

"Abomination"

Screenplay  
by  
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by  
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EXT. ARCTIC - DAY

The arctic tundra. Desolate, forbidding. GUSTS of ICY WIND buffet a lone FIGURE crossing the ice.

CLOSER.

An INUIT HUNTER dressed in hand-sewn clothing of seal and caribou hides. His KAKIVOK (a spear made of bone) is strapped to his back.

EXT. GLACIAL PLATEAU - DAY

The INUIT pulls himself over an icy escarpment and peers across a glacial plateau. Suddenly his expression falters as he spots something across the ice.

INUIT P.O.V.

The mangled remains of an enormous POLAR BEAR. The ice surrounding it is stained red for several yards in every direction.

THE INUIT HUNTER

Moves closer.

The bear is enormous, seven hundred pounds at least, a monster in it's own right... Lying in the snow beside it is an object, which the Inuit Hunter carefully pulls from the ice.

For a moment we can't make it out.

Then, with a shock, we recognize it is the blood-stained TALON of some animal. The Inuit Hunter holds it up in his gloved hand and its relative size becomes apparent. It's enormous.

The Inuit rises, mutters something under his breath, some Inuit oath, and continues across the ice.

EXT. ICY CREVASSE - DAY

He arrives at the edge of a vast crevasse. The far side is nearly a dozen yards away and the bottom is lost in darkness.

He sets his pack on the ice and begins to tie a length of heavy rope around his waist.

CUT TO:

INT. CREVASSE - DAY

He descends into the crevasse, his gloved hands searching out tiny cracks and hand-holds along the icy wall.

OVERHEAD, there is an ominous RUMBLE and the Inuit Hunter presses himself against the cliff-face. The ESCARPMENT crumbles away above him. SNOW and ICE rains down.

He waits for it to settle, then resumes his descent.

INUIT'S P.O.V.

Something comes into VIEW below him: a dark hole in the opposite wall of the crevasse. A natural cavern of some kind.

BACK TO - THE INUIT

He reaches for the cavern entrance but his fingers come up short... It's just out of reach.

He clings to the cliff face for a long moment, trying to decide what to do. With utmost care, he begins to position himself for a leap...

He turns his leg...

Shifts his weight...

Coils for a jump...

And leaps across the chasm!

INT. ICY CAVERN - DAY

The Inuit Hunter catches the lip of the cavern, and with some difficulty, drags himself inside.

He collapses exhausted. Struggles to catch his breath. For several seconds all we hear is the RAGGED SOUND of his BREATHING.

Then there is another SOUND.

A SOFT EXHALE behind him.

TIGHT SHOT - THE INUIT

Eyes widening. But he doesn't move. He remains absolutely still.

Except for his hand, which is tightening around the haft of his spear --

-- because he knows something is inside the cavern with him, hidden in the shadows directly beside him--

-- and he SPINS, bringing up the spear --

-- and there is a BESTIAL ROAR --

-- and the Inuit Hunter is wrenched violently out of frame with horrendous force --

-- he manages a single terror-stricken CRY before we --

SMASH TO BLACK:

SUPER-TITLE:

ARCTIC CIRCLE. 1944.

FADE UP again:

EXT. HALLORAN AIRFIELD - NIGHT

Floodlights burn dimly in the dark. To one side, a battered old windsock flaps violently alongside a small runway.

At the opposite end of the runway we glimpse a partially snow-buried structure -- the COMMAND CENTER -- made of corrugated steel and cinder blocks. Ugly but functional.

We HEAR the sound of a PROPELLER from somewhere in the dark. An airplane is descending.

CUT TO:

INT. COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

A MAN is seated behind a desk, writing by the dim light of a table lamp. This is MAJOR STENHEIM, a haggard and worn man who's been passed over for promotion too many times to count.

He glances up at the SOUND of the airplane.

He crosses to the snow-crusted window.

STENHEIM'S P.O.V.

A world war II era aircraft, a C47 SKYTRAIN touches down, kicking up a vortex of snow.

STENHEIM

Grady!

BACK TO - STENHEIM

Turning, as the door behind opens to REVEAL -- GRADY, a bored looking MASTER SERGEANT.

STENHEIM (CONT'D)

A plane just landed on my runway.

GRADY

That'd be Wilkins, Sir.

Stenheim doesn't react. Clearly the name doesn't ring a bell.

GRADY (CONT'D)

Sergeant Wilkins. Forty-second infantry, from Normandy.

(still nothing)

The man they sent back.

Suddenly Stenheim's eyes darken with recognition.

STENHEIM

Send him in, Grady.

Grady vanishes with a nod and we HOLD ON Stenheim, staring at the door. And there's something a little "off" about the major's stare. A vacancy that's disconcerting, but we don't dwell on it now... instead, we CUT TO:

EXT. RUNWAY - NIGHT

The cargo door of the skytrain is flung open and a MAN leaps down, his feet CRUNCHING into two-foot deep snow.

We can't see much of his face beneath the parka. He has a canvas duffel bag slung over one shoulder and a rifle over the other.

He looks around, taking in the no man's land. From the entrance of the command center, Grady is waving and calling:

GRADY (O.S.)  
Over here! This way!

INT. COMMAND CENTER - AFTERNOON

A GUST of wind and snow blows in as the man steps inside. Grady forces the door shut behind him.

GRADY  
Welcome to Halloran. You can drop your bag here.

The man in the parka drops his duffel-bag and lowers the hood of his coat. We SEE his face for the first time. He's young, maybe twenty-nine, but his eyes are weary, hardened... The eyes of an old man. This is SERGEANT HARRY WILKINS.

CUT TO:

INT. STENHEIM'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

A KNOCK on the door.

STENHEIM  
Enter.

Harry steps inside and salutes crisply. Stenheim does not return the gesture. Grady sets a dossier on the desk in front of Stenheim.

STENHEIM (CONT'D)  
Close the door on your way out, Grady.

Grady takes his cue and leaves, closing the door behind him.

Now it's just Stenheim and Harry and nobody is talking and it's starting to get uncomfortable.

Stenheim reaches for the dossier.

STENHEIM (CONT'D)  
(leafing through)  
Sergeant Harold John Wilkins. Formerly Platoon Sergeant, twice demoted... I wonder if you know why you are here, Wilkins?

HARRY  
My orders are--

STENHEIM  
(sharply)  
I have not given you leave to speak, have I?

Harry falls silent. Stenheim glances at the folder again.

STENHEIM (CONT'D)  
Orders are one thing.  
(he reads from dossier)  
--to occupy and hold US Arctic Outpost  
Twenty-one, to monitor the northwest  
channel for any signs of enemy activity,  
in particular troop movement by naval  
craft--  
(he looks up again)  
But that is not the reason you are here.

He closes the dossier.

STENHEIM (CONT'D)  
This duty could have been performed by  
any one of a thousand men. And yet they  
send you, all the way from France. You  
understand my question now?  
(Harry hesitates)  
Allow me to enlighten you. You are here  
to do penance, Sergeant. Penance. An  
act undergone in token to penitence. A  
form of absolution.

Stenheim crosses to the window. He stares out. An  
awkward silence ensues. Harry waits for the major to  
continue.

STENHEIM (CONT'D)  
(finally)  
I know the word well, for I too was sent  
to this God-forsaken place to do penance.

He turns and fixes Harry with that same odd stare.

STENHEIM (CONT'D)  
I'm having a plane fueled and prepped.  
Penance is not something to be delayed or  
postponed, don't you agree?

HARRY  
Yes, Sir.

STENHEIM  
Good. You are dismissed.

Harry salutes crisply and turns to go.

STENHEIM (CONT'D)  
(calling after)  
Have you read Alighieri?

HARRY  
Sir...?

STENHEIM  
Dante Alighieri. He believed the inner-  
most circle of hell wasn't made of fire  
at all. He believed it was made of ice.  
I find that somehow fitting.

Harry doesn't know how to respond to this.

STENHEIM (CONT'D)  
I wish you luck, Sergeant.  
(he salutes)  
Excelsior!

Harry stares for a moment, gives another half-hearted salute and EXITS.

CUT TO:

A blur of lethal metal -- a PROPELLER -- ROARING to life.

CUT TO:

EXT. TARMAC - NIGHTTIME

Harry tosses his duffel bag into the rear of yet another airplane, a smaller twin-prop plane.

He starts to climb aboard, casting a final glance back at the command structure. Major Stenheim's silhouette is visible in the window, staring back at him. Harry turns away, SLAMMING the hatch shut, TRANSITIONING US TO:

EXT. ARCTIC CIRCLE - WIDE - DAWN

The small plane heads north, passing over a bleak and barren landscape of ice and dark rock formations. There are a few trees here and there, but they are haunting skeletal structures, blasted clean by the wind.

INT. AIRPLANE - COCKPIT - DAWN

Harry makes his way forward by hand-straps until he has a view of the cockpit. He squints at the blown-out vista through the windshield. Nothing but ice as far as the eye can see.

PILOT (O.S.)

Grab a seat!

Harry turns to regard the pilot, BRICKER, an overweight man with an unruly mop of gray hair spilling out from under a flight cap.

BRICKER

Name's Bricker.

HARRY

Wilkins.

BRICKER

Piece of jerky?

He thrusts a piece of rawhide at Harry, who shakes his head, "no thanks."

BRICKER (CONT'D)

Where you from, Wilkins?

HARRY

Forty-second, out of Normandy.

BRICKER

No, I mean originally.

HARRY

Boston.

BRICKER

Boston! Hey, I'm from Philly! How about that? Couple Yankees in the Arctic. What in God's name did you do to get assigned out here?

Harry hesitates. Bricker shoots him a sidelong glance.

BRICKER (CONT'D)

Hey, forget I asked. I got a big mouth.

(a change of topic)

Last time I flew out this way was eight months ago. Dropped off another fella, the one before you... Wierbowski? Wierkowski?

(he can't remember)

(MORE)

BRICKER (CONT'D)  
Polish fella from Cincinnati.  
He didn't take to it.

HARRY  
What happened?

BRICKER  
Major didn't mention?

HARRY  
No.

BRICKER  
Didn't say nothing?

HARRY  
No.

BRICKER  
He was out two weeks, maybe three,  
radioing back every night, right? But  
the transmissions start getting weird.  
Peculiar, you know? I asked Grauman --  
you'll meet Grauman -- he says the guy's  
telling him about noises he's hearing on  
the ice. Week three rolls around. No  
more transmissions. Nothing.  
(he shrugs)  
So they flew out to check. Not me,  
another pilot, anyway they found the  
place empty. No trace.

Harry shoots a look at Bricker.

BRICKER (CONT'D)  
I figure he went out and lost his way  
somehow. Must have got turned around.  
Who knows, probably sitting out there,  
frozen thicker'n a witch's tit.  
(a BARK of laughter)  
There's a polish joke in that somewhere  
but I can't think of it.

Bricker points through the windshield.

BRICKER (CONT'D)  
There's the ice shelf.

Harry turns and catches his breath at what he sees: an  
endless expanse of icy tundra stretching to the horizon.

EXT. ARCTIC TUNDRA - WIDE SHOT - AFTERNOON

The plane ROARS past camera, barreling overhead. Far below there are no more trees, no more rocks, no rivers... Just ice. Primordial and ancient.

INT. COCKPIT - SEVERAL HOURS LATER

The plane is approaching a massive cliff on the precipice of which sits an old LIGHTHOUSE. Several small shacks are connected to the lighthouse by a series of wooden walkways with guide-ropes slung between them.

BRICKER  
(pointing)  
That's it. Home sweet home.

HARRY  
The lighthouse?

BRICKER  
French built. Forty years ago. They tried to use the channel to bring supplies through the north.

HARRY  
What happened?

BRICKER  
Mother nature. Winter storm of 1912 set in. The French had two ships, sixty-five men... never knew what hit 'em. Ice set in, crushed the boats. Left 'em high and dry for three winters. By the time help came there were five men left. Rest died of scurvy, starvation...

He throttles down. The plane starts to descend.

CUT TO:

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE - AFTERNOON

The plane touches down forty yards from the edge of the cliff and turns back. It idles to a stop.

ANGLE - THROUGH WINDSHIELD

A bearded MAN in a heavy parka (LIEUTENANT GRAUMAN) emerges from the lighthouse and starts for the plane.

CUT TO:

EXT. AIRPLANE - AFTERNOON

Harry throws open the hatch and tosses his bag out.  
Leaps after it.

GRAUMAN  
(shouting to be heard)  
Sergeant Wilkins?

HARRY  
Yes, Sir!

GRAUMAN  
Welcome to Outpost Twenty-one!

Harry slings his bag over his shoulder and struggles through the HOWLING PROP WASH. Both men hurry in a hunched/stooped posture towards the lighthouse.

INT. LIGHTHOUSE - AFTERNOON

The door swings open letting in an icy GUST of wind. The men enter, STAMPING their boots, pulling off parkas, gloves, etc...

Harry looks around, taking in his new surroundings.

The interior of the lighthouse is thirty feet wide, with an old wooden staircase that winds upwards along the inner wall. Crates and boxes are stacked around the perimeter.

GRAUMAN  
Sorry about all the crap. There isn't a lot of storage space. So. They tell you anything about your duties?

HARRY  
Just generally.

GRAUMAN  
Well, you can forget about the Japs. They're too smart to try to cross the channel, isn't that right, Bricker?

BRICKER  
That's what they want us to think!

Bricker has entered with an arm-load of supplies. He stacks them on some boxes and heads out for more. Off screen somewhere, a kettle begins WHISTLING.

Grauman crosses to a door in the far side of the lighthouse. Harry follows him into--

INT. KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

-- a cramped little room with a single window. There's a wooden counter with hand-pump sink and several racks and cupboards. Another door leads to the adjoining RADIO ROOM.

The kettle is on a small kerosene-fed Primus Stove. Grauman shuts it off.

GRAUMAN

You take milk and sugar?

(Harry nods, yes)

The main thing is the radio. You know how to operate a Crosley?

HARRY

Yes, Sir.

GRAUMAN

Good, you're expected to radio in daily.

(he hands Harry a cup)

There's a log book on the shelf over the radio. You document every transmission. I'll be on the other end, so if you have questions, fire away.

HARRY

What happens if I see something?

GRAUMAN

You won't. There's nothing out here for a thousand square miles.

BRICKER

There's Eskimos.

Bricker enters with a crate, sets it on the counter.

GRAUMAN

The Inuit have a settlement to the north, but they keep to themselves.

Harry glances out of the small window to sea. The sky is already falling rapidly into darkness. He glances at his watch, confused.

GRAUMAN (CONT'D)

There's nothing wrong with your watch.  
It's the solstice. Daylight only lasts  
about four hours.

HARRY

Guess I forgot.

GRAUMAN

Sun comes out around nine or so but it  
never really rises. You get a kind of  
twilight that lasts until noon. Then it  
gets dark again. You get used to it.

BRICKER

Not me. I been here over a year and it  
still creeps me out.

GRAUMAN

Speaking of daylight, we better start the  
tour. Come on.

Harry follows Grauman out again.

CUT TO:

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE - AFTERNOON

Grauman leads the way across one of the wooden walkways  
to a shed on the western side of the lighthouse. As they  
near it, we hear the SOUND of BARKING DOGS.

GRAUMAN

They're sled dogs. Good animals. Smart.  
We keep 'em around just in case.

HARRY

In case what?

GRAUMAN

Weather gets ugly. Dogs are the only  
reliable way to get around the ice.

They reach the shed and Grauman tugs open the snow-packed  
door.

INT. DOG SHED - AFTERNOON

They enter a room with a large dog pen. There are about  
half a dozen dogs inside, all of them barking madly.

GRAUMAN  
 Easy boys! Easy!  
     (he indicates a large shaggy  
     gray)  
 That's Harpo. He's the boss. Zeppo,  
 Groucho, Gummo, Chico... they jump when  
 he barks. Isn't that right, boys?

Grauman opens the pen and the dogs come barreling out to inspect Harry. Harry looks a little uneasy at first but gradually adjusts to it.

HARPO sniffs him thoroughly and seems satisfied. He trots off.

GRAUMAN (CONT'D)  
 Give them each a can, morning and night.  
 Let em out for a good run. When you're  
 done, give Harpo a whistle. He'll round  
 up the rest.

Grauman indicates a corner of the shed crammed with gear.

GRAUMAN (CONT'D)  
 You got tools, ropes, picks, some  
 kerosene in those cans. Box of old books  
 somewhere. You're welcome to those.

EXT. AIRPLANE - AFTERNOON

Bricker has finished unloading the cargo. He looks up, noticing that the wind has picked up a notch. The WIND-SOCK is whipping back and forth.

EXT. DOG SHED - LATER

Grauman closes the shed door behind them. Harry glances up at the sky which has darkened to an eerie gray.

BRICKER (O.S.)  
 Hey, Grauman!

They turn to see Bricker calling at them across the ice.

BRICKER (CONT'D)  
 Don't want to rush you two, but the winds  
 picking up! We don't get a move on we're  
 liable to be stuck for the night.

GRAUMAN  
 We're almost done here. You can start  
 her up.

(MORE)

GRAUMAN (CONT'D)  
(he turns to Harry)  
I guess that just leaves one thing,  
Sergeant.

He purses his lips for a moment, in thought.

GRAUMAN (CONT'D)  
Being out here alone, on the ice, it's  
easy to lose sight of things. You're  
coming up on a month of darkness.  
(he scratches his beard,  
searches for the right  
words)  
The Inuit have been up here for  
centuries, they're used to it. But for  
the rest of us it can be...  
disconcerting.

HARRY  
You don't have to worry about me, Sir.

GRAUMAN  
All the same, I feel I should tell you  
the last man stationed here...

HARRY  
I heard.

Grauman looks at Harry.

GRAUMAN  
And it doesn't bother you?

HARRY  
Not really.

GRAUMAN  
Well, look, I don't know how you ended up  
here, but I know anyone who spends any  
time in this place, he gets to thinking--  
you seen the major, seen what that can do  
to a man-- so my advice is keep busy.  
Doesn't matter how. Just keep busy. Do  
your time and get out.

HARRY  
That's all I want.

They study each other for a moment. Grauman nods  
finally, offers his hand.

GRAUMAN  
Good luck then, Sergeant.

CUT TO:

EXT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

The prop SPINS to life. The airplane taxis across the ice, gaining momentum. Harry stands at the edge of the walkway, watching as it lifts off.

When it's just a speck, he turns to face his new home -- the LIGHTHOUSE, waiting like some mysterious monolith in the gloom behind him.

INT. LIGHTHOUSE - NIGHTTIME

Harry enters and passes his gaze over the interior, the piles of crates, the coat rack, a dog-eared BETTY GRABLE calendar pinned to a door...

He UNZIPS his parka. Hangs it on the rack.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHTTIME

A cramped bedroom with a cot in the corner. Opposite the bed is the radio table, crowded with a CROSLEY BC-654 FIELD RADIO UNIT and BATTERY. On the wall above the radio is a shelf lined with log books.

Harry walks over and extracts one at random.

INSERT - TRANSMISSION LOG

As Harry FLIPS through the pages, we GLIMPSE the writing. Neat orderly journal entries, one per page, each page dated and signed.

"ENTRY -- 7/5/44 -- No activity. Nothing to report."

"ENTRY -- 7/6/44 -- No activity. Nothing to report."

"ENTRY -- 7/7/44 -- No activity. Nothing to report."

Harry returns the journal to the shelf. Then hesitates, noticing an odd detail: all of the binders are labelled on their spine with the month and year. But one volume is missing.

HARRY  
...August?

Harry looks over the room for the missing volume.  
Doesn't see it.

Suddenly a strange noise draws Harry's attention to the ceiling. An odd FLAPPING sound that seems to be coming from somewhere far above.

INT. LIGHTHOUSE - CENTRAL CHAMBER - NIGHTTIME

Harry makes his way up a circular staircase, following the contour of the wall. The steps creak and groan beneath his feet.

The FLAPPING SOUND grows louder as he nears the top.

INT. LIGHTHOUSE - LOOKOUT - NIGHTTIME

Harry emerges onto a circular landing in the center of which is the signal-lamp. Several pitted and blackened mirrors are arrayed around it. These cast the light out through windows that have long since been boarded up with wood and canvas.

The SOUND is coming from a section of canvas that is flapping violently.

Harry walks over, TUGS on it, tucking it into place between two planks. The noise stops.

CUT TO:

INT. LIGHTHOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHTTIME

Harry hooks the radio to a large battery unit. It sparks to life with a CRACKLE of static. Needles jump.

HARRY  
(into radio)  
Icehouse, this is Twenty-one. Ice house,  
come in.

Nothing. He adjusts the dial.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
Icehouse. Come in.

Still nothing.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
(another adjustment)  
Do you copy? Icehouse?

Harry stares at the radio receiver. Puzzled. He looks over the connections and settings, but everything seems right.

Finally, there is a response:

GRAUMAN (O.S.)  
Go ahead, Wilkins. Over.

HARRY  
(a touch of relief)  
Lieutenant. Thought you stuck me with a bad transmitter.

GRAUMAN (O.S.)  
No such luck. How's your first night? Japs invading yet?

HARRY  
(a wry grin)  
Negative.

GRAUMAN (O.S.)  
Then I suggest you get some sleep. First night's the toughest. Over.

HARRY  
Affirmative. Outpost twenty-one, out.

He YANKS the battery connection. Radio lights dim to

INT. LIGHTHOUSE - BEDROOM - LATER

Harry adjusts the kerosene lamp by the bedside. He is bundled deep in sheets.

From far above, a noise becomes audible... the KEENING SOUND. The tarp has obviously come undone again. Harry SIGHS and rolls over.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE - WIDE SHOT - NIGHTTIME

The lighthouse, seen from afar. Something vast drifts into view obscuring it. It's an iceberg, easily a hundred feet tall, drifting through the channel and wiping us ominously to black...

CUT TO:

## FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

A series of nightmarish, violent images assail our senses (note: we see everything that ensues through Harry's POV). We're inside a WORLD WAR II BUNKER, hunkered in the dark with half a dozen mud-spattered AMERICAN GI's --

-- The deafening sound of ARTILLERY FIRE is all around us, rattling our teeth, filling our minds with blank unreasoning dread --

-- Ker-WHUMP! An artillery shell impacts the bunker causing dust to rain from the ceiling, everyone flinches at the sound --

-- the MACHINE GUNNER, who is firing like a madman on a line of advancing NAZI SOLDIERS begins screaming frantically --

MACHINE GUNNER

I need ammo! Sarge, I need ammo! I'm almost out!

SERGEANT

(into radio-set)

We're getting hammered! Request permission to fall back! Repeat -- FALL BACK!

-- suddenly, a torrent of ENEMY FIRE pours into the bunker. The MACHINE GUNNER is torn in two, as are two GI's cowering behind him --

-- as the SOUND and FURY intensifies, building to a fever pitch, we mercifully CUT TO:

TIGHT SHOT - HARRY

Snapping up INTO FRAME, gasping for breath. He's drenched in sweat, hands clutching tightly at the blankets.

It takes his shattered senses a moment to remember where he is.

WIDER.

INT. LIGHTHOUSE - MORNING

He sits up and gropes in the dark for the kerosene lamp.

He lights it and looks around, listening for a moment.  
Hearing to the strange sound of the HOWLING wind outside.

He blinks.

For a moment it sounds less like wind and more like the  
howl of some terrifying animal. But gradually this  
impression passes and it takes on the aspect of wind  
again.

CUT TO:

INT. LIGHTHOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Harry, wearing the big fur parka over long-johns, enters  
the kitchen. He crosses to the sink and starts PUMPING  
water into the kettle.

His eyes drift up to the small window...

...WHERE HE SEES A FIGURE, FAR OUT ON THE ICE, STARING  
BACK AT HIM...

CRASH! Harry drops the kettle and reels from the window.  
He extinguishes the kerosene lamp.

HARRY

Shit!

Darkness.

HARRY (CONT'D)

SHIT!

He risks another look.

HARRY'S P.O.V.

Only to see the figure is now gone.

BACK TO - HARRY

Squinting in the dark. It all happened so fast we're not  
entirely sure what he saw. He runs from the room.

CUT TO - WEAPONS RACK

Harry snatches a rifle down. SLAPS a clip into the  
breech. Runs for the door.

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE - MORNING

Harry stumbles out with a bulky flashlight in one hand and the rifle in the other. Even though it's morning, it's still pitch black outside.

He starts rapidly around the lighthouse, panning the flashlight from side to side, jerking the rifle with it.

HARRY  
(calling out)  
Hello!?

No answer.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
I saw you! Come out, I won't shoot!

Nothing. But in the background, the DOGS are BARKING.

Harry has now reached the kitchen window and turns to stare out over the ice. An unbroken vista stretching as far as the eye can see.

The rifle barrel trembles in his hands. A convulsive shiver wracks his body. From the waist down, Harry is still dressed in long-johns. He's freezing.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
This is nuts...

CUT TO:

INT. LIGHTHOUSE - CENTRAL CHAMBER - MORNING

Harry stumbles inside and SLAMS the door shut. He is trembling with cold. He leans the rifle against the wall and sinks to the floor, rubbing his legs frantically.

HARRY  
(teeth chattering)  
...not smart...Harry...not smart at  
all...

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE - DAY

The SUN rises over the lighthouse.

GRAUMAN (O.S.)  
Could you make out what he was wearing?

HARRY (O.S.)  
No, it was dark. All I could see was  
a...general shape.

INT. RADIO ROOM - MORNING

Harry is huddled over the radio:

GRAUMAN (O.S.)  
You find any tracks?

HARRY  
Wind must have covered them.

GRAUMAN (O.S.)  
That fast?

Harry detects something in Grauman's tone. Something he  
doesn't like, a touch of skepticism?

HARRY  
What do you mean by that?

GRAUMAN (O.S.)  
Nothing. Nothing at all. You haven't  
been out long enough to crack yet,  
Wilkins. But that doesn't make what you  
saw a Jap.

HARRY  
What then?

GRAUMAN (O.S.)  
Inuit. They got a settlement up near  
Stapelton Bay. We bought the dogs off  
'em.

HARRY  
You sure?

GRAUMAN (O.S.)  
Gotta be. There's nothing else around  
for five hundred miles.

Harry leans back to stare at the wall uncertainly.

HARRY  
They've come around before?

GRAUMAN (O.S.)  
Once or twice. To trade for food,  
rifles, the usual...  
(STATIC begins to cut in)  
(MORE)

GRAUMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
...an eye on the dogs...Inuit  
prize...above everything else. Wouldn't  
be surprised if they...stealing 'em back.

HARRY  
You're breaking up, Icehouse. Say again?

GRAUMAN  
...I said I wouldn't...were planning  
on...

The TRANSMISSION CRACKLES into static and is lost.

HARRY  
Icehouse? Do you read me?  
(nothing)  
Icehouse? Come in?

Still nothing. Frustrated, Harry tosses aside the mic.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
Piece of shit.

CUT TO:

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE - WIDE SHOT - LATER

Harry crosses the wooden walkway to the dog shed.

INT. DOG SHED - DAWN

Harry enters to find the dogs in various positions around the floor of the cage. Sleeping. They stir and look up.

He starts to unlock the gate. Then he hesitates. One of the dogs has started GROWLING softly. Harpo. The pack leader.

HARRY  
What's the matter? Don't you remember  
me?

The dog eyes him from the floor. Harry offers his hand through the bars.

Harpo rises and nuzzles plaintively at Harry's hand through the chain-link. Harry unlocks the gate and rubs the dog's head.

It turns suddenly in the direction of the far wall and begins GROWLING.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
What is it, boy? Something got you  
spooked?

The other dogs begin rising and GROWLING, their attention focussed on something UNSEEN in the direction of the rear wall of the shed. Harry decides to take a look.

He closes the gate and EXITS.

EXT. DOG SHED - MORNING

Harry circles the shack and comes to the rear wall, which faces to the tundra. He stares uncertainly across the ice, searching for something, for anything... but finding nothing.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RADIO ROOM - NIGHT

The kerosene lamp flares up to REVEAL Harry, sitting in bed, flipping through one of the radio logs. He's going page by page, checking all the entries but they're all the same.

HARRY  
...no activity...nothing to report,  
nothing to report, nothing to report...

He snaps the binder shut. Drops it on the end table, knocking something off that rolls away under the bed. His canteen.

LOW ANGLE - UNDER BED

As Harry gropes for it, he catches sight of something beneath the mattress. Something visible through the underside of his cot -- the missing binder.

It's been shoved under the mattress.

Harry reaches for it.

INT. RADIO ROOM - LATER

Harry, in bed, reading the journal. He stops as he comes on one entry that's different from the others.

"ENTRY -- 8/10/44 -- Awoken by noises."

Harry turns the page.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
(reading)  
August twelfth... more noises... went out  
at first light to search... but found  
nothing.

As Harry FLIPS through the pages we can see the writing  
becoming gradually more hurried, less neat.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
(reading)  
August fifteenth...found tracks, north  
northwest of lighthouse. Cannot tell  
what kind. Am tempted to follow them...  
(he turns the page)  
August sixteenth. Two dogs gone  
missing... Did not come back from  
morning run. Have decided to keep rifle  
loaded...

As Harry flips the page again he comes on a blank. He  
scans ahead but there are no further entries. He looks  
up, clearly chilled by what he's just read.

Outside, there is a distant and strange HOWL.

Harry's head SNAPS up.

The HOWL trails off and gives way to a cacophony of  
BARKING.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE - WIDE SHOT - DAWN

The first dim rays of dawn illuminate the ice shelf.

EXT. SUPPLY SHED - DAWN

Harry steps out of the shed wearing a pair of large snow  
shoes. He takes several experimental steps, testing  
them.

Satisfied, he turns in the direction of the tundra, drops  
a pair of goggles over his eyes, and starts determinedly  
off.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TUNDRA - LATER

Harry is a spec on the horizon, dwarfed by the vast whiteness all around him.

CLOSER.

Harry trudges up an icy embankment.

Suddenly his snow shoes lose traction and he starts to slide backwards. He yanks the ice pick from his belt and WHAM! Buries it in the snow, arresting his slide.

EXT. ICY RIDGE - AFTERNOON

Harry reaches the top and kneels to catch his breath. He's winded by the exertion and for a moment doesn't look up. When he does, his expression goes absolutely white.

He pushes himself to his feet.

WIDER.

We see a large ANIMAL TRACK in the snow about ten yards in front of Harry. A claw-like impression. There is another impression beside it, and another, and another...

...and we TILT UP SLOWLY to REVEAL...A LONG LINE OF TRACKS EXTENDING OFF ACROSS THE ICE.

NEW ANGLE - ON HARRY

He approaches the tracks and kneels. He places his hand into the impression, revealing it's relative size. It's enormous, several inches larger than Harry's gloved hand.

Harry checks the revolver in his pocket and presses on.

EXT. GLACIAL CLIFF - AFTERNOON

Harry trudges solemnly after the tracks. He is passing through an area that resembles a kind of natural amphitheater, ringed almost entirely by icy GLACIAL CLIFFS.

The tracks lead directly to a cliff wall and simply stop.

He glances over his shoulder at the setting sun and back at the cliff wall, clearly weighing his options.

CUT TO:

EXT. TUNDRA - DUSK

Harry is making the long trek back. As he reaches the icy ridge where he slipped, he comes to an abrupt stop.

He can hear the SOUND of BARKING from somewhere off across the ice. He pulls out his binoculars.

HARRY'S P.O.V. (THROUGH BINOCULARS)

PANNING over the icy tundra we see a BLUR of rapidly passing terrain -- BROKEN SUDDENLY BY THE FORM OF A MAN -- Harry pans quickly back.

There he is. A HOODED FIGURE watching him. An INUIT HUNTER, standing on the far ridge.

BACK TO - HARRY

Lowering the binoculars. The MAN is several hundred yards away on the far side of a glacial cliff, standing atop a sled, staring back at Harry.

Harry blinks stupidly for a moment, unsure what to do. He raises a half-hearted arm to wave but the gesture goes unreturned.

The INUIT HUNTER simply SLAPS the reins and spurs his dog sled off. He disappears over an escarpment. OFF HARRY, pondering this development...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RADIO ROOM - NIGHT

Harry sits at the radio console. The journal is open on the table in front of him.

HARRY  
(into radio)  
I don't know, Sir. These tracks were big, and I've seen bear tracks before, but these -- these were real big --

GRAUMAN (O.S.)  
Polar bear ain't your average brown bear, Wilkins. Polar's the largest carnivore on the planet. I seen a polar once, had to weigh at least eighteen, nineteen hundred pounds...

Harry is silent for a moment, considering this.

HARRY  
Can a Polar Bear climb?

GRAUMAN (O.S.)  
Climb? Sure, I guess. Climb, swim...  
Why?

HARRY  
Well, I -- I followed the tracks, Sir,  
and they led right up the side of a  
cliff. I mean, a vertical wall, straight  
up it, like -- like nothing I ever seen.

There is a long pause.

GRAUMAN (O.S.)  
What's your point, Wilkins?

HARRY  
Nothing, I just -- it was strange --  
(he falters)  
-- just strange.

GRAUMAN  
Listen, Wilkins, you're on the ice alone  
in the middle of the solstice. It's only  
natural. Things look different in the  
half-light. But you gotta keep your head  
straight. You're there to watch the  
channel. You hear me?

But Harry's attention is suddenly elsewhere. On the dogs  
who are BARKING in the distance. Something has just set  
them off. He reaches for the rifle.

GRAUMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Twenty-one, do you read?

HARRY  
Stand by.

Harry moves towards the window and peers out, but he  
can't see anything in the dark.

OUTSIDE the barking has reached a fever pitch.

GRAUMAN (O.S.)  
Wilkins?

Harry reaches back and yanks the battery connector on the  
radio. He COCKS the rifle.

INT. LIGHTHOUSE, CENTRAL CHAMBER - NIGHT

Harry approaches the door, rifle in hand.

He reaches for the doorknob and YANKS it open abruptly  
REVEALING --

-- THREE HOODED FIGURES outside. INUIT HUNTERS.

One of them is RAPAAK, a solemn-faced man, stout and strong. He is the same Inuit hunter that Harry saw earlier.

The other two, standing to either side, are similarly built though not as tall. They are LENAHI, a fierce-faced fellow, and KALIK, a man with an anxious expression.

For a stunned moment nobody moves.

Harry is dumbstruck.

Rapaak glances slowly down at the rifle in Harry's hands. It isn't exactly aimed at him but it isn't pointed away either.

HARRY  
(he lowers it)  
Sorry, I...I thought...I don't know what  
I thought.  
(gesturing)  
Come in! Please!

They do not move. Except that the one with the anxious expression (KALIK), turns to regard Rapaak who seems to be the leader of the party.

Rapaak nods and steps inside.

NEW ANGLE --

As the Inuit enter, we see them more clearly. They are dressed in thick furs, hand-sewn boots of seal and caribou hide, their kakivoks strapped to their backs.

They remove their hoods revealing startlingly tanned faces, dark complexioned. Wide round eyes set far apart. They make an odd tableau opposite Harry.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
You fellas, uh...speak English?

The Inuit regard each other. Rapaak is the first to respond:

RAPAAK  
(broken)  
I speak...some words.

HARRY  
Good! That's good, because I don't  
speak, uh...Eskimo.

There is an awkward silence as the men watch each other.  
Harry has no idea what to say.

RAPAAK  
(finally)  
You are...soldier?

HARRY  
Yes. Yes, my name is Wilkins. Harry  
Wilkins, U.S. Army.

RAPAAK  
(with difficulty)  
Weelkins...?

HARRY  
That's right. Wilkins.

Rapaak looks slowly around at the lighthouse, at Harry,  
at the boxes and supplies and the crates stacked  
everywhere.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
Those are my supplies. Food. Water.

Rapaak finally turns his attention back to Harry and the  
rifle in his hands.

RAPAAK  
(indicating the rifle)  
You have more...like this?

HARRY  
More rifles? Is that why you're here?  
To trade for rifles?

A brief silence. Rapaak shakes his head curtly. No.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
Why are you here?

RAPAAK  
We come...bring you.

HARRY  
Bring me?

RAPAAK

Bring you...  
                   (he touches his chest)  
 ...with Rapaak.

HARRY

That's your name? Rapaak?

RAPAAK

(nodding)  
 You come now.

HARRY

I can't leave this place. I have duties  
 here, you understand? Duties as a  
 soldier.

In the background, Kalik says something to Rapaak in  
 Inuit. A flurry of communication passes between them.

Finally Rapaak speaks again.

RAPAAK

You are soldier. Must help.

HARRY

I cannot leave this post. Please  
 understand.

Rapaak reaches into his coat and extracts an object which  
 he offers to Harry. A necklace of some kind.

HARRY (CONT'D)

No. Please. I can't accept that.

But the necklace isn't a gift. Rapaak is trying to show  
 Harry something -- the centerpiece -- what looks to be a  
 large curved TALON approximately four inches long, old  
 and yellow with age.

Harry falters.

HARRY (CONT'D)

What is this?

LENAKI

(low, tense)  
 Amorak.

HARRY

I don't understand.

RAPAAK  
(nodding)  
You come. Come now.

HARRY  
I - I can't. I'm sorry. I have orders.

They stare at Harry for a long moment.

CUT TO:

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE - LATER

The Inuit are departing. Harry watches from the entrance. Lenaki casts a final glance back at Harry, who lamely raises a hand in farewell. The Inuit's expression is like stone.

LENAKI  
(crying out sharply)  
Hamane!

The dogs take off, bearing the trio away across the ice. Harry watches as they vanish into the dark.

HARRY (V.O.)  
(audio pre-lap)  
There were three of them. Only caught  
one fella's name, something like  
Rapaak...

INT. RADIO ROOM - LATER

Harry is at the radio:

GRAUMAN (O.S.)  
They all got names like that, Malaak,  
Nanook... What'd they want anyway?

HARRY  
They wanted me to follow them. Seemed to  
be in some sorta trouble.

GRAUMAN (O.S.)  
Been a hard winter...probably half-  
starving.

HARRY  
No, it wasn't that. How far is that  
Eskimo settlement?

GRAUMAN (O.S.)  
Further than you wanna travel. Twenty,  
thirty miles, at least. You'd be lucky  
to make it in the summer.

HARRY  
Which direction?

GRAUMAN (O.S.)  
Wilkins, forget it. You leave your post  
without consent, you're AWOL. Three  
strikes you're out.

For a dangerous beat, Harry doesn't respond.

GRAUMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Sergeant, do you read me?

HARRY  
(finally)  
I read you.

CUT TO:

INT. RADIO ROOM - NIGHTTIME

Harry has drifted off to sleep. Beside him, the kerosene  
lamp SPUTTERS and DIES. The fuel has burned out.

A moment of silence.

And then the BARKING starts.

Harry SNAPS awake, whips the blankets off, REVEALING --  
he is fully clothed.

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE - NIGHTTIME

Harry bursts from the lighthouse and goes stumbling up  
the walkway to the dog shack.

The BARKING has reached a fever pitch and we can hear  
another, more chilling sound rising above the barking.  
An unearthly HOWLING.

Harry races the last few yards and shoulders open the  
door of the shed...CRACK!

## INT. DOG SHACK - NIGHTTIME

The place is in complete bedlam! The pen has been torn open. Blood and matted fur is strewn everywhere. The dogs are gone, fled -- or taken -- through a large hole in the back wall.

HARRY

Christ!

He runs to the hole.

## EXT. DOG SHACK - NIGHTTIME

Behind the shack, a trail of blood and trampled prints leads off into the dark. Among the various prints is a large claw-like impression.

A noise behind Harry causes him to whirl around with the rifle -- but it's only Harpo. The dog is alive, but injured.

It comes limping from the shadows to nuzzle at Harry's hand.

HARRY

Easy boy, easy...

From far out on the ice, we HEAR the frantic yelping of a lone husky. Then silence.

CUT TO:

## INT. RADIO ROOM - DAWN

Harpo has been bandaged with gauze and is lying at Harry's feet, as Harry converses with Grauman over the radio.

HARRY

(into radio)

Whatever it was, it tore through the back wall of the shed, tore through goddamn corrugated steel!

GRAUMAN (O.S.)

(through radio)

How do you know the dogs were killed? My guess is they were taken by the same sons of bitches who sold 'em to us in the first place. Think about it --

HARRY

No, listen to me, they were killed. I saw the blood, I saw the tracks.

GRAUMAN (O.S.)

I don't know what you think you saw, Harry, but I'm telling you what's out there. Bears, maybe some wolves, but nothing that's capable of tearing through metal...

With mounting frustration, Harry shakes his head.

HARRY

Listen to me. I'm not making this up. Something is out there. That's what they were trying to tell me, Lieutenant... the Eskimos, they came to me for help!

GRAUMAN (O.S.)

The Eskimo's are not your concern. You have a job to do.

HARRY

I can be there and back in twenty-four hours.

GRAUMAN (O.S.)

You're not going anywhere, Wilkins. Am I making myself clear? You are staying at your post and that is a direct order. Do you copy?

Harry hesitates.

HARRY

(finally)

Be back in a day. Two at the most.

GRAUMAN (O.S.)

Goddamnit, Sergeant--!

Harry YANKS the cord. Needles drop.

He stares at the dead radio with a startled expression. What has he just done?

CUT TO:

A SERIES OF RAPID SHOTS

-- Harry, shoving various items into a field pack.

-- A service revolver, several boxes of ammunition.

-- Flares, a compass, a rope, etc...

CUT TO:

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE - DAWN

Harry and Harpo emerge from the lighthouse.

Harry crosses to a trampled patch of snow. He pulls out his compass and takes a bearing off one of the INUIT SLED TRACKS.

HARRY

...due north...

He shoves the compass back in his parka and stares uncertainly across the tundra.

HARRY (CONT'D)

What the hell am I doing?

Next to him, Harpo WHIMPERS uncertainly as if to say, "something dumb."

HARRY (CONT'D)

Shuttup. Who asked you, anyway?

With a deep breath, Harry starts determinedly across the ice. Harpo falls reluctantly in behind him.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ICY TUNDRA - LATER

PANNING ACROSS a vast panorama of ice, we find Harry and Harpo trudging along together. The SLED TRACKS have grown fainter as the gusting wind eats away at them.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ICY TUNDRA - HOURS LATER

The WIND has picked up and is whipping at them mercilessly. Harry has cinched up the hood of his fur parka and donned goggles so his face is barely visible. Harpo is heeling along tightly beside him.

Harry stops and squints at the ground.

The sled tracks are no longer visible.

HARRY

Shit!

He looks around uncertainly. So long as the Inuit haven't changed direction, they should still be on course. But how to be sure?

He pushes on.

EXT. ICY TUNDRA - NIGHT

Harry and Harpo trudge on, backlit by the magnificent Aurora Borealis. The WIND is gusting heavily against them and Harry is visibly struggling.

Suddenly there is a strange SOUND -- a muffled CRACK, like the sharp report of a pistol.

Harry peers about, trying to fix the source.

CRACK! He plummets suddenly up to his armpits in the snow as the ice beneath him gives away.

TIGHT ON - HARRY

An expression of terror comes over him. He scrabbles and claws furiously at the snow. All around him, the ice begins to CRUMBLE away into a deep crevasse.

Harry manages to drag himself to safety and collapses in a heap at the edge. He lies there GASPING for breath, Harpo BARKING angrily next to him, as we DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ICY TUNDRA - NIGHT

A maelstrom of wind and snow.

Harry staggers to a stop. Squints off into the snow. He stops to check his course but the GUSTING WIND buffets him, ripping the little compass from his hands.

HARRY

No!

Harry runs after it several paces. But the wind and snow make it impossible to see anything. He'll never find it.

Harry looks around, realizing the hopelessness of his situation.

He tries to retrace his steps, but he can't be sure which way he's facing anymore. He takes his best guess and pushes onward.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ICY TUNDRA - LATER

Harry comes staggering out of the white, hands held up to protect his face. Suddenly he falters as he glimpses something.

HARRY'S P.O.V.

Ahead of him is a SILHOUETTED FIGURE.

BACK TO - HARRY

He does a double take. He almost can't believe his eyes. He begins waving frantically, SHOUTING over the wind at the top of his lungs.

HARRY  
Hello!? HELLO! HEEEEELP!

NEW ANGLE --

As Harry runs towards the figure and we REVEAL...it isn't a person at all, it's a strange cluster of rocks, stacked up, one atop another.

The rocks are covered in snow and ice and are clearly a man-made formation.

At the sight of this, all the strength goes out of Harry. He staggers to a stop, staring, trying to decide if this pathetic cluster of rocks will provide any shelter at all. But what choice does he have?

EXT. ROCK MOUND - NIGHT

A pitiful sight. Harry is hunkered in front of the rocks with Harpo. Two lonely souls cowering against the wind and snow and ice...

...and we slowly PULL BACK... until they are lost in the maelstrom.

FADE TO BLACK:

EXT. TUNDRA - MORNING

The sun is up again. We PAN over an unbroken vista of ice and find a snow crusted FIGURE hunched in the rocks. It's Harry. But is he alive?

He moves slightly, his eyes opening as he feels the warmth of the sun on his face.

He struggles to his feet.

HARRY  
Cuh-come on, Harpo...on your feet,  
soldier.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP - HARRY'S FEET

Trudging on, more slowly than before.

WIDER.

Harry takes a few increasingly sluggish steps and sways unsteadily. He is at the end of his strength. His knees give out.

With his last ounce of strength, he fumbles to pull something from his parka.

INSERT - EMERGENCY FLARE

He tries to light it off his zippo, which proves near impossible with half-frozen fingers in thick leather gloves. After several abortive attempts somehow he manages it.

FSSST! The flare WHISTLES skyward.

Harry watches it streak away...then keels over face first into a snow drift. Beside him, HARPO begins barking madly, trying to rouse Harry. But Harry is finished.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP - A HALF BURIED FORM

Shaking off the snow and peering around. It's an INUIT SLED DOG. Another one emerges from the snow drift beside it and then a third.

Eight altogether, and all of them are peering intently at HARRY'S FLARE on the horizon.

They start BARKING.

WIDER.

EXT. INUIT SETTLEMENT - NIGHT

A cluster of primitive SNOW HUTS, low-domed structures hewn out of the ice. There are a half a dozen of them, some of which are joined together by short tunnels.

From one of these, a FIGURE emerges -- a young INUIT GIRL (MIAKO) of perhaps nineteen years of age.

She stares in shock at the horizon, then turns and runs for another hut, calling out in Inuit as she goes.

At the sound of her voice, another figure steps out of the hut. It's Rapaak. He sees Harry's flare.

CUT TO:

LOW ANGLE - SLED - MOVING

We're tearing across the ice at an ungodly speed, RACING ALONG with two INUIT SLEDS, drawn by teams of dogs. They move unbelievably fast on runners of bone and wood.

Rapaak is guiding one of the sleds. Guiding the other is LENAki. He is shouting something, pointing:

LENAki  
Talvane! Talvane!  
("over there, over there")

ON THE HORIZON, a black speck is visible. It grows rapidly as the sleds approach.

It's HARPO, still barking for attention.

Harry's unconscious body is visible in the snow next to him.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP - AN OIL LAMP

Flickering, illuminating Harry's feverish, pale face...

WIDER.

INT. ICE HUT - MORNING

We're inside one of the strange Inuit ice huts. Harry is bundled in furs, tossing and turning in the throes of some fever-induced nightmare.

Miako is tending him, trying with difficulty to strip off Harry's soaked clothing but having some trouble with the buttons.

She finally gets it off and stares in surprise at...

INSERT - HARRY'S CHEST

The skin along his torso is peppered with strange scars. Red criss-crossing welts of tortured flesh.

BACK TO - MIAKO

Reacting in wonder. It's a shrapnel wound, unlike anything she has seen before.

She reaches out hesitantly to touch it, causing Harry to flinch and recoil.

HARRY  
(ranting)  
No! No, I can't!

MIAKO  
(sub-titled)  
<Shhh...you are safe now...>

Miako tries to coax Harry back, to calm him down, but in Harry's delusional state everything around him takes on a menacing aspect.

HARRY  
Don't touch me! Who are you? What do you want? WHO SENT YOU!?

Mercifully, Harry sinks back into unconsciousness.

Miako stares at him for a moment.

Another INUIT, OOTEK, enters the hut. She looks up.

OOTEK  
<I heard a sound.>

MIAKO  
<He spoke. In his dreams.>

OOTEK  
<What did he say?>

MIAKO  
<I could not understand. He is sick with fever.>  
(she hands Ootek the wet clothes)  
<Here, put these by the fire to dry.>

He starts to turn away, stopping to feel the strange fabric in his hands.

OOTEK  
<He wore this? Across the ice?>

CUT TO:

INT. VILLAGE ELDERS HUT - LATER

A large smoke-filled hut, built partially out of wood and frozen sod. Various INUIT VILLAGERS (Lenaki, Rapaak and Ootek among them) are gathered around a low fire.

Harry's shirt is being passed around a circle, inspected, wondered at, etc...

VARIOUS INUIT  
(overlapping)  
<Look at these clothes!? So thin! He must be mad to cross the ice in this... And alone, with only one dog?>

VOICE (O.S.)  
<Quiet, all of you.>

NEW ANGLE --

The group has been silenced by ALM, the village elder, a striking figure holding a large painted ANTLER BONE.

He turns questioningly to Rapaak, seated at his left.

ALM  
<Will the soldier live?>

RAPAAK  
<If the fever breaks. It's too soon to say. Miako is with him.>

OOTEK  
<Why did he come here? What does he want?>

RAPAAK

<He came to help us.>

Ootek makes a scoffing sound.

OOTEK

<Help us? This man, who thinks he can  
cross the ice by foot, dressed in rags?  
This man would be dead now if my brothers  
did not find him.>

With a gesture of contempt he tosses aside the shirt.

ALM

<He came because I sent for him.>

Ootek looks up sharply.

Alm prods the fires gently with his antler bone.

OOTEK

<You didn't tell me?>

ALM

<Must you know every thought in my head?>

OOTEK

<Father, he is only one man with one  
rifle. What can he do?>

ALM

<Perhaps nothing.>

(he scratches his head  
pensively)

<You say the soldier would have died,  
Ootek, and this is true. But he is a  
stranger to this land, so I think it must  
have taken courage to cross the ice  
alone...and Sedna values courage.>

LENAKI

<Perhaps it is the will of Sedna that  
brought him here?>

They ruminate on this for a moment. But the idea doesn't  
seem to gain much traction.

Presently, the silence is interrupted by a distant sound  
that causes the men to look up. It is the sound of a  
HOWL.

KALIK

<It is closer.>

OOTEK

<It is closer every night.>

RAPAAK

(to Kalik and Ootek)

<Go and light the fires. I will come soon.>

The Inuit collect their spears and make a general exit. All except for Rapaaak who remains sitting with Alm.

When they are alone, he speaks:

RAPAAK (CONT'D)

<Do you truly think this man is sent by Sedna?>

ALM

<We will know in the morning.>

RAPAAK

<How?>

ALM

(he stirs the coals  
thoughtfully)

<We will see if he is alive...>

EXT. INUIT SETTLEMENT - NIGHT

An indelible image: two INUIT HUNTERS stand watch before a roaring fire. All around them, the wind MOANS like a wraith as we slowly FADE to BLACK.

CUT TO - FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

We're back in the Bunker again, the last place on earth we want to be. Sounds are intensified, colors are super-saturated.

The CAPTAIN is screaming at his men, trying to get them on their feet and moving.

CAPTAIN

Get up! Move it, move it! Get the hell outta here!

He hauls one of the soldier's up and we SEE --

-- it's Harry --

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Wilkins! We're pulling out! Go, go, go!  
I'll cover you!

Wilkins staggers up and leads the others at a run down a concrete bunker corridor. At the end of the corridor is a thick steel DOOR leading outside.

Harry leads the men down the corridor at a full-tilt run.

They're almost there.

Thirty yards --

Twenty yards --

Ten --

And then he's out -- JUST AS, an artillery shell WHISTLES through the air and impacts the bunker behind him. The EXPLOSION sends him reeling into the mud, and jolts us  
BACK TO:

INT. SNOW HUT - NIGHT

Harry's eyes SNAP open. He blinks confusedly, trying to make sense of his surroundings.

He's inside an Inuit ice hut. The first rays of sunlight shine through a "window" of ice, playing across his face.

Suddenly, there's a wet snout nuzzling at him. It's Harpo.

HARRY

...hey, hey... knock it off.

He pushes Harpo away and struggles up. Finds himself fighting a wave of sudden dizziness. His equilibrium returns.

He stands. Only to realize he's not wearing any clothes.

ANGLE ON - ENTRANCE

Miako steps into the hut, carrying a bowl of hot broth. She reacts, startled, to see Harry standing before her, stark naked.

An awkward moment. And then with a CRASH! Miako drops the bowl and flees from the hut.

Harry stands frozen, unsure what to do. He spots his pants folded by the beside. He snatches them up, starts to tug them on.

EXT. ICE HUT - MOMENTS LATER

Harry emerges from the hut and stops in his tracks, staring at the strange tableau before him; the Inuit Settlement, the ice huts, half a dozen INUIT VILLAGERS staring back at him curiously.

VOICE (O.S.)

...Weelkins?

Harry turns to see a familiar figure approaching.

It's Rapaak, with Miako trailing along behind him.

RAPAAK

You are well?

HARRY

Yes. Thanks to you, I guess.

RAPAAK

Give thanks to Miako. She saves you, not me. She sees --

(he hesitates, searching for  
the right word)  
-- light in sky?

HARRY

My flare?

RAPAAK

Yes. Flare.

Harry turns to Miako.

HARRY

Thank you.

Miako inexplicably reddens under his gaze.

RAPAAK

Have you strength to walk?

Harry nods.

RAPAAK (CONT'D)

Then come.

Rapaak strikes off between the huts. Harry follows after him.

EXT. INUIT VILLAGE - DAY

As they pass through the village Harry falters as he sees...

HARRY'S P.O.V.

...a FUNERAL of sorts is underway. Three INUIT CORPSES are arranged on berms of wood and leather. An OLD WOMAN is cleaning one of the bodies gently with a rag as VILLAGERS place stones on the other two bodies, burying them slowly in cairns of rock.

BACK TO - HARRY

Staring grimly. He moves closer and one of the bodies comes into better view.

It is horrendously mutilated. A gruesome gash extends from the abdomen up along the torso and across the throat. The left arm is shorn away at the elbow.

HARRY

What happened here?

RAPAAK

Amorak.

That word again. Harry doesn't understand.

He looks up at Rapaak, who is holding open a seal-hide tent flap for Harry, gesturing, indicating he should enter.

Harry moves forward and glances inside curiously.

He steps through, into --

INT. ALM'S HUT - DAY

The sunlight does not penetrate the leather walls of the hut. Inside, the only light comes from the low smoking fire, over which a gaunt form is hunched. Alm, the village elder.

His eyes are closed and at first the old man appears to be sleeping.

Rapaak crosses the dim space and whispers something in the old man's ear.

His eyes open and he turns to regard Harry.

ALM  
(beckoning, speaking in  
Inuit)  
<Come. Sit.>

Harry moves closer and takes a seat on the opposite side of the fire. For a moment, nobody speaks. The old man simply regards Harry curiously, as if committing his features to memory.

Then he begins in Inuit.

Rapaak translates:

RAPAAK  
(in broken English)  
We are People of the Deer. Many ages we  
have lived in this place. Many things we  
have seen, many stories we keep. Stories  
from our fathers and from the fathers of  
our fathers, back to the beginning.

Alm pauses contemplatively and stirs the fires with his antler bone. Rapaak and Harry wait for him to resume.

RAPAAK (CONT'D)  
(translating again)  
One story is very old. The story of  
Amorak.

Harry frowns.

HARRY  
Amorak...? What does that mean?

RAPAAK  
Amorak lived in this place before the  
coming of the People of the Deer. Even  
before the coming of the Tunnit...  
Amorak is the Sleeper in the Ice. The  
angry spirit who hunts men, as we hunt  
caribou.

Harry stares at the elder with an expression of awe. All around him the fire casts strange flickering shadows over the ice.

Alm calls out to a hunched figure in the back of the hut, one of his DAUGHTERS, and the girl rises with a bowed head to fetch something from the corner of the hut.

She returns with the object: it is a stretched hide of seal on a frame of wood. She turns it into the firelight, REVEALING --

INSERT - DRAWING

A frightening and garish illustration. A silhouetted figure on a cliff-top. The figure is strangely out of proportion, clearly inhuman, with arms that extend almost to the knees.

BACK TO - HARRY

Staring at the drawing with a chilled expression.

RAPAAK (CONT'D)

Our Elders whisper the tale. When the winter is coldest, they say, Amorak comes from the ice to take a shape of a great beast. Sometimes like the bear. Sometimes another shape. No man knows the true shape of Amorak.

(beat)

In the time of my father's father there was a man, a hunter, called Upaguk. His name is known even now. Upaguk went into the Barren Land to hunt Amorak. He does not come back, but he fights bravely. Much blood was spilled on the ice that day, and we find this --

Alm reaches into the folds of his ulun and draws out the strange necklace, with the talon we saw earlier. The firelight glints dully off it.

Alm asks Harry something in Inuit. Harry looks to Rapaak:

RAPAAK (CONT'D)

He says, these words are true. He asks...do you hear them?

ON HARRY, staring at Alm through the flames with a haunted expression.

HARRY

Yes. I hear him.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALM'S HUT - LATER

Harry steps out of the hut. He stands for a long moment, motionless, staring across the tundra. Rapaak comes out of the hut behind him.

HARRY

I don't understand. Why did you come to me? I'm not a hunter. I don't know how to help you.

RAPAAK

It will be. Alm has seen it.

HARRY

...seen it?

RAPAAK

In smoke. In fire. Alm sees many things. Go he tells me, to edge of sea, bring Soldier. Soldier will help.

HARRY

You came to me --  
(incredulous)  
-- because your wiseman had a vision?

RAPAAK

(nodding)  
You are soldier. Good soldier.

Harry shakes his head emphatically, rejecting the title.

HARRY

No, listen--

RAPAAK

Sedna wills it. Only one man may kill Amarak. But this man, Upaguk, he now is dead. Sedna's will is broken.

(he smiles, pointing)  
But you are not Inuit. Sedna is not your God. You will see.

HARRY

See what?

RAPAAK

Tonight we rest. Tomorrow we go into Barren Land. Tomorrow we hunt Amarak.

Harry shakes his head in frustration. He wants to argue the point but Rapaak has CLAPPED Harry firmly on the back and strode off in the direction of the huts.

Harry SIGHS and follows after him.

CUT TO:

EXT. INUIT SETTLEMENT - NIGHT

The cluster of ice huts falls slowly into darkness.

INT. ICE HUT - NIGHT

Harry is seated alongside several other INUIT VILLAGERS, gathered at dinner. A large stone bowl is being passed around the fire.

Kalik passes the bowl to Harry and gestures for him to drink.

KALIK  
(broken English)  
...is ugyuk...is good, for strength...

Harry glances uncertainly at it. Some kind of steaming soup with bits of fatty meat.

HARRY  
Ugyuk, huh?

Harry takes a sip and his expression falters. He does his best to stifle a reaction of obvious revulsion.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
(passing the bowl quickly)  
So how do you plan to hunt it,  
this...Amarok?

RAPAAK  
Like the bear. Like the wolf. With  
blood.

HARRY  
Blood?

RAPAAK  
On the ice.  
(he makes a gesture, with his  
hand under his nose)  
The blood brings it.

HARRY  
Bait. You're going to lay bait.

RAPAAK

Yes. Bait.

HARRY

Where? Where are you going to set your trap?

RAPAAK

There is a place, not far from here,  
where the ice is thin. Where the fishing  
is good. We go there.

HARRY

Why there?

RAPAAK

We find our women in this place...  
(his expression darkens)  
We find them...very bad...killed by  
Amarok.

Harry falls silent, staring.

Miako leans over and whispers something to Rapaak in  
Inuit:

MIAKO

<Ask him about the marks on his skin?  
How did he get them?>

OOTEK

<What marks?>

MIAKO

<He has marks on his chest. I saw them  
when I took off his clothes.>

Ootek is clearly not pleased to hear this. He looks  
sharply at Harry.

RAPAAK

Miako asks about...mark on skin?

HARRY

...mark?

RAPAAK

(tapping his chest)  
Here.

HARRY

Oh, it's a, uh, shrapnel wound.

Rapaak's face remains blank. This is clearly not a word in his vocabulary.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
 Pieces of metal...from artillery?  
 (still nothing)  
 Tell her it was a gun. A very big gun.  
 A gun that can kill many people with one  
 bullet.

Rapaak translates back to Miako. We hear an exclamation of wonder as she and several other Inuit begin discussing this.

MIAKO  
 <He must have great courage.>

RAPAAK  
 She says...you have courage.

The bowl has come full circle again, and Harry who is about to drink from it, hesitates at hearing this.

HARRY  
 Courage?

RAPAAK  
 Among our people, when someone has a mark like this, we say it is sign of courage. Is it not the same among your people?

HARRY  
 (finally)  
 No. Not the same.

There is an awkward silence. Rapaak senses he has touched a nerve and lets the subject drop. Harry drinks from the bowl. Around him the meal gradually resumes.

INT. ICE HUT - LATER

Harry is bundled in furs, surrounded by sleeping Inuit. He glances about silently, wondering at the strange circumstances that have brought him here.

His gaze fall on Miako, who is also awake. She is peering back at him. We HOLD a beat.

She turns slowly away, rolling to her side.

Outside the wind HOWLS eerily.

EXT. INUIT HUT - LATER

Kalik and another Inuit (INUTSU) are seated by the fire, their spears thrust into the ice. The flames have lit up everything inside a forty foot radius but beyond that it drops quickly to blackness.

All is quiet. Peaceful. Just the breeze, and the CRACKLING fire and then... a SOUND. Very faint. Rather like a footfall crunching through snow.

CLOSE ON - KALIK

Reacting. Turning to peer into the dark. He rises uncertainly. Did he hear something?

KALIK (O.S.)  
<Did you hear that?>

There is no response.

KALIK (CONT'D)  
<Inutsu?>

He turns and goes white.

Inutsu is gone. Just like that.

All that's left is his spear, which is swaying slightly back and forth, as if it had just been jostled.

KALIK (CONT'D)  
<Inutsu!?!>

No response.

He takes a half step forward, puzzled, and then he sees something that causes his expression to blanch.

The ice where Inutsu was sitting is spattered with blood.

KALIK (CONT'D)  
(with sudden alarm)  
<INUTSU!?!>

He takes several steps into the dark. But he can't see anything.

CUT TO - INUTSU

On his back, unconscious. We don't know what's happened but there's a fleck of blood on his forehead and he's in motion, sliding rapidly backwards across the ice...

Gradually he comes awake, blinking. Wondering why he's moving. His eyes go wide with terror as he realizes...something has a hold of his leg!

He begins SCREAMING.

BACK TO - KALIK

Reacting with horror at the sound of Inutsu's cries, which are coming from somewhere off across the ice.

BACK TO - INUTSU

Moving faster and faster...being dragged off into the dark. The light of the campfire grows more and more distant.

He claws desperately at the ice, trying to stop himself. He is wrenched violently OUT OF FRAME with a final SCREAM...

INT. ICE HUT - NIGHT

Harry snaps awake to the SOUND of BARKING DOGS and SHOUTING. He lunges for his weapon.

EXT. INUIT SETTLEMENT - NIGHT

Harry comes running. Kalik is pointing wildly off across the ice. Rapaak and Ootek run from another hut. Ootek is leading a group of DOGS.

KALIK

<It took him! It took Inutsu!>

A CRY echoes across the tundra. A horrible sound of pain and terror.

The men take off running.

EXT. TUNDRA - NIGHT

The dogs are straining at their straps, SNARLING and BARKING, leading the men at a run across the ice. They race up an icy incline into an area of ROCKY CRAGS and BOULDERS.

OOTEK (O.S.)

INUTSUUUUU!?

There's no response.

RAPAAK  
 (pointing)  
 <Take the dogs! Go that way!>

The men fan out between the boulders, going different directions.

FOLLOW - HARRY

He moves rapidly between the boulders, jerking his rifle from side to side. He's surrounded by dark ominous forms. From somewhere VERY CLOSE comes a pained GASP of breath.

HARRY  
 Hello...?

We HEAR it again. Somewhere behind Harry.

He whirls around with the rifle, aiming --

-- and we catch a fleeting glimpse of two iridescent eyes peering back at Harry -- they blink -- and vanish between the boulders.

CLOSE ON - HARRY

With a CRY of horror he brings the rifle to bear and FIRES as he runs, again and again, until finally...the rifle CLICKS empty.

Harry lowers it and stares in stunned horror at a six-foot circle of bloodstained ice in front of him. In the center of the circle lies Inutsu.

Somehow, impossibly, the Inuit clings to life. But it can't last long, we see that right away. He's missing one arm and his throat is ripped open.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
 Oh, God... Hold on!

Harry drops to his knees, clutching at the man, trying in vain to stem the horrendous loss of blood.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
 Rapaak! Ootek! Over here!

CLOSE ON - INUTSU

His expression goes slack. He stops gasping and slumps to the ice. He is dead.

Rapaak and Ootek and the dogs come running and take in the gruesome spectacle... Harry in a circle of blood, clutching Inutsu's lifeless body...

EXT. INUIT SETTLEMENT - DAWN

Harry watches as the INUIT VILLAGERS bury Inutsu. They are putting stones on him, covering him in a cairn of rocks.

From somewhere far across the ice comes the lonely sound of a HUMAN voice raised in song. Harry turns, searching for the source and sees --

HARRY'S P.O.V.

The singing is coming from a distant hut, about a quarter mile from the main village. There is a fire burning outside the hut and we can make out the form of a GAUNT OLD WOMAN silhouetted before it.

Harry turns to Rapaak.

HARRY  
Who is that?

RAPAAK (O.S.)  
Angeco.

HARRY  
What is she doing?

RAPAAK  
She sings to Sedna. Sings for the passing of Inutsu. To help his spirit find the way.

Harry understands; she is a shaman of sorts.

He watches with an expression of preternatural awe as the strange figure in the distance begins to dance and thrust her arms into the sky. A primitive, somehow ominous spectacle.

His thoughts are interrupted by Kalik, who says something to Rapaak in Inuit.

Harry waits for the translation:

RAPAAK (CONT'D)  
The dogs are ready. It is time.

CUT TO:

## EXT. INUIT SETTLEMENT - DAWN

The entire village has come out to see off the hunters. Kalik and Ootek are trying to tether Harpo alongside the other huskies, which isn't proving easy as there are now two alpha males in the pack.

KALIK

<Hold him!>

OOTEK

<I am trying!>

Harry comes to the rescue.

HARRY

It's okay! I got him, I got him.  
 (he takes hold of Harpo)  
 C'mon pal. I know you don't like this,  
 but we gotta make do. Okay?

Harpo instantly stops pulling and Harry ties him alongside the other dogs.

RAPAAK

Weelkins, I will take this. And Ootek  
 and Kalik, this --  
 (he indicates two of the  
 sleds)  
 -- and this one, for you -- yes?

HARRY

I've never ridden a sled.

RAPAAK

Dog listens only to you. You must lead.  
 I will show you.

Rapaak climbs onto the sled and takes hold of the straps, wrapping them several times around either wrist.

RAPAAK (CONT'D)

Hold tight, like so, yes? And to stop,  
 do like this.  
 (he pulls back)  
 Not difficult, see?

Harry nods and switches places with Rapaak.

HARRY

Like this?

RAPAAK

Yes, and your feet, put here and here.  
And when you will turn, do like this...  
(he pushes with his leg)  
You see?

Harry nods his understanding.

RAPAAK (CONT'D)

And when you would go faster, shout  
"hamane."

HARRY

Hamane.

RAPAAK

Yes.

NEW ANGLE --

Miako is standing several yards away, saying her good-byes to Ootek. When she is done she crosses to Harry and addresses him in Inuit.

Harry looks helplessly to Rapaak.

RAPAAK (CONT'D)

She says -- you are going.  
(by way of explanation)  
It is the way we say goodbye. We take no  
joy in parting. We say only, you are  
going.

HARRY

What do I say back?

RAPAAK

You say --  
(in Inuit)  
<I am going.>

HARRY

(in broken Inuit)  
<I am...going.>

RAPAAK

That is all that can be said.

Rapaak takes hold of the reins, and with a shrill cry --  
HAMANE! -- spurs his sled off across the ice. Kalik and  
Ootek do the same.

Harry takes a deep breath. He climbs onto the sled and  
grabs the reins --

HARRY

Hamane!

And the sled surges forward!

Harry clings to the straps for dear life.

CUT TO:

EXT. TUNDRA - DAY

LOW ANGLE, as the DOGS hurtle past, straining at their straps, their breath steaming in the frigid air... the ground is a blur of ice beneath their paws.

CLOSE ON - HARRY

His beard crusted with ice, he risks a peek from beneath the hood of his parka to see --

-- the sleds are only dimly visible ahead of him. He SPURS the dogs faster, trying to keep up.

HARRY

Hamane! Hamane!

EXT. TUNDRA - LATER

The sleds come tearing up a steep incline.

Rapaak reins up. Ootek and Kalik are stopped ahead of him. Ootek is kneeling over the ground, studying something.

RAPAAK

(calling out)

<What is it?>

OOTEK

<Over here! A track!>

Rapaak and Harry hurry over and stare down.

INSERT - A LARGE FOOTPRINT

In the ice. It's been partially erased by the wind and snow but it's still clearly visible.

BACK TO - HARRY

Staring, chilled.

HARRY  
Is that it? Amorak?

RAPAAK  
Yes.

HARRY  
What now?

RAPAAK  
(to Kalik)  
<Take the dogs by the rocks, away from  
the wind. Keep them quiet.>

Kalik runs back to the sleds, starts pulling the dogs  
away.

CUT TO - A SEAL SKIN

Being sliced deftly open with a knife. Blood splashes  
across the ice. A crimson slash over white.

WIDER.

Rapaak holds the dripping seal-skin at arm's length,  
letting it drain out. He searches the horizon for any  
sign of movement. There is none.

RAPAAK  
(to Harry)  
Now we wait.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TUNDRA - LATER

The seal skin flaps in the wind, fixed to the haft of a  
spear that has been thrust into the ground. The ice all  
around is stained red.

PULL BACK...to find Harry, Kalik, Rapaak and Ootek  
hunkered behind a rock forty yards away. Harry has his  
binoculars out and is peering through them.

HARRY  
How many of your people have been killed  
by this thing?

RAPAAK  
Many.

He holds up his gloved hand. Closes it. Opens it again. Closes it. Opens it again.

ON HARRY, reacting with shock.

HARRY  
Fifteen...!? How?

RAPAAK  
It comes in the night. We make fires.  
To make it afraid. Sometimes it does not  
come. Sometimes it does.

HARRY  
I never heard of an animal that wasn't  
afraid of fire.

RAPAAK  
Amarok does not fear anything. Often we  
go to hunt it. We lie on the ice, many  
hours... but it does not come. It knows  
we are here.  
(beat)  
Then, in the dark, it comes. It hunts  
us.

Harry lowers the binoculars, stares at Rapaak with a  
chilled expression.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TUNDRA - SEVERAL HOURS LATER

The men have hardly moved. Kalik is dozing off next to  
Rapaak. Harry stares intently across the ice, his rifle  
held motionless in his hands.

EXT. TUNDRA - SEVERAL HOURS LATER

Harry is still peering across the ice, rifle aimed. He  
blinks and winces as he flexes his arm, trying to keep  
the circulation moving.

BEHIND HARRY, one of the dogs rises from the ice, sensing  
something. The other dogs pick up the scent too and  
start GROWLING.

Harry turns, puzzled --

-- and then it happens, very quickly -- the DOGS begin  
BARKING and some THING explodes from the ice behind them.  
A massive hulking form!

It is a POLAR BEAR, larger than any we've seen before.  
At least, nine feet tall, all claws and fur and anger...  
It charges!

Before anyone can react, there's a deafening explosion  
from Harry's rifle. Ka-BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

Three shots fired in such rapid succession they almost  
seem one. The bear reels, wounded. It staggers several  
yards towards Harry and collapses.

CLOSE ON - HARRY

Standing, stunned. The smoking rifle still held tightly  
in his hands.

CLOSE ON - KALIK

Jarred awake, staring wide-eyed at the dead bear which  
has come crashing to a stop inches from him.

CLOSE ON - RAPAAK

Turning to regard Harry with surprise. Harry stares  
back, equally surprised.

HARRY

It's a bear?

CUT TO:

EXT. INUIT VILLAGE - LATER

A BONFIRE burns. A smoking haunch of BEAR MEAT is  
spitted over the fire, HISSING and CRACKLING in the  
night. We HEAR the SOUND of LAUGHTER and pull back to  
find...

...a celebration in progress. The entire INUIT VILLAGE  
is circled around the fire, LAUGHING, SINGING, DANCING...

To one side we find KALIK, regaling several Inuit with  
the tale of the hunt.

KALIK

(in Inuit)

<I threw my spear but Amorak was too  
quick! I missed by this much! I thought  
my life was over then, I had not even  
time to pray...but then there was a  
terrible noise...BOOM! BOOM!>

(he pantomimes shooting)

<And it fell by my feet!

(MORE)

KALIK (CONT'D)

I looked and saw Weelkins had slain it  
with the rifle.>

TO ONE SIDE, Harry is sitting with Rapaak, smiling as he  
watches this little re-enactment.

HARRY

What's he telling them?

RAPAAK

He tells the hunt. He throws a spear.  
He misses. You kill it with rifle.

HARRY

He threw a spear, huh? I thought he was  
sound asleep.

Rapaak LAUGHS. It's the first time we've heard the Inuit  
do this and the sound has a wondrous ring to it, lighting  
up his whole face.

RAPAAK

Kalik is good story-teller. As good  
almost as Alm. What is this, here?

He gestures at Harry's shirt, indicating his Sergeant's  
stripes.

HARRY

My stripes? They show my rank.

(Rapaak doesn't understand  
the term)

Rank, it's like...uh, well take Alm for  
instance.

He gestures at Alm, who is sitting by the fireside,  
rocking back and forth, LAUGHING as he listens to Kalik's  
tale.

HARRY (CONT'D)

He has drawings on his coat...marks, to  
show who he is...your wiseman, right?

RAPAAK

Yes.

HARRY

It's like that. Except I'm a soldier.

RAPAAK

And here?

He is pointing to another mark on Harry's shirt where we can see several STRIPES that have been removed from the fabric.

HARRY  
(sobering slightly)  
Those? They took those away.

RAPAAK  
Took stripes?

HARRY  
Yeah.

RAPAAK  
Who took stripes?

HARRY  
The army.

RAPAAK  
Why took stripes?

HARRY  
(he takes a swig)  
Long story. Let's just say I wasn't exactly sent here 'cause I was a war hero.

RAPAAK  
Why are you sent here?

Harry hesitates. For a moment he seems on the verge of revealing something. But then he forces a smile.

HARRY  
Because Sedna wills it, right?

RAPAAK  
Yes. Sedna wills it.

ANGLE ON - CAMPFIRE

The celebration has turned into a kind of impromptu dance, led by Kalik, who is trying to pull anyone within arm's reach up to join him.

KALIK  
(gesturing)  
Weelkins! Weelkins! Come!

HARRY  
(shaking his head)  
No, no way.

KALIK

Yes! Come!

HARRY

Not me. I got two left feet.

Kalik gives up and tries to pull an Elderly Inuit Woman into the dance. She joins him for a bit as Harry looks on, smiling.

HARRY (CONT'D)

So, uh, tell me about Miako. Does she have someone...a husband?

RAPAAK

Miako? No. But Ootek hopes to make her his wife.

HARRY

Ootek? No kidding.

RAPAAK

Sometimes he is quick to anger...but he is a good man. A good hunter.

(softly, but pointedly)

And you will go back soon? To the stonehouse, yes?

Harry processes this for a moment, the significance of the question not lost on him.

HARRY

(finally)

Yes.

ANGLE ON - HARRY

In thought. Kalik dances past him, causing Harry to smile. He looks up, listening to the SOUND of the SINGING... the LAUGHTER... the SCREAMING...

Harry's head snaps up. Yes. SCREAMING. It's coming from some other part of the settlement.

Harry lurches to his feet. So does Rapaak. In the background, the dancing and revelry comes to a gradual halt as the Inuit realize something is wrong.

HARRY (CONT'D)

(to Kalik)

Stay with the others!

Harry snatches up his rifle and runs off. Rapaak, Kalik and several other Inuit grab for knives, spears, whatever is close at hand and run after Harry.

EXT. ICE HUT - NIGHT

The men come running up to the broken, ruined remains of a snow-hut. They rush inside.

INT. ICE HUT - NIGHT

The interior is demolished. In the center of the hut, surrounded by shredded clothing and broken tools is a large gruesome red stain on the ice.

All three men stare in shock. From somewhere nearby comes a loud ROAR, followed quickly by the BARKING of DOGS.

HARRY

It's here!

They bolt out again.

EXT. ICE HUT - NIGHT

The men tear through the village following a trail of blood. Harry stops short as he spots something ahead...

HARRY'S P.O.V.

A HUNCHED FORM darting between the huts.

BACK TO - HARRY

Running after it, bringing the rifle up, aiming --

-- and he rounds a hut and sees it --

-- and the Creature looks back, seemingly at Harry, two large iridescent eyes staring at him out of the dark --

-- and Harry blinks stupidly for a second or two, unsure what the hell he is seeing, because it's rising slowly, and rising, and it's enormous. And even if we can't see it clearly it seems too tall to be a bear, too thin, too human in form --

-- Harry snaps out of his daze, COCKS the rifle and takes aim --

And just as he's about to fire half a dozen INUIT SLED DOGS come hurtling past him, SNARLING and BARKING, and Harry fires and misses and suddenly everything turns to chaos as the dogs throw themselves at Amorak.

ANGLE ON - AMORAK

Vanishing momentarily beneath a pile of huskies. We HEAR a muffled ROAR and suddenly the dogs are propelled outward again, as if they had stepped on a landmine.

One of the animals is catapulted into the air and lands with a sickening SMACK at Harry's feet, it's neck twisted a hundred and eighty degrees the wrong way.

HARRY

Christ!

An inhuman LEAP catapults the creature across the ice, directly into the cluster of men. They dive aside. There is a violent BLUR of motion as the creature LASHES out with one massive taloned arm --

-- and we don't know exactly what has happened but suddenly Harry's face is flecked with blood and he's knocked violently aside.

The rifle goes skittering across the ice.

Amorak leaps again, vaulting to the top of an icy escarpment at the edge of the village --

-- HARRY, dazed, lunges for his rifle --

-- Amorak, roaring down at them from the top of the escarpment --

-- Harry tries to aim the rifle but it's useless, an impossible shot -- and Ootek lets loose a CRY of grief-stricken rage and flings his spear at the creature --

-- it misses --

-- and Harry fires the rifle but Amorak leaps again, vanishing into darkness --

It's gone.

A stunned moment of silence.

Just the ragged panting of the men.

CLOSE ON - HARRY

Wiping the blood from his face, looking around, and only now does he realize that the blood is not his own. It's from Alm, whose throat has been torn open. The Old Man lies dead on the ice at Harry's feet.

EXT. INUIT SETTLEMENT - DAWN

The first dim rays of dawn illuminate the ruined Inuit Village.

Alm's body has been laid on a berm alongside the other slain Inuit. Several Inuit Women are tending them, washing their faces and arms with a cloth and a bowl of water.

Rapaak steps forward and places the first stone onto the berm. The other Inuit begin to do the same.

Feeling somewhat out of place, Harry joins them. He picks up a stone and places on the berm.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ALM'S HUT - LATER

Silence. A circle of somber faces are gathered around the fire. For a long moment nobody speaks. They just sit there, staring.

KALIK  
(finally)  
<It will come again tonight. We must leave.>

RAPAAK  
<How? We have less than twelve dogs left. Barely enough for three sleds.>

KALIK  
<Then we must cross by foot.>

OOTEK  
<I will not leave.>

RAPAAK  
<The crossing by foot is slow... We would still be upon the ice when darkness falls.>

OOTEK  
 (louder)  
 <I will not leave!>

KALIK  
 <What would you do!? Wait for it to come  
 again? For more to die?>

Ootek surges angrily to his feet, brandishing his spear.

OOTEK  
 <I will kill it! I will wait for it and  
 when it comes I will spill it's blood  
 over all the ice!>

He stands trembling, clutching the spear angrily. For a long moment nobody responds.

Lenaki interjects, speaking in a calm, even tone:

LENAKI  
 <Ask the soldier...what he would do?>

OOTEK  
 <Who do you ask him? He is not one of  
 us! I for one do not care to hear what  
 he has to say!>

RAPAAK  
 <He has fought beside us. If he has  
 something to say I will listen.>  
 (low, but forceful)  
 <And so will you.>

Chastened, Ootek falls silent. He sinks to a sitting position again.

RAPAAK (CONT'D)  
 What would you do, Weelkins?

HARRY  
 (taken aback)  
 Me?

RAPAAK  
 You saw it.

Harry thinks a moment.

HARRY  
 I - I don't know what I saw. But  
 whatever it is, it's still just an  
 animal... it has to be... And an animal  
 has a lair.

Rapaak blanches. He doesn't know the word "lair."

HARRY (CONT'D)

A cave, a hole -- somewhere it sleeps.

Rapaak understands. He translates to the others.

OOTEK

<Does he think we are fools?! If we knew where it slept we would have killed it already! Nobody knows this!>

This sets off another round of argument. Rapaak silences them with a gesture.

RAPAAK

(finally)

<There is one who may know.>

The others look up. Kalik anticipates his response.

KALIK

<The Angeco?>

OOTEK

<What good is that? She will not speak with us.>

RAPAAK

<Not with us. But perhaps with the soldier.>

CLOSE ON - HARRY

Reacting, as a multitude of heads swivel suddenly in his direction. Harry looks to Rapaak, questioningly.

RAPAAK (CONT'D)

There is only one who may know of the...lair. The Angeco. She is oldest among us. She is keeper of many stories.

HARRY

Good. That's good, then you can ask her.

RAPAAK

She will not speak to us.

(beat)

But perhaps she will speak with you.

Off Harry's expression, we CUT TO:

EXT. TUNDRA - LATER

The sun sinks rapidly into the ice. Harry, Rapaak, Ootek and Kalik stand on a ridge overlooking the hut of the Angeco.

Ootek is shaking his head solemnly, clearly doesn't think much of what they're about to do. He mutters something under his breath.

HARRY

Why won't she speak to you?

RAPAAK

She is cast out by Alm.

Harry looks to Rapaak, confused.

RAPAAK (CONT'D)

Many years by there was a cold winter...very cold. The hunting is difficult. Carribou are few. We catch only fish. But fish are not good for strength. Many die. Many children.

(he nods at the hut)

But Angeco lives. Nobody knows why. Alm goes to speak with her... and he sees she has much food. Hidden food. Food she gives to no one. You understand?

CLOSE ON - HARRY

Stricken, he nods slowly.

RAPAAK (CONT'D)

Alm sees this. He banishes her. And so it is. We bring food to her. But she is not our kin anymore.

Rapaak takes a deep breath and starts down the hillside. Harry, Kalik and Ootek follow after him.

CUT TO:

EXT. ANGEKO HUT - NIGHT

The hut is lit dimly from within by a warm ruddy glow. Ootek hesitates at the entrance. Harry ducks under the tattered seal-hide flap, into --

INT. ANGECO HUT - NIGHT

-- a warm, smoke-filled hut. Strange objects dangle from the ceiling, sticks and bones, bound together with straps of leather and fur. And God knows what they are but they're rotating slowly in the smoke, casting strange shadows over the icy walls.

Harry ducks under them and squints into the gloom. A gaunt frail figure is sitting on a pile of furs at the far side of the hut -- the ANGECO -- an old woman whose anorak is painted with strange white patterns and designs.

She looks up at Harry and her face splits into a rictus-like grin. She is toothless.

RAPAAK  
<Greetings Old Mother...>

She says nothing, just stares at Harry with an unsettling smile.

RAPAAK (CONT'D)  
<Will you speak with me?>

ANGECO  
<I have nothing to say to you, Rapaak, son of Deeluk.>

RAPAAK  
<This thing that hunts us, hunts all of us. Even you, old mother.>

ANGECO  
<There is not much meat on these bones. Better hunting elsewhere, I think.>

She chuckles dryly, a horrible creaking sound like rusted hinges.

OOTEK  
(with obvious disgust)  
<She will not help us.>

He turns to go.

ANGECO  
<Wait.>

The men hesitate.

ANGEKO (CONT'D)  
 (she raises a bony arm to  
 point at Harry)  
 <I will talk to him. The soldier. He  
 has done me no wrong.>

Rapaak falters and looks to Harry.

RAPAAK  
 (whispering to Harry)  
 She will speak with you.

Harry regards the old woman.

HARRY  
 Ask her about Amorak. Ask her about the  
 lair.

Rapaak repeats the question in Inuit.

ANGEKO  
 <Why do you seek the lair? Do you think  
 to cheat the will of Sedna?>

RAPAAK  
 <The will of Sedna was broken when Upaguk  
 died.>

ANGEKO  
 (with sudden venom)  
 <The will of Sedna cannot be broken! It  
is! It will be! You seek to change it  
 as a fool tries to change the ice with a  
 stone or a knife! You scrape and  
 scrape...and Sedna mocks you.>

HARRY  
 What's she saying?

RAPAAK  
 (to Harry)  
 She says Amarok cannot be killed.

ANGEKO  
 <I heard the voice of Sedna, once, as in  
 a waking dream...>

The Angeko stokes the fire and a faraway look comes over  
 her. She is seeing something in the strange eldritch  
 patterns of smoke and ash swirling before her...  
 something beyond the sight of others...

ANGEKO (CONT'D)

<Sedna spoke and told me only the spear  
of Upaguk will pierce the heart of  
Amorak.>

RAPAAK

She says only one man can kill Amorak.  
And he is dead. This was the will of  
Sedna.

HARRY

Tell her I am not Inuit. Sedna's will  
doesn't control me.

Rapaak translates. The Angeco chuckles dryly, deeply  
amused at this.

ANGEKO

<You are a fool to play with the Gods in  
this manner. You go to your death.>

RAPAAK

She says...if you do this, you will die.

HARRY

(with growing impatience)  
Fine. She warned us. Ask her where the  
lair is?

Rapaak translates. The men wait for a response. The  
Angeco hesitates studying the tip of her ulun  
uncertainly.

Finally, with a soft GIGGLE, she begins to scratch in the  
dirt with the knife. Drawing a crude map. Speaking  
softly as Rapaak translates:

RAPAAK

We must go north. Very far. Into the  
Barren Land, across much ice. She says,  
we must look for --  
(he frowns, he doesn't know  
how to translate this word)  
-- inuksuk?

HARRY

Inuksuk? What is that?

RAPAAK

Like stone.

HARRY

(doesn't understand)  
Stone?

The old woman continues. Rapaak tries to explain:

RAPAAK

She says when Upaguk went to hunt Amorak,  
he made Inuksuk... to show the way.

HARRY

A marker? He left a marker?

RAPAAK

Yes, but there are many Inuksuk. I do  
not know of which she speaks.

(switching to Inuit)

<Which Inuksuk, old woman? Where are  
they? How do they look?>

The Angeco draws something from her anorak, a curved  
knife, her ULUN, something every Inuit treasures, and  
begins to draw in the dirt with it.

Harry circles the fire for a better view. As he sees  
what she has drawn his eyes widen with recognition.

HARRY

I saw this! When I crossed the ice. I  
know where this is.

The old woman begins chuckling softly. She says  
something in Inuit, pointing to Harry, cackling.

Harry stares at her, chilled.

HARRY (CONT'D)

What did she say?

RAPAAK

She says we are fools. We go to our  
death.

The Angeco giggles softly. The giggling builds into  
peals of LAUGHTER. Kalik and Rapaak take a faltering  
step backwards. Harry holds his ground.

EXT. ANGECO'S HUT - NIGHT

Her LAUGHTER builds and builds.

CUT TO:

INT. ALM'S HUT - NIGHT

Rapaak and the other Inuit are engaged in debate:

INUIT HUNTER

<This is madness...>

ANOTHER INUIT

<Only a fool denies his destiny.>

AND ANOTHER

<The Angeco has spoken the will of Sedna.  
What hope does the soldier have?>

There is a murmur of approval at this.

LENAKI

<The Angeco speaks for our Gods. She  
does not speak for the soldier god.  
Perhaps the soldier makes his own  
destiny.>

The Inuit consider this. But the notion doesn't seem to  
get a lot of support. Suddenly there is a GUST of WIND  
and the Inuit look up to SEE --

-- Harry, entering the dark hut.

HARRY

I'm sorry to interrupt. I came to say  
something.

(to Rapaak)

Will you translate?

Rapaak nods.

CLOSE ON - HARRY

Gathering himself with a deep breath, searching for the  
right words.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I didn't come here by chance, or fate, or  
because of Sedna... I was sent here for  
cowardice. You understand that word,  
cowardice?

Rapaak, clearly, does not.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I was sent here because...I did something  
wrong. Something bad.

RAPAAK

I do not understand.

HARRY

In the war -- I --

CUT TO - A MEMORY HIT

Harry is sprawled face-first in the mud. He's dazed, bleeding from his ears and nose. To his left and right, massive EXPLOSIONS send up geysers of dirt and earth.

Harry staggers up, unsteadily, trying to get his bearings. He hears muffled VOICES screaming at him from behind and turns --

CAPTAIN  
Wilkins!? Wilkins!?!

BACK TO - PRESENT

Harry looks down at his feet. The words come falteringly, slowly, each one a baring of his soul...

HARRY  
Eight men...eight soldiers...died because of me. Because I was afraid.

ANOTHER - MEMORY HIT

-- the BUNKER entrance has sustained a direct hit. The steel door is twisted and buckled inward. The CAPTAIN and his men are trapped on the far side -- gesturing, beckoning frantically at Harry --

CAPTAIN  
Wilkins! The door! Get the door open!

Ker-WHUMP! Another EXPLOSION rocks the ground nearby.

SOLDIERS  
(overlapping)  
Get us outta here! Wilkins!? Hurry!!!

Harry makes a decision. He starts to crawl through the mud... but not towards the Captain. He's crawling the other way. Towards a line of sandbags that offer some degree of shelter.

A final glance passes between the incredulous Captain and Harry. A look Harry will never forget.

CAPTAIN  
Wilkins!? WILKINS!!! WIIIIILL--

Ka-BOOM! A deafening EXPLOSION jolts us --

BACK TO - PRESENT

Harry blinks away the memory and faces Rapaak.

HARRY

They sent me away, just like you sent  
away that woman. The Angeco. You  
understand what I'm telling you?

Rapaak nods slowly. He does.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I thought you should know that.

Rapaak hesitates, unsure whether he should translate this  
or not.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Go on, tell them.

Rapaak begins translating. And we see the understanding  
come slowly over the faces of the gathered Inuit. First  
Ootek, then Kalik, then Lenaki, etc...

CLOSE ON - HARRY

A painful moment. He stands uncomfortably, staring at  
his feet until Rapaak's voice has stopped.

He looks up.

The Inuit are staring at him.

HARRY (CONT'D)

If you still want my help I can show you  
where those rocks are. I can help you  
find it and kill it...

(beat)

If you will have my help.

Harry nods. He has said what he needed to, and now he  
quickly retreats from the tent, leaving stunned silence  
in his wake.

No one is sure what to make of this. The others turn to  
Rapaak. The Inuit's face is inscrutable. He stares  
pensively into the fire.

INT. ICE HUT - LATER

Harry is shoving items into his pack. His revolver, the  
compass, socks, etc...

Harpo is lying in the corner of the hut, watching him  
with a forlorn expression as if to suggest, "here we go  
again."

HARRY  
(to dog)  
Come on, you mangy mutt.

The dog slowly rises and follows Harry out of the hut.

EXT. ICE HUT - DAWN

The first dim rays of sunlight are just starting to crack the horizon. Harry emerges and stops sharply at what he sees --

HARRY'S P.O.V.

Rapaak, Ootek and Kalik are standing alongside three tethered DOG SLEDS. They are each painted in the Inuit hunting tradition and each has their kakivok strapped to their back.

Miako and the other villagers are gathered behind them.

MIAKO (O.S.)  
Weelkins?

Harry turns. Miako approaches, holding something in her arms which she timidly offers to Harry.

MIAKO (CONT'D)  
(in broken English)  
...for keep you...

For me? HARRY

Harry takes it and we SEE it is an Inuit anorak, a hand-made coat sewn together out of seal hides and furs.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
(taken aback)  
I - I don't know what to say.

MIAKO  
 ...for keep you...warm...

Thank you. HARRY

Miako timidly retreats.

Rapaak approaches Harry.

RAPAAK

No man is without fear. But a man who  
breaks his fear... this is courage.

CLOSE ON - HARRY

Deeply affected. He manages a nod. Next to him, Harpo  
begins BARKING with excitement.

CUT TO:

EXT. TUNDRA - WIDE SHOT - AFTERNOON

LOW ANGLE, as the dogs come tearing across the ice,  
barreling directly PAST CAMERA. Rapaak is leading the  
first sled. Ootek and Kalik are sharing the second.

Harry is steering the third, whipping the straps,  
squinting to keep sight of the others.

HARRY

Hamane! Hamane!

EXT. TUNDRA - LATER

Harry, his face crusted with ice and snow, reins to a  
stop. He has spotted something in the distance.

He thrusts out an arm to point.

HARRY

There!

Rapaak sees it -- a cluster of rocks. He nods.

NEW ANGLE - INUKSUK

The same odd structure of rocks Harry passed on his way  
to the Inuit village. Harry, Rapaak, Ootek and Kalik  
converge around it.

HARRY (CONT'D)

This is it, right? It's the same?

RAPAAK

The same. Yes.

KALIK

Angeco say...three like this.

HARRY

Which way are the others?

Ootek studies the rocks, reading something in the arrangement of the stones. After a moment he stands up and points.

OOTEK

Talvane.

Harry pulls out his binoculars and takes a look in the direction he indicated.

HARRY

I don't see anything.

RAPAAK

It is too far to see.

(he turns away)

Come. We go now in the footsteps of Upaguk.

Rapaak climbs back onto his sled. Harry, Ootek and Kalik do the same. With a sharp CRACK of the reins, we CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT - TUNDRA

The three DOG SLEDS are seen from afar. Creeping across the horizon, barely seeming to move at this distance.

CLOSER.

And we see how fast they're moving now... they BARREL PAST CAMERA, cutting across the ice. The wind has picked up and is GUSTING heavily, buffeting them.

Rapaak shouts to Harry, struggling to make himself heard over the roaring wind and the sound of the sled:

RAPAAK

We must find shelter! Look!

He points back. BEHIND THEM, a snow storm is coming up fast. An angry churning mass visible on the far horizon.

RAPAAK (CONT'D)

(pointing)

There is a place, that way! A good shelter! You will see! Come!

Rapaak turns his sled and leads the group across the ice.

EXT. ROCKY TERRAIN - NIGHT

Gnarled fingers of rock jut up out of the ice. Gusts of wind and snow are lashing at the sleds. Harry is flanked on one side by Rapaak and on the other by Ootek.

RAPAAK  
(shouting to be heard)  
We are close! Look! There!

Rapaak thrusts out an arm and Harry squints into the dark. He can't make out much of anything.

HARRY  
Where?

As if on cue, a bizarre shape looms suddenly out of the dark; the broken tail of an airplane. The sleds pass almost directly beneath it.

Gradually the rest of the wreckage emerges from the snow. Broken pieces of wings to either side, left and right, and farther ahead... the remainder of the fuselage.

It lies at an angle, partially buried by snow and ice which has crept up around it.

ANGLE ON - RAPAAK

He pulls his team to a stop and jumps down.

Harry reins up, with less grace. He leaps off his sled and staggers towards the wreckage.

EXT. AIRPLANE WRECKAGE - NIGHT

The entire back half of the airplane is shorn away and snowdrifts have concealed the opening. As the Inuit go to work digging, Harry makes his way forward along the fuselage, trying to peer into windows, etc...

At the NOSE OF THE PLANE, Harry wipes away a snow crusted insignia REVEALING a PAN-AMERICAN LOGO.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
How long has this been here?

RAPAAK  
Many winters.

OOTEK (O.S.)  
(calling to them)  
<The way is open! Come!>

## INT. PASSENGER CABIN - NIGHT

The Inuit have dug out an opening, through which Rapaak and Harry are able to crawl in. Harry gets to his feet inside the airplane and reaches into his pack for a flare. He strikes it.

The red flame bursts into life, illuminating --

-- rows and rows of seats, canted to one side, luggage, articles of clothing piled against the bulkhead, and a few personal items... a doll, an umbrella, a backpack...

Harry bends to pluck something from the debris; a child's doll.

HARRY  
(realizing)  
This was a passenger plane.  
(he looks around, baffled)  
But where are the bodies?

RAPAAK  
Taken. By Amorak.

HARRY  
(chilled)  
Taken?

Harry sets the doll gently back down.

## EXT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

The wind HOWLS over the broken fuselage. Through one of the passenger windows we GLIMPSE a dim glow.

## INT. PASSENGER CABIN - NIGHT

A small lamp has been lit, a primitive stone bowl that burns seal blubber.

The men are gathered around it, eating dinner, passing around a bowl of soup which they are sharing (more of the same strange food Harry ate earlier).

KALIK  
(gesturing)  
...ugyuk...

HARRY  
Ugyuk, huh? What is this stuff anyway?  
Fish?

RAPAAK

Not fish. Fat from seal. Buried two weeks under the snow. Very soft. Good for eating.

Harry stifles a sudden gag reflex. Somehow manages to choke down another mouthful of the stuff and passes the bowl quickly to Ootek.

The men notice his reaction and Ootek SNORTS with laughter. Harry grins sheepishly.

To his left, Kalik says something in Inuit to Rapaak and gestures at Harry's new coat. Harry doesn't understand, but whatever he said, it elicits another round of LAUGHTER.

HARRY

What did he say?

RAPAAK

(smiling)

He tells me...

(he doesn't know the word)

...something to make me laugh.

HARRY

A joke?

RAPAAK

Yes. A joke.

HARRY

What joke?

It's obvious Harry wants to join the conversation, to be part of this moment, but it's difficult. Rapaak searches for a way to explain.

RAPAAK

Kalik's coat is very old. Many holes. He says when this is done he will make himself a new coat...like you have... a coat made from Amorak.

Harry frowns. Waits for the rest of it. But apparently something has been lost in translation because that's all there seems to be.

RAPAAK (CONT'D)

In Inuit, word for coat is anorak. He says he will make Anorak from Amorak.

HARRY  
 (he gets it)  
 That's a terrible joke.

RAPAAK  
 Yes. Bad joke.

Kalik says something in Inuit.

RAPAAK (CONT'D)  
 He asks if you have...American joke?

HARRY  
 American joke, huh? Lemme see.  
 (he thinks a second)  
 Yeah. Okay, here goes. So, two guys are  
 camping in the woods. And this bear  
 starts chasing them, so they climb up a  
 tree... And the one guys starts putting  
 on his shoes in the tree. So the other  
 guy says, what are you doing? And the  
 first guys says, 'I figure we gotta make  
 a run for it.' So the second guy says,  
 'are you crazy? You can't outrun a bear.'

ON RAPAAK, translating for Kalik and Ootek.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
 And the first guy says, 'I don't have to  
 outrun the bear. I just have to outrun  
 you.'

Harry waits for a reaction. But there is none.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
 Because the bear would eat the other  
 guy...get it?

Still nothing.

And then, just as it's starting to get uncomfortable  
 Kalik BURSTS into uproarious LAUGHTER. He says something  
 in Inuit to Ootek and Rapaaak, who also begin LAUGHING.

CLOSE ON - HARRY, for the first time since the attack on  
 the village, he smiles.

EXT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

The WIND howls over the tundra, buffeting the sides of  
 the airplane.

INT. PASSENGER CABIN - LATER

Harry is slumped against the bulwark, bundled in furs. The oil-lamp has burned down to a dim flickering glow.

RAPAAK

Weelkins? You are awake?

HARRY

Yes.

RAPAAK

When you leave this place, you will go back to Army?

HARRY

Yes.

RAPAAK

Maybe give back stripes?

HARRY

Nah, they won't give back stripes.

RAPAAK

What must do? For getting back stripes?

HARRY

It doesn't work like that. No getting back stripes.

Rapaak considers this.

Harry turns over to go to sleep.

And then the stillness is broken by a soft GROWL from the back of the plane.

NEW ANGLE --

It's Harpo, rising to his feet, lips drawn back in a snarl. The dog's attention is fixed firmly on the snow-hole at the front of the plane.

Ootek and Kalik snap awake. Harry reaches for his rifle. He thumbs off the safety. Crosses to the windows and peers out.

HARRY'S P.O.V.

Icy GUSTS of wind and snow buffet the glass.

BACK TO - HARRY

Turning away, frustrated.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
Can't see a damn thing!  
(he points)  
The light...put out the light!

Kalik blows out the oil-lamp. The cabin is plunged into near-darkness. Harry peers through the window again.

HARRY'S P.O.V.

OUTSIDE, the blizzard had reduced visibility to a few paltry yards. All he can see is part of one of the broken wings several yards off, buried in snow, and beyond that.. a shape... or is it!? Yes...something is out there, something moving in the storm.

BACK TO - HARRY

Catching his breath sharply, jerking up the rifle. But just as suddenly the shape is gone again, vanishing into the snow and wind.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
I saw something! Jesus Christ!

Harry runs down the aisle, trying to catch another glimpse of it through another window. In the background the dogs are going berserk, GROWLING and BARKING.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
Keep those dogs quiet!

KALIK  
<Ootek, help me! I cannot hold them!>

Kalik is struggling to restrain the dogs. Ootek rushes to his aid.

CLOSE ON - HARRY

He COCKS his rifle and aims it at the snow hole.

CLOSE ON - RAPAAK

His hands clutching tightly on his spear.

CLOSE ON - OOTEK

Trying to hold back several dogs at once. Everyone's attention is fixed on the entrance. Nobody notices...

...Kalik, huddled at the back of the airplane with the remaining dogs. Unseen by him, a DARK SHAPE rises in the window behind him.

The GLASS EXPLODES inward as something lunges into the airplane and locks onto him; a pair of monstrous hairy arms begin to drag him back out.

Kalik lets out a gut-wrenching SCREAM as the arms enfold him and pull him out to his waist.

KALIK (CONT'D)

<HELP!>

Rapaak, Harry and Ootek rush to Kalik's aid and try to grab hold of his flailing legs. But whatever has him is inhumanly strong.

He is wrenched violently backwards to his knees. A third brutal tug and he's gone. Yanked out.

NEW ANGLE --

It's mass hysteria inside the airplane. The dogs go berserk and break loose. Two of them go tearing through the window after Kalik, another three go bolting out through the snow-hole.

Harry, Rapaak and Ootek scramble for their weapons.

OUTSIDE we hear Kalik's SCREAMS, mingled with the BARKING of dogs and another sound; an inhuman HOWLING that dwarfs them all.

HARRY

(to Ootek)

Stay here! Stay with the dogs!

Harry and Rapaak dive through the snow-hole.

EXT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

We're hit by a maelstrom of snow and ice! For a moment Harry is dumbstruck, reeling, he can barely see the rifle in his own hands. He squints into the storm, tries to get his bearings.

HARRY

Kalik! Kalik!

From somewhere across the ice we hear the horrible sound of a desperate DOG FIGHT. BARKING and SNARLING.

And another, more primal sound, a bestial HOWL rising over the cacophony of dogs.

Harry does his best to fix the direction, a near impossible task in the gale. He runs towards the nose of the airplane.

EXT. FRONT WINDSHIELD OF PLANE - NIGHT

The GROWLING and BARKING is louder. Closer. Harry squints into the storm trying to catch a glimpse.

There's a horrendous ROAR and something is flung out of the storm. It SLAMS into Harry, knocking his rifle from his hands. It's one of the dogs, mangled and broken.

Harry digs frantically in the snow for the rifle!

Somehow he finds it and jerks it up again JUST AS -- WHAM! Another dog is flung out of the storm and strikes the fuselage next to Harry with brutal force.

HARRY' P.O.V.

He glimpses something through the storm... Amarak is grappling with the remaining two dogs. CRACK! A sickening wrench snaps one of the animals' necks.

Another of the dogs is tearing furiously at Amarak's leg. It wheels around, flinging it off.

BACK TO - HARRY

Struggling up, aiming the rifle -- he fires! The creature lets out a bestial HOWL.

Harry fires again -- and again -- and again -- until CLICK! The rifle is empty. He rummages frantically in a pocket to reload, dropping a clip in his haste.

UNKNOWN P.O.V.

Surging forward, directly at Harry.

BACK TO - HARRY

Looking up, struggling with the rifle, he sees IT moving rapidly at him -- and while we can't see much in the storm, we see it's covered in matted white fur, almost blending -- but not quite -- with the surrounding snow and ice.

It's running at Harry, ROARING.

Harry drops to one knee and sights at it slowly, levelly -  
- squeezing the trigger -- BLAM! The rifle jerks and  
misses!

And Harry aims again -- calmly, coolly -- and BLAM!  
Another miss!

CLOSE ON - HARRY

His hands are starting to tremble just a touch now. He  
takes a deep breath and we have no idea how much courage  
this takes because Amorak is less than a dozen yards away  
and...Ker-BLAM!

Harry shoots and it staggers finally! But it comes up  
again with an inhuman ROAR and rushes at him again --

-- and Harry can only stare in horror because there's no  
more time and he's out of options -- and then a MATTED  
FORM comes hurtling at the creature, intercepting it --

NEW ANGLE - HARPO

SNARLING and SNAPPING as it grapples furiously with  
Amorak.

HARRY

Harpo!

But this buys only a few precious seconds, because with a  
sickening CRUNCH -- Amorak sinks it's teeth into Harpo's  
neck, killing the dog.

Harry finally gets the rifle loaded and jerks it up again  
only to see --

-- Amorak is gone -- vanished into the storm.

Harry whips the rifle from side to side, fueled by fear,  
by adrenaline. The ground is strewn with dead dogs.

Suddenly Harry gets the crap scared out of him as a HAND  
clamps down on his shoulder. He whips around, nearly  
blasting a hole through Rapaak.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I saw it! Rapaak, I saw it! Christ,  
it's enormous!

(he points)

It went that way!

Harry starts after it but Rapaak restrains him.

RAPAAK  
Weelkins! You cannot! You will be lost!  
(Harry hesitates, torn)  
You will be lost!

Harry reluctantly allows himself to be pulled away.

CUT TO:

INT. PASSENGER CABIN - NIGHT

Harry and Rapaak crawl back into the cabin and collapse, exhausted. Harry whips off his hood and we see his face is bright red, lashed by the wind and snow.

Ootek is holding the remaining four dogs, staring at Harry with a terrified expression.

OOTEK  
...Kalik...?

Harry shakes his head grimly, the implication clear.

Off Ootek's grief-stricken reaction, we FADE to BLACK:

EXT. AIRPLANE - DAWN

The blizzard has passed.

The airplane lies partly buried under a fresh coat of snow. Sun glints off a section of the exposed fuselage.

CLOSE ON - THE SNOW

Being disturbed. A KNIFE punches through. And then a FIST, and finally -- Harry claws his way out.

He pulls himself onto the wing of the airplane and looks around, squinting in the sunlight.

WIDER.

Sun shines across the tundra. Harry can see in every direction for miles and miles. Rapaak climbs up next to him, and Ootek on the other side, and all three men take in the vista.

Harry jumps down and trudges through the snow.

NEW ANGLE -- HARRY

As he kneels over a buried object in the snow. It's Harpo, horribly broken, barely recognizable. Harry stares down with a melancholy expression.

HARRY  
(softly)  
...best dog I ever had...

He stands up and stares across the horizon.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
Which way is the next marker?

RAPAAK  
(points)  
There.

HARRY  
Then let's get a move on.

He starts grimly across the ice.

EXT. TUNDRA - DAY

Harry, Rapaak and Ootek keep a steady pace across the tundra.

EXT. ROCKY BOULDERS - DAY

The men pass through a rugged landscape of ice-crusting boulders. UP AHEAD, Harry sees something and quickens his pace.

HARRY  
There! Look!

Ootek and Rapaak see it too...the SECOND MARKER.

REVERSE ANGLE - MARKER IN FOREGROUND

The men come running up.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
Which way now?

The Inuit glances at the stones, reading a message in their arrangement. He turns and points.

With grim resolve, they continue onward again.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TUNDRA - LATER

The men walk in single file. Rapaak is leading the way, half a dozen yards ahead of Harry and Ootek. Suddenly Ootek stops in his tracks and SHOUTS something in Inuit.

Rapaak looks back.

HARRY

What's wrong?

RAPAAK

It will be dark soon. There is no more shelter on the ice. If we turn back now, we may still reach the plane.

HARRY

You want to turn back?

Rapaak hesitates.

RAPAAK

No. But Ootek does.

Harry looks back at Ootek, then forward again, weighing their options.

HARRY

The markers are three, four miles apart. If we hurry we can reach the third marker before dark. We can find the lair.

(beat)

I say we keep going.

Another exchange passes between Rapaak and Ootek. Ootek seems to hesitate. But finally he nods his assent.

RAPAAK

We go together.

The three men turn and continue across the ice.

EXT. GLACIAL CLIFFS - LATER

An enormous wall of ice stretches for miles and miles to the horizon. Far below we glimpse movement...three tiny FIGURES approaching the cliff, Harry, Rapaak and Ootek.

EXT. ROCKY PASS - DUSK

Rapaak is leading the way up a rocky incline. He reaches the top and pulls himself over the precipice.

He suddenly catches his breath. Sitting there before him, on a rocky ledge...is the THIRD MARKER.

Harry pulls himself up beside Rapaak and turns to help Ootek. All three men stare at the marker for a moment.

RAPAAK  
This is the last.

Harry looks around and takes in the surreal sight before him.

HARRY'S P.O.V.

A massive glacier covered in cracks and fissures. Strange structures loom out of the ice, haunting glacial formations that have been twisted by the relentless wind.

BACK TO - HARRY

With a touch of awe:

HARRY  
What is this place?

RAPAAK  
We call it, Noyan Akalik. It means; the place-we-do-not-go.

Harry considers this with a chill.

Rapaak digs a length of rope out of his pack. Starts to tie one end around his waist.

RAPAAK (CONT'D)  
The ice here is dangerous. Many places to fall. We must walk like this, one tied to another...

He passes the rope back to Harry and Ootek. Harry starts to tie in, as we...

CUT TO:

EXT. GLACIER - LATER

The three men, roped together, make their way across the glacier. Suddenly, Rapaak stops dead in his tracks and kneels over a patch of ice.

HARRY

What is it?

RAPAAK

Come. See.

Harry and Ootek come alongside and look down, and we  
REVEAL --

-- a large impression in the ice. A FOOTPRINT like the one Harry saw earlier.

HARRY

Christ. It's huge.

OOTEK

(pointing)

<It went that way.>

Harry and Rapaak turn to stare. We PAN to REVEAL a long line of tracks leading across the glacier.

Harry unslings his rifle.

CUT TO - THE SUN

Dipping slowly behind the horizon. For a brief moment, everything is bathed in golden light. Then darkness reins.

EXT. CHASM - NIGHT

The men approach the edge of a vast chasm, one of many that criss-cross the glacier. Ootek follows the tracks to the edge of the chasm where they abruptly vanish.

He says something in Inuit.

RAPAAK

(to Harry)

The tracks are gone.

HARRY

Gone? That's impossible.

RAPAAK

It must have crossed.

HARRY  
(he doesn't see how)  
Gotta be a hundred feet across...

Ootek rises with a confused expression and looks around. He takes a tentative step closer, towards the edge of the chasm.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
Careful.

He inches closer. And suddenly the thin crust of ice beneath his feet CRACKS AWAY...

...Harry flings himself flat on the ice, lunging for Ootek.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
Grab my hand! Hold on!

REVERSE ANGLE - ON OOTEK

Clinging to the edge of the ice. He gropes frantically for Harry's outstretched hand. The carapace crumbles again... and Ootek plummets into the chasm.

INT. CHASM - NIGHT

TWANG! The rope around Ootek's waist jerks taut. Momentum sends him CRASHING into an icy wall.

EXT. CHASM - NIGHT

Harry has a hold of the rope in both hands and is struggling to hold onto Ootek. But the ice is slippery and Harry is being drawn slowly towards the edge.

HARRY  
(to Rapaak)  
My ice pick! Get it!

Rapaak rushes to Harry's side and yanks the ice pick from his belt. WHAM! He slams it into the ice, burying it. Harry braces his foot against the pick and catches himself at the edge.

INT. CHASM - NIGHT

Ootek recovers from his impact to find himself spinning in lazy circles some thirty feet below the lip.

He struggles to focus. Looks down.

A yawning black chasm below his feet. Panic sets in. He claws frantically at the rope around his chest.

OOTEK  
<Help me! Help me!>

HARRY (O.S.)  
I got you! Relax! Just relax!

OOTEK'S P.O.V.

FAR BELOW, something catches his eye. An opening of some kind, the dark mouth of a cavern set in the ice wall several hundred feet below him.

BACK TO - OOTEK

He stares at it, chilled.

EXT. CHASM - SAME TIME

Harry and Rapaak struggle to pull Ootek up. At the edge of the chasm a pair of hands emerge clawing at the ground, struggling, and then --

-- Ootek himself appears. Harry and Rapaak drag him to safety.

All three men collapse in a pile at the edge of the chasm. Between GASPS, Ootek says something in Inuit, pointing at the chasm.

RAPAAK  
He says...he saw something...

ON HARRY, shooting a look at Ootek. Then back to the crevasse.

HARRY  
The lair?

RAPAAK  
Perhaps.

HARRY  
Hold the rope.

Harry rolls onto his stomach and starts to crawl towards the edge of the crevasse. Rapaak and Ootek hold the rope.

HARRY'S P.O.V.

As he peers over the edge of the chasm.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
Can't see anything. Hang on a sec.

BACK TO - HARRY

Rummaging in his coat for something. He comes out with a flare, which he CRACKS sharply to life. He drops it into the chasm.

FOLLOWING - THE FLARE

As it plummets into the dark...

...down and down...

...and down...

...and briefly illuminates something in the icy wall far below, some sort of cave entrance or lair... but we only get a glimpse before the flare falls past it and vanishes into the abyss.

HARRY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
I see it! Pull me back!

EXT. CHASM - NIGHT

Rapaak and Ootek drag Harry to safety. He rolls over and looks up at them.

HARRY  
Looks like some kind of entrance, couple hundred feet down. It's gonna be difficult to reach. How much rope do we have?

CUT TO - A ROPE

Being dropped into the chasm.

INT. CHASM - NIGHT

Harry shimmies over the edge and starts his descent. He's working his way down one wall of the chasm with his pick axe, making his way by finger and toe-holds.

Suddenly a GUST of ICY WIND comes whistling up the chasm, threatening to pluck Harry off the face. He presses into the wall, struggles to catch his breath. Looks up.

HARRY'S P.O.V.

Rapaak and Ootek are several yards above him, tethered together by ropes, descending with him.

BACK TO - HARRY

Catching his breath again. He resumes his descent.

INT. ICE CAVERN - LATER

Wind HOWLS over the entrance of a small CAVE ENTRANCE less than five feet wide by four tall.

Harry's legs descend into FRAME. He pulls himself into the small space.

NEW ANGLE -- ON HARRY

He collapses tiredly, too exhausted to move another inch. He barely has the strength to drag his own legs in after him.

A moment passes.

And then Rapaak appears, pulling Ootek in behind him. All three men collapse in a heap, struggling to catch their breath. Finally Harry looks around.

HARRY  
What is this?

WIDER.

They're inside a small cavern with barely room to kneel. At the rear of the cavern is some sort of tunnel or fissure.

Harry gropes in a knee-pocket and produces a flare. He CRACKS it to life.

ANGLE - THE TUNNEL

Receding into darkness.

BACK TO - HARRY

He shoots an uncertain look to Rapaak and Ootek. A grim moment of silence. He unslings his rifle.

Rapaak and Ootek draw their spears. And without a further word, all three men start crawling off down the tunnel.

CUT TO:

INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

Complete darkness.

Then a flicker of red light appears at the end of a very long tunnel. It grows brighter and brighter...as Harry comes crawling INTO CLOSE-UP.

ANGLE ON - RAPAAK

Crawling after Harry. The only noise is the steady scraping of his arms and knees on the ice.

ANGLE ON - OOTEK

Bringing up the rear. We can tell from the ragged sound of his breathing that he's having difficulty with this. He's trying to keep it in check but the tunnel is getting darker, narrower, and Harry is way up ahead of him and the flare is starting to flicker out...

OOTEK

<Rapaak...? Rapaak, the light...?>

ANGLE ON - HARRY

The flare he's holding begins to sputter out. He stops crawling, twists around in the cramped tunnel to dig in a pocket for another flare.

ANGLE ON - OOTEK

Watching with mounting anxiety as the flare in Harry's hand flickers and begins to sputter out...

OOTEK (CONT'D)

<Quickly! It's going out!>

THE FLARE dies...

Darkness swallows them.

We HEAR Ootek's breathing intensify. He struggles to turn around but he can't. The passage is too narrow, he can't breathe, he can't see, he can't move forward and he can't turn around. Panic starts to well up in him.

OOTEK (CONT'D)  
Rapaak!? RAPAAK!?

Hang on. HARRY

OOTEK  
<RAPAAK! HELP ME?!!>

One second -- HARRY

CRACK! Harry finally gets it lit and the fissure springs into light again. Harry twists back to look at Ootek.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
Hey? You okay?

CLOSE ON - OOTEK

The large Inuit is clearly not okay. His eyes are distended, his breathing is rapid and shallow, his face, drenched in sweat.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
Just breathe... nice and easy.  
(he demonstrates)  
Nice and easy, okay?

Ootek nods quickly, fighting back a wave of panic.

RAPAAK  
<Look at the light. Keep your eyes on  
the light.>

Rapaak signals Harry with a nod to continue. Harry faces front again and resumes his crawl.

INT. CREVASSE - LATER

Harry spots something up ahead, an opening of some sort that leads into a larger chamber.

HARRY  
There's something ahead...

INT. CAVERN - MOMENTS LATER

Light spills through a rocky entrance illuminating an enormous cavern. The light grows brighter and brighter.

And then HARRY crawls out and stands up with the flare.

His face goes white at what he sees.

HARRY

...Christ...

We HOLD on Harry staring.

And staring.

And then Rapaak and Ootek clamber out of the passage behind him and come alongside and they see it too. Harry holds up the flare for a better view and we finally REVEAL --

HARRY'S P.O.V.

-- a vast cavern littered with human bones. The entire floor is blanketed with them. But the bones are broken bits, fragments and pieces, as if the creature had shattered them to get at the marrow.

There are also scraps of clothing, shredded fabric, a boot, the rusted remains of an old rifle, climbing axes, etc...

BACK TO - THE MEN

Staring in horror.

Ootek mutters something under his breath, some whispered Inuit oath.

RAPAAK

(very quietly)

...so many...?

Harry snaps out of it and looks around, quickly.

HARRY

We have to find where it sleeps. Look around for another cave, a hole, anything...

The men begin to fan out through the cavern. Harry moves forward, feet CRUNCHING softly on a carpet of bone fragments.

He holds the flare up, searching for the far side of the cavern. He's about to move forward when suddenly Rapaak catches his arm. The Inuit points down.

NEW ANGLE --

REVEALS a yawning black chasm at Harry's feet. He almost stepped right off the edge.

Harry catches his breath. He takes the old flare from Rapaak and drops it into the chasm...

ANGLE - THE FLARE

Falling into blackness...

...further and further...

...and finally it strikes bottom.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Hand me the rope.

Rapaak passes Harry the coil of rope. Harry starts tying one end around his waist, wrapping the other end around the haft of his ice pick, which he begins stomping into the cavern floor.

CLOSE ON - OOTEK

Staring down at the second chasm. He represses a shudder of horror. Harry and Rapaak are preparing to shimmy over when the thought of yet more darkness, yet more descent, all starts to be too much for him.

He shakes his head.

OOTEK

...no...no go...

HARRY

We're almost there. You'll be okay, Ootek.

OOTEK

No go! No go!

Rapaak and Harry look back. Ootek is retreating, shaking his head emphatically. Clearly past the point of rational thought.

HARRY

Okay. Me and Rapaak will go, okay?

OOTEK

Ootek stay!

HARRY

Yes. Ootek stay. Here take this.

Harry tugs his revolver from his parka and SLAPS it into Ootek's hand.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Stay here and lower us down. Okay?

Ootek's panic subsides. He nods quickly.

Harry digs in his coat, hands off several flares and starts for the edge of the chasm.

INT. CHASM - LATER

Harry and Rapaak make their way down the chasm, bracing with their legs and backs against the side walls. The SOUND of their breathing is eerily amplified in the hollow space.

TIGHT ON - HARRY

Glancing down at the flare, far below. Harry's breathing becomes more rapid. He presses his eyes shut, struggling momentarily with something unseen, with blank unreasoning dread.

After a moment, he opens his eyes and continues downward, ever downward, as if into the bowels of some endless abyss.

INT. CAVERN - NIGHT

Ootek is paying out the rope, but his eyes are fixed on the flare sputtering and hissing in the dirt next to him.

INT. CHASM - NIGHT

Harry and Rapaak touch bottom. Harry picks up the fallen flare and holds it up. As it bathes the chamber in light, Rapaak's expression drains white.

RAPAAK

Weelkins!

Harry turns --

-- and sees a ghastly WHITE FACE frozen into the icy wall behind him -- a DEAD HUMAN BODY, mouth drawn open into a rictus-like grimace. It is the corpse of a MAN dressed in US military clothing.

Harry moves in for a closer look.

Around the man's neck are a set of dog-tags.

HARRY  
(reading)  
...Wierzbowski...?

The name jogs a memory. It's the soldier who went missing from the lighthouse. Harry gently tugs the tags from his neck. A final act of kindness.

Harry turns, sweeping the flare over the remainder of the cavern illuminating...more bodies frozen into the walls, like insects trapped in amber. Dozens of them, INUIT HUNTERS, ARCTIC EXPLORERS, even the frozen remains of a VIKING...the bodies date back more than half a century.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
What the hell is this?

RAPAAK  
(in awe)  
...the place where it feeds...

HARRY  
This isn't a lair. Animals have lairs.  
This is...  
(he searches for the words)  
...a trophy room...

INT. CHASM - NIGHT

Ootek waits at the lip of the chasm, his eyes fixed on the flare which is beginning to sputter out. He takes one of three flares Harry gave him and lights it off the old one.

INT. LAIR - NIGHT

Harry and Rapaak make their way deeper into the lair, passing yet more bodies and more tunnels, ominous and menacing...

Rapaak kicks a bone on the ground and it CLATTERS loudly, nearly giving them both heart attacks.

HARRY (CONT'D)

It's just an animal. It has to be.  
Remember that.

ON RAPAAK, nodding, forcing his feet into motion again.  
He follows Harry into one of the dark tunnels.

INT. CHASM - NIGHT

Ootek stares at the second flare as it SPUTTERS out.  
There's a brief moment of darkness. And then he CRACKS  
the third and final flare.

As the tunnel springs into light again... we GLIMPSE  
something behind Ootek, a large silhouetted FIGURE.

Ootek seems to sense its presence. He whirls around.  
There's a violent blur of motion as Amorak strikes,  
knocking aside the flare, plunging us into darkness  
again.

INT. LAIR - NIGHT

A shrill CRY shatters the silence. A wail of terror and  
pain that stops Harry and Rapaak cold.

RAPAAK

Ootek!

Both men go running back the way they came.

HARRY'S P.O.V.

UP AHEAD, the mouth of the tunnel becomes visible, and  
the chasm, and the ropes... and then -- WHUMP! Something  
monstrous lands heavily in the center of the lair,  
scattering bits of bone...

NEW ANGLE --

Amorak rises before them, a hulking, malevolent form.  
Vaguely apelike, covered from head to foot in matted gray  
hair. Two monstrous ligamented arms reach nearly to the  
floor. It looks up at them, iridescent eyes glinting in  
the darkness -- and ROARS!

ANGLE ON - HARRY

Jerking up the rifle, cocking it -- but Rapaak is  
standing in his way, frozen with shock --

HARRY  
Rapaak! Get down!

He doesn't respond.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
RAPAAK!

ANGLE ON - RAPAAK

At the last instant, he snaps out of it and hurls his spear! It narrowly misses --

-- and Rapaak is in motion, running, scrabbling furiously into the nearest crevasse he can find --

-- and Harry is firing the rifle, over and over --

-- and Amarak is charging, being struck again and again, but it's not going to ground, not yet --

-- and Rapaak squeezes into the crevasse, pressing back -- and the creature runs directly past him, charging towards Harry --

-- who is trying to stay calm, and aim, and fire -- but it's still not stopping --

HARRY'S P.O.V.

In the flash-bursts of muzzle fire we glimpse it and whatever it is, this is not a bear... it's a force of nature, some primitive vestige of a bygone era...

BACK TO - HARRY

He takes a final shot and the rifle CLICKS empty. Harry drops it and runs for his life.

TRACKING WITH - HARRY

As he races down the tunnel, running blindly, fueled by sheer terror.

HARRY'S P.O.V.

The flare in his hand casts a hissing red light over the walls as he runs, giving his flight a surreal nightmarish quality... the walls blur past and we glimpse all those horrible maimed corpses... but the light does little to show where he is running, he can barely see anything...

CREATURE'S P.O.V.

It sees everything. Including Harry, who is running, tripping, pulling himself up again...

BACK TO - HARRY

He races from the tunnel into a small cavern without any other openings. It's a dead end. There is no other way out.

The flare in his hands SPUTTERS out. Darkness.

Harry runs to the far wall, hands groping blindly at the cold stone... feeling for some way out, a tunnel, a crevasse, anything... but there isn't anything. He's out of options.

CREATURE'S P.O.V.

Charging at Harry from the tunnel.

CLOSE ON - HARRY

His fingers touch something in the dark, a frozen body -- an INUIT HUNTER -- and there's something else -- something sharp.

Harry rips it from frozen hands, spins, bracing himself against the ice wall --

-- Amarak leaps out of the darkness!

Harry is knocked violently backwards, crushed into the wall as the creature's tremendous jaws SNAP at his face and neck. But it can't seem to reach him because --

NEW ANGLE - AMORAK

The creature has been transfixed by something. The broken shaft of an Inuit spear, a kakivok, that has pierced the creature's abdomen and come out between the shoulder blades!

It's dead, it has to be -- and yet, somehow -- it isn't. It ROARS at Harry in frustrated, mindless rage, and slowly it begins pulling itself along the spear at Harry.

Impossibly, somehow, it's inching closer... and closer... the jaws spreading wide, SNAPPING at Harry's face...

...and all Harry can do is shut his eyes and turn his head aside...

...and there is a final ghastly wet exhale of breath,  
almost directly into Harry's face...

...and Amorak finally stops moving...

We HOLD for a long beat.

And another.

And Harry is holding his breath. Finally he realizes  
he's still alive. He opens his eyes and turns to look at  
it.

HARRY'S P.O.V.

He sees it's dead. Finally dead.

BACK TO - HARRY

Suddenly he's overcome by a multitude of emotions. His  
eyes brim with tears...

...as we START to PULL BACK...

...down the long tunnel...

...past all those dead bodies...

...past Rapaak, who has come out of the crevasse and is  
staring in awe at what he sees; Harry and Amorak, locked  
together, unmoving... and we slowly FADE to BLACK.

EXT. INUIT VILLAGE - WIDE SHOT - DAWN

The first dim rays of sunlight creep over the little  
cluster of ice huts.

EXT. ICE HUT - DAWN

Harry stands on a bluff watching the sun rise. He is  
bearded and the lacerations to his face and neck have  
begun to heal. He is wearing his pack, and his rifle is  
slung over his shoulders.

RAPAAK (O.S.)

Weelkins.

He turns to see Rapaak emerging from one of the ice huts  
behind him.

RAPAAK (CONT'D)

You cannot stay?

HARRY

No.

(beat)

I've stayed too long already.

Rapaak nods slowly.

Behind him, more Inuit emerge from the ice huts including Miako, and Lenaki, who is now dressed in the white anorak of a village elder.

Lenaki approaches Harry and says something to him in Inuit.

RAPAAK

(translating)

He says sometimes the gods are very clever.

Harry smiles inwardly.

HARRY

He still thinks I was brought here by Sedna?

RAPAAK

You do not see yet but the will of Sedna is strong.

Lenaki chuckles to himself, greatly amused at something. He says a few words to Rapaak, gesturing at Harry.

RAPAAK (CONT'D)

He says to tell you, Sedna gave you a way to atone for the blood on your hands. Eight men died. And eight now live.

HARRY

What?

RAPAAK

Eight lives. The gods are very clever.

HARRY

...eight?

Lenaki points at Harry and gestures at the surviving Inuit behind him.

CLOSE ON - HARRY

Turning with an expression of confusion and wonder, he sees for the first time that there are exactly eight survivors left. He reacts. Blinking.

LENAKI  
(chuckling)  
<Now he sees! Now he sees!>

Harry fights back a wave of emotion.

He turns to face Rapaak.

RAPAAK  
You are my friend, Weelkins.

HARRY  
And you are mine.

Rapaak pulls something from his pocket which he offers to Harry. It is the taloned necklace, to which nine new talons have been added.

Harry nods slowly.

He looks up and says the only thing he knows to say:

HARRY (CONT'D)  
(in Inuit)  
<I am going.>

A beat.

RAPAAK  
<You are going.>

They clasp arms and Harry turns and starts slowly across the ice.

EXT. TUNDRA - WIDE SHOT - DAY

The dim arctic sun casts it's light across the ice as Harry begins the long journey home.

Around his neck is the clawed necklace. And painted by hand onto his anorak -- in garish strokes -- are several thick white stripes.

As Harry recedes in the distance, MUSIC comes up...

...and we ROLL CREDITS.