

# BURST

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(2<sup>nd</sup> pass)

## ACT ONE

### **DAMSEL IN DISTRESS**

We open on a desolate, rural winter landscape. Heavy SNOW drizzles over this stretch of FOREST HIGHWAY. There's no reason why any living thing should be out here. It's cold, gloomy and creepy, and there's literally nothing for miles, except a lone RED CAR...

And it's in this car we meet our main protagonist -- CLARE YATES, a naturally attractive, twenty-something who carries a guarded demeanour. We get the feeling Clare's been around the block a few times, and right now, she's driving around another one of those blocks like her life depended on it. We spot clothes stacked into laundry baskets, and a variety of personal belongs scattered throughout the back-seat of her car. Wherever she came from, she left fast. Wherever she's going, she can't get there fast enough...

Clare's 1998 COROLLA struggles in the freezing conditions. The engine begins to cough and splutter in protest... She pumps the gas, but the car is dying fast... It gives up the ghost...and rolls to the side of the highway...

Cursing like a sailor, Clare immediately pops open the glove-box and rummages through the layers of mess for her "Triple A" papers, eventually finding a general number. But before she can dial, she spots the "No Service" message on her cell screen. Shit! Clare tries the ignition one more time. The engine coughs, and then dies... "SHIT! SHIT! SHIT!" After smacking the crap out of her dashboard, she loses it... Whatever plans she had, they just turned south.

Clare's sobs are suddenly interrupted by the distant sound of ANOTHER CAR approaching... Hope at last? Maybe she can hitch a ride to the next town. Clare has never hitched in her life. It's either take the risk and get out, or sit here and freeze to death. God knows she wouldn't survive the night out here alone, without so much as a heater. Heck, she doesn't even have a flashlight... She checks her cell one last time. No service. Battery Low... She quickly wipes away her mascara stained tears, grabs some personal items, jumps out --

-- and flags down the approaching PICK-UP TRUCK... Fog lights struggling to penetrate the white gloom... In the TRUCK BED, a tied TARP fights the weather, flapping as it struggles to cover SOMETHING BULKY. Windows frosted and wet, we can't tell whose driving, just a pale gray SINGLE SILHOUETTE. The truck completely blazes past her...

"Oh, nice one, asshole!" Clare turns to get back in her car when she hears the SCREECH of brake-pads, and spots the truck reversing back towards her... For a moment, Clare is unsure what to do... Did the driver hear her curse?

The truck pulls up alongside her, and JASON WINFIELD winds down the passenger side window. He's rugged, a bit rough around the edges, and there's an uncertain glint in his eyes, however, most women would agree he's boyishly handsome. "You OK there, lady?" Clare motions to her dead car, and asks if she could hitch a ride to the nearest gas station. Jason sniggers -- he hasn't seen one of those for as long as he can remember. He jumps out and offers to take a peek under the hood. Maybe he can get her going again.

Jason pops open the hood and checks around... Apart from the steaming engine, nothing appears out of the ordinary. He slides his hand down behind the engine and fiddles with some wiring. Clare watches him suspiciously. Jason slams the hood back down. "Could be the battery. Cold weather can really mess with them." He notices Clare's nervousness and suggests she rides with him until the next town.

Jason walks back around to the driver-side door and gives her one final offer. "You really wanna wait around for a better option?" They lock eyes for a beat... Going against every warning her gut is telling her, Clare shoots a glance at her car, gives Jason a weak smile, and jumps into his truck. We watch them drive off into the SNOWY BLEAKNESS...

Outside, it's getting DARKER now. Clare and Jason sit in awkward silence. The truck suddenly slides... Whatever is in the back tray, under the tarp, slides along with it -- THUMP-THUMP-THUMP -- followed by a constant rattling. Clare grips the door handle tightly, not loving this at all.

Jason asks Clare where she's from, and what she's doing out here. Clare simply tells him she's moving on. "From what, if you don't mind me asking?" says Jason -- "I do mind, actually", responds Clare in a dry tone. Jason apologizes for being a snoop, and then continues to waffle on about how he's been driving for days, trying to reach his parents place, but stupidly took a detour and ended up out here --

BANG!!! Clare jumps... THUMP-THUMP-THUMP -- "Ah, crap. Damn strap came loose." "What is it back there?" asks Clare in a slightly annoyed tone. Jason looks at her with a cheeky smirk. "It's a freezer." He waits for Clare to react. She doesn't, although we can tell she's masking her increased fear. Something seems a little off about this guy, maybe even a tad creepy. Sensing her discomfort, Jason sniggers, "hey relax, I'm taking it back to my dad's place. It's broken and I never use it... He's a bit of a fiend when it comes to tinkering with stuff." Clare gives him a "what kind of crock is that?" look. "A freezer?" Jason can't help but crack a smile. "I know, ironic, huh?" Clare doesn't smile back. Jason humors himself for a while longer. Clare continues to stare out the window...

Jason turns on the radio, and is greeted by an EERIE CLICKING SOUND over the static. It's discordant and reverberated. It morphs into a HIGH-PITCHED RINGING, which becomes almost unbearable. Clare abruptly asks him to switch it off -- WHAM!!!

BLOOD splatters the spider-webbed windshield -- Clare SCREAMS! Jason slams on the brakes -- his glove-box pops open, spilling all kinds of crap onto Clare's lap, including a PHOTO of a girl, a roll of DUCT-TAPE, and a HANDGUN. Clare is frozen with fear, and rightly so -- a HUGE BLACK EYE stares back at her, splattered against the glass... Jason struggles to maintain control as his vehicle SLIDES across the icy asphalt... Clare holds on for dear life. The eye disappears just as the truck SKIDS to a halt.

Jason checks if Clare is alright. All she can do is nod yes while she stares at the gun. Jason snatches it out of her lap, and she quickly goes to exit the vehicle, but the door is stuck. Frantic, Clare tries to barge open the door with her shoulder. "Let me out of this goddamn car!" "Hey, take it easy!" BAM! The door cracks open, and Clare hops out... "Wait a sec--" Jason clicks off the radio, and exits his truck...

Clare is on the side of the road taking deep breaths, cursing herself for being in this situation. Jason reassures her she's in no harm, and that he's not some psycho. Clare ignores him and walks off... She pulls out her cell -- still no signal. "What are you doing?" Clare jumps. Jason is right behind her. Now she's freaked. She makes her case about the contents of that glove-box. Jason raises his hands, "look, I understand you'd be a little concerned, but the duct-tape is for a broken tail light, and the photo is my ex-fiancé', okay."

Clare scoffs, "yeah, and for all I know you could be on your way to kill her." Jason sniggers, and shakes his head "Man, you really are paranoid." "Paranoid? I'm stuck out here, in the middle of nowhere, with some guy who keeps a freezer in the back of his truck, along with a roll of duct-tape and a handgun." "Sorry for trying to help." replies Jason. Now clearly a little pissed at her. Clare backs off slightly.

Jason breathes out a deep sigh and sets the record straight -- regardless of whether she trusts him or not, she's not going to get very far on her own in this storm. They need to stick together until they find shelter. After a tense beat between them, Jason leaves the ball in her court, and makes his way back. Clare hates this, but she knows he's damn well right. She trudges back to the truck...

...and recoils at the sight of the animals remains... Jason approaches the FRONT of his battered and bloody truck. The dragged and shredded torso of a fully-grown DEER is wedged underneath his bumper. Its majestic HORNS have buckled the grill and completely smashed one headlight. Jason can't seem to understand why the animal just seemed to leap at the truck. His expression darkens when he spots STEAM sizzling from the animals exposed innards. "What the--?" Clare can't look at the poor animal. "Excuse me, can we just go?" She jumps back in the truck... Jason scans his surrounds... and follows...

BACK INSIDE -- Clare picks up the PHOTO of the girl off the floor... She smiles back at Clare, beaming proud. Clare shakes her head and throws it into the glove-box. Jason hops back in... Clare breathes a deep a sigh, and massages her forehead. Jason can see she's visibly shaken, and apologizes for the near accident, although it does little to soften her. Jason turns over the ignition and revs the engine, reversing the truck to straighten up...

The BACK WHEELS spin over the icy, bloody sludge, finally gaining some traction -- BEEEEEEEEEEEEEP!!! Jason SLAMS on the brakes -- THREE ARMY HUMVEES nearly T-Bone the truck, literally missing them by inches --

"Fucking hell!" Clare's heart hammers through her chest. Jason's face pales. A beat while they both take a minute to recover...then start nervously laughing, which also melts away some of the icy tension between them. Clare scoffs at herself. What a fucking day. Jason watches the small convoy disappear around a bend, and comments on how there must be a base somewhere out here. He checks again if Clare is OK, before driving on...

THE ARMY HUMVEES hammer past us... We notice they're moving with great urgency. As the last vehicle's tail lights disappear into the snowy gloom, we DISSOLVE TO --

THE PICK-UP TRUCK, continuing into the night... It's becoming harder to see anything now, let alone drive safely. Jason is clocking around 20km/per hour, at max. Outside we have nearly ZERO visibility as the BLIZZARD ferociously rages. Through the rickety windshield wipers, they manage to spot a SIGN on the side of the road:

YOU ARE 10 MILES FROM  
**TREASURE OAKS LODGE**  
DROP BY AND WARM YOURSELF UP  
**TAKE NEXT EXIT**

Further on through the billowing snow, Clare wipes the windshield, and spots something up ahead -- a mass of METALLIC SHAPES across the road, with FLAMES and SMOKE roaring from it. They cautiously approach... A CRASHED MILITARY CONVOY: two upturned TRUCKS, which are nothing but buckled heaps of steel and metal. Glass and debris litter the road. One burning TIRE still spins...

Eyes wide with disbelief, they ROLL through the wreckage in a slow, dream-like motion... Clare spots FOUR ARMED SOLDIERS standing at the side of the road, eyeballing them.

Two other men in HAZMAT SUITS comb the crash site with radiation detectors and scientific equipment. Behind them is a TRAILER, which was attached to one of the trucks. There's a large OBJECT chained to it: A METALLIC SARCOPHAGUS, which has been BLOWN OPEN, hinting something has escaped. The sarcophagus is riddled with clusters of wet, black ribbed wiring. Some sort of bio-mech rat's nest. Steam sizzles from it...

They continue on... PITCH DARK. They take the LODGE EXIT, turning off the highway... The atmosphere is a lot more claustrophobic now, and the forest seems to engulf the entire area. The surface of the highway is blanketed in ice.

Jason shoots a glance at the GAS NEEDLE. It's close on empty. Jason reassures her, the lodge would not be far up the road. They decide to ditch the truck and brave it on foot. Then again, it's not like they really have a choice.

They both trudge through the SNOW... Eyes whipped by snow and wind. Each step requires a feat of strength. If they don't find someplace warm soon, they're both going to freeze to death out here. And then finally up ahead, through the snowy haze, they can just make out the dim lights of -- THE LODGE.

Exhausted and freezing, Clare and Jason move through the snow-clad CAR PARK. We can make out the shapes of five other VEHICLES, all buried under snow. At the entrance there's a pair of Ski's slotted onto a rack. Clare and Jason enter the building...

...walking into the TACKY ENTRANCE... This place could be best described as a poor man's Aspen ski resort. The whole place looks like it's in serious need of an upgrade.

Jason yells out, but there's no answer. Clumps of luggage scattered around the place, something's not right here. The lights are on, but nobody's home. Clare spots a Pay-Phone --

bolts over, picks it up...no dial-tone. They both wander over to the reception area... Behind the counter: there's a PC (circa 1998) still running, and a color TV loops the single frame of a tourist infomercial (with 90's style video graphics). They move cautiously into --

A LARGE OAK DINING AREA -- decorated with wooden dining tables and cheap Country and Western memorabilia - all replicas. A long counter extends from one end of the room to the other, and behind it, a server's window, looking into what must be the kitchen.

## ACT TWO

### **FIRST BURST**

Suddenly, Clare gasps. She tries to scream, but nothing comes out. She turns away in disgust because -- there's a BLOODY PULPY MESS OF A BODY on the floor. Only recognizable human aspect (apart from the Lodge/Hotel name-tag that reads: Beth), is the GORE-SOAKED ARM that STICKS out from the amorphous mass. What they're looking at is beyond repulsion. It appears the person spontaneously combusted.

Clare acts accordingly and vomits... Jason dry-reaches but fights back his gag reflex. He grabs Clare by the arm. "We're leaving." They both turn -- CHCK-CHCK! Clare screams when she finds a SHOTGUN levelled right at them --

A beefy man, we'll call HUNTER, keeps our two shit-scared heroes in his sights. He's scruffy looking, mid 40's, and sports a thick unkempt beard. His earnest eyes reveal just how frightened he is. He also wears a Holden Caulfield hunting cap. He's accompanied by FRED WILCOX (40's), wiry looking, with thin brown hair and spectacles. Imagine a more modern version of Clark Griswold, and you'd be close. Hunter barks at them "What in God's name is happening here?!"

Jason tells him to take it easy. They had nothing to do with this. They got caught in the storm a mile or two down the road, and after witnessing a major road accident with Army vehicles, simply came here to look for help and shelter. That's when they stumbled across the body, or what's left of it. Hunter relaxes enough to lower his gun...

"Heard you calling out. Thought you might have been the cops", says Fred. Clare asks how long they've been here. Hunter was out hunting deer when he got lost in the storm. He managed to make it back to the lodge, and that's when he discovered the body. Fred describes how he pulled in overnight when the blizzard hit. After checking in, he left his room to go downstairs for a meal and discovered the receptionist.

Clare reiterates with urgency that they need to find a working phone and call for help. Fred informs her that none of the phones in the building seem to be working. Then -- they hear a distant CLANG of pots and pans. Hunter raises his rifle. Jason pulls his handgun from inside his parka. Hunter frowns at Jason, clearly not liking the idea of him having a gun.

They creep up to the swing-door which leads into the KITCHEN. Hunter quietly whispers -- on 1, 2 and... He KICKS the door open, pans his shotgun around... Flickering overhead lights eerily strobe the scene. We hear a muffled whimper. Jason points to a stainless-steel

cupboard. Hunter puts his finger to his lips. Again, on 1, 2, and... Jason RIPS open the door. Hunter raises his shotgun --

-- and the terrified WAITRESS huddled up inside SCREAMS back in sheer horror, holding a KITCHEN KNIFE in her trembling hand. Clare orders Jason and Hunter to lower their guns. Clare asks "What happened here?" but the Waitress doesn't know. After she came back from a break, she heard screams, and a weird ringing sound, and then her nose started bleeding. She wandered back into the restaurant, and discovered her colleague. The Waitress hid in the cupboard, and tried dialling 911 but there was no cell signal.

Clare suggests they all stick together until help arrive. Fred wants to search the rest of the lodge for anymore remaining guests. The Waitress would rather find her car, and sit it out till the morning. Hunter wants to abandon the lodge and go it on foot. "You ain't gonna get far in this weather, pal", scoffs Jason. "Just watch me, kid." Hunter makes a move for the exit -- Clare reminds him; whatever caused this could still be in the lodge. After a short beat, Hunter sniggers, checks his ammo, and then reluctantly follows Clare, Jason, Fred and the Waitress out of the kitchen and into the reception area...

Our gang move through the lodge... Every step is taken with caution. They proceed up the STAIRWELL, into the HALLWAY. Jason yells out for anyone hiding to join them. No response. Suddenly -- they hear GLASS BREAKING in the distance...

Jason slides up to ROOM 22. There's muffled commotion inside. Clare whispers a warning about opening the door. Hunter shakes his head and grunts about how he's sick of all this creeping around, tip-toe bullshit -- and then RIPS the door wide open --

-- only to find an EMPTY ROOM with snow billowing in through a shattered window. Hunter's eyes dart left-to-right. Jason now enters, only to be greeted with a COFFEE JUG across the back of his head. CRACK! He goes down hard...

Hunter pivots, cocks his shotgun, and finds BRIAN YORK (40's), weedy, looks like a banker come wannabe ski instructor, cowering against the wall. He raises his hands. "Don't shoot! Please!" Hunter grabs him by the scruff of his ski jacket and pulls him away from the door. Hunter hears something behind him and spins...

TWO MORE PEOPLE slowly crawl out from the shadows with their hands up... There's Brian's pretty fiancé', SHELLY LUBERSTEIN (30), Soccer-mom cute, petite, also wearing matching ski clothes.

And from behind the shower curtain emerges -- SHELBY "The Mack" MILLER (45), an ox of a man, who's a big-rig trucker. This guy is BBQ spare ribs and Budweiser all the way. The patch on his jacket says: "Without trucks, America stops!" We'll just call him "Mack."

Hunter asks if any of them know what's happening. No one knows anything. Fred helps Jason to his feet, while Clare touches on the military accident they witnessed, and wonders if it has any link to the body downstairs. Mack explains how he nearly jack knifed his truck along the highway, and walked nearly two miles in the blizzard to get here. He thinks he was pursued by something, and when he arrived here, the place seemed deserted. Brian and Shelly

were returning from a day of skiing when the storm hit. After making it back, they too discovered the body. They've been holed up in their room ever since, too scared to leave.

Hunter moves over to the shattered window. He's grown more anxious about ditching this place, and this group of idiots. Hunter probes Mack on exactly what it was that pursued him. Mack says he doesn't know but he caught glimpses of something tall and pale. It looked human, but it wasn't. Somehow he felt it was tracking him. Hunter sniggers, that makes no fucking sense. Mack tells him to take a look downstairs and tell him what does.

Brian suggests they all make a break for it, and try to find help. There must be a town nearby. Hunter agrees. Clare and Jason strongly disagree, reminding them that it's probably below zero out there, and the blizzard would eat them alive. Plus, they have no idea where the nearest town is, assuming there even is one close by. Then Clare, Jason, Fred and Hunter all realize something... The Waitress is missing -- CUT TO:

The Waitress -- moving at a brisk pace, out the lodge's main entrance, into the car park... She stops cold when she hears that RINGING SOUND. Her nose starts bleeding, although she's too frozen to notice. She reaches her CAR and starts digging away with her frozen hands... She can sense that something is getting closer, zeroing in on her. Drops of blood start dotting the snow in front of her. She wipes her nose, and continues on; more determined to get to her car door. Now she's breathing heavy, trying to locate the handle, hot steam rapidly pluming from her mouth. A SHRIEK rings out right behind her. The window in front of her begins to crack and spider-web... Terrified, she slowly turns, and for some strange reason, she completely freezes. Her wide eyes dart left-to-right, but she's paralysed and can't move an inch -- CUT BACK TO:

THE HOTEL ROOM -- where our survivors are now arguing in whisper-shouts on what to do. It escalates to the point where tempers flare. Hunter raises his gun and tells everyone to cool it, or else. He orders them all to follow him downstairs, pronto! Clare asks him to remind everyone when they voted him as team leader. Hunter now points his gun at Clare. Jason moves in front of her, and raises his gun at Hunter. Clare scoffs at this display of macho bullshit and orders both men to lower their guns, but they're not listening. Shelly begins to sob. Suddenly Brian tells everybody to shut-up and listen...

Jason lowers his gun. Hunter still has his gun trained on Jason -- APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS -- heavy and slow, moving up the hallway. At least three people, maybe more. Everyone hears it. "Now what the fuck?" quips Hunter. He goes for the door -- Clare blocks him, "What if it's the killer?" Hunter reconsiders, flicks the lights off, and signals for everyone to hide and be quiet.

A tense beat... The room is dark and silent, except for the raging storm outside. The approaching footsteps become a dull thud. THUNK... THUNK... THUNK... Occasionally stopping, and then continuing on, heading right towards our room...

The HANDLE slowly begins to turn...splitting the door open ajar, just enough to spot a flash of a DARK GLOVED HAND... The door slowly peels open -- Hunter rips open the door -- "DON'T FUCKING MOVE!!!" Hunter has his rifle pointed directly at --

THREE TWENTY-SOMETHINGS -- FINCH WHITTAKER (28), scruffy, snowboarding type, also looks like some sort of Greenpeace Whale warrior. He appears to be the leader of the group, plus his terrified girlfriend, HALEY WINSTON (24), attractive, earthy, ratty hair - and her younger, shit-scared brother, TYRONE WINSTON (20), a bookish, nerdy type.

“Get the fuck in here!” barks Hunter, motioning with his gun. “Please, dude, don’t shoot us”, whimpers Tyrone. “Open that mouth again, kid. I dare ya.” Hunter asks them if they had anything to do with the body downstairs. Finch raises his hands, “You’re the one with the gun, man.” “Damn straight I am.” Clare intercepts, and tells Hunter to ease off with the FBI interrogation routine. Hunter tells Clare to go fuck herself. Jason snaps, “Hey, Mr Heston, just cool it for a second.” Hunter ignores him, and tells Finch he has ten seconds to explain.

Finch describes how they came here for a hiking tour, and when they arrived downstairs, they found the body. They came upstairs looking for help. Jason asks if they saw the Army accident on the way in. Finch shakes his head, he saw nothing. Haley shoots a quick glance at her brother. Clare notices.

Finch and Haley suggests everyone should follow them to their seven-seater SUV, and wait it out until morning. If there’s a break in the storm, they may be able to drive to the next town. Finch takes off his back-pack and zips it open -- “Whoa!” Hunter raises his gun again. “Man, will you stop pointing that fucking thing at me!” “Or what?” Finch scoffs and retrieves THREE FLASHLIGHTS, handing them to Haley and Tyrone. “You guys are welcome to stay here with Grizzly Adams, but we’re getting out of dodge.” They exit the room...

Clare and Jason lock eyes, and then follow them out of the room. Mack, Brian, Shelly, and Fred also follow... Hunter watches them all leave, shakes his head... “Fuck!” SMASH TO:

Our band of survivors huddled together, slowly edging down the hallway... Jason and Clare lead them... They move down the stairwell, into the foyer... The LIGHTS flicker...then cut out. Now they’re in complete darkness, and that’s when they all hear it -- AN INHUMAN SHRIEK -- guttural and harsh...

“The hell was that?” quips Mack. “Definitely not the cops” says Brian in a never-wracked tone. Hunter raises his gun. “Whatever it is, it ain’t friendly.” Jason pulls his handgun from his parka. “Is there a back exit to the car-park?” Everyone starts frantically checking doors... Shit! They are all locked. Finch barges open a door which leads down into a BASEMENT...

They haul ass down the creaky wooden stairs. Hunter closes the door behind him, tries to secure the latch but it’s stuck. He yells out for Fred to give him a hand at leaning on the door. Another SHRIEK rings out. It’s right outside the door. “My God, what is that?” Fred joins him as the DOOR BEGINS TO THUMP... Something is trying to open it... Mack spots a pile of thick WOOD PALLETS and shoves one under the door handle --

The dark BASEMENT appears to be older than the lodge itself, and is primarily concrete and stone. It’s filled with old papers, storage cupboards and containers. There’s even an old wine rack. Haley switches on her flashlight, and scans the room... She spots an old CUPBOARD, and asks Finch and Tyrone to help her slide it away --

REVEALING A ROUND MAN-HOLE, sealed with a heavy iron plate. They all give each other a look, as if they somehow knew this was going to be here. Finch pulls out a CROWBAR from his back-pack, wedges the tip underneath the rim to jimmy it open. It takes a few attempts but the seal eventually cracks... A puff of stale air hits their noses.

Up against the door, the THUMPING and SHRIEKS grow more aggressive and louder... The door cracks open ajar...just enough to spot a flash of something pearl white and translucent -- FOUR LONG AND THIN DIGITS curl backwards around the edge of the door. White, wet flesh, grey veins and thin black nails. They look totally ALIEN, yet eerily humanoid.

HOLY--?!" Fred begins screaming... The three men are barely able to stop the door from opening -- "Move!" They turn to see Jason aiming his gun at the door. Everyone ducks and Jason FIRES into the door-- BANG! BANG!! BANG!!! Another SHRIEK rings out, and then the thumping stops... We can only see darkness through the bullet holes in the door.

Breathing hard, Mack, Fred and Hunter slowly back away from the door... Whatever it was, it's gone, for now. "OK, someone mind tellin' me what the hell was that thing was?" says Mack, who's now doubled over, panting hard. "Looks like we found our culprit" says Hunter, who's also leaning against the wall, puffing hard like his life depended on it.

"We need to move." Finch bends down next to rim of the manhole, inspecting the rusty ladder. He pans his flashlight into the dark hole. Haley and Tyrone join him. "You really wanna go down there?" asks Jason. Tyrone tells him they don't really have a choice.

Fred looks back at the door, and begins to edge up the stairs, squinting as he tries to look through one of the bullet-holes...

Clare warns Fred to get away from the door... Fred is now up close to one of the bullet-holes, he peers through... We notice a trickle of blood from his nose... Clare is now whisper-shouting at him to move away from the door. That thing could still be right outside...

But for some reason Fred is not moving... He's completely frozen. Eyes wide, his face is locked into a terrified expression... We hear that weird CLICKING sound, then the RINGING starts... Suddenly, without warning -- HE BURSTS -- BLOOD and GUTS shoot at us -- dollops of gore splat the camera. It's our first money shot, and it's a thing of beauty.

Utter shock horror as everyone tries to process what they've just witnessed. Fred was there one minute, now he's several clumps of human gore, dripping down the wall. Clare covers her mouth... THE DOOR BEGINS TO THUMP AGAIN...They haul ass down the ladder...

Jason reaches the bottom first and helps Clare down.

BAM! BAM! BAM! Hunter unloads a flurry shots into the door... The "thing" shrieks, and as bullets begin to chip and snap chunks of wood from the door, we spot quick flashes of its white, translucent flesh --

Mack helps Shelly and Haley down the ladder... It's PITCH DARK, and absolutely CREEPY down here. Tyrone pans his flashlight through the inky blackness... They're in some sort of TUNNEL. Stone and cement rubble litter the floor. This place looks very old.

Everyone has made it down, except for Hunter and Mack. Mack begins his descent...

CRACK! Hunter spots a glimpse of a white sinewy ARM as it punches through the wood. He pulls the iron manhole cap over him, and begins to work his way down the ladder...

Once Hunter reaches them, they continue to move down the TUNNEL -- Clare grabs Jason's GUN and points it at Finch, demanding some answers as to how they knew that manhole was there. Finch denies any knowledge, but Clare has been watching them. She knows they're not here for some hiking trip. Hunter cocks his gun and points it at Finch. He just saw a glimpse of that thing, and wants to know what he's up against. Mack knew he wasn't seeing things. That thing is real, whatever it is. Haley locks eyes with Finch... "Go ahead, tell them."

## ACT TWO MIDPOINT

### **THE BASE**

*PLEASE NOTE: the following exposition could be told while our characters are on the move, exploring the tunnel. We would want the purpose of the scene to not only give our audience some background on the base, but also continue to build an underlying current of tension.*

Finch, Haley, and Tyrone are here because they're members of an animal rights organization, investigating rumors of a secret military research facility. For decades, local ranchers and farmers in the surrounding area have been complaining about their livestock disappearing overnight, without any trace whatsoever. And this secret facility has supposedly been engaged in some sort of experimental program on captured livestock. It's very top-secret, and the base apparently descends several stories underground, with no formal entrance. "If it's top-secret, then how do you know about it?" asks Clare --

"Two years ago, a young civilian researcher from the facility broke ranks and started talking to us", says Haley. He claimed he never had the appropriate clearance to venture below the first two levels, but his work specifically dealt with the electromagnetic effects on captured livestock specimens -- cows, sheep, even horses. The entire program was under military command, and none of his colleagues were ever given answers as to what the purpose of the program was. It was highly compartmentalized. "They were told never to ask" says Tyrone. The higher ranking research personnel never spoke about the lower levels, yet he personally believes that is where the real answers about what they were doing can be found. Finch's organization looked extensively into their sources personal background and claims, and so far, everything has checked out. He's gone on the record, as he's had several death threats against his life and his family.

The source was troubled by the ethical and moral implications of this program, and was convinced that whatever they were doing was highly illegal. Hence the reason it was being purposely kept from congress and the public. In other words: this was a black budget program, sponsored by the Department of Defence. "OK, so I'll ask again, apart from all the conspiracy stuff, how did you know there was a manhole in that basement?" asks Clare.

They learned that the Department of Defence purchased the bulk of the surrounding area back in the mid 1950's. And the lodge was built in the 70's to be used as a housing facility for some of the lower-ranking civilian personnel. He also claimed that there is a way into the

base via the lodge, specifically through the storage basement. The lodge was built over an old mining shaft, which leads into a vent system connected to the lower levels of the base. Apparently, this area is also unsecured. Finch motions to the tunnel before them --

“But there’s more”, says Haley as her expression darkens. We’ve also discovered a steady stream of missing person’s reports in the area which date back decades. “Something is going on down here and we intend to find out what it is.” “Yeah, well I’m not going to jail, just so you can save a few cows”, quips Mack. “I just want out of this place.” “Damn straight”, says Hunter. “Besides, I like my steak too much.”

Then Clare recalls her and Jason’s encounter with the Army accident again, and suspects it must be related. It must be some sort of bio-warfare experiment. “That still don’t explain what the fuck that thing running around up top is”, says Hunter.” “Or how that man exploded”, says Shelly as she shivers with fright. Brian comforts her. Finch has no idea what that “thing” is either, or where it came from.

We follow our gang, as they cautiously move through the narrow, claustrophobic tunnel. Their heavy breathing echoes off the soot-caked walls. The only light is their flashlight beams. As they continue on, Tyrone comments on a bad smell that seems to permeate through the tunnel. Mack boasts he can spot that smell a mile away. “Smells like a herd of cattle.” Finch advises everybody about a giant propeller fan that they need to pass through. Shelly asks Finch if he’s joking, but Finch assures her the fan should be dormant. CUT TO --

A COMMAND CONSOLE, deep inside the underground facility. It’s an impressive room, which looks like a cross between a radar command station and a Pentagon war room. Huge FLATSCREEN MONITORS rim the walls; military personnel monitor the base and the surrounding perimeter. We can see 3D animations of satellites being tracked over the base, and a bank of monitors that display various viewpoints of the lodge. CUT BACK TO --

Our gang, as they eventually reach the OVERSIZED PROPELLA FAN. It’s rusted and is eerily still. Clare goes to inspect it, and Jason stops her. Finch and Haley climb through first. As Haley squeezes through, we spot a small red light flash on the rim of fan. A MOTION SENSOR has been tripped... CUT TO --

A MILITARY CONSOLE OPERATOR watches Clare and the rest of the gang squeeze their way through the fan blade on a monitor... AN ARMY GENERAL slides into frame and watches the monitor. He’s mid-50’s, with a grey buzz-cut, and sun-weathered face. Straight off the bat we can tell this guy doesn’t suffer fools. He casually informs the operator to keep tracking them, and allow them through any security perimeters, because they want to try and lure the EBE-06, back into custody. *Obviously they know the escaped Alien is following Clare and her crew into the base.*

The General walks back over to another unmanned console and sits down... He leans in close to the monitor, hits a key on his keyboard and begins looping the (black & white) video surveillance footage of the escaped alien wandering throughout the lodge. The low frame rate and image pixelation makes it look extremely creepy. He freezes the image and zooms in on the alien figure -- which is a ghostly white blur. Although, we can make out some features, and it’s enough to tell us these things look utterly repulsive. “I got you now you son of a bitch”, whispers the General to himself...

Jason helps Clare edge through the blades... She misplaces her footing and slips; Jason manages to quickly grab her. She thanks him. As he turns to continue on, we see Clare's gaze linger on him for a second or two before joining him...

Our gang crawl through the AIR DUCT. Brian complains about the soot and lack of proper ventilation. Tyrone pulls out a HAND DRAWN DIAGRAM from his parka, and studies it with Finch and Haley. Their source has instructed to them to turn left after the fan blades, and continue until they reach a rusted GRILL...

Mack helps Jason and Finch kick in the grill... They all crawl through... Navigating their way through the intricate VENT SYSTEM connected to the base. Clare and Jason lead the way... Clare stops when they reach a T-junction. Tyrone studies his diagram and suggests they turn left, and continue down, which should lead them directly into some type of generator room.

Now they must straddle the downwards vent to the next level. Clare begins to use the tiny latches that connect each modular section of the vent as a base for her footing. When she's made it a few feet, Jason follows accordingly, then everyone else. Shelly is last, but struggles to gain her footing. Brian helps her down, as Mack puts his hand out for her. She grabs it, and edges herself down, but misjudges her footing, and slips... Her SCREAM echoes through the vent and she tumbles down... SMASHING onto the duct below and we hear the sickening SNAP of her leg. She wails in agony --

Brian yells out for her, and starts panicking. He tells her stay put as he's moving as fast as he can to reach her. Clare and Jason quickly work their way down. Clare tells Shelly to breathe deeply and relax; she's going to be just fine.

The duct Shelly is resting on has a steep downward tilt, which extends to the lower vent levels. Shelly begins to slide towards the lip of the vent... Screaming for someone to reach her before she falls... Too late, she tumbles over. Now she's hanging on for dear life, her fingers quickly losing grip...

Clare and the others rest on a small crest which leads to the generator room vent. Brian bends down and reaches for Shelly, but now he's starting to slip. Mack grabs Brian for support, just in time. Shelly begins to scream uncontrollably when we hear a close SHRIEK ring out...

Jason turns to Clare and tells her to start moving through the vent. Clare, along with Jason, Finch, Haley, Hunter and Tyrone, now frantically scurry through...

Brian suddenly freezes... Shelly's screaming at him to lift her up, but he's just frozen -- then BRIAN BURSTS -- painting his wife in blood. Shelly screams are even more frantic and terrifying now. Mack snatches a peek at an ALIEN rounding a corner of a parallel shaft. He gives one last final look at a paralysed Shelly, before she BURSTS, covering Mack with gore.

Mack quickly turns and continues to haul ass along the vent, but he's not fast enough -- he freezes, blood trailing down his nose...then BURSTS, shooting a mass of gore in our faces --

Clare reaches for small lip of an overhead shaft. Alien SHRIEKS closing in. Jason grabs Clare's legs and hoists her up. This vent is much more tight and narrow. She slithers towards another grill... Jason reaches her and begins kicking the grill out with the heel of his shoe...

Finch is trailing last as they continue to edge along the vent... He turns to see...

ALIEN FINGERS CLASPING THE CORNER OF THE VENT...

Finch's face pales as he begins screaming... Then the screaming stops -- he's paralysed, tears streaming from his terrified eyes, his expression is nothing but an aborted scream.

Haley reaches for Finch, but Tyrone yanks her back and orders her to keep moving...

Finch's POV: as a WHITE, OVERSIZED PULSATING CRANIUM begins to edge around the corner of the vent.

Back on Finch -- a quick flash of engorged veins flare across his face, then a split-second later, he BURSTS --

Haley screams for Finch, and Tyrone and Hunter violently drag her away... They continue on, reaching the lip of the overhead vent --

We can hear the Aliens' seething, right behind them -- Hunter spins and starts BLASTING... Clare reaches for Tyrone and pulls him up... The Alien is peppered with gunfire...

Jason successfully kicks open the grill... Below them is a DARK ROOM, with LARGE ELECTRICAL GENERATORS running. The HUM from the generators is almost deafening. Jason drops his head down... It looks clear. He begins climbing down, using the myriad pipes and cabling that line the walls as footing. He reaches the bottom and helps Clare down...

The wounded Alien in the vent is thrashing about wildly. BLACK BLOOD oozing from its gaping gunshot wounds... We still can't get a good glimpse of its full features, but we see quick, close-ups of BLACK HACKLES, shimmering and clicking on its back. It makes a grotesque seething sound, which in some way informs us that it may be fatally wounded. Suddenly -- across its chest, a GILL SLIT opens, and to our disgust, some kind of organism -- a BLACK SLUG-LIKE thing, slithers down its body and continues through the vent...

We follow the slug-thing as it begins to morph into smaller slugs... It looks like we're watching some type of macabre alien DNA cell multiply itself... This is some sort of organic probe. Now there are at least TEN of them... They scatter in different directions, quickly slithering away into the darkness...

Clare is having difficulty climbing down... Jason yells at Clare to jump, but she's uncertain he'll catch her at this odd angle. A distant shriek rings out -- "TRUST ME. JUMP!" Clare jumps and Jason catches her, they both tumble across the floor -- THUD! Jason bares the brunt of the fall. Clare thanks him, and helps Jason to his feet... Tyrone, Hunter and Haley, continue to make their way down... DON'T FUCKING MOVE!

FLASHLIGHTS in their faces, everyone freezes... Lots of ruckus, followed by SHOUTS from everywhere... Total confusion... AN ARMY UNIT of ten men move into surround the room, pointing their CARBINES directly at our gang. The soldiers wear HAZMAT SUITS. “Drop the weapon and get down on the ground, now!” Hunter drops it at their order. The soldiers move in, ignoring their protests and warnings, frisking them roughly, then binding them with zip-lock cuffs -- CUT TO:

Our survivors are now split into TWO SEPERATE INTERROGATION ROOMS, deep within the base. Clare, Haley and Tyrone in one room -- Jason and Hunter in another. Both rooms are drab and featureless, except for a single overhead light, with a stainless-steel table and chairs. There’s also a small black circular dome in the corner of each ceiling.

The General marches into Jason’s ROOM, accompanied by two ARMED MARINES. He casually takes a seat down in front of them, and takes a second to size them up. When all three begin demanding answers as to what’s going on, he begins to describe the shit-storm they’ve walked into. Jason asks about Clare and the other prisoners. The General assures him they are safe and secure --

A dorky looking scientist named DR. MILES BAKER (50’s) bursts into Clare’s ROOM. He’s also accompanied by two ARMED MARINES. Miles wears the stereotypical white coat and thick, over-sized glasses. He looks like he’s been holed up in this facility far too long. He also looks extremely worried. Naturally, Clare demands to know what’s going on. After a terse response, it’s clear Dr Baker’s primary concern is how much physical contact the girls have had with the organisms, which he refuses to discuss in detail. Tyrone comforts Haley when she begins sobbing. As Dr Baker is about to leave the room, Clare tells him she knows how those “things” escaped. She saw the accident, and she’ll be letting everyone know the truth if he doesn’t start providing some solid answers.

A smirk breaks out across Dr Baker. He asks Clare what makes her so sure she’ll ever be leaving this facility. Apart from being nearly a several stories underground, they have both been exposed to National secrets that are far beyond Top Secret classification. You don’t just simply stumble across this kind of knowledge without consequences. If the President of the United States is unaware of what’s going on here, then what makes her think she has a right to know? He bends down close to her, and in a chilling tone -- “you were allowed to enter this facility for the purpose of containing the situation.” Clare’s face pales.

Dr Baker will be sure to inform them of any further details if they become applicable. As of now, they’re both on a “need to know” basis. And right now, all they need to know is they’re in a lot of trouble. With that, Dr Baker and his men abruptly leave the room...

We follow Dr Baker along a corridor, as he enters ANOTHER ROOM where a small group HIGH-RANKING ARMY BRASS (including The General) watch both rooms on surveillance monitors. They discuss the need to contain the situation with utmost secrecy. If this ever gets out, both with the accident and the deaths at the lodge, the house of cards will surely fall. Dr Baker assures them he has it all under control. One of the Army officer snaps at Dr Barker that it’s far from being under control. Too many lives have already been lost, and the remaining EBE (Extra Terrestrial Biological Entity) has shed its tracking device, and is still unaccounted for --

Back in Clare's ROOM, they discuss possible theories as to what they witnessed at the lodge, and how that thing may be linked to the bursting. Haley and Tyrone can only draw on one conclusion -- they must be alien. As they continue to discuss their dire situation -- OUR CAMERA rapidly drops down through the floor... Through solid layers of concrete and steel... Past underground levels... Over wires, pipes and cabling... Right down into --

### ACT THREE

#### **ESCAPE**

A LARGE CONTAINMENT AREA -- some sort of vast underground research/bio-lab. This is Area 51 with a good dose of 'roid rage. Plumes of dry-ice vent from ROWS of METALLIC SARCOPHAGUSES, identical to the two we saw earlier in the crash. However these are far from empty -- inside we catch glimpses ALIEN BODIES. There must be at least twenty of them, maybe more. They lie frozen in cryostasis. Clusters of tubing stem from the back of each sarcophagus. A brown muddy fluid courses through each tube.

BASE PERSONNEL work amongst the myriad of hi-tech monitoring equipment and computers. We spot operating tables, workbenches, and a variety of insidious looking medical tools. A small crew of ARMED GUARDS also line the room at each exit. These guards do not wear the traditional Army fatigues. They are dressed in black military uniforms, which have no visible insignia or rank.

Behind one of the GUARDS, we spot four of those SLUG-THINGS slither out from an overhead air duct... They drop to the floor. The guard hears a squishing sound, and turns to see nothing.

Throughout the room, DOZENS of these slug-things ooze out from every nook and cranny of the room. They move so quickly that nobody notices. Immediately a cluster of slugs make their way towards the array of sarcophaguses... We track with one as it slides up the metallic casing, through cabling, and into a small crevice -- CUT TO --

A tight shot of an ALIENS SET OF CHEST-GILLS, inside a sarcophagus... Three slugs have breached the cryo casing... They crawl over its chest, and disappear into its gills... We slide down to the creatures grotesque FINGERS and see them start to twitch...

Back in the AIR DUCT, the wounded Alien shudders as it draws its final breath...

A guard near one of the sarcophaguses hears a splitting, cracking sound... He turns to see the GLASS VIEWPORT of the sarcophagus spider-webbing. Immediately he screams for everyone to evacuate. We stay with him as he wanders closer to the sarcophagus with his rifle raised... HIS POV: as he slowly approaches the viewport... We see the tip of a white, pulsating cranium... The guard takes aim, his nose begins to bleed. He freezes. The ringing and clicking begin -- HE BURSTS -- blood splats the camera --

One of the scientists screams as the person next to them BURSTS without warning, showering them in brain matter. Several soldiers open fire on the aliens -- yelling at personnel to get the hell out of here.

The Aliens begin to violently BREAK FREE from their confines... A viewport blows open, and a THIN WHITE SKINNED ARM slowly stretches out. Its repulsive digits claw and grasp the air. Still partially obscured from us, the Alien rises from its metallic tomb...

Seconds later -- there's a HEAVY THUNK, followed by the drone of an engine powering down. This causes Jason and Hunter to spot the overhead lights dim...causing an eerie strobe effect. Jason gulps. That can't be good. The room plunges into darkness.

Standing over a monitoring console, Dr Baker looks up when the room begins to dim... Now the ENTIRE BASE IS IN DARKNESS. Immediately a SIREN rings out...

Back with Clare -- she begins scanning the room for a way out... There's no overhead vents or shafts. We hear commotion outside. Haley is starting to panic. This is not right. Tyrone stands on the table and tries to find an opening or panel in the ceiling...

Down in the CONTAINMENT AREA -- the Aliens' LEGS stomp over desks and consoles... They shriek in unison, as the SEALED DOOR comes into focus...

Guards cover the engineers and scientists as they race down the NARROW CORRIDOR to the EMERGENCY ELEVATORS. Suddenly -- the Alien containment DOOR blows open...slamming into the opposite wall with a heavy THUD. Guards and personnel immediately begin to freeze, mid-stride... Then BURST -- a balletic convergence of gruesome explosions... *What's most disturbing is that we've now established the fact that people feel great pain before bursting. In some ways, bursting is a relief.*

In the OTHER INTERROGATION ROOM -- Jason and Hunter are standing at the door, watching the chaos unfold outside. Jason's anxious to get out. He wants to find Clare. Hunter pulls off one of his BOOTS and pulls out a Swiss Army Knife. "You never know, right?" Jason smirks. This guy is fucking crazy. Hunter begins to pick the lock on the door...

Dr Baker is huddled over a COMPUTER CONSOLE in a dark room, sending a radio message to his unseen superiors via an encrypted feed. He informs them that the facility has been breached to a code red situation. He requests immediate instructions on proceeding with the evacuation... After a short beat of static, a male voice informs him that access is denied for evacuation procedures. He must override EVAC PROTOCOL 426, and initiate containment protocol: COSMIC. No exceptions.

Three LAB RESEARCHERS make a desperate bolt to the elevator doors, which are already chock-full with personnel. A SOLDIER manning the elevators control panel shakes his head, and whispers "sorry" to the three stragglers, and rapidly punches the "Close" button.

The Female researcher closest to the elevator screams for him to wait -- doors just about to close when the soldier and everyone in the elevator simultaneously become paralysed --

The Lab researchers are also frozen... Blood trickling from the female researcher's nose... A BLURRY, SEETHING WHITE SHAPE RISES UP BEHIND HER... SMASH CUT TO --

Personnel on the ABOVE LEVEL wait anxiously for the emergency elevator to arrive... The doors peel back... HUMAN SLUSH pours out. A male researcher screams --

Clare is up against the plexiglass window of her door, yelling and banging on the glass for anyone to let them out. Researchers and guards zipping past, obviously bigger fish to fry.

BACK WITH DR BAKER, as his protests are met with blank static... In total shock, he just stares at the radio console for a beat. Takes a deep breath, wipes the tears from his eyes, and punches a single key on his keyboard...

QUICK SHOTS of various EMERGENCY EXITS and MAIN ENTRANCEWAYS throughout the complex automatically slamming shut. Full internal quarantine has begun... Every living thing down here is now cut off from above. We see researches and soldiers running for exits, only to be cut off. Some make a last desperate attempt to beat the closing doors, only to be crushed alive...

Trapped inside an AIR-LOCK, the General and a small platoon of his men realize what's happening. The General curses Dr Baker and pulls a BERETTA from his hip. One of the soldiers begins punching codes into a wall-mounted console --

Clare's sitting up against the door with Haley and Tyrone, when the door begins to rattle. She looks up to see Jason peering in, calling for her. She slides into view. Jason smiles at the sight of her, tells her to move back. Hunter starts to pick the lock... "Ah, fuck this." Hunter moves back and simply barges the door wide open with his shoulders. Clare reunites with Jason, and she grabs his hand, and for the first time we can see, she's genuinely relieved to see him.

Our FIVE SURVIVORS tear ass down a dimly lit corridor; there are remnants of BURSTING all around us. The walls are splattered with blood and human remains. Tyrone slips ass-over-elbows into a puddle of gore. Hunter heaves him back up on his feet. They need to find a way to get to the surface. Up ahead -- SHRIEKS echo down the corridor...

Shit! Now what? Everyone takes off down the corridor, except -- Hunter, who orders them to get out of here. He's going to stall them for a second. Jason tries pulling him back, but he insists he wants to do this. "Go now, before it's too late."

Hunter wrenches a CARBINE RIFLE from the hands of a dead soldier... He positions himself for The Last Stand. Alien shadows creeping along the corridor, looming at us...

He takes aim through the REFLEX MOUNTED SCOPE, and does a double-take. We can't see what he's seeing, but from the look in his eyes, it's enough to turn the hardest of men white as a ghost. Hunter SCREAMS out a war cry at the top of his lungs, and opens FIRE... "YEAH, FUCK YOU TOO!!"

The Aliens leap across walls in WHITE FLASHES, too quick to fully take in. They're moving like a swarm of insects, dodging a BARRAGE OF GUNFIRE.

Hunter spots another rifle -- now he's got TWO CARBINES firing at once. Veins flaring through his neck, spent shells ping all around him... Then -- Hunter stops shooting... Silence again, except for that ringing sound... Then the clicking begins... We don't see Hunter burst, but we know his fate is surely sealed --

Our remaining survivors haul ass down a series of narrow corridors... Checking locked exits and weaving their way through the darkness. The only sound, apart from their heavy breathing is the WAILING siren...

Clare spots a young soldier who has partly burst from the waist down... Holding back puke, she delicately pries out the REVOLVER from the soldier's holster.

Jason spots a GRENADE BELT next to another dead soldier.

Clare nearly hits the roof with fright when the soldier coughs and splutters blood. He's barely still alive. Haley begins sobbing. Clare is also distraught, there's nothing they can do for him... His gargled plea for help and cackling abruptly stops... His face, now a grim death mask... Clare spots a trail of blood coursing from his right nostril... They're here.

She spins and spots white shapes moving through the darkness towards them, rapidly gaining. Jason bolts to another door and tries opening it. It's locked. Clare moves Jason out of the way and fires the handle off...

They all pour into the dark room... Clare slides down in front of the door. Jason and Tyron join her in barricading themselves in. They hear the Aliens approaching... Clare grips the revolver with white knuckles... Haley holds a hand over her mouth, fighting back sobs. Tyrone's gaze fixed on the door with a mixture of anticipation and dread... A tense beat... The Aliens seem to pass... Clare breathes a deep sigh of relief.

Haley crawls over to a CONSOLE MONITOR. We notice the desktop screensaver is a cool Flash animation of a SILVER FLYING SAUCER. She starts tapping at the keys, trying to bring up a map or some sort of schematic for the base.

Clare and Jason snap their attention to an overhead VENT SHAFT, which is beginning to buckle and droop from the weight of something heavy... BOOM! A grill flies out... And to our disgust -- two spindly WHITE FINGERS grasp the edge of the grill, and in an unnatural show of other-worldly gymnastics, two long over-stretched LEGS drop down through the vent. The Alien lands on the desk in front of them with a thud. We've never seen one this close before, and we sure wish we hadn't --

Apart from their large pulsating, vein riddled craniums, they are at least 7'ft tall, maybe more. Pearl white, translucent flesh, with long, gangly insectoid appendages -- and they have NO EYES, just a protruding skeletal extrusion that RIPPLES with electromagnetic energy -- the source of the ringing. The grotesque BLACK HACKLES that rise from their backs are in constant motion, shimmering and clicking -- scanning for some sort of unseen frequency. Their circular mouths are full of SHARP, TRANSLUCENT TEETH, which are an inky black color. In other words -- these guys are really fucking ugly.

Clare and Haley do what any of us would do in this situation -- they SCREAM. Clare raises her gun, but is instantly paralysed. This is her first full sighting, and maybe her last --

BOOM! THE ALIEN'S HEAD BURSTS like a watermelon filled with hot black tar --

Clare drops to the floor, free from paralysis... They turn to find DR BAKER standing behind them, poised with an automatic rifle. He keeps the weapon trained on them... Jason tells him to ease down; they're just trying to find a way out of this place. Dr Baker ignores the request and motions for them to move away from the Alien remains. They all obey his order. Dr Baker looks maniacal. After all, he's partly responsible for all this mess.

In a torrent of blinding speed -- Jason launches himself at Dr Baker, and kicks the weapon from his hand -- a bullet CRACKS into the wall next to Clare. Jason fights and grapples with Dr. Baker who is completely rabid and mad. SCREAMING something about how no one can escape, and this is the only way. They struggle across the room... Jason knees him in the groin, then in the face. He drops to the ground.

Jason runs over to Clare, who shoves Jason away and stomps over to Dr Baker, points the gun squarely at him, and demands to know a way out. She gives him five seconds to answer; otherwise he's joining his ugly-ass pal. Jason reasons with Clare to lower the gun... After a tense beat, she does so and storms over the access door at the far end of the room... "We're leaving." "Wait..."

We see Dr. Baker puffing hard and aching as lays on the floor, completely defeated. He tells them there's not much time. They'll need an access pass to get to the underground hangar. They can reach an emergency shaft from this level. Tyrone holds Haley by her shoulders as they move towards the access door...

Jason asks him what the hell that means -- there's not much time. Dr. Baker ignores the question and begins to ramble about the EBE's and the important decades of research that has just been lost. "You can't crack open Pandora's Box a just little bit", he tells them. He explains that the Government know very little about the species. But they do understand their natural biological defence mechanisms. It revolves around "Psyonic Warfare" -- which means they have the ability to scan your DNA signature like sonar, and exploit it. Just because they have no eyes doesn't mean they can't see. The military have been trying to exploit and apply their natural defences to modern day weaponry for decades. They were on the verge of a major breakthrough, when the revolt happened. Dr Baker looks at them all with teary eyes, "they knew how close we were."

Our survivors find this all hard to digest, although, after what they've witnessed tonight, they'll believe anything at this point. A SHRIEK rings out... Everyone immediately snap their gaze to the vent. There's another one crawling around up there...

Dr. Baker hands Jason the ACCESS PASS from around his neck, and tells him to hurry. "Now go. Quick! There isn't much time. Ten minutes at best and this place will be levelled flatter than a pancake." Dr Baker staggers over the access door, punches a code into the console and the door pops open. Clare thanks Dr Baker for saving her life. Jason gives him a nod -- then they all leave. Dr Baker seals the access door after them... Blood begins to trickle from Dr. Baker's nose. He hears something moving in the vent above and turns --

Clare, Jason, Haley and Tyrone haul ass down the MAZE OF CORRIDORS... Sirens blaring everywhere. They make it to the end of the corridor, and Jason frantically flashes the access pass across the sensor -- The DOOR slides open... Another long corridor -- where they spot THE SPECIAL ACCESS EMERGENCY ELEVATOR. There's no gore or bursting here

because most of the base have no idea it exists. It's an emergency shaft for high-ranking officers and personnel only. This was specifically built in case an outbreak ever occurred.

"This is a classified level. No civilians!" BAM! Jason cops a bullet in the leg. He drops the ground in a heavy slump. The weapon skitters across the floor. Clare, Tyrone and Haley raise her hands. Jason wearily turns to see --

THE GENERAL -- pointing a BERETTA at them. He's covered in blood. "That access pass around your neck belongs to Uncle Sam, kid. I'll only ask you once, give it to me." After a tense beat, Jason slowly hands it over, but Tyrone makes a foolish dash for the gun, the General pops two rounds into his head. He dies instantly. Haley SCREAMS, Clare stops her from rushing the General. The General is clearly disgusted by his own actions... He looks at Haley, his eyes softening...

They spot an ALIEN slithering through the shadows behind the General, crawling over the above vent shaft... It seethes, the General spins -- then freezes... Clare dives for the gun... The General BURSTS -- showering Clare in a glutinous overload of gore.

Head cocked, the Alien snaps to Jason, who lies wounded on the floor -- BAM! Clare unloads hell into the ugly fucker... The Alien recoils back through the vent with a shriek...

Haley and Clare sling their arms around Jason, and hoist him onto his feet. They make a break for the door. Clare rips the access pass from around Jason's neck and flashes it across the sensor -- ACCESS DENIED. She tries again... ACCESS DENIED. A shriek echoes out behind them... With one hand, Clare backs away from the shaft, and FIRES. The electrical system that controls the door bursts into a SHOWER OF SPARKS.

Another shriek rings out behind them. She fires again, and the console unit explodes -- the SHAFT slides up... Jason lunges into the ELEVATOR, his back slammed against the wall.

Haley doesn't move. She's paralysed. Her eyes locked onto something above her... Blood trickling from her nose...

Clare spots the Alien hanging upside down over the elevator shaft, moving in for Haley. She fires, but it's too late -- HALEY BURSTS!

Jason punches the only button on the console: UP. Clare keeps firing at the Alien -- BLACK BLOOD spraying everywhere. Clare dives for the elevator as the doors peel closed...and the elevator cage ROCKETS to the top level...

Inside the ELEVATOR -- Clare meets Jason's gaze. They're both panting hard. "I never should have gotten you into this mess." Her eyes begin to well. She tells Jason she's still glad she got into that truck. Jason smiles and gently smudges a tear away from her cheek --

The elevator chimes -- they've reached LEVEL 1. The doors slide open... Clare hauls Jason down another endlessly long corridor, eventually reaching what looks like the Administration part of the complex, which opens up to become A LARGE UNDERGROUND HANGAR. There's ARMY TRUCKS, as well as HUMVEES, JEEPS, and even a BRADLEY TANK.

Clare begins moving towards the nearest HUMVEE -- WHACK! Some unseen force knocks the both of them on their asses. The gun skitters away from Clare... Jason is a slumped heap on the floor, moaning softly. Clare shakes the daze from her head. Her nose is also bleeding. As she looks up, she goes into paralysis -- we switch to her POV:

CLOSE UP OF WOUNDED ALIENS HEAD, AS IT CREEPS INTO FRAME... Blurry at first, then we focus, its inches from our face, examining us. Steam plumes from its seething mouth. You'd swear it was grinning at us. Yellowish bile-like fluid drips onto us. Behind its pulsating head, black hackles begin clicking, scanning for a lock on Clare's DNA. The electromagnetic current that covers its frontal extrusion begins to pulsate faster, causing us to hear that ringing sound. Honing in for our final gut-wrenching burst... SLAM!!!

Jason uses his entire body as a battering ram, knocking the Alien off Clare. Jason goes sliding across the concrete floor...

Close on Clare's paralysed face. Ears ringing... Veins in her forehead, flaring... One of her eyes begins to clot with blood... Her nose bleeds profusely... Seconds away from bursting...

The Alien sluggishly regains its footing and lunges for Jason -- missing him by inches as he ducks under its grasp. The Alien lunges again, only this time Jason is too late -- the Alien grasps him by the throat. We get the feeling this creature is simply toying with its prey. We also notice that the Aliens can only focus their abilities on one victim at a time. It pulls Jason close to its gaping mouth... We hear the CLINK of something... In the split-second this happens, Jason manages to shove A GRENADE DOWN THE ALIENS MOUTH. The clink was a grenade pin. The Alien shrieks -- Jason shoves the creature away --

-- and dives on top of Clare to shield her from the blast --

BOOOM! The Alien EXPLODES! Painting us in black blood and alien organs --

TWO F1-11 FIGHTER PLANES now roar over the base... We pace with them through the pre-dawn gloom... The fighter planes bank hard, circling around for another pass. They're prepping for some shock-n-awe. Clare and Jason have about 15 seconds, at best.

Jason drags Clare to the HUMVEE. He wails in pain as he puts more pressure on his wounded leg, and hoists Clare onto her feet, into the vehicle. Clare begins to come around, groggy but conscious. Jason frantically searches for a key, then realizes it's already in the ignition. He starts it up and FLOORS IT --

The Humvee screeches towards the PRIMARY HANGAR BAY DOOR... Seconds from impact... The fighter planes begin to UNLOAD HELL from above --

BOOOOOM! A TIDAL WAVE OF FLAME sends the Humvee ploughing through the gate... The shockwave slams into the back of the vehicle, sending it barrelling into the forest...

We can't see the base, because it's engulfed in a GIANT BALL OF FLAME, which tears through the forest. A large ANTENNA ARRAY moans as it collapses into the flames, the last visible sign that this facility ever existed. Flashes of electricity inside the BILLOWING BLACK SMOKE as we -- SMASH TO BLACK:

FADE BACK IN ON: Clare and Jason sitting inside the battered vehicle, half conscious. Bloody, bruised and covered in dried gore. Snow gently drizzles over the wreckage. Silence now, except for the soft wind whistles through Clare's shattered window...

CLOSE ON: Clare's BLOODIED HAND, as it begins searching for Jason's...eventually finding it, they grasp each other's hands tightly -- DISSOLVE TO:

The top of an icy CREST, where we watch the base continue to BURN. The first rays of DAWN begin to shaft through the grey clouds, the promise of a new day.

In the distance, we spot AMBULANCES, SHERIFF SUV's and FIRE TRUCKS, arriving. But before we get the luxury of fading out, we hear that familiar RINGING, followed by an EERIE CLICKING SOUND... SMASH TO BLACK.