

FRAGMENT

IT ALWAYS COMES BACK.

FRAGMENT

by

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OVER BLACK

The WHINE of four turboprops churning the air. The monotonous droning is punctuated by--

A RUMBLE. The RATTLING of metal.

It's a familiar, unsettling sound. Turbulence.

Another RUMBLE sends us to--

INT. C-130 - CARGO BAY - DAY

ADAM CARTER (33). African-American, good looking, carefree. He's relaxed. Flights like today's are pure routine.

He's wearing a Minnesota Twins hat under a radio headset. Strapped into a red jumpseat in the cargo hold of a UNITED STATES AIR FORCE C-130 HERCULES. There aren't any windows, but we can safely assume we're 30,000 feet in the air.

Another RUMBLE. More violent this time. Carter feels it. He looks at--

JACK "SWOD" SWODZINSKI (40s) also strapped in, three seats down. Swod's ignoring the turbulence, engrossed in a well-worn paperback copy of "The Three Musketeers" instead. One glance at him and we can tell Swod's blue collar for life, and that's just fine with him.

Carter turns his attention across the bay. There's a big, hard plastic cargo package, secured with ratchet straps. But his attention is on--

WILL FREEMAN (20s), a skinny, nervous kid. The kind who joins the military to get out of whatever Southern backwater town he's from.

His eyes are closed, head back, with old school Walkman headphones in place over his ears where his headset should be. Head nodding to the music.

Carter picks up an empty Coke can. Swod looks up from his book and watches. He sees the can. Then Freeman, eyes still closed, still bobbing to the music. He realizes what Carter is going to do. Carter sees Swod watching and grins.

He cocks, aims--and beans the unsuspecting Freeman with the can. Freeman jerks, his eyes pop open, not sure what just happened. Carter and Swod bust up laughing.

Freeman replaces his headphones with his headset. The mic CRACKLES as he adjusts it.

FREEMAN
Fuck you, guys.

That makes them laugh again. But they aren't done yet.

CARTER
What're you listening to?

FREEMAN
I'm not telling you now.

CARTER
Oh, don't be like that.

SWOD
Carter, the man doesn't want to
tell us.

"Fine."

FREEMAN
Genesis.

More laughter.

CARTER
Could've swore Swod was the old man
here.

Freeman just gives them the finger and puts his Walkman
headphones back on, closing his eyes to ignore his
tormentors.

A CRACKLE OF STATIC spikes in Carter's ear. We hear a young
woman's voice. We'll call her--

TAYLOR (V.O.)
(filtered)
--Carter, coming up--

Carter glances at Swod. "You catch any of that?" Swod
shakes his head.

CARTER
Taylor? Say again. We didn't copy
back here.

TAYLOR (V.O.)
(filtered)
--turbulence--
(STATIC)
--radios... out--

Carter presses his headset tighter against his ear to hear better. Swod is listening now too.

CARTER
Taylor, you alright?

Carter looks toward the front of the cargo hold, "at Taylor." But the radio's dead. Just static SNOW.

The RUMBLING and RATTLING is omnipresent now. The aircraft dances on the rough air, shimmying around like a mechanical bull.

It all feels wrong.

Carter eyes the 5'x5'x5' hard plastic cube in the middle of the bay floor. Their cargo. A computer console built into it. An electronics package of some sort. And right now, it's straining against its ratchet straps.

Carter unclips his jumpseat harness and glances at Swod, but the man's nose is already back in his book.

So Carter makes his way over to Freeman and pulls down Freeman's headphones. Freeman looks up again--"Now what?" Carter shouts over the air and engine noise.

CARTER (CONT'D)
Radios are on the fritz.
(then)
I think we're coming into some
rough air. Let's double-check the
tie-downs. Make sure the package
is secure.

Freeman stows his Walkman in a black backpack under his seat and joins Carter. They start on opposite sides of the package, checking each anchor point.

FREEMAN
What is this thing, anyway?

CARTER
No idea. Some kind of prototype, I
think.

Just as Freeman secures another strap--KUH-BANG!--a violent shudder throws him against the package. It's getting dangerous.

CARTER (CONT'D)
Get back to your seat. I got the
rest.

He doesn't have to tell Freeman twice. The kid buckles up as Carter quickly checks the final straps.

Another violent SHUDDER nearly upends Carter. He glances toward the cockpit again, but--

The package's computer screen lights up, catching his eye. Powering on by itself. "What the hell?" But Carter has no time to think about it...

With an ominous WHINE, one by one, the turboprops begin to power down. The C-130 slowly banks to the left and noses down into a fall. Metal begins to vibrate. Rivets GROANING... Then--

CHING-WHOOSH!! With a metallic POP--something flies free outside and--WHAM!--one of the propeller blades rips through the fuselage like a knife just behind the cockpit near--

CARTER (CONT'D)

Taylor!

Carter spins back at Freeman and Swod. Freeman doesn't know what to do, but Swod's about to unbuckle to help.

CARTER (CONT'D)

Stay put!

Carter turns forward. He braces himself on the bulkhead as he heads for the cockpit.

The entire airframe is RATTLING now. Gale force winds tearing at the aircraft's skin where the propeller blade sliced through.

Carter grips where he can to pull himself forward. The noise building... deafening... And then--

Carter is launched straight up and his body rag-dolls against the ceiling!

The C-130 bites into good air again--Carter plummets, bouncing off the package and slamming down on the cargo floor.

Everything's distorted. There's a faint, endless RINGING. Carter blinks. Dazed. He's lost his hat. He hears DULL SHOUTS, coming from behind him.

But he's only focused on one thing.

CARTER (CONT'D)

(sotto)

Taylor...

CARTER' POV

The airframe is starting to tear itself apart. Metal struts buckling with a horrendous sound. More SHOUTING. Then...

TAYLOR'S VOICE

Carter!

It's TAYLOR (27), making her way to us from the front of the plane. A blonde, earnest angel. Fighting to get to Carter.

Another molasses blink. Passing through BLACK... then--

The roar of WIND. A clear blue sky. We're falling like a stone until--

WHOOSH-SNAP! A parachute trails out above us--blooms, and we lurch, decelerating 103 miles per hour in less than a second and we--

SMASH TO BLACK.

AROUND THE EDGES OF THE FRAME

Black, craggy, volcanic rock begins to encroach. We're PULLING BACK out of this black abyss of a cave mouth. Before we can get a proper look--

Obsidian crystals form on a desert floor. Fracturing, growing, spiraling like nautilus shells on the sand. Otherworldly.

Then Carter. Surrounded by white. Silent. He flickers and we're in--

EXT. THE HIGH DESERT - DAY

Carter lies facedown. Half-buried in drifting sand. Not moving. A light breeze halfheartedly tugs at his parachute, still connected to him. Is he dead?

No. His eyes open and he EXHALES. He pushes up, COUGHING, and brushes off the sand clinging to his face. He looks around to get his bearings. Where the hell is he?

With a GROAN, he pushes to his feet, his head still on a swivel. Another gust tugs at him, and he notices he's still connected to his parachute. He unclips the bindings and shrugs off the harness. The light breeze catches it and Carter watches the chute slide away. That's when he sees--

Rising smoke. Thick. Black. Coming from beyond a nearby ridgeline.

Carter moves forward to see--

EXT. THE HIGH DESERT - RIDGELINE - DAY

In the valley below him--the wreckage of the C-130 spread out in a 200-yard swath. The fuselage broken in half. The port-side (or left) wing in pieces.

A quarter-mile beyond to the left, a second, smaller wreckage site burns, nestled at the base of the craggy mountains. It appears the starboard (or right) wing section broke free of the C-130 and impacted near the steep, rocky terrain.

Following the mountains right, a prehistoric dry lake bed lies beyond the main crash site. Encircled on the far side by snow-capped mountains, providing an epic backdrop to this entire area.

Well, shit.

EXT. THE CRASH SITE - DAY

Carter makes his way through, not quite sure what he's even looking for. There's wreckage everywhere. So much of it still burning. Thick, choking black smoke from oil and fuel. The heat is almost unbearable here.

Carter spots something in the sand just ahead. It's his hat. Dirty, but intact. He picks it up, shakes off the sand, and puts it on. But as he looks up again, he clocks--

EXT. THE CRASH SITE - NOSE SECTION - CONTINUOUS

The massive, charred nose section, engulfed in an inferno. Carter shields himself from the searing heat and squints for a look. Flames lick through the metal windscreen framework. But still visible in the raging fire is--

A charred, black body burning in the Captain's seat. It's gruesome. Biblical. An unfortunate soul unable to escape hell's clutches.

Carter' jaw tightens. The weight of what's happened finally setting in. Someone he knew--a friend--is dead.

He hears frantic SHOUTS off-screen. From where? More SHOUTING. Carter charges toward the distress. We race with him as he enters--

EXT. THE CRASH SITE - LEFT WING - DAY

A clearing formed by the section of the fuselage and the wing.

Swod's trapped under a piece of burning metal, and Freeman is struggling to free him.

FREEMAN

Come on!

But the debris is too heavy. Swod SCREAMS in agony again. Carter quickly grabs the other side of the shredded metal.

CARTER

We're getting you out, Swod!

(to FREEMAN)

On three...

Freeman nods and readies.

CARTER (CONT'D)

One... two... three!

Carter and Freeman heave with all their might. Swod drags himself free and collapses back on the sand. Carter and Freeman let go.

FREEMAN

Jesus--fuck!

Carter sees Swod's right pant leg is soaked with blood.

CARTER

Swod, I gotta take a look at that.

Swod nods, bracing himself against the pain to come. He winces as Carter tears his pant leg open. His fibula is poking through the skin. Freeman nearly dry heaves.

SWOD

You kidding me?

CARTER

We've got to set this.

Swod curses under his breath and readies.

CARTER (CONT'D)

(to FREEMAN)

Freeman, I need you to hold him.

Wide-eyed, Freeman bear hugs Swod from behind. Swod grabs a nearby length of rubber hose and chomps down on it as a bite block.

CARTER (CONT'D)

Ready?

Swod closes his eyes, prays a quick prayer, and nods.

CARTER (CONT'D)

This is gonna suck. On three--

Carter TWISTS without warning--and sets the bone back in place. Swod gives a muffled ROAR from the pain and spits out the hose.

SWOD

What the fuck was that?!

CARTER

It's better when you don't anticipate it.

SWOD

I promise it fucking wasn't!

Carter grins, Swod's okay. At least for the moment.

CARTER

You'll be alright. Just take it easy.

Carter stands and turns his attention to Freeman. Freeman's still pretty shaken up.

CARTER (CONT'D)

How about you? You alright?

Freeman nods, too quickly.

It dawns on Carter that it's just the three of them. He tries to stay calm.

CARTER (CONT'D)

Where's Taylor? Have you seen her?

FREEMAN

No, man. I just came here and then I heard Swod screaming...

Carter tries to hold back his growing panic and scans for any sign of--

CARTER

Taylor!

He cups his hands around his mouth and calls louder.

CARTER (CONT'D)

Taylor!

As if on cue, Taylor appears. Distorted by the heat waves from the burning wreckage. Slowly making her way toward them.

Carter hurries to her. Both relieved and concerned.

CARTER (CONT'D)

Hey.

But she doesn't respond. She's in shock.

CARTER (CONT'D)

Rachel.

He touches her arm and she flinches. She looks at him, still not quite registering what's going on.

CARTER (CONT'D)

You made it. You're okay.

She nods. Pure reflex. Carter helps her find a place to sit. He's protective. Like a big brother.

CARTER (CONT'D)

Freeman, we have any water or anything?

Freeman shakes his head. Carter turns his attention back to Taylor. Gentle.

CARTER (CONT'D)

You injured at all? You still in one piece?

TAYLOR

Yeah.

She speaks in a small voice. Overwhelmed by their ordeal.

CARTER

At least we made it, right?

She looks up at Carter. He's being playful. It's contagious. She forces a tiny smile.

FREEMAN
This is so fucked up, man. So
fucked. We were just in a real,
fucking plane crash.

CARTER
Freeman...

FREEMAN
Wait, where's Cap?

Taylor's eyes flick to Carter as he turns somber. She can
tell he saw something.

TAYLOR
Where is he?

CARTER
He didn't make it.

FREEMAN
Fuck me...

Carter can see Taylor wants to say something. But she's
struggling.

CARTER
Hey. It's okay.

She stops. Grateful he understands.

FREEMAN
So where the hell are we? Is
someone going to come find us?

Carter glances at Taylor. She outranks him, but she's not in
the best frame of mind at the moment.

CARTER
Didn't you go through crash school
in basic? Just calm down for a
second.

Freeman wants to argue, but thinks better of it.

CARTER (CONT'D)
Our transponder's broadcasting our
location. Once we're off our
schedule, they'll locate us and
send Search-and-Rescue to come get
us.
(then)
We'll be fine.

Freeman takes a deep breath.

FREEMAN
So how long do we have to wait?

CARTER
(to TAYLOR)
SAR finds us in, what, 8-10 hours?

She looks up, realizing Carter is deferring to her rank.

TAYLOR
Yeah--yeah, that sounds right.

FREEMAN
8-10 hours? Fuck.

CARTER
What's the matter? You have a hot date?

Freeman rolls his eyes.

FREEMAN
What're we supposed to do in the meantime?

Carter defers to Taylor again.

TAYLOR
We need to, um... We need...

She spots the second crash site in the distance and fixates on it.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
The other crash site--where the uh... We need to--I need to--get out of here...

Carter can see Taylor's still struggling to focus.

CARTER
Taylor, if you want, I can go look for the medkit first, and see what else I can find. Then maybe check out the other site in a bit and go from here?

TAYLOR
Right. Yeah. Good idea.

She glances at him. Still scattered, but grateful. Carter checks his wristwatch and winds it.

CARTER
Okay, I'll be back in 30 minutes or
less.
(then)
Don't go anywhere.

He's trying to keep it light. But nobody is in the mood.

Freeman ignores as he plops down near Swod and taps a
cigarette from a crumpled pack.

FREEMAN
Take your time. Apparently there's
no rush.

But Taylor pushes up, finding some strength.

TAYLOR
I'm coming with you.

Taylor doesn't give Carter a chance to argue and heads off
into the wreckage. With a deep breath, Carter follows.

EXT. THE CRASH SITE - DAY

They make their way deeper through this hellscape. 10-15
feet apart from each other.

CARTER
This isn't quite how I thought my
day would go when I got up this
morning.

It takes Taylor a half-beat to realize he's making another
joke.

TAYLOR
I was gonna call in sick.

Carter laughs. She's loosening up a little. That's good.

Carter spots something buried in the sand. Binoculars. He
picks them up. Naturally one lens is cracked.

Underneath the sand, a pitted, rusted sign with the text:

- QUARANTINE -

SITE GS

**Issued by the Authority of the
United States Department of Defense**

Strange.

Taylor slows to walk closer to him now. Relaxing a little, but her eyes are still worried. Anxious.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
Guess I should've.

EXT. THE CRASH SITE - FRONT-FUSELAGE - CONTINUOUS

They approach a massive section of the C-130's body. The area between the nose and the wings.

CARTER
Hopefully the medkit didn't fly
free during the crash.

Just like everything else here, the metal is torn, twisted, and black with carbon soot.

TAYLOR
It's weird isn't it? We were just
in there. And now look at it.

"Too weird."

CARTER
And now I get to go back in.

He hands the binoculars off to her.

CARTER (CONT'D)
Wish me luck.

Taylor mockingly crosses her fingers and Carter ducks through an opening.

INT. THE CRASH SITE - FRONT-FUSELAGE - DAY

It's slow-going as he picks his way up and over the twisted metal. The bent airframe ribs. Higher, up into the mess. Sunlight catches the dust drifting through the air.

CARTER
(loudly)
It's a shit show in here.

He spots Swod's paperback nestled in a cavity. He snags it. Somehow it survived the crash, largely unharmed. Carter chuckles and shakes his head. Tucks it into his flight suit and continues on.

EXT. THE CRASH SITE - DAY

Taylor can hear Carter moving inside. But she feels uneasy. All too aware she's alone. Vulnerable.

She keeps her head on a swivel. As though something might come for her. She still has the binoculars. She brings them up to look at the second crash site. Nothing of note there, so she slowly scans the horizon.

TAYLOR
You find it?

INT. THE CRASH SITE - FRONT-FUSELAGE - DAY

Carter reaches the front bulkhead at the top of his climb. He wedges himself into position and opens a compartment. Airsick bags pour out!

He jumps, startled, then laughs at himself. Tries a second compartment. This time--bingo. The medkit. He pops it open and checks the contents.

CARTER
(loudly)
Got it.

With a grip on it, he starts the climb back down.

EXT. THE CRASH SITE - FRONT-FUSELAGE - DAY

Taylor's fixated on something on the horizon with the binoculars when Carter reappears through the hole, squinting in the bright sunlight.

CARTER
See anything?

TAYLOR
Yeah, take a look.

Carter takes the offered binoculars as Taylor points him in the right direction.

CARTER'S POV

Across the shimmering white salt flats... tall steel towers. Dozens. All in rows. An antenna farm. Tucked into a crescent-shaped cove in a jagged, volcanic mountain.

CARTER
What is that?

TAYLOR
Looks like some kind of antenna
farm.
(then)
Think anybody's there?

Carter keeps scanning.

CARTER
Looks pretty quiet. Probably an
automated facility.

Taylor deflates. Carter hands back the binoculars.

CARTER (CONT'D)
Just before we went down, I
couldn't hear you on the radio.
Wonder if that was causing the
interference.
(then)
What were you saying, anyway?

TAYLOR
I was telling you to strap in.

It's a little funny now, given the circumstances. But Carter
can see there's something deeper in Taylor's eyes. She's
preoccupied. On edge.

CARTER
Taylor. What's going on?

She doesn't want to answer, but--

TAYLOR
I froze. Up there--I didn't know
what to do. Everything happened so
fast--I didn't--

CARTER
There was nothing you could've
done.

TAYLOR
No! I could've done something.
Cap died because--

CARTER
Cap died because his number came
up. That's it.

She looks at Carter, wishing it was that simple. She nods, but she's still not convinced.

CARTER (CONT'D)
(re: the medkit)
I'm going to go back and see how
Swod's doing.

An awkward beat.

CARTER (CONT'D)
You want to come?

Taylor's still preoccupied with what's "out there."

TAYLOR
I think I'm going to keep looking.

He wants her to be okay. But what else can he do?

CARTER
If you find anything to eat--prime
rib, box of donuts--hurry back, I'm
starving.

A smile flicks across Taylor's lips. But immediately she's right back in her head. With one last look at her, Carter heads off.

Taylor remains motionless. Fixated in the direction of the second wreckage site. As though she's still expecting something to get her.

INT. THE CRASH SITE - DAY

Carter makes his way back to base camp. But now that he's alone, he slows. Stops. We see a flicker of self-doubt. He takes a deep breath. Trying to clear his head. But can't dwell, so he continues on.

EXT. THE CRASH SITE - LEFT WING - DAY

Freeman's seated on a tire that flew free from the landing gear. His knee bounces with nervous energy. Swod's moaning, MUMBLING incoherently. Twisting and turning from constant pain. It's not helping Freeman's anxiety. He takes a drag from his cigarette as Carter returns.

CARTER
How's he doing?

FREEMAN
He's freaking me out.

Carter ignores Freeman and kneels next to Swod as he digs through the medkit. He finds what he was looking for--a morphine syrette--and removes the protective cap.

CARTER
Swod, in about thirty seconds,
you're gonna be feeling better than
all of us.

SWOD
...the dead will live...

Okay, that's kind of freaky.

CARTER
What'd you say?

SWOD
The dead... will live again...

Swod's drifting in and out of consciousness. It's not clear if he even knows he's talking. Carter shakes it off and sticks him with the syrette.

FREEMAN
He's been saying shit like that for
the last few minutes.

CARTER
(to SWOD)
Don't worry, man. You'll feel
better in a sec.

Carter takes a fresh look at Swod's injured leg. The caked blood and the exposed wound.

CARTER (CONT'D)
Let's get this cleaned up for you.

Carter finds distilled water in the medkit and pours it over Swod's leg to wash away the blood.

FREEMAN
Where's Taylor?

Carter wraps the wound with clean white gauze.

CARTER
She wanted to keep looking around.
Should be back soon.

Swod MOANS softly, already feeling the effects of the morphine. He opens his eyes.

SWOD
This is the good shit. I should
fall out of the sky more often.

Carter packs everything back in the medkit.

CARTER
I got something else for you.

Carter plucks Swod's paperback out of his flight suit. Swod laughs, but it's painful.

SWOD
You're too good to me.

The morphine is making its way through Swod's system. Swod's eyelids droop.

SWOD (CONT'D)
Inside... read it...

He's trying to tell Carter something, but he's too loopy to finish and passes out.

CARTER
It'll still be here when you wake
up.

Carter sets the book down and turns away. Freeman's still on edge. Bouncing with nervous energy. He lights up another cigarette.

FREEMAN
You smoke?

Carter shakes his head, still eyeing Swod.

CARTER
You shouldn't either.

Freeman eyes his pack of cigarettes like it's an abusive lover.

FREEMAN
I was gonna quit. Earlier today--I
decided to go cold turkey once we
landed.

Carter finds a place to rest his weary body.

CARTER
Well, we've definitely landed.

Freeman chuckles in spite of himself.

FREEMAN
It's funny--I used to do it as a way to meet people. At parties in high school. Always saw the smokers outside, talking together like they were in some club. So one day, I bought a pack. Now here I am, smoking by myself.

Carter doesn't reply, and Freeman takes another drag.

FREEMAN (CONT'D)
I looked around a bit while you were gone. Didn't find much. Just that thing from the sensor package.

He gestures with his cigarette at what looks like an external hard drive, protected by a hard plastic casing.

FREEMAN (CONT'D)
Looks like the memory drive.
Thought somebody important might want it when we get back to base.

CARTER
Good thinking.

Carter sees Swod's and Freeman's bundled parachutes they discarded after the crash. He stands.

CARTER (CONT'D)
We can build a shelter to keep the sun off Swod. Give me a hand.

Freeman stands, stubs out his cigarette, and joins.

FREEMAN
Rig it up like a tent?

CARTER
Yeah. It'll be good for tonight, too. Might offer some protection from the wind.

They set to work.

FREEMAN

We gonna be safe overnight? Aren't there like coyotes and shit out here?

CARTER

As long as none of them have any dynamite, I think we'll be okay.

FREEMAN

Looney Tunes. I get it. Funny.

Carter ties off his end of the parachute.

He glances at his watch and then back in the direction he and Taylor left. Where the hell is she?

CARTER

It's going to be a hell of a story.
(off FREEMAN's look)
10 years from now--when you've got kids--you can tell them all about the time you survived a plane crash.

FREEMAN

Well that makes it all worth it then.

Just as they finish, Taylor re-enters their camp. She pulls a backpack off and sets it down. Still preoccupied, but trying harder to hide it.

FREEMAN (CONT'D)

You found my backpack. My Walkman still in there?

She unzips the pack and pulls it out. But it's in pieces.

TAYLOR

Sorry.

FREEMAN

Dammit, that wasn't cheap.

TAYLOR

Hungry?

Taylor tosses an MRE to Carter.

CARTER

There better be donuts in here too.

Taylor pulls out more MREs for Freeman and herself. She glances at Swod, who's barely conscious.

TAYLOR
Swod? You hungry?

SWOD
Got any Twinkies?

TAYLOR
Saving them for desert.

SWOD
Bitch.

CARTER
(to TAYLOR)
What else did you find?

TAYLOR
Some water, duct tape, more food,
and three walkies.

She hands one to Carter and he takes it. Still in decent shape.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
One is melted and doesn't turn on,
but the other two have plenty of
battery.

Carter CLICKS his on. The STATIC is overwhelming.

CARTER
Turn yours on.

Taylor CLICKS hers on too--a loud FEEDBACK whine SPIKES through the heavy STATIC. Carter backs off and Taylor thumbs the "Talk" button.

TAYLOR
(into walkie)
Check one, check one.

Carter can't hear anything. He adjusts the volume and holds it to his ear, nodding a "go ahead" at Taylor.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
(into walkie)
Check, check.

Still nothing. Carter pops the back off the walkie to get at the guts--a circuit board and wires. He checks the connections and puts it all back together.

CARTER
Try it now.

TAYLOR
Check one.

But it's no use.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
You think it's the antenna farm?

CARTER
Maybe, yeah.

FREEMAN
What antenna farm?

CARTER
We saw some kind of unmanned array
on the far side of the salt flat.
Must be what's causing all the
interference.

FREEMAN
If it's causing interference, how
is Search-and-Rescue gonna find us?

TAYLOR
They'll find us. We're going to be
okay.

FREEMAN
"We're going to be okay?" This is
so fucked. I shouldn't have even
been on this fucking flight.

CARTER
Hey. Knock it off.

But Freeman's just getting started.

FREEMAN
Fuck you--I just fell out of the
goddamn sky, man! How'd we even
crash, anyway? It's perfect
fucking weather!

CARTER
Shut your fucking mouth right now.

TAYLOR
I don't know.

Everyone looks at her. Taylor's quiet. Wearing the look of a guilty soul.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
It was perfect weather. All the instruments--everything--they all read normal.

Taylor replays it in her head. It doesn't add up.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
Then we hit that turbulence. But there was no warning. I thought I missed something, but Cap--he was surprised, too. Like... like it just formed out of thin air.

She turns darker. But she has to keep going.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
Then everything just... shut off.

CARTER
What do you mean?

TAYLOR
I mean everything just went dead. Even the auxiliary and backup systems. Everything. The plane completely lost power.

An uneasy beat. No one's sure what to say. Taylor turns heavy. Guilty.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
Cap kept us in the air. We were falling. I wanted to help him, but...
(beat)
He told me to make sure everyone got out. He bought us all enough time.

She stares at her hands. Putting herself through the ringer.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
I should've stayed.

CARTER
Then we'd all be dead.

She looks at him, wanting to believe.

Carter raises his water bottle. A toast.

CARTER (CONT'D)
Here's to Cap.

Freeman murmurs "To Cap," and Taylor follows suit. A moment of silence for their fallen leader. But it's broken by--

CARTER (CONT'D)
Freeman...

Freeman's nose is bleeding. It's eerie. Freeman wipes with a finger and sees the blood.

FREEMAN
Ah shit.

Carter tosses him the medkit. While Freeman sees to his nosebleed, Carter looks back to see Taylor stepping away.

EXT. THE CRASH SITE - CONTINUOUS

Carter joins Taylor. She's antsy. In a dark mental place.

CARTER
Hey. What is it?

TAYLOR
We shouldn't be here.

CARTER
Hopefully Search-and-Rescue finds us sooner rather than later.

That's not what she meant.

TAYLOR
I just... I've got bad feeling about this place. About staying here.

CARTER
We've been through a lot. We're tired, we're stressed. That's it.

TAYLOR
(sharply)
No, that's not it.

She's about to burst at the seams.

CARTER
What then?

TAYLOR
Ever since we crashed--something
doesn't feel right. Like...

CARTER
Like what?

Taylor looks out at the wreckage.

TAYLOR
Like we're not alone.

Carter doesn't know what to say. Is she just losing it?

Taylor isn't waiting for a reply.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
We should check out the other crash
site and see what we can find.
We'll gather everything we can take
and then we're walking out of here.

CARTER
Are you serious? You know we're
supposed to stay with the crash.
And Swod's in no shape to go
anywhere.

Taylor glances at him. Her mind racing. She looks away,
back to the horizon. The second crash site. She wants to
leave.

CARTER (CONT'D)
We'll be okay. I promise.

Taylor wants to acknowledge Carter's attempt to be nice. But
she feels too strongly.

CARTER (CONT'D)
Just... don't do anything crazy.

TAYLOR
Don't be an asshole.

Carter cracks a smile.

CARTER
I deserved that.

A smile flickers on Taylor's lips, too. But she's too
preoccupied. Carter turns back, but stops.

CARTER (CONT'D)
 Just let me know when you want to
 check out the other site. I'll go
 with you.

Taylor remains fixed in that direction, but manages a nod.

TAYLOR
 Yeah, okay.

With that, Carter heads back to Swod and Freeman.

EXT. THE CRASH SITE - LEFT WING - DAY

Freeman has his nosebleed under control. Bloody, discarded
 gauze evidence of what happened.

CARTER
 First Swod, then you--that mean
 it's my turn next?

Freeman doesn't answer.

SWOD
 What're you saying about me?

Swod pushes himself up to sit a little higher. Trying to
 fight through his injured and drugged state.

CARTER
 Just talking some shit.

But Swod's got other things on his mind.

SWOD
 Where's my book?

Carter holds it up.

SWOD (CONT'D)
 There's a bookmark. From my kid.

Carter flips through the pages and pulls out a cheap, blue
 satin bookmark. It's got a Bible verse embossed on it.

SWOD (CONT'D)
 Read it.

CARTER
 (reading)
 "If someone dies, will they live
 again?
 (then)

CARTER (CONT'D)
 "All the days of my hard service, I
 will wait for my renewal to come."

Swod finishes--

SWOD
 "You will call and I will answer
 you.
 (then)
 "You will long for the creature
 your hands have made."

The words linger. To Swod, they're exactly what he needed to feel at peace. To Carter and Freeman, they feel **ominous**. But Carter pretends he's unaffected.

SWOD (CONT'D)
 Words to live by.
 (then)
 Or die by.

He chuckles--but it's interrupted by a death rattle. His eyes glaze over as his consciousness drifts away again.

FREEMAN
 It's fucking bullshit.

Freeman's unnerved to the core. Carter keeps eyeing Swod. The injured man is far away, mentally and spiritually.

Carter finally peels away and notices--

CARTER
 Hey, where's Taylor?

Freeman realizes he hasn't seen her. Carter scans, but there's nothing. A spark of urgency compels Carter to stand. Suddenly, he's got a very bad feeling.

CARTER (CONT'D)
 Taylor?

No answer. Carter takes a couple steps outside the camp.

CARTER (CONT'D)
 Taylor!

Carter waits for an answer. But now it's eerily silent in the crash site. No breeze. No Taylor. Not a single sign of life.

It's like she just vanished.

SWOD
(mumbling)
"...You will call..."

FREEMAN
Where the hell'd she go?

Carter's thoughts are tumbling. But he's got to stay cool.

CARTER
I'm gonna go look for her. Just
hang tight.

EXT. THE CRASH SITE - EVENING

Carter hurries a little faster now. He grabs for his walkie and turns it on. Just in case. Through the heavy STATIC--

CARTER
Taylor, you there? Come in.

As expected, nothing. But now there's something else.

An odd, rhythmic Signal. A CLICKING. Low and slow, but unmistakably there.

He looks in the direction of the antenna farm. Doesn't look like she went that way. And it's wide open--he could see her if she did. Fuck!

That rhythmic Signal continues. CLICK... CLICK... CLICK...

Carter turns it off and looks towards the second wreckage site. Just 15 feet ahead, he finally spots something in the sand--

A footprint. Taylor's. Leading out of the crash site.

CARTER (CONT'D)
(louder)
Taylor!

Still no answer. The sun falls lower in the sky. He looks back toward Freeman. Then back to the second crash site. Torn.

He decides to follow Taylor's bootprints. Heading out into--

EXT. THE HIGH DESERT - EVENING

The unmolested sand and sagebrush. We follow Carter as he makes his way over the uneven terrain.

Another 200 yards ahead, we can see the debris field of the second, smaller crash site at the foot of the rocky ridge.

Carter passes a few more of Taylor's bootprints.

EXT. THE CANYON - MOUTH - EVENING

He reaches the second site. A large section of the right wing, still intact, protrudes vertically like a sail.

Beyond the twisted debris, a canyon mouth waits. Blanketed in the shadows cast by the setting sun. High rock walls on either side.

But still no Taylor.

Carter clocks more of her bootprints all around. She was definitely here.

CARTER

Why're you doing this to me?

Carter follows them through the wreckage, leading straight into the canyon. He enters and begins his descent.

EXT. THE CANYON - THE LABYRINTH - EVENING

Narrow, twisting canyon corridors, carved in obsidian rock by prehistoric floods. Jagged walls loom high overhead on either side. There are small crevasses everywhere. Black voids, shrouded in shadows. Perfect hiding spots.

Carter keeps going. The only way Taylor could've gone.

EXT. THE CANYON - THE HUEY SITE - EVENING

He comes around a sharp bend in the canyon as it widens slightly to see--

A Vietnam-era Huey helicopter gunship, perched 50 feet up where it crashed into the rock wall. Sun-bleached from its years out here.

Carter walks beneath it in awed silence. That iconic "shark mouth" painted on its nose. The rocket pods still in place on the pylons. The whole thing is an unnerving sight--

He accidentally KICKS something. He looks to see a rusty, faded Coke can skip away and come to a stop next to something orange.

A flare gun. Carter picks it up and pops it open--there's still a flare chambered. He's definitely holding on to this.

There are helmets--the crew's helmets--but that's it. Nothing else. No bodies.

He spots more of Taylor's bootprints beyond. He's still on the right track. With a final glance up at the Huey, he continues into the far passageway.

Behind him--a light PATTERN of gravel skips down from the top of the high rock wall.

EXT. THE CANYON - THE LABYRINTH - EVENING

The terrain is uneven now. Carter has to brace himself to stay upright. It's slow-going. Frustrated, he grabs his walkie and turns it on again.

CARTER

Taylor, if you can hear this--
you're buying my drinks for the
rest of time for making me come
after you.

All that replies is STATIC and that strange rhythmic Signal. But it's faster now. Clearer. **Insistent.** There's something about it that sounds off. Almost... alien.

Carter eyes his walkie and slows, not realizing that he's entering--

EXT. THE CANYON - A CLEARING - EVENING

Roughly an oval, maybe 50 feet wide and 75 feet long. The sun has set behind those high, jagged walls, casting the whole clearing into shadows. We can see there's no outlet. It's a dead end.

Carter glances up from his CLICKING walkie... And glimpses a body in a drab green flight suit, facedown on the rocks.

CARTER

Taylor!

We follow Carter as he races to the body. He falls to his knees, frantic, and rolls the body over--

And recoils in horror. The face is half-missing, almost like it was eaten. The skin is dried like beef jerky.

Luckily, whoever it was, it's not Taylor. Must be one of the Huey crew. The front of the flight suit is charred, including the nametag on the breast pocket. What the fuck happened to this guy?

Then, Carter realizes something...

That Signal is still broadcasting on his walkie. Faster. Crystal clear.

A SKITTERING sound makes Carter look up. Rocks and gravel skip and tumble down the far wall. Carter looks up for the source. To the top of the ridge where, silhouetted against the evening sky--

A pitch black figure stands. Motionless. Watching Carter.

8-feet tall, slender--yet powerfully built. Unnaturally humanoid. And not of this world.

Carter, transfixed, stands up slowly.

The CREATURE begins to move. Slowly, fluidly--shifting. Repulsive and, at the same time, mesmerizing. As it moves, the Signal on the walkie quickens.

Carter's eyes flick to his walkie. The Signal. Then back to the Creature. They're connected.

Like molasses, the Creature pours itself forward, off the cliff edge... and plummets 60 feet straight to the clearing rock floor. It lands with a heavy, sickening THUD.

But immediately, the Creature begins to rise. As though re-solidifying its shape...

CARTER (CONT'D)
What the fuck...?

He takes a step back, toward the passageway he entered from. Eyes still locked on the Creature.

It's already fully upright--and starts moving this way. Gaining speed.

Carter stumbles backward--and runs.

EXT. THE CANYON - THE LABYRINTH - EVENING

SCRAMBLING over the uneven rocks as fast as he can. Past a twisted, stray Huey rear rotor blade.

Ragged GASPS as he pounds over the jagged rocks. He's terrified.

But something else is wrong. This way looks unfamiliar. He must have taken a wrong turn somewhere.

SKRRREEAAHHH!!! A horrifying scream echoes behind him.

Carter looks back--and falls--his knee planting on the hard ground. He stifles a CRY. But he clumsily scrambles up, already running again. He can't stop.

He turns a corner and sees a fork up ahead.

CARTER
Which way? Which fucking way?!

SKRREEAHH!!--that alien scream again. Carter picks--

EXT. THE CANYON - THE RIGHT PASSAGEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Moving as fast as he can, using his hands to stay upright. CLICKCLICKCLICK--the Signal beating rapidly. Every noise--the pounding footsteps, the skittering gravel, the ragged breathing--ECHOING all around Carter. Like the Creature is in front one second and behind him the next.

He chances another look back as a monstrous, GUTTURAL SNARL reverberates. Too fucking close!

Terrified, Carter slams around a corner and straight into--

EXT. THE CANYON - THE SECOND CLEARING - CONTINUOUS

Bigger than the last. High rock walls 30-40 feet straight up. A hard dirt floor, with jagged rocks and tufts of dead grass protruding up uninvited.

But there's only one way in or out--the way Carter just entered.

He turns back, but hears a piercing SCREAM and a SPLATTER of gravel! That thing is coming!

Frantic, his eyes dart around. The craggy rock walls offer those dark crevasses. Shadowy cavities. Some large enough to hold a man. Carter races to one and slips in--

INSIDE THE CREVASSE

The Signal is getting clearer. Faster. He quickly turns the walkie off, only to hear--

The Creature in the flesh. It's here. Somewhere inside the clearing, but outside Carter's line of sight. He doesn't dare breathe. He clamps a hand over his faintly TICKING wristwatch.

We hear the heavy STEPS of the Creature. Then that strange, GUTTURAL CLICKING noise again. Almost like a Geiger counter.

Carter stays frozen. Eyes wide. Sweat beading on his forehead. His breath coming in short, shallow gasps. As quiet as he can. Mouthing a silent prayer.

The Creature continues to stalk, hunting for Carter. But it must not know where he is. Then--after a moment, we hear its steps receding.

Carter breathes a sigh of relief, but remains in his hiding spot. He twists for a better look at the clearing.

It's painfully still. Not a single movement except the flickering of the tall dead grass in an unseen breeze. That's when he sees--

The black mouth of a cave. A den. Yawning. Beckoning... Like the one from his dream.

Carter remains fixated. Alert for any sound, any sign the Creature is still nearby.

The Creature SCREAMS again. But it's farther off now, moving away to continue its search.

With a deep breath, Carter edges out of his hiding spot. It's time to move. With a final look back at the cave, Carter heads out.

EXT. THE CANYON - THE LABYRINTH - MOMENTS LATER

He's moving quickly, boots SCUFFLING to find purchase. There's the Huey's stray rotor blade. He's back on the right path. He grabs his walkie, keeping one eye on the passageway.

CARTER

Come on, where the fuck are you?!

He snaps it on and--

CLICKCLICKCLICK! The Signal is beating insanely fast--

Carter jerks up--

The Creature is pressed into a black crevasse like a reptile directly above him. It launches off the wall with that hideous SCREAM--

Carter stumbles and falls--

The Creature's attack narrowly misses, landing, tumbling on the canyon floor. It gathers for a second attack--

Carter fumbles in his flight suit and pulls out--the orange flare gun--

FWOOP!--the red streak illuminates the rock walls and--
THWACK!--hits the Creature full force in a shower of sparks and molten magnesium. It SCREAMS, stunned!

Carter pushes up and sprints. Feet POUNDING. Scrambling up the incline. The canyon mouth just ahead.

EXT. THE CRASH SITE - EVENING

The last glow of sunlight is still on the horizon. Carter stumbles into the field of wreckage. He's exhausted. He can't keep running.

But there's movement ahead, near their base camp. Carter keeps going, trying to get a better look to see--

A SIX-MAN TEAM. On horseback, like Navy SEALs in Afghanistan. Already dismounting. Must be Search-and-Rescue. Some of the SOLDIERS spread out to sweep the area.

The sight of them gives Carter a boost of hope. But he slows as he realizes--

They're armed to the teeth. UMP45 submachine guns, sidearms, Kevlar vests. Moving more like a strike team. This doesn't feel right.

Carter sees Freeman walk out to greet the Soldiers, but--

FWIP-FWIP! Without warning--two silenced shots to the chest drop Freeman. They just murdered him! A SECOND SOLDIER--FWIP-FWIP!--takes out Swod.

Carter slows, confused and in shock.

One of the Soldiers spots Carter and raises his UMP to fire--

CARTER
No--wait!!!

FWIP-FWIP! Carter DIVES for cover as suppressed gunfire RICOCHETS off wreckage around him. He grimaces and checks his abdomen. He's bleeding.

CARTER (CONT'D)
What the fuck are you doing?!?

No reply. Trying desperately to stay calm, Carter risks a look--

CARTER'S POV

Two Soldiers keep their guns aimed in Carter's direction, while the other four unfurl black body bags. They pair off and tuck Freeman's and Swod's bodies into them and heft them back to the horses.

One of the covering Soldiers collects the sensor package's memory drive that Freeman found. They're taking it with them. All moving efficiently. Like they've done this before.

Carter quickly drops back behind cover, his breathing coming fast and ragged.

CARTER (CONT'D)
What the fuck is going on?? What
the fuck is going on?!

But in the distance, from the canyon--

That hideous SCREAM. The Creature is coming.

Carter's eyes go wide. He's frantic. He peeks from cover again.

The Soldiers heard it, too. Weapons instantly up and ready. One CLICKS on his walkie. Even from Carter's hiding place, we can hear that familiar, chilling Signal. Growing faster.

The Soldiers quickly fall back to their horses. Now defensive. They seem to know what it means, too. The Soldier clicks off his walkie and they all mount up.

Carter panics. What the fuck does he do? He can't be left behind with that Creature. With a deep breath--

He breaks from cover and SPRINTS toward the Soldiers as they wheel their horses about--

EXT. THE CRASH SITE - LEFT WING - EVENING

Carter races through the wreckage. Ahead, the Soldiers urge their horses faster.

CARTER

Don't leave! Don't leave me!

The REAR SOLDIER hears him and looks back. But he's got no intention of firing at Carter. No need. Carter isn't going to survive out here.

The Soldier turns back ahead--but quickly jerks up his UMP to fire at something coming up from the side--

The black Creature lunges from the darkness! **It kamikazes straight into the side of the Rear Soldier's horse like a freight train.**

The three bodies slam to the ground, kicking up a plume of dirt and dust!

The other Soldiers don't have time to react as--

That mesmerizing black shape lunges at them from behind--swirling, twisting, moving in a nightmarish blur of unnatural fluidity and speed--

It blitzes through the Soldiers and their horses in a tumbling mass of flesh and sand! The staccato pops of silenced automatic weapons flash in the churning haze.

Bloody and stunned, the TEAM LEADER manages to push himself up from where he fell. On his knees, he plucks a grenade from his vest and pulls the pin--just as the Creature hits him...

BOOM!--A searing fireball turns night to day as it rips the two apart. Carter covers as SPLATTERING dirt rains down.

He ventures to look. Dust lingers in the air. Mixing with the black smoke of burning flesh to create a choking, hellish haze.

Jesus. Fucking. Christ.

Shielding himself from the heat, Carter peers into this brand new inferno and edges forward.

There's movement. Shit--is it the Creature??

No--a BURNING SOLDIER emerges from the haze like a demon. Not screaming. Not making a sound.

He stumbles and collapses in the sand among the other bodies of men and horses.

Carter slogs over to the Soldier. The flames are already out, leaving a bloodied, burnt face. But somehow the man is still alive.

CARTER (CONT'D)
Who the hell are you?

The white eyes look up at Carter. But no answer comes. Carter grabs the Soldier by his burned tac vest.

CARTER (CONT'D)
Who are you?? Why'd you kill
them??

The eyes stay locked on him. With a wheeze...

THE BURNED SOLDIER
It's coming back.

CARTER
...What?

THE BURNED SOLDIER
You can't escape it...

Carter is frozen. A million thoughts screaming through his brain.

THE BURNED SOLDIER (CONT'D)
It always comes back. No matter
what.
(then)
I'm sorry.

And with that--his pupils dilate and he's gone.

Carter releases the Burned Soldier and slumps down on the ground next to him. Completely at a loss in this nightmare.

His eyes land on one particular fire. Still burning brightly. The Creature.

Carter squints, staring at it, trying to see the Creature in the inferno...

But the flames are too intense. It's just a black shape. A twisted, distorted hulk that looks to be--dissolving. Melting down to nothing in the fire.

As Carter watches--

We hear that alien SCREAM.

Carter turns in dread. The scream came from beyond the crash site. From the canyon. But that's impossible.

Carter realizes he's still clutching his walkie. He hurriedly turns it on to hear--

CLICK. CLICK. CLICK. The Signal is there. And building.

Carter shifts into gear. He shuts off the walkie and hurries to another dead Soldier.

He peels off the Soldier's tac vest. Still usable. He slips it on and grabs the fallen UMP45. And an extra mag. He snags Freeman's backpack from where Taylor abandoned it in the sand.

There's the memory drive from the sensor package. It's still intact. Carter grabs it and stuffs it in the pack too.

Another SCREAM pierces the ever growing darkness.

Gun in hand, Carter shoulders the backpack and heads in the only direction he can think of--

Across the dry lake bed. Toward the antenna farm, waiting out there beneath the looming mountains.

EXT. DRY LAKE BED - NIGHT

Carter's feet SHUFFLE over the crunchy salt. He's exhausted. Running on fumes. But he's got to keep moving.

Something takes shape in the darkness to his right. Carter snaps on the tac light mounted to the UMP. He aims it. The beam illuminates--

50 feet away, a wrecked twin-engine Cessna 340. A small private plane. Empty. Another plane crash. But still no bodies. What the hell is this place?

Carter fumbles for his walkie and tries it again. He winces in pain from the movement. CLICK... CLICK... CLICK. The Signal is still there.

But Carter is now focused on his abdomen and gingerly pulls up his shirt. It's soaked with blood. Small, jagged puncture wounds. Shrapnel from when the Soldiers shot at him. Fuck.

He glances back toward the crash site, but it's too dark now to see anything. And he has no idea how much farther it is to the antenna farm. The only choice is to keep going.

He snaps off the light, plunging him back into darkness. **But the Signal continues.**

CARTER

Yeah, come on, asshole. I know how close you are.

EXT. THE ANTENNA FARM - NIGHT

Silent metal giants loom from the night. Steel towers. Lifeless sentinels.

Carter crosses the invisible demarcation and enters. There's an access road worn into the salt, cutting straight through to the back of the array.

The Signal CLICKS a touch faster as Carter shuffles deeper. But there's no sign of life.

He spots a small, pre-fabricated shack. Like a worksite trailer. No bigger than 8x10. The latch is rusty and busted, and the door hangs open.

Carter hurries for it and pushes through into--

INT. THE ANTENNA FARM - THE SHACK - NIGHT

Carter snaps on his tac light and whips it around.

The inside is a mess. Covered in dust and sand. If there was anything useful in here, it was ransacked a long time ago. Worse, the shack is tiny and flimsy. It wouldn't stand up against any kind of attack.

Then Carter's light flickers. It's dying.

CARTER

Shit!

He smacks it and it holds, but--

The Signal CLICKS faster. Relentless...

Carter hurries out.

EXT. THE ANTENNA FARM - NIGHT

Carter leaves the shack behind and hurries deeper through the antennas. Even in the darkness, he can see steep, volcanic rock walls that enclose the far side. The mountains.

There's no way out.

Carter spins back and peers through the rows of towers. Looking for the Creature. There's no sign of it except that CLICK-CLICK-CLICK--

Frantic, Carter turns back toward the rock wall. There's got to be something here. Some way out. He makes his way along the rock wall.

There! Recessed into the rock... **A rusted steel access hatch.** Carter rushes to it and cranks on the locking wheel. It doesn't budge. A dead, sand-pitted security camera with a cracked lens watches while Carter cranks again, straining with all his might.

It turns an inch. But the Signal grows faster. Clearer.

CARTER
(hisses)
COME ON!

He heaves a third time and--THUNK!--the locking mechanism opens. Carter heaves the hatch open with a CREAKING GROAN and pulls it closed behind him. Turns the wheel to lock himself into the pitch black abyss.

But we linger on the security camera. A half-beat too long.

INT. THE FACILITY - ENTRANCE ROOM - NIGHT

Carter snaps on the tac light and sweeps it around, checking every corner. It flickers again. The inky darkness encroaching on all sides.

Straight ahead, the door to the next room is open. Carter aims his dying light inside and moves forward. The Signal BEATS rapidly, deafening in this place, as Carter edges into--

INT. THE FACILITY - CORRIDOR 1 - CONTINUOUS

A main hallway. But his light flickers again and dies, leaving Carter in pitch black.

CARTER
No! No no no no--

He hits it. But it's completely dead.

Now without his light, Carter tries to see what's down the corridor. But his eyes haven't adjusted. He can't see more than a couple feet. He's blind.

Directly across the hallway--he can barely make out another open doorway. Keeping his gun up and left arm stretched out in front of him, Carter crosses to--

INT. THE FACILITY - HABITAT WING - CONTINUOUS

It's pitch black. Too dark to continue.

The CLICKING is insanely rapid now. The Creature is close. It must be just outside the hatch.

Carter quickly snaps off his walkie and takes position behind the thick door. He takes aim at the outside hatch. We can barely see its outline in the darkness.

Carter waits in pure silence. Ready for that thing to come through the door.

CARTER
(sotto)
Come on, motherfucker...

But after another beat... Nothing happens. There's no sound. No Creature.

Carter relaxes just a hair. But keeps his gun up and waits a bit longer just to be sure.

But, miraculously, the Creature must have moved off.

He SLUMPS against the wall and winces again. He pats down his vest and he pulls out a glow stick. He cracks it... and a pale green light casts its glow.

He uses it to check his stomach again. It's even worse now. He's losing a lot of blood. He needs to find something to dress it. He pushes up.

INT. THE FACILITY - CORRIDOR 1 - NIGHT

He holds his glow stick up. This whole place is steel and cement. Exposed pipes and electrical conduits running the length of the ceiling. Some kind of Cold War-era nuclear bunker. All grimy and wet from years of abandonment. Decades maybe.

But before he leaves, he eyes the outside hatch again.

INT. THE FACILITY - ENTRANCE ROOM - NIGHT

He grabs the last grenade from the Soldier's vest and tucks it in the hatch wheel. He digs in Freeman's backpack and pulls out the broken headphones. The cord will work nicely. He ties one end around the grenade's spoon and anchors the other end. He carefully removes the pin. A booby trap.

CARTER

Try getting in here now.

INT. THE FACILITY - CORRIDOR 1 - NIGHT

Carter moves deeper. UMP ready and the glow stick high. Every footfall faintly ECHOES. His wound is giving him a lot of shit. There's got to be something here.

The glow stick casts a small halo of light, only six or seven feet in every direction, illuminating old, rusted Cold War signs on the wall. "**Biohazard**"... "**Fallout**"... "**Warning**"... The familiar fear-mongering of a bygone era.

Soggy papers are scattered on the floor, disintegrating in an inch of standing water, and covered with dozens of spent shell casings. There was a firefight here. A big one.

Carter keeps moving forward and the glow stick reveals-- another sign on the wall. It indicates a Medical Wing down the corridor to the right.

CARTER

I knew you were holding out on me.

He shuffles right.

INT. THE FACILITY - MEDICAL WING - NIGHT

He enters the wide corridor. A few more papers scattered on the wet floor. But more importantly--

Five med numbered bays catch Carter's eye. Each with large Plexiglass, shatter-resistant observation windows.

Carter's light catches something as he moves deeper. **Dried blood.** Smear across the windows and the walls. A horror show. Carter does his best to ignore it and keep going.

There's a sixth room. It might have what he needs. He forces the door open and enters.

INT. THE FACILITY - MEDICAL WING - THE NURSERY - NIGHT

Five large glass cylinders dominate the space. Also numbered. Containment pods of some kind. Large enough for humans. Or maybe the Creature...? Three of them are broken open.

Carter clocks them, but he's more interested in medical supplies. He quickly checks drawers. All empty. Everything's been cleaned out. Dammit!

INT. THE FACILITY - MEDICAL WING - MED BAY 1 - NIGHT

Carter hurriedly checks more drawers, but it's the same story here. He stops, frustrated. Not sure what he's supposed to do now.

He digs in Freeman's backpack for anything he can use. There's the duct tape.

He sets the glow stick and the UMP down on a stainless steel table with a CLANG and peels off his shirt. THWAWKK--he unrolls the tape and wraps it around his torso.

CARTER

This is what I get for having an
HMO.

He's tears it off. It'll have to do for the time being.

As he pulls his shirt back on, he notices more papers strewn about here. Curious, he picks up a couple of limp pages and uses his glow stick for a light. They're still legible.

It's crazy science shit--biology diagrams, equations, growth-rate projections. And imaging scans of... fractal patterns. Far-out stuff.

And down in the corner:

**UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE
PROJECT WATCHTOWER
SITE GS**

The same as the rusted sign at the crash site.

What the fuck was this place?

INT. THE FACILITY - ENTRANCE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

We PULL BACK from the hatch. The boobytrap still in place.

INT. THE FACILITY - HABITAT WING - BARRACKS ROOM - NIGHT

Carter gingerly sinks down onto a bunk. Digs for an MRE in Freeman's backpack and uses his teeth to tear it open. By now, our eyes have adjusted to the darkness and can see beyond the glow stick's halo.

The hatch is a straight shot ahead, three rooms away across the main corridor.

Carter keeps an eye on it while he eats, but his eyelids are heavy. He's exhausted. And finally has a second to rest.

He starts to nod off--but SNAPS alert, trying to stay awake. But his eyes close again and...

WE'RE BACK IN DARKNESS

Again, that black, craggy, volcanic rock begins to encroach. There's no doubt this time--we're PULLING BACK from the black abyss of the cave we saw in the canyon.

Now--the obsidian crystals form on the desert floor. Growing. Larger and larger this time. Relentlessly spiraling on the sand. Otherworldly. Alien.

Then Carter again. Flickering. He splits into two for a nanosecond, but instantly we're back in--

INT. THE FACILITY - HABITAT WING - BARRACKS ROOM - MORNING

Carter wakes up with a GASP of air. It takes him a second to remember where he is. He sees Freeman's backpack. The Soldier's gun. The dying glow stick. "Oh right."

He straightens his hat and checks the time. Then sluggishly lifts his shirt to check on his duct tape bandage. It's doing the job for now. But then something catches his eye...

He looks up--through the open doorways--

A jagged sliver of early morning light is creeping in. The hatch is twisted and open. Still smoking. A chill passes through him. The grenade has detonated. It must be what woke him up.

And that's when he hears it. Moving somewhere through the facility, between here and the hatch.

The Creature is inside.

Carter is instantly fumbling for his gun as he frantically looks around.

The hatch is open. Right there.

He listens hard--it sounds like the Creature is moving off to the left.

As quietly as he can, Carter slips on the backpack. He shoulders the gun and moves for the adjacent room to the right--in the opposite direction of the Creature.

INT. THE FACILITY - HABITAT WING - REC ROOM - MORNING

Carter slips between a foosball table and a sofa.

This room has another open doorway that feeds back to the main corridor. Hopefully he can work his way back to the Entrance Room and the hatch.

Carter edges for the door, listening for the Creature to announce its location.

SKKKKTTRRR--Carter stops dead. Now it's closer--and coming from the right. Shit, how??

The open doorway is right there. He could just slip across the corridor.

But we can hear the heavy THUD of the Creature's steps on the cold cement. Getting closer.

Terrified, Carter has no choice but to retreat deeper into the Habitat Wing. Deeper into the facility.

INT. THE FACILITY - CORRIDOR 2 - DAY

It's a mess in here. Like everyone left in a hurry. More papers, more spilled binders. Hundreds more shell casings on the ground. The thick cement walls pockmarked with bullet holes.

Desks and bookshelves--anything and everything--stacked to create a barricade of some kind. One side is open, fused and twisted, blown apart by an explosion. Probably a grenade.

In the middle of it all, there's a strange, black stain on the ground. Thick veins of carbonized fractals, spiralling outward. Like in Carter's dreams. Alien.

He can't stop and climbs through the barricade.

He hears the Creature again. He can't see it, but it's following him. It knows he's here.

Carter is running out of options. There's a door leading off the main corridor. Maybe he can lose it there.

INT. THE FACILITY - SERVER ADMIN - DAY

Carter hurries through a low, bare room. Just a desk and an old, Nineties-era computer and monitor. On the far wall--ominous graffiti left behind by some poor soul:

"WE'RE ALL FUCKED"

Carter pushes through the door at the back of the room.

INT. THE FACILITY - THE SERVER ROOM - DAY

A wide, long, low room. Rows of 8-foot tall magnetic tape drives, arranged in rows like library shelves, disappear in the darkness. Carter hurries down the center aisle. Looking for anywhere to go, anywhere to hide. But it's all the same.

He cringes in pain and clutches his stomach. More blood. His strength is ebbing. Bracing himself against a server tower and checks his walkie--

CLICKCLICKCLICK--the Creature is only seconds behind him--

Carter tries to keep moving, but he stumbles and falls. Clumsy from the blood loss. He catches himself, but--

A skeleton sits grinning at him just a couple feet away.

It's still wearing a tattered, faded black suit. Another victim of this Creature?

Rattled, Carter clutches his gun. The Signal CLICKS relentlessly on his walkie. Faster... If he keeps running, he's going to wind up like this guy.

He has an idea.

INT. THE FACILITY - THE SERVER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

CLICKCLICKCLICK--The walkie is still broadcasting the Signal. But now it's on the floor. In the middle of the center aisle. A new glow stick next to it, shining brightly. Beckoning.

Where the hell is Carter?

INT. THE FACILITY - THE SERVER ROOM - SIDE AISLE - NIGHT

Tucked back into the darkness, Carter is waiting. Gun aimed on the walkie. Shallow, rapid breaths.

It's a trap.

Everything is perfectly still. Only the low Signal CLICKING away. But then... as if forming from the shadows...

The Creature pours into view. Barely illuminated in the glow stick's light. It approaches the walkie. The Signal is beating so rapidly it turns to a solid tone.

Carter squints down the gunsight--

CARTER
Go fuck yourself.

BRRAAAWP! The muzzle-flashes strobe as he opens fire.

THWAP-THWAP! THWAP! Rounds punch into the Creature as it SCREAMS and swirls away into the darkness. Only wounded.

Carter racks the bolt and edges forward. Now the hunter.

He moves into the center aisle. Trying to keep his panic in check. He snaps his gun around. There's no more CLICKING.

Carter glances at the walkie--it's destroyed. Broken in the ambush. Shit!

Carter re-shoulders his gun and slips across to the other side aisle. A few still-smoking bullet holes punched in a tape drive.

He moves deeper down the side aisle and reaches the end. But there's no sign of the Creature anywhere.

Carter leans back against the last tape drive. Now what? That's when he realizes...

The ceiling is higher than he thought it was. There's enough room between the ceiling and the top of the tape drive stacks... Carter pales as he hears the GUTTURAL GROWL right above him.

He whips his gun up--too slow--the oily black Creature lunges from the top of the stacks and hurls him away. Carter SLAMS into another stack, the metal buckling under the force.

Carter GASPS, the air torn from his lungs. With numb hands, he brings his gun up again--BRAWP! He gets a few shots off. But the Creature fluidly avoids them.

Broken, bloody, Carter digs for every remaining ounce of energy he has. He drags himself away, crawling under a toppled server. Trying to keep something--anything--between himself and the Creature.

But it stalks behind him, half on the floor and half on the stacks--moving with unnatural motion. Crawling up and over the toppled server.

Carter knows he can't escape. He turns, bringing his gun up, and squeezes the trigger--

CLICK! CLICK-CLICK! Empty.

The Creature coils to strike...

BZZZKT! An angry CRACKLE of electricity fires up in the darkness behind the Creature. The monster turns, just as--

Cold blue lightning arcs through the air and--WSHHKKT--
beheads the Creature! The massive body collapses on the server. Too slow, asshole.

Carter, bloody and bruised, looks up for his savior.

A woman steps forward from the darkness. Brandishing a jury-rigged, electrified survival axe. It's--

CARTER (CONT'D)

Taylor...

Taylor turns off her axe and moves quickly. She checks the walkie and discards it. Same with the glow stick. Checking everything except Carter. She clocks his UMP.

TAYLOR

Any more ammo?

Carter fights to stand. Still recovering.

CARTER

You're alive...

TAYLOR

The gun. Do you have any more
ammo?

CARTER

No. That was it.

He looks back at the Creature's body. Already starting to break down, just like the one at the crash site.

There's something about it. Carter looks closer.

The viscous fluid is crystallizing, hardening, turning to carbon on the cold cement. Forming spiral patterns on the floor...

Fractals. Just like the black stain he saw in the corridor.

TAYLOR (O.S.)
We've got to go.

Her voice pulls his attention back to her. She heads into the darkness. Not waiting around.

CARTER
Taylor...

His voice is weak and she doesn't stop. Maybe she can't hear him. He tries to follow. But he collapses.

CARTER (CONT'D)
Wait...

CARTER'S POV

Through blurred vision, Taylor reappears from the darkness. Coming back for him.

She puts his arm around her shoulder and hauls him up. With her help, they head deeper into the darkness.

CARTER (CONT'D)
Where'd you go...?

We're CLOSE ON Carter as he loses consciousness. Too close to get a good look at Taylor.

Too close to see there's something different about her...

INT. THE FACILITY - CORRIDOR 2 - DAY

Carter's head lolls to the side as Taylor helps him along. She guides them down a side hallway. Empty and abandoned.

INT. THE FACILITY - AIR SCRUBBER - DAY

She opens the door with a metallic GROAN and lays Carter down on a bed. Carter, barely lucid, looks around through his fading consciousness.

CARTER'S POV

Taylor closes the door and locks it. Then busies herself in a corner. He can't focus. We clock other details--the cot, the orderly stacks of supplies, the workbench. Then Taylor returns with a dirty, battered medkit.

CARTER

How...?

He passes out.

IN THAT BLACK ABYSS

The cave mouth again. But why do we keep seeing it?

Now the fractals. Endless, relentless, building. Manic.

Carter--flickering, splitting, SCREAMING--

INT. THE FACILITY - AIR SCRUBBER - LATER

Carter's eyes flutter open. He remembers where he is this time.

Taylor is back in the corner, facing away from him, working on something. He GROANS as he sits up. He checks his abdomen--it's better now, wrapped in a clean gauze bandage.

CARTER

Thank you.

Taylor doesn't answer. Or turn around. She just keeps working.

CARTER (CONT'D)

Where are we?

Taylor slumps. Just a little bit. Like she knew this conversation was coming and was dreading it.

TAYLOR

Somewhere safe.

Her voice sounds harder somehow. But Carter doesn't notice quite yet as he tries to sit up a little straighter. He GROANS again from the pain.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Try not to move.

He clocks Freeman's backpack by the door, then the rest of the room again. Someone clearly lives here.

CARTER
What is this place?

Taylor stops her work.

TAYLOR
It was built by the government.
They wanted a facility they could
use for... observation.

CARTER
...Observation of what?

TAYLOR
Take a guess.

The Creature.

CARTER
What the hell is that thing?

TAYLOR
It looks human, doesn't it. But
it's not from this Earth.

The implication is chilling.

CARTER
Jesus Christ. A fucking alien.
(then)
How?

Taylor doesn't answer this time. Carter clocks the room again.

CARTER (CONT'D)
How'd you find this place? Who the
hell lives here?

Taylor sighs. This is what she's been dreading.

TAYLOR
I do.
(then)
This is my home. It has been for
the last seven years.

CARTER
What? What the fuck are you
talking about?

TAYLOR
I am Rachel Taylor...

She finally turns around and we get a good look at her for the first time since she saved Carter...

She's older. Weathered. Hard. Scarred. And the answer is all too clear--

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
--But I'm not the one you knew.

Chills run down Carter's spine. It's undeniable she's Taylor. But equally undeniable she's not the same Taylor.

CARTER
That's impossible...

TAYLOR
My plane crashed here seven years ago. I survived.

Taylor steps closer, wanting Carter to understand. But he recoils sharply.

CARTER
Don't. Stay back.

TAYLOR
I'm Taylor. I swear.

A hard, hacking COUGH tears from her lungs. It takes her a second to regain her composure.

Carter is worried--happy to see her deep down--but he doesn't want to give in.

CARTER
Tell me right now--what the fuck is going on?

She wants to. And doesn't at the same time.

Instead, she wipes her mouth and checks her wristwatch.

TAYLOR
I'll tell you everything. But right now we have to go.

CARTER
No. Not until I get answers.

TAYLOR
You will. I promise. But we have
to go--right now. If we don't, we
die.

Taylor opens the door to leave. Waiting for Carter this time.

He reluctantly gives in. He grabs Freeman's backpack, they exit, and Taylor shuts the door behind them.

INT. THE FACILITY - OPERATIONS WING - MOMENTS LATER

Taylor moves quietly down a corridor, past break-out rooms and workstations. Relaxed, yet alert. Her electro-axe at her side, left powered off. Carter follows ten feet behind, eyeballing the back of her head. Confused. Paranoid.

TAYLOR
We're okay. It's not in this
section right now.

CARTER
How do you know that?

TAYLOR
I've mapped its patterns--where it
goes and when.

A beat.

CARTER
What is that room we were just in?
Some kind of safehouse?

TAYLOR
(nods)
One of four. I have to keep moving
between them. So long as I stay
out of its way, it never knows I'm
here.

CARTER
But you just killed it. Won't it
know we're here?

Taylor doesn't want to think about that.

TAYLOR
We'll just have to hope it goes
back to its routine.

Carter looks at her--she might've jeopardized her life by saving his. But she doesn't want to dwell on it.

She reaches a heavy door and CRANKS it open. She looks at him, guilt-ridden about all of this. Hoping he understands.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
We need to get inside.

INT. THE FACILITY - WEAPONS VAULT - DAY

They enter Taylor's second "safehouse." Thick steel walls. Rows of weapons racks and plenty of counter space. More stacks of supplies amassed by Taylor on her rounds. MREs, canned food, emergency flares--this place has everything. Except weapons, of course.

Taylor locks the door and sets her gear down on a workbench. Carter finds a place to sit on the other side of the room. An awkward silence. A chasm between them.

TAYLOR
Hungry?

Carter forgets his suspicion for a moment and nods. Taylor digs in a cabinet full of canned food.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
You're probably sick of MREs. How do you feel about beef stew?

She holds up a can of Dinty Moore. Carter smiles in spite of himself. Taylor tosses it over to him.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
Sorry. No microwave.

CARTER
I was just about to ask.

Taylor quickly looks at Carter. He's loosening up, just a sliver. She plucks a SOG knife from her belt and offers it as a can opener. He takes it and retreats. Still uncomfortable around her. He gets to work sawing the can open.

TAYLOR
They left a lot behind when they pulled out of here. Fortunately, the canned stuff is still okay to eat.

He offers the SOG back.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Keep it.

Taylor pretends not to notice his discomfort and methodically checks her supplies while Carter digs in.

CARTER

I've only eaten cold stew from the can one other time.

(beat)

When I was a kid--maybe 12 or 13--my dad took me and my brother camping to this place in Northern Minnesota. But he did such a bad job preparing everything--he didn't bring anything to cook the stew over the fire. We ended up eating it cold.

(laughs)

It was pretty terrible.

Taylor's stopped to listen.

CARTER (CONT'D)

My brother hated it. The Twins had made the playoffs for the first time in years. He'd brought this little portable radio so he could listen to the game, but we were too far out to pick up any station.

He takes off his hat and looks at it. Lost in the memory.

CARTER (CONT'D)

Can't believe I still remember that.

This story weighs heavy on her. She returns and sits, and Carter looks right at her.

CARTER (CONT'D)

Some men came. I thought they were Search-and-Rescue, but then they murdered Freeman. And Swod. Just like that.

(then)

You said you'd tell me everything. Start from the beginning.

Taylor takes a deep breath. Like she's been through this before.

TAYLOR

In the Fall of 1986, deep space military satellites picked up an object on an intercept course with Earth. That object crashed not far from here on October 30th.

CARTER

The alien...

TAYLOR

They established a 20-square mile perimeter and sent in a five-man response team to investigate.

She pauses for just a moment. There's some significance to what she's about to say.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Only one made it out alive. But there was something wrong. He was infected with something. They managed to recover the bodies of the other four. They, too, had the same infection. Some kind of fast-multiplying mutation.

Carter is reeling. Not sure what to think about any of this.

CARTER

This place was built for all of that?

TAYLOR

(nods)

To observe the creature. To study it and its effects.

"Well, shit."

CARTER

What does it want? Why is it here?

TAYLOR

Nobody knows for sure. Some think it's a scout of some kind. They think that explains why it never leaves the area.

CARTER

A scout for what?

TAYLOR

An invasion.

Carter hardens.

CARTER
How do we kill it?

TAYLOR
It's not that simple.

CARTER
Why the fuck not??

TAYLOR
It just keeps regenerating--you
kill one and another shows up.
Probably from its ship or whatever
it used to get here.
(then)
But nobody knows where that is.

CARTER
They sent in a team--at least one
team to investigate, right? And
they never found it?

TAYLOR
When you flew in, you had some kind
of sensor package onboard, didn't
you?

He's thrown off-guard, but nods.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
The alien and its "ship" generate
some kind of electrical field.
Almost like a sustained EMP.

Carter realizes--

CARTER
That's why we crashed. Why the
walkies don't work.
(then)
That signal--on the walkies--

TAYLOR
They're picking up the alien's
presence. The antenna farm was
built to decipher the interference.

Carter needs a second to process all of this.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

In case there is an invasion, the military wants to know how to jam the alien's electrical field. Otherwise the invasion would be over before it even started.

(then)

That's why they sent us out here. That's why they keep sending us out here.

Carter isn't taking it well.

CARTER

They knew what would happen. They don't want to kill it.

TAYLOR

You saw how far they're willing to go.

Carter turns cold.

CARTER

How do you know all this?

Taylor almost laughs. Bitter.

TAYLOR

They wrote everything down.

She gestures to one of the racks. Filled with binders.

Carter pulls one out. There it is again--**PROJECT WATCHTOWER**. Complete with a "NASA mission"-style logo. A stone turret from a medieval castle. Five stars in a semi-circle above it.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Helped me kill the time.

Carter looks at her. More pity than suspicion now. What an incredible way to live all these years. But he turns dark and looks Taylor dead in the eye.

CARTER

Tell me the truth--who are you?

TAYLOR

I'm Rachel Taylor.

She tries to move closer again, but--

CARTER

Don't.

(then)

If you're not the Taylor I know,
then where is she?

Taylor doesn't want to be the bearer of bad news. But she doesn't have a choice.

TAYLOR

She's probably dead.

CARTER

No! Fuck you. No more games, no
more bullshit.

Taylor's heart is breaking. But she powers on.

TAYLOR

I was made here. They cloned me.
And there were others.

She knows she has to give him proof. She checks her watch.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

I can show you the truth if you
come with me. But you'll need to
trust me. Do you trust me?

Carter stares at her. Not sure what to think. But what choice does he have?

INT. THE FACILITY - THE COMMAND CENTER - DAY

Three tiers of long consoles, all facing a big array of old CRT screens at the front of the room. Think Apollo Mission Control. Now covered in dust and cobwebs.

Taylor leads Carter in, past the observation room's cracked windows.

TAYLOR

This is where they monitored
everything. It runs on solar
power, so it still works.

CARTER

Just show me what you're going to
show me.

Taylor stops at a particular console and powers it up. After a brief pause--a SOFT CLICK and the old monochromatic screen flickers as the systems boot up.

TAYLOR

The creature is attracted to anything electrical, so we only have a couple minutes.

A command prompt waits with a blinking cursor. Taylor enters a command to load a menu and moves the cursor to the option she wants. She steps back. It's Carter's turn.

He's suspicious. But he presses "Enter."

A window loads. Silent black-and-white static snow. A title card appears:

Project Watchtower/DOD
Series: E
Subject(s): 02, 03

Additional text--what looks like file notes--blinks on-screen, but before we can read it, the static blurs the picture, then clears as--

The video begins. From an odd, high angle, and without sound. A security camera. We're in the room with the containment pods that Carter saw earlier in the Medical Wing. Brand new and unbroken. A timecode runs in the bottom corner of the frame.

Several STAFF mill around in unnerving silence. Men and women in white coats. Working with TWO PATIENTS.

Carter, curious, slips into a chair as he watches, fixated.

The staff helps one of the patients out of a pod. It's Taylor. Young, earnest, beautiful--just like we first time we saw her at the crash site.

The second Patient is obscured by two of the staff. They help him from his pod and escort him and Taylor out of the room. As everyone passes by the bottom of the frame, we see the second Patient look up at us and wink.

It's Carter.

The flesh-and-blood Carter watching the video nearly vomits. He looks away. Barely able to form a coherent thought.

CARTER

How... How is that me?

TAYLOR

They cloned us, Adam. All of us. You, me, Freeman, Swod, and Cap.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
We were the original team. You
were the one that made it out.

Carter's world is falling apart around him.

CARTER
I promised her... I told her
everything would be alright...

Taylor wants to help. But she checks her watch. Their
time's up.

TAYLOR
We have to go.

But Carter is still processing.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
Adam, we can't stay here.

Carter ignores her and starts another video. Taylor tries to
pull him away, but he violently shrugs her off. He has to
know more.

CARTER
Don't touch me!

TAYLOR
Adam, it's coming! If you want to
die, that's up to you. But I don't
want to.

That hits Carter like a ton of bricks.

We catch a glimpse of the monitor, the new video. It's
Carter again, speaking to the camera. Making a video journal
of some sort, but it's still muted. If we're looking very
closely, we can see he's a little older. Now part of the
Watchtower program.

But before our Carter sees it, Taylor shuts down the console
and PULLS him away.

Carter's numb. Not sure what to think. Not sure who he is.

INT. THE FACILITY - CORRIDOR 3 - MOMENTS LATER

Taylor is moving quickly through this endless maze. This
purgatory. Carter is barely keeping up.

CARTER
This doesn't make sense. None of
this makes sense.

TAYLOR

The infection from the alien bonded
with our DNA.

(correcting herself)

The original team's DNA.

Carter doesn't want to hear anymore. But Taylor has to tell him now.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

When the doctors did their tests,
they found the infection copied and
regenerated the cells at an
incredible rate.

CARTER

Stop.

TAYLOR

They tried with others, but they
were only able to clone the five of
us because of the infection. Ever
since then, they've sent us out
here, over and over, to try to
figure out how to beat that thing.

Carter grasps for anything.

CARTER

You said the thing crashed here
last October.

She stops, and pulls something out of her jacket. A
photograph in a protective plastic sleeve. Then offers it to
Carter.

He takes it. It's old, cracked, and faded. But there's no
mistaking it--

It's them. The original five. Swod. Freeman. Cap.
Taylor.

And Carter. His arm around Taylor. They're standing in
front of a Huey helicopter gunship. Yeah, the same one he
saw in the canyon with the painted "shark mouth."

TAYLOR

That was taken in 1987. Thirty
years ago...

The implication dawns on Carter.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
It's 2017, Adam. They've been
sending teams of us out here for
the last 30 years.

Carter stays silent. What do you say when you find out your
entire life is a lie?

He turns the photo over, like he's looking for any kind of
answer. There's a handwritten message written on the back:

"All for one and one for all."

It's just salt in the wound.

Taylor knows he's hurting. But there's nothing she can say
either, except--

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
We're not dead yet.

And until then, they're not giving up.

She waits for Carter now. He's broken. And finally ready to
follow her. They disappear into the darkness.

INT. THE FACILITY - MESS HALL KITCHEN - DAY

All tile and stainless steel. In need of a good cleaning.
Through the serving window, we see a cafeteria beyond.
Taylor and Carter quietly make their way through it.

Taylor pushes in and Carter follows. The mood is solemn.
Funeral-like. Taylor reaches a store room and opens a heavy
padlock.

INT. THE FACILITY - MESS HALL STORE ROOM - DAY

The third safehouse. There are windows on the far wall.
Long narrow ones, at eye level, running horizontally--with
daylight angling in.

This room is much smaller than the Vault. Taylor runs
through her routine. Carter can't watch, and can't look
away. This is his life now.

TAYLOR
We'll go back to the first one
after this.

Carter looks at a shelf and sees--a dozen copies of Swod's
"Three Musketeers" paperback.

In every kind of condition from charred to untouched. Even a couple of Freeman's Genesis cassette tapes. Proof this keeps happening.

His mind is reeling, increasingly on edge. Panic and claustrophobia taking hold.

CARTER

We can't stay here. We've got to get out.

TAYLOR

Adam, there's nowhere for us to go--

CARTER

No. NO!

He rushes to the window.

In the tan expanse of the desert he sees--tarmac. An airstrip. A Cessna 340, just like the one he saw on the salt flats. Choked and waiting on the runway apron. Right there...

But he slumps. He knows it can't be that easy.

CARTER (CONT'D)

We can't just fly out of here, can we?

Taylor shakes her head.

Carter can't take his eyes off the airplane outside.

CARTER (CONT'D)

There was a small airport in the town where I grew up. I'd always ask my brother to take me so I could watch the planes taking off and landing. I dreamed about it-- to just get in a plane and fly like that. To be able to go anywhere. I'd tell him that I'd get to fly one day and be free.

Taylor's quiet now, listening. She knows this story, but she's giving Carter his moment.

CARTER (CONT'D)

He never got the chance to go with me.

TAYLOR

I know.

Carter looks at Taylor in surprise. But it only takes him a second to realize how she knows.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Between my dad and grandpa, I was born into this life. The military, I mean. I thought I never had a choice to leave it. But I did.

(then)

You should be proud you followed your dream.

Carter nods, trying to accept that. Then sours.

CARTER

They aren't real, are they? These memories.

Taylor doesn't want to answer. But--

TAYLOR

No. None of it.

CARTER

Then that means we were all born into this.

This endless nightmare. These endless lives.

TAYLOR

I know what you're feeling. I do. But you have to know--this--staying here and doing what we're doing--it's our only chance to survive.

Carter doesn't have the heart to argue anymore.

CARTER

What happened to him? The--original Carter. You think he's still out there somewhere?

He looks at her. It's an impossible question for her to answer.

TAYLOR

No matter what, Adam--you're still flesh and blood. You're real. And nobody can take that away from you.

He looks away. Sitting alone, under the windows. In the shadows.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
You should get some rest.

But Carter isn't going to sleep.

INT. THE FACILITY - MESS HALL CAFETERIA - LATER

They head back out through the dust-covered tables. Moving on again.

INT. THE FACILITY - AIR SCRUBBER - DAY

They're back at the first safehouse. Carter is moving on auto-pilot now, just like Taylor. This is his new life.

TAYLOR
We'll leave here in about two hours.

Carter checks his watch. Nods.

CARTER
What's with the notepads?

Taylor looks at the back of the door. There's a notepad attached to it, like roommates might have in an apartment.

CARTER (CONT'D)
They were in the other rooms too.
(then)
Your grocery list?

Making a half-hearted joke he doesn't really feel. She laughs, embarrassed.

TAYLOR
I write little messages on them.

CARTER
Like what?

Taylor stares at the notepad.

TAYLOR
Just messages. To myself.
(then)
Something to look forward to.

Because she's had no one to talk to. It's heartbreaking.

CARTER
I'm sorry.

She manages a smile. Shrugging it off. Then--

TAYLOR

I remember this one day. I'd just been reassigned to a new group. I'd gotten used to going into a new base and it being all guys-- everyone always kept their distance from a female pilot. It always kinda sucked.

(then)

So my first morning in this new group, I walk into the mess hall and it's the same story--all the guys look at me, but stay away.

Carter smiles. Sheepish.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

I look around for someone--anyone-- to sit with, but now everyone looks away. So I find a seat by myself and just try to eat my breakfast. But then this guy comes over and sets down a donut and a glass of orange juice in front of me.

She's got a tears in her eyes. Carter is the guy.

Carter

I wanted you to feel welcome.

Her turn to smile as she wipes her eyes.

TAYLOR

Gave me a sugar crash instead.

Carter manages a laugh. It's sweet, but sad.

Taylor turns serious.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

I watched your plane go down.

(beat)

I hoped you'd make it this time.

Carter looks at her.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

I'm glad you did.

Carter doesn't know how to feel.

But Taylor breaks into another hard, hacking COUGH. This time she can't hide the blood. She quickly looks at Carter. He sees it too.

CARTER
How long do you have?

She sinks. Turning cold.

TAYLOR
I don't know.

Before he can say anything--

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
It's this place. Whatever field
the alien and its ship are
generating. Being here all this
time...

CARTER
Rachel, we have to get you out of
here.

TAYLOR
Adam--

CARTER
We have to get you to a doctor.
There's two of us now--there's got
to be something we can do.
Something you haven't tried yet--

TAYLOR
Adam, no.
(then)
We're trapped here--in this place--
with that thing. We're alive
because of it. We belong here as
much as it does.

The tables have finally, fully turned. Now Carter wants to leave and Taylor wants to stay.

CARTER
What about its ship? Did you ever
go looking for it?

A million thoughts, a million memories, course through Taylor. But all she says is--

TAYLOR

No.

(then)

I couldn't.

There's something she's not saying.

Carter wants to ask more. But he gives Taylor her moment.

CARTER

You should get some rest. I'll
stay awake.

Grateful, Taylor sinks onto the bed. Finally able to rest
for the first time in years.

Carter watches. But he can't rest. He clocks the Watchtower
binders lined up on the shelf.

He takes one and opens it, flipping through without really
looking for anything in particular. He stops on a random
page.

It's an executive order authorizing more clone testing.
Dated October 27, 1991. There are three signatures at the
bottom approving the order. Carter focuses on the name
printed below the signature on the right...

"Lt. Col. Adam Carter."

What the fuck...?

He grabs a nearby pencil and writes his signature in the
empty space next to "Carter." The signatures are exactly the
same.

Nausea crashes over Carter. He quickly turns to another
page. Another signed order. Page after page, order after
order--that same signature.

The original Carter--once a pawn of this program, now an
architect of it.

Carter's mind is racing. His eyes land on Taylor. She's
already asleep.

Carter can't just sit here. He has to do something. His jaw
sets and checks his watch.

INT. THE FACILITY - THE COMMAND CENTER - LATER

Carter enters, quickly and quietly. He finds the same console from before and powers up the computer. The command prompt screen loads and Carter brings up the menu.

He scrolls past the video logs option, looking for something else... finally landing on "**Facility Infrastructure.**"

INT. THE FACILITY - AIR SCRUBBER - DAY

Taylor JOLTS awake. Her turn to get her bearings. She looks for Carter. His Twins hat is on the workbench, but he's gone. Oh shit.

INT. THE FACILITY - THE COMMAND CENTER - DAY

Carter quickly scrolls through schematics of the facility's infrastructure. Zeroed in as Taylor enters in a fury.

TAYLOR

What the hell are you doing?!

CARTER

Getting us out of here.

Carter is confident. Invigorated. But Taylor is staring at the computer screen--fuming.

TAYLOR

How long have you had this on?

CARTER

Just a few minutes.

TAYLOR

How long exactly?

CARTER

Seven, maybe eight minutes--tops.

Taylor turns white.

TAYLOR

We have to go right now.

But Carter is equally insistent.

CARTER

No, look--

(points at the monitor)

Right there.

CARTER (CONT'D)
 There's a maintenance sublevel
 tunnel that leads under the entire
 facility. It can take us directly
 outside and there are no other
 access points--that thing can't get
 to us!

TAYLOR
 There's nothing out there! The
 creature will still find us!

CARTER
 It'll buy us time to come up with a
 plan. And maybe--if you're far
 enough away from this interference--
 maybe you'll be okay.

He's pleading. But Taylor ignores him as she quickly shuts
 down the system.

CARTER (CONT'D)
Taylor! We have to try!

She freezes. Listening--

TAYLOR
 (hisses)
 Shut the fuck up!

Carter listens too. In the silence, from somewhere nearby,
 they hear that bone-chilling, GUTTURAL GROWLING...

THE CREATURE. It's here.

Wide-eyed, Taylor drops down to keep out of sight and drags
 Carter down with her. She needs a second to think. Then--

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
 Keep low and follow me.

They head for an exit at the front of the room and push into--

INT. THE FACILITY - COMMAND WING - DAY

A bullpen of hallways and offices.

TAYLOR
 Where is it? Where the fuck is
 it?!

They hear that low RUMBLING SNARL again. Getting closer.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
 It's not following its pattern
 anymore. I don't know where it's
 going to go.

Carter realizes they're fucked, and it's completely his fault. Angry, scared, Taylor grips her electro-axe, her knuckles turning white.

The GUTTURAL CLICKING--it's coming from the next room. They can't make a sound.

Carter looks around. He spots a door. Any option is better than staying here.

CARTER
 Come on.

He grabs Taylor's hand and pulls her toward the door. They slip through to--

INT. THE FACILITY - BRIEFING AMPHITHEATER - DAY

Rows of continuous desks and chairs. Like a miniature version of the UN General Assembly. Carter and Taylor enter near the front. Hand in hand, Carter pulls Taylor halfway up the steps and into a row. They hide on the floor under the desk space. They're both exhausted, filthy, and terrified.

CARTER
Rachel.

His intent is clear--he wants to leave.

But she's freezing up again.

TAYLOR
No. I can't.

CARTER
 We've got to try.

TAYLOR
 (shaking her head)
 You don't understand.

What doesn't he understand?

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
 He wanted to leave, too...

It takes Carter a second to realize she's talking about--

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Adam. My Adam. We tried to escape. But it found us.

(then)

He bought me time to get away. I didn't know where to go. So I came here.

And she feels overwhelming guilt because of it.

CARTER

Rachel--he sacrificed himself so you could live. So you could get out and never look back.

She looks at him. Wanting to believe it. But--

TAYLOR

I can't...

Carter holds her gaze. A man possessed.

CARTER

I saw my name on those papers. The original Carter--he signed off everything. He knew what he was doing to us, condemning us to this place. But we have a choice--right now--to leave.

She's shaking.

CARTER (CONT'D)

If you want to die here, that's up to you. But I want to live.

That lands. She looks into Carter's eyes, searching for the answer. She sees a fire. And knows it'll never go out.

She makes her decision.

TAYLOR

The tunnel access--it's not far.

Relief crashes over Carter like a tsunami. They're finally going to try.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Stay low and follow me.

INT. THE FACILITY - MAIN SYSTEMS WING - DAY

They hurry between the rows of cubicles and desks, piled with old CRT monitors and 486 computers.

Taylor looks back, keeping an eye out for the Creature.

TAYLOR
We're almost there.

They reach a door for the "Sublevel Maintenance Access."
Taylor tries to open the heavy door, but a COUGHING fit wracks her body. Carter grabs the door for her. He heaves it open and helps her inside.

INT. THE FACILITY - MAINTENANCE ACCESS JUNCTION - DAY

It's small. Filled with systems conduit boxes, like electrical meters. There's a heavy steel service hatch in the floor.

TAYLOR
That. We've got to get it open.

Taylor turns the locking mechanism. Carter glances back. Trying to hear how close the Creature might be.

Taylor pulls open the hatch. It opens down to a hexagonal tunnel made of heavy steel. Just tall enough to stand up in.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
This is it. It'll take us directly out of the facility.

She looks at Carter.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
We go and we don't look back.

Carter nods. He finds a flare in his tac vest, SPARKS it, and drops it into the darkness. Then he follows it and lands in--

INT. THE FACILITY - MAINTENANCE TUNNEL - DAY

It only goes one direction, disappearing into infinite black. He looks back up to Taylor.

CARTER
Give me your hand.

But she doesn't answer. She just looks at him. Because she's got other plans.

TAYLOR
Get out of here.

CARTER
Rachel, what are you doing?

TAYLOR
It's too late for me. But you'll
be alright. I promise.

With that, she SHUTS the hatch on him.

CARTER
Taylor! TAYLOR!

INT. THE FACILITY - MAINTENANCE ACCESS JUNCTION - SAME

As Taylor locks the hatch, another COUGHING fit hits her.
But she fights it.

CARTER (O.S.)
(muffled)
Rachel! Don't do this! We can get
out of here together!

But Taylor doesn't look back. She leaves, closing the heavy
door behind her.

What is she going to do?

INT. THE FACILITY - MAINTENANCE TUNNEL - DAY

In the burning red glow, Carter climbs up the ladder rungs to
get to the hatch. He frantically cranks at it, but it's
locked from the other side.

CARTER
Rachel! RACHEL!!!

INT. THE FACILITY - COMMAND WING - DAY

Taylor makes her way back through the wing. Carter's muffled
cries barely heard behind her. She's moving slowly. But not
hiding.

She knows the Creature is here. Lurking somewhere.

INT. THE FACILITY - THE COMMAND CENTER - DAY

Taylor enters and makes her way to the console. With a deep breath, she turns it on again. She leaves it as it boots up.

Any second now, the Creature will sense it.

INT. THE FACILITY - MAINTENANCE TUNNEL - DAY

Carter tries again to turn the wheel with all his might. But it's still no use.

He drops back to the floor. Frustrated--scared--not sure what to do. Illuminated in that hellish red light. He grabs the flare and peers into the darkness. The only way out of here.

He has no choice. He heads out. Slowly at first, but getting faster--

INT. THE FACILITY - THE COMMAND CENTER - DAY

Taylor sits down in front of a different console. There's a Public Address microphone. She presses the "Talk" button, not quite sure what she's going to say yet. A sharp spike of FEEDBACK ripples through the facility.

INT. THE FACILITY - MAINTENANCE TUNNEL - SAME

Carter hears it and slows, looking up.

INT. THE FACILITY - THE COMMAND CENTER - SAME

Taylor adjusts the mic. Then...

TAYLOR
If someone dies, will they live
again?

INT. THE FACILITY - MAINTENANCE TUNNEL - SAME

Carter listens.

TAYLOR (V.O.)
(filtered)
All the days of my hard service, I
will wait for my renewal to come.

The verses from Swod's bookmark.

TAYLOR (V.O.)
(filtered)
You will call and I will answer
you...

INT. THE FACILITY - THE COMMAND CENTER - SAME

Taylor smiles. With a rueful shake of her head.

TAYLOR
...and you will long for the
creature your hands have made.

This is Taylor's last confession. Her final message.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
Swod had the answer the whole time.
(then)
I'm tired of running, Adam. I
can't do it anymore. But you can
run. I'll buy you time.

INT. THE FACILITY - MAINTENANCE TUNNEL - SAME

Carter breaks down, bursting at the seams. Tears in his eyes.

TAYLOR (V.O.)
(filtered)
Run and never look back. Run and
find a way to live.

Her last words ECHO away.

Carter lets loose a primal ROAR of rage, frustration, loss, and powerlessness. He knows he'll never see her again.

But he stops himself. And looks into the darkness. The way out.

He stands--and starts moving again.

INT. THE FACILITY - THE COMMAND CENTER - SAME

Taylor CLICKS off the PA.

Now she's alone in the silence. It might almost be peaceful, if we didn't know what was coming.

She leaves the system running--a beacon for the Creature--and steps into the center aisle. She grips her electro-axe a little tighter. She knows she's not alone.

The darkness moves behind her. And with that horrifying, twisting, shifting movement...

The Creature moves in. Slowly. Menacing.

Taylor faces it. She's tired. Dying. But there's one last fight left in her.

KZZTT! That ANGRY CRACKLE of electricity sizzles from her electro-axe. That faint, blue-and-white glow illuminates the room, and the monstrous black shape looming above her.

She gives a faint, wry smile. Almost relieved.

TAYLOR
What're you waiting for?

The Creature LUNGES--

Taylor matches and her final battle begins. Her axe SIZZLES as it arcs through the air. The two collide with the force of life and death--

INT. THE FACILITY - MAINTENANCE TUNNEL - SAME

Carter hears dull, distant reverberations. Powerless to do anything. He runs faster.

INT. THE FACILITY - THE COMMAND CENTER - SAME

Bloody and bruised, Taylor pushes up from the floor.

The Creature stalks toward her, climbing up over a row of consoles like a nightmarish spider. It coils and lunges again. Taylor SCREAMS as she gives it hell--swiping and slashing--

But the Creature is too fast. Too powerful to fight face-to-face.

She just has to buy Carter enough time.

INT. THE FACILITY - MAINTENANCE TUNNEL - SAME

Carter sees an outline ahead. The access hatch to the outside--just like the one at the antenna farm. He cranks the wheel and heaves it open. Daylight dawns on his face.

INT. THE FACILITY - THE COMMAND CENTER - SAME

Taylor slams into FRAME, her face bouncing on the cold floor. Covered in sweat, grime, and blood. Eyes open--

Lifeless. But finally, eternally at peace.

Behind her, the darkness shifts. The Creature moving on. And the room returns to stillness once again.

EXT. THE MOUNTAIN - DAY

It's already late-afternoon. A couple hours left before the sun sets.

Carter steps out onto loose gravel. Into fresh air.

He's high on a ridge. Behind him, a steep, jagged rock face. The white expanse of the dry lake bed in front of him. Beyond another ridge to his left, the tops of steel towers. The antenna farm. He can't be more than a few hundred yards from where he first entered the facility.

He swings Freeman's backpack off and digs in it--and grabs the SOG knife Taylor gave him. It's not much, but having it is better than nothing. As he grabs it, something else in the pack catches his eye. He pulls out--

The photo. Of the original team standing in front of the Huey. **Of him and Taylor.**

But is he looking at them? Or at the Huey behind them?

He looks out across the dry lake bed. In the direction of the crash site. And the canyon.

He's got an idea.

He makes a decision and quickly zips up the backpack, shoulders it, and heads down the ridge.

Back to where this all started.

EXT. THE CRASH SITE - EVENING

Carter nears the C-130 wreckage silhouetted in the low sun. The aftermath of the Creature's attack on the SAR team. The mangled bodies of men and horses. The burnt flesh. The two body bags--Swod and Freeman.

But he doesn't stop. Instead, he continues straight through the crash site.

EXT. THE CANYON - MOUTH - EVENING

Carter passes through the "gateway" into the canyon. Not slowing.

He knows where he's going this time. A man on a mission.

EXT. THE CANYON - THE HUEY SITE - EVENING

He enters and looks up to see--

The Huey helicopter gunship from earlier. The same one in the photo. Right where we last saw it, still perched where it impacted the canyon wall.

Most importantly, the rocket pods are still intact.

With the backpack still around his shoulders, he begins to climb. It's slow going. 10 feet. 20. Halfway up--gravel crumbles in his fingers and skitters away. He tenses and catches himself.

But he doesn't have time to stop, and climbs on, finally reaching the Huey. He puts a boot on a landing skid, testing his weight. It CREAKS... but holds. Seems okay.

CARTER

Just be cool.

He inches forward, easing his full weight onto it. The helicopter GROANS in protest, but it doesn't give.

He edges around until he reaches the rocket pods. Bracing himself, he carefully reaches into a chamber and slides out a dumbfire rocket--just enough to access the warhead.

With Taylor's SOG, he sets to work unscrewing the nosecone casing. And there it is. The warhead.

He carefully disconnects the wires and removes the warhead, setting it aside. One down. Now on number two. Then number three. Four. And five.

He's halfway through the sixth and final one. He removes the last casing screw and lifts the nosecone off.

The Huey CRRREAKS and lurches from the movement. Carter doesn't fucking breathe. But it settles, and he finally dares to move again. He strips the wires, working in the overwhelming silence.

He carefully removes the last warhead and sets it with the others. He stuffs the photo into his tac vest, and places the warheads in the backpack. A mess of cylinders and wires.

He carefully swings the pack around his shoulders and makes his way back to the canyon wall, and begins the descent.

5 feet down. Then 10. 20... CREEEEAK--CHUNNK! The Huey shifts, aching to fall. Carter freezes. He can't stay here. He moves down, faster. Dangerously fast.

He lands on the canyon floor--and the Huey GROANS above him. Carter braces for it to fall... But it stays put.

Carter kneels clear of the Huey and gets to work--

He pulls the warheads from the backpack and twists a pair of wires together like he's hotwiring a car. Then more pairs. But now he needs to wire them all together.

He digs in Freeman's backpack again and pulls out the sensor package's hard drive. He uses the SOG to pop open the plastic shell and--jackpot--more wiring. He yanks it free and finishes wiring his device.

He glances back towards the canyon mouth--he has no idea where the Creature is. But there's no stopping now.

He hurriedly wraps duct tape around the warheads, making a watermelon-sized bundle.

He slips off his wristwatch--makes sure it's wound--and wires it to the package. If it's not obvious by now--

Carter just made a bomb.

He slips the bomb into his backpack and shoulders it. The last bit of sunlight burns away atop the canyon walls as Carter heads deeper into the labyrinth.

EXT. THE CANYON - THE SECOND CLEARING - NIGHT

Carter enters and slows--just long enough for us to land on the realization--

This is the same clearing as before, when he first hid from the Creature. And **the cave mouth is straight ahead.**

The same one he's been seeing in his dreams.

Carter heads for it, the dark void in the dying light. Carter pulls another flare from his tac vest and strikes it. The burning red fire lights an unholy halo around him.

He enters the cave. Like a crusader going to face his dragon.

INT. THE CAVE - THE TUNNELS - NIGHT

Carter's face is lit by the flare. He eyes the walls around him. There's something unnatural about them.

Black, unnatural growths, like the carbon fractals, protrude from the jagged ceiling overhead like fingers reaching down. As though 30 years of the Creature's presence have dominated nature itself.

He passes into--

INT. THE CAVE - THE DEATH ROOM - NIGHT

The flare light illuminates something on the rocky floor among the alien growths...

A skeleton. Carter doesn't stop this time. He can't. Then... more skeletons. At least ten of them. Other clones who have been claimed by this Creature over the years.

Among them, a woman's body. Still intact. A recent victim.

Carter knows who it is. He kneels. It's Taylor. **His Taylor**. From the C-130 crash. She made it this far.

Face hard and jaw set, Carter gently closes her still-staring eyes.

He's about to stand when he notices something clutched in her hand. Her walkie. He takes it.

And heads deeper, into--

INT. THE CAVE - THE TUNNELS - NIGHT

He turns the walkie on. It still has juice. And through the STATIC, the noise that sends chills down our spines...

CLICK... CLICK... CLICK... The Signal. Not fast yet.

Then the walkie CHIRPS. 5% battery remaining.

Carter has to hurry. He's not sure what he's looking for exactly. All he can do is keep going deeper. He holds the flare higher as it spits burning magnesium. The tunnel opens into another room.

The Signal quickens slightly. It's coming.

INT. THE CAVE - THE ANTEROOM - NIGHT

Carter enters and sees a chamber of horrors. Scraps of metal, junk, and debris from dozens of wrecks over dozens of years. More skeletons piled as leftovers. The nametag on one of the tattered flight suits reads "Carter."

Carter is shaking now. Every fiber of his body screaming to turn back. But he's come too far.

The far end of the chamber narrows again. A way out. Carter enters it, and the abyss waiting beyond...

INT. THE CAVE - THE CATHEDRAL ROOM - NIGHT

A massive room. Awe-inspiring. Completely overtaken by the black, alien growths. The light from Carter's flare disappears in this huge space, but he sees a large hole in the ceiling. Where something broke through--

Twilight casts a faint beam, spotlighting a black pillar--

AN ALIEN MONOLITH.

This is it. Project Watchtower's Holy Grail. The alien's ship. Where the Creature spawns.

Carter approaches slowly. He can't help himself--he reaches out... and touches it.

As if connected, from somewhere in this cavern--

We hear that hideous SCREAM.

CLICK. CLICK. CLICK. The Signal is even faster now.

The Creature is here.

Carter hurriedly swings his backpack off. He unzips it and pulls his bomb free--and carefully places it at the base of the monolith.

His flare spits and HISSES. But he can't worry about that right now. He's about to wind his watch on the bomb. But he sees his walkie. CLICK-CLICK-CLICK-

He quickly disconnects his watch from the bomb--and replaces it with the walkie. Both a beacon and proximity trigger.

CARTER
You're never coming back after
this, asshole.

CHIRP!--only **3% battery remains.**

Carter finishes and sprints away. He hears that GUTTURAL GROWL. Terrifyingly close. He sees a tabletop boulder. A dark cavity under it. He baseball slides under it feet-first and belly-crawls deeper to hide.

He waits.

CLICKCLICKCLICKCLICK!!! The Signal--now small in this massive space--announces the Creature's imminent arrival.

But nothing happens. The CLICKING continues at the same rate. The Creature doesn't show.

The walkie CHIRPS again. Moments from dying. If that happens, Carter is fucked.

The flare SPUTTERS and FIZZES. The CLICKING continues--not faster, not slower. Where the fuck is it??

Another CHIRP.

He's got to do something. Slowly, carefully, he reaches for something. His last flare.

Carter inches from his hiding spot, readying to throw it... He rises to his knees and strikes the new flare. But in the burst of red light--

The Creature looms on the rock right behind him. The very rock Carter was hiding under.

It rises to its full and hideous height. Carter hears it HISS as its hideous jaw open wide. He turns...

CARTER (CONT'D)
Jesus fucking--

SKKKKRRRRRAA! It LUNGES before Carter can even blink, launching him through the void. He bounces on the jagged rocks, his body brutally battered. The flare flies free, rolling to a stop near the monolith.

Carter GULPS air, but catches a glimpse of the Creature moving in again. Slowly this time. Like it's toying with him. Keeping away from the monolith and the bomb as--

The walkie CHIRPS again--

And the Creature FLOWS forward--

Carter stumbles--barely dodging the Creature's attack--and sprints away while the Creature SCREAMS--rocketing after him.

INT. THE CAVE - THE TUNNELS - NIGHT

Carter's momentum slams him against the rock wall. He SCREAMS from the pain, but churns on. Running for his life.

He stumbles again, foot catching a pilot's helmet. He catches himself--racing through more discarded gear. More skeletons.

THAT HORRIFYING SCREAM--the Creature pours after him with incredible speed. Almost on him...

Carter lunges down another black passageway at the last second! The Creature SCREAMS in rage as it's lost somewhere behind him.

The tunnel opens up ahead. Lungs burning, Carter gives it everything--

INT. THE CAVE - THE CATHEDRAL ROOM - NIGHT

And he's right back where he started. The Cathedral. The monolith. And the bomb--dead ahead.

Above his pounding footsteps, we hear the rhythmic CLICKING return. Building... Faster...

The Creature rockets from the tunnel just 10 feet behind Carter and--

WHAM!--sends Carter sliding, tumbling across the cave floor.

Carter COUGHS blood. Spent. He can barely push himself up. But he does. And now he's got Taylor's SOG knife in his hand. Making a stand.

CARTER
Come on! COME ON!!!

He doesn't even have time to react--

WHAM! The Creature slams into him--lightning fast--
completely ignoring the knife. The two bodies hit the ground. Carter plunges the blade into the monster's neck over and over until--

The Creature stops. COUGHS. A death rattle. It breathes a ragged, raspy breath and SLUMPS on top of Carter. Dead.

The Signal twitches. Fades. Dying...

Carter slumps back, still trapped under the Creature's dead weight. He laughs, exhausted but relieved.

CARTER (CONT'D)
Yeah, fuck you.

He grits his teeth and heaves at the Creature's body, trying to get free. But it's far too heavy. Then he hears it...

CLICK... CLICK-CLICK...CLICK-CLICKCLICK... The Signal
returning in fits and starts.

Carter's eyes go wide. He cranes his neck to look back at the alien monolith--

It's rippling. Swirling. Distorting--like a pool of thick ink. A womb, with something inside, pushing to get out.

This is how the Creature is reborn. Spawning from its ship.
Its tree of life.

Carter's eyes flick to the bomb and he pales.

When the New Creature forms--the bomb will explode and Carter is too close. He'll be engulfed in the blast.

CARTER (CONT'D)
Oh fuck...

Frantic, Carter heaves at the Dead Creature as--

The New Creature continues to form behind him, beginning to pull free of the monolith in an alien mitosis--

The CLICKING Signal is almost consistent again--

But the Dead Creature's body doesn't move.

A primal ROAR tears from Carter as he heaves with one last superhuman effort. And lifts the dead Creature's body up, already beginning to dissolve. Just enough for him to--

Roll free and get on his feet. He churns for cover just as the New Creature fully forms, pulling itself free of the monolith--

CLICKCLICKLCICK--EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!! It turns to a solid tone.

Carter jumps as--

BOOOOOOM!!!

The shockwave hits Carter and launches him through the air like a rag doll. He slams into the ground behind a rock pile as the explosion's inferno roars all around him. Otherworldly fingers of lightning RIPPLE through the blast and we glimpse--

--The cave mouth from Carter's dream.

--The fractals--endlessly building.

--Carter--flickering, splitting, screaming--then...

--The desert. We're flying. In a helicopter. The Huey coming in low. Toward the canyon.

--The Original Five inside.

--Taylor. Smiling, laughing. Happy.

Carter's original, uncorrupted memory.

BACK IN THE CATHEDRAL ROOM--

The inferno rips outward, into the tunnels, finally dissipating.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. THE CAVE - THE CATHEDRAL ROOM - DAWN

Carter's FACE. Covered in soot and dirt. His eyes open.

He stands up in the middle of the cavern.

Sunlight shines down through the opening in the rock ceiling, catching the drifting smoke and dust in the air. The black alien growths now dull, cracked, and crumbling. A few fires still burn. It's an epic sight. Horrifying and beautiful at the same time.

Carter is bruised, battered, bloody.

But alive.

EXT. THE CRASH SITE - LEFT WING - DAY

Silent now in the early morning sunlight. Under a clear blue sky. All the fires are out.

We DRIFT THROUGH the tattered remnants of the shelter made from the parachutes, gently rippling in the wind.

The bodies are still here. The black body bags. The forgotten medkit.

EXT. THE FACILITY - THE ENTRANCE ROOM - DAY

We PUSH IN toward the rust-covered hatch. Still twisted from Carter's boobytrap grenade. The silent steel towers of the antenna farm waiting beyond.

INT. THE FACILITY - THE COMMAND CENTER - DAY

We DRIFT PAST the ancient computers. There's evidence of Taylor's epic showdown with the Creature--broken monitors, crushed consoles.

But Taylor's body is gone.

EXT. THE MOUNTAIN - DAY

On a rocky ridge, there's a pile of stones. And a small makeshift wooden cross. A grave. Taylor's grave.

The photo of the original team is tucked between the rough wooden slats. It flaps silently in the desert breeze. We PUSH IN on the photo.

On the original Carter and Taylor. Smiling.

INT. THE FACILITY - AIR SCRUBBER - DAY

Exactly like we last saw it. Carter's hat left behind. But there's something different--

We PUSH IN on the notepad on the back of the door. All of Taylor's notes to herself. But there's one more. In different handwriting. The same handwriting we saw on the back of the photo. Carter's.

"All for one and one for all."

EXT. A CLEAR BLUE SKY - DAY

A Cessna--the one Carter saw outside through the Mess Hall Store Room window--rises into FRAME. Tiny in the expanse of the sky.

There isn't a hint of turbulence. Instead--it's peaceful. We're finally headed for freedom. But--

Two slate-gray RQ-9 REAPER DRONES silently enter and fall into formation behind Carter's Cessna. Black Hellfire missiles slung under the wings on hardpoints.

We notice both drones have the same symbol on their Y-tails...

The stone turret. And the five stars.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END