



**FRESH BLOOD SELECT**

**LET  
THE  
DEVIL  
OUT**

by

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**BLACK.**

Like my ex-wife's heart. Then...

WATER. Lots of it. An OCEAN.

SQUAAAAWWWCK! A DIRTY SEAGULL whips by us. We follow that bastard bird...

GLIDING over an OIL-BLACKENED SEA...

Moving until we come upon the source of this ECO disaster...

An OFFSHORE DRILLING PLATFORM.

Sticking to the surface of the Pacific like a giant metal tick.

Draining the Earth.

Sucking the very life from it.

Just like my ex-wife.

But enough about that bitch.

Because someone's running like a madman across the oil rig.

**EXT. CATWALK / OIL RIG - DAY**

A MAN in a **LAB COAT** hauls ass across a catwalk. Frightened. Covered in blood.

From the looks of this guy he's been through an entire movie of his own. But he just ran into this one.

Lab Coat halts at the edge of the platform.

Glances back over his shoulder like he's being followed.

Turns his head back toward the ocean.

Stands there.

Weighing his options.

Puts a foot over the lip. Pulls it back.

Pussy.

Suddenly --

Lab Coat SCREAMS OUT. Holds his skull like it's being squeezed in a vice. Falls to his knees.

He reaches for his waist. And pulls out a REVOLVER. Presses it to his temple.

Wait don't-

BANG!

Shoot.

Lab Coat's brains empty out on the deck.

His body timbers to the platform with a THUD.

Dead. As fuck.

**TITLE ON BLACK:**

## **LET THE DEVIL OUT**

SLAM IN:

**EXT. SOMEWHERE IN THE PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY**

A JETFOIL rips across choppy water. We RUSH toward the boat. Right toward the windshield and into...

**INT. PILOT HOUSE - DAY**

Switches and buttons everywhere. Pre-touchscreen tech. Need a manual like a phone book to know what half this shit does.

But one guy knows every knob and dial.

And that asshole is strapped into the steering column, wrestling with the steering controls:

**JOHN SANBORN.** A man who looks like his five o'clock shadow grew him after a rough night.

Late 30's, early 40's tops. But doesn't wear it well.

Sanborn glances at a radar screen. Grabs a two-way radio on the control console.

**INT. ENGINE ROOM - DAY**

The belly of the vessel. Hot and cramped. Twin turbine engines RUMBLE, kicking out serious horsepower.

This is the lair of **HARLEY O'HARA** (26). Female grease monkey. She can kick your ass. And fix your car.

Right now she looks like she much rather do the latter.

Harley sits on a toolbox in a oil-stained wife beater. She sucks down a cigarette with a scowl on her face.

A two-way radio CRACKLES to life in a tool belt slung on her hip.

SANBORN (O.S.)  
(radio filtered)  
*Harley. Tell our passengers we're  
an hour out.*

Harley stubs out her butt. Grabs the walkie talkie.

HARLEY  
(into radio)  
If I go back there for anything  
it'll be to start throwing punches.

SANBORN (O.S.)  
(radio filtered)  
*There a reason your only option is  
physical violence?*

HARLEY  
One of 'em grabbed my ass.

**INT. PILOT HOUSE - SAME**

Sanborn holds the radio.

SANBORN  
Oh fuck.

He sighs. Puts the ship in auto pilot.

SANBORN (CONT'D)  
What did you do?

INTERCUT

HARLEY

Guess.

HARD CUT TO:

**INT. PASSENGER DECK - DAY**

**WENDELL** is a fat bastard. With a broken nose. Each nostril stuffed with a blood-soaked tissue.

WENDELL

That woman hits like Dyke Tyson.

(then)

I think I'm in love.

FIVE MEN chuckle around the room, including Wendell.

**KURT.** Army regulation buzzcut. Dog tag necklace. Disposition cloudy with a chance of PTSD. Favorite film: *American Sniper*.

**COOPER.** Creepy grin. Creepier moustache. Looks like every guy on *To Catch A Predator*. Favorite film: *Peeping Tom*.

**RUSS.** Close-set eyes. Bill Hick's mullet. Owns a truck with rubber nuts swinging off it. Favorite film: *Road House*.

**JETHRO.** Missing teeth. Prison ink. Thinks Bigfoot's real, but not Obama's birth Certificate. Favorite film: *Deliverance*.

Sanborn enters the passenger deck.

The five passengers eye him.

SANBORN

Listen up. Our ETA at the platform is one hour. Now would be a good time to get your gear ready.

WENDELL

That all captain?

Sanborn's eyes fall on Wendell with his broken nose.

SANBORN

Yeah.

Sanborn turns and heads back toward the pilot house. Then stops.

SANBORN (CONT'D)

(back turned)

Oh. There is one more thing.

He turns back around. Looks right at Wendell.

SANBORN (CONT'D)  
You touch my engineer again I'll  
strap you to a tow chain, throw you  
overboard, and use you for an  
anchor fat man.

Beat.

Wendell smirks.

WENDELL  
Sounds fair.

That went better than expected.

Sanborn turns to leave.

WENDELL (CONT'D)  
(stands)  
Where the hell you think you're  
goin'?

Guess I spoke too soon.

Sanborn turns back around.

Wendell walks up to him.

WENDELL (CONT'D)  
You think you can just waltz in  
here, threaten me, and leave?

SANBORN  
I wasn't threatening you. I was  
letting you know how things work on  
my ship.

Beat.

The two men stare each other down.

WENDELL  
You wanna know what I think about  
your ship?

Wendell HOCKS and spits a bloody loogie on Sanborn.

Sanborn looks at the loogie dripping down his shirt.

He looks back up at Wendell. Expressionless. Then --

WHAM! Sanborn drives his forehead into Wendell's broken nose.

Wendell goes down like he got hit by a sniper.  
 The other men LEAP from where they're sitting.  
 They immediately surround Sanborn.  
 Onto 'em like flies to shit.  
 Uh-oh.

JETHRO  
 You're gonna wish you hadn't done  
 that mister.

SANBORN  
 Whoa. Whoa. Whoa. Now just hold up.  
 He started it.

Wendell cries in a heap on the floor, holding his flattened  
 nose. Man, I hate to see a fat man cry.

KURT  
 And we're gonna finish it.

GATES (O.C.)  
 No you're not.

Sanborn and the four men turn and see --

**GATES** (40). Corporate reptile. Cold blooded. All business.  
 Favorite film: (tie) *Wolf Of Wall Street* & *American Psycho*.

GATES (CONT'D)  
 Stand down.

Wendell pulls himself off the floor. Blubbering. Blood  
 running over his lips and chin. A fucking mess.

WENDELL  
 That sonuvabitch smashed my nose!

GATES  
 Did you all forget why it is we're  
 here?

Beat.

KURT  
 You can't expect us to just let  
 this guy get away with what he did  
 to Wendell.

GATES

So clearly you have forgotten.  
Allow me to remind you. You're  
here, ALL of you are here, for one  
reason. And that reason is to serve  
the interest of the company.

KURT

But I don't think that-

GATES

That's right. You don't think.  
That's my job. You and your  
colleagues are the containment  
team. You're being compensated  
handsomely for this. Your job is to  
clean up a mess. It's not to go  
creating one aboard this ship.

Beat.

No one says anything. Until --

KA-CHAK!

HARLEY (O.C.)

Drop your cocks and reach for your  
socks!

The men in the hold look across the room to see...

Harley.

With A GUN THE SIZE OF GOD'S DICK trained on 'em.

More specifically, a *Benelli shotgun*.

Everyone stands motionless.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

(to Sanborn)

Why don't you come over here John.

Sanborn shrugs: works for me. Makes his way across the deck,  
walking between Kurt and Jethro.

SANBORN

(fuck you)

Excuse me.

He joins Harley on the other side of the room.

SANBORN (CONT'D)

Hey.

HARLEY  
Hey yourself.

Harley turns her attention back to the passengers.

HARLEY (CONT'D)  
We have a problem here Fellas?

GATES  
No Ms. O'Hara. I think everyone has  
came to an understanding. In fact,  
Wendell was just about to come find  
you and apologize for his behavior  
earlier.

Gates stares a hole through Wendell.

GATES (CONT'D)  
Weren't you?

No.

GATES (CONT'D)  
Yes.

Beat.

GATES (CONT'D)  
Well. Let's not keep the lady  
waiting.

WENDELL  
I uh... Wanted uh... To uh... Say  
uh... I apologize. For uh... ya  
know... Grabbin' your uh... ass.

Nice uh-pology.

HARLEY  
(deadpan)  
Wow.

Beat.

HARLEY (CONT'D)  
That was...

Pathetic. Half-assed. Incoherent.

HARLEY (CONT'D (CONT'D))  
In English.

Beat.

It was. Kind of.

GATES  
 Pardon Wendell's lack of eloquence.  
 He's...

A moron. Half-wit. Dipshit.

SANBORN  
 An asshole.

GATES  
 Frankly, yes. But men like him  
 serve a purpose.

Gates looks at a gold Rolex on his wrist.

GATES (CONT'D)  
 With that said, we need to prep for  
 our arrival.  
 (to the men)  
 Head to the cargo hold gentlemen.

The five men throw glares over their shoulder at Sanborn and Harley as they exit toward the cargo hold.

Gates follows his subordinates out.

Harley lowers her shotgun once they've gone.

SANBORN  
 Lucky them you came along.

HARLEY  
 Lucky them?

SANBORN  
 Yeah. You saved them from the  
 beating my face was gonna give  
 their fists.

Harley smirks.

CUT TO:

**INT. CARGO HOLD**

FEET are slid into rubber boots connected to plastic leggings.

ZZZIIIIIPPP. Bodies are sealed into suits.

Helmets are pulled down over heads.

Gates and his five man crew stand suited up head-to-toe in white plastic suits. Tiny speakers are situated just below their polycarbonate FACE SHIELDS.

They're dressed like they're about to enter ground zero of a contagious outbreak. Or cook meth on the moon.

Kurt and Wendell lumber across the hold over to two black Pelican cases. Unsnap the latches on each box. Pop the lids revealing: MP5 SUBMACHINE GUNS.

Not the kind of gear you bring to clean up an oil spill.

Gates carries an aluminum briefcase across the room.

GATES

(re: Guns)

Keep those out of sight until we  
board the rig.

Gates takes a knee, setting the case on the floor. Opens it.

We can't see what's inside, but a pulsing red glow emits from it. Gates smiles, satisfied. Shuts it.

Gates pulls handcuffs. Snaps one bracelet to the briefcase's handle. Clamps the other bracelet around his wrist.

CUT TO:

### **A RADAR SCREEN**

The Jetfoil -- as represented by a CIRCULAR GREEN BLIP, because modern radar screens still look like a shitty Atari game -- moves toward a LARGER GREEN BLIP on a raster display.

### **INT. PILOT HOUSE - DAY**

Sanborn's eyes go up from the radar screen to the front deck.

Harley sits strapped into the copilot seat, looking through a pair of binoculars.

HARLEY'S POV THROUGH BINOCULARS

The OIL PLATFORM stands in the ocean. Black oil snaking from it like inky tentacles. Grabbing for us.

Harley lowers the binoculars.

HARLEY

Something's off about this whole thing.

SANBORN

Like what?

HARLEY

For starters, why hire us instead of taking a skimmer out to the site? And why take such a small crew to clean up such a giant spill?

Sanborn shrugs.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

And there's got to be a large crew aboard a rig that size. You're not the least bit curious why there's been no attempt to contact them?

SANBORN

Nope.

HARLEY

Come on. You know this is sketchy.

SANBORN

Listen Harley, I need the money. I've just been through a divorce that left me with little else but the clothes on my back. All that matters is that check cleared. Anything else. Don't care.

Gates enters the pilot house.

GATES

Mr. Sanborn has the right attitude about things.

Sanborn and Harley glance back at Gates who stands in his plastic suit.

GATES (CONT'D)

But to ease your mind, this is no different than any other spill clean up effort.

Harley unbuckles from her seat and gets up. Looks Gates up and down. Notes the briefcase handcuffed to Gates' wrist.

HARLEY

Wanna know what I think looking at you standing here? I think there's something aboard that rig. Maybe a contagious disease or virus.

GATES

Why would you think something that?

HARLEY

Because you're dressed like an astronaut on his way to visit the planet Ebola.

GATES

This is a standard hazardous material suit.

Liar.

HARLEY

That's funny, I don't remember any of the workers who helped with the BP spill in get ups like yours.

GATES

(smiles)

Very perceptive. The suit is just a precaution. Just to safe.

SANBORN

(over his shoulder)

Hey Gates. That stuff I said a minute ago about not wanting to know anything, I changed my mind. I wanna know if there's something on that rig that we need to worry about.

Gates gaze goes toward the window to the oil rig in the distance.

GATES

(staring at the rig)

No. You have nothing to worry about.

Sanborn and Harley share a look. They're not reassured.

GATES (CONT'D)

(looks away from rig)

Well, I just wanted to check on our progress. I see we are on schedule. I'll leave you to your task.

Gates exits the pilot house to go back to the cargo hold.

Harley sits back down. Eyes Sanborn.

HARLEY

Well. Now what do you think about  
this whole thing?

SANBORN

I'm thinking that my Grandma was a  
mind reader in a traveling circus,  
so I know clowns when I see 'em.  
And I think those clowns he brought  
along are private security  
contractors.

HARLEY

You mean like Blackwater?

SANBORN

Yeah. An outfit similar to that.  
More or less.

Harley grabs a CB radio mic.

HARLEY

I'm gonna try and radio-

*BOOOOOM!!!* THE ENTIRE SHIP SHUDDERS.

Sanborn and Harley are shook in their seats.

### **PASSAGEWAY**

Gates goes ass-over-teacups in the corridor leading toward  
the cargo hold.

### **CARGO HOLD**

The Containment Team is slammed to the deck.

### **PILOT HOUSE**

RED WARNING LIGHTS flash on the NAV console in front of  
Sanborn.

HARLEY

What the fuck was that?!

Sanborn locks down the steering, and runs out with Harley.

**PASSAGEWAY**

Sanborn and Harley tear ass into the passageway. Gates is still on the floor.

SANBORN  
(keeps running)  
No time to lay around Gates!

Gates pulls himself off the floor.

Sanborn and Harley sprint down the corridor into...

**THE CARGO HOLD**

Bounding through the hold, past Wendell and crew as they pull themselves off the deck.

WENDELL  
(calling after them)  
What'd we hit?!

They offer no answer, because fuck him. And they don't know. Sanborn and Harley just continue racing into...

**THE ENGINE ROOM**

Sanborn comes running into the smoke filled engine room followed by Harley.

Fire rages out of the two engines. The hull is breached. Water sprays into the room through jagged fissures.

Harley grabs a fire extinguisher. Sprays over the flames. Puts out the blaze. One of two engines fucked beyond repair.

Gates and his men march in the engine room.

GATES  
What happened?

SANBORN  
Not sure yet. But I have my theories.

Sanborn grabs a handheld net skimmer off the wall. Marches back toward the way he entered.

GATES  
Where are you going?

SANBORN

Up top.

**INT. ENGINE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

The HUSK OF A METALLIC SPHERE is dropped on the floor.

GATES (O.C.)

What is that?

Sanborn, Harley, Gates, and his crew stand, circled around the object.

SANBORN

It's a sea mine.

HARLEY

Why would there be sea mines near an oil rig?

Sanborn and Harley look to Gates. Waiting for an answer.

GATES

I haven't the faintest idea.

SANBORN

Why don't I believe you?

Because he's lying.

GATES

Not sure what you're suggesting.

Yeah you are.

WENDELL

Fuck all that. How is it we aren't blown up right now?

SANBORN

Luck. We didn't hit the mine.

Huh?

KURT

Then what did?

SANBORN

My guess? A fish. Maybe a fucking shark for all I know. Whatever it was it's fish sticks now.

HARLEY

The bigger question is how many more mines are out there?

SANBORN

No telling. But you gotta assume we've sailed into a mine field.

GATES

This complicates things.

SANBORN

No. It simplifies them. The clean up effort is over. We're gonna patch up the hull and limp our way back home with one engine.

GATES

That's not satisfactory I'm afraid.

SANBORN

I don't give a shit. It ain't up for debate.

Gates trades looks with his crew.

And it's now that we notice they all have white duffle bags on their shoulders.

GATES

I'm sorry, but...

Gates signals with a nod.

Wendell, Kurt, Cooper, Jethro, and Russ reach into their duffles and each pull out an M5 machine gun. Train them on Sanborn and Harley.

GATES (CONT'D)

I have a schedule to keep.

Fuck.

Wendell grins at Sanborn.

WENDELL

Go head. Give me an excuse.

SANBORN

(to Gates)

I don't know what's on that rig or why you want to get it so bad, but you're gonna get us blown up before you ever get to it.

GATES

We're less than four hundred yards  
outside the platform. We'll go slow  
and keep our eyes open.

**EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - LATER**

The Jetfoil inches its way toward the oil rig.

BRAAAP BRAAAP BRAAAP!!!

Jethro and Russ shoot at the water from the deck.

The crazy bastards are trying to set off mines that might lie  
ahead.

**INT. PILOT HOUSE - SAME**

Sweat forms on Sanborn's brow as he pilots the ship through  
the water.

SANBORN

This is insane.

Harley sits next to him, riding copilot. Watches Jethro and  
Russ fire into the sea on the foredeck.

HARLEY

If they hit a mine there's no  
guarantee it won't kill us. We  
didn't hit the last one it took out  
one of our engines.

Gates stands behind them, holding Harley's shotgun. Wendell,  
Mike, and Cooper flank his sides, gripping machine guns.

GATES

Have faith.

**EXT. OIL RIG - MINUTES LATER**

Miraculously, the Jetfoil has reached the platform and not  
been blown up. The ship sits moored to the rig.

**INT. CARGO HOLD - SAME TIME**

Sanborn and Harley stand, guns at their backs, in the hold.

Gates paces as he gives everyone the rundown.

GATES

Once we're aboard you all know the drill. We proceed right to main deck level. We secure the site and the payload.

What does he mean payload?

SANBORN

Just what exactly is it we're here for?

GATES

The only thing you need to know is that you'll be coming along with us. The both of you. So make sure you stay out of the way and do as instructed when instructed.

HARLEY

If we're going with you where are our biosuits? If you need 'em, we need 'em.

SANBORN

Harley's right. You guys are going up there in human tupperware containers. You expect us to go with our dicks in our hand?

GATES

Of course not. Mike, give them something to wear.

Kurt tosses them two N95 surgical masks. The ones Asian people wear in public and still get Bird Flu.

HARLEY

You gotta be fucking kidding me?

He's not.

**EXT. OIL RIG - DAY**

Sanborn and Harley wear the surgical masks as a rack and pinion lift carries the eight of them up side of the oil rig.

**EXT. CATWALK / OIL RIG - DAY**

Gates leads them off the derrick elevator onto the catwalk. Where they're greeted by...

Lab Coat's dead body. Well not really greeted, because he's a corpse. But you know what I mean.

HARLEY

Oh my god.

SANBORN

Alright. *That* can't be a good.

Everyone glances down at the body. Gates kneels next to it. Examines the exit wound on the side of the dead man's head.

GATES

Gunshot to the head.

No shit.

Gates picks up the revolver laying next to the body.

GATES (CONT'D)

Suicide.

No shit.

GATES (CONT'D)

Not much we can do for him.

This guy should change his name to Captain No Shit.

Gates stands. Passes the revolver to Kurt.

GATES (CONT'D)

Let's keep moving.

The group heads toward the bridge on the first level deck.

**INT. BRIDGE (FIRST LEVEL) - MOMENTS LATER**

A control room. The nerve center of the rig. Should be a hive of activity in this place. But it's dead quiet.

SEVERAL LARGE MONITORS hang on the wall. Displaying sea floor topography and strange looking system schematics. Beneath that...

...a COMMAND CONSOLE with marine radar screens stretches the length of the room.

But fuck all that, because what's really got our attention is the

HEADLESS BODY slumped back in a swivel chair. BLOOD pooled beneath it like red soup. With TEETH floating in it.

Plus an Ear. Gross.

And those 'strange looking schematics' on the monitors, upon closer look, pretty sure some of it's BRAINS.

Now that I'm looking at it, is that... A *NOSE* stuck to a radar screen at the console? Yep. It definitely is.

In fact, everything is splattered with what useta be the head atop the body.

On the walls.

On the control board.

Drip.

We look up.

On the ceiling.

Jeeze, it's like the guy's head just... exploded.

The door to the room BANGS open.

We whip around to see Gates lead the group inside the room.

Everyone stops a few feet in. Eyes all staring ahead at the headless body in the chair.

Jethro says what we've been thinking.

JETHRO

Oh fuck.

That pretty much sums it up.

Harley looks away in disgust.

HARLEY

My god.

Sanborn just stares, trying to wrap his mind around what he's seeing.

Gates grip tightens around the briefcase he's holding. As if the fact that its cuffed to his wrist isn't enough.

GATES

Let's keep moving. And keep an eye out.

Gates takes a step.

SQUISH.

Looks down. Lifts his foot, revealing...

A squashed EYEBALL with the optic nerve still attached to it like a tail.

He did say keep an- you know what? Forget it. Too easy.

WENDELL

(looking down at floor)  
Is that a... fucking eyeball?

COOPER

(looking down at floor)  
Yeah.  
(beat)  
A blue one.

Russ vomits inside his helmet. Which isn't as gross as what's before them. But almost.

Jethro scrunches his face in disgust at Russ.

JETHRO

Hell man. Pull yourself together.

RUSS

I'm... fine.

Like hell you are.

SANBORN

This is fucked! We haven't even been on this rig five minutes and we've already came across two dead bodies!

COOPER

We can make it a nice even number if ya like. How's three bodies sound?

SANBORN

Three doesn't sound like an even number dipshit.

Cooper sticks his gun in Sanborn's back.

COOPER

Whatcha call me?

GATES

Enough!

Cooper backs off.

GATES (CONT'D)

We've got a job to do still. And  
we're doing it.

Gates kicks the eyeball across the floor. Then marches on  
through the room.

Everyone follows behind him.

As the group passes the headless body, they try to not look  
at it.

But can't help themselves.

Neither can we.

It ain't any prettier close up.

Russ looks like he might vomit again. Manages not to.

Life's about the small victories.

**INT. HALLWAY - LIVING QUARTERS**

A long hallway. Doors on either side. All of them wide open.

Kurt, at the front of the group, follows his gun down the  
corridor.

The group walks by the rig crew's living quarters.

Looking in the doors as they pass.

The rooms, little more than glorified walk-in closets.

Each one furnished the same as the last.

Not a single living soul in any of 'em.

Or dead person.

Thankfully.

WENDELL

Nobody's home.

COOPER

Looks like they left in a hurry.

SANBORN  
Maybe we should take after their  
lead.

WENDELL  
Maybe you should shut the fuck up.

SANBORN  
I'm startin' to feel like my  
opinion isn't valued by you guys.

WENDELL  
Keep it up smart ass.

Sanborn mouths two words silently: *Blow. And Me.*

The group reaches a door at the end of the hallway.

GATES  
(re: door)  
This should take us straight to the  
mess hall.

Kurt opens the door and walks through. Followed by Gates,  
Russ, Wendell, Jethro, Sanborn, Harley, and Coop-

KaBump.

The fuck was that?

Cooper stops at the threshold.

He listens.

KaBump.

It's faint.

Cooper turns around. Stares at the last room at the end of  
the hallway.

KaBump.

There it is again. Definitely came from that room. Whatever  
it is.

COOPER  
The hell?

Cooper heads toward the room to investigate.

**INT. MESS HALL CORRIDOR - SAME TIME**

The group heads toward a set of double doors at the far end of the corridor.

GATES

We may encounter crew in the mess hall. So be ready.

The armed men switch from semi to *full auto*.

Sanborn, bringing up the rear, notices Cooper's no longer behind him as he walks.

SANBORN

Hey. Where's that asshole?

Harley and Jethro turn to see what Sanborn's talking about.

JETHRO

Goddam it.  
(to rest of group)  
HOLD UP!

The rest of the group stops and looks back at Jethro.

JETHRO (CONT'D)

Coop went off wanderin' again.

RUSS

Again?

GATES

What? Why would he do that?

Kurt sighs.

KURT

Coop has a tendency to go explorin' and not tell anyone he's doin' it.

WENDELL

(calls out)  
COOP!

Beat.

WENDELL (CONT'D)

COOP! YA DUMB SHIT!

No answer.

Gates is starting to get agitated.

GATES

I'm starting to get agitated.

There's a SCREAM.

One guess whose.

KURT

Cooper.

Bingo.

The group takes off back towards the living quarters.

**INT. ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

We're in a room.

Staring straight out its open door into the hall.

Watching Sanborn and Harley as they run in.

They stop a few steps inside of the doorway.

Eyes on the floor in front of them.

Jethro, Wendell, and Russ spill through the door right after waving guns.

Halt in their tracks next to Sanborn and Harley.

They stare down at something, or *someone*, off screen.

One guess who.

WENDELL

(looking at floor)

Coop...?

Bingo.

We don't see 'em. But it must be bad because --

Russ starts gagging. Which is no real surprise.

Maybe he's not the best barometer.

GATES (O.C.)

Out of the way.

Gates marches into the room with Kurt, parting the others.

GATES (CONT'D)

Where is-  
(looks down)  
He.

Gates peers down. Face impenetrable.

Kurt on the other hand has to look away. Repulsed by the sight. Or upset. Most likely both.

We swing around behind 'em to look in at...

Cooper.

Dead on the floor.

White bio-suit splattered in blood.

Helmet cracked wide open.

With no head inside.

Only a spurting neck stump.

Brains all over the top and bottom of the bunk bed.

Jawbone on a pillow.

The rest of his cranium decorates the room.

Not very Feng shui.

Wendell asks what everyone's asking themselves.

WENDELL

Who did this?

HARLEY

More like *what* did this?

Beat.

WENDELL

Hell you mean, tits?

HARLEY

What I mean *bigger tits*, is whatever did this it wasn't a person.

Beat.

WENDELL

So then what happened? You think he ate some Pop Rocks and drank a goddam Coke?

SANBORN

Jeezus. What She's sayin' is, whatever did this might be the reason your wearin' that spaceman suit.

JETHRO

She's right Wendell.

Really?

Everyone looks at Jethro.

JETHRO (CONT'D)

You do have bigger tits.

He does. But that's besides the fucking point.

WENDELL

(sincere as fuck)

Now ain't the time for fat shaming.

Beat.

SANBORN

Fat fuck is right.

WENDELL

I'm gonna fuckin' shoot you.

SANBORN

(ignores Wendell)

Right now we need to figure out what the Hell is goin' on.

(looks at Gates)

And somethin' tells me you know.

All eyes are on Gates.

GATES

The particulars of the job are on a need to know basis. Any privileged information certainly wouldn't be divulged to you and your engineer.

Is this guy serious right now?

SANBORN

What about your men? They sound  
like they're in the dark as well.

Good question.

And Wendell, Russ, Jethro, and Kurt are clearly listening.  
Waiting for Gates' response.

GATES

They're well aware of the nature of  
the job they were hired for. They  
also were made aware of its  
*dangers.*

None of them like that answer. Especially Wendell.

He gets in Gates personal space.

WENDELL

You're right. We knew what we were  
gettin' into. But there's some  
things you ain't tell us. And  
seein' Coop like... like this! I'm  
think'n you owe us some ans-

Bump.

Everyone freezes.

What was that?

Sounds like it came from...

WENDELL (CONT'D)

(turns from Gates)

Coop...?

Everybody looks down at Cooper's body again.

Yeah. From there.

But he ain't moving.

VOICE (O.C.)

(whispered)

*Shit.*

That came from-

SANBORN

Under the bed.

Yeah.

Wendell, Kurt, Jethro, and Russ aim their guns at the bed.  
They watch the bottom bunk.

KURT  
Who's there?

Beat.

No answer.

KURT (CONT'D)  
I SAID. WHO'S THERE?

Beat.

Still nothing.

WENDELL  
I say we shoot the shit outta the  
goddam bed!

JETHRO  
Me too. Best not to take chances.

KURT  
Alright. Fuck it. Let's blast it.

VOICE (O.C.)  
(from under the bed)  
WAIT!

Beat.

KURT  
You have five seconds to show  
yourself. Or you're dead.

VOICE  
(from under the bed)  
Alright. I'm comin' out.

KURT  
Crawl out hands first. Real fucking  
slow.

TWO HANDS slide out from under the bed.

Followed by a HEAD.

Wearing some sorta gnarly ass METAL HELMET.

Like MAGNETO wears from X-Men.

**MAGNETO MAN** crawls the rest of his way out from the bed.

KURT (CONT'D)  
Stand up slow and reach for Jesus.

Magneto Man rises, hands held above his head.

Looks to be in his early 30's. Rail thin. A buck twenty.  
Soakin'.

A white LAB COAT WET WITH BLOOD drapes his bony frame.

Magneto Man stares at the gun barrels in his face.

MAGNETO MAN  
Are you guys... from Weyland?

WENDELL  
We'll ask the questions shit heel.

MAGNETO MAN  
Okay.

KURT  
Let's start with what did you do to  
our friend?

Magneto Man looks puzzled by the question. He looks down at  
Cooper's headless body.

MAGNETO MAN  
You think I did this to him?

CLANG!

Wendell's gun stock crashes against his metal helmet.

MAGNETO MAN (CONT'D)  
Ow!

WENDELL  
I told you we'll ask the questions.

MAGNETO MAN  
(rubs side of his helmet)  
Alright. Alright.

KURT  
Answer the question.

MAGNETO MAN  
No. I didn't kill your friend.

JETHRO

Bullshit.

MAGNETO MAN

How would I be able to something like that? Does it look like I'd be capable of doing that?

Not really.

CLANG!

Wendell butts him over the helmet again.

WENDELL

I said no questions! Next time I'ma take that stupid helmet off before I hit you.

MAGNETO MAN

(rubs helmet)

Okay. Jeeze.

Gates steps forward.

GATES

I'll take the Q and A from here gentlemen.

Wendell reluctantly backs off.

Magneto Man and Gates look at each other.

GATES (CONT'D)

I'm going to ask you some questions. I want you to answer them as succinct and accurate as you can. Can you do that?

MAGNETO MAN

Yes.

GATES

Are you a scientist?

MAGNETO MAN

Yes.

Sanborn and Harley share a look: what the hell is going on?

GATES

What's your level of security clearance?

MAGNETO MAN

Top secret. But most of the crew on the rig has top secret clearance.

GATES

How many others are alive aboard the platform?

MAGNETO MAN

I don't know.

SANBORN

Ask him why he was hiding?

Gates turns and glares at Sanborn. Nods to Wendell.

Wendell drives his gun stock into Sanborn's stomach.

Oof!

Sanborn drops to a knee.

Harley crouches next to Sanborn.

HARLEY

(looks up at Wendell)  
Bastard.

Wendell grins.

WENDELL

Been waitin' to do that.

Gates returns to his questioning of Magneto Man.

GATES

Is the bio wing on the second level?

MAGNETO MAN

Yes.

GATES

Good.

(then)

Tell me, why were you hiding?

MAGNETO MAN

I didn't know what else to do. We lost control. Crew members started dying. I was fleeing for my life. Then I heard you guys and thought you might be...

GATES

Might be who? Did some one else board this rig?

MAGNETO MAN

Who do you think? Man, I knew the company wasn't aware of all the details of what was going on, but I never realized they'd be this in the dark. Unless...

(dawns on him)

You're not from Weyland Oil.

Gates shakes his head.

MAGNETO MAN (CONT'D)

You're from the CDC then?

Gates shakes his head.

MAGNETO MAN (CONT'D)

Then who are you?

GATES

We're... *corporate raiders*. In the most literal sense.

Magneto Man studies Gates for a beat. He LAUGHS in his face.

GATES (CONT'D)

Is there something funny?

MAGNETO MAN

What's funny is that you're all fools. You have no idea what you're dealing with. Look at yourselves. You think bio-suits or surgical masks will keep you safe.

(points to Cooper's body)

Did it help him?

Harley helps Sanborn back to his feet.

HARLEY

What's he talkin' about Gates?

MAGNETO MAN

(to Harley)

I'll tell you what I'm talking about. You're not dealing with some run-of-the-mill weaponized virus on this rig. It's a-

BANG!

Magneto Man looks down at a quarter-sized hole in his chest. He looks up at Gates. Shock frozen on his face.

Gates holds a smoking revolver. The same revolver he took off Lab Coat's body.

Magneto Man drops to the floor. Dead.

Everyone stands stunned. Until finally --

HARLEY

You murdered him in cold blood!

GATES

Don't be so dramatic. It was necessary. He was infected. And somehow he managed to infect Cooper. That's how he died.

Sanborn ain't buying it.

SANBORN

First you tell us this is a typical clean up mission. Then you say there's no contagion on this rig. Now you claim that guy was infected. I'm sensing a pattern of deception here.

GATES

Full disclosure. What's aboard this rig is a biological weapon. One that's highly volatile in nature. But we've taken the proper precautions. We're safe.

Yeah right.

SANBORN

We want off this rig Gates.

GATES

The faster we retrieve our payload. The faster we can get off the rig.

Jethro kneels by Cooper's body and picks up the dead man's MP5. Slings it over his back by the shoulder strap. Stands.

JETHRO

Sounds like we should get movin' then.

CUT TO:

**INT. MESS HALL CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER**

The group files down the corridor. Like a Bataan death march.  
 Heading towards the double doors at its other end.  
 Kurt is at the front again. Gun up. Serious as dick cancer.

**INT. MESS HALL - MOMENTS LATER**

The crew enters a- What the...

KURT

Fuck.

It's a mess hall.

And what's in here folks, is definitely a MESS.

That's puttin' it lightly.

There's SIX DEAD BODIES. All missing heads.

The place looks like a school cafeteria after a food fight.

With fucking Hannibal Lector.

Wall-to-wall BRAINS.

Fava beans.

Seriously. There's a blood stained sign that says:

Lunch Special

Fava Bean And Fresh Corn Succotash

Which sounds disgusting.

Even in a room with a half dozen corpses with exploded heads.

The group looks up, down, left, and right as they walk  
 through the mess hall.

Their boots - *SquinchSqwatchSquinch* - in the gore beneath  
 them.

SANBORN

Holy hell...

Even Gates looks shaken up.

RUSS

Jesus...

Harley crosses herself. She's not even religious.

Wendell picks up an EAR with a hoop earring in it from a bowl of Wheaties on a table.

WENDELL

Leave Jesus the fuck outta this.  
(holds up ear)  
He ain't listenin'.

He drops the ear back in the bowl.

JETHRO

I've seen some shit in my time.  
But this... this takes the goddam  
donut.

Russ blinks sweat out his eyes. He seems dazed on his feet.

JETHRO (CONT'D)

(to Russ)  
You ain't gettin' sick again, are  
you?

RUSS

I'm alright.

You don't look it.

JETHRO

If you do I ain't judgin'.

RUSS

I'm fine. It's just my dam ears  
won't stop ringin' and it's drivin'  
me up a fuckin' tree.

#### **INSIDE RUSS'S HELMET**

We are looking at Russ's left ear. Blood trickles from it.

The VEIN on his temple THROBS.

As the blood vessel pulsates - we start to hear Russ's heart  
beat - *ThumpThump* - Get louder - *ThumpThump* - And louder -  
*ThumpThump* - until it dominates our ears and carries over to

#### **THE MESS HALL**

The CEILING LIGHTS START TO FLICKER like it's an EDM party.

*ThumpThump*.

Everyone looks up at the flashing bulbs.

ThumpThump.

Russ grimaces in pain.

ThumpThump.

Drops his gun.

ThumpThump.

Grabs his helmet.

ThumpThump.

SCREEEEEEAAAAAMS!!!

Everyone turns to look at Russ and...

We see HIS ENTIRE HELMET ERUPT a second before --

The fluorescent bulbs on the ceiling BURST and the entire mess hall goes totally --

BLACK.

We hear a WET, MEATY THUD against the floor.

Beat.

Then, OVER BLACKNESS:

KURT (O.C.)  
RUSS?

Beat.

No answer. No surprise.

KURT (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
RUSS? You alright?

No, he's not. Clearly.

HARLEYN (O.C.)  
No he's not alright! What the fuck was that? His head just... it just..

SANBORN (O.C.)  
It fuckin' exploded!

KURT (O.C.)  
You don't know what the hell you  
saw! The lights blew immediately!

SANBORN (O.C.)  
Then why isn't he answering?

Because he can't without a head.

JETHRO (O.C.)  
It happened fast. But I saw what  
they saw Kurt.

WENDELL (O.C.)  
Fuck all this. Right now none us  
can see shit.

GATES (O.C.)  
Everyone calm down. These rigs have  
auxiliary lights that should cut on  
any moment.

On cue, AUXILIARY LIGHTS SNAP ON. Casting the mess hall in an  
ominous RED HUE. As if it wasn't fucking ominous enough  
already.

Everyone stands where they were before the lights went out.

Except Russ.

His body lays in a heap on the floor.

And they all move in for a look.

His helmet is nothing but a shattered shell.

What's left of his head, which isn't a whole hell of a lot,  
resembles smashed meat loaf.

First to react is Jethro. Shakes his head.

JETHRO  
This ain't even close to natural.

No shit.

WENDELL  
I ain't sign up for this shit.

Sanborn looks at Gates. Pulls down his surgical mask.

SANBORN  
How high are you gonna let the body  
count climb Gates?

GATES

What are you doing? Pull your mask  
back up.

SANBORN

Clearly those you have on suits  
offer no protection, so what good  
is a bird flu mask!

Sanborn rips the mask off completely. Flings it to the floor.

HARLEY

Fuck this bull shit.

Harley follows his lead. Takes off her mask. Throws it down.

GATES

That wasn't wise.

JETHRO

No Gates. They're right. It's all  
useless.

Jethro disconnects a re-breather hose on the back of his  
suit.

GATES

What are you doing?

JETHRO

What's it look like?

Jethro detaches his helmet's seals. Then pulls it off.

GATES

Do you realize you're exposing  
yourself.

JETHRO

I'll take my chances.

Wendell and Kurt swap glances. Nod to each other. And both  
detach their helmets and remove them.

They all stand sans masks and helmets staring at Gates.

An act of solidarity. An act of mutiny.

GATES

You're all being foolish.

SANBORN

What's foolish is not gettin' off  
this rig. Right now.

WENDELL

He's right. I don't much like the guy. But he's right.

JETHRO

Hafta agree.

KURT

That makes three of us.

GATES

We have to secure the payload.

SANBORN

Enough of your bullshit Gates.  
We're leavin'.

Sanborn walks off. Harley follows.

Kurt, Wendell, and Jethro also start to leave.

GATES

Our only hope of getting out of this alive is on the bio wing.

Everyone keeps walking.

GATES (CONT'D)

We must assume we have *all* been infected. Whether you die on your way to the boat or you die an hour later as you're sailing off. Our fate is sealed.

They all stop. Trade looks: is he full of shit?

Yes. But he might be right.

GATES (CONT'D)

I'm going to be totally transparent about everything. This isn't an offshore drilling rig. It operates like one for appearance purposes. But that's just a cover.

HARLEY

Yeah. No shit.

GATES

This place is a private defense research facility. This bit of information Kurt, Wendell, and Jethro already know.

Sanborn looks at the three men.

KURT

He's tellin' the truth about that.

GATES

What they don't know is what exactly we came to acquire.

HARLEY

You mean steal.

GATES

In franker terms, yes. All they knew is it was a biological weapon.

SANBORN

What exactly is it?

GATES

I'm not even completely sure. What I do know is that it's a weapon that acts like an airborne contagion, but one with the capability to be targeted.

SANBORN

Like a biological drone.

GATES

Yes.

SANBORN

That makes its target's head explode.

GATES

Yes. But unlike drones there's zero collateral damage.

Sanborn puts his arms out.

SANBORN

This looks like a shit load of collateral damage to me.

GATES

Which further helps the point I'm making. For an unforeseen reason protocols weren't followed and created an outbreak situation aboard this facility. So now anyone who's set foot on this rig has been exposed.

SANBORN

Still waitin' for you to make your point.

GATES

My point is we will be amongst the collateral damage. *With certainty.* Especially seeing that this contagion is so virulent not even traditional safe guards like protective gear can keep one safe.

JETHRO

I ain't by no means the most learned man. But it sounds to me like you're sayin' we're screwed.

In simple terms, yes.

GATES

Yes. But we know this weapon, be it a virus or bacteria, is *controllable* if it's able to be targeted. So the way we save our own asses is by securing it and all of the data they have on it. The more we know about it, the more likely we can protect ourselves from it.

The group absorbs this.

A long beat.

Then --

SANBORN

Yeah. I think we'll take our chances.

(looks to others)

What do guys think?

EVERYONE

Yeah.

The five of them start to leave.

GATES

If I can't convince you with the very real likelihood of your own deaths, let me appeal to your altruistic sides.

They all stop.

Even though I'm sure Wendell or Jethro have no idea what altruistic means.

GATES (CONT'D)

If you get off this rig and manage to stay alive long enough to get back to civilization. This agent you've been exposed to could infect and kill millions. You've seen what it can do. You would let the Devil out.

He's right.

Dammit.

SANBORN

You know you could be entirely wrong.

GATES

Are you willing to risk me being right?

CUT TO:

**EXT. OIL RIG - OVERCAST**

Sanborn and Harley march out the rig, heading back to their boat.

SANBORN

Let's get the hell off this rig.

Guess altruism is dead.

But they aren't. Yet.

Kurt, Wendell, and Jethro lumber out right behind them seconds after.

WENDELL

(shouts to Sanborn)  
Hope you can get that boat goin' before we die chief.

Harley looks over at Sanborn.

HARLEY

(sotto)  
Do we have to bring them back with us?

SANBORN

(sotto)

They've got guns. So yeah.

(then)

Maybe we can suffocate Wendell.

Blame it on sleep apnea.

Gates comes jogging to the platform last. Now with his helmet off.

GATES

(yelling after them)

You can't go!

All of them ignore him.

GATES (CONT'D)

You're wasting valuable time! We have to get the weapon!

JETHRO

(not turning around)

Get it yourself.

Gates raises the revolver.

BANG!

Fires it into the air.

That gets their attention.

Sanborn and Harley turn around.

Kurt, Wendell, and Jethro whirl. Guns up.

Gates stands holding the gun towards the sky.

GATES

Easy now gentlemen. Listen to reason. You're not safe just because you leave the platform.

Was that a threat?

WENDELL

Gates I'm tellin' you there ain't no way we're goin' back in that rig.

KURT

He's right about that. And hearing you go on and on is starting to give me a fuckin' headache.

Educated guess, the cause of Kurt's headache ain't Gates.  
Because blood has begun leaking from Kurt's ear canals.  
Kurt hasn't noticed yet. No one has.

SANBORN

Nobody's buyin' what you're sellin'  
anymore Gates.

Kurt touches the wetness leaking from his ear. Pulls his hand away. Sees the blood. He doesn't even have time to react.

HIS HEAD DETONATES IN A CLOUD OF RED MIST IN BROAD DAYLIGHT.

CEREBROSPINAL FLUID (brain juice), PIECES OF SKULL, SCRAPS OF FLESH, and BLOOD SLIME RAINS DOWN.

Everyone tries to cover up.

But it's useless.

They all get showered in GOOP.

Wendell and Jethro get the worst of it.

Kurt's body drops to its knees. Falls forward to the deck with a SMACK.

Nobody says anything for a long.

Awkward.

Beat.

Then --

SQUAAAAWWWCK!

SPLAT. A seagull shits on Kurt's headless corpse from above.

Beat.

Gates calmly walks across the deck to Kurt's body, tucks the pistol he's holding, kneels down, picks up Kurt's MP5, and stands.

Gates stares at the rest of the group. Says nothing.

He doesn't have to.

SLAM TO:

**FIVE SETS OF BOOTS**

March IN HASTE across *the control room*--

Trample back through the *living quarters*--

Stomp down *the hallway*--

Squash over the mess in *the mess hall*--

**INT. WHO THE FUCK KNOWS - MOMENTS LATER**

A door SWINGS open and Sanborn, Harley, Jethro, Wendell, and Gates walk inside.

We orbit around to look in with 'em. We're in --

**A MOVIE THEATER**

Barcolounger seating.

Just large enough to not be a screening room.

And completely empty.

Blame it on online piracy.

Or that everyone's dead on the rig.

A film is projected digitally from the ceiling onto a large movie screen across the room. The 1988 remake of *The Blob*.

**ON THE MOVIE SCREEN**

Shawnee Smith pulls her boyfriend's severed arm from the Blob as the rest of 'em melts in the mass of sentient Jell-O.

Our group is unfazed by the scene. Seeing headless corpses in real life will do that to you.

WENDELL

This place has a movie theater?

JETHRO

Rigs like these all have 'em.

Gates surveys the theater.

He grips his briefcase in his left hand and holds Kurt's MP5 with his right. The gun's shoulder strap is slung across his chest to support his single arm carry style.

SANBORN

Hey Gates, what's so important in that briefcase you're carryin' that it needs to be handcuffed to you?

GATES

It's our insurance policy. It guarantees containment once we leave the platform.

SANBORN

How exactly would it do that?

GATES

It will sterilize the site.

HARLEY

What do you mean sterilize the site?

JETHRO

He means vaporize the site. Dontcha Gates?

Gates says nothing.

SANBORN

That sounds a hell of a lot like what you're carryin' is an explosive.

JETHRO

That's cause that's what it is.

HARLEY

You got a fuckin' bomb shackled to your arm?!

GATES

(nonchalant)

Yes.

HARLEY

Is it armed?

GATES

Of course not.

(changes subject)

There's a stairwell on the other side of that exit that will take us up to the next level.

Gates doesn't bother waiting, just marches off for the exit.

Sanborn, Harley, Wendell, and Jethro watch him head down the aisle.

HARLEY  
Why don't I believe him?

JETHRO  
Because you ain't dumb.

**INT. STAIRWELL - A MOMENT LATER**

Gates stands in a stairwell, staring at the staircase.

The rest of the group comes out the exit door from the theater.

They stop next to Gates and gaze up the flight of stairs, which wind up to second level of the rig.

Wendell looks over at Harley.

WENDELL  
Ladies first?

HARLEY  
Suck my dick.

Settles that.

Sanborn looks over at Gates.

SANBORN  
How about Gates goes first.

GATES  
Very well.

Gates climbs the staircase.

Sanborn, Harley, Wendell, and Jethro watch Gates ascend the steps solo.

He stops midway up. Looks back.

GATES (CONT'D)  
Are the rest of you coming along?

No one wants to, but they all know the answer: They have no choice.

They start up the stairs.

**EXT. MAIN DECK (SECOND LEVEL) - SUNDOWN**

The sun dips below the horizon as Gates leads the group up onto the second level:

An open air deck with several small hangar facilities.

FOUR HANGARS to be exact.

SANBORN

Which one is it?

GATES

I don't know. We're going to have to check each hangar.

Gates looks out toward the sea.

GATES (CONT'D)

And we should proceed with our search without delay. Because it appears we have another reason to get off this rig.

The rest of the group looks to where Gates is staring.

In the distance, *waaaaaay* across the ocean, we can make out a SHAPE. It's so far away it appears to be inching.

*Inching towards the rig.*

HARLEY

Is that...

GATES

It's a ship.

SANBORN

Who's on that ship Gates?

GATES

Educated guess? The Weyland Oil containment team.

Oh shit.

JETHRO

Oh shit.

HARLEY

Why oh shit?

WENDELL

Cus that ain't no welcomin' party aboard that ship. They ain't gonna take too kindly to folks aboard their top secret research facility that s'posed to be an oil rig.

JETHRO

How far out you think they are?

SANBORN

Not very far. An hour's being generous.

GATES

We need to locate the weapon. Time is of the essence.

WENDELL

What we standin' around jerkin each other off for then?

Jethro nods in agreement.

JETHRO

Let's go get it.

Wendell and Jethro both head off gung-ho for the first hangar.

Gates takes off right after them.

Sanborn and Harley trade a look. Shrug. Join the search.

**EXT. HANGAR 1 - MOMENTS LATER**

The group reaches HANGAR 1: A gray metal structure with no identifying features or markings.

Except for a large "1" in white paint on its door.

Next to the door there's a numeric keypad.

GATES

(re: keypad)

Only a key code will open this door.

Harley grasps the knob on the door. Turns it. The door opens.

HARLEY

(to Gates)

Always try the knob first.

Harley steps inside, followed by Sanborn, Wendell, Jethro, and finally Gates.

**INT. HANGAR 1 - CONTINUOUS**

Harley enters the hangar, the rest of the group falls in behind her.

The interior is BRIGHTLY LIT by a series of FLUORESCENT LAMPS hanging from the ceiling.

The space is filled with all sorts of high tech equipment. A MASSIVE CONTROL PANEL, daisy chained PROXY SERVERS, remote SATELLITE FEED DISPLAYS, and in the center of the room...

A MAN in a hospital gown restrained at the wrists, ankles, and neck on an upright, mechanized steel gurney.

The Man wears a device on his head that looks like a metal spaghetti strainer with black cables snaking out its top.

Several FLUID BAGS hang on a I.V. STAND next to the gurney, dripping medication into tubing connected to the Man's arm.

But the medicine in those bags ain't gonna help 'em much.

Unless it's able to heal that BULLET HOLE in the center of the Man's head. If it weren't for the head wound you'd think he was just sleeping.

Oh, and there's also TWO DEAD SCIENTISTS in lab coats on the floor, both headless (of course) laying at the Man's feet.

But for once the guys missing heads isn't the focus of anyone's attention. It's obviously-

HARLEY

What the hell was going on here?

Yeah. More or less.

They all move cautiously through the hangar and stop in front of the restrained Man.

WENDELL

(re: Man)

What were they doin' to 'em?

GATES

Testing of some sort. Possibly.

Harley gets closer for a better look-

CRUNCH.

She lifts her foot and looks down. She stepped on A SYRINGE.

Harley turns her attention back to the Man on the gurney. She inspects the metal restraints on the Man's wrists and neck.

HARLEY

These lock pneumatically. They really wanted to make sure this guy couldn't get out of this thing.

JETHRO

Well, he made out better than those two.

Jethro gestures to the Two Dead Scientists.

SANBORN

I wouldn't describe *that* as makin' it out better.

JETHRO

A bullet in the brain beats the hell outta havin' your whole head turn into a goddam blood volcano.

Good point.

WENDELL

Well, what we came for ain't in here.

GATES

Wendell's right. Let's try the next hangar.

**INT. HANGAR 2 - MOMENTS LATER**

Gates, Sanborn, Harley, Wendell, and Jethro enter Hangar 2.

It's set up exactly the same as Hangar 1.

With a similarly gruesome scene in the center of the room:

A SECOND MAN in a hospital gown is strapped into another upright, mechanized steel gurney.

Second Man also wears the same device on his head with black cables running out its top.

He also has a BULLET HOLE in his forehead like our first Man.

There's TWO BODIES on the floor in front of the Second Man:

A HEADLESS SECURITY GUARD, I can tell he's a security guard because of the, well, the uniform he's wearing. Plus the patch on his arm says "SECURITY" on it.

Next to 'em lays another lab coated SCIENTIST with a PARTIALLY EXPLODED HEAD.

The right side of the Scientist's face is literally *gone*.

Maybe you notice that the Scientist grips a SYRINGE in his hand.

But for now, pretend I didn't mention it. Because you're too distracted by his half-of-face that you probably never noticed.

Because it's Jackson Pollocked against a wall of proxy servers.

None of the living people in the room look like they know what to do next.

Because, well, they don't.

Finally, Harley decides to take action. She heads for the dead men in the middle of the hangar.

GATES

What is she doing?

Sanborn shrugs.

Harley reaches the bodies.

She kneels down next to the Security Guard. Her hand reaches for a GUN on the Security Guard's hip.

Gates immediately points Kurt's MP5 at Harley.

GATES (CONT'D)

I would advise against that Ms. O'Hara.

SANBORN

Put the gun down Gates.

GATES

Harley first.

Harley rests her hand on top the gun.

HARLEY

Don't worry Gates. I'm not planning on shootin' you. I want the gun in case I start to get a headache.

GATES

Sorry, but you're going to have to just take an Aspirin.

HARLEY

Aspirin ain't gonna stop my head from fuckin' exploding.

*Click-CLACK.*

Wendell trains his MP5 on Gates.

WENDELL

Let the lady have the goddam gun.

Gates locks eyes with Wendell. His gaze moves down to the submachine gun aimed at him.

GATES

You can't be serious.

WENDELL

Fraid so.

Gates looks over at Jethro for help.

Jethro grins. Takes off the MP5 he took from Cooper that he's been carrying on his back. WHISTLES at Sanborn. Tosses him the weapon.

Sanborn catches the machine gun.

SANBORN

Thanks.

Gates can only watch on. Knows he's outnumbered and outgunned.

GATES

I was expecting one of you to still be professional.

JETHRO

We all in the same boat now.

SANBORN

You know what your problem is Gates?

(MORE)

SANBORN (CONT'D)  
It's that you still think you're  
runnin' things. But you ain't.

GATES  
That's clear to me now.

Gates lowers his gun.

Harley looks over at Wendell. Nods: Thanks.

Wendell winks like a creep. Ruins it.

GATES (CONT'D)  
Well, since I'm not the one in  
charge.  
(looks at Sanborn)  
How do you suggest we proceed?

Harley stands, holding the dead Security Guard's gun. Answers  
for Sanborn:

HARLEY  
On to the next one.

HARD CUT TO:

**A WOMAN'S FACE**

Attractive.

Young.

Twenties maybe.

Her eyes are closed.

We pop wider to reveal --

She's in a hospital gown.

A depressed SYRINGE still stuck in her arm.

She's restrained in an upright gurney.

Just like the men in Hangars 1 and 2.

Sanborn, Harley, Gates, Wendell, and Jethro stand in front of  
the woman.

FIVE HEADLESS BODIES encircle them on the floor.

The Woman's eyes shift beneath her eye lids.

REM sleep.

She's *alive*.

And in case you haven't guessed, we're inside...

**INT. HANGAR 3 - NIGHT**

Gates leans close to examine the Woman.

GATES

She must have been administered an anesthesia to keep her unconscious.

SANBORN

We need to wake her up.

GATES

That's most likely a waste of your time and energy. She could be in a deep medical induced coma.

SANBORN

Well, if you hadn't shot the first live person we came across maybe we could have got a clearer picture of what it is we're dealing with.

GATES

Do you hear that Sanborn?

Gates holds a hand to his ear. Don't worry they aren't bleeding.

GATES (CONT'D)

That's the ticking of the timers in our skulls. Counting down since the moment we've stepped aboard this rig. And everyone's timer is set to its very own duration. I might have five minutes on my timer. You might have five seconds on yours.

(then)

We need to go to the last hangar. The weapon has to be there.

SANBORN

Why don't you go on ahead by yourself Gates.

(re: Woman)

I want to find out what she knows.

GATES  
I'm not going alone.

Beat.

WENDELL  
You scared Gates?

GATES  
No. I may need help securing the  
weapon. So who's accompanying me?

Beat.

Everyone swaps glances. Then --

JETHRO  
We can draw straws?

Sanborn sighs.

SANBORN  
Fuck it. Let's go Gates.

He turns to Harley.

SANBORN (CONT'D)  
Do you think you'd be able to get  
those restraints to unlock?

HARLEY  
I don't have any tools. But yeah.  
Have no idea if we'll be able to  
wake her up though.

SANBORN  
(re: Wendell)  
Are you gonna be okay with this  
one?

WENDELL  
Hey. Fuck you.  
(then)  
I ain't so bad.

JETHRO  
You ain't got to worry about  
Wendell. I'll keep 'em on a leash.

Harley looks from Sanborn to Wendell and Jethro.

HARLEY  
Get goin'. We'll get her down.

**EXT. MAIN DECK (SECOND LEVEL) - NIGHT**

Sanborn and Gates exit Hangar 3.

They move across the deck toward the last hangar.

SANBORN

I hope you're right about this  
weapon being the key to our  
survival.

GATES

I hope I'm right too.

SANBORN

That's not the answer I wanted to  
hear.

Sanborn and Gates reach HANGAR 4: Same as the others. Gray metal. No identifying features or markings. Except for a large "4" on its door.

Sanborn and Gates stand, staring at the door. Nether one of them wants to go inside.

SANBORN (CONT'D)

So. If it's in there. Then what?

GATES

Then we take it. That simple.

SANBORN

Nothing about this job has been  
that simple.

GATES

You don't make the big bucks to do  
easy shit.

SANBORN

Save your Jordan Belfort seminar  
quotes for someone dumb enough for  
it to work on.

Sanborn opens the door to the hangar and steps inside.

**INT. HANGAR 4 - CONTINUOUS**

We're looking straight at the entrance of the hangar. Sanborn slowly enters. Gates falls in close behind a moment later.

Both men stand right inside the doorway. Staring. Confused looks plastered on their faces.

SANBORN  
Un-fuckin-believable.

GATES  
I don't understand.

We pull away from Sanborn and Gates...

*Floating back deeper into the hangar...*

*Deeper...*

*And deeper...*

Until we finally *stop*.

And we're looking across a AN EMPTY HANGAR back at Sanborn and Gates.

**INT. HANGAR 3 - SAME TIME**

Jethro watches over Harley's shoulder as she wrenches off a cover panel on the side of the mechanized gurney, revealing an array of circuit boards and wires.

Wendell removes the helmet device on The Woman's head and tosses it to the floor.

Harley traces a multi-colored wire into a connecting port. She grabs it.

HARLEY  
(to Wendell)  
Be ready.

Wendell positions himself, hands up, ready to catch her.

WENDELL  
Just say when.

Harley nods then-

WENDELL (CONT'D)  
Wait!

HARLEY  
What?

Wendell pulls the syringe out of The Woman's arm. Chucks it over his shoulder.

WENDELL  
Okay. Now say-

HARLEY

When.

Harley yanks the multicolored wire.

Wendell's caught off guard, but --

*Fitzzzz!* The circuit board sparks.

Nothing happens.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

Shit.

**INT. HANGAR 3 - SAME TIME**

Sanborn and Gates walk over to a BROWN STAIN in the middle of the empty hangar.

SANBORN

(re: stain)

Looks like blood.

GATES

Whatever was here, clearly isn't anymore.

No shit.

SANBORN

So, now what?

GATES

It's here somewhere. I know it is.

Clearly, it ain't in here.

Sanborn looks around the space. Has a sudden epiphany.

SANBORN

How didn't I think of it before?

(snaps his fingers)

I know where the weapon is.

GATES

You do?

He does?

SANBORN

Yes. It was right under our noses the whole goddam time.

GATES

Where?

Yeah, where?

SANBORN

The weapon is...

(pause)

Up your ass.

Dick.

GATES

Your humor isn't appreciated Mr. Sanborn.

**INT. HANGAR 3 - SAME TIME**

Harley looks at a tangle of wiring hanging out the mechanized gurney. She blows the hair from her face in frustration.

JETHRO

Wanna try and see if we can't pry 'em off?

HARLEY

No. I got a better idea.

JETHRO

What?

Harley pulls the gun she took off the Security Guard from her waistband. Points it at the circuit board.

BLAM!

Shoots it.

Nothing happens.

JETHRO (CONT'D)

Nothin' happened.

Harley shrugs.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

Fires three more times into the machine.

**INT. HANGAR 4 - SAME TIME**

Gates and Sanborn stand in the empty hangar arguing.

SANBORN

You've led us on a wild goose chase Gates. Face it. And now we're all gonna die because of it.

GATES

This isn't a wild goose chase Mr. Sanborn. You've seen first hand the power of this weapon aboard this rig.

SANBORN

What I've seen is a fucked situation get even more fucked as we've went along. And the whole time you've been so adamant that you know what needs to be done. But you don't know shit. You don't even know where the goddam thing is.

GATES

I'm telling you it's here. Of that I'm positive.

SANBORN

Are you? Because I'll I've seen so far are four hangars and no biological weapon.

GATES

We're missing something.

SANBORN

No shit. The weapon.

GATES

That's not what I mean. We have overlooked something in our search.

SANBORN

What would that be?

Sanborn does a 180° with his arms out in the middle of the empty hangar for emphasis.

GATES

Not in here. In the other hangars.

SANBORN

All we've came across in the others are headless bodies and three people who look like they were jacked into the Matrix.

(MORE)

SANBORN (CONT'D)  
Two of which have bullets in their  
heads for some reason.

Realization spreads across Gates' face.

GATES  
(to himself)  
It can't be.

SANBORN  
What?

GATES  
(shakes his head)  
I didn't see it.

SANBORN  
Gates. I don't know what the hell  
you're talkin' about.

Gates looks at Sanborn.

GATES  
Why would they shoot them?

SANBORN  
Shoot who?

GATES  
The men in the first two hangars.

SANBORN  
Put them out their misery before  
their heads exploded.  
(shrugs)  
How should I know?

GATES  
No. They weren't concerned about  
their misery. If that were a  
concern they wouldn't have  
restrained them the way they are.  
And the woman who's still alive  
still has her head, does she not?

SANBORN  
Okay.

Beat.

GATES  
Are you following what I'm saying  
Mr. Sanborn?

No.

SANBORN  
Is that a trick fuckin' question?

GATES  
No. It is not.

SANBORN  
Well, then no.

GATES  
What I'm saying is we've located  
the weapon already.

Huh?

SANBORN  
What?

**INT. HANGAR 3 - SAME TIME**

Harley stares at the smoking remains of the gurney's  
circuitry. Looks up at The Woman still locked in restraints.

HARLEY  
Runnin' low on ideas guys.

JETHRO  
Hmm. I might have one.

HARLEY  
I'm all ears.

Harley waits.

Jethro scratches his head. Thinks.

Beat.

Then:

JETHRO  
I got nothin' .

Harley sighs.

Wendell walks around the gurney. He spots a RED BUTTON on its  
backside.

WENDELL  
What's this do?

He pushes the button.

HISS.

The restraint around The Woman's neck unlocks.

HISS. HISS.

The restraints on her wrists unlock.

HISS. HISS.

Followed by the restraints on her ankles.

The Woman falls forward --

IV's RIPPING OUT.

SMACK!

Hits the floor FACE FIRST.

Harley, Jethro, and Wendell hurry over to where The Woman fell.

She lays on the floor. Still unconscious.

Jethro looks at Wendell.

JETHRO

You was s'posed to catch her.

WENDELL

I can't do it all. I got her down  
didn't I.

Harley kneels by The Woman. Rolls her onto her back gently.

The Woman's nose is broken from the impact of the fall.

HARLEY

(re: broken nose)

Ouch. She's gonna feel that like a  
bitch when she wakes up.

JETHRO

Still looks better than Wendell's  
nose.

Wendell flips Jethro off.

WENDELL  
 (to Harley)  
 How the hell do we wake her up?

HARLEY  
 If that fall didn't, I'm not too  
 optimistic we can.

Harley lightly slaps The Woman's face in an attempt to wake her.

WENDELL  
 That shit definitely ain't gonna  
 work.

HARLEY  
 Got a better suggestion?

Beat.

WENDELL  
 Anyone got smellin' salt on 'em?

Beat.

That's a no.

SANBORN (O.C.)  
 Don't try to wake her.

Harley, Wendell, and Jethro look across the hangar at...

Sanborn and Gates, marching towards them.

HARLEY  
 Doubt we could anyway.

Harley rises from her crouch.

HARLEY (CONT'D)  
 What did you find in the other  
 hangar?

SANBORN  
 Nothing. It's empty.

WENDELL  
 Hell you mean it's empty?

Sanborn and Gates reach them in the center of the hangar.  
 They both look down at The Woman.

SANBORN

What happened to her nose?

JETHRO

Wendell ain't catch her.

GATES

Why didn't you catch her?

WENDELL

Fuck all that. If the other hangar's empty, where's the goddam weapon?

GATES

(re: The Woman)

You're looking at it.

Huh?

WENDELL

What?

Wendell, Jethro, and Harley look back down at The Woman confused.

JETHRO

Now hold on. You're sayin' that Sleepin' Beauty here *is the weapon*?

GATES

Yes.

Really?

HARLEY

How's that even possible?

GATES

Biological weapons are traditionally defined as infectious agents like bacteria, viruses, even fungi. But humans are biological. Are we not?

Oh. Shit.

Right.

WENDELL

Lemme get this straight. You're sayin' she's the one killin' everybody on the rig?

GATES

Well, I don't think she's entirely responsible for all the casualties aboard this rig.

WENDELL

What's that mean? Either she is or she ain't.

SANBORN

Gates thinks that the woman and the two men in the other hangars were being used for experimental bio warfare. And for whatever reason, they started killin' everyone on the rig. The crew tried to stop 'em. That's why we found the first two guys with bullets in their heads.

HARLEY

If that's true. That would mean we were never infected.

SANBORN

It appears that way.

They all look at Gates.

GATES

What?

If looks could kill Gates would be dead as fucking Dillinger.

GATES (CONT'D)

Based on the intel I was given I had no way of knowing that what we were dealing with was not infectious.

JETHRO

(back with the program)

No one's askin' the right question here.

SANBORN

What's that?

JETHRO

How in the hell can a person can make another person's head explode?

Yeah. How?

GATES  
That's not clear.

WENDELL  
Yeah. No shit it ain't.

GATES  
Maybe these test subjects were born with extraordinary psychic abilities. Or maybe those abilities are the result of experimentation.

JETHRO  
If she is what you say she is, why ain't she killin' us right now?

GATES  
For some reason she's dormant. And since we don't know how long that will last, I suggest we should take full advantage of that.

WENDELL  
Well I agree with that much.

*Click-CLACK.*

Wendell trains his MP5 on The Woman.

GATES  
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

WENDELL  
What's it look like? I'm endin' this shit right now.

Gates pulls his MP5 on Wendell.

GATES  
You do and I'll drop you right where you stand.

Wendell looks back at Gates.

Jethro raises his gun, pointing it at Gates.

JETHRO  
Then I drop you right after.

Sanborn and Harley stay still. Watching, but clearly not interested in joining this Mexican standoff.

GATES  
She's coming with us. *Alive.*

WENDELL

You must have shit for brains! If any of whatcha said's true, that means this comatose cunt killed three of my team while she was unconscious! We take her back with us and we'll be dead before we ever reach shore!

He makes a valid argument.

GATES

She's the entire reason we are here!

SANBORN

Wendell's right Gates. There's no scenario where we take her back with us. She's a danger to us all.

GATES

I'm not taking no for answer on this.

SANBORN

You're outgunned.

ON THE FLOOR

The Woman's eyes MOVE beneath her lids.

GATES (O.C.)

We are leaving with her.

HARLEY (O.C.)

Give it up you stubborn son of a bitch!

The movement under her eyelids increases.

No one notices. They're too busy screaming at each other.

Not us though.

We LEAN IN on The Woman's CLOSED DARTING EYES, as we --

CUT TO:

**A ROVING POV**

We're OUTSIDE.

On the MAIN DECK of the rig.

We MOVE along it.

FAST.

Erratic.

Constantly looking.

LEFT to RIGHT.

RIGHT to LEFT.

*Searching.*

For something.

*Anything.*

Up ahead of us we spot TWO SEAGULLS.

Picking at brains near Kurt's headless body.

We focus on ONE.

One recognizable DIRTY SEAGULL.

Our speed increases as we approach.

Neither of the gulls seem to be aware.

We STOP just INCHES from the Dirty Seagull.

We stare at the bird.

It looks up. Neck stiffening.

*A familiar auditory signal -- RINGING -- floods our ears.*

Then. Its head POPS in a POOF of BLOOD and FEATHERS.

The second seagull flies off startled, SQUAWKING madly.

We take off again. Zigzagging as we ZOOM across the rig.

Back on the prow.

We circle around.

Head toward the entrance to the bridge control room.

PASS RIGHT THROUGH THE DOORS LIKE WE HAVE NO MASS into --

**INT. BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS**

We FLY through the control room with *manic energy* -- vision sweeping -- we pass the headless guy in the chair -- and we

**INT. HALLWAY - LIVING QUARTERS - CONTINUOUS**

Blast into the hallway -- pin balling door to door -- peering in each room -- see Cooper's body in the last -- continuing

**INT. MESS HALL CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS**

Into the corridor leading to the mess hall -- we RIP down the hall -- pass right through the door at the other end into

**INT. MESS HALL - CONTINUOUS**

The macabre scene in the mess hall -- we desperately scan the space -- then speed toward a wall -- *dissolving* through it to

**INT. INFIRMARY - CONTINUOUS**

An INFIRMARY filled with HEADLESS PATIENTS -- we scour the clinic -- Then-

WENDELL (V.O.)

You better get that gun off me  
Gates!

We stop.

GATES (V.O.)

Take your weapon off of the woman.

We spin around 360° inside the room. Searching for the where the voices are coming from.

WENDELL (V.O.)

Fuck you.

We continue to whirl around the room. Confused.

SANBORN (V.O.)

This can only end bad for you  
Gates.

Then all of the sudden everything goes --

BLACK.

Beat.

WENDELL (O.C.)  
She's gotta die.

HARD CUT TO:

**THE WOMAN'S FACE**

Her eyes are shut. Still.

We're back inside Hangar 3.

WENDELL (O.C.)  
That's the bottom line.

The Woman's EYES POP OPEN.

WOMAN'S POV

Looking up into the barrel of Wendell's MP5.

Wendell hasn't saw, because he's looking at Gates, who's still holding a gun on him.

GATES  
I won't hesitate to kill you  
Wendell.

WENDELL  
(to Jethro)  
The moment he shoots Jethro, you  
put 'em down.

JETHRO  
I got 'em.

GATES  
This is nonsense. We are running  
out of time.

WENDELL  
Say goodbye to your weapon.

Wendell looks down at The Woman.

He's surprised to see she's looking right back at 'em.

WENDELL (CONT'D)  
Oh fu-

He doesn't even get to finish his sentence.

WENDELL'S HEAD BUSTS like a blood-filled water balloon.

Drenching everyone crimson as brain chunks rain down like confetti.

His body drops like a sack of shit.

The Woman rolls over onto her stomach. Pushes herself off the floor. Stands on her bare feet.

And we get a good look at her:

Haunted eyes.

Stringy hair.

Broken nose, streaking dried blood down her mouth and chin.

Hospital gown hanging loosely on her slender frame.

Sanborn, Harley, Jethro, and Gates stare at The Woman.

Beat. An then --

JETHRO  
Kill this bitch!

Everyone except Gates pulls their gun on The Woman.

The Woman raises her arm up and waves her hand to the left, and --

Jethro, Sanborn, and Harley's guns FLY OUT THEIR HANDS. And SLAM against the other side of the hangar!

WHAT.

IN THE.

ACTUAL.

FUCK.

No one moves.

A TRICKLE OF FRESH BLOOD leaks from The Woman's nose.

She put her hand to it. Pulls it away. Looks at the blood on her fingertips.

*(\* NOTE FROM RYAN - Each time she uses telekinesis (TK) her nose will bleed. It'll make sense. Promise.)*

Jethro decides to make a move. Does the one thing you or I wouldn't do in this situation. He charges The Woman.

JETHRO (CONT'D)  
ARRRRRAAHHHHH!!!!

The Woman's eyes narrow.

Blood starts to GEYSER from Jethro's ears as he bounds toward her.

The Woman doesn't flinch or move a muscle as he bull rushes. She only stares at him, brow scrunched. And then--

JETHRO'S SKULL BLOWS TO PIECES.

Going off like the Death Star at the end of A New Hope.

While still in mid-run.

His body continues its sprint for a couple of strides before it collapses like a marionette with its strings cut.

Sanborn, Harley, and Gates stand dumbstruck.

Gates immediately tosses his MP5 to the floor.

Pussy move. But I can't blame 'em for it.

*(Though he still has the revolver.)*

The Woman looks at the three of them.

And she says the only word we'll ever hear her speak.

Because she won't speak again.

THE WOMAN  
**Run.**

Gates is already running.

Sanborn and Harley decide to heed The Woman's advice too.

They take off for the hangar's exit.

The Woman just watches. Silent.

Gates reaches the door first. Bangs through it.

Never looks back.

Sanborn and Harley run up a few moments after.

They race out the exit.

The Woman stands alone in the empty hangar. Then she takes a step.

**EXT. MAIN DECK (SECOND LEVEL) - NIGHT**

Gates runs along deck, lugging along that briefcase.

Still leading the pack.

Sanborn and Harley are gaining.

They pass each hangar as they head for stairs back to the lower level.

When they reach the stairs, Gates damn near throws himself down them.

Sanborn and Harley steal a glance back at Hangar 3 before they descend, and see --

The Woman stepping out of the hangar.

Oh shit. Oh shit. Oh shit. Oh shit.

Sanborn and Harley dart down the stairwell.

**INT. MOVIE THEATER - MOMENTS LATER**

Gates hauls ass up the aisle, trailed by Sanborn and Harley.

As the credits roll for The Blob on screen.

GATES

(over shoulder)

Did you see her toss your guns!  
She's more powerful than I  
imagined!

SANBORN

Less talking Gates and more  
running!

**INT. MESS HALL - MOMENT LATER**

Running, as fast as they can manage through the mess hall.

Slip-sliding on the GOOP slick floor. Nearly breaking their necks.

Gates still won't shut up.

His excitement overpowering his terror.

GATES  
(excited)  
S-she's remarkable!

SANBORN  
Why don't you go back there and  
propose since you like her so  
goddam much!

They make it to the exit as we --

CUT TO:

**INT. MESS HALL CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

Gates, Sanborn, and Harley haul ass through the mess hall  
corridor.

GATES  
She's too valuable! We need to  
figure out how we can sedate her!

SANBORN  
We're heading straight to the  
fuckin' boat! You're crazy if you  
think we're gonna-

Gates turns on the run.

BLAM!

Shoots Sanborn in the leg!

Sanborn SCREAMS. Falls to the floor.

HARLEY  
John!

Harley drops next to Sanborn.

SANBORN  
My fucking LEG!

Gates stands looking down at the two of them. Smiles.

Smug.

What an asshole.

Harley looks up at Gates. Hate burning.

HARLEY

You piece of shit! You didn't have  
to shoot 'em in his leg!

GATES

I'll grant you the courtesy of  
shooting you in the head.

Gates points his gun at Harley's forehead.

GATES (CONT'D)

We she finds you, you'll already be  
dead. Mr. Sanborn will not be so  
fortunate.

HARLEY

Who's gonna sail you the fuck outta  
here Gates?

GATES

(shrugs)  
I own a yacht. I'll manage.  
(then)  
Consider this mercy-

BANG!

Gates is hit from behind in his shoulder by a gunshot!

He's spun around from its force.

Gates looks ahead with a stunned expression at --

Magneto Man (remember him?), holding a pistol. Bleeding from  
the chest wound where he was shot. But alive. Well *alive-ish*.

Gates tries to raise his firearm and-

BANG! BANG!

Magneto Man fires twice.

The first bullet SNAPS the handcuff chain connecting his  
briefcase to his wrist.

The second bullet blasts off Gates' trigger finger.

Gates CRIES OUT.

His gun and briefcase CLATTER to the floor.

Magneto Man staggers toward Gates.

GATES (CONT'D)  
I... sh-shot you.

Magneto Man stops within a few steps of Gates.

MAGNETO MAN  
I shot you back.

The scientist levels his gun at Gates' kneecap.

BLAM!

Gates HOWLS. Drops to his ass.

He'll never dance again.

Harley and Sanborn look up at the half dead scientist.

Magneto Man stares back at them.

Beat.

Then...

MAGNETO MAN (CONT'D)  
(re: Gates)  
You want to? Or should I?

Harley snatches up Gates' dropped pistol. Points it at his head.

Gates meets eyes with Harley. He's in *fucking agony*.

GATES  
(through gritted teeth)  
D-do... it! Put... me out my  
misery!

Harley lowers the gun.

HARLEY  
You ain't getting off that easy.

Beat. Then...

SANBORN  
Gimme the gun.

Harley looks at Sanborn.

SANBORN (CONT'D)  
Give it to me.

She hands him the weapon.

Sanborn points the gun at Gates.

Gates locks eyes with Sanborn.

GATES

D-do it.

Sanborn shifts his aim down to Gates' other kneecap.

BANG!

Gates SHRIEKS in pain.

SANBORN

I'm leaving you for her.

Gates BLUBBERS on the floor.

We don't feel a bit bad for the fuck.

MAGNETO MAN

(to Sanborn)

So the woman's free?

Sanborn and Harley look at the scientist.

SANBORN

Yes.

MAGNETO MAN

Then we better move our asses.

SANBORN

You gonna be able to?

MAGNETO MAN

You don't look like you're in that  
much better shape my friend.

SANBORN

Fair point.

Sanborn reaches over and grabs a hold of Gates' briefcase.

SANBORN (CONT'D)

(to Harley)

Little help?

Harley puts a shoulder into him. Lifting him to his feet.

SANBORN (CONT'D)

(to Magneto Man)

So who is she?

Magneto Man looks at Sanborn.

MAGNETO MAN  
It's not who she is that's  
important.

CUT TO:

**INT. STAIRWELL - SAME TIME**

The Woman steps off the staircase.

MAGNETO MAN (O.S.)  
It's *what* she is that is.

She moves slow and deliberate. Walking down her prey.

SANBORN (O.S.)  
And what exactly is she?

MAGNETO MAN (O.S.)  
Something new.

**INT. HALLWAY - LIVING QUARTERS - MOMENTS LATER**

Magneto Man, Harley, and Sanborn hobble through the hall.

It's slow going. Clearly painful.

The scientist is pale as a ghost. He's lost a lot of blood.

MAGNETO MAN  
Of all the test subjects, she was  
the wild card. She...

He stops. Puts his hand against the wall to hold himself up.

Harley and Sanborn halt behind him.

HARLEY  
You okay?

No.

MAGNETO MAN  
I'm dying.

He slowly sits down on the floor.

HARLEY  
You can't just sit here.

MAGNETO MAN

Just listen. I don't have much time and neither do you two. She's not like the other two male test subjects.

**INT. MOVIE THEATER - SAME TIME**

We watch The Woman as she walks up the aisle. Her bare ass exposed from the open-back hospital gown.

MAGNETO MAN (O.S.)

They were... controllable. We started with them. Two men with a one of kind psychic ability. And we discovered how to harness it...

BACK TO:

**INT. HALLWAY - LIVING QUARTERS**

MAGNETO MAN

We found out if we were able to pin down a human target's location by patching in satellite data directly into the test subjects' brains... they could hone in on that person's specific brain wave activity and do what normally they needed to be in the same room with someone to do.

SANBORN

Turn someone's head into a bomb.

MAGNETO MAN

Essentially... but the range was limited to a hundred miles... Until we came up with a neural network.

HARLEY

What's that?

MAGNETO MAN

It's a way to... daisy chain the subjects together. By doing that we increased the range by ten times. But... we wanted to be able to increase it more.

SANBORN

So you needed a third test subject.

MAGNETO MAN

Yes... Problem was our two male subjects were the only two people in the entire planet who exhibited their ability we've been able to find. So we decided to create a third test subject.

HARLEY

You're saying you guys made her?

MAGNETO MAN

That's exactly what we did.

**INT. MESS HALL - SAME TIME**

SANBORN (O.S.)

How?

The Woman's bare feet SQUISH over the gore-covered floor of the mess hall.

MAGNETO MAN (O.S.)

We studied the brains of our two male subjects and discovered that their pineal glands produced a chemical that we'd never seen before...

BACK TO:

**INT. HALLWAY - LIVING QUARTERS**

MAGNETO MAN

So we extracted it... and began introducing into the brains of numerous handpicked volunteer subjects. We set up a hangar just to perform this procedure.

SANBORN

Hangar four.

MAGNETO MAN

Yes. None of the volunteers survived the procedure because... none of them possessed a specific dormant brain abnormality to withstand the introduction... of the chemical into their brain stems.

SANBORN

Except for the woman.

MAGNETO MAN

Except for her. And when she was plugged into the neural network... the test subjects started killing everyone aboard the rig.

SANBORN

And you tried to stop them.

MAGNETO MAN

Yes. We unplugged the neural network... it didn't do anything. They all three had bonded somehow and no longer needed the network to connect to each other. We gave them tranquilizer shots to put them under. Which seemed to work... At first. Then...

HARLEY

People's heads started exploding again.

MAGNETO MAN

Yes... they were able to attack us even while in a completely unconscious state... but it was like they were doing so... blindly. At random... So we had to try and... terminate the test subjects.

SANBORN

You shot them. Except the girl, because no one got close enough without getting killed by her.

Magneto Man nods a yes.

HARLEY

She made our guns fly out of our hands with a wave of her hand. How was she able to do that?

MAGNETO MAN

(surprised)

She did...? That means... the experiment must have... turned on dormant genes.

SANBORN

What?

MAGNETO MAN

Remember I said the volunteer  
subjects... were... handpicked?

SANBORN

Yeah.

MAGNETO MAN

Since we were... unable to find...  
others who possessed psychic  
abilities. We found... descendents  
of those who were reported to have  
had them. The woman's father  
reportedly...

SANBORN

Had telekinesis.

The scientist nods yes.

MAGNETO MAN

The other volunteers died  
because... their descendents were  
all... frauds. They claimed to have  
abilities they never possessed.

**INT. MESS HALL CORRIDOR - SAME TIME**

Gates sits in the hallway. Back against the wall. He looks  
over down the corridor at --

The Woman. She stands silent. Looking at him.

GATES

No...

The Woman starts to walk toward him.

GATES (CONT'D)

Stop... Please. I wanted to take  
you from this place.

Her eyes bore into Gates as she closes in on him.

Gates ears begin to RING.

Blood vessels balloon at his temples.

His ear canals flow red.

He SCREEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAMS as...

HIS CRANIUM EXPLODES.

Blasting apart like a pressurized watermelon.  
 Making Rorschach ink blot on the wall behind him.  
 The Woman never even stops walking.  
 She passes right by him, continuing down the hallway.

**INT. HALLWAY - LIVING QUARTERS - SAME TIME**

Sanborn, Harley, and Magneto Man turn to the sound of Gates meeting his much deserved death.

HARLEY  
 She's coming.

Magneto Man takes off his helmet, revealing a full head of matted white hair.

MAGNETO MAN  
 (holds up the helmet)  
 Here... Take this and go. Sorry  
 there's not two...

Sanborn grabs the helmet.

SANBORN  
 What's this?

MAGNETO MAN  
 It's a prototype. Made it right  
 before things got out of control.

SANBORN  
 What's it do?

MAGNETO MAN  
 It blocks their ability... In  
 theory. But it won't help against  
 TK.

Sanborn puts it on.

SANBORN  
 Hope your theory's right.

MAGNETO MAN  
 Go...

Harley helps Sanborn limp down the hallway.

The scientist watches them until they reach the door to the bridge.

Soon as they pass through it, at the other end of the hall --

The Woman enters.

Magneto Man looks over at her.

He lifts his gun with what little strength he has left.  
Presses it against the bottom of his chin.

MAGNETO MAN (CONT'D)  
Almost... didn't have to.

BANG!

The scientist shoots himself.

Paints the ceiling with his brains.

Slumps over dead.

**INT. BRIDGE - SAME TIME**

Sanborn and Harley react to the sound of the gunshot.

Pick up the pace as they move through the control room on the  
bridge.

But it ain't much faster, because of Sanborn's shot leg.

They literally hop along like they're in a potato sack race.

Sanborn hanging off Harley's shoulder for balance.

They don't dare to sneak a look back for The Woman as they  
near the exit.

The door getting closer.

And closer...

And closer...

Until...

**EXT. CATWALK / OIL RIG - DAY**

Sanborn and Harley come out to --

TWENTY GUNS pointed at them.

**THE WEYLAND CONTAINMENT TEAM** stands across the deck.

20 MEN in black tactical gear.

All armed and ready to inflict harm.

**TEAM LEADER**, (40's) steps forward.

TEAM LEADER  
DROP YOUR WEAPON!

Sanborn drops the pistol he got from Gates.

TEAM LEADER (CONT'D)  
AND SET DOWN THE BRIEFCASE!

Sanborn complies. Sets it on the deck. Nice and slow.

Beat.

TEAM LEADER (CONT'D)  
IDENTIFY YOUR SELVES!

Sanborn and Harley offer no answer.

TEAM LEADER (CONT'D)  
I REPEAT! IDENTIFY YOUR SELVES!

SANBORN  
I'm... John Sanborn.

TEAM LEADER  
THE WOMAN TOO!

HARLEY  
My name is Harley. Harley O'Hara.

TEAM LEADER  
ARE YOU PART OF THE WEYLAND OIL  
RESEARCH TEAM?

No.

SANBORN  
Yes!

Harley gives him a look: *What?*

Sanborn answers her with one that says: *You wanna get shot?*

TEAM LEADER  
WHAT'S YOUR IDENTIFICATION CODES?

Huh?

SANBORN

We don't have time for this! One of the test subjects is roaming free aboard the rig and she's extremely fucking dangerous!

The Team Leader remains silent for a beat. Then...

TEAM LEADER

IF YOU DO NOT GIVE ME YOUR IDENTIFICATION CODES YOU WILL BE SHOT.

Oh shit.

Before Sanborn and Harley can be shot down like Bonnie & Clyde --

The Woman steps out from the bridge.

Thank God.

Wait. That's not good either.

Oh shit.

Again.

Sanborn and Harley are literally caught in between both sides.

The meat in one giant *Fucked sandwich*.

The Team Leader sees The Woman.

TEAM LEADER (CONT'D)

STOP WHERE YOU ARE! IDENTIFY YOUR SELF!

The Woman doesn't say shit. Just stares at the Weyland Team.

TEAM LEADER (CONT'D)

IDENTIFY YOUR SELF OR WE WILL SHOOT!

Sanborn and Harley look back and forth from the Weyland Containment Team and The Woman.

TEAM LEADER (CONT'D)

THIS IS YOUR FINAL WARNING.

The Woman raises her hand above her head, and --

ALL OF THE MEN'S GUNS ARE TORN FROM THEIR GRIPS UP INTO THE AIR.

The Weyland Containment Team looks up at their weapons.

20 ASSAULT RIFLES hang above the men's heads.

Suspended in mid-air.

It's a surreal sight.

Like something out of the NRA's wet dream.

If they started jumping a fence Carleton Heston would count them to fall asleep.

The Woman keeps her hand raised above her head.

Her NOSE bleeds LIKE A FAUCET as she uses her TK to keep the weapons afloat.

She SWIPES her arm out to the side and --

The assault rifles are sent flying into the ocean.

The Weyland Containment Team are too shocked to react.

Until --

The Team Leader pulls a GLOCK 9 from out its holster on his back.

BLAM!

Fires a shot at The Woman. Hitting her in the arm.

The Woman CRIES OUT.

She RIPS the glock from his hand with her TK. Sends it soaring, where it SPLASHES into the sea.

The Woman wipes fresh blood from her nostril.

Then immediately locks in on the Team Leader.

The Team Leader grabs at his temples. SCREAMING.

Sanborn and Harley use this moment to make their way out of the middle of the fracas.

Sanborn grabbing the briefcase and gun, as they head to the edge of the rig.

The Team Leader drops to his knees.

HIS HEAD RUPTURES.

The rest of the Weyland Containment Team pull their sidepieces.

The Woman parts her arms and all of the men are SCATTERED like bowling pins across the catwalk.

Blood CASCADES down the front of her hospital gown from her broken nose as a result.

The Woman begins to walk towards the fallen men as they pick themselves off the deck.

She zeros in on one MAN.

EXPLODES his head.

SPLAT!

Then ANOTHER.

SPLAT!

And a THIRD.

SPLAT!

She starts taking them out ONE AFTER ANOTHER.

Heads GO OFF like Roman candles.

As she attacks, a large THROBBING VEIN starts to protrude from The Woman's forehead. SWEAT beads at her temples.

This is taking a lot of effort, but it doesn't seem to be as taxing as when she uses her *inherited* (once dormant) TK ability.

OVER AT THE EDGE OF THE RIG

Sanborn and Harley stand, watching shit unfold.

HARLEY

Holy shit. She's... she's slaughtering all of them.

SANBORN

We gotta get off this rig now. And make sure she never does.

HARLEY

How?

Sanborn holds up the briefcase.

SANBORN

We activate this. Then we jump our asses in the ocean.

That's actually not a bad plan.

HARLEY

Sounds good.

Sanborn sets the briefcase down. And winces as Harley helps him down onto his ass. He opens the piece of luggage --

Revealing a sophisticated EXPLOSIVE DEVICE with a timing mechanism.

SANBORN

(to Harley)

You're the handy one. Can you figure this out?

HARLEY

Lemme give it a look.

Harley leans down and starts tinkering.

ACROSS THE DECK

The Woman continues her killing spree.

Already half of the containment team is dead.

She EXPLODES two guys heads AT ONCE.

Then she begins taking out the rest of the team, a pair at a time.

BACK AT EDGE OF THE RIG

Harley flips a series of switches.

Flick.

Flick.

Flick.

A LIGHT FLASHES on the device.

A DIGITAL READOUT says:

**READY TO ARM**

HARLEY (CONT'D)

Now all we have to do is punch in  
the time on the timer. Then  
activate it.

Harley keys in 3 minutes.

The readout says:

**PRESS TO ACTIVATE**

Just as Harley reaches to press the button --

The briefcase SNAPS SHUT.

THEN THROWS ITSELF OVER THE EDGE OF THE RIG.

Sanborn and Harley look up and see --

The Woman walking toward them from across the platform. Blood  
flowing from her nose.

She focuses on BOTH of them.

Harley's ears start to bleed.

Can't tell if Sanborn's are under that helmet.

But he appears to be fine.

Sanborn looks over at Harley.

SANBORN

Harley?

HARLEY

John...? My ears are... ringing. Oh  
my God...

She closes her eyes and grabs fistfuls of her hair.

Sanborn looks back at The Woman.

The Woman looks at him confused.

Sanborn realizes...

SANBORN

The helmet works.

He draws his gun like an old west gunfighter and --

BLAM! BLAM!

Fires twice at The Woman from the sitting position.

Both shots hit there mark.

The first bullet blows clean through her side.

The second bullet enters high in the left side of her chest.

She drops to the deck.

Harley opens her eyes.

Her ears have stopped bleeding.

HARLEY

W-what... what happened?

She looks over at Sanborn, smoking gun gripped in his fist.

Then she looks across the deck to where The Woman lays on her back.

Beat.

Then...

HARLEY (CONT'D)

You did it!

She hugs him, squeezing him around his neck like a goddam Anaconda.

SANBORN

Alright alright. It was the helmet.  
Can't believe it fucking worked-

Harley is suddenly RIPPED OFF Sanborn like a rag doll and THROWN OVERBOARD by an invisible force.

Sanborn looks back across the deck at --

The Woman.

Standing, once again.

Nose dripping blood.

Sanborn crawls over to the very edge of rig where Harley went over and --

Sees Harley splashing in the ocean below.

SANBORN (CONT'D)

HARLEY!

Harley manages to swim over to one of the legs of the sea platform.

Sanborn pulls himself away and gets to his feet slow.

He turns and faces The Woman.

SANBORN (CONT'D)

You're a real bitch. You know that?

He raises his gun and --

CLICK.

Empty.

Shit.

The Woman smiles.

Sanborn looks over at the entrance to the bridge.

He drops the gun and begins to hop-run on his bad leg to it.

The Woman eyes narrow to slits.

She tries again to make Sanborn's head blow.

But she can't.

Sanborn gets closer and closer to the bridge entrance.

The Woman realizes it's the helmet that Sanborn's wearing that's protecting him.

She waves her arm and --

The helmet lifts off of Sanborn's head right when he reaches the entrance to the bridge.

He turns to see it go overboard into the sea.

The Woman grins.

Sanborn opens the door and disappears inside the bridge.

The Woman starts across the deck after Sanborn.

**INT. BRIDGE (FIRST LEVEL) - SAME TIME**

Sanborn pogos on one leg through the bridge.

Catches himself as he slips in the pool of blood that's expanded beneath the headless man at the command console.

He reaches the other side of the room and pushes through the door right as --

The Woman enters the bridge. She stalks after Sanborn.

And even though she's shot and not running, she's moving a lot better than Sanborn with his shot up leg.

**INT. HALLWAY - LIVING QUARTERS - MOMENT LATER**

Sanborn clenches his teeth with every hopping step as he moves down the hallway.

Clearly hurts like a bitch for him to be moving even this fast.

The Woman walks into the corridor and stops.

She watches Sanborn as he bounces on his leg, entering the

**INT. MESS HALL CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS**

Sanborn flees down the corridor covered in sweat.

Looks like he's gonna pass out any moment.

**INT. MESS HALL - MOMENT LATER**

Sanborn body slides in blood across the floor of the mess hall.

Gross. But effective at getting him to the other side of the cafeteria faster.

**INT. MOVIE THEATER - MOMENT LATER**

Sanborn falls and rolls down the incline of the aisle of the movie theater.

It actually helps him get to the exit door faster. He pulls himself up, using its handle and pushes through into

**INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS**

This might as well be Mount fucking Everest.

Sanborn stands chest heaving. Staring at the staircase. Knows he has to climb them. So he fucking does.

**EXT. MAIN DECK (SECOND LEVEL) - MOMENTS LATER**

Sanborn makes his way across the deck.

He passes Hangar 3.

When he reaches Hangar 4 he stops and leans against it. Panting for breath.

He looks back at the distance he's traveled over the main deck and sees --

The Woman coming off the staircase onto the main deck.

Dammit.

Man. What to do?

Sanborn has no time to think shit through. He pushes the door open to Hangar 4 and falls in.

**INT. HANGAR 4 - CONTINUOUS**

Sanborn lays on the floor of the hangar on his chest.

He stares at the wall to his left on his stomach.

Sees something on it.

Looks like a...

SANBORN

A button?

Yeah. It is.

Sanborn musters up enough strength to get back to his shaky legs.

He hops over to the door.

Locks it.

Even though it won't do much to stop The Woman.

Sanborn makes his way over to the button on the wall.

He reaches it.

And presses it in, then --

In the center of the hangar the floor OPENS UP.

Sanborn watches as a BLACK CHAIR rises from a hidden recess.

SANBORN (CONT'D)

The hell?

He bounces to the middle of the room for a closer look.

The chair looks almost like one you sit in when you're getting your teeth cleaned at the dentist.

There's two arm rests, each with a rubber handle for your hands with buttons atop them like joy-sticks.

The head rest has a curved metal bar coming out of it, with a MOUTH GUARD on its end that arches over the chair so that the person sitting in it can bite down on it.

And right below the head rest there's an opening where the back of your neck would be. Positioned in that space is THE BIGGEST FUCKING NEEDLE I'VE EVER SEEN on a spring loaded release of some fashion.

Sanborn examines the syringe closely.

It's filled with a TRANSLUCENT LIQUID.

Sanborn begins to think.

MAGNETO MAN (V.O.)

*We studied the brains of our two male subjects and discovered that their pineal glands produced a chemical that we'd never seen before... So we extracted it... and began introducing into the brains of numerous handpicked volunteer subjects. We set up a hangar just to perform this procedure.*

SANBORN (V.O.)

*Hangar four.*

Sanborn looks at the opening below the chair's head rest where the needle sits coiled on its spring.

MAGNETO MAN (V.O.)

*Yes. None of the volunteers survived the procedure because...*

(MORE)

MAGNETO MAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*none of them possessed a specific  
 dormant brain abnormality to  
 withstand the introduction... of  
 the chemical into their brain  
 stems.*

Sanborn climbs in the chair.

MAGNETO MAN (V.O.)  
*The other volunteers died  
 because... their descendents were  
 all... frauds. They claimed to have  
 abilities they never possessed.*

Sanborn grips the handles. Looks up at the ceiling.

SANBORN  
 You never lied to me. I'm banking  
 on that now. If I'm wrong I'd  
 probably be dead anyway.

Sanborn bites down on the mouth guard.

He takes a deep breath. Centers himself. Presses both buttons  
 on the handles.

THE NEEDLE SHOOTS THROUGH THE OPENING BELOW THE HEAD REST.  
 THRUSTING INTO THE BASE OF HIS SKULL.

Sanborn GROANS in PURE AGONY through the mouth guard as the  
 translucent liquid is slowly injected into his brain stem.

**EXT. MAIN DECK (SECOND LEVEL) - SAME TIME**

The Woman hears Sanborn muffled cries as she walks between  
 the hangars on the deck.

Pin points that they're emanating from Hangar 4.

She beelines directly for it.

**INT. HANGAR 4 - MOMENTS LATER**

We are staring at the locked door to Hangar 4.

There's a long beat.

Then...

BOOM!

The door SHUDDERS as something crashes against its other side.

BOOM!

It SHUDDERS again.

BOOM!

And again.

Then the door is TORN OFF its hinges.

The Woman steps through.

Nose bleeding.

She stares ahead at --

Sanborn.

Laying on the floor in the center of the hangar.

Looks like he fell out of the chair onto his stomach.

He has a giant RED PUNCTURE MARK on the back of his skull.

Is he... dead?

He GASPS. Sucking in a MASSIVE BREATH.

Okay.

Definitely not dead.

His eyes SLAM OPEN.

Sanborn picks himself off the floor. Slow.

Once fully standing, he lifts his head and meets eyes with The Woman across the room.

The Woman's brow furrows as she bores into Sanborn with a penetrating gaze.

His ears begin to leak blood.

Sanborn clinches his jaw.

He returns The Woman's stare with one of his own.

The Woman starts shaking.

And now her ears have started to bleed.

Sanborn grins through gritted teeth.  
He has the ability now too!  
Shock registers on her face.  
But it's quickly replaced by a look of determination.  
The Woman focuses harder.  
Sanborn starts shaking now.  
He doubles down his own concentration.  
Both of their temples start to pulsate.  
Veins spiderweb up their neck and over their faces.  
Blood vessels bursts in their eyes.  
They are both going kill each other at the same time.  
The Woman looks up toward the ceiling.  
Her nose starts to bleed.  
A METAL SCAFFOLDING BAR SNAPS free up in the rafters of the hangar.  
The Woman floats the bar down from the ceiling.  
Until it's directly hovering behind Sanborn.  
Its jagged pointed end pointing right at his back.  
Her nose SPEWS BLOOD while she maneuvers the piece of metal.  
Sanborn is completely unaware.  
The Woman's nose bleed is out of control.  
Spilling down from her face like a waterfall.  
Sanborn and The Woman's heads start to SWELL.  
They're skulls are going to pop.  
Sanborn's own nose starts to bleed.  
The Woman can't wait any longer.  
She sends the pointed bar flying at Sanborn's back.

We follow the spear as it rockets towards Sanborn from behind.

Sanborn smiles at The Woman as he --

Steps out of the way of the flying barb just at the right moment, and it --

Skewers The Woman like human a kabob.

Bursting out her back with her heart stuck to its tip.

The Woman's JAW DROPS.

She looks down at the bar impaled through her chest.

Then she looks back up at Sanborn.

HARLEY (V.O.)

*Well. Now what do you think about this whole thing?*

SANBORN (O.S.)

*I'm thinking that my Grandma was a mind reader in a traveling circus, so I know clowns when I see 'em.*

He wipes his bloody nose and grins at The Woman.

SANBORN (CONT'D)

Grams was legit.

(puts two fingers up to the side of his temple)

An actual, real deal Holyfield *mind reader*.

The Woman realizes *Sanborn read her mind*.

She can't believe it.

The Woman chokes on some of her own blood.

Takes one last dying breath.

Topples over like a felled tree.

Sanborn stares at The Woman laying motionless on the Hangar floor.

Then he looks up at the ceiling.

SANBORN (CONT'D)

Thanks Grammy.

He lowers his head.

Starts to hop on his good leg for the exit.

**EXT. CATWALK / OIL RIG - NIGHT**

The derrick elevator rises to the catwalk.

It carries a lone passenger.

Harley.

Soaked to the gills.

Seaweed in her hair.

A mess.

But.

*Alive.*

She steps off the lift onto the platform and sees --

Sanborn.

Sitting on his ass.

Surrounded by all the headless bodies scattering the deck.

HARLEY

John?

Sanborn smirks at Harley.

SANBORN

Wondering when you'd come up from  
your swim.

He looks like hell.

But somehow manages to wear it well.

Harley scans the platform on high alert.

HARLEY

Where is she?

SANBORN

She's dead.

HARLEY

Really?

SANBORN

Really.

Harley breathes a sigh of relief.

HARLEY

So, can we fucking leave now?

Sanborn shrugs.

SANBORN

Why not.

CUT TO:

**EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT**

A GIANT TANKER SHIP cuts through black water tugging a familiar JET FOIL in its wake by a tow chain.

SANBORN (O.S.)

I appreciate you guys giving us a tow. We were dead in the water until you came along.

**INT. TANKER - PILOT HOUSE**

Sanborn and Harley stand in the pilot house of the tanker with a bearded **TANKER CAPTAIN**.

It's a hive of activity in here. Multiple **CREW MEN** help navigate the massive vessel on the sea.

TANKER CAPTAIN

You took some substantial hull damage. Couldn't just leave you to the fish. Especially with one of you wounded.

Sanborn has a torn shirt, soaked through with blood, wrapped around his leg wound.

SANBORN

It looks a lot worse than it is.

TANKER CAPTAIN

I still think you should have our medic take a look at it-

NAVIGATOR (O.C.)

CAPTAIN! I'VE GOT TWO, NO THREE, NO FOUR PINGS ON THE SONAR!

The Tanker Captain hurries over to **THE NAVIGATOR**, sitting in front of a SONAR MACHINE.

ON ITS SCREEN:

The TANKER is flanked by TWO BLIPS on BOTH OF ITS SIDES.

CUT TO:

**EXT. TANKER SHIP - NIGHT**

TWO SHITTY LOOKING SPEED BOATS sail along side the tanker.

Both boats are filled with **SOMALI PIRATES** armed with AK-47's and ROCKET LAUNCHERS.

GRAPPLING HOOKS are shot up on to the tankers deck.

**ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE TANKER**

TWO MORE SHITTY SPEED BOATS filled with **MORE SOMALI PIRATES** with MORE GUNS, fire GRAPPLING HOOKS onto the Tanker.

CUT TO:

**INT. BRIG - TANKER SHIP - LATER**

The ENTIRE CREW of the tanker ship are on their knees. Hands tied behind their backs. Including Sanborn and Harley.

A SKINNY SOMALI in a **SOCCER JERSEY** keeps watch over the crew, holding an AK-47 that weighs more than he does.

The Navigator starts CRYING.

Soccer Jersey walks over to The Navigator.

SOCCKER JERSEY  
SHUT UP!

WHAM!

Hits him with the stock of his AK.

The Navigator crumples to the floor, head bleeding.

The Tanker Captain gets to his feet.

TANKER CAPTAIN  
You didn't have to do that! He's  
just a fucking kid!

Soccer Jersey points his AK at the Captain.

CHAK-CHAK!

Racks the slide.

SOCCKER JERSEY  
YOU. Back on your knees.

The Tanker Captain lowers himself back on his knees.

SOCCKER JERSEY (CONT'D)  
Next person I have to tell  
something. I shoot.

A **CREW MEMBER** CRIES lowly to himself.

Soccer Jersey walks up to the Crew Member.

BLAM!

Shoots him in the chest.

The tanker crew goes dead quiet in the brig.

SOCCKER JERSEY (CONT'D)  
I told you! Next person I have to  
tell something I shoot!

Beat.

Then...

Someone starts LAUGHING.

SOCCKER JERSEY (CONT'D)  
Who is that?

The LAUGHING gets LOUDER.

SOCCKER JERSEY (CONT'D)  
Who's laughing?

It's Sanborn.

Harley nudges him with her elbow.

HARLEY  
(sotto)  
John. What are you doing?

But Sanborn only laughs HARDER.

Soccer Jersey comes up to Sanborn.

Sticks his gun in his face.

SOCCKER JERSEY  
Hey! What's so funny?

Sanborn stops laughing. Looks up at the Somali.

SANBORN  
What's funny is that your pirate  
pals left you down here alone.

Sanborn locks gazes with the Somali pirate.

Soccer Jersey starts to bleed from his ear canals.

His head RINGS.

He drops his AK.

SCREEEEEEAAAMMMMS!

HIS FACE BLASTS APART.

And the last thing we see are TWO TERROR-FILLED EYE BALLS  
FLYING RIGHT AT US as we --

SLAM TO BLACK