

PAGE ONE

Pic. 1 Looking at the planet Seba from space. Seba is a waterworld, no land masses, plenty of clouds.

CAP; SEBA WAS THE THIRD FULL-IMMERSION WATERWORLD DISCOVERED BY THE WARPRIDERS.

Pic 2 Looking at the Explorigger from far away (barely visible), across the tumultuous waves of Seba. Heaving stormclouds darken the sky.

CAP; WITH DEPTHS OVER 500 FATHOMS AT THEIR SHALLOWEST, AND A SURFACE CONSTANTLY BUFFETED BY TREMENDOUS STORMS, IT WAS ALSO THE MOST HOSTILE.

Pic. 3 Moving across the face of the ocean, closer on the Explorigger. We can now see the stark shape of this strictly utilitarian rig/ science station. One tower (com tower) should reach skyward above the rig.

CAP; 3 EXPLORIGGERS WERE PLOPPED DOWN ON SEBA NEAR A GENERATION AGO, THEN SOON ABANDONED.

CAP; WHEN DR. FELIX SCHOENBERG ARRIVED AT SEBA, TWO EXPLORIGGERS HAD SUNK, OR OTHERWISE DISAPPEARED. SCHOENBERG'S TEAM MADE BASE ON THE LAST, NEAR THE SOUTHERN MAGNETIC POLE.

Pic 4. Closer on the rig, we can see activity now, electric lights and a few people hurrying about their work, ducking from the rain.

CAP; SCHOENBERG APPLIED FRIESCOT'S "DECODED" IRRATIONAL NUMBER ALGORITHMS TO THE PRINCIPLES OF STATIC FIELD ARCHITECTURE TO CREATE THE PERSPHERES, ENABLING MANKIND FOR THE FIRST TIME TO PLUME THE MYSTERIES OF SEBA'S DARK OCEANS, TO WHICH I CAN ONLY SAY,

PAGE TWO AND THREE

Double-page spread

Exterior - underwater. Kate Muncie pilots her Persphere, a small craft, perfectly round, with various electronics, dials, and readouts inside. A "steering

wheel” comes up from the floor, and there should be a hanging panel overhead with switches and controls and such (or raised from the floor, whichever works). Kate is a young woman, late teens, thin, pretty with (storypoint:) long hair. We can see inside the Persphere through the front viewport, a large clear area at the front of the craft. There is a small rear viewport, out of which looks Shoofly, a toaster-sized robot with the appearance of an oversized housefly. Kate is panicking; she is being pursued by several large, ugly, and threatening sea monsters (your invention—though one creature, an “encephalopod”, should look like a combination squid, jellyfish, and brain).

KATE; THANKS, UNCLE FELIX! THANKS A FREAKIN' LOT!
KATE; BIG, BIG, BIG! AND UGLY!
KATE; I COULD BE WALKING THE ENDLESS SANDBARS OF ILLUYANKAS,
BUT NO!

PAGE FOUR

Pic. 1 Interior Persphere. Two-shot, Shoofly foreground, monitoring the sea creature pursuit.

FLY; SITUATION INDICATES GREAT HASTE IS REQUIRED.
KATE; THANKS FOR THE NEWS FLASH, SHOOFLY. GRASP THE OBVIOUS MUCH?
KATE; I'VE GOT TO GET UNCLE FELIX TO WORK ON YOUR PERSONALITY PROFILE SOON.
FLY; DOES MY MANNER DISPLEASE YOU, MISTRESS?

Pic. 2 Close on Kate – intense concentration, eyes wide

KATE; NOW'S NOT THE TIME FOR A HEART-TO-HEART, SHOOFLY!
WE'RE GOING OUT OF THE FRYING PAN...

Pic. 3 Exterior, wide. The Persphere crests a hill and dips down into a valley punctured by large holes emitting light and forceful steam. We see that many of the sea creatures break pursuit, unwilling to follow into the valley, or forced back by the steam eruptions.

KATE; AND INTO THE VOLCANO!
FLY; MISTRESS'S MANGLED ANALOGY CONCLUDES INACCURATELY.
THESE ARE NOT THERMAL VENTS.

Pic. 4 2-shot, Kate foreground with a look of relief, Shoofly looking back through rear

viewport.

KATE; THIS HELPS US HOW?
FLY; IT HELPS US IN THAT THE UNANALYZED DISCHARGE SEEMS TO
DISCOURAGE MOST HOSTILE PURSUIT.
KATE; OH, THANK GOD. I'D BETTER CALL UNCLE FELIX--

PAGE FIVE

Pic. 1 Looking past Shoofly, turned to face the front, and Kate, flinching at the sight
outside the front viewport: an encephalopod coming down upon them.

FLY; ...EXCEPT THE ENCEPHALOPODS.
KATE; AAAH! MAYDAY! MAYDAY!

Pic 2. Wide , interior – Explorigger interior docks. Doctor Schoenberg disembarks from
his Persphere (front viewport swings open). The Persphere is tethered on a
mechanical umbilical as it sits in the water. Various crewman go about their
work hurriedly. Doc Schoenberg (late forties, grey, unkempt hair, piercing
eyes, disheveled manner) handles a clear specimen bottle containing a half-
liter of purple goo (as we'll see more closely in following shots). Gears, a
late-thirties brickhouse woman in orange coveralls approaches and hails the
Doc.

GEARS; DOC!
DOC; SUCCESS, GEARS! I HARVESTED NEAR ANOTHER HALF-LITER OF
THE PURPLE GOO!
DOC; DO YOU KNOW, THE CLOSER WE SEARCH TO THE POLE, THE MORE
COMPLEX AND DENSE THE CRYSTALLINE MATRICES IN THE
GOO BECOME?

Pics. 3-5 Same shot – Gears foreground (facing away) holding onto something – a
support, a rail. Doc weaves clumsily back and forth while trying to talk to
Gears, right in pic 3, then left pic 4, then right again pic 5. The impression
we're attempting to create is that the explorigger is pitching back and forth
– which it is not supposed to do – and that the Doc just isn't noticing –
which is not unlike him.

Pic. 3

GEARS; DOC!
DOC; I'VE ENOUGH NOW TO CONFIRM MY THEORY-- THE MATRICES ARE
ALIGNED ACCORDING TO UNIFIED STRONG AND WEAK
FORCE SPIN DIAGRAMS!

Pic. 4

GEARS; DOC!
DOC; THIS SUBAQUATIC SLUDGE COULD PROVE TO BE ONE OF THE
GREAT NATURAL FUELS OF THE GALAXY!

Pic. 5

GEARS; DAMMIT, LISTEN--!
DOC; GEARS, IT WOULD BE EASIER TO CONVERSE IF YOU'D STAND
STILL.

Pic. 6 Looking at Gears, urgently attempting to explain the situation to Doc.

GEARS; I'M NOT MOVING, DOC-- **YOU** ARE! THAT'S WHAT I'M TRYING
TO TELL YOU-- WE'RE PITCHING! THE GYRO-ANCHOR'S
BLOWN. AND WE'VE GOT MASSIVE SWELLS COMING WITHIN
AN HOUR THAT COULD TOPPLE THE EXPLORIGGER!

PAGE SIX

Pic. 1 Doc and Gears both profile, facing each other, Doc on the left.

DOC; YOU'RE NOT SUGGESTING WE LEAVE?
GEARS; NO, I'M **TELLING** YOU THAT EMERGENCY EVAC IS
UNDERWAY. WE'VE GOTTA GET TO ORBIT RIGHT AWAY!
DOC; SO SOON? THERE'S SO MUCH LEFT... (SIGH) WELL, AS LONG AS
WE'RE ALL PRESENT AND ACCOUNTED FOR.

Pic. 2 Wide exterior, underwater. Kate's Persphere is in the clutches of the
cephalopod's tentacles.

KATE; AAAH! SHOOFLY! WHAT DO I DO?
FLY; THE PERSPHERE'S STAT FIELD RESISTANCE TO EXTERNAL
PRESSURE IS THEORETICALLY INFINITE--

Pic. 3 Interior, Persphere. 2-shot, Kate front, flipping switches on the overhead hanging
panel.

KATE; LESS WORDS! SKIP THE ESSAY SECTION AND GO STRAIGHT TO
MULTIPLE CHOICE.
FLY; WHAT I MEAN, MISTRESS, IS THAT THE DANGER IS NOT SO MUCH
IMMEDIATE AS--

Pic. 4 Reverse angle. The Persphere's electronic erupt with sparks and arcs of electricity.
Kate recoils.

KATE; AAAH! WHAT HAPPENED?
FLY; THE ENCEPHALPOD IS APPARENTLY CAPABLE OF EMITTING A
STRONG BIO-ELECTRIC PULSE. THE DANGER IS IMMEDIATE.

Pic. 5 Close on Kate, hands on the wheel, and angry now.

KATE; SO BIG UGLY'S GOTTA GO! AND IF MY BUBBLE IS
INDESTRUCTIBLE--
FLY; THAT IS NOT EXACTLY--
KATE; AND IF THE OTHER BIG UGLIES DON'T LIKE THE VENTS--

PAGE SEVEN

Pic. 1 Wide exterior. Kate pilots the Persphere, with attached encephalopod, directly into
one of the erupting fissures.

KATE; LET'S SEE HOW THIS ONE LIKES A FACEFUL!

Pic. 2 Close on Kate, excited and scared as she drives the Persphere through the steam, its
light driving the shadows from her face.

FLY; MISTRESS, THREAT LEVELS ARE INCALCULABLE!
KATE; THEN BUCKLE UP, SHOOFLY!
KATE; OBOYOBOYOBOY

Pic. 3 Wide exterior. Still through the steam. The encephalopod's tentacles lose their
grip, the creature seems anguished.

Pic. 4 Interior – underground cavern, lit with natural luminescence. Through the vent
opening, Kate's Persphere hits a rock slope and begins to roll.

KATE; WE'RE FREE! NOW WE CAN-- FALL?
FLY; EXTERNAL ROLL STABILIZERS COMPENSATING INADEQUATELY
DUE TO POWER LOSS. APPLY THE BRAKE, MISTRESS.

Pic. 5 Close on Kate, struggling with the wheel.

KATE; WHADDYA THINK I'M DOING? YOU THINK I WANT TO--

“Pic.” 6 block sound effect.

SFX; CRASH!

PAGE EIGHT

Pic. 1 Medium shot. . The Persphere has impacted with a stalagmite – damage to the Persphere does not appear appreciable. Kate opens the hatch and stumbles out into the cavern, one hand on her head.

KATE; HEY! WHERE DID THE OCEAN GO? AND -- OW!

CAP; “YOU LEFT HER DOWN THERE?”

Pic. 2 Interior, Explorigger docks again. Close on Doc, visibly upset. Doc in conversation with Lance Duke, both profile, Lance on the left. Lance is early twenties beefcake, tall, well-muscled, clean-cut, etc.

LANCE I- IT WAS THE END OF THE RUN. I THOUGHT HER SIGNAL WENT QUIET BECAUSE SHE'D GONE TOPSIDE AND POWERED DOWN. DID YOU HEAR A DISTRESS?

DOC; NO. I LOST CONTACT AFTER HARVESTING THE GOO. IT APPEARS TO DISRUPT LONG-RANGE RADIO--

Pic. 3 Doc turns away from Lance and heads towards his Persphere, holding up a pointing hand in an “of course!” gesture. Gears catches up with Doc and grabs his shoulder, turning him around.

DOC; SHE MUST HAVE FOUND ANOTHER SOURCE! WHERE WAS SHE WHEN YOU LAST SAW HER?

GEARS; HEY! WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING?

DOC; I'M GOING TO FIND KATE!

Pic. 4 Gears and Doc facing each other, Gears left.

GEARS; DOC, I LOVE YOUR NIECE AS IF SHE WERE MY OWN--

DOC; YOUR OWN NIECE?

PAGE NINE

Pic. 1 Gears lectures Doc, leaning in towards him, one hand pointing off panel, a generalized indication of the other members of the research team. Lance

approaches from behind to cut in.

GEARS; YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN! BUT THERE'S A WHOLE
RESEARCH TEAM ABOUT TO GO FOR THEIR LAST SWIM, AND
WE DON'T HAVE TIME--
LANCE; I'LL GO! I'LL FIND KATE!

Pic. 2 Looking past Lance in the foreground (facing the other two), Doc pointing at him excitedly.

GEARS; NEITHER OF YOU IS GOING! WE NEED TO--
DOC; WE NEED TO **MAKE** TIME! LANCE, GO-- GO FIND MY NIECE. I'LL
MAKE SURE YOU'VE GOT SOMEWHERE TO COME BACK TO!

Pic. 3 Back in the cave. Medium-close shot on Kate and Shoofly.

FLY; THAT IS NOT A GOOD IDEA.
KATE; SHOOFLY, WE'VE GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE, SO YOU NEED TO GET
THE PERSPHERE OPERATIONAL.
KATE; AND I NEED TO LOOK AROUND BECAUSE--

Pic. 4 Pull out to wide shot, same angle, taking in the size of the cavern (it's big). Lots of stalactites and stalagmites, and "lamps" hanging from the ceiling – plants that, at their lowest hanging point, flair out like teardrops and are luminescent.

KATE; BECAUSE, LOOK AT THIS PLACE!

PAGE TEN

Pic. 1 Kate walks away from the Persphere, setting out to explore.

FLY; MISTRESS--
KATE; YOU MIND ME, SHOOFLY. INITIATE REPAIRS! I'LL DO WHAT I'M
SUPPOSED TO DO -- EXPLORE!
KATE; WHAT WOULD UNCLE FELIX THINK OF ME IF I DIDN'T?

Pic. 2 Interior Persphere. Close in on Lance, stern and angry.

LANCE; STUPID! STUPID! STUPID!
LANCE; I TOLD SCHOENBERG A DOZEN TIMES KATE SHOULDN'T BE
ALLOWED TO DO FIELDWORK.

Pic. 3 Interior – Explorigger communications center. Gears speaks into a handset.

GEARS; NOW, LANCE, FOR ALL HIS FAULTS, THE DOC IS A BRILLIANT MAN. AND EVEN IF KATE SEEMS RECKLESS AT TIMES, SHE'S GOT HER SHARE OF THE FAMILY SMARTS.

Pic. 4 Lance again, checking readouts.

LANCE; COURAGE AND SMARTS WORK BEST TEMPERED BY CAUTION, GEARS.

LANCE; I'M NEAR WHERE I LAST SAW KATE, BUT COM SIGNAL'S STILL STRONG. NO "GOO"

Pic. 5 and PAGE ELEVEN Pic. 1 Both pics over-the-shoulder of Lance, looking out his viewport. Pic 1, some small (6-foot) weird spiny-fish floats by, moving in front of Lance's Persphere. Pic 2, something big and nasty swoops in to eat the spinyfish, ends facing towards Lance.

GEARS(radio); SOON ENOUGH, THOUGH. AND WHEN WE LOSE COM, YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN, SO BE—

LANCE WHOAH!

GEARS(radio); WHAT? WHAT IS IT?

LANCE; JUST A MINOR SPINEFISH. NOTHING I CAN'T...

PAGE ELEVEN

Pic. 1

LANCE; ...HANDLE. I'M GOING TO BE BUSY!

Pic. 2 Back with Gears at com center, sighing disconcertedly as the comlink with Lance sputters out. Doc rushes towards Gears excitedly, clutching some loose papers in one hand and waving them excitedly. Doc points one hand skyward to indicate the top of the com tower.

GEARS; BE CAREFUL, LANCE. AND GET BACK HERE BEFORE WE **ALL** GO IN THE DRINK.

DOC; GEARS, I'VE GOT IT! I NEED YOU TO TAKE THE STAT FIELD APEX UNIT FROM MY PERSPHERE AND RUN IT TO THE TOP OF THE COM-TOWER.

Pic. 3 Close 2-shot, looking at Doc, ecstatically excited by his own genius.

GEARS; WHAT?
DOC; I'LL SECURE MY BUBBLE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE GYRO-ANCHOR.
WE'RE GOING TO STAT FIELD THE WHOLE COMPLEX!
GEARS; DOC, WE DON'T HAVE ANYTHING LIKE THAT KIND OF POWER
AVAILABLE.
DOC; AU CONTRAIRE! THE GOO! I'LL USE A SIMPLE CONTAINMENT CELL
BATTERY TRANSFER TO ELECTRIC! LIKE PRIMITIVE MAN!
AND I'LL USE THE SOUTH MAGNETIC POLE TO ALIGN THE
SPIN DIAGRAMS--

Pic. 4 Opposite angle, wider. Gears is not happy with Doc' plan.

GEARS; DOC, WE'RE NOT QUITE AT THE SOUTH POLE! AND THE
COMPUTERS CAN'T DO CALCULATIONS FOR CONTROLLED
ENERGY THAT FAST!
DOC; CALCULATION PALES TO INTUITION, MY FRIEND. AND IF WE
DIRECT THE FUEL CELLS TO ONE BALANCE ENGINE, WE CAN
DRIFT TO THE POLE IN FORTY MINUTES!

Pic. 5 Both in profile, near nose-to-nose, Gears still unhappy, Doc looking confident.

GEARS; AND FRY THE CELLS! WE'LL TOPPLE WHEN THE FIRST
SWELL HITS!
DOC; IT WON'T MATTER IF THE SWELLS CAN'T TOUCH US. THIS **WILL**
WORK. PROBABLY.

PAGE TWELVE

Pic. 1 Medium-wide, Kate traipses through the cavern, landscape much as
before.

KATE; ON A SCALE OF 1 TO 10, THIS PLACE IS **WOW!** NATURAL
LUMINESCENCE, GEOTHERMAL HEAT, HIGH PRESSURE AIR
POCKET THICK WITH OXYGEN--
KATE; HEY! I'M KIND OF A HERO FOR DISCOVERING THIS, RIGHT?
HMMM... DO I WANT A SUBAQUATIC CAVE NAMED AFTER ME?
SHOULD I HOLD OUT FOR A CONTINENT SOMEWHERE?
KATE; I MEAN, THIS PLACE IS GREAT, BUT HOW MANY MORE SURPRISES
CAN IT HAVE?

Pic. 2 Close on Kate, drop-jawed astonishment.

KATE; OH. MY. GOSH.

Pic. 3 Over-the-shoulder of Kate, we see what surprised her: Dwellings carved out of the rock, a dense honeycomb of entrances and intricate design work.

Pic. 4 Medium-wide shot off to one side, near ground level, looking at Kate as she concentrates on her handheld scanner/recorder, unaware that she is being watched: we see a figure in silhouette in the foreground looking at her. Shape is round with short arms, like an upright groundhog (this is one of the "cute critters" to appear later).

KATE; INITIATING FULL-SPECTRUM REAL-TIME BACK-UP RECORD. SIGNS OF INTELLIGENT CIVILIZATION. AN EXPLORERS HOLY GRAIL. KATE; EVEN IF IT DOES APPEAR TO BE DESERTED.

Pic. 5 Close on Lance, frustrated.

LANCE; NOTHING! COM LINK IS DOWN, I SHOULD BE CLOSE, BUT NO KATE. NOT EVEN ANY GOO TO BRING BACK TO THE PROFESSOR.

PAGE THIRTEEN

Pic. 1 Wide underwater exterior. Sea monsters chase Lance in his persphere as he scouts for Kate.

LANCE; NOT THAT THE NATIVES MAKE IT EASY TO LOOK.

Pic. 2 Close Lance again, frowning.

LANCE; KATE, I WANT TO HELP YOU, TO RESCUE YOU-- BUT HOW COULD YOU SURVIVE ALONE DOWN HERE?

LANCE; GUESS I'LL TRUST GEARS'S OPINION. ONE MORE PASS, THEN, IF IT'S STILL THERE, BACK TO THE 'RIG.

Pic. 3 Exterior, top of Explorigger's comlink tower. Gears is affixing equipment to the very top of the tower (the Persphere apex unit) as best she can while trying to hang on and spit out the torrential downpour.

GEARS; OF COURSE, KATE AND LANCE WILL BE LOOKING FOR US IN THE WRONG PLACE NOW THAT WE'RE OVER THE POLE.

GEARS; AND CAN I MENTION HOW MUCH I HATE YOU RIGHT NOW?
DOC (radio); DULY NOTED.

Pic. 4 Interior, Doc in his Persphere, tensely still. The Persphere is running without minimum auxiliary lights.

GEARS (radio); SAY AGAIN, DOC? IT'S A BIT NOISY UP HERE!
DOC; AND IT'S NECESSARILY QUIET DOWN HERE. I CAN'T TURN ON THE
STAT FIELD UNTIL I'M BELOW THE GYRO-ANCHOR, WHICH
MEANS HUSH-HUSH AND LIGHTS OUT 'TIL I'M IN POSITION.

Pic. 5 Reverse angle, looking past Doc out the front viewport, as a creature
blithely passes close by.

DOC; I DON'T WANT TO ATTRACT ANY LITTLE HOSTILE FISHIES THAT
MIGHT--

DOC; AAAH!

PAGE FOURTEEN

Pic. 1 Exterior. All creatures in the area turn to look at the Persphere.

Pic. 2 Interior as Doc throws switches in a flurry.

DOC; OKAY. THAT WAS DUMB. TIME'S UP, GEARS! POWER UP-- NOW!

Pic. 3 Wide exterior, underwater - the stat-field erupts into spherical shape
surrounding the entire explorigger - but crackles and breaks
undecidedly.

DOC; STAT FIELD OPERATIONAL-- BUT NOT STABILIZING! I NEED MORE
GOO!

Pic. 4 Back in the cavern, Kate bends to inspect the husk of one of the hanging
lamps fallen on the ground.

KATE; STRANGE-- THESE HUSKS OF THE HANGING "LAMPS" LOOK
ALMOST CHEWED ON--

Pic. 5 Medium shot, Kate is startled to discover one of the cute critters (your
design - cute, small) watching her just a few feet away.

KATE; OH! INITIAL "UNINHABITED" ASSESSMENT WAS IN ERROR. CAVE
HAS AT LEAST ONE INHABITANT...

Pic. 6 Wider shot, we see many of the critters approaching her expectantly.

KATE; OR, QUITE A FEW MORE.

PAGE FIFTEEN

Pic. 1 Medium shot, we see Kate becoming disconcerted as the critters begin to

get close all around her.

KATE; HEY, OKAY, LITTLE FELLAS. YOU'RE CUTE AS THE DICKENS, BUT
LET'S RESPECT EACH OTHER'S PERSONAL SPACE, OKAY?

Pic. 2 Wider, we see the critters numbers increasing, swarming closer; Kate
begins to edge away.

KATE; I DON'T THINK-- I DON'T THINK YOU'RE UNDERSTANDING ME--

Pic. 3 Looking at Kate as she makes an emphatic two hands face down to the
ground "sit" motion.

KATE; SIT!

Pic. 4 Medium-wide, all the critters sit. Kate is amazed at the critters' reaction.

KATE; YOU'VE GOTTA BE FREAKIN' KIDDING ME. THESE GUYS MUST
CARRY SPECIES MEMORY FROM DOMESTICATED
ANCESTORS. PROBABLY THE HAND MOTION DID IT.

Pic. 5 Close on Kate. She absentmindedly moves both hands to her mouth.

KATE; AS LONG AS I DON'T ACCIDENTALLY SIGN "TREAT"--

PAGE SIXTEEN

Pic. 1 Medium shot, the critters hop (not too high) towards Kate, drooling
mouths agape. Kate runs away, half-turning to try the "sit" sign
again.

KATE; AAAH!

KATE; SIT! SIT! BAD CUTE THINGS!

Pic. 2 Kate runs, looking backwards; we see in the foreground one of the lamps
just above head-level.

KATE; IT'S A STRICT "NO KATE" DIET FOR YOU! I WISH I KNEW WHAT YOU
DO EAT--

Pic. 3 Kate sees the lamp and reaches for it, smiling.

KATE; OF COURSE. THE LAMPS! YOU GUYS MUST'VE LEFT THE TEETH
MARKS!

Pic. 4 Kate accidentally squeezes the lamp too hard, and the goo inside erupts,

falling all over her head.

KATE; GUH. A LITTLE MORE GENTLY NEXT TIME, I THINK.

Pic. 5 Kate throws the dripping husk behinds her as she runs away.

KATE; OH GREAT. NOW I'M COVERED IN SUCCULENT GRAVY!

PAGE SEVENTEEN

Pic. 1 Kate's Persphere in the foreground, Shoofly buzzing about, the exterior, making repairs with small tools. Kate in the background runs towards the Persphere, dripping goo and being chased by frenzied critters.

KATE; SHOOFLY! ARE YOU DONE WITH THOSE REPAIRS?
FLY; NEARLY, MISTRESS. I-- OH, MY.

Pic. 2 Kate and Shoofly dart into the Persphere, Kate pulling the viewport door shut behind her.

KATE; NEARLY DON'T FEED THE METER, SHOOFLY! POWER UP! WE'RE SKIPPING TOWN NOW!

Pic. 3 The bubble comes to life and shoots up towards an open fissure. The critters watch it leave.

Pic. 4 Close on Kate from outside, waving back to the ground.

KATE; BYE, SCARY, CUTE THINGS.
KATE; UNCLE FELIX IS PROBABLY WORRIED SICK. IF HE NOTICED OUR ABSENCE AT ALL, THAT IS.

PAGE EIGHTEEN

Pic. 1 Watching the Persphere fly up through the vent from the cavern side.

KATE; WE'D BETTER GET TOPSIDE IN A HURRY--
KATE; THROUGH THE SAME DOOR WE CAME IN!

Pic. 2 Kate's Persphere erupts back into the ocean, narrowly missing crashing into Lance's.

KATE; AAH!
LANCE; YOW! WHAT IN THE--?

Pic. 3 Medium looking at Lance from outside his Persphere, relieved but surprised.

LANCE; KATE! WHERE WERE YOU?

Pic. 4 Interior, close on Kate, determined.

KATE; I'LL TELL YOU GLADLY, LANCE-- ONCE WE'RE ON DRY LAND, OR AT LEAST A WET EXPLORIGGER!

Pic. 5 Interior, close on Lance, remembering his other troubles, somewhat cross with Kate.

LANCE; I DON'T KNOW IF THAT'S EVEN AN OPTION. THE GYRO-ANCHOR BLEW! WHO KNOWS WHAT'S HAPPENED SINCE I CAME CHASING AFTER YOU?

LANCE; LINK UP TO ME. WE HAVE TO HURRY BACK.

PAGE NINETEEN

Pic. 1 Medium looking at Kate from outside, looking to the distance and throttling down.

KATE; IF WE HAVE TO HURRY, THEN LINKING'S THE LAST THING I WANNA DO!

Pic. 2 Exterior, looking past Lance's Persphere as Kate speeds away.

LANCE; KATE!

Pic 3 Interior Kate's Persphere, OTS looking out the front viewport. The water outside is visibly rushing by, streaming and blurred.

KATE; HUH? WHERE'S THE EXPLORIGGER? IT DIDN'T SINK... DID IT?
FLY; UNABLE TO ESTABLISH COM TRACK WITH BASE. POSITION UNKNOWN. ALSO, ACCELERATOR CONTROL HAS TEMPORARILY SEIZED.

KATE; ACCELERATOR HAS WHAT? AH, I SEE. NO SLOWING DOWN. THIS SHOULD BE INTERESTING THEN.

Pic. 4 Exterior, Kate's Persphere bursts through the surface of the ocean in a high arc.

KATE; WOO-HOO!

PAGE TWENTY

Pic. 1 Interior, looking over Kate's shoulder at the Explorigger, or a small flash of light, off in the distance on the horizon. Shoofly follows her gaze.

KATE; THERE! I'VE GOT VISUAL OF THE RIG!

FLY; I SEE, MISTRESS. SOME 5.1 MILES SOUTH-SOUTHWEST. I HAVE DIRECTIONAL LOCK.

Pic. 2 Close in on Kate, angled down 45 degrees, set shoulders and stern face, while Shoofly appears to be looking still towards the Explorigger.

KATE; SPLASH.

FLY; SPLASH, MISTRESS?

Pic. 3 Exterior, Kate's Persphere splashes back into the ocean.

SFX; SPLASH!

Pic. 4 Wide Exterior, underwater, Kate's Persphere dives past Lance's.

LANCE; KATE, WHAT ARE YOU DOING? ARE YOU CRAZY, YOU FOOL GIRL?

Pic. 5 Close front on Kate from exterior, racing posture.

KATE; STOP CALLING ME NAMES AND FOLLOW ME, YOU OVERSTUFFED LABRADOR! THE RIG'S DRIFTED OVER THE SOUTH POLE!

KATE; HOW'S MY SPEED, SHOOFLY?

FLY; EXCESSIVE, BUT CONTROLS ARE RESPONSIVE.

PAGE TWENTY-ONE

Pic. 1 Wide shot at the base of the Explorigger's gyro-anchor, Kate's Persphere rushes around to Doc's front viewport.

KATE; UNCLE FELIX!

DOC; KATE! SO GOOD TO SEE YOU!

KATE; ARE YOU TRYING TO STAT-FIELD THE WHOLE RIG? BUT THE POWER--

Pic. 2 Doc inside his Persphere, frantically working controls.

DOC; POWER SOURCE IS INSUFFICIENT. STAT FIELD UNSTABLE AND ON THE VERGE OF COLLAPSE. I NEED MORE PURPLE GOO!

Pic. 3 Close on Kate, screwing up her face as she stretches out a goo-dripping lock of hair.

KATE; MORE-- WHAT?

DOC (radio); PURPLE GOO! IT'S A MEDIUM FOR CRYSTALLINE MATRICES THAT ALIGN--

KATE; LIKE THE GOO IN MY HAIR?

Pic.4 Close on Doc, one raised eyebrow in a quizzical expression.

DOC; GEARS, MEET MY NIECE ON DECK RIGHT AWAY.

DOC; BRING SCISSORS.

Pic. 5 Exterior, Lance foreground, then Kate (very close-cropped hair), Doc, then Gears. They stand at a rail on the Exterior of the Explorigger. No rain, calmer weather.

LANCE; WELL, THIS WAS UNEXPECTED.

PAGE TWENTY-TWO

Pic. 1 Extreme wide, we see the Explorigger contained in spherical stat-field, and levitating above the surface of the ocean.

DOC; AS SOON AS I REALIZED WE COULD USE DIRECTED MAGNETIC REPULSION TO CENTER THE SPIN ALIGNMENTS, LEVITATION BECAME THE OBVIOUS BENEFIT.

DOC; WITH THE NEW GOO, THE PERSPHERES CAN FLY WITHOUT TRADITIONAL DYNAMIC THRUST, USING INSTEAD THE NEGATION QUALITIES OF A STAT FIELD!

Pic. 2 Medium, looking at all four from the front, Gears and Kate joke with each other.

GEARS; YOU DO GET EXCITED ABOUT THE LITTLE THINGS, DON'T YOU, DOC? SO KATE, HOW DO YOU LIKE THE NEW 'DO?

KATE; A RATHER UNGLAMOROUS WAY TO SAVE THE RIG, I SUPPOSE, BUT GLORY DOES DEMAND SACRIFICE.

Pic. 3 Close on Lance and Kate as they face off in a spat.

LANCE; NOW HOLD ON! IF IT WEREN'T FOR YOU STRIKING OUT ON

YOUR OWN AND GETTING INTO TROUBLE--
KATE; WE MIGHT NEVER HAVE SAVED THE EXPLORIGGER, AND
OUR MISSION.

Pic. 4 Opposite angle line-up. Doc interrupts the youngsters, and throws his hands up towards the sky.

DOC; OH, HANG THE RIG AND THE MISSION. WITH THIS NEW FUEL AND THE ADAPTATIONS IT PROVIDES THE PERSPHERES, THE EXPANSE OF THE GALAXY CALLS ANEW!

DOC; I DON'T THINK THERE'S MUCH LEFT FOR US TO DO HERE ON SEBA.

Pic. 5 Reverse angle, Kate grinning a private grin.

KATE; UNCLE FELIX, I'M AFRAID I'M GOING TO HAVE TO DISAGREE WITH YOU THERE.

Pic 6. Wide shot front, one last look at our heroes.

KATE; ANYONE FOR ANCIENT RUINS IN SUBAQUATIC CAVERNS AFTER LUNCH?