

B L O O D   O F   E D E N

An original screenplay

by

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FADE IN

THE NORTHERN PACIFIC - WINTER - DAY

A pallid sun hangs low over choppy gray waves. We're not in Arctic waters, but you wouldn't want to take a swim.

Suddenly a transport helicopter roars by, so near we duck the rotors.

EXT. OIL PLATFORM - HELIPAD - DAY

Landing lights burn a bright circled X. A few rifle-bearing security men pace the platform. A man in a parka watches the horizon. Spotting the chopper in the distance, he trots across the deck and through a door.

OIL PLATFORM CONTROL ROOM

Small and Spartan. A handful of techies and security guards drink coffee and wait. The man in a parka enters, pulling his hood back, revealing TRAVIS MOORE, top security consultant. Elegant, well heeled, a pro. Athletic, but more a thinker than a man of action.

TRAVIS

They're coming. Be here in a couple minutes.

BILL LOGAN, Travis's assistant and old friend, sits at a desk toward the center of the room. Bill is a gruff ex-cop with a few too many donuts in his past.

BILL

About damn time.

Travis nods, picks up a half cup of cold coffee, sips.

BILL

For you, especially. Good thing Andrea's coming back out. You've been getting cranky.

TRAVIS

Watch it, flatfoot. Keep it up, you'll be back on your old beat.

BILL

Hey, I'm just sayin', that's all. Three weeks out here with no, uh, release can get to a young man like you.

Travis cocks an eyebrow.

TRAVIS

"Release?"

They peer at each other, enjoying the moment, then laugh.  
Bill stands, pulling a parka from his chair.

BILL

I'm just saying.

# EXT. OIL PLATFORM - HELIPAD - DAY

The chopper approaches and swings cautiously to a landing.  
Travis and Bill stand nearby. As the rotors wind down, one  
of Travis's men rushes in and opens the hatch.

First to disembark are two men, obvious figures of  
authority: SENATOR HOYDEN SHEFFIELD, sun-baked and square-  
jawed, a cattle king in a suit, and WATANABE SAIGO, senior  
executive with the Kirishima Corporation, hard-nosed, the  
boss you hate.

Next are DESMOND COHEN, 28, the senator's right hand, a top-  
of-his-class political wunderkind, and DR. ANDREA MOORE,  
Travis's wife, Kirishima Project Manager, elegant, outgoing,  
and five months pregnant.

Trailing them, a small group of Japanese businessmen, lesser  
Kirishima execs, and their mistresses. One of the execs is  
SEN-ICHI, 22, dapper, eager-to-please.

Travis and Bill move to meet the group.

TRAVIS

(in perfect Japanese)  
>>Watanabe-san, it is good to see  
you.<<

[DIALOGUE IN >> << BRACKETS IS JAPANESE WITH SUBTITLES.]

WATANABE

>>Yes. Is everything in order for  
our visit?<<

Travis nods, smiling; of course it is.

ANDREA

Senator Sheffield, this is my  
husband, Travis Moore, president of  
Sirocco Intelligence Services and  
director of project security.

TRAVIS

Welcome aboard, Senator.

SHEFFIELD

Thank you, Travis.

TRAVIS

And this is Bill Logan, the man who really does my job.

BILL

Somebody's got to. How you doing, Senator?

SHEFFIELD

Nice to meet you, Bill.

Bill moves past, starts greeting the other execs.

SHEFFIELD

Travis, this is my assistant, Desmond Cohen.

With an anchorman's smile, Desmond shakes Travis's hand.

DESMOND

Great to meet you, Mr. Moore.

TRAVIS

Likewise.

Andrea motions everyone towards the control room door.

ANDREA

Everyone, through here please.

The group flows across the deck, eager to get inside.

Trailing, Andrea sidles to Travis's side, leans into him. He rests a hand on her belly.

TRAVIS

How's the bump?

ANDREA

You mean our son, the basketball?  
He's swell.

Travis chuckles, kisses the top of her head.

ANDREA

Mmm, it's great to see you.

TRAVIS

You too. Bill tells me I'm in dire need of some "release."

Andrea grimaces playfully, shaking her head. Boys.



## OIL PLATFORM CONTROL ROOM

Everyone enters, relieved to be out of the cold. Andrea moves to the fore, swatting Bill on the back of the head as she passes. He glances at Travis: What did I do? Travis grins.

At the back, Desmond digs in his coat for a smoke.

ANDREA

This is the topside control room, Senator. As you can see, we're using a converted oil platform as our surface operations center. Of course, the interesting stuff is below.

The others follow her from the room. Desmond has his cigarettes out, shoves them back into a pocket. Annoyed.

## OIL PLATFORM LIFT ROOM/CENTRAL ELEVATOR

A large room, dominated by a railed, circular elevator deck at its center. Andrea leads the group onto the deck. As the execs file on, Travis and Bill stand aside.

TRAVIS

You got things up here?

BILL

Yeah. Save me some sushi, though.

Travis grins, hops onto the deck. Bill heads back to the control room. Andrea hits the down button. The deck sinks smoothly into the floor.

For several moments, the walls are gunmetal dark. Then the elevator drops below the platform, light shimmers in from all sides, and we see that the lift-tube is transparent, allowing a wonderful view of the fish-jeweled waters around them. A family of orcas arrows past just a short distance away.

SHEFFIELD

Nice yard.

TRAVIS

Yeah, but it's a bitch to mow.

## EXT. NORTH PACIFIC - TRAWLER - DAY

Sitting in the bow, a lone Japanese man in a raincoat watches the oil platform through binoculars. He is KANO, mid-thirties, handsome. A gloved hand touches his arm.

He turns to see a stunning Japanese woman wearing an identical raincoat. This is SHIVA, petite, precise, determined. She smiles. There's warmth between these two.

SHIVA

>>Almost time.<<

## CENTRAL ELEVATOR

A last look at the surrounding ocean, then the elevator sinks once more into iron darkness.

ANDREA

We're here.

## OBSERVATION DECK

The elevator drops clear of its shaft, leaving only the railing between its passengers and a sixty-foot fall to the top of the structure below.

ANDREA

Welcome to Edensphere One.

The view is spectacular. Edensphere is a world unto itself, a good twelve stories tall and twelve acres in diameter.

The elevator stops, centered on an observation deck atop the central structure, a cylindrical tower. Above, a transparent dome, the Pacific just outside.

To all sides, catwalks form a horizontal web between the dome and the tower. A few stories below, two opaque "hamster-tunnels" spoke out from the tower, extending east and west to structures built into the dome.

Below that...well, this could be Eden. Trees, lush vegetation, a serpentine lake, rich gardens, tiny waterfalls. Rainbow flocks of canaries swoop.

They're in a bubble beneath a cold sea, but it feels like Hawaii in spring.

SHEFFIELD

(to Andrea)

I'm impressed in spite of myself,  
Doctor. You're really on the  
cutting edge here.

## INT. TRAWLER - BELOW DECKS

Shiva slips a dive knife into its sheath on her thigh.

A large hatch opens into the water below. Shiva, Kano, and thirteen other wetsuited Japanese prepare for a dive; readying tanks, rinsing masks, dropping sealed bags of who-knows-what to those already treading water.

## OBSERVATION DECK

Everyone is still enjoying the view.

ANDREA

You're seeing only half the structure. Below the Garden Level, we have labs, hydroponics farms, staff quarters, a fully equipped infirmary. Everything you need to live. Eventually it will be able to sustain you for the rest of your life.

SHEFFIELD

(chuckles)

Not me. I'm a westerner. I'd die without the sky.

## OPERATIONS CENTER

A large circular room with computers. Ten caffeinated Japanese technicians tap keyboards. The elevator shaft, now walled in steel, impales the room's center.

The elevator opens, releasing the group into the room. Andrea claps for attention.

ANDREA

Everyone, this is Senator Hoyden Sheffield of Arizona, Chairman of the Senate Commerce, Science, and Transportation Committee. As you know, he's here to determine whether the U.S. government will license the Edensphere technology for NASA. Let's show him what we've got.

Good-natured chuckles from the techs. Watanabe looks around in a way that says "Don't you dare fuck up."

ANDREA

Senator, this is the Main  
-more-

ANDREA (CONT'D)

Operations Center, the brain of Edensphere. From here, all the habitat's systems are monitored, fine-tuned, and controlled. If need be, it can be staffed effectively by two people, though optimally will be run by a team of this size.

She moves to a doorway, motioning for them to follow.

## SECURITY ANNEX

A small room, flanking one edge of the Operations Center. Working here are four security technicians. Banks of closed-circuit monitors show scenes from around Edensphere and the oil platform above.

ANDREA

This is the security annex, so I'll defer to the expert. Travis?

TRAVIS

This is the heart of the video monitoring system. There are checkpoints on each level, manned by guards like those you saw above.

DESMOND

Is all this security necessary out here?

The Senator snorts.

SHEFFIELD

Desmond, all this security is necessary every-damn-where these days.

## EXT. NORTH PACIFIC - UNDERWATER - DAY

Beneath the trawler. The fifteen wetsuited Japanese angle down at us, pulled along by Scuba Delivery Vehicles (SDV's) packed with gear.

## SECURITY ANNEX

A sonar screen in front of one of the techs, MATT, blips.

MATT

Hey. I have something--

Another tech, LINDA, a Japanese woman, glances at her watch, then reaches under her console and flips a switch on a "black box" spliced into the wiring.

The sonar trace fades from the screen.

MATT

--no, never mind, it's gone. School of fish, I guess.

Linda blows a silent whistle of relief.

#### EXT. NORTH PACIFIC - UNDERWATER - DAY

Darting fish...dancing shafts of dim sunlight from above...and suddenly the phalanx of SDV-riding figures slices into frame, heading towards...

EDENSPHERE ONE, looming immensely ahead. From outside, we see that it's suspended between the surface and the bottom, a bubble of technology, tethered by heavy cables, the shadow of the oil platform hanging above.

#### CONFERENCE ROOM

On a terrace overlooking the gardens below, set up for a banquet of grilled sea bass, exquisite sushi, incredible salads. A full bar, waitrons waiting hand-and-foot.

As the group files in, Andrea chats with the senator.

ANDREA

...and in June we'll seal it up and fifty people will spend a year inside, completely reliant upon the habitat's systems for sustenance.

SHEFFIELD

Will you be among them?

ANDREA

If I can, Senator.  
(pats her belly)

The first time, I was in charge of external monitoring. We had twenty people down here for a month with a sixty- percent systemic recycle of air, water, food and waste. We think we've gotten it up to over ninety percent now, and the year test will prove it. With further

-more-

ANDREA (CONT'D)

refinement, we'll have the systems perfected and able to operate indefinitely with intermittent outside assistance.

Sheffield nods noncommittally, glances over the banquet.

SHEFFIELD

Now that looks good.

WATANABE

(smug)

Edensphere provided everything you see.

SHEFFIELD

Really?

Everyone takes places at the table.

ANDREA

Yes, Senator. Everything was either produced inside -- the vegetables are from our hydroponics gardens, for instance -- or harvested from the sea outside, like the sea bass. Of course, in using the habitat technology in space, there'd be no external sources of food, but the biospheric systems can already nurture simple sources of animal-based nutriment, such as fish and shellfish, and on a larger scale will ultimately allow for some livestock.

SHEFFIELD

(to Travis)

She talk like this at home?

TRAVIS

Even in her sleep.

Sheffield laughs. A beat, then Desmond rises.

DESMOND

If everyone would excuse me a moment, I need a smoke break. I'll go over by the railing--

ANDREA

Oh, I'm sorry, Desmond, but there's no smoking in Edensphere, anywhere. It puts unnecessary strain on the air filtering system.

Desmond's eyes narrow, just a bit, for a moment, but enough that we see he's unhappy with this rule.

DESMOND

Oh. Well. That makes sense. I can wait.

SHEFFIELD

Desmond, hold out till we're done eating and we'll both head back up to the platform. After all this good food, I'm gonna need a good cigar to complete the experience.

## SECURITY ANNEX

Linda checks her watch, looks up at a monitor screen showing the Conference Room banquet. Taps her fingers on the edge of her keyboard, antsy.

## CONFERENCE ROOM

Some time has passed. Everyone's partially into the meal.

SHEFFIELD

What are you running all this with?  
A reactor?

ANDREA

Power's an area we've improved a lot. Early projects used externally supplied power, but Edensphere pulls its energy from its environment. Are you familiar with OTEC?

SHEFFIELD

Sure, Ocean Thermal Energy Conversion. Energy is drawn from water temperature differences at varying depths.

ANDREA

Exactly. On an orbital habitat, we'd go solar. Either way, we operate with a surplus of power.

SHEFFIELD

Running at a surplus. Amazing what you can do when you don't have to keep oil lobbyists happy.

(pause)

I'm more impressed than I reckoned I'd

-more-

**SHEFFIELD (CONT'D)**

be. But I have to say up front I'm gonna be a damn hard sell. It'd be tough justifying all that tax-payers' dinero goin' to a foreign company. Especially in Arizona. They'll ask: if we need it, why the hell can't one of our companies do it?

**WATANABE**

Because it would cost you even more. We are years ahead of any others in this technology.

**SHEFFIELD**

So playing catch-up would be expensive. Still, in Washington it matters less what you spend than how you look spending it. It's more important to look good than to do good. It's bullshit, but that's life. I never said any of this, by the way.

The others smile politely, but the fear of a "no" hovers. Sheffield waves his hand as if to dispel a fart.

**SHEFFIELD**

Forgive me. Shoulda kept my mouth shut till after dinner. We'll hash it out, and I'll give you as fair a shake as I can.

(to Travis)

Your wife tells me you met out here. Nothing like building your own tropical paradise for a honeymoon.

Travis chuckles.

**TRAVIS**

I don't know if I'd go so far as to call this a honeymoon, Senator.

**SHEFFIELD**

All the same, you've created your own Garden of Eden here. Just be wary of serpents.

**ANDREA**

That's why you're here, Senator. We like keeping the serpents close to keep an eye on them.



Sheffield half-smiles, unsure how to take this. Andrea reaches into a fruit bowl, proffers an apple.

ANDREA

Apple?

The tension melts. Sheffield laughs.

#### EXT. EDENSPHERE - UNDERWATER

Shiva and her team draw near the airlock access shaft at the bottom of the habitat. They're unstrapping their gear from the SDV's. Shiva looks at her watch.

#### DIVE ROOM

The habitat's dive chamber. A dive pool slops, encircled by metal floor. A guard sits leisurely in a chair by the wall, reading a David Poyer paperback.

#### SECURITY ANNEX

Linda looks at her watch. She glances at a monitor that shows the guard reading in the Dive Room, then reaches under the console and presses a button on her black box.

On the monitor screen, the guard, shifting slightly in his seat, freezes. This monitor is locked to this image.

#### CONFERENCE ROOM

Senator Sheffield, Andrea, and Watanabe are talking technical again. Desmond leans towards Travis.

DESMOND

(sotto)

Which way to the facilities?

Travis points to the door.

TRAVIS

Go right down the hall, fifth door  
on the left.

Desmond rises, nods "excuse me," and heads out the door.

## DIVE ROOM

Trails of bubbles break the surface of the dive pool. The guard hears the slight burble, looks up, sees the bubbles. Puts down the book, walks towards the pool.

## SECURITY ANNEX

Linda's monitor: the guard still sitting, reading.

## DIVE ROOM

The guard leans over, peers into the pool...and a small, tethered metal claw bursts from the water and slams into his chest. Its prongs dig through his shirt and snap closed on flesh and bone. The tether is yanked, dragging him into the pool.

Underwater, he struggles, as Kano puts an air-injector to his neck and fires. The guard goes limp, his breath escaping in an explosion of bubbles.

## OIL PLATFORM CONTROL ROOM

Bill and the other guys drinking coffee. JOTARO, one of the guards, is sitting on the corner of Bill's desk.

JOTARO

Think the senator'll give the  
bubble the green light?

BILL

He better. With his party's  
environmental stances it may not be  
too long 'fore we all have to live  
in these damn things.

A quick scan of the bank of video monitors, focusing on the one showing the Dive Room, shows the guard still sitting, reading.

## MENS' ROOM

Desmond enters, digging out his smokes, only to notice someone's feet under a stall door. He pauses, sees a door on the far side of the room, goes and peeks through, seeing the Operations Center on the other side. Desmond heads back out the other door.

## DIVE ROOM

Shiva and Kano are out of the pool, dragging the subdued guard after them. Kano checks the guard's pulse, nods: still alive. Shiva unzips a waterproof panel on the side of her chest, revealing a small communicator/computer (hereafter called a "communicator"). She runs an earplug to it, then presses a button.

## SECURITY ANNEX

Linda's watch BEEPS. Matt glances over, grinning.

MATT

Naptime, Linda?

Linda half-smiles.

LINDA

Kinda.

She draws a small air-pistol, fires a dart into his throat. His eyes blank; he slumps onto his console.

Shocked, the two other techs react too slowly and she swiftly nails them. She presses a button on the watch, BEEP, then bounds to Matt's console and rattles a few quick commands onto the keyboard.

## CONFERENCE ROOM

The waitrons serve dessert: custards and Courvosier. Travis glances over at Desmond's empty seat, frowning.

ANDREA

(sotto, smiling)  
You know he's smoking.

TRAVIS

(sotto)  
I know.  
(to others)  
Excuse me a moment, gentlemen.

He rises and heads out the door.

## DIVE ROOM

Shiva's team out of the dive pool, stripping wetsuits, prepping gear. They slip into black jumpsuits with high-tech

utility belts, black sneakers, gear-pouches, TEC-9 machine pistols, Norinco Tokarev 9mm pistols, Bernadelli shotguns, dart pistols, and wakizashis (Japanese short swords) across their backs. Each has a communicator-with-earplug on one of their shoulder straps.

These folks are ninja, but not the wussies in black pajamas Chuck Norris can beat up. They're the real deal, well trained, well equipped both in armament and tech-toys, damned efficient and organized.

Shiva speaks into her communicator.

SHIVA

Linda? Is it--

## SECURITY ANNEX

Shiva's voice comes from Linda's watch.

SHIVA (O.S.)

--done?

LINDA

(into watch)

Yes. Go for it.

The monitors show the many parts of Edensphere.

## OIL PLATFORM CONTROL ROOM

Bill and the boys drink their coffee.

Their bank of monitors is blank. RHETT, the security tech monitoring them, calls over his shoulder.

RHETT

Bill? We've lost all visual.

## MENS' ROOM

Travis enters, looks around. No sign of Desmond.

## SECURITY ANNEX

Bill's voice bursts from a console speaker.

BILL (O.S.)

Security, this is Logan, topside.  
We've lost all visual. What's  
happening down there?

LINDA

(into computer mike)  
Bill, this is Linda. We've still  
got visual, but I'm hearing from  
some of the guard posts that their  
screens are down too. We're  
checking it out, but everything  
looks just fine from here.

BILL (O.S.)

Okay. Keep us informed.

LINDA

Will do.

#### BOTTOM LEVEL SECURITY STATION

A GUARD sits at his console outside a door, the monitor  
gray. Linda's voice comes from the speaker.

LINDA (O.S.)

...system is being checked, so  
don't worry. We should have all  
systems back up in a few.

The guard nods, picks up a can of soda, sips.

KANO (O.S.)

Hey!

The guard startles toward the voice. A small dart sticks in  
his cheek; he slumps, spilling the drink. Kano disarms him,  
dropping the pistol into a small duffel, as Shiva and the  
other ninja sprint through the door, into...

#### BOTTOM LEVEL LIFT ROOM

The invaders enter. The Central Elevator is open and  
waiting. Readying weapons, they bound inside.

#### OPERATIONS CENTER

Travis comes through the Men's Room door, mildly pissed.

TRAVIS

Hey, Jimmy, any of our party come back through here?

JIMMY

No, sir. You missing somebody?

TRAVIS

Yeah, the senator's toady.

He heads for the Security Annex door.

TRAVIS

I'll see if we can find him on the monitors.

## CENTRAL ELEVATOR

The elevator rises silently. The ninja wait. Calm. Cool. Ready. The digital display counts upwards as they rise.

## SECURITY ANNEX

Linda watches a monitor showing Shiva's team in the elevator. Behind her, the door opens and Travis enters.

TRAVIS

Hey, I need you guys to--

He sees the three techs sprawled on the floor. He freezes. The door clicks shut behind him.

TRAVIS

Oh shit.

He drops to a crouch, grabs a Beretta 21 Bobcat from an ankle holster. Linda dives into him, knocks the gun from his hand, doubles him over with a knee to the gut, backfists him over a chair.

## OPERATIONS CENTER

The elevator opens. Shiva steps out, followed by Kano and the others, all brandishing firearms or dart pistols. They fan out to cover everyone.

SHIVA

No one move. Hands on your heads, now, if you want to live.

The technicians follow her commands instantly.

## SECURITY ANNEX

Dodging a heel-stomp, Travis scrambles to his feet and wallops Linda across the chin. She reels, but drops under his second punch, grabs his arm, locks the elbow, using the arm as a lever to turn Travis from her and drive him into a console, arm-locked. With his free hand, he pinches the skin of her inner thigh through her pants, twists. She yelps, loosens her grip. He jerks free, spins into a low, ready stance.

## CONFERENCE ROOM

The door crashes open. Kano and four other ninja enter, looking dangerous with those Tec 9's they're waving. The diners and servants freeze in shock.

WATANABE

(standing)

>>Who are you?<<

KANO

>>You'll find out soon enough, old bastard.<<

(in English)

Everyone, remain calm so that we are not forced to slaughter you where you stand. Please come this way.

## SECURITY ANNEX

Linda draws her air pistol and fires; Travis is already dropping, the dart snags in his sleeve. He lunges, catching her waist, they crash down, she loses the gun.

They thrash and bash. She pins Travis, whips out a jagged knife and stabs at his throat, as--

Travis blindly slaps the floor, finds his pistol, and in raw panic jacks it to her torso, firing twice.

The knife jabs into the floor by his face.

Linda shudders, slumps atop him. Blood pours out of her, soaking him, pooling on the floor.

TRAVIS

Oh...Jesus...

He rolls her off, pulls up. Wipes blood off his face with his sleeve. Glances down at her, grimacing, then lurches to the door.

As he's about to open it, he looks out the small window, sees Andrea, Sheffield, the others being herded into the Operations Center by the ninja.

TRAVIS

Shit.

He scrambles across the room, over bodies, opens the other door, peers into the corridor. No one. He runs.

## OPERATIONS CENTER

The hostages are seated along a wall away from the doors, well covered by Shiva's team. Shiva marches before them, satisfied, scanning faces...then stops in her tracks.

SHIVA

Where's Travis Moore?

She whirls, rushes toward the Security Annex door.

SHIVA

(over her shoulder)  
Lock down the elevators.

## SECURITY ANNEX

Shiva enters, sees three sprawled techs and Linda's corpse. She kneels by Linda, rolls her over. Dead. In cold fury, Shiva snaps at Kano, who stands at the door.

SHIVA

Find him.

Kano motions for OSAMU and NOBUO, two other ninja, and they move into the room and start scanning the monitors, flicking from view to view, watching for Travis.

Kano slips off the small duffel he put the guards' guns into, slides it to a corner.

## OIL PLATFORM CONTROL ROOM

Bill calls over to Rhett.

BILL

We got the pictures back yet?

RHETT

Nope.



## SECURITY ANNEX

Shiva watches intently as the video scans different areas. Bill's voice through the console intercom:

BILL (O.S.)

Hey guys, this is Logan, how're things going with the video?

The ninja ignore him. Suddenly, they see Travis, pistol in hand, moving down a corridor, looking harried. Shiva claps her hand on Osamu's shoulder.

SHIVA

He's over in corridor seven. Take two men and go get him.

OSAMU

Hai!

He heads for the door.

SHIVA

Osamu!

He pauses.

SHIVA

Take him alive if possible, but don't take any risks you don't have to. Kill him if it comes to it...he did kill one of us first.

Osamu nods, disappears through the door. Bill's voice comes through the intercom again.

BILL (O.S.)

Guys? Are you listening down there?

Kano moves close to Shiva. Touches her hair. Gentle. They look down at Linda's body.

## CORRIDOR 7

Travis slumps against a wall. What the hell do I do? Looks up. Sees a camera at the ceiling, red light aglow.

TRAVIS

Oh no.

## SECURITY ANNEX

Shiva and Kano watch Travis on-screen as he approaches the camera and pistol-whips it. The image goes gray.

## OIL PLATFORM CONTROL ROOM

Bill has a chair at the security console, by Rhett. He's speaking into the intercom mike.

BILL

Is anyone listening down there?

Jotaro comes in through the door to the Lift Room.

JOTARO

Bill, I can't get the elevator to respond.

Bill turns to him, looking worried.

## CORRIDOR 7

Travis shakes his head in disbelief.

TRAVIS

Christ. They know exactly where I am. I can't go anywhere without them knowing where I am...

He gets a grip, glances around, and runs.

## SECURITY ANNEX

Shiva triggers the intercom.

SHIVA

Mr. Logan?

## OIL PLATFORM CONTROL ROOM

Everyone is gathered around the console; they jump at the voice from the speaker. Bill answers into the mike.

BILL

Yeah...?

SHIVA (O.S.)

Mr. Logan, I am holding a lot of  
-more-

SHIVA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
hostages down here and will not  
hesitate to kill them all if we  
intercept communications of any  
kind being sent for help. Please  
stand by.

Bill looks face to face, nervous. Licks his lips.

BILL  
Um. Who is this?

SHIVA (O.S.)  
I said stand by. All will be  
explained shortly.

Bill stares at the blank screens.

## SECURITY ANNEX

Shiva is all business, snapping out orders.

SHIVA  
Nobuo, take over for Linda. Monitor  
all communications channels and  
maintain contact with the trawler.

Nobuo gets to work at Matt's console.

SHIVA  
Kano, keep track of Moore and guide Osamu.

Kano nods, sits at Linda's console. On one monitor, Osamu  
and his two companions stalk down a corridor.

On another screen, Travis appears, smashes the camera.  
Screen goes blank. Kano pulls his communicator.

KANO  
(into communicator)  
Osamu, this is Kano. Moore is in  
corridor nine now, still moving.

## OPERATIONS CENTER

Andrea Moore sits grimly with the other hostages, watching  
Shiva direct two of her men, SUMIO and HIROFUMI, who wrestle  
Linda's body from the Security Annex, to the door into the  
corridor.

SHIVA  
Carry her gently, damn it.

They leave a bright trail of blood on the floor

## CORRIDOR 9

Osamu and his two buddies move cautiously along.

OSAMU  
(into communicator)  
Do you still see him?

## SECURITY ANNEX

Kano watches the screens.

KANO  
(into communicator)  
No. But he's still in that area.  
Stay alert.

## OIL PLATFORM CONTROL ROOM

Bill paces fretfully as he awaits word from below. Rhett, Jotaro, and others huddle before the blank screens.

BILL  
Goddamnit to hell, what's happening  
down there?

RHETT  
Uh, Bill?

BILL  
What?

RHETT  
Look.

Bill hurries to the bank of monitors.

Every screen has come to life with the same image: a full view of the Operations Center. The hostages huddle toward

the back, ninjas around them. Shiva parades before the hostages, faces the camera. Her voice through the intercom:

SHIVA  
Mr. Logan? Can you see us?

BILL  
(into intercom)  
Yes. I can see you.

## OPERATIONS CENTER

Shiva smiles.

SHIVA

Good. Then you can see that we are in charge down here.

(pause)

I'd like to begin by apologizing for ruining everyone's evening, but some things cannot be helped. Had I my druthers, I'd do things differently.

Watanabe abruptly stands, scowling.

WATANABE

What the hell are you doing?

Shiva turns toward him.

SHIVA

I am holding you all hostage, Watanabe-San. Allow me to continue; I'll tell you why.

Sumio shoves Watanabe back to his knees. Shiva turns back to the camera, smiling pleasantly.

SHIVA

We are here this evening to satisfy a debt of honor--a debt owed to my family and certain associates of ours by the Kirishima Corporation, and specifically by Kirishima Masakazu himself.

## OIL PLATFORM CONTROL ROOM

Rhett glances up at Bill.

RHETT

Who?

BILL

Old man Kirishima. The supremo bigshot in the company. He's like a Japanese Howard Hughes.

## OPERATIONS CENTER

The lovely lady with the serious armament continues.

SHIVA

This is a blood debt, and can only be paid in blood. Even as I speak, our message is being delivered to Kirishima headquarters in Kyoto. We want Kirishima Masakazu to deliver himself to us by morning. And we will kill one hostage every hour on the hour until he does.

WATANABE

Why do you think he would sacrifice himself for us?

Shiva smiles. A look of realized fear drifts across Watanabe's face.

SHIVA

You know, Watanabe-San. If he doesn't, we will end his line forever.

(pause)

Kirishima Sen-ichi please stand up.

Sen-ichi is startled, then stands, glares at Shiva.

SHIVA

Yes, young Kirishima, we know who you are. Watanabe-San is responsible for seeing that you learn the trade, as it were. Whether you ever do or not is fully up to your grandpa. You may sit down.

Sen-ichi smolders, then sits.

## CORRIDOR 9

Osamu and his boys creep menacingly along.

OSAMU

(into communicator)

Kano, we're not finding him.

KANO (O.S.)

He's there somewhere. Without the elevators, he's stuck on this level.

## CONFERENCE ROOM

Deserted desserts melt on the table. Travis slips through the door. He dashes to the terrace rail and opens a hidden

latch, allowing him to slide part of railing smoothly to the side. He swings over the edge onto a series of ladder-steps inset into the tower's wall. Once he's below the gate, he slides it back into place and swiftly descends toward a catwalk braceleting the tower four levels down, connected with the hamster tunnel walkways spoking out to the dome.

## OPERATIONS CENTER

Senator Sheffield speaks out in his command voice.

SHEFFIELD

Who are you? What the hell is this  
"debt of honor" bullshit?

SHIVA

Who I am isn't important, Senator,  
but you may call me Shiva. The  
nature of the debt is between  
Kirishima and us. Your sole concern  
should be staying alive--in other  
words, cooperating with us fully.

Sheffield wants to press the issue, but sees the danger.

SHEFFIELD

"Shiva?" The Indian god of  
destruction?

Shiva shrugs.

SHIVA

You know us Japanese. We're buying  
everything.

## LADIES' ROOM

Travis bursts in, shedding his blood-soaked jacket and tie, crosses to a sink. Lays the Beretta on the counter, rolls his sleeves, turns the water on hard. He soaps and

scrubs his hands roughly. Blood spirals down the drain. He scrubs his face, ducks his head under the faucet, thrashes blood from his hair, then stays bent over the sink, eyes shut, breathing...

He straightens. His image stares back from the mirror, bruised, wet, scared. Gone is the stylish pro. In his place is a man lost in the midst of his own personal worst case scenario.

TRAVIS

Andrea.

OPERATIONS CENTER

Shiva turns back to the camera.

SHIVA

Mr. Logan, as I said, you are not to allow word of this situation to pass beyond this complex. No Coast Guard, no Navy SEALs, no Delta Force, no Boy Scouts of America. No media. Nothing, except direct, closed-channel, scrambled communication with Kirishima's people. To make our point clear...

She looks at her watch.

SHIVA

We're right on schedule.

She turns back towards the hostages.

SHIVA

Watanabe-San, come forward.

Fear in Watanabe's eyes. Then, resignation. He stands, approaches Shiva.

WATANABE

Murdering us is honor?

SHIVA

Yes. In a better world, I wouldn't have to do this.

She draws her pistol. Levels it at his brow.

SHIVA

I'm sorry, Watanabe-San.

She squeezes the trigger. BLAM. The back of Watanabe's head explodes. He topples. Shiva steps back to keep him from hitting her legs.

Senator Sheffield jumps up and rushes her.

SHEFFIELD

You nip bitch--



The nearest ninja glides forward, calmly stomp-kicks the senator at the juncture of hip and thigh, folding him over, driving him to the floor.

SHIVA

Not a good idea, Senator.

#### OIL PLATFORM CONTROL ROOM

Bill and the guys are in shock.

BILL

Sweet holy Jesus...

On the monitors, Shiva turns once more to the camera.

SHIVA

Mr. Logan, I implore you. Please follow our instructions.

A small motion with her hand. The screens blank.

#### OPERATIONS CENTER

Grimly, Shiva peers at Watanabe's body, turns to her men.

SHIVA

Put him in the hall with Linda.

Two ninja move forward and lift the corpse.

#### OIL PLATFORM CONTROL ROOM

Jotaro looks over at Bill.

JOTARO

What now?

BILL

I guess we do what she says.

RHETT

Anybody else notice that Travis wasn't in the room?

BILL

Yeah, he probably tried something and got himself shot.

## WEST WING ENTRY PLATFORM

Gun in hand, Travis charges out of a Hamster Tunnel, onto a platform opening at both sides to catwalks running along the inside wall of the dome.

Ahead, the narrow passages of the West Wing await, shadowed and claustrophobic. Industrial, like the basement of an old factory.

He jogs to a door off the main corridor, pulls a small key ring out, unlocks it.

## WEST WING OFFICE

A small, jumbled office, with both a front and rear door. Travis comes in the front, re-locks the door. He clicks on the light, moves to the desk. A PC, a stack of technical books, a phone. He sits, punches a button on the phone to get a line...dead air.

TRAVIS

That's what I figured.

He turns on the PC, smiles as it boots up. He click-starts an e-mail program and types "EMERGENCY! NEED HELP" in the Subject blank.

## SECURITY ANNEX

Nobuo fiddles with the communications console, looks grim as he notices something.

NOBUO

Kano.

Kano turns away from the security monitors, toward Nobuo.

NOBUO

Someone has opened an Internet link through the local server.

KANO

Does it show a user name?

NOBUO

Let me see...yes. "J-Iwamoto", which is assigned to Dr. Iwamoto Jun.

Kano grabs a security directory from the console shelf, flips to the staff directory. Slides his finger down the page to:

IWAMOTO, JUN OTEC Supervisor

Ext.657 Email: J-Iwamoto Office:4-W

KANO

(into communicator)

Osamu, we've found him. He's somehow gotten down to the West Wing, room four. We'll activate elevator two.

(to Nobuo)

Block that link.

## CORRIDOR 9

Osamu and his pals charge through a door, double-timing to an elevator that's opening even as they reach it.

## WEST WING OFFICE

As Travis finishes typing, an error message appears on the screen: SERVER CONNECTION LOST.

TRAVIS

Damn. These guys are good.

He stands, picks up his gun, starts back to the door.

The door handle turns, stops as the lock catches.

TRAVIS

Uh-oh.

He dashes back around the desk. A shotgun blast splinters the door around the handle.

Someone kicks the door in. Travis snaps off two shots. He reaches the rear door, finds it's locked, and drops to the floor, the desk between him and them. He digs frantically in his pants pocket.

Out of Travis's sight, Osamu rolls low through the door, pistol ready, coming up in a crouch. Silently, he moves across the floor toward the desk.

Travis pulls his keys out, stays low as he reaches up and swiftly unlocks the door. As he shoves through, Osamu vaults atop the desk, already firing.

Bullets drum the floor near Travis, but he's already through the door, shooting as he dodges to the side. One of his shots catches Osamu in the chest, spinning him backward off the desk.

Travis slams the door.

## SECURITY ANNEX

Kano at the console. On a monitor, he sees Travis dashing along a metal platform. Osamu's voice in his ear-plug:

OSAMU (O.S.)

Uhh...Kano, I'm hit and down.  
Moore's escaped through the  
office's back door.

KANO

(into communicator)  
I see him. How are you? Do you need  
immediate attention?

## WEST WING OFFICE

Osamu is flat on his back in front of the desk, the other two ninja squatted over him helping apply a pressure bandage to the wound in his chest.

OSAMU

(into communicator)  
I'm not going dancing, but I think  
I'll be fine till we get Moore.

KANO (O.S.)

Good. Behind that office is an OTEC  
pump room. It's five stories deep.  
The only other way back into the  
dome is a hatch down on the fourth  
level, and I've sealed it. Can you  
guard the office door while Tadao  
and Eichi go in after him?

OSAMU

(into communicator)  
Sure.

## SECURITY ANNEX

Shiva strides in, stands behind Kano, leans against his shoulders.

SHIVA

How's the hunt going?

KANO

Good and bad. Moore's trapped, but  
Osamu's down with a bullet wound.

SHIVA

Damn. We have to get that son of a bitch.

## PUMP ROOM

Travis dashes along an elevated platform, reaches a set of metal stairs, descends in three long steps.

The room is actually outside the outer dome, built onto the hull like a rocket's tail fin. Five stories deep, as wide as a gymnasium, riddled with catwalks, ladders, pipes, cables. Machines block most lines of sight, their moans and roars shrouding the place in noise.

Dominating are two huge, clear pipes running ceiling to floor, filled with churning water as the system draws in seawater, leeches its heat, flushes it back out. The light diffracting through the pipes gives the room a greenish pall.

## SECURITY ANNEX

Tadao and Eichi are now visible on a monitor, cautiously moving onto the platform Travis was seen on earlier, leaving the office door open behind them.

KANO

(into communicator)

I've lost sight of him. There are only three cameras in the pump room, and I'll let you know if he appears again. Right now you're on your own. You should be able to herd him down and trap him at the bottom. Be careful. We already know he can be dangerous.

## PUMP ROOM

Tadao and Eichi move along the platform. Tec 9's ready. Listening to Kano. Peering through the metal grating underfoot. The pumps WHOOSH loudly, masking sound. They reach the stairs and glance around, seeing nothing.

A quick exchange of hand signals. Tadao heads straight, staying on the platform to move around to the far side, behind the huge pipes. Eichi creeps down the steps.

## WEST WING OFFICE

Osamu on the floor, leaning against the wall to the side of the door of the Pump Room. Shotgun across his lap, pointed at the door. He shifts, winces at the pain.

OSAMU

Shit.

## PUMP ROOM

Travis shrinks into the narrow space between two machines. Checks ammo. Two rounds left.

TRAVIS

Great.

Hearing a faint groan of metal, he crouches, peering up between crossed bundles of cable, seeing Tadao creep onto the grating directly above. Travis stops breathing. The ninja moves out of sight. Travis sighs relief.

Ducking from his hidey-hole, Travis moves cautiously in the direction opposite where Tadao was going.

The stairs he came down are a short distance ahead. Through the grated floor, he sees the Rube Goldberg levels of pipe and catwalk below. A ladder drops to the next level.

Eichi pops out of shadow, smashing his Tec 9 into Travis's face. Travis crashes into the rail. Eichi kicks him in the gut. Travis holds onto his pistol, lurches away from the next kick, dives to the platform, rolling, as Tadao aims, fires--

Bullets spark off the platform around Travis. He bellows as one rips into his right thigh. He fires back, BANG, BANG, CLICK--

The Beretta's empty.

Eichi wobbles, hand clapped to his belly, where two holes pour blood. He grits his teeth. Raises the Tec 9. Aims at Travis's face...

Travis tackles Eichi at the hips, knocks him back. The ninja falls under the rail, Travis on top of him. They hang over a four-story drop, hard floor and vats of violent seawater below.

Above, Tadao runs back, looks over the rail, sees them. He charges for the stairs.

Eichi swings the Tec 9 up into Travis's face, busting his nose. Travis slams a punch into Eichi's belly, into the spattering bullet holes.

The ninja screams and arches his back, sliding them over the edge...

Travis drops his gun, flails wildly. Eichi falls, while Travis finds himself swinging one-handed from the catwalk.

Tadao leaps down the stairs, charges toward where Travis hangs. Travis sees him coming, reaches his free hand up to grab the edge of the platform, then using both arms he swings onto the struts beneath the catwalk.

Tadao stops directly above, scowling as Travis hangs in mid-air right under his feet, the metal grate shielding him.

Tadao steps to the rail and looks down. Eichi is a broken doll far below.

TADA0

You fucker.

(into communicator)

Kano, Moore has killed Eichi. I've got the fucker cornered.

Tadao steps back and fires directly at the grating. Sparks fly but the bullets don't go through. Travis

howls. He swings hand-over-hand along the bottom of the catwalk. Pain. Blood runs down his leg. Tadao sprints toward the ladder Travis had been heading for.

SHIVA (O.S.)

Tadao, all bets are off. Kill the son of a bitch.

Tadao slides down the ladder like a submariner.

Travis, swinging the other way, sees him coming. No way he's going to be able to swing far or fast enough to get away. He looks down. About twenty feet down, a thick electrical cable hangs in a loose loop through space.

Tadao gets close enough to shoot. Raises the Tec 9.

TRAVIS

Oh god...

He drops. Tadao fires. Bullets spark off catwalks.

Travis falls. Tadao moves to the edge, looks down, savage--

Travis's legs drop past the cable. It slides up his side, into his armpit, and he pins it with his arm, screaming as he is ripped to a sudden stop, grabbing the cable with his other hand--

His weight yanks the cable from its connection at one end, and again he's falling, sliding down the cable's whipping length, as the black serpentine's end falls, snaking down, shooting high voltage sparks.

Travis wraps his legs and arms around it, screaming as friction burns his palms, his thighs, his arms. He's dropping fast, toward the floor, toward the electric storm at cable's end--

Tadao watches, smiling. No need to shoot now.

Travis slows his fall, but then things get worse: the electrified end of the cable splashes into a churning vat at the bottom, lightning shooting through water, and Travis is falling right at it--

He heaves his weight to one side, swinging the cable against the vat's edge. He reaches bottom, hitting with both feet on that edge, releasing the cable, kicking himself to a crash on the floor between vats. He lays there, breath knocked out, bloody and battered.

Tadao charges down the stairs, racing for the bottom.

Travis sluggishly gets to his feet, looks up at the approaching figure of Tadao. Glancing around, he sees Eichi lying there, Tec 9 still gripped in his hand. Travis plods to the fallen ninja.

Eichi's eyes open. Seeing Travis, he swings the gun up swift as a rattlesnake, already squeezing the trigger. Travis rears back, bullets whistling near, and he dives clear behind a bank of machines.

Tadao reaches the floor, sprints to the area where Travis and Eichi fell.

Eichi rolls over, agonized eyes darting, watching for Travis. Both legs broken and worse.

Tadao slows as he nears, Tec 9 swiveling side to side, ready. He draws near the vat with the cable. Moves past. Sees Eichi struggling on the floor, motions the injured ninja to silence. Moves ahead...alert...rounds a corner.

Travis slams into him, knocking him back.

Tadao keeps his feet, but Travis swings a large wrench, catching the ninja in the jaw, shattering bone. Tadao's hand



clenches, the Tec 9 goes off, skittering bullets across the floor. Travis swings again, crushing the ninja's shoulder. Tadao screams, reeling. Travis shoves him hard, sending Tadao back into the electrified vat. It's so quick, Tadao doesn't scream again.

Travis crumbles to the floor, gasping.

On the floor, Eichi agonizingly pulls himself to a sit. Travis is out of sight. He puts down the Tec 9. Fatalistically examines his belly, a bloody mess. Reaches into a pouch. Removes a sinister high-tech plastique charge. Presses a few buttons, arming it to detonate in thirty seconds. Twenty-nine. Twenty-eight...

The other side of the vat, Travis gets shakily to his feet, glancing in Eichi's direction. Decides not to risk it and plods toward the main doorway.

Eichi gasps in pain, watching the countdown. Nineteen. Eighteen...

Travis reaches the doors, throws his weight against the push-bar. It doesn't budge. Travis looks up at the huge bolt-mechanisms that lock the door in place, red pilot lights aglow.

TRAVIS

Oh, God damn it...

Eichi's countdown continues. Five...Four...Travis turns wearily and starts back to the stairs.

The plastique explodes.

Travis is knocked off his feet, slammed back into the unmoving doors, as the world becomes fire--

The vats burst like glass. The floor shatters into a crater. The catwalks gnarl and break, steel shrieks...and a length of metal platform stabs down, down, smashes into the side of one of the big clear pipes, rupturing it.

The Pacific roars in like a train from hell.

## OPERATIONS CENTER

The ninja are covering the hostages when SIRENS SHRIEK and emergency lights flash. Everyone in the room about jumps out of their skin.

SHEFFIELD

What the hell--?

ANDREA

Oh my God. The hull's been breached.

## PUMP ROOM

Torrents of seawater swirl from the busted pipe, washing over everything. Most of the lowest level is flooded, and the water is rising fast.

Travis is caught in the muscular currents, thrashing to keep his head up. The water smashes him into the wall, drags him across it, twisting him, head and shoulders forced under, then he's in another current, flailing without effect.

Up becomes down becomes no direction at all, just a churning storm of bubbles and debris...

## WEST WING OFFICE

Hearing the roar of approaching flood through the open office door, Osamu pushes to a stand, frightened. Kano's voice in his earplug.

KANO (O.S.)

Osamu, get the hell out of there!  
They've blown one of the intake  
pipes!

Osamu grits his teeth and lurches for the front door.

## SECURITY ANNEX

Nobuo looks scared; Kano and Shiva watch the monitors intensely but seem calm.

KANO

If anybody's still alive in there,  
they won't be soon. The emergency  
system's sealing off the whole wing.

## PUMP ROOM

The flood has risen to the third level. Travis is rammed into the bottom of a platform, pinned there by the current, holding his breath as the water engulfs the platform above.

He claws the grate, dragging himself along the underside of the platform, reaching the edge of the platform and pulling himself past it, letting the wash grab him, rocket him up, free of the entrapment, kicking desperately for the receding surface.

The water reaches the top level. Travis grabs the platform rail, pulls himself onto the grate as the water churns up through it around his feet. He staggers up and dashes toward the office door.

#### WEST WING ENTRY PLATFORM/PASSAGEWAY

The mechanisms to the sides of the entry gear up, start ratcheting the heavy hatch doors shut.

Near the office, Osamu staggers along, in agony. He looks stricken as he sees the hatch doors start to close.

A thigh-high wall of water roars from the office behind him, knocking him from his feet. He loses the shotgun, flails in

panic, and is carried toward the entry. One of his gear-straps snags on a door-handle, wrenching him to a stop. He grabs at it, jerking, screaming in frustration as the water rises, pushes him, as the hatch reaches the half-shut point...

#### WEST WING OFFICE

Travis is carried through the rear door by the force of the flood, slammed across the desktop, crunching into the PC, scrambling for purchase but carried impotently forward, somersaulting through the door, into...

#### WEST WING ENTRY PLATFORM/PASSAGEWAY

The water is about four feet deep, a river jetting out into the dome. Osamu swings limply under the surface, strapped to the door handle, drowned. Travis shoots the passage in seconds, screaming as he nears the closing hatchway, funneled between the doors as they shut, missing Travis by millimeters as he washes through--

Over the side of the entry platform, feet-first into the yawning drop to the gardens below.

At the last second, he gets fingers in the groove at the edge of the platform, swinging painfully as the water cascades over him.

#### SECURITY ANNEX

Several monitors have blanked out. Shiva, Kano, and Nobuo sit in stunned silence. The alarm stops, but emergency lights still blink.

KANO  
(into communicator)  
Osamu?...Tadao?...  
(to Shiva)  
They're gone.

A moment of silence. Then:

NOBUO  
At least we don't have to worry  
about Moore now.

SHIVA  
Here's hoping.

She stands and moves toward the door.

SHIVA  
Keep scanning. Just in case.

KANO  
Will do. But we seem to have lost  
most of the cameras down on the  
eighth floor, probably shorted out  
by flooding.

SHIVA  
Probably. But keep looking.

## HAMSTER TUNNEL

Travis limps along the walkway, drenched, bloody, battered, exhausted. Ahead is the entry back into the central tower.

## OPERATIONS CENTER

Shiva enters, the Security Annex door clicks shut behind her. Everyone watches in silence. She steps before the hostages and addresses them and her people.

SHIVA  
There was an explosion in the West Wing pump room. It ruptured one of the OTEC intake pipes and flooded the entire wing. Fortunately, the emergency systems sealed the area before the flooding could spread to the rest of the dome.

ANDREA

What do you mean "there was an explosion?" Why was there an explosion? And...and was anyone hurt?

She's trying to stay calm, but her eyes are tearing up. Shiva crouches in front of Andrea, face soft.

SHIVA

The explosion occurred in a confrontation between three of my people and your husband. It looks like they were all killed. I'm sorry.

The ninja react grimly; they've just lost their friends. Andrea collapses into herself, trying to control her grief. Tears stream down her face. Shiva reaches out, touches her shoulder. Andrea lashes out, knocks her hand away.

ANDREA

Goddamn you, get away from me before I rip your fucking heart out.

## EIGHTH LEVEL SECURITY STATION

Travis limps to the station, peering intently at the guard who's sprawled back in his seat, a dart in his forehead. He stands over the man, glances at the guard's empty holster, pulls the dart out and tosses it away, then touches the man's throat for a pulse. He nearly jumps out of his skin as someone speaks behind him.

VOICE(O.S.)

He's alive, but I don't think he's going to be any help for a while.

Travis whirls, ready to flee or fight, then sighs relief when he sees the speaker: Desmond Cohen.

TRAVIS

You scared the hell out of me.

DESMOND

Welcome to the club. I've been on the verge of shitting my pants for a while now.

## EXT. KYOTO, JAPAN - KIRISHIMA PALACE - DAY

Incredible, ornate, ancient. A place of power.

## INT. KIRISHIMA PALACE - MEDITATION ROOM - DAY

The inner sanctum. Sitting on pillows on the floor, in deep meditation, is KIRISHIMA MASAKAZU, a regal eighty-year old, clad in silk, skeletally thin, with eyes like hot coals. A huge window behind him overlooks the mountains outside the city.

His bodyguard, a mountain of muscle named TETSUO, enters quietly. Kirishima senses him, looks up. Tetsuo bows.

TETSUO

>>Kirishima-san, I am sorry to disturb you. There is a situation.<<

KIRISHIMA

>>What is the situation, Tetsuo?<<

TETSUO

>>A Shinobi team has seized the Edensphere project. They have executed one executive and threaten to kill another each hour until you deliver yourself into their hands.<<

A look of concern crosses the old man's face.

KIRISHIMA

>>Sen-ichi...?<<

TETSUO

>>Yes. He is among the hostages. I am sorry.<<

Kirishima rises slowly, with grace.

KIRISHIMA

>>Have a jet prepared.<<

TETSUO

>>But, my lord -- they will kill you.<<

Kirishima's eyes burn into Tetsuo's.

KIRISHIMA

>>They have my grandson.<<

## EIGHTH LEVEL SECURITY STATION

Travis scowls at Desmond.

TRAVIS

Desmond. Where have you been? I wanted to remind you there's no smoking down here.

DESMOND

Jesus, Moore. What the hell's going on? And what happened to you?

TRAVIS

Far as I can tell, Japanese terrorists have taken us over. And I've been shot...among other things.

Travis slips painfully to the floor, unfastens a first aid kit from under the guard's console. He pulls out scissors, cuts his pants leg open, revealing bloody holes on each side of his thigh. The bullet went clean through.

TRAVIS

How'd you get down here?

Desmond looks sheepish. He can't stop glancing around, scared the bad guys are gonna show up.

DESMOND

I saw you had a rec. room on this level.

TRAVIS

And you were looking for a place to smoke, so you came on down, then the bad guys struck and you were stuck here.

Desmond nods. Travis empties hydrogen peroxide over the wounds. He points at the unconscious guard.

TRAVIS

You got this guy's gun?

DESMOND

It was gone when I found him. They probably took it.

TRAVIS

You think?

Travis wraps bandages around his thigh, wincing.

DESMOND

What are we going to do?

TRAVIS

I have no idea. We can't go anywhere without them seeing us on the monitors--

DESMOND

I've busted all the cameras on this floor.

Travis glances up at him, smiles slightly.

TRAVIS

They might come down to check, but it won't be hard to stay hidden without the cameras to worry about. Besides, they've already lost three guys, so I don't think they'll risk more people doing a full search. They probably think I'm dead.

DESMOND

And they don't know about me.

TRAVIS

For what that, or anything else, is worth. We're unarmed, I'm injured, and they've got more guns than a John Woo movie.

Finished dressing his wound, Travis pulls a bottle of aspirin from the first aid kit, struggles to his feet, and limps towards a nearby water fountain.

TRAVIS

This is not one of my better days.

## OPERATIONS CENTER

Andrea slumps against the wall in shock, face wet with tears.

Shiva glances at her watch. Ten till the hour.

Senator Sheffield stands. A guard moves toward him, and the senator glares at him.

SHEFFIELD

Shiva?

SHIVA

Yes, Senator?

SHEFFIELD

I was wondering...I have to know...what have you done with my aide, Desmond Cohen? Is he dead?



Shiva gazes at him without expression, then turns and marches into the...

## SECURITY ANNEX

Kano looks up at her.

SHIVA

We have another loose end.

## EIGHTH LEVEL SECURITY STATION

Desmond paces nervously. Travis rifles the desk before the slack guard. In a drawer, he finds a letter opener.

TRAVIS

Great. Now I'm loaded for bear.

He slips it through his belt.

DESMOND

Is there any way we can get back up to the oil platform?

TRAVIS

We can swim...maybe. But I suspect this bunch has control up there too. We need information to figure out--

DING. The elevator slides open. Travis drops to the floor behind the desk. Desmond is out in the open; he bolts down the corridor.

Two ninja, RINTARO and TAKASHI, step quickly from the elevator, seeing Desmond just as he ducks down a side corridor. They sprint after him.

RINTARO

(into communicator)

>>You were right. We'll have him in a moment.<<

## SECURITY ANNEX

Kano in touch with the two ninja. Shiva stands nearby.

KANO

(into communicator)

>>Good. Be careful, we know nothing about this guy.<<

## EIGHTH LEVEL CORRIDOR

Rounding the corner, they see him trying to open a locked door about thirty feet ahead.

RINTARO

Mr. Cohen, come with us.

Desmond freezes, holds his hands out, eyeing the twin Tec 9's aimed at him. Nowhere to go.

RINTARO

If you come with us, you won't be hurt. If you don't, we'll kill you. Your choice.

DESMOND

Shit. Okay. I'm coming.

He walks towards them. His hands are trembling. When he reaches them, Takashi motions him up against the wall and starts to search him, letting his Tec 9 swing at his hip. Rintaro covers them.

RINTARO

(into communicator)  
>>We've got him.<<  
(to Desmond)  
How did you get down here?

DESMOND

I--I was already down here when you cut the elevators off...What's going on?

No answer. There's a small SCUFFING SOUND from the corridor behind Rintaro, the way back to the elevator. He shoots a look over his shoulder--

Travis pounces at him with an upraised fire extinguisher. CRUNCH! It smashes into his face. Blood splattering from his crushed nose, he tilts back, stumbling to keep his feet, his Tec 9 swinging free on its strap--

Takashi looks up sharply as Travis's momentum brings him crashing into Rintaro, knocking the stunned warrior to the floor. Takashi grabs for his gun--

Travis stumbles to keep his feet, the fire extinguisher swinging awkwardly from one hand. Rintaro backrolls as he hits the floor, coming up in a crouch, still dazed, just in time for Travis to swing the extinguisher into the side of his head. A glancing blow, but Rintaro reels, using his hands to keep from going facedown.

Takashi has a clear shot at Travis. Desmond pushes off the wall, spinning and tackling the ninja from the side, spoiling the shot. Rounds stitch the air over Travis's head.

Rintaro sweep-kicks Travis's legs out from under him, crashing him to the floor. The extinguisher goes spinning.

Takashi jacks an elbow into Desmond's chest. Desmond gasps, stumbles back, and the ninja whirls a palm into his chin, ramming Desmond into the wall.

Travis grabs the letter opener and jumps Rintaro, stabbing him at the juncture of throat and shoulder. Rintaro kicks him, but he hangs on, bringing the opener back out in a spray of blood, plunging it in again--

Desmond stumbles forward, his face panicked and wild, clawing at Takashi. The ninja ducks off the line of attack and backhands Desmond across the back of his skull, sending him sprawling on his face. The Tec 9 comes up, swinging back towards Travis--

Crouched over Rintaro, Travis whips the ninja's Tec 9 up, beating Takashi on the draw, squeezing the trigger-- Nothing. The gun doesn't work.

Takashi grins, his gun aimed squarely at Travis, trigger finger tightening--

And Desmond grabs Takashi's knife from the sheath on his calf and rips it across the back of the ninja's knee. Takashi screams, stumbling onto his uninjured leg, his finger reflexively triggering the Tec 9 as Desmond knocks the good leg out from under him.

Travis hits the floor alongside Rintaro's body. Bullets spatter the corpse and ricochet from the floor.

Desmond leaps on Takashi, bringing the jagged blade of the knife down into Takashi's ribs, wrenching it free as Takashi punches him, knocking him sideways, but Desmond holds on and stabs again, this time rupturing the ninja's heart. Takashi's eyes widen...then blank in death.

Desmond puts a hand down to steady himself...right into a spreading pool of Takashi's blood. He jerks it back, looks at it.

DESMOND

Oh God.

He pales...chokes...then vomits all over the floor.

## OPERATIONS CENTER

Shiva crosses to Senator Sheffield.

SHIVA

We've found your aide, and he's all right. He'll be joining us shortly.

ASASHIMO, a ninja guard, motions, drawing her eye. He points at his watch. Shiva looks at her watch and sighs.

SHIVA

It's time, isn't it?

## OIL PLATFORM CONTROL ROOM

Bill and the others suffer through the interminable wait, looking ragged, exhausted. The security monitors blink back to life, Shiva front and center.

SHIVA

(on intercom)

Mr. Johnson, are you there?

BILL

(into intercom)

Yeah.

SHIVA

(on intercom)

Once more, I fear I'm the bearer of ill tidings. Your security chief, Travis Moore, chose not to cooperate with us. He is dead. Unfortunately he forced our hand.

Bill tenses, muttering without keying the microphone.

BILL

Oh Jesus...

SHIVA

(on intercom)

Also, I understand that Kirishima Masakazu is on the way, and we have established a satellite feed. Just in time for another object lesson...

## INT/EXT. KIRISHIMA'S 747 - NIGHT

The huge plane soars over the clouds.

Inside, Kirishima Masakazu sits regally on a plush sofa. Tetsuo stands nearby. A big-screen TV before them shows the scene in the Edensphere Control Room.

SHIVA

>>How are you, old shit?<<

Angrily, Tetsuo grabs for a handset. Kirishima waves a hand, signaling him to remain silent.

## EIGHTH LEVEL CORRIDOR

Travis and Desmond pick through the guns and gear to be found on the bodies of the two dead ninja. Travis is decisive and quick, Desmond less so, still looking pale. Travis looks over a Tec 9, examining the grip.

TRAVIS

Damn. All these guns have sensors in the grips that are keyed to their owners. No one else can use them.

DESMOND

So we're still unarmed. Fabulous.

TRAVIS

At least we have some stuff to play with. These guys are like evil Swiss Army knives. Knives, explosives, swords...I'd rather have a gun, but this is better than nothing.

Travis notices Desmond staring at the corpse's face.

TRAVIS

It was them or us, Desmond. You did what was necessary, and you did it well.

DESMOND

Yeah. I went through Harvard on a ROTC scholarship, and did a couple years reserve after. I've even got Ranger training.

He says ROTC like a word: Rotsee.

DESMOND

I just never thought I'd have to use it.

Travis nods, looks down at Rintaro grimly.

DESMOND

I can fight okay, but...you're good at this. I've hardly ever even been in a fight, much less killed anyone.

TRAVIS

Well, I'm not Sergeant York either. My job description is investigation and security. I've always carried a gun, but never needed it till today. I could've gone my whole goddamn life without killing anybody.

They're quiet a few moments, thoughtful. Then:

TRAVIS

We have to find out who the hell these people are and why they want to burst our bubble.

OPERATIONS CENTER

Playing to the monitors, Shiva addresses the hostages.

SHIVA

>>Higashibata Satoru, please step forward.<<

HIGASHIBATA, a Kirishima exec, blanches. Some of the others look at him involuntarily. He doesn't move.

Shiva moves closer and speaks quietly.

SHIVA

>>Higashibata-san, we know exactly who all of you are. You are about to die. If you let us, we will allow you to do so with dignity.<<

Higashibata trembles. Tears stream down his face. He steps forward, tries to choke back his sobs. She moves away from the others, motioning him to follow. He does, eyes riveted to her. Shiva draws her pistol. Aims at his brow.

SHIVA

>>I'm sorry, Higashi--<<

SHEFFIELD

NO--!

The Senator charges past a guard, tackles Shiva from the side. They fall, Sheffield grabs for the gun with one

hand while he claws at her face with the other. Shiva whips the gun away from her, out of both of their reach. Her legs come up like tentacles, wrapping around Sheffield's throat, pinning him to the floor. Two ninja drag him away; he tries to break free, but one delivers a sharp body blow, taking the fight out of him.

Higashibata is shaking. Urine puddles around his shoes.

Shiva stands, retrieves the pistol, and shoots him in the forehead. Without a pause, she holsters the pistol and whirls to face Sheffield and the men holding him.

SHIVA

Senator, we asked that you refrain  
from such stupidity. I see we'll  
have to reiterate, more fervently.  
(to her men)  
Hold him flat.

They knock Sheffield's feet from under him, shove him belly-down on the floor.

SHIVA

I understand they consider you a  
hero because you were a prisoner in  
Vietnam, Senator. If getting  
captured is all it takes to be a  
hero, I suppose you're twice the  
hero today.

She reaches back, slips the wakizashi from its sheath across her back. Sheffield eyes her with impotent fury.

SHIVA

Which hand, Senator?

## OIL PLATFORM CONTROL ROOM

Bill and the guys watch the monitors in horror.

BILL

No...

## OPERATIONS CENTER

A pregnant moment as Sheffield stares pure hatred at Shiva...then slides his left hand across the floor, closes his eyes, grits his teeth. Shiva raises the blade.

ANDREA

DON'T!

Andrea rushes forward.

Shiva cuts so precisely through Sheffield's wrist that the blade doesn't mark the floor beneath. Sheffield screams. His blood sprays a gory fan across the tiles.

A ninja, YUTAKA, grabs Andrea, yanking her to him, hand raised to strike--

SHIVA

Yutaka, NO!

Yutaka stops his hand just short of Andrea's face.

SHIVA

Let her go.

Yutaka does. Andrea slowly walks to Shiva. She stares at the ninja woman with eyes red and wet from crying for a husband she thinks dead. Then, without a word, she throws herself at Shiva, savagely punching, clawing, out for blood. Shiva slips back with the blows. Andrea bloodies Shiva's nose, rips her cheek. Shiva rides it, still in control, until Andrea bursts into tears and moves back.

ANDREA

Goddamn you...goddamn you, you  
fucking bitch...

SHIVA

I'm not enjoying this any more than  
you are.

(to her men)

Someone see to Senator Sheffield's arm.

Yutaka moves over, picks up Sheffield's hand with obvious distaste. He motions at Higashibata and two ninja pick up the corpse. They take it to the hall. The two ninja holding the senator sit him up. He's passed out. Blood courses from his wrist. A first aid kit is produced and they swiftly tourniquet and bandage the arm.

Shiva looks towards the camera.

## INT. KIRISHIMA'S 747 - NIGHT

Kirishima and Tetsuo watch poker-faced as, on their screen, Shiva motions and the screen blanks out.

## OIL PLATFORM CONTROL ROOM

Blank monitors. Bill and the guys let out a breath.



JOTARO

Bill, we need to do something.

BILL

Like what, Jotaro? Anything we try will just get more people down there killed. Kirishima's coming. Hopefully they'll keep their word and let everybody go when he gets here.

RHETT

Sure. But how many hostages will still be alive by then?

## OPERATIONS CENTER

Andrea glares defiantly at Shiva.

ANDREA

You going to maim me, too? Or do I get to wait my turn for a bullet in the head?

SHIVA

No, I'm not going to maim you. And you're last on the list of those to be sacrificed.

ANDREA

For God's sake, why?

Shiva wipes blood from her nose.

SHIVA

I prefer not to endanger you or your baby. It's bad enough the child won't know its father. Now get back with the others. I'm not above punishing someone else for your actions if it comes to that.

Andrea glares, but turns and joins the others. Shiva gazes coolly around the room, walks to the...

## SECURITY ANNEX

Shiva enters, closes the door. Kano stands and takes her in his arms. For several moments, they simply hold each other. Then she pulls back, her steely calm reclaimed.

KANO

Feel better?

SHIVA

Sure.

KANO

Good. I have some bad news.

Her eyes communicate the order: Tell me.

KANO

I can't reach Rintaro and Takashi.  
They said they had Cohen, but  
now...nothing.

SHIVA

Well that's just great.

KANO

Want me to go look?

SHIVA

Hell no I don't want you to go  
look. Every time we send someone  
out, they don't come back. We've  
killed two hostages and lost six of  
our people. I don't like that  
ratio. Have everyone switch to the  
back-up scrambler code in case  
someone's gotten their  
communicators. If we don't hear  
anything soon, we'll--

Bill's voice on the intercom breaks in.

BILL (O.S.)

Hey...hello below. This is Bill  
Logan, can I talk to you?

KANO

(into intercom)

Is there a problem, Mr. Logan?

## OIL PLATFORM CONTROL ROOM

Bill stares at the blank monitors, nervous, as he speaks  
into the intercom. The others listen in intently.

BILL

Uh, no. No problem. I, uh, just  
wanted to speak with Shiva for a  
minute.

## SECURITY ANNEX

Kano glances at Shiva. She shrugs and drops into the nearest chair, keying the intercom.

SHIVA

Go ahead, Mr. Logan.

## OIL PLATFORM CONTROL ROOM

Bill fidgets.

BILL

Well...I've always been a shitty negotiator, so the best I can do is to just ask. Would you please consider not killing anybody else?

## SECURITY ANNEX

Shiva's surprised. She smiles slightly at Kano, as if Bill is a child asking for a Rolls Royce for Christmas.

SHIVA

Mr. Logan, I do sympathize. But I can't not do what I said I would do.

## OIL PLATFORM CONTROL ROOM

A look of horrid frustration crosses Bill's face. Jotaro puts his hand on Bill's back reassuringly, edging him on.

BILL

I understand that. But you've killed at least three people already and dismembered a United States senator. I'd say you've shown your resolve, and Kirishima is on the way. What else is to be gained by slaughtering more innocents?

## SECURITY ANNEX

Shiva pauses, thinking. Then:

SHIVA

Mr. Logan Kirishima Corporation executives are hardly "innocent". I  
-more-

## SHIVA (CONT'D)

don't know if you can understand this, but they are a more craven modern version of samurai warriors. Kirishima is their shogun, and by their allegiance they innately support him, his agenda, and his actions. Thus they're as guilty in the matter I'm here to resolve as he is.

## OIL PLATFORM CONTROL ROOM

Bill's frustration becomes anger.

## BILL

Bullshit.

The other guys look at Bill in shock: talking to Shiva like this can't be a good idea.

## BILL

You're obviously smart enough to know that's a rationalization. Whatever Kirishima did that pissed you off, whatever loyalty these men may have, they're all just employees. They're just people. They have families and pets and favorite foods and they want to live. If you can accomplish what you're here to accomplish without slaughtering them, you should. You talk about honor, but all you're really doing is murdering innocent people for dramatic effect.

## SECURITY ANNEX

Shiva leans back. Anger flashes in her eyes. She looks at Kano, who shrugs. The choice is hers.

## INT. KIRISHIMA'S 747 - NIGHT

Old man Kirishima sits resting on the sofa, eyes shut, serenely calm. Tetsuo steps into the little room.

## TETSUO

>>Kirishima-san, the kunoichi bitch wishes to speak with you.<<

The old man opens his eyes. Tetsuo turns the TV on to the scene in the Operations Center. Shiva's in front of the hostages, facing camera. Tetsuo speaks into a cell-phone.

TETSUO

>>Kirishima-san is listening.<<

On-screen, Shiva gets the word through her headset.

SHIVA

>>Old man, we have decided to show mercy. For now, there will be no further executions. Given reason to begin again, we will kill two an hour rather than one. Do not forget we have your grandson.<<

The screen blanks out. The big bodyguard smiles.

TETSUO

>>They are weak.<<

KIRISHIMA

>>Do not make the error of thinking so.<<

## OPERATIONS CENTER

Shiva confers with a couple ninja guards.

Sen-ichi, the grandson, strides toward them, smirking.

SEN-ICHI

>>So, the whore suffers a failure of nerve.<<

SHIVA

>>I am showing mercy, Sen-ichi. Now get back before I change my mind.<<

SEN-ICHI

>>Do as you please. You won't hurt me...I am your bait.<<

Shiva lashes out, smashing a heel into Sen-ichi's instep and a palm up into his chin. He bellows, stumbling back, nearly falling on his ass.

SHIVA

>>I need you alive, Sen-ichi. I do not necessarily need you whole. Remember the lesson of the senator.<<

Sen-ichi glares, spits blood, and backs off.

## RECREATION ROOM

A nicely equipped place of leisure. Travis and Desmond stand over a Ping-Pong table, knives and wakizashis and pouches of ninja gear hanging off them. Travis wears one of the ninja communicators, listening, keying different frequencies. Desmond's smoking a cigarette.

DESMOND

Anything?

TRAVIS

No. They're onto us. They've gone silent or switched frequencies.

DESMOND

Jesus. That means somebody else'll be coming after us. We've got to get outta here.

TRAVIS

We could use the ladders on the outside of the tower. That's how I got down to this level. But if we start busting all the cameras on another floor that'll bring them right to us. We could climb back up to the Operations Level, but that's too risky: cameras and terrorists.

DESMOND

What you're saying is we can't go anywhere. So what do we do, hide under this table?

Travis shakes his head.

TRAVIS

No. We have to find out what they're doing up there.

## EAST WING ENTRY PLATFORM/PASSAGEWAY

Travis and Desmond trot out of the east hamster tunnel into a set-up identical to that in the West Wing: dark, industrial, claustrophobic. Desmond is clumsy with all the gear he carries. They take the main corridor.

TRAVIS

If we get to the Systems Room at the top of the tower, we can override the video system and use it to spy on them. We'll even be able to rewind the discs to see everything from the start.

DESMOND

Won't they realize what we're doing?

TRAVIS

No. We'll effectively be watching a different channel.

DESMOND

How do we get there?

TRAVIS

We swim.

Desmond stops running.

DESMOND

We swim?

#### EAST PUMP ROOM - AIRLOCK

Travis and Desmond jog across a catwalk section, reaching an airlock set into the outer wall.

TRAVIS

The sphere has airlocks every other level for maintenance and bringing in new machinery, furniture, that kind of thing.

He unslings gear, piling it to the side of the lock.

TRAVIS

From here, we can swim to the top lock, and get onto the catwalks. There're cameras up there, but they're not on the automatic scan. Unless they've activated them manually, we won't have to worry about them. The Systems Room camera is on the scan, but hopefully we can bust it without them noticing.

He looks at Desmond, who is very dubious.

TRAVIS

You can swim, can't you?

Desmond nods.

TRAVIS

Good. It won't be far, but it'll be cold. And we'll have to dump most of this gear or we won't make it.

Travis pulls off his shoes. Desmond removes gear

DESMOND

I hate this.

EXT. EAST WING AIRLOCK - UNDERWATER - NIGHT

The sea at night. Light shimmers through the opaque walls of the sphere, giving all an ethereal cast.

AIRLOCK

Travis and Desmond are inside, stripped down to trousers and T-shirts, barefoot, carrying little.

TRAVIS

Once we figure out what's going on,  
maybe we can get back down here to  
reclaim our gear.

DESMOND

Great. Then what? We going to attack?

TRAVIS

I don't know, Desmond. All I know is  
they've got my wife and child up  
there...and I'm going to do whatever  
it takes to get them out alive.

Desmond starts to speak, then just nods understanding.  
Travis triggers the airlock, and water rushes in around  
their feet, rising quickly.

DESMOND

Goddamn that's cold--!!!

EXT. EAST WING AIRLOCK - UNDERWATER - NIGHT

The airlock opens. Travis kicks out into the dark water.  
Desmond follows. Their faces are taut, pale. They swim

upwards, currents pulling at their limbs and clothing.  
Through the clear wall of the habitat, we see treetops, a  
flock of canaries swooping by.

A current grabs Desmond, shoves him into the sphere wall. He  
slaps at the surface, regains his bearing, continuing after  
Travis. Eyes bulging as oxygen burns away in their  
veins...muscles spasming with the cold...

Travis reaches the upper airlock. Fights to open a small  
casing, revealing a numerical touch-pad with glowing,  
rubberized buttons.



Desmond drifts to the side, the first sparks of panic igniting in his eyes.

#### INT/EXT. UPPER AIRLOCK - SAME

Inside the airlock, water rushes in, immerses the floor, begins to fill the small chamber.

Outside, Desmond turns desperately toward Travis, a small burst of bubbles escaping his lips as his body screams to breathe again. Travis motions for him to stay calm.

The airlock opens. Travis and Desmond anxiously drag themselves in, Travis slapping at the interior controls.

The airlock shuts agonizingly slowly. They float in the chamber, waiting...Desmond hacks out more air, wrapping his arms around his chest, fighting not to breathe...Travis chokes too, losing air...

The lock closes, water drains. They shove their faces into the air space that appears at the chamber's ceiling, gasping loud, harsh breaths as the water drops, leaving them in shuddering lumps on the floor.

#### SECURITY ANNEX

Kano looks up as Shiva enters.

SHIVA

Rintaro and Takashi?

KANO

Nothing.

SHIVA

Speed up the video scan, and watch. If you see anything, let me know at once. Whoever is out there has explosives now. They probably won't do anything to endanger the hostages, but I don't like having them out there.

#### THE CATWALKS

The catwalks form a rigid multi-level web under the shimmering glass dome of the sphere. On a landing in front of the airlock, Travis and Desmond, still soaked and shivering, ready their gear.

TRAVIS

Well...let's go.

They move onto the catwalks, the drop to the garden level yawning beneath their feet. Acres ahead is the Observation Deck at the top of the tower.

DESMOND

You're sure this is safe?

TRAVIS

Reasonably. But keep your eyes open.

Desmond nervously scans the catwalks around, above, and below them. Ahead of him, Travis limps along with purpose. They cross quickly, reaching the...

## OBSERVATION DECK

Travis moves to a ladder at the edge, leading Desmond over the side onto a small encircling catwalk one story down. Travis steps to a sliding door, pushes it open. They enter the...

## SYSTEMS ROOM

A jumbled space of wires, cables, and humming machinery. If the Operations Center is the brain of Edensphere, this is the central nervous system. Everything here is unpolished, raw, for utility not show. In the center of the room is the rounded column of the Central Elevator.

Travis sprints directly to the swiveling video camera and slices its output wires with his knife.

TRAVIS

Here's hoping.

## SECURITY ANNEX

Images strobe across the monitors, closely watched by Kano and Nobuo.

## SYSTEMS ROOM

Travis and Desmond hover over a single video monitor screen, Travis clicking through shots of various parts of Edensphere till he reaches the shot of the Operations Center: guards spaced around the cluster of hostages on the floor, Andrea in plain sight, okay. Travis exhales a held breath.

TRAVIS

Good, she's alive.

DESMOND

There's the senator...is he asleep  
or...

TRAVIS

I think he's asleep. I don't see  
Watanabe...or Higashibata...

DESMOND

Are they dead, you think?

TRAVIS

Who knows? Maybe they're being  
interrogated. Maybe they're in on  
it. I doubt it, but I wouldn't have  
thought Linda Yee would try to kill  
me either.

DESMOND

Who?

TRAVIS

One of our security techs. She took  
out the others in the Security Annex,  
and I assume paved the way for the  
Flying Ninja Brothers to get into the  
sphere.

Desmond looks at Travis grimly. Travis rewinds the video. A  
deck of DVD discs whirs nearby.

TRAVIS

Let's see if we can figure out what  
this is all about.

On the monitor, the ninja herd the hostages into the  
Operations Center. Travis fast-forwards the image: Shiva  
paces before the hostages, then seems to realize there's a  
problem and races to the Security Annex...

DESMOND

Looks like she's the boss.

Osamu comes out of the Security Annex, gets his two  
sidekicks, leaves...

TRAVIS

They're going after me.

DESMOND

They still alive?

Travis doesn't answer. On screen: Shiva enters the Operations Center, directing two ninja who carry Linda's body through and out of the room...

TRAVIS

That's Linda.

DESMOND

Man. Glad I'm on your side.

TRAVIS

Yeah, right.

Shiva's before the hostages, speaking to the camera...

TRAVIS

She's talking to someone...Bill maybe.

Watanabe gets his brains blown out.

DESMOND

Oh my god.

## SECURITY ANNEX

Monitors flickering...a gray screen comes up on one.

KANO

Freeze it!

Nobuo hits a button, stopping the scan.

KANO

(pointing)

Where is that? Eighth level?

NOBUO

No...Systems Room. Top floor, under the Observation Deck.

Kano is already on his feet, headed for the door.

## SYSTEMS ROOM

On the monitor, Shiva has now begun to parade again. She calls Higashibata, the second execution victim, out.

TRAVIS

Shit. They're going to kill him too.

He taps the digital readout at the corner of the screen.

TRAVIS

An hour passed between executions.  
They're on a timetable.

On-screen, Senator Sheffield tackles Shiva before she can shoot Higashibata. In high-speed, he is beaten back and held down. Shiva pulls her wakizashi...

DESMOND

No...

...Shiva chops off Sheffield's hand.

DING. The elevator doors start to open.

TRAVIS

Shit! Go!

He sprints for the door. Desmond freezes momentarily, realizes what's up, races after him. Machine gun fire rips through the gap in the opening elevator door, catching Desmond in the legs. He cries out, stumbling out the door, into the catwalk rail. He folds over it, the fall reeling in his eyes, but Travis jumps out, grabs the back of his shirt, and drags him back. Desmond sits heavily, his face anguished.

Inside, the ninja - four of 'em - charge the door. Travis crouches over Desmond in indecision. Desmond shoves him.

DESMOND

Run goddamnit!

Travis nods grimly and darts away, up the ladder to the Observation Deck.

The ninja pounce onto the catwalk, guns swinging side-to-side, glancing up as Travis disappears over the wall. The first, GORO, aims his Tec 9 at Desmond's face. Desmond raises both hands.

GORO

>>There's one more, get him!<<

The other three ninja charge the ladder.

GORO

(into communicator)  
>>We have one of two.<<

## OBSERVATION DECK

Travis dodges around the elevator platform as the first pursuer appears at the top of the ladder. He sprints across the deck to a catwalk jutting out toward the dome, gritting teeth against the pain in his wounded leg.

Up pop the three ninja, YUJI, NAOKI, and KEI: careful, looking to all sides just in case, Tec 9's ready. At first, they can't see Travis because the elevator is in the way. They fan out, he comes into sight. Yuji points.

YUJI

>>There.<<

NAOKI

(into communicator)

>>Shiva, the second man is in sight. It's Travis Moore. He's moved out onto the catwalks.<<

## SECURITY ANNEX

Shiva nudges Kano, who starts flicking manually through the video images, looking for a view of Travis.

SHIVA

(into communicator)

>>Remember, don't risk gunfire up there unless absolutely necessary; we don't want any breaks in the dome.<<

## THE CATWALKS

Travis glances back, scowls. The three ninja have split up, Yuji stepping onto the catwalk he's on, the other two sprinting down the catwalks flanking him at both sides.

TRAVIS

Uh oh.

Travis resumes his retreat. Ahead is an intersection, and the two ninja flanking him are racing towards it to head him off. Grimacing, he speeds up. Yuji charges up behind him, closing in. He pulls a throwing spike from a pouch, whips it through the air -- into Travis's back. Travis cries out, stumbles against the rail. He reaches back and yanks the spike out. Ouch.

Yuji gets within ten feet, stops. Travis sees the other two waiting at the intersection.

YUJI

(halting English)

You are blocked. Do you know, Osamu, who you killed, he was my friend?

He reaches over his shoulder to draw his wakizashi, and Travis charges him, slamming his shoulder into the ninja's chest before he can react, rocking him back into the rail. Yuji loses his grip on the wakizashi, has to use his hands to grab onto the rail in order not to go

over the edge. Travis jacks up, the top of his head cracking into Yuji's chin, knocking him off balance; a quick shove sends him over the rail to plummet to the gardens.

The other two are on the way and pissed. Wakizashis in hand. Travis draws his own and races back towards the Observation Deck, but the two ninja are in much better condition and are closing fast. Realizing they're nearly on him, Travis stops abruptly, whirling, bringing the blade sharply up, directly in Kei's path.

Kei twists past the blade, against the rail, bringing his elbow up into Travis's face, but Naoki does stumble into the wakizashi, which pierces his side before Travis stumbles back from Kei's elbow, taking the blade with him. Naoki steps back, grabbing his wound.

Kei smashes his knee into Travis's belly. Travis folds, almost falls to his knees, but Kei jerks his knee up again, into his chest, tilting him backwards. He slams onto his back. Kei hacks at Travis with his wakizashi, and Travis rolls out of the way, onto his hands and knees, near the edge, under the rail. Kei kicks him in the side...sending Travis over the edge.

Clawing air, Travis manages to catch the catwalk with his left hand, hanging there...four fingers between him and the fall...Kei steps towards the edge...raises his wakizashi...and hacks down, chopping off Travis's fingers. Travis falls...

And smashes onto a catwalk crossing twenty feet below. He lies there on his back, dumb with shock and pain.

Kei leans over the rail, sees Travis, drops his wakizashi to the side and grabs his Tec 9. Naoki grabs his arm.

NAOKI

>>She said no guns up here.<<

KEI

>>I'm shooting down, you idiot.<<

Travis groans, opens his eyes, blearily sees Kei above, drawing a bead on him. Only half-aware of what he's doing, he rolls over, trying to get clear, over the edge into dead space as bullets ring off the catwalk...

Travis drops like a boulder...and hits hard, far below, in the Garden Level Lake.

The two ninja scowl in frustration.

NAOKI

>>Shit.<<  
 (into communicator)  
 >>Moore is injured, and has fallen  
 into the lake below. He may be  
 dead, but someone should check.  
 We'll bring the other one down.<<

## GARDEN LEVEL LAKE

Travis floats facedown like a corpse. Then, he stirs, suddenly kicking in a panic, rolling over, coughing water, gasping for air. He looks awful; swims with a weak, painful dog paddle. Reaching the shallows, he plods towards shore, holding his savaged hand protectively against his belly. In ankle-deep water, he looks up...to find three ninja waiting before him, Tec 9's ready to cut him in half.

Crushing despair crosses Travis's face. He lifts his hands in surrender and steps to shore. One of the ninja punches him in the gut. Travis crashes to his knees, choking for breath, and the ninja kicks him in the face, knocking Travis backward into the water.

The ninja looks to his comrades. They nod. He steps into the water and slams a foot onto Travis's chest, forcing him under.

Travis claws at the foot. His face submerged. He slams an elbow into the ninja's other leg, knocking him off balance, taking the foot off his chest. He breaks the surface, breathing hard.

The ninja swings his Tec-9 around and aims it at Travis, squeezing the trigger.

KANO (O.S.)

>>NO!<<

The three ninja look back to see Kano approaching from the door into the tower.

KANO

>>Bring him along.<<



## INFIRMARY

Modern medicine at its finest. Fully equipped. Elegant and warm and comforting. Travis and Kano stand over Desmond, who is strapped to a table, crying. Blood around his blasted leg. Kei stands nearby, keeping Travis covered. Goro bandages Naoki's belly.

KANO

Our doctor is on the way down, Mr. Cohen. Hang in there.

DESMOND

(painfully, to Travis)  
The...plan...was for you to get away.

TRAVIS

I know. But it wouldn't have been the same without you.

Desmond laughs, regrets it as pain rips through his leg.

The three ninja from the lake enter, carrying Yuji. They lay him on a table nearby, his head lolling on a broken neck. He stares till they pull a sheet over him.

KANO

>>Goro, Kei, stay with us. You others, return to the Operations Room.<<

Four ninja leave.

TRAVIS

Is my wife okay?

KANO

Yes. And likely to stay that way if you cooperate. Deal?

Travis stares at him, then nods, resigned.

SHIVA (O.S.)

Hello, Travis Moore.

He turns to see Shiva striding his way.

SHIVA

I'm Shiva. I'd expected to make your acquaintance several hours ago.

Shiva stops at a sink and scrubs up.

SHIVA

That hand looks bad. Let Kano take care of it while I see to Mr. Cohen.

Travis looks at Kano, who motions for him to hop up on a table. Travis does, and Kano pulls out a syringe.

KANO

This is Demerol, Mr. Moore, for the pain.

Travis takes the shot. Kano starts examining, then cleaning, the mangled hand.

TRAVIS

Why bother? You were trying to kill us a few minutes ago.

Shiva starts tending Desmond's leg with practiced skill.

SHIVA

Believe it or not, we're trying to minimize casualties. Some killing was necessary to make our point, but wholesale slaughter isn't our goal.

TRAVIS

You're a doctor?

SHIVA

Yes. Harvard Medical School.

They're quiet a few moments. Kano bandages Travis's hand.

TRAVIS

What is your goal?

SHIVA

That's right, you missed the show. We're here to kill Kirishima Masakazu.

TRAVIS

Why?

SHIVA

He killed some of our friends.

Travis glances at Yuji's covered body. Shiva sees.

SHIVA

You were acting in self-defense. I'm not thrilled with the results, but I understand. Kirishima...betrayed us.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO AIRPORT - HELIPAD - NIGHT

A transport helicopter warms up. A Japanese lackey shows Kirishima Masakazu and Tetsuo to it in somber silence.

OPERATIONS CENTER

The door opens. Andrea and the other hostages watch tensely as Shiva marches in, followed by Naoki and Kei with Desmond supported between them, his right leg in bloody bandages and a steel brace.

Travis steps in, Kano guarding him from behind. With a cry of relief, Andrea runs to him, embraces him.

ANDREA

Oh, Travis...my Travis...

TRAVIS

I'm okay, sweetie. I'm okay.

EXT. TRANSPORT HELICOPTER IN FLIGHT - NIGHT

Kirishima's chopper zipping through the dark sky.

INT. KIRISHIMA'S HELICOPTER - SAME

In parkas, Kirishima and Tetsuo sit quietly. Farther back sit a squad of heavily armed Japanese commandos.

SECURITY ANNEX

Nobuo glances up as Shiva and Kano enter.

NOBUO

They're en route from San Francisco. Won't be long now.

OPERATIONS CENTER

The long night. Hostages curl in fitful sleep on the floor, or slump against the wall. Ninja pace, drinking coffee, red-eyed-yet-alert.

Desmond lies flat, his steel-braced leg outstretched. He's bleary from the painkillers. Sheffield sits by him. Travis and Andrea snuggle against the wall nearby.

## OIL PLATFORM CONTROL ROOM

Bill and the guys slump in their chairs, waiting.

## EXT. NORTHERN PACIFIC - NIGHT

Cold. Dark. Lonely. Time passes. The first purple glow of dawn appears on the horizon.

## EXT. NORTH PACIFIC - TRAWLER - NIGHT

Silent. A single parka-clad figure paces the deck. We hear an approaching ROAR...and the Kirishima chopper swoops in low, passing over the boat.

## SECURITY ANNEX

Shiva, Kano, and Nobuo waiting. Weary. Bill's voice on the intercom startles them.

BILL (O.S.)

Hello below. This is Logan.

Shiva leans forward to answer.

SHIVA

This is Shiva, Mr. Logan.

BILL (O.S.)

They're here.

## EXT. OIL PLATFORM - HELIPAD - NIGHT

Kirishima's helicopter settles by the first chopper. Bill, Jotaro, and the Oil Platform guards watch it land, then rush in to greet its occupants as the door opens.

Kirishima strides out, an old man lost in a parka, his eyes tired but sharp as daggers. Tetsuo and the commandos follow.

BILL

>>Kirishima-san, I am Bill Logan,  
Assistant Director of Security. My  
Japanese is not very good--<<

TETSUO

No matter. Speak English, I will  
translate.

Kirishima speaks to Tetsuo.

TETSUO

He asks if there has been any change in the situation.

BILL

No, except that Travis Moore is still alive, but he's been taken hostage with the others.

Tetsuo tells Kirishima, who scowls slightly, speaks.

TETSUO

Kirishima-san asks if his grandson, Sen-ichi, is still unharmed.

BILL

Yes, he's okay.

Kirishima receives the news with a nod, visibly relieved. He speaks directly to Bill in choppy English.

KIRISHIMA

Thank you, Mister Logan.

BILL

You're welcome, Kirishima-san. Now, the control room is this way, we can get you in out of the cold and figure out what to do from here--

TETSUO

From here, it would simply be best if you and your men stand down. My people are trained for this kind of situation.

Bill's jaw tightens, but he shrugs and motions them to follow. Kirishima nods at Tetsuo, then follows Bill.

Tetsuo signals the helicopter; another passenger disembarks, an old Japanese man, AOTSUKA, who, while not identical to Kirishima, does look an awful lot like him.

## SECURITY ANNEX

Shiva, Kano, and Nobuo sit in tense silence. Then:

TETSUO

(over intercom)

>>Shiva, this is Tetsuo.<<

SHIVA

>>I remember you, Tetsuo.<<

## FLASHBACK: AN ELEGANT JAPANESE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Blood everywhere. Two Japanese men, dead. One on the sofa, gray-haired, sliced open hip to shoulder. The other on the floor, younger, pistol in hand, his severed head lying nearby.

Shiva, in a maternity dress, hugely pregnant, reels past, crashing backward through a glass table.

Tetsuo steps into sight. Black suit. Bloody katana. Horrible smile.

## OIL PLATFORM CONTROL ROOM

Tetsuo at the console. He smiles the same smile.

TETSUO

>>I thought you might.<<

## BACK TO FLASHBACK

Shiva beaten badly, nearly unconscious. Tetsuo atop her, shoving her dress up. Nearby, the young man's head watches with dead eyes.

## OIL PLATFORM CONTROL ROOM

Seated across from Tetsuo, out of the way, Bill and the guys watch soberly as commandos spread blueprints of Edensphere across a table.

## OPERATIONS CENTER

The Security Annex door opens and Shiva marches out.

SHIVA

Everyone, listen up. Kirishima Masakazu is here, and will be joining us shortly.

## OIL PLATFORM CONTROL ROOM

Over a monitor, Tetsuo and a commando study footage of Shiva and the hostages. Tetsuo taps the screen, pointing out the positions of ninja guards. The commando nods, looks down at a section of blueprint.

Bill grumps quietly to the guys.

BILL

I don't cotton to being pushed aside.

JOTARO

It's the old man's company, he can do what he wants. And these guys look seriously dangerous; they know what they're doing. But who's that guy, Kirishima's brother?

Across the room, Kirishima and Aotsuka stroll towards the Lift Room, talking softly.

KIRISHIMA

>>Don't fret, Aotsuka-san. After tonight, your family is part of my own...<<

## SECURITY ANNEX

Kano and Nobuo.

KANO

(into communicator)  
We're sending the elevator up.

## OPERATIONS CENTER

Shiva's edgy.

SHIVA

Oh boy, here we go.

## OIL PLATFORM LIFT ROOM/CENTRAL ELEVATOR

Kirishima and Aotsuka wait. The elevator rises. Commandos ready gear, don headsets, hook ropes to the rails around the platform. Aotsuka bows to Kirishima and steps onto the platform.

## SECURITY ANNEX

Kano and Nobuo smile at each other.

KANO

(into communicator)  
He's coming down...

## OPERATIONS CENTER

Everyone in suspense. Eyes on the elevator. Shiva steadies her Tec 9.

SHIVA

>>Stay alert. The old monster is treacherous.<<

The ninja stand ready.

## CENTRAL ELEVATOR

The transparent tube, the dark sea all around. The elevator descends. Inside, Aotsuka with sad eyes.

Above, eight commandos drop down lines like huge spiders. Several wear blocky backpacks in addition to other gear.

## OPERATIONS CENTER

The elevator opens. Aotsuka looks out timidly, then steels himself and walks out, head high. Yutaka and Hirofumi flank him, search him roughly. Shiva approaches.

SHIVA

>>You know who I am?<<

AOTSUKA

>>Of course. You are Kiyosawa Shikibu, the daughter of Kiyosawa Tomokazu. The mercy I showed by leaving you alive now seems a mistake.<<

SHIVA

>>Mercy? Your mercy is on a par with your honor, you old roach.<<

## OBSERVATION DECK & OTHER LOCATIONS AROUND THE TOWER

The commandos force open the elevator doors and split into pairs. Each pair has a backpack. Three pairs move to catwalks, secure lines, and rappel to the gardens, darting into the vegetation as they land.

One pair remains on the Observation Deck. They put their backpack down and open it. Inside: a hard-shell case. They open that: a strange electronic device, lights blinking. Leaving it there, the commandos descend the ladder to the Systems Room.



## OPERATIONS CENTER

Aotsuka glances toward Sen-ichi, who's smiling slyly.

AOTSUKA

>>Will you now honor your word and  
release my grandson?<<

## OIL PLATFORM CONTROL ROOM

Tetsuo at the security console. Kirishima at Bill's desk.

TETSUO

(into intercom)  
>>You have Kirishima-san. Send up  
Sen-ichi.<<

Watching from his seat, Bill chuckles.

BILL

These fuckers are sneaky, I'll give  
'em that.

## SECURITY ANNEX

Kano and Nobuo.

KANO

(into intercom)  
>>Patience, Tetsuo, patience.  
There's a small matter we must  
attend to.<<

## OPERATIONS CENTER

Travis and the others watch nervously as Shiva confronts  
"Kirishima."

SHIVA

>>Confirming your identity posed a  
problem. I never had the pleasure  
of meeting you, and you're such a  
paranoid, reclusive fuck the only  
photos available were from a  
distance. Naturally we found no  
fingerprints, blood samples or  
dental records either.<<

AOTSUKA

>>I assume you think you found a  
way.<<

SHIVA

>>Yes. We did.<<

## GARDEN LEVEL

A pair of commandos creeps to the dome wall. The backpack is removed, left against the wall. The commandos sprint back the way they came.

## OPERATIONS CENTER

Shiva presents a small black case. Aotsuka looks on with dread: what fiendishness is this? She opens it. A pad of paper, a pen, a folded sheet of paper, which she unfolds. It's a page from a contract written in Japanese. She points to one of the signatures.

SHIVA

>>I believe this is your signature.<<

She hands him the pen and pad.

SHIVA

>>Give me your autograph.<<

## GARDEN LEVEL/CATWALKS

Sans backpacks, six commandos regroup at their lines, hook in, and mechanically zip up to the catwalks.

## OPERATIONS CENTER

Hand shaking, Aotsuka signs. Shiva takes the pad, compares. A fair attempt, but clearly not the same hand.

Shiva draws her pistol. She looks tired and sad.

SHIVA

>>I hope he made it worth your while, old man.<<

She puts the gun to his eye and fires.

## SYSTEMS ROOM/OBSERVATION DECK

DVD disks sizzle in acid on the floor. The two commandos pour more acid on, destroying the saved video. They climb to the top of the tower where their six comrades wait.

## OPERATIONS CENTER

Travis and the others in shock as Shiva turns to them.

SHIVA

Plan B, people. He had his chance.

She and the ninja level their Tec 9s at the hostages.

## CONFERENCE ROOM - TERRACE

Six commandos rappel from above and sprint inside.

## OIL PLATFORM CONTROL ROOM

Kirishima waits, calm. Tetsuo keys the intercom.

TETSUO

(into intercom)

>>What is the delay?<<

KANO (O.S.)

>>Just stand by.<<

Tetsuo turns to his boss, worried.

## CENTRAL ELEVATOR - SHAFT

Atop the elevator. Two commandos crouch, lines hanging nearby. They silently open the ceiling hatch.

## OPERATIONS CENTER

Shiva marches toward Sen-ichi.

SHIVA

(into communicator)

Kano, Nobuo, time to go.

She grabs Sen-ichi's arm, jams her Tec 9 in his ribs.

SHIVA

You're coming with us.

SEN-ICHI

WHAT?

SHIVA

Your grandpa wants to play games. I  
-more-

SHIVA (CONT'D)

don't. I wanted him, but I'll  
settle for you. We can swap you  
another day or just kill you.  
Either way, we win.  
(into communicator)  
Come get us, guys.

## EXT. NORTH PACIFIC - TRAWLER - NIGHT

Pre-dawn, silent.

UNDERNEATH

A large part of the hull disengages, drops...it's a small  
submersible! It veers toward Edensphere.

## OIL PLATFORM CONTROL ROOM

Kirishima stands, his supernatural calm cracking a bit.

KIRISHIMA

>>Give one more try.<<

## SECURITY ANNEX

Kano and Nobuo head for the door. At a nod from Kano, Nobuo  
grabs the small duffel from the corner.

TETSUO (O.S.)

>>What is the delay? We have acted  
in good faith.<<

The two ninja exit without replying.

## OIL PLATFORM CONTROL ROOM

Tetsuo looks grim.

TETSUO

>>No reply, Kirishima-san.<<

KIRISHIMA

>>Then Aotsuka has failed. Now they  
will leave with Sen-ichi ...or kill  
him.<<

Kirishima sighs. He is old and tired. And scared.

KIRISHIMA

>>Tetsuo...do what you must. Get my grandson out.<<

Tetsuo nods, pulls out a small remote control. Bill approaches, concerned.

BILL

What's happening?

Tetsuo ignores him.

TETUSO

(into headset)

>>On my signal.<<

## OPERATIONS CENTER

The ninja move to the elevator, Shiva dragging a terrified Sen-ichi. She turns, addresses the hostages.

SHIVA

Listen up! Do NOT interfere with our departure. Our team outside can blow the sphere to pieces. This is over for you and you're still alive. Let's keep it that way.

The elevator starts to open.

## OIL PLATFORM CONTROL ROOM

Tetsuo presses a button on the remote control.

## OBSERVATION DECK

The device left by the ninja activates: a searing blue-white light flashes from it with an eerie BUZZ. Sparks explode from everything in sight that's metal.

## OPERATIONS CENTER

All at once: The blue-white light flashes through the room. The lights go out. Sparks shoot from the computers, random metal surfaces, and the sensors in the grips of guns held by the ninja, who cry out and drop the weapons.

Murky red emergency lights come on. Panicked hostages shrink against the wall. Ninja crouch, disoriented, grab for dropped guns.

The elevator doors have frozen a third of the way open. BLAM-BLAM-BLAM!!! Fiery gunfire from within hurts the eyes with its brightness. Killing Sumio, wounding Yutaka, who tries to return fire but his Tec 9 won't work. Another burst kills him. Other ninja try to shoot, but their guns are toast. Hostages scream.

Shiva shoots a look to Nobuo.

SHIVA

Nobuo! The bag! The guards'--

Sen-ichi hits her, breaks free. She grabs his hair and yanks him back.

Nobuo, on his knees, unzips the duffel, grabs a .45. Travis tackles him. They hit the floor, wrestling for the gun. Travis smashes Nobuo's nose with his brow. Nobuo flips Travis, pins him. Gun to Travis's head.

The bathroom door and the main door crash in. Three commandos dash through each, aiming. Looking at shadowy forms, trying to find Sen-ichi.

Nobuo smiles bloodily at Travis, squeezing the trigger-- BLAM. A bullet shatters Nobuo's wrist, knocking the gun away from Travis. BLAM. BLAM. Two more hit the ninja, and he falls over dead. Travis looks up. Sheffield stands by the open duffel, a .45 in hand.

A commando fires. Asashimo dies. Shiva is distracted by what's happened to Nobuo. Sen-ichi breaks free and runs toward the elevator. An Ingram barrel slips between the elevator doors, levels on him.

SEN-ICHI

(panicked)

>>I AM SEN-ICHI!!!!<<

Shiva's chasing him, sees the gun. The commando inside fires a burst past Sen-ichi (who screams), but Shiva dive-rolls clear. Sen-ichi stumbles into the elevator. The two commandos inside grin.

COMMANDO 1

(into headset)

>>We have him in the elevator!  
Bring us up!<<

## OIL PLATFORM LIFT ROOM

Tetsuo charges in from the Control Room, opens the manual control box for the elevator. Throws a switch. A MECHANICAL HUM rises from the elevator shaft.

## OPERATIONS CENTER

Travis scrambles to the duffel, digs for a gun. Hirofumi comes out of nowhere, knife arcing at Sheffield; Travis fires, rocking him off his feet, dead.

The commandos in the room fire again. Naoki screams; down he goes.

The elevator stutters to motion; the floor edge rises between the still-open doors. Shiva sprints to the side, pulls a grenade from her harness, jerks the pin, rolls it into the elevator just as the floor rises out of sight.

## CENTRAL ELEVATOR

Sen-ichi is slumped at the rear. The grenade rolls between his legs. The two commandos stare in horror.

COMMANDO 1

>>Oh no--<<

The grenade goes BOOM, fragmenting into about 1000 tiny bits of razor shrapnel, ripping the three men to shreds. Hardly damaged (these grenades are for soft targets in close quarters), the elevator continues to rise.

## OPERATIONS CENTER

A commando opens fire into the crowd of hostages, killing several. Kano grabs him from behind, cuts his throat, grabbing the commando's hand and squeezing his trigger finger, shooting two commandos nearby, killing both. Kano keeps the gun.

A commando fires. BLAM. Goro dies.

Naoki dashes to a fallen commando, grabs the Ingram, is shot in the arm as he whirls to shoot a commando. His shots go wide, nearly hitting Travis. Travis fires back, killing him.

Kano blasts the commando who killed Goro.

Shiva jumps a commando, crushes his knee with a kick, breaks both elbows with swift arm-locks, breaks his neck with a hard palm strike as his gun hits the ground. It's called "koppojutsu," the art of breaking bones, and it ain't pretty. She scoops up the Ingram, strafes a commando as he, in turn, blows Kei away, fires at the last commando who bolts out the door into the corridor.

Sheffield aims at Shiva.

KANO (O.S.)

NO, SENATOR!

Sheffield hesitates, glances right, sees Kano aiming at him. To the side, Travis raises his gun, aims at Kano.

SHIVA

NO.

She's aiming at Travis. A four-cornered standoff.

## OIL PLATFORM LIFT ROOM/CENTRAL ELEVATOR

Tetsuo watches as the elevator deck rises...splattered with gore...two dead commandos and a dead Sen-ichi. Rage reddens his face; he nearly growls.

KIRISHIMA (O.S.)

>>Oh no.<<

Tetsuo turns, startled. His boss has come in behind him, and stands there old, small, bent with heartbreak. Tetsuo moves to him, tentative, touches his shoulder.

TETSUO

>>Kirishima-san...I--<<

The old man shoves him away.

KIRISHIMA

>>You forget who you are, Tetsuo.  
Now have my grandson taken to the  
helicopter.<<

## OPERATIONS CENTER

We now return to our regularly scheduled standoff, still in progress.

SHIVA

And now?

TRAVIS

Now? Now you give up and we wait  
for the good guys.

SHIVA

(laughs bitterly)  
The good guys. Now there's a  
subjective phrase.



SHEFFIELD

Just drop the gun. At least you'll live to get your day in court.

EXT. OIL PLATFORM - HELIPAD - NIGHT

Kirishima and Tetsuo slowly follow as the commandos carry Sen-ichi's carcass on a stretcher towards the helicopter.

OPERATIONS CENTER

Shiva looks sadly at Sheffield.

SHIVA

You're naïve, Senator. There's no day in court for us. We escape or we die. Kirishima will kill us even if we go to him on our knees with our hands tied behind us.

SHEFFIELD

Ridiculous. He'd be foolish to murder you in front of witnesses -- especially a United States senator.

Shiva stares at him a long moment as a new thought comes.

SHIVA

Maybe he won't leave any witnesses.

EXT. OIL PLATFORM - HELIPAD - NIGHT

Sen-ichi is packed away; two commandos exit the chopper and rejoin their team. Kirishima nods at Tetsuo. Tetsuo motions for the commandos to follow him.

Kirishima remains, the paragon of sadness, then walks slowly to stand near platform's edge. Looking out over the sea. His breath catches, but he does not cry. Instead he starts to sing, softly, a Japanese nursery song.

OIL PLATFORM CONTROL ROOM

Bill and the guys slump in exhausted silence, waiting. The door opens. They watch Tetsuo lead the commandos in.

BILL

Hey -- if you need us, don't forget we're here.

Tetsuo, looking weary, crosses to stand near Bill.

TETSUO

We haven't forgotten you, Mr. Logan.

He pulls a pistol and shoots Bill in the head.

OPERATIONS CENTER

The senator is getting pissed.

SHEFFIELD

What? He's going to kill US?  
Listen, you murdering cunt, for  
three years I was a prisoner of  
slant killers like you. I know all  
about your psych-war bullshit.

OIL PLATFORM CONTROL ROOM

A split second of shock for the guys and the guards, who  
grab for their guns, but too late: the commandos cut them  
all down in a strafing storm of gunfire.

EXT. OIL PLATFORM - HELIPAD

Kirishima smiles slightly as the MUTED GUNFIRE is heard. He  
reaches into his parka and pulls out a remote control.

OPERATIONS CENTER

Andrea steps toward Shiva.

TRAVIS

You're telling us the head of a  
multinational corporation is going  
to openly slaughter his own  
employees, AND a US senator? They'd  
bury him.

SHIVA

Think so? He's very powerful, Mr.  
Moore. And old -- he doesn't have  
many years left anyway.  
Besides...he can blame it on me.

EXT. OIL PLATFORM - HELIPAD

Kirishima pushes THE BUTTON on the remote control.

## VARIOUS SPOTS WITHIN EDENSPHERE

Remember those backpacks the commandos left hither and yon? They all EXPLODE, disintegrating walls, floors, shattering glass and wood, ripping the sphere open in multiple places. The ocean smashes in.

## OPERATIONS CENTER

The EXPLOSIONS RESONATE, and the room lurches violently, knocking everyone who's standing off their feet. Andrea falls hard, on her belly, crying out and folding over it protectively. Sheffield's pistol goes off as he hits the floor; the shot hits a wall. Hostages scream, grab for purchase. The room rolls sharply, the floor angled.

## INT./EXT. EDENSPHERE - NIGHT

All hell breaks loose. The lower levels flood. Ballast weights -- huge iron beams -- break free from the sphere's base and stab towards the ocean floor. One

nearly hits the waiting submersible, but it veers, narrowly evading. Edensphere wrenches free of all its tethers but one, and it rolls up, a drunken bubble, sideways, held by that one thin cable...painfully taut. The elevator tube at its top folds horribly, wrenched repeatedly by the moving sphere.

## EXT. OIL PLATFORM - HELIPAD

The elevator tube yanks the platform hard. Kirishima stumbles as it surges beneath him, manages to keep his feet.

## OPERATIONS CENTER

Everyone slides down the floor as the room goes sideways, crashing into each other as they slam into the wall. Panicked, trying to untangle themselves from each other and all the bloody corpses among them. Clumsily standing on the wall, on computer consoles. Hearing the DISTANT ROAR of water.

Shiva and Travis wind up face to face. He jabs the .45 into her face. She ignores it.

SHIVA

SEE, I TOLD YOU! HE'S BLOWN THE  
SPHERE! WE ALL HAVE TO GET OUT OF  
HERE!

Travis stares at her, then clambers to his feet, desperately looking for Andrea. He sees her, a crying ball, and pushes past panicked hostages to get to her.

EXT. OIL PLATFORM - HELIPAD - NIGHT

Kirishima looks at the ocean. The surface is turbulent with gargantuan bubbles. Tetsuo moves up behind him.

TETSUO

>>Kirishima-san...we should leave.  
Shall we...?<<

KIRISHIMA

>>Not just yet.<<

OPERATIONS CENTER

Travis holds Andrea, who cradles her belly.

TRAVIS

Is the baby...?

ANDREA

I -- I don't know. I fell on  
him...I don't feel anything...

The room shudders. Travis steels himself.

TRAVIS

He'll -- he'll be all right. He'll  
be all right.

She nods.

TRAVIS

Shiva insists Kirishima bombed us.  
But we should be okay down here  
until help comes...the systems will  
seal all the levels--

Andrea shakes her head fiercely.

ANDREA

No, they won't! That weird light  
was an electromagnetic pulse -- it  
fried all the electronics in the  
sphere. All the systems are dead!

## ANOTHER LEVEL

Water smashes through the corridors at horrid speed, snagging one of the unconscious guards from his post and carrying him to oblivion.

## OPERATIONS CENTER

Travis helps Andrea up; she leans on him. He glances at Shiva. She's got an Ingram, but, seeing his glance, aims it down, smiling wanly. He nods. Truce.

TRAVIS

EVERYONE! LISTEN! GODDAMNIT LISTEN!

He has their attention.

TRAVIS

Edensphere is flooding! We have to get out of here as fast as we can!

Shiva steps near, hands him one of the Ingrams. She has the duffel bag, and hold it open for the hostages.

SHIVA

These are the guns we took from the guards. You may need them.

Travis sees the looks on some of their faces as they reach into the bag.

TRAVIS

Don't shoot her. She just had us dead to rights and didn't kill us. And right now we need all the help we can get.

## EXT. EDENSPHERE - NIGHT

The remaining tether stretches, creaking from the stress.

## OPERATIONS CENTER

Travis turns to Shiva.

TRAVIS

Can you get help from outside?

SHIVA

No. The EMP fried our communicators.

TRAVIS

Shit, that's right.

(to everyone)

Since we're sideways, it's damn near impossible to climb, and if we try to head down, we'll probably drown.

He looks up, at the elevator shaft in the center of the room. The doors are still open, facing about nine o'clock from their current position.

TRAVIS

If we can get into the elevator shaft, it's not far to the top of the tower...or we may be able to get to the SCUBA gear in the Dive Room...

(to Shiva)

...assuming you didn't wreck it.

SHIVA

We didn't. All our gear is down there too.

TRAVIS

Good. If we can't get there, we'll have to climb the catwalks to a maintenance lock and swim to the surface.

DESMOND

This sounds like a lot of fun.

Standing there on his injured leg.

SHEFFIELD

We'll get you up there, son, don't worry.

ANDREA

But how do we get up there?

She's looking at the elevator twenty feet above.

SHIVA

That part's easy.

She pulls off her shoes and socks, and hops along the curve of the wall, starts climbing as it rises. Up she goes, confident as a gecko...till the curve arcs over. She gets cautious, finds hand- and footholds among the consoles, upside down now, inching forward. The sphere quakes, she nearly loses her grip, hangs on, keeps moving.

Now over the elevator shaft, Shiva positions herself carefully...cranes her neck, looking down...twenty feet

above the shaft, fifty above the others...and lets go with her hands, falling backwards, head-first! She flips in mid-air, lands in a crouch atop the shaft.

On her belly, she slides off the shaft feet-first, falls past the door -- and grabs the edge of the opening, hanging by her fingers. She pulls herself up, disappearing into the shaft.

DESMOND

I hope she's not expecting the rest of us to do that.

A nylon line drops from the elevator. Travis catches it, tugs to make sure it's secure, hands it to Andrea.

TRAVIS

Ladies first.

She grimaces, but takes the line and starts to walk up the now-vertical floor, pulling along the rope.

Shiva looks down.

SHIVA

Kano! Bring my shoes!

EXT. EDENSPHERE - UNDERWATER - NIGHT

Currents jerk the sphere, threatening to rip the elevator tube apart.

CENTRAL ELEVATOR SHAFT

All but Kano and Desmond have gotten up. Desmond is even now being helped through the doors, the line looped around his pelvis in a climber's saddle. Shiva swiftly disconnects him and tosses the rope back down.

OPERATIONS CENTER

Kano grabs the line and clambers sleekly up the floor.

CENTRAL ELEVATOR SHAFT

Travis glances down as water sluices along the shaft, over his feet, from the direction that used to be up.

TRAVIS

We need to hurry. If the shaft ruptures...

He trails off. No need to finish. He pulls Andrea close, starts up the shaft. Kano steps up in front of them.

KANO

I'll go first. You watch your wife.

A beat, then Travis nods. Kano trots ahead, and they follow. The others trail them quickly. As they head "up," more water washes down.

## CONFERENCE ROOM TERRACE/TOWER WALL

The lone commando who survived the Operations Center firefight hangs from the ladder rungs Travis used earlier, swinging hand-over-hand towards the catwalk braceleting the tower on the Hamster Tunnel level.

## CENTRAL ELEVATOR SHAFT

The harried ninja and their former hostages reach the still-open doors of the Observation Deck. The doors open out the side, like the doors below. Travis, Kano, and Sheffield peer out. No handholds, just vertical floor between the elevator and the outer rail. Far below, the sphere wall is deep in choppy water.

SHEFFIELD

Christ. Can't we just go the rest of the way up the shaft?

TRAVIS

The shaft's got to be bent badly; we probably couldn't get all the way up. Plus it could rip open any time. The airlock's our best shot.

(pause)

If we can get into the Systems Room, it might be easier to climb out.

## SYSTEMS ROOM

Dark. Then, a spray of molten fire from the elevator doors. They're pried open from within, and we see Kano with a handheld laser torch, others forcing the doors.

Looking out, they see the tangled mess of cables that were on the floor now woven through the air. The door out is above at about eleven o'clock.

SHEFFIELD

Easier huh?



TRAVIS

Relatively.  
(to Kano)  
We'll climb up and tie a line for  
the others.

SHIVA

You should wait for the line. Your  
hand--

TRAVIS

No offense, but I'd rather not have  
both of you up there alone. Not  
long ago you were shooting us in  
cold blood.

Sheffield smirks. Shiva shrugs, steps back.

Kano and Travis pull through the doors, onto the cables,  
climbing. The line trails behind Kano, hooked to his belt.  
It's not easy, especially for Travis, who has to hook his  
maimed hand around the cables without the use of fingers. It  
hurts. Here and there, Kano steadies him or pulls him up.

#### SYSTEMS ROOM/TOWER WALL

Kano pulls up through the doorway of the Systems Room, onto  
the catwalk outside, Travis just below him.

BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM! A few yards away, the one living  
commando rushes along the wall, toward the top, spraying  
Kano with a blast from his Ingram.

Kano's hit in the belly and chest. He falls through the  
door. Travis barely swings out of the way. Kano snags  
nearby, hanging in the cables like a tangled marionette.

Below, Shiva sees Kano fall.

SHIVA

KANO!

She leaps out of the elevator and starts climbing.

Travis wraps injured arm and legs tightly around a cable,  
grabbing his Ingram as the commando cautiously peers down  
through the door. Travis fires a burst, scaring him back.

The commando circles the door, peers toward the catwalks,  
the distant airlock. Glances back at the door. Keeping it  
covered, he carefully moves toward the top of the tower.

Travis fights to hold on and keep the Ingram aimed. Shiva reaches Kano, grabs him. She looks into his face. Blood runs from his mouth. His eyes roll.

TRAVIS

Shiva!

She doesn't respond. She holds Kano tightly, whimpering.

Travis stares up, anxious. A quick decision: he lets the Ingram swing, and reaches precariously over to Kano's harness, tugging away a grenade.

Shiva doesn't notice. She sobs, a dark harsh sound, and tears spill from her eyes. She clutches Kano like a drowning woman holding a life preserver.

TRAVIS

SHIVA!

Nothing. Travis, resigned, drags up, stands shakily on a cable. He yanks the grenade's pin, holds it a couple scary beats, then heaves it up through the door.

The commando is at the edge of the Observation Deck, about to pull himself onto the jutting catwalk. The grenade flies up, catching his eye. He turns to look--

BOOM! Shrapnel riddles the air, many pieces ripping bloodily into the commando. He loses his grip on the catwalk, teeters...and falls over the edge, sliding down the Observation Deck, off the other side, screaming as he plummets into the churning water below.

#### EXT. OIL PLATFORM - HELIPAD - NIGHT

Kirishima stands thoughtfully. The remaining commandos stalk the edges of the platform, peering down, ready to fire on any survivors who arise.

#### SYSTEMS ROOM

Travis grabs Shiva, shakes her.

TRAVIS

Goddamnit, we have to get out of here.

She looks up at him, sobbing. Her face is drawn, her eyes are flat and spiritless. Incredibly, she shakes her head.

TRAVIS

What?

She pulls Kano tight. Can't look Travis in the

SHIVA

Go. I...can't.

He glares in disbelief.

TRAVIS

Jesus Christ.

He looks toward the door, unclips the line from Kano's belt, hooks it to his, and climbs.

#### TOWER WALL/SYSTEMS ROOM - MINUTES LATER

The line secured to a strut, Travis yanks it, testing its strength. Back at the door, he looks down at Shiva and Kano, still suspended below.

TRAVIS

SHIVA!

No response. She's damn near catatonic with grief.

TRAVIS

(quiet)

Shit. I know it's too late to save your love, but you could at least help me save mine.

#### CENTRAL ELEVATOR SHAFT

The hostages mill nervously as water washes their feet.

TRAVIS (O.S.)

READY! ANDREA FIRST!

#### SYSTEMS ROOM/TOWER WALL - MINUTES LATER

The line looped under her arms, Andrea rope-walks up the vertical floor, wrestling cables. As she rises, Travis pulls the line taut from above. Andrea nears Shiva.

ANDREA

Shiva?

(no answer)

Shikibu...we have to go.

The ninja turns, her face anguished.

SHIVA

Go. Protect your baby and your husband. I'll stay with Kano.

ANDREA

He's gone, Shikibu. You're not.

SHIVA

I have nothing left, Andrea.  
Nothing. All that awaits me if I  
 survive is punishment for what  
 happened here. Now go, before I have  
 to force the issue.

She raises her gun...then takes the barrel in her mouth. Her  
 eyes leave no doubt. Sadly, Andrea nods and climbs.

#### TOWER WALL - MINUTES LATER

Travis helps Andrea through the door. They embrace. She's crying.

ANDREA

Oh, Travis...

TRAVIS

You're up, sweetie. We're gonna  
 make it.

ANDREA

But she...

TRAVIS

I know...I know.

#### OIL PLATFORM CONTROL ROOM

Kirishima and Tetsuo enter. Kirishima walks past Bill's body  
 to the coffee machine, takes a Styrofoam cup and pours  
 himself some joe.

#### TOWER WALL

Travis and Andrea sit together nearby, as two Japanese execs  
 help a grimacing Sheffield climb from the Systems Room.

Everyone else is already out, waiting nervously. Sheffield  
 slumps, rolls onto his back, pale, breathing heavily. The  
 bandage on his arm soaked with blood.

SHEFFIELD

God...damn.

Desmond, sprawled near Andrea and Travis, stares at the  
 sharply-angled catwalk that waits.

DESMOND

Why can't I just stay here?

TRAVIS

Because you'll die.

DESMOND

Oh, yeah.

ANDREA

Senator?

Sheffield just stares into space. She rises, goes to him.

ANDREA

Senator, are you all right?

He snaps out of it and sits up. He gazes at the haggard folks around him, and grins pathetically.

SHEFFIELD

Jesus, we're a sorry bunch.

ANDREA

But we're alive. Which won't be the case if we don't get out of here.

She looks at Travis, who nods and stands.

TRAVIS

Okay, let's go. I'll take the rear; Senator, you take the lead.

Sheffield gives him an "Are you crazy?" look, then sighs.

SHEFFIELD

This is worse than 'Nam. Hell, it's even worse than D.C.

He starts up the catwalk. The others follow. It's slow. The angle is sharp: they have to pull themselves along the railing, bracing against the floor. They slip sometimes, or abrade a hand against the steel grating. They cuss. But they climb.

EXT. EDENSPHERE - NIGHT

Buffeted by a current, the sphere surges sideways, ripping free of the elevator tube.

## THE CATWALK & SURROUNDING AREAS

The surge wrenches a couple hostages loose to plunge screaming into the raging water below. The others hold on tight as the catwalk shifts closer to vertical.

The elevator tube blasts water into the sphere like a gigantic fire-hose. Water slams into the Observation Deck and splashes violently in all directions, storming even up over the climbers, washing a few more off -- including Andrea. She grabs the rail one-handed, and hangs there, screaming, battered by the wash.

TRAVIS

ANDREA!

Hardly able to see with all the water, he tries to clamber down to her without being washed off.

TRAVIS

HANG ON! I'M COMING!

ANDREA

TRAVIS--!

She falls.

TRAVIS

NO!

She vanishes into the crashing waters below.

TRAVIS

ANDREA!

He lets go.

He falls.

He, too, vanishes.

UNDERWATER

Travis plunges deep. Is tossed like a doll in a Maytag's spin cycle. Screams bubbles--and breaks the surface, gasping.

TRAVIS

ANDREA!

No sign. Just water, water, everywhere. He looks around desperately, then dives. It's dark, churning with froth...but he sees her flailing not too far away. He swims...grabs her arm. Points up, pushing her along.

They break the surface and grab hold of each other

ANDREA

My God, Travis! Oh my God! We're going to drown!

TRAVIS

Don't give up! No one's gonna drown!

A Japanese exec washes into them. Drowned.

TRAVIS

Jesus!

It washes away. Travis spots a terrace jutting from the side of the tower, one end out of the water. They fight their way to it, clamber up the railing onto its level side, and hold tight against the splashing waves.

#### EXT. EDENSPHERE - NIGHT

The remaining tether snaps in twain.

Edensphere rises towards the surface of the Pacific.

#### THE CATWALK

The climbers are wracked by the sphere's sudden upsurge. It rotates as it rises, churning the water inside.

The catwalk veers wildly. Climbing is impossible, simply hanging on nearly so. Some can't and are flung out into the swirling tempest.

#### THE TERRACE

Travis and Andrea hang on. The water rips at them. The sphere shifts, righting itself, drawing the terrace up, well above the water below, though the flood from the elevator tube above continues.

#### EXT. OIL PLATFORM - HELIPAD

A Commando watches over the side of the platform, scanning for movement. The water around the platform bubbles violently...then a huge, luminescent shape appears, rising from the depths. Scared, the commando runs away from the railing.

## EXT. OIL PLATFORM -NIGHT

Edensphere crashes into the understructure to one side of the platform, rocking it upwards, spilling roving commandos across the deck.

## OIL PLATFORM CONTROL ROOM

The room rears up at one end, loosing everything that's not bolted down, and knocking Kirishima, Tetsuo, the flight crew, and a commando or two to the floor.

## INT. EDENSPHERE - VARIOUS LOCALES

The oil platform's understructure ruptures the dome. Debris and water thunder onto those on the catwalk. Among them are Sheffield and Desmond, who falls, hangs by his fingers.

DESMOND

Goddamn--HELP!

SHEFFIELD

DESMOND, HOLD ON!

Sheffield can barely move without endangering himself, but still digs the fingers of his remaining hand into the grate and slides lower, toward Desmond.

## BELOW

A huge chunk of dome splashes down near Travis and Andrea. Water has risen over their terrace perch; they float above it, desperately gripping the submerged rail.

## ON THE CATWALK

Sheffield inches toward Desmond...who, looking up, sees a massive pylon plummeting at them. Screaming, he lets go.

Sheffield cringes as Desmond disappears; he's oblivious to the pylon, which crushes him and rips the catwalk free in a tangle of SCREAMING METAL which crashes into the tower wall.

A certain calm falls in Edensphere as its upsurge subsides and it rocks gently, its shattered shell caught on the oil platform, water still washing in to fill it.

Here and there, a few survivors flail in the water.

Travis and Andrea tread water, their railing now somewhere below their feet.

TRAVIS

This way!



He swims, she follows. The water's choppy, but calmer now. They circle the tower, reaching one of the ladders up its side.

TRAVIS

Up.

ANDREA

Well I'm not going down.

She climbs heavily, and he clambers after, the water rising quickly beneath them.

Edensphere GROANS as, increasingly heavy with water, it pulls against the oil platform, starting to sink.

#### EXT. OIL PLATFORM - HELIPAD - DAWN

Kirishima and Tetsuo stand calmly as their chopper crew prepares for departure. A commando brings Kirishima a new cup of java. Tetsuo barks Japanese into his communicator.

#### INT/EXT. OIL PLATFORM UNDERSTRUCTURE - DAWN

Kirishima's men move silently along the maze of ladders, catwalks, corridors, and stairways, armed and ready.

#### THE CATWALKS - UPPER AIRLOCK

Travis and Andrea have run out one of the (whole) catwalks from the Observation Deck, and are opening the lock with emergency manual controls. The sphere makes a TORTURED SCREECH as it starts to dislodge from the platform. Some debris falls.

ANDREA

Oh God, please!

The lock opens; they rush inside.

#### INT/EXT. OIL PLATFORM UNDERSTRUCTURE - DAWN

A commando waits on a small dock near the wrecked sphere. Watching.

Edensphere abruptly wrenches loose, rocking the platform; the commando stumbles, catches himself on the rail. The sphere sinks beneath the waves.

Moments later, a panicky swimmer splashes to the surface: one of the Japanese mistresses. The commando calmly fires his Ingram. She screams, then drifts like a lost doll.

#### ELSEWHERE

Travis and Andrea drag themselves from the ocean, onto a ladder leading up the platform, shaking from the cold.

#### ELSEWHERE

A young exec bellows as he splashes to the surface, grateful to breathe -- till he's shredded by bullets from a nearby commando's gun.

#### ELSEWHERE

Desmond fights the waves, his encased leg an anchor dragging him down. He reaches the struts of the understructure and grabs on.

Above and a bit to the side, a commando hears his gasps and leaning over, sees Desmond. He fires. The bullets zip into the water near Desmond; he plunges back underwater.

#### A CORRIDOR NEARBY

Stealing along, Travis and Andrea hear the commando's gun.

TRAVIS

Stay here.

He pushes her toward a dark nook under some stairs. She resists.

ANDREA

No, Travis. Don't.

TRAVIS

I have to, that might be aimed at one of ours. We still don't know if Kirishima's really trying to kill us. You keep your lovely head down and take care of our son, the basketball. I'll be careful.

He kisses her. She responds open-mouthed with a hunger far more basic than sex: survival.

#### ELSEWHERE

Waiting for Desmond to reappear, the commando stalks his catwalk, Ingram angled over the rail, ready to fire.

## ANOTHER CORRIDOR

Travis peers around a corner, sees the commando pass, then creeps forward.

## CATWALK

The commando curses in Japanese, then grins as Desmond bobs up for air. As he fires, Travis cracks his skull from behind with a rusty hammer, sending the shots wild.

Stunned, the commando turns reflexively and slams his gun into Travis's face.

Travis hammers him in the temple, jacks his knee into his balls. The commando bows in agony; Travis smashes the hammer into the back of his head. Bone crunches.

The man sprawls, his head a nest of gore. Revulsed, Travis drops the hammer. Grabs the Ingram and the man's pistol. Checks the clips as he shouts over the rail.

TRAVIS

YOU ALL RIGHT?

DESMOND

FUCK NO I'M NOT ALL RIGHT!

Travis laughs tensely. Then AUTOMATIC GUNFIRE ECHOES from elsewhere, startling them.

TRAVIS

GET IN HERE!

Desmond struggles toward the platform; Travis dashes down the nearest stairs, helps him clamber up.

DESMOND

Thanks. We shouldn't do this again sometime.

Travis gives him the Ingram.

TRAVIS

Take this, you've got the hands for it.

## A CORRIDOR NEARBY - MOMENTS LATER

Andrea hugs Travis as he returns to her hiding place, Desmond in tow.

TRAVIS

The good news is, we're alive. The bad news is, Kirishima is trying to kill us.

ANDREA

Well, snuggles, you're the expert: what the fuck do we do now?

DESMOND

I say we fucking hide before our fortune dice run out. Kirishima's got to leave before somebody comes looking for the senator. Let's just stay out of his way.

ANDREA

No...he'll make sure no one lives to implicate him.

TRAVIS

Right. Which means they'll search every nook and cranny, or...shit.

DESMOND

Oh no. You don't think...

TRAVIS

(nods)

He won't risk a full search. Not when he can erase all the evidence, and remaining survivors, with a small nuke.

#### EXT. OIL PLATFORM - HELIPAD - DAWN

Kirishima watches as Tetsuo walks off the helicopter carrying a hard-shell suitcase.

#### INT. OIL PLATFORM UNDERSTRUCTURE - CORRIDOR

Desmond bangs his forehead repeatedly against a strut.

DESMOND

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. I'm not having a good time on this trip.

ANDREA

We need to get to the radio. Which is in the control room.

TRAVIS

Surrounded by Kirishima's killers,  
no doubt. God knows what they've  
done with Bill and the--

Travis sees another Commando appear behind Desmond and  
Andrea; the man sees them, too, swings his Ingram--

TRAVIS

DOWN!

Andrea is too startled to move; Desmond turns to see what  
Travis sees. Travis grabs for his pistol.

The commando fires.

Travis can't get a shot: the others are in the way.

Desmond steps behind Andrea. The rounds shred his torso,  
knocking him back into her. She stumbles; as the commando  
runs at them, firing again, Travis yanks her to the side. As  
Desmond falls, Travis fires BLAM BLAM BLAM: the commando  
skids on his nose.

Another commando runs in behind the first, dodges back  
behind the corner as he sees Travis whip his gun up and  
fire. BLAM BLAM, two rounds spark off the far wall of the  
intersecting corridor.

Travis shoves Andrea toward a stairwell as the commando's  
Ingram appears around the corner, blasting on full auto. A  
bullet hits Andrea, spinning her out of Travis's grip, and  
she slams into a beam.

TRAVIS

Andrea!

A bit dazed, her upper right arm bloody, she still manages  
to duck under the stairs.

ANDREA

I'm okay! Get him!

Travis fires another shot down the hall, sprints down a  
side-corridor, turns, comes up in the hall a short distance  
behind the commando. Travis slinks toward him.

Changing his Ingram's clip, the commando peeks around the  
corner, toward Travis's original position.

TRAVIS

(his Japanese perfect)  
>>How many are there?<<

COMMANDO

>>Two, I think.<<

The commando turns to confer with whom he thinks a comrade.  
Travis grins and blows him away.

TRAVIS

Shithead.

#### EXT. OIL PLATFORM - HELIPAD - DAWN

Tetsuo kneeling before the open case. Inside, (surprise!) is  
a nuke. Kirishima watches.

KIRISHIMA

>>We leave in ten minutes. How long  
after that until we're clear of the  
blast?<<

TETSUO

>>Fifteen minutes to be certain.<<

Kirishima nods. Tetsuo starts the clock: 00:25:00...  
00:24:55...00:24:48...And counting...

#### INT. OIL PLATFORM UNDERSTRUCTURE

Dropping his pistol, Travis crouches by the second commando,  
taking the dead man's pistol and extra clip.

#### CORRIDOR/STAIRWELL

Travis rounds the corner. Andrea's kneeling by Desmond's  
body. She's pale, wrung out. One hand on her belly.

ANDREA

Our son is kicking.

Travis crouches by her, cradles her gently, sliding his good  
hand over hers, onto her belly.

ANDREA

Feel him?

TRAVIS

Oh thank God.  
(eyes her bloody arm)  
Christ.

ANDREA

(hurtin')  
Nice...bedside manner...

TRAVIS

Sorry. It looks like the bullet's stuck in there, maybe lodged in the bone.

ANDREA

Yeah? That's...what it feels like, too. Goddamn it.

Travis darts to the nearby dead commando and snatches his First Aid kit. A quick kiss; he starts bandaging her.

EXT. OIL PLATFORM - HELIPAD - DAWN

The timer runs: 00:21:20...00:21:19...

Across the way, Tetsuo confers with the chopper pilot, who nods and darts onto the chopper. Tetsuo barks orders into his communicator.

INT. OIL PLATFORM UNDERSTRUCTURE - DAWN

A commando pauses, listening to his earplug. Nods, speaks into his mike. Turns and sprints back, up some steps.

EXT. OIL PLATFORM - HELIPAD - DAWN

On the edge, looking out at the ocean, Kirishima finishes his coffee and drops the Styrofoam cup. It twirls in the wind as it falls, vanishing in the froth.

INT/EXT. OIL PLATFORM STAIRWAY - DAWN

Travis (pistol ready) and Andrea (with an Ingram, looking scared) climb toward the platform's deck.

Below, a commando runs onto the landing, on his way up. They hear his footfalls. He sees them. They turn. He sweeps his Ingram up to fire. Andrea whips hers around--

TRAVIS

NO!

Travis pushes her to the side and fires, quicker on the draw than the commando, who goes down with three slugs in him.

Andrea looks at Travis in shock.

ANDREA

Why...?

TRAVIS

You don't need this on your head. It doesn't feel...you wouldn't like it.

She stares at him, her eyes soft.

ANDREA

You don't need it either.

TRAVIS

(resigned)

I already had it. Come on.

He starts to turn, but she grabs his arm. Leans into him. Kisses him tenderly.

ANDREA

Thank you, my love.

He smiles. They head up.

#### EXT. OIL PLATFORM - UPPER DECK - DAWN

The stairs are to one side of the building housing the Control Room. Travis and Andrea emerge slowly, carefully edging to the top of the stairs, seeing no one. They step onto the deck behind the main building, out of sight of the helicopters.

Travis points toward a cluster of machinery (dynamo, air conditioning, that sort of thing).

TRAVIS

Hide back in there. I'll go take a look.

She looks as if she'll argue, then touches her belly, nods, and hides.

Travis inches to the corner of the building, slowly peeks around it. No one.

He dashes along the wall, toward the front of the building. Gun raised and ready. He's five feet from the corner when Tetsuo rounds it.

They're both surprised. Tetsuo recovers first: his foot slashes up, bashing the pistol out of Travis's hand.

The gun flies away.

Tetsuo pounces, one fist crashing hard into Travis's belly, the other cracking into the side of his head. Travis falls, dazed, his breath knocked out.

Tetsuo grins his awful grin.



Travis pulls another pistol from under his shirt-tails.  
BLAM! Tetsuo's smile falls, a hole in his belly.

TRAVIS

I'm getting tired of all the ninja shit.

BLAM! Part of Tetsuo's brow explodes in a gusher of blood and bone. He falls, hard. The bigger they are...

A commando, hearing the shots, rushes into sight ahead, and Travis fires, misses, fires again as the man raises his Ingram, misses, and fires again as a spray of rounds riddles the air.

The commando falls. Anyone keeping count will realize that he's the last of the bunch.

Travis cries out, grabs his neck. Blood oozes through his fingers.

ANDREA (O.S.)

TRAVIS!

She runs up behind him, falling to her knees, crying.

TRAVIS

I'm okay. Sweetie, I'm okay. Look.

He takes his hand away from his neck, showing the bloody -- but slight -- gash there.

ANDREA

You're okay?

TRAVIS

Yes, sweetie, I'm fine. This is where I say, It's just a flesh wound.

She looks at him, at his dirty, bloody clothes, his mangled hand, his bandaged leg, his filthy, battered face, his bleeding neck. He smiles, and she laughs through her tears.

EXT. OIL PLATFORM - HELIPAD - DAWN

Kirishima stands alone by the helicopter steps. The engines roar, ready to go. So loud, his old ears didn't hear the shots. He waits. Where is Tetsuo? Where are the commandos?

The timer counts down: 00:16:42...00:16:41...

## INT. OIL PLATFORM CONTROL ROOM

Travis and Andrea in the doorway.

ANDREA  
(choking)  
Oh my God...

They are the only things living. The place is a slaughterhouse.

Andrea vomits. Travis puts his non-gun arm around her.

He strokes Andrea's cheek, leans her against the wall by the door.

TRAVIS  
Stay here a second...

He crosses to where Bill sits, slack, his head a crater.

TRAVIS  
Goddamnit.

He, too, is sickened, and angry. Something breaks behind his eyes: his civilized self.

He crosses to the communications console. Winces at Rhett's rag-doll corpse sprawled against it. The monitor screens are microcosmic blizzards of snow. Travis twists a knob and we hear STATIC.

He returns to Andrea.

TRAVIS  
The electronics up here are still working. Get on the radio and send a Mayday...but if you get anyone, warn them that there may be a bomb.  
(beat)  
I'll go find out if there is.

ANDREA  
(still crying)  
Oh Travis...

She embraces him, tightly. He winces, but holds her just as tightly. Then pulls away. Pats the Ingram slung over her shoulder.

TRAVIS  
Don't forget you have this, and use it if you have to. If you're afraid, just remember who we're protecting.

He caresses her belly.

TRAVIS

I'll be back in a few minutes.

EXT. OIL PLATFORM - HELIPAD - DAWN

Travis exits the Control Room. Glances around, seeing no threat. Starts across, toward the choppers. Still scanning for trouble. Pistol up.

The chopper the dinner party arrived on is between him and Kirishima's chopper. He creeps around it. The roar of Kirishima's chopper louder as he nears.

Travis rounds the front of the empty chopper, and there's Kirishima, waiting. Intense. Still. The old man's eyes fix on Travis.

Travis looks around. It's just the two of them. He limps forward, his eyes savage. Slowly crossing the distance.

Kirishima watches him come. Doesn't move.

Travis stops before him, aims the pistol at the old man's face.

TRAVIS

You son of a bitch. You fucking  
murderous son of a bitch.  
(switches to Japanese)  
>>You're not leaving here.<<

Kirishima just looks at him. Unfazed.

Travis's eyes. His clenched jaw. His tightening finger.

Kirishima waits.

ACROSS THE HELIPAD, the timer: 00:13:01

Travis falters, doesn't shoot. Instead he steps in and smashes the pistol barrel across--

Nothing. The old man slips under the blow. And, in a blur of motion, takes the gun from Travis's hand, smashes the grip into Travis's skull, and flings it far across the deck.

Travis stumbles back, dazed, not sure what the hell happened. Blood coursing from a tear in his scalp. He gathers his wits, then charges Kirishima, enraged, throwing a vicious flurry of punches.

Kirishima's lightning hands deflect every blow. He smiles and proceeds to beat the holy hell out of Travis. He's all over him, a whirling dervish of violence, a man who's been training in this stuff for most of his eighty years.

Travis doesn't stand a chance.

SHIVA (O.S.)

>>OLD MAN!<<

Kirishima turns just in time to see Shiva flipping through the air at him, her wakizashi a streak of light in the morning sun.

His head thumps to the deck and rolls...

Travis lies in a brutalized daze, looking up at Shiva standing silhouetted before the sun, soaking wet, blade rampant, an avenging angel.

TRAVIS

Jesus...

Shiva steps toward him, smiling.

SHIVA

Not by a long shot.

She offers her hand. He reaches for it. BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! She cries out and falls atop him, her back bloody.

The chopper pilot, brandishing a pistol, hops down from the helicopter and sprints towards them.

Travis sees him. Moves clumsily under Shiva's weight. Grabs at her, pulling her pistol. BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! The pilot dances the Bloody Chicken and falls.

Travis rolls Shiva onto her back, sits up. She's breathing, but in great pain. Blood runs from her mouth.

TRAVIS

Thank you.

SHIVA

No...problem...

She turns her head, sees Kirishima's head lying there.

#### FLASHBACK: AN ELEGANT JAPANESE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Continuing from before: Shiva beaten badly, nearly unconscious. Tetsuo atop her, pumping. With glazed eyes she stares across the floor at the young man's severed head.

END FLASHBACK

Shiva coughs harshly, sputtering blood.

SHIVA

I...killed the mother fucker...

TRAVIS

Yeah. You killed the mother fucker.

(pause)

Hold tight. I've got to go get Andrea.

SHIVA

She's all right?

TRAVIS

I think so.

SHIVA

The baby...?

TRAVIS

(wearily)

I don't know. I think he's okay.

Crossing the deck, he sees the open case, limps to it. The timer reads 00:10:50...00:10:49...

TRAVIS

Shit, I was right.

#### INT. OIL PLATFORM CONTROL ROOM

Andrea is on the radio.

COAST GUARD VOICE

...we should be there within the half hour.

Travis appears at her side and takes the mike.

TRAVIS

(to Andrea)

Who is this?

ANDREA

A Coast Guard clipper. They're not too far away.

TRAVIS

(into mike)

Attention Coast Guard, this is Travis Moore, the Security Consultant on this project. Be advised that there is a bomb here, it's nuclear, and it's set to explode in less than ten minutes. I'd advise heading the other way. Over.

Andrea pales. Travis takes her hand and pulls her toward the door, ignoring the Coast Guard's response.

EXT. OIL PLATFORM - HELIPAD - DAWN

Travis and Andrea stand over the bomb. 00:08:11...

TRAVIS

You're a scientist. Know anything about disarming a nuke?

ANDREA

Not a thing. Don't suppose you forgot to tell me you can fly a helicopter?

TRAVIS

No.

Andrea starts, puts her hands on her belly. Starts to sob.

ANDREA

Oh Travis...the baby. He's kicking. He's alive. Oh my God, Travis, oh my God.

He holds her. 00:07:35...00:07:34...00:07:33...

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Drop the guns.

They turn. A Japanese man dressed as Shiva's team had been stands a short distance away, Tec 9 aimed at them. Travis tosses the pistol, lifts the Ingram from Andrea's neck, tosses it.

TRAVIS

Shoot if you want, we're all going to be vaporized in a few minutes anyway.

The ninja steps closer, eyes the bomb.

NINJA (MAN)

Is that...?

TRAVIS

Yep. Can you disarm one?

NINJA

No.

TRAVIS

Figures. Shiva's over there, if  
you're looking for her.

Shiva hears them approach, opens her eyes.

SHIVA

Oh Sam...

SAM

A bomb's about to go off. I'll  
treat your wounds on the sub.

Sam crouches, lifts her. She winces. Blood spills from her  
back. She looks toward Andrea and Travis.

SHIVA

(weakly)  
Come with us.

TRAVIS

It won't matter. The nuke's gonna  
blow in about seven minutes. A sub  
won't get us far enough.

Shiva feels a wave of pain, wracks another bloody cough.

SHIVA

Then...we'll try...the helicopter.  
Sam...fly us out of here...

Sam turns and carries Shiva toward Kirishima's chopper.

TRAVIS

Get on board, I'll be right there.

ANDREA

What--?

TRAVIS

Go! I'm going to toss the nuke  
overboard. Maybe the ocean'll  
dampen the blast a bit, give us  
more of a chance.

She nods, hurries after the ninjas. Travis looks at the  
timer: 00:05:45. He closes the case.

At the platform's edge, he throws the case and it drops to  
the waves below, is gone.

## INT/EXT. KIRISHIMA'S HELICOPTER - DAWN

Andrea crouches over Shiva, on her back on the floor, her feet elevated. Travis climbs in, pulls the door shut.

In the cabin, Sam hears the door, immediately lifts off.

The chopper zooms away from the oil platform, roaring over the waves.

Travis pulls Andrea up, away from Shiva. Pushes her into a seat, straps her in, then sits and secures himself.

Sam pushes the chopper, faster, faster...the rotors and the wind create a harsh white roar...faster...

Travis takes Andrea's hand in his good one.

TRAVIS

I love you.

The noise drowns out his voice, but his lips are easily read. Just as quietly, Andrea responds.

ANDREA

I love you, too.

The chopper fights the air, rattling as it pushes its tolerances. Sam fights to control it.

Andrea feels a kick, puts Travis's hand on her belly. They smile as he feels the kick, crying at the same time.

## EXT. OIL PLATFORM - FROM A DISTANCE - DAY

The platform is there -- and then it isn't. The nuke's shockwave blows the sea apart with a bone-rattling ROAR. Violent waves chase billowing fire and steam toward every point on the compass.

## INT/EXT. KIRISHIMA'S HELICOPTER - DAY

The helicopter rockets through morning. Behind it, the blast obscures the sky. Travis holds Andrea's hand tightly. The blast roars closer...closer...

It hits the helicopter, driving it forward so hard that Sam really has to fight to keep it steady. He does...and, fortunately, the fury of the explosion was diminished a lot by the time it reached them...in a few moments they fly out of it.



EXT. A FIELD - DAY

Somewhere on the northwest coast. A small town is visible up the shore. The helicopter settles to the ground.

INT. KIRISHIMA'S HELICOPTER - DAY

Andrea sits on the floor, cradling Shiva's head in her lap. Crying. Travis sits on a seat to the side, stroking his wife's hair.

Sam comes out of the cabin. Looks worriedly at Shiva.

SAM

Is she...?

TRAVIS

Yes.

EXT. A FIELD - DAY

Travis and Andrea stand together and watch the helicopter lift and fly south. Soon, it's gone. Travis nods toward the town.

TRAVIS

Let's go find a phone.

She nods. They start walking.

ANDREA

You know, your son is kicking like a ninja in here.

TRAVIS

No more goddamn ninja, huh?

They laugh softly and embrace, enjoying each other. Enjoying life.

FADE OUT.