

THE ROAD TO ATLANTIS

WRITTEN BY

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FADE IN:

EXT. ATLANTIS - NIGHT

A beautiful island with majestic temples and lush wilderness. It's Mexico on steroids.

A brutal battle takes place. PERSIAN SOLDIERS, dressed in sagums (roman-like attire), wield swords and shoot arrows at their enemy - ISLANDERS, dark-skinned, dressed similarly.

SUPER: 530 BC

The natives fight fiercely but their numbers are too few. Women and children scream as they flee into hiding.

In the background, the Atlantic's water breaks into perfect waves while light from a full moon bounces off the sparkling surface.

INT. SACRED TEMPLE - SUNROOM - NIGHT

Full head African masks adorn the walls, giving the large room a creepy atmosphere. A grand, ancient sword hangs among them.

The MOLINAR rests on a pedestal more than a meter high in the center of the room. The size of an orange, the crystal emits a tremendous amount of light for such a small object. A quiet HUM comes from the mesmerizing treasure.

Three markers, each in its own place on the pedestal, surround it:

A COMPASS. A small circle at the top with a tiny needle centered is blank. The main part with a bigger needle shows a primitive world map, where an X is lit to the south, marking an island in the Bermuda Triangle area.

A CUBIX. Similar to a Rubik's cube, only round. A world map is depicted. A glowing X is centered in the Bermuda Triangle.

A small MAP. Made out of lightweight gold, it shows an ancient drawing of the continents with a glowing X in the middle of the Bermuda Triangle.

KING RODAAN (60s), a strong leader persona, dressed in a toga with a simple gold crown, stands before the pedestal, troubled. Outside, the sounds of BATTLE are audible.

THREE SOLDIERS hurry into the room, along with two dozen GUARDS.

SOLDIER #1

My Lord, the Persian forces greatly outnumber ours. I fear we cannot hold out much longer.

King Rodaan releases a heavy sigh as he focuses on the molinar.

KING RODAAN

It must not fall into their hands.

He removes the golden map from its spot on the pedestal and places it into the hands of Soldier #2. Next, King Rodaan hands the compass to Soldier #3. Lastly, he gives the cubix to Soldier #1.

KING RODAAN

Protect these treasures with your lives, my strongest warriors. Move swiftly, and stay low within the darkness. My guards will accompany you.

SOLDIER #2

You must come with us, my king.

KING RODAAN

I will not abandon my people. Now go!

Each of the soldiers bows to his king. They stride swiftly from the room. The guards follow.

King Rodaan listens sadly to the SCREAMS taking place outside. He grows bold. Snatches the sword from the wall and studies his reflection in the heavy steel blade.

EXT. ATLANTIS - NIGHT

The battle rages on. More and more of the island natives fall to enemy swords and arrows. Bodies from both sides litter the darkened ground, the Persians taking far less of a loss.

The three soldiers leave the temple with their markers and split up in different directions. The guards divide equally and follow after the men.

Soldier #1 stays in the shadows as best he can. One of his guards falls with an arrow to the back.

Another guard takes on a Persian soldier with his sword and quickly loses the battle to the more skilled fighter.

A third guard battles the victor, buys the rest of his group more time.

The group hurries to the--

SHORELINE

-- where several boats wait. Many are Persian vessels. A few belong to the natives. A guard falls to an arrow. Then another.

Soldier #1 climbs into a large rowboat. Three of his remaining four guards climb inside with him. The fourth unties the vessel from the dock.

A group of Persian soldiers spots the escape attempt and charges at them, swords ready.

The fourth guard strains to push off the boat. Panicked, Soldier #1 watches the approaching Persians.

SOLDIER #1

Quickly!

The boat drifts into the water. Two of the guards take positions at the oars and row away from shore.

The fourth guard stands in shallow water, watching.

SOLDIER #1

Hurry!

The guard salutes the drifting boat, then whips out his sword and turns to face the approaching enemy.

The Persians arrive. The guard fights valiantly but falls with a sword through his mid-section.

Barely alive, he lifts his head to look out at the water, where the boat is already several yards from shore and moving further out. He dies.

The Persians who killed him rush into the waves, eyes glued to the boat moving further from their sight. They stop in waist-high water.

The head Persian angrily shoves his sword into his sheath and stomps back to shore. His comrades follow.

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - NIGHT

Soldier #1's boat floats many yards from the island. The two guards continue to row while the third waits patiently.

The sounds of BATTLE in the distance are heard but they are slightly calmer now.

Soldier #1 looks toward Atlantis. Something he sees troubles him greatly. In his hands, the pieces of the cubix twist and turn on their own until the picture is distorted. The glowing X fades away.

INT. ATLANTIS - SACRED TEMPLE - SUNROOM - NIGHT

King Rodaan stands before the molinar, watching and waiting, the mighty sword with a bloodstained blade hanging at his side. Several Persian bodies lie dead around the room.

The crystal's brightness vanishes. The pedestal sinks into the floor with a loud RUMBLING that shakes the robust temple. King Rodaan's eyes close in silent prayer.

EXT. ATLANTIS - NIGHT

Mass bubbles rise around the shoreline as the ground sinks lower into the sea. Inhabitants from both sides panic. Some race to boats, which grows increasingly difficult in the deepening water.

ON THE OCEAN

The horrendous RUMBLE vibrates the water. Soldier #1 clutches the cubix tightly as he stares into the darkness with a look of terror.

O.S. The loud roar of BUBBLING is heard. The human SCREAMS pick up in intensity.

A tremendous energy shockwave BLASTS from the island's direction. Wind rips past the men. A few lose their helmets. The men barely remain in their boat as sharp waves rock it violently.

Soldier #1 watches in stunned silence.

MORPH TO:

EXT. IRAQ - PERSIAN GULF - BOAT - NIGHT (DREAM)

BRODY NASH (30), physically fit in every way with a handsome face that compliments the physique, a man who can easily be your best friend and irritate the hell out of you, sits inside a rowboat, watching something in the distance intently as he holds his rifle close. He wears a marines uniform.

The boat is a hundred yards from shore. Things are quiet, except for the rolling WAVES that slap against the shoreline.

A quarter moon in the sky amongst moderate clouds keeps the sea hidden from a distance.

Five MARINES accompany Brody, full uniforms, each armed with an assault rifle. Two of the men paddle gently in an attempt to keep the noise minimal. Their destination - the beach.

SUPER: PERSIAN GULF 2015

KERPLUNK! Something drops near the boat, making a big splash. The marines whirl to the ripples spreading outward where the impact occurred.

An EXPLOSION blasts water ten yards into the air. The boat rocks violently. Marine #1 topples into the sea. He emerges, unharmed but worried.

Brody reaches out to him. Just as Marine #1 extends his hand toward Brody's...

A mortar shell lands in the boat. Brody grabs it without thought and tosses it over the opposite side from the waterlogged soldier.

BOOM! An even bigger blast sends water into the air. The boat instantly flips, catapults its occupants into the dark water. They lose their rifles.

Six heads pop through the surface next to the overturned boat. RAT-A-TAT-TAT. Gunfire coming from the direction of the shoreline erupts. Bullets strike the area of the boat.

Marine #2 is struck before his companions even know what hits them. He falls limp, blood coating the water red.

BRODY

Down!

The remaining five dive beneath the surface as another round of GUNFIRE strikes where they had been a moment earlier.

ARAB (O.S.)

(in Arabic: English sub-
titles)

They went under! Keep firing!

UNDERWATER

Brody and his four companions hold their breath as they watch the surface. A barrage of bullets strikes the water.

Marine #3 heads to the surface for air. A bullet pierces the water and strikes him in the head.