

WALT DISNEY/TOUCHSTONE PICTURES

TITLE: FANTASTIC VOYAGE
AUTHORS: MORGAN, GLEN/WONG, JAMES

SUB BY: RASKIND, PHIL
SUB TO: GOLDMANN, BERNIE

GENRE: ACTION/SCIENCE FICTION
SUB-GENRE:

FORMAT: Screenplay

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ELEMENTS: Writing Sample

ANALYST: BURNETT, ERNEST

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LOGLINE:

A specially designed submarine is miniaturized along with its crew to perform delicate brain surgery on the President of the United States, who is due to sign a vital peace agreement.

COMMENT LOGLINE:

A great concept, but the story is marred by some difficult to swallow conventions and more than a few irrelevant plot points. Regardless, the writing is solid.

SCRIPT: CONSIDER
WRITER: CONSIDER

	Excellent	Good	Fair	Poor
Idea	▲			
Story Line			▲	
Characterization		▲		
Dialogue				

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SYNOPSIS:

PRESIDENT DANIEL HART GREER, a popular African American leader, discusses the pending peace agreement with his advisors, who believe the world is on the brink of complete annihilation. President Greer admonishes his advisors to work together to bring about a lasting peace -- he announces his intentions to sign a vital peace accord in Japan. FIRST LADY JANICE GREER lovingly supports her husband's ability to assure world peace. SECRET SERVICE AGENT RICHTER prepares for the President's pending arrival in Japan, where extremist elements are promising to thwart the peace efforts. The President and First Lady arrive in Japan, but an assassin manages to blow up the presidential limo. Richter saves the President from the burning limo, but a sniper manages to get a shot from a nearby building. The President is rushed to the nearest hospital, where his prognosis is quickly diagnosed. The President is in a severe coma due to blockage in his brain -- an invasive operation would leave him with severe brain damage. GENERAL WALTER GILBRIDE, UNDER SECRETARY OF STATE EVELYN CABRERA and SECRET SERVICE DIRECTOR GORDON attempt to place blame on Richter, but Janice intervenes, insisting that Richter be kept well-informed on the President's condition. DR. MATSUMOTO explains that there may be an alternative to invasive surgery -- he contacts DOCTOR JASON UNDERHILL, a rogue scientist who has severed his ties to the United States. Despite protests from Richter, Dr. Underhill is allowed to inject the President with artificially intelligent NANOSURGEONS -- microscopic robots programmed to rid the body of blockages. Unfortunately, the Nanosurgeons are very experimental -- the tiny robots quickly ignore their programming and begin patrolling the President's body with their own objectives. YUKO INTONAGA, Underhill's assistant, suggests yet another alternative, but she is quickly silenced by PROFESSOR YEO, the director of the Japanese Ministry of Science. Underhill reveals the Ministry's latest breakthrough in micro-surgery -- a microscopic submarine, THE PROTEUS, roughly the size of five human blood cells. Underhill and Yuko explain that the Ministry has developed a way to molecularly reproduce humans to man the impossibly small submarine, which was designed to perform sensitive surgeries inside the human body. With little choice, Gilbride and Cabrera assemble a team to be miniaturized for the operation. A NAVY SEAL TEAM is chosen to man the miniature submarine: LT. DODD, the SEAL commander; ANNE YODER, small, but tough; NATRONE POOLEY, a chain smoker; CHUCK BULINSKI, tough and mean; DAVE AGUNDES, a sub pilot; and RAYMOND TUBBS, an African American who hates Asian people. Richter volunteers to be a part of the team, primarily because he doesn't trust Underhill, but also because he feels partly responsible for the President's welfare. Gilbride, however, denies Richter's request. During the miniaturization process, Lt. Dodd perishes. Prompted by Janice, Gilbride changes his mind and allows Richter to fill the unfortunate vacancy. Underhill explains to the

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SYNOPSIS (continued):

Proteus' crew that they will only have an hour before hypothermia begins to effect their bodies -- the clock begins ticking. The Proteus is injected into the President's blood stream, where it is immediately attacked by vicious white blood cells. Tubbs mans the electro-pulse laser, which is only mildly effective at dealing with the white blood cells. Underhill eventually electrifies the outer hull of the Proteus, which saves the craft from the white blood cells. Unfortunately, the Nanosurgeons, scorpion like robots that match the Proteus' size and strength, arrive on the scene. The crew scrambles to deal with the superior threat -- the Proteus takes severe damage, but manages to escape. Without power or radio communications, the Proteus must utilize the flow of the bloodstream to navigate through the President's body. Yuko devises a course to the cerebral blood clot, but the route requires a dangerous passage through the President's heart. The Proteus stops on the President's lung to store up reserve battery power for the pulse laser. Yoder, Bulinski and Pooley make repairs to the outer hull of the Proteus, but Pooley gets sick when he sees the black tar covering the President's lungs. Pooley resolves to quit smoking. Tubbs has a run-in with Yuko -- Richter intervenes, convincing Tubbs that from the inside, humans are all built from the same stuff. The Proteus works its way toward the President's heart, hoping that the monitoring robotic physicians will deduce their plan to pass through. Professor Yeo convinces Janice to allow the medical staff to stop the President's heart for just sixty seconds, giving the Proteus the opportunity to pass safely. The Proteus barely makes it through the heart toward the left pulmonary vein before the President's heart is fibrillated. Out of danger for the moment, the SEAL team argues with Underhill about his plan -- they believe the blockage should be destroyed with the pulse rifles, storing energy for their return trip. Richter takes control of the situation -- they will attempt to remove the clot with the laser rifles, but turn to the pulse laser as a last resort. Arriving at the clot, the SEAL team begins to tear apart the blockage with the pulse rifles. Unfortunately, the Nanosurgeons arrive on the scene. Richter and Yuko manage to destroy most of the Nanosurgeons, but Underhill attempts to intervene when the last Nanosurgeon, which has managed to improve upon its original design, reveals itself. Richter is forced to fight Underhill and, as a result, the Proteus and the last Nanosurgeon are destroyed. Richter, Yuko and the surviving SEAL team members work their way to the President's eyes, where they manage to escape through a tear duct. The medical staff, meanwhile, believes that the Proteus has failed -- they prepare for invasive surgery. Professor Yeo realizes that the President's tear duct in one eye is extremely moist. The team is extracted moments after the President regains consciousness. In the aftermath, the President is able to sign the peace accord.

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COMMENTS:

FANTASTIC VOYAGE certainly offers a great premise, which alone would be deserving of consideration. The concept, a modernized remake of the original 1966 film, sparks the imagination. Unfortunately, the screenplay is far from perfect. Despite a well-conceived political scenario, the script is thorough to a fault. The story's exposition is extremely tedious, mostly unnecessary and on the brink of dull. The political explanations and irrelevant technobabble dominate the first 50 plus pages and continue throughout the script. In fact, the actual fantastic voyage, doesn't begin until page 65 of the script when the Proteus is finally injected into the President's body. The over-explained conventions are a bit difficult to digest -- this material calls for an intense suspension of disbelief. The Nanosurgeon sub-plot is a great addition to the updated story, but the actual miniaturization process is confusing, time-consuming and ultimately unbelievable. The idea that robots can molecularly recreate humans is a big stretch, but the concept that the robots can transfer a person's consciousness or soul to its miniature version is very difficult to believe. The plot follows along the same path of the original as the crew navigates through the blood stream, including an unscheduled detour through the heart, to conclude the action in the President's brain, where the Nanosurgeons stage their final attack. Underhill's ultimate betrayal is completely out-of-character -- it certainly isn't believable that Underhill, with his love for karaoke and his cynical attitude, would passionately trade his life for the survival of a microscopic robot. The characters are numerous and, as a result, uneven. Richter is certainly the best drawn character in the material -- he's intelligent and well-motivated. However, Richter's advanced scientific knowledge is another example of a difficult to believe convention. Yuko is a puzzle -- her loyalty seems too easily won by Richter and too easily lost by Underhill. The relationships between the central characters are fairly static and vague. Richter's relationship with Yuko, for example, is nebulous -- it's never clear why she sides with him. Is there a romantic connection? The Navy SEALs are exactly what you would expect -- gung ho, but efficient. Tubbs and Pooley both forward rather heavy-handed sub-plots -- don't be a racist and don't smoke cigarettes. The writing is very good -- all things considered. The description tends to be a little verbose, but captures the mood, setting and action with good detail. The dialogue is more than functional, but, as stated, occasionally overwhelmed by technobabble or irrelevant meanderings.

SCRIPT: CONSIDER
WRITER: CONSIDER

FANTASTIC VOYAGE

Glen Morgan & James Wong

First Draft
June 12, 1997

The theatre is SILENT. The black SCREEN offers nothing but tension, as if peering into the deepest regions of outer...or inner space.

Suddenly, a blinding FLASH of lightning! Yet, not thunderous; rather a sharp electrical CRACK. A single dot of light blinks. Then, another FLASH and a jolting CRACK as a second point of light, distant from the initial dot, strobes.

Quickly, the frequency and volume of CRACKS and strobing points of light build; multiply. Decuplicating! Centuplicating! In an instant, the once still SCREEN is alive with the intensity of an artillery attack by millions...millions...of fulgurating dots, packed together like match heads in a box.

Although never at one time forming a single discernible picture, our persistence of vision registers an oblique pixelated image; an inverted eagle, wings open and spread.

And now, CAMERA PULLS BACK simulating a speed known by no one, yet experienced every waking moment; 136,000 miles per second. CAMERA REVEALS the dots of light to be Rods and Cones of an inner eye layered upon a Forvea, centered on a Retina. CAMERA TRAVELS BACK, pelting into an Anterior Chamber, racing by millions of nerve receptors and muscle tissue, a teasing peak at what is to come, until HURTLING PAST and out of the pupil.

SILENCE returns as, suddenly, the ENTIRE FRAME is filled by a single intense gigantic eye; Iris, Sclera. CAMERA HOLDS, allowing the audience to feel microscopic. Then, detectable O.S., is the faint SOUND of metal softly scratching upon metal.

CAMERA SLOWLY, tensely PIVOTS, from the natural lens of a human eye to the artificial lens of a microscope. CAMERA CONTINUES, PUSHING IN toward the object of the giant eye's focus. Magnified in the microscope is an eagle, wings spread, etched into brass.

CAMERA TRAVELS DOWN the tube of the microscope TOWARD the image as surgical cutting tools ENTER FRAME, continuing the work. In a moment, CAMERA EXITS the microscope's magnification, causing the image of the bird and the metal surface to sharply shrink, REVEALING the tiny eagle is being cut into the surface of a brass .416 calibre rifle cartridge.

As the auspicial work on the eagle continues...

CUT TO:

EXT. THE SKY - DAY - CLOSE - SEAL OF THE PRESIDENT

An eagle within the Seal of the President of the United States soars on the emblem of Air Force One, no longer a modified Boeing 747-2G3B but rather an S.S.T., an American version of the Concorde.

INT. AIR FORCE ONE - DAY - CLOSE - CABIN DISPLAY

Flight data is displayed on a 45" monitor in the passenger cabin: 28 JUNE 2014. 20:30:00(EST). TIME TO ARRIVAL: 1hr.03 min. MACH:1.75. A map indicates the aircraft's position over the Pacific Ocean. Destination: Tokyo.

A figure steps before the map. Intense, soulful; the man does not merely study the world, but rather feels it with his entire Being. For, its future lies in his impending actions. The man is PRESIDENT DANIEL HART GREER, 45. African-American, strong, handsome; JFK via Berkeley rather than Harvard.

His Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, GENERAL WALTER GILBRIDE approaches. Although a soldier's general, Gilbride is not an irresponsible Hawk, but rather sincerely concerned.

GENERAL GILBRIDE
Mr. President, Critcom
transmission confirms the
Chinese Navy is maintaining
aggressive warship positions in
the Taiwan Strait...

Under-Secretary of State, EVELYN CABRERA, steps forward;
assuring diplomacy maintains a voice in the crisis.

CABRERA
Positions which are pursuant
with the cessation of
hostilities resolution.

GENERAL GILBRIDE
USS Sculprin has detected two
Ming Class subs parked in the
South China Sea, fifty
kilometers off Taipei.
(pointed, to Cabrera)
And those positions... are not.

Greer registers the information, yet his focus remains on the map.

CABRERA
Mr. President, Beijing's
blockade of Taiwan is only a
show of force...

Knowing where this is heading, Gilbride jumps in...

CONTINUED

CABRERA (CONT'D)
 ...to drum up Nationalist
 support of the government,
 embarrassed by its
 inability to control civil
 unrest in Hong Kong.

GENERAL GILBRIDE
 This is exactly how the
 Chinese seized the Spratly
 and Paracel Islands five
 years ago, while the world
 sat back and watched!

Security advisor NATHAN GORDON is on a phone. Assistant CIA
 director, CARLTON SUNDSTROM is on another.

GORDON
 The Unified Republic of Korea
 threatens to withdraw from the
 Asian Coalition if the Japanese
 mobilize their military forces.

This development causes tensions and emotions to erupt. Amidst
 the chaos, the President's eyes depart from the map to lock with
 his key advisor, the only other pair of eyes remaining cool.

FIRST LADY, JOCELYN DIXON-GREER, 38, poised, beautiful and quite
 savvy sits alone, returning the intent look of her husband.

CABRERA
 We have to provide Beijing
 a way out of this without
 losing face in the region.

SUNDSTROM
 Japan has already mobilized
 civil defense.

Jocelyn Greer moves to her husband; eyes never leaving his.

GENERAL GILBRIDE
 It's not just "the region."
 Iran will fire on any
 sorties into China through
 their air space. That
 effects the Middle east,
 Central Europe...

GORDON
 The U.N. is useless. The
 Russians will not attend
 the Security Council
 without the presence of the
 Chinese ambassador, who has
 returned to Beijing.

JOCELYN GREER
 Looks like "someone's" going to
 be a little too busy to throw
 out the first pitch at the All-
 Star game.

PRESIDENT GREER
 Damn... and my curveball's
 really been snappin'.

The passengers turn silent, realizing the exchange was a
 courteous "knock it off!" The President smiles with gratitude at
 the First Lady before gesturing to the flight data/map display.

CONTINUED

PRESIDENT GREER

Tell me, what is the most relevant information up there? It's not flight time, air speed or even destination.

No one ventures an answer.

PRESIDENT GREER (CONT'D)

The date, folks. The date.

(beat)

One hundred years ago today, Archduke Ferdinand of Austria was assassinated; pulling the trigger on the First World War.

Greer's tone underlines the similarities between the current crisis and the tragedy of a century ago.

PRESIDENT GREER (CONT'D)

A war born of ancient nationalist hatreds, raised on political, economic rivalries in an age of new and horrifying technology.

Greer moves amongst his advisors as he continues...

PRESIDENT GREER (CONT'D)

37 million casualties. 37 million! In a time men still rode horses into battle. Imagine the possible loss of life a century later. 50 million? 100 Million?

The President pauses as all eyes fall upon him.

PRESIDENT GREER (CONT'D)

Each of us must be responsible for every one of those possible losses. Because, once again, a sweating palm has cocked the trigger on the weapon of World War. In an hour... we arrive at the Tokyo Summit. And five days from today...as a representative of the United States, I intend to sign a lasting Asian Peace Accord... disarming that weapon.

(beat)

To achieve this, we must act as one body.

(more)

CONTINUED

PRESIDENT GREER (cont'd; CONT'D)

Each in step to a sole
heartbeat, one vision, bearing
a single resuscitating breath of
Peace. And if I, we, fail to
sign that paper, the first shot
will be fired.

The emotional appeal connects. Gordon and Sundstrom hop back on the phones. With a nod, Cabrera and Gilbride bury the hatchet.

Jocelyn Greer glides a commending hand across her husband's shoulder as he releases a confessional, anxious, sigh.

JOCELYN GREER

Honey, ever since high school,
I believed you could change
history.

Her eyes, however, turn anxiously to the monitor.

JOCELYN GREER'S POV - FLIGHT DATA MONITOR - CLOSE - THE DATE

28 June 2014.

RETURN

JOCELYN GREER

If only history doesn't repeat
itself.

Hearing his wife's concern, Greer's hand takes hers.

CLOSE - THEIR HANDS

Exchange a loving, reassuring...and uncertain squeeze.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNT FUJI-SAN - DAWN - AERIAL

An enormous blood red sun rises above the snow capped volcanic peak as CAMERA SOARS PAST the sacred mountain toward Tokyo.

EXT. IMPERIAL PALACE - (KOKYO) - MORNING

Thousands of demonstrators gather in the Kokyo Gaien. Although singing "Give Peace A Chance," they are intense and urgent. Banners declare "HEISEL" or "BRING PEACE." Flags of the countries caught in the crisis flap PAST FRAME; Japan, Korea, Vietnam, United States, Russia and as the Chinese flag ENTERS FRAME...

CUT TO:

EXT. EMBASSY OF THE PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC OF CHINA - MORNING

A Chinese flag is set aflame outside the grounds of the country's embassy. A U.S. flag also burns nearby as hundreds of Japanese nationalists heatedly protest the current crisis. Deep bass drums POUND while banners wave in Japanese and English. "CHINA OUT OF TAIWAN!" "JIANG GO HOME!" "WEST OUT OF THE EAST!" "GREER GO HOME!"

WITHIN THE CROWD

stands a stoic line of a dozen hardened Japanese men each wearing an hachimaki, upon which are written vows to preserve Japan. CAMERA MOVES ALONG THE LINE, PUSHING IN CLOSE to the last man. SUBTITLES translate the cryptic words on his headband: "THE PAST IS HISTORY! HISTORY IS THE FUTURE!"

CAMERA RISES to the large red circle centered on the hachimaki REVEALING the exact image of the eagle which was being carved into the rifle cartridge. This is an assassin.

CAMERA HOLDS on the red circle...

CUT TO:

EXT. HANEDA NATIONAL AIRPORT - MORNING - CLOSE - LAPEL PIN

The red circle is pinned to a suit, an American Secret Service I.D. badge. CAMERA ADJUSTS to REVEAL the sunglasses behind, anxious expression of Special Agent ADAM RICHTER. Behind him, in the near distance, a crowd of onlookers rush a linked fence. Richter turns to the crowd, subtly touching his sunglasses.

RICHTER'S POV - THE CROWD - THROUGH THE SUNGLASSES

"Sensory assist" lenses activate, initiating a high tech infrared sighting system. The crowd noise becomes AMPLIFIED. A red light pulses, indicating no immediate jeopardy.

CHINA

REVEALS a Japanese POLICEMAN. Speaking in Japanese and subtitled...

RICHTER

We agreed, no people there! Move them!

POLICEMAN

I'll have to ask my captain.

RICHTER

No. If you go ask your captain, I won't see you again.

(more)

CONTINUED

RICHTER (cont'd)
I don't see you again, crowd
doesn't move. Crowd doesn't
move, I do not take President to
the Peace Talks. President does
not go to Peace talks, World War
Three starts. World War Three
starts... no baseball. GET SOME
MEN! MOVE THOSE PEOPLE! NOW!

The Policeman hustles off, rounding up some other officers who
command the crowd to disperse.

A team of Secret Service Agents, lead by EDWARD OWENS and JACK
COLQUITT, approach Richter.

COLQUITT
Agent Richter?

RICHTER
(in Japanese)
Where the hell have you been?

COLQUITT
I have no idea what you are
saying.

RICHTER
(realizing, sighs)
I've been assigned here too long.

Owens and Richter subtly scoff at "assigned." Reading their non
verbal ridicule, Richter reacts, snapping...

RICHTER
Your C-130 touched down on
schedule. Why are you two hours
late?

COLQUITT
There was a mix up at Customs
over our weapons.

OWENS
(annoyed with Richter)
You should have been on top of
that.

RICHTER
The police are busy mobilizing
Civil Defense. I had three days,
on my own, to secure a city
that's a bitch and a half to
cover given thirty days!
(more)

CONTINUED

RICHTER (cont'd)
(sighs tensely)
This is not the place to be.

OWENS
That official... or personal?

Richter glares at Owens. Colquitt flashes Owens a "cool it."

COLQUITT
Listen, Adam... we advised the
State department against coming
here, especially under these
conditions. But the President
himself believes Tokyo has
symbolic historical significance
in this crisis.

(beat)
There was even talk about
relieving you as Tokyo Bureau
Chief but it was determined
there wasn't enough time. You
know Tokyo. So, you're in
charge. This is your shot. Even
if we all know your history. And
we all know what's at stake.

Richter eyes Colquitt, understanding a chance at redemption.
Owens places a finger to his ear piece, receiving a transmission.

OWENS
"ANGEL'S" down.

The agents look out along the runway.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT'S POV - AIR FORCE ONE

The SST approaches, wheels SCREECHING on the runway.

RETURN

Richter signals to the motorcade, which drives up the tarmac.

RICHTER
Let's move.

The agents start toward the plane, filing beside the limousine.

RICHTER (CONT'D)
The heads of State will be
residing at the Imperial Palace.
The grounds are secure. Getting
there, however... could be hairy.
(more)

CONTINUED

RICHTER (cont'd; CONT'D)

(beat)

Because of the shortened prep time, we've been unable to completely secure any single route from the Tokyo Expressway to the Palace. I've narrowed it down to three possible exits off the Expressway.

The agents listen while continuously scanning the surrounding area.

RICHTER (CONT'D)

To secure against leaks or tip offs, no one but me knows which route the motorcade will take until reaching the exit selected; which has been designated codeword: "FACE OFF."

Owens and Colquitt eye one another, concerned...

RICHTER (CONT'D)

The three routes have been designated codewords, as well...

Upon hearing "codewords," each agent reaches into their breast pocket, producing a palm sized computer.

RICHTER (CONT'D)

Route One; Uchibori Avenue is codenamed "SKIPPER." Route two; Hibiya Avenue is "PROFESSOR"...

Richter reaches into his breast pocket and, rather than producing a palm top computer, consults a paper road map. The agents look at him as we would look at one writing with a hammer and chisel.

RICHTER (CONT'D)

Route three; Sakurada Avenue is...

SECRET SERVICE AGENT

"GINGER!"

RICHTER

"MARY-ANNE."

SECRET SERVICE AGENT

Yeah, I liked her better anyway.

CONTINUED

OWENS

Richter, are you aware of the security breach in not using an encoded palm-top?!

RICHTER

Of course I am, but... I can't explain it. I get a better feel of the route, of the city, with this. I can't get a "gut feeling" off a palm top.

Angry, Owens knocks on the limo window, a signal to the driver...

OWENS

Hold up.

(as they stop)

Richter, this is the exact same sloppy bullshit that got you shipped out of duty at home.

RICHTER

"Shipped out?" 'S that what you think, Owens?

OWENS

"Think?" We know the only reason you're still active is 'cause you took a bullet in the neck for the GOP candidate two years ago.

(beat)

And the reason you were banished to Japan is 'cause it was your sloppy planning that got him killed.

RICHTER

The review board and the Senate committee cleared me.

OWENS

You'd think you'd have learned from your screw ups. It's the twenty first century. This agency uses state of the art technology, Sensory Assist Lenses, Microdigital parabolics. Satellite Surveillance Imagery, all so we don't need to rely on human instinct. So we can assure against human mistakes.

(more)

CONTINUED

OWENS (cont'd)

(beat)

But you, alone, insist the world
place Its future on your "gut
feeling?"

The agents stare down Richter. He looks off in the near distance.

AIR FORCE ONE

The plane taxis to a stop. The cabin door opens and Daniel Greer appears. A leader. Presidential. Clearly on a mission.

RICHTER

As if inspired by breathing the President's air...

RICHTER

We shouldn't lose Faith in
instinct.

(beat)

That's my "gut feelin'."

CUT TO:

EXT. TOKYO EXPRESSWAY NO.2 - DAY - AERIAL

The Presidential motorcade proceeds at an urgent speed along the Expressway. Japanese Police helicopters ENTER FRAME passing the Eiffel-like Tokyo Tower as the choppers track the vehicles below.

AGENT IN CHOPPER (V.O.)

"COACH," this is "SAMURAI TWO."
Approaching "FACE OFF."

INT. PRESIDENTIAL LIMOUSINE - DAY

The President, First Lady and Agent Richter ride in the back. President Greer studies State Department reports on a mounted lap top. The President absently reaches into his suit jacket, produces a cigarette and proceeds to light up.

JOCELYN GREER

You said you had quit.

Greer inhales, then with a sigh...

PRESIDENT GREER

I said "after the summit."

The President returns to the reports. The First Lady looks to Richter who turns to the window, intently taking in his surroundings. As he stretches to look, something catches Jocelyn Greer's attention.

CONTINUED

JOCELYN GREER'S POV - RICHTER'S NECK

Scar tissue runs below his ear, disappearing beneath his collar.

RETURN

Richter turns back, "catching" Mrs. Greer as she politely averts her eyes. With a shiver of portent, the First Lady takes her husband's hand. Richter tries to ease her discomfort.

RICHTER

I got this at a 2012 primary.

JOCELYN GREER

(a slight smile)

Then we have something in common. We both came out of the last election with a big pain in the neck.

Richter smiles, in no way offended. Returning to the job at hand, Richter engages his radio.

RICHTER

"FIDDLER," this is "COACH." Need a status on "FACE OFF."

EXT. KASUMIGASEKI BUILDING - DAY

Armed Secret Service Agents with high powered binoculars stand sentry atop the skyscraper as the motorcade passes below.

FIDDLER

"SKIPPER" a go. "PROFESSOR" a go. "MARY-ANN" a go. Make the call, "COACH."

INT. PRESIDENTIAL LIMOUSINE - DAY

Richter sighs, reaching into his suit for the paper road map. His entire Being attempts to feel the city. This, however, catches the dubious attention of the President and First Lady.

PRESIDENT GREER

(good natured)

Should we pull into a gas station for directions?

CAMERA PUSHES IN ON RICHTER, oblivious to the remark, stomach tightening while searching for a visceral command. Suddenly, as an intense, assured, sensation sweeps over Agent Richter...

CONTINUED

RICHTER
All agents, this is "COACH."
"FACE OFF" is "SKIPPER." Repeat.
"FACE OFF" is "SKIPPER."

INT. SECRET SERVICE LEAD VEHICLE - DAY

Owens, Colquitt and the other agents ride in the lead vehicle.

COLQUITT
(into radio)
"COACH," this is "MUSTANG." We
copy.

EXT. TOKYO EXPRESSWAY NO.3 - DAY

The motorcade, lead by police escort, exits the highway and continues straight along Uchibori-Dori Avenue.

INT. PRESIDENTIAL LIMOUSINE - DAY

Richter's senses are on alert as the motorcade proceeds down the Tokyo street. Greer looks away from the computer and out the window, becoming disoriented and agitated.

PRESIDENT GREER
The Palace entrance is to the
right.

RICHTER
Sir, we're taking an alternative
route to the back entrance.

Greer senses, gesturing to the demonstrators lining the street.

PRESIDENT GREER
These people are uncertain of
our presence here, Agent
Richter...

RICHTER
I understand, sir, but, I
believe, this route will be the
most secure...

Joe Greer responds to Richter's sense of security, however...

PRESIDENT GREER
(urgently)
I don't believe you do
understand. The West destroyed
this city. And the West rebuilt
this city. Our every action
should reflect that we do not
intend to repeat the cycle.

CONTINUED

RICHTER

(equally urgent)

Sir, I'm responsible for your safety. And you're well aware the Secret Service, in this case, has authority over... even you... Mr. President.

JOCELYN GREER

Dan, maybe it'd be best to...

PRESIDENT GREER

And I'm responsible for your security, Agent Richter... and their's. My instinct is, the U.S. loses trust "sneaking" in the back door. And these days, trust is hard to come by. Agent Richter, my heart asks you to change your command.

Richter hesitates, his instincts clashing with the President's. Richter, however, respects this man's passion.

RICHTER

CHECK! CHECK! "MUSTANG" this is "COACH," "FACE OFF" is "MARY ANN." REPEAT... "FACE OFF" is "MARY-ANN."

The President nods his appreciation. Jocelyn Greer, tenses.

EXT. UCHIBORI-DORI AVENUE - DAY - MOTORCADE

The lead vehicle quickly slows. The police escort negotiates a last minute turn as the motorcade makes a hard right.

INT. SECRET SERVICE LEAD VEHICLE - DAY

Owens, Colquitt and the other agents are thrown to their left.

OWENS

What the hell is Richter doing?!

EXT. SAKURADA-DORI AVENUE - DAY

The police vehicles and limos complete the turn, continuing along the government buildings and high rise lined street. Spectators crowd the sidewalks as the motorcade passes a sign marked "KOKYO"(Imperial Palace) 1,000 meters. Safety is close.

INT. PRESIDENTIAL LIMOUSINE - DAY

This route is against Richter's own instincts. Suddenly, he tenses, spotting something out the window on the President's side.

EXT. SAKURADA AVENUE - DAY - RICHTER'S POV - THROUGH LENSES

Ahead of the motorcade, behind the line of spectators...a man, infrared in the "Sensory Assist Lenses," head wrapped in an hachimaki, races intensely up the street, parallel with the motorcade. He looks back, checking the President's position.

And yet, the data screen blinks green, indicating no jeopardy.

INT. PRESIDENTIAL LIMOUSINE - DAY

Richter whips off the glasses, sitting up, getting a better look with his own eyes. He pulls his mouthpiece close.

RICHTER
"MUSTANG!" THIS IS "COACH!" WE
GOTTA "GOPHER!" "GOPHER" ON MY
THREE!

INT. SECRET SERVICE LEAD VEHICLE - DAY

Owens, Colquitt and the other agents quickly snap to their right, checking the crowd, through their lenses; the indicator blinks green.

COLQUITT
We got a green light. Reporting
a negative, "COACH."

EXT. IMPERIAL PALACE - DAY

The motorcade nears the grounds of the Imperial Palace.

INT. PRESIDENTIAL LIMOUSINE - DAY

Richter's eyes remain locked on the running man.

EXT. SAKURADA-DORI AVENUE - DAY

Suddenly, the assassin TEARS OUT of the crowd and into the street toward the President's limousine.

INT. PRESIDENTIAL LIMOUSINE - DAY

Richter hustles to the driver.

CONTINUED

RICHTER
GO! GO! PULL AROUND THE LEAD
VEHICLE! GET THROUGH THE GATES!
NOW! NOW!

EXT. SAKURADA-DORI AVENUE - DAY

As the assassin runs, his shirt tails open REVEALING a quick glimpse of large encircling explosives.

INT. SECRET SERVICE LEAD VEHICLE - DAY

Late to spot the danger, the agents jump from the car.

EXT. SAKURADA-DORI AVENUE - DAY

The President's limo is blocked by the exiting agents in the lead vehicle. Owens raises his weapon.

OWENS
IIE! IIE!

INT. PRESIDENTIAL LIMOUSINE - DAY

Richter turns. The man can be seen approaching the window closest to Greer. Richter dives toward the President and First Lady!

EXT. SAKURADA-DORI AVENUE - DAY

Simultaneously, ten feet away, the assassin reaches for a triggering device. The agents open FIRE! BAM! BAM!

Although RIDDLED BY GUNFIRE, the assassin propels himself toward the President's car, falling, rolling beneath it, dead. However...

A STRONG EXPLOSION lifts the vehicle several feet off the ground, the CONCUSSION BLASTING the agents.

INT. PRESIDENTIAL LIMOUSINE - DAY

Richter's dive is just a beat late to cover the President. Richter lands on the First Lady as the occupants are tossed about like dolls. GLASS SHATTERS. METAL TWISTS. FLAMES ERUPT.

EXT. SAKURADA-DORI AVENUE - DAY

Helicopters hold position as the limousine BURNS below.

INT. PRESIDENTIAL LIMOUSINE - DAY

Richter is the first to regain consciousness. Though disoriented, his trained instincts are to remove the President. Richter KICKS at the door! AGAIN! It opens.

CONTINUED

He grabs the President, pulling him from the burning limousine.

EXT. SAKURADA-DORI AVENUE - DAY

Agents and Police rush to the limo as Richter appears, holding the President. Then...

CUT TO:

EXT. BUILDING ROOFTOP - DAY - CLOSE - RIFLE CARTRIDGE

The carved eagle on the .416 bullet is loaded into a high powered rifle. The bolt is cocked as a SNIPER quickly checks his sight.

EXT. SAKURADA-DORI AVENUE - DAY

President Greer lies limp over Richter's shoulder. The agent is bloody from the victim as well as lacerations to his own face. Agents from the trailing vehicles surround Richter.

A police ambulance, part of the motorcade, SCREECHES up through the flames. Japanese police leap out.

POLICEMAN

(in Japanese)

GET HIM IN! GET HIM IN!

Striking, Richter hustles toward the emergency vehicle. Then, just as they are about to enter the ambulance...

EXT. BUILDING ROOFTOP - DAY

The sniper FIRES! The SHOT RINGS OUT!

EXT. SAKURADA-DORI AVENUE - DAY

A Secret Service agent falls. The bullet, however, passes through his body IMPACTING the President in the shoulder blade.

EXT. BUILDING ROOFTOP - DAY

The sniper ejects the shell while running toward a rooftop door.

EXT. POLICE HELICOPTER - DAY

A POLICEMAN points to the rooftop. The pilot swoops down!

EXT. SAKURADA-DORI AVENUE - DAY

Richter stumbles, yet carries the President into the ambulance.

EXT. BUILDING ROOFTOP - DAY

The helicopter DIVES INTO FRAME, FIRING at the suspect while cutting him off from escape. He ducks, unsuccessfully searching for cover, reloading as he runs.

EXT. SAKURADA-DORI AVENUE - DAY

The ambulance TEARS OFF, south. SIRENS WAILING.

EXT. BUILDING ROOFTOP - DAY

PROPELLER blades THUNDER INTO FRAME. The sniper turns, FIRES, just as he's MACHINE GUNNED by the police officer.

The helicopter takes a hit, elliptically spinning out of control as the assassin is propelled backwards and over the rooftop.

EXT. SAKURADA-DORI AVENUE - DAY

The wounded assassin plummets from the rooftop, arms flailing.

EXT. BUILDING ROOFTOP - DAY

The helicopter CRASHES upon the building rooftop, rotor blades crumpling like paper before EXPLODING!

EXT. SAKURADA-DORI AVENUE - DAY - MOTORCADE VEHICLE

Shocked onlookers SCREAM as the assassin's body CRASHES onto the hood, indenting a foot deep into the vehicle.

EXT. TERANOMON HOSPITAL - DAY

Police clear the entrance as the ambulance approaches.

INT. AMBULANCE/POLICE VEHICLE - DAY

In shock, yet remaining intensely determined, Adam Richter holds the President of the United States in his arms as paramedics work furiously. The agent wipes blood out of his leader's eyes.

RICHTER'S POV - PRESIDENT GREER'S EYES

The ~~lids~~ flutter. An odd, scared, expression fill his eyes as if trying to understand what is occurring.

RICHTER'S EYES

stare helplessly into those of the man he holds. Desperate to get inside of them; to read if there is life. Within the next few hours... Richter will be closer than he ever imagined.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAUMA ROOM #6 - TORANOMON HOSPITAL - DAY

Surgical shears tear away President Greer's blood stained suit and shirt REVEALING a severe exit wound through the upper Pectoralis. His body lies in an ominous decorticated posture, sporadically convulsing.

Japanese DOCTORS and NURSES work in the controlled CHAOS of an E.R., intensified by the nature of the patient and circumstance.

INT. HOSPITAL CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The players in this room equal the intensity of the trauma team, realizing their actions in the next hour will be judged in infamy. Officials, both Japanese and American, are on the phones creating an AMBIANCE of CRISIS. Low light attempts to evoke a calming effect. Yet, under these conditions, the shadows appear to be lurking phantoms of war.

SUNDSTROM

The assassins were extreme Japanese nationalists trying to keep the West out of an Asian situation.

CABRERA

(into a phone)

Connect the Secretary of State to Ambassador Pudovkin immediately. The Russians must understand if they withdraw from NATO in the event of European involvement in this crisis, there is no going back.

GORDON

Vietnam just officially requested our intervention. They offered us our old base at Nha Trang. TMDI confirms Iranian activation of surface to air missiles.

GENERAL GILBRIDE

(into a phone)

Yes, Mr. Vice-President, I've placed U.S. Forces at DEFCON 3... We're awaiting a briefing on the President's condition... yes, sir.

Cabrera hangs up the phone, as does General Gilbride.

CABRERA

(desperately hopeful)

If the assassins were just extremists, the world couldn't use that as an excuse to start a war.

GENERAL GILBRIDE

Didn't stop it 100 years ago.

CONTINUED

Everyone eerily recalls the President's words of only a few hours earlier. No longer a speech, but a prophecy.

INT. TRAUMA ROOM #6 - TORANOMON HOSPITAL - DAY

CAMERA PICKS UP a DOCTOR hustling toward the President, eyes "raccooned" from bilateral periorbital ecchymosis. The Doctor begins inserting an endotracheal intubator into Greer's mouth with a brightly illuminated stylet, which visually assists the physician with proper placement into the trachea.

As CAMERA PUSHES TOWARD the throat, Adam Richter is REVEALED standing before the tiled wall. Suit and hands stained with blood, his eyes are locked on the President. In the F.G., Greer's throat glows beneath the skin...as if a portentous beacon.

A CORPORAL on Gilbride's staff approaches Richter.

CORPORAL
(a summons)
Agent Richter...

INT. HALLWAY - TORANOMON HOSPITAL - AFTERNOON

Down the hallway is an army of frantic international press, held back by Japanese Police. The corp ERUPT with questions and strobing camera FLASHES as Richter, lead by the Corporal exit the trauma center and start down the hall away from the press.

Richter freezes as an intern wheels past two gurneys carrying occupied body bags. Amongst Japanese writing is an identification label of the bodies inside: SPECIAL AGENT OWENS, EDWARD. SPECIAL AGENT COLQUITT, JACK. As Richter's eyes close, sickened...

RICHTER (V.O.)
My heart told me it was right.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL CONFERENCE ROOM - AFTERNOON

Richter perspires under questioning lead by CIA Assistant Director Sundstrom. General Gilbride, Cabrera and Gordon are now the only others in the room.

SUNDSTROM
Why did you issue an encoded route, then alter it?

RICHTER
He... the President altered the route.

CONTINUED

SUNDSTROM

He can't! In matters of security, a Secret Service Agent has command over even the Commander in Chief!

RICHTER

The President had symbolic historical motives which impressed upon me to...

Sundstrom takes an aggressive step toward Richter.

SUNDSTROM

So it's because of your actions, history has taken a new course...

Richter matches the move, refusing to back down.

RICHTER

"Because of me?!" No! No! I've been through this before. My country has hung me out to dry...

SUNDSTROM

And now President Greer will no longer go down in history as The Great peacekeeper...

RICHTER (CONT'D)

AND I STILL MAINTAIN A VOW TO GIVE MY LIFE FOR ITS CHIEF EXECUTIVE!

Amidst the outburst, a door OPENS, O.S.

SUNDSTROM (CONT'D)

But as the President whose assassination began World War Three!

JOCELYN GREER (O.S.)

Not as long as he's still President.

All eyes turn toward...

JOCELYN GREER

stands in the doorway, clothes indelibly stained with blood. She appears courageous with Faith.

JOCELYN GREER (CONT'D)

And never... while he's still alive.

Beside her are three surgeons, DR. YAMORI, DR. MATSUMOTO and Naval Surgeon CAPTAIN WATKINS. An enigmatic Japanese official, PROFESSOR S.I. YEO, accompanies them.

CONTINUED

WIDER

Richter stares guiltily at the First Lady. The President's staff is silenced. General Gilbride eyes the physicians, realizing it is time for a report on the President's condition. He turns to Richter...

GENERAL GILBRIDE
Agent Richter... wait downstairs.

Richter pauses, angrily eyes Sundstrom, then begins to leave...

JOCELYN GREER

focuses on Richter as he moves toward the door.

JOCELYN GREER'S POV - RICHTER

Stains of her husband's blood, her own and the agent's are mixed within his clothes and on his hands.

WIDER

Mrs. Greer looks to her own hands and clothing in the exact condition as Richter's.

JOCELYN GREER
Stay here, Agent Richter.

Richter pauses, unsure, along with the others.

GORDON
Jocelyn, there's no need for
Secret Service. You'll be safe...

JOCELYN GREER
He stays.

SUNDSTROM
Mrs. Greer, what we are about to
discuss in this room will be
classified. He does not have
proper...

JOCELYN GREER
(cuts him off)
He deserves to know. Agent
Richter is the only other one
who can understand.

She turns to Richter, causing him to lift his hands and looks at the dead. He eyes Greer, affirming her statement. She sits down.

The others do not like it, but time is of the essence.

CONTINUED

GENERAL GILBRIDE

Doctors...

The three surgeons move to the table. Professor Yeo remains in the darkness. Watkins operates a panel inlaid in the table, further dimming the lights.

DR. YAMORI

President Greer is in critical and unstable condition, with a Glasgow Coma Scale rating of "three."

GORDON

Out of what? Five? Ten?

CAPTAIN WATKINS

Frankly, if the rating were "two"... the flags would be flying at half mast.

A sick silence clouds the room. Dr. Matsumoto inserts an optical disc into the panel, engages some switches, and initiates a three dimensional MRI hologram of the sternum; rotating ominously about a foot above the table.

DR. MATSUMOTO

There were, primarily, two major traumas. The gunshot wound severed the subclavian artery. Bullet fragments were extracted and a subclavian-carotid transposition was performed...

The hologram animates, illustrating what Takahashi describes. An artery in the upper chest is connected to an artery near the neck.

DR. MATSUMOTO (CONT'D)

The severed subclavian was successfully transected and sutured to the carotid arteriotomy. This trauma has stabilized and is being monitored, although the wound may have aggravated the major problem.

(beat)

Which is here...

Takahashi engages another switch, altering the hologram to an eerie rotating MRI image of the internal head and brain.

The reflection spins in professor Yeo's eyeglasses.

CONTINUED

DR. YAMORI

The patient suffered a focal brain contusion in the blast concussion.

Richter averts his eyes, guilty.

DR. YAMORI (CONT'D)

Intercranial hemorrhaging has created an extreme complication...

Takahashi magnifies the image, focusing on the inner forebrain.

DR. YAMORI

Magnetic Resonance Holography has detected a small, but dangerous hematoma... a clot... positioned deep in the Medial region near the Hippocampus.

The General turns to a fellow American for a summation...

CAPTAIN WATKINS

If it were any other patient, under any other circumstances... I would term it "inoperable."

RICHTER

But it's not "any other patient" or circumstances... so what will you do?

It is not Richter's place to speak up, but the others let it slide, wanting an answer to the question. The doctors eye Professor Yeo, who remains silent... listening... waiting.

DR. MATSUMOTO

The hematoma is accumulating. If not somehow extracted, a profound and lethal stroke will occur.

DR. YAMORI

Any attempt to remove the clot via neurosurgical microtechniques or even bipolar laser surgery could create lesions, damaging the Hippocampal and impairing long term memory processing.

Gilbert looks to Watkins for a frank elaboration.

CONTINUED

CAPTAIN WATKINS

Mr. Greer'd be unable to process new information. He would know he was the President, but wouldn't be able to remember what he's supposed to do about it on any given day.

DR. MATSUMOTO

(to Jocelyn)

Regrettably, madame, it is a choice between recovery with compromised mental capacity... or no recovery.

The President's staff is silent. Mr. Yeo eyes Dr. Yamori, who averts his eyes as if reluctant to take responsibility with a deep secret.

Nathan Gordon approaches the First Lady, her eyes on the hologram. Gordon clicks a button and the image vanishes.

GORDON

(gently)

Jocelyn... perhaps you should call Vice President Walden and ask that he preside at the Peace Talks.

Tears well in her eyes, knowing what this really means.

JOCELYN GREER

Couldn't it be delayed?

GORDON

The ambassadors have already threatened to dissolve the summit. We must use every mean available to keep the talks on track before war breaks out.

Richter is about to speak up, however restrains himself. But as the First Lady pulls the phone slowly toward her...

RICHTER

Imagine the "historic symbolic significance" if the President were to still sign that treaty.

All eyes whip to him. Mrs. Greer's are the only pair without anger.

CONTINUED

GENERAL GILBRIDE
Richter, you are way out of
line!

GORDON
(RE: First Lady)
Jesus, Richter, have you no
respect?

RICHTER
I have respect for what the
President was trying to achieve.

Professor Yeo steps quietly out of the darkness, awkwardly
bows...

PROFESSOR YEO
Pardon me...

In the heat of the moment, he is ignored.

GORDON
After what these men have just
reported, It is an insult to the
President to even suggest...!

RICHTER
It's an insult to his spirit to
give up so goddamn easily!

CABRERA
THERE IS A LARGER ISSUE AT STAKE
HERE!

RICHTER
HE STANDS FOR THE LARGER ISSUE!

PROFESSOR YEO
Excuse me...

Everyone in the room turns to the mysterious individual.

PROFESSOR YEO
There exists... an extreme...
possibility.

CUT TO:

EXT: SHIMANE - DAY

A hillside shrine overlooks Tokyo. In the distance, an angry Sun
now sets behind Mount Fuji-San. The area is peaceful. Spiritual.

A Japanese woman, YUKO ITONAGA, mid-twenties, and quite
beautiful, holds a small pentagonal piece of wood with a string
through the apex. She ties the ema amongst hundreds of other
pieces of wood, each displaying a written prayer or wish. Yuko's
prayer is: "MAY THE AMERICAN PRESIDENT LIVE AND BRING PEACE."

CONTINUED

As she reflects, a car APPROACHES. Yuko is not distracted until the car DOORS OPEN. She turns.

YUKO'S POV - CAR

A Japanese military officer stands beside the car below the shrine. He bows to her, as a U.S. Officer waits in the vehicle.

YUKO

turns back to the shrine, anxious, yet sensing she will play a part in the answering of her prayers.

CUT TO:

INT. KARAOKE BAR - NIGHT - MOUNTED VIDEO MONITOR

The Sky News Network reports the tragic events of the day. The ~~Sound~~ is DOWN as, in a home video LONG SHOT, the presidential ~~line~~ explodes. Oddly, the images are accompanied by the soft ~~brass~~ and woodwind groove of "I've Got You Under My Skin."

~~Camera~~ PULLS BACK REVEALING a crowded bar filled with Japanese businessman, tense and frightened by the current crisis. Each a bit drunk, they turn their heads, in unison, annoyed and ~~offended~~ by the inappropriate singing coming from the karaoke ~~stage~~.

UNDERHILL (O.S.)

I've got youuuuu. Under my skin...

~~Camera~~ PANS to DR. JASON UNDERHILL, 40's, American, singing to the karaoke machine. Eccentric, Underhill is cut from the cloth of rebellious, yet extraordinary, scientist; Einstein or ~~Frank~~. Groovin', he is intentionally oblivious to the crisis.

UNDERHILL (CONT'D)

I've got you, deep in the heart of me. So deep in my heart...

~~A~~ AMERICAN AND JAPANESE MILITARY OFFICERS

~~run~~ through the packed bar directly to the stage.

UNDERHILL

That you're really a part of me...

(cooly salutes)

Easy, boys, you'll get your turn. I ain't even to the swingin' part.

CONTINUED

AMERICAN OFFICER
Dr. Underhill... your country
needs you.

A beat as Underhill studies each officer...

UNDERHILL
Which one?

CUT TO:

INT. OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT - AN OVERHEAD SURGICAL LAMP
turns on, blinding INTO CAMERA.

SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS

light glints off the metal tools as they are lined on a tray.

INT. HALLWAY - SURGERY - TORANOMON HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Six pairs of armed Japanese and American military personnel
escort a Japanese SCIENTIST carrying a square foot metal case,
handcuffed to his wrist. Several other scientists urgently wheel
encased high tech equipment and containers down the hallway.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - TORANOMON HOSPITAL - NIGHT

NURSES and INTERNS expeditiously prepare the operating theatre.

INT. SURGICAL PREP ROOM - NIGHT

The armed escorts enter, followed by the Japanese scientists who
immediately begin assembling their mysterious equipment.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - ABOVE OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

Overlooking the surgical theatre, behind angled glass, sits Yuko
Itonaga operating several quantum computer monitors. CAMERA
CREEPS IN as she works. Data and information, in Japanese, flash
past until...AS CAMERA REACHES the monitor, a half dozen
schematically rendered images appear...

Technologically frightening, the metallic images are cylindrical
with extended, jointed, arms and arachnoid pedipalps which are
balled shears. Although faceless, the images feel horrifyingly
vicious. Man made mechanical scorpions, known as "NANOBOTS."

O.S., a door OPENS. Yuko turns...

ADAM RICHTER

His eyes meet hers, then dart to the monitor. His already
intense expression turns suspicious.

CONTINUED

WIDER

Yuko continues working, defensively rejecting Richter's concern. The First lady, Professor Yeo and the Presidential advisors enter.

PROFESSOR YEO

This is Dr. Itonaga Yuko. She developed the necessary software and will monitor the procedure.

Prof. Yeo checks the computer. The others look down to the surgical team preparing below. Richter moves covertly to Gilbride.

RICHTER

General, are you at all familiar with Doctor Jason Underhill?

Although whispered, overhearing the name causes Yuko and Professor Yeo to eye Richter and Gilbride.

GENERAL GILBRIDE

Only what the professor just reported.

RICHTER

It is my duty to keep tabs on U.S. political threats in Japan. And it is my adamant opinion, that Underhill is an unacceptable security risk.

Sundstrom overhears and moves toward the two men. Professor Yeo and Yuko continue eavesdropping on the conversation.

SUNDSTROM

In what way unacceptable?

RICHTER

In '99 he was forced to resign tenure at M.I.T. for refusing to divulge his findings in a government funded study of *Military Applications of Bio-Molecular Systems Engineering*. In 2004, he plea bargained out of an industrial espionage conviction. Caught hacking into a Merck database on Protein Engineering.

Sundstrom eyes General Gilbride, concerned.

CONTINUED

RICHTER (CONT'D)

Then he vanished. Turned up two years later, working secretly for the Japanese Ministry of Exploratory Research in Advanced Technology.

(beat)

We should insist someone else supervise the procedure.

Incensed, Yuko turns. Prof. Yeo sets a restraining hand on her.

GENERAL GILBRIDE

He's a pioneer in the field of nanotechnology. We have no other choice.

RICHTER

We're placing the life of the President, and the world, in the hands of this man. Given Underhill's past history, I question his potential agenda in the next crucial hours.

Underhill enters at the tail end of Richter's accusation...

UNDERHILL

Well, given this reception, I think I'll go put on a coat.

(to Richter)

So, you must be the one who sends all those crabby men with the nice ties to check up on me whenever the President pops into town.

RICHTER

Your "feelings" about the United States are quite public...Doctor.

UNDERHILL

(nods, conceding)

Yes. But I'm told the World is on the brink of war. And even a man without a country can call the World home.

RICHTER

Professor, what assurances do we have that Dr. Underhill will not... make the most... of this "opportunity?"

Yuko takes off Yeo's restraining hand, rises.

CONTINUED

YUKO

The only "opportunity" here is to substantiate the innovative theories of an unequivocal genius that YOU CAN'T EVEN BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND!

UNDERHILL

(exaggerated pride)

"Unequivocal," no less!

(beat)

Let's go. Is the system up, Yuko?

RICHTER

(to Yuko)

You don't think I was able to get my hands on his M.I.T. study?

Underhill hesitates, trying to hide his alarm. Yuko eyes Professor Yeo, shocked. Sundstrom looks to Richter, impressed.

RICHTER (CONT'D)

You don't think I knew he was here in Japan secretly working on these miniaturized robots...

Richter THUNKS the Nanobots on the monitor with his knuckle. Underhill turns agitated, reflecting the passion for his work.

UNDERHILL

Um... no... no... see, if you truly understood, you would never say "miniaturized." Action figures of Darth Vader are miniatures.

(touching the screen)

Nanotechnology is a microscopic, molecular Lego set. These "nanobots" were constructed... atom by atom. I built them... built them... at a size six times smaller than this decimal.

Underhill indicates a dot on the screen. CAMERA PUSHES IN the DOT.

UNDERHILL (CONT'D)

Yet each has the strength of a bulldozer, the precision of a laser... and the memory of this computer.

CONTINUED

Then, just as OMINOUSLY, CAMERA PULLS BACK as Richter examines the nanobots, awed. His gut instincts, however, are alarmed.

CUT TO:

INT. SURGICAL PREP ROOM - NIGHT - THE SQUARE FOOT METAL CASE

opens, spilling freon vapor, obscuring the unprecedented contents.

UNDERHILL (V.O.)

First theorized by Feynman in 1959, it took half a century to reach a breakthrough...

UNDERHILL

surgically masked, operates the controls and video assist of an Atomic Force Microscope. The robotic arm maneuvers over the case.

UNDERHILL (CONT'D V.O.)

A microscopic factory, a system called "The Universal Assembler."

VIDEO MONITOR - (MAGNIFIED)

Indeed, hermetically enclosed in the cooled case, is an array of microscopic parts built of diamonoid; sorting rotors, molecular conveyor belts, a single Molecular Manipulator.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - ABOVE OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

A computer monitor displays an image of the Molecular Manipulator. Made of only four million atoms, its circular base extends up into a robotic arm made of several rotary joints and a telescoping joint, capable of incredible movement and precision. At the tip is a socket large enough for a single atom.

UNDERHILL (CONT'D V.O.)

Guided by computer, a Molecular Manipulator replicates itself. The copy builds a copy, then the copies build copies.

With incredible speed, the Manipulator plucks an atom fed to it by an atomic conveyor belt and begins building an exact copy.

UNDERHILL (CONT'D V.O.)

From one Manipulator, a trillion can be made in less than a day.

The completed "new" Molecular Manipulator begins constructing another in its image, while the original does the same, thus constantly doubling the number of building machines.

CONTINUED

UNDERHILL (CONT'D V.O.)

Once a needed supply of Manipulators have been built, the machines move on to construct nanobots. Since nanoscale construction consists of only thousands of atoms, a nanobot can be conceived, designed and produced within hours.

INT. SURGICAL PREP ROOM - NIGHT

Several "mini-keg" sized, refrigerated containers each labeled to identify the raw materials enclosed, encircle the outlying area. The vats are marked; "H," "C," "N," "O," "F," "P," "S," "Cl," "Si." Micro-tubes extend from the containers to the tiny factory.

UNDERHILL (CONT'D V.O.)

The raw materials are dissolved in fluids, enabling the Assembler to easily "grab" individual atoms.

Underhill looks to one of several monitors in which, greatly magnified, sorting rotors turn, grab an atom and pass it along onto a conveyor belt leading to a Molecular Manipulator.

INT. AT THE MOLECULAR LEVEL

The size of a wrecking ball, a Carbon atom, held in the tip of the Molecular Manipulator, is secured beside another Carbon atom.

UNDERHILL (CONT'D V.O.)

Because the nanobots are built precisely atom by atom, the materials are flawless. Nearly indestructible.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - ABOVE OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT - MONITOR

Yuko monitors the Molecular Manipulators' construction of the Nanobots, which are visualized on the screen. The threatening creations are fifty percent complete.

UNDERHILL (CONT'D V.O.)

The only potential failure is damage from heat. Which, at the molecular level, is not a problem of temperature, but of particle vibration.

CONTINUED

INT. AT THE MOLECULAR LEVEL

A single completed nanobot appears Titanic. The entire construction trembles from heat/vibration.

UNDERHILL (CONT'D V.O.)

Too much "heat" will cause the nanobots to be violently shaken apart.

INT. SURGICAL PREP ROOM - NIGHT

Scrubbed for surgery, Underhill observes a NURSE preparing a Luer-Lock syringe, holding less than 2 cubic centimeters of plasma. She hands it to Underhill, turning to the Atomic Force Microscope. Magnified, the enormous needle blocks the FRAME.

UNDERHILL (CONT'D V.O.)

These... "nanobots", which have never before been used, are designed and programmed to be molecular surgeons.

The clawed vicious micromachines disappear into the needle tip.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - TORANOMON HOSPITAL - NIGHT

President Greer is wheeled into the room, a catheter has been inserted just below the neck. A respirator heaves his chest mechanically. His eyes are taped closed. Nurses hurriedly place electrodes upon him while activating life monitoring machines.

UNDERHILL (CONT'D V.O.)

Operating on an internal computer, capable of interfacing with our macroscale computers, the nanobots will be injected into the President's Carotid artery and travel the cardiovascular system to the brain.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - ABOVE OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

The expression of anxiety is intense upon Jocelyn Greer. CAMERA PUSHES INTO Richter as he approaches behind her, intently focused on the operating room below.

UNDERHILL (CONT'D V.O.)

At the site, electrical charges will loosen, while rotary shears cut away the clot. Glutamate will then be released to facilitate neuro-transmission.

(more)

CONTINUED

UNDERHILL (cont'd; CONT'D V.O.)
 Once the operation is complete,
 the nanobots will be guided to
 exit the body through the
 urethra.

THE COMPUTER MONITORS

reflect an intricate MRI "map" of the President's arterial
 system leading into the brain. Yuko speaks into an intercom.

YUKO
 All systems nominal.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - TORANOMON HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Underhill approaches the catheter, carefully inserts the syringe
 into the tube, then depresses the plunger. CAMERA PUSHES INTO
 THE PLASMA entering the President's body, teasingly close to
 traveling inside. CAMERA, however, RISES TO UNDERHILL. Then, in
 what could be taken somewhat ominously...

UNDERHILL
 (singing; to himself)
*Don't you know, little fool, you
 never can win... 'Cause I've got
 youuuuu... under my skin.*

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

A pinpoint glow emits from the MRI map, in the Carotid artery.
 Richter, the President's wife and his advisors huddled around
 the computer screens. Yuko monitors the nanobots progress.

YUKO
 The nanobots are coated with
 Technetium, a radionuclide,
 enabling us to track them for
 six hours.
 (into intercom)
 Injection nominal, Doctor.

UNDERHILL
 Engage the untethered digital
 fluoroscope.

She touches some icons on the screen and in a moment, a macabre
 image appears. Resembling conventional video fluoroscopy, the
 circular image is dark in the outlining areas. Eerie, like
 robotic CAMERAS exploring the ocean floor. Cloudy from the
 swiftly moving blood, tiny lights illuminate the tunnel-like
 passage. The nanobots are moving at a rapid velocity.

CONTINUED

RICHTER

CAMERA PUSHES IN ON the agent, mesmerized...

INT. OPERATING ROOM - TORANOMON HOSPITAL - NIGHT - UNDERHILL

His eyes turn to the observation room, restraining his elation.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - ABOVE OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

Jocelyn Greer cannot restrain her emotions. Her breaths quicken as the tiny squadron of nanobots continues on the attack.

Yuko notes something on the screen, puzzled.

COMPUTER MONITOR - NANOBOT'S POV

A small deposit of material collects upon the arterial wall. The battery of nanobots viciously swarms toward it, shears extended; whirling furiously. Sparks emit from the tips.

YUKO

tenses. Quickly into the intercom...

YUKO

Doctor, it appears the nanobots
are veering off course toward an
apparent cholesterol deposit in
the Carotid.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - TORANOMON HOSPITAL - NIGHT - UNDERHILL

Underhill checks his video assist monitor, puzzled. Then, with restrained urgency...

UNDERHILL

Override internal programming
and command them to surpass the
deposit.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - ABOVE OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

Yuko touches the screen, checks the monitor.

COMPUTER MONITOR - NANOBOT'S POV

The nanobots are about to attack the unprogrammed deposit in the artery, then suddenly...the screen turns dark.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - TORANOMON HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Underhill's monitor also turns off.

CONTINUED

UNDERHILL

Turn the monitor back on, Yuko.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - ABOVE OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

YUKO

(unnerved)

I didn't turn it off!

INT. OPERATING ROOM - TORANOMON HOSPITAL - NIGHT

UNDERHILL

Did you override their central
processing unit?

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - ABOVE OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

YUKO

Yes, sir! They...they turned off
our monitor. They overrode us!

INT. OPERATING ROOM - TORANOMON HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Horrified, Underhill races out of the operating room.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT - THE MRI CARDIOVASCULAR MAP

reflects the nanobots position in the President's body, the tiny
machines have grouped together and are holding in the neck...

WIDER

Underhill hustles into the room, directly to the monitors.

JOCELYN GREER

What's going on?

Underhill eyes Professor Yeo. Both are increasingly anxious.

RICHTER

Answer her!

UNDERHILL

I don't know. They're programmed
to clear "blockage." We didn't
anticipate any other than the
brain clot.

PROFESSOR YEO

Since they are holding at the
site of this deposit, they will
probably clear this blockage
then continue to their
programmed path in the brain.

CONTINUED

RICHTER

And if not?

Underhill subtly eyes Professor Yeo. Richter reads this, aware they are hiding something.

RICHTER

Abort this mission!

Underhill raises a hand, a gesture to wait. Everyone's eyes lock on the screen. The robots continue holding. CAMERA PUSHES INTO the screen as suddenly...the solid mass, representing the collected nanobots, breaks off into six separate blips, dispersing rapidly throughout the body.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - TORANOMON HOSPITAL - NIGHT

President Greer convulses on the table. Life monitoring machines SOUND ALARMS! A bruise appears beneath the skin at the neck.

DR. MATSUMOTO

He's hemorrhaging!

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - ABOVE OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

UNDERHILL

They've cut through the arterial wall.

(into headphone)

Suture the artery!

INT. OPERATING ROOM - TORANOMON HOSPITAL - NIGHT

The surgical team quickly moves over the table. Dr. Yamori swings a laser scalpel into position.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - ABOVE OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

Underhill furiously inputs commands. No response.

GENERAL GILBRIDE

They're moving throughout the body!

RICHTER

I knew you'd try something like this!

UNDERHILL

Then you should get your own Psychic Friends Hotline, because there is NO WAY ANYONE COULD BE SURE THIS WOULD HAPPEN!

CONTINUED

YUKO

I took EVERY precaution!

Underhill and Prof. Yeo subtly eye Yuko, as if she has slipped and said too much. There is a sick pause from the others...

GORDON

"Took every precaution"
against... what?

Richter steps forward as Underhill and Professor Yeo hesitate, reluctant to respond.

RICHTER

You used soft computing. Didn't you?

While Mrs. Greer and the advisors look to Richter, puzzled. Underhill and Yeo avert their eyes, abstaining from confirmation. And yet for Richter, their silence is just that...confirmation.

RICHTER (CONT'D)

Dr. Underhill has professed the use of Artificial Intelligence in these nanomachines. Soft computing are computer programs tolerant of imprecision, uncertainties and partial truths. He gave these things goddamned minds of their own!

UNDERHILL

(defensive)

Giving them the ability to overcome unforeseen obstacles, on their own, increases the chance for success.

RICHTER

Giving them "thought" increased the chance they could, and did, develop the intangibles that lie in the human mind. Self awareness. Self-determination. Instinct... for survival.

Jocelyn Greer looks down at her husband being attended to by the surgical team. Her voice cracks as...

JOCELYN GREER

Are you saying those machines will continue moving throughout his body... doing as they please?

CONTINUED

RICHTER
Attacking the President's
antibodies, decimating his
immune system...

UNDERHILL
(quietly, to Greer)
Yes, ma'am. That's correct.

A stunned, shocked silence. Gordon turns to General Gilbride.

GORDON
I'll notify the Vice-president.

GENERAL GILBRIDE
Inform him I'm placing our
forces at DEFCON 2. And advising
Fleet Admiral Ross to dispatch
the Seventh Fleet to the South
China Sea.

The First Lady desperately moves toward underhill.

JOCELYN GREER
Are there no other possible
options?

Underhill seems to be considering a desperate option. Yuko eyes
him and then professor Yeo, who averts his eyes.

RICHTER
Didn't you say that heat...
molecular vibration... would
break them down?

PROFESSOR YEO
We would have to increase the
President's body temperature to
dangerous levels. In his
condition, it would do more harm
than good.

JOCELYN GREER
You said it doesn't take long to
build more machines. Couldn't
you build machines to destroy
these machines?

CABRERA
Without Artificial Intelligence;
that you could control?

CONTINUED

GENERAL GILBRIDE

An Army of soldiers, able to think on their feet, will always defeat an army waiting for commands.

SUNDSTROM

More machines?! These things didn't work right in the first place.

Underhill stands, pounding his fists on the computer console.

UNDERHILL

IT WASN'T THE MACHINES! The nanotechnology was successful! The problem is in the programming. Something went wrong in the software.

Now, all eyes suspiciously turn to Yuko, who tenses, alarmed.

SUNDSTROM

Agent Richter... what do you know of Dr. Itonaga's... past?

Reflexively, Yuko looks to Richter for help. He eyes her...

RICHTER

Given Dr. Underhill's past, I have a gut feeling she's innocent.

SUNDSTROM

Your "gut feelings" are what got us here.

Yuko's eyes remain locked on Richter's. Her breaths quicken. Then, partly in answer to Sundstrom's suspicions and mainly desperate for a solution...

YUKO

There is "Project Mini Skirt."

Everyone turns to her, except Underhill who appears to be weighing the decision to reveal the secret.

PROFESSOR YEO

(in Japanese)

Dr. Itonaga, you are in no position to mention a classified program!

Underhill turns to the computer, touches the monitor.

CONTINUED

RICHTER
(forcefully)
Tell us what it is.

UNDERHILL
Agent Richter, don't tell me!
Something you don't already know
about?!

Underhill gestures to the computer monitor. CAMERA PUSHES IN to the screen...a design...a totally bitchin' high tech submarine appears on the monitor. Angled, sleek rudders. Built for power and speed. Communication antennae. A double barrelled laser cannon in an acrylic enclosed turret. Torpedo launching tubes.

UNDERHILL
This is "The Proteus."
(beat)
It's the most sophisticated
submersible ever built.

GENERAL GILBRIDE
Underhill, we've built
submarines that outclassed your
Proteus twenty-five years ago.

UNDERHILL
This one's 100 micrometers.
(beat)
Roughly, the size of 5 human
cells.

RICHTER
We've just rejected the idea of
sending in more machines.

UNDERHILL
But we haven't rejected the idea
of sending in... people.

Richter is stunned. The others look, reacting as if it's some kind of joke. As Underhill eyes them, assuring it is not...

CUT TO:

EXT. 72 USS ABRAHAM LINCOLN - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAWN

The ~~Smith~~ ^{Armitz} class Supercarrier cuts through the open ocean, escorted by the ships in its battle group.

LT. DODD (V.O.)
(cadence rhythm)
Up from a submarine 50 feet
below...

EXT. FLIGHT DECK - USS ABRAHAM LINCOLN - DAWN

A group of eight silhouettes, a partial platoon of Navy SEALs, maintaining their fitness, run the vacant flight deck.

PLATOON

Hit the surface and we're ready
to go!

LT. DODD

Backstroke, sidestroke, swim to
the shore...

PLATOON

Hit the beach and we're ready
for war!

A figure steps INTO FRAME. The USS Lincoln's COMMODORE ROSS stands in the path of the platoon, awaiting their arrival.

LT. DODD

AH-GOTTA BE!

PLATOON

AH-GOTTA BE!

LT. DODD

AH-NA-VY!

PLATOON

AH-NA-VY!

LT. DODD

SEAL TEAM!

PLATOON

SEAL TEAM!

The platoon reaches Commodore Ross' position. LIEUTENANT ANTHONY DODD, a no nonsense leader, stops his team.

LT. DODD

TEAM HALT!

The unit stands at attention while the Commodore studies them, the ocean wind cutting across his uniform.

COMMODORE

Submersible Delivery Team Four,
you have been selected for a
mission vital to your Commander-
in-Chief, your country and the
free World.

(more)

CONTINUED

COMMOLORE (cont'd)

(beat)

The mission, classified
"compartmentalized," is so above
and beyond the call of duty,
that, should you not accept the
mission, you will suffer no
repercussions to rank, duty...
or honor.

He eyes the squad, sweat dripping from their faces.

COMMODORE

All those accepting this
assignment... are to report to
the *Sea Knight* pad on the double.

With those words, the platoon responds with a deep and loud,
"Yes, sir!" To a sailor, they accept the mission, racing off
across the flight deck. Commodore Ross proudly stands alone
against the backdrop of the Pacific.

CUT TO:

EXT. CVN 72 USS ABRAHAM LINCOLN - PACIFIC OCEAN - DUSK

Rotors whirling furiously, a Navy CH-46D *Sea Knight* helicopter
lifts off the flight deck and swoops out across the ocean.

INT. SEA KNIGHT HELICOPTER - MORNING

CAMERA MOVES ACROSS the SEAL team in the transport chopper.
Their adrenaline rush is barely masked by their cool
professional attitude. At the tail of the craft, away from the
others, sits Petty Officer Second Class(PO2), NATRONE POOLEY, a
chiseled African American from Shreveport, Louisiana. He's
huddled by himself, hiding the fact he's sucking hard on a
Marlboro red.

Although the smallest, ANNE YODER is probably the toughest and
definitely the most attractive Chief Petty Officer(CPO) on the
team. She furrows her brow, sniffing Pooley's second hand smoke.

YODER

Jesus, when are you gonna learn?

POOLEY

(holding an inhale)

Hey, anyone can quit smoking. It
takes a man to fight cancer!

PO2 ANDY HUCKEBA, is a mountainous red head from Macon, Georgia.
He's slow, but not a dim-witted red-neck.

CONTINUED

HUCKEBA

How could you do that to your lungs, "Fooley?". At any time, we could be swimmin' an hour downunder before we hit a beach.

Even an oblique mention of the mission fires everyone's curiosity. They eye Lt. Dodd to assure he's not listening, then in a lowered tone, CHUCK BULINSKI, PO1, Philadelphia, leans to Huckleba.

BULINSKI

Whatta you heard?

HUCKEBA

Cigarettes contain carbon monoxide...

BULINSKI

About the mission, pogue. You said "we could be swimmin' for an hour."

HUCKEBA

Nah, it's just that's what we always do, seems like.

PO1, RAYMOND TUBBS, an African-American from Gary, Indiana is married to the Navy. Thinks he knows it all, makes him a bigot.

TUBBS

I say, we're doin' a lil' U.D. Blowin' up some of them "Hong Kong Fooey" boats off Taiwan.

Everyone dismisses his racial cracks.

YODER

Maybe we're bein' sent to get payback on who shot the President.

The team clown, DAVE AGUNDES, PO2, Los Angeles; chimes in...

AGUNDES

(ala Yoda)

Ah, Yoder knows all, she does!

POOLEY

"Yoda's" right. They didn't even have us pack any gear.

CONTINUED

BULINSKI

Least we usually know who the enemy is. Anybody heard which side we're on?

The second female team member is PO1 NANCY FERKOVICH, with a neck as thick as any of the men.

FERKOVICH

Never hearda nobody bein' told they could turn down an assignment. It's gotta be hairy.

Lt. Dodd overhears, as well as reads the tension.

LT. DODD

Knock it off. You people know better. All you need to know is we are the "force of choice" and I shall lead you and bring you back from places none imagined it is "good to go."

CUT TO:

INT. OPERATING ROOM - TORANOMON HOSPITAL - MORNING

The SEAL team's destination lies on a gurney, respirator taped to his mouth. Behind the unconscious President is a flurry of activity. His body is secured to the table, then covered with a metallic blanket. He is being prepared for transport.

GORDON (V.O.)

I will not comment on President Greer's condition...

INT. PRESS ROOM - TORANOMON HOSPITAL - DAY

Security Advisor Gordon is holding a press conference, jammed packed with frenzied REPORTERS. Still CAMERAS FLASHING...

GORDON (CONT'D)

Other than to assure the good people of the United States and the World... he is alive.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - ABOVE OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

Jocelyn Greer watches from above as a covert team of interns move her husband out of the room. Richter approaches her, indicating it is time to leave.

CONTINUED

CBS REPORTER (V.O.)

The promise of President Greer's continued involvement appears to be the glue that's holding the summit together. Will he be present to sign the Peace Accord in four days?

Richter and Yuko exchange uncertain glances at one another as the Secret Service Agent escorts the First Lady out of the room. As Yuko turns to complete the shut down of the computers...

INT. PRESS ROOM - TORANOMON HOSPITAL - DAY

GORDON

Everything humanly possible... and impossible... is being done to avert the current crisis.

INT. UNDERGROUND LOADING DOCK - TORANOMON HOSPITAL - DAY

General Gilbride and Professor Yeo covertly stand beside a hospital linen supply truck. The truck doors open REVEALING an array of medical monitoring equipment.

A cargo door to the hospital opens. Richter steps outside and looks to Gilbride, who nods, "all clear." Richter turns and gestures inside the hospital, "let's go."

CNN REPORTER (V.O.)

Is it true the President is being moved to an experimental facility?

The other cargo door opens and the President is hurriedly, yet carefully wheeled into the disguised ambulance.

INT. PRESS ROOM - TORANOMON HOSPITAL - DAY

Gordon furrows his brow, forcing a chuckle at the rumor.

GORDON

I don't know where you people get these things. No, no truth whatsoever.

As the crazed international press fight to deliver the next question...

CUT TO:

EXT. SAKURADA DORI AVENUE - DAY - THE LINEN SUPPLY TRUCK

Drives through downtown Tokyo traffic, everyone oblivious to the vital contents. An unmarked blue van follows close behind.

INT. BLUE VAN - DAY

A Japanese military officer drives. Underhill rides shotgun, while Mrs. Greer, in a makeshift sunglasses and hat disguise, is sandwiched between Yuko and Adam Richter.

UNDERHILL

There is a precedence for this, you know. In 1893, Grover Cleveland was diagnosed with mouth cancer. He disappeared, while president, for two weeks. On a boat to Nova Scotia, doctors replaced his lower jaw with a rubber plate. The public was totally unaware. 'magine that.

Richter and the First Lady exchange "what an asshole" glances while Underhill wiggles his chin, imagining a rubber jaw.

UNDERHILL

We always believe "times have changed." That something like that could never happen again, but maybe in a hundred years what we're doing today will be talked about as a little known fact.

The van passes a blockaded area. The spot of yesterday's assassination attempt. Richter looks to the investigating PERSONNEL. He turns back, sick with guilt.

RICHTER

If this doesn't work... there won't be anyone left to talk about it.

CUT TO:

EXT. JAPANESE MINISTRY OF SCIENCE - DAY

The linen van arrives at the entrance of a building identified in Japanese and English: JAPANESE MINISTRY OF EXPLORATORY RESEARCH IN ADVANCED TECHNOLOGY. The van pulls around to the rear of the facility. The blue van follows.

EXT. REAR ENTRANCE - MINISTRY OF SCIENCE - DAY

Large doors are opened by Japanese military personnel. The linen supply vehicle pulls inside of the ministry, as does the blue van. The soldiers close the door before assuming an armed sentry.

INT. EXPERIMENTAL LABORATORY - MINISTRY OF SCIENCE - DAY

Chromium elevator doors open. Paramedics wheel the President out, followed by Richter, Underhill, Yuko, Gilbride, and Yeo.

President Greer's gurney is wheeled into position, the human paramedics leave as a half dozen ominous medical robots move into position; executing their programmed roles in attending to the patient. The President appears even more fragile amongst the high tech machinery.

The stark image is startling to Mrs. Greer, who is comforted by Richter. Underhill looks to Yuko and subtly gestures with his head "get her outta here."

Yuko moves to the First Lady, gesturing politely for her to follow. Jocelyn looks to Richter, who nods assuring her to follow Yuko. The two women leave.

Richter chases after Underhill who meets the awaiting Prof. Yeo and General Gilbride by a door.

UNDERHILL

The Proteus must run on an internal central processing unit. Yuko will have to go to operate the computer. I want complete control, in body.

RICHTER

Then I'm going in, also.

UNDERHILL

No. With me, Yuko and the SEAL team, there's no more room.

RICHTER

I'm not taking my eyes off of you.

UNDERHILL

You'll be able to see me fine... in the Atomic Force Microscope.

A laser emits from the wall performing a retinal scan on Underhill.

UNDERHILL

Besides, once these doors open, I doubt that I'm going to be the object of your attention.

The doors open REVEALING a cooled room bathed in eerie blue light.

INT. MOLECULAR DISASSEMBLY ROOM - DAY

A dozen tables are positioned in the room, monitored by industrial robots. Outlining each table, flat to its surface, is what appears to be an undulating metallic mass, a "gray goo." The elements of the previously seen "Universal Assembler" are all in place; connected to the tables are a complex system of micro tubes and computers leading to several dozen Element Storage containers, again marked "H," "C," "O," "N," "Na," etc..

Underhill takes in the room while moving to the table, approvingly. Professor Yeo turns to Richter and Gilbride.

PROFESSOR YEO

What you see in the circumference are trillions of Molecular Manipulators. Which for this operation, have been reverse programmed to become... "Disassemblers."

INT. MOLECULAR MNEMONICS FACILITY - DAY

Yeo prepares an immense mainframe terminal...

PROFESSOR YEO (CONT'D V.O.)

The molecular construction of a subject is recorded, layer by layer, in a molecular mnemonics system.

Before him, in the low lit room is a spheroid wire frame, slowly spinning like a gyroscope.

INT. TEXTURED DISSOLUTION LABORATORY - DAY

Color sized acrylic boxes are saturated with an orange gelatin by robotic drones.

PROFESSOR YEO (CONT'D V.O.)

Enzymes, oxidizers and free radical atoms begin breaking chemical bonds...

INT. MOLECULAR DISASSEMBLY ROOM - DAY

Richter and Gilbride listen to the Professor explain the process.

PROFESSOR YEO (CONT'D)

The disassemblers store the subjects elements. Seventy percent of the body is water, which is drained from the blood to a minimum level.

(more)

CONTINUED

PROFESSOR YEO (cont'd; CONT'D)
Chromosomes and certain proteins
are not broken down, but are
vitrified with cryoprotectants,
propylene glycol and dimethyl
sulfoxide.

EXT. JAPANESE MINISTRY OF SCIENCE - DAY

Two unmarked cars pull up to the ministry. Inside the two
vehicles are the SEAL team, wearing incognito civilian clothes.

PROFESSOR YEO (CONT'D V.O.)
The body is then, in essence,
redesigned and reconstructed to
a nanotomical scale based on its
original anatomical "blueprint."

INT. UNMARKED CAR - DAY

Lt. Dodd drives the lead car. He and Yoder exchange puzzled and
apprehensive glances.

PROFESSOR YEO (CONT'D V.O.)
Yet, actually, more efficient.
Stronger.

INT. CRYOBIONIC STORAGE AND MONITORING ROOM - DAY

CAMERA MOVES ALONG tall stainless steel cylindrical containers,
monitoring equipment on the outside.

PROFESSOR YEO (CONT'D V.O.)
As for the excess elements, they
are cryonically stored in liquid
nitrogen...

THE SEAL TEAM

CAMERA MATCHES THE MOVE ALONG the faces of the Navy Seal team,
standing at attention shoulder to shoulder. Each attempts to
remain stoic, but their eyes reflect the stunned horror of what
they are hearing.

PROFESSOR YEO (CONT'D V.O.)
This biostasis procedure is
monitored by robotic engineers...

CRYOBIONIC STORAGE TANKS

CAMERA CONTINUES TO MOVE across the tanks. One for each SEAL.

CONTINUE

PROFESSOR YEO (CONT'D V.O.)
 At the completion of the
 mission, these very elements are
 again used by the "Universal
 Assembler"...

THE SEAL TEAM

CAMERA CONTINUES MOVING PAST Pooley, past Yoder, past Agundes...

PROFESSOR YEO (CONT'D V.O.)
 With the guidance of the
 molecular mnemonics system to
 reconstruct the subject, nearly
 exactly, at the macroscale.

As CAMERA RESTS on Huckeba...

HUCKEBA
 AIN'T...NO...FUCKIN'...WAY!

WIDER

The SEAL team stands in a line before the cryobionic tanks.
 General Gilbride, Richter, Underhill, Yuko and Professor Yeo
 stand nearby.

HUCKEBA
 (to Gilbride)
 Sir, I am sorry, sir. But I wish
 to execute the option of
 refusing the assignment.

GENERAL GILBRIDE
 You've been in equally life
 threatening situations, sailor.

HUCKEBA
 Yes, sir, but... I know if I die
 in those situations, if I'm shot
 or drown... I know at least I
 still have my soul.

(beat)
 If you brought us here, then I
 don't doubt these folks can
 break down a human body and put
 it back together like it was a
 transmission, or somethin'. But
 I don't believe they know a damn
 thing about the soul.

UNDERHILL
 Sure I do. There is no soul.

Huckeba shakes his head as if, "that's your prerogative."

CONTINUED

GENERAL GILBRIDE
 Petty Officer Huckeba, this is
 for your country and its Chief
 Executive.

HUCKEBA
 Yes, sir... and I'd give my life
 for my country, but my soul
 belongs to God.

Silence. Richter looks to Underhill, challenging him to comment
 on Huckeba's statement. Underhill shrugs it off.

GENERAL GILBRIDE
 Very well, sailor. Report to the
 observation room. You are
 restricted to the facility until
 the completion of the mission.

Huckeba nods, shamefully eyes the others. All remain eyes front.
 He moves out of line and across the laboratory.

UNDERHILL
 (to Yuko)
 We can double up some
 assignments.

Tubbs reacts negatively to the news that Yuko is a team member.
 He makes an under the breath crack to Pooley.

TUBBS
 A woman and a nip. Sure hope she
 ain't drivin'.

But of course it was loud enough and meant for her to hear. Yuko
 glares at Tubbs, who glares back.

RICHTER
 (to the General)
 Sir, I volunteer to fill the
 vacancy. I'm a trained agent.
 Fit. Maybe not a Navy SEAL,
 but...

Gilbride turns to Richter, eyes him, then shakes his head...

GENERAL GILBRIDE
 In a way, that boy is right,
 Richter. For you, redemption
 cannot be found in a body. Yours
 or Greer's.
 (beat)
 Redemption is found in the soul.

CONTINUED

As Richter considers the rejection...

CUT TO:

INT. MOLECULAR MNEMONICS FACILITY - DAY - CLOSE - LT. DODD

is marked by a red laser grid, the lights moving back and forth across his face. Suddenly he begins to move, turning, gaining speed. CAMERA PULLS BACK as he is spun, naked, turned upside down in the machine which is part MRI scanner, part gyroscope. He groans from the grueling G-Forces exerted on his body.

With the red laser the only spill light, Yuko monitors the computer. The screen blazing with computations and measurements.

INT. TEXTURED DISSOLUTION LABORATORY - DAY - YODER

her face is suspended above the orange gelatin. CAMERA MOVES DOWN with her as she is lowered into the disgusting goop.

YODER

Our Father, who art in
Heaven/Hallowed be thy name. Thy
kingdom come, thy will be done...

As she is submerged into the gelatin...

CUT TO:

BULINKSI

repeating the previous action, he is lowered into the goo.

BULINSKI

(top of his lungs)

Anchors Aweigh my boys/Anchors
Aweigh!/Farewell to college
joys/We sail at break of DAY DAY
DAY DAY!

As Bulinski is immersed in the gelatin...

CUT TO:

AGUNDES

lowering toward the goo, he appeals to the highest authority...

AGUNDES

PLEASE GET MY BALLS RIGHT!!

He is dipped into the gelatin. There is immediate activity as the free radicals pull at his chemical bonds with an acidic SIZZLE Even under the orange gel his mouth can be seen opening.

CONTINUED

His SCREAMS can be easily HEARD. His pain can be felt.

CUT TO:

INT. MOLECULAR DISASSEMBLY ROOM - DAY

The image is truly macabre and unsettling as nine orange glazed, naked bodies are restrained on the tables in the blue light, monitored by alien-like robots, which remove needles and tubes from each basilic vein to reduce the amount of blood, collected in I.V. bags.

UNDERHILL

pale, lies on the table, weakened, breathing hard, covered by the orange gelatin, which continues to "sizzle."

YUKO

cries from the excruciating pain, her head rocking back and forth.

POOLEY

battling pain, looks about to the others. Then, as good junkies do, manages to free a hand from the restraints in order to place a cigarette in his mouth. As he strains, lifting a lighter to the smoke, an annoyed robot snatches the cigarette from his lips while another confiscates the lighter.

POOLEY

Oh, man! Even prisoners gettin'
EXECUTED get one for the road!

As the robot shoots him a "tough luck" look...

INT. MOLECULAR DISASSEMBLY CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Adjacent to, but sealed off from the disassembly room, Professor Yeo operates the control panel. Richter is frustrated that he can only observe. A modulated, prerecorded VOICE informs...

VOICE (V.O.)

Disassembly to commence in ten
seconds... in nine seconds...

INT. MOLECULAR DISASSEMBLY ROOM - DAY

Fear mounts within each of the voyagers as the trillions of Molecular Manipulators encircling each table begins to operate.

VOICE (CONT'D V.O.)

In eight seconds... in seven
seconds... in six seconds... in
five...

CONTINUED

YODER
(strained)
Hoo-yah! We are good to go!

VOICE (CONT'D V.O.)
Three... two... commencing
disassembly.

Revoltingly, like a swarming mass of metallic piranhas-like insects, the Molecular Manipulators converge on the human bodies. Breaking them apart atom by atom with horrifying speed.

UNDERHILL

his breaths are short and rapid in lieu of SCREAMING, as his body disappears beneath the grey goo.

YUKO

is the first to SCREAM, causing her to pass out...

YUKO'S LEGS

are pecked at; disassembled by the creatures she helped create.

CLOSE - LT. DODD

His eyes wince, then go wide as his face is attacked by the undulating metallic mass. As his eyes vanish beneath the machines...

CUT TO:

INT. LABORATORY OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

A dozen monitors are inset into the wall. Nine display the oblique ghostly image of an Atomic Force Microscope. The voyagers are in various states of reassembly. Some are nothing but suspended brains and spinal cords, the nerves rapidly building, extending from the spine. With others, the brain is encased by a building skull and bones.

RICHTER, GILBRIDE, PROFESSOR YEO AND HUCKEBA

monitor the construction, awed and a bit fearful. CAMERA CONTINUES PAST THEM to Jocelyn Greer. Amongst the current miracle of Science, she looks out the window below, praying for another.

INT. EXPERIMENTAL LABORATORY - MINISTRY OF SCIENCE - DAY

President Greer's body lies in a dimmed room. His condition appears to be worsening as the attending robots prepare him for the operation, administering Hypothermic anesthesia. A robot quietly and efficiently changes an I.V.

CONTINUED

bag suspended above the President. His body temperature monitor registers 22 degrees Celsius.

INT. LABORATORY OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

The First Lady helplessly watches her husband.

JOCELYN GREER

Isn't his body temperature far too low?

PROFESSOR YEO

No, ma'am, he is being placed in total body hypothermia, to decrease blood flow and heart rate... creating less turbulence for the Proteus. Involuntary bodily functions still exists, eyes move, he can swallow...

Suddenly, an ALARM BUZZES. She reflexively turns to her husband's life support monitors, as do the others in the room.

JOCELYN GREER

Oh my God!

Richter turns to the bank of A.F.M monitors. CAMERA PUSHES IN on him...

RICHTER

(sickened)

It's not the President...

Yeo and Gilbride quickly turn to a monitor.

VIDEOMONITOR

something has gone terribly wrong. One of the seal team members has been grotesquely malformed. Bones pierce the skin like arrows, intestines jut from the interior to wrap around the chest. A patch of bone covers one eye socket of an incomplete skull.

WIDER

As Yeo consults the data on another screen, Jocelyn turns and catches a glimpse before Richter subtly blocks her view from the horror.

GENERAL GILBRIDE

It's Lieutenant Dodd. Their commander.

A sad silence fills the room. Huckeba desperately moves to Yeo.

CONTINUED

HUCKEBA

Can he be saved? Can you break him down again? Start over?

PROFESSOR YEO

The malfunction lies in his molecular mnemonic recording. If he was rebuilt on the macroscale... it would be just like this.

RICHTER

They're definitely short a man. The mission is compromised.

Gilbride knows that Richter is again volunteering. The General slowly turns to the agent.

GENERAL GILBRIDE

Even after what we just saw... you would do this?

RICHTER

None of this would have happened, to Dodd, or the President down on the table... if not for my actions.

Richter turns toward Huckeba in the corner of the room.

RICHTER (CONT'D)

And I feel that with all my soul.

Richter turns back to General Gilbride, CAMERA PUSHES IN to the officer's stoic response.

CUT TO:

AIR-PLATFORM SURFACE - DAY

THE SCENE IS an otherworldly GREEN. It is not until Richter, on the surface, ENTERS FRAME that WE are aware CAMERA IS WITHIN. He is soaked with perspiration. Weak and extremely weary, he lifts his head to orient himself.

THE SCENE appears to expand infinitely. The surface texture is eerily beady, like acrylic bowling balls packed together; these are glass molecules - we'll discover later this is the base of a microscope slide. Richter's body is knocked around within the midst of gusting winds.

he lifts his head to look forward, CAMERA RISES above his body to REVEAL the 15 meter Proteus submarine, set on dry supports, 10 meters before him. Richter rises, struggling against the "wind" and moves toward the ship.

EXT. PROTEUS - AIR LOCK HATCH - DAY

Richter appears beneath the ship's hull. Weak, it is difficult to turn the air lock hatch. Suddenly, it opens automatically and a ladder descends. He strains to climb inside.

INT. AIR LOCK - PROTEUS - DAY

The hatch is encircled by the SEAL team. Behind them, one wall is lined with Closed Circuit Oxygen Breathing Apparatuses. Along another wall is a rack of battery powered laser rifles.

Yoder extends a hand to Richter. With the ship rocking, he sits on the deck, winded. Ferkovich tosses him a wet-suit, exactly like they all wear.

YODER

Where's Lieutenant Dodd?

Richter struggles to recall.

FERKOVICH

Short term memory loss, like we had.

RICHTER

He didn't... he didn't make it.

A sad pause from the sailors. Richter swoons. Yoder steadies him.

YODER

Hang tight, sir. You'll get your sea legs once the new blood has a go 'round.

Underhill enters, agitated.

UNDERHILL

All hands to stations! We've got alot to secure before shoving off...

Underhill sees Richter and is less than enthused.

UNDERHILL

Not content to watch through the microscope?

Richter eyes Underhill. Then, noticing the rocking ship...

RICHTER

(meant to offend)

This bucket secure?

CONTINUED

UNDERHILL

It's Brownian movement; air molecules colliding with the ship. It's been happening to each of us from the minute we were born. We were just too big to notice.

RICHTER

Will it decrease when we go inside?

AS CAMERA CREEPS INTO UNDERHILL...

UNDERHILL

Probably... maybe... we're exploring a new Universe here, Agent Richter. There are as many cells within a human body as there are stars in the Milky Way.

(beat)

So what can we expect?

(considers)

Blood flow velocities equivalent to thousands of miles per hour, enzymes stronger than any acid and tenacious monstrous antibodies programmed over millennia to destroy invaders like us.

AGUNDES

Still don't sound as bad as driving in Los Angeles.

Yuko enters, urgently, holding a palm top computer...

YUKO

Jason, the thermal monitors in the wet suits register a decreasing rate in our body temperature, much more than was calculated.

Everyone tenses.

YUKO (CONT'D)

At this rate, given the mean body mass, everyone of us will experience profound hypothermia within an hour.

The largest of the group, Pooley, hopes for an edge...

CONTINUED

POOLEY
I'm good for a couple more hours
than that, right?

YODER
You heard her. MOVE OUT! LET'S
DO IT!

CUT TO:

INT. CONTROL ROOM - PROTEUS - DAY

Status boards pop to life as Underhill quickly engages switches.

UNDERHILL
All personnel down from the
bridge. Closing the hatch...

EXT. PROTEUS - AIR LOCK HATCH - DAY

Secures into position, the hatch wheel spins. THUNK.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - PROTEUS - DAY - SHIP CONTROL AREA

In the forward portside corner of the room, Agundes hops into a bucket seat before an aircraft-style control wheel facing a bank of readouts and instruments. His seat belt fastens with a CLACK.

AGUNDES
PLANESMAN IS GOOD TO GO!

INT. REACTOR COMPARTMENT - DAY

Ferkovich monitors the atomic reactor.

FERKOVICH
REACTOR IS GOOD TO GO.

INT. TORPEDO STATION - LOWER LEVEL OF PROTEUS

Richter and Bulinski examine the torpedoes marked "Glutamate," assured they are secure.

BULINSKI
TORPEDO STATION SECURE AND GOOD
TO GO!

INT. CONTROL ROOM - PROTEUS - DAY - SONAR CONSOLE

Yoder calibrates the BYS-3 sonar display.

YODER
SONAR; GOOD TO GO!

INT. WEAPONS TURRET - DAY

Tubbs buckles himself in behind the Howitzer-like laser cannon. He rotates the turret and engages the power, which HUMS to life.

TUBBS
WEAPONS; GOOD TO GO!

INT. CONTROL ROOM - PROTEUS - DAY

Yuko operates a navigational computer. A virtual image appears of a human body. It enlarges to the Carotid Artery.

YUKO
Navigation and plotting is all ready!

Pooley, at the communication shack beside her in the forward stern of the control area, turns to Yuko and enthusiastically corrects her, mouthing "good to go!"

YUKO
Navigation is GOOD TO GO!

He flashes her a thumbs up and turns to the communications panel.

POOLEY
Home Plate this is Proteus.
Conditions are nominal. We are
a "GO" for syringe induction.

INT. LABORATORY OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

Professor Yeo and Gilbride exchange restrained relief. While Prof. Yeo activates the surgical robots from his position, Gilbride turns to Huckeba and nods toward the radio console.

GENERAL GILBRIDE
Make yourself useful, sailor.

Huckeba jumps into the seat and puts on a headset.

HUCKEBA
Proteus, this is Home Plate.
Roger that.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - PROTEUS - COMMUNICATIONS SHACK - DAY

Pooley smiles, reacting to Huckeba's voice.

POOLEY
Huckeba! Hey, guess what?! My
whole body is microscopic and my
dick is still bigger than yours!

CONTINUED

GENERAL GILBRIDE (V.O.)
(over radio)
Save it for shore leave, sailor!

Pooley grimaces. Busted.

In the b.g. Bulinski and Richter hustle into the control room and secure themselves into seats.

INT. LABORATORY OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

Prof. Yeo taps a computer monitor with a light pen, activating...

INT. EXPERIMENTAL LABORATORY - MINISTRY OF SCIENCE - DAY

A robot clasping a syringe with a few CCs of plasma, glides to a glass microscope slide bathed in green light. It lowers the needle to the tray, guided by interface with an Atomic Force Microscope. CAMERA PUSHES INTO THE NEEDLE as it approaches the slide, the Proteus far too small to see...

INT. PLATFORM SURFACE - DAY - LOW ANGLE

The Proteus in the F.G. is approached from above by the gargantuan needle, the hole seemingly the size of a building.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - PROTEUS - DAY

Everyone aboard prepares for a jolt.

INT. PLATFORM SURFACE - DAY

With the reduction of surrounding air pressure, SOUNDING like GALE FORCE WINDS, the submarine is pulled into the needle.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - PROTEUS - DAY

A "jolt" is nothing to the Saturn V-like launch as the crew is hurled back against their seats. The control room tumbling...

INT. BRIDGE NEEDLE

The Proteus flies toward CAMERA PASSING the crystalline patterns of DNA at the molecular level.

INT. BRIDGE

Like an Apollo capsule, the submarine SPLASHES DOWN into the red plasma TUMBLING as it submerges into the needle.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - PROTEUS - DAY

The Proteus whirls out of control.

CONTINUED

UNDERHILL
PUMP THE TRIM TANKS!

Agundes battles with the wheel to regain control as Bulinski pulls hard on a handle.

INT. SYRINGE

Fluid is taken into the Proteus, as well as excised, to restore ballast. Bubbles erupt from the forward trim tanks. The Proteus stabilizes.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - PROTEUS

The ship levels off, however, Yuko is pale. She tries to hold it in, but vomits on her control panel. Pooley grimaces.

POOLEY
Mmmmm! That's sure to linger.

As the SEAL team furiously operates their stations...

UNDERHILL
Hold steady!

INT. LABORATORY OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

Professor Yeo manipulates the computer screen, checks the data.

INT. EXPERIMENTAL LABORATORY - MINISTRY OF SCIENCE - DAY

The robot rolls toward President Greer's body. Another robot removes the syringe needle. The first robot, holding the syringe, extends its arm toward the catheter inserted below the neck. It connects the syringe to the catheter. A lever extends from the robot and rests upon the plunger, then awaits further orders...

INT. LABORATORY OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

Yeo nods to Huckeba, who checks the countdown monitor.

HUCKEBA
Proteus this is Home Plate,
injection in ten... nine...
eight...

INT. CONTROL ROOM - PROTEUS

Sweating palms prepare for the ride of their life.

HUCKEBA (CONT'D V.O.)
Seven... six... five... four...

INT. EXPERIMENTAL LABORATORY - MINISTRY OF SCIENCE - DAY

CAMERA PUSHES INTO the robotic lever extended over the plunger.

HUCKEBA (CONT'D V.O.)

Three... two... commence
injection.

The robotic lever depresses the plunger upon command. CAMERA
SWEEPS DOWN at a light speed velocity and INTO...

INT. SYRINGE

RACING UP UPON the REAR of the craft, traveling like a submarine
within the Colorado Rapids.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - PROTEUS

The controls buffet in Agundes' grip. Forearms and biceps strain
beneath the wet-suit, as he battles for control.

RICHTER

like a test pilot resisting G-Forces, Richter's face distorts.

INT. SYRINGE

Then, as if plunged into the event horizon of a black hole, The
Proteus leaves all light behind and slips into a fluid darkness.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - PROTEUS - DAY

The lights in the ship's interior have turned submarine red. The
ride is smooth now, but definitely a floating sensation. QUIET
and quite eerie. Outside the large porthole windows is pitch
black...darkness.

The crew takes a moment to regain their bearings.

UNDERHILL

Any damage to the ship?

Richter looks at Underhill, irked that the ship is his first
concern. The agent catches Yuko...having the same reaction.
While looking at her...

RICHTER

Is everyone alright?

She nods, appreciative, then turns away, tending to her earlier
mess. No other reports, so all are okay. They release their seat
restraints.

UNDERHILL

Yuko, position?

CONTINUED

She checks her navigation and virtual map.

YUKO
1.20 centimeters "North" of
injection in the Carotid artery.

Everyone looks out the window, but there is only darkness.

UNDERHILL
Petty Officer Agundes, turn on
the external lights.
(beat, excited)
Let's take a look.

Like astronauts having landed on the dark side of the Moon, all
can't help move from their posts to look out the window.

YODER

as she stands, distracted, her eyes are taken off the SONAR
display, which is a series of vertical rectangles across which
light travels. As she steps away... the lights intensify,
indicating an approaching presence...

CONTROL ROOM

CAMERA PUSHES IN AS the external lights are switched on...

REVERSE - THROUGH THE WINDOWS

The lights cast a ghostly glow upon the interior of the artery
REVEALING a breathtaking, magnificently surreal environment,
brimming with active, three dimensional, life.

UNDERHILL, YUKO AND RICHTER

are overwhelmed with awe, indeed in another Universe.

UNDERHILL
Red blood cells...

INT. CAROTID ARTERY - OUT THE PROTEUS WINDOW

marbled red circular cells with concave indentations on opposite
sides transport oxygen from the lungs to the tissues.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - PROTEUS

Underhill steps up to the window with escalating excitement as
various cells pass the ship...

UNDERHILL
A Chylomicron, transports
triacylglycerols from the
intestines to tissues...

CONTINUED

The larger, globular structure rolls past the submarine.

UNDERHILL (CONT'D)

Platelets. When there is a cut, they plug it, releasing a chemical that "calls" other platelets to the injury.

Like large inflated pancakes, no two platelets are the same. One spins, like a flying saucer over the Proteus.

YODER

while Yoder takes a step away from the sonar console, for a better look, her SCREEN BLIPS again. An unidentified object is closing in...

UNDERHILL

Fibrinogens form a web around the platelets, securing the plug to a wound. They're what stops our bleeding.

INT. WEAPONS TURRET

Tubbs sits behind his weapon. Encased by acrylic, he appears to be floating within the life of the artery. Tubbs watches the Fibrinogens, thin, tubular "fibers" glide past.

UNDERHILL (CONT'D V.O.)

(over radio)

No doubt we're seeing a reduced amount due to the massive bleeding Greer experienced after the gunshot.

As Tubbs turns 180 degrees to the rear, he reacts, alerted. CAMERA ARCS AROUND so it MAY SEE TUBBS' POV. "Down" the artery, just beyond the reach of the taillights, several forms approach "upstream"...quickly.

TUBBS

Yoda, somethin's on our six.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - PROTEUS

All eyes turn toward the rear except Yoder who quickly returns to the SONAR console. She reads the oscillating lines.

YODER

It's not on our six. It's twelve o'clock high.

She reflexively looks directly up above. CAMERA FOLLOWS Underhill and Richter as they race toward the stern.

INT. WEAPONS TURRET

Just as the half dozen monstrous creatures near the edge of the taillights...

TUBBS
NEGATIVE! I GOTTA VISUAL! GOIN'
GREEN!

Tubbs disengages the safety, the weapon HUMS to life.

INT. TUNNEL - PROTEUS

CAMERA LEADS, LOW ANGLE, as Underhill and Richter race to the rear observation deck.

INT. REAR OBSERVATION DECK - PROTEUS

The two men barrel into the observation deck, just as the pursuing creatures break into full view by the light. A dozen globular cells with a kidney shaped nucleus encased by bluish cytoplasm. They pick up speed, intent to swarm the craft.

UNDERHILL
Monocytes! The immune system is
attacking!

RICHTER
AGUNDES, PUNCH IT!

INT. CONTROL ROOM - PROTEUS

Agundes CRANKS the Engine Order Telegraph knob.

EXT. PROTEUS - PROPELLERS

furiously increase their rotation, creating contrails of plasma.

INT. WEAPONS TURRET

Tubbs opens FIRE. The laser BLASTS are broken, reminiscent of tracer fire.

INT. CAROTID ARTERY - PROTEUS

The laser NAILS a monocyte. It erupts! Cell parts and secretions cascade into the artery and over the Proteus.

INT. WEAPONS TURRET

Tubbs continues to FIRE, rotating in the turret.

TUBBS
GET SOME! GET ME SOME MONOCYTE!!

INT. CAROTID ARTERY - PROTEUS

Tubbs' shots POP three attacking cells, before two manage to latch onto the ship, wrapping around it like a Boa constrictor.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

The impact of the capture rocks all hands to the deck.

INT. TUNNEL - PROTEUS

En route to the bow, Underhill is knocked to his knees.

UNDERHILL
(into headset)
YUKO, CHARGE THE MICRO-
DEFIBRILLATOR!

INT. CONTROL ROOM - PROTEUS

Pooley helps Yuko to her feet. She struggles to a control panel and activates a switch. An electrical HUM RISES.

INT. WEAPONS TURRET

A Monocyte THUMPS the acrylic glass, hugging it like a slug and restricting the movement of the laser cannon. Tubbs battles to move the weapon against it but to no avail.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - PROTEUS

Underhill charges directly to the control panel. He must frustratingly await a light to indicate "full charge."

UNDERHILL
ALL HANDS... BIG ZAP COMIN'.

INT. CAROTID ARTERY - PROTEUS

The ship is overwhelmed by the last attacking white blood cell.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - PROTEUS - CLOSE - CHARGE INDICATOR

finally lights up, "CHARGED."

UNDERHILL

POUNDS the button!

INT. CAROTID ARTERY - PROTEUS

A fierce electrical charge CRACKLES across the hull.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - PROTEUS

The crew ducks from BOLTS of ELECTRICITY leaping pell-mell throughout the control room.

INT. CAROTID ARTERY - PROTEUS

The strangling immune cells are obliterated by the electrical charge. Organic material sails throughout the artery.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - PROTEUS

Everyone aboard reels from the incident.

BULINSKI

Ain't no can in the Navy has a
cattle prod.

Underhill appears secretive about the abilities of the Proteus.
Richter reads this while...

YUKO

A defibrillator; designed to
jump start a coronary, from the
inside.

POOLEY

It gave me a coronary!

Underhill flashes Yuko a reprimanding glance, muzzling her.
Richter, however, notes the exchange.

INT. WEAPONS TURRET

Cellular debris collides with the turret canopy.

TUBBS

If HIV kicks ass on those
things, that virus is a bad
mother...

INT. CONTROL ROOM - PROTEUS

Underhill looks quickly to Agundes.

UNDERHILL

Maintain all ahead full,
planesman. Destroying those
cells released cytokine onto the
hull. That will bring on killer
T cells.

A SONIC PING causes Yoder to check the SONAR console, still
reflecting another presence. She instinctively lowers her voice.

CONTINUED

YODER
We're still being tracked.

INT. WEAPONS TURRET

Tubbs performs a visual check. Whispers into his headset...

TUBBS
Negative. Looks clear.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - PROTEUS

Richter and Underhill move over Yoder's shoulder. The SONAR PINGS. The display indeed indicates an object, keeping pace...

YODER
It's... bouncing radio waves off us.

Richter looks to Underhill, who keeps his suspicions to himself.

BULINSKI
Anything in the body that can do that?

Underhill nervously eyes Yuko whose anxious glance matches Underhill's. Richter intercepts this...and knows.

RICHTER
Nanobots.

Underhill's silence is his confirmation, his eyes turn tensely toward the topdeck as he listens, considers. The Sonar PINGS.

UNDERHILL
Run silent.

The sailors react, knowing this means danger. They quickly, skillfully execute the order.

Agundes carefully turns down the Engine Order Telegraph knob. The ENGINES WIND DOWN to a stop.

Pooley places on earphones then gently taps a keyboard.

INT. LABORATORY OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

Huckeba reads a digital communique, turns to the General and Yeo.

HUCKEBA
Proteus reports tracking Nanobots. Permission to shut down communications.

CONTINUED

GENERAL GILBRIDE

(to Yeo)

Relay them the nanobots'
positions.

YEO

The Technetium tracer has a half
life of six hours. It's been
twelve hours since injection.

(beat)

We cannot help them.

In the console, a glow on the MRI map of the President indicates the position of the Proteus in the Carotid artery.

INT. CAROTID ARTERY - PROTEUS

The exterior lights extinguish. Red light from the interior spills into the artery. Macabre life floats past. The Proteus may as well be cruising the ocean bottom of a Jovian moon.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - PROTEUS

PING! All Hands are motionless. Perspiring. Anxious. PING!

Richter looks up through the control room porthole.

INT. CAROTID ARTERY - RICHTER'S POV

The seemingly thick arterial wall blocks the tracking nanobot from sight as the Proteus floats up the artery; carried by the blood stream.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - PROTEUS

PING! Yoder's eyes are locked on the SONAR display. The threatening presence holds its position.

The crew remains still, excruciatingly silent.

Suddenly, out the window, the upper wall of the artery depresses inward, as if the nanobot was testing the impediment to attack.

The nanobot's maneuver displaces blood flow in the artery and the Proteus is knocked about by the mercy of the flow. The crew holds tight to anything that's available while suppressing any sounds of exertion.

After a tense beat...another PING! Then another, decreasing in volume. Yoder looks to Richter, encouraged. Another PING! This time half the previous volume. She gives a thumbs up to Richter and mouths/gestures..."it's going away."

CONTINUED

PING! This is barely audible. She checks the SONAR display and indeed, the object has proceeded upstream, faster than the blood flow.

All aboard take a still suppressed but definite sigh of relief.

Suddenly, ahead...

INT. CAROTID ARTERY - OUT THE FRONT PORTHOLE WINDOW

A strong electrical spark from above the extremity of the arterial wall. The mechanical silhouette of the nanobot is seen only for a flash, but long enough to know its shears are rotating furiously.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - PROTEUS

The crew freezes, horrified.

INT. CAROTID ARTERY

A few ship lengths ahead, above the Proteus, the arterial wall is furiously shredded, tearing a hole in the artery!

With blazing speed a single nanobot barrels through the hole! At this scale, it is the equivalent size of the Proteus.

A tear in the artery causes all hell to break loose in the body. Plasma pours out of the artery, creating unpredictable turbulence! Platelets bash against both ships, speeding to plug the hole!

Cutting shears extended, WHIRLING. The nanobot charges the Proteus!

INT. CONTROL ROOM - PROTEUS

All Hands are stunned. Underhill takes command.

UNDERHILL
ENGINES UP! ALL AHEAD FULL!

AGUNDES
ALL AHEAD FULL!

He cranks the controls. The Proteus' ENGINE HUM to life.

UNDERHILL
MR. TUBBS, FIRE AT WILL!

INT. WEAPONS TURRET

Tubbs opens FIRE on the nanobot!

INT. CAROTID ARTERY

The short laser BLASTS have little effect on the machine. It charges the submarine. Like a massive Tesla Coil, BOLTS of ELECTRICITY leap from balled shear to balled shear. The nanobot places the Proteus in the path of its electrical weapon.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - PROTEUS

Like the effects of a direct hit, the crew are wildly thrown about the ship.

COMMUNICATIONS SHACK

sparks rain upon Pooley from the radio controls as shards of electricity RIP across the console.

INT. WEAPONS TURRET

Tubbs SCREAMS from the pain, yet never stops FIRING!

INT. CAROTID ARTERY

The nanobot sets up for the kill as a thick BOLT of electricity leaps from arm to arm, the submarine being fried in the middle!

INT. CONTROL ROOM - PROTEUS

Another WALLOPING JOLT! The SONAR console EXPLODES sending Yoder flying back and hitting the deck.

INT. REACTOR COMPARTMENT - DAY

A literal electrical storm occurs in the compartment as bolts of electricity angrily leap into and out of the reactor.

Ferkovich has no escape. Pelted by hundreds of electrical charges, her body BURSTS INTO FLAMES. Her SCREAMS...

INT. CONTROL ROOM - PROTEUS

...are HEARD in the control room. Bulinski battles the forces to race down the tunnel.

INT. REACTOR COMPARTMENT - DAY

Entire body aflame, Ferkovich falls to her knees. Bulinski charges into the room, yanks an extinguisher from the wall and puts out the fire. As Ferkovich's body collapses to the deck...

INT. CAROTID ARTERY

The nanobots balled cutting shears appear like lumber buzz saws. Although POUNDED by laser FIRE, the shears are lowered toward the submarine.

INT. WEAPONS TURRET

TUBBS
THIS WEAPONS FIRE AIN'T DOIN'
SHIT!

INT. CONTROL ROOM - PROTEUS

Agundes quickly looks over the controls.

AGUNDES
I'M GONNA RAM IT!

He pushes the wheel all the way in.

INT. CAROTID ARTERY

As the nanobot moves in for the kill, the Proteus dives. The nanobot overshoots the submarine.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - PROTEUS - AGUNDES

Now, yanks back on the wheel.

INT. CAROTID ARTERY

The Proteus drives upward into the underbelly of the nanobot. A fierce collision occurs.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - PROTEUS

All hands are JOLTED from the impact!

INT. CAROTID ARTERY

The nanobots' shears are inadvertently driven against the arterial wall. Tissue rapidly shreds away creating another hole.

The Nanobot's arms quickly rotate 180 degrees, making what was the rear, now the front.

The Proteus is swept up into the flow of outpouring blood. Just as it exits the hole in the artery, the nanobot manages to inflict another severe electrical jolt to the Proteus.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - PROTEUS

Agundes' control instruments ERUPT in FLAMES. Richter quickly grabs an extinguisher.

INT. CAROTID ARTERY

The Proteus is carried out of the injured artery like a craft plummeting over Niagara Falls.

CONTINUED

The nanobot tries to pursue, but is caught up in the sudden flood of platelets and fibrinogen furiously trying to plug the wound. The nanobot's shears SHRED proteins and red blood cells, but not quickly enough to continue after the submarine.

INT. WEAPONS TURRET

Tubbs swivels to view behind the sub rocking in the blood stream rapids. He speaks into his headset.

TUBBS

Lost it!

Hearing the radio is dead, he pulls the phones off his head.

TUBBS

LOST IT! LOST IT!

INT. CONTROL ROOM - PROTEUS

The sailors quickly assess the damage to their equipment.

POOLEY

RADIO'S TOAST.

YODER

So is SONAR.

Agundes struggles with the wheel controls.

AGUNDES

REACTOR IS DOWN! NO PROPULSION!
FORWARD DIVING PLANES ON MANUAL
OPERATION! WE ARE NOW AN
UNDERWATER RAFT!

UNDERHILL

NAVIGATION?! WHERE ARE WE?!

Yuko hurriedly checks her computer, the ship still bucking wildly.

YUKO

I shut it down, so it appears
alright. There's just no power.

Pooley quickly turns to her.

POOLEY

Emergency power cells?

Rattled and disoriented, she gestures beneath the console. Pooley hustles beneath the console habitually feeling for his Swiss Army Knife before he recalls...

CONTINUED

POOLEY

Shit, I was feelin' for my Swiss
Army Knife.

Yuko quickly unclasps a locked drawer and produces one. Red,
even. He stares at it in wonder as she pops it in his hand.

POOLEY

I'm more impressed by this than
the submarine.

A violent jerk of the ship is a quick reminder to get to work.

INT. EXTERNAL JUGULAR VEIN

The blood is not as red and rich as in the artery. The Proteus
continues to violently bump and sway in the blood stream.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - PROTEUS

Pooley strips wires from the computer and hot wires them to
power cell batteries. Yuko wastes no time bringing up the
system. The monitors display heavy static but are readable and
indicate the Proteus' current position.

YUKO

We've entered the external
jugular... fifteen centimeters
from the Venae Cavae...

UNDERHILL

Leading into the heart.

In the distance, the rhythmic BEAT of the heart can be detected,
like giant MACHINERY.

RICHTER

Agundes has control of the
diving planes. Could we steer
out of the vein?

YUKO

Run it by the Hypothetical
Navigation System.

Underhill checks the screen. He inputs a theoretical situation
via keyboard.

NAVIGATION MONITOR

A virtual 3 dimensional image of President Greer's interior
flashes on the screen. With only the diving plane rudders
moving, no propellers, the theoretical image of the Proteus on
screen successfully veers off into a venule, a small vein.

CONTINUED

RETURN

Everyone is now more optimistic about the plan.

RICHTER

What happens if we're in the heart during a contraction?

Underhill considers, then types on the keyboard, apparently inputting this hypothetical.

ON THE SCREEN

The Proteus enters a heart chamber, the muscle contracts, the ship is horribly crushed.

RETURN

Everyone is now pessimistic about the plan. They eye each other, but Underhill is not looking for agreement.

UNDERHILL

We have no choice. Planesman, 32 degrees starboard. Turn right at that venule.

(beat)

Now there's something you don't hear everyday.

AGUNDES

32 degrees, starboard. Aye. Aye.

As Agundes goes to work on the controls...

INT. EXTERNAL JUGULAR VEIN

The forward diving planes angle downward to slow speed. The rear of the ship tilts upward, while angling to the right toward a smaller opening to a venule.

The Proteus disappears down the small vein.

INT. LABORATORY OBSERVATION ROOM - MONITOR

The ship's position is reflected on the screen.

PROFESSOR YEO (O.S.)

It's a Pulmonary venule in the upper lobe of the right lung.

WIDER

Professor Yeo, Gilbride, Huckeba and Jocelyn Greer study the screen. Gilbride nods to Huckeba to try again.

CONTINUED

HUCKEBA

Proteus this is Home Plate,
respond. Proteus this is Home
Plate, respond.

Nothing. Silence. Not even a hint of static. The room is quietly tense. Only Gilbride has the courage to ask...

GENERAL GILBRIDE

How do we know if they're alive?

Professor Yeo considers, carrying the weight of dread and loss.

PROFESSOR YEO

We wait... and watch. If the
ship maneuvers in any way
against the normal blood flow or
internal organ mechanics...
we'll know... someone... is
operating the craft.

As they look to the monitor... and wait...

INT. CONTROL ROOM - PROTEUS - NAVIGATIONAL MONITOR

Nearly matching the previous image of Yeo's monitor...

RICHTER

We're moving away from the brain!

WIDER

The crew, exhausted and rattled, gathers around the monitors.

RICHTER (CONT'D)

How can we get there without
propulsion?

YODER

Blood travels to the brain.

POOLEY

Yeah, all we gotta do is get to
the right vein or whatever.

UNDERHILL

(nods)

From here, we'd have to travel
through the Venae Cavae. There's
just a small detail of going
through the heart without being
crushed.

CONTINUED

YUKO

If Professor Yeo is monitoring our position, he would see us navigate toward the heart...and could take measures to stop it for the duration of our passage.

TUBBS

"If"... "would"... "could."

Yuko glares Tubbs.

UNDERHILL

Don't be so quick to put down the idea of... "if." It's the reason we're able to be here.

TUBBS

(intense sarcasm)

Oh, wow! Heavy! So sorry miss scientist philosopher. Hear this C.F.B, "IF" you and Dr. "Atom Man" don't get us out of this, I'm gonna be heavin' your ass out into the President's colon.

RICHTER

(strong)

Knock it off, sailor. We're all in this together.

BULINSKI

(a SEAL reminder)

The only easy day is yesterday, Tubbs.

To cool off, Tubbs moves off into the tunnel.

UNDERHILL

Before committing to passage through the heart, we'll have to make a visual inspection of the ship. Attempt any possible repairs. Make sure she's sea worthy.

POOLEY

Or blood worthy.

BULINSKI

Worthy, period.

CONTINUED

YODER

Since you two are sounding so
"worthy," you're going with me.
Suit up.

The three SEALS move off toward the airlock. Underhill moves into the monitor and inputs a hypothetical into the computer.

UNDERHILL

We may be able to set down on an
Alveolar Sac in the lung. Save
the batteries. Recharge the
weapon systems...

COMPUTER SCREEN

The image first magnifies the area of the lung in which they travel. This image is further enlarged to include a Bronchiole tube branching off into an Acinus, a stem-like tube holding a group of balled Alveoli at the tip. Navigational instructions flash on the screen as the "hypothetical" Proteus "lands" on an Alveoli.

WIDER

Although Richter and Yuko look to him for confirmation, Underhill's thoughts remain internal, except for a short unconscious nod, as if "it can be done."

CUT TO:

INT. EXPERIMENTAL LABORATORY - MINISTRY OF SCIENCE - DAY

President Greer lies unconscious. His chest heaves and collapses from from the artificial respirator system. Once the breathing rhythm is established...

EXT. BRONCHIOLE - IN THE LUNG

The Proteus travels within the tube. It is dark, blackened and quite eerie. The ship rises and falls sharply with the consistent rhythm of each inhale/exhale.

Landing gear extends from the hull of the craft, appearing somewhat like anchors at the four landing pads.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - PROTEUS - AGUNDES

Agundes manually rolls down a lever marked "Manual Anchoring Deployment," before maneuvering the craft visually.

AGUNDES

Man, this is like docking with
a battleship in the middle of a
hurricane.

CONTINUED

UNDERHILL

Alveolus movements are
intensified by Greer's
artificial respirator.

Out the porthole, an Alveolus grows in size as the ship
descends, reminiscent of the Apollo 11 Eagle landing on the Sea
of Tranquility.

AGUNDES

Touch down in ten nanometers...
eight nanometers...

The Alveolus quickly however, contracts, "fooling" the pilot as
to its actual distance.

AGUNDES (CONT'D)

Oops! Nope... sixteen
nanometers... fourteen...

It expands again.

AGUNDES

Goddamn it! Six nanometers...
four...

INT. ALVEOLI

The ship's anchors latch onto the tissue as it touches down. The
Proteus rides the sharp expansions and contractions.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - PROTEUS

Agundes raises both arms, as if signaling for an NFL touchdown.

INT. AIR LOCK - PROTEUS - DAY

The interior of the ship rises and falls as Yoder, Bulinski and
Pooley don the Closed Circuit Oxygen Breathing Apparatuses. They
are professional, moving without a wasted motion as they prepare
for their assignment.

Once ready, they switch on helmet lamps as Richter opens the
depressurization hatch. The three person team exits into the
chamber. Richter shuts and secures the hatch with a THUD!

EXT. ALVEOLI

The lights from the enclosed helmets indicate the explorers'
approach as they descend the ladder of the Proteus. The
surrounding area is downright surreal. The dark tissular surface
rhythmically expands and contracts. Red blood cells float past
like extraterrestrial creatures. A distant, threatening
HEARTBEAT lies beneath the constant SOUND of RUSHING BLOOD.

CONTINUED

Pooley climbs to the base of the landing pad and steps off...

POOLEY

That's one small step for Man.
One... even smaller leap for a
tiny man!

And he steps onto the alien soil. Yoder and Bulinski follow.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - PROTEUS

As Agundes watches his comrades out the window, Underhill makes repairs to the ship, concentrating on rerouting shorted systems through the power cells. Yuko kneels near him. Richter approaches.

RICHTER

Anything I can do?

UNDERHILL

(keeps working)

Yeah... non fat, totally dry,
double cap.

Richter glares at Underhill who doesn't look back. Yuko glances at Richter gauging his reaction.

YUKO

Jason, he only wants to help.

UNDERHILL

Richter, If you're still worried
I've gone through all of this in
order to use it as an
"opportunity" to harm the
President, then you're workin'
overtime. Go on, relax. You too,
Yuko. Take some temperatures or
something.

Yuko glares at Underhill, she's looking at a different man than the one she knows and yet... she follows his orders. Richter subtly eyes her as she passes out of the control room and into the tunnel.

INT. ALVEOLI

Helmet lights shine upon the hull of the Proteus, dripping with secreted cytokine.

BULINSKI

This must be the shit Underhill
said those white blood cells
secreted.

CONTINUED

POOLEY

Let's go. If any of those things
come around while we're out
here, I'm gonna be doin' some
heavy shittin' and secretin'.

They continue their inspection.

INT. REACTOR COMPARTMENT - BODY BAG ZIPPER

CAMERA FOLLOWS a zipper as it slowly runs the length of a body
bag. ADJUSTING REVEALS Tubbs, sadly kneeling over the bag. O.S.,
FOOTSTEPS APPROACH on the metal floor. He looks up.

YUKO

enters, tenses as she sees Tubbs.

TUBBS

embittered, looks away to Ferkovich's body.

WIDER

Yuko produces her palm top computer.

YUKO

I have to record your body
temperature.

Tubbs continues to stare at the dead body, uncooperative.
Richter enters the room, sensing the tension.

RICHTER

Raymond... let her do her job.

Tubbs' eyes remain locked on the body bag.

TUBBS

Can you bring her back?

Yuko is silent. Although knowing Tubbs is a bigot, she is
touched by the question and his emotions. His eyes turn
deferentially to her. Yuko sadly shakes her head "no."

TUBBS

Why? Most of her is being stored
topside, right? This is only a
small part of her.

CONTINUED

YUKO

(quietly)

The most important part is gone.

(beat)

And that is something we can
never rebuild... or create.

Tubbs transfers his frustrated emotions...unfortunately...

TUBBS

You Japs always get so goddamn
honorable and smooth when you're
wrong about something.

RICHTER

STOP IT! KNOCK IT OFF! We're
sorry for your loss, but you
disgrace her memory. She gave
her life not, in this case, for
Americans, but the entire
world... and all the people in
it. Not just the kind you choose
to like.

Tubbs stands and aggressively moves toward Richter who stands
his ground.

RICHTER

Take a look outside the window,
Petty Officer. What you see
looks the same out there as
inside you, or me, or Doctor
Itonaga. Same air, tissues, same
color of blood.

Tubbs backs off. He eyes Yuko, but his only response is to reach
inside his wet-suit and remove his thermal readout card. She
eyes it, records the number and Tubbs walks out.

As Yuko's eyes turn gratefully and respectfully to Richter...

INT. ALVEOLI

The three SEALS outside the ship continue to ride the breathing
alveoli at the exterior bow. Yoder looks up to the port side
diving plane. A Floating Wire Antennae from the top of the small
Bridge is wrapped around the diving plane.

YODER

The Floating Wire Antenna is
wrapped around the diving plane.
It's probably restricting the
movement.

CONTINUED

Pooley moves to the diving plane and begins untangling the wire. Slipping on some surface material, he looks down at his feet.

POOLEY'S POV - ALVEOLI SURFACE

Disgusting black tar sticks to his boots. He lifts them and the material clings like old chewing gum.

WIDER

POOLEY

What is this shit here?

Yoder and Bulinski aim their helmet lamps at the surface shining more light on the revolting substance.

YODER

It's tar. Greer's a smoker.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - PROTEUS

Underhill connects some wires marked "EXTERNAL LUMINESCENCE" to an emergency power cell.

INT. ALVEOLI

The external lights of the Proteus turn on, illuminating a smoker's lung the size of a Nebraska field covered with brownish black tar.

Pooley is rattled to the core. He suppresses an immediate gag reflex. Bulinski starts laughing his ass off at Pooley.

YODER

You won't even need a nicotine patch to quit now, "Fooley."

This time, he can't hold it and Pooley projectile vomits into his closed circuit helmet. It's kind of funny, but not to Yoder and Bulinski who race to his aid. Yoder cuts the floating wire antenna from the diving plane as Bulinski quickly guides Pooley back to the diver hatch.

INT. PROTEUS - AIR LOCK HATCH - DAY

Richter and Yuko open the hatch. A BURST of air pressure HISSES as the three "divers" hustle back into the craft. Bulinski and Yoder quickly pull off the helmet, using it to prevent the vomit from spreading on the ship. Barf covers Pooley's shaken face.

YUKO

Oooooo. That's sure to linger.

As Richter and the divers wipe his face...

CONTINUED

POOLEY
 (gasping for air)
 I quit. I quit. I quit...

Underhill and Agundes hustles into the chamber. Tubbs follows and starts LAUGHING.

UNDERHILL
 Hull status?

YODER
 I cut loose the floating antenna from the port rudder. It should be maneuverable.

Agundes hustles off to check it out.

POOLEY
 I quit. I quit. I quit...

UNDERHILL
 Alright, our status is this. Radio's dead. We have to conserve all battery power in order to recharge the laser cannon. It's only at a quarter charge and that will not be enough to dissolve the blood clot.

(beat)
 Even with all the exertion, Yuko has determined our body temperatures are still dropping. We're losing heat at an alarming rate... and soon we'll feel the effects; shivering, stiff muscles... dulled senses. To delay the effects of hypothermia, keep your head, neck, and chest covered. Avoid unnecessary movements. And everyone but me and the planesman are to maintain a horizontal position through the heart, which if not stopped by those monitoring topside, will turn us into Spam in a can.

BULINSKI
 Man, talk about "goin' coach!"

TUBBS
 How're we gettin' to the heart without no power?

CONTINUED

UNDERHILL
We're gonna hitch a ride.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALVEOLI

The landing pads are raised off the surface, but do not tuck into the Proteus' hull.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - PROTEUS

All hands are wearing hats (most backward) and, oddly, reclined or laying on the floor to stave off hypothermia. Underhill stands beside Agundes at the controls.

AGUNDES
Both dive planes are operating.

UNDERHILL
Good. Dive down to a capillary,
the areas between the alveoli.
The walls are only one cell
thick. We should be able to
diffuse into the bloodstream.

Agundes pushes the wheel forward.

INT. ALVEOLI

The Proteus dives between the connecting tissue between the grouped alveoli. The submarine continues downward until passing through a single cell thick layer and disappears into a capillary.

INT. CAPILLARY

The Proteus is actually a tight squeeze in the microscopic blood vessel. Red blood cells, brilliantly scarlet with newly oxygenated blood, travel through the system by the thousands.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - PROTEUS

Underhill studies the new environment. He then spots a collection of red blood cells, large enough for the Proteus.

UNDERHILL
Set us down there!

Agundes operates the controls.

INT. CAPILLARY

The tiny ship settles down and anchors upon a dozen red blood cells and hitches a ride on the blood stream.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - PROTEUS

UNDERHILL

Good work, Mister Agundes.

The crew backs up the sentiment with some "Hoo-Yahs" and "A-Atta Boys." CAMERA, HOWEVER, TENSELY CREEPS IN ON THEM as an ominous SOUND GROWS LOUDER... BOOM BOOM... BOOM BOOM...

All turn silent, nervous as they listen to the approaching, slowed, HEARTBEAT.

CUT TO:

INT. LABORATORY OBSERVATION ROOM - NAVIGATION MONITORS

In the upper lobe of the left lung, the Proteus moves along the Pulmonary vein toward the Venae cavae, leading to the heart.

WIDER

General Gilbride and Professor Yeo have been watching the moving ship, relieved yet cautious.

GENERAL GILBRIDE

It is moving.

PROFESSOR YEO

Yes, but with the blood flow and toward the heart. They would be doing everything to avoid that area.

GENERAL GILBRIDE

If they had power.

PROFESSOR YEO

The ship may have merely been dislodged from the lung during expiration and is floating freely through the system.

GENERAL GILBRIDE

Unless they were using the heart to propel them back in the right direction.

Professor Yeo concedes this is true, however his reaction reflects his skepticism.

GENERAL GILBRIDE

Our actions must be based on the assumption they are still alive.
(more)

CONTINUED

GENERAL GILBRIDE (cont'd)
(beat)
For their sake, and the
President's.

As Professor Yeo gives the screen a look from this perspective...

INT. PULMONARY VEIN

The HEART BEATS in the distance, GROWING LOUDER. At the mercy of the blood flow, now effected by the O.S. pumping heart, the Proteus quickly advances, then equally as quickly retreats, like a twig floating on breakwater at the beach.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - PROTEUS

The fierce back and forth motion is like driving with someone who rides the clutch. The crew lies on the floor, clutching the bolted seat supports. Richter and Yuko are appearing a little green, while the sailors are used to rough waters.

Underhill turns and checks the navigation monitors.

UNDERHILL'S POV - MONITORS

The submarine approaches the superior vena cava, the major vein of the heart.

UNDERHILL

CAMERA INCHES IN AS HE begins to subtly shiver; the first effect of hypothermia. THE HEARTBEAT GROWS LOUDER.

CUT TO:

INT. EXPERIMENTAL LABORATORY - MINISTRY OF SCIENCE - DAY

The robots are active beside President Greer's body. Two syringes are prepared.

JOYCELYN GREER (O.S.)
No. All I've seen from you
people are steps backward.

INT. LABORATORY OBSERVATION ROOM

A raw nerve, Jocelyn Greer steps away from the observation window.

GENERAL GILBRIDE
If we don't take this step,
there will be no others.

CONTINUED

PROFESSOR YEO

Because of the critical time constraints, his heart will be stopped via deep Hypothermic cardiac arrest using an injected electrolyte solution...

JOYCELYN GREER

You're only doing him more harm!

PROFESSOR YEO

After assessing his preoperative Aortic stability, the levels of hypothermic anesthesia and current pharmacological dosage...

Overwhelmed, Joycelyn begins to break down crying. Professor Yeo eases his tone...

PROFESSOR YEO (CONT'D)

The computer estimates that we may arrest the heart for 62.274 seconds before hypoxia irreparably damages organ and brain tissue.

Gilbride moves to her. Knowing this is an emotional release in a strong woman, he does not hold her or coddle her.

GENERAL GILBRIDE

Jocelyn... yesterday, my Commander, your husband asked us to be responsible for millions of lives.

(beat)

If it wasn't for his words, I never would have sent those people off on such an improbable mission. And I know you wouldn't have allowed it.

(beat)

He may be incapable now... but his words have told us... this must be done.

PROFESSOR YEO

We must move quickly.

She looks up to the two men, her expression a conflict of emotions.

CUT TO:

INT. PULMONARY VEIN

The back and forth motion intensifies as the Proteus approaches the adjoining Vena Cava vein. The HEARTBEAT DRUMS LOUDER.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - PROTEUS

Underhill's shivering increases with his anxiety. The HEARTBEAT mirroring the POUNDING HEARTS of the Proteus' crew. BOOM BOOM...

BULINSKI

That sound is making mine beat faster.

UNDERHILL

If they don't arrest his heart immediately... all our hearts are going to be beating much faster... before they stop, for good.

INT. VENA CAVA VEIN

The Proteus is pulled into the Vena Cava, a large vein adjoining the right atrium of the heart.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - PROTEUS

Like a helicopter swooping out over a coastal cliff, the sensation of expansion is both exhilarating and terrifying. Below them, the three triangulated Tricuspid valve muscles resemble the mouth of a giant sea anemone. The ship is tauntingly yanked toward, then drifts away as the valve pulsates.

UNDERHILL

CAMERA SWEEPS IN ON HIM, fighting the sense of doom.

UNDERHILL

Get up. It's a magnificent last sight to see.

WIDER

The crew members stand and look out the windows. All are awed and horrified. The HEARTBEAT is THUNDEROUS.

INT. RIGHT ATRIUM

The ship is pulled closer toward the great mouth.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - PROTEUS

BOOM BOOM! Now unbearable, Yuko covers her ears, but this is more than just a SOUND.

CONTINUED

The entire ship vibrates from the PUMPING concussions, RUMBLING across everyone's body.

BEHIND THE CREW - OUT THE WINDOWS

Suddenly, two gargantuan steel points pierce the roof of the Atrium wall, entering the chamber. Clear fluid is injected into the heart, swirling amongst the blood.

INT. EXPERIMENTAL LABORATORY - MINISTRY OF SCIENCE - DAY

In the b.g., Jocelyn Greer must look away as the robotic physicians stand over the President's chest, depressing the plungers on two cardioplegia cannulas inserted through the skin.

INT. RIGHT ATRIUM

The hypothermic solution swirls, however the Tricuspid valve threateningly continues its function.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - PROTEUS

Invigorated with hope, the crew monitors the effects.

YUKO

They're inducing hypothermic
cardiac shock!

UNDERHILL

It's not effecting the Tricuspid
valve.

BOOM BOOM! BOOM BOOM!

INT. RIGHT ATRIUM

The ship is perilously close to the valve. BOOM BOOM! BOOM BOOM!
At this range the contracting muscles are like SLAMMING steel
doors. BOOM BOOM! BOOM BOOM!

Suddenly, just as the Proteus is about to be crushed within the
contracting muscles, the valve stops.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - PROTEUS

The complete silence, oddly, feels eerie. The crew remains too
tense to breath a sigh of relief.

INT. RIGHT ATRIUM

The flow of blood is now only momentum as the Proteus floats
through the Tricuspid valve and into the Right Ventricle.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - PROTEUS

Underhill hustles up to Agundes.

UNDERHILL

We have to be out before they
resuscitate.

AGUNDES

I can't do anything about it but
steer. Without any propulsion,
we're at the mercy of blood flow
inertia. If it stops... we stop.

INT. EXPERIMENTAL LABORATORY - MINISTRY OF SCIENCE - DAY

Robots hurriedly coat conducting gel upon a pair of high tech
defibrillators, while another replaces an empty I.V. bag.

INT. LABORATORY OBSERVATION ROOM

Jocelyn Greer, Gilbride and Huckeba watch from the window.
Professor Yeo is at the console with an inset clock ticking away
to the sixth decimal. 07.483298... 07.957823... 08.000000....

INT. RIGHT VENTRICLE

The ship's port diving plane angles downward. The Proteus's tail
swings out as the ship takes a hard left, flowing with the blood
through the relaxed pulmonary valve.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - PROTEUS

Agundes perspires as he steers the ship with no power. Underhill
steps away from the navigation console, which he has been
consulting.

UNDERHILL

Okay, here's the tricky part.

AGUNDES

WHAT! LIKE THE REST OF IT'S NOT?!

UNDERHILL

We're now in the Pulmonary
artery. We have to find a
capillary bed and transfer back
into the venous system, back to
the heart, or else we'll be
taken into the left lung and
have to start all over.

Agundes looks at Underhill as if he's crazy.

CONTINUED

AGUNDES

Sir, I get the Hollywood and Pasadena freeways confused. How the hell am I going to find an arterial off ramp?

CUT TO:

INT. EXPERIMENTAL LABORATORY - MINISTRY OF SCIENCE - DAY

The robots ready the defibrillators.

INT. LABORATORY OBSERVATION ROOM

Prof. Yeo continues monitoring the clock. 23.628374...23.842553

INT. PULMONARY ARTERY

The Proteus flows into the opening of the right Pulmonary artery, away from the heart. The squeeze is tighter than the heart chambers and the inertial blood flow is slowing.

INT. LABORATORY OBSERVATION ROOM

Professor Yeo checks the navigational monitor. CAMERA PUSHES IN on him as the Proteus steers away from the left lung.

PROFESSOR YEO

The ship has veered away from the lung, against the natural blood flow. They ARE alive!

INT. CONTROL ROOM - PROTEUS

Agundes visually searches for an adjoining venule. The members of the crew move up to the windows to help.

POOLEY

There!

YODER

No, that one!

TUBBS

That hole to the right.

BULINSKI

That hole to the left.

Agundes is unaware of the previous events as he coincidentally asks.

AGUNDES

Agent Richter, any gut feelings?

CAMERA EASES IN ON RICHTER, reluctant to use his instinct.

INT. LABORATORY OBSERVATION ROOM - CLOSE - THE CLOCK

28.378265...28.759384...29.000154...

INT. CAPILLARY

The blood flow is nearly non-existent. The ship is losing momentum.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - PROTEUS

Agundes steers, frustrated.

AGUNDES

We're losing momentum. We're going to beach here.

YUKO

Up there!

INT. LEFT PULMONARY VEIN - THROUGH THE WINDOW

The blood, red and rich, has a slowing current as it flows in the direction they just came.

UNDERHILL

Yes. That will take us into the left ventricle and we'll be almost out!

INT. LABORATORY OBSERVATION ROOM

37.278459... 37.678594... 38.290748...

INT. LEFT PULMONARY VEIN

The Proteus is taken into the slowing current of the Left Pulmonary vein from the adjoining venule. It is carried by a desperately slowing momentum.

INT. LABORATORY OBSERVATION ROOM

With the clock ticking behind him, Professor Yeo engages some switches, lifting the safety latch from a switch marked. "Robotic Defibrillation." 42.678492...43.247398...43.694308...

INT. LEFT VENTRICLE

The Proteus appears in the left ventricle chamber as it drifts in from the relaxed Bicuspid valve.

INT. PROTEUS - CONTROL ROOM

Underhill points to the Aortic valve, three large triangulated muscles; its shape resembling a Mercedes logo.

CONTINUED

Although relaxed, the muscles are clenched leaving an aperture, possibly, large enough for the submarine.

UNDERHILL
HARD TO STARBOARD! THROUGH THAT
OPENING IS THE AORTIC ARCH AND
OUT OF THE HEART!

INT. LABORATORY OBSERVATION ROOM

46.997659...47.000000...47.375894...

Professor Yeo lifts his hand toward the switch.

PROFESSOR YEO
Fifteen seconds...

INT. LEFT VENTRICLE

The Proteus swerves right, but because of the nearly absent blood flow, its momentum toward the Aortic valve is excruciatingly slow.

INT. PROTEUS - CONTROL ROOM

The mouth out of the heart looms large, but the approach feels just seconds too slow. Especially as...

INT. EXPERIMENTAL LABORATORY - MINISTRY OF SCIENCE - DAY

The robots actually place the defibrillator paddles upon the President's chest.

INT. LABORATORY OBSERVATION ROOM

CAMERA PUSHES IN ON JOYCELYN GREER as, O.S....

PROFESSOR YEO
Ten seconds... nine seconds...

INT. LEFT VENTRICLE - AORTIC VALVE

The Proteus has come nearly to a complete stop, nanometers from the tiny opening of the valve.

INT. PROTEUS - CONTROL ROOM

Yuko closes her eyes, reflecting the belief they will not make it through. Pooley absently waves his arms back and forth, with the same desperation as a golfer blowing a golf ball into the hole.

INT. EXPERIMENTAL LABORATORY - MINISTRY OF SCIENCE - DAY

The "CHARGED" light flashes on the defibrillator paddles.

CONTINUED

PROFESSOR YEO (O.S.)
Five... four... three...

INT. LEFT VENTRICLE - AORTIC VALVE

The Proteus stops at the opening plane of the valve.

INT. LABORATORY OBSERVATION ROOM

PROFESSOR YEO
Two... one...

He engages the defibrillation button.

INT. EXPERIMENTAL LABORATORY - MINISTRY OF SCIENCE - DAY

The robots DISCHARGE the machine.

INT. AORTIC VALVE

The muscle contracts... just missing the tail of the Proteus, which is pushed into the Aortic arch by pumped blood.

INT. PROTEUS - CONTROL ROOM

The crew members are rocked to their knees by the jolt.

INT. AORTIC ARCH - AORTIC VALVE

The Heart beats again. The valve slams shut, then as it opens... a tsunami like rush of blood surges into the Aortic arch toward the rear of the ship.

INT. PROTEUS - CONTROL ROOM

Like no other shock to this point, the Proteus is LAUNCHED, sending bodies literally flying across the control room.

INT. AORTIC ARCH

The ship arcs across the Aortic Arch like a rogue roller coaster at blazing speeds, it careens off the arterial wall INTO CAMERA...

INT. LABORATORY OBSERVATION ROOM

Gilbride, Mrs. Greer and Prof. Yeo see the results on the navigational monitor.

GILBRIDE
THEY MADE IT!

INT. COMMON CAROTID ARTERY

The Proteus tumbles out of control into the adjoining Common Carotid artery.

INT. PROTEUS - CONTROL ROOM

Agundes battles to stabilize the craft.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

Professor Yeo watches as the position of the Proteus rapidly moves up the chest toward the shoulder.

PROFESSOR YEO

They're passing through the
gunshot wound, there will be
intense tissue damage.

INT. COMMON CAROTID ARTERY

Indeed, the rapidly approaching area appears like a strip mined canyon. Damaged tissue creates irregular stalagmites. The area is swarming with leukocytes, (white blood cells) with increased blood flow to the wound area as well. It is the equivalent of flying through an asteroid field.

The front diving planes work furiously, regaining some stability.

INT. PROTEUS - CONTROL ROOM

Agundes is sweating profusely as he holds the controls. Finally, the ship rights itself.

AGUNDES

GOT IT!

His victorious expression is quickly overtaken by shock.

REVERSE - OUT THE WINDOW

two columns of scar tissue rise before the craft.

AGUNDES

cranks the wheel hard to the left

INT. COMMON CAROTID ARTERY

The Proteus quickly banks left and shoots the gap between the two columns, diving into a crevice of torn arterial wall.

INT. PROTEUS - CONTROL ROOM

Agundes cuts left, then right, avoiding the jagged obstacles. Agundes pushes the wheel in hard.

INT. COMMON CAROTID ARTERY

The sub pulls up just as it is about to collide with a stalagmite of new tissue, ascending into the artery while the rapid blood flow pushes it forward.

INT. PROTEUS - CONTROL ROOM

G-Forces exert against the battered crew. Richter manages to lift his head to look out the forward window. His eyes go wide.

RICHTER

Oh, Shit!

INT. COMMON CAROTID ARTERY - THROUGH THE PROTEUS' WINDOW

An active swarming mass of white bloods cells furiously work around the wound.

INT. WEAPONS TURRET

Tubbs engages the laser cannon.

INT. PROTEUS - CONTROL ROOM

Underhill notes on the instrument panel that Tubbs has activated the weapon. He turns quickly aft, calling up into the turret.

UNDERHILL

TUBBS, NO! WE'LL BE WITHOUT
POWER WHEN WE REACH THE BLOOD
CLOT.

INT. WEAPONS TURRET

TUBBS

(calling down)
WE WON'T GET THERE IF THESE
THINGS GET US FIRST!

INT. PROTEUS - CONTROL ROOM

CAMERA PUSHES INTO UNDERHILL, he knows this.

INT. COMMON CAROTID ARTERY

Appearing like creatures from a different Universe, several various types of Leukocytes turn to attack the Proteus as it hurls past. The ship's momentum is faster than the anti-bodies.

CONTINUED

Several dozen round, spiked B-CELLS and Killer T-CELLS pursue in the blood stream. They will easily overtake the ship.

INT. PROTEUS - CONTROL ROOM

Yuko struggles to read the navigational monitor. She looks up, quickly and with hope...

YUKO

THE COMMON CAROTID BREAKS OFF
INTO THE INTERIOR AND EXTERIOR
JUST AHEAD! A FAST TURN INTO THE
INTERIOR AND THEY'LL OVERSHOOT
US.

AGUNDES

NOT IF WE DON'T GET SOME SORT OF
BOOST.

CUT TO:

INT. EXPERIMENTAL LABORATORY - MINISTRY OF SCIENCE - DAY

It is quiet and dim in the laboratory. CAMERA QUICKLY INCHES IN ON Greer's throat, as it struggles to perform a visceral swallow. Amongst dry CHOKES from the throat... the throat muscles contract and release, causing...

INT. COMMON CAROTID ARTERY

...the blood in the artery to shoot forward. The Proteus indeed gets a boost from its attackers, allowing...

INT. PROTEUS - CONTROL ROOM - OVER AGUNDES' SHOULDER

The Internal Carotid quickly approaches. Agundes maneuvers the right diving plane. The ship swerves into the adjoining artery.

INT. COMMON CAROTID ARTERY

The white blood cells, themselves without the ability to propel or steer, overshoot the adjoining Internal Carotid and pass on into the blood stream.

INT. PROTEUS - CONTROL ROOM

The crew members are oddly quiet; exhausted and cold.

Underhill subtly shivers. As he reaches down to zip up his wet-suit, his hand trembles. He realizes the effects of hypothermia are mounting within him and works to hide this from the others.

UNDERHILL

Yuko... where are we?

CONTINUED

No response.

UNDERHILL

Yuko...

He turns to see her looking into the navigational monitor, with a bewildered expression.

Surprised her senses are dulled to the point she has trouble reading the display.

Behind her, Richter notes the same effect. He looks beyond Yuko to Underhill. The two adversaries need not speak to convey their alarm.

The navigational monitor displays the route she explains, so it visually appears clear, as Yuko struggles to report...

YUKO

The Internal Carotid Artery will take us... to the inner... inner ear. The most direct route into the brain... appears to be the... Cochlear nerve into the Pons and then up to the midbrain.

Yoder's teeth subtly chatter, signs of anxiety flaring...

YODER

How long will that take?

The more difficult it becomes to mentally process information, the more fear begins to harvest.

YUKO

I can't say...

Bulinski barks; irritation a symptom of mounting hypothermia.

BULINSKI

Because there's no way of knowing or you can't figure it out?!

Richter realizes what is occurring and stands.

RICHTER

Alright, knock it off. Keep it together. Let's not bullshit each other, we're all feeling the onset of hypothermia. If we start taking it out on each other, we're dead.

The SEALS are about teamwork and the reminder returns their focus. Richter feels this and continues...

CONTINUED

RICHTER

Now, we know they're monitoring us topside because they stopped the heart, so they'll follow our path into the excretory system. Don't lose hope. There is a way out.

(beat)

But first we got a job to do.

As everyone welcomes Richter's taking command... except Underhill.

CUT TO:

INT. LABORATORY OBSERVATION ROOM - NAVIGATIONAL MONITOR

The Proteus approaches the complex and unique auditory system, orientated to the AUDIENCE by including the outer ear.

PROFESSOR YEO

They must be without power. The Cochlea is an indirect route to the inner brain.

WIDER

Jocelyn Greer sits in a stuffed chair, back to the others as she looks out the observation window. The Professor turns away from the console and sighs, troubled. Gilbride reads the stress.

GENERAL GILBRIDE

Can they make it to the blood clot?

PROFESSOR YEO

My concern is our assistance to them while in the inner ear.

(beat)

The faintest sound from the laboratory could be devastating.

GENERAL GILBRIDE

That shouldn't be a problem, the attendants are all robotic. Can't you just...

Huckeba cuts him off as he reminds with a whisper...

HUCKEBA

Sir... the respirator.

Gilbride stops cold, sick. He cautiously looks toward Jocelyn Greer who, having heard, her only response...is to not respond.

CONTINUED

As Gilbride looks back to Prof. Yeo, knowing what has to be done.

INT. EUSTACHIAN TUBE

The passage leading toward the middle ear is quite different from anything witnessed. The area is devoid of any fluid. Like a speck of dust, the Proteus is wisped about the passageway.

The Proteus travels toward three massive bones, the Malleus, the Incus and the tuning fork shaped Stapes which connects to a membrane called the Scala Tympani; leading to the inner ear.

INT. LABORATORY OBSERVATION ROOM

Professor Yeo deactivates the respirator.

INT. EXPERIMENTAL LABORATORY - MINISTRY OF SCIENCE - DAY

The respirator turns off. The President's body reacts with minor convulsions. Otherwise, the robot attendants are quiet and perfectly still.

INT. PROTEUS - CONTROL ROOM

There is no need for the crew to be quiet and yet they are tensely SILENT.

INT. EXPERIMENTAL LABORATORY - MINISTRY OF SCIENCE - DAY

The room is eerily still. Silent...

Suddenly, CAMERA RISES AND PUSHES INTO the I.V. bag...releasing the final drips of the contents.

INT. EUSTACHIAN TUBE

Dwarfed by the U shaped Stapes, the Proteus approaches the connection to the inner ear.

INT. EXPERIMENTAL LABORATORY - MINISTRY OF SCIENCE - DAY

The "I.V. Robot" suddenly activates. Its movements are silent as it reaches to the Presidents body and releases the I.V. tube from the I.V. catheter with an excruciating, but soft, CLICK.

INT. EUSTACHIAN TUBE

The diving planes rotate, maneuvering the craft outside the Scala Tympani membrane.

INT. LABORATORY OBSERVATION ROOM

General Gilbride, Yeo and Huckeba perspire as they watch the ship's progress. They are unaware that below...

INT. EXPERIMENTAL LABORATORY - CLOSE - THE EMPTY I.V. BAG
is removed from its position and replaced by a full bag.

THE ROBOT

swings the empty bag toward a dispenser, however, gently nudging
a rolling cart of surgical tools.

THE CART

rolls silently, bumping into another robot attendant. The
contact, however, dislodges a pair of surgical shears which
precariously teeters on the edge of the table.

INT. EUSTACHIAN TUBE

The Proteus is outside the Oval window membrane.

INT. PROTEUS - CONTROL ROOM

AGUNDES

The only way to the inner ear is
through that membrane. With no
propulsion, there's no way to
punch through it.

UNDERHILL

Tearing the Tympani membrane
could damage his hearing.

RICHTER

He won't be alive to hear
anything, if we don't.

INT. EXPERIMENTAL LABORATORY - CLOSE - THE SURGICAL SHEARS

Teeter, then fall off the tray...

THE FLOOR

Just as the shears are about to CLANG to the ground, a robotic
hand quickly catches them... maintaining the silence.

INT. LABORATORY OBSERVATION ROOM

Professor Yeo reacts to the President's oximeter display.

PROFESSOR YEO

Greer's oxygen saturation
percentage has dropped to 92
percent. Another two points and
I'll have to restart the
respirator!

INT. EXPERIMENTAL LABORATORY - MINISTRY OF SCIENCE - DAY

The robot quietly returns the scissors to the table. The "I.V. Robot" is still, its responsibility executed.

Suddenly... in the b.g., a distinctive ALARM SOUNDS from the cryogenic storage tanks.

INT. LABORATORY OBSERVATION ROOM

Gilbride and Huckeba turn toward the observation window, shocked. Professor Yeo looks to the console.

PROFESSOR YEO'S POV - CONSOLE

A monitor reflects a dangerous malfunction of temperature in one of the cryogenic tanks. "C.S.T - #6 - TUBBS."

INT. EUSTACHIAN TUBE

The cryogenic alarm is THUNDEROUS. Intense vibrating waves of air bounce about the tube causing the massive bones to rapidly tremble.

INT. PROTEUS - CONTROL ROOM

The ship rattles, blurs, as the crew grab their ears.

INT. EUSTACHIAN TUBE

The Stapes bone begins to rapidly move in and out, pulling on the membrane. The Proteus' proximity causes it to be overtaken by the oscillating air pressure.

With great force, the submarine is pulled through the Scala Tympani membrane and into the inner ear. Clear-yellowish fluid spills from the inner ear into the Eustachian tube.

INT. PROTEUS - CONTROL ROOM

The crew members SCREAM from the pain. CAMERA, HOWEVER, PUSHES INTO UNDERHILL who looks up, horrified, recognizing the ALARM.

INT. THE COCHLEA

is like a snail shell wrapped around two and a half times. The Proteus WHIPS around the circles like a Magic Mountain roller coaster with rocket-like speed.

INT. PROTEUS - CONTROL ROOM

For Agundes, attempting control is futile as the ship is carried at near supersonic speeds through the Cochlea.

INT. COCHLEA

The sub is WHISKED by the VIBRATIONS like a sled over bundled hair cells, like a toothbrush. The Tectorial Membrane is a waved rooftop to the area.

INT. PROTEUS - CONTROL ROOM

The crew members are shaken like a bobsled team.

INT. COCHLEA

The Proteus continues over the hairs until cascading into the bundled nerve fibers of the Auditory nerve.

INT. LABORATORY OBSERVATION ROOM

Professor Yeo quickly turns from the monitor.

PROFESSOR YEO
THEY'RE OUT.

He reactivates the artificial respirator.

INT. EXPERIMENTAL LABORATORY - MINISTRY OF SCIENCE - DAY

Greer's chest heaves upward as air is forced into his lungs. As the breathing recommences... CAMERA SLOWLY RISES AND MOVES TOWARD the cryogenic storage tanks... MOVING CLOSER... TOWARD A TANK with a sickening light flashing. The tank marked "TUBBS," displays a digital readout... "SYSTEMS FAILURE. CONTENTS TERMINATED."

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WEAPONS TURRET - TUBBS

stands sentry behind his weapon, unaware that his life is over. Behind him, the environment has turned dark, mysterious and macabre, like an ominous Louisiana storm. O.S., lightning FLASHES reflect upon Tubbs' face.

INT. PROTEUS - CONTROL ROOM

Underhill shivers. He closes his eyes from some painful secret he is keeping from the others. His breath can be seen as he sighs.

Yuko shivers, her head jerks as if nearly falling asleep. She looks to the navigational monitors.

YUKO
We've left the Pons... moving
into the midbrain.
(more)

CONTINUED

YUKO (cont'd)

At this rate, we should reach the Hippocampal in 2.04 minutes.

AGUNDES

We're now traveling on a vertical plane. We have to climb straight up. So, extend your time estimate.

Yoder sighs, her frustration aggravated by hypothermia. Bulinski turns toward Underhill.

BULINSKI

Sir, respectfully, this is bullshit. We have to turn on the heating systems.

UNDERHILL

Negative! We're almost there.

POOLEY

"Almost there."

UNDERHILL

Gotta problem, Petty Officer?

POOLEY

When have we gone from one location to the next without a hitch?

Underhill eyes the crew defensively and with growing paranoia.

YODER

Yuko calculated we'd suffer profound hypothermia in an hour and that was without knowing we'd lose power.

TUBBS

Right. Only been forty five minutes and the effects have taken hold.

BULINSKI

Just look at us.

YODER

Look at yourself.

UNDERHILL

The heating systems will drain power from the cannon!

CONTINUED

RICHTER

The air lock is equipped with hand held laser rifles. We could try those to break up the clot.

TUBBS

Right. When we get back to the ship we can use the heat to stay alive on the way back.

Underhill's eyes appear a bit aggressive, altered from the effects of the cold and stress.

UNDERHILL

One of us is never going back.

A tense pause; the silence demanding an explanation.

UNDERHILL

The alarm we heard... felt... one of the cryogenic storage tanks failed. One of us is already dead.

As the eyes flash upon one another, horrified at the thought it could be them...

YUKO

(subdued)

Dead or alive... we're here.

Underhill moves to the front window. Richter studies the effects of the others contemplating Underhill's death sentence.

INT. HIPPOCAMPAL REGION

The Proteus approaches the most wondrous, and yet ominous, image seen on the journey. Greek for "Seahorse," that is indeed the Hippocampal's shape. Although unconscious, President Greer's midbrain is active to the degree it feels like a pre-Tornado lightning storm.

The complex fibrous system transmits dozens of different neuroactive peptides along the nerve circuitry, each FLASHING a different vibrant color.

The most intense is a grayish white electrical bolt leaping between the spidery neurons. This is the charge transmitting information between synapses.

INT. PROTEUS - CONTROL ROOM

Still reeling from Underhill's news, the crew is nevertheless awed at the image. A grayish flash reflects off their faces, backlighting their cold breaths as they guard themselves from the brilliance.

UNDERHILL

The Glutamate causes that flash.
It's what's in our torpedoes.

YODER

Where's the clot? There?

She points ahead. Yuko checks the monitor, then out the window.

INT. HIPPOCAMPAL REGION - YUKO'S POV - OUT THE WINDOW

A round tube filled with nerve bundles sits above the area.

YUKO

That's the optic tract, leading
to the optic nerve.

INT. PROTEUS - CONTROL ROOM

Underhill gestures out the front port window.

UNDERHILL

Take us there, Mr. Agundes.
That... is why we're here.

All heads turn as Agundes steers the sub toward...

INT. HIPPOCAMPAL REGION

An ugly, irregular, black boulder prohibits blood flow and the transmission of neuroelectrical charges. The Proteus pulls up directly in line with the clot, though allowing working distance between it and the ship. The landing pads begin deployment.

INT. PROTEUS - CONTROL ROOM

Excitement, anticipation, dread, swirl as the ship anchors with a mild JOLT. Gesturing toward the weapons turret, Underhill addresses Tubbs.

UNDERHILL

Mister Tubbs...

But Tubbs doesn't move. His eyes turn defiantly toward Underhill.

UNDERHILL

Mister Tubbs, to the weapons
turret.

CONTINUED

Tubbs eyes the others gauging his mutinous support. No one moves indicating they're behind him. Richter reads this and looks to an increasingly threatened Underhill.

UNDERHILL

You're disobeying an order,
Tubbs.

TUBBS

Sir, I am a Navy SEAL, the force
of choice. And I would never
disobey an order directed by one
of my commanding officers... but
Lieutenant Dodd...

(accusatory)

...didn't make it.

Underhill looks to Tubbs' superior officer and with an
commanding tone, as if "order him to obey me..."

UNDERHILL

Yoder...

YODER

Doctor, sir, what Petty Officer
Tubbs is indicating... is that
you may have the brilliance and
ingenuity to get us here... but
we're the experts in situations
where things have turned to shit.

(beat)

And they have.

She exhales to emphasize her point.

POOLEY

Your plans to get us back...
will not get us back.

BULINSKI

And I don't care if what you say
is true, that one of us is
already dead. We will proceed as
if everyone of us is still
alive... and will take every
step to remain so.

Underhill is reeling. He turns to who he believes is his only
remaining ally... Yuko. She matches his glare and remains
silent, indicating she has sided with the SEALS.

Richter reads the confrontation is about to escalate, he steps
in, taking command.

CONTINUED

RICHTER

Alright, everyone goes out but Yuko. The EVA suits' radios are battery operated, so we can keep in contact with the ship.

(beat)

If we can't break up the clot with the rifles, then we return and use the cannon... even if it means a return without heat.

He eyes everyone, not looking for confirmation, but if they understand the order. This time, the silence indicates not only understanding, but acceptance of Richter's command.

RICHTER (CONT'D)

Time to operate.

CUT TO:

INT. PROTEUS - AIR LOCK HATCH - WEAPONS RACK

A nasty high tech rifle is yanked from the rack. CAMERA FOLLOWS as Yoder hands it to Agundes who personally inspects the weapon.

TUBBS

inspects an Individual Propulsion System (IPS). The size of a small boogie board with handles on each side. Tiny propellers WHIR at the base.

BULINSKI

SNAPS a utility belt secure, then sheaths his K-Bar.

POOLEY

is about to put on his diving helmet, then reels from the residual odor. As he wipes away some crusted vomit...

POOLEY

Let's do this quickly.

INT. PROTEUS - CONTROL ROOM

Richter is suited up and prepared. He gives a final check to Yuko.

RICHTER

You alright?

She nods, reflexively eyes Underhill across the room suiting up by himself. Richter reads this and understands.

CONTINUED

RICHTER

It'll be alright, Yuko.

(re: Underhill)

It's times like this, when you
find out what people are made of.

She turns and looks out the window at the electrically charged neurons before her. Richter smiles at her confusion. She looks back to him and, as she nods, confidently...

EXT. PROTEUS - AIR LOCK HATCH

The hatch opens. The SEAL team deploys with enviable professionalism and cool. Each driven by an Individual Propulsion System, they immediately head toward their directive, the mountainous blood clot ahead. Richter and Underhill exit the ship and trail behind.

INT. PROTEUS - CONTROL ROOM

Shivering, Yuko further zips up her wet-suit as she monitors the mission. She looks out the window.

INT./EXT. PROTEUS - HIPPOCAMPAL REGION - THROUGH THE WINDOW

With Yuko in the f.g., the divers appear from beneath the ship, quickly moving toward the blood clot.

INT. HIPPOCAMPAL REGION - FROM ATOP THE CLOT

With the lights of the Proteus providing illumination, the five member SEAL team approaches, far below. Richter and Underhill are a distance behind the team's formation.

THE SEAL TEAM

Yoder pulls up and stops. The others follow her actions.

YODER

Blue team, Tubbs and me will
position at the base. Green,
Agundes, you work the center.
Red team, Fooley and Bull, take
the summit.

She takes a look at the obstacle.

YODER

Our positions should be at an
outside angle to the clot.
If it breaks down, it'll be like
a dam breaking and we want to be
on the perimeter, away from the
rushing river of blood.

(more)

CONTINUED

YODER (cont'd)
 (beat)
 Proteus, copy that? You'd better
 be set to ride it out.

INT. PROTEUS - CONTROL ROOM

Yuko speaks into a radio headset cannibalized from a diving helmet sitting on the console.

YUKO
 I am GOOD TO GO!

INT. HIPPOCAMPAL REGION - THE SEAL TEAM
 are fired up by Yuko's Gung Ho attitude.

BULINSKI
 HOO-YAH, YUKO!

YODER
 LET'S DO THIS BAD BOY!

The divers move out from their positions.

BLOOD CLOT SUMMIT

Bulinski and Pooley ENTER FRAME near the top of the clot. Spreading out toward the sides of the clot, they position themselves several "yards" from the object.

POOLEY
 Red team set.

AGUNDES

travels into FRAME via IPS. He turns off the motor and "floats" to the side of center of the clot.

AGUNDES
 Green is go.

BASE OF THE CLOT

Yoder and Tubbs are positioned at the base to each side of the clot.

YODER
 How's our position, Agent
 Richter? Give us the "go."

RICHTER AND UNDERHILL

are positioned back away from the team, to the side and closest to the Proteus. They have the best overall view.

CONTINUED

RICHTER
Fire at will.

BLUE TEAM - BLOOD CLOT SUMMIT

BOOM! SPARKS DISPERSE from the rifle nuzzle as beams of concentrated energy streak from the Blue Team's weapons.

BLOOD CLOT SUMMIT

like construction demolition, rocks and debris fly from the EXPLOSION.

AGUNDES

pans his weapon across the obstruction as he FIRES!

CENTER OF THE BLOOD CLOT

coagulated blood shoots from the center of the clot.

UNDERHILL AND RICHTER

supervise the work, pleased it appears effective.

RED TEAM - BASE OF THE BLOOD CLOT

As "rocks" cascade and tumble from above, Yoder and Tubbs FIRE at the base of the clot, turning to rubble.

WIDER - BLOOD CLOT

As the three teams FIRE their rifles, the clot buckles, RUMBLES, showing signs of collapse.

INT. PROTEUS - CONTROL ROOM

Yuko's emotions rise as she watches the operation, close to success.

Then... as CAMERA CREEPS IN ON HER... PING!

She freezes, her entire Being focused for a sound. Which, she HEARS again. PING! She pulls her headphones close.

YUKO
Blue team, green team, red team,
all HANDS...

INT. HIPPOCAMPAL REGION - YODER

Continues to FIRE, Yuko's calls on the radio are BARELY AUDIBLE under the weapons FIRE and CRUMBLING CLOT.

INT. PROTEUS - CONTROL ROOM

Louder... closer... PING! Yuko grows desperate and frightened.

YUKO
ALL HANDS RETURN TO PROTEUS! ALL
HANDS RETURN TO PROTEUS!!

INT. HIPPOCAMPAL REGION - BLUE TEAM

Continue to BLAST AWAY, oblivious to her alarm.

WIDER - THE BLOOD CLOT

is on the brink of breaking apart.

INT. PROTEUS - CONTROL ROOM

PING! LOUDER.

YUKO
ALL HANDS TO PROTEUS!

INT. HIPPOCAMPAL REGION - AGUNDES

FIRES, reacts, frustrated.

AGUNDES POV - CENTER OF THE CLOT

a "boulder" will not break away as it is hit.

AGUNDES

moves dangerously closer and center for a better shot at the obstruction.

INT. PROTEUS - CONTROL ROOM

PING! PING! Yuko desperately hits the external lights switch.

INT. HIPPOCAMPAL REGION - PROTEUS

Underhill and Richter are before the ship. They turn as the lights flash.

UNDERHILL AND RICHTER'S POV - THE PROTEUS

Yuko furiously waves them back inside, while also gesturing to her radio.

BLUE TEAM

has turned and see her gesturing. They stop their work, but below them...

CONTINUED

AGUNDES

continues to work on the stubborn boulder.

RED TEAM

is looking back at the ship. They gesture quickly to their radios and indicate they can't hear because of Agundes' work above. Then, as they gesture to her "what?!"...

NEARBY GRAY MATTER

shreds, cascading through the area as a lone attacking nanobot charges toward the blood clot.

BLUE TEAM

makes a break for cover.

RED TEAM

tears out of the area.

AGUNDES

as he FIRES toward the clot, the "rock" chips away.

AGUNDES

Hoo-Yah! Got that mother...

Are his final words as the nanobot's balled shears tear him to ribbons, before he even is aware of it.

THE RED TEAM AND THE BLUE TEAM

converge behind the cover of a connecting muscle.

RICHTER AND UNDERHILL

race back toward the Proteus, Underhill in front of Richter.

As they approach, a second nanobot charges, directly towards Underhill.

UNDERHILL

freezes, with an odd mixture of horror and euphoric awe as he looks directly into his creation now ten times his size.

NANOBOT'S POV - UNDERHILL

the shears WHIRL in the f.g, toward the frozen Underhill. Suddenly, Richter ENTERS FRAME. Propelled by his IPS, he knocks Underhill out of the nanobot's line of attack.

CONTINUED

RICHTER AND UNDERHILL

stunned, Underhill is carried off by Richter toward the outside of the 'Proteus' air lock hatch. As he opens the door...

THE FIRST NANOBOT

turns toward the Red and Blue Team's hiding place. The SEALS FIRE their weapons! Electrical charges wrap around the machine, managing little more than a temporary repellent.

INT. PROTEUS - AIR LOCK HATCH

Yuko helps Richter pull Underhill inside, pale and shivering in a debilitating shock. As Richter immediately runs out...

RICHTER
GET HIM IN THE CONTROL ROOM!

INT. HIPPOCAMPAL REGION - SEAL TEAM HIDING PLACE

The second nanobot joins the first, trying to get at the converged SEAL TEAM, who FIRE at the machines. The nanobot's shears grind away at the muscle and bone.

INT. WEAPONS TURRET

Richter dives into the seat, hurriedly looking over the weapon trying to figure out how to activate it.

Behind him, in the acrylic turret, a third nanobot charges the Proteus.

Richter hits a switch. With a HUM, the cannon comes to life. Richter swivels and FIRES.

INT. HIPPOCAMPAL REGION - PROTEUS

Just as it is upon the Proteus, the nanobot is sent tumbling backward from the intensive energy of the cannon, but it is not destroyed.

INT. WEAPONS TURRET

Richter quickly swivels the cannon toward the entrapped SEALS. HE FIRES!

INT. HIPPOCAMPAL REGION - SEAL TEAM

They continue to FIRE their rifles. The two nanobots are making inroads towards destroying the SEAL's cover. The cannon laser hits the nanobots dead on, yet only propels them away.

TUBBS
THAT CANNON AIN'T GONNA DO IT!

INT. PROTEUS - CONTROL ROOM

Yuko hears the tail end of Tubos' statement. O.S., a synapse sparks. She turns out the window.

YUKO'S POV - A SYNAPSE

A massive electrical charge leaps from one synapse to another.

YUKO

The FLASH appears to have sparked an idea. She looks to the console.

YUKO'S POV - CONTROL CONSOLE

"Glutamate Torpedo" activation switches.

RETURN

Yuko reflexively turns to Underhill. He shivers in a seat, lost in a near catatonic state. Seeing he's momentarily useless, she races to the weapons turret.

INT. WEAPONS TURRET

Richter FIRES the cannon. His eyes dart toward the Reserve Energy Indicator which reflects one quarter depleted.

Yuko appears at the base of the ladder.

YUKO

The cannon isn't enough. I think
the glutamate torpedoes can help
us use the brain's own
electricity to generate enough
energy to destroy the nanobots.

As he desperately looks to Yuko...

INT. HIPPOCAMPAL REGION

The two nanobots regroup and charge the SEALS, who back further into cover.

INT. TORPEDO STATION - LOWER LEVEL OF PROTEUS

As Richter quickly loads torpedoes marked "glutamate" into the firing housings...

CONTINUED

YUKO
(hurried)

When the torpedo hits a nanobot, the glutamate will attract an electrical charge from a synapse. If you can time a cannon shot to hit the nanobot at the same time the neuron discharges, the combined energy might be enough to break the molecular bonds!

Richter nods as a torpedo disappears into the housing.

YUKO (CONT'D)
But because there is no power, there is no way to counter the energy exerted on the submarine by the launch of the torpedo.

She demonstrates the following with her hand.

YUKO (CONT'D)
So, when we fire the torpedo, the Proteus will be pushed back in the opposite direction... that means you'll have to hit a moving target from a moving platform.

As Richter loads another torpedo...

RICHTER
Ain't physics a bitch?

CUT TO:

INT. HIPPOCAMPAL REGION

The SEALS desperately FIRE their rifles. The nanobots continue progressing further towards destroying their cover as muscle tissue and gray matter spill from the shears.

INT. WEAPONS TURRET

Richter climbs back behind the gun.

RICHTER
READY!

INT. PROTEUS - CONTROL ROOM

Yuko moves her thumb over a launch button.

CONTINUED

YUKO

FIRE!

She hits the button.

EXT. PROTEUS - TORPEDO TUBE

The torpedo tube hatch opens as the missile launches toward its target.

INT. HIPPOCAMPAL REGION - THE PROTEUS

is forced backward in the opposite direction of the torpedo.

INT. HIPPOCAMPAL REGION - TORPEDO'S "POV"

Like an underwater rocket, the torpedo zeroes in on its target.

WIDER

The torpedo hits the first nanobot, covering it with clearish glutamate.

A SYNAPSE

FIRES, the thick bolt of electricity reaches for the glutamate covered nanobot.

INT. WEAPONS TURRET

From the Proteus' new position, Richter swivels, aims and FIRES!

INT. HIPPOCAMPAL REGION - THE FIRST NANOBOT

The laser cannon hits dead on. A massive amount of energy creates intense heat causing the nanobot to wildly, violently vibrate before ERUPTING into thousands of now harmless raining atoms.

INT. WEAPONS TURRET

The third nanobot turns on the Proteus.

RICHTER

YUKO! TEN O'CLOCK!

INT. PROTEUS - CONTROL ROOM

Yuko sees the attacking nanobot out the window, however it is not in a direct line.

YUKO

IT'S NOT IN A DIRECT PATH! WE'LL
WASTE THE SHOT.

INT. HIPPOCAMPAL REGION - PROTEUS

The nanobot bears down upon the Proteus from the upper left.

INT. WEAPONS TURRET

Richter FIRES, aiming at the back end of the attacking machine.

CLOSE - RESERVE ENERGY INDICATOR

visibly decreases with every shot of the cannon.

INT. HIPPOCAMPAL REGION - NANOBOT

The laser cannon tags the nanobot on the rear, sending it spinning downward... now in direct line with the Proteus.

INT. PROTEUS - CONTROL ROOM

Yuko FIRES a glutamate torpedo!

EXT. PROTEUS - TORPEDO TUBE

The torpedo EJECTS from the Proteus.

INT. HIPPOCAMPAL REGION

With the Proteus jetting backward from the counter motion of the launch, the torpedo rockets toward the attacking nanobot and IMPACTS, Spreading glutamate over the machine.

A nearby synapse sparks, connecting to the nanobot.

INT. WEAPONS TURRET

With the ship still gliding in reverse, Richter swivels the cannon and FIRES!

INT. HIPPOCAMPAL REGION - ATTACKING NANOBOT

The laser cannon's energy amplifies the natural electrical charge from the neuron, causing the nanobot's atoms to vibrate and tremble until ERUPTING!

CUT TO:

INT. LABORATORY OBSERVATION ROOM

The monitors reflecting the president's vital signs begin to jump, especially the EEG which is furiously active.

PROFESSOR YEO
The EEG is spiking.

CONTINUED

GENERAL GILBRIDE

Could it be caused by the team
removing the clot?

PROFESSOR YEO

Not from the materials they are
equipped with. These readings
reflect the onset of life
threatening seizures.

(checks the monitors)

If they do not subside, we'll
have to operate.

CUT TO:

INT. HIPPOCAMPAL REGION - THE SEAL TEAM

FIRE their rifles at the final nanobot. The attacking machine,
however, turns its attention to the Proteus and moves
aggressively toward the submarine.

The SEALS continue FIRING in vain. Pooley's rifle suddenly
ceases function. He checks the battery reserve indicator.

POOLEY

I'M OUT!

INT. PROTEUS - CONTROL ROOM

The final nanobot proceeds toward the Proteus attacking from two
o'clock low. Yuko hits a torpedo trigger.

YUKO

FIRE!

O.S., the missile LEAVES the ship. In the window, the nanobot
swerves away from the torpedo which continues past into some
gray matter.

YUKO

IT MISSED!

The nanobot dives down and out of her sight line.

YUKO

ADAM, I CAN'T SEE IT!

The pause is excruciating.

INT. WEAPONS TURRET

Richter frantically searches for the nanobot.

INT. PROTEUS - CONTROL ROOM

Yuko moves toward the window, which is suddenly filled by a rapidly ascending attacking nanobot!

INT. HIPPOCAMPAL REGION

The Proteus is centered between the nanobot's metal shears as bolts of electricity leap from "hand" to "hand."

INT. WEAPONS TURRET

There is no escape from the shards of electricity swirling around the turret. Richter SCREAMS in pain.

INT. PROTEUS - CONTROL ROOM

Bolts of electricity leap across the control room, shocking Underhill out of his catatonic state.

INT. HIPPOCAMPAL REGION

The electrical shock sends the Proteus tumbling away from the nanobot's grasp and toward the blood clot.

INT. PROTEUS - CONTROL ROOM

Dazed and exhausted, Yuko leans on the control console. She looks out the window...

EXT./INT. HIPPOCAMPAL REGION - OUT THE PROTEUS WINDOW

The nanobot adjusts for another attack. Electricity leaping from balled shear to balled shear.

INT. PROTEUS - CONTROL ROOM

Yuko POUNDS the torpedo trigger!

YUKO

FIRE!

EXT. PROTEUS - TORPEDO TUBE

The missile rockets out of the sub.

INT. HIPPOCAMPAL REGION - PROTEUS

is forced backwards, "bouncing" off the blood clot.

INT. WEAPONS TURRET

Richter is struggling to maintain consciousness. Yuko's VOICE calls him to respond.

CONTINUED

YUKO (V.O.)
(over radio)

FIRE!

Richter looks out of the turret.

RICHTER'S POV - NANOBOT - THROUGH TURRET CANOPY

The torpedo CRASHES into the nanobot. Behind the machine, a synapse FIRES, conducting electricity. Richter FIRES, the laser blasts appear like tracer fire arcing across the battlefield and hitting its target.

The nanobot begins to violently vibrate and with equal intensity, EXPLODES throughout the area.

INT. LABORATORY OBSERVATION ROOM

The EEG monitor flares off the graph. Yeo is distressed as he turns to Gilbride and Joycelyn Greer.

PROFESSOR YEO
Something has gone wrong. His
life is in danger. I must summon
physicians to perform an
emergency extratemporal EEG
resection.

CUT TO:

INT. WEAPONS TURRET - RICHTER

lowers his head, catching his breath.

INSERT - RESERVE ENERGY INDICATOR

the energy supply is nearly depleted.

INT. PROTEUS - CONTROL ROOM

Yuko falls into a chair, exhausted.

INT. HIPPOCAMPAL REGION - THE SEAL TEAM

collect themselves. Ahead of them, before the blood clot, now floats the Proteus.

However, as they take a step out from cover toward the craft... a LOW OMINOUS RUMBLE vibrates through the area. The team holds...

INT. PROTEUS - CONTROL ROOM

CAMERA PUSHES IN ON YUKO as the entire control room vibrates from the mounting, approaching RUMBLE...

CONTINUED

Even Underhill looks up to the window.

INT. WEAPONS TURRET - RICHTER

Head down, breathing heavily. Hands still on the cannon handles, they feel the RUMBLE. He opens his eyes and is afraid to look up. As he does, CAMERA PUSHES INTO HIS SHOCK...

INT. HIPPOCAMPAL REGION - OPPOSITE THE CLOT

The canal opposite the blood clot, arcs downward toward the brain stem creating an "horizon."

Rising above this horizon is an overwhelming creation of Artificial Intelligence. The three remaining nanobots have attached themselves together into an entire new being.

Like a terrible mechanical spider, six arms with balled cutting shears extend from its thorax, which is triangulated from the individual nanobots' bodies. The electrical bolts leaping across the three pairs of arms combine for devastating THUNDEROUS power.

It moves slower than the individual nanobots, but the shear mass is its own terror.

INT. PROTEUS - CONTROL ROOM

CAMERA PUSHES INTO YUKO and UNDERHILL as they move toward the window. She is too scared to move. Underhill, however, carries an unnerving expression of awe.

INT. HIPPOCAMPAL REGION - THE SEAL TEAM

As the SEAL team, immediately, cautiously returns to cover...

TUBBS

Jesus, it's a goddamn "mamabot!"

YODER

And it's pissed!

INT. PROTEUS - CONTROL ROOM

Richter approaches Yuko and Underhill from the turret, eyes locked out the window.

RICHTER

Alright. Clearly. Quickly. This is going to take both remaining torpedoes. And we'll have to ram them down its throat.

Underhill eyes Richter, indicating the doctor has other thoughts.

CONTINUED

YUKO

How can we "ram it" without power?

RICHTER

By achieving what we came here to do.

(beat)

Both of you, diving gear on, ready to go in case we have to bail.

(to Yuko)

Get ready to drive.

Richter moves off toward the weapon's turret.

INT. HIPPOCAMPAL REGION

The "Mamabot" approaches directly before the Proteus.

INT. PROTEUS - CONTROL ROOM

Yuko is about to put on her diving helmet as Underhill grabs her arm, not threateningly, but firmly. As she looks to him, scared.

INT. WEAPONS TURRET

Richter climbs into the turret.

INT. HIPPOCAMPAL REGION - THE MAMABOT

is gaining momentum. BOLTS of electricity ROARING...

INT. PROTEUS - CONTROL ROOM

Underhill steps between Yuko and the torpedo triggers. Lowering his voice, he leans toward her.

UNDERHILL

Yuko... how can you? Do you see that? That new... life?

She looks up toward the approaching threat, horrified... by it and Underhill's tone.

UNDERHILL (CONT'D)

This is exactly what I theorized in the study and why I wouldn't show them. Intelligent life created... by itself.

She eyes the torpedo switch.

INT. WEAPONS TURRET

Richter looks out toward the SEALS behind cover.

RICHTER

SEAL team... get to the high ground.

INT. HIPPOCAMPAL REGION - SEAL TEAM

Yoder, Pooley, Tubbs and Bulinski climb the muscle tissue and gray matter away from the base of the clot, carrying their IPS on their backs.

INT. PROTEUS - CONTROL ROOM

Underhill moves closer, more intense...

UNDERHILL

In hours... it's done what took Man millions of years. It's evolved... improved itself. How can we destroy such a miracle... without knowing how it works?

She turns and looks at him angrily.

YUKO

The real miracle is not in front of you... it's all around you.

INT. WEAPONS TURRET

Richter checks the reserved energy gauge, which is nearly empty. He activates the weapon, aims it at the blood clot and begins to FIRE the laser cannon at the clot.

INT. HIPPOCAMPAL REGION - BLOOD CLOT

The laser breaks down the clot much faster and more powerfully than the rifles. Huge boulders tumble from the clot.

INT. HIPPOCAMPAL REGION - ATTACKING "MAMABOT"

approaches, in range to attack...

INT. WEAPONS TURRET

Richter secures the triggers of the cannon in a FIRING position with a piece of cord.

INT. HIPPOCAMPAL REGION - THE SEAL TEAM

continue to climb, high and away from the clot.

INT. HIPPOCAMPAL REGION - THE BLOOD CLOT

ruptures! The clot crumbles like a bursting dam, a wave of blood floods into the Hippocampal region.

INT. PROTEUS - CONTROL ROOM

Underhill and Yuko are knocked to the ground.

INT. WEAPONS TURRET - RICHTER

swivels the constantly firing laser toward the bow of the submarine. He locks off the weapons and jumps down out of the turret.

INT. HIPPOCAMPAL REGION

The tidal wave of rushing blood carries the Proteus directly toward the "mamabot," laser cannon hitting the creature, but have little effect.

INT. PROTEUS - CONTROL ROOM

The monstrous nanobot approaches rapidly in the window. Suddenly, Underhill shoves Yuko back and to the ground as he takes over the controls, pulling up hard on the wheel.

INT. HIPPOCAMPAL REGION

The Proteus begins to rise up and away from the "mamabot."

INT. PROTEUS - CONTROL ROOM

Richter hustles in, shocked by Underhill's actions. Richter charges Underhill, slamming him against the wheel, which pushes in hard.

INT. HIPPOCAMPAL REGION

As the Proteus dives down toward the "mamabot," the creature reaches out with one of its shears and punctures the ship, securing the submarine in its "hand."

The immense creature begins pulling the Proteus toward itself, the laser cannon still FIRING!

INT. PROTEUS - CONTROL ROOM

Blood pours into the Proteus from the ruptured hull. Underhill struggles to stand. As he tackles Richter to pull him away, Yuko runs to the console and FIRES the torpedoes.

EXT. PROTEUS - TORPEDO TUBES

on each side of the ship - launch their weapons...

INT. PROTEUS - CONTROL ROOM

Richter shakes off Underhill and takes Yuko's hand, racing toward the air lock hatch.

INT. HIPPOCAMPAL REGION

The two torpedoes barrel into the massive machine at point blank range. Glutamate sprays in all directions.

INT. PROTEUS - AIR LOCK HATCH

Yuko snaps on her helmet as she and Richter leap out of the hatch.

INT. HIPPOCAMPAL REGION

The two divers emerge from the air lock hatch as a synapse FIRES upon the "mamabot."

The laser cannon finds its target!

The divers speed off on their IPS as the gargantuan robot violently, horribly vibrates and EXPLODES into thousands of individual atoms. The Proteus erupts, pieces of the ship raining into the Hippocampal region.

CUT TO:

INT. LABORATORY OBSERVATION ROOM

The bright dot representing the Proteus on the navigational monitor goes dark, indicating the ship is destroyed.

Professor Yeo and Gilbride restrain their emotions. Huckeba must move away, guilty. Yeo turns to the general.

PROFESSOR YEO

Now the surgery is imperative.

INT. EXPERIMENTAL LABORATORY

A surgical team prepares for surgery with great urgency. An X-ray examination board lights up, displaying the area of the brain to be operated upon.

CUT TO:

INT. HIPPOCAMPAL REGION - "GROUND"

Richter and Yuko propel to safety, taking a moment to regroup. Yuko sadly looks back at the debris left by the ship's destruction and Underhill's death.

Yoder, Bulinski, Pooley and Tubbs pull up to Richter and Yuko.

CONTINUED

RICHTER
Is everyone alright?

POOLEY
Well, considering we're two
nanometers tall, with no way out
of the President's body and one
of us is already dead... I'm
ready to kick back a few cool
ones.

YODER
How do we get out? The urinary
tract sounded freaky enough in
a ship.

YUKO
We would never make it.

Richter looks around.

RICHTER
Which did you say was the
optical tract?

Yuko quickly turns around, then becomes unsure.

YUKO
I don't know... I had the
navigational monitor to look at.

Richter moves forward.

RICHTER'S POV - BEYOND THE HIPPOCAMPAL

nerves, nerve bundles, tissues, blood vessels, gray matter...

RICHTER

CAMERA PUSHES IN ON HIM as he feels with his entire being. After
a beat...

RICHTER
That one...

He starts to move off.

TUBBS
Whoa. Whoa. Agent Richter, if
that ain't the way to the eye,
if that ain't the way out... we
ain't gettin' out.

Richter looks at him. He knows this.

CONTINUED

RICHTER
That's the way... I feel it.

CUT TO:

INT. EXPERIMENTAL LABORATORY - MINISTRY OF SCIENCE - DAY

A razor enters FRAME as a nurse begins shaving the side of the President's head in preparation of the procedure.

CUT TO:

INT. OPTICAL TRACT

Drained, physically and emotionally, the team pull themselves along the fibrous cells. With less physical training than the others, Yuko trails behind. Richter leads the way, looking for any indication he is on the correct path.

INT. EXPERIMENTAL LABORATORY - MINISTRY OF SCIENCE - DAY

A BRAIN SURGEON inspects a threatening surgical saw. On the high pitched WHIR of the blade...

INT. OPTICAL TRACT

Richter approaches an area in which the bundle of nerves they were traveling splits off into two directions, joined by another tubular collection of nerves also breaking off in two directions.

CAMERA PUSHES INTO HIM as he knows his instincts have been correct.

RICHTER
These must lead to the eyes.

The group can barely continue, but they move ahead, along the optic nerve.

INT. OPTIC NERVE

The team pulls themselves along the optic nerve, Yuko is ready to collapse. The others help her along.

Leading, Richter pulls himself toward an opening. He pauses to survey the environment.

CAMERA SWINGS AROUND TO REVEAL the inside of an eyeball. A large reddish orange cavernous circle filled with a thick clear fluid.

RICHTER
Alright... if we can make it to
the other side, we're out. Yuko,
can you do it?

CONTINUED

Winded, she nods, but the others look at her, doubtful. They move out into the Vitreous humor - the clearish fluid - and move toward the lens.

INT. EXPERIMENTAL LABORATORY - MINISTRY OF SCIENCE - DAY

The anesthesiologist, lifts the tape from Greer's eyes and aims a flashlight to examine the pupils.

INT. VITREOUS HUMOR - EYE

The blinding light pours into the eyeball. Behind the team, Rod and Cone receptors flash, just as the opening scene of the film.

Richter battles the light to look up.

RICHTER'S POV - THROUGH THE LENS

amazingly magnified and distorted and upside down, the anesthesiologist's eye looks into Greer's eye. Behind him, the surgeon approaches. Holding the cranial saw, he consults with the anesthesiologist.

RETURN

Richter turns to the others...

RICHTER

They're going to operate. WE'VE
GOT TO MOVE!

Yuko slumps, about to lose consciousness. Richter moves to her.

RICHTER

Yuko... just a little further...
you've gone this far... you can
make it!

Suddenly, a hand reaches in and grabs her. CAMERA ADJUSTS TO
REVEAL TUBBS...

TUBBS

I'll help her.

Richter and Tubbs exchange a quick beat recalling the nature of their argument in the Proteus. Richter nods and moves off.

As Tubbs lifts Yuko and carries her in his arms...

CUT TO:

INT. EXPERIMENTAL LABORATORY - MINISTRY OF SCIENCE - DAY

The anesthesiologist replaces the gauze tape over the eye.

INT. EYE - POSTERIOR CHAMBER

From the vast openness of the inner eyeball, Richter must crawl through the tight squeeze of the Posterior Chamber. The others follow. Tubbs holding Yuko in his arms, working twice as hard as any of the others.

INT. EXPERIMENTAL LABORATORY - MINISTRY OF SCIENCE - DAY

An INTERN prepares a neuro-surgical microscope. He turns it on and swivels it into position over the face. The surgeon steps up to the intern.

SURGEON

Don't position it until post
partial-cranial incision.

The intern nods and pulls the microscope away.

INT. EYE - SCLERA

Although dark, the team stands on a white surface, covered by a thick gel, this being the Sclera, the white of the eyes. Tubbs carries Yuko on his back to the Conjunctiva; a tissue before the eyelid.

Richter tries to crawl between the lids, but cannot get through the closed, taped down, muscles. The other SEALS dig deep, summoning all their remaining strength to try and get out, but it is to no avail.

YODER

I... can't... I can't... crawl
through...

POOLEY

We can't lift the lids, we can't
go back...

Emotional and physical strength depleted, the team collapses to the ground.

The training of the SEALS allows no display of emotion. Only Yuko can express what they all feel. She begins to cry.

YUKO

We... we were... so close...

CAMERA BEGINS TO MOVE TOWARD RICHTER as his entire Being is focused on Yuko... crying.

As Tubbs comforts her, CAMERA PUSHES IN ON YUKO... CLOSE... CLOSER... all the way until TIGHT on a tear falling down her cheek.

CONTINUED

RICHTER

RICHTER
There is a way out.

CUT TO:

INT. EXPERIMENTAL LABORATORY - MINISTRY OF SCIENCE - DAY

With a blood chilling WHIR, the cranial saw SPINS. The Surgeon moves toward Greer's head.

INT. LABORATORY OBSERVATION ROOM

Joycelyn Greer moves away from the window and sits in a chair. Yeo and Gilbride blankly remain at the console. Although the surgical team below can be HEARD preparing in the speaker system, neither are focused on the operation... just feeling defeat and loss.

INT. EXPERIMENTAL LABORATORY - MINISTRY OF SCIENCE - DAY

CAMERA MOVES IN WITH THE SAW...close...CLOSER. Then... the surgeon pauses... he looks toward the President's taped shut eyes and cocks his head. He stops the saw!

SURGEON
That's odd...

GREER'S EYES

tears pool in the corner of one eye.

SURGEON
Lacrimation in just one eye.

INT. LABORATORY OBSERVATION ROOM

CAMERA SWEEPS INTO Professor Yeo as he rises at the console.

SURGEON (V.O.)
Nurse... wipe that away, please.

INT. EXPERIMENTAL LABORATORY - MINISTRY OF SCIENCE - DAY

A NURSE grabs a cloth. Just as she is about to dab it upon the tears...

INT. LABORATORY OBSERVATION ROOM

Yeo POUNDS the intercom switch!

CONTINUED

PROFESSOR YEO
NO! NO! DON'T MOVE!

CUT TO:

INT. EXPERIMENTAL LABORATORY - MINISTRY OF SCIENCE - DAY

Professor Yeo charges into the operating room. The surgeon is outraged.

SURGEON
Professor, this room is
sterilized...

Yeo pays no attention as he moves directly toward the neuro-surgical microscope and swings it over the tearing eye. He looks into the lenses.

MICROSCOPE POV - THE TEAR

like ameba in a drop of water, human bodies move about in the tear.

RETURN

Never taking his eyes off of the microscope, Yeo holds out his hands.

PROFESSOR YEO
Clean syringe, NOW!

A nurse places one in his hand.

MICROSCOPE POV - THE TEAR

The needle tip ENTERS THE SLIDE FRAME, pulling the tear and the people inside, into the tube.

RETURN

Professor Yeo examines the syringe. Then, behind the needle, President Greer's head... flinches.

Everyone freezes, watches, stunned. Again he moves... followed by a low protesting GROAN of a patient upset by the artificial respirator.

Careful with the syringe in one hand, Yeo reaches out and removes the tape from one of the President's eyes. The eye moves about, looking at the surgical team.

SURGEON
His eye appears lucid...

INT. LABORATORY OBSERVATION ROOM

CAMERA PUSHES INTO JOCELYN GREER as she hears over the
SPEAKERS...

SURGEON

What the hell is going on?! His
external signs, the EEG, his
vital signs... this man doesn't
need surgery, he appears to be
in... recovery.

As the First Lady's head... and heart rise...

CUT TO:

THE MOLECULAR LEVEL

as a bonded carbon atoms is pulled away from the others by a
Molecular Manipulator, a flash of energy WHITES FRAME...

INT. MICROTUBE

Trillions of Oxygen atoms flow along a microtube.

INT. MOLECULAR ASSEMBLY ROOM

CAMERA MOVES AMONGST a trillion molecular assemblers as they
collect atoms from the microtubes and begin rebuilding the
bodies on sterilized platforms.

CLOSE - AN EYE

is near completion within the skull, exposed muscles attached.
It appears lifeless and eerie, just a body part, lacking the
spark of life. CAMERA PUSHES INTO the clean white Sclera until
the FRAME IS COMPLETELY WHITE...

CUT TO:

INT. ASSEMBLY ROOM - JAPANESE FOREIGN MINISTRY

THE FRAME REMAINS WHITE, so WE are unaware of the CUT.

Suddenly, an immense fountain pen tip ENTERS FRAME and sets upon
a piece of paper. The pen begins to move and flow as it writes
the name...DANIEL HART GREER, U.S.A.

WIDER

Greer lifts his partially shaved head from signing the Asian
Peace Treaty.

PRESIDENT GREER

Let the healing begin.

CONTINUED

The crowded room of PRESS and DIPLOMATS CHEER as the HEADS OF STATE on a dais celebrate with restrained diplomacy, shaking hands and exchanging pens.

PRESIDENT GREER

exchanges a pen with the Chinese Chairman as they shake hands. Greer looks at the pen and slowly turns behind him. CAMERA FOLLOWS THE PEN until it stops before Adam Richter, on duty.

PRESIDENT GREER

If it wasn't for you... I never
would have been able to use this.

Greer hands the pen to Richter, who battles to maintain composure. The two men reach out and shake one another's hands.

Upon this, an especially LOUD CHEER emits from an area of the room.

THE SEAL TEAM

Yoder, Pooley, and Bulinski stand in formal uniforms beside Yuko, Yeo and the First Lady. Yuko sadly turns to the four empty seats next to them, respectfully signifying the ones who didn't return.

Yuko reaches out and touches a seat back, as if trying to thank Tubbs. She looks up to find Yoder looking at her.

YUKO

I wish I could thank him.

YODER

You're not alone. He saved
millions of lives who'll never
get the chance to thank him.

Yuko nods, understands, but knows that they'll never hear the applause ringing in her ears...

EXT. MOUNT FUJI-SAN - DAWN - SUMMIT

Japan lies beneath the mountain. Here, it is quiet and peaceful, as is the entire world today. O.S., some footsteps approach, CRUNCHING IN THE SNOW.

Yuko and Richter, appearing rested and healed from the voyage, complete their climb and look out over the mountain.

RICHTER

Doesn't seem as big as it used
to.

Yuko smiles and reaches for a container in her backpack.

CONTINUED

YUKO

They say before the Universe
began... everything... all
matter... you, me, this
mountain... was together in a
size equal to this container.

CLOSE - CONTAINER

inscribed on the metal container... JASON THOMAS UNDERHILL.

RETURN

As they both look at the urn...

YUKO (CONT'D)

And possibly... someday... it
all will be again.

She opens the container...

YUKO (CONT'D)

Matter can't be destroyed... so
nothing ever really dies.

She spreads the ashes into the wind over the mountain...

YUKO

It just... changes.

Richter places a gentle, supportive and loving arm around her
shoulder as they watch the ash float in the breeze.

CAMERA FOLLOWS a single, tiny flake of ash as it is carried away
by the thin air en route to its next fantastic voyage.

FADE OUT: