

FADE IN

1- <OUT>
3

3A EXT. TWA PLANE IN FLIGHT OVER LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

With the myriad lights of the city beneath it. As the plane lands:

3B EXT. HUGE HANGAR

Troop carriers filled with ARMED SOLDIERS are lined up before the hangar; several official cars filled with SECRET SERVICE MEN, four MOTORCYCLE POLICEMEN, and a caravan of three limousines complete the waiting entourage. The CHIEF of the SECRET SERVICE looks toward the airfield as the plane is heard taxiing in. He turns and gets into one of the limousines, followed by the others.

3C LONG SHOT - VEHICLES ON AIRFIELD

Coming toward camera. The plane looms in the f.g. A motorized stairway is on the way toward the door of the plane. The vehicles come to a halt before the camera.

3D HIGH ANGLE SHOT - PLANE

The Armed Soldiers leap out of the troop carriers and form a cordon around the plane. The Secret Service Men get out within the circle of guards, wait for the door to open.

4 EXT. JET DOOR

It opens. GRANT steps out: in middle thirties, with the air of a man who takes nothing seriously -- his coverup for involvement. He turns to help JAN BENES out of the plane. Benes is Mittel European in dress and manner. Physically, he is Schweitzer at forty: the leonine head, the shock of hair. He carries a battered suitcase. In response to Grant's gesture, he precedes him down the stairs.

5 ON THE FIELD

As Benes reaches the last step, he is greeted by the Chief of the Secret Service, who shakes his hand, introduces him to several of his subordinates, and leads him to a limousine. Their words are lost in the din of jets. About to get into the car, Benes turns and moves back quickly to Grant, who is near the bottom of the stairs. Benes extends his hand. They shake warmly. Benes moves back toward the limousine.

6 GRANT - ON PLATFORM STAIRS

He watches as Benes gets into the limousine and the caravan takes off with the Motorcycle Escort. The Soldiers are climbing back into the troop carriers. Grant starts down the stairs, is lost to view in the general activity.

7- <OUT>
8

8A EXT. PICO BOULEVARD

Down which the cavalcade speeds.

8B EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT OF STUDIO (BACK LOT)

The cavalcade races through an area of dark warehouses.

8C EXT. DESERTED STREET (BACK LOT)

A rundown area. The cavalcade starts down the street. In the second floor of an otherwise dark house, a light is turned on and off, an evident signal. PAN DOWN to a heavy car, waiting in a narrow alley which opens into the street. Its headlights are off, the sound of its engine completely drowned by the concerted roar of the oncoming cars and motorcycles. As the cavalcade nears the entrance to the alley, one of the motorcycles comes speeding up from the rear of the escort. The car in the alleyway starts toward the entrance to the alley.

9- <OUT>

15

15A EXT. ALLEYWAY

The car starts hurtling forward at full speed. The front of the limousine is now visible. A broadside impact seems inevitable.

15B EXT. ALLEY

The motorcycle from the rear reaches the limousine as the kamikaze car comes hurtling out like a motorized projectile. It hits the motorcycle -- a totally unexpected obstruction -- and sends the Policeman flying out of scene. It is sufficient to deflect the kamikaze car from its deadly aim. The car hits the rear of the limousine, sends it spinning out of control. The suicide car, also out of control, careens toward the opposite side of the street. The limousine smashes into a telephone pole, which brings it to a jolting stop.

16 INT. LIMOUSINE

The impact throws Benes to the side. His head hits the door handle with stunning force, almost knocking him out.

17 EXT. STREET

The kamikaze car slams directly into a brick wall. It instantly bursts into fire, engulfing the Driver. The fitful flames illuminate the otherwise dark street.

18 EXT. LIMOUSINE

The Chief of the Secret Service jumps out of the limousine, waves to a sedan to pull up, his shouts lost in the general turmoil. Other Secret Service Men are helping the dazed Benes out, shielding him. A sedan pulls up beside the limousine.

19 INT. SEDAN

The Chief of the Secret Service instantly hustles Benes into the rear. As he climbs in beside him, and the other Secret Service Men rush to the other side to get in, there is the sharp crack of a rifle shot. It shatters the rear window of the sedan, narrowly missing Benes. The Chief thrusts him onto the floor, sprawls on top of Benes to cover him, while shouting to the Driver to get going, his words indistinguishable in the confusion of more rifle shots, which sends glass and bullets ricocheting through the interior of the sedan.

20 EXT. STREET

In the eerie light of the burning car, the sedan can be seen speeding off, flanked and spearheaded by Motorcycle Police. The Secret Service Men and those in the sedans are left behind, firing toward the top floor of a nearby building from which the rifle fire came.

21 SERIES OF IMPRESSIONISTIC CUTS THROUGH CREDITS

Without divulging the nature of the hospital, the unconscious Jan Benes is seen undergoing a fast and thorough medical probe by TECHNICIANS and SPECIALISTS, using the latest equipment. Huge X-ray machines, Centrifuges whirling blood samples, EKGs, Encephalographs, and a variety of instruments used in cerebral examinations are featured. After the LAST CREDIT:

21A EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

It is late. A car is speeding along.

21B INT. CAR

Seated in the rear, Grant looks as if he has just been aroused from sleep and hustled into the car in a hurry. He is getting into his shirt, helped by a MAN beside him. There is a smudge of lipstick on his cheek.

MAN

Sorry we had to get you up at this hour, Mr. Grant.

GRANT

(yawning)

I thought I was on my vacation...
What's it all about?

MAN

I can't tell you.

GRANT

Where we going?

MAN

I can't tell you that either...
Excuse me, Mr. Grant, but you've got
a smudge on your cheek.

He takes out handkerchief, realizing Grant can't see it.

MAN

May I?

GRANT

Go ahead.

As Grant finishes buttoning on his shirt, the Man rubs off the lipstick. Then he throws the handkerchief out of the car.

GRANT

What'd you do that for?

MAN

I'm married.

GRANT

And she said it was indelible...

DISSOLVE

TO:

21C EXT. DESERTED WAREHOUSE - PARKING AREA - NIGHT

The car bearing Grant pulls up on an unpaved parking area used for loading trucks. Nothing stirs. The DRIVER shuts off the engine and lights.

21D INT. CAR

The Driver and the Man in the rear get out. As Grant starts to follow:

MAN

You're to stay inside, Mr. Grant.

(answering look)

And wait...

They close their respective doors, leaving Grant alone in the car, looking out mystified into the darkness.

21E EXT. PARKING AREA

The two men move off together, until they reach what they obviously know is a proscribed distance from the car. Then they stop and look at it. For a moment nothing happens, then the ground seemingly starts to sink with the car.

21F INT. CAR

Grant is startled to see the earth sliding up past the car.

21G LONG SHOT - ELEVATOR SHAFT

It now becomes apparent that the car has been resting on what is really the top of an elevator shaft. The sides of the shaft now become

visible: it is seemingly bottomless.

21H INT. CAR - IN SHAFT

Grant responds as the elevator finally comes to a halt.

22- <OUT>
39

40 INT. BOTTOM OF ELEVATOR SHAFT

The car is on the earthen platform. Two big doors open. A scooter bearing the distinctive insignia of the <CMDf> appears, driven by an M.P. wearing the same emblem. Grant gets out of the car, is waved by the M.P. into the scooter. He gets in, is driven away.

41 INT. UNDERGROUND ORDNANCE DEPOT

They pass through a vast empty area, obviously capable of holding large pieces of equipment. The insignia of the <CMDf> is prominent.

42- <OUT>
43

43A RAMP

The scooter carrying Grant speeds up the incline to:

44 INT. CENTRAL CLEARANCE AREA

MALE and FEMALE OFFICERS, all in the uniform of the <CMDf>, are moving about busily. As the M.P. and Grant drive across the foyer, Grant eyes the Female CMDFs appreciatively. Their uniforms emphasize non-military points. The scooter reaches:

45 INT. CLEARANCE DESK

The OFFICER behind the desk looks up.

OFFICER
Your I.D. card, please.

Grant takes out a card with only an embossed number. The Officer places it into an IDENTIFIER. We see its screen is blank. After a moment, Grant's picture flashes on in color, in full view and profile. The Officer looks up at Grant, sees it is an exact likeness. He then extracts the card. The screen goes blank. He hands Grant the I.D. card. The scooter takes off, speeding down a long neon-lit corridor, marked off for scooter traffic: four lanes, two in each direction. Numerous doors leading to offices open on both sides of the walkways. Traffic is heavy. Grant is the only one in mufti. The scooter approaches doors over which lights flash:

<MEDICAL DIVISION>
<AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL>
<ONLY ONLY ONLY>!

As the scooter nears the Sentry Box, the M.P. on duty hits a switch. The steel doors slide open. The scooter goes through into:

46- <OUT>
50

51 INT. MEDICAL FOYER

GENERAL ALAN CARTER is coming out of a door in a hurry. The scooter bearing Grant pulls up beside him. Grant gets out. They shake hands.

CARTER
Hello, Grant. Good to see you again.

GRANT
The Pentagon, wasn't it, General?
Only you weren't in that uniform...

52 INT. OBSERVATION ROOM

They move to window overlooking the OPERATING ROOM, see the unconscious Benes being wheeled in for Surgery. His head is uncovered. The full shock of hair stands out against the white pillow. His body is draped in the usual manner. A battery of SPECIALISTS and MEDICAL ATTENDANTS, MALE and FEMALE, are moving about under the glare of beams focused on the Operating Table.

GRANT
(startled)
Benes... What the devil happened?

CARTER
The Other Side got to him.

GRANT
How bad off is he?

CARTER
Brain injury.

GRANT
Before or after what he wanted to tell you?

CARTER
Before he could breathe a word. He's the only scientist who knows the answer to what we're after. That's why we have to operate --

He turns away from the window, moves toward another door, with Grant following.

CARTER
-- and why we need you.

GRANT

<Me>?

Bewildered, he follows Carter through door into:

53- <OUT>
55

56 INT. MONITORING ROOM

Carter moves to a panel of many switches and TV screens.

GRANT

I can't even put a Band-Aid on my
finger.

CARTER

Here's the Surgeon.

He flicks a switch. On the TV screen appears the INTERIOR OF DUVAL'S OFFICE. We see DUVAL, a brain surgeon in the middle forties. He has the manner of one totally dedicated to his work. At the moment, he is testing a ruby laser, narrowing the beam down to pencil-like thinness. Assisting him is CORA PETERSON. In the middle twenties, her attractiveness is matched by her efficiency, which is considerable. They work together smoothly, the result of long association. It is evident neither know they are being observed during:

CARTER

Duval. Dr. Peter Duval. Top brain
man in the country. Ever hear of
him?

GRANT

Sorry, but I'm rusty on surgeons.
Who's the girl?

CARTER

Cora Peterson, his Technical
Assistant. You'll join Duval and the
others --

GRANT

What can I do? Except maybe pass
out?

Carter flips on another switch. On the TV screen appears the INTERIOR OF DR. MICHAELS' OFFICE. It is dominated by big blowups of the Circulation System. Michaels is assembling charts, as if under pressure.

CARTER'S VOICE

(on loudspeaker)

Mike...

Michaels moves to a wall, presses a switch. His TV screen shows Grant and Carter.

MICHAELS

Yes, Alan.

CARTER

Meet Grant. This is Dr. Michaels,
Chief of the Medical Section.

MICHAELS

Glad to have you with us, Mr.
Grant.

GRANT

Wish I knew why.

CARTER

Tell him where he fits in, will you?
I've got a few things to check out.

He moves to another panell is seen throwing on switches, monitoring a fast series of scenes, all of which are indistinguishable in angle of shot. Michaels is seen bustling about, collecting charts during:

MICHAELS

We need you for Security purposes,
Mr. Grant.

GRANT

At an operation?

MICHAELS

They know they failed to kill Benes.
Security thinks they'll try again,
first chance they get. We're afraid
of medical sabotage -- or surgical
assassination.

GRANT

Surgical assassination?! But that
means you suspect --

CARTER

(re-entering scene)

[LINE OF DIALOGUE CUT OFF]

MICHAELS

I don't agree. Just because he's
often difficult --

CARTER

Difficult? He's impossible!

MICHAELS

That's no reason to suspect him of
disloyalty.

GRANT

But why take the chance, when there

must be other doctors?

CARTER

We have no choice. Duval's the most skillful brain surgeon in the country, and he's right here, at hand.

GRANT

I wouldn't know if he's trying to save him or kill him.

MICHAELS

I'll be standing by. <I'll> know.

CARTER

(to Grant)

And no matter what happens, you're to take orders <only> from Dr. Michaels, understand?

GRANT

Right, sir.

CARTER

Come along, they'll be operating shortly.

(hand on switch)

See you later, Mike.

Michaels waves. Carter switches off the monitor. He moves to a door. Grant follows.

57- <OUT>

61

62 INT. MEDICAL FOYER

As they emerge:

GRANT

His technician okay? In addition to the Looks Department?

CARTER

No question of her loyalty.

As Carter leads Grant to the scooter and they take their places, Grant looks at the big <CMDF> insignia on the floor.

GRANT

I don't mean to be inquisitive. But this <CMDF> -- for all I know it could stand for <Consolidated Mobilization of Female Delinquents>?

CARTER

(matter-of-fact)
<Combined Miniature Deterrent
Forces>.

GRANT
(blankly)
Say that again?

Carter starts the scooter and they drive through the big doors leading out of the Medical Foyer.

63- <OUT>
74

75 INT. CORRIDOR - TRAVELING WITH SCOOTER

CARTER
We can reduce anything down to any size we want. People -- ships -- tanks --planes...

GRANT
General, I've heard some wild ones. But this takes it.

CARTER
We can shrink an Army -- with all its equipment -- and put it in a bottle cap. That's why we call it <Combined Miniature Deterrent Forces>.

GRANT
(with silent whistle)
If the Other Side ever gets hold of a thing like that...

CARTER
They have...
(answering look)
But we've both got the same problem -- lack of control. We can only keep things Miniaturized for exactly sixty minutes. After that, everything starts growing back to its original size.

They arrive at the root of the escalator, leave the scooter and board the moving stairway.

76 WITH ESCALATOR

As they ride up:

GRANT
I assume Benes knows how to control it.

CARTER

That's right. He wanted us to have the secret, and not them. Which is why they tried to kill him.

GRANT

They're bound to try again. No wonder they want me to stand by during the operation.

CARTER

And take a little trip with them...

GRANT

(bewildered)

Trip? Where to?

CARTER

(matter-of-fact)

Well, the only way to reach that clot is from inside the Brain. So we've decided to put a Surgical Team and a Crew into a submarine -- reduce it way down in size, and inject it into an Artery --

GRANT

(jolted)

You mean <I'm> going along?

CARTER

As part of the Crew.

GRANT

Wait a minute! They can't shrink <me>!

CARTER

(assuringly)

Grant, our Miniaturizer can shrink anything.

GRANT

But I don't want to be Miniaturized -- !

CARTER

It's only for an hour --

GRANT

Not even for a minute! General Carter, sir, I'd like you to reconsider your choice. I'm just not the right man for a mission of this kind.

He starts walking against the direction of the escalator, thus remaining in the same place.

CARTER
(taking his arm)
Come on, Grant. You're going to a Briefing.

They have reached the top of the escalator. Nearby is a door marked:

<CONFERENCE ROOM>

Carter opens the door, waves him in.

77 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

Grant and Carter enter in the middle of what is evidently a heated argument between COLONEL DONALD REID and Duval. Reid is in the uniform of the <CMDF>, with a cadaceus which indicates he is the Medical Division. Also present is CAPTAIN BILL OWENS, in Naval uniform, and Michaels. Cora stands beside Duval, rather abashed, since she is the cause of the vociferous disagreement.

DUVAL
(irascibly)
Miss Peterson volunteered to come along!

REID
So did every male Technician in the Unit. A woman has no place on a mission of this kind.

DUVAL
(brooking no rebuttal)
I insist on taking my Technician.

REID
You'll take whoever <I> assign!

DUVAL
(angrily)
Don't tell me whom I'm to work with! Not on this operation or any other! I'll do what <I> think is best, without any interference from anyone!

Before Reid can reply:

MICHAELS
(diplomatically)
Dr. Duval has relied on Miss Peterson for years. And since she wants to come along, I'm sure it's for the best, Dr. Reid.

REID

(making best of defeat)

I don't agree with you -- but since you're in charge, you can do as you please. But I want to go on record as being against it.

CARTER

Grant -- Colonel Reid, Operation Commander.

(they nod; of Michaels)

You've met our Medical Chief.

Grant and Michaels shake hands, in effect their first meeting vis-a-vis.

CARTER

This is Dr. Duval, our Head Surgeon.

GRANT

Oh yes, I've heard of you, Doctor.

With the attitude of the completely dedicated professional, Duval throws him a cursory glance, nods, sits down, quickly opens up a folder containing the latest lab reports on Benes, which he scans during:

MICHAELS

Miss Peterson, his Technical Assistant.

GRANT

(the charmer)

How are you, Miss Peterson?

She responds with an impersonal nod, sits down beside Duval and opens up her sheaf of lab reports, handing him the pertinent ones during:

CARTER

This is Captain Bill Owens, designer of an experimental submarine for the Navy's 'Oceanographic Research and Development Program.'

As they shake hands:

GRANT

Out of your element, aren't you, Captain?

OWENS

Sort of.

GRANT

That makes two of us.

CARTER

Grant's uniquely qualified for this mission. He's a Communications Expert and was a Frogman during the War. Besides, he brought Benes into this country, and the fewer people who know about him, the better. At any rate, you'll find Grant invaluable, should anything go wrong once you're under way.

(to Reid)

Okay, Don.

REID

Here's the overall Target Area...

Reid presses a switch. A large anatomical map of a Brain flashes on a central screen. The ganglia and dendrites form a network, much like intersecting roads, in a detailed war map. The clot is a solid obstruction in the center. Grid lines cross the map vertically and horizontally as points of reference. The entire projection has a three-dimensional effect, since it is drawn in perspective.

DUVAL

Benes' brain...near as we can map it stereotaxically...

He switches on a flashlight arrow, points to the clot.

DUVAL

The clot's right here...

He switches off the arrow and quickly flashes it on again, this time on the edges of the map. The arrow now probes and with draws from the base, center and top of the brain, like the animated technique of showing an attack which is repulsed at the perimeter.

DUVAL

Impossible to get at --
(arrow makes vertical penetration to give impression of wide cut)
-- without damage to the intervening tissue...which would prove fatal to Benes.

He presses another switch. A startling OVERLAY OF THE BLOOD VESSELS OF THE HEAD AND NECK appears over the anatomical drawing of the brain, encasing it. The red-colored arteries and blue-colored veins form such an intricate maze, that finding one's way through it seems virtually impossible.

DUVAL

The only way to reach it is via the Arterial System.

Grant looks at Cora. She is busy making notes from the projected map. Owens is showing no undue reaction, apparently having been apprised.

REID

Phase One calls for Miniaturizing a submarine, with Crew and Surgical Team, and injecting it into the Carotid Artery.

He points with the arrow to the exact spot.

OWENS

How small would that be?

REID

About the size of a microbe.

GRANT

Colonel, I'm sure that's quite a comfortable size, but --

REID

Reduced proportionately, you won't find it too strange --

GRANT

All in a day's work, sure. But I was thinking of the speed of the Circulatory System.

MICHAELS

About forty miles an hour.

GRANT

Well, it seems to me if you reduce a ship to microscopic size -- and the stream remains constant -- we'd take quite a beating.

OWENS

(very worried)

I hope you've taken that into account --

CARTER

We have.

REID

You won't be going anywhere near that fast. We're putting Benes in deep Hypothermia -- that is, freezing him low as compatible with human life. It'll slow down his heartbeat, Circulation, and all other physical processes.

Owens begins polishing his glasses, indicating his inner qualms.

OWENS

Even so, because of our size -- I mean lack of it -- we'll still be cruising mighty fast. We'll be smashed to bits if there's any turbulence --

MICHAELS

(pointing with flashing arrow)

The only danger of turbulence is in the Heart -- and we're not going through it.

(flashing arrow)

Once in the Carotid Artery, we'll remain in the Arterial System... until we reach the point of damage --

(flashes around clot)

-- where Dr. Duval will attempt to dissolve the clot with a laser beam. After the operation, we'll return by way of the Venous System --

(coursing down with arrow)

-- until we reach the base of the neck --

(arrow stops)

-- where we'll be removed right here -- with a hypodermic.

GRANT

How will you know where the sub is, at any particular moment?

REID

Dr. Michaels -- our Circulatory Specialist -- will serve as your Navigator. He'll know just where you are. And you can communicate directly with us, by wireless. Besides, the sub is nuclear-powered, and we'll be tracking it just as we would any radio-active tracer.

CARTER

There'll be a team of Surgeons standing by. We're prepared to remove you immediately, should anything go wrong. In any event, you must be out within sixty minutes. After that, you'll be in danger of attack.

GRANT

Attack? Who -- or should I say what from?

REID

Benes' natural defenses. White Corpuscles -- Antibodies. Once you begin to grow -- and become a menace to the body -- you'll trigger them off...

MICHAELS

With all the unknown factors in the body, I still say risking five lives for one is something we should reconsider --

CARTER

We understand your concern, but we've made our decision, Doctor. Any questions? Anybody?

GRANT

Just one, General...

CARTER

Yes?

GRANT

Where can I get a cab back to town?

No one responds to the attempted levity. Carter rises.

CARTER

(to all)

Proceed to the Sterilization Section.

Carter and Reid move out of the room through the door. The others go out through another.

78- <OUT>
80

80A INT. CORRIDOR

The five appear and stop before a cylindrical door with handles similar to those in a vault, to give the effect of a sealed chamber within. Over the door flashes:

<STERILIZATION SECTION>

The five reach the door. An electronic beam swings it open automatically. They start in. As Grant moves past the sign:

GRANT

How much can a man give to his country?

The door swings automatically shut behind him.

81 <OUT>

A huge plastic bubble in the form of a truncated semicircle, with glass panels overlooking areas not visible in the angle of the shot. TECNICIANS in the uniform of the <CMDf> are seated at a desk-level bank of monitors, on a slightly raised platform. They are checking the numerous TV screens for focus. A cacophony of B-Beeps from the screens underscores the sense of last-minute preparations. A COMMUNICATIONS AIDE wearing headphones and throat microphone moves about. Carter crosses to the Miniaturization Control Panel. Reid goes to the window overlooking the OPERATING ROOM. Below, he can see Benes on the operating table, a towel over his head. Surgical Aides are making a last-minute check of the Thermal Blanket which encases him in three sections. Reid presses a button on the wall beside the window.

REID

Make the final preparations...

They begin to remove the towel from Benes' head. Reid turns away from the window and crosses to the window overlooking the MAIN OPS ROOM. With him we see a huge room, bisected by a floor-to-ceiling detailed map of the entire ARTERIAL and VENOUS SYSTEM from rib-cage to skull, to simulate the body of Benes in a prone position. Grid lines mark off areas in relation to true North and South. TECHNICIANS are bustling about with charts and reports which are coming in through headphones, telephones, teletypes, batteries of Computers, Oscillographs, etc. Encircling the entire floor are glass-fronted booths which enclose the SPECIALISTS' POSTS. Reid turns to a Technician at the Master Control Section.

REID

(to Technician)

Heart.

The Technician flips on a switch. On a TV screen appears the INTERIOR OF THE HEART POST, one of the glass-enclosed booths looking out onto the MAIN OPS ROOM. Like all the Specialists Posts, it is concerned with its particular area and nothing else: Blowups of the Heart in great detail, X-rays of Benes' heart, its beat being recorded electronically on a huge EKG chart which fills one wall and is in constant operation via remote control. The HEART SPECIALIST is standing before the EKG chart, while a TECHNICIAN twirls dials at a panel. Reid can be seen in the closed TV circuit in the Heart Post. (As in all subsequent TV communications.)

REID

How's it look, Henry?

HEART SPECIALIST

(over TV)

Holding steady at thirty-two per minute.

REID

(to another Technician)

Respiration.

The Technician flips on another switch. On a TV screen appears the INTERIOR OF THE RESPIRATION POST. Here everything relates only to the lungs. In addition to cut-away sections where each small area assumes the proportions of a detailed war map, there are banks of Benes' X-rays, lit up in panels, plus immense calibrated charts labeled INHALATION and EXHALATION, on which the rate is being electronically recorded.

REID
How's he doing, Jack?

The Lung Specialist is seen glancing at a chart.

LUNG SPECIALIST
(over TV)
Respiration is now six per minute...
I wouldn't take him down any
further.

Another Technician flips switch in response to:

REID
Hypothermia...

On a TV screen appears the INTERIOR OF THE HYPOTHERMIA POST, its walls festooned with dials recording bodily temperature, before which TECHNICIANS sit watching and making minute adjustments. The HYPOTHERMIA SPECIALIST moves along, keeping a sharp eye on the various zones labeled: CIRCULATORY, RESPIRATORY, CARDIAC, RENAL, etc.

REID
Any problems, Dr. Sawyer?

HYPOTHERMIA SPECIALIST
(over TV)
No sir. We're holding him at twenty-
eight degrees Centigrade.

Carter enters, moves to the Control Section to join Reid.

CARTER
Where do we stand?

REID
Medical's ready.

The Communications Aide with headphones moves up to them.

COMMUNICATIONS AIDE
They're in the Sterilization
Corridor --

83- <OUT>
88

89 INT. STERILIZATION CORRIDOR

Bathed in eerie ultra-violet light. The five are passing down the corridor, in single file. All are dressed in khaki uniforms. Grant moves ahead of Cora. As they reach a vestibule at the end, the door swings open automatically. Grant starts to help Cora over the threshold.

CORA

Don't touch me. I'm sterile.

Grant grins. They move into:

90 INT. MINIATURIZATION ROOM

A huge parquet area, composed of white octagonal modules. In the center is the Zero Module, in red. Standing over it is a fifty-foot craft. The angle and the distance renders its details indeterminate. WHITE-CLAD TECHNICIANS wearing rubber gloves are seen working about it. As the five come into the room:

CARTER'S VOICE

(on loudspeaker)

Please board and check all your equipment immediately.

They look up, see:

91 CARTER AND REID AT WINDOW OF CONTROL TOWER - THEIR P.O.V.

They can be seen, high above.

92 DOWN INTO MINIATURIZATION ROOM - FROM P.O.V. CONTROL TOWER

Carter and Reid look down at the tiny figures below as they move toward:

93 THE PROTEUS - OVER THE ZERO MODULE

With Grant and the others, we now get the full impact of the experimental sub at close range: sleek lines from the intake in the nose sweep over a transparent plastic bubble atop the structure, and then down to taper off at the stern under which are double vents. The sub is supported by cradles, allowing it to stand free of the module. Plastic windows in the bow afford the occupants a full view. A white-clad Technician hands Owens a small lead box.

TECHNICIAN

Here's the particle, sir.

OWENS

Everything aboard?

TECHNICIAN

All squared away, sir.

Carefully holding the lead box, Owens starts up the ladder, followed by Duval, then Michaels. Grant waves Cora to precede him. They reach

the monk's steps above the ladder, climb upward, then one by one disappear through the hatch. Grant is the last one in.

94

INT. PROTEUS

With Grant we see the interior. There are plastic windows in the bow. In the center is the Navigation and Communications kiosk, which contains charts, reports, and a wireless set. Four swivel chairs are spaced about the kiosk. Behind it, a ladder leads to the Conning Bubble above. Set in the rear of the kiosk is a watertight door leading into the escape hatch. Behind the kiosk is a Lab and Storage Section, not visible at the moment. No power of any kind is on -- lights or air-conditioning. The interior is illuminated by the light coming in through the plastic windows. Duval, Michaels and Cora instantly move to the kiosk and busy themselves examining the charts and reports in the numerous pigeonholes. Owens hands the lead box to Grant.

OWENS

Hold this...

Grant takes the lead box. Owens removes a crank from the tool box, inserts it into a hole in a circular trap door which reads:

<DANGER>

<ATOMIC FUEL>

Owens turns the crank. The lid of the trap door opens. A hollow cradle comes up. Owens then opens the lead box by undoing two butterfly screws. He removes the Seed Cage from within the box.

GRANT

(not relishing thought)

Atomic fuel?

OWENS

Nothing you could see with the naked eye. But there's a microscopic radio-active particle inside.

He puts the Seed Cage on the cradle and lowers it back beneath the floor, by reversing the crank. During the above:

GRANT

If it's no military secret, how can a sub run on a microscopic particle?

OWENS

They can't reduce nuclear fuel. But once the Reactor's Miniaturized -- along with the submarine -- a microscopic particle should emit enough energy to activate it.

GRANT

That's cutting it mighty close -- for a perfect fit.

OWENS

It should work -- theoretically. If it doesn't, the mission's off. The craft's nuclear-powered. Except for your wireless.

The lid of the trap door is now level with the floor. Owens removes the crank, and taking the lead box from Grant, he puts both back into the tool box during:

GRANT

(looking about;
admiringly)

All in all, quite a canoe...

OWENS

Designed for Piscatorial Research -- the Spawning Habits of Deep Sea Fish.

GRANT

Remind me to ask you about the love life of an octopus.

He moves to the wireless, sees Cora smile as she goes through the aft door. Grant begins tapping out a message.

95- <OUT>
96

97 INT. CONTROL TOWER

A WIRELESS TECHNICIAN is writing down the message heard coming in. He tears it off his pad, hands it to the Communications Aide, who takes it to Carter.

COMMUNICATIONS AIDE

Test message from the Proteus, sir.
(reading)
'Miss Peterson has smiled.'

REID

That's an auspicious sign.

CARTER

Confirm receiving.

98 INT. PROTEUS

Grant is at the wireless, logging the incoming message. In the meantime, Owens finishes battening down the entrance hatch. Duval is studying medical reports, Michaels is spreading out the first of the Navigation Charts, a very detailed map of the Vascular System of the Neck and Head. As Owens crosses on the way to the ladder leading to the Bubble:

MICHAELS

Captain, how will you be able to
follow my charts --
(of Bubble)
--from up there?

OWENS

On the Repeater.

Michaels looks at him blankly. Owens flips a button up and down of a hooded device which is trained on the chart area. The small screen remains blank.

OWENS

Once the power's on, we'll be in
direct touch. Come, I'll show you.

Michaels moves with him to the ladder leading to the Bubble. Owens stops, waves him to continue. Michaels goes up the ladder.

98A INT. CONNING BUBBLE

An ultra-sophisticated set of controls, consisting of a push-button panel and an airplane-like steering wheel. The plastic affords a 360 degree view of the Miniaturization Room. There is room for only one person. Owens remains on the ladder, so that only his head is within the Bubble. Owens points to the identical Repeater on the Panel.

OWENS

That's it...

MICHAELS

(of controls;
ironically)
Looks simple to operate.

He sits down in the single seat.

98B INT. PROTEUS

Grant is moving aft. With him we hear:

OWENS'VOICE

(from Bubble; with pride)
It actually is, although the
controls are highly sophisticated.
There's a button for everything --

Grant enters:

99 INT. LAB AND STORAGE SECTION

Originally designed for marine research, it still shows some of its pre-adaptation structure: there is a series of glass-fronted compartments, now labeled ANTIBIOTICS, ANTI-COAGULANTS, COAGULANTS, MED OXY, etc. A wide counter runs the length of the compartment on one side, suitable for working on specimens. A Ruby Laser sits on the

counter at the end, its plastic cover removed and to the side. At the other is a piece of metal on a metal base. As Grant enters, he sees Cora working with a set of very small tools, making minute adjustments on the laser.

GRANT

Bet you're pretty handy around the house... Can you cook?

CORA

(indicating oxy
containers)

We're pushing oxygen today.

GRANT

I'll take some Laughing Gas, ma'am.

CORA

(surprised)

You sound as if you're not looking forward to it.

GRANT

Well, it's not exactly a pleasure cruise.

CORA

I think it's the most exciting --
(with awe)

We're going to see things no one ever saw before. The actual physical process of Life itself -- not something under a microscope... Just think of it --

GRANT

That's the trouble. I am. Being shrunk...

CORA

You may learn to like it.

She has finished adjusting the laser. She now lifts Grant's hand away from the metal disc.

CORA

Excuse me...

She presses a button on the laser. With startling suddenness, a thin pencil of light shoots out, cutting a hole through the metal instantaneously. Had Grant's hand remained, the beam would have gone right through it.

GRANT

For a nice young lady, you play with the damndest toys, Miss Peterson...

She adjusts the intensity and thickness of the laser beam, each new one cutting different size holes through the metal during:

CORA

(with smile)

That'll teach you where to keep your hand.

GRANT

Now I know...

As she drills metal through again:

GRANT

That could be quite a lethal weapon... It could kill, not cure.

CORA

Not in the hands of a great surgeon like Dr. Duval. The beam of this laser can be regulated to one millionth of a millimeter.

GRANT

I understand you've been Dr. Duval's Assistant for quite some time... He must've snatched you out of the cradle.

CORA

I've been with him since I got out of school. He brought me into the CMDF, over five years ago.

GRANT

A long time, with one man.

CORA

Not working for someone like Dr. Duval --

She breaks off, realizing she may have revealed her feelings. She switches off the laser, averts looking at Grant as she fits the plastic cover over it. Into the silence, the wireless is heard as a message comes in. Grant starts back into:

100 INT. PROTEUS

Thoughtful, listening to the wireless. Michaels is coming down from the Bubble. As Grant reaches the wireless, the tapping comes to an end.

GRANT

(loud enough for all)

'Prepare for Miniaturization'...

OWENS

Positions, please. And strap
yourselves in.

Grant and Duval begin putting on their safety harnesses, which are attached to their respective seats. Cora appears out of the aft compartment. Michaels moves toward it, a check-list in hand. He disappears within. In the meantime, Owens is busy tightening every lock-screw in evidence.

101 AT THE KIOSK

Cora stops before Duval, tries to help him with the final stages of getting into the harness.

DUVAL
It's all right -- I can manage.

She starts to leave, stops.

CORA
(with difficulty)
Doctor...

DUVAL
(busy with harness)
Yes, Cora.

CORA
I -- I want to say...

She falters as he looks at her.

DUVAL
What is it?
(anxiously)
Anything wrong?

CORA
(the moment gone)
I just wanted to thank you for
taking me along.

DUVAL
Thank you for volunteering.

She turns abruptly, gets into one of the seats and starts putting on her harness. In the meantime, Michaels appears from the aft compartment, checking off a few items on the bottom of his list as he moves quickly to the kiosk. He places the list into a pigeonhole, sits down, quickly straps on his harness.

102 WITH OWENS

Everything battened down, he now checks Cora's harness, then does the same with Duvalls and Michaels'. All are now sweating. Finished with Grant's harness, Owens moves quickly up the kiosk ladder leading to:

103 INT. BUBBLE

Owens drops into the seat, and with the speed of much practise, slips into his harness.

104 INT. PROTEUS

Grant and the others hear:

OWENS' VOICE
(from above, in Bubble)
Okay, Mr. Grant. Tell them we're
ready.

As Grant begins to tap out message:

105 INT. CONTROL TOWER

The message is coming in. The Wireless Technician writes it down, rips it off the pad and the Communications Aide reads:

COMMUNICATIONS AIDE
'Proteus reports all secured.'

CARTER
(to Technician)
Miniaturizer...

A TECHNICIAN at a panel marked <MIN> throws a switch.

106 INT. MINIATURIZATION ROOM

What appeared to be a solid wall at the end now slowly starts to slide apart, gradually revealing:

107 THE MINIATURIZER

A huge, honeycombed disc, suspended from a rail running along the ceiling, begins to roll silently toward the sub.

108 INT. PROTEUS

As Grant gets his first sight at what is going to shrink him, he reacts quite convinced. He glances at Duval, Michaels and Cora. They, too, are looking at the oncoming Miniaturizer, but with none of his response. They apparently have seen it before.

109 P.O.V. MINIATURIZATION ROOM - FROM CONTROL TOWER

Reid and Carter are looking down at the Miniaturizer as it rolls slowly toward the sub. When the disc is directly over the sub, the Technician at the <MIN> panel throws a switch, instantly stopping the Miniaturizer.

REID
All stations stand by...

A Technician presses a button. There is the SOUND of a warning claxon.

110 MAIN OPS ROOM - P.O.V.

The last minute scurry, as all take their respective places. The GRID OFFICER is seen moving up to the big center grid map of the Arterial System with something in hand which we can't distinguish as yet.

110A- CUTS OF TECHNICIANS IN MAIN OPS ROOM

110D

Now all are mobile, waiting at their machines.

110E INT. CONTROL TOWER

Reid is now before the monitors, all of which are on. Carter turns from the window overlooking the Miniaturization Room, looks at Reid. The latter nods in silent affirmals. Carter turns to the Communications Aide.

CARTER

Commence Miniaturization.

COMMUNICATIONS AIDE

(into throat mike)

Commence Miniaturization.

111 INT. MINIATURIZATION ROOM

The bottom of the Miniaturizer begins to glow with increasing intensity. Simultaneously, the modules beneath the sub also begin to light up with equal intensity. Gradually, the entire sub is encased in a blaze of incandescence.

112 INT. PROTEUS

The lack of ventilation and the tension is causing Grant and the others to sweat profusely.

113 INT. CONNING BUBBLE

From his vantage point, Owens can see the light of the Miniaturizer reach the peak of intensity.

114 INT. CONTROL TOWER

A light flashes on the <MIN> panel. With Carter we see a grid on the Technician's Control Panel as it becomes activated. Two blips from the co-ordinates marked <MIN DIMEN> and <MIN SECS> flash on. Reid remains at the monitors, eyes on the charts which keep flashing on, sending Benes' temperature, heartbeat, etc.

115 <OUT>

116 INT. MINIATURIZATION ROOM

The light is bathing the entire sub in an iridescent glow. There is a dull hum.

117 INT. PROTEUS

With Grant we get the first <subjective> realization that the sub is shrinking: the proportions of what he can see in the Miniaturization Room are changing. He looks about him in a moment of wonder.

118 DUVAL AND MICHAELS

From their vantage points at the kiosk tower, they can see a little more of the outside than Grant. They respond like scientists: with intense absorption in the process.

119 CORA

She responds enthralled.

120 OWENS

Up in the Bubble, he gets the unlimited view -- and he is transfixed. For now the Miniaturizer stretches far, far up, and the honeycombed light from the Miniaturizer disc seems as distant as stars. The walls of the room are barely discernible in the distance.

121 BACK TO GRANT

The final subjective reaction as with him we see:

122 CONTROL TOWER - GRANT'S P.O.V.

Far, far up, the windows of the tower have merged into a tiny ray of light.

123 INT. MINIATURIZATION ROOM - P.O.V. CONTROL TOWER

Now with Carter we get the first <objective> view of the shrinking Proteus as they watch it shrink down, down, down in the center of the Zero Module, which we see is laced with intersecting lines. When the sub reaches the size of a capsule about the length of a centimeter, Carter looks down at the grid on the Technician's Control Panel. He sees the blips on the co-ordinates approach closer and closer until they finally merge into one. He looks back at:

124 <OUT>

125 INT. MINIATURIZATION ROOM - P.O.V. CONTROL TOWER

The lights at the bottom of the Miniaturizer's disc go off. The hum stops. At this distance, the sub looks like a speck on the floor.

CARTER

Elevate Zero Module.

126 THE ZERO MODULE - MINIATURIZATION ROOM

It starts to rise from the floor with the capsule-sub.

127 INT. PROTEUS

Grant and the others respond as the vast parquet floor with its maze of hexagonal lines seemingly stretching into infinity suddenly begins dropping beneath them. The effect is that of becoming air-borne.

128 INT. BUBBLE

With Owens we get the unobstructed view: everything is falling far, far below. The bottom of the Miniaturizer seems an infinite distance above.

129 THE ZERO MODULE

Still rising slowly.

130 THE ZERO MODULE - P.O.V. FROM INTERIOR CONTROL TOWER

The capsule-sub is now about four feet off the floor, on the Module. The Zero Module comes to a stop.

131 INT. PROTEUS - ON MODULE

All are sweating more profusely, showing increasing discomfort.

132 <OUT>

133 INT. CONTROL TOWER

Carter turns from the window, looks at Reid, who glances up from viewing the monitors.

REID

Okay to proceed.

CARTER

Phase Two.

134 INT. MINIATURIZATION ROOM

A panel slides open and a precision handling device is rolled in by several WHITE-CLAD TECHNICIANS. A NURSE follows, in uniform. The machine is fourteen feet high, consists of pulleys on a tripod, which control a vertical arm angling down from a horizontal extensor. Two sets of mechanical fingers are on the vertical arm, about a foot apart. Together they act as clamps. All adjustments are controlled by various worm-gears. As the tall tripod rolls by, on the side of the base we see stamped: MIN PRECISION HANDLING, under the insignia of the <CMDF>.

135 INT. PROTEUS

Grant and the others react to the first sight of the oncoming <human beings> in relation to their own reduced size: a button is immense, a shoe -- although far down from their position on the Zero Module -- is long as a city street, the heads gargantuan atop skyscraper-tall bodies. The precision handling machine itself is beyond recognition,

owing to its vast proportions.

136 INT. MINIATURIZATION ROOM

The tripod is eased to a stop so that its vertical arm is directly over the Proteus on the Module. A TECHNICIAN at the gear box starts turning a worm-gear control, which lowers the vertical arm toward the capsule-sub.

137 INT. PROTEUS

Grant reacts as huge steel fingers at the bottom of the arm slowly slide into view. He glances at Cora and the others. They apparently know what to expect, but watch with the interest of scientists. The mechanical fingers slowly disappear beneath the sub.

138 INT. MINIATURIZATION ROOM

The Technician maneuvers the mechanical fingers carefully so that they slip under the cradle of the sub, in effect becoming its holding fork. Once the steel fingers are in place, the Zero Module sinks below the floor from view, while the tripod holding the Proteus is eased back.

138A INT. CONTROL TOWER

A Technician presses a switch.

138B CYLINDRICAL AMPULE - MINIATURIZATION ROOM

A glass ampule about as tall and round as a small silo starts coming up out of the floor on the Zero Module. The transparent container is filled with a clear liquid, two-thirds to the top. It rests on an encircling cork base. The lettering at the base reads: SALINE SOLUTION.

139 <OUT>

140 CYLINDRICAL AMPULE - P.O.V. PROTEUS

Grant and the others react to what appears to be something big as an illuminating gas storage tank -- albeit filled with liquid.

141 INT. MINIATURIZATION ROOM - P.O.V. CONTROL TOWER

With Carter we see the tripod with the Proteus brought to a stop close to the saline solution.

142- <OUT>

143

144 INT. MINIATURIZATION ROOM

The Technician at the tripod moves it so that the claw holding the Proteus is directly over the water in the ampule.

145 INT. PROTEUS

Grant and the others react as they see themselves suspended over what appears to be a huge lake far below, bounded by cylindrical glass walls in the distance. Reflected light bounces off the top of the water, with iridescent effect. Suddenly they begin to descend. Grant and the others react as they seem to be dropping at suicidal speed toward the water which is rushing up to meet them as if they were in a dive-bomber. Then as the surface nears:

146 INT. MINIATURIZATION ROOM

Within the high walls of the ampule, the capsule-sub is deposited into the water. Despite the delicate handling:

147 INT. PROTEUS

It 'hits' the water, jarring all within, as at a launching from drydock.

148 INT. MINIATURIZATION ROOM

The Technician now begins to maneuver the mechanical fingers out from under the sub.

149 INT. PROTEUS

Grant and the others see the gigantic steel fingers sliding past the plastic windows.

150 INT. MINIATURIZATION ROOM

The lifting fork is now disengaged from the sub, which floats free in the ampule.

151 INT. BUBBLE

The sub is rocking none too gently on the surface of the vast glass-enclosed 'lake.' As Owens sees the ends of the immense prongs move past the bubble and continue upward:

OWENS

(down toward kiosk)

We've got to submerge manually.

Grant, open Valves One and Two on the bulkhead.

152 INT. PROTEUS

Grant slips out of his harness and moves quickly to a butterfly valve marked <ONE> in the bulkhead. On the opposite side of the sub is a duplicate valve marked <TWO>. As Grant begins turning Valve One:

DUVAL

Here -- I'll get the other.

Duval gets out of his harness and moves to the second valve. Grant watches him covertly while working at his own valve.

152A MICHAELS

As he sees the fluid rising toward the bow windows, he begins to respond with increasing fear.

153 INT. BUBBLE

Owens' attention is on the gauges in the panel before him. They begin recording PRESSURE and DEPTH. The surface of the saline solution begins to flood upward.

154 INT. PROTEUS

Grant and Duval at the valves, now fully open. Through the outer windows the water appears to move upward in relation to the sub, which continues submerging.

154A MICHAELS

Face sweating, his eyes reflect growing irrational terror as he stares at the rising fluid bubbling over the bow windows.

155 INT. BUBBLE

As the depth gauges near the <30> mark:

OWENS

Close valves.

156 INT. PROTEUS

Grant and Duval twist the valves shut. When both are done:

GRANT

Valves closed.

OWENS' VOICE

(from Bubble)

Right. That's all for the present.

As Grant and Duval move to their seats, Michaels opens his harness, slips out and hangs onto the bulkhead ledge, gasping for breath.

DUVAL

Doctor, what's wrong?

MICHAELS

I can't breathe!... I've got to get out!

DUVAL

It's too late now. We must go on.

GRANT

You'll feel better once we're underway.

Michaels hangs on tighter to the bulkhead ledge, trying to control himself.

MICHAELS

(gasping)

I -- I'm sorry... Claustrophobia --
buried alive -- two days -- air raid
-- England... Thought I'd gotten
over it. Please -- forgive me... I'm
quite all right now...

He sinks back into his seat. Grant helps him with his harness.

157 INT. MINIATURIZATION ROOM

We now see the sub for the first time beneath the surface of the saline solution: a small capsule submerged at an even keel, about one-fourth of the way down in the huge transparent container. The Modules on which the ampule rests now return to floor level.

158 INT. MINIATURIZATION ROOM - P.O.V. CONTROL TOWER

From his vantage point above, Carter can barely see the capsule in the ampule. He glances at Reid, who looks up from the monitors and nods.

CARTER

(to Technician)

Phase Three.

The Technician presses a button on the <MINI> panel, activating the <MIN> grid. The two blips flash on again, moving down the <MIN DIMEN> and <MIN SECS> co-ordinates.

159 <OUT>

160 THE MINIATURIZATION ROOM

Instantly the disc of the Miniaturizer trained on the ampule begins to glow again. The light is reflected on the entire surface of the saline solution. The low hum resumes.

161 INT. PROTEUS

Again we first get the <subjective> view of the shrinking process: Grant and the others see everything rushing away into an immensity of distance. And all the time the reflected light which has illuminated the interior of the sub is diminishing. We see the reason:

162 INT. MINIATURIZATION ROOM

The <objective> view: the ampule has shrunk way below the Miniaturizer. Its far smaller size reflects only a spark of light. The sub is now only a particle, shrinking with the ampule. The Technicians and Nurse look on, grouped at the tripod which is beyond the range of the Miniaturizer.

162A EXT. PROTEUS

As the sub shrinks to invisibility, disappearing before our eyes:

163 EXT. AMPULE AND PROTEUS

In its now fully reduced size, we see the ampule is actually a glass cylinder about two inches long and half-an-inch in diameter.

164 MIN GRID - P.O.V. CONTROL TOWER

With Carter we see the two blips merge and hold. Instantly the lights in the Miniaturizer go off. The hum stops. A loud CLICK is heard. All look up at:

165 CLOSEUP - ELECTRIC MINUTE RECORDER

A big <60> flashes on, and holds. (NOTE: We will see the same kind of clock, in varying sizes, in every set, flashing on the passage of time in <minutes>, from now to the end of the picture.)

166 INT. MINIATURIZATION ROOM - P.O.V. CONTROL TOWER

The Zero Module now begins to rise above floor level. The ampule, on its reduced cork base, appears very tiny from this height.

GARTER

(to Wireless Operator)

Inform Proteus they are at Full Reduction.

The Technician taps out the Proteus' call letters. All wait, tense, for a response, as the tapping stops. They react, relieved, as they hear:

167 INT. PROTEUS

Grant tapping out reply. Now, for the first time, we get the <microscopic> view of what all see from their various vantage points, distorted through liquid and the glass walls. The light is dim, all are finding it very hard to breathe in the unventilated craft. When the incoming message stops:

GRANT

[LINE OF DIALOGUE CUT OFF]

168 INT. BUBBLE

Owens glances at his wrist watch. Then he flips a switch. He watches the buttons on his panel. None light up. There is an anxious moment. Then the myriad lights on the panel begin to glow dully. The Minute Recorder on the panel begins to flash <59>.

169 INT. PROTEUS

The lights become brighter. Cora, Duval and Michaels react with relief. The ventilators come on, permitting all to breathe easier.

170 INT. BUBBLE

The buttons on the panel are now aglow. Owens makes a test: he touches a button which spins his seat, with the control panel before him, in a complete 360 degree turn within the Bubble.

171 INT. CONTROL TOWER

After a brief message is heard coming in:

COMMUNICATIONS AIDE
Proteus On-Power.

With relief, Carter turns to Reid.

CARTER
It's all yours, Don.

Reid moves from the monitors, presses a button on the Control Section.

172 INT. MINIATURIZATION ROOM

As the Technicians at the tripod hear:

REID'S VOICE
(over loudspeaker)
Phase Four.

The Technicians move the tripod so that the vertical arm is brought directly over the ampule and lowered, until the two sets of mechanical fingers clamp the cylinder firmly. Then the ampule is raised a few inches from its position on the module. The reduced cork base still encases the bottom. The Nurse and a Technician move to the ampule. He holds a small instrument case.

173 AT AMPULE

When they reach the clamped ampule, the Technician opens the case. The Nurse takes out a plunger. Very carefully, she begins to insert it into the top of the ampule without disturbing the liquid. She then gently pulls away the cork remaining at the base of the ampule, revealing a small opening in the center. But owing to the pressure above, the liquid does not run out. She takes a needle out of the case and carefully fits it into the nipple. We now see the ampule is actually a hypodermic syringe.

174 INT. MINIATURIZATION ROOM - P.O.V. CONTROL TOWER

Ried and Carter watch as the tripod is carefully wheeled across the room.

175 THE HYPODERMIC NEEDLE - MOVING SHOT

The saline solution in the cylinder is sloshing slightly, despite the great care of those moving it.

176 INT. PROTEUS

The sub is being rocked, causing everyone to hold on for support.

177 INT. BUBBLE

Owens is trying to keep an even keel with his controls, now in full operation.

178 INT. MINIATURIZATION ROOM

As two big doors slide open for the tripod to pass through:

179 EXTREME CLOSEUP - RADIAL LINES

What appears to be a myriad number of radial lines crossing each other to form tiny squares over a domed surface is revealed to be:

180 BENES' HEAD

Now shaved clean, the head is grid-marked for Stereo-encephalatomic measurements. In the background, the tripod is seen being wheeled in.

181 INT. OPERATING ROOM

Moving with the hypodermic needle clamped in the tripod, we now get the full impact of the set: the floor is marked off for True North and South, with latitudinal and longitudinal lines. The modern operating table is set so that Benes' head corresponds with the exact position of the Arterial Head on the big grid map in the Main Ops Room. Benes is lying under a thermal blanket, covered up to the collarbone. Thin rubber pipes lead out from the blanket to the Central Thermal Unit under the operating table, out of the way of everyone. A TEAM OF GAUZE-MASKED SURGEONS AND ASSISTANTS stand grouped around the unconscious patient. In a semi-circle at the head of the bed, beyond the head, is a series of SMALL TRACKING DEVICES resembling radio-telescopes. They are remotely controlled. The Minute Recorder, in a prominent position now changes from <59> to <58>.

182 INT. OPERATING ROOM - P.O.V. CONTROL TOWER

Reid and Carter are looking on. The Communications Aide stands at his side. They see the clamped hypo rolled up to the side of Benes' head and brought to a gentle stop.

183 BENES AND HYPO

A small circle marks the exact spot of the injection. A SURGICAL AIDE swabs the area with alcohol.

184 CLOSE SHOT - ACTIVATOR

It is brought down mechanically by use of worm-gears on the tripod toward the plunger, engaging it.

185 INT. CONTROL TOWER

Reid, watching the proceedings below:

REID
(to Wireless Operator)
Contact Proteus --

186 INT. PROTEUS

Grant takes down the message as it comes in. When message stops:

GRANT
(loud enough for Owens
in Bubble)
Stand by for injection!

Suddenly the sub begins to rock hard. All hold on.

187 INT. BUBBLE

Owens is manipulating controls, trying to keep an even keel.

188 INT. OPERATING ROOM

The hypodermic is being angled by the precision gears of the tripod for the exact degree of injection. When this is accomplished:

189 BIG CLOSEUP - BENES' NECK

The point of the needle approaches the exact spot, which we now see is marked off by a tiny cross within the circle on the Artery.

190 TECHNICIAN AT TRIPOD

He presses the mechanical activator which sends the needle plunging into Benes' neck O.S.

191 INT. CONTROL TOWER

Instantly a warning klaxon goes off. It keeps on for a few seconds, then stops. Into the silence:

REID
Tracking.

A Technician flips a switch.

192 INT. TRACKING POST - ON MAIN MONITOR IN CONTROL TOWER

Four TECHNICIANS are seated before their radar screens, which show flat electronic lines, except one. This is picking up a blip.

192A INT. CONTROL TOWER

A Technician at the Control Panel throws on a switch. Another TV screen next to the Main Monitor goes on, revealing:

192B CLOSE SHOT - BLIP ON TV SCREEN

Duplicating the blip seen in the Tracking Post. We see the blip is heading down, at an angle identical with that of the hypo. CAMERA MOVES IN on the blip, and keeps moving until it fills our entire screen and becomes:

193 EXT. PROTEUS - WITHIN THE HYPO

Diving at a terrific speed, steeply angled like the hypo, through the clear saline solution.

194 INT. PROTEUS

All hold on as if riding a roller coaster at its steepest plunge. Suddenly all goes pitch-dark.

195 INT. BUBBLE

Only the buttons are glowing, and the Minute Recorder, which now reads <57>. Owens throws a switch. Through the plastic windows the headlights of the sub are seen coming on. They pierce the darkness sufficiently to catch the side of the steel wall of the needle, which is rushing past at a tremendous speed, giving the effect of an enclosed channel. The beams gradually reveal:

196 HOLE OF NEEDLE - P.O.V. BUBBLE

A small aperture in the distance, barely visible.

196A HOLE OF NEEDLE - P.O.V. PRINCIPALS IN KIOSK

Grant and the others see the opening at the end of the needle becoming bigger and bigger, apparently rushing toward them with great speed.

196B EXT. END OF NEEDLE

It fills the screen, an immense aperture in relation to the tiny sub which suddenly comes shooting out of it.

197- <OUT>
198

199 MAIN OPS ROOM - P.O.V. CONTROL TOWER

Reid and Carter observe the Grid Officer, wearing headphones and throat mike, move up to the Arterial Map with a tiny replica of the Proteus. He places it in the center of the huge channel in the neck, which depicts the Carotid Artery. The little sub is held magnetically on the grid. The Minute Recorder now reads <56>. Reid turns from the window, moves to the Map Case, which contains the same assortment of charts as in the sub's kiosk. Reid takes out an OVERLAY MAP OF THE HEAD AND NECK. He places it on a Radarscope. The blip shows it is traveling up the Carotid Artery.

200 LONG SHOT - ESTABLISHING - PROTEUS IN ARTERY

The headbeams of the speeding sub reveal a world of dazzling color and beauty: the Arterial Stream. The walls of the vast amber-colored

chamber are lost in the distance. Now the screen is filled with a floating wonderland: huge red corpuscles, whirling globules, platelets, particles, minuscule fragments drift with the stream, reflecting the entire spectrum of color.

201 INT. BUBBLE

Owens is slowing down the sub. He gazes in awe at:

202 ARTERIAL ELEMENTS - THROUGH BUBBLE

As the Proteus moves through the swirling conglomerations, the elements are parted, flow over the sub, bounce about it, forming new fluid galaxies in a universe of amber. And each grouping and regrouping, every mass and disc, though loosely linked, has a <rhythm of its own>. Thus the Corpuscular drift, the bouncing particles, the parting and the merging achieve a majestic choreography lyrical in quality, a fugue of motion.

203 INT. PROTEUS

Grant and Cora, strapped in their seats, look on enthralled at the sheer beauty of the dancing wonder-world visible through the windows. Duval appears equally moved. Michaels observes with more clinical detachment.

204 INT. BUBBLE

Owens has now slowed down the sub so that it moves slightly faster than the current, thus enabling him to maintain maneuverability.

OWENS

You may unfasten your belts...

205 INT. PROTEUS

Grant, Cora and Duval quickly slip out of their harnesses, move to the bow for a maximum view of the scene. Michaels remains at the console, checking their course on the Neck and Head chart.

205A EXT. PROTEUS - HEAD-ON SHOT

Approaching camera, with the three people looking out of the bow windows in speechless wonder at what they behold.

206 <OUT>

206A INT. PROTEUS - SHOOTING OVER THEIR BACKS

For a moment the three gaze in silent awe at the dancing drift directly outside: nuclei are clearly visible in the cells; variegated tiny organisms sweep like cosmic dust through the orbits of the spinning globules. Their first sight of the interior world, with its beauty and rhythmic splendor has affected them deeply. Finally breaking the silence:

DUVAL

(quietly, as he looks
on)

The Medieval Philosophers were
right... <Man> is the center of the
Universe... We stand in the middle
of Infinity, between Outer and Inner
Space. And there's no limit to
either.

GRANT

You mean Inner Space is endless?

DUVAL

Everything can be divided in half,
no matter how minute.

As the concept sinks in, Grant turns to look out again. Cora has never
taken her eyes off what she sees through the bow windows.

CORA

I never...never imagined it could be
anything...like this.

GRANT

(equally awed)

I always thought it was nothing but
red.

DUVAL

Only to the naked eye.

(indicating)

Those corpuscles -- carrying oxygen
-- give the stream its color. But
the rest of the plasma's very much
like sea water. An ocean of life...

GRANT

Quite a piece of plumbing.

MICHAELS

End-to-end, a hundred thousand miles
long.

Grant reacts. Of something up ahead:

CORA

Dr. Duval -- what could those be?

The sub is suddenly engulfed by a mass of very tiny discs in chain-
like combinations, which blot out the rest of the stream.

DUVAL

(now the scientist)

Never saw <that>. Not even under an
electron-microscope.

CORA

They're much smaller than

bacteria...

MICHAELS

Looks like the molecular structure
of proteins.

DUVAL

(flatly)

I don't agree. I think we ought to
stop and take a sample.

MICHAELS

That's not the purpose of this
mission.

(up at Owens)

Captain -- keep a straight course --
until you're in the clear.

207 INT. BUBBLE

Steering by instruments, Owens remains on course, the massed discs
obstructing his view. Suddenly they float off, revealing:

OWENS

Arterial Wall to the right!

With him we see:

208 LONG SHOT - ARTERIAL WALL

Barely visible in the spill of light, a smooth endothelial wall is
seen in the distance.

209 INT. PROTEUS

Michaels consults his chart, brings the co-ordinates into place over
two Arteries.

MICHAELS

(up at Bubble)

What's our speed?

OWENS' VOICE

(from Bubble)

Fifteen knots.

Michaels makes a rapid calculation with his slide rule.

MICHAELS

We should reach the Branching Artery
in two minutes.

He switches on the REPEATER.

210 INT. BUBBLE

The same REPEATER device is now active on the panel, reflecting the

chart on the console below, with Michaels' navigational calibrators pointing to the intersecting Artery.

MICHAELS' VOICE

(from below)

Keep the Wall at its present distance when you turn. That'll bring you safely into the middle of the Branch.

211 EXT. PROTEUS - IN ARTERY

It cruises for a moment through the dazzling elements, the Arterial Wall in the distance. Then suddenly the sub accelerates and veers off course toward the Arterial Wall.

212 INT. BUBBLE

Owens reacts, tries to slow down the sub and steer it back into the middle of the channel. But the speed increases, and the sub continues being swept toward the Wall.

213 INT. PROTEUS

Grant and the others respond to the ever-increasing speed and the nearing Wall. They turn to Michaels, who, too, is aware of the change.

MICHAELS

Captain -- correct your course -- and speed.

214 INT. BUBBLE

Increasingly concerned as he works the controls and glances at the gauges:

OWENS

She won't respond! We're in some sort of current!

215 INT. PROTEUS

Duval moves to Michaels.

DUVAL

(bewildered)

But that isn't possible.

MICHAELS

Not in a sealed vessel like an Artery.

(up at Owens)

Captain -- something must be wrong with your controls!

OWENS' VOICE

(from Bubble)

No -- it's a current! It's too
strong -- I can't break out of it!

216 INT. BUBBLE

Owens is trying to gain control of the sub. It begins to vibrate. Startled, Owens peers out, trying to determine the cause, but the beams reveal nothing ahead but an iridescent swirl of Arterial elements which bounce back the light. The buffeting increases rapidly. The Arterial Wall is clearly visible to the side, getting closer.

217 INT. PROTEUS - IN BOW

Grant and Cora exchange startled looks as the membranes of the Arterial Wall suddenly become visible in the spill of light from the headbeams: its connective strands arch Gothic-like, lost in the darkness of the vaulted enclosure. The vibrations have now increased so that all must hold onto stanchions for support.

218 DUVAL AND MICHAELS

Gripping the console for support. Through the plastic windows to the side they can see the Arterial Wall looming with menacing closeness. They look at each other, unable to fathom the cause of the now-greater vibrations.

219 INT. BUBBLE

Owens is desperately trying to avoid a head-on collision with the Wall, but the sub won't respond to any of his manipulations. The Wall looms closer, the buffeting is worse.

220 INT. PROTEUS

Smashing into the Wall directly ahead seems inevitable. Now the connective strands almost fill the windows. Cora closes her eyes, in anticipation of the fatal impact. And just when a collision appears inevitable, the sub veers, narrowly missing the cable-like strands, thick enough to support a bridge.

221 INT. BUBBLE - PARALLEL TO ARTERIAL WALL

With Owens we see the sub swept close alongside the Wall. It is evident the craft is out of his control, and that whatever averted the collision has nothing to do with his attempt to steer it. The swirling mass of particles up ahead begins to part. The vibrations [LINE OF DESCRIPTION CUT OFF]

222 INT. PROTEUS

Grant reacts as he sees the now-visible area ahead.

GRANT

Whirlpool!... Strap yourselves in!

He grabs Cora, and against the buffeting, moves quickly to help her toward her seat. Duval and Michaels instantly take their seats at the

console, begin getting into their harnesses.

223 LONG SHOT - THE WHIRLPOOL - P.O.V. BUBBLE

Owens is appalled as in the distance, in the center of the channel, he sees what appears to be an immense liquid centrifuge rotating at great speed, the Arterial elements within it whipped about like the contents of a mixmaster. Now the buffeting is reaching its climax. The sub is inexorably approaching the rim of the whirlpool, with Owens desperately trying to steer away from it.

224 INT. PROTEUS

Duval and Michaels are in their harnesses.

225 GRANT AND CORA

Slowed up by the intense buffeting, Grant is now helping Cora into her seat. But before he can assist her into the harness, the sub is caught in the whirlpool. The instant effect is that of a Carnival Whip. The centrifugal force flings Cora out of her seat against the bulkhead. Grant is spun around and slammed against the opposite part of the bulkhead, and then onto the floor, with stunning impact.

226 DUVAL AND MICHAELS

Pinned back in their seats, unable to get out and help as they see:

227 GRANT AND CORA

Helpless in the whiplike rotation, Cora is thrust from the bulkhead onto the floor. Grant manages to grab a stanchion, hold on. With his free hand he reaches out for Cora, now prone on the floor. She extends her hand, but a foot separates them. They desperately reach out to each other as the centrifugal force pulls them farther and farther apart... Grant takes the only possible chance of reaching her: he lets go of the stanchion which sends him slamming against the base of the seat. He grips the leg of the seat with one hand and grabs Cora's waist with the other, just in time to prevent her from again being flung against the bulkhead. She holds onto him with all her strength. Grant strains to maintain his grip on the leg of the seat with his free hand, which in effect holds them both against the centrifugal whipping.

228 INT. BUBBLE - TO INCLUDE WHIRLPOOL

Owens, too, is thrust back in his seat, powerless to move. The sub is completely at the mercy of the whirlpool. A gauge on the panel is registering in circles.

229 EXT. PROTEUS IN WHIRLPOOL - LONG SHOT

Rotating at great speed, a tiny piece of flotsam caught in a cataclysmic force which is inexorably spinning it toward the vortex.

230 INT. SUB - CUTS OF PRINCIPALS

Reacting to the ROAR of the massive turbulence and the whirling stream, which is seen through the windows. The centrifugal force keeps them pinned to their positions, with Grant holding onto Cora as before.

231 EXT. PROTEUS - NEARING VORTEX

It is whipped around and down in the final circle -- and disappears through the rapidly rotating center...

232 INT. PROTEUS

The steeply angled dive causes greater strain on Grant as he keeps his grip on Cora. Duval and Michaels are now thrust forward as if they were in a gondola of a shoot-the-shoots making its steepest descent.

233 INT. BUBBLE

In a similarly forward-tilted position, with Owens we see the stream whipping by in a seemingly endless drop. And then ahead there suddenly appears:

234 LONG SHOT - FISSURE IN ARTERIAL WALL - P.O.V. BUBBLE

An immense crack through which some red corpuscles are streaming in an eddy.

235 INT. PROTEUS

From their prone positions on the floor, Grant and Cora react to the huge fissure looming through the windows. Duval and Michaels exchange looks, suddenly realizing what it signifies. Now the immense crack is directly ahead.

236 EXT. PROTEUS - FISSURE FROM WITHIN VEIN

As the tiny sub is swept out into the stream, where the blue corpuscles are. Through the crack, a stream of red corpuscles are whipping by on the other side. The angle of the dive now becomes less oblique.

237 INT. BUBBLE

The sub is caught in a less turbulent current, which results in its gradually losing its angle and speed, permitting Owens to steer it away from the center toward a more placid area.

238 INT. PROTEUS

The sub is now level, moving much slower. Exhausted from the ordeal, Grant sees it is safe to let go of Cora. He helps her rise. She stares dazed at the bluish stream. Duval and Michaels, equally spent, begin to get out of their harnesses.

238A EXTREME CLOSE SHOT - BENES' NECK

PAN over to the Miniature Tracking Devices.

238B TWO RADAR SCREENS - INT. TRACKING POST - MAIN OPS ROOM

The blip goes from one machine to the other, where it doesn't belong. The Tracking Technician reacts, instantly presses a button.

239 INT. CONTROL TOWER

A warning buzz from a TV Monitor. Reid and Carter respond to the SOUND. The Communications Aide comes over to them.

COMMUNICATIONS AIDE

Proteus Off Course, sir. They've picked up a blip in Quadrant 23, Level B. Reid moves quickly to the window overlooking the Main Operations Room, followed by Carter.

240 <OUT>

241 MAIN OPS ROOM - P.O.V. CONTROL TOWER

Both see the Grid Officer below move the replica of the sub from the Carotid Artery to another channel near it within a quadrant marked 23. The channel is outlined in blue.

REID

(jolted)

They've crossed over into the Jugular Vein!

CARTER

That can't be -- there's no direct connection between the two --

REID

Normally not. Unless it's an Arterio-Venous Fistula --

242 INT. PROTEUS

Grant, Cora and Duval are grouped around Michaels at the chart. In the distance, the endothelial walls of the Jugular Vein are vaguely visible.

GRANT

(blankly)

A what?

MICHAELS

A forced joining of an Artery and Vein. Must've happened when Benes was hurt.

DUVAL

Yes, a fistula too small to show up on the X-rays.

CORA
But big enough for us...

In the stream outside, the bluish corpuscles are increasing in number.

MICHAELS
(up at Bubble)
Captain -- head back into the
Artery.

243 INT. BUBBLE

As if it were a suicidal order:

OWENS
(brooking no argument)
We could never fight that current
it's physically impossible.

MICHAELS' VOICE
(from below)
Then don't drift down further.

OWENS
I'll do what I can.

As he manipulates the controls:

244 INT. PROTEUS

GRANT
If we can't go back, is there an
alternate route?

MICHAELS
Yes... We can go forward on this
course, but it means going directly
through the Heart.

245 INT. BUBBLE

Owens is appalled as he sees the route being traced on the Repeater,
down the Jugular Vein toward the Heart. Before it can go any further:

OWENS
(alarmed)
We can't do that! We decided in the
Briefing -- the craft could never
stand the turbulence!

246 INT. PROTEUS

Michaels looks up from the chart, to the others.

MICHAELS
Yes, it would be a hundred times

worse than the whirlpool.

The others respond with grim realization of what it portends.

GRANT

That's just dandy. We can't go forward -- and we can't go back.

MICHAELS

I'm afraid there's only one thing we can do. Call off the mission.

CORA

(emotionally)

Doctor...you can't mean that! Not when we've come this far. And if we give up, there'll be no way of saving Mr. Benes --

DUVAL

Dr. Michaels is right. We have no choice.

MICHAELS

(to Grant)

Tell them to take us out.

GRANT

If there's any chance --

MICHAELS

(an order)

Request removal, Mr. Grant.

As Grant moves to the wireless:

247 INT. CONTROL TOWER

Carter and Reid are looking down into the MAIN OPS ROOM at the replica of the Proteus. It is in the same position as last seen in the Jugular Vein on the big grid.

REID

But we have no choice! We've got, to take them out!

CARTER

(adamantly)

No...

He turns away from the window as a message is heard coming in. With seeming unawareness of the incoming message, Carter looks at the Minute Recorder, It is flashing <51>.

CARTER

We still have fifty-one minutes. Leave them in.

REID

But it's hopeless! They can't go back and they can't go on. I tell you there's nothing else we can do but remove them!

CARTER

(the final word)

Not until the very last second. We must think of something... Something to save the situation.

The incoming message stops. The Communications Aide takes it from the Wireless Technician.

COMMUNICATIONS AIDE

(reading)

Proteus reports trapped in Venous System. Requests removal, sir.

REID

Well, there it is... What do I tell them, General?

Carter turns his back on him, moves to the window, stands looking down on the OPERATING ROOM. The scene below is almost a tableau, except for the moving Miniature Tracking Devices. The Surgical Team around the table stands watching, waiting. Benes lies motionless. Reid joins Carter. As they both look down at the patient, whose only chance of life is now in their hands:

CARTER

(finally)

Doctor...without killing him -- how long could we stop his heart?

REID

The less time, the better.

CARTER

I know that. But what's the maximum?

REID

In his comatose state...and everything slowed down...no more than sixty seconds.

Carter takes out a slide rule.

CARTER

(as he figures)

At topspeed...and adjusting distance for Degree of Miniaturization --

(getting answer)

The sub should get through the Heart in fifty-seven seconds.

REID

That would give us only three seconds to revive him...

CARTER

What are the problems in stopping the Heart?

REID

Nothing -- compared to starting it up again.

From the window, Carter can see the big Minute Recorder in the Operating Room flashing from <51> to <50>.

CARTER

We're wasting time, Colonel. Let's get on with it.

The decision made, Reid takes command.

REID

(to Technician)

Heart.

Technician presses monitor button. As Carter moves to the Communications Aide, the HEART POST flashes on the TV screen.

REID

(to Heart Post)

<Cardiac Red Alert> we're stopping the Heart.

CARTER

(to Communications Aide)

Message to Proteus.

Now both give their orders simultaneously. As Reid speaks, we can see the HEART POST swing into action on the TV screen: the big X-rays of Benes light up on panels, a CATHODE TUBE recording his heartbeat becomes activated. The Heart Specialist and several Heart Technicians are seen leaving the POST. Meanwhile, the Communications Aide is taking down Carter's message for transmission.

CARTER

You are heading in the
Fistula has
opposite direction of the
Target Area, as a result of
crossing over into the Jugular it is in the Lateral Cervical
Vein. Since you are in a
closed system, you will have
to go through the Heart and
proceed on your mission by
taking an alternate route. We
will stop Benes' Heart for

REID

An Arterio-Venous
forced the Proteus into the
Venous System. At this moment,
in the Lateral Cervical
Region, anterior to the
anterior to the Cervical
Plexus. The haemo-dynamics of
the Venous System are at
absolutely minimum levels. It
would be fatal to further

exactly sixty seconds.
Maintaining maximum speed, you
will get through in fifty-
seven seconds. That will give
us three seconds to spare in
which to revive him. Stand by
for exact instructions --

decrease the rate of flow by
Hypothermic means. In order to
minimize the turbulence, we
will have to arrest the Heart.
The Proteus will proceed to
the entrance of the Right
Atrium --

248- <OUT>
250

251 INT. OPERATING ROOM

Reid's Voice is heard as the Heart Technicians rig Benes for electric shock with a Cardio-Verter. They are removing the top third of the Thermal Blanket. When his chest is exposed, they apply electrodes to it. Then the Technicians take their places at the various Cardiac Instruments which are recording the pulse and configuration of the heartbeat. The last is visible on the big cathode tube of the Cardioscope, a replica of which was seen in the Heart Post.

251A INT. PROTEUS

All are listening to Grant reading the end of the message.

GRANT

-- at which point the Heart will be
stopped by electric shock.

CORA

(into the silence)
And if it should take more time to
get through --

DUVAL

(flatly)
We can't take a second more.

MICHAELS

(up at Bubble)
Captain -- head in the direction of
the flow and drift with it.

He takes out a detailed Cardiac Map.

252 INT. BUBBLE

Through the Repeater, Owens can see Michaels spread the Cardiac Map. He reacts to its great complexity.

OWENS

I'll never find my way through that.

MICHAELS

I'll guide you, once we're in the
Heart.

253 EXT. PROTEUS

Drifting down the Jugular Vein.

254 <OUT>

255 INT. MAIN OPS ROOM

The Grid Officer can be seen moving the replica of the Proteus down the Jugular Vein.

255A INT. CONTROL TOWER

Carter and Reid are looking down at Benes in the OPERATING ROOM.

256 INT. OPERATING ROOM

Benes is now rigged for electric shock. The Tracking Devices are concentrated on his chest. The Heart Specialist looks at the Cardioscope Screen. The big screen registers the beat of the Heart with a cathode-tube effect, each pulsation causing an electronic pattern. They are very slow, regular. The Heart Specialist nods to one of his Technicians who wears headphones. The latter presses a button.

257- <OUT>

260

261 INT. CONTROL TOWER

A warning buzzer SOUNDS. The Communications Aide moves up to Reid and Carter at the Tracking Station Monitor and Radarscope.

COMMUNICATIONS AIDE

Ready for Cardiac Shock...

Reid nods, acknowledging the message. As he removes the map off the Radarscope, Carter takes out an OVERLAY MAP OF THE HEART from the Map Case and places it on the Radarscope. The blip is seen progressing down the Vena Cava, leading to the entrance of the Heart.

REID

(pressing button)

Stand by.

Carter takes out a stop watch.

262 <OUT>

263 INT. PROTEUS

Grant and the others respond as they begin to hear the SOUND of a distant boom-boom, slow and measured. It has an ominous effect. It quickly gets louder during:

CORA

(in awe)

Listen...the Heart.

MICHAELS

Yes...slowed down a great deal.

GRANT

Sounds like heavy artillery...

MICHAELS

It lays down quite a barrage in a lifetime. Forty million beats.

DUVAL

(quietly)

And every beat separates a man from
[LINE OF DIALOGUE CUT OFF]

264 EXT. PROTEUS - IN VENA CAVA

The SOUND of the Heart is now very loud, each measured boom like heavy artillery in a relentless barrage. The headbeams illuminate the long passage, the walls of which are lost to view.

265 INT. PROTEUS

Grant and the others look on ahead, responding to the now-deafening beat, which increases as they near the source in the bluish channel. And then they react with wonder as they see:

266 LONG SHOT - TRICUSPID VALVE - P.O.V. PROTEUS

In the distance, three huge membranes are billowing open, with tendrils resembling supporting strands of parachutes.

267 EXT. PROTEUS - IN THE ATRIUM

The parachute-like membranes are at the end of the Atrium, the entrance of which the sub now approaches. As the membranes blossom fully, with a lovely effect, a big aperture is revealed. The dilation causes a big forward surge of the stream.

268 INT. PROTEUS

All hold onto whatever is at hand as the sub is swept onward, rocking with the tidal wave. Now in the distance they can see:

269 LONG SHOT - TRICUSPID VALVE - P.O.V. PROTEUS

It is beginning to close, the three membranes seemingly collapsing like three parachutes over the aperture. The boom of the beating Heart is massive, making any communication very difficult.

MICHAELS

(over the sound; up at
Bubble)

Captain! They'll stop it on the next
beat!

270 INT. BUBBLE

Owens at the controls, eyes on the now-closed membranes, as he hears:

MICHAELS' VOICE

(from below)

As soon as the Valve opens again, go
through and give it everything
you've got!

271 TRICUSPID VALVE - P.O.V. BUBBLE

The sub approaches the now seemingly solid wall. Owens steers directly to where he last saw the aperture. The closed membranes loom closer and closer, the headbeams illuminating the delicately threaded strands. Suddenly, the three membranes start billowing open again.

272 THE CARDIOSCOPE SCREEN

The electronic pattern is recording the beat.

273 THE CARDIO-VERTER AND TECHNICIAN

He immediately presses the triggers on two electrodes held against Benes' chest.

274 AMPERE NEEDLE ON CARDIO-VERTER

The needle swings over into the red zone.

275 THE CARDIOSCOPE SCREEN

The electronic pattern indicating the heartbeat instantly flattens out and remains so.

276 INT. BUBBLE

Owens is throwing on the full-speed-ahead control. The sound of the Heart has completely stopped.

277 EXT. EXHAUST JETS

A surge from the twin jets as the sub is propelled forward with a tremendous burst of power.

278 INT. PROTEUS

All hang on against the acceleration.

279 PROTEUS IN TRICUSPID VALVE

As it sweeps through the now-motionless membranes which wave limply in the stream, with no life of their own.

280 INT. OPERATING ROOM

A tense silence pervades. The Heart Specialist and his Technicians

concentrate on the various instruments. The Surgical Team stands by, immobile.

281 TRACKING DEVICES

The little cones are the only things that move in the Operating Room. As they weave back and forth:

282 STOP WATCH

Calibrated in seconds. The hand is now crossing <5>.

283 INT. CONTROL TOWER

In the silence, Carter looks up from the stop watch in hand to check with the big radar screen. Moving across the OVERLAY MAP OF THE HEART is a blip, indicating the sub's passage.

284 <OUT>

285 EXT. PROTEUS - IN RIGHT VENTRICLE

Racing through a subterranean channel partially illuminated by the headbeams: a forest of tendrils, connecting huge roots which are the chordae tendineae extending into the walls. The color of the stream is predominately blue, and the overall effect is that of a weird wonderland. As the sub surges ahead at top speed:

286 INT. OPERATING ROOM

Everyone stands rooted.

287 INT. CONTROL TOWER - HEART MAP OVERLAY ON RADAR SCREEN

The blip has crossed more than half the distance. Carter and Reid look on, tense. The Proteus moves further down the Ventricle. Carter glances at his stop watch.

CARTER

Twenty-four seconds left including
the three to revive him.

288 <OUT>

289 INT. PROTEUS

Michaels is anxiously scanning the way ahead for signs of an opening. There is none.

OWENS' VOICE

(from above)

Nineteen seconds, Doctor.

MICHAELS

The Semi-Lunar Valve should be on
our left any time now.

290 INT. CONTROL TOWER

Reid and Carter are tensely watching the Heart Map Overlay, as the time runs out and the sub is nearing the end. Carter looks at the stop watch. It now shows only fifteen seconds to go, which means they must be out in twelve.

291 <OUT>

292 INT. OPERATING ROOM

The Heart Specialist is watching the blip nearing the end of the Radar Screen, with time running out. The Heart Technician standing before the Cardio-Verter stands immobile, looking at the needle which is at Zero Amperes.

293- <OUT>
294

295 EXT. PROTEUS - IN RIGHT VENTRICLE

Racing at top speed through the immobile forest of tendrils.

296 INT. PROTEUS

Suddenly, off to the side, Grant sees a small opening, half-moon in shape.

GRANT

There it is!

MICHAELS

Fasten yourselves in. There should be a tremendous surge when the Heart starts up again.

DUVAL

If it does...

Grant throws him a look as they quickly start to get into their harnesses.

297 INT. BUBBLE

Steering for the opening, Owens glances at the Second Recorder on the panel.

OWENS

Eight seconds left --

298 INT. CONTROL TOWER

On edge, Reid and Carter are watching the blip on the OVERLAY MAP OF THE HEART on the Radarscope. If the sub makes it, it will be exactly in 57 seconds. There are now only six seconds left.

299 <OUT>

300 INT. OPERATING ROOM

All are focusing on the Radarscope. Five seconds left.

HEART SPECIALIST

Stand by.

The Technician at the Cardio-Verter is set to press the red button.

301 INT. CONTROL TOWER

Carter and Reid hold their breath as they see:

302 STOP WATCH

It now reads <56>.

303 <OUT>

304 OVERLAY MAP OF THE HEART

As the blip approaches the Semi-Lunar Valves, a warning buzzer SOUNDS.

305 INT. OPERATING ROOM - RED BUTTON OF CARDIO-VERTER

A finger presses it.

306 PULSE RATE NEEDLE ON CARDIO-VERTER

It swings over, recording the first shock.

307 CARDIOSCOPE SCREEN

The cathode tube registers nothing.

308 HEART SPECIALIST AT CARDIO-VERTER

Concerned, he never takes his eyes off the Cardio-scope Screen. He increases the pulse rate.

309 <OUT>

310 CARDIOSCOPE SCREEN

It still records nothing. The Heart Technicians and the Surgical Team exchange tense looks. Again the Heart Specialist increases the pulse rate.

311- <OUT>
312

313 PULSE RATE NEEDLE ON CARDIO-VERTER

As it swings over, recording a higher and higher output.

314 EXT. PROTEUS - IN RIGHT VENTRICLE

Bathed in weird St. Elmo's fire as it keeps racing toward:

315 SEMI-LUNAR VALVE

which suddenly dilates into a huge opening. And with it comes an immense surge of the stream from behind, and the first boom of the Heart.

316 EXT. PROTEUS

It is swept through the Semi-Lunar Valve and into:

317 ORIFICE OF PULMONARY ARTERY - SHOOTING TOWARD SEMI-LUNAR VALVE

Out of which the Proteus is thrust on a great tidal wave of the bluish stream.

318 INT. OPERATING ROOM - CARDIOSCOPE

The electronic pattern is on full -- a leap of life. The Heart Specialist and the others react with relief as now the EKG and the other instruments begin recording Benes' return from the dead.

319 <OUT>

320 INT. CONTROL TOWER

Reid and Carter are at the window overlooking the OPERATING ROOM.

COMMUNICATIONS AIDE
Proteus in Quadrant 161 Level E...

They leave the window and walk over to the one where they can view the MAIN OPS ROOM. They see the Grid Officer is moving the tiny sub into the wide channel leading to the Lungs.

CARTER
They're in the Pulmonary Artery.

REID
They'll make up some time, once they
get through that and reach the
Pleural Cavity.
(to Technician)
Respiration Post...

On the monitor next to Reid, a Technician flashes on the INTERIOR OF THE RESPIRATION POST. The calibrated charts marked INHALATION and EXHALATION indicate the return to breathing.

REID
What's his rate, Jack?

LUNG SPECIALIST
(over TV)
Back to six per minute.

Reid reaches out, knocks a cup of coffee off the Central Control Section, spilling it on his trousers.

REID

Damn. And I just had them cleaned.

321- <OUT>
322

323 EXT. PROTEUS - IN PULMONARY ARTERY

It is now flowing down to its normal speed. Through the smooth endothelial walls, we see the outlines of what appears to be a maze of mammoth conduits arching above and beneath the channel through which the sub is proceeding. Smaller conduits divide and subdivide from the circular immensity, to be lost in the distance. The effect is that of a multi-level series of Over and Underpasses.

324 INT. PROTEUS

All are out of their harnesses. Grant, Duval and Cora are at the bow windows, looking out. Michaels is at the console, plotting their position on a detailed Map of the Lungs.

GRANT

I'd hate to get lost on that Freeway...

DUVAL

They all lead to the same place -- the Lungs.

325 INT. BUBBLE

In the light of the headbeams, Owens can see the Walls becoming increasingly narrow and more transparent. He glances at his Repeater, sees the Lung Chart reflected, with the co-ordinates pinpointing their position.

OWENS

Doctor-- the channel's getting awful narrow.

MICHAELS' VOICE

(from below)

We're entering a Capillary. Remain in the middle.

OWENS

(fascinated)

The Wall's transparent...

MICHAELS' VOICE

(from below)

It's less than one ten-thousandth of an inch thick. And porous.

Grant reacts as he sees a peculiar phenomenon: the big-bluish corpuscles which stream past the submarine are turning bright red the instant they impinge against the Capillary Wall. They keep moving on, in a constant flow, taking on their new color during:

GRANT

(amazed)

Look at that...they're changing color...

CORA

(thrilled)

Doctor -- is it possible? That we're seeing it happen before our eyes?

DUVAL

(quietly)

Yes, Cora... We're the very first to see the <living> process.

They both look out, too deeply moved to speak. After a moment:

GRANT

Mind letting me in on what's going on out there?

DUVAL

A simple exchange, Mr. Grant. Corpuscles releasing carbon dioxide -- the moment they touch the Wall of the Lung -- in return for oxygen coming through from the other side.

GRANT

Don't tell me they're refueling...

DUVAL

(almost in a reverie)

Oxygenation...

Cora turns to look at him, feeling close in this shared moment. Grant, too, is moved by Duval's manner. Michaels glances up from the Lung Map.

DUVAL

(still gazing out)

We've known it exists -- even though we never saw it...like the structure of the Atom... But to actually behold one of the miracles of the Universe -- the engineering of the Cycle of a Breath...

He is too moved to continue.

MICHAELS

(into the silence)

Nothing miraculous about it. Just an interchange of gases. The end product of five hundred million years of Evolution.

DUVAL

You can't believe all that's accidental? That there isn't a Creative Intelligence at work --

Before Michaels can answer, they hear a warning buzzer SOUND in the Bubble above.

327 INT. BUBBLE

The buzzer is going while a red light is flashing on the panel. Owens looks startled at:

328 PRESSURE GAUGE ON PANEL

The indicator is dropping rapidly toward a red horizontal line delineating the danger level. Owens flicks the button off and on rapidly, as if testing the mechanism, but the indicator keeps dropping. He shuts off the buzzer.

OWENS

(imperatively)

Grant.

329 INT. PROTEUS

All look up toward the Bubble, at the urgency of his tone. Grant moves from the bow toward the console during:

GRANT

What is it, Skipper?

OWENS' VOICE

(trom Bubble)

We're losing pressure in the Flotation Tanks. Check the Manual, right over there.

Grant can see him pointing to the Manual Control Section at the rear of the kiosk.

GRANT

Right.

He moves quickly to:

330 MANUAL CONTROL SECTION

Over a series of controls are numerous gauges. The indicators marked

TANK RT and TANK LT show the left tank is rapidly losing pressure.

GRANT

(up at Bubble)

The left tank's losing pressure.

331 INT. BUBBLE

Owens presses a button and swivels around. With him we see:

332 P.O.V. - EXT. STERN OF PROTEUS

A stream of large air bubbles is pouring out behind them.

333 INT. BUBBLE

Startled, Owens presses the button which swivels him back.

OWENS

Grant! Get up here, quick!

He starts getting out of his harness.

334 INT. PROTEUS

As Grant moves toward the Bubble, he passes Duval and Cora, who are now looking toward the stern.

CORA

(with apprehension)

Air bubbles!... Doctor --

DUVAL

No danger of an embolism. At our reduced scale, they're much too minute to prove fatal to Benes.

335 INT. BUBBLE

As Grant appears, Owens is slipping out of his harness.

OWENS

There's a short in the valve. Take over.

(of controls)

Steers like an airplane.

Grant nods as he gets into the seat. Owens starts quickly down the kiosk, leaving Grant at the controls.

336 INT. PROTEUS

Cora and Duval, at the window, watch anxiously as Owens moves to the Manual Control Panel. Michaels remains at the console, also deeply concerned. Owens opens the Circuit Panel, revealing a maze of wires and circuit breakers. Only someone with an intimate knowledge of the sub could possibly find the right one. Owens does quickly. He trips a

switch, shuts the panel. He turns, sees their anxious looks.

OWENS

Well, that takes care of the valve.
It was probably caused by that
electric shock.

MICHAELS

(to Owens)

Was there any damage?

OWENS

Not to the valve. But we've lost too
much air to make it the rest of the
way.

DUVAL

What do you propose we do, Captain?

OWENS

Nothing we can do. We must have full
tanks to continue.

He starts up toward the Bubble, leaving the three staring at each other in consternation.

337- <OUT>

338

339 INT. BUBBLE

As Grant slips out of the seat and Owens resumes at controls:

GRANT

Any reserve air?

OWENS

Enough to breathe, but that's all.

Grant starts down.

340 INT. PROTEUS

He steps into the cabin in time to hear:

DUVAL

(ironically)

Just a few cells away from a vast
air chamber -- one of the countless
Alvioli of the Lung -- and we can't
get enough to fill a microscopic
tank.

GRANT

Maybe we can...

(as they look at him in
bewilderment)

Skipper, is there a snorkel on this sub?

OWENS' VOICE

(from Bubble)

Yes, there is.

GRANT

(to Michaels and Duval)

Could I run a tube through that Wall, without harming Benes?

MICHAELS

At this size, I would certainly think so.

GRANT

If those Corpuscles can take on air, no reason why we can't.

(to Duval)

All we have to do is hook up the snorkel to that air chamber you were talking about, and when Benes inhales, there should be plenty of pressure to force the oxygen into the tank.

(up at Owens)

How's that sound to you, Skipper?

341 INT. BUBBLE

As Owens considers the possibility:

OWENS

It's a dangerous procedure. If I miss the timing, we could explode the tanks... But I'm willing to try it.

342 INT. PROTEUS

MICHAELS

Yes, by all means. We must try it.

OWENS' VOICE

(from Bubble)

It'll be safer if everybody leaves the sub.

Grant moves to the aft compartment, opens the door, goes into:

343 INT. LAB AND STORAGE SECTION

As he moves to compartment containing the Underwater Gear, he is jolted by something he sees o.s.

344 LASER OVER WORKING COUNTER

It is swinging loose on one hook, its plastic cover off.

345 INT. LAB AND STORAGE SECTION

Grant takes a step toward it, stops.

GRANT

Cora!

After a moment, she appears. She follows his look toward the laser, reacts aghast.

GRANT

Looks like you didn't batten it down too well.

CORA

But I did. I'm positive!

Duval and Michaels appear in the doorway in time to hear:

GRANT

Then how come it worked loose?

CORA

I have no idea.

DUVAL

Cora, is something wrong with the laser?

CORA

(distracted)

I don't know yet, Doctor. And I won't know until I test it.

GRANT

That'll have to wait until after we're refueled.

As he takes out the Underwater Gear and passes it to the three:

CORA

(righting laser)

I can't imagine how it possibly could have come loose. I distinctly recall fastening it with all four bolts --

MICHAELS

It must have been jarred loose during the whirlpool.

Grant and Michaels exchange looks, as if neither are satisfied with the explanation.

GRANT
(of gear)
Well, let's get into these as
quickly as possible.

He leads the way out. Michaels and Duval follow. Left alone, Cora starts to unzip her jumper, revealing she is wearing her swim suit beneath. Her eyes remain on the laser, now her prime source of anxiety...

345A INT. MAIN OPS ROOM

Starting on the grid map, we see the sub in the channel of the Pulmonary Artery. CAMERA then TILTS DOWN to the Radarscope, where the blip is blinking on and off in one place, without moving.

346 INT. CONTROL TOWER

On the monitor at the Map Table, we see the INTERIOR OF THE TRACKING POST, where the same blip is in the identical stationary position on the Radarscreen. PULL BACK to include Reid staring at the blip on the monitor. Carter is pacing on the other side of the table.

REID
They've stopped -- on the outer
limits of the Right Lung...

Carter looks at the Minute Recorder. It reads <42>.

CARTER
Another delay... With only forty-two
minutes left.

REID
It'll be close -- but there's still
a margin of safety.

CARTER
Let's find what the devil's holding
them up!
(to Wireless Technician)
Contact the Proteus!

As the message is heard being tapped out:

REID
(glancing at Monitors;
none are on)
It must be some kind of mechanical
difficulty.

The tapping stops. As they wait for an answer, Carter pours a stream of sugar into his coffee.

REID
I told you to cut down on the sugar.

CARTER

I can't help it. I'm just weak, I guess.

347- <OUT>
349

350 INT. PROTEUS - AT DOOR OF ESCAPE HATCH

All have stepped out of their jumpers and are now revealed in their swim suits except Owens, who remains in the Bubble. The suits are form-fitting, antiseptic-looking, with a Breather Pack strapped to the back. Duval is tightening Cora's pack. Grant is checking Michaels' pack. The latter looks in rear at the small hatch, visible through the open door. The wireless starts tapping again.

CORA

(of tapping wireless)

Shouldn't you answer that?

GRANT

(putting on swim mask)

Not now. We need air, not greetings!

He motions Michaels to precede him into the hatch. Face reflecting his irrational fear, Michaels puts his swim mask over his fear. But he freezes at the door, unable to step into the small hatch. Grant and Duval exchange looks.

GRANT

Let's go, Doctor.

Michaels forces himself into the Escape Hatch. Grant follows, closing the door.

351 INT. ESCAPE HATCH

There is only space for the two. Michaels cowers against the wall, palms pressed against the metal, fighting against another seizure of his phobia. Grant opens a valve. Liquid starts pouring into the hatch from several ports. When it is up to their chins, Grant bends down to unlock the ventral hatch.

352 EXT. PROTEUS

Grant drops out of the hatch. Michaels follows. Grant then closes the hatch. With Grant in the lead, they swim toward:

353 EXT. TOP OF PROTEUS

Grant reaches the snorkel, looks toward Bubble.

354 INT. BUBBLE

Where Owens has now swiveled so that he faces the stern. Owens sees Grant signal to proceed. Owens presses button on SNORKEL RELEASE.

355 EXT. PROTEUS

The snorkel starts rising. When the tube is a few feet above the sub, Grant takes the bobbing end, holds it under one arm, and starts swimming with his free arm toward the Capillary Wall on the left.

356 EXT. SIDE OF PROTEUS

As Grant swims by with the end of the unreeling tube, Michaels joins him. Then Duval and Cora, who are now coming out of the ventral hatch. All swim to the nearby Capillary Wall. (NOTE: During the following, their action is complicated by the big Corpuscles flowing by in a steady stream, taking on oxygen and bumping into them.) They reach:

357 EXT. ALVEOLAR CREVICE

It shimmers with the liquid that seems to cover it like a door of reflecting glass. The opening is just large enough for all to look within. They see:

358 INT. ALVEOLUS

A vast conical volcano, the upper part lost to view. Numerous outcroppings of immense crags are visible on all sides.

GRANT

It's full of rocks!

(NOTE: During all Swimming Sequences, we will hear the Speaker's Voice <only> via the AUDIO PICKUP within the swimming mask of the one who responds vocally.)

MICHAELS

In a way -- yes. Those are impurities imbedded in the Lung after a lifetime of 'Civilization.' Carbon from smoke and smog -- specks of dust --

GRANT

Well, we better get on with it.

He starts shoving the front of the snorkel through the vertical liquid entrance. To his startled surprise, it immediately comes flying out with great force. Michaels and Duval grab it in time to prevent the snorkel from snaking off down the stream.

MICHAELS

Careful! There is a tremendous air pressure in there -- in relation to our size!

Grant grabs hold of the front part again.

GRANT

I'll try to hold it from the other side of the wall, while you push

from out here. Maybe that'll do it.

CORA

You can't --it's too dangerous --

MICHAELS

Yes -- with all that pressure, and suction within --

GRANT

There's no other way. Tie my safety line to the sub.

DUVAL

Here, let me have it.

Grant takes out his safety line, hooks it onto his suit. Duval starts swimming with the other end back to the Proteus.

359 INT. BUBBLE

Owens is eyeing the pressure gauges anxiously. He reacts as he sees:

360 EXT. PROTEUS - P.O.V. BUBBLE

With Owens we see Duval is nearing the sub, the safety line strung out behind him.

361 EXT. PROTEUS - AT VENTRAL HATCH

Duval hooks Grant's safety line onto a ring for the purpose, signals:

362 EXT. ALVEOLUS CREVICE

Grant acknowledges signal. The Alveolar Wall can be seen dilating slightly.

GRANT

All right now -- push the snorkel through as soon as I get inside.

MICHAELS

(eyes on Wall)

Wait for the lull -- between the time he inhales and exhales.

As the dilating stops:

MICHAELS

<Now>!

Grant pushes quickly through the shimmering entrance.

363 INT. ALVEOLUS

He has literally transposed himself into another element: air. There is no turbulence, no sound. Instantly he props his feet against both

sides of the entrance. The snorkel is shoved through. As he grabs it and holds, a breath is heard starting. Only Grant can hear the ensuing sound.

364 CAPILLARY SIDE OF ALVEOLUS

Duval now joins Michaels and Cora. They hold against the increasing pressure from within. Grant can be seen straining on the other side against the enormous wind pressure.

365 INT. BUBBLE

Owens' finger is on the button of the MASTER PRESSURE GAUGE, waiting. The indicator is quickly swinging toward FULL.

366 INT. ALVEOLUS

The wind is rising to gale force. Grant is holding on with all his strength to the end of the snorkel. The others can be seen pushing from their side, to keep the tube from flying out.

367 MASTER PRESSURE GAUGE

As the indicator hits the FULL position:

368 AIR TANK CONTROL BUTTON

Owens' finger presses down while:

OWENS' VOICE

(o.s.)

Full!

369 INT. ALVEOLUS

In response, Grant lets go of the snorkel, which is instantly whipped out. Buffeted by the howling wind, he now tries to get out. But the hurricane causes Grant to lose his balance. He falls, slammed against the outcroppings by the force of the wind. Finally the lull comes. Instantly, Grant starts climbing back, hand over hand, using the rope as one would in scaling a mountain. The crevice is still far up ahead when suddenly a new breath starts in the upward direction. Grant is caught in the tremendous suction of the exhalation and is pulled toward the interior of the Lung.

370 SAFETY CLASP ON SUB RING

The Safety Clasp breaks off at the end of the nylon.

371 EXT. ALVEOLUS CREVICE

Michaels, Duval and Cora react as the line snakes past them through the crevice.

CORA

(horrified)

He's gone!

372 INT. ALVEOLUS

The suction sends Grant flying upward, past the crevice, with the safety line trailing after him. The wind whips him toward a fantastic height. Finally he hits:

373 COLUMNAR CILIA

Long stalks, with a waving motion that makes it resemble a vast field of wheat. Grant is seen flying through it, until he is lost from view. Then as the wind subsides:

374 EXT. ALVEOLUS CREVICE

The three are waiting, tense.

DUVAL

(to Michaels)

What can we do?

MICHAELS

Nothing -- against all that force.

CORA

But we just can't leave him in there! What'll happen to him?

MICHAELS

We'll know -- in the next breath...

They react as they see the Alveolar Wall starting to dilate again, signaling the advent of another breath.

375 INT. ALVEOLUS - SHOOTING UP

The wind starts howling. And then Grant is seen at a vast height, plummeting down. Part of the way he hits a spongy area, bounces, is caught up again by the blasting wind, hits another spongy section, with a big outcropping of "rock."

376 EXT. OUTCROPPING

Fighting the gale, he manages to snake his safety line around the big rock. As he hangs on, he sees:

377 P.O.V. - PRINCIPALS AND SUB - THROUGH CREVICE

Not too far above, with rocks between.

378 GRANT

He waits it out until the howling tornado subsides. Then in the lull, he releases himself quickly and clambers toward the opening. He thrusts himself through the crevice, just as another breath begins.

379 EXT. ALVEOLUS CREVICE

The others grab him, pull him through all the way before he can be sucked back.

380 EXT. CAPILLARY WALL - P.O.V. BUBBLE

Owens is relieved to see the four start swimming back to the sub.

381 INT. CONTROL TOWER

Carter is pacing in the heavy silence. Reid is watching the monitors. Carter glances at the Minute Recorder. It flashes to <37>. Suddenly the tapping starts. Tense, they wait for the message. It is brief. As the Wireless Operator tears it off the pad, Carter takes it.

CARTER

(reading)

'Proteus reports putting in to refuel air. Proceeding through the Pleural Cavity.'

(suddenly realizing)

Refuel air?

As Reid starts to remove the OVERLAY MAP OF THE HEART from the Radarscope:

REID

Why not? They had a choice of over a billion Alveoli...

382 LONG SHOT - PROTEUS IN PLEURAL CAVITY

The lone voyager is proceeding in a calm sea. Its headbeams reflect a yellowish cast, which becomes increasingly warm and sunny during the scene.

383 INT. BUBBLE

Owens glances at the Repeater. The co-ordinates show the sub is traveling toward the apex of the Pleura, to the north, which is bounded by an undefined area simply marked "Lymphatic." A sense of absolute serenity seems to pervade. Abruptly:

384 SMASHED LASER TRANSISTOR

as it is placed on the edge of an array of disassembled parts.

385 INT. LAB SECTION - WORKBENCH

Cora is putting the tiny transistor down. Then, with a tweezers, she takes out the last part: a hair-like strand of wire. To Duval, who is beside her:

CORA

And a broken trigger-wire...

386 INT. LAB AND STORAGE SECTION

Grant and Michaels are standing at the doorway, reacting to:

DUVAL

(fingering the parts)

A smashed transistor. No way to fire
the lamp... Well, that's the end of
the laser.

Grant and Michaels exchange looks.

GRANT

(to Cora)

You must carry spare parts --

CORA

Not anything built into the chassis.

(with guilt)

If it hadn't come loose --

MICHAELS

That's beside the point now.

(to Duval)

I don't see the sense of going on.

CORA

We must!

MICHAELS

With no laser --

GRANT

(to Duval)

Isn't there another surgical
procedure you can try?

DUVAL

No, there's no other way.

Before Michaels can answer, Grant squeezes into the compartment, picks up the broken transistor.

GRANT

(to Cora)

If you had a transistor about this
size and power output, and a thin
enough wire --

(of laser)

-- could you piece it together?

CORA

No, it requires such absolute
precision --

GRANT

A surgeon might...

CORA

Oh yes, I'm sure Dr. Duval could. If we had the parts.

GRANT

I've got a source. All I have to do is tap it.

At their blank looks, he turns and moves into:

387 INT. PROTEUS

As he goes to the wireless and begins to unscrew the panel, Michaels suddenly realizes:

MICHAELS

Grant -- wait a minute -- you're not going to dismantle the wireless?

GRANT

Just one little transistor and a circuit wire is all it takes.

MICHAELS

But that'll knock out our communications! We'll be cutting ourselves off from the outside.

GRANT

They'll still be able to track us by radar, because of the radioactive fuel.

He moves to the panel, revealing a maze of electronic parts.

GRANT

Well, sir? Which is it? The wireless, or Benes' life?

MICHAELS

(finally)

Send the following message...

387A <OUT>

388 INT. CONTROL TOWER

A LUNG OVERLAY MAP is now on the Radarscope. Reid and Carter see the Grid Officer is moving the replica of the Proteus into the next quadrant of the Pleural Cavity.

An incoming message is heard. The Wireless Operator takes down the message. As the tapping stops:

CARTER

(reading)

'Cannibalizing wireless to repair

laser. This is last message.'

Reid and Carter exchange grim looks.

CARTER

Incomunicado... Now they're really
on their own.

Reid moves to the window overlooking the OPERATING ROOM. As he looks
down on Benes and the little Tracking Devices weaving back and forth
across his chest:

REID

(quietly)

We can still track them -- but
that's all we can do.

Carter joins him. As they both look down:

CARTER

Something told me I got into the
wrong end of the buslness.

(answering look)

<Inner> Space...

389 <OUT>

390 TINY TRANSISTOR AND STRAND OF WIRE

In the palm of Grant's hand. Cora's fingers delicately pick up both.

CORALS VOICE

(o.s.)

The transistor will do. But the
wire's much too thick.

391 INT. LAB AND STORAGE SECTION

Duval is picking up the original wire with the tweezers and placing it
on a contrasting surface during:

GRANT

Nothing closer.

As Cora turns to the workbench:

DUVAL

I may be able to scrape it thin
enough. Cora, get me a number eleven
scalpel.

She puts the transistor and wire down on the workbench and moves to
open a medical kit. Duval takes the wire and places it between two
small clamps on the workbench. Cora extracts a scalpel, gives it to
him. Duval swings a magnifying glass over the strand as Cora trains a
light on the wire. Duval bends over. Peering through the magnifying
glass, he slowly begins to scrape the strand with the scalpel.

392 GRANT AND MICHAELS

They exchange looks. Then Grant turns away.

393 INT. PROTEUS

Grant leads the way to the bow. As they look out:

GRANT

Looks like the sea, at dawn.

MICHAELS

We're safe -- long as it remains
that color...

(answering look)

We're in the Pleural Sac.

(indicating arched dome
far above)

It keeps the Lungs from rubbing
against the Wall of the Chest up
there. When those membranes become
inflamed, we wind up with Pleurisy
-- and a wracking cough.

GRANT

Cough? If he can kick up a storm by
just <breathing> --

MICHAELS

His Pleura's in fine condition. It
should be clear sailing through this
area.

GRANT

Let's hope... So far, somebody's
tried to sabotage this mission
twice.

He glances back in the direction of Duval. Both drop their voices so
that Duval and Cora can't hear:

MICHAELS

(startled)

Sabotage? I don't understand...

GRANT

I saw the laser just before we
started. It was fastened down
securely. You don't suppose what
happened was an 'accident?' Any more
than my safety line snapping after
it was tied off to the sub?

MICHAELS

You have no right to blame Duval --

GRANT
That line was tampered with...

MICHAELS
(agitated)
I -- I don't know what to say. I know he's under a cloud, but there's not a more dedicated man in the entire medical profession.

GRANT
You still never know what's going on in anyone's mind...

MICHAELS
(with finality)
I can't believe it. Whatever happened was an accident.

GRANT
Two in a row?

MICHAELS
It's possible --

Grant looks at the Minute Recorder. It now reads <32>.

GRANT
Thirty-two minutes left...
(back to Michaels)
But chances are we won't have to wait that long for try-number three.

OWENS' VOICE
(from above)
Look at those Walls up ahead!

Grant and Michaels look out through the bow. Grant reacts amazed as he sees:

394 ENTRANCE OF LYMPHATIC DUCT - P.O.V. BOW

A huge tube-like structure looms up. The Walls are transparent, composed of a single layer of squamous cells with round nuclei. Since the color of the stream is now predominately yellow, the globs create the impression of innumerable:

GRANT'S VOICE
(o.s.)
<Poached eggs>?!

395 INT. BOW

As Michaels moves to the console:

MICHAELS
(with smile)

We're entering the Lymphatic System.
Those are nuclei of cells, lining a
Duct.

GRANT

(puzzled)

I always had an idea there was only
one System. The Circulatory.

MICHAELS

The Lymphatic System drains off
excess fluid from the Tissues.
Without it, we'd all swell up like
balloons. He reaches the console,
begins to take out a new chart.

396 INT. BUBBLE

The new chart suddenly becomes visible on the Repeater as it is spread
out below. Owens reacts to the labyrinth.

OWENS

Looks like quite a Navigation
problem...

The co-ordinates are seen being moved to indicate the sub is passing
through a Lymphatic Duct on its way to the first Node, which is
followed by a series of others, strung out like sausage links.

MICHAELS' VOICE

(from below)

Only until we get through the Nodes
-- the Lymphatic Glands. Follow your
present compass heading.

397 EXT. PROTEUS - LYMPHATIC DUCT

As it courses easily through the sunny stream, to suddenly emerge
into:

398 EXT. LYMPHATIC NODE

A startlingly different world. The headbeams reveal what appears to be
an underwater marshland: a tangle of reticular fibers which wave with
the gentle cross currents seeping through the mesh. Weird bacterial
forms drift by, moving in groups like raiding parties. The yellowish
light of the Lymphatic Stream still filters through.

399 INT. BUBBLE

Owens is forced to slow down as he carefully begins to thread his way
through the tangle, trying not to brush against the tendrils. But for
all of Owens' care, the nose of the sub breaks some fibers as it
nudges through the increasingly narrow spaces of the brambly mesh.

400 INT. PROTEUS

Grant reacts as he sees the broken fibers drift against the bow windows, and then become momentarily entangled around them. When the tendrils clear the windows, he looks back to the stern.

401 FLOATING TENDRILS - P.O.V. GRANT

They are floating aft. Some adhere to the propulsion section, trailing out so that Grant can see them.

402 INT. PROTEUS

Grant reacts, looks back and up toward Bubble.

GRANT

Skipper, you're picking up seaweed
-- or whatever it is.

MICHAELS

(reassuringly; at chart)
Reticular fibers. We ought to be
clear of them soon.

403 EXT. LYMPHATIC NODE - P.O.V. BUBBLE

With Owens, we see the way ahead is more tangly. As he keeps slowing down to get through safely:

OWENS

(anxiously)
I hope so, Doctor. If that stuff
clogs the vents, the engine'll
overheat --

He breaks off as a big clump of fibers is torn loose, for all his skillful steering.

404 EXT. UNDERSIDE OF SUB

The mass of tendrils drifts down the length of the underside. Part of the clump adheres to the ventral hatch, another section twines around the exhaust: In so doing, it snags on the brambles beneath.

405 INT. LAB AND STORAGE SECTION

Scalpel poised over the wire, Duval reacts as the Proteus momentarily jars while it pulls loose. He exchanges looks with Cora, who is holding the lamp.

406 INT. PROTEUS

Grant glances back toward the open door of the aft compartment, realizing the danger of trying to repair the laser now. He looks at Michaels, who is bent over the chart.

GRANT

Doctor --

He is interrupted by a loud WHAM against the bow windows. Startled, both look off, see:

407 EXT. LYMPHATIC NODE - BEGINNING OF BATTLE BETWEEN BACTERIA AND ANTIBODIES - P.O.V. PRINCIPALS

Flashing reflected light from the headbeams, elongated crystalline structures with rod-like projections which make linkage possible, are whipping against the bow windows where they have trapped a mass of ferocious-looking large Bacteria. The smaller crystalline Anti-bodies are rapidly coupling with others that speed in to join the fray. The Bacteria fight back with their flagella, in a death struggle.

408 VIEW OF BATTLE FROM INT. BUBBLE

Owens ducks involuntarily as the linking Antibodies and the Bacteria slam against the Bubble in such numbers and sizes as to make the way ahead virtually invisible. As a result, the sub tears through a clump of fibers like a scythe.

409 INT. PROTEUS

Duval appears in the doorway.

DUVAL

What's causing all that -- ?

He breaks off as he sees the Antibodies and Bacteria whipping against the windows. Cora appears behind him, gasps at the sight of the monsters locked in battle.

GRANT

Looks like somebody declared war.

MICHAELS

Just what it is. Antibodies, destroying Bacteria -- or any other foreign invader that threatens the System.

410 BIG CLOSEUP - ONE ANTIBODY AND BACTERIUM

As both slam and hold against the bow windows in a life-and-death struggle. An amazing phenomenon is taking form: Antibodies are hooking up at the rods to completely encase the Bacterium -- and the geometric forms fit the antagonist <perfectly>.

CORA'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Look -- it's taking its exact shape!

GRANT'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Like hand-in-glove.

MICHAELS' VOICE

(o.s.)

Much closer. Like two atoms.

Now the crystalline geometric links start pressing together with inexorable force. The Bacterium fights back with its flagella. Then suddenly it goes limp. As the destroyed Bacterium drifts off, another mass of virulent monsters smashes into the windows and are instantly embattled with a swarm of Antibodies that come linking up. Now the SOUND of the battle can be heard along the entire length of the sub. Meanwhile, the sub is jarred hard, as it breaks through another clump of entangling fibers. The sound and sight of the mortal battle increases in intensity, as does the forced passage during:

DUVAL

(with glance at Minute Recorder)

We'll never get there in time, at this rate.

GRANT

(to Michaels)

Isn't there another route? So we can by-pass all this?

DUVAL

Yes...

(to Michaels)

We can transfer over to the Inner Ear, and go by way of the Endolymphatic Duct.

GRANT

(to Michaels)

Then why not take it?

MICHAELS

It's infinitely more hazardous than going this way. Once we enter the Inner Ear, <any> sound in the Operating Room will be disastrous. At our reduced size, the vibrations inside the Ear would have a shattering effect.

Another jar of the sub, and more smashing against the hull and bow windows, as the battle of the Antibodies and Bacteria reaches a climax.

GRANT

(over sound)

They're tracking us Topside. Once they see where we're going, I'm sure they'll take every precaution.

MICHAELS

Let's hope they realize the danger.

(up at Bubble)

Captain, I'll give you a new compass

heading.

411 BENES' SHAVED HEAD

With the radial lines in the f.g. Beyond, the Tracking Devices are now weaving back and forth in the area of the Neck.

411A INT. MAIN OPS ROOM

CAMERA on the TRACKING POST, PICKING UP the Four Technicians before their Radarscreens. CAMERA then TILTS UP to the big grid map. We see the Grid Officer above, positioning the replica of the Proteus in the Inner Ear.

412 INT. CONTROL TOWER

Reid and Carter are looking down at the OPERATING ROOM. They turn as the Communications Aide announces:

COMMUNICATIONS AIDE

Proteus turning in Quadrant 73.

Reid and Carter move to window overlooking the MAIN OPS ROOM. They exchange relieved looks as the Grid Officer moves the sub to the lateral quadrant, in the Neck.

REID

(with relief)

At last they're heading for the Inner Ear...

Carter glances at the Minute Recorder. It flashes <27>.

CARTER

(biting into unlit
cigar)

About time they realized they'd never make it the other way.

Reid moves to the Control Section, presses button.

413 <OUT>

414 INT. OPERATING ROOM

The Surgical Team and the Technicians exchange looks as they hear:

REID'S VOICE

(o.s.)

The Proteus is about to enter the Inner Ear... You are not to walk, talk, or make a sound of <any> kind.

(strongly)

<Absolute silence> must be maintained until they are out of the danger area...

As all remain frozen in their positions:

414A TRACKING DEVICE PAN

with it to:

414B EXTREME CLOSE SHOT - BENES' EAR

CAMERA MOVES IN on the Ear, until it fills the screen.

415 <OUT>

415A PANEL OF PROTEUS

The red warning lights are flashing, the needle of the TEMPERATURE GAUGE is in the danger zone. The SPEEDOMETER is nearing zero.

415B INT. BUBBLE

Owens is working the controls, apparently without avail. He glances anxiously ahead, sees:

415C EXT. COCHLEAR DUCT - ENDOLYMPHATIC STREAM - P.O.V. BUBBLE

A huge clear area. In the distance, a few drifting Antibodies. There is nothing evident that should be giving the Proteus any difficulty.

415D INT. BUBBLE

As Owens looks back with grave concern to the panel, the SPEEDOMETER needle drops to zero.

415E EXT. COCHLEAR DUCT - LONG SHOT

The Proteus is sinking to the bottom.

415F INT. PROTEUS

Duval and Cora are back in the lab Section, working on the laser. Grant is beside Michaels at the chart. Both look up as the Proteus touches bottom with a slight jar.

GRANT

(up at Bubble)

What's wrong, Skipper?

OWENS' VOICE

(from Bubble)

What I was afraid would happen. The stuff we passed through -- that looked like seaweed --

MICHAELS

Reticular fibers --

OWENS' VOICE

(from Bubble)

It clogged the intake vents. We're not getting any propulsion.

GRANT

Well, there's only one thing to do.

As he moves to put on his Breather Pack, Cora appears in the doorway of the Lab Section. She looks anxiously out of the bow windows. In the distance, several Anti-bodies can be seen.

CORA

You're going out there? With those Antibodies --

MICHAELS

(to Grant)

No danger of attack, as long as you don't trigger them off by any injury to the System.

Grant nods, steps into the Escape Hatch, closing the door behind him. The light flashes red. Cora remains at the bow windows, looking toward the drifting Anti-bodies, with apprehension.

415G <OUT>

416 EXT. VENTRAL HATCH

Grant is dropping out of the opening, causing the attached seaweed-like fibers to come loose and drift off.

417 WITH GRANT

He swims toward the bow, reaches the propulsion intake vents. As the clogged vents come into view:

OWENS' VOICE

(over audio)

How's it look?

GRANT

I could use a lawnmower...

418- <OUT>

455

455A INT. BUBBLE

Owens glances at the Minute Recorder.

OWENS

How long do you think it'll take?

GRANT'S VOICE

(over audio)

Quite a while.

455B INT. PROTEUS

Cora turns from the bow windows. The Antibodies are still in view.

CORA

Wouldn't it be quicker if we all
helped?

MICHAELS

(with glance at Minute
Recorder)

Yes, there's no time to spare. And
those fibers can be quite tenacious.

He moves to the Escape Hatch with Cora, both strapping on their
Breather Packs. She glances at Duval, still in the Lab Section.

DUVAL

I'd better use the time to finish
repairing the laser.

Michaels and Cora step into the Escape Hatch, adjust their swimming
masks.

456 EXT. PROTEUS - BOW

Grant is pulling the seaweed-like fibers out of the intake vents. He
works fast at what seems an endless task.

457 INT. BUBBLE

Owens is watching the TEMPERATURE GAUGE. The needle is still in the
danger zone.

458 EXT. PROTEUS - BOW

Michaels and Cora swim up to Grant, join him in yanking out the long
clinging tendrils. All work quickly as possible.

459 INT. OPERATING ROOM

Absolute silence. The immobile Surgical Team and Technicians create a
tableau-like effect. The forced silence and the inactivity causes
several to sweat with tension. All are focusing on the Tracking
Devices, now weaving back and forth at Benes' Head.

460 INT. CONTROL TOWER

Reid and Carter are at the window overlooking the OPERATING ROOM. The
Communications Aide turns to them. They react with misgiving as they
hear:

COMMUNICATIONS AIDE

Report no movement of the Proteus
since entering Quadrant 74, Level D.

Reid and Carter exchange grim looks, move to look down on the MAIN OPS

ROOM. They see the little Proteus is in the quadrant of the Cochlear Duct. Carter glances at the Minute Recorder. It now reads <24>.

CARTER

Twenty-four minutes left. Maximum.
This is just what we need -- another
delay...

He sees an ant crawling along the table, in the direction of a few spilled grains of sugar. Automatically, he starts to bring his thumb down to crush it. But he stops just in time. Reid looks at Carter curiously as the latter carefully picks up the ant and puts it on the railing so it can crawl out of harm's way.

REID

(with smile)

You'll wind up a Hindu. Respecting
all forms of life -- however
small...

461 <OUT>

462 EXT. PROTEUS - BOW

Loose tendrils are flowing about the hull like drifting seaweed. But the vents seem to hold an endless amount. Grant, Cora and Michaels, working at an exhausting pace, keep pulling out more and more clumps of long fibers.

463 INT. BUBBLE

Eyes on the TEMPERATURE GAUGE, Owens reacts with relief as he sees the needle beginning to swing away from the danger zone.

464 INT. OPERATING ROOM

Nothing moves except the little Tracking Devices on their silent bearings. But the ordeal of absolute silence and no movement is beginning to tell on all. Particularly:

465 SURGICAL CHIEF

An older man, corpulent, he is sweating profusely under the strain. The headband of his Surgical Cap is wet. Automatically, he brings his rubber-gloved hand up to wipe the perspiration away, stops, as he glances at the patient o.s.

466 EXT. PROTEUS

Many loose tendrils now about the hull attest to the progress of cleaning the vents. The three keep working.

467 INT. BUBBLE

The needle of the TEMPERATURE GAUGE is now almost out of the danger zone.

467A INT. MAIN OPS ROOM - SUB GRID MAP
The sub is not moving. The Minute Recorder reads <21>.

467B INT. MAIN OPS ROOM - SHOOTING TOWARD CONTROL TOWER
Reid and Carter are at the window, looking down into the room.

468 <OUT>

469 EXT. PROTEUS
The last of the fiber clumps is now being removed.

470 SURGICAL CHIEF
Rivulets of sweat are streaming down toward the wrinkled corners of his eyes, causing him to blink.

471 FEMALE SURGICAL AIDE
Seeing his extreme discomfort, she follows the usual procedure of reaching for a towel on the instrument table.

472 TOWEL
A surgical scissors is partially tucked within the folds.

473 INT. OPERATING ROOM
The scissors is not visible from the Aide's angle. As she pulls the towel gently off the table, careful not to make a sound:

474 SCISSORS
Dislodged from the table. CAMERA WHIPS with it toward the floor. On the shattering impact:

475 FLASH CUT - BENES' EAR
It fills the screen, the sound reverberating o.s. Instantly:

476 EXT. COCHLEAR DUCT
The vibrations send the Proteus flying through the clear sea, as if struck by a cataclysmic undersea force. (NOTE: Until the end of this sequence, the vibrations keep on as if they have set off reverberations in endless echo chambers.)

477 GRANT
Flung in one direction.

478 MICHAELS
Hurled off in another direction.

479 CORA

Whipped away from all the others.

480 OWENS IN BUBBLE

Clutching the panel for support.

481 DUVAL IN LAB SECTION

Clutching the laser.

482 EXT. ORGAN OF CORTI - WITH CORA

As she is tossed toward the Cells of Hensen: a series of tall columnar structures, non-rigid, with cuticular plates forming a mosaic pattern.

483 CORA

She is horrified as she sees where she is heading for:

484 P.O.V. - CHASM

One wall consists of the TECTORIAL MEMBRANE, opaque, with built-in huge fibers. The other wall: geometric and translucent. Spaced at intervals are what appear to be electrical conduits with four exposed strands spanning the two walls. All the conduits are vibrating.

485 WITH CORA - DOWN THE CHASM

She is thrust over the curved edge, starts falling head down. She narrowly misses the first connective conduit. Then her Breather Pack snags on one of the strands of the next conduit, which flings her partially to one side so that her legs are caught between the other strands. As she hangs head down, the weight of her body causing the strands -- and herself -- to be whipped back and forth, she is further terrified to see:

486 LONG SHOT - CHASM - CORA'S P.O.V.

All the quadruple strands are vibrating in the seemingly bottomless abyss.

487 BACK TO CORA

As she tries to extricate herself, which causes her to be "vibrated" with even greater intensity:

CORA
(screaming)

Help!

488 EXT. COCHLEAR DUCT

In the distance, the Proteus is being brought under control. Michaels and Grant are in view, swimming against the force set off by the diminishing vibrations in this part of the Ear.

489 GRANT

He hears:

CORA'S VOICE
(barely audible: over
audio)
Please! Help!

Grant looks about. There is no sign of her.

490 CORA

Struggling head down, in terror, she hears:

GRANT'S VOICE
(over audio; in
distance)
Cora! Where are you?

CORA
I don't know! I think I'm caught on
some auditory fibers!

491 EXT. COCHLEAR DUCT

Michaels swims up to Grant.

GRANT
Where would that be?

As Michaels points, Grant hears:

MICHAELS' VOICE
(over audio)
Right down there.

They both swim off in the indicated direction, reach:

492 EXT. EDGE OF CHASM

Both look down. At first they don't see her. Then Grant spots Cora. He points for Michaels' benefit. They see:

493 CORA IN CHASM - THEIR P.O.V.

Far below, still trying to struggle loose.

494 CORA IN CHASM

As she hears:

GRANT'S VOICE
(on audio)
Okay! I can see you!

She stops struggling. But unseen by her, the vibrating strands in which she is entangled have called forth, in apparent response:

495 FEW ANTIBODIES - IN CHASM

Appearing from the far side, and below Cora. They start moving toward her. More Antibodies instantly appear from the same area.

496 EXT. EDGE OF CHASM

Grant and Michaels are swimming over the curved mosaic cells.

497 INSIDE THE CHASM

Grant and Michaels swim down toward Cora on the strands. Now the Antibodies become visible, gathering in increasing numbers as they stream up toward Cora. They are as yet unlinked, but she is unmistakably their target.

MICHAELS

(startled)

Antibodies!... Coming at Cora! She's triggered them off!

498 <OUT>

499 CORA ON STRANDS

From her head-down position, she sees:

500 LONG SHOT - ANTIBODIES - CORA'S P.O.V.

Streaming upward in increasing numbers toward her.

501 GRANT AND MICHAELS - IN CHASM

GRANT

Doctor! Get back in the sub! Quick!

Michaels starts swimming fast as he can toward the Proteus.

502 <OUT>

503 EXT. CHASM - GRANT, CORA AND ANTIBODIES

He is racing to reach Cora before they do.

504 ON THE AUDITORY STRANDS - IN CHASM

From her head-down position, Cora sees vast numbers of: Antibodies, now nearer. Frantic with fear, she tries to free herself, causing the strands to start vibrating again, which calls forth more Antibodies to stream out of the far side. Grant reaches her, starts working desperately to get her loose. She tries to help as he yanks at her Breather Pack, trying to work it off the wires.

505 EXT. PROTEUS - COCHLEAR DUCT

Near the edge of the chasm. Duval is seen at the bow windows, looking out anxiously.

506 INT. PROTEUS

Duval turns as the door of the Escape Hatch opens from within and Michaels steps out. He closes the door quickly. The light over it instantly flashes red.

DUVAL

Where are they?!

As Michaels pulls off his swimming mask, breathing hard:

MICHAELS

Below the Cells of Hensen. If those Antibodies reach her, they'll attack as if she were bacteria...

507 LONG SHOT - ANTIBODIES - IN CHASM - P.O.V. CORA (HEAD DOWN)

They are beginning to link up.

508 EXT. CHASM - CORA AND GRANT

He is still trying to get her Breather Pack loose.

CORA

(frantically)

Hurry! Oh please, please!

He manages to get her pack loose, now starts pulling the strands apart at her ankles so that she can extricate herself. As she finally does, they execute a half-somersault in the stream to start swimming upward. Both get a fleeting look at:

509 LONG SHOT - ANTIBODIES - P.O.V. GRANT AND CORA

The links have now formed chains the <exact length> of Cora.

510 EXT. CHASM - GRANT AND CORA

Grant grabs her at the torso and starts to propel her upward.

511 LONG SHOT - CHASM - ANTIBODIES AND PRINCIPALS

The long links, in vast numbers, now race after the frantically swimming Cora and Grant.

512 EXT. EDGE OF CHASM

Grant and Cora appear, swim over the slippery edge of the mosaic cells. She is too exhausted to keep up the pace. Grant holds her with one arm as he keeps swimming toward:

513 EXT. PROTEUS

Duval and Michaels can be seen at the bow windows, looking out. Owens is visible within the Bubble, peering out anxiously.

514 EXT. VENTRAL HATCH

The two reach it, Grant still helping Cora. They are at the point of exhaustion. Grant reacts as he sees:

515 LIGHT OVER VENTRAL HATCH

Flashing red.

516 EXT. VENTRAL HATCH

Grant waits, hand at the wheel. Cora looks back toward the edge of the chasm for signs of the Antibodies.

CORA

(gasping)

Open it! Open it before they get here!

GRANT

I can't till the hatch is flooded!

At her look of fright, he turns and sees:

517 ANTIBODIES - EDGE OF CHASM - P.O.V. CORA AND GRANT

The long links catapult over the edge of the chasm like Polaris missiles in flight, then begin to execute a turn for a massed attack in the direction of:

518- <OUT>
520

521 EXT. VENTRAL HATCH

The light flashes green. Grant begins turning the wheel quickly as he can.

522 INTERCUT ANTIBODIES

Hurtling down toward Cora, and the wheel turning.

523 EXT. VENTRAL HATCH

Just as the door drops down, the vanguard of the Anti-bodies reaches Cora. Two coils whip transversely around her shoulders. There is no time to tear them off. Grant thrusts Cora through the door, then follows, with the massed attackers streaming in after them.

524 INT. ESCAPE HATCH

Cora is clawing at the Antibodies which are coiling around her from every direction. For the moment, Grant can't help her as he struggles

to close the door against:

525 ANTIBODIES AT VENTRAL DOOR

The crystalline links are forcing their way in, against the pressure of the closing door. Grant struggles with all his strength against the coiling mass. Finally he manages to get the door closed and locked.

526 INT. ESCAPE HATCH - GRANT, CORA AND ANTIBODIES

The water level starts falling, accompanied by the hissing of air pressure. Grant and Cora try to claw at the crystalline structures. But in the extremely narrow confines of the chamber, there is little either can do. Suddenly Cora's expression changes to one of horror and pain.

CORA

(gasping)

They're tightening...

Desperately, Grant tries to get at least one coil loose, but to no avail. The crystalline structures are now constricting around her.

527 INT. PROTEUS

Duval and Michaels stand before the Escape Hatch, waiting for the red light to change to green.

DUVAL

(up at Bubble)

How much longer?!

OWENS' VOICE

(from above)

Ten seconds --

DUVAL

That's too long!

He starts to twist the wheel, to open the Hatch.

528 INT. ESCAPE HATCH

The water is now down to their knees. Grant is still pulling at one of the many links around Cora, but without any effect.

CORA

(barely audible)

Please -- I -- can't -- can't breathe...

And she is cut off as all the Antibodies lock into place. Her mouth remains open, in the manner of someone being choked to death. The crystalline coils about her body give her the appearance of a female Laocoon... Suddenly the entrance door is thrust open behind them.

529 INT. PROTEUS

Water pours out from the Escape hatch as Grant drags Cora out. She falls on the floor. Duval and Michaels instantly start pulling at the Antibodies. Cora is almost unconscious. Grant joins in the frantic effort to free her. And then Owens, who comes bounding down from the Bubble. All four men pull at the structures with all their strength. And suddenly they begin to break off, shattering into crystalline fragments. With some coils broken, the others soon lose their lethal adhesion. Finally Cora is free. As soon as she finds her breath, she begins to cry hysterically. Duval bends over, calming her.

530 INT. OPERATING ROOM

All are still immobile, sweating out the long wait. The Female Surgical Aide who caused the scissors to drop stands holding the towel. The scissors is still on the floor at her feet. In the silence, she carefully reaches out and dabs at the rivulets of sweat running down the Head Surgeon's face. Now all are concentrating on the:

531 TRACKING DEVICES

Moving silently back and forth across Benes' head, the only contact with what is transpiring within.

532 INT. CONTROL TOWER

Reid is looking down into the OPERATING ROOM, Carter is pouring two fresh cups of coffee. At the SOUND of a warning buzz, both look at the TV monitor. They see the INTERIOR OF THE TRACKING POST. The blip is moving on the radar screen.

COMMUNICATIONS AIDE

Proteus proceeding toward Quadrant
75...

Reid takes the coffee which Carter extends.

REID

(relieved)

On their way again...

Carter glances at the Minute Recorder. It now reads <12>. He upends empty sugar container without looking at it.

CARTER

Twelve minutes left --
(breaks off; sees no
sugar)

Of all the time to run out of
sugar...

534 EXT. ENDOLYMPHATIC DUCT

The Proteus is speeding through the very wide passage.

535 INT. PROTEUS

Michaels is spreading out a chart of the Brain, with the help of Duval. As the complexity comes into view, Grant reacts. With glance at the Minute Recorder:

GRANT

Looks like quite a way to go...

MICHAELS

No, we should reach the base of the Brain shortly. And from there, it's not far to the site of the injury.

Suddenly, light pours in. Astonished, Grant sees:

536 HUGE OVAL MEMBRANE - THROUGH BOW WINDOWS

Semi-transparent. The immense pillars which form the Stapes of the Inner Ear are illuminated by the light behind it.

GRANT'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Where's that light coming from?

MICHAELS' VOICE

(o.s.)

The outside world. Filtering in through Benes' Eardrum...

537 INT. PROTEUS

Duval bends over the chart.

DUVAL

(pointing; to Michaels)

That puts us right here... Which means we can head straight for the Sub Arachnoid Cavity.

MICHAELS

Yes...

DUVAL

If we can go in past the Oculomotor Nerve...

As both men remain bent over the chart, conferring, Grant moves into:

538 INT. LAB AND STORAGE SECTION

Cora is lying on the cot. As Grant enters, she starts to rise.

GRANT

No need to get up --

CORA

I feel much better now...

But she remains seated, still weak. As the light grows brighter:

CORA

(quietly)

The outside world... I thought I'd
never see it again.

Grant stops at the laser which is fastened securely, runs his hand
along it.

CORA

(turning to Grant)

Thank you for saving my life.

GRANT

That's what they pay me for.

CORA

A great deal more than that, I
believe...

He looks up from the laser.

GRANT

Such as?

CORA

Keeping an eye on Dr. Duval...

GRANT

(into the silence)

What gives you that idea?

The light now dims back to normal, indicating they have passed the
Eardrum.

CORA

That's why you're really here. I
knew it from the start.

GRANT

As obvious as that? Our Security
people will jump for joy.

(with smile)

I suppose Duval's onto me, too?

CORA

You're not the first, but he's much
too innocent, much too involved with
his work, to realize what's going on
around him.

GRANT

Under a cloud without cause, I take
it.

CORA

Oh, no. Plenty of cause. He won't follow the herd, or change his convictions -- even when they're not popular. And he believes in an absolutely free interchange of information between scientists of different countries -- and these days, there's nothing more suspicious than that.

GRANT

Depends on which end of the telescope you look through.

CORA

What do you mean?

GRANT

Well, if you happen to be very fond of him -- even in love with him -- it would certainly affect your point of view.

Before she can answer, they hear:

DUVAL'S VOICE

(o.s.)

It's out of the question.

MICHAELS' VOICE

(o.s.)

Now be reasonable!

DUVAL'S VOICE

I won't do it.

GRANT

Sounds like trouble...

The two move toward the door.

539 INT. PROTEUS

Grant and Cora silently witness:

DUVAL

It's against my better Judgment...

MICHAELS

Better Judgment?! To wait until the actual operation -- when it may be too late?

DUVAL

I've done all I could with the laser.

MICHAELS

All I'm asking is you test it
beforehand!

DUVAL

If it won't work, it's beyond my
power to fix it. But if it does,
there's no telling how long it will
hold up. It's a jury rig, at best,
and we'll need every second of use
we can get out of it. That's why I
don't want to put any extra strain
on the connections by running
unnecessary tests.

MICHAELS

Dr. Duvall I insist you test the
laser.

DUVAL

(angrily)

I'll do nothing of the sort! The
operation is <my> responsibility! I
won't do it, and that's final!

MICHAELS

(controlling himself
with difficulty)

As usual, you want everything your
way. Except this time there's more
than your damned ego at stake.

DUVAL

(tightly)

I know only too well what's in the
balance, Doctor. And it's not my
ego, damned or otherwise.

540 GRANT

Looking thoughtfully after Duval.

541 INT. CONTROL TOWER

Reid and Carter are relieved to hear:

COMMUNICATIONS AIDE

Proteus turning into Quadrant 791
Level F.

Reid presses button.

542 INT. OPERATING ROOM

Still in tableau. All hear:

REID'S VOICE

(o.s.)
The Proteus has passed the Inner
Ear.

Instantly the tension breaks. There is coughing, clearing of throats.
Someone sneezes, evoking:

AD LIBS
-- Just in time! I couldn't hold
it back another second!
-- I was afraid to <breathe>!
-- My foot's asleep.
-- Only one?
-- I thought I'd die when the
scissors hit the floor!

The Female Surgical Aide picks up the scissors.

543 INT. CONTROL TOWER

Reid is moving to the window overlooking the MAIN OPS ROOM. Carter
turns from the Minute Recorder, which now reads <8>.

CARTER
(on edge)
Only eight minutes left...

As he joins Reid and both look down into the MAIN OPS ROOM, they see
the Grid Officer moving the Proteus to the Quadrant at the base of the
Brain.

REID
(softly)
Imagine -- they're in the Human
Mind --

544 <OUT>

545 CEREBRAL LIGHTS

A dazzling display of flashing lights fills the screen. Then as the
CAMERA PANS DOWN slowly, we see a high wall of complex circuitry, in
which the tiny lights glow on and off rapidly. Finally, as the CAMERA
NEARS the bottom, it reveals:

546 EXT. PROTEUS - IN CRANIAL FJORD

The sub seems a mere speck as it cruises through a chasm formed by two
walls of similar circuitry and electronic pyrotechnics. There is a
sense of order despite the complexity.

547 INT. PROTEUS

Grant has joined Cora and Duval at the bow. The three are deeply
impressed and moved by what they see. Michaels remains at the chart.
As they look on:

DUVAL

(softly)

"Yet all the suns that light the
Corridors of the Universe shine dim,
Before the blazing of a Single
Thought -- "

GRANT

"Proclaiming in incandescent glory
The myriad Mind of Man..."

Cora looks at Grant in rather surprised awareness of this other side
of him.

MICHAELS

Very poetic, gentlemen. You seem to
see a great deal out there. Let me
know when we pass the Soul.

Duval turns from the bow windows to face Michaels with the answer:

DUVAL

(quietly)

The Soul? The finite mind cannot
comprehend Infinity. And the Soul
which comes from God is Infinite.

MICHAELS

Take a close look at your Soul, and
your Infinity, and your God out
there --

548 GRANT

In thoughtful response to:

MICHAELS' VOICE

(O.S.)

-- and you'll find it's nothing but
a combination of atoms, molecules --

549 INT. PROTEUS

Not letting Duval interrupt:

MICHAELS

--and certain chemicals involving
proteins --

DUVAL

You left something out.

MICHAELS

What's that?

DUVAL

(flatly)

The Breath of God...

Before Michaels can reply:

OWENS' VOICE

(from Bubble)

Doctor -- what's that up ahead?

They turn toward bow, see:

550 EXT. FOREST OF DENDRITES

As it comes into view with the sub turning the corner of the chasm: a huge semi-circular area of branchlike nerves, through which the cerebral lights flash. In the center is the site of the injury. The lights stop at its perimeter, as if short-circuited, causing a dark area.

DUVAL

(up at Bubble)

There it is. That's the site of the injury -- the dark spot. We'd better get prepared.

They move into the Lab Section, where they put on their Breather Packs quickly during:

MICHAELS

It's too late...

Startled, they follow his look, see the Minute Recorder now reads <6>.

MICHAELS

You couldn't possibly operate and get out before the hour's up.

(up at Bubble)

Captain, keep going. Head for the Removal Point.

He begins to spread out a map of the Removal Area.

DUVAL

Removal Point? What're you talking about!

MICHAELS

We have no alternative. With only six minutes left, we'll just barely make it.

GRANT

(up at Bubble)

Hold it, Skipper.

(to Michaels)

What happens if we overstay?

MICHAELS

Once time's up, De-Miniaturization begins. In a matter of seconds the ship will grow big enough to become a danger to the System. Then White Corpuscles will swarm to destroy it, as they would any invader.

GRANT

(up at Bubble)

How long will it take to get from here to the Removal Point?

OWENS' VOICE

(from above)

Approximately two minutes.

DUVAL

That still leaves me four minutes to operate.

MICHAELS

All you'll succeed in doing is getting us trapped!

(glancing at Minute Recorder)

Captain, you will proceed immediately to the Removal Point.

OWENS' VOICE

(from above)

Yes sir.

Grant moves quickly to the Manual Panel and throws some key switches into the OFF position.

551 INT. BUBBLE

Owens is startled to see the lights over the buttons go off, rendering the controls inoperative. The sub comes to a stop at some distance from the Forest of Dendrites and the dark area up ahead.

OWENS

My power's gone!

(looks down, sees him)

Grant -- what're you doing!

551A INT. PROTEUS

With manner of taking over:

GRANT

Get the laser, Dr. Duval.

As Duval and Cora move quickly into the Lab Section:

MICHAELS

(furiously)

I'm in charge of this mission! You were instructed to take orders from me, not give them!

GRANT

Sorry, but the situation has changed.

MICHAELS

Nothing has changed as far as <my> authority goes! He is <not> going to operate! Not in the little time we have left! There's no chance of success! It's sheer suicide for all of us!

He breaks off as Duval and Cora come out of the Lab Section carrying the laser and power unit. As they move to the Escape Hatch door, which Grant opens:

MICHAELS

(furiously)

Dr. Duval, you are not going through with this! I absolutely forbid it! I'm responsible for the lives of everyone here! I will not allow you or anyone else to leave this ship!

DUVAL

I'm going to do what I can to save Benes.

He steps into the Escape Hatch with Cora. Grant closes the door.

MICHAELS

(raging at Grant)

You fool! Don't you see what you've done? You've given him a perfect opportunity to kill Benes!

The lights start flashing red, indicating the Escape Hatch is being flooded. Grant puts on his Breather Pack during:

GRANT

I don't believe that.

MICHAELS

Why not? Because of his gibberish about GOD and the Soul? Camouflage -- that's all it is -- to blind the gullible like you! And to hide his real identity -- a fanatic whose only purpose is to kill Benes! And you made it possible!

The light over the Escape Hatch turns green. As Grant opens the door:

GRANT

I've come up against fanatics
before, and Duval just doesn't fit
the pattern.

(up at Bubble)

I'm going out there, Skipper. Maybe
I can be of some help...

OWENS

Remember -- we can't take more than
five minutes to get out.

As Grant starts closing the door, he glances at:

551B MINUTE RECORDER

It now reads <5>.

551C INT. PROTEUS

Grant closes the door. The light over it flashes red. Michaels moves
to the bow window to observe:

552- <OUT>
553

554 EXT. SITE OF INJURY - P.O.V. MICHAELS

Duval and Cora are swimming toward the dark spot with the laser and
the power unit. They reach:

555 EXT. SITE OF INJURY - CLOSER

Duval presses the laser control, not knowing if it will work. To his
relief, a beam of light shoots out. Instantly a small portion of the
clot begins to light up. This gradual encroachment of flashing lights
in place of the dark area marks the progress of the operation.

556- <OUT>
557

557A EXT. VENTRAL HATCH

Grant drops out and starts toward Duval and Cora.

558 SECTION OF THROMBUS IN BRAIN

The laser beam is slowly dissolving away a small portion of the vast
darkness. Grant swims up. He glances at his wrist watch.

GRANT

How does it look, Doctor?

DUVAL

(as he works)

If I can relieve the pressure on a
few key vessels...

More of the dark area lights up.

559 <OUT>

560 INT. PROTEUS - AT BOW WINDOWS

Watching, Michaels responds grimly to the increasing number of flashing lights in the injured area. He turns with grim resolution from the bow.

MICHAELS
(up at Bubble)
Skipper...

560A INT. BUBBLE

Owens is startled to hear:

MICHAELS' VOICE
(from below)
There seems to be something wrong
with the Escape Hatch...

OWENS
What do you mean?

MICHAELS' VOICE
(from below;
imperatively)
Fluid is seeping through. Better
come down and have a look!

Quickly, Owens starts slipping out of his harness, starts down the ladder leading into:

560B INT. PROTEUS - AT ESCAPE HATCH DOOR

Michaels is not visible in the angle of the shot as Owens moves to the Escape Hatch, looking for the seepage. Seeing nothing wrong:

OWENS
(turning; puzzled)
I don't see any sign of --

He breaks off, his expression reflecting horrified surprise as a hand wielding the heavy crank of the winch smashes down on his head before he has a chance to dodge it. Owens slumps to the floor at the feet of:

561 MICHAELS

He drops the heavy tool, goes quickly to the Manual Panel, throws the switches back into the ON position, restoring all the controls to where they were before Grant changed them. Then he climbs up into:

562 INT. BUBBLE

The lights over the buttons are all on again, indicating the controls are in working order. As Michaels sits down hastily and begins to slip into the harness, with him we see:

563 <OUT>

564 EXT. SITE OF INJURY

Duval is aiming the laser in short bursts at a dark area around the large Central Nerve. Grant glances at his wrist watch.

GRANT

Doctor, we've just about had it.

DUVAL

It I can clear this Central Nerve,
that <may> be enough...

Unseen by them:

565 LONG SHOT - PROTEUS

In the distance it is swinging around in a wide arc <above> them.

566- <OUT>

567

568 INT. BUBBLE

As Michaels maneuvers into position, he responds grimly to:

569 EXT. SITE OF INJURY - P.O.V. INT. BUBBLE

Light begins to play along sections of the Central Nerve.

570- <OUT>

571

572 INT. BUBBLE

The bow is now lined up straight with the Central Nerve. Face set, Michaels presses the FULL SPEED button.

573 EXT. JETS

The churning indicates full power is on. The Proteus spurts ahead, speeding toward:

574 EXT. SITE OF INJURY - CENTRAL NERVE

More and more of the Central Nerve lights up as the intervening darkness is dissolved by precise bursts of the laser beam. Unaware of the oncoming sub, Duval and Cora keep working. As Grant glances at his wrist watch, electrical impulses begin racing in a continuous flow through the Central Nerve, which is now incandescent along its entire height.

DUVAL
That should be enough...

He looks critically at the results, as he normally would.

GRANT
We better get back to the sub. Every
second counts now.

CORA
(suddenly)
Look! They follow the direction of
her glance, are startled to see:

575 EXT. PROTEUS

Speeding directly toward the Central Nerve high above them. The person
in the Bubble is indeterminate at the distance and angle.

CORA'S VOICE
(o.s.)
It's heading right for the Nerve!

DUVAL'S VOICE
(o.s., confused)
I don't understand...

576 EXT. SITE OF INJURY

As they watch helplessly:

GRANT
(getting idea)
The laser! Let me have the laser!

Grant grabs the laser from Duval. With Cora trailing, holding the
power unit, Grant leads the way upward at an angle to intercept:

577- <OUT>
589

590 EXT. PROTEUS

It is speeding toward the Central Nerve like a projectile homing in on
a target.

591 INT. BUBBLE

The incandescent Central Nerve looms closer and closer. Michaels holds
the controls in place with the fixed look of a pilot on a suicide
course.

592 GRANT, CORA AND PROTEUS

He stops swimming. She remains near him. The sub is now over their
heads, at an angle which makes the rudder visible.

GRANT

Give me your widest beam! Full
power!

Cora turns a dial on the power unit. Grant takes careful aim. A wide beam shoots out from the laser, across the intervening distance and hits:

593 EXT. RUDDER AND REAR HULL

The concentrated light disintegrates the rudder and burns open a large section of the hull.

593A INT. LAB SECTION

Fluid pours through the hole into:

594 <OUT>

594A INT. PROTEUS

The intact section with its trapped air holds off total inundation. The unconscious Owens stirs, face up, the liquid just short of covering him. The sub begins to keel, owing to the inflow.

594B INT. BUBBLE

Michaels wrestles with the controls, trying to keep on course, as the Central Nerve ahead looms closer and closer. For a moment it appears he will be able to ram it. But the increasing tilt suddenly causes:

594C EXT. PROTEUS - CENTRAL NERVE

To dive at a sharp angle, just barely missing the Central Nerve.

595 INT. BUBBLE

Michaels wrestles with the controls, but to no avail. Through the Bubble, he is startled to see:

596 EXT. FOREST OF DENDRITES - P.O.V. BUBBLE

It looms closer and closer as the Proteus dives inexorably toward:

597 EXT. FOREST OF DENDRITES

Treelike branching nerves form an intricate mesh as if in a dense forest. The Proteus careens into it, tearing loose a section of nerve fibers. The sub keels over on one side.

598 <OUT>

598A INT. BUBBLE

Now at a sharp tilt. The impact causes one of the arms of the swivel chair to spring out of place, pinning Michaels to the seat. Lying at an angle, he struggles to break loose, without avail. Suddenly his

startled eyes fix on:

599 THE MINUTE RECORDER ON CONTROL PANEL

It flashes <0>. The lights begin to dim.

599A INT. CONTROL TOWER - MINUTE RECORDER

Flashing <0>. The SOUND of a warning siren is on loud. It continues during the scene, adding urgency to the reactions of all. Reid and Carter exchange grim looks.

REID

Time's up... We'll have to take them out immediately.

CARTER

It means killing Benes...

(savagely)

And for all we know, they may have completed the operation!

(slamming table)

Damn it to hell!

He turns away. Reid goes to the window overlooking the OPERATING ROOM.

REID

Remove the Proteus...

599B INT. OPERATING ROOM

For a moment only the undulating wail of the warning siren is heard. Then:

CHIEF SURGEON

Prepare for trepanation...

One of the Surgical Technicians begins swabbing Benes' head with alcohol.

599C <OUT>

599D INT. BUBBLE

The lights are almost out. It is now lit only by the eerie glow of the pulsing flashes in the Forest of Dendrites. Michaels is vainly trying to pry the steel arm loose, but it holds him in a vise-like grip in the chair. He looks fearfully toward the bow window, as if knowing what to expect next.

600 EXT. EDGE OF FOREST OF DENDRITES

Grant, Duval and Cora are swimming through the maze of nerves toward the sub lying at a sharp keel.

GRANT

The ship's good as finished. We'll

have to get out on our own! Is there
a quick way out?

DUVAL

We could follow the Optic Nerve to
the corner of the Eye.

CORA

It's beginning to grow...

They stop, treading water as they see:

600A EXT. PROTEUS

Growing visibly before their eyes.

600AA INT. BUBBLE

Michaels reacts as he sees the dendrites outside growing <smaller>,
which indicates the sub and he are growing larger.

600B EXT. EDGE OF FOREST OF DENDRITES

DUVAL

We've got to get them out.

As he starts toward the sub, Grant stops him.

GRANT

Hold it...

They follow his look, see:

601 WHITE CORPUSCLES - IN FOREST OF DENDRITES

Huge monster-like blobs are starting to ooze through the nerves toward
the Proteus, which is now about a quarter as large as when last seen,
and growing rapidly.

CORA'S VOICE

(o.s., horrified)

White Corpuscles!

602 EXT. EDGE OF FOREST OF DENDRITES

DUVAL

They'll ingest the ship and
everything in it!

GRANT

Stay here, both of you. Hold them
off, if you can.

He hands the laser to Duval and starts swimming toward:

602A EXT. PROTEUS - IN FOREST OF DENDRITES

The White Corpuscles are slithering through the interlaced dendrites. They are still some distance from the disabled sub.

602 MICHAELS - IN BUBBLE

He is horrified to see the White Corpuscles slide into his view, though still removed from the sub. He renews his frantic effort to break loose from the steel grip of the sprung arm.

602BB EXT. DAMAGED HULL

Grant swims the hole through into:

602CC INT. LAB AND STORAGE SECTION

Quickly he makes his way through the narrow flooded area, picking up two Breather Packs en route.

602DD INT. PROTEUS

Grant emerges into the air-filled portion, pushes up his swim mask. He takes in the prone Owens and Michaels pinned in the Bubble as:

MICHAELS
(frantically)
Grant! Help!

For a moment Grant stands between the unconscious man and the one trapped in the Bubble. Then he hurriedly unzips Owens' jumper, revealing the swim suit beneath. Owens regains consciousness. During the above:

GRANT
What happened?

OWENS
(in a daze)
Dr. Michaels... He went berserk...

GRANT
(with realization)
Berserk nothing. He's the one who's
been sabotaging the mission...
(handing him Breather
Pack)
Get this on. Hurry!

MICHAELS' VOICE
(from Bubble;
frantically)
Grant!

602EE INT. BUBBLE

A monster-like cell is slithering toward the Bubble. Michaels is tearing at the steel arm that holds him to the chair.

MICHAELS
(with growing terror)
Macrophages!

Moving against the extreme tilt, Grant appears. Responding to the oncoming White Corpuscle, Grant pulls at the steel arm with all his strength.

MICHAELS
(during above)
Get me out of here. Get me out!!

For all his effort, Grant is unable to free Michaels.

602FF WHITE CORPUSCLE

Gradually oozes over the entire Bubble, covering it.

602GG INT. BUBBLE

Grant makes a last desperate effort to free Michaels as he sees the Bubble begin to dissolve beneath the body of the adhering White Corpuscle. As the fluid body begins flowing over Michaels:

MICHAELS
(in terror)
No...no...

His scream is cut off by the White Corpuscle engulfing him. Grant jumps back into:

602HH INT. PROTEUS

OWENS
Come on -- it's no use!

GRANT
We can get out through the Lab
Section.

Both pull down their swim masks. Owens moves off, followed by Grant.

602II INT. LAB SECTION

Owens is swimming through the hole. Grant follows through the cramped area.

602JJ EXT. PROTEUS

Owens appears, swims off toward Duval and Cora. The two are working the laser and power unit. Duval is hitting the White Corpuscles and dissolving them in an attempt to keep them off the sub, but without avail. The monster cells are swarming in greater numbers.

602KK EXT. DAMAGED RUDDER

A monster White Corpuscle is flowing along it, down toward the hole.

As Grant now emerges, the White Corpuscle grasps him in its tentacles.

602B- <OUT>
602D

602E GRANT AND WHITE CORPUSCLE

He struggles, unable to break out of the fluid mass which engulfs him.

602F EXT. EDGE OF FOREST OF DENDRITES

Duval and Cora swim up. Duval aims the laser, presses the trigger. The beam shoots out with surgical precision, making a direct hit on:

602G VACUOLE OF WHITE CORPUSCLE

The nucleus of the monster cell disintegrates, releasing Grant. He swims quickly toward:

602H EXT. FOREST OF DENDRITES

The three see another White Corpuscle moving after Grant. Duval dissolves it just as the laser goes dead. As Grant reaches them:

GRANT

You said there was a quick way out!

DUVAL

What about Dr. Michaels?

GRANT

It's too late!

Duval drops the laser, turns and starts to swim off. Cora drops the power unit. With Duval in the lead, they swim as fast as they can through:

602I EXT. FOREST OF DENDRITES

The dendrites are now <smaller> in relation to the four as they keep on through the Cranial Region of flashing lights.

603 EXT. PROTEUS

White Corpuscles are now festooned all over the sub and flowing in through the Bubble and damaged portion of the hull.

604- <OUT>
606

607 EXT. EDGE OF FOREST OF DENDRITES

The swimmers look back and respond to:

607A EXT. PROTEUS

It is crumbling like the Hindenburg Zeppelin. The White Corpuscles are

swarming over the remains, ingesting every particle.

607B THE GROUP

Reacting to the destructive power of these internal defenders. They swim off.

608- <OUT>
616

616A INT. OPERATING ROOM

The Chief Surgeon's gloves are on. Now all start to take their places around the Operating Table. The operating beams are switched on. The Chief Surgeon holds out one hand. A Surgical Nurse slaps a scalpel into it.

616B INT. CONTROL TOWER

Standing at the window overlooking the OPERATING ROOM, Carter and Reid can see the Chief Surgeon bending down over Benes' head, about to make an incision. Carter suddenly gets an idea, presses button.

CARTER

Hold it, Doctor!

616C BENES' HEAD AND SCALPEL

The cutting edge is a fraction of an inch from the shaved head. It stops just in time. The Chief Surgeon and the Surgical Team around the table look up toward the window.

617 <OUT>

618 INT. CONTROL TOWER

Reid looks tensely at Carter.

REID

What is it?

CARTER

That blip we're picking up might only be the radio-active particle. The Proteus may already be destroyed...

REID

What're you getting at?

CARTER

(thoughtfully)

If I were in their place and I'd run out of time, I'd abandon the ship before I grew to dangerous size... and use the few extra minutes to get out the quickest way possible, on my

own...

REID

(with quick realization)

Along the Optic Nerve to the Eye.

Swiftly, Reid crosses to the window overlooking the OPERATING ROOM. He presses button.

619 INT. OPERATING ROOM

The Chief Surgeon and the others exchange tense looks as they hear:

REID'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Wait thirty seconds...

He rushes through the door leading down to the Operating Room.

620 <OUT>

621 EXT. ARACHNOID CORRIDOR - RIGHT OPTIC NERVE

Composed of a cobweb of fibers. Sausage-like links, pinched in the center, compose the walls of the winding passage. These are the Nodes of Ranvier. Intermittent flashes leap across the Nodes, of varying intensity and duration.

622 THE GROUP - IN RIGHT OPTIC NERVE

As he keeps swimming, Duval turns his head to the others.

DUVAL

(encouragingly)

Light impulses -- on the way to the
Brain! We're nearing the Eye!

They swim on with renewed effort. They are now larger in relation to what they pass. Cora starts to fall behind, unable to maintain the pace, for all her valiant effort. Grant puts one arm around her waist and thus manages to keep after Duval and Owens.

623- <OUT>

628

629 EXT. APEX OF CORNEA

The four climb up on what appears to be the top of a huge transparent mound. The fluid is rapidly seeping upward from the channel below. A low-domed ceiling -- the inside of the Eyelid -- which is bisected by a crack, necessitates their crawling over the mound toward a crevice which affords more height. They force themselves along exhausted, and reach:

630 <OUT>

631 INT. CREVICE BETWEEN EYELIDS

The four reach the grotto-like niche, where they can stand erect at their increased size. As they rise from their crawling position and lean panting in exhaustion against the wall:

632- <OUT>
639

640 INT. OPERATING ROOM

Reid wheels over a magnifying glass mounted on a stand. He bends down and pries open Benes' right Eyelid.

641 INT. CREVICE BETWEEN RIGHT EYELIDS

The four, their breath now regained, react in response to the unexpected:

642 PARTING OF RIGHT EYELIDS

The bisected dome above them parts like the walls of the Red Sea. Simultaneously the beam of the operating lights blaze in with blinding intensity, causing the four to shield their eyes and look down into the retina.

642A KALEIDOSCOPIIC EFFECT

A symphony of colors is reflecting from the cones far beneath, through the VITREOUS BODY and the manifold furrows of the IRIS.

643- <OUT>
645

646 REID

He is bringing the magnifying glass into focal position. As he squints through it, he reacts on seeing:

647 THE FOUR - THROUGH MAGNIFYING GLASS - ON SURFACE OF EYEBALL

Now magnified, we see the four figures being swept inexorably toward the far corner of the Eye by a flood of water.

REID

(o.s.)

A glass slide! Quick!

Through the magnifying glass, we see their frantic attempts to fight the sweep of the cascade. Just as the four near the fall-off point, where the corner of the lids Join, the magnified end of a glass slide comes into view and catches the teardrop -- with the four in it.

648 INT. OPERATING ROOM

Reid carefully straightens up, holding the glass slide. He can barely see:

649 EXT. GLASS SLIDE

Tiny specks are visible in the teardrop, moving about in the fluid.

650 INT. OPERATING ROOM

All respond to Reid's imperative:

REID

Open those doors!

Holding the slide so the teardrop doesn't spill, Reid moves quickly through the sliding doors into the Miniaturization Room.

650A INT. CONTROL TOWER

Carter rushes to the window overlooking the MINIATURIZATION ROOM.

650B INT. MINIATURIZATION ROOM

All group around in silence, holding their breath as Reid very slowly and carefully bends down and places the glass slide on the platform. Above, at the window, Carter can be seen looking down.

651 EXT. GLASS SLIDE - ON FLOOR

The tiny spots are growing visibly before our eyes.

652 INT. CONTROL TOWER

Carter, looking down into the MINIATURIZATION ROOM, reacts as the four dots below on the glass slide continue to grow and grow to the point where they can be discerned on the platform, and a bedraggled quartet it is. They look like survivors of a shipwreck: dripping wet, exhausted, all the fight knocked out of them. Owens is seated, head between his drawn-up knees; Cora is leaning against Grant for support; Duval is fighting for breath.

653 <OUT>

653A INT. MINIATURIZATION ROOM

Now fully grown, the four look about, amazed at where they are. And the Surgical Team and Reid encircling them are staring with equal confoundment...

DISSOLVE

TO:

654 INT. CORRIDOR - <CMDF> HOSPITAL SECTION - DAY

Grant and Owens are driving a scooter. Both are rested, freshly groomed. The scooter goes through door marked:

<MEDICAL DIVISION>

The scooter stops in:

654A- <OUT>
658

658A INT. MEDICAL FOYER

They alight and go through door leading into:

658B INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

As Grant and Owens enter, they see Benes is propped up on his bed, with Carter, Duval, Cora and Reid grouped around him. Grant moves immediately to Benes.

GRANT

(warmly; extending hand)

Hello, Mr. Benes... How's the prize patient?

Benes smiles as they shake hands.

DUVAL

(beaming)

He's making a fine recovery.

CORA

He certainly is. He should be up and about in no time.

OWENS

That's great.

Grant and Owens look toward Carter, who is pacing, visibly upset.

CARTER

(answering their look)

Oh yes, great. The only problem is, he can't remember what he came to tell us.

GRANT

Can't remember?... What do you mean?

CARTER

He's blanked out on that one particular point.

REID

Yes, he can remember everything -- except how to control De-Miniaturization...

GRANT

Oh, no.

OWENS

After all that.

DUVAL

A specific area of memory may have
been destroyed by the laser beam
when Dr. Michaels interfered.

CARTER

As long as it isn't a certainty,
we've got to try everything possible
to make him remember!

OWENS

Well, if you have no further need
for me...

GRANT

Yes, we'd like to get moving.

CARTER

(mind only on Benes)

Why don't you go on. We'll meet you
at the Clearance Desk in a few
minutes.

He paces, looking at Benes while:

GRANT

Good-bye, Mr. Benes. I must say it's
been quite an experience knowing
you.

Benes smiles weakly at the double-entendre. As Grant starts out with
Owens:

CARTER

Now how soon can we try Sodium
Pentathol?

REID

I'd hold that off awhile.

CARTER

Well, how about hypnosis? That can't
hurt him!

Benes closes his eyes wearily.

DUVAL

I suggest the first thing we try is
letting the patient get some rest.

As he starts herding them out and they reach the door, they are
startled by a loud CRASH o.s. They rush out.

658C <OUT>

659 TWO SCOOTERS - AT INTERSECTION

Another scooter has run into the one containing Grant and Owens with such impact that the two have been tossed out. The M.P. is blowing his whistle, stopping all traffic.

660 THE GROUP

Carter, Reid, Duval and Cora are running toward:

661 THE INTERSECTION

Grant is rising, holding the side of his head. Owens, dazed but uninjured, is also getting up. As the others reach them:

DUVAL

(of Grant)

He may have a head injury!

(to Reid)

Get him to the hospital!

Instantly, Grant grabs Owens and hustles him to their scooter.

GRANT

Who, me? Oh, no! Don't bother about me! We're not hurt! Isn't that right, Skipper?

OWENS

(dazed)

Uh -- what?

GRANT

(getting him into scooter)

We feel great, don't we? Just <great>?!

OWENS

(catching on)

Oh -- sure, sure! Never better!

GRANT

(taking off)

Nothing wrong with us! Not a thing! We're fine -- just fine!

In his haste, he almost runs into another scooter but averts a crash by a matter of inches. He keeps going at top speed, by-passing the stopped traffic by traveling in the wrong lane.

662 LONG SHOT - SCOOTER

As it is lost to view down the long corridor...

FADE OUT

T H E E N D

