

THE CANCERIAN

by

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FADE IN:

A MICROSCOPIC VIEW of cellular mitosis. The division of a single cell gives way to a vast, kaleidoscopic field of biological growth.

This symphony of vibrant warmth is bisected by the veined appearance of a single ABNORMAL CELL. Its sinewy reach expands, dividing into more bulbous, deformed aberrations.

The process accelerates. The warm sea of healthy cells is consumed by the darkness of the fully-formed CANCER CELLS.

They further congeal into the venomous heap of a TUMOR.

A shining BLADE descends like the Hand of God, meeting the tumor at the top of its grasp on the healthy tissue. With incredible precision, the scalpel begins to carve off the clinging abnormality.

Slowly the detail of this micro-reality fades into the pixelated minimalism of a digital representation ...

INT. OPERATING ROOM - DAY

The digital tumor fills a translucent glass-screen monitor.

The image is intermittently obscured by two GLOVED HANDS with complex tracking mechanisms attached to each digit. Their movements remotely guide the scalpel represented on the screen with a practiced precision.

MICROSCOPIC VIEW

The scalpel continues to slice, making its way down the length of the tumor. It slows to a stop.

Past the steadied blade, the scalpel is attached to a CLAWED ROBOT. An arsenal of miniature medical instruments adorn its crab-like appendages.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - DAY

The gloved hands freeze. Something DRIPS onto them ...

Beads of sweat slide down the face of DR. ALEXANDRA "LEX" GALEN, 30s. Expression resolute, her breath sprays the drops collected around her mouth.

A NURSE's hand swoops in and taps her face dry with a towel.

MICROSCOPIC VIEW

The scalpel makes it about halfway down the tumor before JARRING on a dramatic tangent into healthy tissue.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - DAY

Panic overtakes the room. From the white curtains that encircle the entire operating stage, TECHNICIANS rush to check equipment towers, and NURSES huddle around Lex.

She repels them with an outward flex of her elbows.

A Tech inspects the wired connection between the equipment towers and her gloves. He gives her a "thumbs up."

MICROSCOPIC VIEW

As the scalpel resets its position to continue cutting, the already severed section of the tumor flops over enough to reveal a glistening SHARD of hardened, crystalline tissue.

It sits right where the blade veered off course.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - DAY

On the screen, the shard is represented by an empty spot of unrendered data. A black cluster of unidentifiable mystery.

Confused, Lex's brow furrows.

The BEEP of a heart monitor quickens. Behind her, in the center of the room, a coffin-sized capsule sits on the operating table. Lightly frosted glass obscures the face of her patient.

Lex closes her eyes, toning out the rest of the room. She takes a few breaths to focus. Opening her eyes into a stare more resolute than before, she continues ...

MICROSCOPIC VIEW

The scalpel attempts to cut around the shard.

Just as it picks up speed, the blade VEERS off again. The tissue pulls back further, revealing DOZENS MORE SHARDS.

Scraping down the length of the shards, the scalpel embeds itself deep into the healthy tissue.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - DAY

The the heart monitor's beep FLATLINES.

Its deathly tone cuts through the silence of the room.

LEX (V.O.)
 My name is Doctor Alexandra Galen.
 My patient needs little introduction.

Tossing off her gloves, Lex walks over to the capsule. Her patient exhales a final breath, melting the window's frost enough to reveal the dignified face of MR. GATES, 40s.

INT. SUSPENDED ANIMATION CHAMBER - DAY (PAST)

Mr. Gate's face is warm with the glow of life. Behind him, the capsule is propped up in a cavernous medical chamber.

LEX (V.O.)
 Forty years ago, Mr. Gates famously participated in an early suspended animation trial.

Mr. Gates embraces, MRS. GATES, 30s, before stepping into the open capsule. Contemporary DOCTORS surround them.

LEX (V.O.)
 His hope: to be revived in a future when a tumor as rapidly developing as his didn't spell death.

Mrs. Gates gives Mr. Gates and final kiss and joins the Doctors behind a control panel.

LEX (V.O.)
 Decades of traditional research have not fulfilled that hope.

The doors of the capsule slide shut.

LEX (V.O.)
 Today, we take a radical step forward.

Mr. Gates smiles to his wife through the glass. He mouths something to her. She cries.

LEX (V.O.)
 Today, we return Mr. Gates to his wife.