

DAY 38

by

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OVER BLACK

On June 5, 2008, a crew of six men set out to study and record tornado activity in Northern Oklahoma. For nearly two years, under federal orders of national security, the footage which documented the horrific nature of that day's events has remained sealed.

Under the Federal Tort Claims Act, a lawsuit was filed against the United States government.

In 2010, the United States Supreme Court ruled the footage was protected under the first amendment of the constitution, and thereby released.

FADE UP ON...

MOVING FAST UNDER A RAGING DAWN SKY

Lightning strikes the horizon. The world is flat. This is Oklahoma. Tornado country.

UP AHEAD

A divided highway. Wet. Desolate. Never-ending. And then...

WIDER TO REVEAL

The dash of a late-model mini-van. Domestic. Nothing fancy. It's a rental. The camera settles on...

A DIGITAL CLOCK: 6:37am

Suddenly -- a hand wipes a cloth across the lens, momentarily obstructing our view. Like that -- we realize we're seeing the world through a HIGH-DEF VIDEO CAMERA. And then...

THE CAMERA SWINGS AROUND, revealing the blurry face of PAUL KERSHAW. He is 31. Intrepid. Lonely eyes. Battle-tested cameraman.

The camera finds focus on PAUL'S tanned face. He stares into the lens, wiping it down.

MAN (O.S.)

What's wrong?

PAUL (O.S.)

There's a tiny scratch on the edge of the lens. You can barely see it, but it's bothering me.

NICK (O.S.)  
How the hell did it get scratched?

PAUL (O.S.)  
Probably some debris hit it during  
the last shoot.

PAUL swings the camera around to find NICK GRAF at the wheel. He is 35. The MAN behind the voice. Anxious. Slightly weathered beyond his years. Nick gulps coffee from a travel mug.

NICK  
(annoyed)  
That's great.

PAUL (O.S.)  
I've got a case of lenses. I'll  
just swap it out. It's not a big  
deal.

TIME CUT

Minutes Later. NICK at the wheel, cradling a cell phone against his ear. Things are tense. We UPCUT into his conversation.

NICK (PHONE)  
(frustrated)  
I understand, Alan. You don't  
have to keep repeating yourself.  
(reset)  
I know it's been over a month.  
They're fucking tornadoes, Alan.  
You can't just predict where  
they're going to strike.  
That's the whole point of the  
documentary.  
(reset)  
Shit! I think we just missed our  
exit...

Like that -- we WHIP-PAN to the passing off-ramp.

PAUL (O.S.)  
Yep, there it goes.

Then -- PAUL swings the camera back to NICK.

NICK (PHONE)  
Have you even watched the last  
round of footage?  
(beat)  
(MORE)

NICK (PHONE) (CONT'D)

I think there is some good stuff in there. I'm not disagreeing with you -- I'm not. I'm just saying don't throw the baby out with the bath water.

(reset)

Now you're just looking for shit to bitch about. I'm just asking you for more time.

(beat)

You can't do that! Do you have any idea how hard it was to get Brennan to agree?

(reset)

Alan, I need more time. Alan?

NICK throws his phone on the dash.

PAUL (O.S.)

That went well.

NICK

The company doesn't think the footage is compelling enough.

(beat)

Fucking producers. They're all idiots.

PAUL (O.S.)

You might want to edit that comment out before you send off this footage.

TIME CUT

**INT. ROADSIDE MARKET -- MORNING**

Suddenly we're inside a ROADSIDE MARKET, moving through a network of aisles. Snacks. Booze. Hardware.

THE CAMERA FINDS

NICK at a SELF-SERVICE BEVERAGE STATION, refilling his travel mug. He empties SEVERAL sugar packets into the coffee.

PAUL (O.S.)

I don't know how can you drink that stuff.

NICK

I love my rocket fuel.

PAUL (O.S.)

There was a soldier in Iraq who'd  
dump something like eight sugar  
packets into his coffee. He  
called it "Hot Pepsi."

NICK

That's good.

NICK leads PAUL up to...

THE COUNTER

Where a WOMAN sits on a stool, smoking a cigarette. She  
is about 45. Hard years. Lifelong cashier.

THE CAMERA FOLLOWS HER torpid gaze to a TELEVISION  
hanging on the wall.

ON SCREEN

A FEMALE METEOROLOGIST standing in front of a computer-  
generated radar map. a CHYRON: NEWS 9 / 7:04 A.M. / 55  
DEGREES

PAUL zooms in until the SCREEN nearly FILLS OUR FRAME --

METEOROLOGIST

...we are zoomed in on central  
Oklahoma. The red highlighted  
zones are all under tornado  
warnings, including Coal,  
Pontotoc, Hughes, and Seminole  
counties. If we switch to Vipir,  
we can see another cell pulsing up  
in Noble county.

A new MAP appears behind her. This one displays a  
RED, U-shaped MASS, hovering over an area marked: NOBLE.

METEOROLOGIST (CONT'D)

The National Weather Service is  
watching this new storm cell very  
closely...

Bottom of the screen -- THE NEWS TICKER: BREAKING NEWS...

*Airplane crash reported this morning near Sooner lake.  
Stay tuned for details.*

PAUL lingers on it for a second, then WIDENS back onto  
NICK, scooping up his change.

NICK  
Looks like this might be our lucky  
day after all.

WOMAN  
That it?

NICK  
Yeah.

WOMAN  
Dollar-fifty.

NICK scoops up some change from his pocket, placing it on  
the counter.

NICK  
Do you have a restroom?

The WOMAN hands NICK a KEY attached to a large SHOVEL.

WOMAN  
'round back.

NICK holds up the shovel, eyebrows raised.

PAUL (O.S.)  
Maybe you have to bury it when  
you're done.

TIME CUT

**EXT. ROADSIDE MARKET -- DAY**

Moments later. Darkening sky. The camera pans across  
the SPRAWLING PRAIRIE. Amber. Flat. Infinite.

BOY (O.S.)  
Whatcha filming?

PAUL SWINGS THE CAMERA AROUND TO A BOY, sitting against  
the MARKET, playing a handheld video game. He's 12 going  
on 20.

PAUL (O.S.)  
A documentary.

BOY  
Like Michael Moore?

PAUL marches over to the BOY.

PAUL  
Something like that. You like  
Michael Moore?

BOY  
He's okay. Momma says he's  
nothin' but a fat, liberal  
asshole.

We hear PAUL laughing.

BOY (CONT'D)  
Can I hold your camera?

PAUL (O.S.)  
(thinking)  
I don't know... It's pretty  
heavy.

BOY  
Don't worry, I'm strong.

The BOY flexes his biceps.

PAUL (O.S.)  
(laughing)  
All right. Just for a minute.

BOY  
Awesome.

PAUL  
Careful...

PAUL hands the CAMERA to the BOY. Everything blurs for a  
moment -- then --

THE BOY TRAINS THE CAMERA ON...

PAUL

Kneeling down. A pair of DOG TAGS dangle around his  
neck.

BOY (O.S.)  
Whoa... cool... Are those real dog  
tags?

PAUL clenches them in his hand.

PAUL  
Yeah.

BOY (O.S.)  
Are you a soldier?

PAUL  
No. But I spent a lot of time  
with soldiers.

BOY (O.S.)  
Why are you wearing them?

A sudden sadness fills PAUL'S eyes as a gauntlet of  
memories race through his mind.

PAUL  
They belonged to a good friend of  
mine.

(reset)  
You always ask so many questions?

BOY (O.S.)  
We don't get a lot of visitors.

When suddenly -- NICK steps into frame -- Steamed --

NICK  
What the hell are you doing?

PAUL  
I was just letting little  
Spielberg hold the camera.

NICK  
That is not a goddamn toy.

PAUL  
Take it easy, he's just a kid.

NICK  
What if he dropped the camera? We  
already have one bad lens. We're  
not going to get another chance to  
get this footage.

(checks his watch)  
We're behind schedule.

NICK storms off.

BOY (O.S.)  
What a dick.

PAUL dissolves into laughter, reaches for the camera --  
WE ABRUPTLY CUT TO --

**INT. MINIVAN -- LATER**

*It's raining.* The wipers slap across the glass at a furious pace.

PAUL adjusts the camera -- THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD -- we see A GATED ENTRANCE.

A SIGN: DAVIS AIRFIELD

An enormous AIRPLANE HANGAR in the background.

TIME CUT

**EXT. DAVIS AIRFIELD -- DAY**

ON THE MOVE. This time on foot. Headed toward the HANGAR. The CAMERA BOUNCES as NICK leads PAUL into..

**INT. HANGAR -- DAY**

A light aircraft storage facility converted into a STORM TRACKING COMMAND AND CONTROL CENTER. The CRACKLE of RADIO transmissions fill the air.

THE CAMERA FINDS

-- a network of screens displaying weather mapping radar

-- various real-time satellite images

-- several hardware-based IP and POT phones

-- an array of weather monitoring equipment

FINALLY TO

MATT HABER at a workstation, gnawing on a candy bar. About thirty. Total tech geek. Lives on Snickers and Mountain Dew.

NICK edges up to MATT'S desk, PAUL follows close behind.

MATT

The film crew has arrived.

(pointing to his  
right ass-cheek)

This is my best side.

NICK

What's the good news?

MATT  
 Mother Nature is one pissed off  
 lady.

NICK  
 That's how we like her.

MATT (O.S.)  
 Come on, let's find Sean.

PAUL hangs on the VIDEO SCREEN.

NICK (O.S.)  
 Paul -- come on.

TIME CUT

ON THE MOVE. MATT leads NICK and PAUL across the hangar  
 to...

THE OUTRIDER

A modified BLACK FORD EXPEDITION, equipped with a full  
 range of vehicle-mounted weather-monitoring devices.

PAUL noses around the vehicle for a better look --  
 THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD -- we see a HD CAMERA mounted in  
 the center of the dash.

PAUL (O.S.)  
 Gotta love toys.

PAUL follows NICK to the rear of the vehicle, where...

THE CAMERA FINDS

JEFF BRENNAN loading gear into the back. He is 28. Baby-  
 faced. Earnest. All-American.

MATT  
 Have you seen Sean?

JEFF  
 I think he's in the back of the  
 hangar.  
 (reset)  
 You guys ready for some storm  
 chasing?

NICK  
 You have no idea.

PAUL follows NICK and MATT up to...

KATHERINE "KAT" FOSTER

Sitting at a workstation. Eyes fixed on a laptop. A lean and muscular late-forties beauty. Expert Meteorologist.

MATT

Hey lady, you know the FBI tracks how much porn you watch on that thing.

KAT

That's why I'm using your computer, smart-ass.

MATT

Guys, meet our resident Wonder Woman Katherine Foster.

NICK

The Kat Foster?

KAT

Do I know you?

NICK

I've read all about you. You were here in '99 --

PAUL hangs on KAT. Eyes wary. Sensitive.

KAT

That's right.

PAUL (O.S.)

What happened in '99?

KAT

Bridge Creek. That was an F5. Killed 138, injured over 800. Wind speeds topped out at 318 miles per hour.

Like that -- we hear phone ringing. KAT pulls a cell phone from her pocket. She answers.

KAT (CONT'D)

Kat Foster. Hey Charlie -- thanks for getting back to me...

KAT wanders out of frame.

NICK spots something out of frame. His eyes go wide.

NICK  
Christ... is that it?

PAUL follows his wild gaze to...

A POST-APOCALYPTIC TANK-LIKE VEHICLE

Parked in the corner of the hangar.

This is the TIV (Tornado Intercept Vehicle). A cross between a YUKON DENALI and a TANK. MODULAR ARMOR and KEVLAR SKIN. EIGHT MASSIVE COMBAT TIRES. This thing looks as menacing as the tornadoes it's built to chase.

The CAMERA follows MATT and NICK to the rear of the TIV, where...

A HYDRAULIC DOOR LOWERS INTO A RAMP -- AND THEN --

SEAN BRENNAN steps out of the dark recesses of the vehicle. He's JEFF's older brother. 35. Natural leader. Hot-headed. Expert storm chaser.

SEAN  
I was beginning to think you changed your mind.

NICK  
Not a chance.

Quick handshakes.

SEAN  
Good to see you guys again.

JEFF enters FRAME, beaming.

JEFF  
How do you like her?

PAUL shadows SEAN around the TIV. NICK runs his hand admiringly along the ARMOR SKIN.

NICK  
You customized this yourself?

MATT  
Jeff's an engineering genius.

JEFF  
We stripped a Chevy Kodiak down to the chassis and reinforced it with a steel frame and roll cage.  
(MORE)

JEFF (CONT'D)

All of the body panels were replaced with lightweight, military-grade armor and kevlar, and the windows are triple-layered polycarbonate resin and tempered glass.

NICK kneels down, inspecting several large STEEL FLAPS.

NICK

What are the flaps for?

JEFF

They deflect the air over the vehicle, keeping it on the ground.

NICK

Does that actually work?

JEFF

In theory. She's never been tested.

PAUL (O.S.)

That's comforting.

NICK rises, taking in the unwieldy-looking vehicle.

NICK

Is it fast?

JEFF

It's got a 6.6 liter diesel engine and permanent all-wheel drive. Tops out at about 90 miles per hour. She'll get you closer to a tornado than anything out there.

MATT

Oh man, this thing is fucking unstoppable.

PAUL (O.S.)

That's what they said about the Titanic.

**INT. HANGAR / OFFICE -- DAY**

Minutes later. PAUL follows NICK and SEAN across the hangar, bringing us to a small office. The walls are plastered with CLIMATE and TOPOGRAPHIC MAPS. KAT sits at a desk, studying some papers. Face hardened. Serious.

SEAN

What's up?

KAT

I just got off the phone with my contact at NOAA. They have confirmed reports of several F4's touching down in Seminole and Lincoln counties.

SEAN

Jesus. How bad is the damage?

KAT

The Northern part of the state is getting hit pretty hard.

(reset)

If these storm systems are powerful enough to spawn multiple F4's, producing an F5 is not out of question.

KAT stands there. It's obvious there is something weighing on her.

SEAN

What's on your mind?

KAT

I know this isn't my place, so tell me to shut up, but maybe today isn't the best day for Jeff's first time.

SEAN sighs.

SEAN

No, you're right. I was thinking the same thing.

KAT

What are you going to tell him?

SEAN

I don't know... the truth.

SEAN exits our frame. KAT glances into the camera.

KAT

You picked one helluva day to come out with us.

**EXT. AIRFIELD / HANGAR 27 -- DAY**

Moments later. UPCUT on a heated argument between JEFF and SEAN.

PAUL follows the action from a distance.

JEFF

This is bullshit! I practically built the goddamn TIV.

(reset)

You don't think I'm ready.

SEAN

You're not ready. You've got zero field experience. Hell, other than Kat, none of us have seen storms of this magnitude.

JEFF paces. Anger rising. Tilting towards redline.

JEFF

So that's it -- you're pulling me off the team?

SEAN

Of course not. You can drive the support truck.

JEFF

I can't get anywhere near a tornado in that truck.

SEAN

There are gonna be plenty of chances to go out. I promise.

JEFF

But not today. And I don't get say?

SEAN

Not on this.

JEFF

Goddammit! Nothing changes.

SEAN

What is that supposed to mean?

JEFF

You know exactly what it means.

JEFF stares daggers back at him.

SEAN  
Drive the truck or go home.

SEAN hands him a POCKET-SIZE DEVICE.

JEFF  
What's this?

SEAN  
GPS tracker.

JEFF  
Unbelievable.  
(reset)  
Maybe you should hire a babysitter  
to ride with me.

SEAN  
Try not to lose it.

SEAN marches off.

The CAMERA hangs on JEFF. Just standing there. Jaw clenched. Fuming.

SUDDENLY -- SOMETHING moves into FRAME -- blurry -- obstructing our view. PAUL ZOOMS OUT to reveal...

SEAN

Looming over Paul. Face hardened. Dead serious. He jams his hand in front of the lens --

SEAN (CONT'D)  
That doesn't make it into your  
movie.

ABRUPT TIME CUT

**EXT. HANGAR -- DAY**

Moments later. NICK and SEAN standing in the doorway. Things are tense. We UPCUT into their conversation.

PAUL hovers close to the action, focusing on SEAN.

SEAN  
Can you get the goddman camera out  
of my face --

PAUL pull backs -- camera locked on SEAN --

NICK  
You agreed to this --

SEAN  
I agreed to let you film my crew --  
working --

NICK  
-- I'm sorry, but you don't get to  
pick and choose what we film.

SEAN  
I don't see what our private  
conversations has to do with  
filming tornadoes.

NICK  
That's why you should leave the  
filmmaking to us.

SEAN -- looks at him hard -- ready to separate NICK'S  
head from his body -- when suddenly --

MATT rushes into frame. Eyes wild. Buzzing.

MATT  
We've got something.

**INT. HANGAR -- DAY**

Moments later. KAT staring at a large video screen.  
MATT, SEAN, NICK and JEFF beside her.

KAT  
Two storm fronts moving in. Both  
gathering strength. They're about  
thirty miles apart.

SEAN glances at the MONITOR.

SEAN  
Let's head South, it looks like  
there might be some rotation --

NICK  
-- But the storm to the North is  
closer.

SEAN  
 Why don't you leave the storm  
 tracking to us.  
 (reset)  
 We head South.

**INT. THE TIV -- DAY**

Suddenly we're inside the TIV. Idling on a LOADING DOCK outside the hangar.

PAUL scans the expansive cockpit: ON-BOARD NAVIGATION SYSTEM and WEATHER-MAPPING COMPUTERS, and VIDEO SCREENS.

PAUL IN THE BACKSEAT PULLS BACK -- WIDER TO REVEAL --

-- KAT, seated beside him.

-- MATT, squeezed in beside KAT.

-- NICK, up front. Riding shotgun. Fussing with a six-point safety harness.

-- SEAN at the wheel.

NICK shouts over the IDLING GROWL of the DIESEL-THIRSTY ENGINE.

NICK  
 It looks like the inside of a 747.

MATT  
 She'll do everything but fly.

PAUL (O.S.)  
 Let's hope it stays on the ground.

SEAN grabs the CB MIC.

SEAN  
 You ready to roll, Jeff?

A long, silent beat. The radio CRACKLES. KAT senses SEAN'S tension.

KAT  
 Everything okay?

SEAN  
 Yeah, fine.  
 (reset/radio)  
 Jeff, we're leaving in 30 seconds.

JEFF (RADIO)  
Keep your pants on -- I'm here.

SEAN'S face softens.

SEAN  
Glad you decided to join us.

JEFF  
Just take it easy with my baby.

SEAN drops it into gear, and we...

TIME CUT

**INT. THE TIV -- DAY**

*Speeding down a rain-soaked highway...*

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD -- we see the open prairie flying by -- and a DARK, OMINOUS CLOUD BANK in the distance.

PAUL'S camera catches everyone hard at work.

KAT  
Wind speed picking up.

NICK  
(excited)  
Showtime.

PAUL turns and we glimpse out the back window, THE OUTRIDER following a few car lengths behind.

TIME CUT

Moments later. We're closer to the STORM FRONT. It looms larger -- but hasn't changed shape.

NICK (CONT'D)  
What's going on?

MATT  
Winds holding steady. But not a lot of other activity.

SEAN  
Any rotation on the clouds?

KAT stares out at the storm front.

KAT

Nope.

The radio SQUELCHES, and then...

SEAN

You got anything back there?

JEFF (RADIO)

Negative.

PAUL -- ZOOMS IN on the sky -- storm clearly weakening -- clouds breaking apart --

NICK (O.S.)

Goddammit. I knew we should have followed the other storm.

PAUL widens to back inside TIV -- SEAN stifles a smile.

TIME CUT

**INT. THE TIV -- DAY**

A little later. Hauling ass down another abandoned stretch of highway. The storm front is dissipating. Slivers of sunlight stab through the clouds.

NICK, sullen, stares out the window.

NICK

(sardonic)

That's exactly what we need -- sunlight.

SEAN

Hey -- in case you haven't figured it out yet, tracking these storms isn't an exact science.

KAT

He's right. They never do what you expect them to do.

(reset)

How long have you been out here?

NICK

I don't know... 37... 38 days...

MATT

Ouch.

KAT laughs.

KAT

That all? Try doing it for 20 years. You learn patience.

(reset)

Besides, we wouldn't have anything to chase if we knew where they were going.

KAT smiles at NICK. He's not finding the humor in it.

Just then -- the radio squelches --

JEFF (RADIO)

Kat -- are you seeing this?

KAT

What?

JEFF (RADIO)

About 10 miles south and moving fast.

NICK sits up.

NICK

What's going on?

KAT scans the RADAR SCREENS. Eyes wide. Wild.

KAT

Turn around.

SEAN

What?

KAT

Turn the TIV around. Now.

MATT looks into the camera.

MATT

It's so hot when she says that.

SEAN swings the THE TIV around -- 180 degrees -- in the distance -- we see a MONSTER STORM FRONT obscuring the horizon.

SEAN

Did someone order a storm?

SEAN guns the accelerator, and we...

TIME CUT

**INT. THE TIV -- DAY**

PAUL has shifted position. LOOKING THROUGH A WINDOW --

The dark and massive cloud bank has turned CYLINDRICAL.  
There is now a SUPERCELL looming before them.

This is IT. The real deal.

And then...

*KA-BOOOM!!!*

Thunder cracks. Lightning flashes. *It's coming...*

PAUL (O.S.)

Guys --

MATT

Now we're talkin'.

NICK (O.S.)

Holy Christ.

KAT points to a clearing in the distance.

KAT (O.S.)

Up there -- at the clearing --  
pull over. I'm wanna get a look  
at her from the ground.

SEAN

(on radio)

Time to split off, Jeff.

JEFF (RADIO)

No way. I can still get closer.

SEAN

(on radio)

Not happening. Split off -- *now*.

JEFF (RADIO)

Relax, Sean. You can stop playing  
dad now.

SEAN looks stung from the reference. There's history  
here.

SEAN  
 (muttered, on radio)  
 That's not fair.

JEFF  
 Don't talk to me about fair.

SEAN  
 If we loose contact, rendezvous at  
 the 116 rest area.

PAUL SWINGS BACK to glimpse THE OUTFRIDER turn off at an interchange, disappearing down a REMOTE HIGHWAY.

TIME CUT

**EXT. HIGHWAY -- DAY**

Suddenly, we're on foot -- CAMERA BOUNCING wildly as PAUL rushes out of the TIV -- wind blowing furiously -- following NICK into...

AN OPEN FIELD -- the perfect vantage point.

NICK  
 Over here! Are you getting this?!

PAUL (O.S.)  
 Yeah, I'm on it.

PAUL angles up on...

A THICK TENDRIL-LIKE CLOUD, unfurling beneath the huge STORM CELL.

SEAN  
 She's gonna go!

The TENDRIL gains mass before our eyes, forming...

**A MASSIVE FUNNEL CLOUD**

Its WRITHING tip SPIRALS downward, churning up a fountain of dirt and debris in its wake.

MATT  
 She's freakin' massive.

SEAN  
 It's touching down!

KAT  
Gentleman, we have a twister.

SEAN  
Back in the truck. We've gotta go  
now! *Go, go, go!!!*

The CAMERA JOLTS as PAUL races back...

TIME CUT

**INT. TIV -- DAY**

SEAN jumps in the drivers seat. Drops it into gear.  
*We're heading straight for the tornado.*

SEAN  
Get Norman on the phone. Let them  
know we've got one on the ground.

KAT jumps on the radio.

KAT  
This is Katherine Foster. I am  
heading South on Highway 177.  
We've got a tornado on the ground  
Southeast of Stillwater. Wind  
speed approximately 130 miles per  
hour. It's traveling along  
interstate 35 at about 60 miles  
per hour.

The RADIO CHATTER echoes in the BG.

NICK  
(to Sean)  
How long until intercept?

SEAN  
Two minutes --

THROUGH A WINDOW --

The TORNADO looms larger. Merciless. Unstoppable.

WHEN SUDDENLY -- we see ROCKS -- LOOSE BRANCHES --  
GARBAGE -- slam against the glass --

SEAN -- struggles to keep the TIV on the road --

MATT  
We've got a ton of debris --

SEAN grabs a WALKIE-TALKIE --

SEAN  
(on radio)  
You getting a piece of this back  
there?

JEFF (RADIO)  
Holy shit, yeah! It's a monster --

Then over the radio, we hear a LOUD POPPING SOUND.

SEAN  
What the hell was that?

JEFF (RADIO)  
(over radio)  
I just blew a goddamn tire.

SEAN  
(to KAT)  
Where is he?

KAT glances at the in-dash GPS TRACKING SYSTEM.

KAT  
About four miles Southeast of  
Highway 35.

SEAN  
You need help?

JEFF (RADIO)  
I got this.

SEAN  
You sure?

JEFF  
I said, I got it.

SEAN  
Fine. Stay alert out there --

And just like that -- *CLICK*. The radio CRACKLES.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
Jeff? Jeff?!  
(reset)  
Goddammit -- he turned off the  
radio.

KAT

We've got bigger problems --

PAUL swings the camera to reveal...

THE FULLY-FORMED TORNADO -- massive -- menacing -- ever closer -- wreaking havoc on the rural landscape --

SEAN (O.S.)

Look at that thing --

A CARAVAN of vehicles speed past THE TIV -- running from the storm -- running for their lives --

PAUL (O.S.)

Something tells me that they have the right idea.

KAT aims a THERMAL IMAGING CAMERA at the FUNNEL CLOUD.

SEAN

What do you got?

KAT

She's a beast. Wind speed -- 143 miles per hour.

NICK

F3?

KAT

Bet your ass.

MATT

Goddamn I knew today was gonna be a good day!

MATT peels open another candy bar, biting off a big chunk.

NICK turns to the camera. Eyes wild. Dizzy with excitement. This is what he's been waiting for.

NICK

Don't shoot me, shoot the tornado.

PAUL swings the camera back to...

THE WRITHING TORNADO

Moving fast. OBLITERATING everything in its path, when suddenly...

PAUL (O.S.)

Oh my god --

THE TWISTER ABRUPTLY CHANGES DIRECTION

KAT (O.S.)

She's turning!

SEAN (O.S.)

Which way?

A tense, horrifying beat.

KAT (O.S.)

She's coming right at us.

SEAN grabs the radio.

SEAN

(on radio)

Jeff -- the tornado is turning --  
do you copy?

The radio CRACKLES.

KAT

She's picking up speed -- 176  
miles per hour --

MATT

Okay -- we officially need to get  
the fuck out of here --

SEAN

-- I need a road --

KAT'S eyes snap to the in-dash GPS UNIT -- screening  
warping -- distortion -- flickering on and off --

KAT

The storm is screwing with  
electronics --

SEAN

Come on -- I need a road.

KAT

There's nothing for a couple of  
miles.

SEAN

Shit.

(on radio)

(MORE)

SEAN (CONT'D)

-- Jeff, do you copy?

(reset)

Somebody try Jeff's cell phone --

MATT grabs his cell phone. His eyes flit to the screen --  
bad news --

MATT

No signal --

SEAN (O.S.)

-- Keep trying --

PAUL swings the camera toward the window, pulling focus  
on --

THE LARGE FUNNEL CLOUD -- approaching fast -- bearing  
down on A LARGE STEEL WATER TOWER and a strip of UTILITY  
POLES --

PAUL (O.S.)

My god --

The DEAFENING ROAR intensifies.

Like that -- the TORNADO swallows the WATER TOWER and  
uproots several UTILITY POLES --

KA-BOOM -- KA-BOOM -- KA-BOOM --

We see several BRILLIANT EXPLOSIONS lighting up the  
swirling base of the FUNNEL CLOUD --

NICK

Whoa!

MATT

Power flashes --

KAT

We need to get off this road --

SEAN

*Where?!* There's no place to  
turn --

Suddenly -- The TORNADO -- spits out the WATER TOWER --  
tossing it across the road -- chewing up blacktop --  
metal buckling -- groaning --

**TUMBLING DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF THE TIV**

KAT

Look out!

MATT (O.S.)

Fuck my life.

SEAN -- NO TIME TO STOP -- fuck it -- hits the accelerator -- full throttle -- engine screaming --

SEAN

*HANG ON* --

*WHAM!* -- THE TIV SMASHES into the TOWER -- METAL GRINDING METAL -- ripping a gaping whole in the STEEL SPHERE --

THE TIV rips apart the tower's SPINDLE LEGS -- when suddenly --

CRACK! -- A GIANT STEEL LEG smashes into SEAN'S window -- glass filling with countless tiny cubes --

PAUL jerks the camera around -- LOOKING THROUGH THE REAR WINDOW -- we see the mangled tower HEMORRHAGING water --

PAUL (O.S.)

Jesus Christ --

MATT (O.S.)

-- We lost the sat link --

SEAN

-- Shit --

PAUL whips the CAMERA back toward the windshield --

Blinding rain. Furious wind. The TORNADO is almost upon them.

KAT

Sean -- we've got to get out of here --

SEAN

-- She's too fast.

(reset)

Hang on.

SEAN jams on the breaks. Wheels locking. Tires eating asphalt. A gathering ROAR fills the air...

NICK

The hell are you doing?

SEAN  
We can't outrun it.

PAUL swings the camera back to SEAN.

NICK  
(horrified)  
So you're stopping?!

KAT  
If the wind gets under us, it will  
throw this thing across the field  
like a goddamn football.

NICK  
You're out of your mind --

SEAN -- reacting -- flips several switches -- activating  
the HYDRAULIC FLAPS --

SEAN  
I'm dropping the flaps. The wind  
will blow right over us.  
(reset)  
Strap yourself in.

NICK  
This is nuts --

SEAN  
You wanted to be up close and  
personal.

MATT  
-- It's gonna hit us head-on.

Then they hear it...

WOOOOOOSSSSSSHHHHHHH!!!

A DEAFENING ROAR fills the air. Thunderous. *Eerie.*

THE GROUND QUAKES

SUDDENLY -- the whole world darkens as a TOWERING GREY  
WALL whirls toward them --

PAUL adjusts the camera, finding angles on the TEAM.

KAT  
Lots of debris --

SEAN  
-- Zero visibility --

MATT  
-- The meters are going hay-wire -

KAT  
-- It's almost right on top of  
us --

NICK turns to SEAN. Eyes weary. Panicked.

NICK  
You better be right about this.

KAT  
Everybody hang on.

*WHAM!!!* The TORNADO CRASHES into the TIV -- DIRECT HIT --  
winds raging -- punishing the armored skin -- debris  
striking us from every angle --

The vehicle shakes wildly. A surge of powerful winds  
BATTER it from side to side --

THE TEAM yells over the ROAR of the wind.

SEAN  
Is this close enough for you?

NICK  
(in disbelief)  
We're inside a fucking tornado --

SEAN smiles.

SEAN  
You're welcome.

The wind HOWLS. Air vibrating. Pressure building.

SUDDENLY -- SEAN'S window EXPLODES, blasting jagged  
SHARDS of glass across his face -- and then --

KAT  
You okay?

SEAN  
Yeah.

A FURIOUS gale whips through the BROKEN WINDOW, blasting  
rain inside THE TIV --

THE CAMERA LENS quickly freckles with raindrops --

KAT  
Cover the gear --

MATT  
I'm on it. I'm on it.

SEAN  
-- Hurry --

KAT  
-- Give me something --

MATT peels off his jacket -- hands it KAT who drapes it over the computers --

PAUL ADJUSTS THE CAMERA -- LOOKING THROUGH A WINDOW -- we see the FUNNEL CLOUD churning past them --

PAUL (O.S.)  
-- It's moving over us --

The ROAR subsides as the MASSIVE FUNNEL CLOUD contracts into a NARROW TUBE -- dissipating fast -- finally disappearing over the rural landscape --

INSTANT CALM

PAUL swings the camera back around to...

THE TEAM

Sitting in silence. Dazed. Deep exhales.

Then it hits them -- THAT WAS FUCKING AWESOME! They erupt in laughter and celebration. Fist bumps all around.

NICK turns to the camera.

NICK  
Did we get all of that?

PAUL (O.S.)  
Every minute.

A large smile creases NICK'S mouth.

TIME CUT

**EXT. REST AREA -- DAY**

Later. We UPCUT on the DEVASTATED COUNTRYSIDE -- DOWNED POWER LINES -- UPROOTED TREES. It's a grim sight.

PAUL adjusts the camera to find...

NICK pacing around the rear of the TIV. He is ecstatic, shooting the camera a big thumbs up.

NICK (O.S.)

Alan's going to be kissing our asses when he sees this footage.

(reset)

You should get a shot of me making this call.

PAUL (O.S.)

Maybe you should wait until we get more footage.

NICK

Are you kidding? We were inside a goddamn tornado.

NICK pulls out a cell phone, passing by MATT and KAT who are standing on the lowered REAR DOOR, assessing the damage to an ELECTRONICS PANEL.

MATT

You're wasting your time, chief.

NICK

What?

MATT

Cell towers are down.

NICK

Wonderful.

(reset)

I'm going to take a piss.

NICK pockets the phone and walks away.

KAT

Don't forget to stand downwind.

NICK

Very funny.

PAUL zooms in on KAT. A sly smile creases her mouth.

SEAN (O.S.)

Son of a bitch!

PAUL jerks the camera around, PULLING FOCUS ON...

SEAN

Standing on the roof of the TIV. He is ferreting through a tangle of WIRES and MANGLED STEEL.

PAUL (O.S.)

What's wrong?

SEAN holds up a ragged piece of COAXIAL CABLE.

SEAN

Our communication systems are trashed.

PAUL (O.S.)

What do you mean?

SEAN

The instrument mast and antennas were ripped off when we hit the water tower.

(reset)

We don't have any way to report or record data.

The CAMERA follows SEAN as he climbs down.

MATT

This board is fried.

SEAN ignores MATT, walks toward the road.

KAT

Sean -- you alright?

SEAN

I'm worried about Jeff.  
He should be here by now.

PAUL gets wide to include SEAN and KAT. She looks at him, reassuringly.

KAT

I'm sure he's fine.

SEAN just stands there. Not sold. Eyes scanning the horizon.

TIME CUT

**EXT. REST AREA -- LATER**

PAUL in a new position. We UPCUT to the NOISY rumble of large DIESEL engines, just as --

The CAMERA searches for focus, finally resolving on...

**A CONVOY OF MILITARY VEHICLES BARRELING DOWN THE HIGHWAY**

30 vehicles deep. Heavy armament. Ready for war.

PAUL (O.S.)

Check it out --

PAUL zooms in on several SOLDIERS -- faces hardened -- armed -- battle-ready --

THE CAMERA FINDS

A patch proudly displayed on their sleeves:

## 75 RANGER RGT

SEAN (O.S.)

The Guard got here quickly.

PAUL (O.S.)

Those are Army Rangers.

KAT (O.S.)

Rangers? That's a little overkill for disaster relief.

NICK (O.S.)

Guess someone doesn't want another Katrina on their hands.

PAUL hangs on the ARMORED CARAVAN as it blows past them, speeding down the barren highway.

PAUL SWINGS back to SEAN. Face hard. Staving off worry.

SEAN

Get your stuff together, we're going to look for Jeff.

TIME CUT

**INT. TIV - DAY**

ON THE MOVE again. PAUL frames up on a RURAL ROAD ahead. A vast prairie runs alongside it. Green. Tranquil. Unscathed by the tornado.

SEAN at the wheel. Eyes locked open. Anxious.

SEAN

See anything?

KAT

This is right about where he blew the tire.

NICK

You getting this?

PAUL (O.S.)

Yeah.

SEAN

So where is he?

KAT

I don't know.

Just then -- NICK spots something out the window.

NICK

Sean -- over here -- in the field.

PAUL whips the camera around, zooming in on...

THE OUTRIDER

Flipped on its side. BADLY MANGLED. The roof is caved in. One of the doors has been ripped from its hinges.

SEAN

Oh God...

SEAN guns the TIV, heading for it...

**EXT. FIELD -- DAY**

ON THE MOVE AGAIN. PAUL'S camera jerks and bounces as we're on foot, THE TEAM RUNNING TOWARD...

THE OUTRIDER

SEAN

Jeff!

SEAN -- in the lead -- slips on the wet ground -- then picks himself up and keeps running --

PAUL rushes up to the MANGLED WRECKAGE, and...

THE CAMERA FINDS

A RAGGED HOLE smashed into the windshield. A thick BLOODSTAIN trails across the hood.

The vehicle is EMPTY.

PAUL widens to include the group. SEAN is dumbfounded.

SEAN (CONT'D)

He's not here.

PAUL (O.S.)

What the fuck... Are you guys seeing this?

PAUL gets wide to include NICK, MATT, KAT and SEAN.

NICK

What the hell did he hit?

KAT

He didn't hit anything. Something hit him.

NICK

You mean the twister -- or some debris --

KAT

No. He was out of the path of the storm.

A tense beat. SEAN'S face dissolves into panic.

SEAN

You're saying he was attacked?

KAT

Looks like it.

MATT

By what, like, an animal?

KAT looks at the shattered windshield.

KAT

I don't know. A bear, maybe.  
Something the storm drove out.

PAUL moves around the wreckage, gliding the camera over the...

RIGHT QUARTER PANEL

We see the metal is RIPPED in even rows.

PAUL (O.S.)

What the --

NICK (O.S.)

-- Paul -- take a look at this --

PAUL

Yeah -- be right there --

TIME CUT

MOVING AROUND THE WRECKAGE. PAUL swings the camera toward the vehicle's interior, revealing...

THE VACANT CAB

It looks like a grenade went off inside. Glass shards scattered across the interior. The DASH CAM dangles by the passenger seat.

MATT

Where the hell is he?

PAUL follows SEAN'S grim gaze across a quarter mile of EMPTY PRAIRIE in all directions -- AND THE THICK FOREST BEYOND IT. No sign of JEFF. He could be anywhere.

TIME CUT

Moments later. We UPCUT on KAT, kneeling beside the MANGLED TRUCK -- running her hands along the mysterious GROOVES in the torn metal. NICK watches.

MATT (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Guys!

PAUL swings the camera around to MATT -- excited -- pointing into the cab of the OUTRIDER --

MATT (CONT'D)

The dash cam... if it was active -  
- we can get playback.

TIME CUT

**INT. TIV -- PARKED -- DAY**

PAUL frames up on MATT, working feverishly to get the COMPUTERS from the OUTRIDER back online. He taps a key. The monitor powers up, bathing his face in a cool, blue glow.

MATT

Here we go.

PAUL (O.S.)

What are we looking at?

MATT

The last recorded footage.

PAUL swings the camera towards --

A VIDEO MONITOR

Zooming in until the VIDEO FILLS OUR FRAME --

ON THE MONITOR

FROM THE DASH-CAM POV -- LOOKING DOWN THE HOOD OF THE OUTRIDER -- it's raining -- JEFF stands at the front bumper, jacking up the truck along the shoulder of the road.

MATT (O.S.) (CONT'D)

This is just after he blew the tire.

Just then -- JEFF spins around, staring at something BEYOND OUR FRAME.

KAT (O.S.)

What is he looking at?

NICK (O.S.)

I don't know.

Suddenly -- JEFF scrambles back inside the truck, disappearing BEHIND THE CAMERA.

JEFF (O.S.)

(panicked)

What the fuck was that?

We hear the ENGINE crank to life. And like that --

JEFF drops the truck into to gear and guns the accelerator --

The OTRIDER -- still on the jack -- lurches forward -- snapping the JACK -- front end slamming to the ground -- speeding back onto the road --

*FUMP -- FUMP -- FUMP -- FUMP -- FUMP --*

We hear the THUDDING SOUND of the FLAT TIRE.

JEFF (CONT'D)  
Come on... Come on...

We hear the SQUELCH of the CB RADIO.

JEFF (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Sean -- it's Jeff -- I need help.  
Anybody -- I am heading west on  
Glassel Road --

WHAM! -- THE CAMERA JOLTS -- THE OTRIDER ROCKS VIOLENTLY

JEFF (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Jesus fucking Christ -- it's on  
top of me!

SOMETHING powerful rips through the ROOF. The HOWL of  
TORMENTED STEEL splits the air.

JEFF (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
It's coming through the goddamn  
metal!

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD -- we see the OTRIDER swerving  
wildly across the road --

JEFF (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Son of a bitch --

SUDDENLY -- THE OTRIDER STOPS VIOLENTLY -- SKIDDING  
WILDLY --

We hear a MASSIVE THUD.

We hear the sound of JEFF'S panicked breathing.

JEFF (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Where the fuck did it go?!

A tense, terrifying beat. And then...

A LARGE MISSHAPEN BLUR leaps onto the HOOD -- moving fast -- too fast to see it -- and like that --

CRASH! The SOUND of GLASS SHATTERING -- a chaotic struggle -- JEFF YELLING -- the DASH-CAM bouncing -- frenetic action -- blurred images --

KAT (O.S.)

Wait -- stop. Did you see that?

NICK (O.S.)

What?

KAT (O.S.)

Go back.

MATT jog-shuttles through the TERRIFYING FOOTAGE, when suddenly...

KAT (O.S.) (CONT'D)

*Stop. There...*

The video FREEZES on...

A BLACK LIDLESS EYE. DEPTHLESS. Like a SENSOR.

NICK (O.S.)

Oh my god.

MATT (O.S.)

What the fuck is that?

KAT (O.S.)

I have no idea.

PAUL widens back to the THE TEAM. Terror-struck.

SEAN

So what the hell are we dealing with?

PAUL swings the camera back to the monitor, zooming in on the frozen image of the FREAKISH BLACK EYE.

TIME CUT

PAUL frames up on SEAN out side the TIV. Scanning the horizon. Sad eyes. Chocking back the tears.

KAT edges into OUR FRAME.

KAT

You okay?

An agonizing beat.

SEAN

Yeah.

KAT

What do you want to do?

SEAN

Let's find Jeff, and get the hell out of here.

**INT. THE TIV -- LATER**

Speeding down a highway. We UPCUT on a BEEPING sound. Loud. Persistent.

NICK

What's beeping?

SEAN

That's the GPS tracking. Jeff has a transmitter.

MATT'S attention snaps to the ON-BOARD COMPUTER.

MATT

I've got a signal!

A relieved smile creases SEAN'S mouth.

SEAN

Where is he?

MATT

About three miles southwest of us.

SEAN

Stay on that signal. Don't lose him.

SEAN accelerates the TIV, blowing past downed TREES and felled HIGHWAY SIGNS.

TIME CUT -- MOMENTS LATER

SEAN at the wheel. Driving like a bat out of hell.

PAUL swings the camera around to find...

MATT'S eyes glued to coordinates on the radar.

KAT scanning the terrain outside the window.

KAT  
There's an access road coming up  
on your right.

SEAN maneuvers off the main highway, rumbling onto...

A NARROW DIRT ROAD

The TIV barrels down the unpaved path. Dense woods on either side. A THICK FOG is beginning to roll in.

SEAN  
Where is he?

MATT  
The signal is going in and out...

SEAN  
Dammit. Try to lock onto his  
position.

PAUL shifts his FRAME over to the GPS TRACKING DISPLAY, when suddenly --

*WHAM!* -- A MASSIVE IMPACT -- SEVERAL THINGS CRASH HARD into the PASSENGER SIDE -- THE TIV JOLTS VIOLENTLY --

KAT  
Jesus Christ --

SEAN  
-- Hold on --

THE TIV PITCHES RIGHT -- LURCHING OFF THE ACCESS ROAD --

JUST THEN -- OUR WORLD TUMBLES OUT OF CONTROL

The air fills with the HOWL of ACHING STEEL and CRUNCHING EARTH --

The CAMERA SHUDDERS and SHAKES -- strobing intermittently between VIDEO and DEAD AIR -- AUDIO DROPOUTS -- VOICES YELLING -- FRAGMENTS --

*BOOM. BOOM. BOOM.*

The TIV rolls several times.

FINALLY

The TIV settles. Upside down. Metal groaning.

TIME CUT

Moments later. We UPCUT on...

NICK

Still strapped to his seat. Blood trickles from a small gash on his forehead.

PAUL (O.S.)

You all right?

NICK

Yeah.

PAUL climbs to the front of the vehicle, where...

KAT AND SEAN

Hang upside down, strapped in their seats.

PAUL (O.S.)

You guys okay up here?

KAT

Got my ass kicked, but I'll live.

SEAN

I'm fine.

MATT

What the hell hit us?

TIME CUT

**EXT. ACCESS ROAD -- LATER**

THE OVERTURNED TIV -- at the edge of the woods. WE UPCUT on SMEARS of BLOOD and tufts of HAIR smashed into the steel doors.

PAUL pulls back, widening to reveal...

OUR GUYS staring at the MANGLED MESS.

Then they hear it...

An AGONIZING WAIL echoes from up the road. The sound of death.

SEAN

Over there.

PAUL follows SEAN, MATT AND KAT up to the ROAD,  
revealing...

SEVERAL BULL ELK

Scattered across the road. Limbs snapped. Heads PITCHED  
BACK at IMPOSSIBLE ANGLES. Antlers TWISTED into the  
earth.

NICK

Jesus.

SEAN

They hit us full on.

MATT

There's got to be a dozen of them.

SEAN

Must have gotten spooked.

NICK

By what?

KAT (O.S.)

By whatever the hell was chasing  
them.

PAUL follows KAT up to...

A SINGLE ELK

Clinging to life. Death spasms. Bloody.

KAT is stroking the Elk's head -- and then notices  
something strange protruding from its brow.

PAUL (O.S.)

What is that?

The CAMERA ADJUSTS -- FROM A LOW ANGLE -- we see...

A SICKLE-SHAPED TALON

THRUST through a top of the ELK'S SKULL. Razor-edged.  
Almost Jurassic.

KAT whips out a knife, digs into the elk's skull and  
extracts the TALON. She holds it up.

MATT

It's a claw.

NICK

Yeah, but a claw from what?

SEAN takes the TALON from KAT, holds it in his palm.  
It's almost as big as his hand.

SEAN

It's ice cold.

The TEAM passes it around, examining it.

KAT

Feels like some sort of metal --

PAUL (O.S.)

(incredulous)

-- Metal?

NICK

What are you saying?

KAT

I don't think it belongs to an  
animal.

A long, tense beat. SEAN stares down at the TALON.

SEAN

What's the last location we have  
for Jeff?

KAT points directly into the dense woods. A thick  
blanket of fog EBBS and SWIRLS around the trees.

KAT

That way. About a mile in.

SEAN

Grab your gear.

MATT

Wait -- what are we doing?

SEAN

Going to look for my brother.

NICK

I don't want to come across as  
insensitive, but are you fucking  
nuts?

PAUL (O.S.)

Nick -- wait --

NICK, angry, glares back at the camera.

NICK  
-- We got what we came for --  
we're out of here --

PAUL  
Hold on --

NICK  
(snapping)  
What?

PAUL edges closer to NICK. His voice hushed. Secretive.

PAUL (O.S.)  
You know what this is, right?

NICK  
Our worst fucking nightmare?

PAUL (O.S.)  
This is the story. I don't know  
what's happening here but it's a  
helluva lot bigger than tornadoes.  
(reset)  
The company wants footage? Give  
it to 'em.

NICK takes this in. The possibilities dawning.

SEAN  
We're moving out. You coming with  
us or not?

PAUL widens out to include NICK and SEAN in the shot.

NICK  
We're coming.

**EXT. TIV -- MOMENTS LATER**

PAUL frames up a NEW WIDE ANGLE: THE TEAM gathered by the TIV -- checking the equipment.

SEAN is focused. His face a map of worry.

KAT checks the shortwave and onboard computers from the TWISTED WRECKAGE. They're all severely damaged.

KAT  
This stuff is destroyed.

MATT  
What are we bringing?

KAT  
Only what we can carry in our  
packs --

KAT stuffs gear into a backpack, including the THERMAL  
IMAGING CAMERA, ROAD FLARES and a FIRST-AID KIT.

BEHIND HER

SEAN hoists the backpack over his shoulder.

SEAN  
Let's go.

Thunder rumbles in the distance. The wind picks up.

NICK  
How long 'till the next storm  
whacks us?

KAT scans the DARKENING SKY.

KAT  
An hour. Maybe sooner.

PAUL (O.S.)  
Hold up -- I better change the  
battery.

TIME CUT

**EXT. FOREST -- MINUTES LATER**

Suddenly we're marching through a LABYRINTH of towering  
pine trees, which are partially obscured by an EERIE SEA  
of FOG.

SEAN and KAT have their flashlights out. Their beams  
ARCING through the dimness.

SEAN  
(calling out)  
Jeff...

KAT  
(calling out)  
Jeff.

We hear MATT'S VOICE in the BG. Mumbling. Groaning.

PAUL whips the camera around to...

MATT -- trailing behind -- winded -- sweating -- he's not built for this --

MATT

Are we sure we're headed in the right direction?

KAT (O.S.)

Jeff's GPS signal was transmitting from about two miles Northwest of where the TIV crashed.

MATT

Have I shared with you my utter disdain for hiking?

PAUL adjusts the camera, panning slowly over the densely wooded area. He zooms in...

PAUL (O.S.)

I'm not seeing anything.

PAUL pulls back, widening to include NICK and SEAN, plodding forward.

NICK

You and your bro have an interesting relationship.

SEAN

What's that supposed to mean?

NICK

Nothing. But you could tell he thinks you're --

SEAN

-- Over-protective?

NICK

Are you?

SEAN

(defensive)

No.

(reset)

I don't know. Maybe.

SEAN, forgetting about the camera, let's his guard down.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
Our parents died when he was  
pretty young, so I raised him on  
my own.

KAT (O.S.)  
Sean! Over here.

PAUL jerks the camera around to find...

KAT'S FLASHLIGHT BEAM illuminating something on the wet,  
needle-covered ground.

The CAMERA follows the beam to the ground, revealing...

JEFF'S JACKET

Bloodstained. A jagged hole ripped along the side.

SEAN rushes up the jacket, removing the GPS TRACKSTICK.

PAUL angles up on...

SEAN

As his face fills with dread.

TIME CUT

Moments later. We UPCUT on FOOTPRINTS pressed into the  
muddy earth. They were formed by JEFF'S BOOTS.

PAUL (O.S.)  
Looks like he was headed in this  
direction.

SEAN  
(calling out)  
Jeff?

SEAN peers into the dimness. Eyes weary. Straining.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
You out here?

A light but steady rain begins to fall. MATT is tired.  
Struggling to catch his breath.

MATT  
Guys, can we take a time out?

**KA-BOOOM.** A massive THUNDERBOLT cracks the sky.

KAT  
 No. We better keep moving.  
 Storm's getting closer.

MATT bends over -- hands on his knees -- taking a long,  
 deep breath --

MATT  
 Jesus. I'm about to cough up a  
 lung.

SEAN (O.S.)  
 Come on, Matty, pull it together --

MATT  
 I'm sorry... I didn't know this  
 was going to be an episode of "Man  
 vs. Wild."

KAT  
 -- Quiet --

SEAN  
 What?

PAUL swings the camera around to KAT. Eyes scanning.  
 High alert.

KAT  
 There's something out there.

All eyes go to KAT. Standing still. Scanning the FOG-  
 DRENCHED PERIMETER.

MATT  
 I don't see anything.

An eerie silence.

Then they hear it -- LEAVES RUSTLING. BOUGHS SNAPPING.  
They are not alone.

NICK  
 What the hell was that?

PAUL -- panning slowly -- nothing but mist and trees --

PAUL (O.S.)  
 I don't see anything.

A tense beat.

The TEAM stab their FLASHLIGHT BEAMS into the darkness, when suddenly...

BEHIND THEM

Something moving through the trees. Fast. Unseen.

PAUL WHIPS THE CAMERA AROUND, SEARCHING FOR THE SOURCE --

KAT

It's behind us.

NICK

What's behind us?

SEAN pulls the THERMAL IMAGING CAMERA from his backpack.

SEAN

Let's see where you're hiding.

SEAN slowly pans the THERMAL IMAGER.

PAUL (O.S.)

Anything?

SEAN

(confused)

Something's not right --  
I'm only getting four readings.

KAT

That's impossible. Whatever's  
alive out there has to give off  
heat --

SEAN

I'm telling you it's not picking  
up anything else --

MATT

I don't care what that thing says,  
there's something moving out  
there.

***GRRRRREEEEAAAAANNNNKKKKK!!!***

A MALEFIC SHRIEK echoes through the woods.

IT SEEMS TO COME FROM ALL DIRECTIONS.

OUR TEAM stops dead in their tracks. Watching. Waiting.

NICK  
What was that? What the fuck was  
that --

SEAN  
-- I don't know --

MATT  
-- It's close --

NICK  
-- Oh god --

PAUL -- whips the camera around -- searching -- frantic  
movements --

PAUL (O.S.)  
-- It's moving all around us --

KAT moving slowly. Eyes scanning. High alert.

KAT  
-- We need to move -- now --

WHEN SUDDENLY -- SOMETHING BLURS PAST THE LENS -- PAST  
KAT -- GRABBING NICK --

Moving fast. Inhumanly fast. Preternatural.

SEAN  
Nick!

PAUL jerks the camera around to catch --

NICK -- screaming in agony -- DRAGGED VIOLENTLY into the  
recesses of the FOG --

PAUL  
Nick --

MATT  
-- Where is he? --

KAT  
-- Over here --

SEAN and KAT chase after him -- MATT behind them -- PAUL  
follows --

PAUL -- moving fast -- camera bouncing -- following the  
TEAM -- frantic pursuit --

UP AHEAD

SEAN, MATT and KAT charge down...

A NEWLY FORGED PATH

Mist covered. Strewn with torn branches and underbrush.

IN THE INVISIBLE DISTANCE

NICK screams. Desperate. *Agonized.*

SEAN

This way!

PAUL (O.S.)

Nick --

PAUL -- running hard -- frenzied action -- panicked breathing --

IN FRONT OF US

SEAN and KAT running hard -- following the screams --

MATT trips -- pitches forward into the mud -- KAT turns -- hauls him to his feet --

HIGH ABOVE

Leaves rustling. Tree limbs SNAPPING. And then...

A piercing SCREAM from NICK echoes across the woods.

SEAN

It's above us --

PAUL follows SEAN'S stare to the FLASHLIGHT BEAM jouncing wildly across the treetops --

SEAN, KAT and MATT arc their FLASHLIGHT BEAMS up, but glimpse only SHADOWS in the fog. And then...

A sickening CRACK fills the air.

PAUL (O.S.)

Nick --

KAT

Can you hear us?

SEAN

Nick!

Silence. Then...

NICK'S FLASHLIGHT plummets to the ground -- shattering against a rock --

And then...

NICK'S BLOOD-SOAKED SPINE AND SKULL RAIN DOWN AFTER IT

MATT

Jesus Christ.

KAT eyes the carnage. Stomach churning. Horrified.

KAT

My God...

**GRRRRREEEEAAAANNK!!!**

The MALEFIC SHRIEK splits the air.

CHAOS -- VOICES YELLING -- PANIC -- AND THEN --

SEAN

Go -- GO -- GO --

KAT and SEAN sprint deeper into the woods -- MATT struggling to keep up -- hearts racing -- gasping for breath -- terrified --

PAUL -- on their heels -- panicked -- CAMERA BOUNCING -- frantic --

SEAN (CONT'D)

-- What the hell is that --

KAT

-- I don't know -- but it's locked on to us --

BEHIND THEM

We hear boughs SNAPPING and leaves RUSTLING.

PAUL (V.O.)

Jesus Christ --

KAT

-- We need cover --

PAUL peers over to NICK and SEAN -- flanked to his right -- maybe twenty yards away -- running for their lives --

**THE UNSEEN FIGURE** -- moving fast -- obscured in the treetops -- drawing closer --

MATT

It's right behind us --

PAUL -- running hard -- lungs burning -- panicked breathing --

THE CAMERA -- shaking -- bouncing -- frenzied motion --

KAT scanning -- spots something in the distance --

KAT

-- Paul -- down here --

THROUGH THE THINNING TREES -- we see KAT and SEAN disappearing behind a RAVINE -- MATT stumbling down behind them --

**GRRRRREEEEAAAANNKKKK!!**

The UNSEEN FIGURE is close behind --

PAUL rushes down the shallow RAVINE, revealing...

A LONG DRAINAGE DITCH

Maybe ten feet deep. Shallow water. Muddy.

IN THE DISTANCE

We see KAT, SEAN and MATT racing toward...

THE MOUTH OF A LARGE DRAINAGE TUNNEL

Partially hidden by overgrown GRASS and a TANGLE OF WEEDS. The gates of a RUSTED IRON FENCE hang open before it.

KAT (CONT'D)

(calling out)

Paul -- hurry -- the tunnel --

PAUL (O.S.)

-- I'm right behind you --

PAUL -- sloshing through the shallow creek -- water spraying -- camera bouncing -- frenetic action --

UP AHEAD

KAT, SEAN and a breathless MATT racing toward the  
TUNNEL --

SEAN

Come on --

PAUL -- running -- slips -- almost face first into the creek --

THE CAMERA LENS comes within inches of the rippling water --

PAUL (O.S.)

-- dammit --

PAUL -- quick recovery -- back on his feet -- trying to steady himself -- STUMBLING -- half speed --

BEHIND HIM

IT SOUNDS LIKE THE FOREST IS BEING DERACINATED.

KAT

Stay low -- get in here!

PAUL -- moving again -- full speed -- heart racing -- rapid breathing -- rushing into --

THE TUNNEL

Like that -- We disappear into the DARK RECESSES of the CONCRETE PASSAGE.

TIME CUT

**INT. DRAINAGE TUNNEL -- DAY**

Seconds later. DEEPER INSIDE THE TUNNEL. We UPCUT into total chaos. OUR WORLD is now bathed in...

**THE EERIE GREEN GLOW OF A NIGHT VISION FILTER**

The CAMERA moves over the badly weathered concrete walls. Cracked. Water-stained. Tagged with Graffiti.

The sound of WATER DRIPPING echoes across the tunnel.

UP AHEAD

A long stretch of tunnel. Almost endless.

PAUL swings the camera around to find...

MATT -- on the ground -- pale -- wheezing.

MATT

What the fuck is that thing?

KAT stands there. Senses alert.

KAT

Keep your voice down.

PAUL (O.S.)

Where the hell did it go?

SEAN pacing. Head spinning. Trying to process.

KAT

I don't know.

MATT

Maybe we lost it.

SEAN starts back down the tunnel.

KAT

Where the hell are you going?

SEAN

I need to find Jeff --

KAT -- reacting -- grabs SEAN -- pinning him against the wall --

KAT

Are you trying to get us killed?

SEAN

Get off me --

KAT

(quiet)

That thing is out there.

SUDDENLY -- BEHIND THEM -- A SOUND -- SHRILL -- ECHOING --

MATT

Shit. What's that?

PAUL (O.S.)

It's in here --

MATT

-- Fuck my life --

KAT

-- Nobody move --

PAUL whips the camera back around, zooming in on...

THE TUNNEL'S ENTRANCE

500 feet away. Everything is quiet and still. Vacant.

PAUL (O.S.)  
I don't see anything.

KAT (O.S.)  
Quiet.

A tense beat of silence.

PAUL (O.S.)  
There's nothing down there --

MATT (O.S.)  
-- It didn't just fucking  
disappear --

PAUL pulls back -- wider -- giving us a better look at  
the tunnel --

JUST THEN -- IN THE DISTANCE -- we see something -- A  
DARK FIGURE -- moving slowly toward us -- across the top  
of OUR FRAME --

PAUL (O.S.)  
What the hell --

PAUL angles the camera up, PULLING FOCUS ON --

**THE FIGURE**

Crawling upside down -- across the ceiling -- its large  
muscular frame barely visible -- its skin CHANGED now --  
CAMOUFLAGED AGAINST THE CONCRETE -- moving FAST and  
SILENT --

PAUL (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Oh my god -- it's on the ceiling --

MATT backs away -- looking around -- in terror.

MATT  
Where -- I can't see it --

PAUL (O.S.)  
Above you --

MATT  
-- Where --

SEAN

Wait -- it's gone --

PAUL swings the camera -- frantic -- in the gloom --  
trying to find a frame on the creature --

PAUL

-- the fuck is it -

PAUL's FRAME lands on KAT. Looking around. Puzzled  
expression.

KAT

Where's Matt?

PAUL (O.S.)

He's right --

PAUL -- 180's the CAMERA to see -- MATT IS GONE.

No sign of the creature. Only darkness. PAUL PANS --  
frantic -- nothing.

The sound of their panicked breathing.

SEAN

Matty?

PAUL (O.S.)

Matt -- can you hear us?

Their voices echo into silence.

Suddenly -- An AGONIZING SCREAM echoes through the  
tunnel.

PAUL jerks the camera -- wildly -- searching --

Another SCREAM. Piercing. Unbearable.

SEAN edges into frame -- toward the sound --

KAT reaches out, holding him back.

KAT

Wait --

CAMERA -- struggling to find focus on the gloom --

PAUL (O.S.)

-- I don't see --

FWOOOOSH!

Suddenly -- from out of the darkness -- A HUMAN SPINE rockets toward the lens -- hitting the ground with a THUD.

MATT's HEAD is partially attached -- eyes open -- face locked in a rictus of pain.

PAUL (O.S.) (CONT'D)

-- Oh my God --

KAT

Go! Now --

PAUL whips the camera around to...

THE TUNNEL AHEAD

We see KAT and SEAN running for their lives --

**GRRRRREEEEAAAAANNNNKKKKKK!!!**

A BLOODCURDLING SHRIEK rips through the tunnel --

SEAN

Paul --

PAUL (O.S.)

-- I'm right behind you --

PAUL -- moving fast -- top speed -- heart racing -- gasping --

THE CAMERA -- bouncing -- blurring -- everything moving fast and furious --

The EERIE sound of SHARP METAL dragged across concrete fills the tunnel --

SEAN

-- it's too fast --

KAT

-- Don't stop --

PAUL -- charging forward -- panic spreading -- breathing hard --

Then it comes into view...

A WIRE MESH GATE

Blocking their path. Flush with the walls and ceiling.  
No way around it.

THROUGH THE MESH -- we see light spilling in from an opening.

THE CAMERA FINDS

A STEEL CHAIN and PADLOCK linking TWO HINGED DOORS together.

PAUL (O.S.)

Fuck me --

SEAN -- fear rising -- grabs the GATE -- shaking it violently --

SEAN

-- No -- no -- dammit --

BEHIND THEM

*The scraping sound is growing louder. Closer. More menacing...*

SEAN (CONT'D)

-- Get back --

SEAN smashes the LOCK with the blunt end of his FLASHLIGHT --

**CLANK! CLANK! CLANK!**

SEAN (CONT'D)

Come on --

**GRRRRREEEEAAAAANNNNKKKKKK!!!**

KAT

-- Hurry --

SEAN

-- I'm trying --

**CLANK! CLANK! CLANK!**

SEAN -- tension mounting -- strikes the lock -- a powerful blow --

And with that...

*The lock breaks.*

SEAN smiles. Sparse. Ephemeral.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Yes.

SEAN -- fingers moving fast -- nervous -- unraveling the chain -- swings the door open --

KAT and PAUL rush through the door --

Just then -- SEAN stops -- turning back to the GATE --

SEAN (CONT'D)

Go -- get out of here --

PAUL spins the camera back to find...

SEAN -- wrapping the chain through the doors -- hooking the LOCK through a link --

PAUL (O.S.)

-- What the hell are you doing --

SEAN

-- buying us a little time --

KAT

That's not going to hold anything.

SEAN

You got a better idea?

PAUL

-- Sean -- come on --

SEAN

-- I'm right behind you --

(stern)

GO --

PAUL follows KAT out of the tunnel, and into...

**EXT. CLEARING -- CONTINUOUS**

PAUL rushes into the clearing -- DAYLIGHT flooding the lens -- the IMAGE BLOWN OUT -- blinding us --

PAUL (O.S.)

Dammit --

PAUL reacts -- switching from NIGHT VISION to NORMAL MODE -- and as the camera resets, we see...

A BLACKHAWK HELICOPTER -- LOOMING AHEAD -- flying toward us -- rotors blades spinning fast -- chewing air --

THE CAMERA FINDS

A familiar logo emblazoned along the FUSELAGE --

## U.S. ARMY

PAUL zooms in on SEVERAL SOLDIERS -- armed and ready for battle --

KAT and SEAN yell over the ROAR of the ROTOR WASH --

PAUL gets wide to include KAT and SEAN -- frantic -- waving their arms in the air -- yelling -- desperate --

SEAN

Hey!

KAT

Over here!

THE CHOPPER -- flying low and steady -- aimed at the tunnel -- ignoring the desperate men --

PAUL angles up on...

THE UNDERSIDE OF THE CHOPPER -- hovering directly over us now --

***GRRRRREEEEAAAAANNNNKKKKK!!!***

Another bone-chilling HOWL rips through the air --

JUST THEN -- the GATE explodes outward from the TUNNEL -- metal sheering off -- concrete crumbling --

PAUL SWINGS THE CAMERA BACK TOWARD THE TUNNEL, catching a QUICK GLIMPSE of --

### **THE CREATURE**

A FEROCIOUS BLUR -- leaping off the ground -- maybe 40 feet into the air -- crashing into --

THE HELICOPTER

Swaying wildly -- metal buckling -- glass raining down --

PAUL (O.S.)

-- Did you see that -- It jumped  
onto the fucking helicopter --

KAT (O.S.)

-- It's gonna take her down --

SEAN (O.S.)

Get back --

PAUL -- adrenaline pumping -- pulls back -- wider to  
reveal --

THE CHOPPER -- losing control -- tail boom swinging  
violently -- turbulence -- fighting to right itself --

**THE CREATURE** -- skin color quickly morphing again --  
blending with the green steel -- pulverizes the CHOPPER --  
when suddenly --

PAUL (O.S.)

Holy shit! Its skin is changing  
colors --

SEAN

-- What the fuck --

**WAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAMMMMMMMMMPPPPPPPPPP!**

*A VISIBLE SHOCK WAVE RIPPLES OUTWARD FROM THE  
HELICOPTER -- MASSIVE -- POWERFUL -- BENDING THE AIR IN  
ALL DIRECTIONS --*

And just like that...

CRACK! -- THE CAMERA LENS spiderwebs with tiny fissures --

PAUL (O.S.)

-- it cracked the goddamn lens --

THROUGH THE PARTIALLY FRACTURED LENS -- we see THE  
CREATURE plummeting back to the earth -- dead weight --  
helpless -- disappearing in a thicket of trees --

We hear the WHINE of stalling engines --

SEAN (O.S.)

Paul -- the helicopter -- get  
back --

KAT

-- She's out of control --

SUDDENLY -- PAUL JERKS THE CAMERA BACK UP TO...

THE CHOPPER -- spinning wildly -- out of control --  
losing altitude -- everything happening fast -- seconds --

SEAN (O.S.)

-- Paul --

KAT (O.S.)

-- Get down --

PAUL hits the ground -- trying to focus the camera --  
frantic -- clumsy --

FINALLY

FROM A LOW ANGLE -- we see THE CHOPPER yaw sharply to the  
right -- rapid descent -- autorotation -- engines  
stalling -- blades slowing --

**THHHOOOPPP -- THHHOOOPPP -- THHHOOOPPP -- THHHOOOPPP --**

The ROTORS slowing -- air pulsing -- almost rhythmic --

THE CHOPPER -- dives hard and fast -- when suddenly --

CRASH! -- it slams into the ground -- ROTOR BLADES BITING  
EARTH -- shearing off -- shards flying -- spraying dirt  
and debris --

THE CHOPPER -- metal twisting -- howling -- rivets  
popping -- snaps like a WISHBONE -- ripping the TAIL BOOM  
from the FUSELAGE --

And just like that...

**KA-BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMM!!!** -- A POWERFUL EXPLOSION -- the  
HELICOPTER erupts into a giant FIREBALL --

HURTLING CHUNKS OF TWISTED METAL AT THE CAMERA

We hear the SOUND of TORTURED METAL tumbling in the BG.

KAT (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(calling out)

Paul -- You okay?

PAUL (O.S.)

I'm fine --

PAUL flips the camera around -- examining the CRACKED  
LENS -- we see his HAGGARD VISAGE --

PAUL (CONT'D)  
This lens is toast. I'm gonna  
swap it for the old one.

Like that -- we abruptly cut to --

Moments later. PAUL'S changed positions. We now see our  
world through a NEW LENS.

THE CAMERA FRAMES UP ON...

The burning HELICOPTER WRECKAGE. The WIND whips hard --  
howling -- bending the FLAMES sideways. A plume of black  
smoke rises into the angry sky.

PAUL (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
-- I don't understand what's  
happening --

WIDER TO REVEAL

Jagged shards of ROTOR BLADES littered across the ground.  
The bodies of the crew, DEAD, scattered about.

PAUL swings the camera toward KAT and SEAN -- on their  
knees -- covered in grime -- sucking wind --

SEAN  
Great. There goes our fucking  
rescue.

KAT climbs to his feet. Looks back toward the burning  
wreckage.

KAT  
Didn't seem like a rescue mission.

SEAN  
The hell are you talking about?

KAT  
They ignored us like we weren't  
even there.

PAUL (O.S.)  
She's right --

SEAN  
-- But they killed that thing  
right? -- I saw it -- they fucking  
blasted it into the air --

KAT

Yeah.

Thunder CRACKS in the distance.

KAT looks up at the DARK and ANGRY cloud mass swelling above them.

KAT (CONT'D)

We better find some shelter.

SEAN

Where? We're in the middle of nowhere --

KAT

The choppers came from the east.  
I say we head in that direction.

*Suddenly, as if on cue -- it's raining...*

PAUL zooms in on: A MUDDY ACCESS ROAD that cuts across a SPRAWLING FIELD.

PAUL (O.S.)

Up ahead.

TIME CUT

**EXT. ACCESS ROAD -- LATER**

*It's raining harder now... pouring... torrential...*

PAUL marches down a muddy road.

AHEAD OF US

KAT and SEAN -- trudging across the muddy terrain -- heads hung low. A grim silence has fallen over them.

Lightning flashes against the blackening cloud mass expanding over them.

**KA-BOOOM!** A massive crack of THUNDER splits the air.

KAT shouts over the steady THRUM of rain.

KAT

Storm's gaining strength.

PAUL (O.S.)

How long before it reaches us?

KAT stops. Her eyes flit to the dark, swirling sky.

KAT

Hard to tell. It's moving fast.  
Not long.

(reset)

Sean -- you got a read on this?

PAUL adjusts the camera -- widening to include SEAN --  
10 feet ahead -- still walking -- still silent --

PAUL (O.S.)

Sean!

(reset)

Come on, man. We could use a  
little help here.

**KA-BOOOOM!** Another monstrous THUNDERCLAP rumbles above  
them. Louder. *Angrier.*

KAT

She's not gonna wait for us.  
We've got to pick up the pace.

SEAN

(snapping)

We don't even know where the hell  
we're going.

KAT

Do you have a better idea?

SEAN turns back. Sad eyes. Welling up now.

SEAN

This was a mistake. This whole  
fucking day was a mistake. Nick's  
dead... Matty's dead... We don't  
know if Jeff is dead or alive --

PAUL zooms in on the ANGUISH writ large upon his face.

KAT

(cutting him cold)

-- Jeff is still out there --

SEAN

-- Where? Where is he?! You  
don't know. Do you?

KAT walks over to SEAN, giving him a comforting embrace.

SEAN, wracked with guilt, sobs in her arms.

PAUL hangs on them for a long beat, then swings the camera away. This seems a little too invasive for his liking. And we...

ABRUPTLY CUT TO...

**EXT. ACCESS ROAD/HIGHWAY -- MINUTES LATER**

KAT leading PAUL and SEAN along the dirt road, which ends at a TWO-LANE HIGHWAY.

The wind HOWLS all around them.

SEAN

Which way?

KAT wanders into the middle of the road. Eyes scanning. Wind blowing rain across her face.

KAT

Shit.

SEAN

Maybe we should keep heading straight across the highway.

PAUL swings the camera around, panning across the green expanse of the pastures.

The camera moves across the two-lane highway, when suddenly...

We see a LARGE IMAGE -- partially obscured by the driving rain -- maybe 200 meters away --

PAUL (O.S.)

Wait a second...

The camera ZOOMS in -- lens oscillating -- searching for focus --

KAT

You see something?

Finally, the image sharpens, resolving on...

**A MINE RESISTANT AMBUSH PROTECTED VEHICLE (MRAP)**

Parked sideways. Blocking the road. Fully armored. This is the military's BIGGER and MEANER version of the HUMVEE.

PAUL (O.S.)  
 (incredulous)  
*Holy shit!* It's an MRAP.

SEAN  
 A what?

PAUL (O.S.)  
 Military vehicle.  
 (energized)  
 It's a military checkpoint.

PAUL shifts the camera back to KAT and SEAN. A glimmer of hope fills their eyes.

KAT  
 I hate it when I'm right.

A sly grin splits KAT'S mouth, and we...

TIME CUT

**EXT. HIGHWAY/MILITARY CHECKPOINT -- MOMENTS LATER**

FROM A NEW ANGLE. PAUL moving fast through rain, angles around the MRAP --

CAMERA -- bouncing wildly -- erratic -- unsteady --

Then we see it...

The BLOODY visage of an ARMY GUNNER -- eyes vacant -- lifeless -- body slumped over the MRAP'S GUN TURRET --

THE CAMERA FOLLOWS

A set of familiar CLAW MARKS ripped along the ARMORED SHELL --

LEADING DOWN TO

A ragged GASH in the REAR TIRE. Shredded. Flattened.

PAUL (O.S.)  
 (defeated)  
 Fuck. Anyone have a plan B?

SEAN (O.S.)  
 Jesus Christ -- they're all dead.

PAUL gets wider to reveal...

KAT and SEAN -- standing over SEVERAL DEAD SOLDIERS --  
savaged -- lying in pools of BLOOD --

SEAN -- paces -- eyes wild -- panicked --

SEAN (CONT'D)

We are so fucked. Goddammit!

(beat)

What do we do now?!

KAT kneels down -- rolling a DEAD SOLDIER onto his side -  
- sliding an M15 RIFLE out from under the corpse --

KAT

We keep moving.

KAT marches off.

TIME CUT

**EXT. CHECKPOINT -- MOMENTS LATER**

Deeper inside the outpost. At least another DOZEN BODIES  
are scattered across the ground.

UP AHEAD

More wrecked vehicles. IT LOOKS LIKE A WAR ZONE.

PAUL following KAT and SEAN -- maneuvering the camera  
with frantic action -- flitting from one GHASTLY image to  
another -- until --

THE LENS FINDS

The CONTORTED body of a DEAD SOLDIER -- bloody -- smashed  
into the windshield of an unlikely vehicle...

A FORD FOCUS

Hood buckled. Roof crushed. Civilian plates.

The camera pans over the wreckage, when suddenly...

LOOKING THROUGH THE BLOODSTAINED GLASS -- we see an  
OBSCURED, DARK IMAGE -- moving quickly --

PAUL stops dead in his tracks --

PAUL (O.S.)

There's something moving inside  
the car...

KAT (O.S.)  
Where?

PAUL (O.S.)  
Back seat.

KAT  
What is it?

PAUL  
I don't know.

SEAN marches back into FRAME -- GRABBING the gun out of KAT'S hands and training it on the car --

KAT  
What the hell are you doing?

SEAN  
What does it look like? I'm gonna kill it.

KAT  
You don't even know what's in there.

SEAN  
I'm not waiting to find out.

KAT  
Jesus Christ -- you're gonna get yourself killed --

PAUL -- rushes past KAT -- camera bouncing -- angling around to the passenger side --

SEAN -- leveling the gun barrel at the car --

SEAN  
Get away from the car, Paul.

PAUL (O.S.)  
Gimme a second to see what's inside.

SEAN -- losing patience -- pulls the CHARGING HANDLE, cocking the hammer --

PAUL -- working fast -- frames up on the cracked passenger-side window, PULLING FOCUS ON...

**A HUMAN HAND**

Pressed against the glass -- fingers moving -- reaching --

PAUL (O.S.) (CONT'D)

*Wait!* Don't shoot -- there's a  
person inside --

PAUL edges up to the window slowly, revealing...

EMILY

Pinned between the COLLAPSED ROOF and BUCKLED DOORS. She is about 18. All-American beauty. A nasty GASH stretches across her forehead, and her jeans and T-shirt BLOODSTAINED and TORN.

She looks up at us -- the fear in her eyes giving way to relief.

PAUL widens to take in the scene.

SEAN -- shaken -- lowers the gun. KAT gently takes it from his hands.

TIME CUT

ON THE MOVE AGAIN -- through the checkpoint This time with EMILY. She's a little shell-shocked, but keeping it together.

UP AHEAD

KAT marches forward, gun drawn, leading the way.

KAT

You okay, honey?

EMILY

Yeah.

SEAN

What were you doing here?

EMILY

I was trying to make it back to my house, but they wouldn't let me past the checkpoint.

(reset)

Everything happened so fast. The attack, I mean.

KAT

You said that you were on your way  
back to your house -- do you live  
close by?

EMILY

Yeah.

A deafening PEAL of THUNDER rumbles across the sky.

EMILY (CONT'D)

My house is only a few miles away.  
We have a storm shelter.

SEAN and KAT exchange a glance at the word "shelter."

KAT

That's the best news I've heard  
all day.

SEAN

The storm is really starting to  
pick up speed. We'll never make  
it there on foot.

PAUL pans the LENS across the WAR-TORN landscape,  
settling on...

A bus-sized U.S. ARMY MOBILE COMMAND TRUCK -- battered  
but still intact -- sitting just off the road.

PAUL (O.S.)

KAT -- check it out -- over here.

KAT (O.S.)

She ain't pretty, but she'll have  
to do.

TIME CUT

PAUL follows KAT past the MRAP, moving around the MOBILE  
COMMAND TRUCK, *where...*

We see a gaping HOLE ripped through the truck's side.  
The steel skin PEELED back into large, RAZOR-SHARP JAGS.

KAT swings open the door -- gun leading them into...

**INT. MOBILE COMMAND TRUCK -- CONTINUOUS**

PAUL follows KAT, SEAN and EMILY into the MAIN CABIN. It  
looks like a bomb went off inside.

The camera pans around the room, giving us a better look at the DAMAGE:

Smashed walls -- furniture strewn across the room -- flat-panel monitors shattered -- dangling -- flickering on and off --

KAT turns to the front of the cabin, where we see a large conference table flipped on its side, blocking the path to the driver's seat --

KAT

Sean -- give me a hand.

KAT and SEAN lift the table, revealing...

A COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER -- leaning against a workstation -- neck slashed open -- ARTERIAL SPRAY spattered across a COMPUTER MONITOR --

EMILY recoils, turning away from the carnage. She spots something on another monitor. Her eyes get wide. Filling with fear.

EMILY

That's it. The thing that attacked them.

PAUL angles around to the MONITOR, zooming in on...

### **3D WIRE FRAME MODEL OF THE CREATURE**

Rotating 360 degrees against the BLACK screen.

PAUL (O.S.)

Guys -- you've got to see this.

A series of words appear, running on a continuous loop:

**UNITED STATES SPECIAL OPERATIONS COMMAND**

**PROJECT A.R.E.S.**

**ADAPTABLE RECONDITE ENGINEERED SOLDIER**

**DEVELOPMENT: STAGE III (INCOMPLETE)**

**DNA STRUCTURE: BIOSYNTHETIC**

**INTELLIGENCE: SUPERIOR**

**DIRECTIVE: SYSTEMATIC THREAT ELIMINATION**

**DEFENSES:**

-- ADAPTABLE MORPHING CAMOUFLAGE MATRIX

-- THERMAL DETECTION AVOIDANCE SYSTEM

-- RAPID CELLULAR REGENERATION

-- BIOMETRIC TRACKING

-- BERYLLIUM ALLOY TALONS

**VULNERABILITIES: UNKNOWN**

**POTENTIAL DEPLOYMENT ZONES: AFGHANISTAN AND IRAQ**

**WARNING: BILATERAL COGNITIVE MALFUNCTION**

**EXECUTIVE ORDER 9073: DO NOT KILL**

PAUL swings the camera around to reveal the horrified expression on KAT, SEAN and EMILY.

KAT

My god... They're creating  
bioengineered soldiers.

A silent, horrified beat as they try to process this.

Suddenly -- WHUMP. WHUMP.

Something HARD hits the metal roof of the command truck.

WHUMP. WHUMP.

PAUL (O.S.)

The hell was that?

EMILY (O.S.)

Hail.

(tense)

We really should go now.

WHUMP -- WHUMP --

And like that -- it's a full on hail storm --

PAUL whips the camera around to...

SEAN

Standing in front of the gaping hole.

SEAN

She's gonna go...

PAUL adjusts the camera --

LOOKING THROUGH THE JAGGED HOLE -- we see BASEBALL-SIZED HAIL PUMMELS the ground. More and more of them falling -- staccato -- pulverizing the steel shell --

IN THE DISTANCE

And through the TORRENT of HAIL we see the SUPERCELL -- larger -- more menacing than before -- and a terrifyingly familiar shape beginning to UNWIND SLOWLY BENEATH IT...

PAUL (O.S.)

We're never gonna outrun that thing in this.

KAT moves quickly into the driver's seat. The hail -- battering the truck now with MACHINE-GUN INTENSITY.

KAT

We sure as hell are gonna try.

KAT turns the key. The engine sputters -- once -- twice -- then starts.

TIME CUT

**INT. MOBILE COMMAND TRUCK -- MINUTES LATER**

Speeding down the deserted road. HAIL striking the windshield -- spider-web cracks forming -- HIGH WINDS buffeting the truck --

WIDER TO REVEAL

KAT at the wheel. Driving hard. White-knuckled.

BESIDE HER

EMILY -- riding shotgun -- eyes wide -- scanning the terrain.

KAT

How much farther?

EMILY

Almost there. Less than a mile.

Then we hear it...

THE LOUD, DRONING OF A CAR HORN

SEAN  
The hell is that?

KAT (O.S.)  
Sounds like a car horn.

When suddenly -- EMILY gasps.

EMILY  
Stop!

SEAN  
What --

EMILY  
Stop the truck! That's my parents  
car!

PAUL swings the lens around, following her gaze to...

THE BACK END of a BLUE MINIVAN -- run off the road --  
SMASHED against a tree --

KAT screeches the command truck to a halt.

Like that -- EMILY is out the door -- running toward the  
wrecked vehicle --

KAT  
Emily!

TIME CUT

**EXT. HIGHWAY -- SECONDS LATER**

Suddenly we are running -- trailing EMILY as she reaches  
the front end of the MINIVAN -- sobbing -- SEAN is right  
behind her --

HAIL raining down on them -- harder now -- faster -- the  
sound is almost deafening --

SEAN  
Emily -- wait --

EMILY  
Mom -- Dad --

Suddenly -- EMILY stops. Her eyes locked open -- staring through the windshield. Then -- she backs away slowly. Her face a mixture of horror and confusion.

SEAN

What's wrong?

EMILY

I don't understand... where are my parents?

PAUL edges his camera around the corner of the MINI VAN, pulling focus on...

A BLOOD-SOAKED BODY

Wedged between the DRIVER'S SEAT and a deployed AIRBAG. Head craned away from the camera.

SEAN reaches through the window -- turning the driver's head back to reveal...

JEFF'S FACE -- SAVAGED -- NECK BROKEN

SEAN

Oh God -- Jeff --

PAUL abruptly swings the camera away, catching the despair on SEAN'S face.

KAT motors the MOBILE COMMAND TRUCK up to them.

KAT (O.S.)

Guys -- it's coming --

PAUL whips the camera around to reveal...

The MASSIVE FUNNEL CLOUD has swollen to TWICE its size -- ripping apart the countryside -- barreling down on them --

PAUL (O.S.)

Oh shit --

(reset)

Emily -- get in the truck --

(reset)

Sean -- come on --

SEAN just stands there. Lost. Numb. Head swimming.

SEAN

I should have never let him come with us.

PAUL (O.S.)  
We've gotta go --

SEAN  
It's my fault --

KAT (O.S.)  
Get in the truck --

PAUL  
Come on -- we've gotta go --

SEAN looks back at the MINIVAN -- SEAN climbs into..

**INT. MOBILE COMMAND TRUCK -- CONTINUOUS**

PAUL rushes inside --

PAUL  
GO -- GO - GO --

KAT jams on the accelerator, rocketing the truck down the highway.

KAT  
(to Emily)  
Where am I'm going?

EMILY  
Up here, on the right.

KAT cranks the wheel, steering the truck onto a long DRIVEWAY --

UP AHEAD

The FARMHOUSE comes into view. Three stories. Big front porch. Peaked roof. Oak trees in the front yard.

**EXT. EMILY'S HOUSE/DRIVEWAY -- MINUTES LATER**

We're running -- from the COMMAND TRUCK -- through a TORRENTIAL DOWNPOUR -- fighting the gusting winds -- toward --

PAUL trails SEAN AND KAT -- as they follow EMILY -- sprinting across the lawn to the door -- fighting a RELENTLESS wind -

We see the SCREEN DOOR flapping in the wind.

EMILY

Mom -- Dad!

At the bottom of the FRAME we see -- the lawn torn up -- crisscrossed by HEAVY TIRE TRACKS.

PAUL (O.S.)

You see these?

SEAN (O.S.)

Yeah -- heavy machinery came through here.

PAUL swings the CAMERA -- framing up on the FUNNEL CLOUD - - bigger -- angrier -- MOVING CLOSER.

A constant RUMBLE of THUNDER rolls over them. Lightning severs the sky.

TIME CUT

**EXT. FARMHOUSE/FRONT DOOR -- MOMENTS LATER**

At the OPEN front door. EMILY -- yelling -- running inside --

EMILY

Mom? Hello?

KAT

Anybody home?

No answer. PAUL follows SEAN, KAT and EMILY into...

**INT. FARMHOUSE-- LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Norman Rockwell. Eerily empty. On the mantle: a photo of EMILY and her family.

THE CAMERA FINDS

Everything bathed in the BLUE GLOW from a flickering TELEVISION.

EMILY (O.S.)

Mom? Dad? Ethan --?

No response.

EMILY runs off -- through the house -- calling their names --

SEAN  
 Maybe they're in the shelter.

KAT  
 (pointing)  
 No, they've been evacuated.

The CAMERA drifts across a parade of MUDDY BOOT PRINTS covering the living room rug.

KAT (CONT'D)  
 Emily -- they're not here --

ABOVE US

We hear EMILY running across the upper floor -- calling out -- panicked -- desperate --

PAUL swings the camera around to find...

SEAN staring at the TELEVISION -- noticing something -- dials up the volume --

PAUL adjusts the camera, pulling focus on...

THE TELEVISION -- A CNN NEWS BROADCAST

We see B-ROLL video footage of the devastation:

HOUSES FLATTENED -- OVERTURNED CARS -- THE ROOF RIPPED OFF A SCHOOL -- STREETS LITTERED WITH DEBRIS -- DOWNED POWER LINES -- UPROOTED TREES --

It looks like a bomb went off.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)  
 ....The Governor has issued a state of emergency for several counties and a mandatory evacuation is underway.

A CHYRON: BREAKING NEWS ALERT

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)  
 We have breaking news update on another story coming out of Oklahoma -- we reported earlier that a plane had crashed about 100 miles Northeast of Oklahoma City.

PAUL ZOOMS IN ON THE TELEVISION -- FULL SCREEN

GOD'S POV -- LOOKING DOWN FROM A NEWS HELICOPTER -- we see THE BROKEN FUSELAGE OF A LARGE AIRPLANE -- scattered into three sections across the rain-soaked field --

BEHIND IT

A long trail of SCORCHED EARTH littered with RAGGED pieces of a BROKEN WING and other FLOTSAM.

The camera drifts over a logo:

## **U.S. ARMY**

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)

...We now have confirmation that the aircraft was in fact an Army C-17 cargo plane.

(reset)

The video you are seeing was taken several hours ago, by a reporter for KFOR. The Defense Department has now shut down the airspace for several miles --

THE CAMERA FINDS

A phalanx of EMERGENCY and MILITARY VEHICLES around the CRASH SITE.

WIDER TO REVEAL

A BRIGADE OF 500 SOLDIERS -- heavily armed -- fanning out in all directions and heading toward the woods.

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)

-- Military officials are refusing to comment on the situation. However, as you can see in this dramatic video, there is a large military buildup taking place. There appears to be a massive search and rescue mission underway.

PAUL widens back to SEAN and KAT. Stunned expressions.

KAT

They were transporting that thing.

And then -- rising up in the distance -- through the howl of the storm....

AN UNEARTHLY SHRIEK SPLITS THE AIR.

A horrific beat.

SEAN

Fuck me.

PAUL's CAMERA zooms out the WINDOW on the distant woods. The SHRIEK pierces the air again. LOUDER. CLOSER.

PAUL (O.S.)

Where is it --

KAT (O.S.)

Close.

SEAN

How the hell did it find us?

KAT

That's what it does.

And in frame above the WOODS -- The sky is BLACK and SWOLLEN. The TOWERING SUPERCELL -- gaining strength -- BEARING DOWN on them --

PAUL widens back into the LIVING ROOM.

SEAN

Where's Emily?

SUDDENLY -- there's a brilliant flash of lighting and a loud BOOM of thunder. And then...

The television FLICKERS and all the lights GO DEAD.

THE FREAKISH WAIL of the creature bellows CLOSER.

And then -- the SHRIEK -- CLOSER STILL -- keening above the GROAN of the approaching storm.

JUST THEN -- from upstairs -- THOOMP. THOOMP.

THE WHOLE HOUSE SHAKES. Sound of debris falling upstairs.

KAT

Emily!

SEAN

It's on the roof!

And from a distant, third floor room -- EMILY SCREAMS.

PAUL (O.S.)

Emily!

ABRUPT TIME CUT

WE'RE MOVING AGAIN. Fast and frantic. Trailing KAT and SEAN -- CHARGING UPSTAIRS -- KAT wielding her automatic weapon.

THOOMP ... THOOMP ...

The house shudders -- EMILY screams again --

THE CREATURE IS PUNCHING THROUGH THE ROOF.

SEAN

-- We're coming --

PAUL passes a hall WINDOW -- PIVOTS his frame out to see --  
- THE SKY SHROUDED in the DARKNESS of the MEGA-SIZED  
FUNNEL CLOUD.

PAUL (O.S.)

Twister's almost here --

The entire house CREAKS and GROANS -- as the APPROACHING  
STORM ASSAULTS the house --

THOOMP! THOOMP!

The creature batters the roof.

EMILY (O.S.)

Help me!

ABRUPT TIME CUT

UPCUT on -- THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY

THOOMP! THOOMP!

SEAN and KAT -- running ahead -- disappearing into a  
THIRD FLOOR OFFICE at the end of the HALL -- the source  
of EMILY'S SCREAMING --

SEAN (O.S.)

In here!

Surrounding them - the white noise HOWL of the storm.

TIME CUT

INT. OFFICE / DEN -- DAY

PAUL runs in --

EMILY cowering under a DESK -- TRAPPED beneath a tangle of furniture and debris -- plaster raining down on her -- the CREATURE violently smashing at the SLATE ROOF --

THE ROOM SHAKES -- the camera jerks -- PAUL keeps SEAN in frame -- as he tosses aside debris to get to EMILY --

PAUL (O.S.)

Get her out -- it's breaking through --

SEAN

-- Cover me --

KAT aims her rifle at the CRACKING CEILING --

KAT

-- Can't get a clean shot --

SEAN drags EMILY out from under the desk -- she struggles to her feet --

THOOMP! THOOMP!

A spiderweb of cracks ripple across the plaster --

SEAN points -- at a glass cabinet containing: A GUN RACK.

Like that -- KAT smashes the glass with the butt-end of her rifle freeing...

A 12-GAUGE SHOTGUN and a box of shells. She tosses them to SEAN -- who grabs it out of the air -- tears open the box -- jams the shells into his SHOTGUN.

PAUL jerks his camera toward a shattered window -- glimpsing -- THE TORNADO -- FULLY FORMED -- approaching FAST --

EMILY

The shelter is this way --

PAUL (O.S.)

-- We'll never make it in time --

THOOMP! THOOMP!

THE CEILING -- SHAKING VIOLENTLY -- BREAKING APART --

CHUNKS of plaster falling like rain --

EMILY in the doorway -- frantic -- KAT and SEAN backing towards her -- weapons aimed upward --

KAT

We'll cover you -- get Emily out of here --

JUST THEN -- THE POUNDING STOPS.

And like that -- tense silence.

Only the ROAR of the rapidly approaching storm.

KAT -- backing up slowly -- heart in her throat -- eyes wild -- scanning --

EMILY

Let's go -- let's go --

KAT

Where is it?

SEAN

I don't know. It stopped.

THE CAMERA -- erratic motion -- violently jerking from side to side --

PAUL (O.S.)

I can't see it --

EMILY

Come on!

A tense, terrifying beat.

SUDDENLY -- THE CREATURE PUNCHES THROUGH THE WALL

Grabbing KAT -- WRENCHING her back with tremendous force -- skull cracking -- bones crunching --

KAT screams.

A TALONED CLAW EMERGES from the wall -- grasping KAT'S mid-section in a vise-like grip -- SNAPPING her automatic rifle in HALF --

PAUL (O.S.)

KAT!

EMILY

No --

The CREATURE'S CLAW suddenly retreats and --

KAT'S body slides down the wall in a smear of BLOOD --

PAUL (O.S.)

Sean -- shoot it --

BLAM! BLAM!

SEAN fires two BLASTS toward the wall -- plaster  
exploding -- shards -- dust swirling --AN EAR-SPLITTING SHRIEK RIPS THE AIR

THOOOMP! THOOMP!

THE CREATURE -- moving fast -- scaling the wall --

PAUL (O.S.) (CONT'D)

It's heading back to the roof!

CRAAAAAACK...

The roof beams SPLINTER inwards -- and then --

SEAN

It's coming through!

SEAN -- grabs two more SHELLS -- fumbling -- trying to  
reload --

PAUL whips the camera around to...

KAT -- slumped against the wall -- limp -- lifeless --

As the CREATURE pulverizes the roof --

PAUL (O.S.)

KAT...

SEAN

She's gone! Let's go!

PAUL hangs on KAT'S blood-drained face --

SEAN (CONT'D)

Paul -- we gotta move -- now --

SEAN -- turns away -- bolting from the room --

A MALEFIC GROWL splits the air. PRIMORDIAL. DEAFENING.

ABRUPT TIME CUT

Seconds later. Total chaos.

THE CAMERA FINDS

SEAN -- running down a flight of stairs -- max speed --

EMILY -- behind him -- running for her life --

PAUL -- heart racing -- camera shaking -- right on their heels --

BEHIND THEM

We hear a tremendous CRASH.

*THHOOOOOOMMP!!!* THE HOUSE SHAKES.

PAUL swings the camera around -- LOOKING STRAIGHT UP THE STAIRCASE -- JUST AS --

A tangle of BROKEN FURNITURE and debris HURTLES past the lens --

PAUL (O.S.)

*GO! GO! GO!*

PAUL -- staggers -- off balance -- hitting the wall --

JUST THEN -- THE VIDEO SPASMS -- OUR FRAME GOES BLACK -- AUDIO ONLY --

WE HEAR EVERYTHING

SEAN (O.S.)

Paul --

PAUL (O.S.)

Shit. I lost the video.

SEAN

Drop the camera --

SOUNDS OF CHAOS -- the THREE OF THEM -- running down the stairs -- VOICES YELLING -- the CREATURE HOWLING -- the FRENZY of the STORM outside --

EMILY (O.S.)

It's right behind us --

SEAN

Look out --

BLAM! BLAM!

We hear TWO deafening shotgun blasts...

SUDDENLY -- the video sputters back to life --  
just as -- **ALL HELL IS BREAKING LOOSE** -- plaster raining  
down -- CAMERA BOUNCING VIOLENTLY -- FRANTIC ACTION --

EMILY

Go -- the shelter is behind the  
house -- through the kitchen --

And now we're charging through a first-floor hallway,  
rounding the corner into...

THE LIVING ROOM

ABOVE US

THE CREATURE IS DESTROYING EVERYTHING IN ITS PATH --

SEAN -- aiming his SHOTGUN at the ceiling -- gun barrel  
TRACKING the sound above --

PAUL follows SEAN'S panicked gaze...

BLAM! BLAM!

SEAN let's go more TWO BLASTS -- blowing a HUGE, RAGGED  
HOLE in the ceiling -- plaster rains down --

AND THROUGH THE HOLES WE GLIMPSE --

-- The metallic sheen of THE CREATURE'S underside.

-- A BLACK EYE looking downward.

-- A TALONED HAND furiously clawing at the hole.

SEAN -- digging out more shells -- quick reload -- ready  
to rock -- and just like that --

BLAM! BLAM!

SEAN fires off TWO BLASTS --

THE HOLES WIDEN -- we can see clear through to the THIRD  
FLOOR --

An ANGUISHED SHRIEK tears through the house.

SEAN

I got it!

And then --

A torrent of BLACK VISCOUS OOZE spews from the RAGGED HOLE, splattering on the floor --

And this is followed by --

KAT'S BODY SLAMMING to the floor -- BARELY ALIVE -- in agony. The skin on her torso TORN AWAY. She groans in anguish.

SEAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Jesus --

PAUL swings around to reveal...

KAT -- weak -- eyes heavy -- drifting towards death --

BLOOD streaming from her mouth, puddling on the floor.

PAUL sets the CAMERA on the floor -- FROM A LOW AWKWARD ANGLE -- we see PAUL wiping the blood from KAT'S mouth.

KAT tries to speak, but GURGLER BLOOD instead. And then...

An ANGRY SHRIEK echoes through the house --

PAUL

KAT ...

EMILY

We can't leave her --

KAT -- breathing rapid -- shallow -- voice thin --

KAT

Get out of here.

A sudden paroxysm of quick, shallow breaths. KAT exhales. Thin. Peaceful. *Final*.

WHEN SUDDENLY -- THOOMP! THOOMP! THOOMP!

The house shakes violently again --

OUR WORLD IS COLLAPSING ALL AROUND US --

PAUL has EMILY in frame -- at the hallway entrance to the kitchen.

EMILY (O.S.)

We've gotta move -- now --

HE SWINGS back to find: SEAN pumping the shotgun -- shit -- OUT OF AMMO. He tosses it aside.

THOOOMP! THE CREATURE POUNDS through the ceiling to the first floor.

PAUL swings the camera -- trailing SEAN as he follows EMILY down a long hallway --

EMILY (CONT'D)

This way --

EMILY leads them into --

THE KITCHEN

Past a BIG BAY WINDOW -- rain POUNDING the GLASS -- the ROAR of the TORNADO pulsing in their ears --

EMILY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Out there!

PAUL ADJUSTS THE CAMERA -- LOOKING THROUGH THE WINDOW -- we see a LARGE METAL DOOR embedded in a CONCRETE SLAB --

EMILY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

It's about thirty feet across the property.

WHEN SUDDENLY -- ABOVE THEM -- PLASTER EXPLODES --

CRACK! -- THE CREATURE punches a GAPING HOLE in the ceiling. It's muscled, shining arm furiously swiping at PAUL --

PAUL -- jumps back -- knocking the camera on its side -- AND FROM OUR NEW ANGLE -- dutch -- we see the BASE of the BACK DOOR --

Chaos erupting -- all around us -- a cacophony of OTHERWORLDLY SHRIEKS and VOICES YELLING -- commotion --

EMILY (CONT'D)

Let's go -- now --

PAUL -- grabs the camera -- low angle -- bouncing -- frenzied motion -- trailing EMILY -- running wild through the kitchen doorway --

**EXT. FARMHOUSE -- CONTINUOUS**

PAUL -- behind EMILY -- racing to the shelter -- full speed -- fighting the driving wind and rain -- CAMERA BOUNCES WILDLY -- we hear his panicked breathing --

We hear the HUGE TORNADO rumbling closer... and closer...

UP AHEAD

SEAN and EMILY -- stop -- frozen in fear -- staring at something --

PAUL tracks their terrified gaze to...

**THE MEGA TWISTER -- 2.5 MILES WIDE** -- bearing down on them -- destroying everything in its GARGANTUAN path --

PAUL (O.S.)

That thing has to be two miles wide.

PAUL -- stops -- jerks the camera back to --

SEAN and EMILY -- running along the farmhouse --

WHEN SUDDENLY -- THE SECOND STORY WALL ABOVE SEAN BURSTS OPEN AND...

THE CREATURE SMASHES THROUGH -- wood and glass shards flying in all directions -- and --

FINALLY -- WE SEE IT

**THE CREATURE -- LOOMING OVER SEAN -- IN FULL VIEW**

Nine feet tall. Muscular. Metallic skin. Taloned-hands. Black lidless eyes. A monstrosity.

SEAN stands there. Facing it down. Steeling his nerves.

The CREATURE POISED above him, FIXING him with a VACANT STARE.

SEAN

Get in the shelter.

PAUL (O.S.)

What about you?

SEAN

Take Emily. Just go.

Like that -- SEAN -- sprints back toward the house --

EMILY

No --

THE CREATURE -- leaps into the air -- blinding speed --  
pinning him to the ground -- face first --

PAUL (O.S.)

Sean...

SEAN -- struggles -- fighting for his life -- nothing  
working -- hopeless --

SEAN

*Run!*

GRRRREEEEEEEAAAAANNNKKKK!

THE CREATURE digs its METALLIC TALON deep into the flesh  
of SEAN'S back --

SEAN screams in agony.

PAUL (O.S.)

Sean!

THE CREATURE rips out the SPINE and SKULL -- and like  
that -- SEAN falls DEAD --

The CREATURE now draws a bead on EMILY -- caught there --  
her path to the shelter BLOCKED --

PAUL (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Don't move. I'm coming --

EMILY

Paul...

EMILY -- suddenly turns -- sprints in the opposite  
direction - away from the SHELTER -- disappearing around  
the corner of the house --

PAUL (O.S.)

Emily... come back -- where are  
you going --

SUDDENLY -- the CREATURE snaps its attention to PAUL --  
staring dead-eyed -- directly into THE CAMERA --

GRRRREEEEEEEAAAAANNNKKKK!

PAUL -- backs away -- running hard -- lungs burning --  
panicked breathing -- camera unsteady -- everything is a  
frantic blur -- almost there --

PAUL climbs into --

**INT./EXT. STORM SHELTER - CONTINUOUS**

LOOKING DOWN A NARROW STAIRCASE -- emptying into a small  
concrete bunker.

PAUL -- positioned at the top step -- whips the camera  
around -- and WIDENS the frame to reveal --

THE TOWERING FUNNEL CLOUD -- MILES WIDE -- DWARFING THE  
HOUSE -- BEARING DOWN QUICKLY -- DEBRIS FLYING ALL AROUND  
US --

THE CREATURE -- marches toward shelter -- angry --  
determined --

JUST THEN -- THE COMMAND TRUCK -- driven by EMILY --  
CAREENS around the corner -- debris battering it from all  
sides -- tires chewing grass -- heading straight for --

THE CREATURE

**WHAM!!!** -- The COMMAND TRUCK RAMS the CREATURE -- sending  
it sailing through the air -- and then --

THUD!

The CREATURE hits the ground -- body slam -- motionless --

ABOVE THE ACTION

We see the massive TORNADO bearing down on them...

PAUL (O.S.)  
Emily! Get out of there!

**GRRRREEEEEEEAAAANNKKKK!**

JUST THEN -- the CREATURE leaps onto the windshield --  
punching its way inside --

The COMMAND TRUCK -- ENGINE screaming -- WHEELS spinning  
in reverse -- spitting mud -- going nowhere --

PAUL (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Emily!

TOO LATE -- THE TORNADO IS HERE

THE COMMAND TRUCK -- at the MERCY of the VIOLENT WIND -- begins to LIFT OFF THE GROUND...

THE GIANT FUNNEL CLOUD SWALLOWING EVERYTHING IN SIGHT

Crashes into the farmhouse -- RIPPING it to PIECES -- DISINTEGRATING in seconds -- DEBRIS rocketing in all directions -- and then --

The COMMAND TRUCK rise up in the air -- twisting -- toward the VORTEX -- the CREATURE -- TALONS clinging to the TRUCK GRILL --

When suddenly -- the TWISTER spits out a cast iron BATH TUB -- hurtling it directly toward the camera --

PAUL (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
-- Jesus Christ --

PAUL drops down -- SLAMMING DOWN the shelter door in the nick of time. We hear his PANICKED BREATHING. Gasping.

He jams the LEVER into place and secures the door.

The ground rumbles -- as the FURY above draws closer.

When suddenly -- THOOOMP! -- a FIST-SIZED INDENTATION appears in the STEEL DOOR. The CREATURE is punching his way inside --

PAUL -- frightened -- jerks back -- slipping down the stairs -- he DROPS THE CAMERA -- falling back --

CAMERA bounces wildly -- and then --

We hear the sickening sound of BONE CRUNCHING --

PAUL screams.

THE CAMERA lands at an AWKWARD WIDE ANGLE -- LOOKING UP AT THE STAIRCASE -- video scrambling -- distorting -- a moment --

FINALLY -- THE VIDEO SNAPS BACK

IN THE EDGE OF OUR FRAME --

PAUL -- screaming -- excruciating pain -- LEG SNAPPED BACK AT AN IMPOSSIBLE ANGLE -- JAGGED BONE jutting out of his leg ---

PAUL (CONT'D)  
 (agonized)  
 God-dammit --

Then we hear it...

HIGH ABOVE US NOW

The ROAR of the TWISTER intensifying.

THOOMP! THOOOMP!

The CREATURE -- wild punches -- pulverizing steel --  
 relentless -- frenzied -- and then --

We hear the SHRILL HOWL of metal TEARING metal, as THE  
 CREATURE sinks its TALONS into the steel --

And the TORNADO is HERE.

It sounds like a FREIGHT TRAIN FROM HELL. Ear-splitting.  
*Deafening.*

The CREATURE unleashes an unearthly shriek as it battles  
 the furious wind.

THE SHELTER SHAKES. Lights spasm. Ground quaking.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
 Shit!

It feels as if the entire shelter is about to be UPROOTED  
 and sucked into the VORTEX.

Agonizing seconds pass. *Until...*

The RUMBLING subsides as the TORNADO passes by.

Everything goes quiet and still.

And then...

PAUL, wincing, let's out a torrent of emotion. His body  
 wracks with sobs.

Beat. A long one.

PAUL turns toward the camera, dragging it closer -- and --

CLICK!

TIME CUT

Later. We UPCUT on PAUL staring into the CAMERA. His skin is ashen. Sweating.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
 The door's jammed shut. Won't budge. I'm sealed in.  
 (reset)  
 I can't feel my leg.

He looks around. Dizzy. Turns the camera OFF.

TIME CUT

Later. PAUL holds the CAMERA, hands shaking, staring directly into the LENS. Hopelessness in his eyes.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
 It's been hours. I can't feel my right leg. I'm cold.  
 (mumbles)  
 Battery's almost gone.

PAUL -- about to SHUT OFF the CAMERA, when suddenly...

ABOVE US

We hear VOICES. Muffled. Human.

PAUL freezes. Eyes welling up. A glimmer of hope in his eyes.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
 Hello...

PAUL rests the camera next to him, aiming it toward the stairs.

Just then -- the brilliant BLUE GLOW of an acetylene flame CUTS through the STEEL DOOR --

A hail of yellow sparks rains down the steps --

PAUL cries out -- voice thin -- raspy --

PAUL (CONT'D)  
 In here...

FOOOMP! -- The mangled steel door is yanked away.

We hear a MALE VOICE. Calm. Authoritative.

MALE VOICE  
 Clear.

TWO SOLDIERS IN BLACK TACTICAL-STYLE HAZMAT SUITS

CLIMB through the entrance. Armed with **M-4 CARBINE ASSAULT RIFLES**. Every movement is tactical. Efficient. Military precision at work.

Their faces hidden under the blacked out RESPIRATOR MASKS.

We hear their voices -- clipped, via IN-HELMET communication systems.

SOLDIER #1

Clear.

SOLDIER #2

Z-1 to command -- entrance is open and clear.

COMMAND (RADIO)

Proceed with caution.

SOLDIER #2

Roger.

(to HAZMAT #1)

Hold the entrance.

SOLDIER #1

Roger that.

The SOLDIER #2 descends deeper into the SHELTER.

PAUL (O.S.)

Hello -- down here --

SOLDIER #2

Command -- we have visual confirmation on the civilian target --

PAUL (O.S.)

I was beginning to think I was gonna die down here...

The SOLDIERS remain stoic -- emotionless. They just stare at PAUL.

The RADIO CHATTER echoes in the BG.

COMMAND (RADIO)

Command to E-7.

E-7 (RADIO)

Go ahead.

COMMAND (RADIO)

What is the status of the  
Specimen?

E-7 (RADIO)

Target was located approximately  
500 meters outside of DZ. It has  
been neutralized and awaiting  
transport.

COMMAND (RADIO)

Hold your position. Extraction  
team en route. ETA three minutes.

E-7 (RADIO)

Roger.

COMMAND

Zones 1 and 2 are 80 percent  
contained. Zones 3 and 4 are at  
less than 20 percent containment --

PAUL'S ears prick up. Alarmed. Talking over them.

PAUL

-- "Others?" There are more of  
those fucking things --

SOLDIER #2 turn to PAUL, ignoring his questions.

SOLDIER #2

And the civilian?

COMMAND (RADIO)

Follow protocol.

SOLDIER #2

Roger.

Like that -- SOLDIER #2 lifts his AUTOMATIC RIFLE, aiming  
it at PAUL --

PAUL (O.S.)

(desperate)

-- Wait -- what are you doing --  
you're making a mistake -- I'm  
just --

BLAM! -- a single shot -- precise -- lethal --

PAUL -- silenced -- body sliding out of frame -- like a puppet -- lifeless.

SOLDIER #2

Z-1 to command, threat has been eliminated.

COMMAND (RADIO)

Report to the extraction point for redeployment.

SOLDIER #2

Roger.

JUST THEN -- HAZMAT #2 turns -- noticing the CAMERA for the first time.

He leans forward, peering directly into the LENS --

IN HIS MASK

We see the REFLECTION of the VIDEO CAMERA -- red record light glowing -- and PAUL'S BODY -- lifeless -- slumped over on the floor --

SOLDIER #2 reaches out a GLOVED HAND toward the camera...

And just like that...

*CLICK.*

SLAM TO:

BLACK