

IMPENDING SUMMER 2005:

"DOOM"

Screenplay by David Callahan

Revisions by Wesley Strick

Based on the iD Software Game

March 31, 2004

DOOM

IN THE DARKNESS --

BOY'S VOICE

Where are we going?

LOUIS GRIMM (VO)

On vacation...

GIRL'S VOICE

In the middle of the night?

FADE IN ON:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT (10 YEARS AGO)

Not just dark, but blustery too -- a snowstorm has kicked up. We see the headlights of an approaching MINIVAN. And HEAR:

LOUIS GRIMM (VO)

We've been talking about it for years. White sandy beaches, palm trees, warm tropical breezes --

BOY'S VOICE

Did something happen at work?

INT. MINIVAN (MOVING) - NIGHT

The "BOY" is JOHN GRIMM, 16, in back with his 18-year-old sister, SAMANTHA. John is an athletic live-wire and affable wise-ass. Sam is bright, academic, and dubious.

MARY GRIMM

I thought you'd both be delighted to get above ground. Enjoy a little sunshine, get away from school.

In front, the parents: MARY and LOUIS GRIMM, two brilliant scientists, 40's. Tension and fatigue etched on their faces.

SAM

Is something wrong with the "Ark"?

The adults don't answer.

JOHN

Was there a problem on Olduvai?

A pair of HEADLIGHTS appears in the rearview mirror, lighting up the van's interior --

MARY GRIMM

Look, it's been very busy, there's a lot going on with the company.

LOUIS GRIMM

...It's complicated.

Distracted, Louis doesn't notice the other vehicle is now tailgating or else its lost traction, control.

LOUIS GRIMM (cont'd)

We'll have a family meeting to talk about it when we get there, okay --

John's gaze flicks to the rearview mirror for a beat and then: the WORLD EXPLODES in a STORM of GLASS and METAL.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Struck from behind by the PICK-UP TRUCK, the van collapses like an accordion as it pinwheels toward the bridge --

INT. MINIVAN

John's head SMASHES against his window: blood spatters glass.

The minivan comes to a VIOLENT STOP. Mary flies forward, mashing her face and forearm against the dashboard.

Sam's ribs audibly SNAP under the pressure of her seatbelt.

EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

The van's spun halfway across, halting only when it hits a support column, hangs precariously over the edge and then, silence for a long moment. No one moves, until finally --

LOUIS GRIMM'S VOICE

(groans, dazed)

No... Sam... John...?

Mary moans, insensate. Her nasal cartilage crushed. Louis tries to find his bearings, can't quite focus when --

Sam's door is yanked open and someone pulls her from the van.

Forcing the van to lurch horribly forward. It tilts, teeter-totters for a moment suspended in time. Then stops.

John opens his eyes, trying to focus. Where are they? Watches as a single SNOWFLAKE strikes the windshield.

And the van plunges into the dark river below!

INT. MINIVAN - IN THE RIVER

John desperately fumbles his seatbelt to free himself as the water rushes up. Louis escapes his, begins work on Mary's.

John's seatbelt releases. He kicks wildly at the window that was already spider-webbed by his bloody head. No luck.

Louis frees Mary but she doesn't react: she's concussed, eyes glassy, unfocused. The middle of her face a purplish pulp.

John swims about. Then a hand on his shoulder: his father's hand. Louis pushes John's face into a tiny air bubble. John purses his lips, takes a breath, tries to submerge himself.

To save his dad, instead of him! But Louis is stronger. John's father remains below him, raising him up so he can inhale the last gasp of air in the sinking vehicle.

John struggles against Louis -- wanting more than anything to sacrifice himself ... but his diminishing vigor fails him.

John inhales the last available breath from the bubble as his father's limp hands fall away into the darkness below as we --

CUT TO:

POUNDING FOOTSTEPS, HEAVY BREATHING AS --

"Ten Years Later"

Appears, then disappears as WE FIND OURSELVES in a darkened --

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

We're in a vast underground lab somewhere. Narrow lead-lined dank tunnels, dim lights, and now from around a corner comes:

DR. TODD CARMACK -- terrified, sprinting faster than any 60-year-old. Three more SCIENTISTS in smudged, torn LAB COATS. Darkness at their heels. They also run with unnatural speed.

Carmack leads, heading for a heavy door at the end of the hall lit by a single flickering bulb. Two others are right behind. One Scientist trails, clutching his gut: a cramp.

The instant he slows, his body is jerked sideways into the shadows by a force unseen. And then there were three.

The footrace with Death resumes. The doorway to deliverance a hundred yards away. Carmack pulling ahead of the pack.

The Scientist now in the rear is steadily losing ground; he tries desperately to speed up. He pumps his arms furiously, and when he's jerked into darkness by those arms, the sound of a WET CRUNCH suggests they were torn from their sockets.

Carmack reaches the door. Paws at the control panel. The door slides open. His last surviving colleague trailing ...

FEMALE SCIENTIST

Dr. Carmack, please!!

INT. CARMACK'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Carmack squeezes through the narrow opening, punches at the interior control panel. The steel door reverses direction.

FEMALE SCIENTIST (OS)

Dr. Carmack!!

Her arm shoots through the crack between door and wall. Then with a thick CLANK and even thicker CRUNCH, the door SHUTS.

Carmack takes a step back, watching in horror as his former coworker's fingers spasm. The digits turn blue, then go still, and Carmack exhales deeply -- revolted but relieved.

Then the whole arm rockets upward, SMACKING into the ceiling with immense force. It then flies down, SLAPPING the floor.

Carmack stumbles back, transfixed as the arm is wrenched up and down. The brief but fierce struggle abruptly ends as the arm drops to the floor. Carmack whirls, to the vid-phone.

CARMACK

This is Classified Research, Olduvai!
Request immediate instructions to
override protocol --

The rest is drowned out by a rotor's THWACK, as we

CUT TO:

INT. HELICOPTER - PRE-DAWN

Face to face in the wall-mounted jump seats, an INTENSELY ARMORED MILITARY UNIT: GANNON THE DESTROYER stuffs extra ammo in his Kevlar vest; GOAT reads a well-thumbed Bible. HERNANDEZ trims his goatee with a combat knife. THE KID, a nervous 19-year-old, sits alone, keeping to himself until PORTMAN leans in.

PORTMAN

You know Kid, it's funny. Couple weeks ago I tell Sarge I could use a little pussy. Next day, he brings you onto the team.

SARGE (OS)

Portman!

At the back of the chopper, SERGEANT ASHER MAHONIN emerges from the shadows. Making his presence felt.

PORTMAN

Sarge, come on. He looks like he just got his first pube last week. I mean, look at...

From the shadows beside Sarge, a hard, saddened, and familiar face leans forward: JOHN GRIMM, now 26.

JOHN

Don't give me an excuse, Portman. No one here will miss you.

Portman flips John off as Sarge pulls a vid-disc from a classified folder, inserts it into a bulkhead console.

SARGE

Listen up...!

A fuzzy IMAGE appears: Carmack's terrified transmission.

CARMACK (ON VIDEO)

-- request immediate instructions to override protocol and shut down the Wormhole! My lab is sealed off from the general population, we have a Level Five Emergency...

The transmission reverts to STATIC.

SARGE

That came in twenty minutes ago.

GOAT
You gonna forward the code to shut
down the Wormhole?

SARGE
And strand a bunch of UAC personnel
halfway across the universe? We
neutralize the threat and bring out
Carmack's team.

John's staring at the SNOW on the monitor. Softly:

JOHN
Grimm/Labs?

SARGE
Only way in.

Sarge squeezes John's shoulder, then moves down the aisle,
addressing his squad:

SARGE (cont'd)
Alright. You know the drill.

The Kid (legal name STEPHEN DANTALIAN) grabs a pair of
HANDHELD SEMI-AUTOMATICS. We HEAR:

WEAPON ID
UAC Special Ops clearance verified.
Handle Identification: The Kid.

Destroyer -- a humble man trapped inside the body of a world-
wrecker -- feeds armor-piercing bullets into a gargantuan
chain-gun. Slings an extra ammo chain on his broad shoulder.

WEAPON ID (cont'd)
UAC Special Ops clearance verified.
Handle Identification: Destroyer.

Goat, the oldest and most seasoned, sets down his Bible, tugs
a knee brace on a leathery leg, grabs an old-school shotgun
modified to read his palm sworl.

WEAPON ID (cont'd)
UAC Special Ops clearance verified.
Handle Identification: Goat.

Portman grips his PLASMA RIFLE, hefts its mass in his arms.
Makes him feel tougher.

WEAPON ID (cont'd)
UAC Special Ops clearance verified.
Handle Identification: Portman.

Hernandez lights a cigarette with one hand, grabs his Automag Pistol with the other. Keeps twirling the pistol, as:

WEAPON ID (cont'd)

UAC Special Ops clearance verified.

Handle Identification: Hernandez.

(again)

UAC Special Ops clearance verified.

Handle Identification: Hernandez.

(again)

UAC Special Ops clearance verified.

Handle Identification: Hernandez.

HERNANDEZ

I love the way this weapon says my name. If this weapon had a pair of lips and set of tits, I'd marry it.

They pass around a roll of MASKING TAPE and a PEN, and scribble their blood types on the bottom of their boots. The roll comes along to John, the only team member who hasn't "logged in." He is silent for a moment, pensive.

SARGE

How long's it been?

Sarge's appeared again above John.

JOHN

Ten years...

SARGE

Sam still there?

(John nods)

You up for this?

JOHN

I don't know if I can go back down there, Sarge.

John habitually, contemplatively runs his finger along an old scar on his forehead as the helicopter begins its descent.

SARGE

So, stay with the chopper.

(then)

But sooner or later, you're gonna have to face your demons.

John grips his weapon, steels himself.

WEAPON ID

UAC Special Ops clearance verified.
Handle Identification: Reaper.

In the distance, a large field is lit up like a football stadium in the middle absolutely nowhere. It's perimeter a twenty foot wall topped with concertina wire.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD - PRE-DAWN

The chopper has landed. A couple hundred EMPLOYEES are lined up to be led onto buses parked in the immense empty field, where the hell did all these people come from?

They look as though they haven't seen daylight in months: pale, out of shape, disoriented. Carry a few quickly gathered possessions in the frigid pre-dawn darkness. The employees watch with mild disinterest as the heavily armed squad disembarks from the chopper.

PORTMAN

I thought the shit was going down on Olduvai?

GOAT

Yeah.

PORTMAN

So, why're these guys leaving?

GOAT

Standard evac procedure for a Level Five Emergency.

Sarge leads his Marines toward a massive stainless steel elevator that suddenly rises up out of a subterranean shaft in the middle of what a moment ago was an empty field.

SARGE

UAC doesn't want us tripping over a buncha civilians while we clean up another one a their goddam messes.

The Kid stops to stare -- Holy shit -- as the big steel elevator doors open and we --

CUT INSIDE:

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT- A MOMENT LATER

The men hustle aboard. After a moment they begin their descent into the earth. A steel iris closes overhead, sealing the shaft.

DESTROYER

Hey, H. What happened with that girl Candace last night?

HERNANDEZ

Oh dude, she freaked when I tried to give her the Dirty Hernandez!

SARGE

Hernandez.

HERNANDEZ

Right. Sorry.

Sarge taps a full cartridge against his helmet.

SARGE

Pray For War.

The team -- including John -- ritually responds:

SQUAD

Pray For War.

And BANG, the elevator dead drops, disappearing rapidly beneath us into the seemingly bottomless abyss.

CUT TO:

INT. GRIMM/LABS (UNDERGROUND)

The elevator door opens and the Marines fan out, into the now empty lobby reception and security area of:

The Louis & Mary Grimm Memorial Research Laboratory, a Division of Union Aerospace Corporation ...

... according to the large sign above the entrance.

GOAT

Grimm Labs, huh?

JOHN

We used to just call it "the hole."

Beside the sign a pair of retouched, idealized photos of the two Drs. Grimm and a dedication --

For their indispensable contribution to the study of our origins, as well as their warm, caring hearts.

GOAT
Good likeness?

JOHN
...yeah...

Long, tunnel like hallways spread out in every direction with complicated signs indicating distant rooms and far flung research areas. The squad's met by a senior facility Security Officer.

SARGE
Any more transmissions from Olduvai?

OFFICER
Carmack's lab's been quiet. General population's okay -- just nervous --

The Officer escorts the Squad into a white, antiseptic-looking tunnel. The sign above says simply "The Ark".

SARGE
How many are up there, all together?

OFFICER
Fifty-four, including the five staff still locked down inside Carmack's classified lab.

JOHN
You have a list of the personnel in that lab?

Sarge looks back at John, unhappy with the interruption.

OFFICER
Not down here, but the Security team on Olduvai'll have it.

They reach a plain grey wall. The Guard punches an elaborate code into a control panel. The wall seems to somehow soften.

HERNANDEZ
Oh no, no, no. I don't do nanowalls.

PORTMAN

How can you not do nanowalls? That's like saying "I don't do food."

HERNANDEZ

No. I do food, I don't do nano-food, and I definitely don't do nanowalls --

Sarge SHOVES Hernandez through the nanowall, into:

INT. ARK CHAMBER PREP AREA - CONTINUOUS

A tech (PINKY) greets the Team. He couldn't be more than 30, but his face is ruined, features skewed in the wrong directions. He appears to be seated in an ELECTRIC WHEELCHAIR. A blanket covers his legs.

PINKY

Good morning Gentlemen, welcome to the Ark. My name is...

JOHN

What the hell are you doing here?

Pinky's eyes narrow as he reads the stitching on John's jacket: J. Grimm. Pinky gives a mirthless laugh.

PINKY

I work here.

John stares at Pinky. Who slowly, torturously ... cracks a half-frozen, twisted, mutilated, wholly sardonic smile --

FLASHBACK TO:

CLOSE - PINKY'S FACE

Behind a shattered car window. 10 years younger. Unmarred. Till a fist SMASHES it through the window again and again.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. ARK CHAMBER PREP AREA - CONTINUOUS

John worries his scar with a forefinger, stares Pinky down.

PINKY

Whoa, they gave you a gun. Did they give you a psychological test first?

SARGE

Now is not the time, Reaper.

PINKY

UAC was kind enough to offer me gainful employment. They felt bad after what you did.

SARGE

We got a job to do. Let's do it.

John's still staring at Pinky, it's unnerving.

PINKY

Down here, please.

Pinky anxiously gestures the Squad to the base of a mirrored cylinder protected by TWO SENTRIES.

HERNANDEZ

We the first guys without a graduate degree to go through this doohickey?

SILENCE. Hernandez puffs on his cig.

DESTROYER

Ever notice how things get diverse the minute some shit hits the fan?

On the ring-shaped platform above the cylinder Pinky punches data into various computer terminals around the ring.

PHIL

Actually we've transported thousands; scientists, technicians, construction teams ...janitors.

PORTMAN

These names, what're all these names?

He's referring to a translucent plaque. The names of a score of men and women are engraved in a sort of scroll.

PINKY

Ah. That's the Honor Roll of folks who didn't make it through intact. But that was before we perfected the crystalline structure.

(which reminds him)

Extinguish all smoking materials before entering the containment area. Just one spark or cinder, and --

HERNANDEZ
 (stubbing out his cig)
 Oh, man.

CUT TO:

INT. CONTAINMENT CYLINDER - MOMENTS LATER

The team now stands in a circle around the inner rim of the cylinder, eyes wide to a man. They are all staring at:

A DROP of LIQUID floating in the cylinder's center. Perfect, compact, simple. Light and space bend and twist around them.

PINKY
 Not what you expected?

Destroyer shakes his head. The sensitive soul inside the built-up body is incredulous -- moved -- overwhelmed.

DESTROYER
 All this time, picturing "the Ark", I always assumed it was a -- ship ... I mean, a space-ship, but not ...

JOHN
 ... a metaphor?

The other squad-members appear both scared and dubious.

PINKY
 It's nothing more nor less than a quantum portal through the space/time continuum, a wormhole, a sort of "cosmic shortcut" across galaxies ...

Off the squad's looks (ranging through incredulity, fear and outright awe) Pinky pompously advances to the "droplet".

Pinky (cont'd)
 I'll go first. Watch how it's done --

SARGE
 Sorry. First man through should be shouldering a loaded weapon.

Sarge seems to share a momentary look with Pinky, then cocks his gun and walks to the Wormhole. Instantly it expands to envelop his body in a glistening, globular shell.

And, in a split-second FLASH OF BLUE LIGHT, the Wormhole condenses back to its original size -- and Sarge is GONE.

CUT TO:

INT. "WORMHOLE CHAMBER" (OLDUVAI) - A MOMENT LATER

Sarge, John, the rest emerge from an identical "DROPLET" in an area similar to -- the "Wormhole Chamber" we just left on our home planet.

As the team tries to shake off the debilitating sensations, Pinky rolls through from the other side, seemingly unaffected.

PINKY

Dizziness and nausea are transitory --
we know of no long-term ill effects.

There's a large, vault-like locked door leading out of the chamber. Beside it a bank of READ-OUTS for changes in air-pressure, temperature, presence of pollutants and/or contaminants. Sarge moves to it quickly.

SARGE

Main facility appears to be
uncontaminated.

Pinky unclips a key hanging from a chain around his neck that, strangely, looks like only part of a key. Turns to Sarge.

PINKY

I'll be waiting here for you when
you're ready to head back.

JOHN

You better be.

Sarge unclips a "part-key" from his own neck-chain. He and Pinky insert their keys into the door, the massive hydraulic lock pins SMASH back, and the door slides open to reveal:

INT. ATRIUM (OLDUVAI) - CONTINUOUS

A sprawling complex with clean lines, ambient MUSIC and high ceilings illuminated to mimic sunlight on a bright spring day. As the squad heads into the facility:

PORTMAN

Where the hell are we ..?

Indeed, they could be in the lobby of a Midwestern Marriott.

GOAT

How about a couple million light
years from home?

Destroyer feels the leaves of a potted tree: fake.

DESTROYER

And about a half-mile below ground.

The mood is anything but sunny. Agitated employees mill
about, hoping to be allowed to get the hell out of here.

SCIENTIST 1

What's going on? Are there
casualties in Dr. Carmack's lab?

A tall, thin and aggressive Scientist steps up to Sarge.

SCIENTIST 2

Have we been exposed to some
contagion? I have a newborn, I --

An Olduvian Security Officer, HUENGS intervenes.

HUENGS

That's what they're here to find out
Dr. Willits. Excuse me --
(offers his hand)
Lt. Huengs. UAC security. Dr.
Carmack shut down his lab at 03:37
this morning.

They're on the move, anxious personnel watching as they pass.

HUENGS (cont'd)

After the initial transmission we
tried raising him on the internal com
system and on the optic data lines
but received no response.

SARGE

You have surveillance cameras in
there, any kind of monitoring or
listening devices?

HUENGS

No sir. It's a classified area. Our
job is to keep people out, not watch
what they're doing inside.

SARGE

I want all non-essential personnel secured in the Residential Zone and out of our way.

HUENGS

A lot of the staff is requesting permission to evacuate back through the wormhole.

John searches the faces of the gathered personnel as the Squad's led across the atrium.

SARGE

No. Let's figure out what we're dealing with first, okay?

JOHN

You got a list of names of the personnel who're in Carmack's lab?

HUENGS

Sure.

It's on Huengs' clipboard. John grabs it, anxiously runs his finger down the columns.

HUENGS (cont'd)

That's all the personnel we've got up here, their work assignments are listed beside their names.

Behind him, HEARS:

WOMAN'S VOICE

Next page. It's alphabetical.

John turns. He -- and we -- see a pretty RESEARCHER.

JOHN

Hey.

RESEARCHER

"Hey." That's it?

JOHN

(smiles, relieved)
You don't work in Carmack's lab ..?

Obviously it's been awhile. The two look pleased to see each other -- also embarrassed, awkward. Before she can answer:

HERNANDEZ

Whoa.

JOHN

This is my sister. Samantha.

HERNANDEZ

(D'oh)

Oh. Hello, very nice to meet you.

Rudely interrupted, by an impatient:

SARGE

Good to see you again, Sam. "My how you've grown," and all that crap --

SAM

You too, Asher. Steroids?

SARGE

Free weights. And you can address me as "Sergeant Mahonin" now, Samantha.

SAM

In which case you can address me as "Dr. Grimm," Sergeant.

Touche.

SARGE

Right. I need you to go back to the Residential Zone with everyone else.

SAM

Actually, no. I'm going into the lab with you --

SARGE

Hell you are.

SAM

-- to download as much of the research material as I can in case the facility has to be sealed or permanently evacuated.

Crisply, before Sarge can elaborate his objections:

SAM (cont'd)

It's UAC procedure, and it's my job.

They've reached the outer door to the "Classified Research" lab area. Two more UAC security guys are guarding the high security door and entrance.

SARGE

We were told there are five inside.

HUENGS

Yeah. We got lucky, two hours later there would've been eighteen. Only Carmack's Genetics Team was working.

Behind the Guard is a triple-deadbolted steel seal that looks like a submarine pressure door.

SARGE

What is this, an air-lock?

HUENGS

Rumor's been, Carmack's experimenting with Olduvian viruses...

SAM

That's all it is: a rumor. Viruses are alive. Olduvai is dead. We study fossils and minerals up here, skeletons, rocks, planetary geology.

She pulls a "part-key" from her shirt. Unclips, hands it to Sarge. He inserts both keys, and Lab Security inserts one.

SARGE

You have a key.

SAM

I'm one of the eighteen who would have been inside two hours later.

The heavy door swings open, and the group enters:

INT. AIR LOCK - CONTINUOUS

A claustrophobic stainless steel cube. Goat and Portman set up their portable LAPPT (Laser Airborne Particulate Tester).

SARGE

Haz-mats.

Out of Destroyer's duffel come a half-dozen form-fitting haz-mat suits resembling lizard skins. As the men pull them on:

JOHN
Sam, grab a suit.

SAM
You guys notice this airlock has no ultraviolet light or decon shower? It's not used for biocontainment, because there is no --

SARGE
Maybe we're looking at a disgruntled employee with a big-ass gun? The Carmack group is into Advanced Weapons R&D up here, right? Also the Genetics Team and what else?

SAM
There are four research labs. Genetics, Weapons, Pharmacology and Archeological Spectrography.

HERNANDEZ
Archeological, what?

Sarge accesses the inner door with his one key, opening to:

INT. CENTRAL LAB (OLDUVAI) - CONTINUOUS

Pitch black. Sarge locks the door behind them.

SARGE
Can we get some juice, goddammit?

As gun-mounted light-beams sweep the darkness, we glimpse:

Computer servers; charts, maps tacked to walls; display cases of archeological findings. But no scientists, dead or alive.

SARGE (cont'd)
Look alert, ladies: we're in-country now -- and this is a live patrol. All radios on Alpha, weapons off safety -- and don't blink.

John flicks on an overhead light. Somehow, illuminating this shadowy secret space only makes the atmosphere even creepier.

Portman waves a wand-shaped Sample Probe while Goat follows, consulting a spectrometer that registers real-time readings.

GOAT

Magnesium, chromium, lead ... All
normal levels so far, Sarge --

As cheerful as the outer facility was designed, Carmack's lab is strictly utilitarian, intentionally stripped of any detail that might give a comforting sense of what goes on in here.

GOAT (cont'd)

No evidence of airborne biological agents, infectious aerosols or contaminated micro droplets ... no TB, rubella, or streptococci ...

Sam throws John a look: told you.

HERNANDEZ

But major pucker factor, huh?

SARGE

OK. Huddle up.

The Team gathers around Sarge, who, via a handheld disc, projects a 3-D blueprint of Carmack's lab into the center of the floor: a maze of rooms and halls.

SARGE (cont'd)

We'll begin on the periphery, move in pincer-style, enclosing any potential threat. Gannon, Kid: sweep Zone One. Goat, Portman, Zone Two. Hernandez, you and me will take the Armory, make sure those weapons are secure. Reaper: you keep Big Sister safe.

As everyone deploys:

SARGE (cont'd)

Upload map to your HUDs, fluorescent powder marking as rooms are cleared.

Each visor gives a soft green glow of the Carmack lab layout as the Squad heads off.

John and Sam are alone. Awkward BEAT.

SAM

So. "Reaper."

JOHN

(embarrassed)
Because of our last name...

SAM

I get it. Sorry, he made staying with me sound like you drew latrine duty or something.

John brushes this aside.

JOHN

How much time are you gonna need?

SAM

Half an hour to download it all, maybe a little more.

Inserting a "data pod," she's already downloading files.

JOHN

When'd you start working in Carmack's secret lab?

SAM

I told you I was working at Grimm.

JOHN

You didn't say anything about Olduvai.

SAM

You never asked. I go in and out. No big deal. And it's "restricted" -- not "secret".

JOHN

Jesus Christ...

On the wall, the fossilized main display: a perfectly preserved HUMANOID SKELETON curled protectively around the SKELETON of its CHILD. Labeled: "Olduvian female hominids".

SAM

Oh yeah. Meet "Lucy".

JOHN

You found human remains on Olduvai?

SAM

Humanoid. Mom and Dad did. Lucy and her child was their last major find. We're on Level Ten of the dig, still haven't brought out samples nearly as pristine, intact.

He had no idea, takes a moment to try and process it.

JOHN
You never said anything.

SAM
Not something to scribble on the
yearly birthday card.

JOHN
Look, I know I haven't been --

SAM
It's all right, I know how busy
you've been kicking ass with Sarge
and being all you can be.

John doesn't want to get into it. Takes a beat, then:

JOHN
Did you hear Carmack's message? The
man was genuinely freaked out.

SAM
Well, I don't know what could've
happened to him unless a heavy fossil
fell on his foot.

She moves on to the next computer, inserts another pod. John
turns back to the "hominid". Stares at "Lucy" for a BEAT.

SAM (cont'd)
What a waste.

John turns to her, she's looking at him, hard.

JOHN
What's a waste?

SAM
You.

CUT TO:

INT. ARMORY (OLDUVAI)

Sarge sweeps the first room as Hernandez moves into an inner
room, finds racks of neatly stacked weapons.

HERNANDEZ
Doesn't look like anything's missing.

Hernandez's light finds a rack of ancient guns.

HERNANDEZ (cont'd)

Hey Sarge...

Sarge steps in to find Hernandez admiring a vintage gun.

HERNANDEZ (cont'd)

Looks like the first-gen model of our
plasma cannons, huh?

Sarge notes an unmarked secure door at the far end.

SARGE

If all the guns are out here --
what's in there?

He crosses to the door, scans his badge into the lazar.

SENSOR

ID confirmed: Asher Mahonin.

(then)

Advanced Weapons Personnel only,
Access Denied.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR

Destroyer and Kid sweep. Off Kid's quick, shallow breathing:

DESTROYER

Easy, Kid. Stay alert but loose.

THE KID

I am loose, I just --

Something brushes The Kid's shoulder, from above. He whirls,
squeezes a BURST -- at a ventilation air hose, hanging down.

THE KID (cont'd)

Sorry, just -- get a little jittery.

DESTROYER

(into Communicator)

Friendly fire, boys. Wasting ghosts.

(to Kid)

And ammo.

He pats the greenie's shoulder, reassures:

DESTROYER (cont'd)
 Nerves is natural. Just watch out
 for other personnel, y'know? Keep
 eye-contact with your buddies ...

He stoops to pick up a white lab coat complete with ID Badge,
 discarded on the floor. Oddly, the right sleeve is missing.

CUT TO:

INT. CIRCULAR HOLDING CELL

Goat and Portman hug the walls of a round room that's mostly
 a big pit. Curious, they shine their lights into its depths:

Twenty feet down, walls lined with smooth, heavy steel.

GOAT
 This is a holding cell.

His ears pick up a faint HUMMING sound.

PORTMAN
 Yeah? Why do you think --

Goat squats. Peers at the pit's surface, the rough gouges in
 the metal leading up to the rim. Portman squats beside him,
 reaches his hand out to touch the inside surface of the pit --
 CRACK! A JOLT of electricity throws Portman back against the
 wall. As Goat turns to "X" the room with his fluorescent
 marker...

GOAT
 I think it's a holding cell because
 the walls are electrified.

Portman frantically blows on his singed hand.

PORTMAN
 You knew that and you still let me
 touch it?!
 (Goat smirks)
 Goddammit Goat!

CUT TO:

INT. CENTRAL LABORATORY

As Sam fills another data pod, John is drawn to a light box
 sunk in the wall. The bluish read-out shows a massive grid,
 and the header reads: Thermal Ionization Mass Spectroscopy.

JOHN

This is a radiosopic map of the ground under us. All these lines..?

SAM

Where buildings used to be, we think.

JOHN

There was a city here.

(then softly, spooked)
Something wiped these people out.

SAM

That's one theory. Which would have more credence if we had any sense of what might have "wiped" them "out".

JOHN

There another theory?

SAM

Maybe they just -- went, with time?

John turns back to Lucy. Notes her protective posture.

JOHN

You don't shield your baby from time.

Sam resumes her work. Off a monitor below Lucy's display:

JOHN (cont'd)

Sam... Don't humans have twenty-two chromosomes, plus the sex chromosome?

Off Sam's murmur of assent:

JOHN (cont'd)

Lucy had twenty-four?

On the monitor: CHROMOSOME MAPS that look like straws filled, at various points, with alternating black and white strata.

SAM

All these years, you could've been squinting into a microscope instead of a night vision sniper scope.

Ignoring the unsolicited analysis, and advice:

JOHN

What's the 24th Chromosome for?

SAM

We're not sure. It's got only one layer of genetic material, we suspect it may be synthetic. Bio-engineered. No one's been able to identify ten percent of the human genome. There's plenty of room in the helix to insert stealth DNA.

JOHN

So we have no idea what chromosome 24 does?

SAM

The Olduvians knew. That's what Carmack's team's been working on.

CUT TO:

INT. CIRCULAR HOLDING CELL

Helping an unsteady Portman upright, Goat gravely reminds:

GOAT

"Can one go upon hot coals and his feet not be burned?"

PORTMAN

It was my hand, not my foot, and if you quote the goddamn Bible again I'll put my foot right up your...

THUMP! Something's leapt in the air then landed behind them.

They whirl -- but the thing's already taken off again. Goat signals: wait here, watch my back. Into his Communicator:

GOAT

It's Goat in Zone Two... Something -- unidentified -- moving east... Fast.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - WITH SARGE

As he races after something that just whizzed across an intersection of two adjoining corridors, ten yards off.

He FIRES a warning shot as Hernandez catches up.

HERNANDEZ

What is it --?

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - THE KID

Younger, more eager and agile, he's raced ahead of Destroyer, sprinting along a curving corridor, just behind the thing ... SPRAYING rounds at -- a shadow, hank of hair, flash of flesh.

JOHN'S VOICE

Don't shoot!

Pumped, The Kid barely HEARS over his ear-splitting barrage.

Panting, John catches up then pushes past, forcing the Kid to hold his fire as John chases the thing around a corner and into a DARKENED DEAD END.

John inches forward, keenly aware of the THICK BREATHING emanating from the shadows.

JOHN

If you have a weapon, drop it.

THUMP: too loud for a dropped gun, more like a dropped body.

As Kid and Destroyer fall in behind him, John takes a deep breath and turns on his gun-mounted FLASHLIGHT, pointing the blinding light right into the eyes of...

A naked, shivering, babbling, underweight DR. TODD CARMACK.

A moment later Sarge is there, elbowing past John, toward:

SARGE

Dr. Carmack --?

Carmack just blinks, rocks, and MURMURS gibberish. A small, fresh and fairly deep cut on his neck near the collarbone.

GOAT

Sarge, don't step on ...

Gesturing at the Female Scientist's severed arm on the floor. Portman queasily waves the Sample Probe wand over it.

PORTMAN

Clean.

Destroyer's still carrying the lab-coat with missing sleeve.

SARGE
I'll take that, Destroyer.

Just as Sam races up.

SAM
Oh my god. Dr. Carmack ..?

She moves toward him, perhaps too suddenly.

Panicked, Carmack SCREAMS and retreats, tearing off his left ear. Flings it at them. Blood pours from the wound.

PORTMAN
Jesus Christ.

Portman cautiously "wands" Carmack as well: he's clean too.

SAM
Anyone got a field medical pouch?

Portman offers his. Sam finds a packet of QuikClot. Carefully approaches as she --

SAM (cont'd)
Dr. Carmack, it's me. Samantha Grimm...I'm not going to hurt you.

He whimpers, terrified, but lets her get close. As she pours the powder into the raw opening in Carmack's scalp:

SARGE
Hernandez, hump Carmack out to the Infirmary with Doctor Grimm. Reaper, go through Carmack's records and notes, try to find out what this guy and his "Genetics Team" were doing in here... The rest of you pair off, keep sweeping and see if you can find the body that goes with this arm.

HERNANDEZ
Rodger dodger. Humpin' with the doc.

As the squad splits up into teams again:

DESTROYER
What about you, Sarge?

SARGE
We're gonna need some bigger guns.

CUT TO:

INT. DARK CORRIDOR (CARMACK'S LAB) - A MOMENT LATER

John presses himself against the wall, stepping carefully, stopping to listen, sliding slowly along the corridor...

The only sound he hears, is water DRIPPING from somewhere.

He reaches the corner. Takes a breath. Takes a step --

-- directly into a dark shape coming out of the shadows. In a heartbeat John's drawn his plasma gun and --

DARK SHAPE

Sorry. Goddammit. My fault.

John snaps on his light. It's only Goat. Who shakes his head, disgusted with himself.

GOAT

Go on ahead, I'll catch up.

Turning away, he unsheathes a hunting knife from the leather strap wrapped around his forearm. When Goat opens his shirt, we see a chest covered in tiny CROSS-SHAPED SCARS. He brings the blade to his breastbone, notches another one. Notices:

GOAT (cont'd)

Reaper? I told you to go on ahead.

(beat)

I took His name in vain.

JOHN

Well...when you're done mortifying the flesh? I'm in Carmack's office.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - SAME TIME

Guns drawn, The Kid's ears twitch at a single footfall behind him. It's Portman, conspicuously swinging his medical pouch.

PORTMAN

It's messed up, right? Guy like that, trained to put logic before emotion...he's so freaked he tears his own ear off. I tell ya. Shit like that? Gets under your skin...

The Kid's hands SHAKE. But Portman offers nothing, just coolly waits for The Kid to ask:

THE KID

Do you...do you have any?

Portman flashes an evil, manipulative grin.

PORTMAN

Do I have any what?

THE KID

You...you know.

The Kid holds out his arm, his sleeve already retracted. Portman smirks, brings out a syringe, already loaded, and presses it to The Kid's vein. Teases him...

PORTMAN

Whattaya say?

His voice muted with embarrassment:

THE KID

Please. Please.

Portman SINKS the syringe into The Kid's vein. The Kid's eyes roll back momentarily as he savors the high.

PORTMAN

Please and what?

The Kid shudders, slow to react in his haze.

PORTMAN (cont'd)

Please and what, skirt?

THE KID

Thank you, thank you, Dean.

Portman smacks The Kid in the back of his head.

PORTMAN

Much better.

Portman strolls off, leaving the Kid behind in the shadows.

CUT TO:

INT. DR. CARMACK'S OFFICE

Goat enters to find John contemplating a floor-to-ceiling panel of buttons and switches, monitors and data screens.

As Goat edgily eyeballs every corner, John accesses the hard-drive back-ups for a decade's worth of skunkworks-style R&D.

Files are labeled: *Exploitation of Mineral Wealth, Water, Oil, Oxygen, Plant Life, Coal, Agriculture, Livestock & Other Animal Assets* -- each in turn followed by words like extinct, extinguished, obsolete, unusable, depleted, and defunct.

Now John finds a pile of disks, no particular order, marked:

JOHN
"Carmack Vid-Notes"...?

He inserts one. On a MONITOR, an image comes up of CARMACK: younger, calmer, almost jubilant.

DR. CARMACK (HOLOGRAM)
 -- test rats have evidenced increased musculature, endurance, ability to --

John ejects, tries for something more recent. Looking older:

DR. CARMACK (HOLOGRAM) (cont'd)
 -- skeletal development, stimulation of the rhesus's metabolic systems ... I'm sure these genetic enhancements are key to the remarkable scientific advances we've discovered on Olduvai.

John and Goat don't notice as, behind them ...

... the office door swings wider. John ejects the disk --

CUT TO:

INT. INFIRMARY - SAME TIME

The staff has cleared out, of course. Carmack lies on a cot, inert, staring at the ceiling with dilated eyes. Hernandez queasily presses an ice-pack to his mangled ear-stump.

HERNANDEZ
 (spooked, re Carmack)
 He's shrinking. Why's he shrinking?

Sam monitors the multiple IV lines.

SAM
 I don't know. I'm pumping in dextrose, glucose, plasma and his weight keeps dropping, like he's metabolizing himself ...

She wraps a rubber cuff around Carmack's shriveled bicep, pumping it up to get a blood-pressure reading. When --

-- Carmack bolts upright, grabs Sam by the hair and pulls her face up to his saliva-flecked lips. Then, hoarsely whispers:

CARMACK
Shut down the Wormhole.

HERNANDEZ
Whoa, whoa!

He yanks Sam back, out of Carmack's grasp.

SAM
Leave him alone.

Back to Carmack:

SAM (cont'd)
Dr. Carmack? What happened in there?
It's me, Samantha Grimm. It's OK...

CARMACK
Please. Shut it down. He...
(terrified)
...got loose.

Carmack sinks back into the cot. Lips moving again, but Sam can't hear. Fighting her fear, she leans closer...

CARMACK (cont'd)
Your parents...were right.

Then his eyes roll back and he subsides into unconsciousness.

CUT TO:

INT. DR. CARMACK'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

John and Goat watch the next disk. Oblivious to a SILHOUETTE behind them, in the door. That fills the doorframe.

DR. CARMACK (HOLOGRAM)
... Curtis Stahle, a healthy white male, aged 24. This represents the apex of ten years of animal study ...

JOHN
(off time and date stamp)
This was made yesterday --

GOAT
 (places the name)
 "Curtis Stahle". Hernandez and I
 escorted him to Grimm/Labs, maybe a
 month ago. I remember 'cause it was
 the middle of the night.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - FLASHBACK VIA VIDEO FOOTAGE

We are watching grainy SECURITY CAMERA FOOTAGE. Goat and Hernandez lead STAHLE, an oversized, acne-scarred convict, down the hall as quickly as his LEG CHAINS will allow.

GOAT'S VOICE
 He was manacled. Transport driver
 said he'd killed some little kids...

CUT TO:

INT. ARMORY - PRESENT

Sarge enters the darkened room. This time he's brought two new items. First, that lab coat with the missing sleeve. He unpins the badge and scans it.

SENSOR
 ID confirmed: Donna Jackson.
 Advanced Weapons Personnel confirmed.

It slides open, revealing a hand-imprint pressure pad.

SENSOR (cont'd)
 Please provide DNA verification.

The second item is Dr. Jackson's severed arm. Sarge presses the dead scientist's hand against the pressure pad. BEAT.

SENSOR (cont'd)
 DNA Verification confirmed.

The door finally slides open. Sarge chucks the arm, enters:

INT. ADVANCED WEAPONS SECTION OF THE ARMORY

An enormous, gorgeous, next-gen killing device -- the BFG, or BIOFORCE GUN) -- floats in midair, rotating slowly in the center of the room...just as one find weapons in a game.

But this is no game. Sarge circles the BFG with nervous tension. He knows there must be some kind of force-field protecting the suspended-in-space weapon from interlopers.

CUT TO:

INT. DR. CARMACK'S OFFICE

Goat's still watching the "Vid-Notes" -- but John's attention has shifted to a faint but long, bizarre shadow on the floor.

DR. CARMACK (HOLOGRAM)
... confine Stahle to the Detention
Tank for careful evaluation after --

Abruptly John hits Pause -- and a low, wet RASPING is heard.

Goat spins around, cannon SPEWING DEATH...

John joins in, unleashes sustained pinpoint fire at a shadow-SOMETHING ROARS in anger as it retreats --

We glimpse inhuman muscle-mass, thick scaly skin, a tusk and a leg-iron, heavy chain busted, still locked around an ankle.

John and Goat race out into:

INT. CORRIDOR

Where the pair advances, crouching. Goat KICKS open a door.

JOHN
Shoot-pause-enter.

GOAT
What the hell was that?

JOHN
Shoot-pause-enter.

John squeezes a BURST. BEAT. They swing inside -- nothing.

CUT TO:

INT. ARMORY - SARGE

hears the FIRE. Damn -- with no time to get his hands on the BFG he turns, sprinting toward the fracas as, into his radio:

SARGE
Who's firing, what's your position?

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - A MOMENT LATER

At an intersection of corridors, John and Goat reunite with Portman and the Kid (coming from the Commissary) and Sarge.

SARGE
Hold your fire! What in god's name
are you shitheads shooting at--!?

JOHN
Some -- thing. Huge. Not human.

SARGE
What the hell was it?

PORTMAN
We're on another planet, who knows
what kinda wildlife they got here?

THE KID
We got it contained in the lab.

SARGE
Or not. We order an immediate evac
and secure the main facility!

He hurries toward the air-lock, the squad following.

CUT TO:

INT. INFIRMARY - SAME TIME

Sam stares, confused, at the automated blood-typing machine.

The read-out blinks: Blood group cannot be identified.

SAM
What the hell?

She looks at Carmack, who is now in soft restraints. Sarge's voice cuts in over Hernandez's communicator.

SARGE (VO)
Hernandez, get your ass over to the
residential unit to assist with evac.

HERNANDEZ
 (to Sam)
 You good?

She nods and Hernandez takes off.

HERNANDEZ (cont'd)
 (into communicator)
 Roger that, on the way.

And he's gone. She returns to the blood typing machine. Enters more data. After a moment, the read out blinks again: Blood group cannot be identified.

It doesn't make sense. She goes to the cabinet, pulls out a cauterizing kit. Turns back to Carmack -- reacts.

SAM
 Oh shit...

The cot where Carmack lay a moment ago, is empty. All he's left behind is a bloody smear across a sheet. OVER the PA:

SARGE (ON PA)
 Attention Olduvai personnel. This is
 Sergeant Asher Mahonin, UACM.

CUT TO:

INT. RESIDENTIAL ZONE

Yet another series of cramped industrial hallways, with one notable difference: A laughable attempt has been made to make the area more "comforting:"

The handsome front doors of the residential units, as well as the units' quaint windows, are all set into one side of the hallway. The other side boasts a "view" painted onto the cold steel. The low ceilings are painted to resemble an abnormally blue sky.

An infant wouldn't be fooled by this pathetic facade.

SARGE (ON PA)
 In a timely and orderly fashion, you
 are to report under armed escort to
 the Wormhole Chamber for temporary
 evacuation back to Grimm/Labs.

The four-dozen or so nervous RESIDENTS who'd only recently been sequestered here, nervously emerge from their "homes".

They follow behind Portman and the Kid, eventually emerging from -- A LARGE IRON GATE, like that which might enclose an upscale "gated community", except it is built into another steel wall. So rather than a wholesome welcome to a neighborhood, it is more akin to a gussied up MINE SHAFT ENTRANCE. The gate's electric current is SHUT OFF.

An agitated TECH 1 watches the two men converse -- quietly, seriously.

TECH 1

What do you bet those guys know something they're not telling us?

TECH 2

Yeah, well, probably classified ...

We TRACK ahead, HEAR their sotto dialogue.

THE KID

She said he just disappeared?

PORTMAN

Yeah. Probably ran off somewhere to rip off the other ear.

CUT TO:

INT. ATRIUM

Pinky opens the double dead-bolted steel door to the Olduvai side of the Wormhole. TWO LONG LINES of evacuating personnel have formed as Hernandez checks IDs and the restive crowd proceeds, one by one, into the chamber that'll transport them home.

HERNANDEZ

I should go, make sure she's okay.

DESTROYER

Sarge went, she's fine. You gettin' a little attached?

HERNANDEZ

No.

DESTROYER

Don't do this again, man.

HERNANDEZ

Don't what?

DESTROYER

Come on, no. Just no. Okay?
 (to a passing woman)
 Lady. Wait. You alright?

The LADY not only looks distraught, as though she's been weeping, but her neck is bruised and bleeding, the collar of her blouse stained with something dark.

MRS. WILLITS

I...I...something...

HERNANDEZ

What happened, Mrs...
 (checking her name tag)
 ...Willits?

MRS. WILLITS

My baby -- fever...

HERNANDEZ

Yeah? Where is your baby --?
 (off her stare)
 Is the baby home with your husband?

DESTROYER

We're still short four heads.

But Hernandez is staring at the woman. Concerned.

DESTROYER (cont'd)

Gregg?

HERNANDEZ

(to Mrs. Willits)
 Go on ma'am, we'll take a look.
 (then to Destroyer)
 We gotta check a house. "Willits".
 See if there's a baby...

CUT TO:

INT. WILLITS NURSERY

What's left of a splintered, bloodstained door is kicked in by Hernandez and Destroyer -- bursting in, weapons deployed.

Inside, the residential units are made up to as closely as possible resemble actual homes. Walls painted pink, the nursery is filled with stuffed animals and toys.

There's a rocking chair in one corner, and a CRIB in the center of the room. Which, ominously, marks the end of a path of dribbled, spattered blood from the door.

HERNANDEZ

Oh, man.

Against his better judgement, Hernandez approaches the crib, glances down. BEAT. He straight-arms Destroyer behind him.

HERNANDEZ (cont'd)

Don't. Gannon. Just ... don't.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM

As Sarge, John and the rest of the squad sweep the room, guns bristling, tensions now high.

THE KID

You guy's find Dr. Carmack?

SARGE

No.

THE KID

That's kinda weird isn't it? I mean he was pretty hurt and all --

Hernandez and Destroyer exit the nursery. Both men are pale, in shock. Destroyer doubles over, retching, overcome.

DESTROYER

Oh god...

HERNANDEZ

Lady said her baby had a fever.

DESTROYER

Lot worse than any fever --

He trails off, noting that John and Sarge are both looking up at the ceiling -- specifically, at the stain of blood from inside it that leads across ... then down to an open window.

As he and John dash out the unit's back door --

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOUSING CORRIDOR 10

-- and follow the blood smear from the window, down the wall, to an open manhole set into the corridor's floor.

They regard the hole for a brief moment, then John steps forward, cocks his weapon, and drops down. The rest follow. Only Portman hesitates.

PORTMAN

Sarge, it's one thing to be "in the shit" as a figure of speech, but --

SARGE

Get in the goddamn hole, Portman.

CUT TO:

INT. WORMHOLE CHAMBER - PINKY

Plays DOOM on a monitor. Huengs sits nearby.

PINKY

Dude. I'm five frags up on this guy Fragglet, and he's just standing there taking shots at me with the chaingun. The Chaingun!!!

Pinky looks to Huengs...and discovers him to be asleep at a nearby computer terminal, leaning back in the chair, head rolled back. His eyes closed. Pinky goes back to his game.

A DRIBBLE OF VISCOUS GREEN MUCOUS drops into Hueng's open mouth from somewhere above. Huengs gags. His eyes open WIDE, he looks up. SCREAMS.

Pinky turns around from his game. Holy shit. We don't see it, but from the look on Pinky's face it's horrifying. To the sounds of flesh ripping and bones breaking, Pinky backs toward the Wormhole slowly. Trying to go unnoticed.

As Huengs' screams continue and Pinky's hand reaches for the wormhole control panel we --

CUT TO:

INT. SEWER

Portman, breathing through his mouth, waves his beam around.

Every FOOTFALL, DRIP and CREAK echoes off the tunnel's metal surface, amplified and distorted. And it's a claustrophobe's worst nightmare -- the men have to hunker down as they walk.

SARGE

Stay in cigar formation. If you can ID the enemy, don't wait for your buddy to do the same: start shooting.

To ward off fear, Goat (the only one who, per regulations, wears Night Vision Goggles) softly recites from the Bible:

GOAT

"Be sober, be vigilant, because your adversary the devil ... walketh about, seeking whom he may devour."

SARGE

Goat? Give it a rest, would ya?

JOHN

You really believe that?

GOAT

I know what I saw.

WITH DESTROYER AND HERNANDEZ

as they march through the muck, playing their light-beams in regular, repeating patterns:

DESTROYER

H, when we were kids playing soldier, y'ever picture yourself doing this?

HERNANDEZ

No, I pictured myself getting laid.

BACK TO JOHN

As he passes The Kid, moving into position to walk point:

THE KID

Hey. You don't wear NVG's neither?

JOHN

I don't like 'em -- they limit your peripheral vision.

THE KID

Plus y'can't see shit to either side.

John smiles. Then there's a SPLASH -- and The Kid tenses as John turns -- sees that Goat tripped on some debris, is all.

JOHN
Stephen, right?

THE KID
Everyone's calling me The Kid, so --

JOHN
So this is why you joined up, huh?
Romance, adventure, see the world,
make the parents proud?

THE KID
I...well, I...lost my parents...

John silently registers this, fingering his scar, as:

THE KID (cont'd)
I woke up one morning and everything
was gone. Only thing left was -- me.
They wanted the TV more than they
wanted me.
(then)
You lost your folks, right? They
sorta ... founded, this whole --

JOHN
Car accident.

The Kid takes this in. A few more steps in silence, then:

THE KID
Your sister -- she's some big
scientist up here ...
(off John's nod)
And you're humping it in a sewer --?

JOHN
The road not taken.

The Kid turns to John, to try to read his face -- and,
looking in Kid's eyes, as at a reflection, John sees:

JOHN (cont'd)
Your pupils, they're pinned, Kid ...

THE KID
(turning away)
I got this condition, Reaper. When
I'm scared --

JOHN
Portman supplying you?

THE KID
He didn't force me, I --

JOHN
You take one more shot of that shit,
I'll blow holes in you and Portman.

Without warning The Kid whips two hand cannons from his chest holsters, points them both in the direction of John's head --

WITH DESTROYER AND HERNANDEZ

As Hernandez feels something tickling his kneecap. He reaches down, and scoops something out of the water ...

HERNANDEZ
D? This has gotta be the last straw.

It's a mangled doll's head.

BACK TO JOHN AND THE KID

John gently reaches out, to calm the overwrought youth:

JOHN
Kid, that was just my way of ...

Slowly The Kid adjusts his aim -- over both John's shoulders. And with reason: SOMETHING'S creeping in the dark behind Goat in the rear.

They can hear it BREATHE. Now the whole Squad stops in its tracks, moved to steadfast silence.

A ghostly white object, in the shape of a human torso, floats along the tunnel ...

John raises it up: a lacerated, bloody lab-coat. With Dr. Willits' ID still pinned over the breast pocket.

THE KID
Goat!

NIGHT VISION POV

We see what Goat sees: the tunnel behind, all lit, all clear.

GOAT'S VOICE
What?

THE KID'S VOICE
Five o'clock!!

Goat's POV swivels to five o'clock. FILLING the FRAME is a MAN'S FACE, as it emerges from the muck. Its eyes open.

GOAT'S VOICE
... Dr. Willits ..?

Then the rest of its eyes open and --

BACK TO JOHN AND THE KID

It happens so fast. A GLIMMER of RAZOR SHARP TEETH, and then something ROCKETS from the maw of darkness, embedding deep into Goat's neck. His eyes go wide, arms flail helplessly.

The creature retreats further into the tunnel, allowing its tongue to slowly spool out of its throat. Then in one quick motion, it retreats entirely, tongue separating from its body. The pink two-foot muscle writhes grotesquely, the fluid sack at its posterior end pumping furiously. Goat stumbles backward, grasping at it.

John and the rest of the squad step into firing formation. Unleash a HELL STORM into the darkness. From the void a high pitched SCREAM, otherworldly, terrifying.

The shooting slowly stops as each man runs out of ammo. And finally, from far down the tunnel, the screaming ends and the sound of something large SPLASHES into the water.

SARGE
Man down, dammit --

Goat lies motionless in the muck. After completely emptying its contents into his neck, the tongue drops into his lap, still squirming in a grotesque struggle for independent life.

JOHN
Sweet Jesus.

CUT TO:

INT. INFIRMARY - A FEW MINUTES LATER

John and Sarge carry in an unresponsive Goat.

SAM
What the hell happened?

Behind them, Hernandez and Destroyer hump a strangely shaped BODYBAG. John anxiously watches as Sam tries to stanch Goat's bleeding. Next, a shot of adrenaline. And another.

JOHN

Goat was ... right behind me, he ...
was talking about "devils" --

Sarge stands silently, waiting for Sam to finish her work.

SAM

"Devils"?

JOHN

Goat, he ... sees the world in black
and white, doubt --

Sam stands, wipes her brow, shakes her head. He's gone.

JOHN (cont'd)

-- and faith.

He blinks back tears.

SAM

I'm sorry.

Sam reaches for a body-bag. As she starts to zip it up:

JOHN

Wait.

He closes Goat's eyelids. Then reaches into Goat's Kevlar vest. Pulls out Goat's well-thumbed, now bloodstained edition of the Bible. Pockets it, zips shut the body-bag.

SAM

What's in that one?

The other body bag. The remaining team members exchange dubious glances.

SARGE

Show her.

Destroyer unzips the second bag. Sam gasps at the blasted remnants of the IMP: A towering humanoid with eight eyes and a thick black exoskeleton.

SAM

Good Christ...

SARGE

What the hell are you people working on up here?

SAM

We're analyzing bones, minerals ...
We're not doing anything like this --

JOHN

Carmack was experimenting on human subjects in his genetics lab.

SAM

(heatedly)

No. Mice, maybe. Monkeys.

John tosses her the "Carmack Vid-Notes" disc angrily.

JOHN

He was experimenting on a convicted killer named Curtis Stahle.

SAM

No, we don't have human subject study approvals!

JOHN

It's in his goddam notes!

Sam stares at the disc. John turns to Sarge.

JOHN (cont'd)

This isn't the same creature Goat and I saw outside Carmack's lab.

PORTMAN

You mean there's more than one?

TIME CUT TO:

CLOSE - VIDEO MAP

It depicts a blue outline of Olduvai's layout. OVER:

THE KID'S VOICE

What're those green dots...?

A HAND reaches into FRAME, pointing to EIGHT GREEN BLIPS, we're inside the --

INT. INFIRMARY

Portman looks from the large wall-mounted Map, to the Kid.

HERNANDEZ

That's us, Newbie. That guy Pinky, a few stragglers. Carbon-based life forms, identified as green dots...

Sarge is sending a message over UAC secure lines:

SARGE

This Sergeant Asher Mahonin, phoning in a Operational Status Report at 0-915 hours from Olduvai. Situation remains unstable. Grimm/Labs and all Olduvai evacuees to remain under lockdown until we complete Sweep and Clear here and return.

PORTMAN

That's a bullshit sit-rep, Sarge -- "unstable" means we need help, true?

Sarge glares at Portman then turns to the Squad and, coolly:

SARGE

Any other questions?

PORTMAN

We need to call for help.

JOHN

We're six million light years from home. Message won't even get there for an hour.

Kid's still studying the map.

THE KID

If the green blips are us, then what're those?

Pointing to the TWO RED BLIPS in the Chamber, nearby.

JOHN

Carbon-based life forms.

THE KID

Why red, not green --?

JOHN

Because they're not genetically identifiable as human.

DESTROYER

Whatever they are, they're huge --

HERNANDEZ

And they're moving.

As the terrifying implication sinks in, Sarge starts to reload. The rest of the squad follows suit -- except:

PORTMAN

Five minutes ago, we wasted some -- thing, Reaper thinks there's another and now we got three --?!

With a deep, abiding and terrible calm:

SARGE

We'll work our way from here to the Wormhole and clean 'em out, re-mark every swept area. Hernandez stays with Sam. Upload the GSR map to your heads up displays.

Sarge pulls a USB memory card from the monitor hard drive, loads it into his belt PC. The HUD on his visor suddenly glows green. Then Sarge tosses the memory card to John who does the same and passes it along as --

PORTMAN

If we'd used the GSRs when we first got here we wouldn't be in this shit.
(they ignore him)
You're serious --?! Screw this! We gotta call in reinforcements! D'ya see the way that thing greased Goat?

Sarge chambers rounds.

PORTMAN (cont'd)

I enlisted to protect UAC property and personnel. From terrorists and thugs, dangerous yes, but at least they were human... It's Standard Operating Procedure to call in reinforcements when a situa--

SARGE

We are the reinforcements. Reload.

Desperate, Portman looks to John for support. Instead, John slams a final round into his chamber, then, quietly:

JOHN
Pray For War.

CUT TO:

INT. ATRIUM

The squad is spread out in a an advance offensive formation, cautiously approaching the Wormhole Chamber until Sarge abruptly halts them with a hand signal.

SARGE
...damn door's open...

PORTMAN
Grenade?

JOHN
Yeah right, and blow the Wormhole...

Sarge signals for the team to split in two, hunker down on both sides of the partially open double-deadbolt steel door.

CUT TO:

INT. INFIRMARY - SAME TIME

Sam pulls open what's left of the Imp's huge jaw, shines a penlight in, past the razor-sharp incisors.

Hernandez stands back -- a good vantage point for throwing the occasional admiring glance at Sam's ass, as she works.

SAM
Shit.

She's dropped her penlight into the Imp's mouth and deep into its gullet. She turns, signals:

SAM (cont'd)
Hold this open.

Hernandez hesitates.

SAM (cont'd)
Don't be a pussy.

Grimacing, Hernandez grips the jaws, pries them wide apart.

HERNANDEZ

Little tension 'tween you and Reaper?

SAM

No big deal. We just went our separate ways. After our parents...

Hernandez nods: he's more or less familiar with the story.

SAM (cont'd)

I focused on textbooks, microscopes. He gravitated to guns and explosives.

HERNANDEZ

Yeah? What was he like before?

SAM

As a boy? Empathetic, sensitive.

Sam reaches into the creature's mouth halfway up to her elbow. She stretches her fingertips, straining.

HERNANDEZ

Hard to think of Reaper as sensitive.

SAM

Well, I knew "Reaper" before all the drop-down-gimme-fifty "woo-ha" stuff.

HERNANDEZ

It's "hoo-ah"...

While Sam isn't watching, Hernandez wipes away rivulets of sweat from his forehead.

SAM

You don't have a family, do you?

HERNANDEZ

I have Destroyer. His folks took me in. We came up together.

SAM

He seems like a good guy.

Hernandez nods, embarrassed by this rare moment of candor.

SAM (cont'd)

You know -- I bet you've secretly got a big heart, Hernandez ...

HERNANDEZ

Not the only secret big thing I got.

Sam smirks at the clumsy line, grabs a scalpel, begins a Y-incision but the scalpel SNAPS in half. She taps the broken handle against the thick EXOSKELETON.

SAM

I need a power bone saw. There's one in the morgue.

HERNANDEZ

"Power bone saw." Lady, I been looking for you my whole life.

CUT TO:

INT. WORMHOLE CHAMBER

John enters first, steps over Huengs' dismembered, lifeless corpse. The room is silent, otherwise empty. Off a soft but precise signal of TAPS with his gun-stock against the floor, the others follow him inside, army-crawling through the crystalline maze. Slowly closing in on the Mirrored Cylinder at the center of the cavernous room...

DESTROYER

Where's that guy Pinky...?

He trails off, distracted by another annoying, repetitive...

PLINK. They're small white OBJECTS, striking the floor. One lands near The Kid -- who, curious, scoops one into his palm. He looks up, ghost white.

Now everyone sees what he's holding: a bloodied human tooth.

Destroyer turns to find John looking up. Then he looks up to the suspended catwalks. Through his spotter scope, sees:

The BARON, nearly bursting from its skin with muscularity. Where canines should be, the Baron boasts four razor-sharp tusks. Wart-like lumps speckle its face.

Does it not see them, or is it simply unafraid? Quietly:

DESTROYER (cont'd)

Where's the other one?

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR

Hernandez is returning from the Morgue, carries the bone saw. Through the open nanowall of the Infirmary he can see Sam working over the Imp. Calls to her, holds up the bone saw.

HERNANDEZ

Isn't there a saying? 'Chivalry is worth two full body massages and a foot rub?' Something like that?

Sam doesn't even look up, keeps working.

SAM

We'll see.

But Hernandez has heard something, slows. Afraid to look behind him as --

HERNANDEZ

...yeah we will...

Hernandez's blood splatters across the wall.

He staggers back, trips and falls. The DEMON that's just torn a hole in Hernandez's arm stands above him.

Hernandez looks slowly up at the drooling monstrosity. Tries to reach for his weapon.

SAM

...Greg...

Sam's standing in the open Infirmary nanowall, staring at the thing.

HERNANDEZ

Sam, get back inside.

The Demon's turned it's attention to Sam. It allows Hernandez to roll over, grab his weapon and fire a hurried shot. The demon SCREAMS, falls backward.

Hernandez jumps to his feet, takes off toward the Infirmary as fast as he can run.

But with terrifying recovery speed, the Demon is back in action, on his heels and gaining, slicing the air with its massive claws --

At the end of the hallway, Sam stands on the other side of the open nanowall, hands on the control panel.

SAM
Come on. Come on.

Hernandez sprints with all he's got.

HERNANDEZ
Now! Do it now!

With fading strength, he leaps head-first. The Demon follows suit a split-second behind Hernandez, as ...

Sam activates the panel. Hernandez tumbles through.

Next come the Demon's head, upper torso -- then the nanowall solidifies. It SCREAMS as its bones CRACK within the wall.

Enraged, its tongue spools out just shy of Hernandez's neck.

CUT TO:

INT. WORMHOLE CHAMBER - SAME TIME

The squad has spread out in a horseshoe pattern, still focused on the demon above. Quietly:

SARGE
Once we open fire, if it tries to get away, lay down fire to force it away from the Wormhole...

Sarge pauses as The Baron SPITS another tooth at them, this time almost malevolently. A leg-iron with a busted chain dangles from its ankle.

THE KID
Reaper.

JOHN
What?

THE KID
The manacle and chain.

JOHN
Curtis Stahle.

The Baron LEAPS from its perch, hurtling toward the team. Destroyer's chain gun SPRAYS LEAD. John's twin pistols RAIN HOT METAL. Kid's hand cannon SPEWS FIRE. The brunt of the firepower catches the Baron square in the chest.

The force of the blast sends the creature crashing into the heart of the stacks fifty feet back. The Team relaxes momentarily: nothing could have survived that.

PORTMAN

What the hell was that?!

THE KID

Is it dead?

SARGE

Nothing could have survived that.

The SHATTER of GLASS. The Squad watches, amazed, as:

The Baron, wounded yet seemingly none the worse for wear plows full speed through wall after wall of see-through metal aggregate. A cloud of crystalline EXPLOSIONS fills the room. The Squad begins quickly reloading.

With only several feet and one glass wall to go, the Squad begins a final volley commences with a MAELSTROM of crystal, HUNDREDS of ROUNDS directed at a single target, as:

The Baron leaps quick and high over the team and disappears on the other side of them. The team firing after him.

SARGE (cont'd)

It's heading back for Carmack's lab.

As Sarge and Squad give chase, John's on his communicator:

JOHN

Hernandez, we're following Curtis Stahl, but there's another one running around out there somewhere --

CUT TO:

INT. INFIRMARY - SAME TIME

Off the hardened nanowall, and the Imp trapped within it:

SAM

Yeah, it's running days are over. We're both OK, but Hernandez has a gash I've got to sew. Be careful out there ...

She signs off then takes over from Hernandez, who's trying to sew up his own wound. He gazes at her with admiration.

HERNANDEZ

You know, it's both common and natural for the body to misinterpret physical excitement brought on by fear as sexual arousal.

Sam smiles coyly, then jams the suture needle a couple inches deeper into the wound than she needs to. Hernandez YELPS, off her smile we --

CUT TO:

CARMACK'S LAB - SAME TIME

As the team reenters, taking up positions, Sarge senses the rising level of fear and uncertainty. Rallying his men:

SARGE

Loud, fast, and violent. Got it?

JOHN

Me and Kid'll circle around.

John and the Kid go, Sarge orders Portman and Destroyer:

SARGE

Maintain a perimeter here. I'm heading back to the Armory. We need something with a little kick.

Destroyer takes up position, hyper-alert. Portman watches as Sarge disappears down the corridor, then:

PORTMAN

Bet there'd be a lotta parties wanting to study one of these things ... Defense contractors, Big Pharma.

(off the silence)

Big money, you know?

(more silence)

I'm just saying, maybe we should try to capture one alive...

Destroyer ignores him. Portman takes a moment.

PORTMAN (cont'd)

I gotta take a piss.

Portman heads off for the head. Destroyer watches him go. It's quiet, still, Destroyer's tense. Waiting, hot. Senses he's being watched, whirls --

-- but it's only Lucy in her display case, accusatorially "staring" through the hollow eye-sockets of her skull. Destroyer's getting spooked.

DESTROYER

Hey Portman! How long does it take to take a piss?

(there's no answer)

Portman...!

Still nothing. Destroyer sweeps his beam across the room. All is quiet. And then, with no warning and at frightening speed, Destroyer is YANKED VIOLENTLY into the darkness of --

AN ADJOINING CORRIDOR

He lands with a thud, opens his eyes to find himself staring at a wide-open salivating mouth with monstrous teeth.

Destroyer instantly reacts, rolling away from the wet maw then in the same motion delivering a mighty kick to the Baron's thick thigh, shocking the beast's femoral artery ...

As the Baron topples, it swats off Destroyer's helmet which smashes against the wall. Unable to radio the squad for help, Destroyer grabs the busted chain from the demon's MANACLE in an attempt to drag the beast back into the Lab.

He gets all of two feet before the Baron ROARS and swings its leg mightily, flinging Destroyer all the way down the corridor and into --

INT. CIRCULAR HOLDING CELL

Where Destroyer tumbles into the darkened pit. Destroyer struggles to his feet, backs into the one shaft of light coming down from above. Looks at the 20 foot walls of the pit, considering his options when the sound of something HUGE landing in the darkness beside him spins him around.

Destroyer peers into the darkness. Can barely make out the Baron's DRIPPING FANGS. Destroyer cracks his knuckles.

DESTROYER

I see we speak the same language.

Then he and the Baron proceed to beat the shit out of each other. It's not fluid, choreographed or beautiful, but a knock-down drag-out fight between physically dominant foes.

Destroyer rushes the darkness, throws himself headfirst into the shadows...CRACK!

The unmistakable sound of skull on skull. Seconds later...BLAM! A HARSH BUZZ of voltage and flash of light as the reeling Baron backs into the electrified wall. The Baron HOWLS. Then it's dark again.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM

Portman warily enters as the lights FLICKER overhead, peers under stalls to be sure he's alone. Enters a stall and locks it, perching on the lidless toilet with the communicator in his lap. He changes frequency, inputs a comm-code (readout blinks UAC Encrypted Transmission). Quietly:

PORTMAN

This is PFC Dean Portman with UACM Special Ops on Olduvai approximately 1500 hours. Have encountered extra-terrestrial entities, with unlimited potential for commercial exploitation strongly advise you send a commando platoon to recover specimens living and/or dead A-SAP --

CUT TO:

INT. INFIRMARY OBSERVATION ROOM - SAME TIME

Empty save for the several covered and bagged CADAVERS atop lab tables, Sam and Hernandez are visible on the other side of the large observation windows, their backs to us. Suddenly, one of the bagged cadavers LURCHES off its stretcher. Falls heavily to the floor.

First one arm, then another PUNCHES through the vinyl. Skeletal hands grip desperately at the material. Tear it. Hernandez and Sam still unaware in the room next door.

One arm and then another is exposed and now it's chest, the blistered and mutating skin is unmistakable thanks to the CROSSES still scarred into it. It's Goat.

CUT TO:

INT. ADVANCED WEAPONS SECTION OF THE ARMORY - SAME TIME

Sarge again stands in front of the beautiful floating gun, girds himself, reaches for the BFG. No force-field, no shock, no pain, he's gripping the BioForce Gun.

SARGE

Huh.

Sarge considers this, loves the feel of this gun in his hands. The lights FLICKER, then FLICKER again. Shit.

SARGE (cont'd)

Destroyer? Come in ...

(nothing)

Portman? Reaper...?

CUT TO:

INT. INFIRMARY - SAME TIME

The lights FLICKER yet again.

HERNANDEZ

What the hell is that?

Sam looks up doesn't know, then leans back in to pry open the last tough bit of the Imp's exoskeleton, hands a CROWBAR to Hernandez. Pries opens the chest cavity with both hands.

HERNANDEZ (cont'd)

Can you make any sense of it?

Sam shakes her head -- mystified, horrified.

HERNANDEZ (cont'd)

What, have you ever seen anything like it before?

Sam nods, steps away from the body.

HERNANDEZ (cont'd)

Yes. It's human.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - SAME TIME

John and the Kid flank each side of a large open door. Strange noises emanate from within. They nod to each other and SPIN, GUNS TRAINED, enter --

INT. LAB - CONTINUOUS

Step over several savaged bodies littering the floor. One has a missing arm, another lies on it's stomach, it's head twisted all the way around so it's face is staring up into the ceiling. In the back, a SCIENTIST in white coat is leaning over a bank of cages. Both John and the Kid relax.

THE KID

A straggler.

JOHN

(placating)

Sir? The facility's been evacuated.

The man cranes his neck to look back at them, like an animal caught in headlights. His eyes are WIDE, his skin pale. There's blood around his mouth.

JOHN (cont'd)

(cautious)

Doctor? We need you to make your way immediately to the Wormhole.

The man thrusts his hands into a cage, and in a single movement SHOVELS TWO LAB MICE INTO HIS MOUTH. For the first time the men realize all the other cage doors are open, the cages are empty. Both take a step backward.

THE KID

Reaper...

JOHN

Sir, whatever's happened to you we can get you hel --

But man CHARGES, SCREAMING. He's nearly upon them before they begin FIRING, hundreds of rapidly fired rounds sending the man FLYING backwards into the cages. Then silence.

They advance towards him, stunned as the overhead lights flicker again.

THE KID

What's going on?

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR (CARMACK'S LAB) - SARGE

Running down the corridor, having heard the gunfire.

SARGE
(into headset)
Destroyer? Portman? Reaper? What
the hell's your status?

CUT TO:

INT. ELECTRIFIED HOLDING CELL

Destroyer, beaten and badly burned, Irish-whips the Baron into the shadows. A beat then...ZAP! Another blast of electricity.

Both combatants are weakened, but Destroyer clearly more so. He squints, trying to find the Baron in the darkness.

ROAR! The Baron rushes from the darkness, knocks him back into the wall. ZAP! Destroyer struggles upright. The Baron wallops him again and flings him into the shadows.

Destroyer reels, weakened and helpless. He collapses, managing to avoid hitting the far wall by mere inches. For a split second he catches sight of the Baron leaving the lit portion of the cell, sliding back into night.

Now Destroyer is blind, lost in the darkness, and the Baron is somewhere in here with him. A much too long moment of silence, then...

The CLANK of a chain, and Destroyer is rammed, flying back first into the wall but holding on to the Baron as he does so. And this time, he holds himself there, the electricity coursing through his body and into the Baron's. Only SPARKS light the scene.

The Baron shrieks. It twists and turns with unholy strength, but Destroyer holds steady, his fingers digging into the Baron's back.

A desperate final attempt, the Baron places both hands against the wall, tries to push away from the coursing power. After only a moment, it pulls its hands away. The flesh of its palms BURNT TO THE WALL.

CUT TO:

INT. INFIRMARY - SAME TIME

Sam's loaded Carmack's vid-notes. They watch in silence.

CARMACK (VIDEO)

-- confine Patient Zero, Curtis
Stahle, to the Detention Tank for
careful evaluation after the
subject's cells begin to infuse C-24.

HERNANDEZ

C-what?

SAM

Chromosome 24.

Carmack DISSOLVES to a new IMAGE: blurry black and white,
poorly framed from a fixed camera mount above. We see a
naked arm, part of a male torso, lying prone in the "pit."

The crude video is stamped *SUBJECT: STAHLE, CURTIS. 003 hrs.*

HERNANDEZ

What're we looking at?

Now it jumps to *004 hrs.* The arm, and torso, begin to swell.

SAM

He lied.

It's now *005 hrs.*, and the "subject" seems to be writhing,
mostly out of frame. We watch the arm metamorphose, from
something human and fleshy to a scaly hardness.

HERNANDEZ

Who lied?

SAM

Carmack told us he wouldn't attempt
to reconstruct the Olduvian genetic
mutation, Chromosome 24, in human
subjects.

Sam angrily snaps OFF the video and looks to Hernandez.
Finds him WHITE AS A SHEET, staring at something OS. She
follows his gaze --

They are looking through the observation room window. On the
other side of the window is Goat.

Sort of.

He's changing, turning, but still recognizable.

SAM (cont'd)

Oh my God.

Goat's looking out at them, but his eyes are hollow. He turns away from them, heads back into the room.

Then SPINS, sprints back toward the window, and LAUNCHES HIMSELF HEADFIRST AT THE GLASS. His skull collides with the pane in a sickening CRUNCH, splattering the glass with blood.

Hernandez and Sam recoil in terror as Goat REELS back, SLAMS his head back into the glass a second time. His eyes wide with horror. He HEADBUTTS the glass AGAIN and AGAIN.

The sharp CRACKS of bone against glass become louder and louder. Already well past what would reasonably constitute deceased, Goat finally collapses to the floor. A good quarter of his head left on the glass.

A long, dumbstruck BEAT.

HERNANDEZ

He knew.
 (quietly to Sam)
 He knew he was turning...

She stares at him, then realizing, looks to the Imp:

SAM

That thing didn't butcher Willits.
 It is Willits. These things are us.

As she races for the nanowall, Hernandez following --

SAM (cont'd)

Oh my god. We gotta try to keep it
 alive!

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - SAME TIME

Charging down the corridor, Sarge HEARS an unholy POUNDING -- something moving overhead, fast, in a westerly direction.

SARGE

Destroyer --?

Turns into --

INT. ELECTRIFIED HOLDING PEN

It's DARK, but SMOKE WAFTS FROM the pit across the room. Turns on his gun-mounted light, approaches it carefully.

SARGE
Portman...?

Looks down. The blood drains from his face.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - A MOMENT LATER

Sweeping the hall, John and the Kid HEAR a CLOMPING, something coming, fast... They chamber rounds, swing around the corner, face -- Sarge: sweaty, breathless.

SARGE
Destroyer, he got into close-quarters combat -- musta tore the ass outta that sonovobitch but --

THE KID
Is he -- dead? Destroyer ..?

Sarge swallows, nods, then pointing up:

SARGE
It's moving ... that way.

He points down another corridor. The men break into a run.

JOHN
(into communicator)
Portman, what's your --?

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM

Portman was just about to leave his stall. Pauses to retune his communicator to the proper frequency, hears:

JOHN (VO)
-- what's your position?

PORTMAN
Sweeping the bathroom. Looks clear.

JOHN (VO)
Portman? We're tracking something in the ceiling, heading your way.

The ceiling shakes, dust sprinkles Portman's razor-cut hair.

JOHN (VO) (cont'd)
Portman, get the hell out of there.

Portman looks slowly up, terrified.

PORTMAN
Oh shit...

JOHN (VO)
Portman you gotta get out of there,
do you copy?

A claw smashes through the ceiling above! Portman is plucked off the toilet seat, straight up into midair. SCREAMING, he drops his radio, grabs his knife.

Desperately slashes at the claw. Disappears above for a moment, then reappears upside down, being shaken like a rag-doll. His skull smacks one side of the stall then the other.

John, Sarge and the Kid race in, firing up into the ceiling above where the Baron must be. Sarge looses a blast from the BFG, there's a searing FIREBALL -- and half the stalls, the ceiling and all of Portman are a bubbling puddle of molten metal and smoking flesh.

The smoke clears, the claw, the toilet and Portman have dematerialized into cosmic dust. After a beat, an unworldly SCREAM and what little is left of the Baron falls heavily from above. Only his head, bits of a shoulder and sections of breastbone are left.

A BEAT of awed silence. John cuts a look at Sarge's weapon.

John crosses to what little is left of Portman -- but he's stuck. As John struggles to unstrap his medical pouch ...

THE KID
What the hell was that?

SARGE
BFG.

THE KID
What?

SARGE
Big fucking gun.

CUT TO:

INT. INFIRMARY

Sam is standing as close as she dares to the Walled-In Imp, preparing to insert a feeding tube down its throat. Close by, Hernandez edgily watches, weapon at the ready, when --

-- Sarge and The Kid enter, bearing Destroyer's corpse.

HERNANDEZ

Gannon!

Heartbroken, he dashes to his best friend's body, embracing the massive, ruined cadaver in repose, unashamedly sobbing.

John follows, Portman's medical pouch slung on a shoulder.

JOHN

Portman too.

And, wrapped in a tarpaulin, the pieces of the Baron.

SARGE

Doc, what's left of Curtis Stahl.
You have any idea what the hell is
going on --?

As Sam moves examines the Baron's remains.

SAM

I think Carmack was experimenting with the 24th chromosome he found in Lucy. Extracted it, reproduced it and used Stahl as a guinea pig. It enters the bloodstream, bonds with stealth DNA, then takes over the entire cellular structure.

THE KID

Why are they all turning out so different?

SAM

It must be that the anomaly isn't the chromosome, it must be something in the host.

(how to put this)

It seems to turn the host inside out, and...

Hernandez looks up from Destroyer's body.

HERNANDEZ

...humans are monsters inside.

Sam is quickly, discreetly (via nasal cavities) taking brain tissue samples from Destroyer's body.

SAM

Carmack must've been infected when we found him. The wound on his neck, we lost sight of it after the ear thing, it's probably the transmission site.

Hernandez reacts. But stays mum, as Sam agrees:

SAM (cont'd)

He was already changing. Evolving -- among other things -- a better tongue to pass the chromosome to new hosts. Starting with the thing in the sewer that attacked Goat -- Dr. Willits...

It starts to fall into place:

JOHN

We found several people in the lab, they'd been slaughtered rather than infected. Why doesn't it try to infect everyone?

SAM

I don't know. Some, like Gannon, are killed outright. While others, like Goat, are transformed into -- demons.

SARGE

"Demons"?

SAM

You got a better word?

Sarge considers for a BEAT, then:

SARGE

If Carmack is carrying this 24th Chromosome, then this isn't over. We have to find him.

SAM

We have. More or less.

Gesturing at the walled-in Imp.

SARGE
That's Carmack? Bullshit.

SAM
Look at its left ear.

John examines one side of the imp's head. Studies its weird mutated ear. Now checks the other side. And reacts to see:

JOHN
It's gone.

Sam turns back to the Baron's remains.

SAM
Now that we have Stahl, a piece of him, anyway, I can try to figure out if there's a way to stop the genetic mutation, maybe reverse the cond--

SARGE
Carmack's condition is irreversible.

Sarge approaches the Imp, as though to inspect it himself.

SAM
Not necessarily: If I can reduce cell hyperplasia, create anti-oncogenes --

Sarge pulls a big pistol, swings it up under the Imp's chin.

	JOHN		SAM
Sarge?		Don't!	

ANGLE - OTHER SIDE OF THE WALL

Where Carmack's legs and monstrous spine hang limp. The back of his deformed head protrudes as well. And now it EXPLODES.

BACK TO SCENE

SARGE
Because Carmack's condition is that he's dead.

Off Sam's mute horror at Carmack's summary execution:

SARGE (cont'd)
Now he's not contagious, now he's not a threat. Are all the personnel up here on Olduvai accounted for?

Hernandez says something. Four syllables, not quite audible.

SARGE (cont'd)
What was that, Hernandez?

HERNANDEZ
Mrs. Willits. Oh, man, she had a big cut on her neck, I... thought from her baby... I thought she meant her baby had a fever.

(beat)
I sent her back down. I sent her to Grimm/Labs through the Wormhole.

Sarge begins to methodically reload his entire arsenal.

SARGE
Reload, gentlemen. We're going back through the Wormhole, pray this shit is contained down there...

Sarge starts back out, the Kid follows. John lingers with Sam, staring down at what's left of the Imp --

JOHN
Maybe Goat was right.

SAM
What about?

JOHN
About a world divided between angels and devils...

John turns, follows Sarge as we --

CUT TO:

INT. ATRIUM - MOMENTS LATER

The team moves quickly across the empty atrium. John helps Sam push a stretcher bearing what's left of the Baron's body.

SARGE
How many did we evac back down to Grimm/Labs?

The Kid leads as they reach the Wormhole Chamber.

JOHN
Total? Forty-six --

INT. WORMHOLE CHAMBER OLDUVAI - CONTINUOUS

Or what's left of it... As the three crunch across a battlefield of crystal shards, spent rounds and bodies:

SARGE

Plus the twenty-five or so employees on the skeleton crew we left behind. Been over three hours, they'll all be infected by now.

The Kid slows down, concerned.

THE KID

Whoa, Sarge, we gotta smoke, like, seventy-plus?

SARGE

Look at the silver lining: some of them we'll just find torn apart.

(then)

Lock and load. Bastards might be waiting for us on the other side.

Kid follows Sarge toward the "DROPLET" as we --

CUT TO:

INT. ARK (GRIMM/LABS) - A MOMENT LATER

A FLASH of BLUE light as Sarge reemerges, shakes off the effects. Whirls 360-degrees, shouldering his BFG, covering the others as they appear.

A quick look around confirms his worst fears: the steel door's wide open, the two Sentries are gone and the floor is littered with the bodies of slain Scientists and Techies.

Echoing over the wall mounted comm system:

UAC OFFICER'S VOICE

This is UACM Headquarters attempting third and final contact...

Sarge moves to the wall comm system as the other team members emerge through the wormhole behind him.

SARGE

This is Sgt. Mahonin. Who is this?

UAC OFFICER'S VOICE

This is Commander Underwood. We just received a coded communication from a member of your team, Dean Portman, confirmed UAC Special Forces. Do you need assistance?

John's appeared through the wormhole, listens as he tries to shake off the effects and watches the others coming through.

SARGE

Negative, do not enter the Lab facility. We're under biological contagion lock down procedure. We are currently attempting to control the threat. UACM forces should be stationed above, anyone or anything other than my team attempting to exit this facility must be terminated.

UAC OFFICER'S VOICE

What the hell is going on down there Sergeant

SARGE

Anything or anyone, sir. Kill it on sight. Over.

Sarge turns back, sees everyone staring at him.

THE KID

They're not coming to help us?

Sam looks squarely at Sarge.

SAM

What's going on down here is still a closed biological system. The only guarantee it won't spread above ground is to keep out more potential hosts. Either we solve it -- my way, or Sarge's -- or we die down here. You can't let anybody else in.

SARGE

(nods)

Let's go. Nerve center.

CUT TO:

INT. NERVE CENTER

We're looking at the wall-mounted Grimm/Labs MAP, a home-planet version of the Olduvai map, with one difference:

THE KID

No blips.

Instead there's only SNOW. As he backs slowly to the door:

SARGE

Smart bastards. They jammed it -- so we've got no idea how many we're up against, or where they are.

THE KID

How could they jam it? They're --

SARGE

Rocket scientists, remember? And if they're smart enough to jam the GSR, they'll damn sure find their way to the elevator.

SAM

We have to try to figure out the epidemiology. Maybe there's a way to reverse the genetic mutation.

SARGE

Yeah, well, if you find the cure in the next five minutes, send word before the massacre starts.

(going)

Reaper, stay with your sister.

John hesitates, wants to go with Sarge and the Squad.

SARGE (cont'd)

Don't worry, there's gonna be plenty of killing wherever you are.

(then, signaling)

Hernandez? Kid?

The Kid falls in eagerly. Hernandez, reluctantly.

THE KID

So what's our strategy? Breach-team frontal assault? Ambush box?

SARGE
 Actually, Kid, I think we're gonna
 just kick their goddamn asses.

Off John and Sam, watching them go we --

CUT TO

EXT. THE FIELD ABOVE - NIGHT

A column of heavily armed UACM commandos stream in, pile off trucks, rush to take positions around the closed metal iris at the top of the elevator shaft. As lock and load we --

CUT TO:

INT. THE NERVE CENTER

Sam leans over the remains of the Baron's body, which John has hoisted atop a table.

JOHN
 But not everyone is infected. They
 didn't turn Destroyer or that guy
 Huengs. There are bodies all over
 the place down here they just killed.

She separates the lungs, revealing another strange organ.

SAM
 His "evolved" tongue. It's just like
 Willits's, in the sewer.

She pulls a vial of grey sludge from her pocket, uncorks it.

SAM (cont'd)
 Brain matter I took from Portman.

She holds the vial over the engorged bulb of the Baron's lower tongue, which now takes up a significant portion of his chest cavity. The tongue churns, spattering John with blood.

Now Sam holds up another vial, same sort of sludge. Quietly:

SAM (cont'd)
 I took this sample from Destroyer.

She again holds the vial over the node of the Baron's tongue, and...it does nothing, just lolls.

Quickly, Sam passes Portman's brain matter over again. The tongue jerks.

SAM (cont'd)

I don't know if it's a particular neurotransmitter its picking up on, or a specific ganglion, but it chooses who to infect.

JOHN

Why?

SAM

We know there are genetic markers for aggression and hostile behavior...I don't know. Maybe it's only taking the worst of us on purpose.

CUT TO:

INT. GRIMM LABS SUPPLY ROOM - SAME TIME

Evidently a number of Grimm/Labs personnel thought to hole up in here -- a smart idea, given the high shelves stocked with foodstuffs. Despite their best efforts, though, they were recently overrun: the room is piled with mutilated corpses.

Hernandez scans the room with his rifle mounted light, revolted. Into communicator:

HERNANDEZ

Sarge, I'm in the supply room. There must be fifteen bodies, all dead.

SARGE

(on communicator)

Mark the room and head to Zone 2.

Hernandez pulls out his fluorescent powder marker, makes a mark. Hears a SOUND! Swings his rifle around to the pile of bodies. What the fuck was that. Silence. Hears it AGAIN!

Fires a BURST, into the corpses --

MAN'S VOICE

Jesus Christ, stop shooting!

HERNANDEZ

Who the hell is in there?

Two bloodied arms pop up from the pile of human wreckage. Then a terrified face, the rest of him buried in bodies.

It's Pinky, babbling:

PINKY (MAN)

They busted in, it was horrible... oh my god...I just played dead...

Frantically, helplessly, he bursts out:

PINKY (cont'd)

Don't just stand there, you dumb sonovobitch! Get me outta here!

CUT TO:

INT. NERVE CENTER

John watches as Sam continues her post mortem.

SAM

Internal lung structure's undergone a high degree of specialization, but that makes sense. Olduvai was 70% water. The C-24 helped them evolve to be able to breathe under it.

Off a HISSING from behind them John SPINS, aims his gun.

HERNANDEZ

I found a survivor, he was hiding under a bunch of dead people.

The hissing sound is the wheelchair, containing a thoroughly panicked and babbling Pinky.

HERNANDEZ (cont'd)

Bastard was supposed to wait for us by the wormhole.

PINKY

I stayed as long as I could but this thing showed up, it killed Captain Huengs. I barely made it back through alive. And then when I got down here, there were dead bodies everywhere so I hid --

John is staring at Pinky. Sam tries to apologize.

SAM

I'm sorry, John, I should have told you he was here --

JOHN
We already had our reunion.

Pinky looks between them nervously:

PINKY
I can't go back out there! Please
just let me hide in here!!

Sam looks at Pinky, incredulous.

SAM
You of all people, asking my brother
for help --

PINKY
(then piteously, pleads)
It wasn't my idea, it was just a job,
they came to me...

SAM
What was just a job?

PINKY
I was nothing, a cog, I was only
driving the car! I lost my legs,
alright?

With this, Pinky removes the blanket over his legs to reveal that...THEY DON'T EXIST. His torso is biomechanically grafted to his wheelchair.

JOHN
What the hell're you talking about?

John moves toward him. Pinky shifts into Reverse.

JOHN (cont'd)
"A job" -- ?

Pinky keeps rolling back: John grabs the arms of the chair.

JOHN (cont'd)
WHAT JOB?!

PINKY
You didn't know? You poor bastard,
what, you thought it was an accident?

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT (10 YEARS AGO)

Soaked, freezing, oblivious, John stumbles past Sam, who is a bloody mess, sitting in the middle of the road, face lit by:

A burning TRUCK ten feet away. The driver, the dazed young PINKY, sits at the wheel. Stares down while muttering:

PINKY

This is total bullshit, man ... This should never have happened ...

John's eyes cloud. His face hardens as he HEARS:

SAM (OS)

John, where's -- where's Mom and Dad?

John SMASHES Pinky's face right through the cracked window. And keeps pummeling Pinky, drunk on his primitive rage.

Again and again, as Sarge arrives in his car, jumps out, runs toward John.

SARGE

John, STOP! 'S'gonna blow --

Pinky cuts a pleading look to Sarge, who has to fight John to push him away before pulling Pinky from the flaming wreck.

Now we see why Pinky'd just sat here, taken John's punches, put up no resistance: his legs are crushed, mangled, ruined.

The truck EXPLODES as Sarge drags Pinky out of range, and we

CUT BACK TO:

INT. NERVE CENTER - PRESENT

John leaps at Pinky, hands around Pinky's neck, choking him.

JOHN

I'll kill you!

In self-defense, Pinky bends forward -- and the wheelchair, responding to his neurological commands, lurches powerfully forward, pinning John against the wall.

SAM

Stop it! Stop it! Greg...!

Hernandez and Sam pull John off of Pinky. Pinky chokes and sputters, gasping for breath. John's still enraged, comes at Pinky again, Hernandez stops him. Sam stares at Pinky,

SAM (cont'd)

...Why...?

(Pinky's still gasping)

For what? ...What did they promise you? ...Money?

PINKY

...Not my idea...hired by Mahonin...

John stops fighting Hernandez, stares, stunned --

JOHN

Sarge...?

HERNANDEZ

Mother of god.

Hernandez is staring past Pinky toward the door. The ARCH-VILE, a towering multi-armed horror, Shiva on crack, has just squeezed in through the door behind Pinky. Pinky sees Hernandez's horror, blanches --

PINKY

Oh no, is there something behind me?

An insect-leg wraps around his neck and yanks Pinky and the wheelchair to which he's attached, AWAY.

Pinky's whipped wildly around the room from wall to ceiling to opposite wall -- SCREAMING all the way. The Team hits the floor. Furniture flies. A table NAILS Hernandez. Then, as though satisfied it's finally captured something, and something palpably evil at that, the Arch-Vile abruptly retreats.

John gets his breath back, regains his bearings. Sees Sam, splayed on the floor -- stunned, but uninjured. And:

Hernandez, struggling upright -- the two-foot metal leg from the examination table sticking through his shoulder. Dazed:

HERNANDEZ

Sorry, I let it get away.

JOHN

Yeah well I'm sorry you have a metal bar stuck through your shoulder.

Sam crosses to Hernandez, kneels.

SAM

Hernandez, lie down, let me help you.

Hernandez surprises Sam and himself with a kiss on her lips.

HERNANDEZ

Thanks but not right now. Right now
I'm gonna tear that demon four new
assholes and fuck every one of them.

CUT TO:

INT. TUNNEL - A MOMENT LATER

Having disposed of Pinky in the interim, The Arch-Vile crawls
down a corridor. Pauses at an intersection of hallways.

Watched by Sarge and the Kid concealed behind a pipe. Sotto,
as the Arch-Vile seems to be deciding which way to go:

SARGE

Let's drive it west toward the
nanowall, trap it there then --

Before he can finish The Kid breaks cover and with a courage
bordering on crazy, chases the Arch-Vile west --

SARGE (cont'd)

Jesus, Kid...

The kid drops to one knee, gets a bead --

WEAPON ID

Ammunition stores exhausted. All
magazines empty.

THE KID

Shit!

Sarge leaps into place beside him, aims. But the Arch-Vile
sees him aim, turns and runs --

... right through the nanowall.

SARGE

What the hell...

Sarge glances at the nanowall control panel. At its blinking
display: TIMED RELEASE EXECUTED: NANOWALL IS OPEN.

THE KID

What's happening ..?

SARGE
Kid...Retreat.

THE KID
What?

But off Sarge's silent, purposeful backward-march, the Kid follows suit, eyes glued to the softened nanowall as he reloads -- and only then does he hear the inexplicable, otherworldly CHATTERING emanating from the other side.

THE KID (cont'd)
What IS that...

SARGE
Field of fire!

The two men pause just long enough to loose a DEAFENING BARRAGE, then turn and run like hell all the way down to:

INT. CIRCULAR ANTEROOM

At tunnel's end. Bolt the reinforced door as they find Hernandez just arriving.

HERNANDEZ
What the hell is going on?

THE KID
I'm too old for this shit.

They stand in the center of the room, weapons all aimed at the door. Ready for whatever comes through.

Sarge stiffens, as an arm locks around his neck from behind and the serrated blade of a knife presses on his throat.

JOHN
What was in it for you?

SARGE
A hot meal and a hand-job. What're you blathering about now, John-Boy?

John tightens his grip.

JOHN
What did they promise you?! Money?
A promotion? For helping kill our
parents and keeping quiet about it?

Sam steps out of the shadows of the tunnel behind John. Stares at Sarge with unrestrained fury. A loud jarring BANG on the door makes John turn --

-- and, in the instant John loses concentration, Sarge does a smooth martial arts move that dislodges him -- flings John down onto the floor. Sarge plants a boot on his protege's chest. He looks down at John. Warns:

SARGE

When we're out of the deep dark shit.
We'll hash this out. But not till
then. You got that, Reaper?

John grips Sarge's boot, moves it off his chest, stands. Turns his attention to the door, as it starts to buckle against the relentless demon assault.

SARGE (cont'd)

I have some work to do. Anyone not
with me, take cover. NOW.

Sarge takes a deep breath, steadies his aim, then --

HERNANDEZ

Oh man...

They turn to Hernandez: he stands in the center of the room, staring at his feet. Distraught.

With reason. He's standing on a grate, and two hideous arms have reached up through it, grabbing him by the ankles.

SAM

(horror-struck)
Hernandez...Gregg -- hold still.

Hernandez smiles -- unfathomably brave, resigned as a Hindu saint -- as one of his feet is pulled through the grate.

HERNANDEZ

Can't.
(then)
Take care of Sam, you guys, okay?

And the rest of him goes down, as though through a strainer. His rapid descent halted briefly when the table leg lodged in his chest catches on the grate, and the helpless group gets a much-longer-than-necessary look at the dying man. With one final, horrifyingly violent tug, the table leg bends, and Hernandez is gone.

Sam jams a fist in her mouth, only half-stifling her SCREAM.

THE KID
We're all gonna die here.

Sarge hefts the BFG as he turns, determined, to the door.

SARGE
Then let's goddamn go.

But inexplicably, Sarge stops. Goes silent. Then a GURGLE.

Then pink foam bubbling up from Sarge's throat and cascading down the front of his uniform. Where it matches a spreading stain that rings a razor-sharp object jutting from his belly.

And from behind Sarge's back it lowers...FROM THE CEILING:

The SPIDER SKULLETON:, a gigantic, inverted DEMON SKULL with enormous SPIDER-LEGS spouting from it. A Volkswagon-sized spider with an upside-down skull where its body should be.

John shields Sam behind him, taking aim.

The Kid's face glazes. The killer in him rising once more.

Sarge looks down, infinitely surprised to find himself skewered by the Spider Skulleton's serrated leg.

SARGE (cont'd)
But I'm not supposed to die yet.

The Spider Skulleton flicks his leg, flinging Sarge aside like a rag doll.

John is about to start blasting, but hesitates when he spots the human blur coming at the creature from across the room.

JOHN
Stephen, no!

The Kid slides along his back, both guns blazing. He unloads two full pistols into its underbelly, steaming ENTRAILS spilling out onto him, until...

SCHWING! Two of the Skulleton's legs ROCKET downward, goring the Kid through each shoulder. He howls in agony as the Skulleton lifts him into the air, brings him only inches from its foul face.

John tries to line up the kill shot, but can't. The Kid is too close, dangling helplessly.

THE KID
John, what're you waiting for --?

Next, the creature's tongue unspools, wraps around The Kid's neck and pumps Chromosome 24 directly in the carotid artery.

SAM

(near tears)

John...you have to do something.

John, torn, looks up to see the Kid, struggling to stay conscious, looking at him. Those sad eyes.

SAM (cont'd)

Stephen, hold still ...

Though panicked, The Kid processes what's just happened to him. Suddenly it becomes very clear, what must be done.

THE KID

(begs John)

Shoot us both, before I --

JOHN

No goddamn way -- gimme a sec --

The Kid points his own gun at the roof of his mouth.

SAM

No --

THE KID

Saving ammo. Two-for-one. I know what's inside me.

He FIRES, the bullet blowing open the other side of his skull then BLASTING straight up into the Spider Skulleton, liquefying its brain stem. It's limp body, along with The Kid's, comes CRASHING to the floor in a broken heap.

John and Sam take in the terrible spectacle with tragic awe. Then John ventures, wary, into the Tunnel.

JOHN

...Sarge..?

No answer, unsurprisingly. Off the silence we HEAR, OVER...

SAM'S VOICE

The Olduvians mapped the human genome and discovered the basic building blocks of life. And then they tried to manipulate them --

CUT TO:

INT. SCIENCE LAB

They've brought Kid's body back here. Sam stands at the sink scrubbing off demon gore. John reloads his guns from the collected ammo belts of his fallen comrades.

SAM

...to build a Better Man, or a deadlier soldier, either way, it went terribly wrong. A few of them must have seen the writing on the wall and escaped through the Wormhole.

JOHN

The "Ark"?

Sam shuts off the tap. Turns from the sink, to John.

SAM

Maybe we're all descendents of those few Olduvaian, the ones who escaped.

(beat)

Adam and Eve, Noah's Ark.

Sam begins searching for medical equipment.

JOHN

There would be records of their coming, writings, history.

SAM

They wouldn't have wanted to take much with them. They'd learned their lessons, this planet was a chance to start anew.

JOHN

Goat called the Bible "man's first stories. Man's birth stories". Allegories, warnings not to play God, to not repeat past mistakes.

She continues ransacking cabinets.

SAM

Why do they attack some people and not others? What are they looking for in a host?

(an then)

Why Goat and not Gannon? Why Carmack and not Destroyer? There's an alternative, Lucy's the proof.

(MORE)

SAM (cont'd)

She carried Chromosome 24 but she died protecting her child, not devouring it.

JOHN

Maybe it has to destroy some people because it knows something about what will happen if they're infected.

She's found surgical kits and drapes, spinal kits.

SAM

The ten percent, the unidentified stealth DNA, when it was first discovered, some scientist's thought it might be the genetic blueprint of the soul.

Swipes a research bench clear with her arm, sending equipment flying. Dumps her gathered supplies onto it.

SAM (cont'd)

John, we can beat this. I'm not saying I'm perfect. I'm human, and any soul is complex, a mystery --

JOHN

(realizing)

...No...no...

SAM

We're not like the animals Carmack tested first. Mice aren't good or evil, just instinctive.

John realizes where this is going:

JOHN

No, Sam --

SAM

I have to try. We have to know.

(off his look)

If we don't do anything we die.

She hands him a pair of surgical gloves then moves toward the Baron's remains but he blocks her way.

JOHN

I'm not going to let you inject some poisonous goddamn chromosome into your body --

SAM

I can observe the processes as they occur. Monitor and record it. If I don't survive, send the data outside for some else to analyze.

JOHN

No.

SAM

They're going to need to study the cellular transitions. The demons will find us soon, there isn't time to argue.

JOHN

No!

(and then)

It should be me.

Stunned, Sam blinks at her brother.

JOHN (cont'd)

I'm no saint, I've done some things. You can't imagine. But it can't be you, you've got to be able to observe it. You can't observe it if it's killing you. It has to be me.

John unholsters his gun, hands it to the reluctant Sam.

JOHN (cont'd)

One through my heart, one through my head, if it ... if I'm not --

Sam refuses the gun.

SAM

I won't need it.

(then)

I know who my brother is.

FADE TO:

EXTREME CLOSE ON: THE BARON'S TONGUE

HEAVING as a pair of gloved hands grasp it, PULL it from its residence in the Baron's chest.

FADE TO:

EXTREME CLOSE ON: JOHN'S BACK

Shrugging the uniform from his shoulders. Exposing battered muscularity.

FADE TO:

EXTREME CLOSE ON: THE BARON'S TONGUE

Being SKEWERED by a horizontal steel bar. It dangles from the bar, dribbling genetic matter.

FADE TO:

EXTREME CLOSE ON: A THICK NEEDLE

Pushing in between two of the vertebrae of John's lower back, until its entire length has been swallowed.

PULL OUT to show that we are in --

INT. THE SCIENCE LAB

Where John lies, stomach down, on a stretcher. The spinal tap leads from his lower back to a clear PLASTIC TUBE, which itself coils upward and hangs from The Baron's TONGUE.

Sam pinches the tube, keeping the clear fluid collecting off the tongue from coursing into John's spine. She's surrounded him with diagnostic equipment to monitor his progress.

SAM

When this is over? Can we go on that vacation we thought we were taking, ten years ago?

JOHN

White sandy beach and warm tropical breezes -- I promise, Sam...

Sam smiles at her brother, maybe for the last time, and then releases the IV valve. John winces as we...

ZOOM IN to the IV bag, all the way to the molecular level, where we go CLOSE ON A STRAND OF DNA...C-24. We follow this rogue chromosome as it suddenly flows through the clear tube, the syringe, and into JOHN'S SPINE, where it BONDS to his own DNA...and then the replication begins.

We commence a whirlwind ride through his body, each physiological system changing as we pass it: Taking in C-24:

BLASTING through the spinal column, speeding through arteries, the heart, the carotid, the brain stem, through the foramen magnum into the medulla oblongata, the cerebellum, the cerebral cortex, the optic nerve, the retina, cones, rods, lens, pupil and then it's black, and we...

FADE UP ON:

INT. SCIENCE LAB - 15 MINUTES LATER

John's eyes groggily open. He takes a moment to reorient.

Sits up on the table, facing that mirror over the sink.

He looks the same. Almost. Yes, something's changed ... As John raises a finger to his forehead -- his smooth forehead.

JOHN

Sam ..? My scar, it's -- gone.

He turns, for her reaction. But Sam's not here.

And the Infirmary is a wreck, medical supplies strewn, tables upended, chairs smashed against the wall. Sam was taken from here by force. And she definitely didn't go without a fight.

As he frenziedly digs amid the debris for his weapons, ammo:

JOHN (cont'd)

Goddammit, Sam! ...SAM...!

He gathers up his guns, where they were flung -- then, armed for the Apocalypse, SLAMS home the clip to his pistol. He turns to face us with burning eyes.

We're in a LOW ANGLE. When John takes a step forward ...

WE ZOOM IN through the sole of his foot, thus commencing a whirlwind ride within his body: speeding through arteries, weaving between tibia and fibula, blasting through the spinal column, more arteries, the heart, the carotid, the brain stem, through the foramen magnum into the medulla oblongata, the cerebellum, the cerebral cortex, the optic nerve, the retina, cones, rods, lens, pupil and just that *FAST* we are:

Living the moment we've been waiting for ... The moment we become JOHN GRIMM. Now we are the FIRST PERSON SHOOTER.

I weave through the darkened corridors.

A SCREECH from a hallway to the left. I SPIN, stand at the ready with my weapon aimed. Something is RUNNING toward me.

Only with several feet left between us can I finally see it. A half-turned ZOMBIE.

It's upon me before it even realizes I'm there. I DOUBLE-TAP dead center of its chest and it FLIES BACK, disappearing into the dark from whence it came.

I proceed, and find it twenty feet down the tunnel, near death. I shoot it in the head as I pass. I don't slow down.

A SOUND from another side corridor. I SPIN, gun trained. Nothing. Am I hearing things? Have I gone cr--

A hideous HOWL, so close it sounds like it's inside my head. I crouch, spin. Standing above me, having materialized from the direction I was heading, is an obscene FEMININE DEMON. Its viscous, venomous spittle SPATTERING my visor. I WIPE MY HAND ACROSS MY VISOR.

I jam my gun under its chin. BLAM! As I walk past, I hear a SCUTTling. I SPIN, blast apart its DISEMBODIED TONGUE, which writhes on the floor.

GROAN. SPIN AGAIN, blast apart another zombie. Into a room. Shadow in the corner. DUCK BEHIND A PILLAR, blow away another zombie.

CHATTERING from the far doorway. Blackness beyond.

I reach into my belt, withdraw a flare. I snap it, toss it into the darkness. HISSING of the flare somewhere in the tunnel ahead. Then it lights.

For a millisecond the tunnel floods with a RED BURST. I see the flare, ahead. Behind it, a DOZEN ZOMBIES peering from the dark, BABBLING nightmarishly. But only for a millisecond

-- then the flare DIES. PITCH BLACK.

A zombie SHRIEKS. I fire blind, SPRAYING the entire hallway with an arc of lead. I hear only SCREAMS.

When again I see them, by the light of my muzzle flare, there are only several left. But they continue, crawling over the bodies fallen in front of them.

WEAPON ID

Low -- ammo -- warning.

I pivot, drop down, pump the LAST SHOTS into a wall-mounted fire-extinguisher. It blows like a BOMB, resultant shrapnel mowing down all but one of them. Our old friend. THE ARCH-VILE.

I SPIN INTO A HALLWAY and run. The Arch-Vile is fast...I can hear it catching up. Sprinting. Light plays off the wall, I catch glimpse of my own shadow. Hoisting a new WEAPON.

There's a hallway coming up on my right. I speed up. Leap. Plant my left foot on the wall -- then spring off, launch myself into the hall, FIRING all the way.

The Arch-Vile turns the corner and catches my lead as I fly back. I land on my back, continue FIRING until I've mowed off several of the Arch-Vile's vestigial arms. And then my rifle runs out of ammo.

The Arch-Vile looks at itself, at the SMOKING BULLET HOLES in its abdominothorax. It snarls at me. I look to the timed mine I dropped during my leap. The one it's standing right above. I SHIELD MY EYES FROM THE BLAST.

I stand, heart racing. Head back down the tunnel with plasma cannons in hand. The dark tunnels are eerily silent. Empty.

Fork in the route. About to take one on the right when, muffled...

SAM'S VOICE

John?!

My sister. I SPIN, hustle down the other corridor, toward the voice. The hallway leads to a big room filled with work benches and discarded hardware. On the far side, a doorway.

I'm almost to the door, but a sound captures my attention. A CHUNKY, MECHANICAL WHIR. From the corner.

I know that sound, it's so familiar ... I follow and, resting on a bench in the middle of the clutter, there it is.

Pinky's wheelchair. Hanging upside-down, over the edge of a workbench. Engine HUMMING, wheels SPINNING. Odd, but of no use to me. I turn to exit. Which is when I hear a SNORT.

I turn back -- and watch in horror as two meaty forelegs drop from under the wheelchair. The legs drop to the ground, get a foothold and pull forward. And the rest of the wheelchair comes with it.

Before me now stands a hideous boar-like demon, but closer to the size of a rhino than a pig. And where its hindquarters should be, its leathery flesh is bonded to the wheelchair ...

This is PINKY DEMON. And it recognizes me.

Before I can react, a plume of steam BLASTS from the chair -- and Pinky Demon charges me. Butts me in the gut with a ROAR.

I stumble back through machinery that tangles up my arms and slices at my skin. I scramble to my feet, look up to see his lowered head inches from mine. Everything goes BLACK.

I come to, moments later, aware of a SMACKING SOUND. Hazy, I look down, around my feet. Where is that goddamn thing --?

CRUNCH! Right beside my head. I crane my head to see Pinky tear away half my deltoid. Pinky is EATING ME.

I reach blindly with my right arm, grab a metal pipe. Watch as Pinky devours my torn-away flesh, wait patiently for him to take another mouthful of my shoulder. My heart POUNDS as:

Pinky SWALLOWS my muscle, opens his dripping maw -- and I jam the pipe into his mouth and roll away. Pinky HOWLS, tears around the room in a wild attempt to free his jaws.

His wheels spin, sending him into a bizarre wheelie. I jump to my feet, search for something to use in self-defense.

I decide on the CHAINSAW over there. I yank the chain and it ROARS to life. Pinky's heard the chainsaw, and ceased his manic destruction of the room. Now he idles front and center, staring me down. I REV the chainsaw.

In response, Pinky forces his jaws very wide apart -- then he CHOMPS down, sending the pipe through his upper jaw and right out the top of its snout. He charges.

The chainsaw, though ferocious, is unwieldy, hard to handle in close quarters combat. Pinky butts me, knocks me back. I swipe at him, SAW in half the pipe protruding from his face.

Pinky ROARS, SNAPS at my legs. I strafe left, tear a massive gash in Pinky's muscular shoulder. He SCREAMS, leaps at me. His front legs catch me in the chest before I can bring the chainsaw back up, and I crash to the ground.

Pinky bounds off, smart enough to stay moving. I get to my feet before he BUTTS me again. My chainsaw skitters away.

Pinky TEARS away a portion of my calf. Breathing hard, I grab a sledgehammer and CRACK his skull, send him tumbling.

I stand and, knowing this is my last chance, make a dash for the still-running chainsaw. I scoop it up with one hand and spin at the same time, just as Pinky hurtles toward me.

I swipe at him in mid-air, connect -- and send Pinky plummeting, along with the chainsaw, to the ground.

Pinky rights himself, sets his feet, and...can't move. He looks around, confused. Steam billows from a deep fissure in the mechanics of the chair. I've severed the neuro-mechanic connection between machine and monster. A pathetic sight.

I fetch a plasma cannon from the corner of the room. Return to Pinky's side. I take a moment to look down at this creature, to process this as the end of our ten years of pain. Then I END IT.

I hurry to the far door, and into a scene of incredible carnage. The elevator's protective sheath is smashed, clawed and chewed upon. To either side, is a pile of dead demons. Huge MELTED HOLES in the walls, GREEN PLASMA dripping from them and from the bodies below them.

Above me, a fluorescent bulb FLICKERS, and we

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A fluorescent bulb FLICKERS, above, as John squints into the strobing gloom. He can make out a world of destruction and then, slowly, in addition to the MAN, who's poised at the door to the elevator, he sees a WOMAN, propped in a corner.

JOHN

Sam ..?

John crosses to Sam's side. She's battered and bruised, her clothes torn and bloodied. She peers up at him, and weakly:

SAM

The demons came -- for us, I led them away from you...

JOHN

Don't talk -- please, rest --

Interrupted by a harsh LAUGH from Sarge. Who's got both elevator keys now, and has just inserted the first one.

SARGE

"Rest"? She needs medical attention.

As John turns from Sam to Sarge, then back:

SAM

Sarge... saved me...

JOHN

Saved you? Or your key?

Sam doesn't answer -- her eyes close, she slumps down.

SARGE

She needs help. We've got to get her up to the surface.

John holds out his open palm.

JOHN

Give me her key.

SARGE

Didn't you hear? The demons are all dead.

Another step closer, John can start to make out Sarge's face. Sees that Sarge's forehead is swelling, his jaw thickening.

JOHN

All but one.

He raises his plasma gun, points it at Sarge's forehead.

SARGE

It won't work, John. Killing for peace is like fucking for chastity.

Sarge turns back to the door, starts to insert Sam's key.

SARGE (cont'd)

I tried to be like a father to you.

Gambling on John's compassion ... Sarge unlocks the door.

JOHN

You murdered my father. My mother.

SARGE

We're all murderers, here right? You, me, Goat and Gannon, that's what they pay us for.

John's got way too much blood on his uniform to refute this outright. So the two -- devil and angel -- are locked in a stare-down. Sarge's eyes glow dim RED. John's have a thin glimmering WHITE RING around the iris. Almost ... a halo?

SARGE (cont'd)

John. Listen to me. Your parents were gonna go public.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. MINIVAN (SUBMERGED) - NIGHT (10 YEARS AGO)

John struggles against Louis -- wanting more than anything to sacrifice himself, but his diminishing vigor fails him. OVER:

SARGE'S VOICE

Violate their security agreements.

John inhales the last available breath from the bubble as his father's limp hands fall away into the darkness below.

SARGE'S VOICE (cont'd)

Endanger Carmack's research.

John grabs for his father's hands, struggles against fate to hold them... but comes up only with Louis's wedding ring.

SARGE'S VOICE (cont'd)

The entire Olduvaian project.

A pane SHATTERS. Sarge's dived down: he thrusts his hands through the open window, grabs a hank of John's hair, pulls.

EXT. RIVERBANK - NIGHT

With ebbing strength, Sarge heaves John onto the bank. John looks back, down, into the water. Can just make out the shadows of his parents submerged, trapped in the minivan...

SARGE'S VOICE

Your parents stood in the way, not just of profit, but of progress. They couldn't be allowed to do that.

Though hypothermic and half-drowned, John tries to dive back in. But Sarge hugs him, holds him, tells him (we can't hear but we read his lips): "It's too late. They're gone."

CUT BACK TO:

INT. ELEVATOR ROOM - PRESENT

Sarge has turned from the elevator door to John as he speaks.

SARGE

You and Sam weren't supposed to be in the van that night. I almost died, saving you both --

JOHN

That's bullshit!

SARGE

What was I supposed to do? Disobey a direct order?

JOHN

Yes.

SARGE

Come on son, let's go up.

JOHN

Look at your hands.

Sarge grimaces as bone fragments tear through knuckles to form a complementary set of new fingers.

JOHN (cont'd)

I can't let you go.

SARGE

Then shoot me! Now! Give me the dignity of a soldier's death. Do it!

John steadies his plasma cannon, murmurs.

JOHN

Pray For War...

And FIRES, just as the fluorescent bulb blinks OFF.

When it blinks back on, John takes a step toward the scorched impact area. Then stops. Because ... there's no body.

A SNARL. Reaction time shortened, he spins as something flies from the darkness. Hurls him backward.

He lands ten feet away, stands. Sarge stands before him, his hands now completely mutated. Slight tears in his skin across his chest.

The physical changes are few, so far, but it's the attitude. This Sarge is meaner. Faster. And when he opens his mouth...

HE ROARS LIKE A BEAST.

John looks to Sarge, then to Sam, who has pulled herself to her feet. Back to Sarge, then...he RUSHES for Sam. Sarge HOWLS, takes off after him.

In one motion, John GRABS Sam by the hand, forcibly tucks his pistol into her waistband, and IRISH WHIPS her into the opened elevator. She THUDS against the back wall, loses her air.

John SMACKS the "up" button on the lift shaft, then YANKS both keys from their slots so that the command cannot be halted. The lift starts rising even before the doors close fully, and John uses this last window to look his sister in the eyes.

JOHN (cont'd)

If I'm not the one who comes out at the top...shoot him.

Sam nods, then SCREAMS as Sarge HURTTLES into John from behind, BELLOWING. He SWATS at John, catching him upside the head and sending him sprawling.

In a desperate last attempt, Sarge THRUSTS his hand between the closing doors. The doors grind to a halt, partially smashing Sarge's arm. He HOWLS, paws at the doors.

He manages to get his other hand in between the doors, and with superhuman strength PRIES THE DOORS OPEN. He holds them open just long enough for John to BODY TACKLE him through the doors, which SLAM shut behind them.

The two are now sealed in the empty elevator shaft, with the floor of the lift car slowly rising upward above them. Sarge leaps back to his feet and BELLOWS.

He punishes John with pile-driver blows. John absorbs them, hurting as any man would -- but bouncing back unlike any man could. He grabs Sarge's neck, pulls his head back and...

CRUNCH! Slams his forehead into Sarge's face. A sickening sound as Sarge's frontal bone is smashed inward, thrusting his brow into his forehead. Sarge howls, but John is relentless. He pummels Sarge. John only falters -- surprised -- when he HEARS:

WEAPON ID

UAC Special Ops clearance verified.
Handle Identification: Sarge.

John spins away but finding himself staring down the business end of the BFG, throws an elbow at the weapon, jarring it ...

A BLAST of PLASMA just misses John's face. He KICKS Sarge in the mouth, bloody teeth bounce off the walls of the lift as --

-- John wrenches the BFG from Sarge's grip. But as he takes aim, Sarge is following the plasma's trajectory, staring at a basketball-sized HOLE in the steel. Its edges expanding by the second as the BioForce degrades its molecular structure.

Thick pipes are clearly visible through the hole. BioForce plasma oozes down their length. Now a small hole opens in one pipe, a single DROP of WATER dribbles out. Rolls quietly into darkness below. Then a TEAR of RENDING METAL, and ...

Thousands of gallons pour into the shaft, a massive deluge.

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR - SAME TIME

Sam looks expectantly to the iris door still many stories above. The elevator seems to be moving as slowly as possible. She is distracted, looks down at her feet:

TINY DROPS OF WATER are seeping through the floorboards because now the shaft below her is totally full of water.

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT

John rockets upward, claustrophobic and terrified to be in this situation after the horrors that it has afforded him in the past.

He can make out the bottom of the lift...

-- and is yanked downward.

He finds himself staring Sarge in the eyes. Sarge holds John's legs in his oversized claws. He now simply looks John in the face, bubbles rising from his putrid lips. The calm on his face makes it all the more unnerving. Small HORNS are bursting through Sarge's forehead.

Sarge can breathe underwater. And John knows it. Poetic -- this is how the nightmare started, and this is how it ends.

John swallows a lung-full of water. A moment of anguish as his body fights it. Then all is still.

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - SAME

As John's body sinks, Sarge's muscular frame BLASTS upward. He can see the surface of the water above; the lift has now elevated past the water level. Like a torpedo he SHOOTs toward up the shaft...

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR

The Iris Door starts to slowly HISS OPEN a hundred feet above. Sam relaxes.

THUD. The floor shakes. THUD. Again, and now the bottom of the lift is buckling. Sam hugs the wall, aims the pistol...

CRASH! Sarge's torso TEARS through the bottom of the elevator, catching Sam by surprise. Sarge SCREAMS, whips his one free arm out. It SHATTERS Sam's knee. She drops the pistol.

Sarge tries to free his lower body. Sam collects herself, summons every ounce of strength in her being. She circles to Sarge's trapped left side, and just starts KICKING THE SHIT OUT OF HIS FACE.

SAM

You took them all from me! All of them! I'll kill you myself!

Sarge screams, then winces as a BEAM OF SUNLIGHT hits his face. He looks up to the iris door, now almost entirely open and much closer. He sees the door, and he sees freedom. And he wants it. Every muscle in his body FLEXES, and the metal trapping him tears. Sam steps back, horrified at this display of strength.

Sarge begins to rise from the hole in the floor.

FADE TO:

IMAGE:

John Grimm, eyes closed, face peaceful. Reuniting with his parents for the first time in ten years. He sinks...and his eyes SPRING OPEN.

And we pull back, and realize that we are still in the present moment. And then we remember:

John has the 24th chromosome too. JOHN CAN BREATHE UNDERWATER.

He takes a slow, deep, sustaining breath -- of H2O, and LAUNCHES upward.

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR - SAME TIME

Sarge pulls his battered lower body into the elevator. Stands above the barely conscious Sam, bellows. But she's not impressed. She fought her fight. Her fate is sealed and she accepts it, closes her eyes.

Sarge ROARS, pulls back a mighty paw...and his eyes go WIDE.

We PAN AROUND him, to view John standing behind him, just emerged from the hole in the floor. A look of determination in his eyes unlike any in human history. He holds a handful of Sarge's MANE.

John allows Sarge a moment to comprehend the sudden reversal of predator/prey relationship...then YANKS BACKWARD, throwing Sarge to his back.

Sarge tries several times to get up, but John maintains his grip on the mane, SLAMMING Sarge's head over and over into the steel.

He drops a knee into Sarge's throat, pinning the creature, grabs his pistol from the floor. Sarge tries but cannot free himself, he's met his match.

JOHN

...It's over.

Neither a warrior's death, nor an honorable one. But quick. John pulls the trigger and BOOM!

FADE TO:

INT. WORMHOLE CHAMBER - A MOMENT LATER

John stands in front of the suspended TEARDROP, this portal to a strange planet in a solar system across the galaxy...

JOHN

This is the way the world ends.

He tosses a flash-bang grenade at the "droplet," which swallows it. We're swallowed with the grenade, into:

INT. WORMHOLE

A tunnel made of the very fabric of time/space --

It bursts into flame, the traveling FIREBALL expands in heat and velocity, exponentially ... so by the time it reaches...

INT. CENTRAL LABORATORY (OLDUVAI)

The fireball has attained the magnitude of a tactical nuclear bomb. The skeletons of Lucy and her child ... are VAPORIZED.

EXT. OLDUVAI LAB - CONTINUOUS

The Olduvai Facility is totally consumed by the explosion. The fireball scorches the rugged terrain around the lab.

Keep PULLING BACK, as the fireball becomes no more than a hot speck then disappears completely, as we go higher and higher, looking down on dried-up lakes, denuded forests, and then ...

Keep PULLING BACK as we recognize continents, shallow oceans.

Keep PULLING BACK, till we gaze upon the entire GLOBE from a familiar perch in space. From space, it's still blue, still beautiful ... HOLD on the planet the Grimms named "Olduvai".

We know it -- we knew it -- as EARTH.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. GRIMM/LABS WORMHOLE CHAMBER - SAME TIME

On our end of the Wormhole as the SHOCKWAVE ricochets -- but not as a fireball. With the portal's destruction, deep space fills the void. The sparse molecules (insanely cold, between 100 Kelvin and absolute zero) blow through as a gas cloud.

John has already taken off, running for his life as the cloud follows closely -- instantly freezing everything in its path.

The once-perfect crystalline catwalks and walls have already been reduced to a rubble of gore-flecked glass-like shards.

John races across a landscape of humans, demons, and those who could've been either but are now so much pulped carrion. In a moment all those bodies petrify into ice, then SHATTER.

INT. ELEVATOR - SAME TIME

Breathless, John barely makes it back. Sam is curled up, pale and still, almost fetal. John scoops her into his arms as the lift ascends seconds ahead of the freezing cloud.

JOHN

(into communicator)

UACM Tactical Six this is Special Ops, code is "Q" level one.

(gently to Sam)

Hang in there, Sam, we're gonna get help. I'm not losing you again...

EXT. GRASSY FIELD - DAWN

The elevator breaks the surface, the lift door opens. John steps into a daylight brilliantly illuminated by two suns.

The two suns tell us that we are on another planet. And have been from the start. John, for his part, has focused on:

The several dozen SOLDIERS, who keep their distance from the iris door, and John. All aiming their weapons at him.

He stands here holding his sister as a pair of UACM COMMANDOS APPROACH. Weapons drawn.

COMMANDO

Who are you?

JOHN

Adam....and this is Eve.

...on the first leg of a journey to Man's new dawn, as we --

FADE TO BLACK.