

Gary Sinise

EVENT HORIZON

by

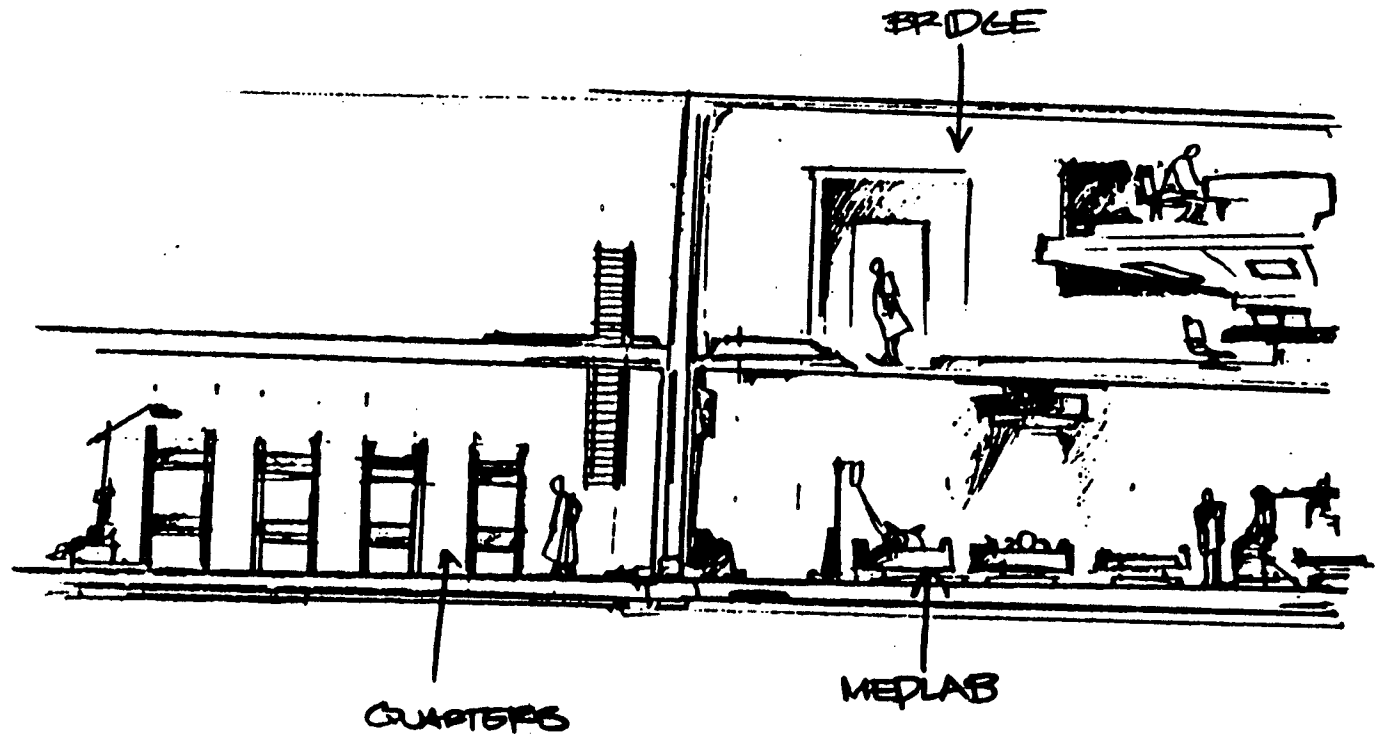
Philip Eisner

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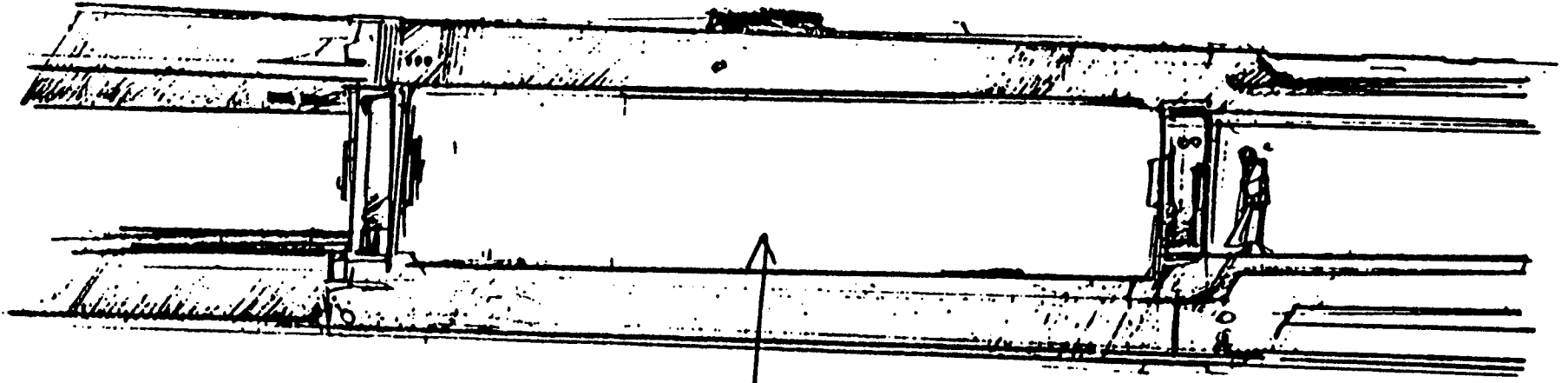
4/XI 1992

First Draft

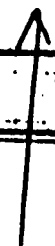


ELEVATIONS · EVENT HORIZON

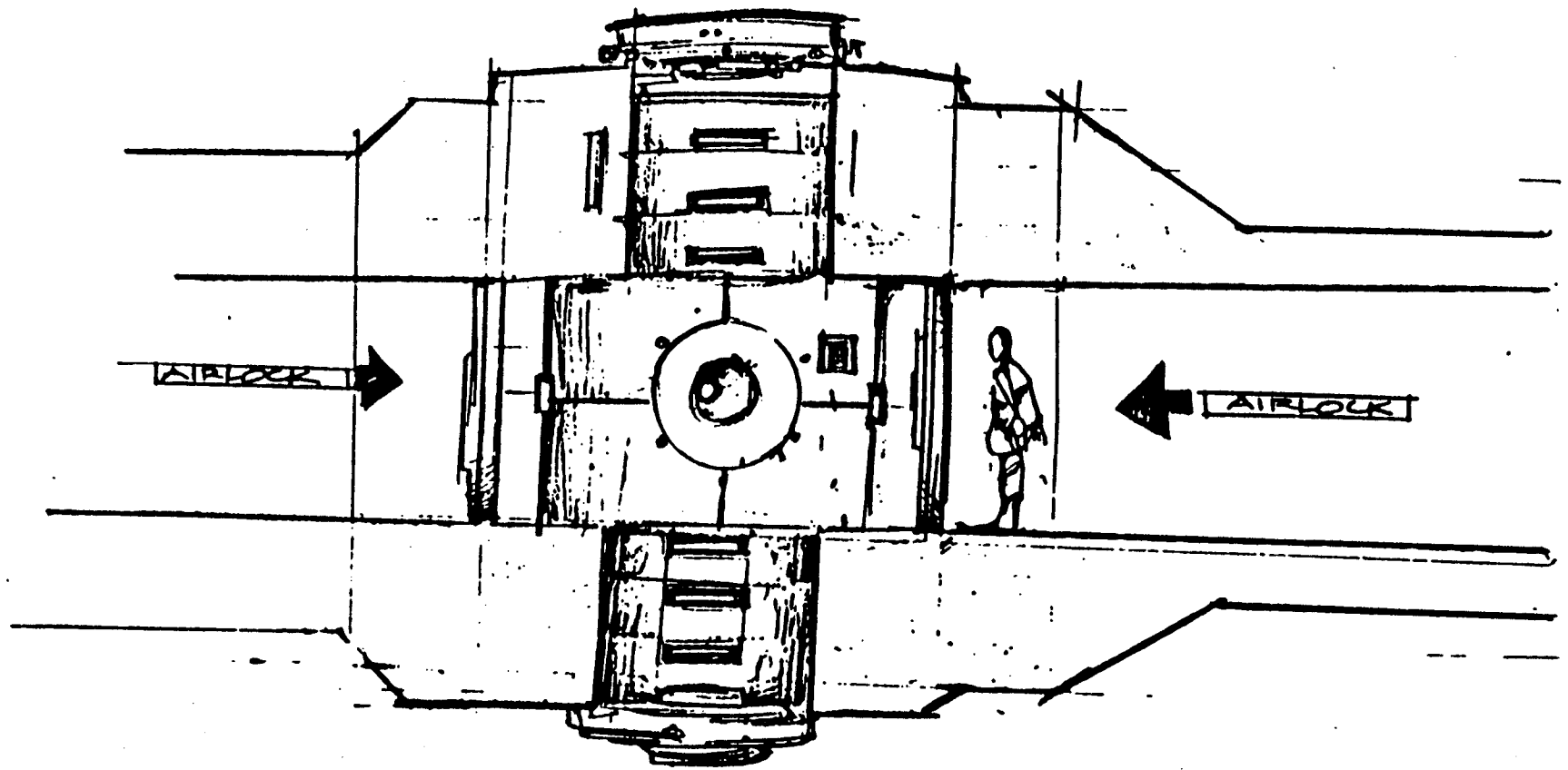
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Pat Conroy



FIRST CONTAINMENT

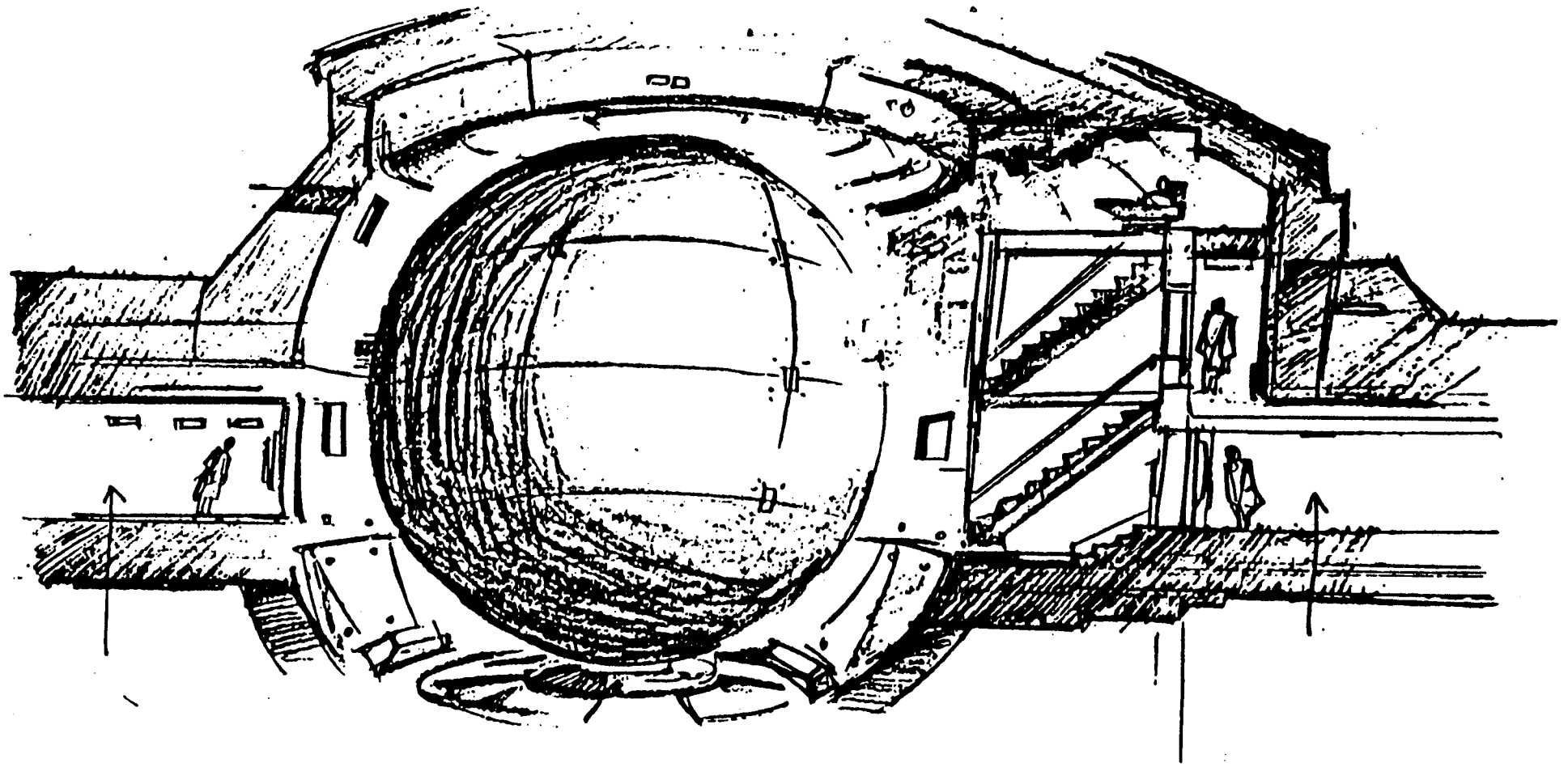


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AIRLOCK - EVENT HORIZON

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SECOND CONTAINMENT

EVENT HORIZON FUSION REACTOR
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THIRD CONTAINMENT

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1 INTERPLANETARY SPACE.

1

A vast field of stars.
The enormous gas giant Neptune slowly spins into view.
Brilliant and blue and cold against the void of space.

A black silhouette stands out against the planet, tiny
against Neptune's scale. As we drift closer, we discern the
hard angles of a man-made craft.

We spiral towards the ship. No longer dwarfed by the gas
giant, we realize the scale of the vessel: a labyrinth of
steel.

Its shadow sends us into darkness.

DISSOLVE TO:

2 INT. EVENT HORIZON - CORRIDOR

2

We float free of gravity down a Corridor lit by strobing red
emergency lights. Debris hangs in the air, shards of metal
and glass.

We pass through from the Corridor into:

3 INT. EVENT HORIZON - QUARTERS

3

Images of Earth plaster the walls: landscapes, family
snapshots, pages torn from magazines. Red crystals hang
suspended.

A black sock slowly spins in midair, nothing to slow its
rotation.

We leave the quarters behind and enter:

4 INT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE

4

Neptune's blue light fills the chamber, reflecting off
immobile particles in the air. Six empty capsules line one
wall like open coffins: gravity couches.

Beyond them, a cockpit for three; thick quartz windows look
down at Neptune. The cockpit lights are black but for one
blinking red light.

An emergency beacon.

The strobe of the red light reveals a man floating at the
helm, slowly spinning. He is dead, perfectly preserved in
the cold vacuum of space. His eyes are empty black pits and
his mouth hangs open in a scream: DR. WILLIAM WEIR.

CUT TO:

5 INT. BEDROOM

5

WEIR opens his eyes, waking from dream. Sweat beads his ascetic, etched face. Twenty years a scientist.

He turns on the bedside lamp, revealing a couple's chamber. Decorated by a woman. WEIR is alone, unless you count photographs. His dresser is a shrine to a beautiful woman. WEIR appears in a few of the pictures. In an unframed, recent picture, the woman appears thin and haggard, wearing a small brave smile.

Opposite the dresser, the wall is devoted to physics: charts, stacks of books and files, computer print-outs pinned to a bulletin board. And above all, the blueprints to an enormous spacecraft: the *Event Horizon*.

No windows; only a large videoscreen displaying a view of Earth, from the moon.

WEIR picks up the recent photograph, looks at it. Looks to the blueprints on the wall. He gets up, studying the ship. He frowns.

The vid-phone RINGS.

WEIR hits a button. The face of an excited technician appears on the tiny screen.

GIBBS

(tinny)

Dr. Weir, Admiral Hollis would like to see you immediately.

WEIR

What is it?

GIBBS

(tinny)

Immediately, Dr. Weir.

6 INT. DAYLIGHT - OFFICE

6

A military office.

Views of the Earth.

Admiral HOLLIS sits behind his desk, a gruff career officer and a good man. His adjutant, LYLE, stands behind him.

WEIR takes the chair at the desk, he pours over hardcopy data, his face unable to conceal his excitement.

(CONTINUED)

LYLE

It could be a prank. A miner with a bad sense of humor --

WEIR

(interrupting)

Miners don't go past Jupiter. It's the Event Horizon.

LYLE

The voice message doesn't even sound human.

WEIR

The navigation beacon is a positive I.D.

(checking the data)

The orbit's unstable.

HOLLIS

Yeah. That's what the boys in Houston said, too. We've got to get out there and salvage that ship before the orbit decays.

WEIR

I have to go, of course.

LYLE

You're not an astronaut.

WEIR

Do you know of anyone else qualified to evaluate the gravity drive?

Beat. WEIR presses his advantage.

WEIR

(continuing)

I spent nine years on the design team. For seven years I've gone through every possible scenario, trying to figure out what went wrong. I know that ship.

HOLLIS

I'll have to run this by the Man downstairs.

Thank you, Admiral.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

HOLLIS

Don't thank me, Bill. I'm not doing
you a favor.

WEIR leaves. The door closes behind him.
HOLLIS and LYLE look at each other.

LYLE

You don't think the crew's still
alive?

HOLLIS

The government's invested 12 billion
dollars in that ship. It doesn't
really matter whether the crew's alive
or not.

LYLE

Sending Weir is a mistake. He's not
field personnel.

HOLLIS

But he knows the ship, Frank.

LYLE

It's a dangerous mission.

HOLLIS

He doesn't have any family.

LYLE

I thought a wife --

Hollis shakes his head.

HOLLIS

Cancer. Six months ago.

LYLE

I still say he's risky.

HOLLIS

I could send you.

LYLE

I have a family.

HOLLIS

Then I don't have much choice. What's
our fastest available ship?

CUT TO:

7 INTERPLANETARY SPACE 7

Near Venus.

The *Lewis and Clarke* silently blasts by, all engine. Flying under the Coast Guard seal.

8 INT. LEWIS AND CLARKE - CORRIDOR 8

MILLER, the Captain. Early 40's. A stern face, a muscular body. A haunted quality to his eyes.

He opens his eyes, shakes sleep from his mind, grounding himself in reality.

He floats naked in a gravity couch, the tank filled with thick blue gel, his nose and mouth covered by breathing apparatus.

The gel begins to drain away.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

Two rows of ten identical tanks, lining both sides of the narrow metal Corridor.

Seven are occupied. The crew. Five men, two women.

The fluid gone, the tanks open.

The crew bursts into action, like firemen responding to a bell. Out of the tanks, to the adjacent lockers, throwing on flight suits.

The jumpsuits are thick material, and can double as emergency pressure suits should the need arise. Each bears four patches: the name of the crewmember, the ship patch (*Lewis and Clarke*), the patch of the USSEF (United States Space Expeditionary Force), and the Red Cross of rescue.

JUSTIN, the baby-faced Engineer, has trouble zipping up his flight suit.

JUSTIN

Dammit.

COOPER, the Rescue Tech, a black man in his early 30's, a hard body with attitude to match:

COOPER

What's the matter, Baby-bear? Havin' trouble with your jammies?

JUSTIN

It's stuck.

PETERS, the Medical Tech, leans over to help him. A handsome woman in her 30's and the crew's den mother.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

PETERS

Ignore him.

COOPER

Hey, Starck, whyn'cha dry my back?

STARCK, Navigator, late 20's, a woman. A pretty face, a sharp mind and a tongue to match:

STARCK

Dry your own.

COOPER laughs.

COOPER

Better loosen up that ass before it turns to stone.

She glares at him.

MILLER zips up his suit.

MILLER

Cooper, I want you suited up for EVA. Starck, why aren't you on the Bridge?

STARCK

I just finished drying --

MILLER

Then what are you doing here? Come on, people, let's go!

CUT TO:

9 INT. LEWIS AND CLARKE - BRIDGE

9

The Bridge. A tight cockpit with four stations: pilot, navigator, engineer, captain. A mass of screens surround the stations.

MILLER follows STARCK into the Bridge. She slides into the navigation console. He takes the captain's chair. The pilot SMITH sits at the helm, a crusty veteran. JUSTIN follows them in, checks the ship's systems.

JUSTIN

All systems green for go, Cap.

MILLER

Glad to hear it. Where are they, Starck?

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

She puts on a virtual helmet -- navigation data flashes across its visor.

STARCK

Right where they should be, top of the hour. Dead ahead.

MILLER

Put it on the main.

The data on STARCK'S helmet appears on the central Bridge screen: a field of stars, crossed by a navigation grid. Nothing special.

MILLER

Punch it up.

She magnifies a section in the center of the screen. Revealing a small object. She increases magnification. An asteroid. Again, the screen enlarges the image. A mining ship, clinging to a small asteroid. Terrestrial in design, obviously damaged as vapors spill out into the void.

MILLER

Any new communication?

STARCK

No. Just the emergency beacon.

SMITH twists in his chair. He speaks with a pilot's drawl:

SMITH

Don't look good, Cap. We got the call eighteen hours ago. Those boys are deader than horseshit.

MILLER

Just bring us in tight, Smith.

CUT TO:

10 INTERPLANETARY SPACE

10

The mile-long asteroid rotates at a steep pitch. The mining ship holds on like a steel tick: the *Lucky Strike*.

The *Lewis and Clarke* closes in on the asteroid and matches the planetoid's rotation.

CUT TO:

11 INT. LEWIS AND CLARKE - BRIDGE

11

As SMITH matches the rotation of the asteroid, it seems to stop spinning on their screen.

SMITH

Rotation of 4 minutes, pitch oh-seven-four --

STARCK'S helmet flashes through a series of cross-section scans of the *Lucky Strike*.

STARCK

(interrupting)

Cap, I'm picking up a very bad radiation leak from their reactor containment.

MILLER

How bad?

STARCK

About 600 rads.

MILLER

That gives us seven minutes of exposure.

SMITH

Sounds like a meltdown. Are you sure you want to risk it?

Beat. SMITH looks at MILLER with trepidation. Miller gets up from his chair.

MILLER

We didn't come out here to watch. Smith, lock in the rotation and prepare to dock.

JUSTIN

Sir, request permission to join the boarding party --

MILLER

Stay at your post and watch TV, Mr. Justin.

MILLER ducks under the hatch.
JUSTIN looks disappointed.

(CONTINUED)

- 11 CONTINUED: 11
- SMITH
Relax, Baby-bear. You'll pop your
cherry soon enough.
- 12 INT. LEWIS AND CLARKE - CORRIDOR 12
- MILLER jogs down the Corridor.
He leans his head into --
- 13 INT. LEWIS AND CLARKE - MEDICAL 13
- Medical. A high tech operating room. Modular equipment
lines the walls, surrounds a gleaming steel table and two
life support tanks.
- DJ, a cold and professional trauma surgeon, sterilizes his
hands beneath an ultra-violet light.
- MILLER
DJ, they've got a bad rad leak. Any
survivors are gonna be hot.
- DJ nods.
- DJ
Radiation I can handle. It's the dead
ones I can't fix.
- 14 EXT. LEWIS AND CLARKE 14
- A universal docking collar extends to link the *Lewis and
Clarke* to the mining craft.
- 15 INT. DOCKING COLLAR 15
- Three figures in EVA suits walk down the umbelicus.
MILLER, PETERS and COOPER.
They speak over the radio, the only other sound, their
BREATHING.
- MILLER
(filtered)
We got a strict timetable, people. I
want to be gone in six minutes.
- COOPER and PETERS joke with each other. Their words are
flip, their voices, nervous and afraid.
- COOPER
(filtered)
What if we're not?

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

PETERS

(filtered)

Then you'll have the mutant children
you always wanted.

COOPER

(filtered)

My son "Flipper."

They stop at the Lucky Strike's Outer Airlock Door.

MILLER

(filtered)

The hull's been breached. It's not
going to be pretty.

PETERS

(filtered)

It never is.

MILLER

(filtered)

Ready?

COOPER and PETERS nod.

COOPER

(filtered)

Do it to it.

CUT TO:

16 INT. LUCKY STRIKE - AIRLOCK

16

The Outer Airlock Door slides open.
Debris floats in zero-gravity: shards of metal like
confetti, electronic modules, wires and cables.

Three CORPSES. Once miners, their eyes have exploded in the
vacuum. Swollen tongues clog their open mouths. Their
faces and exposed arms are crossed by a network of bloated
veins; the skin, cracked and crystallized.

MILLER, COOPER, and PETERS stare at the carnage.
Then move into the Airlock. Confident and graceful in zero-
gravity.

PETERS

(filtered)

The pressure doors didn't close.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

COOPER
(filtered)
The emergency circuit must have failed. This place is dead, Cap.

MILLER shakes his head.

MILLER
(filtered)
I want a full sweep. We can't leave a man behind.

17 INT. LUCKY STRIKE - CORRIDOR

17

MILLER, JUSTIN and PETERS float down the Corridor. Loose wiring and tubing hang in the vacuum; trace elements of atmosphere have frozen, leaving a thin sheen of ice over everything.

MILLER stops to examine a gaping hole in the bulkhead.

COOPER and PETERS approach two closed pressure doors leading from the Corridor.

PETERS takes the first door. She presses a thumper against the door, a device that uses sound waves to measure pressure. No atmosphere. She opens the door. Another CORPSE ravaged by vacuum and cold, illuminated by the lights on PETERS' helmet. Arched back in agony. She leaves the doorway, leaving the CORPSE in darkness.

COOPER checks the second door.

COOPER
(filtered)
We got pressure.

MILLER joins COOPER at the door. COOPER attaches a line to the thumper, transmitting his voice through the door.

COOPER
(filtered)
Is anybody there? Can anyone hear me?

18 INT. LUCKY STRIKE - COMMAND MODULE

18

A LONE MINER floats in the wreckage of the Command Module, shivering in a thermal blanket. Radiation burns blister his face and hands. His eyes flutter open as he hears:

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

COOPER
(OS, filtered, tinny)
Can anyone hear me?

SURVIVOR
(weakly)
Hey. Hey! I'm in here!

19 INT. LUCKY STRIKE - CORRIDOR

19

COOPER at the door:

COOPER
(filtered)
Cap, we got one!

STARCK
(OS, radio)
We got a big problem here.

MILLER
(filtered)
Talk to me, Starck.

20 INT. LEWIS AND CLARKE - BRIDGE

20

JUSTIN watches several small video screens that display
COOPER'S, MILLER'S and PETERS' POV.
STARCK'S virtual helmet is lit up like a Christmas tree.

STARCK
The leak's getting worse. 800 rads
and climbing. Looks like the reactor
shielding's gonna go. You better pull
the team out.

21 INT. LUCKY STRIKE - CORRIDOR

21

MILLER, COOPER, PETERS.

MILLER
(filtered)
That's a negative. We've got a
survivor, but he doesn't have a
pressure suit. We'll have to seal the
docking collar to his compartment and
cut through.

22 INT. LEWIS AND CLARKE - BRIDGE

22

STARCK, intercut with COOPER'S POV of MILLER from JUSTIN'S
console.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

STARCK
Cap, we're looking at a meltdown.

MILLER
(filtered)
How much time can you give me?

STARCK
Three minutes, maybe.

MILLER
(filtered)
Three minutes. Fuck.

23 INT. LEWIS AND CLARKE - CORRIDOR

23'

MILLER takes a long look down the Corridor towards the lights of the docking collar. He looks at COOPER and PETERS.

MILLER
(filtered)
Peters, get back to the ship. I want you and DJ on station.

COOPER
(filtered)
What are you going to do?

CUT TO:

24 INT. LUCKY STRIKE - COMMAND MODULE

24

MILLER
(OS, tinny)
This is Captain Miller of the Search and Rescue ship Lewis and Clarke. What's your name?

SURVIVOR
Jake Patton.

MILLER
(OS, filtered, tinny)
Jake, here's the deal --

25 INT. LUCKY STRIKE - CORRIDOR

25

COOPER attaches shaped explosive charges to the door.

MILLER
(filtered)
-- we have to blow the door. We can't re-establish pressure out here, so
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

- 25 CONTINUED: 25
- MILLER (cont'd)
you're gonna be exposed to space until
we can get you into the *Lewis and
Clarke* --
- 26 INT. LUCKY STRIKE - COMMAND MODULE 26
- JAKE is afraid.
- MILLER
(OS, filtered, tinny)
You can't have any air in your lungs
or they'll rupture.
- 27 INT. LUCKY STRIKE - CORRIDOR 27
- MILLER, outside the door.
- STARCK
(OS, radio)
Captain --
- CUT TO:
- 28 INT. LEWIS AND CLARKE - BRIDGE 28
- The graphic of the *Lucky Strike* displayed across STARCK'S
helmet begins to flash red.
- STARCK
(continuing)
-- we have to leave. Now.
- 29 INT. LUCKY STRIKE - CORRIDOR 29
- ANGLE ON THE SHAPED CHARGES
as COOPER arms them.
- COOPER
(filtered)
We're armed.
- MILLER
(filtered)
Alright. Get out of here.
- COOPER launches himself down the Corridor towards the *Lewis
and Clarke*.
- 30 INT. LUCKY STRIKE - COMMAND MODULE 30
- JAKE breathes hard and follows MILLER'S hurried instructions:

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

MILLER

(OS, tinny filtered)

Tuck yourself into a crouched position, squint your eyes shut and cover them with your hands.

JAKE

Can we talk about this?

MILLER

(OS, filtered, tinny)

Jake, exhale everything you got.

He pulls the blanket tight around him, goes into a fetal crouch.

JAKE

Oh god --

31 INT. LUCKY STRIKE - CORRIDOR

31

MILLER moves away from the door. Finds protection in the Corridor.

32 A SERIES OF SHOTS.

32

- 1) STARCK'S helmet, flashing red.
- 2) JAKE, tucked into a ball, breath hissing --
- 3) MILLER'S hands on the detonator --
- 4) The door --
- 5) The charges --

A SILENT EXPLOSION shreds the door. The fragments shoot out the hole in the bulkhead.

The rush of escaping atmosphere carries JAKE'S body towards the hole --

MILLER catches him, propels them down the Corridor, grabbing JAKE tight with his legs and pulling with his arms.

Ice forms on JAKE'S body. His veins bulge. Blood sprays from his nose and mouth, boiling in the vacuum. Just like the dead miners.

MILLER pulls him into the Airlock.

COOPER and PETERS are waiting.

Five seconds have passed since the door was blown.

33 INT. LEWIS AND CLARKE - AIRLOCK

33

COOPER closes the Airlock behind them. Air hisses into the chamber. JAKE'S body hits the deck as "normal" gravity

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

exerts itself.

PETERS starts to cut JAKE'S jumpsuit off. COOPER removes PETERS' helmet as she works.

The Inside Airlock Door opens and DJ rushes in. He puts a tube in the JAKE'S mouth immediately, feeding him oxygen.

DJ

Pressure?

PETERS

90 over 50 and falling.

Blood bubbles from JAKE'S mouth and eyes. He gasps, then screams, spraying blood from his mouth.

DJ

That's good. He's breathing. Let's get him prepped...

DJ and PETERS pull JAKE out of the Airlock into the *Lewis and Clarke*. MILLER and COOPER pull their helmets off and breathe deep.

MILLER hits the intercom.

MILLER

Smith, get us out of here!

34 INT. LEWIS AND CLARKE - BRIDGE

34

SMITH at the helm:

SMITH

How much time do we have?

STARCK

We don't.

35 EXT. LEWIS AND CLARKE

35

The umbelicus retracts into the *Lewis and Clarke*.

Even as the rescue ship pulls away from the *Lucky Strike*, the mining craft blossoms into a brilliant sphere of light as its reactor explodes.

36 INT. LEWIS AND CLARKE - BRIDGE

36

The ship VIBRATES under the stress of the explosion. JUSTIN'S console lights up.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

JUSTIN
We've got a yellow light on the
starboard baffle --

SMITH
Sound Pressure Emergency!

CUT TO:

37 INT. LEWIS AND CLARKE - CORRIDOR

37

Pressure seals within the Corridor automatically close to
prevent total loss of atmosphere.

CUT TO:

38 INT. LEWIS AND CLARKE - MEDICAL

38

The VIBRATION continues.
DJ attaches a helmet to his flight suit. The suit balloons
slightly as it pressurizes.
PETERS slides JAKE into a life support tank and shuts it.

CUT TO:

39 INT. LEWIS AND CLARKE - AIRLOCK

39

Brilliant light floods through the Airlock porthole.

COOPER and MILLER frantically put their helmets back on.
The VIBRATION reaches its peak.
MILLER looks up and speaks to his ship.

MILLER
(filtered, soft as a prayer)
Come on, baby, please...

40 INTERPLANETARY SPACE

40

A brilliant globe of white light, fading from white to red.
The Lewis and Clarke shoots out of the boiling globe, still
intact.

The Lucky Strike's explosion fades to a tiny nebulae of
gasses, soon dispersed.

41 INT. LEWIS AND CLARKE - BRIDGE

41

JUSTIN stares at his board.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

JUSTIN

Still yellow. The baffle's holding...
She's holding!

SMITH sighs, relieved.

STARCK pulls off her helmet. Her face is pale.

42 INT. EVENT HORIZON - AIRLOCK

42

MILLER and COOPER remove their helmets.

COOPER

Hell of a risk for one man, Cap.

MILLER

That's our job. Never leave a man
behind. Never.

43 INT. LEWIS AND CLARKE - CORRIDOR

43

MILLER looks into Medical.

DJ and PETERS load JAKE into a life support tank.
His burns have been tended. Tubes snake into his nose and
mouth, but his eyes are open. He is awake and alive.

MILLER'S eyes meet JAKE'S. In JAKE'S eyes, gratitude.
MILLER smiles: the first time we have seen him smile.

FADE TO:

44 INTERSTELLAR SPACE

44

SILENCE. The *Lewis and Clarke* shoots towards Earth.

45 EXT. MOON

45

The *Lewis and Clarke* slowly descends towards Daylight: a
series of pressure domes on the moon's surface.

46 INT. DAYLIGHT - DRYDOCK

46

The *Lewis and Clarke* slowly descends into an enormous bay.
The drydock doors seal shut and air hisses into the bay.

Pressure established, the dock explodes with activity as the
ground crew rushes out to repair and refuel the vessel.

47 INT. DAYLIGHT - CORRIDOR

47

HOLLIS and MILLER walk down the Corridor.

(CONTINUED)

HOLLIS

How's the *Clarke*? I understand you got a little cooked out there.

MILLER

The starboard baffle needs to be replaced and we lost some tiles on our heat shield. The repair will take about forty hours.

HOLLIS

Less than that, I'm afraid. I'm sending you back out, Scott.

MILLER

Sir, my crew haven't had leave in three months. These people have families-

HOLLIS

A salvage and rescue's come up in the Outer Reach. The *Clarke's* the only ship that can get there in time. I'm assigning you a mission specialist. He'll brief you fully once you reach Neptune space.

MILLER

Neptune?

48 INT. LEWIS AND CLARKE - THE BRIDGE

48

STARCK wears her virtual helmet, checking the navigation data. SMITH checks fuel consumption ratios.

SMITH

I haven't gotten more than my hand in three months and they send us out to Neptune. Why not Mars, Cap. Mars has women --

STARCK

Smith's right. There's nothing out there --

MILLER

You know the rules. We get the call, we go. Lock it in and get us out of here.

- 49 INT. LEWIS AND CLARKE - QUARTERS 49
 COOPER helps WEIR into a small, fold-out launch seat against one wall. WEIR is awkward and uncomfortable.
 COOPER checks WEIR'S restraints.
 COOPER
 I'm Cooper. Fly me.
- 50 INT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE 50
 MILLER, SMITH, STARCK, JUSTIN.
 STARCK
 Daylight control, this is Lewis and Clarke, requesting launch.
- 51 EXT. DAYLIGHT 51
 The huge iris of the drydock opens.
 Small chemical thrusters at the Lewis and Clarke's aft ignite silently.
- 52 INT. LEWIS AND CLARKE - QUARTERS 52
 Personal items have been stowed for launch.
 COOPER, PETERS, DJ and WEIR sit strapped into launch seats along the wall.
 WEIR'S face pales and he swallows hard as the ROAR of the thrusters fills the ship. COOPER grins at him, nudges PETERS.
 DJ reads a medical journal, oblivious to the launch.
- 53 EXT. DAYLIGHT 53
 The ship slowly rises, free from the drydock into Moon orbit.
 The ship arcs away from the Moon, from the Earth, pointing towards the deep of space.
- 54 INT. LEWIS AND CLARKE - BRIDGE 54
 STARCK takes off her helmet.
 STARCK
 We're out of the well. Ion drive will engage in T-minus ten minutes.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

54

MILLER

Let's go.

SMITH

It's sardine time.

55 INT. LEWIS AND CLARKE - Corridor

55

The crew stands before the gravity couches, almost nude, but there is no room for privacy or modesty.

STARCK catches COOPER looking at her as she strips to her undergarments. COOPER meets her gaze. For a moment, we feel their connection. She looks away, her face set.

COOPER, MILLER, STARCK, JUSTIN, and SMITH climb into the gravity couches, familiar with the drill.

DJ goes from tank to tank, checking their breathing apparatus, closing the tanks and verifying the seal. One by one, the tanks begin to fill with a thick blue gel.

PETERS watches WEIR. The scientist stands outside his couch, uncertain. PETERS helps him in.

PETERS

This is your first time in a grav couch.

WEIR

Yes.

DJ approaches.

DJ

When the Ion drive fires, we'll be taking about 16 gees. Without a tank, the force would liquify your skeleton.

WEIR

I'm familiar with the theory. I've seen the effect on mice.

COMPUTER

Two minutes to Ion ignition.

DJ hands him the breathing mask.

DJ

Put this on.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

WEIR does. DJ checks the fit.

DJ
You didn't eat anything in the past
twelve hours?

WEIR shakes his head.

PETERS
You'll be fine. You'll wake up and
we'll be there. Watch your fingers.

MILLER closes the tank. It begins to fill. WEIR'S eyes
grow large with fear and then the anaesthesia hits. His
eyes close. His body draws into a fetal position.

DJ checks WEIR'S heartrate on the gravity couch monitor.
It slows considerably; WEIR'S body cools to 50 degrees F.

DJ
He's fine.

PETERS nods and moves to her own couch.
DJ seals her in.

56 EXT. LEWIS AND CLARKE

56

THE DISH
at the aft of the ship begins to glow a deep red.

57 INT. LEWIS AND CLARKE - CORRIDOR

57

The crew hang inert in the gravity couches.

58 EXT. LEWIS AND CLARKE

58

SILENCE. The aft dish flares white hot. The *Lewis and
Clarke* lances forward.

59 EXT. INTERPLANETARY SPACE

59

The *Lewis and Clarke* races SILENTLY past. The huge dish at
its aft holds a sustained fusion reaction like the sun.

60 INT. LEWIS AND CLARKE - CORRIDOR

60

WEIR opens his eyes.
His grav tank opens.
The other grav tanks are empty. There is no sign of the
crew.

WEIR slowly walks to the Bridge.

61 INT. LEWIS AND CLARKE - BRIDGE

61

A WOMAN sits at the helm, her back to us. She is completely still. She wears a bathrobe. Her skin is very pale. WEIR stands behind her.

WEIR
(tentative)
Claire?

She does not answer. She does not move. WEIR reaches out to touch her shoulder, then pulls his hand back, afraid.

WEIR
Claire? I'm sorry. Claire?

He reaches out again. He touches her hair. She doesn't move.

WEIR catches her reflection in the computer monitors. Something wrong with her face, but we cannot see clearly. He starts to spin her around.

CUT TO:

62 INT. LEWIS AND CLARKE - CORRIDOR

62

WEIR awakes with a jolt, in his grav couch. His mask has slipped. His tank has filled with blood. He is drowning.

CUT TO:

63 INT. LEWIS AND CLARKE - CORRIDOR

63

Reality.
The lights on the Corridor brighten. We see the crewmembers convulse within their tanks as electric shocks revive them.

WEIR'S eyes open. He presses against the glass of the tank, trying to force it open, panicked.

The tanks open with a HISS.
WEIR tumbles to the floor, gasping, fluid streaming from his mouth.

PETERS rushes to him.

WEIR
(gasping)
Claire...

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

63

PETERS

DJ!

PETERS

It's okay. You're okay. Just breathe.

DJ pulls his kit from his locker and prepares a syringe.
WEIR struggles against PETERS. MILLER helps hold him.

WEIR

No, no needles-

DJ slides the needle into WEIR'S arm.
WEIR catches his breath. He looks up.
The crew surrounds him, concerned.

WEIR

I'm okay. I'm okay.

64 EXT. INTERPLANETARY SPACE

64

SILENCE. The *Lewis and Clarke* drifts towards Neptune.

65 INT. LEWIS AND CLARKE - QUARTERS

65

Quarters serves as locker room, mess hall, and dorm.
Curtained sleeping alcoves surround a central table.

The crew have decorated their alcoves: COOPER with pin-ups and photos of female conquests, PETERS with pictures of her family. JUSTIN'S unmade bunk is covered with comic books, his wall space decorated with a hologram poster of a woman on a high tech motorcycle. STARCK's is neat and orderly, with a bookshelf of mathematic texts. SMITH, a fair artist with charcoal, decorated his alcove with his own artwork; mostly technical drawings. Mixed in are portraits of the crew.

MILLER relaxes on his Spartan bunk. In his hands he holds a ship's service medal: *The Goliath*. He snaps the medal case shut and joins WEIR and DJ at the table. WEIR sits huddled in a blanket, sipping tea.

PETERS hands coffee around. The rest sit on their bunks, shooting the breeze. COOPER and SMITH toss a handball back and forth, playing "keep away" from JUSTIN.

STARCK enters.

STARCK

We're on course. 30 hours to Neptune orbit.

(CONTINUED)

MILLER

Alright, people. By now we know where we're going. Dr. Weir, will you please tell us why?

WEIR clears his throat.

WEIR

I take it you all have heard of the *Event Horizon*.

DJ

It was a deep space research vessel. Reactor went critical and the crew couldn't shut it down.

SMITH

It's just a ghost ship. Like the *Flying Dutchman*. Miners in the outer rim get a little buggy, claim to have the *Horizon* popping up on their scopes.

COOPER

Like the one time this old dude on Ganymede claimed that aliens kidnapped him and they had Marilyn Monroe, too, part of a breeding program --

MILLER

Coop.

COOPER shuts up.

WEIR

The reactor accident was a cover story. The *Event Horizon* was not destroyed. She was lost. She was the culmination of a secret government project, the only ship fitted with a faster-than-light drive.

STARCK

That's impossible. You can't go faster than light. The law of relativity --

WEIR

We can't break the law of relativity, but we can go around it.

(CONTINUED)

STARCK

Isn't that just a theory --

COOPER suddenly snaps the ball to STARCK.

COOPER

Hey, Brainiac, can you wait for the question and answer period?

She throws it back, hard. He catches it.

WEIR

It's no theory. It's called a gravity drive. It warps space to create a singularity around the ship. The ship travels through this... warp, instantaneously appearing light years away.

STARCK

Of course. *Event Horizon*. The point at which light can't escape from a black hole.

WEIR

Where light vanishes from our universe, yes.

STARCK

We really built this?

WEIR nods.

WEIR

The *Event Horizon* left our solar system under Ion power. Activated the gravity drive. And disappeared for seven years. It was assumed that the drive malfunctioned, that the ship was destroyed... But now she's come back.

MILLER

Has there been any live contact?

Beat.

WEIR

We're not sure. We picked up a brief voice message, but it was badly garbled. Houston's still trying to decipher it.

(CONTINUED)

MILLER

Was the message repeated?

WEIR

No. Just the one transmission. And the automatic navigation beacon.

PETERS

How could the crew be alive after seven years?

WEIR

The gravity drive creates a singularity. Which is another fancy name for a black hole.

Beat. This sinks in.

SMITH

A black hole. That's good. That's very good. Cap, do we get hazard pay for this?

MILLER

Just listen.

WEIR continues.

WEIR

Space around a black hole is so severely distorted that time slows, even stops. It's possible that, for the crew, very little time has passed. Our job is to rescue them, if we can, and salvage the ship.

COOPER

Where exactly is this black hole? So I don't step in it.

CUT TO:

66 INT. LEWIS AND CLARKE - QUARTERS - VIDEO DISPLAY

66

A screen shows the blueprints to the *Event Horizon*. The blueprints shift according to WEIR'S description.

WEIR

To protect the crew from the powerful forces at work, the personnel sections of the ship are located in these forward decks. The quarters, Bridge, medical and science labs, hydroponics,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WEIR (cont'd)
 what have you. Then you have a long
 tunnel connecting the forward decks to
 the Engineering Containment area.

SMITH
 How long is that?

WEIR
 500 meters.

COOPER gives a low whistle.

WEIR
 (continuing)
 Located at the midpoint of the ship,
 we have the docking collar. And here
 are the containment areas. The First
 Containment is Engineering. It holds
 auxiliary controls for the reactor and
 both drive systems.

WEIR punches up the next screen: a room like a cathedral,
 built around the round reactor shell.

WEIR
 (continuing)
 The Second Containment holds the
 fusion reactor that powers the Ion
 drive and maintains the magnetic field
 around the singularity.

MILLER
 And the Third Containment?

WEIR
 That contains the gravity drive
 itself. The singularity.

COOPER
 The black hole. I want to see that.

WEIR
 I'm sorry. It's classified.

MILLER
 Where are the lifeboats?

WEIR
 In an emergency, the crew can separate
 the foredecks from the drive engines.
 A series of explosive charges would
 destroy the central conduit --
 (WEIR indicates the Central
 Corridor)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

66

WEIR (cont'd)
 -- that would sever the personnel area
 from the rest of the ship. They could
 survive several months, in stasis.

MILLER
 Let's take a look at the whole thing.

WEIR punches it up.
 The entire ship, a side view.

67 INT. LEWIS AND CLARKE - QUARTERS - LATER

67

Dark now. We hear the DEEP BREATHING of the sleeping crew.
 MILLER lies on his bunk, asleep.

We MOVE IN on his face.
 Flickering red light slowly illuminates his face and we hear
 the ROAR of fire. Cutting through the ROAR, a SCREAM:

VOICE
 (OS)
 Don't leave me!

MILLER sits up.
 There is no fire.
 The room is dark, silent but for SMITH'S occasional snore.
 A nightmare.
 MILLER gets up and pads quietly out the door.

68 INT. EVENT HORIZON - CORRIDOR

68

MILLER heads for the Bridge.

69 INT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE

69

MILLER enters and sits at JUSTIN'S station.
 All systems in the green.
 MILLER punches up a floorplan of the *Lewis and Clarke*.
 He checks the starboard baffle. Still holding.
 He hears a sound behind him and turns.

WEIR sits at Navigation.
 He stares at varying images of the *Event Horizon* on the
 different screens: blueprints, construction photographs.
 Completely oblivious of MILLER'S presence.

MILLER
 You care a lot about her.

WEIR jumps, turns to MILLER. His eyes are red.

(CONTINUED)

MILLER

(continuing)

Your ship. I know that feeling.

WEIR ejects his data disc from the ship's computer and the images of the *Event Horizon* vanish from the screens.

WEIR

Yes. Claire tells me I love the *Event Horizon* more than I love her. I always tell her that's not true. I just know the *Horizon* better, that's all.

MILLER

Claire is your wife?

Beat. MILLER has no idea how painful this subject is for WEIR. Has no idea WEIR is speaking about a dead woman.

WEIR

Yes.

MILLER

It must be hard, being so far away from her.

WEIR

Yes. I miss her very much.

MILLER settles down into his chair and stares out at the starfield.

MILLER

What do you really expect to find?
After all this time.

WEIR

Who can say? Black holes makes sense on paper -- it's all math, you see -- but as to what really happened, I don't know. The *Event Horizon* has passed beyond our plane of reality and, like Lazarus, returned from the dead.

MILLER

You better get some sleep while you still can.

WEIR

I'd rather not, if it's all the same with you. Bad dreams.

(CONTINUED)

- 69 CONTINUED: 69
- MILLER nods.
- 70 INT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE 70
- The flight crew assembled.
Data flashes across STARCK's helmet.
- STARCK
Come around to 270 in three... two...
one... mark.
- SMITH
Heading 270.
- 71 EXT. LEWIS AND CLARKE 71
- Small chemical thrusters fire and the ship turns sharply,
entering Neptune orbit.
- 72 INT. LEWIS AND CLARKE - BRIDGE 72
- STARCK
Right on target. We've locked into
the *Event Horizon's* navigation beacon.
- MILLER looks at the screen:
- Neptune.
Against Neptune, a shadow.
The *Event Horizon*.
- MILLER
Dr. Weir, come to the Bridge. I think
you want to see this.
- 73 EXT. INTERPLANTARY SPACE 73
- The *Lewis and Clarke* races towards Neptune until the blue
giant fills the screen.
- The *Event Horizon* looms larger and larger.
- 74 INT. LEWIS AND CLARKE - BRIDGE 74
- STARCK's helmet reflects the image of the *Event Horizon*.
- SMITH
Matching speed... now.
- STARCK
Picking up magnetic interference.

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

74

WEIR stands in the doorway, watching the screen, rapt.

MILLER
Put it through TACS. Smith, you up
for a flyby?

SMITH
Love to.

75 EXT. NEPTUNE ORBIT

75

The Lewis and Clarke maneuvers in close to the Event Horizon.
Dwarfed by the dark ship.

76 INT. LEWIS AND CLARKE - BRIDGE

76

SMITH keeps a tight hand on the controls.

The crew stare out the viewport at the abandoned craft.

SMITH
Look at the size of that thing.

WEIR
Can we move in closer?

SMITH
Shit, Doc, any closer and we're gonna
need a condom --

SMITH looks to MILLER. MILLER nods.

SMITH
-- You want close, you got it.

77 EXT. NEPTUNE ORBIT

77

The Lewis and Clarke moves even closer. Vanishing into the
shadow of the Event Horizon.

78 INT. LEWIS AND CLARKE - BRIDGE

78

The crew stares at the ship rushing across the screen.
A scan of the Event Horizon reflects across STARCK'S helmet.

STARCK
There's several small radiation
sources, leaks probably. The
reactor's still hot.

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED:

78

MILLER
Any signs of life?

STARCK
Negative. The hull's intact, but
there's no pressure.

MILLER
Anyone up for a walk?

JUSTIN
Sir, request permission to --

MILLER
(interrupting)
Alright, Baby Bear, get your bonnet on.

JUSTIN smiles broadly.

JUSTIN
Yes, sir!

79 EXT. LEWIS AND CLARKE

79

The docking collar umbelicus extends to the *Event Horizon's*
docking bay.

80 INT. EVENT HORIZON - AIRLOCK

80

MILLER, PETERS, JUSTIN and COOPER in EVA.
COOPER and JUSTIN, without helmets.

COOPER puts JUSTIN'S helmet on. It seals tight.

COOPER
I'll be on station, so if you need me,
holler.

COOPER raps him on the helmet.

COOPER
(continuing)
Keep your nose clean, Baby Bear.

COOPER leaves the Airlock, shutting the Inner Airlock door
after him.

81 INT. EVENT HORIZON - DOCKING BAY

81

MILLER, PETERS and JUSTIN float into the *Event Horizon*, all
in EVA suits. Safety lines trail out behind them. The only
light comes from their suits, reflecting off motes of ice
and dust. There is no gravity.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

81

MILLER
(filtered)
We have entered the docking bay.

82 INT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE

82

WEIR has taken over JUSTIN'S station.
SMITH and STARCK watch the POV monitors over his shoulder.
PETERS' POV: a grainy video image of the iris sealing shut.

PETERS
(OS, filtered)
No pressure in the next compartment --

83 INT. EVENT HORIZON - DOCKING BAY

83

PETERS
(continuing, filtered)
No power, either.

MILLER
(filtered)
Open it manually.

JUSTIN inserts a zero-G drill into the panel beside the door. The door slowly opens.

84 INT. LEWIS AND CLARKE - BRIDGE

84

WEIR helps to guide them.

WEIR
(into radio)
You should be in the Main Access
Corridor.

MILLER
(OS, radio)
Roger that.

85 INT. EVENT HORIZON - CORRIDOR

85

Three meters square, the Corridor stretches away into darkness in both directions. The only light comes from the dual spotlights on their helmets, which reflect off tiny ice crystals. The Corridor is lined with ducts and access panels.

MILLER
(filtered, continuing)
Justin, check the Engineering
Containment areas. If you find any
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED:

85

MILLER (cont'd)
 survivors, don't do anything. Just
 call for us. Peters and I will check
 the forward compartments.

JUSTIN
 (filtered)
 Yes, sir.

The group separates.

JUSTIN moves like an insect, clinging to the walls as he slowly makes his way down the dark shaft.

MILLER and PETERS move in the same fashion, in the opposite direction.

WEIR
 (OS, radio)
 Captain Miller, the Crews' Quarters is
 dead ahead. First hatch.

86 INT. EVENT HORIZON - CREWS' QUARTERS

86

MILLER enters, PETERS behind him. His helmet light sweeps the room. It appears as it did in WEIR'S dream. The pictures on the walls, the sock spinning slowly.

MILLER reaches out and stops the rotation of the black sock.

87 INT. LEWIS AND CLARKE - BRIDGE

87

WEIR stares at MILLER'S POV screen: the sock, frozen in MILLER'S helmet light. He gasps, remembering his dream.

88 INT. EVENT HORIZON - CREWS' QUARTERS

88

PETERS notices red crystals floating around her.

PETERS
 (filtered)
 Blood...

She turns, her helmet light illuminating the wall.
 Blood stains.

89 INT. LEWIS AND CLARKE - BRIDGE

89

PETERS
 (OS, radio, continuing)
 ...looks like arterial spray.

WEIR gets up from the console, unable to look.
 STARCK takes over JUSTIN'S console.

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED:

89

STARCK
Any sign of a body?

90 INT. EVENT HORIZON - QUARTERS

90

PETERS
(filtered)
There's no one here.

PETERS takes a container from her belt. Places some of the blood crystals inside.

91 INT. LEWIS AND CLARKE - BRIDGE

91

SMITH to WEIR:

SMITH
You gonna be okay?

WEIR nods. He screws up his courage and turns back to the screens. His eyes move from --

PETERS' monitor: a close up of the blood crystals -- to JUSTIN'S monitor: a grainy image of the First Containment seal.

92 INT. EVENT HORIZON - CORRIDOR

92

JUSTIN is dwarfed by a massive sealed door. JUSTIN checks the door for pressure.

WEIR
(OS, radio)
You've reached the First Containment seal.

JUSTIN
(filtered)
No pressure. No people. The radiation count's up to 50 millirads an hour.

WEIR
(OS, radio)
That won't get past your suit.

JUSTIN
(filtered)
That's good to know.

JUSTIN uses a zero-G drill to manually open the massive door.

93 INT. EVENT HORIZON - FIRST CONTAINMENT

93

A huge space of ducts and pipes, machinery, computer consoles.

JUSTIN floats through, his light sending shadows across the walls. His light bounces off another massive pressure door: The Second Seal.

He drifts over to a lighted console - the first light we have seen in the ship, outside of the boarding party's helmet lights.

JUSTIN

(filtered)

The reactor's still hot. Coolant level is on reserve, but it's still in the green.

94 INT. EVENT HORIZON - CENTRAL CORRIDOR

94

Hoses and wires hang like dead snakes. PETERS and MILLER push through the debris.

PETERS

(filtered)

Look at this.

She has seen something caught in the tangle. A stuffed animal - a dog.

PETERS

(filtered)

What are you doing here?

She tucks it into her utility belt.

They come to a ladder going "up."
PETERS follows the ladder.
MILLER continues forward.

95 INT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE ANTECHAMBER

95

Six gravity couches line one wall. The small chamber ends in a pressure door, slightly ajar.

PETERS braces herself against the wall and tries to push it open. No luck. She uses her zero-G drill. The door slides open another foot, then stops.

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED:

95

PETERS
(filtered)
Dr. Weir, what's this the door to?

96 INT. LEWIS AND CLARKE - BRIDGE

96

WEIR
(into radio)
You're at the Bridge. You haven't
seen any crew?

97 INT. EVENT HORIZON - MEDICAL/SCIENCE

97

MILLER, moving through a deserted lab.

MILLER
(filtered)
If we saw any crew, Doctor, you'd know
about it.

98 INT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE

98

SMITH looks at STARCK.

SMITH
Empty as a cathouse on Sunday morning.

99 INT. EVENT HORIZON - FIRST CONTAINMENT

99

JUSTIN checks the Second Seal for pressure, finds none.

JUSTIN
(filtered)
I'm at the Second Seal. No pressure.
Rad level checks out. I'm going in.

JUSTIN opens the seal with his drill. The door slowly inches open.

100 INT. EVENT HORIZON - CORRIDOR

100

PETERS, stymied by the intractable door.
PETERS unhooks her oxygen tank, holding it in front of her.

SMITH
(OS, radio)
Peters, what the hell are you doing?

PETERS
(filtered)
I saw this once on "Sea Hunt." It's
Denny's favorite show.

(CONTINUED)

100

100

SMITH
(OS, radio)
You let that kid watch too much TV.

the tank through the doorway.

WEST HORIZON - BRIDGE

101

ANGLE of PETERS' tank coming through the doorway.
Helmet follows, then her body. It's a tight fit.

through and replaces the tank on her back.

lights sweep the room. Every surface a control

LEWIS AND CLARKE - BRIDGE

102

at PETERS' monitor.

WEIR
Mrs. Peters, turn back and to your
left, please.

editor, PETERS' POV shifts as she complies.

STARCK
What is it?

WEIR
Ship's log.

PETERS
(OS, filtered)
I see it.

103 WEST HORIZON - BRIDGE

103

PETERS reaches towards a small video deck. Touches the
eject button. Nothing happens. She takes a small probe
from her belt, inserts it into the deck.

A small laser disc emerges partway from the deck.
PETERS pulls on it. It doesn't move.

PETERS
(filtered)
It's really jammed in there.

PETERS pulls harder. Nothing. Another effort. The disc
pulls free. PETERS spins in the zero-gravity, spinning
into --

(CONTINUED)

- 103 CONTINUED: 103
- A BODY.
It floats at the helm, the face illuminated by PETERS' helmet lights. Just like WEIR'S dream. She SCREAMS.
- 104 INT. EVENT HORIZON - MEDICAL/SCIENCE 104
- PETERS' SCREAM echoes in MILLER'S helmet.
He propels himself from Medical --
- 105 INT. EVENT HORIZON - CORRIDOR 105
- MILLER pulls himself along the ladder --
- 106 INT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE ANTECHAMBER 106
- MILLER rushes to the pressure door.
He strains to shove the door open.
- MILLER
(filtered)
Peters!
- 107 INT. LEWIS AND CLARKE - BRIDGE 107
- PETERS' monitor shows the CORPSE'S face, its mouth open in mute agony.
WEIR GASPS.
- 108 INT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE ANTECHAMBER 108
- The door does not move.
- MILLER
(filtered)
Peters! What is it!
- 109 INT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE 109
- PETERS pushes free of the body, floating back against the consoles. BREATHING hard.
- PETERS
(filtered)
I'm okay, Scott. I... I found one.
- JUSTIN
(OS, radio)
What happened to Mama Bear?
- MILLER
(OS, radio)
Peters found one of the crew.

110 INT. EVENT HORIZON - FIRST CONTAINMENT

110

The Second Seal yawns wide.

JUSTIN
(filtered)
Are they alive?

PETERS
(OS, radio)
Not quite.

111 INT. EVENT HORIZON - SECOND CONTAINMENT

111

JUSTIN passes through the Second Seal. Floating into a vast chamber, his helmet lights barely able to reach the walls.

Huge structures loom around him, illuminated by his helmet lights. The reactors.

JUSTIN
(filtered)
Radiation level...Jesus, 300 rads. We
got a leak.
(looking up from his
instruments)
Look at the size of that --

JUSTIN floats towards --

THE THIRD SEAL.

The massive pressure doors to the gravity drive, encrusted with wires and ducts and black ice, almost a living thing.

112 INT. LEWIS AND CLARKE - BRIDGE

112

SMITH stares at JUSTIN'S monitor.

SMITH
What's behind that fucker?

WEIR
That's the Third Seal. Beyond that is
the Gravity Drive Containment.

SMITH shakes his head.

SMITH
Black holes. Crazy shit.

113 INT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE

113

PETERS examines the other consoles -- most are dark but for a few dim lights.

MILLER

(OS, radio)

What else you got, Peters?

PETERS

(filtered)

Everything's been shut down.
Conserving power, I guess. Green
light on the hull, it's intact.

MILLER

(OS, filtered)

Then what happened to the pressure?

PETERS

(filtered)

I don't know. Life support's still
operational.

114 INT. EVENT HORIZON - CORRIDOR

114

Outside the Bridge. Sweat beads his face.

MILLER

(filtered)

Alright, Peters, let's get out of
here. How's our client?

115 INT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE

115

PETERS tries to maneuver the body out the door. It's very
awkward.

PETERS

(filtered)

The body's crystallized.

116 INT. EVENT HORIZON - SECOND CONTAINMENT

116

JUSTIN examines the outer wall of the reactor, looking for
any cracks or ruptured seams.

MILLER

(OS, radio)

Be careful. We don't want it to
shatter.

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED:

116

JUSTIN
 (filtered)
 Mmm-mmm, corpsicle. What flavor is
 it, Mama Bear?

117 INT. LEWIS AND CLARKE - BRIDGE

117

STARCK
 (filtered)
 Justin, I'm not picking up any
 radiation in the Second Containment.

118 INT. EVENT HORIZON - SECOND CONTAINMENT

118

JUSTIN checks his geiger counter again.

JUSTIN
 (filtered)
 It read 300...

The counter hovers around 3 -- well within the safe "green"
 level on his radiation counter.

JUSTIN
 (filtered)
 Shit.

JUSTIN turns back to the Third Seal.
 JUSTIN reaches towards the Third Seal with his pressure
 sensor.
 His helmet light flickers. He hesitates.

119 INT. LEWIS AND CLARKE - BRIDGE

119

STARCK'S helmet lights up, from green to red as signals race
 across her display.

STARCK
 (urgent)
 We've got a power surge in the gravity
 drive --

WEIR
 What --

120 INT. EVENT HORIZON - SECOND CONTAINMENT

120

JUSTIN places the pressure sensor against the door.
 Touching it.

The door turns deepest black. A darkness that light cannot
 penetrate. For a second, we see JUSTIN, his white suit
 captured against the void.
 Then he is gone.

121 INT. EVENT HORIZON - A SERIES OF SHOTS

121

A wave moves through the ship, out from the Third Seal, bending light like a ripple on a pond.

- 1) JUSTIN'S safety line reeling out into the Darkness.
- 2) The wave moves down the Corridor towards MILLER. Slams him against the door. Gas leaks from his suit on impact. His helmet light goes out.
- 3) PETERS flails, tangled with the frozen corpse, its face almost touching her facemask. Her helmet light goes out. So do the Bridge lights, plunging her momentarily into darkness.

122 INT. LEWIS AND CLARKE - BRIDGE

122

JUSTIN'S POV screen shows an image obscured by static and roll -- human figures, naked, screaming -- but it CUTS to static too quickly for comprehension. The rest of the POV screens go dead.

SMITH

What the fuck --

The wave hits them. The ship shudders. Consoles explode with sparks. WEIR holds on for dear life.

STARCK

Cap, do you read, Peters --

SMITH

Get them back --

STARCK

I'm trying, goddammit --

123 INT. LEWIS AND CLARKE - AIRLOCK

123

COOPER and DJ, regaining their balance. COOPER hits the intercom.

COOPER

What's happening?

STARCK

(OS, intercom)

I don't know, the screens are dead.

COOPER peers out the Airlock window. Sees JUSTIN'S safety line reeling off its spool at a terrific rate.

COOPER grabs his helmet. DJ helps him lock the helmet into place with a HISS.

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED:

123

DJ

Go!

124 INT. EVENT HORIZON - SERIES OF SHOTS

124

As another wave rips through the ship.

- 1) It hits MILLER. He screams, spraying the inside of his helmet with blood as he begins to depressurize.
- 2) PETERS, spinning helplessly.
- 3) COOPER, fighting the wave as he struggles forward down the Docking Collar.

125 INT. LEWIS AND CLARKE - BRIDGE

125

WEIR, STARCK and SMITH hold on tightly as the second shock wave hits.

Deep in the ship we hear metal SCREAM, then the SHRIEK of escaping atmosphere. An emergency claxon RINGS out: PRESSURE WARNING.

SMITH checks JUSTIN'S station:

SMITH

Fuck! We lost the starboard baffle!

The Bridge pressure door begins to close.

WEIR

What?

SMITH

The hull's been breached! We're losing atmosphere! There are pressure suits in the Airlock. Go!

STARCK pushes WEIR ahead of her, out the door. SMITH follows. The door seals tight behind them.

126 INT. EVENT HORIZON - CORRIDOR

126

The Corridor is lit with flickering red light. MILLER GASPS as atmosphere HISSES through a small tear in his suit. He checks his pressure. It's fading fast. He reaches to his utility belt. Freezes. His arm is on fire, impossible in the vacuum of space. His mouth works, but nothing comes out.

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED:

126

VOICE
Don't leave me!

MILLER wheels, looking for the source of the cry.
Nothing.

127 INT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE

127

PETERS opens her eyes. Her light, too, remains dark, but Neptune's blue light fills the Bridge. The frozen corpse floats before her. No longer a man.

A young boy, nine years old. The skin is a crystallized surface, but the eyes look straight at her and the lips move. She hears him.

DENNY
Mommy. I miss you. Come home. Come home.

PETERS gasps, reaches out to touch the body.
It falls away from her. No longer her son, but the body of an astronaut, years dead.
It hits the door and shatters.

128 INT. EVENT HORIZON - CORRIDOR

128

MILLER stares at his burning arm.
He reaches out and pats at the flame. The fire vanishes.
No smoke. No damage to his suit.
He grabs a "goop patch" from his utility belt and slaps it over the hole.
He swallows hard, sweat pouring down his face.
We hear STATIC as his radio cuts on:

COOPER
(OS, radio)
...anybody hear me?

MILLER
(filtered, tentative)
I read you.

129 INT. EVENT HORIZON - DOCKING BAY/CORRIDOR

129

COOPER in the Docking Bay, INTERCUT with MILLER in the Corridor.

COOPER
(filtered)
Are you okay? Where's Peters?

(CONTINUED)

MILLER

(filtered)

I tried to save him, but there was no time. No time.

COOPER

(filtered)

Cap, what are you talking about? Where's Peters?

PETERS

(OS, radio)

I'm alright, Coop --

130 INT. ~~EVENT~~ HORIZON - BRIDGE

130

PETERS

(filtered)

-- I'm fine.

Her ~~water~~ cracks as she says it. She looks anything but.

131 INT. ~~EVENT~~ HORIZON - CORRIDOR

131

MILLER, outside the Bridge. Completely disoriented

COOPER

(OS, radio)

Where did Justin go?

132 INT. ~~EVENT~~ HORIZON - DOCKING BAY

132

COOPER

(filtered)

Justin, do you read me? Justin? Fuck!

MILLER

(OS, radio)

The Second Containment. He's in the Second Containment --

COOPER pushes off towards the Containment areas.

133 INT. ~~EVENT~~ HORIZON - CORRIDOR

133

MILLER, outside the Bridge. He closes his eyes, fighting some hidden memory. Losing control.

SMITH

(OS, radio)

Captain Miller, we have a situation on the Clarke.

(CONTINUED)

133 CONTINUED:

133

MILLER'S eyes snap open.

134 INT. LEWIS AND CLARKE - AIRLOCK

134

STARCK and SMITH already in suits. DJ assists WEIR. SMITH has already locked his helmet into place.

SMITH

(filtered, continuing)

We lost the starboard baffle and the hull cracked. Our safety seals didn't close, the circuit's fried --

135 INT. EVENT HORIZON - MAIN CORRIDOR

135

MILLER is alert now: his ship, in danger.

MILLER

(filtered)

Do we have enough time for a weld?

STARCK

(OS, radio)

We're losing pressure at 280 liters a second.

SMITH

(OS, radio)

We don't have time to fart.

136 INT. LEWIS AND CLARKE - AIRLOCK

136

SMITH

(filtered, continuing)

We are screwed, blued, and tatoood.

WEIR

(filtered)

What about the *Event Horizon*?

The others turn to stare at WEIR.

WEIR

(continuing)

It's still got reserve power, we can activate gravity and life support.

137 INT. EVENT HORIZON - MAIN CORRIDOR

137

MILLER

(filtered)

Can it work?

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED:

137

STARCK
(OS, radio)
Beats dying.

Beat.

MILLER
(filtered)
Alright. Smith, bleed as much of the
Clarke's atmosphere as you can into
the Horizon...

138 INT. LEWIS AND CLARKE - AIRLOCK

138

MILLER
(OS, radio)
... DJ, Starck, grab our reserve
tanks, anything you can.

139 INT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE

139

PETERS at the life support console.

MILLER
(OS, radio)
Peters --

PETERS
(filtered)
Way ahead of you, Cap.

140 INT. EVENT HORIZON - FIRST CONTAINMENT

140

COOPER enters at full speed, shooting through in a
controlled fall, catching himself at the Second Seal.

141 INT. EVENT HORIZON - SECOND CONTAINMENT

141

COOPER braces himself in the Second Seal.
He sees JUSTIN'S safety line, cut off abruptly by the
darkness of the Third Seal.

COOPER
(continuing)
My God.

COOPER reels in the safety line.

COOPER
(filtered)
Come on. Come on.

(CONTINUED)

141 CONTINUED:

141

JUSTIN suddenly appears from the darkness, a white figure emerging from a vertical wall of impenetrable blackness. After JUSTIN emerges, the Third Seal becomes solid, becomes steel.

COOPER

(filtered)

Justin, do you read me? Baby Bear, don't do this. Don't do this.

COOPER pulls JUSTIN close. JUSTIN'S head lolls to one side. Unconscious.

COOPER

(continuing, filtered)

Man down in Second Containment! I need assistance now!

142 INT. LEWIS AND CLARKE - DOCKING COLLAR

142

STARCK and WEIR float a large O2 tank down the collar into the Event Horizon Airlock.

SMITH at the Lewis and Clarke Airlock:

SMITH

(filtered)

Is that the last one? Is that all?

DJ

(filtered)

Yes.

SMITH punches a code into the Lewis and Clarke door. Manual override.

SMITH

(filtered)

I'm opening the Airlock. Hold on!

The Lewis and Clarke Airlock opens. We hear an explosion of SOUND as the air rushes in to fill the vacuum of the Event Horizon.

SMITH hangs on desperately, to keep from being swept down the Docking Collar.

143 INT. EVENT HORIZON - AIRLOCK

143

STARCK and DJ are braced for the rush of air. WEIR is not. The wind spins him, violently SLAMS him against a bulkhead.

- 144 INT. EVENT HORIZON - SECOND CONTAINMENT 144
 COOPER braces JUSTIN against the wall and watches the pale mist rush towards them, flow over them.
- 145 INT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE 145
 PETERS watches the pressure gauge climb to 3/4 of sea level, then begin to slip.
- PETERS
 (filtered)
 That's all we're gonna get. Shut the Airlock and prep for gees.
- 146 INT. LEWIS AND CLARKE - DOCKING COLLAR 146
 SMITH hits the Airlock control.
 The pressure door slides shut with a solid THUNK.
- 147 INT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE 147
 PETERS
 (filtered)
 Gravity.
- 148 INT. EVENT HORIZON - AIRLOCK 148
 STARCK and DJ land on their feet; WEIR, on his back.
- 149 INT. EVENT HORIZON - SECOND CONTAINMENT 149
 JUSTIN collapses to the deck.
 COOPER rips his own helmet off and kneels next to JUSTIN.
 His breath steams in the cold air.
 COOPER strips off JUSTIN'S helmet and checks his pulse.
- 150 INT. EVENT HORIZON - MAIN CORRIDOR 150
 Outside the Bridge, MILLER pulls his helmet off and breathes deep.
- 151 INT. EVENT HORIZON - MAIN CORRIDOR 151
 DJ and STARCK run down the Corridor towards the Containment areas, carrying DJ'S kit.
 WEIR follows at a slower pace. Allowing himself to feel his presence aboard the ship. He unconsciously reaches out, lets his hand brush one wall.

152 EXT. NEPTUNE ORBIT

152

The *Lewis and Clarke* and the *Event Horizon* slowly spin as they circle Neptune. Light shines from the *Horizon* as the internal lights come back on.

153 INT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE

153

STARCK types into the communications workstation. MILLER watches over her shoulder.

STARCK

The high-gain antennae array's shot.
We can transmit on low-gain --

MILLER

It'll take twelve hours for the message to get to Daylight, another twelve for a reply. Looks like we're on our own. How's our oxygen?

STARCK

Life support's recycling our atmosphere. We've got enough for twenty-four hours. After that, we'd better be in grav tanks and on our way home.

MILLER

I heard that.
(into headset)
Smitty, how's the *Clarke*?

154 EXT. LEWIS AND CLARKE

154

SMITH, EVA. His magnetic boots hold him to the *Lewis and Clarke's* hull.
He kneels over a hole in the hull, where the metal has buckled and torn. Vapor still leaks from the hole into space.

SMITH

(filtered)
I've found a six inch fracture in the outer hull.

155 INT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE

155

SMITH

(OS, radio, continuing)
We should be able to repair it and re-establish life support in about eighteen hours.

(CONTINUED)

155 CONTINUED:

155

MILLER
 Alright. Get on it.

156 EXT. LEWIS AND CLARKE

156

SMITH lowers a protective visor over his faceplate and activates a vacuum torch -- similar to an acetylene torch, but with its own atmosphere. The torch silently bursts into flame.

157 INT. EVENT HORIZON - FIRST CONTAINMENT

157

WEIR sits in front of the Engineering Computer station. His fingers are tentative at first, gaining in confidence as the computer responds to his touch.

He types in: "GRAVITY DRIVE DIAGNOSTIC."
 Different graphics flash across the computer screen:
 POWER CURVES.
 NEUTRINO FLUX.
 GRAVITON DECAY.

Finally, the computer freezes on the image of a sine wave in constant motion.

WEIR types in: "ISOLATE GRAVITON DISTORTION."
 The computer flashes back: "FD 00143 ERROR."
 He types in: "ANALYZE GRAVITON DISTORTION."
 Again: "FD 00143 ERROR."
 Then: "CODE REPLICATION SEQUENCE 00143."
 WEIR types: "QUERY: SOURCE OF CODE 00143?"
 The computer: "CODE SOURCE UNKNOWN."

WEIR frowns, types: "GRAPHIC ENHANCEMENT 00143."
 The computer screen comes alive in a colorful display, immediately alien and familiar. The "code" seems somehow alive.

WEIR leans back in his chair, stunned.

WEIR
 (mumble)
 But that's...

He stops.
 He closes his eyes, inhales, catching a scent.
 Hears a BREATH of sound:

CLAIRE
 (OS, whisper)
 Billy.

(CONTINUED)

157 CONTINUED:

157

WEIR opens his eyes and turns around.
 The room is empty.
 The Second Seal is open.
 He gets to his feet.

158 INT. EVENT HORIZON - SECOND CONTAINMENT

158

WEIR stands at the Second Seal.
 The Second Containment is empty.
 He crosses to the coolant station and checks for radiation.
 Nothing. He smiles.
 The VOICE again, quiet enough to be a trick of the mind:

CLAIRE

(OS, very quiet)

Billy.

He turns. Nothing there but the Third Seal.
 Nothing terrible now, in the light, it is nothing more than
 a steel door, but WEIR begins to sweat as he stares at it.

He crosses to it. Stands before it.
 His brow knits -- does he hear something?
 He smiles -- a brief, childish glow that flits across his
 face and is gone.
 He reaches out to touch the Third Containment.
 The intercom BEEPS.

STARCK

(OS, intercom)

Dr. Weir? Are you still there?

The spell broken, WEIR crosses to the Second Seal, keys the
 intercom.

WEIR

This is Weir.

STARCK

(OS, intercom)

We're having a little soiree in the
 Quarters. Attendance is mandatory.

WEIR

Of course.

Before he leaves, he turns to look at the Third Containment.
 He shakes his head and shuts the Second Seal behind him.

159 INT. EVENT HORIZON - MEDICAL/SCIENCE

159

JUSTIN lies unmoving on a table. His eyes are open.
 Some one slides a needle into the skin below his eye.

(CONTINUED)

159 CONTINUED:

159

He doesn't respond.
 DJ stands over him, removes the needle. It glistens with blood.
 He shakes his head.

DJ

His vitals are stable, but he's unresponsive to stimuli. He might wake up in fifteen minutes. He might not wake up at all.

PETERS

What happened to him?

DJ shakes his head.

CUT TO:

160 INT. EVENT HORIZON - CREWS QUARTERS

160

Gravity has scattered debris and freeze-dried blood about the room.
 The crew (JUSTIN and SMITH excepted) tries to relax on the beds and chairs of dead men. They have stripped off their EVA gear, and now wear flight suits. Their faces are wan and haggard.

PETERS clutches the stuffed dog.
 COOPER sits on a bunk, bouncing the handball on the floor like a reflex action.

MILLER stares out the port window, at the *Lewis and Clarke*, watching SMITH repair the damaged craft.

WEIR examines one bunk: pictures of a family, cut-outs from a magazine. Unlike the others, he seems almost at ease.
 STARCK remains alert, animated; DJ, forever stoic.

STARCK

That's crazy.

COOPER

You weren't there. I saw it. My light just... stopped.

STARCK

And then you reeled Justin in and the door reappeared. Just like that.

COOPER stands and throws the ball at her. She ducks. It bounces wildly around the room. MILLER catches it.

(CONTINUED)

MILLER

Coop! Stow it.

COOPER sits down.

STARCK

Couldn't oxygen deprivation cause a blackout effect?

DJ

Yes, it could, if Mister Cooper had suffered oxygen deprivation. He didn't.

COOPER

It was real.

PETERS

Maybe what happened to Justin happened to the crew.

STARCK

But what happened to him?

MILLER

Dr. Weir? Any theories you'd like to share with us?

WEIR

It could have been an optical effect of the gravitational anomaly.

COOPER

Justin passes through a steel door eight inches thick, and you call it an "optical effect." That's great. That explains everything.

PETERS

There's something wrong with this ship. Something bad.

WEIR turns, defensive and sarcastic.

WEIR

Thank you for that "scientific" evaluation, Mrs. Peters.

MILLER

What's this "gravitational anomaly?"

(CONTINUED)

WEIR

A burst of gravity waves escaped from the Third Containment, temporarily distorting space, time, what have you.

COOPER

So that's what hit us.

WEIR

I think that the gravity drive is trying to compensate for the decaying orbit by producing gravity waves.

MILLER

The Clarke can't take another jolt like that. We have to shut down the drive.

WEIR

That's problematic.

COOPER

Doesn't this thing have a fucking off switch?

WEIR

If we cut power to the gravity drive, the magnetic field that contains the singularity will destabilize, and you've got an explosion. Say, 100 megatons.

Beat.

COOPER

That's a "no."

STARCK

What if we moved the *Event Horizon* out of Neptune orbit?

WEIR

The gravity drive should stabilize. We'd have to bring the reactor off standby and engage the Ion drive.

MILLER

Why not use thrusters?

WEIR

A craft this size displaces too much mass for conventional thrusters. But all we need is two seconds of thrust.

(CONTINUED)

160 CONTINUED:

160

STARCK

We wouldn't even need grav couches for that.

MILLER

Would it jeopardize the Clarke?

WEIR

Highly unlikely.

MILLER

Alright, let's try it. Starck, why don't you assist Dr. Weir. Peters, let's take a look at the ship's log.

161 EXT. EVENT HORIZON

161

SMITH drifts across the space between the two ships, maneuvering with small bursts of aerosol from his backpack. He floats towards the Event Horizon's Airlock.

162 INT. EVENT HORIZON - AIRLOCK

162

The Airlock light turns red - a warning.
The Inner Airlock door control flashes: "LOCKED."
The Outer Airlock door opens.
SMITH enters.
He closes the Outer Airlock door.
Atmosphere HISSES into the chamber.
The Inner Airlock door flashes: "PRESSURIZED."

163 INT. EVENT HORIZON - AIRLOCK READY ROOM

163

COOPER in EVA, getting ready to go outside.

The Inner Airlock door opens. SMITH enters.
SMITH takes off his helmet.

SMITH

Man, it's good to get this fish bowl off my head. I don't see how you can stand it.

COOPER

I'd rather spend the next twelve hours Outside than another five minutes in this can. I don't care what Weir says, this ship is fucked.

164 INT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE

164

STARCK and WEIR.
Trying to activate the Ion drive.

(CONTINUED)

STARCK

The reactor's responding.

WEIR

It has to be running at 80% before we can initiate the Ion drive.

She SIGHS.

STARCK

That'll take four hours. We don't exactly have a surplus of oxygen.

WEIR shrugs, concentrates on his work.

WEIR

I cannot change the laws of physics.

165 INT. EVENT HORIZON - QUARTERS

165

WEIR and PETERS watch the ship's log.

A VIDEO SCREEN

A jumpy, handheld camera view of:

1) *Main Corridor.*

Two crewmen checking electronics modules. The ship is well-lit, clean, no sign of debris. The narrator's voice is excited and nervous.

KILPACK

(VO, filtered)

We have cleared the solar gravity well and are preparing to engage the gravity drive...

2) *First Containment.*

A lone engineer finishes his check of the reactor. He turns to the camera and gives a self-conscious "thumbs-up."

KILPACK

(VO, filtered, continuing)

When you get this message, God willing, we will be in the solar system of Proxima Centauri...

3) *Quarters*

The entire original crew assembled, playing catch with the stuffed dog.

(CONTINUED)

KILPACK

(VO, filtered, continuing)

I just want to say how proud I am of my crew. Chris Chambers, Janice Rubin, Dick Smith, Tom Fender and Stacie Collins. And to Frank Camden, Bill Weir, and all the scientists that got us here.

4) Bridge.

Kilpack addresses the camera. His face is flushed with excitement.

KILPACK

(filtered)

I... uh, I had something historic to say, and I wrote it down but I... I can't find it. Ave, atque, vale. Hail and farewell.

A BURST of static.
Beat.

PETERS

That's the last entry.

MILLER

Nothing after they engaged the drive. What about surveillance footage?

PETERS

There's over a thousand hours.

MILLER

Let's skip to after the drive was engaged.

166 INT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE

166

STARCK checks the Navigation Console, then leans over WEIR'S shoulder at the Engineering Console. One screen displays the "living code" WEIR discovered in the gravity drive. STARCK stares at the pattern as it shifts through shapes, colors.

STARCK

What's this?

WEIR

It's a self-replicating code I found in the gravity drive computer.

(CONTINUED)

STARCK

A computer virus?

WEIR

More like a bacteria. And it's changing. Evolving. I've never seen anything like it.

STARCK

Why didn't you tell the Captain?

WEIR

I'm not even sure what it is --

A BEEP from the Engineering console interrupts him. One screen shows the floorplan of the ship; the Second Containment flashing yellow.

167 INT. EVENT HORIZON - QUARTERS

167

MILLER and PETERS, watching the log.

THE VIDEO SCREEN

flips rapidly through surveillance camera images of the Event Horizon's interior on the maiden voyages: pictures of technicians monitoring equipment, gathering data, relaxing in the mess.

The final image, the crew getting into the gravity couches.

A long BURST of static.

Then an inhuman HOWL of FEEDBACK, like screaming hyaenas, almost alive.

Through the swirl of static, the suggestion of movement.

MILLER freezes the frame. He squints at the screen.

Obscured by static, human figures. The image is blurred beyond comprehension.

MILLER

What the hell is that? Can you clean it up?

PETERS

I can run the image through a series of digital filters. Hang on a sec --

An ALARM cuts her off.
The intercom CRACKLES.

(CONTINUED)

STARCK
(OS, intercom)
Captain Miller, we've got a radiation
leak.

MILLER
Where?

STARCK
(OS, intercom)
Engineering.

168 INT. EVENT HORIZON - MAIN CORRIDOR

MILLER runs down the Corridor towards the Engineering
Containment areas.

168

WEIR waits for him at the First Seal.
WEIR opens an emergency locker in the Corridor, pulls out
two yellow radiation suits.

169 INT. EVENT HORIZON - FIRST CONTAINMENT

The First Seal slides open.
WEIR and MILLER enter, wearing the radiation suits.
The First Seal closes behind them.
WEIR holds a geiger counter. It is silent.

169

WEIR
Nothing in the First Containment. At
300 rads, these suits will protect us
for no more than five minutes.

MILLER
Just enough time for an in-out.

WEIR crosses to the Second Seal and looks through.

WEIR
Strange. There's no alarm.

MILLER keys the intercom at the Second Seal.

MILLER
Starck, are you still showing a leak
in the Second Containment?

STARCK
(OS, intercom)
That's an affirmative, Cap. 300 rads.

He nods to WEIR. WEIR opens the Second Seal.
His geiger counter remains on 3 rads.

(CONTINUED)

169 CONTINUED:

169

WEIR crosses to the reactor shell.
Nothing.
MILLER checks his counter as well.

MILLER
There's no leak.

WEIR
Maybe it's a short in the Failsafe
circuit

MILLER
Better check it out.

170 INT. EVENT HORIZON - FIRST CONTAINMENT

170

MILLER assists WEIR in removing bolts from an access panel.
The access panel falls away, revealing a cramped duct
leading into the ship's circuitry.

WEIR climbs into the duct. MILLER hands him a flashlight
and a small toolkit.

MILLER
I'm going to check the reactor. If
you need anything, give a holler.

WEIR nods, begins to crawl into the depths of the ship.

171 INT. EVENT HORIZON - DUCT

171

WEIR'S breath ECHOES in the cramped shaft. He counts off
circuit panels as he goes:

WEIR
E-three... E-five... E-seven... where
are you...

172 INT. EVENT HORIZON - SECOND CONTAINMENT

172

MILLER enters the dark chamber. Sweat beads his face upon
entry and he breathes hard.
He looks at the Third Seal.
Metallic, mundane. Only a door.

He pulls out a geiger counter and crosses to the reactor.
Examines the gleaming weld.
The geiger counter CLICKS slowly. The seal is holding.

173 INT. EVENT HORIZON - DUCT

173

WEIR stops before module E-12. We hear a faint HISSING and
POPPING.

(CONTINUED)

173 CONTINUED:

173

WEIR

There you are.

He uses a screwdriver to open up the module.
Revealing a series of circuit boards. One SPARKS.
WEIR plucks the damaged chips and starts running a by-pass.

His flashlight flickers. He bangs it against the duct wall.
It grows dimmer. Goes out. In the darkness we hear:

WEIR

Shit.

174 INT. EVENT HORIZON - QUARTERS

174

SMITH snores softly on a bunk.
PETERS sits before the video screen, running the frozen
image through filter after filter. Boring work.
The lights flicker.
She looks up.
She crosses to the lightswitch, flips it on and off without
effect. The light fades...

CUT TO:

175 INT. EVENT HORIZON - SECOND CONTAINMENT

175

The lights go out.

MILLER

Dr. Weir? I think you pulled the wrong
board. Dr. Weir...?

His voice trails off as he looks towards the Third Seal. A
red glow falls across his face.

CUT TO:

176 INT. EVENT HORIZON - DUCT

176

WEIR. His voice shakes.

WEIR

Um. Captain Miller? I, uh, I seem to
have a problem with my light.

(beat, hushed)

Captain Miller?

We hear a woman's VOICE in the darkness, a distant echo.

(CONTINUED)

176 CONTINUED:

176

VOICE

Billy.

WEIR starts at the sound. GASPS. He recognizes the voice.
From his dreams.
She speaks again, no longer far away, but a close WHISPER in
his ear:

CLAIRE

(OS)

Billy. Help me. I'm so cold.

WEIR'S eyes open wide in hope and fear.

CUT TO:

177 INT. EVENT HORIZON - SECOND CONTAINMENT

177

MILLER takes a few steps away from the reactor.
He stares at the Third Seal.
Red light spills from the seal into the Second Containment.

A figure stands before the Third Seal.
A human form composed of flame: the eyes, dark sunspots;
the mouth, a gaping hole.
We hear the deep ROAR of its conflagration.

It slowly turns and raises its arm and points at MILLER.
It screams.

BURNING MAN

Don't leave me!

It reaches for him, imploring.
MILLER doesn't move.

CUT TO:

178 INT. EVENT HORIZON - QUARTERS

178

PETERS hears something RUSTLING at the far end of the room.
She gets up, leaves the computer to continue the filtering
process.

She passes by the bunks, one by one.
SMITH, SNORING, his arm over his eyes.
The other bunks, empty.
Except the last one.
In the dim light, a human shape stirs beneath its covers.
Slowly, she reaches for the blanket. Grabs it.
Yanks it off.
Her son DENNY looks up her, smiles unnaturally, and giggles.
She GASPS and backs away.

CUT TO:

179 INT. EVENT HORIZON - MEDICAL/SCIENCE

179

JUSTIN shakes on the bed in an epileptic fit.
DJ rushes to him.

DJ

Justin! Can you hear me? Justin!

JUSTIN'S eyes remain unfocused, unseeing.
DJ prepares a hypodermic.

CUT TO:

180 INT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE

180

STARCK glances over to the Engineering station.
Her eyes widen.
A power surge in the gravity drive.

STARCK

Oh, shit.

181 INT. EVENT HORIZON - QUARTERS

181

PETERS backs away from the bunk.
Behind her, on the computer screen, the image continues to
refine. Human figures. Violent action.

CUT TO:

182 INT. EVENT HORIZON - FIRST CONTAINMENT.

182

MILLER backs away through the Second Seal.

BURNING MAN

(OS, continuing)

Don't leave me! Scott!

MILLER savagely SLAMS the Second Seal shut.
He peers through the window into the Second Containment.
It is empty.
No sign of the Burning Man.

CUT TO:

183 INT. EVENT HORIZON - QUARTERS

183

PETERS stares at the bunk.
DENNY sits upon it, Indian fashion, holding out his arms.
Behind her, a SCREAM from the video unit.
She turns.

On the screen, a clean image.

(CONTINUED)

183 CONTINUED:

183

The original crew, tearing at each other, naked, with nails and teeth.

On the screen for less than a second.

The screen winks to darkness.

PETERS turns back to the bunk.

Her son is gone.

CUT TO:

184 INT. EVENT HORIZON - DUCT

184

Total darkness.

CLAIRE

(OS)

Billy. Help me. I'm so cold.

WEIR'S breath ECHOES in the cramped metal space.

WEIR

(a whisper)

Claire...?

CLAIRE

(OS)

Help me. I'm so cold. So cold.

WEIR

Claire... Where... Claire!

CLAIRE

(OS)

So cold.

His flashlight flickers, snaps on.

He is alone.

He lets his head fall to the floor of the deck, breathing deep in ragged SOBS.

185 INT. EVENT HORIZON - FIRST CONTAINMENT

185

MILLER stares through the Second Seal.

The intercom CRACKLES to life, breaking his reverie.

STARCK

(OS, intercom)

Captain Miller? Cap?

MILLER keys the intercom by the door. His eyes do not leave the Second Seal window.

(CONTINUED)

185 CONTINUED:

185

MILLER

Miller here.

STARCK

(OS, intercom)

We just showed a power spike from the
Third Containment.

CUT TO:

186 INT. EVENT HORIZON - MEDICAL/SCIENCE

186

The crew, except for COOPER.
STARCK, reporting to MILLER:

STARCK

(continuing)

One second, it's off the scale, then
nothing. No damage. Not even trace
radiation.

WEIR

Could it have been a malfunction in
the sensor pack? I mean, you said
there was a radiation leak as well,
but we didn't find --

STARCK

I checked. The sensors, ship's
diagnostics, it all passed.

WEIR

And the reactor?

STARCK

After you patched the short, it came
on line. We're already up to 15%, and
everything's green. We can go to Ion
power in three hours.

PETERS sits in a chair. DJ hands her a pill and a small cup
of water. She takes the pill reflexively.

MILLER sits down next to PETERS.

MILLER

You okay?

She nods: a brave front.

(CONTINUED)

DJ

Delayed stress syndrome could produce hallucinations, though it's very rare --

PETERS

I saw my son. It was not a hallucination.

SMITH, leaning against the doorway:

SMITH

You saw the body, it freaked you out --

PETERS

I've seen bodies before. This is different.

MILLER

Peters is right.

DJ

You saw something?

Beat.

MILLER

Yes, I saw something.

STARCK

What?

The words come slowly:

MILLER

I saw a man named Corrick. He served with me on another ship. He died. Years ago.

STARCK

How did he die?

MILLER ignores the question.

MILLER

Smith, you were there with Peters. You didn't see anything?

SMITH

I was sawing logs, Cap.

(CONTINUED)

MILLER

Dr. Weir? You were in First Containment, you must have heard something, seen something...

Beat.

WEIR

No. Nothing.

MILLER

We're not crazy, goddammit --

PETERS

(a brittle joke)

No. We're just seeing ghosts.

DJ

We're all tired. Anyone who can should get some sleep.

MILLER

I don't need sleep, DJ, I need answers.

187 EXT. NEPTUNE

187

The two ships continue their slow orbit.

188 INT. EVENT HORIZON - QUARTERS

188

DJ and WEIR sleep.

PETERS, watching the computer clarify the image from the log. We can now make out human forms, but the clarity is still too poor to see the action clearly. The figures' movements are sudden and violent.

STARCK watches over her shoulder.

PETERS

It crashed during the power surge. Now the image is worse than ever.

STARCK

What are they doing?

PETERS

I can't say. I saw. For a second. But I don't know what I saw.

PETERS gets up to leave.

(CONTINUED)

PETERS

I'm gonna check on Justin.

STARCK

Okay.

STARCK sits down on the last bunk.
The bunk where PETERS saw DENNY.
Feels something beneath her.
Jumps up with a start.
Reaches under the covers.
Pulls out COOPER'S handball.

STARCK

Cooper.

She lies back on the bunk. She SIGHS with relief.

189 INT. EVENT HORIZON - MEDICAL/SCIENCE

189

PETERS sits down next to JUSTIN.
She checks his vital signs.
Holds his hand.

PETERS

Hey, Baby Bear. How you doing?

JUSTIN'S eyes stare straight ahead.
He says nothing.

190 INT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE

190

MILLER sits at the helm, staring out into the black sky.
He closes his eyes.

CUT TO:

191 INT. SPACECRAFT

191

The Airlock of the Goliath. FIRE slides along both floor
and ceiling, oblivious to gravity.

A MAN hangs in the middle of the Airlock. BURNING.
SCREAMING.

REVERSE ANGLE

reveals MILLER as a panicked young man at the Airlock. He
keys the Airlock to close, leaving the man behind to be
consumed by fire.

(CONTINUED)

191 CONTINUED:

191

BURNING MAN

(OS)

Scott! Help me! Help me!

CUT TO:

192 INT. EVENT HORIZON - AIRLOCK

192

The ECHO of the Burning Man's cries rings in MILLER'S ears. He opens his eyes, lunges forward in his chair, then realizes where he is.
No comfort there.

193 INT. EVENT HORIZON - MEDICAL/SCIENCE

193

PETERS has fallen asleep in her chair.
JUSTIN'S sheet lies on the floor in a heap.

CUT TO:

194 INT. LEWIS AND CLARKE - MAIN CORRIDOR

194

POV JUSTIN

Through his visor. His BREATH echoes loudly in his helmet. Moving slowly down the Corridor.

Up ahead, we see COOPER and SMITH, welding. Their backs are to us, they cannot see us in the darkness, or hear us in the vacuum. We hear their chatter over the radio:

SMITH

(filtered)

You better go in, son, your tank's getting low.

COOPER

(filtered)

Shit, I set the record for duration at half pressure, I tell you that?

SMITH

(filtered).

Only a million fucking times.

COOPER

(filtered)

I'll rebreathe your mother's stale farts before I go back on that ship. Gives me the creeps.

(CONTINUED)

194 CONTINUED:

194

SMITH

Watch that. No place to get sloppy...

We turn from them and enter the Quarters.

195 INT. LEWIS AND CLARKE - QUARTERS

195

Continue POV JUSTIN:
 Moving up to MILLER'S bunk.
 Opening MILLER'S locker.
 Pulling out a duffel.
 Opening it. Revealing explosive charges.
 And a gun.

CUT TO:

196 INT. EVENT HORIZON - QUARTERS

196

STARCK, DJ, WEIR. Asleep.
 Move in on WEIR.
 His eyes move in REM state.
 A woman's hand touches his face.
 A HEARTBEAT, growing louder.
 Brush his eyes. His mouth. Sexual. Lingering.
 The hand pulls away. A WHISPER in the dark:

CLAIRE

(OS)

Billy.

WEIR opens his eyes.

WEIR

Claire?

Very dim, in the dark, we hear a distant pounding. Not a heartbeat, something sinister. Metal on metal. Something trying to get out. Something trying to get in.
 WEIR sits up.

The POUNDING gets louder. Getting closer.

STARCK turns on the lights and rushes to the door.
 She closes it.
 The pounding stops.
 Then returns, BEATING on the door itself.
 STARCK GASPS and backs away from the door.

DJ

What is it?

WEIR doesn't answer. He slowly gets to his feet, his eyes fixed upon the door.
 The POUNDING continues, getting louder.

(CONTINUED)

DJ
It's right outside.

WEIR slowly walks to the door, dreamlike.

WEIR
(whisper)
It wants me.

He reaches to unlock the door.
She grabs him.

STARCK
No! No.

The sounds stop.
WEIR shakes the trance. He looks stunned.
They remain frozen for a moment. Afraid to breathe.

In the distance, the sounds begin again.
Moving away from them. Becoming quiet.
They look at each other, begin to relax.
A look of horror passes over WEIR'S face.

WEIR
It's heading for the Third
Containment. My ship --

He rushes out the door.

STARCK
Wait --

197 INT. EVENT HORIZON - MAIN CORRIDOR

197

WEIR runs down the Corridor towards the Containment areas.

He rounds a corner and slams into-
MILLER and PETERS. MILLER has to shout to be heard.

MILLER
What the hell is going on here?

His voice is nearly drowned out.

WEIR
Come on!

198 INT. EVENT HORIZON - FIRST CONTAINMENT

198

MILLER and WEIR rush through the First Containment, PETERS
follows.

The noise growing unbearably loud.
Then cutting off sharply as they enter:

199 INT. EVENT HORIZON - SECOND CONTAINMENT

199

They stop. And stare in shock.

JUSTIN stands in front of the Third Seal, wearing an EVA suit but no helmet.

He has placed charges along the reactor, enough to destroy the ship.

And he has placed one charge in the center of the Third Seal.

MILLER speaks, low and calm:

MILLER

Justin?

JUSTIN slowly turns. His eyes are enormous. In one hand, he holds the detonator.

In the other, the gun.

Red lights on the charges blink. Armed.

When he speaks, he sounds completely sane.

JUSTIN

Did you hear it?

MILLER speaks calmly.

MILLER

Yes, we heard it.

JUSTIN

It wants you to stop me. But I won't let you. I'm sorry, Captain.

PETERS

No one's going to hurt you-

JUSTIN

You don't understand. This craft is diseased. And it's trying to infect us. It lies. It shows me these things. These horrible...I have to stop it.

MILLER

Stop what?

As JUSTIN turns to MILLER, WEIR slowly circles him.

JUSTIN

The ship. It wants to go back over.

(CONTINUED)

MILLER

Back over where, Justin?

JUSTIN

To the other place. There's no words.
It shows me. And it has to be stopped.

He raises the detonator.

WEIR'S reaction takes JUSTIN and the others by surprise.

He attacks, diving at JUSTIN.

JUSTIN wheels and FIRES.

The bullet rips through WEIR'S forearm, RICOCHETS off the reactor shell.

WEIR slams into JUSTIN, knocking him down.

The gun skitters across the floor.

WEIR and JUSTIN fight for the detonator.

WEIR fights like a madman, smashing JUSTIN'S head into the floor until he drops the detonator.

JUSTIN hangs limp in his grasp, but WEIR cannot stop.

WEIR

No! No! No!

MILLER pulls him off. WEIR fights him.
Face to face with WEIR:

MILLER

Stop it! Stop it! That's enough!
Enough!

WEIR stops struggling.

200 INT. EVENT HORIZON - MEDICAL/SCIENCE

200

WEIR winces as PETERS uses a dermal stapler to seal the exit wound in his forearm.

MILLER watches.

PETERS

You're very lucky. It just missed the bone.

MILLER

We were all lucky. That was one hell of a stunt.

WEIR

He would have destroyed the ship.

They glance at JUSTIN. Tubes snake into his nose, his mouth; his eyes swollen from the beating.

His chest rises and falls in rhythm with the respirator.

(CONTINUED)

STARCK casually rifles through the medical charts, curious.
DJ studies JUSTIN'S encephalogram.

MILLER

Well? Any brain damage?

DJ

(without looking up)

We won't know for sure, until he
regains consciousness. I'll need to
do a full MRI scan when we get back to
the Clarke.

PETERS

I want to know what caused the noise. .

WEIR

Thermal changes in the hull could have
caused the metal to expand and
contract very suddenly, causing
reverberations --

MILLER

That's bullshit and you know it!

WEIR

What do you want me to say? "I don't
know?" Fine. I don't know. There's
a lot of things going on here that I
don't understand.

MILLER

And what was that he went off on? "It
shows me things," "It lies," "It
wants."

WEIR

The man is obviously insane.

WEIR glances at JUSTIN.

But it's not JUSTIN on the table.

It's CLAIRE, in the final stages of cancer, hooked to the
respirator.

WEIR stares at her. She holds both arms out to him,
perfectly still.

DJ

I believe you said something similar,
Doctor.

(CONTINUED)

WEIR

What?

STARCK

That's right. When it was outside the crew's quarters. You said it wanted you.

WEIR blinks.

JUSTIN lies on the table.

WEIR turns back to the others.

WEIR

I said that?

DJ

Yes. You did.

WEIR

I don't remember saying that.
(he smiles, covering with a
joke)
Maybe I'm insane, too.

STARCK

What if Justin isn't insane?

A computer screen.

It displays the pattern WEIR found in the drive computer.

STARCK

(continuing)

This is the deviant code from the
drive computer...

Refined, the image becomes a highly complex series of sine
waves.

STARCK

(continuing)

This is how it would look in wave form.

MILLER doesn't get it.

MILLER

So?

STARCK hands him a hardcopy of a computer printout.
MILLER looks at it -- another wave form, this time a single
line.

(CONTINUED)

MILLER
(continuing)
It's the same thing.

DJ
No. That is Justin's encephalogram.
Human brain waves.

Beat.

MILLER
Are you saying this computer virus is
alive?

STARCK chooses her words carefully.

STARCK
No. I'm saying that it resembles an
encephalogram.

DJ's eye narrow as he compares the two waves.

DJ
It could give Justin's psychosis a
basis in fact. The wave from the
gravity drive resembles sentient brain
activity.

STARCK
Maybe when the ship passed through the
warp it...brought something back.

WEIR
Something from warpspace could not
physically exist in our universe.

STARCK
The gravity drive contains a
singularity, the entity could be
trapped inside it.

MILLER
So we're talking about an alien life
form.

DJ
"Life," no. "Alien," possibly.

WEIR
I have yet to see anything that would
make me subscribe to such a theory.

(CONTINUED)

MILLER

What about the wave pattern? Why is it the same as Justin's?

PETERS

It's in our heads.

WEIR

Anything can be translated to a wave pattern. It doesn't mean anything.

STARCK

Do you have a better explanation?

WEIR

Truth takes time.

201 INT. EVENT HORIZON - SECOND CONTAINMENT

201

MILLER carefully removes the explosive charges from the reactor shell.
He places them back in the duffel.
He wipes the sweat from his face.
The intercom CRACKLES.

SMITH

(OS, intercom)

Cap, got a minute?

MILLER looks around the reactor, checks the Third Seal. No sign of any more charges.

MILLER

Missing one.

He keys the intercom.

MILLER

On my way.

He walks out the door.
Not seeing the last charge, hidden among the cooling ducts.

202 INT. EVENT HORIZON - FIRST

202

MILLER walks through the First Containment.
He pauses behind WEIR, at the Engineering Console.
WEIR types, trying to analyze the mysterious code.

MILLER

How's the truth coming, Doctor?

(CONTINUED)

- 202 CONTINUED: 202
- WEIR nods but doesn't take his attention away from the screen.
- 203 INT. EVENT HORIZON - CORRIDOR 203
- MILLER walks down the Corridor to the Airlock.
- 204 INT. EVENT HORIZON - FIRST CONTAINMENT 204
- WEIR sits before the drive computer console.
He types into the computer.
The alien code appears on the screen.
He stares at the screen.
His mouth opens slightly, his eyes wide, as the ship begins to show him things. He hears:

SMITH
(OS, echo)
The baffle's in place...

CUT TO:

- 205 INT. EVENT HORIZON - AIRLOCK READY ROOM 205
- MILLER talks with SMITH and COOPER as they remove their EVA suits.

SMITH
(continuing)
... we can re-pressurize the ship.

MILLER
Will it hold?

COOPER
Unless Weir gets us killed first.

SMITH
No shit. What's gonna happen to the Clarke when he fires up the Event Horizon?

MILLER
We'll cut the Clarke loose if there's any sign of trouble. What's left before she's ready?

SMITH
The reserve battery has be re-charged, we have to do a full systems check, take the reactor off stand-by, say, five hours?

(CONTINUED)

MILLER

We're cutting it close on oh-two, gentlemen. I'll give you three.

SMITH

Cap, we got the Clarke back. Why don't we get the hell out of here?

MILLER

We're on a mission. We can't do much for the crew, but the salvage is still on. Once we move back onto the Clarke, we'll all breathe a little easier.

COOPER

I think Weir's settled in here. He's not gonna leave quietly.

CUT TO:

206 INT. EVENT HORIZON - FIRST CONTAINMENT

206

WEIR, in trance before the screen.

MILLER

(OS, continuing)

If Dr. Weir has a problem with it, he can get his own ride home.

The intercom crackles to life, snapping him back to reality.

STARCK

(OS, intercom)

Dr. Weir. Dr. Weir.

WEIR starts, surprised.
Then keys the intercom.

WEIR

This is Weir.

STARCK

(OS, intercom)

We're ready to engage the Ion drive.

207 INT. EVENT HORIZON - MEDICAL/SCIENCE

207

DJ tightens straps on JUSTIN.

- 208 INT. LEWIS AND CLARKE - MAIN CORRIDOR 208
 COOPER and SMITH move down the Main Corridor, closing access panels and stowing equipment.
- 209 INT. EVENT HORIZON - MAIN CORRIDOR 209
 A series of safety seals close in succession.
- 210 INT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE 210
 MILLER at the Helm.
 STARCK at Navigation. PETERS at Systems.
 WEIR sits at Engineering, straps into the seat.
- WEIR
 The reactor is holding at 90 percent, cooling systems green, all systems, green.
- Long beat. Finally:
- MILLER
 Alright. Firing thrusters... now.
- 211 EXT. EVENT HORIZON 211
 Small thrusters angle the *Event Horizon* away from Neptune, pointing it towards the sun. The *Lewis and Clarke* turns with it, held in place by the docking collar.
- 212 INT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE 212
 MILLER swallows hard.
- MILLER
 Here we go. Two second Ion burn in three...
- 213 INT. LEWIS AND CLARKE - BRIDGE 213
 SMITH and COOPER look at each other.
- MILLER
 (OS, radio)
 ...two... one. Hold on.
- 214 EXT. EVENT HORIZON 214
 The Ion drive at the aft end of the ship ignites. For two seconds, then fades to darkness.

215 INT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE

215

STARCK
Tracking... on course.

STARCK
(into radio)
Smith? Still with us?

SMITH
(OS, radio)
Like a tick on a dog's butt.

MILLER grins.

MILLER
Glad to hear it. What's our status on
your board, Doctor?

WEIR
The Ion drive is functioning
flawlessly. No sign of a power spike
in the gravity drive. She's perfect.
Perfect.

216 EXT. NEPTUNE

216

The giant ship moves out of orbit, drifting slowly back into
the solar system.
Neptune slowly recedes.

217 INT. EVENT HORIZON - MEDICAL/SCIENCE

217

MILLER, looking down on JUSTIN.
Listening to the HISS and CLICK of the respirator.

DJ
You've got to sleep, Scott.

MILLER
I slept on the Bridge.
(beat)
Did you know I was on the Goliath?

Beat.

DJ
No.

MILLER
Four of us made it to the lifeboat.
Have you ever seen fire in zero-
gravity? It's like a liquid, it
slides over everything.

(CONTINUED)

217 CONTINUED:

217

DJ
Was Corrick on the Goliath?

MILLER nods.

MILLER
He was from Decatur, or some
bumblefuck town in Georgia. He just
stood watching it come. I tried to
save him, but he just stood there and
it hit him. Like a wave breaking, a
wave of fire.

(beat)

I never told anyone that story until
now. But this ship knew. It knows
everything about us. Peters is right.
It's in our heads.

218 INT. EVENT HORIZON - QUARTERS

218

PETERS sits in front of the screen.
The log is still distorted.
Frustrated, she types in a series of instructions.
No change.
She types in another sequence.
We cannot see the screen but we can see her face.
She is horrified.

PETERS

Oh my God.

219 INT. EVENT HORIZON - FIRST CONTAINMENT

219

WEIR sits in front of a console.
On screen, the alien code.
His brow furrows and he frowns.
A headache.
He leans back in his chair and closes his eyes.

Behind him, METAL ON METAL as the Second Containment seal
releases.

WEIR turns in his chair.

The Second Seal slowly opens.

Beat.

CLAIRE steps through.

She is naked. Her skin is pale and beautiful and cold,
unmarred by cancer.

Her hair hangs in her face, covering her eyes.

WEIR stares at her in shock.

She walks to him. Slowly.

She stops in front of him. Her arms hang at her sides.

(CONTINUED)

He must reach for her. He does.
 He puts his hands on her hips.
 He slides from his chair to the floor.
 On his knees. He presses his face to her pale belly.
 He cries silently.
 She reaches down. Slowly, her arms cradle his head.
 She slides down on him. Straddling him.
 He raises his head to her breasts. His eyes, closed.
 She remains unnaturally still, only her hips rocking back and forth.
 WEIR'S mouth opens, GASPS as he enters her.
 She caresses his face. Lifts his face to hers.
 Her mouth is slack. Her hair hangs in front of her eyes.
 WEIR gazes at her, transfixed.

CUT TO:

220 INT. EVENT HORIZON - QUARTERS

220

MILLER, STARCK, DJ watch the video.
 PETERS turns away, miserable. Unable to watch.

THE VIDEO SCREEN.

Still distorted by static and roll, but we can see. And hear.

Four of the original crew of the *Event Horizon*. In the Quarters.

One, a MAN, has successfully shoved his arm down his throat, up to the elbow. Blood bubbles from his nose. With a SHUCKING sound, he pulls his stomach out his mouth.

Behind him, a MAN and a WOMAN fuck. They are covered with blood. She has bitten through his neck, ripping away one half of the musculature. His head lolls to the other side. She buries her face in the torn flesh as he thrusts into her again and again. He SCREAMS.

Presiding over them, KILPACK.
 His eyes are bloody holes.
 He reaches his hands out, an offering.
 Resting in the palms of his hands, his eyes.
 He laughs.

MILLER switches off the video.
 No one says anything. Then:

MILLER
 We're leaving.

221 INT. LEWIS AND CLARKE - AIRLOCK

221

STARCK and PETERS enter, carrying supplies.
COOPER stops them.

COOPER

What's going on, sweethearts?

STARCK

Cap pulled the plug on the mission.

COOPER smiles.

COOPER

Allow me, ladies.

He takes the supplies from.

COOPER

(calls down the Corridor)

Yo, Smith, we're going home!

SMITH leans out from the Corridor.

SMITH

About goddam time.

222 INT. EVENT HORIZON - MEDICAL/SCIENCE

222

DJ enters.
He glances over to his patient.
JUSTIN's bed is empty.
DJ keys the intercom.

DJ

(into intercom)

Justin's gone.

223 INT. EVENT HORIZON - CORRIDOR

223

JUSTIN, naked, walks down the Main Corridor.
He moves with purpose but his eyes are focused on something
far away.

FLASH. JUSTIN'S POV

He sees the Third Seal before him, an impossible, infinite
black; he hears the POUNDING as something struggles to free
itself from the Third Seal.

REALITY.

He stands outside the Airlock.

224 INT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE

224

MILLER gathering notes, papers, other crew records.
A light on the Engineering board flashes.
An Airlock warning light.

MILLER
(into radio)
Coop, are you or Smith in the Airlock.

COOPER
(OS, radio)
That's a negative, Cap, we're still on
the Clarke.

He activates the intercom.

MILLER
(into intercom)
Starck, are you in the Airlock?
Peters?

Beat. Then:

STARCK
(OS, intercom)
We're in the Quarters.

Realization.

MILLER
Justin.

225 INT. EVENT HORIZON - MAIN CORRIDOR

225

MILLER leads PETERS and STARCK as they race down the
Corridor.

They round the corner even as JUSTIN steps into the Airlock.
The Airlock door closes.

PETERS
No!

They rush to the Airlock.
MILLER tries to open it. It remains closed.

MILLER
He's engaged the override.

(CONTINUED)

225 CONTINUED:

225

STARCK
I'll try and shut it down.

She opens the Airlock access panel.

MILLER
Hurry!

PETERS bangs on the Airlock door.

MILLER AND PETERS
Justin! Justin!

226 INT. EVENT HORIZON - AIRLOCK

226

PETERS' voice barely penetrates the pressure door:

PETERS
(OS, muffled)
Justin! Open the door!

JUSTIN turns off the artificial gravity. He begins to float gently.

PETERS, against the window:

PETERS
(muffled)
No, Justin, the door! Open the inner door!

He fixes his gaze upon the outer door. And beyond it, space.

FLASH. JUSTIN'S POV
Accelerating towards the deep night of the Third Seal. The POUNDING grows louder and louder and louder.

227 INT. EVENT HORIZON - MAIN CORRIDOR

227

REALITY.
PETERS, her face against the Airlock window:

PETERS
(continuing)
Justin, look at me. Look at me. Baby Bear, this is Mama Bear talking. Baby Bear, look at me.

Slowly, JUSTIN turns. He looks at her with dead eyes. He reaches out to gently touch the glass between them.

(CONTINUED)

227 CONTINUED:

227

MILLER

(quietly)

He hears you. Keep talking.

PETERS

Baby Bear, I want you to open the inner Airlock door.

228 INT. EVENT HORIZON - AIRLOCK

228

JUSTIN slowly turns, looking from PETERS to the outer Airlock door.

PETERS

(muffled, continuing)

I want you to open this door. Baby Bear, did you hear me? Mama Bear says open the door.

JUSTIN turns around again. A glimmer of recognition in his eyes.

229 INT. EVENT HORIZON - MAIN CORRIDOR

229

PETERS, MILLER.

PETERS

Open the door, Baby Bear.

JUSTIN stares at her through the inner door window. He sees her. He smiles, a broad, child-like glow that slides across his face.

PETERS

That's right. Open the door. The inner door.

STARCK. Her hands flying as she re-wires the circuits.

STARCK

Almost got it.

230 INT. EVENT HORIZON - AIRLOCK

230

Not taking his eyes from PETERS, JUSTIN reaches for the Airlock control switch.

PETERS

(OS, muffled)

Open the door.

FLASH. JUSTIN'S POV

Rushing towards the Third Seal until the darkness fills the

(CONTINUED)

230 CONTINUED:

230

screen and we are lost in the void. The POUNDING fills us, so loud we can feel it.

REALITY.

His hand hovers over the INNER AIRLOCK DOOR control.

Moves to the OUTER AIRLOCK DOOR control.

Hits it.

Pumps evacuate the Airlock's atmosphere with a HISS.

PETERS

(OS)

NO!!!

231 INT. EVENT HORIZON - MAIN CORRIDOR

231

PETERS stares in horror as blood boils from JUSTIN'S nose.

He smiles at her as blood erupts from his mouth.

His eyes turn red, swell.

Explode.

A bloody mass hits the Inner Airlock Door window.

232 INT. EVENT HORIZON - AIRLOCK

232

JUSTIN'S body hangs in the air before the Inner Airlock door.
The Outer door opens.

The escaping trace atmosphere carries his body out into space.

Not tumbling. Falling gently away into darkness.

233 INT. EVENT HORIZON - MAIN CORRIDOR

233

PETERS slides down the door.

PETERS

Oh no. No.

MILLER stares at the bloody window.

STARCK closes the access panel with a CLICK.

234 INT. EVENT HORIZON - CREWS QUARTERS

234

PETERS sits on a bunk, a blanket draped over her shoulders.

Her eyes are red.

COOPER sits next to her.

COOPER

Peters? You gonna be okay?

She nods.

(CONTINUED)

PETERS

Where's the dog?

COOPER

The dog?

PETERS

I can't find the dog.

She begins to SOB.

The rest of the crew sit at the table.
No one says anything. Finally:

WEIR

I think I've made some progress with
the gravity drive. Moving from
Neptune's orbit had a stabilizing
effect and --

MILLER

(interrupting)

The salvage is over.

WEIR

What? That's insane. The salvage has
gone remarkably well in all other
respects --

MILLER

Justin's dead. It's over.

(beat)

Starck, download all the files from
the Event Horizon's computers. Coop,
Smith, finish moving supplies back
onto the Clarke.

WEIR sits, stunned.

235 INT. LEWIS AND CLARKE - DOCKING COLLAR

235

SMITH and COOPER carry a large oxygen tank back into the
Lewis and Clarke.

236 INT. EVENT HORIZON - DOCKING BAY

236

PETERS stands in the Docking Bay, holding a box of supplies.
She begins to follow SMITH and COOPER down the Docking
Collar.

Leaving the ship.

A child's GIGGLE stops her.

She turns.

We see a child disappear around the corner.

(CONTINUED)

PETERS

Oh no. Denny.

She drops the box and starts after the child.

PETERS

Denny!

237 INT. EVENT HORIZON - MAIN CORRIDOR

237

WEIR follows MILLER down the Corridor.

WEIR

Captain, you are in direct violation
of your mission orders.

MILLER

I don't give a fuck. My first
priority is my crew. And this ship is
killing us.

WEIR

Do you know how crazy that sounds?

(beat)

I'm sorry about Justin. But he was
green. It was his first mission into
deep space, he couldn't handle the
pressure.

MILLER stops, faces WEIR.

MILLER

It's your first deep space mission
too, doctor. How are you holding up?
See anything funny?

WEIR opens and shuts his mouth.

WEIR

I don't know what you're talking about.

MILLER

This ship is bad.

WEIR

You're insane. You've lost your mind.

MILLER

Maybe. When we get to Daylight you
can file a report.

MILLER turns to walk away.

WEIR grabs MILLER, wheeling him around, almost frenzied.

(CONTINUED)

237 CONTINUED:

237

WEIR
 We can't leave! I won't let you! I
 won't --

MILLER shoves WEIR back into the wall.
 The two stare at each other. Adversaries.
 The intercom buzzes.

COOPER
 (OS, intercom)
 Captain, we got a problem.

CUT TO:

238 INT. EVENT HORIZON - DOCKING BAY

238

COOPER, SMITH, STARCK and MILLER.

COOPER
 I don't know, she just took off. She
 was calling for her son.

MILLER
 Shit. Alright. You two get the ship
 ready. Starck, check the Containment
 areas. I'll check the foredecks.

239 INT. EVENT HORIZON - MAIN CORRIDOR

239

PETERS. Delusional.

PETERS
 Denny. Denny, come here, young man.

Child's LAUGHTER.
 She stops at an access panel. It hangs open.
 The stuffed dog is few feet inside.
 PETERS crawls inside.

240 INT. EVENT HORIZON - CREWS QUARTERS

240

MILLER.

MILLER
 Peters?

241 INT. EVENT HORIZON - MEDICAL/SCIENCE

241

DJ, packing samples.
 MILLER enters.

(CONTINUED)

241 CONTINUED:

241

MILLER

Have you seen Peters?

DJ

No.

MILLER

Get your stuff and get on the Clarke.
And keep your eyes open for Doctor
Weir. He may give us a little
trouble. You may need to sedate him.

242 INT. EVENT HORIZON - MAIN CORRIDOR

242

WEIR comes from the Containment areas, carrying a duffel bag.
STARCK stops him.

STARCK

Have you seen Peters?

WEIR

No, but I thought I heard something.

He continues down the Corridor.

243 INT. EVENT HORIZON - DOCKING BAY

243

SMITH and COOPER.
WEIR enters, holds out the duffel.

SMITH

What's this?

WEIR

Personal effects of the crew. I think
their families would want them.

SMITH takes the duffel.

244 INT. LEWIS AND CLARKE - MAIN CORRIDOR

244

SMITH stows the duffel in a storage compartment.

245 INT. EVENT HORIZON - FIRST CONTAINMENT

245

STARCK passes through the First Seal.

STARCK

Peters? Peters?

She passes the open access panel.
She hears a faint SCRATCHING.
STARCK leans her head in.

(CONTINUED)

245 CONTINUED:

245

STARCK

Peters?

She enters the Access Duct.

246 INT. EVENT HORIZON - ACCESS DUCT

246

A dark, cramped shaft.
STARCK must hunch over to move down the Access Duct.
Her voice is hushed in the tight environment.

STARCK

Peters?

247 INT. EVENT HORIZON - SECOND CONTAINMENT

247

WEIR stands before the Third Seal.
He holds JUSTIN'S detonator.
He flips the three safeties. Arming the charges.
His thumb hovers over the detonation switch.

CUT TO:

248 INT. LEWIS AND CLARKE - MAIN CORRIDOR

248

The closed storage compartment.
We hear a series of muffled, high-pitched BEEPS.

249 INT. LEWIS AND CLARKE - AIRLOCK

249

COOPER, preparing to go EVA.
SMITH helps him. He checks COOPER'S backup tank.

SMITH

This tank's not full, buddy.

COOPER

I'm just gonna check the weld. Take
me five minutes.

SMITH

Be careful.

CUT TO:

250 INT. EVENT HORIZON - SECOND CONTAINMENT

250

WEIR, holding the detonator.
A burst of reality: he stares at the detonator in his hands.

(CONTINUED)

250 CONTINUED:

250

WEIR

Oh no. I can't. I can't do it.

He closes his eyes tightly against tears. His face contorts with pain, a brief glimpse into his internal struggle.

CLAIRE

(OS)

Billy.

His face relaxes and he opens his eyes.

The pneumatic bolts of the Third Seal release with a RUMBLE and HISS.

The door slides open of its own accord.

Beyond it, the Third Containment.

An impenetrable night.

251 INT. EVENT HORIZON - ACCESS DUCT

251

STARCK rounds a corner.

She sees PETERS sitting further down the duct.

PETERS clutches herself, rocking slowly back and forth, her face hidden by one hand, turned away from STARCK. Her hair looks thick, ropey, unwashed. A low MOAN escapes her, a sick, unnatural sound.

STARCK

Peters, it's alright. Everything's going to be alright.

PETERS doesn't respond.

STARCK moves down the duct towards PETERS.

PETERS doesn't react. Her body trembles.

STARCK is now next to her. Reaches toward her.

STARCK

Shhh. We're gonna be okay. We're okay.

Suddenly, a distant ECHO:

PETERS

(OS, faint)

Denny! Come back! Denny!

STARCK freezes.

Staring at the person before her.

(CONTINUED)

251 CONTINUED:

251

STARCK
 (faintly)
 Peters?

But she knows it cannot be PETERS.
 The figure before her does not move. It trembles, its face
 hidden.

STARCK
 Um. Uh. Who. Who are you?

She reaches out. Then pulls her hand back. Uncertain and
 afraid.

CUT TO:

252 INT. EVENT HORIZON - SECOND CONTAINMENT

252

WEIR stares through the Third Seal, now open.
 He steps through.
 The door closes behind him.

CUT TO:

253 INT. EVENT HORIZON - ACCESS DUCT

253

STARCK next to the unknown WOMAN.
 The WOMAN GIGGLES. Insane laughter.
 STARCK begins to back away.
 In the distance, the NOISE. POUNDING.

STARCK

No.

The dim lights of the duct begin to shut off in the distance.
 The darkness moves towards her as the noise grows.
 BOOM. BOOM. BOOM. Louder and louder.

STARCK looks down the duct, past the WOMAN.
 Darkness coming that way too.
 The WOMAN GIGGLES louder.

STARCK

Stop that! Stop that!

The darkness, very close now.
 The POUNDING reaches a crescendo.
 The WOMAN begins to SHRIEK.
 Still her face is hidden.

(CONTINUED)

253 CONTINUED:

253

STARCK

No! Stop!

She grabs the WOMAN and spins the WOMAN towards her.
 STARCK looks into her own face.
 Eyes bloodshot, saliva dripping from slack lips.
 Insane.
 STARCK SCREAMS.
 Darkness. SILENCE.

CUT TO:

254 INT. EVENT HORIZON - THIRD CONTAINMENT

254

Darkness.
 WEIR'S features can barely be seen.
 His breath mists in the cold air.
 We hear another noise: the deep THRUMM of the gravity drive.
 It sounds like a HEARTBEAT.

WEIR

Show me.

A SERIES OF SHOTS as WEIR'S eyes open wide and he sees:

- 1) CLAIRE. Smiling at him. Her hair still covers her eyes.
- 2) WEIR GASPS. She's gone.
- 3) The original crew of the *Event Horizon*. They sit along a long table. All look up at him. They have no eyes. JUSTIN sits with them. His eyes, black pits. He smiles.

And the BEATING grows louder.

- 4) WEIR staring wildly.
- 5) An alien sun, red and bloated and dying.
- 6) An alien terrain; a sluggish, oily, black sea.
- 7) Creatures without scale, without symmetry, without eyes. Malevolent octopods, they devour each other, flowing over each other, consuming each other with almost sexual frenzy.

The POUNDING is now loud enough to feel.

- 8) One creature seems to be aware of observation. Its twisted limbs reach towards us-

The images are too much for WEIR'S mind.
 He covers his face and MOANS with dread.

WEIR

No!

SILENCE.
 Slowly, WEIR opens his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

254 CONTINUED:

254

CLAIRE stands naked before him. He takes a step forward.
 Brushes the hair from her face.
 She has no eyes. She reaches out to him.
 He takes her hand and raises it to his face. She caresses
 his cheek.
 And reaches for his eyes.
 Darkness.

255 INT. EVENT HORIZON - SECOND CONTAINMENT

255

We hear a muffled SCREAM through the Third Seal.
 It begins as a human sound and ends as something else, an
 alien CRY of rage.

256 INT. EVENT HORIZON - MAIN CORRIDOR

256

The CRY echoes down the Main Corridor.

257 INT. EVENT HORIZON - MEDICAL/SCIENCE

257

MILLER and DJ react to the noise.

MILLER

Get onto the Clarke. Now.

He runs from Medical.

258 INT. EVENT HORIZON - MAIN CORRIDOR

258

MILLER runs towards Engineering.

259 INT. EVENT HORIZON - SECOND CONTAINMENT

259

The detonator, lying on the ground.
 A human hand enters the frame and picks it up.
 WEIR. We see only a silhouette of his face.

260 EXT. LEWIS AND CLARKE

260

COOPER, EVA, examines the weld on the baffle plate.
 It's solid.

261 INT. LEWIS AND CLARKE - CORRIDOR

261

SMITH carrying another load of supplies.
 He stops outside the storage compartment.
 He hears the BEEPING of the charges.

He sighs as he puts the cargo boxes down and opens the
 storage compartment.
 Rifles through it, looking for the source of the noise.
 The BEEPS are coming closer and closer together.

(CONTINUED)

261 CONTINUED:

261

SMITH grabs the duffel. Opens it.
His eyes grow huge.

SMITH

Fuck --

WHITE LIGHT.

262 INT. EVENT HORIZON - DOCKING BAY

262

MILLER enters the docking bay even as a HUGE BLAST knocks him back.

The Safety doors seal shut, cutting off access to the Lewis and Clarke.

263 EXT. EVENT HORIZON

263

The Lewis and Clarke has been torn into two pieces, spiralling away from each other and from the Event Horizon. Metal shards, like confetti, fill the space between them.

COOPER clings to the shattered foredeck section.
Hyperventilating.
Watching the Event Horizon fall away.

264 INT. EVENT HORIZON - DOCKING BAY

264

MILLER gets to his feet.
Stares out the window upon the wreckage of his ship, spiralling away.

MILLER

Weir.

265 INT. EVENT HORIZON - MEDICAL/SCIENCE

265

Equipment lies scattered.
DJ gets up from the ground.
The door opens behind him.
He doesn't turn around.

DJ

What the hell was that?

The door closes.
The lights go out.
DJ turns around.

DJ

What --

(CONTINUED)

265 CONTINUED:

265

Face to face with WEIR.
 We cannot see WEIR'S face in the darkness.
 But DJ can. He opens his mouth to SCREAM.
 WEIR grabs DJ by the throat, cutting him off.

266 INT. EVENT HORIZON - DOCKING BAY

266

MILLER puts on an EVA suit. He activates the intercom.

MILLER

DJ, the Clarke's gone. I need you in
 the Docking Bay.

(beat)

DJ?

CUT TO:

267 INT. EVENT HORIZON - CORRIDOR

267

Outside Medical.

MILLER

(OS, intercom)

DJ? DJ, are you there?

We hear the sounds of a struggle. We hear something WET and
 the struggle stops.

WEIR enters the Corridor from Medical. His arms are caked
 with gore.

CUT TO:

268 INT. EVENT HORIZON - DOCKING BAY

268

MILLER, at the intercom. He tries another channel.

MILLER

Starck, do you read me?

CUT TO:

269 INT. EVENT HORIZON - FIRST CONTAINMENT

269

Empty.
 The intercom CRACKLES.

MILLER

(OS, intercom)

Starck? Godammit!

MOVE TOWARDS
 The open access panel.

CUT TO:

270 INT. EVENT HORIZON - ACCESS DUCT 270

A flickering light breaks the darkness.
A female form, hunched and shivering.
STARCK. Alone. Terrified. Her breath coming in GASPS.

CUT TO:

271 INT. EVENT HORIZON - DOCKING BAY 271

MILLER stands, uncertain what to do.
The intercom CRACKLES.
The lights turn from white to red emergency lighting.

COMPUTER

The gravity drive will engage in T-
minus twenty minutes.

MILLER

Son of a bitch!

272 INT. EVENT HORIZON - MAIN CORRIDOR 272

MILLER rushes down the Corridor.
The computer continues, SOUNDING OFF at 30 second intervals.

273 EXT. LEWIS AND CLARKE 273

COOPER, still alive, clinging to what's left of the ship.
The Event Horizon is moving farther and farther away.
He checks his oxygen gauge. One tank full, one tank at half.

He twists his backpack around, giving him access to the
oxygen tanks.

He seals off his primary hose and disconnects the full tank.
His gauge immediately goes to "Yellow - Reserve."

He points the full tank away from the Event Horizon and
opens it.
The blast of pressurized air pushes him towards the ship,
leaving the wreckage of the Lewis and Clarke behind.

274 INT. EVENT HORIZON - MAIN CORRIDOR 274

MILLER clammers up the ladder to the Bridge Antechamber.
Past the gravity couches.
The door to the Bridge is open.

275 INT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE 275

MILLER stands in the doorway.
WEIR sits at the helm, his back to us.

(CONTINUED)

The console is open.
 WEIR rips out a circuit panel with his bare hands.
 Sparks fly and sizzle on his skin.
 JUSTIN'S gun rests on the console next to WEIR'S hand.

MILLER looks around for a weapon.
 Carefully removes the fire extinguisher from its rack.
 WEIR doesn't notice.
 MILLER slips forward.
 He reaches for the gun.

WEIR'S hand clamps down on his wrist with incredible force.
 WEIR turns toward MILLER.
 We see WEIR'S face.
 Blood crusts his cheekbones, his mouth.
 He has no eyes. Only clotted, empty sockets.

MILLER YELLS in horror and brings the extinguisher down on
 WEIR'S restraining arm.
 The bone SNAPS. WEIR doesn't react.
 MILLER lunges for the gun.
 WEIR is there first. He presses the barrel to MILLER'S
 forehead.
 MILLER backs away, starts to circle the Bridge.
 WEIR follows MILLER'S movements with the gun.

WEIR

You were going to kill her. I
 couldn't allow that to happen.

MILLER

It's the ship --

WEIR

She shows me things. Such beautiful
 things.

MILLER

If you pull that trigger, you'll kill
 us both.

WEIR

Will I?

WEIR pulls the hammer back.
 He aims at MILLER, following MILLER'S movements.

MILLER sees something out of the corner of his eye.
 COOPER.
 Outside, braced in the viewport bracket.
 WEIR spins and FIRES at COOPER.

The bullet lodges in the thick quartz glass.

(CONTINUED)

275 CONTINUED:

275

A web of cracks spreads out from the bullet, the glass SHRIEKING under the pressure.

WEIR takes a step towards the window, raises the gun to fire again.

COOPER vanishes from the window.

MILLER dives for the door.

Before WEIR can fire, the window EXPLODES outward.

The ship HOWLS as air rushes out.

The Bridge door begins to close automatically.

MILLER fights the wind, pulling himself through the door.

Frost forms on his body as the air cools.

He YELLS with his exertion. We see his veins begin to bulge, blood pulses from his nose.

He is through.

BURNING MAN

(OS)

Scott! Don't leave me!

MILLER turns to look back in on the ruined Bridge.

The BURNING MAN reaches out to him, inches away from the closing door.

MILLER freezes, stunned. He reaches out to the BURNING MAN.

FLASH. The BURNING MAN is gone. It is WEIR, his face a mask of blood, his broken arm flapping, his other arm distorted by rupturing veins.

WEIR BAYS like a feral beast.

MILLER pulls away as the door closes shut.

276 INT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE ANTECHAMBER

276

MILLER collapses against the door. Trying to breathe.

277 INT. EVENT HORIZON - MAIN CORRIDOR

277

The lights flicker, red to white to darkness.

The computer continues the count:

COMPUTER

(intercom)

The gravity drive will engage in T-minus fifteen minutes.

278 INT. EVENT HORIZON - QUARTERS

278

STARCK, looking through the Quarters. The red light flickers.

(CONTINUED)

278 CONTINUED:

278

STARCK
Cap...Anyone?...

An image flickers on the video screen.
The original *Event Horizon* crew in their orgy of destruction.
STARCK stares at the images and backs out of the Quarters.

279 INT. EVENT HORIZON - CORRIDOR

279

STARCK, gasping and panicked.
She runs into Medical.

280 INT. EVENT HORIZON - MEDICAL/SCIENCE

280

STARCK tries to flick on the lights.
They don't work.
She crosses to one of examination tables. Flicks on the
table light.

DJ lies dissected, his viscera gleaming in the harsh white
light. His mouth hangs open, revealing his eyes, stuffed
inside.

STARCK turns and runs from Medical.

281 INT. EVENT HORIZON - CORRIDOR

281

STARCK running.
She slips in something wet.
She gets to her feet, looks at her hands.
Red with blood.
She looks around. The seams of the ship are bleeding.
Blood sheets down the walls.

282 INT. EVENT HORIZON - AIRLOCK

282

STARCK dashes into the Airlock and seals the door behind her.
Safe in its pristine white light.
She begins to relax. She wipes her bloody hands on her
pants.

POUNDING. She jumps to her feet and SCREAMS:

STARCK
No! Stop it!

LOUDER and LOUDER.

STARCK
Go away! Leave me alone!

BOOM. BOOM. CLANG.
A sharp, metallic sound. Behind her.

(CONTINUED)

She wheels.

Outside the Airlock window, COOPER.
Blood trickles from his nose, his eyes are almost shut.
He bangs on the door. CLANG.

She backs away from the Airlock door.

STARCK

Go away!

He makes eye contact with her. Pleading.
CLANG.

STARCK dashes from the Airlock and shuts the Inner Door behind her.

Safe.

She looks behind her, through the Airlock.
COOPER still floats outside the ship.
Reality returns.

STARCK

Oh God.

She opens the circuit panel that she had disconnected.
Reconnects the door.

It opens.

COOPER drifts in.

His eyes close.

STARCK shuts the Outer Airlock Door.

COOPER slowly settles to the ground as pressure and gravity return.

His oxygen gauge registers "empty."

He tries to reach up and take off his helmet. He's too weak. His eyes begin to flutter.

STARCK rushes into the Airlock and takes his helmet off.

He breathes in, SUCKING air and COUGHING.

She holds him.

STARCK

You're real.

COOPER

(weakly)

Real as a heart attack?

She kisses him, almost attacking his face. He's too weak to return the affection. Tries to push her away.

(CONTINUED)

282 CONTINUED:

282

COOPER
(gasping)
Stop, have to breathe, I have to --

STARCK
Can you move?

COOPER
Just let me breathe.

283 INT. EVENT HORIZON - MAIN CORRIDOR

283

COOPER staggers down the Corridor, STARCK helping him.

COMPUTER
(intercom)
The gravity drive will engage in T-
minus ten minutes.

STARCK
We've got to get to the Bridge and
shut down the drive.

COOPER
The Bridge is gone.

STARCK
What do you mean?

MILLER
(OS)
It's gone.

MILLER emerges from the darkness.
STARCK gasps.
MILLER grabs COOPER by the shoulder.

MILLER
You're alive.

COOPER and PETERS start. COOPER looks at MILLER, covered in
dirt and blood.

COOPER
Are you?

MILLER
Smith?

COOPER shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

STARCK

DJ's dead. I thought I saw Peters, but... it was something else. What about Dr. Weir?

MILLER

I left him on the Bridge.

STARCK

Without Bridge access, we can't stop the drive from activating.

MILLER

Can't you shut it down from Engineering?

STARCK

I could try, but I don't know the process. Dr. Weir was the expert.

COMPUTER

(intercom)

The gravity drive will engage in T-minus nine minutes.

COOPER

He fucked our ship. Let's fuck his.

STARCK

Blow it up?

MILLER

Blow the Corridor.

COOPER

The warp drive goes where no man has gone before and we stay put.

MILLER

Come on.

They lope to the end of the Corridor.
It ends in a steel pressure door leading to the Quarters.

284 INT. EVENT HORIZON - QUARTERS

284

They close the steel pressure door.
STARCK opens a circuit panel labelled "FAILSAFE."
She flips a series of breakers.

(CONTINUED)

284 CONTINUED:

284

STARCK

It's armed.

But a red light flashes on the panel.

MILLER

What is it?

STARCK

We can't activate the explosive bolts.
There's a safety in Engineering.

MILLER

Alright. Alright. I'll enable the
charges. Prep the gravity couches.

COOPER

I'll go --

MILLER

No heroics, Cooper. Just get ready to
blow this fucker. I'll be right back.

He opens the steel pressure door.

MILLER

Close it.

Beat. COOPER and STARCK stare at their Captain.

COMPUTER

(intercom)

The gravity drive will engage in T-
minus seven minutes.

COOPER

Don't be long.

MILLER smiles wanly.

The door slides shut with a dull THUNK.

285 INT. EVENT HORIZON - MAIN CORRIDOR

285

MILLER running as fast as he can down the Corridor.

286 INT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE ANTECHAMBER

286

COOPER checking the gravity couches.
One by one, they slide open.

287 INT. EVENT HORIZON - MAIN CORRIDOR

287

MILLER runs through the darkness, towards flickering red light.

He stops suddenly. His eyes open in shock.

Fire slides up walls, ceiling and floor, rushing towards him.

He closes his eyes and keeps running. Running into the flames.

Darkness.

He falls to his knees. Breathing hard.

Something drips on his face, from above.

He looks up.

Blood sheets the Corridor walls. Drips from the light fixtures.

Captain KILPACK, the original Captain of the vessel, hangs in the air, upside-down, defying the artificial gravity. A large animal has been at him, eating away his gut and exposing most of his rib cage.

KILPACK

I just want to say how proud I am of my crew.

MILLER runs past this vision.
Deeper into the ship.

MILLER reaches the First Seal.
It is closed.

He keys the electronic lock.
It doesn't respond.
He tries to open it manually.
He can't turn the wheel.

He turns on the intercom.

MILLER

Starck?

INTERCUT WITH:

288 INT. EVENT HORIZON - QUARTERS

288

STARCK on the intercom.

STARCK

Here, Cap.

(CONTINUED)

288 CONTINUED:

288

MILLER

The First Seal's shut tight. You studied the blueprints, is there anotherway into Engineering?

STARCK

Um. There's an access tunnel to the superconductor coil, but --

MILLER

How do I get there?

STARCK

Cap, the superconductor chamber is kept at zero pressure --

MILLER

How do I get there?

CUT TO:

289 INT. EVENT HORIZON - SECOND CONTAINMENT

289

The Third Seal.
Blacker than night.
We see a brief flash of a human figure within its darkness.
WEIR.

290 INT. EVENT HORIZON - GRAVITY COUCHES

290

COMPUTER

(intercom)

The gravity drive will engage in T-minus five minutes.

COOPER starts activating the gravity couches.
One begins to fill with blood.
COOPER backs away from it.
Within the blood, darker shapes.
Bones. Nerves. Muscle.
A body reconstitutes itself.
WEIR. His face is smooth and featureless where his eyes should be.

COOPER

Fuck me.

The tank explodes.
COOPER covers his face, trying to protect himself from flying glass.
WEIR flips up to the ceiling, defying gravity.
COOPER looks up.
WEIR reaches down for him.

291 INT. EVENT HORIZON - QUARTERS

291

STARCK in front of the Failsafe panel.
She hits a button labelled: "EMERGENCY BEACON."

STARCK
Come on, Cap, let's go --

She hears the explosion of glass.

STARCK
Cooper?

No response.
She runs to the tank room.

CUT TO:

292 INT. EVENT HORIZON - GRAVITY TANK CHAMBER

292

STARCK enters. Stares in horror.
WEIR stands on the ceiling, defying gravity.
COOPER dangles in his grip, still bound by gravity.
WEIR'S hand tightens on his throat.
COOPER'S feet dangle a foot off the floor.
WEIR'S shadow against the wall isn't human -- a dark shape
of tentacles, changing patterns. Chaos.

COOPER GAGS. With one hand, he fights WEIR'S hold on his
neck. The other arm flails wildly, trying to reach the
vacuum torch on his hip.

STARCK SCREAMS and grabs COOPER, trying to pull him free.
COOPER HOWLS in pain. His face is turning deep red.

293 INT. EVENT HORIZON - ACCESS DUCT

293

MILLER crawls on his belly down the Access Duct.
His path is blocked by a pressure iris covered with
warnings:

WARNING.

SUPERCONDUCTOR COIL. THIS DOOR CANNOT BE OPENED OUTSIDE OF
DRYDOCK. EXPLOSIVE DECOMPRESSION MAY RESULT.

Lying next to the door is the stuffed dog.
MILLER picks it up.

MILLER
Peters.

He opens a safety case and flips the switch.
The iris opens.

(CONTINUED)

293 CONTINUED:

293

MILLER squirms into a small space, 2 cubic meters, wedged between the iris and a second door.

The iris closes behind him.
In front of MILLER, a red pressure seal.

He hyperventilates.
He closes his eyes.
He blows all the breath from his lungs.
He opens the pressure seal.

294 INT. EVENT HORIZON - SUPERCONDUCTOR COIL

294

A curved shaft arcs away above and below, lined with intertwined tubes.

MILLER blows across the empty space, carried by the escaping atmosphere.
The veins in his neck bulge. His face contorts in pain.
Blood boils from his nose.
He slams against the pressure seal opposite, making no sound.
He blindly clutches for the pressure seal latch.
The veins in his arms popping out.
A lattice of red cracks forms on his skin.

His hand closes on the latch.
The second pressure door opens.

295 INT. EVENT HORIZON - ACCESS TUNNEL

295

He pulls himself into the lock and closes the pressure door behind him.
Air floods the chamber.
MILLER stays on his knees, barely able to keep his body from the floor.
He opens his eyes. Bloodshot.
His chest works. He's trying to breathe. Finally, he sucks air in a wheezing GASP, exhales an explosion of blood.

296 INT. EVENT HORIZON - FIRST CONTAINMENT

296

The iris seal opens.
MILLER spills out into the Second Containment.
He tries to stand and collapses.
He is dying.

COMPUTER

(intercom)

The gravity drive will engage in T-minus four minutes.

297 INT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE ANTECHAMBER

297

COOPER trapped in WEIR'S grip.
 STARCK grabs the torch from COOPER'S hip. She tries to get it into his hands.
 COOPER'S fingers brush the torch. He swings wildly in WEIR'S grasp, cannot get a grip on it.
 WEIR places the fingers of his free hand against COOPER'S eyes.
 STARCK stretches.
 COOPER grabs the torch.
 It bursts into flame.
 COOPER cuts through the hand on his throat.
 He falls to the floor.

WEIR falls from the ceiling and lands on his feet.
 STARCK pulls COOPER up from the floor.
 Back to the ladder to the Quarters.

298 INT. EVENT HORIZON - FIRST CONTAINMENT

298

MILLER crawls to the First Seal.
 Locates the Failsafe panel.
 Opens it.
 Activates the Failsafe.
 The flashing red light turns green.

MILLER activates the intercom.

MILLER
 (into intercom, a wheeze)
 Starck? Coop?

The intercom HOWLS in reply, an inhuman animal sound. Through the HOWLS, STARCK screams. The sound of glass breaking.

MILLER turns, stares into the Second Containment.

MILLER
 No.

CUT TO:

299 INT. EVENT HORIZON - QUARTERS

299

WEIR stalks COOPER and PETERS.
 COOPER holds the torch between them, a talisman.
 WEIR continues to walk into the flame.
 The fire burns him horribly.
 He doesn't react.
 He reaches out and swats the torch from COOPER'S hand.

CUT TO:

300 INT. EVENT HORIZON - SECOND CONTAINMENT

300

MILLER staggers into the chamber.
 He faces the Third Seal.
 His face a mask of rage. He YELLS and throws his dying body
 against its steel surface.
 Again and again and again.
 He slides down to the floor, GASPING.
 From the intercom, the SCREAMS continue.
 MILLER lies on the floor. He can do nothing.

COMPUTER

(intercom)

The gravity drive will engage in T-
 minus three minutes.

He looks up. Sees the blinking red light of an active
 charge on the reactor hull.

CUT TO:

301 INT. EVENT HORIZON - QUARTERS

301

COOPER hits the wall, his face bloody and beaten.
 He slides to the floor, unconscious.
 WEIR looks to STARCK with his eyeless face.
 She looks around desperately for a weapon.
 He moves towards her. Slowly.

CUT TO:

302 INT. EVENT HORIZON - SECOND CONTAINMENT

302

MILLER pulls himself up the reactor shell to the charge.
 He places his hand on the charge. Unscrews the steel case.
 Revealing a red button.

CUT TO:

303 INT. EVENT HORIZON - QUARTERS

303

WEIR has cornered STARCK.
 She holds the torch. It sputters.
 Running low on fuel.

STARCK

No --

WEIR freezes.
 STARCK doesn't dare breathe.

(CONTINUED)

COMPUTER
(intercom)
The gravity drive will engage in T-
minus two minutes.

304 INT. EVENT HORIZON - SECOND CONTAINMENT
MILLER, about to detonate the charge.

CUT TO:

304

305 INT. EVENT HORIZON - QUARTERS

CUT TO:

305

WEIR turns from STARCK.
Fades. Leaving only the chaotic shadow.
Then that, too, vanishes.
STARCK stands immobile for a second, then rushes to COOPER.

306 INT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE ANTECHAMBER
STARCK stuffs COOPER into a gravity couch.

306

307 INT. EVENT HORIZON - SECOND CONTAINMENT
MILLER, still clings to the reactor shell.

CUT TO:

307

PETERS
(OS, weakly)
Cap. Help me.

MILLER looks around.
Sees nothing.

PETERS
(OS, continuing)

Help me.

MILLER pulls the charge free of the reactor shell.
He keeps his thumb of the detonation switch.
He lowers himself to the floor.
Circles the reactor.

COMPUTER
(intercom)
The gravity drive will engage in T-
minus twenty seconds.

(CONTINUED)

307 CONTINUED:

307

PETERS lies before the Third Seal. Dead.
A small boy in a school uniform squats over her. His mouth
is covered with blood. He giggles.

MILLER

Denny.

MILLER steps closer.

Not DENNY. The thing is CLAIRE, naked, cancer-ridden, her
hands reaching towards him; her eyes, bottomless pits.

MILLER keeps going.

Fire.

The burning corpse of EDMUND CORRICK stands before him,
reaching towards him.

MILLER picks up speed.

He grabs the BURNING MAN with his free hand.

It twists and changes in his hand.

An inhuman, slippery thing, without form or symmetry or
structure, an enormous mollusk. No reference points, no
eyes. Only endless black, wet skin.

It squirms within his grasp and he holds it, hold onto it
tightly and looks at it. He will not look away.

He holds WEIR in his arms.

WEIR looks at him through empty sockets.

WEIR

Do you see? Do you see?

MILLER

It's all lies.

WEIR reaches for MILLER'S eyes.

MILLER depresses the detonator.

They are both destroyed.

CUT TO:

308 INT. EVENT HORIZON - QUARTERS

308

STARCK, crying, hits the detonator for the Failsafe again
and again.

Nothing happens.

COMPUTER

The gravity drive will engage in T-
minus ten seconds. Nine... eight...

(CONTINUED)

- 308 CONTINUED: 308
- She hits the detonator again.
The EXPLOSION knocks her down.
- 309 EXT. EVENT HORIZON 309
- A series of explosions shatters the Corridor.
The human containment tumbles away from the spinning gravity drive.
- INT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE ANTECHAMBER
- STARK pulls herself into a Gravity Tank.
It closes.
- EXT. EVENT HORIZON
- The foredeck spirals away to safety.
- The Containment Area begins to rotate.
The drive spins faster and faster, a gyroscope.
Distorted by waves rippling over its surface.
A dark shape seems to grow around it.
Suddenly, the drive shrinks to nothing.
An enormous wave distorts space, moving out from the point of implosion.
- The foredecks spiral away from the implosion, intact.
- 310 INT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE ANTECHAMBER 310
- COOPER and STARCK in gravity couches, in stasis.
- FADE TO:
- 311 SPACE. 311
- Black planets silhouetted by a dying red giant.
The Engineering Containment of the *Event Horizon* drifts in the eddies of gas that swirl and spiral into the bloated star.
- We spiral towards the ship until, as before, its shadow sends us into darkness.
- 312 INT. SECOND CONTAINMENT 312
- We move towards the Third Seal.
A featureless black plane.
Slowly, a figure emerges.
His eyeless sockets fixed upon the blood red vista.
His mouth pulled back in a dead man's grin.
MILLER.

CUT TO:

313 INT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE ANTECHAMBER

313

STARCK awakes.
The gravity couches are open.
Hands on her body.
She SCREAMS.
It's a RESCUE TEAM.
COOPER pushes them aside.
She clings to him, CRYING.

FADE TO BLACK.