

CHRIS SULLIVAN

Scene

77✓

78✓

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125✓

THE SPACE VAMPIRES

Screen Story by Dan O'Bannon

Screenplay by

Dan O'Bannon & Don Jakoby

Based Upon the Novel by

Colin Wilson

3RD DRAFT (REVISION)

19 December 1983

FADE IN:

1 INTERIOR - LIVING ROOM - LONDON - EVENING

1

A large screen TV is on. An upper class, sherry-sipping crowd has assembled in the posh living room. We SEE, among them, a MAN we will later meet as DR. LEONARD BUKOVSKY. He -- along with the others -- is listening closely to what the COMMENTATOR on the BBC Science News Special is telling them.

BBC COMMENTATOR

... The joint British-American space team, today, moved closer to their rendezvous with Halley's comet ... approaching what has come to be known as the interception area -- the point where they will pass by the Comet. Scientists aboard are already photographing and scanning the comet in an attempt to learn more about these heavenly bodies, using a variety of sensitive instruments.

Animation appears on the TV screen, illustrating the workings of the spacecraft.

BBC COMMENTATOR (CONT'D)

The ship will carry a specially-trained crew of 12 men beyond Mars and back, on the longest space shuttle mission ever. The spacecraft is a nuclear-powered modification of the familiar NASA space shuttle. Adapted in Earth orbit by the European Space Agency, it is propelled by the NERVA nuclear rocket motor, which has been affixed to its belly. Instead of moving forward in the normal fashion, with its nose pointed toward its destination, the shuttle ascends, as it were, at a constant acceleration of 32 feet per second per second, which has the effect of creating Earth-type gravity on board. This is the first time gravity has been created for a manned space flight. The shuttle will arrive at its historic rendezvous on Sunday, the 8th of August, at 2:30 in the afternoon, Greenwich Mean Time. This unique mission will provide us with our first close-up look at any comet. Presently some 200 million miles from

(MORE)

BBC COMMENTATOR (CONT'D)
Earth -- in the region popularly known
as the Asteroid Belt -- the scientists
and technicians aboard are preparing
tonight for their "close encounter" --
(smiles at his
movie reference)
-- with the comet, whose tail is
111 million miles long, greater than
the distance from the Earth to the Sun.

Bukovsky takes a quick sip of his sherry. He looks grim,
tense, a thousand thoughts dancing in his head.

CUT TO:

2 EXTERIOR - OUTER SPACE

2

A black field of glittering stars -- and in the far
distance -- HALLEY'S COMET. Its tail blooming out behind
the coma. An eerie sight.

SUPER THE TITLE:

THE ASTEROID BELT
BETWEEN MARS AND JUPITER

INTO FRAME RIGHT DRIFTS the glittering edge of one of the
spacecraft's solar panels -- a bit of wrinkled gold foil. As
it moves toward the comet, filling more and more of frame, we
read the legend: 'PROPERTY H.M. GOVT.'

Then the spacecraft itself enters frame and we realize
what we are seeing: a specially adapted space shuttle with
a pair of enormous solar panels deployed from its open
cargo bay. Like two vast golden wings, each sail stretches
four times the length of the shuttle -- a distance of 700'
each -- stretching across hundreds of acres to suck up the
plasma trail left by the comet. Each sail sensing the sun
throughout the journey toward the comet's tail.

Affixed to the belly of the shuttle is a massive clamp
supporting the thrust-structure of the NERVA hydrogen-fueled,
nuclear rocket motor. Its engine continuously firing an eerie
blue glow of super-heated gas. Instead of moving forward in
the normal fashion, with its nose pointed toward the comet,
the shuttle sits on the rocket platform and ascends as it were,
with its gaping bay doors facing towards the comet. The comet
is overhead to the men in the shuttle.

On its hull can be read the name: Winston S. Churchill --
and next to that, a Union Jack.

2 CONT'D

2

The Churchill bristles with cameras and recording instruments of all types.

3 INTERIOR-SURVEILLANCE DECK (BEHIND FLIGHT DECK) OF CHURCHILL 3 (GRAV)

The NERVA engine can be heard HUMMING. There is also the background WHINE of turbo pumps circulating coolant to the nuclear engine. These sounds continue throughout the flight.

One of the two RADAR TRACKING TECHS is sitting at his console, staring at his screens.

RADAR TECH #1

Odd ...

ROGER DEREBRIDGE, 40, engineer, British, 2nd in command, comes back.

DEREBRIDGE

What?

RADAR TECH #1

I'm getting a very small radar cross section behind the nucleus ... where the plasma trail is generated.

RADAR TECH #2

I've got it too. Check the length, Brendan, it's at the limit of my angle of scan.

CLOSE on a CRT showing the radar MAP of the COMA of the comet -- a glimmering image developing behind the clear, hard outline of the nucleus.

A couple of men come back from the flight deck.

CREWMAN

What's going on?

DEREBRIDGE

(ignoring him;
to Radar Techs)

Have you chaps run an equipment check?

RADAR TECH #2

I've been checking every five minutes, sir.

RADAR TECH #1

Radar states 150 miles.

DEREBRIDGE

150 miles what?

CONT'D

3 CONT'D

3

Length. RADAR TECH #1

DEREBRIDGE
150 miles long!?

Behind them, in the entrance to the flight deck, appears USAF COLONEL TOM CARLSEN -- 37 years old, American, NASA pilot, astrophysicist -- Carlsen has the right stuff. He's the Commander of this mission. He looks at his men gathered in fascination around the radar screens.

CARLSEN
What's 150 miles long?

DEREBRIDGE
(turning toward him)
It's a radar trace. Something right behind the nucleus of the comet.

CARLSEN
(calmly; coming to the console)
Show me.

He goes to the equipment panel; his eyes scan back and forth between both radar displays.

CLOSE on Tech #2's CRT -- "LASER RADAR" -- an image builds up in vertical striations, indicating the outline of a long, rod-like structure with a bulbous, clawed head. The rod floats behind the nucleus of the comet with the "head" toward the nucleus.

CARLSEN (CONT'D)
Bearing?

ASTRONAVIGATOR
In the constellation of Lupus ... we have it at 3 degrees west of the star Sadachiba.

CARLSEN
What's the height of the thing?

RADAR TECH #2
I've got a vertical read of two kilometers at least.

CARLSEN
Spectrum analysis.

RADAR TECH #1
Radar indicates the object is constructed of metal, sir.

CONT'D

CARLSEN

"Constructed?"

RADAR TECH #1

The radar image indicates a fabricated
metal object.

Everyone in the room exchanges a look.

DEREBRIDGE

Oh, Christ.

It shakes every one of them deep down.

The men look up through the glass portals overhead -- out
at the comet -- trying with their eyes to find the structure
their radar tells them is there. They are, of course, much
too far away to see anything yet, except the comet.

CARLSEN

Try and raise base. Tell them we
have an artificial object here ...
hidden in --

DEREBRIDGE

... Are you sure you want to say
hidden?

CARLSEN

Tell them it's located in the head
of the comet. Keep sending that
until they acknowledge. Use the
secure downlink.

RADIO MAN

Sorry, Commander. Everything's
being swamped by the solar wind.
We're not getting anything back to
Earth.

CARLSEN

How long's our blackout period?

RADIO MAN

All the way.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR - OUTER SPACE - APPROACHING HALLEY'S COMET

MONTAGE: Churchill drawing closer to the comet.

Soon the HEAD of the comet fills the frame, an enormous
luminous ball. Churchill is tiny in front of it.

CUT TO:

5 INTERIOR - FLIGHT DECK OF CHURCHILL

5 (GRAV)

Carlsen, Derebridge, and others -- staring out at the head of the comet.

DEREBRIDGE

What are you going to do?

CARLSEN

We're going in.

Derebridge looks nervous.

CARLSEN (CONT'D)

We're only going to get one chance, Derebridge. That thing won't be back for another 76 years, and I'll be dead. We have to take a look now.

CLOSE: "LASER RADAR" SCREEN. The topographical drawing of the needle-shaped artifact is clearer now. It has an odd, thorned bulb at one end ... and a cluster of tentacles at the other.

CUT TO:

6 EXTERIOR - HEAD OF HALLEY'S COMET

6

Churchill enters the head (coma). Within, everything glows, in a sinister yellow light.

Churchill approaches the NUCLEUS ... a dull red, rocky snowball, 5 km. in diameter.

We begin to be able to SEE the "artifact" -- stretched out behind the nucleus like a black spear.

Churchill approaches the enormous thing. Over the ship, we start to HEAR the VOICES of the crew, making their approach.

CARLSEN (V.O.)

(radio filter)

Attitude check.

DEREBRIDGE (V.O.)

(radio filter)

We're aligned. All bearings nominal.

CARLSEN (V.O.)

(radio filter)

NERVA check.

DEREBRIDGE (V.O.)

(radio filter)

NERVA idle.

CARLSEN (V.O.)

(radio Filter)

Shut down NERVA.

DEREBRIDGE (V.O.)
(radio filter)
Shutting down.

POOF. The NERVA nuclear engine shuts off. The ghostly blue glow dies.

DEREBRIDGE (CONT'D - V.O.)
(radio filter)
Shutdown at zero one point four two solar time.

CUT TO:

7 INTERIOR - FLIGHT DECK OF CHURCHILL

7 (NO
GRAV)

With the nuclear engine shut down, it's virtually silent inside the ship. The deep hum is gone. And it is WEIGHTLESS. The men drift at their consoles.

CARLSEN sits in the pilot seat, on the left hand side. His concentration is intense. He stares out at the nucleus of the comet -- and the BLACK ROD-SHAPE beyond.

CARLSEN
Select the rendezvous program.
You are clear to enter the master computer file.

DEREBRIDGE
(nervous)
You're going to initiate an extra-vehicular manoeuvre while we're out of touch with Earth?

CARLSEN
Yes.

DEREBRIDGE
This is the point of maximum danger for the ship. Are you prepared to accept sole responsibility if --

CARLSEN
(cuts him off)
Of course.
(smiles)
C'mon, Derebridge. That's the brass ring out there. You only get one try.

CUT TO:

8 EXTERIOR - CHURCHILL & SPACE "NEEDLE" 8

Churchill moves toward the giant black needle ... closer ... closer ... the sheer monstrous size of the thing becomes apparent as Churchill dwindles to a dot in front of it, so small as to disappear.

CUT TO:

9 INTERIOR - FLIGHT DECK OF CHURCHILL - APPROACHING "NEEDLE" 9 (NO GRAV

Everyone staring out at the black structure.
Illuminated in the baleful yellow glow of the Comet.
Carlsen intent.

CREWMAN #1

It looks like some kind of animal.
A sea creature.

CREWMAN #2

A dead one.

CREWMAN #3

Maybe not an animal. A plant.

CREWMAN #2

A carcass.

CARLSEN

It's a ship.

DEREBRIDGE

(surprised)

How do you know that?

Carlsen says nothing. Stares out at the vast shape as they drift past it.

DEREBRIDGE (CONT'D)

What kind of a ship? Made by who?
From where?

Carlsen shrugs.

CARLSEN

Let's do it. Prepare the tug.

CUT TO:

10 INTERIOR - CHURCHILL - SPACE TUG BAY

10 (NO GRAV

EIGHT MEN floating weightless in space suits -- the space tug holds eight. Carlsen, Derebridge, and six others.

DEREBRIDGE

You're only taking four of us? Why?

CONT'D

10 CONT'D

10

Carlson opens the tug door. There's a LOOK about Carlson that suggests he knows more, perhaps, than he's saying.

CARLSEN

That gives us more room to bring material back.

Derebridge looks at Carlson.
Derebridge isn't comfortable -- and he's not sure why.

Carlson picks the other TWO MEN and they climb into the space tug.

CUT TO:

11 INTERIOR - SPACE TUG - IN BAY11 (NO
GRAV)

The four men take their seats.
Carlson prepares to disengage from the Churchill.
All conversation is radio-filtered through their spacesuit mikes (the tug is de-pressurized).

CARLSEN

Set?

Derebridge flicks the last of his switches.

DEREBRIDGE

Set.

Carlson prepares to fire the tug's rockets.

DEREBRIDGE (CONT'D)

You know something, Carlson ...

CARLSEN
(hesitates)

What?

DEREBRIDGE
(a nervous laugh)
I'm terrified.

Carlson looks at him a moment --
then pushes a LAUNCH BUTTON.

CUT TO:

12 EXTERIOR - CHURCHILL - SPACE (WITHIN
THE HEAD OF HALLEY'S COMET)

12

A WIDE SHOT showing the small tug craft moving free
of the Churchill

CONT'D

12 CONT'D

Ahead of them is the malignant looking black NEEDLE.

CUT TO:

13 INTERIOR - TUG - IN SPACE

13

Starting toward the black needle.
They study it as they move closer.

DEREBRIDGE

150 miles long ... where do we start?

CARLSEN

Move toward the near end ... that ...
bulb up there.

CLOSER NOW. The surface of the strange needle visible now.

CREWMAN #3

It's pitted.

DEREBRIDGE

Asteroid impacts?

CARLSEN

In that case it's been here a
long time.

CREWMAN #4 (English)

Fuck me, it's hideous looking.

CREWMAN #3

I say, do you suppose the Japanese
built it?

A few chuckles at that.

The glowing comet-light makes a brilliant backdrop for the
needle ship.

Their FACES lit by the flickering light from the comet.

Now they draw NEAR -- at the end of the rod nearest the
comet's nucleus -- the vast, fibrous BULB a mile across ...
the head of the thing.

CUT TO:

14 EXTERIOR - TUG

14

The launch drifts up to the mile-across BULB.

CUT TO:

15 INTERIOR - TUG - APPROACHING "BULB"

15

They're close enough to see small impact damage and holes torn in the side of the bulb -- the holes are too small to get in through. The rest of the surface is old and pitted. Carlsen studies it carefully.

DEREBRIDGE

It's a derelict, whatever it is.

CREWMAN #3

Good. Nobody's at home. I hate dropping in without calling ahead.

DEREBRIDGE

No sign of a door.

CARLSEN

I'm going to dock us.
(as he docks)
There must be a way in ...

Just then -- behind them -- an OPENING starts to appear. Almost magically -- eerily -- the opening smoothly expands.

They don't notice it until Crewman #3 turns around.

CREWMAN #3

Commander! ... look ... just above.
There's an opening!

CARLSEN

(to Churchill)
Stand by ... we're going in.

DEREBRIDGE

If we go in -- we're subject to contagion procedures.

CARLSEN

(glares at him)
Yes. I know that.

CUT TO:

16 EXTERIOR - BULB

16

The four men get out of the tug and use their small THRUSTERS to move toward the opening in the side of the ship. Crewman #4 pauses at the opening. Carlsen goes in.

CREWMAN #4

(starts in)
Ready or not, here we go.

CUT TO:

17 INTERIOR - BULB - DARK

17

DEREBRIDGE
 (staring around)
 Oh boy.

The interior of the bulb is vault-like, GOTHIC
 HUGE in its scale. A giant skyscraper could easily fit
 floor to ceiling in the room they're standing in.

CARLSEN
 (back to Churchill)
 This is incredible. I hope you
 can appreciate the scale of this
 thing on the video.

CREWMAN #4 has a video camera with him -- mounted into
 his suit.

CHURCHILL'S VOICE
 (V.O. - filtered)
 We're getting it, yes.

Crewman #4 tilts floor to ceiling to show them the view.

Running off this main room -- floor to ceiling -- are
 a series of circular corridors.

Derebridge examines the walls of the ship.

DEREBRIDGE
 How do you suppose they knew where
 they were in this monstrosity?

CARLSEN
 "They?", Roger?

Carlsen is already headed toward one of the main corridors.

CARLSEN (CONT'D)
 (to #3)
 Chart our path as we go in.
 (looking around
 as he goes)
 I almost have the feeling I've
 been here before.

CREWMAN #4
 (jokes)
 Isn't there a name for that?

They continue down a circular corridor --
 The corridor suddenly runs out as they reach a dead end.

Carlsen looks surprised.

CONT'D

17 CONT'D

DEREBRIDGE

So much for that. I mean, being
here before.

Carlson is examining the wall they're confronting.
Crewman #3 is with him.

CREWMAN #3

It looks crystalline ... could we
break through it?

CARLSEN

What if it's tougher than we are?
... Open, damn you!

The "wall" ahead is suddenly gone.
The other three crewmen exchange a look.
Carlson is already moving on ahead -- down the corridor.
Toward some faint light.

CREWMAN #4

.(calls after him)
How'd you do that?

CARLSEN

I don't know. Let's go!

CUT TO:

18 INTERIOR - CIRCULAR CORRIDOR

18

We watch as the four propel themselves down the very long
tunnel.

As they move -- the tunnel WALL -- UNDULATES.

Turning a corner in the corridor -- they grow small in
the distance and disappear.

As they do --
the tunnel wall behind them -- CONSTRICTS -- and then
CLOSES. They don't see it.

CUT TO:

19 INTERIOR - NEXT TUNNEL SECTION

19

Still moving. Looking for a break in the tunnel wall.

DEREBRIDGE

Where do you suppose this thing came
from? Was it exploring the comet,
do you think?

CONT'D

19 CONT'D

19

CARLSEN

Maybe. It could also have been
picked up by the comet somewhere
beyond Saturn -- and brought back.

CREWMAN #3

You mean it caught a ride with the
comet.

Derebridge studies the tunnel walls; takes samples.

Then they SEE the opening -- a ROOM ahead.

They rush up to it.

Hesitate at the door -- and go in -- through the circular
opening.

CUT TO:

20 INTERIOR - SPHERICAL ROOM - ALIEN SPACESHIP

20

They float in.
A diameter of 50 feet -- and strewn about --
-- are BODIES. Alien bodies. Shrivelled.

CREWMAN #3

Oh, shit.

DEREBRIDGE

Well, here they are.

CARLSEN

(to Churchill)

Looks like we've found the occupants
of the ship.

The dead creatures are the size of human beings, but they
have beaks and claws. Their skin is dry -- shrivelled.

CREWMAN #3 shines a powerful beam of light on them as
Carlsen and Derebridge examine them.

CUT TO:

21 INTERIOR - CHURCHILL - FLIGHT DECK21 (NO
GRAV

Rapt attention -- as they see on the TV monitors what
the exploration party has found.

CARLSEN'S VOICE (V.O.)

... It's unlike any animal I've ever
seen. They're completely dessicated ...
they crumble ...

DEREBRIDGE'S VOICE (V.O.)

They would be -- the fluid was lost
to space over the years.

(addressing Crewman #4)

Label these two -- we'll take them

22 INTERIOR - ALIEN SPACESHIP - SPHERICAL ROOM

22

The crewman labels two of the leathery, bird-like creatures.

CARLSEN
(addressing Derebridge's
request)
Only if there's room.

DEREBRIDGE
Room?! This is only the greatest
find of the century. What else do
you expect to find?

CARLSEN
I don't know. I have the feeling
there's more.

Carlsen looks around -- as if he senses something.
Derebridge looks puzzled.

CUT TO:

23 INTERIOR - CHURCHILL - FLIGHT DECK

23 (NO
GRAV)

SUDDENLY -- NIGHT falls across their faces. The light of
the comet shut off!

An UMBRELLA-LIKE structure is unfolding from the "bulb"
of the alien ship -- passing (momentarily) between them
and the bright light of the comet. It moves very quickly
-- spreading outwards from the center.

CREWMAN #1
What the hell was that!?

Faces agog -- staring out the front window of the Churchill.

RADIO COMMUNICATOR
(radios to the tug crew)
Commander -- the ship has just deployed
a ... it looks like some sort of big
structure that's just unfolding. It's
enormous!

CREWMAN #2
Good God. What is it?

CUT TO:

24 EXTERIOR - ALIEN SPACESHIP

24

The giant UMBRELLA-STRUCTURE unfolding ... unfolding ...

CUT TO:

25 INTERIOR - ALIEN SPACESHIP - SPHERICAL ROOM

25

Carlson & the others listening riveted to the broadcast from the Churchill.

Suddenly, streaming BLUE SPECTRAL LIGHT bursts from an opening near the top of the vast room. A blinding, strobing light -- accompanied by a WIND -- in the vacuum of space! -- that sweeps debris and dust up -- dancing in the light.

Suddenly, Crewman #4 loses his nerve and fires his jetpak, heading back the way they came -- escaping.

CARLSEN

(shouts)

Baker!

Carlson jets after him -- grabs him -- slams him back against a wall.

BAKER (CREWMAN #4)

(terrified)

We've got to get out of here, sir.

CARLSEN

(enraged)

Anyone leaves here gets court-marshalled!

(to ship)

Churchill! This is Carlson! What's happening out there?

CHURCHILL (V.O.)

The thing's stopped opening. The only way to describe it is like a giant umbrella. The thing .. good God, it's 300 miles across.

CARLSEN

Is it doing anything?

CHURCHILL (V.O.)

Not any more. It's stopped opening. It's just sitting there.

CARLSEN

Can you tell what it's made of?

CHURCHILL (V.O.)

No. It's not metal. It's radar transparent.

CARLSEN

Okay.

CONT'D

25 CONT'D

25

Carlsen looks back up at the opening at the top of the spherical room. The SPECTRAL BLUE GLOW still coming from it -- a little "wind" blowing down.

CARLSEN (CONT'D)

(to his men)

That's where we're going. You first, Baker.

He gives Crewman #4 a push upward, and they fire their jets -- all four of them -- heading up toward the opening.

The MOANING, eerie wind lessens as they get to the opening. Still -- a bright blue light comes from inside.

CUT TO:

26 INTERIOR - COMMAND ROOM - ALIEN SPACESHIP

26

The light they saw outside is coming from a sunken chamber in the floor -- the PIT.

The rest of the floor is polished, space-cold stone.

Carlsen moves toward the pit.

Carlsen looks down -- into the pit -- at the glow. There are THREE SARCOPHAGUS-LIKE modules floating at the bottom.

Carlsen goes down -- floats down -- leaving Derebridge and the others to stay behind, staring down.

CUT TO:

27 INTERIOR - THE PIT

27

Tight on the glow on Carlsen's face as he stares -- astounded -- at the first "SARCOPHAGUS".

The sarcophagi are suspended, motionless, in some sort of magnetic field, or weak force field. The things hum faintly like fluorescent lights, and when Carlsen touches one, it crackles like the static on a TV tube, and his hair stirs inside his helmet. The things are absolutely frictionless; Carlsen's hand slides over it.

We SEE that inside the "glass" or clear, hard "plastic" case is a NUDE YOUNG GIRL. Blonde, she looks 19 or 20. A barely visible fog swirls in the case.

Carlsen is transfixed by the sight.

DEREBRIDGE'S VOICE (O.S.)

What is it?

CONT'D

27 CONT'D

27

Carlsen looks over at the other two cases.

CARLSEN

Nude bodies. Perfectly preserved.
They look to me like they could be
in some sort of suspended animation ...
or sleep.

DEREBRIDGE'S VOICE (O.S.)

Hold on. We're coming down.

RADIO VOICE (V.O.)

(from the Churchill)

Repeat again, Tom. We couldn't
read you just then.

Carlsen's still staring down at the cases as Derebridge
and Crewman #3 float down next to him.
The glow from the cases illuminating all of them.

CARLSEN

Churchill ... I said we've found a
young girl.

VOICE FROM CHURCHILL (V.O.)

Girl? You mean ... human?

It dawns on Carlsen -- just what he's saying.
Derebridge is looking at her also.

DEREBRIDGE

Churchill ... Definitely humanoid.

CREWMAN #3

(leering a bit at the
girl; to Derebridge)

I'd say she's perfect.

Derebridge looks at him.

CREWMAN #3 (CONT'D)

I've been in space for six months.
She looks just perfect to me.

They look at the other two cases.
Two NUDE MALES in those. One young. One older.
Crewman #3 is a little more nervous about that.
He goes back to the girl's case.

DEREBRIDGE

Nervous about those two, Hawkings?

Carlsen motions for Crewman #3 to float up -- and stand
by at the top of the pit.

CONT'D

27 CONT'D

27

CREWMAN #4
 (looking around)
 Are there any more?

Across the room his beam finds -- MANY cases.
 Nothing in them.

DEREBRIDGE
 How many do you want to try to
 take back?

CARLSEN
 I say we take all three -- and two
 of the dead things in the other room.

CUT TO:

28

INTERIOR - TUNNEL CORRDIOR - ALIEN SPACESHIP

28

The four men towing nylon bags containing the three floating
 cases -- and two of the bird-like bodies.

Carlsen looks around -- a little confused.
 The corridor seems to have changed.

CARLSEN
 (to Crewman #3)
 Is this the way we came in?

The man looks chagrined. He failed to mark it.

CREWMAN #3
 Sir -- I --

CARLSEN
 (angry)
 You don't know?!

CREWMAN #3
 (confused)
 No, sir.

They struggle with their cargo.

CARLSEN
 I hope there's a door through here.

DEREBRIDGE
 So do I.

They turn a corner -- and there is -- a door.

CONT'D

28 CONT'D

28

CARLSEN

(smiles)

It wouldn't surprise me if this is an alien ship designed to respond to telepathic orders. That's why the doors open where we want them.

CREWMAN #4

You mean the entire ship is designed to operate on mind power?

DEREBRIDGE

That's great .. but whose mind?

Suddenly Carlsen looks around with a penetrating, startled expression.

CARLSEN

Move. Get out of here. Let's go.

DEREBRIDGE

What is it?

CARLSEN

This tunnel's closing.

It's true. The walls are undulating -- and constricting. The tunnel is **NARROWING**.

The four men struggle with their burden of three sarcophagi and body bags.

CARLSEN (CONT'D)

Use your jets.

The men fire their suit thrusters -- begin to move down the tunnel at a goodly speed. The tunnel still **NARROWING**.

CARLSEN (CONT'D)

Move, move, move!

Up ahead, an **OPENING** -- out into black space. Getting **SMALLER**. They rocket toward it.

CUT TO:

29

EXTERIOR - SPACE - ALIEN DERELICT

29

The four men and their cargo come bursting out of the alien ship -- streaking to safety.

Behind them, the tunnel **CLOSES**.

CUT TO:

30 INTERIOR - CHURCHILL - TUG BAY30 (NO
GRAV)

The three SARCOPHAGUS-LIKE cases suspended in the middle of the room by ropes ... next to the two bird-like bodies.

Dead QUIET.

The entire crew -- all 12 of them -- floating around.

The whole scene lit by the flickering, baleful yellow light of the Comet's coma -- visible through the observation glass.

CARLSEN

(breaking the silence)

Have we gotten through to Earth yet?

RADIO MAN (V.O.)

No ... and the tail of the comet is heating up.

CARLSEN

I want three men on watch -- at all times. We'll monitor for changes with TV cameras.

(looks around)

Okay, let's head back.

The crew floats out of the tug bay.

Carlsen seals the room.

The three cases glow quietly in the dark... suspended by lines, equidistant from the walls.

Watched by TV cameras ... their red lights winking.

CUT TO:

31 INTERIOR - CORRIDOR OF CHURCHILL31 (NO
GRAV)

Carlsen, Derebridge and the others, making their way to their posts -- floating -- pulling themselves along webbing. Derebridge is really dragging.

CARLSEN

What's wrong, Derebridge?

DEREBRIDGE

I don't know, Tom. I feel really drained.

CARLSEN

Do you?

(thinks)

I feel invigorated.

CUT TO:

32 INTERIOR - FLIGHT DECK OF CHURCHILL - OVERLOOKING ALIEN SHIP32 (NO
GRAV)

Everyone strapped in at their consoles. The control room lit up like a Christmas tree. The NERVA engine is humming.

CARLSEN

Four minutes and counting ... final check ... NERVA engine ...

CONTIN

32 CONT'D

32

TECH #1
NERVA engine check.

CARLSEN
Prime systems ...

TECH #1
Prime systems check.

CARLSEN
Trajectory ...

The checklist goes on. Suddenly, Carlsen STOPS talking. He sits forward in his chair, lips parted slightly, STARING out at the 300-mile umbrella shape.

CARLSEN
Skip the checklist and count down
to ignition. Mark ten.

Carlsen PUSHES a button. A mechanical VOICE takes over the countdown.

MECHANICAL VOICE (V.O.)
"Control rods withdrawn. Ignition
in ten seconds ... nine ... "

All around, crew members are leaping into frenzied activity.

DEREBRIDGE
(panicked)
What is it? What?

CARLSEN
The umbrella's closing.

CUT TO:

33 EXTERIOR - SPACE

33

It's true. The vast ribbed, sail-like disc is beginning to CLOSE -- AROUND THE CHURCHILL.

CUT TO:

34 INTERIOR - FLIGHT DECK - CHURCHILL

34

MECHANICAL VOICE (V.O.)
" ...one ... ignition."

The ENGINE WHINES ... the ship SHUDDERS ...

CUT TO:

35 EXTERIOR - CHURCHILL

35

The Churchill's NERVA rocket BLAZES -- a high-intensity plasma jet -- a brilliant, dazzling cascade of white-hot light -- and she moves forward -- picking up speed -- faster and faster --

And around her, the 300-mile umbrella is closing -- like a vast, circular clam.

The acceleration of Churchill is causing her 700' long solar panels to bend.

CUT TO:

36 INTERIOR - FLIGHT DECK

36

Carlsen sees the solar panels bending. No time to furl them back into the cargo bay.

CARLSEN

Blow the solar panels.

A crewman hits a switch.

CUT TO:

37 EXTERIOR - CHURCHILL

37

BANG! Explosive bolts blow the solar panels free, and they tumble back ... glittering golden wings ... one of them falls into the nuclear flame of the NERVA engine and is blown spinning away, melting.

CUT TO:

38 INTERIOR - FLIGHT DECK

38

Accelerating -- the g forces pushing them back into their seats.

TECH #1

50 miles ... 75 ... 100 miles ...

CUT TO:

39 EXTERIOR - CHURCHILL

39

The Churchill ROCKETS FREE -- just as the "umbrella" folds shut onto the black needle ship ... trapping the solar panels inside.

CUT TO:

40 INTERIOR - CHURCHILL - FLIGHT DECK

40

Sweaty faces all around the room.

CONT'D

40 CONT'D

40

DEREBRIDGE

Lord. It didn't want us to leave.

The crew start their post-launch checks.

CARLSEN

(to Radio Man)

How long before we start talking
to Earth?

RADIO MAN

Comet's separating from us at a rate
of 150 km. per second per second ...
(calculates)

It shouldn't be more than 24 hours
before we can get through.

CARLSEN

Tell them we're bringing home cargo --
formerly living organic material.
Tell them we'll need quarantine
procedures. And ask them to please
advise.

RADIO MAN

Yes, sir.

Carlsen sits staring at the Comet ... receding now ...

DISSOLVE TO:

41 EXTERIOR - OUTER SPACE - EARTH ORBIT

41

The Churchill drifting through space ...
Halley's Comet visible behind it ... occupying one-sixth
of the sky.

Camera PANS with Churchill ... and REVEALS ... the
EARTH.

Churchill approaches the Earth ... coming into orbit ...

SUPER THE TITLE:

6 MONTHS LATER

Floating up from Earth -- we hear RADIO CALLS from
Mission Control to the ship.

MISSION CONTROL VOICE

Churchill come in ... this is Mission
Control Great Britain ... do you copy?
... Come in Churchill ...

CONT'D

41 CONT'D

41

No reply.
The spaceship floats by in dead silence.
Dark ... quiet ... lifeless.

CUT TO:

42 INTERIOR - MISSION CONTROL GREAT BRITAIN (S.R.C.) - DAY 42

A large room not unlike the familiar mission control room at Houston.

Project Director DR. LEONARD BUKOVSKY stands, looking drained, behind the principal COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER.

NASA people and European Space Agency people sit at the other desks.

BUKOVSKY

If they're going to pick us up,
they should get us, this close.

COMM. OFFICER

They simply aren't receiving. Their
automatic circuits don't even respond.
They're radio dead.

Bukovsky paces and looks grim.

NASA MAN

Christ I hope it's just their
communications.

CUT TO:

43 EXTERIOR - EARTH ORBIT - CLOSER NOW 43

The Churchill glides by -- majestically -- but with no
sign of activity in it.

CUT TO:

44 INTERIOR - MISSION CONTROL - DAY 44

BUKOVSKY

(to Trajectory man)

How's their orbit look?

The TRAJECTORY OFFICER displays the orbit -- compares the
actual orbit -- GREEN TRACE -- with the ideal orbit --
RED TRACE.

TRAJECTORY OFFICER

You can see it's stable -- but they're
slightly off. They should have adjusted,
coming in ... but they haven't.

CONT'D

44 CONT'D

44

BUKOVSKY

What do you make of that?

The Trajectory Officer looks uncomfortable. Reluctant to venture a guess. His COMMANDING OFFICER nods for him to go ahead.

TRAJECTORY OFFICER

It would appear that they set their course just after they left the comet. I'd say it hasn't been updated since.

Silence.

Bukovsky looks at the NASA man.

BUKOVSKY

The Columbia?

NASA MAN

The Columbia. Let's go.

CUT TO:

45 EXTERIOR - CAPE CANAVERAL - SUNSET

45

The Columbia launches into the evening sky -- thundering on its tail of fire.

CUT TO:

46 EXTERIOR - EARTH ORBIT - SPACE

46

The rescue shuttle craft drifts up from Florida.

Coming up toward the floating, silent spacecraft in orbit.

Columbia docks alongisde Churchill.

CUT TO:

47 INTERIOR - COLUMBIA - AIR LOCK

47

Five spacesuited men. All Americans.

MISSION LEADER

(radio filtered)

Deploy the tube.

CUT TO:

48 EXTERIOR - COLUMBIA & CHURCHILL - EARTH ORBIT

48

A collapsing tube slides out from Columbia's airlock and clamps onto the airlock door of Churchill.

CUT TO:

49 INTERIOR - COLUMBIA - AIR LOCK 49

Mission Leader opens the lock door.

The five men float through the tube -- across to Churchill's outer lock door.

They use a portable device to crank the airlock door open. Then they go in.

CUT TO:

50 INTERIOR - CHURCHILL'S AIR LOCK - IN ORBIT 50

Mission Leader and team come in -- in spacesuits.

The air lock is completely dark. They click on flashlights. The inner lock door is hanging open.

MISSION LEADER
(radio filtered)
It's completely evacuated.

They pass through into the ship.

CUT TO:

51 INTERIOR - CHURCHILL (BELOW FLIGHT DECK) - IN ORBIT 51

Intense flashlights and electric arc beams cut through the dark interior of the CHURCHILL.

MOVE with Mission Leader.

Their lights REVEAL that the inside of Churchill is completely BLACKENED AND GUTTED.

MISSION LEADER
(radio filtered)
Lord God Almighty.

A terrible fire has raged through here, melting the furnishings, fusing everything. Pipes and wiring have melted like wax. It is a charred bat's cave. Greasy soot covers everything.

They go up to the flight deck.

CUT TO:

52 INTERIOR - CHURCHILL - FLIGHT DECK - EARTH ORBIT 52

The flight deck also is hideously burned.

CONT'D

52 CONT'D

52

RESCUE CREW MEMBER

Oh, my G --
(chokes off)

He has seen the BODIES.

Floating at their consoles ... are ... BLACKENED SKELETONS.
Burned beyond recognition.

The team MURMURS with awe and horror.

MISSION LEADER

(radio filtered)

Let's keep going.

They go back into the surveillance deck.

CUT TO:

53 INTERIOR - SURVEILLANCE DECK (BEHIND FLIGHT DECK).

53

In addition to being burned, the communications equipment looks chopped up as if with an axe -- but the ship's TAPES are intact inside their slots.

MISSION LEADER

Get those tapes.

The men start pulling the large tape cassettes from their slots and storing them in the bags they're carrying.

CUT TO:

54 INTERIOR - DECK BELOW (LIVING QUARTERS)

54

Mission Leader and a couple of men move through the blackened, melted, living quarters. More BURNED SKELETONS here, floating like drowned men in an underwater cave. Illuminated only by their moving flashlight beams.

Mission Leader stops to try and read the dog tags on the neck of one of the burned corpses, while one of his men moves on.

RESCUE CREW VOICE

Over here, sir!

CUT TO:

55 INTERIOR - TUG BAY

55

They move across the darkened, burned tug bay ... their light beams leading the way ... over to where one of them is directing his beam.

CONT'D

55 CONT'D

55

The five of them stare down at --
 the THREE CRYSTAL SARCOPHAGI.
 Intact.
 Unburned.
 Mission Leader stares at them -- shaken.
 Mission Leader stays with the crystal cases.
 They glow faintly -- still.
 He touches a case ... tentatively.
 Mission Leader is speechless.

CUT TO:

56 EXTERIOR - LONDON - NIGHT

56

Big Ben chimes 11:30. A barge honks on the Thames.

CUT TO:

57 EXTERIOR - SPACE RESEARCH CENTRE - NIGHT

57

A complex of functional-looking buildings. Lights burn late.

CUT TO:

58 INTERIOR - SPACE RESEARCH CENTRE - LONDON - NIGHT

58

Bukovsky, looking drained and needing sleep, sits at a long desk/console. TV MONITORS along the ceiling, and computer displays in front of him.

We've come in mid-conference. Bukovsky is talking with Mission Leader; three other Scientists; a British M.P. (Member of Parliament), and a fourth man, DR. HANS FALLADA, late 60's, scholarly.

M.P.

How'd you open the girl's case?

BUKOVSKY

We didn't. We were just talking about how to get it open ... when it popped open of its own accord.

M.P.

Did you X-ray the crystal cases?

BUKOVSKY

We're not certain they're crystal.

1ST SCIENTIST

All the scans are blurred ... It has to be thermal noise, but their temperature is low. We don't understand how ...

CONT'D

58 CONT'D

58

BUKOVSKY
(to 2nd scientist)
... And from metallurgy?

METALLURGIST
The casings aren't metallic.
I'm not even sure they're organic.
The casing is right there in front
of us without being there -- if
that makes any sense.

Bukovsky says nothing.
FALLADA says nothing either.

M.P.
And the bodies from the cases?

3RD SCIENTIST
We're going to do our first
dissection now.

He turns and looks pointedly at Fallada.

3RD SCIENTIST (CONT'D)
(smiling)
Provided, of course, that Dr. Fallada
agrees they're dead.

Bukovsky looks at Fallada -- waits.

BUKOVSKY
Fallada?

FALLADA
I don't know that I'm qualified
to pass judgement on alien death.

The 3RD SCIENTIST is impatient.

3RD SCIENTIST
(with grim humor)
You would say that they're less
alive than we are ...?

Fallada acknowledges that with a grim smile.
The 3RD SCIENTIST takes that as permission to go off and
do the much anticipated dissection. He looks at Bukovsky.
Bukovsky nods for him to go. The Scientists and Fallada
leave.

M.P.
What about the ship's tapes?
The bloody thing had a million
cameras on it.

CONT'D

58 CONT'D

58

BUKOVSKY

Blank.

M.P.

Blank?

BUKOVSKY

Every tape in the ship. Erased.

M.P.

By who?

Bukovsky looks at him. The M.P. frowns and goes away.

Bukovsky stays in the room. Alone now.

Looks up at one monitor.

On the monitor, a perfect color TV picture of an operating theater and a table -- with green surgical sheets covering a body -- the SPACE GIRL.

The draped sheets reveal the top portion of her face.

In the room:

There are three doctors in space age gowns and breathing masks to prevent contagion as they work. The three step out of the room for a smoke -- and to confer before beginning.

They leave one gowned SECURITY GUARD alone in the room. He's ARMED -- and he wears a BREATHING MASK, like the others. His gun wrapped in polythene.

Bukovsky looks away from the monitor, and turns up the sound on a television set.

BBC READER

Halley's Comet is now dominating the northern sky, stretching over 100 million miles across the heavens, occupying one-sixth of the entire visible horizon. On this exceptionally clear night, a group of enthusiasts are commemorating Edmund Halley's great prediction by holding an outdoor watching from the site of his original observatory at Greenwich. Our viewers may be interested to know that comets were once considered to be harbingers of evil, and that one of the earliest words for comet was "Disaster", which in Latin means "Evil Star". And it may indeed be an evil star for the deep-space probe Churchill ... there's still no word from Her Majesty's government as to the fate of the crew ... whether they are alive or dead. We can only await further developments as they arise ...

58 CONT'D

58

Bukovsky leans back in the chair and rubs his face.

CUT TO:

59 INTERIOR - OPERATING THEATRE - S.R.C. - NIGHT

59

The GUARD has walked over to the table ... close to the GIRL.

He's staring down at her.

He almost wants to reach out and touch her.

THE GIRL'S EYES SNAP OPEN.

The GUARD takes a step back.

The girl -- sits up.

The movement causes the sheet covering her to slip, revealing her naked body. It is perfect.

The guard reacts .. the "GIRL" smiles.

She is stunning -- she is irresistable -- he moves toward her.

CUT TO:

60 INTERIOR BUKOVSKY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

60

Bukovsky, leaning back in his chair, eyes half closed ...

Suddenly, he SITS UPRIGHT, looking at the monitor.

HIS POV: THE MONITOR -- showing the GIRL advancing on the GUARD.

CUT TO:

61 INTERIOR - OPERATING THEATRE - NIGHT

61

The Guard seems unable to resist.

Slowly her arm reaches forward -- her hands on his MASK.

She takes his mask off. He doesn't try to stop her.

She leans forward ... and presses her LIPS to his.

A searing ... brilliant BLUE LIGHT -- arc -- exchange -- passes from HIS lips to HERS. A short BRIDGE of light, EERIE ectoplasmic essence -- passing from the guard to the girl.

As it does he begins to TWITCH -- involuntarily -- going into HORRIBLE SPASMS -- some core essence draining from him ... and still she ... kisses him.

CUT TO:

62 INTERIOR - BUKOVSKY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

62

Bukovsky runs out the door, knocking over a chair.

CUT TO:

63 INTERIOR - CORRIDOR - S.R.C. - NIGHT

63

Bukovsky running down a long corridor ... through fire door after fire door ...

CUT TO:

64 INTERIOR - OPERATING THEATRE - NIGHT

64

Bukovsky BURSTS in ...

... The Guard is slumped over the otherwise empty table ... Bukovsky rushes to the Guard and grasps his shoulder -- As the Guard falls into the light ... we can see that he is DEAD ... his eyes are empty ... and his face is horribly disfigured. He weighs next to nothing. His body is SHRIVELLED ... a husk.

Bukovsky starts back from the horrible sight -- and a MOVEMENT in the shadow catches his eye.

It is the GIRL.

Slowly she comes towards Bukovsky, who -- unable to move -- WATCHES her ... as though held by the loveliness of the graceful form before him.

Her hand comes up towards his face ... she smiles ...

THE GIRL

(American accent)

Use my body.

Bukovsky puts out his two hands.

CUT TO:

65 INTERIOR - BUKOVSKY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

65

FALLADA walks in. Looks around.

No sign of Bukovsky.

Then he turns and looks up at one of the TV monitors. He stares at it for a long moment, puzzling over what he sees. Then he turns and runs out of the room.

CUT TO:

66 INTERIOR - OPERATING THEATRE - NIGHT

66

Fallada rushes in, with several doctors and guards.

CONT'D

66 CONT'D

66

The Guard is still on the table.
Bukovsky sits slumped on the floor.

FALLADA
Bukovsky ... what's going on?
The girl ... where's the girl?

Bukovsky looks up -- shattered. Drained -- but physically intact.

BUKOVSKY
She's gone .. She's alive ...
I saw her.

Fallada takes that in. He hurries over to the Guard.

FALLADA
(seeing the damage)
My God.

BUKOVSKY
She did that.

Fallada looks at the Guard again -- then at Bukovsky.
Thoughts forming in his head.
People rushing into the room now.
Fallada goes to the phone.

FALLADA
(into the phone)
This is Professor Fallada.
I'm calling at Dr. Bukovsky's
orders. Get me the Duty Security
Captain -- now!
(to the shattered
Bukovsky)
Don't worry -- a naked girl
isn't going to get out of this
complex.

CUT TO:

67 INTERIOR - CORRIDOR - S.R.C. - NIGHT

67

A middle-aged security GUARD. British. Fatherly type.
Moving down the corridor ... checking ... he stops to
key his time meter.

Suddenly his eyes widen -- and his mouth drops open in
surprise.
The GIRL is walking down the corridor towards him.
The Fatherly Guard doesn't know where to look.
The Girl walks past him, unhurriedly, gracefully -- not
acknowledging him -- and continues down the corridor.

CONT'D

67 CONT'D

67

Astonished and embarrassed, the Fatherly Guard pulls out his hand radio.

FATHERLY GUARD

Four-nine to control .. you'll never believe what I just saw.

CUT TO:

68

INTERIOR - MAIN LOBBY - S.R.C. BUILDING - NIGHT

68

Two YOUNGER SECURITY GUARDS are seated at the reception desk. One brash, short tempered; the other, a fairly normal young fellow -- is pressing the intercom switch.

GUARD #2

(mid-conversation)

Control, can you say that again?

VOICE ON INTERCOM

I believe you heard me. There's a girl on the loose in the building. She must not leave.

GUARD #2

Pardon me, I thought you said she was --

INTERCOM

Naked! Yes, that's what I said. Surely you can find her.

BRASH GUARD.

This must be a joke.

But it's not a joke ... the Brash Guard is staring at the main staircase ... Guard #2 follows his gaze and reacts. The GIRL is coming down the stairs. So perfect, she is clothed in her nudity.

BRASH GUARD (CONT'D)

I don't believe it.

The two gards advance to the foot of the staircase -- watching the Girl's unhurried descent.

GUARD #2

All right, Miss, just stay where you are.

BRASH GUARD

(grinning)

You heard them. They said "grab her".

CONT'D

68 CONT'D

68

The Brash Guard starts to mount the staircase.
The Girl continues down, ignoring him.

The Fatherly Guard appears on the staircase landing above.

FATHERLY GUARD

(shouts down)

Take it easy, mate -- she's not in
her right mind.

BRASH GUARD

(to her)

That's it ... just come down nicely
and slowly.

The GIRL is now aware of the Brash Guard .. she looks at
him and smiles.
Without pausing in her measured descent, she raises her
hand.

Guard #2 -- at the foot of the stairs -- calls in.

CUT TO:

69 INTERIOR - OPERATING THEATRE - NIGHT

69

Fallada takes the call.

FALLADA

(into phone)

Where? Right!

(slams down the phone;
to Bukovsky)

She's in the main lobby. Are
you all right to go down there?

Bukovsky, still dazed, shakes his head no.

CUT TO:

70 INTERIOR - MAIN LOBBY - NIGHT

70

The GIRL'S staring at the Guard on the stairs.

BRASH GUARD

That's better ... just take it
easy ...

His voice trails off ... he STOPS ... begins to tremble ...
his face fills with horror as some FORCE slowly presses
him to his knees.

The Fatherly Guard watches from above -- Guard #2 from
below.

CONT'D

70 CONT'D

70

GUARD #2
(starts up)
Come on ... get her.

BRASH GUARD
(sobbing)
Stop it -- make her stop it --

He loses consciousness.

The GIRL reaches out and TOUCHES Guard #2 -- who SCREAMS in pain -- and drops to the ground.

The Fatherly Guard is frozen -- perspiring -- struggling. Unable to do anything but watch.

The GIRL leaves the Brash Guard and walks down the long marble corridor -- toward the large plate glass windows.

CUT TO:

71 INTERIOR - ELEVATOR - NIGHT

71

Fallada watching the floor numbers race -- 7 - 6 - 5 ... down to "1".

CUT TO:

72 INTERIOR - LOBBY - NIGHT

72

The GIRL stands in front of the huge picture window.

CUT TO:

73 EXTERIOR - S.R.C. BUILDING - NIGHT

73

Outside -- one of London's green lawns. Spotlighted brilliant green.

Suddenly the whole glass frontage of the Main Wing EXPLODES ... in a shimmering ... SPLINTERING CRASH.

Heedless of the sharp, splintering fragments, the GIRL naked -- steps out of the building.

A terrifying sight -- as she walks across the lawn -- crossing the road -- and disappears into the park.

CUT TO:

74 INTERIOR - S.R.C. LOBBY - NIGHT

74

Fallada stares out into the London mist after her.

Fallada looks around at the havoc wrought. The stricken guards.

CUT TO:

75 INTERIOR - DARKENED BEDROOM - NIGHT

75

A PHONE RINGS.

The light is switched on and the phone is picked up by COLONEL COLIN CAINE ... 42 years old, icy blue eyes. He's sleeping on a Tatami mat with a wooden pillow. The room is very spare, few furnishings. A military scrambler phone, a lamp by the mat, a clock, and a framed photograph of a little girl signed "To Daddy". Caine sleeps in a kimono.

CAINE
(into phone)

Yes?

The voice on the other end of the line belongs to Home Secretary SIR PERCY HESELTINE.

VOICE ON PHONE
Sir Percy here, Colin. Sorry to disturb you at this hour.

Caine always awakens instantly, without any drowsy period.

CAINE
Not at all.

SIR PERCY
I've had a call from the Space Research Centre in Regent's Park. Seems they've had a bit of nasty business. Sounds like an S.A.S. matter to me.

A pause. Caine says nothing.

SIR PERCY (CONT'D)
Are you there, Colin?

CAINE
Yes.

SIR PERCY
I'm afraid this fits into your area of specialization. Very political. I need you. It's a bit of a flap. Sorry.

CAINE
Right.

Caine puts down the phone and sits up.

He rolls up the Tatami mat and puts it in a drawer. Then he goes down on his knees and starts doing his breathing exercises, preparatory to dressing.

CUT TO:

Fes 16/84

X

38.

76 EXTERIOR - S.R.C. - NIGHT

76

Lots of people about. Police and reporters. Military personnel.

CUT TO:

77 INTERIOR - S.R.C. - NIGHT

no Secret / overcoat m.

77

Several London policemen are already here ... plus some SAS in combat gear.

CAINE comes walking in -- dressed in a sports jacket. No overcoat in spite of the bitter cold. He stops and looks around. Surveying the scene. *WITH KELLY.*

A reporter takes a photo of him. Two SAS take hold of the reporter. One puts a sleeper hold on his neck with his fingers, ~~while the other~~ *KELLY.* opens the camera and removes the film. ~~She~~ returns the camera to him and release him, with a polite "Sorry".

CAINE

(to the nearest Scientist)

May I ask which one of you is Dr. Bukovsky?

BUKOVSKY

I am.

Bukovsky looks bushed. Dark circles under his eyes. Sweat staining the armpits of his shirt. Short tempered.

CAINE

I am Colonel Caine.

SCIENTIST

You must be the chap from S.A.S.

Caine freezes him with an ice cold look.

CAINE

(to reporters)

Gentlemen, that last remark is not for publication. This is a D-notice situation.

(to Dr. Bukovsky)

Dr. Bukovsky, tell me your problem ... starting from the beginning. Omit nothing, please, at this stage.

BUKOVSKY

There's been a murder. But there are some peculiarities.

CAINE

Who was murdered, and who says he was murdered?

CONT'D

77 CONT'D

77

As Caine waits for Bukovsky to answer, his eyes sweep the room. Hans Fallada is studying him closely. Caine notices him, then turns his attention back to Bukovsky.

BUKOVSKY

A guard. And I say so.

CAINE

How was he murdered, where and at what time, and who found him.

There is a loaded PAUSE. Caine tilts his chin, waiting for an answer.

FALLADA

Perhaps it would be simplest if we showed you the body.

CUT TO:

78 INTERIOR - PATHOLOGY ROOM - S.R.C. - NIGHT

ALSO KELLY.

THE GUARD lies on his back on a steel table, under a bright light. He looks like an Egyptian mummy without the wraps.

Caine studies it for a long time.

23/24 f.s.

CAINE

This was murder -- you say?

CUT TO:

79 INTERIOR - FALLADA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

SAS CAPTAIN KELLY.

Bukovsky, Fallada, Caine. ↑ Sitting. Talking.

CAINE

Tell me again how the girl overpowered you.

BUKOVSKY

(tentatively)

She ... It ... was the most overpoweringly feminine presence I have ever encountered. I was drawn to her -- on a level that --

CAINE

(interrupting)

Was it sexual?

CONT'D

79 CONT'D

79

BUKOVSKY

(embarrassed)

Yes. Overwhelmingly so. And
horrible. Loss of control.
(shudders)

CAINE

And the man -- the guard -- was
dead when you came into the room.
You found him as he is now?

Bukovsky -- remembering the horrible moment -- starts
to say something more -- then stops and can only nod yes.

CAINE (CONT'D)

... And the girl came from the
ship Churchill?

Fallada looks at Bukovsky.

BUKOVSKY

That's right.

CAINE

And she spoke to you -- in English?

BUKOVSKY

That's right.

CAINE

How would she know English?

Bukovsky shakes his head.

Caine, though listening, is looking around the room.
Fallada has an enormous amount of electronic equipment --
Caine takes notice of the fact. He catches Fallada
looking at him.

CAINE (CONT'D)

Now, going back, you say the ship's
tapes were destroyed in the fire?

BUKOVSKY

No. They were not destroyed in the
fire. That's what we told the
public. They were erased.

CAINE

(interested)

Erased?

Caine mulls that one over. Interesting.

BUKOVSKY

Also -- the escape pod from the
Churchill was missing.

CAINE

What's that mean? Did someone escape?

FALLADA

Unfortunately, the condition of the bodies make an accurate count impossible.

CAINE

Could the heat from the intense fire have made it launch?

BUKOVSKY

(pauses; then)

No.

CAINE

What caused the fire?

BUKOVSKY

The ship's oxygen system ignited. It was a terribly hot fire.

CAINE

Yet, you say the three sarcophagus-like cases -- or whatever -- were untouched.

BUKOVSKY

Yes, that's true.

CAINE

Where were they found?

BUKOVSKY

In the bay where the space tug was stored.

CAINE

Where everything else was charred?

Bukovsky nods. Caine looks at Fallada -- who looks like he wants to say something.

CAINE (CONT'D)

This is incredible -- is it not? Have you examined the cases?

BUKOVSKY

Using every technique we have. X-ray scans of the cases yield only blurred images ...

CAINE

(fascinated)

What does that mean?

CONT'D

79 CONT'D

79

BUKOVSKY

They're not precisely physical objects. More like a sort of force field. We're a bit out of our depth here. This whole thing is --

CAINE

I know. Incredible. Have they done an autopsy yet, on the guard?

(answers his own question; looks at his watch)

No, I suppose not. Well -- and what about your two other bodies?

Bukovsky does not look well.

BUKOVSKY

Colonel -- may I be excused? I seem to be feeling more poorly than I thought.

CAINE

(looking at him)

Of course.

Bukovsky leaves -- slowly. *search. exit*

FOLLOWED BY KELLY.

Caine turns his attention back to Fallada. Fallada smiles.

CAINE

I noticed on your door -- that your area is biochemistry. But I understand that your real interest is --

FALLADA

(smiles)

Death, Colonel Caine. Correct. Thanatology is the name for it. Death for you, Colonel, is a bureaucratic problem. Who did it -- Why -- when did they do it. A problem to be solved. Am I correct?

CAINE

And for you --

FALLADA

I'm fascinated by death itself. What happens as you die -- when you die -- what happens after you die.

CONT'D

79 CONT'D

79

CAINE
(interested)
You mean "life after death" and
all that.

FALLADA
(nods; smiles)
Yes.

CAINE
Is there?

FALLADA
What?

CAINE
Life after death?

FALLADA
(liking Caine)
Do you really want to know,
Colonel?

Caine thinks a moment.

CAINE
No.

Fallada studies him a moment. Caine looks uncomfortable.

FALLADA
To answer your question -- yes
-- we do.

Caine doesn't know if Fallada is serious or not. He seems serious.

Caine breaks the eye contact. He looks about Fallada's lab -- at all the equipment. The massive ELECTRONICS.

CAINE
May I ask -- all this equipment?
What sort of work are you doing?

FALLADA
(somewhat evasive)
All of that?
(Fallada's smile
again)
I'm measuring something.

CAINE
What?

FALLADA
(hesitates)
Are you really interested?

CONT'D

79 CONT'D

79

Caine nods. He is.

Fallada goes over to the equipment.
Reaches out and presses a switch. Several large UNITS
HUM to life.

Fallada leads Caine to the far end of the room, to a
bench that contains a number of GLASS TANKS.
He raps on the side of one of these. A small OCTOPUS, with
a total length of 18 inches, starts up from the bottom
of the tank, and glides toward the surface.

FALLADA

I believe that I've found a way
to measure what some people would
call the "life-force" of living
creatures. I call it the lambda
field.

(Caine looks on,
fascinated)

As it turns out, these experiments
may have a peculiar relevance to
what's occurred this evening.

CAINE

Go on ...

Fallada presses another switch. A television screen above
the glass tank is illuminated with a green glow. A WAVY
LINE undulates across the screen.

FALLADA

This is the lambda field of the
octopus. Notice its reading.

Caine sees a low, calm reading displayed.

CAINE

Where is that signal coming from?

FALLADA

(holding up a tiny
transducer)

From one of these -- implanted in
the octopus -- near an energy
center. Not near the brain or
the heart, as you might guess, but
near the sexual organs of the
creature.

CAINE

(startled)

Why?

CONT'D

79 CONT'D

79

FALLADA

Because sexual intensity is a good
measure of life intensity.

Fallada moves to the NEXT TANK.

FALLADA (CONT'D)

This is a Moray eel, one of the most
unpleasant and aggressive creatures
in the sea. It regards the Mediter-
ranean octopus as a rare delicacy.

Caine peers in at the Moray -- its malignant features and
razor teeth.

FALLADA (CONT'D)

This one is hungry -- he hasn't been
fed for days. Note the lambda
reading.

Fallada displays the eel's LAMBDA reading. More active
than the octopus's -- and much larger.

FALLADA

I am now going to introduce the
Moray into the octopus's tank.

CAINE

Is that necessary? Couldn't you
just tell me what happens?

FALLADA

I don't think that would make my
point as effectively, I'm afraid.

From under the bench, Fallada takes a pair of TONGS --
and dips them into the eel's tank -- capturing it.
It snaps at the tongs -- struggling. He dumps it into
the octopus's tank.

FALLADA (CONT'D)

Now watch --

(both graphs are
visible)

Watch the graphs.

The Moray eel blunders around in the octopus tank for
several seconds -- discovering the contents --

Caine stares at the graphs -- the Moray's getting LARGER
and the octopus's graph staying the same -- but now getting
INTO SYNC! with the Moray's graph.

CONT'D

79 CONT'D

79

FALLADA (CONT'D)

Notice -- the two graphs are in sync, and the Moray's is growing larger. I suspect the Moray is exerting some kind of hypnotic power over its prey. Its will is dominating the will of the octopus.

The Moray suddenly -- ATTACKS the octopus.
A huge cloud of ink goes up.

The GRAPHS go crazy -- still in sync -- getting larger.

Caine sees on the screen: the octopus's graph suddenly leaps upward, wavers, and then -- vanishes.

The Moray's shows a sudden -- steep rise.

FALLADA (CONT'D)

(turns away from
the tank)

But you still have not seen the most interesting part.

Caine looks at him, startled.

Fallada points to a grey console between the two tanks.

FALLADA (CONT'D)

This computer has been keeping track of the life fields of the two creatures.

He touches a button and the computer spits out -- on paper -- the lambda reading for the eel.

FALLADA (CONT'D)

The average reading for the eel is 7.23 -- and the octopus --
(read off the next
number)

4.22 ... add those two figures together ...

CAINE

11.45 ...

FALLADA

Good. Now check the reading of the Moray eel ...

Fallada hits the button -- and the current reading pops up. 11.45.

CAINE

You mean the Moray actually absorbed the life-field of the ... Christ ... That's incredible. I mean -- can you be sure it's actually what it seems?

79 CONT'D

79

FALLADA

That's what I wondered at first.
But it always happens. For a short
period, the life-force of the aggressor
increases by precisely the amount it
has taken from its victim.

A pause. Caine grapples with the idea.

FALLADA (CONT'D)

If I'm correct, the life-force
is "conserved" -- always, and in
all things. Even after death.

That hangs in the air.

CAINE

You think this applies to what
happened tonight?

FALLADA

I do. I would not be at all surprised
if that girl -- creature -- drained
energy -- life-force -- partially
from Bukovsky, and totally from the
guard.

Caine looks at him. He's serious about this.

CAINE

A vampire.

FALLADA

It could be described that way, yes.
In a sense all of us are vampires.

Caine stares at him.

FALLADA (CONT'D)

We drain energy from other life forms.
The difference is one of degree. That
"girl" was no girl. She is totally
alien to this planet and our life form
-- and totally dangerous.

CUT TO:

80

INTERIOR - S.R.C. - QUARANTINE ROOM - NIGHT

80

The two nude MALE CREATURES lie in their shimmering
sarcophagi.

They're guarded by British S.A.S. -- wearing black balaclavas
and carrying silenced Ingrams.

CONT'D

80 CONT'D

80

SOLDIER #1
Do you believe those blokes are
alive?

SOLDIER #2
I'm not paid to believe nothing,
am I.

SOLDIER #1
I believe they are alive. They
don't look bloody dead to me.

Suddenly -- the sarcophagi of the two male creatures --
SLIDE OPEN WITH AN ELECTRIC HUM --

AND THE TWO MALES BURST OUT WITH A THUNDEROUS ROAR.

They come at the soldiers -- who retreat down the hallway.

The soldiers -- FIRE their silenced weapons. WHUP WHUP
WHUP WHUP! A hail of bullets.

Glass partitions EXPLODE.

More guards RUSH IN. They FIRE.

EXPLOSIVES are hurled.

The room is DESTROYED.

The two Males are OBLITERATED.

CUT TO:

81 INTERIOR - FALLADA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

81

Caine and Fallada hear the EXPLOSIONS -- and race out.

CUT TO:

82 INTERIOR - S.R.C. - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Caine races up to the scene of the battle. *hell man from left. na Sweet.*

The corridor is destroyed. A shambles. The creatures
are strewn around in bits.

Caine looks at Fallada.

CAINE
It would appear that these two are
no longer dangerous.

Fallada stares at the wreckage.

CONT'D

82

10/12/84

82 CONT'D

82

FALLADA

No possibility of autopsying them.
 (makes up his mind)
 I would like to examine the guard.

CAINE

(to one of his Bobbies)
 Have they started the autopsy on
 the guard, yet?

SAS CAP. KELLY
 I believe so, sir.

CUT TO:

83

INTERIOR - OPERATING THEATRE - S.R.C. - NIGHT

A POLICE SURGEON -- and several PATHOLOGISTS -- are working
 on the dead Guard. Beginning their autopsy. They're all
 wearing protective masks. Goggles with breathing filters,
 against possible contamination.

The PATHOLOGIST leans forward, scalpel in hand.
 The WITHERED Guard, lying on the table, looks ancient.

PATHOLOGIST

(speaks into a tape
 recorder)

This is an autopsy on the body of
 a young male .. dead approximately
 two hours.

(to Surgeon)

Did you say the victim was about
 twenty?

The Police Surgeon checks with the head of S.R.C. Security.

POLICE SURGEON

Yes, that's correct.

The Pathologist looks at the Surgeon.
 Neither of them have ever seen anything like this.

The Pathologist leans forward to slice open the body.

Suddenly -- the body on the table -- COMES TO LIFE!
 It GRABS the Pathologist. RIPS off his face mask.

In front of everyone's horrified eyes, it presses its
 face to the man's -- and drains him of all his life energy.
 SUCKING the life energy out of him
 Before anyone can act -- and before our eyes --
 The Pathologist WITHERS -- and dies --
 The formerly dead Guard -- BLOSSOMS with life. Coming
 back to its former shape.

CONT'D

83 CONT'D

83

The Guard -- normal now -- looks at the others in the room. They're frozen -- shocked into immobility.

CAINE AND FALLADA come through the operating room doors. They SEE the withered corpse of the Pathologist -- the revived Guard.

Several men in the room jump forward to grab the Guard. He seems strong, but they subdue him.

Caine shoots Fallada a look.
Is Fallada right about all of this?

The fully recovered Guard is being restrained by SAS soldiers and constables.

FALLADA
(screams)
Put him in an isolation cell
where we can watch him.

Caine nods to his people to do that.

Fallada and the other doctors examine the now-shrivelled Pathologist.

DOCTOR #1
He's dead.

FALLADA
I had no idea it could be passed
on.

CAINE
What do you suggest?

FALLADA
I would recommend that you place
this body in another cell. It
was two hours ago that the guard
was attacked. I wouldn't be
surprised if we were seeing a pattern
here ...

Caine absorbs this idea.

CAINE
(to one of his men)
Do as he says, Kelly.

CAPTAIN KELLY
(wide-eyed)
Yes, sir.

CONT'D

83 CONT'D

83

CAINE

And I want those two bodies --
the creatures, the males -- who
were shot -- collect the pieces
and watch them also.

~~Constable~~ Kelly nods. The TWO SOLDIERS move forward to
help.

CAINE (CONT'D)

(turning to ~~another~~ Kelly,
~~of his men~~)

~~With~~ please get me the Home Secretary
on the line. Now.

CAPTAIN KELLY.

SAS ~~meets him~~ starts out the room -- then confers with
another of Caine's men -- just coming in.

~~(SAS)~~

(presenting Caine
with a radiophone)

Sir, you have a call.

Caine takes the phone.

CAINE

Yes ...

(pause)

Yes, I'll be right there.

Caine puts down the phone.

CAINE (CONT'D)

(to Fallada)

They've just found a body -- in
Hyde Park. A nude girl. They say
the body is in an indescribable
condition. Could that be your girl?

CUT TO:

84 EXTERIOR - HYDE PARK - 5:30 A.M.

84

Wet and foggy. Bobbies with flashlights.

A WOMAN'S NAKED BODY -- hideously shrivelled -- and nude.
Dark, curly hair.

Caine and Fallada stand over it.

CAINE

Well?

FALLADA

No. That's not her.

CONT'D

84 CONT'D

84

Caine turns to one of the CONSTABLES on the scene.

CAINE

Did anyone see anything?

CONSTABLE

Yes, sir. These boys were in the park earlier.

The Constable indicates for the two TEENAGE BOYS (PUNKS) to step forward. They stare -- sneaking a look at the body.

FIRST PUNK BOY

We saw her ... I think ... earlier.
At any rate, that looks like her hair.
Cor, what a mess.

CAINE

Was she alone?

SECOND PUNK BOY

No, that's why we noticed her. She was with a blonde -- a real good looking bird -- not wearing a lot of clothes either. We thought they may have been -- you know.

CAINE

(impatient)

Yes, yes, well, did you see where they went -- where the blond girl went?

FIRST BOY

(checking with second)

No. No we didn't. We angled on back to see if maybe we could, you know --

(embarrassed)

See them doing something. And that's when we found her.

CAINE

How long ago was this?

FIRST BOY

About half an hour ago.

CONSTABLE

We got a call from this here gentleman.

(means the boy)

That's when we called you, sir.

CONT'D

84 CONT'D

84

CAINE

Yes, well, thank you, Constable.

Caine walks over to Fallada.

CAINE (CONT'D)

Well?

FALLADA

Yes, of course it was her. Can we take this body back to the Centre with the others?

CAINE

Yes, I suppose that would be a good idea.

(to his man)

Sergeant, continue to search this area for the woman. We'll be taking her --

(nodding at the corpse)

-- back with us.

(pause - looks at Fallada)

Now she has clothing.

FALLADA

(continuing to stare down at the victim)

Do you have any idea what you're dealing with here?

Caine looks at him. Says nothing.

CUT TO:

85 INTERIOR - S.R.C. - DAWN

85

Caine, striding down the hall. Gnim and in a hurry. In tow behind him, HOME SECRETARY SIR PERCY HESELTINE.

CAINE

(over his shoulder, to Sir Percy)

There's something I want you to see, sir.

We can HEAR the SOUND of SCREAMING -- coming from the military detention section of the Centre.

CUT TO:

86 INTERIOR - MILITARY DETENTION SECTION - S.R.C. - DAWN

86

Fallada is waiting for them.

CONT'D

86 CONT'D

86

CAINE

Dr. Hans Fallada -- Sir Percy
Heseltine, the Home Secretary.

FALLADA

You're just in time.
(looks at his watch)
It's two hours.

Sir Percy cringes at what he sees -- as does Caine.

Constables and soldiers surround the cell of the "restored"
GUARD. The Guard is screaming, as he tries to get through
the bars of his cell.

He needs "feeding".

CAINE

This is the guard who was initially
overcome by the space girl.

They watch as the former GUARD emits a final scream,
claws at the bars, and sinks to the cell floor.

Suddenly he's quiet. The almost-normal-looking man
begins to shrivel again -- changing before us into a
discarded HUSK of a creature.

Sir Percy looks on in horrified disbelief.

FALLADA

As I feared -- once transformed,
the victims need regular infusions
of energy -- otherwise ...

CAINE

Otherwise what?

Fallada moves closer to the cell.
He touches the static form with a metal rod.
It CRUMBLES.

Sir Percy looks at Caine and Fallada. Shaken.

CAINE (CONT'D)

And down here is the pathologist
whom the guard attacked.

Two cells down is the shrivelled corpse of the PATHOLOGIST.
The Shrivelled body begins to STIR.
He too needs "feeding".

Caine looks at Sir Percy.

CONT'D

86 CONT'D

86

CAINE (CONT'D)

Do you see?

SIR PERCY

So it can spread. Have we contained it? Is this it?

CAINE

No, sir. The girl creature is still at large.

FALLADA

We have to stop her. We're dealing with a monstrous thing here. I don't know that we can catch her now.

CAINE

(sharp with him)

What we're dealing with here is a murderer. And murderers leave trails.

(to Sir Percy)

I want all reports of similar deaths reported directly to us.

Sir Percy is trying to grasp all of this. He nods his agreement with Caine.

Just then, the shrivelled PATHOLOGIST begins to thrash around his cell -- SCREAMING. A more horrible sight than the Guard. The creature screams -- throws itself at the bars.

The body comes apart and the bits come through the bars, and its already shrivelled condition -- deteriorates.

FALLADA

I suppose the same thing will happen to the girl we found in the park ...

(looks at his watch)

In about ... one hour.

1st Mord.

CUT TO:

87

INTERIOR - PATHOLOGY LAB - ONE HOUR LATER (MORNING)

87

Fallada is showing Caine and Sir Percy the withered body of the girl they found in the park.

She's been thoroughly strapped to a lab table. Various leads are attached to her body, and go to Fallada's equipment. Two armed soldiers stand guard.

CONT'D

87 CONT'D

-87

Fallada is studying his watch .. counting down the time.

Suddenly, the withered girl begins to stir ... then to scream. She fights her straps.

Finally she collapses .. flaking to dust.

SIR PERCY

(shaken)

She's the last?

CAINE

(turning to ~~the~~ SAS CAPTAIN,

KELLY,

~~SAS CAPTAIN~~)

~~Sir,~~ there haven't been any further reports of unusual deaths, have there?

CAPTAIN KELLY,

~~MAJOR KELLY~~

No, sir. We're set up to get the calls here, the instant one comes in.

Caine gazes at the flaking corpse. Something is starting to trouble Caine -- something he doesn't even want to articulate.

FALLADA

(seeing the look)

What?

CAINE

Nothing.

SIR PERCY

You say the "Churchill" brought back these creatures.

CAINE

Not this one, sir. She was a victim of the creatures.

SIR PERCY

Yes, yes. But where did the Churchill acquire them?

CAINE

I'm afraid we have no way of determining that at present, sir.

BUKOVSKY comes into the room.

BUKOVSKY

Perhaps that's all changing.

They turn to Bukovsky.

CONT'D

87 CONT'D

87

CAINE

How do you mean?

BUKOVSKY

I've just received a call from the JPL in Pasadena. Seems the Goldstone tracking disc has just picked up something they think is Churchill's escape pod -- re-entering the Earth's atmosphere.

Stunned silence in the room.

CAINE

Where?

BUKOVSKY

Texas.

CUT TO:

88 EXTERIOR - SKY OVER TEXAS PANHANDLE - DAY

88

A huge parachute returning a capsule to Earth.

As it floats down we can SEE helicopters closing on it.

And units on the ground -- NASA -- converging on its touchdown spot.

CUT TO:

89 EXTERIOR - TEXAS PLAIN - DAY

89

The parachute flutters down over the capsule.

BOOM! The escape hatch blows off.

A figure appears in the hatchway. TOM CARLSEN.
Bearded. Exhausted.

His reception committee rushes forward. He collapses into their arms.

CUT TO:

90 INTERIOR - S.R.C. - BUKOVSKY'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

90

Bukovsky looks like hell. Red-eyed and unshaven.
He's shouting into the phone.

BUKOVSKY

(into phone)

Where is he? Wait -- don't talk
so fast -- this connection! Where?
(MORE)

CONT'D

90 CONT'D

90

BUKOVSKY (CONT'D)
 Walter Reed Army Hospital? Is he
 hurt? Just exhaustion, you say?
 Then get him the hell over here.
 (pause - listening)
 George, listen to me ...

91 EXTERIOR - SKY OVER ATLANTIC - DAY

CUT TO:

91

A six-seater USAF Jetstar flies high above the glittering
 ocean.

CUT TO:

92 INTERIOR - USAF JET - DAY

92

CARLSEN sits in the passenger seat, looking drawn and
 tired.
 Otherwise well.

CARLSEN
 I used to fly one of these.

USAF PILOT
 Do you want to take the controls,
 sir?

CARLSEN
 No thanks. I'm flown out.

Carlsen leans back and closes his eyes.

CUT TO:

93 EXTERIOR - R.A.F. FIELD - AFTERNOON.

93

The USAF jet touches down.

94 INTERIOR - S.R.C. - CORRIDOR - DUSK

CUT TO:

94

Carlsen is striding up the hall, accompanied by his
 escort.

At the end of the hall is a door: "L. BUKOVSKY - PROJECT
 DIRECTOR". The door is guarded by two British M.P.'s

~~CAPTAIN KEES-1~~
~~Sorry, sir. Only Commander Carlsen~~
~~permitted beyond this point.~~ — ?
COLONEL CARLSEN; they're expecting you, sir
 The outraged retinue stands in the hall, as Carlsen
 goes in.

CUT TO;

95

INTERIOR - BUKOVSKY'S OFFICE - DUSK

95

KELLY ENTERS FINIT
 Bukovsky, Caine and Fallada rise to meet Carlsen.
 Carlsen looks pale and drawn.

KELLY Colonel Carlsen sit.
 BUKOVSKY
 (wringing Carlsen's
 hand)

Tom. I thought you were dead.

CARLSEN
 (acknowledges him)
 Bukovsky.

BUKOVSKY
 Commander Carlsen .. allow me
 to introduce Colonel Caine of
 Special Air Services ... you
 already know Dr. Fallada.

CAINE
 How do you do.

FALLADA
 Commander.

BUKOVSKY
 Sorry to drag you over here like
 this, Tom. I'm sure you'd rather
 be recuperating with a pretty nurse.

Carlsen says nothing. He seems uneasy. Caine notices
 this.

BUKOVSKY (CONT'D)
 Have a seat, won't you?

They all sit down.

BUKOVSKY (CONT'D)
 Tom, we've got to know what happened
 on the Churchill.

Carlsen looks at them with the calm resignation of a man
 who knows he isn't going to be believed.

CARLSEN
 (reluctant)
 Yes ... of course. It may be difficult
 for you to -- accept -- what I'm going
 to say.

CAINE
 (sharply)
 We'll have very little difficulty
 believing anything you tell us,
 Commander. Go on.

CONT'D

95 CONT'D

95

CARLSEN

You know something?

CAINE

(leans forward)

There was a fire aboard the Churchill. You might be interested to know that the three bodies of the humanoids were not destroyed in that fire. They survived in their cases. They were brought down here -- to London. And the female has escaped. She's killed three people so far.

CARLSEN

Oh my God.

CAINE

So you see, Commander. Whatever you have to tell us is rather pressing.

FALLADA

Please tell us what happened.

CARLSEN

We found the bodies aboard the alien spacecraft.

They all sit up straight at that.

BUKOVSKY

What alien spacecraft?!

Astonished reactions.

CAINE

Commander -- why don't you take it from the beginning? assume we know nothing -- which is understating the matter.

Carlsen summons his thoughts.

CARLSEN

We had approached within 9000 miles of Halley's Comet, when we detected an object in the comet's coma ...

DISSOLVE TO:

96 EXTERIOR - S.R.C. - NIGHT

96

Lights burn in the windows.

CUT TO:

97 INTERIOR - BUKOVSKY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

97

The four of them settled deeply into their chairs, with cups of coffee. Stale cigarette smoke hangs in the room.

CARLSEN

(mid-speech)

On the trip back to Earth, the crew began to die off ... one by one ...

(with difficulty

now)

Rawlings, the radio officer, was the first to go.

CUT TO FLASHBACK:

98 INTERIOR - CHURCHILL - SURVEILLANCE DECK - FLASHBACK

98 (GRAV

The SILHOUETTED FIGURE of a MAN smashing a communications panel. He attacks it with the frenzy of a madman, using a red fire axe.

CUT TO:

99 INTERIOR - CHURCHILL - SURVEILLANCE DECK - LATER -
FLASHBACK CONT'D

99 (GRAV

Rawlings being confronted by his fellow crew members. Standing around the smashed radio equipment.

CARLSEN (V.O.)

"Rawlings denied any knowledge of what he'd done."

RAWLINGS

(weak and confused)

... I don't remember ...

CARLSEN

... Rawlings. Besides myself, You're the only person who's been up here in the last hour.

RAWLINGS

(struggling)

I've been feeling weak ... not myself recently ... just don't remember ...

CARLSEN (V.O.)

"... We found Rawling's body the next day."

CUT TO:

100 INTERIOR - CHURCHILL - FLASHBACK100
(GRAV)

Carlsen, Derebridge, and several other crew members are staring down at a body. Rawlings' body. The expression on their faces is one of disbelief. We don't get a good look yet.

FALLADA (V.O.)

"Exactly how did he die, Fallada?"

CARLSEN (V.O.)

"The life just drained out of him."

TILT DOWN from the crew's faces to REVEAL the hideously shrivelled body.

CARLSEN (V.O. CONT'D)

"One by one, the rest of the crew began to die ... "

CUT TO:

101 INTERIOR - CHURCHILL - FLASHBACK CONT'D101
(GRAV)

Carlsen wandering alone in the nearly dark ship.

The bodies of his fellow crew members seen here and there -- dessicated -- strewn about -- slumped in their contoured couches.

CARLSEN (V.O. CONT'D)

"I lasted the longest. Somehow -- I don't know how -- I held out. It seemed to be a matter of will, I always thought. The girl ... "

CAINE (V.O.)

(waiting for Carlsen
to continue)

"Yes? The girl ... ?"

CUT TO:

102 OMIT

103 OMIT

104 INTERIOR - SURVEILLANCE DECK & FLIGHT DECK -
FLASHBACK CONT'D104
(GRAV)

Quiet shots of the Churchill's Surveillance Deck and Flight Deck -- bodies -- dead SILENCE -- no sign of Carlsen --

CONT'D

104 CONT'D

104

CARLSEN (V.O.)

(struggling; pause)

"What I remember next is the view
out the observation window."

-- until we PAN over and SEE Carlsen -- crazed looking
now -- staring with haunted eyes out the front window --
at Earth.

A blue-green, bright ball gradually filling the window
as the Churchill drifts home. Shafts of reflected blue-
green light -- and sunlight -- cut through the gloomy
darkness of the Churchill's interior.

Nearly home now -- Carlsen turns his sunken eyes back
to the Churchill's interior. A mad energy seizes him.
He begins running through the ship.

As he moves through the ship --
He turns large OXYGEN VENTING VALVES painted red.
The HISS of escaping oxygen -- filling rooms.

He gets to the SPACE SUIT LOCKER.
Gets quickly into his suit.

Finds the two shrivelled BIRD-LIKE CREATURES they brought
on board.

Carlsen takes out a portable butane torch -- sprinkles
some flammable liquid on the creatures bodies -- and
sets them afire. First one. Then the other.

Carlsen begins running.
The FLAMES growing.
Throwing a RED-ORANGE glow through the death ship.

CARLSEN (V.O.)

"I was determined to destroy them
all ... "

Carlsen heads toward the ESCAPE POD.
Gets in.
One last look back before he closes the hatch.

CONT'D

104 CONT'D

104

The fire, ROARING now -- an inferno -- moving through the ship.
 Carlsen SLAMS the hatch.

CUT TO:

105 INTERIOR - ESCAPE POD - FLASHBACK

105

Carlsen hits the launch SEQUENCE buttons.
 Carlsen pushes the launch button.
 He's pressed back in his seat as the rockets on the pod fire.

CUT TO:

106 EXTERIOR - CHURCHILL - FLASHBACK

106

We SEE the escape pod moving free -- and away from the Churchill.
 inside the Churchill FIRE can be seen burning through the portholes ... squirting from apertures in the ship ...

FLASHBACK ENDS:

107 INTERIOR - BUKOVSKY'S OFFICE - S.R.C. - NIGHT

107

CARLSEN

(sagging in the
 chair)

... It was the hardest thing I
 ever did.

BUKOVSKY

We understand. It must have taken
 enormous courage to --

CARLSEN

(agitated)

No, you don't understand.

They all look at him, puzzled.

CARLSEN (CONT'D)

A part of me didn't want to leave.
 She killed all my friends and
 still I didn't want to leave.
 Leaving her was the hardest thing
 I've ever done.

They look at him, barely able to comprehend that.
 Looks exchanged in the room. Someone clears his throat.

FALLADA

Commander Carlsen looks exhausted
 to me. I think we should allow
 (MORE)

CONT'D

107 CONT'D

107

FALLADA (CONT'D)
 him to get some sleep and continue
 with this later.

CAINE
 Very well. thank you, Colonel
 Carlsen.

CUT TO:

108 INTERIOR - CARLSEN'S SPECIAL BEDROOM - S.R.C. - NIGHT

108

Carlsen asleep in a hospital bed. TV monitors and a two-way mirror watch over him.

CUT TO:

109 INTERIOR - ROOM - S.R.C. - NIGHT

109

Caine is watching Carlsen on TV monitors.

The door opens. It's Bukovsky, looking shattered.

BUKOVSKY
 (shaken)
 NASA tracking -- and ours -- have
 just reported an unusual structure
 leaving Halley's comet. It's headed
 for us.

CAINE
 What is it?

BUKOVSKY
 Radar ranging reports the object is
 a needle-like shape, 150 miles long.
 Its present course projects out to
 a perfect Earth orbit -- in a little
 more than two days.

Caine looks at him, wordlessly.

Bukovsky looks completely overwhelmed. He sits down,
 heavily.

BUKOVSKY (CONT'D)
 Oh -- er -- I've also gotten a call
 from the Prime Minister. There's
 going to be a meeting at Downing
 Street. The P.M. wants answers.

CAINE
 Shouldn't the public be told?

CONT'D

109 CONT'D

109

BUKOVSKY

They're to be told nothing.
There's a ban on all news. All
information.

CAINE

And what about the object coming in?
(points up)

BUKOVSKY

That too is a secret, until we can
huddle with our allies and figure
out what we're going to tell people.
(runs his hand
through his hair)

My God ...

Caine rises ... goes to the window ... looks out ... sees the
Comet hanging in the clear night sky. Occupying 1/6 of the
sky's arc.

CAINE

Beautiful, isn't it?

CUT TO:

110 INTERIOR - CARLSEN'S ROOM - S.R.C. - NIGHT

110

The luminous hands on the clock show it to be 3 A.M.
TIGHT ON CARLSEN'S FACE. Sleeping. Alone in the room.
Carlsen is breathing heavily. He's having a dream.

CUT TO:

111 CARLSEN'S DREAM

111

Carlsen is sinking back into a large, soft bed.
The SPACE GIRL -- wearing a black gown -- sits on the
edge of the bed -- next to Carlsen.

SPACE GIRL

Close your eyes.

Carlsen does.
She undoes the top buttons of his pajama top.
Then she presses her two HANDS against the upper part
of his bare chest.
He lies back -- eyes closed.

CARLSEN

You're giving me your life.

SPACE GIRL

You're taking it.

CONT'D

111 CONT'D

111

Her voice is oddly strained.
 He opens his eyes and looks at her.
 Her face is PALE.
 He reaches up and grabs her wrists, pulling them away.
 She sinks forward onto him; he can feel the warmth of
 her body through the thin, silky material of her gown.
 She lies there with eyes closed, her lips parted slightly.
 It is an intolerable temptation to lean forward and press
 his mouth against hers.
 She turns slightly, allowing him access to the buttons
 at the back of her gown.
 Carlsen undoes them -- and peels the dress off
 over her head.
 She wears nothing under it -- the same "GIRL" we saw
 nude on the ship.
 He bends his head to find her partly-opened mouth.

As his lips touch hers, the sweetness makes him dizzy.
 Energy flows from her in an eddy of delight, moving
 through his bloodstream.
 She moans.
 The warmth that flows from her is more exquisite
 than any drink he has ever tasted.
 Carlsen keeps his lips pressed against hers --
 it seems to produce an ecstasy in her that is all
 she can bear -- UNTIL -- slowly --
 the flow starts the OTHER WAY.
 We can read it in Carlsen's eyes.
 The change --- we SEE it as blue fire.
 He wants to let go -- and can't.
 He's being DRAINED.
 SWIFTLY.

SPACE GIRL

(whispers)

Just a little more ... Just a
little ...

Carlsen sees black mist -- and moonlight ...

END OF DREAM.

112 Carlsen wakes up SCREAMING.

112

Caine and Fallada come bursting into the room -- then
 Bukovsky and two doctors.

They calm Carlsen, who looks near to being scared to
 death.

CARLSEN

(sweating)

It was a dream. A dream.

CAINE

What dream, Carlsen?

CONT'D

112 CONT'D

112

CARLSEN

The girl ... she visited me ...

CAINE

Visited? Visited you how?

CARLSEN

In my mind. She's in some kind
of ... mental contact with me ...
she's draining me.

Carlsen lies back in the bed, sweating and breathing heavily.
Caine and the others watching him.

CAINE

Tell us about the dream, Carlsen.

CARLSEN

It's gone. It's faded. I can't
remember.

FALLADA

Commander Carlsen ... have you
ever been hypnotized?

CARLSEN

No.

FALLADA

Do you mind if I have a go at
it? It may help with your dreams.

CARLSEN

Let's try it.

PHYSICIAN

Not now. He's too exhausted.

FALLADA

In the morning, then.

PHYSICIAN

(to Carlsen)

I'm going to give you something
to help you sleep.

(takes out a syringe)

CUT TO:

113

INTERIOR - CARLSEN'S ROOM - S.R.C. - MORNING

113

Carlsen is sitting up in bed. Caine, Fallada, and Bukovsky
are in the room with him.

CONT'D

113 CONT'D

113

Fallada takes an electronic pocket metronome and shines it into Carlsen's eyes.

FALLADA

The purpose of the flashing light is to fatigue your vision. Stare at it until your eyes feel tired, and then close them. I want you to feel relaxed ...

Fallada speaks slowly and quietly, as he sets the light flashing.

DISSOLVE TO:

LATER

Carlsen is talking --

CARLSEN

(mid-trance)

She seems to speak to me ... in my dreams ...

(strong feelings
in his voice)

She ... the girl ... I feel ...
(trails off)

Fallada and Caine exchange a look.

FALLADA

What do you feel for her, Carlsen?

CARLSEN

(with difficulty)

I feel very ... close to her.

FALLADA

Is she in touch with you now?

CARLSEN

I feel ... as if my mind ... is not entirely my own ... I don't know ...

FALLADA

If she is in contact with your mind, Carlsen, perhaps you are in contact with hers.

Carlsen says nothing; he struggles to come out of the hypnosis.

FALLADA (CONT'D)

Can you see her now? Can you see where she is?

CONT'D

113 CONT'D

116

Caine leans forward -- intense.

CARLSEN

Yes ...

Everyone reacts to this. Electrified.

FALLADA

Where is she now, Carlsen?

CARLSEN

... A place ... I don't know the
name of it ... low, rolling hills
... green and damp ... no trees ...

CUT TO:

114 CARLSEN'S INTERIOR VISION:

114

A vision of an English moor. It's morning.

A GIRL -- not the Space Girl who escaped from the S.R.C. --
is walking along a muddy road. It's been raining -- the
moor is muddy. She has red hair and is wearing a brightly
colored dress, with red and yellow stripes.

CARLSEN (CONT'D V.O.)

She's walking. She has on a yellow
and red striped dress. She has a
different face. But it's her.

FALLADA (V.O.)

A different face? How can that be?

CARLSEN (V.O.)

She's using a different body.

CUT TO;

115 BACK TO THE ROOM

115

Fallada and Caine look at each other -- astounded.

FALLADA

What is she doing?

CUT TO:

116 BACK TO THE VISION:

116

The red-haired GIRL in Carlsen's vision is walking toward
a distant bench on the side of the road. The wind sweeps

CONT'D

116 CONT'D

116

across her face, blowing her hair. She's enjoying watching the sun starting to come out, reflecting off puddles. A clean, crisp day.

CARLSEN (V.).
She's looking for a man.

FALLADA (V.O.)
What man?

CARLSEN (V.O.)
Any man. A healthy one. She wants someone young and strong.

Carlsen's disturbed. Almost as if driven by jealousy. He doesn't like this thing he's seeing at all.

FALLADA (V.O.)
Does she intend to kill him?

CARLSEN (V.O.)
No.

FALLADA (V.O.)
Why not?

CARLSEN (V.O.)
She's afraid of being caught.

FALLADA (V.O.)
How could she be caught?

CARLSEN (V.O.)
The body would give her away.

FALLADA (V.O.)
So what is she hoping to do?

CARLSEN (V.O.)
(with difficulty)
To find a healthy man and seduce him. She will take some energy from him -- not enough to kill him. She will draw energy from him -- as she draws it from me.

FALLADA (V.O.)
She can do that?

CARLSEN (V.O.)
Yes.

FALLADA (V.O.)
Whose body is she using now?

Carlsen hesitates.

CONT'D

116 CONT'D

116

CARLSEN (V.O.)
 There's ... another mind. Yes ...
 the girl's name is Ellen.

FALLADA (V.O.)
 (jumping at it)
 You mean there are two people in
 one body -- two minds -- Ellen and
 the vampire?

CARLSEN (V.O.)
 Yes.

The girl, ELLEN, in his vision, sits down on the bench
 at the side of the road.

CARLSEN (V.O. CONT'D)
 (agitated)
 She's watching a man.

Now, we SEE: a MAN, in a car, parked. He's eating his
 lunch.

FALLADA (V.O.)
 What's the man doing?

CARLSEN (V.O.)
 He's parked in a car -- near her --
 eating his lunch.

117 BACK TO THE ROOM

CUT TO:

117

Caine leans over and whispers urgently into Fallada's
 ear.

FALLADA
 (prompted by Caine)
 Can you see the license number of
 his car?

CUT TO:

118 BACK TO THE VISION

118

The car with its LICENSE PLATE

CARLSEN (V.O.)
 Yes.

FALLADA (V.O.)
 Read it out.

CARLSEN (V.O.)
 C FMC 129E ... or R.

CONT'D

118 CONT'D

118

FALLADA (V.O.)
What's the make of the car?

CARLSEN (V.O.)
A white Volvo.

CUT TO:

119 BACK TO THE ROOM

119

Caine is busily writing down the two alternate license numbers.

FALLADA
What is she doing now?

CARLSEN
She's waiting ... crossing her
legs. Letting him look at
her.

CUT TO:

120 BACK TO THE VISION:

120

The Girl on the bench -- "Ellen" -- is giving the Driver
of the car a heart-stopping flash of thigh.

CARLSEN (V.O.)(CONT'D)

She's getting up -- going over to
his car. Getting in. They're driving
now.

The vision is now inside the Man's moving car.

FALLADA (V.O.)
Does she ask him his name?

CARLSEN (V.O.)
(ignoring that)
She's pulling her skirt up over
her knees ... He's putting his hand
on her leg.

Carlsen -- and we -- have a clear, sharp glimpse of the
scene: the seat of the Man's car as he, unable to believe
his luck, moves his hand along the inside of the girl's
thigh; only to discover that she is wearing no underwear
... and she is a real redhead.

Carlsen suddenly WAKES out of the trance with a start.

121 END OF VISION

121

Carlsen's back. Covered with sweat.

Fallada and Caine look at each other.

CUT TO:

122 INTERIOR - HALLWAY OUTSIDE - DAY

Cain's on a phone.

* 20 Feb 84 (122)
22 Feb 84

CAINE

(into phone)

Sir Percy? Caine here. Could you make a note of these two license numbers? They're motor car numbers. C FMC 129E, or C FMC 129R. Belonging to a white Volvo. The driver of the car picked up a girl named Ellen. I have to know who the girl is and where we can find her. She's connected with the case. Can't explain over an open line. Thank you very much.

Caine hangs up and turns to Fallada.

CAINE (CONT'D)

Do you think he's telling the truth about the girl?

FALLADA

We'll soon see. How brilliant -- if she is moving from body to body -- mind to mind, taking only a small amount of energy from each victim. It would make sense that we're finding no new victims. She's hoping to leave no trail.

CAINE

Murderers always leave trails.

Caine's bothered. Something. He isn't exactly sure what.

CAINE (CONT'D)

Fallada, if she's no longer in her original body -- where is her body?

Good question. Long pause.

FALLADA

Hidden.

CAINE

Let's find it. Constable --

A ~~Constable~~ ^{Kelly} starts toward him.

CAINE (CONT'D)

Assuming you're right about all this ... what about that ship?

Caine casts his eyes skyward -- he means the alien ship.

Fallada doesn't know. That defies a guess.

CAINE (CONT'D)

What do you suppose it's doing?

122 CONT'D

122

FALLADA

We can't know that -- but we've got
to assume the worst.

BUKOVSKY

(offers a guess)

Maybe they're like the vampires
of legend.

CAINE

How's that?

BUKOVSKY

They would carry their "earth"
with them -- in their coffins --
wouldn't they?

Caine looks at Bukovsky -- then at Fallada.

CUT TO:

123 INTERIOR - NASA TRACKING STATION - DAY

123

They're tracking the progress of the ALIEN SPACE SHIP.
Their screens receiving TV images picked up by high-power
telescopes on Earth.

TRAJECTORY OFFICER

Coming in ... 240,000 miles ...

(checks his
instruments)

What's that!?

He turns sharply to his radar ranging OFFICER.

RADAR OFFICER

My God ... it's immense ... What
is it!?

Their screens show the MOON -- and a black BLOT, a fraction
the diameter of the Moon -- moving across it. Visible
to the naked eye.

CUT TO:

124 EXTERIOR - OUTER SPACE - THE MOON

124

The Alien Space Craft going by the Moon.

The UMBRELLA-LIKE STRUCTURE opening out.
100 miles across.

1/20th the diameter of the Moon.

It blots out a quadrant of the Moon as it passes.

CONT'D

X.

124 CONT'D

124

Headed IN -- towards EARTH.

CUT TO:

125 INTERIOR - S.R.C. - NIGHT

21/Feb/84.

125

Bukovsky, Carlsen, Fallada and Caine are watching a television set. + Kelly.

BBC READER

Amateur astronomers and observatories the world over are reporting a large, disc-shaped structure approaching the Earth, within the orbit of the Moon, which is gradually expanding in size. Its current diameter is 200 miles, up from its size when it was first observed, of a mile and a half. The nature of this extraordinary object is unknown, and so far, no government has issued any statement.

Caine looks at Carlsen.

Some British GENERALS are talking in the corner of the room.

GENERAL #1

We're going to have to call NATO and get clearance to re-aim our ~~cruise~~ ^{re programme} missiles towards space. If necessary, that thing will have to be blown out of the sky.

GENERAL #2

Right.

They leave the room.

SIR PERCY comes into the room.

SIR PERCY

(to Caine)

Might I have a word with you?

Caine follows him outside.

CUT TO:

126 INTERIOR - HALL OUTSIDE - NIGHT

126

Sir Percy takes a slip of paper out of his pocket.

CONT'D

126 CONT'D

SIR PERCY

It was a bit of a job to trace that car. It belongs to a man named Ned Pryce who lives in Yorkshire. We've got him under detention now.

CAINE

What about the girl?

SIR PERCY

The girl he picked up was a nurse named Ellen something-or-other. He doesn't know her last name. But he dropped her off at Thirlstone Hospital after spending the afternoon with her. He was reluctant to talk about it. The man's totally exhausted.

CAINE

Thirlstone. Isn't that an asylum of some sort?

SIR PERCY

Yes -- for the criminally insane.

CUT TO:

127

EXTERIOR - ROOFTOP HELIPORT - LONDON - NIGHT

127

SIR PERCY and CAINE -- wind whipping around them from the copter -- are taking CARLSEN with them. Caine is making his good-byes to Fallada.

FALLADA

(shouting to Caine)
Call me as soon as you learn anything. I'll be working here through the night.

CAINE

Hold down the fort.

FALLADA

Catch her, Colonel.

CAINE

Right.

FALLADA

Good luck.

They shake -- and Sir Percy and Caine duck below the rotor blades as they run for the BRITISH ARMY HELICOPTER -- Carlsen ahead of them.

CUT TO;

128 INTERIOR - HELICOPTER -- ON HELIPAD - NIGHT

128

Taking their seats.

CAINE

Carlsen.

Carlsen looks up.

CAINE (CONT'D)

What's that "umbrella" for?

CARLSEN

(evasive)

Who knows.

The copter REVS up and lifts off.

CUT TO:

129 EXTERIOR - COPTER - ABOVE ENGLAND - NIGHT

129

The dark English countryside passing below them.
The full Moon in the sky.

CUT TO:

129A INTERIOR - COPTER - NIGHT

129A

The three men and their pilot -- flying in silence.

CUT TO:

130 EXTERIOR - SPACE

130

The Ship coming in at Earth. Silent, majestic.
Its upraised Umbrella structure obscures the distant
Earth as it passes.

CUT TO:

131 INTERIOR - FALLADA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

131

Fallada's talking on the phone.

FALLADA

(into phone)

I say, Hugh -- do you have that
tissue sample I asked for? Good --
yes, of course, I'll follow contain-
ment procedures. -- And send in
that soldier, please.

(a knock on

the door)

Ahh ... here it is now. Thanks.

Fallada hangs up and answers the door.

CONT'D

131 CONT'D

131

A Technician delivers the small ampoule with the sample.

Fallada takes it and goes to his bench.
Stares at the sealed container a moment --
but only a moment -- and then breaks the seal.
He sets it down and applies his instruments to it.
Checking something.

There is another knock. The door opens and an SAS
soldier comes in. One of the ones who killed the male
vampires.

FALLADA
(peering into microscope)
One moment please, Sergeant. Thank
you for coming round. I shall be
with you shortly.

CUT TO:

132 INTERIOR - COPTER - NIGHT

132

Caine points out some distant lights in a large mansion
several hills over. A moonlit night.

CAINE
It's over there, Lieutenant --
those lights on the hill.

SIR PERCY
(checks his watch)
Ten o'clock. Bedtime for the inmates.

CUT TO:

133 EXTERIOR - HILLTOP - THIRLSTONE HOSPITAL - NIGHT

133

The helicopter puts down.

The Superintendent of Thirlstone, DR. ARMSTRONG, is waiting
up for them. Inside the great stone walls.

ARMSTRONG is stocky, bearded -- a gruff, brutish man of
50, with a strange sense of humor.

They get out and shake hands. Carlsen, Caine, Sir Percy.

DR. ARMSTRONG
(shouting over the
copter)
I'm Dr. Armstrong, Superintendent
of the Hospital.

CONT'D

133 CONT'D

133

Their CONVERSATION with him -- hellos -- is drowned out by the CLATTER of helicopter blades -- as the four men dash under the still-moving rotors -- and head for Armstrong's quarters.

CUT TO:

134 INTERIOR - ARMSTRONG'S PRIVATE QUARTERS - NIGHT

134

Armstrong leading the way.

ARMSTRONG

It's rare that I get so many distinguished visitors.

(calls)

George, are you still there?

A strange looking youth with vacant eyes finishes tidying up a cluttered desk and table.

GEORGE

Nearly finished. I'll be finishing in the morning.

He shuffles out.

ARMSTRONG

One of our trustees. Delightful chap.

SIR PERCY

What's he in for?

ARMSTRONG

Killing his father. Jealousy, you know. Please sit down, gentlemen.

CAINE

(pressing)

I'm afraid our business here is somewhat urgent, but I'm sorry to say I can't go into all the reasons for that. You'll have to --

Carlsen -- who's sat down in a leather chair -- starts to experience a faint sensation --

CUT TO:

135 VISION

135

-- A sinking feeling in his stomach -- a cold, distant sensation -- falling into a void. The VOICES become distant -- faint -- a black mist appears before his eyes -- he's going out into space -- toward the DERELICT ALIEN SPACECRAFT -- and the GIRL'S FACE.

CONT'D

135 CONT'D

135

Toward the ravenous hunger he can feel coming from its interior -- the screams coming from its huddled, black, dried forms. Carlsen pressing toward the ship -- the mist closes in -- and Carlsen forces himself back -- back to what's going on in the room.

CUT TO:

136 BACK TO SCENE

136

CAINE

(fading in)

... a nurse named Ellen something-or-other. Red-haired. She must work here.

ARMSTRONG

Ellen ... You must mean Ellen Donaldson ... about 30, good-looking, a rather cold piece of cheese?

CAINE

(shoots a glance)

Yes, that must be her. Where is she? We must speak with her.

ARMSTRONG

I don't suppose she's asleep yet.
I'll ask her to come by.
(he reaches for the phone)

CARLSEN

(insistent)

No. We have to talk to her alone.

ARMSTRONG

(weighing that)

I'll take you over to her quarters.

They head out of the room.

CUT TO:

137 EXTERIOR - THIRLSTONE HOSPITAL - NIGHT

137

Armstrong leads them down a gravel path, through a walled garden with a lily pond, to a long, low building with a light on over each front door.

ARMSTRONG

That's the nurses' quarters. Nurse Donaldson is in this one at the end.

CONT'D

CARLSEN

Thank you.

ARMSTRONG

Hadn't I better come and introduce you?

CARLSEN

(firmly)

I'd rather you didn't.

Sir Percy backs him up.

SIR PERCY

(taking Armstrong's arm)

Come, Superintendent. You and I have matters to discuss.

ARMSTRONG

Very well ...

Carlsen has subtly taken charge of the hunt as they near the quarry. Caine notices this, but is content to watch and see what happens.

Carlsen rings the bell on the first cottage. A WOMAN'S VOICE answers on the small speaker.

ELLEN'S VOICE (V.O.)

Who is it?

Carlsen indicates that Caine should speak.

CAINE

My name is Colonel Caine. I'd like to speak to you.

The door opens. There stands the woman we've seen in Carlsen's vision -- 30, slender, red-haired, and quite attractive. She's cool, precise.

ELLEN

Yes? What is it you want?

Looking at both of them. Wearing a green wool pajama gown.

CAINE

May we come in and speak to you?
Dr. Armstrong brought us.

CUT TO:

Ellen stands away from them.
Caine watches as Carlsen moves toward her side of the room.

CONT'D

138 CONT'D

138

CAINE

May I sit down?

She indicates for him to do that. Caine sits down.

CAINE (CONT'D)

I want to ask you about the man
you spent the afternoon with.
Mr. Pryce.

ELLEN

I don't know what you're talking
about

CARLSEN

(suddenly)

I think you do. Give me your hand.

She looks at him in surprise.

ELLEN

I beg your pardon?

He seizes her hand. There is CONTACT. She is standing.
pressed against the end of a table. They are playing a game.

She stares at Carlsen. He grips her by her bare arms --
a ferocious look in his eyes.

CARLSEN

(to Ellen; but not
meaning her)

You're there, aren't you?

She is leaning against him.

ELLEN

I don't know.

CARLSEN

Tell me.

ELLEN

No. I ...

Carlsen SLAPS HER hard across the face.
It shocks Caine.

CAINE

What is it, Carlsen?

The girl, Ellen, is crying -- her face red where he slapped
her -- standing before Carlsen, her hand squeezed in his.

CONT'D

138 CONT'D

138

CARLSEN
It's gone from her. It's in another
body now.

CAINE
(sharply)
How do you know that?

CARLSEN
I can see it ... in her mind.

With this astonishing piece of information, Carlsen forces her back against the table ... squeezing her in his grip. Sweat breaks out on his brow.

CARLSEN (CONT'D)
She's resisting. I'm going to have
to force her to tell me. Despite
all appearances, this woman is a
masochist -- an extreme masochist.
She wants me to force the name out
of her.

She looks only at Carlsen. A tiny smile flickering at the corners of her mouth now.

CARLSEN (CONT'D)
She wants me to hurt her. I can
see the images in her mind.
(looks at Caine)
Do you want to stay? Otherwise,
wait outside.

CAINE
Not at all. I am a natural
voyeur.

Caine is going to hang in there.

Carlsen puts his arms around her. She winces as his hand squeezes her back. She GASPS and pulls tighter against him.

Carlsen takes hold of the zip-fastener on her gown and pulls it down to her waist. The gown parts, revealing her back.

The flesh of her back is scored with scratches -- from Ned Pryce.

Carlsen can FEEL energy flowing from her bare arms into his hands -- like sparks.

CONT'D

138 CONT'D

138

Carlson -- scarcely pausing -- pulls the gown downwards and allows it to fall to her feet. She wears nothing under it. Her arms move around Carlson's neck.

CARLSEN

Are you there?

(meaning the Girl
inside Ellen)

No reply. He grabs her by the hair and yanks her head back.

CARLSEN(CONT'D)

Are you there?

Carlson pulls her to him, twisting her arm up behind her back. He squeezes her, sinking the fingers of one hand into her perfectly white buttocks -- the other on her reddened, marked back -- he crushes her.

She whimpers -- winces -- and gives herself to him. The vitality flowing into him through her lips.

CARLSEN (CONT'D)

Now. Now.

Carlson seems to be DRAINING HER of energy -- pressing her against part of a door -- taking energy from her -- she presses herself tighter against him. Sparks seem to dance around them.

CLOSE: CARLSEN'S FACE

staring ferociously into her eyes.

CLOSE: GIRL'S FACE - CARLSEN'S P.O.V.

as Carlson stares at the nurse's flushed, delirious face, he seems to see the face of the SPACE GIRL superimposed ... fading in.

EXTREMELY CLOSE - DETAILS OF THE GIRL'S FACE

the lips -- the nose -- an eye

and they are all the features of the Vampire Girl.

Then her grip loosens and her knees buckle. Suddenly her mind is no longer closed.

Carlson catches her before she hits the floor. He picks her up and carries her into the bedroom. His face is flushed and beaded with sweat, and he's breathing heavily.

CONT'D

138 CONT'D

138

Carlson pulls a sheet up gently. Tendrils of hair are stuck to her forehead with perspiration.

CAINE
(dying to know)
Well???

CARLSEN
I've got a physical description.
Carlson walks out. Caine follows him.

CUT TO:

139

EXTERIOR - ELLEN'S COTTAGE - NIGHT

139

Armstrong is waiting there with Sir Percy.

CAINE
You'd better send someone to look after Nurse Donaldson.

ARMSTRONG
Oh?

CARLSEN
If I described one of the inmates to you, do you think you could identify him?

ARMSTRONG
Probably.

CARLSEN
A big man -- over six feet -- with a large beak nose, red hair, and a bald spot.

Caine is jotting down the description.

ARMSTRONG
Jeffrey Sykes. The child killer. Where did you get his description?

CARLSEN
(ignores that)
Where is he now?

ARMSTRONG
In solitary confinement. He's been bad. What is this about?

Sir Percy shoots Caine a puzzled look. What is going on?

CONT'D

139 CONT'D

139

CAINE
 (to Sir Percy
 cryptically)
 What we were looking for -- has
 moved. We could be here a while.

SIR PERCY
 I'd better call London. May I
 use your telephone?

ARMSTRONG
 Certainly.

CARLSEN
 We're going to have to see Sykes
 now.

ARMSTRONG
 Can't this wait until morning?

A look from Carlsen.

ARMSTRONG (CONT'D)
 Very well, I'll arrange it.
 Anything to be of service, Commander.

They start toward the main hospital building. In an
 effusive gesture, Armstrong claps Carlsen on the shoulder.
 Carlsen looks at him.

CUT TO:

140 INTERIOR - THIRLSTONE - FRONT HALL - NIGHT

140

They move through the gloomy hall, toward Armstrong's
 office.

ARMSTRONG
 I do wish this could be a bit less
 mysterious. If this is a police
 matter, haven't I a right to know?
 After all, if you're going to go
 messing about one of my patients --

They enter Armstrong's office.

CUT TO:

141 INTERIOR - ARMSTRONG'S OFFICE - NIGHT

141

They come in.

SIR PERCY
 Superintendent, I sympathize with
 your position. I can tell you that
 it is a matter of national security ...

CONT'D

141 CONT'D

142

CARLSEN
 (to Caine)
 Can I talk to you a second?

Carlsen and Caine step out into the hall.

ARMSTRONG
 (fascinated by the
 whiff of important
 matters)
 I see. But don't you think I
 should be present in any case, to
 look after the well-being of the
 patient? The man has the I.Q. of
 a four-year-old.

SIR PERCY
 That's a decision I'll have to
 defer to Colonel Caine.

Caine comes back into the room with Carlsen.

CAINE
 Yes, he can come along. Can
 we begin now?

ARMSTRONG
 What do you want to do to him?

CARLSEN
 I want to hypnotize him.

CUT TO:

142

INTERIOR - HALLWAY - THIRLSTONE HOSPITAL - NIGHT

142

As they walk, they are introduced to LAMSON, a muscular
 male nurse of about 40.

ARMSTRONG
 Lamson is in charge of patient
 medication. Lamson, This is Sir
 Percy Heseltine from Whitehall --
 Colonel Caine -- Commander Carlsen.

CARLSEN
 Lamson, when's the last time you
 saw Sykes?

LAMSON
 A couple of hours ago.

They follow Lamson up to the upper floors of Thirlstone.

CARLSEN
 Did he seem normal to you?

CONT'D

142 CONT'D

142

LAMSON

Well, he was a bit excited.

ARMSTRONG

The full moon, you know.

CUT TO:

143 INTERIOR - UPPER FLOOR CORRIDOR - THIRLSTONE HOSPITAL - NIGHT 143

Caine, following behind Carlsen and Lamson, finds the halls depressing. The walls are greasy and scratched. A metal door with peeling green paint stands at the end of each floor.

ARMSTRONG

These are the main wards. The solitaires are kept on the top floor.

CUT TO:

144 INTERIOR - HALL OUTSIDE SYKES' CELL - NIGHT 144

Lamson prepares a syringe.

CAINE

What's that?

LAMSON

Pentathol and morphine. I'd recommend it for pre-hypnosis and patient management.

Armstrong is hanging back, behind Sir Percy. Carlsen takes a step towards him.

CARLSEN

Go ahead. We're ready when you are.

Lamson opens the door.

CUT TO:

145 INTERIOR - JEFFREY SYKES' CELL - NIGHT 145

Sykes is curled up on his miserable little bed. Asleep.

They stand over him.

Carlsen looks closely at Sykes. Standing very near -- but not touching him.

Armstrong looks on, behind them.

CONT'D

145 CONT'D

145

CARLSEN

Might this injection be dangerous?

ARMSTRONG

He should have no difficulty tolerating it.

LAMSON

There's always a risk.

CAINE

May I have that?

Caine stretches his hand out to Lamson -- for the syringe. Lamson looks startled ... but hands him the syringe.

Armstrong has come forward and is looking at Sykes.

ARMSTRONG

I'll wake him if you --

Before Armstrong can go on, Carlsen's arm is around his throat.

-- Just as Caine jams the SYRINGE through Armstrong's jacket and into his arm.

Armstrong winces as the needle goes in -- and his eyes read FURY. Caine PRESSES the plunger.

Sir Percy and Lamson are astounded.

SIR PERCY

Good heavens.

CAINE

(counting down on
his watch)

Here's your killer, Sir Percy.

Armstrong finally relaxes against them -- and sags to the floor.

Armstrong starts to thrash on the floor. Carlsen drops his knees onto Armstrong's shoulder blades, holding him down.

Sykes has come awake and is staring stupidly, like a child.

CUT TO:

146

INTERIOR - HALL OUTSIDE SYKES' ROOM - NIGHT

146

Carlsen, Lamson, Sir Percy. Caine's in the cell with Armstrong.

CONT'D

146 CONT'D

146

CARLSEN

He's sick, Lamson. Help us. I
Can't explain now -- but I want
to question him before it wears
off. Where could we take him?

LAMSON

Down to the surgery, I should think.
Hold on -- I'll get a wheelchair.

CUT TO:

147 INTERIOR - SURGERY - NIGHT

147

Lamson rolls Armstrong in -- slumped in the wheelchair.
Carlson, Caine and Sir Percy follow.

CARLSEN

We need to be alone for a minute,
Lamson.

Lamson looks disappointed but bows out. As the door closes --

SIR PERCY

How the devil did you decide it
was him?

CARLSEN

He touched me -- in the garden --
and I saw into his mind.

SIR PERCY

(astounded)

What!

CAINE

The Commander seems to be able to
look into the minds of people who
have been possessed by the girl
creature.

CARLSEN

It happens when I touch them.

Sir Percy stares for a moment. He's having a hard time
assimilating this.

SIR PERCY

How do you know she's still inside
Armstrong? What's to prevent her
from moving to someone else?

CARLSEN

She's trapped -- I can feel that.

CONT'D

147 CONT'D

147

CAINE
Are you sure of that?

CARLSEN
No.

They lift Armstrong onto a couch in the small, dark room. Carlsen has a driven, desperate quality about him. Caine notices it.

Carlsen goes and opens the door to the hall.

CARLSEN (CONT'D)
(to Lamson)
Can you bring me another dose of the hypnotic drug?

LAMSON
I suppose so, sir. But one's usually enough.

CARLSEN
This is not a usual situation. How long does the stuff last?

LAMSON
A dose like that -- a couple of hours.

CARLSEN
We'll definitely need more. Bring me three doses.

LAMSON
Three!? Sir -- !

CAINE
(intervenes,
impatiently)
I'll take responsibility, Lamson, Sir Percy and myself. Just get on with it.

Sir Percy looks uncomfortable with that. Lamson leaves. Carlsen closes the door.

SIR PERCY
Is a second dose safe? Lamson said it can strain his heart.

CARLSEN
You don't know what we're dealing with here. If he slips out from under, she'll escape.

CONT'D

147 CONT'D

147

Carlsen bends over -- examines Armstrong. Clicks on a light, shining on Armstrong's face.

CARLSEN (CONT'D)
Armstrong, can you hear me?

No answer.

CARLSEN (CONT'D)
Armstrong, if you can hear me,
say yes.

Armstrong struggles to say something -- almost inaudible.

ARMSTRONG
(strained)
It ... won't let me talk to you.

Suddenly, Armstrong's body TWISTS violently. He SCREAMS. There's so much TERROR in the sound that they are shocked.

Carlsen, Caine and Sir Percy manage to hold him down.

CARLSEN
Armstrong! Can you see what it is
that's holding you prisoner?

ARMSTRONG
(agony)
Yes. She ...
(stops)

CARLSEN
Armstrong! Tell her she has to
talk to me.

Armstrong's lips tremble.

There's a loud KNOCK at the door. It startles them.

CAINE
Yes!

LAMSON
(coming in)
I've brought your pentathol.

He has a tray with three loaded syringes on it.
Carlsen takes the tray.

CARLSEN
Thanks, Lamson.

He waits for Lamson to leave. Lamson takes the cue.

CONT'D

147 CONT'D

147

Carlson cuts Armstrong's shirt off his arm. Needle poised.

CARLSEN (CONT'D)

Hold him.

ANOTHER VOICE speaks from Armstrong's lips, startling them with its calm, seductive authority -- and FEMININITY.

SPACE GIRL'S VOICE

(from Armstrong's lips)

There's no need for that. No --

Carlson doesn't even hesitate. He drives the needle into the blood vessel and presses the plunger. Caine looks uneasy -- but they both watch -- as Armstrong's face changes -- and his breathing becomes deeper.

CARLSEN

You in there. Can you still hear me?

No reply.

CAINE

Can you enter his mind -- her mind?

CARLSEN

Not under this drug. It's like a wall.

SIR PERCY

Perhaps you've given him too much. Perhaps --

CARLSEN

Shut up.

Sir Percy shuts. Carlson presses closer to Armstrong. A driven man.

CARLSEN (CONT'D)

(seethes)

Listen, you bitch, I'll keep you in this state for weeks if I have to. Now, talk to me.

SPACE GIRL'S VOICE

(through Armstrong's mouth)

Carlson ... be with me.

Caine and Sir Percy and startled. Carlson leans closer to the soft, feminine voice.

CARLSEN

What do you want from me?

CONT'D

147 CONT'D

147

SPACE GIRL'S VOICE

I love you ...

Caine and Sir Percy REACT.

CARLSEN

What are you? Why are you so
human -- so perfect? What are
the bird-creatures on the ship?

SPACE GIRL'S VOICE

Our bodies do not matter. As you
and your men approached in your
ship -- we changed them. For you.
We entered your minds and found
new bodies. I took my shape from
your mind. I took your language.
I became the girl I found there ...
in your deepest thoughts, your
deepest needs. I am the feminine
in your mind, Carlsen.

Carlsen is in a frenzy.

CARLSEN

Where are you?

Silence.

CARLSEN (CONT'D)

Where is your body!?

Silence.

He SLAPS Armstrong's face.

CARLSEN (CONT'D)

Let me go!

SPACE GIRL'S VOICE

No ...

Caine and Sir Percy jump forward and restrain Carlsen.
He shrugs them off, and seizes Armstrong by the collar.

CARLSEN

(shaking Armstrong)

Let me go!! Let me go!!

The SPACE GIRL'S EYES snap open.

CONT'D

147 CONT'D

147

SPACE GIRL'S VOICE
Touch me, Carlsen.

Carlsen is suddenly SEIZED in her psychic grip.
A look of horror on his face, he is PULLED down --
toward Armstrong -- until his LIPS clamp onto
Armstrong's mouth.
Carlsen SHAKING all over.

Caine and Sir Percy try to pull him off.
The Girl-Creature suddenly -- FLINGS a PSEUDOPOD of blue
ECTOPLASM -- a burst of BLUE LIGHT -- a moving laser flash
of energy -- moving from Armstrong -- to SIR PERCY.
Sir Percy is FLUNG back -- spun across the room --
his head CRACKING against the wall.

Just as quickly it LEAPS again --
to Caine -- a jolt -- his body twitches --
Caine is HURLED away.

Consciousness like a whip -- slashing around the room.

The FURNITURE is flying about the room --
medical instruments hurtling through the air --
The windows blow out -- shard of glass flying.

The door bursts open and Lamson runs in.
Stares in disbelief.

Caine struggles forward --
grabs the two remaining hypodermics filled with the drug --
and PLUNGES them into both sides of Armstrong's neck.

And the Space Girl -- subsides.

Carlsen FALLS AWAY from the Armstrong-thing, collapsing
to the floor and twitching.
The furniture falls to the floor.

Caine bends over Carlsen.

CAINE
Carlsen! Carlsen! --

Carlsen moans. Gasps. Flounders to sit up. Caine helps
him to a sitting position.

CARLSEN
(gasping for strength)
It's already spreading.

CAINE
How?

CONT'D

147 CONT'D

147

CARLSEN

I don't know. But you didn't
stop it. It's already too late.

CAINE

That's impossible. We've been only
half a step behind her all the way.

LAMSON

Sir!

Caine turns.

Lamson is bending over Sir Percy.

LAMSON (CONT'D)

Sir, this gentleman has stopped
breathing!

Caine rushes over to Sir Percy's prone form.

LAMSON (CONT'D)

(checking Sir Percy's
wrist)

No pulse, either.

Caine hurls Lamson off Sir Percy.

Sits astride Sir Percy. Pulls his coat open.

Begins to pound on his chest -- hard.

Giving him CPR.

LAMSON (CONT'D)

Sir.

Lamson is holding Sir Percy's head.

LAMSON (CONT'D)

I think his neck is broken, sir.

Caine stops. Staggers to his feet.

There is a moment. The three looking at each other.
Caine, Carlsen, Lamson.

CAINE

Lamson --

(catching his breath)
Prepare two stretchers -- one for
-- Sir Percy -- and one for
Superintendent Armstrong. And
prepare all your remaining doses
of the drug, for travel.

LAMSON

Yes, sir.

Lamson leaves.

CUT TO:

148 INTERIOR - HALL OUTSIDE - NIGHT

148

Caine and Carlsen catching their breath. Pulling themselves together.

CAINE
You said it hadn't stopped. It was spreading. Why did you say that?

CARLSEN
I don't know.

CAINE
Could she have been deliberately leading us away from London?

Carlsen -- a stunned look.

CAINE (CONT'D)
Is it possible we didn't find all of her victims?

A pause.

CAINE (CONT'D)
If we didn't find all the victims -- if there were others besides the girl in the park --

CARLSEN
The thing would spread --

CAINE
In a chain reaction -- geometrically -- until, by now ...

Caine starts running down the hall, to Armstrong's quarters.

CUT TO:

149 INTERIOR - ARMSTRONG'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

149

Caine runs in the door and grabs the telephone. Carlsen behind him.

Caine dials.
He gets a BUSY SIGNAL.

CAINE
Blast! The bloody line's engaged!

He slams the phone down.

CUT TO:

150 EXTERIOR - THIRLSTONE - NIGHT

150

The chopper is revving up. Stretcher bearers bring out Sir Percy and Armstrong. Carlsen and Caine with them.

CAINE

(shaking Lamson's hand)

Right. Carry on.

They get in the copter and lift off. Leaving Lamson behind.

Lifting higher into the dark sky.

Up toward the Moon.

The DARK DOT of the alien ship is VISIBLE overhead -- against the blue-white sphere in the sky.

CUT TO:

151 INTERIOR - BRITISH ARMY COPTER - NIGHT

151

Sir Percy's body rides in the back of the cabin. Armstrong sleeps -- tied to the stretcher -- where Carlsen and Caine can watch him-it.

Caine looks at Carlsen -- more and more convinced that Carlsen knows more than he is revealing.

CAINE

(to pilot)

Lieutenant, can we use that radio of yours to get through to the S.R.C. -- in London?

PILOT

Just a moment, sir, there's something coming through -- it is from the S.R.C. -- for you and Carlsen.

Caine and Carlsen both put on communications head sets.

PILOT(CONT'D)

Go ahead.

FALLADA'S VOICE comes crackling through the headsets.

FALLADA (V.O.)

(filtered)

Caine -- can you hear me?

CARLSEN/CAINE

(in unison; recognizing his voice)

Fallada --

CONT'D

151 CONT'D

151

FALLADA (V.O.)
(radio filtered)
The two males didn't die.

Caine and Carlsen look at each other.

CUT TO:

152 INTERIOR - FALLADA'S OFFICE - S.R.C. - NIGHT

152

Tight on Fallada -- phone to his ear -- looking grim.
He looks out on London.

FALLADA (CONT'D)
(into phone)
They jumped to the bodies of two
soldiers who shot them ... and
transformed them into their own
likenesses.
(urgently)
That's the difference between
them and their victims. The victims
can't leave their bodies -- only
the original three can ... and once
the original body is dead, they can
change their host bodies into any
form.

CUT TO:

153 INTERIOR - COPTER - NIGHT

153

Caine looks at Carlsen -- then over at Armstrong.
Still sleeping.

CUT TO:

154 INTERIOR - FALLADA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

154

FALLADA (CONT'D)
But I killed one of them.

CUT TO:

155 INTERIOR - COPTER - NIGHT

155

CAINE
One of which?

CUT TO:

156 INTERIOR - FALLADA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

156

FALLADA
One of the two males. The transformed
ones.

CONT'D

156 CONT'D

156

WIDEN the ANGLE now to show the body of what looks like the older of the original MALES -- but wearing an SAS uniform -- lying on an examining table in Fallada's office.

CARLSEN (V.O.)

(filtered)

How, Fallada!? How did you kill him!?

We can SEE that extending out of the lower chest area of the dead MALE is a wicked-looking shaft made of metal.

Fallada stares -- shaken at the dead thing.

FALLADA

The old way, Carlsen. A leaded metal shaft penetrating, not through the heart, but through the energy center two inches below the heart. Not steel but leaded iron. Not bullets but a shaft penetrating through from front to back.

(a beat; and an edge)

Right, Carlsen?

CUT TO:

157 INTERIOR - COPTER - NIGHT

157

Caine listening -- looks sharply at Carlsen. Exactly who is Carlsen -- and how much does he know?

CUT TO:

TIGHT ON ARMSTRONG'S EYES -- fluttering. Almost open.

BACK TO SCENE

Caine doesn't notice. Intent on Carlsen.

FALLADA (V.O.)

(radio filtered)

Are you there, Carlsen?

CARLSEN

Yes.

FALLADA (V.O.)

(radio filtered)

Carlsen .. you too, Caine .. I now believe that the vampires of legend came from creatures like these. Perhaps even these creatures

(MORE)

CONT'D

157 CONT'D

157

FALLADA (CONT'D)
 themselves. I know it sounds
 incredible. Do you hear me,
 Carlsen?

Carlsen stares straight ahead. Caine watching.

CARLSEN
 It's more than a belief, Fallada,
 -- It's true. They have visited
 Earth before.

Stunned silence. The two men -- and Fallada in London --
 contemplate that. Their copter hurtling through the night.

CAINE
 (into radio phone)
 What about the other male, Fallada?

CUT TO:

158 INTERIOR - FALLADA'S OFFICE - S.R.C. - LONDON - NIGHT 158

Fallada stares out at the city grimly.

FALLADA
 He's free.
 (a beat)
 Do you have the girl?

CUT TO:

159 INTERIOR - COPTER - NIGHT 159

CAINE
 (into radio phone)
 Yes.

He looks over at Armstrong -- still apparently asleep.

CAINE (CONT'D)
 We'll be there soon. Hang on,
 Fallada.

FALLADA (V.O.)
 (without much hope)
 We'll try.

They take off the headsets. Look at each other.
 Carlsen has a haunted -- terrible look about him.

PILOT
 (handing Caine a
 dispatch)
 This came through while you were
 talking. A scrambled cryptogram.
 (MORE)

CONT'D

159 CONT'D

159

PILOT (CONT'D)
 (reading it off)
 It's to Sir Percy from the Prime
 Minister. We're to proceed directly
 to the Citadel at Whitehall.

Caine nods. Looks back at Carlsen.

Carlsen hesitates. Is about to start to say something when --

Armstrong's eyes flutter OPEN.

There is a terrible GURGLING SOUND coming from Armstrong.

Caine and Carlsen look over.

A terrible look crosses Armstrong's face as all the BLOOD in his body rushes out of all the openings in his head.

The skin and face sag -- as the blood GUSHES out.

All the fluids.

Carlsen and Caine are aghast -- frozen.

Suddenly -- in the rear of the cabin -- the dead Sir Percy's eyes open -- and all the blood and fluids in his body gush out. Caine and Carlsen look on in helpless terror.

The two rivers of body fluid -- and blood -- Sir Percy's and Armstrong's -- meet on the floor of the cabin.

They join -- and form themselves -- into a CLOT CREATURE.

Roughly humanoid but undulating --

A shape with the appearance and consistency of blood and phlegm.

It forms itself into the shape of the GIRL.

Caine presses himself back against the wall of the aircraft.

The pilot looks back -- and SEES it.

He goes nearly mad.

Losing control -- hysterical panic -- of the aircraft.

CUT TO:

160 EXTERIOR - SKY - COPTER - NIGHT

160

The copter executing insane -- violent maneuvers -- as the pilot struggles to regain control of it and himself.

CUT TO:

161 INTERIOR - COPTER - NIGHT

161

Pitching about in the half-light from the violent maneuvers.

The clot creature remains upright.

Somehow in contact with Carlsen.

Carlsen, who stares at it with a bizarre fascination.

Carlsen is drawn toward the thing.

CONT'D

161 CONT'D

161

Caine -- trying to not become sick -- tries to hold
Carlsen back.
Carlsen seems mad -- his eyes ...

Caine rouses himself and tears Carlsen back -- before he can
touch the vile thing in front of them.
A SCREAM comes from it -- a shriek --
The blood-clot thing -- changes -- transforms back to
fluid -- and sluices across the floor of the cabin.
Sprinkling out on the dark English countryside below.

Carlsen sags. A great tension leaves his body.
He regains his senses.

CARLSEN

She's gone.

CAINE

Where?

CARLSEN

Her real body is in London.

CAINE

Where in London?

Carlsen shakes his head. He doesn't know.
Carlsen sits there in deep silence.

CAINE (CONT'D)

Carlsen, you've got to tell me
what happened. What really
happened ... on the Churchill.

CARLSEN

(haunted)

I can't.

CAINE

You've got to.

Carlsen takes a deep breath -- shudders -- looks at Caine.

CARLSEN

It wasn't Rawlings that destroyed
the radio equipment ... and the
ship's tapes.

(a beat)

It was me.

CAINE

Why?

CARLSEN

I didn't want ... anyone to be able
to reach Earth. If the ship got
back, I didn't want anyone to know

(MORE)

161 CONT'D

161

CARLSEN (CONT'D)

what happened.

CAINE

What did happen?

CARLSEN

(remembering the horror)

I opened her sealed animation case.

Either I did it ... or she did it ...

or she made me do it ... I couldn't

stop myself ... it was a siren call ...

(a beat)

I have never experienced pleasure

of such --

(pause)

I was in love on a level you've
never known, Caine.

CUT TO:

162 INTERIOR - CHURCHILL - CARLSEN'S BUNK - DIMLY LIT -
FLASHBACK162
(GRAV)

CLOSE: CARLSEN'S FACE. Carlsen AWAKENS with a start.
Covered in sweat. His eyes bloodshot and glassy.
He looks like he's in some kind of a trance. A
siren song in his ears.

Carlsen rises from his bunk.

He starts down the long corridor leading to the Tug Bay.
A faint BLUE GLOW coming from the Tug Bay. The corridor
seems to stretch and warp before Carlsen.

CUT TO:

162A INTERIOR - TUG BAY - FLASHBACK CONT'D

162A
(GRAV)

Alone -- silhouetted over her -- Carlsen moves his FACE
closer to the SARCOPHAGUS. It OPENS. Electricity blows
up out of it, stirring the hair on Carlsen's head.

Carlsen BENDS DOWN over the open sarcophagus ... moving
out of frame.

CARLSEN (V.O.)

(the sound of COPTER

BLADES plays over)

"She took some of my male energy --
a great deal. But she gave me some
of her female energy -- a form of
spiritual sex."

CONT'D

162A CONT'D

162A

As Carlsen's VOICE runs over the scene -- we SEE -- not what is happening -- but the SHADOWS ON THE WALL -- which suggest something horrible -- that Carlsen is reaching into the sarcophagus -- embracing her-it ... something TERRIBLE taking place between Carlsen and the Girl ... he co-mingles with the creature ... a bizarre, unreal coupling ...

RETURN TO:

163 INTERIOR - COPTER - NIGHT

163

Caine watching Carlsen. Carlsen staring at Armstrong's body. All expression drained from Carlsen's face.

CAINE

... Spiritual?

CARLSEN

It's more than just spiritual ...

He stares at the huge area of blood drying on the floor of the helicopter.

Carlsen feels the call of the thing-Girl.

CARLSEN (CONT'D)

... She wants me, Caine.

This statement chills Caine.

CAINE

Carlsen. She's not human. She's not a woman. She will destroy you.

Carlsen knows.

CARLSEN

She has destroyed worlds.

Caine is distracted by the SOUND of the pilot's RADIO.

CAINE

What's that you're listening to, Lieutenant?

PILOT

(shouts back)

The BBC, sir.

(pipes it back
into the cabin)

BBC READER (V.O.)

... There are reports, tonight, as yet unconfirmed by the BBC, that sporadic outbursts of rioting are
(MORE)

CONT'D

163 CONT'D

163

BBC ANNOUNCER (V.O.)(CONT'D)
occurring in the east end of London.

(pause)

In an apparently unrelated event,
telephone service to a large section
of the city has been interrupted by
mechanical problems in British
Telecom's central area ...

Caine and Carlsen look at each other.

CUT TO:

164 EXTERIOR - COPTER - NIGHT

164

Ahead -- just over the horizon -- the lights of London.
And some red flames -- fires -- glowing over the dark,
thin horizon before them.

CUT TO:

165 EXTERIOR - WHITEHALL - NIGHT

165

Their copter sets down on the rooftop heliport.

CAINE

(to pilot)

Stay here, Lieutenant.

Making their way across the roof, Caine and Carlsen see
a few more fires breaking out. The SOUND of FIRE ENGINES
responding across the city.

Two British soldiers guard the roof door. Caine flashes his
I.D. at them, and he and Carlsen enter.

CUT TO:

166 EXTERIOR - THE CITADEL - NIGHT

166

Caine and Carlsen make their way down the steps.

Bustling activity -- a crisis atmosphere -- but still,
British restraint prevails.

Flashing his I.D. again, they enter the waiting room outside
the Prime Minister's office.

CUT TO:

167 INTERIOR - WAITING ROOM - PRIME MINISTER'S OFFICES - NIGHT 167

A harried SECRETARY approaches.

CONT'D

167 CONT'D

167

CAINE

I'm Colonel Caine, S.A.S., and
this is Commander Carlsen. The
Prime Minister is expecting us.

SECRETARY

Of course. Won't you be seated?

Caine and Carlsen sit tensely on the edge of a sofa.
The Secretary picks up her telephone and presses one button
on it.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Colonel Caine and Commander
Carlsen are here.

(listens)

Very good.

(hang up; to

Caine & Carlsen)

The Prime Minister will see you
momentarily. Will you have some
tea while you wait?

CAINE

No thank you.

The Secretary returns to her typing -- a prodigious stack
of memos and reports. Phones ring. People answer them.

CAINE (CONT'D)

(tense)

Our business is most urgent.

SECRETARY

Yes, I'm sure the Prime Minister
understands that.

The glossy, panelled door to the P.M.'s office opens,
and the PRIME MINISTER comes out.

PRIME MINISTER

Gentlemen. Won't you come in.

Caine and Carlsen rise and follow the P.M. into his office.

CUT TO:

168

INTERIOR - PRIME MINISTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

168

The Prime Minister closes the door, shaking their hands.
Carlsen looks down at his hand.

CONT'D

168 CONT'D

CAINE

I'm Colonel Caine of S.A.S., and
I'm sure you've heard of Commander
Carlsen, late of the Churchill.

PRIME MINISTER

Yes, indeed. I'm most concerned to
hear your report. Where is Sir
Percy?

CAINE

Dead, I'm afraid.

A pause.

PRIME MINISTER

How?

CAINE

That is the substance of my report.

A beat.

PRIME MINISTER

I see. Won't you be seated?

They sit. The P.M. sits behind his desk. His face has
a drawn, stressed look.

CAINE

Sir, we have information which bears
upon the space object that is coming
down upon the Earth at this moment.

The Prime Minister is sweating.

PRIME MINISTER.

I see.

CAINE

Let me try to begin at the beginning,
before letting Commander Carlsen
have his say. You see --

The Prime Minister is mopping his brow. As he moves
to put his handkerchief back in his pocket, his WEDDING
RING falls off his finger and ROLLS onto the floor.
He bends and picks it up.

PRIME MINISTER

(sweating)

Gentlemen, won't you please excuse me?

The Prime Minister rises and goes to the outer door.

CONT'D

168 CONT'D

168

PRIME MINISTER (CONT'D)
Miss Haversham, will you come in here
a moment?

The secretary comes in.

PRIME MINISTER (CONT'D)
Would you come here a moment please?

He leads the Secretary across his office to a private, inner door. He opens it.

PRIME MINISTER (CONT'D)
Right through there.

The Secretary goes in.

PRIME MINISTER (CONT'D)
(to Caine & Carlsen;
wiping his face)
I won't be a moment.

The Prime Minister goes through the door after his Secretary, and closes it behind him.

Caine and Carlsen look at each other.

Carlsen rises and goes to the private door -- and opens it slightly. Caine comes and looks over his shoulder. They can see into the inner office.

THEIR P.O.V.: The P.M. is silhouetted against the high, paned windows that overlook London. Red light flickering on the glass -- as he bends closer toward his Secretary -- almost an embrace -- but before their horrified eyes -- more.

A kiss -- and the blue crackle -- the drain of everything from the girl to him. She sags -- twitches -- and soon it's over.

Caine looks at Carlsen.

They leave, quickly.

169

EXTERIOR - ROOFTOP - WHITEHALL - NIGHT

169

The wind whipping their faces, Carlsen and Caine come out onto the roof.

They hurry across the roof and jump aboard the copter.

CONT'D

169 CONT'D

169

CAINE
(to Pilot)
Lift off, Lieutenant.

PILOT
Where to, sir?

CAINE
Just lift off.

At that moment, the rooftop door bursts open, and three men -- corpses -- shrivelled monstrosities in British Army uniforms -- come running out -- toward the helicopter.

CAINE (CONT'D)
Go! Go!

The pilot REVS the helicopter and starts to lift off -- but before he can do so -- TWO of the corpses grab hold of the landing rails of the copter.

The copter lifts off. One of the corpses drops off -- right off the edge of the roof. But the other clings.

CUT TO:

170 EXTERIOR - HELICOPTER - NIGHT

170

The copter flies over the London streets -- the flickering fires -- with the shrivelled corpse clinging to the landing rail.

CUT TO:

171 INTERIOR - HELICOPTER - NIGHT

171

They are WATCHING the corpse on the rail.

CAINE
Lieutenant, do you have any
weapons aboard this craft?

PILOT
No sir. That is -- a flare gun.

CAINE
Where is it?

The pilot reaches over with one hand and pops open a box. He takes out the FLARE PISTOL and hands it to Caine.

PILOT
Just close the breech, sir, and
it's ready to fire.

Caine snaps the gun shut.

CONT'D

171 CONT'D

171

CAINE
(to Carlsen)
Open the door.

Carlsen pulls open the side hatch. Wind blows in.
Caine reaches out -- points the flare pistol at the
corpse on the landing rail -- and FIRES.

The corpse drops off -- towards the streets below --
spewing colored fire.

Carlsen slams the door shut again.

PILOT
Sir.

CAINE
(turns)
Yes?

PILOT
Sir, while you were with the P.M.
I had a call from Northwood. The
city's been placed under martial
law.

CAINE
I see. Did they say why?

PILOT
No, sir. Only that we are now under
NATO command.

CAINE
NATO?

PILOT
Yes, sir. My unit's been mobilized
across the river, to a staging area
at Blackheath. Shall I go there,
sir?

Caine thinks. A pause. His mind racing.

CARLSEN
(to Caine)
We'd better get out -- before they
air quarantine the city.

CAINE
Land at the S.R.C., Lieutenant.
(to Carlsen)
We've got to talk to Fallada.

CONT'D

171 CONT'D

171

PILOT

I've been ordered to land at
Blackheath, sir.

Caine hesitates.

PILOT (CONT'D)

We haven't much choice, sir. If
we don't do as they say they'll
shoot us out of the air.

CARLSEN

He's right, Caine.

CAINE

All right.
(to pilot)
Try raising the S.R.C. on the radio.

PILOT

(making for the river)
Very well, sir.
(tries; fails)
Nothing. Their communications may
be knocked out.

CARLSEN

Perhaps Fallada's gone across the
river.

They bee-line across the great, dark city.

Carlsen and Caine and pressed to the windows -- looking
down at the city below.
Vehicles squealing through the streets --
more fires breaking out.

In the half-light below, Carlsen and Caine can SEE a man
being chased by military troops -- order to stop.
He doesn't -- and is gunned down.

CUT TO:

172 EXTERIOR - HELICOPTER - NIGHT

172

Crossing the THAMES BARRAGE ...
To the west, they can SEE London being CORDONED OFF.

The BRIDGES blocked -- scattered bodies
lying on the bridges.
TROOPS, behind barricades -- shooting victims
who try to cross the bridges.
TANKS and more troops taking up positions
along the river banks.

CUT TO:

173 EXTERIOR - STREET - LONDON - NIGHT

173

The surviving one of the two original MALE VAMPIRES looks up and sees the helicopter crossing the river. He throws aside two puny VICTIMS, themselves in search of "energy".

He's unchanged - he looks exactly as he did before.

The street is smokey from the fires.
He looks toward a small band of potential, fresh victims.

He picks his victim -- a young woman -- and suddenly JUMPS -- from his own body. A burst of BLUE LIGHT -- running OUT OF BODY -- through the crowd.

The crowd SCREAMS hysterically.

His physical body remains standing -- motionless -- head bowed -- while his blue ASTRAL BODY runs through the crowd -- in a crackling BLUE STREAM.

His victim -- the girl -- sags -- withers under the assault. Through with her -- the Vampire's Astral Body drops her and runs to the next victim.

All around him, newly animated Victims attack fresh Londoners trying to flee. The "disease" spreading like wildfire.

CUT TO:

174 INTERIOR - HELICOPTER - IN FLIGHT - NIGHT

174

Up ahead a large park appears.
It is filled with soldiers and military vehicles on bivouac.
The pilot gets on the radio.

PILOT

This is X-Ray Three One One Eight,
requesting clearance to land. Over.

GROUND (V.O.)

(filtered)

Roger, X-Ray 3118, you are cleared
to land. Put down just ahead of you
to your left.

The pilot descends toward the ground.
A circle of soldiers waits.

CUT TO:

175 EXTERIOR - BLACKHEATH - NIGHT

175

Caine and Carlsen climb out.
They are immediately surrounded by a ring of soldiers,
pointing automatic rifles at them.

CONT'D

175 CONT'D

175

SOLDIER (V.O.)
 (on bullhorn)
 Come out of the aircraft. You
 are under quarantine.

Bright searchlights play on them -- as they are slowly
 directed to a barbed wire compound.

SOLDIER (CONT'D)
 (bullhorn)
 Over there, please, sir.

CAINE
 (shouts to the troops
 as he walks)
 I must talk with your commanding
 officer. I am Colonel Caine of
 SAS, and this man is Colonel Thomas
 Carlsen of the U.S. Air Force --
 and former commander of the
Churchill.

A searchlight wavers. There is some reaction.

CUT TO:

176

EXTERIOR - BLACKHEATH - FENCED-IN COMPOUND - NIGHT

176

Caine and Carlsen are speaking with the SENIOR OFFICER in
 charge through a double wire mesh fence ... the two fences
 keeping them separated by 12 feet.

CAINE
 (shouting)
 Is there a Dr. Hans Fallada here
 from the S.R.C.? He knows who we
 are and what's going on.

COLONEL
 (shouts back)
 No, not that I know of.
 (to his staff)
 Has anyone heard of him?

They haven't.

CARLSEN
 (to Caine)
 He must still be in London.

CAINE
 Colonel, what exactly do you know
 about what's happening over there?

CONT'D

176 CONT'D

176

COLONEL

All we know for certain, Colonel, is that a terrible plague, of some sort, is sweeping London. The incubation period appears to be two hours -- and until that time has elapsed I cannot release you from this compound.

CAINE

Colonel, we are not infected. We know what the "plague" is. I know what I'm talking about -- and we are wasting valuable time. I'm SAS and you know what that means.

COLONEL

(nods)

You're right -- we haven't very much time.

(thinks)

All right, let them out.

CUT TO:

177 INTERIOR - COLONEL'S TENT - NIGHT

177

COLONEL

We have totally isolated London. We're prepared to dig a trench around it if necessary to stop further contagion. If that fails ... and surrounding areas are threatened ...

The Colonel looks down at his map of London.

CAINE

Yes?

COLONEL

Sterilization by thermonuclear device has been approved. I have this from General Ames in Brussels.

Caine and Carlsen stare.

The Colonel checks his watch.

COLONEL (CONT'D)

He's coming up on that decision ... in just under three hours.

The Colonel's face is worried, sober, distant.

CONT'D

177 CONT'D

177

CARLSEN

Have you heard anything about the ship?

COLONEL

The ship?

CARLSEN

The thing from Halley's Comet.

COLONEL

Oh. Yes. It's parked itself in a geo-stationary orbit, directly over London, 2,000 miles out.

CUT TO:

178 EXTERIOR - SPACE - GEOSTATIONARY ORBIT ABOVE EARTH

178

The alien ship -- umbrella extended -- floating high above the earth.

Below -- centered on Europe -- on London -- is a SHIMMERING blue FUNNEL-vortex of energy -- racing, beaming up. Undulating, waxing and waning -- rippling bursts of blue-light energy, hitting the dish-like UMBRELLA. From there the energy is focused onto the ship -- bathing it in a blue aura.

RETURN TO:

179 INTERIOR - COLONEL'S TENT - NIGHT

179

CLOSE: TV SET:

AMERICAN BROADCASTER (ON TV)

(crackling static)

...This broadcast is going live to all the peoples of the world -- World leaders at the U.N. have taken one of the most far-reaching and horrific decisions to have yet faced our race on this planet. The planned thermo-nuclear destruction of London in an attempt to stem the most horrible plague ever to --

(STATIC)

Over his VOICE the TV shows us -- The U.N., New York, world leaders, rioting, demonstrations, nuclear delivery systems.

CONT'D

179 CONT'D

179

WIDEN THE ANGLE to show Caine and Carlsen watching the portable Sony TV. Caine looks at Carlsen. The Colonel's talking on the radiophone to General Ames.

Carlsen leaves the tent. Caine follows him.

CUT TO:

180

EXTERIOR - COLONEL'S TENT - BLACKHEATH - NIGHT

180

They both look across the river at London. In addition to the fires burning, thousands of little blue lights rise up from the city, like sparks from a campfire, going up toward the sky like roman candles, and disappearing into the layer of smoke that hangs over the city.

CARLSEN

All those little lights -- the blue ones, going up toward the clouds -- those are individual human energy bundles.

CAINE

How do you know that?

CARLSEN

... I feel it.

Caine stares at him.

CARLSEN (CONT'D)

(half-trance)

They're using all the people they've converted ... to steal the energy for them. The process of conversion releases the life energy ... and then it can be ... collected.

CAINE

Collected?

Carlsen says nothing more. He just stares across at London with its smokey fires. SOUNDS of SIRENS, CHAOS.

CAINE (CONT'D)

(trying to grasp
the whole picture)

Is that what that big umbrella is?
... a collector?

CUT TO:

181

EXTERIOR - EARTH ORBIT

181

It floats in the foreground -- absorbing the BLUE VORTEX of energy from below. Storing energy. Fuelling whatever is inside.

DISSOLVE TO:

182 INTERIOR - STONE VAULT - NIGHT

182

The GIRL VAMPIRE is lying in a cold, dark, quiet place.
A blue light flickers around her face.

RETURN TO:

183 EXTERIOR - BLACKHEATH - NIGHT

183

CARLSEN

She is the focus of this. The male
is collecting the energy ... but he
has to send it through her ... to
get it up to the collector.

CAINE

(stares at him)

Where is she, Carlsen?

CARLSEN

Over there.

(nods across the river
at London)

... I get flashes ... coming from
her body ... it's sensitive to its
environment ... it picks up things ...

CAINE

Can you find her?!

CARLSEN

If I go across the river to the city,
the contact will be stronger.

CAINE

What about the male?

CARLSEN

The male will come if he senses I've
found her.

(looks at Caine)

She's drawing me anyway. I have
to go.

CAINE

Why?

CARLSEN

(a rueful smile; grimly)

She wants back the energy she gave
me.

Caine stares at him.

CARLSEN (CONT'D)

When they adjust to a new life form,
they must "learn" that life form --

(MORE)

183 CONT'D

183

CARLSEN (CONT'D)

"mate" with it in a sense. The Girl chose me. But when she mixed with me, she gave me part of herself. Now she wants that part back.

CAINE

What happens if she gets it?

CARLSEN

Then she'll be complete. She won't need her body at all.

(an awful smile)

She'll be free to leave London, permanently. And love everybody on Earth.

The horror of what that means reads on Caine's face.

CAINE

Wait here.

Carlsen nods.

Caine dashes off.

CUT TO:

184 INTERIOR - COLONEL'S TENT - NIGHT

184

Caine, frantic, is admitted to the tent.

The Colonel's on the phone. Caine interrupts him.

CAINE

Colonel, listen to me. Carlsen believes he can locate these creatures. There are only two of them. If we can destroy them, it may not be necessary to destroy London.

The Colonel stares. Hesitates -- wants to believe Caine.

COLONEL

You have ... one and a half hours.

Suddenly, they HEAR GUNSHOTS.
A commotion outside.

Caine and the Colonel rush out of the tent.

CUT TO:

185 EXTERIOR - BLACKHEATH - NIGHT

185

Caine and the Colonel rush out.
Caine looks around for Carlsen.
He's not there.

185 CONT'D

185

CAINE
Where's Carlsen?

COLONEL'S AIDE
He knocked over two of my men and
took an armored Land Rover.

CAINE
Oh -- bloody hell!!! Carlsen!!
(to the men around)
Did he say anything about where he
was going?!

SOLDIER
He wanted to know where the Space
Research Centre was. Rodgers told
him -- The next thing I knew I was
on the ground.

Caine looks around frantically.
There's a British Rover Vitesse STAFF CAR parked nearby.

CAINE
(points)
Whose car is that?

COLONEL'S AIDE
That? That's the Colonel's, sir.

CAINE
(sticks out his hand)
Give me the keys.

AIDE
What?

CAINE
You heard me. S.A.S. I'm commandeering
that car.

COLONEL
Give it to him.

The aide hands him the keys.

CAINE
(turns to another
soldier)
Captain, give me your sidearm.

The aide gestures for the Captain to give him the gun.
The CAPTAIN unclips his holster and hands Caine the oily 9 mm.
grip first.
Caine sticks it into his pocket.

CONT'D

185 CONT'D

185

COLONEL
Are you sure you know what you're
doing?

Caine ignores him -- and starts up the car. Squeals away.

CUT TO:

186

EXTERIOR - BARRICADES - FACING LONDON - NIGHT

186

Caine's staff car SCREECHES up to the barricades.
Caine presents himself to the COMMANDING OFFICER.

CAINE
Colonel Caine, sir. S.A.S.
I'm crossing the river.

The Commanding Officer looks at him as if he's mad.

COMMANDING OFFICER
Once you're in, we can't allow you out.
You don't want to go in there, sir.

CAINE
You're right, sir, I don't. But I
have to.

CUT TO:

187

EXTERIOR - BRIDGE BARRICADES - NIGHT

187

They let Caine through.

He drives across the bridge spanning the Thames.

Ahead -- London -- burning chaos -- and darkness.
Aircraft criss-cross the sky, their searchlights sweeping
the city.

The barricades close behind him.
He drives forward, maneuvering around dead bodies --
shot by the soldiers.

CUT TO:

188

EXTERIOR - LONDON - STREET BY BRIDGE - NIGHT

188

Virtually no traffic out in London.

Burning cars are turned on their sides.

A WITHERED CREATURE makes a dash at Caine's car.

CUT TO:

189 INTERIOR- STAFF CAR - NIGHT 189

Caine grimaces, seeing the creature come at his side window.

He accelerates and knocks down -- spins -- the vampire creature.

The car hurtling on.

CUT TO:

190 EXTERIOR - ANOTHER STREET - LONDON - NIGHT 190

Carlsen's ARMORED LAND ROVER thunders down the street.

CUT TO:

191 INTERIOR - CARLSEN'S ARMORED LAND ROVER - NIGHT 191

Carlsen at the wheel.

MOVE IN ON HIS FACE.

He is obsessed ... sweating.

CUT TO:

192 EXTERIOR - SPACE RESEARCH CENTRE - NIGHT 192

Caine SQUEALS to a stop.

Coming up the street behind him -- half a dozen creatures. Starving for his life force.

Caine dashes out of the car -- locks it -- and into the S.R.C.

It looks nearly deserted -- a few lights on.

CUT TO:

193 INTERIOR - LOBBY - S.R.C. - NIGHT 193

Caine gets through the door and slams it shut.

Slams a deadbolt into place.

No one in the lobby.

Caine looks out -- the vampires have turned on each other.

CUT TO:

194 INTERIOR - 4TH FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT 194

Caine hurries past empty offices.

Here and there a light on.

Up ahead -- FALLADA'S OFFICE.

CUT TO:

195 INTERIOR - FALLADA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

195

Caine enters, carefully. Gun drawn.

FALLADA is standing at the window -- his back to Caine.
Staring out at the flames over London -- the searchlights
from the sky.

CAINE

Fallada.

Fallada turns around.

FALLADA

Caine.

Fallada looks tired.

CAINE

I'm glad to see you alive. ,

FALLADA

I reciprocate the sentiment.

CAINE

Where's Bukovsky?

FALLADA

Dead.

CAINE

How?

FALLADA

Like the rest.

CAINE

How did you survive?

FALLADA

(ignores that)
you're looking for Carlsen.

CAINE

Has he been here?

FALLADA

No.

(leaning on his desk)
Perhaps he misled you.

Fallada knows an awful lot. Caine looks closer at him.
Fallada is perspiring lightly.

CONT'D

195 CONT'D

195

CAINE

(sharply)

Oh?? What do you know about it?

FALLADA

I've been doing some more work.

Caine moves closer to Fallada in the darkened office.
There's an odd quality to Fallada.

CAINE

Go on.

Fallada is perspiring. When he stands, he sways.
His breathing is labored.

Fallada moves a bit closer.
Caine notices the sway -- and the perspiration.
Fallada wipes his brow.

FALLADA

(closer now)

I discovered one more thing.

(a beat; breathes)

There is life after death.

Caine stares at him. A chilling tone to that.

CAINE

(steps back, alarmed)

How do you know that?

Fallada looks weaker.

FALLADA

There is a certain ... mental trans-
ference ... telepathy ... that occurs
between the vampires and their vic-
tims ... Carlsen is after the Girl.

CAINE

How did you know that?

FALLADA

I seem to sense it.

CAINE

Where is she, Fallada?

FALLADA

Don't you know? Carlsen knows.

CAINE

Where, Fallada?

FALLADA

Westminster Abbey.

CONT'D

195 CONT'D

195

Pause.

FALLADA (CONT'D)

She's been there since she escaped.
A nice touch, don't you think?
The crypt of kings and queens.

Fallada takes a sluggish step toward him.

Caine raises his gun.

CAINE

Stay where you are.

Fallada still advances -- almost in reach. Smiles. Sweating.
REACHES for Caine. Caine can't retreat any farther.
he FIRES.

Fallada sinks to the floor. His eyes on Caine all the time.
Caine shudders as he sees Fallada begin to ... WITHER.
Smoke pours from him.

Caine stares at Fallada a moment -- at the equipment in
the lab.
He leaves the office, shaken -- heading down the hall at a jog.

CUT TO:

196 INTERIOR - S.R.C. LOBBY - NIGHT

196

Caine hurries up to the laminated glass doors.
Lit now by flickering flames outside.
Caine looks out.
It's his car -- rolled over and on fire.

Caine unlocks the door -- and dashes out.
Pistol in hand.

CUT TO:

197 INTERIOR - CARLSEN'S ARMORED LAND ROVER -
STREETS OF LONDON - NIGHT

197

CARLSEN fends off attempts by withered creatures to grab
at him.

He SQUEALS to a stop at the end of the street.
Stops -- the ENGINE still running -- as if trying to get
his bearings -- trying to pick up her presence.

CUT TO:

198 INTERIOR - CRYPT OF CATHEDRAL - NIGHT

198

THE GIRL -- lying nude on a marble platform -- somewhere.
We can't tell where.
Tight on her closed EYES.
Tight on her LIPS -- as they form -- "Carlsen".

RETURN TO:

199 INTERIOR - ROVER - LONDON STREETS - NIGHT 199

Carlson -- obsessed -- jams the Rover into first and heads off down the street.

Her VOICE echoing: "CARLSEN ... "

CUT TO:

200 EXTERIOR - STREET - LONDON - NIGHT 200

CAINE'S running, gun in hand.
Sneaking along alleys and through the streets.
The full horror of the city is now apparent to him.

Vampires and soon-to-be Victims grapple in the street.
An obscene dance -- orgy-like.
Bridges of electrical FIRE pass between the MOUTHS of
vampires and their Victims, like St. Elmo's Fire.
Lighting up the sides of darkened buildings.

It looks like the end of the world.

Caine stands looking a moment. Stunned and horrified.

Until he HEARS a THING coming up on him.
DRY FEET padding on pavement -- fast.
Caine wheels and SHOOTS a leaping Victim thing.
It spins to the ground.

Caine runs on through the city.

CUT TO:

201 EXTERIOR - STREETS - LONDON - NIGHT 201

CARLSEN, closing in on his destination -- drives his Rover down a street -- very fast.
Carlson's scanning -- scanning--
Sees what he's looking for and SQUEALS the Rover to a halt.
He jumps out -- leaves the motor running.
Carlson dashes for a broken storefront.
A Victim tries to block his way.
Carlson smashes him aside.

CUT TO:

202 INTERIOR - SHATTERED STOREFRONT DISPLAY - NIGHT 202

Carlson jumps into the display and grabs what he's looking for. A long METAL PIKE -- the storefront was an ANTIQUE SHOP.

CUT TO:

203 EXTERIOR - STREET OUTSIDE - NIGHT 203

Carlson jumps back down and runs to the Rover.
Brushes aside two new VICTIMS on his way back.

CONT'D

203 CONT'D

203

We SEE Carlsen's Rover moving down the block.
Blocks beyond -- we can SEE the SPIRES OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

CUT TO:

204 EXTERIOR - ANOTHER STREET - NIGHT

204

CAINE running frantically towards the Abbey.

The street is blocked by burning vehicles. Wrecks.

Suddenly, the flaming vehicles FLY aside -- hurled by
psychic power -- and there stands the MALE VAMPIRE.

Standing in the middle of the street.

Eyes fixed on Caine.

An awesomely powerful figure.

Caine registered shock as he recognizes the Vampire.

A terrible HISS coming from its lips.

It POINTS at Caine -- and Caine is tossed backward,
like a rag doll.

Caine, dazed, smashes to the pavement.

Caine, rolling backwards on the ground, face bloodied,
draws his pistol and tries to clear his head.

The Male advances on him. Then hesitates.

Caine doesn't hesitate -- he aims -- and empties the
clip into the approaching Male.

The creature falls forward -- hitting the street.

Before Caine's horrified eyes, the blood and body fluids
drain out of the still creature -- snake their way in a
rivulet -- toward a fresh, new victim, standing looking on.

The new Victim is TRANSFORMED before Caine's eyes.

The FACE changes -- and becomes the Male Vampire's!

The new Male Vampire -- rejuvenated totally -- starts across
the street -- at Caine. Caine is defenseless.

Suddenly -- it stops.

Something is bothering it.

It turns -- and heads away from Caine -- running now--
towards the Spires of the Cathedral -- blocks away.

CUT TO:

205 EXTERIOR - BLOCKED STREET - LONDON - NIGHT

205

CARLSEN is trying, frantically, to get his Rover past some
smashed cars that block the entire street.

With spinning wheels and great skill, Carlsen gets by the
wrecks and races toward the Abbey -- two blocks away.

CUT TO:

206 INTERIOR - CATHEDRAL CRYPT - NIGHT 206

The Girl's face -- beckoning Carlsen. Drawing him to her.

CUT TO:

207 EXTERIOR - WESTMINSTER ABBEY - LONDON - NIGHT 207

The streets littered with shrivelled bodies and burned-out cars. Carlsen jumps out of the Rover -- carrying the metal pike. He clambers up the steps -- in through the open door.

CUT TO:

208 INTERIOR - WESTMINSTER ABBEY - NIGHT 208

Carlson running down marble steps -- sure of where he's going now.

CUT TO:

209 EXTERIOR - STREET - NIGHT 209

CAINE running on foot through the streets toward the Abbey.

CUT TO:

210 INTERIOR - ABBEY - LOWER LEVEL - CHAMBER - NIGHT 210

CARLSEN turns into a room at the bottom of the stairs.

He sees her. The Girl.

Lying face up, nude, atop a chilly marble burial case.

Withered bodies all about.

Carlson starts toward her.

Suddenly the MALE VAMPIRE leaps into the room -- between
Carlson and the Girl.

Carlsen stops.

The Male advances ... hissing.

Carlson retreats -- hiding the pike.

The Male lunges forward and strikes Carlsen with a glancing but powerful blow.

Carlsen goes skidding, sliding across the marble floor.

The CLANG of the pike against the floor.

The Male isn't intimidated.

He smiles and starts toward Carlsen. Carlsen is terrified.

The Vampire flicks his hand out -- and the pike is knocked from Carlsen's hand.

CUT TO:

TIGHT ON the Girl's EYES. They twitch -- disturbed, troubled. The beginnings of a frown cross her face.

CONT'D

210 CONT'D

210

The Male advances on Carlsen -- ready to finish him.
He rears up to strike Carlsen, who falls beneath his shadow.
The Girl's EYES FLASH -- disapprovingly -- something comes
from them -- a blue, omnidirectional burst of light.

The Male stops -- as if stricken -- a puzzled, frightened
look on his face -- as if he can't believe what is happening.

Carlsen used the instant to grab the pike -- and in ULTRA-
SLOW MOTION -- but with enormous power -- lets fly the pike --
which penetrates -- two inches below the Male's heart --
spraying blood all over the room. The most incredulous look
on the Male's face as he slides to the floor. Dead.

CUT TO:

211 EXTERIOR - SPACE - 2,000 MILES ABOVE THE EARTH

211

The giant umbrella of the alien ship --
trembles -- shudders -- and DIMS.

RETURN TO:

212 INTERIOR - WESTMINSTER ABBEY - NIGHT

212

The Girl's eyes -- open.
She sits up.
Carlsen realizes he's been spared -- by her.

The SOUND of a man's FOOTSTEPS -- charging down the stairs.
Caine appears in the doorway.
Sees what's happened.
The Girl looks at Caine -- then back at Carlsen. Then at
Caine.

CAINE
(to Carlsen)
Are you all right?!

CARLSEN
(eyes on the Girl)
Yes.
(to her)
Don't hurt him.

She looks at Carlsen. Carlsen stand between her and Caine.
Silence -- she walks towards Carlsen. The room turns BLUE.

CAINE
Who are they, Carlsen? What are
they?

CONT'D

CARLSEN

A life form billions of years older than we, Caine. They have visited the Earth before ... ever since life came into being on this planet. The life force they need exists here and very few other places.

(looks at Caine)

CAINE

What is she going to do?

CARLSEN

She's going to leave this place ... and take me with her.

CAINE

That's the voice of insanity, Carlsen. She's alien.

CARLSEN

She's part of me.

CAINE

Carlsen ...

CARLSEN

(softly)

You don't understand, Caine. I want to go -- I'm no longer completely here.

The Girl envelopes Carlsen. Caine steps back, frightened to watch ... the light from their union too unbearably bright to even witness. More and more quickly, Carlsen and the Girl turn in a revolving vortex of light. Caine tries to steal a glimpse -- he gets just brilliant flashes.

She vortexes Carlsen into her -- Together they become a pointed blue flame that breaks through the ceiling and races straight up -- through a hundred feet of marble and steel -- bursting through the arches of the Cathedral -- headed straight up.

Caine, transfixed, stares after them.

CUT TO:

The funnel of blue light from Earth disappears. We watch as the laser-like burst races toward the ship. Then nothing.

213 CONT'D

213

Slowly the umbrella starts to fold.
Once again the ship becomes the mysterious needle shape
that it was.
An instant later, the ship ROARS away from the planet
at incredible speed.

CUT TO:

214

EXTERIOR - WESTMINSTER ABBEY - LONDON - NIGHT

214

Caine staggers down the steps and runs out into the street.
A thousand-voiced SCREAM echoes across London as Caine
looks up.

Then dead silence.

The few animated Victims still staggering about -- fall.
SIRENS -- a sort of all clear -- begin to sound.

CRANE UP --

From a HIGHER ANGLE we can see fire trucks and ambulances
starting to move through the streets. Survivors starting
to move freely about. Help is starting to stream into
the city.

Caine looks around him. Sees the help arriving.
A look of incredible relief and sadness on his face.

CAMERA PULLS BACK as Caine looks out over the city.
WIDER AND WIDER on the tiny figure on the steps ...
looking up at a hole in the flame-reddened clouds
which hang over the city.

Through the hole can be seen the COMET.

ROLL END TITLES.

THE END.