

Below Zero

By

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EXT: OCEAN - DAY

SUPER: Ross Sea, off the coast of Antarctica

We fly in from high above to a faint speck on the ocean surface, dwarfed by the vast whiteness of the coast of Antarctica in the background.

As we draw nearer the speck becomes visible as a ship, a research vessel with instrumentation and radar equipment on the top and sides.

INT: USS ENDEAVOUR/BRIDGE - DAY

On the dimly lit bridge, two men are hunched over a computer screen. The screen illuminates their faces in an eerie green glow.

CAPTAIN DUNLEAVY is a middle aged officer with a potbelly and suntanned, weathered face. He looks tired. His first officer, CHIEF PHILLIPS is a young lean tall sailor. He is pale compared to his Captain.

CAPTAIN DUNLEAVY

Well, that should be just about it.
I don't think we can cram any more
data into these damn computers.
That should keep the boys at
Langley busy for awhile.

Phillips is grinning.

CHIEF PHILLIPS

It's going to be nice to be
somewhere where your teeth don't
shatter when you smile outside.

Phillips takes a more serious tone as he bends over the instrument panel.

PHILLIPS (CONT'D)

There is one thing, skipper. This
anomaly was picked up this morning.

Phillips points at the monitor.

PHILLIPS (CONT'D)

There's a heat signature of unknown
origin that we detected...right
here, under Lake Vostok.

The Captain looks inquisitively at the radar screen and then to his First Officer.

DUNLEAVY
Under the lake?

PHILLIPS
Yes, Skipper. That's the real
strange thing. The reading is from
nearly two miles down and it's
still registering on the telemetry.
It must be a very strong source or
our instruments are way, way off.

Captain Philips sighs, takes off his cap and scratches his
head.

DUNLEAVY
Great, so we may not be going home
after all. OK, let's call this in.
It might--

The Captain is cut off mid-sentence as a violent shudder and
thunderous sound reverberate through the bridge, shaking the
ENDEAVOUR violently. Everyone on the bridge is surprised, many
thrown completely off balance.

A mid-shipman falls to his knees and a cup of coffee falls off
a table and smashes to pieces on the bridge deck.

The sudden, violent movement stops. Philips straightens
himself and looks out the Bridge window to see if he can see
if there is anything visible, like something ramming the
vessel, that might have caused the violent shudder.

DUNLEAVY (CONT'D)
What the hell was that?

PHILLIPS
Sounds like we have a problem with
the engines, Skipper.

The Captain, visibly agitated at Phillips' comment and the
situation, turns suddenly towards his Executive Officer.

DUNLEAVY
Just what we need right now. I'm
going down to the engine room. I'll
have Lopez's ass for this.

Phillips leaves to exit the bridge and barks orders to

Dunleavy without turning.

DUNLEAVY (CONT'D)
You have the Con.

INT: USS ENDEAVOUR/ ENGINE ROOM - DAY

The engine room is dimly light, the emergency lights flickering on and off. Captain Dunleavy enters the engine room quickly and then stops abruptly. He seems puzzled. He scans the room for the engineers on duty. He yells into the huge engine room.

DUNLEAVY
Lopez! Jones! Where the hell are you?

There is no answer and his shouts echo through the metallic room. The Captain walks slowly into the main engine area and looks down at the floor.

The floor is wet. The Captain walks slowly through a half inch of water that covers the floor. He bends down and touches a slimy substance is mixed in with the water. He rubs it between his fingers.

DUNLEAVY (CONT'D)
What the hell?

The Captain looks around the room again.

DUNLEAVY (CONT'D)
Is there anybody down here? This is the Captain. Sound off if anyone is hurt.

The Captain looks over to the main engine block. His face shows deep shock. Dunleavy sees the engine is mangled and destroyed, as if a giant hammer was taken to it.

Right next to the main engine on the floor is the body of Lopez, the Chief Engineer. We do not see the entire corpse, just blood and an outstretched hand.

DUNLEAVY (CONT'D)
Jesus!

The horrified look on Dunleavy's face lets us know how bad Lopez is mutilated. Dunleavy begins to look scared as he surveys the entire scene of devastation.

The Captain turns and runs to the intercom system back near the entrance to the engine room. Dunleavy picks up the hand

set, clicks the talk release button and starts to yell into the vessel's comm system.

DUNLEAVY
 Bridge! Bridge! Captain Dunleavy,
 here! Emergency, main engine room.
 Send armed--

A loud, guttural sound is heard O.S., interrupting the Captain's orders. Dunleavy has his back to us. He stops as he hears the sound but does not turn to face whatever is making the noise.

NEW ANGLE - FRONT

Dunleavy is holding the com link in his hand, not moving. We hear the slow, rasping sound that is now coming from behind the Captain. We can not see the source.

The Captain sees an emergency axe right next to the intercom. With a sudden movement and no hesitation, Dunleavy quickly breaks the glass with his bare fist. Blood streams down his cut knuckles.

He reaches for the ax and grabs it with both hands. He pulls it free. Yelling defiantly, he turns around to confront whatever is behind him. We rush into his face as he screams.

SUPER: CIA HEADQUARTERS/ LANGLEY, VIRGINIA

INT: CIA HEADQUARTERS/ LONG HALLWAY

Two men are walking briskly down a long hallway, one holding an open folder in his hand and scanning it as he walks with the other.

The man holding the folder is RYAN MCCALLISTER. He is a well dressed, tall, distinguished looking man who has the look of someone used to being in charge.

The man trying desperately to keep up with him is BYRON DANVERS. Danvers is McCallister's opposite. He is skinny, almost spindly, and short. He is wearing rumpled clothes and keeps pushing up the small wire-framed glasses that keep slipping down his nose.

Danvers is speaking animatedly as McCallister is keeping his eyes on his folder as he walks.

DANVERS
 You have to understand this is an
 emergency.

MCCALLISTER

With all due respect, Doctor
Danvers, I don't see how this is
"National Security" emergency.

Danvers and McCallister burst through two glass doors into an office. The office walls are entirely glass.

Through the walls you see computer screens and operators, a Command Center that encircles the office. In the office are two more people, a man and a woman.

The man is ARCHIBOLD KINCAID and he is a member of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. He is dressed in full Navy uniform, standing ramrod straight next to the the desk of SUSAN ANDERSON. Anderson is the Director of the CIA. She is seated at a large desk, reading her head down, with reports on her desk.

Anderson does not look up from the file she is reading at her desk as she addresses McCallister.

ANDERSON

This better be good, McCallister.

MCCALLISTER

I hope so too, Director.

Anderson finally looks up from her files and we see she is a mature woman, attractive but with a powerful, nearly menacing air. She takes off her reading glasses and appraises McCallister coolly. She then looks over Danvers almost dismissively.

McCallister extends his arm towards Danvers.

MCCALLISTER (CONT'D)

Director, this is Doctor Danvers of
our Bio/Geo Intelligence unit.

Anderson is still appraising Danvers.

ANDERSON

So, this is the cyber geek who
wants us to send a special ops team
to the ass end of nowhere?

DANVERS

Director, I'm sorry to intrude but,
as I was explaining to Chief
McCallister, this could be very
important for the Agency.

Anderson, ignoring Danvers, looks back intently at McCallister with a no-nonsense stare.

ANDERSON
Explain - briefly.

McCallister places a red file in front of Danvers on her desk. Anderson picks it up, puts her reading glasses back on and starts to read. McCallister continues the briefing.

MCCALLISTER
We lost contact with one of our research vessels- the ENDEAVOUR- off the coast of Antarctica. It's mission was to gather research for our bio/geo unit in regards to the environment, possible global warming, etc. Nothing politically sensitive-strictly for Agency use. We were going to use the data to run threat assessments.

Anderson looks up at McCallister over her reading glasses, more interested now.

ANDERSON
What kind of threat assessments?

MCCALLISTER
Far-fetched stuff, even for us. Terrorists purposely melting the polar ice caps to flood the world, things like that. Not feasible, but necessary simulations to run.

McCallister looks pointedly at Anderson.

MCCALLISTER (CONT'D)
We need to cover our asses with the current Administration.

Anderson ignores McCallister's political comment.

ANDERSON
How long has ENDEAVOUR been out of contact?

MCCALLISTER
Three days. It missed it's last two scheduled check-in times.

A map pops up on the screen on the far side of the office wall. What was once see-through glass is now a map of

Antarctica. The image is a Mercator projection of the Southern Hemisphere.

McCallister walks over to the the now illuminated screen. He points at a small red dot on the map, which then zooms in to a point right off the coast of Antarctica.

MCCALLISTER (CONT'D)

From what we can tell, the vessel is still at its last reported position. But from what we can see from satellite imaging, it's dead in the water. It appears they have no power. We currently have no vessels in the area to attempt a rescue. Too far south. Point in fact, we don't even know if they need rescuing at this point.

Danvers positions himself closer to Anderson's desk, cutting off McCallister.

DANVERS

But their DATA needs rescuing, Director, the information flow, all their telemetry - has also stopped transmitting as well.

Anderson turns in her chair towards Danvers and holds her head, looking impatient.

ANDERSON

So?

DANVERS

Right before we lost contact, the ENDEAVOUR had radioed that they found a startling anomaly. A heat source that was not there, even three days ago. This source is from an area more than two miles BELOW the lake.

ANDERSON

And why is that important?

Danvers begins to lose his patience, fidgeting with his glasses. He tries to explain, slowly but condescendingly to Anderson. Anderson does not move as she waits for answer.

DANVERS

Director, the suddenness of its appearance means this heat signature is a major event, possibly a seismic or volcanic action of enormous magnitude. This could effect the entire hemisphere, possibly the whole of earth's biosphere.

Anderson looks over at McCallister, unimpressed.

ANDERSON

What do you think?

McCallister hesitates for a minute.

MCCALLISTER

I think we should take a look. It's probably nothing. ENDEAVOUR's power is probably out, that's all. Maybe other technical trouble which is stopping them from contacting us. But the loss of communication and this event - it's too much of a coincidence.

McCallister looks over to Danvers.

MCCALLISTER (CONT'D)

And, if this is as major a geological event that Danvers says it is, it might have enormous ramifications for the entire region. We should probably get ahead of this one.

Anderson picks up another file on her desk, scanning the contents.

ANDERSON

And I assume Doctor Danvers will want to get out of his cubicle and go as a special adviser on this mission? Finally get out into the field, right Doctor? It says here you speak six languages. Impressive. But of no use on this operation.

MCCALLISTER

Anderson is our subject matter expert on this type of thing. His language skills are secondary to

his knowledge of the region. He knows everything about Antarctica.

McCallister stalls slightly, as if wondering whether to continue.

MCCALLISTER (CONT'D)

It's not relevant to this mission, but there was an historical find made by ENDEAVOUR as well, a small tablet of ancient runes or glyphs - Danvers tells me - found while doing their primary research.

Anderson nods her head.

ANDERSON

I saw the pictures in the file. A new Rosetta Stone, perhaps? Is that what you're thinking? Very interesting stuff, but for another time. Right now this is a rescue mission, not an archaeological dig, understood?

MCCALLISTER

Danvers knows that Director. But he still is the best intelligence officer for this job.

Anderson looks at Danvers.

ANDERSON

Doctor, it looks like you've got your field assignment.

She gets up from her desk and walks straight up to Danvers, staring him directly in the face.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)

Well, bookworm, I guess you're going on a little adventure.

Anderson addresses Admiral Kincaid without taking her eyes off Danvers.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)

Admiral, what vessels do you have in the area?

Kincaid moves slightly but remains stoic, almost at full attention.

KINCAID

Right now we have war games underway in the South Atlantic. I might be able to pull one boat away. But we have to act quickly.

He walks over to the map and points to Antarctica.

KINCAID (CONT'D)

A few more weeks and the weather down there becomes impossible for any activities, rescue or otherwise. Director, I'd also like one of my people to accompany your team. ENDEAVOUR is a Navy boat, after all.

Kincaid leans over and speaks into an intercom on Anderson's desk.

KINCAID (CONT'D)

Send in Lieutenant Hartley.

The doors to the office open and a tall woman in Navy blues walks into the center of the room. Lieutenant PATRICIA HARTLEY is a tall, athletic type.

She is pretty woman with short brown hair and green eyes but is stern looking as begets her experience as a woman who has risen to the top in a male-dominated world. Hartley stands at attention.

HARTLEY

Sir!

KINCAID

At ease, Lieutenant. This is Lieutenant Hartley. She is a rescue and salvage expert and has years of experience in the arctic and cold weather operations.

Anderson nods in approval to Kincaid. She turns and walks back to her desk.

DANVERS

One Navy vessel is all you're getting, McCallister. Antarctica is technically not the property or possession of any country, according to international treaty. I don't want any more U.S. presence down there than is absolutely

necessary. Danvers and his team
will have to get another ride down.

Anderson turns her chair around and addresses Admiral Kincaid.

DANVERS

Do you know who is the best
civilian Captain available down in
those waters, Admiral?

Kincaid looks down at the floor, dejectedly.

KINCAID

Yes ma'am. Yes, I do.

SUPER: TIERRA DEL FUEGO, ARGENTINA

EXT: LAST STAND BAR - NIGHT

The bar is a grimy sea town dive where sailors, prostitutes
and drunks from all over the world get together, after they
have been kicked out of every other bar in the southern
hemisphere. It's a combination watering hole and hell hole.

INT: LAST STAND BAR - NIGHT

Danvers and Hartley walk through the old-fashioned swinging
doors, one panel barely hanging on and hits Danvers as he
enters . They walk into a throng of barflies, alcohol and
noise. The bar is packed and rowdy.

Hartley is dressed in civilian cloths but still conservative
given her military bearing.

Danvers is over-dressed with a huge down coat and a hat with
two flaps over the ears, giving him the appearance of a
bespectacled Elmer Fudd. Danvers screams over the loud music
while looking around the bar.

DANVERS

You've seen his photo from the
file, right? Do you see him?

Hartley scans the bar intently.

HARTLEY

No. But this is an old photo.

Hartley walks up to the bartender, pushing several leering

drunks out of the way. The bartender checks Hartley out from head to toe.

BARTENDER

Hi honey, what's a dump like you doing in a nice place like this?

The bartender grabs his private parts. Hartley ignores the action and screams over the din of the bar.

HARTLEY

I'm looking for Captain Jenkins.
Captain of the AUSTRALIS?

BARTENDER

Jenky? He's in the back, playing poker at his usual table. You sure I can't fix you something, sweetie?

Hartley ignores the bartender and nods to Danvers to follow her. They weave their way around staggering drunks and staggeringly ugly prostitutes until they arrive at a back table.

The table is occupied by four men. They are playing poker-five card draw- and there is a huge jackpot piled high in the middle of the table.

FIRST SAILOR

I fold - you keep giving me the shittiest cards, Jenky.

SECOND SAILOR

Me too...I need to save my money for these lovely ladies.

He kisses one of the women sitting on his lap.

THIRD SAILOR

(smiling)

Just you and me now, Jenkins.

We come full circle around the table to Captain STEVEN JENKINS.

Jenkins is a 40'ish, well-built man whose black hair is graying at the temples. His blue eyes are cold and sharp. His face would be considered handsome but has seen too many days on the open sea and too many nights in places like this.

Jenkins addresses the third sailor while looking down at his hand.

JENKINS

Just us.

Jenkins checks his hand. He's holding a pair of two's and a pair of Aces, the Dead Man's hand.

JENKINS (CONT'D)

You're too good for me, Bennett...I fold.

Jenkins lays his hand down and there's a big roar erupts from the table and crowd gathered around it. The sailor grins and grabs his pot. Jenkins gets up and starts to walk over to the bar.

JENKINS (CONT'D)

I'll be back for my money, you pirates. Let me just take a piss and grab another round. You're paying Bennett.

Danvers and Hartley, who have been standing behind Jenkins during the game, step in front him.

HARTLEY

Captain Jenkins? Captain Steven Jenkins?

Jenkins stops, staggering a little, and stares at Hartley and Danvers suspiciously.

JENKINS

Who wants to know?

HARTLEY

Can we talk somewhere?

JENKINS

Again, who wants to know? Who are you with? The IRS has no jurisdiction down here and I can prove -

DANVERS

No, No, Captain, nothing like that. We want to talk about giving you some money.

Jenkins face lights up.

JENKINS

Well, than you are not from the

government which is all I need to know.

Jenkins, drunk and with an air of feigned authority, walks over to a corner table. He beckons for Hartley and Danvers to follow.

JENKINS (CONT'D)
Step into my office.

Jenkins grabs two drunks sleeping it off on a table in the back and tosses them into the corner where they fall in a heap, still passed out.

Jenkins waves to the bartender for another whiskey as he, Danvers and Hartley all sit down at the now unoccupied table. Jenkins looks resignedly at Hartley and Danvers.

JENKINS (CONT'D)
OK, so what I'd do this time?

DANVERS
Do? Nothing at all Captain. We actually need your help. Admiral Kincaid sent us.

JENKINS
Kincaid! Oh Christ...I thought you said you didn't work for the government?

DANVERS
I didn't say that -look, it doesn't matter. I work for the CIA and Lt. Hartley is with the Navy.

Jenkins winces slightly at Danver's explanation. Hartley becomes noticeable upset about the way Jenkins reaction to the news.

HARTLEY
Is that a problem?

Jenkins mutters under his breath.

JENKINS
Only for you two.

As the bartender delivers the double whiskey, Jenkins grabs him.

JENKINS (CONT'D)
You two want anything? It's on me.

Hartley looks at Jenkins with barely concealed contempt.

HARTLEY

We're on duty.

Danvers looks like he wants to order a drink but the bartender walks off before he can order. Hartley pulls out a file and starts to read aloud.

HARTLEY

You have quite an impressive "early" career, Captain Jenkins. Special forces, Delta Force, SAS training, even a stint with Russian Spetznatz. Ex-Navy, ex Seal, ex-

JENKINS

Yeah, yeah, I know. Ex-everything.

Jenkins downs his drink.

JENKINS (CONT'D)

I'm also an ex-ex alcoholic.

Jenkins smiles at Hartley, who grimaces back sarcastically.

HARTLEY

That's a good one. Who'd you steal that line from?

Jenkins waves to the bartender for another refill, still smiling at Hartley.

JENKINS

My ex-wife.

Hartley stops smiling and stares intently at Jenkins.

HARTLEY

Why did you fold?

Jenkins looks confused by the question.

JENKINS

What?

HARTLEY

Why did you fold? You could have pulled a flush. Was it because you were holding Aces and Eights, the Dead Man's Hand? Are you really that much of a cliché, the

superstitious sailor?

Jenkins sits back in his chair, no longer smiling. He looks at Hartley more intently.

JENKINS

If you're really Navy, you know all sailors are superstitious. And for damn good reason.

Jenkins gestures broadly around the bar.

JENKINS (CONT'D)

I'd rather pay in here than out on the water, thank you very much. And how do you know I didn't fold because on the next pot, when they're all more drunk, I'll clean up. Take that stick out of you ass, Lieutenant. Sometimes you don't do things by the book to come out ahead.

Jenkins and Hartley stare each other down. Danvers tries to break the tension by getting back on the subject.

DANVERS

Well, as I said, Captain, we need your help. We want to rent your ship.

JENKINS

Boat.

DANVERS

Pardon me?

JENKINS

You call it a boat, not a ship. It's bad luck to call it a ship.

DANVERS

Right. Well, we want to rent your boat then.

JENKINS

Well, when next season comes around, I'll see what I can do. The government -and Kincaid -is cheaper than the whores in this place. You'll probably be last in line

when we head back. I go to highest bidder.

Hartley smirks.

HARTLEY
No surprise there.

Hartley leans over and addresses Jenkins emphatically.

HARTLEY
We need your vessel now - not next season.

JENKINS
Nobody's going down to Antarctica now. It's too late in the season, too much can go wrong.

HARTLEY
Your rig is an ice-breaker, right? Well, that's what we need.

Jenkins shakes his head as the bartender brings him another whiskey.

JENKINS
You just don't get it, do you? The seas are too rough, the ice is too thick -

Danvers quickly cuts off Jenkins.

DANVERS
We can pay you \$100,000 plus expenses plus-

Jenkins slams his glass down on the table and rises out of his chair, yelling across the noise of the bar.

JENKINS
Willie! Where the hell is Willie?

Danvers and Hartley are surprised by Jenkin's outburst. WILLIE pops his head out of the throng in front of the bar.

He has a gray beard and long gray hair. His forearms are filled with tattoos. He has a pipe dangling from his mouth and large, full stein of beer in the other. Willie shouts back over the crowd.

WILLIE
Yeah skipper?

JENKINS

Round up the boys and meet me back
at the AUSTRALIS. We're going out
again. Make it quick!

Willie looks upset about going back out but does as he's
ordered.

WILLIE

OK, Skip. Anything you say.

Willie starts screaming different names as he moves around
the bar, collecting the rest of the crew.

Hartley looks at Jenkins with amusement and now unconcealed
contempt.

HARTLEY

I thought it was too late in the
season.

JENKINS

Lady, 100K buys you me, my boat and
a whole shitload of time.

The bartender delivers Jenkins another whiskey. He drinks it
in one gulp and then slams the glass on the table.

EXT: OCEAN -DAY

We follow a huge vessel, an Icebreaker, as it cuts through
the rough waters of an open sea. We catch up with vessel
from behind and we read the name "AUSTRALIS" on her bow.

There is a frenzy of seaman working on the boat's decks in
the frigid cold. The AUSTRALIS heads south towards
Antarctica.

INT: AUSTRALIS/ BRIDGE - EVENING

Captain Jenkins is looking through binoculars as Willie, his
Second in command, is at the helm. Several junior shipmen
are also at various bridge controls. Danvers is standing to
the side in his bright orange down parka, shivering from the
cold even inside the bridge.

Hartley walks onto the Bridge through an open bulkhead door.
She is wearing just a long black pullover and does not seem
as susceptible to the cold as Danvers. She hands a file to
Danvers.

HARTLEY

Here is the latest Intel on the

ENDEAVOUR. Still no communication, no telemetry. Nothing at all. But we have all our equipment ready -the two SEAL's they provided us are good. I've worked with them before.

Hartley nods dismissively towards Jenkins.

HARTLEY (CONT'D)
It looks like we are still a go with Captain Jenkins for this operation.

DANVERS
OK, thanks.

Danvers stares at Hartley's toned body through her tight sweater.

DANVERS (CONT'D)
Aren't you chilly?

HARTLEY
(smiling)
Welcome to the cold war.

Hartley exits the bridge through the same bulkhead door. Jenkins continues to peer through his binoculars.

JENKINS
She doesn't like me very much, does she?

Danvers shrugs sheepishly, not knowing what to say.

JENKINS
For the record, I never drink when I'm on the water.

Danvers changes the subject.

DANVERS
I love the name of your sh... "boat". The AUSTRALIS. From the Latin "Terra Australis" -"Southern Land." What they used to call Antarctica thousands of years before they actually discovered it. Perfect. Do you know that there's a number of scientists who believe Antarctica was the real location of Atlantis? That it used to be the

capital of an enormous kingdom that spanned the entire world? Well, not mainstream scientists, of course.

Jenkins turns back towards Jenkins and snickers.

JENKINS

Some kingdom. Cold and ice for your loyal subjects? You can have it.

DANVERS

Oh, I don't know Captain. All these myths have some basis in truth. Even from Plato's time, there have been stories and folktales in all of man's writings, art about long lost civilizations. From the Bible to Blake, even Lovecraft and Stephen King. They all believed there was something out there, something ancient and hidden. Something we can't quite put our finger on. Just past the thin veil of our human senses.

Danvers eyes intently at Jenkins who is still peering out through his binoculars.

DANVERS (CONT'D)

Wouldn't you like to pierce that veil, Captain? To see what's on the other side, so to speak?

Jenkins stares at Danvers, appraising him truly for first time.

JENKINS

I guess you don't get out much, do you Danvers? I've seen plenty, amazing things, but all explainable. Nothing mysterious down here except, cold, isolation and death. What are you out here for anyway, Danvers? You're not a field agent.

Danvers bristles at the comment. He looks agitated.

DANVERS

Because it's my time, Captain. I've been sitting at a desk in a cubicle for too long while others live their lives. Live MY life.

Jenkins turns back and looks into his binoculars, scanning the horizon.

JENKINS
 (quoting)
 "They also serve/ Who only stand
 and wait"

Danvers seems surprised. He looks at the Captain with what appears to be new found admiration.

DANVERS
 Milton. Well done, Captain.

Danvers walks over to the Bridge window and points out towards the horizon.

DANVERS (CONT'D)
 But waiting is all I've ever done.
 I want to be out there, Captain. To
 see what you've seen. To see things
 maybe you have not yet seen. And
 for myself, not reading about them
 second hand.

Jenkins shakes his head.

JENKINS
 I guess it takes all kinds,
 Danvers. I hope you get what ever
 you're after without getting
 yourself -or me -killed in the
 process.

Jenkins looks at the intelligence folder in Danvers' hand.

JENKINS (CONT'D)
 So ENDEAVOUR is still at the same
 coordinates off the Ross Ice Shelf?

Danvers looks down at the new Intelligence.

DANVERS
 Yes, same coordinates, nothing's
 changed. The plan is the same as we
 outlined back in Argentina. Meet up
 with ENDEAVOUR than rendezvous with
 USS COPLEY which is being diverted
 from the South Atlantic. Then we
 proceed to Lake Vostok where the
 ENDEAVOUR base camp is set up.

Jenkins suddenly looks grim.

JENKINS
Vostok? No one said anything about
going to Vostok?

Danvers appears uninterested.

DANVERS
I'm sure I mentioned it. Is it a
problem Captain?

Jenkins ignores Danvers and looks back out to sea.

JENKINS
We'll hit the bulk of ice pack in
two hours. We'll be at ENDEAVOUR in
four hours. It will be night by the
time we get there so dress warmly.

Jenkins glances back at Danvers and smiles.

JENKINS (CONT'D)
You wanted to be out there. It's
your time, Danvers. You're coming
aboard.

Danvers looks scared.

EXT. ROSS SEA/ ANTARCTICA - NIGHT

The AUSTRALIS slowly, but powerfully, crashes through the ice. The lights of the Australis' powerful Kleig lights brightly illuminate the boat and ice being crushed as the vessel pummels through the ice pack. Everything else is pitch black.

INT: AUSTRALIS/ BRIDGE - NIGHT

The Bridge is darkened to help the night vision of the crew. Jenkins is standing above a radar screen, Danvers and Hartley behind him. Next to them are two SEAL commandos, KINGSLEY and WARSKI.

The SEAL's are fierce looking, strong men who look capable of anything. They are dressed in the same Navy issue black cold-weather pullover as Hartley. Willie looks up from the Bridge's main radar screen.

WILLIE
Skipper, we have a solid contact,
holding steady at forty degrees.
Contact is approximately two
hundred yards out.

JENKINS

OK, Willie. Full stop and bring us right up asides.

WILLIE

No problem, Skipper.

Willie shouts orders to the crew as his pipe dangles out of his mouth. Jenkins pulls his coat on and opens the bridge door. Danvers, Hartley and the two SEAL's follow him out.

Jenkins peers into the sea as the lights pierce the night. The engine's roar gets noticeably lower and the ship begins to slow. The sound of crushing ice slows and then stops as well. Jenkins screams into the bridge through the open door.

JENKINS

Hit the Torches!

The Bridge and top bow lights blaze on, illuminating a vessel trapped in a sheet of ice. The ENDEAVOUR is tilted slightly on her side. There are no lights of any kind. The vessel appears to be deserted.

ENDEAVOUR looks like a ghost ship. Jenkins looks back grimly at Hartley and Danvers.

JENKINS (CONT'D)

It guess it wasn't a communications failure.

Hartley turns towards Kingsley and Warski.

HARTLEY

Let's suit up!

Kingsley grabs Danvers and they all re-enter the bridge. Jenkins catches up to the group.

JENKINS

I'm coming too.

HARTLEY

I don't think that's a good idea, Captain.

JENKINS

I have a crew to protect. I want to know what happened on that boat. It's my responsibility.

Hartley turns to Danvers for help but he just shrugs as if to

say why not.

INT: BRIDGE/ AUSTRALIS

Willie sits on the bridge watching a computer screen.

JENKINS (V.O.)
 Willie, we're on board the
 ENDEAVOUR and entering the main
 hatch to commence deck by deck
 search.

WILLIE
 (into intercom)
 Roger, Skipper.

INT: ENDEAVOR/ MAIN PASSAGEWAY -NIGHT

We hear a loud creaking sound as the main hatch is opened and then crashes into the metal bulkhead wall. Beams of light from powerful flashlights cut through the darkness of boat's interior. The emergency lights are still on but give only a faint glow.

The interior is in a deep freeze. Everything in the vessel's interior has a coat of ice. Water drips from the metal ceiling as some of the ice forms long icicles. The group walks, one by one, through the main hatch door.

They are all wearing full weather gear. Hartley, Kingsley and Warski all hold assault rifles to bear, flashlights taped to the barrels piecing the gloom of the ENDEAVOUR's vacant interior. Jenkins speaks into the intercom located on his jacket vest.

JENKINS
 OK, Willie we're in. All clear.
 Lieutenant Hartley is now in
 command.

Hartley looks around the frozen darkness of the ENDEAVOUR. She turns to the group.

HARTLEY
 Kingsley, take Danvers aft to the
 Communications room. See what
 happened and what data, if any, can
 be retrieved. Warski, check the
 Engine room and see if you can get
 the power back on.

Hartley looks squarely at Jenkins.

HARTLEY (CONT'D)

Jenkins, you come with me to the Bridge. Anyone sees any signs of the crew alive or anyone in need of help- squawk. OK, let's move.

The group splits up and goes their separate directions. Hartley and Jenkins head down the hallway and up a ladder, heading towards the Bridge. Jenkins is following close behind Hartley.

JENKINS

I didn't know you felt that way, Lieutenant.

Hartley does not turn around as she addresses Jenkins with an even but biting tone.

HARTLEY

I want to keep my eye on you.

INT: ENDEAVOUR/ AFT PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

Danvers and Kingsley walk slowly through the main aft passageway. Kingsley is at point, rifle and light swinging back and forth. He is taking his time, methodically checking each frozen room and compartment they pass before advancing.

Danvers seems very nervous and keeps looking around and behind him. He hears a loud groan that reverberates though out the boat. He whispers to Kingsley.

DANVERS

What was that?

Kingsley does not look back as he continues his systematic move down the passageway.

KINGSLEY

It's the boat shifting in the ice. It makes weird sounds. Don't worry- It's normal. You'll get used to it.

DANVERS

Right, right. I knew that.

Danvers then hears a low guttural sound similar to what we first heard on the ENDEAVOUR. Danvers sees something move out of the corner of his eye but when he looks in that direction, nothing is there. Kingsley touches his chest and activates his communication link.

KINGSLEY

Kingsley here. I don't see any signs of crew, Lieutenant.

HARTLEY (V.O.)

Roger. Nobody on this end either. Over.

INT: ENDEAVOUR/ ENGINE ROOM - NIGHT

Warski walks cautiously into the engine room, assault rifle at the ready. The gun's flashlight pierces the gloom of the belly of vessel's belly.

Warski swings his gun back and forth over the interior of the room as he walks, checking each area. The flashlight affixed to the gun's barrel follows the rifles' movements, piercing the blackness in brief bursts. Warski comes to the main engine block and sees the destruction.

INT: ENDEAVOUR/ BRIDGE - NIGHT

Hartley and Jenkins walk cautiously on to the Bridge. Hartley is in the lead using her weapon and light the same way as Warski, slowly surveying the Bridge interior. All the instruments are dead and there is no sign of any crew members.

WARSKI (V.O.)

Warski here, Loo. I'm in the engine room. The entire engine -the entire engine block- has been ripped apart. It's totally destroyed. No chance of restart or repair. Whatever happened here was no accident. No sign of any crew. Over.

At Warski's description of the scene in the engine room, Hartley and Jenkins look at each other with apprehension. Hartley clicks comm button on her jacket.

HARTLEY

Roger, Warski. Check if there's any back up generators that are still operable. We need light. Over.

INT: ENDEAVOUR/ ENGINE ROOM - NIGHT

WARSKI

(into intercom)

Check.

Warski walks over to the wall with switches and switches on

the engine rooms emergency lights. The lights sputter and flicker for a few seconds but then go on, dimly lighting the room.

A loud, metallic crash is heard off screen. Warski spins quickly towards the sound and clicks off the safety on his rifle.

Warski walks cautiously towards the sound. There is another smaller, metallic noise. The sound seems to be coming from a large locker in the engine room corner. Warski walks very slowly towards the locker.

He reaches his hand out to open the locker door. Warski puts his hand on the handle. Suddenly, the locker door bursts open, surprising Warski. Warski jumps back a few feet.

From out of the locker, falling onto his knees, is the bloody, battered Chief Phillips, Exec and Second in Command of the ENDEAVOUR. His cloths are ripped and he has wounds on his face and body. Dried blood covers his face and what remains of his uniform.

Phillips is shivering from the bitter cold but also from something else. He is obviously terrified. Phillips gets up on his knees and looks up at Warski, the SEAL's flashlight pointed directly into the Chief's face. Phillips is shaking uncontrollably.

PHILLIPS

Please, ppplease... get out of here! It'll come back. You'll bring it back!

Warski's gun is raised, pointing straight at Phillips.

WARSKI

Who are you? Identify yourself!

PHILLIPS

Please, I'm safe here. It'll come back. You have to go!

Warski looks over Phillips and finally recognizes his Navy uniform. Warski realizes this is a member of ENDEAVOUR's crew.

WARSKI

Listen, calm down. Don't worry. We're here to rescue you.

A low, guttural sound is heard off screen and we see a looming shape fill the dimly lit background behind Warski.

Phillips looks past Warski with a look of recognition and dread on his face.

PHILLIPS

No! No! I told you-I was safe here.
Why didn't you just leave me alone!

Warski turns to where Phillips is looking. A loud, deep growl is heard as a huge powerful arm swipes through the air, hurling Warski off his feet before he can react.

Warski's screams as his rifle sprays bullets and the muzzle flash from his gun fills the screen as he flies through the air.

INT: ENDEAVOUR/ BRIDGE - NIGHT

Jenkins and Hartley hear the gun fire from the engine room.

HARTLEY

Shit!

Jenkins and Hartley sprint towards the bulkhead door heading for the engine room.

INT: ENDEAVOUR/ COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

Kingsley and Danvers hear the gunfire as it reverberates through ENDEAVOUR. Kingsly turns towards Danvers.

KINGSLEY

Stay here! Don't move!

Kingsley runs out of the room and races to the engine room leaving Danvers alone.

INT: ENDEAVOUR/ ENGINE ROOM - NIGHT

Warski has been thrown half-way across the room, landing back in front of the destroyed engine. Warski's shots have damaged the emergency lighting system. The already dim lights now flicker on and off.

The powerful mass that hit Warski can not be made out clearly in the faint light. The mass begins to make its way towards Warski as he lays in pain on the deck floor.

Warski switches his communication link on so the others will hear what is happening. He is in incredible pain but is still holding his rifle. Without aiming, Warski fires on full automatic at the oncoming shadow. He screams in terror and defiance. The mass continues to move forward.

INT: ENDEAVOUR/ PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

Jenkins and Hartley are running as fast as they can through the boat's low ceilings and door frames. They hear jumbled yelling and screams over Warski's open comm link.

INT: ENDEAVOUR/ ENGINE ROOM - NIGHT

A monstrous roar is heard as we see a massive hand with sharp claws cleave through the air. We hear ripping of flesh bone's cracking off screen. The screaming suddenly stops.

The mass turns in the dim light towards Phillips. We see the him in close-up.

INTERCUT: Hartley yells into her comm link as she runs.

HARTLEY
Warski! Report! Warski!

She lets go of the comm button and runs faster. Jenkins tries to keep up with her.

INT: ENDEAVOUR/ ENGINE ROOM - NIGHT

The mass turns slowly towards Phillips. Phillips is still on his knees. He has not moved. We see another close-up on him. He is sobbing.

PHILLIPS
No! I told him. I was safe!

INT: ENDEAVOUR/ PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

INTERCUT: We see Jenkins and Hartley and Kingsley running down stairs and hallways, racing to the engine room.

Over their comms, we hear a terrible grinding, ripping sound and a then a high-pitched scream. The scream is quickly silenced and nothing is heard but static.

INT: ENDEAVOUR/ ENGINE ROOM - NIGHT

Hartley and Jenkins burst into the engine room, Hartley's weapon searching for a target.

HARTLEY
Warski!

Jenkins walks slowly over to the remains of the main engine. There is blood on the engine and the floor but no sign of Warski. Kingsley bursts through the engine room door, his weapon at ready. Hartley gestures to Kingsley.

HARTLEY (CONT'D)

Secure the other end of this room!
Now!

Kingsley heads to the rear of engine room. Jenkins bends down in front of the wrecked engine. He sees a strange mix of blood, water and a dark green, mucous-like fluid on the floor.

KINGSLEY (O.S.)

Over here, Lieutenant!

Hartley and Jenkins run over to Kingsley, in front of an empty metal locker. The locker is covered with blood and the door is swinging slowly back and forth. There is no sign of Phillips or Warski. Kingsley looks up at Hartley.

KINGSLEY

What the fuck happened here?

Jenkins and Hartley stare at each other in grim silence.

INT: ENDEAVOUR/ COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

The room is small and cramped. Dead and frozen computer and radar screens line the walls. The emergency lights have been turned on, casting a faint, eerie glow around the room.

Everyone's breath can be seen in the frozen temperatures of the interior of the room. Kingsley walks over to an empty table in the center of the room and drops Warski's gun and comm link onto the center of the table.

KINGSLEY

This is it. This is all we found.

Danvers picks up the comm link and studies it. He turns towards Hartley with disbelief on his face.

DANVERS

There was no sign of anything else?
No gun, no body?

HARTLEY

Nothing, just blood and spent
shells. I have to radio this in...

DANVERS

Wait, Hartley. Why don't we wait?
We don't actually know what exactly
happened down there.

Hartley rushes at Danvers, furious.

HARTLEY

One of my men is dead!

DANVERS

We don't know that for sure. I understand your feelings right now, but it's not our call to make. We are going to rendezvous with the COPLEY tomorrow. We can brief the Admiral and then send in our report.

He pauses and slowly, gingerly continues.

Technically, Lieutenant, the Commander of the COPLEY is in charge of this operation.

Jenkins is sitting at a table in the corner of the room. He looks over at Danvers.

JENKINS

Are you going to tell them about Vostok or should I?

Everyone in the room turns towards Jenkins. Hartley and Kingsley then turn to Danvers, waiting for a follow-up. Danvers looks uncomfortable but starts talking slowly and deliberately.

DANVERS

There is an ancient lake that is hidden beneath the ice on Antarctica, not too far from our current position. Lake Vostok. The water underneath that lake is a time capsule, an isolated ecosystem that has existed, in total darkness, for thousands, maybe millions of years. There may be some kind of micro-organisms -life-underneath that Lake. Life that we have never encountered before.

Danvers begins to get more animated as he explains.

DANVERS (CONT'D)

It may contain thousands of different types of other marine

life as well. All on a cellular level but life just the same. ENDEAVOUR's mission was to study this time capsule by drilling down through that two miles of ice and bring back proof. Actual samples.

Jenkins stands and approaches the group. He does not take his eyes off Danvers.

JENKINS

I understand your experience is mostly in the Arctic, Hartley, so let me break this down for you. Lake Vostok is a haunted house. The one house on the street you grew up on that you never went near. Every sailor, scientist -everyone- knows to steer clear. And just like that house, there are stories about it that are probably just myths. Ghost stories. But bad things happen when people go near Vostok. That much I do know.

Hartley stares cold and hard at Danvers.

HARTLEY

This wasn't in my report.

Danvers let's out an exhausted tone.

DANVERS

It's classified. ENDEAVOUR is a joint US/Russian project. It's not exactly a State Secret -it's a boring science expedition - but its still classified. I'm sorry but I was not authorized to tell you.

JENKINS

Or didn't want to.

Danvers rushes up angrily to Jenkins, pointing his finger in Jenkins face.

DANVERS

I had colleagues, friends, on this ship! So don't give me any of your shit!

Hartley eyes Danvers.

HARTLEY

Is there anything else you didn't tell us? Tell me?

Danvers walks back over to the table and places his hands on the top. He bends his head down in fatigue.

DANVERS

Nothing else. Except one small thing Langley wanted to keep quiet. But only because it had no bearing on this mission.

Hartley waits impatiently.

HARTLEY

Which is?

DANVERS

The ENDEAVOUR, while they were digging for samples, found a rock with some ancient glyphs.

JENKINS

Hieroglyphs?

Danvers shakes his head.

DANVERS

No, that always reminds people of Egypt. They're pictures, or pictograms, more precisely. They may or may be a some ancient, rudimentary language. We don't know yet. There are some other markings as well we haven't deciphered. It's probably a fragment of a larger piece that probably drifted down here, through the ocean currents, over the centuries. Maybe longer.

Hartley processes this new information.

HARTLEY

And it your sure it not have any relevance to this operation?

DANVERS

None. As far as I can tell. It's a huge deal to the archaeological community but to no one else. ENDEAVOUR sent back photos, various scans of the glyph runes. It's

probably at their base camp because I don't see it anywhere here. No one at Langley can make heads or tails of it. And it's still classified right now.

JENKINS

And that's it? Nothing else?

Danvers drops his head in fatigue.

DANVERS

I'm only here to find out about what is under that lake. Nothing else. And that's all Langley wants as well. Find ENDEAVOUR's crew, any data we can, and get the hell out.

Hartley turns and rubs her chin. She is quiet for several seconds. She firmly speaks to the entire room.

HARTLEY

Danvers is right about the chain of command. For now, anyway. We'll do another sweep for Warski and any remaining crew. We'll rendezvous, as scheduled, with the COPLEY and then take our orders from the COPLEY's Commander. Let's move.

EXT: ANTARCTICA - ICE SHELF - DAY

We see a number of small black dots on an endless expanse of white. We cut to Danvers, Hartley, Jenkins and Kingsley all standing on a barren stretch of ice. Jenkins looks over the barren, frozen terrain. Jenkins yells over the icy wind to Hartley.

JENKINS

Maybe I'm getting old, Hartley! Or maybe I've forgotten how to read coordinates. But how the hell are we going to rendezvous with the COPLEY in the middle of this? Shouldn't we be waiting back at the AUSTRALIS?

Hartley smiles faintly and looks up from her hand held monitor. She yells back.

HARTLEY

You're just getting old, Jenkins!

A slow rumble starts and everyone on the ice looks down. The rumble continues and builds in intensity. The ice starts to move and shake, throwing some off balance.

A huge crash is heard as about one hundred yards away something smashes from below, up through the ice.

An enormous black column slowly ascends through the hole in the ice. Everyone stares at amazement as it rises higher and higher. Slowly, they realize it is a submarine rising from underneath the ice. It's Conning Tower juts out of the ice and stops. The Tower is the only part of the submarine visible, the rest of it still underneath the ice.

The rumbling, shaking and crashing of ice stop. The group continues to stare in amazement. Hartley gets close to Jenkins and talks into his ear.

HARTLEY (CONT'D)

Bedtime stories for naughty boys
and drunken sailors aren't the only
things under the ice, Captain.

A hatch opens on the Tower of the submarine. A small figure emerges from up top and shouts down at the group.

SUBMARINER

Lieutenant Hartley?

Hartley waves back in acknowledgment. We hear the submariner from far away. There is warning in his voice.

SUBMARINER (CONT'D)

The Admiral wants to see you! Right
way!

INT: USS COPLEY/ BRIDGE - DAY

The interior of the nuclear submarine USS COPLEY is small and very busy. Sailors and crew are busy operating their equipment and attending to their duties. The group from the AUSTRALIS all walk onto the Bridge. Hartley salutes a tall man looking at reports and surrounded by subordinates.

ADMIRAL NANTZ glances up at Hartley. Nantz is a well-heeled Navy officer. He is an older, even elegant, man who has the look and bearing of a privileged upbringing. He is tall with a patrician, angular face that seems as if it has never smiled.

NANTZ

At ease. Hartley, right?

HARTLEY

Yes Sir.

She gestures to Jenkins and Danvers.

HARTLEY (CONT'D)

Allow me to introduce Captain Jenkins of the ice breaker, AUSTRALIS, and Doctor Danvers of the CIA.

NANTZ

Nice to meet both of you. Now Lieutenant, would you kindly tell me what the fuck I'm doing all the way down here?

INT: COPLEY/ CONFERENCE ROOM -DAY

The conference room on the COPLEY is really a very large cubicle. Danvers, Hartley and Nantz are sitting at the small table.

The Admiral is drinking tea from china set placed in front of him by a mid-shipman. Nantz dismisses the sailor sailor but does not offer anything to the rest of the group. Jenkins and Kingsley are standing against the far wall, Kingsley at attention.

Jenkins is relaxed and looks slightly bored by the ceremony. Nantz sums up the briefing he just received from Hartley.

NANTZ

So, we were pulled away from a war games exercise with the Russian fleet to come babysit a bunch of wayward scientists? Is that it, Lieutenant?

Hartley tries to explain.

HARTLEY

Sir, we think it's much more than that. One of my men is missing and we believe -

NANTZ

(exasperated)

I understand your missing a man. He and the crew of the ENDEAVOUR are my primary concern right now.

Nantz turns and addresses Danvers directly.

NANTZ (CONT'D)

Any information gathering is on hold until we clear this thing up. I don't give a shit about your data, Danvers.

Danvers holds Nantz's gaze, defiantly.

DANVERS

You should, Admiral. This data, this information, you dismiss so cavalierly, might help save your life one day.

Nantz stares in disbelief at Danvers.

NANTZ

Come again?

DANVERS

The origin of life as we know it may be under that ice. New lifeforms, new chemical interactions. What we find down there could lead us into a new era of discovery for our planet - new medicines, drugs, saving our environment- the list is endless.

Jenkins moves slowly from his position outside of the meeting and approaches the group.

JENKINS

Admiral, the scientific aspect of this mission cannot be ignored. I'd like to, believe me. But Danvers is right. Getting a sample from underneath Lake Vostok would be like finding life on Mars. It's important we follow up on it.

Danvers looks appreciatively at Jenkins. Nantz waves his hands in front of his face, dismissing the argument and moving on.

NANTZ

OK, OK. So what's the next step?

DANVERS

There's a small scientific outpost on top of the Lake itself- Vostok Outpost #1- that ENDEAVOUR set up to do the deep core drilling. To get the samples. It's only about about one kilometer from where we are right now.

Nantz stands up quickly and Hartley and Kingsley stand at attention. Jenkins barely moves.

NANTZ

Alright, let's break up this cluster fuck. I'll send two of my crew -armed- along with you because I do not know what exactly is going on here. We have two Arctic Cats on board. You can use as well. They'll get you to the base. Your orders are to check it out and radio back what you find. Dismissed.

The group disperses and everyone walks out of the briefing room. Hartley is the last to leave. Nantz discretely but intentionally steps in front of Hartley, blocking her way.

NANTZ

Hartley?

Hartley looks up at Nantz.

HARTLEY

Sir?

Nantz looks directly into Hartley's eyes.

NANTZ

Go there, do what you have to do, and come back. I don't want to spend any more time in this shit hole than I have to.

EXT: ROSS ICE SHELF - EVENING

We see a large hill of ice. The wind is blowing fiercely, making the snow dance around the tip of the hill. It looks like a desert of white.

Just then we see several vehicles pop over the hill, jump slightly at the top and head down the hill with surprising speed. They are Arctic/ Snow Cats, large snow and ice ATV's with tracks like a small tank.

There are two Cats and they are making their best speed through the maelstrom of snow and ice all around them.

INT: SNOW CAT - EVENING

Danvers and Jenkins are in the back of the one of the Snow Cats. Hartley is driving. She peers back over her shoulder as she navigates the dangerous terrain.

HARTLEY

We're almost there. A few hundred meters. We've been trying to reach them by radio. Still nothing.

JENKINS

You know as well as I do they're probably all dead. Whatever was on that ship probably was here first.

Jenkins looks out the window of the Cat, barely seeing a anything through the storm.

JENKINS (CONT'D)

Well, I signed on to get you down here but not for this. If I go any further I want a) more money or b) a gun.

While still driving the Snow Cat through the near white out conditions and not looking back, Hartley grabs an assault rifle from the unoccupied seat next to her. She tosses it back at Jenkins.

HARTLEY

b) it is. I'm assuming you still know how to use it. New model, same idea.

Jenkins smiles softly at Hartley and begins to check the weapon. Danvers stares at the weapon, Jenkins and then peevishly up to Hartley in the driver's seat.

DANVERS

You know, I did pass the required agency training. Why don't I get one?

Hartley ignores Danvers and continues to drive through the blizzard. She reacts as if she sees something out the Cat's windshield. She looks back at Jenkins and Hartley. Danvers looks petulant, talking almost to himself.

DANVERS (CONT'D)

I'm the one in the CIA.

Hartley interrupts Danvers annoyance with a firm voice.

HARTLEY

We're here.

EXT: LAKE VOSTOK - DEEP CORE DRILLING STATION #1 - NIGHT

The Snow Cats move slowly down a hill as we see a long shot of a group of buildings, one main unit in the center and several smaller to the side.

They are makeshift buildings, corrugated steel and aluminium constructs. It is a temporary camp, not supposed to last more than a few weeks.

The outside camp lights are on, casting an eerie glow in swirling snow and ice buffeting the camp. The wind is so strong that some pieces of the aluminium buildings bend and clank back and forth. The clanging metal sounds echo throughout the camp.

There is no sign of activity. The camp looks deserted.

A helicopter can be seen off to the side of the camp. It's propellers are not tied down in the wind as they should be, the blades shaking in the fierce wind.

INT: SNOW CAT - NIGHT

Hartley, Jenkins and Danvers all peer through the glass of the Arctic Cat, none of them liking what they see.

JENKINS

Doesn't look like anybody's home.

Jenkins cocks his gun.

EXT: VOSTOK CAMP - NIGHT

The Cats pull in front of the main building. The doors of both vehicles open and three figures emerge from each. Jenkins, Danvers and Hartley from one, Kingsley and two other armed sailors, SANCHEZ and PRICE from the USS COPLEY.

All are armed with assault rifles. They are all heavily clothed, parkas pulled up, goggles covering their eyes from the freezing wind.

Hartley gestures to Kingsley with hand signals. Kingsley follows the orders and takes point as the the two armed sailors from the COPLEY fall back to guard the group's rear. The group then advances in that formation to what appears to be the main building.

INT: LAKE VOSTOK BASE- DEEP CORE DRILLING STATION/ MAIN BUILDING - NIGHT

The door is pushed open by Kingsley and he enters cautiously, swinging his weapon in wide arcs to make sure the interior is clear. Hartley and the others then enter slowly behind him.

The regular lights in this building all appear to be functioning normally. The heat seems to be working. The room they enter is an large open space with desks and computers on the side walls.

In the center of the room is a mechanical device that looks like a large drill. The apparatus is shut down and not operating.

The drill hovers over a small hole about the size of small manhole cover. The hole extends down into the earth. Danvers walks over to the machine. Danvers becomes excited.

DANVERS
There's the drill!

Hartley surveys the room and the drill and then looks down into the hole.

HARTLEY
That's it? I thought it would be bigger.

DANVERS
No, no, they're not drilling for oil, after all. They just need a decent size hole to break through the ice, drill all the way through the ice until they hit the water hidden underneath. Then they retrieve their samples. But it's a long way down.

He looks up at the drill and down the hole. The hole fades into a black nothingness.

DANVERS (CONT'D)
It certainly looks like they may have gotten down the two miles. We'll know for sure once we find samples.

Danvers looks around the desks near the walls, rummaging through, desks, knocking over beakers and vials.

DANVERS (CONT'D)

But I don't see anything here.
They're probably in one of the
smaller buildings. They must have
used those as a storage area.

Jenkins, who has been scanning the room, walks over to Hartley. He gets close enough to Hartley for her to hear but no one else.

JENKINS

It looks abandoned. I don't see
signs of a struggle. No blood.

HARTLEY

But where is everybody? There were
twelve crew supposed to be
stationed here, another eight back
on the ENDEAVOUR. Twenty people
don't just vanish into thin air.

Danvers sighs as he looks through the vials, not finding the samples. He starts to head back to the main door.

DANVERS

Let's go check the other buildings.
It's probably the one next door.

HARTLEY

Wait, Danvers. Kingsley, I want you
to go with him and take Price here
with you. No body goes anywhere
alone. Anything moves and doesn't
identify itself, kill it.

KINGSLEY

Yes, sir.

Danvers, Kingsley and Price walk to the main entrance, their face-masks and hoods back on, and exit outside. Jenkins walks over to a table filled with maps, computers, diagrams, etc. He picks up a crumpled paper map of Antarctica with red concentric circles and numbers written across the top. Jenkins appears lost in thought and quietly speaks to himself.

JENKINS

Piercing the veil...

Hartley looks at Jenkins, not hearing him.

HARTLEY

What?

Jenkins shrugs as Hartley jolts him out of his reverie.

JENKINS

Nothing. Something Danvers said.
ENDEAVOUR -this entire mission- was
to look for new life, right? New
life on this planet. I was serious
about what I said to Nantz -it
would be an incredible discovery.
An epic find.

HARTLEY

And? You said that would be great,
right?

Jenkins walks slowly around the room and then over to the
drill and the hole underneath it.

A large thud hits the outside wall. Sanchez turns quickly -
weapon at ready - and scans the camp from the window. He sees
a small piece of metal flapping in the wind. Sanchez looks
back to Hartley.

SANCHEZ

Nothing, Sir. Just the wind.

Jenkins continues to Hartley.

JENKINS

Danvers was telling me how
Antarctica is linked to all these
ancient stories-a lot of which I
know already. But he said that it
was once thought to be the original
location of Atlantis or some other
great civilization, stuff like
that. He said these cultures may
have flourished down here,
thousands of years ago.

Hartley looks confused.

HARTLEY

I'm not following you, Jenkins.

Jenkins walks over and peers down the hole. It stretches deep
into pitch darkness. Jenkins looks back up and back to
Hartley.

JENKINS

What if there aren't any NEW life
forms down there? What if there are
OLD life forms?. And what if

ENDEAVOUR wasn't discovering
anything down there but...

A look of recognition, and terror, spreads over Jenkins face
as he quickly turns back to face Hartley.

JENKINS (CONT'D)
But was actually letting whatever's
down there out!

Jenkins grabs Hartley and starts to push her towards the main
door. Hartley pushes him away.

JENKINS (CONT'D)
We have to get out of here. Now!

Hartley starts to protest but looks into Jenkins eyes. She is
beginning to trust his instincts. She lowers her rifle and
raises her hand in order to press her intercom button.

Suddenly, something we can not make out jumps up through the
drill hole with an incredibly loud, otherworldly roar.

Jenkins, Hartley and Sanchez are shocked and taken completely
by surprise. The creature lands right in front of Sanchez and
we see it in full and close up for the first time.

It is humanoid in appearance. It is nearly seven feet tall and
it is a massive, yet also lean and sinewy. Its entire body is
covered with a green/ blueish mucous-like slime that
highlights the powerful muscles that covers its body.

The creatures' arms are longer than the rest of its body. It
has huge hands with fingers that resemble claws.

The head is reptilian in appearance with a long snout and
massive jagged teeth. But there are definite human
characteristics to the face, the entire appearance.

Sanchez is stunned by the sudden appearance and hideousness of
the supernatural being. The creature snarls at Sanchez and
begins to advance towards him.

Sanchez trains his weapon on the being. He pulls the trigger.
The gun clicks but nothing happens.

The safety of Sanchez's weapon is still on. Sanchez quickly
clicks the safety off, aims the rifle at the advancing
creature. Before he can pull the trigger, it closes the
distance between them with remarkable speed and smashes
Sanchez with a powerful blow from its arm.

Sanchez cries out and is hit with such force he flies through

one of the building's thick, insulated windows. The collision is so powerful Sanchez dies instantly.

Hartley and Jenkins , stunned from what they have just witnessed, regain their composure and fire at nearly the same time at the creature, while its' back is turned to them.

The creature screams in pain and grabs its back. It turns back towards them. Hartley and Jenkins continue to fire until they are out of ammo. The being is hurt but starts to advance towards Jenkins and Hartley.

Hartley changes her clip and points her weapon at the creature but it's too late. The being gets to her in time to knock the gun out of her hand.

Hartley falls down from the blow, crashing into desks and knocking equipment across the floor.

The creature approaches Hartley who is still dazed from the blow. It raises its' hand, fierce claws clearly showing, ready to finish her off.

Jenkins cannot find another clip so he quickly looks around for another weapon. He finds one of the long drill shafts lying next to him. The long shaft has sharp diamond-shaped point. Before the creature can strike Hartley, Jenkins picks up the shaft and jams it into the back of the creature.

The being howls, jagged teeth seen clearly as it screams in pain. Jenkins tries to shove the shaft deeper but the creature turns suddenly, the sheer force of the movement knocking the shaft loose and throwing Jenkins to the floor.

Enraged, the creature rushes towards Jenkins, his screams echoing through the room.

Jenkins is still holding the shaft. He wedges the bottom of the shaft against the heavy base of the drill. The creature jumps into the air, arms and claws extended, as it pounces on Jenkins.

As the creature falls, the diamond-tipped shaft rips through its neck, killing the creature instantly. The creature's face is inches from Jenkins' face as it takes its last breath. Jenkins is breathing hard as the mouth of the dead creature is only inches from his face.

Jenkins looks down at the trunk of creature's body and sees something written on his chest. It appears to be the remnants of a shirt, a navy uniform. Very faintly, through the dirt and slime, Jenkins can make out the word ENDEAVOUR. He looks stunned.

Recovering, he is able to crawl out from under the creature and rushes over to help Hartley. Jenkins lifts her up.

JENKINS (CONT'D)

Come on! We have to get out of here!

Jenkins grabs another clip of Hartley's belt and jams it into his weapon. Hartley grabs another and rams it into her gun.

JENKINS

Come on, run!

The two bolt for the door. Another creature suddenly jumps up from out of the hole with a loud roar just as Hartley and Jenkins break through the main door out into the freezing night air outside.

EXT: LAKE VOSTOK BASE - NIGHT

Jenkins looks quickly around but does not see any other creatures. He only sees the other deserted buildings. The wind is still blowing hard.

Hartley is bent over, still in pain. Jenkins grabs her by the shoulder.

JENKINS

Hartley, you OK?

HARTLEY

I'll be alright.

JENKINS

Listen, we can't escape using the Cats -they're too slow. They'll run us down before we get one hundred yards.

He looks over to the helicopter. He points over at the pad.

JENKINS

Can you fly that thing?

HARTLEY

I think so. I've passed all the required training simulations but never the real thing.

JENKINS

That'll have to do. You head for the chopper, get her prepped as

fast as you can. I'll be back with
the others. Go!

Hartley starts to run towards the helipad as Jenkins turns the opposite direction and runs as fast as he can, towards a smaller building about fifty yards away.

CUT TO:

INT: LAKE VOSTOK CAMP/ SAMPLE STORAGE BUILDING - NIGHT

Danvers is going through vials and sample containers as Kingsley stands next to him. Price is in far corner away from the front door of the building, standing lookout. Kingsley watches Danvers with interest and some amusement.

KINGSLEY
What exactly are you looking for,
Danvers?

Danvers looks impatient and annoyed.

DANVERS
I'm looking for those samples. But
I don't see anything.

Danvers stops mid-sentence as he notices a small box in the center of the main work station.

DANVERS (CONT'D)
Here it is. The refrigeration unit.
I bet the samples are in here.

Kingsley laughs softly to himself.

KINGSLEY
Like my old dorm room fridge. If
you find a beer in there, I got
dibs.

The heavy front door to the building swings open suddenly and Jenkins rushes in, the cold air and snow following him in.

The sample room group has not heard the fighting or gunshots because the room is well-insulated and because of the storm raging outside. Danvers and Kingsley stop and look at Jenkins panting and terrified. Jenkins gestures towards Danvers with his rifle.

JENKINS
Leave that shit and let's go! We
have to go! Now!

DANVERS

What's going on? I can't leave these here! You even said, they might be priceless-

JENKINS

Danvers, leave it and run! This whole thing-it's a trap!

Just then, two huge arms of a creature extend down from somewhere in the ceiling, grabbing Price who is still in the back corner. Everyone turns in shock.

Before anyone can react, Price is ripped in two by the powerful arms and blood and innards splatter everywhere. Danvers screams as Kingsley pushes him towards the door.

The creature hiding in the ceiling jumps to the ground. It is similar in appearance to the creature Jenkins just killed. Kingsley turns and fires at the being. It howls in pain.

Danvers starts to pick up more vials. Kingsley turns and smacks the vials out of Danvers' hand.

KINGSLEY

School's out Doctor. Start running!

Danvers hesitates a second. Kingsley slaps him across the face with the butt of his gun, not hard enough to hurt but enough to get Danver's attention.

KINGSLEY (CONT'D)

Now!

Danvers turns and runs for the front entrance. As he runs for freedom, the large arm of another creature extends outward, from where it was hiding behind a row of large metal canisters, and knocks Danvers down.

Jenkins and Kingsley turn and fire at the new creature. The ceiling creature gathers itself from the gunshots and starts to close in on Kingsley. Jenkins sees the larger creature almost upon Kingsley and screams in warning.

JENKINS

Kingsley!

Kingsley turns just in time to avoid a killing blow from the creature but is slashed viciously along his back. He yells in agony but manages to shoot off a few more rounds before falling to the floor. The bullets hit the creature hard and at close range, knocking it back and off its feet.

The creature who attacked Danvers is hurt from the gun fire but starts to recover. It picks itself up off the floor and starts to advance on Kingsley and Danvers.

Jenkins aims and shoots but his rifle just clicks as he pulls the trigger. He is out of ammunition. Kingsley looks down at his weapon and realizes he's also out.

From the ground, Kingsley pushes Danvers towards Jenkins who is still near the front entrance of the sample building. Kingsley yells to Jenkins.

KINGSLEY

I'll hold them off. Take Danvers!
Get out. Run! That's an order,
Captain!

Danvers falls into Jenkins arms. Jenkins watches the two creatures, still dazed and hurt but slowly descending on Kingsley as he lays on the floor, mortally wounded from the attack of the ceiling creature.

Jenkins can see the blood oozing from the gashes on Kingsley's back. Jenkins looks at Kingsley and their eyes lock for a moment. Jenkins then grabs Danvers and pushes Danvers out the front door.

The two creatures are yelping and howling as they come in for the kill. Their mouths snap open and their jagged teeth glimmer in the soft, harsh emergency lighting of the sample room.

Kingsley reaches down to his belt and unhooks a phosphorous grenade. He pulls the pin. He turns and screams at the creature nearest him.

KINGSLEY (CONT'D)

Come on, motherfucker!

The ceiling creature plunges his head -with mouth wide open- straight down towards Kingsley's face with incredible force. Kingsley slams his fist holding the grenade deep into the open maw of the creature, just as its head plunges down.

EXT: LAKE VOSTOK STATION - NIGHT

Jenkins and Danvers are running flat out as fast as they can. They are about thirty yards from the sample building.

Suddenly, the sample building explodes into a huge fireball and we hear the dying wails of the creatures inside.

The force of the explosion knocks Danvers and Jenkins off

their feet. Jenkins stands up and picks Danvers up. Danvers looks like he's going to pass out.

Jenkins looks towards the helicopter. The blades are spinning but he knows too slowly. He can see Hartley in the cockpit. They are about one hundred yards away. Jenkins shakes Danvers.

JENKINS

Come on. Get up! We need to get to the chopper. Hurry!

INT: HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Hartley is switching buttons on and off, trying to get the blades to spin faster. The lights on the landing pad are on as well as the helicopter's own lights. The propeller is spinning.

HARTLEY

Come one, Come on!

Hartley looks up at the propeller, as it starts to spin faster.

HARTLEY (CONT'D)

Spin you son of a bitch!

She looks left out the helicopter window and sees Danvers and Jenkins racing toward her. Suddenly, a huge roar to her right can be heard and we see the gaping mouth of one the creatures as it fills the pilot's side window. Hartley gasps in shock.

EXT: LAKE VOSTOK BASE CAMP - NIGHT

Jenkins and Danvers are running full out towards the copter, their breath steaming in front of them at their effort.

INT: HELICOPTER - NIGHT

The creature begins to slam the pilot's side window as Hartley fumbles for her side-arm. Hartley grabs her pistol and jams it into the window gun hole. She fires repeatedly until her clip empties.

We hear the creature scream in pain from being shot at such close range. Hartley stares out the window again. The creature is gone. We see through cracks in the supposedly shatterproof glass there is no sign of the creature.

EXT: LAKE VOSTOK BASE CAMP - NIGHT

Jenkins and Danvers make it to the helicopter, open the back door and jump in.

INT: HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Jenkins and Danvers jump into the back seat of the helicopter and Jenkins slams the door shut.

JENKINS
Let's go Hartley!

HARTLEY
I'm trying! I don't have enough
lift!

The propeller is spinning very rapidly now. It makes slight movements off the ground but then settles back on the helipad.

Jenkins looks out the helicopter window and sees six or seven creatures descending rapidly on the helicopter from different directions throughout the camp.

Their hot breath fills the air in front of them as they scream and howl. They are closing fast. Still looking at the creatures, Jenkins pleads with Hartley.

JENKINS
Hartley...

HARTLEY
I see them! Just a few more
seconds!

Danvers looks out the helicopter's window at the creatures. He looks at them with excitement, even admiration.

DANVERS
My God. They're incredible!

Jenkins looks at Danvers as if he's insane. The helicopter starts to rise.

HARTLEY
Hang on!

Jenkins looks out the side window. The creatures are nearly on top of them. The helicopter takes off and begins to ascend.

The creature that Harley shot at close range jumps on the landing railings just as the the helicopter begins to rise. The creature climbs up on the rails and roars as it begins to smash the side passenger glass with powerful blows.

The helicopter tilts awkwardly with the added weight. It stops rising.

HARTLEY (CONT'D)
Shit! Jenkins, get it off!

Jenkins jumps over Danvers and sticks his gun through the firing hole in the door . He fires but again just hears a click, forgetting he has no more ammo. He looks around the interior of the helicopter.

He sees a fire extinguisher on the helicopter cabin wall. He slams open the chopper door, dislodging the creature slightly.

The creature swipes his claws at Jenkins, narrowly missing him. Danvers looks out the window on the other side and sees that the rest of the creatures are almost on top of them.

Jenkins steps outside onto the railing, barely missing another lunge by the creature.

Jenkins sprays the fire extinguisher in the face of the creature who howls and raises his head more in surprise than pain.

Jenkins quickly grabs the extinguisher and sticks it under the protruding chin of the creature. Jenkins pushes up with all his might. The top of the creature's barely moves but, finally, it lifts just a little.

Just enough that the helicopter blades cut off the top piece of its head. The creature falls off the helicopter's landing gear, dead before it hits the ice.

The helicopter rises fast as the other creatures arrive at the helipad. The closest one jumps for the chopper as it ascends and narrowly misses grabbing the railing as the helicopter safely takes off into the frigid night air.

Jenkins climbs back into the helicopter and slams the door.

INT: HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Everyone catches their breath as Hartley flies into the night back towards the ENDEAVOUR and COPLEY. Hartley screams over the roar of the engines and propeller.

HARTLEY
What happened to Kingsley and Price?

JENKINS
They didn't make it. All dead.

HARTLEY

And so is the entire crew of the
ENDEAVOUR.

Jenkins looks out the window back towards the camp and the
creatures on the helipad.

JENKINS
I don't think so. Not exactly.

DANVERS
What do you mean?

Jenkins yells at Hartley over the noise of the propellers.

JENKINS
Head back to AUSTRALIS, quick as
you can. There's a helipad aft. Can
you radio COPLEY or AUSTRALIS?

HARTLEY
I tried, both their comm systems
are out. Or jammed. What's going
on, Jenkins?

JENKINS
I don't know anything right now
except we have to get the fuck out
of here. Let's just get back. We
can talk all we want after we set
sail and call for help.

EXT: OCEAN - NIGHT

The helicopter comes in to sight as we see the AUSTRALIS in
foreground of the frame. It is lit up as before. We can see
the submarine COPLEY illuminated in the distance by its own
outside lights, the conning tower jutting out from underneath
the ice.

INT: HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Danvers and Jenkins are looking out the window below. Danvers
turns to Jenkins for reassurance.

DANVERS
Everything looks OK here, doesn't
it?

Jenkins ignores Danvers and taps Hartley on the shoulder.
Jenkins points downward towards the aft of the AUSTRALIS.

JENKINS
Put her down there Hartley. There's

a lot of junk on the pad - we never
use it - so be careful.

EXT: OCEAN - NIGHT

The helicopter makes a bumpy landing on the helipad of the AUSTRALIS. The doors open and Jenkins, Danvers and Hartley all exit as the propeller starts to slow down. Jenkins screams over the wash of the helicopter.

JENKINS

Nice landing. Lieutenant. Follow me
to the bridge - we need to send out
SOS and distress calls over all
channels, not just military.

Jenkins begins to run and jumps through the outer hatch into the interior of the AUSTRALIS. He is heading for the Bridge. Danvers and Hartley follow him closely.

INT: AUSTRALIS/ BRIDGE - NIGHT

Jenkins opens the Bridge door and stops cold at what he sees. Hartley and Danvers catch up to him. We see three creatures standing in the middle of the Bridge.

The creatures are standing somewhat silent, making only odd gurgling noises. They are not making their usual growls. They are swaying slowly back and forth.

At their feet, kneeling, are Willie and the rest of the Bridge crew, some bloody and cut, one sobbing. Willie looks up at Jenkins with a pleading look in his eyes as if to say sorry.

Hartley and Jenkins raise their guns and point them at the creatures, ready to fire. Danvers grabs their rifle butts, stopping them.

DANVERS

No! Don't shoot!

The creatures do not move but continue to sway back and forth. The low guttural noises of the creatures, like purring engines, and the normal bridge sounds, radar, etc., are the only noise filling the Bridge. Danvers turns to Jenkins.

DANVERS (CONT'D)

Wait! Please.

Jenkins looks at Danvers with astonishment. Hartley keeps her gun trained on the creatures.

DANVERS (CONT'D)

Before you do anything, just wait. This is going to seem like an odd request, especially after what we just went through. But before we do anything, let me try to communicate with them.

Jenkins and Hartley look at Danvers as if he's lost his mind.

HARTLEY

Are you crazy? They're monsters, Danvers! You saw what they did back at the Camp. You can't communicate with them.

DANVERS

If that's true, why don't they attack us? Why is your crew still alive, Captain?

Jenkins looks back and forth between Danvers, Hartley and the Creatures, not sure what to do.

DANVERS (CONT'D)

Let me try, Captain. They may be more intelligent than you think. Not like us, obviously. And deadly, true. But maybe we are the ones who made a mistake. Maybe we invaded their territory, their home. Maybe there's a reason they attacked us. Let me try. We have nothing to lose.

Danvers turns and looks imploringly at Hartley. Hartley does not take her eyes off the creatures. She shakes her head slowly.

HARTLEY

I don't know. But since we're almost out of ammo, I guess it's worth a try. But when I say drop, you hit the floor and cover your head.

Danvers nods in agreement and turns around to face the creatures. He begins to walk slowly and cautiously towards the creatures with his hands in the air, showing he has nothing to hide and is not carrying any weapons.

Danvers walks in front of the largest creature, located in the center. The creatures do not react at all.

Danvers begins to make low, guttural noises similar to the creatures but lacking the deepness and other ambient noises.

DANVERS
(translation)
SUPER: Welcome, my Lord. You have
been away far too long.

The creatures continue to display no reaction. Jenkins looks over at Hartley.

DANVERS
SUPER: Your subjects have been
awaiting your return. All is ready.
I have devised a way to free you
all from your icy prison. I ask
only to worship at your feet when
you take back what is rightfully
yours.

The creature Danvers is addressing begins to make noises. The same low, guttural sounds Danvers made but with more depth and intonation.

BEING LEADER
(translation)
SUPER: You have done well, slave.
You will be rewarded when we
reclaim this world. You will
worship at our feet and rejoice in
the pain.

Jenkins moves closer to Hartley and whispers.

JENKINS
I don't like this.

Danvers turns back towards Jenkins and Hartley and gestures with his arms toward them.

DANVERS
(translation)
SUPER: These two have been
instrumental in helping free you.
Not willingly of course, but
helpful nonetheless. They will be
useful to us. If you see fit,
Master, please do not kill them.
Not yet.

Danvers then points directly at Jenkins.

DANVERS (CONT'D)

SUPER: This one, in particular, is very strong in body and mind. He will make an excellent host for you.

Just then two creatures we have not seen grab Jenkins and Hartley from behind. Jenkins and Hartley drop their guns as they struggle. The two creatures do not hurt them but hold them tightly. Jenkins and Hartley struggle to break free.

Jenkins looks up and sees the face of the creature holding him. It looks very much like Captain Nantz of the COPLEY. He glances at the creature's chest and sees the remains of a uniform and the name NANTZ.

Danvers walks slowly towards Jenkins and speaks to him in English.

DANVERS (CONT'D)

There's no use struggling, Captain. This is all going to happen, no matter how hard you resist.

JENKINS

Danvers, what the fuck is going on here?

DANVERS

I tried to tell you before, Captain.

Danvers turns back to the creatures, pointing at the three creatures holding the crew.

DANVERS (CONT'D)

Ten thousand years ago, these Beings ruled over this entire planet. They held dominion over every thing and everyone. We were barely, what you would call, cavemen at the time. But we served. Like all the rest.

HARTLEY

That's impossible!

Danvers approaches Hartley, the creature still holding her.

DANVERS

Impossible? To someone like you, Hartley, everything by the book and by regulations, everything is impossible. You see now with your

own eyes and still, you don't believe. Some people are just not aware. But many in the military are like that Hartley. No reason to be ashamed.

Hartley bristles at Danvers' words and struggles harder to break free from the Being but to no avail. She is held more tightly.

Danvers turns and looks knowingly at Jenkins without moving.

DANVERS (CONT'D)

But the Captain knows what I'm talking about. Don't you, "Jenky?" He understands there are unseen things in between the cracks of what we call reality. That's why he is, quite understandably, afraid of Lake Vostok. Those ancient stories were not sailors' yarns but rather warnings. The existence, the signs, of these Beings and other "paranormal" events have always been there. In the arts, painting, literature, high brow and low. Even the Bible. Do you know Ezekiel's Wheel, from the Bible?

Danvers walks gets very close to Hartley's face, staring her in the eyes.

DANVERS (CONT'D)

No, of course not. You're just a tool Lieutenant. As subtle as a hammer. You were warned. Even given the keys - ways to help you understand. And everything you have dismissed your entire life as fantasy is now staring you right in the face and holding you in its cold grasp.

The large creature starts making more guttural noises.

BEING LEADER

(in English)

Enough. Do not try to explain the unexplainable to these lowly things.

Hartley looks stunned.

HARTLEY

You speak - English!

BEING LEADER

Your tongue is a most crude uttering. As simple and repulsive as your very race.

The Being Leader looks around the Bridge

BEING LEADER (CONT'D)

However, you have made great strides in your tools in our long absence. That will help us. But your role in life will always be to serve, slave. You are still ours, now and forever. And you will continue to make do as hosts.

HARTLEY

Hosts?

Danvers walks back to the center of the bridge.

DANVERS

Yes. I think Jenkins has figured this part out already.

Danvers smiles at Jenkins.

DANVERS (CONT'D)

These beings need hosts to survive. They merge with whatever life forms they find and make new life forms. That's how they stayed alive down there so long. That's how I knew they would still be alive underneath that frozen mass, even after thousands of years. But they need your bodies now. ENDEAVOUR and COPLEY's crew have all been...

Danvers pauses for effect.

DANVERS (CONT'D)

Absorbed. Taken over while we gave them the time and opportunity. The base camp was indeed a trap, Captain. One of my own making to give these magnificent beings time to...well, make new friends.

JENKINS

You piece of shit.

Ignoring Jenkins, Danvers turns back to the Being Leader.

DANVERS

Master, we do not deserve to see your power just as we do not deserve to be in your very presence. But perhaps you can give us a glimpse, so these future hosts will know your might? And so they can revel in the glory that is yours to come.

BEING LEADER

You have done well, Danvers creature - you will have a taste of our power. And you will ne spared this fate because of your help and respect for our greatness. These early hosts are reaching the end of their usefulness. Some of us need to exchange.

The Being Leader gestures towards one of the other Beings standing next to him. The tattered uniform shows it is one of ENDEAVOUR crew.

The Being approaches Willie, picks him up and grabs him, holding him close. Willie screams and kicks, trying desperately to break free. Jenkins tries to break the grip of the Being holding him.

JENKINS

Willie!

Willie and the Being start to merge. It is a horrible sight and sound. Willie's entire body is broken backward in two and starts to be sucked into a small hole that appears from nowhere in the center of the Being.

Willie screams as he is slowly absorbed, sucked into a hole no bigger than a half dollar in the Being's chest. The Being begins to change shape before our eyes. The Being's form shifts, his skin ripples and bones break and stretch to fit the new form.

Once the transformation is complete, the Being still is a grotesque creature but know it looks like an amalgam of Willie and the Creature. Jenkins grunts in anguish.

JENKINS

Christ! Willie.

The Being Leader turns and addresses Danvers.

BEING LEADER

Enough for now. Take these hosts away until it is their privilege to offer themselves up to our Glory. Then return so we can begin the process of freeing our Brothers.

DANVERS

As you wish, Master.

The Being's gather up the crew, Jenkins and Danvers and drag them off the Bridge.

INT: ENDEAVOR/ CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Hartley and Jenkins are sitting on two wooden chairs in the middle of the room. Their hands and feet are tied to the chair with strong, nylon rope. The room is the usual ship's berth, small even for a Captain's room.

There is a porthole on the outer wall. Through it can be seen the large black Tower of the USS COPLEY, still brightly illuminated as it sticks up through the ice.

HARTLEY

Where do you think they're holding the crew? Why are we separated?

Jenkins looks tired and resigned. He is not even struggling against his ropes.

JENKINS

I think Danvers has something special planned for us.

The door to the Captain's quarters opens and in walks Danvers.

DANVERS

Just wanted to remind you there's cocktails and shuffle board on the Lido deck in five minutes.

Hartley strains at her ropes, a look of fury on her face.

HARTLEY

You fucking traitor!

Danvers grabs an empty chair and turns it around, placing his arms akimbo on the chair back.

DANVERS

Come now, Hartley. You have to be loyal to something first to be able to betray it. And I'm only loyal to myself.

HARTLEY

You're going to let those things out. Let them loose on the world. How many thousands of them are there, Danvers?

Danvers wags a finger at Hartley, correcting her.

DANVERS

Millions Lieutenant, from what I can gather.

HARTLEY

What are they doing down there under that lake? Where the hell do they come from?

DANVERS

Who knows? Outer space, inner space another dimension. I don't have all the answers, my soon to be pet. But they were here before us - that much I have figured out. From that ancient tablet that I said was of no consequence. It's also how I figured out their language.

Jenkins looks up.

JENKINS

So you did decipher it. And just didn't tell anyone at Langley. You did know they were down here all along.

DANVERS

Yes, I deciphered it. But who was I to tell, Captain? No one would have believed me. You have to sell the Intelligence Community on terrorists or global warming or something more current. Ten thousand year old bogeymen are just not sexy enough for them.

Danvers seems to be enjoying himself as he tells the story.

DANVERS (CONT'D)

But getting back to your question, Hartley. How did they get trapped. I'm assuming some cataclysmic event, a massive earthquake probably, devastated this region, the entire planet most likely. And just like that...

Danvers snaps his fingers.

DANVERS (CONT'D)

What was once their throne became their prison. They became trapped in an underwater tomb of ice with no way out. But they've been there, in the dark, waiting. Waiting for some one like me to come along.

Jenkins looks at Danvers with contempt.

JENKINS

And you, of all people, knew they were here? And how did you know that for sure Danvers? There could have been nothing down here.

Danvers turns viciously towards Jenkins.

DANVERS

Because while we were lying shitfaced in some bar re-living your glory days, I was reading, studying, preparing for mine! Not just that piece of tablet. Is studied everything. Plato to Blake. Even geniuses...Crowley, Cayce. The signs all pointed to "something" being down here.

Jenkins begins to laugh slightly. Danvers looks quizzically at him.

DANVERS

Something funny, Captain?

JENKINS

You, Danvers. I'll admit you had us fooled. We did play right into it.

Even helped you, didn't we? But you've forgotten one important thing.

DANVERS

Which would be?

JENKINS

How to get them all out. Are "millions" of them all going to crawl up through that little hole at base camp, one at a time? By the time a few hundred make it up, the Navy will be here and blow them all back to whatever hell they crawled up from.

Danvers shakes his head slowly, as if admonishing an errant school boy.

DANVERS

O Captain, my Captain...did you really think I would plan all this, go to all this trouble, and not have that part figured out?

Danvers stands up and starts to walk around the room, seemingly talking to himself.

DANVERS (CONT'D)

I will admit, though, that was the hard part. Believing these creatures existed, that was one thing. Getting down to Antarctica and proving they existed, that was another. But freeing them from their prison-well that was the real trick.

JENKINS

Let me guess- global warming? You're going to wait until the ice melts.

Danvers laughs heartily.

DANVERS

Global warming, very good. Very good, indeed. Global warming -if it exists - would just take too much time, Captain. Time, as you have pointed out, my Masters and I just do not have. There is only one

thing on this planet that can melt
two miles of ice in an instant.

Jenkins looks confused. The Conning tower of the COPLEY catches Jenkin's eye out the porthole window. Jenkins stops grinning. His face tightens in horror at the realization of Danver's plan. Danvers notices the look of recognition and dread on Jenkin's face.

DANVERS (CONT'D)

That's right, Captain. A nuclear device. That was last piece of the puzzle, the key to opening the prison doors. I needed a nuke here at the same time I was here and...

Danvers walks over and puts his arm around Hartley.

DANVERS (CONT'D)

Thanks to the CIA and the NAVY - well, here we are.

Hartley again struggles at her ropes in vain.

DANVERS (CONT'D)

A nuclear warhead - a relatively small device - from one of the COPLEY's torpedoes will be re-calibrated with a timer, dropped into the drill hole at base camp. Then, we will all sail away on the AUSTRALIS and watch the fireworks from a safe distance.

HARTLEY

You maniac! That will melt the polar cap. You'll flood the world, killing thousands.

Danvers corrects Hartley again.

DANVERS

Millions, Lieutenant. But that will be the least of your troubles. After the ice melts, millions, maybe billions of these Beings will pour forth, all in need of hosts. They will spread all over the world. Anyway you look at it, humanity's role as the dominant life form on this world is at an end.

JENKINS

And what about you, Danvers. Why are you doing this? What do you get out of it?

Danvers bends down and stares Jenkins squarely in the face.

DANVERS

It might seem petty, Captain. But I get revenge. For years I've been belittled, scorned - shit on, really - because I didn't have the right connections, the right pedigree. Not enough of political savvy to make it through the ranks. Not being a host is certainly one benefit. But even being a slave might have some perks.

Danvers walks over and strokes Hartley's hair. She winces and tries to move her head away.

DANVERS (CONT'D)

So, once the new world order is established, I'll be closer to the top of the food chain than the bottom. Which is more than I can say for the rest of you.

Danvers rises and begins to walk towards the cabin door.

JENKINS

It makes no sense Danvers. You're just exchanging one master for another.

Danvers grabs the cabin door and opens it.

DANVERS

You once quoted Milton to me. Remember, Captain?

Jenkins glares at Danvers. Danvers opens the door and steps through. He hesitates in the middle and turns back looking Jenkins squarely in the eye.

DANVERS

(quoting)

"Better to rule in hell than serve in heaven"

Danvers slams the hatch door shut.

INT: AUSTRALIS/ PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

Danvers holds the hatch door. He lets go, turns and comes face to face the Being Leader.

BEING LEADER

It is time, Danvers creature. Come
- we must free the others.

Danvers lowers his head, as in reverence.

DANVERS

Yes, Master. We must go to the
other ship-

Danvers stops and explains

DANVERS (CONT'D)

-the large black craft across the
ice - so we can retrieve the weapon
we discussed.

BEING LEADER

Excellent.

Danvers begins to walk away. The Being Leader raises a large sinewy, gelatinous arm, blocking Danvers way. Danvers looks up at the Leader.

BEING LEADER

But remember, Danvers Creature. No
tricks. Or your suffering will last
as long as our captivity in our
frozen tomb.

Danvers nods somberly and begins to walk away.

INT: ENDEAVOUR/ CAPTAINS QUARTERS - NIGHT

HARTLEY

We don't have much time. Turn the
chairs around and I'll try to see
if I can free one of your hands.

Jenkins ignores her. He concentrates and with all his might, forces his body as high in the air off the ground as he can.

The chair lifts off the ground just a few inches but crashes hard into the floor. The chair falls to the floor with his entire body weight.

The wooden chair breaks into pieces. Jenkins extricates himself from the rope and the debris of the chair. Hartley

looks at Jenkins with genuine admiration.

HARTLEY
Or that will work.

Jenkins begins to untie Hartley.

JENKINS
We have to get to the COPLEY before
they arm that nuke.

EXT: ICE SHELF - NIGHT

We see several creatures, the Being Leader and Danvers making their way to the COPLEY along a string of guiding lights and ropes stretched between the COPLEY and the ENDEAVOUR. The wind is blowing fiercely. They are halfway to the COPLEY. We see the Conning Tower looming in the distance.

INT: ENDEAVOUR/ PASSAGEWAY- NIGHT

Jenkins and Hartley are quietly making their way through the main passageway looking for a way off the AUSTRALIS. They have to stop and hide often from Beings walking through out the vessel.

HARTLEY
Can we free the rest of the crew?

JENKINS
No time. We need to get to our gear. You have extra weapons and suits in the equipment you brought on board, right? We need to get to it-down in the cargo bay.

Jenkins points to a doorway down the end of a long passageway. At the end of the hall is a massive Being, guarding the door to the cargo bay.

Jenkins looks around for something to use as a weapon. He looks up at the ceiling and sees the sprinkler system lining the ceiling of the hallway.

He follows the pipes across the ceiling and notices they extend all the way down the hallway. Jenkins whispers to Hartley.

JENKINS
When the being grabbed you and held you, he was cold, right?

HARTLEY

Freezing...and disgusting.

JENKINS

Come on. I have an idea.

Jenkins and Danvers back to another hallway and down a ladder. They land on the next deck floor, looking both ways to make sure no Beings are around.

Jenkins hurries down the hall, searching for a specific cabin. He finds it and tries the door. It's locked so he pushes it open.

INT: ENDEAVOUR/ WILLIE'S CABIN - NIGHT

Jenkins starts rummaging through drawers in Willie's Cabin. Pictures and calendars of half-naked girls line the walls. Also on the wall, hanging next to other pictures of whales and whaling vessels is an old Harpoon. It has a massive metal tip.

HARTLEY

What the hell are you doing?

JENKINS

This is Willie's cabin.

Jenkins finally stops looking and grabs onto something in the drawer

JENKINS (CONT'D)

Got it.

Jenkins holds up a large butane lighter holder and shows Hartley. He places the butane lighter in his pocket then pulls the Harpoon off the wall. He runs out of Willie's room holding the harpoon. Hartley, confused, follows him.

Jenkins than stops at another room down the hall. FIRE CONTROL ROOM is painted on the door. He enters the room, searching. Valves, knobs and pipes line the walls.

He searches until he finds a control panel labeled SPRINKLER CONTROL. He starts turning a valve on the board

Jenkins opens another valve, labelled EMERGENCY WATER RESERVE and starts turning.

HARTLEY

What are doing?

JENKINS

When the fire systems water is cut off in an emergency the sprinklers

can use the hot water from the engines as a back up.

Jenkins looks at Hartley with a faint smile.

JENKINS (CONT'D)

Danvers and those things want to heat things up around here. Let's give him what they want.

INT: COPLEY/ BRIDGE - NIGHT

Danvers drops down the main ladder from the top of the Conning and the outside hatch. The Being Leader and his two guards who have already descended into the vessel and are waiting on COPLEY's Bridge. Danvers points aft and addressees the Being Leader.

DANVERS

This way-

Danvers adds mockingly.

DANVERS (CONT'D)

My Liege.

INT: ENDEAVOUR/ HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jenkins and Hartley make their way back to the end of the hallway where the creature is guarding the weapons cache and the entrance to the cargo hold.

JENKINS

OK, get up my shoulders.

Jenkins bends down and begins to grab Hartley around her waist and lifts her on her shoulders.

HARTLEY

Wait a minute!

JENKINS

No time to play woman's lib. Get up!

Hartley gets on his shoulders. Jenkins passes her the lighter.

JENKINS (CONT'D)

Do it!

Jenkins clicks the lighter once and it sputters but makes a very audible click. The Being guard appears to notice the noise and starts to walk towards Jenkins and Hartley's

location.

JENKINS (CONT'D)

Come on, Hartley.

Hartley sees the Being approaching. She holds the lighter and it catches fire. She holds the flame right under the sprinkler. The sprinkler turns on, water pouring out onto Hartley.

INTERCUT:

The sprinklers turn on all over the ENDEAVOUR, every deck, every compartment.

We see creatures throughout the vessel start screaming in agony as their nearly frigid flesh turns hard, then brittle. Body parts start to crack and fall off as the hot water from the sprinklers washes over them. Their wails of agony can be heard everywhere.

INT: ENDEAVOUR/ PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

The sprinkler on top of the creature guarding the cargo bay turns on. He is doused in hot water.

The Being howls in pain, his skin sizzles, steams and then begins to crack, like an ice cube dropped into a warm drink.

Jenkins grabs Hartley and pulls her off his shoulders. He picks up the Harpoon from Willie's room and runs full speed down the hallway towards the guard.

Jenkins jabs full force with the harpoon. Jenkins plunges the harpoon into the chest of the creature and a chunk of the Being's torso snaps off and falls to the ground.

The creature howls again and takes a swipe with back of his hand, claws barely missing Jenkins. The Being swipes again with the his other hand. Jenkins falls against the bulkhead but a piece of the creatures hand breaks away as it smashes into the bulkhead.

The Gard's body is still cracking and it is still screaming in pain. Jenkins takes the harpoon and swings it like a bat at the Being's head.

As the heavy harpoon makes contact, the Being's head is smashed into a hundred little pieces. The body falls on the deck in front of Jenkins.

INT: COPLEY/ TORPEDO ROOM - NIGHT

Dancers, The Being Leader and his two guards enter the Torpedo room. The room is cramped and filled with wiring, pieces of hardware and other tools. Most of the room consists of four large torpedo tubes up front.

Dangling from the ceiling are huge metal chains, attached to various rods and pulleys.

These chains are used to move the enormously heavy torpedoes from where they are stored into their tubes for firing.

In the center of the room is a large torpedo, partially dismantled. The nose of the torpedo is unhinged and there are wires and electronics showing. The Being Leader gestures to Danvers.

BEING LEADER

We have followed your instructions.
The weapon has been made ready for
you.

Danvers looks at the torpedo in anticipation and approaches the nuclear bomb.

INT: AUSTRALIS/ CARGO BAY - NIGHT

Hartley runs to the assault rifles and small arms lining the cargo bay wall. Jenkins runs to a rack of all-weather suits in the center of the room and starts to get undressed.

They are both soaking wet from the sprinkler. Hartley is busy loading the guns but looks over briefly at Jenkins' naked body. Jenkins smiles slightly.

JENKINS

Impressed?

Hartley ignores him, slaps a round of ammo into the weapon and tosses him the assault rifle. She then throws him two more clips for the rifle.

HARTLEY

We have two clips each left. Make
them last.

Jenkins throws her an all-weather suit. Hartley grabs the suit in mid air and notices Jenkins grinning.

JENKINS

My turn.

Hartley matches his gaze and starts to take her clothes off with no hesitation.

INT: COPLEY / TORPEDO ROOM - NIGHT

Danvers is working on the improvised bomb. He looks back at the Leader Being who is standing over him as he works.

DANVERS
Almost finished.

The Being Leader corrects Danvers.

BEING LEADER
Master.

DANVERS
Of course. Almost done. Master.

EXT: COPLEY/ CONNING TOWER - NIGHT

A Being stands guard on the tower. A small metallic noise is heard coming from the side of the ship, directly beneath the tower deck.

The creature lumbers over to the source of the noise. The Being bends over the deck railing.

Jenkins, holding on to the railing underneath, stabs upward with the tip of the harpoon. The Harpoon pierces the lower jaw of the creature, jutting through its mouth and squeezing its upper and lower mouth closed.

Jenkins strains at the exertion. The creature's scream of pain and warning is muted because his mouth can not open fully.

Hartley jumps onto the Tower from her hiding place next to Jenkins with uncanny speed and agility.

She places her hand gun deep into the side of the creature and pulls the trigger several times. The body of the Being itself muzzles the sound of gunshots. The Being dies trying to scream a warning in vain.

INT: COPLEY/ TORPEDO ROOM

Danvers gets up from his work and points at the device.

DANVERS
This is very jury rigged.

Danvers turns and explains to the Beings.

DANVERS (CONT'D)
This device is put together hastily

and not perfectly. But it will
work, my Lord.

He gestures at the bomb. There are two small steel tubes, each with a pointed end. One hangs about the other with about an inch between them. These are the contact points that will trigger the bomb. Danvers mimics with his hands the action of the bomb.

DANVERS (CONT'D)

At the appropriate time, these two points will come together, and the weapon will activate. I have a timer - something that will count down and activate the device by itself - on the weapon. This will allow us time to reach a safe distance.

BEING LEADER

And then my brothers will be freed?

DANVER

Oh yes, Master. Then we will all be free.

INT: COPLEY/ BRIDGE - NIGHT

Two Beings stand at attention on the bridge. A metallic clang is heard on the outer deck hatch. The two beings look at each other. We hear another metallic clang. One Being climbs up to the ladder to investigate.

NEW ANGLE:

The creature opens the outside hatch. Hartley is standing directly above him, assault rifle pointed at the Being.

We see the Being from above. It howls. We see Hartley from below. She pulls the trigger and all we see is the muzzle flash of her rifle filling the screen.

INT: COPLEY/ TORPEDO ROOM

The gunshots from Hartley's rifle are heard faintly in the torpedo room. Danvers speaks under his breath.

DANVERS

Jenkins!

The Being Leader turns to the two Beings who act as bodyguards for the leader.

BEING LEADER

Find them. Destroy them. Make sure they do not interrupt us until we have completed our task. Go!

The two Beings move out of the torpedo room to intercept Jenkins and Hartley.

INT: COPLEY/ BRIDGE - NIGHT

Jenkins slides down the ladder from the outside hatch Tower to the Bridge below. Hartley is already on the Bridge checking the submarine's schematics on a computer terminal.

JENKINS

What's the quickest way to the torpedo room?

Hartley points at the computer screen.

HARTLEY

This way!

Jenkins and Hartley run through a Bridge hatch heading for the torpedo room.

INT: COPLEY/ PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

Jenkins and Hartley are moving fast but cautiously. They stop at every turn or bulkhead door to peer around before advancing. They are moving quickly but methodically. They do not see any Beings. Hartley speaks softly to Jenkins.

HARTLEY

This seems too quiet. Where all the creatures back on the AUSTRALIS?

JENKINS

They're here all right but maybe they're all in the torpedo room. Let's check our ammo one more time and see what we have before we get down there.

Jenkins and Hartley begin to double check their remaining ammunition. Off screen, we hear a low growl. Jenkins and Hartley look down the passageway from where they just came. Jenkins taps Hartley on the shoulder.

JENKINS

Let's keep moving. We can get trapped here.

Jenkins and Hartley move slowly down the passageway, towards the ladder that will bring them to the next deck of the COPLEY and the torpedo room in the submarine's bow.

They hear the low growl again from in back of them. Hartley turns suddenly to Jenkins.

HARTLEY

Hurry! They're behind us.

Hartley shoulders her rifle and grabs the ladder. Jenkins Screams at her

JENKINS

Hartley, wait!

Hartley looks up just as she is about to descend the ladder. She does not see the huge arm of a Being Guard behind her ready to strike.

Jenkins drops his weapon and lunges towards Hartley, grabbing her just as the blow strikes. The strike misses Hartley but hits with such force that it buckles the ladder.

Jenkins and Hartley fall onto deck, Hartley's gun falling out of her hands from the impact. The gun lands right in front of the Being who is beginning to climb the ladder.

The growl from behind turns out to be the other Being Guard who starts to approach Jenkins and Hartley from the opposite direction. Jenkins and Hartley stand up but can not move. They are trapped in between the two Beings.

JENKINS (CONT'D)

They must have swung around the other passageway. We're cornered.

The Being ascending the ladder from the deck below kicks the guns away from Jenkins and Hartley.

BEING GUARD #1

You have no more weapons to hurt us. No more places to hide. It is time to die like the cur you are.

Jenkins looks around and can not see anyway to pass either guard. He turns to Hartley.

JENKINS

Do you have any other guns, grenades? Anything?

HARTLEY

Just my side arm.

She un holsters it and pulls it out.

HARTLEY (CONT'D)

But you know it won't stop them.

Jenkins looks around and notices the pipes and cables running down the length of the passageway.

Without hesitating, Jenkins grabs the wooden end of the Harpoon and starts jamming into the various cables and wires above him in the ceiling.

Sparks fly from electrical cables as the harpoon breaks open the COPLEY's wiring. He uses the end of the harpoon to pull the electrical wiring from the ceiling. Sparks fly everywhere.

The creatures hesitate a moment wondering what Jenkins is doing. Jenkins turns to Hartley.

JENKINS

Hartley, you have to take care of this one.

He points to the electrical cables sparking above him. The cables are now hanging down from the ceiling, almost at touching the top of their heads.

JENKINS (CONT'D)

Draw him in close.

Hartley looks up, understanding. She nods her head.

HARTLEY

What about the other one?

JENKINS

Leave him to me.

Jenkins starts down the passageway towards the Being Guard #2. The creature howls in anticipation of his approaching prey. Jenkins has his harpoon out in front of him.

Hartley stands up and fires one shot at the Guard #1 in front of her. The bullet hits it square in the chest. It winces and growls but is otherwise unhurt. Hartley shouts at the Being.

HARTLEY

Come on, you ugly bastard. I'm just a dog, so teach me to behave.

Guard #1 seems to smile slightly at Hartley.

GUARD #1

Your death will be painful, she
thing.

Guard #2 starts towards Hartley. Jenkins rushes to meet it head on and starts jabbing with the harpoon. The Guard moves to avoid Jenkins' blows. The Guard blocks one jab with its arms.

The Being swings wildly at Jenkins. Jenkins pierces its torso with a quick jab. The harpoon's strike forces the Guard back slightly, pain and surprise on its face. It looks back at Jenkins with fury in its eyes.

Guard #2 approaches Hartley and swings with his powerful forearm. It misses her and slams into the bulkhead, rupturing a steam pipe.

Steam billows out and starts to fill the passageway. Hartley fires another shot, but it seems to merely annoy Guard #1. She steps back, making the creature follow her. The sparks fall from the severed electrical cables dangling from above.

Jenkins continues to back up Guard #2. The Being is getting frustrated and howls in anger. Jenkins continues to move quickly, jabbing with the harpoon and inflicting large wounds on the creature.

One thrust goes deep into the Being. It screams but smashes down with all its might, breaking the harpoon in half and knocking Jenkins to the deck. The harpoon end is still sticking out of the Being. The Guard painfully, but with incredible strength and will, pulls it out of its side.

Jenkins sees the steam filling the passageway and appears to get an idea. He runs over to a large pipe and stands directly in front of it. He then looks back at GUARD #2, holding the harpoon piece with it's blood on it in its hands. Jenkins screams at the Guard.

JENKINS

Come on, you pussy! Can't you kill
a puny thing like me!

The Being roars at Jenkins and runs straight towards him. Jenkins stands still waiting for exactly the right moment. The Being's arms extend out towards Jenkins. Jenkins ducks at the last minute.

The Being's powerful fist smashes into the steam valve, rupturing it and causing a huge burst of hot steam to blow

right into the guard's face and body.

The Guard cries in agony as the hot steam and its cold body collide. The Being is immobilized instantly then begins to turn solid, crackle and then explode as the heat of the steam breaks apart its frigid body.

Jenkins lies on the deck in amazement as pieces of the creature fall all over the deck.

Meanwhile, Hartley is still walking cautiously backwards as Guard #1 follows her. She pauses as the creature is right below the sparking cables hanging from the ceiling.

GUARD #1

Come now, my small one. Why not make this easy? Just come to me and I will end all your suffering. For you at least, there will be no more pain.

Hartley looks up and realizes the wires are too high for her to reach. She looks at the guard #1 and holsters her side arm. She talks calmly to the creature.

HARTLEY

You know, you're right. I do want to die quickly.

Guard #1 stops, staring suspiciously at Hartley.

Hartley runs at full speed and jumps right into the chest of the Guard. Taken by surprise, The Being grabs her instinctively and pulls her close to him. Their faces are inches apart.

HARTLEY (CONT'D)

Just not today, fucker!

Hartley quickly extends her arms up towards the two cables, still sparking. She grabs them in both hands by the protective plastic sheath covering the wires and, before the Being can react, she jams both ends into the Guards ears.

The Being starts to scream and sparks fly out of its eyes and mouth. Hartley holds on and pushes the wires deeper into the creatures' ears. Hartley's insulated uniform is protecting her from the worst of the shock but she is still getting shocked. She grimaces from the pain.

Hartley holds on and pushes deeper. Finally, the creature stops making noise and Hartley lets go. She falls out of the creature's arms. The dead Being, it's head smoldering, smoke

still pouring from its eyes and mouth, slams onto the deck with a loud crash.

Hartley falls on the floor, gasping for air. Jenkins rushes up to her.

JENKINS

You OK?

Hartley still looks hurt.

HARTLEY

Feel like shit. Numb all over.

JENKINS

One way or the other, it's almost over Hartley. We have to get to the torpedo room.

Jenkins grabs her and holds her up, almost as if giving her an order.

JENKINS (CONT'D)

Come on Sir, we have a job to do.

Hartley smiles weakly. She walks past the corpse of the Being Guard and picks up the assault rifles that were dropped. She tosses one to Hartley.

HARTLEY

I'm supposed to be in command, remember? Come on, let's move.

They head down the ladder towards the torpedo room.

INT: COPLEY/ TORPEDO ROOM - NIGHT

Danvers is making the final adjustments to the device as the Being Leader stands over him.

BEING LEADER

The time is almost upon us.

A large crash is heard outside the torpedo room. We here shots being fired. The bulkhead door to the torpedo room opens with a crash and in walk Jenkins and Hartley.

The Being Leader turns quickly to Danvers.

LEADER

Activate the device. Now!

Danvers looks horrified by the suggestion.

DANVERS
No! We'll all die!

The Being Leader makes his way towards Danvers and the nuclear bomb.

LEADER
I must release the others!

JENKINS
Back away! Move! Or I'll kill you both!

Danvers takes a step back from the Being Leader putting some distance between himself and the creature. He yells back to Jenkins, pointing at the Leader.

DANVERS
Kill it Jenkins! Kill it! Before it kills us all!

The Leader turns and slaps Danvers. Danvers smashes against one of the torpedo tubes and drops to his knees. His glasses are smashed and he is dazed.

The Being Leader rushes to the bomb to start the countdown.

Jenkins opens up his entire clip into the Leader, spinning the creature around. The Leader screams in pain and stops for a moment. But it keeps moving towards the bomb.

Jenkins tries to reload as the Leader, riddled with bullets, struggles towards the device. The Leader falls to its knees in front of the device. It pushes the red button. A red LED display shows 5:00 and begins to countdown, 4:99, 4:98...

Hartley rushes up past Jenkins then fires on full automatic with her assault rifle until she's out of bullets. The Leader screams again and collapses in a lump near the prostate Danvers. The Leader raises his head slowly up to Danvers' face.

LEADER
This body has served its purpose. I require a new host.

Danvers looks terrified.

DANVERS
What are you talking about!?

The Being Leader almost looks as if it is smiling.

LEADER

Rejoice, slave. You are about to
become one with your God.

With its last bit of strength, The Leader grabs Danvers and pulls him close to its chest. Danvers screams and struggles to break free. A small, bright hole appears in the chest of the Leader.

Danvers body cracks backward in two, like a pencil being snapped in half. Danver's body, his very soul, are sucked into middle of the the Being Leader. Danvers's screams of agony and terror echo throughout the room and then recede into nothingness.

The Leader's physical shape morphs and it transforms into a creature that looks like a Being but now also unmistakably like Danvers.

The Danvers Being stands. It looks down, appraising its new form. Jenkins and Hartley stare in disbelief at the new creature. There is no evidence of the gunshots that had almost killed it.

DANVERS LEADER

This body is weak. But it will
suffice.

Jenkins raises his rifle and pulls the trigger. The gun clicks but nothing happens.

JENKINS

Shit! I'm out.

Hartley checks her gun and belt.

HARTLEY

I only have a few shots from my
.45. We're all out.

JENKINS

Not enough. I'm going to go for the
bomb. Try to cover me.

Hartley takes out her sidearm and shoots the Danvers Leader as Jenkins tries to run past it. The Leader winces but other wise shows no pain.

The creature, understanding what Jenkins is trying to do, swings wildly and knocks Jenkins down. Jenkins falls to the deck with a grunt.

Jenkins looks for something to defend himself with and grabs a metal pipe off the floor that came loose during the fighting.

Jenkins swings hard at the Leader. The creature blocks the blow with his upturned arm. The Leader swipes back with his other hand.

Jenkins ducks, stands and hits the creature, with as much force as he can muster, across the face with the pipe. The creature grabs his face in annoyance but is otherwise unharmed. He then then slaps Jenkins several feet across the room, away from the bomb. The bomb continues it's countdown, 1:48, 1:47...

DANVERS LEADER

Danvers was correct. You are strong, indeed. It is a pity we will not be able to become one.

The Leader gestures with his head towards Hartley.

LEADER (CONT'D)

Your mate can no longer hurt me Captain Jenkins. But I can hurt you.

The Being grabs Jenkins by the leg and hurls him against the wall. Jenkins falls down to the deck in a slump, dazed.

LEADER (CONT'D)

I can not let you disable the device. According to my former slave, once it is activated - even from the confines of this vessel - it will be powerful enough to melt our icy prison. And then my brethren will be unleashed.

The creature looks at the torpedo loading chains that dangle from the torpedo room ceiling. They are swinging wildly from the battle.

The Danvers Leader grabs one of the hanging chains and pulls it free. He wraps one end around his hand, the rest of the ten foot chain lying at his feet.

Hartley advances closer to the Leader to get a better shot-point blank.

The Leader flicks his wrist and the chain flies out. It strikes the gun from her hand with incredible precision. The gun falls from Hartley's hand. She falls to the deck, grasping her hand in pain. The Leader grunts with pleasure.

LEADER

I forgot how much pleasure I
derived from whipping my slaves.

The Danvers Leader turns back towards Jenkins.

LEADER(CONT'D)

It is your turn to feel sting of my
lash. You will bow to me, Captain.
You and your world.

The creature holds his arm up and brings the chain down hard. Jenkins holds the metal rod up to protect himself. The chain wraps around the metal pole and Leader pulls the rod away from Jenkins. The rod crashes into the wall. The force of the struggle knocks Jenkins into the main torpedo tube.

Jenkins looks at the open torpedo bay door next to him. The Being closes in on Danvers.

LEADER (CONT'D)

Your time on this world is at an
end, Captain. Just little sooner
than the rest.

The creature closes in on Jenkins. Jenkins sees Hartley rising from the floor next to the bomb. Hartley shows Jenkins her empty clip, showing him she is out of ammunition.

JENKINS

Hartley! The bomb! Shoot the bomb!

The Leader stops and turns back towards Hartley. She looks at Jenkins not understanding. Jenkins looks her in the eye and screams.

JENKINS (CONT'D)

The Dead Man's hand! Remember?

Hartley nods in understanding and points her gun at the device. The timer is at :59, :58...

The creature screams at Hartley.

LEADER

No! Do not damage the device!

The Being Leader runs at Hartley with full speed. Jenkins screams at Hartley.

JENKINS

Now Hartley!

Hartley drops her gun and pushes the nuclear device, still attached to the torpedo chains above as hard as she can. The device travels fast across the pulleys towards the torpedo tubes and directly towards Jenkins.

The Leader howls as the device passes him the other way. The Leader turns and runs towards Jenkins and the torpedo tubes.

LEADER

Give me that weapon, slave. Obey
your Master!

Jenkins grabs the device and quickly unhinges it from the chains and pulleys. He tosses the device in to the open torpedo tube. The Leader jumps in to the open tube chasing after the device.

As the Leader dives into the tube to retrieve the nuke, Jenkins and Hartley slam the tube door behind him, spinning the wheel and locking him in. Jenkins turns to Hartley.

JENKINS

Fill the tubes - quickly! We don't
have much time.

Hartley rushes to the torpedo firing console, pushing buttons. We see through a small window on the torpedo tube door as the tube fills with water. We hear the roar of the Leader from within the torpedo tube.

Jenkins stands above the red firing button and looks back at the tube. Hartley raises her hand to Jenkins, signaling the tube is full. The Leader's eyes open wide with horror and recognition as he realizes that he has been tricked. Jenkins stands at the launch button and looks back towards the tube.

JENKINS (CONT'D)

Master this, bitch!

The Being Leader screams as Jenkins hits the button. There is a huge thrusting sound as the Leader and the nuclear bomb are shot out the torpedo tube into the ocean.

EXT: COPLEY/ UNDERWATER - NIGHT

We see the COPLEY from a some distance away. We notice a small figure being shot out from the main torpedo tube of the submarine.

The figure flies though the icy waters underneath the ice that covers the ocean above them.

The force of the torpedo tube send the Leader and the bomb hurtling for hundreds of yards, perhaps a mile, into the dark of the ocean until we lose sight of them. Seconds later, a bright light is seen as the bomb detonates.

EXT: ROSS ICE SHELF - NIGHT

We see a massive sheet of white, ice as far as the eye can see. Suddenly, we see and hear an enormous explosion as a huge plume of water shoots up from underneath and fills the screen.

INT: COPLEY/ TORPEDO ROOM - NIGHT

Jenkins and Hartley are thrown off their feet as the entire ship moves and vibrates. Seals break and water flows and leak all over the compartment. The COPLEY shudders under the pressure of the water the bomb has created.

EXT: COPLEY/ UNDERWATER - NIGHT

A huge pulsating wave of water slams into the COPLEY. The vessel's hull groans at the enormous pressure.

EXT: COPLEY/ OUTSIDE - NIGHT

The Conning Tower raises out of the ice with a loud groan and crackle of ice as the wave hits the Copley and forces it up and out of the water. The submarine lifts slowly but forcefully out of the water and ice until it is at nearly a forty-five degree angle, the front part of the vessel out of the water entirely.

INT: COPLEY/ TORPEDO ROOM - NIGHT

Jenkins holds onto Hartley as the torpedo room vibrates and shudders violently.

EXT: COPLEY - NIGHT

The submarine slowly begins to lower back into the ocean as the ice all around breaks. The COPLEY's front end finally crashes back into the water with a huge crash.

INT: COPLEY/ TORPEDO ROOM -NIGHT

The extreme movement begins to subside. Slowly, it stops. The water from the pipes begins to dry up and become just a trickle. Jenkins and Hartley fall down on their knees, breathing hard.

Jenkins looks up at Hartley. He smiles.

JENKINS

Remind me never to play poker with you. You bluff too damn well.

Hartley looks at Jenkins and smiles.

EXT: OCEAN/ AUSTRALIS - OUTSIDE DECK BRIDGE - DUSK

Jenkins is standing outside in the frigid air as the AUSTRALIS heads for home. His arm is in a sling and he is bandaged and cut across his face.

He stares serenely at the sunset. Hartley walks out onto the deck from the Bridge. She is bruised and cut as well.

HARTLEY

Well, I made my report to the Navy brass. They'll be sending another sub down there with a replacement crew to bring COPLEY and ENDEAVOUR home. The explosion melted the ice around ENDEAVOUR and freed her. Thankfully, the explosion was too far away - because of the torpedo shot- to thaw out Vostok or its two miles of ice.

JENKINS

And our friends under the ice?

HARTLEY

I recommended shoving another bomb down the drill hole, just as Danvers planned. But this one would just be a shitload bigger to kill all those bastards underneath. But that's a decision above my pay grade. So for right know, they're still trapped.

She looks down at Jenkin's broken arm and touches it, tenderly.

HARTLEY (CONT'D)

And how about you?

Hartley looks into Jenkin's eyes.

HARTLEY (CONT'D)

What are you going to do?

Jenkins moves closer to Hartley, the steam from their breaths mingling in the frigid, Antarctic air.

JENKINS

Me? I'm going to sell this rig,
take all my money from this mission
and move to some shack in the
Bahamas or Tahiti.

Jenkins pulls Hartley closer, his face next to hers.

JENKINS (CONT'D)

I hate the fucking cold.

They kiss.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END