

# MELTDOWN

Screenplay by

**John Carpenter**

Revised by

**Jim O'Hara**

Braunstein Productions  
1001 N. Kenter Avenue  
Los Angeles, CA 90049  
(310) 476-3752

**MASTER**

EXT. DESERT -DAY.

Blazing hot. Desolate. Barren.

LOW ANGLE - ROAD SIGN

It reads: UNITED STATES NAVAL AIR STATION, FALLON NEVADA.  
A compound of air strips and buildings in the background.

A jeep suddenly ROARS TOWARD CAMERA, leaving the compound,  
and flies past.

BEGIN MAIN TITLES.

INT. JEEP -DAY.

A surfboard in back. A six pack of Coke on the seat.  
A UNIFORM there. LIEUTENANT'S BARS. A service REVOLVER.

JOHN KNEALE, mid-thirties, at the wheel. Rebel eyes.

EXT. HIGHWAY - FLOWER SHOP -LATE AFTERNOON.

Kneale pulls the jeep over, grabs his wallet. He  
hesitates as his eye falls on his uniform on the seat.

He removes the Lieutenant's bars. Proudly replaces them  
with brand new LT. COMMANDER'S GOLD OAK LEAVES.

Kneale walks to the flower shop, wiping the dust and sand  
from his face.

ANGLE - YOUNG COUPLE

They pass Kneale on their way out, carrying ROSES. Their  
hands all over one another.

ANGLE - KNEALE

Watching them leave. ...He moves to the shop door.

An OLD JAPANESE FLOWER SHOP OWNER is putting a "CLOSED"  
SIGN in the window.

Kneale smiles, spreading his hands in an appeal to the old  
gentleman, who decides to let him in.

INT. JEEP -LATE AFTERNOON.

An ENORMOUS BOUQUET OF ROSES fills the jeep.

The windshield is thick with dust and bugs. Kneale pops a Coke as he eyes the rising speedometer needle, shoves a CASSETTE into the tape deck.

KNEALE

C'mon, baby, get me the fuck outta Nevada.

A SIXTIES ROCK & ROLL TUNE KICKS IN as the jeep speeds into the fiery, sinking sun.

CUT TO:

INT. CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM - DIABLO NUCLEAR POWER PLANT

TERESA KESSLER, thirty, beautiful, sophisticated, dressed in a pure white technician's uniform, with glasses and hair pulled back, sits in a central chair, presiding over-

PROMETHEUS, the power plant's incredible Super Computer, with its maze of instrumentation: computer consoles, banks of input keys, reception print-outs, electronic gauges, clocks, meters, and banks of TV monitors lining the room at ceiling level. Clean, glowing machinery lighting up all four walls of the control room.

FREDERICK GERSH, a dapper European gentleman, and BENNET TRAMMER sit before READOUT SCREENS, typing notations on COMPUTER KEYBOARDS and adjusting ELECTRONIC DIALS.

ARTHUR CUSHING, the Plant Manager, a powerful, well-dressed man in his late forties, proudly scrutinizes a high tech, 3-D MODEL OF THE NEW PLANT. Admiring perfection.

Cushing glances at his watch, looks up, pleased, as Trammer and Gersh make final adjustments, taking their cues from-

Teresa, as her fingers now rapidly lock in all their settings on the MASTER CONTROL BOARD.

The crew relaxes, gets up. Quitting time.

Teresa stays a moment, types in a last message..

ANGLE - READOUT SCREEN

As Teresa types in:

GOOD NIGHT, PROMETHEUS.

AN ATOMIC HAPPY FACE, complete with swirling electrons, appears on the screen.

Then, Prometheus' response:

PROMETHEUS  
(computer voice)  
Sleep..tight..bay-bee.

EXT. DIABLO ROCK NUCLEAR POWER PLANT, SAN DIEGO -SUNSET.

On the ocean. An enormous, modern, high tech complex. The latest, most advanced design in the new generation of U.S. Government run LWR (light water reactor) plants, it houses three gigantic 1,463-megawatt reactors, supplying thirty eight percent of the total electric power to the eleven western states.

A towering forty foot double chain link fence surrounds the MAIN BUILDING, adjoining REACTOR DOMES, and INNER COMPOUND, patrolled by U.S. GOVERNMENT SECURITY GUARDS.

GUARD TOWERS at the front gate monitor the comings and goings of plant personnel and materials.

Teresa comes out of the Main Building, moves with a GROUP OF TECHNICIANS toward the front gate where they're checked for ID as a LARGE SECURITY GATE swings open for them.

AN EQUIPMENT TRUCK is waved in through an adjoining gate, passing Teresa and the technicians.

IN THE PARKING LOT

MARTY LAWRENCE, a young, cocky technician, whispers in Teresa's ear. She smiles, charmed. But when Lawrence slips his arm around her, Teresa politely removes it and moves off, alone. She glances longingly toward the ocean.

TERESA'S POV - DISTANT BEACHES

WAVES CRASHING AND FOAMING on the beach. CHILDREN and LOVERS. SURFERS paddling out. All is clean, bright, cool.

EXT. EQUIPMENT RECEIVING DOCK, DIABLO PLANT -SUNSET.

ANDREW PIKE hops out from behind the wheel of the Equipment Truck. He smokes a cigarette as a LARGE CRATE marked: "AUXILIARY COOLING PUMP MOTOR SHAFT" is unloaded from the truck and passed through an X-RAY MONITOR.

INT. JAGUAR -SUNSET.

Teresa lets her hair down as she drives. She shakes it loose and looks eagerly in the mirror, applying lipstick.

INT. DIABLO PLANT EQUIPMENT STORAGE ROOM -NIGHT.

The Cooling Pump Motor sits stored in the dark room, locked up for the night. A section of the crate has been ripped open. A BLOWTORCH is cutting a large round hole in the cooling shaft. As the torch finishes its arc, a six foot section of the shaft wall falls away.

Pike shuts off blowtorch.

A MAN emerges from the smoking hole in the shaft. We don't see his face.

EXT. TERESA'S HOUSE -NIGHT.

On the beach. Very small. Very still. Teresa's car pulls up. She gets out and walks toward the house, looking expectantly around at the parked cars. She doesn't see the one she expected, moves on, disappointed.

INT. HOUSE -NIGHT.

Teresa unzips her technician's skirt, steps out of it.

She flips quickly through some MAIL, doesn't find what she's looking for. Checks her ANSWERING MACHINE. Nothing. Frustrated, she looks to a photograph on the dresser.

TERESA'S POV - PHOTO

Teresa and Kneale vigorously racing each other on WINDSURFERS, crashing through the crest of a wave.

TERESA

She glares at the photograph.

CUT TO:

INT. AUXILIARY CONTROL ROOM - DIABLO POWER PLANT -NIGHT.

A small monitoring station between the Main Building and the three reactor domes. A COMPUTER CONSOLE, READOUT SCREENS, and TV MONITORS supply a constant series of different angle IMAGES of the THREE REACTORS.

The MAN who emerged from the cooling shaft, now steps into the room. We still don't see his face. He carries a COMPACT 980 LAP TOP COMPUTER. He sits in the EMPTY TECHNICIAN'S CHAIR, quickly plugs the Lap Top into the Control Console.

A TECHNICIAN returns, startled to see someone in his chair. Before he can speak, he is grabbed from behind, a MUSCULAR ARM wrapping around his windpipe. Crushing it.

The MAN at the console never hesitates, his fingers rapidly, expertly, typing in commands. Then, he does hesitate -at the sight of some of his HAIR which has fallen onto the computer keyboard. He wipes it away and we see his FINGERS are covered with SKIN LESIONS, as they continue rapidly typing commands..

CUT TO:

INT. TERESA'S HOUSE -NIGHT.

Teresa steps from the shower. Reaches for a towel.

MUSIC FADES OUT.

Teresa switches on her BLOW DRYER, begins drying her hair.

POV - CAMERA IS MOVING

As someone moves down the hallway, toward Teresa.

She looks up and gasps-

A MAN is in the room. Staring at her.

We see his face.

It's Kneale. He moves to her, taking her in his arms.

Teresa catches her breath, relieved. Then hits him, hard.

TERESA

Don't ever do that again.

Kneale is laying gentle kisses all over her angry face.

TERESA

..Where've you been?

KNEALE

..missing...you.

More kisses. Eyes. Nose. Cheeks. Teresa's trying to stay serious.

KNEALE

..I love to feel you melt..

They sink to the bed, hungry for one another.

TERESA

..John..

She hesitates as Kneale caresses her.

TERESA

..John. ..How long are you back for?

Kneale doesn't answer. Continues caressing her.

TERESA

John.

KNEALE

..baby, c'mon. I just drove six hundred-

TERESA

How long, John?

KNEALE

I gotta be back monday..

She moves back from him.

TERESA

-I don't want a long distance love affair anymore, John. Seeing you on weekends. You promised we'd bring our lives together by now.

KNEALE

I know.

Teresa hesitates. Looks at Kneale, hopefully.

Kneale takes out his ID packet. Proudly shows her the Lt. Commander's Gold Leaves.

TERESA

Oh John. You got it..!

She lights up, kisses him, proudly.

TERESA

(very excited now)

Do you transfer right away?

KNEALE

That's..the only hitch. The promotion's for the air base. Next transfer opportunity would be '98.

Teresa looks at him. Stunned.

KNEALE

..I need your support on this, Ter.

TERESA

..Again, John? Another two years? I never see you..

Kneale looks at her. Disappointed.

KNEALE

I thought you'd come out there.

TERESA

To the desert?

KNEALE

What, we can't find Ms. Computer Expert a computer out there?

TERESA

-It's not just a computer, it's the world's biggest single-  
(stops, frustrated)  
I've told you this already.

KNEALE

Alright, it's the world's biggest.  
But the Navy's all I know. Whaddya  
want me to quit now, come back and  
be a damn lifeguard again?

TERESA

-We'd be together, John. I'm a  
young woman, you expect me to wait  
around alone, forever?

KNEALE

..What's that supposed to mean?  
(a beat)  
What's that supposed to mean?

TERESA

(fast, angry)

You never compromise on anything!  
-What, the desert for two years,  
then Alaska for the next promotion,  
then maybe overseas? What kind of  
career can I have hopping around  
with you? I was hand picked for  
this job. I want a family, I want  
to live in one place, I want a  
normal life.

A pause. Then, quietly..

TERESA

John. I can't do this anymore. If  
you really love me, you'll take a  
transfer instead of this promotion  
..so we can be together.

An ultimatum.

She waits, staring at him.

KNEALE

..Ter. You know I can't turn down  
a promotion...the Navy's what I do.  
..It's what I do...this is for us..

Anger flashes in Teresa's eyes.

The TELEPHONE RINGS suddenly.

Teresa grabs it, takes it into the next room.

Kneale looks over at the PHOTO of Teresa and himself,  
riding the waves. He looks out at the ocean.

Teresa comes back, dressing quickly.

KNEALE

(moving to her)

..Baby, c'mon. Come in the ocean  
with me..

Teresa moves away from him, grabs her purse.

KNEALE

..where you going?

TERESA

They need me at work.

KNEALE

Now? You serious?

TERESA

-John. We set a time frame to work  
this out. I told you I had to honor  
that. ..Come back when you want to  
commit to this relationship.

She walks out.

EXT. HOUSE -NIGHT.

Teresa gets in her car.

Kneale comes out onto the porch. Angry now himself, he  
lets her go, steps down onto the beach, unbuttoning his  
shirt as he moves toward the cool surf. He hesitates,  
looks back at Teresa's car going down the road.

INT. JAGUAR -NIGHT.

Teresa's been crying slightly. She dries her eyes firmly  
now as she drives, pulls herself together.

INT. JEEP -NIGHT.

A mile behind Teresa's TAILLIGHTS. Kneale drives, catching  
up.

KNEALE

(under his breath)

..don't get mad, dummy, talk her  
into it..

EXT. CAFE -NIGHT.

Teresa's car parks next to a BMW.

Frederick Gersh gets out of the BMW and opens the passenger door for Teresa. She gets in.

INT. JEEP -NIGHT.

Down the road. Kneale stops the jeep and watches, stunned.

KNEALE

..what the...

Then, a silence.

KNEALE

..oh, Teresa. Oh, baby...

The BMW pulls onto the road, speeds away.

INT. JEEP -NIGHT.

Kneale drives with the headlights off now, soberly following the BMW's TAILLIGHTS up ahead.

EXT. DIABLO ROCK NUCLEAR POWER PLANT -NIGHT.

An unearthly, surreal image now: the three white Domes glow from green mercury-vapor night lights, rising above the concrete Main Building. A mountain range looms in the distance, a vague, dark silhouette. Outside the plant's fence, the ground drops off to the ocean. It's a Gothic image, huge glowing Domes above a windy, dust-swept cliff.

CLOSER ANGLE

The BMW pulls to the front gate. A SECURITY GUARD throws a switch and the large gate in the high, chain-linked, barbed wire fence slides open with a LOW METALLIC HUMM.

INT. JEEP -NIGHT

Kneale drives off the road, eases along outside the plant fence, watching.

KNEALE'S POV

Teresa and Gersh get out of the BMW. They hurry through an OPEN DOORWAY and into the plant's BRIGHTLY LIT LOBBY AREA, joining several other people who seem to be discussing some emergency.

ANGLE - KNEALE

Relieved, realizing his mistake now. He shakes his head, feeling like a fool. Turns the jeep around.

KNEALE

Dumb shit, John. Soak your head in the ocean. And when she gets back-

He's suddenly blinded by A FLASHLIGHT IN HIS FACE.

PARKS (V.O.)

FREEZE!!

Kneale freezes, his hand easing to his service revolver on the seat.

KNEALE'S POV

Over the flashlight, we're staring down the barrel of a .45 caliber pistol, held by GREG PARKS, a young security guard.

ANGLE - KNEALE

Seeing the security guard uniform. Realizing he's the one trespassing. He leaves the revolver in its place.

Parks pulls Kneale from the jeep.

KNEALE

Slow it down, general, my mista-

Parks slams him to the fence, snaps handcuffs in place.

KNEALE

Hey pal, what's the-

PARKS

-Shut up, clown!

Parks kicks Kneale's legs apart, begins patting him down. It takes a while because Parks is a little green, double-checking all his moves to be sure.

Kneale glances down impatiently.

KNEALE  
Find what you're looking for?  
Cause you're gonna haveta propose  
pretty soon.

Parks straightens up, pulls Kneale off the fence.

THREE OTHER SECURITY GUARDS run over, guns drawn.

PARKS  
(excitedly)  
Tell Franco we got him.

One of the guards hurries away as the others gather around Parks' catch.

GUARD  
Fuckin A, Parks, you got him.

PARKS  
(proudly, to the  
other guards)  
-Search the vehicle.

INT. PLANT - LOBBY AREA SECURITY STATION -NIGHT.

A pathway leads up to it from the front gate security station. The room itself is a large lobby area with WIDE SLIDING STEEL DOORS opening to the outside. At the other end of the room another steel door serves as the MAIN ENTRANCE into the plant. To one side of the lobby is a small OPEN BAY SECURITY STATION with a couple of READOUT SCREENS, a SMALL COMPUTER CONSOLE, and dozens of SURVEILLANCE MONITORS. A high tech FIBER OPTIC MODEL of the plant shows the inner offices, domes, control rooms, ect.

Arthur Cushing talks firmly on a phone, trying very hard to conceal the fact that he's close to being completely unhinged.

CUSHING (on phone)  
...No, there's no need to alert the  
Secretary, I'm reporting a simple  
production delay....No. Just record  
what I've told you, that's all..

Teresa and Gersh are huddled by Trammer who sits before a readout screen, typing in commands on a small computer.

SARA MATLIN, a striking, dark-haired technician in her late twenties, mini-skirt and heels, rushes in to join them.

SARA

-I don't believe this! What's going on Frederick?

GERSH

-I don't know. Ten minutes ago I was tucking my children into bed!

They look back to Trammer.

TRAMMER

See? The Security Readout shows a very slight leak in Dome 3's water line. Not serious.

ANGLE - SECURITY READOUT SCREEN

DOME 3 WATER LEVEL  
DOWN SIX INCHES  
POSSIBLE COOLING LINE LEAK  
CORE STABLE - 488 DEGREES

TRAMMER (V.O.)

But when I try to access Prometheus ..there, see it?

CAMERA SWINGS DOWN TO CLOSEUP ON READOUT SCREEN

An ATOMIC HAPPY FACE materializes on the screen. Then, slowly changes into a SKULL & CROSSBONES.

TERESA

Her eyes harden, watching.

THE READOUT SCREEN:

YOU MAY NOT VIEW

MY DAEMON KINGDOM

ANGLE - GROUP

Staring at the screen. Trammer gets up and lets Teresa take the seat at the console.

Teresa begins rapidly punching in command codes, dead serious.

CUSHING (on phone)  
 No, no, no. Just what I've told  
 you!  
 (eyeing the readout screen)  
 ..Thirty minutes. ..Because it'll  
 take us that long to check it out!

Cushing abruptly hangs up the phone, glares at everyone.

GERSH  
 -What the hell's going on, Arthur?

CUSHING  
 -There's been no response from the  
 control room for almost an hour and  
 we can't get inside.

The others look at each other, alarmed.

SARA  
 Is anyone injured?

CUSHING  
 We don't know. All we know is  
 Dome 3's water level is down and  
 someone put a goddamn virus in  
 the computer, jamming the inside  
 phones and monitors.

CAMERA SWINGS UP to the bank of dead Surveillance Monitors.

ANGLE - GROUP

Their alarm is slowly growing.

SARA  
 Is there radiation?

CUSHING  
 We don't know.  
 (shoots a glance at Gersh)  
 -Where's Lawrence?

GERSH  
 I called him twenty minutes ago.  
 ..he was with a woman..

CUSHING  
 -Call him again!

Gersh grabs a phone and dials.

CUSHING

-Teresa. Can you crack it?

TERESA

Yes. But not from here. I need to get to Prometheus, inside.

Cushing eyes the others, dead serious.

CUSHING

The records show all eight people punched in for graveyard shift. Security thinks the vandal may or may not be one of them. Could just be an ex-employee who knew how to access the computer from outside..

The technicians glance at each other.

FRANCO, the Head of Security, a large, tough-looking man in his forties walks in briskly. He carries a gun.

Cushing turns to him expectantly.

FRANCO

(shakes his head)

Whole building's sealed. All the way around.

Cushing opens his briefcase, tosses his phone book back inside. He hesitates at the sight of a half-inch thick BLUE BOOK with a red paper band around it.

CLOSE ON BLUE BOOK

We read: "TOP SECRET DOCUMENT! CLASSIFIED: PROMETHEUS LAST RESORT", before Cushing slams the briefcase closed.

BACK TO SCENE

As a plant VAN pulls up right outside the door, chirps to a stop. Lawrence, the 25 yr old technician seen hitting on Teresa earlier, hurries in.

Cushing is in Lawrence's face.

CUSHING

-Where the hell've you been?

One of the Security Guards runs in to Cushing and Franco.

GUARD

We got him, we caught the vandal!

Cushing turns. His stare could melt iron.

EXT. PLANT -NIGHT.

CAMERA MOVES with Parks as he hustles Kneale inside the fence. They move toward the open security lobby door.

Kneale glimpses Teresa inside. He tries to hang back.

KNEALE

Listen, pal, take me to jail, call the San Diego P.D., ok? but-

PARKS

-Shut up, asshole.

Parks tightens his grip, pushing Kneale inside.

INT. LOBBY AREA -NIGHT.

Parks comes in with Kneale.

FRANCO

Good work, Parks.

TERESA

..Oh my god.

CUSHING

(to Kneale)

You son of a bitch! Who are you?  
-How'd you access this system?!

Teresa could die of embarrassment. She moves to Cushing.

TERESA

Doctor, no..

CUSHING

(turning)

What is it?

TERESA

That's not..the vandal. ..he's my  
boyfriend. ..followed me here..

Everyone looks at Kneale. Teresa is not happy with him.

ANGLE - KNEALE

He looks away, embarrassed as hell.

ANGLE - ROOM

Cushing turns, barking at everyone.

CUSHING

-Parks, get him out of here! Teresa,  
get back on that board! Lawrence!

FRANCO

(sotto to Parks,  
regarding Kneale)  
Check him out.

Parks nods, leads Kneale away.

KNEALE

How bout the bracelets, general?

Parks stops at the door, digs for the handcuff keys.  
Kneale sees Lawrence pull a RADIATION METER from the van.

KNEALE

What's going down, pal?

LAWRENCE

Some asshole playin' games with  
the plant's computer. Fuckin up  
my night royally.

KNEALE

I hear that. ..What's that thing?

LAWRENCE

Radiation meter. Measures rads.

Kneale looks to a meter on the box.

KNEALE

Rads. That's bad shit, huh.

LAWRENCE

Radiation Absorbed Dose. You can  
take up to 25 rads. Like a whole  
bunch of x-rays from the dentist.  
150 rads and you can be pretty sure  
of gettin leukemia. 400 rads and  
they find you a lead box, put you  
deep in the ground.

CAMERA PUSHES IN CLOSE ON KNEALE

As his face sobers quickly, turning to look at Teresa.

KNEALE'S POV

Amid the chaos, Teresa glances over, catching Kneale's eye. She looks worried, too.

ANGLE - PARKS & KNEALE

Parks uncuffs Kneale, moves him to the door.

Suddenly a LOUD THUDDING OF LOCKS as the security system clamps down. Parks jumps back as the lobby's huge steel doors slide shut.

CUSHING

Franco, what the hell's going on?!

Franco quickly unlocks a SECURITY CONTROL BOX on the wall, punches in a command. Nothing.

FRANCO

It sealed automatically. From inside. We're locked in.

Cushing looks ferociously toward the sealed entrance door.

ANGLE - GROUP

Fear setting in. Everyone starts TALKING at once.

CUSHING

Quiet!!

(he gets it)

Franco. Can you get us through the door?

Franco touches the sealed entrance door.

FRANCO

Pressurized. All the doorways in the main building will be sealed. They work on an interlock.

He shoots a cautious look at the others, then nods to Parks. Parks quickly moves to a cabinet, pulls out a long metal probe from a toolbox.

FRANCO

There's..an override mechanism in these maintenance access doors.

Parks goes to a small door-shaped plate in the wall, taps around, manipulating the screws, as Franco eyes the others.

FRANCO

You can open them if you know how to trip the pressure plates.

CUSHING

-Lawrence. I want to know if we're going into radiated atmosphere!

Lawrence hustles over with the radiation meter. He inserts a long probe into a tiny rubber passage in the door.

GERSH

Shouldn't we call a Security Alert?

CUSHING

Not till we know what's going on!  
(he calms himself,  
looks to the others)

..All reactor systems read normal. If all we have are jammed doors and communication, with a crew waiting for us inside, do we want a fuckin alert coming down on our heads?

Kneale eyes Teresa.

CUSHING

Franco, tell your men there's to be no alert. Have them close down the road, and keep us secure.

Franco moves to the sealed front doorway and shouts instructions to the outside guards through the steel doors.

LAWRENCE

-Doctor!

CAMERA SWINGS QUICKLY to Lawrence and the radiation meter.

LAWRENCE

Beyond the door is clean. But there's a leak coming in here.

LOW ANGLE - RADIATION METER & GROUP

It suddenly begins clicking loudly.

There is a stunned silence. Everyone backs away.

CUSHING

Don't panic, it's low. Ten rads.

But Lawrence is staring at the meter.

LAWRENCE

-It's goin up. Fast.

CLOSEUP - RADIATION METER

The needle passes 25 rads, eases beyond 30, and still moving. The CLICKING GROWS LOUDER.

ANGLE - LAWRENCE & GROUP

Lawrence backs up, holding the meter in front of him. The CLICKING SLOWS DOWN.

LAWRENCE

It's clean back here. It's moving this way. Coming from that vent. Like it's being pumped in!

Everyone is staying back behind Lawrence, moving to the clean side of the room.

GERSH

What the fuck's going on?

CUSHING

-Parks. Can you get us through?

GERSH

You want us to go inside..?

CUSHING

Or stay here?! Take your pick!

Trammer slides opens a closet door, starts passing out RADIATION SUITS to everyone.

CUSHING

Make sure you're completely covered!

Trammer gets to Kneale. Looks at Parks and Franco.

TRAMMER

What about him?

FRANCO

Can't leave him here.

ANGLE - KNEALE

He receives a suit, looks at the plastic snoods, rubber gloves, overshoes and Canadian combat masks with oxygen tubes and tanks. A RADIATION BADGE is sewn into the arm of the suit.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal the group suited up. There is a silence as they look at each other through their masks.

Franco straps his .38 onto his radiation suit belt.

Parks pulls the probe back from the maintenance door's seal. A WHOOSH of air and the door opens!

A wide, cinderblock corridor is revealed. Pitch dark.

Cushing moves back to the fiber optic MODEL OF THE PLANT. He hits several buttons, lighting up: The Hot Fuels Lab, straight ahead. The Central Control Room, to the far right. Dome Three, to the left.

CUSHING

Alright, listen: Parks and Franco will go to Dome 3 and manually shut down the leaking water line. Sara and Lawrence, get to the Lab. Make sure the Stored Fuels haven't been tampered with. The rest of us will go to the Control Room and restore communications through Prometheus.

GERSH

What if there's someone in there?

A silence. Everyone looks at Franco.

He pulls open his radiation suit, takes out an extra .38 revolver. He extends it toward Cushing.

A beat. Cushing takes the gun.

CUSHING

Ok. You all have radio mikes in your masks.

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

CUSHING  
(over radio)

Can you hear me?

SARA

Clear.

TERESA

Clear.

GERSH

Clear.

Cushing leads them into the corridor.

INT. MAINTENANCE CORRIDOR -NIGHT.

Nine figures appear in the hazy darkness, their flashlight beams swirling ahead of them. They look like a grotesque track team from another planet.

INT. CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM -NIGHT.

We are looking at a TV MONITOR showing the nine suited people coming through the maintenance corridor.

Suddenly A MAN steps into frame. We see only his outline, not his face.

CLOSEUP - KEY PUNCH

The MAN'S FINGERS, scarred with lesions, punch several computer keys.

CLOSEUP - TV MONITOR

The shot on the monitor ZOOMS IN, TIGHTENS on the group as they move under an archway TOWARD CAMERA.

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

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN BUILDING HALLWAY -NIGHT.

CAMERA SWINGS up to a door, which SWOOSHES open as Parks steps back from it, removing his probe from the seal.

The nine suited figures step in through the maintenance door, stand up in the brightly lit Main Hallway.

Lawrence holds up his radiation meter.

LAWRENCE

Clean.

Cushing nods that they continue with their routes. The group splits in two, Cushing, Teresa, Gersh and Trammer taking the north hallway, the others going west.

ANGLE - KNEALE

He moves toward Teresa.

Franco steps up, blocking his way.

FRANCO

(to Teresa)

Anyone not security cleared must stay in our custody.

Kneale's eyes glance over from behind the radiation mask as he moves away with Parks, Franco, Lawrence and Sarah.

KNEALE'S POV - TERESA

Teresa turns and looks at Kneale as she moves away with Cushing, Gersh and Trammer. She lifts her hand slightly, a gesture of parting, and love.

CUT TO:

INT. CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM -NIGHT

CLOSEUP - TV MONITOR

The shot TIGHTENS on four of the group splitting off from the others and coming TOWARD CAMERA.

ANGLE - COMPUTER KEYS

The MAN'S FINGERS punch the keys quickly.

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN BUILDING - WEST HALLWAY -NIGHT.

Mounted high on the ceiling is a remote TV camera that slowly pans with the group as they walk.

ANGLE - GROUP

Kneale nudges Parks, then gestures toward the camera. Parks quickly taps Franco, who turns to look.

POV - REMOTE CAMERA

The remote camera is now absolutely motionless.

ANGLE - GROUP

PARKS

It was moving. Following us.

The others look at Parks, then continue through a doorway.

Kneale turns and looks behind him.

KNEALE'S POV - DOOR

There is a METALLIC CLICK and the door slides shut.

ANGLE - GROUP

They spin around.

ANGLE - GROUP

Lawrence steps back toward the door.

Franco takes his arm.

FRANCO

We keep going. In.

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN BUILDING - NORTH HALLWAY -NIGHT.

As Teresa moves along with Cushing, Gersh and Trammer, the Hallway Lights suddenly go out. The group stops.

Gersh and Teresa flick their flashlights back on.

The group continues, flashlight beams piercing the darkness ahead.

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN BUILDING - WEST HALLWAY -NIGHT.

Franco and the others stop at a SEALED DOOR marked, "DOME THREE ENTRANCE".

Lawrence checks his radiation meter, nods they're ok. Everyone removes their masks.

Parks searches the maintenance access panel in the wall.

PARKS

No plates on this puppy. Have to unscrew the whole thing.

Franco turns to Lawrence.

FRANCO

Down the hall from the Lab there's a Manual Control Room for all the doors in this section. See if you can open any of them from there.

Lawrence nods. He and Sarah secure their masks, continue down the hallway, past a SIGN: "Hot Fuels Lab -->".

FRANCO

Parks, the radio sets won't be any good through the dome walls. Get up to the sub office and pick up some SL Communicators.

Parks glances at Kneale.

FRANCO

You take him. I'll work on this.

Parks motions Kneale to walk in front of him, points him across the hallway, to a set of STAIRS.

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN BUILDING - NORTH HALLWAY -NIGHT.

Teresa, Cushing, Gersh and Trammer move carefully around a corner. Cushing has the gun extended.

TERESA

Doctor?

They all stop, turning quickly to look at her.

TERESA

Is the safety on?

Cushing looks down at the gun. Clicks the safety off.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - SECURITY SUB OFFICE DOOR -NIGHT.

Parks makes Kneale wait against the wall with his hands on his head. Parks moves to the door, inserts a key.

CUT TO:

INT. SECURITY SUB OFFICE -NIGHT.

A small equipment station and locker room.

The door eases open as Parks steps in, switches on the lights and swings his gun in an arc around the room.

PARKS' POV - SECURITY OFFICE

It's empty. Undisturbed.

ANGLE - PARKS & KNEALE

Parks flips several SWITCHES by the doorway, motions for Kneale to come in. As Kneale steps through the door, a LOUD METAL DETECTOR BUZZER goes off.

Parks swings his gun towards Kneale, quickly begins frisking him.

ANGLE - KNEALE

Bored with Parks by now.

KNEALE

Inner breast pocket.

packet from Kneale's pocket.

ANGLE - PACKET

As Parks opens it, we see Kneale's Navy I.D., with his picture, and METAL LT. COMMANDER'S OAK LEAVES.

ANGLE - PARKS & KNEALE

As Parks looks up at him, surprised.

PARKS  
(half embarrassed,  
half excited)  
Damn, why didn't you say you were  
Navy?

KNEALE  
(dryly)  
We weren't "properly introduced".

Parks unlocks a desk drawer, puts two high tech wallet size SL COMMUNICATOR RADIOS on the desk.

PARKS  
I'm goin in myself next year. This  
here's just a temporary gig.

He moves to a row of lockers, unlocks one.

With great bravado, he pulls out an AK 47, shows it to Kneale.

ANGLE - KNEALE

A little surprised at the hardware.

ANGLE - KNEALE & PARKS

PARKS  
G'head, check out the action.

He quickly demonstrates the loading motion.

CUT TO:

Very dark. The door opens, and in the hallway we see Lawrence extend the radiation meter inside. Sara reads it.

SARA

Clean.

LAWRENCE

You said it.

He grins, looks Sara over solicitously as they pull off their masks. She ignores him, switches on some lights.

CAMERA MOVES with Sara as she comes in past a SIGN: "STORED HOT FUELS". She goes to a control console in front of a long multi-plated window.

SARA'S POV - STORED HOT FUELS CYLINDERS

On the floor a level below are rows of glass-covered cylinders containing PLUTONIUM FUEL RODS submerged in water. Wisps of vapor play over the surface of the water.

LAWRENCE

..Well, they're all there. No stolen fuel rods for the Anti-Nuke terrorists today. Let's go.

SARA

Hold on.

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

From just below the window two mechanical gyro-arms rise up. They have mechanical fingers on the ends. Manipulated by Sara's hands, they reach out across the top of the cylinders and grab an object on the opposite wall.

Then the arms slowly bring the object back to the window. It is a radiation meter.

ANGLE - SARA & LAWRENCE

Sara stares through the window at the meter, concerned.

SARA

Fifteen rads.

LAWRENCE

That's nothing. Let's go.

SARA  
It should be reading zero.

She moves to a large metal door with a warning:

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

SARA  
I've got to go read the gauges.

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

SARA  
I'll lock myself in and wait for  
you to come back and get me.

LAWRENCE  
How 'bout lockin us both in 'n  
we'll get it while it's hot..?

SARA  
Stop wasting time and get to the  
manuals. Franco's waiting.

She steps inside the air lock and punches a code. The door instantly SEALS SHUT.

LAWRENCE'S POV - MOVING SHOT

CAMERA EASES AROUND to peek in through the window. Sara unzips her radiation suit, removes her tight dress. For a moment she is half naked. She quickly slips on a work leotard hanging in the chamber, pulls the suit back on.

ANGLE - LAWRENCE

He grins good-naturedly, moves out into the hallway.

INT. MANUAL CONTROLS OFFICE -NIGHT.

Lawrence steps inside.

The room is empty. On a desk a fresh pot of coffee sits steaming in a coffee maker. An electric typewriter HUMMS quietly, a piece of paper in the spindle.

ANGLE - LAWRENCE

He stares at the typewriter a moment, CLICKS it off.

He lifts the phone, starts to dial, but stops, holding the receiver to his ear. No dial tone.

He starts to replace the receiver -on the underside of the receiver is a thin layer of blood. He opens his hand. Looks at the blood on his fingers.

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN BUILDING - WEST HALLWAY -NIGHT.

Parks and Kneale move quickly with the communicator radios and rad meters.

Kneale carries a .38 now. His eyes watch the shadows.

PARKS  
Where you stationed?

KNEALE  
Nevada.

PARKS  
Air Base? ..You like the desert?

KNEALE  
(pause)  
..Not crazy about it. But "ours is not to reason why", right?

PARKS  
(grins. he's hip)  
Anyway, with shore duty you get to go home to your woman every night.

KNEALE  
..That's it.

They come around a corner, see Franco up ahead, unscrewing the maintenance access panel.

PARKS  
..uh, could we squash anything about the AK..?

KNEALE  
Consider it squashed.

Franco turns to see Parks and Kneale returning.

ANGLE - FRANCO'S POV

The .38 in Kneale's hand.

ANGLE - THE THREE MEN

Franco suddenly draws his gun on Kneale. Kneale reacts instinctively, swinging the .38 towards Franco.

FRANCO

Drop the gun.

PARKS

Franco, it's ok. He's Navy.  
He's an officer.

Franco keeps his gun pointed at Kneale.

PARKS

(to Kneale)  
Show him. Show him your I.D.

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN BUILDING HALLWAY -NIGHT.

Up ahead is a DOORWAY: "Central Control Room".

ANGLE - TERESA, CUSHING, GERSH & TRAMMER

They move forward, Cushing holding the gun out in front of them.

CUT TO:

INT. MANUAL CONTROLS OFFICE -NIGHT.

Lawrence, wipes the blood from his hand, moves nervously to the MANUAL CONTROLS BAY. A line of wheel shaped controls.

ANGLE - CONTROLS BAY

A crowbar's jammed into the MAIN WHEEL, locking the others.

ANGLE - LAWRENCE

He quickly slides the crowbar out. Turns the main wheel.

CUT TO:

INT. NORTH HALLWAY - CONTROL ROOM ENTRANCE -NIGHT.

Teresa, Cushing, Gersh and Trammer jump back, startled, as the Control Room door suddenly HISSES open.

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. DOME 3 ENTRANCE -NIGHT.

The door suddenly SWOOSHES open, revealing Franco, Parks and Kneale in the hallway.

All three swing their guns reflexively toward the door.

CUT TO:

INT. MANUAL CONTROLS OFFICE -NIGHT.

The office door suddenly SLAMS SHUT!

Lawrence spins around.

An arm grabs him from behind, choking him in a vise-like grip. Lawrence struggles. Then panics, thrashing wildly. He starts to lose consciousness.

CUT TO:

INT. CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM -NIGHT

The lights are on. Prometheus' maze of instrumentation and monitors all BLINK and CLICK normally.

But the room is completely empty.

Cushing comes in slowly, the gun extended before him.

Teresa, Gersh and Trammer follow, looking around, shocked.

## CUSHING

Where the fuck is the crew?!

-Trammer, secure the door.

Teresa hurries to Prometheus.

CUT TO:

INT. HOT FUELS LAB -NIGHT.

The liquid in the glass-covered cylinders surges vaporously. Sara moves toward them to check-

A ROW OF LARGE TEMPERATURE GAUGES

They all have the same range of ZERO to 400 DEGREES, with "NORMAL" MARKINGS at 100 DEGREES, and RED "WARNING" ZONES at 300 DEGREES.

Right now they're all sitting at 120 DEGREES.

ANGLE - SARA & GYRO-ARMS

Sara is slightly concerned, watching the gauges.

Behind her the gyro-arms are poised motionless in mid-air like metallic claws. Suddenly one of the arms moves silently upward and extends toward her from behind!

Unaware, Sara steps away before it can reach her, walks to-

A LARGE WATER PRESSURE GAUGE

It's labelled "INCOMING COOLING WATER".

The gauge is reading zero.

ANGLE - SARA

She moves back, alarmed.

SARA

Oh no...

(touches a button on  
her face mask mike)

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

CUT TO:

INT. CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM -NIGHT.

Silence. Cushing moves to look over Teresa's shoulder as she quickly punches in commands at Prometheus' Master Control Board. Everyone has removed their radiation suits.

ANGLE - COMPUTER SCREEN

Prometheus' ATOMIC HAPPY FACE appears. Then, transforms itself into the same SKULL & CROSSBONES..

ANGLE - CREW

Teresa stares at the screen, indignant.

Gersh is punching buttons on an INTERCOM PANEL.

GERSH

(to Cushing)

-The intercoms are out.

Cushing quickly snatches up a phone. Dead.

CUT TO:

INT. HOT FUELS LAB -NIGHT.

Sara moves to the chamber window, looks out, trying to locate Lawrence.

SARA'S POV - THROUGH WINDOW

The room is empty. She's alone.

ANGLE - SARA

She starts to panic, fumbles with her radio mike.

SARA

-Hello? Hello! Something weird is happening in here! There's no cooling water coming to the stored fuels. They're all heating up!

She looks back to the temperature gauges.

ANGLE - TEMPERATURE GAUGES

Easing very slowly upwards, past 130 DEGREES now, towards the RED WARNING ZONE.

ANGLE - GYRO-ARM

The gyro-arm hovers above Sara, its fingers twisted into a clawing hand! Suddenly the arm lunges forward into CAMERA!

ANGLE - SARA

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

CLOSEUP - OBSERVER'S ROOM CONSOLE

We are CLOSE on two hands thrust inside the grips on the console in the observer's room.

ANGLE - SARA

The gyro-arm has CLAMPED its fingers around her now, pushing her toward one of the cylinders! Sara fights, grabbing the sides of the cylinder, pushing away from the surging liquid. The other gyro-arm reaches in and pushes her through the glass and down into the liquid!

CUT TO:

INT. DOME THREE - WALKWAY -NIGHT

The dome's gargantuan REACTOR VESSEL looms up ahead, rising several stories, straight up.

Parks, Franco and Kneale, wearing masks again, make their way toward it, their flashlight beams scanning the cavernous dome.

CAMERA MOVES with them as they approach the reactor, stepping in and out of work lights.

Franco stops, points with his flashlight. Parks and Kneale tense.

ANGLE - WALL

There is a tableau in spray paint on the wall.

The CAMERA PANS DOWN TO:

THOSE WHO DARE TO ENTER

HIS DAEMON KINGDOM

AVERT THINE EYES

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

FOR THIS IS HALLOWED GROUND

ANGLE - FRANCO, PARKS & KNEALE

Suddenly A HAND lashes out from behind the stairway, grabbing Kneale's forearm.

Kneale spins around, pulling a MAN out from behind the staircase and throwing him onto the floor.

ANGLE - MAN

He's a TECHNICIAN. Badly burned. Choking.

ANGLE - KNEALE, FRANCO, PARKS & TECHNICIAN

Franco and Parks recoil, shocked by the man's horrible burns.

FRANCO

Foley. Jesus..

Kneale goes quickly to the man, who has stopped breathing, starts giving him mouth to mouth.

The guy comes around for a moment.

TECHNICIAN

(a raspy whisper)

Fear..man..

PARKS

..What'd he say?

The man's eyes roll to the ceiling. He's gone.  
 Franco quickly fumbles with his radio.

FRANCO  
 (into radio)  
 Hello, this is Franco, can anyone  
 hear me?

Franco wheels back as GUNFIRE rips into the radio,  
 destroying it.

Parks and Kneale hit the deck, guns pointing, trying to  
 peer into the darkness.

A silence. Then FOOTSTEPS, retreating.

PARKS  
 -There!

Kneale is already in pursuit. Parks follows quickly.  
 Franco more slowly...his left arm is a mess.

CUT TO:

INT. CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM -NIGHT.

Teresa leans over Prometheus' main console, punching in  
 commands, reacting quickly as she fights-

THE VIRUS - ON READOUT SCREEN

It appears as a JUMBLE OF LETTERS attaching itself to each  
 of Teresa's written commands.

TERESA  
 ..c'mon, baby...c'mon..

Then, suddenly- the virus breaks up and disappears from the  
 screen.

TERESA  
Got it!

ANGLE - ROOM

Cushing, Trammer and Gersh jump to their feet and huddle  
 around Teresa as she types in a command:

CLOSEUP - READOUT SCREEN:

PDX3120  
REQUEST STATUS  
REACTORS 1,2,3

PROMETHEUS  
(computer voice)  
All Three Reactors Stable.

ANGLE - CUSHING, TERESA, TRAMMER & GERSH

They explode with SHOUTS and CHEERS!

CUSHING  
..ok, ok, readings.

They hustle back to their stations.

Teresa smiles privately at Prometheus' atomic happy face returning to the screen.

TERESA  
Welcome back, baby..

CUT TO:

INT. DOME 3 -NIGHT.

Kneale, Parks and Franco move carefully in the silent darkness. Guns swinging soundlessly here, then there.

Suddenly, running into the open is a man. He opens fire, a SHOTGUN blasting wildly.

ANGLE - FRANCO, PARKS & KNEALE

Franco is blown away. Parks and Kneale dive for cover.

ANGLE - PARKS

When he sees Franco go down, he starts firing wildly into the shadows. At nothing. BAM-BAM! BAM!

ANGLE - KNEALE

Watching Parks over-react. He peers back into the shadows, begins moving silently to his left.

CUT TO:

INT. CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM -NIGHT.

TRAMMER  
(reading gauges)  
Core temperatures holding..  
Dome three only slightly hot..

GERSH  
(reading gauges)  
Coolant flow normal...  
Pressure normal...

Teresa is punching in commands on the master control board.

TERESA  
Prometheus, bringing back..the  
phones.. And..the monitors.

ANGLE - MONITORS

They're all flickering to life.

ANGLE - CREW

CUSHING  
Punch up Dome Three

Teresa punches some buttons, looks up.

ANGLE - MONITOR

CAMERA IS PANNING the outside of Dome 3's REACTOR VESSEL.

ANGLE - CREW

TERESA  
Intact. No structural damage.

CUSHING  
Let's see the core.

As Teresa punches in another command, their faces are suddenly bathed in an eerie blue light as-

CLOSE UP - MONITOR

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

TRAMMER

She's smooth.

CUSHING

Absolutely nothing is wrong! So  
where the fuck is the water leak?

Teresa leans to another console, types in a command.

CLOSE UP - COMPUTER SCREEN

A COMPUTER IMAGE OF THE REACTOR appears on the screen, showing the COOLING WATER SYSTEM surrounding it.

TERESA

..There it is. ..see it?

She punches AN ELECTRONIC ARROW onto the screen, moves it to ONE OF THE DOZENS OF DRAIN VALVES at the bottom of the reactor. The valve is opening and closing very slightly, dumping small amounts of water into the drain each time.

TERESA (V.O.)

..Looks like the drain valve is opening and closing all by itself, dumping some water..

ANGLE - CREW

TERESA

Must be some of the virus still in the system. I'll find it.

CUT TO:

INT. DOME 3 -NIGHT.

A SHOTGUN BLAST explodes into a barrel behind Kneale. He dives to the floor, rolling INTO CLOSE UP. Looking.

ANGLE - PARKS

BAM-BAM! He's still shooting everywhere, freaking out.

KNEALE

(under his breath)  
Parks, save it.

CUT TO:

INT. CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM -NIGHT.

Gersh hangs up a phone.

GERSH  
(to Cushing)  
Sara and Lawrence don't answer.

CUSHING  
-Find out where the hell Franco-

TERESA  
Prometheus is transmitting!

The others stop dead in their tracks, look at each other.  
They quickly gather around the screen.

CLOSEUP - READOUT SCREEN:

Words appear:

ATTENTION  
CONTROL ROOM INCOMPETENTS

Then:

I'M WATCHING YOU

Then:

AS YOU TRY TO UNDO  
WHAT MUST BE DONE

ANGLE - CUSHING, GERSH, TERESA & TRAMMER

Staring at the screen.

CUSHING  
How the hell is he still getting  
access into the system?

TERESA  
And from where?

CLOSEUP - READOUT SCREEN:

BUT I WILL NOT BE UNDONE.

ANGLE - CUSHING & TERESA

TERESA

This guy's no simple lab techie,  
Arthur.

CLOSEUP - READOUT SCREEN:

FOR I AM THE TRUE THIEF  
OF FIRE.

I AM YOUR DAY OF JUDGEMENT.

The SKULL & CROSSBONES appears.

ANGLE - CUSHING, TERESA, GERSH & TRAMMER

An incredulous silence.

TERESA

He's got access to Prometheus'  
central programs system..from  
outside the control room..  
..That's impossible.

CUSHING

-Lock down every control you can.  
(to Gersh)  
-Get Franco on the intercom!

CAMERA SWINGS around with Cushing as he turns with dread,  
to A RED TELEPHONE.

CUT TO:

INT. DOME 3 -NIGHT.

Parks' gun CLICKS, empty. He quickly fumbles to re-load.

ANGLE - VANDAL

Suddenly coming straight INTO CAMERA! Pumping his shotgun  
at Parks and Kneale.

ANGLE - ROOM

RICOCHETTING LEAD and THUNDER as Kneale returns fire. A  
firestorm of guns blazing.

CUT TO:

INT. CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM -NIGHT.

Cushing is on the Red Telephone.

CUSHING  
(into telephone)

Yes, Mister Secretary, I'm afraid he knew how to bypass Prometheus' logic centers without triggering the fail-safe alarms.

CUSHING'S POV - READOUT SCREEN:

DOME 3 - CORE STABLE  
WATER LEVEL DOWN 6 INCHES

CUSHING (V.O.)  
(on phone)

No sir, all the reactor systems are completely stable. There's no indication of any problem whatsoever with the cores..

ANGLE - CUSHING

He listens for several beats.

CUSHING  
(on phone)

Yes sir, Prometheus does run the reactors, but we-.....sir, it's only a computer virus. Certain minor plant functions are jammed, but only Prometheus controls the reactors and we are in control of Prometheus.

CUT TO:

INT. DOME -NIGHT

ANGLE - KNEALE

He rolls to cover as a SHOTGUN BLAST blows a hole into the wall. He looks up-

KNEALE'S POV

Parks gets hit, goes down.

ANGLE - VANDAL

He runs in to finish Parks.

ANGLE - KNEALE

He comes out firing BAM-BAM-BAM, hitting the Vandal.

ANGLE - VANDAL

He drops the shotgun, but swings around and clutches Parks by the throat. Squeezing down. Parks fights wildly, but is no match.

ANGLE - ROOM

Kneale can't get a clear shot, might hit Parks. He aims.

The Vandal shoves Parks forward and flees. Kneale dives around Parks to fire. Too late. The Vandal's gone. Kneale hurries back to Parks, who is trying to catch his breath.

CUT TO:

INT. CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM -NIGHT.

CAMERA IS MOVING IN on Cushing, his face moist with perspiration now, his tie pulled open.

CUSHING

(on phone)

..Diablo Rock is a several billion dollar investment, Mister Secretary, the most powerful plant ever built. It's plugged right into the national power grid, servicing eleven states-

He listens. Looks at the MODEL OF THE PLANT. The image of perfection.

CUSHING

(on phone)

I assure you it's absolutely fail safe. The computer does it all. There is no danger of human error.

He listens, eyes his watch.

CUSHING

(on phone)

Sir, I don't think it's necessary to send anyone in at this time. Prometheus has a six hour response time before any problem can become serious. We still have four hours, and I'm certain that we can correct the situation ourselves in the next half hour -and quickly and quietly, sir, if you know what I mean..  
..Yes sir...yes sir. Thank you.

Cushing hangs up the phone, shaken.

GERSH

You didn't tell him the night crew is missing?

CUSHING

-Is that going to help us get this reactor stabilized first?

(to Trammer)

-Where the hell's Franco?

TRAMMER

(at the intercom)

No response.

INT. DOME 3 -NIGHT.

Kneale slides Parks behind some cover, quickly reloads. He looks down at Parks.

ANGLE - PARKS

He'll live, hit in the leg.

ANGLE - FRANCO

Franco is dead.

CUT TO:

EXT. PLANT -NIGHT.

A fury of dust is rising like a charging tornado across the desert floor. Then, very quickly the night sky is ablaze with FLASHING LIGHTS and SIRENS as an army of MILITARY and POLICE UNITS surround the plant.

COLONEL THEODORE DREISER and a LIEUTENANT get out of an Army Jeep, walk to the Front Gate Security Station.

The plant Guards meet him, eagerly.

CUT TO:

INT. CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM -NIGHT.

A BLACK WALL PHONE RINGS. The crew looks at it.

TRAMMER

Front gate.

Cushing grabs the phone.

CUSHING

What is it?

(pause)

Yes, I'm Cushing, who the hell is this?

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT GATE SECURITY STATION -NIGHT.

DREISER

(on phone)

This is Colonel Dreiser, U.S. Army  
Emergency Response Unit.

CUT TO:

INT. CONTROL ROOM -NIGHT.

Cushing slips his hand over the phone.

CUSHING

(to Trammer)

-Get those on.

Trammer quickly puches up-

THE OUTSIDE MONITORS

As they come on we see the MILITARY and POLICE UNITS surrounding the plant.

ANGLE - CUSHING

CUSHING

(receiver covered)  
God damn it! Franco's guards must  
have freaked out.

(then, into phone)  
Now listen, Colonel, I don't know  
who called you, but there is ab-  
solutely no need for alarm-

CUT TO:

INT. FRONT GATE SECURITY STATION -NIGHT.

Behind Dreiser, an ARMY SWAT TEAM is seen through the open  
door, ready and waiting.

DREISER

Mister Cushing, upon instructions  
of the Secretary of State, I must  
assess and contain any danger to  
the Federal Nuclear Plant. I must  
request immediate entrance to the  
facility, sir.

CUT TO:

INT. CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM -NIGHT.

CUSHING

(into phone)  
I can't do that. ..I'm sorry, I  
cannot let you into the plant now,  
and there's no need for it.

He listens.

CUSHING

(on phone)  
..-I don't care if he's left that  
up to you! I'm answerable only to  
the Secretary himself.

(a beat)

..-Well if he's left the country,  
this plant's in my control unless  
I hear from him directly.

He hangs up.

CUT TO:

INT. FRONT GATE SECURITY STATION -NIGHT.

Dreiser snaps his radio communicator shut.

His steely eyes turn toward the plant. Then, to the Security Guards and their monitors.

ANGLE - SECURITY MONITORS

View of entrances, dome walkways, ect.

CUT TO:

INT. DOME 3 -NIGHT.

Kneale ties a strip of Franco's clothing around Parks' bleeding leg. Keeps glancing to the shadows.

Parks is shaken about Franco. Embarrassed about freaking out under fire.

KNEALE  
Hey, you did ok. First time under  
fire I froze...couldn't do shit...  
Leg'll be ok. How's the windpipe?

PARKS  
(a croak)  
..no prob..lem..

He coughs, can't speak.

Parks' RADIO CRACKLES.

CUSHING  
(over radio)

Franco!

Parks picks up the radio. He coughs again, painfully.

Kneale takes the radio.

CUSHING  
(over radio)  
Franco! Do you read me?!

KNEALE  
Slow down, general, we read you.

CUSHING (V.O.)  
 (a beat)  
 -Listen you son of a bitch!

Kneale frowns.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT GATE SECURITY STATION -NIGHT.

Dreiser's eyes move over the plant as he listens in.

CUSHING  
 (over radio)  
 Whoever the hell you are-

CUT TO:

INT. CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM -NIGHT.

Teresa interrupts Cushing, speaks into Prometheus.

TERESA  
 ..John?

CUT TO:

INT. DOME -NIGHT.

Kneale is relieved to hear Teresa's ok.

TERESA  
 (over radio)  
 ..John, are you there?

KNEALE  
 Just till monday. And this is  
 what I get for it, right?

CUT TO:

INT. CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM -NIGHT.

Teresa sighs, relieved. Then:

TERESA  
 John, why are you on the radio?  
 Where's Franco and Parks?

(over radio)  
Mr. Parks is right here. We ran  
into your vandal. Parks took a  
load of buckshot in the leg, but  
he'll be alright. Mr. Franco..  
wasn't so lucky.

ANGLE - TERESA, CUSHING, GERSH & TRAMMER

They react, alarmed.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT GATE SECURITY STATION -NIGHT.

Dreiser's face tightens at the information. He looks at  
the Security Guards.

DREISER  
-Who's this guy?

CUT TO:

INT. CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM -NIGHT.

CUSHING  
(into radio)  
Parks. Get on the radio.

KNEALE  
(over radio)  
Mr. Parks took a bruise to the  
throat, can't talk too good yet.

TERESA  
(into radio)  
John, did Franco make contact with  
any of the Dome technicians?

KNEALE  
(a beat, over radio)  
Just one guy. Burned to death in  
some kinda fire. Name's Foley?

The veins are bulging out on Cushing's neck.

CUT TO:

Kneale's jeep drives over and stops. A SERGEANT hops out, hands some papers to Dreiser.

CUSHING

(over radio)

Ok, listen..Kneale. We need to get Dome 3's drain valve closed. We can't do it from here. We need you to go there and do it manually.

ANGLE - DREISER

Listening. He looks down at the papers.

POV - PAPERS

Kneale's jeep REGISTRATION.

And NAVY PROMOTION ORDERS: we make out "Transfer Request Denied at this time."

ANGLE - DREISER

He looks up.

DREISER'S POV - KNEALE'S JEEP

The huge bouquet of flowers. The surfboard.

CUSHING

(over radio)

Kneale. Did you hear me?!

CUT TO:

INT. DOME -NIGHT.

KNEALE

(into radio)

Yeah, general, I heard you. Just never been drafted that fast before.  
..Mr. Parks knows the way?

Parks nods.

DREISER  
(over radio)  
Lt. Commander John Kneale. Do you  
read me?

Kneale looks at Parks.

KNEALE  
(into radio)  
Who's this?

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT GATE SECURITY STATION -NIGHT.

DREISER  
(into radio)  
Colonel Dreiser. Army Emergency  
Response Unit.

CUT TO:

INT. DOME -NIGHT.

KNEALE  
(relieved,  
into radio)  
Bout time someone called you guys.

CUT TO:

INT. CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM -NIGHT.

CUSHING  
(into radio)  
Goddamn it, Dreiser, stay out of  
this till we're clear!

CUT TO:

INT. DOME -NIGHT.

Kneale eyes Parks, listening.

(furious, over radio)  
-Cushing, you got two people dead,  
a possible terrorist with access to  
fifty tons of nuclear fuel, and the  
makings of a national crisis, so I  
suggest you-

GUNFIRE BLASTS from the shadows, exploding into the wall  
between Parks and Kneale. They scramble in opposite  
directions!

CUT TO:

INT. CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM -NIGHT.

Teresa jumps forward at the sound of REPEATED GUN BLASTS  
COMING OVER THE INTERCOM.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT GATE SECURITY STATION -NIGHT.

Dreiser's jaw tightens at the GUN BLASTS.

The SWAT TEAM waits for his signal, itching to go.

CUT TO:

INT. DOME -NIGHT.

ANGLE - KNEALE

He's pressed against the side of some machinery, gun  
extended, searching the shadows.

ANGLE - PARKS

Breathing hard, sweat rolling down his face, his gun  
swinging left, then right.

ANGLE - KNEALE

He moves slowly around the machinery.

ANGLE - KNEALE'S POV

Someone suddenly steps directly in front of him. We're staring at a double-barreled shotgun swinging toward us.

ANGLE - ROOM

Kneale fires instantly. Hits the Vandal's image in a mirror: The man is behind him!

CLOSE UP - KNEALE

Realizing he is going to die as: BAM-BAM! The shots ring out. But Kneale doesn't fall.

KNEALE'S POV

The Vandal slumps to the floor.

CAMERA SWINGS up to Parks, still pointing the gun.

ANGLE - ROOM

Kneale gets up. Looks down at the dead man.

ANGLE - VANDAL

He has the eyes of a speed freak, his face painted black and white in a death-like mask. It's Pike.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT GATE SECURITY STATION -NIGHT.

Dreiser listens fiercely to the radio. No more gunshots.

He signals the SWAT TEAM. They advance toward the Main Building.

CUT TO:

INT. CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM -NIGHT.

The crew is tense, listening to the SILENT CRACKLE of the intercom speakers.

CUSHING  
(into radio)

Kneale.

A beat.

KNEALE  
(over radio)

Here, general.

Teresa sits back, weak with relief.

CUT TO:

INT. DOME -NIGHT.

Kneale is going through Pike's pockets.

KNEALE  
(into radio)

We got your Vandal. Or rather,  
Mr. Parks got him, I should say.

He nods at Parks.

KNEALE  
(into radio)

This guy's not gonna be giving  
you any more trouble.

He finds something in one of Pike's pockets.

ANGLE - CARD

A PHOTO I.D. Plant Electrician.

ANGLE - KNEALE

Looking at the card. At Pike.

KNEALE  
(into radio)

We got one "Andrew Pike", plant  
electrician.

KNEALE  
(to Pike)

Guess this locks up employee of  
the month, hey Andy?

Kneale keeps searching, pulls A BOTTLE from an inner  
pocket, brings it UP CLOSE: We read "STEROIDS".

KNEALE

..Little somethin to pump you up  
before terrorizing the office?

He rips back Pike's shirt, finds enormous, bulging MUSCLES  
underneath.

CUT TO:

INT. CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM -NIGHT.

TRAMMER

(reading gauges)

Dome 3 temperature still rising.  
Water level down twelve inches.

Cushing glances nervously at Trammer's gauges.

CUSHING

(into radio)

Is there anything on him relating  
to the plant computer systems?

CUT TO:

INT. DOME -NIGHT.

Parks yanks off Pike's boots. Finds something.

KNEALE

(into radio)

Wait a second.

He unfolds the piece of paper Parks hands him. CAMERA  
MOVES INTO A CLOSE UP of Kneale as he looks soberly at the  
paper, eyes Parks.

CUT TO:

INT. CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM -NIGHT.

KNEALE

(over radio)

Hate to tell you..but Ol Andy the  
electrician's got a schematic  
diagram of more explosive deton-  
ator points than you wanna count.

PUSHING IN ON TERESA, CUSHING, TRAMMER, & GERSH.

QUICK CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT GATE SECURITY STATION -NIGHT.

CAMERA PUSHING IN ON DREISER.

KNEALE  
(over radio)  
Looks like every door into the  
building is wired to-

Dreiser looks up as: AN EXPLOSION scatters the SWAT Team as they reach the building.

CUT TO:

INT. AUXILIARY CONTROL ROOM -NIGHT.

A MONITOR shows the EXPLOSION hitting Dreiser's SWAT Team.

The MAN'S FINGERS let go of a BUTTON which they were holding down. The fingers tap on the console. Waiting.

CUT TO:

INT. FRONT GATE SECURITY STATION -NIGHT.

MEDICS scramble to the injured SWAT Team.

CAMERA SWINGS with Dreiser as he moves with some Guards-

ELECTROMAGNETIC TRANSPORTER

Used to electronically move radioactive material in and out of the plant at high speed, it has an air lock STEEL CHAMBER, a maze of electronic controls, and A MONITOR on top, right now showing the INSIDE FLOOR PLAN OF DOME 3.

A GUARD punches up several BLINKING DOTS on the floor plan, showing other Transporter Units inside the dome.

Dreiser is furious.

DREISER  
(into radio)  
Kneale. Listen to me. This is Colonel Dreiser. We need you to get that diagram out to us. We are going to direct you to one of the Electromagnetic Transporters inside the building-

CUT TO:

INT. DOME -NIGHT.

CUSHING

(into radio)

-Until I get a call from Washington, I'm expecting you to stay out of this, Colonel.

DREISER

(over radio)

-This is a military matter now, Kneale and I'm expecting your immediate cooperation.

Parks looks at Kneale.

CUT TO:

INT. CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM -NIGHT.

TRAMMER

Water level down another two inches.

CUSHING

(into radio)

-Listen to me, Colonel: we've got a slowly heating reactor. If we don't start bringing that water level up in the next thirty minutes we're gonna be in big fucking trouble!

CUT TO:

INT. FRONT GATE SECURITY STATION -NIGHT.

DREISER

(into radio)

A bomb just detonated out here, Cushing!

CUT TO:

INT. CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM -NIGHT.

The crew looks alarmed.

Cushing is furious.

CUSHING  
(over radio)

-You trip an explosion that damages a reactor and we'll risk a meltdown. You know what that means, Colonel?  
-Not counting all of us in here and you out there, you're gonna lose around Fifty Thousand people in the first hour!

CUT TO:

INT. DOME -NIGHT.

CAMERA MOVES into CLOSE UP on Kneale.

CUSHING  
(over radio)

Then another Hundred Thousand from radiation sickness within a few days. No one comes through any door until we can be sure we have a stable reactor core!

Kneale lifts his radio.

KNEALE  
(over radio)

Hey, Ter. Tell me your boss is prone to exaggeration.

CUT TO:

INT. CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM -NIGHT.

Cushing looks at Teresa.

TERESA  
(into radio)

..No, John..it's accurate.

CUSHING  
(into radio)

Get to that water control room, Kneale. Now.

CUT TO:

INT. DOME -NIGHT.

KNEALE  
(a beat. then,  
into radio)

..ten four..

CUT TO:

INT. CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM -NIGHT.

Cushing hangs up, turns to Gersh.

CUSHING  
-Did you call Sara again?

GERSH  
Still no answer. You want me to  
go down there?

CUSHING  
No. No one leaves the control room.  
-Teresa. Get that god damn virus  
out!

CUT TO:

INT. FRONT GATE SECURITY STATION -NIGHT.

Dreiser turns to his Lieutenant.

DREISER  
-Try to reach the Secretary again.  
(a beat)  
..And get me the Naval Base.

The Lieutenant hurries away.

CUT TO:

INT. DOME CORRIDOR -NIGHT.

Kneale looks over Pike's DIAGRAM while Parks finishes a long drink from a drinking fountain, rubs his throat.

Then they move down the corridor, Parks limping.

KNEALE  
So you were in the Navy, Parks?

Parks looks at him quickly.

Kneale realizes he's intruded, drops it. They click on flashlights, turn down a darkened corridor, in silence.

CLOSER ANGLE - KNEALE & PARKS

PARKS  
..You saw that picture on my locker door.

Kneale glances at him. Leaves it alone.

PARKS  
That was last year. My girlfriend wanted a picture of me in uniform when I enlisted. Only, my medical turned up a high blood pressure. ..But I been workin out. I'm gonna make it this time.

He hesitates, glancing down at his leg.

KNEALE  
Leg's gonna heal fine, don't worry about it. You'll make it.

Parks grins. Then, very serious:

PARKS  
-Shit, when I get in, nobody's standin in my way. I'm strikin right up the chain.

Kneale looks away, amused.

PARKS  
(defensive)  
Whatsamatter?

KNEALE  
..nothing. Just reminded me of some-one I knew about ten years ago.

PARKS  
Yeah, who?

KNEALE  
Me.

ANGLE - KNEALE

His eyes suddenly see something. He swings his flashlight around.

CAMERA SWINGS with Kneale's flashlight to reveal the corridor ending in a large open doorway: above it an inscription in spray paint:

YOU WHO DARE TO BEHOLD HIM

ENTER THE CHAMBER OF DEATH

ANGLE - PARKS & KNEALE

They stare at the inscription.

KNEALE

We already beheld you, Andy. And it wasn't a pretty sight..

Kneale and Parks move on, to the open doorway..

INT. MAINTENANCE REPAIR ROOM -NIGHT.

Their flashlight beams reveal a large maintenance room filled with various pieces of machinery in states of repair. A white sheet hangs down from the ceiling.

Spray painted across the sheet is:

DIABLO'S DANCE

ANGLE - KNEALE

He moves his flashlight as they step around the sheet.

ANGLE - KNEALE'S POV

Behind the sheet, hanging by wires from the ceiling, are A TECHNICIAN and Lawrence. Both men are dead. They hang together, slowly spinning on the wires.

ANGLE - KNEALE & PARKS

Reacting, looking away.

KNEALE

..Real cute, Andy.

Kneale's and Parks' RADIOS CRACKLE to life suddenly.

DREISER  
(over radio)  
Kneale. ..You there?

KNEALE  
(into radio)  
Here.

Parks motions to AN ELEVATOR DOOR on the other side of the room, moves cautiously toward it.

Kneale follows.

DREISER  
(over radio)  
Kneale, this isn't going to look good for you with the Navy unless you send out that diagram.

KNEALE  
(into radio)  
Yeah well, never know what'll look good with the Navy, Colonel. Sure keeps me guessing.

Kneale and Parks turn at a SOUND coming toward the room.

DREISER  
(over radio)  
Kneale. Listen-

KNEALE  
(hushed, into radio)  
-Not now, Colonel, give us radio silence. Something's going down.

DREISER  
(over radio)  
Kneale-

KNEALE  
(hushed, into radio)  
-Not now. Give us silence.

Parks and Kneale move out of sight, behind some machinery.

ANGLE - THEIR POV

A SHADOW is moving into the room.

ANGLE - KNEALE & PARKS

Waiting. Parks grips his gun, tense.

ANGLE - THEIR POV

The shadow produces a man, moving slowly in the semi-darkness. Toward the elevator.

ANGLE - KNEALE & PARKS

They watch as-

THE MAN

presses the elevator button, steps into the light. His face is intelligent, sophisticated. But his hands, arms and neck are covered with burns and skin lesions.

ANGLE - PARKS & KNEALE

Parks wants to make a move. Kneale stops him, nods to something the man is carrying.

ANGLE - THEIR POV

CAMERA EASES IN on a CANISTER under the man's arm. It has several valves and a torch-like tube on one end.

ANGLE - PARKS & KNEALE

Parks looks at Kneale, back at the Man. They wait.

ANGLE - THEIR POV

The elevator doors open and the Man steps inside. He presses a button and the doors begin to ease closed.

ANGLE - KNEALE & PARKS

Parks' RADIO CRACKLES suddenly.

DREISER

(over radio)

..Kneale, I'm gonna give you one more-

The Man pushes open the elevator doors and steps back into the room, spotting them! In an instant the canister is swung around and a WALL OF FLAME leaps TOWARDS CAMERA.

ANGLE - KNEALE & PARKS

Kneale fires a SHOT as they dive out of the way.

CUT TO:

INT. FRONT GATE SECURITY STATION -NIGHT.

Dreiser stops in mid sentence at the SOUND OF THE GUNSHOT over the radio.

CUT TO:

INT. CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM -NIGHT.

Teresa, Cushing, Gersh and Trammer turn at the SOUND OF ANOTHER SINGLE GUNSHOT from the intercom.

CUT TO:

INT. DOME -NIGHT.

ANGLE - KNEALE & PARKS

They've retreated behind some other pieces of machinery, lie very still.

ANGLE - THEIR POV

The MAN'S FEET turn slowly here, then there, then stop, as if looking.

ANGLE - KNEALE & PARKS

Parks splits from Kneale.

PARKS  
(hushed)  
I'll flush him out.

KNEALE  
(hushed)

Parks, no.

But Parks is hot with the fever of the hunt. Intent on proving himself.

Kneale ducks back out of sight as suddenly ANOTHER WALL OF FLAME cuts him off from Parks.

ANGLE - ROOM

Parks jumps out from behind some equipment.

PARKS

FREEZE!!

The Man swings the canister at Parks.

Parks FIRES but he's instantly engulfed in a WALL OF FIRE!

Kneale jumps out, firing. BAM-BAM! BAM! BAM! Squinting to see through the smoke and flame.

ANGLE - MAN

The shots whiz by him as he swings around.

ANGLE - KNEALE

He rolls out of sight as another WALL OF FLAME incinerates the area where he was. He reloads frantically, sweating. Peeks over a barrel, gun extended and cocked.

ANGLE - ROOM

As the smoke clears, the Man is gone. Only Parks remains, lying in a heap.

Kneale moves carefully to Parks, gun swinging here, there.

A DING! Kneale hits the floor, swinging his gun around.

KNEALE'S POV - ELEVATOR DOOR

The elevator has just stopped at an upper floor.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT GATE SECURITY STATION -NIGHT

CAMERA SWINGS QUICKLY with a MILITARY HELICOPTER which thunders down to land near the security station.

ADMIRAL FLEMMING steps out.

Dreiser moves to greet him. CAMERA SWINGS with them to the security station.

FLEMMING  
Who we dealing with?

DREISER  
One of yours. Local surfer boy  
with an attitude.

He hands Flemming the Navy promotion orders from Kneale's jeep.

CUT TO:

INT. DOME -NIGHT.

Kneale hurries to Parks.

ANGLE - PARKS

He's badly burned. Kneale holds him up, checking for life. Parks is gone.

On the floor a few feet away, Parks' RADIO CRACKLES-

DREISER  
(over radio)  
-Kneale, this is Dreiser.

KNEALE  
(snatching the radio)  
-You stupid son of a bitch-

CUT TO:

INT. FRONT GATE SECURITY STATION -NIGHT.

KNEALE  
(over radio)  
-Didn't I tell you to keep your  
fucking mouth shut?!

Dreiser looks at Flemming.

INT. CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM -NIGHT.

Teresa and the others look up from their tasks.

Cushing leans to the intercom radio.

CUSHING  
Kneale? What's going on?

CUT TO:

INT. DOME -NIGHT.

Kneale covers Parks with one of the machinery covers.

CUSHING  
(over radio)  
..Kneale.

Kneale sits down, reloading his gun.

KNEALE  
(into radio)  
Mr. Parks..is no longer with us.

CUT TO:

INT. CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM -NIGHT.

The crew reacts.

CUSHING  
..What happened??

CUT TO:

INT. DOME -NIGHT.

KNEALE  
..Ol Andy the electrician wasn't  
working alone.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT GATE SECURITY STATION -NIGHT.

KNEALE  
(over radio)  
Got a white collar buddy down here  
with a high tech flame thrower.

Flemming and Dreiser listen, dead serious.

CUSHING  
(into radio)  
..Kneale, where are you?

CUT TO:

INT. DOME -NIGHT.

Kneale glances up at the room.

KNEALE  
(into radio)  
Some kinda maintenance repair room.

CUSHING  
(over radio)  
You're one section away from the  
water manual control room..  
..There should be an elevator-

KNEALE  
(into radio)  
Elevator's out. Andy's pal has it  
locked, upstairs.

CUSHING  
(over radio)  
..Ok, listen. There's access stairs  
out in the corridor. If the door is  
locked, an air vent connects all of  
those rooms at ceiling level.

Kneale pulls some masking tape off a machine, straps his  
SL communicator radio to his shoulder.

A beat.

CUSHING  
(over radio)  
Kneale...We have no time to lose.

Kneale sits looking at Parks' body.

INT. FRONT GATE SECURITY STATION -NIGHT.

Flemming speaks into Dreiser's radio.

FLEMMING  
Lt. Commander John Kneale. This  
is Admiral Flemming. Respond.

CUT TO:

INT. DOME CORRIDOR -NIGHT.

Kneale is moving through the dark corridor, flashlight in one hand, .38 in the other. He hesitates at the voice on the radio. Grins, wryly.

FLEMMING  
(over radio)  
Commander Kneale. Do you read me?  
This is Admiral Flemming.

Kneale continues moving again, leans to the radio.

KNEALE  
(hushed, into radio)  
I read you, sir.

FLEMMING  
(over radio)  
Listen Kneale. We have a serious  
situation here.

KNEALE  
(radio off)  
..No shit.  
(then, into radio)  
Yes sir, that's my evaluation.

FLEMMING  
(over radio)  
I want you to turn this thing over  
to Colonel Dreiser.  
(no answer)  
Kneale?

KNEALE  
(into radio)  
I don't think I can do that, sir.

FLEMMING  
(over radio)  
..I'm not sure I understood you,  
Commander.

INT. FRONT GATE SECURITY STATION -NIGHT.

Dreiser watches Flemming.

KNEALE  
(over radio)  
Well, sir, it seems the Colonel's  
M.O. is to take the fort here at  
any cost. ..A man just got killed  
because of that.

CUT TO:

INT. DOME CORRIDOR -NIGHT.

Kneale reaches the DOOR to the access stairs. He stops,  
checks Pike's diagram.

KNEALE  
(into radio)  
And, with all due respect, sir..

Kneale moves his hand to the door handle-

QUICK CUT TO:

THE BACK OF THE DOOR

A PLASTIC EXPLOSIVE PACK is fastened to the back of the door. A DETONATOR, with a wire goes across the door's frame

CUT BACK TO:

KNEALE'S HAND brushing past the handle, pointing his  
flashlight into the crack between the door and the frame.

KNEALE  
(into radio)  
..I think the plant manager is  
in a better position to judge the  
situation.

He sees the wire going across the space.

FLEMMING  
(over radio)  
That's not your decision to make,  
Commander.

Kneale frowns, swings his flashlight up to the ceiling.

KNEALE'S POV - AIR VENT

The air vent runs into the next room, just like Cushing said. Only trouble is, it's about fifteen feet up.

CUT TO:

INT. CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM -NIGHT.

FLEMMING  
(over radio)

Now, I'm giving you a direct order.

Teresa listens.

Cushing glares at the intercom.

FLEMMING  
(over radio)

And I seriously doubt you want to  
chuck twelve years of Navy service,  
pension, and career. Am I right?

CUT TO:

INT. DOME CORRIDOR -NIGHT.

Kneale has started climbing a grid on the wall, moving his way up to the air vent. He hesitates at this last remark.

KNEALE  
(a beat. then,  
into radio)

..You're right.

CUT TO:

INT. FRONT GATE SECURITY STATION -NIGHT.

Flemming eyes Dreiser.

FLEMMING  
(into radio)

Ok, listen Kneale.

A Guard has punched up an ELECTRONIC BLIP showing KNEALE'S POSITION on the MONITOR atop the Electromagnetic Transporter Unit. Also lit up is the E.M. Unit nearest to him on the dome FLOOR PLAN.

FLEMMING  
(into radio)  
Go back to the Dome entrance. You'll  
find an E.M. Transporter Unit.

CUT TO:

INT. DOME CORRIDOR -NIGHT.

Kneale looks at the map.

FLEMMING  
(over radio)  
We'll instruct you how to send the  
map out once you get there.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT GATE SECURITY STATION -NIGHT.

A silence. Dreiser and Flemming wait.

FLEMMING  
(into radio)  
I know you'll want my report to  
reflect that you acted with the  
honor befitting your new rank,  
Kneale.

CUT TO:

INT. DOME -NIGHT.

Kneale climbs back down the grid, moves through the  
corridor.

KNEALE  
(into radio)  
Thank you, sir, but..actually, I  
was one of those guys that joined  
the Navy to see the world, not be  
a hero.

He checks the map. Turns a corner and sees-

THE ELECTROMAGNETIC TRANSPORTER UNIT

Its HUGE STEEL CHAMBER is lit up, the door open. An  
ELECTRONIC READOUT is flashing "ENTER MATERIAL".

KNEALE  
 (into radio)  
 Fact, now that I've seen it, my  
 lady wants me to come back here,  
 be a damn lifeguard, anything,  
 just so I can stay in one place.

He reaches into his jacket. Hesitates.

Then he places something into the chamber. He touches a  
 HEAT SENSOR BUTTON and the door instantly slides shut.

CUT TO:

INT. CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM -NIGHT.

Teresa lowers her eyes. Listening.

FLEMMING  
 (over radio)  
 You've done the right thing today,  
 Kneale.

KNEALE  
 (over radio)  
 Yes sir, I think so.

Cushing looks away, disgusted.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT GATE SECURITY STATION -NIGHT.

The Transporter's MONITOR is flashing: "TRANSFER READY.  
 NON-RADIOACTIVE MATERIAL".

Dreiser nods and the Guard types in a code.

A HIGH PITCHED ELECTRONIC TONE sounds for a moment. Then,  
 the flashing changes to "MATERIAL RECEIVED".

The Guard punches in another code.

THE TRANSPORTER DOOR slides open:

Kneale's Navy GOLD OAK LEAVES are inside the chamber.  
 Nothing else.

CUT TO:

INT. DOME CORRIDOR -NIGHT.

Kneale is making his way back up the grid.

FLEMMING  
(over radio)  
You're risking a court martial dis-  
obeying a direct order, Commander!

Kneale leans to the radio, taped to his shoulder.

KNEALE  
(into radio)  
It's just John Kneale, sir. Private  
citizen. Lifeguard-to-be.

He slides into the air vent.

CUT TO:

INT. FRONT GATE SECURITY STATION -NIGHT.

Flemming and Dreiser.

KNEALE  
(over radio)  
Cowabunga, dudes.

CUT TO:

INT. CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM -NIGHT.

Teresa grins.

Cushing, Trammer and Gersh let out a simultaneous CHEER.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT GATE SECURITY STATION -NIGHT.

CAMERA SWINGS WITH Fleming's helicopter taking off, then  
SWINGS BACK with TWO NUCLEAR ENGINEERS moving to Dreiser.

Dreiser opens a briefcase. Removes a BLUE BOOK:  
"PROMETHEUS' LAST RESORT".

He looks up at the Engineers.

INT. AIR DUCT -NIGHT.

Kneale is inching his way through the air vent. Soberly whistling an old Beach Boys tune under his breath.

He stops whistling. Listens a moment. Silence.

He continues whistling, inching his way along.

CUT TO:

INT. CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM -NIGHT.

Teresa punches in commands, fighting the virus. She hesitates, notices sweat dripping off her face. She turns to look at the others.

CAMERA FOCUSES PAST TERESA to Gersh, who notices himself sweating now too.

Cushing looks up at them. He hurries to a room thermometer on the wall.

CLOSE UP - ROOM THERMOMETER

83 degrees.

ANGLE - TRAMMER

He tries to turn a DIAL on an air conditioning control box. Looks back to the others.

TRAMMER

Air conditioning's all the way up.

CUT TO:

INT. AIR DUCT -NIGHT.

Kneale stops whistling. We hear a LOW RUMBLING. The air duct begins to shake.

Kneale freaks as A WALL OF WATER gushes around the corner of the vent and washes him away!

CUT TO:

INT. CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM -NIGHT.

Cushing punches up the intercom.

CUSHING  
 (into radio)  
 Kneale. ...Kneale.  
 (beat)  
 ..Where the hell is he?

CUT TO:

INT. AIR DUCT -NIGHT.

Kneale slides around a corner of the duct with the wall of water.

CUT TO:

INT. CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM -NIGHT.

CLOSE UP - TEMPERATURE GAUGE

85 degrees.

ANGLE - ROOM

They're all sweating.

TERESA  
 Did you feel that? I felt the  
 floor shake!

They look at her. Nobody else felt anything.

CUT TO:

INT. AIR DUCT -NIGHT.

Kneale tumbles out of control, as the water drops suddenly down a ten foot incline in the duct.

He sees a support brace up ahead, speeding towards him, and he slams into it, grabs on, choking. He pushes his face toward a vent, gasping for air.

CUT TO:

The floor shudders suddenly. They all feel it this time.  
Gersh and Trammer look quickly at their bank of gauges.

TRAMMER

All three reactors still holding  
way below stream. Purring like  
kittens.

Teresa looks suddenly at Prometheus, as a frightening idea  
begins to dawn.

TERESA

..That's how he did it! Look.  
The circuits affect our controls.  
But not the gauges, or any of the  
observational systems! We depend  
on Prometheus for the hard data!

CUSHING

And..?

She looks at the console.

TERESA

We just felt the floor shake. But  
all the gauges indicate that the  
reactors are stable..unless what  
we're reading on these gauges is  
not what's happening!

Cushing looks at her.

TERESA

The virus isn't in the circuits.  
It's in the interface!

TRAMMER

(he's onto it)

-Where the two systems meet and  
communicate with each other!

CUSHING

No. The discrepancy would be picked  
up. He couldn't fool Prometheus!

TERESA

No fool, re-program! If he punched  
in his own master program he could  
delay the interface. These could  
be temperature readings, water level  
readings from four hours ago!

Cushing stares at her.

Teresa begins rapidly typing on the Master Control Keyboard.

CLOSEUP - INTERFACE SCREENS

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

PXYS-573  
REQUEST MASTER PROGRAM  
REACTOR START  
DOME 3

On the right comes Prometheus' answer:

SYNTAX ERROR.

PROMETHEUS  
Error. Incorrect Code.

ANGLE - CREW

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

As she begins typing again-

CUT TO:

INT. AUXILIARY CONTROL ROOM -NIGHT.

We are looking over the shoulder of the MAN as he watches Teresa's request come up on a READOUT SCREEN:

SECURITY OVERRIDE 118  
REQUEST NEW CODE PREFIX  
FOR REACTOR START

The MAN'S FINGERS punch up-

A MONITOR:

We see the Army Units through the outside plant SECURITY CAMERAS.

The MAN'S FINGERS press another BUTTON, hold it down:

A SECURITY CAMERA on the ceiling swings around until it is pointed directly at the MAN.

The MAN'S FINGERS quickly type a CODE into the computer-

CUT TO:

EXT. PLANT -NIGHT.

The facility's huge SATELLITE DISH turns, adjusts slightly.

CUT TO:

INT. CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM -NIGHT.

Teresa and the others wait for Prometheus' response to Teresa's request. Impatient, Teresa is about to try another command, when-

A HIGH-PITCHED TONE fills the room. They look up at-

THE MONITORS IN THE ROOM

Every one has the SAME IMAGE - the MAN sitting in a chair, a light over his shoulder, his face in shadow. We can't see his features.

CUT TO:

INT. SAN DIEGO TV STATION - CONTROL ROOM -NIGHT.

A TECHNICIAN is reading a magazine while a TV MOVIE OF THE WEEK plays on the BANK OF MONITORS in front of him.

He looks up as the movie cuts out, replaced by THE MAN'S IMAGE, alternated with IMAGES OF THE ARMY UNITS SURROUNDING THE DIABLO PLANT.

The Technician scrambles to punch up a commercial. But ALL THE MONITORS have the SAME IMAGE. He stares at the screens.

MAN

(over monitor)

..You are looking at the world's largest nuclear power plant..

CUT TO:

EXT. PLANT -NIGHT.

EXTERNAL PUBLIC ADDRESS SPEAKERS CRACKLE with the man's VOICE.

MAN  
(over speakers)  
..it was designed to be a glorious  
miracle of technology.

ANGLE - DREISER & ENGINEERS

Their attention is on the SECURITY MONITORS which all have the same image of the Man in Shadow.

MAN  
(over speakers)  
But in nuclear power, man has been  
given a force he hasn't the wisdom  
to control.

CUT TO:

INT. AIR VENT -NIGHT.

Kneale dries and reloads his gun. Listens to the VOICE coming over the plant intercom speakers.

MAN  
(over speakers)  
..He risks the oblivion of our  
planet for electrical toys and  
artificial gods.

CUT TO:

INT. CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM -NIGHT.

Teresa, Cushing, Trammer and Gersh watch the monitors.

MAN  
(over intercom)  
I myself, am guilty. I am one of  
those who helped to steal heaven's  
fire..

ANGLE - CUSHING

The man's voice or words trigger some memory. He can't quite place it.

CUT TO:

INT. TV STATION - CONTROL ROOM -NIGHT.

The ASSIGNMENT EDITOR and several late-working REPORTERS and TECHNICIANS are crowding into the room. Watching the monitors.

MAN

(over monitors)

For this sin I have already been punished. But not yet..redeemed.

ANGLE - TV MONITORS

Switching to EXTERIOR SHOTS of the plant, showing Dreiser and the SOLDIERS.

ASSIGNMENT EDITOR

-Get an EGN unit out there now!

CUT TO:

INT. AIR VENT -NIGHT.

Kneale is moving.

He reaches a fork in the vent. Moves toward the MAN'S VOICE.

MAN

(over speakers)

And so I returned here. To the site of my sin.

CUT TO:

INT. CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM -NIGHT.

Cushing is pale.

MAN

(over intercom)

And I took the power unto me.  
And I saw that it was evil.

CUSHING

..Fierman..

The others look at him, uncomprehending.

MAN  
 (over intercom)  
 And I saw that man was corrupt.

CUSHING  
 Dr. Norman Fierman. A brilliant  
 MIT scientist. The man who designed  
 the plant's computer...and named  
 it Prometheus.

MAN  
 (over intercom)  
 And I saw that man was in need.  
 Of redemption.

Cushing is sweating. CAMERA IS MOVING IN on him.

CUSHING  
 In Greek myth, Prometheus was the  
 god who dared to steal fire from  
 Heaven and give it to mankind.

MAN  
 (over intercom)  
 ..I call upon the Power of the  
 Heavens to deliver its Judgement.

CUSHING  
 Zeus punished him by binding him  
 to a rock where every day an eagle  
 came to eat away his flesh.

MAN  
 (over intercom)  
 You all wish to view the spectacle,  
 safely, from your living rooms..

CAMERA HAS MOVED INTO CLOSE UP on Cushing.

CUSHING  
 Fierman went anti-nuke after being  
 deformed in a nuclear experiment.  
 He disappeared two years ago and  
 was believed dead.

CLOSEUP - TV MONITOR

MAN  
 (over intercom)  
 ..I give you what you crave see..

The MAN presses a button and the LIGHT SOURCE SHIFTS, revealing him as he unbuttons his shirt, pulls it open to expose a body covered with burns and skin lesions. Only his face has been spared.

ANGLE - TERESA, CUSHING, GERSH & TRAMMER

They recoil at the sight. Cushing tightens as his worst fear is confirmed: Fierman.

CUT TO:

EXT. PLANT -NIGHT.

Dreiser and the Engineers stare at the MONITOR.

FIERMAN  
(over speakers)  
Do not turn your eyes. For I am  
the face of your future.

CUT TO:

INT. AIR VENT -NIGHT.

Kneale quietly inches to a grill, peeks down through it:

POV - AUXILIARY CONTROL ROOM

Fierman sits at the computer console, lights blinking around him. On the console: the same type of Steroid BOTTLE that Pike had on him.

FIERMAN  
But you must be taught the price  
of your technological lust. That  
price is knowledge.

CUT TO:

INT. CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM -NIGHT.

CLOSE UP - TV MONITOR

FIERMAN  
(over intercom)  
The knowledge that you are not  
safe. The knowledge that you all  
are going..to die. Tonight.

Teresa, Cushing, Trammer and Gersh watch in horrified silence.

CUT TO:

EXT. PLANT -NIGHT.

NEWS VANS are stopped by Army CHECKPOINT SOLDIERS. The NEWS CREWS jump out anyway, pushing forward, their cameras rolling.

FIERMAN  
(over speakers)  
As you sit in your living rooms..

ANGLE - TV NEWS MONITOR

FIERMAN  
(over tv monitor)  
..When this nuclear power plant melts down, the west coast of the United States will be uninhabitable for the next fifty thousand years..

ANGLE - NEWS CREWS

Looking at each other.

CUT TO:

INT. VENT -NIGHT.

Kneale eases his .38 up against the grill. Taking aim.

The vent suddenly bows under Kneale's weight, making him slip off balance. He quickly draws back as-

Fierman hesitates, looks up at the vent.

FIERMAN  
(then, finishing)  
Only through such a lesson will the world learn to rid itself of all nuclear plants and weapons.

CUT TO:

INT. FRONT GATE SECURITY STATION -NIGHT.

Dreiser grabs a telephone. His eyes are crazed.

FIERMAN

(over speakers)

We, all of us, will die together,  
tonight, so that the rest of the  
world may live!

ANGLE - MONITOR

The image suddenly disappears.

CUT TO:

INT. AUXILIARY CONTROL ROOM -NIGHT.

Fierman immediately gets up, swinging his canister up at the vent and torches it.

CUT TO:

INT. AIR VENT -NIGHT.

The FLAMES sear through the grill, the metal glowing and melting.

Kneale watches, having moved far down the line. He turns and continues on.

CUT TO:

INT. CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM -NIGHT.

CUSHING

Fierman's the only one who could  
possibly take over Prometheus..

(a quiet dread rising)

He's somewhere in the plant..now.

TERESA

Prometheus' back-up systems would  
always stop any meltdown -unless it  
was programed to believe a meltdown  
is a normal operation!

Cushing is pouring sweat now, drained and weak as they all look up at-

COMPUTER SCREEN

The DRAIN VALVE is opening and closing, opening and closing.

ANGLE - TERESA

She yanks out a small panel in the side of the Prometheus' main console. Inside is a mass of wires, transistors.

TERESA

Then we need to bypass the system,  
go right into the terminal and  
punch another program through.

She pulls out a transistor sheet, runs fingers along the surface, carefully checking the transistors sequence.

Trammer and Gersh quickly go over and help dismantle the console. They're all sweating like pigs.

ANGLE - ROOM THERMOMETER ON WALL

98 degrees.

CUT TO:

INT. AIR VENT -NIGHT.

Kneale looks down through another grill.

POV - WATER MANUAL CONTROL ROOM

Rows of large, wheel-shaped WATER VALVES with GAUGES above them.

ANGLE - KNEALE

He kicks open the grill. Hesitates at the fifteen foot drop. Jumps into the room.

CUT TO:

EXT. PLANT -NIGHT.

HUGE MACHINES are rolling and rumbling TOWARD CAMERA. As they draw near, we make out an ARMORED VEHICLE, and DOZENS OF CEMENT PUMPING TRUCKS.

Dreiser and the Nuclear Engineers confer. The Top Secret BLUE BOOK: "PROMETHEUS LAST RESORT" is opened before them.

NUCLEAR ENGINEER #1

..If that reactor core starts to melt there's no stopping it. The entire building needs to be completely entombed in a matter of thirty minutes.

Dreiser looks at his BOMB SQUAD, ready to go.

DREISER

And if the cement fails to contain it. ..What's the escape time?

The Engineers stare soberly at Dreiser.

NUCLEAR ENGINEER #2

If the melt breaks out of the building, there is no escape. For anyone within twenty miles.

TWO HELICOPTERS thunder down out of the sky and land, waiting, fifty yards away.

A YOUNG SOLDIER looks nervously toward the two helicopters, turns to an OLDER SOLDIER.

YOUNG SOLDIER

..I told you they'll get us out if it blows.

OLDER SOLDIER

Oh, yeah. We're all gonna fit in those.

CUT TO:

INT. WATER MANUAL CONTROLS ROOM -NIGHT.

Kneale looks at the rows and rows of WATER VALVES.

KNEALE

(hushed, into radio)  
Cushing.

CUT TO:

Teresa and the others turn toward the intercom.

TERESA  
(into intercom)  
John. Where are you?

KNEALE  
(over intercom)  
Water valve room. Which ones  
you need?

Teresa looks at Cushing. He's having trouble breathing.

CUSHING  
(into intercom)  
#35-DRAIN, closed.

KNEALE  
(over intercom)  
Ten four.

Trammer suddenly looks up at one of the monitors.

TRAMMER  
-Look!

CLOSE UP - MONITOR

Fierman steps out of a door, carrying the canister. He quickly disappears around a corner.

He appears on the NEXT MONITOR, starts down into the maintenance corridor.

ANGLE - TERESA

TERESA  
(into intercom)  
-John, he's coming down! He knows  
you're in there. Get out!

CUT TO:

INT. WATER CONTROL ROOM -NIGHT.

Kneale finishes turning the valve. He moves quickly to a rear door. It's sealed.

KNEALE  
(into radio)  
Get this door open.

CUT TO:

INT. CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM -NIGHT.

Teresa fumbles frantically with the control panel, manually connecting transistor after transistor.

ANGLE - MONITORS

Doors are opening and closing like crazy, but not the one she needs!

TERESA  
Where is it?

CLOSE UP - NEXT MONITOR

Fierman moves quickly down the corridor.

ANGLE - TERESA & CUSHING

Teresa stabs frantically at the transistor connectors.

CUSHING  
(into intercom)  
Kneale. He's coming in.

CLOSE UP - MONITOR

Fierman rounds the corner and moves off the screen.

ANGLE - TERESA

She jerks forward.

TERESA  
No..!

CUT TO:

INT. WATER CONTROL ROOM -NIGHT.

Kneale jumps back from a tongue of fire which separates him from the rear door.

ANGLE - KNEALE'S POV

The flame lights up Fierman's face. His intelligent eyes bore into Kneale.

ANGLE - ROOM

Kneale swings his gun -but not quickly enough as Fierman torches the overhead light. The room goes pitch black.

ANGLE - KNEALE

He fires twice - is knocked off his feet! He scrambles in the darkness, trying to find his gun!

ANGLE - KNEALE'S POV

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

ANGLE - KNEALE

He stays motionless against the rear wall. Holding his breath. Streams of perspiration run down his face. Something catches his eye-

ANGLE - KNEALE'S POV

Right in front of him sits a dead man.

ANGLE - KNEALE

He jerks back reflexively, then freezes -but too late as Fierman hears him and a WALL OF FLAME explodes towards him. Kneale dives out of the way.

ANGLE - FIERMAN

He moves to the body, looks down at it. Then, thinking he's gotten his man, Fierman hurries out the door.

CUT TO:

INT. CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM -NIGHT.

Teresa, Cushing, Trammer and Gersh are glued to-

THE MONITOR

Showing the empty corridor. Fierman suddenly appears, coming out of the water valve room.

ANGLE - TERESA

TERESA

No!!

She slumps, devastated, surrounded by the computer wires and transistors.

Cushing and Gersh are speechless, watching her.

TRAMMER

(eyeing the next  
monitor)

He's coming, here.

Teresa's head turns toward the monitor. Her eyes full of vengeance.

TERESA'S POV - MONITORS

CAMERA PUSHES IN on the figure of Fierman, THEN SHIFTS QUICKLY to the NEXT MONITOR -the one Fierman is heading towards.

ANGLE - TERESA

She looks down at the transistor board, ready.

ANGLE - MONITOR

As Fierman moves onto the new monitor, passing through a Containment Cell.

ANGLE - TERESA

She slaps the connections together on the board!

Fierman hurries as he sees the door closing. He gets halfway through and the door crashes onto him. He appears to scream.

ANGLE - CONTROL ROOM

Teresa, Cushing, Trammer, and Gersh watch.

ANGLE - MONITOR

CAMERA EASES IN as Fierman recovers, and now starts to push the door off his body, opening it slowly.

ANGLE - CONTROL ROOM

Cushing and Trammer's reactions tell us this must take incredible strength.

Teresa pulls apart the connectors suddenly, releasing the door. Then just as suddenly jams them back together.

ANGLE - MONITOR

Fierman barely recovers from the door opening, when it slams closed again, ramming him into the frame. He falls back inside the containment cell, the door sealing shut.

ANGLE - TERESA

She slumps back against the console.

CUT TO:

EXT. PLANT -NIGHT.

Dreiser watches the BOMB SQUAD working on the Main Building entrance.

CUT TO:

INT. WATER CONTROL ROOM -NIGHT.

Kneale finds his gun, quickly reloads. Something falls to the ground. Kneale picks it up-

THE FIRING PIN

Snapped in half. Useless.

ANGLE - KNEALE

He ditches the gun. Feels around in the darkness. Finds the radio.

KNEALE  
(whispering)

Cushing.

CUT TO:

INT. CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM -NIGHT.

Everyone's head turns at Kneale's voice.

KNEALE  
(hushed, over intercom)  
Anybody home?

ANGLE - TERESA

She melts with incredible relief. Unbelievable excitement. She runs to the console.

TERESA  
John. John, John, John.

KNEALE  
(hushed, over intercom)  
Still here.

Teresa grins, almost giddy.

TERESA  
You don't have to whisper. I trapped him in a containment cell.

KNEALE  
(a sigh.  
over intercom)  
Jesus. Leave it to a woman to trap a man. ..So how do I get outta here? My map got fried.

TERESA  
Stay there. I'll come get you.

She hurries to the transistor board, links up some transistors and the control room door SWOOSHES open.

CUSHING  
-Teresa, no. We need you on  
Prometheus.

Teresa runs out.

GERSH  
(to Cushing)  
That's telling her.

TRAMMER  
Water level's rising! He got the  
drain closed!

Cushing and Gersh hurry to look. Breathe a big sigh of relief.

CUT TO:

INT. CONTAINMENT CELL

A bloody arm moves up to Fierman's face. He is wounded, but his eyes are alert. His hand moves to the security camera above him, rips the wire out and strips it.

He moves to the room's small computer console and monitor.

CLOSE UP - CONSOLE ELECTRICAL PANEL

Fierman's hands yank open the panel, exposing wires and transistors. His fingers quickly use the loose wire from the camera to "splice" in a connection to a LARGE RED WIRE.

CLOSE UP - FIERMAN

His eyes turn to the monitor.

CLOSE UP - MONITOR

Outside the plant: the Bomb Squad works on the entrance doors with their equipment.

CUT TO:

Kneale hears FOOTSTEPS. He backs out of sight as a FLASHLIGHT BEAM moves into the room.

TERESA

John?

Teresa steps into the light.

Kneale's never seen anything so beautiful in his life. He stands up.

Teresa runs into his arms.

TERESA

..John.

CUT TO:

INT. CONTAINMENT CELL -NIGHT.

Fierman is at the computer console, very quickly now punching a code into the system.

He stops, raises his finger over the last key. Presses it.

CUT TO:

EXT. PLANT -NIGHT.

A SUDDEN VIOLENT EXPLOSION rocks the front of the building! The Bomb Squad is destroyed instantly!

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. DOME 3 - WATER PIPES -NIGHT.

ANOTHER EXPLOSION rocks a MAZE OF WATER PIPES. Water ROARS out of a completely severed pipe. Billows of steam HISS into the dome.

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. WATER CONTROL ROOM -NIGHT.

Teresa and Kneale have turned at the SOUND OF THE EXPLOSIONS.

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM -NIGHT.

CUSHING  
-What the fuck was that?

ANGLE - WATER LEVEL GAUGES

They all begin falling suddenly.

ANGLE - TRAMMER, CUSHING & GERSH

TRAMMER  
The cooling pipe must've ruptured!  
Water level's dropping fast!

GERSH  
Oh my god.

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

Cushing punches a button:

CLOSE UP - TV MONITOR

We see inside Dome 3's reactor as the fuel rods begin to glow brighter and brighter: thick, round chunks of glowing, shimmering uranium!

TRAMMER (V.O.)  
The reactor's heating up!

CUT TO:

INT. MAINTENANCE CORRIDOR -NIGHT.

Teresa and Kneale run down the corridor. OVERHEAD SPRINKLERS burst on suddenly.

CUT TO:

INT. CONTAINMENT CELL -NIGHT.

Fierman punches another code into the system and the containment cell door SWOOSHES open. He walks quickly out of the room and down the hallway.

CUT TO:

INT. CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM -NIGHT.

Trammer, Cushing and Gersh frantically push buttons.

CLOSEUP - READOUT SCREEN

EMERGENCY!  
OVERHEATING REACTOR

PROMETHEUS  
Attention. Pipe Fractures In Dome  
Three. Radioactive Steam Escaping.  
Overheating Reactor.

LOUD EMERGENCY ALARMS suddenly go off. RED LIGHTS all  
over the room begin flashing.

PROMETHEUS  
Core Temperature Is Eight Hundred  
Degrees Fahrenheit. And Rising.

TRAMMER  
The water's evaporating! The core's  
gonna melt!

CLOSE UP - MONITOR

We see the water level dropping inside the reactor. The  
uranium fuel keeps glowing brighter and brighter!

ANGLE - TRAMMER, CUSHING & GERSH

Cushing is shouting at them, frantically punching commands  
into Prometheus.

CUSHING  
-We can save it! We can scram the  
reactor!

GERSH  
That'll take too long! It'll melt  
down before we can-

CUSHING  
-Shut the fuck up and get on those  
controls!!

We suddenly hear the SHRILL DRONING OF A KLAXON.

PROMETHEUS  
 Attention. Evacuate the plant im-  
 mediately. All emergency exits-

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN BUILDING HALLWAY -NIGHT.

Kneale and Teresa stop in their tracks.

PROMETHEUS  
 (over speakers)  
 -are clearly marked. Repeat: evac-  
 uate the plant immediately..

CUT TO:

EXT. PLANT -NIGHT.

MEDICS rush to find survivors among the Bomb Squad.

DREISER  
 (shouting into radio)  
 -What the hell's going on in there,  
 Cushing?!

CUSHING  
 (over radio)  
God damn you, Dreiser!! Get the  
fuck away from my plant!!

NUCLEAR ENGINEER #1  
 -There it goes!

CLOSE UP - SECURITY STATION READOUT SCREENS:

The DIGITAL TEMPERATURE GAUGES for Dome Three suddenly begin climbing upwards, flipping faster and faster like the numbers on a gas pump turned wide open.

DREISER  
 (quickly, to lieutenant)  
 -Start the evacuation. Hundred  
 mile radius.

The Lieutenant hurries away as Dreiser turns to the SWAT  
 TEAM SERGEANT.

DREISER

-Punch a hole in the rear door,  
pull out anyone you can. Six  
minutes, then we fill the holes.

The Sergeant hurries away.

DREISER

(turning quickly to  
the engineers)

Do it.

The Engineers give a signal and the CEMENT TRUCKS roar into action, pumping great fire hose sized jets of LIQUID CEMENT onto the front of the building.

BULLDOZERS charge forward, pushing the earth up against the building's base.

The Swat Team Sergeant gives a signal and the ARMORED VEHICLE moves into position outside the rear exit.

The helicopters start up.

DREISER

(into radio)

Cushing, listen to me-

CUT TO:

INT. CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM -NIGHT.

CUSHING

(into radio)

-You're not gonna do it, Dreiser!  
We can shut her down!

The BLUE BOOK: "PROMETHEUS - LAST RESORT" is on the console next to Cushing as he frantically punches in commands.

DREISER

(over radio)

-It's the only option, Cushing!  
-Get everyone to the rear exit  
immediately. We'll be coming in  
hard, so stay back til we call  
for you-

Cushing snaps the INTERCOM OFF, shouts at Trammer and Gersh who stand watching him.

CUSHING

-Get back on those controls!

They run out the door.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY -NIGHT.

CAMERA MOVES with Kneale and Teresa as they run. A vibration is shaking the ceiling panels loose.

TERESA

Oh my god, if the core melts down, we're below it. Eighty tons of radioactive metal will be coming down after us!

Kneale's RADIO CRACKLES.

DREISER

(over radio)

-Kneale.

KNEALE

(into radio)

Here.

DREISER

(over radio)

The plant is gone. We're punching in the rear exit, pulling everyone out.

Kneale looks at Teresa for the direction. She pulls him down a hallway.

DREISER

(over radio)

Kneale. We only have time to contain one of the domes. If Fierman is able to damage the other two reactors, you heard what the consequences will be..

Kneale stops running.

KNEALE

(into radio)

You need him.

DREISER

(over radio)

Yes.

TERESA

No, John!

KNEALE

(into radio)

..What's in it for me?

DREISER

(a beat. then,  
over radio)

Besides saving six million people  
and the one of the best surfing  
coastlines in the world..nothing.

KNEALE

(into radio)

You drive a hard bargain.

DREISER

(over radio)

Ten minutes is all you've got.

The RADIO clicks off.

TERESA

John, no!

Kneale points her down the hallway.

KNEALE

Get down there -now!

Teresa grabs him, refusing to leave him. Suddenly, the building shakes, knocking them into a wall.

Trammer and Gersh come running down the hallway. Kneale forces Teresa toward them.

KNEALE

-Take her!

Gersh pulls Teresa along with them as Kneale turns quickly back into the plant.

CUT TO:

EXT. PLANT -NIGHT.

The ground seems to be shaking.

The CEMENT CREWS have dozens of hoses pumping the cement into great oozing waves onto the building!

ANGLE - NEWS CREWS

They begin backing towards their trucks, SCREECHING away from the area.

CUT TO:

INT. DOME 3 - MAINTENANCE REPAIR ROOM -NIGHT.

CAMERA MOVES with Kneale as he quietly passes the sheet with "DIABLO'S DANCE" spray painted across it.

He finds Parks' body. He takes Parks' gun, searches for bullets, finds only one. He slips it into the gun. Looks over at the Elevator Doors.

CUT TO:

UPPER LEVEL - ELEVATOR DOORS

As they open, Kneale thrusts the .45 forward. Swings it left, right. Steps out of the elevator.

KNEALE'S POV - AUXILIARY CONTROL ROOM

The room is empty.

Fierman's Lap Top is gone. Only the Steroid bottle remains on the console.

CUT TO:

INT. CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM -NIGHT.

Cushing furiously punches commands into Prometheus as EMERGENCY LIGHTS FLASH all around him.

He hesitates, sensing something. Snatches the .38 from the console and swings it around-

Fierman unleashes a WALL OF FIRE.

CUT TO:

INT. REAR EXIT HALLWAY -NIGHT.

Teresa, Trammer and Gersh slide around a corner.

A VOICE ON A BULLHORN comes through the rear exit.

SERGEANT (V.O.)

Stay back! Away from the exit!  
Take cover out of view!

CUT TO:

EXT. REAR EXIT - MAIN BUILDING EXIT -NIGHT.

The Swat Team Sergeant gives the signal and the Armored Vehicle roars toward the rear door of the building.

The DRIVER suddenly scrambles out the top and leaps off.

The Armored Vehicle smashes through the building wall. A tremendous explosion blows a hole in the back of the building, and another hole in the roof.

SERGEANT

Now!! Move it!! Get in there!!

SEVERAL SOLDIERS run toward the smoking hole.

Teresa, Trammer and Gersh are hurried outside and away from the building.

The helicopters immediately move forward, lifting two GIANT CONCRETE SLABS into place, covering the rear exit hole.

A CEMENT CREW then begins shooting great ARCING STREAMS OF LIQUID CEMENT over the slabs. BULLDOZERS drive the earth forward.

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN BUILDING - NORTH HALLWAY -NIGHT.

Kneale moves toward the Central Control Room.

He creeps toward the door, sees Fierman's hands punching commands quickly into Prometheus.

ANGLE - COMPUTER SCREEN

As the letters are typed in:

REQUEST START CODE  
DOME 2 REACTOR

ANGLE - KNEALE

He raises the .45 carefully.

KNEALE'S POV - LOOKING DOWN THE GUN SIGHTS

The .45 takes a bead on Fierman's hands, then slowly moves to the right, until we get a view of Fierman himself through the partially opened door.

Kneale's thumb pulls back the hammer.

Fierman catches Kneale's reflection in the computer screen and swings back out of sight behind the wall.

ANGLE - KNEALE

He almost fires, hesitates. Suddenly his face is lit up by the light of Fierman's FLAME-THROWER starting up. Kneale backs up, holding the gun, waiting for Fierman to come out.

ANGLE - DOORWAY

Fierman isn't coming. But the FLAME shoots out through the door, probing the dark hallway.

ANGLE - KNEALE

He's being backed up by the flame.

PROMETHEUS

Dome Two - Reactor Start Ready..  
Enter Command Code..

Kneale suddenly gets an idea, looks to-

COMPUTER SCREEN:

Prometheus has stated it's reply to Fierman's request:

ENTER CODE  
FOR REACTOR START  
PDT388SYNx

ANGLE - KNEALE

He swings the .45 toward the computer, takes careful aim with his only bullet..

Fires.

ANGLE - ROOM

Prometheus explodes in a flash of sparks and pops, the screen going dead.

Instantly, Fierman comes charging through the door, A WALL OF FLAME filling the screen!

ANGLE - KNEALE

He abandons the empty gun, runs down a side hallway.

He turns a corner, stops suddenly-

POV - ELEVATOR

The hallway dead ends into a freight elevator.

ANGLE - KNEALE

He punches the button for the elevator. Looks back.

KNEALE'S POV - HALLWAY

Fierman walks slowly around the corner. Lifts the canister.

ANGLE - KNEALE

He braces, prepares to charge Fierman, go down fighting.

Suddenly the elevator door opens behind him. Kneale jumps inside, slaps the buttons.

The doors close almost all the way and the elevator starts to lift but then it shudders and stops.

CAMERA SWINGS UP TO POV - BETWEEN ELEVATOR DOORS

Fierman is advancing, his canister pointed at the space between the elevator doors.

A WALL OF FLAME shoots into the elevator!

Fierman walks to the elevator. Kicks the doors open-  
empty. He looks up at the escape hatch in the top of the  
elevator, fires another WALL OF FLAME up the hole!

ANGLE - KNEALE

Balanced precariously on the ceiling supports, as the crawl  
space lights up from the flame.

ANGLE - FIERMAN

He turns quickly back toward the Control Room.

A ceiling panel above him suddenly breaks as Kneale's feet  
kick firmly into Fierman's face, knocking the canister out  
of his hands!

Kneale drops from the hole in the ceiling, makes a dive for  
the canister.

Fierman catches him, pulls him back just before Kneale's  
fingers reach the canister.

Kneale turns and drives a stunning blow to Fierman's face.

Fierman staggers but his incredibly strong hands clutch  
Kneale by the throat.

Kneale struggles...slams Fierman into the wall.

Fierman throws him to the ground, turns for the canister.

Kneale scrambles down the hallway.

CUT TO:

EXT. PLANT -NIGHT.

ANOTHER GIANT CEMENT SLAB is ready for the HOLE IN THE  
ROOF. The CEMENT CREW FOREMAN looks to Dreiser for a  
signal.

ANGLE - DREISER

He holds up his finger to wait just a bit longer, looks  
toward the plant.

ANGLE - PLANT

As OTHER CEMENT CREWS  pump tons of cement down into the sewer and vent systems.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY -NIGHT.

Kneale hurries along, limping. He looks back as he goes around a corner.

Fierman swings around the corner and advances,  shooting another WALL OF FIRE.

ANGLE - KNEALE

He ducks around the corner. Comes to a fork. He goes left, picks up speed.

ANGLE - FIERMAN

Advancing to the fork. He hesitates, looks at the floor.

Drops of blood lead to the left.

ANGLE - KNEALE

He comes around a corner -dead end.

ANGLE - FIERMAN

He knows the plant well. Moves slowly now, expecting to find his prey. Pointing the canister.

ANGLE - KNEALE

He looks quickly to a door several yards back toward the corner from where Fierman is coming. Can he make it?

KNEALE'S POV - DOOR

A small black sign on the door: "Security Office".

ANGLE - KNEALE

His eyes flash with recognition. He dives for the door.

He steps around the corner, sees Kneale slide in the door. Fierman moves deliberately to the door and unloads another WALL OF FIRE, eliminating the door completely.

He takes the final step to the doorway, to finish the job.

THUNDEROUS AUTOMATIC GUNFIRE suddenly blows Fierman right out of the doorway and back into the hall.

He slumps to the floor. Lies dead.

ANGLE - KNEALE

He stands by an open locker, lowers Parks' AK .47.

A beat.

He looks at the locker.

ANGLE - PARKS' LOCKER

Tacked inside is the PHOTO of Parks in Navy uniform, with his GIRLFRIEND'S arms around him proudly.

ANGLE - KNEALE

He reaches for the PHOTO.

An arm clamps around Kneale's throat!

Fierman is slumped against him, squeezing down hard. Pulling Kneale backwards.

Kneale gasps for air under the death grip, can't pull it loose! He smashes Fierman into the lockers, but the grip only tightens. Kneale stumbling to his knees. He begins to pass out. Desperate, he drops the AK so he can use two hands to pull back Fierman's arm. It can't be done.

Kneale's body begins to buck as he struggles to breathe. He reaches suddenly, desperately, behind him, grabbing Fierman's head with both hands and yanks with all his strength. There is a snap. Fierman's hands let go. He slumps to the floor. Lies still.

Kneale staggers to his feet. Moves back to Parks' locker. He lifts the PHOTO, slips it into his pocket.

CUT TO:

EXT. PLANT -NIGHT.

Dreiser checks his watch, looks again at the hole in the roof. He turns regretfully to the CEMENT CREW FOREMAN, gives a brisk wave of his hand.

The HELICOPTER rises into the air, lifting the last GIANT CEMENT SLAB toward the hole in the roof.

TERESA

-No!!

She grabs the Lieutenant's radio, runs toward the building.

CUT TO:

INT. PLANT HALLWAY -NIGHT.

Kneale is knocked off his feet as a RUMBLE shakes the building. His RADIO CRACKLES.

TERESA

(over radio,  
rumbling and static)

John, can you hear me?

CUT TO:

INT. DOME - REACTOR -NIGHT.

The CORE bursts from the reactor's protective outer shield -a glowing molten mass. It begins burning right through the metal floors.

CUT TO:

EXT. PLANT -NIGHT.

The helicopter is moving into position, dangling the cement slab over the hole in the roof.

Teresa scrambles up the great mound of drying cement, positions herself under the helicopter.

TERESA

(into radio)

John, where are you?

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN BUILDING HALLWAY -NIGHT.

Kneale runs toward a RED DOOR at the end of the hallway.

KNEALE  
(into radio)  
-Good question. There's a red  
door. ..says-

Kneale skids to a stop as the red door begins to melt.

CUT TO:

EXT. PLANT -NIGHT.

TERESA  
(into radio)  
-No, that's into the plant!

The HELICOPTER CO-PILOT is preparing to release the cement slab onto the hole. He looks down at Teresa waving them away! He hesitates, looks at the PILOT.

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN BUILDING HALLWAY -NIGHT.

TERESA  
(over radio)  
-Come back the other way. Find  
the stairs. They go to the roof.

Kneale turns down the opposite hallway, slides to stop. The cement is coming toward him.

KNEALE  
(into radio)  
No way. Cement coming in.

TERESA  
(over radio)  
No. Keep going, to the stairs.  
It's the only way to the roof!

Kneale turns back down the hallway, but the cement is coming from that direction too.

CUT TO:

EXT. PLANT -NIGHT.

The helicopter dips off it's mark, begins circling back for another pass.

DREISER  
-Get her out of there!

TWO SOLDIERS scramble up the cement slope after Teresa.

A BULLDOZER tears open a wide TRENCH in the earth behind Dreiser and the Engineers. Everyone is sweating.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY -NIGHT.

The RED DOOR is gone now as the glowing molten mass pours into the main building, melting everything in its path, moving TOWARD CAMERA.

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN BUILDING HALLWAY -NIGHT.

Kneale trudges through the cement, to a door, pulls it open-

ANGLE - STAIRWELL

The cement has already moved up the stairwell, filling it almost completely.

ANGLE - KNEALE

He turns back into the hallway. The floor and walls are shaking. Suddenly, they burst inward, crumbling, as the cement pours in!

Kneale dives back toward the stairwell, crawling and pulling himself upwards through the swelling muck.

His radio disappears into the rising cement, which then moves over Kneale, covering him, and then IT COVERS CAMERA.

CUT TO:

EXT. PLANT -NIGHT.

A RUMBLE shakes the building.

Teresa holds tight to the open hole in the roof. The helicopter's moving back into position above her.

She hears the RADIO CUT OFF.

TERESA  
(into radio)  
John! John!

She sees the cement come toward her, swelling up from inside, filling the hole.

TERESA  
No! John!

The Two Soldiers are scrambling toward her.

The helicopter eases lower, its blades THUNDERING, the Co-pilot screaming for Teresa to move, his hand on the release lever, the giant cement slab swaying above her head!

ANGLE - HOLE IN ROOF

Kneale suddenly pops his head through the cement, gasping for air!

Teresa scrambles toward Kneale, reaching for him.

Kneale grabs her hand. Teresa strains.

Kneale struggles up out of the hardening cement. Free.

ANOTHER RUMBLE knocks them off their feet and they both stumble backwards, falling toward the hole-

Kneale clutches the giant cement slab, holding on with one hand, gripping Teresa with the other, as she dangles down over the hole!

CUT TO:

INT. PLANT -NIGHT.

The glowing molten mass is moving TOWARD CAMERA, melting everything in its path!

CUT TO:

EXT. PLANT -NIGHT.

Kneale climbs up onto the cement slab. He pulls himself and Teresa up onto the support cables! The Co-pilot releases the slab and it falls onto the roof, covering the hole!

The helicopter swings down and away from the building, Kneale and Teresa dangling from the support cables.

ANGLE - CEMENT CREWS

Their hoses begin spraying great fountains of liquid cement up over the slab, heaping on a huge pile.

WIDER ANGLE - PLANT

As the BIGGEST RUMBLE OF ALL shakes the earth. The Cement Crews abandon their trucks and hoses, fleeing now, having done all they could.

Dreiser and the others are moving back to the makeshift TRENCH that's been dug into the earth behind them.

ANGLE - HELICOPTER

As it arcs away from the building, Kneale's fingers begin to slip, losing their grip on the support cables. He looks down, grabs Teresa, and lets go. They plunge downward-

Splash into the ocean.

They surface, look back toward-

THE PLANT

The great mountain of cement entombing the plant grows hot, swelling and glowing bright orange. Shaking. Rumbling.

ANGLE - TRENCH

Dreiser and the others wince, bracing themselves, their faces lit up with a radiant orange and blue light..

CLOSER ANGLE - PLANT

A tremendous force swells up inside the cement igloo crust as it shakes. We fully expect it to explode before our eyes.

Then..

It settles.

ANGLE - TRENCH

Everyone slumps, with relief.

ANGLE - TERESA & KNEALE

Watching the great glowing mound which lights up the sky, the land, their faces..

Teresa turns to stare at Kneale, in awe that he's alive in front of her. Kneale pulls her close as they bob together in the cool, foaming ocean surf..

They kiss.

CAMERA PULLS BACK as the helicopter sweeps past, RISING HIGHER to include all the sprawling aftermath, and finally, the glowing cement igloo lighting up the sky, the land, the man and woman in the water..

THE END