

THE ARK

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. ICELAND - DAY

TITLE CARD: TWO WEEKS AGO

A Boeing CH47 Chinook flies in over the steel colored North Atlantic Ocean inland to a stunning bay of turquoise water - where icebergs, the size of buildings, topple out to sea.

An enormous glacier consumes the far end of the bay. We race toward it.

INT. CHINOOK - DAY - CONT.

This chopper's outfitted with the prize gems of modern technology - seismic detectors, sonar machines, metal indicators.

Men in military fatigues man the banks of equipment. Make no mistake about it - this is no sightseeing tour.

KEN DOBBS, 50's, a brusque hard-ass, stands behind the PILOTS.

DOBBS

This better be good.

CO-PILOT

Sir, with all due respect, we wouldn't have brought you all the way out here if we didn't think we had something to show you, sir.

Smart-ass. Dobbs glares. Caught in a strong gust, the chopper lurches.

DR. JEFF GARIPOLI, 42, stumbles up behind Dobbs. Sinewy and handsome in a bookish way, he pats down his wild hair and straightens his glasses. He looks out the window at the miles of icebergs in every direction.

JEFF

They don't call it Iceland for nothing, do they?

The chopper lurches again as it lowers, flying in over the glacier. The detector on board begins to CHIME as an image forms on the monitor.

Alarmed, Jeff leans in.

A mass, an enormous mass, deep within the glacier forms on the monitors, growing larger and taking shape as the chopper nears the actual object.

JEFF
 (breathless; eyes on
 monitor)
 Oh my God.

The DETECTORS go ape-shit, exploding with chimes and beeps.
 A cacophony of mechanical NOISE -

EXT. ABBY ARCHER'S HOUSE, SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA - TODAY

- fades out under the familiar WHINE of an ELECTRIC GUITAR.
 HEART'S "MAGIC MAN" emanates from the stereo of a battered
 Jeep parked in the driveway.

Two shapely female legs stick out of the open door of the
 Jeep. Inside, the unmistakable SOUND of TINKERING. The
 owner of the panty-hose model legs is fixing the stereo.

The volume cranks. And a Big Gulp resting on the hood
 vibrates to the bass beat. It skips along the surface of the
 hood and slides off, splattering to the ground.

At the bottom of the driveway, a town car stops and two SUITS
 with expensive sunglasses exit. They come up the drive.

SUIT #1
 (yelling over the
 music)
 Excuse me, Ma'am? Is Dr. Archer
 home?

DR. ABBY ARCHER, 41, a knock out even in her dingy work
 clothes, climbs out of the Jeep and sizes up the Suits.
 She's not surprised to see them; she's dealt with this sort
 before. We get the impression that they have about thirty
 seconds before she tells them to get the hell off her
 property. Best not to fuck with Dr. Archer - or waste her
 time.

ABBY
 Who wants to know?

SUIT #2
 (pen in mouth)
 Friends.

SUIT #1
 It's confidential, ma'am.

SUIT #2
 Go get Dr. Archer. He'll want to
 talk to us. I guarantee it.

Suit #2 caps his pen. His monogrammed pen. Abby catches the insignia. ECKMANN ENTERPRISES. The name resonates with her. She deftly pulls one wire from her dash and the music abruptly stops.

ABBY

You guys ever hear the one about the boy who was hit by a car and taken to the emergency room?

They're not in the mood for this.

ABBY

(continuing)

Come on, roll with me here. This will be educational for you both. I promise. The doctor comes in and takes one look at the boy and says, "I can't operate on him. He's my son." But the doctor isn't the boy's father. How can this be?

SUIT #2

(losing his patience)

Look, lady -

SUIT #1

(cluing in)

The doctor was the boy's mother.

(stepping forward)

Eckmann sent us to get you, Dr. Archer. He has - something - he'd like you to see.

INT. ABBY'S HOUSE - DAY - CONT.

The PHONE RINGS shrilly, piercing through the quiet house, waking three calico cats. The answering machine kicks on.

ABBY (VO)

It's Abby. Leave a message.

On the other end of the line, Jeff's so excited he can barely contain himself. BEEP.

JEFF (OS)

Abby, we found it.

(pause)

Abby? You there? Did you hear what I said?

One of the cats meows in response and stretches lazily.

EXT. ABBY'S HOUSE - DAY - CONT.

SUIT #1
Mr. Eckmann's willing to
compensate you handsomely for your
time, Dr. Archer.

ABBY
He always is.

He hands her an airline ticket. Reykjavik.

SUIT #1
I was instructed to give you this.

ABBY
Tell Eckmann that I don't work for
him anymore.

With that, she lets the ticket fall to the ground and heads
to her house.

SUIT #2
You'll want to be on this job,
doc. Trust me.

ABBY
(over her shoulder)
You can shove his invitation up
your ass, big guy. And when
you're done with that, you can
shove your friend there up your
ass too. Now get off my property
before I let the dogs out.

She SLAMS the door behind her.

INT. ABBY'S HOUSE - DAY - CONT.

Inadvertently knocking pieces off the chessboard, the cats
circle the answering machine. Familiar with Jeff's voice,
they talk back to him.

JEFF (OS)
Abby? Come on. You can't still
be mad at me. Pick up.

The walls of Abby's home are full of pictures of her on
various archaeological digs in exotic locales.

On the shelves, diplomas and other officious letters of
commemoration gather dust alongside pictures of Abby and Jeff
in days gone by.

There are dozens of Noah's Ark knickknacks around. Two of this, two of that. Rainbows and doves. You get the picture. Abby enters the room, hears Jeff's voice and stops in place.

JEFF (OS)
(continuing)
For Christ's sake, Abby! This is serious. Forgive me for just ten seconds and pick up the fucking phone. Please!

She picks up.

ABBY
Why are you calling?

JEFF (OS)
Abby! Thank God.

ABBY
Why are you calling, Jeff?

JEFF (OS)
Abby! Sit down. Listen to me.

ABBY
Screw you.

JEFF (OS)
We found it.

ABBY
(long pause;
disbelieving)
No you didn't.

JEFF (OS)
We did.

ABBY
Where?

JEFF (OS)
Iceland.

Shocked, she needs to sit.

JEFF (OS)
(continuing)
The bad news is this is Eckmann's baby, Abby, all the way from the beginning. But, the good news is that he wants you here. He's sending some suits to get you.

Abby pulls the curtains, watching as the said suits climb into their waiting car.

ABBY
(making up her mind)
Jeff?

JEFF
Yeah?

ABBY
I'll see you in Reykjavik.

She hangs up and bolts from the house. Through the window, we watch her chase down the town car, recanting her refusal.

EXT. ECKMANN LABORATORIES, GENEVA, SWITZERLAND - NIGHT

An enormous facility perched on a scenic hillside. The lights of Geneva glitter below.

INT. BASEMENT, ECKMANN LABORATORIES - NIGHT

On the heels of two new SUITS, we burst through a labyrinth of labs - full of beakers and Bunsen burners. The few scientists here at this late hour watch the suits barrel past like the Gestapo - fearful that the men are coming for them. One guy drops a beaker, SHATTERING it. Relief washes over him when the men pass him by.

DOWN A LONG OVERLY LIT CORRIDOR:

At the end of the hall, there's a lab full of animal cages and examining tables. Inside, a woman in a lab coat holds a bunny in each hand - this is EMI DANG, 28, a brilliant biologist, Chinese-American. She watches the suits approach. They barge through the swinging doors. Frightened, the animals SQUEAL, rattling their cages.

SUIT #3
Dr. Dang. Eckmann sent for you.

EXT. STANFORD UNIVERSITY, PALO ALTO, CALIFORNIA - DAY

Fall foliage. Scholarly coeds mill about.

INT. CAMPUS LECTURE HALL - DAY - CONT.

It's a full house, standing room only. On the large screen at the front of the hall there's a slide of an underwater fortress of some kind.

PROFESSOR TEMPLE JONES, 43, African-American, stands behind the lectern.

Well-groomed goatee, stylish glasses, pressed pants - Temple's a hip, slick and cooler version of your quintessential engineer.

TEMPLE

How do we know this wasn't built by the Mayans?

A sea of blank faces.

TEMPLE

(continuing)

We know because first of all, there's no evidence that molds were used. And second, there are iron ore deposits - see here?

The back doors of the lecture hall burst open - two of Eckmann's SUITS. The sight of them catches Temple off guard. For a second.

TEMPLE

(continuing; pointing to the slide)

- the Mayans didn't use iron in their architecture in 600 BC, did they, class?

SUIT #4

Dr. Jones?

Murmurs erupt. *No one interrupts Dr. Jones.*

SUIT #4

(continuing)

We need to speak with you. The matter is urgent.

TEMPLE

Well, you'll have to wait, gentlemen. As you can see, I'm in the middle of a lecture.

The Suits look at each other not sure what to do.

TEMPLE

(continuing)

Come in and sit down. Don't be shy.

The Suits inch forward hesitantly.

TEMPLE
(continuing)

There you go. Squeeze in there
and have a seat. I'll be done at
ten past the hour.

EXT. LECTURE HALL, STANFORD UNIVERSITY - DAY

Flanking either side of the lecture hall, Eckmann's men watch
the students file out. Temple approaches, removing his mike.

TEMPLE
What's he found this time?

The suits exchange looks. They're not at liberty to discuss
this.

SUIT #4
The mother lode, Dr. Jones.

Suit #4 hands him an airline ticket.

EXT. GLACIER TOP - DAY

The top of the glacier has been transformed into an
impressive military-esque outfit. Row after row of army
green tents house the hundred plus men who man the state of
the art drilling machinery.

Off to the side, huge cranes wait to be put to use. A large
hangar houses the choppers and jeeps. There are even a half
dozen decked out trailers for the superiors.

The air is riddled with the steady hum of DRILLING.

At the far edge of the camp, Dobbs and Jeff stand at the top
of a ice shaft dug into the glacier - 30 feet across the
shaft is nearly a mile deep.

An enclosed elevator car hangs over the pit suspended by an
intricate system of electric pulleys. Eight men with
biohazard outfits file unto the elevator.

DOBBS
Determine there's no risk, clear
a path to it, and get the hell out
of there, Goodson. You hear me?

COLBY GOODSON, 26, a broad shouldered Texan, is in charge.
Despite the elaborate bubble boy suit - we can tell he's a
looker.

GOODSON
Yes, sir.

Dobbs gives the signal and the elevator lowers into the pit beginning its long descent down.

EXT. GLACIAL SITE - DAY

Two paces behind Dobbs, Jeff follows him through camp.

JEFF

I'd like the first shot at it, Dobbs. Before the others get here - I can give Eckmann an accurate assessment of what's down there -

DOBBS

You're a DNA - guy - right, Garipoli?

JEFF

- geneticist. Yes.

DOBBS

And you think you can single-handedly do the work of Eckmann's experts? - the world's leading experts in their respective fields?

Jeff doesn't even blink. He's not lacking in confidence.

DOBBS

(continuing)

You're a bigger jack-ass than I had you pegged for, Doc.

A GRUNT runs up to Dobbs.

GRUNT

Dobbs, sir. We've got Goodson on the radio. They've hit bottom.

INT. CONTROL ROOM, COMMUNICATIONS TRAILER - DAY - CONT.

Dobbs barrels into the room, Jeff on his heels. He grabs an earpiece and the radio mike.

DOBBS

Dobbs.

As he listens to what Goodson says, his face belies his disbelief.

DOBBS
 (continuing)
 Copy. Stand-by for instructions.

He covers the mouthpiece and takes a seat, his mind reeling.

JEFF
 What is it?

DOBBS
 Call Eckmann. He needs to add
 another name to his list.

CUT TO:

EXT. REMOTE MOUNTAIN, RAIN FORESTS OF LATIN AMERICA - DAY

A truck races up a dirt road overgrown with ferns, vines and other encroaching vegetation.

INT. GREGOR PETROVICH'S STATION - DAY

A seemingly rustic but neat room full of books and ledgers. A KETTLE WHISTLES. A man's hand lifts it off the flame. It's then that the HUM of the truck's engine can be heard in the distance. Nearing. A pet canary squawks in warning, hopping around its cage. The man empties the kettle out on the fire, extinguishing it, and exits.

INT. TRUCK - DAY - CONT.

Through the windshield, a hut can be made out perched at the highest point of the mountain range. The SUITS exchange looks.

SUIT #5
 That's got to be it.

EXT. GREGOR PETROVICH'S STATION - DAY

They park the truck and head to the hut.

From a branch overhead, GREGOR PETROVICH, 39, drops down, rifle cocked.

Bearded, dirty, and obviously having been alone too long, he's like a wild animal - more like a Neanderthal than a world-renowned scholar. Of Croatian descent, Gregor speaks with an accent.

GREGOR
 Get on the ground!

One obeys. The other hesitates.

GREGOR
(continuing)
Get on the fucking ground now or
I'll kill you!

SUIT #6
Doctor Petrovich! Allister Eckmann
sent us. He has a project for
you. In Iceland.

Gregor considers this, weighing out the plausibility of their story. He checks out their suits. The truck. It adds up.

He shoots the cocked rifle into the tree anyway just to scare the shit out of them.

INT. GREGOR'S STATION - DAY

Through the open door, we see Suit #5 waiting out in the truck. Inside the hut, the other suit gnaws on a piece of jerky, attempting to make small talk.

SUIT #6
This isn't so bad.

Gregor packs his things quickly. Because he's so organized, this doesn't take long.

GREGOR
It's rat. Wait outside. There's
something I need to do before I go.

Once the Suit's gone, Gregor lets the canary out of her cage. She flies around the room delighted. Gregor smiles. He's a handsome man after all, beneath the layers of grime and neglect.

He closes his suitcase and leaves the hut -

- flipping a switch on his way out.

As he walks out to the waiting truck, the camera pulls back inside. We pass over the open ledgers full of intricate drawings - ellipses and orbits.

Back further, we see star maps on the walls and high-powered telescopes. Expensive telescopes. This "hut" is an observatory.

Light filters in from above as the roof retracts in a perfect oval revealing the sky as it fades into twilight. A thousand stars glimmer overhead. Gregor's canary flies out the open roof into the descending night.

EXT. ICELAND - DAWN

A truck with an ECKMANN ENTERPRISES insignia on the side passes through Iceland's surreal landscape - the land of fire and ice. There's an entire valley of cooling lava. And a waterfall the size of Niagara jutting out of a mountain side. A geyser, to rival Old Faithful, rips through a bed of permafrost billowing endless clouds of steam.

INT. TRUCK - DAWN - CONT.

Out the window, Abby watches the bizarre scenery pass. It's like visiting the surface of another planet. Emi Dang sits in the row behind her, staring out her window.

In the back row, DR. FRIDRICKSSON, 62, an Icelandic geologist snores. Loudly.

EMI

(to Abby)

I work in the Geneva lab. Which one are you from?

ABBY

I don't work for Eckmann. Anymore.

(changing the subject)

You know who that guy is?

She motions to the snoring man.

EMI

Dr. Fridricksson. He's Icelandic. A geologist. Works in the Nova Scotia facility. I think his speciality's ice.

ABBY

(smiling wryly)

Appropriate.

EMI

I'm Emi Dang.

(they shake hands
over the seat)

Dual doctorates. Biology.
Zoology. You?

Abby doesn't respond.

EMI

(continuing)

What's your field? Of expertise?
You are a Ph.d., right?

ABBY
 (hesitates)
 Archaeology. I'm Abby Archer.

Emi's face registers her surprise and something else -

EMI
 Oh my God.

EXT. TURQUOISE BAY, ICELAND - DAY - CONT.

The truck passes over a bridge. Beneath, huge icebergs scrape down the channel and out to sea.

The truck stops beside the only man-made structure on the shore of the brilliant turquoise bay - a tarmac. An ECKMANN ENTERPRISES Chinook warms up.

Abby walks down to the shore of the bay. An iceberg the size of a school gymnasium SCRAPES by on its way out to sea.

A tremendous GRINDING SOUND draws her attention to the parent glacier at the far end of the bay. A huge chunk of ice breaks free from the top and plummets hundreds of feet, landing with a tremendous splash in the bay.

Abby shivers involuntarily. Behind her, the chopper's BLADES WHIP to life.

INT. CHINOOK - DAY

Out the window of the chopper, we see the parent glacier fastly approaching.

Emi absently traces her finger in the condensation on the window. The Icelandic geologist, now fully awake, yells to be heard over the engine. He lectures Abby and Emi.

FRIDRICKSSON
 All sorts of things get trapped in the glaciers. Things that land on the top move to the bottom and the things trapped on the bottom work their way to the top. Eventually. Last spring they found a German plane from the World War II. The pilot was sitting there in the cockpit in his Luftwaffe uniform. Even the tobacco from his cigarettes was perfect like it was yesterday - like time standing still.

Abby sees what Emi's drawn on the window - a rudimentary boat. Self-conscious, Emi wipes it clear as the chopper begins its descent.

EXT. CAMP, GLACIER TOP - DAY

The Chinook lands near the campsite. Abby, Emi, and Dr. Fridricksson climb off. Abby looks disapprovingly at the rows upon rows of tents and the men in military fatigues.

TEMPLE (OS)

We're back in the thick of it now,
Abby, old girl.

Abby breaks into a smile and turns to see -

ABBY

(hugging him)
Temple! I thought you quit.

TEMPLE

I did. Right after you.
(he winks)
And now here we both are working
on one of Eckmann's projects
again.

ABBY

(defiant)
I'm not here for him.

TEMPLE

Jeff call you in?

Her silence is her confirmation. A jeep of faux military men passes.

ABBY

Where does Eckmann find all these
fake military dudes?

TEMPLE

Dobbs does. *Gun & Ammo* is my
guess. How much do you think the
tabloids would pay to know that
the richest man in the world
dreams of being a military
dictator?

ABBY

Eckmann's one sick fuck.

TEMPLE

You're telling me. He rigged the Troy site with hidden cameras so he could watch us as we worked.

PA SYSTEM (OS)

Testing. Testing.

The PA system thunders so loudly it causes drifts of snow and ice to avalanche off the roof of the hangar.

DOBBS (OS)

Lower the God-damn PA!

TEMPLE

Ah! The voice of Dobbs. Good old Dobbs. What a fucking saint.

ABBY

You seen Jeff yet?

Temple nods guiltily. Suspicions raised, Abby looks past him. Jeff waits nearby, patting down his wild hair.

ABBY

(continuing)

You his goodwill ambassador, Temple?

TEMPLE

Something like that.

(he pats her back)

Go easy on him, Abby. He's scared shitless to see you again.

ABBY

He should be.

Temple heads off as Jeff nears. He stops a few feet from Abby, leaving a healthy amount of distance between them.

ABBY

(continuing)

I find it hard to believe that Eckmann has enough work to keep a geneticist employed full time. What does he have you working on, Jeff? Are you making Ubermanch?

JEFF

Couldn't go back to being a noble and poor academic. Can you blame me, Abby?

ABBY

Yes.

This carries more weight than she intended.

JEFF

How are the cats?

GRUNT

- Garipoli! Eckmann's chopper lands in ten minutes. Gather up the experts.

JEFF

(to Abby)

You've waited your whole life for this and - I'm glad you came, Abby. I just hope it doesn't turn out to be a disappointment.

ABBY

I've waited my whole life for a lot of things, Jeff, that have turned out to be shit. I'm use to disappointment.

She grabs her bags and heads off after the grunt.

INT. CONTROL ROOM, COMMUNICATIONS TRAILER - DAY

This simple trailer's decked out with all the amenities deep pockets can afford - sophisticated sensory equipment, an elaborate PA system, shelf after shelf of high-tech wizardry.

The experts - Temple, Emi, Dr. Fridricksson, Abby and Jeff wait. A rigid GRUNT stands by the door like a guard.

Temple rummages through his bag. He pulls out a CD.

TEMPLE

Some tunes?

(eyeing the elaborate
stereo system)

I bet this baby can crank.

Before he can get to the stereo, the doors are thrown open. Dobbs enters followed by ALLISTER ECKMANN, 56.

ECKMANN

Greetings and salutations!

Eckmann's an eccentric billionaire who often behaves more like a petulant 4 year-old than a man of wealth and distinction.

Twirling the ends of his manicured mustache, he scans the room, making a mental note of everyone and everything.

ECKMANN
(continuing)
Sit. Sit. Please. Ms. Dang,
lovely as always.

He kisses her hand - she allows this but only long enough as not to appear rude. She eyes him cautiously.

ECKMANN
(continuing)
Professor Jones. I haven't had
the pleasure of your company since
Atlantis, was it?

TEMPLE
Troy.

ECKMANN
Troy. Yes.

TEMPLE
But it wasn't Troy.

ECKMANN
No, it was - what? - a Byzantine
market, was it?

He chuckles good-naturedly and turns to Abby. It's easy to tell from their caustic exchange that there's no love lost between these two.

ECKMANN
(continuing)
Dr. Archer. What would in
expedition be like without at
least one ball buster in the group?
(to Jeff)
Dr. Garipoli, if you can get along
with your ex-wife, then I suppose
we all can learn. You're an
inspiration to us all, good man.

Eckmann shakes Dr. Fridricksson's hand heartily, welcomes him in Icelandic and then surveys the room.

ECKMANN
(continuing)
Is this it? Is our group complete,
Dobbs?

DOBBS

No. There's one more on your list.
(pausing)
An astronomer.

Abby looks confused.

ABBY

Why would we need an astronomer?

Eckmann smiles in response. The door opens and Gregor Petrovich enters, Grizzly Adam's beard and all. He and Eckmann look like delegates from two different worlds, but they hug like old friends.

GREGOR

I came as fast as I could.

ECKMANN

I've been looking forward to an opportunity to work with you again, Gregor. Tell me I can persuade you to come work for me full-time?

ABBY

Excuse me. I'm sorry to break up the man on man lovefest. But we've all flown half way around the world to get here so that you could show us what you think you have found this time, Eckmann. So, can we get to it?

ECKMANN

(twinkle in his eye)
And, she's off. Dobbs?

Dobbs lowers the lights and the first image from the chopper fills the TV screen. A large indeterminable mass glows deep inside the glacier.

ECKMANN

(continuing)

I routinely send out what I like to think of as Magellan expeditions to the far corners of the world, the sole purpose: to discover that which has not been discovered, to find that which has been overlooked.

From the intonation in his voice, he's deliberately making a reference to both his "pet projects" and his eclectic stable of "experts."

ECKMANN

(continuing)

This glacier is the largest and oldest freestanding glacier in all of Europe. And, from time to time, it coughs up some interesting contents.

Thinking of the World War II plane, Abby looks to Fridricksson.

ECKMANN

(continuing)

On a routine flyby our detectors discovered a mass deep within the glacier.

As they watch, the mass grows bigger, more distinct.

ECKMANN

(continuing)

Approximately the width of a football field - it's a quarter of a mile long and over a hundred feet tall.

The unmistakable shape of a boat forms onscreen.

ECKMANN

(continuing)

Dobbs and his men set up camp and have been digging down to the site for weeks. It's been a slow and dangerous process. The nature of ice is a precarious one. They've had to be extremely careful, but despite our caution we've had our share of cave-ins, mini avalanches and setbacks.

Onscreen, a hand-held shot of the expedition crew, in biohazard outfits, setting off down into the glacier. Jeff and Dobbs are there in the background.

ECKMANN

(continuing; with pride)

We hit target two days ago.

ABBY
 (quietly)
 You think it's Noah's Ark, don't
 you?

ECKMANN
 I was sure of it, Dr. Archer.
 Until two days ago.

Eckmann signals to Dobbs who reaches in his pocket and
 removes a metal bolt. He tosses this on the tabletop. It
 skids along the surface coming to a stop in front of Abby.

ECKMANN
 (continuing)
 When the men reached the ship,
 they removed that from it. Do you
 know what that is, doctor?

ABBY
 (an educated guess)
 A bolt.

She hands it to Temple who puts on his glasses and sets to
 work studying it.

ECKMANN
 A metal bolt. And do you know
 what that means, Dr. Archer?

ABBY
 (disappointed)
 That you're wasting my time again.

She heads for the door.

JEFF
 Abby!

ABBY
 According to the story, the ark
 was made of cypress wood, Jeff.
 By primitive people. If there's
 a metal boat down in that glacier,
 I don't know what it is. But its
 not the Ark.

GREGOR
 According to the biblical story
 the Ark also landed in Southern
 Turkey. If it -
 (more)

GREGOR (cont'd)
(points to the mass
on the monitors)
- is the ship the story refers to
there are obviously going to be
some serious discrepancies from
the original story.

Abby, offended that this - stranger - would challenge her,
bites back.

ABBY
I didn't realize you were an
astronomer and a Noah's Ark expert
too. Please enlighten us - I'm
sorry, I didn't catch your name?

GREGOR
Gregor Petrovich. It's often
speculated that the Ark came to
rest on either Mt. Ararat or Mt.
Judi in southern Turkey. But
despite dozens of expeditions
nothing has been found on either
Ararat or Judi to lend credence to
the story. If I'm not mistaken,
Dr. Archer, you've lead two of
those expeditions yourself. With
Eckmann's funding. To no avail,
correct doctor?

(Abby has no response)
I'm no expert on the Ark, Doctor
Archer. That's your speciality.
But I did have a perfect
attendance record in Sunday school.

ABBY
(quiet)
It can't be the ark. The one
consistency in all the versions of
the story is that the Ark was made
six-thousand years ago. There's
no way any civilization then would
have had the kind of technology to
build a ship that size. Out of
metal. It's just not possible.

ECKMANN
That's what I thought. At first.

Another slide fills the screen. A close-up of the bolt.
Complete with a read out of its chemical composition. Temple
leans in, studying the results. This is his area of
expertise.

ECKMANN

(continuing)

We carbon-dated the bolt. The mass down there in that glacier is six-thousand years old.

Temple sees something in the chemical break down that makes his jaw drop. He takes off his glasses and rubs his eyes.

TEMPLE

We know one thing for sure. No farmer and his sons made that ship.

He has everyone's attention.

TEMPLE

(continuing)

According to the read out, this bolt's made primarily of Titanium which is a metallic element resembling iron. It's extremely useful because its strong and its light and doesn't rust easily. This makes it ideal for use in the aircraft industry. But there's no known use of it before this century.

ECKMANN

No, there isn't.

The room falls silent as everyone absorbs this information.

ECKMANN

(continuing)

You know what else this sample has that makes it interesting, Dr. Jones?

Eckmann displays the bolt.

ECKMANN

(continuing)

It contains Iridium.

Temple looks like he's seen a ghost. Eckmann grins like PT Barnham revealing the bearded lady.

EMI

So?

GREGOR

So that's why I'm here.

EMI

I'm lost. Forgive my ignorance but my dual doctorates are in Biology and Zoology. I haven't taken inorganic chemistry since undergrad at Vassar. What's so interesting about Iridium?

FRIDRICKSSON

The only substantial amount of Iridium near the earth's crust is located in a thin layer traced back to 66 million years ago. Around the time of the Extinction of the Dinosaurs.

Emi still looks lost.

TEMPLE

Folks, the only source of Iridium on Earth is from meteorites.

ABBY

What are you saying?

JEFF

He's saying that "ship" wasn't built here, Abby.

The room is silent.

JEFF

(continuing)

That ship flew here.

The room erupts with noisy protests and bewildered exclamations.

EMI

A space ship?!

FRIDRICKSSON

My holy shit.

Gregor readjusts himself crudely.

In the ensuing chaos, Abby grabs Temple.

ABBY

Temple?

TEMPLE

It's the only explanation that makes sense. NASA hasn't invented a way of attaching Iridium to Titanium, Abby. No one has.

ABBY

What's inside the ship, Eckmann?

ECKMANN

(cutting the bullshit)

You tell me. That's why the six of you are here - you're the fewest number of people I need to get an accurate assessment of what's down there in that glacier.

INT. TRAILER, GLACIER TOP - NIGHT

If we didn't know better, we'd swear we were in the penthouse suite of the Ritz Carlton - not dining on the surface of a glacier. The room sparkles with candle light and fine crystal. Waiters mill about.

Our six experts - Abby, Jeff, Temple, Gregor, Emi and Fridricksson sit at a mahogany banquet table. Eckmann, has placed himself at the head of the table.

ECKMANN

Join me in a toast.

The experts raise their glasses. Abby, dolled up in a dress, catches Jeff looking at her. He winks.

ECKMANN

(continuing)

To the biggest discovery of the 21st century. And the secrets it holds. Whatever they may be.

EXT. TRAILER, GLACIER TOP - NIGHT

The experts file out of the trailer as they head to their respective tents for the night.

At the other side of the camp, Abby notices a flurry of activity at the top of the ice shaft. Dobbs and his men are over there. Doing something.

ABBY

What are they doing?

ECKMANN

Preparations. Mr. Dobbs runs a tight ship. We wouldn't want any glitches tomorrow, would we doctor?

Abby glares at him.

ABBY

I don't owe you anything, Eckmann.

ECKMANN

Your opinion. That's all I'm after, Dr. Archer.

He tips his hat and takes his leave.

INT. MEDICS' TENT - DAWN

Abby in a flimsy hospital gown sits on the edge of the cot. An Icelandic MEDIC checks her reflexes.

MEDIC

Temperatures within the glacier will be below freezing. Your group will only have four hours before mild hypothermia will set in. You won't notice, but your thinking will slow. Your body will slow. Even your reflexes will slowly deteriorate until you feel yourself falling off to sleep, but it isn't sleep, it's death.

He hits her knee. Hard. She winces.

ANOTHER TENT

Another MEDIC leans over Gregor, listening to his heart. Satisfied, he puts his stethoscope away.

MEDIC

You pass.

Gregor runs his hands over his stubble.

GREGOR

Do you have a razor?

EXT. ICE SHAFT, GLACIER TOP - DAWN

A storm brews. The glacier surface is a sea of blinding snow flurries.

Abby, Jeff, Emi, Temple and Fridricksson crowd around the top of the ice shaft as Dobbs supervises the loading of the elevator car.

The unrelenting wind threatens to blow them over. Bundled up with their light equipped helmets they look like zealous Eskimo miners. Abby leans over the ice ledge and peers into the depths of the shaft.

GOODSON (OS)

You don't want to do that, ma'am.
This wind will knock you on your
ass faster than a horny bull.

He grabs her by her backpack and pulls her away from the ledge. Abby looks at the strapping young Texan.

DOBBS

People, Goodson will be your
escort.

Goodson smiles at Abby - the kind of smile that has left a thousand broken hearts in its wake.

ABBY

You do have a permission slip from
your mother, right?

INT/EXT. ELEVATOR CAR - DAY - CONT.

They open the door to the elevator car and pile in.

GOODSON

We all here?

The straggler, as usual, Gregor makes his way from the camp to the edge of the shaft escorted by Eckmann's men.

Cleaned up, Gregor is a looker - chiseled jaw, dashing eyes - matinee idol good looks. Abby does a double take. Jeff notices. She notices that he notices.

ABBY

(to Goodson)
What about Eckmann?

GOODSON

Mr. Eckmann's staying topside,
ma'am.

ABBY

That chickenshit!

GREGOR
(entering; catching
Abby's comment)
Eckmann's a great philanthropist.

ABBY
He's a showman.

GREGOR
He's a visionary - a modern-day
Carnegie -

ABBY
You his publicist?

He moves past her into the car and finds a seat.

GREGOR
No. His friend.

Dobbs seals the door and the car begins its descent.

INT. ELEVATOR CAR - DAY

The light of day fades with every jerky descent.

JEFF
It's going to fall.

GOODSON
No. It's safe.

The car lurches then abruptly stops. The lights go out.
Fridricksson starts swearing or praying; we can't tell - it's
in Icelandic.

GOODSON
(continuing)
Don't panic.

The auxiliary lights come on. Gregor stands by the open
circuit box with his Swiss Army knife, screwdriver extended.

JEFF
Look who's the closet boy scout.

GREGOR
Eagle scout.

The main lights come on and the car resumes its descent.
Fridricksson stops swearing. Abby hands him a hanky to wipe
his sweaty brow.

FRIDRICKSSON

Thank you.

TEMPLE

(to Emi)

Were you on the Dead Sea Scrolls?

EMI

No. Roswell.

TEMPLE

That's right. I knew you looked familiar. You been working for Eckmann a long time?

Abby steals a glance at Temple. Familiar with his game. He ignores her.

EMI

Long enough -

The lights go out, but the car continues it's steady descent.

EMI

(continuing)

- to expect the unexpected.

INT. GLACIER - NIGHT

Pitch black and silent.

Then the steady whir of the elevator car descending. And with it - floodlights. It slows to a stop as it hits the bottom of the ice shaft.

From a distance, we watch the seven exit, their helmet lights sweep the foggy bottom like headlights.

INSIDE ABBY'S HELMET

Her breath fogs the visor of her helmet. She turns a corner. Something looms ahead in the dark. Pitch black. Mammoth -

EXT. ARK - NIGHT - CONT.

- in the dim light, it's hard to make out what it is.

But as the experts gather, the light from their helmets and flashlights add to Abby's - shining in the same direction and soon - the ark takes shape before us.

It's immense. Encrusted in ice. Ominous.

Goodson sets up a floodlight. The dense ice encompassing the ark reflects back thick distorted images like a fun house mirror. Abby stares in silence.

Jeff lets loose a celebratory yell. Fridricksson quickly shushes him.

FRIDRICKSSON

No loud noises! Your antics could
cave in the roof and kill us all.

Like little kids, Jeff and Temple jog to the ark. They can barely contain their excitement.

Abby hangs back with the others. Staring at this wonder with caution.

GOODSON

This way.

EXT. ARK - DAY

He leads them to a portal door in the side of the ship. Abby looks at the sheets of impenetrable ice that cover the majority of the ship. But not this door.

ABBY

Who's been inside the ship?

GOODSON

No one. We cleared the portal
door on the first expedition. We
had to confirm there was no
biohazard.

ABBY

And there's not?

GOODSON

No, ma'am.

ABBY

How can you be sure if you didn't
board?

GOODSON

We ran all the appropriate tests,
ma'am.

She reaches her hand towards the door. It sparks. Goodson grabs her wrist.

GOODSON
(continuing)
You don't want to do that. The
door's electrically charged.
Watch this.

He holds his palm up to a round sensor at the side of the door and the circular portal door whips open instantaneously. Temple investigates the palm reader.

TEMPLE
What is that?

GOODSON
A palm reader. Beats the old crow
bar and lever routine.

TEMPLE
(fascinated)
It responds to a human hand?

GOODSON
Yes, sir. We lucked out.

With that he starts his stop watch. And a four hour count down begins. Goodson climbs through the open portal door. Abby goes next, crossing the threshold into the ark.

INT. ARK - DAY - CONT.

Somewhere deep within the dark bowels of the ship, an ancient light flickers to life -

- dimly blinking under layers of dust, the light grows more intense.

Some ancient mechanism has been triggered.

Some process set into motion.

INT. ROTUNDA, ARK - DAY - CONT.

Our group climbs up the initial passageway into the rotunda of the ark.

A cavernous space, eerily green, the rotunda opens all the way to the top of the ship. The room's bone chilling cold and quiet. Not even the sound of wind.

FRIDRICKSSON
Wow.

Abby casts her light around. Everywhere, corridors lead off the rotunda like spokes from the center of a wheel.

In the center of a room a spiral staircase rises into the darkness.

Abby takes a step towards it. Something crackles under her foot. She casts her light down. Still not able to make it out, she crouches down.

And then sees it.

Shit.

Bird shit.

JEFF
(quiet; in awe)

Abby?

She turns to him, but his gaze is solidly fixed on something above. He pales.

She shines her flashlight up into the rotunda.

There, perched on the high rafters above is an owl. Or what resembles an owl, in attack position. Frozen, dead, perfectly preserved. She gasps.

The others shine their flashlights overhead. Their lights illuminate the rafters.

Full of petrified birds. All dead, all frozen. All staring.

ABBY
Oh my God.

INT. ROTUNDA, ARK - DAY - LATER

A bright floodlight is set up. And like Plato's cave, the elongated shadows of the experts play on the walls, as they inspect the rotunda and the birds overhead. Goodson shines his light on a frozen dove, stark white.

GOODSON
(on the radio)
That's what I'm telling you, sir,
yes -

INT. CONTROL ROOM, COMMUNICATIONS TRAILER, GLACIER TOP -
DAY - CONT.

GOODSON (OS)
- there are animals on this ship.

Eckmann grabs the radio mike from Dobbs.

ECKMANN

Tell me, how are the experts reacting?

GOODSON (OS)

Well, they're shocked, sir. With good reason.

But Eckmann doesn't need Goodson's commentary. He's got a bird's eye view. No pun intended.

The communications trailer's rigged with monitors displaying the images from various stationary cameras set up in the ark. Eckmann watches his experts canvas the rotunda.

ECKMANN

(to Dobbs)

Where's the sound? I want to hear them! I found the real deal this time. By God, I did.

Dobbs orders his men to activate the audio.

GOODSON (OS)

Sir?

INT. ROTUNDA, ARK - DAY - CONT.

GOODSON

I didn't catch that.

ECKMANN (OS)

Keep up the good work, son.

With that, radio contact is disconnected.

Goodson looks around. Six flashlights illuminate various nooks and crannies off the main room as the experts head off on their own.

GOODSON

Everyone. Hey! Can y'all come back here for a minute. We've got a lot of space to cover in four hours. Let's split up into two groups.

TEMPLE

I'll take Emi.

(this sounds really forward)

And Jeff.

Fridricksson looks at him like the last kid on the playground waiting to be picked for kickball.

TEMPLE
(continuing)
And Fridricksson.

GOODSON
Fine. Then Dr. Archer, Dr.
Petrovich and I will be the other
team. I'm channel one on the
radio. Topside's channel four.

Goodson hands the extra radio to Jeff who jogs off after his crew; they head to the back of the ship.

JEFF
(departing)
It's the real deal, Abby. I told
you.

Abby looks up into the rafters. Her flashlight catches the reflection of a hawk's frozen gaze. Piercing.

GREGOR
Abby!

She jumps. Turning.

Gregor presses a palm reader on the wall and the door whips open, revealing a long dark corridor heading towards the front of the ship. Gregor smiles. Intoxicated with the technology.

GREGOR
(continuing)
This technology is six-thousand
years old.

GOODSON
Dr. Petrovich, you're like a two
year-old on Christmas morning.
More excited about the box than
the red fire truck that came in it.

INT. ANOTHER CORRIDOR OFF ROTUNDA, ARK - DAY

A portal door whips open. Flashlights - four flashlights. Group two enters and makes their way down the long corridor. Fridricksson spots something out of the corner of his eye. He turns, shining his light.

There are two frozen marsupial-looking animals.

Like a cross between a koala and an armadillo, they stand against the wall. Next to it, there crouch two felines. Larger than house cats their whiskers extend to the floor. Emi grabs Fridricksson's arm.

EMI

There's two of each.

Everywhere odd incarnations of familiar animals with prehistoric anomalies are cast into light and then back into complete darkness as the flashlights pass over them.

Like a visit to the prehistoric taxidermist, rows of animals stack all the way to the high ceiling, lining both sides of the hall. Like bookshelves.

INT. NURSERY, ARK - DAY

A dark room. Bitterly cold and quiet. Goodson, Gregor and Abby shine their flashlights.

Like a laboratory, the room's full of counter space and shelves - all empty. Small clear containers everywhere - empty too. Abby lays her hand on the counter. It slides.

Gregor shines his light on her glove. It's covered with a thick goopy substance.

ABBY

Why isn't it frozen? What is it?

GREGOR

I don't know. But you don't want it near your skin.

He grabs his hanky and wipes her glove clean. Abby takes note of the gentleness he exercises. He catches her watching. She looks at the empty shelves.

A room of empty shelves and goop. Abby's suspicions are raised.

ABBY

It looks like it's been looted.

GOODSON (OS)

Let's get a move on it, guys.

Goodson enters the next room. Quickly, Gregor wraps the soiled hanky in a plastic bag and puts it in his backpack.

GOODSON (OS)
(continuing)
Come on, now. You don't go to the
prom to stand by the punch bowl.

Abby follows Gregor out of the room. As she goes, she spots something on the floor in the far corner of the room. She shines her flashlight over.

A boot print.

EXT. HANGAR, GLACIER TOP - DAY

CLOSE ON:

Combat boots, at a fast clip, walking across the glacier top to the hangar.

Two other people follow in tennis shoes. They slip and slide on the icy surface, trying to keep up with owner of the boots.

Hangar door. Two quick raps. One solid one.

The door slides open.

INT. HANGAR - DAY - CONT.

Dobbs enters. Followed by SIMS and WELSH, two lab geeks in wind-breakers and tennis shoes. With the exception of the guard posted at the door, the vacuous hangar seems deserted.

Dobbs leads them to the far corner. Behind a man-made wall of boxes and supplies, there are two dozen tables set up like a cafeteria. Tarps lay out over the tables.

Off to the side, a makeshift lab has been set up.

SIMS
(shivering)
Is it possible to get some space
heaters?

WELSH
And Jolt.
(explaining)
It has four times the caffeine of
regular soda.

DOBBS
We need your preliminary analysis
ASAP.

SIMS
Where are the samples?

Dobbs pulls back the tarp of the first table.

This tabletop, like the dozen others, is covered with test tubes. Sims and Welsh take in the sight. Table after table of embryonic fetuses in various stages of gestation. Thousands and thousands of animal embryos.

DOBBS

Get to work.

INT. BACK CORRIDORS, ARK - DAY

CLOSE ON: SOME SORT OF MAMMAL

Like a cross between a bear and a dog. The mother animal lies, three pups nursing. All perfectly frozen. Emi crouches in front of it.

Temple kneels next to her, inadvertently startling her.

EMI

You scared me.

TEMPLE

Sorry.

He reaches forward and touches the smooth skin of a pup.

EMI

There's no way to account for the condition they're in. I mean, they're in perfect condition.

Jeff and Fridricksson join them, looking at the nursing pups.

FRIDRICKSSON

Poor little guys.

Reverently, he looks overhead at the hundreds and hundreds of animals stacked up into the darkness.

FRIDRICKSSON

(continuing; to Emi)

What could account for a death toll like this?

EMI

A sudden change in pressure.

(losing confidence)

Possibly.

TEMPLE

What I want to know is why aren't there pens or crates around the animals?

No one has an answer.

JEFF

Maybe there were electric fences.
At one point.

TEMPLE

(not convinced)

Maybe.

Temple sits down and starts examining the floor and walls.
Jeff squats beside him, sweeping away layers of dust.

Fridricksson and Emi are antsy to move on.

FRIDRICKSSON

Maybe it would be best if Ms. Dang and I went ahead and continued to look at the animals. Then, the two of you could take as much time as you want looking at the floor.

Temple's surprised the two of them are uninterested.

TEMPLE

Suit yourselves.

Emi mouths the words "thank you" to Fridricksson and they head off. Temple watches them go. Or more specifically, watches Emi go.

JEFF

You like her?

TEMPLE

I've heard Eckmann's laboratory in Geneva is top notch. Perhaps with the right motivation, I could be persuaded to leave academia and get on Eckmann's payroll again.

JEFF

(offended)

If finding a comfortable environment in which to pursue your life's work is a crime, than I guess I'm guilty -

TEMPLE

Look, I didn't mean anything by it, Jeff. Really. Sorry.

Jeff resumes his work clearing the floor.

JEFF

There are worse things than working for Eckmann, you know -

Temple gingerly moves the pups aside.

TEMPLE

(making a joke)

- Yeah. You could be working for Dobbs.

DOWN THE CORRIDOR

Fridricksson and Emi come to a fork in the passageway.

EMI

Why don't we split up? We'll cover more space.

FRIDRICKSSON

I don't know if that's a good idea, Ms. Dang.

EMI

(turning on the charm)

Emi.

FRIDRICKSSON

Emi. It's a labyrinth in here. One could easily get lost -

EMI

I'll leave a trail of bread crumbs.

Fridricksson consents and they part ways. Each heading down their own corridor.

INT. HALLWAY NEAR FLIGHT DECK, ARK - DAY

Abby, Gregor and Goodson come to another portal door. Goodson searches the adjacent walls for a palm reader.

INT. CONTROL ROOM, GLACIER TOP - DAY - CONT.

CLOSE ON: A BLACK SCREEN

Eckmann sits up in his chair.

ECKMANN
Dobbs, get in here!

INT. ADJACENT BATHROOM - DAY - CONT.

ECKMANN (OS)
Hurry, man! You're going to miss
it. They're at the flight deck.

Dobbs is taking a leak. He finishes his business and heads
back into -

INT. CONTROL ROOM, GLACIER TOP - DAY - CONT.

Eckmann actually snacks on popcorn as he watches the black
screen.

ECKMANN
I can't wait to see their faces!
Byzantine markets. Sunken oil
tankers! Ha! Well, I've found
the real McCoy this time, by God!
I've found the genesis of life!

Distracted, Dobbs discreetly checks his watch.

DOBBS
Yes, sir.

Onscreen, the portal door whips open. And -

INT. FLIGHT DECK, ARK - DAY - CONT.

- Goodson, Abby and Gregor step into the flight deck. Pitch
black. They can't make anything out.

ABBY
Get the floodlight.

Goodson sets it up and the room fills with light.

A large contoured console without instrumentation of any kind
sits before them.

Gregor charges to it, scanning it up and down.

INT. CONTROL ROOM, GLACIER TOP - DAY - CONT.

Eckmann leans forward in his seat, so excited he can barely
contain himself.

GREGOR (OS)
 (in quiet awe)
 This could be tangible proof of
 extra-terrestrial life.

ABBY (OS)
 Its possible that this was made
 here on earth by a culture far
 more advanced than ours.

INT. FLIGHT DECK, ARK - DAY - CONT.

ABBY
 Now extinct.

GREGOR
 No - the material, the technology,
 the design - it all points to
 space travel. It's pure arrogance
 to maintain that it must have a
 "human" origin.

GOODSON
 Both explanations sound equally
 stupid if you ask me.

They both turn on him, eyes blazing.

GOODSON
 (continuing)
 Which you didn't.

INT. CONTROL ROOM, GLACIER TOP - DAY - CONT.

Eckmann's glued to the set, waiting to watch the fireworks
 show, when suddenly the monitors cut out. Nothing but static.

ECKMANN
 Dobbs! Where are you?! Hurry!

EXT. GLACIER TOP - DAY - CONT.

A doozy of a storm has blown in. The winds threaten to wipe
 their camp off the glacier. Dobbs yells orders to his men
 who scurry about trying to resurrect antennas and blown over
 equipment.

INT. FLIGHT DECK, ARK - DAY

GREGOR
 Let me get this straight: we find
 a six-thousand year-old ship full
 of prehistoric animals and you
 don't think it's Noah's Ark?

ABBY

Noah's Ark is the genesis of all current life. Everything on board this ship is dead.

GREGOR

We don't know that they all died! The animals left could be the stragglers.

ABBY

And where did the survivors go? Out into the ice? Nothing could live out there.

GREGOR

Abby, there are only three necessities for life. Light. Heat. And liquid water. Our solar system alone has four celestial objects that have the necessary ingredients - Earth, Mars, Europa and Venus.

ABBY

- there you go again -

GREGOR

Hear me out. Please.

He takes a minute to compose himself.

GREGOR

(continuing)

It's not plausible that this ship came from outside our solar system. The travel time would have been too long to make such a trip likely. So it leaves one of the four in our solar system as the likely suspect. Venus and Mars are out - Venus is, and most likely has always been, too hot to sustain life. Mars did produce micro-organisms, but the atmosphere is too weak for anything more substantial. Which leaves Earth - your theory. But then why the need for a titanium space ship, huh?

Abby doesn't have an answer.

GREGOR

(continuing)

Europa is the smallest of the four Galilean satellites which orbit Jupiter - Europa's equivalent to the size of our own moon. It's covered with a thick layer of ice but underneath the ice there are oceans 100 kilometers deep.

GOODSON

A flooded planet.

GREGOR

Yes, a flooded planet. What earth would look like if the flood waters had never receded.

ABBY

If Europa's covered with ice, it would have been too cold to sustain life.

GREGOR

Not so. Jupiter emits heat. Nearly twice as much as it receives from the sun. And light. Europa has the necessary ingredients. Liquid water, heat and light. It's entirely plausible.

ABBY

That life originated on this moon of Jupiter's? And that these "people" made a space ship and left when their planet flooded?

GREGOR

Yes. They left and came here.

ABBY

The bible says they were on the boat for a year -

GOODSON

(correcting her)

- forty days and forty nights.

ABBY

No, there were forty days and forty nights of rain. They were on the ark for a year.

GREGOR

If it came from Europa they would have had to pass through the asteroid belt between Jupiter and Mars.

GOODSON

Well that rules it out. They would have been hit by an asteroid.

GREGOR

Not so. The belt consists of mostly tiny rocks and dust. Which coming in contact with the ship, would've sounded -

ABBY

- like rain.

GOODSON

(freaked out)

Okay, that's enough of this!!!

He slams his hand on the flight deck console. They turn.

GOODSON

(continuing)

No more. There will be time enough to discuss your "theories" when we get topside.

Both Gregor and Abby stare in his direction wide-eyed. Thinking he's succeeded in getting their attention, Goodson straightens his already impeccable posture.

GOODSON

(continuing)

But while we're down here, I think our time is best spent gathering information -

Abby points past him. Both she and Gregor are rendered speechless.

Goodson turns.

Glowing behind him is a huge hologram of the ship - several areas including the rotunda are lit in a brilliant blue.

GOODSON

(continuing)

What the hell?

As they watch, regions of the ship change colors - from white to baby blue, from baby blue to cornflower blue.

GREGOR

The ship's running on its own.
Something's going on.

GOODSON

We need to tell Dobbs.

He grabs his radio. Nothing but static.

GOODSON

(continuing)

Topside? Can you read me? Come in.

He tries another channel and another.

GOODSON

(continuing)

I can't get a clear line up.

Gregor steps forward and takes the radio from Goodson.

GREGOR

It's probably this room. I'll head back towards the rotunda until I can find a clean channel.

(points to hologram)

You two stay here and try to figure out what that means.

Abby's already on it. In fact, she's in the middle of it - staring in fascination at the intricacies of the map. Goodson joins her and they "walk" through the ship.

Behind them, unnoticed by both, the rotunda of the hologram goes from a cornflower blue to deep dark red.

INT. BACK CORRIDORS, ARK - DAY

Jeff and Temple finish clearing the floorboard beneath the mama creature.

It looks like black marble but then -

- faint lines of color glow beneath the opaque surface. The floorboard's a complex circuit board of some kind.

JEFF

What is it?

TEMPLE

I don't know. But I'm not sure I
like the looks of it.

He steals a glance at the rows and rows of ferocious
prehistoric creatures.

INT. NURSERY, ARK - DAY

GREGOR (OS)

Hello? Topside, do you copy?

Nothing but static in response.

Gregor makes his way through the labyrinth of adjoining rooms
and halls. He tries to radio again.

GREGOR

Topside? Hello, can you hear me?

INT. ROTUNDA, ARK - DAY - CONT.

We're looking from the rafters down on the cavernous rotunda.

Below, Gregor enters.

GREGOR

(on radio)

Dobbs?

(static; tries again)

Can you hear me? Anyone?

In frustration, he throws the radio to the ground. It lies
there emitting its steady stream of static.

A noise from above. What sounds like -

- a flap.

And again. The SOUND of a solitary wing flapping.

Gregor freezes in place.

High above, the rafters glow dimly - a deep hot red. He
shines his flashlight up.

Perched on a rafter -

- an owl carefully cocks its head to the side and looks at
him. Blinks. Then flaps its wings, trying them out.

Gregor watches as it takes flight and circles the top of the
rotunda. A hawk joins it and a crow.

GREGOR
(continuing)
Oh my God.

Amazed, he watches these "dead" birds swoop around the rotunda and then fly off down various corridors.

One particularly menacing falcon spots him on the floor of the rotunda. It lets loose a blood curdling SCREECH and dives down.

Preparing to attack.

Gregor snaps to attention. He grabs the radio transmitter and runs.

His sudden movement draws the attention of the other birds. They dive in pursuit.

INT. BACK CORRIDORS, ARK - DAY

On their hands and knees, Jeff and Temple investigate the floorboard. A floodlight illuminates their work. The SOUND of MOVEMENT off-screen.

TEMPLE
What's that?

It sounds like a train approaching.

TEMPLE
(continuing)
What the fuck is that?

Alarmed, Jeff grabs Temple and scoots into the mama creature's lair.

Faces pressed against the floorboard, they wait.

The SOUND grows closer.

Through the open portal door at the end of the corridor, a flock of birds approaches.

The birds race down the hall in formation as if in pursuit of some prey. As they fly past the floodlight, their shadows race by on the wall. These are some freaky fangled looking creatures.

Even their shadows are terrifying.

TEMPLE
(continuing)
Jesus!

Jeff clamps his hand over Temple's mouth as the birds pass. They race down the hall like bats.

Turning a corner, they head off down a new corridor and then -
- they're gone.

Temple wrestles out of Jeff's grip.

TEMPLE
(continuing; panicked)
What the fuck was that?!

All of a sudden, the floorboard beneath the mama creature glows a rosy pink color. It's not the only one. Up and down the corridor, the floorboards light up.

JEFF
Oh my God.
(realizing)
Temple, I don't think these animals are dead.

TEMPLE
What do you mean?

JEFF
I think they're cyrogenic.
Frozen. Very much alive.

Temple looks at the rows of animals stretching up into the darkness of the ship.

TEMPLE
They've been here for six-thousand years! That's not possible!

JEFF
Look, any civilization advanced enough to build a space ship that makes NASA look like it manufactures Matchbox cars, is definitely capable of building a cryogenic process elaborate enough to sustain life indefinitely.

TEMPLE
How?! How is it sustaining life?!
You see any tubes? Any ventilators?

Temple motions to the empty space between the animals, the way they're just suspended in animation.

The floorboards glow brighter - illuminating the frozen stares of the ferocious creatures.

JEFF
(quiet)
Through the floorboards.

TEMPLE
What?!

JEFF
I think it happens through the floorboards.

Jeff pulls out his radio.

JEFF
(continuing)
Abby? Abby? Do you copy? Hello?
(static)
Fuck!

TEMPLE
Listen to me. We're getting the hell off this ship. I'll find Emi and Fridricksson. You get Abby and the others.

JEFF
Maybe we should just get out now. Get to the top and send reinforcements.

TEMPLE
Listen to me, Jeff. Find them. And meet me at the elevator car. I'll bring the others. Okay?

Jeff nods.

TEMPLE
(continuing)
Okay.

They split up. Jeff runs towards the rotunda. Temple heads down the corridor - flanked on either side by hundreds of freakish creatures that glow in the pinkish red light from the floorboards.

INT. CONTROL ROOM, GLACIER TOP - DAY

ECKMANN
(pacing)
Top of the line equipment - and
what?! A little storm knocks us
out of commission. This is
unacceptable!

Dobbs hunkers over the transmitter.

DOBBS
We're doing what we can, sir.

ECKMANN
There has to be another way to get
in touch with them.

An eager GRUNT steps forward.

GRUNT
Goodson should have his receptor
on. We could try that.

ECKMANN
Genius! Do it, Dobbs.

DOBBS
Yes, sir.

He goes to another bank of equipment and operates the
complicated bank of knobs and switches.

DOBBS
(continuing; to
Eckmann)
What do you want the message to
say, sir?

INT. FLIGHT DECK, ARK - DAY

Abby familiarizes herself with the layout of the ship via the
hologram. She points to a large room on the sixth floor.

ABBY
It looks like this is the main
computer. Up here, on the sixth
floor.

Goodson half listens, he's deep in thought. Brow pinched.

GOODSON

Dr. Archer? Say Petrovich is right and us humans are actually aliens that came from somewhere else.

ABBY

It's all completely hypothetical, Goodson.

GOODSON

Yeah. What I can't figure out is if they, we, were smart enough to build this thing six thousand years ago and everything then what happened?

ABBY

Say, there's some validity to what Dr. Petrovich is saying - these people would've landed here without any infrastructure to support their advanced technology.

He looks confused.

ABBY

(continuing)

They wouldn't have had electricity or - anything. They would have had to camp out, make fire, build shelter, live off the land. Basic survival stuff.

GOODSON

Like cave people.

ABBY

Within a few generations, the story of a ship coming from one of the dots in the night sky - can you imagine - it would've sounded preposterous -

GOODSON

But a boat. People could've believed that.

ABBY

It's hypothetical, Goodson.

A LOUD BEEPING emanates from his pants. Confused, Abby stares at his beeping crotch.

ABBY
(continuing)
What the hell is that?

GOODSON
My receptor.

ABBY
Your what?

He reaches into his pants. Abby takes a step back. He fishes around, finally pulling a small pager-like item from his underwear.

ABBY
(continuing)
Why the hell do you keep that in
with your nads?

Ignoring her, Goodson reads the message displayed on the receptor.

GOODSON
They're having transmission
difficulties up top. Not to be
alarmed. If radio contact's not
re-established by the time we
leave, we can activate the car
manually and it will take us to
the top.

Goodson types in a response.

GOODSON
(continuing)
Copy.

He replaces the receptor back in his pants. He changes his mind under Abby's intent gaze and puts it in his pocket instead. When he looks up, he pales as he looks past Abby.

They have a visitor.

A huge predatory bird flies through the open portal door. Silently.

It sizes up Goodson and Abby. Then, opening its jaw, it bears down on Abby. Fangs bared.

She ducks inside the hologram. Bad idea. The bird chases her through the "ship".

She jumps over the console. The bird follows, gaining on her. It flies up, preparing to dive-bomb her. SCREECHING.

A SHOT RINGS out.

And the bird's face registers it's surprise. Dead, it falls on Abby. She pushes it off. Freaked out.

Goodson rushes to her side, holstering his weapon.

GOODSON
(continuing)
You all right?

She scoots backwards, pointing.

Across the room, there's another bird racing on a collision course with the back of Goodson's head.

Goodson turns in time to see it closing in. Like a gunslinger, he pulls his gun out and catches the thing right between the eyes.

That done, he hurdles the console and rolls across the room. Slamming his hand on the palm reader, the portal door whips shut.

Exhausted, both he and Abby catch their breath. Abby leans against the console. Goodson slumps his back to the door.

ABBY
You're not a fake military dude,
are you Goodson?

He looks at her, contemplates lying, decides against it.

GOODSON
No, ma'am, I'm not.

ABBY
Thank God.

INT. FRONT CORRIDORS, ARK - DAY

Jeff runs down the halls. His flashlight barely makes a dent in the impenetrable darkness. The SOUND of dripping water. The ceiling oozes.

JEFF
Abby?! Can you hear me?! You've
got to get off this ship!

He hears something ahead. Alarmed, he stops.

JEFF
(continuing)
Abby?

No answer. He searches his person. *What does he have to protect himself?*

SOUND of MOVEMENT. Something's around the corner.

A pen. A lousy pen is all Jeff can find. He uncaps it and holds it out in front of him like a weapon - a small ineffectual weapon, but better than no weapon at all.

He braces himself and jumps out - at least he'll have the element of surprise.

Quicker than he can tell what's happening, he's placed in a merciless headlock, a screwdriver at his neck. He's released just as suddenly and falls to his knees.

Men's shoes. He looks up. Gregor.

GREGOR

You scared the shit out of me, you fucker.

JEFF

(coughing; catching his breath)

You're the fucker.

GREGOR

What are you doing here? Where's your group?

Jeff comes to his knees, hacking.

JEFF

(between breaths)

I think the animals are thawing - the birds -

Jeff notices that Gregor has turned his flashlight into a bonafide torch. It lights Gregor's face. Like a caveman's.

JEFF

(continuing)

We've got to get Abby and the others and get out of here.

GREGOR

I've been trying to get back to the flight deck, but I've gotten lost. These corridors all look the same.

JEFF

Flight deck?

GREGOR
I know about the birds. I was
there when it happened.

Gregor looks at the dripping ceiling.

JEFF
From the looks of things, I don't
think we have long.

The SOUND of MOVEMENT around the corner.

JEFF
(continuing)
Abby?

Gregor shushes him, lifting him to his feet.

More NOISES.

Jeff holds out the pen as if it were a shunt. Gregor sees it for what it is - puny, ineffectual - he grabs it out of Jeff's hand.

Then, using his the light from his torch, Gregor looks around the corner.

- the hallway floor is a sea of scuttling and slithering as serpents and rodents scurry about.

A sizable rat chews its way through a snake to the baby rat it swallows. The big rat eats the little one. Unapologetic cannibalism.

Gregor hucks the pen as far down the hall as he can. The grotesque creatures dart after it, slithering and scurrying in that direction.

Wielding the torch, Gregor leads Jeff down the hall.

INT. CONTROL ROOM, GLACIER TOP - DAY

Seated at the console, Dobbs discreetly deletes Goodson's SOS message that appears on the screen.

A frantic Eckmann leans in.

ECKMANN
What was that?

DOBBS
System error, sir. No news.

Disappointed, Eckmann turns away. Dobbs removes a jimmy from the console. Effectively shutting the machine off.

DOBBS
(continuing)
Sir, the whole system's gone down.

Fuming, Eckmann slams his hand on the counter.

INT. FLIGHT DECK, ARK - DAY

Goodson taps another message into his receptor.

GOODSON
No answer.

ABBY
(inspects the console)
Keep trying.

GOODSON
Those birds - maybe we disturbed their secret mating location or something.

ABBY
Come on, Goodson. Those birds are not indigenous to Iceland or anywhere else on this fucking planet.

GOODSON
One encounter with a Flintstone bird and you're starting to sound like Petrovich.

Abby ignores the dig. She turns her attention to the hologram. Almost all the quadrants are lit now and glowing brighter by the minute.

Suddenly, the portal door whips open.

In the blink of an eye, Goodson has his gun out and cocked. Abby braces herself.

It's Jeff and Gregor.

ABBY
Christ! He almost took your head off!

GREGOR
(to Jeff)
Tell them what you told me.

Jeff stares in awe at the hologram.

JEFF

Holy shit.

Gregor pinches him.

JEFF

(continuing)

The back of the ark's full of animals stacked up like something out of a demented taxidermist. But there aren't any pens or anything else to keep them separate - which is crazy because those animals would just as soon rip each other to shreds than rub elbows.

Abby and Goodson look at him blankly - get to the point.

JEFF

(continuing)

The floorboard. I don't know how it works but I think it's been keeping these animals alive through some sort of process of cryogenic osmosis.

ABBY

Osmosis?!

JEFF

Molecular suspension! Atomic intermission! Electron intercession! Call it what you want, Abby. I don't know how it works, okay? All I know is that those animals back there aren't dead. They're not dead!

Abby and Goodson need only look to the downed birds for confirmation of this.

GOODSON

We've lost contact with topside, but we can manually reset the elevator. Where are the others?

JEFF

Temple went to get them.

GOODSON

You were supposed to stay together!

JEFF
Read me the riot act later,
Goodson. Okay?!

ABBY
What's that?

Abby climbs onto the console, inspecting something nestled in the crook of ceiling.

GREGOR
Be careful, Abby.

CLOSE ON: HIDDEN VIDEO CAMERA

ABBY
That son of a bitch!

She yanks it from the wall.

It takes Gregor a moment to process this -

GREGOR
You think Eckmann put that there?

ABBY
You think your alien friends had
Panasonic Camcorders?

She holds it out so that he can read the brand insignia.

Goodson steps forward, accepting responsibility.

GOODSON
Eckmann had us install them so
that he could see your faces when
you discovered the animals.

ABBY
That sick fuck!
(to camera)
You sick, sick fuck!

GOODSON
He didn't know they were alive!
We all thought they were dead.
They looked dead -

ABBY
So much for an uncontaminated
environment. What else did your
crew do while you were on the ark,
Goodson?

JEFF

Abby. No one could have anticipated this. It's inconceivable.

GOODSON

(miserably)

We didn't know they were alive.

GREGOR

That explains how they're waking so quickly. Your crew must have tripped some sort of alarm when you came on board the first time. There's no other way to account for how quickly they're - thawing.

Gregor stares at the hologram with all its many colors. Abby motions to the red color of the rotunda.

ABBY

The red sections - are the active ones, I think.

As they watch, a handful of other quadrants turn red, but the majority of the ship remains in shades of blue.

GREGOR

We might still have time to turn it off. Whatever process is doing this.

ABBY

There must be manual controls somewhere.

JEFF

Are you out of your mind?! We need to get the fuck out of here. Now.

GREGOR

Jeff, if what you said is true and The ark's full of these animals - they're going to rip each other to shreds. They'll be nothing left to study. I'd think you of all people would want to preserve as many of them as we can. Save the genetic material.

JEFF

I'd rather save my ass. Our lives are in danger here, bucko. Serious danger. Fuck preserving the animals.

ABBY

But there may be some simple way to reverse the process -

JEFF

- You haven't seen what I've seen back there in this ark, Abby. These are no fuzzy kitty-cats! These creatures will rip your fucking head off and ask for seconds.

GREGOR

Leave if you want. But I'm going to find a way to freeze them back up. This is the find of the century.

ABBY

I'll help.

GOODSON

No. Dr. Garipoli's right. We're aborting this mission. No more discussion.

Goodson heads to the door, reloading his gun.

GOODSON

(continuing)

I've got four shots left. Which means that -

He scans the flight deck with the eyes of a Green Beret.

GOODSON

(continuing)

- we're not going out there until we've ransacked this place and taken every God-damn McGyver paperclip we can get our hands on for defense.

They start to search the flight deck and the adjoining rooms frantically.

Unobserved, dozens of rooms in the hologram shift from a light blue to a deep cornflower blue, as they go through the stages of thawing.

In the back of the ark, a whole row of rooms shifts from blue to red.

Deep red.

INT. BACK ROOM, ARK - DAY

CLOSE ON: A SHINY PAIR OF NEEDLE-NOSE PLIERS

An ecstatic Emi Dang crouches in front of a cougar-esque creature. She removes a tuft of fur and puts it in a surgical baggy.

The ceiling of the room towers six floors above. Between her and the rafters, there are row upon row upon row of carnivorous animals.

She leans forward. Almost face to face with the cougar. She squints as she inspects it. Using the pliers, she yanks out a whisker. As she pulls it off the creature -

- the cougar raises its lip in a tiny snarl.

But she doesn't notice. She's busy fishing in her knapsack for a plastic baggy for her new specimen.

A NOISE across the aisle.

She whips around.

Nothing. Then -

- the lowest, almost undetectable, sound.

A GROWL.

She freezes. Petrified.

The room's alive with the SOUND of RUSTLING.

She watches as the rows of animals wake from their cryogenic slumber. A twitch here, a blink there.

It's a sight to behold.

She opens her mouth, but there are no words.

The GROWLING intensifies, coming in now from all directions.

She's surrounded.

Suddenly, the cougar thrusts forward and lets loose a terrible menacing snarl right in her face.

She SCREAMS.

And springs to her feet. Behind her, a creature reminiscent of a furry armadillo snaps at her, HISSING.

She jumps back.

The cougar swats at her leg. Stepping off its floorboard, it stalks her.

She backs up.

Behind her, we see the shadows of various wolves and other dog-like creatures climbing off their floorboards, packing up.

Unaware, she retreats backwards in their direction.

The cougar closes in.

A GROWL from behind. She turns.

The pack of wolves nears, barring their fangs.

But she's got a more immediate problem -

The cougar pounces.

Emi grabs hold of the upper shelf and pulls herself up.

The cougar lunges straight into the pack of wolves. They savagely attack it.

Emi hoists herself on to the ledge, and scoots in as far as she can. Her helmet light reflects the eyes of something. It darts forward and licks her. Tasting her.

She screams.

And jumps off the ledge, landing on top of the pile of snapping dogs. They rip the cougar to pieces. One wolf nips her ankle.

She takes off down the corridor.

One wolf abandons the pack and gives chase.

It gains on her.

She picks up her pace, sprinting toward the safety of the next portal.

It looks like she'll make it.

But then, something short and hairy and speedy darts out in front of her.

She's moving too fast to avoid it. She trips.

Lands on all fours. She struggles to her feet.

But the wolf's upon her.

It sinks its teeth into her taut calve muscle. Ripping the tendon out.

She crawls on. Determined to get to the portal.

The hairy creature bites the wolf's hindquarters not deterred by the latter's obvious advantage in size and prowess. The wolf turns on the thing, goes for its jugular.

Seizing this opportunity, Emi pulls herself and her lame leg to the portal. She reaches up but is a foot shy of activating the palm reader. She hoists herself up on her damaged leg. She cries out in agony and falls back down.

The wolf, having ripped the hairy thing in two chunky pieces, focuses its attention again on Emi. Growling, the hairs on its back raise up. It slinks down the hall, closing in.

Ignoring her crippling pain, Emi forces herself up and activates the palm reader.

The door shoots open.

The wolf lunges.

INT/EXT. NEXT CORRIDOR - DAY - CONT.

Emi hops through the door and slams her palms up and down both walls, hoping to locate and activate the palm reader before -

Airborne, the wolf aims for her neck. Jaws opened.

The portal door whips shut in the blink of an eye -

- severing the wolf in two.

Its head and upper body fall to the ground with a thump, landing next to Emi's shredded leg.

A putrid yellow substance leaks out of the wolf's open mouth and down the wall of the portal door.

Emi scoots away. She shines her helmet light around this new foreign passageway frantically looking for predators.

But, there are no animals in this oblong shaped room. No floorboards either. And it's completely silent. Only the sound of her labored breathing.

She leans her head back against the wall. Her helmet light shines into the towering heights of the room, illuminating a narrow spiral staircase that rises all the way to the top of the ship.

INT. ANOTHER AREA, BACK OF ARK - DAY

A portal door whips open and Fridricksson enters. Leaving the door open behind him, he saunters down the aisle.

On either side of him strange furry farm-like creatures sit on the floorboards.

From the looks of these creatures, they could be the relatives of our more friendly domesticated species - one looks like a wool covered donkey, another a rabbit the size of a beagle.

Fridricksson marvels at the peculiar two-legged sheep/ostrich birds.

Across the aisle, the "pigs", although they look more like manatees, lie on their bellies with tiny ineffectual legs.

He looks at their plight sympathetically. Behind him, the ostriches flinch, moving their heads from side to side. But by the time, Fridricksson turns back, they're motionless again like statues.

UP IN THE RAFTERS

The birds of prey eye Fridricksson carefully, strategically planning their attack.

GROUND FLOOR

Fridricksson shivers involuntarily. To comfort himself, he hums as he looks around. He spots handles on the walls.

A SCREAM, off-screen, echoes down the long hall. He stops in place.

And the birds move in.

Diving down, they try to peck out his eyes. One bird succeeds, digging its beak deep into Fridricksson's eye socket.

He screams so loud it jars loose icicles -

- hanging overhead in the rafters -

The icicles fall like daggers impaling the rousing pigs. The creatures MOAN in pain.

Fridricksson grabs hold of the bird whose beak is stuck in his eye socket. And with a grotesque popping noise, he yanks it out.

He swats the bird to the ground and stomps it to death.

Blood gushes down his face. He puts his palm over the empty eye socket and runs down the aisle, trying to wipe the blood away from his good eye so that he can see where he's going.

All around, the SOUND of rousing. Odd HONKS and PEEPS and BARKS, like a surreal chorus of "Old McDonald's Farm."

The sound is terrifying. Creepy as hell.

Half-blind, Fridricksson runs his hand along the wall.

He finds what he's looking for. A handle. He yanks it out. It doesn't move. He yanks it up. Nothing. He yanks it down and it gives way, opening like a laundry shoot.

He shoves himself inside.

INT. DANK COMPARTMENT, ARK - DAY - CONT.

Fridricksson slides down, bumping against the walls. Expelled from the shoot, he's shot sideways through a metal grating, crashing to the ground of this dank pen.

He curses in Icelandic.

The room's quiet. Almost too quiet. And pitch black.

Although Fridricksson can't see, we hear him struggling to flip his helmet light on. Finally, the CLICK.

And, the room fills with the sharp light. We see that -

- he's face to face with a SNOUT.

He wipes the blood from his good eye and looks up into the face of the nastiest beast imaginable.

It licks its chops.

And, then in one deft move, opens it's gaping mouth and consumes the better half of Fridricksson's upper torso, cleanly severing it from the rest of his body.

That done, the beast turns its attention to the hole in the metal grating.

INT. FLIGHT DECK - DAY

Goodson sits atop Gregor's shoulders ripping metal piping from the ceiling. With no welding equipment, its quite a chore. Goodson succeeds in ripping off a sizable section. They cheer. Gregor goes so far as to do a little celebratory jig, Goodson on his shoulders.

Abby walks the perimeter of the flight deck knocking on the walls. SOLID. SOLID. HOLLOW. She climbs down onto her knees and peers through the metal grate.

INT. TEMPLE, OFF FLIGHT DECK - DAY - CONT.

A crawl space. Pocked with light filtering in through the grate.

Abby yanks the grate from the wall and squeezes herself through the hole. Flipping on her helmet light.

The walls are plastered with tiny, thin sheets of metal. Symbols are etched onto the copper like material.

On the wall in front of her, there's a design carved in the wall. A big round circle and then ten smaller ones, of varying sizes, trailing out from it like tiny marbles.

In the center of the room, there's a tiny altar draped with a fine but foreign fabric. Abby crawls to it. It's unlike anything she's ever seen. There's something very personal, even mystical about it. Little pieces of rock are laid out in such a way as to mimic the design on the wall. One big rock: ten little ones.

Abby reaches for the large rock. Then pauses. Choosing, for some reason, not to disturb the altar.

Instead, she selects one of the copper etches from the wall and yanks it loose.

JEFF (OS)

Abby?

ABBY

Coming.

JEFF (OS)
Where are you?

ABBY
Dead-end.

She shoves the tiny etch in her bra and backs out of the room, replacing the grate behind her.

INT. FLIGHT DECK - DAY - CONT.

Jeff waits for her holding a similar grate.

JEFF
Not sure how this will serve to protect me. But it's better than being empty handed, right?

He looks like he's trying to convince himself of this.

ABBY
Right.

Abby puts her fingers through his grate holding it out in front of her like a shield.

ABBY
(continuing)
This could come in handy.

She mimes fighting off animals.

JEFF
Don't joke, Abby. You haven't been out there. You haven't seen them. You have no idea what we're up against.

She hands the shield back to him.

JEFF
(continuing)
Aren't you going to take yours?

He motions to the grate she replaced.

ABBY
I'll take my chances.

JEFF
I'm not fucking around here, Abby.

ABBY
Neither am I, Jeff.

She raises her shirt. She's packing heat.

JEFF
(half appalled; half
impressed)
Since when do you carry a gun?

ABBY
Since my husband left me for a
sixty year-old billionaire with a
handle bar mustache.

JEFF
Abby -

ABBY
I'm serious. Just don't get in my
way, Jeff. I'm a bad shot.

She walks away.

JEFF
Abby? Why didn't the ship thaw
when it landed? Originally.
That's what I can't figure out.
Wherever it came from. Why didn't
it thaw then?

ABBY
I don't know.

JEFF
Do you think its the ark?

ABBY
I don't know what it is.

EXT. FLIGHT DECK - DAY

The portal door whips open.

Our foursome looks like something out of Mad Max.

Outfitted with a sad assortment of pipes and grates and other
primitive weaponry, they step from the flight deck.

And head down the hall.

INT. BACK CORRIDOR, ARK - DAY

Temple hurries down a corridor - dark, long, flanked with
frozen creatures.

TEMPLE

Emi? Dr. Fridricksson? Hello?

It's as silent as a graveyard.

Temple activates the palm reader on the next portal door. It opens and with it a cacophony of noise and -

- heinous gore.

TEMPLE'S POV - THE NEXT CORRIDOR

The animals ravage each other. Wolf attacks dog. Lynx attacks hyena. Row after row after row, stretching all the way up to the rafters.

The floor's a sea of blood and guts and pelts.

Temple stumbles backward assuming the worst. That Emi and Fridricksson's remains are there among the others.

Its a disgusting spectacle of carnage.

Near the portal door, a bearlike creature with incredible fangs crawls out of the shadows and charges Temple.

He jumps back, activating the palm reader.

The door whooshes shut. And the noise from the adjoining corridor is abruptly silenced.

Temple shudders. Anxious, he looks at all the frozen species this rooms holds. And runs back down the hall.

EXT. ICE SHAFT, GLACIER TOP - DAY

The storm intensifies. Concerned, Eckmann stands at the top of the shaft, staring down into the depths of the hole.

ECKMANN

Get the car back up here, Dobbs.
We're going to send men down there.

DOBBS

Yes, sir.

Dobbs heads off. His receptor CHIMES. He checks the message.

THE ANIMALS ARE ALIVE AND ATTACKING. SEND REINFORCEMENTS.

CUT TO:

INT. HANGAR - DAY

Freaked, Dobbs enters, cocking his weapon. Sims and Welsh look up from their microscopes.

SIMS
Hey, there's something you should
look at here, Dobbs.

Dobbs ignores him, heading to the far corner of the hangar. To the last tarp covered table. Dobbs unceremoniously yanks off the tarp. Gun raised.

Eight bodies lie before us.

They look human, only longer and thinner. Veiny. Translucent. The male ones have beards.

SIMS
(continuing)
Holy fuck.

Welsh gags.

DOBBS
(gun still raised)
Make sure they're dead.

Doubled over, Welsh elects Sims to do the deed. Hesitantly, Sims steps forward.

DOBBS
(continuing)
Faster, asshole.

Sims braces himself and touches the first one, checking the pulse.

SIMS
Its dead.

DOBBS
Check them all.

Sims obeys.

WELSH
Where the hell did they come from?

Dobbs ignores him, waiting for Sims verdict.

SIMS
They're all dead.

Dobbs holsters his gun and heads out.

SIMS
(continuing)
Dobbs, there's something peculiar
about the- samples -

Welsh nods emphatically.

DOBBS
What? What's peculiar about them?

SIMS
According to our preliminary lab
results - they appear to be
overrun with a virus.

DOBBS
What kind of virus?

WELSH
A virus capable of genetically
mutating the host.

DOBBS
Into what?

They shrug.

SIMS
We can't tell. But we think we
figured out how its transferred.

WELSH
(munching a Mars bar)
Like rabies. Bites. Scratches.
Ingestion. The usual offenders.

DOBBS
Thank you.

He turns to leave. Sims and Welsh head back to their makeshift lab, eyes on the freaky alien corpses. Over their shoulder, we watch Dobbs turn around and take aim -

DOBBS
(continuing)
Your services will no longer be
required gentlemen, but we do have
a great severance package for you.

And in two quick bursts of his Glock, Dobbs blows holes through Sims and Welsh.

INT. ROTUNDA, ARK - DAY

Temple hurries through the rotunda, glancing over his shoulder and overhead and to the left and right. He's not taking any chances.

He heads through the rotunda down into -

INT. FRONT PORTAL, ARK - DAY - CONT.

- the passageway that leads down to the open portal door and out of the ship.

TEMPLE

Thank God.

Freedom this close, Temple jogs down the ramp.

But the portal door whips shut.

TEMPLE

(continuing)

No!!!

EXT. ARK - DAY - CONT.

The SOUND of Temples' cry can be heard outside the ark. Muffled, it echoes shrilly through the ice cavern.

CLOSE ON a toolbox. Lid open, power drill drawn. A GRUNT is busy at work dismantling the external palm reader of the ship.

Quarantine.

INT. CORRIDOR, ARK - DAY

Gregor, torch in hand, leads the others down a hall towards the rotunda.

Off-screen, the sound of scuttling and slithering, rustling and flapping. We can hear the animals, but none approach.

They navigate another passage without incident.

Gregor turns to the others and smiles.

GREGOR

Everything is scared of fire.

A loud SNORT at the end of the hall. They look.

The most hideous beast imaginable, the same one that did in Fridricksson, now stands before them its chest matted with blood and intestines.

It looks like the adult offspring of a Rhino and a Buffalo. It's breath bleats out like exhaust. Like a locomotive.

JEFF

Jesus.

Gregor holds out his torch, hoping to ward it off.

The beast paws the ground and charges.

Goodson whips out his gun and shoots the charging monster. But it doesn't even flinch, much less slow. Yellow ooze drips out of its exit wound. It barrels down on them.

Goodson shoots again, but his gun chokes.

Jeff grabs Abby's hand and yanks her with him as he tries to escape back down the hall.

She resists, struggling to free her own weapon.

The charging beast is feet from Gregor and coming fast. Gregor has nothing but -

In one stealth move, he rams the fiery torch down the beast's throat.

The creature struggles against the intrusion. Throwing its head back and forth, it manages to swallow the torch down. Now turning its attention to Gregor, it opens its mammoth mouth. Ready for the main course.

A SHOT rings out.

A single bullet pierces through the beast's head - in one ear and literally out the other - taking with it the better part of its pea brain. Bits of beast splatter everywhere.

Abby, gun drawn, watches the thing carefully, gauging whether or not it warrants another of her precious few bullets.

It won't be necessary.

The beast collapses on its hind legs. Then topples over with a resounding thud.

Impressed, Goodson looks at Abby. Jeff's speechless.

JEFF

(continuing)

You said you were a bad shot.

ABBY

Yeah. Well, I'm a good liar.

Gregor, fascinated with the yellow puss seeping out of the animal, leans over to investigate the corpse.

ABBY
(continuing)
What is it?

She takes off the outer shell of her coat and wraps it around one of the metal pipes. Dousing it with the lighting fluid from her Zippo, she lights it on fire. Torch in hand, she kneels by the beast's body next to Gregor. Pools of yellow fluid form.

ABBY
(continuing)
What the hell is that stuff?

GREGOR
(shaking his head)
I don't know. I've never seen anything like it.

Perhaps its an optical illusion, but it looks as if the pool of yellow puss shies away from the light of Abby's torch.

ABBY
(quiet)
Oh my God. Is it alive?

Jeff and Goodson hurry over and stare down at the pool. Jeff covers his mouth to protect himself from airborne germs.

JEFF
Don't touch it!

He pulls Abby away from the dead creature. She bristles at his protectiveness.

Gregor pokes at the beast's mouth with a pipe.

GREGOR
Look at its molars.
(they crowd in)
This guy started out as a friendly herbivore.

GOODSON
No way.

JEFF
That's impossible. Cryogenics can't turn a herbivore into a bloodthirsty killing machine!

GREGOR

No.

He motions to the yellow pool - vibrating on its own volition.

GREGOR

(continuing)

But maybe this stuff can.

The pieces fall into places -

ABBY

That's why the ship didn't thaw.

They look confused.

ABBY

(continuing)

Everything on this ship is
infected with that -

(points to pool)

The main computer must have found
the virus. And shut down. This
ship was never meant to thaw. Its
diseased.

A LOUD metallic RAMMING noise off-screen.

Abby, gun in one hand, torch in the other, leads the way.
The guys follow.

INT. FRONT PORTAL, ARK - DAY - CONT.

Temple runs at the front portal door with what looks like a
metal shelf in his hands.

He hits the door. The SOUND of his COLLISION ricochets
through the rotunda eerily. But it doesn't make a dent in
the door which sparks protectively - electrically charged.

Temple grabs the shelf and hurries back into the rotunda to
take another run at the door.

JEFF

Temple?

TEMPLE

We're locked in.

ABBY

Where are Fridricksson and Emi?

TEMPLE

They're dead! The animals are crazy. They're killing each other. It's a blood bath back there.

Goodson and Gregor inspect the front portal door.

TEMPLE

(continuing)

It was open when I first got here and then it just closed.

GOODSON

That's not possible. The doors need to be activated to move.

TEMPLE

I'm telling you what happened!

Goodson and Gregor find the inner palm reader. They press it, but it won't open the front door. They try to open it with their pipes and other primitive weaponry, but its futile. The door's electrical field sizzles every time they touch it.

ABBY

(assessing the situation)

We have to freeze the animals back up.

JEFF

Abby, all the floorboards are circuited. Even if we could find out how to do that, we run the risk of it freezing ourselves along with them.

ABBY

I don't see an alternative. We're not going to get that door open with good intentions. If we can freeze the animals, we can control the immediate threat.

The SOUND of a GUNSHOT.

Under Gregor's supervision, Goodson's unloading his weapon in the portal door.

Another SHOT.

ABBY
(continuing)
Stop it! We'll need those
bullets.

JEFF
Abby, there's no assurance that
the animals would freeze quickly.
The process may take days. Even
weeks.

ABBY
Do you want to know what the
alternative is, Jeff? The
alternative is waiting here,
slowly dying of hypothermia while
we wait to see which deranged six-
thousand year-old creature gets to
eat us.

Gregor and Goodson inspect the door. The bullets didn't make
a dent.

GREGOR
Eckmann will send men to get us.

ABBY
And what if he doesn't?

JEFF
(needing confirmation)
They're not going to let us die
down here, Abby.

GOODSON
They may suspect we're already
dead.

JEFF
They'll come and check!

High pitched and on the verge of hysteria, Jeff's voice
echoes through the rotunda.

ABBY
According to the hologram, the
main computer's on the sixth
floor. If there's a way to turn
this ship off, its there.

Gregor and Goodson are silent, dreading the trip ahead, but
silently conceding that its their only real option.

JEFF

I'm staying here with Temple.
We'll try our luck with the
battery ram.

Temple's already given up on this idea.

ABBY

Jeff, I know that that seems like
a good idea to you right now. But
you're probably suffering from
hypothermia. Your ability to
reason has been compromised -

He laughs hysterically, insulted.

JEFF

Fuck you, Abby.
(grabs the shelf from
Temple)
Fuck you and this stupid fucking
ship.

He runs at the door again like a mad man.

The force of the collision and the jolt of electricity throw
him to the ground. Knocking some reason into him.

Gregor leans over his prostrate form, offering him his hand.
Jeff reluctantly accepts it.

WIDE SHOT

From a distance, we see our group climbing the circular
staircase up into the rotunda. We can't make out the people,
only the glow of their flashlights and helmet lights as they
ascend into the upper levels of the ark. Higher and higher.

INT. STAIRCASE, ARK - DAY - CONT.

ABBY

Where do you think its from?

GREGOR

Now you want to hear my theory -

ABBY

Please -

GREGOR

Europa. The second moon of
Jupiter. Tenth satellite from the
sun.

ABBY

What'd you say?

GREGOR

It's the tenth satellite from the sun. There's Mercury, Venus, Earth and our moon, Mars and Phobos and Deimos, its moons, that makes seven. Then there's Jupiter - eight. Io, the first moon. And, then Europa - ten. Why?

ABBY

(swallowing her pride)
I found something. Earlier - I think you may be right. About its origin.

GREGOR

I always suspected I was.

INT. BALCONY OVER ROTUNDA, 6TH FLOOR - NIGHT

They arrive at a balcony that looks down over the rotunda. Rafters crisscross the ceiling.

There's only one portal door on this floor.

They open it -

INT. HALLWAY, 6TH FLOOR - NIGHT - CONT.

- the ceiling's low in this corridor, claustrophobic. Goodson shines his light to the end of the hall - where there's another portal door.

The only thing between them and that door is a raised platform on which there are eight coffin-shaped containers arranged like petals on a flower.

They shine their lights at the odd centerpiece.

The glass lids of the coffins are white, opaque - frozen over with a hard thick frost. Gregor points his flashlight to the nearest one.

Delegating Abby the honor of opening it. Gun in hand, she throws open the lid.

Empty.

He moves on to the next one. She opens it.

Nothing.

ABBY
No aliens here.

They open the third coffin just to be sure. Empty.

They all visibly relax.

JEFF
Let's keep going.

Something in the shadows - steps forward.

All lights whip to that spot, illuminating -

- a yeti. Seven feet tall and completely white, the primates' manlike roots are evident. It steps forward.

And it's not alone.

Other primates follow crawling out of the cubbyholes that line the room.

In a manner of seconds the primates surround the experts, trapping them by the coffins.

TEMPLE
Fuck me.

This could be the understatement of the millennium. The primates circle like a gang of street thugs.

Abby stands by the third coffin. Its lid still open. She motions for Temple to crawl inside.

He nods his understanding. And moves into position at the foot of the coffin waiting for her cue.

Abby inches to the next coffin and slowly opens the lid.

She gets Gregor's attention. He nods. Opening the lid of the coffin nearest him - slowly as to not provoke the primates.

Abby moves to the next coffin, but before she can open it, the primates move in. Like some well-rehearsed tactical offense, they split up and go after our experts.

Abby tries to open the lid, but it sticks. The latch frozen shut. She tries the next one.

The yeti takes a swat at her. Its fingernails come within inches of her face. She screams.

Icicles fall from the ceiling, momentarily distracting the primates.

She throws open the next lid and hurls herself -

INSIDE THE COFFIN

- yanking the lid shut. But it won't close. The gnarled fingers of the Yeti reach inside.

With all the force she can muster, she pulls the lid down, squeezing the fingers of the Yeti until it yelps, retracting its bruised hand.

She forces the lid shut, holding it down from the inside.

Through the translucent coffin, we watch as the primates circle.

A loud THUNK.

A primate palm lands hard on the top of Abby's coffin.

Inches from her face, she watches as it claws at the deep frost, clearing away the ice -

- searching for the latch.

She wrestles her gun out from underneath her and cocks it preparing for the inevitable.

Then, just as suddenly as the attack began, it ceases.

The primates disappear from view.

Not knowing if this is a ploy of the intelligent animal, Abby waits and waits. She scans the coffin. Up by her head there's a pair of headphones, perfectly fitted for a human head. She checks out the rest of the coffin. It too appears perfectly designed for a person.

She tries the headphones on. They block out all sound. She takes them off. Removes them from the coffin wall and slides them into her bag.

She takes a big breath, bracing herself and throws open the lid of her coffin. Gun drawn.

HALLWAY

The hall's empty. But the portal door at the end of the hall is now open revealing an adjacent room and a throbbing red light. Abby checks the immediate area, shining her light deep into the cubbyholes.

Clear.

She gets out and taps on Temple's coffin. He tentatively opens it.

ABBY
They're gone.

He sits up, still cautious, searching the room. Abby taps on all the coffins. Gregor, Goodson and Jeff climb out.

GREGOR
Where'd they go?

ABBY
Don't know.

GREGOR
(to Abby)
You alright?

ABBY
(touched)
Yeah. Thank you.

JEFF
You think it's a ploy?

Goodson looks at him as if he's retarded.

JEFF
(continuing)
Intelligent life forms have been known to trick their prey, you know. They're capable of deceit.

GOODSON
You ever talk like a normal person or are you always trying to prove how smart you are, doc?

JEFF
(bristling with contempt)
I didn't know "prey" was a ten-cent word, Goodson -

A SOUND off-screen interrupts their petty argument.

The SOUND of CRYING.

A woman crying.

- leads them to a narrow door of the old fashioned variety that opens off the main corridor. Abby opens it.

INT. OBLONG SHAPED ROOM, ARK - NIGHT - CONT.

Finding herself standing on the top level of a circular staircase that rises up from the depths. The room's an odd oblong shaped shaft.

The SOUND of CRYING rising out of the darkness below.

Abby shines her light down into the shaft.

There, a few landings down, is Emi. Her leg badly ripped, she crouches against the rail.

EMI

Help me. Please somebody help me!

Temple hands his backpack to Abby and hurries down the stairs. Goodson follows.

TEMPLE

Don't worry, Emi. We're here.
You're safe now.

LOWER LANDING

They descend through the darkness, round and round on the metal steps.

Temple arrives first.

As he nears her huddled form, he stares at her torn calf and the gapping hole the missing tendon used to occupy.

TEMPLE

Oh my God, Emi! What'd those
fuckers do to you?

He kneels at her side and raises her chin.

Her eyes are cold. Steely.

She jerks forward.

And before he has time to process what's happening, she throws a ligature around his neck.

Using her good leg as leverage, she tightens the ligature made from her stethoscope cord against his neck, and pulls with all she has. Temple struggles futilely.

UPPER LANDING

Abby, Gregor and Jeff look on horrified. They charge down the stairs.

LOWER LANDING

But Goodson's already on it. His weapon out, he closes in on Emi.

GOODSON

Let him go!

She looks at him as he nears and hisses. A deep guttural sound.

Temple stops struggling as he loses consciousness. She tightens the ligature. There's no hesitation in her grip. No spark of mercy in her eyes.

Goodson has no choice.

He takes aim and -

- in one clean shot, pierces clean through her heart.

The force of the bullet knocks her off Temple, throwing her back against the rail. She slumps to the floor.

Abby, Gregor and Jeff arrive on the landing.

They run to Temple - try to remove the ligature.

But the cord's deeply embedded in the flesh of his neck - having quickly and efficiently severed his windpipe. He stares up at them. Dead.

Goodson kneels next to Emi. He puts his hand on her neck to check her pulse. Careful to avoid the yellow fluid that's seeping from her chest wound.

Then in the blink of an eye -

- in one dying act of will, Emi jerks her head forward and sinks her teeth into his arm.

GOODSON

(continuing)

Oww!

She clamps down. He puts his gun to her temple and pulls the trigger. But he's out of bullets. He slams the butt of the gun against her head, effectively shattering her frontal lobe. Now dead, she sinks to the floor.

Abby hurries to Goodson's side.

ABBY
Are you alright?

Goodson pries Emi's teeth from his arm. Yellow puss covers his wound.

GOODSON
No, ma'am. I don't think I am.

INT. BALCONY OVER ROTUNDA, 6TH FLOOR - NIGHT

The four remaining members of the expedition crew stand on the top floor of the ark overlooking the rotunda. They shiver, fighting off the cold that's slowly killing them.

Goodson's watches his stop watch pass the four hour mark.

GOODSON
Its the prudent thing to do.

ABBY
(vehemently)
I won't allow it.

GOODSON
I understand your sentiments,
Abby. I do and I appreciate it.
Really. But it's the only option.

ABBY
No!

Abby sets about moving Temple's belongings - CDs, hair pick, mouthwash - from his backpack into hers. Anything to keep herself busy.

GREGOR
Abby's right. There may be a
cure. A simple cure to eradicate
the virus.

GOODSON
The nearest hospital's a two-hour
flight from here. There's no
guarantee that we'll even make it
out of here by then.

ABBY
We'll take our chances.

Goodson turns to Jeff who has been conspicuously silent.

GOODSON

Dr. Garipoli agrees with me.

Jeff doesn't answer. His silence a confirmation. This enrages Abby.

ABBY

Well, Dr. Garipoli's a prick - we can disregard his opinion.

GREGOR

The virus may have taken hours to infect Emi. We have no idea how long it takes to infect the host or even if you're infected at all, Goodson. Perhaps you have a natural immunity -

JEFF

Or it may only take minutes.

GOODSON

Listen, I'm a Green Beret. When it sets in, none of you will have a chance in hell of getting off this ship alive.

Abby shakes her head. She doesn't want to hear anymore.

GOODSON

(continuing)

Abby, you either give me the gun and let me do the right thing or you seal your own fate.

He's persuading Gregor.

GOODSON

(continuing)

Three good people have already died down here. If you don't let me do this, we'll all die.

ABBY

No.

GOODSON

Give me your gun, Abby. Please.

ABBY

I'm going to kill Eckmann. As soon as I get out of here. I swear to God!

Goodson takes the gun from her. Jeff activates the portal door and ducks into the adjacent hallway.

Gregor steps forward and hugs Goodson heartily. He searches for something to say -

GREGOR
(feebly)
God bless.

Gregor leaves Abby alone with Goodson.

ABBY
Please. Don't do this -

GOODSON
As the commanding officer, I order
you to step off this balcony and
close the door behind you.

She breaks down. He kisses her gently on the cheek.

GOODSON
(continuing)
Go shut this ship down.

INT. HALLWAY, 6TH FLOOR - NIGHT - CONT.

She walks through the portal door, frustrated with her own helplessness.

Goodson salutes her. He presses the palm reader and the door whips shut.

And then the SOUND of a single gunshot.

Jeff tries to comfort Abby.

ABBY
Don't touch me.

Gregor offers her a hanky.

She leads the way down the hall and toward the flashing red light of the next corridor, wiping tears from her eyes.

ABBY
(continuing)
Let's shut this motherfucker down.

INT. MAIN CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT - CONT.

A large throbbing orb, the source of the blinking red light sits in the middle of the this long hall. Flashing on and off sporadically.

Artifacts line both walls. One wall is lined with flat pieces of metal stacked side by side all the way to the ceiling.

JEFF

What the hell are those?

Abby grabs one from the shelf. Upon inspection, it looks like a thin hand held mirror but then symbols appear all over it. Similar to the etchings she found earlier.

ABBY

They're books.

Jeff grabs it from her.

ABBY

(continuing)

In Arabic. That one's on trigonometry.

On the other side of the hall, Gregor stares in wonder at the shelves of artifacts - familiar but odd.

GREGOR

These are their personal belongings I think. Look.

He points to a round picture frame. Inside there's a solemn portrait of a family dressed in one-piece coats, fur hats atop their heads.

As Gregor and Abby watch the photo's set in motion. Abby gasps.

Snow falls. The women in bright scarves primp, straightening their hair and the men's long beards. One of these men looks familiar - we've seen his corpse laid out on the table in the hangar. A child runs through the foreground of the picture with some sort of shiny object that flies a foot over its head. The family pet, a sheep/ostrich, chases after the child who laughs. The family settles down, posing for the -

The picture stops, a freeze frame of the group photo.

Jeff joins Abby and Gregor. They look over the shelves of photos, cooking utensils - there's even something that looks like a child's tricycle.

A NOISE behind them.

Abby whips around, expecting to see people. But instead, its the missing primates.

They emerge from behind the red orb where they have been lying in wait.

JEFF

Fuck.

GREGOR

Listen, if the books are in Arabic, there's a good chance the computer is in Arabic as well. Jeff and I will lure them out of here so you can get to the computer, Abby.

JEFF

I'll shut the computer off.

GREGOR

You read Arabic, shithead?! Now, listen, I'll only have time to say this once.

The primates move in.

GREGOR

(continuing)

We have to make sure we get them all out of here.

JEFF

What do we do with them?!

Gregor grabs a shovel from the artifacts shelves. He tosses Jeff a hoe.

GREGOR

We improvise. As soon as Abby throws the power, I'll pry open the front portal door.

JEFF

You didn't have much luck last time.

GREGOR

Last time it was electrified! Abby, can you do it? Shut the ship off? I'll seal the door there -

He motions to the portal door at the end of the hall.

GREGOR
(continuing)
- you'll be alone, able to
concentrate.

ABBY
I can do it.

GREGOR
As soon as you initiate the
cryogenic process, we won't have
long. But I'm confident I can get
the front portal open, get out,
get help. So even if you feel
yourself -

He doesn't want to say it.

GREGOR
(continuing)
- know that I'm coming back for
you.

Abby nods her understanding.

JEFF
Me too, Abby. I won't leave you
in here.
(touches her arm)
Remember to touch the floorboards
as little as possible on your way
down.

ABBY
Go.

Gregor rushes forward drawing the attention of the gaggle of
primates.

GREGOR
Hello, ape-shit! You want some
Croatian whoop-ass, you furry
cocksuckers?

The primates look at the relatively unarmed man. They may be
bloodthirsty killing machines, but they haven't lost their
senses. They charge.

He bolts. The primates pursue. Abby jumps up onto a shelf,
removing herself from the impending stampede.

One orangutan leaps up to Abby's shelf and screams in her face, trying to frighten her out of hiding. She grabs a lamp-like object and fends the creature off.

Jeff grabs a hoe and wallops the thing on the head. It falls to the ground dead.

Pissed, the yeti charges him. He runs for the next hall.

JEFF

Abby? -

But whatever he was going to say is cut off as the portal door whips shut. Abby's alone. She climbs down from the shelf and hurries past the flashing orb which shoots off electric pulses.

INT. HALLWAY, 6TH FLOOR - NIGHT - CONT.

Jeff and Gregor sprint down the hall, primates in pursuit.

Jeff opens the portal door at the far end of the hall out onto -

INT. BALCONY OVER ROTUNDA - NIGHT - CONT.

- Goodson's body lies in a heap. A gaping hole where his head was. Jeff recoils.

More practical, Gregor shoves the body off the ledge to make room. It falls down into the darkness of the rotunda.

INT. MAIN CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Behind the orb, Abby finds a large checkered floor, much like a ballroom. At the far end, there's a wall of knobs and levers. She rushes towards it.

Bad move.

As soon as she makes contact with the checkered floor, it shoots out sparks.

She jumps back onto the orb's platform.

And takes a better look at the floor.

Eight distinct squares across. And eight squares long. The square second from the right, blinks on and off.

Assessing the situation, she jumps off the platform and lands on the blinking square. Without incident. No sparks.

In response, the bank of controls on the far wall lowers down closer to the ground.

INT. HALLWAY, 6TH FLOOR - NIGHT

The primates stand at the closed portal door at the end of the corridor, angrily beating on the metal barrier.

Suddenly the door whips open -

INT. BALCONY OVER ROTUNDA, 6TH FLOOR - NIGHT - CONT.

- revealing Jeff who stands dangerously close to the railing. He's the bait.

As the yeti clamors forward, the door whips shut, blocking the other primates off -

And isolating the yeti.

It goes for Jeff.

Sweeping in from the side, with neither the grace of an acrobat or the dexterity of a gymnast, Gregor, hanging from one of the rafters - swings in and kicks the yeti with all the force he can muster.

He knocks it over the railing.

The yeti plummets down into the darkness of the rotunda.

A resolute THUMP as it makes contact with the floor.

Gregor and Jeff peer over the ledge and exchange a tentative smile.

Jeff moves back into his position. As bait.

They run through this routine again. An apelike creature this time.

JEFF

Over here, Bumbles.

Again, Gregor swings in and kicks this creature down into the depths of the rotunda. Joining its mate with a THUMP.

JEFF

(continuing; to
Gregor)

You the man.

GREGOR

No, you're the man.

Confident that they have this down to a science, Gregor opens the portal door.

But this time, the primates rush in together, having figured out the game.

Improvising, Gregor grabs the shovel. He hits a particularly menacing gorilla on the head. But it doesn't even slow.

Instead it turns on him, grabs Gregor's head with both hands and slams him into the wall with enough force to knock him out.

Staggering, Gregor grabs hold of a rafter and pulls himself up into the rafters. The gorilla follows.

Jeff scrambles to grab the hoe as the two remaining primates near. He swipes at them, but they deftly avoid his swing.

They come at him, full court press.

Backed against the railing, he has no place to go. He closes his eyes preparing for the worst -

- when Gregor swings down and kicks at the nearest ape. It flies into its mate with enough force that they both stumble over the railing and fall down into the rotunda.

Jeff looks up.

The gorilla pursuing Gregor through the rafters closes in. Infinitely more coordinated than Gregor, it swings out prepared to swat him off his beam.

Jeff grabs the hoe. And in some move inspired by Mickey Mantle -

- he swings hard and cleanly knocks the creatures' head off.

He smiles like a little leaguer whose just hit his first home run.

GREGOR
(continuing)

Jeff!

Behind Jeff, a primate, the final one, hits him over the head with its two fists clenched together. Jeff falls to the ground and hits his head on the hoe, knocking himself unconscious.

Gregor, shovel in hand, adrenaline pumping, runs at primate and jousts it over the ledge.

INT. MAIN CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

From a distance the sixty-four square floorboard looks like a lit chessboard.

In the rook's position, Abby moves in an inverted "L" formation. With each successful move, the control panel lowers closer to the ground.

Quickly, she makes her way across the floor.

The control panel is an overwhelming spectrum of knobs and levers. No words or symbols.

Going to give it the old college try anyway, she reaches forward and it sparks at her. It's electrified too.

She kicks at it. And again.

ABBY

Shit!

The console responds -

- lighting up in a magenta hue.

Abby stares in wonder.

ABBY

(continuing; in
Arabic)

Hello?

The console beeps in response.

Abby breaks into the biggest shit-ass grin you've ever seen.

ABBY

(continuing; in
Arabic)

How do I shut this fucker off?

INT. ROTUNDA, ARK - NIGHT

Gregor drags an unconscious Jeff down the stairs onto the main floor of the ark. Past the pile of ape carcasses, through the rotunda -

INT. FRONT PORTAL, ARK - DAY - CONT.

- and down the front passageway.

Suddenly, the floorboards beneath dull - the red shifts to a pinkish rose hue ever fading.

GREGOR
(yelling; elated)
Abby, you're brilliant!

He props Jeff against the wall and sets to work. Prying the front portal door, no longer electrified, open.

He has a hoe and a shovel. Thank God, he's an Eagle Scout.

INT. MAIN CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

The lights flicker off as Abby cranks a final knob. The floorboards immediately respond. Rapidly, shifting back through the spectrum of colors.

She turns to leave. There, out over the "chessboard", a hologram appears.

Of a solar system.

Of the many celestial bodies. One lights - stark white. A frozen moon. One of four, it orbits a large planet which in turn orbits the sun.

Bewildered, Abby stares at the model. Suddenly it occurs to her what this is. She walks out onto the floor and looks at the third planet from the sun.

This little planet has its own moon. She looks closer. Tiny continents can be made out on the planet.

It's Earth. She looks at the lit ice moon again and counts the celestial bodies out from the sun.

ABBY
You're right.

The console BEEPS shrilly as it shuts down, not understanding her transgression into English.

She looks at the floorboard beneath her feet. It fades from magenta to light blue. The ship's shutting down. Freezing back up.

She needs to move.

She sprints past the wall of artifacts -

Something on the shelf catches her eye.

INT./EXT. ARK - NIGHT

Using the hoe as a lever, Gregor opens the door wide enough to drag Jeff out. He wedges the shovel in the door to keep it open.

Exhausted, Gregor slides down the outer wall, keeping an eye on the internal passageway, guarding the narrow opening.

GREGOR
Come on, Abby. Move it.

INT. BACK CORRIDORS, ARK - NIGHT

This hall, once the scene of a bloodbath, is now cast in a hypnotic blue hue as the floorboards fade to blue.

The remaining animals slow as they continue to fight one another. Their speed and accuracy compromised.

A coyote lunges at its prey but by the time its body responds to its mental command, the prey, the armadillo creature, is gone. The coyote snaps the air ineffectively.

The armadillo takes a final wobbling step forward then freezes. Its front leg stuck to the ground. It struggles vainly as its tail, also in contact with the ground, becomes immobile.

The coyote lurches forward. This time it successfully makes contact. But as it gets the armadillo's neck within its jaws, it succumbs to the cryogenic process, freezing in mid-bite.

INT. HALLWAY, 6TH FLOOR - NIGHT

A short figure can be made out coming down the hallway accompanied by an odd MECHANICAL NOISE. It nears. Closer and closer.

Abby. Pedalling a tricycle like child's toy over the floorboards down the hall to the balcony -

INT. BALCONY OVER ROTUNDA, 6TH FLOOR - NIGHT - CONT.

The rafters glow a deep dark blue.

Everywhere birds struggle to take flight. The smaller ones are already frozen to the beams. The larger ones cock their heads and futilely try to flap a wing here and there, unable to fight the process.

The floor beneath Abby's wheels is bright blue. As are all the stairs curving round and round back down into the rotunda.

THUMP. THUMP.

Rising up the stairs, out of the shadows, comes a hurling mess of prehistoric terror.

A horn in the center of its head, this creature makes the beast that killed Fridricksson look like a lap dog.

Abby backs her bike up as she watches the inevitable - rise from the depths.

INT./EXT. ARK - NIGHT

Gregor waits by the front door, maintaining his vigil. He checks on Jeff who doesn't look good.

GREGOR
Hold on. I'm going to get you out
of here.

A NOISE within the passageway draws Gregor's attention back to the ark.

GREGOR
(continuing)
Abby?

A handful of animals come forward down the plankway. A goat sluggishly picks up each hoof and places it in front of the next. Trying to make it to the door.

Gregor picks up the hoe and prods the goat and the other pathetic animals back.

GREGOR
(continuing)
Come on, Abby.

INT. BALCONY OVER ROTUNDA, 6TH FLOOR - NIGHT

The creature has arrived. It looks like a rhino. A very angry rhino. It steps onto the balcony, its footstep falling like thunder.

Abby turns her little bike around and pedals away. But there's nowhere to go but back down the hall to the main control room.

The rhino advances. She retreats across the balcony.

Backed into the railing. There's nowhere to go but -

- up -

- into the rafters. She abandons the bike and climbs onto the railing, hoisting herself onto the nearest beam glowing blue.

The rhino follows. Stepping up onto the railing, it pokes up at Abby with its horn.

Abby pries a squawking, half-frozen crow from the rafter and hucks it at the rhino. Angered, the rhino rams the beam. And again and again. Relentlessly. Abby holds on.

Finally the beam, jarred loose from its bearings, gives way and slides from the wall. Like hockey pucks, frozen birds slide down the beam toward Abby.

She hurls them one after another at the rhino and jumps to the next rafter.

She makes it.

But loses her footing. She manages to grab the beam.

She holds on as the rhino rams the support beams. Her hands, in direct contact with the cryogenic beam, are slowly losing their grip as they freeze.

A large bird, of the freaky prehistoric variety, pays her a visit. Looking down from the beam at her distressed face, it squawks at her shrilly. Pecking her hand with its beak, it tries to break skin.

She lifts a hand off the beam and tries to swat it off, but she misses. She grabs for the beam but her numb ineffectual hand will not comply.

She hangs on with other hand -

- until she can't any longer.

She loses her grip.

And falls down into the darkness that lies below.

EXT. ARK - NIGHT

Gregor's freezing. He puts his head by Jeff's mouth, feeling for his breath. Still alive, but barely.

Suddenly the shovel gives way and the portal door whips shut, open only a slit where the shovel handle sticks out.

Its time to move. Gregor throws Jeff over one shoulder and heads off through the ice cavern to the elevator.

GREGOR

Hold on.

From the intonation in his voice, its not clear if he means this for Jeff, for himself, or for Abby left back in the ark.

INT. ROTUNDA, ARK - NIGHT

The room's the color of midnight blue. So dark you could almost mistake it for black.

In front of us, a mass slowly takes shape as our eyes adjust to the dark.

A pile, a heaping pile of primate corpses on the floor of the rotunda.

Something moves. A figure rises from the top of the heap.

A helmet light clicks on.

Abby.

INT. FRONT PORTAL, ARK - DAY - CONT.

The SOUND of her running down the passageway to this door.

ABBY

I'm here!

She tries to pry the door open but her hands are numb. Tries to wedge it open with the shovel, but it won't budge. She bangs against the door futilely.

Beneath her the floorboards continue to darken.

She scoots up onto the flat part of the shovel projecting out from the door and sits there to avoid contact with the floor. She screams into the tiny opening in the door.

ABBY

(continuing)

I'm here!

There's no response. The wind whistles down through the ice cavern.

ABBY

(continuing)

Please, help me!

Her speech is slowing. She's fading.

A NOISE. There's something in the passageway. Coming down toward her.

What is it? Its so dark. She's losing consciousness. She can't make it out. Is it a person?

No, it's the huge motherfucker with the horn.

And its not done with her yet.

It charges.

Abby lets it gain speed.

And at the last minute, she throws herself to the side and lets it ram the portal door.

Piercing it with its horn, it rips the door clean out of the wall.

The rhino staggers around, the door crushed up into its head. Then, falls over onto the ice cavern floor dead.

Abby drags herself through the opening and crawls out. In the distance, she can make out the lights of the elevator.

ABBY
(continuing)

Help -

The car ascends up and out. Its light fades.

Abby stretches her arm out futilely. She falls face first to the floor of the ice cavern. The light from her helmet light snuffed out.

EXT. ICE SHAFT, GLACIER TOP - NIGHT

The wind's horrendous; sending blinding clouds of snow and frost into the night air. Dobbs men cluster around the ice shaft as the elevator rises out of the depths.

As soon as it comes to a stop, Eckmann throws open the door, Dobbs right behind.

INT. ELEVATOR CAR - NIGHT

Jeff lies prostrate on the ground. Gregor leans over him performing CPR.

GREGOR
He's gone into cardiac arrest.

In the blink of an eye, the Medics rush onto the elevator and load Jeff onto a stretcher. Then they're gone.

Eckmann places his hand on Gregor's back.

ECKMANN
Are you all right, man?

Gregor shakes his hand off, his eyes blazing.

GREGOR
You lead us to our deaths.

ECKMANN
Where are the others?

EXT. ICE SHAFT, GLACIER TOP - NIGHT - CONT.

Gregor follows Dobbs outside.

GREGOR
(to Dobbs)
A need a dozen of your best men
now! Abby's still down there.

Dobbs looks to Eckmann.

ECKMANN
Of course we'll send an expedition
down, but you, you need to rest.

GREGOR
Fuck you.

Gregor stands in the doorway and yells out to the grunts.

GREGOR
(continuing)
I need ten men now!

No one moves. They look to Dobbs. He gives the orders.

DOBBS
(stepping forward)
Riley. Parker. McInerney.
Bartolo -

Gregor grabs a rifle from a young grunt and checks the ammunition.

ECKMANN
You're not going back down there.

GREGOR

Really?

He snaps the gun back together.

GREGOR

(continuing)

I beg to differ.

As Dobbs men jog onto the elevator, guns in tote, Gregor's pushed to the side. Eckmann tries to guide him off the elevator.

ECKMANN

You need - to rest, Gregor.

Gregor struggles. Four of Dobbs' men surround him. They forcibly take the rifle from his hands and drag him from the car.

GREGOR

Let go of me!

Dobbs gives the signal and the car begins its descent.

Gregor struggles against Dobbs men as he watches the elevator car lower without him.

Eckmann tries to calm him.

ECKMANN

I'm sure she's fine. I'm sure they're all fine, Gregor.

Gregor spits in his condescending face.

Eckmann slowly wipes the spit away, pissed.

ECKMANN

(continuing)

Have him sedated.

They drag Gregor off kicking and screaming.

GREGOR

You're going to pay for this! I promise you, so help me, God!

INT. GLACIER - NIGHT

Bottom of the ice shaft. Dobbs men unload from the elevator.

GRUNT

Jesus?! What happened here?!

All around various half-frozen creatures struggle out of the ark and across the ice cavern.

GRUNT

(continuing)

Gross. Look at this motherfucker.

The goat lies on its side, its legs kicking helplessly in the air. It BAHS. Dobbs unceremoniously shoots it.

Following his lead, his men begin shooting indiscriminately killing every crawling animal that struggles to escape the ship. It's a massacre.

A dog drags its frozen hindquarters behind it. Dobbs takes aim. The dog growls, yellow puss dripping from its mouth.

GRUNT #2 (OS)

Fucking A! Dobbs, sir?

Dobbs shoots the dog. He crosses to the Grunt who stands over a small incline. Below, something struggles pathetically to climb up the incline.

The grunt cocks his gun. But Dobbs stops him. He shines his light down below and the figure takes shape. Its Abby.

INT. MEDIC'S TENT, GLACIER TOP - DAY

The rhythmic BEEPING of the heart monitor.

The room's bright and warm. Daylight shines in through the window. Prostrate on the hospital bed, Abby slowly wakes, taking in the heat and warmth and - Eckmann sitting by her bedside.

ECKMANN

Good morning.

ABBY

Fuck you.

ECKMANN

Save your strength, doctor. You almost died down there.

Abby glares, prepared to give him a piece of her mind. He beats her to the punch.

ECKMANN

(continuing)

I knew the animals were on the ark. Yes.

(more)

ECKMANN (cont'd)

But I had no idea they were alive, Abby. You have to believe me. If the cameras had worked properly we would have seen what was going on. We could have gotten you all off of there. I believe that.

ABBY

Where are the people?

ECKMANN

Jeff's up and around. He pulled through quite admirably considering how much body heat he lost. Gregor's fine too. A few scraps and bruises but other than that -

ABBY

- where are the *people*, Eckmann? From the ship. Stop bullshitting.

ECKMANN

(clearing his throat)

Mr. Dobbs showed them to me last night. He had enough foresight to remove them from the ship when they installed the cameras.

ABBY

Where are they?

ECKMANN

In the hangar.

ABBY

I want to see them.

She removes the IV from her arm.

ECKMANN

Abby, you're in no condition to -

ABBY

Now.

She reaches for a hospital robe.

ECKMANN

(sheepishly)

There's something else I should show you, Abby.

(more)

ECKMANN (cont'd)
 Something else Mr. Dobbs removed
 from the ark the first time.

INT. HANGAR, GLACIER TOP - DAY

The barn-like doors of the hangar slide open. Revealing bright daylight and Abby, Eckmann at her side. They enter the hangar -

- which is a busy place full of Dobbs' men and crates. Eckmann leads Abby to the back table and pulls the tarp aside revealing the alien bodies.

ECKMANN
 There are eight all together.
 Dobbs would never have removed
 them if he knew they were
 cryogenic.

ABBY
 Why'd he take them at all?

Eckmann doesn't have an easy answer for this.

ECKMANN
 I pay Mr. Dobbs to look after my
 best interest, Abby. Sometimes I
 overlook details. Mr. Dobbs - he
 doesn't. I'm thankful he took the
 initiative.

Abby spots the dozen tarp covered tables across the room. She hurries over there, flipping the tarps off the table upon table of test tube fetuses in various stages of gestation.

ABBY
 What are these?

ECKMANN
 Embryos of every creature on that
 ship. The entire genetic content
 of Noah's Ark all in this little
 space.

ABBY
 They're all diseased, you know.
 That's why the ship never thawed.
 (quickly she turns to
 Eckmann)
 You're going to destroy everything.

ECKMANN
 Of course.

ABBY

The ark too. There's no way to know the extent of the contamination. The whole ship must be detonated.

ECKMANN

I know.

Abby turns to leaves.

ECKMANN

(continuing; eagerly)

Doctor?

(she turns)

What's your opinion? Did I find Noah's Ark?

She won't dignify this with a response. She leaves him there looking over row after row of diseased fecal samples.

EXT. ECKMANN CHOPPER - DAY

Dressed and ready to go, Abby loads her bags on the Chinook. Jeff and Eckmann have come to send her off.

JEFF

I don't know what to say. Sorry? That I got you involved in all of this.

ABBY

You got my number?

JEFF

Of course.

ABBY

Lose it.

He looks really hurt. Abby smiles.

ABBY

(continuing)

Make sure they destroy everything, Jeff.

JEFF

Don't worry. I'm not leaving until every trace of this motherfucker is incinerated, Abby. You have my word on it.

Eckmann sadly looks at the ground. Late as always, Gregor arrives at the waiting chopper, bag thrown over his shoulder.

GREGOR

I hope they're not stingy with the free booze on this flight.

He throws his bag in the chopper and turns to Jeff. They shake.

JEFF

You saved my life.

GREGOR

You owe me.

They hug good-bye. Eckmann offers his hand to Gregor.

ECKMANN

(wanting to make things right)

I'm giving up on my projects, Gregor. Nothing like this will ever happen again.

Gregor won't take his hand.

GREGOR

"And for your lifeblood I will surely demand an accounting. I will demand an accounting from every animal. And from each man, too, I will demand an accounting for the life of his fellow man."

With that, Gregor boards the aircraft. The door closes behind him. The PILOT puts it in gear and they're off.

EXT. ICE SHAFT, GLACIER TOP - DAY

Like a line of ants, the Dobbs' men move boxes of dynamite from the hangar to the top of the ice shaft. Eckmann runs around hollering orders.

ECKMANN

I don't want a trace left of anything down there! You understand me?

At a fast clip, Dobbs approaches Eckmann from behind. His men watch him. Carefully. As he nears Eckmann he pulls out his gun and cocks it. Eckmann turns as he hears the click.

DOBBS
 Can't let you do that old boy. No
 hard feelings.

Dobbs pulls the trigger and shots Eckmann point blank. Blood soaks through his chartreuse suit; he falls to the ground. Dead. The line of men and dynamite temporarily ceases.

DOBBS
 (continuing)
 Prepare for the excavation.

OFFICERS
 Yes, sir.

These men know who they work for.

OFFICER #1
 (to line of men)
 Take it back in!

And just like that the dynamite crates head back to the hangar, handed from grunt to grunt back down the line. Dobbs kicks Eckmann's corpse for good measure and motions for it to be thrown in the ice shaft. The two officers see to it. Pronto.

CUT TO:

GLACIER TOP - SUNSET

The camp is a flurry of activity as Dobbs orders are quickly put into motion. Two rows of tents are swept aside revealing a deep trench dug into the glacier - wide enough to raise the ark. The cranes, which have been idly waiting on their sides, are hoisted upright and moved into position.

INT. CHINOOK - SUNSET

Abby and Gregor recline in their respective chairs watching the turquoise bay pass below the chopper.

ABBY
 You should've quoted the next psalm too. "Whoever sheds the blood of man, by man shall his blood be shed."

GREGOR
 Sometimes what isn't said carries more weight, no?

Is he flirting with her? Out her window, Abby spots a humongous barge make its way up the seaward channel and into the bay. *Why would they need a barge that size?* She looks perplexed. For a half a second.

ABBY

That son of a bitch lied.

Gregor looks out her window, spots the barge - follows Abby's train of thought.

GREGOR

Eckmann's many things, Abby. But he's an honest man. He said he'd destroy it, he will.

The familiar SOUND of static accompanies a radio message, coming over the pilot's radio.

RADIO MESSAGE (OS)

Cat's away.

PILOT

Copy.

He sneaks a glance in the rear-view mirror as he prepares to lower the Chinook on the tarmac on the edge of the bay.

ABBY

(whispering)

I don't think Eckmann's calling the shots anymore.

GREGOR

What do you mean?

ABBY

Dobbs. These are his men.

GREGOR

Are you talking about a - coup?

ABBY

I don't know. He removed the genetic material on his own. Eckmann told me.

GREGOR

What would Dobbs want with the genetic material?

ABBY

I don't know. But I've got a bad feeling about this.

In one deft move, Gregor dashes forward and knocks the pilot unconscious with his shoe. He pushes the man aside and crawls behind the controls. Abby's speechless.

GREGOR

I never second-guess a woman's intuition.

She smiles, shocked.

ABBY

You know how to land this thing?

GREGOR

(smiling)

Abby, come on. I'm an Eagle Scout.

EXT. TARMAC - SUNSET

The chopper comes to a rocky landing on tarmac. Behind the wheel of an ECKMANN ENTERPRISES truck, one of Dobbs' men waits to take Abby and Gregor to Reykjavik.

EXT. TARMAC/ INT. TRUCK - SUNSET

Suddenly, Abby and Gregor appear on either side of the car.

Gregor's dressed in the downed pilot's outfit, points a gun at the bewildered man.

GREGOR

Listen, I don't want to kill you. What I'd like to do is tie you up and put you in the chopper with the other man. What do you say?

The guy scrambles for his gun.

GREGOR

(continuing)

I didn't think you'd go for that option.

He shoots him. Abby stares in disbelief.

GREGOR

(continuing)

You ever kill someone, Abby?

ABBY

I live in San Diego.

CUT TO:

INT. TRUCK - DUSK

Abby, now dressed in military fatigues, sits behind the wheel. Gregor sits shotgun still in the pilot's uniform. They're parked on the halfway mark of the bridge that spans the channel and marks the barrier between the inland bay and seaward channel.

They watch as the barge passes underneath heading to the glacier. Abby revs the engine.

GREGOR .

Now or never.

She guns it and -

EXT. BAY - DUSK - CONT.

- the truck flies off the side of the bridge, through the air and onto the deck of the barge.

As it hits the deck, Abby and Gregor jump for it.

They roll across the deck. Gregor grabs Abby and quickly ducks behind the monstrous tarps rolled up on board.

The truck continues its trajectory, passing over the deck of the barge and into the icy blue water of the bay.

Men run out of the control room to see what the commotion's about but by the time they get on the deck there's nothing to see - no evidence that anything out of the ordinary happened.

The truck disappears with so little as a few unremarkable bubbles.

An iceberg scrapes by the barge accompanied by the loud shrill noise of ice grinding. Convinced this was the source of the commotion, the men head into the control room.

And Gregor and Abby burrow into the middle of the rolled up tarp to seek shelter from the wind and cold as the barge continues its voyage through the bay of icebergs back to the glacier.

EXT. GLACIER TOP - NIGHT

Floodlights are set up throughout camp, casting enough light to illuminate Denmark.

The cranes are up and running, flanking either side of the deep trench. A space has been cleared between the trench and the precipice. Steel braces mark the intermittent stop for the ark.

The cranes GRIND heroically.

And then, slowly, the ark appears, raising out of the trench. One story after another raises out of the glacial depths.

Looking all the more fearsome in the artificial light, the ark is enormous. Dobbs, cup of coffee in one hand, gun in the other, supervises the excavation.

EXT. BASE OF GLACIER - NIGHT

At the foot of glacier, the barge docks. Crewmen prepare for the precious cargo. They unroll the tarps. Empty.

EXT. CAMP, GLACIER TOP - NIGHT

Yawning, Jeff steps out of his tent. And stops in place, marveling in disbelief.

It looks like the ark is hovering over the camp.

EXT. GLACIER TOP - NIGHT

Abby and Gregor in military attire climb the steep glacial embankment and onto the surface of the glacier.

GREGOR

Holy fuck.

Suspended from cranes, the ark lowers onto the makeshift brace.

ABBY

We've got to find Jeff.

She runs to the campsite. Gregor trails behind.

EXT. CAMP, GLACIER TOP - NIGHT

Dobbs stands at the base of one of the cranes, bull horn in hand.

DOBBS

More. More. Keep coming.

With a final terrific SCRAPING the ark settles into the steel brace.

DOBBS

(continuing)

Secure this mother, now.

The men scramble to obey his orders.

EXT. CAMP, GLACIER TOP - DAY

As they approach Jeff's tent, Gregor grabs Abby and pulls onto a small rise between two tents.

GREGOR
Abby, wait.

ABBY
We've got to find him. He's in danger.

GREGOR
I don't think so. Abby, I think he's in on this with Dobbs. I think this is his idea.

She scoots away from him, recoiling from his statements.

GREGOR
(continuing)
Think about it! They boarded the ark, saw what they had on their hands and decided to squeeze Eckmann out.

ABBY
I don't believe you.

GREGOR
Abby that ark is a geneticist's wet dream.

Abby spots Jeff on the rise behind Gregor. He motions for her to be quiet. She doesn't know what to do.

GREGOR
(continuing)
I'm sure he thinks he can salvage the material, but its impossible. All the samples are infected. Its only a matter of time before some military gets there hands on the material and turns their men into killing machines. Or their enemies.

ABBY
What do you mean?

GREGOR
If you put a virus like that in the water supply of your enemy.
(more)

GREGOR (cont'd)

You'd only have to wait a few weeks and then invade. Everyone would be dead. They'd have all killed each other. You could hold an entire country hostage with just the threat of a virus like that.

Gregor reaches out for Abby. Jeff's right behind him now. He searches for something in his pocket. Abby's confused. Gregor reads this on her face.

GREGOR

(continuing)

Abby, I know its unpleasant to entertain the possibility, but Jeff's one of the bad guys now. He probably always was.

ABBY

(making up her mind)

Gregor, look out!

But he doesn't have time to respond, Jeff finds his gun and shoots Gregor. Abby jumps. Not believing what she's just witnessed. Jeff rolls Gregor's body down the embankment and wipes his hands off in the snow, trying to get the blood off.

JEFF

Ugh. Its sticky.

Jeff looks at Abby's bewildered expression and laughs.

JEFF

(continuing)

Abby, Abby, Abby - your mother always said you were a bad judge of character.

Taking her off guard, he lunges at her and quickly pins her to the ground. He produces a hypodermic needle and jabs it deep into the flesh of her thigh. She looks up at him, as she fades out.

EXT. CAMP - BEFORE DAWN

Now firmly in place on the makeshift brace, the ark's being welded shut for transport.

We watch as the industrial cranes are moved closer to the edge preparing for the final descent of the ark down to the waiting barge. The crews are working round the clock.

Dobbs stands at the base of the brace, looking up at the ark. He approaches six men on their smoke break. They quickly jump to attention.

DOBBS
(pointing to the
hangar)
Get in there and pack the bodies
for transport and all the tissue
samples. Now.

The men scurry.

INT. HANGAR - BEFORE DAWN

Foggy vision. Abby comes to. Slowly. She's tied to a chair.

JEFF (O.S.)
I don't want any more interference
with my specimens. See to it that
they're on my chopper back to
Geneva, will you?

GRUNT
Yes, sir.

Jeff brings Abby a cup of water.

JEFF
Morning, sunshine.

She takes a mouthful and spits it in his face.

JEFF
(continuing)
Abby, don't be mad at me. You
must have some idea what the
genetic material on the ark's
worth? - don't be naive.

ABBY
What happened to you?

JEFF
- more money than you can fathom.
The virus alone is -

ABBY
You left Gregor to die! He saved
your life.

JEFF

Bringing up your new boyfriend at a time like this? Shame on you, Abby.

ABBY

You were down there! You saw what this virus is capable of -

JEFF

Save me the morality lecture, for Christ's sake, Abby!

ABBY

You kill Allister Eckmann and you don't think anyone's going to notice?

JEFF

(playacting)

"It was an accident. A terrible, terrible accident. I'm sure he'd want us to continue our research."

ABBY

(not amused by his theatrics)

You going to kill me too, Jeff? Or are you going to make one of the grunts do it? Or Dobbs?

JEFF

(deathly serious)

If you make me.

ABBY

You can't buy me off. I'm not going to be responsible for unleashing hell.

JEFF

Then you're going to die.

He pulls out his gun.

ABBY

Dobb's going to kill you too, Jeff. You know that, right?

JEFF

(laughs)

He needs me, Abby. I'm the brains behind this operation if you haven't noticed. I see the potential.

He cocks his gun, but hesitates.

JEFF

(continuing)

Don't look at me.

She looks at him.

ABBY

You going to kill me tied up like this? Like an animal?

He considers this.

JEFF

There's a hundred armed men just waiting to put a cap in your ass, so don't try to pull a Rambo. You don't have it in you to be a hero, old girl.

He unties her. As soon as the binds drop from her wrists -- she throws her weight forward and head butts him. He staggers back. She quickly grabs his gun. But she can't shoot him.

ABBY

Take off your clothes.

CUT TO:

A FEW MINUTES LATER

She's got him tied in her former chair. Naked. His own pants as a gag.

ABBY

Somehow the sight of you naked always could get a laugh out of me.

She blows him a kiss, and hurries off through the hangar -

INT. HANGAR - NIGHT - CONT.

- she arrives at the boxes of dynamite. Quickly fills her backpack with sticks. A passing grunt spots her.

She makes a run for it. Bolting to the open doors at the end of the hangar.

EXT. HANGAR - NEAR DAWN - CONT.

She runs out.

Dobbs men surround her. A pack at her front. One at her back.

They move in, weapons drawn.

Reaching over her shoulder, she grabs sticks of dynamite from her pack, lights them and hucks them at the men.

The dynamite detonates. And snow flies everywhere, obscuring their view of her. They can't get a clean shot off.

Lined up, facing one another, they inadvertently begin to gun one another down as they aim for Abby -- who crawls under the gunfire and the flurry of snow.

She bolts for the communications trailer.

INT. HANGAR - DAWN

Two grunts balance an alien body between them. As they make their way through the hangar they spot Jeff tied to the chair, struggling vainly.

INT. HALLWAY, COMMUNICATIONS TRAILER - DAWN

Abby comes through the door. Turns to bolt it behind her. There are no locks.

She runs into the main control room.

INT. CONTROL ROOM, COMMUNICATIONS TRAILER - DAWN - CONT.

Throws the door shut behind her. This one's got a dead bolt. She locks it. And searches the room. The radio.

ABBY

Mayday! Mayday! Can anyone hear me? We have a situation here!

The crackle of reception. Hopeful, Abby leans in over the console only to hear -

JEFF (OS)

Don't be ridiculous, Abby. Give yourself up.

INT. HANGAR - DAWN - CONT.

Jeff dresses himself. Slowly, methodically - he's mad now.

JEFF
(on handheld radio)
Spare us the drama and I
promise - I'll make your death as
painless as possible, dear.

EXT. COMMUNICATIONS TRAILER - DAWN

Dobbs, at a fast trot, makes his way to the trailer, a pack of grunts in tow.

DOBBS
Surround the building! We're
going to take this bitch out.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAWN - CONT.

Abby flips off the radio.

She needs a big move.

POUNDING on the door.

She surveys the room and spots -- the PA system.

INT. HALLWAY, COMMUNICATIONS TRAILER - DAWN

Dobbs and his men pack into the narrow hallway. Drawing their weapons.

CONTROL ROOM

Abby quickly rewires the sound system.

The DEAFENING SOUND of a GUNSHOT. They're taking down the door.

She fastens the last connection - hooking the stereo system to the PA system.

Another GUNSHOT. This one blows a hole through the door.

She grabs her bag and shakes out the contents. Dynamite sticks, embryonic fluid sample and -- Temple's CD. She puts one in the stereo system and cranks all the knobs.

Returning to her bag, she searches -

Another GUNSHOT. Another door hinge blows out.

She finds what she's looking for. The alien headphones. She puts them on. Grabs the mike.

ABBY

Testing.

The sound is so loud -

INT. HALLWAY, COMMUNICATIONS TRAILER - DAWN - CONT.

- that the men in the hall fall to their knees in pain. Jeff among them.

JEFF

What the hell?!

Dobbs opens his mouth to explain when -

The opening chords of STEVIE WONDER'S "SUPERSTITIOUS" BLARE.

The SOUND shakes the building.

EXT. COMMUNICATIONS TRAILER - DAWN - CONT.

And the next and the next. The whole camp shakes to the bass beat.

Dobbs men cover the ears, kneeling in pain.

The trench dug into the glacier avalanches in on itself, pulling in the surrounding area.

Like quicksand, tents and men and speakers go down with it.

INT. HALLWAY, COMMUNICATIONS TRAILER,- DAWN - CONT.

The shoddy foundation beneath the trailer gives way -- the trailer slides off its supports. And the men in the hall topple into one another.

EXT. CAMP - DAWN - CONT.

The steel braces beneath the ark slip on the icy surface of the glacier.

And the ark slides forward, slipping off its makeshift brace and onto the surface of the glacier.

A crane goes down, taking a portion of the hangar with it.

EXT. COMMUNICATIONS TRAILER - DAWN - CONT.

Dobbs and his men run outside. They shoot at the speakers. They get one down.

INT. CONTROL ROOM, COMMUNICATIONS TRAILER - DAY - CONT.

Complete silence.

We're in the stifling stillness of Abby's headphones. No noise except the sound of her own accelerated breathing. She looks around, terrified.

Not able to hear anything going on outside the room, she watches as another gunshot tears a hole in the door.

An air vent. Overhead. She climbs up on the machinery, but before she can hoist herself up into the vent, the trailer slides.

And she's thrown to the floor. Machinery crashing all around her.

EXT. CAMP - DAY - CONT.

Slowly the ark slides toward the precipice.

Dobbs screams orders to his men. But no one can hear him.

The music is so loud.

To demonstrate his wishes, he grabs a grunt by the shoulders and places the man in the path of the ark. The grunt looks petrified.

The mammoth ark bears down, sliding toward him. He wants to run but Dobbs watches. The grunt closes his eyes, preparing for the worst. Futilely, he's crushed to death as the ship continues to slide, getting closer and closer to the precipice over the bay.

"SUPERSTITIOUS" suddenly stops. And with it the ark.

INT. CONTROL ROOM, COMMUNICATIONS TRAILER - DAY - CONT.

The CD skips as the trailer jerks down toward the precipice. Abby struggles to her feet, hoisting herself up into the air vent. She inadvertently kicks the stereo system as she climbs and the CD plays again.

INT. HALLWAY, COMMUNICATIONS TRAILER - DAY - CONT.

As the trailer lurches down the slope, Jeff's thrown against the control room door -- it gives way and he rolls into the room.

EXT. COMMUNICATIONS TRAILER - DAY - CONT.

Climbing out through the air vent, Abby now stands on top of the trailer.

She looks over the edge.

The bay of icebergs looms hundreds of feet below. The trailer precariously balances on the precipice. Fuck.

She turns to run. A hand on her ankle. Jeff. Crawling out of the air vent behind her.

Abby kicks at him. To no avail. He's not letting go. He yanks her toward him.

The trailer slides out further over the edge.

Abby bites Jeff's forearm. Hard. He lets go. She jumps to her feet -- as the trailer slips beginning its plunge.

She runs over Jeff's body and, using his back as a springboard, leaps back to the glacier.

BASE OF GLACIER

The trailer plummets down. It lands on the deck of the barge and busts into a hundred pieces.

As soon as it hits, "SUPERSTITIOUS" abruptly stops in mid note.

Struggling up the glacier, in search of solid footing, Abby tosses the alien headphones aside.

A tremendous GRINDING NOISE, a heavy metallic teetering. She turns. The ark is balanced precariously on the edge of the glacier.

The bow hangs out over the bay. But not enough to tip it.

She watches as Dobbs and his men run to the cranes to secure the ship. Dobbs himself climbs up into one of the cranes.

Abby hurries to a land cruiser.

INT. LAND CRUISER - DAY - CONT.

There's somebody in it. A grunt.

Abby grabs the gun from his holster and shoves him out. Closing and locking the door behind him.

Putting the machine in gear, she revs the engine and charges toward the nearest crane.

EXT. GLACIER TOP - DAY - CONT.

Dobbs, hearing the engine, turns in time to see Abby battery ram the neighboring crane. It totters.

She reverses and hits it again. This time, it goes over.

Silently, like a majestic redwood, the crane falls. Landing on the bow of the ship.

It's enough to tip the scales.

The ark heaves forward. And goes over the edge.

DOBBS
(screaming)
No!!!!

EXT. BASE OF GLACIER - DAY - CONT.

The ark smashes into the sea of icebergs and busts into a billion fragments.

INT. TEMPLE, ARK - DAY - CONT.

The stone altar is thrown to the top of the room, breaking through the ceiling like a comet.

INT. ROTUNDA, ARK - DAY - CONT.

The rotunda crashes in on itself like an accordion.

Frozen animals explode against the walls, shattering in a thousand pieces.

EXT. GLACIER TOP - DAY - CONT.

Abby runs to the edge of the glacier and watches the shattered pieces of the broken ark sink into the deep bay.

NOISE behind her.

Attached to the sinking ark, the cranes, quickly running out of extension line, topple over. One after another.

INT. CRANE LOOKOUT - DAY - CONT.

Dobbs, inside one of the crane cockpits, watches the others topple over.

His turn.

His crane falls and is dragged across the surface of the glacier toward -

EXT. GLACIER TOP - DAY - CONT.

- the precipice. Abby cocks the gun and, as Dobbs whizzes by in the cockpit of his downed crane, screaming as he passes -

She shots him square in the forehead.

The crane goes over the edge. And is gone in the blink of an eye.

GREGOR (OS)

Abby!

She whips around, prepared to shoot.

Very much alive, a badly wounded Gregor limps toward her.

ABBY

I thought you were dead.

She looks him over. A tourniquet's wrapped around his shoulder.

GREGOR

It's only a flesh wound. I'll be fine.

They look at one another and then - he leans in. She leans in and they kiss. A nice modest first kiss.

CUT TO:

EXT. GLACIER TOP - SUNSET

The camp is ablaze.

All over, ignited boxes of dynamite burn. The hangar, choppers and trailers reduce to smoldering pieces of debris that crumble to ash. The wind scatters the ash in every direction.

Icelandic Emergency Workers run around the burning camp administering aid to the wounded men. Abby and Gregor stand on the precipice of the glacier staring down into the depths of the bay as the sun sets over the North Atlantic.

Behind them, the surface of the glacier's ablaze with smoke and fire as all evidence of the ark is engulfed in flames.

EXT. ABBY'S HOUSE, SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA - NIGHT

The SOUND of old school STEVIE WONDER filters out from the garage.

The camera pans over Abby's sleepy yard and the comforting SOUND of CICADA to - the front porch, where Abby sits in her porch swing. Her three cats lie all around her. She pets them absentmindedly.

Gregor comes out from the house, a bottle of beer in each hand.

GREGOR

This was all there was in the fridge.

ABBY

Thanks.

She scoots over making room for him on the swing. He sits. They rock, sipping their beers.

GREGOR

How did the story get passed down?

ABBY

Hmm?

GREGOR

If the ship never thawed and all the original people -

ABBY

(with a smile)

- aliens.

GREGOR

Aliens never got off, then how do we have the story of the ark passed down through the generations? In almost every culture. It doesn't make sense.

Abby leans forward.

ABBY

There's something I want to show you.

She selects one of her cats and hands her to Gregor, holding the tag so that he can read it.

GREGOR
Tigger?

ABBY
Other side.

There's a symbol on this side which looks familiar.

Abby reaches into her bra and takes out the copper etch she removed from the temple in the ark.

She hands it to Gregor. The etch matches the symbol on the kitty's tag. The cat purrs, rubbing against him.

ABBY
(continuing)
That symbol's Arabic.

GREGOR
(holding up the etch)
Is this from the ark?

She nods.

ABBY
It means "second of three."

As Gregor processes this information, Abby clinks her beer bottle against his. And looks up at the brilliant night sky full of stars and possibilities.

Camera pulls out over yard and up to the sky.

FADE OUT

THE END