

DERELICT

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. ROAD - DESERT - DAY

Cracked asphalt whizzes along. Pebbles and grit crunch beneath tires. Handlebars bounce --

We're riding a mountain bike, experiencing it through the lens of a VIDEO CAMERA. The bike cuts onto desert terrain --

A ridge lies up ahead, coming up fast. The bike launches off the crest and makes a bumpy landing. Legs keep pumping. A MAN laughs triumphantly from behind the lens.

EXT. DESERT - LATER

The bike zigzags through a maze of Cholla cactus. Thorny, multicolored growths whip past. Archways of low-hanging, needle-covered arms whisk overhead.

He clears the cactus field and darts into an open tract.

EXT. FIELD - DESERT - LATER

The rider is off the bike. He points the camera at his arm. Needles protrude from his skin.

A MAN'S VOICE, remnants of a Southern accent --

MAN'S VOICE  
The dangers of playing in the  
desert.

He plucks needles from his arm.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Boulders offer shade. The camera is set down --

IAN (28) steps from behind the lens. He has an athletic frame and sun-baked hair. He pulls a water bottle from a backpack, drinks as he talks to camera --

IAN  
Hey, Zo. Check out what you missed. It's awesome out here and you blew me off to go to work. Really? Today of all days? I just hope by the time you see this I've forgiven you.

He smirks, gives a boyish laugh.

EXT. DESERT - LATER

Ian is behind the camera, laying in the shade, his feet propped up on his backpack. He pans the brush-filled valley. His tone solemn --

IAN

This was my place, man. My go-to to get inspired, get centered. I'm gonna miss it.

(a beat)

Wasn't supposed to go down like this...

EXT. DESERT - LATER

The camera sits on the ground. Ian's feet still propped on his pack. A light SNORING is heard when --

A SNAKE RISES FROM BEHIND THE BACKPACK.

It slithers over the top, just missing Ian's feet, and drops to the sand.

It rises, as if standing. Impressive, beautiful, and fucking scary. Just inches from Ian's legs. It spits its tongue.

Then --

It lowers to the ground and WRITHES TOWARDS IAN.

Scaly, glistening skin brushes against a bare knee.

Ian snorts.

His breathing returns to normal. His snoring continues.

The rattler rises again, then moves in --

It begins to CRAWL over Ian's legs.

Ian's snoring sputters. Stops --

Dead silence...

HE'S AWAKE NOW.

IAN (O.S.)  
 (softly)  
 Holy shit. Holy shit...

The snake's long frame wriggles lazily across Ian's legs.

His breaths saw through the silence -- steady and deep.

Very slowly, very gingerly his hand comes into frame, digging into the ground, getting into position to push away.

The snake's tail drags over Ian's legs to reveal a LARGE  
 RATTLE ON THE END

IAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Oh God, it's a rattler. Okay.  
 Okay. Keep moving. Keep moving,  
 nothing to see here.

The rattler's tail clears Ian's legs.

Ian carefully uncrosses his legs. The snake's head twists towards him, sensing movement --

IAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Shit.

The snake rises...

Ian plants his palms, ready to push away. The snake's tail points to the sky. It gives it a shake --

Its unnerving rattle emits.

Ian's breathing quickens --

IAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Okay. Okay. One... two... oh,  
 shit. Come on... One... two...  
 (a petrified beat)  
 THREE!

IAN SCRAMBLES AWAY, KICKING THE BACKPACK ONTO THE RATTLER!

The camera is knocked around in the chaos. It spins, scraping against the arid soil. Falls to its side --

The snake slithers out from under the pack and pulls itself into a tight coil.

Ian's footsteps crunch on gravel in the background.

IAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Whoa! You see that!? You see  
 that?!

A rush of footfalls. He scoops up the camera and brings it  
 in close on the snake.

IAN (CONT'D)  
 Too slow, son! You're too slow!

The snake flutters its rattle, its head bobs. It's pissed.  
 Ian crouches, keeps a safe distance, points at the snake --

IAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Zo, check this out. See how it's  
 coiled up? That's a defensive  
 position. It uses its rattle as a  
 warning first.

He moves away. Searches a nearby brush, grabs a long branch.

IAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 You grow up playing in the woods  
 you come across a snake or two.

He returns to the snake. It's going to town with that  
 rattle, spits out its tongue --

IAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Oh! It's spitting its tongue.  
 Okay, so a snake's tongue is  
 forked. The dual tips actually  
 taste the air from opposite  
 directions to find predators and  
 prey. It hones in on their scent.

Ian closes in on the rattler. He prods at it with the  
 branch. It coils tighter --

IAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Yeah, he's getting pissed. Watch  
 how fast he strikes at this stick --

Ian gives it a couple more pokes with the stick and --

WITH LIGHTNING SPEED THE SNAKE LUNGES AT THE LENS!

IAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 WHOA! SHIT!

Ian scurries back almost as fast --

Seconds later he gives a laugh, relieved.

CUT TO:

Ian brings the backpack to the lens.

IAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Bastard wasn't so slow after all.  
Backpack probably saved my life.

On the side are dual puncture wounds. The fabric around the holes glistens in the sun -- damp with venom.

IAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
My last time out here. It's  
definitely been memorable.

EXT. DESERT - LATER

Ian approaches a grove of cactus plants. RED BULBS sprout from thistly leaves.

He slips the backpack off. He pulls out a HUNTING KNIFE and gently cuts a bulb from the leaf.

IAN (O.S.)  
Prickly pear figs. They're  
delicious right off the plant.

He slips the fig into his backpack. Picks another.

EXT. RIDGE - DESERT - DAY

The earth and sky spin as the camera is placed on a rock. A jagged expanse sits beneath a small precipice.

Ian enters frame, sits on the ground and faces the camera. He digs into his backpack, pulls out a prickly pear fig.

He peels the skin, bites into it.

IAN  
See, Zo? Not at all nasty. I  
saved you some.

He taps his bag.

A LOW BATTERY ICON flashes at the bottom of the screen.

IAN (CONT'D)  
I'll see you eat one before I go.

He takes another bite, looks over his shoulder at the desert below. He turns back, his tone suddenly dour...

IAN (CONT'D)

Zoe, you know you were the first person I met when I came out here six years ago. And from the second I told you I was going to be a filmmaker you believed in me.

He takes another bite. Chews slowly, choosing his words --

IAN (CONT'D)

Obviously my career didn't pan like I hoped. Through it all you had my back. Whether it was a loan or a hot meal, you made it possible for me to chase my dream for a lot longer than I could have on my own.

He takes a deep breath...

IAN (CONT'D)

Deciding to move back to Virginia was the toughest thing I've ever done. I'm not the type to share my feelings, you know. I thought with this tape it might be a little easier. Probably never gonna get the chance again...

He gives a weak smile, musters the nerve --

IAN (CONT'D)

Zoe, you've always been like a little sister to me. I want you to know --

The ground TREMBLES. Rocks clatter into the ridge. Ian glances around, panicked. The camera tumbles from its perch.

IAN (CONT'D)

Earthquake!

He stumbles, snatches the camera. Points it into the valley. The quake intensifies. The picture distorts.

A FISSURE opens. Rocks and trees collapse within.

IAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Whoa!

The fissure tears into the distance like a jagged zipper. A plume of dust trails.

IAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Jesus!

The earthquake dissipates.

Through the haze a large oblong CRATER can be seen along the fissure's path. Ian zooms in on it -- crust collapses. Its maw widens.

IAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Check that out.

EXT. VALLEY - DESERT - MOMENTS LATER

The LOW BATTERY ICON blinks with maddening urgency. Ian trudges alongside the fissure to the mouth of the crater.

IAN

Looks like an underground cave.

He pushes through the dust, steps into total darkness.

He hits the camera's on board light. The tiny beam is swallowed by the black.

IAN (CONT'D)

Damn thing is huge!

He coughs, fans away dust.

He pans wildly --

SOMETHING SHIMMERS FROM A CHASM BELOW.

IAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

What the hell was that?!

THE BATTERY DIES.

BLACK.

Silence, then the lens cap pops off --

INT. LIVING ROOM - IAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

A shoebox of a place. Stacked moving boxes. Pictures, books and DVDs litter the floor. Ian sits in a chair opposite the camera, slips on a hoodie --

IAN

Okay, so a couple hours ago I was out in the Mojave and I got an earthquake on video. But, the battery died before the most amazing part. This is huge.

He gathers digital video tapes, shoves them in his backpack. He's charged with manic energy --

IAN (CONT'D)

It's historic! I'm gonna be the first to document it. This is my break. This is it. Right here.

He tosses a flashlight into the bag then zips it up. He suddenly stops, quickly becomes pensive --

IAN (CONT'D)

Somebody's had to have found it by now. What if it's not what I think it is? I could be building up a bunch of nothing. Drive out there all that way. Shit...

He looks around. Moving boxes stare back. There's nothing more to lose...

IAN (CONT'D)

Screw it. I'm going. I'm gonna need help on this so Zoe's agreed to come along... she just doesn't know it yet.

And with that he explodes off the chair at the lens.

EXT. ZOE'S HOUSE - DAY

A modest rancher. Ian hurries to the beat-up Toyota in front. Its rear sports bumper stickers promoting every imaginable cause.

One prominent bumper sticker reads: "HAVE YOU SEEN ME?" with a picture of the classic almond-eyed "GREY" ALIEN.

IAN (O.S.)

She's home.

He rushes to the front door. His hand reaches out, knocks urgently... impatiently knocks again.

ZOE'S VOICE

I'm coming already! Geez!

The door opens to reveal ZOE (26). She's pretty, geek-chic, with short hair, glasses and facial piercings. A rock and roll bookworm. She wears a waitress uniform.

ZOE

Ian... dude, seriously?

IAN (O.S.)

I've gotta talk to you.

ZOE

Can I call you later? There's crap everywhere. I'm trying to clean up before Marc gets home --

IAN (O.S.)

I'm here to help.

He pushes past her --

ZOE (O.S.)

Yeah, right.

INT. LIVING ROOM - ZOE'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The quake did a number to the place. The floor is covered with books, Action figures and spaceship models.

Zoe cleans up in a tee and jeans. Ian follows with the camera halfheartedly picking up behind her.

ZOE

I'm not going to the desert.

She turns to him, sees the camera and groans.

IAN (O.S.)

Trust me you want in on this.

ZOE

I'm sure. Look, Marc's got the next two days off. I promised him we'd spend time together. I've got lasagna in the oven --

IAN (O.S.)

That's what that smell is?

She tries not to smile --

ZOE  
How 'bout I point you to the door?

She points with her middle finger. Ian laughs, gets back to business quick --

IAN (O.S.)  
Zo, my career will literally be made tonight. I need you there --

ZOE  
You can't always count on someone to be there for you. I can't.

IAN (O.S.)  
Just this last time, please. Please...

She gives a frustrated sigh --

ZOE  
Don't...

IAN (O.S.)  
It'll be worth it. I swear to you. You gotta see it.

ZOE  
What is it? Just tell me.

IAN  
You gotta see it... for real.

Her resolve is crumbling and she hates herself for it.

ZOE  
Damn it, you always do this. Marc's going to freak.

IAN (O.S.)  
Bring him. I'll gladly put up with his shit. That's how big this is.

She's torn, but curiosity is gnawing away. Finally --

ZOE  
He's going to be super pissed. Just a heads up.

INT. DINING ROOM - ZOE'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

More a cluttered office than for dining. Ian sits at the computer where a SETI@home screensaver processes. Action figures pose on the table and shelves. He pans to the kitchen. Zoe paces with her cell phone --

ZOE  
I'm fine. A few dishes broke.  
Baby, listen...

Ian spins back to the desk. He grabs a four-armed MONSTER --

IAN (O.S.)  
Look at this. These are all Zoe's  
toys and she gets all bent out of  
shape when people touch 'em. I  
can't wait 'til she has kids.

He scans the book shelf. It's packed with texts on space, lots of books on ALIENS and UFOs. He slides one out on ALIEN SPECIES, gives a chuckle --

IAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Zo, I can't wait...

He puts it back, reaches behind the books for a VIDEO CAMERA.

IAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Here we go. Marc's got some cool  
shit we're gonna jack for tonight.  
This one's kinda old but it's got  
night vision.

He brings the camera to the lens, blows off the dust.

IAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Perfect for exploring in the dark.

He reaches for a HEADSET with a small lens.

IAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
And his latest -- a headset camera.  
All digital. All hands-free --

ZOE (O.S.)  
'Cause he needs our help.

Ian swings around. Zoe is planted in the middle of the kitchen. She sees Ian watching and turns away --

ZOE (CONT'D)

It's one night. Lasagna's better  
the next day anyway.

(a beat)

You really want to go at it over  
this? I'll make it up to you!

INT. FOYER - ZOE'S HOUSE - DAY

Zoe peers through a window by the front door. Ian sets the  
camera down and enters frame. He peeks out the window too --

IAN

Has he put on more weight? Dude  
was in decent shape when you guys  
met. Damn, he got comfortable with  
you, didn't he?

ZOE

(laughs)

Stop. He looks good.

IAN

Why don't you two get engaged  
already? Make an honest woman of  
him.

She laughs, sees the camera --

ZOE

Is that still on?

IAN (O.S.)

I'm getting footage before we roll  
out. Everybody's emotional state --

ZOE

No! He's going to flip out if he  
sees that. Just turn it off.

MARC (30) enters. He's tall, thick, with a gut. His dark  
hair is prematurely graying. He wears a jumpsuit with a  
"SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA WATER CO." patch.

IAN

Marc, hey...

Marc glares at him as he drops his work belt.

ZOE

Baby!

Zoe hugs him. He barely reciprocates.

ZOE (CONT'D)  
Okay, so Ian's got this huge  
opportunity and he needs our help --

MARC  
Our help? Get out. That's new.

ZOE  
Baby --

MARC  
You're really going to let him ruin  
tonight for us?

IAN  
Marc, I don't mean to screw up your  
plans. But, this is incredibly  
important --

MARC  
Tell your friend it's time to go.

IAN  
Bro, just hear us out --

MARC  
This is between me and her!

Zoe quickly gets in between them --

ZOE  
Let's keep it casual, guys.

MARC  
We're not getting dragged into his  
bullshit any more!  
(to Ian)  
Give it up. It's over. You  
failed. Time to get a real job.

ZOE  
Marc!

IAN  
Can you ask your brother to get me  
a job at the water plant too?

ZOE  
Ian, shut up! Marc, bedroom, now!

She shoves Marc out of the foyer. Ian storms towards the camera -- pissed, humiliated. He shuts it off.

INT. LIVING ROOM - ZOE'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Zoe's and Marc's muffled voices penetrate the closed door. The camera is set on a table. Ian's face enters the frame.

IAN  
(softly)  
I want to see who wins this. For  
all Marc's noise, my money's on Zo.

He grabs two ACTION FIGURES and returns behind the camera.

He holds a busty, SUPER HERO BABE in a skin-tight costume before the lens, then brings in a MONGOLOID MONSTER. He manipulates the figures to correspond with the voices --

ZOE (O.S.)  
He's like a brother. If he needs  
me I'm going to help him --

Super Hero babe smacks around the Mongoloid --

MARC (O.S.)  
He'll always need you! Don't you  
get it? He's never had to struggle  
'cause he can count on you!

The Mongoloid pounds on the ground.

ZOE (O.S.)  
We count on each other!

Super Hero Babe kicks him in his mongoloid nuts --

MARC (O.S.)  
Would he give up his plans for you?  
When was the last time he was here  
to help you out?!

Silence... Marc's tone calms --

MARC (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Your heart's in the right spot, I  
get it. But you can't save the  
world, Zoe. Sometimes you've got  
to save yourself.

ZOE (O.S.)  
I know.

Ian's enthusiasm with the dolls wanes...

ZOE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Just go with me on this, please.  
 After tonight he's done. He's  
 moving back to Virginia.

MARC (O.S.)  
 You should have cut this loser off  
 years ago. He'd be back home  
 already.

ZOE (O.S.)  
 I felt sorry for him.

Ian's tosses the figures to the floor. His hand obscures the lens, fiddles with the buttons -- Static.

EXT. ZOE'S HOUSE - DAY

Sunlight washes out the picture momentarily. Zoe is behind the lens. She finds Marc as he carries his camera equipment. A cigarette in his mouth.

ZOE (O.S.)  
 There's the sexiest cameraman ever!

He gives just about the most unenthusiastic nod ever.

Ian opens his trunk. Marc puts his equipment inside then gets in the car. Zoe approaches --

ZOE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Got your camera, Ian. See how you  
 like it all up in yours.

She moves right up on Ian's mug. He turns away with a forced smile, slams the trunk shut.

ZOE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 You ready for this? I'm excited.

IAN  
 Don't strain yourself.

She gives an incredulous laugh.

ZOE (O.S.)  
 What's that about?

Ian walks away.

INT. IAN'S CAR - DUSK (MOVING)

Close on Zoe's face before she spins the camera to the window. The sun dips behind desert mountains. The sky smolders pink and blue.

She turns the camera to Ian who drives in silence. She pans to Marc. He surfs on his phone. It's tense in here.

EXT. VALLEY - DESERT - DUSK

Ian's behind the camera. He shuts his door, slides his backpack onto his shoulder.

Marc slams the trunk, brings his cameras to Zoe.

MARC  
Zoe, take the headset.

Marc pushes the headset into her hands then flips open the viewscreen on his camera --

MARC'S POV: His camera comes to life. Zoe puts the headset on, adjusts it.

ZOE  
Baby, I can't work this. I don't --

MARC  
Feel the headband just past the lens there's a button --

ZOE  
What? Where?

MARC (O.S.)  
(sighs, impatient)  
On the headband, just past the lens, there's a button --

ZOE  
Wait. Got it. Geez!

ZOE'S POV: She captures Marc, pans to Ian --

ZOE (CONT'D)  
Okay Ian, we're live. What now?

FROM HERE THE FILM WILL BE INTERCUT BETWEEN THE THREE CHARACTERS' PERSPECTIVES. ONLY WHEN A PARTICULAR POV IS CRUCIAL WILL IT BE NOTED.

Ian gestures into the distance where a jagged crevice scars the ground. It widens into a GAPING CAVERN.

MARC

It's a cave. He found a cave.

IAN

This is no cave.

EXT. CAVERN'S ENTRANCE - DESERT - MOMENTS LATER

Ian, Zoe and Marc approach the black maw. Ian pulls the flashlight from his backpack and hands it to Zoe.

IAN

You'll need this.

Ian carefully descends into the cavern. Zoe and Marc follow.

INT. CAVERN - DESERT - CONTINUOUS

The three climb down to a precipice where the last fingers of daylight reach. Ian points to a black chasm beneath them.

Rods of sunlight peek from cracks overhead. They're too weak to illuminate the cavern, but they go on forever. This place is IMMENSE!

Ian whips a rock into the void. A METALLIC RING echoes.

MARC

What was that?

Ian shrugs...

MARC'S POV: He cycles through various modes -- stops at NIGHTVISION. An explosion of WHITE dissolves to GREEN. A detailed picture of the chasm materializes, reveals --

A SUBMERGED ALIEN SPACECRAFT.

MARC (CONT'D)

Holy shit! No! That ain't real!

It had an enormous surface area. The ship's true size concealed by a tomb of rock.

ZOE

What? What? Let me see.

She grabs Marc's camera. Her jaw goes slack --

ZOE (CONT'D)

Get out! That's not real. Ian, is that... is that a ship? That's a spaceship!

IAN

Did I tell you it'd be worth it?

Marc takes his camera back.

MARC

I call bullshit. That's a prop. A movie shot here and they left it.

Ian nods... then makes a dramatic LEAP off the edge --

ZOE

Ian!

He lands with a ringing thud. He stomps on the surface.

IAN

This sucker's for real... and we found it first.

Silence as everyone realizes the implications. Then --

ZOE

Wait up.

Zoe climbs down onto the hull.

MARC

Zoe, don't --

She bangs against it with her foot, jumps up and down. Marc watches from the bluff...

MARC (CONT'D)

Damn it...

He gives in, climbs down onto the craft.

Ian activates his camera's onboard light. Zoe fires up the flashlight.

IAN'S POV: He wipes sand from the ship's surface. Its black skin has a pearlescent sheen like oil. It's etched with grooves and alien markings.

IAN

Imagine where it came from?

ZOE  
Probably the Zeta Reticuli system.  
A lot of our UFO action is out of  
there.

Ian looks to her dumbfounded --

ZOE (CONT'D)  
I'm totally addicted to Ancient  
Aliens. History Channel, dude.

MARC'S POV: With Nightvision engaged he walks along the  
ship's perimeter. He maneuvers around bluffs of crust.  
Beyond it the cavern walls have collapsed --

AND EXPOSED THE TRUE EDGE OF THE CRAFT.

An enormous segment of the ship curves in a wide arc until it  
becomes trapped in rock once again.

MARC  
There's more!

INT. TUNNEL - CAVERN - MOMENTS LATER

The collapsed wall has opened a narrow passageway beside the  
craft. Ian, Zoe and Marc navigate down a slope, following  
the ship's curvature -- descending deeper into the cavern.

THE SIDE OF THE SHIP TOWERS OVER THEM.

MARC  
How far down does this thing go?

ZOE  
It had to have crashed here, right?  
Look at the damage.

Ian's and Zoe's lights trace along the ship's frame. It's  
horribly impacted, some sections crushed, collapsed.

They move into a tunnel parallel with the side of the ship.  
Total darkness now. The wall of the craft still exposed.

IAN  
How deep did it impact? What are  
we not seeing?

MARC  
We're fine without knowing. Let's  
head back up.

The same grooves and alien glyphs are etched into its skin. Large smooth panels appear sporadically along the side.

IAN  
 Marc, just get some clean shots of these symbols first?

MARC'S POV: He stops to get footage of the glyphs in Nightvision mode. Ian and Zoe move on...

IAN (CONT'D)  
 How long do you think it's been buried here?

ZOE  
 (fuck)  
 Centuries?

Ian stops dead in his tracks...

IAN  
 Holy shit.

Zoe steps beside him -- gasps softly.

IAN'S POV: One of the panels has slid open, revealing...

AN ARCHWAY ONTO THE SHIP.

Ian and Zoe gaze through the threshold into the blackness beyond. Marc catches up with them --

MARC  
 Look! That thing's open!

IAN'S POV: He steps to the archway. His onboard light barely penetrates...

He lifts a foot over the rubble blocking the opening --

ZOE  
 Wait! You're not going inside?

IAN  
 A couple steps. We'll get some footage. Come on.

MARC  
 No. Let's stay out here.

ZOE

Ian, yeah. It's dark in there.  
Could be dangerous. Not a smart  
move --

IAN

It's the only move. Actual footage  
of the interior. This is bigger  
than I hoped. I've gotta go in!

MARC

Then have at it. We're staying  
here.

IAN

Zo, all that Ancient Aliens talk  
and you won't take a couple steps  
onto a real spaceship?

Marc sees she's getting tempted.

MARC

We're staying here.

Ian takes a deep breath, steps over the rubble and --

ENTERS THE ALIEN SPACECRAFT.

INT. ENTRY CHAMBER - ALIEN SPACECRAFT - CONTINUOUS

IAN'S POV: Glimpses of columns and consoles molded from the  
same iridescent, coal-like alloy as the exterior. His  
footfalls punch the silence like ripples in a pond.

IAN (O.S.)

It's freezing in here.

INT. TUNNEL - CAVERN - CONTINUOUS

Zoe moves to the archway, peers inside. The beam from Ian's  
light is all she sees. He's gone deeper than he promised.

ZOE

Ian?

IAN

Zo, you gotta see this!

She turns to Marc --

ZOE  
It's pitch black in there, Marc.  
He could get hurt.

MARC  
He was warned.

ZOE  
Your camera's got nightvision --

MARC  
Forget it.

ZOE  
We won't go in far. Just to keep  
an eye on him.

Marc seethes, gives in with a sharp sigh --

MARC  
Stay behind me.

ZOE  
Ian, we're coming in!

Marc moves past her, and enters --

INT. ENTRY CHAMBER - ALIEN SPACECRAFT - CONTINUOUS

MARC'S POV: Nightvision captures every detail --

A massive chamber with high ceilings and curved walls supported by a ribcage. A row of columns line the center. There's an eerie majesty to the place.

Tall free-standing consoles gleam like onyx. Polished mantles bow from the walls.

Marc approaches one of the mantles. They hang at eye level. Their surface is lustrous, free of markings.

Zoe inspects the mantle beside his. She gets on her tiptoes, reaches for it --

Marc grabs her hand, shakes his head.

ZOE (O.S.)  
Right. Duh.

She pulls her hand back.

IAN'S POV: An entrenched CONDUIT runs horizontally along the wall. He pans, follows it. It wraps the entire perimeter.

MARC (O.S.)  
Ian, seen enough?

IAN (O.S.)  
Another minute.

Zoe wanders from Marc past the columns...

ZOE'S POV: Her flashlight finds an alcove with a set of FIVE BRONZE PANELS, almost the height of the wall and paper thin.

Her flashlight's beam burns BLUE on their surface.

She zigzags her light across the screens. A trail of blue energy follows and fades.

ZOE (O.S.)  
Freaky.

She steps closer. The light passes in front of her and gives a flash of --

A HEAD AND SHOULDERS! SOMEONE IS BEHIND THE PANELS...

She screams --

ZOE (CONT'D)  
MARC!

She drops the flashlight -- CLANG!

IT ECHOES WITH AN ELECTRONIC RESONANCE.

Ian and Marc rush over --

MARC  
Zoe!

IAN  
What!? What is it!?

She backs into Marc's arms.

ZOE  
Someone's behind the screens!

Marc picks up the flashlight, holds it like a club, skulks around the alcove and finds --

The panels are positioned just inches from the wall.

MARC  
 Zoe, there's nobody here. There's  
 no way to get back here. Look.

ZOE  
 I saw someone.

Ian approaches the panels...

His camera's light produces the same blue effect.

He gets closer. His light reveals --

HIS REFLECTION. It's distorted, almost digitized.

IAN  
 It was your reflection, genius.

A beat, then Zoe laughs. Ian chuckles. Marc remains firm.

MARC  
 Time to go.

Ian goes to Zoe. His footsteps ECHO with a strange  
 ELECTRONIC HUM. He stops --

IAN  
 You hear that?

Marc approaches. His footsteps echo too. Their pitch is  
 deeper than Ian's.

IAN (CONT'D)  
 Wait! Stop!

Marc halts -- The echo fades. Total silence... then --

THE CONDUIT IN THE WALL FLASHES WITH A STARTLING BANG!

Everyone JUMPS.

IAN (CONT'D)  
 RUN! GET OUT!

The three sprint like hell for the exit.

Ian leads the pack. Just as he gets within arm's length of  
 the archway --

A PANEL SLIDES SHUT WITH A FORBODING REVERB.

IAN (CONT'D)  
 NO! NO! NO!

A HANDLE bulges beside the door --

ZOE  
Get the handle!

Before Ian can reach out, it retracts. A cover plate slams. The seams meld into the wall like liquid.

MARC  
What the hell?!

Ian pries his fingers into the archway's seams. They fill in as well. His fingers forced out.

IAN  
Come on! NO!

The wall is smooth and bare, like the archway never existed.

ZOE  
How do we open it? How do we get out!?

IAN  
There's gotta be a button or a switch.

Hands and lights scour bare walls.

MARC  
There's nothing here.

ZOE  
We're trapped?

Terror overwhelms her voice. All eyes fall on Ian. He has no answer, or he just doesn't want to admit it --

Marc rushes him, SLAMS Ian into the wall!

MARC  
Son of a bitch! You fucked us!  
This is your fault!

Ian pushes him off --

IAN  
Don't put this on me! You came in on your own! You coulda stayed outside!

ZOE  
Stop!

Marc's breath pushes out in angry huffs. He walks away, slams the viewscreen of his camera SHUT.

IAN

Now are we gonna figure a way out of here or lay blame?

Ian collects himself. He gets out his cell phone.

IAN (CONT'D)

Everybody check your phones for a signal.

Zoe pulls hers as Marc snickers --

IAN (CONT'D)

Nothing.

ZOE

No bars.

MARC

This is the plan? Really? We're not going to get a signal here!

ZOE

You don't know! Just look --

He shoves his cell in her face without even a peek. The screen reads "NO SIGNAL." That shuts her up on the spot.

Marc turns to Ian, with bridled rage --

MARC

This is all on you.

He stomps off.

Zoe looks to Ian. He looks away.

INT. ENTRY CHAMBER - ALIEN SPACECRAFT - LATER

ZOE'S POV: Ian sits on the deck, on the opposite side of the chamber, and swaps out the camera battery.

She moves to Marc. He sits on the deck, smokes a cigarette. Their voices hushed --

MARC

Why don't you listen to me?

ZOE (O.S.)  
I'm sorry. But baby, you're going  
to have to get your head in this.

She sneaks a peek over at Ian. He hasn't noticed them --

ZOE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
You're the only way we're going to  
get out of here.

She takes his hand in hers...

ZOE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
I know it sucks. But, it's going  
to have to be you.

Marc stews. His jaw tightens.

MARC  
He gets us into this and that's  
where it stops for him?

ZOE  
No --

Suddenly the conduit CRACKLES with a surge of blue energy!

Everyone jumps, hustles to the center of the room.

The mantles and free-standing consoles CHIRP. HOLOGRAMS  
burst above them. ALIEN GLYPHS cycle.

IAN  
What's going on?

A resonant TONE --

The five panels come back online one after another. Each  
produces a deep note as it reawakens. Holographic alien text  
hover before each screen.

The three are cautiously drawn to it...

ZOE  
It's like the ship's waking up.

MARC  
Why now? What did we do? Did we  
hit something?

IAN

Wait. Our footsteps, remember?  
They sounded enhanced. Maybe the  
ship read them as a pattern?

ZOE

People walking around, right.

IAN

So, it shut the door --

ZOE

And is rebooting the systems. It's  
expecting crew to take over.

The five panels go dark then SPREAD APART to create a semi-  
circle. Each screen fires up to create --

A HOLOGRAPHIC BLUEPRINT OF THAT VERY ROOM.

Each screen provides a different piece of the hologram. The  
last projects THREE THERMAL PATTERNS moving in real time.

IAN

It's tracking our heat signatures.

He waves his arm in the air. His signature does likewise.

The conduit in the hologram FLASHES. The conduit in the  
chamber does the same. The mantles and consoles go dark in  
the hologram and follow suit in the room.

The holographic blueprint of the chamber shrinks as the five  
screens reposition themselves in a wider arc to project --

A MASSIVE SCHEMATIC OF THE ENTIRE SHIP.

MARC

Look at this thing.

The ship is an oblong, single-level disc with countless  
chambers. They individually blink at a rapid pace.

A rectangular BAY glows RED, expands in size. The rest of  
the ship pulls into the background.

Ian maneuvers around Zoe for a better angle. He kills the  
camera's onboard light.

EIGHT CYLINDERS FLASH inside the bay. An array of veins  
materialize beneath --

The bay falls back into line with the rest of the ship. The veins spread to every chamber like a circulatory system.

The ship goes opaque as a chamber at the bow throbs red. The bay does the same. The two flash out of sync.

A network of veins between the two points stays hot.

The hologram abruptly disappears. The panels go dark.

ZOE

What was all that?

MARC

I think it was trying to tell us the generator's down. Ship's on emergency juice. It's going to have to be reset.

IAN

You saw that?

MARC

It was quick but it looked a lot like charts I see at work.

IAN

At the water plant?

MARC

(defensive)

At the water plant.

ZOE

Baby, how?

MARC

Power and water flow follow the same principles -- generation, distribution, control. That goes for here too.

ZOE

Do you think you could figure out how to get the generators working?

Marc laughs. Ridiculous --

IAN

Seriously, if we can get power restored maybe we can open that door.

Fuck, it's for real. Marc stiffens. They're looking to him.

MARC

No. What? No! This is an alien spaceship! I can't. No. Forget it. Find another way --

IAN

You were just bitching about a game plan? This is it. It's the same principles, you just said.

ZOE

Baby, just try. Please...

They're not letting him off the hook. He sighs --

MARC

Christ. I'll see what I can do. I can't promise. So don't be on me.

Ian nods eagerly. Marc eyes him, snorts --

MARC (CONT'D)

At the water plant.

Ian gives a sheepish smile, lowers his gaze.

MARC (CONT'D)

How do I get another look at that chart?

Ian holds up his camera.

IAN

We go to the tape.

MARC

I shut mine off.

Abrupt silence. The momentum sucked from the room --

IAN

Hopefully I got enough.

INT. ENTRY CHAMBER - ALIEN SPACECRAFT - LATER

ZOE'S POV: Over Ian's shoulder as he cycles through footage on his viewscreen. Marc watches with him.

On Ian's screen is a fuzzy shot of the bay as it expands.

MARC  
There! Pause it.

He freezes the picture. On screen are the eight cylinders. The network beneath the bay is illuminated --

MARC (CONT'D)  
Looks like these rods or whatever stopped working.

IAN  
Can we get 'em going again?

MARC  
We don't know why they stopped or how to fix them. I mean where do we start?

A loud CLANK from somewhere inside the ship jolts Zoe.

ZOE  
What was that?

MARC (O.S.)  
See this network under the rods?

Zoe refocuses. Marc points at the veins beneath the bay --

MARC (CONT'D)  
That's distribution. That's the wiring carrying power all over the ship. Hit play.

They move on. The bay and forward chamber flash out of sync.

MARC (CONT'D)  
See? It's making a point of showing these two sections are not synced up and probably need to be.

ZOE  
That's the front of the ship. It has to be command.

MARC  
Then that's where the main controls should be --

IAN  
So we bring the generator online, then head to command to try and find a control to open the door?

MARC  
It's going to be just that easy,  
sure.

Ian pulls a MAGIC MARKER from his bag. He consults the ship's schematic on his screen as he scrawls on Marc's back. Marc jerks away --

MARC (CONT'D)  
Yo!

IAN  
We need a map. You're the only one  
with a light colored shirt.

ZOE  
Sacrifice the shirt, baby.

Marc stews as Ian sketches.

A BANG from somewhere in the ship. It sounded close. Zoe startles, looks to a LARGE DOOR across the chamber.

ZOE (CONT'D)  
I know you heard that.

MARC  
They're mechanical noises.

ZOE  
What if they're not? What if  
there's something on board with us?

A chilling realization. Marc dismisses the idea with a quick shake of the head.

ZOE (CONT'D)  
Ian?

He glances at her then continues with the map.

IAN  
It's nothing.

INT. ENTRY CHAMBER - ALIEN SPACECRAFT - LATER

IAN'S POV: Marc and Zoe stand before the large door.

Marc turns, the back of his shirt sports a rudimentary map. A path outlines their route to the bay and command deck. Ian traces his finger along the map as he explains --

IAN

We're here. We're gonna head down the hall, through this room, into another hall and right across are the generators. It's not far. We all good?

Zoe gives a tense nod. Marc takes her hand --

MARC

Stay close to me.

IAN

Everyone keep your cameras rolling.

Marc sighs. Powers his camera on.

Ian moves to the door. A PANEL beside it glows BLUE. He presses it --

A pair of large CLAMPS in the center of the door disengage. The two halves split at an angle with an angry HISS --

Ian, Zoe and Marc cautiously enter --

INT. 1ST CORRIDOR - ALIEN SPACECRAFT - CONTINUOUS

Dark and wide with the same curved walls and tall ceilings. A pulsing blue conduit travels along both walls.

Debris litters their path. Steam pushes from grates in the floor and walls.

IAN

Through that first door on the right.

A metallic CRASH from the dark ahead! Everyone FREEZES.

ZOE

Something's here. I'm telling you.

The silence overwhelms. Then, suddenly --

THE SHIP RUMBLES!

Everyone is thrown off-balance. They brace themselves on the walls. Metal strains. Then, just as fast -- IT STOPS.

MARC

Aftershock. Just an aftershock.

They breathe a sigh of relief and continue.

They approach the wide metal door. The wall and archway are CRUSHED. The conduit feeding the door is DARK.

Marc hits the panel. Nothing. Hits it again.

ZOE  
Oh, don't even.

MARC  
No. We're getting in.

The door is locked. Marc tries to pry open the clamps. The stubby grips don't budge.

MARC (CONT'D)  
Damn it!

ZOE'S POV: In the shadows above the door the wall SHIMMERS.

ZOE  
What is that?

Ian steps closer...

IAN'S POV: BLACK METALLIC LIQUID trails down the wall. The streams break into globules that seek out fractures and FILLS THEM IN like an army of ants.

IAN  
My God, I think the ship's  
repairing itself...

ZOE (O.S.)  
How are they moving like that?

Ian ZOOMS IN -- as the gashes heal the crumpled areas of the wall flex back into their original shape.

IAN  
You guys see that? The walls are  
moving.

The globules race inside the damaged conduit and start on the ruptured circuit.

Ian moves closer. The picture quickly deteriorates. He backs away, the video clears.

MARC  
What are those things?

IAN (O.S.)  
Let's see. Zo, here. Don't get  
too close, screws up the picture.

He hands his camera to Zoe. He pulls out his knife and catches some globules on the blade. They SIZZLE on contact.

IAN (CONT'D)  
It's like molten lead.

Ian gently pulls the blade away. Several droplets LEAP back to the wall and continue on their path.

IAN (CONT'D)  
Did you get that?

ZOE (O.S.)  
Yeah. It was pretty creepy.

Ian carefully brings the knife to her. She gets in tight on the remaining globules. They quickly harden into pellets. They slide off, clatter on the deck.

A pearly residue has seared into the blade.

IAN (O.S.)  
Look what it did to the blade.

The knife twitches in Ian's grasp. He loosen his grip and it SHOOTs from his hand and CLINGS TO THE WALL.

Ian is astounded. He pulls it from the wall. Lets it go -- the knife SLAMS right back.

IAN (CONT'D)  
It's magnetized.

The ship groans, creaks.

MARC  
Let's move on.

ZOE  
Let's not. If the door's repairing  
itself, I say we wait it out.

IAN  
Who knows how long that'll take.

ZOE  
We should stick to the map --

IAN  
 Zo, we just need to find an open  
 door. We'll cut across and double  
 back. It'll be okay.

She peers into the shadows ahead, gives a weak nod.

INT. 1ST CORRIDOR - ALIEN SPACECRAFT - MOMENTS LATER

MARC'S POV: He leads the pack. The steam is oppressive.  
 Visibility is dwindling...

MARC (O.S.)  
 It's getting hot.

A CRASH IN THE FOG AHEAD! Everyone stops.

ZOE  
 What is that?

IAN (O.S.)  
 Marc, what do you see?

MARC'S POV: He switches to NIGHTVISION MODE.

Mist obscures the lens. He whip pans in a panic.

FOOTFALLS SLAP ON METAL.

ZOE  
 What is that!?

IAN (O.S.)  
 Marc, talk to me!

MARC (O.S.)  
 I can't see!

A breach in the steam just a few feet ahead. A dense cloud  
 hovers by the wall -- unnaturally still. A humanoid shape  
 can almost be perceived, when suddenly --

IT RAISES ITS HEAD -- LARGE ALMOND-SHAPED EYES STARE BACK.

AN ALIEN.

Marc jumps, gives a frightened yell.

The alien is just over four feet tall. Its bulbous head  
 rests on a slender frame. Incisions striped across its face.  
 A shiny film covers its flesh. Eyes like orbs of blood.

It shuffles to the center of the hall. Its movements arduous. Its right arm dangles as if torn from its socket. It makes a sound that's part growl, part hiss.

ZOE  
Marc, get away from it!

Marc backs off. The camera shakes violently in his hands --

MARC  
The hell?!

Then RIPS from his grasp and CRASHES against the wall!

An invisible force knocks him to the deck.

Zoe screams. Ian pulls his knife.

ZOE  
Ian, don't!

The alien jerks its head -- Ian's body gives a sudden SPIN. His ankle makes a sharp twist as he SMASHES against the wall!

ZOE'S POV: She whips from Ian's crumpled body to the alien. It stares back, gives that same guttural hiss.

MARC'S POV: The camera lays on the deck. A hairline crack in the lens. It's back in normal video mode. The alien and Zoe face off...

A large door behind the alien SCREECHES open with a spray of sparks. The creature rushes through. The doors slam shut.

Zoe stays fixed on the door.

IAN  
Holy shit...

Marc gets to his feet, stunned. Ian braces himself on the wall as he attempts to stand. Zoe snaps out of it --

ZOE  
You guys okay?

She goes to help Ian. He prods her away.

ZOE (CONT'D)  
What? Let me help you.

He shakes his head. He can't fully plant his injured leg. He hobbles, tries not to let the pain show on his face.

MARC  
What was that?!

A beat.

ZOE  
I think it was a Grey.

MARC  
A Grey?

ZOE  
Whenever you hear about an alien encounter it's usually the Greys people describe.

IAN  
How was it able to do all that?

ZOE  
There's been claims that they can move objects with their minds.

MARC  
How the hell are we supposed to protect ourselves against that?

ZOE  
Look, he seemed hurt. He's probably scared. We're the ones trespassing here. We need to show him that we don't mean any harm.

MARC  
And what if he does?

Zoe grimly considers that as Marc retrieves his camera. He gingerly touches the crack.

MARC'S POV: He fumbles with the camera's controls. The screen FLASHES WHITE then goes back to standard video.

MARC (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Nightvision's shot.  
(a beat)  
If there's more of those things, they're going to be able to hide.

Zoe is unnerved by the thought. Ian passes her, gives a reassuring pat on her shoulder.

IAN  
We stay alert then...

INT. 1ST CORRIDOR - ALIEN SPACECRAFT - MOMENTS LATER

Ian, Zoe and Marc are glazed in sweat. Their shirts tacky against their skin. They move as a tight unit.

MARC'S POV: He shoots from beneath as he passes under a massive ribcage.

MARC (O.S.)

I can't get over the size of this place.

Up ahead, just before a downed bulkhead cuts off their path, is AN OPEN DOOR. It hasn't fully retracted into the wall. It's bent, as if forced open. Magenta light spills out.

They warily close in -- stop. Who's going to be the first?

Ian looks to Zoe and Marc. He takes a steadying breath, then steps into --

INT. LAB - ALIEN SPACECRAFT - CONTINUOUS

A narrow chamber. Huge CRYOTANKS filled with a cloudy magenta gel are lit internally. The tanks extend from the deck into the ceiling.

Ian, Zoe and Marc cross through. Bizarre tools and equipment are scattered everywhere.

Ian picks up an instrument resembling forceps. It's large, sharp, and intimidating. You don't want to be on the business end of these.

IAN

Zo...

Zoe stops to check it out. Marc moves on ahead of them.

IAN (CONT'D)

They're heavy.

He passes it to her. She needs two hands.

ZOE

Wow...

MARC'S POV: A smashed cryotank. Magenta sludge oozes.

MARC

Hey! Come see this!

Ian and Zoe catch up. Marc points to tiny, slimy footprints trailing towards the door--

MARC (CONT'D)

Our friend back there must have made a break for it.

ZOE

This must be their medical bay. These are probably healing tanks.

IAN

I don't know about that...

Ian motions to the next tank in line. The light inside flickers, but they can clearly make out --

A GREY. An arm and leg cleanly amputated. Precise scars riddle its face. A portion of its skull removed, porous brain matter exposed. Its chest cavity is open. A web-like ribcage spread, exposing alien organs.

IAN'S POV: He pans to Zoe as she stares into the tank.

IAN (CONT'D)

Why would they butcher their own kind like that?

Her eyes stay glued on the specimen. She finally looks to him and gives a meek shrug.

Marc takes her hand. The three move on...

They pass several empty tanks before coming to one with a large mass inside. Through the hazy gel they can see --

A HUMAN FEMALE.

ZOE

Oh my God...

The Female is just a teenager, with a lush mane of RED HAIR, flawless skin and a SWOLLEN BELLY.

ZOE (CONT'D)

She was pregnant.

There's a pattern of incision scars on her abdomen. Veins plumps across the swell of her stomach.

Zoe gently touches the glass. She looks on with heart-wrenched pity. Stares into the girl's lifeless blue eyes.

Marc tries to usher her along. She glances back at the dissected Grey -- a glimmer of fear in her face.

MARC

What?

She shakes her head. They continue on. The three reach the door on the opposite end. The archway has been impacted. The conduit severed.

MARC (CONT'D)

Another dead end? Come on!

Ian shines his light above the door. Globules are at work. Fissures fill in. The wall tightens back into position.

IAN

We're gonna have to wait it out here for the repairs to finish.

MARC

Forget that. Find something to pry open the doors.

Marc scrounges through the debris. Zoe does the same...

A GURGLING SOUND gets her attention. She shines her flashlight on an unoccupied tank.

The gurgling erupts again. She moves to the tank, gets in close, shines her light into the murky gel. Air bubbles spurt up through the thick liquid, giving off that same soft noise. Zoe breathes easy. She goes to turn away when --

A SMALL CREATURE INSIDE SLAMS AGAINST THE GLASS!

Zoe startles, stumbles back onto the deck.

MARC (CONT'D)

ZOE!

Marc and Ian run to her.

The creature in the tank beats against the glass, hellbent on getting out. Ian, Marc and Zoe can only stare --

IAN

Jesus...

IT'S A BABY --

A grotesque hybrid of human and alien. Its flesh is scaled. Its head malformed with a ridged brow and protruding jaw. Yellow eyes with slit pupils are set deep in hollows.

WISPS OF RED HAIR SPROUT FROM ITS PATE.

ZOE

Is that what they took out of her?

IAN'S POV: The baby gives a tortured cry, muted by the gelatinous fluid. Rows of tiny pointed teeth are glimpsed.

It pushes away from the glass, disappears into the murk producing that same gurgling sound.

IAN

Zoe, what the hell's going on here?

She looks to Ian -- hesitant...

IAN (CONT'D)

These things are breeding with us, cutting up their own. What do you know about this?!

A beat...

ZOE

I've never heard of Greys doing this.

The conduit flickers to life. The line is repaired. Several tools on the floor light up.

MARC

Finally.

Marc punches the panel. The door doesn't budge. The archway is bent. The wall is still repositioning itself.

He tries to pry open the door with his fingers.

MARC (CONT'D)

Just want to get out!

He gives up with a frustrated yell.

The cryotanks emit a series of CLICKS and CHIRPS.

Holographic alien text scrolls over the glass along with renderings of the occupants' skeletal frame and musculature.

ZOE'S POV: The baby squirms. A current ripples through the tank and puts it into instant hibernation. A hologram of its heart beats softly, rapidly.

An ALARM buzzes from across the lab.

The tanks with the human female and the Grey FLASH. Text strobes RED. The holograms of their hearts are STILL.

MARC (CONT'D)  
What's going on?

Ian rushes the tanks. Zoe follows --

IAN  
It knows they're dead.

A WHIRRING sound. The gel is sucked from the bottom of both tanks. A sequence of BEEPS, then --

A pressurized HISS. Sand trickles onto the corpses --

The sequence of BEEPS accelerates. It repeats, faster each time, like a countdown until it becomes a steady DRONE...

Ian steps back, moves Zoe with him. Then --

CLANK, CLANK, CLANK, CLANK!

A METALLIC BARRIER unfurls around both tanks.

The specimens are quarantined. An alien HAZMAT symbol rotates before each unit.

Ian and Zoe exchange looks.

Marc turns back to the door. The archway is repaired. Metal droplets scurry back into ducts in the wall.

He hits the panel. The doors split with a growl.

MARC  
We're out!

INT. 2ND CORRIDOR - ALIEN SPACECRAFT - MOMENTS LATER

Zoe, Marc and Ian race through steam. Sweat drips. Ian favors the one leg as he brings up the rear.

IAN'S POV: Marc's shirt is saturated. The map streaks. Marc slows, comes to a stop.

ZOE  
Baby, you okay?

He pants, barely able to speak.

MARC  
So God damned humid...

IAN  
Slow, deep breaths, Marc.

Zoe goes to take his hand. Marc pulls it away --

MARC  
Just give me a minute. Okay?

INT. 2ND CORRIDOR - ALIEN SPACECRAFT - MOMENTS LATER

IAN'S POV: He and Zoe are down the hall. Marc is far behind them, leaning against the wall, trying to pull breath.

ZOE  
He's not looking so good.

Ian glances back at him, concerned...

IAN  
We'll get him through --

ZOE  
I can't carry him myself.

IAN  
It won't come to that. I got you.

ZOE  
With that ankle?

IAN  
It's fine. I'm here for you.

She nods... not all that convinced.

IAN (CONT'D)  
Marc, you good?

Marc throws a thumbs up, his breathing a bit more steady.

INT. 2ND CORRIDOR - ALIEN SPACECRAFT - MOMENTS LATER

The three approach a set of huge double doors pried open by an enormous pile of debris. An alarm sounds from inside.

IAN  
This is it.

MARC  
Clear away some of this crap.

Ian sets down his camera. They clear the smaller fragments. Marc struggles.

ZOE  
Don't overdo it, baby.

Ian moves a heavy piece of bulkhead.

IAN  
Whoa! What is that!?

Zoe and Marc rush to him. Buried within the rubble are THE SKELETAL REMAINS OF A LARGE ALIEN.

The bones in its arms are thick with clawed hands. It wears a carbon fiber-like chest armor.

Its partially collapsed cranium is oblong with faintly humanoid features. Its jawbone protrudes with dual rows of razor teeth. A ridged brow arcs over deeply set eye sockets.

MARC  
Do you know what that is?

Zoe's not saying. Ian's face goes stern, his tone hardens --

IAN  
You need to tell us what you know.  
Right now.

All eyes (and cameras) on Zoe. She can't avoid it anymore. She stares at the remains --

ZOE  
This isn't the Grey's ship. I have  
a bad feeling it belongs to a  
species called Reptilians.

Ian and Marc exchange looks -- she fucking serious?

IAN  
Reptilians? Lizards?

ZOE  
They're similar, yeah. Leathery skin, cold-blooded, and if there are any alive on board things just got a lot worse.

MARC  
Worse?

ZOE  
Their whole thing is conquering weaker species. Experimenting on them, cross-breeding. Brutal stuff. If they're any here, they're not going to let us off this ship.

Silence as it all sinks in. Then --

IAN  
Why would you wait to tell us this?

ZOE  
I wanted to be sure first.

Ian eyes the corpse, even decomposed this thing looks imposing. He turns back, barely concealing his unease --

IAN  
We stick to the plan. It's all we can do.

INT. FUEL CELL BAY - ALIEN SPACECRAFT - MOMENTS LATER

ZOE'S POV: She and Marc wait as Ian climbs over the debris and enters. He grunts as his injured leg pushes off.

The bay is three stories of grimy industrial pipes and chains. Red light pulses from beneath the metal grate deck. The conduit throbs red along with it.

Ian, Zoe and Marc gaze into the bay...

MARC  
You've got to be kidding me...

Toppled on the deck are seven ENORMOUS FUEL CELLS -- cylinders twelve feet tall.

A bronze-like frame with a transparent shell showcases the inner workings. A rusty pinion along the top and bottom.

Four CRADLES, on raised pedestals, line each side of the bay. One cell at the far end remains precariously in its hold.

MARC (CONT'D)

These are the power source we saw on the map. We have to find a way to get them up into those slots.

He motions for Ian to follow. They PUSH on a cell. It's like pushing on a parked SUV. Marc shakes his head.

MARC (CONT'D)

These things aren't going anywhere.

ZOE

Something has to move them, right?

Ian sizes up the place. He heads to a mass of chains hanging against the wall and tugs. They pull taut. An oily blue substance coats his palm.

Marc and Zoe kick debris from their path as they head into the bay. Their lights scan the walls and ceiling --

MARC

There's got to be a crane or pulley system here.

As Ian follows he spots a large CHROME PISTOL on the deck. He squeezes the trigger... nothing. He tosses it back.

THE BAY RUMBLES. Debris jumps. Slides.

ZOE

Aftershock!

A looooooong CREAK. Everyone stops, slowly turns to see --

The cell sitting in the cradle on the end -- SWAYS.

IAN

Oh, shit...

Everyone watches... waits. The aftershock subsides. Calm returns. The cell regains balance.

ZOE

Thank you, thank you, thank you.

As they breathe a sigh of relief --

THE CELL TOPPLES ONTO THE DECK!

It ROLLS down the bay and SLAMS into another! That one CRASHES into another! A stampede thunders towards the group!

IAN

RUN!

They haul ass back to the door as eight cells ride their heels. The pinions gnash the deck. Sparks shoot.

Consoles at the base of the pedestals hurl violently across the bay as the cells SMASH through them. They fly overhead. Ricochet off the walls --

MARC

Jesus!

Ian hobbles along. Marc gasps for air --

ZOE

Guys, the ladder!

Zoe jumps onto a ladder descending from the last pedestal. Ian and Marc keep running. She makes a frenzied climb and narrowly avoids being crushed by the cells.

ZOE'S POV: She watches the cells tear a path of destruction from the safety of the cradle.

Ian and Marc run for the end of the bay. A cluster of chains hang against the wall ahead --

IAN

Climb the chains!

IAN'S POV: The camera dangles from his wrist. Flashes of the deck, Ian's legs. Then --

BANG!

The camera knocks against the wall. The deck pulls away as Ian CLIMBS the chains.

BOOM!

The first cell IMPACTS just beneath them! Ian's grasp slips. He catches himself. Scales back up...

IAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

HANG ON!

MARC'S POV: The camera hangs from his forearm, points down. His feet dig into ridges in the wall as he pulls himself up.

ZOE'S POV: The cells pile up against the wall. Ian and Marc just barely climb above them.

The last cell hits and rebounds into the wreckage pinning the doors open --

The debris EXPLODES out into the corridor --

THE DOUBLE DOORS CLANG SHUT!

IAN'S POV: The camera dangles just above the mass of cells. He pulls it into his hand, turns it on Marc.

Marc's face is red, pouring with sweat.

IAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Good hustle.

And Marc actually laughs...

Static --

INT. FUEL CELL BAY - ALIEN SPACECRAFT - MOMENTS LATER

IAN'S POV: Ian is on the deck. Marc climbs down the cells. Zoe remains on the pedestal.

ZOE (O.S.)  
Guys, it got so quiet.

She's right. The alarm has stopped. The deck and conduit no longer flash red.

Ian whip pans to the door they first entered...

IAN (O.S.)  
The door's are closed.

The deck plate and power conduit bloom with AMBER LIGHT.

A ROAR builds, like a jet engine firing up.

Ian whips around the bay. The howl increases, engulfs them. Marc lands on the deck. Nervously glances around.

IAN (CONT'D)  
Zoe, get down here!

ZOE'S POV: She's about to climb down, when --

Slots within the concave wall of the cradle burn WHITE!

The silver chains around her neck pull taut at the cradle wall. Her belt buckle drags her in. She tries to fight it --

ZOE (O.S.)  
Marc! Marc!

She gives a tortured cry as piercings explode from her face and shoot into the cradle.

She is YANKED against the wall after them -- hits hard! She struggles to push away. The force overpowers, pins her.

IAN  
Zo!

Ian and Marc bolt into the bay. The equipment on the deck rises, FLOATS around them. They stop. Their planted feet slide towards the center.

They try to back away, it's like trudging through quicksand.

MARC  
I can barely move...

Momentum builds. Debris swirls in a vortex pattern. Marc is snapped towards the growing maelstrom. He tries to resist. He hits the deck, clutches the grate.

Ian drops to his knees, grabs the bottom rung of the ladder at the base of Zoe's cradle. He white knuckles it as --

His legs are thrust over his head towards the vortex.

ZOE'S POV: She turns over, her back pinned to the wall.

She sees Marc and Ian being pulled towards the cyclone.

BOOM!

She snaps her head towards the sound. The cells crash into one another as they roll back into the bay... right at Marc.

ZOE  
Marc, look out!

IAN'S POV: His camera is taut around his wrist, pointed right at Marc who grips the deck at the bottom of the frame. The cells thunder backwards about to crush him --

Marc sees them coming --

MARC

Shit!

He lets go and is instantly sucked up into the swirling mass, just missing the power cells as they tumble across the deck.

ZOE'S POV: Marc ragdolls helpless amid a spiral of debris.

The cells bounce end over end up into the vortex. They levitate in a halo pattern -- knocking into one another.

MARC'S POV: Debris races past. Fragments ping off the lens. He jukes and ducks away from large pieces and jagged ends.

A metallic shard slices across his arm.

MARC (CONT'D)

Ow!

Blood floats from the wound in tiny droplets.

ZOE'S POV: Ian is RIPPED into the vortex.

ZOE

Ian!

He SLAMS against a cell -- bounces into another, braces himself against it on impact.

Ian maneuvers around the cell. His hands carefully find hold in the pinion's teeth as he works his way to Marc.

MARC'S POV: Ian clutches the side of the cell. Behind him two others collide with a flash of sparks. One of the cells heads at Ian --

MARC (O.S.)

Behind you!

Ian sees he's about to be crushed. He kicks off like a swimmer as the cells SMASH together.

ZOE'S POV: An electric HUM surrounds her. The glow inside the cradle intensifies.

The power cells slow down, each twirls before a cradle.

IAN'S POV: Marc floats nearby. He moves out of camera range as he hovers between a power cell and its cradle.

Grim silence... then it begins --

At the far end of the bay the first two power cells float side by side, both aligned with opposite cradles when --

WHOOSH!

One of the cells is SUCKED into its cradle with the force of an incoming train. A deep CLUNK as it locks into place.

MARC'S POV: He got that on camera.

MARC (O.S.)(CONT'D)  
Oh, no. No, no, no...

He's two cells away. He points the camera forward. The cradle is dead ahead. He spins --

The power cell is behind him, out of reach. He's trapped in mid air, helpless, with nothing to push off from.

CLUNK! The second cell locks into its hold.

The first two cells are in place. Six to go...

ZOE'S POV: A cell spins in front of her cradle, seconds from liquefying her. She inches herself along the concave wall, her fingers clawing into the ridged surface.

IAN'S POV: He sees Zoe struggle --

IAN (O.S.)  
Zoe, move!

ZOE  
I can't!

IAN (O.S.)  
I'm coming. Just keep moving!

Ian braces himself against a cell. He's about to push off --

MARC (O.S.)  
IAN!

He whips the camera to Marc and sees him stranded between the cell and cradle.

MARC (CONT'D)  
I can't move! Please!

CLUNK! The third cell LOCKS into position. One more then Marc is toast.

Ian whips his camera to Zoe. She's making no progress.

IAN  
Oh, God...

Ian scans the debris floating around him. He grabs at them. There's nothing of use. He swats them aside.

Then he sees it -- a long PIPE floats nearby. He reaches... it's just out of range.

CLUNK! The fourth cell is in its cradle. Marc's next.

MARC  
Ian!

Ian clings to the cell by his fingernails and stretches... his fingertips graze the pipe...

IAN  
Come on!

It slowly spins. He rolls it into his hand -- Fuckin' A!

IAN (CONT'D)  
Marc, catch!

He hurls the pipe. Marc snatches it out of the air.

IAN (CONT'D)  
Yes!

Marc jams the end of the pipe against the cell just as it LAUNCHES AT THE CRADLE!

He pushes off, spins from its path as it locks into its hold.

Ian kicks off from his cell. He fires across the bay, comes to a hard stop on the cell hovering before Zoe.

CLUNK! The cell beside Zoe locks into position.

ZOE'S POV: She nears the cradle's edge. Blood smears her fingers as they drag her along. Ian scales around the cell.

ZOE (O.S.)  
Ian!

CLUNK! The cell directly across from her fastens into its hold. She's next --

IAN  
Keep going!

ZOE (O.S.)  
I won't make it!

Ian leaps onto the cradle. The concave slot sizzles white.

Ian is sucked in. He catches himself on the outside edge of the cradle. He reaches -- clasps Zoe's hand.

IAN  
I've got you!

He PULLS. THE FINAL CELL EXPLODES AT THEM! Zoe screams --  
CLUNK!

The cell hits with bone-crushing force. Zoe's cries stop instantly. Ian's hand rips loose.

The vortex deteriorates. Debris crashes to the deck. Marc drops with a painful thud.

Ian tumbles off the platform.

INT. FUEL CELL BAY - ALIEN SPACECRAFT - MOMENTS LATER

MARC'S POV: The conduit blazes with WHITE LIGHT. The cells are in their cradles. Pinions grind, gears spin.

Marc stands with a woozy groan. Small lights on many of the tools on the deck are now illuminated.

MARC  
We got power! Guys, we got power!

A victorious laugh as he quickly pans. The bay is empty.

MARC (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Zoe!? Ian!?

IAN'S POV: The camera lays on his chest, his face askew in frame. His eyes are closed.

IAN  
Yeah.

MARC (O.S.)  
Ian? You okay? Where's Zoe?

His eyes spring open --

IAN  
Zo?!

No response. Ian scrambles to his feet. He points the camera at the platform above.

IAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Zoe!? Zoe!? Oh, no... Zoe!?

Only the churning fuel cells answer back.

IAN (CONT'D)  
God, no...

Just then, blood-streaked fingertips feebly reach from over the edge of the platform.

IAN (CONT'D)  
Zo!

He climbs up to the cradle --

Zoe is crumpled next to the power cell. She looks up, dazed. A glimmer of relief as she focuses --

ZOE  
Ian?

He picks her up --

IAN  
You're okay. She's okay!

She hugs him tight, kisses his cheek. Tears break.

IAN (CONT'D)  
Zo, we did it! We got the power back on.

MARC  
We're almost home, baby!

BANG! The cell beside them RUPTURES! Blue smoke gushes! Blue oil spits. A SIREN blares --

IAN  
Down the ladder!

They scurry down to the deck.

AN ELECTRIC FORCE FIELD ERUPTS AROUND THE CRADLE.

Ian and Zoe are cut off! Noxious vapor fills the compartment as Marc rushes to them --

IAN (CONT'D)  
Marc, we're trapped!

MARC  
I got you!

He grabs the pipe he used earlier, sets the camera down --

MARC'S POV: He sizes up the electric field then SWINGS at it with all he's got --

A crackle of sparks. The pipe explodes from his hands with a twang and launches across the bay.

The force field remains.

ZOE'S POV: Vapor fills the chamber fast. Ian turns to her.

IAN  
Hold your breath!

He and Zoe suck in deep. Ian sorts through the debris on the deck. There's nothing of use, then --

A white glow burns through the blue smog. Ian snatches it --

The chrome pistol he picked up earlier. The tip of its scorched barrel glimmers.

IAN (CONT'D)  
Marc, get back!

Marc takes cover. Ian points the pistol at the forcefield, squeezes the trigger --

Only it's not a gun...

The barrel's tip flares white hot. It vibrates in Ian's grasp. It's a tool. A torch. A PLASMA TORCH to be exact.

Ian gives it a once-over. He brings the tip to the forcefield, pulls the trigger --

An eruption of sparks! His arm jolts back. That's not going to work either.

Zoe coughs, struggles to speak --

ZOE (O.S.)  
Ian... the floor!

Ian fires up the torch and BURNS THROUGH THE DECK.

Marc watches as Ian cuts out an escape hatch. Beneath the deck is a narrow duct of pipework. He grabs Zoe.

Marc disappears behind a wall of blue vapor --

IAN  
 Marc, stay here! We'll come back  
 for you!

Ian crawls into the duct. Zoe follows...

INT. DUCT - ALIEN SPACECRAFT - CONTINUOUS

IAN'S POV: Low and tight. Pipes sweat. He belly-crawls, pushes his camera along. His and Zoe's wet coughs rattle their confines.

IAN (O.S.)  
 Zo, you okay?

ZOE (O.S.)  
 I think so. What about Marc, Ian?

A beat.

IAN  
 We'll get him. We'll get him.

A BURST OF STATIC.

INT. DUCT - ALIEN SPACECRAFT - MOMENTS LATER

IAN'S POV: The duct dead ends at a VENTILATION GRATE. A brilliant plume of searing light washes out the frame as Ian carves through it.

The grate collapses. Ian crawls into...

INT. CREW CHAMBER - ALIEN SPACECRAFT - CONTINUOUS

Zoe emerges from the duct. She and Ian take in the surroundings. Dark and cavernous. Shrouded in fog. The power conduit burns in the mist.

They cautiously head into the chamber.

Within the low-hanging mist they come to --

Two large Reptilian carcasses sprawled on the deck. Their bodies decomposed. They wear the same flexile armor.

IAN

Two more. How big a crew would a ship like this have?

Zoe gazes uncomfortably into the distance. She turns to him, chilled, points ahead --

ZOE

About that many.

Ian points his camera in that direction. Across the chamber, through the haze, are --

A DOZEN CRYOCHAMBERS LINED AGAINST THE CURVED WALL.

Similar to the floor-to-ceiling models in the lab, only more ornate and not filled with fluid. The glass panels on FOUR units glow from within. A MAMMOTH SILHOUETTE IN EACH --

IAN

Oh, shit.

(a beat)

They're in hibernation, right?

They're asleep?

ZOE

I think they're going to be awake soon.

IAN

What makes you say that?

ZOE

The temperature's been rising. The ship is getting the environment ready for them. We're running out of time, Ian.

IAN

Let's find the door.

He grabs Zoe's hand. They burst past the cryochambers. A BEEP. Ian and Zoe freeze --

Three cryochamber doors swing open with a HISS.

IAN (CONT'D)

(hushed)

Back into the duct!

They hurry back. Fog displaces, obscures the wall.

ZOE  
Where is it?

An animalistic SQUEAL. Ian and Zoe turn. The silhouettes inside the open cryochambers stir.

A DARK FIGURE sets out a burly, unsteady leg.

ZOE (CONT'D)  
(hushed)  
They're going to see us!

Ian pulls her to the carcasses. With a low, rushed tone --

IAN  
Get under the body.

ZOE  
What?

IAN  
Hide! I'll be right next to you.

The silhouette of an oblong shaped head with a broad mandible pokes out from the second cryochamber. His eyes glint in the sparse light like an animal's.

Zoe reluctantly shimmies beneath the Reptilian remains. Petrified tissue crumbles.

ZOE  
Ew...

Ian climbs under the one beside her. The body disintegrates as he disturbs it. Petrified tissue blows like dust.

IAN'S POV: Through the mist he can see Zoe beneath the carcass, and the cryochambers beyond.

THE FIRST REPTILIAN EMERGES FROM HIS HOLD --

He's HUGE - over seven feet tall, with powerful arms and legs. He is mostly concealed by fog and darkness but a glimpse of his scaled flesh reveals a green pigment.

IAN (O.S.)  
Oh, my God...

Zoe turns to Ian. Her eyes wide.

The Reptilian stumbles, braces himself on the wall. His legs rubbery. His equilibrium affected by the cryo-stasis.

His wet, raspy breathing fills the room.

The other two Reptilians climb from their cryochambers --

The second Reptilian is just as massive as the first. Cryochamber lights gleam off his sleek brown hide. Talon-like clawed feet tap against the deck.

The third Reptilian is just over six feet. The runt of the pack. He stretches, his lithe frame silhouetted in the conduit's glow.

All three aliens have difficulty walking. They communicate by shrill squawks and clicks.

Zoe looks to Ian and in a barely audible voice --

ZOE

I want out now...

The runt Reptilian opens a compartment at the base of his cryochamber. The scant light gives a hint of maroon flesh.

He pulls three packs that hold what resembles pink dog food. He hands them out -- each of the Reptilians squeeze the vile contents down their throats, voraciously slurp it up.

An ALARM sounds. Holographic glyphs hovering above the fourth lit cryochamber throb RED.

IAN'S POV: He zooms in on the green Reptilian as he goes to the fourth cryochamber. The occupant's vitals are flat. The hologram of his heart motionless.

The green Reptilian manipulates the text. Wipes segments away, draws new glyphs in the air that register as holograms.

IAN

Wow...

A hiss. Sand filters into the cryochamber. Pebbles rattle against the glass.

A countdown of BEEPS begins, intensifies to a hum. Finally --

A metallic barricade unfurls around the cryochamber. That same hazmat-like symbol spins above the surface.

The Reptilians head to the corner where a set of five bronze panels float. A schematic of the ship materializes.

The green Reptilian touches the hologram, it expands --

The three aliens squawk to one another as they cycle through various chambers on the ship by touching the schematics.

ZOE  
(whispers)  
Please just go, just go, just go...

The green Reptilian minimizes the ship. A rendering of the cavern and the rock the craft is entombed within hovers.

The room is silent, then --

MARC (O.S.)  
IAN! ZOE! WHERE ARE YOU!?

IAN  
(hushed)  
No. Marc, shut up. Shut up!

The Reptilians go into a FRENZY. They bolt to a dark corner, their stride still shaky. The doors part, they rush out.

IAN (CONT'D)  
What the hell is Marc doing?

ZOE  
Ian, they're going after him --

THE DOOR OPENS WITH A RATTLING CLANK.

IAN  
Shh! Shh!

The red Reptilian is back. Ian and Zoe go completely still.

The alien's husky breathing and the taps of his claws on the deck pervades the room. He goes for the cryochambers.

IAN (CONT'D)  
Don't...

IAN'S POV: He zooms in on the alien. His features frustratingly concealed by mist and shadow. Then --

The alien deftly drops beneath the fog.

IAN (CONT'D)  
Shit...

Ian follows along with the disruptions in the haze as the Reptilian silently crawls. Then --

He loses the alien's trail.

Ian swings the camera back to Zoe. Terror on her face.  
Suddenly -- the Reptilian's dark shape rises behind her.

ZOE'S POV: Ian's eyes go wide as he looks past her.

IAN'S POV: Zoe clamps her eyes shut. She knows what's coming.

The alien's head turns methodically, as if tuning into their presence. Then --

HE SPITS A FORKED TONGUE! TASTING THE AIR FOR THEIR SCENT.

IAN (CONT'D)

Oh, I know what you're doing.

The Reptilian has a fix on Zoe. He lurks towards her, his tongue flailing wildly.

Ian pushes the camera aside, his leg now in frame. He slips his foot out of his sneaker and peels off his sock.

A fossilized claw hangs contorted at the side of the frame.

He SNAPS it off at the wrist and shoves it into the sock.

He points the camera towards Zoe. The Reptilian looms over her. She's about to be discovered --

Ian LOBS the sock across the chamber!

BANG! It hits the far wall.

The Reptilian spins towards the noise. His tongue laps at the air, tasting the sweat from Ian's sock.

He bolts across the chamber and searches frantically for his prey.

The two Reptilians call out. The red shrieks back. He gives one last glance in Ian's direction then hurries out.

Ian releases a pent-up breath.

IAN (CONT'D)

It's gone.

ZOE

What about Marc?

INT. 3RD CORRIDOR - ALIEN SPACECRAFT - MOMENTS LATER

MARC'S POV: He pushes through steam clouds. Pipes drip. Conduits on both sides flicker with a smoky glow.

His breathing is fast, short. His arms glazed with sweat.

MARC  
ZOE! IAN!

A NOISE from the dark, from just around the next corner. It almost sounded like a CLICKING noise.

He warily approaches...

MARC (CONT'D)  
Guys?

A DARK BLUR ERUPTS FROM THE SHADOW --

Marc barely gets out a scream -- a hand covers his mouth.

It's Ian.

IAN  
(hushed)  
Sshh! We've got problems.

Ian removes his hand. Zoe is behind him.

ZOE  
There are Reptilians here.

MARC  
What?

IAN  
We have to be quiet. Let's see the map.

Marc turns. His shirt is saturated. The map is SMEARED. Unreadable. Zoe is crestfallen.

ZOE  
Oh, no...

A Reptilian shriek rings from behind them.

IAN  
Move. We'll figure it out.

They push on...

INT. 4TH CORRIDOR - ALIEN SPACECRAFT - MOMENTS LATER

ZOE'S POV: Ian leads the pack. Zoe holds Marc's hand. He stops, wheezing, ready to pass out.

IAN  
Marc, you gotta keep moving.

ZOE  
Please, baby.

MARC  
I can't... can't catch my breath.

Zoe looks to Ian. He hooks an arm around Marc's back --

MARC (CONT'D)  
No! Don't carry me!

Zoe hurries to Marc's other side and helps support him. The three are on the move again... it's awkward and slow.

MARC'S POV: His camera points at the deck. His legs are weak. His feet barely plant.

Ian's legs are in frame. His injured ankle trembles with each step. His pained grunts can be heard.

MARC (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry. I'm sorry --

Another Reptilian cry cuts through the hall. They pick up the pace as best they can.

INT. 4TH CORRIDOR - ALIEN SPACECRAFT - MOMENTS LATER

The hall branches into three directions.

ZOE  
Where do we go?

Ian's finger draws the map in the air. Zoe is worn out. She leans against the wall, pans to the darkness behind them --

IAN  
To the right.

He hooks his arm under Marc. They turn right into a side corridor --

IAN (CONT'D)  
No. No. No. Back. Go straight.

ZOE  
You sure?

IAN  
Yeah, yeah.

They double back, head straight down the corridor.

INT. 4TH CORRIDOR - ALIEN SPACECRAFT - MOMENTS LATER

They come to a stately door. Larger than any of the others.

IAN  
This has to be it.

Ian and Zoe sit Marc on the deck.

Ian hits the panel. It's LOCKED. The clamps engaged.

Marc closes his eyes, exhausted. Zoe rubs his arms.

ZOE  
Stay with me, baby.

His eyes flutter. He takes her hand, gives it a gentle kiss.

The plasma torch erupts with a crackle of white hot energy.  
That gets Marc's attention.

Ian burns into the clamps.

MARC  
How'd you get that to work?

IAN  
See the conduits along the wall?  
They transmit energy all over the  
ship -- supply power to all the  
systems, the tools.

MARC  
Like a wi-fi signal?

The first clamp drops to the deck.

IAN  
Only here it's wireless energy.  
You lose a conduit and anything  
feeding off it dies.

MARC  
How'd you figure that out?

IAN  
Tell you on the way home.

Zoe nervously looks down both ends of the corridor. Pings and knocks ring out from the dark.

ZOE  
You almost done?

The other clamp drops.

IAN  
We're in.

Ian and Zoe pry fingers into the seams and PULL...

The door stubbornly splits. They part it enough to squeeze through.

Zoe moves to help Marc. He waves her off and stands, a bit unsteady.

They follow Ian as he wedges through the crevice.

INT. COMMAND DECK - ALIEN SPACECRAFT - CONTINUOUS

An enormous amphitheater. Free-standing consoles line descending tiers. The ship's schematic rotates before a mammoth set of panels at the bow.

Ian and Zoe push the doors shut. He bounds down the levels for the panels. Zoe and Marc remain by the door.

ZOE'S POV: She scans the room. The conduit throbs with white energy. Grates in the floor and the wall spew steam.

Ian touches the ship's hologram -- it RIPPLES like water.

IAN  
I should be able to access this. I saw them do it. What the hell?

MARC'S POV: He pans the room, all the consoles project the same red glyph.

MARC  
Might have to be reset it. Like a breaker. Look for an access panel.

Ian checks consoles on the lower tiers. His onboard light reflects across their pristine surfaces.

Marc inspects the middle tiers. No luck.

Zoe clears the upper level. Nothing.

ZOE  
Where is it!?

MARC'S POV: In a corner, on the lower tier, a BEACON flashes.

MARC  
Ian, what's that?

He points and makes his way down. He and Ian rush to it.

A disc-shaped lever bulges from the console. An amber ring blinks.

IAN  
What do you think?

Marc shrugs. Ian nervously places his hand over it.

IAN (CONT'D)  
(mutters)  
Please...

He presses it. The amber ring goes dark. Then, a BEEP...

A deep hum surges through the room. The consoles erupt with holographic TEXT, PLANETS and STAR CHARTS.

IAN (CONT'D)  
Got it!

ZOE  
Yes!

The holographic ship blooms. Every chamber fully mapped.

MARC  
Get that door open!

Ian rushes to the hologram. Their individual heat signatures materialize in the forward chamber.

He reaches for the schematic, his hand stops cold --

THREE BLUE SIGNATURES RACE TOWARDS THE BOW OF THE SHIP.

IAN  
They know we're here. They're  
coming!

ZOE  
Forget it. Let's go --

MARC  
No!

IAN  
This is the only chance we're gonna  
get at this, Zo.

Ian taps the ship. The model freezes. He retraces their  
steps.

IAN (CONT'D)  
Where did we come in? Where...  
(a beat)  
I think it's... here.

He touches a section -- it explodes in size. The rest of the  
schematic pulls to the background. The chamber they  
initially entered floats before him.

IAN (CONT'D)  
We're in!

ZOE  
Hurry.

THE REPTILIAN SIGNATURES SEPARATE! EACH TAKES A DIFFERENT  
CORRIDOR --

IAN  
They're splitting up!

ZOE  
We need to go!

MARC  
No! Ian, do what you got to do.  
I'm watching 'em.

Marc moves to the side, eyes the Reptilians as they maneuver  
through the ship.

Ian traces his finger across the chamber. His digit's point  
of contact magnifies a small area of the schematic.

IAN  
Where's the door?

The Reptilians' signatures flank the bow of the ship. They come at the Command Deck from parallel corridors.

MARC  
They're around the corner. Coming  
up fast --

ZOE  
Ian!

Ian drags his finger through the hologram --

MARC  
Hurry, man. Gotta hurry.

ZOE  
We need to go! Guys, now!

Ian moves his finger along the chamber's wall.

Two Reptilian signatures turn the corner. They come at the Command Deck from opposite ends. The third makes a straight shot up an intersecting hall.

MARC  
They just turned the corner. Zoe  
get away from the door!

ZOE'S POV: She steps back --

MARC (CONT'D)  
It's gotta be now!

Ian's finger moves along the wall undeterred.

IAN  
It's not coming up --

Suddenly -- AN OUTLINE OF THE DOOR APPEARS!

IAN (CONT'D)  
Wait! I got it!

He pulls his finger away. The door DISAPPEARS!

IAN (CONT'D)  
Shit! What happened!?

Ian touches the wall again. The door reappears.

ZOE'S POV: Footfalls pound through the walls.

They're right outside!

Zoe rushes the door and punches the panel. The clamps on their side engage. She jumps back.

Ian double taps the holographic door. It flashes with a rewarding electronic TONE. He pulls his finger away --

THE DOOR REMAINS HIGHLIGHTED!

IAN (CONT'D)  
It's good! Go! Go!

Ian and Marc bound up the tiers.

ZOE  
We're cut off.

A Reptilian shrieks from the other side of the door.

The Reptilians attempt to open the door. The clamps remain engaged. More frenzied squawks.

MARC'S POV: He frantically pans the room.

MARC  
Find another way out!

The panel flashes. The Reptilians are overriding the door from the other side.

IAN  
They're gonna get in.

Zoe snatches the plasma torch from Ian's waistband.

IAN (CONT'D)  
Zoe!

She goes to a grate on the back wall. Burns through it. They've got a new escape route!

ZOE  
Hurry.

She crawls into the vent.

The door chirps. Clamps disengage.

Ian pushes Marc to the duct. Ian crouches in the fog, waits as Marc shimmies his stout frame inside, it's a tight fit --

IAN'S POV: He catches the door at an odd angle, shrouded by mist. It splits open. The Reptilians enter...

Their tongues flick madly. They stop... onto something, they taste it in the air.

Marc finally clears the duct.

Three Reptilian heads turn in unison towards Ian --

Under the cover of fog he quietly slips into --

INT. VENTILATION SHAFT - ALIEN SPACECRAFT - CONTINUOUS

IAN'S POV: He pushes his camera along as he belly crawls. Sporadic columns of light from grates overhead.

IAN  
Another second I would have been  
lizard chow back there.

Marc creeps ahead, breathing hard.

IAN (CONT'D)  
Marc?

MARC  
I'm okay...

MARC'S POV: Zoe fires up the torch throwing harsh light through the confined space. The walls rattle as she burns through another grate.

INT. 4TH CORRIDOR - ALIEN SPACECRAFT - CONTINUOUS

ZOE'S POV: Zoe and Marc wait in the corridor as Ian emerges from the vent. Marc is hunched over, sucking in wind.

ZOE  
That's the way back.

She points. They haul ass.

The overhead lights die. Section by section down the corridor. Only the conduit's glow remains. They stop.

A Reptilian SHRIEKS. That sounded way too CLOSE...

IAN  
That came from behind us.

ZOE  
No, no. That was up ahead.

IAN'S POV: He slowly pans, the onboard light doesn't reveal much. There's nothing in front of them.

He nervously spins the light behind them --

The corridor is empty.

He turns back to Zoe --

IAN  
Zo, gimme the torch.

ZOE'S POV: She hands it off. Ian holds it up... listens. It's deathly still. He squeezes the trigger --

The tip flares --

ILLUMINATING THE GREEN REPTILIAN LOOMING OVER HIS SHOULDER!

A glimpse at its facial features as the alien shrieks, blinded. Ian jumps.

The camera spins. There's screaming. Chaos --

IAN (CONT'D)  
RUN!

They tear down the corridor. Feet pound metal --

They turn the corner into --

INT. 3RD CORRIDOR - ALIEN SPACECRAFT - CONTINUOUS

Overhead lights are working. The doors to the fuel cell bay dead ahead. The cells churn like the ship's heartbeat.

IAN  
Straight through!

INT. FUEL CELL BAY - ALIEN SPACECRAFT - CONTINUOUS

They explode inside. The doors slam tight. The clamps lock.

Eight cells grind away -- the defective one repaired. The forcefield is gone. Blue mist hovers in the rafters spitting ink-colored condensation.

Marc and Zoe tread across the bay, hands clasped together. Ian follows, his eyes on the door behind them.

ZOE'S POV: Her and Marc move towards the open door ahead.

ZOE (O.S.)  
We're almost there, baby.

Yeah, not so fast --

The fog up ahead STIRS. Dual trails appear from behind two cradles and zero in on them!

ZOE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Ian!

Patches in the fog give a peek at the red and brown Reptilians as they nimbly crawl towards them --

IAN  
Get back!

A RUSTY SCREECH!

Ian whips to the door behind him. The green Reptilian slowly enters. Ian gets his first good look at the creature --

His scaled flesh is deep green with stripes of blue. His face is elongated with a broad, thick jaw, slits for nostrils and round eyes set in ridged sockets.

He wears the same carbon-fiber body armor. His arms and feet exposed.

Marc pulls Zoe behind him. He hastily feels the deck and comes up with a metal shard. He holds it like a shiv.

Marc steps back, pushing Zoe with him.

The red and brown Reptilians' heads break just above the mist. Steely inhuman eyes stay on Marc --

MARC  
Take it.

Marc shoves his camera into Zoe's hands. At that instant the Reptilians close in. He slashes at them --

MARC (CONT'D)  
Get away!

With astonishing speed the brown Reptilian leaps and TACKLES him. Zoe crashes to the floor. She drops the flashlight, it spins off into the mist.

ZOE  
MARC!

Marc and the brown Reptilian thrash and roll. The alien pins him quick, like an alligator with its prey.

IAN'S POV: He stares down the green Reptilian. He whip pans to Marc. A blur of limbs in the fog as he fights the brown.

Ian spins back to the green -- he's moved in closer.

ZOE'S POV: The red Reptilian torpedoes for Zoe beneath the mist. She backs up, butts against a pedestal.

Marc stabs the brown Reptilian in the shoulder! A spray of MUSTARD COLORED BLOOD! A high-pitched squeal!

MARC

Son of a bitch! That's right!

Marc jabs repeatedly. Most of his shots miss or impact on the body armor. The brown Reptilian cries out --

The red Reptilian changes course -- zeroes in on Marc.

IAN

Marc, look out! The other one!

The red LUNGES. He grabs Marc's arm brandishing the weapon. A SICKENING SNAP OF BONE.

Marc's screams overpower the throbbing power cells.

ZOE

NO!

ZOE'S POV: Both Reptilians go to work. They rip flesh. Blood sprays. His cries excruciating.

ZOE (CONT'D)

(horrified)

MARC!

IAN'S POV: He fires up the torch. The green draws back...

And Ian makes a break for Marc. The red and brown Reptilians slither away under by fog.

IAN

Marc, we're here. Get up, man!

Ian slaps his hand around Marc's forearm. Marc attempts to stand, collapses. Coughs up blood. His hand goes slack.

IAN (CONT'D)

MARC!

Marc's body is a heap of shredded meat. Organs exposed, intestines spilled. The carnage tastefully shrouded by fog.

IAN (CONT'D)  
Oh, Jesus! No!

Zoe pulls up beside him. She gets a glimpse of the gore --

ZOE  
Baby! Oh my God!

She bawls, goes for Marc. Ian holds her back. Grief floods her voice --

ZOE (CONT'D)  
Let go of me! MARC!

IAN'S POV: The green Reptilian slips beneath the fog. Ian pushes Zoe towards the door. She fights him --

IAN  
Go!

ZOE  
NO! HELP HIM! HELP HIM!

IAN  
He's gone! Move or we're dead too!

Two pairs of bestial eyes reflect from the shadows.

IAN (CONT'D)  
GO!

She reluctantly moves. They bolt for the door.

ZOE'S POV: She looks behind them. The green Reptilian catapults from the fog and OVER THEIR HEADS!

ZOE  
Ian!

The green springs off a power cell and SLAMS DOWN in front of the door! Ian and Zoe screech to a stop. The Reptilian gives an unnerving growl as it closes in.

Ian fires up the torch. The green Reptilian stops.

IAN  
Yeah. Back away...

Ian and the alien circle each other. He and Zoe inch towards the door.

ZOE'S POV: She whips her head across the bay. The brown Reptilian skulks towards her --

His claws slick with blood. White stripes cross his hide. He has deep set opal-like eyes with vertical pupils.

The red Reptilian rises from the mist beside him. His maroon flesh is striped with orange. His eyes like jade.

All three aliens wear the same impenetrable body armor.

Zoe lets out a soft, hopeless gasp

Ian spins towards them. The red and brown reptilians halt --

IAN (CONT'D)

Don't...

The brown Reptilian reaches with a clawed foot for something on the deck. He brings his foot up -- a metal pole clutched within it. He passes it to his hand.

The green Reptilian ATTACKS --

Ian spins! Strikes with the torch. The Reptilian nimbly weaves, retreats.

Now's their chance! Ian takes Zoe's hand. They rush to the door. When --

The brown Reptilian launches the pole like a spear! It crashes against the door panel. The doors snap shut!

IAN and Zoe barely make it through and crash into --

INT. 2ND CORRIDOR - ALIEN SPACECRAFT - CONTINUOUS

The two painfully collapse on top of piles of debris.

Ian scrambles. He engages the locking clamps and slices the conduit feeding the door.

Zoe is on her hands and knees. Her face slick with tears. She looks to the door, clenches her eyes, anguished --

ZOE

I'm so sorry, baby.

She quietly sobs. Ian sees the blood on his palm, smeared on his forearm.

IAN  
 (compassionately)  
 Zo... we have to move.

BANG! The Reptilians pound on the other side of the door.

IAN (CONT'D)  
 Please. That door won't hold long.

She collects herself, stands, determined to finish this. Marc's camera dangles from her wrist. She yanks it free, shoves it into Ian's ribs and moves down the corridor.

INT. LAB - ALIEN SPACECRAFT - MOMENTS LATER

Ian and Zoe bound through the lab. From the corridor behind them -- a Reptilian wails.

IAN  
 They're out!

They burst into --

INT. 1ST CORRIDOR - ALIEN SPACECRAFT - CONTINUOUS

Ian and Zoe sprint for the finish --

ZOE'S POV: An open door around the bend.

IAN  
 That's us on the right!

They bound through the open door, into --

INT. ENTRY CHAMBER - ALIEN SPACECRAFT - CONTINUOUS

Ian and Zoe shoot across the chamber. The consoles are alive. Holographic displays scroll and spin.

ZOE'S POV: The seams of the door are visible. The HANDLE bulges from the wall.

IAN  
 Look!

He grabs the handle with both hands, his camera dangles from his wrist, and PUSHES -- it doesn't budge.

IAN (CONT'D)  
 No! NO! COME ON!

She grabs hold of the handle with him --

ZOE  
Together. Ready? Go!

They push together -- the thing will JUST NOT MOVE!

IAN  
We're not gonna be stopped by this!

They PUSH again! Veins bulge... it loosens!

ZOE  
It's moving!

They push harder. Ian cries out as -- The handle gives!  
A metallic clank! Hydraulics exhale. The door OPENS...

IAN  
Got it!

Ian and Zoe turn to the archway --

WHERE A SOLID WALL OF ROCK AWAITS.

IAN (CONT'D)  
NO! NO! NO!

He digs his fingers in, scrapes at it. He beats a fist  
against the crust.

ZOE  
What happened!?

IAN  
I don't know. The aftershocks.  
The ship must have shifted, settled  
into the crevice.

ZOE  
What do we do?

His voice is weak, all the hope and fight drained from him --

IAN  
This was it.

Another shriek rings from the corridor.

ZOE'S POV: Ian limps to the door.

ZOE (O.S.)  
Where are you going?

He locks the clamps then torches the conduit. The consoles and lights cut out. The torch gasps and dies.

IAN  
Hell if we're gonna make it easy  
for them.

INT. ENTRY CHAMBER - ALIEN SPACECRAFT - LATER

IAN'S POV: The camera sits next to him on the deck. Zoe sits across from him. Her voice oozes with fatigue, sorrow --

ZOE  
I thought I had nothing but time.  
So many things I wanted to do.

ZOE'S POV: Ian sits with his back against the wall of rock.

IAN (O.S.)  
Like what?

ZOE  
I don't know. Skydive. Travel  
through Europe.  
(the pain surfaces)  
Be a mom...

She wipes at a tear. Ian looks on with shame. He quickly digs into his bag.

IAN  
You hungry? I think I got a  
granola bar in here we can split.  
(a beat)  
No granola, but how about...?

He pulls out the cactus fruit he picked earlier.

IAN (CONT'D)  
How hungry are you?

He tosses her one. She peels away the threads. Her face somber, exhausted. She bites into it with no reservations...

IAN (CONT'D)  
Told you I'd get you to eat one of  
those someday.

She chews mindlessly. They eat in silence. Finally --

IAN (CONT'D)

I wasted my life. All these years out here were bullshit. I never tried. I think I knew I just didn't have it in me. You knew it too.

She is shocked by his candor.

IAN (CONT'D)

You felt sorry for me, like you had to look after me.

ZOE

Ian, everything I did was out of love for a friend. It wasn't pity.

IAN

Whatever you want to call it, I took advantage of it, and never cared about the consequences... for either of us.

Her eyes well up. She looks away.

IAN (CONT'D)

My life was over before I even found this place. I dragged you down with me...

(a painful admission)

This is all on me, he was right.

A tear breaks down Zoe's cheek. She's trying to stay strong.

IAN (CONT'D)

Zo, I'm so sorry --

ZOE

Stop! Just stop, Ian. What's it matter now?

IAN

Just know, I wanted this for you too.

ZOE

You didn't need to give me anything.

IAN

No, I did. I wanted to give something back that was worth everything I'd taken.

She doesn't respond. Ian's hands fiddle with the camera --  
 STATIC.

INT. ENTRY CHAMBER - ALIEN SPACECRAFT - LATER

IAN'S POV: The conduit flutters to life. Consoles burst with  
 texts and charts.

He pans to Zoe. She sits by the hologram of the ship. He  
 heads over, touches the Command Deck on the schematic. It  
 blooms. Three blue patterns work at consoles.

IAN (O.S.)  
 What are they doing? They know  
 we're here. They know they got us.

A long beat. Finally...

ZOE (O.S.)  
 The longer they take the more  
 scared we'll be.

Ian pans to her. She stares ahead, almost trance-like.

ZOE (CONT'D)  
 When it does happen, I hope it's  
 quick. I don't want to end up like  
 that girl. An experiment in some  
 tank. A creature implanted in me.

Ian keeps the camera on her... Then --

IAN (O.S.)  
 Holy shit...

He swings the camera back to the hologram.

IAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 The tanks!

He brings up the lab schematic, points to the cryotanks --

IAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 We saw the ship run vitals on the  
 dead girl and the Grey. Before it  
 sealed them up, I saw what looked  
 like sand fall into the tube.

ZOE  
 Sand?

IAN

When the Reptilians came out of their tanks, one didn't make it. Same thing happened before he was sectioned off. Sand and rocks fell into the tube.

ZOE

From the roof of the ship...

IAN

What if a hatch at the top of the tank opened up so they could jettison the dead bodies?

Her eyes light up --

ZOE

If the tanks run straight up to the top it's possible. In space the vacuum would suck them right out.

IAN (O.S.)

But, underground those tanks are an escape tunnel.

A ray of hope. The energy comes flooding back --

ZOE

So, wait. We just have to get into one of those tanks and climb?

IAN (O.S.)

It's not gonna be that easy. First we have to get a tank to run a scan on a dead body.

ZOE

How?

How does he break this to her?

IAN (O.S.)

We have to kill a Reptilian.

Her newfound enthusiasm just got flushed. She looks back to the hologram with despair...

IAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

One. We just gotta take down one. You and me. It's the only shot we have of getting out of here.

Like it or not it's all they've got left.

ZOE  
So, what do we do?

IAN (O.S.)  
Remember the room with the  
Reptilians' tanks?

She brings up the Reptilian's Crew Chamber. The line of cryochambers clearly visible.

IAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
It's gonna have to go down here.

Her body tenses...

ZOE  
We need a plan like ten minutes  
ago.

IAN (O.S.)  
We're gonna have to go to the  
command deck and lure one back.

INT. ENTRY CHAMBER - ALIEN SPACECRAFT - MOMENTS LATER

ZOE'S POV: She adjusts the headset as she walks to the door with Ian. He stops, hands her his knife.

IAN  
Take this. Go for the throat --

ZOE (O.S.)  
No. I can't --

IAN  
You'll be surprised.

She grudgingly takes it. Ian gives her hand a squeeze.

He musters his nerve, opens the door.

He and Zoe head out...

INT. 1ST CORRIDOR - ALIEN SPACECRAFT - CONTINUOUS

Zero visibility. Ian leads the way. He holds the torch at the ready.

Zoe's POV: Her gaze is everywhere. She's on every nook, every shadow. Her breaths quick and even.

The ship knocks. They JUMP! False alarm. Zoe moves in close on Ian's back.

The steam dissipates. They arrive at --

INT. LAB - ALIEN SPACECRAFT - CONTINUOUS

They enter. Ian fires up the torch. Hard light peeks into the spaces behind the cryotanks. It's all clear.

They hurry through into --

INT. 2ND CORRIDOR - ALIEN SPACECRAFT - MOMENTS LATER

IAN'S POV: He moves swiftly, silently.

IAN (O.S.)

You good?

ZOE'S POV: Reverse angle, her back pressed against his, watching their rear.

ZOE (O.S.)

So far.

They arrive at the Power Cell Chamber's double doors. The symphony of churning pistons bleeds through the wall.

Ian punches the panel. The doors give a rickety part.

INT. FUEL CELL BAY - ALIEN SPACECRAFT - CONTINUOUS

The cells pulsate. Wisps of blue fog remain.

Lights flicker above. Stretches of darkness. Ian carefully maneuvers across, Zoe tight behind him. They clear the bay.

INT. 3RD CORRIDOR - ALIEN SPACECRAFT - MOMENTS LATER

The two keep a brisk pace. The throbbing of the power cells recedes. It gets eerily quiet, when --

BOOM! An explosion ROCKS the ship.

ZOE

That wasn't an aftershock.

The ship shutters. Pipes shake. Deck plates squeak.

Ian spots a console in an alcove. A diagram of the craft floats --

ITS MASSIVE TURBINE ENGINES FLARE.

IAN

They're firing up the engines.  
They're gonna take off.

She gives him a holy fuck look --

ZOE

We've got to do this fast. Once  
those engines are powered up we're  
done.

They double time it down the corridor --

Ian and Zoe push swiftly through the foggy passage. They come to a clearing and abruptly STOP!

Ahead of them is --

The Grey standing beneath a dripping pipe. Water spits onto the alien's head, it beads and is absorbed into the skin.

IAN

(softly)

No. Not now. We can't go back.  
There's no time...

The ships shudders again. The engine's intensity building...

Zoe looks to Ian then... takes a timid step forward.

IAN (CONT'D)

Zo...

The Grey sees them. It hisses, stands its ground. The scars on its face have nearly faded. Its arm has repositioned back into the socket.

She takes another step closer.

The Grey gives a frightening moan, like a cornered animal.

IAN (CONT'D)

Zo, that's a warning. Back away.

She takes another step forward, wipes tears from her eyes --

ZOE

Please...

Metal fragments lift off the deck and hover before her face.

A long shard digs into her throat, drawing blood.

IAN

Zo, stop.

She holds up trembling hands, her voice swells with anguish --

ZOE

We... we won't hurt you. We're  
trapped here just like you.

The Grey sneers. The metal fragments vibrate, building with force, ready to fire.

ZOE (CONT'D)

They killed our friend. We just  
want to get out...  
(voice breaking)  
We just want to go home.

An agonizingly long beat, then the Grey's eyes soften --

The swarm of debris gently lowers to the deck.

ZOE (CONT'D)

You understand me...

The Grey ROARS. It's voice deep, unnerving.

A large pipe RIPS from the wall. Steam fills the corridor.

Footfalls slap against metal. The Grey is off down a side corridor.

Ian comes up behind Zoe. He wipes at the blood on her neck.

IAN

You alright?

She's trembling, but gives a nod.

He takes her hand, they move on.

INT. 4TH CORRIDOR - ALIEN SPACECRAFT - MOMENTS LATER

ZOE'S POV: She rushes behind Ian. Pockets of shadow race by. The echoes of feet slamming against metal.

Ian stops at the Command Deck door. The panel flashes red.

IAN  
 Door's locked from the inside.  
 They're gonna hole up 'til we're  
 airborne.

Ian sets his camera on the deck --

IAN'S POV: Ian and Zoe stand before the door. The corridor stretches into the mist behind them.

He ignites the torch.

IAN (CONT'D)  
 Be ready with that knife.

She holds the knife out awkwardly. Her hand quivers.

Ian cuts into the door. Sparks cascade...

The mist in the corridor behind Zoe BILLOWS --

But, there's no one there.

ZOE'S POV: She watches over his shoulder. Steam rolls by from her right. She reacts. The corridor is empty. Then --

A bloom of sparks illuminates the corridor for a split-second. Enough time to catch a glimpse of --

THE GREEN REPTILIAN CRAWLING ALONG THE CEILING!

Zoe startles. The alien drops to the deck.

ZOE  
 IAN!

IAN'S POV: The brown Reptilian clings to the ceiling from the opposite side. He jumps to the floor --

It's an ambush!

Ian spins towards him --

IAN  
 Behind us!

ZOE'S POV: She backs away from the green Reptilian, slices wide at the air.

IAN'S POV: Ian and the brown Reptilian face off. He waves the blazing torch at the alien --

IAN (CONT'D)

Come on!

The brown Reptilian raises his arm. A copper-colored GAUNTLET glistens in the torchlight.

A PIERCING TONE ERUPTS.

The picture distorts as --

Ian collapses, howls in pain. His muscles spasm.

ZOE'S POV: She hears Ian's screams.

ZOE (O.S.)

Ian!?

The green Reptilian lifts his arm. He wears the same gauntlet. The same shrill noise emits --

Her hand spasms. The knife clatters to the deck.

Zoe crashes to the deck, muscles convulse.

The green Reptilian moves in. He keeps his gauntlet fixed on her, then reaches above her lens --

ZOE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

NO!

And grabs her by the hair.

Zoe screams bloody murder, unable to fight back as she's dragged down the corridor.

IAN'S POV: He convulses on the deck. The brown Reptilian crouches beside him, picks up the plasma torch.

Ian fights to move his arm. He has no control.

The alien ignites the torch! Brings it close to Ian...

IAN

You son of a bitch!

The Reptilian waves the sizzling tip in Ian's face. Fleeting passes. He's playing with him. Ian winces, grunts in pain.

IAN (CONT'D)

Pussy! This is how you gotta do it!?

The Reptilian stops. He's through playing. He holds the torch over Ian's cheek. A swath of flesh scalds and splits --

Ian gives a tortured scream...

The brown Reptilian squawks, the bastard's enjoying this.

He pries open one of Ian's eyes --

IAN (CONT'D)

NO! NO!

The Reptilian brings the tip towards his eye, when --

The torch is ripped out of his claw by an invisible force!

The Reptilian is stunned -- what the hell just happened? His forearm gauntlet EXPLODES!

He squeals, turns to see --

The Grey emerge from a curtain of fog. The alien is healed and looking like a complete fucking bad ass.

The Grey snarls something in its native tongue. It sounds pissed!

With a flick of its fingers, the Grey launches the brown Reptilian off his feet with incredible force.

ZOE'S POV: She screams as the Green Reptilian drags her along. From out of nowhere --

The brown Reptilian CRASHES into the green. Zoe rips free. The piercing drone STOPS.

Zoe has control of her hands. The Reptilians squeal. She snaps her head up to see --

Both Reptilians rise --

Only to be thrown backwards! They bounce off a far wall.

IAN'S POV: He watches on his hands and knees as the Grey calmly walks past. Its large eyes are focused off screen on his captors. This here is revenge an eternity in the making.

ZOE'S POV: She turns, the Grey marches towards her. She scurries from its path, it never once looks at her.

IAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Zo!

She snatches the knife and rushes to Ian at the Command Deck door. She gently touches at the raw flesh on his cheek.

ZOE  
Oh my God, Ian!

IAN  
It's fine. We gotta find that red bastard fast.

WHOOSH!

The doors behind them part. It's that red bastard... and he's about to pounce --

But, gets heaved back like he just got hit by a train.

ZOE'S POV: She whips her head across the corridor. The Grey has their back. It turns to the other two Reptilians.

They're beaten, groaning, trying to stand. The Grey levitates them and SMASHES THEM TOGETHER!

Earsplitting shrieks as the Reptilians are flung around the corner. The diminutive alien teeters, braces himself against the wall. That took some out of him. He regains his strength and coolly pursues.

Ian shoves his camera in Zoe's hands. He removes his hoodie, tears off his tee. It's filthy, sweaty.

IAN (CONT'D)  
Get to the tanks.

She starts down the corridor, looks back --

Ian wipes the deck and walls with his shirt, returns to Zoe.

The red Reptilian emerges from the Command Deck. Ian and Zoe freeze and watch as --

He flicks his tongue.

IAN (CONT'D)  
(hushed)  
That's right. Come and find us.

The Reptilian gets Ian's scent, pivots, and charges them!

IAN (CONT'D)  
Go!

Ian and Zoe sprint down the corridor, around the corner to --

INT. CREW CHAMBER - ALIEN SPACECRAFT - CONTINUOUS

Ian wipes a trail to the cryochambers. Zoe shuts the doors.

IAN  
Gimme my camera.

He wraps the shirt around the camera and shoves it into the crevice between two cryochambers. Its tiny red light gives away its position.

IAN'S POV: Ian makes a final adjustment. The door visible over his shoulder.

He grabs Zoe, they move out of camera range.

ZOE'S POV: Ian takes her to the row of cryochambers adjacent to the hidden camera. They squeeze between two units.

IAN (CONT'D)  
(hushed)  
We ambush him when he goes for the camera.

They wait. Ian keeps an itchy finger on the torch's trigger. He's tiring. His burn wound glistens in the low light.

Zoe reaches over, squeezes his hand.

Ian looks to her, his eyes strong --

IAN (CONT'D)  
We're gonna get out.

The door rattles open.

The red Reptilian enters. His tongue spits.

IAN'S POV: The Reptilian spots the light. He looks dead at the camera.

ZOE'S POV: The Reptilian moves to the center of the room --

IAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
A little closer...

Then slips under the fog.

ZOE (O.S.)  
(hushed)  
He's going for it.

Silence...

With a startling shriek the Reptilian springs up from the mist beside Zoe!

She screams as he tears her from her hiding spot and throws her to the deck!

Ian charges the alien, torch blazing!

WHACK!

He kicks Ian in the chest. Ian launches across the chamber, slams into the wall -- HARD.

ZOE'S POV: Ian crumples to the deck. He drags the torch along the wall on the way down opening a deep gash.

ZOE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Ian!

He drops the torch, clutches injured ribs. The Reptilian lunges --

ZOE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Look out!

Ian scrambles for the torch. Too slow -- the Reptilian kicks it away then SLAMS his clawed foot on top of Ian's hand!

Ian roars in pain --

ZOE'S POV: She clutches the knife, RUSHES the alien --

ZOE (CONT'D)

GET OFF OF HIM!

And hacks away at the son of a bitch!

The Reptilian grabs her wrist. Immobilizes her instantly.

She looks down -- the alien is unharmed. Her knife had been impacting against his armor.

The Reptilian twists her arm. Zoe struggles. She flings the knife to Ian.

ZOE (CONT'D)

Ian!

The Reptilian contorts her arm to an impossible angle. She screams...

A red claw wraps around her throat. Her cries muted.

Liquid metal trails down the wall towards the fresh gash.  
Ian scrambles for the knife --

He collects the molten metal on the blade.

ZOE'S POV: The alien is about to snap her arm. She screams,  
sobs intensely --

IAN (O.S.)

Asshole!

The Reptilian whips his head around --

Ian flings the liquid off his blade into the alien's eyes!

A horrific squeal! Zoe breaks free as the Reptilian thrashes wildly. He clutches his face. Smoke drifts from between his claws as molten metal fuses with his eyeballs.

Ian gives a war cry as he leaps onto the Reptilian's back and drives the knife into the alien's burly neck.

Yellow blood sprays. The two crash to the deck.

ZOE'S POV: Ian brings his knife overhead, plunges it into the Reptilian's hide. Again... again! A torrent of rage.

He stops. His hands and face drip with alien gore.

The Reptilian's legs twitch. Ian looks to Zoe. Their eyes stay locked.

Zoe grabs him in a hug. His breathing calms, he focuses --

IAN (CONT'D)

Help me get him into a chamber.

Zoe and Ian drag the body to the nearest cryochamber. They strain. Their efforts clumsy. This damn thing's heavy!

They get him to the base of a cryochamber and collapse.  
Drained. Suddenly --

BOOM!

Something shakes the walls from the corridor.

The Grey's voice bellows.

ZOE'S POV: She looks to the open door. Debris explodes past.

IAN (CONT'D)  
Close that door!

Zoe hurries over.

BOOM!

She jolts, pokes her head into the corridor --

INT. 3RD CORRIDOR - ALIEN SPACECRAFT - CONTINUOUS

ZOE'S POV: The green and brown Reptilians battle the Grey at the far end. The large aliens are bruised.

The Grey is spent. Blue blood trickles from a head wound.

The Reptilians flank him with swift precision --

The small alien has no fight left. The Reptilians attack!

The green snatches the Grey by its arms, the brown by its legs.

Zoe gasps softly, sadly.

The green chirps to his co-hort, then --

THE TWO SNAP THE GREY IN HALF LIKE A WISHBONE!

Zoe screams.

The Reptilians turn sharply. They dump their halves of the corpse and race at her --

ZOE (O.S.)  
They're coming!

INT. CREW CHAMBER - ALIEN SPACECRAFT - CONTINUOUS

Zoe punches the panel, the door clangs shut. She engages the clamps. The Reptilians pound on the other side --

The clamps release. Zoe hits the panel. They lock --

The Reptilians unlock it from the other side.

She punches the lock again.

IAN'S POV: At the edge of the frame he swings open the bulky cryochamber door.

ZOE  
They're going to get in!

IAN  
Cut the conduit!

ZOE  
Where's the torch!?

The clamps unlock. Zoe engages them again.

ZOE (CONT'D)  
Where is it!?

Ian sees it on the floor. He scoops up the torch, goes for the door and slices across the power conduit.

The chamber goes dark. The torch coughs, dies.

IAN  
Are the locks holding?

ZOE'S POV: The clamps are engaged.

She nods, then --

SCREECH -- a pair of green Reptilian claws tear through the seams in the door! They rip the halves apart with brute strength. Metal screams --

Zoe gets to the side of the door. She tries to push it shut.

The power conduit out in the corridor throbs through the mist. Ian pulls the trigger. The torch sputters, pulling a weak signal from the outside conduit.

IAN (CONT'D)  
We've gotta seal the door!

Ian pins the Reptilian's hand down with the tip of the torch. It belches a quick flare.

The Reptilian squeals and yanks the torch from Ian. It clatters into the corridor -- out of reach!

IAN (CONT'D)  
Son of a bitch!

Ian swats at the claws with his knife.

A brown claw reaches through the part and grabs Zoe.

ZOE

Get off!

Ian hacks away. Metallic clinks as his blade scrapes against the door.

The green Reptilian knocks the knife from Ian's hand. It drops beside his foot. The blade vibrates, then JUMPS, clinging to a nearby wall.

SCREECH!

The Reptilians pry the doors further apart.

A green claw grabs Ian's throat, tightens like a vice. Ian can't breathe.

He feels for the knife -- it's just out of his reach.

He reaches -- reaches -- grabs the knife!

Ian SLICES across the green's forearm.

The Reptilian cries out, releases him. Ian jabs at the brown's arm. He releases Zoe, slips its claws back.

The torch glistens in the corridor just beyond the two Reptilians.

Ian plunges the knife through the door --

The torch twitches. Then --

Slides across the deck, between the brown's legs, and connects with the knife!

ZOE (CONT'D)

Yes!

He grabs it.

IAN

Help me close it!

They both get on either side of the door and PUSH!

The door slams shut.

Ian brings the torch to the seams. The flare gives a few gasps. He manages to weld the door at random points before the torch dies completely.

He and Zoe back away. The door SHAKES as the Reptilians pound on it. The weld holds... for now.

IAN (CONT'D)  
That won't hold long.

BANG!

An impact mark creases the door. THEN ANOTHER!

They're going to break it down.

Ian and Zoe sprint back to the cryochamber. The red Reptilian lies in a pond of blood. They grab him and LIFT.

He's heavy. They can't maneuver him over the chamber's base and into the compartment.

BANG!

Another impact scar on the door.

IAN (CONT'D)  
Again!

They heave. Zoe strains, she slips on yellow blood, keeps hold of the corpse.

IAN (CONT'D)  
A little higher!

Veins bulge as he lifts the beast into the chamber. The body dumps with a thud. The corpse is inside the chamber.

BANG! BANG!

The door buckles. It's ready to split.

ZOE  
Close the door!

Ian slams the cryochamber door.

They watch... and wait.

BANG!

That one rattled the room. Ian and Zoe turn back to the cryochamber --

Nothing. It sits dark and silent.

IAN  
Are you kidding me!?

He kicks the chamber's base.

BANG!

The door strains -- it's ready to give.

ZOE  
Shit, Ian...

IAN  
WORK! GOD DAMN IT!

The chamber buzzes to life! Holographic info erupts across the glass surface. Ian and Zoe breathe sighs of relief --

The alien glyphs strobe RED. An alarm sounds.

A whine builds. Then, a mechanical HISS --

A SHAFT OF LIGHT FALLS. Sand and gravel drops.

IAN (CONT'D)  
It's open!

A FLASH grabs their attention. They spin towards the door. Sparks shoot from the seam.

ZOE  
They've got a torch!

IAN  
We are leaving.

He pulls the handle of the cryochamber door --

AND THE FUCKING THING'S LOCKED.

IAN (CONT'D)  
No! No!

He pounds the glass. His fists bounce off harmlessly.

ZOE'S POV: She turns to the door. The seam glows molten red.

Ian jams the knife into the cryochamber door's seam. Uses the blade as a fulcrum -- it won't open.

IAN (CONT'D)  
Don't do this! Come on!

The chamber lights flicker. The conduit is repaired!  
The plasma torch buzzes to life. Zoe snatches it --

ZOE  
Look out!

The torch flares. She puts it to the glass. The tip  
chatters against the surface, then --

The glass EXPLODES! The chamber is wide open.

Zoe grabs Ian in a quick celebratory hug.

IAN  
Climb!

She shoves the torch into her waistband and finds perch on  
the dead Reptilian. She's repulsed, avoids looking at it, as  
she climbs over the body.

Ian snatches the camera he planted.

SCREEEEEECH!

IAN'S POV: He swivels to see -- The Reptilians have pried the  
door open.

The brown thrusts his head inside, gives a menacing wail.

They try to pry the doors open further, but they've buckled.  
They can't retract into the wall.

The brown goes into a rage. He wants at Ian so bad.

Ian leans into the cryochamber --

He catches an odd angle of Zoe as she ascends the tube like a  
rock climber. Her back pressed to one side, her feet wedged  
against the opposite side as she shimmies her way up.

ZOE  
Ian, hurry!

Ian maneuvers into the chamber. He mimics Zoe's style and  
starts the arduous climb.

The camera points at his legs. His bad leg slacks. Agonized  
groans as he struggles his way up.

ZOE'S POV: She reaches the top of the portal and climbs out  
onto the ship --

INT. CAVERN - DESERT - CONTINUOUS

The spacecraft's running lights wash the cavern in a brilliant glow. She collapses, exhausted, exhilarated.

ZOE (O.S.)  
Ian, I made it! Come on!

INT. CREW CHAMBER - ALIEN SPACECRAFT - CONTINUOUS

IAN'S POV: Ian continues his painful ascent. The agony coming through in his voice.

IAN (O.S.)  
I'm right behind you!

A CHILLING SQUEAL!

The brown Reptilian's claw grabs Ian's slack leg! He slips. Catches himself.

The camera jostles. A blur of limbs. Flashes of claws and teeth. Chaos as Ian tries to fight off the alien.

INT. CAVERN - DESERT - CONTINUOUS

ZOE'S POV: She peeks down the portal --

The Reptilian pulls Ian down onto the red's corpse.

ZOE (O.S.)  
Ian!

INT. CREW CHAMBER - ALIEN SPACECRAFT - CONTINUOUS

IAN'S POV: The knife is tucked in his waistband. He tries to grab it. It's knocked into his pant leg --

ZOE'S POV: Ian PUNCHES the Reptilian in the face. The shots do nothing.

Then, piercing through the tumult --

The countdown sequence starts. The series of BEEPS.

ZOE (O.S.)  
Ian, it's going to close!

She realizes she has the torch.

ZOE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Ian, the torch! Catch it!

She drops it into the tube. It bounces off the sides of the tank and catches between the corpse and the wall.

Ian holds off the Reptilian and manages to grab the torch.

The tip explodes. Ian winds up and --

punches the Reptilian square in the face with the torch!

An animalistic shriek. A mist of yellow blood as Ian puts a cauterized divot into the side of the alien's face.

The Reptilian stumbles back, a wisp of smoke escapes the puncture wound. He roars, runs off.

ZOE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Ian, hurry!

He starts up the chute again.

INT. CAVERN - DESERT - CONTINUOUS

ZOE'S POV: Ian works his way up. The sequence intensifies. The portal is going to shut any second now --

ZOE (O.S.)  
 HURRY!

Ian struggles... nears the top. Zoe hangs over the side, reaches out --

ZOE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Take my hand!

Ian's and Zoe's hands slap together...

SHE PULLS...

The beeps have turned to a drone. It's over.

Ian braces himself with his legs.

ZOE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 You got it!

He pushes -- white-knuckles the portal's edge. Zoe grabs his other wrist. She pulls back with all her weight --

Ian thrusts himself up as --

The portal SLAMS SHUT...

just as his legs clear the lip.

Ian rolls onto his back. His chest heaves. He gives an exhausted laugh, on the verge of breaking down himself.

Zoe collapses on him. Hugs him tight.

THE SHIP TREMBLES. Breaks free from its tomb. Crust EXPLODES!

IAN

Let's get the hell outta here!

They bound across the top of the ship, avoiding boulders and chunks of rock as they tumble across the hull. Ian hobbles, his injury much worse.

The ship jolts sharply. Ian and Zoe fight to keep their balance as they run --

They reach the edge and scale the cliff side.

The dawn sky is framed within the cavern's mouth --

They sprint for it.

EXT. MOJAVE DESERT - DAWN

The ship's lights spill out onto the desert. Ian's car is visible in the distance.

IAN

Go! Go!

Ian bolts for the car. Pure adrenaline powering him. His bad leg moves stiffly. He breaks from Zoe --

ZOE'S POV: She trudges across uneven terrain and --

wipes out with a hard thud.

A squeal!

She scrambles onto her back. The green Reptilian crawls on top of her. The massive alien quickly overpowers her.

Her blood curdling screams ring out into the desolation.

IAN'S POV: The car bounces in and out of frame. He comes up fast. Keys jingle.

He tears open the door and throws his bag onto the passenger's seat. Tosses his camera on top. It lands at an angle. Gives an askew framing of the driver's seat.

INT. IAN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

IAN'S POV: He drops into the seat. Revs the engine -- Then realizes Zoe isn't there. He glances around...

IAN

Zo!?

He HONKS the horn --

That's when he hears her screams. He looks out to the desert. Blinding light pours from the cave.

He turns to the windshield -- at the freedom ahead.

EXT. MOJAVE DESERT - CONTINUOUS

ZOE'S POV: She's on her back. The Reptilian drags her to the cavern, his broad frame silhouetted in the blinding light.

She tries to kick out. Digs her hands in the sand. None of it any use. Then --

The mad honking of a horn.

The Reptilian twists towards the noise and before he even realizes it --

THWACK!

Ian's car SLAMS into him! The Reptilian is catapulted off his feet into the blaze of lights. Zoe scrambles away --

Ian gets out of the car, helps her to her feet.

IAN

You hurt?

She shakes her head, dazed. He ushers her to the car.

INT. IAN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

IAN'S POV: The camera and backpack are shoved to the floor. Zoe falls into the passenger's seat -- still shaking.

Ian explodes into the driver's seat seconds later.

ZOE'S POV: He stomps on the gas.

The engine screams. They pull away --

Headlights bound over the desolate terrain...

When -- CRASH!

An explosion of GLASS as the green Reptilian SMASHES through the passenger's window and tries to rip Zoe from the car.

She screams, fights it off --

IAN

Jesus!

IAN'S POV: A sinewy green arm pulls Zoe from her seat.

ZOE

GET OFF ME!

She thrashes, punches at the alien! Ian grabs her, holds on for dear life --

He cuts the wheel! The momentum throws Zoe back into the car, into Ian. The Reptilian is flung from the door.

Ian straightens the car. FLOORS IT!

ZOE'S POV: The cracked road whizzes along.

She begins to sob...

IAN

It's okay, Zo. We're okay.

Before he can finish GAPING CREVICES spiderweb quickly across the road.

ZOE (O.S.)

Ian!

Too late! He plows right over them --

BANG! BANG!

The car bounces, bottoms out HARD! He keeps going.

A deep THROBBING sound builds. The car shakes violently. Magenta light suddenly drowns the landscape.

Zoe looks out the passenger's window --

In the distance the ground collapses. A SINKHOLE the size of a stadium forms. A column of magenta light pierces the sky.

ZOE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Oh my God! Ian!

The Reptilian ship EXPLODES from the ground! Massive crusts of rock break off the craft and smash to the ground.

She looks to Ian. Terror takes his face as he gazes over his shoulder.

The colossal ship lifts into the sky. It's black skin covered in hundreds of blazing lights. A glowing ring on its underbelly throbs from white to magenta.

Suddenly a wide beam of green energy bursts from the craft --

It scans the desert floor like a floodlight and STOPS just ahead of the car --

ZOE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
LOOK OUT!

SCREECH! Ian tries to swerve but the beam follows his path, intercepts and ENGULFS THE CAR!

The engine cuts off instantly --

The car is lifted off the ground, pulled up towards the ship.

IAN  
Open the door! Get out!

They frantically try to open their doors --

BUT, THEY WON'T BUDGE!

Zoe peers out the window. The car is gaining altitude fast.

IAN (CONT'D)  
Out the window!

She scrambles from her seat. Ian is right behind her, pushes her along. The car sways as they move.

IAN (CONT'D)  
I've got you. Go!

EXT. IAN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Zoe pulls herself out the broken window. Pained grunts as remaining shards tear into clothing and flesh.

She's pressed against the side of the car, trapped under the force of the beam, staring at the ground -- 30 feet below!

ZOE (O.S.)  
I can't move.

She snaps her head towards the ship, looming closer...

Zoe turns her head back, watches the ground as it pulls away.

She sees the beam's edge cuts off at the bottom of the car. Zoe reaches for it, it's like moving through sap, and moves her hand beyond the light. It's free from the beam's hold.

ZOE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
We have to get beyond the light.

IAN  
GO! HURRY!

She belly crawls. It's difficult to move. She keeps sliding back. Her muscles tire...

Then, she feels a PUSH. She looks behind her. Ian leans out the window and shoves her with all he's got left --

She moves beyond the beam's hold -- and FALLS. She clings to the bottom of the car. She looks up -- Ian is pinned down against the door. He's spent, but his eyes focus on her.

IAN (CONT'D)  
Drop. You'll be alright.

ZOE (O.S.)  
We'll go together. Hurry!

IAN  
Go! You hide 'til it's safe.

ZOE (O.S.)  
Ian, no! You can make it!

IAN  
I love you.

He's finished, she knows it. With that she releases her grip and gives a piercing scream as she plummets over 30 feet...

BOOM! She hits the sand. Her headset camera jostles.

She moves -- slowly, painfully. Stifled cries as she drags herself to the cover of some shrubs.

A slanted view of the Reptilian craft as it sucks Ian's car through the underbelly's glowing ring.

The ship glides directly overhead. The surrounding desert glows in its running lights.

As the craft passes by --

The green light bursts from the underbelly!

Zoe startles.

Ian's car launches from the ship and CRASHES onto the ground.

ZOE (O.S.)

Ian!

She whips from the car back to the ship just in time to see it tear off into the atmosphere with unbelievable speed.

EXT. DESERT - DAWN

ZOE'S POV: As the sun breaks over the mountains, sand and pebbles crunch beneath tired footfalls.

Zoe approaches the collapsed metal heap that was Ian's car. The windows are blown out. Tires exploded.

She peeks inside --

No sign of Ian... not that she expected there to be.

She circles the wreckage -- catches a glimpse of the backpack and camera wedged under the console.

She stops. A trembling hand presses against the hood. She slumps to her knees!

Zoe collapses against the car, a desolate expanse stares back. She begins to cry. Finally, a release.

Her sobs quickly build to an anguished crescendo...

FADE OUT.