

"MELT DOWN"  
by  
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and  
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July 20, 1987

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BLACK SCREEN

SUPERIMPOSE:

1951

Suddenly the screen is filled with grainy, color newsreel footage of an atomic blast. A gigantic mushroom cloud erupts off a desert floor. We hear the ROLLING, THUNDERING EXPLOSION.

CLOSEUP - FORWARD OBSERVER

We are CLOSE in the face of a FORWARD OBSERVER in a desert trench. He is young, maybe 19, and wears dark, protective goggles. The color is still grainy like a newsreel.

Suddenly the observer's face is smashed with light and dust from the atomic blast. The image gets hotter and hotter, his face glowing, the force of the explosion slamming against him. The trench SHAKES WILDLY, vibrates as if in an earthquake.

The observer's face glows white hot. He opens his mouth and SCREAMS!

ANGLE GEIGER COUNTER

A geiger counter lies on the edge of the SHUDDERING trench. As the needle jumps upward on the scale, finally pinning all the way over into the red, we hear the HARSH STATIC of the counter rise to a SCREAMING HISS MERGING WITH THE SCREAMING of the observer!

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD - DAY

California's best. A sizzling summer scorcher. The sun blazing down, melting the asphalt. Burning up the countryside.

John Kneale is motionless behind the wheel, letting his baby, a dusty beige 1960 190SL cart him through sleepy coast towns. Kneale is soaked, his white cotton pants glued to his seat.

He's arrived uncertainly at forty. The lines deeply etched in his face. Eyes hidden behind Porsche glasses. Whatever's happened has him by the throat, dug deep into him. He's clearly a good man, though. Strong features, clean lines. This is no slouch. Just a guy whose dug a hole for himself and can't dig out. A world beater run off the track.

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CONTINUED:

The radio blares a "soft hits" number. In it, the guy comes back and she's gone. Now he's burning up the wires looking for her. Hoping. Kneale smiles faintly.

EXT. DIABLO BAY - DAY

Kneale hits the town and starts cruising on through. Suddenly, his engine belches smoke. Kneale pounds the steering wheel, pissed off.

KNEALE

You whore.

The SL bucks, hiccupping badly.

KNEALE

Go ahead. Fuck things up.

He slaps the dashboard.

KNEALE

Who gives a shit.

The SL gasps for breath. Kneale spots a rinky-dink 76 Station on the far corner and glides his sick friend on through the intersection right up to the nearest pump.

The SL wheezes and dies. Dead. Kneale flips back his sunglasses and stares.

KNEALE

After everything I've done for you, this is my thanks, huh? The nights together. The hours I rubbed your sides. The lube jobs we shared. The cylinder heads I gave you.

He snorts, disgusted.

KNEALE

You slut.

Her opens the door and slides out. A blonde Surfer Kid attendant saunters his way. Kneale broods over the SL. Suddenly, kicks the right front Michelin. The Surfer Kid watches, grinning. Kneale slowly pries open the shiny hood. They both peer curiously inside. The kid's perfect pubescent brow wrinkles.

KID

Too bad.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Kneale stares at this mess.

KNEALE  
All I've ever done is love you.

The car answers, belching more smoke. Kneale rolls his eyes to the heavens.

KNEALE  
Is there no god?

The kid almost laughs.

KID  
I'd talk to the Man. I bet we  
can get her shaped up by morning.

Kneale scowls at the kid.

KNEALE  
Fix her. And no funny stuff.  
No bullshit.

He looks around.

KNEALE  
You got a bed in this town?

The kid grins, points across the street. Kneale follows his finger and comes on a Quality Inn fallen on sad times. Just then, something else catches his eye. In the distance looming ominously against a pale red dusk sky are four monstrous domes. Kneale shakes his head.

KNEALE  
Unbelievable. Where the hell am  
I?

The kid takes off his cap and scratches his blond head.

KID  
Diablo Bay.

Kneale sighs.

KNEALE  
Great nuclear power heaven. What  
luck.

He walks off.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Diablo Bay's best. A chain No-Tell Motel complete with happy hour announcements, out of work neon vacancy signs, gravel parking lots, color television, the works. Kneale wanders out and heads across the street.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

The joint is called Barbara-By-The-Sea. It's late. The diehards hang in. The waitress wears half-assed sea numbers. There's a trio that plays baddly on Friday and Saturday nights.

This is a Wednesday. Kneale's bombed, nursing his sixth or seventh Corona. He looks around. This is not where he wants to be.

The local bartender is Bald Sid. Sid's just lost all his hair and is devastated. Kneale is elbow to elbow with him.

BALD SID

I woke up and it was gone. I  
couldn't believe it. Every hair.  
Disappeared.

Kneale shakes his head.

KNEALE

Unbelievable.

Sid is inconsolable.

BALD SID

Every hair

Teresa stands in the door for a second and walks to the bar, sliding two seats away from Kneale. Close. Kneale looks up, studies her. And she's worth studying. Tall, dark, striking. A terrific brain to go with a terrific all the rest. Her look back is eye to eye. No nonsense. He approaches the whole intro as a joke.

KNEALE

I guess you're wondering why I'm  
here.

She nonchalants him.

TERESA

Not particularly.

Kneale plows ahead, mock seriously.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KNEALE

Well, my car broke down. One of those fancy foreign jobs. I call her Samantha. So I pull into your quaint radiated little town and she's dead. My Sam.

He puts a true blue hand over his heart. Teresa arches an eyebrow. This is going to be even better than she thought and funnier.

KNEALE

Then, I check into your Bonanza Bedsprings Motel across the street and wandered over here.

Bald Sid places a Stoly-on-the-rocks in front of her and retreats. He knows what's coming. Teresa takes a sip.

TERESA

(dryly)

Fascinating. Exciting. Is there more.

Kneale nods. Tries on his Hemingway for size.

KNEALE

I'm headed for Mexico. Gonna battle the monster marlin down Cabo way. Mano a mano with those big flyers.

Kneale gives it his best Paul Harvey deep toned imitation.

KNEALE

And now you know the rest of the story.

He smiles at her.

TERESA

Sure you aren't trying to hook something here first?

Kneale reels back in mock astonishment.

KNEALE

Me?

He holds up two fingers, Boy Scouts honor style.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KNEALE

I'm just a man alone. A stranger.  
Stranded. Cast adrift in a stormy  
sea. Searching for a warm port.  
A friendly face. An outstretched  
hand.

He looks plaintively at her.

KNEALE

Could it be you?

She can't help herself. She smiles.

TERESA

Ahoy, mate.

He leans to her.

KNEALE

How do you feel about short-term,  
long ranged, high voltage, low  
risk relationships?

She holds a nice hand.

TERESA

Not so fast. Who are you?

Kneale's having fun.

KNEALE

Born in Redwood City. Raised in  
Rochester. Mama wanted me to be  
a doctor. Saw an ad for Brain  
Surgery self taught in thirty  
days. And the rest is history.  
Fame and fortune followed. The  
world at my calloused feet.  
Everything perfect until tonight.  
And you?

Teresa inches closer. At the end of the bar, Bald Sid smiles  
to himself.

TERESA

Born right here and never left.  
Leading the small town good life.  
The world beckons just outside  
my door but why leave? Home is  
where the house is. So when they  
offered me a job at the plant,  
I jumped.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Kneale jerks his thumb towards the window and the domes in the distance.

KNEALE  
That plant?

He throws up his hands to ward off the nuclear peril.

KNEALE  
Do you glow in the dark?

Teresa smiles at him.

TERESA  
Only when I'm hot.

Kneale considers this carefully, then leans close to her.

KNEALE  
Would you like to share an evening  
with a man whose car dies. A man  
who can't get the part he needs  
till morning?

She likes him. A good one night candidate. She looks him up and down.

TERESA  
You sure everything else works?

They both smile. It's great corn. A good game to pass the time.

KNEALE  
Wanna check it out?

John finishes off his Corona and signals Bald Sid for two more. Teresa leans in, playing a delicate hand on his sleeve.

TERESA  
You got a name, Doc?

EXT. TERESA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A perfect cottage complete with white clapboard shutters, brick driveway, slate roof.

INT. TERESA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The bedroom. Kneale and Teresa are entwined in each other's arms.

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CONTINUED:

TERESA

I think I'll sneak down to the gas station and make sure your part stays lost.

Kneale is bathed in pleasure.

KNEALE

Duty calls. With the first light I'm gone.

She kisses him gently.

TERESA

You're going fishing in Mexico, Doc. It can wait.

She kisses him again, stroking him softly. He moans.

KNEALE

Tempress. Siren.

Teresa smiles.

TERESA

What's with you?

Kneale shrugs.

KNEALE

The usual illnesses. Inertia. Divorce. Smog. Sorrow. Traffic. Broken dreams. Crowds.

He sighs.

KNEALE

Living in LA is like living in a concrete slag heap. I don't wanna be a slag heap doctor.

TERESA

Why don't you try being a Doc in a small town with a blue sky and one road going through it.

He smiles at her.

TERESA

You want to see what it's like Doc? You wanna sample?

She leers at him.

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CONTINUED:

TERESA  
You know about samples, Doc. The  
first one's free.

They move to each other a gentle collision.

The phone shatters the moment, ringing insistently. Teresa reaches for it. Kneale pushes her hand away. She tries again. Kneale's burrowed his face in her neck, tries deflecting her from the call with his free hand.

TERESA  
Cut it out, Doc.

He gives. She reaches the receiver. Kneale keeps playing. She moans, smiles.

TERESA  
Yeah.

Her face turns serious. Her body jumps. Kneale turns. He feels. Something's up.

TERESA  
Slowdown, man. Half speed me.

The guy at the other end of the line is machine gunning words a mile a minute.

TERESA  
I got it. I got it.

Teresa comes to full upright.

TERESA  
Isn't anybody else available?

She shakes her head. The news isn't good. Suddenly.

TERESA  
Keep trying. Someone's got to  
turn up.

Suddenly, the light bulb goes on over her head. She turns and stares at Kneale.

TERESA  
I think I know where I can lay  
my hands on someone.

Kneale smiles at her. He hasn't got a clue. Teresa's head keeps bobbing up and down.

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CONTINUED:

TERESA

I'm on my way.

More static at the other end. She's irritated, grumpy.

TERESA

Yes. I'm on the way now.

She slams down the receiver. Kneale's ready to resume. She's worried. Brow furrowed. Head whirling.

TERESA

Jesus.

The impact hits her.

TERESA

Jesus.

Kneale reaches. This time her hand pushes his away. Gently. He looks at her.

TERESA

Doc, I want to borrow you for an hour. Two tops.

Kneale wants her back in bed.

KNEALE

What's it to you?

She's grim. No time for games now.

TERESA

I have to take a ride. I want you with me.

Kneale smiles.

KNEALE

I'm yours until sunrise, kid.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT (EFFECT)

Long shot of a two-lane highway cutting through the silent, dead night desert. Above the sky is splattered with stars. MUSIC RISES from a radio giving us: "ONE NIGHT IN BANGKOK".

BEGIN MAIN TITLES

We see headlights in the distance. A late model station wagon blasts down the desert highway out of the darkness.

INT. STATION WAGON - NIGHT

Teresa's driving, her face eerily lit by the dashboard lights. She doesn't look too happy. We hear only the constant HUMMING from the tires and MUSIC from the radio.

CONTINUE MAIN TITLES

ANGLE ON PASSENGER SEAT

Kneale stares out the windshield. On the seat beside him is his physician's bag.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

The station wagon pours it on, barreling down the road. A rising wind blows across the asphalt.

EXT ROAD - NIGHT

END MAIN TITLES as the car speeds along the dark highway. In the background, the four domes spiral against the night sky lit eerily by green warning lights.

INT. STATION WAGON - NIGHT

KNEALE

I got my bag. Where am I going?

Teresa decides to tell him.

TERESA

The plant.

Kneale violently reacts, grabbing her hard. She jams on the brakes. The car screams to a stop. He's on her fast.

KNEALE

Wait a minute. What the hell's going on?

Teresa touches his arm, looks carefully at him.

TERESA

Please, Doc. I'm going into something I don't understand. An hour.

KNEALE

No nuclear power plant. No death rays. No deal.

Teresa grips his arm tightly.

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CONTINUED:

TERESA  
I got a glitch, Doc. Something  
that doesn't compute. It's  
probably nothing but I'm worried.

Kneale shakes his head.

KNEALE  
Why me? Why you?

Teresa sighs.

TERESA  
I'm Chief Systems Analyst for the  
plant. We seem to have hit some  
sort of computer malfunction.

Kneale stares at her uncomprehendingly.

TERESA  
It's my computer. My brainchild.

It suddenly dawns on him. Kneale stares openly at her.

KNEALE  
(slowly)  
And you're the brain.

Teresa clutches at him, giving Kneale the full force of her  
blue eyes.

TERESA  
I need a friend.

Kneale sighs. He lost.

KNEALE  
What the hell. What can happen  
in an hour?

He laughs knowing the answer. Teresa smiles, turns the key.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Barreling towards the domes. Suddenly, a Highway Patrol car  
looms up on the side of the road, lights flashing. A dark  
Impala sits next to it.

Teresa stops the station wagon next to the Patrol car and  
jumps out. Kneale's right behind her.

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CONTINUED:

Gregory Mendez, a highway patrol cop, sits in the Impala talking heatedly with his wife, Janet. He sees Teresa, breaks off the conversation and steps out of the car.

ANGLE ON MENDEZ

Striding toward Teresa, Kneale. He's a big, burly Chicano kid in a perfect uniform. There's some good stuff here.

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CONTINUED:

A small piece of the Cisco Kid mixed with a sense of pride in his people and himself. Right now, he's all business.

ANGLE ON TERESA, KNEALE, MENDEZ

TERESA  
All right Greg, you got me here.

Mendez checks out Kneale.

MENDEZ  
This guy a doctor?

Teresa nods. No time for introductions. Mendez moves on.

MENDEZ  
Anyone know where you are?

Teresa waves him off.

TERESA  
Just calm down and tell me what's going on.

Suddenly JANET MENDEZ, hastily dressed with a small overnight case under her arm, appears.

JANET  
Greg.....

She looks as if she's been crying. She also looks scared to death.

JANET  
Greg, I can't do this....

MENDEZ  
Go, baby! Get in the car and go!

KNEALE  
What's wrong? Where's she going?

Mendez ignores him. Turns back to Teresa.

MENDEZ  
You tell anybody anything?

TERESA  
What could I tell them? I don't know anything!

Mendez jumps into the Patrol car.

(CONTINUED)



INT. PATROL CAR

Mendez brakes to a stop. Four men immediately surround the car. They stare grimly in at Kneale and the cop.

TERESA  
You know these guys?

Mendez says nothing. He shuts off the engine, opens his door and steps out.

TERESA  
(continuing)  
Greg?

Mendez's door SLAMS as an answer. Kneale grabs his physician's bag.

EXT./INT. STATION (PANAGLIDE)

Kneale gets out. Two men step up to him.

FIRST MAN  
May I have your name please?

Kneale glances over at Teresa who stands on the other side of the station wagon.

KNEALE  
Dr. John Kneale.

SECURITY 2  
Do you have some identification?

Kneale fishes out his wallet and hands it to the man who glances at it and hands it back.

SECURITY 2  
(continuing)  
Doctor Kneale.

Kneale shoots a glance at Teresa.

TERESA  
(grimly)  
C'mon, John.

CAMERA PANAGLIDE with Kneale, Teresa and the two men as they walk past the other Feds to the bunker.

INT. BUNKER - NIGHT

They walk into the office. Technicians run in and out hurriedly. The air is tense.

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FREDERICK GERSH sits his pudgy body on the edge of a metal desk. He's in shirtsleeves, disheveled, harassed. Clearly a powerful government type, Gersh right now is close to being completely unhinged. He's jawing angrily with JACK PARKS a forty year old good looking top professional engineer and first rate plant manager. Parks knows his stuff. He's a no nonsense guy who suffers no fools and he's pissed.

PARKS

I told you this fucking plant is a time bomb. We're going on line too soon.

Gersh starts to protest. Parks blows on through.

PARKS

The first week those half-assed klutzes at Rentin bolted the diffuser blades in backwards. You know what would have happened if we hadn't caught it in time? We're up the nuclear creek without a paddle.

Gersh bolts out of his chair, jabbing at Parks with his finger.

GERSH

The point is we did catch it in time.

Parks keeps blasting.

PARKS

A week later Fulton sent us the wrong size shearer blades and we had to shut down the whole fuel reclamation line.

Gersh throws up his hands in disgust.

PARKS

We've had hot spots, rod hang ups, scrams that damaged the fuel assembly, Wadding failures, lousy modifications of the emergency core cooling system and toilets that don't flush in the men's room.

The phone rings urgently, Gersh yanks it off the hook, throws it up against his ear.

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CONTINUED:

GERSH

Yeah.

Whatever he's hearing isn't good.

GERSH

(into telephone)

...we've discussed that, it isn't  
an alternative! Give me some time  
and I can ....

(pause)

I can't promise you that!

Kneale glances out the window. Men rush across the grounds  
under the glare of the overhead lights.

GERSH'S VOICE

(continuing)

Just what I've told you! I know  
it's sketchy! We're going crazy  
here!

(pause)

No, no, no we don't show any yet!

Gersh suddenly sees Kneale and Teresa.

GERSH

Who's this?

TERESA

Doctor John Kneale, I asked him  
to come.

Gersh extends his hand.

GERSH

Frederick Gersh. Thank you for  
responding so quickly.

Kneale stares at him. Gersh puts his hand over the receiver,  
answers the unasked.

GERSH

I'm the hotline man. Liaison.  
I get every crappy red alert.

KNEALE

Alert?

He moves up on Gersh forcing him to put down the phone. It's  
Gersh's time to stare.

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CONTINUED:

KNEALE

Excuse me, but I think someone  
better start talking to me!

Gersh looks at him.

GERSH

It looks like there's been an  
accident at Diablo Rock.

Kneale is stunned.

There is a LOUD SCREECHING that pulls everyone's attention to  
the window.

EXT. BUNKER - NIGHT

ARTHUR CUSHING a tiny intense man in his fifties dressed in a  
long overcoat jumps out of an old Buick and walks  
determinedly to the bunker.

INT. BUNKER

Cushing barrels through the door and into the office. Arthur  
Cushing is an East German refugee, a wispy little man with a  
wicked sense of the absurd. He's lived a full, rich life,  
survived the Germans, survived the Russians, survived four  
wives and the gout. There's nothing that can faze him.

Until tonight.

CUSHING

I knew this would happen!

Gersh waves his arms wildly in the air.

GERSH

(into phone)

Look. I've assembled my crisis  
team, my six best plus a doctor.  
We're going in.

Exasperated, Gersh holds the phone over his head. He's  
getting a lot of heat from the other end of the line.  
Washington's crazed. Agitated, Gersh brings the phone back  
to his ear.

GERSH

(continuing into  
telephone)

We're leaving right after the  
briefing. Yes, immediately!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUSHING  
What are the specifics?

TERESA  
Nothing yet.

Gersh is talking faster, frantically.

GERSH  
The options are limited! We're  
moving as fast as we can!

Gersh abruptly hangs up the phone and glares at the group.

GERSH  
Come on.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Gersh rushes down the hall, the rest in pursuit.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

Gersh bangs through the door. The others follow. Overhead neon lights cast a greenish pall over the room. It's wall to wall computer banks. Viewing monitors.

ANGLE ON MONITORS

The screens are all lit up. The image is the same on all of them. Diablo Rock.

ANGLE ON DIABLO ROCK NUCLEAR POWER PLANT - MONITOR

We see the entire plant. It is an unearthly, surreal image. Four white domes glowing from green mercury-vapor work lights, rising above several low, concrete buildings. The whole ominous complex set right in the middle of the stark night desert. In the distance, a mountain range looms like a vague, dark silhouette.

REVERSE ANGLE - GROUP

Eyes riveted to the screens.

ANGLE ON CONTROL PANEL

Two people are at the panel. SARAH MAITLAND is late twenties. Attractive. Intense. There is an outside world but not for her. Her life is in that plant and in this room. LARRY RAYMER sits next to her. A rocket age mid-thirties scientist. An ex-whiz kid turned computer junkie.

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ANGLE ON KNEALE, CUSHING

Kneale leans to Cushing, whispering.

KNEALE  
What's going on?

CUSHING  
There are eight men inside and  
we don't know what's happened to  
them. We need a doctor.

KNEALE  
Don't you have someone on call?

CUSHING  
He's one of the eight!

KNEALE  
Look, I'm just not qualified  
for...

CUSHING  
You're a doctor, aren't you?

KNEALE  
I'm a surgeon.

CUSHING  
Then I'm afraid you're it.

Gersh comes over to Kneale. He looks at him really for the first time.

GERSH  
Doctor Kneale, we have to call  
on you. We may have a serious  
security breach in that plant.  
An emergency. We can't afford  
the time to find someone else.  
It's too late. We're in trouble.  
Will you help us?

ANGLE ON KNEALE

No jokes now. He knows what he has to do. There is no choice - at least none for a man like John Kneale. He nods.

ANGLE ON GROUP - GERSH

Gersh nods back. There's almost a group sigh of relief. Raymer smiles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAYMER

Glad to have you with us, Doc.

Kneale smiles back.

KNEALE

I don't usually make friends this easily.

Gersh, Sara and Raymer stand in front of a TV monitor. Raymer punches various buttons on a console in front of him. Sara looks at Gersh. It's a look tinged with desperation.

SARA

We're still not in contact with the control room.

CLOSE ON SARA

Completely bewildered.

SARA

We've repeatedly asked Prometheus to "Please Respond".

ANGLE ON SCREEN

CAMERA MOVES INTO the readout screen:

CONTROL ROOM:  
PLEASE RESPOND:  
DIABLO SPRINGS.

The screen wipes clean then:

CONTROL ROOM:  
PLEASE RESPOND:  
SECURITY ALERT IMMINENT!  
DIABLO SPRINGS.

There is a pause as they wait for the answer.

Then suddenly there are a couple of flashes and the screen blinks off leaving a single green dot in the center!

Raymer is startled. Sara jumps.

SARA

It's gone dead!

ANGLE ON SARA

She's turned deathly white.

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CONTINUED:

ANGLE ON CONSOLE

CAMERA WHIPS OVER to a huge red light on one end of the consoles. It is pulsating a deep red!

ANGLE ON SARA

She looks like she's about to jump out of her skin.

SARA  
The automatic alarm.

ANOTHER ANGLE

There is frantic activity. TECHNICIANS rush around to various consoles. Gersh and Sara stare at the TV monitor which suddenly flicks back to life:

CAUTION!  
TEMPERATURE FLUCTUATION  
DOME 3

SARA (V.O.)  
(continuing)  
There's an increase in the room temperature inside dome 3. A substantial increase, enough to trigger an alarm.

CLOSEUP - READOUT SCREEN

A hand punches some keys. The screen reads:

0% RISE IN RADIATION LEVEL  
NO BREACH OF CONTAINMENT  
NO BREACH OF REACTOR  
NO EXCURSION

SARA (V.O.)  
(continuing)  
Prometheus isn't showing an accident. No radiation's escaping.

Teresa turns on Gersh.

TERESA  
Why haven't you called a Security Alert?

GERSH  
Because we don't know what's going on up there!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Suddenly everyone begins TALKING AT ONCE.

                  GERSH  
                  (continuing shouts)  
Listen to me! We're not showing  
an accident!

                  RAYMER  
You had an alarm!

                  GERSH  
We're showing all reactors stable!  
No radiation breach!

                  CUSHING  
We're all wasting time!

ANGLE ON GROUP

Gersh turns to Raymer.

                  GERSH  
Punch up the schematic.

Raymer hits the keys. A diagram of the plant flashes on screen. The layout of the interior showing the control room. The domes. The corridors. Everything. Gersh points the way from the main gates to the control room and then to the domes.

                  GERSH  
We've got to get to the control  
room, shut down all the reactor  
systems, check out the fuel lab  
and the domes. We've got to find  
out what we're up against.

ANGLE ON CONSOLE

The red alert light blinks on and off insistently.

ANGLE ON RAYMER

Staring at the alarm. His brain going crazy with the permutations.

                  RAYMER  
Jesus. What's going on?

EXT. BUNKER - NIGHT

Everyone rushing across the grounds to a waiting van.

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CONTINUED:

ANGLE ON CUSHING, GERSH

They walk together.

There's a blue book in Cushing's hand, a half-inch thick with a red paper band around it.

CLOSE ON BLUE BOOK

Under Cushing's fingers we can just read: TOP SECRET  
DOCUMENT CLASSIFIED: PROMETHEUS: LAST RESORT.....

Gersh points to the book.

                  GERSH  
          Make sure it doesn't come to this.

Cushing looks at him closely.

                  GERSH  
          (continuing)  
          But use it if you have to. And  
          pray.

ANGLE ON CUSHING

The words sink in. He nods unhappily.

ANGLE ON GROUP, VAN

Raymer loads equipment into the back of a van and turns back to the group.

                  RAYMER  
          We're ready to go!

The group rushes off leaving Kneale looking uncertainly at Gersh. They strain tensely against the wind.

                  KNEALE  
          What do you want us to do?

                  GERSH  
          It's almost eleven o'clock. I  
          want the situation neutralized  
          before one.

                  KNEALE  
          Then you want us to actually go  
          inside.....?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GERSH

Look, Doctor, no one knows.  
There's been no public alert.  
I'm having the highway sealed off.  
We're all alone out here in the  
middle of the night. I can keep  
us secure.

KNEALE

Secure from what?

Gersh looks at Kneale for a beat, then suddenly walks away to the rear of the van where the others gather equipment.

RAYMER

Doctor!

Kneale moves to the rear of the van where the group passes paraphernalia back and forth furiously. Raymer tosses a bulky mass to him.

RAYMER

Make sure you're completely covered!

GERSH

Get in Doctor!

Kneale looks at Gersh and then climbs in the van.

GERSH

(continuing, shouts into  
the van)  
I'll meet you there later.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Gersh slams the van door shut.

It is dark inside. Kneale sits down looking dazed. The van starts up. He glances over at Teresa sitting across from him.

TERESA

I'm sorry John.

KNEALE

It's all right....

TERESA

They said to get a doctor but  
didn't tell me why.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KNEALE

Why did I say I was a doctor?  
 What's wrong with a low rider?  
 What about a used car salesman?

EXT. DIABLO SPRINGS - NIGHT

The van ROARS out of the garage.

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The van THUNDERS down the highway.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

The group all TALK EXCITEDLY AT ONCE. Kneale watches, trying to piece together the frantic bits of their conversation.

ANGLE ON GROUP

Everyone seems to turn at once, looking at Sara. She looks at the others, her jaw flexing nervously.

PARKS

How much radiation escaped?

CUSHING

I want to know if we're going into  
 a radiated atmosphere!

SARA

No, the plant's clean.

Kneale settles back against the wall and watches intently.

CUSHING

(evenly)  
 What happened, Sara?

CAMERA MOVES INTO A CLOSEUP of Sara. She is terrified.

SARA

I left the main building at 7:55.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT GATE - DIABLO ROCK PLANT - NIGHT (PANAGLIDE)

CAMERA PANAGLIDES with Sara comfortably dressed against the desert wind, as she walks to a large gate in a high, chain-link fence topped with barb wire. She waves to a SECURITY GUARD in a small station who throws a switch. The gate slides open with a LOW METALLIC HUM.

SARA (V.O.)

(continuing)

I was the last one out because it was my night to cool off the stuff. As I was going to my car I saw the graveyard crew check in.

CAMERA PANAGLIDES with Sara through the gate. Ahead of her are SIX MEN walking toward the gate through a parking lot. One of the men, BENNETT TRAMER, stops and talks with her, chatting amiably.

SARA (V.O.)

(continuing)

I talked with Bennett Tramer for a couple minutes. We just talked, you know, about nothing. About the deadlines, about the weather.

EXT. DIABLO ROCK NUCLEAR PLANT (EFFECT)

It's deathly still. The warning lights play eerily on the huge facades. The sky is filled with stars.

We see Sara's red sportscar moving down a small asphalt road leading from the plant to a two-lane highway in the distance.

SARA (V.O.)

(continuing)

Everything was normal. Nothing unusual about tonight, nothing different. Tramer said something about an inspection in Dome 3. Just routine. I left the plant about 8:15

CUT TO:

EXT. DIABLO SPRINGS - NIGHT

We see Sara's sportscar pull up and stop. Sara gets out and goes into the building.

SARA (V.O.)

(continuing)

I dropped off some reports on my way home.

INT. DIABLO SPRINGS - NIGHT

We see Sara in the b.g. by a desk. Raymer sits in a swivel chair in f.g. drinking coffee, looking at a readout screen and making notation in a loose-leaf notebook.

SARA (V.O.)  
 (continuing)  
 I got there about 8:30 and I  
 overheard Raymer say that  
 Prometheus was on schedule with  
 the instructions.

CAMERA MOVES IN to the readout screen in front of the technician. We see:

PDT388SYNx  
 REACTOR START PROGRAM  
 INSTRUCTIONS TRANSMITTED  
 OCT 5 86 2031 HOURS

CUT TO:

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Sara has lit a cigarette.

SARA  
 (continuing)  
 We didn't pay much attention.  
 I started going over my  
 reports.....

Kneale leans over again to Parks.

KNEALE  
 (whispering)  
 Who's Prometheus?

TERESA  
 My computer. She runs and  
 monitors all systems in the plant.

Kneale stares at her. Teresa turns to Sara.

TERESA  
 Go ahead, Sara.

SARA  
 I was still there at 9:30 when  
 we got the phone call.

CUT TO:

INT. DIABLO SPRINGS - NIGHT

Sara is on the telephone. She looks worried.

SARA (V.O.)  
(continuing)  
Bennett Tramer called from the  
control room.

CUT TO:

EXT. DIABLO ROCK NUCLEAR PLANT (EFFECT)

We see the reverse angle of the plant. Just outside the perimeter of the fence, the desert floor drops off to the ocean. It is Gothic image, the huge glowing domes above a windy, dust-swept cliff.

SARA (V.O.)  
(continuing)  
He said something strange was  
going on at the plant. He sounded  
scared!

CUT TO:

INT. CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

It is large, neon-lit and windowless. There are a maze of instrumentation throughout the room: gauges, clocks, meters and computer consoles with input keys and reception print-outs. TV monitors cover the walls at ceiling level. The room is deadly cold and barren of any feeling. Just clean, glowing machinery.

Tramer talks into a red telephone excitedly, his eyes flicking up to a TV monitor above him o.s.

SARA (V.O.)  
(continuing)  
He had suddenly lost contact with  
the three man inspection team.  
He couldn't reach the other two  
men in the plan. Doctor Mercer  
didn't answer the phone in his  
building. No one answered the  
computer page.

CAMERA SLOWLY MOVES UP to the TV monitor above Tramer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARA (V.O.)  
 (continuing)  
 Then he said he saw something,  
 one of the men on an exterior  
 camera, running across the south  
 concourse toward dome 3.

We are on the TV monitor. A readout flashes:

REPLAY

On the screen we see an outside view of the walkway between two of the domes. Suddenly a figure dressed in a bulky bright orange radiation suit races along the walkway.

SARA (V.O.)  
 (continuing)  
 But Prometheus indicated that all  
 three men were inside dome three  
 proceeding with the drive  
 assembly.

ANGLE ON TRAMER

Tramer looks over at another TV monitor. He continues talking animatedly into the phone.

SARA (V.O.)  
 (continuing)  
 He called the guard at the front  
 gate. No answer there either!

CLOSEUP - SECOND TV MONITOR

We see the front view of the plant, including the gate and the security station. The small station looks empty.

SARA (V.O.)  
 (continuing)  
 The gate was closed but no sign  
 of the guard. Tramer panicked.  
 The plant was completely without  
 internal security!

CUT TO:

INT. DIABLO SPRINGS - NIGHT

Parks talks with FRANCO, a large, tough-looking man in his forties. Sara watches.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARA (V.O.)  
 (continuing)  
 Mr. Parks called in the security officer, Franco, and told him about the call.

Franco hurries out of the room.

EXT. DIABLO SPRINGS - NIGHT

Franco rushes from the building, jumps into his car and speeds away down the highway.

SARA (V.O.)  
 (continuing)  
 Franco took off for the plant. It was 9:45.

CUT TO:

INT. VAN - NIGHT

SARA  
 (continuing)  
 Parks tried calling the control for fifteen minutes. Tramer didn't answer. It was like nobody was in the plant. At 10:00 Franco arrived at the front gate.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT GATE - SECURITY STATION - NIGHT (PANAGLIDE)

Franco is in the security station talking excitedly on the telephone. CAMERA PANAGLIDES BACK to reveal the front gate standing wide open.

SARA (V.O.)  
 (continuing)  
 The gate was wide open. No guard in the security station. Franco called the control room several times. No answer.

Franco hangs p the phone, steps out of the security station and starts walking across the concourse toward the plant. CAMERA PANAGLIDES him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARA (V.O.)  
 (continuing)  
 He started walking to the main building. The plant was totally quiet. All the lights were on.

ANGLE ON FRANCO (PANAGLIDE)

CAMERA PANAGLIDES along with Franco. He stares straight ahead. Suddenly, he sees something off camera.

SARA (V.O.)  
 (continuing)  
 He was halfway across the concourse when he saw someone walk from the main building to dome  
 2.

FRANCO'S POV - WALKWAY

Thirty feet away we see the figure in the orange radiation suit walk quickly down a walkway. He carries the body of a man in his arms. It happens so fast we can't see any details.

ANGLE ON FRANCO

He stops and just stares.

SARA (V.O.)  
 (continuing)  
 It was someone in a radiation suit carrying a body in his arms.

FRANCO'S POV - WALKWAY

Again we see the moving figure just before he ducks into a doorway.

CUT TO:

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Everyone is very quiet, there is a stunned silence.

Kneale and Parks exchange glances.

TERESA  
 Tell us the rest, Sara.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARA

Then....Franco returned to the security station and called back. Mr. Parks told him to stay there. Now we've lost touch with him too.

Suddenly, everyone's talking again, all at once. Cushing waves his arms to stop the babble.

CUSHING

Quiet! Be quiet a minute!

Everyone subsides momentarily.

CUSHING

Raymer, once we're at the entrance road, get a reading. Let's see if we're hot.

ANGLE ON GROUP

The fear is palpable and very real.

EXT. JUNCTION OF HIGHWAY AND ROAD - NIGHT

The wind has risen and dust blows everywhere. The van and the other cars pull to a stop at the junction of the highway and the asphalt road leading to the plant.

ANGLE ON REAR OF VAN (PANAGLIDE)

The door swings open and the group jumps out. Cushing emerges from one of the cars and hurries over as Raymer jogs up pointing a small metal box up the road toward the plant.

RAYMER

No reading! We're clean!

ANGLE ON GROUP

Kneale stares at the mass of protective clothing, plastic hoods, rubber gloves and overshoes and the Canadian combat mask with an oxygen tube and tank.

Raymer thrusts a metal box at Kneale.

RAYMER

Radiation meter.

Kneale takes it. Teresa sees the expression on his face and leans over to him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TERESA

It's like the old geiger counters.  
Measures rads. Radiation Absorbed  
Dose. On this scale here.

She points to a meter on the box.

TERESA

(continuing)

You can take up to 25 rads. Just  
watch the needle here.

KNEALE

What if it goes above 25?

TERESA

150 rads and you can be fairly  
certain of leukemia. 450 rads  
and we find you a lead box and  
put you deep in the ground.

Kneale reacts to her words. She sees the expression on his  
face. He has to break the tension somehow. He throws up  
his hands.

KNEALE

All I wanted to do was get laid.

She smiles.

ANGLE ON MENDEZ GROUP (PANAGLIDE)

Mendez straps a .38 onto his radiation suit belt. CAMERA  
PULLS BACK to reveal the group suited up. The wind is an  
angry howl. Dust sprays across the road. Cushing SHOUTS  
at the group over the wind.

CUSHING

You have radio mikes in you masks.

The group slide their masks into place. They look like  
gargoyles with monstrous tubular appendages sprouting from  
their faces.

CUSHING

(continuing over radio)

Can you hear me?

SARA

Clear.

TERESA

Clear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAYMER  
Clear.

MENDEZ  
Clear.

PARKS  
Clear.

There is a silence. Teresa nudges Kneale.

KNEALE  
Sure....clear.

Cushing nods.

CUSHING  
Shall we take a walk?

CUT TO:

EXT. PLANT ROAD - NIGHT

Dust obscures the asphalt road. Suddenly seven figures appear out of the hazy darkness, their flashlights beams flicking like fingers through the swirling dust. They look like a grotesque track team from another planet.

ANGLE ON KNEALE

He trudges along, his face small and fearful behind the radiation mask. He glances over.

KNEALE'S POV - PARKS

Parks moves next to him. He looks back at Kneale.

REVERSE ANGLE - ROAD AND PLANT (EFFECT)

Through the dust we see the weird, glowing mercury-vapor outlines of the four domes like ghost images in the distance. The seven suited figures lumber inexorably toward them.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOMES - FROM GATE - HIGH ANGLE (EFFECT)

We are at an incredible, dizzying HIGH ANGLE looking down from the gigantic domes through the dust at a tiny group of seven ants that move toward the front gate of the plant. We can see a car parked by the road in front of the gate.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE ON GROUP - CAR

Slowly the group moves up to the car. It is empty. The driver's door is open. Wind and dust blow into the car.

SARA  
(over radio)  
It's Franco's car.

CUSHING  
(over radio)  
Come on.

They start up the road again.

GROUP'S POV - FRONT GATE - MOVING SHOT

CAMERA MOVES SLOWLY up the asphalt road toward the front gate, which is still wide open.

ANGLE ON GROUP - MOVING SHOT

The group slowly approaches the front gate, CAMERA MOVING WITH THEM.

Raymer holds up his radiation meter.

RAYMER  
Still clean.

ANGLE ON KNEALE - MOVING SHOT

As he walks along Kneale looks up.

KNEALE'S POV - REMOTE CAMERA - GATE - MOVING SHOT

Mounted high on the front gate is a remote TV camera that slowly pans with the group as they walk. Kneale points toward the gate.

KNEALE  
The camera.

POV - REMOTE CAMERA - GATE

The remote camera is now absolutely motionless.

ANGLE ON GROUP

KNEALE  
(continuing mystified)  
I swear it was moving. Following us!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PARKS

He's right. I saw it too.

The others look at Kneale and Parks, and then at the plant.

EXT. FRONT GATE - CONCOURSE

WIDE SHOT of the concourse and the front gate. The group walks through the gate and across the walkway toward the main building.

ANGLE ON GROUP - MOVING SHOT

CAMERA MOVES WITH THEM as they walk.

CLOSE MOVING SHOT - KNEALE

Kneale turns and looks behind him.

KNEALE'S POV - FRONT GATE - MOVING SHOT

CAMERA MOVES AWAY FROM the gate. There is a METALLIC CLICK and the gate starts to slide shut!

REAR ANGLE - GROUP

KNEALE

It's closing!

They spin around.

POV - FRONT GATE

The gate CLUNKS SHUT!

Then there is a LOW HUMMING SOUND, just audible over the wind.

ANGLE ON GROUP

Parks takes a step toward the gate.

PARKS

Can you hear that?

RAYMER

What?

PARKS

That humming sound....The current's been turned on! The fence is electrified!

CUT TO:

INT. CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

We are looking at a TV monitor showing the seven suited people start to walk again, quickly across the concourse to the main building, a large two-story bunker-like structure.

Suddenly the figure steps into frame! He is CLOSE TO CAMERA, out of focus; we can only see the blurred outline of his radiation suit.

CLOSE UP - KEY PUNCH

An orange-gloved hand punches several computer keys.

CLOSE UP - TV MONITOR

The image on the monitor ZOOMS IN, TIGHTENS on the group as they move under an archway to the front door of the main building.

One of them bends down and tries to open the door. The others cluster around in a huddle.

CUT TO:

EXT. ARCHWAY - MAIN BUILDING ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The group watches Raymer try to open the door with his keys. He stands up and touches the surface of the door with his fingers.

RAYMER

Pressurized! It's sealed shut!

PARKS

That means all the corridors in the main building are sealed. The doors work on an interlock.

TERESA

We're locked in and we're locked out!

SARA

By whom?

There is a silence. They look at each other through their masks.

CUSHING

All right, everybody listen. We'll split up. Teresa, Raymer and Mendez go with Sara to the lab.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUSHING (Cont'd)  
Make sure the hot fuels are contained and stable. Then get to the control room. Parks, the doctor and myself are going to dome 3. Now the radios are no good after about twenty feet so you can reach us through Prometheus once you get inside the control room.

TERESA  
What do we do about whoever's in there?

A silence.

TERESA  
(continuing)  
Look, someone's in there. The gate doesn't close by itself!

CUSHING  
That's why Mendez is here.

Everyone looks at Mendez. He pulls open his radiation suit and takes out a second .38 revolver. He extends it toward Kneale.

MENDEZ  
You want this, Doctor?

Kneale looks at the gun then at Mendez. He shakes his head no. Parks extends his hand. Mendez gives him the gun. Parks jams it into his coat pocket.

CUSHING  
Let's go.

ANGLE ON CUSHING, PARKS & KNEALE (PANAGLIDE)

CAMERA PANAGLIDES with Cushing, Parks and Kneale as they trudge down the walkway from the main building. Kneale turns and looks back.

KNEALE'S POV - TERESA & GROUP - MOVING SHOT

CAMERA PULLS AWAY from the main building and the group huddled around the door. Teresa turns and stares at Kneale.

ANGLE ON KNEALE - MOVING SHOT

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Kneale waves goodbye with some finality.

CUT TO:

CLOSE - TV MONITOR

On the screen we see the same shot of the group under the archway at the main building, except that three of them now walk away from the others and finally disappear behind a building.

Then slowly the image ZOOMS IN to the four standing around door, TIGHTENING further to see Raymer insert the metal probe into the pressure seal on the door.

ANGLE ON COMPUTER KEYS

The orange-gloved hands punch the keys with a frenzy.

CUT TO:

INT. DIABLO SPRINGS - NIGHT

A Technician stares at a readout screen. In the b.g. we see Gersh talking with SEVERAL SECURITY OFFICERS.

TECHNICIAN

There's a transmission from  
Prometheus.

Gersh and the security officers quickly gather around the screen.

GERSH

They must be in the control room.

CLOSEUP - READOUT SCREEN

One at a time the letters blip across the screen:

PDX3119  
TRANSMISSION TO  
DIABLO SPRINGS  
OCT. 5 86 2334 HOURS

The screen goes blank. Then:

QUIETLY DRESSED IN  
STAINLESS STEEL.....

Then:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SNOUTED WITH THE  
BLIND MASK OF ARES

Then:

I WATCHED THE SEVEN COME.

Then a blank screen.

ANGLE ON GERSH, SECURITY OFFICERS & TECHNICIAN

TECHNICIAN  
What's that?

CLOSEUP - READOUT SCREEN

SURELY TO CONQUER  
AND UNDO....

Then:

WHAT HAS BEEN DONE.

Then:

BUT I CANNOT DIE.

Then:

AND I CAN NOT BE UNDONE  
THEY WILL FEEL.....

And then:

MY FURY.

And then the screen goes blank.

CLOSE ON GERSH

A quiet dread begins to move across his face.

GERSH  
It's not them....

CLOSEUP - READOUT SCREEN

The letters blip on:

I AM THE ANGEL OF DEATH

Then:

I AM YOUR DAY OF JUDGEMENT.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Then:

YOU WILL NOT BE SAVED BY  
THE GOD PLUTONIUM.

Then:

YOU WILL NOT BE SAVED BY  
THE EXPANDING UNIVERSE.

Then:

IN FACT.....

And then:

YOU WILL NOT BE SAVED!

And the screen goes dead.

ANGLE ON GERSH, SECURITY OFFICERS & TECHNICIAN

There is an incredulous silence.

GERSH

I want the weather report for the  
Los Angeles and San Diego areas.  
Get me the Secretary of Defense  
of the telephone.

CUT TO:

EXT. WALKWAY - BUILDING - NIGHT

Three flashlight beams bounce wildly in the darkness at the end of a walkway beside a dark, concrete-cold building. Cushing, Parks and Kneale finally emerge into a pool of mercury-vapor light.

CUSHING

There...

POV - DOME 3

Rising 18 stories into the dusty night sky is dome 3.

ANGLE ON CUSHING, PARKS AND KNEALE (PANAGLIDE)

CAMERA PANAGLIDES with the three as they move toward the dome. They step in and out of work lights from the building next to them. Suddenly Cushing stops. Parks turns to him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PARKS  
What is it?

Cushing points with his flashlight.

POV - DOME 3 ENTRANCE

Cushing's flashlight beam illuminates the entrance to dome 3. The beam moves up.

There on the side of the dome is a skull drawn in spray paint! It is crudely done. Paint drips from the empty sockets and gleaming, grinning teeth.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - MAIN BUILDING - NIGHT (PANAGLIDE)

A WHOOSH of air and the door opens!

Teresa, Mendez, Sara and Raymer step in from the archway to a wide, cinderblock-cement corridor. Sara reads her radiation meter.

SARA  
Clean.

Everyone except Sara rips off their masks and climbs out of their radiation suits. Sara pushes a button on the wall. The door closes.

MENDEZ  
Where are we?

SARA  
The lab's down here.

CAMERA PANAGLIDES with them down the dark corridor to a door marked: HOT FUELS LABORATORY. Sara takes a spindle key from her suit and inserts it in the door.

RAYMER  
It's not sealed?

SARA  
Not on the interlock.

INT. HOT FUELS LAB - NIGHT

The door swings open. They cautiously step in. There is a control console in front of a multi-plated window. Sara quickly moves to the window.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

On the floor a level below are rows of open-top cylinders. Wisps of vapor play over the surface of the water in the cylinders.

TERESA  
Is it okay?

SARA  
I don't know yet.

Sara moves to the console and shoves her hands into two glove-like grips.

POV THRU WINDOW - HOT FUEL AREA

From just below the window two mechanical gyro-arms rise up. They have mechanical fingers on the ends that look like claws.

ANGLE ON SARA - CONSOLE

Sara moves her hands within the grips.

POV THRU WINDOW - HOT FUEL AREA

The gyro-arms manipulated by Sara's hands, reach out across the top of the cylinders and grasp an object from the opposite wall.

Then the arms slowly bring the object back across the room, right up to the window. It is a radiation meter.

ANGLE ON SARA AND GROUP

Sara stares through the window at the meter.

SARA  
A slight reading. Point three rads.

RAYMER  
Well.....?

SARA  
It should be reading zero.

MENDEZ  
Is something wrong?

SARA  
The reading go up and down all day long. It's not critical except it was at zero when I left tonight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sara moves from the console to a large metal door with a warning:

DANGER! RADIATION!  
PROTECTIVE SUITS MUST BE WORN  
AT ALL TIMES!

SARA  
(continuing)  
I've got to go down and check the pumps.

MENDEZ  
Can't you use the arms?

SARA  
You don't pick up the pumps. You go in and read them.

She punches a code into the prefix keys on the door. Suddenly it SUCKS VIOLENTLY INWARD and slides out of the way, revealing a small air lock.

SARA  
(continuing)  
This airlock seals from the inside. You can't open it from the outside. I'll lock myself in and wait for you to come back and get me.

Teresa moves to the other door and looks out into the corridor. No one notices.

RAYMER  
Sara, it's hot in there!

SARA  
Point three. It's nothing.

Sara step inside the airlock.

MENDEZ  
You shouldn't stay by yourself.

SARA  
Don't worry. I do this five days a week. Now you're wasting time. Get to the control room.

Sara punches a code inside the lock and the door instantly SEALS SHUT! Parks steps to the door and tests it. It won't budge.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Raymer steps to the console. Mendez joins him. Through the window they see Sara enter the hot fuels area from the second airlock door. She wears her radiation mask and waves to them.

                  MENDEZ  
She all right in there?

                  RAYMER  
She knows what she's doing.

                  TERESA  
Come here!

Mendez and Raymer move to Teresa at the doorway. They look out into the hall.

POV DOWN CORRIDOR - SMALL OFFICE DOORWAY

Down at the end of the corridor, some thirty feet, is an opened doorway to a small, brightly-lit office.

ANGLE ON TERESA, MENDEZ AND RAYMER

                  TERESA  
                  (continuing)  
Office for the night shift.

                  MENDEZ  
That door wasn't open when we got here!

                  TERESA  
That's right.

CUT TO:

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - DOME 3 - NIGHT

Darkness. Slowly the door opens. Flashlight beams spin crazily in to the darkened room

Parks, Cushing and Kneale finally step inside and close the door, shutting out the howling wind. Cushing flips on a light and the room ignites to new brilliance. He checks his radiation meter.

                  CUSHING  
Clean. You can take off your masks and suits.

Cushing and Parks rip off their masks and climb out of their gear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Almost simultaneously the three men see something off screen. They just stare.

POV - WALL

There is a tableau in spray paint across the wall.

CAMERA SLOWLY PANS ACROSS IT: first, a crudely-rendered drawing of a man in a radiation suit holding what looks like a human head. It's almost like a demented child's drawing.

The CAMERA PANS TO:

FOR THOSE WHO DARE TO ENTER  
MY DEMON KINGDOM

Finally CAMERA STOPS ON drawings of several people kneeling and praying to the man in the radiation suit. Above this is written:

AVERT THINE EYE FROM ME  
THIS IS HALLOWED GROUND

ANGLE ON PARKS, CUSHING AND KNEALE

KNEALE  
They're like primitive drawings  
on the walls of a cave.

PARKS  
Crazy people draw like that....

CUSHING  
I fear the artist is in the  
control room!

CUT TO:

INT. DIABLO SPRINGS - CLOSE ON GERSH - NIGHT

Gersh is eerily lit by a desk lamp. He talks into the telephone, staring straight ahead, his face pulled tight with tension. The monitors across from him hold steady on Diablo Rock.

GERSH

(into telephone)

Yes, Mister Secretary, I'm afraid so. Prometheus controls everything and he can operate Prometheus. He knew how to bypass the logic centers without triggering the fail-safe alarms.

(pause)

No sir, he hasn't just taken over a computer. Prometheus runs the reactors!

(pause)

Yes sir, given that he has this kind of knowledge of the machinery he could!

OVER SHOULDER - READOUT SCREEN

Over Gersh's shoulder is a readout screen with endless scientific data blipping across it.

PROMETHEUS 2350 HOURS AUTOTRANS  
 DOME 1 - CORE STABLE  
 TEMP 480 DEGREES FAHRENHEIT  
 DOME 2 - CORE STABLE  
 AUTOMATIC CLADDING ADJUST 2348  
 TEMP 499 DEGREES FAHRENHEIT....

GERSH

(continuing)

At this moment all systems are stable. We have a line right in to all four reactors. There's no indication of an accident and no indication that there's any problem whatsoever with the cores or the cooling systems....

CLOSE ON GERSH

He listens for several beats.

REVERSE ANGLE - MONITORS

Camera positions show all around the plant. There's no sign of life.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE ON GERSH

It's going very badly.

GERSH  
(continuing)  
I know we believed it was  
impossible. We were wrong.

CUT TO:

INT. SMALL OFFICE - NIGHT

Teresa, Mendez and Raymer cautiously step into the small office. Mendez has his gun drawn. Teresa presses a button activating the door. It slides shut behind them.

The room is empty. On a desk, a fresh pot of coffee sits steaming in a coffee maker. There are several desks and chairs. A typewriter HUMS quietly, a piece of paper in the spindle. There is another door on the other side of the office. It is open and marked: AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY! Behind it, another brightly lit office. Teresa carefully examines the room her eyes falling on one desk.

TERESA  
I'll try the telephone.

She walks to a desk on the other side of the room.

ANGLE ON MENDEZ

He moves over to the typewriter and leans down to the paper.

CLOSEUP - PAPER IN TYPEWRITER

We can read:

Log for October 5, 1986 10:00 PM Reassembly of control  
rod drives Replacing all plugs and thimbles to

ANGLE ON MENDEZ

He stares at the paper a moment, then, almost by reflex,  
CLICKS off the typewriter.

ANGLE ON TERESA

She lifts the phone and holds it to her ear. Nothing. No  
dial tone.

TERESA  
Dead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE ON DESK - TELEPHONE

She starts to replace the receiver. Then her hand turns it over.

On the underside of the receiver is a thin layer of blood.  
She opens her hand. There is now blood on her fingers!

ANGLE ON TERESA, RAYMER, MENDEZ

Teresa is in f.g. staring at her fingers. behind her Mendez moves to the sealed 'Authorized Personnel Only!' door.

Mendez walks over. Teresa shows him her fingers and the receiver.

ANGLE ON 'AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY' DOOR

Suddenly the opened door SLAMS SHUT!

The three of them spin around, reacting to the HOLLOW ECHOING SOUND OF THE SLAM reverberating through the room.

ANGLE ON DOOR TO CORRIDOR

Behind Raymer the sealed door leading back down the corridor SLOWLY SLIDES OPEN!

ANGLE ON TERESA, RAYMER AND MENDEZ

They stare at the opening door in astonishment.

CUT TO:

INT. CONTAINMENT CELL - NIGHT

Cushing, Parks and Kneale step into the containment cell, a small room with a computer outlet, a readout and keypunch. There are 2 TV monitors in the ceiling. Cushing hurries over to the outlet.

CUSHING  
It's disconnected.

As Parks opens a service door and begins tinkering with the insides of the outlet, Kneale stares at a huge floor-to-ceiling door at the end of the room with an alarming sign on it:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANGER! RADIATION!  
 AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY!  
 PROTECTIVE SUITS MUST BE WORN  
 AT ALL TIMES!

CLOSEUP - TV MONITORS (EFFECT)

The screens in the ceiling blink to life: Two different angles of the reactor itself rising 18 stories high. It's like a mammoth cylinder with huge pipes running out of it. The image is very dark.

ANGLE ON CUSHING AND KNEALE

CUSHING  
 Looks intact. No exterior structural damage.

KNEALE  
 It's damn dark.

CUSHING  
 They've got the lights off in there. Punch up the core.

Parks punches buttons. Suddenly their faces are bathed in an eerie blue light from the monitors.

CLOSEUP - TV MONITORS (EFFECT)

We see the inside of the reactor: the fuel rods, like long, metallic spears drifting in a whirling, ice-blue amniotic pool, glow moltenly.

ANGLE ON KNEALE

Mesmerized. The image is powerful. Awesome. Terrifying.

ANGLE ON PARKS, CUSHING

Staring hypnotically at the rods, the pool. Caught up in their eerie glow.

ANGLE ON PARKS CUSHING & KNEALE

Parks punches more buttons.

PARKS  
 Temperature is 488. Pressure's stable. She's cool and smooth.

Cushing leans over and punches a button.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLOSEUP - TV MONITORS

We see the outside of the reactor from different angles.  
The containment dome is empty.

CUSHING

But where are the men?

CUT TO:

INT. DIABLO SPRINGS - NIGHT

Gersh is still on the telephone. His face is moist with perspiration. He has pulled his tie open.

GERSH

(into telephone)

We have to examine our options very carefully, Mister Secretary. We need Diablo Rock. In 49 days she goes on stream. She'll plug right into the national power grid. One plant servicing the entire state of California. Those people inside the plant right now were instrumental in its design and creation. They know it inside and out. They believe in it. They won't do anything to jeopardize its future.

OVER SHOULDER ON READOUT SCREEN

More data blips across the screen:

DOME 3 - CORE STABLE  
 TEMP 468 DEGREES FAHRENHEIT  
 DOME 4 - CORE STABLE  
 ADJUST PRESSURE 4 DEGREES  
 TEMP 489 DEGREES FAHRENHEIT

GERSH (V.O.)

(continuing)

We called their families and told them we had a turnaround problem and they'd be working an extra shift.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLOSEUP - GERSH

GERSH

(continuing)

That should buy us some more time. We've got the entire area under security. All we need are some long lens television cameras watching and the National guard marching up to the front gate, and the combined population of San Francisco, Los Angeles, and San Diego trying to get out of the state at the same time.

(pause)

Yes sir, I agree with you. My feeling is that we contain the situation right here ourselves, quickly and quietly. I think I can have it under control in less than two hours.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - MAIN BUILDING - NIGHT (PANAGLIDE)

Teresa, Mendez and Raymer slowly move down the corridor, CAMERA PANAGLIDING WITH THEM. Parks has his gun out.

ANGLE BEHIND GROUP (PANAGLIDE)

We MOVE BEHIND the group. They round a corner and abruptly stop.

CAMERA MOVES FORWARD down the corridor ending in a wall with a large sealed door: CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM.

Above the door is another inscription in spray paint:

YOU OF THE FUTURE MAY BEHOLD ME

ENTER THE CHAMBER OF DEATH

ANGLE ON TERESA, MENDEZ AND RAYMER (PANAGLIDE)

For several moments they stare at the inscription then slowly move forward to the door. Raymer goes to a small, inset plate in the wall with a meter on it.

k1

RAYMER

Clean on the other side.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Raymer bends down by the door and extracts another metal probe from his toolbox.

MENDEZ  
(looking at inscription)  
Is this the only way in?

RAYMER  
The fastest.

Raymer begins prying away at the pressure seal.

TERESA  
"You of the future"...I think I  
know what that is.

She points to the inscription.

TERESA  
(continuing)  
It's like a note sealed in a time  
capsule. A half million years  
in the future, when some  
archeologist wanders in here,  
it'll be the first thing he see.

MENDEZ  
Why a half million years?

For a moment she doesn't say anything, just stares at the inscription.

TERESA  
Plutonium is the waste product  
this plant produces. It stays  
lethal for 500,000 years.

CUT TO:

INT. HOT FUEL AREA - NIGHT

The small room is a dark, icy blue. The liquid in the open-top cylinders surges vaporously. There is a painted pathway on the floor stencilled: SAFE PATH.

Sara cautiously moves along the path. She stops by one of the cylinders and carefully bends down.

CLOSER ANGLE - SARA AND CYLINDER

Just under the cylinder is a small gauge. Sara touches a tiny button in the top and the gauge lights up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She studies the reading, then makes a careful adjustment on a ring-like dial, then glances back at the gauge. Satisfied, she taps the button and the gauge light goes off.

ANGLE ON SARA - WINDOW & GYRO ARMS

Sara stands up and takes another reading with her radiation meter.

Behind her is the multi-plated window to the darkened observer's room. The gyro-arms are poised motionless in mid-air like metallic claws.

Then suddenly one of them gyro-arms moves silently upward!

Sara stares at her meter, unaware of the other metallic arm that hinges and extends toward her from behind.

Before it can reach her, Sara steps forward away from it.

ANGLE ON SARA - CYLINDER

Sara walks over to a cylinder and holds her radiation meter out over the liquid's surface. She studies the meter.

There is an insistent BEEPING!

Sara bends down to the small gauge under the cylinder. It is BEEPING and blinking a bright red on and off!

INT. OBSERVER'S ROOM - CLOSEUP - CONSOLE -

We are CLOSE on two orange-gloved hands thrust inside the grips on the console in the observer's room!

LOW ANGLE - CYLINDERS & GAUGES

One by one, each of the small gauges under the cylinders begin BEEPING and blinking a bright red!

ANGLE ON SARA

She slowly stands up staring in horror at the gauges.

SARA

Oh no.....

She touches an intercom button on her face mask.

SARA

Can anybody hear me? This is Sara  
in the hot fuel lab!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She waits and listens. Nothing but static.

SARA  
(continuing into mike)  
Something weird is happening in  
here! The gauges are all going  
up! They're blinking reactor  
start warnings!

More static. Sara slowly turns around. She looks up.

SARA'S POV - GYRO-ARM

The gyro-arm hovers above her, it's fingers twisted into a  
claw! Suddenly the arm lunges forward into CAMERA!

ANGLE ON SARA

The mechanical hand grabs the oxygen tube on her mask and  
RIPS it off her face!

ANGLE ON SARA'S LEGS

the other gyro-arm reaches out in a flash and CLAMPS its  
fingers around her ankle!

CLOSEUP - SARA

She opens her mouth to scream but suddenly she is upended!

ANGLE ON CYLINDER

The gyro-arm lifts Sara up in the air by her ankle! It  
dangles her kicking and SCREAMING over one of the cylinders!

Then it lowers her down head first!

Sara grabs the sides of the cylinders and holds her head  
above the surging liquid. The other gyro-arm reaches in,  
grabs her head firmly and pushes her face down into the  
liquid!

CLOSEUP - GYRO-ARM - ANKLE

CLOSE on the mechanical hand holding Sara's ankle. Her leg  
twists and struggles! Then less and less. We hear a VIOLENT  
GURGLING and BUBBLING!

Finally her leg slows and stops, hanging lifeless in the grip  
of the hand!

CUT TO:

INT. DOME 3 - REACTOR - HIGH ANGLE - NIGHT (EFFECT)

The screen is in darkness. We hear a DEEP HUMMING of monstrously huge machinery.

There is a HISS OF AIR and a shaft of light bursts through the airlock door as it opens. We are high up in dome 3, looking down past the gargantuan reactor vessel at Parks, Cushing and Kneale, three tiny figures that step through the airlock into the dome.

They stand for a moment, their flashlight beams playing around the cavernous walls at the bottom of a huge, dark concrete pit.

ANGLE ON PARKS, CUSHING & KNEALE

PARKS  
Where are the lights?

CAMERA PANS OVER TO a wall as a flashlight beam illuminates a blackened, smashed power box.

CUSHING  
There are no lights.

ANGLE ON

Parks steps to the box.

PARKS  
Looks burned... from the outside.  
It didn't explode, it was set on fire.

CUSHING  
The walls look scorched. Look up there.

The three men looks up.

POV - WALLS

CAMERA FOLLOWS Cushing's flashlight beam up the blackened walls, higher and higher.

Then suddenly the beam and the CAMERA STOP ON A HUMAN FIGURE, black and smouldering, impaled on a steel rod protruding from the wall right next to a remote TV camera! It is one of the inspection team but he been charred featureless. His body is still smoking.

ANGLE ON PARKS, CUSHING & KNEALE

They just stare for several beats.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PARKS

He was next to the camera behind the lens. We couldn't see him on the monitor...

CUSHING

He didn't fall. There's no walkway above him. He was....crucified.

PARKS

Or thrown. From the stairs there.

KNEALE

We should get him down.

PARKS

We'd need a crane to get to him.

CUSHING

There should be two more men in here.

The three look at each other.

CUSHING

(continuing)

Lets spread out. Stay in radio contact. We'll meet on the other side of the reactor.

HIGH ANGLE - DOME 3 - REACTOR

From above the reactor looking down on the floor we see the three of them separate and start around the reactor, Parks going one direction, Cushing and Kneale the other.

ANGLE ON CUSHING & KNEALE - MOVING SHOT

CAMERA FOLLOWS Cushing and Kneale as they move away from the airlock. Cushing moves ahead, veering over toward the reactor. Kneale hugs the wall and stops for a moment to tentatively inspect a metal staircase running up the side of the wall. He turns around and catches Parks in his flashlight beam on the other side of the room.

Suddenly an arm lashes out from behind the stairway, the hand grabbing Kneale's forearm with a SNAP!

Kneale spins around, SCREAMS and steps backward, pulling a man out from behind the staircase on to the floor!

The hand lets go of his forearm and limply slides down Kneale's leg.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KNEALE  
Over here! Over here!

ANGLE ON MAN - KNEALE

He has been burned badly but is still alive. His face is black except for his white, staring eyes. Kneale quickly bends down, RIPS open his bag, digging frantically through it with one hand while he takes the man's pulse with the other.

The man's eyes move to Kneale's face, trying to see who he is. Then, with a tremendous effort, he opens his mouth.

MAN  
(a raspy whisper)  
Fireman! Fireman! Fireman!

Kneale leans down to him with a hypodermic.

KNEALE  
I'm a doctor.....

MAN  
Fireman! Fireman!

The next instant the man's eyes flick up to the ceiling and remain fixed there. He is dead.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Raymer and Cushing come running up. Kneale just stares down at the man.

KNEALE  
He was calling for a fireman.

CUSHING  
What?

KNEALE  
He just said "fireman" over and over.

Parks searches the metal staircase with his flashlight.

PARKS  
I found the third.

Kneale and Cushing look up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POV - STAIRCASE

Hanging underneath the staircase from a rope, just barely visible in the flashlight beam, is the third man!

ANGLE ON CUSHING

Something's going wrong. It's as if he's crossed over some invisible threshold. His face twitches.

CUSHING

He's going to kill us.

Kneale and Parks turn to look at him.

ANGLE ON KNEALE

He knows instantly. This guy is right on the edge.

ANGLE ON CUSHING

His eyes blinking rapidly. His voice wavering.

CUSHING

He's going to destroy all my work.  
And then he's going to kill us  
all.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - MAIN BUILDING - NIGHT

Mendez paces back and forth in the corridor. Teresa continues to stare at the inscription. Raymer pries at the pressure seal on the control room door.

RAYMER

All right!

Mendez and Teresa move up behind Raymer. There is a CLICK as Mendez cocks the hammer of his gun. Raymer twists his metal probe. There is a WHOOSHING from the door!

INT. CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

The door pneumatically HISSES OPEN!

The lights are on, the machines blink and CLICK normally. Teresa, Mendez and Raymer cautiously step inside.

RAYMER

Home!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

                  MENDEZ  
Is it all right?

Teresa hurries to the main console. She quickly runs down several rows of dials and gauges.

                  TERESA  
          (reading gauges)  
All four reactors stable...Core  
temperatures holding...coolant  
flow normal...pressure normal....  
They're sleeping like babies.

Raymer exhales a sigh of relief.

                  RAYMER  
God....

Mendez walks over to another door at the other end of the control room. Next to the door on the wall is a large electrical power box.

                  MENDEZ  
Where does this go?

                  RAYMER  
Maintenance area.

                  TERESA  
Look at his?

Raymer moves over to the console as Teresa stares at a row of dials.

                  TERESA  
          (continuing)  
He cut the primary system!

She flips a switch several times.

                  MENDEZ  
Who?

                  TERESA  
Whoever we're supposed to be  
after. He cut the circuits!. I  
can't override the controls!

                  MENDEZ  
I don't understand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TERESA

Like an automatic pilot.; If I want to take over the manual controls, I can't. They're dead!

RAYMER

Can you open the front gate?

TERESA

I can't do anything except turn on the remote cameras and heat up the coffee!

MENDEZ

Can you fix it?

TERESA

Sure. Give me two hours.

RAYMER

Wonderful!

MENDEZ

What's that?

Mendez points down the concourse to a blinking light in a row of buttons.

Teresa moves down to the blinking light.

TERESA

It opens that door!

She points to the maintenance area door behind Mendez. He spins around to the door.

MENDEZ

Does it work?

TERESA

I don't know.

Mendez braces himself. He raises his gun.

MENDEZ

Try it.

Teresa punches the blinking button.

ANGLE ON MAINTENANCE DOOR - INT. MAINTENANCE AREA (PANAGLIDE)

The maintenance door slowly slides open revealing a pitch black room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mendez stands at the threshold of the door and CLICKS on his flashlight. As Teresa and Raymer move up beside him, CAMERA PUSHES FORWARD SLIGHTLY.

The flashlight beam reveals a small room filled with various banks of machinery in states of repair.

ANGLE ON TERESA, MENDEZ & RAYMER

There is a CLICK form somewhere in the room. Mendez spins his flashlight.

ANGLE ON WIRE

The beam moves up the wall and across the ceiling.

ANGLE ON TERESA, MENDEZ AND RAYMER

CAMERA MOVES IN on their faces.

ANGLE ON CEILING

Hanging by wires from the ceiling, are Franco, the security officer and Bennett Tramer, the computer operator!

Both men are dead. They hang together, their arms entwined as if they are dancing a waltz, slowly spinning on the wires.

ANGLE ON TERESA, MENDEZ AND RAYMER

All they can do is stare. Teresa beings to cry.

ANGLE ON TERESA, MENDEZ AND RAYMER

Teresa turns from the sight and steps back into the control room.

TERESA  
Shut the door!

Mendez and Raymer step back into the control room. Teresa punches the button on the console and the room in plunged into DARKNESS.

CUT TO:

INT. CONTAINMENT CELL - DOME 2 - NIGHT

Parks, Cushing and Kneale huddle around the computer outlet. They stare up at the TV monitors showing endless scientific data blipping by.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KNEALE

Did something blow up in there?

CUSHING

Not likely. There'd be damage to the reactor.

PARKS

Look there.

(points to the monitor)

There's the temperature rise and the alarm at 10:14. But no indication the core heated up. Almost like somebody walked in with a flame thrower and torched the inspection team.

KNEALE

Look, I know I've been asking a lot of stupid questions. I've got another one that won't stay down.

CUSHING

I'm sure it's not a stupid question, doctor. Just one without an answer.

KNEALE

The front gate closes, the electricity comes on, the doors all lock, paintings on the wall...

CUSHING

Territorial displays.

PARKS

What?

CUSHING

It's his plant!

KNEALE

Who?

CUSHING

Who he is doesn't matter. A psychotic, a saboteur, the result is the same. There's a doorway, Doctor Kneale, a sealed doorway that was never intended to be opened by any rational man.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUSHING (Cont'd)

It leads precisely and directly into hell. Right now someone is poised by that doorway. I have no way of knowing if he's capable of opening it, but there's every indication he's going to try.

PARKS

I don't think he knows how to do anything to the reactors! Take a look. We're floating along, cool as a cucumber.

CUSHING

If he controls Prometheus he controls four nuclear reactors! He can render the west coast uninhabitable for the next 500,000 years.

PARKS

All he knows how to do so far is close the gate and seal the doors.

CUSHING

So far.

Cushing turns from the computer outlet and steps to the door.

CUSHING

(continuing)

We must regain control of Prometheus.

KNEALE

I'm a normal person. I eat breakfast, I go to the bathroom. What am I doing here?

Kneale looks hard at each man but gets no answer.

INT. DIABLO SPRINGS - NIGHT

Gersh and the technicians jump to their feet and huddle around a readout screen.

TECHNICIAN

It just started coming in!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLOSEUP - READOUT SCREEN

PDX 3120  
TRANSMISSION TO  
DIABLO SPRINGS  
OCT. 6 86 0129 HOURS

Then:

HAVE REACHED CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM  
BENNETT TRAMER DEAD  
LARRY FRANCO DEAD

Blank screen. Then:

ALL FOUR REACTORS STABLE.

ANGLE ON GERSH - TECHNICIANS

The room EXPLODES everyone SHOUTING at once.

                  GERSH  
          Wait, wait!

CLOSEUP - READOUT SCREEN

HOWEVER, ALL PRIMARY SYSTEMS  
FROZEN  
CIRCUITS HAVE BEEN CUT

ANGLE ON GERSH - TECHNICIANS

                  TECHNICIAN  
          That's impossible.

                  GERSH  
          He's shut down the main controls.  
          The goddamn thing's inoperable!

CLOSEUP - READOUT SCREEN

ONLY KEY PUNCH AND  
REMOTE CAMERA SYSTEMS  
FUNCTIONING

Then:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAN NOT COMPLETE POWERDOWN  
OF REACTORS  
WE ARE NOT IN CONTROL OF  
PROMETHEUS

Then:

2 HOURS TO REPAIR CIRCUITS.  
WILL BARRICADE INSIDE CONTROL  
ROOM. INTRUDER STILL INSIDE  
PLANT.

Then:

CALL A SECURITY ALERT.  
FRONT GATE HOT. SEND IN  
HELICOPTER WITH HELP.  
TERESA.

ANGLE ON GERSH - TECHNICIANS

TECHNICIAN  
Do we call a Security Alert?

GERSH  
No.

Gersh turns from the readout screen. He looks at his wrist watch.

GERSH  
(continuing)  
We've still got another hour.

SECURITY OFFICER  
Mr. Gersh, What about the  
helicopter?

GERSH  
Get it.

CUT TO:

INT. CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

WHAM!

Teresa wrenches open a service plate in the side of the computer console. Inside is a mass of wires, transistors and instrumentation. She pulls out a transistor sheet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAMERA MOVES OVER TO Mendez dragging a filing cabinet over to the door leading out into the corridor, then IN TO Raymer standing by the console staring up at the TV monitors above him.

ANGLE ON TV MONITORS

The screens show various views of the outside of the plant.

CAMERA MOVES IN to one screen. We see Cushing, Parks and Kneale trudging along a walkway.

ANGLE ON TERESA, MENDEZ AND RAYMER

RAYMER  
There's Cushing!

Teresa and Mendez rush to the console.

TERESA  
They look all right....

MENDEZ  
They don't even know we're in here.

TERESA  
If they get near a terminal I can punch a message through.

MENDEZ  
There he is!

Mendez points to a monitor.

CLOSEUP - TV MONITOR

The figure steps out of a door in the main building and quickly disappears around a corner.

ANGLE ON TERESA, MENDEZ AND RAYMER

TERESA  
He was in the main building!

RAYMER  
Sara.....

TERESA  
Look there!

She points to another monitor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLOSEUP - TV MONITOR

Parks, Cushing and Kneale hurry along a walkway by a mass of wires and transformers.

TERESA  
(continuing)  
They're by the substation.

ANGLE ON TERESA

She punches some buttons on the console.

CLOSEUP - 2 TV MONITORS

On the right monitor we see the three men move by the substation. On the left monitor we see the figure dart out of the shadows by a building and start across the walkway. He carries a cylindrical object in his arms.

TERESA (V.O.)  
(continuing)  
He's just a few yards behind them,  
by the compressor lock!

ANGLE ON TERESA, MENDEZ AND RAYMER

RAYMER  
He's after them!

CLOSEUP - 2 TV MONITORS

Now on the right monitor Parks, Cushing and Kneale move toward the main building. On the left monitor is the view of the substation and the suited figure racing along.

TERESA (V.O.)  
He's gaining on them.

On the right monitor: the three men move to a door in the main building.

TERESA  
(continuing)  
They're outside at one of the rear  
doors!

Right monitor: Parks bends down to the seal on the door.

TERESA (V.O.)  
The door's sealed! They're trying  
to open it!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE ON TERESA, MENDEZ AND RAYMER

RAYMER  
They'll never make it!

MENDEZ  
Open the door!

Teresa frantically searches the console. She finds a button and punches it.

TERESA  
It's dead!

CUT TO:

EXT. REAR DOOR - MAIN BUILDING - NIGHT

Parks uses the end of a stethoscope on the pressure seal.

KNEALE  
Take it easy. Those things are expensive.

PARKS  
It's not working.

CUT TO:

INT. CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Teresa YANKS out a small panel in the service door and RIPS OUT a transistor sheet. She runs her fingers along the surface, carefully punching the transistors back into sequence.

MENDEZ  
Hurry.

CLOSE ON TV MONITORS

Right monitor: Cushing, Parks and Kneale by the door. Left monitor: a walkway. The figure races along.

ANGLE ON CONSOLE

Teresa SLAMS the transistor sheet back into the inside of the console, jumps to her feet and SMASHES her fist down on a button!

INT. CORRIDOR - MAIN BUILDING - NIGHT

The door slides open suddenly. Kneale, Cushing and Parks step inside a cinderblock corridor. There is another door marked: STORAGE TANK 2.

CUSHING  
Congratulations, Parks.

PARKS  
I didn't do it.

He hands Kneale the stethoscope.

KNEALE  
I'm billing you for this.

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL a computer terminal with a small readout screen. Letters are blipping on the screen. Cushing and Kneale step over to the terminal. Parks stands by the door.

CLOSEUP - READOUT SCREEN

HE'S RIGHT BEHIND YOU!  
HE'S RIGHT BEHIND YOU!  
HE'S RIGHT BEHIND YOU!

ANGLE ON KNEALE, CUSHING AND PARKS - DOOR

Cushing and Kneale whirl around.

CUSHING  
The door! Close the door!

Parks stares at them for a moment.

Then he comprehends! Parks moves for the button on the wall!

Suddenly a wall of flame BLASTS through the opened door, shot in from the outside like a flame thrower.

ANGLE ON PARKS

He leaps away from the flame, back against the storage tank door!

ANGLE ON CUSHING AND KNEALE

They jump back from the tongue of fire which has separated them from Parks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE ON PARKS

Flames lick around him! He quickly opens the storage door and ducks inside! The door BANGS shut but doesn't catch! It swings open!

ANGLE ON CUSHING AND KNEALE (PANAGLIDE)

They back down the corridor, CAMERA PANAGLIDING WITH THEM.

POV - EXTERIOR DOOR - STORAGE TANK DOOR

Suddenly the wall of flame stops!

We see the shadow of the figure, holding a large cylindrical tank in his hands, moving along the wall, coming in through the door!

ANGLE ON CUSHING AND KNEALE (PANAGLIDE)

They both begin to run down the corridor, CAMERA PANAGLIDING WITH THEM.

	KNEALE
Parks.	
	CUSHING
RUN!	

CUT TO:

INT. STORAGE TANK 2 - NIGHT (PANAGLIDE)

The light from the corridor spills into the storage tank. Parks backs quickly down the middle of two rows of bright orange radiation suits hung on racks. CAMERA PANAGLIDES with him. He suddenly stops.

POV - STORAGE TANK DOOR

We can see out into the corridor

We hear FOOTSTEPS. They slow. Then stop.

ANGLE ON PARKS

He crouches, pulls the gun out of his suit and raises it, taking aim!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KNEALE  
Cushing....

CUSHING  
(irritated)  
WHAT?

KNEALE  
I heard something.... Like a low  
rumble. I felt it through the  
floor....

CUSHING  
I don't feel anything.

KNEALE  
It's gone now....

CUSHING  
Come on, doctor!

They start running again.

KNEALE  
Do you think Parks is dead?

CUSHING  
(a long pause)  
Yes.

CUT TO:

INT. STORAGE TANK - NIGHT

Parks is motionless against the rear wall of the storage tank. Streams of perspiration run down his face. First he looks left, center then right.

PARKS POV - STORAGE TANK - ROWS OF SUITS

CAMERA PANS from one wall past the rows of suits to the other wall and then back again. Nothing. Silence.

ANGLE ON PARKS

It's almost as if something caught Parks's eye and it just registers on his brain. He looks again.

PARKS'S POV - WALL

Between the rows of radiation suits and the wall is a dark area. We can almost see a shape there in the shadows.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE ON PARKS

He leans slowly to his left.

PARKS'S POV - WALL

CAMERA MOVES SLIGHTLY and we can see around the suits. There is what seems to be the shape of a man sitting there leaning against the wall.

ANGLE ON PARKS

He slowly raises his flashlight and then the gun. He waits a beat, and then CLICKS on the flashlight.

PARKS'S POV - WALL

The beam illuminates the security guard, eyes open, totally dead, slumped against the wall.

Next to him, is another dead man: the reactor operator. They both look as if they are just sitting there staring wide-eyed off into space.

ANGLE ON PARKS

There is a LOUD CLICK. Parks spins around.

PARKS'S POV - ROWS OF SUITS - DOOR

The door to the storage tank swings open and we see the figure quickly duck into the corridor. Then the door SLAMS SHUT.

ANGLE ON PARKS (PANAGLIDE)

Parks slowly gets to his feet. He starts walking down between the racks toward the door, CAMERA PANAGLIDING with him.

PARKS'S POV - DOOR

CAMERA MOVES toward the door.

ANGLE ON PARKS (PANAGLIDE)

Parks raises the gun. He shoves the flashlight in his belt and reaches out with hand.

ANGLE ON HAND - DOORKNOB - MOVING SHOT

CAMERA MOVES FORWARD with his hand as it grasps the door knob.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE ON PARKS

Parks stands for a moment, poised. He takes a deep breath and slowly pulls the door open a crack.

POV - CRACK IN DOOR - CORRIDOR

Through the small crack we see the corridor outside. We hear RECEDING FOOTSTEPS, moving off down the hall. And on the wall is the shadow of the figure getting smaller and smaller as he moves away.

ANGLE ON PARKS

He waits several beats. Silence. He starts to open the door.

ANGLE ON STORAGE TANK DOOR

Slowly the door swings further open. Parks is on the other side, peering out.

What he doesn't see is a tight wire attached to the doorknob leading o.s.!

Parks opens the door.

ANGLE ON CYLINDER

The wire is attached to the cylindrical gas tank which sits across the corridor!

As the door opens the wire pulls a switch!

The next instant a BURST OF FLAMES EXPLODES out of the nozzle, ROARING into the storage tank!

ANGLE ON PARKS

He is engulfed in flames!

He staggers backward, arms flailing, a human torch! Finally he falls into the rack of suits and slumps to the floor in a fiery heap!

ANGLE ON CYLINDER - FIGURE

The cylinder continues to gush fire into the storage tank! Standing down the hall, watching, is the figure.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT (PANAGLIDE)

CAMERA MOVES with Kneale and Cushing, still running but much slower.

POV - CORRIDOR - OBSERVER'S ROOM - MOVING SHOT

CAMERA ROUNDS A CORNER. Down the corridor. Opened door ahead. The hot fuels lab. Then Raymer running toward them.

INT. HOT FUELS LAB

All three are out of breath as they clump into the room.

RAYMER  
Where's Parks?

CUSHING  
....Don't know....

RAYMER  
(points to airlock)  
Sara's in here....

KNEALE  
Where are the others?

RAYMER  
Control room. That way.

Raymer runs to the window and looks into the hot fuel area. Cushing peers in beside him.

ANGLE ON CUSHING

Horrified.

CUSHING  
My god.

REVERSE ANGLE - HOT FUELS LAB

Sara's submerged. Her feet hang motionless over the tank.

ANGLE ON CUSHING, KNEALE, RAYMER

Staring in shocked astonishment.

ANOTHER ANGLE

They burst through the door, run to the tank.

CLOSE ON SARA

Underwater. Her face is a death mask frozen in fear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE ON GROUP

Mesmerized. Staring at her lifeless body.

ANGLE ON KNEALE, CUSHING

Kneale starts for her. Cushing gently grabs his arm. Kneale stares at him. Cushing shakes head. They're much too late.

EXT. FUEL LABS

They walk out, lean against the wall.

ANGLE ON KNEALE

He closes his eyes. It's all too much to comprehend. Suddenly, his eyes open wide.

KNEALE  
I felt it again.

Raymer stares at him.

RAYMER  
Felt what?

KNEALE  
The floor shook.

CUSHING  
You're hallucinating.

Cushing turns and looks back down the corridor.

CUSHING  
Now I'm hearing something.

KNEALE  
A rumbling sound?

CUSHING  
No. Footsteps. Down the  
corridor, coming this way.

POV - CORRIDOR

The corridor is empty. We hear the heavy CLOMPING of boots against the tiled floor from around the bend.

ANGLE ON KNEALE, CUSHING AND RAYMER

CUSHING  
Getting closer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KNEALE  
Do you think it's Parks?

CUSHING  
I don't know.

He listens again.

CUSHING  
There!

POV - CORRIDOR

A huge shadow is splayed across the corridor wall. Suddenly the figure rounds the bend like a juggernaut and hurtles toward the CAMERA! He carries the gas tank!

ANGLE ON KNEALE, CUSHING AND RAYMER

Cushing and Kneale take off. Raymer fiddles frantically with the airlock door. Kneale turns back.

KNEALE  
RUN!

Raymer looks up.

POV - CORRIDOR

The figure sprints toward him.

ANGLE ON RAYMER (PANAGLIDE)

He dashes out of the room. CAMERA PANAGLIDES with him down the hall incredibly fast. Up ahead are Cushing and Kneale running with all their might.

CUT TO:

INT. CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Mendez has totally barricaded the door. Teresa still sits on the floor by the console surrounded by much of the machine's inards.

MENDEZ  
Anything working?

TERESA  
Go away.

Mendez glances up at the TV monitors.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

                  MENDEZ  
Can I see the interior cameras?

                  TERESA  
That panel over there....

                  MENDEZ  
Which one?

                  TERESA  
Count....seven from the wall.

                  MENDEZ  
          (counts)  
Yeah.

                  TERESA  
Third row. It's labelled.

Mendez stares at the panel.

                  MENDEZ  
Okay....

He punches the buttons. Above him one by one the TV monitors cut from outside views to wide angles looking down various interior corridors. Mendez takes a peripheral glance at the various screens.

                  TERESA  
          (glares at the  
          transistor board)  
Which one are you? The front  
gate, main building doors....?

                  MENDEZ  
Huh?

                  TERESA  
Main building doors.  
          (to Mendez)  
I was just talking to this  
transistor.

Mendez glances back up at the monitors.

CLOSEUP - TV MONITOR

A wide angle on the corridor. Suddenly Cushing and Kneale race through, followed by Raymer.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

CLOSEUP - PANEL

Her fingers SLAM down a row of buttons.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - DOORWAY

Cushing and Kneale run through a doorway.

It starts to slide shut!

Raymer leaps through!

ANGLE ON RAYMER (PANAGLIDE)

Running, he looks back.

POV - DOORWAY - THE FIGURE (PANAGLIDE)

Sprinting harder, the figure makes it through also.

POV - THE CORRIDOR AHEAD (PANAGLIDE)

Another doorway. Cushing and Kneale run through.

It starts to close!

ANGLE ON RAYMER (PANAGLIDE)

Going for it, the figure gaining on him!

POV - THE CORRIDOR AHEAD (PANAGLIDE)

The door halfway shut! Three quarters....!

ANGLE ON RAYMER (PANAGLIDE)

Gasping, reaching for the door, the figure right behind him!

POV - THE CORRIDOR AHEAD (PANAGLIDE)

Right into the closing door!

ANGLE ON DOOR FROM OTHER SIDE

Raymer's hand reaches desperately through the tiny, shrinking space between the door and the wall!

His fingers claw at the air and we hear him SCREAM on the other side! Then suddenly his hand is jerked back through!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE ON CUSHING AND KNEALE

Behind them the door CRASHES SHUT! The sound echoes down the corridor. Cushing and Kneale stop and turn around.

We hear Raymer's short, PIERCING SCREAM and then silence. Just the WHIRRING of the air conditioning.

CUSHING

No!

Out of breath, Cushing stumbles back to the door and leans exhaustedly against it, hands extended as if he wants to open it.

CUSHING

(continuing)

No....

Then he slumps against the door. Kneale just stands there numbly.

CUT TO:

EXT. DIABLO SPRINGS - NIGHT

Several men rush out of the building as a helicopter THUNDERS down from the night sky and lands in the parking lot.

INT. DIABLO SPRINGS - CLOSE ON READOUT SCREEN

Another message blips across:

RAYMER DEAD. MAITLAND DEAD.  
PARKS MISSING. PRESUMED DEAD.

Then:

WE ARE SEALED IN CONTROL  
ROOM. INTRUDER WAITING OUTSIDE.  
TERESA.

ANGLE ON GERSH - TECHNICIANS - SECURITY OFFICER

He watches the letters sweep off the screen.

SECURITY OFFICER  
Helicopter's here, Mr. Gersh.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GERSH

Load it up. Have your men stand by with decontamination foam, weapons and extra suits. We leave in fifteen minutes.

CUT TO:

INT. CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

CAMERA MOVES BACK from the barricaded door. Mendez sits in a chair, his legs propped up against a table, gun in his hand, staring at the door.

CAMERA MOVES to Cushing seated by the console. He nervously scans the bank of TV monitors above him.

ANGLE ON TERESA AND KNEALE

Standing at the computer console. Kneale is standing next to her. The situation's impossible but they're back together. Kneale studies her face.

KNEALE

Am I glad to see you.

She's harried, desperate but just as pleased to see him.

TERESA

So am I.

CLOSE ON KNEALE, TERESA

They smile at each other.

ANGLE ON KNEALE

KNEALE

You get any other great ideas, let me know.

ANGLE ON TV MONITORS

Filled with shots of empty halls and corridors.

ANGLE ON TERESA, KNEALE

Shoulder to shoulder. She keeps working on the console circuits.

KNEALE

Why would the floor shake?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TERESA  
What floor?

KNEALE  
Out in the corridor. Rumble and  
shake.

TERESA  
(looks up from her work)  
Maybe if all four reactors were  
heated up simultaneously and very  
quickly. If there was that kind  
of a big power up, you might feel  
a little vibration.

KNEALE  
Did that just happen about twenty  
minutes ago?

TERESA  
You felt the floor shake?

KNEALE  
Twice.

Teresa gets up and goes to the console. She stares at a bank  
of meters and gauges. She shakes her head.

TERESA  
Not according to the gauges.  
Everything's fine.

Teresa returns to the console circuitry.

KNEALE  
Maybe the gauges are wrong.

TERESA  
Couldn't be.

Suddenly a thought strikes Teresa. She looks alarmed.

KNEALE  
What's wrong?

As she gets up from the floor and steps to the console,  
Kneale following,

TERESA  
Couldn't be....

Cushing gets up from his chair.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUSHING  
Are we back on board?

TERESA  
(almost thinking out  
loud)  
The circuits affect my controls.  
But not my gauges. Not the meters  
or any of the observational  
systems. Prometheus gives us all  
that hard data.

CUSHING  
And?

TERESA  
And yet he felt the floor shake.

Teresa sits down at the console. She rapidly types on a  
keyboard.

CUSHING  
It means nothing.

TERESA  
Unless what we're seeing isn't  
really what's happening.

KNEALE  
I thought I wasn't making any  
sense.

Teresa continues typing.

TERESA  
What if he punched in his own  
master program? What if he  
delayed things so that the gauges  
are giving us the readings from  
an hour ago, two hours ago? Who  
knows how long?

She continues typing.

CLOSEUP - INTERFACE SCREENS

We see two readout screens side by side. On the left is  
Teresa's message:

REQUEST MASTER PROGRAM  
RSU2444SYNXX  
REACTOR START  
ONE THRU FOUR

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

On the right screen is the computer's answer:

DOES NOT COMPUTE  
SYNTAX ERROR

ANGLE ON TERESA, KNEALE AND CUSHING

TERESA  
Prometheus doesn't know what I'm  
talking about! It's forgotten  
its own master program!

She begins typing again.

CLOSEUP - INTERFACE SCREENS

Left screen:

SECURITY OVERRIDE 118  
REQUEST NEW CODE PREFIX  
FOR REACTOR START

Right screen:

REACTOR START  
EXE000  
SUPERSEDES PREVIOUS PROGRAM

ANGLE ON TERESA, KNEALE AND CUSHING

Teresa punches out the code on huge prefix buttons.

CLOSEUP - INTERFACE SCREENS

Left screen:

REQUEST INTERFACE  
REACTOR START  
EXE000

Right screen:

PLEASE STAND BY.

ANGLE ON TERESA, KNEALE AND CUSHING

Suddenly there is a HIGH-PITCHED TONE from above them.  
Teresa, Kneale and Cushing look up.

CLOSEUP - TV MONITOR

The tone comes from the TV monitor. On the screen we see:

PRE-RECORDED VIDEO TAPE

Then an image pops on. It is a MAN sitting in a chair in  
what looks like a section of an underground cavern.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

There is a light over his shoulder but his face is in shadow. We can't see his features. He holds a remote control button for the video camera in his hand.

MAN

You have the knowledge required to reach the interface of this machine. I assume you will understand what I am about to say to you.

ANGLE ON TERESA, KNEALE, CUSHING AND MENDEZ

Mendez steps up behind them to listen.

MAN (V.O.)

(continuing)

You are standing in the central control room of what was once this planet's largest nuclear power plant. If you are playing this, then some of the instrumentation survived, a posthumous tribute to its creators.

CLOSEUP - TV MONITOR

MAN

(continuing)

The men of my time built this plant. It was to be a glorious creation, a miracle of technology. A million man-made fires would burn to conquer the night. Another million appliances, mechanical appendages of a decaying race of godless, self-centered children would fill their hours of boredom.

ANGLE ON TERESA, KNEALE, CUSHING AND MENDEZ

While he is talking Teresa leans forward and punches some buttons.

CUT TO:

INT. MCMURPHY SPRINGS - NIGHT

The man in the cave pops on the screen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAN (V.O.)

(continuing)

They sought only to find the expedient comforts and the sublimation of an empty, meaningless existence.

Gersh and the other Technicians quickly gather around the screen.

CLOSEUP - TV MONITOR - DIABLO SPRINGS

MAN

(continuing)

In nuclear power they created a force they hadn't the technology to control. They would risk even the oblivion of their own planet for their electrical trinkets and artificial gods. Their eyes remained focused on themselves. They refused even to look up into the sun.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - TV MONITOR - CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM

MAN

(continuing)

But I came to them. I am the angel of death. I was born of the atom in a wind-blown trench at the moment of detonation. The rays penetrated my body and my soul. Soon after my mirror showed a face even I could not, would not recognize. Later those I cherished and who cherished me in return shriveled before my eyes and welcomed death as a savior. There are no more tears to shed. Now there is only vengeance.

ANOTHER ANGLE - TV MONITOR

MAN

(continuing)

I moved among them for almost 30 years. I learned and studied of their machines. In secret. Alone. Consumed with my task.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE ON TERESA, KNEALE, CUSHING AND MENDEZ

Watching in horrified silence.

MAN (V.O.)

(continuing)

I entered the plant unseen, hidden within the hollow core of a newly installed reactor. I lived for months in the limestone caverns beneath the plant, foraging for food at night, tinkering with their machines, building my own arsenal.

CLOSEUP - TV MONITOR

MAN

(continuing)

On the third night of the tenth month I arose from the caverns and walked among the machines of obscenity. I took the power unto me, and saw that it was evil and saw that the impossible was possible, and man himself corrupt beyond redemption. I moved upon the face of the planet and called the messenger of the gods to deliver my judgment. I come not to bring peace, but a sword, a burning sword!

Then suddenly the image disappears and words blip on:

PLEASE STAND BY.

ANGLE ON GROUP

No one moves or speaks or does anything except stare at the screen.

Then Cushing spins around suddenly as if struck by lightning!

CUSHING

He said "fireman" but he meant Fierman!

The others are startled. Cushing turns to Kneale.

CUSHING

(continuing)

"Fireman" was Fierman! A man's name!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MENDEZ

Who's that?

CUSHING

A four million dollar study was conducted for the government by Dr. Norman Fierman, a professor at MIT. He postulated the worst possible accident that could happen in a nuclear plant: a meltdown!

MENDEZ

I don't understand....

CUSHING

(possessed)

Listen to me! No one knows what would happen in a meltdown because we've always stopped it before it's gone that far. It's always been theoretical with 5 billion-to-one odds that it never will occur. "I saw that the impossible was possible." This madman is going to make it happen!

KNEALE

That guy is Fierman?

CUSHING

Either Fierman or someone using Fierman's scenario! He couldn't be sure that Prometheus wouldn't stop the meltdown with its backup safety systems - unless Prometheus itself caused the melt! Now he's reprogrammed Prometheus into believing Fierman's scenario is a normal operation!

He moves over to the console, staring at the gauges and dials ominously.

CUSHING

(continuing)

"I called upon the messenger of the gods to deliver my judgment." In Greek legend Prometheus was the messenger of the gods who brought fire to the world and was blinded and bound to a rock as punishment.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUSHING (Cont'd)  
 If we don't stop it, Prometheus  
will go through Fierman's  
theoretical accident step by step,  
melting itself down!

TERESA  
 Look at the gauges! They're  
moving!

CUSHING  
 It's started.....

And then it begins. A LOW RUMBLING LIKE THE DISTANT ROLLING  
OF THUNDER. The floor of the control room trembles.

KNEALE  
 What's that?

TERESA  
 They're going up to stream, all  
 four of them at once! They must  
 have started hours ago!

The RUMBLING gets louder. A VIBRATION shudders the control  
 room for an instant, like the pre-shock of an earthquake.

TERESA  
 (frantically reading  
 gauges)  
 Forty per cent power up! The rods  
 are withdrawing.

She punches a button.

CLOSEUP - TV MONITOR

Superimposed over the image is: Dome 1. We see inside the  
 reactor. The fuel rods withdraw from each other. They  
 slowly separate and pull apart like metal sheaths.

Inside the rods the fuel is exposed: thick, round chunks  
of glowing, shimmering uranium!

ANGLE ON GROUP

CUSHING  
 The fuel is exposed!

TERESA  
 Rods withdrawing in all four  
 domes!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE ON TV MONITORS

Four monitors, side by side, show the inside of each reactor: the uranium fuel chunks in all four reactors are exposed. They glow savagely!

ANGLE ON GROUP

TERESA  
(continuing)  
All four turbines...speed one thousand and rising! Fifty per cent power level!

CUSHING  
It's rising too fast!

CUT TO:

INT. DIABLO SPRINGS - NIGHT

The room vibrates suddenly. There is a LOW RUMBLING.

TECHNICIAN  
Did you feel that?

The vibration hits again. Gersh stares into the readout.

CLOSEUP - READOUT SCREEN

EMERGENCY!  
FUEL EXPOSED!  
NUCLEAR RUNAWAY!

ANGLE ON GERSH

GERSH  
(screams in frustration  
at the screen)  
SHUT IT DOWN!

CUT TO:

INT. CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM

The room shakes wildly! A DEEP RUMBLING ROAR!

Teresa frantically pushes buttons.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TERESA  
 Nothing works, nothing works!  
 Seventy per cent power level!  
 Eighty per cent! Ninety percent!

The RUMBLING and the vibration reach a CRESCENDO!

TERESA  
 (continuing)  
 One hundred per cent! Full power  
 on all four reactors! We're on  
 stream!

Suddenly LOUD EMERGENCY ALARMS go off! Red lights on the console flash!

Then a distant, mechanically cold FEMALE VOICE BLASTS into the room!

COMPUTER VOICE  
 Attention. Pipe fractures in  
 domes one through four.

CUT TO:

INT. DOME - PIPE - NIGHT (EFFECT)

Water ROARS out of a completely severed pipe. Billows of steam HISS into the dome.

CUT TO:

INT. CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM

COMPUTER VOICE  
 Water from reactor core in domes  
 one through four. Radioactive  
 steam escaping in domes one  
 through four.

MENDEZ  
 Can't you stop it?

CUSHING  
 Nothing can stop it.

COMPUTER VOICE  
 Attention. Hot spots in Domes  
 one through four.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLOSEUP - TV MONITOR

We see the water level dropping inside the reactors. The uranium fuel begins to glow brighter and brighter!

ANGLE ON GROUP

COMPUTER VOICE

Temperature is eight hundred forty degrees Fahrenheit and rising.

TERESA

The water's evaporating.

CUSHING

The core's are melting!

Above the RUMBLING and VIBRATING we suddenly hear the SHRILL DRONING of a KLAXON filling the room!

COMPUTER VOICE

Attention. Evacuate the plant immediately. All emergency exits are clearly marked. Repeat, evacuate the plant immediately.

Mendez runs to the barricade and begins tearing the tables and chairs away from the door!

KNEALE

He's out there!

Mendez stands in front of the door, his gun raised.

MENDEZ

I'm ready!

ANGLE ON CONSOLE

Teresa jams down a row of buttons.

COMPUTER VOICE

Temperature is one thousand degrees and rising.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DIABLO SPRINGS

Bedlam. Turmoil. Technicians running everywhere. Gersh stands at the computer board screaming at the screens.

GERSH

Activate Prometheus Last Resort!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REVERSE ANGLE - PANEL

A technician leaps at the key punch typing the words as fast as he can:

ACTIVATE PROMETHEUS  
LAST RESORT

ANGLE ON GERSH

Hysterical. His face beet red. Pounding his fist on the panel, screaming.

GERSH  
Damn it! Activate Prometheus Last  
Resort.

ANGLE ON PANEL

The technician pauses. There's no response. He starts typing the message again.

ANGLE ON GERSH

Out of control.

GERSH  
For God's sake. Do it! Do it!

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DIABLO ROCK

The monitors. The words from Gersh flashing unnoticed across the screens.

Kneale, Teresa, Mendez and Cushing are crouched, tense. All eyes on the control room door.

ANGLE OVER MENDEZ ON DOOR

The door slowly opens. Mendez tenses. He's not there. The corridor's empty.

ANGLE ON TERESA - MAINTENANCE DOOR

As Teresa watches, the maintenance door behind her slowly opens!

Standing there is the figure, holding something in his arms.

ANGLE ON KNEALE

He turns and sees him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE ON TERESA - THE FIGURE

He steps into the room!

REVERSE ANGLE - CONTROL ROOM

Kneale grabs Teresa. Cushing leaps away from the console. They rush to the door into the corridor.

Mendez turns and takes aim!

ANGLE ON FIGURE

The figure aims the nozzle of the gas cylinder at the electrical power box on the wall next to him!

The box EXPLODES!

ANGLE ON CONSOLE

The panels BLAST OPEN, showering sparks!

ANGLE ON CEILING - TV MONITORS

All the screens BLOW OUT at once! The neon lights in the ceiling BURST! The room is plunged into darkness!

ANGLE ON MENDEZ

He FIRES!

ANGLE ON FIGURE

He is hit, in the upper chest!

ANGLE OVER MENDEZ'S SHOULDER - CONTROL ROOM

Mendez stands with his gun raised. The control room is completely dark. Across the room is the opened maintenance door. But the figure is gone!

COMPUTER VOICE

Temperature is eleven hundred  
fifty and rising.

ANGLE ON TERESA, KNEALE AND CUSHING

Behind Mendez but in the corridor are Teresa, Cushing and Kneale. Cushing turns and races away down the corridor.

KNEALE

Get out, Greg!

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

ANGLE ON CUSHING

He looks like he's seen a ghost. His face is deathly pale.

CUSHING

It's all down below. Come with me.

ANGLE ON CUSHING, KNEALE, TERESA

Cushing turns and slowly descends the stairs into darkness. Teresa and Kneale follow. Far below, pools of light illuminate the storage level.

INT. CAVERN - NIGHT

Cushing stands transfixed in horror. He's uncovered a cavern. It's lit by flaming torches jammed into the cavern walls.

A crude bed is cut into the rock wall. An arsenal of computer parts have been torn apart, devoured and discarded. Cushing holds three scarred and faded snapshots. He silently hands them to Teresa. She absorbs them, her hands trembling.

TERESA

My god.

She gives them to Kneale.

CLOSE ON STILLS

There are three snapshots. Two little boys smiling beautifully at the camera. The last shot is of a very young, very loving woman. Together they make a strong family.

Kneale turns over the pictures.

ANGLE ON THE PHOTOGRAPHS

Scrawled on the back of the shot are the words:

Taken in the year nineteen hundred  
and fifty by the Demon Death Rays.  
How many more shall perish?

ANOTHER ANGLE - TERESA AND KNEALE

Kneale shakes his head sadly. Teresa is close to weeping.

ANGLE ON CUSHING

He holds a wrinkled map in his hands.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE ON MAP

A series of black dots are connected by bright red lines. The lines, written in blotchy red ink, seem to have dissolved, dripping down over the map like blood dripping from a knife.

ANGLE ON KNEALE, CUSHING

KNEALE  
What is it?

CUSHING  
All the nuclear power plants in the world.

CLOSE ON CUSHING

His face an intense mask.

CUSHING  
He's going to blow them all up starting with us.

FULL ANGLE ON GROUP

Teresa turns away devastated.

CUSHING  
There's no escape.

Kneale stares grimly.

CUSHING  
He couldn't be sure that Prometheus wouldn't stop a meltdown with its backup safety systems, unless Prometheus itself caused the melt.

KNEALE  
Can't you fix the uh, primary system?

CUSHING  
Take me at least an hour and it's already too late.

Teresa starts for the door.

TERESA  
Come on. We've got to try.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

They stand in front of the computer readout screens. Cushing shakes his head. Kneale cautiously walks to the maintenance room door and slowly opens it.

REVERSE ANGLE

The door swings wide. Kneale steps into the room.

CLOSE ON KNEALE

His eyes darting everywhere.

ANGLE ON TERESA

Eyes on the dark room.

ANGLE ON KNEALE

He steps out. He's holding Mendez's gun in his hand.

ANGLE ON TERESA, KNEALE

Staring at each other. Kneale jams the gun in his coat pocket.

ANGLE ON CUSHING, KNEALE

Cushing shakes his head.

CUSHING

We've got maybe ten minutes left  
before anyone of those domes  
breach.

Kneale stares at him helplessly. Cushing's lost. Somewhere else.

CUSHING

We're dead. All of us. Everyone.

ANGLE ON SCREEN

It's going crazy. The message almost jumping out at us. Repeating over and over:

CUSHING  
ACTIVATE PROMETHEUS  
LAST RESORT

ANGLE ON TERESA, KNEALE

Staring at the words, spellbound.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE ON SCREEN

The words coming at us over and over:

CUSHING  
ACTIVATE PROMETHEUS  
LAST RESORT

ANGLE ON TERESA

Turning around, eyes fastened on Cushing.

TERESA  
Last Resort? What last resort?  
What's going on?

ANGLE ON CUSHING

Starting to back away.

CUSHING  
You can't use it.

ANGLE ON TERESA, KNEALE

Advancing on him. Teresa's wild. She starts yelling.

TERESA  
What's this all about? What are  
you hiding from us?

ANGLE ON CUSHING

Shaking.

Cushing reaches inside his jacket and pulls out a blue document.

INTERCUT HIS POV

Of the words:

TOP SECRET DOCUMENT. CLASSIFIED.  
PROMETHEUS LAST RESORT

CUSHING  
It's too late.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Kneale snatches the book from him, thrusts it into Teresa's hands. She flips it open, eyes riveted to the page.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE ON TERESA

Going a mile-a-minute. Absorbing it as fast as she can.

ANGLE ON KNEALE

Holding his breath.

ANGLE ON TERESA

She's speechless. Incredulous.

TERESA

Why did you wait until now?

She's incensed.

TERESA

Why didn't you tell us?

ANGLE ON CUSHING

He's not all there.

CUSHING

We can't destroy this plant.

ANGLE ON KNEALE

He can see the guy's loony tunes.

ANGLE ON CUSHING

Pleading with them.

CUSHING

It won't work. I told them that.  
They have to trust my design.  
The years I've given to it.

ANGLE ON KNEALE

Can't take it anymore.

KNEALE

What the hell is it?

ANGLE ON TERESA

Eyes fastened on the page. Taking in every word.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TERESA

The Last Resort is a failsafe device built into the plant. If it works, we save the lives of fifteen to twenty million people.

ANGLE ON KNEALE

A faint glimmer of hope moves across Kneale's face.

KNEALE

Have we got a shot?

TERESA

We've got to contact Gersh.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Teresa punches up Diablo Springs.

ANGLE ON COMPUTER READOUT

The words come out.

LAUNCHING PROMETHEUS  
LAST RESORT  
STAND BY FOR CODE INDEX  
COUNTDOWN

ANGLE ON TERESA

Reading the document.

TERESA

We've got a chance if none of the domes breach first.

ANGLE ON CUSHING

Cowering against the wall.

ANOTHER ANGLE (FAVORING TERESA)

as she begins typing out her message.

EXT. DIABLO SPRINGS

The sinking ship. Everyone running for their lives. Chaos. All order gone. Cars speed by the exit, horns blaring.

INT. DIABLO SPRINGS

The bridge. Gersh stands eyes glued to the screens a technician with him. Everyone's bailing out. Klaxons sound.

ANGLE ON SCREENS

Suddenly alive with Teresa's print out. The words jumping out.

LAUNCHING PROMETHEUS  
LAST RESORT

ANGLE ON GERSH

His whole body seems to shake.

GERSH  
Thank god.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DIABLO ROCK

Teresa is furiously typing the code into the computer. Kneale watches anxiously. Cushing seems almost in a daze.

KNEALE  
What will happen?

Teresa's fingers fly over the keys.

TERESA  
When the failsafe device  
detonates, a massive dynamite  
charge will explode, blowing out  
the reactor floor.

ANGLE ON CUSHING

Shrinking from the panel.

ANGLE ON TERESA, KNEALE

Kneale stares at her.

TERESA  
It will cause the melt to drain  
off into the underground caverns.

The building shakes violently.

TERESA  
It's our only chance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE ON CUSHING

His eyes bulging, horrified.

ANGLE ON TERESA

Her fingers pound the keys.

TERESA

The plant will collapse, the melt  
dissipating into the ground.  
There will be no radioactive  
cloud.

A RUMBLE begins. Somehow, it's unlike any of the others and  
it doesn't seem like it's going to stop!

ANGLE ON CUSHING

He's falling apart. His eyes bounce around wildly.

CUSHING

Don't do it. The plant will hold.

ANGLE ON TERESA

Staring at him. Realizing instantly that he's losing it.  
She keeps machine gunning the code.

ANGLE ON COMPUTER PANEL

The panel begins to light up warning lights tripping off  
across the board.

ANGLE ON CUSHING

Looking at the board. He's flipping out.

ANGLE ON PANEL

The index code is almost complete. System lights are almost  
all on.

ANGLE ON KNEALE

Watching Cushing.

ANGLE ON TERESA

The sweat pouring off her. She's about to make the final  
code run.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE ON CUSHING

He's gone. Leaping for the panel.

CUSHING

No!

ANOTHER ANGLE KNEALE, CUSHING

Kneale grabs him, wrestles him to the wall.

ANGLE ON TERESA

Almost leaping out of her skin. She hits the final keys.

ANGLE ON PANEL

Last Resort is activated. The board is fully lit.

ANGLE ON KNEALE, CUSHING

Kneale holds him firmly in his grip. They both stare at the board.

ANGLE ON PANEL

It's alive. Every light pulsating.

ANGLE ON TERESA

Sitting at the panel. Her hands shaking. Her body quivering.

EXT. DIABLO SPRINGS - PANAGLIDING ANGLE ON GERSH AND HIS TECHNICIANS

As they scurry out of the back door of the building over and into two readied "Army" helicopters.

Crashing through the noise of revved engines and blades whirring, we HEAR the loud, shrill sound of an alarm klaxon! It drones on from the building as the choppers lift up from the ground and fly off into a very windy, gray dawn.

INT. MAIN BUILDING OF PLANT - LS - CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM DOOR

Which is VIBRATING from the UNENDING RUMBLE that started a short time before and will continue throughout.

COMPUTER VOICE

Five minutes to Last Resort  
detonation of all reactor bases.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Suddenly the control room door WHOOSHES open and Teresa, Kneale and Cushing come running out, dragging Cushing with them. When they REACH CAMERA and turn OUT OF FRAME we:

CUT TO:

ANOTHER CORRIDOR - ANGLE ON GROUP

As they run down it.

COMPUTER VOICE

Four minutes thirty seconds to  
Last Resort detonation of all  
reactor bases.

CUT TO:

ANOTHER CORRIDOR - REVERSE ANGLE ON GROUP

As they run down it. When they turn and disappear down another corridor.

CUT TO:

FULL ANGLE ON A TWELVE FOOT HIGH ELEVATOR

With an "UNAUTHORIZED FOR USE" sign above it. A beat and then our group runs INTO FRAME up to it. Catching her breath, Teresa opens the bluebook and goes to a small digital panel that's on the wall to the right side of the elevator.

COMPUTER VOICE

Four minutes to Last Resort  
detonation of all reactor bases.

Despite the unending RUMBLE that VIBRATES and SHAKES the entire building, Teresa still manages to rather quickly punch in the code that's supposed to activate the elevator.

ANOTHER ANGLE

As the group glances up the green arrowed light pops on but remains stationary. Suddenly, a couple of beats later, the arrowed light moves upwards, indicating that the elevator is on the way.

COMPUTER VOICE

Three minutes thirty seconds to  
Last Resort detonation of all  
reactor bases.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANOTHER ANGLE

As the group steps directly up to the large elevator door exchanging anxious glances. It won't open.

ANGLE ON ELEVATOR DOOR (EFFECT)

The doors start to glow a deep cherry red!

COMPUTER VOICE

(distorted)

Three minutes to Last Resort  
detonation of all reactor bases.

ANGLE ON TERESA, KNEALE

Shrinking back, staring.

ANGLE ON ELEVATOR DOOR (EFFECT)

The doors shimmer and start to slump like melting wax!

CLOSE ANGLE ON TERESA, KNEALE AND CUSHING

Still staring!

ANOTHER ANGLE - THE GROUP

Cushing looks to Kneale and Teresa. CAMERA DOLLIES TO FOLLOW as they suddenly turn and take off running!

INT. STORAGE AREA LEVEL - NIGHT

A door swings open. Kneale, Teresa and Cushing rush out into the dark storage area level.

Lots of pipes and vents criss-cross the dank, concrete corridor. CAMERA MOVES with them as they hurry along.

The RUMBLING is a dull echo from above. Occasionally a vibration sends dust from the ceiling.

KNEALE

Where are we going?

TERESA

There are other caves under the plant. Limestone caverns. They're used to store wastes.

KNEALE

Radioactive wastes?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUSHING  
Stop talking and run!

Cushing glares at Kneale.

CUSHING  
The reactor cores are melting down above us. Maybe ten thousand tons of radioactive metal melting like a candle into a waxy, dripping mess! It's going to start sinking into the ground!

They stare up at the ceiling as another vibration shakes loose some dust.

CUSHING  
(continuing)  
We're below the melt! It's going to be coming after us!

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON CEILING.

There's a tremendous vibration. The ceiling cracks. An avalanche of concrete chunks rains down.

COMPUTER VOICE  
(muffled from above)  
Two minutes thirty seconds to Last Resort detonation of all reactor bases.

ANGLE ON GROUP

They take off on a dead run.

EXT. DIABLO SPRINGS - NIGHT

Technicians race out of the building as cars and trucks SCREECH away down the highway.

INT. DIABLO SPRINGS - NIGHT

Just a few technicians scurry around gathering books and briefcases. The alarm klaxon DRONES on.

Gersh stands rigidly by the computer readout staring at the empty screen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TECHNICIAN  
Mr. Gersh. Come on!

Gersh doesn't move.

TECHNICIAN  
(continuing)  
The domes'll breach any minute!

Gersh starts screaming the veins stand out on his neck. It is a voice of pure anguish.

GERSH  
Why didn't they activate the  
Prometheus sooner? Where are  
they?

The technician leans in. He's trying to be understanding and tactful but the hour has grown very late.

TECHNICIAN  
Mr. Gersh, they're dead.

Gersh stares at him blankly, uncomprehendingly.

GERSH  
I can't leave them in there.

The technician is staring at a madman. He takes off, running for the exits.

CUT TO:

INT. DOME - LOW ANGLE - BOTTOM OF REACTOR - NIGHT (EFFECT)

Looking up at the reactor. There is steam everywhere. The top of the dome glows bright red!

Suddenly a gigantic CRACK TEARS across the steel bottom of the reactor!

The another CRACK rends the steel with a HIDEOUS SCREECH!

Inside the cracks we can see the melting uranium is hot and shimmering!

CUT TO:

INT. STORAGE AREA LEVEL - NIGHT

Kneale, Teresa and Cushing come to a stop.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The walls of the corridor begin to smoke!

CUSHING

The walls are heating up!

They begin to run again CAMERA MOVING WITH THEM.

COMPUTER VOICE

Two minutes to Last Resort  
detonation of all reactor bases.

TERESA

There!

POV - ELEVATOR DOORS - MOVING SHOT

Ahead of them are the freight elevator doors set in to the  
corridor's dead end.

CUT TO:

INT. DOME - LOW ANGLE - BOTTOM OF REACTOR (EFFECT)

The reactor is shaking, vibrating, shuddering!

CUT TO:

INT. STORAGE AREA LEVEL - ELEVATOR

Cushing punches the button for the elevator. Teresa looks  
up above the doors.

ANGLE ON INDICATOR

There are three levels indicated!

MAIN LEVEL

STORAGE AREA LEVEL

X DISPOSAL LEVEL

ANGLE ON ELEVATOR

Kneale touches the elevator doors. He jerks his hands off  
the metal with a SSSSS.

CUT TO:

INT. DOME - LOW ANGLE - BOTTOM OF REACTOR (EFFECT)

The bottom of the reactor glows red, then to orange, then to purple, then to blue, then to white hot!

CUT TO:

INT. STORAGE AREA LEVEL - ELEVATOR

All three of them are perspiring heavily.

TERESA  
Hard to breath....

CUSHING  
(gasping)  
It's....burning up....oxygen....

There is a CLANK!

POV - DOWN CORRIDOR

The figure walks slowly down the corridor toward them! He is wounded; there is blood on the front of his suit.

ANGLE ON TERESA, KNEALE AND CUSHING

TERESA  
No!

Kneale looks up.

ANGLE ON INDICATOR

It has moved up:

MAIN LEVEL

STORAGE LEVEL

X

DISPOSAL LEVEL

ANGLE ON FIGURE - MOVING SHOT

He walks slowly, deliberately.

COMPUTER VOICE  
(muffled from above)  
One minute thirty seconds to Last  
Resort detonation of all reactor  
bases.

ANGLE ON KNEALE

Frantically jabbing the elevator button.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANOTHER ANGLE - THE FIGURE

Stumbling towards us. Masked by darkness, its orange radiation suit almost seems to glow.

ANGLE ON TERESA

Transfixed. She screams. It's a scream of pure terror.

ANGLE ON KNEALE

He pulls the gun out of his pocket, crouches low, aims and fires.

ANGLE ON THE FIGURE

It staggers, hit in the chest.

INT. STORAGE AREA LEVEL - ELEVATOR

Suddenly the corridor VIBRATES like it's going to explode! Kneale, Teresa and Cushing are hurled against the wall.

Debris falls from the ceiling.

But the figure keeps walking toward them.

CUT TO:

DOME FLOOR (EFFECT)

The melt SMASHES into the floor, CRACKING the concrete wide open!

CUT TO:

INT. STORAGE AREA LEVEL - ELEVATOR

The figure is six feet away when suddenly the entire corridor turns a dark, glowing red!

ANGLE ON FIGURE

He raises the gas cylinder and shoots a wall of flame at Kneale and Teresa.

ANGLE ON KNEALE

His arm is burned. He drops the gun, staggers against the wall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE ON CUSHING

Completely disoriented. His mind snapped.

COMPUTER VOICE  
(muffled from above)  
One minute to Last Resort  
detonation of all reactor bases.

ANGLE ON FIGURE

The figure is almost on top of them.

ANGLE ON KNEALE, TERESA

Helpless.

ANGLE ON CUSHING.

He suddenly steps forward both his arms outstretched to welcome him.

ANGLE ON KNEALE, TERESA

Screaming.

KNEALE  
Cushing!

ANOTHER ANGLE - KNEALE, TERESA, CUSHING

Kneale struggles to stop Cushing and falls back his arm useless. Teresa reaches out and tries to stop him. Cushing yanks free of her grasp and stumbles forward.

KNEALE  
Cushing. No!

He starts after him. Teresa grabs him, hangs on. It's too late.

ANGLE ON CUSHING, FIGURE

Cushing leaps at his throat.

ANOTHER ANGLE - CUSHING, FIGURE

They are in a death embrace, strangling each other.

ANGLE ON CUSHING

His face purple. There is incredible strength in his hands. The veins on his neck stand out like steel cords.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUSHING

You did this! You killed Diablo!

ANGLE ON FIGURE

His strength is inhuman. He's choking Cushing to death.

ANGLE ON CUSHING, FIGURE

Cushing's fingers tear at the figure's face, ripping off his mask.

ANGLE ON FIGURE

We see his face for the first time. It's beyond description. The long ago nuclear blast has ravaged it, burned it beyond recognition. It's a gargoyle mask of horror.

ANGLE ON KNEALE, TERESA

Horrorified.

COMPUTER VOICE

Thirty seconds to Last Resort  
detonation of all reactor bases.

ANGLE ON CUSHING, FIGURE

Cushing's losing his life. His face quivering, his eyes on fire.

CLOSE ON FIGURE

Dying as well. Cushing's hands squeezing his throat, his fingers gouging the scarred flesh.

ANGLE ON CUSHING

The figure releases him. Cushing slumps to the ground.

ANGLE ON TERESA

Crying, screaming.

TERESA

No!

ANGLE ON ELEVATOR DOORS

The doors open!

Kneale shoves Teresa and himself inside.

ANGLE ON CUSHING

Motionless. His lifeless eyes staring at us.

INT. DISPOSAL LEVEL - CAVERNS - DAWN

Elevator doors open. Kneale and Teresa race out into the disposal level.

It is dark, lit only by a few bare bulbs strung along the cave walls. Kneale and Teresa rush past yellow disposal drums stacked neatly in rows.

CAMERA HOLDS when they veer off into another section of the caverns where daylight can be seen in the distance! We watch them run for their lives toward it!

COMPUTER VOICE  
(muffled from above)  
Fifteen seconds to Last Resort  
detonation of all reactor  
bases...ten, nine, eight, seven,  
six, five, four...

We SEE them almost to the glare of daylight!

COMPUTER VOICE  
(continuing)  
Three, two one....

INT. DOME - REACTOR FLOOR

It explodes with an incredible lethal fury. The floor literally disintegrates.

A volcanic spray of molten uranium BLASTS DOWNWARD!

CUT TO:

INT. CAVERNS

Suddenly, we HEAR the THUNDEROUS EXPLOSIONS of all the reactor bases!! Simultaneously, the cavern's natural entrance that Teresa and Kneale are just running out EXPLODES, leaving us in darkness as it COLLAPSES behind them!

LOW ANGLE - REACTOR (EFFECT)

The entire reactor caves in and topples!

DOME FLOOR (EFFECT)

The melt and the 18 story reactor PLUNGE through the floor!

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON FIGURE

Turning to face the melt, staring in complete fascination, his horrible face starting to glow with a brilliant radiance.

ANOTHER ANGLE - THE FIGURE

He turns and stares down the corridor as it glows brighter and brighter!

POV - STORAGE LEVEL CORRIDOR (EFFECT)

ROARING right at the CAMERA like a speeding train, completely filling the corridor, the melt plunges through the storage level. Growing larger and larger, it SCREAMS into us, completely obliterating the SCREEN!

The figure stands, waiting. It's as if what's coming will give him the ultimate strength. He raises his arms to embrace THE FLOOD OF FLOWING, SHIMMERING URANIUM the POURS into the cavern from FOUR HUGE, STEEL DUCTS!!

GLOWING WHITE HOT WHEN THE MATTER SWALLOWS HIM, THE FIGURE SCREAMS.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON TERESA AND KNEALE - MOVING SHOT

Running for all their worth down a tunnel.

CUT TO:

FRONT ANGLE - KNEALE AND TERESA - MOVING SHOT

Racing toward a light up ahead!

POV - CAVE ENTRANCE - BEACH - DAWN (PANAGLIDE)

CAMERA HURTLES out of the tunnel on to the dawn beach, toward a helicopter REVVING near water's edge, up to the helicopter, in through the open door, up to Gersh's face behind a radiation suit mask!

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON TUNNEL (EFFECT)

It isn't there any more. The melt bursts through, covering CAMERA!

CUT TO:

EXT. DIABLO ROCK NUCLEAR PLANT - OCEAN - DAWN (EFFECT)

WIDE SHOT of the plant with the dawn light playing over the mountains in the distance.

As the helicopter rises and dips away across the ocean we see the domes now glowing white hot. Then the entire plant begins to cave in on itself!

Like the house of Usher, Diablo Rock sinks, melting right down into the earth!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BEACH - BRIGHT, SUNNY DAY

Somewhere in Mexico.

ANGLE ON

A twenty to thirty pound, SPOT TAIL SEA BASS as it leaps out of the water, angrily jerking the fishing line it's hooked to.

ANGLE ON KNEALE

Standing waist-deep in the surf, yelling out excitedly as he jerks back his fishing rod and begins the fight he knows he's in for straining backwards into shallower water. There's a thick bandage wrapped around one upper arm.

ANGLE ON TERESA

As she excitedly stands on one of the weathered deck chairs they've placed on the beach.

A MONTAGE OF ANGLES

As Kneale battles the sea bass being cheered on by Teresa. Suddenly, the sea bass rips off the hook and leaps away. Kneale hurls his rod into the water and storms out. Kneale glares out at the escaping fish.

KNEALE

Have a nice day!

Teresa laughs at him. Kneale glowers.

KNEALE

Nothing works right.

Teresa grabs him.

TERESA

Yeah, sure.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She turns him back towards the sun, the ocean, the sky.

TERESA

Look at that, Doc. Perfect.

Kneale stops glowering, starts seeing.

KNEALE

Right.

She hooks his arm.

TERESA

Come on, Doc. I'll buy you a  
beer. Then let me buy you a new  
life.

They walk off, arm in arm.

THE END