Atlantis: The Lost Empire

By Tab Murphy
MEN:

[Hitting gong]
Aah!
Mahtim!
Mahtim!
Mahtim!

MILO:

gentlemen.
First off, I'd like
to thank this board...
for taking the time
to hear my proposal.
Now, we've all heard
of the legend of Atlantis...
a continent somewhere
in the mid-Atlantic...
that was home
to an advanced civilization...
possessing technology
far beyond our own...
that, according
to our friend Plato here...
was suddenly struck
by some cataclysmic event...
that sank it
beneath the sea.
Now, some of you may ask,
why Atlantis?
It's just a myth, isn't it?
Pure fantasy.
Well, that is
where you'd be wrong.
before the Egyptians...
built the pyramids...
Atlantis had electricity,
advanced medicine...
even the power of flight.
Impossible, you say?
Well, no.
No, not for them.
Numerous ancient cultures
all over the globe agree...
that Atlantis possessed
a power source of some kind...
more powerful than steam,
than... than coal.
More powerful than
our modern...
internal combustion engines.
Gentlemen, I propose
that we find Atlantis...
find that power source...
and bring it back
to the surface.

Now, this is a page
from an illuminated text...
that describes a book called
the Shepherd's Journal...
said to have been
a first-hand account...
of Atlantis
and its exact whereabouts.
Now, based on a centuries-old
translation of a Norse text...
historians have believed
the Journal resides in Ireland.
But after
comparing the text...
to the runes
on this Viking shield...
I found that
one of the letters...
had been mistranslated.
So, by changing this letter...
and inserting
the correct one...
we find that
the Shepherd's Journal...
the key to Atlantis...
lies not in Ireland,
gentlemen...
but in Iceland.
Uhh!

[Softly]
Pause for effect.
Gentlemen, uh,
I'll take your questions now.
[Telephone rings]
Uh, would you gentlemen
please excuse me for a moment?
[Rings]
Cartography and Linguistics,
Milo Thatch speaking.
[Indistinct angry ranting]
Yeah. Uh, just... just a second.
Pardon me, Mr. Hickenbottom.
[Hissing]
How's that?
Is that better?
[Indistinct angry ranting]
Uh-huh. Yeah.
You're welcome.

VOICE:
let it happen again!
All right, bye.
Now, as you can see
by th...
by this, um, map... map,
uh, that... that...
ahem... that I've drawn,
I plotted the route...
that will take myself
and a crew...
to the southern coast of Iceland
to retrieve the Journal.
[Cuckoos four times]
Ah, showtime.
Well, this is it.
I am finally getting
out of the dungeon.
[Thunk]
[Thunk]
[Whoosh]
"Dear Mr. Thatch,
this is to inform you...
"that your meeting today
has been moved up...

"from 4:
To 3:

What?

[Whoosh]

"Dear Mr. Thatch,
due to your absence...
"the board has voted
to reject your proposal.
"Have a nice weekend.
Mr. Harcourt's office."

They can't
do this to me!

HARCOURT:

that young Thatch...
gets crazier every year.
If I ever hear the word
"Atlantis" again...
I'll step
in front of a bus!
Ha ha ha!
I'll push you!

MILO:

Good Lord!
There he is!
Members of the board...
uh, wait!

HARCOURT:

MILO:

MAN:

HARCOURT:

when you need him?

MILO:

gotta listen to me, sir!
Uh, sir?
Wait! Mr. Harcourt!
Sir, l-I have new evidence
that... Please, Mr. Harcourt!
Stop! Sir, if you...
Could you hold...
Thank you very much.
Look at...
This museum funds
scientific expeditions...
based on facts,
not legends and folklore.
Besides, we need you here.
- We depend on you.
- You do?
Yes! What with winter coming...
that boiler's going to need
a lot of attention.
- Boiler?
- Onward, Heinz!
But there...
there's a journal!
It's in Iceland!
I'm sure of it this time!
[Thud]
Sir, I really hoped
it wouldn't come to this...
but this is... uhh...
a letter of resignation.
If you reject my proposal,
I'll... Whoa!
I'll quit!
I mean it, sir.
If you refuse
to fund my proposal...
You'll what?
Flush your career
down the toilet...
just like
your grandfather?
You have a lot
of potential, Milo.
Don't throw it all away
chasing fairy tales.
But I can prove
Atlantis exists!
You want to go
on an expedition?
Here. Take a trolley
to the Potomac and jump in!
Maybe the cold water will
clear your head. Heinz!
[Car drives off]
[Antique car horn honks]
[Thunder]
I'm home.
Fluffy?
Here, kitty.
[Clicking]
[Thunder]
Milo James Thatch?
Who... who are you?
How did you get in here?
I came down the chimney.
Ho, ho, ho.
My name is
Helga Sinclair.
I'm acting on behalf
of my employer...
who has a most intriguing
proposition for you.
Are you interested?
Your... your...
your employer? Heh.
Who is your employer?
[Thunder]
[Thunder]
This way, please.
And don't drip
on the Caravaggio.
Step lively.
Mr. Whitmore does not like
to be kept waiting.
You will address him as
"Mr. Whitmore" or "Sir."
You will stand unless
asked to be seated.
Keep your sentences short
and to the point.
Are we clear?
[Gulp]
And relax.
He doesn't bite... often.
Grandpa?
Finest explorer I ever met.
Preston Whitmore.
Pleasure to meet you, Milo.
[Crunch]
[Sighs]
Join me in a little yoga?
Uh, no, no.
Thank you.
Did you really
know my grandfather?
Oh, yeah. Met old Thaddeus
back in Georgetown.
Class of '66.
We stayed close friends...
till the end of his days.
[Grunting]
Even dragged me along...
on some of his
danged fool expeditions.
Thatch was crazy
as a fruit bat, he was.
He spoke of you often.
Funny. He... he never
mentioned you.
Oh, he wouldn't.
He knew how much
I liked my privacy.
[Grunting]
I keep a low profile.
Mr. Whitmore, should I be
wondering why I'm here?
Look on that table.

**WHITMORE:**
It's for you.
It's... it's from my grandfather.
He brought that package
to me years ago.
He said if anything
were to happen to him...
I should give it to you...
when you were ready...
whatever that means.

MILO:
It can't be.
It's the Shepherd's Journal.
Mr. Whitmore,
this journal is the key...
to finding the lost
continent of Atlantis!
Atlantis! Ha ha ha!
I wasn't born yesterday, son.
No, no, no.
Look... Look at this.
Coordinates. Clues.
It's all right here.
Yeah, looks like
gibberish to me.
That's because it's
been written in a dialect...
that no longer exists.
- So it's useless.
- No, no, just difficult.
I've spent my whole life
studying dead languages.
It's not gibberish to me.
Ah, it's probably a fake.
Mr. Whitmore, my grandfather
would have known...
if this were a fake.
I would know.
I will stake everything I own,
everything that I believe in...
that this is the genuine
Shepherd's Journal.
All right,
all right.
So what do you want
to do with it?
Well, Ill... Ill...
I'll get funding.
I mean, Ill... The museum...

WHITMORE:
never believe you.
I'll show them!
I will make them believe.
Like you did today?
Yes! Well, no.
How did you...
Forget about them,
OK? Never mind!
I will find Atlantis
on my own.
I mean, if I have
to rent a rowboat!
Congratulations, Milo.
This is exactly
what I wanted to hear.
But forget the rowboat, son.
We'll travel in style.
It's all been arranged,
the whole ball of wax.
Why?
For years your granddad
bent my ear...
with stories
about that old book.
I didn't buy it for a minute.
So finally I got fed up...
and made a bet
with the old coot.
I said, "Thatch, if you
ever actually find...
"that so-called journal...
"not only will I
finance the expedition...
"but I'll kiss you
full on the mouth."
Imagine my embarrassment...
when he found
the darn thing.
Now I know your
grandfather's gone, Milo...
God rest his soul,
but Preston Whitmore...
is a man who keeps his word.
You hear that, Thatch?
I'm going to the afterlife...
with a clear conscience,
by thunder!

[Chuckles]
[Sighs]
Your grandpa was a great man.
You probably don't
realize how great.
Those buffoons at the museum
dragged him down...
made a laughingstock of him.
He died a broken man.
If I could bring back
just one shred of proof...
that'd be enough for me.
Ah, Thatch.
What are we
standing around for?
We got work to do.
But, Mr. Whitmore, you know,
in order to do...
what you're proposing,
you're gonna need a crew.
Taken care of!
You'll need engineers
and... and geologists.

WHITMORE:
The best of the best.
Gaetan Moliere,
geology and excavation.
The man
has a nose for dirt.
Vincenzo Santorini,
demolitions.
Busted him out
of a Turkish prison.
Audrey Ramirez.
Don't let her age fool you.
She's forgotten more
about engines...
than you or I will ever know.
They're the same crew that
brought the Journal back.
Where was it?
WHITMORE:
I knew it!
I knew it!
All we need now is
an expert in gibberish.
So it's decision time.
You can build on the foundation
your grandfather left you...
or you can go back
to your boiler room.
- This is for real.
- Now you're catching on.
All right. OK. L-l-I'll
have to quit my job.
It's done.
You resigned this afternoon.

MILO:

WHITMORE:
Don't like
to leave loose ends.
Um, my apartment.
I have to give notice.
- Taken care of.
- My clothes?
- Packed.
- My books?
- In storage.
- My cat?
[Meow]
My gosh.
Your granddad had a saying.
"Our lives are remembered...
by the gifts
we leave our children."
This journal
is his gift to you, Milo.
Atlantis is waiting.
What do you say?
I'm your man, Mr. Whitmore.
You will not regret this.
Boy, I am so excited,
I can't even hold it in.

[Ship's horn blows]

Carrots.
Why is there always carrots?
I didn't even eat carrots.

PACKARD:
All hands to the launch bay.
To whoever took the "L"
from the Motor Pool sign...
ha ha, we are
all very amused.
Excuse me?
I need to, uh, report in?
Yes, Mr. Thatch?
Aah!
Uh, it's you!
Blondie, I got a bone
to pick with you.
Hold that thought.
What is it this time, Cookie?
You done stuffed my wagon full
to bustin' with non-essentials.
Look at all this...
cinnamon, oregano, cilantro.
What in the cockadoodle
is cilantro?
And what is this?
That would be lettuce.
Lettuce? Lettuce?!
It's a vegetable, Cookie.
The men need
the four basic food groups.
I got your
four basic food groups!
Beans, bacon, whiskey, and lard!
[Warning alarm sounds]
All right, cowboy.
Pack it up and move it out.

PACKARD:
All hands to the launch bay.
Final loading in progress.
[Elevator starts]
VINNY:
Hey, Junior.
If you're lookin'
for the pony rides...
they're back there.
Excuse me.
Excuse me?
You dropped
your dy-dy-dy-dynamite.
Heh heh heh.
What else have you,
uh, got in there?
Oh, eh, gunpowder,
nitroglycerin, notepads...
fuses, wicks, glue, and...
paper clips.
Big ones.
You know, just,
uh, office supplies.
Milo! Where you been?
I want you to meet
Commander Rourke.
He led the Iceland team
that brought the Journal back.
Milo Thatch.
Pleasure to meet the grandson
of old Thaddeus.
I see you got that journal.
Nice pictures, but...
I prefer a good western myself.
Pretty impressive, eh?
Boy, when you settle a bet,
y-you settle a bet.
Well, your granddad
always believed...
you couldn't put a price
on the pursuit of knowledge.
Well, uh, believe me
this'll be small change...
compared to the value
of what we're gonna...
learn on this trip.
Yes, this should be
enriching for all of us.

**PACKARD:**
all personnel.
Launch will commence
in 15 minutes.
- Mr. Whitmore.
- Rourke.

**ROURKE:**
It's time.
- Bye, Mr. Whitmore!
- Make us proud, boy!

**DIVING OFFICER:**
Rig ship for dive!
**CHIEF OF THE WATCH:**
Aye, sir! Rig ship for dive.
Lieutenant, take her down.
Diving officer,
submerge the ship.
Make the depth 1-5-0 feet.

**DIVING OFFICER:**
Make the depth 1-5-0 feet.

**INTERCOM:**
Five degrees down bubble.

**DIVING OFFICER:**
Take us down.
[Warning alarm buzzes]

**PACKARD:**
Tonight's supper
will be baked beans.
Musical program to follow.
[Sighs]

**PACKARD:**
Aah!
You have disturbed the dirt.
- Uh, pardon me?
- You have disturbed the dirt!
Dirt from around the globe, spanning the centuries!

[Gasps] What have you done?
England must never merge with France!
- What's it doin' in my bed?
- You ask too many questions.
Who are you? Who sent you? Speak up!
- Me? I'm, uh...
- Bah! I will know soon enough.
Hey, hey, hey!
Let go!
Do not be such a crybaby.
Hold still.
Aha! There you are.
Now tell me your story, my little friend.
Parchment fiber from the Nile circa 500 B. C.
Lead pencil, number 2.
Paint flecks...
of a type used in government buildings.
You have a cat, short-haired Persian...
two years old, third in a litter of seven.
There are all the microscopic fingerprints...
of the mapmaker.
And linguist.
- Hey, how did you...
- This is an outrage!
You must leave at once!
Out, out, out, out, out!
Uh-oh. Sat in the dirt, didn't you?
Moliere, now what have I told you...
about playing nice with the other kids?
Get back. I've got soap, and I'm not afraid to use it.
[Hisses]
Back, foul creature!
Back to the pit
from which you came!
[Grunts]
The name's Sweet.
Joshua Sweet.
Medical officer.

MILO:
Milo Thatch.

You're my 3:
Well, no time like the present.
- Oh, boy.
- Nice, isn't it?
The catalog says
that this little beauty...
can saw through a femur
in 28 seconds.
I'm bettin' I can
cut that time in half.
Now, stick out your
tongue and say "ahh."
Oh, no, really,
I have a... Aah.
- So, where you from?
- [Grunting]
Really? I have
family up that way.
Beautiful country up there.
Do you do any fishing?
[Garbled speech]
Me? I hate fishing.
I hate fish.
Hate the taste,
hate the smell...
and hate all them
little bones.
Here, I'm gonna need you
to fill these up.
[Sputters]
With what?
PACKARD:
please report to the bridge?
Thank you.
I mean, uh, uh,
nice meeting you.
Uh-huh. Nice meeting you, too.
So I says to him,
"What's wrong with my meatloaf?"
And he says to me... Oh.
Hold on a second, Margie,
I got another call.
Sir, we're approaching
coordinates.
Hello, Margie?
Yeah, so anyways, he says...

ROURKE:
let's have a look around.

HELGA:
Set course to 2-4-0.
on the bow planes.
Come right 2-4-0.
Welcome to the bridge,
Mr. Thatch.
OK, everybody...
I want you
to give Mr. Thatch...
your undivided attention.
Good afternoon.
Can everyone hear me OK?
Heh, OK, uh, how...
how 'bout some slides?
The... the first slide is
a depiction of a creature.
A creature so frightening...
that sailors were said
to be driven mad...
by the mere sight of it.

PACKARD:
Uh, I'm sorry.
That's... wrong.
[Spanish accent] Geez,
I used to take lunch money...
from guys like this.
Anyway, this, uh... OK.
This is an illustration
of the Leviathan...
the creature guarding
the entrance to Atlantis.
With something like that...
I would have white wine,
I think.
It's a mythical sea serpent.
He's described
in the Book of Job.
The... the Bible says...
"Out of his mouth
go burning lights...
sparks of fire shoot out."
But more likely it's
a carving or a sculpture...
to frighten
the superstitious.
So we find this masterpiece.
Then what?
When do we dig?
Actually, we don't have to dig.
You see, according
to the Journal...
the path to Atlantis
will take us down a tunnel...
at the bottom of the ocean,
and we'll come up a curve...
into an air pocket
right here...
where we'll find
the remnants...
of an ancient highway
that will lead us to Atlantis.
Kind of like the grease trap
in your sink.
Cartographer, linguist, plumber.
Hard to believe
he's still single.
- You said there'd be digging.
- Go away, Mole.
Captain, you'd better come look at this, sir.
OK, class dismissed.
Give me exterior lights.
Look at that.
There are ships here from every era.
[Beeping]
[Hiss]
[Radio static]
Commander, I think you should hear this.
"Predeshtem logtu nug... nah geb."

PACKARD:
Commander?
"Enter the lair of the Leviathan."

PACKARD:
"There you will find the path to the gateway."

PACKARD:
Yes, Mrs. Packard.
What is it?
I'm picking up something on the hydrophone...
- I think you should hear.
- Put it on speakers.
[Groaning and whooshing sounds]
What is it?
A pod of whales?
It sounds metallic.
Could be an echo off one of the rocks.
Do you want to do my job?
Be my guest.
Is it just me, or is that getting louder?
Well, whatever it was, it's gone now.
Helmsman!
Bring us about.
Tighten our search
pattern and slow us to...
[Crash]
[Alarm bell ringing]
Out of the way!
[Crew shouting]
[Roar]
Tell Cookie
to melt the butter...
and break out the bibs.
I want this lobster served up
on a silver platter.
Load the torpedo bays!
Subpod crews, battle stations!
[Gasps]

ENSIGN:
Battle stations!
ROURKE, ON INTERCOM:
Steady, boys.
Don't panic.
Jiminy Christmas!
It's a machine!
[Alarm bell ringing]
Wait, wait! Uhh!
Launch subpods!

ENSIGN:
ROURKE, ON RADIO: Fire!
We're free.
All ahead full.
Fire torpedoes!

ENSIGN:
Fire torpedoes!
Get me the bridge!
Sir, it's
engineering on four.
AUDREY, ON INTERCOM: Rourke!
We took a big hit down here...
and we're taking on
water fast.
I don't want to be around when it hits the boilers. How much time do we have? if the bulkhead holds. [Clang]
You better make that five. You heard the lady. Let's move! Move!
Where? Move where? Packard, sound the alarm! He took his suitcase?
Marge, honey, I don't think he's comin' back. - Packard! - I have to call you back.
No, no, I'll call you. [Alarm sounds]

PACKARD:
abandon ship. Move it, people! Sometime today would be nice! Come on! Everybody grab a seat and buckle in. Lieutenant, get us out of here!

ROURKE:

HELGA:
[Roars] Hang on. Where to, Mr. Thatch? We're looking for a big crevice of some kind. There! Up ahead. All craft, make your mark Roger! 20 degrees down angle. Right behind you!

MOLE:

MAN:
out here!
Look out!
It's only a grease trap.
It's just like a sink.
It's only a grease trap.
It's just like a sink!
Seven hours ago,
we started this expedition...
with 200 of the finest
men and women I've ever known.
We're all that's left.
I won't sugar-coat it,
gentlemen.
We have a crisis on our hands.
But we've been up this
particular creek before...
and we've always come through,
paddle or no paddle.
I see no reason
to change that policy now.
From here on in,
everyone pulls double duty.
Everyone drives,
everyone works.
Looks like all our chances
for survival...
rest with you, Mr. Thatch.
You and that little book.
We're all gonna die.

ROURKE:
Saddle up.
Lieutenant, I want this convoy
moving five minutes ago.
Moliere, you're on point.
No, Vinney,
Audrey's taking the oiler.
You know the rules.
I want you 50 yards...
behind that truck at all times.
And, Packard,
put out that cigarette.
[Beep]
[Beep beep]
Are you sure you're checked out on this class of vehicle?
- Uhh...
- Can you drive a truck?
Pfft! Heh heh.
Of course I can drive a truck.
I mean, sure,
you got your steering...
and your gas
and your brake...
and, of course, this metal,
ugh, looking... thing.
OK, so it was a bumper car
at Coney Island...
but it's the same
basic principle!
[Sighs]
[Brakes squeal]
[Horn beeps]

DRIVER:

MILO:
sorry about that.

SECOND DRIVER:
Come on, civilian!
Oof.
Ahh.
You didn't just
drink that, did you?
- Mm-hmm.
- That's not good.
That's nitroglycerin.
- [Gags]
- Don't move.
Eh, don't breathe.
Don't do anything,
except pray maybe.
- Boom!
- Aah!
[Laughing]

SWEET:
Yeah.

MILO:
look at the size of this!
It's gotta be half a mile
high at least.
It... it must have
taken hundred...
no, pfft, thousands of years
to carve this thing.
[Explosion]
Hey, look,
I made a bridge.
It only took me,
like, what?
[Chattering]
Looks like we have
a little roadblock.
Vinny,
what do you think?
I could unroadblock that
if I had about 200 of these.
Problem is I only
got about... 10.
Plus, you know,
five of my own...
and a couple of cherry bombs...
a road flare.
Hey, too bad we don't have
some nitroglycerin, eh, Milo?
[Laughing hysterically]
Looks like we're
gonna have to dig.
[Gasps gleefully]
It will be my pleasure.
Aah!
[Backfires]
[Coughing]
[Beeps horn]
Oh! Stupid!
You are stupid!
I don't understand it.
I just tuned this thing
up this morning.
Um...
It looks like
the rotor's shot!
I'm gonna have
to pull a spare...
from one
of the trucks.
- Can I...
- No toques nada!
I'll be right back.
[Hissing and groaning]
[Whoosh]
She lives!
Hey, what'd you do?
Well, you know,
the boiler in this baby...
is a Humac model P54/813.
Now we got the 814
back at the museum.
The heating cores
on the whole Humac line...
have always been a little,
you know, temperamental...
so sometimes you gotta... boom!
Persuade 'em a little.
Yeah, yeah,
thank you very much.
Shut up.
Two for flinching.
Ooh!
[Mole laughing]
This is it.
It's gotta be.

ROURKE:
we'll make camp here.
Why is it glowing?
Pah! It is a natural
phosphorescence.
That thing is going to keep me
up all night, I know it.
[Triangle jangling]

**COOKIE:**
For the appetizer, 
Caesar salad... 
escargot... 
and your Oriental 
spring rolls. 
- Yuck. 
- I wanted the escargot. 
Knock yourself out. 
There you go, Milo. 
Put some meat 
on them bones. 
Thanks, Cookie. 
That looks greasier than usual. 
You like it? 
Well, have some more. 
You're so skinny, 
if you turned sideways... 
and stuck out your tongue 
you'd look like a zipper. 
You know, we've been 
pretty tough on the kid. 
What do you say 
we cut him some slack? 
Yeah, you're right. 
Hey, Milo! Why don't 
you come sit with us? 
Really? You don't mind? 
Nah. Park it here. 
Gee, this is great. 
I mean, you know... 
it's an honor to be 
included in your... 

[Psbbbt] 
[Laughing] 
- Mole! 
- Ah, forgive me. 
I could not resist. 
Hey, Milo, don't you ever 
close that book? 
Yeah, you must've read it 
a dozen times by now.
I know, but this... this doesn't make any sense. See, in this passage here, the shepherd... seems to be leading up to something. He calls it the heart of Atlantis. It could be the power source the legends refer to. But then it just... it cuts off. It's almost like there's a missing page. Kid, relax. We don't get paid overtime. I know, I know. Sometimes I get a little carried away. But, hey, you know, that's what this is all about, right? I mean, discovery, teamwork, adventure. Unless, maybe... you're just in it for the money. - Money. - Money. - Money. - Money. I'm gonna say... money. [Sighs] Well, I guess I set myself up for that one. [Grunts] What, is something wrong with your neck? Oh, yeah, I must've hurt it when... [Cracking] Aah! Ow! Better? [Grunts] Yeah! Hey, how'd you learn
how to do that?
- An Arapaho medicine man.
- Get outta here.
Born and raised with 'em.
My father was an army medic.
He settled down
in the Kansas Territory...
after he met my mother.
No kidding.
Nope. I got a sheepskin
from Howard U.
And a bear skin
from old Iron Cloud.
Halfway through medical school,
I was drafted.
One day I'm studying gross
anatomy in the classroom...
the next I'm sewing up
Rough Riders on San Juan Hill.
Main course.
I couldn't eat another bite.

AUDREY:
my weight.
Ha ha ha, don't you worry.
It'll keep
and keep and keep.
Thank God I lost my sense
of taste years ago.
Aren't you going
to pitch up your tent?
Uh, I did.
I guess I'm still
a little rusty at this.
I haven't
gone camping since...
well, the last time
my grandpa took me.
I never got to meet
your grandfather.
What was he like?
Where do you start?
He was like a father
to me, really.
My parents died
when I was a little kid...
and he took me in.
- [Chuckles]
- What?
Well, I was
just thinkin'.
One time, when I was eight,
we were hiking along
this stream...
and I saw something
shining in the water.
It was a genuine arrowhead.
Well, you'd think I'd found
a lost civilization...
the way Grandpa
carried on about it.
It wasn't
until I was older...
that I realized
that the arrowhead...
was just
some compressed shale...
mixed with zinc pyrite
that had fractured...
into an isosceletic
triangulate.
[Giggles]
That is so cute!
Say, Audrey,
uh, no... no offense...
but how does a teenager
become the chief mechanic...
of a multimillion dollar
expedition?
Well, I took this job
when my dad retired.
But the funny thing was...
he always
wanted sons, right?
One to run his machine
shop and the other...
to be middleweight
boxing champion.
But he got my sister and me instead.
So, what... what happened to your sister?
She's 24 and 0, with a shot at the title next month.
Anyway, I'm saving up...
so my Papi and I can open another shop.
Forget your jammies, Mrs. Packard?
I sleep in the nude.

SWEET:
want a pair of these.
She sleepwalks.
Well, as far as me goes...
I just like to blow things up.

SWEET:
tell the kid the truth.
My family owned a flower shop.
We would sell roses... carnations, baby's breath, you name it.
One day, I'm making... about three dozen corsages for this prom.
You know, the one they put on their wrist.
And everybody, they come. "Where is it?"
"When is it?" "Does it match my dress?"
It's a nightmare.
Anyway, I guess there was this leak next door... of gas or what. Boom!
No more Chinese laundry.
Blew me right through the front window.
It was like a sign from God.
I found myself that boom.
[Grunting]
[Mole chuckles]
What's Mole's story?  
Trust me on this one.  
You don't wanna know.  
Audrey, don't tell him.  
You shouldn't have...  
told me, but you did.  
And now I'm telling you...  
you don't wanna know.  
[Cookie snoring]
[Milo yawns]
The redhead's got a gun.  
[Snores]
Ahh, ooh.
Ah! Aah!
Holy... Whoa!
Fire.
Fire!
Fire!
Fire!

**MILO:**
I'm gonna kill him.  
Thatch, go back to bed.  
Get some water  
on that fire!

**ROURKE:**
Get us into those caves!  
Move it!  
Move it! Move it!

**COOKIE:**
Gertie, pull!  
Milo, jump!  
Right now!  
Aah! Aah!  
[Tires squealing]
No, no, no,  
no, no, no, no!  
Whoa! Whoa!  
Aah!
Aah!
[Crash]
All right, who's not dead?
Sound off.
[Groaning and muttering]

COOKIE:
lightnin' bugs...
done bit me
on my sit-upon.
Somebody's gonna have to
suck out that poison.
Now don't everybody
jump up at once.
[Sighing]

ROURKE:
give me a damage report.
Not as bad as it
could have been.
We totaled
rigs two and seven...
but the digger looks
like it'll still run.
Lucky for us we landed
in something soft.
Pumice ash.
We are standing...
at the base
of a dormant volcano.

HELGA:
Maybe that's
our ticket outta here.
Maybe not.
The magma has solidified
in the bowels of the volcano...
effectively blocking the exit.
I got the same problem
with sauerkraut.
Hold on. Back up.
Are you sayin'
this whole volcano...
can blow at any time?
No, no, no, no.
That would take
an explosive force...
of great magnitude.
[Sproing]
Maybe I should
do this later, huh?
If we could blow the top
off of that thing,
we'd have a straight
shot to the surface.
Mr. Thatch,
what do you think?
Mr. Thatch?

**ROURKE:**
[Breathing heavily]
[Voices speaking Atlantean]
[Grunts]
[Sighs]
[Rumbling]
Hey, wait!

**MILO:**
Where are you going?
Come back!
[Grunting]
[Echoing]
Hey, wait a minute!
Who are you?
Sweet mother
of Jefferson Davis!
It's beautiful.
Milo, I gotta
hand it to you.
You really came through.
[Screeching]

**SWEET:**
Holy cats!
Who are these guys?
- They gotta be Atlanteans.
- What? That's impossible!
I seen this back
in the Dakota.
They can smell fear
just by looking at ya.
So keep quiet.
[Speaking Atlantean]
I think it's
talking to you.
[Speaking Atlantean]
[Haltingly
speaking Atlantean]
Ita, sum amice viator.
Dices linguam Romae.
Parlez-vous francais?
Oui, monsieur!
They speak
my language!
Pardon,
mademoiselle?
Ah, voulez-vous...
[Whispering]
Ooh, I like her.
Hmm! 'Bout time
someone hit him.
I'm just sorry
it wasn't me.
Buenos dias.
Guten tag!
[Atlanteans speaking
various languages]
How do they know
all these languages?
Their language must be
based on a root dialect.
It's just like
the Tower of Babel.
Well, maybe English
is in there somewhere.
We are explorers
from the surface world.
We come in peace.
Welcome to the city
of Atlantis.
Come. You must speak
with my father now.
Squad "B," head back to the shaft... and salvage what you can.

OFFICER:

ROURKE:
in 24 hours.

OFFICER:
You heard him. [Sighs] I'm so excited! [Screeching]

MILO:
really amazing is that...
if you deconstructed Latin, you overlaid it...
with a little Sumerian...
throw in a dash of Thessalonian...
you'd be getting close to their basic grammatical structure.
Or at least you'd be in the same ballpark...
- Someone's having a good time.
- Like a kid at Christmas. Commander, there were not supposed to be people down here. This changes everything. This changes nothing.

MILO:

ROURKE:
On behalf of my crew... may I say it is an honor to be welcomed to your city. Ahem. Uh, excuse me?
Commander? You presume much... to think you are welcome here.
Oh, sir, we have come
a long way looking for...
I know what you seek...
and you will not
find it here.
Your journey has been in vain.
But we are peaceful explorers,
men of science.
Heh heh heh.
And yet you bring weapons.
Our weapons allow us to remove
obstacles we may encounter.
Some obstacles cannot be removed
with a mere show of force.
Return to your people.
You must leave Atlantis at once.
Oh, Your Majesty,
be reasonable.
Sir...
Not now, son.
Trust me on this.
We better do as he says.
May I respectfully request
that we stay one night, sir?
That would give us
time to rest, resupply...
and be ready to travel
by morning.
Hmm. Very well.
One night. That is all.
Well, thank you, Your Majesty.
[Sighs]
Mmm. Your heart
has softened, Kida.
A thousand years ago...
you would have
slain them on sight.
A thousand years ago,
the streets were lit...
and our people did not
have to scavenge for food...
at the edge
of a crumbling city!
The people are content.
They do not know any better!
We were once a great people.
Now we live in ruins.
The kings of our past would weep...
if they could see how far we have fallen.
- Kida.
- If these outsiders... can unlock the secrets of our past... perhaps we can save our future.
What they have to teach us... we have already learned.
Our way of life is dying.
Our way of life is preserved.
Mmm. Kida, when you take the throne... you will understand.
So, how'd it go?
Well, the King and his daughter don't exactly see eye to eye. She seems to like us OK, but the King...
I don't know, I think he's hiding somethin'.
Well, if he's hiding something, I want to know what it is. Someone needs to talk to that girl.
I will go!
Someone with good people skills.
I will do it!
Someone who won't scare her away.
I volunteer!
Someone who can speak the language.
For the good of the mission, I will go!
Good man, Thatch.
Thanks for volunteering.
[Sobbing]
Go get 'em, tiger.
OK, Milo, don't take
no for an answer.
"Look, I have
some questions for you...
and I'm not leaving this city
until they're answered!"
Yeah, that's it.
That's good, that's good.
I have some
questions for you...
and you are not
leaving this city...
until they are answered.
Yeah, well, l... OK.
Shh!
Come with me.
Oh, there is so much
to ask about your world.
You are a scholar, are you not?
Judging from your
diminished physique...
and large forehead...
you are suited for nothing else.
What is your
country of origin?
When did the flood
waters recede?
- How did you...
- Wait a minute.
I got a few questions
for you, too.
So let's do this, OK?
You ask one,
then I'll ask one...
then you, then me, then...
Well, you get it.
Very well.
What is your first question?
Well, OK, uh,
how did you get here?
Well, I mean,
not you personally...
but your... your culture.
I mean, how did all of this
end up down here?
It is said that the gods became
jealous of Atlantis.
They sent a great cataclysm
and banished us here.
All I can remember
is the sky going dark...
and people shouting
and running.
Then, a bright light,
like a star...
floating above the city.
My father said it called
my mother to it.
I never saw her again.
I'm sorry. If it...
if it's any consolation...
1-I know how you feel,
because I lost my...
Wait a minute. Wait a minute!
Whoa, back up!
Wh... what... what are
you telling me...
that you remember
because you were there?
No, that... that's impossible...
because, I mean,
that would make you...
you know,
Yes.
Oh, well, hey, uh, pfft!
Lookin' good.
Just, uh, ahem...
You got another question for me?
Yes. How is it you found
your way to this place?
Well, I'll tell you,
it wasn't easy.
If it weren't for this book,
we never would have made it.
OK, second question.
Legend has it that your people possessed... a power source of some kind that enabled them... You mean you can understand this? Yes, I'm a linguist. That's what I do, that's my job. Now, getting back to my question... This, right here, you can read this? Yes, yes, I can read Atlantean, just like you. You can't, can you? No one can. Such knowledge has been lost to us... since the time of the Mehbelmok. Oh, the Great Flood. Show me. OK, uh...

[Reading in Atlantean] "Follow the narrow passage for another league. There you will find the fifth marker."
Yeah. Yeah, that's it. How was my accent? Boorish, provincial... and you speak it through your nose. Yeah, gotta work on that. Here, let me show you something. What? It looks like some sort of vehicle. Yes. But no matter what I try... it will not respond. - Perhaps if...
Way ahead of you.
OK, let's see
what we got here.
OK. "Place crystal into slot."
Yes, yes,
I have done that!
"Gently place your hand
on the inscription pad."
- Yes!
- OK, did you...
turn the crystal
one-quarter turn back?
Yes. Yes!
While your hand was
on the inscription pad?
Ye... No.
Ah, well, see, there's
your problem right there.
That's an easy thing
to miss.
You know, you deserve credit...
for even... even
gettin' this far.
OK, uh, give it a try.
[Gasps]
[Speaking Atlantean]
Yeah, you got
that right.
Oh, th... this is great!
With this thing...
I could see the whole city
in no time at all.
Wonder how fast it goes.
[Crashing]
[Crash]
[Sputters]
So, who's hungry?
By the way, we were never
properly introduced.
My name's Milo.
My name is Kidagakash.
Ki-Ki-Kidamaschnaga.
Uh, hey,
you got a nickname?
[Giggles]
Kida.
OK, Kida.
I can remember that.
Wow.
[Sighs]
What is wrong?
Oh, it's nothing. I just...
got something in my eye.
You know, my grandpa
used to tell me stories...
about this place
as far back as I can remember.
I just wish he could be
standing here with me.
[Speaking Atlantean]
Ah! Ah! Ee-yah!
[Crunch]
Tell me more about
your companions.
Your physician,
he is called Cookie?
No, that's Sweet.
What is?
The doctor.
He's Sweet.
Oh, he is kindly.
No, no, no, that...
that's his name.
His name is Kindly?
No, Sweet.
Well, I mean, he's kindly, too.
So all of your doctors
are sweet and kindly?
No. Well,
I'm sure some are.
Ours is, but that's
not a requirement.
You're missing the point.
You are confusing me.
Wow. Look at all
those tattoos.
Shoot. That
ain't nothin'.
Look here what I got.
All 38 United States.
Watch me make
Rhode Island dance.
Go on, baby,
dance. Dance.
[SImoshing]
There you go.
[Giggling]
[Speaking Atlantean]
Cookies are sweet,
but yours is not.
Sweet is kindly,
but that is not his name.
Audrey is sweet,
but she is not your doctor.
And the little digging
animal called Mole...
he is your pet?
Close enough.
[Slurping]
Oh, don't forget
to eat the head.
That's where all
the nutrients are.
[Swallows and burps]
[Footsteps]
[Breathing through gas mask]

MILO:
the most we ever hoped
to find...
was some crumbling buildings,
maybe some broken pottery.
Instead, we find a living,
thriving society.
Heh heh. These guys
are kinda cute
when they're not, you know...
formed into a fiery
column of death.
We are not thriving.
True, our people live...
but our culture is dying.
We are like a stone
the ocean beats against.
With each passing year...
a little more of us
is worn away.
I wish there was
something I could do.
I have brought you to this place
to ask you for your help.
There is a mural here...
with writing
all around the pictures.
Yeah, well, you came
to the right guy.
OK, let me see.
Let's start with
this column right here.
Uh, well, this,
uh, uh, Kida?
Uh, heh,
what are you doin'?
You do swim,
do you not?
Oh, I swim pretty girl.
Pr-pretty good!
Pretty good.
Sw... Good, swim good.
Pretty good.
I swim pretty good.
Good. It is a fair distance
to where we are going.
Hey, you are talkin'
to the belly flop champ...
at Camp Runamuck.
Oof!
[Giggles]
Come on, we're...
we're wasting time.
[Gasps] Why don't you
lead the way...
because I have
no idea where we're going.
[Gasping]
- Are you all right?
Well, I didn't drown, so...
Good. Follow me.

[Gasps]
This is amazing!
A complete history
of Atlantis!
It's just like
Plato described it.
Well, he was off
on a few details, but...
The light I saw.
The star in the middle
of the city.
What does the writing
say about that?
I don't know yet.
But we're gonna find out.
Come on.

[Gasping]
- The heart of Atlantis!
- What?
It's the heart of Atlantis!
That's what the shepherd
w-was talking about.
It wasn't a star, it was...
it was some kind of crystal...
uh, like these!
Don't you get it?
The power source
I've been looking for...
the bright light you remember...
- they're the same thing!
- That cannot be.
It's what's keeping
all these things...
you, all
of Atlantis alive.
Then where is it now?
I don't know,
I don't know.
You'd think something
this important...
would have been
in the Journal, but...
Unless...
The missing page.
[Gasps]
You have a nice swim?
Hey, guys, what's going on?
What's... what's with all the guns?

MILO:
[Exhales]
I am such an idiot.
This is just another treasure hunt for you.
You're after the crystal.
Oh, you mean this?
The heart of Atlantis.

ROURKE:
I would've told you sooner...
but it was strictly on a need-to-know basis...
and, well, now you know.
I had to be sure you were one of us.
Welcome to the club, son.
I'm no mercenary.
[Gasps]
Whoa!
[Gunshot]
Uhh!
Mercenary?
I prefer the term "adventure capitalist."
Besides, you're the one who got us here.
You led us right to the treasure chest.
You don't know what you're tampering with, Rourke.
What's to know?
It's big. It's shiny.
It's going to make us all rich.
You think it's
some kind of a diamond...
I thought it was
some kind of a battery...
but we're both wrong.
It's their life force.
That crystal is the only thing
keeping these people alive.
You take that away,
and they'll die.
Well, that changes things.
Helga, what do you think?
Knowing that,
I'd double the price.
I was thinking triple.
Rourke, don't do this.
Academics. You never want
to get your hands dirty.
Think about it.
If you gave back
every stolen artifact...
from a museum...
you'd be left
with an empty building.
We're just providing
a necessary service...
to the archeological
community.
Not interested.
I got to admit,
I'm disappointed.
You're an idealist,
just like your grandfather.
Do yourself a favor, Milo.
Don't be like him.
For once,
do the smart thing.
I really hate it
when negotiations go sour.
[Snaps fingers]
[Cocks gun]
Let's try this again.
- Knock, knock.
- Room service.
Tell them to drop
their weapons... now!
[Speaking Atlantean]
Spread out!
Search everywhere!
You're not applying
yourself, son.
There's got to be
something else.
Well, there isn't.
It just says...
"The heart of Atlantis lies
in the eyes of her king."

**Rourke:**
Old King Cole here...
can help us
fill in the blanks.
How about it, chief?
Where's
the crystal chamber?
You will destroy yourselves.
Maybe I'm not being clear.
Ohh!
[Speaking Atlantean]
Rourke, this was not
a part of the plan.
Plan's changed, doc.
I'd suggest
you put a bandage...
on that bleeding heart
of yours.
It doesn't suit a mercenary.
Well, as usual,
diplomacy has failed us.
Now I'm going
to count to 10...
and you're going to tell me
where the crystal is.
[Cocks gun]
t...

**Rourke:**
The heart of Atlantis...
lies in the eyes of her king.
This is it.
We're in.
Rourke, for the last time...
you've got to listen to me.
You don't have
the slightest idea...
what this power
is capable of.
True, but I can think
of a few countries...
who'd pay anything
to find out.
[Rumbling]
Hurry. Get on.
Jackpot.
Ohh.
The kings of our past.
[Speaking
Atlantean softly]
Thatch, tell her to wrap it up.
We got a schedule
to meet.
Um...
Kida...
I'm sorry.
[Voices murmuring]
Come on,
let's get this over with.
I don't like this place.
All right, Thatch,
what's next?
OK, there's
a giant crystal...
hovering 150 feet
above our heads...
over a bottomless pit
of water.
 Doesn't anything
surprise you?

ROURKE:
that surprises me...
Mahtim.
ROURKE:
not on the truck yet.
Now move it!
I don't know
how to move it.
I don't even know
what's holding it up there.
Ahh.
Talk to me, Thatch.
What's happening?
Look, all it says here...
is that the crystal
is alive somehow.
It... I don't know
how to explain it.
It's their deity.
It's their power source.

ROURKE:
professor.

MILO:
It's a part of them.
L... I'm doing
the best I can here.
Well, do better.
Oh, I know.
Why don't you translate...
and I'll wave the gun around.
What did she say?
I don't know.
L... I didn't catch it.
[Woman sings in Atlantean]
[Chorus singing]
[Rumbling]
[Thunder]
[Thunder]
[Rumbling]
[Low humming]
[Energy blasts]
[Noises stop]
[Energy blasts]
Hold your horses, lover boy.
Kida.
Kida.
[Rumbling]
[Rumbling stops]

MILO:
Don't touch her.
[People murmuring]

SERGEANT:
All right, step back.

SQUAD LEADER:
keep those people back.
You heard him.
Step back.

SERGEANT:
I'm warning you.
So...
I guess this is
how it ends, huh?
Fine. You win.
You're wiping out
an entire civilization...
but, hey...
you'll be rich.

MILO:
Congratulations, Audrey.
Guess you and your dad
will be able...
to open up that
second garage after all.
And, Vinny, you can start
a whole chain of flower shops.
I'm sure your family's
going to be very proud.
But that's what
it's all about, right?
Money.
Get off your soapbox, Thatch.
You've read Darwin.
It's called natural selection.
We're just helping it along.
Commander, we're ready.
Yeah, give me a minute.
I know
I'm forgetting something.
I got the cargo,
the crystal, the crew...
Oh, yeah.
[Atlanteans gasp]
Look at it this way, son.
You were the man
who discovered Atlantis...
and now you're part
of the exhibit.
Let's move, people.

HELGA:
not a suggestion.
Let's go!
[Sighs]
[Inhales]
We're all going to die.

ROURKE:
be serious.
This is wrong,
and you know it.
We're this close
to our biggest payday ever...
and you pick now of all times
to grow a conscience.
We've done a lot of things
we're not proud of...
robbing graves,
plundering tombs...
double parking...
but nobody got hurt.
Well, maybe
somebody got hurt...
but nobody we knew.

ROURKE:
the way you want it, fine.
More for me.
P.T. Barnum was right.
[Engine backfires]
We can't let him
do this!
Wait a second.
[Crowd gasps]
OK, now you can go.

SWEET:
you better get up here.

MILO:
How's he doing?
Not good, I'm afraid.
Internal bleeding.
There's nothing more
I can do.

MILO:
And I brought it here.
Ah, don't go
beating yourself up.
He's been after that
crystal since Iceland.
The crystal.
Sweet, that's it.
These... these crystals...
they have some sort
of healing energy.
I've... I've seen it work.

KING:
Where is my daughter?
Well, she... she...
Mmm.
She has been chosen...
like her mother before her.
What?

KING:
In times of danger...
the crystal
will choose a host...
one of royal blood...
to protect itself...
and its people.
It will accept no other.
W-Wait a minute.
Choose?
So this thing is alive?
In a way.
The crystal thrives...
on the collective emotions...  
of all who came before us.
In return,
it provides power...
longevity, protection.
As it grew...
it developed
a consciousness of its own.
[Coughs]
In my arrogance...
I sought to use it
as a weapon of war...
but it's power proved
too great to control.
It overwhelmed us...
and led to our destruction.
That's why you hid it
beneath the city...
to keep history
from repeating itself.

**KING:**
from suffering the same fate...
as my beloved wife.
What do you mean?
Wh...
What's going to happen
to Kida?
If she remains bonded
to the crystal...
she could be lost to it forever.
The love of my daughter
is all I have left.
My burden
would have become hers...
when the time was right...
but now...
it falls to you.
Me?
Return the crystal.
[Coughs]
Save Atlantis.
Save my daughter.
[Stops breathing]
[Horn blows in distance]
[Takes deep breath]
Hmm.
So, what's it going to be?
Excuse me?
I followed you in,
and I'll follow you out.
It's your decision.
Oh, my decision?
Well, I think we've seen how effective...
my decisions have been.
Let's recap.
I lead a band
of plundering vandals...
to the greatest
archeological find...
in recorded history...
thus enabling
the kidnap and/or murder...
of the royal family...
not to mention
personally delivering...
the most powerful force
known to man...
into the hands
of a mercenary nutcase...
who's probably going
to sell it to the Kaiser!
Have I left
anything out?
Well, you did
set the camp on fire...
and drop us
down that big hole.
Thank you.
Thank you very much.
Of course, it's been my experience... when you hit bottom... the only place left to go is up.
[Sighs]
Who told you that?
A fella by the name of Thaddeus Thatch.
Where are you going?
I'm going after Rourke.
Milo, that's crazy.
I didn't say it was the smart thing... but it is the right thing.
[Sighs]
Come on. We better make sure he doesn't hurt himself.
Milo, what do you think you are doing?
Just follow my lead.
[Engine revs]
Wow.
I'm impressed.
It's simple.
All you got to do...
Yeah, yeah, yeah.
Shut up. We get it, OK?
No, no, wait!
[Thud]
[Atlanteans gasp]
Gently.
Just gently.
Hey, Milo,
you got something sporty?
You know, like a tuna?
How is this done?
All you got to do is use the crystals.
Kida showed me.
Half-turn right, quarter-run back.
Keep your hand on the pad.
Saddle up, partners.  
Bring jerky and ammo.  
[Engines revving]  
I'm so excited.

**MILO:**  
All right, this is it!  
We're going to rescue  
the princess.  
We're going to save  
Atlantis.  
Or we're going to die trying.  
Now let's do it!  
[Atlanteans cheering]  
[Explosion]  
I love it when I win.  
OK, here's the plan.  
We're going to come in  
low and fast...  
and take them by surprise.  
Well, I've got  
news for you, Milo.  
Rourke is never surprised,  
and he's got a lot of guns.  
Great. Well, do you have  
any suggestions?  
Yeah.  
Don't get shot.  
There they are!  
We've got company!  
Take off!  
Take her up!  
[Gunfire]  
Holy smokes!  
You told me  
he only had guns.  
What I said was,  
he's never surprised.  
OK, now things  
are getting good.  
Vinny! Heads up!  
We can't let them reach  
the top of that shaft!  
Aah!
Vinny, new plan.
You and me, we're going
to be decoys.
Audrey, Sweet, fly up
underneath that thing...
and cut her loose.

SWEET:
Lieutenant!
I though you said
this thing...
could cut through
a femur in 28 seconds!
Less talk, more saw.
Uhh!
Looks like somebody's
working overtime.
Come on, girl.
Time's up.

AUDREY:
All right, Milo,
this is it.
Any last words?
Yeah. I really wish I had
a better idea than this!

ROURKE:
We're losing altitude.
Lighten the load.
Uhh!
That's it, unless
someone wants to jump.
Ladies first.
Uhh!

HELGA:
we were in this together!
Uhh!
You promised me
a percentage!
Next time,
get it in writing.
Aah!
Nothing personal.
Unh! Yaah!
Aah!
- Uhh!
- Unh!
- Aah!
- Uhh!
Well, I have
to hand it to you.
You're a bigger
pain in the neck...
than I would have
ever thought possible.
I consider myself
an even-tempered man.
It takes a lot
to get under my skin...
but congratulations...
you just won
the solid-gold kewpie doll.
[Metal creaks]
Uhh...
Uhh! Uhh!
Nothing personal.
Tired, Mr. Thatch?
Hyah!
Aw, that's a darn shame...
because I'm just
getting warmed up.
Aah!
[Rumbling]
Aah! Aah!
[Shrieks]
Aah!
Thank heaven.
Whoa!
[Growls]
[Shrieks]
[Groaning]
Uhh!
Ahh.
Oh, great!
Ahh.
[Rumbling]
MOLE:
she awakes!
Hey, I had nothing
to do with it.

COOKIE:
a good place not to be.
No, wait.
We got to get her back...
or the whole city
will die.
And if we don't get
out of here, we'll die.
It's the only way
to reverse this.

MILO:

AUDREY:
Milo, no!
Go!

MILO:
Whoa!
Whoa!
The fissure...
it is about to eject...
its pyroclastic fury!
Milo, Mole says
the wall's going to blow!
Unh! Uhh!
[Atlanteans gasp]
[Voices murmuring]
[Crackling]
[Electricity crackles]
[Rumbling]
[Voices murmuring]
[Wind whistling]
[Electricity crackles]
[Thunder]
[Rumbling]
[Loud boom]
[Muffled splashing]
Electricity crackles
Cracking
Rumbling
Uhh.
Milo?
Atlantis will honor
your names forever.
I only wish there was more
we could do for you.
Uh, you know, thanks anyway...
but I think we're good.
They'll take you
as far as the surface.
We are really going
to miss you, Milo.
You know, I'm going
to reopen the flower shop...
and I'm going to think of
you guys every single day...
Monday through Friday,
Saturday until 2:00.
Sunday... I'm going to take
Sunday off probably, and...
Maybe I'll go in for
a couple of hours, you know...
but August...
I'm going to take August.
I ain't so good
at speechifyin'...
but I wanted you to have this.
It's the bacon grease
from the whole trip.
Cookie, l...
[Mutters]
Aw...
[Kiss]
Ah-ah.
See you, Milo.

MOLE:
Heh heh!
[Insects buzzing]
[Laughs]
Mole.
Mole. Wow.
Hey, well...
good-bye, Mole.
Now, you sure
you want to stay?
There's
a hero's welcome...
waiting for the man
who discovered Atlantis.
Ah, I don't think the world
needs another hero.
Besides, I hear
there's an opening down here...
for an expert in gibberish.
You take good care of
yourself, Milo Thatch.
Yeah.
You, too, Sweet.
Come here.
[Crack]
Unh!
Sweet, uh, before you go,
could you...
No problem.
[Crack]
Ah. Oh. Thanks.
Ha ha ha!
Oh, you're getting a bill.
Can we go home now?
Come on, y'all.
Let's get one last shot...
in front of the fish.
Say "Gochk."

ALL:
[Camera shutter clicks]
Now, let's go
over it again...
just so we got it straight.
You didn't find anything?
Nope. Just a lot of rocks...
and fish...
little fish.
VINN Y:
What happened to Helga?
Well, we lost her when a flaming
zeppelin come down on her.
Missing.

WHITMORE:
And Rourke?
Nervous breakdown.
You could say
he went all to pieces.
In fact, you could say
he was transamorgafied...
and then busted
into a zillion...
Ahem.
He's missing, too.
What about Milo?
Went down with the sub.
[Mole burrows]

MOLE:
Lord, give me strength.
Ohh.
I'm going to miss
that boy.
At least he's
in a better place now.

MILO:
I hope this piece of proof
is enough for you.
[Rumbling]
[Screeching]
[Music playing]

MYA, SINGING:
to hold you back
And they will say
you're wrong
But they will never
understand
The journey
that you're on
Mm-hmm
They'll try
to change your mind
They'll try to change
your heart
Oh, yeah
But they will never
understand
Who you are
And you'll still
believe
Still believe
And you know
You must go
Where the dream
takes you
Where your heart
longs to be
Oh
When you finally
find that place
You'll find
all you need
Where the dream
takes you
Where the dream takes you
Oh, whoa
There's something
in your soul
Something in your soul
That won't be denied
It's the faith to dream
that keeps
The dream alive
So you'll still believe
Still believe
And you know
You must go
Where the dream takes you
Where the dream takes you
Where your heart longs to be
When you finally
find that place
You'll find all you need
Where the dream takes you
Go where your heart
is meant to be
And you may find
Somebody there
Someone to share your dream
Oh, oh, oh
Whoa, whoa
Oh
All right
All right
When you finally
find that place
You'll find all you need
Where the dream leads you
Your dream
will lead you on
Only your heart
can see
Oh, yeah
There's a world
that waits for you
You're not alone
You'll find your home
Where the dream takes you
Try to change your mind
Where the dream takes you
Try to change your heart
Where the dream takes you
But you must go
Where the dream
takes you
[Chorus singing]