

FANTASTIC VOYAGE

Based on a screenplay by Harry Kleiner

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A CRAWL:

In the waning years of the 22nd Century, Earth's nations are on the brink of economic collapse. Only a handful of oil and technology-rich countries remain. These form an Alliance which voraciously annexes the vulnerable nations, imposing on them a technology-driven, totalitarian state.

In order to control the populace, the Alliance implants each individual with a device that tracks their precise whereabouts...

...and is programmed to detonate on command.

SLOWLY THE WORDS ON THE SCREEN SPIN, FORMING A CIRCLE.

In 2185, the United States remains the last bastion of freedom.

But the Alliance is fast encroaching.

THE WORDS BECOME A CIRCLE... AND THE CIRCLE BECOMES...

A WOMAN'S EYE - clear, direct, calm.

A RETINA SCAN runs HARSH LIGHT across her iris. WE HEAR the CLICK of DOORS OPENING...

INT. ALLIANCE RESEARCH FACILITY HALLWAY - DAY

...and meet MEGAN COLBY, pretty, athletic, late-20's. Megan joins a sea of LAB TECHS moving down a sterile hallway.

WE SEE, at the ceiling, SURVEILLANCE CAMERAS planted at regular intervals. Watching.

INT. LABORATORY - DAY

CLOSE ON a METAL ORB WITH TENDRILS floating in a clear liquid.

DR. STEPHEN LIM peers through a powerful scope. A mechanical arm FILLS a YELLOW SYRINGE with the CLEAR LIQUID.

Lim turns to check the door, and we see his face for the first time: SWEATY FEAR beads his upper lip.

INT. ALLIANCE RESEARCH FACILITY HALLWAY - DAY

Megan glances at her watch, then down the corridor. Buying time, she kneels to tie a shoelace.

A beat later Lim enters the hallway. Megan spots him. She stands, approaches.

She glances up at the surveillance cameras - notes the gap between two cameras just ahead - and picks up her stride.

BAM! They bump into each other. Lim fumbles for an apology.

MEGAN

No problem.

Lim and Megan keep moving in opposite directions.

INT. LOCKER ROOM/RESEARCH FACILITY - DAY

Megan slips into a bathroom stall. Looks into her hand. SHE'S HOLDING THE YELLOW SYRINGE.

Steeling herself, she locates a vein in her neck and PLUNGES THE SYRINGE INTO IT, INJECTING HERSELF WITH THE CLEAR LIQUID.

Gritting her teeth against the pain, she YANKS THE SYRINGE OUT AND TOSSES IT into the toilet, where it DISSOLVES. A FLUSH and it's gone.

INT. LOBBY/ALLIANCE RESEARCH FACILITY - DAY

High-level Security. ARMED SOLDIERS - some Chinese, some Arabic - are stationed at every corner.

Megan waits her turn in line.

Across the lobby, LIM stands in another line, obviously nervous. He glances Megan's way. She's calm, inscrutable. Doesn't return his gaze.

Megan calmly steps into a SECURITY VESTIBULE.

A SOLDIER watches as LINES OF LIGHT erupt around her, an advanced scanning machine.

COMPUTER VOICE

Megan Colby. You are scheduled to return tomorrow at eight AM.

Megan steps from the vestibule and leaves the building.

EXT. ALLIANCE RESEARCH FACILITY - DAY

Crisp, blue sky. Mountains rise in the distance.

An Alliance flag flies high atop a pole. A smaller, Canadian flag flutters beneath.

Megan walks away from the mammoth facility, across the parking lot. Just like any other day.

As she arrives at a hydrogen car, LIM joins her. Wordlessly, they climb inside.

INT. CAR - DAY

Megan calmly starts the engine and drives out of the parking lot. Lim's on the edge, his eyes glittering with fear.

He watches out the window as Megan arrives at a SECURITY GATE KIOSK, where they wave her through.

EXT./INT. COMMUNITY COMPLEX/MEGAN'S MOVING CAR - DAY

Megan's car moves through a sparkling community complex. Starbucks, movie theaters, every modern convenience. An urban "Truman Show" set.

They pass a row of DORMITORIES...

...and KEEP GOING.

Megan arrives at the EDGE OF THE COMPLEX. URBAN DEVELOPMENT ABRUPTLY STOPS HERE.

A CLEAR SIGN READS: ONLY AUTHORIZED INDIVIDUALS BEYOND COMPLEX PERIMETER.

MEGAN DRIVES PAST THE SIGN WITHOUT HESITATION. The expansive Canadian countryside opens up around them.

COMPUTER VOICE
(from dashboard)
Megan Colby. Dr. Stephen Lim.

Lim throws Megan a panicked look.

COMPUTER VOICE
You have exceeded your pre-approved destination.

Megan remains steady. She ever-so-slightly speeds up.

MEGAN

(to dashboard)

We've been approved for leave
twenty miles beyond the perimeter.

(making it up)

It's Dr. Lim's birthday.

She pushes the car faster.

COMPUTER VOICE

Megan Colby. Dr. Stephen Lim.
You have not been cleared to exceed
the designated perimeter. Please
return immediately to your pre-
approved destination.

Megan pulls out the stops now, driving full speed. She
points to an OUTCROPPING OF ROCKS in the distance.

MEGAN

Wouldn't it be nice to hike up to
those rocks?

DR. LIM

There? Yes... yes. Wonderful...

COMPUTER VOICE

Please turn your vehicle around and
return to your pre-approved
destination.

MEGAN

(to computer)

We were approved for this outing...

COMPUTER VOICE

Detonation will be executed in
thirty seconds. Twenty-nine.
Twenty-eight.

Lim WHIMPERS.

Megan thinks it through.

MEGAN

Fine. We'll head back. Sorry for
the confusion...

Megan glides into a U-turn.

COMPUTER VOICE

Twenty-six. Twenty-five.

DR. LIM
 (to Computer)
 Look! We're turning around!

COMPUTER VOICE
 Twenty-four. Twenty...
 (acknowledging they've
 turned around)
 Thank you. Please continue to your
 pre-approved destination.

MEGAN TEARS OFF HER SWEATSHIRT AND LOOPS IT THROUGH THE
 STEERING WHEEL. SHE TIES IT TO THE GEAR SHIFT.

Lim watches, wide-eyed, paralyzed...

...as the CAR ROLLS SLOWLY IN THE DIRECTION THEY'VE COME
 FROM, MEGAN'S SWEATSHIRT KEEPING IT ON TRACK.

SHE LOOKS AT LIM - MOUTHS "WE'RE GOING" - FLINGS OPEN THE CAR
 DOOR, AND ROLLS OUT OF THE MOVING VEHICLE.

EXT. CANADIAN COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Megan's out and running.

Inside the car, Lim hesitates, terrified.

MEGAN
 Run!

Lim follows, lands hard.

MEGAN SPRINTS FOR THE ROCKS. Lim chases after her - throwing
 a look over his shoulder...

THE CAR IDLES OFF THE ROAD...EVENTUALLY COMING TO A STOP.

MEGAN
 Don't look back! You've got twenty
 seconds!

DR. LIM
 (out of breath)
 One Mississippi... Two
 Mississippi...

Megan runs up an incline - somehow managing to pick up speed.
 Lim is quickly left behind.

Up ahead, some of the ROCKS MORPH AND MOVE, REVEALING a WELL-
 CAMOUFLAGED AIRBORNE UNIT.

The LEADER STEPS FORWARD. He's BRUCE PARR. Special Ops officer, laser-like focus. He SPOTS Megan approaching.

PARR
 (into Comlink)
 Table's set. Send in the Bird.
 (to Airbornes)
 Let's get her!

PARR AND THREE AIRBORNES SPRINT FOR MEGAN, who speeds up, every fiber of her body pushing toward the unit.

Lim struggles to catch up, making his way up the incline.

DR. LIM
 Eleven Mississippi...

The AIRBORNES converge on Megan, scrambling around her, wrapping her in a matte black sheet. She makes eye-contact with Parr.

MEGAN
 Got it.

PARR
 Well done. Ready?

Megan nods and...

CLICK! The Airborne SHOVES an ALLOY DISK INTO THE BACK OF HER NECK. She spasms, then collapses, as the disk sends a magnetic pulse through her nervous system.

The Airborne reads a palm-sized monitor.

AIRBORNE #1
 Signal's jammed. She's off their grid.

All attention turns to Lim. He scrabbles up a rock, slips, climbs up again...

DR. LIM
 Seventeen Mississippi...

AIRBORNE #2
 Should we go get him?

PARR
 He's out of time. Stay clear.

Lim looks up, sees that the Airbornes aren't approaching - they're standing back watching him.

He tries, unsuccessfully, to speed up. A rock falls away under his foot.

PARR

Doctor, I'm going to have to ask you to stand back. Thank you for your part in this mission.

LIM

Wait! I'm...

KABLAM! DR. LIM EXPLODES FROM THE INSIDE OUT. JUST LIKE THAT - HE'S GONE.

A SMALL BLACK STEALTH FIGHTER tears toward them, fast as hell, thirty feet off the ground.

PARR

Get her inside.

The FIGHTER slows and hovers over Megan's body. Doors in its belly open; the Airbornes lift her inside and quickly follow. Parr climbs aboard without a backward glance.

Afterburners flaring, the fighter jets away...

...and WE SEE, at the place on the rocks where Dr. Lim stood - just a moment ago - nothing but BITS OF SHREDDED CLOTHING.

CUT TO:

INT. LABORATORY - DAY

...A MAN'S EYE. Intensely focussed.

This is DR. CHARLES GRANT, handsome, but worn and bitter, as if he's seen too much in his 30 years.

Grant stands over a HUMAN BODY. He's assisted by STUDENTS as he GUIDES a ROVER, (a TINY, BULLET-LIKE DEVICE,) through the bloodstream.

Grant uses a JOYSTICK and consults a LARGE PLASMA SCREEN ARTERIAL MAP, which RELAYS THE ROVER'S POSITION AS WELL AS PROVIDES AN INSIDE POV OF THE BODY.

GRANT

(teaching)

I've hit the aorta...

(manipulating joystick)

...and there's the implant... on the arterial wall. See it?

The Students jockey for a better view. On the SCREEN, WE SEE an UGLY BLACK DEVICE - an IMPLANT.

GRANT

Trick is to find the right three optical cables and cut them...

(maneuvering the ROVER)

...without setting off the detonator...

The ROVER sidles up to the implant.

GRANT

...Easy...

...and shoots a LASER LIGHT at an optical cable.

GRANT

...does it.

The CABLE GOES DEAD. Grant straightens.

GRANT

Simple.

The Students exchange glances - looks anything BUT simple.

Grant tosses the joystick onto the human body, where it BOUNCES, REVEALING that the "body" is actually a VERY LIFE-LIKE DUMMY.

GRANT

You guys laser the next two.

GULP.

STUDENT

What if we cut the wrong cable?

An immediate, hushed tension fills the room. The STUDENT looks around - *what'd I say?*

GRANT

If you cut the wrong cable, the implant explodes and your patient dies. Trust me, you want to avoid that.

Air's gone out of the room. No one knows what to say.

GRANT

(a challenge)

Any other questions?

They avoid his eyes as he scans the Student faces.

GRANT
(re: dummy)
Get to it.

Grant turns and moves to the exit, snapping off his gloves as he goes.

REVEAL THAT BOTH HANDS HAVE BEEN BADLY BURNED.

As soon as the door closes behind Grant, a GROAN goes up.

STUDENT
(re: Grant's hands)
How was I supposed to know?

EXT. UNIVERSITY MEDICAL CENTER - DAY

Quiet afternoon on campus, only this campus is run-down, decrepid - a contrast to the Alliance community.

Grant walks alone, hands shoved deep into his pockets.

SUDDENLY A LARGE MILITARY TRUCK PULLS UP ALONGSIDE HIM. Two ARMED SOLDIERS JUMP OUT.

SOLDIER
Dr. Charles Grant?

GRANT
(weary)
Look, whoever you are -

They GRAB him and force him into the truck.

INT. TRUCK - DAY

MEDICAL TECHNICIANS pull Grant to a seat. As the truck takes off, they HOOK HIM UP TO A BLOOD PRESSURE MACHINE, CHECK HIS TEMPERATURE THROUGH AN EAR GAUGE...

MEDICAL TECHNICIAN #1
Are you experiencing any cold or flu-like symptoms?

GRANT
(puzzled)
No...

MEDICAL TECHNICIAN #2
Are you currently taking any
medications?

GRANT
None of your goddamn business.

MEDICAL TECHNICIAN #1
When was the last time you had a
bowel movement?

GRANT
What the hell is this?!

The door to the cab slides open and PARR ENTERS. He and
Grant look at each other.

NO LOVE LOST HERE.

GRANT
Never mind. I'm not interested.

PARR
(to Technicians)
Hold off.

The Med Techs retreat to a corner of the cab, punching data
into their computer charts.

Parr and Grant stare at each other.

PARR
Long time.

GRANT
Not long enough.

Beat.

PARR
Aren't you going to ask about her?

GRANT
No.

PARR
Not the least bit curious, after
all this time?

GRANT
Kiss my ass.

WE HEAR THE EAR-SPLITTING SOUND of a JET'S ENGINE and...

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

...A JET LANDING IN THE DESERT. Nothing as far as the eye can see...except the LOS ALAMOS RESEARCH FACILITY.

EXT. LOS ALAMOS RESEARCH FACILITY - NIGHT

Grant, Parr, the Soldiers and the Med Techs hurry into the decommissioned, run-down complex.

INT. HALLWAY/LOS ALAMOS - NIGHT

The group hustles down a dusty hallway towards an elevator.

Doors open. In contrast to the rest of the building, the inside of the elevator is gleaming, high-tech.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Once inside, the elevator descends.

GRANT

She's here, isn't she.

PARR

I'd tell you, but then you'd have to kiss *my* ass.

INT. LOWER HALLWAY/LOS ALAMOS - NIGHT

Elevator doors open. GENERAL NORRIS - ageless and harsh - waits for them.

NORRIS

Doctor Grant, General Norris.
Heard a lot about you.

Parr and Grant follow Norris down the hallway.

NORRIS

Appreciate your volunteering.

Grant reacts: "*Volunteering*"?

NORRIS

One of our operatives has smuggled out a new Alliance implant. A prototype containing vital information that we believe'll turn the tide of the war.

Grant meets Parr's eye - has a feeling he knows which operative they're talking about.

NORRIS

It's all in a microchip attached to the prototype.

This news sends a cold shiver through Grant.

GRANT

Smuggled out how?

They arrive at a door. Grant turns to Parr.

GRANT

How'd she smuggle it out?

But Parr just opens the door.

INT. MEDICAL SUITE - NIGHT

GRANT ENTERS AND GOES PALE.

BECAUSE MEGAN HOVERS A FEW FEET AWAY, COMATOSE LIKE SNOW WHITE, ON A CUSHION OF FROSTY AIR, TUBES AND CABLES SNAKING FROM HER BODY.

PARR

Her choice.

GRANT

I bet.

NORRIS

There are two implants. When she faked defection three years ago, they gave her a civilian model. Earlier today she smuggled out the prototype.

GRANT

(grim)
What's keeping them from blowing up?

NORRIS

We've jammed the signals, but she's got approximately six hours before they auto-detonate.

Grant looks up to an oversized CLOCK. 05:58:33 and counting.

An ARTERIAL MAP comes to life on a plasma screen. There, in Megan's spine, A CHUNK gleams... and, smaller, up in the base of her brain, a TINY GLOWING SPECK is visible.

Grant winces at the sight. Norris points to the brain implant.

NORRIS

This is the Holy Grail. It's what Agent Colby's risking her life for.

Grant - ashen - moves close to the map. He's face to face with the TINY SPECK IN MEGAN'S BRAIN.

GRANT

Anyone tries to cut that out, it'll blow.

(nod in Parr's direction)

Ask Agent Parr - he can tell you.

NORRIS

We won't be cutting.

GRANT

Then you better have one hell of a ROVer.

NORRIS

We do.

Norris presses another button. A screen slides away from the Med Bay wall, REVEALING a GLASS WINDOW looking down onto...

GRANT'S POV: SCALING STAGE - LOS ALAMOS - NIGHT

...an area large as an airplane hangar. And in the middle of it all, crawling with TECHS and SAILORS, sits a STAGGERING SIGHT: A SUBMARINE - THE "BARRACUDA".

Titanium hulled, 200 feet long, thirty feet wide.

GRANT

(stunned)

How did you get that down here?

NORRIS

We shrunk it. That sub was in an eye dropper two days ago.

GRANT

Scaling?

NORRIS

Exactly.

GRANT

I'd heard rumors, but I didn't think it was possible.

(beat)

You're going to use the sub as a ROVER?

NORRIS

No. ROVERS are unmanned.

(pointedly)

This one will have a crew.

Suddenly, massively, the EXTENT OF THE MISSION HITS GRANT.

GRANT

(incredulous)

You're telling me you plan to scale down that sub - with a crew of *human beings* inside it - and then inject it into a *human body*?

Norris looks at Parr, then back to Grant.

NORRIS

What do you think you volunteered for, Dr. Grant?

GRANT

You can't be serious...

But they are. They're dead serious.

Grant looks at Megan, blissfully unconscious.

INT. SCALING STAGE/LOS ALAMOS - NIGHT

SAILORS hurriedly load supplies onto the sub. Four obelisks stand in each corner. A grid of etched squares covers the floor. There's a sense of URGENCY, of rushed efficiency.

Grant follows Parr and Norris onto the stage - trying (unsuccessfully) to get his mind around what's happening...

TARDIO

I'm Dr. Tardio. I'll be assisting you on the outside.

DOCTOR TARDIO - efficient, 30's - joins him as they walk.

TARDIO

She's been unconscious for four hours; vitals are steady. I've induced a hyperthermic state to slow circulation. You'll have access to an arterial map, scanned from the outside, as well as body temp, pulse, respiration rate, and, of course, heart rate and blood pressure. The patient's full medical history is stored in the Sub's Medical Bay.

NORRIS

We'll be in constant communication, pinpointing your location at all times.

TARDIO

Egress will be the left femoral artery, at the hiatus of the abductor magnus muscle. I've bled her down and pumped her with saline, lowering the hemocrit to twenty percent.

(off Grant's disbelief)

For better visibility.

She nods to the FRONT OF THE SUB - a GLASSED-IN SAIL DECK.

CAPTAIN MCCABE arrives, 50's, big and strong, carries the weight of the world on his shoulders. LIEUTENANT ELIOT - prissy, ultimate loyal underling - follows closely behind.

NORRIS

Dr. Grant, this is Captain McCabe, Captain of the Barracuda, and Lieutenant Eliot.

As they greet each other, McCabe sizes Grant up - he's not sold.

MCCABE

My crew is ready, General.

NORRIS

Thank you, Captain.

McCabe moves on. Eliot tosses TIGHTLY-WRAPPED PACKETS to Grant and Parr.

Grant holds up his packet, unfolds it.

His face FALLS. It's a UNIFORM, matching the ones worn by McCabe and Eliot.

GRANT (O.S.)

I have not agreed to this.

INT. CHANGING ROOM - NIGHT

Parr ZIPS up his uniform.

PARR

Your choice. Our chances are slim if you help, none if you don't.

GRANT

You mean *her* chances.

PARR

Same thing.

GRANT

I doubt it.

PARR

If we can get our hands on that chip, we can win this war.

GRANT

You sent her on a *suicide* mission. We'll need a helluva lot of luck to make it past that first implant. But there's no way we're going to successfully disarm the second one, and you *know it*.

PARR

I know no such thing. And, for your information, I didn't send her. She volunteered.

GRANT

Like I volunteered?

Parr can barely mask his disdain.

PARR
Megan has always embraced the war
and her role in it. You never
understood that about her.

GRANT
You haven't learned anything.
Mission above all, at any cost.

PARR
If that's what it takes.

GRANT
Then congratulations. Because not
only is she going to die for the
cause, everyone on that sub's going
to die with her. Including you,
asshole.

PARR
Stay if you want. I'll figure it
out myself.

Parr leaves Grant holding his uniform.

INT. SCALING STAGE - NIGHT

Parr joins the crew.

NORRIS
Where's Dr. Grant?

PARR
He'll be here.

The CREW - seven MEN and WOMEN - assembles behind Captain
McCabe and Lieutenant Eliot. They stand at a SCREEN, which
separates them from the scaling stage, and eye their
submarine, looming in the distance.

They are:

SHELLY: Female Officer in charge of Engineering.

GIDEON: Navigations Officer. Philosopher.

VERNON: African-American Communications man. Unshakable.
Good-natured.

NAVY SEALS:

JULIAN: Team leader. Poster boy for Navy Seals.

BOBBY: Demolitions expert. Joker. Loves living on the edge.

KEVIN: California surfer kid, secretly in love with...

FRANKIE: African-American, SEAL legacy, tough as nails.
Loves Kevin back, but you'd never know it.

GRANT APPEARS IN UNIFORM AND TAKES HIS PLACE AMONG THE CREW.
PARR REFUSES TO LOOK HIS WAY.

Norris shakes hands with Captain McCabe.

NORRIS
Good luck, Captain. I'll see you
on the outside.

MCCABE
You will.

INT. OBSERVATION DECK - NIGHT

Tardio and Norris look down at the scaling stage. All TECH'S
eyes wait on Norris, until...

NORRIS
Let's go.

There's a hushed anticipation as SCALING TECHNICIANS make
final preparations on a massive computer bank.

INT. SCALING STAGE - NIGHT

CREW'S POV: An UNDULATING WAVE OF MAGNETIC ENERGY ARCS ACROSS
THE STAGE, CONNECTING THE FOUR OBELISKS. THE SUBMARINE
CHURNS, FOLDING IN ON ITSELF INTO A HOLE OF STATIC.

It's a VIOLENT, DEAFENING, POWERFUL DISPLAY.

AN INTENSE FLASH OF LIGHT, then...

BOOM!

The SUB DISAPPEARS!

The CREW'S LEFT WATCHING, SLACK-JAWED.

A SHAFT OF LIGHT CENTERS ON THE SPOT WHERE THE SUB HAS BEEN
SCALED. A SMALL HOLE OPENS IN THE FLOOR. A PANEL RISES
THROUGH IT, REVEALING A PLEXIGLAS CONTAINER FILLED WITH A
CLEAR SOLUTION.

The CREW is highly trained, but nothing in their experience has prepared them for the scaling of a massive submarine.

And they're next.

BOBBY
(smiling)
Holy shit.

Kevin and Frankie share a secret look. Nervous.

KEVIN
See you at chow.

FRANKIE
Don't start without me.

Gideon closes his eyes, whispers a prayer.

INT. OBSERVATION DECK - NIGHT

TECH
The Barracuda is secure.

NORRIS
Commence Stage Two.

INT. SCALING STAGE - NIGHT

McCabe turns to his Crew.

MCCABE
Move out.

The SCREEN in front of the Crew DISSOLVES. They FOLLOW A LIT PATH IN THE FLOOR TO A SERIES OF CIRCLES.

Each member of the Crew stands on one of them. Grant stands on the last, empty space.

LOUDSPEAKER VOICE
Commence scaling in ten seconds.

CLOSE ON EACH FACE, preparing for the unknown.

TECH'S VOICE
9..8..7..6..5..4..3..2...

The OBELISKS ERUPT IN ELECTROMAGNETIC ENERGY. AS THE WAVE SURGES, ELEVEN BODIES WRITHE IN MASSIVE PHYSIOLOGICAL TRAUMA.

SCREAMS OF AGONY UNITE INTO ONE, UNEARTHLY HOWL...

THEIR BODIES RIPPLE MADLY, CHURNING IN ON THEMSELVES. THEN, IN A FLASH OF QUANTUM STATIC, EACH CREW MEMBER IMPLODES, SPLITTING AT A MOLECULAR LEVEL.

FLASH OF LIGHT... and THE CREW DISAPPEARS.

WE RACK FOCUS. Tighter. Tighter. Down, down, to the floor, tighter, tighter...

...until WE FIND THE TINY CREW MEMBERS.

Stunned. Traumatized. But in one piece. They look around at each other.

In the BACKGROUND, THE SCALING STAGE HAS BECOME A VAST LANDSCAPE.

MCCABE

Mr. Eliot.

Eliot takes a quick accounting.

ELIOT

All here, Sir.

McCabe turns to face the Barracuda, floating in the Plexiglas container fifty yards away.

MCCABE

Board your boat!

The Crew - including Grant - double-times to the sub.

BOBBY

(under breath)

Hey Vernon - check your tool. I think we might've switched body parts...

VERNON

Dream on, hot dog.

Kevin LAUGHS. Frankie doesn't appreciate the joke.

FRANKIE

(disgusted; to Bobby)

Aren't you ever serious?

INT. COMMAND CENTER/BARRACUDA - NIGHT

Control boards, plasma screens, high-tech instrument panels cover the walls.

FLUORESCENT LIGHT streams in through the SAIL DECK.

The Cuda's Crew enters, fans out to their stations, and gets to work. Once inside, they're at ease in a world they know.

Grant's the last to descend through the hatch. Frankie shuts and seals it behind him.

He looks around, misplaced, out of his element.

VERNON

Excuse me, Doc.

Grant's been leaning against a control panel.

GRANT

Oh. Sorry.

VERNON

No problem. No problem at all.

Grant moves to a quiet area. Looks up at the MISSION CLOCK.

05:18:53 and counting down.

INT. SCALING STAGE - NIGHT

A MECHANICAL ARM - SYRINGE MOUNTED ABOVE - descends towards the PLEXIGLAS CONTAINER.

INT. COMMAND DECK/BARRACUDA - NIGHT

Eliot checks the reactor signal.

ELIOT

Propulsion system online.

INT. SCALING STAGE - NIGHT

The mechanical arm reaches the Plexiglas container.

INT. ENGINE ROOM/BARRACUDA - NIGHT

Shelly looks over the silent rows of nuclear energy, capable of 50,000 horses on command.

SHELLY
Reactor operational.

INT. SCALING STAGE - NIGHT

The mechanical arm fits itself around the Plexiglas container. A precise fit.

INT. COMMAND DECK/BARRACUDA - NIGHT

The radar reads a full color image of a clear perimeter, bounded by the walls of the Plexiglas container.

GIDEON
Imaging system online.
(beat)
Everything looks...extremely big.

INT. AIRLOCK - NIGHT

Frankie and Kevin, securing SMALL, HAND-HELD ENGINES: DIVER PROPULSION VEHICLES (DPVs).

Kevin's masterful, quick at double-checking and securing the vehicles into place. Frankie counts and recounts the shimmering, enzyme-impregnated EXO-SUITS which hang nearby.

INT. TORPEDO DECK - BARRACUDA

Julian and Bobby secure and count the TORPEDOES.

BOBBY
(counting)
Two...three...four torpedoes in
all.
(beat)
Only four?

JULIAN
What are we going to kill in there,
parasites?

Good point.

JULIAN
 (into handset)
 SEAL team ready. Point us and
 shoot.

BOBBY
 At whatever.

INT. SCALING STAGE - NIGHT

The mechanical arm stops moving. Ready for the next stage.

INT. COMMAND DECK/BARRACUDA - NIGHT

ANGLE ON: COMMUNICATIONS SCREEN

Vernon types "THE SLY BROWN FOX..." into the computer. A second later, "...JUMPED OVER THE LAZY DOG" appears on his monitor.

VERNON
 Communications system online.

Eliot turns to Captain McCabe.

ELIOT
 All systems online and operational.
 The boat's yours, Captain.

MCCABE
 All hands secure!
 (to Vernon)
 Tell Command the Barracuda is ready
 when he is.

Vernon types in the message.

INT. SCALING STAGE - NIGHT

The syringe sucks up the liquid from the Plexiglas container.

INT. COMMAND DECK/BARRACUDA - NIGHT

A MAMMOTH JOLT ROCKS THE CREW.

INT. MEDICAL SUITE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON MEGAN'S FACE. Still serene, peaceful.

A robotic arm approaches with the SYRINGE. Tardio and Norris watch as it SLIDES THE SYRINGE INTO MEGAN'S RIGHT THIGH.

The plunger compresses, expelling the liquid.

INT. COMMAND DECK/BARRACUDA - DAY

A RUSH OF MOTION.

The BARRACUDA SHOOTS THROUGH A METAL CYLINDER WITH STOMACH-DROPPING FORCE. FOR A LONG MOMENT EVERYTHING GOES BLACK.

And then...

WHOOOSH!

FLUORESCENT LIGHT SHIFTS TO ROSY... as the BOAT IS FIRED INTO AN OCEAN OF RED LIQUID.

THEY HAVE ENTERED MEGAN'S BODY.

THE SUB HOLDS STEADY IN THE BLOODSTREAM'S CURRENT.

GIDEON
We're in, Captain.

MCCABE
What's our status?

GIDEON
Course plotted. We're good to go.

MCCABE
Engines ahead 2/3...

But the Crew can barely concentrate. ALL EYES HAVE BEEN PULLED UP TO THE SAIL DECK, WHERE THERE IS A SIGHT TO STEAL THE BREATH.

MCCABE
Go ahead. Take a look.

The Crew - including the SEALS - drifts forward to the SAIL DECK, where the seascape boggles the senses. It's a kaleidoscope of color, rosy red blood cells churning through clear plasma.

Beyond the flow, the curving striated walls of the artery loom overhead like a vast catacomb. There isn't an angle or corner in sight.

Nodules, deposits and scars form strange, living stalactites. Ringing the catacomb, wiry, hair-like nerves wind around. Flat disks - platelets - rip by, at a scaled speed of 600 m.p.h.

KEVIN

Man, that is beautiful.

BOBBY

See, Kev? Even ugly people like you are beautiful on the inside.

FRANKIE

My guess is some people are uglier than others.

INT. MEDICAL SUITE

A MONITOR conveys the Barracuda's message: "all systems go...on track for first implant."

TECH

General Norris.

Norris reads. Pleased, he turns to a large screen showing the locations of both implants and the Barracuda.

NORRIS

Message received. Keep us apprised.

(beat)

Godspeed.

INT. COMMAND DECK/BARRACUDA - NIGHT

Grant studies Megan's VITAL SIGNS: heart rate, blood pressure, etc. Everything's stable.

Meanwhile, the entire CREW has assembled. They look at plasma screens displaying FULLY DIMENSIONAL MAPS OF THE INSIDE OF MEGAN'S BODY.

Gideon mans a control board. He brings forward an ARTERIAL MAP showing a BEACON GLOWING in the right leg.

MCCABE

Mr. Eliot.

Eliot steps forward.

ELIOT

We're here - the femoral artery.
And the first implant is...
(pointing to map)
...here, on her spine.

As Gideon types, the screen transforms to a presentation of their journey. As Eliot lays out the voyage, the Crew watches it play out virtually on the plasma screen.

ELIOT

We'll travel along the external
iliac artery and connect to the
lateral sacral artery.
(to Parr)
Arriving at the first implant in...

GIDEON

Thirty-seven minutes, sir.

ELIOT

Once the first implant is disarmed,
we'll move up through the thoracic
region, bypassing the heart, and
connect to the vertebral artery,
which will lead us to the brain -
and the last implant.

Grant stares at the implant's image.

ELIOT

After that implant is diffused and
the micro-chip obtained, we travel
to the retrieval point in the
jugular vein. That gets us out of
the body with just over an hour to
spare.

Ridiculous. Grant wants to laugh.

MCCABE

(sharply)
Is there something you'd like to
add, Doctor?

GRANT

Me?

Everyone turns to Grant.

GRANT

Well, it's beautiful, no question.
(gestures toward the sail
deck)

And we have a great view. But
don't underestimate it. The human
body is the most highly evolved
weapon ever created. A million
years of evolution - or perfect
design, if that's what you want to
call it - has devised an immune
system so fierce it can battle any
foe, from a paper cut to a
catastrophic illness. It fights
with no hesitation or compassion...
just a pitch-perfect sense of
"self" and "other". And make no
mistake, we're "other".

(beat)

In here, we're the enemy.

Grant looks out at the Crew - they don't know how to respond.

BOBBY

I don't get it. Whose enemy?

GRANT

Her enemy. Megan's.
(looking at Parr)
We're as dangerous to her as she is
to us.

A SHUDDER rips through the hull.

EXT. BARRACUDA/FEMORAL ARTERY

The Cuda barely avoids careening into the artery wall.

INT. COMMAND DECK/BARRACUDA

McCabe moves to Lieutenant Eliot at the command console.

MCCABE

Mr. Eliot - report.

ELIOT

Pressure's rising. We've climbed
to 20,000 ppf.

Parr enters, followed by Grant.

PARR

What the hell's going on?

GIDEON

The artery... appears to be
narrowing, sir.

CLOSE ON: IMAGING SCREEN showing the ARTERIAL WALLS CLOSING
IN.

ELIOT

Pressure's 22,000 ppf.

McCabe and Parr study the sonar image.

Grant moves out to the...

INT. SAIL DECK/BARRACUDA - NIGHT

...Sail Deck. From here the view is clear: the Barracuda's
sailing into a narrowing canyon.

Pressurized blood builds up around the ship.

Grant racks his brain - *what is he seeing?*

INT. COMMAND DECK/BARRACUDA - NIGHT

The current slings the boat side to side, like a whip. The
CREW struggles to maintain their balance.

ELIOT

25,000..

MCCABE

That's enough. Engines astern
full!

ELIOT

Engines astern full!

EXT. BARRACUDA - NIGHT

The Cuda struggles to reverse its engines.

INT. COMMAND DECK/BARRACUDA - NIGHT

ELIOT

Can't do it. Current's too strong.

McCabe absorbs the news.

MCCABE
Seal the sail!

INT. SAIL DECK/BARRACUDA - NIGHT

A COVERING RATCHETS OVER THE SAIL DECK, but GRANT CAN JUST MAKE OUT A ROUND PROTRUSION up ahead, nearly blocking the artery.

THEN HE REMEMBERS.

GRANT
Captain McCabe!

He rushes down to the...

INT. COMMAND DECK/BARRACUDA - NIGHT

...command deck.

GRANT
Keep moving forward -

Parr turns his attention to Grant. He can see that he's onto something...

MCCABE
At 27,000 we lose the sail - at
30,000 we implode -

GIDEON
26,000 sir.

GRANT
Ten years ago Megan broke her left femur in a helicopter crash. Scar tissue's pushing against the artery wall - I can see it - but we should be able to squeeze through.

MCCABE
Should be able?

GRANT
There's obvious circulation.

MCCABE
It's too risky.

PARR
I say we go forward.

MCCABE
(enraged)
I didn't ask your opinion.

ELIOT
26,100, sir...

GRANT
We can get through.

McCabe's sweating.

PARR
Make the call.

Long beat.

MCCABE
Engines ahead full.

ELIOT
Sir?

MCCABE
Go ahead, Lieutenant.

EXT. FEMORAL ARTERY

Picking up speed, the Cuda sails toward the narrowing hole...

INT. COMMAND DECK/BARRACUDA

The Crew waits anxiously as the SHIP BARRELS FORWARD.

ELIOT
26,400...500...

McCabe looks at Grant, takes his measure.

Grant - hoping to God he's right, fearful he's not - doesn't hold his eye...

EXT. FEMORAL ARTERY

The Cuda's sucked forward, faster and faster...

INT. COMMAND DECK/BARRACUDA

The Crew holds its collective breath...

Eliot watches that screen... 26,600 and climbing....

Then...

EXT. FEMORAL ARTERY

BA-BAM! The Cuda SHOOTs THROUGH THE HOLE.

Crazy fast, like a cork from a bottle, it blasts out the other side.

INT. COMMAND DECK/BARRACUDA

The NECK-SNAPPING SPEED throws everyone off balance.

But eventually the boat stabilizes... the listing stops.

CLOSE ON: NAVIGATION SCREEN

Once again, the artery walls are wide and open.

ELIOT

22,000... 19... 16...

MCCABE

Engines back one third.

COLLECTIVE SIGH OF RELIEF as the Cuda returns to its steady course.

GIDEON

Vernon. Let me ask you something.
If we die in here, what do you
think happens to our souls?

VERNON

I don't plan on dying.

INT. MEDICAL BAY/BARRACUDA

CLOSE ON A DOSSIER.

Grant sits at a desk, staring at its cover: a PHOTOGRAPH OF MEGAN, HER NAME, AND A BAR CODE.

He SCANS THE BAR CODE WITH A LASER MOUSE and a MENU APPEARS BEFORE HIM ON A COMPUTER MONITOR.

Grant chooses and instantly gets Megan's MEDICAL LAB RESULTS.

He clicks again, and a three-dimensional image of Megan's body appears before him. IMAGINE A HOLOGRAM OF THE "INVISIBLE WOMAN" MODEL... EXCEPT IT'S MEGAN.

Grant brings forth different systems. Nervous system. Renal system. Pulmonary system. All demonstrating how Megan's body performed at the time of the scan.

Then his eye goes to another menu choice: "PATIENT INTERVIEW".

CLICK OF THE MOUSE AND A HIGH DEFINITION, THREE-DIMENSIONAL IMAGE OF MEGAN APPEARS BEFORE HIM.

Grant wasn't ready for this.

Because IT'S AS IF SHE'S RIGHT IN THE ROOM WITH HIM.

Megan sits comfortably. She's beautiful - a strong presence.

MEGAN

Megan Colby. Special Operations
Officer.

(beat)

Born in Columbus, Ohio.

(beat)

April 29th...

BOBBY (O.S.)

Dr. Grant?

Grant jumps. Bobby's standing in the doorway.

BOBBY

Didn't mean to catch you by
surprise or anything.

GRANT

No..no... It's fine.

Grant CLICKS the MENU - MEGAN DISAPPEARS.

BOBBY

Captain sent me to tell you we're
nearing the first implant.

GRANT
 (standing)
 Right.

They move for the door.

BOBBY
 (re: dossier)
 That the chick we're inside of?

GRANT
 Yes.

BOBBY
 Wow - she's *tight*. I'd definitely
 do her...
 (salacious)
 Heard things get pretty nasty in
 Special Ops, know what I mean?

Grant can't hide his reaction. Bobby immediately realizes
 he's stumbled into sensitive territory.

BOBBY
 Oh, hey, Man, I'm sorry - what is
 she, your girlfriend or something?

GRANT
 Was.

BOBBY
 That's too bad.
 (beat)
 Who dumped who?

Beat.

GRANT
 She dumped me.

BOBBY
 Really? What went down?

Grant looks at this kid - can't believe he's being
 interrogated.

GRANT
 She disappeared on me.

INT. COMMAND DECK/BARRACUDA

CLOSE ON MISSION CLOCK: 04:24:28 and counting.

Gideon watches the plasma screen.

GIDEON
Entering the lateral sacral artery.

EXT. BARRACUDA/ILIAC ARTERY

Corpuscles and platelets tear past. The Cuda heads off the major artery into a smaller one.

INT. COMMAND DECK/BARRACUDA

Grant, Parr, McCabe, and the SEALS survey a 3-D schematic of the spinal implant.

JULIAN
Looks like standard issue to me.

GRANT
It is. Fused between first lumbar and twelfth thoracic...

BOBBY
(only half-joking)
Why don't we use pulse grenades?
Chuck a couple of those bad boys in there and haul ass back to the Cuda.

Kevin thinks this is funny.

KEVIN
Last one back loses their eardrums.

PARR
HEY!

The laughter disappears - fast.

PARR
I don't have a sense of humor.

Kevin meets Frankie's admonishing eye. Stands up a little straighter.

GRANT
There's a control chip.
(pointing)
Here. Connected by a series of optical cables. Sever the right cables, and the implant goes down.

JULIAN

How many?

GRANT

Three. But it's got to be the right three. There are over a hundred out there.

JULIAN

We'll take the DPVs and lasers. Kevin, you take point. Bobby, you're next.

Frankie looks up expectantly - wants to go.

JULIAN

I'll take third position with Agent Parr.

Frankie's face falls.

JULIAN

One of us has to stay on board.

(to Grant)

We have cameras mounted in our goggles. You can keep us on track, tell us what to cut.

ALL OF A SUDDEN the CUDA'S LIGHTS BEGIN TO FLICKER. PLASMA SCREENS ROLL INTO STATIC.

GIDEON

Captain, losing sonar... and radar!

ELIOT

Trim controls and throttle feel sluggish -

The boat begins to list.

MCCABE

What about our reactor?

ELIOT

Reactor's fine - it's just the electricals.

AUXILIARY POWER flickers on. ALARMS SOUND.

Grant moves past McCabe toward the SAIL DECK, where the RUBY LIGHT HAS SUDDENLY GROWN BRIGHTER.

EXT. BARRACUDA

The Barracuda glides toward the SPINE. It's visible up ahead: a PULSING ELECTRICAL STORM.

INT. SAIL DECK/BARRACUDA

Grant sees the GLOWING SPIRE of Megan's SPINAL CORD. It's an awesome sight. A swirling rod of electricity rising up through the spinal architecture.

That's when Grant realizes what's going on.

GRANT

Captain - we're too close to the spine - it's pure electricity. The ship's like a lightning rod!

INT. COMMAND DECK/BARRACUDA

McCabe gets it. He YELLS through the CONFUSION.

MCCABE

Engines astern 1/3!

ELIOT

Engines astern 1/3...

No response...

ELIOT

Engines astern 1/3!

Still no response.

ELIOT

Comline's down!

MCCABE

Then move your feet!

Eliot sprints down the gangway.

INT. SAIL DECK/BARRACUDA

Grant watches as the Barracuda gets dangerously close to Megan's spine.

BOLTS OF ELECTRICITY shoot out at the sub.

INT. ENGINE ROOM/BARRACUDA

Shelly uses a flashlight to check the dead instruments.
Eliot appears in the engine room, out of breath.

SHELLY

I got a live reactor and dead
electricals, Lieutenant.

ELIOT

Back us up. Now!

Shelly moves to a manual linkage. She yanks and twists a
handle, grinding the drive into neutral...

And finally into reverse.

EXT. BARRACUDA

BOLTS of ELECTRICITY CONTINUE TO SHOOT from the spinal cord
TOWARD THE BARRACUDA. One glances off its hull. Then
another.

The Barracuda wavers back and forth, struggling to pull out
of the electrical storm.

INT. BARRACUDA

STROBING CHAOS.

EXT. BARRACUDA

Slowly, straining, the SUB BACKS AWAY FROM THE ELECTRICAL
FIELD.

INT. COMMAND DECK/BARRACUDA

Screens flicker back to life. The throttle begins to
respond. The Cuda stabilizes.

MCCABE

Keep her here, Mr. Eliot.

PARR

We're a long way from that implant.

JULIAN

Distance to a target has never been a problem.

VERNON

Well it is this time.

(beat)

Electrical interference will take out communication. No audio. No video.

PARR

(realizing)

No way Grant can stay on top of what we're doing out there.

Big problem.

BOBBY

Unless...

PARR

Unless what?

BOBBY

Unless he's out there with us.

Grant reacts. Oh shit.

KEVIN

Ever been scuba diving?

PARR

No way. I can't risk it.

GRANT

You can't risk it?

PARR

We need you for the entire mission.

GRANT

But how the hell are they going to know what to cut?

Parr's stuck and he doesn't like it. Not one bit.

INT. TORPEDO DECK/AIRLOCK - BARRACUDA

Parr watches - tense - as Grant, Bobby and Julian pull on exo-suits.

Grant notices a fairly recent scar, crudely zigzagging across Julian's chest. Julian catches him staring.

JULIAN

Alliance prisoner of war camp. They rigged us with the crude stuff. Nothing posh like what we're about to see. Anyway, some of us escaped and cut each other's implants out with razor blades.

GRANT

Sorry. Didn't mean to stare.

JULIAN

Hey, I'm free. That's what counts.

GRANT

(glance at Parr)
So I've been told.

Julian finishes zipping into his suit.

JULIAN

We'll be able to communicate through Comlink at first. Once the interference kicks in, we'll use hand signals.

GRANT

How will I understand them?

JULIAN

Hey Bobby, can you give the doctor here a quick course on Navy SEAL hand signals?

BOBBY

Happy to, Sir.
(to Grant)
Let me know if I go too fast.

He puts out a hand, gives a thumbs up signal.

BOBBY

This is good.

A thumbs down signal.

BOBBY

This is bad.

He lays his hand flat and waffles it back and forth.

BOBBY
Not so good.

GRANT
Okay. I get it. I get it -

Bobby uses two fingers as scissors.

BOBBY
Cut the cable.

Bobby mimes terror and panic.

BOBBY
Not that one!

INT. AIRLOCK/DPV AREA

Kevin FASTENS THE ANKLE LEASH THAT CONNECTS HIM TO THE DPV.
Frankie checks the GUN MOUNT.

FRANKIE
I want you to be careful out there.

KEVIN
I'm always careful, you know that.

Frankie won't meet his eye.

KEVIN
(surprised)
Hey... what's up with you?

FRANKIE
This mission gives me the creeps.
Everything about it.

Julian, Grant and Bobby - suited up - enter.

JULIAN
Doc, you'll be riding with me. All
you've got to do is hold on and
keep breathing.

Julian nods to Frankie. She pushes a button near an outer
airlock door...and the DOORS SLIDE OPEN, EXPOSING THE INSIDE
OF THE SUB TO THE RUBY SEA.

But NOTHING HAPPENS. NO RUSH OF FLUID. Grant's jaw drops.

GRANT
How is that possible?

JULIAN

Surface tension. Like the bottom
of a straw, when you hold your
finger over the top.

(to Kevin)

Let's move.

Kevin fires up his DPV.

FRANKIE

(to Kevin)

See you at chow.

KEVIN

Don't start without me.

Kevin DRIVES HIS DPV INTO THE RED MEMBRANE, WHICH STRETCHES
LIKE A BALLOON... AND SUDDENLY SNAPS BACK INTO PLACE...

...WITHOUT KEVIN.

BOBBY

(solemn; impressed)

Trippy shit, man.

Bobby gears up, straps on his ankle leash... and follows.
The membrane stretches out... then snaps back, empty.

Grant climbs onto the back of Julian's DPV. Only one ankle
leash.

JULIAN

You take the leash.

Grant straps it on.

JULIAN

And hold on tight.

GRANT

Don't worry.

Julian motors it into the MEMBRANE. It stretches and
stretches and then...

SNAP!

EXT. SACRAL ARTERY

A torrent. Spinning. Whirling. At the edge of control,
Julian and Grant join the two SEALS sailing into a ferocious
current.

JULIAN (OVER COMLINK)
We've got to get out of the artery!

GRANT (OVER COMLINK)
There!

Grant points to a series of small capillary openings.

JULIAN (OVER COMLINK)
Follow me!

Everybody slows enough for Julian to take a lead position.

INT. COMMAND DECK/BARRACUDA

Parr and McCabe watch the SEALS on the plasma screen via their helmet cams.

A whirl of color and motion. They're on a wild ride..

EXT. SACRAL ARTERY

Julian banks his DPV hard to the right. Kevin and Bobby follow.

GRANT (OVER COMLINK)
That one!

Julian guns it and...

BLASTS into the tunnel-like opening of the capillary.

Kevin's next, followed by BOBBY, WHOSE DPV BOUNCES OFF A BUMP AT THE BOTTOM OF THE ENTRY...

BOBBY (OVER COMLINK)
Yeeeeee Hah!

He BUCKS HIGH, ALMOST FLYING OFF HIS TRANSPORT... BUT HOLDS ON AND RIDES INTO...

EXT. CAPILLARY

Stillness. Out of the maelstrom. They slow, catch their breath.

BOBBY (OVER COMLINK)
Is this a great job or what?!

MCCABE (OVER COMLINK)
You read me out there?

JULIAN (OVER COMLINK)
So far, Captain.

INT. COMMAND DECK/BARRACUDA

Parr, McCabe and Crew watch the progress through the helmet
cams. Smooth capillary walls glide by...

PARR
Grant?

GRANT (THROUGH COMLINK)
I'm here.

PARR
Can you see the implant?

GRANT (THROUGH COMLINK)
Not yet.

INT. MEDICAL SUITE

A COMTECH points to a BALL OF TINY RED LIGHTS ON A POWER
GRID. Norris follows him.

COMTECH
These sensors here pick up the
implant's charge. When they go
blue, we're disarmed.

CLOSE ON THE BALL OF RED LIGHT as we...

CUT TO:

EXT. SPINAL COLUMN

A RAGING STORM OF HUMAN ELECTRICITY.

Grant and the SEALS approach MEGAN'S SPINAL CORD, searching
with their eyes for the implant.

BOBBY (OVER COMLINK)
I don't see it.

Grant's expression changes.

GRANT (OVER COMLINK)

Look up.

Julian, Bobby and Kevin follow Grant's gaze.

INT. COMMAND DECK/BARRACUDA

BOBBY (OVER COMLINK)

God-zilla, would you look at that.

The plasma screen FLICKERS.

Parr strains to see the implant, but the screen goes grey...

They've lost it.

Parr SLAMS the table in frustration.

VERNON

We've lost visual. Do you copy?

(beat)

Do you copy?

Vernon looks at McCabe. Shakes his head.

EXT. SPINAL COLUMN

The three DPVs ascend what would be several hundred feet up a tower of power and light and beauty toward...

A MASS OF SILICON AND SURGICAL STEEL, ten times the size of their submarine.

As they get closer they see that it's moored into Megan's backbone. Sensors dimple its surface. Thick cables run along its side.

High above them hangs the lower vitals... the KIDNEYS, LIVER and GELATINOUS EXPANSE OF THE PANCREAS.

They maneuver in closer.

Grant points to the sensors and signals to the rest: "Steer Clear". He spies a SQUARE CONTROL HUB, a single CABLE wrapped around it. He raises an index finger. "First One".

Julian signals Bobby to do the honors. Bobby veers off. Connected only by his ankle leash, he floats away from his DPV and fires up an UNDERWATER, HAND-HELD LASER TORCH.

Grant wants to watch, but Julian pulls him along.

Around the perimeter of the implant Grant finds the NEXT CONTROL HUB WITH A SINGLE CABLE. He points and signals to Kevin... "Number two". Kevin veers off.

Julian and Grant leave Kevin behind, traveling further around the perimeter of the implant.

INT. COMMAND DECK/BARRACUDA

McCabe, Parr and the Crew wait. All eyes fixed on the RED LIGHTS on the power grid.

EXT. SPINAL CORD/IMPLANT

Julian and Grant find the third and last control hub. Grant stays on the DPV as Julian moves to the cable, torch in hand. He watches as Julian fires up and begins cutting the cable.

QUICK CUTS AROUND THE PERIMETER OF THE IMPLANT

ANGLE ON BOBBY, JULIAN AND KEVIN, floating in this strange landscape, each of them burning away at their cables.

ANGLE ON BOBBY, as he efficiently burns through the last bit of cable. When he does, the longer piece WHIPS AWAY from the hub, snaking out into the bloodstream like an electric whip.

Mission accomplished, Bobby hops onto his DPV, does a couple of "doughnuts," and heads off.

ANGLE ON JULIAN, cutting away at his cable, quick and efficient.

ANGLE ON KEVIN as his TORCH SPUTTERS AND GOES OUT. He whacks the bottom, tries to fire it up again... No luck.

Kevin curses to himself, pauses, looks around. Nobody in sight to help out.

HE PULLS A DIVE KNIFE FROM A SHEATH AND BEGINS TO CUT THE REST BY HAND.

ANGLE ON GRANT, waiting on the DPV. Bobby comes into sight. He's hot-dogging it...doughnuts, loop-de-loops.

Bobby sees Grant, gives him a "thumbs up". Grant gives him the "not so good" hand signal.

ANGLE ON KEVIN. It's not easy using the knife, but with great effort he slices back and forth, back and forth through the cable until...

...the LAST BIT IS SEVERED. As the CABLE SNAPS FREE, KEVIN'S ARM FLIES OUT WILDLY.

Exhausted now, out of breath, Kevin watches the cable snake away. That's when he sees the SMALL TEAR IN THE LEFT FOREARM OF HIS SUIT... DROPS OF HIS BLOOD BUBBLE OUT FROM THE OPENING.

KEVIN (OVER COMLINK)

Damn...

ANGLE ON JULIAN as he burns through the last bit of cable on the third control hub...

...and... it's...

...done.

INT. COMMAND DECK/BARRACUDA

The Crew watches as the BALL OF RED LIGHTS goes BLUE.

VERNON

(with a smile)

First implant disarmed, Captain.

A CHEER goes up.

PARR reacts with well-hidden relief.

EXT. MEDICAL SUITE

Norris's eye is on the plasma screen.

NORRIS

One down.

EXT. BARRACUDA/CAPILLARY/SPINAL IMPLANT

The three DPVs assemble away from the IMPLANT. The men watch as the SENSORS ALONG THE IMPLANT GO DARK. Eye contact, thumbs up all around.

THEN GRANT NOTICES THE BLOOD oozing from the forearm of Kevin's suit. It's COLORING THE LIGHT PLASMA A DARKER RED.

He gets Kevin's attention, points.

GRANT (OVER COMLINK)

Are you bleeding?!

Kevin shrugs... Stupid accident. No big deal.

But Grant knows better.

ON HIS GUARD NOW, GRANT CHECKS OUT THE LANDSCAPE. HE SLOWLY LOOKS TO HIS LEFT. NOTICES A GLOBULE FORMING ON A NEARBY CAPILLARY WALL.

He looks to his right. SEES ANOTHER GLOBULE beginning to form...

THEY ARE IN DEEP, DEEP TROUBLE. He grabs Julian.

GRANT (OVER COMLINK)
Get back! Now!

Julian doesn't understand. Grant points at Kevin's blood, then the GLOBULE...

...which is BEGINNING TO TRANSFORM, GROW IRIDESCENT, AS A MAGENTA YOLK WHIRLS IN THE CENTER.

MORE GLOBULES appear... each of them transforming...

Julian gets it now.

JULIAN (OVER COMLINK)
(signaling and yelling)
MOVE OUT!

The THREE DPVS HAUL ASS DOWN THE CAPILLARY.

The GLOBULES split... multiply...and...

SPEED AFTER THEM.

CELLS SPLIT OFF - almost faster than the eye can track - and gobble up Kevin'S BLOOD. SMACK. SMACK. SMACK.

DPVs ZOOM AWAY DOWN THE CAPILLARY.

GRANT HOLDS ON FOR DEAR LIFE.

KEVIN LOOKS BACK OVER HIS SHOULDER...

THE WHITE BLOOD CELLS ARE GAINING SPEED... STILL SPLITTING... MULTIPLYING...

The DPVs level out at the bottom of the capillary. In the distance - like the light at the end of a tunnel - they can see the entrance into the whirling torrent of the artery.

VERNON (OVER COMLINK)
Can you hear me out there?

COMLINK'S BACK UP.

INT. COMMAND DECK/BARRACUDA

The SEALS'S RAPID BREATHING AND TERRIFIED VOICES BOOM THROUGH...

JULIAN (OVER COMLINK)
Keep moving! Don't look back!

MCCABE
(very alarmed)
What the hell's going on out there?

VERNON
What's your status? Do you read?

JULIAN (OVER COMLINK)
Under attack -

The PLASMA SCREEN FLICKERS BACK TO LIFE. Images in fast motion. A blur of MOTION. Men and machines on the run.

INT. BARRACUDA TORPEDO DECK/AIRLOCK

BOBBY (OVER COMLINK)
They're multiplying! They're everywhere!!!

Frankie stands alone on the torpedo deck, listening to the CHAOS coming over the COMLINK. Her face is the picture of intense listening, and focus... and fear.

EXT. CAPILLARY

KEVIN GLANCES OVER HIS SHOULDER... HIS DPV IS CLEARLY NO MATCH FOR THESE CELL GLOBULES.

HE LOOKS AT HIS TERRIFIED FRIENDS.

The cells are closing in.

KEVIN (OVER COMLINK)
It's me they're after. I'll hold them off.

GRANT (OVER COMLINK)
You can't!

JULIAN (OVER COMLINK)
Keep moving! That's an order.

INT. BARRACUDA TORPEDO DECK/AIR LOCK

CLOSE ON FRANKIE'S FACE. Hoping... hoping...

FRANKIE
Get out of there...

EXT. CAPILLARY

The DPVs zoom ahead. The artery is within reach - its torrent is visible just ahead.

But KEVIN HANGS BACK.

HE STOPS, SPINS HIS DPV AROUND, AND OPENS FIRE ON THE APPROACHING CELLS.

HIS AMMO'S UTTERLY WORTHLESS. IT DOESN'T EVEN DETER THE CELLS - THEY SIMPLY SPLIT APART AND KEEP COMING.

WHEN THE FIRST CELL HITS HIM IT IMMEDIATELY ENVELOPS AND DEVOURS HIS CUT ARM.

KEVIN'S SCREAMS RING OUT OVER THE COMLINK.

INT. BARRACUDA TORPEDO DECK/AIR LOCK

Frankie's face. Eyes still closed.

She sits back against the wall.

EXT. CAPILLARY

BOBBY (COMLINK)
Kev!!!

JULIAN (COMLINK)
Keep going! Keep going!!

NOW MORE CELLS HAVE JOINED IN THE KEVIN FEAST, ATTACKING DIFFERENT PARTS OF HIS BODY...

IN SECONDS HE IS COMPLETELY GONE.

OTHER CELLS FLY BY THE CARNAGE... hungry for the other two DPVs.

INT. COMMAND DECK/BARRACUDA

MCCABE
Pull forward!

ELIOT
Sir, we'll lose power!

Parr rushes to the sail deck, where he sees...

EXT. BARRACUDA/CAPILLARY/ARTERY

BOBBY FLYING OUT OF THE CAPILLARY - AVOIDING THE BUMP HE HIT EARLIER. HIS DPV JOINS THE ARTERY'S POWERFUL CURRENT, where he gains control of his transport and speeds for the Barracuda.

INT. SAIL DECK/BARRACUDA

PARR
One's clear!

MCCABE (O.S.)
Open the air lock!

EXT. CAPILLARY/ARTERY

Julian and Grant race toward the capillary opening.

Julian glances over his shoulder. He DOESN'T SEE THE BUMP RISING FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE CAPILLARY.

GRANT
Look out!

The DPV RAMS AGAINST THE BUMP, SENDING THE DPV BUCKING OUT OF CONTROL. JULIAN FLIES OFF THE DPV... MOMENTUM CARRYING HIM TOWARD THE ARTERY'S POWERFUL CURRENT.

An instant away from spinning off into oblivion, Julian GRABS HOLD OF THE CAPILLARY WALL... It's all he can do to hold on as the artery current sucks him in.

Meanwhile, GRANT AND THE DPV TUMBLE OUT INTO THE CURRENT.

Julian presses his body deep into the capillary wall as...

...WHITE BLOOD CELLS RUSH PAST. THEY SPLIT OFF IN TWO DIRECTIONS. One group chases after Bobby. The other follows Grant, who struggles to gain control of the DPV...

ANGLE ON BOBBY, racing toward the Barracuda, white blood cells on his tail. He SEES THE AIRLOCK OPEN...

He hunkers down - making a final sprint to safety - and hits the airlock at full speed!

BOBBY

AHHHHHHH!

White blood cells split and fly past the submarine as BOBBY disappears into the...

INT. BARRACUDA TORPEDO DECK/AIR LOCK

...open air lock.

BOBBY CRASHES ONTO THE TORPEDO DECK. His DPV skitters underneath him as he's thrown, tumbling across the floor.

Frankie quickly moves the DPV out of the way, helps Bobby to his feet.

BOBBY

Kevin...

FRANKIE

(stony)

I know.

BOBBY

I'm sorry -

FRANKIE

I don't want to hear it.

EXT. ARTERY

With effort, GRANT PULLS himself forward on the DPV until he's sitting in the driver's position. Trying to keep balanced, he veers toward the Barracuda, searching the "horizon" for Julian.

Over his left shoulder he can see a posse of WHITE BLOOD CELLS, fighting the current toward him...

THEN HE SPOTS JULIAN, CLINGING TO THE WALL WHERE THE CAPILLARY AND ARTERY MEET.

GRANT LOOKS TO THE BARRACUDA. HE COULD MAKE IT, SAVE HIMSELF...

BUT INSTEAD GRANT SPINS THE DPV AROUND AND MANEUVERS IT TOWARD JULIAN.

When JULIAN sees Grant heading his way, he tries to crawl to the opening of the artery, but...

A WHITE BLOOD CELL ATTACKS HIM.

Julian SCREAMS in AGONY, swinging his left arm, trying to free himself from the glob.

More cells approach...

Grant rushes in, downstream from Julian...

GRANT

Jump!

JULIAN PUSHES OFF FROM THE WALL, ALLOWING THE CURRENT TO PULL HIM DOWNSTREAM TO GRANT.

GRANT LEANS OUT AND SNATCHES JULIAN AS HE FLIES BY, YANKING HIM onto the DPV.

GRANT (OVER COMLINK)

Hold on!

JULIAN (OVER COMLINK)

Don't worry...

INT. SAIL DECK/BARRACUDA

Parr watches as Grant guns it toward the air lock.

EXT. ARTERY

WHITE BLOOD CELLS relentlessly give chase, nearly closing in...

...But they HIT THE AIR LOCK AND...

INT. TORPEDO DECK/AIR LOCK

...CRASH INTO THE OPEN TORPEDO DECK.

Frankie SHUTS THE AIR LOCK behind them.

BA BAM!

INT. BARRACUDA/MEDICAL BAY - LATER

Grant tends to Julian's burned hand.

Bobby, already bandaged, looking very down, sits, flicking his laser torch off and on.

Long beat of silence.

BOBBY

I should've checked on him.

GRANT

Nothing you could have done. Don't blame yourself.

Bobby meets Grant's eye - he clearly disagrees.

INT. BARRACUDA/CORRIDOR

Grant moves down a corridor. Parr joins him.

PARR

Saw what you did out there. I was watching from the sail deck.

GRANT

It was instinct. That's all.

PARR

I wasn't going to pat you on the back. But it sure didn't look like the behavior of someone convinced we're all going to die.

INT. COMMAND DECK/BARRACUDA

TIME CLOCK READS: 03:29:13

Grant, Bobby and Parr have joined the Crew on the Command Deck.

BOBBY

No idea why, sir. They just - these things started chasing us.

GRANT
White blood cells, probably
neutrophils.

Everyone turns their attention to Grant.

GRANT
Kevin cut his arm. When his blood
was released into Megan's, her
immune system kicked into high
gear. It was just doing its job:
neutralizing the invaders.

VERNON
Captain...

Vernon looks thrown. Nobody notices.

MCCABE
How did Kevin cut himself in the
first place?

BOBBY
I saw him slicing the cable with
his dive knife. His torch must've
malfunctioned.

VERNON
Captain.

McCabe finally turns to him.

VERNON
I... I got something going on here
I don't know how to explain.

MCCABE
What is it?

Beat.

VERNON
We just got pinged.

PARR
What?

MCCABE
Must be a false read.

VERNON
That's what I thought... but...
it's happened three times.

PARR
 Maybe the body's generating an
 electrical pulse.

VERNON
 No - I'm getting a *sonar sweep*.

PARR
 But that's impossible.

GRANT
 What the hell are you talking
 about?

Stunned disbelief all around.

GRANT
 Tell me what's going on!

VERNON
 There's someone else in here.
 Another sub.

Stunned beat.

MCCABE
 (to Parr)
 Any ideas what it could be?

PARR
 We're in the middle of a war. It
 could be anything.

ELIOT
 She could have injected herself
 with something we don't know about.

MCCABE
 Explain.

ELIOT
 She could have been set up.
 (beat)
 Or maybe she set us up.

In a flash Parr has pushed Eliot against the wall, hands to
 his throat.

PARR
 (deep rage)
 Watch it.

MCCABE

Parr!

McCabe and Grant pull him off of Eliot.

VERNON

Whatever - or whoever - it is, it's getting closer.

Vernon FLIPS A SWITCH - now everyone can hear what he's been hearing.

PING.

INT. MEDICAL SUITE

General Norris stares at the communications monitor, stunned...

NORRIS

Is this some kind of *joke!*?

TECH

No, Sir. The Barracuda reports another vessel is tracking them by sonar.

INT. COMMAND DECK/BARRACUDA

McCabe looks through the futuristic equivalent of a PERISCOPE. He tries - in vain - for visual contact.

Parr stands next to him, watching, ready to step in.

ELIOT

What are your orders, Captain?

MCCABE

Whatever that thing is, we have to act as if it has hostile intentions... all crew, ready battle stations.

(to Bobby)

Load the torpedo tubes.

GRANT

Torpedoes?!

MCCABE

We'll only fire if absolutely necessary.

GRANT

And if you miss? What will the torpedo hit? A major artery? An organ?

MCCABE

I have to defend my boat, Doctor.

INT. MEDICAL SUITE

A frantic COMTECH studies an arterial map, Norris and Tardio at his shoulder.

And then HE SEES IT. A TINY DOT, TRAVELING TOWARD THE BARRACUDA.

COMTECH

I've got it, General. I can't tell what it is, but it's heading straight for the Barracuda.

INT. COMMAND DECK/BARRACUDA

Vernon reads the communication.

VERNON

They found it. Just above us, heading down the left inferior phrenetic artery.

Gideon brings forward the corresponding map. Grant reads it and goes pale.

GRANT

It'll be right in front of us any minute.

Parr and Grant run...

INT. SAIL DECK/BARRACUDA

... to the Sail Deck.

They peer down the artery, at the platelets and corpuscles whizzing by...

...until AN OBJECT MATERIALIZES OUT OF THE DARK.

It's a SLEEK, POLISHED MACHINE, AN ALLIANCE SYMBOL ETCHED INTO ITS HULL.

IT'S HEADING STRAIGHT FOR THEM.

GRANT
Is it a sub?

PARR
It's a drone.
(yelling to McCabe)
It's an Alliance Drone!

INT. COMMAND DECK/BARRACUDA

McCabe blanches - he wasn't expecting this.

INT. SAIL DECK/BARRACUDA

Grant and Parr watch the Drone's approach. Steady.
Implacable.

GRANT
How did it get in here?

PARR
There've been intelligence reports
that the Alliance was experimenting
with attaching Drones to their
implants.
(beat)
Looks like the Moray. Programmed
to destroy.
(beat)
It's a killing machine.

VERNON (O.S.)
It's got us locked!

INT. COMMAND DECK/BARRACUDA

MCCABE
Ready countermeasures! Bubble down
five-zero!

ELIOT
Five zero...

TWO TORPEDO-LIKE PROJECTILES BLAST OUT OF THE DRONE AND HEAD
TOWARD THE BARRACUDA.

VERNON
One in the water!

MCCABE
Make her spin!

EXT. BARRACUDA/ARTERY

As the first torpedo zeroes in, the Barracuda spins like a mechanical bull. Its rapid arc kicks up a MAD WASH OF THICK BUBBLES.

INT. COMMAND DECK/BARRACUDA

The CREW scramble at their tasks. Parr and Grant hold on.

VERNON
Here it comes! Ten seconds!

MCCABE
Weapons deck! I want two in the tubes!

EXT. BARRACUDA/ARTERY

The torpedo disappears into the THICK WALL OF BUBBLES and...
SCRAPES along the side of the Barracuda.

INT. COMMAND DECK/BARRACUDA

A GRATING SOUND - like metal nails on a titanium blackboard -
SCREAMS through the sub.

VERNON
One more in the water. Twenty
seconds...

INT. TORPEDO DECK

Frankie and Bobby slam two torpedoes in the tubes.

EXT. BARRACUDA/ARTERY

The FIRST TORPEDO veers down the artery passage, beyond the Barracuda and...

EXPLODES!

INT. COMMAND DECK/BARRACUDA

The force of the explosion ROCKS the command deck.

GRANT

Megan...

Grant watches her VITAL SIGNS react to the impact. BLOOD PRESSURE DROPS. HEART RATE ESCALATES.

VERNON

Ten seconds!

MCCABE

Fire one!
(beat)
Fire two!

EXT. BARRACUDA

A torpedo SPINS out of the tube, heading toward the oncoming torpedo....

BOOM! The TORPEDOES COLLIDE.

SHRAPNEL RIPS into nearby tissue.

The second torpedo continues on, glancing off the drone then EXPLODING nearby. The Drone ROCKS BACK AND FORTH, losing its stability.

INT. COMMAND DECK/BARRACUDA

This EXPLOSION even causes the Barracuda to flutter. LIGHTS AND CONTROL PANELS FLICKER.

Grant checks Megan's vitals. Her BLOOD PRESSURE DROPS. Her HEART RATE ESCALATES.

McCabe looks in the periscope - he can see the Drone falter... Is it over?

No. The Drone rights itself and comes at them.

MCCABE

Here it comes...Open her up all the way, Mr. Eliot.

Parr can't believe it.

PARR
You're running?!

The Barracuda picks up speed, trying to put distance between itself and the oncoming DRONE...

MCCABE
What would you suggest we do?

PARR
Stay and fight!

GRANT
Megan won't survive it!

PARR
Listen to me. If we don't stop
this Drone - right now - it will
catch us and destroy us--

MCCABE
We only have two torpedoes left,
Mr. Parr.

PARR
What?!

MCCABE
This was supposed to be a *medical*
mission, remember?

McCabe looks through the periscope - the Drone is in hot pursuit.

IT FIRES A TORPEDO!

VERNON
One in the water! Ten seconds!

MCCABE
Bubble down. Three zero!

EXT. BARRACUDA

The TORPEDO ZOOMS TOWARDS THE CUDA! The sub dives down...
...and the torpedo narrowly misses the top of it.

INT. BARRACUDA

All hands ready...

VERNON

Missed us.

A beat later, they hear a DISTANT EXPLOSION.

EXT. MEDICAL SUITE

Tardio reacts to Megan's vitals.

TARDIO

She's hemorrhaging! Get me 30 cc's
of prefacol

INT. COMMAND DECK/BARRACUDA

PARR

We have to turn and fight.

GRANT

You'll kill her.

McCabe turns to Grant.

MCCABE

I pursue and attack unless you give
me a better idea in the next five
seconds.

VERNON

(noticing through the sail
deck)

Captain. Something else is out
there. Something in the
bloodstream...

All eyes turn to the sail deck...

MCCABE

What the... Grant, what is this?

Grant looks out the sail deck and sees, flying past them in
the bloodstream...

UNDULATING GLOBS OF RED AND GREEN, CHAIN-LIKE MATERIAL.

It takes Grant a moment, but then he gets it.

GRANT

It's adrenaline... She's fighting
back.

He rushes to the map, eyes scanning.

GRANT

Turn up here. Into the renal artery.

Eliot hesitates.

MCCABE

Do it!

Eliot guides the Barracuda into the artery.

EXT. BARRACUDA/RENAL ARTERY

The sub turns into the renal artery, ADRENALINE CELLS' FLYING PAST THEM.

Grant studies the map, his mind in hyper-speed.

PARR

It'll follow us.

GRANT

I know that.

(to McCabe)

But we can trap it, temporarily.

It'll buy you the time you need to figure out how to destroy that thing -

(glare at Parr)

- without killing Megan.

McCabe looks through the periscope, can't see the Drone.

MCCABE

Mr. Vernon?

VERNON

(taking a reading)

One thousand meters but coming...

MCCABE

(to Grant)

What's your plan?

GRANT

In a stressful situation, adrenal glands produce adrenaline - preparing the body for a fight or flight response.

(MORE)

GRANT (cont'd)

The adrenaline accomplishes many things, but it's first and foremost a *vasoconstrictor*.

(off McCabe's blank expression)

It constricts blood vessels, re-directing the blood to certain parts of the body.

(McCabe still doesn't get it)

We can lead the Drone into a small blood vessel and trap it.

McCabe considers.

PARR

This is *ridiculous* -

MCCABE

We're going to give it a try, Mr. Parr.

PARR

I'm pulling rank.

(to Vernon)

Send this message to Norris: Under attack. Request orders to engage.

Vernon doesn't type.

VERNON

I take my orders from the Captain.

Parr looks around the Crew - sees he'll get no support from them.

EXT. BARRACUDA/RENAL ARTERY

The BARRACUDA moves down the artery and rapidly builds speed... ADRENALINE CELLS swirl around it, spreading out into the nearby capillaries.

A beat later, the DRONE enters the artery.

It's on their tail.

INT. COMMAND DECK/BARRACUDA

Grant and Gideon study the PLASMA SCREEN MAP, where the Barracuda's progress is visible. They're entering a maze of capillaries near the kidneys.

The Drone's also visible on the map, still trailing them.

GRANT

Turn at this capillary.

EXT. BARRACUDA/CAPILLARY

The Barracuda swings to the right, into the capillary.

As it does, WE NOTICE SOMETHING: the walls of the capillary are shrinking...narrowing the pathway.

INT. SAIL DECK/BARRACUDA

Parr watches through the Sail Deck window as the walls constrict - a terrifying sight.

INT. COMMAND DECK/BARRACUDA

GIDEON

The walls -

GRANT

I see it. That's what we want.

McCabe and Gideon share a look - not so sure.

Grant points to another capillary on the map.

GRANT

How much further to this capillary?

GIDEON

70 meters.

MCCABE

And the Drone?

GIDEON

It's gaining on us, Sir.

Grant points to the map. Gideon hesitates.

MCCABE

Go ahead.

(to Eliot)

Take it up a notch.

Eliot increases the Cuda's speed.

EXT. CAPILLARY MAZE

The Barracuda runs for the next turn as capillary walls continue to close in.

It maneuvers into a smaller blood vessel.

BAM!

The Sub bounces off the side of a moving capillary wall...

INT. SAIL DECK/BARRACUDA

Parr holds on. He stares down the narrowing tunnel.

EXT. BARRACUDA

On the tail of the Barracuda, the Drone enters the capillary mouth. It bounces back and forth as the walls close in around it.

INT. COMMAND DECK/BARRACUDA

GIDEON

(to McCabe)

Sir, the walls continue to close in. I have to recommend -

VERNON

It's on us!

PING.

MCCABE

Range?!

VERNON

200 meters and closing.

GRANT

(sweating it)

Take this capillary - to the right.

GIDEON

We can't do that - we won't fit!

GRANT
 We'll outrun it.
 (to McCabe)
 We've got to try.

EXT. BARRACUDA

The Barracuda turns down another, even smaller, vessel -
 cutting it close.

A moment later the Drone's on its tail.

PING.

VERNON (O.S.)
 150 meters!

INT. COMMAND DECK/BARRACUDA

GRANT
 (watching encroaching
 walls)
 If we can just outrun it for a few
 more seconds...

EXT. BARRACUDA

The WALLS OF THE CAPILLARY - LIKE THE BODY OF A BOA
 CONSTRICTOR - ARE SLOWLY COLLAPSING ONTO THE SUB...

INT. COMMAND DECK/BARRACUDA

Grant YELLS to McCabe.

GRANT
 Keep going! Head for the
 Suprarenal Inferior Artery! *There!*

EXT. CAPILLARY

Walls fast encroaching, the Barracuda races the clock,
 heading for the opening to the SUPRARENAL INFERIOR ARTERY.

Two hundred meters down the capillary, the DRONE FOLLOWS.

And the two hundred yards make all the difference.

Narrowly, with barely an inch to spare, the Barracuda slips past the lip of the shrinking capillary...

...and eases safely into the broad bloodstream of the suprarenal inferior artery.

While the Drone's progress slows...then slows some more...

INT. COMMAND DECK/BARRACUDA

VERNON

The Drone's slowing, Captain... I don't think it's going to make it...

EXT. DRONE/CAPILLARY

Sure enough, the WALLS OF THE CAPILLARY CLOSE AROUND THE DRONE, COMPLETELY HALTING ITS PROGRESS.

INT. COMMAND DECK/BARRACUDA

VERNON

It's stopped, Sir! It's stuck in there.

Grant sags with relief. A CHEER GOES UP.

But Parr isn't buying it.

PARR

(loudly)
How long does a "vasoconstrictor" last, Dr. Grant?

GRANT

Depends.

PARR

But sooner or later the adrenaline goes away and the capillaries open back up, isn't that right?

GRANT

It'll buy us time.

PARR

We're putting off the inevitable.

Beat.

MCCABE
Chart the course, Mr. Gideon.

GIDEON
Yes, Sir.

MCCABE
(to everyone else)
Maintain battle readiness.

EXT. BARRACUDA/SUPRARENAL INFERIOR ARTERY

The Barracuda puts distance between itself and the Drone.

INT. MEDICAL SUITE

Norris reads the communications.

NORRIS
They're changing course through the
lungs...
(to Tardio)
How is she?

Tardio shines A PENLIGHT INTO MEGAN'S PUPILS.

TARDIO
Stable.

Norris's eyes move to the clock:

2:22:21...

EXT. BARRACUDA

The Barracuda moves through the bloodstream.

INT. BARRACUDA CORRIDOR

Parr walks quickly down a corridor...

...and literally BUMPS into Julian, headed around a corner.

JULIAN
Sorry Mr. Parr.

Parr says nothing, keeps moving.

JULIAN
 (over shoulder)
 Hey - what's your take on the
 Moray?

Parr stops in his tracks.

PARR
 Moray?

JULIAN
 The Drone. Think it'll find us
 again?

Beat.

PARR
 Unfortunately I do.

Parr walks off. Julian watches after him...

MEGAN (O.S.)
 Megan Colby. Special Operations
 Officer.

INT. SICK BAY/BARRACUDA

Grant watches Megan's image on the screen.

MEGAN
 Born in Columbus, Ohio -

Grant fast forwards.

MEGAN
 Both parents deceased. No
 siblings.
 (beat)
 Double major in hist--

Grant fast forwards.

MEGAN
 No. Not married. Guess I'm
 married to the cause.

Grant sits forward, listens.

MEGAN
 I was recruited. My senior year in
 college - by Agent Bruce Parr. But
 I didn't need any incentive.
 (MORE)

MEGAN (cont'd)

From the beginning I knew I was made for Special Ops. The life uniquely suits me. I like to push the envelope, always have. I don't even like to sleep. I was the kid jumping from the third storey balcony into the swimming pool. A mother's nightmare.

(thinks for a beat)

Thing is, this job makes me feel like I'm part of the fight. Like I'm making a difference. How many people have that opportunity?

(sitting forward)

How many people can truly devote their lives to saving the world?

(laughs)

Oh, yeah, I've been accused of being intense before. Too intense for -

Grant FREEZES THE IMAGE. He doesn't want to hear any more.

For a long moment he stares at her face, animated in laughter.

Then he shuts her off - and the SCREEN GOES BLACK.

EXT. BARRACUDA/BRONCHIAL ARTERY

The Barracuda moves through the bronchial artery.

Up ahead the LUNGS come into view.

INT. TORPEDO DECK/AIR LOCK

Julian supervises as Frankie and Bobby climb into exo-suits. DPVs and torches are at the ready.

Frankie's pumped up, her energy palpable.

GRANT

When you see platelets rushing to the area, just get out of the way. They're not after you.

Bobby nods. Frankie checks her gun mount and ammunition. Then checks it again.

Julian and Grant exchange looks.

JULIAN
Frankie, are you up for this?
Because I can get suited up.

FRANKIE
I'm good.

Beat.

GRANT
Don't forget that Megan's a living,
breathing person. Anger and
revenge aren't an option.

Frankie deeply resents his implication.

FRANKIE
I'm going to do my job. Nothing
more, nothing less.

She climbs onto her DPV.

FRANKIE
Let's move.

Julian hits the AIR LOCK BUTTON. Doors slide open.

Without looking back, Frankie pushes through the membrane and
out into the bronchial artery.

INT. SAIL DECK/BARRACUDA

Grant and Parr watch as Frankie and Bobby fire up their laser
torches.

EXT. BRONCHIAL ARTERY

Frankie CUTS A LONG SLICE ALONG THE ARTERIAL WALL.

TISSUE SEPARATES, CREATING AN OPENING INTO THE LUNG.

Slowly, the Barracuda glides through the opening into...

INT. PULMONARY VENULE

...MEGAN'S LUNG.

Bobby and Frankie follow the Barracuda inside.

Here the BLOOD IS A DEEP VENOUS BLUE.

Bobby looks over his shoulder, where PLATELETS HAVE RUSHED TO THE OPENING, HURRYING TO MEND IT.

A DEEP WAVE OF MOTION RUMBLES THROUGH THE VENULE.

BOBBY (OVER COMLINK)

Hang on!

Frankie and Bobby brace themselves as the LANDSCAPE ERUPTS AND SHUDDERS.

BOBBY (OVER COMLINK)

What the hell's going on?!

GRANT (OVER COMLINK)

Don't worry - she's just breathing.

THE WAVE GENTLY SUBSIDES...

...and the sea of BLOOD around them CHANGES FROM BLUE TO RED. It's an amazing sight.

BOBBY (OVER COMLINK)

Awesome stuff...

INT. SAIL DECK/BARRACUDA

Grant watches the lung work in its slow, steady rhythm.

GRANT (OVER COMLINK)

It's oxygen, Bobby. Replenishing the blood.

The EXCHANGE OF GASES continues, TURNING THE BLUE BLOOD ROSY RED.

INT. COMMAND DECK/BARRACUDA

The MISSION CLOCK.

02:02:21 and counting. Parr watches it, tense.

Grant follows Megan's vitals.

Gideon charts the course, McCabe looking over his shoulder.

Then... out of nowhere....

PING.

All activity immediately stops. Everybody looks to Vernon, who's staring at the Sonar Screen.

VERNON

It's back, Captain. Drone's back.

PARR

Damnit!

They stare at the sonar screen.

GRANT

(panicked)

We can't fight here - in the lungs,
with the heart so close -

HE LOOKS TO PARR - WHO'S CLEARLY DISGUSTED. DOESN'T HAVE TO SAY "I TOLD YOU SO."

VERNON

One in the water!

(beat)

Two in the water!

MCCABE

Dive! Bubble down three-zero!

The Cuda pitches forward.

EXT. PULMONARY VENULE

Bobby and Frankie - still trailing the Cuda - hear something WHISTLING toward them. They turn.

Approaching fast - CUTTING THROUGH LUNG TISSUE - the FIRST TORPEDO TEARS TOWARD THEM.

BOBBY

Frankie!

The TORPEDO CLOSES IN.

BOBBY AND FRANKIE VEER OFF AT THE LAST MOMENT... AND THE TORPEDO ZOOMS PAST.

An instant later, it GLANCES OFF THE TOP OF THE SUB.

AND BLASTS INTO THE VENULE WALL.

It EXPLODES, TEARING A HOLE IN THE LUNG!

THE CUDA VIBRATES WITH THE IMPACT.

A GEYSER OF BLOOD ERUPTS. PLATELETS SWARM TOWARD THE WOUND. CLUMPS FORM ALONG THE RAGGED EDGES OF THE ALVEOLI, BUT NOT FAST ENOUGH.

The HEMORRHAGING CONTINUES.

INT. MEDICAL SUITE

Tardio reacts to the dramatic drop in Megan's vital signs.

TARDIO

Heart rate's slipping!
(rushing to adjust IV)
What the hell is going on in
there...

INT. COMMAND DECK/BARRACUDA

GIDEON

Second torpedo's locked in. Short
range.

MCCABE

Turn her around. I want two in the
tubes. Ready to fire!

EXT. PULMONARY VENULE

Bobby and Frankie race toward the Cuda.

They SEE the Drone's TORPEDO rocketing toward the diving SUB.
Closer... closer...

BOBBY GETS AN IDEA.

BOBBY (OVER COMLINK)

I'm taking it out.

FRANKIE (OVER COMLINK)

No!

But BOBBY VEERS HIS DPV AROUND AND ANGLES TOWARD THE SPEEDING
TORPEDO...HEADING RIGHT INTO A COLLISION!

AT THE LAST MOMENT, BOBBY LOOP DE LOOPS HIS TRANSPORT
STRAIGHT ABOVE THE TORPEDO...

...AND PUSHES OFF AT THE HEIGHT OF THE LOOP.

SENDING THE DPV DIRECTLY DOWN AND INTO THE NOSE OF THE TORPEDO.

KABOOM!

THE FORCE OF THE EXPLOSION THROWS BOBBY OFF, SENDING HIM SOMERSAULTING BACKWARDS.

FRANKIE ZOOMS BY ON HER DPV AND SCOOPS HIM UP.

FRANKIE (OVER COMLINK)
You all in one piece?

BOBBY (OVER COMLINK)
Never had any complaints.

FRANKIE (OVER COMLINK)
Always the hot dog.

She makes a bee-line for the Cuda's airlock.

EXT. BARRACUDA/PULMONARY VENULE

The LUNG QUIVERS. The Barracuda and Drone are ROCKED.

INT. SAIL DECK/BARRACUDA

Grant - hands against the glass - looks out in horror at the devastating scene.

GRANT
Her lung's collapsing...
(to Vernon)
Tell them to intubate her!

Vernon types away.

INT. MEDICAL SUITE

ALARMS SOUND.

A rasping breath CRACKLES through Megan's lips.

TARDIO
BP's dropping. Heart's bottoming
out.
(beat)
We're losing her.

MEDICAL TECHNICIAN
 (reading the
 communication)
 Her lung's collapsing!

INT. COMMAND DECK/BARRACUDA

Grant watches Megan's vitals slipping.

GRANT
 Oh no.

Gideon scans the sonar.

GIDEON
 Got it locked.

MCCABE
 Fire both tubes.

EXT. BARRACUDA

The TORPEDOES BLAST out of their tubes - cutting through lung tissue - and head for the Drone.

The first one glances the Drone's side, but EXPLODES, ROCKING IT.

The SECOND TORPEDO HITS THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DRONE, SENDING IT TWIRLING BACKWARDS.

INT. COMMAND DECK/BARRACUDA

Bobby and Frankie join them just in time to hear...

GIDEON
 Hit!

McCabe grabs the periscope.

MCCABE
 Is it down?

VERNON
 I can't tell -

CLOSE ON GRANT. He realizes something the others don't:

EVERYTHING HAS GONE STILL.

NO CURRENT. NO HEARTBEAT.

PARR SEES GRANT'S FACE AND INSTANTLY UNDERSTANDS.

PARR
She's gone....?

Grant runs up to....

INT. SAIL DECK/BARRACUDA

...the Sail Deck, where he can see, through the glass,
MEGAN'S BLOOD SLOWLY LOSE ITS ROSY COLOR AND CHANGE TO A DEEP
BLUE.

McCabe has no time for sentiment.

MCCABE (O.S.)
Mr. Eliot, continue course to the
brain.

GRANT
Wait.
(beat)
Wait!

INT. COMMAND DECK/BARRACUDA

Grant rushes back down.

GRANT
We can try to revive her.
(to Vernon)
Tell them to use the paddles - 200
joules.

ELIOT
The ship can't take that kind of
jolt!

GRANT
How do you know?

ELIOT
(to McCabe)
It's too risky, Sir.

PARR
(to Grant)
Would it save her?

GRANT SEES THE LOOK ON PARR'S FACE. IT'S A LOOK OF PAIN HE HADN'T EXPECTED TO FIND THERE.

GRANT
There's a chance. A solid chance.

PARR
Then we do it.

McCabe's floored.

MCCABE
Your mission, Mr. Parr. Your mission is to retrieve the chip, not save the Agent.

PARR
We're going to do both.

Everyone - especially Grant - looks to Parr, stunned.

PARR
(to Vernon)
What are you waiting for?

INT. MEDICAL SUITE

Tardio slaps a pair of DEFIBRILLATOR PADDLES onto Megan's chest.

TARDIO
Clear... 200 joules.

BOOM! A JOLT OF ELECTRICITY sends Megan's back arching.

EXT./INT. BARRACUDA/PULMONARY VENULE

A MAMMOTH LIGHTNING BOLT arcs above the Barracuda...

INT. COMMAND DECK/BARRACUDA

KABAMMM!!!

The Barracuda BOUNCES with a JOLT. Bodies fly. Screens and monitors go STATIC.

ELIOT
What was that?

Grant struggles to his feet - new hope animating his face.

GRANT
Paddles... They're trying to
revive her.

He waits.

GRANT
Again.

KABAMM! Another JOLT of ELECTRICITY JARS the ship.
Quiet. Long beat.

GRANT
Come on, Megan...

Grant meets Parr's eye.

Everybody holds their breath...

Then... a huge, hard, KA-WUMP!

IT'S MEGAN'S HEART, KICKING IN.

GRANT
That's it! That's it!

Bobby watches as Grant runs to the Sail Deck.

INT. SAIL DECK/BARRACUDA

A TORNADO OF WIND as the LUNGS REINFLATE...

...and the SEASCAPE SLOWLY MELTS FROM BLUE TO RED.

Parr joins Grant - looks through the window.

PARR
She's alive.

GRANT
She is.

PARR WIPES THE SWEAT FROM HIS BROW.

WE SEE THAT HIS HAND IS SHAKING.

GRANT
I don't get you.

PARR

We both want the same thing. We've just got different ways of getting there.

KA-WHUMP!

MEGAN'S HEART CONTINUES TO BEAT... STRONG, FULL. AND AS IT DOES, THE BARRACUDA IS YANKED HARD WITH THE CURRENT.

INT. COMMAND DECK/BARRACUDA

GIDEON

Captain - the current - it's building strength...

KA-WHUMP!

MCCABE

Engines ahead full!

ELIOT

Throttle's not responding!

MCCABE

(into comlink)

Reactor full! Give me everything!

Grant SHIFTS HIS GAZE TO THE ARTERIAL MAP.

AND THAT'S WHEN HE REALIZES JUST WHERE THEY ARE.

GRANT

Hang on - we're heading for her heart.

KA-WHUMP!

EXT. BARRACUDA/PULMONARY VEIN

Pitching out of control, the Cuda rushes down the vein.

INT. COMMAND DECK/BARRACUDA

Everyone holds on...

ELIOT

Pressure at 25,000!

EXT. BARRACUDA/PULMONARY VEIN

The sub churns in the slipstream, faster than a bullet, heading down the pulmonary vein.

The Barracuda spins and BASHES the far curve of the artery.

The MASSIVE, PULSATING MUSCLE - MEGAN'S HEART - looms ahead of them.

KA-WHUMP!

INT. COMMAND DECK/BARRACUDA

ALARMS SOUND as the boat's systems fail. DIM AUXILIARY LIGHTS TAKE OVER. Most of the plasma consoles lie dead - the others scream warnings.

ELIOT

Electrical's out! Hull breach at deck 2 aft!

SHELLY (OVER COMLINK)

We're breached near the cores!

INT. ENGINE ROOM/BARRACUDA

Where a SMALL SPLIT creases the hull, an OMINOUS BUBBLE OF BLOOD Oozes IN, heading toward the reactor tubes. Shelly frantically tries to stop it.

INT. COMMAND DECK/BARRACUDA

ELIOT

Pressure's 26,000! Rising!

MCCABE

Engine's astern full!

SHELLY (OVER COMLINK)

Captain, she's overloading!

Parr looks up through the sail, where HAIRLINE CRACKS begin to form. BLOOD DRIPS IN.

KA-WHUMP! The SOUND OF THE HEARTBEAT GROWS LOUDER - it's almost deafening.

MCCABE

(shouting over noise)

We're going to have to ride it out!

INT. SAIL DECK/BARRACUDA

Grant stares out - in awe - AS SPEED BUILDS AND THEY ZOOM TOWARD THE PLACE WHERE THE PULMONARY VEIN EMPTIES INTO...

...THE HEART.

EXT. BARRACUDA/LEFT ATRIUM

THE CUDA SPILLS INTO A HUGE BASILICA, LINED WITH SMOOTH, MIGHTY MUSCLE.

It SWAYS there for a moment, RECOVERING ITS BALLAST...

INT. COMMAND CENTER/SAIL DECK/BARRACUDA

MOMENTARY CALM.

MCCABE

I think we're inside. Is that it?

GRANT

No. It's going to get a helluva lot worse...

PARR

(looking through window)

What the hell is that?

He's looking at two HUGE TIGHT BANDS OF MUSCLE on the FAR WALL.

GRANT

Mitral valve -

Before the words are out of Grant's mouth, the bands of muscle begin to separate...

GRANT

Here we go...

KA-WHUMP! Now it is DEAFENING.

EXT. BARRACUDA/LEFT ATRIUM/MITRAL VALVE

As the MUSCLE EXPANDS, ITS POWER is PALPABLE, AWESOME.

Up ahead, the HUGE VALVE OPENS.

Then...

...KA-WHUMP! CONTRACTION.

AND THE CUDA SHOOTs FORWARD LIKE A ROCKET.

LOSING ITS BALLAST, IT TURNS OVER, TOSSED HELPLESSLY IN THE SWIRLING CURRENT, AT THE MERCY OF THE COLOSSAL PUMP.

INT. COMMAND DECK/BARRACUDA

The CREW clings to anything and everything BOLTED DOWN.

As the Sub rolls, MEN and WOMEN tumble, slide, struggle for purchase...

...Equipment falls and slides...

EXT. BARRACUDA/MITRAL VALVE/LEFT VENTRICLE

The MITRAL VALVE PROPELS THE BARRACUDA INTO THE SPINNING VORTEX OF THE LEFT VENTRICLE.

The heart beats...

KA-WHUMP!

INT. COMMAND DECK/BARRACUDA

CHAOS, terror.

GRANT

One more. The aortic valve.

They brace themselves as, once again....

EXT. BARRACUDA/LEFT VENTRICLE/AORTIC VALVE

The HEART MUSCLE EXPANDS AND CONTRACTS -

KA-WHUMP!

- SENDING THEM FLYING HELPLESSLY THROUGH THE AORTIC VALVE...

EXT. BARRACUDA/AORTA

...and OUT INTO THE BLOODSTREAM.

INT. COMMAND DECK/BARRACUDA

Long beat.

Through the sail deck, Grant can see the smooth curve of Megan's aorta.

MCCABE
What now, Grant?

GRANT
We're out.

Amazed moment of silence.

Fainter now, the heart BEATS behind them, sending them rhythmically forward in the bloodstream.

MCCABE
Mr. Eliot, report.

ELIOT
(shaken; trying to get a
reading)
Battered pretty good, Sir.

MCCABE
Are we seaworthy?

ELIOT
I think so...

MCCABE
What about communications?

VERNON
Completely down. I've got nothing.

MCCABE
Repairable?

VERNON
I'll try, Sir, but right now, we
can't reach the outside, they can't
reach us.

Gideon stares at the BLANK PLASMA SCREEN.

GIDEON

Which means we can't track where we are.

ELIOT

How are we going to find the retrieval point? We won't be able to get out of here -

VERNON

There's one other thing. I can't be certain, but just as we got sucked into the heart, I think we were pinged.

MCCABE

If we made it through, we have to assume it did too...

Heavy news. The weight of it sits there.

PARR

Let's not forget the clock.

All eyes go to the MISSION CLOCK: 01:02:23 and counting.

PARR

It's still working. And if we don't stay on our mission, it's gonna run out.

(to Grant)

Can you get us to the second implant without a map?

Grant thinks a moment.

GRANT

Vertebral artery's the straightest route.

He points through the sail deck window at the twin tunnels of the carotid and vertebral arteries.

GRANT

That's it, there... to the right.

MCCABE

Engines ahead full.

The Cuda picks up speed.

GIDEON

The inside of a woman's
heart...treacherous territory.

VERNON

Whole damn woman's treacherous,
dog.

Grant looks at the screens of Megan's vital signs - all
blank.

MEGAN (O.S.)

Too intense for my fiancé...

INT. SICK BAY/BARRACUDA

Megan talks on the screen, her image vital, alive.

MEGAN

Used to drive him crazy - I may be
a good Special Ops Agent maybe, but
I'm not too easy to live with...

Grant watches, riveted, as Megan drifts a moment, lost in
thought. A question brings her back.

MEGAN

We were on an implant removal
mission. Alliance defector had
contacted us, and he went over the
wire with my team. He was a doctor
- a gifted surgeon - not a Special
Agent. He was going to disarm the
implant so we could sneak the guy
out.

(beat)

Dr. Charles E. Grant...

For the first time emotion shows itself in Megan's face.

Grant sits forward.

MEGAN

It was a model none of us had seen
before. Some sort of prototype.
Extremely sensitive. Easily
tripped.

Another beat. Megan takes her time...

MEGAN

Anyway - implant blew. I was
knocked unconscious...

(pulling herself together)

Agent Parr himself assured me that
Grant died quickly - no pain. That
helped me.

GRANT

(incredulous)

"Died"?

Grant stands, knocking his chair backwards. He rewinds the
image...

MEGAN

(replay)

...Agent Parr himself assured me
that Grant died quickly -

INT. BARRACUDA/WALKWAY

Grant storms down a narrow corridor. He passes Bobby.

BOBBY

Hey, Doc...

GRANT

Where's Parr?

BOBBY

Sail deck.

Grant continues on. Bobby follows him.

INT. COMMAND DECK/BARRACUDA

Grant strides through the command deck. Parr's visible just
beyond - heading his way.

INT. SAIL DECK/BARRACUDA

Parr walks to Grant.

PARR

Grant - I need to talk to you -

WHACK!

GRANT PUNCHES PARR SQUARE IN THE JAW. Parr stumbles backwards, stunned...

...and lands on his ass.

Grant is over him in a flash, fists clenched...

GRANT

Get up... Get up!

On the COMMAND DECK, Bobby moves to break it up, but McCabe holds him back.

GRANT

You told Megan I was dead, you sorry son of a bitch!

Parr looks up at Grant, rubbing his jaw, considering his next move...

PARR

She was losing her edge.

GRANT

You're pathetic.

PARR

I did what I thought was best. She was too important to the cause.

GRANT

This isn't about the cause. You told her I was dead because you loved her - you always have. And you couldn't stand the fact that she loved me.

Grant kicks at Parr.

GRANT

Now get up.

PARR

I'm going to get up. But if you try and hit me again, this time you really will be dead.

Parr slowly gets to his feet and raises his hands high - truce.

PARR

I need a moment with you alone.
(emphasizing raised hands)
To talk.

GRANT

We've got nothing to talk about.

PARR

If you want Megan to survive this,
you need to hear me out.

Grant can't believe this guy. *Is he serious?*

PARR

(lowered voice)
You hate me. I get it. I've never
liked you either, but you're the
only person on this boat I can
trust.

CUT TO:

INT. BARRACUDA/HOLDING AREA

Grant and Parr stand in a small space - where they can't be
overheard.

PARR

There's no other way to explain how
the Drone is tracking us.

GRANT

You think there's a beacon planted
on the ship?

PARR

Every inch of this sub was
inspected - ten times - before it
was scaled down.

GRANT

So you're saying maybe it was
planted after we scaled.

(realizing)

You're saying maybe one of the crew
brought it with them.

PARR

Could be anybody. Except the
Captain. If it were him, we'd be
dead already.

INT. BARRACUDA/CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS

McCabe looks grave.

MCCABE
You're absolutely certain?

PARR
There's no other explanation.

MCCABE
(disbelieving)
I know these men.

PARR
If the Drone is up and running -
and we have to assume it is - it's
going to find us again. We need to
be ready for it.

MCCABE
I don't think you understand - this
boat can't take another battle.

PARR
How many torpedoes left?

MCCABE
Zero.

Zero?

GRANT
If we know there's a beacon on
board, why don't we take advantage
of it?

Parr reacts - thinks he knows where Grant's going.

GRANT
We can use the Barracuda as bait.

INT. MEDICAL SUITE

Norris watches the frustrated Comtech work at the console.
The BARRACUDA'S VISIBLE ON ITS TRACKING SCREEN, NEARING THE
SECOND IMPLANT AT THE BRAIN STEM.

COMTECH

Still can't reach them, Sir, but we can see them. They seem to be making progress.

NORRIS

The Drone?

WE SEE a small DOT, making its way through to the neck.

COMTECH

It must have sustained damage, because it's moving slowly.

(beat)

But it's in pursuit.

INT. BARRACUDA TORPEDO DECK/AIR LOCK

Bobby and Frankie, dressed in exo-suits, strap SQUARE EXPLOSIVE DEVICES onto their DPVs.

Bobby reaches over to show Frankie a SWITCH.

CLOSE ON THE DEVICE: a digital read out, set at :60 seconds.

BOBBY

(pretending to flip the switch)

Once the device's triggered, that's it. You can't disarm it, you can't reset it. You got one minute to get your ass back on the sub.

She listens, focussed, always the professional.

PARR

Remember, we won't be able to hear what's going on out there. Comlink's up between the two of you, but the ship's communication's still down.

FRANKIE

Don't worry, Agent Parr. We're on it.

Bobby and Frankie exchange a private, nervous look.

EXT. BARRACUDA/VERTEBRAL ARTERY

The sub makes its way up the vertebral artery.

Capillaries lead off left and right, feeding the top of the spinal column.

It's a corridor of a million little lights, as if they were sailing through a sea of stars.

INT. COMMAND DECK/BARRACUDA

REPAIRS are in full swing. Vernon works under the console. Eliot eyes the pressure gauges.

00:42:39 and counting.

Grant stands on the Sail Deck like a lookout on a old ship.

INT. TORPEDO DECK/AIRLOCK - BARRACUDA

Julian appears at the door.

JULIAN

I'm going.

PARR

What about your hand?

JULIAN

I can handle it.

FRANKIE

With all due respect, I don't think it's wise -

JULIAN

I said I'm going. You two choose who stays.

Frankie's not happy about it.

BOBBY

Rock paper scissors?

She nods.

ROCK, PAPER, SCISSORS. Tie.

ROCK, PAPER, SCISSORS. Bobby wins.

BOBBY

Sorry.

Frankie angrily pulls off her exo-suit.

EXT. BARRACUDA/BASILAR ARTERY/BRAIN STEM

The Cuda courses the twisting basilar artery. Bright PULSING LIGHT illuminates the way.

The artery splits into ordered rows of cerebral, cerebellar and choroidal arteries.

Ahead, behind a thin membrane, an ELECTRICAL STORM IS REVEALED. SPARKLING, COLORED NEURONS FLARE THROUGH ROUNDED CANYONS.

INT. SAIL DECK/BARRACUDA

Grant and Parr take in the AWESOME SIGHT. The Crew Members gather to look.

GRANT

Her brain.

He points to a meandering MAZE of TINY CAPILLARIES.

GRANT

Implant's just beyond that maze.

PARR

What are the lights?

GRANT

Her thoughts, her feelings. The neurotransmitters produce electricity.

EXT. BARRACUDA/MAZE OF CAPILLARIES

The brain's light show dances in the distance.

The Cuda enters the maze. It takes a turn... then another... traversing deeper and deeper into the labyrinth.

EXT. CAPILLARY MAZE

And then WE SEE IT.

The DRONE, SCARRED AND BATTERED, ENTERS THE MAZE.

IT IMMEDIATELY TURNS DOWN A CAPILLARY, PRECISELY FOLLOWING THE CUDA'S PATH.

EXT. BARRACUDA/CAPILLARY MAZE

The Barracuda slows to a stop... then backs up into a capillary opening.

INT. COMMAND DECK/BARRACUDA

All activity has stopped. Every crew member stands silently, waiting.

EXT. BASILAR ARTERY/CAPILLARY MAZE

Julian and Bobby swing their DPVs into a hiding place at the peak of the artery.

They park and wait. Watching...

INT. COMMAND DECK/BARRACUDA

The Crew waits, silent.

ELIOT
What if it's not coming?

PARR
It's coming.

ELIOT
How long do we wait?

Parr looks up at the clock: 00:33:24.

EXT. BASILAR ARTERY/CAPILLARY MAZE

Julian and Bobby watch from their hiding place...

...and THEN IT COMES INTO VIEW.

THE DRONE CRUISES STEADILY UP THE MAZE.

BOBBY (OVER COMLINK)
(quietly)
Say hello to my little friend...

BOBBY AND JULIAN DESCEND SILENTLY FROM ABOVE, EACH ARMED WITH THEIR EXPLOSIVE DEVICE.

THE DRONE SLOWS TO A STOP...

...AS IF SENSING THEY'RE THERE.

BOBBY REACTS, HESITATES in the current. THERE'S NO REASON FOR THE DRONE TO STOP - THE CUDA'S STILL HIDDEN ONE HUNDRED "YARDS" AWAY.

BOBBY (OVER COMLINK)
(freaked)
See that? It's like it knows we're here.

JULIAN (OVER COMLINK)
Get into position.

Julian continues down, disappearing over the Drone's hull.

BOBBY MOTORS FORWARD - NERVOUS AS A CAT - AND ARRIVES AT THE SIDE OF THE DRONE.

THE DRONE STARTS TO ROTATE.

BOBBY (OVER COMLINK)
Shit - it's looking for a target!

QUICKLY, HE UNSTRAPS THE EXPLOSIVE DEVICE FROM HIS DPV AND SECURES IT TO THE HULL WITH LARGE ADHESIVE STRIPS.

MOMENT OF TRUTH. HE'S READY TO TRIGGER THE DEVICE.

BOBBY (OVER COMLINK)
Ready for detonation... Julian?

JULIAN's not where he's supposed to be.

Bobby quickly swims across the Drone's "back"... He finds JULIAN'S EMPTY DPV, resting against the Drone.

As BOBBY GETS CLOSER, HE CAN SEE THAT JULIAN'S EXPLOSIVE DEVICE IS STILL STRAPPED TO THE DPV...

SUDDENLY BOBBY'S GRABBED FROM BEHIND, A POWERFUL FOREARM AT HIS THROAT.

HE KICKS AND SQUIRMS. The strength of the attacker is about to crack his neck, when...

...Bobby PUNCHES UPWARDS, KNOCKING HIS ATTACKER'S MASK ASKEW.

BOBBY BREAKS FREE, GETS HIS BEARINGS - AND SEES CLEARLY THAT HIS ATTACKER...

...is JULIAN!

Julian whips a KNIFE from his belt.

BOBBY EYES THE DEMOLITION DEVICE, just a few yards away. He lunges for it, but Julian beats him there. He slashes at Bobby with the knife.

Bobby dodges and darts, barely avoiding getting cut. SLASH. SLASH.

They square off.

Julian brings the knife down, but Bobby grabs his arm. The two men are locked together like wrestlers as they...

...SLOWLY SLIDE AND TUMBLE DOWN THE SIDE OF THE DRONE TOWARD BOBBY'S DEMOLITION DEVICE.

Bobby sees the device, ALMOST WITHIN REACH. He tries to trigger it, but can't quite...get to it...

Julian's hand breaks free. He fakes a jab at Bobby and swings the knife, SLICING THROUGH BOBBY'S AIR SUPPLY.

BUBBLES SPEW AS THE TWO MEN TUMBLE OVER THE DEMOLITION DEVICE.

BOBBY LURCHES FOR HIS DPV, BUT JULIAN GRABS HIM AND HOLDS HIM TO HIS CHEST - HIS GRIP ROCK SOLID.

BOBBY STRUGGLES VIOLENTLY...

...UNTIL HE FINALLY STOPS STRUGGLING.

INT. COMMAND DECK/BARRACUDA

Pins and needles. All hands listen, waiting.

PARR
(checking time)
Give it another minute. Then I'll
send Frankie out to bring them
back.

EXT. DRONE/CAPILLARY MAZE

Julian has STRAPPED BOBBY'S LIFELESS BODY TO HIS DPV AND FINISHES ATTACHING BOTH DETONATION DEVICES TO IT.

Once secured, HE FLIPS ONE DETONATION DEVICE, THEN THE OTHER. THE TIMER STARTS TICKING DOWN.

60 seconds... 59...58...

He locks the THROTTLE forward, POINTS BOBBY AND THE DPV AWAY FROM THE DRONE...

...AND GIVES IT A PUSH.

BOBBY'S DPV GLIDES AWAY, DOWN THE MAZE OF CAPILLARIES.

ANGLE ON JULIAN - HE HUSTLES ONTO HIS OWN DPV AND HIGH-TAILS IT BACK TO THE BARRACUDA.

ANGLE ON THE DRONE - IT SLOWLY TURNS TO FOLLOW JULIAN...

ANGLE ON BOBBY - UNCONSCIOUS, STRAPPED TO THE DPV, HE DRIFTS THROUGH THE CAPILLARY MAZE.

CLOSE ON the EXPLOSIVE DEVICES TIED TO BOBBY'S DPV. THEY TICK DOWN...4...3...2...1...

KA-BOOM!

INT. COMMAND DECK/BARRACUDA

The Crew HEARS the EXPLOSION. A CHEER GOES UP.

MCCABE

Let's finish this thing and get the hell out of here.

He glances up at the MISSION CLOCK: 00:19:52

MCCABE

(to Eliot)

Take off as soon as our men are back.

INT. SAIL DECK/BARRACUDA

Grant notices a LONE SEAL heading back to the ship.

GRANT

(calling over shoulder)

Looks like just one's coming -

INT. TORPEDO DECK/AIR LOCK - BARRACUDA

Julian SNAPS through the membrane and maneuvers his DPV onto the deck.

It slides to a halt in a PUDDLE OF MEGAN'S BLOOD.

Frankie hustles to help him. Julian removes his head gear, out of breath.

JULIAN
Drone's destroyed. Tell the
Command Deck.

FRANKIE
Bobby?

One look from Julian and she knows.

JULIAN
He started hot-dogging it after we
triggered the explosives. Lost
control. I tried to go back for
him, but it was too late.
(beat)
I'm sorry.

EXT. BARRACUDA

The Barracuda makes its way through the capillary maze.

EXT. CAPILLARY MAZE/DRONE

Far behind, but slowly gaining, the Drone moves, implacable, steady...

INT. MEDICAL SUITE

The Medtech follows the Barracuda's and the Drone's progress on the Plasma Screen.

MEDTECH
Now the Drone's following them.
You think they're trying to outrun
it?

NORRIS
Doesn't make sense...

Norris thinks it through.

NORRIS
I don't think they know it's there.

INT. SAIL DECK/BARRACUDA

The Cuda hits the end of the capillary maze.

GRANT

Straight ahead... Spinal fluid's
less dense, so we'll pick up speed.

(beat)

We're close.

Parr looks at the clock. 00:14:58.

PARR

We better be.

MCCABE

Ahead full, Mr. Eliot.

EXT. BARRACUDA/BASE OF MEGAN'S BRAIN/CHOROID AQUEDUCT

The Cuda slices through a capillary wall and enters the narrow trench of the choroid aqueduct, running between the cerebellum and the brain stem.

CRYSTAL CLEAR CEREBROSPINAL FLUID FLOWS THROUGH THE TIGHT TRENCH.

THE CUDA PICKS UP SPEED.

INT. COMMAND DECK/BARRACUDA

MCCABE

How's it going, Mr. Vernon?

Vernon looks exhausted, tense.

VERNON

I can't restore the lines.

Beat.

MCCABE

When the time comes, we'll make our way to the removal point - and hope that they can find us.

GRANT (O.S.)

This is not going to be easy.

INT. SAIL DECK/BARRACUDA

Grant stares up at...

...A GIANT IMPLANT.

OCTAGONAL, WITH TENDRILS FANNING OUT IN FIFTY DIRECTIONS. A ROW OF LIGHTS CRISSCROSSES ITS SURFACE.

INT. TORPEDO DECK/AIRLOCK - BARRACUDA

Grant climbs into an exo-suit.

GRANT

I have no idea how to disarm that thing.

PARR

You'll figure it out.

GRANT

What if I don't? What if I blow her up instead?

PARR

Not an option.

(beat)

For the record, I didn't force Megan into this mission. I was dead set against it - thought it was too dangerous.

(beat)

She said she had nothing to lose.

GRANT

Why didn't you stop her?

PARR

Wasn't my decision. Recruiting you for the voyage was.

GRANT

I'm not following.

PARR

I knew you'd keep Megan alive.

Frankie enters.

FRANKIE

Ready, Doc?

Grant climbs on his DPV.

GRANT
Ready as I'm ever going to be.

Julian enters the room, exo-suit on.

JULIAN
Let's do it.

Parr addresses Grant, Frankie and Julian.

PARR
Here's the plan: get the chip,
disarm the implant, haul-ass back
here.

Grant guns the DPV and hits the airlock. With a POP, he's gone.

Frankie soon follows... POP.

Then Julian nods to Parr.

JULIAN
So long, Mr. Parr.

Julian guns his DPV and hits the airlock. POP.

INT. SAIL DECK/BARRACUDA

McCabe watches Grant, Frankie and Julian as they make their way toward the implant. Parr joins him.

MCCABE
If they can't get back here in
time, we'll have to leave them.

PARR
They'll make it.

EXT. BARRACUDA/BASE OF MEGAN'S BRAIN/CHOROID AQUEDUCT

The Barracuda hovers near the OCTAGONAL IMPLANT, TENDRILS
WAVING in the cerebral-spinal fluid.

Beyond, MULTICOLORED LIGHTS FLASH.

WE FOLLOW THE THREE DPVs...

EXT. CHOROID AQUEDUCT

...as they arrive at the implant.

FRANKIE (OVER COMLINK)
What are we looking for?

GRANT (OVER COMLINK)
The chip'll be under a control
panel. Could be anywhere...

They move towards the black monstrosity.

GRANT (OVER COMLINK)
Wait!

GRANT STOPS THEM. HE'S JUST REALIZED SOMETHING.

HE MOVES IN FOR A CLOSER LOOK.

GRANT (OVER COMLINK)
These cables have *sensors* on the
ends...
(realizing with horror;
closer look confirms it)
Touch a sensor, and the implant
blows.

Very bad news.

THEY LOOK AT EACH OTHER - THEN OUT AT THE HUNDREDS OF
WIGGLING CABLES IN THE CLEAR LIQUID... TWISTING AND WEAVING
LIKE MEDUSA'S SNAKES.

A CABLE SUDDENLY SNAPS BY, MISSING GRANT BY A COUPLE OF FEET.
HE PULLS BACK JUST IN TIME.

The three hover for a moment, then tentatively begin their
search around the perimeter of the implant.

In the background, Megan's brain FIRES LIGHTS.

INT. SAIL DECK/BARRACUDA

Parr watches through the glass. The DPVs are tiny in the
distance as they disappear, cresting the top of the implant.

SUDDENLY, OUT OF THE CORNER OF HIS EYE, PARR NOTICES
SOMETHING TERRIFYING.

PARR
 Holy shit...
 (yelling to the command
 deck)
 We got company!

THE DRONE CRUISES LAZILY INTO FRAME.

No one can believe it.

MCCABE
 (pulls himself together)
 Stations ready! We'll ram it!

PARR
 Look - it doesn't want us.

They watch as the DRONE MOVES PAST THE BARRACUDA.

PARR
 (beginning to put it
 together)
 The Drone's been following a
 beacon, but the beacon's not on the
 ship.
 (to McCabe)
 It's in Julian - the scar on his
 chest.... He told us the Drone was
 destroyed...

Parr bolts from the command deck.

GRANT (O.S.)
 Over here!

EXT. IMPLANT/CHOROID AQUEDUCT

Frankie and Julian assemble near Grant.

Grant points through the swinging tendrils toward a CONTROL
 PANEL, 3 feet by 3 feet, positioned about ten yards from the
 bottom of the implant.

GRANT (OVER COMLINK)
 See it?

FRANKIE (OVER COMLINK)
 I'll go first and wait for you.

GRANT (OVER COMLINK)
 Take it slow. One touch and
 everything blows.

As Grant and Frankie confer, Julian watches them.

EXT. BARRACUDA

PARR BLASTS OUT OF THE AIRLOCK ON A DPV.

EXT. IMPLANT/CHOROID AQUEDUCT

JULIAN, FRANKIE AND GRANT TETHER THE DPVS ALONG THE DUCT WALL, TYING THEM TOGETHER WITH THE ANKLE LEASHES.

Carefully making her way, Frankie swims into the nest of SNAKING CABLES.

A CABLE SLITHERS PAST. She turns, narrowly avoiding 'it.

It pulls back, SLIDING NEAR HER TORSO...

...but she's able to squirm by.

FRANKIE ARRIVES AT THE CONTROL PANEL. SHE PAUSES, CLOSES HER EYES AGAINST THE TENSION.

GRANT (OVER COMLINK)

You okay?

Takes her a moment to find her voice.

FRANKIE (OVER COMLINK)

Yeah.

Grant follows... weaving, pulling along a cable...

About halfway in, a CABLE LAUNCHES AT HIM...

...BUT HE TWISTS JUST IN TIME AND IT SHOOTS BY, MISSING HIM BY INCHES...

Grant - heart pounding - makes it to Frankie.

Together they APPROACH THE CONTROL PANEL AND FIGURE OUT HOW TO PRY OFF THE LID.

Peering inside, they find ANOTHER LID TO A SECOND CHAMBER. They immediately go to work on it...

GRANT (OVER COMLINK)

Where's Julian?

FRANKIE (OVER COMLINK)
 Haven't seen him.
 (looking around)
 Julian, you out there?

EXT. DRONE

Parr ZOOMS past the Drone, heading toward the implant.

EXT. IMPLANT

ANGLE ON JULIAN.

THE LOOK ON HIS FACE IS VERY STRANGE - IT'S THE LOOK OF A MAN PREPARING FOR DEATH.

JULIAN (OVER COMLINK)
 I'm good to go...

JULIAN LOOKS DOWN, WHERE GRANT AND FRANKIE WORK FRANTICALLY AT THE CONTROL PANEL.

AND THEN HE JUST...LETS GO...

FLOATING UP, INTO THE CURRENT. ARMS OUTSTRETCHED... LEGS HANGING THROUGH THE MAZE OF TENDRILS.

IT BECOMES CLEAR: HE'S DELIBERATELY FLOATING INTO THE SNAKING CABLES.

AN ACT OF SUICIDE - OF SABOTAGE - OF MURDER.

ONE TOUCH AND IT'S ALL OVER. FOR EVERYONE.

SUDDENLY...

PARR ERUPTS OUT OF NOWHERE AND...

...SMASHES INTO JULIAN.

JULIAN TUMBLES END OVER END.

PARR FLIES OFF HIS DPV.

PARR (OVER COMLINK)
 Grant! Julian's the traitor!

BELOW, GRANT STOPS WORKING, REACTS.

Julian recovers and swims toward the cables.

PARR desperately lunges for him.

A CABLE SWINGS FORWARD, STRAIGHT AT JULIAN'S CHEST, ZEROING IN...

...but FRANKIE is there... GRABBING HOLD OF THE CABLE, YANKING IT OUT OF THE WAY.

SHE HOLDS ON FOR DEAR LIFE AS IT VEERS WILDLY, WRAPPING HER BODY AROUND IT... THE CABLE WHIPS HER IN ALL DIRECTIONS, AS...

...PARR PUSHES JULIAN AWAY FROM THE TENDRIL NEST.

He and Parr battle it out... pushing, punching...

BACK ON GRANT...

Fevered hands prying open the second lid and discovering...

...A LARGE OVAL, ITS SURFACE ENDLESSLY COMPLICATED - AS IF A HUGE CITY WERE CONTAINED WITHIN.

IT'S THE CHIP THEY NEED. THE GOLDEN FLEECE. THE LOMBARDI TROPHY.

THREE OPTIC CABLES ARE WOUND AROUND THE CHIP, CONNECTING IT TO A CONTROL PANEL.

Grant stares at it.

BACK AT THE PERIMETER...

FRANKIE lets go of the snaking cable and tumbles down through the maze of cables... Out of control, she bounces from cable to cable.

Grant swims up, reaches out... and pulls her to safety.

GRANT (OVER COMLINK)
We've got the chip. It's connected
to the detonator -

GRANT SUDDENLY GOES PALE.

FRANKIE TURNS TO SEE WHY...AND FOLLOWS SUIT.

FRANKIE (OVER COMLINK)
Didn't see that one coming.

THE DRONE IS MOVING STRAIGHT TOWARD THEM.

IT POSITIONS TO FIRE.

MEANWHILE PARR AND JULIAN CONTINUE TO FIGHT - DANGEROUSLY CLOSE TO THE SNAKING CABLE NEST.

A CABLE WRIGGLES TOWARD PARR. HE DUCKS, BARELY AVOIDING IT.

JULIAN REACHES OUT TO TOUCH THE SENSOR, BUT PARR KICKS HIM AWAY...

THEY WRESTLE BACK TOWARD THE TETHERED DPVS... KICKING, PUNCHING...

JULIAN PULLS HIS KNIFE FROM HIS BELT.

THEY SQUARE OFF.

PARR MANEUVERS BACKWARDS, JULIAN SLASHES AFTER HIM.

THEY CRASH INTO THE TETHERED DPVS. THEY STRUGGLE, ENTANGLING IN AND OUT OF THE ANKLE LEASHES.

THEY TUMBLE OVER, JULIAN STABBING AT PARR, PARR DODGING.

JULIAN BRINGS HIS KNIFE DOWN.

PARR HOLDS IT OFF WITH HIS LEFT HAND...

THEY GO INTO A CLENCH... THE KNIFE GETS CLOSER AND CLOSER TO PARR...

... BUT WITH A LAST GASP OF EFFORT, PARR REACHES UP AND SLICES HIS OWN HAND ACROSS JULIAN'S BLADE.

CUTTING HIMSELF ON PURPOSE.

BLOOD OOZES INSTANTLY FROM THE CUT.

JULIAN BEGINS TO SWIM AWAY...

...UNTIL HE FEELS A TUG AT HIS ANKLE. HE LOOKS BACK.

PARR HAS SECURED THE DPV ANKLE LEASH AROUND JULIAN'S LEG!

JULIAN (OVER COMLINK)

What...

BEFORE JULIAN CAN REACT, PARR JUMPS ONTO THE DPV AND FIRES IT UP.

HE RACES TOWARD THE BLOODSTREAM...

...JULIAN PULLED - STRUGGLING MADLY - BEHIND HIM.

AT FIRST IT'S UNCLEAR WHERE PARR'S HEADING.

A WHITE BLOOD CELL FORMS. THEN ANOTHER. THEN ANOTHER.
UNTIL THERE ARE TOO MANY TO COUNT.

THE HUNGRY WHITE GLOBULES TAKE OFF AFTER THE DPV.

ANGLE ON GRANT.

He and Frankie watch THE WHITE BLOOD CELLS CHASE PARR AND
JULIAN...

AND THEN PARR TAKES A TURN AND IT BECOMES CLEAR: HE'S HEADING
RIGHT FOR THE DRONE!

CLOSER... CLOSER...

THE WHITE BLOOD CELLS CATCH UP TO JULIAN, STILL TRAILING ON
THE ANKLE LEASH.

THEY BEGIN EATING AWAY AT HIS HANDS... UP HIS ARMS...

JULIAN (OVER COMLINK)
AAAHHHHH!!!!

BUT JULIAN DOESN'T FEEL PAIN FOR LONG, BECAUSE -

BOOM!

FRANKIE AND GRANT WATCH IN HORROR AS PARR CRASHES THE DPV
INTO THE SIDE OF THE DRONE!

HUMAN BLOOD IMMEDIATELY FILLS THE SURROUNDING LIQUID.

And an instant later...

... VORACIOUS WHITE BLOOD CELLS ATTACK, SCOURING THE REDDENED
CEREBRAL-SPINAL FLUID THAT SURROUNDS AND FILLS THE DRONE.

WHITE BLOOD CELLS EAT AWAY, DISSOLVING THE DRONE'S HULL.
GIANT HOLES APPEAR - SPINAL FLUID POURS IN.

SPARKS FLY...

ELECTRICITY CRACKLES...

AND THE DRONE IMPLODES!

INT. SAIL DECK/BARRACUDA

McCabe stand alone at the Sail Deck, riveted. He looks back
at the clock: 00:07:56.

INT. MEDICAL SUITE

The Comtech nearly jumps out of his chair.

COMTECH
Drone's down, Sir!

EXT. IMPLANT

Grant and Frankie don't have a moment to spare.

He fires up his hand-held laser torch - it springs to life.

Then he takes a moment. Looks at the three cables. Focuses.

GRANT (OVER COMLINK)
Keep your eye on the lights. If
they start to rotate, we've got
about ten seconds before she blows.

Moment of truth. He moves to one of the cables. Hesitates.

FRANKIE (OVER COMLINK)
Does it matter which one goes
first?

Again Grant pauses, but he doesn't say anything. Then he
takes the laser torch and...

...cuts through the first cable.

Beat. Nothing.

GRANT (OVER COMLINK)
So far so good...

Carefully, gingerly, he positions the laser sword at the
second cable...

- Frankie watches, breath held -

...and cuts.

Nothing.

Grant looks to Frankie - then turns back to the third cable.

Here goes.

Grant gingerly cuts through the third cable...

All the snaking, moving tendrils suddenly run out of steam and go limp.

FRANKIE (OVER COMLINK)
You did it.

Grant turns to her - she's actually smiling. (First time for everything.)

Together they dislodge the chip from the control panel.

As they pull it out, GRANT NOTICES - IN PASSING - A PASSAGEWAY INTO THE HEART OF THE IMPLANT.

FRANKIE (OVER COMLINK)
Let's move.

Holding the chip, Grant and Frankie swim up toward the DPV.

BUT AS HE LOOKS OVER HIS SHOULDER HE SEES: THE IMPLANT'S ACTIVATION LIGHTS ARE STILL ON, FULL FORCE.

He stops in his tracks, devastated.

Frankie swims back to him.

GRANT (OVER COMLINK)
It's still hot.

FRANKIE (OVER COMLINK)
What?!

Grant hands her the chip.

GRANT (OVER COMLINK)
Get the chip out of here.

FRANKIE (OVER COMLINK)
If I take this to the sub, McCabe won't wait. He'll head for the retrieval point.

GRANT (OVER COMLINK)
That's what I want. It's what Megan risked her life for. I'll give you...

(looking at watch)
...five minutes before I try to disarm it.

(beat)
If it blows, you'll be out.

Beat.

FRANKIE (OVER COMLINK)
You'll die in here.

GRANT (OVER COMLINK)
Can't think of a better place to
go.

FRANKIE (OVER COMLINK)
Not good enough. You need an exit
strategy.

Grant knows he's not going to be around to need an exit
strategy, but he can see that Frankie's not going to move
until he comes up with an idea.

GRANT (OVER COMLINK)
The retinal artery... from there
maybe to the hyaloid canal and out
one of the lacrimals...

FRANKIE (OVER COMLINK)
English.

GRANT (OVER COMLINK)
A tear duct. I'll try to swim out
her left tear duct.
(beat)
Only problem is you'll need to make
her cry - and I've never seen her
do that.

FRANKIE (OVER COMLINK)
Give me something.

Beat.

GRANT (OVER COMLINK)
Tell her I'm alive.

FRANKIE (OVER COMLINK)
That's it?

GRANT (OVER COMLINK)
Tell her... tell her I said she was
hard to live with - but easy to
love.

FRANKIE (OVER COMLINK)
I'm not too good with the
saccharine, but I'll give it a
shot.
(beat)
Get it done and get out of here.

Frankie clutches the CHIP to her chest and swims away.

Grant heads back toward the glowing implant.

He FINDS THE PASSAGEWAY, and swims...

DOWN INTO THE BOWELS OF THE IMPLANT.

INT. IMPLANT

Grant pulls himself along a NARROW PASSAGEWAY. As he reaches the end of it, HE IS TAKEN ABACK.

INT. INNER CHAMBER OF IMPLANT

Because the passageway opens into a VAST, GLASSED-IN CHAMBER, CRAWLING WITH HUNDREDS OF OPTIC CABLES.

It's a free for all.

He'll never figure out which one to cut.

INT. TORPEDO DECK/AIR LOCK - BARRACUDA

Frankie skids into the torpedo deck and rushes to the intercom.

FRANKIE

Chip secured, Captain!

MCCABE (O.S.)

Grant?

FRANKIE

He stayed behind to disarm the implant. He's given us five minutes to get out.

INT. COMMAND DECK/BARRACUDA

MCCABE looks at the MISSION CLOCK, ticking down. 00:05:43.

MCCABE

Mr. Gideon, set the course to the retrieval point.

EXT. BARRACUDA/BASE OF BRAIN

The Barracuda makes a turn and heads away.

INT. IMPLANT

GRANT STARES AT THE MAZE OF CABLES, twisting and rising in all directions.

HE HAS ABSOLUTELY NO IDEA WHERE TO BEGIN.

INT. MEDICAL SUITE

The COMTECH turns to Norris.

COMTECH

Almost at the jugular. They'll be at the retrieval point in...three minutes.

Norris looks to the IMPLANT'S LIGHTS on the PLASMA SCREEN: STILL RED HOT.

NORRIS

Implant's still operational.

Then over to the MISSION CLOCK: 00:03:34.

NORRIS

Prepare the retrieval process.

EXT. BARRACUDA

The Cuda sails through BLUE BLOOD. Just ahead the JUGULAR VEIN gapes, a vast hole dropping down.

The sub dives into it.

INT. IMPLANT

Grant maneuvers through the cables, looking... searching...

INT. MEDICAL SUITE

The Comtech follows the Cuda's progress.

COMTECH
They're approaching the site.

INFRARED LIGHT marks a target on Megan's neck. Tardio holds a SYRINGE, ready to insert it.

COMTECH
Now...

Tardio carefully inserts the syringe.

EXT. BARRACUDA/JUGULAR VEIN

The HUGE NEEDLE PUSHES THROUGH INTO THE VEIN.

After a short beat, IT BEGINS DRAWING IN BLUE BLOOD.

The BARRACUDA DRAWS CLOSER...

INT. SAIL DECK/BARRACUDA

MCCABE WATCHES AS THE BARRACUDA HEADS FOR THE SILVER TUNNEL OF THE NEEDLE...

MCCABE
Here we go -

A SUDDEN PULL OF FORCE...

INT. MEDICAL SUITE

The syringe fills, blood instantly red.

In the background, the Comtech follows the Cuda's progress.

COMTECH
Barracuda's secure.

A wall slides open on the far end of the suite, REVEALING...

THE SCALING STAGE.

INT. IMPLANT

Grant's still searching - fruitlessly - among the cables.

He's beginning to panic - CHECKS HIS WATCH.

INT. SCALING STAGE/LOS ALAMOS

CLOSE ON MISSION CLOCK: 00:01:24.

A tiny ampule rests on the mammoth stage. The obelisks hum. Electromagnetic energy whirls through the room. Static crackles, then clears.

Then...

BAM! THE CUDA APPEARS! BEAT TO HELL, SCARRED... BUT INTACT.

The HATCH OPENS...

...and McCabe climbs out, followed by what's left of the ragged Crew.

MCCABE WALKS OVER TO NORRIS...

...AND HANDS HIM THE CHIP.

They look up at the MISSION CLOCK: 00:00:57.

And counting.

INT. IMPLANT

Grant floats, looking around at the sea of cables.

GRANT (OVER COMLINK)
Wish you were here to help me solve
this one, Megan - you always were
the big thinker...

HE PAUSES, REALIZES THAT SHE IS THERE WITH HIM.

HE LOOKS UP - through the clear ceiling of the implant - AT
MEGAN'S BRAIN, FIRING AWAY LIKE THE 4TH OF JULY.

AND THAT'S WHEN HE HAS THE IDEA.

MOVING - QUICKLY NOW - TO THE END OF A TWISTING, TURNING
CABLE, HE FIRES UP HIS LASER TORCH...

...PAUSES ONLY A MOMENT...

...AND CUTS IT.

THERE'S A SICKENING CLICK.

AND THE LIGHTS ON THE IMPLANT BEGIN TO ROTATE.

BUT GRANT KEEPS MOVING. HE GRABS ONE END OF THE CABLE - THE OTHER'S STILL ATTACHED TO THE HUB - AND SWIMS WITH IT, UP TOWARD THE IMPLANT'S CEILING.

INT. MEDICAL SUITE

ALARMS SOUND.

Frankie, McCabe, Norris and the Technicians watch as the IMPLANT SIGNAL on the plasma screen BLINKS RED.

NORRIS

Get clear!

REVEAL MEGAN.

SURROUNDED WITH HEAVY METAL SHEETS - NOT TO PROTECT HER, BUT TO PROTECT THE AREA WHEN SHE EXPLODES.

The clock reads: 00:00:41....40....39...

INT. IMPLANT

Grant - holding the end of the cable - KICKS through a panel on the implant's ceiling.

EXT. IMPLANT

He pulls the end of the cable through the ceiling and swims up, UP TOWARDS THE MEAT OF MEGAN'S BRAIN.

BRIGHT LIGHT EXPLODES IN BURSTS OF ELECTRICITY AS NEURONS FIRE ALL AROUND HIM.

AS GRANT GETS CLOSER, THE FIREWORKS ENVELOP HIM.

He pauses, WAITS FOR THE RIGHT MOMENT...

...THEN HURLS THE CABLE INTO A BURST OF LIGHT.

The ELECTRICITY CONNECTS!

IT TRAVELS DOWN THE CABLE, INTO THE IMPLANT!

THERE'S A CRACKLING OF ELECTRICITY, AND A SUDDEN, JARRING BOOM...

...AS THE IMPLANT'S LIGHTS EXTINGUISH.

WILD ELECTRICITY COURSES ACROSS THE IMPLANT'S SURFACE FOR A FEW MOMENTS, UNTIL THE ENTIRE STRUCTURE GIVES WAY.

INT. MEDICAL SUITE

CLOSE ON THE CLOCK: 00:00:07...6...5....

AND THE CLOCK STOPS TICKING DOWN.

IT'S FROZEN AT 00:00:04.

ALARMS SUDDENLY STOP.

EXT. IMPLANT

THE IMPLANT'S MOORING SEPARATES FROM MEGAN'S BRAIN STEM AND DISINTEGRATES INTO PIECES - WHICH ARE WASHED AWAY BY THE CLEANSING FLOW OF MEGAN'S CEREBRAL SPINAL FLUID.

INT. MEDICAL SUITE

The RED LIGHT OF THE IMPLANT GOES BLUE.

MCCABE
(disbelieving)
My God. He did it.

CLOSE ON FRANKIE. She barely pauses in her relief.

FRANKIE
We've got to wake her up.

INT. CHOROID AQUEDUCT

Grant floats, looking around at the folds of Megan's healthy brain.

He can't believe they're both still alive.

Then, taking a moment to orient himself, Grant starts to swim.

INT. MEDICAL SUITE

CLOSE ON MEGAN'S SLEEPING FACE as the metal sheets are pulled away.

Frankie watches as Dr. Tardio pulls the PULSE DISK from MEGAN'S NERVE PLEXUS.

DR. TARDIO
Megan. Megan. Can you hear me?

INT. HYALOID CANAL/EYE

Grant arrives at the intertwined retinal artery and vein. He swims away from them, up the Hyaloid canal, a thin waterway surrounded by the clear, white jelly of the eyeball.

INT. BACK OF LENS/EYE

Grant pauses here and looks forward. It's dark, the eyelid closed.

But as he starts to move on, there's a FLUTTER OF LIGHT.

The GREAT DOME OF THE EYELID LIFTS, FLOODING THE LENS WITH LIGHT.

Grant turns away, shields his eyes from the sudden brightness.

After a moment, after his own eyes adjust, he looks back. And WHAT HE SEES FILLS HIM WITH WONDER:

HE'S LOOKING THROUGH MEGAN'S OPEN EYE. IT'S A MASSIVE WINDOW OF COLOR. THE UPSIDE DOWN LANDSCAPE IS AS HUGE AS THE GALAXY.

Grant swims around, so that he, too, is upside down.

HE WATCHES - AMAZED - AS MEGAN'S EYE TRACKS, trying to get oriented. Grant sees the ceiling of the Medical Suite. The far wall.

BLINK - THE DOME CLOSES FOR AN INSTANT, PLUNGING GRANT INTO DARKNESS.

IT OPENS AGAIN. Grant sees Dr. Tardio's face, leaning in. Then Norris's. It tracks to the left and takes in the Barracuda, sitting on the scaling stage.

ANOTHER BLINK.

And then, finally, FRANKIE'S FACE.

MEGAN'S GAZE STOPS HERE, BECAUSE FRANKIE'S TALKING TO HER, RELAYING GRANT'S MESSAGE.

LONG BEAT. THE GAZE DOESN'T WAVER.

GRANT WATCHES, WAITS, TRANSFIXED.

Then the dome of the eyelid closes. And stays closed for a long moment.

There's a WHOOSH as a GLAND ABOVE GRANT'S HEAD FILLS WITH CLEAR LIQUID...

...AND THE FRONT OF MEGAN'S EYE FILLS WITH IT.

WHEN MEGAN'S EYE OPENS AGAIN, GRANT DOESN'T WAIT TO LOOK THROUGH HER WATERY POINT OF VIEW.

HE SWIMS OVER, TO THE SIDE OF THE EYE...

...FINDS THE TEAR DUCT...

...AND DIVES IN.

INT. MEDICAL SUITE

Dr. Tardio holds a SUCTION SYRINGE up to Megan's eye, carefully collecting the tears.

She rushes to the Scaling Stage.

INT. SYRINGE

Tumbling, struggle to gain purchase, Grant is tossed in the syringe's liquid.

Suddenly, electromagnetic energy courses through the seascape.

His body ripples...

...and EXPLODES at a molecular level.

INT. MEDICAL SUITE

Megan watches the scaling stage, waiting...

...until BAM!

GRANT APPEARS, FULL-SIZED, SITTING ON HIS ASS, DRIPPING WET.

He takes off his helmet. Breathes in.

McCabe extends a hand, helping him to his feet. Frankie and the Crew gather round, congratulating Grant as a hero.

He looks past them, up towards the Medical Suite...

...and FINDS MEGAN'S FACE.

THEIR EYES LOCK.