

BLOOD CELLS

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INT. MAIN ARTERY

Charlie stands in a group with four other cells. They throw a platelet to each other.

CHARLIE (V.O.)
Hi, I'm Charlie. I'm a red blood
cell, but I'm not very good at it.

Shots of Charlie messing up, getting fired, sent to scrub artery walls.

CHARLIE (V.O.)
It's not like I haven't tried
either.

Charlie scrubs the walls of an artery. His SUPERVISOR approaches.

SUPERVISOR
We haven't got all day here mate.
If this is not for you, anytime you
want to leave is fine--

CHARLIE
Where should I leave the scraper?

Charlie given papers and sent to another section.

CHARLIE (V.O.)
It's all just so boring. And there
are twenty trillion other RBCs, so
it's not like I can make a
difference. But, what's a cell
supposed to do?

Charlie spots another RBC and pegs the platelet. It strikes him in the face.

RANDOM CELL
Ahhhhh!

Charlie is disciplined and sent to assist with new cell processing.

INT. CAVERNOUS BONE MARROW CHAMBER

SUBTITLE: "Bone Marrow Center"

Thousands of red blood cells, fan out from pod-like contraptions.

A single pod rumbles, and another faceless red blood cell emerges. He stands along side other new cells.

The cells move in lines to a myriad of stations marked "Red Blood Cell Administration."

Signs illustrate safety procedures along the way.

A cell barges to the front of the line. Charlie is oblivious and hurries to apply a protective coating to each cell.

CHARLIE

Stop on the yellow line! Wait for
it...

A mold suction onto him and releases with a HISS.

Nothing happens.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

What the..?

He adjusts a dial to--

'Maximum setting'

Charlie points to him again.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Now!

The mold suction on and the impatient cell receives a human torso on one side of his body. He has distorted features from the use of 'maximum setting.'

A CELL INSPECTOR approaches Charlie. The Inspector looks Charlie up and down.

CELL INSPECTOR

How can you mess this up? You're
out of here!

He makes a baseball strike out gesture.

He stamps a card, hands it to Charlie and directs him to the left. Charlie enters an even larger chamber where he is bumped and hustled by other cells

The line stops.

BONE MARROW ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Cells in rows one through four
million, please report to sector G.

Charlie looks down at the floor.

'1,714,421'

BONE MARROW ANNOUNCER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Cells in rows five million through
eight million report to sector M.

Charlie is directed by disinterested worker cells wearing high visibility reflective vests. They wave paddles. He moves towards--

INT. SECTOR G TRAINING AREA - MAIN ARTERY

A large auditorium. The lights dim and a black and white orientation film flickers on a projector screen.

He stands next to MARVIN.

BLOOD CELL PRESENTER (V.O.)
Welcome to Sector G unit D.
Nutrient delivery, oxygen delivery
and waste removal duties. Sector GD
cells are not permitted to leave
the main arteries. Watch out for
fibrin mesh blockages and contact
your nearest Rapid Response Team in
case of emergency. Do not leave the
circulation system and do not
damage your protective coating
under any circumstances. It will
signal you for removal from the
body by the spleen.

Marvin makes a throat slitting gesture.

BLOOD CELL PRESENTER (V.O.)
You will be assigned a personal
brain cell, if you do not like your
brain cell, please contact your
Administrator. Have a nice day.

The film ends, and the line moves forward. Charlie approaches another CELL INSPECTOR at a station.

CHARLIE
Hey, it looks like I'm in the wrong
place. That guy was going on about
general duties. I'm above that.

CELL INSPECTOR #2
No, you're just another cell, son.
Report to your unit.

Charlie shakes his head... and moves away.

INT. SECTOR G, SUBUNIT D - MAIN ARTERY

A group of cells of various sizes and colors stand around an elder cell administrator, CLINT.

CLINT

...it's about being the best cell you can be. One who serves the rest and helps create an environment in which other cells feel encouraged to do their best. (He sees Charlie) Hello friend, come in and workshop with us.

Charlie raises an eyebrow. Homer motions him over.

CLINT (CONT'D)

It's okay. We have processes in place to help overcome apprehension about your new surroundings.

Charlie looks around the group and sees the attractive ZOE. He ignores Clint and moves towards her. Clint notices Charlie, and grins, understanding.

CLINT (CONT'D)

Ahh, very good. I was going to suggest the introduction game. Mix 'n mingle everybody.

The other cells move around, looking for a mingle with another cell. Charlie stands in front of Zoe.

CHARLIE

Hello, you appear to be lovely--

ZOE

So..?

CHARLIE

I'd like to introduce myself. I'm Charlie.

ZOE

Well, I'm Zoe and I don't like general duties cells.

CHARLIE

Great, because I'm not a general duties cell.

(MORE)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
I'll be joining the Rapid Response
Team as a White Blood Cell escort.

ZOE
That's not what I just heard.

CHARLIE
Yeah, but they don't know I'm
special yet.

Overhearing this, a few other cells gather around.

STEVEN
You hear this guy! He's special.
(laughs) You're just another cell,
mate. No different than the rest of
us.

More LAUGHTER and scoffs from the group.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
Besides, why would anyone want to
leave this?

He directs Charlie's attention out into the main artery. It's
a party atmosphere; cells in conga lines, no one is exerting
more effort than required and they all appear to be content.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
Life is good here, at least 5 out
of 10.

PETER
Alright, ooh, ooh, ooooh, looks
like someone's into Zoe. Not a
chance, worker.

CHARLIE
Whatever. I'm going to do something
big with my 120 days of life.

STEVEN
Hey, check this out, Mister
Special.

He squeezes the lower section of another cell, which distorts
its head. Charlie rolls his eyes. He doesn't have time for
clowning around.

INT. MAIN ARTERY

Charlie and other red blood cells are clumped together in two rows on a fibrin mesh transport, a type of conveyor that resembles a Universal Studios ride.

Directional arrows mark the upstream and downstream flow. Diamond lanes, worker lanes, RRT emergency lanes.

Up at the front, a cell, WINSTON, wearing a guide cap.

WINSTON

Please remain seated at all times
and don't exit the transport until
we've come to a complete stop.

Charlie notices an advertising slogan on the artery wall:

'Tired of your brain cell? NewCell4U can help. Find us in vein S-95, just south of the blood-brain barrier.'

He taps Zoe. She looks around and squints, annoyed.

CHARLIE

You see that?

She folds her arms tightly and looks away.

Obnoxious NYC cab driver type cells vie for the same pathway and almost collide. They scream obscenities.

WINSTON

Oh, that's perfectly normal, folks.
Don't worry about them. One of the
common problems, too many free
radicals and you get blood toxicity
and then someone gets upset.

They pass some graffiti:

'You in the X department now.' 'Just goes to show you.' 'Got your coating?' 'Recycled for your enjoyment through drinking fountains.'

WINSTON (CONT'D)

Oh, and if you're at all squeamish,
you may want to look away for a
minute.

Upstream, free radicals, like a gang of bikers, zoom around the artery walls shouting like wild men. Active hydrogen cells, wearing cop hats, give chase and neutralize a few. It's a gooey mess.

WINSTON (CONT'D)

Like I was saying, always something exciting going on. Just look at all that plasma, teaming with water droplets, enzymes, platelets, nutrients, oxygen, CO2, hormones, fat globs and waste. This is a living, breathing system down here.

Worker cells hover at the top of the artery and scrub away plaque buildup. Construction teams, repair sections of the artery.

Marvin spots a homeless cell, in a tattered coat, sitting up against the wall holding a sign: "Spare a little protein."

MARVIN

Wow. Hope I don't end up like that.

Winston slows the transport as it passes a checkpoint where a desk clerk flirts with two female cells.

WINSTON

There, you're about to survive your first trip along the main artery. Give yourselves a round of applause.

Charlie can't get his head around all this. He looks out at--

CHARLIE'S POV: Three RBCs wrangle an unruly WBC.

BACK TO SCENE

Charlie studies the other cells on the mesh, and his head begins to drift into a fantasy state...

SUPER: Fantasy

Charlie envisions himself being a success, being cheered, getting attention from pretty female cells.

The ride STOPS, jolting Charlie back to reality.

INT. MAIN ARTERY - SECTOR G, SUB-UNIT D

Charlie appears detached and distant as the group of cells gathered together for designation.

Charlie looks over at Zoe, who ignores him. Peter notices this and shakes his head.

PETER

She's out of your league, bud!

CHARLIE

Says who? She might be my cell mate.

A WBC with RBC escort arrives followed by an RRT team leader, ERIK, wearing the RRT gear. Other cells stare in awe as Erik walks up to Charlie.

ERIK

Says me... Stay away from her.

Erik shoves Charlie in the chest. Charlie riles up and shoves him back.

CHARLIE

Oh yeah! Let's see you try.

LEEDS, an elder administrator, walks up to a small podium and adjusts his glasses. He clears his throat...

LEEDS

My name is Leeds and I'm a senior administrator cell. As general duties cells, you'll work a 7.21 cycle day under the standard bio-agreement.

Charlie and Erik take their hands off one another. Erik sneers at Charlie, pulls Zoe to him,

ERIK

Slow down one cycle and my team will be there to haul you off for reprocessing. And the same goes for the rest of you!! Man, I hate rookies.

He winks at Zoe, looks over at his team, showing off his bravado and machismo, and looks back.

ERIK (CONT'D)

Later, babe.

Erik's team launches into the blood stream in formation. Zoe turns her back to Charlie.

LEEDS

It's not worth getting mixed up with those RRT types, kid. There's no future here playing hero.

(MORE)

LEEDS (CONT'D)

You know what your role on the GD team is, just accept it and get on with your job.

Charlie stares off into the blood stream. This can't be happening to him.

INT. DIGESTIVE TRACT - OUTSIDE CIRCULATORY SYSTEM

Hundreds of PATHOGEN cells gather around OTIS, their older, crazy leader. Remnants of dead cells line the walls like trophies.

OTIS

My children... From the world of darkness, I came into this being. Reborn again and again, I have died a thousand deaths for ALL of you, and now I call on you. Give in to the fear and it will cease to exist. Let loose the demons and devils that thrive in all of us. I'm a reflection of you, man, and you are of me. Your sacrifice is a gift to me. You are life and death rolled into one lightning bolt of power. I set you free to light the fires of darkness in this being. Go out and do it well, man. And... Do Something... Witchy.

With that, the Pathogens roar loud and storm into the blood stream. They are immediately attacked by blood cells and a battle breaks out.

As quickly as it started, the fighting is done. Lifeless blood cells are carried away along a vein. Otis and his team of Pathogens are unscathed.

INT. BLADDER

DRIP. DRIP. DRIP.

PATHOGEN workers scurry around with pitcher-like containers, frantically collecting yellowish fluid that's teeming with dead cells.

Otis sits calmly in the center and takes in the hectic activity.

PATHOGEN #1

Otis, why don't we just let this flow on out like it normally does? This is hard work.

OTIS

My good man, that kind of dead cell count will send a pain message straight up to you know who. We don't need a bunch of nosy antibodies ruining things for us.

PATHOGEN #1

Oh, yeah I didn't think of that.

He goes back to work. Otis grins.

OTIS

Groovy. Do I know how to pull off a cover up, or do I know how to pull off a cover up?

INT. MAIN ARTERY

Charlie, wearing a headset, moves along with oxygen and nutrients. Marvin is close by, doing the same. Charlie taps his headset.

CHARLIE

Get me the brain help line.

A short PAUSE and,

BRAIN HELP LINE (O.S.)

For lack of nutrients, press 1. For lack of oxygen press 2. For all other inquiries, press star. Para espanol, oprima nueve'.

CHARLIE

Brain cell, brain cell.

BRAIN HELP LINE (O.S.)

I'm sorry, that is not a valid option. I will now transfer you to a brain cell. This call will be recorded and played back randomly for training purposes.

OFF SCREEN - In Charlie's headset - Hold music: Hole in my heart by Cindi Lauper.

The music stops.

SHERMAN

Hah, y'all, I'm ya brain cell,
Sherman. Ya'll ever need mah help
I'll see about you faster'n a bell
clapper in a goose's ass.

CHARLIE

Wait.. What? Sherman, I need your
help. How do I become a RRT member?
I'm above these boring, menial
tasks. I'd rather be on standby in
the spleen.

SHERMAN

Well, y'all gotta be seen by 'em
RRT guys. But see, just 'cause you
put your boots in the oven, that
don't make 'em biscuits.

Charlie sulks, darn. He grabs a platelet and pitches it
sidearm down the artery. It strikes another red blood cell.

CELL

Ahhhh! My eye!

Charlie leaps into action, attempts to flag down some help.
The cell waves him off, it's okay, just a scratch.

Suddenly, TSA types with scanners and wands flow through in
response to Charlie's call for help. They appear retarded,
lazy. Covert Pathogens, slide past undetected.

The TSA types look stupidly at each other. They missed the
boat, the Pathogens are out of sight and gone.

Charlie and Marvin walks up to an older cell, PETER, who
stands with a small group of cells.

CHARLIE

Aren't you bored by this, don't you
want something more?

PETER

What, and take a risk?

STEVEN

We're preforming a vital function
down here. Don't you forget it.

CHARLIE

I know, but I want to be out there
doing things, making a difference.

PETER

You can't just be reassigned to something like the RRT. You were assigned to this team. Just accept it and get on with your tasks.

CHARLIE

I don't want to do the same thing all the time. It's boring. I'd rather be on standby in the spleen.

PETER

No, it doesn't. Standby in the spleen sucks. I was down in the hole at Club Red for 30 days and you've never seen a blood cell more excited to get back to oxygen delivery.

PETER (CONT'D)

Oxygen delivery! Wahooo, yeah!
Loving me some oxygen! (high fives)

CHARLIE

Can't you make it so it seems like I'm not here, like I'm unconscious?

PETER

Short of having you reprocessed, no. Now pack your things and get moving.

He moves forward and points a finger, go. Charlie and Marvin don't budge. Clint approaches, studies Charlie.

CLINT

You seem stressed, little one. Let's take up this issue at your first evaluation. In the meantime, go along at the required pace. We don't want stressed cells.

CHARLIE

Better watch out for the sharp edges on that oxygen. You could die from too much excitement.

Marvin laughs. They exit the area. Clint calls out.

CLINT

General duties may seem a nightmarish hell-hole where the lunatics are running the asylum!

(MORE)

CLINT (CONT'D)

But don't worry, our life isn't all that bad. You're a smart cell, you might make administrator level one day!!

BEGIN SERIES OF SHOTS

The mishaps continue: Bottle necks, poor communication between teams, laziness, complacency.

Charlie, wearing his waistband oxygen pack, asks Supervisors questions, pointing out inefficiency. He can't get a response from anyone.

Charlie trying different things, going off his route, being too late to help out, being reprimanded.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

INT. WAY STATION - MAIN ARTERY - A FEW DAYS LATER

An elder GD SUPERVISOR, Leeds, Steven, and another blood cell, TERRY, huddle as Charlie waits nearby. The Supervisor looks over an evaluation sheet.

GD SUPERVISOR

The kid did 32 cycles today. That's close to flextime performance.

STEVEN

He's making us all look bad.

TERRY

You said it, Peter. We don't want him around here no more.

LEEDS

Terry, there's been some feedback, just a few minor things. Not delivering nutrients, storing waste in fat cells. Apparently you've also been seen in the colon. Someone up in the brain, whom I shall not mention, thinks there's too much process bullying, harassment and crap management.

CHARLIE

I've found a more efficient way to deliver the oxygen.

LEEDS

If you see something like that, we have various suggestion schemes. Why don't you try submitting something to the suggestion receptacle? I would but if I accuse her of not doing something she'll argue and try to make me feel stupid.

STEVEN

The basic problem is that there's not really any work for anyone to do.

Charlie, thinks to himself...

CHARLIE (V.O.)

The pointlessness, the confusion, the bottlenecks. You walk in and just think "not motivated." There's a tendency to cover up mistakes by targeting anyone who might complain.

SUPERVISOR

We're fine. The next sector will get it. Oh that white thing, that's perfectly normal. Don't worry about that.

CLINT

Just a few small issues: not delivering nutrients, cramming fat into random cells.

CHARLIE (VO)

The only rule is: Never lag behind "T" cells. They get rid of used up and inefficient cells... Oh, and protect your coating.

INT. MAIN ARTERY

An incident occurs. A blockage, like gridlock on a downtown street. Not good. It's a three mile island disaster in the bloodstream.

GD BLOOD CELL

Get out of there. Everyone get out of there before they get here!

In another section, the RRT team prepares for deployment to the critical site, while Charlie watches, frustrated. He notices ZOE, looking intently at the RRT members.

CHARLIE

Have you ever been surrounded by
Pathogens?

Zoe doesn't answer or look at him. An older RBC notices Charlie.

OLD TIMER

This is Sector G. You know what
your role is, son. Just accept it
and get on with it. That's what I
did.

CHARLIE

No. The RRT. I want to do that...

The Old Timer moves away, nobody listens to me.

Zoe is cold towards Charlie, but there's a hint of something in her expression that says she's interested.

Charlie looks around at the RRT activity and looks at his oxygen pack. He grits his teeth at the boring, simplistic tasks he has to perform.

CHARLIE (VO) (CONT'D)

All the cudos go to the RRT's and I
carry oxygen, oxygen, oxygen.

INT. PULMINARY ARTERY

Charlie is traveling along the edge of the artery when he hears cries for help from a small vein below a lung. He taps his headset to communicate with Sherman.

CHARLIE

Hello Sherman, you there?

SHERMAN (OS)

Speak already. Y'all the one who's
plucking this goose, I'm just
watchn' the feathers fly.

CHARLIE

We have a potential clot in the
eastern branch of artery M-74.
Could be a free radical causing it.

SHERMAN (OS)
Well, partner, next available
RRT'll be there soon as...

BRAIN OPERATOR (OS)
The current wait time is now four
minutes.

Charlie looks around and spots an emergency cleaving kit. He isn't going to wait for the team. He dumps his nutrients, forsaking his coating, grabs the kit and launches into a branch vein.

INT. VEIN M-74

Charlie rolls up to a clump of desperate cells trapped in fibrin mesh. A hidden FREE RADICAL, spiny creature, lurks nearby.

Charlie quickly opens the kit, grabs what looks like it should do the job, and starts cutting the cells free.

From behind, the Free Radical attacks. Charlie pushes the cells to one side just in time and slices the Free Radical in half.

The group of cells huddle together, relieved.

RELIEVED CELL
You really saved us there.

CHARLIE
I didn't do it for your benefit. I
did it for the benefit of everyone.

Charlie looks around as the RRT team arrives. He turns to the cells.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Get out of here. Quick, you guys!

The freed cells scurry away. The RRT LEADER approaches Charlie.

RRT LEADER
What's your designation?

CHARLIE
GD cell. I reported it but didn't
wait 'cause I knew they needed
help.

RRT Leader turns to his team members.

RRT LEADER

I got a GD blood cell, out of the main arteries, cutting through potential blood clots and slicing free radicals in half.

He faces Charlie and waves a finger.

RRT LEADER (CONT'D)

Son, you're impatient, impulsive, and a danger to yourself and everyone around you...

CHARLIE

Yes, sir.

RRT LEADER

You're perfect for us. Report to the RRT Training area and get kitted up. Your training has already started.

CHARLIE

Yes, SIR!

INT. BLADDER

Otis and his team are mixing thick colored solutions in small tubs and applying a coating to a nervous looking PATHOGEN. The setup resembles a meth lab.

NERVOUS PATHOGEN

Oh man, you sure this will work?

OTIS

It'll work. This residue will mask you from the WBC teams. If anything, I'm disappointed in myself as now you'll get all the glory. Hell, you might even be credited with destroying the whole body single handed.

The Pathogen perks up and is sent into the blood stream near the bladder. Otis looks at a screen of--

THE PATHOGEN'S POV - He is covered in antigens and devoured by a WBC team instantly.

OTIS (CONT'D)

Next..! (laughs)

INT. SECTOR G AREA

Charlie stands with Marvin and other cells. Zoe moves closer, and gives Charlie a coy look.

ZOE

I'm still not sure about you. I hope you know better than to ever lose yourself.

CHARLIE

If things go the way I hope they do, I'll be a better version of myself.

Charlie looks around, and hears the whiz of traffic in the main arteries. His face lights with enthusiasm.

INT. RRT TRAINING AREA

Charlie stands at attention with Marvin and other blood cells. A muscled RRT TRAINER with tattooed arms and wearing a tank top, addresses the group.

RRT TRAINER

Ladies, welcome to RRT school. Of all the 48 million RBCs produced today and selected for RRT training, you guys are the most... recent. When I'm through with you, you'll wish you were back in the warmth of the bone marrow!

TRAINEE GROUP

Sir, yes Sir!

RRT TRAINER

When I'm through with you, actual emergencies will be a step down in intensity.

TRAINEE GROUP

Sir, yes Sir!

RRT TRAINER

When I'm through with you, the other cells will be in awe of the flexible concave disc of destruction you've become. Do you hear me!

TRAINEE GROUP

Sir, yes Sir!

RRT TRAINER

Well then... Let's see you do it!

INT. TRAINING FACILITY

The group of trainees is directed to climb over the fibrin mesh netting and do pull ups on a high bar.

Other Training STAFF CELLS stand over Charlie, taunting him like a seal team rookie.

STAFF CELL

Who let you out of the arteries,
air packer?

STAFF CELL#2

Yeah, you look like you'd struggle
to lift an enzyme. Do you even
lift, maggot?

The staff shove Charlie and the trainees toward a small capillary tube.

RRT TRAINER

At some point you may have to take
a capillary to get to a situation.
The idea is, to get to the
situation and not get stuck. Now
use your head! (points to Marvin)
Go!!

Marvin sizes up the end of the tube. He elongates his shape and squeezes inside. The others pick up on his tactic and squeeze in one by one.

INT. OXYGEN CHAMBER - MINUTES LATER

The trainees are locked in a large clear capsule. They are pinkish in color from lack of oxygen as they do their best to stack platelets, play patty cake.

RRT TRAINER

Ladies, the name of the game is
oxygen deprivation. You gotta learn
to function in low oxygen
conditions outside the circulation
system. Let's go in there. Move it,
move it.

One of the blood cells passes out and falls to the bottom of the capsule with a thud.

RRT TRAINER (CONT'D)
 This is what I'm talkin' about.
 Pathogens don't care if you can't
 breathe.

The trainees are let out of the capsule and plop down exhausted next to a fibrin netting. Charlie looks it over. He has a feeling what comes next.

The RRT Trainer paces back and forth in front of the group.

RRT TRAINER (CONT'D)
 Pathogens don't care if it hurts.
 They want to hurt you, and hurt you
 bad.

He walks next to the netting apparatus, glares at the trainees and grins. He pulls a lever and the netting drops on the group.

RRT TRAINER (CONT'D)
 Ladies, welcome to the bonus round.
 Whoever can free themselves gets to
 choose any team they want. Let's
 go!

The other cells struggle to move. Charlie tries to reach for an enzyme on his back. It's just out of his grasp.

The trainees continue to flail but can't get free. Finally,

RRT TRAINER (CONT'D)
 Time's up! No one gets to add their
 name to the honor board.

INSERT - Fibrin Escape Honor Board. The board is blank.

BACK TO SCENE

RRT TRAINER (CONT'D)
 Now we're going to put you through
 the strength test. That's one tough
 bi-layer you've got for yourself
 there.

He adjusts a dial to-- "Maximum setting"

The RRT Trainer looks at Charlie and points. Go!

Charlie takes on the netting, struggling, almost makes it through but runs out of steam.

RRT TRAINER (CONT'D)
 You've got some much-wasted energy.
 Be more efficient on that. Get your
 head screwed back on and run it
 again.

Charlie gathers some strength and charges the netting again.
 The trainee group cheer and encourage him. A bond is forming
 among the trainees.

INT. TRAINING FACILITY - LATER

The trainee group, exhausted, are lined up in front of the
 RRT Trainer, with the Staff standing behind.

RRT TRAINER
 Today, you leave here as WBC-RRT
 rookies. You guys do me proud out
 there.

He reads off a list.

RRT TRAINER (CONT'D)
 Marvin!

MARVIN
 Sir, yes Sir!

RRT TRAINER
 Team 74... Charlie!

CHARLIE
 Sir, yes Sir!

RRT TRAINER
 Team 74. Make your way to--

ADMINISTRATOR SNELL walks up in a huff, points at Charlie.

ADMINISTRATOR SNELL
 Not so fast. This cell has NOT been
 released from his general duties.

The RRT Trainer has been through this before.

RRT TRAINER
 I think you'll find he's been
 relocated under requisition order
 551: elite cellular support
 services. Take it up with your
 departmental secretary cell in the
 brain.

Administrator Snell has been outsmarted, but isn't about to let this pass.

ADMINISTRATOR SNELL
You haven't heard the last of this!
I'm sending a memo to the chief
departmental secretary.

Snell storms off. The RRT Trainer chuckles.

RRT TRAINER
Fortunately, that kind of red tape
takes some time.

He motions to Charlie, who leaves for Team 74 orientation with Marvin. Charlie has a broad smile on his face, proud of his accomplishment.

INT. BLADDER

The dripping has all but stopped. The number of Pathogen workers that earlier crowded the area is down to a few, who cower in the corner trying to hide.

Otis is on a headset to Pathogen HQ. There are mixing bowls and ingredients strewn about everywhere.

OTIS
Yes, another 100 or so Pathogen
workers... Actually, better make it
Sector 98-6. They can multiply but
there's some issues.

PATHOGEN HQ (OS)
Why haven't you re-initiated
replication?

OTIS
The issue has been, we're losing
them faster than we can replicate.
You know that pathogens evade the
bodies defenses, multiply, grow,
then split in two. But conditions
are only optimum every 20 minutes.

PATHOGEN HQ (OS)
You said issues, as in more than
one. What's the other issue?

OTIS
Well, see, now they got this new
guy...

PATHOGEN HQ (O.S.)
What new guy?!

INT. BLOODSTREAM

Charlie, is attempting to manage a confused and overstuffed white blood cell, heavily laden with toxins. It's ungainly, and aggressive towards him, thrashing wildly.

Charlie grabs some floating debris and holds it out in his hand as an offering.

CHARLIE
Here, take this along. Where you going, the bowels? This is top grade discard, buddy. You can do it.

The WBC roars in his face and hurries away in the stream.

Charlie shows his disappointment and compassion for the cell. He looks around and spots another WBC cowering. He attempts an offering, but to no avail.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Look, dude. I've got things to do upstream, you've got things to do downstream. C'mon.

The cell shakes its head, pleading to be left alone. Charlie decides to try another approach. He pretends he's reaching into his pocket, and nods that he has something special. The WBC becomes momentarily curious and forgets its plight.

Marvin rolls up and STOPS, seeing Charlie and the WBC facing off.

MARVIN
What's going on, another problem white? You want some help?

Charlie gives him the "shhh" signal. Marvin watches as Charlie extends the closed hand, opens it and shows the WBC he has nothing.

TENSE MOMENT - Charlie and Marvin wait for a reaction.

Now, the WBC laughs, catching the two completely by surprise. He gestures eagerly, wants to see the trick again.

MARVIN (CONT'D)
Would ya check that out?

Charlie duplicates the pocket move and extends his closed hand, but the WBC rejects it...and points to Marvin.

CHARLIE

Looks like you're elected, Marvin.

MARVIN

Me? I only know one way to do that trick.

The WBC becomes agitated, and stomps to see the trick again.

CHARLIE

C'mon, before we lose this guy.

Marvin grins, I got this. He pretends he's digging something out of both back pockets and holds out both closed fists. The WBC cocks its head to the side, contemplates, and points to one.

Marvin shakes his head, nope, and opens the hand. The WBC points to the other one. Marvin opens the empty hand and the WBC busts out laughing.

With that, the three begin bounding back and forth in a celebration of play. They circle one another and the WBC pokes at Charlie's coating and laughs. Charlie returns the gesture in a mutual display of respect. As the playing continues,

MARVIN

Hey, we just made a friend from the other side of the liver. That's gotta be a first.

CHARLIE

I don't think this one's been through there yet. He doesn't look like he's packing toxins... By the way, why did you happen along when you did?

MARVIN

Oh, I almost forgot. There's a rumor circulating about some kind of a virus.

Instantly, the WBC freezes in its tracks at the mention of a virus. There's mortal fear in its expression and it becomes agitated again.

Charlie has to think fast. He holds up his hands and gestures for the WBC to calm down.

CHARLIE

It's just a rumor, okay?

MARVIN

What's he all messed up about?
That's the calling of a lifetime
for a white...

CHARILE

No, there's something different
about this one. Like he was wrongly
designated or something.

MARVIN

Wrongly what?

At that moment, an RRT appears and glides up to Charlie and Marvin, surprising them. He eyes the agitated WBC.

RRT

Easy boy, easy. It'll be over
before you know what hit ya. Hey,
Charlie, once our antibodies are
attached to the white, keep away
from its mouth.

He hands Charlie a pouch labeled: "Antibodies" and zooms off. Charlie studies the look of fright on the WBC, and looks around.

MARVIN

What are you doing? Just dose it up
and let's go.

Charlie ignores him and spots another WBC in the stream, coming their way. He times it perfect and attaches the antibodies, and shoves the cell down stream.

Now, he motions the WBC.

CHARLIE

You're coming with us.

MARVIN

We can't do that! We'll be up for a
big time reprimand.

CHARLIE

Not if no one finds out.

He motions for the WBC to tuck in behind he and Marvin, and the three head upstream.

MARVIN

I suppose you're gonna name it,
too.

CHARLIE

Good idea. Barry, welcome to the
party.

MARVIN

Barry the white. I like it, it's
got a nice ring to it.

INT. LOWER INTESTINE - DIGESTIVE TRACT

In the colon area, a pile of GRISTLE and CORN KERNELS under a
sign: "Indigestible." A capsule with ACAI BERRY written on
it, sits off to one side.

The enzyme in charge, BILLY, is wearing white cowboy boots,
gloves, chaps and a COWBOY HAT. He's wading in feces and
using a vacuum device to suck up chunks of the muck.

Charlie shows up and before he can speak, everything starts
to shake. Charlie grabs hold of the wall.

BILLY

Don't worry, it's just a fart.
...Oh, here's a good one.

THUNK. The piece of muck disappears up the vacuum tube.

BILLY (CONT'D)

This is killin' my machine. I need
more water. For God's sake, can I
get more water down here! Or at
least a dose of gluten lube.

He splatters Charlie with muck from his gloves.

CHARLIE

Hey, Billy!! What the...

BILLY

Sticky, right? Not gettin' enough
fiber in the ol diet.

INT. CRANIAL ARTERY

Erik and his RRT team travel upstream toward the brain. All
wear headsets and move along in formation. CHATTER in the
headsets from central dispatch, similar to an air traffic
controller.

CENTRAL DISPATCH (OS)
Team 14, maintain course on vessel
B-28. RRT-3, what is your present
position?

Up ahead, they spot something.

RRT TEAM #1
What's that?

RRT TEAM #3
It might be a tumor.

ERIK
It's not a tumor. Stand by,
dispatch.

RRT TEAM #1
Gee, we don't have an embolism, do
we?

ERIK
Rookie... No guessing, remember?
Dispatch, I need an assessment tech
at grid three-niner north.

INT: STOMACH

Digestive enzymes chew up bits of food and vomit it out on
each other.

END OF REVISIONS.....

close up on the blockage. Tell where it came from Oitis'
sceme. In the next instant, see below...

Homer directing the action, ordering the cells.

Narrator's VO describes the following

In liver, bring the pathogens here for processing. antibodies
link to rbcs, haul them to the liver. Pathogens marked with
antibodies (tagged by RBCs). mark a pathogen for white blood
cells to attack. T-cells killers identify antigens, b-cells
produce antibodies. RRT strafing runs with antigens. Marking
pathogens and other things for destruction.

Meeting the various enzymes and cells, he starts to realize everything functions as a team Inauthentic - tries to impress Zoe using the same approach as the RRT cells in the beginning. Arrogant.

ZOE

You're such a jerk!

Charlie and his team of RRT's come forward walking abreast. They launch into the

False High - they defeat some pathogens, but not Henry's team.

An older RRT is complacent.

INT. BLADDER

Otis is mixing a solution in two containers, pouring it back and forth, back and forth. Pathogens watch with twisted fascination. Henry holds up one of the containers.

OTIS

I stand before you today proudly.
Our efforts have been diligent and
now we alone, will reap the
rewards...

SCENE FORMAT: Otis launches an attack, undetected by the WBC's and other cells. Using them as shields, contempt for life. Ambushes Charlie's RRT. Very much on top, causing chaos and destruction. Free radicals unchecked as a result.

Pathogens attack and destroy tissue, cling onto the surface. Produce toxins that attack tissues. Strafing cells. Charlie limps back alone. Report heavy losses in other sectors.

INT. SECTOR M, SECTOR V

IN SCENE FORMAT: On patrol, ambushed, gets separated from the rest you have to go on other guy sacrifices you'll be ok keep going how did you wipes the coating off help me to spread the pathogens and together we can rule this body never charlie ruptures his coating they arrive, launch antigens, etc. some sort of comedic exchange, teamwork trumps selfishness, etc. some other small twist to reward another, lesser cell

BLOOD CELL

Oh boy. Not good, this is not good
at all.

BLOOD CELL#3
Game over man, game over!

Charlie survives, arrives back at sector G. Peter, the old cell comes up to him, notices he seems deflated.

PETER
More than you bargained for, kid?

CHARLIE
I can't beat him, I just can't.

He paws at the foreign coating, but doesn't know how to remove it. Old cell scolds him.

PETER
You have to be that guy. The routine, the discipline, is what keeps us alive.

CHARLIE
I... I don't know what I'm doing.

OLD CELL
The potential is there, use your instinct.

Peter gives him a cleaving tool, the one that once was his.

CHARLIE
You weren't there, you don't know what it's like. Team's wiped out - team 6, 17.

SCENE FORMAT: Marvin's armour is recovered. 'Give me something here Marvin.' Finds some of the coating. Dilemma - stay back and lick his wounds or return to face the pathogen. He looks around at the GD, realizes they need him. He has to take a step into the unknown. Back into the action, goes around with the GD people one last time because he is going to sacrifice himself. Makes a decision to go back in. Loads up with nutrients, given an enzyme and fibrin mesh netting to hold his supplies by Zoe.

ZOE
I believe in you. (hands Charlie an enzyme) For luck...

Charlie takes the enzyme, puts it under his fibrin net and moves out.

RANDOM BLOOD CELL
I think he's gonna go for it. Go for it, mate!

OBNOXIOUS JOCK CELL

Yeah!

Charlie launches into the blood stream, a tear rolls down his face, then he steels his gaze. A friend's in peril.

INT. BLOOD STREAM

Charlie confronts a Lead Pathogen, captured and restrained by fibrin.

LEAD PATHOGEN

We're going to use you as a host
for our virus to infect all of your
friends.

SCENE FORMAT: All is lost at this point and Charlie makes the decision to sacrifice himself. Tries to escape the fibrin, but it is useless He thinks back to the video, 'whatever you do, don't damage your protective coating.. it will signal the WBC team to collect you for destruction' He thinks of his friends and the other areas of the body and takes the decision to sacrifice himself, to save them. Will use the immune system to spread bacteria, they'll remain alive and safe inside the macrophage, grow and replicate, bursts out, eaten by other macs and become infected. Charlie will be eaten and start this process Charlie thinks back to some of the GD cell characters, wants to save them Profoundly wise, life affirming short speech given by the poor, oppressed minority, uneducated, or mentally challenged character to the more-educated protagonist. He purposely provokes the pathogen, who takes a chunk out of his side. White cells patrolling notice it and race to the area. Appealing to the shapeshifter's ego, either through flattery or through dismissive skepticism: Charlie tells the pathogen he has won, but wants to know how did he make the coating. Ego of the pathogen has to tell him. Monologue. A simple acidic coating! Charlie is turning pink from lack of oxygen.

HENRY

A simple acidic coating! Of course,
it took many failed attempts but we
got there. Bacteria will be put
inside you. At a certain point, you
will be eaten by a WBC. Once
inside, the bacteria will grow and
replicate, then burst out to be
eaten by other WBC's who in turn
will become infected. You will be
the cell that started it all.

CHARLIE
There's one thing you're
forgetting.

HENRY
Oh yeah, what's that?

CHARLIE
We're a team and we stick together.

Instantly, Charlie slams the enzyme into Henry's face. It breaks and starts to eat through the coating.

HENRY
Noooo!

Henry lashes out and catches Charlie on the side, damaging his coating. All he has left in his bag is a single enzyme, the one given to him by Zoe.

Charlie activates the enzyme and it starts to eat away the tissue and adhesive holding the pathogen's coating together.

PATHOGEN
No, ahhhh!

The WBC team with RRT escort arrive. RRT members free Charlie.

WHITE BLOOD CELL
This cell is to be reprocessed.

The WBC's move closer to Charlie and he backs away, in fear. To his surprise, they attack pathogens instead and an epic battle ensues in the artery.

SOUNDTRACK - "Everybody was Kung-fu fighting"

The RRT's and WBC's are victorious, but Charlie is gravely injured. A WBC picks up his limp body.

WBC
This one goes to discard.

SHERMAN
No! We can save him!

Instantly, Charlie is given first aid and starts to regain his color. He opens his eyes.

SHERMAN (CONT'D)
You got mangled up pretty bad
there, man.

CHARLIE
 Sherman, I need help.

SHERMAN
 The heck you do. But you sound like
 you got one wheel down and the axle
 dragging.

Charlie manages a smile.

INT. MAIN ARTERY

Hundreds of cells are lined up in the main artery. Billy, the enzyme, in the digestive tract. Sherman, in the brain, watching on a screen.

A blood cell band plays: "Kick start my heart" as Charlie is paraded past the cheering crowd. He is in fine health, red, shiny and has a jagged scar on his side.

Zoe waves at him, he moves towards her. Another female cell moves in between and gives him an enzyme.

CHARLIE
 Thanks, but no thanks.

He throws it to the side and it strikes a random cell.

RANDOM CELL
 Ahhhhhhh!

Charlie embraces Zoe.

ADMINISTRATOR SNELL
 There are so many breaches of
 regulation with what you just did.
 I'm going to open a formal
 investigation into this!

Erik grabs a string from his WBC and ties it to Administrator Snell. He slaps the WBC on the back.

ERIK
 Hooya!

The WBC takes off, Administrator Snell drags along behind it, crying out. Everyone cheers.

Erik approaches Charlie and offers his hand. Charlie looks at his hand, then looks at Erik--

INSERT: Hands clasp...

The two look at each other, smile and nod.

INT. MAIN ARTERY

Cells whiz around and now perform their duties in an efficient manner.

INT. RRT BRIEFING ROOM

Charlie and other team leaders come in and assemble their teams. Charlie signals his team of cells to move out.

INT. NARROW VEIN

Charlie leads two cells on either side. He taps his headset.

CHARLIE

Sherman, good news. We got ourselves an old fashioned muster. We're off to round up some stem cells.

SHERMAN (O.S.)

Hot dog, they're as scarce as green grass around a hog trough. It's gonna be like ,trying to put socks on a rooster, but I'm on it.

CHARLIE

Thanks, Sherman.

Charlie turns both ways to check on his team, motions forward and smiles. His vision has come true.

FADE OUT

Chase scene, Bullitt. Dark shapes hiding in an alley way, pull out behind Charlie and he takes off.