

The Urban Legend
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First Draft

FADE IN:

EXT. PEKING CITY SQUARE 1927 - DAY

The marketplace is a mass of chaotic activity.

On one side of the square stands the city's library, on the opposite end, the Peking Museum of Antiquities. A massive throng of humanity surges through the cobblestone square. Merchants and farmers sell their wares from wooden carts as children play in the streets in front of the large stone buildings.

Rickshaw drivers carry passengers to and fro under the watchful eye of a few uniformed POLICEMEN.

On the horizon, billowing storm clouds build and move over the city with an ominous swiftness. A low DRONE emanates from within the cover.

Most people pay little attention save for a few merchants who begin packing up their merchandise to ride out the impending storm.

Without warning, a bolt of lightening strikes a peddler's tent. It catches fire and everyone scurries for cover.

Streaks of lightening begin striking everywhere with incredible force. Roads are blown open. Walls are shattered. People scream. Panic fills the streets.

From out of the clouds, a small shape appears and descends earthward. A tethered oval pod the size of a city bus looms over the marketplace finally coming to rest in its center. A metal doorway opens and THREE MECHAHUMANS glide out. The 12-foot tall human like mechas have flexible, black metal skins with rounded smooth edges. They immediately begin firing lightening blasts from their hands.

Gliding toward the Museum of Antiquities, they blow the heavy iron doors off their hinges and move inside.

CUT TO:

INT. MUSEUM - CONTINUOUS

Blasting through walls and exhibits the three metal giants move through the building as if looking for something.

They stop at a glass case which holds a crescent shaped semicircle made of clear crystal. One of the mechas smashes a steel hand through and grabs the crystal.

EXT. CITY SQUARE - CONTINUOUS

The mechas explode through a wall and return to the tethered pod.

It ascends back into the dark clouds and the "storm" begins to roll off.

CUT TO:

EXT. ABOVE NEW YORK CITY - DAY

SWOOPING OUT OF THE CLOUDS the city stretches out in every direction. It's 1927, but things are a little out of place. Buildings, cars, and machinery seem a bit more automated, a bit more modern. Closer inspection reveals an intricate system of pulleys, cogs, levers, and gears operating even the simplest device.

The streamline Art Deco/Moderne facades of towering skyscrapers glisten in the setting sun.

Moving low over a city street, businessmen and workers hustle down sidewalks to make it home. Newsboys hawk late editions of the paper. Women and children scurry about carrying packages from the day's shopping adventures.

Outside the light of day, there seems to be a dark undercurrent just below the city's surface. A few young PUNKS hang out on street corners. Off-streets and alleyways seem a little darker; more menacing.

SWOOP DOWN ON:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A young boy, JACK, tentatively turns down an alley as darkness overtakes the city. He carries a small paper bag and some schoolbooks over his shoulder. He cautiously moves down the alley, alert to every sound.

A garbage can lid falls and the boy nearly jump out of his skin.

JACK

Who's there?

No reply.

JACK (CONT'D)

(terrified)

I'm not scared.

He continues down the back street when a hand reaches from the shadows and grabs him. He SHRIEKS.

Three young TOUGHS step into the light.

TOUGH #1

Where you going, pally?

JACK

Leave me alone. I didn't do nothing.

tough #2 This is our strip. Did we say you could come down here?

TOUGH #3

You're walking on private property.
You gotta pay us a toll.

Jack backs against a dirty brick wall, his knees shaking.

JACK

You guys better not do nothing to me.

The three close in around him.

TOUGH #1

Why not, pally? Is your mommy gonna get us?

JACK

The Urban Legend will.

The three punks break up laughing.

TOUGH #2

Ooooooh, did ya hear that? The Urban Legend might get us.

JACK

He goes after people like you.

TOUGH #1

If he were real. The Urban Legend is a kiddies story.

JACK

It is not. He's real and he's gonna get you.

TOUGH #3

Let's kill this kid for being so stupid.

Pulling back and letting go, Jack smashes one of the toughs in the stomach with his book bag. Seizing an opportunity he runs.

The three punks give chase and are gaining ground on the younger boy as...

...Jack races around a blind alley and is hit by the headlights of an oncoming car. He stands frozen as a sleek low-riding roadster, that seems to go on forever, swerves to miss him.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

The car's driver, TRAYNOR PIERCE, yells out the window as Jack jumps back onto the curb.

TRAYNOR
Get out of the road! Are you trying
to get me killed?

Traynor, early thirties with flowing dark hair, sharp features and ego to burn, regains his composure and looks into his rearview mirror. Jack runs off.

TRAYNOR (CONT'D)
I can't believe that kid.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The yellow roadster continues down the street and disappears in the darkness.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BLUE NOTE SPEAKEASY - NIGHT

Black shoes hit the pavement as a well dressed MAN and his DATE step out of an immense touring car. A VALET takes the man's keys and obediently drives the car away. Traynor's car pulls up next to the curb and a DOORMAN steps up and opens the door.

DOORMAN
Good evening, Mr. Pierce. Good to
see you again.

TRAYNOR
What's it been, Blakley, about sixteen
hours?

DOORMAN
Twelve, sir.

The doorman signals for the valet as Traynor makes his way to a run down brick building. He descends a flight of stairs and knocks twice on an impenetrable oak door. A panel opens and TOBY HANNAH'S face appears.

TOBY
Traynor! Come on in.

The door swings open and Traynor moves into...

INT. THE BLUE NOTE - CONTINUOUS

The speakeasy is jammed with people like it is every night. Toby, a bear of a man with a deep throated laugh, throws his arms around Traynor.

TOBY

I'm so glad to see you. You know you're my favorite customer.

TRAYNOR

Everyone's your favorite customer as long as they're spending money.

TOBY

No one ever got rich catering to poor people. Hey, is that a new suit? Looks great on you.

Traynor breaks out of Toby's bear hug.

TRAYNOR

Is anybody else here?

TOBY

They're all here. Near the back I think.

Traynor moves away through the crowd.

TRAYNOR

Thanks.

The place throbs with excitement while a four piece band sends a hot jazz, swing, ragtime rhythm pulsating through the club.

Traynor makes his way to the back where he spots ARLINGTON WEBB and WILL ELLISON. He moves to the table and is greeted warmly by his friends.

TRAYNOR (*CONT'D*)

How's the cat shaking, guys?

Arlington, a gangly man with a thin mustache, offers Traynor a chair.

ARLINGTON

Where've you been? We've been here for an hour.

WILL

Lighten up, mother Arlington.

TRAYNOR

I almost hit some kid that ran into the street. It was no big deal.

Heavysset with narrow eyes and a wide waist, Will pushes a drink in front of Traynor.

WILL

We started without you.

Traynor casts an eye toward the crowd and begins scanning.

TRAYNOR

So who's on tap tonight? Anything new out there?

WILL

There's never anyone new. It's always the same women we've all known and loved.

ARLINGTON

Yeah. We were thinking of going someplace legal just for the change of pace.

TRAYNOR

How about that one?

Traynor points to KATE CALDER, a phenomenal brunette with smooth features and a headstrong attitude, sitting alone at the bar.

ARLINGTON

Not that one.

WILL

I've already seen her take out six guys including me. She's an ice princess.

ARLINGTON

More like an ice queen.

WILL

Ice like that sank the Titanic.

TRAYNOR

I like a challenge.

Traynor slides out of his chair and Will's hand grabs his arm.

WILL

I'm warning you. Don't do it. If she wouldn't go for me, what chance do you have?

TRAYNOR

Amateurs should never play on a professional's field.

Traynor walks off toward Kate.

ARLINGTON

I'll bet you twenty he scores on balls alone.

Traynor confidently saunters to the bar and moves in next to Kate. He motions to BENNY, the affable and ubiquitous bartender.

TRAYNOR
Benny, I'll have one of what the lady's having.

Benny eyes Kate's drink and begins mixing.

BENNY
Sure thing, Mr. Pierce.

Benny sets the drink down and moves on. Traynor leans over Kate's shoulder.

TRAYNOR
You shouldn't have started without me, dear. People might get the wrong idea.

KATE
And what idea is that?

TRAYNOR
That we're not meant for each other.

Traynor smiles a knowing grin and winks at his friends across the room.

KATE
Is that it?

TRAYNOR
What? Is that what?

KATE
The best you can do. Was that your best line?

TRAYNOR
(mock indignation)
That wasn't a line. I really meant what I said.

Kate puts her hand to Traynor's face and turns it to each side. She looks closely, studying him.

KATE
You look a little smarter than the rest. I thought you might come up with something a little more clever.

Kate finishes her drink and stands to leave.

TRAYNOR

What are you talking about? That was a great line. I use it all the time.

KATE

And I'll bet it works on the women who come into places like this.

Traynor is beginning to get flustered as Kate slips past him.

TRAYNOR

You're in a "place like this".

KATE

Oh, that reminds me. If you see the jerk that brought me here, he's tall with glasses and a sloping forehead, tell him I took the train home.

Kate pushes past a stunned Traynor. He looks over to his friends who all hoot and laugh at his rejection. Will waves two twenties in the air. Traynor shrugs, shakes it off and spots a stunning DARK-HAIRED WOMAN near the end of the bar. He moves in close and signals to Benny once again.

TRAYNOR

Benny, I'll have one of what the lady's having.

Benny nods and the woman smiles warmly.

TRAYNOR (CONT'D)

You shouldn't have started without me.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Kate pulls her wrap tightly over her shoulders as she walks down the deserted street.

KATE

That is my last blind date.

Sleek, steel elevated train tracks run above the street. Kate makes it to the platform stairs and begins the long climb to the top. The SCREECHING TRAIN'S WHISTLE is heard in the distance.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BLUE NOTE - NIGHT

The dance floor is jammed as the house band pounds out a hot rhythm.

Traynor, now with a sprightly BLOND, dances near the center of the room.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

The elevated platform is empty except for Kate. Standing near the edge, she looks across the tracks watching for the train.

The WHISTLE blows and the train comes into view. Kate takes a few steps back and waits.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BLUE NOTE - NIGHT

Huddled in a dark booth, Traynor talks quietly to yet a different WOMAN. He pulls the woman close, whispers something and she SCREAMS with laughter.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

The train SCREAMS toward the station.

Kate patiently watches as a concerned look comes over her face. The train seems to be going too fast to make the station stop. She takes a tentative step backward.

Barreling toward the station at nearly 50 miles per hour, the train shows no sign of stopping. 500 yards...400 yards...300.

A panicked look comes over Kate's face as she sees the ENGINEER scrambling in the front compartment.

200 yards.

Kate dashes toward the stairs.

100 yards...50 yards.

The train closes on the station. It hits the track spur switch at full speed and the wheels spin wildly off the tracks. Sparks and black smoke pour from the undercarriage.

Pylons twist and splinter as 200 tons of iron hurtle into the brass and steel station.

The explosion is Earth shaking. Windows of nearby buildings shatter from the shock waves. Flames shoot out in every direction.

Train cars pile up behind the engine pile-driving it further into the station.

CUT TO:

INT. BLUE NOTE - CONTINUOUS

The bar is rocked by the train's explosion. Traynor is thrown against the booth wall and the lights begin flickering.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Mass chaos. Bar patrons pour out into the street in a mad tumble. SCREAMS fill the air as the neighborhood comes alive.

Traynor stumbles up The Blue Note's stairs and sees the street on fire with burning train and station debris. A derailed train car hangs precariously above the street.

His first impulse is to run, but something holds him. He takes a few tentative steps away from the wreckage, then hesitates as if unseen hands block his way.

He turns back. Overcome and full of conviction, Traynor sprints past the dazed onlookers toward the demolished station.

Racing up the stairs of the burning platform, Traynor is met by a sickening sight of twisted metal and flaming wreckage. He sees the dazed engineer wandering near a ticket booth.

ENGINEER

I don't know...I don't know what happened.

TRAYNOR

Was there anyone else on the train?
Is there anyone trapped in there?

ENGINEER

The train was empty, but...but I think I saw someone on the platform.
A woman.

A look of realization comes over Traynor's face. He dashes to the contorted cars, the smoke blinding him.

Traynor climbs into one of the derailed cars and...

INT. TRAIN CAR - CONTINUOUS

...runs down the tilted center aisle looking behind each seat. He moves on to a second car and continues his search. Thick smoke stings his eyes.

Through the shattered train windows he spots a dark figure pinned beneath the station's fallen roof.

Scrambling through the jagged glass window, the platform rumbles sending him off balance. A deep gash slices across his cheek.

EXT. TRAIN STATION PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

Traynor hits the splintered platform and looks down the track to see a second train approaching.

Jumping to the figure's side, through the twisted metal and wood, he sees it is Kate. The second train's WHISTLE sounds. Traynor tugs at her body trying to pull her free. She's wedged in tight.

Looking down between the tracks, Traynor sees an opening. He climbs below the platform, moving hand-over-hand through the metal supports. Kate is balanced precariously above as Traynor hangs from the girders.

The platform shakes violently and large sections of the crumpled station begin dropping 30 feet to the street below.

Pulling himself back up into the platform, Traynor is able to grab Kate's flaccid body. Holding her, he slips back down to the girders.

The lights of the approaching train illuminate the wreckage.

The train's brakes SQUEAL. A hard jolt causes Traynor to lose balance and Kate slips from his arms. He manages to grab her wrist as he dangles, one-handed, from the distressed structure.

The second train's impact is imminent.

Acting quickly, he spots a convertible parked nearby and swings Kate's body. After a moment, he lets her go and she drops harmlessly into the back seat.

The incoming train collides with the already wrecked train creating a thunderous explosion.

The entire elevated structure begins to collapse.

The metal beam that Traynor clings to begins to break away. He braces himself as it bows out and propels him toward a coffee shop window.

Glass and brick shatter as Traynor rolls roughly into a corner of the shop. On his feet in an instant, he rushes out into the street. Mayhem. Train cars, wreckage, flames and debris fill the vicinity.

Traynor walks to the convertible, gently picks Kate up and lays her in the street using his jacket as a pillow.

SIRENS fill the air as a breathless Traynor kneels over Kate's limp body. She groans and begins to come around. He lingers for a moment, making sure she's okay, then jumps up.

Firemen and police arrive on the scene. Traynor takes off fading into the shadows of the buildings.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAYNOR'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

The building is immense and foreboding. Thick limestone walls tower thirty stories over the city streets. The building exudes wealth and extravagance.

An elegant chauffeured limousine comes to a stop in front and the uniformed DOORMAN assists an ELDERLY GENTLEMAN out of the vehicle.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAYNOR'S PENTHOUSE - DAY

Dark mahogany walls and drawn curtains keep the room dark as night.

Someone KNOCKING at the massive front door gets no response. After a few moments the door pushes open to reveal a silhouette image of the elderly man. In darkness the man crosses to the massive windows and presses a small button.

A distant HUM from an unseen motor is followed by curtains opening simultaneously on a half dozen windows. The sunlight reveals cathedral ceilings high above the room. Monstrous windows rise to the ceiling offering panoramic views of the city.

Sleek moderne furniture is stylishly arranged about the room. From a camel-backed sofa, a hand grabs the cushions and Traynor slowly pulls himself up still wearing his clothes from the night before.

TRAYNOR

Just let yourself in Elbridge.

JUDGE ELBRIDGE WOOLCOTT turns from the window and smiles. In his late seventies, Elbridge is tall and distinguished with an aristocratic demeanor.

ELBRIDGE

I knocked, but you must have been distracted.

TRAYNOR

I heard the knocking, I thought it was my head. What brings you here so early, El?

ELBRIDGE

Most of the world considers two o'clock rather late in the day.

Traynor rolls off the couch and mopes toward the kitchen. Elbridge follows.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The kitchen is huge and spotless. Black and white cabinets and appliances are trimmed in glowing silver chrome. Everything is huge and state-of-the-art.

Traynor opens a walk-in fridge, pulls out eggs, coffee, milk, bread and bacon then dumps them into a glass cylinder. The cylinder slips into a large chrome container and WHIRS loudly.

Traynor draws a yellowish concoction from the device's spigot into two tall champagne glasses. He offers one to Elbridge.

TRAYNOR

Cup of mud?

ELBRIDGE

No. Thank you.

TRAYNOR

Hey, more for me.

Traynor downs his glass in a gulp. He begins the second.

TRAYNOR (*CONT'D*)

Well, let's see. The car's in one piece so I'm sure I didn't wreck anyone's property. No broken bones, so I didn't insult the Mayor's daughter again. I'm wearing my own clothes so I wasn't dancing naked in the fountain at the Plaza Hotel.

ELBRIDGE

All admirable pursuits, but not this time. Congratulations on your train adventure last night.

TRAYNOR

El, you know I don't use mass transit.

ELBRIDGE

The woman's name is Kate Calder and if you're interested, she's doing fine.

TRAYNOR

There have been so many women. Which one was she?

Elbridge put his hand to Traynor's chin and examines his cheek.

ELBRIDGE

Shaving accident?

TRAYNOR

Dull blades.

ELBRIDGE

Grab your jacket. We're taking a drive.

Traynor downs the second breakfast drink and wipes his mouth with his arm.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

A low-riding roadster speeds along a narrow road. Traynor is at the wheel and Elbridge holds on tightly.

The car crosses a time worn suspension bridge that overlooks a derelict shipyard. Rusted freighters stand tethered together and steel cranes loom over the ships like silent sentinels.

EXT. SHIPYARD - CONTINUOUS

The roadster pulls up to a gangway that leads to a forsaken freighter. Stepping out of the car Elbridge leads Traynor aboard the ship.

TRAYNOR

The yacht club must be on the other side of the island.

Elbridge says nothing.

EXT. SHIPS DECK - CONTINUOUS

Walking along the warped deck, Elbridge stops at a cast iron doorway. A small hand-sized glass disk is on the wall next to the door.

TRAYNOR

Doesn't look like anyone's home.

Elbridge pushes his hand to the glass disk which glows red. The massive door opens silently revealing a stairway leading down into darkness.

TRAYNOR (CONT'D)

I love what you've done with the place.

The old man disappears into the darkness.

TRAYNOR (CONT'D)

Do you plan on talking to me anytime soon?

Traynor throws up his hands and follows Elbridge inside. He stumbles down the stairs as the door shuts behind him. Groping in the darkness, Traynor smashes into something, wheels around and crashes into something else.

TRAYNOR (CONT'D)

How about some lights...

On the word "lights" the entire ship's hold is illuminated by an unseen florescence.

TRAYNOR (CONT'D)

...please.

The hold is cavernous and Traynor stares in amazement. It is lined with gadgets, contraptions and devices as far as the eye can see. A strange icon adorns a glass wall.

He walks down an aisle and stops at a metal costume resembling body armor. Moving a little farther he comes upon a wall of glass tubes filled with colored gasses. Turning to a small table he picks up a wooden square and examines it.

TRAYNOR (CONT'D)

What is all this junk?

From behind a shelf of ancient manuscripts and drawings, Elbridge steps out and takes the square from Traynor. The old man shakes the piece of wood and instantly four legs drop from the bottom and a slender back rises from the top. Elbridge places the newly formed chair on the ground and sits.

ELBRIDGE

Junk to you, the miracles of five millennia to someone who understands.

TRAYNOR

Like I said, junk.

ELBRIDGE

Before recorded history an evil scourge fell across the world. A group of 13 men gathered to form a brotherhood allied against this evil.

(MORE)

ELBRIDGE (*CONT'D*)

They were the greatest of their society's: scientists, inventors, philosophers, alchemists.

TRAYNOR

Is this going somewhere?

ELBRIDGE

This secret brotherhood called themselves the Circle Of Vigilance. They chose one of their own to be their champion; calling him the Emissary. Providing him with their collective knowledge and resources, the Emissary was victorious over the evil. However, the Circle soon realized that evil comes in many forms and their task would never end. As time passed, new members of the Circle were chosen to replace those who died. It was decided that the Emissary's mantel would pass from father to son, generation to generation.

TRAYNOR

That's a great story, but it means absolutely nothing to me.

ELBRIDGE

It has everything to do with you! What do you know about the Urban Legend?

TRAYNOR

It's a kid's story. Some guy who steps out of the shadows, saves the day and is gone before you can thank him.

ELBRIDGE

The Circle's Emissary and the Urban Legend are one in the same.

Traynor picks up a cylindrical device and examines it from both ends. Odd shaped prongs emanate from either end. Traynor touches one of the prongs and gets a mild jolt. He puts the device down casually.

TRAYNOR

I think the operative word here is "legend".

ELBRIDGE

All legends start somewhere in truth.

(MORE)

ELBRIDGE (*CONT'D*)

Jack the Ripper, John Wilkes Booth, Torquemada and Caligula all had their murderous reigns ended by the Emissary. The list goes on and on, far past recorded history.

Elbridge stands up and places his hand on Traynor's shoulder.

ELBRIDGE (*CONT'D*)

Your father was the last Emissary.

Traynor drops the device and gives Elbridge a hard look.

TRAYNOR

What are you talking about? My father ran off and abandoned my mother and me.

ELBRIDGE

Your father was killed trying to save President McKinley's life.

TRAYNOR

McKinley ended up dead.

ELBRIDGE

Your father took two bullets trying to save his life.

TRAYNOR

This is ridiculous. Where do you come up with this stuff?

ELBRIDGE

Believe me Traynor, this is the truth.

TRAYNOR

Then why did everyone lie? Why did my mother tell me he ran off?

ELBRIDGE

Your mother never knew. The only person who lied to you was me, by necessity.

TRAYNOR

How could you do that to me? How could you do that to my mother? She trusted you. And you lied to her?

ELBRIDGE

She would have understood.

TRAYNOR

Excuse me if my reaction isn't what you expected.

Traynor storms off through the metal hold and climbs the stairs. Elbridge looks after him.

EXT. SHIPS DECK - NIGHT

Elbridge emerges from below and walks to Traynor who looks over the ships railing.

ELBRIDGE

You were three when your father died. We weren't prepared for his unexpected death. We chose to wait until you showed the fortitude to accept the mantle of the Emissary. Your carousing and self-centeredness led us to believe the Emissary would perish with your father.

TRAYNOR

So what am I doing here?

ELBRIDGE

I saw a glimmer of your father's spirit in you when you saved that woman. We've looked for it since you were a boy.

TRAYNOR

Just who is "we"?

ELBRIDGE

The "we" is The Circle Of Vigilance. After your father died, the other members slowly drifted away. I am the last living member. It's up to you to continue your father's work.

TRAYNOR

You want me to creep around in the dark saving women and children, protecting, truth, justice and the American way? The only person I'm out to protect is myself.

Traynor turns and walks down the gang plank. Elbridge follows after him.

ANGLE ON

Traynor's roadster.

ELBRIDGE

This isn't a simple request. This is your destiny.

TRAYNOR

Destiny? You tell me everything in my life is different and then you expect me to just accept it like some obedient servant. This is not my destiny.

Traynor gets into his car and fires up the engine.

TRAYNOR (*CONT'D*)

You coming?

Elbridge sighs and climbs into the car. It roars off in a hail of gravel and dust.

CUT TO:

EXT. WORLD'S FAIR - DAY

An immense complex of ancient and extensive buildings and arenas, the World's Fair is a grand event. Dozens of pavilions, countless exhibitions, endless venues and thousands of people fill the large complex.

Images of man's future and past are replicated in gigantic displays. Massive monorails, made of heavy iron, shuttle passengers around.

Exhibitions of newfangled technology stand on display. Gigantic cogs and huge wheels turn the machinery which keep the amazing machines running.

A 100 foot glass image of the world stands perched atop a marble stand like a giant's globe. It slowly rotates propelled by complex machinery located in its base.

Traynor and Woolcott stroll through a thick crowd each clutching a program.

TRAYNOR

I'm tired of making these dull speeches. Who cares about all that pomp and circumstance anyway?

ELBRIDGE

I do for one. Tradition is the foundation of humankind. Emulate our forefathers and we will preserve our history.

TRAYNOR

Do me a favor and cut through the chatter, El. There are certain traditions that don't carry on. Dying young is one I'm particularly against.

ELBRIDGE

Someday, and I hope it's soon, you'll realize the importance of tradition. Now, it's not like me to ask a question twice, but will you please reconsider the...

Traynor spots an attractive WOMAN passing by.

TRAYNOR

Later, Elbridge. Much later. I've got more important things to consider.

He hustles to the woman's side. Elbridge watches the young man, expressionless. Traynor has the attractive young woman in a deep conversation. Elbridge waves him over.

Traynor hands her his card and comes back.

TRAYNOR (*CONT'D*)

That, my good friend, is the only tradition I choose to follow. Her name's Veronica.

ELBRIDGE

And I'm sure she's lovely, but if I can have your complete attention today?

TRAYNOR

Huh? Oh, yeah. Of course.

The two men climb the stairs of a large building with thick Grecian columns. The inscription high above reads, "HALL OF SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY".

TRAYNOR (*CONT'D*)

Do I speak before or after the ambassador?

ELBRIDGE

After. Please stick to the words I put on the paper. I would prefer not to repeat the embarrassment of last year's bridge dedication.

TRAYNOR

I'm not drunk this time. Besides no one really listens to this stuff anyway. When do I go on?

Thick black clouds appear on the horizon and begin rolling over the city.

ELBRIDGE

Three o'clock.

(MORE)

ELBRIDGE (*CONT'D*)

(looking up)

It looks like rain. Why don't we
enjoy a few lectures.

TRAYNOR

Swell, more people talking about
things I don't care for.

ELBRIDGE

Indulge an old man. Would you?

The two walk though the crowded pavilion until they come upon a frenzied lecturer speaking to a small crowd. Behind him are several charts and drawings. A placard on an easel reads OUR FUTURE IS UNDER THE SEA - A LECTURE IN OCEAN CULTIVATION WITH DR. WILEY BRITTLE.

WILEY BRITTLE, shocking red hair twisted in all directions, dashes madly across the stage running from chart to chart waving his hands and flipping through notes.

BRITTLE

...endless gardens as far as the
mind can reach. Plankton, anemones,
fish...the food resources are
infinite. We'll even be safe from
the harmful effects of the sun. Life
sprang from the ocean's floor. Why
should we be skeptical about returning
to it?

ANGLE ON

Traynor and Elbridge, just off to Wiley's side, casually listening.

TRAYNOR

(to Elbridge)

Live under sea? I don't think I'd
look good wearing gills.

On the stage Brittle stops his lecture and points to Traynor.

BRITTLE

Gills? No gills. We'll live in cities,
great covered palaces. Cars will be
replaced by submersibles.

The crowd looks at Traynor who reddens with embarrassment. Brittle pulls a sheet away to reveal a five foot model of a what looks like a submarine.

BRITTLE (*CONT'D*)

The Brittle Submersible!

(MORE)

BRITTLE (*CONT'D*)

Capable of descending to the ocean's floor and returning to the surface. Of course this is just a model, but I hope this small glimpse at the future...

Wiley continues his diatribe, but Traynor walks away. Elbridge waits, listening a few moments then follows.

ELBRIDGE

Fascinating. Living under the oceans.

TRAYNOR

Crackpots! All of them. A city under the sea? Listen to how crazy it sounds. Science is nothing but loons and crazies. Come on, there's gotta be a place to grab a drink around here.

Traynor hurries on with Elbridge in tow. He hustles past several lectures until an open door to a large auditorium catches his eye. Beyond the seated crowd he sees Kate Calder, the woman from the bar, speaking on the stage. The placard outside reads: GEOCENTRIC ANOMALIES IN CONTINENTAL SHELF SUBSTRATA WITH DR. KATE CALDER.

TRAYNOR (*CONT'D*)

This one looks interesting.

Elbridge looks at the placard.

ELBRIDGE

Yes, I'm sure it does.

INT. EXPOSITION AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS

Traynor and Elbridge enter and take a seat.

On the stage Kate stands behind a long table. On the table are numerous large and impressive colorful rocks and crystals.

KATE

The Paleozoic and Mesozoic periods were responsible for most of the igneous strata found in the southern hemisphere. This does not explain the natural creation of certain geothrasic crystals like these I have before me.

She holds a large pink star shaped crystal.

KATE (CONT'D)

This karstacylamede was unearthed in South America about twenty years ago. It shows stress fracturing from the...

As Kate rambles on, Traynor stares transfixed at her eyes.

TRAYNOR

Fascinating.

KATE

...and this tiny piece is most interesting of all.

Kate holds up a crescent shaped semi-circle made of clear crystal.

KATE (CONT'D)

This crystal was found in an ancient lava flow from the Strombolli volcano in Italy. What we know is that it was formed separate of the lava and is unlike any crystal ever found. Its texture is polished as if by human hands. I realize I ran a bit long, but if you have any questions...

No one does.

KATE (CONT'D)

Any questions at all.

From the back Traynor stands with his hand raised. Kate recognizes him and rolls her eyes.

TRAYNOR

I really enjoyed your lecture. I have this big box of rocks at home and was wondering if you could give me private tutoring in the finer points of rocks collecting. We could begin tonight. Dinner? My place?

The crowd laughs but Kate is not amused and refuses to sway.

KATE

It seems you've mistaken my lecture for the beer garden. I'm sure your box of rocks will charm the women there.

Traynor smirks and Kate turns back to the crowd.

KATE (CONT'D)

If that's all, we'll adjourn.

(MORE)

KATE (CONT'D)

I'll be around to answer any
intelligent questions you may have.

The crowd begins to break-up. A few people linger to chat as Kate places the crystals in wooden crates. Elbridge looks at Traynor with amusement.

ELBRIDGE

You seem quite taken by Ms. Calder.

TRAYNOR

She looks...challenging.

ELBRIDGE

And yet you've never met her before?

TRAYNOR

I may have...seen her around the
university.

Traynor and Elbridge make their way to the podium when the auditorium is rocked by a not-to-distant explosion. The explosions persist climaxing when the auditorium doors are blown away in smoke and flame.

Everyone scatters as three mecha enter. The two lead mechas hold out their arms and fire off several high voltage blue streaked lightening bolts.

The bolts crack walls, destroy desks and send people for cover.

On the stage, Kate frantically packs the boxes. Realizing the futility, she grabs the crystal semi-circle and throws it into a small metal crate.

Traynor shields Elbridge as he watches the events in amazement. The marble floors begin to buckle and crack. Water and steam pipes burst adding greater hubbub to the mess.

Kate jumps from the stage and dashes across the room. A mecha fires a bolt sending her flying into a wall. Still clutching the box she tries to stand again.

A mecha glides over to her and reaches with his razor sharp claws.

Traynor remains frozen. He looks to Elbridge who is gone.

As Kate shields herself, Elbridge smashes into the mecha sending it off balance and trapping it in a crevice in the floor. A BLAST from the second mecha catches Elbridge mid-chest. His body rocks from the electrical impact, then falls. The mecha grabs Kate's crate and pushes her away.

Seeing Elbridge go down, Traynor leaps to his feet. He takes a loose table leg and smashes it into the third mecha. The table leg shatters and the metal creature swats Traynor away.

The fallen mecha attempts to stand, but can't. One of the remaining two fires a electric bolt which annihilates the fallen creature. The two remaining mechas glide out of the hall and disappear. Kate follows after them.

The entire building crumbles from the attack. Huge chunks of marble and granite explode into razor sharp shards.

Traynor picks up Elbridge's limp body and runs through the mess.

EXT. WORLD'S FAIR - CONTINUOUS

Thick black clouds cover the fair like nightfall. A loud DRONE emanates from the darkness and fills the air.

Traynor bursts out of the traumatized building carrying Elbridge. The foundation gives way and the building falls in a heap.

A safe distance from the building Traynor puts Elbridge down. His breathing is faint.

TRAYNOR

Hang on, El. I'm going to get some help. Just hang on.

ELBRIDGE

I don't think so.

TRAYNOR

(through tears)

Help! Someone please help us.

(to Elbridge)

I've gotta get some help. Here's my coat. I'm putting it on you. You warm now? Huh? Just hold tight, El. Just hold on.

ELBRIDGE

Listen...please listen...I won't be here when you get back. Please listen...

Traynor doesn't listen. He's up on his feet running. All around buildings are on fire and lightening continues to rain from the sky.

Traynor sees the circular sphere with a thick black tether rising upward. Standing in awe amidst the cacophony, Traynor watches the pod silently rise up then disappear into the clouds. Behind him fire and explosions continue unabated.

They thick clouds begin to break off. Traynor watches, then sees a POLICE OFFICER.

EXT. DESTROYED HALL OF SCIENCE - LATER

Traynor and the officer return to Elbridge's side, but the man is dead. Traynor drops to his knees covering his face with his hands.

The policeman looks on with concern.

POLICE OFFICER
I'm sorry, son. He's gone.

Traynor rubs his eyes to clear the tears. He looks at Elbridge's right hand and sees a cryptic symbol, like a circle with a slash through it scratched into the dirt.

PULL BACK to show the entire world's fair in a state of ruin.

PULL BACK further to show the city with the sun setting off in the distance. Just beyond the tall buildings the thick cloud cover moves on lightening still blasting out from time to time.

CUT TO:

EXT. WINDING COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Traynor drives his sports car with reckless abandon. Rain falls in torrents, yet he drives with the top down. Mud from the road splatters on the car's bright yellow finish.

Traynor's face is solid and cold. He grips the wheel and grits his teeth in anger.

As he comes over a rise, the car fishtails then spins out of control. Traynor is thrown from the car as it leaves the road and impacts on some rocks.

Traynor wipes blood from a broken lip and walks a few yards until the Atlantic Ocean is visible.

Standing on a cliff he watches the waves violently breaking on the rocks below. Sea spray fills the air. Traynor simply stares.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CLIFF - DAY

Traynor stands in the same spot. The blood on his lip has dried as have his clothes. He looks like a wreck as he turns and walks down the road past his demolished car.

Far off in the distance the skyscrapers of the city are illuminated by the rising sun.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

A crowd of about fifty people, all in dark dress, stand around a silver coffin which is slowly interred. Traynor watches the casket lower as tears well up in his reddened eyes.

MINISTER

...and it shall be said that day,
lo, this is our God; we have waited
for him, and he shall save us. This
is the Lord; we have waited for him,
we will be glad and rejoice in his
salvation.

The crowd slowly leaves. Traynor stays. TWO WORKMEN begin shoveling dirt onto the lowered coffin. Traynor watches as the silver box is covered with earth then disappears from view.

The minister walks to Traynor's side.

MINISTER (CONT'D)

Mr. Pierce, I wanted to convey my
sympathy. Elbridge was a wonderful
man and his death was a tragic loss
for all of us.

TRAYNOR

Someone must pay.

MINISTER

Bury your anger with your friend.
Vengeance twists the soul, vigilance
perseveres. Choose the right path.

Traynor turns and walks away. The Minister watches him go.

TRAYNOR

This path was chosen for me.

MINSTER

Whose loss is it you seek to avenge?

Traynor says nothing as he crosses the graveyard and climbs into Elbridge's car. The minister watches with hollow eyes as Traynor speeds away.

EXT. SHIPYARD - DAY

Elbridge's car is parked on the wharf. Traynor walks across the gangway. His look is solemn and deliberate.

EXT. SHIP - CONTINUOUS

Traynor crosses the deck until he comes to the large metal door leading to the lair of the Urban Legend.

He pounds the door with his fists, tries to use his fingers to pry it open and even takes a metal rod to break it down. All to no avail. As Traynor swings again, a small panel drops off the door revealing the round glass disk. He raises his right palm and places it against the disk.

The disk turns red and the door silently opens revealing the stairway to the darkness. Traynor enters.

INT. DARK STAIRWAY - CONTINUOUS

Traynor carefully steps down the stairs. Behind him the metal door slides shut leaving him in darkness.

TRAYNOR

Lights.

From nowhere the entire hold is illuminated.

Traynor begins poking through the stacks of bizarre devices. He picks up an item, examines it, puts it down and moves on to another.

Kicking open a box he sees a pair of steel mesh gloves. Putting them on his hands, he holds them up to his face. A tiny inscription reads "The hands of God bear powers unknown", followed by the Urban Legend(UL) symbol and signed: B. Franklin.

Each fingertip is a different color and on the palm is a black pad.

He touches the green middle finger to the pad on the palm. The gloves cinch a bit, but nothing happens. Picking up a chair to sit on, Traynor crushes it like paper. He studies the gloves as the sawdust from the crushed chair falls away.

Touching the yellow finger to the pad, two inch spikes pop out of the fingertips. He quickly touches the yellow again and they retract.

TRAYNOR (CONT'D)

Now that could be fun.

Traynor begins picking up items, examining them, then placing them in a pile.

MONTAGE

Traynor opening box after box finding
bizarre device after bizarre device.

Traynor sitting at home in his bed examining piles of ancient manuals.

Traynor studies a small glass prism in his kitchen. He looks up to see someone staring back at him. He jumps back and so does the figure. He looks closely and sees the figure is a projection of himself created by the prism he holds.

Traynor in the ship's hold, attempting to use an egg-shaped device with eleven red spikes protruding. He tosses it in the air and it falls to the ground.

Traynor touches the red forefingers to the pads of the palms. Instantly the gloves begin to heat up and glow white hot. He picks up a coffee pot, holds it tight and the coffee starts to percolate.

At home, Traynor picks up a razor sharp disc with blades coming off the sides. He studies the disk then tosses it. The disk whistles throughout the room and slices a marble column in half. Traynor is amazed.

Traynor looks at a glass ball, about the size of a marble, then drops it. The entire ship's hold is enveloped in a thick smoke.

On the ship's deck, Traynor pulls a helmet out of a box. Glowing chrome, the helmet is adorned with tubes and vents in the back. He places it on his head and a tight seal forms around his neck. Suddenly panic. There's no air in the helmet and he can't take it off. Traynor struggles, loses his balance and ends up in the water.

Below the surface Traynor gulps for air and finds it. The helmet makes a slight noise and cool air courses through.

Traynor swims about under the ship as the helmet manufactures oxygen from water.

END MONTAGE

INT. TRAYNOR'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The normally sparse apartment is cluttered with open boxes. Bizarre contraptions, many of which we've seen on the ship, are scattered about the premises; some half-assembled.

He opens a box and takes out an oval device, the size of a cigarette case. A simple dial adorns the face. Traynor turns the dial slightly and an ear piercing wail is heard.

Crystal champagne glasses, decanters and chandeliers all explode into tiny fragments. Traynor shields himself from the debris.

TRAYNOR

I've got to be more careful.

Traynor studies a thin metal box, only a few inches deep. Two thick shoulder straps and a waist belt invite him to slip the box on his back. He stands in front of a triptych full length mirror, puzzled.

On the left strap he sees a small cord. Below that a name written in faded paint. Closer examination shows the name to be: Leonardo Da Vinci followed by the UL insignia.

Traynor pulls the cord and silently two huge, but weightless canvass sails pop out of the metal box.

At first glance he looks like an angel. The two sails arc high over his shoulders like gossamer wings. They remain attached to the box centered on his back.

A pull of the cord and the wings silently fold back into the thin box. Another pull and they open again.

TRAYNOR (CONT'D)

I look like a pixie.

As Traynor attempts to unbuckle the waist belt he presses what he thinks is the clasp release button. Four thin tubes emerge from behind the box and the wings pops out. Unseen vapors blast from the thin tubes and in an instant, Traynor is lifted off the ground. SLAM he hits the ceiling.

Dazed, Traynor looks up to see himself being hurtled toward the wall. SLAM he impacts the wall. Gathering his wits he puts out his arms as he SLAMS into the floor.

EXT. TRAYNOR'S BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Traynor covers his face as he CRASHES through the thirty foot tall windows and careens high above the street.

A tall building looms large ahead. Traynor flails and kicks. three more seconds and he's a bug on a windshield. ZOOM, he shoots downward.

Looking down, Traynor sees the cars and people far below. He panics and presses a yellow button on the clasp. The wings and tubes contract into the thin box and Traynor...

...begins to fall.

EXT. STREET CORNER - CONTINUOUS

A BIBLE THUMPER stands on a soapbox preaching fire and brimstone. An small CROWD listens to the zealot's diatribe unaware his ACCOMPLICE is lifting their wallets and purses. The accomplice gives the bible thumper the "wrap-it-up" sign.

BIBLE THUMPER

...and in closing I say beware sinners
for the angles are watching. And
there shall be repentance from on
high...

ANGLE ON TRAYNOR

As he tumbles helplessly. The pavement below rushes up to meet him. Only a few feet from the ground he presses the red button. The wings and tubes sprout from the box.

As if answering a call from God, Traynor skims just above the onlooker's heads smashing headlong into the bible thumper sending him careening into a patrolling POLICEMAN. A second out-of-control pass hooks the accomplice. As Traynor rockets upward into the night the accomplice SCREAMS in terror.

Still out of control, Traynor heads down again. The crowd scatters as Traynor and the accomplice buzz the crowd. SLAM. The accomplice impacts a lamppost and sticks. Wallets, purses and watches go flying. As the dazed man pulls himself from the post, the policeman taps his shoulder.

EXT. HIGH ABOVE THE CITY - NIGHT

The city is far below with only the bright half-moon above. Traynor moves his arms left and miraculously turns right. Moving his arms to the right, he moves right. Arms up, he climbs; down he descends. He's got it.

Traynor glides effortlessly through skyscrapers, across intersections, over bridges.

EXT. EMPIRE STATE BUILDING - NIGHT

Traynor gets fancy. He rockets to the top of the famous building and does a perfect barrel over the radio tower.

POP. A metal spire extending from the radio tower snags the metal pack. Escaping propulsion gas hisses loudly as Traynor begins to drop.

Arcing out of control, Traynor weaves between buildings, below elevated walkways and through a rooftop restaurant.

SMASH! Traynor blasts through his bedroom window and lands in a smoldering heap on his bed.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TRAYNOR'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The damaged flying device is on the table as Traynor examines a simple rubber square about one foot by one foot. Laying it on the hard wooden floor he walks around it studying it from all angles.

There's a KNOCK at the huge wooden door. Traynor strides across the room when...his right foot steps hard on the rubber square. PAVOOM. Traynor is vaulted thirty feet up to the ceiling.

Traynor finds himself sitting in the remains of a shattered crystal chandelier.

The KNOCKING persists.

TRAYNOR
Come in. It's open.

The door opens slowly and Will Ellison enters.

WILL
Traynor? Where are you?

In the shadows behind Will, Traynor slowly lowers himself to ground.

WILL (CONT'D)
Tray?

TRAYNOR
Here I am.

Will spins around, startled.

WILL
Jeez Louise, buddy. Where did you come from? This place is a mess. What is all this junk?

TRAYNOR
Heirlooms.

WILL
No one's seen you for weeks now. And with Elbridge's death and all...well I knew you were taking it kind of hard. So I...

TRAYNOR
I'm fine. I've just been catching up on some family business.

WILL
Then my timing's perfect. What say we rip the town open tonight?

TRAYNOR
I can't Will. I've...still got a lot of things to take care of.

WILL
 Hey, you're still not beating yourself
 up about Elbridge are you? It was an
 accident. They happen.

Traynor walks off into a darkened area of the room. Shadows
 cross his face leaving only his bright blue eyes visible.

TRAYNOR
 Is that what you think? You think
 those explosions were an accident? I
 was there. I saw those machines kill
 him.

WILL
 I've heard all the stories. It was a
 freak storm, maybe a twister, that's
 all. Look, I'm sorry about Elbridge,
 but listen to yourself. Metal men
 who drop out of thunderstorms and
 kill old men. How crazy does that
 sound?

TRAYNOR
 Didn't I just say I saw it happen?

WILL
 Now I suppose you're going to find
 them?

Traynor walks away. Will notices a revolver on a hall table.

WILL (*CONT'D*)
 You are, aren't you? This is insanity.
 You can't find something that doesn't
 exist. Are you hearing me? Traynor?

Traynor opens the large oaken door letting the exterior
 hallway light slice through his darkness. He leaves the door
 open as he walks down the long hall to the bedrooms.

TRAYNOR
 Let yourself out, Will.

Will looks at Traynor who walks away. Will shakes his head,
 exits and closes the door behind him.

INT. TRAYNOR'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Like the rest of the apartment the bedroom is expansive. In
 the center of the far wall a heavy dark wooden bed.

Traynor is sprawled fully clothed on the bed. The four-poster
 is covered with hundreds of open manuals, books and
 instruction sheets.

Traynor looks at his pile of notes and notices a crumpled program from the fateful day. As he flips through it he comes across the page highlighting Kate Calder and her lecture. Traynor notices her credentials include department chair at Hunter College.

CUT TO:

EXT. HUNTER COLLEGE - DAY

The college is in full swing on this late fall afternoon. Traynor cuts across the quad heading for the hall of physical sciences.

INT. HALL OF PHYSICAL SCIENCES - DAY

Traynor walks the halls looking in open classrooms and examining names on office doors.

An attractive CO-ED passes him.

TRAYNOR

Excuse me? Could you tell me where
Kate Calder's office is?

CO-ED

You mean Dr. Calder?

Traynor glances at the program.

TRAYNOR

Yes...Dr. Calder.

CO-ED

Basement. Room 17 I think.

The Co-ed moves on and Traynor heads down the stairs.

INT. BASEMENT OFFICE - DAY

Traynor opens a wood and glass door to reveal a cluttered office. Rock samples and tools are strewn about. Thousands of books strain ancient shelves.

PARVIN DUPREE, an elderly professor enters the room with a stack of papers.

PARVIN

You looking for Dr. Calder?

TRAYNOR

Yes. Yes, I am.

PARVIN

She's gone. Handed in her resignation
papers and left.

(MORE)

PARVIN (*CONT'D*)

I got stuck with her classes. Damn freshmen; don't know and don't care.

TRAYNOR

Any idea where I can find her?

PARVIN

About now she's probably sipping Bloody Mary's on the starboard bow.

TRAYNOR

She took a cruise?

PARVIN

To Norway. Are you a student of hers? 'Cause these aren't my office hours. Come back tomorrow.

Parvin finishes his sentence and looks around, but Traynor is gone.

CUT TO:

EXT. SEA - NIGHT

Iridescent moonlight shimmers across a ship's wake.

PAN TO see the SS AQUATARIA, an impressive three stack luxury liner moving fast through the Northern Atlantic.

On the deck, Traynor takes in the cool night air oblivious to people in elegant evening clothes strolling about.

Three gentle CHIMES ring and the crowds begin entering large double doors to the dining room.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The lavish dining room is the height of luxury liner lavishness. Glass, brass, and gold ornamentation highlight several shimmering fountains. Tables are strategically spread about to offer the best views and intimate privacy.

Traynor reads the seating chart then heads to an oval table where five people are already seated.

GURNEY RUDDOCK, a jovial and rotund man, wipes his hand on his jacket and stands to greet Traynor.

gurney You must be Traynor Pierce.

TRAYNOR

I am.

GURNEY

Gurney. Gurney Ruddock. I'm in the dairy business. Buying and selling, not the milking.

TRAYNOR

Oh...hello.

Gurney sits and gestures to the rest of the table. Next to him sits his WIFE.

GURNEY

My wife, Alice.

TRAYNOR

Delighted.

Directly across is a beautiful Greta Garbo type, BEGONIA CHALTER. Wearing a tight, silver sequined gown from her ankles to just below her chin; she is stunning. Traynor holds his glance a bit too long.

JESSEN(VO)

You got a problem I can help with?

Next to the woman sits a rat faced man, ORLANDO JESSEN, a weasel if ever there was one. Jessen is flanked by a huge HENCHMAN on this right.

TRAYNOR

(extending his hand)

Uhhh, no. Traynor Pierce.

GURNEY

(quietly to Traynor)

They don't seem to talk much.

The hand gesture goes unanswered. The WAITER comes by with the first course and Jessen motions to serve himself first. He ignores manners and begins eating.

BEGONIA

Mr. Pierce. Would you have a light?

Traynor reaches in this coat to oblige her.

JESSEN

No smoking while I eat.

There's an awkward moment.

JESSEN (CONT'D)

What's your racket, Pierce?

TRAYNOR

I'm...I...I'm...a hunter. Rare and missing objects. And you?

Jessen puts down his spoon, looks at his henchmen and laughs.

JESSEN
Let's see. I guess I'm in the
repossession trade.

He notices Traynor watching Begonia.

JESSEN (CONT'D)
She's with me. Begonia say something.

begonia Do you dance Mr. Pierce? Because I expect you to ask
me on the floor tonight.

Orlando stops eating to shoot Traynor a deadly look. Traynor
coldly waits.

TRAYNOR
I'd be remiss if I didn't.

Orlando leans over.

JESSEN
She's too tired to dance.

GURNEY
Hot spot! Here comes the flaming
pig.

A flaming pig on a spit is rolled into the room's center and
the chef begins carving. The tension isn't broken, just
diverted.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAYNOR'S STATEROOM - NIGHT

The large, swank room is filled with luggage and boxes of UL
equipment.

Traynor adjusts his tuxedo in the mirror then opens his cabin
door. Down the hall he sees Jessen and Begonia. He pulls
back and watches through the crack.

EXT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jessen is very agitated with Begonia and slaps her. A red
hand print is left on her face. She cries and Jessen grabs
her by the shoulders and begins shaking her. A PORTER walks
past and Jessen opens his stateroom pulling the woman inside.
The henchman waits. Moments later Jessen emerges alone.

Jessen and the henchman storm off.

Traynor steps into the hall and walks to the stateroom. He
KNOCKS.

TRAYNOR

Miss Chalther? Begonia? Are you okay?

Behind the door he hears some rustling and tears.

BEGONIA (V.O.)

(through tears)

I'm...I'm...fine. Just a little tired.

TRAYNOR

You don't have to take that. He has
no right to...

The door opens a crack and Begonia is barely visible in the dark. Her violet eyes reflect the hallway light.

BEGONIA

Please...stay away from him. He's
very jealous and...well I shouldn't
have embarrassed him.

TRAYNOR

I'm not afraid of him.

BEGONIA

I am.

As she closes the door Traynor can see her clothing torn and her face bruised. He turns away.

INT. SHIPS ATRIUM - NIGHT

The atrium is three stories high. Waterfalls and gardens are surrounded by five glass elevators and three escalators. People casually move here and there.

Jessen walks out of the casino greedily counting his winnings. His henchman hustles after him.

As the two wait for the elevator a utility door opens. A darkened figure steps out and yanks Jessen into the stairway. The door slides shut.

The Henchman looks around, but Jessen is gone.

CUT TO:

INT. DARKENED STAIRWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jessen is being dragged down the stairs by the back of his coat.

JESSEN

Who are you...let me go. You're dead,
you hear me? Dead.

INT. SHIP'S CARGO HOLD - CONTINUOUS

They come to the ship's hold. Dark and fetid, the hold is an expanse of crates, luggage, cargo and danger.

Jessen squints at a figure in the darkness.

JESSEN
You freakin' maggot. I'm gonna rip
your head off.

He jumps back as the figure bursts into brilliant light. Blinded, Jessen covers his eyes in fear.

Although difficult to see through the glare, the figure is Traynor. The one-piece jump suit generates the intense light.

JESSEN (CONT'D)
That light. It's hurting my eyes.

TRAYNOR
It hurts? Want to know what it's
like to hurt?

Traynor, his hands sheathed in the power gloves, picks Jessen up by the neck and begins squeezing. Jessen's eyes bulge as he gasps for a breath. Traynor throws him across the hold. SLAM. The man hits the steel walls, slides down and begins scrambling away.

Traynor picks him up and throws him again. Jessen comes up with a gun, but Traynor crushes it. Jessen throws a punch and Traynor grabs it. Holding the man's balled fist he begins to squeeze. Bones pop as Jessen's eyes water.

JESSEN
Why are you doing this?

Traynor slaps Jessen across the face loosening teeth and blood then shoves him back against the crates.

TRAYNOR
How does that feel?

Jessen is on hands and knees, cradling his crushed hand.

TRAYNOR (CONT'D)
Touch her again and I'll kill you.

Traynor grabs Jessen by the scruff and slams him into a porthole window. The mobster hangs half in and half out of the ship.

EXT. SS AQUATARIA - NIGHT

The ship cuts through the night. There, along the bottom row of portholes, a few feet above the water line, Jessen struggles to pull himself back in the ship.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRONDHEIM, NORWAY - DAY

Traynor sits in a quiet restaurant sipping a cup of coffee while watching the locals scurry about this busy fishing town. A young man, LARS, comes running in and takes a seat across from Traynor.

LARS

I found her Mr. Pierce. I found her!

TRAYNOR

She's here?

LARS

Was here. She has left for Mount Glittertind.

TRAYNOR

She went mountain climbing?

LARS

Bodo, the innkeeper, he says she goes to Svalbard, on the mountain. Svalbard is ruins. There is only archeologists there.

Traynor puts down his coffee and stands. He hands a pile of cash to Lars.

TRAYNOR

Get me directions to Glittertind and equipment. Keep what's left for yourself.

LARS

Thank you, Mr. Pierce! Thank you!

CUT TO:

EXT. GLITTERTIND GLACIER - DAY

The glacier is endless; extending from the enormous mountain to the ocean several miles way. As far as the eye can see there is nothing but blinding whiteness. A tiny speck moves slowly across the wilderness.

Moving down on the figure we see Traynor, outfitted in a heavy parka and mukluk boots. His face is hardly visible in the fur lined hood he wears.

Thick green goggles guard his eyes against the midnight sun.

He pokes the crusty snow with a long staff before taking each step. The snow is solid. Poke. Still solid. He steps. CRACK. The snowpack fractures.

Traynor watches as ice faults shoot all about him like lightening then...

...he falls. An area of about twenty square yards collapses into the glacier -- Traynor included. SLAM he hits bottom.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GLACIAL CAVERN - LATER

The cavern is a perfectly round room with blue ice walls and a snow covered floor. No openings show except thirty feet above.

Traynor is half buried in snow and ice; unconscious. Snowflakes land on his pale face.

A thick rope drops from above striking Traynor on the head. A heavily cloaked figure slides down. The person brushes the ice and snow off Traynor who begins to stir.

Traynor sits up, startled, and pushes away from the cloaked person.

The person pulls off the heavy hood to reveal...Kate Calder.

TRAYNOR

I don't believe this.

She puts her finger to her lips.

KATE

Shhhh. Shut up. The slightest noise and this cavern could go.

Traynor ignores her.

TRAYNOR

I need your help with...

CRACK. Fissures open all around and the cavern begins to rock. Chunks of ice crumble from the wall then...

The floor drops yet again. Only this time there is no bottom below. Traynor and Kate slide on their backs down the wall and into an ice chute.

INT. ICE CHUTE - CONTINUOUS

Traynor and Kate slide out of control on their backsides. The smooth ice walls whistle by as both fight against the pull of gravity.

TRAYNOR

Where's it taking us?

KATE

Down.

Traynor pulls off his heavy mittens and flings them. Underneath he wears the thin metal UL power gloves. Grabbing at anything, he gets a momentary grip on an ice stalactite, but it shatters.

The narrow tube widens out to huge caverns, then narrows again. Low rises and sharp drops cause them to pick up speed.

Ahead the ice tunnel forks into two sections. Traynor goes right, Kate goes left.

INT. TRAYNOR'S ICE TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

The ice tunnel drops and rises like a roller coaster. Ahead Traynor sees a bizarre sight -- A figure sliding at him. He recognizes the person - himself. The wall ahead is a reflective ice sheet directly in his path.

Traynor reaches into his coat and pulls The sonic disk, aims and fires.

A high pitched SCREAM shoots from the disk and the ice mirror bursts into shards. Frozen fragments fly like razors.

Traynor slides by breathing a sigh of relief then...

...the bottom drops out - literally. He drops again but lands on something soft.

KATE

Get off me.

Traynor and Kate lie face-to-face as Kate slides along on her back. They continue out of control.

TRAYNOR

Is it me, or just destiny?

KATE

It's not the time for one of your pick-up lines.

Traynor studies the UL gloves.

TRAYNOR

Grab my belt.

KATE

You just don't give up, do you?

TRAYNOR

(aggressive)

I said grab my belt.

Traynor touches the red forefinger of the glove to the red palm. The gloves begin to glow yellow then red. Intense heat emanates off the palms.

Kate reacts then grabs Traynor's belt.

Still sliding along, Traynor presses his gloved palms into the tunnel walls. They melt the ice, but don't stop the movement.

Ahead the cold blue tunnel appears white. An opening.

Traynor pushes harder carving out a channel with each arm. Their movement begins to slow.

The opening rushes toward them. 100 feet...80...50, 30, 20, it arrives.

Traynor's heat gloved hands sink far into the walls bringing them to grinding halt. He lies atop Kate, his arms outstretched like Christ on the cross.

Steam from the melted ice fills the opening.

EXT. GLACIER - CONTINUOUS

The Glacier comes to an abrupt end at the Arctic Ocean. A sheer cliff of solid snow and ice, the glacier towers hundreds of feet above the roiling water.

In the center of glacier's face, two bodies hang half in, half out.

INT. GLACIER - CONTINUOUS

KATE

Nice gloves.

TRAYNOR

Are you hitting on me?

KATE

You'll know if I'm hitting on you. Listen, I don't mean to change the subject off you, but we're still in a very bad spot.

TRAYNOR

Right.

Traynor pulls himself and Kate back in the tunnel. The two sit in the opening looking down.

KATE

We can't go back.

Traynor looks out and up.

TRAYNOR

I don't want to go down. Looks like we climb.

KATE

Gee, I guess I left my ice melting gloves at home.

CUT TO:

EXT. GLACIER FACE/TOP - DAY

Traynor's right hand is inserted into the ice wall about six inches. His left glove glows red and gives off a wave of steam as it pushes into the glaciers face.

Kate follows using Traynor's hand holds. Below them are dozens of holes leading to the cavern.

Cresting the edge, Traynor extends a hand down to Kate and pulls her up. He collapses on his back and lays sprawled on the ice sheet breathing hard.

Kate stands, grabs Traynor's legs and pushes him full force until his torso is hanging off the glacier's edge.

KATE

Why are you following me? What do want?

Traynor flails his arms. The icy water far below causes him to panic.

TRAYNOR

Are you crazy? I saved you. Pull me back up.

KATE

Why are you following me?

TRAYNOR

I need your help. Those creatures killed my friend at the Expo. I...thought you might have some answers.

She softens a bit, pulls him back and gives him a hard look.

KATE

The man who saved me?

TRAYNOR

Elbridge Woolcott. I have to find those creatures that killed him. You seemed like the best place to start.

Kate is up and checking her gear.

KATE

I don't know anything about them. Look, I'll take you as far as Larvik. Then you're on your own.

TRAYNOR

Hold on. I didn't hike across this God-forsaken ice cube to be dropped off in some Norwegian jerk town. You must know something about those mechanical men or you wouldn't be here now.

Kate considers this.

KATE

I'll take you with me to Svalbard, but when we get to the ruins, then you're on your own.

EXT. GLACIER - DAY

Craggy Mountains dwarf two dark specs moving against a field of white.

KATE

We'll be in Svalbard soon.

TRAYNOR

As long as it has some kind of heat.

KATE

I didn't ask you to come along.

Traynor grimaces, shaking his head.

TRAYNOR

Is it possible you have no sense of humor?

KATE

I have a sense of humor. I just don't find you funny.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GLACIER - LATER

Blue and green streamers of the aurora borealis reflect off the snow as Kate and Traynor trudge across the ice. Billowing black clouds build. The pair crests a ridge and walk down toward the Viking ruins.

TRAYNOR

What exactly are we supposed to find in Svalbard?

KATE

Three weeks ago The Peking Museum of Antiquities was destroyed by "black devils from the sky," as the paper called them. The only thing they took was a crystal shard.

TRAYNOR

Like yours?

KATE

Six months ago Dr. Crandle Win, unearthed a similar crystal in the ruins of a Viking holy site.

TRAYNOR

So you figured whoever stole yours might show up here?

KATE

If I'm not too late, I intend to be ready for them this time.

A low DRONE emanates from within the cover as it passes over their heads.

TRAYNOR

That's trouble.

They both double-time it racing against the advancing cloud.

Lightening explodes from the blackness stabbing deep gouges in the surrounding area. Several people scramble for safety.

Kate is halfway down the hill and racing toward the chaos. Traynor follows.

A long tentacle descends from the cloud. A tethered pod towers over the Viking temple coming to rest outside a rotting wall. A metal doorway opens and two mechahumans step out.

Their black metal skins eerily reflect off the ice around them. They immediately begin firing lightening blasts from their hands.

INT. VIKING TEMPLE - CONTINUOUS

A lone man, CRANDLE WIN, stands between the mechahumans and their quarry. Crandle, a weather-beaten scientist, reaches for a nearby pistol.

CRANDLE

What do you want? Get away from us.

The mechahumans move forward. Crandle fires off several shots all of which bounce harmlessly off their metal skins. One of the creatures picks Crandle up in a fluid motion and tosses him aside.

The old man lands in a heap. The second mechahuman rummages through some artifacts on a table and comes up with the prize. The crystal glistens in the light.

The creatures slip out of the room as Traynor and Kate race in from the back. Kate goes to Crandle, but it's too late for him.

TRAYNOR

There's no time, Kate.

Traynor disappears through a doorway.

EXT. VIKING RUINS - CONTINUOUS.

The area is a tangle of burning wreckage and mangled bodies. Stepping out of a blown-out doorway, Traynor surveys the scene. Kate tumbles out behind him.

TRAYNOR (*CONT'D*)

Damn! I don't see them.

KATE

Over there.

The mechahumans move toward the pod as the door opens and they are swallowed up. Traynor sprints toward the pod as it begins to ascend back toward the clouds. He touches his yellow finger to the palm of his power gloves and two inch long metal spikes extend from the fingertips.

Leaping into the air he drives the spikes into the pod's metal landing gear. He is lurched up with the pod, but is nearly jerked back down by something pulling on his legs.

He looks down to see Kate hanging on for dear life.

TRAYNOR

What're you doing? Let go.

KATE

Where you go, I go.

The added weight causes the spikes to begin pulling out of the gloves and Traynor feels his grip slipping.

The pod disappears into the cloud cover trailing Traynor and Kate below. Struggling to pull himself up, Traynor strains against Kate's added weight.

As they rise, the clouds seem to dissipate and a mother-ship comes into view.

KATE (CONT'D)

Oh, my God. What is that?

One hundred yards in length, The flying ship looks like a Zeppelin, but is solid. Advanced in it's technology, the ship's sleek art-deco styling is enhanced by its highly polished metal skin. Huge engines above and below the craft make the constant DRONING sound.

Traynor and Kate stare, transfixed by the sight.

POP. POP. POP.

The spikes detach from the glove and Traynor's right hand slips away from the pod. Scrambling to hold on, Traynor reaches blindly along the smooth skin of the craft.

TRAYNOR

I can't hold on. I can't...

The pod enters the underbelly of the mother-ship.

The spikes break loose from Traynor's other glove. He and Kate begin free-falling. THUMP! They hit solid ground. Looking up they see...

INT. FLYING SHIP, POD BAY - CONTINUOUS

...the pod above them. Beyond a huge hanger opens up and several CREWMEN scurry from station to station.

KATE

What the...

Traynor pulls Kate to the left and they roll behind a series of canopy covered lifeboats.

TRAYNOR

It's some kind of landing area or hanger. We must have gone inside that flying ship.

The crewmen unload the mechahumans from the pod and place them in giant metal cylinders that line one wall.

KATE
They're not alive. They're mechanical.
Mechanical men.

TRAYNOR
Then I want to find the man that
created them. You stay here.

KATE
Not on your life. I want my crystal.

As the crewmen leave, Traynor and Kate slip through an open doorway.

INT. ENGINE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Six massive turbines spin out the horsepower that runs the ship. Traynor slips behind one and feels its thin metal skin.

TRAYNOR
It's cool. What's running these
things?

KATE
Hydrogen.

Kate runs her hand along thick pipes, marked with an "H", running to the turbines.

KATE (CONT'D)
It's incredible.

TRAYNOR
Where would they get hydrogen?

KATE
Anywhere. It's derived from water.
Tap water, sea water, anywhere you
want.

They move out of the pod bay.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

As Traynor and Kate turn a corner, the shadows of TWO CREWMEN appear on the far wall. He pulls Kate into the first available door and closes it quickly. The crewmen come into view, walk past the door and continue on.

INT. CAPTAINS QUARTERS- CONTINUOUS

Traynor backs in and lingers by the door. Kate is nearly overwhelmed by the grandeur and opulence of the room. Da Vincis, Raphaels, Titians, and Rubens line two walls. The third wall is a long bookshelf filled to overflowing and the fourth, a huge panoramic window looking outside the ship.

Kate walks to a large ornate table near the center of the room. Traynor is still at the door, oblivious.

TRAYNOR

I don't think they saw us.

Kate sees the three stolen crystals laid out on the table. They seem to glow as she runs her fingers over them. She picks up two of the pieces and fits them together. Traynor turns away from the door and stares in amazement at the room.

A huge symbol, a circle with a slash through it, like the one Traynor saw before, adorns the wall above an ornate old desk.

Traynor's amazement gives way to a dark brooding glare as the realization of where he is comes over him.

TRAYNOR (*CONT'D*)

(sotto)

He's here.

His attention is caught by a loud POP across the room.

Kate has put two of the crystals together and works to pop the third into place. The last piece POPS into place and the newly formed crystal sphere glows. Kate places it on the desk.

Before them a three-dimensional holographic map of the world appears above the crystal. Letters and numbers appear around the edges and a speck of light pulsates on a large land mass near the Caribbean Sea.

TRAYNOR (*CONT'D*)

What is it?

Kate stares dumbfounded.

KATE

Get me some paper and something to write with.

Traynor complies and moves to a desk near the windows. As he hands the materials to Kate, he becomes sidetracked by drawings and schematics of the mechahumans.

Flipping through the papers, he feels his rage building. Overcome with anger and revenge, he violently turns the desk over and it crashes to the ground.

TRAYNOR

I'm going to find him.

VOICE(VO)

But he's already here.

Turning around Traynor and Kate see RACINE BREHM, flanked by two security guards.

Racine is tall with black wavy hair and dark penetrating eyes that seem to look through the soul. He takes a step forward and it becomes apparent that his left arm has been replaced by a mechanical arm reminiscent of the mechahumans. He stares hard at Traynor as if he may have seen him somewhere, sometime, but the thought passes.

BREHM

I assume you're looking for me.
 (extends a hand)
 Racine Brehm.

KATE

You bet I am.
 (picks up the sphere)
 You stole this from me.

BREHM

So you though you could steal it
 back? Put it down.

Anger burns in Traynor's eyes.

TRAYNOR

You killed my friend.

BREHM

(cold)
 There have been so many I don't keep
 track.

Off to the side, Kate slips the paper she has been writing on into her shirt and backs away with the crystal sphere.

BREHM (CONT'D)

(to Kate)
 I wouldn't do that.

Traynor lunges at Brehm.

Brehm swings back his metal arm and belts Traynor across the room. The guards go for Kate and she drops the crystal to the floor where it shatters into several pieces.

Brehm strides to Traynor who is slumped on the floor. He slides his metal fingers around Traynor's neck and squeezes.

BREHM (CONT'D)

I don't know who you are or how it
 was you got aboard my ship, but it
 was your last mistake.
 (to the guards)
 Take them below and toss them out.

Brehm lets go of Traynor who gasps for air. The guards then lead them both away. Brehm walks to the pieces of crystal and kneels before them. He picks one up lovingly.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Flanked by the guards, Traynor and Kate make their way down a long hallway.

Traynor slips a small glass ball out of his pocket and smashes it to the ground. A thick gray smoke instantly fills the hallway. Traynor grabs Kate's hand and they take off.

Coughing, a guard hits a button and a piercing SIREN sounds.

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Making their way into another corridor, Traynor and Kate run toward an elevator. Several GUARDS round the corner and pursue them.

INT. ELECTRICAL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Traynor and Kate detour into an electrical hallway and down a narrow shaft that leads to...

INT. POD BAY - CONTINUOUS

...the pod bay. A GUARD corners them, but Traynor blindsides him with a fire extinguisher. Kate jams a bar across the door and wedges it shut.

KATE

That won't hold them long.

Traynor moves to a large crank and begins opening the hatch beneath them. Wind WHISTLES through the opening.

KATE (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

TRAYNOR

We're going to jump.

KATE

You do realize we don't have parachutes. Hitting the water from this height will be like dropping an egg onto cement.

Traynor moves to one of the lifeboats and pulls off the cover.

KATE (CONT'D)

Are you planning on rowing that to the ground.

Dragging the cover to a small valve running along a hydrogen line, Traynor attaches the fitted canvas, cinches the drawstring to make a single narrow opening in one end and opens the valve.

The tarp expands and rises, filling with the hissing gas. When it's full, Traynor moves to the open hatch, ties the makeshift balloon's drawstring to his waist and grabs Kate from behind.

Guards break through the door and begin pouring into the loading dock. Bullets PING around them.

TRAYNOR

Time to fly.

KATE

Wait...I can't...

Traynor, holding Kate, jumps.

EXT. SHIP - CONTINUOUS

Free-falling for a moment, the balloon catches a breeze and gently glides downward. A surprised look comes over Kate's face.

KATE

Where do you come up with this stuff?

The guards from the ship fire at Traynor and Kate as they drift out of range.

EXT. FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Gliding Earthward, Traynor dips slightly. The landing isn't pretty, but it gets them on the ground.

Kate stands a bit shaken. Traynor looks to the sky and sees Brehm's dark cloud cover moving off below the horizon.

TRAYNOR

We lost him. Is there another crystal?

KATE

You haven't figured it out, have you? It isn't about the crystals. It's something bigger.

Traynor moves towards Kate with urgency.

TRAYNOR

Bigger? Where's he going?

KATE

Atlantis.

Traynor rolls his eyes and walks a few steps away.

TRAYNOR

I'm not in the mood for your "sense of humor".

Kate pulls out the piece of paper from Brehm's ship.

KATE

He's heading for these coordinates.

TRAYNOR

How do you know this?

Kate He's traveled half the world and killed countless people to get three crystals which point out a tiny spot on the globe. Where else could he be going?

TRAYNOR (*CONT'D*)

But Atlantis? Now, really...

KATE

What difference does it make if it's Atlantis or the moon? This is where he's going. Unfortunately, these coordinates are in the middle of the ocean. If Atlantis is there it's under thousands of feet of water.

TRAYNOR

So what are you saying? You want to give up?

KATE

What I'm saying is that without some type of deep-sea submersible ship, Atlantis may as well be on the moon for all the luck we'll have getting there.

TRAYNOR

Submersible? I know just the man to see.

Traynor walks off toward a nearby dirt road.

KATE

Hey, wait for me. Where you go, I go.

EXT. NEW ORLEANS WATERFRONT - DAY

Dilapidated warehouses line the wharf. Traynor and Kate make their way past immense wooden crates, loading cranes and DOCK WORKERS. The sunlight begins to fade as they pause in front of a rundown yellow building.

The name above the door reads "Lemieux and Dupree Cannery".

KATE

Are you sure this is the right place?

TRAYNOR

This was the address listed in the pamphlet.

KATE

There's only one way to find out.

Kate turns the rusting doorknob and the door CREAKS open.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The expansive interior is littered with crates, shelves and miscellaneous unfinished projects. To one side is an elevated office with glass panels. The building sits out over the water and the faint sound of WAVES LAPPING against something can be heard.

KATE

It doesn't look too promising.

Kate wanders toward the center of the room and a large tarp that rises several feet above the floor. Through the floorboards she can barely make out the outline of something in the water below. As she is about to look underneath the tarp a foot slams down hard on the canvass.

WILEY(VO)

What are you doing here?

Kate jumps with a start and Wiley Brittle leans into her. He seems nervous and menacingly waves a large club at her.

WILEY (CONT'D)

What do you want? Get out.

KATE

Jeez, you scared me. Are you Wiley Brittle?

WILEY

That's none of your business. Now get out of here.

Wiley herds Kate towards the door. As they pass by a stack of crates, Traynor jumps down and grabs the club from Wiley's shaky grip.

TRAYNOR

This isn't a very polite way to welcome guests.

WILEY

I didn't invite you. You're trespassing. That's against the law.

KATE

And we're sorry to disturb you, but we need your help.

TRAYNOR

Two weeks ago at the World's Fair you gave a lecture on living under the sea. You mentioned a prototype for a deep sea submersible...

Wiley pushes Traynor and Kate toward the door.

WILEY

Did Claude send you? I don't know anything about living under the sea or any submersible.

Kate tries to turn on the charm.

KATE

Please. It's very important that you let us use the submersible. I know this sounds crazy, but we're going to Atlantis.

WILEY

Oh, well that's different. Not only are you criminals, but you're crackpots to boot. Now go.

TRAYNOR

Is it a matter of money?

WILEY

It's a matter of I don't know what you are talking about, but I'm sure back at the asylum you make complete sense to the doctors.

Wiley has finally maneuvered them toward the door and shoves them through it.

KATE

Look, if you need to find us or you change your mind, we're staying at the Refoy over in the Quarter.

WILEY

Yes. Right. Now don't come back here.

Wiley shuts the door and leans against it looking about nervously.

CUT TO:

EXT. REFOY HOTEL FRENCH QUARTER - NIGHT

The two story building has an ornate balcony in front and an alley off to one side. A taxi pulls up and a tired Traynor and Kate step out onto the curb.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Traynor and Kate stroll down the short hallway side-by-side.

KATE

Something's just not right with that Wiley Brittle.

TRAYNOR

He seemed nervous. Like he was expecting us to be someone else.

KATE

And what was that story about having no idea what a submersible was?

TRAYNOR

(yawning)

I guess we'll just have to figure it out tomorrow. I feel like I could sleep for days.

KATE

Me too. I'm dropping where I stand.

They come to their rooms and an awkward moment passes between them.

KATE (CONT'D)

Well, I guess this is good-night.

TRAYNOR

Yeah. good-night. I'll see you in the morning.

They turn and take rooms on opposite sides of the hall.

INT. TRAYNOR'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Traynor walks in and flips on a light. The room is tacky and rundown, but he doesn't seem to notice. He grabs a small backpack off the bed, moves to a window, lifts it and climbs out on the ledge.

EXT. HOTEL ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Traynor clings to the building making his way to a corner. He quickly shinnies down a drain-pipe and lands in the alley. He glances around and disappears around a corner.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The door to Kate's room opens a crack.

It opens a little more and she sticks her head out. She checks the hall and when she's satisfied it's empty, scurries out of her room and towards the stairs.

EXT. WILEY'S WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A single pale light illuminates the front of the warehouse. A shadow grows across the facade and Kate comes into view. Stepping to the front door, she looks back over her shoulder, tries the knob and the door opens.

INT. WILEY'S WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

It's dark except for a light that shines from under the door of Wiley's upstairs office. She CLICKS on a small flashlight and moves quietly around the room.

She moves on to the large tarp near the center of the warehouse. Lifting the covering, Kate finds a few boxes sitting on a trap door. Getting down on her hands and knees she tries to lift the door and when that fails, tries to look through the floorboards.

The light reflects off something metallic and shiny in the water below, but she can't quite tell what it is.

Suddenly a hand grabs her roughly by the hair and pulls her off the floor. An immense THUG with a vise-like grip shines a flashlight in Kate's face.

THUG

I guess we need to put out bigger traps for the rats.

The thug pulls Kate towards the office.

On the roof of the warehouse, a small red light glows through a window vent.

EXT. ROOF OF WILEY'S WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Traynor squats precariously above the water. He clings to the rotting sill of a dirty window.

An intense red light emanates from a small pen-like device in his hand. The glass in the window melts away in a neat square as the red light traces around the frame.

Finally it slips free and Traynor tosses it into the water below.

He climbs inside.

INT. WILEY'S WAREHOUSE, OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The thug pushes Kate into the room roughly and she lands at the feet of CLAUDE LABROUSTE. Claude, a small man with slick hair and a thick accent, picks Kate up and sits her next to a tied up Wiley Brittle.

CLAUDE

Goodness, looky what the kitty cat drag in.

KATE

Wiley. What's...

WILEY

I told you not to come around here.

THUG

I caught her sneaking around in the warehouse.

CLAUDE

You pick a bad night to go on the prowl, Cher.

Claude points the thug toward the door while tying Kate to a chair.

CLAUDE (*CONT'D*)

You go on now and finish up. I take care of these two.

KATE

I would advise you to let me go immediately.

Claude finishes tying Kate down.

CLAUDE

While you givin' advice, tell your doctor friend there not to borrow money he don't pay back. It's bad for the health.

Kate struggles against the ropes as Claude lights a cigarette.

CLAUDE (*CONT'D*)

You a feisty little thing, but soon you not gonna have any worries.

INT. WILEY'S WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The thug moves to a large kerosene pump against one wall. He pulls off the nozzle and CLICKS on the pump's switch. Kerosene sprays around the room.

A RUSTLING noise catches the thug's ear. He turns the nozzle away and leans over some crates. A large metal pipe catches him in the head rendering him unconscious. The thug reels back and drops the nozzle. Flammable liquid sprays out wildly. Traynor stands over the thug caressing the pipe.

TRAYNOR

Now here's a contraption no Urban Legend should be without.

INT. WILEY'S WAREHOUSE, OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Claude moves toward the door and opens it.

CLAUDE

(yelling)

What the hell goes on out there?

INT. WILEY'S WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Claude steps out on the landing above the floor of the warehouse. He tries to peer through the darkness.

The steel pipe jams through the boards beneath him and twists between his legs. His cigarette goes flying and Claude tumbles down the stairs.

Claude hits the ground the same time the cigarette does. Traynor leaps over the man as the warehouse erupts in flames.

INT. WILEY'S WAREHOUSE, OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Traynor races into the office and sees Kate and Wiley tied to chairs.

WILEY

You, too? What are you doing here?

KATE

Yeah, what are you doing here?

Traynor slices through the ropes.

TRAYNOR

(smug)

I thought you were dropping where you stood.

KATE

I thought you were going to sleep for days.

All three climb inside. Flames dance on the water under the warehouse as kerosene pours through the floorboards.

INT. BRITTLE SUBMERSIBLE - CONTINUOUS

Inside, the submersible is cramped and damp. Hundreds of crude dials cover the walls. Wiley runs about madly adjusting several gauges then sits in the captain's chair. The engine ROARS to life and the ship lurches ahead.

Loud CLANKS are heard as pieces of the warehouse rain down above them.

EXT. WILEY'S WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The fire in Wiley's building has now spread to several others casting an eerie glow out over the water.

The Brittle Submersible erupts from beneath the wharf taking out the flaming back wall of the warehouse. It cruises out into the open water.

INT. BRITTLE SUBMERSIBLE - CONTINUOUS

The burning wharf is visible on a monitor above the captain's chair.

KATE

I guess it's on to Atlantis.

WILEY

I'm not taking you anywhere. I have work...

TRAYNOR

It's either us or Claude LaBrouste.

WILEY

I'll take my chances with Claude.

Traynor pulls out a checkbook, scribbles a check and holds it up to Wiley's face.

TRAYNOR

Wouldn't your chances be better with this.

Being a man of science, Wiley snatches the check.

WILEY

Fasten your seatbelts.

EXT. BRITTLE SUBMERSIBLE, CONNING TOWER - DAY

The small submersible cuts through smooth ocean waters as Wiley works the controls on the deck. Traynor reads a compass.

TRAYNOR

Are you sure our heading is correct?

WILEY

Do you know anything about the Glickenhau currents? Are you familiar with magnetic pole navigation? Do you know for a fact we're not on course?

TRAYNOR

Well...no.

WILEY

Of course not.

KATE

I'm just guessing here, but I think Wiley takes offense with being questioned.

TRAYNOR

He's getting on my nerves.

EXT. BRITTLE SUBMERSIBLE, CONNING TOWER - DAY

Kate scans the horizon. Traynor comes up and stands behind her, staring pensively.

Kate looks around as if something were on her.

KATE

What? What is it?

TRAYNOR

(smiling)

I'm beginning to understand something.

Kate rolls her eyes and goes back to the spyglass.

TRAYNOR (*CONT'D*)

I'm beginning to understand you. When I first met you, you were different. I mean from other girls I've notched...dated.

KATE

(facetious)

This is a different approach.

TRAYNOR

No, this is different. I imagine you grew up...not in the south...maybe out west. Arizona.

(MORE)

TRAYNOR (*CONT'D*)

You spent your days reading the classics: Plato, Aristotle, Euripides and your nights fighting off the kid next door. Your father was an adventurer and your mother was a debutante who was disappointed you went for rocks instead of jocks.

KATE

You should stick to carousing. Your imagination is a bit too romantic. My mom sewed the cuffs on rich boy's pants. My dad couldn't read or write, but he knew how to find oil. He could pick up a rock and tell you if there was oil in the ground.

TRAYNOR

Ah, an oil tycoon.

KATE

Hardly. I said he knew how to find oil. I didn't say he owned any.

TRAYNOR

So geology was your father's idea.

KATE

No. We were living in San Francisco in 1906. The year the big one hit. I was eight then. When the ground started shaking I had never been so terrified or exhilarated. To watch the Earth swallow entire city blocks like a frog gulping down a fly. I knew right then what I wanted to do.

TRAYNOR

So, it takes an act of God to get your attention.

KATE

Exactly.

Kate looks out over the water as Wiley comes up to the conning tower deck.

KATE (*CONT'D*)

It looks like fog's rolling in.

Wiley picks up the scope, looks at several bizarre controls, taps a few instruments and makes adjustments.

WILEY

Impossible!

(MORE)

WILEY (CONT'D)

You can only have fog in a low pressure system. This isn't the weather for fog.

TRAYNOR

Well, your gauges must be wrong. That's fog.

WILEY

My gauges are not wrong and that can't be fog.

Traynor opens his mouth to argue, but Kate pulls him aside.

KATE

It's not worth it.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOG BANK - DAY

As the Brittle Submersible gets closer the fog bank turns dark and ominous. Winds pick up and lightening begins.

The fierce wind pushes huge waves across the tower. The ship rocks violently and is actually being pushed backwards.

WILEY

Everyone get below.

Wiley finishes making a few calculations then shepherds Traynor and Kate down the hatch.

INT. BRITTLE SUBMERSIBLE - CONTINUOUS

Wiley sits in a large seat and presses a few controls. A loud HISS and a resonating CHUG CHUG fill the air. Slowly the craft stops rocking.

TRAYNOR

Storm's passed.

WILEY

Nope, the storm's probably worse than ever.

Wiley pulls a lever and a large metal panel slides back to reveal an oval glass window.

Outside the ship, the blue Caribbean is alive with life. Wiley and Kate are amazed at what they behold.

Traynor looks around the cabin.

TRAYNOR

I guess there's no chance of springing
a leak, right?

Wiley is transfixed on the view out the window.

WILEY

I don't know. This is the first time
I've taken her under. Oooh look!
That's a Bracheopodic Chilidia!

Wiley picks up a tattered notebook to log his sighting.

TRAYNOR

Even if Racine Brehm makes it to
Atlantis, what's he looking for?

KATE

I have no idea what's there, if it
even exists. Historically, it's only
mentioned in Plato's Criticas and
even that was based on third hand
information that was 2500 years old.

TRAYNOR

It's a rumor. We're chasing a myth.

KATE

Part myth, part legend, but all
legends have some basis in fact.

TRAYNOR

Yeah, I've heard that before.

KATE

Atlantis's fleets traded with the
world. They were advanced far beyond
any civilization of their time. Then,
sometime around 3000 B.C. they
disappeared. Their continent was
destroyed, depending on who you talk
to, by an earthquake, a volcano, a
tidal wave, or something else.

WILEY

Vents! Vents ahead.

Everyone looks out the window to see dozens of large volcanic
fissures pushing hot water and bubbles up to the surface.

WILEY (CONT'D)

Good Lord. That shouldn't be there.

Traynor and Kate look out at the massive base of a mountain,
rising up from the ocean floor out of the water.

TRAYNOR

Atlantis?

KATE

Wiley, take us up to get a better look.

Wiley works a few controls and the craft slowly rises.

EXT. LAGOON - DAY

The huge clear lagoon is inset into a massive crescent shaped volcanic island. The island rises several thousand feet into the clouds. A thick plume of smokes rises from the cone. A verdant jungle rises three-quarters up the mountain then gives way to bare rock.

A few miles off in the distance the fog wall encircles the island.

Bubbles of hot sulfuric water rise all over the lagoon. A new set of bubbles gives way to reveal the Brittle Submersible slowly rising to the surface.

The ship bobs about as the conning tower hatch flips open. Traynor, Kate and Wiley crawl out and share a look at the island.

TRAYNOR

Are we at 15° north and 53° east?

WILEY

Not yet.

He studies a sextant and makes a few calculations.

WILEY (CONT'D)

Fifteen fifty-three is up there.

Wiley points to the top of the mountain.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRITTLE SUBMERSIBLE - DAY

Traynor and Kate are stepping off the submersible into an inflatable raft. Traynor wears a bulging backpack.

KATE

I can't say how long we'll be, Wiley.

WILEY

Oh, no hurry. I've already logged more than fifteen different species of Encephlapoda. That's a personal record.

TRAYNOR

Try not to miss us.

Wiley doesn't hear Traynor as he pulls out a net on a pole and scoops through the water.

CUT TO:

EXT. ISLAND SHORE - DAY

The Brittle Submersible is visible in the lagoon as Kate and Traynor make landfall on a pristine sandy beach.

After pulling the boat on shore they enter the dense jungle.

TRAYNOR

Brehm's probably been here and gone.

KATE

That weather was pretty tough. Maybe he was pushed back.

TRAYNOR

What do you think we'll find up there?

KATE

It could be an entrance, could be a marker, could be nothing. We're talking about thousands of years between when that crystal map was made and now.

TRAYNOR

All that matters is Brehm shows up.

Kate watches him go then follows.

CUT TO:

EXT. JUNGLE PATH - DAY

Traynor and Kate walk along a narrow well worn path. Through breaks in the jungle canopy, they see glimpses of the smoldering volcano.

TRAYNOR

If we're the first people to find this island in thousands of years, why is this path so well worn?

KATE

Animal trails. Even cows follow the same trail from place to place.

Traynor looks around a bit concerned, but keeps trudging along.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUILDING RUINS - DAY

The two enter an area of jungle where several large stone and iron structures have been overgrown. Kate pulls away branches and debris.

TRAYNOR

This is it. We found it. This must be Atlantis.

Traynor runs to a large circular overgrown marble pit.

TRAYNOR (*CONT'D*)

This looks like a temple or maybe a sacrificial pit.

KATE

It looks more like a cage. This must have been a zoo.

TRAYNOR

Where did you come up with that?

KATE

I read Sumerian.

TRAYNOR

You read Sumerian?

KATE

Just enough to get by. This inscription reads "Do Not Feed The Hydra".

TRAYNOR

What's a hydra?

KATE

This must be a mistake. The hydra's a mythical creature; a massive snake, with nine heads. It was considered immortal unless you killed the center head.

TRAYNOR

Well, if it did exist, it escaped 5,000 years ago. It's probably in the New York sewers by now.

A resonant THUMP is followed by a cackling howl.

TRAYNOR (*CONT'D*)

You expecting company?

The thick bushes move then separate as a twenty foot creature enters the clearing. Possessing the body of a gigantic lion, this creature has the head of an eagle, a feathered back and huge wings. It pushes over three trees as it enters the clearing.

TRAYNOR (*CONT'D*)

That doesn't look like a nine headed snake.

Kate takes a step forward and stares in amazement.

KATE

This is incredible. That's a griffin...a mythological beast with the body of...

TRAYNOR

Right now I'd say it's anything, but mythological.

The griffin circles slowly as Traynor and Kate are careful to keep it in front of them.

TRAYNOR (*CONT'D*)

What do you think the chances are he just had a big meal and is looking for a nice place to take a nap?

KATE

Slim. Very slim.

The creature spreads its wings and flaps a few times. Dust and rocks whip up from the wind. Hovering a few feet in the air, the griffin circles Kate and Traynor who stand back to back.

Traynor slips his backpack off and pulls out a small tank looking something like a fire extinguisher.

KATE (*CONT'D*)

What is that?

TRAYNOR

A weapon...I think.

The angry griffin watches Traynor and Kate's movements. The razor sharp beak swipes at the two narrowly missing them.

It hovers and dives coming only inches from Traynor's head.

The creature circles and dives again. This time it's right on its mark and heading toward Kate. Traynor holds up the canister and sprays.

A thick orange goo fires out and impacts the griffin.

The huge wings become entangled in the sticky goo and the griffin drops to the ground thrashing violently. The more it fights, the more entangled in the goo it gets.

KATE

Where did you get that stuff?

TRAYNOR

It was just something I had laying around the garage. Come on, I don't know how long it'll hold.

The two run past the griffin following the trail up the mountainside.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - DAY

Battered and tired from the griffin encounter, Traynor and Kate trudge along a narrow foot trail leading them up the side of the smoldering volcano. The terrain imperceptibly changes from lush to rocky. The so-called trail is littered with huge boulders from rock slides.

A thick sulfurous steam rises from fractures in the hardened lava flows creating ghost-like swirls.

Far below the Brittle Submersible is barely visible in the water.

KATE

I don't want to pry, but are you some kind of inventor or something? What is all that stuff in your rucksack?

TRAYNOR

A lot of this stuff belonged to my father. I don't really know how to use most of it.

KATE

Why don't you just ask him?

TRAYNOR

He left...he died when I was young.

KATE

Oh,. I'm sorry.

TRAYNOR

It's all right. I really didn't know him. I really think of Elbridge as my father. He helped raise me.

KATE

I see why he's so important to you.

Traynor is visibly upset.

TRAYNOR

Come on, I don't want to miss Brehm
this time.

EXT. VOLCANO TOP - DAY

The volcano's crater is about a half-mile in diameter. Just below the crater's lip, amber and yellow magma boils out of control. The thick heat and smoke allow for only momentary glances down. This volcano's ready to blow.

Strong winds batter the intrepid duo as they enter a rocky plateau. At first glance the area seems desolate. The winds dissipate a wall of steam to reveal a brass tower standing thirty feet tall. A fixed ladder leads to a platform and a large shattered glass cylinder.

Kate climbs to the top.

KATE

It's some kind of beacon. Like a
lighthouse. It may have helped their
boats navigate. Come up here.

Traynor drops his rucksack and climbs the narrow tower and joins Kate. Looking down he sees the entire lagoon set against the crescent shaped island.

KATE (CONT'D)

It's got to be here. It's on this
island. Somewhere.

TRAYNOR

Well where'd it go?

The winds whip up fast as the sulfurous mist spirals around them. The mountain rumbles. But it's not the volcano. Rising slowly behind the duo is a large, dark, ominous shape; Brehm's ship.

As the flying ship's shadow crosses their path, Traynor and Kate look up in amazement and horror.

The tethered pod is descending; four figures inside. The pod lands and Racine Brehm steps out flanked by three imposing mechahumans.

BREHM

The two of you have slowed me down
enough. Neither of you can begin to
comprehend what I've set out to
achieve.

TRAYNOR
Killing innocent people?

BREHM
The ends will justify the means.

Kate Is discovering Atlantis that important to you?

BREHM (CONT'D)
Clay pots and trinkets don't interest
me. I'm looking for the beginning of
a new world order.

Traynor eyes his rucksack, inching closer to it.

KATE
Whose new world order, yours?

The ground rumbles as Brehm turns to the mechas ignoring
her.

BREHM
Kill them.

The boiling volcano blows a column of high pressure gas and
steam far in the air.

The steam hits the flying ship pushing it around like a toy.
The tethered pod is dragged across the plateau. Brehm runs
to it as Kate pulls Traynor down the rocky mountainside.

Kate Traynor. This way.

Traynor grabs his rucksack and joins Kate on the run. Brehm
stands in the pod.

BREHM (CONT'D)
Traynor?

The pod doors close as Brehm steps forward. The pod ascends
to the flying ship. The ship careens out of control and
plunges behind the volcano's cone.

ANGLE ON

Traynor and Kate as jagged bolts of lightening burst from
the mechahumans. The blasts impact inches from their feet as
they hasten down the mountainside.

Traynor stops momentarily and pulls out the square thin rubber
sheet that vaulted him atop his chandelier. He places it on
the ground and runs.

The mechahumans take long strides; three to Traynor and Kate's
one. They approach Traynor's trap. The first crosses without
stepping as does the second. The third mechahuman impacts
the rubber square's center.

FLIP! The metallic creature is vaulted high into the air, its arms flailing. It SLAMS into the rock face then falls hundreds of feet into the volcano.

Kate One down.

Lightening bolts strike the ancient mountain loosening rock slides. Another blast unleashes a river of molten lava which speeds down the crude path like quicksilver.

The two remaining mechas gain ground. The river of lava is so close its heat can be felt on their heels.

Traynor pulls a long cord from his belt. On each end are sharp darts. He launches one dart at a rock on his right and a second at a rock on his left. The line goes taught.

The first mechahuman trips the line. SPROING! The line erupts into a net. The mecha gets bogged down and stumbles. The second mechahuman passes him, still in pursuit. Moments later the river of lava washes over the downed metal creature.

KATE

I...can't keep running.

The lava advances on Traynor and Kate. Lightening blasts hit a rocky outcroppings nearby. A boulder some fifty feet across and deep breaks off and drops before them.

TRAYNOR

Up. Up on top.

Traynor and Kate scramble atop the boulder as the river of lava washes past. They stand trapped on the boulder island momentarily. The boulder begins bobbing then floating in the rush of lava.

Whoosh, they're moving again. The boulder boat, with Kate and Traynor as passengers, rides and rolls the lava rapids down the mountainside.

SLAM. The boulder boat impacts the lava river walls and twirls around.

TRAYNOR (*CONT'D*)

We'll ride it out to the lagoon.

KATE

Think again, Captain Courageous.

Kate points to the boulder they stand upon. It's slowly sinking into the lava.

TRAYNOR

Time to get off.

The lava river has widened to one hundred feet across. The boulder boat skims along dead center.

Towering cypress trees lean over the lava river. They are all too far for Traynor to reach.

Reaching into his pack, Traynor pulls out the razor disk and flings it. SLICE. It cuts a massive cypress at the trunk a hundred yards ahead. The blade retracts and it returns to Traynor landing at his feet.

The massive tree crashes across the gorge. The intense heat from the river causes its leaves to burst into flames.

A lone thin smoldering branch hangs off the fallen tree directly in the boulder boat's path.

TRAYNOR (*CONT'D*)

Grab onto that branch.

KATE

There's got to be a better way.

TRAYNOR

Tell me about it later.

Kate opens her mouth to protest when Traynor lifts her up on the branch then quickly grabs it himself. They fight to hold on, burning branches all around them.

Traynor and Kate scurry across the tree which can hold them no longer. The charred tree falls into the lava river and bursts to flames. Traynor holds Kate in a tight hug.

They turn to see...

...a hulking mechahuman who stands before them. Traynor looks to his bag of tricks. Empty.

Razor sharp blades slide out of the mecha's arms. It raises an arm to slice Traynor and Kate when....

...the angry griffin bursts from the jungle; the remains of Traynor's glue foam still stuck to his beak and claws. The griffin grips the mechahuman in it's mighty beak and pounds it against the rocks like an otter with a clam. Traynor and Kate beat a hasty retreat toward the water.

As they leave the jungle behind the clanking and crashing of the mechahuman can still be heard.

Kate and Traynor run along the beach when they see yellow eyes in the water looking at them.

TRAYNOR (*CONT'D*)

Back! Back into the jungle.

What ever it is, it's coming up. The water boils then reveals...

...the Brittle Submersible. Wiley opens the hatch and waves.

WILEY

Guess what I found! Guess!

Traynor and Kate run into the water and climb aboard.

WILEY (CONT'D)

I found a Myxinida Agnatha. A entire colony of them!

Kate and Traynor race past Wiley and down the stairs.

TRAYNOR

Look what we found.

The griffin bursts from over the jungle, rage in his eyes. Wiley nearly falls overboard in fear and amazement.

WILEY

Hey! Wait for me.

Wiley is the last below deck. The hatch closes with a loud CLANK and water begins washing over the submersible. The griffin charges into the water and pecks at the tiny ship.

INT. BRITTLE SUBMERSIBLE - CONTINUOUS

Wiley is running from control to control. He adjusts a knob here, pulls a lever there.

WILEY

Do you know what that was? It was a griffin. I think it was a griffin. I've never seen one before...they don't exist. We need to go back and study it.

Wiley begins to turn the rudder control. Traynor puts a strong grip on it.

TRAYNOR

No. We don't.

Wiley and Traynor lock horns for a moment. Kate intervenes.

KATE

Wiley, take it down before that thing cracks us open.

Wiley resumes turning knobs and pulling levers.

TRAYNOR

How deep can this tub go?

WILEY

I don't really know. I guess it can go as deep as it can, then it pops.

KATE

Pops?

WILEY

Implodes actually. The pressure of the water could crush us like a bug under a boot. I have no idea at what depth. It's all very theoretical, you know.

EXT. BRITTLE SUBMERSIBLE - CONTINUOUS

The tiny ship is dropping fast as the light from the lagoon fades away. Then...a shadow passes across the tiny ship.

INT. BRITTLE SUBMERSIBLE - CONTINUOUS

Kate looks out the forward porthole. Sealife glides serenely by. Below, dots of orange shimmer.

KATE

I see lights!

WILEY

It's the volcanic vents.

Traynor looks out as well.

TRAYNOR

Kate, what was that snake-thing? That nine-headed snake-thing you were talking about?

KATE

You mean the hydra?

TRAYNOR

That's it! That's it!

KATE

I know that's it.

TRAYNOR

No! That's it!

Traynor points out the window as a massive angry snake head rears.

EXT. BRITTLE SUBMERSIBLE - CONTINUOUS

The nine headed snake comes writhing through the dark waters heading directly for the ship. Each of the nine heads looking angrier than the next.

At least one hundred feet long, the grotesque creature wraps itself around the submersible stopping its movement.

INT. BRITTLE SUBMERSIBLE - CONTINUOUS

Kate is trying to see past several layers of hydra when one of its heads rears in the window, she scream and flips back.

TRAYNOR

All right, all right...let's calm
down, what's he gonna do, eat us?

The center head, the biggest and nastiest, is planning to do just that. It's fanged mouth moves in on the tiny submersible and attempts to bite it.

Everyone looks up. The bizarre sound of a one hundred foot, nine headed snake, eating a small submarine, resounds throughout the ship.

CRACK, CRACK, CRACK, CRACK. Four immense slime coated fangs slice through the hull; two up and two down.

The creature attempts to open its mouth for a second chomp, but it can't.

TRAYNOR (*CONT'D*)

He's stuck fast.

WILEY

It's pulling us down.

TRAYNOR

If we could fill it with air it might
take us up.

WILEY

Archimedes buoyancy theories. Its
mouth is over our exhaust port so if
we can pump enough of our air into
it, we'll cause it to rise. As it
rises, the air will expand, the
pressure will increase and perhaps
cause the hydra to explode!

KATE

Great. Where is the extra air stored?

WILEY

There's no extra air, just what we
have here.

TRAYNOR

There's not enough air in here to
make that thing rise.

WILEY

We can double our air volume by super-heating it! All we need to do is position ourselves over a volcanic vent and start cooking. This is all theoretical, of course.

Wiley twiddles more knobs, pulls a big red lever and the craft lurches into reverse.

EXT. BRITTLE SUBMERSIBLE - CONTINUOUS

The hydra and the Brittle Submersible are locked in a tug-of-war. Slowly the submersible begins to win. It pulls the angry creature toward a huge roiling vent. Boiling hot water surrounds the submersible and the hydra.

INT. BRITTLE SUBMERSIBLE - CONTINUOUS

The temperature is rising past 120°. Traynor, Kate and Wiley are drenched in sweat as a strong wind picks and heated air rushes out the exhaust port.

EXT. BRITTLE SUBMERSIBLE - CONTINUOUS

The Hydra gets an amazed look on its nine faces as its body fills with hot air. It struggles to break free of the submersible but can't. The eight free heads of the hydra thrash wildly, then attack and shred the center head which holds the submersible and shred it to pieces.

The water fills with scaly flesh and blood as the Hydra mutilates itself.

KERTHUNK, the beheaded hydra breaks away from the submersible leaving the four massive fangs embedded in its hull. The bloated creature rises upward at a rocket's pace then BLAM, explodes into millions of pieces.

INT. BRITTLE SUBMERSIBLE - CONTINUOUS

The temperature has risen past 135°. The controls spark and flame. Wiley shuts off the exhaust port and grips the controls which burn his hands.

WILEY

Such a waste, I could have made a career of studying that creature.

TRAYNOR

And it could have made lunch out of us.

KATE

Now I know what a lobster feels like. Would you mind getting us out of the pot?

Wiley works the controls, but no response.

WILEY

That irksome hydra. It must have
damaged the lateral rudder control.
We have no steering.

EXT. BRITTLE SUBMERSIBLE - CONTINUOUS

The sub drops toward the lava vent, but is then sucked into a black void. The Brittle Submersible keeps dropping and dropping and dropping.

BING. BANG. BOOM. The tiny craft bounces off the sharp walls of an extinct vent. The suction pulls them down.

The wild rides continues into the blackness until...

INT. UNDERGROUND CAVERN - DAY

A monstrous underground ocean stretches far beyond the horizon. An eerie luminescence lights the entire area.

From a single huge fissure in the cavern ceiling, water drops into the underground sea.

The Brittle Submersible pours through the fissure in the torrent of water.

SPLASH, the submersible hits hard. The hatch is thrown open and Wiley looks out.

EXT. BRITTLE SUBMERSIBLE - CONTINUOUS

Kate and Traynor look around in sheer amazement. Wiley spots a passing fish.

WILEY

Incredible! Ictisphlyderna Clactnis.
Almost six inches long!

TRAYNOR

You think that's something...look at
this.

Wiley looks up.

WILEY

Oh...my...God.

Behold Atlantis; city of gods, world of the future, land of imagination, legend, myth and fable, but there it stands.

EXT. ATLANTIS - CONTINUOUS

The ruins of Atlantis are laid out for all to see. Crumbled towers and temples show the stress of a catastrophic force.

The towers are torn open, exposed to the eerie luminescence of the cavern. Crystalline causeways that once connected the towers are shattered and lead nowhere.

A huge harbor made of opal gives way to a river lined in onyx creeping though the center of the city.

Buckled stone streets meander past hundreds of plazas with destroyed pools, gardens and fountains. The city exists but there are no people. Atlantis is a ghost town.

EXT. BRITTLE SUBMERSIBLE - CONTINUOUS

WILEY

I guess my Ictisphlyderna Clactnis
isn't so exciting after all.

The submersible leaves a quiet wake as the tiny ship motors along the Atlantian river. The towers seem to shimmer from the ambient light. The falling water's roar fades into the distance.

Buildings constructed of precious stones, lapis, obsidian and amber glide by.

TRAYNOR

The volcano did all this?

KATE

A volcano didn't do this. There's no
dried lava, no ash, no pumice?

WILEY

An earthquake?

KATE

This doesn't look like anything
natural.

TRAYNOR

I don't care what happened then.
It's now I'm concerned about. If
Brehm is looking for something here,
let's find it first.

The submarine pulls into a large marble harbor. Wiley tosses a rope across a jutting post and the Brittle submersible comes to jarring halt. Traynor hops dockside.

TRAYNOR (*CONT'D*)

Who's up for a little exploring?

Kate hesitates then joins him.

KATE

You coming Wiley?

WILEY

Can you wait a few hours? I've got to repair these holes in the submersible first.

With two hands Wiley pulls the sharp 18 inch Hydra fang from the hull.

TRAYNOR

We'll come back for you.

WILEY

At least I've got a souvenir. I'll hang it over my fireplace.

Traynor and Kate start off into the deserted city.

MONTAGE

Traynor and Kate passing a massive reflecting pool. No water there now, just dust.

Never before seen architecture. Towers starting only a few feet wide then blossoming outward to hundreds of feet across like inverted triangles.

Shattered stadiums for games whose rules have long since been forgotten.

Eating areas and kitchens to feed hundreds of thousands.

Broken canals winding though the entire complex, entering and exiting crumbled buildings.

Inside a massive building, an atrium rises up five hundred feet. In the center are dried fountains, gardens and canals. A huge mosaic of two men holding a burning sphere adorns a far wall.

A metal bridge, once the shiniest copper, now dull with verdigris.

END MONTAGE

Traynor and Kate walk out of one empty plaza and into another.

TRAYNOR

How will we know what we're looking for when we see it?

Traynor picks up a chunk of broken marble.

TRAYNOR (CONT'D)

For all we know Brehm could be looking for this rock.

KATE

Think again.

Directly in front of the two stands a massive round building reaching fifty feet high. The building is pristine and undamaged as if protected from the violence that laid waste to Atlantis. A series of aqueducts cascade water onto the roof top.

TRAYNOR

There must be a way inside. You go left, I'll go right. We'll meet back here.

Traynor heads off looking for anything that might let him through. As he parallels the curved wall he can't help but marvel at the dead city surrounding him.

The wall continues to curve to the left and he comes upon a fifty foot statue carved into the building's facade. The statue is of a young man holding an imposing staff.

Footfalls approach as Kate comes around the bend.

TRAYNOR (*CONT'D*)

Any luck?

KATE

No entrances, no exits. Just this guy here.

Traynor looks up at the aqueducts leading to the roof top.

TRAYNOR

My guess is our answer will be up there. Time to climb.

Traynor and Kate make their way up the stone man. Half-way up they can see most of the city. Finally they reach the top.

TRAYNOR (*CONT'D*)

Thanks, big guy.

EXT. BUILDINGS ROOF TOP - CONTINUOUS

Traynor surveys the roof of the round building. The aqueducts high above drop water into a huge pool some thirty feet deep that is the rooftop. A narrow walkway runs the entire circumference.

The water circles counter-clockwise. In the center a whirlpool drains away. There are no doors, no stairs, nothing.

TRAYNOR

(frustrated)

This place is just a big pile of rocks and Brehm'll find the same thing we found.

(yelling to the city)

There's nothing here.

KATE

Give up. Go back to the ship then.

TRAYNOR

I'm sorry, it's just that every corner we turn, there's always more ahead.

It's like some big cosmic practical joke. Let's try another building.

KATE

Look around you, Traynor. What ever Brehm is after it's got to be in here. Come on, we'll find a way inside.

Traynor and Kate move along the walkway unaware of two glowing eyes watching from below the water.

Kate stops, takes a scarf and dips it in the water. She wipes her face and re-dips the cloth. As she does, she catches a glimpse of two eyes. She reels back and screams in terror.

KATE (CONT'D)

There's something in there...something alive!

Traynor holds her as she back-peddles from the water.

TRAYNOR

Probably a fish.

KATE

No! It was bigger. Much bigger.

Traynor looks to the water and sees huge yellow eyes. Looking closer he sees the creature they belong to.

The creature has a giant ape-like face, an enormous body covered with decayed scales and six arms with razor-like claws. It stands on the lake's bottom on two legs, a thick slime and scale covered tail trails behind.

Traynor jumps back then pulls Kate by the hand.

TRAYNOR

About that fish. Let's find calmer waters.

KATE

Then you saw him?

TRAYNOR

I don't know what I saw.

Kate turns back. The creature is moving under the water towards the pool's edge drawing closer to the surface.

KATE

I don't suppose you have any gadgets that might prove helpful?

The walkway only circles the water, so running away is out of the question.

In the water, a strange thing happens. As the top of the creature's head breaks the water, it becomes translucent, then seems to lose definition, becoming ghostlike. First it's head, then its torso.

Kate stands amazed.

KATE (*CONT'D*)

The Praxa.

Traynor is pulling her.

TRAYNOR

The what-a?

KATE

The Praxa, a sea creature; solid underwater but it becomes vaporous above. It's unbelievable.

TRAYNOR

It's angry.

Traynor pulls Kate and they're off running. The vaporous head and six armed torso of the Praxa comes along side and blocks their path. A mighty arm brushes against Kate who is shoved into the water.

TRAYNOR (*CONT'D*)

I've never seen vapor do that before.

He reaches out to Kate but a solid portion of the Praxa pulls her underwater.

The vaporous head swipes at Traynor who dives away. The head strikes the marble wall, turns to a cloud, then reforms.

Below the water Kate struggles against the slimy creature. Above, the vaporous head attacks again knocking Traynor down and reforms itself. His face on the walkway, Traynor gets a good whiff of the creature.

TRAYNOR (CONT'D)

Methane!

The creature winds up for the killing blow. Traynor stands, reaches into his pocket and pulls out his lighter. Here comes the creature, there goes the lighter. Traynor jumps into the water as the flame crosses through the vaporous creature and KABOOM!

The fifty percent of the creature above the water explodes in a massive fireball, the fifty percent below goes ridged then sinks like a rock. Green blood and creature wreckage swirl about. Traynor swims madly looking for Kate.

She is in the clutches of a bodiless limb, dropping toward the pool's bottom. Traynor grabs her, pulls her free and attempts to swim upward. A good idea except the whirlpool is pulling him backward. Down, down, down.

The swirling becomes stronger and stronger pulling them into the center. The two manage to catch a few fleeting breaths in the center as they drain away into the darkness.

CUT TO:

INT. WATER FUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Traynor and Kate drop into another pool. This one, only fifty-feet across is black and bottomless. Swimming with strong strokes, Traynor pulls Kate to the side then up and over. Inside the rotunda is astounding.

CUT TO:

INT. ROUND BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Golden walls glow as a perfect curtain of blue green water shimmers down. The water draining from the hole in the ceiling lands in a triangular pool made of obsidian. Along the shimmering walls are thirteen statues of noble looking men.

Not far away is a re-creation of the world, a golbeorium, fifty feet across, made of glass. The hollow golbeorium rests on a pedestal that rises thirty feet from the floor. Inside, at the golbeorium's center, is a small sphere, three feet across. It glows a warm yellow; its luminescence lighting the entire area.

Standing next to the sphere of energy is an elderly man holding a golden staff. He watches Traynor and Kate with cold eyes.

TRAYNOR

He looks familiar.

KATE
The statue outside.

Traynor takes notice of one other detail. A round table with 13 seats. Emblazoned on each setback is one of the 13 logos from the UL icon. The UL icon is carved into the table's center.

Slowly Traynor moves toward the golbeorium.

KATE (*CONT'D*)
Careful Traynor.

TRAYNOR
What is this place?

Inside the golbeorium, the man speaks and his voice booms from all around. This is BAAL.

BAAL
You have entered the Temple of the Sun.

Traynor stares at the Urban Legend logo in amazement.

TRAYNOR
The Circle...

KATE
Circle? What circle?

Traynor ignores Kate as he walks toward the pedestal to an opening in its base. Kate attempts to follows.

TRAYNOR
(to Kate)
Wait here.

KATE
Hey! Where you go, I go.

Traynor keeps walking.

TRAYNOR
Not this time.

Traynor walks to a platform in the center of the pedestal. As he steps on it, it rises upward into the center of the globeorium.

BAAL
I've been expecting you Traynor Pierce.

TRAYNOR
You know who I am?

BAAL

I've known you all your life.

Traynor steps up to touch the ball of light.

TRAYNOR

It doesn't give off heat.

Traynor picks up the sphere and looks into its brilliance. His body goes rigid.

TRAYNOR (*CONT'D*)

All...the...power. Cities, boats, communications. I see kings...the gold...the possibilities.

The old man takes the sphere from Traynor, placing it back in its stand.

TRAYNOR (*CONT'D*)

It was everything to them, everything. While I held it...I knew everything. I knew how to heal, languages, the stars. How to supply energy to the entire planet. How to provide food and wealth to everyone.

He turns and grabs the old man.

BAAL

And how to destroy the world.

Traynor stares long and hard. The man gestures toward the golbeorium walls.

BAAL (*CONT'D*)

Look around, an entire city, an entire nation, an entire continent, laid to waste by the power before you; The Power Of The Sun. For thousands of years the people of Atlantis used the power. Its knowledge provided everything to us, but that wasn't enough. We became obsessed by it; addicted. It ultimately destroyed our entire civilization. For five thousand years I've guarded the Power Of The Sun, so shall I for time everlasting.

TRAYNOR

Five thousand years? How can that be?

BAAL

Here in the golbeorium, while I stand
guard over the power, my existence
is eternal.

TRAYNOR

Who are you?

BAAL

I am Baal, the closing link of the
circle.

KATE

What circle? What circle are you
guys talking about?

BAAL

He knows.

TRAYNOR

The Circle Of Vigilance...

BAAL

...began here...in Atlantis thousands
of years ago. Your ancestors were
all Emissaries.

As Baal speaks, eight foot tall monoliths rise from the floor. Each projects a hologram of man. The images rise, one after another, forming concentric circles around Traynor, Kate and Baal.

BAAL (*CONT'D*)

Your forefathers have all served the
Circle.

Traynor looks down upon the monoliths. The men depicted wear clothing befitting their time. Some wearing tunics and robes, others dressed in armor. Names and dates are inscribed in the stones.

TRAYNOR

King Arthur, Charlemagne, Beowulf,
Ulysses, King David...

He waves to all the images.

BAAL

Your ancestors...you have come home.

Traynor is caught up in the weight of the moment then...

TRAYNOR

No, no, no...you've got it wrong.
I'm not home.

(MORE)

TRAYNOR (*CONT'D*)

I came here to get revenge on the man who killed Elbridge. He's coming and when he gets here, I'm going to kill him.

BAAL

Racine Brehm, the thirteenth member of the Circle of Vigilance.

TRAYNOR

You know him?

BAAL

The power of the sun allows me to see the world. I've followed the Circle of Vigilance long after its members lost track of whence they came. I've followed each member and all have been with merit, save one; Racine Brehm. He was only eighteen when chosen to join the circle. His creations were genius. But Brehm was young and angry. He wanted to change the world; create a new order. His ranting became more and more deranged. His new world order placed him as sovereign, with the Circle and Emissary as his cabinet. Your father learned of his plan to kill President McKinley thereby beginning the new order. He stopped the plan, but was unable to prevent the President from being killed.

From the far end of the temple a momentous explosion resounds. A huge section of the shimmering wall falls away to reveal Brehm, flanked by two mechahumans. He arrogantly strolls through the wreckage and past the monoliths.

BREHM

Don't look so surprised. You knew I was coming. Traynor Pierce. I should have recognized that family arrogance when I first met you. If not the arrogance, then certainly the persistence.

BAAL

Why have you come here?

BREHM

(angry)

Oh don't play that game with me. You know damn well why I've come. Give it to me so I don't have to kill you when I take it.

BAAL

You can't succeed. There is no place
for the wicked.

Baal looks upon the Power Of the Sun. Traynor realizes the
implication.

BREHM

With the Power Of the Sun I'm insuring
my success. This sphere will give
me the knowledge to create the most
horrific weapon mankind has ever
seen. In a week's time there will be
a new world order.

Traynor makes a move into his rucksack and pulls out a
revolver. With two hands he aims at Brehm.

TRAYNOR

This is for Elbridge.

BAAL

Traynor, No!

Traynor fires at Brehm shattering the crystal golbeorium to
pieces. A bullet catches Brehm in the mechanical arm. The
mechas fire back teetering the thirty foot pedestal. The
Power Of the Sun falls as Traynor hangs on to the tall
pedestal and crashes through the temple wall.

Baal lands unscathed, but the

Power Of the Sun skitters away. Brehm strides up to glowing
sphere and places his hands on it. His entire body seems to
light up with its aura.

KATE

Traynor!

Kate runs toward the opening, but Brehm's hand grabs her
from behind. The mechas fire their deadly bolts around the
temple. Hot lightening rips into the walls. Brehm looks for
Baal, but he's nowhere to be seen.

BREHM

Find him and kill him! Then, bring
me the old man.

Huge chunks of the walls crumble and fall. A section of the
golden roof drops and the monoliths topple like dominos.

EXT. TEMPLE OF THE SUN - CONTINUOUS

Traynor runs down the deserted city streets. The mechas
pursue, firing bolts from their arms. Buildings explode and
the remains of towers crumble violently.

An errant bolt impacts a stone wall unleashing a torrent of red hot lava. Traynor turns down a cobblestone street only to be met by the wall of magma.

More lightening bolts unleash torrents of waters as Traynor retreats down yet another alley. Ahead a mecha blocks his path, in back the other mecha closes in. Behind one mecha the wall of lava advances, behind the other, the wall of water.

Traynor fishes a small black magnet from his pocket and flings it against the torso of the advancing mecha. It sticks with a loud CLANK. The magnet's pull draws the second mecha into the first incapacitating them both.

The water and lava rush toward Traynor and the mechas. As the mechas flail, Traynor climbs atop them and leaps to a nearby building.

The water and lava collide annihilating the two mechahumans creating a curtain of steam that envelops the area. As the wall of steam advances on Traynor, he dives into the river and hits the water as...

The ruined city EXPLODES yet again.

Traynor surfaces. Kicking the water wildly he feels something beneath his feet. It's moving; rising.

Traynor begins to panic then sees himself standing on the deck of the Brittle Submersible. The hatch opens up and Wiley appears.

Both men look to the river's edge where Baal stands silently.

TRAYNOR

How did you get out of there?

BAAL

I used the door.

TRAYNOR

There was no door.

BAAL

Well, of course there was a door.
How else did I get out here?

WILEY

You do want to leave, don't you? I
found a way out of here.

Traynor, Baal and Wiley go below. Traynor takes one last look at the lost city. Walls of lava wash over the remains. The submersible begins to sink, snapping Traynor's attention.

He goes below and closes the hatch behind him.

CUT TO:

EXT. BREHM'S SHIP - NIGHT

The massive ship cruises through the night sky enshrouded by a thick blanket of clouds.

INT. CAPTAINS QUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Brehm enters with Kate in tow. He shoves her roughly onto an overstuffed couch and proceeds to a bank of controls. He CLICKS on a mic.

BREHM

Set a course for New York.

He CLICKS off and turns to Kate.

BREHM (*CONT'D*)

You'll be assigned a cabin to make your short stay more comfortable.

KATE

Don't go to any trouble on my account. Just drop me anywhere.

BREHM

It's not that easy. Once I demonstrate my power by destroying New York City, I will issue my ultimatum to the world and they will submit to me. My new world order will rise from the ashes. Then Traynor will come for me.

KATE

He's not coming after anyone. He's dead.

Brehm takes off his shirt, unfastens his mechanical arm at the shoulder and pulls a curtain open revealing a wall of human arms.

BREHM

When I was a young man I enjoyed games of chance. I was reckless; I gambled and it cost me my arm.

A quick look shows them all to be mechanical. Brehm selects an imposing black chrome arm with a large hand. He slips it into place and fastens the locking mechanism.

BREHM (*CONT'D*)

Since that moment, I have striven to eliminate the element of chance from my life. If Traynor is still alive, he'll come for you.

KATE

Why should Traynor care? He barely knows me. I'm nothing to him.

BREHM

He'll come after you and he'll die like his father.

Brehm turns and walks toward the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY/TRAYNOR'S BUILDING - NIGHT

A steady rain washes over the city's skyscrapers.

PAN ACROSS to the limestone towers of Traynor's apartment building looming over the street.

INT. TRAYNOR'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The room is in darkness. A lock CLICKS and the front door pushes open. Traynor drags into the room followed by Wiley and Baal.

WILEY

Where's the light switch?

Traynor disappears into the kitchen as Wiley feels along the wall.

WILEY (*CONT'D*)

I think this is it.

His hand hits a switch and the curtains open simultaneously on all the windows.

WILEY (*CONT'D*)

No. That wasn't it. Wait, this one.

He hits another switch and the room is illuminated. Traynor returns with a bottle in one hand and moves toward the window that overlooks the sparkling lights of the city. Wiley begins picking through the mound of UL devices that litter the apartment.

WILEY (*CONT'D*)

Hey! Da Vinci! This was designed by Da Vinci. What is it?

Baal moves to Traynor's side.

BAAL

They're out there.

TRAYNOR

It doesn't make any difference. It never did. I had a chance and I failed.

BAAL

Elbridge asked you to put aside your past and accept your destiny as the Emissary.

TRAYNOR

Elbridge was wrong. My "destiny" didn't keep him alive and it didn't stop Brehm.

BAAL

Your hunger for vengeance allowed Brehm to conquer you. Vengeance twists the soul. Let it go and you can defeat him.

Traynor stands over Baal berating him.

TRAYNOR

What's wrong with you? It's over, Brehm won. Can't you see that? You can't stop him, I can't stop him. No one can. He has the Power Of The Sun and Kate's probably dead...

His own words hit him hard as the realization comes over Traynor.

TRAYNOR (*CONT'D*)

Kate's dead.

Out of control, Traynor picks up a vase and hurls it across the room. Wiley ducks as it smashes through a window, sending shards of glass to the street below. Traynor turns and stalks out of the apartment.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Traynor, collar upturned, walks through the rain slicked streets.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - LATER

As Traynor walks, the people around him seem more like apparitions than humans.

The neon lights from brightly lit advertisements cast a ghostly pall over their faces.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BLUE NOTE - NIGHT

It's a slow night. Toby stands behind the bar counting out a wad of bills. As he looks up he sees Traynor shuffle through the door. Toby pockets the cash and moves to greet his old friend.

TOBY

Well, I'll be a cock-eyed cookie pusher. Traynor! Jeez it's good to see you. It's been weeks.

Toby gets a good look at a wet and wearied Traynor and ushers him to a bar stool. Across the bar a SHADOWED FIGURE takes notice of the exchange.

TOBY (*CONT'D*)

What happened to you? You look awful. You didn't lose your shirt gambling, did you? I've seen that enough times to know the look.

TRAYNOR

Give me a double anything.

TOBY

It's a woman. Nobody orders a double anything unless it's a woman. I've seen that a million times.

TRAYNOR

My drink?

TOBY

Don't let it get you down. There was this blond in here...

Traynor snaps and grabs Toby by the shirt.

TRAYNOR

It's not a woman, okay. Now get me a drink.

Traynor slowly lets go and a scared Toby retreats behind the bar and pours a drink.

TOBY

All right, Tray. Skin the shin. I'm getting it.

Toby sets the drink in front of Traynor and moves down the bar.

A hand grabs Toby and the shadowed figure leans into the light; Orlando Jessen's henchman.

HENCHMAN

I'll have one of what Traynor's
having.

Toby pulls his hand away as the Henchman smiles.

EXT. ALLEY - LATER

The alley is dark, dank and stinks like trouble.

The back door of The Blue Note pushes open and Traynor
stumbles out.

As he makes his way toward the street a voice calls to him.

VOICE(VO)

Hey, Mac. Got a light.

Traynor looks around as Orlando Jessen steps into the light.

JESSEN

Or maybe you like sneaking around in
the dark.

A fist catches Traynor in the jaw and he goes down. Traynor
struggles to his feet and charges Jessen, but the gangster
kicks him to the ground. Jessen picks him up, leans him
against the wall and hammers punches into his gut.

JESSEN (CONT'D)

On my side of town we play an eye-
for-an-eye. Well there's your eye.
Now we're even. Same, same.

Traynor slumps to the pavement. Jessen grabs the broken man
and tosses him into a set of trash cans which CLATTER LOUDLY
as they spill into the gutter.

Jessen wanders off down the alley laughing to himself.

Traynor MOANS slightly and tries to lift himself up off the
ground.

TRAYNOR

Same. Same.

He focuses on a newspaper beneath his hand. A fantastical
drawing of a UFO crashing into a lake is under the headline
"MARTIANS CRAFT SEEN OVER CENTRAL PARK LAKE -- FRATERNITY
HOAX SUSPECTED."

TRAYNOR (CONT'D)

Martians?

Traynor picks up the paper, tucks it into his jacket and struggles to get up.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK LAKE - NIGHT

Traynor stares out over the calm lake which reflects the streetlights along the path. A glimmer of light seems to come from within the water; but then it's gone. It could have been a reflection.

WINO(VO)

You here to see the Martians?

Traynor turns to see a disheveled WINO with potent breath.

WINO (CONT'D)

I seen em' with my two eyes. Landed right out there in the lake and went under. They ain't come out, I been watchin'.

The Wino wanders away.

TRAYNOR

Wait! Come back here.

WINO

The pale horse is coming and Hades is close behind.

With that the wino disappears into the darkness.

INT. TRAYNOR'S APARTMENT - DAY

Wiley has neatly stacked several repaired UL device on a table and has another pile of things in various states of disrepair. He sits at a table probing the flight pack.

WILEY

Amazing. It seems to be electrical, but it runs on a series of high pressure water jets. This is all so theoretical.

The apartment door opens and Traynor walks/collapses into the room. Wiley and Baal rush to his aid and carry him to the couch.

WILEY (CONT'D)

Traynor, what happened? Are you all right? Is anything broken?

Traynor waves Wiley off and pulls Baal close.

TRAYNOR

I'm ready.

BAAL

I know.

TRAYNOR

What do I have to do?

BAAL

You've done it already. There is no medal, no certificate, no ceremony. Just your willingness to accept your destiny.

Traynor pulls the newspaper out of his jacket and hands it to Baal.

TRAYNOR

I think I found them.

BAAL

Rest. You're in no condition now.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TRAYNOR'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Wiley fits the power gloves to Traynor's hands while Baal goes over several diagrams laid out in front of Traynor.

WILEY

I fixed these gloves. They're really quite amazing and such a simple design I can hardly believe I didn't think of it. You see, the internal mechanism is...

TRAYNOR

Wiley. As long as they work, that's all I care about.

BAAL

There is no guarantee that he's beneath the lake...or that he has Kate with him.

Traynor nods while adjusting the gloves.

BAAL (CONT'D)

I was, however, able to obtain a fairly detailed map of the lake and marked the deepest sections. Look there first.

Traynor studies the map.

TRAYNOR

Where did you come up with this?

BAAL

Just because I've been living on a lost continent for 5,000 years doesn't mean I've forgotten how city government works.

Baal drops a wad of cash on the table.

BAAL (CONT'D)

I borrowed this from your jacket. It works wonders.

WILEY

Well what are we waiting for. Let's get down to that lake.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK LAKE - NIGHT

The glasslike waters of the lake reflect the shimmering moonlight. From off to the side the bright beam of Traynor's headlights swing across the lake. The car pulls up, stops and Traynor gets out wearing a black form fitting skinsuit with the UL logo on the breast.

He walks to the water's edge, slips the underwater helmet over his head, checks Baal's map and dives into the cold water.

EXT. LAKE UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

Traynor moves along the bottom of the murky lake. Something drifts by; an old phone booth. Every form of urban garbage seems to be here.

Traynor moves toward the lake's center and dives deeper. The water gets more and more murky until he can't see three feet ahead. That's when he hits it.

Something big, something enormous.

Traynor places his hands against a metallic surface. Feeling his way along, he works his way deeper. The metallic surface curves inward as Traynor follows it down. A strange BUZZING gets louder as he goes deeper.

A bit of clearing in the water reveals a the strange symbol Traynor saw in Brehm's ship.

Suddenly there's movement. The water is moving; being pulled. Traynor fights against the current, but feels himself being sucked back. Then he sees it: a huge turbine engine attached to the craft is sucking in water, propelling the ship forward and up.

Traynor manages to slip around the intake and pulls himself directly beneath the behemoth. Brehm's ship begins to move faster through the water making Traynor's grip impossible.

He touches the yellow finger to the palm and the two inch spikes slide out of the fingertips. Jabbing it into the ship's metal skin he holds on for the ride.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK LAKE - CONTINUOUS

Baal and Wiley sit on a park bench, their eyes trained on the lake. A strolling beat cop passes by and looks at them oddly, then at the lake.

BEAT COP

Hey, you rummies. There's nothing to see here. Move on.

The water behind the cop begins to ripple, then foam. Slowly, the metal figure of Brehm's ship breaks the surface on the rise. When the engines break water, the now familiar low pitched DRONE fills the air.

The beat cop turns to the lake in complete awe.

Hanging off the side of the ship is Traynor, who rips off his diving mask and tosses it to Wiley.

EXT. BREHM'S SHIP - CONTINUOUS

Traynor uses his spiked gloves to maneuver himself under the belly of the beast. Below him the lake seems to fall away. Soon he can see all of Central Park and the surrounding area.

Working his way to the pod room door, he presses the black finger to the palm. The gloves cinch tight around his hand and he pulls the pod bay doors open. With an acrobatic swing, he hurls himself inside.

INT. BREHM'S SHIP, POD BAY - CONTINUOUS

The pod is tethered away from the bay doors. A smaller, circular device, the size of a wrecking ball, hangs from a winch. A bomb.

The room is empty and Traynor heads out to search the ship.

INT. BREHM'S SHIP - CONTINUOUS

Traynor dashes through the ship looking for anyone or anything. Racing down the forward hall he finds himself on the ship's bridge.

INT. BREHM'S SHIP, BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

The bridge is a two tiered room on the most forward point of the ship. The walls are completely glass allowing a panoramic view of what lies ahead.

It takes three crewmen to fly the monstrous ship. Each sits in a tall swivel chair facing thousands of controls.

When Traynor enters the room it's the pilot who sees him first and jumps up. The co-pilot and navigator stand in reinforcement.

TRAYNOR

Excuse me. I though this was the sauna. My mistake.

The pilot takes swing but Traynor is quick to intercept it. Traynor fights back ferociously and is half-way to pummeling the man when the other two jump on him.

Outnumbered, Traynor takes a beating. The navigator holds him while the co-pilot fires a mean right.

Traynor touches the black finger to his palm and catches the man's hand. ZAP! The co-pilot's eyes light up and he drops in a smoldering heap. Traynor reaches back and touches the navigator with the same hand. He zaps and falls.

Traynor takes the glove off his left hand.

TRAYNOR (*CONT'D*)

I tried fair and square. But three against one...

Slipping the metal glove on the hand of the unconscious pilot, Traynor touches the black finger to the palm. Electricity dances around the glove.

The ship continues on its course, steady as she goes. The unconscious men begin to stir and Traynor dashes off.

INT. BREHM'S SHIP - NIGHT

The ship is eerily silent as Traynor runs down endless hallways looking for Kate.

Several crewmen march in his direction. Traynor ducks into a service closet and watches them pass.

INT. BREHM'S SHIP, BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

The pilot staggers to his feet. He sees the others rising and realizes no one is flying the ship. He dashes to the controls unaware of the electrified glove on his hand.

He grabs the throttle and KERZAPPO-BLAM.

He unwittingly zaps the control panel into oblivion. Sparks and flames fly as the pilot is thrown across the room.

INT. BREHM'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Kate, sitting in a luxurious ornate chair, shifts uncomfortably while Brehm stands menacingly before the huge picture window. Outside, New York City drifts peacefully by.

In the room's center the Power Of The Sun sits in a wooden tabernacle.

KATE

It doesn't have to come to this. Why not destroy someplace uninhabited? It'll send the same message. Why kill so many people?

Brehm still studies the city.

BREHM

No conqueror ever assumed power through compassion. Other cities and nations will know my demands are sincere. It doesn't matter anyway, the clock has started, this city is through.

KATE

My family is down there. Please, let me be with them.

BREHM

I expected your friend Traynor Pierce to attempt a rescue. I guess I overestimated him or overrated you.

Kate closes her eye then buries her head in her arms.

BREHM (*CONT'D*)

Don't cry for them. It'll be over in an instant. The explosive power of one atom; nothing but the sun that can duplicate it. I consider it humane. Painless. No suffering. I can't think of a better way to perish.

TRAYNOR (VO)

I can.

Brehm and Kate's attentions swing across the room to Traynor.

BREHM

I knew you would come. You are too noble to leave her. Late, but so damn noble. Just like your father and just like Elbridge.

TRAYNOR

She's coming with me.

BREHM

With you? And where will you go? By tomorrow I'll rule the world. You'll be nothing but a petty outlaw.

TRAYNOR

People won't follow a madman.

BREHM

Madman? I bring the world order at the cost of only eight million lives? That's practically a bloodless coup. Not mad; genius. People will praise me.

Brehm gestures to the big window.

BREHM (*CONT'D*)

Take a look, a last look. I think I'll make a prison out of the ruins.

TRAYNOR

He presses an ornate red switch near his desk. The library wall behind Traynor rotates around producing two mechahumans. These things? I'm getting pretty tired of killing them. Got anything more...menacing?

The mechas advance on Traynor, their razor sharp claws swinging wildly. Kate screams in terror as Traynor stands perfectly still almost awaiting sure death.

The mechas swing their arms slicing through Traynor...or so it would seem. The mechas pass through an image of Traynor cutting into each other and falling in a clanking heap. The image of Traynor smiles then disappears.

TRAYNOR(VO) (*CONT'D*)

Miss me? Sorry, bad joke.

Attention turns to Traynor who stands in a darkened corner of the large room as he slips the tiny image projector into his belt.

Both Brehm and Traynor eye the Power Of The Sun, still glowing from its cradle in the room's center.

Brehm pulls Kate into a chokehold.

BREHM

A test for you, Urban Legend. The girl or all the power in the world. You can't have them both.

With that Brehm raises his mechanical right hand and punches the huge picture window shattering it to splinters. Fierce winds rush in.

Far off, a muffled roar resonates as something explodes deep in the bowels of the ship.

Brehm holds Kate out the shattered window. Her arms flail. Traynor eyes the Power Of The Sun, but goes for Kate. A thin wire cable shoots from his cuff wrapping around Kate's ankle. The line goes taught as Brehm releases his grip and she falls. Her momentum and a sudden pitch to the left by the ship, drags Traynor across the floor.

Brehm charges to the Power Of The Sun, picking it up with two hands. As he clutches the glowing sphere his eyes reflect off its strange iridescence. He steps into a small elevator and descends through the floor.

Traynor pulls Kate back into the room.

KATE

Go after him. He's worked all week on some kind of bomb. It uses hydrogen atoms. If what he's saying is true, it will destroy the city.

Traynor untangles Kate's foot from the cable and pulls her by the hand to the elevator shaft.

TRAYNOR

This ends here and now.

With that he grabs the elevator cable and slides down into the darkness. Kate follows.

INT. POD BAY - NIGHT

The pod bay is a flurry of activity. The bomb is the center of attention of FOUR CREWMEN.

Brehm descends from the ceiling on the small elevator still clutching the Power Of The Sun. He barks orders as soon as he sees the crew.

BREHM

We'll be in position over the Empire State Building in four minutes. You'll have thirty seconds to lower the bomb in place and secure it to the radio tower. Any longer and I'll leave you to enjoy the blast at its core.

The crew rushes to readiness.

Ship lurches to the right violently. Brehm hits a monitor which shows the bridge.

BREHM (CONT'D)

Helm, what's going on up there?

MONITOR

The bridge in a state of panic.
Controls burn wildly. The co-pilot,
badly burned, works what few controls
he can.

BREHM

Stay on course. I don't care if you're
on your last breath. STAY ON COURSE.

The co-pilot nods the affirmative and the monitors FRITZ
out.

INT. POD BAY - CONTINUOUS

BREHM

(to pod bay crew)
Prepare my escape craft...after we've
set the bomb.

The ship's rocking gets more violent. Sudden pitches to the
right and sudden pitches to the left send the crew sprawling.

EXT. BREHM'S SHIP - NIGHT

The ship heaves, but still makes headway for the Empire State
Building.

INT. POD BAY - CONTINUOUS

Brehm is working a series of controls on the bomb. He steps
back as the pod bay doors open.

The bomb begins to lower as the Empire State Building gets
closer.

Then, from nowhere, a cable wraps around Brehm's mechanical
arm dislocating it from the shoulder. PULL BACK TO REVEAL,
Traynor and Kate standing atop the elevator.

Brehm uses his other arm to yank the cable, pulling Traynor
helplessly across the large room. As Traynor is being reeled
in like a fish on the line, he unfastens the harness.

The four crewmen move in to help Brehm.

BREHM

Back! Finish your jobs. I'll do this
alone.

The four begin lowering the bomb into position. The radio
tower is getting closer.

Brehm removes his shirt revealing his well defined torso and
the shoulder harness which keeps his mechanical arm attached.
He pushes his arm back into the socket and fastens a red
lever locking it in place.

Traynor flexes his power glove and rushes Brehm. Brehm is bowled over and the Power Of The Sun skitters across the bay floor. Locked in mortal combat, each strikes viciously. The sharp blades pop out of Brehm's metallic hand. It sweeps by Traynor's cheek bringing three fine lines of blood.

The ship shakes and rocks causing beams and equipment to clatter and fall. The four panicked crewmen beat a hasty retreat out of the room.

The bomb remains on the tether, but is now five feet below the ship.

Traynor is on all fours, dazed. The spikes on Brehm's arm glimmer as they grow longer. He winds up the death blow, brings his arm down, but Traynor catches the killer arm with his gloved hand.

Straining against Brehm's strength, he manages to touch the black finger to the palm of the glove. The glove lights up with blue electricity which shoots up Brehm's metal arm.

Brehm is his thrown back and hurtles out the pod bay.

EXT. BREHM'S FLYING SHIP - CONTINUOUS

Brehm clings to the ship; his mechanical arm with the spiked hands impaled into the crafts exoskeleton. He attempts to pull himself back inside as the powerful hydrogen engines scream only inches away.

From above Traynor reaches down and offers his hand.

Brehm reaches down and presses a sequence of buttons on the bomb activating it.

TRAYNOR

Give me your hand. I'll pull you in.

Brehm reaches up and takes Traynor's hand.

BREHM

No. I'll pull you out.

Brehm pulls at Traynor who can barely keep his ground. As he feels himself being pulled out he reaches down to the small lever near Brehm's shoulder. Flipping it up he releases Brehm's mechanical arm from his body.

Brehm looks at Traynor in amazement.

Then...he's gone. He SCREAMS as he is swept backward into the starboard engine. A spray of blood and fragmented tissue follows. A piercing scream is followed by an explosion and the ship heaves wildly to the left.

Brehm's ship is in its final death throes. Loosing altitude the ship narrowly misses building after building.

INT. BREHM'S FLYING SHIP - CONTINUOUS

Traynor and Kate stand in the pod bay as fierce winds rush in.

KATE

Traynor, we've got to deactivate the bomb.

TRAYNOR

How? I don't know the first thing about...

Traynor dashes across the room to the Power Of the Sun, he grasps the glowing sphere and his entire body lights up with an eerie luminescence. His eyes closed, Traynor seems lost in deep trance.

Traynor puts the sphere down and heads back to the bay doors.

TRAYNOR (*CONT'D*)

I know how.

EXT. BREHM'S SHIP, TETHERED BOMB - CONTINUOUS

Lowering himself headfirst, Traynor positions himself over the bomb. Working with surgical precision, he disassembles a panel, presses a sequence of buttons and then yanks two red wires out of the firing mechanism. The strobe lights on the bomb slowly blink to a halt.

KERBLAM

At the top of the ship the bridge blows out and the craft jerks violently right.

TRAYNOR

Kate, get down here. Hurry.

KATE

But the Power Of The Sun!

TRAYNOR

Leave it. Hurry.

Kate looks across the room at the Power Of The Sun which is now blocked by flames and debris. She climbs down to Traynor who now straddles the bomb like a tire swing.

KATE

What now?

TRAYNOR

Luck.

The ship jolts violently from an explosion and changes course...but not before Traynor and Kate leap...

EXT. EMPIRE STATE BUILDING, RADIO TOWER - CONTINUOUS

...and fall. They reach out and grab the bare metal bars that make up the radio tower atop the skyscraper.

Holding on tight, Traynor and Kate get their footing and breath deep sighs of relief.

The two hold the tower as the strong night winds buffet against them. They watch Brehm's ship list sickly as it passes over the tip of Manhattan heading across New York harbor. Random explosions from within rip open the superstructure lighting up the night sky. As it moves out over New York harbor, the ship is rocked by a series of catastrophic explosions and begins to go down.

Slamming into the harbor, mid-way between Ellis Island and the Statue of Liberty, the flying ship sends up a plume of water hundreds of feet high.

As the entire ship is swallowed by the harbor, brilliant explosions and racing electricity can be seen through the murky waters. Then...

KABOOM

The biggest explosion yet. Brehm's ship is finally annihilated.

The sun begins to rise over the eastern horizon illuminating Traynor and Kate with its golden rays.

TRAYNOR

No date would be complete without a view of the sunrise from the Empire state Building.

(beat)

Kate, what I'm about to say isn't a line...I mean we've been through a lot...

WILEY(VO)

Traynor! Down here, down here!

Traynor and Kate look down to see Wiley and Baal standing on the base of the radio tower, an open trapdoor below them.

Traynor and Kate climb down to them.

EXT. TOP OF THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

WILEY

Damn was that exciting. I mean it really gets your blood pumping.

(MORE)

WILEY (*CONT'D*)

This is just the beginning. We're going to be unstoppable! What a team!

BAAL

You have done your forefathers proud. Brehm is gone, but there's so much to do.

WILEY

Okay UL, what's our first plan?

TRAYNOR

(to Kate)

Dinner and a show tonight?

WILEY

We'd love it! The Follies are playing at the Grand.

BAAL

A show would be fun. I haven't been out on the town for a few thousand years.

TRAYNOR

Guys, guys! I was talking to the Kate.

Baal and Wiley look hurt.

TRAYNOR (*CONT'D*)

I'll take you two out tomorrow. Anywhere you want. Okay? Now, Ms. Calder, would you consider joining me for dinner and a show tonight?

KATE

Well...it's against my better judgment but...you betcha pal.

She pulls Traynor into a tight kiss.

We pull away and slowly spiral around the famous building as we get a good look at New York City in the wee hours.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CHRYSLER BUILDING - NIGHT

The towering skyscraper's roof is illuminated by white spotlights.

EXT. OBSERVATORY DECK - CONTINUOUS

An elevator door opens and HARRY THE SNAIL is thrown out onto the deck's tile floor.

JESSEN(VO)

It's a good night to go flying, Harry.

Jessen and his henchman stride out of the elevator and the henchman pulls Harry up by his collar.

HARRY

Come on, Mr. Jessen. I didn't say nothing to 'em. Nothing they didn't already know.

JESSEN

But you talked, Harry. You talked.

The henchman carries Harry to the railing that surrounds the deck.

HARRY

No please. I swear to you. I didn't tell 'em about you.

Jessen signals to the henchman.

JESSEN

Toss him.

The henchman tosses Harry 70 stories to his death. As they turn away a quick WHOOSH is heard. Jessen turns to find Harry deposited in a heap at the railing.

JESSEN (CONT'D)

What the...I told you to toss him.

As Jessen turns, the henchman he is nowhere to be seen. Jessen looks up and sees the henchman adhered with a thick orange foam to the side of the tower. He turns again and sees a figure across the deck in the shadows.

JESSEN (CONT'D)

Who the hell are you?

TRAYNOR

You were warned.

Jessen's hand reaches into his jacket, pulls out his gun and fires several shots. The mob boss runs to the shadows and finds nothing.

JESSEN

Where are you, you freak? Come out here.

Suddenly a hand shoots out of the darkness and Jessen is lifted off the ground caught in a mighty grip. Traynor carries the helpless gangster to the observatory ledge.

TRAYNOR

There is no place for the wicked.

The gangster struggles as Traynor hangs Jessen over the side of the building. There is a slight CLICK and Traynor lets go. The gangster drops. Traynor turns and walks away.

EXT. CHRYSLER BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

The ground rushes up to meet Jessen. The man's jet black hair turns white before our eyes. The building rushes by as Jessen plummets...30 stories...20 stories...10...5. Then...

SPROING

Jessen is inches from the ground when he is lurched skyward. A thick rubber cable, attached to his collar, trails back up the building. The world's first bungee jumper.

The gangster rises 20 yards, then falls again crashing through the roof of a police cruiser.

PANNING down the building and small white card flutters in the breeze. It lands in the gutter unnoticed.

CLOSE ON the card which has no words, only the logo of the Urban Legend.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL A tuxedoed Traynor and a radiant Kate hand-in-hand strolling into a restaurant.

FADE OUT.