

MELTDOWN

BY

JOHN CARPENTER

Original

1 BLACK SCREEN.

SUPERIMPOSE:

1951

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

2 CLOSEUP - FOREWARD OBSERVER

2

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

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

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

3 ANGLE GEIGER COUNTER

3

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

CUT TO:

4 BLACK SCREEN, SILENCE.

4

SUPERIMPOSE:

THE PROMETHEUS CRISIS

DISSOLVE TO:

1980

CUT TO:

5 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

2.

5

The small, white stucco apartment is dark and filled with smoke. A poker game is in progress. SIX MEN sit around a kitchen table playing five stud.

Through the cigarette haze we can see one man clearly: JOHN KNEALE. In his thirties he is pleasant and appealing. It is obvious from his smile that he enjoys the verbal sparring that accompanies the game. Dialogue is overlapping:

FIRST PLAYER

I don't buy it, Kneale.

KNEALE

What do you mean?

SECOND PLAYER

Jacks or better.

FIRST PLAYER

It's all a crock. You ran away and came out here to hide your head in the sand.

THIRD PLAYER

Are we going through this bullshit again?

FOURTH PLAYER

Lay off him, George. We're all hiding out here.

FIRST PLAYER

No way. Just Kneale there.

KNEALE

Look, George, it occurred to me that living in Los Angeles was like living in a concrete slag heap. It also occurred to me that I don't have to be a doctor in a slag heap, I can be a doctor in a small town with a blue sky and one major road going through it.

SECOND PLAYER

Jacks or better . . .

(CONTINUED)

FOURTH PLAYER

Anybody want another beer?

FIRST PLAYER

I still don't buy it.

THIRD PLAYER

You didn't buy it last week either.

KNEALE

Would I lie? Me, the country doctor of Cardenas Bay? I'm devastated, George. What do I need?

SECOND PLAYER

Jacks or better.

KNEALE

(stares at his cards)

I have six cards.

THIRD PLAYER

Christ!

SECOND PLAYER

I knew it was too good to be true.

FOURTH PLAYER

Misdeal.

They throw their cards in a pile. Suddenly there is a LOUD, HIGH-PITCHED BEEP. Kneale reaches into his pocket and fumbles with his beeper.

SECOND PLAYER

Great! He owes me money and he gets beeped.

KNEALE

Not to worry.

Kneale gets up from the table. CAMERA FOLLOWS HIM over to a telephone. He dials a number and waits.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

KNEALE
(into telephone)
This is Doctor Kneale.
(pause)
Put him through.

THIRD PLAYER
Kneale, are you in or out?

KNEALE
(holds his hand
over the receiver)
Out. It's Parks.

FIRST PALYER
Don't tell him where we are!
He'll bust the game!

KNEALE
He already knows where we are.
Besides, he's classically
corrupt.
(into telephone)
Greg. So you tracked me down.
I've got five quaking card
players here.
(pause)
Yeah, sure.
(his face turns
serious)
Greg, slow down a minute. Can
you tell me about it?
(pause)
Why not?
(pause)
Ok, if you don't want me to,
but if it's an emergen...
(pause)
Sure. Right away.

CUT TO:

6 EXT. DESERT - NIGHT (EFFECT)

6

LONG SHOT of a two-lane highway cutting through the silent, dead night desert. Above the sky is splattered with stars. MUSIC RISES from a radio: Memories Are Made Of This (Sweet, Sweet, Memories You Gave To Me).

BEGIN MAIN TITLES.

We SEE two headlights in the distance. A late model station wagon whisks along the highway out of the darkness.

7 INT. STATION WAGON - NIGHT

7

Kneale is driving, his face eerily lit by the dashboard lights. He doesn't look too happy. We hear only the constant HUMMING of the tires and Memories Are Made Of This from the radio.

CONTINUE MAIN TITLES.

8 ANGLE ON PASSENGER SEAT

8

On the seat beside him is his physician's bag.

9 EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

9

The station wagon whizzes off down the desert highway. A rising wind blows dust across the asphalt.

CONTINUE MAIN TITLES.

CUT TO:

10 EXT. DESERT TRAILER PARK - NIGHT

10

END MAIN TITLES as Kneale's station wagon rumbles through the dusty drive of a trailer park up to a long, sleek 30-foot trailer at the end of a row.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

GREGORY PARKS, a tall, good-looking country boy in his casual Highway Patrol uniform, almost stumbles out of the trailer door as Kneale walks up. Both men are washed with warm, amber light from the trailer's interior.

KNEALE

All right, Greg, you got me here!

PARKS

Did you call the hospital?

KNEALE

I said I wouldn't. Now just calm down and tell me what's going on.

Suddenly Janet Parks, hastily dressed with a small overnight case under her arm, appears at the trailer door.

JANET

Greg...

Kneale turns and smiles at her.

KNEALE

Hi, Janet.

No response. She looks as if she's been crying. She also looks scared to death.

JANET

Greg, I can't do this...

PARKS

Go, baby! Get in the car and go!

Parks takes Kneale's arm and pulls him along away from the trailer.

KNEALE

What's wrong? Where's she going?

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

PARKS

What did you tell them at the
poker game?

KNEALE

Nothing.

PARKS

What did you tell them?

KNEALE

What could I tell them? I
didn't know anything!

Parks jumps into the station wagon.

PARKS

Let's go. Please, let's just
go. . .

As Kneale opens the driver's door he glances back
at the trailer.

11 KNEALE'S POV - TRAILER

11

Janet stands framed in the amber doorway like a
frightened little girl. She steps down. SLAMS the
door behind her and hurries over to an old sedan
parked haphazardly in the drive.

CUT TO:

12 EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - NIGHT

12

Kneale's station wagon BLASTS along the lonely highway.

13 INT. STATION WAGON - NIGHT

13

Parks sits erect in the passenger seat, eyes straight
ahead, jaw set and rigid.

13 CONTINUED:

13

KNEALE

Look, this is bullshit! Where
are we going?

Parks just stares at the highway ahead.

PARKS

Are you a friend, John?

KNEALE

Oh for Christ's sakes...

PARKS

Are you?

KNEALE

This is my night off. I'm down
\$40 and I put my wash in at 8:30
and forgot to take it out.
But I'm here, aren't I?

PARKS

A better friend than me.

KNEALE

And I don't even know where
'here' is!

Silence. Parks just stares.

KNEALE

(continuing)

Greg...

PARKS

It's just up ahead.

CUT TO:

14 EXT. DESERT GAS STATION - NIGHT

14

HIGH SHOT OF A GAS STATION plopped down right in the
middle of the bleak, desolate desert. It's a new
station, mostly gray-white concrete. Huge fluorescent
arcs blast down eerie blue-green light from their poles.
Outside this pool of light is the ghostly blackness of
the desert.

There are several cars parked around the station in a
circle. We see some MEN standing in a cordon around the
cars. Ten feet apart. Absolutely motionless.

15 ANGLE ON STATION - HIGHWAY

15

CAMERA TRACKS past the gas pumps across the service
drive to SEVERAL MEN, all youngish in their late 20's
early 30's all neatly dressed in suits and ties. They
stare bleakly off into the darkness.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

Headlights appear off down the highway. One of the men sees them and turns to another.

FIRST MAN

Car coming.

16 ANOTHER ANGLE

16

The station wagon pulls off the highway and rolls in toward the gas station.

17 INT. STATION WAGON

17

Kneale brakes to a stop. Four men immediately move over and surround the station wagon. They stare grimly in at Kneale and Parks.

KNEALE

You know these guys?

Parks says nothing. He opens his door and steps out.

KNEALE

(continuing)

Greg?

Parks' door SLAMS as an answer. Kneale turns off his engine and grabs his physician's bag.

18 EXT./INT. STATION (PANAGLIDE)

18

Kneale gets out. Two men step up to him.

FIRST MAN

May I have your name please?

Kneale glances over at Parks who stands on the other side of the station wagon. The men seem to know Parks and don't bother him. Parks flicks his eyes up at Kneale and then back down again.

KNEALE

Dr. John Kneale.

FIRST MAN

Do you have some identification?

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

FIRST AMN

(continuing)

Follow me, Doctor Kneale.

Kneale shoots a glance at Parks.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

PARKS
(grimly)
Come on, John.

CAMERA PANAGLIDES with Kneale, Parks and the two men as they walk across the service drive past the pumps and the other neatly-dressed men, up to the door of the station office, into the office and up to FREDERICK GERSH sitting on the edge of a metal desk talking frantically on the phone.

Gersh is strong and well-dressed, in his forties. By his expression and the tone of his voice he is very pleasant, very powerful and, right now, close to being completely unhinged.

GERSH
(into telephone)
. . . we've discussed that, it
isn't an alternative! Give me
some time and I can . . .
(pause)
I can't promise you that! It's
very technical.

Kneale glances out the station window.

19 KNEALE'S POV - SERVICE DRIVE

19

A Country Squire station wagon SCREECHES to a stop by the pumps. TERESA KIESSER, a striking, dark-haired woman in her thirties, looking as if she's dressed for the Academy Awards, jumps out and begins a quick intense conversation with one of the men. Then she rushes toward the station office.

GERSH
(continuing;
v.o.)
Just what I've told you! I know
it's sketchy! We're going crazy
here!
(pause)
No, no, no, we don't show any yet!

20 INT. STATION OFFICE

20

Teresa darts into the office. She glances at Parks, then Kneale, then at Gersh.

TERESA
I don't believe it!

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

Gersh gestures to the door behind him without breaking stride in his phone conversation.

GERSH

(continuing)

Twenty minutes! Because it takes that long to get there!

Teresa starts for the door. There is a LOUD SCREECHING that stops her and pulls everyone's attention to the window.

21 ANOTHER ANGLE

21

ARTHUR CUSHING, an intense, European man in his fifties, dressed in a long overcoat, jumps out of an old Buick and walks determinedly into the station office. He steps right past Kneale and Parks to Teresa.

CUSHING

I knew it would happen!

GERSH

(continuing;

into telephone)

We're leaving now. Yes, immediately!

TERESA

(to Cushing)

What are the specifics?

CUSHING

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

Cushing opens the door. He and Teresa step through into the garage area. The door SLAMS behind them.

Kneale and Parks exchange glances.

GERSH

(continuing)

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

Gersh abruptly hangs up the phone and glares at Kneale.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

 GERSH
Who's this?

 PARKS
Doctor John Kneale, from the
clinic.

Gersh extends his hand.

 GERSH
Frederick Gersh. Thank you for
responding so quickly.

Gersh suddenly moves to the garage door and opens it.

 KNEALE
My former friend here says
there's an emergency.

 PARKS
You told me not to tell him.

Gersh turns, looks at Parks, then Kneale.

 GERSH
Would you step inside, doctor?

 KNEALE
Is someone injured?

Gersh steps into the garage. Parks walks to the
door without looking at Kneale and follows him in.

Kneale stares after them for several beats, then
walks to the door.

22 INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

22

It is dimly lit by overhead neon lights that cast a greenish pall. As Kneale steps in a pair of high-heeled shoes comes SKITTERING across the floor.

Teresa supports herself against the side of a Volkswagen van in the center of the garage. She quickly unzips her dress and steps out of it. Behind her, SARA MAITLAND, a pretty girl in her twenties, and LARRY RAYMER, a weathered man in a windbreaker and sunglasses, lift odd-looking pieces of equipment into the back of the van.

TERESA

Hand me a suit!

RAYMER

Lawrence has them!

TERESA

Where's Lawrence?

SARA

He's not here.

TERESA

Oh Lord . . .

Teresa zips her dress back up and climbs into the back of the van.

TERESA

(continuing)

That'll teach me to throw a party on a Sunday night. I hope they're having a good time!

Parks, Gersh and Cushing stand by the driver's door. Kneale walks over to them. Cushing holds a half-inch thick blue book with a red paper band around it.

CUSHING

This is just an exercise! It's meaningless until we know!

Cushing looks up at Kneale.

GERSH

Dr. John Kneale, from the clinic at Cardenas Bay.

(CONTINUED)

14.
22 CONTINUED: 22
No attempt is made to shake hands. Kneale's eyes fall
on the blue book in Cushing's hand.
23 CLOSE ON BLUE BOOK 23
Under Cushing's fingers we can just read: TOP SECRET
DOCUMENT! CLASSIFIED: PROMETHEUS LAST RESORT . . .
24 BACK TO SCENE 24

GERSH
(continuing)
And Gregory Parks from the
Highway Patrol. They haven't
been briefed.

CUSHING
None of us has been briefed!

KNEALE
Briefed about what?

Raymer rushes up from the rear of the van.

RAYMER
We're ready to go!

CUSHING
Where's Lawrence?

GERSH
I called him fifteen minutes ago!
If he's not here we go without him!

CUSHING
We can't go without the suits!

GERSH
He'll find us. We have to leave!
Now!

The group starts for the rear of the van. Kneale
grabs Cushing by the arm.

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

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

Cushing turns and looks at him.

CUSHING

There's been an accident at the plant.

KNEALE

What plant?

CUSHING

Diablo Rock.

KNEALE

(a slight pause)

The nuclear plant...

CUSHING

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

KNEALE

What about your plant physician?

CUSHING

He's one of the eight!

Gersh leans around the van.

GERSH

Cushing, come on!

Cushing starts to walk again but Kneale stops him.

KNEALE

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

CUSHING

You're a doctor, aren't you?

KNEALE

In a clinic. I treat the flu and the measles. I take temperatures.

CUSHING

There is the possibility that if we don't get to the plant there will be no more temperatures in your clinic to be taken!

Cushing walks away leaving Kneale stunned. Finally he follows Cushing. Gersh stands by the doors as they climb inside.

GERSH

Get in, doctor!

(CONTINUED)

16.
24 CONTINUED (2): 24

Kneale looks at Gersh and then climbs in the van.

 GERSH
 (continuing; shouts
 into the van)
 I'll meet you there!

25 INT. VAN - NIGHT 25

Gersh SLAMS the rear doors shut.

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

 PARKS
 I'm sorry, John.

 KNEALE
 It's alright...

 PARKS
 They said to get a doctor but
 don't tell him why.

 KNEALE
 You were right. I'm a better
 friend than you are. I would
 have told you.

CUT TO:

26 EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT 26

The Volkswagen ROARS out of the garage. It is immediately
surrounded by the other cars. The procession of
vehicles moves on to the highway.

CUT TO:

27 EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - NIGHT 27

The cars hover around the van as the battery of vehicles
THUNDERS down both lanes

28 INT. REAR OF VAN - NIGHT 28

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

 CUSHING
 Quiet! Be quiet a minute!

 TERESA
 Sara... it's all right.

Sara sits against the wall. She looks at the others,
her jaw flexing nervously.

RAYMER
How much radiation escaped?

PARKS
Are they dead?

TERESA
Will you let her talk?

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

SARA
No, the plant's clean.

Kneale leans over to parks.

KNEALE
(whispers)
Do you know anybody? Who are
they?

PARKS
(whispers)
Experts. They work at the plant.

Kneale settles back against the wall and watches
intently.

CUSHING
(evenly)
What happened, Sara?

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

SARA
I only got bits and pieces.
Fragmented . . . I left the
main building at 7:55.

CUT TO:

29 EXT. FRONT GATE - DIABLO ROCK PLANT - NIGHT (PANAGLIDE) 29

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

SARA
(continuing
v.o.)

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

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

SARA
(continuing
v.o.)

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

30 EXT. DIABLO ROCK NUCLEAR PLANT (EFFECT)

30

Now we see the entire plant. It is an unearthly, surreal image: four white domes glowing from green mercury-vapor work lights, rising above several low, concrete buildings and a one-acre parking lot, the whole thing set right in the middle of the stark, night desert.

In the distance a mountain range looms like a vague, dark silhouette. The sky is filled with stars. We see Sara's red sportscar moving down a small asphalt road leading from the plant to a two-lane highway in the distance.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

SARA
(continuing
v.o.)

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

CUT TO:

31 EXT. MCMURPHY SPRINGS - NIGHT

31

A small, drab concrete building sits off a dusty two lane highway. We see Sara's sportscar pull up and stop. Sara gets out and goes into the building.

SARA
(continuing
v.o.)

Gersh asked me to drop off some reports at McMurphy Springs. I drove over there on my way home.

32 INT. MCMURPHY SPRINGS - NIGHT

32

It is a large, concrete room with a couple readout screens and a few banks of machinery. Mostly desks and filing cabinets. We see Sara and Gersh talking in the b.g. by a desk. A TECHNICIAN sits in a swivel chair in f.g. drinking coffee, looking at a readout screen and making notations in a loose-leaf notebook. He says something to Gersh.

SARA
(continuing
v.o.)

I got there about 8:30 and I overheard someone tell Gersh that Prometheus was on schedule with the instructions.

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

PDT388SYNx
REACTOR START PROGRAM
INSTRUCTIONS TRANSMITTED
OCT 5 80 2031 HOURS

CUT TO:

33 INT. VAN - NIGHT

Sara has lit a cigarette.

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

Kneale leans over again to Parks.

KNEALE
(whispers)
Who's Prometheus?

Parks shrugs. Kneale then tentatively leans over to
Teresa.

KNEALE
Who's Prometheus?

TERESA
My baby. A computer. She runs
and monitors all systems in the
plant.
(turns to Sara)
Go ahead, Sara.

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

CUT TO:

34 INT. MCMURPHY SPRINGS - NIGHT

Gersh is on the telephone. He looks worried. Sara
listens in b.g.

SARA
(continuing
v.o.)
Bennett Tramer called from the
control room.

CUT TO:

35 EXT. DIABLO ROCK PLANT - NIGHT (EFFECT)

35

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

SARA
(continuing
v.o.)

He said something strange was going on at the plant. He sounded scared!

CUT TO:

36 INT. CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

36

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

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

SARA
(continuing
v.o.)

He had suddenly lost contact with the 3 man inspection team. He couldn't reach the other two men in the plant. Doctor Mercer didn't answer the phone in his building. No one answered the computer page.

CAMERA SLOWLY MOVES UP to the TV monitor above Tramer.

SARA
(continuing
v.o.)

Then he said he saw something, one of the men on an exterior camera, running across the south concourse toward dome 3.

We are on the TV monitor. A readout flashes:

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

REPLAY

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

SARA
(continuing
v.o.)

But Prometheus indicated that all
3 men were inside dome 3 proceeding
with the drive assembly.

37 ANGLE ON TRAMER

37

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

SARA
(continuing
v.o.)

He called the guard at the front
gate. No answer there either!

38 CLOSEUP - SECOND TV MONITOR

38

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

SARA
(continuing
v.o.)

The gate was closed but no sign
of the guard. Tramer panicked.
The plant was completely
without internal security!

CUT TO:

39 INT. MCMURPHY SPRINGS - NIGHT

39

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

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

23.

39

SARA
(continuing
v.o.)

Mr. Gersh called in the security officer, Franco, and told him about the call.

Franco hurries out of the room.

40 EXT. MCMURPHY SPRINGS - NIGHT

40

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

SARA
(continuing
v.o.)

Franco took off for the plant.
It was 9:45.

CUT TO:

41 INT. VAN - NIGHT

41

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

CUT TO:

42 EXT. FRONT GATE - SECURITY STATION - NIGHT (PANAGLIDE) 42

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

SARA
(continuing
v.o.)

The gate was wide open. No guard in the security station. Franco called the control room several times. No answer.

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

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

SARA
(continuing
v.o.)

He started walking to the main building. The plant was totally quiet. All the lights were on.

43 ANGLE ON FRANCO (PANAGLIDE)

43

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

SARA
(continuing
v.o.)

He was halfway across the concourse when he saw someone walk from the main building to dome 2.

44 FRANCO'S POV - WALKWAY

44

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

45 ANGLE ON FRANCO

45

He stops and just stares.

SARA
(continuing
v.o.)

It was someone in a radiation suit carrying a body in his arms. It looked like the body was headless.

46 FRANCO'S POV - WALKWAY

46

Again we see the moving figure just before he ducks into a doorway. The body in his arms is without a head!

CUT TO:

47 INT. VAN - NIGHT

47

Everyone in the van is very quiet; there is a stunned silence.

Kneale and Parks exchange glances.

TERESA

Tell us the rest, Sara.

SARA

Then . . . Franco returned to the security station and called back. Mr. Gersh told him to stay there. None of us knew what to do.

TERESA

Did Gersh call a Security Alert?

SARA

No, he just kept trying to reach the control room.

CUSHING

That's right, avoid exposure at all costs. Like nothing happened.

CUT TO:

48 INT. MCMURPHY SPRINGS - NIGHT

48

Gersh, Sara and the technician stand in front of a TV monitor. The technician punches various buttons on a console in front of him.

SARA

(v.o.)

He programmed "Please respond" into Prometheus.

CAMERA MOVES INTO THE READOUT SCREEN:

CONTROL ROOM:

PLEASE RESPOND!

MCMURPHY SPRINGS.

The screen wipes clean. Then:

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

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

There is a pause as they wait for the answer.

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

SARA
(continuing
v.o.)

Prometheus suddenly went dead.

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

SARA
(continuing
v.o.)

At the same moment an automatic alarm went off.

49 ANOTHER ANGLE

49

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

CAUTION!
TEMPERATURE FLUXUATION
DOME 3

SARA
(continuing
v.o.)

Prometheus came back to life.
There was an increase in the
room temperature inside dome 3.
A substantial increase, enough
to trigger the alarm.

50 CLOSEUP - READOUT SCREEN

50

A hand punches some keys. The screen reads:

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

DOME 3
0% RISE IN RADIATION LEVEL
NO BREACH OF CONTAINMENT
NO BREACH OF REACTOR
NO EXCURSION

SARA
(continuing
v.o.)

But Prometheus wasn't showing
an accident. No radiation was
escaping.

CUT TO:

51 INT. VAN - NIGHT

51

SARA
(continuing)
That was 40 minutes ago.

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO A FULL SHOT of the van. The
entire group sits for several beats in silence.

RAYMER
Well . . . was there an accident
or wasn't there?

There is a BUMP and the sound of GEARS GRINDING.

TERESA
Let's find out.

52 EXT. JUNCTION OF HIGHWAY AND ROAD - NIGHT

52

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

Another truck is already parked there. MARTY LAWRENCE,
a youngish man with long hair and thick, wire-rimmed
glasses, stands with a small, metal box in his hands
pointed up the road toward the plant.

53 ANGLE ON REAR OF VAN (PANAGLIDE)

53

The door swings open and the group jumps out. Gersh
emerges from one of the cars and hurries over as
Lawrence jogs up pointing to the metal box.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

LAWRENCE
No reading! We're clean!

GERSH
Where's the equipment?

LAWRENCE
In my truck!

CUSHING
Get it over here!

GERSH
(shouts after
Lawrence)
Bring the walkie-talkies!

TERESA
Why haven't you called a
Security Alert?

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

Suddenly everyone begins TALKING AT ONCE.

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

RAYMER
You had an alarm!

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

CUSING
We're all wasting time! Give
Lawrence a hand!

The group rushes off to Lawrence's truck leaving Kneale and Parks looking uncertainly at Gersh. They strain tensely against the wind.

PARKS
What do you want us to do?

(CONTINUED)

GERSH

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

PARKS

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

GERSH

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

KNEALE

Secure from what?

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

RAYMER

Doctor! Parks!

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

RAYMER

Make sure you're completely covered!

CUSHING

Like a shroud!

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

Raymer thrusts a metal box at Kneale.

RAYMER

Radiation meter.

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

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED (3):

53

TERESA

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

She points to a meter on the box.

TERESA

(continuing)

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

KNEALE

What if it goes above 25?

TERESA

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

Kneale reacts to her words. She sees the expression
on his face.

TERESA

I'm sorry.

KNEALE

I asked.

Teresa unzips her dress, wriggles out of it and slips
into a radiation suit.

KNEALE

(continuing)

What'd you tell them at the party?

TERESA

Well, I'm not very good at
lying. I told them
Prometheus was sick. I hope
to God I wasn't right.

CUT TO:

54 ANGLE ON PARKS - GROUP (PANAGLIDE)

54

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

CUSHING

You have radio mikes in your masks.

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

CUSHING

(continuing
over radio)

Can you hear me?

SARA

Clear.

TERESA

Clear.

RAYMER

Clear.

LAWRENCE

Clear.

PARKS

Clear.

There is a silence. Teresa nudges Kneale.

KNEALE

Oh . . . Clear.

Gersh screams into Cushing's helmet.

GERSH

I'm going to McMurphy Springs! As soon as you get on the computer, talk to me.

Cushing nods. Gersh turns and hurries to his car.

CUSHING

Shall we take a walk?

CUT TO:

32.

55 EXT. PLANT ROAD - NIGHT 55

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

56 ANGLE ON KNEALE 56

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

57 KNEALE'S POV - PARKS 57

Parks scoots along next to him. He looks at Kneale finally.

58 ANGLE ON KNEALE 58

Slowly and deliberately Kneale raises the middle finger of his gloved hand to Parks.

59 REVERSE ANGLE - ROAD & PLANT (EFFECT) 59

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

CUT TO:

60 EXT. DOMES - FRONT GATE - HIGH ANGLE (EFFECT) 60

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

61 ANGLE ON GROUP - CAR 61

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

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

61

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

CUSHING
(over radio)
Come on.

They start up the road again.

62 GROUP'S POV - FRONT GATE - MOVING SHOT

62

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

63 ANGLE ON GROUP - MOVING SHOT

63

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

Lawrence holds up his radiation meter.

LAWRENCE
Still clean.

64 ANGLE ON KNEALE - MOVING SHOT

64

As he walks along Kneale looks up.

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

65

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

66 ANGLE ON GROUP - MOVING SHOT

66

CUSHING
Ouch!

TERESA
What is it?

CUSHING
Someone stepped on my foot . . .

KNEALE
I'm sorry, I was watching the camera move.

(CONTINUED)

		34.
66	CONTINUED:	66
	CUSHING	
	What?	
	Kneale points toward the gate.	
	KNEALE	
	The camera.	
67	POV - REMOTE CAMERA - GATE	67
	The remote camera is now absolutely <u>motionless</u> .	
68	ANGLE ON GROUP	68
	KNEALE	
	(continuing	
	mystified)	
	I swear it was moving! Following	
	us!	
	PARKS	
	He's right. I saw it too.	
	The others look at Kneale and Parks, and then at	
	the plant.	
69	EXT. FRONT GATE - CONCOURSE	69
	WIDE SHOT of the concourse and the front gate. The	
	group walks through the gate and starts across the	
	walkway toward the main building.	
70	ANGLE ON GROUP - MOVING SHOT	70
	CAMERA MOVES WITH THEM as they walk.	
71	CLOSE MOVING SHOT - KNEALE	71
	Kneale turns and looks behind him.	

35.
72 KNEALE'S POV - FRONT GATE - MOVING SHOT 72

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

73 REAR ANGLE - GROUP 73

KNEALE
It's closing!

They spin around.

74 POV - FRONT GATE 74

The gate CLUNKS SHUT!

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

75 ANGLE ON GROUP 75

Lawrence takes a step toward the gate.

LAWRENCE
Can you hear that?

RAYMER
What?

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

CUT TO:

76 INT. CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT 76

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

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

36.
77 CLOSEUP - KEY PUNCH 77
An orange-gloved hand punches several computer keys.

78 CLOSEUP - TV MONITOR 78
The shot on the monitor ZOOMS IN, TIGHTENS on the group as they move under an archway to the front door of the main building. One of them bends down and tries to open the door. The others cluster around in a huddle.

CUT TO:

79 EXT. ARCHWAY - MAIN BUILDING ENTRANCE - NIGHT 79
The group watches Lawrence try to open the door with his keys. He stands up and touches the surface of the door with his fingers.

LAWRENCE
Pressurized! It's sealed shut!

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

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

SARA
By whom?

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

PARKS
Is this a drill of some kind?

SARA
They would have told us.

RAYMER
Maybe not. Maybe it's to see how we do.

Lawrence opens his toolbox and pulls out several odd-looking metal objects.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED:

79

LAWRENCE

There's an override mechanism
in the door. I designed it to
look like just another screw
in a metal plate.

Lawrence holds up a metal plate and points to a screw.

LAWRENCE

(continuing)

All the main doors have these
pressure plates. You can open
them if you know how to fool
with them . . .

CUSHING

Can you fool with them?

Lawrence pulls a long, metal probe out of his toolbox.

LAWRENCE

It'll take awhile.

CUSHING

How long?

LAWRENCE

Fifteen, twenty minutes.

CUSHING

All right, everybody listen.
We'll split up. Teresa, Sara,
Lawrence and Parks get into
the main building. Sara, get
to the lab. Make sure the hot
fuels are contained and stable.
The rest of you get to the control
room. Shut down all reactor
systems. Scram the pile if
necessary. Raymer, the doctor
and myself are going to dome 3.
Now the radios are no good after
about twenty feet so you can
reach us through Prometheus once
you get inside the control room.

TERESA

What do we do about whoever's
in there?

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED (2):

79

A silence.

TERESA

(continuing)

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

CUSHING

That's why Mr. Parks is here.

Everyone looks at Parks. He pulls open his radiation suit and takes out another .38 revolver he has hidden inside. He extends it toward Kneale.

PARKS

You want this one, John?

Kneale looks at the gun, then at Parks. Raymer reaches in and takes the gun.

RAYMER

I'll take it. Doctor's got his bag.

CUSHING

Let's go.

80 ANGLE ON CUSHING, RAYMER & KNEALE (PANAGLIDE)

80

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

81 KNEALE'S POV - TERESA, PARKS & GROUP - MOVING SHOT

81

CAMERA PULLS AWAY from the main building and the group huddled around the door. Parks stares at Kneale, then Teresa turns and looks at him.

82 ANGLE ON KNEALE - MOVING SHOT

82

Kneale waves goodbye with some finality.

CUT TO:

83 CLOSE - TV MONITOR

83

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

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

84 ANGLE ON COMPUTER KEYS

84

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

CUT TO:

85 INT. MCMURPHY SPRINGS - NIGHT

85

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

TECHNICIAN

There's a transmission from
Prometheus!

Gersh and the security officers quickly gather around the screen.

GERSH

They must be in the control
room.

86 CLOSEUP - READOUT SCREEN

86

One at a time the letters blip across the screen:

PDX3119
TRANSMISSION TO
MCMURPHY SPRINGS
OCT. 5 80 2334 HOURS

The screen goes blank. Then:

QUIETLY DRESSED IN
STAINLESS STEEL . . .

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED:

86

Then:

SNOUTED WITH THE
BLIND MASK OF ARES . . .

Then:

I WATCHED THE SEVEN COME.

Then a blank screen.

87 ANGLE ON GERSH - SECURITY OFFICERS - TECHNICIAN

87

TECHNICIAN
What's that?

They stare at the screen.

88 CLOSEUP - READOUT SCREEN

88

SURELY TO CONQUER
AND UNDO . . .

Then:

WHAT HAS BEEN DONE.

Then:

BUT I CANNOT DIE.

Then:

AND I CANNOT BE UNDONE.
THEY WILL FEEL . . .

And then:

MY FURY.

And then the screen goes blank.

89 CLOSE ON GERSH 41.
89
A quiet dread begins to move across his face.
GERSH
It's not them . . .

90 CLOSEUP - READOUT SCREEN 90
The letters blip on:
I AM THE ANGEL OF DEATH.
Then:
I AM YOUR DAY OF JUDGEMENT.
Then:
YOU WILL NOT BE SAVED BY
THE GOD PLUTONIUM.
Then:
YOU WILL NOT BE SAVED BY
THE EXPANDING UNIVERSE.
Then:
IN FACT . . .
And then:
YOU WILL NOT BE SAVED!
And then the screen goes dead.

91 ANGLE ON GERSH - SECURITY OFFICERS - TECHNICIAN 91
There is an incredulous silence.
GERSH
I want the weather report for
the Los Angeles and San Diego
areas. Get me the Secretary
of Defense on the telephone.

CUT TO:

92 EXT. WALKWAY - BUILDING - NIGHT

92

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

RAYMER

There . . .

93 POV - DOME 3

93

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

94 ANGLE ON CUSHING, RAYMER & KNEALE (PANAGLIDE)

94

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

KNEALE

Excuse me, Raymer?

RAYMER

Yes.

KNEALE

Do you know how to use it?

RAYMER

Use what, Doctor?

KNEALE

The gun.

RAYMER

Of course.

KNEALE

Is the safety on or off?

Raymer looks at the gun.

RAYMER

Off.

KNEALE

It's on.

Raymer fumbles with the safety.

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED:

94

RAYMER
Alright, it's off!

A beat.

KNEALE
It's still on.

Suddenly Cushing stops.

RAYMER
What is it?

Cushing points with his flashlight.

95 POV - DOME 3 ENTRANCE

95

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

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

CUT TO:

96 INT. CORRIDOR - MAIN BUILDING - NIGHT (PANAGLIDE)

96

A WHOOSH of air and the door opens!

Lawrence, Teresa, Sara and Parks step in from the archway to a wide, cinderblock-cement corridor. Lawrence quickly packs up his tools. Sara reads her radiation meter.

SARA
Clean.

They rip off their masks. Lawrence pushes a button on the wall. The door closes.

PARKS
Where are we?

SARA
The lab's down here.

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED:

96

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

PARKS

It's not sealed?

LAWRENCE

Not on the interlock.

97 INT. HOT FUELS LAB - NIGHT

97

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

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

PARKS

Is it okay?

SARA

I don't know yet.

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

98 POV THRU WINDOW - HOT FUEL AREA

98

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

99 ANGLE ON SARA - CONSOLE

99

Sara moves her hands within the grips.

100 POV THRU WINDOW - HOT FUEL AREA

100

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

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

101 ANGLE ON SARA AND GROUP

101

Sara stares through the window at the meter.

 SARA
A slight reading. Point three rads.

 LAWRENCE
Well . . . ?

 SARA
It should be reading zero.

 PARKS
Is something wrong?

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

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

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

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

 PARKS
Can't you use the arms?

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

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

101

LAWRENCE

Sara, it's hot in there!

SARA

Point three. It's nothing.

Sara steps inside the airlock.

PARKS

You shouldn't stay by yourself.

SARA

Don't worry, sheriff. I do
this five days a week. Sunday
night makes no difference.
Now you're wasting time. Get
to the control room.

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

Lawrence steps to the console. Parks joins him.
Through the window they see Sara enter the hot fuels area
from the second air lock door. She wears her
radiation mask and waves to them.

PARKS

She all right in there?

LAWRENCE

She knows what she's doing.

TERESA

Come here!

Parks and Lawrence move to Teresa at the doorway. They
look out into the hall.

102 POV DOWN CORRIDOR - SMALL OFFICE DOORWAY

102

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

103 ANGLE ON TERESA, PARKS & LAWRENCE

TERESA

(continuing)

Office for the night shift.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED:

103

PARKS

That door wasn't open when we
got here!

TERESA

That's right.

CUT TO:

104 INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - DOME 3 - NIGHT

104

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

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

CUSHING

Clean. You can take off your masks.

Cushing and Raymer rip off their masks, followed by
Kneale. Almost simultaneously the three men see
something off screen. They just stare.

105 POV - WALL

105

There is a tableau in spray paint across the wall.

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

The CAMERA PANS TO:

FOR THOSE WHO DARE TO ENTER

MY DAEMON KINGDOM

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

AVERT THINE EYES FROM ME

THIS IS HALLOWED GROUND

106 ANGLE ON RAYMER, CUSHING & KNEALE

106

KNEALE

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

RAYMER

Crazy people draw like that . . .

CUSHING

I fear the artist is in the
control room!

CUT TO:

107 INT. MCMURPHY SPRINGS - CLOSE ON GERSH - NIGHT

107

Gersh is eerily lit by a desk lamp. He talks into
the telephone, staring straight ahead, his face
pulled tight with tension.

GERSH

(into telephone)

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

(pause)

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

(pause)

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

108 OVERSHOULDER - READOUT SCREEN

108

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

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

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED:

108

GERSH
(continuing)

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

109 CLOSE ON GERSH

109

He listens for several beats.

GERSH
(continuing)

I know we believed it was impossible, we were wrong.

110 INT. SMALL OFFICE - NIGHT

CUT TO:

110

Teresa, Parks and Lawrence cautiously step into the small office. Parks has drawn his gun.

The room is empty. On a desk a fresh pot of coffee sits steaming in a coffee maker. There are several desks and chairs. A typewriter HUMMS quietly, a piece of paper in the spindle. There is another door on the otherside of the office. It is closed and marked: AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY!

TERESA

I'll try the telephone.

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

111 ANGLE ON PARKS

111

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

112 CLOSEUP - PAPER IN TYPEWRITER

112

We can read:

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED:

112

Log for October 5, 1980
10:00 p.m.
Reassembly of control
rod drives.
Replacing all plugs and
thimbles to

113 ANGLE ON PARKS

113

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

114 ANGLE ON TERESA

114

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

TERESA

Dead.

115 ANGLE ON DESK - TELEPHONE

115

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

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

116 ANGLE ON TERESA - LAWRENCE - PARKS

116

Teresa is in f.g. staring at her fingers. Behind her
Lawrence moves to the sealed 'AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY!'
door.

LAWRENCE

(exasperated)

Whoever designed this knew what he
was doing.

TERESA

Parks . . .

Parks walks over. She shows him her fingers and the
receiver.

(CONTINUED)

51.

116 CONTINUED:

116

Suddenly the opened door to the corridor (through which they entered) SLAMS SHUT!

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

117 ANGLE ON 'AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY' DOOR

117

Behind Lawrence, the sealed door SLOWLY SLIDES OPEN!

118 ANGLE ON TERESA, LAWRENCE & PARKS

118

They stare at the opening door.

119 ANGLE ON 'AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY' DOOR

119

We can see down another cinderblock corridor. Suddenly the overhead lights come on! Then another door further down the corridor slides open, and the corridor lights beyond that flick on!

120 ANGLE ON TERESA, LAWRENCE & PARKS

120

TERESA

And someone else knows what he's doing.

CUT TO:

121 INT. CONTAINMENT CELL - NIGHT

121

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

RAYMER

It's disconnected.

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED:

121

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

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

KNEALE

Is that it?

CUSHING

An air lock. Leads to the
reactor.

Raymer struggles with the inards of the outlet.

RAYMER

You love machinery, Cushing?

CUSHING

Less and less.

RAYMER

I used to be an electronics officer
in the Navy. We had an old radar
unit. Sugar George. Whenever
something went wrong with it we
used to just give it a kick.

Raymer pulls out a small circuit box dangling various wires. Suddenly he BANGS it savagely against the wall.

The computer outlet WHIRRS to life.

RAYMER

(continuing)

Worked every time.

Raymer stands over the outlet and punches several buttons.

122 CLOSEUP - TV MONITORS (EFFECT)

122

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

123 ANGLE ON RAYMER, CUSHING & KNEALE

123

CUSHING

Looks intact. No exterior
structural damage.

KNEALE

It's so dark.

CUSHING

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

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

124 CLOSEUP - TV MONITORS (EFFECT)

124

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

125 ANGLE ON RAYMER, CUSHING & KNEALE

125

Raymer punches more buttons.

RAYMER

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

Cushing leans over and punches a button.

126 CLOSEUP - TV MONITORS (AS IN 122)

126

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

CUSHING

But where are the men?

CUT TO:

127 INT. MCMURPHY SPRINGS - NIGHT

127

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

(CONTINUED)

127 CONTINUED:

127

GERSH

(into telephone)

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

128 OVERSHOULDER ON READOUT SCREEN

128

More data blips across the screen:

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

GERSH

(continuing
v.o.)

Three of them are single, four have families.

(pause)

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

129 CLOSEUP - GERSH

129

GERSH

(continuing)

That should buy us some more time.
We've got the entire area under
security . . . No, I didn't.
All we need are long lens
television cameras watching him
and the National Guard marching
up to the front gate, and the
combined population of San
Francisco, Los Angeles, and
San Diego trying to get out of
the state at the same time.

(pause)

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

CUT TO:

130 INT. CORRIDOR - MAIN BUILDING - NIGHT (PANAGLIDE) 130

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

131 ANGLE BEHIND GROUP (PANAGLIDE) 131

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

CAMERA MOVES FORWARD to reveal the corridor ending in
a wall with a large sealed door: CENTRAL CONTRL ROOM.
Above the door is another inscription in spray paint:

YOU OF THE FUTURE MAY BEHOLD ME

ENTER THE CHAMBER OF DEATH

132 ANGLE ON TERESA, PARKS & LAWRENCE (PANAGLIDE)

132

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

LAWRENCE

Clean on the other side.

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

PARKS

(looking at the
inscription)

Is this the only way in?

LAWRENCE

The fastest.

Lawrence begins prying away at the pressure seal.

TERESA

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

She points to the inscription.

TERESA

(continuing)

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

PARKS

Why a half million years?

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

TERESA

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

CUT TO:

133 INT. HOT FUEL AREA - NIGHT

133

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

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

134 CLOSER ANGLE - SARA & CYLINDER

134

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

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

135 ANGLE ON SARA - WINDOW & GYRO-ARMS

135

Sara stands up and takes another reading with her radiation meter. Behind her is the multi-plated window to the darkened observer's room. The gyro-arms are poised motionless in mid-air like metallic claws.

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

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

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

136 ANGLE ON SARA - CYLINDER

136

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

There is an insistent BEEPING!

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

58.

137 INT. OBSERVER'S ROOM - CLOSEUP - CONSOLE 137

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

138 LOW ANGLE - CYLINDERS & GAUGES 138

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

139 ANGLE ON SARA 139

She slowly stands up, staring in horror at the gauges.

SARA

Oh no . . .

She touches a button on her face mask.

SARA

(continuing
into mike)

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

She waits and listens. Nothing but static.

SARA

(continuing
into mike)

Something weird is happening in
here! The gauges are all going
up! They're blinking reactor
start warnings!

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

140 SARA'S POV - GYRO-ARM 140

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

141 ANGLE ON SARA 141

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

142 ANGLE ON SARA'S LEGS

142

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

143 CLOSEUP - SARA

143

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

144 ANGLE ON CYLINDER

144

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

Then it lowers her down head-first!

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

145 CLOSEUP - GYRO-ARM -ANKLE

145

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

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

The fingers open and her leg drops. There is a SPLASH as she plunges into the cylinder!

CUT TO:

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

146

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

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

(CONTINUED)

146 CONTINUED:

146

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

147 ANGLE ON RAYMER, CUSHING & KNEALE

147

RAYMER

Where are the lights?

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

CUSHING

There are no lights.

148 ANOTHER ANGLE

148

Raymer steps to the box.

RAYMER

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

CUSHING

The walls look scoreched.
Look, up there.

The three men look up.

149 POV - WALLS

149

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

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

150 ANGLE ON RAYMER, CUSHING & KNEALE

They just stare for several beats.

(CONTINUED)

150 CONTINUED:

150

RAYMER

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

CUSHING

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

RAYMER

Or thrown. From the stairs
there.

KNEALE

We should get him down.

RAYMER

We'd need a crane to get to
him.

CUSHING

There should be two more men in
here.

The three look at each other.

CUSHING

(continuing)

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

151 HIGH ANGLE - DOME 3 - REACTOR (AS IN 146)

151

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

152 ANGLE ON CUSHING & KNEALE - MOVING SHOT

152

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

(CONTINUED)

152 CONTINUED:

152

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

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

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

KNEALE

Over hear! Over here!

153 ANGLE ON MAN - KNEALE

153

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

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

MAN

(a raspy whisper)

Fireman! Fireman! Fireman!

Kneale leans down to him with a hypodermic.

KNEALE

I'm a doctor . . .

MAN

Fireman! Fireman!

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

154 ANOTHER ANGLE

154

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

KNEALE

He was calling for a fireman.

CUSHING

What?

(CONTINUED)

154 CONTINUED:

154

KNEALE

He just said 'Fireman' over
and over.

Raymer searches the metal staircase with his flashlight.

RAYMER

I found the third.

Kneale and Cushing look up.

155 POV - STAIRCASE

155

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

CUT TO:

156 INT. CORRIDOR - MAIN BUILDING - NIGHT

156

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

LAWRENCE

All right!

Parks and Teresa move up behind Lawrence. There is a
CLICK as Parks cocks the hammer of his gun.

LAWRENCE

(continuing)

Just don't shoot me, sheriff.

PARKS

I'm not a sheriff.

LAWRENCE

Tonight you are.

Lawrence twists his metal probe. There is a GUSHING
from the door!

157 INT. CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

157

The door pneumatically HISSES OPEN!

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

LAWRENCE

Home!

PARKS

Is it all right?

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

TERESA

(reading gauges)

All four reactors stable . . .
Core temperatures holding . . .
coolant flow normal . . . pressure
normal . . . They're sleeping
like babies!

Lawrence exhales a sigh of relief.

LAWRENCE

God . . .

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

PARKS

Where does this go?

LAWRENCE

Maintenance area.

TERESA

Look at this!

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

TERESA

(continuing)

He cut the primary system!

She flips a switch several times.

(CONTINUED)

157 CONTINUED:

157

PARKS

Who?

TERESA

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

PARKS

I don't understand . . .

TERESA

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

LAWRENCE

Can you open the front gate?

TERESA

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

PARKS

Can you fix it?

TERESA

Sure. Give me two hours.

LAWRENCE

Wonderful!

PARKS

What's that?

Parks points down the console to a blinking light
in a row of buttons.

Teresa moves down to the blinking light.

TERESA

It opens that door!

She points to the maintenance area door behind Parks.
Parks spins around to the door.

(CONTINUED)

157 CONTINUED: (2)

157

PARKS
Does it work?

TERESA
I don't know.

Parks braces himself. He raises his gun.

PARKS
Try it.

Teresa punches the blinking button.

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

158

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

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

The flashlight beam reveals a small room filled with various banks of machinery in states of repair. The center area has been cleared away. There are two large readout screens placed on either side of a white sheet that hangs down from the ceiling.

Spray painted across the sheet is:

DIABLO'S DANCE

159 ANGLE ON TERESA, PARKS & LAWRENCE

159

There is a CLICK from somewhere in the room. Parks spins his flashlight.

160 ANGLE ON RECORDER

160

The beam hits a small, plastic-encased tape recorder on the floor. Wires run from a wall outlet into the recorder. The tape inside the plastic case is turning!

Suddenly MUSIC starts: A Whiter Shade of Pale (by Procol Harum).

CAMERA MOVES IN to the wall behind the tape recorder: a small wire attached to a pulley begins to move.

68.

167 CONTINUED:

167

TERESA

All . . . the nuclear plants
in the world . . .

168 CLOSE ON READOUT SCREEN

168

Finally all the red dots are connected by bright red
glowing lines!

Then the lines begin to dissolve! They drip down over
the map like blood dripping from a knife, covering the
map in a glowing red!

169 ANGLE ON TERESA, PARKS & LAWRENCE

169

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

LAWRENCE

In . . . a half million years
they'd just be bones.

TERESA

Shut the door!

Parks and Lawrence step back into the control room.
Teresa punches the button on the console and the
room is plunged into DARKNESS.

CUT TO:

170 INT. CONTAINMENT CELL - DOME 3 - NIGHT

170

Raymer, Cushing and Kneale huddle around the computer
outlet. They stare up at the TV monitors showing
endless scientific data blipping by. Their masks
are off.

KNEALE

Did something blow up in there?

CUSHING

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

(CONTINUED)

170 CONTINUED:

170

RAYMER

Look there.

(he points to
the monitor)

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

KNEALE

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

CUSHING

It's not a stupid question, doctor.
Just one without an answer.

KNEALE

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

CUSHING

Territorial displays.

RAYMER

What?

CUSHING

It's his plant!

KNEALE

Who?

CUSHING

Who he is doesn't matter. A
psychotic, a saboteur, the result
is the same. There's a doorway,
doctor Kneale, a sealed doorway
that was never intended to be
opened by any rational man. It
leads precisely and directly
into hell. Right now someone is
poised by that doorway. I have
no way of knowing if he's
capable of opening it, but
there's every indication he's going
to try.

(CONTINUED)

170 CONTINUED (2):

170

RAYMER

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

CUSHING

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

RAYMER

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

CUSHING

So far.

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

CUSHING

(continuing)

We must regain control of Prometheus.

KNEALE

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

171 INT. MCMURPHY SPRINGS - NIGHT

171

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

TECHNICIAN

It just started coming in!

71.

172 CLOSEUP - READOUT SCREEN

172

PDX3120
TRANSMISSION TO
MCMURPHY SPRINGS
OCT. 6 80 0129 HOURS

Then:

HAVE REACHED CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM.
BENNETT TRAMER DEAD.
LARRY FRANCO DEAD.

Blank screen. Then:

ALL FOUR REACTORS STABLE.

173 ANGLE ON GERSH - TECHNICIANS

173

The room EXPLODES WITH SHOUTS AND CHEERS!

GERSH

Wait, wait!

174 CLOSEUP - READOUT SCREEN

174

HOWEVER, ALL PRIMARY SYSTEMS
FROZEN.
CIRCUITS HAVE BEEN CUT.

175 ANGLE ON GERSH - TECHNICIANS

175

TECHNICIAN
That's impossible!

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

176 CLOSEUP - READOUT SCREEN

176

ONLY KEY PUNCH AND
REMOTE CAMERA SYSTEMS
FUNCTIONING.

Then:

CANNOT COMPLETE POWERDOWN
OF REACTORS.
WE ARE NOT IN CONTROL OF
PROMETHEUS.

Then:

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

Then:

CALL SECURITY ALERT.
FRONT GATE HOT. SEND IN
HELICOPTER WITH HELP. DON'T
TELL MY MOTHER. TERESA.

177 ANGLE ON GERSH - TECHNICIANS

177

TECHNICIAN
Do we call the Security Alert?

GERSH
No.

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

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

SECURITY OFFICER
Mr. Gersh, I can get us the
helicopter.

GERSH
Where?

(CONTINUED)

177 CONTINUED:

177

SECURITY OFFICER
There's a private heliport in
Cardenas Bay. I know the owner.
I can have a helicopter up here
in thirty minutes.

GERSH
Can you keep us secure?

SECURITY OFFICER
Yes sir.

GERSH
Get it!

CUT TO:

178 INT. CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

178

WHAM!

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

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

179 ANGLE ON TV MONITORS

179

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

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

180 ANGLE ON TERESA, PARKS & LAWRENCE

180

LAWRENCE
There's Cushing!

Teresa and Parks rush to the console.

TERESA
They look all right...

(CONTINUED)

180 CONTINUED:

180

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

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

PARKS
There he is!

Parks points to a monitor.

181 CLOSEUP - TV MONITOR

181

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

182 ANGLE ON TERESA, PARKS AND LAWRENCE

182

TERESA
He was in the main building!

LAWRENCE
Sara...

TERESA
Look there!

She points to another monitor.

183 CLOSEUP - TV MONITOR

183

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

TERESA
(continuing)
They're by the substation.

184 ANGLE ON TERESA

184

She punches some buttons on the console.

185 CLOSEUP - 2 TV MONITORS

185

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

TERESA

(continuing
v.o.)

He's just a few yards behind them, by the compressor lock!

186 ANGLE ON TERESA, PARKS AND LAWRENCE

186

PARKS

He's after them!

Teresa punches the keys.

187 CLOSEUP - 2 TV MONITORS

187

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

TERESA

(v.o.)

He's gaining on them.

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

TERESA

(continuing)

They're outside at one of the rear doors!

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

TERESA

(v.o.)

The door's sealed! They're trying to open it!

188 ANGLE ON TERESA, PARKS AND LAWRENCE

188

LAWRENCE
They'll never make it!

PARKS
Open the door!

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

TERESA
It's dead!

CUT TO:

189 EXT. REAR DOOR - MAIN BUILDING - NIGHT

189

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

KNEALE
Take it easy. Those things are expensive.

RAYMER
This is not working. Where's Marty when I need him.

CUT TO:

190 INT. CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

190

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

PARKS
Hurry!

191 CLOSE ON TV MONITORS

191

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

192 ANGLE ON CONSOLE

192

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

193 INT. CORRIDOR - MAIN BUILDING - NIGHT

193

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

CUSHING
Congratulations, Raymer

RAYMER
I didn't do it.

He hands Kneale the stethoscope.

KNEALE
I'm billing you for this.

CUSHING
(checks his meter)
Air's clean.

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

194 CLOSEUP - READOUT SCREEN

194

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

195 ANGLE ON KNEALE, CUSHING AND RAYMER - DOOR

195

Cushing and Kneale whirl around.

CUSHING
The door! Close the door!

Raymer stares at them a moment.

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

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

196 ANGLE ON RAYMER

196

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

78.

197 ANGLE ON CUSHING AND KNEALE 197

They jump back from the tongue of fire which has separated them from Raymer!

198 ANGLE ON RAYMER 198

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

199 ANGLE ON CUSHING AND KNEALE (PANAGLIDE) 199

They back down the corridor, CAMERA PANAGLIDING WITH THEM.

200 POV - EXTERIOR DOOR - STORAGE TANK DOOR 200

Suddenly the wall of flame stops!

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

201 ANGLE ON CUSHING AND KNEALE (PANAGLIDE) 201

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

KNEALE

Raymer...

CUSHING

RUN!

CUT TO:

202 INT. STORAGE TANK 2 - NIGHT (PANAGLIDE) 202

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

203 POV - STORAGE TANK DOOR 203

We can see out into the corridor.

We hear FOOTSTEPS. They slow. Then stop.

79.

204 ANGLE ON RAYMER 204

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

205 POV - STORAGE TANK DOOR 205

Suddenly the figure steps into the doorway. He is a silhouette, backlit by the corridor light, holding the cylindrical tank. He just stands there, staring into the darkness.

206 ANGLE ON RAYMER 206

He squeezes the trigger!

Nothing.

He looks at the gun and frantically CLICKS the safety off.

He levels the gun again.

207 POV - STORAGE TANK DOOR 207

The figure steps into the room and SLAMS the door shut behind him! The storage tank goes pitch black!

208 ANGLE ON RAYMER (PANAGLIDE) 208

He runs down between the racks of suits, CAMERA PANAGLIDING WITH HIM, further and further into the darkness of the tank.

209 ANGLE ON REAR WALL OF TANK 209

Raymer reaches the rear wall. He slumps down to the floor.

210 RAYMER'S POV - ROWS OF SUITS 210

The rows of radiation suits go on forever. It is almost totally dark. And silent.

211 ANGLE ON RAYMER 211

He sits against the wall, breathing hard, eyes staring into the darkness, the gun in his hand, waiting.

CUT TO:

212 INT. CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

212

Parks has almost completely barricaded the control room door with the filing cabinet, two metal tables and several chairs. Lawrence paces back and forth frantically. Teresa is on the floor surrounded by a mass of wires, transistor sheets and other instrumentation.

LAWRENCE

We gotta go for Sara!

Parks looks at him.

PARKS

No one leaves.

LAWRENCE

It's five minutes down the hall to that office, another five minutes to open the door and I'm there!

PARKS

She's safe inside that air lock, isn't she?

LAWRENCE

She can't stay there all night.

Parks looks at Lawrence.

Parks

I have to keep this.

He holds up the gun.

LAWRENCE

Come on, I could be half way there!

Parks pulls one of the metal tables from the door. Lawrence crawls through the space and sprints off down the corridor.

CUT TO:

213 INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT (PANAGLIDE)

213

CAMERA PANAGLIDES with Kneale and Cushing as they run down the corridor.

KNEALE

Cushing...

(CONTINUED)

213 CONTINUED:

213

CUSHING
What?

KNEALE
Where are we?

CUSHING
Must be the east wing...

KNEALE
Where's that?

CUSHING
I don't know.

Suddenly Kneale stops.

KNEALE
Cushing...

CUSHING
(irritated)
WHAT?

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

CUSHING
I don't feel anything except my
feet are hurting.

KNEALE
It's gone now...

CUSHING
Come on, doctor!

They start running again.

KNEALE
Do you think Raymer's dead?

CUSHING
(a long pause)
Yes.

CUT TO:

82.

214 INT. STORAGE TANK - NIGHT 214

Raymer is motionless against the rear wall of the storage tank. He has taken off his mask and streams of perspiration run down his face. First he looks left, center, then right.

215 RAYMER'S POV - STORAGE TANK - ROWS OF SUITS 215

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

216 ANGLE ON RAYMER 216

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

217 RAYMER'S POV - WALL 217

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

218 ANGLE ON RAYMER 218

He leans slowly to his left.

219 RAYMER'S POV - WALL 219

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

220 ANGLE ON RAYMER 220

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

221 RAYMER'S POV - WALL 221

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

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

83.

222 ANGLE ON RAYMER 222

There is a LOUD CLICK. Raymer spins around.

223 RAYMER'S POV - ROWS OF SUITS - DOOR 223

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

224 ANGLE ON RAYMER (PANAGLIDE) 224

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

225 RAYMER'S POV - DOOR 225

CAMERA MOVES toward the door.

226 ANGLE ON RAYMER - (PANAGLIDE) 226

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

227 ANGLE ON HAND - DOORKNOB - MOVING SHOT 227

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

228 ANGLE ON RAYMER 228

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

229 POV - CRACK IN DOOR - CORRIDOR 229

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

230 ANGLE ON RAYMER 230

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

231 ANGLE ON STORAGE TANK DOOR 231

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

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

Raymer opens the door.

232 ANGLE ON CYLINDER 232

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

As the door opens the wire pulls a switch!

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

233 ANGLE ON RAYMER 233

He is engulfed in flames!

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

234 ANGLE ON CYLINDER - FIGURE 234

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

CUT TO:

235 INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT (PANAGLIDE) 235

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

236 POV - CORRIDOR - OBSERVER'S ROOM - MOVING SHOT 236

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

237 INT. HOT FUELS LAB

237

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

LAWRENCE
Where's Parks?

CUSHING
... Don't know...

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

KNEALE
Where are the others?

LAWRENCE
Control room. That way.

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

238 POV THRU WINDOW - FUEL AREA

238

Empty except for the cylinders.

239 ANGLE ON KNEALE, CUSHING AND LAWRENCE

239

CUSHING
She's not there.

Kneale looks around strangely.

KNEALE
I felt it again...

Lawrence dashes to the airlock. A lit sign on the door reads:

PRESSURE SEALED

CUSHING
Felt what?

LAWRENCE
The door is sealed, she's got to be in there!

CUSHING
The floor shook.

Lawrence moves back to the window.

(CONTINUED)

239 CONTINUED:

239

CUSHING
You're hallucinating.

LAWRENCE
Jesus Christ, where is she?

Cushing turns and looks back down the corridor.

CUSHING
Now I'm hearing something.

KNEALE
A rumbling sound?

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

240 POV - CORRIDOR

240

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

241 ANGLE ON KNEALE, CUSHING AND LAWRENCE

241

CUSHING
Getting closer.

KNEALE
Do you think it's Parks?

CUSHING
I don't know!

Lawrence rushes back to the airlock door.

LAWRENCE
I gotta try to open it!

CUSHING
There!

242 POV - CORRIDOR

242

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

87.

243 ANGLE ON KNEALE, CUSING AND LAWRENCE

243

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

KNEALE

RUN!

Lawrence looks up.

244 POV - CORRIDOR

244

The figure sprints at him.

245 ANGLE ON LAWRENCE (PANAGLIDE)

245

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

CUT TO:

246 INT. CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

246

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

PARKS

Anything working?

TERESA

Go away.

Parks glances up at the TV monitors.

PARKS

Can I see the interior cameras?

TERESA

That panel over there...

PARKS

Which one?

TERESA

Count... seven from the wall.

(CONTINUED)

246 CONTINUED:

246

PARKS
(counts)

Yeah.

TERESA
Third row. It's labelled.

Parks stares at the panel.

PARKS
Okay...

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

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

PARKS
Huh?

TERESA
Main building doors.
(to Raymer)
Nothing, I was just talking to
this transistor.

Parks glances back up at the monitors.

247 CLOSEUP - TV MONITOR

247

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

248 ANGLE ON PARKS - TERESA

248

PARKS
Hey...

Teresa looks up, first at Parks, then the screens.

249 CLOSEUP - TV MONITOR

249

Same corridor. The figure running, after them.

89.
250 ANGLE ON PARKS - TERESA 250

PARKS
Can you close the doors?

She stares at the transistor board.

TERESA
Almost!

PARKS
Hurry!

She frantically SNAPS pieces into place.

CUT TO:

251 INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT (PANAGLIDE) 251
CAMERA PANAGLIDES down the corridor.

252 ANGLE ON CUSHING AND KNEALE (PANAGLIDE) 252
running with all their might!

253 ANGLE ON LAWRENCE (PANAGLIDE) 253
Running! Behind him down the corridor is the figure
running just as hard but weighed down with the gas tank!

CUT TO:

254 INT. CONTROL ROOM 254
Parks pulls the pieces of the barricade down from the
door.

Teresa shoves the transistor board back into its slot
in the side of the console. She jumps up and runs
around to the front panel.

255 CLOSEUP - PANEL 255
Her fingers SLAM down a row of buttons.

CUT TO:

		90.
256	INT. CORRIDOR - DOORWAY	256
	Cushing and Kneale run through a doorway.	
	<u>It starts to slide shut!</u>	
	Lawrence leaps through!	
257	ANGLE ON LAWRENCE (PANAGLIDE)	257
	Running, he looks back.	
258	POV - DOORWAY (PANAGLIDE)	258
	Behind him <u>the figure makes it through</u> just as the door closes!	
259	ANGLE ON LAWRENCE (PANAGLIDE)	259
	Sprinting harder!	
260	POV - THE CORRIDOR AHEAD (PANAGLIDE)	260
	Another doorway. Cushing and Kneale run through.	
	<u>It starts to close!</u>	
261	ANGLE ON LAWRENCE (PANAGLIDE)	261
	Going for it, <u>the figure gaining on him!</u>	
262	POV - THE CORRIDOR AHEAD (PANAGLIDE)	262
	<u>The door halfway shut!</u> Three quarters...!	
263	ANGLE ON LAWRENCE (PANAGLIDE)	263
	Gasping, reaching for the door, <u>the figure right behind him!</u>	
264	POV - THE CORRIDOR AHEAD (PANAGLIDE)	264
	<u>Right into the closing door!</u>	

265 ANGLE ON DOOR FROM OTHER SIDE

265

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

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

266 ANGLE ON CUSHING AND KNEALE

266

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

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

CUSHING

No!

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

CUSHING

(continuing)

No...

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

CUT TO:

267 EXT. MCMURPHY SPRINGS - NIGHT

267

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

268 INT. MCMURPHY SPRINGS - CLOSE ON READOUT SCREEN

268

Another message blips across:

LAWRENCE DEAD. RAYMER
MISSING. PRESUMED DEAD.

Then:

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

269 ANGLE ON GERSH - TECHNICIANS - SECURITY OFFICER

269

He watches the letters sweep off the screen.

SECURITY OFFICER
Helicopter's here, Mr. Gersh.

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

CUT TO:

270 INT. CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

270

CAMERA MOVES BACK from the barricaded door. Parks
sits in a chair, his legs propped up against a table,
gun in his hand, sipping a cup of coffee, staring at
the door.

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

271 ANGLE ON TV MONITORS - TERESA AND KNEALE

271

CAMERA MOVES ALONG the monitors filled with shots of
empty halls and corridors, then SLOWLY BOOMS DOWN to
Teresa working on the console circuits. Kneale sits
behind her on the floor, leaning against the wall.
He watches her work for a moment.

KNEALE
Can I ask you a question?

TERESA
Sure.

KNEALE
Am I bothering you?

TERESA
Is that the question?

KNEALE
No, that's a pre-question.

TERESA
No you're not bothering me.
Yes you can ask me a question.

(CONTINUED)

271 CONTINUED:

271

KNEALE

Why would the floor shake?

TERESA

What floor?

KNEALE

Out in the corridor. Rumble and shake.

TERESA

(looks up from
her work)

Maybe if all four reactors were heated up simultaneously and very quickly. If there was that kind of a big plant power up, you might feel a little vibration.

KNEALE

Did that just happen about twenty minutes ago?

TERESA

You felt the floor shake?

KNEALE

Twice.

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

TERESA

All four reactors are holding way below stream. Stable and purring like kittens.

KNEALE

It was probably just my feet having an anxiety attack.

Teresa returns to the console circuitry.

KNEALE

(continuing)

I have another question.

TERESA

You have a lot of them.

(CONTINUED)

271 CONTINUED (2):

271

KNEALE

I stockpile them for months at a time and then try to get them out all at once. When I was a kid my parents never liked me to ask them questions. If they answered one I'd ask another and wouldn't stop. It was a compulsion.

TERESA

Ask your question.

KNEALE

Why does every person who works on a machine talk about it like it was alive?

Teresa glances at him.

TERESA

I understand your parents more and more.

KNEALE

You just said 'purring like kittens' and I got the image of something soft and warm and cuddly.

TERESA

I'm not afraid of a kitten. Look at this room.

272 POV - CONTROL ROOM

272

CAMERA SLOWLY PANS around the control room, past Parks at the door.

TERESA

(continuing
v.o.)

It's all one big machine.

We END on Cushing seated by the console, dwarfed by the instrumentation around him.

TERESA

(v.o.)

The one thing that's out of place is us.

TERESA

(continuing)

We're frightened of machines because they're almost perfect. They are alive, in a way. They observe, predict, regulate, make corrections, draw conclusions. They even take care of themselves. They let you know when something's wrong. But there's one thing they don't do. A machine doesn't care. It has no conscience. It won't save you.

Suddenly a thought strikes Teresa. She looks alarmed.

KNEALE

What's wrong?

TERESA

I just... thought of something.

She gets up from the floor and steps to the console. Kneale follows.

Cushing gets up from his chair.

CUSHING

Are we back on the board?

TERESA

(almost thinking out loud)

The circuits affect my controls. But not the gauges. Not the meters or any of the observational systems. We depend on Prometheus for all the hard data.

CUSHING

And...?

TERESA

And, he felt the floor shake.

CUSHING

He's hysterical.

TERESA

Maybe not.

She looks at the console.

(CONTINUED)

273 . CONTINUED (2):

273

TERESA

(continuing)

All the gauges indicate that the reactors are stable... unless what I'm reading on these gauges is not what's happening!

Cushing looks at her.

TERESA

(continuing)

Maybe it's not the circuits. Maybe it's the interface.

KNEALE

Interface?

CUSHING

The place at which two independent systems meet and act on or communicate with each other. Some point on the console here.

Teresa indicates the massive bank of gauges.

TERESA

All these.

CUSHING

But how would he do it? How would he fool Prometheus?

TERESA

Not fool, re-program! If he punched in his own master program he could delay the interface. These could be temperature readings from two hours ago!

CUSHING

Can you find out?

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

274 CLOSEUP - INTERFACE SCREENS

274

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

(CONTINUED)

97.

274 CONTINUED:

274

REQUEST MASTER PROGRAM
RSU2444SYXX
REACTOR START
ONE THRU FOUR.

On the right screen is the computer's answer:

DOES NOT COMPUTE.
SYNTAX ERROR.

275 ANGLE ON TERESA, KNEALE AND CUSHING

275

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

Teresa begins typing again.

276 CLOSEUP - INTERFACE SCREENS

276

Left screen: SECURITY OVERRIDE 118
REQUEST NEW CODE PREFIX
FOR REACTOR START.

Right screen:

REACTOR START
EXE0000
SUPERSEDES PREVIOUS PROGRAM.

277 ANGLE ON TERESA, KNEALE AND CUSHING

277

Teresa punches out the code on huge prefix buttons.

278 CLOSEUP - INTERFACE SCREENS

278

Left screen:

REQUEST INTERFACE
REACTOR START
EXE0000

Right screen:

PLEASE STAND BY.

279 ANGLE ON TERESA, KNEALE AND CUSHING

279

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

280 CLOSEUP - TV MONITOR

280

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

PRE-RECORDED VIDEO TAPE

Then an image pops on. It is a MAN sitting in a chair in what looks like a section of an underground cavern. There is a light over his shoulder but his face is in shadow. We can't see his features. He holds a remote control button for the video camera in his hand.

MAN

You have the knowledge required to reach the interface of this machine. I assume you will understand what I am about to say to you. This was recorded in the year 1980. You who watch it now are the unborn, thousands of lifetimes away from me.

281 ANGLE ON TERESA, KNEALE, CUSHING AND PARKS

281

Parks steps up behind them to listen.

MAN

(continuing
v.o.)

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

282 CLOSEUP - TV MONITOR

282

MAN

(continuing)

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

283 ANGLE ON TERESA, KNEALE, CUSHING AND PARKS

283

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

CUT TO:

284 INT. MCMURPHY SPRINGS - NIGHT

284

The man in the cave pops on to the screen.

MAN

(continuing

v.o.)

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

Gersh and the other technicians quickly gather around the screen.

285 CLOSEUP - TV MONITOR - MCMURPHY SPRINGS

285

MAN

(continuing)

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

CUT TO:

286 CLOSEUP - TV MONITOR - CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM

286

MAN

(continuing)

But I came to them. I am the
angel of death. I was born of
the atom in a wind-blown trench
at the moment of detonation. I
moved among them for almost 30
years. I learned and studied of
their machines. In secret.
Alone. Consumed with my task.

287 ANGLE ON TERESA, KNEALE, CUSHING AND PARKS

287

Watching in horrified silence.

MAN

(continuing
v.o.)

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

288 CLOSEUP - TV MONITOR

288

MAN

(continuing)

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

Then suddenly the image disappears and words blip on:

PLEASE STAND BY.

289 ANGLE ON GROUP.

289

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

Then Cushing spins around suddenly as if struck by lightning!

CUSHING

He said 'fireman' but he meant Fierman!

The others are startled. Cushing turns to Kneale.

CUSHING

(continuing)

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

PARKS

Who's that?

CUSHING

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

PARKS

I don't understand...

CUSHING

(possessed)

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

KNEALE

That guy is Fierman?

(CONTINUED)

289 CONTINUED:

289

CUSHING

No, but he's using Fierman's scenario! He couldn't be sure that Prometheus wouldn't stop the meltdown with its backup safety systems - unless Prometheus itself caused the melt! Now he's reprogrammed Prometheus into believing Fierman's scenario is a normal operation!

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

CUSHING

(continuing)

"I called upon the messenger of the gods to deliver my judgment." In Greek legend Prometheus was the messenger of the gods who brought fire to the world and was blinded and bound to a rock as punishment. If we don't stop it, Prometheus will go through Fierman's theoretical accident step by step, melting itself down!

TERESA

Look at the gauges! They're moving!

CUSHING

It's started...

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

KNEALE

What's that?

TERESA

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

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

(CONTINUED)

289 CONTINUED (2):

289

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

She punches a button.

290 CLOSEUP - TV MONITOR

290

Superimposed over the image is: DOME 1. We see inside the reactor. The fuel rods withdraw from each other. They slowly separate and pull apart like metal sheaths. Inside the rods the fuel is exposed: thick, round chunks of glowing, shimmering uranium!

291 ANGLE ON GROUP

291

CUSHING
The fuel is exposed!

TERESA
Rods withdrawing in all four
domes!

292 ANGLE ON TV MONITORS

292

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

293 ANGLE ON GROUP

293

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

CUSHING
It's rising too fast!

CUT TO:

294 INT. MCMURPHY SPRINGS - NIGHT

294

The room vibrates suddenly. There is a LOW RUMBLING.

(CONTINUED)

104.

294 CONTINUED:

294

TECHNICIAN

Did you feel that?

The vibration hits again. Gersh stares into the readout.

295 CLOSEUP - READOUT SCREEN

295

EMERGENCY!
FUEL EXPOSED!
NUCLEAR RUNAWAY!

296 ANGLE ON GERSH

296

GERSH
(screams in
frustration at
the screen)

SHUT IT DOWN!

CUT TO:

297 INT. CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM

297

The room shakes wildly! A DEEP RUMBLING ROAR!

Teresa frantically pushes buttons.

TERESA

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

The RUMBLING and the vibration reach a CRESCENDO!

TERESA

(continuing)

One hundred per cent! Full
power on all four reactors! We're
on stream!

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

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

COMPUTER VOICE

Attention. Pipe fractures in
domes one through four.

CUT TO:

298 INT. DOME - PIPE - NIGHT (EFFECT)

298

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

CUT TO:

299 INT. CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM

299

COMPUTER VOICE

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

PARKS

Can you stop it?

CUSHING

Nothing can stop it!

COMPUTER VOICE

Attention. Hot spots in domes one through four.

300 CLOSEUP - TV MONITORS

300

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

301 ANGLE ON GROUP

301

COMPUTER VOICE

Temperature is now eight hundred forty degrees Fahrenheit and rising.

TERESA

The water's evaporating!

CUSHING

The cores are melting!

Above the RUMBLING and vibrating we suddenly hear the SHRILL DRONING OF A KLAXON filling the room!

COMPUTER VOICE

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

(CONTINUED)

106.
301 CONTINUED: 301
Parks runs to the barricade and begins tearing the
tables and chairs away from the door!
KNEALE
He's out there!
Parks stands in front of the door, his gun raised.
PARKS
I'm ready!
302 ANGLE ON CONSOLE 302
Teresa jams down a row of buttons.
COMPUTER VOICE
Temperature is one thousand
degrees and rising.
303 ANGLE OVER PARKS ON DOOR 303
The door slowly opens. Parks tenses. He's not there.
The corridor's empty.
304 ANGLE ON TERESA - MAINTENANCE DOOR 304
As Teresa watches, the maintenance door behind her
slowly opens!
Standing there is the figure, holding something in his
arms.
305 ANGLE ON KNEALE 305
He turns and sees him.
306 ANGLE ON TERESA - THE FIGURE 306
The figure yanks a starter cord and the object GRINDS
hideously to life! It is a large, portable circular saw!
He steps into the room!
307 REVERSE ANGLE - CONTROL ROOM 307
Kneale grabs Teresa. Cushing leaps away from the console.
They rush to the door into the corridor.
Parks turns and takes aim!

(CONTINUED)

107.

308 ANGLE ON FIGURE 308

The figure sees the electrical power box on the wall next to him!

Suddenly he raises the circular saw and plunges the whining blade into the box!

The box EXPLODES!

309 ANGLE ON CONSOLE 309

The panels BLAST OPEN, showering sparks!

310 ANGLE ON CEILING - TV MONITORS 310

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

311 ANGLE ON PARKS 311

He FIRES!

312 ANGLE ON FIGURE 312

He is hit, in the upper chest!

313 CLOSE ON POWER BOX 313

The circular saw jumps back out of the box, flying out of the figure's gloved hands!

314 LOW ANGLE - FLOOR - DOORWAY 314

Still WHINING the saw skitters across the floor! Parks jumps away from it!

315 ANGLE OVER PARKS' SHOULDER - CONTROL ROOM 315

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

COMPUTER VOICE
Temperature is eleven hundred
fifty and rising.

316 ANGLE ON PARKS - TERESA, CUSHING AND KNEALE

316

Behind Parks out in the corridor are Teresa, Cushing and Kneale. Cushing turns and races away down the corridor.

KNEALE

Get out, Greg!

PARKS

He's mine!

KNEALE

(shouts)

Goddamn it, GET THE HELL OUT OF THERE!

317 ANGLE OVER PARKS' SHOULDER - CONTROL ROOM

317

Parks leans in and SCREAMS into the room!

PARKS

YOU'RE ALL MINE!

Suddenly the figure steps from right beside the door next to him, grabs his revolver with one hand, Parks with the other!

There is a FLASH as the gun goes off!

Then the figure yanks the gun out of Parks' hand and in the same motion hurls him into the darkened control room!

318 PARKS' POV - FLOOR - CIRCULAR SAW (PANAGLIDE)

318

CAMERA stumbles across the floor and falls right down on the BUZZING circular saw!

We hear Parks' SCREAM!

319 INT. CORRIDOR

319

Kneale and Teresa stare in horror.

320 POV - CONTROL ROOM DOOR

320

The control room is dark. They can't see anything. Just the sound of the GRINDING CIRCULAR SAW!

COMPUTER VOICE

Temperature is two thousand five hundred and rising.

321 ANGLE ON KNEALE & TERESA (PANAGLIDE)

321

KNEALE

Greg!

TERESA

Come on!

They turn and run! CAMERA PANAGLIDES with them at full speed down the corridor.

They round a corner. Kneale runs up to a door in the well marked MAINTENANCE TRANSFER, opens it, shoves Teresa inside.

322 INT. MAINTENANCE TRANSFER HALL - NIGHT (PANAGLIDE)

322

Kneale SLAMS the door. They run down the dark, office-like corridor, CAMERA PANAGLIDING with them.

COMPUTER VOICE

Temperature is three thousand
ninety-three degrees Farenheit
and rising.

Around a corner.

Down another length of hall. Finally to another door marked: STAIRWELL TO STORAGE LEVEL

Kneale opens the door. Standing there is Cushing whom they scare the shit out of!

CUSHING

AHHH!

323 INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT (PANAGLIDE)

323

Kneale and Teresa step inside. They close the door.

TERESA

He killed Parks!

CUSHING

He's killing all of us!

They start down the stairwell. CAMERA PANAGLIDES with them.

KNEALE

Can we get outside this way?

CUSHING

We don't want to get outside!

324 INT. STORAGE AREA LEVEL - NIGHT

324

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

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

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

CUSHING

Where are the caverns?

TERESA

There's a freight elevator that'll take us down there.

KNEALE

What caverns?

CUSHING

Can't you stop asking questions?

KNEALE

I don't know what the hell's going on! I can't help it!

TERESA

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

KNEALE

Radioactive wastes?

CUSHING

Stop talking and run!

KNEALE

He's not behind us.

Cushing glares at Kneale.

CUSHING

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

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

(CONTINUED)

324 CONTINUED:

324

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

CUT TO:

325 EXT. DIABLO ROCK PLANT - NIGHT (EFFECT)

325

We see the plant from a distance.

The ground seems to be SHAKING! There is a VIOLENT
RUMBLING!

And the domes glow a dark, molten red!

CUT TO:

326 EXT. MCMURPHY SPRINGS - NIGHT

326

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

327 INT. MCMURPHY SPRINGS - NIGHT

327

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

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

TECHNICIAN
Mr. Gersh! Come on!

Gersh doesn't move.

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

GERSH
I won't just leave them in
there.

TECHNICIAN
They're dead!

CUT TO: ..

328 INT. DOME - LOW ANGLE - BOTTOM OF REACTOR - NIGHT 328
(EFFECT)

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

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

Then another CRACK rends the steel with a HIDEOUS
SCREECH!

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

CUT TO:

329 INT. STORAGE AREA LEVEL - NIGHT 329

Kneale, Teresa and Cushing come to a stop.

The walls of the corridor begin to smoke!

CUSHING

The walls are heating up!

They begin to run again, CAMERA MOVING WITH THEM.

TERESA

There!

330 POV - ELEVATOR DOORS - MOVING SHOT 330

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

CUT TO:

331 INT. DOME - LOW ANGLE - BOTTOM OF REACTOR (EFFECT) 331
(AS IN 328)

The reactor is shaking, vibrating, shuddering!

CUT TO:

332 INT. STORAGE AREA LEVEL - ELEVATOR 332

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

333 ANGLE ON INDICATOR 333

There are three levels indicated:

333 CONTINUED:

333

MAIN LEVEL

STORAGE AREA LEVEL

* DISPOSAL LEVEL

334 ANGLE ON ELEVATOR

334

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

KNEALE

Red hot!

Dripping with sweat, Cushing looks up at the indicator.

CUSHING

Get up here!

CUT TO:

335 INT. DOME - LOW ANGLE - BOTTOM OF REACTOR (EFFECT)
(AS IN 328)

335

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

CUT TO:

336 INT. STORAGE AREA LEVEL - ELEVATOR

336

All three of them are perspiring heavily.

TERESA

Hard to breathe...

CUSHING

(gasping)

It's... burning up... oxygen...

There is a CLANK!

337 POV - DOWN CORRIDOR

337

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

114.
338 ANGLE ON KNEALE, TERESA AND CUSHING 338
TERESA
No!
Kneale looks up.

339 ANGLE ON INDICATOR 339
It has moved up:
MAIN LEVEL
STORAGE AREA LEVEL
*
DISPOSAL LEVEL

340 ANGLE ON FIGURE - MOVING SHOT 340
He walks slowly, deliberately. With a quick yank he
GRINDS the saw to life!

341 INT. DOME - LOW ANGLE - BOTTOM OF REACTOR (EFFECT) 341
(AS IN 328)
The bottom of the reactor disintegrates!
A volcanic spray of molten uranium BLASTS DOWNWARD!
CUT TO:

342 INT. STORAGE AREA LEVEL - ELEVATOR 342
Suddenly the corridor VIBRATES like it's going to
explode! Kneale, Teresa and Cushing are hurled
against the wall.
Debris falls from the ceiling.
But the figure keeps walking toward them.
CUT TO:

343 DOME FLOOR (EFFECT) 343
The melt SMASHES into the floor, CRACKING the concrete
wide open!
CUT TO:

		115.
344	INT. STORAGE AREA LEVEL - ELEVATOR	344
	The figure is six feet away when <u>suddenly the entire corridor turns a dark, glowing red!</u>	
345	ANGLE ON ELEVATOR DOORS	345
	<u>The doors open!</u>	
	Kneale shoves Teresa and himself inside. Cushing staggers in behind.	
346	ANGLE ON FIGURE	346
	He moves for the elevator.	
347	ANGLE ON ELEVATOR LOOKING IN	347
	The doors start to close.	
348	CLOSEUP - CUSHING	348
	He stares.	
349	POV - CORRIDOR FROM ELEVATOR	349
	The figure walking right up!	
350	ANGLE ON ELEVATOR - FULL SHOT	350
	Cushing suddenly steps forward <u>out of the elevator,</u> raising both his arms in front of his face!	
351	ANGLE ON KNEALE AND TERESA	351
	KNEALE	
	CUSHING!	
352	ANGLE ON FIGURE	352
	He swings the saw!	
353	ANGLE ON CUSHING	353
	The edge of the blade RIPS into his forearms, spinning him around, across the corridor.	

354 CLOSEUP - CIRCULAR SAW

354

The saw blade thrusts forward and WHINES against the elevator doors just as they close!

CUT TO:

355 LOW ANGLE - REACTOR (EFFECT)

355

The entire reactor caves in and topples!

356 DOME FLOOR (EFFECT) (AS IN 202)

356

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

CUT TO:

357 CLOSEUP - CUSHING

357

On the corridor floor. Cushing raises himself up on one elbow and stares o.s. in complete fascination as his face starts to glow with a brilliant radiance.

358 CLOSEUP - THE FIGURE

358

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

359 POV - STORAGE LEVEL CORRIDOR (EFFECT)

359

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

CUT TO:

360 INT. DISPOSAL LEVEL - CAVERN - DAWN

360

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

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

361 ANGLE ON DISPOSAL LEVEL ELEVATOR DOORS (EFFECT) 361

The elevator doors that just left start to glow a deep cherry red!

CUT TO:

362 ANGLE ON TERESA AND KNEALE - MOVING SHOT 362

Running for all their worth down a tunnel.

CUT TO:

363 ANGLE ON DISPOSAL LEVEL ELEVATOR DOORS (EFFECT) 363

The doors shimmer and start to slump like melting wax!

CUT TO:

364 FRONT ANGLE - KNEALE AND TERESA - MOVING SHOT 364

Racing toward a light up ahead!

365 POV - CAVE ENTRANCE - BEACH - DAWN (PANAGLIDE) 365

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

CUT TO:

366 ANGLE ON DISPOSAL LEVEL ELEVATOR DOORS (EFFECT) 366

And then the door isn't there any more. The melt bursts through, covering CAMERA!

CUT TO:

367 EXT. DIABLO ROCK NUCLEAR PLANT - OCEAN - DAWN (EFFECT) 367

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

As the helicopter rises and dips away across the ocean we see the four domes, now glowing white hot, crumble in on themselves releasing huge; billowing clouds of steam.

(CONTINUED)

118.

367 CONTINUED:

367

Then the entire plant begins to cave in on itself!

Like the house of Usher Diablo Rock sinks, melts right down into the earth amid vast clouds of steam and black smoke!

CUT TO:

368 BLACK SCREEN.

368

A Whiter Shade of Pale by Procol Harum OVER

ROLL END TITLES.