face. Disbelief and anger fight it out and neither is giving ground.

RAY (O.S.)

-- crashing like the Hindenberg on the sight of her worthless ex.

Julie turns and heads straight back out.

THROUGH THE MARKETPLACE - JULIE IS STALKING AWAY ANGRILY as Ray catches up. Julie won't stop.

RAY

I knew you weren't lighting a candle for me all this time, but --

(beat)

-- you threw all my stuff out the window when I was gone for two months, and I forgave you, which wasn't easy, because I had a lot of vintage concert Ts that wound up unravelled in birds nests --

(beat)

-- can we finally, finally call it even on the Belize thing?

Julie walks on through the marketplace. Not interested.

JULIE

Sure. You lost some Elvis Costello and Ramones T-shirts. The world lost an irreplacable archeological treasure. We're even.

RAY

I didn't know there was an archeological site there when I sold the sample to the company. I screwed up, all right? But it can't happen again.

JULIE

Oh? Why is that?

RAY

Because I only go places that no one else can go. And now I keep the dive location absolutely confidential. They buy samples from me to work with. Not a location to stripmine.

JULIE

Whatever, Ray. I have to get back to the Lubinkai digsite. This is the biggest find of my career.

RAY

The biggest find of your career was two years ago, and I just found corroborating proof.

(holds golden globe)

Does this look to you like it maybe, possibly, kinda could be the Eye of Atala?

Julie is frozen on the spot. She's hooked now.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - DAY - RAY, JULIE AND FISKE ENTER

Julie's using this as her local base -- maps, video equipment and archeological tools are everywhere.

Julie goes to uncrate something. Ray sees that Curran is in the corner, his head cocked, hypnotized by the wallpaper pattern. He's not moving. He barely looks like he's breathing.

NEARBY - RAY IS WITH JULIE WATCHING THIS

Ray is kind of amazed. Julie is kind of embarrassed.

RAY

...boyfriend?

JULIE

Associate.

RAY

You work with Rain Man, because...?

JULIE

Elliott is the best theoretical linguist in the world...

(concedes)

...who wasn't scared off by my rep.

The silence is broken as Curran sudden LAUGHS like hell, snapping his head back up and pointing at the wallpaper.

CURRAN

I knew it! This is hilarious! This wallpaper was printed in Taiwan in the 1960s -- and they snuck dirty jokes into the pattern!

Abruptly, he stops laughing: Curran's head goes sideways again and he trances out. Julie cringes.

JULIE

Plus, he believes my theories.

RAY

Does that tell you something?

Curran deciphers another punchline and snorts with laughter.

JULIE

Now scope out the reason I fund expeditions with a home equity line instead of university grants.

Julie whips a dropcloth off the table, revealing a huge stone tablet. Well preserved, with a bizarre language carved into it, and a spherical indentation at its top.

JULIE

The Covenant of Atala. Ten thousand years old. I found it in Africa. Matches no known language.

CURRAN

We've been through this. There are characters no one's ever seen before...but there are some that look a little Sanskritty.

Ray and Fiske look at each other. "Sanskritty?"

JULIE

Yep. I thought similarities to multiple languages proved my theories about a multi-directional migration carrying common points of civilization to different continents from a single point.

(beat)

The university thought the similarities to other languages proved that it was a forgery.

(beat)

That's why I'm here. I might be able to find duplications of the language at this dig site.

Ray takes out the golden globe and fits it in the indentation. It is a perfect fit.

RAY

Ta da! The Eye of Atala.

JULIE

Okay. You're wanted for murder. You might not boost my credibility.

RAY

You need another example of this language to prove it's real, right?

Ray pulls the miniDV tape out of his pocket.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - JULIE, CURRAN AND RAY RUN THE TAPE

Julie is beside herself -- she's moving around the big screen monitor to take in every detail, still-framing the shots as it goes past artifacts in the walls.

JULIE

Oh my God -- is that --? This is the same language as the tablet.

RAY

That cask was gleaming like a picture of treasure in a kid's book. Not a scratch on it. Not even when I was chipping it out.

Ray lets the tape go, and the footage shows his hands chiselling the rock and coral away -- Julie is appalled.

JULIE

It didn't scratch when you went after an ancient artifact with a sledge hammer?

RAY

I didn't have time to be subtle. The roof was coming down --

The tape runs a Ray's-eye POV of his escape, dodging boulders and riding the balloon line out -- and no one gives a shit.

RAY

Hey, this was really dangerous -- look, that ten ton rock is missing me by about three inches --

CURRAN

Yeah, yeah, cool -- but look --
(backs up tape)
-- we've got something to compare to the tablet now.

Julie hits a printer to get a hard copy -- and Curran waits anxiously. Ray can't believe this and points at the monitor.

RAY

I desperately ascend as the elemental forces of earth and water combine to kill me --
(they don't look)
-- and you save your "Wow" for some old squiggle?

Julie hustles past Ray, a little coldly, to get a rubbing off the tablet and compare it to the photos. The others are watching the tape -- Julie and Ray have a moment alone.

RAY

Do I get any points for almost getting pounded flat to bring you these when I saw the symbols?

JULIE

How'd you know about the symbols?

RAY

(a little evasive)
I -- heard about it in the paper.

JULIE

So -- you recognized the symbols. You knew it would help uncover an ancient mystery. And you raised this just for me?

JULIE

(beat)

Not even a little bit because you were curious about what it meant?

RAY

Nope. No curiosity at all. I did it just for you.

Ray smiles. Figures this should do it. But it doesn't work. Julie is disappointed and goes back to the rubbings.

JULIE

That's too bad.

RAY

What? What'd I do now?

JULIE

You stopped believing. You stopped searching for Cortez' gold and Alexander's lost fleet and Lemuria, and you started spending your life scrounging for spores to make a better shoe deodorant.

(beat)

I mean, you used to be able to take a leap for an idea once in a while. What happened to you?

Ray's face flares a little. He's angry and defensive. He knows she's right, but no way is he going to admit it.

RAY

I grew up. I heard enough of this from my Dad back in the day.

(waves around himself)

This is a reality-only zone right here. I'll stick with chasing possibilities -- prefix-free, no "im", just possibilities. Okay?

Ray leans back. Julie goes back to work, disappointed. And Fiske calls out from in front of the monitor.

FISKE

Ray? You need to see this.

ON THE MONITOR - THE VIDEOTAPE REVEALS THE LAST MOMENTS

of the crew. The footage moves in on the cask. Lee isn't holding it steady -- the boat is pitching from the waves. It's daylight, and Jimmy moves into view, smiling.

Jimmy feels around the edge of the cask, finding some catches. With a screwdriver, Jimmy gently works them -- and they pop open. As the catches pop open, the camera view SWINGS UP, because the boat's been hit by a wave -- the water washes over the cask and across the deck to Lee.

LEE (O.S., ON VIDEOTAPE)

I'm telling you, we can sell this tape to Discovery Channel --

JIMMY (ON VIDEOTAPE)
 Welcome to my reality show. Ray
 McClarran dumps a pile of junk on
 the deck and I get to secure it.

Jimmy reaches into the cask -- and there are metal artifacts
 inside -- but something has happened. Jimmy looks up, puzzled.

CLOSE ON RAY

Ray is frozen. He hasn't seen this.

ON THE VIDEOTAPE - **THE CAMERA POV HITS THE DECK**

with a loud THUD -- Lee has fallen. The camera view is
 chaotic now, it's on its side, sloshing around the deck --

-- we get quick cuts of Jimmy trying to run -- Jimmy
 SHRIEKING -- and the deck water mingling with blood as the
 SCREAMING STOPS. The CAMERA CUTS OUT to static.

RAY'S HAND

is a little unsteady as he turns off the tape player.

EXT. THE MARKETPLACE - MOMENTS LATER - RAY IS RATTLED

He's just seen his friend die -- and he's furious with
 himself for not having stopped it in the first place.

Ray collects a huge absinthe from the bartender, and Julie
 comes up behind him, putting a hand on his shoulder.

JULIE
 I'm sorry, Ray.

- RAY
 Not your fault. It was mine.

JULIE
 We can show the tape to the police.

RAY
 The tape didn't show enough. To
 the police, it still could be me.
 I have to find the guy myself.

ON THE BALCONY - CURRAN IS COMPLETELY FOCUSED

on the Eye of Atala, squinting at it with a three lensed
 jeweller's scope. Fiske flops into the chair opposite Curran.

FISKE
 Hey, kid. Drop the microscope.
 Show some signs of life. Anything
 you want to talk about?
 (points to street)
 If you had to choose -- if a gun
 were put to your head -- who would
 you rather bang, that really big
 fat guy, or your grandmother?

Curran looks up in silence, blinking at Fiske in annoyed
 amazement through that three lensed loupe. Fiske keeps going.

FISKE

Tough call for me, but I like a clean ride, so I got to say --

Screech -- Curran's chair legs go back, he picks up the globe and walks back into the hotel. Locks himself in a closet.

FISKE

(shouts after him)

For a guy who speaks twenty languages, you don't know shit about conversation!

IN THE SIDEWALK CAFE - RAY AND JULIE SIT

RAY

If I'd stolen those artifacts, there are two likely buyers I'd approach. One is you. No one's contacted you, right?

Julie shakes her head. Ray takes another drink.

RAY

That leaves someone who's spent a fortune buying any and every artifact that follows a certain underwater theme -- no questions asked. Someone with deep pockets and shallow morals.

(beat)

I need to talk to Nelson Farrow.

Julie is flabbergasted. She finishes Ray's drink.

JULIE

Farrow? Sure. Walk in to see him so he can have you locked up.

RAY

If you want an absinthe, have one, but don't finish mine, okay?

ON THE BALCONY - FISKE HAS HIS FEET UP

as Curran frantically comes rushing out. He grabs the rail and looks down, left and right, scanning the crowd.

FISKE

Well, lookie who made up his mind just a little too late.

(as Curran scans)

The fat guy already left.

AT THE CAFE TABLE - RAY AND JULIE TURN AROUND

because Curran is yelling down from the balcony.

CURRAN

Julie! You need to come back, now!

(holds up globe)

I've figured out what this is!

Ray turns back to Julie and flags the bartender for a refill.

RAY
 Is he always that discreet?
 (beat)
 I think I know what it is too. And
 if I'm right -- we can name our
 own terms with Farrow.

CUT TO:

INT. FARROW UNDERSEAS INDUSTRIES - DAY - IN RECEPTION

The decor is uber-Nelson: the entrance is decorated with magazine covers of Nelson Farrow, detailing big business deals like \$50 billion naval contracts, with models of high tech subs and ships, and prominent photos of Farrow on wild, high tech expeditions. If that weren't obnoxious enough, there are flat screen televisions everywhere, blaring archive pieces of Farrow's expeditions, different monitors at once:

REPORTER (ON MONITOR #1)
 -- here with Nelson Farrow, who
 has just broken the depth and
 endurance record for a one man
 submarine dive! How do you feel?

FARROW (ON MONITOR #1)
 Ready for seconds!

A RECEPTIONIST waves them back. Ray, Julie, Curran and Fiske walk into a hallway, with more monitors set on maximum boast.

REPORTER (ON MONITOR #2)
 -- this is your third expedition
 to find this fabled lost city, and
 you've again failed to find it --

FARROW (ON MONITOR #2)
 "Failed"? No habble. That word
 isn't in my vocabulary.

Ray scowls as they walk past -- more monitors go on, showing Nelson working with designers --

NARRATOR (ON MONITOR #3)
 -- billionaire Nelson Farrow,
 whose company has virtually become
 the R&D wing of the US Navy --

They reach the hallway's end -- the double door opens --

NELSON FARROW (30S) STRIDES OUT

with a movie star smile. He looks at Ray, holding multiple language newspaper clippings detailing Ray's wanted status.

FARROW
 You're getting almost as much ink
 as me these days, Ray. Come on in.

INT. FARROW'S DISPLAY ROOM - CAREFULLY SEALED ANTIQUITIES

are everywhere, sealed in glass cases, making this look like a museum. Julie, Curran and Fiske fan out to look at them. Farrow, enjoying himself, drops the clippings on a table.

FARROW

If you'd taken the job I offered you last year, you might not be in this spot. You've done some time on every continent by now. Are you researching a low-life travel book on prisons of the world, or what?

RAY

Sure. For instance, jail chow in Morrocco beats hell out of the hotel food.

(easy)

Thanks for running out on me there so I could find out.

FARROW

That was a long time ago, Ray. A lifetime ago.

At one case, Fiske looks at a tattered, crumbling scroll.

FISKE

"Critias"? The missing pages of Socrates' "Critias" and "Timeas"?

JULIE

(dismissive)

Forget it. They're forgeries.

FARROW

Correct. I've got a roomful of "missing pages" with maps from Socrates. My favorite's written with Magic Marker on a paper bag.

(beat)

I buy it all. Sometimes guys with fakes know about real pieces too.

Julie looks at another case, with calicified metal inside.

FARROW

That's genuine. I recovered that myself while testing a new sub. I decided I'd try to crack the mystery. The big one. It'd be fun, and the press would eat it up. I found that at the Pillars of Hercules by Gibraltar. Followed some of your father's leads, Ray. It's a shame you gave up on that.

RAY

(at a different case)

Where'd you find this, anyway? I know it was in the Carribbean, but that's a mighty big place.

Ray is standing by a gleaming, odd metal artifact. Very unusual. *Very similar in appearance to the stolen artifact.*

FARROW

Give a guy like you the location of the dive site? Not a chance.

FARROW

(beat)

This one's special. There was a lot of wreckage, looked like a flotilla of ancient boats. The metal and wood was all rotted away -- but this and this alone looked brand new.

(beat)

I've run heat tests, pressure tests, chemical tests -- nothing even scratches it. The metal is indestructible. If I could find the source, that'd be worth a ten figure military contract.

Ray pulls out photos of the cask and artifact.

RAY

Told you I had something special, Farrow. You can quit buying forged scrolls and fake maps.

(beat)

I found another one of these.

Farrow looks at the cask photos -- and he looks up, seriously.

FARROW

You've found another? Where is it?

RAY

Someone took it from me. Did he contact you to try to sell it?

Farrow is disappointed -- he wanted it -- but then he smiles.

FARROW

No. You're the only person who's contacted me. To try to get me interested in, what --? A photo? Of something you had, but lost?

(laughs)

I gave you a minute for old time's sake, Ray. Now you're boring me.

Farrow waves "buh-bye" to Ray, and crosses to a phone.

FARROW

Good news. No capital punishment in Greece. You'll enjoy the jailhouse gyros for a long time.

Julie looks worried and so does Fiske. Ray looks perfectly calm as Farrow dials. He writes something on a sheet of paper, then folds it into a paper airplane.

Ray sails the airplane to Farrow -- it loops and lands on the table. Farrow opens it. A GPS number is written across it. Farrow is stunned speechless when the police answer the phone.

RAY

The GPS location where you recovered your piece, give or take fifty yards.

RAY

(beat)

I know how to get the rest of the
matching pieces and their source.

Farrow blankly puts the phone back into the cradle. Ray
smiles. It's his meeting now. Curran opens a bag and pulls
out the Eye of Atala and a laser pointer.

CURRAN

I need something to project it in.

Fiske yanks off the glass dome from a futuristic Farrow Sub
on display -- breaking the edge. Farrow glares at him.

Fiske holds the bowl over the Eye of Atala. Curran shines the
pointer through it. Everyone gathers closer. The laserlight
is splitting through, and perfectly projecting, an outline
onto the glass: the outline is unmistakable as a world map.

CURRAN

Etched inside is a perfect global
map highlighting five points. The
two pieces found so far are here
in the Med and here in the
Caribbean. That leaves three.

(moves pointer)

If you go into a different
aperture, you expand a detailed
reading on a local map for each
point. These points match exactly
the GPS readings on a world map.

Julie draws out a series of photos of the tablet.

JULIE

(going over symbols)

"The Covenant of Atala" says that
the tools of the gods and the
warriors of the gods have been
scattered around the world, to
keep them away from the gods if
the sky opens for their return.

(holds up jewel)

The Eye of Atala is here to guide
us, so that if the gods do return,
man will have a chance to get to
the casks first and prevent the
tools from being reassembled. For
those who follow the path lain by
the Eye, there is a warning --

RAY

There is always a warning --

JULIE

-- to beware the gods' warriors.
If the warriors still live, they
must not gain control of the
tools, because when they are
reassembled, Atala's eye will
open -- closing our eyes forever.

JULIE

When the pieces are reassembled, Atala will reveal itself, and if it rises, we will fall.

(breathless)

I believe the Vishnu Purana from 2000 BC is directly derived from this language and this legend. It referred to Atala as a shining white island, which is the precursor for all legends of --

RAY

We all know the legend. There's a name for it almost any language. In India it's Atala. Mexico calls it Azatlan. Egypt calls it Keftiu. And the big one everyone knows.

(turns to Farrow)

Atlantis. Same thing my father looked for. Same thing you're looking for now. And whoever gets these pieces will finally find it.

(beat)

Whoever took the artifact from me may have a map like this. So we're in a race. We need transportation, we need equipment, and we need to get in and out of the target countries with no red tape.

Farrow wants the discovery, but he also wants to shaft Ray.

FARROW

If I back this, I'm taking all the expense and risk. Say you and Fiske get, oh, fifteen percent of salvage rights. Julie and Curran get limited academic rights to the artifacts. I'll own them, but they'll be under occasional loan to museums they designate. I get one hundred percent of mineral and rare metal rights.

(smiles)

Don't like it? Talk to the National Geographic.

RAY

Won't have to. I don't want any money at all.

Farrow is astonished. Fiske closes his eyes and shakes his head. Fortune #7 is slipping away before he's found it.

RAY

All I want is for you to give me any resource I ask for to locate the final piece. When I do, you get the piece, and I get the son of a bitch who stole it.

FARROW

Done and done.

RAY

Whoa. We're not quite done. I said that was all I wanted.

(turns to others)

How much of the salvage do you want, Mickey?

FISKE

I guess, about thir--

Ray smiles at Fiske and gently motions "up" --

FISKE

Forty. Five. Forty-five percent.

Ray looks to Julie and Curran. Julie doesn't hesitate.

JULIE

We'll need full ownership of anything of academic value -- no strings attached -- and rights to complete excavation before any commercial ventures happen.

RAY

Sounds fair to me. Oh, and come to think of it, I do want some money. Twenty percent of the mineral and metal rights, split among the four of us and the families of the men killed on my boat.

Farrow's jaw drops. The others look blown away. Sixty seconds ago, Ray was going to jail -- now he's running the show.

FARROW

Suppose you vanish, I take that globe and try this without you.

RAY

Suppose Elliott has an encrypted email timed for release. Suppose if he doesn't check in regularly, it'll unencrypt and spam the GPS locations to forty million accounts, including every salvage op and treasure hunter we know. Suppose the whole world will be on each location in hours. Instead of getting them all, you get none.

(easy)

So let's not do it that way. My way, you get the lion's share, and you can sit on Diane Sawyer's lap and tell her how you personally solved the mystery of the ages.

Farrow has no choice -- he grins as he shakes Ray's hand.

FARROW

This is going to be the biggest treasure hunt of all time.

CUT TO:

EXT. ATHENS - HARBOR DISTRICT - ORTON AND DUNCAN
are in a parked car, both in plain clothes.

DUNCAN

Forty eight hours and they can't
find a second radiological scan.
And the first one doesn't match
any nuclear material known.

(beat)

NEST is so understaffed, they
wouldn't even put a team on it.
I'm sticking my neck out taking us
into the field on your guess.

ORTON

I'd prefer to be wrong, sir.

DUNCAN

(shifts gears)

I want to talk about the Neville.

Orton hears the name and outwardly doesn't react, but we go
into his eye and we're there --

ON THE U.S.S. NEVILLE - ORTON'S POV - ORTON IS RUNNING

like hell through the perfectly black night to get to a
mounted machine gun, shouting desperately --

ORTON

Incoming! Incoming!

Orton grabs the gun and swings it down, but he's too late --
Orton's target, a boat painted a dull, non reflective black,
cruises so close he can't shoot from the deck --

-- **a BLAST lifts the ship up, hurling Orton back violently** --

BACK IN THE CAR - ORTON'S POKER FACE FAILS TO HIDE

how affected he is by this memory. We will now notice a
couple of shrapnel scars by his eyes and temple.

ORTON

I try not to dwell on it, sir.

DUNCAN

No one would. But since I happen
to know that Edmunds is the second
biggest asshole currently serving
in any branch of the armed forces,
I took his dislike for you as the
highest possible endorsement. I
read your personnel file. You were
the youngest XO on a Burke class
destroyer, on the way to being the
youngest captain ever.

(beat)

The bombing killed fixty-six men,
and the board of inquiry says you
were the XO, it was on your watch,
and it was your fault. Do you
agree with that, Lieutenant?

ORTON
(boiling but measured)
That was the report's conclusion.

DUNCAN
You know what's nice about having
a top level security clearance?
Reading excised board testimony.
Like the men who said you were the
first to see the attacking boat,
the first to react, and the last
to leave the injured.

(beat)
One junior officer testified that
you disagreed with the captain
about your course, because you
were worried about terrorist
attacks in that canal, and the
captain did not share that worry.

ORTON
I -- hadn't heard that testimony.

DUNCAN
That testimony was deep-sixed as
fast as you were. Your captain's
bullshit testimony had you just
about signallying the bombers. The
board was made up of his friends
in the brass. So he gets a new
ship, and you're the only one who
didn't pass the blame, so you
caught it all.

(beat)
Still want your own ship, Orton?

ORTON
More than anything, sir.

DUNCAN
Then when we finish this detail,
I'll have you transferred back to
active deck duty. It'll be at a
lower rank than before, but you
can work your way up again. Is
that suitable, Lieutenant?

ORTON
Extremely. Sir.

Duncan's cell phone rings. Duncan answers and listens:

DUNCAN
We got something. Start the car.

CUT TO:

EXT. FARROW'S EXPLORATION PLANE - FLYING EAST - DAY

The one of a kind, all terrain plane streaks across the sky --

CASSIDY (O.S.)
For now, we enjoy the warm embrace
of the open sky. For now.

INT. PLANE CABIN - JOHN CASSIDY (30S) IS AT THE WINDOW

staring at the clouds, dramatically dictating to a recorder. Looks like Henry Rollins, sounds like the Crocodile Hunter.

CASSIDY

Soon we shall delve into the most enclosed space possible -- into the heart of frozen death itself -- with the most difficult ice dive ever attempted. A desperate attempt to dive into a glacier and re-emerge -- without becoming part of it.

Ray is stretched out in a seat, trying to sleep, a cap pulled down over his head. The melodrama shakes him awake.

RAY

I don't want to get in the way of your memoirs, but -- any chance you could shut the hell up?

CASSIDY

(clicks off recorder)

I've sold six pieces to Maxim and Outside. But this time? Flying under the radar to pierce a frozen glacier and retrieve an ancient artifact? I'm on the cover.

RAY

(turns to Farrow)

You had to invite Super Dave on this? I got the dives covered.

FARROW

We need him on this one. Cassidy's the best ice diver in the world.

Cassidy smiles. He agrees. Ray is not impressed with either of them. He picks up a magazine with a Farrow story.

RAY

You guys have the best press agents, that's for sure.

(flips through mag)

Woo-hoo. Nelson. You broke the one man deep sea submarine dive record. 36,000 feet. I know you hate getting smoked, but I went deeper. Charlie Gibb fracture zone, two years ago. 38,500 feet.

CASSIDY

Sure you did. You're so full of shit your eyes are brown.

FARROW

If the ref didn't see it, it didn't happen. Can't report to Guinness when you're on an illegal dive, can you, Ray?

Farrow has a grin that somebody really should wipe off his face. Ray doesn't take the bait. He pulls a hat over his eyes.

RAY

Wake me when we hit the Alps.

ACROSS THE CABIN - CURRAN IS CAREFULLY ROLLING A \$20 BILL

into a tight cylinder, he folds it around a pin, and walks to a world map. There are three or four pins already there.

CURRAN

Nelson, you've picked the Straits of Gibraltar, by the "Pillars of Hercules" in Plato's dialogue about Atlantis. No imagination, but safe. And oh so wrong.

(beat)

Julie, you've got -- waaay down in the South Atlantic -- because -- ?

JULIE

There's DNA proof that people from cultures all over the world who share the Atlantis legend are related. That spot matches currents, trade routes, known limits to ships for migrations.

CURRAN

Hmm. Boring. Dry. And also, wrong. I pick -- Bay of Bengal. The "sinking" was a tsunami, combined with volcanic activity. So someone saw that from a ship and created the Indian prophecy of a doom that mixes fire and water. The story goes to Egypt, where a priest named Solon takes it to Greece, where Plato made Atlantis a household word with his Critias dialogues -- without getting a nickle in royalties, by the way.

(to Ray)

Top that, McClarren.

Ray pulls himself out of his chair. He takes a twenty, looks at the map with exaggerated "consideration", and pins the money on the map's border, writing his guess as he says it:

RAY

I say it's past the Straits of My Ass and smack in the middle of the Bullshit Sea.

(beat)

This is a terrific little hunt. We're going to have fun, we're going to collect all the pieces --

(mock theatrical)

-- and "Atlantis will reveal itself". It will "reveal itself" as a goofy story that kids tell each other. When that happens, this money is mine.

Ray moves to the cargo area. Fiske takes a twenty, folds it, and slaps it on a chunk of the North Atlantic.

FISKE

Gotta be. Things have been too screwed up there for too long.

Curran goes to the map. Fiske has folded his bill into a triangle -- and pinned it directly underneath Bermuda.

INT. PLANE'S CARGO AREA - RAY IS CHECKING THE EQUIPMENT

Top level diving suits, all brand new. Julie comes in.

RAY

Totally unacceptable. No flooded guages, no intake clogs, no duct taped hoses -- I can't dive under these conditions.

JULIE

Farrow knows how to put a trip together. He's really passionate about finding Atlantis.

RAY

Bullshit. He doesn't want a discovery, he wants to sell the naming rights. In six months it'll be the lost island of Verizon.

Julie pulls a tattered, battered notebook from her jacket.

JULIE

I found this in a box from the old Lauderdale place. Thought you might want it. Especially now that we know what we're going for.

RAY

You kept this -- all this time?
(smiles)

You have been lighting a candle for me, haven't you?

JULIE

(a little defensive)

No. I just think you did your best work when you were nine years old. It's all downhill since then.

Ray has the same reaction we all do when confronted with an artifact from childhood -- he's a little embarrassed, wants to dismiss it, but can't help smiling and flipping through it.

ON THE NOTEBOOK AS RAY FLIPS THROUGH IT

The pages are the scrawlings of a kid. Sketches of islands, volcanos. Facts are lined up with exclamation points and arrows. Photocopies of ancient maps are folded and pasted in. The pages flip to a two page spread, a map grid labelled "POSSIBILITY ONE" -- and coordinates labelled "ATLANTIS(?)".

RAY

When I was nine, I absolutely believed someday I'd be the guy to figure out where Atlantis is.

(smile drifts away)

Back then, I absolutely believed someday I'd have Christmas at the North Pole with Santa Claus, Superman and Optimus Prime. If I had another twenty to bet, I'd take that over "possibility one".

(hands her book back)

I know you. You get a hunch and you keep digging deeper and deeper til you hit what you came for. But you're working the wrong site here.

JULIE

There's more of this nine year old in you now than you think. There's more of your dad in you than you think, too. Remember what he used to say -- "when you run out of possibilities" --

RAY

(rueful smile)

I know what he said. I know where it got him too.

EXT. **PYRYNEES** - TOWERING FRENCH GLACIER - DAY

A breathtaking sight in the sunrise. The towering glacier is a gigantic sheer wall of ice, making a massive L next to a five hundred yard plain of flat ice. On either end of the flat plain: a thousand foot drop to the French countryside.

INSIDE THE COCKPIT - THE PILOT IS WORKING THE ADVANCED controls, cruising over the glacier. Fiske comes in, excited.

FISKE

Mind if I sit in on the landing?

PILOT

That's not a good idea -- this is experimental, you're not familiar with the instrumentation --

Fiske starts to help himself to a co-pilot seat anyway, but Ray pulls him back into the cabin to strap in.

RAY

Hands off, Mickey.

(as they strap in)

Remember your last job?

Fiske scowls. Julie looks over, wondering what Ray means.

THE PLANE DROPS DOWN OVER THE ICE FIELD

and there doesn't seem to be any way to land it without skidding off the edge -- the plane touches down and sure enough, starts skidding to the edge for a drop --

-- but a half dozen tiny missiles **fire** from the wings and tail, trailing thin metal wires attached to the plane -- they reel in and snap taut -- and the plane brakes to a safe halt.

A MOMENT LATER - EVERYONE IS OUT OF THE PLANE

unloading diving equipment, communications, generator, and explosives. Curran has a map of the glacier on his computer.

CURRAN

The information on the Atala globe is ten thousand years old. Since glacial ice never stops moving, I compared the old position with some NASA geosat data on glacial buildup and historical movement --

FISKE

Can we get that in English, e-hole?

CURRAN

Follow the pictures, Mickey. The ice built up for ten thousand years, making the package harder to get at. But the glacial ice on top has dramatically rolled back in the last forty years --

RAY

Thank you, global warming. I knew it'd be good for something someday.

CURRAN

So I have it right about -- here. Underneath the ice field, probably about eighty meters into the ice.

FISKE

Only eighty meters? Ka-boom.

Fiske reaches for more explosives, but Ray pushes him back.

RAY

Under the top shelf of two meters, it's all water. It's in constant movement so it can't freeze solid. (points to tower)

The glacial fluid is fed from that tower -- basically a water balloon the size of Hoover Dam. This is under incredible pressure to blow -- and the ice holding it all in has gotten thinner and thinner. So go easy on the dynamite.

CASSIDY

This underground lake is gigantic. We can dive for an hour before our equipment dies or we do. How the hell're we going to find a package the size of a beer keg?

Curran opens the case containing the artifact recovered by Farrow -- it has taken on a pulsing red glow.

CURRAN

This is glowing, I think, because it's in proximity to the other piece -- possibly from some strange vibrational harmony present in this unique metal. If I'm right, the one that's underwater might glow too.

(holds up glow)

Think you can spot that beer keg?

EXT. ICE FIELD - DAY - CURRAN PULLS UP A CORE SAMPLER

that he's punched into the ice -- he struggles to pull it out and gauge the depth. Fiske is nearby, smoking a cigar.

CURRAN

This'll be the door, I guess. Four feet. Damn, this is thin.

Before he can finish, Fiske touches a fuse to the cigar, and drops it with aplomb into the hole.

FISKE

Better move then, or kiss your dipstick goodbye.

Fiske hustles out quickly, and so does Curran, who clutches the core sampler and runs in a panic behind him -- they slide down the ice field and take cover behind an ice block.

CURRAN

Goddamnit, Fiske -- the vibrations might weaken the glacial structure til the tower blasts apart --

FISKE

(draws on cigar)

Lord, please don't let me die next to this coward.

THE CHARGE BLOWS IN THE ICE

making a hell of a racket, hurling up fire and ice --

AT THE CAMP - RAY, JULIE, FARROW AND CASSIDY

are all surprised -- Ray looks up at the glacial tower --

THE GLACIAL ICE ECHOES WITH THE THUNDER

that follows the blast -- but after just the slightest shudder and quiver, shedding a bit of snow, it holds.

BEHIND THE ICE BLOCK - CURRAN IS RUNNING OUT

gleefully, exhilarated, thrilled to be alive, he's even snatched Fiske's cigar -- Fiske walks out patiently, and Ray steps up, glaring at Fiske like he's a kid out of control.

RAY

I'll have to take your matches now.

CUT TO:

EXT. GREEK COAST - MOUNTAIN ROAD - DUSK - ORTON AND DUNCAN

drive their car up to a waiting sedan. No one else is visible, but the single Naval officer in the car, LT. ROBBINS.

DUNCAN

You got a break on that cask?

ROBBINS

Maybe. We helped the Greek police take down a smuggling op last week in Athens. They moved everything from Ouzo to Uzis. But one of the drivers we arrested said he met a woman who had something that looked like your cask. She bought a vehicle, some weapons, some computers. And we've traced the vehicle down there.

Robbins points down the hill. Through the olive and nut trees that line the hill is a storage warehouse.

ROBBINS

It's a facility for processing and packing the nut harvest in season.

ORTON

Great. Let's go.

ROBBINS

You don't have clearance for that. We'll see if we can order a tap on the line by Friday --

ORTON

A tap? By Friday? A radiological package has been in the open for days already. She may be arranging the sale of the package right now. We can't wait.

ROBBINS

It'd be an international incident.

ORTON

So would a nuke in London, Hamburg or Chicago.

(to Duncan)

I can't let this go by, sir.

Duncan considers it. Decides to back Orton.

DUNCAN

You won't have to. It's dark in ninety minutes. We'll go then.

CUT TO:

EXT. GLACIER - ICY WATER - JULIE, CASSIDY AND RAY MOVE

through the water in their ice dive suits. Visually, this dive is unlike anything ever seen in a movie. The water is viscous and thick, on the verge of freezing.

There are blocks, crystals and needles of ice constantly forming around them -- the only thing preventing this water from being a solid block of ice is the current from the glacial flow.

Cassidy, Julie and Ray spread out -- their helmet lights refract everywhere through the ice crystals. Their faces are blue. The suits are keeping them alive, but it's freezing.

JULIE (INTO RADIO)
 Couldn't they have hidden the
 pieces in Nassau or Kauai?

Ray squints -- the light bounces everywhere. It's blinding.

RAY (INTO RADIO)
 This won't work. Cut your lights.

CASSIDY (INTO RADIO)
 Hell no. That current's coming
 from somewhere in the ice, and
 it's going somewhere too. Get into
 a crack and you're dead --

RAY
 Fine. Great. Then you stay in the
 kiddie pool, but cut your lights
 or I'll do it for you.

With that, Ray cuts his helmet light and dives down --

Cassidy is dumbfounded -- Julie cuts her lights and swims down too. Now he's being shown up by (gasp) a chick. Cassidy relents, cutting his lights and swimming down too, into --

RAY'S POV - TOTAL DARKNESS

and the only SOUND is the almost solid water rushing by, and his own rasping breathing. Cassidy and Julie have fanned out too, and it's wildly disorienting. They're breaking one of the biggest rules of diving in enclosures -- with no lights, there's no up or down -- they could get lost anywhere.

JULIE (INTO RADIO)
 We can't do this long, Ray --

RAY (INTO RADIO)
 We won't have to. I've got a fix.

Out of Ray's POV, a dot of buried, dimmed illumination -- Ray swims toward it, and the dot grows, grows, until --

-- WHAM -- Ray swims directly into a wall of ice with a CRASH.

RAY (INTO RADIO)
 Oww. Muvverfu--

JULIE (ON RADIO)
 Ray? Are you all right?

RAY (INTO RADIO)
 (recovering fast)
 Fine. I said -- follow my light.

Ray flips on his helmet light, re-illuminating the glassine cavern of ice. The cask, faintly glowing due to its proximity to the other piece, is behind several feet of ice.

RAY (INTO RADIO)
Let's heat this spa up a little.

Ray pulls the underwater arc welder from his equipment bag -- and it ignites, blazing through the ice toward the artifact.

CUT TO:

EXT. GREEK HILLS - NIGHT - DUNCAN, ROBBINS AND ORTON

silently move down the hills, guns out, near the two warehouses. Duncan silently motions for Orton to go into the processing plant -- he and Robbins move to the shipping area.

THE SHIPPING WAREHOUSE - ORTON ENTERS AND MOVES AROUND

as silently as possible, in spite of the debris of nut hulls everywhere. In the darkness, Orton moves around each concrete pillar, finding -- no one. Yet.

IN THE PROCESSING WAREHOUSE - DUNCAN MOVES AROUND A CORNER

with his gun out, as Robbins hovers behind. He sees no one, but there is a computer set up, with printed pages tacked up everywhere. Duncan moves to look at them.

There's seismic data from geologic websites. Articles detailing various Atlantis legends in half a dozen languages. An article about Farrow paying a fortune for artifacts linked to Atlantis. Oceanographic data from universities.

Duncan stares at it. He thought they were after terrorists. This looks like the conspiracy nut wing of an asylum.

OUTSIDE THE SHIPPING WAREHOUSE - ORTON EMERGES

from the darkness. Nothing there. But he finds a parked BMW. Orton grabs a crowbar and begins to force the trunk. As --

IN THE PROCESSING WAREHOUSE - DUNCAN IS LOOKING AT

the bewildering documents there, as he hears --

ROBBINS (O.S.)
Hands on your head! Now!

Duncan snaps out of it, raises his gun and rushes back out.

AT THE OTHER END OF THE WAREHOUSE - A GREEK WOMAN

is standing there, in beachwear. She looks gorgeous, albeit disheveled, and something's off with her.

ROBBINS
(in Greek)
[On your head or I fire]!

She doesn't respond. She in fact starts walking toward Robbins. She looks to be unarmed but is moving with purpose.

Robbins snaps the gun around, takes the long desperate beat that has to come before a soldier shoots an unarmed woman --

-- he FIRES into her leg. She doesn't stop. FIRES AGAIN, into her chest. **She is still walking toward him, faster.** As --

OUTSIDE - ORTON IS LOOKING IN THE OPEN TRUNK

The sole content is the golden, gleaming cask. Jackpot. But on hearing the GUNSHOTS, Orton hits his radio --

ORTON (INTO RADIO)
I've located the cask -- what's happening in there? I heard shots.

DUNCAN (INTO RADIO)
Secure the cask, I'll check it out.

INSIDE THE SHIPPING WAREHOUSE - ROBBINS PAUSES

as the woman keeps coming, with two shots in her. What the hell is this? -- but as she is almost on top of him, Robbins takes a point blank head shot, **blowing most of her head off!**

Duncan gets to the room just in time to see this --

THE WOMAN REMAINS STANDING

although much of her head has just been removed -- she is inches from Robbins, as **another head rises up** -- this one is **a transparent, liquid one with a savage face** --

-- **the watery form steps out of its host**, taking all the water from the woman's body -- **the woman's body collapses into a dusty, dried husk** -- **leaving a watery form standing in front of Robbins**. Robbins FIRES into it, again and again --

-- the point blank shots TEAR THROUGH the water creature, they don't hurt it -- possibly it's been angered, because --

-- **the water creature ROARS, lunging toward Robbins** -- it **pours into Robbins through his mouth and nose with the force of a fire hose**, until **the entire creature is inside him** --

-- and Robbins struggles, drowning on the spot, but the water within him **tears him apart** -- Robbins collapses, bursting --

DUNCAN WATCHES THIS WITH THE SHOCK OF THE IMPOSSIBLE

etched on his face -- but the show's not over yet:

THE WATER CREATURE RISES FROM ROBBINS' BODY

as a fully formed creature -- Robbins' blood is swirling around inside the creature, but the creature looks down and pushes the blood out -- it swirls away onto the floor -- and the creature even **draws all of the moisture out from the remains of Robbins' body**. There is nothing left but dust.

The water creature starts marching toward Duncan.

OUTSIDE THE WAREHOUSE - ORTON IS RACING TO GET THERE

but hasn't made it yet, he's pounding up the stairs --

INSIDE THE WAREHOUSE - DUNCAN TURNS TO RETREAT BUT CAN'T

The creature is between him and the door. Duncan is backed up against the wall, and the creature rushes toward him --

-- the water moves into Duncan's body, but not the same way it killed Robbins. This is something slower, more deliberate. The water seeps into every living tissue of Duncan's body --

CLOSE ON DUNCAN'S FACE

The pain is excruciating -- the water creature is not just killing him, it's taking him over --

The water creature's face hasn't gone in yet -- it is hovering over Duncan's face, slowly studying him --

-- and then it strikes, its face merging with Duncan's --

WATER CREATURE POV - OCCUPYING DUNCAN

The RAPID OMNIDIRECTIONAL SHOTS take us through every tissue, nerve and cell -- the SOUNDS of Duncan's thoughts, fearful, rejecting, with a watery echo --

-- and Duncan's panicked thoughts are ultimately becalmed.

DUNCAN GETS OFF THE WALL

and he isn't even drenched. His body has absorbed the water that passed through to him, leaving his clothes dry.

Across the warehouse, Orton comes rushing in, his gun out. Duncan waves him down -- sounds groggy at first, adjusting.

DUNCAN

It's over, it's over. Calm down.

ORTON

I've secured the package outside.
Where's Robbins?

DUNCAN

One of them got away, Robbins took off after him. He'll call in later. The important thing is, we've got the package and a hell of a lot of intel.

Orton lowers his gun -- and starts heading for the paperwork and computers in the back. Duncan stops him.

DUNCAN

Above your security grade, son.
Help NEST coordinate with local police and get us transport to the nearest Atlantic carrier. Now.

Orton is surprised. Duncan is different -- a hardass military martinet, not the avuncular officer he seemed to be.

CUT TO:

EXT. GLACIER - INSIDE ICE LAKE - RAY, JULIE AND CASSIDY

swim up through the freezing water -- ice needles form around them, drifting behind as they move. Ray and Julie are first --

-- Cassidy is behind. As he moves the cask, we see one of the catches is undone. And something strange is happening. There are ice needles forming near him -- but they don't move away as he swims. They move against the current toward him.

CLOSE ON CASSIDY'S FACE

His eyes wide open in a sudden shock of pain.

AT THE TOP OF THE ICE HOLE - CURRAN AND FISKE

help Julie out of the ice hole, and take the cask. Ray is starting out, but over the radio he hears Cassidy SCREAM --

-- Ray dives back down to Cassidy. Cassidy looks terrified -- and Ray makes the assumption the dive was too much for him.

RAY (INTO RADIO)

Okay, Cassidy -- take it easy.
Breathe slow. Slooow breaths.

Ray helps Cassidy to the surface, and --

ON THE ICE FIELD - CASSIDY RECOVERS BY A GAS FLAME HEATER

He looks bluish but all right. Ray is nearby with Julie -- they're warming up with some coffee.

JULIE

What's the matter with him?

RAY

He might have had a reaction to the gas mix. Give him a minute.

Meanwhile, all eyes are on the cask. Thousands of years old, but gleaming like it's brand new. Farrow turns to the pilot.

FARROW

Get those catches and open it up.

The pilot does as he's told and begins to work the catches on the side -- and Ray looks a little surprised.

RAY

Maybe we should go slow on this --

FARROW

Oooh. What's gonna get us? The curse of the mummy? Open it.

Julie is anxious to see what's inside. Ray has a little less curiosity. He takes a cup of coffee over to Cassidy.

AT THE CASK - THE PILOT FLIPS OPEN THE LID

There is a glowing artifact. The pilot hands it to Julie.

FARROW

Two down, three to go, and then we'll have cracked the biggest mystery of the last ten thousand years. The signpost to Atlantis itself.

Julie examines the artifact. The pilot's puts his arm deeper into the water, the water moves up his arm like a living gel. The pilot's eyes bulge --

NEARBY - RAY HANDS A CUP OF COFFEE OUT TO CASSIDY

He is shivering and his face is down. Ray holds it out --

RAY

Cassidy. Get some of this in you.

(no answer)

Don't be embarrassed. You just had a bad reaction to the nitrox.

(still holds it out)

You can write an article for Maxim about how you pulled me out, okay?

I won't tell them you're so full of shit your eyes are --

Cassidy slowly looks up toward Ray. Vacant but intense. And now his eyes are a crystalline unearthly blue.

RAY

-- blue -- ?

AT THE CASK - THE PILOT HURLS HIMSELF BACK

from the cask, and he begins to SCREAM, but the scream is extinguished as the water coats his body --

-- Julie and Farrow are shocked at the sight, as --

-- the pilot's body expands as the water shoots into him --
the water blasts his organs apart, killing him --

NEARBY - CASSIDY STANDS UP AND SLAMS THE COFFEE

from Ray's hand, then grabs him by the throat --

-- and Cassidy follows with a lightning fast, powerful backhand that knocks Ray off his feet --

FROM THE CORPSE OF THE PILOT - WATER RISES FROM HIS BODY

like a sentient being -- because that's what it is. It takes the shimmering form of a man. The blood of his victim is still in him, swirling around -- until by sheer will the creature drains it out and it is totally transparent.

FARROW AND JULIE

react the way you would if you saw that -- they run like hell.

AT THE PLANE - FISKE IS SLEEPING WITH A CIGAR SMOLDERING

in his mouth, but he wakes up at the noise. Fiske grabs an explosive -- he lights it, and throws it --

THE EXPLOSIVE CHARGE TUMBLES TOWARD THE WATER CREATURE

and with a bemused look, it catches the charge in its hand -- the charge goes inside its hand, and the fuse extinguishes in the water. The creature lets the charge drop, and advances.

JULIE RUNS BY THE CAMP

and she is clutching the artifact --

"CASSIDY" SEES THAT SHE HAS IT AND RUNS ALONG THE ICE

toward her -- and she has no chance at getting past him. She tries to lose him in the equipment, but "Cassidy" grabs her, and his face is bizarre and twisted, so is his voice, as if he's assimilating a language for the first time.

CASSIDY/WATER CREATURE

Where are the other pieces?

Terrified, Julie twists in his grip and can't get out --

-- and a metal pole swings out at "Cassidy"'s head -- the back of his skull is caved in. That'd be the end if he was still human -- all this does is shake him enough that he drops Julie. "Cassidy" turns, pissed off --

-- and is facing Ray, who is bloodied but okay, tilting his head to look at "Cassidy"'s newly asymmetrical skull.

RAY

Hey -- let me give your other sideburn a trim to match.

Ray lets loose with a grand slam swing against "Cassidy"'s head with a nauseating hollow THUD -- and no other effect. Cassidy steps forward and SLAMS Ray back --

-- and Ray crashes against the generator. Almost unconscious. Cassidy steps forward to pick him up for more --

-- and Ray takes the positive and negative clips from the generator wires -- he shoves them at "Cassidy"'s neck --

-- "Cassidy"'s body convulses and sparks with the electric current -- Ray keeps it up, holding the current to his neck --

-- and Cassidy ultimately crumples to the ice, dead. Again.

Ray drops the generator wires and goes over to help Julie up. As Ray pulls Julie to her feet, he looks back at "Cassidy".

CASSIDY'S BODY IS COLLAPSING WITHIN THE SUIT

because all of the water is drawing out of his body -- it is spilling out onto the ice, as Cassidy's skin gets as brittle and dried as if he were a five thousand year old mummy --

-- the water rises from the ice, in an alien form, and it starts charging toward Ray and Julie --

-- as it does, the other water creature catches up --

ON THE ICE FIELD - RAY AND JULIE RUN

as fast as they can without stumbling on the uneven ice --

RAY
Keep moving! If they're made of
water, the cold'll slow 'em down!

Julie turns back and sees

THE WATER CREATURES STOP CHASING THEM

and abruptly lose their shape -- they drop and flatten
against the ice -- they're gone.

RAY AND JULIE

keep running, but Ray smiles -- they're looking good now.

RAY
What'd I tell you?

THE PLANE REVS ITS ENGINES - THE SECURING CABLES BLOW
like a string of firecrackers. Fiske shouts out the window --

FISKE
Chocks out! Get your asses over
here now!

FISKE'S POV - A FLASH OF BLUE MOVES THROUGH THE ICE
toward Ray and Julie as they run --

-- the water creatures are moving through the ice like
electricity through copper -- they're catching up, and the
ice is cracking and splintering behind them as they move --

RAY HEARS THE CRACKLING OF THE ICE AND TURNS BACK

to see the twin trail of blue coming for them. It's a
nightmare -- they're running on an uphill grade --

Twenty yards to go to the plane -- fifteen -- the blue
flashes get closer --

The plane is beginning to move slowly, Fiske waves them on --

The edge of one blue flash catches up to Ray -- the blue ice
forms a claw and grabs Ray's ankle! Julie stops, but Ray
waves her on --

RAY
Go -- go, go!

Ray takes the artifact and reels back, smashing the ice
claw -- the claw splinters into shards and falls back on the
ice, reforming almost instantly --

They're close to the plane's cargo door -- Ray is running
again, Julie is ahead -- Julie gets to the plane, Curran and
Farrow pull her in -- the plane is pulling away from Ray --

They reach the top of the grade -- now it's downhill --

IN THE PLANE - FISKE IS AT THE CONTROLS

JULIE

Slow down -- Ray's not in yet!

FISKE

I can't! We're going downhill!

THE PLANE PULLS AWAY FROM RAY AS WATER CREATURES PURSUE

flashing through the ice -- the plane is moving downhill and taxiing, the gap between Ray and the plane is increasing --

-- and the entire direction of this chase is headed for a thousand foot drop at the edge of the ice field.

ON RAY'S FACE - HE KNOWS HE CAN'T CATCH THE PLANE

the water creatures are right behind him and moving faster --

-- Ray dives onto the ice field -- the downhill grade is getting steeper, he's going faster toward the plane --

-- but this human toboggan bit is hard on the system -- and ice splinters thrown up from the plane's skids are hitting his frost covered face -- but Ray holds his arms out --

-- he's gaining -- he can't afford a look back, but we can see the blue flashes in the ice are gaining too --

The entire pursuit is seconds away from the edge of the ice -- at virtually the same time, the plane skis off the edge of the ice -- Ray isn't in yet --

The plane drops a few feet as it goes off -- and Ray sails off the edge toward the cargo door -- he lands on the side and almost rolls off, but Curran and Julie pull him in, as --

THE BLUE FLASHES BURST OUT OF THE ICE TOWARD THE PLANE

as ice, not water -- one lands on a skid, another lands on a wing, both on the same side, tipping the plane violently --

INSIDE THE PLANE - FARROW HITS THE CARGO DOOR CONTROL

and the door winds shut, but everyone is thrown to the side --

ON THE PLANE - THE ICE CREATURES ARE BASHING AWAY

at the plane's underside and the wing struts --

INSIDE THE COCKPIT - FISKE IS TRYING TO HOLD IT TOGETHER

as Farrow comes barrelling in, worried.

FISKE

You got any glycol on board?

FARROW

What? I've got scotch in the back, Popeye, but now's not the time --

Fiske, the calm center of this storm, scans the controls.

FISKE

You drink glycol? Whew. Tough guy.
I bet your piss can etch glass.
(finds the switch)
Now, us lesser pilots -- we just
use glycol to de-ice the wings.

ON THE WING - THE ICE CREATURE IS BASHING THE STRUTS

weakening the plane, but from the leading edge of the wing,
the in-flight de-icing system kicks on -- it bleeds a
corrosive chemical over the wing, hitting the ice creature --

-- the ice creature is scarring as the chemical rivulets burn
through it -- it looks like its in pain --

-- finally, the chemicals burn through enough segments of the
ice creature that it collapses and tumbles off the wing!

IN THE COCKPIT - FARROW LOOKS AT FISKE

with a slack jaw and a bit more respect.

FISKE

I yam what I yam, and that's all
that I yam.

But the danger isn't over yet -- the plane is still tilting
from the one left behind, and the THUDS go on beneath --

UNDER THE PLANE - THE OTHER ICE CREATURE CLINGS ON BOARD

striking out at the plane's machinery --

IN THE COCKPIT - FISKE IS LOOKING AROUND THE CONTROLS

FISKE

A rig this sweet has to have a de-
icer for the skids.

FARROW

No plane does -- the landing
friction keeps ice off the skids --

FISKE

Landing! That's a good idea!

Fiske sharply banks the plane around, back toward the glacier
and the ice field -- Fiske has almost a Zen like calm --

FARROW

We can't land -- we'll cartwheel
with that weight on one side!

FISKE

Hmm -- can't land. Can't fly like
this either -- so let's compromise.

THE PLANE FLIES TOWARD AND PARALLEL TO THE ICE WALL

and Fiske is aiming the plane so the skid with the ice
creature on it slams into ice formations -- the impact rips
the already weakened struts on the skids --

IN THE COCKPIT - FISKE IS HOLDING IT STEADY

-- he's got to compensate for each time a skid hits the ice, and he has to steer around the new ice formations --

OUTSIDE THE PLANE - ONE OF THE SKIDS TEARS OFF THE PLANE

and CLANGS against the plane's belly -- the ice creature **moves from the last skid** onto the plane's ripped underside, as the skid he was clinging to rips away --

INSIDE THE CABIN - CURRAN, JULIE, AND RAY

secure themselves, because the plane is almost sideways -- but from the floor, metal is slowly being torn back --

RAY

It's still underneath the plane!

IN THE COCKPIT - FISKE BANKS OFF THE ICE WALL

The plane levels off, flying over the ice field. Fiske reaches up to the toggles labelled "EMERGENCY FUEL DUMP" --

FARROW

You're only supposed to do that for a crash landing --

FISKE

(shouts to all)

Flaps down -- balls up!

IN THE CABIN - RAY COVERS JULIE TO PREPARE FOR IMPACT

JULIE

Do I want to know how he lost his last job?

RAY

He flew reconaissance for NOAA into the eyes of hurricanes.

(beat)

They thought he was...reckless.

THE PLANE FLIES OVER THE ICE FIELD AS FUEL DRAINS

from the wings -- they're passing the remains of the camp, the hole they blasted, and headed back where they started --

INSIDE THE CABIN - MORE METAL IS BENDING BACK

These things are strong -- in moments, it's coming in --

INSIDE THE COCKPIT - FISKE BANKS THE PLANE BACK AROUND

and drops altitude -- he's going to belly land the plane --

INSIDE THE CABIN - THE ICE CREATURE HAS TORN A HOLE

in the fuselage and is about to come in -- but --

THE PLANE BELLY LANDS ON THE ICE

and it's skidding out of control, along the irregular ice --

-- the sparking metal ignites the fuel that was dumped -- and suddenly, a good half of the ice field is a shallow, spreading patchwork quilt of fire as flames spread --

UNDERNEATH THE PLANE - THE ICE CREATURE IS HAMMERED

by the landing and roasted by the flames the plane is skidding through -- it finally is driven off the plane --

INSIDE THE COCKPIT - FISKE AND THE PILOT

try to regain control -- they're skidding through flames, and they're going to crash into the ice wall --

Fiske cuts the throttle to slow their momentum, but the plane is skidding at fifty miles an hour toward the ice wall, and they can't do anything but watch it zoom up toward them --

IN THE CABIN - RAY HOLDS JULIE

and braces for the impact -- there's a moment as they look at each other -- this may be the end --

-- but a dip in the ice causes the plane to go toward a segment of snow -- and the plane slows to an unexpectedly gentle stop, directly next to the remains of their camp.

The moment that almost began between Ray and Julie ends. She untangles herself from Ray, and Ray straightens out too. Farrow looks out the window, surprised to be alive.

FARROW

At least we can go get our gear.

Ray looks out an opposite window and sees --

THE FLAMES ARE SPREADING TOWARD THEM

as fire leaps from one patch of aviation fuel to the next -- and their position next to the camp is next.

At the base of the ice wall -- the goods they left behind are set on fire, including the box of explosive charges --

IN CABIN - RAY SEES THIS AND CAN'T BELIEVE IT'S NOT OVER

RAY

Nope. The gear's coming to get us.
(yells to Fiske)
Throttle up, Mickey!

THE PLANE'S ENGINES FIRE UP AGAIN AND PULL AWAY

from the ice wall as the flames reach them -- the skidless plane drags across the ice, they're not designed for this --

One charge blows, hurling a dozen lit bombs everywhere --

IN PLANE - RAY LOOKS OUT AT THE EXPLOSIVES RAINING DOWN

bouncing off the wings and punching new holes in the ice --

JULIE

The charges'll hit the plane!

RAY
It could be worse.

JULIE
How could it be worse?

Ray's looking back with some worry at --

THE ICE WALL - THREE CHARGES EXPLODE AT THE BASE

in sequence, just enough to start a deep crack that stitches up the ice wall -- the wall starts to bulge out from the multi-million ton water pressure behind it --

The crack makes a thundrous BOOM --

INSIDE THE PLANE - RAY TURN FROM THE ICE WALL

RAY
It's worse.

A charge **lands on a wing** -- Ray runs to the cockpit --

IN THE COCKPIT - RAY ACTIVATES THE FLAPS

and guns the throttle --

THE CHARGE ON THE WING IS DUMPED OFF

and the plane plunges ahead into the flames on the ice --

-- the plane is picking up speed, but it's a punishing bumpy ride, SLAMMING onto the ice again and again -- as

THE WATER CREATURES HAVE REFORMED AND MOVE THROUGH THE ICE

-- they are blue flashes serpentineing around, avoiding the patches of flame, trying to converge on the plane -- as

IN THE COCKPIT - FISKE IS PULLING BACK ON THE STICK

but Farrow reaches in and cuts the throttle --

RAY
What the hell are you doing?

FARROW
We're clear of the explosives --
we need a smoother path for
takeoff to try again. Either that
or we take a dive off that cliff.

Ray looks out and sees the blue flashes are racing toward them -- and the glacier wall is tumbling down --

RAY
That's one possibility. Here are
the others: we get hit by an
avalanche of boxcar size
iceblocks. We get drowned by the
highest altitude tsunami ever. Or
those water things get payback.

Fiske pulls the throttle back all the way --

FISKE

Here comes all of the above.

THE GLACIER'S ICE WALL EXPLODES FROM THE WATER PRESSURE

hurling out ice blocks as big as your house, that are thrown ahead of a fifty foot surge of water -- all of it just a couple of hundred yards behind the plane.

THE PLANE TAXIS TOWARD THE CLIFF'S EDGE

at a pace that is nightmarishly slow compared to the instant, fifty foot surging wall of water ROARING toward them --

-- gigantic three ton slabs of ice are hurled out, skidding and smashing alongside the taxiing plane --

-- the water creatures are racing toward the plane too, blue flashes under the ice --

-- in an instant, the leading edge of the waterwall is behind the plane -- giant chunks of ice are hurled ahead of it --

IN CABIN - CURRAN, JULIE AND RAY ARE THROWN IN THE PLANE

as it lurches up suddenly --

JULIE

The water's under us!

RAY

No -- wind surge from the collapse.

IN THE COCKPIT - FISKE AND FARROW

are at the controls -- Fiske LAUGHS --

FISKE

Wind shear! Finally, a lucky break!

Farrow looks at him like he's fucking insane --

THE LEADING EDGE OF THE WALL OF WATER IS RIGHT BEHIND THEM

-- the plane is indeed lifting off in a shaky kind of way, but the sudden wind is also shoving them out of control --

-- nearby, the water creatures emerge from the ice, as the ice field is shattering everywhere from the new pressure --

-- the wall of water blasts them apart -- they can't hold their forms and are literally dissolved!

The plane clears the edge of the cliff in a very rickety takeoff, dipping up, down, still thrown by the microburst of wind from the glacial collapse --

-- even a hundred feet out, the water is still chasing the plane and hurling giant blocks of ice past the plane --

-- until, a rough moment later -- they have cleared the cliff and flown ahead of this new, instant waterfall.

CUT TO:

EXT. NUCLEAR CARRIER USS JACKSON - DAY - A HELICOPTER

is waved in for a landing by the deck crews -- and Duncan disembarks with Orton. As they walk out, they're met by ship's CAPTAIN WAYE who gives him a salute.

CAPTAIN WAYE

Commander Duncan -- Lieutenant Orton. I received my orders from the Pentagon, per your communication with them.

(beat)

Under provisions of the Patriot Act, the resources of the Jackson are at your disposal.

DUNCAN

I appreciate your cooperation, Captain Waye. We've discovered the largest offensive crisis that this Navy has ever faced.

(as cask is unloaded)

That is evidence of a radiological weapon that's being placed in our waters, along military lanes. Effectively, someone is placing nuclear mines on the ocean bottom, to be fired against our boats. We believe the Chinese are involved.

Waye pales. This sounds like World War III. Orton says nothing but looks a little skeptical.

CAPTAIN WAYE

Understood. What's our countermove?

DUNCAN

We'll go to these coordinates --

(hands him paper)

-- and take a DSRV down to investigate the possible placement of one. If uncovered, the device must be defused. No one -- repeat, no one -- is to know of the purpose of our mission until we arrive. Clear, Captain?

CAPTAIN WAYE

Absolutely, Commander. I'll set in the course myself. Yeoman Stevens will show you your cabins.

Waye salutes and moves off. Orton and Duncan follow the Yeoman. Orton is really baffled by what he's just heard.

ORTON

Commander, I don't know what intel you found at the site, or why you don't want to tell me about it --

DUNCAN

I didn't realize I was required to, Lieutenant.

Orton isn't stung by a superior officer pulling rank, but he is surprised. This guy wasn't that big an asshole earlier on.

ORTON

You're not. But you should tell the carrier Captain the truth, as opposed to complete bullshit. Sir. Where'd this "Chinese nuclear mine" stuff come from?

DUNCAN

I can't share that information with you at this time, Lieutenant.
(beat)

I no longer require your help. Report to Captain Wayne and see if he can find some work for you.

Duncan goes into his cabin, leaving Orton very puzzled.

CUT TO:

EXT. NORTH AFRICAN ISLAND AIRSTRIP - DAY - FARROW'S PLANE

has scarred the airstrip with a belly landing -- a long skidline across the tarmac leads to a shed that has been smashed to toothpicks.

INSIDE THE GRIMY AIRPORT BAR AT THE EDGE OF THE FIELD

Farrow is forlornly looking out the window at the utter destruction of his plane, and writing a check out to the AIRSTRIP OWNER, who's shouting in Algerian. Fiske is reaching into a fridge and helping himself to a beer.

FARROW

Nice skidmarks, Fiske.

FISKE

That's nothing. Check my shorts.

Ray reaches into the bar fridge for a water -- his hand hesitates -- and he goes for the beer instead.

FISKE

Hard to drink that water now, huh?

RAY

Mickey, you never drank water.

FISKE

I figured I was like Sinbad, but only in terms of the numbers --
(guns down beer)

-- I didn't figure on actually hacking through monsters to get the seventh treasure. What the H-2-
Whoa was that?

Ray shakes his head. What could you possibly answer? Nearby, Farrow puts down a satellite phone.

FARROW

A petro research vessel I've got in the area is on its way. We're already in North African waters, so we can move directly to the next cask's location tomorrow.

Julie comes in. Just as Ray described her: she is disheveled from the trip but still a knockout, still determined to go on. Ray crosses to her with a beer and a flatbread sandwich.

RAY

You'll be the winner of a great local beer and an awful local sandwich if you can give me a rational explanation for what happened out there.

JULIE

Rational explanations are on backorder.

(drinks)

And if this is beer, I'll have a glass of aviation fuel next time. Anyway, the Covenant of Atala did come with a warning.

RAY

No. No, it did not. Shampoo bottles come with warnings like, "please do not rub in your eyes". Those silicon packs that they put in packing material -- those come with warnings like, "please do not eat". I didn't catch anything in the fine print of the Covenant of Atala that read, "please do not open cask and unleash homicidal unkillable water creatures".

JULIE

Speaking of those guys -- how's your reality-only zone holding up?

RAY

(downs beer)

Kicked inside out and upside down.

JULIE

Think what it'll mean, though, if we can put it all together. Atlantis will reveal itself. Atlantis. It's real, Ray.

(excited)

Do you know how close this is to your father's ideas?

RAY

Sure. He'd be loving this. He thought the Sanskrit Atala legend was the key to find Atlantis.

RAY

(beat)

Of course, before that he was just as sure it was under an Egyptian sand dune or in the Black Sea or in the South Pacific. He was obsessed with it. Biggest treasure mirage of all time and he kept chasing it. He spent his life -- his whole life -- looking for things that didn't exist and didn't matter, and ignoring the people who did exist and did matter. Me. My mom. My brother. I spent all my time trying to figure out where the damn place was just so he'd spend five or six hours a month in the same zip code as me.

(beat)

So an adult acts like a nine year old and gets himself killed searching for something that doesn't exist. Boom. Next thing you know, this nine year old has to act like an adult, working at the marina, shaving barnacles off yachts just to pay the bills.

JULIE

Then turn it around. Quit acting your age. I think we could use someone who's thinking like a nine year old on this trip.

(beat)

I don't get what happened to you, Ray. You used to have some spark -- some drive -- some dreams. You turned your back on the biggest mysteries of all time to just suck algae off smokers.

Ray motions to Fiske, chatting up a local floozy at the bar.

RAY

You want me to wind up like Fiske? A sixty year old diving for ancient treasure every day and ancient skanks every night?

(defensive)

Medical research is exciting. I set my terms. I go around the world. Last trip, I went to the Med, Gulf of Guinea, the Caribbean, was headed to Sumatra --

JULIE

Hold on a second. Those are exactly the points I speculated on for my Atlantis theory. That there was a mass migration in multiple directions, creating similar civilizations around the world, all with an Atlantis legend.

JULIE

(beat)

And you just happened to recognize the language from the tablet, when you went on the dive? Ray, my report wasn't released. It never left the faculty conference room.

RAY

I -- managed to get a copy out of the university. Just for a laugh.

JULIE

- Everybody else laughed, Ray. You believed me?

(beat)

You should have told me. I needed to hear it.

Ray nods slowly. Didn't want to admit he was hooked back into this world. Or into her. But there's no way around it.

RAY

Every part of your theory, and the tablet, tallied with the work Dad did...with the work I did...it all made sense. And I knew that you couldn't get funding for new expeditions to prove it.

(beat)

When the drug companies gave me a shopping list, I kind of tried to match my routes to your theory. I figured I'd keep my eyes open. So, yeah. I believed you. Part of me wanted to believe that maybe my Dad didn't waste all that time he spent on this. Part of me wants to see it too.

(beat)

And I guess part of me wanted to get you in the same zip code for a couple of months too.

Julie's eyes light up. She's happy Ray believed her...but she's happier still that Ray inching back to his old self.

JULIE

So...who's lighting a candle for who now?

AT THE BAR - CURRAN IS SITTING ON A STOOL

pushing around toothpicks in front of him. It's an impromptu archeological workshop. Fiske has come up for a refill.

FISKE

Two beers. And a double order of toothpicks for my friend.

(looks down)

What is this, anyway?

Curran points with a straw. Not as precise as usual. He got some of these toothpicks from a series of tropical drinks.

CURRAN

This row is Sanskrit characters
that match the tablet --
(drops down)

This row is African characters
that match the tablet --
(drops again)

-- these are the tablet characters
that match no language at all.

FISKE

(unimpressed)

Yeah. Great. Well, keep up the
good fight, Master of Tongue Fu.

CURRAN

Mange de la merde.

Fiske does a slow burn. Stops and puts the beer on the bar.

FISKE

I could eat that. But while we're
making meal suggestions, how about
if you *raper la fromage a cap?*

CURRAN

It'd taste a lot better than that
plotte dossee you're chasing.

FISKE

I'm pretty sure she hasn't got
that disease, and you couldn't
find that part with a map, *fifi*.

CURRAN

Maybe you'd rather *da ti go fukne
konj?*

Fiske pales. He's nose to nose with Curran, furious. Curran
doesn't back an inch as Fiske glares at him.

FISKE

I can't, *finocchio*, because you
already *lepared* every *horsecurak*
around and now they're too
puhapocs to get it up!

Curran blinks. His look of anger fades. The tension breaks.
Fiske and Curran both start laughing hysterically.

CURRAN

Three languages. Not bad.

FISKE

Three languages? I can tell anyone
to *knalde* themselves in a dozen.
I'm taking you to school, kid.

Fiske pulls up a stool next to Curran.

ACROSS THE BAR - RAY STANDS BY JULIE

They're close now. The old pheromones are crackling. Ray
leans in for a kiss. But Julie gently stops him.

JULIE
It's been a long time. Remember
our first kiss?

RAY
Sure. Fifteen years old. Behind
that seawall concession stand.
Right at dawn.
(laughs)
Right when the bulldozer came by
and dropped half a ton of sopping,
rotting fish left behind by that
year's red tide. Splat. My
nostrils are still burning.

JULIE
Well, I always figured I was owed
a new first kiss. Somewhere a
little more romantic, somewhere a
little less aromatic. This bar
smells like stale beer and fresh
vomit. So I have a list of demands.

RAY
Like -- ?

JULIE
Three things. I want a tropical
setting. I want fireworks. And I
want you to sweep me off my feet.

RAY
Where does that leave me tonight?

Julie backs away and tosses Ray his tattered notebook.

JULIE
Thinking like a nine year old.
(smiles)
As I recall, you weren't
interested in girls then.

Ray keeps the book and smiles in resignation as Julie leaves.

EXT. FARROW'S RESEARCH VESSEL - NORTH ATLANTIC - DAY

This ship is outfitted with high tech land, sea and air
equipment for exploring the most inaccessible spots on earth.

INT. BOAT CABIN - DAY - RAY, JULIE, FARROW AND CURRAN

crowd around maps and computers, keyed to the next location
on the Atala globe: an island off the North African coast.

CURRAN
So what do you think they were?
The water creatures could have
been some exotic evolutionary
anomaly at the border of an
extreme environment -- something
that may have been a precursor to
man, locked in the ice, and only
now released --

FARROW

It doesn't matter. It's over. If those creatures were something ancient sealed in the ice -- we won't see more in this environment.

The view out the window shows where they're heading -- to an active volcano.

CURRAN

With the GPS overlay on the Atala globe, we've got the location of the next cask. And we're keyed into the radiological signal, so we can tell it's right -- here.

Curran points to a monitor with a sonar scan of the inside of the volcano -- the cask is underwater at the bottom of it.

RAY

Inside a volcano. Terrific.

FARROW

Giving up already, Ray?

RAY

Nope. I saw some high pressure suits in the back. They're temperature shielded?

FARROW

I built them under contract for work in nuclear power plants, but nothing's temperature shielded enough to wade through lava.

RAY

Who's gonna wade through lava? Run the mapping back due west.

Curran pulls the map back -- Ray follows it intently --

RAY

Stop right there. At the smoker. Here's the deal. First team takes a submersible down to this smoker, and we feed an ROV into the crack.

FARROW

In the crack? You're on crack. The ROV can't push through the outflow.

RAY

It can if I get into one of those pressure suits and help it in. Once it's past the outflow, and into the current, it'll go straight to where the cask is.

FARROW

In a boiling volcanic spring? You'll cook an ROV like a two million dollar egg in that --

RAY

So? You drop two million bucks,
you don't stoop to pick it up. The
ROV just has to last long enough
to get to the cask here --

(points at monitor)

-- and knock it loose. The cask is
trapped in this section of cavern,
but if the ROV gets it into the
main volcanic flow, it'll be
carried to the steam vent here.

FARROW

Uh-huh. Then it gets blown to
shit. That steam vent -- it's
going off every -- what?

CURRAN

Every two hours.

RAY

Team two is right here with a net.
The volcanic flow'll carry the
cask right to them -- all they do
is catch it and haul it out.

(off stunned silences)

The trick is, we have to time the
loosening of the cask as close as
possible to the next eruption, or
the cask won't ride that current.

Everyone is silent. This is insane, but there's no other way.

JULIE

Meaning the second team will have,
what, twenty minutes, tops, to get
out of there before getting
steamed like Chinatown ducks.

(to Ray)

Got any ideas on who's going where?

EXT. TOP OF VOLCANIC VENT - THE SUPERHEATED STEAM CLOUD

vents out in a spectacular eruption -- the initial blast
fires straight up, and the superheated steam spreads out --

A HUNDRED YARDS BACK - JULIE WATCHES THE ERUPTION

as the steam cloud passes over her and a couple of CREW
MEMBERS from Farrow's boat. Even this far out, the cloud
burns -- her skin flushes red, her hair wilts.

JULIE (INTO RADIO)

The eruption's subsiding. Hundred
and twelve minutes to the next
one. Temperature reading is --

Julie looks at an ambient thermometer. The steam has fogged
the screen and ruined it completely.

JULIE (INTO RADIO)

-- really, really goddamn hot.

Julie waves the crew up, and they start mounting a massive tripod, steel cable and crane to lower an equipment module to the top of the vent: an impromptu sealed elevator.

ON THE BOAT - RAY IS ALMOST SEALED INTO HIS PRESSURE SUIT

RAY (INTO HEADSET RADIO)
 You said you wanted to go
 somewhere warmer for the next
 cask. And I don't want to hear it.
 I'm the one going into the boiler.

EXT. UNDERWATER - MINUTES LATER - A TWO MAN SUBMERSIBLE

lowers from the boat's side -- behind the glass bubble, we can see Farrow is piloting it solo. Already ahead of the ship, holding an ROV that's tethered to the submersible, is Ray in the pressure suit. It's insulated for high temperatures and is as clumsy as an old moon suit.

INT. "CHIMNEY" OF VOLCANIC VENT - **THE EQUIPMENT MODULE**

is lowered down -- it looks like it's ordinarily used for deep sea dives. The module moves at a slow, measured pace, past hundreds of yards of cavern wall, lined with black glop.

At the bottom, the module touches down. Julie gets out with a couple of crew members, all in heavy, specially treated boots. Julie sees the black glop is everywhere. She grabs specially treated rubber gloves and pulls them on.

JULIE
 You'd better do the same.

CREWMAN
 (laughs)
 Rubber gloves? Are we raising a
 crate or performing a rectal exam?

CREWMAN #2
 (guzzling a drink)
 No way. Too hot to wear that shit.

JULIE
 Suit yourself --

Julie takes away the crewman's drink can, and flips it against the wall. The can slides down -- melting as it does.

JULIE
 -- but these walls are lined with
 acid residue from centuries of
 volcanic activity.
 (walks off)
 Watch your step, gents. If you
 stumble against these walls,
 you're going to be part of them.

Julie heads down into the darkness. The crewmen look at each other -- take the rubber gloves and snap them on -- and move after Julie as quickly as their uncertain footing will allow.

IN THE PIPE CAVERNS - JULIE AND THE CREW MEMBERS MOVE DOWN

along the slanting, acid slick floor, through volcanic stalactite-stalagmites that are everywhere across the cavern. This is unlike any spelunking ever seen in a film -- these volcanic caves are stone spider webs, and they have to move fast and carefully to take the equipment through.

EXT. UNDERWATER - RAY IS MOVING AHEAD OF THE SUBMERSIBLE

and they're heading closer to the ocean bottom, as Ray guides the ROV along. This is the most visually spectacular dive we've seen yet -- the clear blue water contrasts with the strange, colorful crystals that grow among the vents. Bizarre crustaceans scurry around, away from the black clouds of water that jet out of the smaller "smokers".

The smokers are all aligned -- they're small seams that open over the volcanic flow. Ray looks ahead. These smokers are too small for the job. There's one in particular he needs.

RAY (INTO RADIO)

There. Fifty meters west. That's our smoker.

INSIDE THE SUBMERSIBLE - FARROW LOOKS OUT THE OBSERVATION bubble, and checks it against the mapping.

FARROW (INTO RADIO)

Check. Let's get it in there, we're running out of time.

(hits channel button)

Julie, are you in position?

INT. VOLCANIC CAVERN - JULIE AND THE CREWMEN ARE SET UP

by the mouth of the volcanic spring -- a small generator is running their lights, and they're prepping their net.

JULIE (INTO RADIO)

Ready. Let's go, we've got fifteen minutes to pick up our package.

EXT. UNDERWATER - RAY APPROACHES THE SMOKER

and uses the full power of the ROV motor, as well as his own force, to feed the ROV into the smoker vent.

Ray backs up from the smoker. The cable from the ROV is clearly going in further and deeper.

RAY (INTO RADIO)

Farrow -- the ROV is in and the cable's feeding. What do you see?

IN THE SUBMERSIBLE - FARROW LOOKS AT THE ROV NOSE CAMERA

and it is moving ahead through the crack and into the flow.

FARROW (INTO RADIO)

That you're almost as good as you think you are. It's into the flow.

FARROW
 (beat)
 Nice work, Ray. Get out of there,
 I'll work the ROV from here.

UNDERWATER - RAY STARTS TO MOVE UP

but far beneath him, along the "seams" of the smoker line --
 one section of the ocean floor begins to collapse inward --

BY THE VOLCANIC VENT ON THE OCEAN FLOOR - A RIP CURRENT
 is pulling Ray down -- with no line there is no way out --

RAY (INTO RADIO)
 (tense but controlled)
 -- I'm in the backwash -- need
 some help, Nelson --

IN THE MINISUB - FARROW HEARS RAY

but is furiously working the ROV controls -- the cask is in
 sight, but the video is beginning to break up --

RAY (OVER RADIO)
 -- get a line down here!

FARROW (INTO RADIO)
 I'll get a line to you, but this
 ROV is ninety seconds from dying --

RAY IS SPIRALLING DOWN TOWARD A GASH IN THE EARTH

-- a stream of white bubbles and a red tint along with the
 blue water. Ray is pouring sweat from the heat --

RAY (INTO RADIO)
 I got less time -- get me a line,
 goddamn it!

-- Ray is drawn into the crevice --

IN THE CAVERN - JULIE IS LISTENING TO THIS EXCHANGE
 on the radio, and her face shows how concerned she is --

JULIE (INTO RADIO)
 Ray? -- Ray --

RAY IS SWALLOWED BY THE OCEAN FLOOR

and is in darkness -- his helmet light works, but that's
 it -- Ray is bounced along the walls of this crevice, drawn
 down until the crevice narrows -- Ray is stuck.

Ray tries to claw his way up, but it's hopeless -- he is
 being poached in his suit and the suction is holding him
 down, as water ROARS past him and smaller rocks fly by.

INSIDE THE MINISUB - FARROW WORKS THE ROV CONTROLS

and the cask is finally freed from the wall -- it moves with
 the current, just as planned. Farrow is exhilarated --

FARROW (INTO RADIO)
 -- got it -- Julie, it's on the
 way, get ready to catch it --

JULIE (ON RADIO)
 We're ready -- but help Ray!

FARROW
 -- Ray -- where are you? I can get
 the line over now --
 (no answer)
 -- Ray -- where are you?

Farrow moves the sub and scans the bottom -- seeing nothing.
 IN THE CAVERN - THE CREW GETS THE NET READY
 to catch the dislodged cask, but Julie is frozen --

JULIE (ON RADIO)
 Where is he, Nelson?

FARROW (ON RADIO)
 Julie. Ray is -- gone.

Julie is devastated.

IN THE CREVICE - TIGHT ON RAY'S FACE AS HE THINKS

He can't go up. He's jammed. Waiting for much longer will
 mean he'll boil alive. So he takes the only course left.

Ray begins to hyperventilate. At first glance this looks like
 panic, but he has an idea: while clinging to the rock wall,
 Ray unlatches the scuba equipment mounted to his back -- and
after one more deep breath, he closes the helmet valve --

-- and his equipment pack comes off, jamming into the rocks.
 Now Ray is slimmer -- slim enough to go through the crevice.
 Ray lets go of the wall and plummets down, face first --

RAY IS SHOOTING DOWN THROUGH THE WIDENING CREVICE

and into the current. Ray's free, but he's got no more air in
 his suit and he's moving into water that is way, way hotter
 than anyone ever thought this suit could take. As --

THE CASK IS TUMBLING THROUGH THE VOLCANIC FLOW

with the quickening current, it is nearing the net --

IN THE CAVERN - JULIE AND THE TECHNICIANS

stand over the steaming hot, roiling water, and hold steady,
 waiting for the casket to hit the net --

JULIE
 Wait for it -- almost there -- now!

Julie and the others pull tight on a half dozen lines --

IN THE WATER - **THE NET CLOSES AROUND THE CASK**

but it is **still going** and threatens to pull the net in --

ABOVE THE WATER - JULIE AND THE CREW

pull hard on the net lines like they're landing a whale -- they're on the edge of being pulled into the water -- as --

RAY TUMBLES THROUGH THE UNDERWATER CURRENT

-- he's out of air, he's being poached alive, and the current SLAMS him against the cavern sides --

-- Ray can see, fifty yards ahead of him -- a shaft of light. The net is there, with Julie and the others pulling it out.

ABOVE THE WATER - JULIE AND THE CREW DIG IN AND PULL
gaining foot by foot --

INSIDE THE WATER - RAY CAN SEE THAT THE NET

is being pulled out -- if it goes, he's dead. The current begins to pull him down, just as the net lines are going up --

-- Ray desperately **kicks up** against the downward flow -- and as the bulk of the net is pulled out of the water, Ray's gloved fingers just manage to grab the end of a line, just as **he is shooting past the vent hole** --

-- Ray wraps the line around his wrist in time for it to pull taut -- he is swinging, pummelled by the current -- as

ABOVE THE WATER - JULIE AND THE CREW PULL THE CASK OUT
of the water -- it slams against the rocks. But as one of the lines goes taut in the water --

TECHNICIAN

Hey -- it's snagged on something!

JULIE

Cut it loose before it drags the cask back in!

A technician pulls a knife, and begins to **saw the line** --

IN THE WATER - RAY DESPERATELY PULLS HIS WAY UP THE LINE

but his gloves keep slipping, and his air is gone --

ABOVE THE WATER - THE TECHNICIAN SAWS THE LINE

and the line shoots into the water --

IN THE WATER - RAY IS NEARLY TO THE SURFACE

as the **line goes slack** -- Ray lets go of it and flails at the rocks, **trying to get a handhold** -- finally he gets a grip --

ON THE SURFACE - THE TECHNICIANS SEE SOMETHING RISING

from the water -- they're all jumpy as hell, and grab something, anything to fight with --

-- and finally, Ray's hand comes out -- and he pulls himself out as slowly as the first lungfish who took a walk on land.

RAY'S POV THROUGH HELMET - STEAM OBSCURES HIS VIEW

until Ray fumbles for the latches and takes his helmet off -- there he sees the technicians, who were at first worried, now they're just stunned speechless to see that it's Ray who has crawled out -- they're still holding their weapons up.

Ray holds a hand up in surrender --

RAY
(through parched lips)
-- I come -- in peace.

Ray passes out -- and we FADE TO BLACK.

UP FROM BLACK - A GLASS OF WATER

is poured over Ray's face, bringing him around. Ray COUGHS and SPUTTERS -- Julie is holding his head in her lap. She is clearly worried about him. She gives Ray a glass of water, which he gulps down. He is literally still steaming. Ray begins to whisper something -- Julie, worried, bends down.

RAY
(hoarse)
Tropical setting. Check.
Fireworks -- kind of. Sweep--

JULIE
(pours water on him)
You're delirious. And we're almost out of time to get out of here. Pulling you out of the water put us behind schedule.

RAY
(struggles up)
Sorry to be such a burden.

JULIE
Just help, or you're going to ride this eruption one more time.
(to crew)
New rule, guys. Do not -- repeat, not -- open the cask.

Nearby, the crew untangles the cask from the netting -- but --

CLOSE ON THE CASK - ONE SIDE HAS BEEN DAMAGED

from the recovery -- the seal is broken -- a hiss of steam is blowing all over the cavern wall. A crewman sees this --

CREWMAN
Hey -- the seal's brok--

The steam blasts out of the seal in a jet onto his face -- the lid to the cask blows open --

-- the crewman screams and recoils, but as he opens his mouth, the steam changes direction, jets into his mouth and down his throat, extinguishing his shriek!

In agony, the crewman hurls himself against the wall -- the entire cloud of steam is inside him now, roasting him from the inside, but something else is happening --

-- the crewman's skin bursts from the inside out, his eyes explode -- he is dead, but something is holding him up --

THE CREWMAN IS A STANDING, STEAMING CORPSE

-- the water creature came out as superheated steam, and it is drawing water from the body to cool itself. The water bleeds out of his body, reforming as a standing creature --

-- the crewman's body crumples to the ground, dried, dead, discarded -- the creature emerges, standing.

Julie is frozen -- her exit is blocked by the creature.

Ray is pulling his helmet back on --

RAY

Julie -- don't make a move. The suit'll give me some insulation.

JULIE

(keeping cool)

Okayyy.....I hate to keep bringing up my needs, but -- what do I use for insulation?

Ray edges to the electric generator running the equipment -- he pulls two live cables and moves closer to the creature.

RAY

I'm your insulation. I'll get between you and try to hold it back. We already know these things are allergic to electr--

-- the creature moves toward Julie, lashing out like a snake -- the water creature hits her and is pouring down her throat! She struggles, but is helpless against it --

Ray sees this but can do nothing --

RAY

Julie!

The water is moving into her body through her skin. The creature is inhabiting Julie and becoming her --

JULIE

(sputtering)

-- Christ -- get it out of me --

Julie stares at Ray in agony -- and Ray is standing there with the cables, uncertain what to do, unable to move.

RAY

I can't -- the shock'll kill you --

JULIE

(struggling)

Then kill me while I'm still me --

You can see it in her eyes as she fights it. Her eyes are now icy blue. Another second and she'll be gone.

CLOSE ON RAY'S FACE - HE HAS NO GOOD CHOICES

Ray lunges for Julie and touches the clips to her body --

-- the current surges through her body -- and the water creature bursts out of her!

Julie is coughing and weakened but alive -- Ray gets in front of her, and shouts back to a crewman --

RAY

Get her out of here!

Ray reaches into the casket and pulls out the artifact -- the same gleaming metal, another piece of the puzzle -- and clips it to his suit. The crewman is still frozen in fear.

RAY

I said, get her the hell out of here! I'll hold it back until you can get her into the module!

The crewman snaps out of it -- he pulls Julie to her feet, and helps her stagger up the cavern tunnel.

Ray shoots a glance to the sputtering generator. The fuel guage needle quivers at "E". As the creature shoots toward him, Ray touches the wires to it, shocking it into retreat --

And on the wall where the cask opened, condensed water on the cavern wall is moving in an organized way --

-- a second creature is forming, coming off the wall.

RAY

Great. Come on, Wonder Twins, show me a new trick -- "form of agonized electrified steaming puddle" --

Ray holds the cables out, holding the creature closest to him at bay -- Ray keeps dodging and feinting --

-- but the one that is coming off the wall fully forms and is standing -- and it has absorbed the acid that lines the walls -- the solution is visibly swirling around inside it.

Ray sees what's happened -- and he steps back. This is bad. The acid creature lunges for Ray -- Ray dodges and holds up the cables, and the acid creature recoils, but it strikes Ray's helmet and it begins to dissolve --

RAY'S POV - HE IS BLINDED BEHIND THE MELTED, OPAQUE GLASS

Ray fumbles to pull off the helmet, and as he does, he sees --

-- the acid creature has landed by the generator -- with one light swipe of an arm, it melts part of the generator and it sputters to a dead halt. At the same time, the other water creature realizes the advantage gained by its partner -- it slides along the cavern wall to soak up acid as well.

RAY TOSSES OFF HIS RUINED HELMET AND RUNS UPHILL

on the slippery volcanic cavern, crashing through brittle stalagmites and stalactites that spine the cavern.

Ray's run is like something from a nightmare -- he's slipping and sliding through the stalactites, but the creatures chasing him have no problem with the terrain --

-- the acid creatures are flowing along and up the wall -- and they're picking up more acid as they go.

AT THE MODULE - RAY RUNS TOWARD IT

But it's too late -- the acid creatures are flowing along the walls and even the cavern ceiling --

THE ACID CREATURE ON THE CEILING

shoots down in a straight line, blasting the face and shoulders of a crewman -- his head begins to dissolve --

-- Ray grabs Julie, and races for the module, but --

-- another crewman is headed for the module door -- an acid creature who was on the wall changes form and leaps out, splitting into large droplets shooting at high speed --

-- the acid droplets spread out and strike the crewman, burning through him like bullets -- he drops to the ground, dead. The bad news keeps coming --

-- the acid has also burned the module door -- it is fused shut. There is no refuge, no escape available.

The creature drops from the module, reforms, and turns to --

THE LAST CREWMAN RECOILS IN TERROR AGAINST A CAVE WALL

-- the acid creature walks toward him and completely covers his body -- the crewman's clothing, skin and tissue all burn away inside the perfectly transparent acid creature!

The remains of the crewman continue to melt in the acid creature as it walks away from the wall!

ON TOP OF THE MODULE - RAY AND JULIE CLIMB UP

among the uneven edges -- Julie is still physically weak from the attack, and Ray helps her up --

-- the acid creatures climb up too -- but as they climb up the metal, they're ripping holes in it and can't get a grip.

Ray shields Julie on the top of the module, but he looks up -- the chimney of this volcanic vent is six hundred feet to daylight. He looks down -- the acid creatures are slowed by their grips melting the metal, but they're still coming.

BACK AT THE BASE CAMP - CURRAN IS WATCHING THE MONITORS

and the temperature sensors, seismograph and radar are showing the same thing. Curran SHOUTS into the radio --

CURRAN

This vent is erupting, right on schedule -- do you have a watch? Do you have a goddamn set of ears? Did you take the "learn not to burn" course in school? Get out!

INSIDE THE CAVERN - ON THE MODULE - RAY CAN HEAR

the SOUND and feel the rumble of volcanic pressure -- like an ant sitting on top of a teakettle's whistle.

The acid creatures are closer now -- they can extend their bodies, in any case -- and they strike out at Ray and Julie.

Ray tries to push Julie back, but they strike again and again at the metal, sizzling and melting it.

JULIE

Now what?

RAY

Possibility one: we dissolve into puddles when these things get up here. Possibility two: we take an five hundred degree steam bath a thousand feet up when the vent goes off in a minute --

(ducks a new strike)

Possibility three: both at once.

JULIE

Any possibility we'd live through?

Ray's face registers an idea. He pushes Julie back, and steps forward -- he's baiting the creatures. One shoots out an acidic arm, and Ray leaps out of the way -- the acid melts a bolt that is holding the module on the cable.

Ray baits them again, standing on the other four bolts -- until the acid creatures hit it with strike after strike, melting each bolt like wax -- until there is one straining, half-melted bolt left connecting the module to the cable.

Ray stands Julie up on the center of the module's top.

One of the acid creatures is on top of the module with them now -- the second is flowing in the cracks and crevices of the module, eating metal as it goes. There's no way out.

BENEATH THE CAVERNS - THE WATER IS BOILING WILDLY

and is seconds away from blowing --

ON THE MODULE TOP - RAY STANDS IN FRONT OF JULIE

and pulls her up, wrapping her hands around the cable --

JULIE

Possibility four?

RAY

Sad but true.

Ray looks down -- one acid creature is simply eating into the crevices of the module and is moving toward them. Another is rising up, ready to attack. One's going high, one's going low.

Ray grips the cable, staring at both creatures, waiting for a move -- and when it comes, Ray **shifts his weight to one side** and tips the module --

-- the weight shifts the creature flowing in the crevices -- **acid sizzles the last bolt** securing the module top --

-- the creature that went for a high lunge misses Ray, going past to the wall, as --

THE MODULE TOP TEARS LOOSE

and the rest of the module drops to the cavern floor, taking the acid creature with it -- and now that the module is several tons lighter, the tension on the cable **sends the module rocketing up the volcanic chimney!**

RAY AND JULIE CLING TO THE CABLE

with their legs braced against the module top, which is whipping against the cavern sides, CLANGING and SPARKING! Ray looks down -- they're not out of this yet --

THE ACID CREATURES ARE FLOWING UP THE WALLS OF THE CHIMNEY

and they've gotten the hang of this -- they're moving faster than the module top, and they're catching up --

RAY LOOKS UP - THE OPENING OF THE CHIMNEY IS COMING FAST

Two hundred feet up -- one fifty -- one hundred -- almost there, and Ray looks down again --

THE ACID CREATURES ARE SHOOTING UP THE WALLS

-- their distorted liquid faces look furious, with acid and soot swirling around inside them --

AT THE CHIMNEY TOP - RAY GRABS JULIE AND THEY DIVE OFF

in the space between the chimney top and the crane a split second before it **crashes against the crane, smashing it** --

Ray and Julie land hard, rolling across the black volcanic rock and downhill -- underneath, the **RUMBLING is growing** --

-- and at the chimney top, **the acid creatures reach the top** -- they are fully formed and if anything, they are refreshed -- but directly underneath them --

-- **the volcano steam vent blows, right on schedule** -- the superheated steam **blasts from the vent with incredible force, catching the acid creatures** --

CLOSE ON ACID CREATURES - THEY ARE DRAWN INTO THE ERUPTION

and appear to be SCREAMING in pain as their bodies elongate, stretched out by the awesome force of the steam -- they are pulled apart atom by atom, **vaporizing** -- until --

-- there is nothing left of them, as they are spread out into a gigantic cloud of steam growing above the island.

RAY AND JULIE GET UP FROM THE ROCK

Julie is shaking -- she goes into convulsions, and it's not from this stunt, it's from the "takeover" attempt.

INT. THE BOAT - LATER - **CURRAN ASSEMBLES THE ARTIFACTS**

that have been pulled out so far. Some pieces fit together, some don't, but all are glowing from being near each other.

RAY
You know what this thing is yet?

CURRAN
Nope. Not til we have it all.

At a nearby computer, Curran looks as an e-mail loads with an enormous attachment -- a high detail aerial photo.

RAY
The next spot we're diving on?

CURRAN
No, it's the Portugal excavation Julie and I were working. The crew took some aerial photos. She's going to want to see this.

RAY
Let me see how she's doing first.

Curran prints the photos as they come in -- and Ray heads for JULIE'S CABIN - JULIE IS IN BED, SOAKED IN SWEAT

and gripped by a fever -- the sheets are drenched and twisted, she is writhing in pain. Clearly she's worse than she's been -- Ray looks worried as he moves closer to her.

Julie looks out of her mind. She's babbling in strange noises, with a frightening intensity, with her eyes shut.

RAY
Julie. You've got to get rest --

Ray moves closer, and Julie ferociously **shoves him back** -- her eyes open and **flash blue** before turning normal again.

Exhausted, Julie passes out on the bed. Curran comes in, and Ray looks up, devastated. He knows what this means. Ray bolts up, and out of the cabin. Curran stays with Julie.

IN MAIN CABIN - FARROW IS AT A TABLE LOOKING AT ARTIFACTS trying to piece them together. Ray angrily crosses to him.

RAY
Expedition's over. The thing that tried to take Julie over -- some of it's still in her. We need to get Julie to a doctor, right away.

FARROW

We're too close to the last piece
in the North Atlantic to quit now.
(laughs it off)

Don't panic, Ray. You were both in
a volcano, for Christ's sake. Some
sleep and some Gatorade and she'll
be good as new.

RAY

(angry)

We're done, Nelson. You could bail
on me but I won't let you do it to
her. Call for some air evac, now.

(picks up artifacts)

Or I swear, these pieces go back
in the water. And you won't have
a map to find them.

Farrow smiles tightly. No one gives orders to him. But he
picks up the sat phone all the same and hits a speed dial.

FARROW

We need an evac. Right now. Track
our coordinates and send it out.

Farrow puts the phone down and looks at Ray: "satisfied?".
Ray drops the artifacts. Curran sticks his head out the door.

CURRAN

Ray? Need you to come in here.

IN JULIE'S CABIN - JULIE IS AWAKE AND FEVERISH

but she looks like herself -- the blue has faded from her
eyes. Ray crosses over to her.

JULIE

(weakly)

Ray -- I heard you out there. You
can't stop the hunt. You can't.

RAY

We have to. You need a doctor.

Julie is intense, fevered. She looks crazy but sounds lucid.

JULIE

We have to stop them.

(beat)

I have its memories. Left from
when it tried to take me over --

(struggles)

-- it seems like its happening
now -- I can't speak their
language but I can understand it --

RAY

Then tell me. Who are they?

JULIE

They're called -- wakers.

Julie shuts her eyes, in searing pain, and we're in her memories, seeing what she sees:

FLASH OF LIGHT - WARPED POV OF WAKERS

inside a spacecraft --

JULIE (V.O.)

They are an artificial form of life created by aliens -- and sent to our planet.

The Waker POV shows our world. Almost all water.

JULIE (V.O.)

They were designed for our world -- made of water, so they could move through almost any place or any thing.

IN THE SHIP CABIN - RAY IS HOLDING JULIE'S HAND

Curran preps a sedative shot -- but Julie pushes it away.

JULIE

It hurts, but we have to know --

WARPED POV - THE WAKERS ARE AT A FLOATING PLAFORM

-- a virtual island -- supervising a massive slave population that is assembling the platform itself.

JULIE (V.O.)

The wakers took over a dozen people -- usually leaders or warriors -- and with the advanced technology, they seemed like gods. We -- they -- raided villages and ships -- captured and enslaved thousands of humans -- some look Greek from the dress, some African -- and forced them to build a landing platform.

(beat)

The wakers were sent here by the aliens to prepare our world.

RAY (V.O.)

"Prepare" it? How?

JULIE (V.O.)

I-I'm not sure --

The warped POV goes past the workers, inside a central control room -- though this is thousands of years ago, the technology is thousands of years beyond what we have now.

The waker picks up a control device -- clearly the same thing that they've been assembling piecemeal from the artifacts.

JULIE (V.O.)

The artifacts we've been getting are pieces of a control device -- it was used to --

JULIE
(struggles)
-- guide and land the ship.

RAY (V.O.)
Why? Why is it remotely guided?

JULIE (V.O.)
Because the trip from their world
to ours is ten thousand years
long. The aliens in the ship were
in suspended animation -- the
wakers were supposed to --

RAY (V.O.)
-- "wake" them. Okay. I get it.

In the control room, a monitor shows the ship coming
closer -- the waker is guiding the ship in.

JULIE (V.O.)
But something happened to stop it.

The waker POV looks out. The slaves are revolting -- and they
are backed by a group of attack boats that have come in.

The warped POV tries to control the ship's descent, but a
group of hundreds, and thousands of slaves are swarming the
platform and pouring into the control room --

JULIE (V.O.)
As the ship was coming in, the
slaves revolted --

The battle is short but fierce -- many of the humans are
killed by the "wakers", but there are only about a dozen of
them -- they are swarmed by thousands of slaves, armed only
with spears and primitive axes, and the wakers are
overpowered and sealed into casks --

The control device is torn from the waker's hands, and a
shadow falls on the platform --

Julie's voice is very terrified now, as if this were
happening to her, right now -- that's how real it feels --

JULIE (V.O.)
Oh my God -- the control device is
supposed to guide the ship in for
a landing on the platform -- **it's**
going to crash into it --

There is a sudden SHOCK in the warped POV --

IN THE CABIN - **JULIE SCREAMS**

with a sound that no human has ever made -- it's **an alien**
scream -- her eyes are **blue** --

Ray can't take any more -- he holds Julie still enough for
Curran to give her the shot -- and after a moment, she falls
still -- the blue fades from her eyes -- and she falls asleep.

CUT TO:

EXT. USS JACKSON - DAY - **THE DEEP SEA RESCUE VEHICLE**

is hauled up over the side, and into a lower docking bay.

SOMEONE'S HIGH POV - INSIDE THE DOCKING BAY - DUNCAN

observes as the carrier crew winches the DSRV in -- and the DSRV crew unload the cargo. Another of the casks.

Duncan waves to a couple of officers, who haul the cask away for examination. As the cask is moved away, the POV follows --

ORTON

is out of sight, but tracking along with the cask.

CUT TO:

INT. FARROW'S BOAT GALLEY - DAY - CURRAN, RAY, FISKE

and Farrow are stunned. Ray's clearly worried about Julie, and they're all floored by the new revelations.

FISKE

Atlantis is a spaceship. Sure.

(beat)

She got all that by having some water? Can I get some of that?

RAY

The descriptions of the landing platform, and the layout of Atlantis itself, is dead on with Plato's description. Concentric circles, gleaming metal walls -- it all fits perfectly.

CURRAN

So do the "wakers". Plato described Atlantis as being ruled by ten pale kings who never ate or slept. Plato also said Atlantis was located between the "pillars of heaven". Almost everyone took that to mean Gibraltar.

(beat)

But to someone watching the landing, looking to the sky --

RAY

-- the "pillars of heaven" could have been constellations. Probably Canopus. It was the main navigational pole star ten, twelve thousand years ago.

CURRAN

You know, for a guy who doesn't believe in Atlantis, you sure know a hell of a lot about it.

RAY

I didn't get out much as a kid.

(holds artifacts)

The rest fits Julie's theories about a multi-directional migration. The surviving slaves split up and migrated to different spots around the world -- taking the legend with them to different continents -- but first they formed the "Covenant of Atala". They couldn't destroy the wakers, they couldn't destroy this metal, so they sealed them and hid them around the world in the most inaccessible places possible.

(beat)

Maybe it's time to take the hint and stop digging this shit out. Those aliens may be alive. If they could sleep for ten thousand years they could doze for twenty. We might be building the alarm clock.

(beat)

It's one thing to risk our lives on a treasure hunt. But if we pull this off -- if we get the pieces and find Atlantis --

(beat)

-- I can't believe I'm saying this -- it might be the end of the planet. We've got to stop, now.

FISKE

She's sick, Ray. Out of her mind. You can't believe this shit.

RAY

(snaps)

You got a better explanation for everything we've seen, Mickey?

FARROW

I agree with Fiske. She's built a delusion based on her own work. But let's say, for the sake of argument, that she's right.

(beat)

We have to keep looking. Say there are a bunch of ETs on ice, just dreaming of getting out and causing havoc up here. If they're down there, they're a threat -- if we find them at least we have a chance to do something about it.

RAY

Gonna buy them out, Nelson? Offer them a percentage of the military contracts you get on this metal?

(beat)

This is too big to mess with. This advance team came to "prepare" the planet. The hell does that mean?

RAY

Maybe they want to flood the world -- maybe they need to breathe underwater or something --

Julie weakly staggers out from the cabin, holding the wall. She is near collapse. Ray rushes over to her.

JULIE

I know what we -- they -- came to do. It started in Lubinkai.

CURRAN

Julie, Lubinkai is the dig we came from. You need rest, kiddo --

FARROW

You see? It's a mental construct. A delusion from her own ideas.

JULIE

No -- I -- it -- was at Lubinkai, thousands of years ago --
(beat)
-- for a feasibility test.

Julie remembers, and it is agonizing --

JULIE/WAKER'S WARPED POV - VILLAGE ON LAKE'S EDGE

-- and the villagers keep far, far away from the "wakers", who are planting a small cylindrical device into the lake.

JULIE (V.O.)

It wasn't to flood the world -- they can't tolerate the water, but they need it all the same.

Villagers are hiding or fleeing -- the "wakers" get into a small spacecraft nearby, and the POV takes off --

The POV is high over the lake, and there is a flash of energy that ignites the lake from its center --

JULIE (V.O.)

They came to burn the water -- it's an electrochemical reaction to create the atmosphere they need.

The POV hovers low enough to see that the reaction is spreading -- it is literally burning the lake away, and the fire is incredibly hot, surging out toward --

-- the huts of the village -- the huts and the villagers inside are instantly incinerated by the reaction --

-- and beyond, a gas cloud from the reaction spreads out, overcoming villagers who have run into the jungle --

JULIE (V.O.)

-- they need the gases to breathe, but they're toxic to --

The MEMORY shifts with a flash cut -- the waker's warped POV is moving around the village, surveying the death and destruction, taking air samples --

-- and JULIE'S MEMORIES kick in, as she walks around the site in the present day, uncovering the same "wall of death" where villagers were instantly incinerated.

IN THE CABIN - RAY IS HOLDING JULIE UP

and she's shaking from the warring memories in her mind -- she holds out the aerial photos of the Lubinkai dig.

They show alien characters carved into the dry lakebed --

JULIE
(weakly)
-- it's writing. It says -- the
test was a success.

Julie collapses, dropping the photos. Farrow rushes over and picks up the photos, and Ray puts her down on a couch. All are stunned by this revelation.

CURRAN
They came to terraform the planet.
NASA's got plans to do it to Mars.
You set up giant machines to
reprocess the atmosphere --

FISKE
By making gases from water. I
know, kid, I get the Discovery
Channel too. So the platform they
were landing on was the machine
that was going to do the job. It
makes sense now.

RAY
(sits with Julie)
So does the Purana legend of the
end of the world. It says our end
comes when fire and water mix.

(looks up)
I don't think I could have put it
any better. If they get that
machine running, we'll burn in the
fire or die choking in whatever
the new atmosphere is.

(beat)
The device that terraforms the
water is the "Eye of Atala" that
will open -- and when it opens,
our eyes will close forever.

INT. HOLDING ROOM USS JACKSON - DUNCAN STARES COOLLY DOWN

at Captain Wye, and the two man DSRV team -- all three of
them are writhing on the ground --

-- but slowly, the writhing and struggling stops -- Wye and
the DSRV team rise. Their eyes are an unearthly blue.

ORTON IS HIDING IN THE HOLD ABOVE

He snaps around, behind a girder, beyond scared, having seen a takeover. What the hell was *that*?

INT. FARROW'S BOAT - RAY IS AT A WORK IN A SEALED CABIN

The cabin has all the trappings of a wealthy man's boat. There are charts and sextants on the wall that are shiny and new -- they're pure decoration. Never used, til now.

Ray rips the Atlantic chart off the wall and pulls the sextant off its mount. Spreads the chart on a table, pulls out a pencil, opens the sextant --

-- and he pulls out that notebook that Julie returned to him, with notes and drawings and photocopied charts. All arrows and exclamation points, inspiration and enthusiasm.

Ray's face shows he's hearing Julie's words. He begins thinking like a nine year old, and plots a course.

He's pinpointed something on the chart. It makes as much sense now as it did a couple of decades ago. Ray scribbles furiously on the "Farrow Underseas" letterhead paper, as --

Curran comes in, a little disturbed. He has the pictures of the lakebed, with the new alien characters featured in it.

CURRAN

Ray. I've got proof Julie was telling the truth.

(beat)

I've got something else too.

IN THE MAIN CABIN - A MOMENT LATER - FARROW IS STANDING in the corner, looking serious. Ray and Curran come out.

FARROW

I've grown very fond of Julie. But if she's been taken over, we're all in danger. We need to consider putting her off the ship.

RAY

Can we consider this first?

Ray takes the aerial photos of the lakebed -- and a copy of Farrow's letterhead -- and hands it to him. Julie, weakened but recovering, comes out and so does Fiske.

CLOSE ON THE LETTERHEAD AND AERIAL PHOTO

The lakebed photos show a distinct series of language characters -- a language no one has ever seen. One of these characters is used as Farrow's corporate logo.

RAY

Did graphic designers work cheaper ten thousand years ago, Nelson?

Ray and Julie and Fiske look at Farrow. Farrow half smiles, pressing his hand to his eyes.

As he takes his hand down, we see he has removed his contacts: his eyes are **icy blue**.

Farrow smiles, and none of the slickness vanishes -- he is exactly the same oily bastard he's been up to this point.

FARROW

I don't mind that you know now.

Those things itch.

(beat)

Do you realize how much more I know about your kind than you ever will, with your scratching, digging, reading, guessing? I've lived in hundreds of you, in civilizations spanning thousands of years. When I arrived, I had to assimilate six languages, and grasp Aristotle, Plato and Socrates. It took months. When I came out this time, your culture had flattened to the point that I had it down in a day and a half.

(beat)

Yes, Farrow found the cask I was imprisoned in six years ago. Yes, I took over his body when he opened it. Farrow had a number of useful resources, as well as some useful personal traits that I was able to absorb -- and adapt. I used our own technological knowledge to boost Farrow's fortune, so I could pay top dollar for any "Atlantis" artifacts, and to mount searches for more.

(picks up artifacts)

I've always known where Atlantis itself is. But it's useless without these. Even though I had my world's technology and yours at my disposal, I'd hit a dead end -- until you found the Eye of Atala. Thanks for that, and for raising the other pieces, Ray. They did put the casks in some very difficult places to reach. I couldn't have done it without you.

RAY

So you changed Farrow's logo to something out of your language, and pasted it all over the planet.

FARROW

I've been searching for them for years -- it seemed like a good idea to make myself easy to find if anyone else was freed.

RAY

How long have you been in touch with the one I dug up?

FARROW
Long enough.

There is a ROAR of approaching small boats.

OUTSIDE THE SHIP - THREE SMALL FAST NAVAL BOATS

approach, all manned by armed NAVY Seals ready for a fight.

INSIDE THE CABIN - RAY, FISKE, JULIE, CURRAN AND FARROW

Farrow smiles. This part of the game is over.

FARROW
My ride's here. Somehow the Navy
got word that a pack of terrorists
kidnapped an American arms
designer and hijacked his boat.

Farrow begins to subtly change -- the water is rising off
him, as an extension of his fingers. His smile is gone.

FARROW
I think if they find that I
managed to kill my "kidnappers"
before they arrived, they wouldn't
ask an important billionaire like
me too many questions.

Farrow eyes Julie. He's going for her first. Ray gets between
her and Farrow, but he's essentially helpless and so is Fiske.

But Curran moves faster than we've ever seen him go --
suddenly, he's behind Farrow and jams something into his back.

CURRAN
(nervous bravado)
You believe that legend about doom
when fire and water meet?

Curran holding a flare gun into the small of Farrow's back.
Curran is scared -- he's probably never held a gun of any
kind -- but holding steady. Farrow stops. Not worried at all.

FARROW
I'm not meant to survive the
transition. Neither are you.
(certain)
It's no legend. It's your fate and
mine. Nothing you do will stop it.

Farrow abruptly shoves back with amazing force -- he and
Curran both crash through the safety glass on the door --

ON THE DECK - FARROW ROLLS TO ONE END

and Curran, still holding the flaregun, spills to the other --

-- Farrow drops to his knees and covers his head --

-- Curran gets up, grabs the flare gun and runs to Farrow --

IN THE CABIN - RAY SHOVES JULIE DOWN

because he knows what's coming -- Fiske stays up and shouts --

FISKE
-- Elliott! Drop flat, right now --

ON THE DECK - CURRAN RUNS AND AIMS THE FLARE GUN AT FARROW

who is still "cowering" on the deck, a show for the SEALS --

-- and three rifle shots punch through Curran's chest just as he squeezes the trigger -- the FLARE goes wild, missing Farrow by a mile --

-- Curran falls limp -- he's dead before he hits the deck.

IN THE CABIN - RAY HOLDS JULIE DOWN AS FISKE LOOKS OUT the window, devastated.

FISKE
You stupid, stupid kabroi.

EXT. BOAT DECK - THE NAVY SEALS TAKE FARROW

into a boat and are very gentle with him, as he "weeps" in gratitude and thanks them -- while the others are thrown to the deck face down and put into restraints.

EXT. USS JACKSON DECK - SEALS BRING RAY, FARROW

and Julie on board, restrained. On another part of the deck, Farrow is already conferring with Duncan and Captain Waye.

ORTON WATCHES ALL OF THE NEW ARRIVALS

As the SEALS shove their prisoners ahead, Orton steps forward to intercept Ray, Julie and Fiske.

ORTON
Lieutenant Orton, special attachment to NEST. I need to speak with these subjects.

The SEALS back off and call over some MPs. Orton heads to Ray.

ORTON
We're going to have to do this fast, McClarren. What was in that cask you raised in the Med? Was it weapons related?

Ray looks up. Might as well say it straight.

RAY
You could say that.
(deadpan)
A pack of aliens who've been hibernating underwater for ten thousand years are going to use it to destroy the world.

RAY
 (waiting for reaction)
 The padded cells in Gitmo are
 comfier than the tiger cages,
 right?

ORTON
 We may find out together, pal,
 because I believe you. I saw some
 pretty weird shit a few hours ago.
 One of them took over the Captain
 when they raised a cask just like
 it earlier. They've got control of
 a fully armed nuclear carrier.
 Then we started sailing top speed
 to this coordinate.

JULIE
 If they raised another cask, that
 means they've got the whole
 control device now!

The MPs hustle them off. Ray fires over his shoulder --

RAY
 Do not let them off this ship with
 the control device!

Fiske, Ray and Julie are taken by the MPs. Orton is on deck --
 -- and on the opposite side of the deck, Captain Waye notices
 that Orton has been talking to them. He locks eyes with Orton.

Orton shakes his head sadly and circles his finger by his
 head. "They're crazy."

Captain Waye's crystalline blue eyes remain locked on Orton.
 If he's worried, it doesn't show.

INT. HOLDING CELL - DAY - RAY, JULIE AND FISKE
 are thrown in by a couple of MPs -- and the door seals.

FISKE
 So why they don't just kill us?

RAY
 There's only a few of them. But
 they took over the guys who give
 orders. They need the crew to
 operate a ship this size, until
 they reach Atlantis. Killing us
 would only be a distraction.

(beat)
 When they reach the dive spot --
 then we can start worrying.

EXT. DOCKING BAY - A DSRV LOADS FOR A NEW LAUNCH

with Duncan and Farrow taking the wheel. The sub is sealed
 and winched away, as Duncan nods to Captain Waye. He is
 staying behind with the other two Wakers.

Captain Waye picks up an intercom/PA microphone:

CAPTAIN WAYE (INTO P.A.)
This is Captain Waye. All station
chiefs on main deck in five
minutes for an security briefing.

IN A CORRIDOR OF THE SHIP - ORTON SLAMS A CLIP
into his sidearm -- he knows what this means.

CAPTAIN WAYE (ON PA)
Repeat, all station chiefs
assemble on main deck for urgent
security briefing in five minutes.

INT. USS JACKSON COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - THE RADIOMAN
is dead -- and one of the crewmen possessed by the water
creature extends watery tendrils from his fingers --
-- and rakes them through the ship's communication
electronics, shorting them. The shock is disturbing to the
waker, but he stands it with a quiver and finishes the job.

IN THE HOLDING CELL - FISKE, RAY AND JULIE
are in captivity -- the door flies open. Orton is there --
and the MP guarding the cell is out cold on the floor.

ORTON
Want to tell me the rest of what
you know?

INT. USS JACKSON MISSILE ROOM - A CREWMAN
is performing maintenance operations on a control panel. He
turns, hearing a drip, drip, drip from the air vent.
The crewman steps over to it. Must be condensation. One more
job to do. As he gets closer to the vent --
-- **the water creature blasts out**, attacking him. As --

IN THE JACKSON CORRIDORS - RAY, JULIE AND FISKE
race after Orton, down winding corridors --

RAY
Have they left with the control?

ORTON
If you mean the big glowy thing,
yeah, they took it with them.

JULIE
Then we're screwed.

ORTON
Not if we can get the ship back.
Three of them stayed behind. We're
going to have to take them out.

RAY
We're at the dive spot. They don't
need anyone on the ship any more.

RAY
(beat)
Last time they lost a straight fight, they were overwhelmed. This time they might try to keep it low.

ORTON
Then they've already started. The Captain's one of them, and he called for a station chief meeting. They're already started sabotage, now they're going to decapitate the command structure.

RAY
We have to find them. They could be anyone. But you can spot them -- they have blue eyes.

ORTON
So do half the Iowa farmboys on this ship.

Orton is running through the descending ship levels, the others scramble to keep up --

FISKE
Any way to call in the cavalry?

ORTON
Negative. They knocked out the radio room, then communications in the bridge, they knocked out backups, they knocked out comm antennas. It's us or no one.

They race toward a door marked "ARMORY" -- and past it.

RAY
Uhh -- don't you think weapons might be useful right around now?

ORTON
I sure do. Stand back.

At a storage door, Orton takes a sidearm and FIRES twice, blowing out the lock. He races into

A CHEMICAL STORAGE ROOM - ORTON CHECKS DRUMS OF CHEMICALS left and right, searching for the right one -- while Ray, Fiske and Julie look at each other. This guy isn't helping.

ORTON
I got busted down to every smelly-ass detail the Navy could find.
(still searching)
Field latrine service -- removing roadkill in the green zone -- and the stenchiest one of all --
(finds it, smiles)
-- chemically cleaning the bottom positioning gears on the big guns.

Orton pulls out a backpack of chemical solution, and hands one to Fiske. Ray still doesn't get it.

RAY
America thanks you for your service, but -- you lost me.

ORTON
I saw one of them change. You told me how they fight.
(hands Ray pack)
This oughtta do the trick.

INT. USS JACKSON ENGINE ROOM - A CREWMAN

walks by a steam pipe, hissing out vapor, as usual -- but --
-- the steam cloud from the pipe takes shape -- it accelerates and moves toward the crewman --
-- the steam surrounds the crewman, burning him to death as he collapses screaming.

The water creature emerges, cooled, as a human shape.

A pair of crewmen see this, and run through the corridors -- the water creature **chases them, shooting along the floor as a sheet of water** -- it overtakes one and occupies him as the other crewman escapes, shouting. Meanwhile --

EXT. USS JACKSON CONFERENCE ROOM - THE STATION CHIEFS

assemble and appear to be a little on edge. The two dozen most important men on ship. What could be so important?

Captain Wayne enters, looking stranger and stranger. Not really trying to look human anymore. It's literally bursting out of him now.

CAPTAIN WAYNE
Gentlemen. I'd like to call this meeting to order.

Wayne shuts the door, blocking our view from all but a glass porthole cut into the top -- we hear sudden SCREAMS from inside, as well as GUNSHOTS, and all we see is a bloody smear against the glass. The station chiefs are finished.

After a moment, Captain Wayne opens the door and comes out. There's someone else's blood all over him, and he's not done.

EXT. USS JACKSON MAIN DECK - CREWMEN ARE EVERYWHERE

in a state of panic. Some have seen the attacks, some have just heard them at this point. Some of these guys have been in combat, but they've never seen anything like this --

IN THE REAR OF THE MAIN DECK - TWO POSSESSED CREWMEN

are the only two standing still in the chaos. As men rush past, they join in the slaughter --

-- one of the creatures shoots a watery tendril eight feet out, directly through three men, killing them from within --

-- the other completely bursts from its human shell, splits into six parts, and FIRES through the crowd --

-- a dozen Naval crewmen fall dead, as the being reforms.

CAPTAIN WAYE WALKS CALMLY THROUGH THE PANDEMONIUM

and casually blasts men as he passes -- even those who attack can't get close enough before he can blow them apart --

IN ANOTHER SECTION OF THE SHIP - A GUTSY NAVY SEAL

named EVANS grabs a flame thrower and runs out toward one of the other creatures --

EVANS

Hey, Aquafreak! Over here!

The creature turns -- Evans blasts it with the flamethrower -- the creature is destroyed, easy as that --

-- Evans LAUGHS in triumph -- he just took on the craziest thing anyone ever saw, and he won, but --

-- the superheated steam in the air is moving -- it is joining back together and moving toward Evans --

-- the first thing that reforms is a hand, which extinguishes the feeder flame of the flamethrower -- and it fully reforms as the water creature, literally made of boiling water as it moves closer to Evans --

FISKE (O.S.)

Move over, Swabbie. Let me clean the deck.

Evans turns, and so does the boiling water creature --

FISKE IS STANDING ON THE DECK WEARING A CHEMICAL BACKPACK

with a spray nozzle on it. Pretty unconcerned about the unkillable thing he's taunting.

The creature makes an inhuman noise and rushes to Fiske --

-- Fiske fires the chemical, which injects directly into the water creature -- it swirls and spreads to every part of the creature and the creature EXPLODES into multiple parts --

-- the creature's parts spread on the deck, but they too are still exploding -- they can't rejoin --

Fiske moves over the still moving drops and sprays them with the chemical -- and we can finally see the standard blue safety triangle on the back, along with the warning --

EXTRMELY HAZARDOUS - CLASS 4

DANGEROUS WHEN WET!

EXPLODES ON CONTACT WITH WATER!

ELSEWHERE ON THE DECK - ANOTHER WATER CREATURE

has its arms extended and is drowning two men by extending the water into their mouths and noses -- the men struggle on their feet but can't escape, and ultimately fall --

-- and the creature reels in the water it has expended, reforming, and striking again in the target rich environment. It advances toward a crewman --

-- and Ray arrives, shoving the next victim out of the way -- he also has one of the gun cleaning chemical backpacks -- without warning, he fires the chemical at the creature, but he just clips its side as the creature dodges --

-- the creature looks like it's in pain -- it was just grazed by the chemical stream -- but it cleaves off the part that has fallen and is popping -- and it turns toward Ray.

Ray starts to fire again, but the creature lobs a ball of water at Ray -- it goes into the nozzle of the chemical sprayer and begins popping --

-- Ray knows he's screwed, this is exactly why the warning is on the back to begin with -- he unstraps and drops the backpack sprayer, diving away --

-- there is a BLAST from the nozzle that blows the hose and spins the otherwise solid backpack away, as Ray takes cover --

-- and the water creature advances with purpose on Ray -- the others it was killing were just incremental completion of a goal, but it knows Ray is a threat and a priority victim --

-- and Ray is cornered. There is nowhere to run. The creature rises to its full height, over ten feet tall, and is angrily about to strike him --

NAVY SEAL (O.S.)
Get clear! Cover your eyes!

Warning or not, Ray has to look up --

THE CHEMICAL BACKPACK IS HURLED HIGH UP OVER THE CREATURE

by one of the SEALs who took Ray in before --

-- and two other SEALs nearby draw two automatics each, FIRING UP at the chemical backpack --

-- Ray dives for cover as --

-- the chemical backpack dances in the air as bullet after bullet tears through it -- the spiralling backpack RAINS DOWN the chemical --

THE CREATURE IS HIT BY A SHOWERING STREAM OF CHEMICAL

and it instinctively raises a hand to block, to protect, but it's helpless -- every shot of chemical burns through it --

-- until a gunshot BLASTS the tank apart completely -- all of the chemical splashes onto the water creature --

-- and the water creature explodes into thousands of droplets!

Ray raises his head -- the water droplets are everywhere, but they cannot rejoin -- the chemical reaction still POPS in each individual drop as they die out on the deck.

Ray waves to the SEALs, their guns smoking and empty.

OUTSIDE THE BRIDGE - CAPTAIN WAYE WALKS ON THE PLATFORM

with watery tendrils extending from his hands. He is moving toward the massive electronics control section.

But Orton is already there, wearing a chemical backpack.

ORTON

Figured you'd be heading this way.

The water creature's tendrils ripple out. It RAKES through much of the electronics station, shorting it out from within.

Orton drops down some smoked eye goggles. Safety first.

The water creature bursts out of the shell that used to be Captain Waye, and surges toward Orton --

-- Orton BLASTS the chemical toward the water creature -- instead of exploding, it just BURNS the water into vapor --

-- but this isn't easy for Orton -- even as the front edge of the creature burns into vapor, the rest of the creature surges and pushes as fast or faster than the pressure of the sprayer -- the chemical spray is running out --

-- the surging water is nose to nose with Orton as he is pinned against the wall --

-- until finally, the chemical spray, and the water creature, expire at the same time. Orton pulls himself to his feet, afraid to breathe the vapor as it blows away.

INT. THE BRIDGE - LATER - RAY, ORTON, JULIE

and Fiske are there, along with the surviving SEALs.

EVANS

It's bad. They were busy below decks. At least a third of the crew is dead.

(off Orton's look)

And one hundred percent of the long range communications are down. Even in the planes. They knew where to go.

SEAL

I'll get the radio guys on that.

ORTON

No. There isn't time.

(beat)

Com's gonna know we're in trouble if we're one hundred percent dark. They'll send help and lots of it.

ORTON

Problem is, it won't be in time.
Get the electronics guys restoring
the weapons systems and local com.

(beat)

We've got to figure out where
they're going and hit them hard
and fast.

Orton tears out the paper maps and charts and lay them out
over the now useless electronic mapping systems.

Orton quickly charts the ship's position and draws a circle.

ORTON

This circle is the operational
range of the DSRV. That leaves us
with a couple of hundred nautical
miles to search through -- and no
way to track them at all.

(looks up glumly)

We've got a second DSRV we could
send out, but they've got a head
start. Our first guess has to be
right on the money.

Ray looks at the chart. Same chart, basically, that he was
working on before. And he takes out his tattered notebook.

RAY

Why guess? I know where Atlantis
is. I have for a long time. This
matches everything I've --

(looks at Julie)

-- we've -- ever been able to find
out about Atlantis. This point is
equidistant from the other
cultures that have an Atlantis
myth on this side of the world.
This trench is thousands of feet
deep. I've got a hundred other
reasons but we haven't got time
for the history lesson.

(pinpoints it)

It's right here.

ORTON

That's not so far from submarine
lanes -- why hasn't it been found?

RAY

The trench is full of thousands of
years of sediment, which is kind
of hard on the sub motors, right?
And there are a lot of ships that
have gone down in this area.

Fiske looks at the chart. Flushes with joy when it hits him.

FISKE

F'n Bermuda Triangle -- I knew it!
When we get our ship back, that
hundred and forty bucks pinned to
the map is mine.

Orton, skeptical, looks at Ray's book, which is choked with Atlantis lore -- and also drawings of aliens and monsters, the kind of stuff a kid would write in the margins.

ORTON

Now we've got Atlantis as a spaceship in the Bermuda Triangle? Maybe piloted by Bigfoot? I should have left you in the brig.

RAY

Atlantis is down there. If it's got any magnetic properties -- say if it was trying to connect with something when it docked -- that might activate periodically over the years and draw ships down.

(looks at SEAL)

It'd also screw up a sub's instruments, big time. Am I right?

SEAL

Uh...that's classified. That area was written off a geologic fluke. No subs allowed there since --

RAY

-- since the Clabaugh went down in 1953. Right?

The SEAL nods, a little amazed. Orton's sold enough to go -- they've got no better ideas.

ORTON

Prep the DSRV now. We can still catch them.

The SEALs scatter to do their job, and Julie sidles up to Ray, taking his book and flipping through it.

JULIE

So a nine year old kid found Atlantis after all. Ready to go have a look?

RAY

I've got more pressure suit dive time than half these jarheads, but this is literally out of your depth. Forget it.

JULIE

(taps her head)

I'm going. I'm the only one who knows where the door is.

INT. DSRV BAY - THE SECOND DSRV LAUNCHES

as the bay door opens and water floods the compartment.

INSIDE DSRV - RAY, JULIE AND THE SEALS ARE IN CUSTOM

pressure suits. These aren't clumsy, clanky bathysphere outfits -- they're light, tough, and suited for combat.

The hood on Ray's irises up and down, like a car power window, controlled from a wrist panel -- he loves it.

RAY

When we finish -- I'm keeping this.

Julie is deep, deep in thought -- and it's painful for her to access the memories that were left behind. She has a sketch pad in her lap -- and she is outlining the form of the ship.

Ray is watching her -- he doesn't want to stop her -- but he's concerned. Her mind is slipping, she's becoming more intense, the pencil is ripping through the paper --

Ray takes it away and shakes her out of it --

RAY

Julie -- Julie -- stop.

JULIE

(breathless)

I'm okay. It's getting harder to access -- and details are getting fainter. I think it's going away.

(points to pad)

These docking ports at the bottom. They'll be the only way in. The others will know it too. If they open one, they'll open all around.

Ray looks at the charts -- the navigational computer -- and his childhood notebook.

RAY

Then we're going to have to take a short cut. This trench'll take us there faster.

EVANS

Too dangerous. That trench is mapped as impassable. Steep, full of unstable debris.

JULIE

If we get there late, we're all dead anyway. As soon as they repower the ship, they can dock with the terraforming platform and charge it up.

The SEAL looks at Julie and her sketch -- Ray and his notebook -- and turns back to his controls, incredulous.

EVANS

So I'm going into battle, and here's my action intel: a chick remembering something an alien saw ten thousand years ago, and some notebook margin monster doodles from a nine year old kid.

(shrugs)

I've had worse.

The SEAL dives the ship toward the darkened trench --

INSIDE THE TRENCH - THE DSRV LIGHTS ILLUMINATE SHIPWRECKS

which are piled everywhere -- Spanish galleons, U-boats, airplanes, US destroyers -- the entire maritime history of the world is clinging to the sides of the trench.

The DSRV moves into the dark water, the only light coming from its spots, forging ahead through the the tangle of ships. One ill-timed wave, and the whole thing will come down.

INSIDE THE TRENCH - RAY AND JULIE LOOK OUT THE WINDOWS

and they are agog at the sight -- wrecks that have been mysteries for centuries, wrecks never mentioned in history at all, whizzing by them at ten knots --

JULIE

That looks Persian -- no one's ever seen one this far out --

RAY

That's the Lahey and the Fogerty --
(to SEAL)
-- can you slow down?

EVANS

Not if you want to keep our appointment.

The SEAL throws the stick forward, and the DSRV's propellers kick into high gear. Ray sits down, going from being a kid in a candy shop to a kid driving past the candy shop. He turns around, and Julie still looks out the window. Her eyes widen.

JULIE

Ray -- look at this --

RAY

I can't. I've dreamed of these wrecks since I was a kid, and I can't watch 'em just zoom by --

JULIE

Then look at something else you've dreamed of since you were a kid.

Julie takes his head and physically turns his neck around --
-- and his mouth drops open. Now he's speechless.

RAY'S POV OUT WINDOW - ATLANTIS

is sitting in a clearing by the end of the trench. And even sitting in the dark water, a mile below sunlight, it's everything we've been promised. A gleaming, golden city -- the legendary "oligarch" metal reflects everywhere, picking up the single spotlight of the DSRV.

All are astounded. None of them could have fully believed it was real until now. The SEAL pilot kills the lights --

EVANS

The metal's the most reflective I've ever seen.

RAY
(smiling)
Oligarch. Brighter than gold. It's
in every legend.

Evans scowls at Ray and Julie, who are grinning.

EVANS
Guys -- it's awfully shiny and
everything -- but they did come
here to kill us, so don't get too
attached to it, all right?
(beat)
The port's open on this side. If
they took the other course we can
get in without being spotted.

WIDE VIEW OF ATLANTIS - BOTH DSRVS ARE APPROACHING

The first, with Farrow and Duncan, is closer and has its
lights on (they have no reason to hide) -- the second goes
low, hidden from sight -- and both go into separate portals.

CUT TO:

INT. INSIDE ATLANTIS - A DOOR SLIDES OPEN - RAY AND JULIE
freeze in astonishment, along with the SEALs.

THE INTERIOR OF ATLANTIS

is more breathtaking, more mysterious than the legends could
ever have hinted at. The legends hint at futuristic design --
something that would seem futuristic thousands of years ago.
This is otherworldly and futuristic to our time and would
probably seem so in another few thousand years.

The interior is the size of a city. And like a city, it has
a skyline. Structures that go up hundreds of feet.
Conveyances to go up the structures. Incomprehensible designs
as evidence to their intelligence -- but unmistakable views
of weapons, as evidence to their intent.

CLOSE ON RAY'S FACE

He is completely blown away. Even with the urgency of their
reason for going in, he has to take a breath. It's
devastating. This is what he's waited his whole life to see.
This is what his father spent, and lost, his life chasing.
And it's more amazing than he'd ever imagined.

INT. ELSEWHERE INSIDE ATLANTIS - FARROW AND DUNCAN

march through with no sense of wonder -- just the blank look
of getting the job done.

The architecture is completely different. Most ships have
horizontal levels. These have vertical levels that ascend to
the height of skyscrapers. Bizarre features are everywhere,
and are only partly visible -- the lights aren't on.

Farrow and Duncan reach a center level, extending hundreds of
feet up. Something is hanging between a group of posts.

Farrow operates the control device -- and a field of energy illuminates the level, revealing thousands of aliens are suspended in the air -- they are virtually frozen in time and space. We can't see individual details of them now, so much as we can see the sheer number of them. Multiple vertical columns of them, going as far up and as far back as the eye can see, through this ancient yet futuristic city.

And the Wakers have arrived. Farrow uses the control device to revive the aliens --

IN THE DARKNESS - AN ATLANTEAN'S EYES ABRUPTLY OPEN

with an eerie light -- and behind it, we see thousands of pinpoints of light spreading as the rest awaken.

CUT TO:

INT. ELSEWHERE INSIDE ATLANTIS - RAY, JULIE AND THE SEALS move around, and they've found their objective.

EVANS

It's just like you said. This spot is by their power center. We put this charge in there, that's our best shot at disabling or destroying the target.

(to Ray)

Stay in the rear with the gear. You two got us here -- you've done your job. Time to do ours.

Evans opens the floor hatch, and Ray crawls in with Julie.

THE SEALS MOVE TOWARD THE DRIVE CENTER

which is very bizarre looking. Controls don't appear to have conventional switches or dials. There are exposed metal wires running everywhere -- up and down, horizontally, diagonally.

Evans motions them out, and they move with stealth --

-- but one of them brushes against a wire, which vibrates like a bowstring. So elsewhere --

IN THE CONTROL ROOM - ATLANTEANS ARE IN THE SHADOWS

and they're working busily, with an intelligence that matches the ship's advanced design -- we still can't quite see what they look like, but we see one of them looking at a ship's diagram on the wall. It lights in one spot. Like a spiderweb, the vibration of that wire has given the SEALS away. While --

IN THE FLOOR HATCH - RAY HOLDS JULIE

and both try to be calm and quiet, watching as --

RAY'S POV - THE SEALS ARE PLANTING THE CHARGE

Evans is affixing the charge to a hidden spot, and setting the timer -- the other SEALS are surrounding him, machine guns pointed out, looking for trouble from every direction --

-- every direction but up. Ray's POV shifts up -- along the horizontal wires, there are shadows zipping across --

-- one of the shadows races down a wire like white light --

-- a taloned arm encircles one of the SEALs and hauls him up -- the SEAL shrieks and FIRES his machine gun wildly --

-- the bullets spark and ricochet around the wires stretching around the ship -- the SEAL disappears from VIEW, but his SCREAM ends and so do the gunshots --

-- the gun and pieces of the SEAL rain down, tumbling through the wires!

THE OTHER SEALs AIM THEIR GUNS UP

and FIRE, but they can't connect -- the shadows are moving too quickly around the wires, and even when a stray shot connects, they don't slow down --

-- even in the midst of this, Evans is planting the charge, flipping all the fail-safes to get the bomb going -- but --

-- the white shadows come down again -- one SEAL panics and runs, and the shadow solidifies right behind him -- the shadow rips the SEAL open and spills him all over the floor --

-- the last SEAL knows he's dead, but wants to take out as many as possible -- he stands his ground to give Evans the cover he needs, trying to buy him a few more seconds --

-- he FIRES at the shadows, and at point blank range he knocks a couple of them back, but there are too many -- they shred him on the spot --

IN THE FLOOR HATCH - RAY HOLDS JULIE TIGHT

and looks out at Evans -- the bomb's almost ready -- but

EVANS WORKS ON THE BOMB DESPERATELY

and he's punching in the detonation time -- 001 seconds -- but before he can blow it, Evans is snatched off his feet --

EVANS IS HELD UP BY THE ATLANTEAN

and it is our first full look at them. They are terrifying. Eight feet tall -- hardened and reptilian in appearance -- with taloned, powerful arms, allowing them the ability to get around the ship faster along the wires. They can use them as ladders, or as sliding walkways. The Atlantean looks at Evans as if he were clearing vermin out of his house --

-- and guts him, dropping him to the floor. Another Atlantean hoves into view, and picks up the bomb -- the Atlantean strips it to pieces in seconds, as if it were a kids' toy.

The Atlanteans look around, clearly to see if there are more.

INSIDE THE HATCH - RAY KNOWS

they'll be checking soon -- he pulls Julie to her feet, and starts down the hatch tunnel as quickly as possible.

ABOVE THE HATCH - AN ATLANTEAN MOVES ACROSS THE FLOOR

with startling speed, its talons ripping across the metal, toward the hatchway --

IN THE HATCH CRAWLSPACE - RAY IS HAULING JULIE

and an equipment bag the SEALs left behind -- he moves around one corner, and another, and stops, hidden --

-- the echoing sounds of the Atlanteans' talons clicking along the walkway follow them -- as the crawlspace goes into a Y, an Atlantean is inches from finding Ray and Julie --

-- but a horrible siren cry come from one of them who went the other way. The Atlantean backs up toward the cry --

-- at the other end of the hatchway, the other Atlanteans have discovered the DSRV.

Ray sinks back in the darkness, devastated. The plan has failed. There's no way to destroy the ship now.

The metal of the hatchway HUMS -- the ship is starting.

IN THE CONTROL ROOM - THE ATLANTEAN CREW IS AT WORK

The darkened control room is coming to life quickly.

UNDERWATER - ATLANTIS IS BEGINNING TO RISE

from the ocean bottom -- it is an awe inspiring sight. The ship is as wide as Manhattan -- as it starts to move up, thousands of years of sediment shake off, further revealing the shining city of legend.

Nearby, also buried in sediment, the terraforming platform activates -- it blasts out thousands of years of wrecked ships that have been drawn to it magnetically --

-- rotted Spanish galleons are blasted to splinters, rusted U.S. WWII destroyers and WWI German U-boats are hurled out in the same blast of explosive force --

-- and once the terraforming dock is cleared, the gigantic form of Atlantis moves over the platform, and docks with it -- the terraforming dock lights up, operational again.

CUT TO:

INT. USS JACKSON BRIDGE - ORTON LOOKS AT THE SONAR MONITOR

and it shows that Atlantis is moving -- Fiske is standing with him, he knows what this means.

ORTON

They've got to be dead. We can't wait any longer.

(picks up radio)

Make ready tubes one through six on target heading indicated, spaced at fifty meters.

IN TORPEDO ROOM - THE CREW SLAMS FAIL-SAFES

on the tubes, one through six -- and Orton must know how long it takes to slam the fail-safes, the second it's done --

ORTON (ON RADIO)
-- fire tubes one through six!

UNDER THE SHIP'S HULL - THE ANTI-SUBMARINE MISSILES LAUNCH

and track down toward Atlantis -- WE RIDE DOWN IN THEIR WAKE through the cold dark water -- all six missiles split and spread for maximum destructive impact against Atlantis --

-- almost simultaneously, the missiles **impact against the Atlantis hull** -- the blasts are gigantic, courtesy of the full might of the U.S. Navy -- but as the bubbles clear --

IN THE BRIDGE - ORTON INCREDULOUSLY LOOKS AT THE MONITORS

ORTON
Any one of those would punch through a Russian nuclear sub like cardboard -- and this son of a bitch took six without a scratch.

The short wave radio kicks on -- and a flicker of hope crosses Orton's face. He dives for the radio.

ORTON (INTO RADIO)
Evans? Evans, are you there? Did you plant the charge?

CUT TO:

INT. ATLANTIS - DUNCAN HAS EVAN'S HEADSET RADIO

and now he's in the control room of this ship. It is vast, like no other technology we've ever seen. The aliens who are out of hibernation are locked into their control stations.

DUNCAN (INTO RADIO)
No, and no. But I wanted to talk to you anyway.
(beat)
I know how badly you wanted this, and you really did earn it.

INSIDE THE CARRIER BRIDGE - ORTON LISTENS
as he watches the ship rise --

IN ATLANTIS BRIDGE - AN ALIEN ACTIVATES A CONTROL SLIDER

OUTSIDE ATLANTIS - A BEAM OF ENERGY FIRES

from the top of the ship, up through the darkness -- again, our POV FOLLOWS it at the speed of light, punching through --

THE USS JACKSON - THE MISSILE ROOM IS HIT

and is **incinerated** -- missiles inside blow in a chain reaction, doing as much damage to the hull from the inside as the energy weapon does on the outside --

THE AIRCRAFT CARRIER IS ROCKED UP OUT OF THE WATER

by a multiplying chain reaction blast tearing through the hull -- the ship is violently thrown to one side --

ON THE CARRIER DECK - EXPLOSIONS ARE EVERYWHERE

throwing sailors around, detonating munitions, wrecking equipment, and killing hundreds of men on impact --

IN THE CARRIER BRIDGE - ORTON IS THROWN ACROSS THE ROOM

and lands hard, slicing open his forehead -- but the shortwave radio is still working.

DUNCAN (ON RADIO)
 Congratulations, Lieutenant Orton.
 You finally got your own ship.

Orton looks out, anguished. Men are dying, the ship will sink, and the mission has failed. And it's all on him. Again.

CUT TO:

EXT. UNDERWATER - ATLANTIS IS STILL RISING

and we can see that the electrochemical reaction is beginning underneath the ship -- the device is starting to work.

At the very base, the sea is burning -- as, far away --

INT. NAVAL MONITORING BASE - DAY - GIBRALTAR

The monitoring base has gone frantic. Lt. Commander Edmunds is trying to hold it together, because things have suddenly turned very strange.

RADIOMAN
 We're unable to raise the Jackson.
 No activity on any frequency for
 forty minutes, sir.
 (no response)
 Sir. Did you hear me? The
 Jackson's one hundred percent dark.

Edmunds hears but is having to process something wilder:

A TEN FOOT MONITORING SCREEN SHOWS A GROWING RED BLOOM

in the North Atlantic, the size of a massive hurricane -- and it's growing. Edmunds gapes. It's beyond comprehension.

LT. COMMANDER EDMUNDS
 That can't be a storm.

LIEUTENANT
 It's not, sir. Thermals from the
 satellite show it's much, much
 hotter than a storm could be.
 (looks at screen)
 We had a weather buoy in the
 area -- it recorded --

The lieutenant stops. It sounds crazy.

LT. COMMANDER EDMUNDS
It recorded what, Lieutenant?

LIEUTENANT
It -- topped a thousand degrees
before the transmission cut out.
(beat)
The heat sig matches a nuclear
explosion. But it's sustained --
(can't believe it)
-- and it's spreading.

Everyone is stunned. They look at the central monitor screen.
The thermal bloom is deepening -- and spreading.

All are looking at Edmunds. Finally he shifts from amazement
to action, and starts shouting orders.

LT. COMMANDER EDMUNDS
Take it to FPCON Delta protocols!
Lieutenant, contact CENTCOM, send
a distress call to all assets and
tell them all assistance required
immediately for the Jackson. What
are positions for the Reagan and
the Kennedy?

LIEUTENANT
The closest is the Kennedy.
(looks up, gravely)
Six hours away, minimum.

They all look at the deepening, spreading red bloom. It has
grown just in the last few moments.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE OCEAN'S SURFACE - ATLANTIS BREAKS FREE

and rises again, rising and rising and rising, coming out of
the water -- an actual city is going into the air.

It is rising even as the carrier is listing and taking on
water, fast. In ten minutes or less, the ship will be gone.

ON THE CARRIER DECK - THE DECK IS TILTING AND BLAZING

and Orton struggles out of the bridge. The men run around,
some in outright panic. All stop and look in awe as Atlantis
rises above them. Orton looks at Atlantis, rising above them,
blotting the sun. He can't let this happen. Not on his watch.

Orton runs to the command deck, and shouts to them all --

ORTON
That's right. They're the ones who
blew the ship. They're the ones
who won the fight. They're the
bastards who just killed us.

The men stop and listen to him. They're not panicking any
more. Now they've got a focus. Now they're getting mad.

ORTON

Ain't no one else coming, gents,
we've got no communications. Our
missile room is flood and fire and
we'll either burn or drown in ten
minutes. Make no mistake, every
one of us is dead right now.

(beat)

We all signed up knowing we could
go this way or worse. Every one of
us signed up to stop a fight right
here -- before it reaches home.
And home is just where they want
to take the fight.

(beat)

So what'll we do with the time we
have left? Say a prayer? Break
down crying? Or use every shot
we've got left until we've deeped
every one of those motherfuckers?

Five dozen men on deck are fighting mad and shout back as
one. Orton knows he's got them, and starts barking orders --

ORTON

Then check every weapon system on
deck and fire at will until that
son of a bitch is under us instead
of over us!

THE SAILORS ON DECK SWARM THE WEAPONS SYSTEMS

and prep them fast, each man doing the work of three --

-- Fiske and a couple of crewmen prep manual tripwires for
two F-16s as PILOTS climb in --

-- deck guns are wheeled around and adjusted up --

-- targeting officers try to get computers running -- as --

ON THE OCEAN BOTTOM - THE CONVERSION DEVICE FIRES UP

and it is just the beginning of the reaction. The concentric
circles spin in alternate directions -- it activates --

-- and the water over it is burning -- the electrochemical
fire is rising in a column that is miles wide and spreading --

IN ATLANTIS - RAY AND JULIE ARE RUNNING THROUGH A CORRIDOR

and there is no one near them, but they can see that they are
rising above the ocean, and the foundering aircraft carrier.
Ray and Julie stop and watch, incredulous.

ON THE CARRIER DECK - A BLOODIED ORTON IS ON THE RUNWAY

waving the crew on -- a tripwire is thrown and an F-16 takes
off, shooting off the ship, blazing up --

-- the second it's clear, Orton waves on the second crew, and
a second F-16 tears out toward Atlantis --

THE F-16S ZOOM UP TOWARD ATLANTIS

The F-16 fires -- a missile arcs to the bottom of Atlantis --

INSIDE ATLANTIS - RAY AND JULIE WATCH SILENTLY

and hope that they're about to get blown to bits --

INSIDE THE ATLANTIS CONTROL ROOM - DUNCAN

nods to an alien at the controls, and it fires again --

AN ENERGY BEAM RIPS THROUGH THE MISSILE AND THE F-16

and both are blown to hell -- pieces go flying everywhere --

IN THE SECOND F-16 - THE PILOT KNOWS HE'S DEAD

but he throws every toggle. The F-16's entire load of air to air missiles FIRES in sequence toward the Atlantis hull --

-- some connect, but they just make noise and a black smear -- this metal is truly indestructible to our armaments.

From Atlantis, **an energy beam blazes through the F-16, turning it into a fireball arcing under the ship** --

IN THE ATLANTIS BRIDGE - DUNCAN SEES WHERE THE F-16

wreckage is going, and there is a moment's gut-check -- he motions for a second shot --

THE HURTLING WRECKAGE OF THE F-16 DISINTEGRATES TO POWDER powder before it could hit under Atlantis.

IN THE ATLANTIS BRIDGE - DUNCAN IS RELIEVED

Something about the near miss unnerved him. Now it's over.

ON THE CARRIER DECK - ORTON STARES UP IN DESPAIR

at the F-16s falling to the sea as black clouds.

IN ATLANTIS - RAY AND JULIE

watch this from a lower deck -- and Ray is surprised.

RAY

The plane was a goner from the first shot -- so why'd they blast it a second time?

(realizes)

The wreckage would have hit below. There's a vulnerability down here.

Ray turns from the window to see Julie is collapsed on the floor, shaking, her eyes rolling up in her head. She is in pain, trying to access the alien memories.

RAY

Julie -- what are you doing -- ?

Julie's eyes are wild -- she is trying to control it --

JULIE
(struggling with it)
Digging -- a little deeper.

This one is terrifying. It's literally blowing her mind apart. Julie seizes up -- and Ray holds her as she starts to come out of it. She's weak, but she got what she was after.

JULIE
I know what they were protecting.

CUT TO:

EXT. USS JACKSON DECK - ORTON'S HEADSET RADIO
comes to life, and he picks it up, miserably.

RAY (ON RADIO)
Hey Orton. Last time this thing
was sunk, they did it with spears
and clubs. You think we could
manage with a couple of Tomahawks?

ORTON
(smiles)
Not on a Nimitz. But would a
couple of AMRAAM "Slammers" do?.

A MOMENT LATER - ORTON IS WITH A MUNITIONS CREW
rapidly prepping the on deck launch site for the ship's
AMRAAM "SLAMMER" missiles. The CREWMAN is unsure about this.

CREWMAN
I've only done one simulation --
Orton pushes him down on a seat and boots up his system.

ORTON
That's one more time than anyone
else we got left, so you're on.
(prepping system)
We think we can find a propulsion
system on that ship that's a weak
point. If we can get a shot right
inside it, they're done.

CREWMAN
But this is a laser guided system.
The missile won't hit dick unless
someone's painted the target --

ORTON
Just get ready to push some
buttons and quit complaining.
You've got the easy part.

CUT TO:

EXT. UNDERNEATH ATLANTIS - RAY AND JULIE SLOWLY CLIMB OUT
from a hatch, into an impossible maze of girders, like an
upside-down power station.

Gigantic criss-crossing metal beams dangle under the hull, clearly feeding power through the rest of the ship.

With the winds tearing at them, Ray and Julie climb through the girders -- it's hard, it's slippery, and it's deafening. They're at least a thousand feet up over the ocean's surface, and the stakes are visibly rising:

THE COLUMN OF OCEAN FIRE IS RISING SLOWLY

and growing larger -- as the water is burning, new water rushes into the vacuum and ignites as well, spreading the flames -- now that it's in the air, tendrils of flaming lightning are spreading out and up from the center --

UNDERNEATH ATLANTIS - RAY AND JULIE CLIMB THROUGH

a group of girders that go low underneath an edge of the ship, but it's very difficult to move in the suits --

Julie drops one of the equipment bags -- it falls underneath the ship and vaporizes in the energy field there --

Ray and Julie hang on and keep climbing, but --

IN ATLANTIS' CONTROL ROOM - AN ATLANTEAN SEES A MONITOR

He realizes what's happening, and he motions to Farrow, who stalks out, followed by the same three Atlanteans that attacked the SEAL team. As --

UNDERNEATH ATLANTIS - RAY AND JULIE ARE AT SHIP'S EDGE

but because it hangs low, they have a clear view of the ship's center. Julie points to it --

JULIE

That's the power distributor for the ship's propulsion.

At the ship's center, some kind of energy reaction is taking place -- it is visibly feeding energy to the antennas poised underneath the ship, and it is the ship's propulsion. The ripples in the air show where the energy is -- and where it isn't. This blue energy center is wide open for a shot.

RAY

Take it out and the ship's gone.

(takes target laser)

I'm going down for a clear shot.

Stay put -- there's no way these girders will take both our weight.

(on headset radio)

It's in sight, but your window's no bigger than the missile.

ON THE CARRIER - ORTON IS STANDING BY WITH THE CREWMAN

at the missile station -- the ship is on fire and going down fast, as Fiske helps others get to a C-130 transport.

ORTON (ON RADIO)

Keep cool and take your time -- we can't go bullseye unless you do.

UNDERNEATH ATLANTIS - RAY MOVES INTO POSITION

on a stable section of antenna -- there's a twenty foot area to stay on. Ray has a clear view of the central power source -- he puts the scope on the laser spotter to his eye --

-- and Ray is kicked savagely to the side -- the laser spotter spins away and off the small platform --

-- as Ray stops himself from falling, he looks up to see Farrow is standing there. Worse, over his head, up in the antenna and girder framework -- a trio of Atlanteans are climbing down, completely at home in this environment.

IN THE GIRDERS - JULIE SEES THE ATLANTEANS

coming for her -- she gets into the equipment bag and pulls out a SEALs sidearm, the last item there --

-- as an Atlantean **leaps across the girders for her** --

-- Julie **empties the clip** -- fifteen bullets thud against the Atlantean, and while it doesn't kill the Atlantean, it does hit it in mid-air, **halting its leap** --

-- the Atlantean falls, and with a siren shriek, is ripped apart when it hits the energy field underneath the ship.

Julie is breathless and afraid, but has to move -- there's another Atlantean on the way. She begins to climb to --

-- **the laser targeting device**, which is precariously dangling from its strap on another antenna.

ON PLATFORM - RAY STRUGGLES TO GET UP AS FARROW KICKS HIM again, almost sending him off the platform.

FARROW

Thank you, Ray. You woke us just in time.

(another kick)

Your kind -- men like Farrow -- have done their best to ruin this world. Do you insects have **any idea** how unique, how special this world is?

(kicks Ray again)

I've waited a hundred centuries to finish my job and scour this planet for its rightful owners. You started this by raising one of us -- you will not stop this now.

The ship tilts, and Farrow is off balance for a second -- **Ray charges Farrow and knocks him off the platform** --

-- the lunge is so strong it takes them both to **another platform** -- **Ray is pummeling Farrow**, but to little effect, Farrow is laughing through a bloodied mouth --

FARROW

Can I offer you some water, Ray?

The aquatic head and hands begin to pull away from Farrow --
and even as Ray fights Farrow's physical body, there are
watery appendages testing Ray's suit for leaks. If they find
one, he's done. Meanwhile --

JULIE MOVES DOWN THE GIRDERS AS FAST AS SHE CAN

by rapid drops down the girder framework -- its more like
 controlled falling than it is actual climbing.

The Atlantean is a few girders over, and it is effortlessly
 moving down as well.

In between them -- the antenna with the laser targeter.

Julie knows she has to get to it, and she won't be able to do
 any kind of climbing on anything solid. She has to leap for
it, several times, and falling will mean she lands in the
 energy field below her.

Julie tenses -- and springs out toward the first girder --
she sails out over six feet of open air, and when she lands,
she's embracing the girder. She does not want to do this
again. But she can see --

-- the Atlantean is moving down, a few girders over. It has
 no problem with the altitude, the vertical environment, or
 the leaps. And it's coming for her.

The only way Julie can get to the laser targeter is to leap
closer to the Atlantean -- so she takes a deep breath and
jumps again, bridging another six feet --

The Atlantean knows it has to move faster too, it begins to
 leap across another girder -- landing on that, it
effortlessly begins a leap toward Julie --

-- but Julie lands on the antenna and grabs the laser
targeter -- she aims it at the Atlantean and fires --

-- and the incredibly bright laser blinds the Atlantean -- it
misses the antenna and drops away, shrieking, until it
vaporizes in the energy field!

Julie watches it go down -- and takes a breath. She raises
 the laser targeter's scope to her eye, and carefully aims it
 at the ship's center.

ON THE PLATFORM NEARBY - RAY STRUGGLES WITH FARROW

and though he's holding Farrow off physically, Ray's helmet
smashes against a girder -- there's a hairline crack in it.
Farrow physically pins Ray against a girder -- Farrow's
aquatic core begins to separate out --

ON THE USS JACKSON - ORTON IS WATCHING WITH BINOCULARS

ORTON

Target is painted, target is
 painted! Fire both Slammers now!

The crewman hits the control keyboard --

ON THE DECK - A MISSILE BLASTS OFF

and about three seconds later, so does its twin --

-- both missiles speed to their target --

JULIE SEES THE FLARES BLOOMING BELOW - THE MISSILES

are two columns of smoke moving up fast --

-- Julie starts climbing up as fast as she can -- she's on the edge of the ship, but she has to go about fifty feet up -- as she climbs, she sees, some distance away -

JULIE

Ray!

ON THE PLATFORM - RAY STRUGGLES AGAINST FARROW

as the water tentacle extends toward the helmet crack --

FARROW

When I occupy a human to destroy its body -- I can feel the pain of its death when I tear it apart. I carry their lives and their deaths with me. All of them, mingled together. It's in the hundreds by now, but I still find it an interesting sensation.

(hissing)

I'll bet you wanted Farrow to die, right, Ray? I'll let you feel his death. Just as you die yourself.

-- but --

THE FIRST MISSILE HARMLESSLY EXPLODES AGAINST THE HULL

-- but the second missile is on target, right into the ship's energy distributor --

-- the energy explosion doesn't just spread out, it spirals out from the center, blasting the antennas apart --

-- the reaction will very soon reach Ray, Duncan and Julie --

FARROW AND RAY ARE ROCKED FROM THE IMPACT AS SHIP TILTS

toward the edge --

-- both men fall through the antennas near the edge -- a wrong impact would kill them, but they're about to go off the edge of the ship and into the void --

-- at the last antenna on the edge, Ray grabs a rung -- he is jolted to a halt and hangs on --

-- Farrow hits another antenna nearby --

AT THE EDGE OF ATLANTIS - JULIE CLIMBS UP DESPERATELY

to get out from under -- the blast is spiralling this way --

AT ANOTHER PART OF THE SHIP - RAY LEAPS UP

from an antenna, reaching a handhold on the ship's side --

Farrow is about to lunge after him, but the metalwork he was jumping for collapses -- he can't possibly make it.

RAY
(shouts down)
Getting torn apart is an
interesting sensation, huh?
(beat)
Turn around -- you're gonna love
this!

Ray climbs up as fast as he can to avoid Farrow's fate --

Farrow turns with stoic resignation --

THE WALL OF FLAME AND ENERGY SURGES OVER FARROW

and he dies twice, his face twisted in a scream we can't hear -- first, his human form is burnt away, second, his aquatic body is vaporized and annihilated!

LONG VIEW OF ATLANTIS' HULL - RAY AND JULIE CLIMB UP

the side of the ship, as the explosive force of the flames and energy blast pieces of the ship away underneath them --

-- as soon as they climb to a point of apparent safety, the piece of the ship under them crumbles and blasts out --

WIDE VIEW UNDERNEATH ATLANTIS - THE ENERGY DISTRIBUTOR

is winking out -- the main blast quiets down, but there are still small fires all over the ship -- much of the propulsion system has been destroyed.

Atlantis is going down for the second time.

ON THE CARRIER THE C-130 REVS ACROSS THE DECK

as the carrier is sinking -- the plane zig zags around the rolling wreckage and burning fires on the tilting deck --

-- an instant before hitting the rail, the C-130 lifts off over the roiling water and banks away from the column of ocean fire -- it is drawing in the water and hurling out lightning and tendrils of fire in its place --

-- the carrier is not sinking anymore -- as the water is drawn into the column of ocean fire, so is the ship --

THE CARRIER TUMBLES INTO THE COLUMN OF OCEAN FIRE

and is swallowed whole -- the carrier explodes and hurls out in skyscraper sized pieces --

IN THE C-130 - ORTON AND FISKE

look out the window -- they have cleared the flames and lightning hurled from the column of fire -- but huge pieces of the carrier are flying toward them --

-- Fiske accelerates, to try to outrace and outraise shrapnel chunks the size of houses --

-- and ultimately the plane clears it. But meanwhile --

ATLANTIS IS SLIDING BACK TOWARD THE COLUMN OF OCEAN FIRE

The ship's propulsion system is failing -- not all at once, but it's going -- the ship is at five hundred feet and it's slipping back into the ocean again.

Only this time, Atlantis is sinking into an ocean of fire.

IN THE ATLANTIS CONTROL ROOM - DUNCAN BLANKLY LOOKS DOWN

at the fire merging with water that will be his doom. He's failed. The other Atlanteans are in a helpless, blind panic. The headset radio in his hand buzzes. Duncan puts it on.

ORTON (ON RADIO)
Hey. I wanted to congratulate you
on getting your ship back.

(beat)
See you in another ten thousand
years, motherfucker.

The radio falls off in the chaos as Duncan and the Atlanteans are thrown around the ship.

ON ATLANTIS - **RAY AND JULIE ARE CLIMBING UP TO THE TOP**

of the ship, because the tendrils of lightning and fire are still randomly lashing out, striking the ship's bottom --

-- as they reach the top, Ray and Julie look at each other. There's no way off and they know it.

RAY
(breathless)
We're in the tropics. Those are
some fireworks right under us. And
when they finish, we're definitely
going to get swept off our feet,
and all our other parts too.
Conditions satisfied?

Ray's headset radio comes on.

ORTON (ON RADIO)
Nice work, McClerran. Fix the
attitude and you could have a
future in the U.S. Navy.

RAY (INTO RADIO)
You see that I've got any kind of
future *at all*, I'll enlist.

INSIDE THE C-130 - **ORTON SHOUTS OVER THE NOISE**

ORTON (ON RADIO)
Funny you should mention that. You
happen to be wearing a SEAL deep
dive suit with personnel
extraction equipment.

ORTON

I happen to be in a C-130 with
personnel extraction equipment.

(beat)

Do exactly what I tell you now.

ON THE HULL OF ATLANTIS - RAY AND JULIE HANG ON

as the ship tilts, ready to go. Julie is looking at Ray
impatiently, and Ray is listening to the radio and nodding.

JULIE

Any possibility we survive?

RAY

None. My dad had a saying, though.

(takes her hand)

When you run out of
possibilities -- take the
impossibility instead.

RAY AND JULIE ARE RUNNING HAND IN HAND

toward the highest edge of Atlantis they can reach -- Ray and
Julie dive off the ship -- nothing but four hundred feet
between them and the column of blazing ocean --

-- the ship's plunge toward the column of ocean accelerates,
as the ocean of fire's tendrils shoot up --

-- in freefall, Ray and Julie grab each other tight, and Ray
pulls a D-ring -- a gas cartridge fires out and the personnel
extraction balloon and wire shoots up --

IN THE C-130 - FISKE SWINGS THE PLANE AROUND

toward where Ray and Julie are falling -- the balloon is up,
but this is a marker balloon, not strong enough to hold their
weight, so they're still falling --

-- Fiske dives toward the balloon and line --

THE SKYHOOK CATCHES THE CABLE AND LOCKS IT IN

-- the C-130 rises up, taking the cable with it --

RAY AND JULIE CLING TO EACH OTHER AS THE SHOCK

of the line catching rips them up -- but it worked.

The C-130 rises up, taking Ray and Julie further from the
tendrils of lightning, closer to safety -- but below them --

ATLANTIS BEGINS A FIERY PLUNGE DEAD CENTER INTO THE COLUMN

-- the ship is tipped on its side, and the ocean fire is
destroying the sides of the ship --

INSIDE ATLANTIS - THE ALIENS ARE BURNING

because the ship is not just being roasted from the outside,
the backfire reaction of the propulsion system is worsening --

-- blasts are collapsing the golden city from within --

-- Atlantis is again claimed by the ocean, this time an ocean of flame -- it completes a thousand meter fall and impacts against the base of the conversion device --

-- creating a massive explosion that simultaneously destroys Atlantis and the mile wide conversion device!

THE C-130 FLIES AWAY FROM THE COLUMN OF FIRE

just as there is a surge of bright flame blasting out of it --

UNDERNEATH THE C-130 - RAY AND JULIE

are clinging together, watching this renewed brightness, and they're thinking the same thing --

INSIDE THE C-130 - ORTON GLUMLY LOOKS OUT THE WINDOW

ORTON

We didn't stop it.

But just as he says it, the fire abruptly ends --

OVER THE COLUMN OF FIRE - THE FLAME GOES OUT

The conversion device dies. Atala's Eye has closed for good.

The ocean rushes in to fill the gap. Within moments, the column of fire has been replaced with cold, dark water -- you would never know that anything had happened.

UNDER THE C-130 - RAY AND JULIE SEE THE FIRE GO OUT

There is nothing left but some residual bits of lightning and skyfire, winking out like the finale of a July 4th display.

It's a tropical setting, there are fireworks, and they've been swept off their feet. Ray and Julie are locked in a kiss.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GREEK COAST - DOCKS - DAY - ORTON AND RAY

are walking along a marina's seawall lined with docks. They look rested and healed -- clearly several weeks have passed.

ORTON

I have good news. I have bad news.
I have some okay news.

DEEP DARK UNDERWATER - A HELMET LIGHT POV TRAVELS OVER

the wreckage of one ship -- a Spanish galleon spilling over with gold coins and jewelry, itself the find of a lifetime.

ORTON (V.O.)

In exchange for everyone's silence
on this matter --

This is just one ship in the find -- the POV travels through a hole in the hull, leading out to --

-- the Atlantic trench lined with shipwrecks -- there are dozens and dozens of ships, further than the light can reach.

ORTON (V.O.)
 -- your friend Fiske was able to
 negotiate limited but exclusive
 salvage rights to the periphery.

BEHIND THE HELMET GLASS - FISKE IS WIDE EYED AND GRINNING

as the reflected unimaginable fortune before him is visible
 in the glass. Fiske swims through it -- like Sinbad, he did
 get the treasure the seventh time around.

THE GREEK DOCKS - ORTON AND RAY WALK ALONG THE SEAWALL

We may notice Orton has a few extra bars on his sleeve.

RAY
 That's not all you negotiated. Can
 I call you "Cappy"?

ORTON
 Only if you feel like getting
 thrown off this seawall. The good
 news is, you're facing no jail
 time. All criminal charges against
 you have been completely dropped.

RAY
 That's nice, since they were
 bullshit.

ORTON
 No, that was tough, because the
 biological samples on board were
 taken without permission of half
 a dozen different countries. We
 persuaded each country to forego
 prosecution, on the condition that
 you stop diving for bio samples in
 their territories --

RAY
 No prob, I'm through being a
 bottom feeder anyway --

ORTON
 -- and here's the bad news: the
 bio samples had to be returned to
 the respective governments, where
 they will open their own
 negotiations with the pharm
 companies and other interests.

Ray stops. His face is stone, eyes blankly staring out.

RAY
 (flat)
 Let me get this completely
 straight. You negotiated away a
 collection of biological samples
 that were worth eight or nine
 figures to me.

ORTON
 I did say it was bad news --

RAY
And all I get is my freedom -- and
my boat.

ANGLE SHIFTS -- Ray's ship is tied at the end of the dock.

ORTON
(unsure of Ray's mood)
Uh -- yeah -- that was the "okay"
news -- it's free and clear, so --

Ray cuts off Orton with a huge, happy YELL, and he gives
Orton a hug that lifts him off his feet.

ORTON
Hey --

RAY
Best deal I ever made.
(salutes)
Thanks, Cappy. See you around.

ORTON
Christ, I hope not. Do me a favor,
McClarren --
(smiles)
-- stay off my radar, huh?

Ray starts down the planks to his boat -- and sees something
outside that makes him smile. He steps onto his deck.

ELVIS COSTELLO'S "MYSTERY DANCE" IS POUNDING

from the cabin -- the phonograph is mounted on its gyroscopic
base, so it can play without the needle skipping a groove.

Ray steps inside, and sees that Julie's tanned legs are
stretched out, kicking the table to the beat -- and the base
shifts and absorbs the impact so the song goes on undisturbed.

RAY
You look like you're feeling
better. Has it all worn off?

JULIE
I know who carved the face on
Mars, who built Stonehenge, and
who keeps making crop circles.
Other than that, I think it's gone.

RAY
Thanks for repainting the
nameplate Dad put on the hull. I
let it slide for twenty years, but
it was the first thing I planned
on doing when I got back.

JULIE
Seemed appropriate.
(kicks again)
This would be a great invention.
If it were 1978.

RAY
I built it in 1978. No Ipods back then, remember?

JULIE
You did some of your best work when you were a kid. Like this, for instance.

Julie throws him another tattered, rubber banded memo pad. Ray catches it and opens it up.

JULIE
Your other notebook. You've got some interesting ideas there. Like on page seventeen. I found something on an excavation two summers ago that proves you just might be right.

Ray opens it up -- there's a folded map pasted in there. We can't see what it is, but it leaves him speechless.

JULIE
You look to me like a man who's run low on possibilities.
(beat)
Want to try a new impossibility instead?

Ray's answer is a spreading grin, as we CUT TO --

LONG SHOT - JULIE TOSSES THE TIE ROPE OFF THE DOCK

and we can finally see what the name of the boat was when it was first christened by Ray's father. The same rotten nameplate, lovingly restored and repainted.

It was, is and always will be the Atala. The boat speeds off the Greek coast, becoming a single white dot lost in the beautiful blue waters.

FADE OUT.

POST CREDITS BUMP:

AN INFINITESMAL DOT TRACKING ACROSS BLUE AND WHITE

-- we PULL BACK SLOWLY -- and see more individual dots tracking through a blue-white field -- two, three, four are searching, finding, converging --

-- we PULL BACK MORE and it's clear now: the slow moving dots here are water molecules migrating through the glacier, slowly gathering together to rejoin --

-- a hand is pushing out of the barrier of the ice -- and next to it, a face contorting and struggling --

-- the eyes open.

FADE OUT.