

MILE ZERO

by

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FADE IN:

TITLES ROLL:

A series of photographs dissolve one into the next -

FIRST PHOTOGRAPH - sepia in tone - of a solemn party of eight. Seven Russian fur trappers and one female Eskimo guide stand on the shore of the volatile Russian Straits.

SECOND PHOTOGRAPH - a polaroid of six fishermen hamming it up on the bow of a ship. From their clothing and short buzz cuts, we can tell this picture was taken in the 50's.

THIRD PHOTOGRAPH - the same fishing boat sets sail into the choppy waters off the coast of Alaska. Onboard, a red head woman points to the name stenciled on the boat - Mirian - as she waves goodbye to the picture taker.

FOURTH and FIFTH PHOTOGRAPHS - black and white crime scene photos of police tape stretched across the bow of the Mirian. Bodies, draped in white sheets, are carried off by local sheriffs.

SIXTH PHOTOGRAPH - oil company men, on a great barren peninsula of snow, pose with blueprints to a future plant. From the mustaches and outdated bell bottoms we know we're in the 80's now. The men break ground.

SEVENTH PHOTOGRAPH - the completed pump station and dormitory. A group of men celebrate in the foreground.

EIGHTH PHOTOGRAPH - Izod shirts and the huge bangs. Roughnecks party it up in a rec. room that's been turned into a makeshift bar. There's only one woman in the photo; she's beautiful. Haunting. She raises her glass in a toast.

PHOTOS FLASH BY ONE AFTER ANOTHER - body bags, crime scene tape, blood and - messages written in blood on dorm walls, above staircases. They go by so quickly we can't read them.

TITLE CARD: **TUESDAY**

EXT. REMOTE ALASKA - DAY

West of nowhere. A great plain of ice and snow stretches before us. White and empty, the colors of the earth and the sky bleed into one aspirin colored tapestry.

We watch a snow cab plod its way through the vast whiteness.

INT. SNOW CAB - DAY - CONT.

The tape deck blares WHITESNAKE'S "HERE I GO AGAIN ON MY OWN." The DRIVER, blonde mullet, cigarette on lip, hums along contentedly, his eyes fixed attentively on the rear-view mirror.

DRIVER
Ain't no TV up there.

No response from the back seat.

DRIVER
(continuing)
No phone neither.
(still no answer)
Not much in the way of company.

GISELLE (O.S.)
I like solitude. I don't get
lonely.

The driver flips on the headlights.

DRIVER
Getting dark already. Don't get
more than two hours of sunlight a
day this time of year up here.
Sun comes out, takes one look
around, says "fuck man it's cold,"
grabs his freezing nut sack and
splits.

He laughs. He's the only one. Tired of expending the effort, the Driver turns up the music and finally takes his eyes off the rear-view mirror.

In the backseat, we see GISELLE, mid-twenties. She's a pretty woman with a reserved almost solemn nature. There's intelligence in her eyes. And a flicker of something else. Fear? She slides the tarp aside and looks out her window. Mile after mile of white.

DRIVER
(continuing)
Mile Zero's got no contact with
the outside world at all except
radio.

He ventures a look in the mirror again.

DRIVER
(continuing)
Don't you got a boyfriend back
home waiting on your call?

Giselle ignores him. Outside her window, she watches as the sun races toward the southern horizon. The already dim sky darkens.

DRIVER
(continuing)
Know why they call it Mile Zero?

GISELLE
(as if reading from
a book)
It's the westernmost drilling
station in North America.

Giselle opens a thermos of coffee.

DRIVER
You a college girl?

GISELLE
No. I'm with housekeeping.

Is she making a joke?

DRIVER
Station's been closed for twenty
years. Know why?

She stops pouring the coffee. Hoping his question is rhetorical, she doesn't answer.

DRIVER
(continuing; pleased)
Tree-hugging assholes in D.C.

Relieved by his answer, she pours a cup.

DRIVER
(continuing)
But those days are over. We can
no longer afford to be completely
dependent on foreign oil. Can we
Giselle?

GISELLE
No.

DRIVER

Also - enough time's passed now
that people have started to forget
about what happened.

Giselle drops the thermos. Coffee spills everywhere.
Pooling in dark puddles all over the back seat.

EXT. MILE ZERO - NIGHT

Two industrial buildings stand before us. This is the plant
we saw in the opening photos. One is the oil pump station
the other is the dormitory. Powerful floodlights surround
the compound taking a small bite into the otherwise pitch
black darkness of this bleak coastal landscape.

The wind blows off the water like nobody's business.

The driver maneuvers the snow cab as close to the compound as
possible. The front door of the dormitory opens. Cautiously.

A brave head peeks out. Male, female, white, black we can't
say - from head to toe the person is covered with thick
winter attire. The figure runs for the snow cab.

INT. SNOW CAB - NIGHT - CONT.

Giselle opens the back door of the cab - her presence takes
the running person (we can now discern that he's a man) by
surprise. He stops in his tracks.

STUTTGARD

Oh my. Look what the snow cab
dragged in.

He throws his hood back. STUTTGARD, 30's, is a handsome man.
But the deep weather lines on his face tell us he has been
out in the elements too many years. And the way he looks at
Giselle tells us that he has been alone for too many of those
years.

STUTTGARD

(continuing)

Welcome to Mile Zero. I think
we're going to have some fun. You
and I.

INT. DORMITORY, MILE ZERO - NIGHT

Front hallway. Unless otherwise noted, every room in Mile
Zero is overly lit. The walls, painted an oppressive lemony
color, only exasperate the hermetic feel of the place. And
always somewhere in the near distance there's the relentless
SOUND of PUMPS pushing oil. Rhythmic. Ominous. Relentless.

Giselle scopes the place, surveying every detail. A main control room is to the left of the foyer. Stairs straight ahead (these are the ones that had the message written above them in the opening photos). To the right a long hall stretches around a corner - Giselle heads down it.

Meanwhile the Crew Chief, MILLIGAN, 50's, cantankerous, looks over the supply boxes from the snow cab, clipboard in hand. The Driver idly watches.

MILLIGAN

A carton of Marlboro Kings is missing.

The Driver shrugs sheepishly.

DRIVER

Transport tax, Chief.

MILLIGAN

Bullshit.

The Driver reluctantly pulls the carton out of his parka and hands it over.

MILLIGAN

(continuing;
motioning to Giselle)

She sign in yet?

DRIVER

Hey Miss!

She turns.

MILLIGAN

(quiet; to Driver)

Ice queen, huh?

DRIVER

Yep.

The Driver brings Giselle the register and she signs: *Giselle Blaine*. Distracted by the sight of a rec. room down the hall, Giselle heads for it leaving the Driver and Milligan alone.

DRIVER

(continuing)

Think that's it, Chief.

MILLIGAN

All right then. See you in March, kid.

The Driver signs out, opens the arctic-thick front door and runs to his snow cab. Milligan unpacks the new supplies.

INT. HALL OUTSIDE REC. ROOM, DORMITORY - NIGHT - CONT.

Even through these thick walls, the SOUND of the SNOW CAB revving to life is loud enough to startle Giselle.

At the threshold of the rec. room, Giselle stops, unwilling to go further. She peeks her head inside the seemingly deserted bar.

INT. REC. ROOM, DORMITORY - NIGHT - CONT.

An inventory of the place would include: one ratty orange sofa, a few armchairs, a bar, a pool table, a Jukebox, a few fraying Bud Girl pin-ups and half a dozen posters of impossibly tropical locales. Giselle looks the room over - this could be the saddest bar in Alaska.

The JUKEBOX begins to play GARTH BROOKS' "FRIENDS IN LOW PLACES."

ROSIE (O.S.)
Only bar within 300 miles.

ROSIE, 40'S, a plump Hispanic woman with the happiest face you've ever seen, pops up from behind the bar. A bottle of Scotch in hand.

ROSIE
This is where Swedish Hjalm hides
the good stuff.
(gesturing to the
room)
Club Mile Zero ain't much, but
without it, I guarantee we'd all
end up killing each other here.

Giselle stiffens at her choice of words. Rosie pours them both a shot. She hands Giselle a glass.

ROSIE
(continuing)
I'm Rosie. Your boss.

Raising her glass to Giselle's, Rosie clinks it in a toast.

ROSIE
(continuing)
And now that there's two of us
girls here, I think we just
doubled these bastards chances of
getting laid.

CUT TO:

INT. FRONT STAIRS - NIGHT

Lugging bags, Rosie leads Giselle up the front stairs. Giselle inspects the wall. Reverently, she places her hand on it. Quickly removing it, when Rosie turns around.

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Second floor hallway. Rosie unlocks one of the rooms.

ROSIE
This one's yours.

INT. GISELLE'S ROOM, DORMITORY - NIGHT - CONT.

The room is stark and plain with one tiny window. Giselle tries to slide the bed away from the wall. But it won't budge.

ROSIE
Furniture's nailed down. Came
with the place.

GISELLE
(looking at the walls)
What's that noise?

ROSIE
The pumps. Next door. They run
24- 7. You won't even notice it
after awhile. Becomes like your
own heartbeat.

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Another staircase. This one up to the third floor. Another overly lit hallway full of doors. Giselle looks around.

ROSIE
No one stays up here on three and
the four's boarded up.

GISELLE
How come?

ROSIE
Station's only at half operation
this winter. First season it's
been open in twenty years. Got to
work the kinks out.

Rosie pulls out her cumbersome key ring. There must be a
hundred keys on it. She pulls an identical key ring (only
without the girly "Rosie" trinket) from her pocket and tosses
it to Giselle.

ROSIE
(continuing)
Keys to every door. Don't lose
them. Doors lock both ways around
here.

With expertise, Rosie selects a key from her ring and unlocks
a door midway down the hall.

ROSIE
(continuing)
I keep the cleaning supplies up
here.

GISELLE
Why was the station closed?

ROSIE
You'll hear varying accounts.
Cabin fever, they say.

The door sticks. Rosie throws her weight against it and it
bangs open.

ROSIE
(continuing)
A murder-suicide, they whisper.

She jerks on the shoelace tied to the ceiling lamp. And the
room is lit. Fully stocked with cleaning supplies.

ROSIE
(continuing)
Way I look at it. Any place can
drive you crazy if it sets its
mind to it.

Right then, the power goes off and the sound of the pumps
ceases. Silence and blackness.

The SOUND of the DOOR CREAKING shut breaks the eerie silence.

And then just as fast as they went off, the lights flicker back on accompanied by the SOUND of the PUMPS.

ROSIE
(continuing)
Gennie does that all the time.
You won't even notice it after
awhile.

Rosie turns to leave. The door, which was open only a minute before, is now closed. She doesn't even seem to notice. Or care.

Giselle, on the other hand, stops in place, staring at the door. Rosie peeks her head back in.

ROSIE
(continuing)
What you waiting on?

GISELLE
Nothing.

EXT. MILE ZERO - NIGHT

The wind's ferocious. Snow flies everywhere.

Bundled up, the two women make their way from the dormitory to the pump station.

And although the distance between the two buildings is less than fifty feet, they need to use the rope guide because of the lack of visibility.

It looks like they're heading out into a sea of white and then there it is - a huge warehouse sized building and of course the relentless HEARTBEAT of the PUMPS.

INT. PUMP STATION - NIGHT - CONT.

The first thing to notice about the pump station, besides the deafening sound, is the pumps themselves. We now understand why they're so loud - they're huge. The women look tiny in comparison.

Rosie leads Giselle up a series of steep stairs to the -

INT. CATWALK, PUMP STATION - NIGHT

- grated catwalk.

Fascinated, Giselle watches as a crane picks up a vec (a hollow plastic container the size of a small car and shaped like a gel-cap) and moves it across the station.

The crane lowers the vec into the pipeline. It's a snug fit: the vec's circumference matches the width of the pipeline perfectly.

ROSIE
(yelling over the
pumps)
They break up the flow!

Giselle points to her ear and shakes her head. She can't hear her.

Rosie grabs her by the elbow and guides her into the operator room -

INT. OPERATOR ROOM, PUMP STATION - NIGHT - CONT.

There are two men in the room. PETE, an old-timer with a grizzled face, mans the control panel while SIMON, a young anal whippersnapper, supervises, clipboard in hand.

SIMON
This is a restricted area, ladies.

ROSIE
Give it a rest, Simon.
(to Giselle)
Simon's our resident EPA stick-in-the-mud asshole.

SIMON
Empty the trash while you're here.
And please try to remember that
desks don't dust themselves.

He runs his finger over the top of the dirty control panel. Holding it up for Rosie's inspection.

PETE
Don't cut one or he'll write you
up for an emission's violation.

Giselle laughs. Pete takes his eyes off the panel long enough to give her a look over. But his face falls as soon as he sees her. It's like he's seen a ghost. He looks away.

ROSIE
(to Giselle)
Plant's fully mechanized. Six men
a shift run the whole thing. One
in here. Five out in the field at
the drilling towers.
(more)

ROSIE (cont'd)

We only got three crews this winter: Black, Blue and Red. So at any time, one crew's working, one's sleeping and one's holed up in their rooms whacking off to porn.

Rosie points to the pipeline where a vec is being inserted.

ROSIE

(continuing)

And that's officially mile zero. The beginning of the 613 mile pipeline to Fairbanks.

GISELLE

What's that thing they're putting in it?

Hearing her voice, Simon looks up from his clipboard.

ROSIE

A vec. They put one in every mile or two. They break up the crude flow so they can regulate it -

SIMON

(to Giselle)

I know you.

Interest peaked, Pete turns around.

ROSIE

She's the new maid.

SIMON

You went to Stanford.

Giselle shakes her head.

SIMON

(continuing)

Yeah! You were in my chemistry lab junior year.

GISELLE

You have me mistaken for somebody else.

SIMON

(self-righteously)

No, I don't. I never forget a pretty face.

GISELLE

Well, I hope you forget mine.
Soon.

Rosie stifles a laugh.

CUT TO:

EXT. PUMP STATION - NIGHT

The two women double over laughing. Their breath comes out in long white plumes that the wind quickly snatches up and blows out into the Russian Straits. The HOWL of the WIND soon drowns out the SOUND of their LAUGHTER.

INT. GISELLE'S ROOM, DORMITORY - NIGHT

Alone in her room, Giselle locks the door. Throws the deadbolt. And then wedges a chair under the doorknob.

That done, she opens her luggage and removes a large scrapbook. And another. And then a series of hardcover books.

History of Alaska: Early Eskimo Accounts falls open. Inside there's a library checkout register. And a handwritten list. Giselle folds it and places it in her coat pocket.

She stacks the books and slides the whole lot under her bed.

She then takes out her rosary and begins to pray.

Camera slides across her room and under the door out into the hallway where we see men's work boots under the hem of a brown robe not three inches from her door. Listening.

CUT TO:

TITLE CARD: WEDNESDAY

EXT. MILE ZERO COMPOUND - DAY

A clear day on the peninsula. From this distance, the Mile Zero compound is but two specks on the horizon. Like the center of a wheel, the station's surrounded by six separate drilling towers all within a mile radius.

The SOUND of ICE CRACKING and MOANING brings our attention to the foreground where we watch as nature hits the critical threshold where even sea water freezes. Slivers of ice spread out over the water like the tentacles of some living thing and braid into a ever-thickening web of ice.

The MOANS of the ice sound almost human.

INT. DORMITORY, MILE ZERO - DAY

Second floor.

Giselle, bucket of cleaning supplies in hand, unlocks a dormitory door: #203..

INT. MILLIGAN'S ROOM - DAY - CONT.

From the framed pictures adorning the dresser, we know this is Crew Chief Milligan's messy room.

Giselle locks the door behind her and throws the deadbolt. She tries to move a chair over to wedge under the doorknob, but the chair's nailed down.

She takes the handwritten list from her coat pocket - Rm. #203, Rm. #304, Basement, Attic etc.

She puts a check by #203 and then without any reservation, begins to ransack the room.

She pulls out the drawers of the dresser and searches through the contents of each.

She finds something of interest in the bottom drawer and pulls it out. A gun. Not what she's looking for, she places the Magnum 357 back.

She pulls a little flashlight from her pocket, gets on all fours and crawls under the bed.

Ignoring the dustbunnies, she shines her light up between the bed springs. Nothing and then, she spots something ~~red~~ that could be a book wedged up in there. She wrestles it down. It's only a magazine. *Big Titty Caucus*. She throws it aside and crawls out.

MILLIGAN'S CLOSET

Giselle shoves aside Milligan's hanging clothes and tries to pull the fake wood paneling off the back wall. Eventually it gives way. But there's nothing there. Only a concrete wall.

She checks out the top shelf. Shoes and scrapbooks and toiletries. Nothing.

 GISELLE

Fuck.

Half inclined to smash the bottle of cheap Stetson cologne in her hand, she stops herself and places it back on the shelf.

She looks the room over.

No stone left unturned.

Frustrated, she sits on the bed and lights one of Milligan's cigarettes.

Through his small portal-like window, she watches as Black Crew, on two snowmobiles, heads out into the field. Already daylight fades.

She stoically watches as the sheet of ice engulfs the bay, freezing the last of the peninsula over.

She grinds out her cigarette and sets to restore the room to some semblance of order.

INT. REC. ROOM, DORMITORY - NIGHT

With seven off-shift roughnecks including Pete (the old-timer) and Stuttgart, SWEDISH HJALM (the cook) and Rosie, Club Mile Zero is almost a full house.

Two of the younger roughnecks, HOUSEMAN and JONES, blow off steam playing pool.

JONES
(ominously)
Bay froze today, dude.

HOUSEMAN
So?

JONES
So?! That's the day the murders started in '84. First day the bay froze. They were all dead within three days. All of them. Didn't even see it coming. Cause they were ignorant like you.

HOUSEMAN
Ignorant of what?

Giselle appears in the doorway and conversation ceases. All eyes turn to her. She makes her way to the bar where Swedish Hjalms tends. He's an ox of a man with a working class Boston accent.

SWEDISH HJALM
What are you drinking sweetheart?

He motions to the two domestic beers on tap.

GISELLE
Surprise me.

At the corner table, Pete watches Giselle over the top of his book - THE POWER OF SUGGESTION: A STUDY OF GROUP DYNAMICS.

At the pool table, Jones and Houseman pick their jaws up off the floor long enough to resume their game.

JONES

(to Houseman)

Why do you think this station pays
top dollar?

HOUSEMAN

'Cuz it's the first season up.
'Cuz there's kinks to work out -

JONES

Nah. Fuck that. It's because
it's haunted. There's a ghost
here, man.

Stuttgard puts down his pool cue and takes a seat by Giselle at the bar.

STUTTGDARD

(to Giselle;
conspiratorially)

This is getting good.

JONES

It's solid. Looks just like a
real man.

Everyone in the place is listening to Jones and he knows it. He straightens his baseball cap.

JONES

(continuing)

But not everyone can see him. He
picks and chooses. Hunts people
just for sport.

Houseman looks at Jones. His face conveys equal parts skepticism and horror.

JONES

(continuing)

I'm not lying. Scout's honor,
dude.

PETE

When were you ever a boy scout,
Jones?

JONES
When I was a kid.

PETE
Before or after your stint in
juvie?

Jones doesn't have a comeback.

KAVANAUGH (O.S.)
(definitively)
There's no ghost here.

KAVANAUGH, 30, a roguish man, whose surplus charm could turn both Jones and Houseman into matinee idols, stands in doorway of the rec. room. He doesn't even look in Giselle's direction. *And this gets her attention.*

KAVANAUGH
It was a man who killed everyone in '84. Not a ghost. Guy named Perkins out of Fairbanks. He and his wife came here to do the cooking and cleaning. He went crazy and killed everyone off. One by one.

ROSIE
Even his wife?

KAVANAUGH
He saved her to the end. Hung her in the foyer. And then threw himself in one of the pumps next door.

The roughnecks cringe. *What a gruesome way to go.* Pete steals a glance at Giselle. But her face is stone.

KAVANAUGH
(continuing)
End of story. One isolated event.
No ghosts.

Jones is sufficiently quieted.

PETE
(clearing his throat)
Actually Kavanaugh, things weren't right about this place long before the winter of '84.

The room gets still. Everyone, including Giselle, looks to Pete.

PETE

(continuing)

There's a history of other -

(choosing his words
carefully)

- torrid incidents that took place
here that defy a pat explanation -

Kavanaugh playfully slams his beer on the bar top.

KAVANAUGH

We know this place is fucked up.

Okay? When there's only crap
domestic beer on tap, shit's just
not right.

He succeeds in getting a laugh out of the room. The tension
dissipates. A bit. Jones and Houseman go back to their game
of pool.

SWEDISH HJALM

Yeah. When I want to hear a ghost
story I'll bring my blankie to
your room, Jones.

JONES

Just don't bring lube, man.

Kavanaugh crosses to the jukebox and drops in a few quarters.
MUSIC. Kavanaugh grabs Rosie from the bar and spins her
around. She giggles as he whirls her about.

Pete grabs his book and takes his exit. Giselle follows him.

STUTTGARD

(laying his hand on
her arm)

Where you going?

GISELLE

Bed.

STUTTGARD

I'm not invited?

(holding his heart)

So cold.

She leaves. Kavanaugh turns to watch her go. So he did
notice her after all. Rosie cups his face and turns it back
in her direction.

ROSIE

What winks and fucks like a tiger?

He shakes his head. She winks at him lasciviously and then LAUGHS -

EXT. HALL OUTSIDE REC. ROOM, DORMITORY - NIGHT - CONT.

- the SOUND of Rosie's LAUGHTER fills the hall.

Giselle hurries down the hall trying to catch up with Pete who's no longer in sight.

She rushes by the front door of the dormitory.

Out of the corner of her eye, she spots something -

- pressed up to the outside portal window -

A human face.

Brown and distorted. The mouth is open in what could be an expression of pain. Or terror.

Giselle SCREAMS.

Kavanaugh comes running.

KAVANAUGH

What is it?

She points to the portal window and the unrecognizable face pressed therein.

Kavanaugh moves towards the door.

Giselle grabs his arm. Her touch is electric to him.

KAVANAUGH

(continuing; kindly
to Giselle)

It's okay. I know him. Nanuck's
a friend.

He opens the door and NANUCK removes his face from the glass.

NANUCK

(not a trace of an
accent; to Kavanaugh)

I was wondering when you were
going to let us in, man.

Five snowmobiles are parked out front. Five Eskimos enter. Dusted with snow, Nanuck and his FRIENDS are loaded down with contraband - hard liquor, a bong, cigarettes.

NANUCK
(continuing)
Ready to fucking party?

INT. REC. ROOM, DORMITORY - NIGHT

A big raucous party. Rosie's loving life in the middle of all the male attention.

Giselle stands off to the side with Stuttgart. Nanuck approaches.

NANUCK
If you want to ride my machine,
call me.

He writes down his number on the inside flap of a matchbook.

NANUCK
(continuing)
Best snowmobile on the market.

STUTTGARD
(under his breath)
In like 1988.

Nanuck gives Giselle the matchbook. And a big sexy grin. The man has no teeth. He finally walks away.

STUTTGARD
(continuing)
You're going to want to frame
that. In case the kids ask how
you and Dad met.

Giselle laughs. *Is she tipsy or finally relaxing?*

Across the room, Kavanaugh looks her way. She holds his gaze. There are definitely sparks between these two.

She sets down her beer.

GISELLE
(to Stuttgart)
Okay. I'm really going to bed
this time, Stuttgart. So help me
God.

But as she exits, she runs directly into Simon, the EPA guy, who, from the looks of it, just got off shift.

SIMON

I was hoping I'd run into you, Giselle. You've got to tell me what a Tree is doing up here cleaning up after high school drop-outs? Because I can't figure it out. Are you undercover or something?

Kavanaugh and Nanuck overhear this. Giselle tries to squeeze past Simon, but he blocks her path.

SIMON

(continuing)

And don't pretend you don't remember me. Please. It's insulting to my intelligence. I have distinct memories of you, Giselle. And if you give me another minute, I'm going to remember your last name because it isn't "Blaine."

NANUCK

(coming over)

He bothering you?

SIMON

I've got it! -

Giselle splashes her glass of beer in his crotch.

GISELLE

Here's to making new memories together.

SIMON

You crazy wench!

She swipes her coat and leaves.

NANUCK

(impressed; to Kavanaugh)

She's fiery.

Stuttgard comes up behind them, draping an arm over each of their shoulders.

STUTTGARD

Sorry to inform you. She's taken, gentlemen.

They don't even acknowledge him. SOUNDGARDEN'S "FELL ON BLACK DAYS" plays on the jukebox.

KAVANAUGH
(intrigued)
She's something.

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Giselle pulls her cumbersome key ring from her pocket and searches for her room key. She tries one and then another. Finally settling on the right one, she puts it in the lock. *But the door swings open on it's own.*

Her head down, Giselle doesn't notice.

She pulls the matchbook from her pocket. Written on the inside flap: FOR A GOOD TIME CALL NANUCK 907/502-4569.

She laughs.

INT. GISELLE'S ROOM, DORMITORY - NIGHT - CONT.

Her room's dark and she doesn't bother to turn on the light.

The bright hall and the tiny window cast enough light for us to see a little. She throws the number of the toothless Eskimo in the trash can.

She then shuts, locks and bolts the door behind her.

Pitch black.

A RUSTLE in the corner of the room. And what sounds like a tiny -

breath.

Giselle scrambles for the shoelace that hangs from the ceiling lamp.

A CLICK and the light comes on. Bright.

The room's empty. Messy, but empty.

Giselle finally breathes.

Then, a thought crosses her mind. She drops to all fours and shines her little flashlight under the bed.

Nothing.

She throws open the closet door.

Nothing. That she can see.

Satisfied, she pulls the string and the light goes out. We hear her FLOP into bed, nestling under the covers.

Quiet except for the PUMPS.

We hold in the darkness as Giselle's breathing slowly conforms to the rhythm of the pumps.

Then, the closet door CREAKS open.

And -

CLICK

The ceiling light comes on. The string sways side to side.

Fast asleep, Giselle doesn't notice, her back to the room. Her breath in perfect rhythm with the pumps.

CUT TO:

INT. FRONT STAIRS - LATE THAT NIGHT

The hour is late and the foyer of the dormitory is empty.

The SOUND of HUMMING. Drunk as a sailor on leave, Simon careens into the foyer. He looks at the long staircase in front of him. Grumbling and sighing at the effort he'll have to expend, he climbs the first stair step.

Behind him. Silently. The front door opens. Of what appears to be it's own volition.

Snowflakes waft into the foyer. Oblivious, Simon climbs the next stair step. But then -

One solitary snowflake wafts across the empty lobby. Up the staircase. And floats down right in front of Simon's face.

Stupefied, he turns around. And notices the open door.

SIMON

Fucking Eskimos.

Begrudgingly, he climbs back down the three steps he's ascended. From the amount of disdain he's displaying, you'd think he was being asked to walk to Anchorage for cigarettes. Somebody else's cigarettes.

SIMON

(continuing)

Motherfuckers.

He grabs the thick metal door with one hand prepared to slam it shut.

But outside, in the dark expanse, something runs past.

Something that looks like a man.

Simon looks afraid. But rationality soon prevails -

EXT. MILE ZERO - NIGHT - CONT.

He steps outside.

SIMON
(calling out into the
night)
Look, jack-off! You're going to
want to get your ass in here.

No answer. Only the sound of the WIND MOANING across the plain.

Simon takes another step outside, shivering against the frigid arctic night. He cups his hands to his mouth.

SIMON
(continuing)
You've got about a minute and a
half before you die from
hypothermia!
(under his breath)
Dumbshit.

He hiccups.

He looks back inside the lobby. Considers returning inside - for a coat? For good? We can't tell.

Instead, he takes another tentative step out into the tundra. Cupping his hands to his mouth again.

But before he can get anything out -

The door SLAMS shut behind him. Putting him on the cold side of this equation.

SIMON
(continuing)
Fucking A!

He hurries back to the door. But before he can take more than a step, the falling snow intensifies. And a tremendous wind kicks up drifts of fresh powder. Snow flies everywhere. All at once. It's completely blinding.

This is a whiteout. Of the arctic variety.
And it came out of fucking nowhere.

SIMON
(continuing)

Help.

He steps forward.

But forward must be back because there's no door there. No dormitory. Only more blinding snow.

He stumbles in the other direction. Arms stretched out before him like a blind man.

Nothing.

He rotates again. Panicked. But not completely without his wits. He has an idea.

Looking down at his feet, he lifts the left one up. Underneath there's a boot print, a good six inches deep.

Head down, he retraces his steps. One boot print at a time.

Moving backwards, he runs into something that almost trips him.

A rope. Suspended at waist level.

Because of the blinding whiteout, neither the end nor the beginning of the rope is visible - it seems to be suspended in mid-air - the result of some freak act of nature. And then it dawns on Simon what it is: the guide rope between the dormitory and the pump station.

Not more than a foot of the rope can be seen at a time. Just far enough to lay the next hand down.

Simon grabs a hold, relieved. And hand over fist begins to pull himself along.

On and on.

And on further yet.

The distance between the two buildings never seemed this far.

Never was this far. Simon panics.

Suddenly, out of the complete whiteness of the night, something looms.

A figure in a brown robe.

Holding the end of the rope.

Simon backs away. Tries to cry for help but the wind whips his cries straight up into the night -

- and we go with it. Rising fifteen feet up in the air where there is no whiteout.

At all.

In fact, it's a perfectly clear night and a canopy of stars are visible. As is the Mile Zero dormitory and the pump station. Only forty feet away.

And then the SOUND of something horrible rises up in the wind from the contained whiteout below.

The SOUND of abject fear.

TITLE CARD: **THURSDAY**

INT. GISELLE'S ROOM/SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

CLICK.

Giselle pulls the string. The light goes off like it should. She enters the hall and shuts the door behind her. She waits a second then throws open the door as if hoping to surprise someone.

But the room remains dark. Ceiling light off.

Irked, she removes her key ring and again searches for her room key among the dozens of practically identical keys. It's an arduous task.

KAVANAUGH (O.S.)
You should mark your key so you
can tell it apart from the others.
It'll save you time.

Giselle ignores him. Kavanaugh sticks his head in her room.

KAVANAUGH
(truly shocked)
Jesus! That's the messiest room
I've ever seen. Don't you throw
anything away?

Finding her key, Giselle shuts and locks the door. Grabs her cleaning supplies and heads down the hall.

KAVANAUGH
(continuing; calling
after her)
You afraid of the boogie man?

GISELLE
(not stopping)
If you haven't noticed yet, we're
not having a conversation.

KAVANAUGH
Your light. You slept with it on.

Giselle stops. Turns around.

GISELLE
I'd appreciate you not peeking
under my door, Mr. Kavanaugh.

KAVANAUGH
(with a disarming
smile)
Then how am I going to catch you
in your skivvies?

She turns the corner and we HEAR her climbing stairs to the
third floor.

Kavanaugh runs his hand over his face - *that didn't go the
way he'd planned.*

KAVANAUGH
(continuing; calling
after her)
You have a good day too. I'll see
you tonight. Honey.

INT. STORAGE CLOSET, THIRD FLOOR - DAY

Giselle fills her bucket with cleaning supplies. Done, she
pulls the string. And the light CLICKS off. She CLICKS it
on again, then off. Satisfied, she closes the door and heads
for the stairs.

Behind her, at the end of the hallway, we watch a door -
- open into the hallway.

Sensing something Giselle slows, then turns.

She sees the open door. Making a decision, she lays down her
bucket of supplies and walks the length of the hall,
searching through her keys as she goes.

When she gets there and lays her hand on the doorknob, two things happen almost simultaneously.

- something flies out of the room.

- and the power goes off.

Giselle SCREAMS swatting at whatever's in front of her. All we could tell was that it was brown and it was fast.

She scrambles for her little flashlight. And shines it down the hallway. Innocuous doors. Banal plaster walls. Nothing out of the ordinary -

But we see something. Or rather *someone*. Standing behind her.

It moves toward her.

She whips around. Her flashlight catches it in its beam.

Rosie.

The lights flicker on and with them the familiar SOUND of the PUMPS. Relieved, Giselle throws her arms around Rosie.

ROSIE

It's okay. I didn't mean to scare you.

Giselle points to the open door and lowers her voice.

GISELLE

Something flew out -

Rosie bends and picks something off the ground. A little brown bird.

ROSIE

This your little perpetrator?

Starting to feel foolish, Giselle crosses her arms over her chest protectively.

GISELLE

I guess so.

ROSIE

This little guy's a Gwitch'n. See his markings?

(more)

ROSIE (cont'd)
(holds bird up to
Giselle)
Eskimos say he's a sign of
rebirth. Or death. However you
choose to look at it.

GISELLE
Should we take him outside?

ROSIE
No, I'll keep him. I could use
some company.

GISELLE
(surprised)
You seem to make out pretty good
around here.

ROSIE
(amending her
previous statement)
Some company that don't snore.

As Rosie coos and cahs over the little Gwitch'n, something
occurs to Giselle.

GISELLE
Why'd you come up here?

ROSIE
Huh?

GISELLE
To the third floor? You're not
even on today.

ROSIE
I came for you. Chief called an
emergency crew meeting.

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN CONTROL ROOM, DORMITORY - DAY

This is the main control room off the front foyer from which
Milligan runs the operation. The walls are lined with
pressure gauges and flow reports, computers and of course the
precious radio which is the only link with the outside world.

If you subtract the team out in the field (Red Team),
everyone else is here and accounted for, packed in like
cattle to slaughter. Men are strewn everywhere. On tables.
Under them. Seated on the floor. Standing in the corner.

Half the men complain bitterly. The other half nod off to sleep.

SWEDISH HJALM

If we're not out of here in fifteen minutes, I can't be held responsible for the moistness of the meatloaf. There. I've said my peace.

At the corner of the control room, up a small flight of stairs, is Milligan's small private office - a glassed in room with his name on the door.

INT. MILLIGAN'S GLASS OFFICE - DAY - CONT.

Bent over his desk, Milligan finds what he's looking for in the company procedure manual. He snubs out his cigarette and leaves the little room.

MAIN CONTROL ROOM:

MILLIGAN

(coming out of his office)

Pipe down now. This won't take long. We're one short.

A MURMUR. They look around trying to figure out who's not there. Giselle scans the room; most of the faces we've grown accustomed to seeing are accounted for - Kavanaugh, Stuttgart, Rosie -

Pete.

- Giselle tries to catch his eye. But he chews on his toothpick ignoring her. When he eventually gives in and looks her way, she mouths the words "I want to talk to you." He turns away.

MILLIGAN

(continuing)

That wasn't a riddle, ladies!
That's the reason we're here -
Simon's gone AWOL.

ROUGHNECK #1

That EPA prick?

HOUSEMAN

Boo-hoo.

JONES

EPA gonna fine us for that too,
Chief?

MILLIGAN

Stuff it. Procedure says I got to round you all up and ask if anyone knows where he is? So?

Silence.

JONES

(philosophically)

Shucks, Chief. Things got a way of getting lost in the snow.

The men snicker. Even Milligan thinks this is funny.

MILLIGAN

They certainly do.

ROUGHNECK #1

Specially when they follow you around with a clipboard and write you up for scratching your ass.

Giselle, alarmed at their apathy, raises her hand. No one notices. She raises it higher. The roughnecks on either side of her laugh at her naivety - that's not how things are done around here.

GISELLE

Excuse me, Chief Milligan? Did you radio Fairbanks? Or alert the EPA?

(moans from the men)

- or the police -

MILLIGAN

We can't go crying wolf with these government people. They don't take kindly to the words "Oops, False alarm." And the EPA - they'd just love a chance to come out here and poke around. They'd close the station and we'd all lose at least a day's cut of the crude. Probably more.

More MOANS.

MILLIGAN

(continuing; holds up the procedure manual)

To the word, all appropriate actions are being taken.

GISELLE

(tongue in cheek)

By appropriate do you mean this meeting? Where we all say we haven't seen Nigel and then go our merry way?

Stuttgart looks at Giselle suspiciously. Sitting on the landing outside Milligan's glass office, he discreetly ducks in -

INT. MILLIGAN'S GLASS OFFICE - DAY - CONT.

- and swipes Simon's open employment file from the Crew Chief's desk. He flips to the first page. NIGEL SIMON. So Giselle did know him.

INT. MAIN CONTROL ROOM - DAY - CONT.

GISELLE

Given the history of this place, I think we need to take this seriously.

KAVANAUGH

It's about as serious as a glass of water and two Tylenols. Simon's somewhere sleeping off his hang over, Chief.

JONES

I bet he left with the Eskimos. At 3 a.m I'm sure he thought that was a good idea but now he's coming to in some igloo with Nanuck's fat sister holding on his wienie like she won the Stanley cup.

GISELLE

(grave)

I don't think so.

For a moment, the room's silent, but then the snickering begins. It spreads like spilled ink staining the room with indifference and apathy.

KAVANAUGH

(to Giselle)

I think you've been spooked by too many ghost stories.

Restless, the men get up to leave.

MILLIGAN

Hold on, fellows. If you see anything or if you know anything, you come and see me right away. Got it? And Black Team?

Kavanaugh, Pete, Houseman and Jones look his way.

MILLIGAN

(continuing)

I want you guys to search the compound.

JONES

But it's our day off!

MILLIGAN

Let's find this SOB.

(more to Giselle than
the others)

And if he don't turn up by tomorrow, I'll call headquarters in Fairbanks. Fair enough?

Murmurs of agreement. People file out in earnest.

INT. MILLIGAN'S GLASS OFFICE - DAY - CONT.

Covertly, Stuttgart opens Milligan's filing cabinet and quickly finds what he's looking for: EMPLOYEE FILES.

He deftly flips through them. GISELLE BLAINE. He yanks it, shoves it under his flannel and exits.

INT. MAIN CONTROL ROOM - DAY - CONT.

The room clears out. Milligan turns to find Pete standing face to face with him.

PETE

If this is what I think it is, the blood of all of us is going to be on your hands, Chief.

With that he turns and exits.

Sufficiently alarmed, Milligan crosses to the radio. He tentatively picks up the headset and begins to dial.

JONES (O.S.)

Chief!

(Milligan turns)

Me and Houseman are going to check the pump station - see if Simon's sleeping it off somewhere over there.

MILLIGAN

You do that.

From the hall, we HEAR the SOUND of a PAIL being struck repeatedly with a ladle.

JONES (O.S.)

Come out! Come out wherever you are, Simon! It's your turn to be written up, asshole!

Milligan looks at the radio again. Making an executive decision, he sets the headset down.

Behind him, he doesn't notice Stuttgart slip out the door; Giselle's employee file under his shirt.

INT. BASEMENT, DORMITORY - DAY

The SOUND of a KEY in the LOCK. And the door at the top of the stairs opens.

It's Giselle.

She sets down her bucket of cleaning supplies and closes the door behind her.

The basement of the Mile Zero dormitory is a graveyard of broken furniture and industrial equipment.

Giselle makes her way through the junk yard. Carefully shining her flashlight into the cobwebbed nooks and crevices. Searching. She slowly makes her way toward the incinerator in the center of the room.

At the top of the stairs, the door cracks open and someone deftly slips in.

Alarmed, Giselle turns. She listens intently.

Then, she hears a FOOTFALL.

She pivots quickly and shines her flashlight at the staircase.

STUTTGARD (O.S.)

I'm on to you, Giselle.

Stuttgard stands halfway down the staircase.

GISELLE
What do you want?

STUTTGARD
You lied, girly girl. And I want
to know why.

He arrives at the bottom of the stairs.

STUTTGARD
(continuing)
What are you doing down here?

Thinking quickly, she opens her mouth, but he cuts her off
before she can even start.

STUTTGARD
(continuing)
And don't lie again. I doubt
you're looking for a new lamp
shade.

GISELLE
Why are you giving me the third
degree?

STUTTGARD
Well let's see. There's a man
missing. A man you knew from
college. At Stanford. A man you
denied knowing. But who's first
name you miraculously came up with
in the meeting today.

Realizing she's caught, Giselle keeps her mouth shut. He
slides broken furniture aside as he makes his way to her.

STUTTGARD
(continuing)
You look pretty guilty from where
I'm standing. So now you tell me
what a -

He pulls her case file out from under his parka and opens it.

STUTTGARD
(continuing)
A History graduate student -
(as an aside)
Summa cum laude? Impressive,
Giselle.
(more)

STUTTGARD (cont'd)
(back to his question)
- from Palo Alto, California is
doing here at Mile Zero, crawling
around the basement flashlight in
hand. Inquiring minds want to
know?

Weighing her options, Giselle slides him a chair and takes a
seat in the large armchair behind her.

GISELLE
If I tell you, you can't tell
anyone else.

Interest peaked, Stuttgart sits in the offered chair
effectively accepting the conditions of the agreement.

STUTTGARD
Dish.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT, DORMITORY - DAY - LATER

Giselle and Stuttgart are both comfortable now. Giselle's
legs drape over the edge of her armchair. She and Stuttgart
pass a flask back and forth.

They've opened the incinerator door and the heat and light of
the fire illuminate the basement like a cheery ski lodge.

Stuttgart throws the top of a broken night stand into the
flames. And it quickly catches fire.

STUTTGARD
Ghosts?

He tries to refrain from laughing.

GISELLE
(correcting him)
Ghost.

STUTTGARD
Come on, Giselle didn't your
mother ever tell you there were no
such things as ghosts?

GISELLE
You think it sounds ridiculous?

His silence is his confirmation.

GISELLE
(continuing)
Haven't you had experiences here
that defy rational explanation?

STUTTGARD
(reaching for the
flask)
What do you mean?

GISELLE
Doors opening and closing on their
own. Lights going on and off.

Again his silence confirms that some of this hits home.

GISELLE
(continuing)
This place has an evil presence.
I think it's akin to an apparition
of some kind that -

She falters for words.

STUTTGARD
That what?

GISELLE
Wants company.

He chokes on his swallow of whiskey, trying not to laugh in
her face.

STUTTGARD
A lonely ghost?

GISELLE
For over a century the Eskimos
have warned travelers of coming
out here after the water in the
peninsula freezes. They warn of
a man they call "The Lonely
Hunter."

The fire in the incinerator CRACKLES.

GISELLE
(continuing)
Part man and part wind, they say
he hunts souls. Looking for the
perfect companion. I think he's
responsible for what took place
here in '84.

STUTTGARD

But that's just Inuit lore. A ghost story.

GISELLE

In 1957, a smelt boat, the *Mirian*, got icebound off the coast here. In the spring they found the ship. Everyone on board was dead - their bodies stacked neatly in a pile like firewood.

STUTTGARD

(trying to poke holes in her theory)

Two separate, albeit tragic, incidents of cabin fever aren't exactly compelling evidence there's a crazy ghost residing on this peninsula hunting "souls," Giselle.

GISELLE

There was another incident. Before the other two.

Stuttgard's interest peaks.

GISELLE

(continuing)

In the winter of 1890, a party of Russian fur trappers got stranded on this peninsula. When the local Eskimos found their bodies in the spring, all the men were disemboweled -

STUTTGARD

Probably a bear.

GISELLE

- the corpses stacked neatly in a pile.

Stuttgard takes a swig from the flask to steady his nerves. He studies her face. *She's holding back.*

STUTTGARD

And?

GISELLE

Two of the party weren't with the others.

(more)

GISELLE (cont'd)

They later found the female guide. Buried. But they never found the eighth man. The Eskimos say he killed all the men first. He was in love with the woman, they say. Wanted her all for himself, but she killed herself rather than be with him. He buried her and then walked off in the snow. Doomed to walk this peninsula forever searching for his unrequited love.

STUTTGARD

"The Lonely Hunter?"

GISELLE

But what I can't figure out is if he's so lonely why does he kill everyone?

STUTTGARD

(trying to crack a
joke)

Maybe he's picky about the company he keeps.

GISELLE

You know what else?

Not sure he wants to know, Stuttgart doesn't encourage her.

GISELLE

(continuing)

'84 was Mile Zero's very first year in operation. No one's ever lived through the winter out on this peninsula. Ever.

STUTTGARD

(spooked)

Then what the hell are we doing here, Giselle?

A little tipsy, she shakes her head from side to side, a smile forming at the corners of her mouth.

GISELLE

Chasing ghosts.

She raises the flask as if in a toast and begins to giggle. And although it takes a moment for her mirth to persuade Stuttgart to see the humor in this bleak situation, he eventually does. He takes the flask from her.

WIDE SHOT: Of them in their chairs, the glow of the incinerator on their faces. They toast.

STUTTGARD
(cracking a smile)
You're crazy, you know that, right?

EXT. DRILLING TOWER - DUSK

Daylight fades as dusk settles over the peninsula.

This drilling tower is half a mile away from Mile Zero. But even from this distance, the compound looks formidable and ominous. And there's a sound rolling across the icefield. Rising. The rhythm's familiar and for a minute we think it's the sound of the pumps even this far from Mile Zero.

But the sound gets louder and closer. It's a motor. The SOUND of a SNOW CAB. It parks at the base of the drilling tower and two ROUGHNECKS get out. We know they're members of red team from the matching patches on their coat sleeves.

ROUGHNECK #2
(looking at his
wristwatch)
Not even 2 p.m. and night already.

All business, Roughneck #3 doesn't answer. He unlocks the door to the drilling tower and the men enter.

INT./EXT. DRILLING TOWER - NIGHT

They pull the overhead light switch, but nothing happens.

As the men set to replace the bulb -

We watch through the open door behind them as something comes across the plain of snow and ice from the direction of Mile Zero.

The figure in a brown robe.

At a steady gait, he approaches the drilling tower. Relentlessly.

The men don't notice. Their backs to the open door.

ROUGHNECK #2
You sure that's a 60 watt bulb,
Mike?

Like the Grim Reaper, the figure's face is completely covered by his hood.

He moves forward like a force of nature.

Closing in.

Roughneck #2 gives Mike a hoist up and our view out the open door is obscured by Mike's body. We can't see anything. We only hear the SOUND of the new bulb SCREWING in the rusty socket. Slowly. TWIST. TWIST. TWIST.

At the pace the figure was approaching, he should be there by now.

CLICK.

The room fills with a dingy light. And Mike climbs down from Roughneck #2's hands.

We can once again see out the open door.

But where the figure should be - there's nothing. Just night descending over the desolate landscape.

And Mile Zero there in the background. Suddenly the floodlights outside the distant compound flip on at the same moment that the bulb overhead burns out with a SIZZLE.

ROUGHNECK #2

(continuing)

Think we got the wrong bulb, Mike.

Behind the men, unnoticed by them, the Robed Figure moves into the open doorway. Silhouetted by the distant lights from Mile Zero, it raises it's arms. Blocking out all remaining light. And darkness prevails.

The wind HOWLS like something alive.

CUT TO:

INT. MILLIGAN'S GLASS OFFICE - NIGHT

Using a calculator with the eraser end of his pencil, Milligan goes through the log books, clocking hours.

There's a KNOCK on his glass door.

Kavanaugh.

INT. MAIN CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT - CONT.

MILLIGAN

Yep?

KAVANAUGH
Chief, we got a problem.

INT. FRONT STAIRS - NIGHT

Six ROUGHNECKS with blue patches on their coats stand in the front lobby ready to go. Kavanaugh and Milligan enter.

MILLIGAN
You boys should be on shift now.

KAVANAUGH
Red crew's not back yet.

Blue Crew shuffles their feet uncomfortably.

MILLIGAN
Get 'em on the short wave.

KAVANAUGH
We've tried, Chief.

MILLIGAN
(getting a little
uneasy)
When was our last contact?

KAVANAUGH
A little over an hour ago.

ROUGHNECK #4
At sunset, Chief.

Luckily Milligan is a man who can deal with pressure. And adversity. He makes a decision.

MILLIGAN
(to Blue Crew)
Take the back-up snowmobiles and stick together in one group. Forget the regular duties. You're looking for signs of the guys and the snow cabs. Got it?

Blue Crew mumbles their acknowledgement of the terms and conditions of their rescue mission.

MILLIGAN
(continuing; to
Kavanaugh)
Keep trying them on the short wave and do a search of the perimeter. I'll call headquarters.

KAVANAUGH

Right, Chief.

Although orders have been dispatched, Blue Crew hovers a moment longer reluctant to begin their assigned tasks. Fearful of what lies ahead.

MILLIGAN

Okay then. Let's do it.

INT. GISELLE'S ROOM, DORMITORY - NIGHT

On the floor of her room, Giselle sits amongst her stacks of books. She opens one to a dog-eared page. An old picture of a party of Russian fur trappers. We saw this photo before - in the title sequence.

CLOSE ON: PHOTO

Seven men in fur hats and thick winter coats. One stands apart from the others. In a robe and hood. We recognize him instantly. The eighth man.

He holds an Orthodox Russian cross in his hand upside down. His gaze is on the pretty Eskimo guide.

Just then, a strong gust of wind blows under Giselle's door - rustling the stacks of papers and books about her. Papers fly. Giselle does her best to gather them.

A KNOCK at her door.

GISELLE

Who is it?

ROSIE (O.S.)

Rosie. Can I come in?

Giselle scrambles to hide her books and research under the bed. The SOUND of a KEY in the LOCK. Rosie lets herself in. Giselle intercepts her in the doorway, trying to block her view of the room.

ROSIE

You missed dinner.

She hands Giselle a plate of food.

ROSIE

(continuing; scanning
the room)

It's meatloaf. A little dry but
pretty good.

GISELLE
Thanks, Rosie.

ROSIE
Didn't see you all afternoon. You
okay?

Rosie looks over the messy room full of papers and books - she sees it for what it is. *Research of some kind.* She wrinkles her nose not sure she likes what she sees.

ROSIE
(continuing)
You're not some kind of narc, are
you?

And then Rosie sees the walls. Plastered with gruesome crime scene photos. The disemboweled remains of the red head lady from the fishing boat murders. And the stack of bodies from the '84 murders. Every inch of the wall is covered.

ROSIE
(continuing;
disgusted)
Good God.

Giselle grabs Rosie's hand and pulls her into the room. She closes the door behind them and shoves a blanket under the door.

ROSIE
(continuing)
What are you doing?

GISELLE
There's something I need to show
you.

Giselle sits on the floor and pulls a homemade scrapbook out from under the bed. Intrigued, Rosie sits on the floor and takes the offered scrapbook. She flips through the pages.

CLOSE ON SCRAPBOOK:

Full of newspaper articles about the murder/suicide at Mile Zero in '84. Headlines flash by:

UNTHINKABLE CARNAGE DISCOVERED AT REMOTE PUMP STATION

POLICE CONFIRM NO SURVIVORS

INVESTIGATORS STUMPED

OIL COMPANY VOWS TO UNCOVER TRUTH

MASS MURDER/SUICIDE, POLICE CONCLUDE

COOK POSTHUMOUSLY CHARGED WITH MILE ZERO MURDERS

OIL COMPANY WON'T ACCEPT RESPONSIBILITY: "THIS IS THE
ISOLATED WORK OF A MAD MAN"

Rosie's seen enough.

ROSIE

Why do you have all this?

Freaked out, she backs away from Giselle.

ROSIE

(continuing)

What are you? Some kind of sicko?

GISELLE

(quiet)

My parents were here at Mile Zero
the winter of '84.

ROSIE

They couldn't have been. No one
survived.

Then, it dawns on her what Giselle's saying.

ROSIE

(continuing)

Oh, my God. I'm sorry.

Rosie looks around at the gruesome crime scene photos, the
scrapbook of news articles and the books of ghostly lore.

ROSIE

(continuing)

Why would you ever come here?

CUT TO:

INT. THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Giselle unlocks the door to Room #304.

The room's bare and unremarkable. With not even a window to
break up the oppressive yellowness of the dingy walls.

Giselle pulls on the overhead light. Feeling slightly safer
in the hall, Rosie stays there.

GISELLE

The police think the murders took place over three days. A few at first and then faster. With less and less time between them.

Giselle opens the closet and looks through it carefully. She knocks on the walls, listening for hollow spaces therein.

GISELLE

(continuing)

The autopsies showed that my mother was one of the last to -

Silence hangs in the air like a corpse in the middle of the room.

GISELLE

(continuing)

- go.

Done with the closet, Giselle gets on all fours and searches under the bed, flashlight in hand.

ROSIE

What are you looking for?

GISELLE

My mother kept a diary. Always. In a red spiral notebook - the cheap kind from the drugstore.

She crawls out from under the bed and looks at Rosie pointedly.

GISELLE

(continuing)

Have you found anything like that, Rosie?

ROSIE

No. Nothing like that.

The SOUND of a DOOR down the hall CREAKING open. Rosie squeals. She runs to Giselle's side.

GISELLE

My Grandma told the police about it and they looked for the diary. For weeks. They scoured the place. But they never found it.

Rosie doesn't follow her train of thought.

GISELLE

(continuing)

They thought she may have written in it who or what was doing this. What if she did, Rosie? And what if she hid the diary? And hid it good, where it wouldn't be easily found by whatever was after her?

Rosie looks like she wants to run from the room screaming. But fear keeps her in place.

GISELLE

(continuing)

I read all the police reports and I made a list of places my mother may have hidden it that the police overlooked. I don't know if she did try to document it or if she hid the diary - but if I'm right - then it's here somewhere.

ROSIE

But that was so long ago -

GISELLE

But if she hid it here and they never found it and the place has been sealed like a tomb for twenty years, then it has to be here, Rosie. Doesn't it?

Rosie looks petrified.

GISELLE

(continuing)

And maybe it has the answers I need. My Dad didn't do it. He couldn't have. He used to braid my hair every morning before school. And he'd sing to me 'Strawberry Fields Forever' over and over again. Do you think a man like that could kill 39 people? Brutally?

Rosie has no idea what to say.

GISELLE

(continuing)

Something else is responsible for what happened here and that diary can prove it.

Giselle looks directly into Rosie's eyes. There's a power there, a fierceness that's as convincing as it is frightening.

GISELLE
(continuing)
My Dad wasn't a monster.

INT. MILLIGAN'S GLASS OFFICE - NIGHT

In front of the radio, Milligan tries to establish contact.

MILLIGAN
(on radio)
Come in, Blue Crew. Over.

Only static.

MILLIGAN
(continuing)
Red Crew, come in. Over.

Kavanaugh stands in the doorway. He can hear the relentless STATIC from there. From the look of him he's come in directly from outside. Milligan looks at him pointedly. Kavanaugh shakes his head.

KAVANAUGH
Headquarters?

Milligan shakes his head. He tries a different channel.

MILLIGAN
Papa Bear, this is Mile Zero.
Come in. Over.

The STATIC seems to HISS back at Milligan sinisterly, confirming the men's worst fears.

INT. REC. ROOM, DORMITORY - NIGHT

Club Mile Zero. Not much of a crowd tonight. Jones, Houseman, Rosie and Swedish Hjalms are the only patrons.

JONES
(hollering)
Come out wherever you are, Simon!

Houseman falls off his stool and under the bar.

HOUSEMAN (O.S.)
Well, he's not down here.

They laugh, three sheets to the wind. Rosie sits off at a table by herself, silently contemplating the bomb Giselle's dropped on her. Kavanaugh enters.

KAVANAUGH
(to Swedish Hjalms)
Got something to take the chill
off?

SWEDISH HJALM
Got just the thing.

He dips beneath the counter and pulls out the serious vodka.

SWEDISH HJALM
(continuing)
Find them?

Rosie looks up. Kavanaugh shakes his head and downs his shot in one swallow.

Jones pours himself a shot and Kavanaugh a second.

JONES
They're small. Have two.

Houseman crawls back up on his stool. Jones finally notes Kavanaugh's weather worn appearance.

JONES
(continuing)
Find Simon yet?

KAVANAUGH
(contemptuously)
We got bigger fish than that to
fry. Where you been, Jones?
We've got two crews missing out in
the field.

Jones and Houseman look shocked. Rosie covers her face.

JONES
(grabbing his coat)
Let's go.

KAVANAUGH
Back-up snow cab's gone.

JONES
 (slamming his hand on
 counter)
 Simon that fucker! That only
 leaves us the ones out in the
 field right now.

HOUSEMAN
 (like a two year-old)
 What if they broke? We couldn't
 check the towers no more.
 Couldn't run the plant no more.

KAVANAUGH
 Oh, I think it's a little more
 serious than that.

Tired of his company, Kavanaugh downs his shot and heads out.

JONES
 When the crews come in from the
 field, Chief's going to guard
 those snow cabs like they were -

HOUSEMAN
 His nuts?

Rosie hurries from the room -

EXT. HALL OUTSIDE REC. ROOM, DORMITORY - NIGHT - CONT.

- runs into Giselle in the hall. She grabs her arms, all
 business.

ROSIE
 (all business)
 If you don't tell Milligan what
 you know, I will.

CUT TO:

EXT. MILE ZERO - NIGHT

In bonafide tundra wear from head to foot, we can barely make
 out Chief Milligan and Stuttgart standing in front of the
 compound.

Binoculars in hand, they scan the dark immensity of the night
 for signs of the Red Crew, Blue Crew and the snow cabs.

Behind them, the front door of the compound opens and Giselle
 emerges.

GISELLE
(yelling to be heard
over the wind)
Chief? Can I talk to you for a
minute?

MILLIGAN
Not now! Go back inside!
(quiet)
Where the hell are they?

He looks over at the pump station.

STUTTGARD
What are you thinking, Chief?

INT. PUMP STATION - NIGHT

As we've come to expect the SOUND of the PUMPS is deafening.
Trying to carry on conversation in this din is futile.

Entering, Milligan and Stuttgart shed their hats, hoods and
goggles.

They look around. The place appears to be empty of people.

But then there's movement to the left sweeping into frame.

False alarm. It's just the mechanized crane. Automated, it
swings a vec across the room and with steely precision places
it in the pipeline. That done, the machines WHIR and the
crude resumes its long journey to Fairbanks.

Something occurs to Milligan; he heads up the stairs to the
catwalk.

Giselle enters the pump station unnoticed. She follows
Milligan and Stuttgart up the stairs.

INT. CATWALK, PUMP STATION - NIGHT

Milligan and Stuttgart climb the final flight of stairs to
the catwalk. While Milligan wheezes and turns an
unattractive shade of purple, Stuttgart doesn't even appear
to be winded.

The door to the operator's room is wide open. Stuttgart
surveys the room.

OPERATOR'S ROOM:

Empty.

Milligan barrels into the room. He takes in the perfectly ordinary scene, ordinary that is with one exception - no plant operator.

But there are signs that someone's been there - an open girly magazine and cup of joe sit on the control panel.

He shoves his finger in the coffee cup.

MILLIGAN

This has been here for hours.

And that's when he spots a finger thin trail of blood leading to the corner of the room and up the wall. It ends where a Jesus on the Crucifix hangs. Upside down.

Written in blood on the wall one single word:

'STAY'

MILLIGAN

(continuing)

What the fuck is going on here?!

Frightened and pissed off, he throws an ashtray out the door, barely missing Stuttgart who jumps out of the way.

The ashtray flies over the handrail of the catwalk and out into the pump station.

We wait for a sound to accompany its crash to the cement floor below but the oppressive din of the pumps drowns out any auditory competition.

Giselle stands at the top of the stairs. She's been watching. She ducks down the stairs, hoping to remain unnoticed.

Too late. Stuttgart watches her go.

EXT. MILE ZERO - NIGHT

Wide shot of the compound.

Something comes out of the dark night. Just on the edge of vision. Something white and ethereal.

There it is on the opposite side of the dormitory too.

It comes in closer now. And we can identify it. A strange opaque fog moving in from all directions at once. Within a matter of seconds, it surrounds Mile Zero completely.

And then the fog stops its advance. It hangs back just at the edge of vision. As if waiting.

INT. FRONT STAIRS - NIGHT

His fear transparent, Milligan stomps down the front hallway.

GISELLE

(on his heels)

Chief? Do you have a minute?

Pete emerges from Club Mile Zero looking for Milligan too.

PETE

Chief, I've got to talk to you.

PETE

I know what's going on.

GISELLE

I know what's going on.

Surprised, Pete and Giselle look at each other.

MILLIGAN

Not now. Gather everyone up and get 'em in the rec. room.

GISELLE

You need to hear what I have to say -

Giselle sees the terror in his eyes.

MILLIGAN

No. You listen to me. We got to lock-down. Right now. Understand?
(to Pete)

Get Kavanaugh to help you latch the doors up first and then the windows. Ground floor first then up.

Pete nods his head solemnly, knowing that what he has feared is now coming to pass.

PETE

(resolved to the fate ahead)

You want me to shut off the pump station?

MILLIGAN

No! Nobody goes over there. Let it run on auto-pilot. No one leaves the dormitory. Got it?

As Pete heads off, Milligan hurries into the control room.

GISELLE
How can I help?

MILLIGAN
Stay out of the way.

Adding the punctuation mark to his statement, Milligan slams the door. Left alone in the foyer, Giselle walks to the front portal window and looks out.

GISELLE'S POV:

The thick fog waits just on the edge of the light cast by Mile Zero. Encircling the compound like a pack of wolves.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

INT. HALL OUTSIDE REC. ROOM, DORMITORY - NIGHT - CONT.

Using a table top from the basement, Kavanaugh and Giselle board up the side door out to the guide rope and the pump station beyond.

INT. BATHROOM, SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

Houseman yanks the mirror from the bathroom wall.

INT. MAIN CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Swedish Hjalms wrap mirrors in sheets as Jones slides them in front of the windows. They're almost a perfect fit.

EXT. MILE ZERO - NIGHT

From outside we watch as one portal of light after another is boarded up from the inside out - a window on the first floor, then one on the second floor and on and on. Not exactly systematically but with some efficiency, the dormitory darkens.

But one light, brighter than the others and separated by a complete floor of darkness, burns in the attic. White and hot, it's unlike the dingy light emanating from the lower floors.

As we watch, this light blows out a window and glass rains down outwards. The light spreads like a mist throughout the attic, blowing out windows as it goes.

END MONTAGE:

INT. REC. ROOM, DORMITORY - NIGHT

Everyone left is here.

Houseman and Jones sit on the edge of the pool table sobering up.

Swedish Hjalm, Pete and Stuttgart each sit at their own table. Giselle and Rosie share one by the door.

Kavanaugh paces tossing his Zippo in the air nervously.

No one talks.

Milligan enters. Shutting the door behind him, he surveys the room.

MILLIGAN

I can't get headquarters on the radio.

If it were possible for the tension in the room to increase, it would.

MILLIGAN

(continuing)

It looks like they got a bitch of a storm down in Fairbanks, but as soon as it blows out, probably sometime tomorrow, I'll get them on the radio and have them send a chopper for us. We just got to keep it together until then.

ROSIE

I don't understand what's happening.

JONES

There's something crazy outside killing everyone! Right, Chief?

KAVANAUGH

We don't know that -

GISELLE

(quiet)

What makes us think it's outside?

Stuttgart and Rosie steal glances at her.

SWEDISH HJALM

(to Giselle; angry)

All of this started when you got here.

MILLIGAN

We don't know what's going on. We need to stay calm.

PETE

She's right you know.

MILLIGAN

Pete, this isn't the time for hysterics -

PETE

The most rational explanation is that it's someone -

(looks around the room)

- inside the building.

ROSIE

But everyone left is in this room.

Everyone can't help but look at everyone else.

MILLIGAN

Now before we start talking crazy, let's -

PETE

I think a little paranoia is in order, Chief. Thirteen men have disappeared in less than 24 hours. I don't think some boarded up windows and locked doors are going to keep us safe from whoever's doing this.

KAVANAUGH

What if it's Simon?

JONES

Yeah!

KAVANAUGH

He was the first to go "missing." What if he's some kind of nut? A real sicko.

(more)

KAVANAUGH (cont'd)
And he's been picking off the
others as they leave the compound.

HOUSEMAN
Maybe he's taken them hostage or
something.

PETE
It could be anyone. This
peninsula has a history of -
(choosing his words
carefully)
- cabin fever. A person loses
their marbles. Decides everybody
else is out to get them. Takes
matters into their own hands.

Is he talking about her father? Giselle looks at Pete, her
anger rising.

GISELLE
I think the evil here is
supernatural.

Pete meets her gaze.

PETE
Evil is man made, my dear. People
are responsible for every evil
under the sun.

GISELLE
Not always.

PETE
If it can happen to Russian fur
trappers and to an icebound group
of fishermen, it can happen to us.

GISELLE
But it doesn't make sense.

KAVANAUGH
(laughing)
It makes a hell of lot more sense
to me than your idea.

STUTTGARD
Giselle, why don't you tell them
what you told me this afternoon?

Rosie grabs her arm, encouraging her to speak up.

ROSIE

Giselle, thinks there may be something hidden in the compound that can help us.

GISELLE

Rosie don't -

ROSIE

A diary in a red spiral notebook and if we can find it, it may have answers about what's going on here -

MILLIGAN

What the hell are you talking about, Rosie?

KAVANAUGH

What diary?

ROSIE

Giselle's parents were here the winter of '84. They were killed.

The room grows quiet. Pete watches Giselle carefully.

JONES

(reverently removes his baseball cap)

Fuck.

GISELLE

My mom's diary may explain what happened back in '84. What seems to be happening now.

STUTTGARD

(betrayed; angered)

You forgot to mention this to me this afternoon, Giselle.

Pete stands up.

PETE

We need to find it.

Giselle's surprised to have found an ally in him.

MILLIGAN

I don't think -

PETE

We've got nothing to lose by looking for it, Chief.

ROSIE

If we find it, it could tell us what's happening -

KAVANAUGH

It's better than sitting in here jumping at our own shadows, boss.

Milligan considers this.

MILLIGAN

All right. But we all stay within sight and shouting distance of each other. Got it?

CUT TO:

INT. FRONT STAIRS - NIGHT

Our party of nine make their way up the front stairs. Jones and Houseman carry pool cues as weapons.

Pete sides up to Giselle.

PETE

I was wondering when you'd come clean. You can change the last name, but you're a dead ringer for your mama.

His choice of words hangs uncomfortably in the air between them. Then, something alarms Giselle and she turns to him accusingly.

GISELLE

How do you know what my mother looked like?

CUT TO:

INT. THIRD FLOOR, DORMITORY - NIGHT

Our gang arrives on the third floor. Milligan stops in front of a door where the stairs to the attic should be.

MILLIGAN

Rosie?

She steps forward and finds the right key for the lock. It creaks open. Milligan pulls out his flashlight.

A wall of plaster and plyboard in front of us. Milligan and the others rip it down revealing a staircase up to the attic. They ascend into the darkness.

Scared, Rosie stands off to the side. Kavanaugh sees the fear on her face.

KAVANAUGH

Take my hand.

She smiles appreciatively and gives him her hand. They climb the stairs together.

Swedish Hjalm, Houseman and Jones follow.

Stuttgard takes up the rear. He looks behind him, noticing the absent Giselle and Pete.

Unobserved by the others, he turns around and goes searching for the missing two.

INT. STORAGE CLOSET, THIRD FLOOR - NIGHT

CLICK.

The overhead light comes on revealing Giselle and Pete.

Excited, Giselle holds on to his forearms like a life preserver.

GISELLE

How do you know what she looked like? Were you here that winter?

PETE

(compassionately)

I was on the clean-up crew that came and -

He hesitates, not knowing how to say it.

GISELLE

You cleaned up the bodies?

EXT. STORAGE CLOSET, THIRD FLOOR - NIGHT - CONT.

Following the muffled SOUND of VOICES, Stuttgard walks down the hall towards the light emanating from underneath the door to the storage closet.

Quiet as a mouse, he sneaks up and leans his ear to the door.

GISELLE (O.S.)

So, if you know who I am, then you know why I'm here. Don't you?

PETE (O.S.)

You made a mistake in coming here.

INT. STORAGE CLOSET, THIRD FLOOR - NIGHT - CONT.

GISELLE

You came.

PETE

I'm an old man. And I'm too damn curious for my own good.

GISELLE

Do you think my dad did it? Do you think he killed everyone? Killed my mother?

Pete considers lying to her, but changes his mind.

PETE

No. I don't.

Just then the power goes out.

Surprised YELPS pierce down from the attic.

MILLIGAN (O.S.)

God damn it! Where is everybody?

The FLICK of a cigarette lighter. Giselle looks directly into Pete's eyes.

GISELLE

What do you think this thing is?

PETE

I don't think it's a thing, Giselle. I think it's a man. Flesh and blood. And whoever he is - he's locked in with us now.

A RAP on the outside of the storage room door.

The lighter goes out and the door to the room is thrown open.

The blinding light of Kavanaugh's souped-up flashlight blinds Giselle and Pete.

KAVANAUGH

Your five minutes are up. It's my turn to make out with the pretty girl.

The power comes back on. Light's restored.

The rest of the party descends into the third floor hallway.

ROSIE

There's nothing up there. Just a couple broken windows.

Milligan leads the pack, hopping mad.

MILLIGAN

(to Kavanaugh and Pete)

You don't think rules apply to you two, huh?

Giselle does a quick head count.

SWEDISH HJALM

Where's Jones?

They look around. Jones is gone.

INT. REC. ROOM, DORMITORY - NIGHT

Milligan stands in the doorway ushering everyone back into the rec. room. Everyone but the missing Jones.

MILLIGAN

Give me your keys, Rosie.

She fishes out her key ring and hands it over.

KAVANAUGH

You're not going to lock us in here!

MILLIGAN

I sure as shit am.

PETE

I can't let you do that, Chief.

MILLIGAN

You don't have a choice.

Kavanaugh and Pete advance on the door. Milligan stands his ground.

MILLIGAN
(continuing)

So this is how it's going to be?
Mutiny on the Bounty, gentlemen?
Someone's got to call the shots
around here and last I checked I
was still the fucking crew chief!

Kavanaugh and Pete stand down. A little. Although still apprehensive.

KAVANAUGH
Don't lock us in. We'll police
ourselves.
(makes eye contact
with everyone in the
room)
Won't we?

Milligan considers this.

MILLIGAN
I can't take that chance.

Quickly, he ducks out the door, locking it behind him.

Kavanaugh rushes the door, BANGING on it.

KAVANAUGH
You motherfucker! Open this door!

MILLIGAN (O.S.)
It's only until headquarters
arrives. It's for all of your own
good.

KAVANAUGH
Yeah?! How do we know that you're
not the killer?!

A pause. A long pause. Almost long enough to make the hairs
on your arms stand on end.

The SOUND of him walking off down the hall.

Kavanaugh pounds on the door.

KAVANAUGH
(continuing)
Come back here! Open this door!

The FOOTSTEPS get further away. Then, silence.

A COUNTRY SONG begins to play on the jukebox like a lullaby.

Kavanaugh turns on Houseman who drops quarters in the machine.

KAVANAUGH
(continuing)
What the hell are you doing, man?

HOUSEMAN
I'm scared.

Kavanaugh backs off, letting the kid do his thing. He paces the room, tossing his Zippo.

ROSIE
We're all scared.

PETE
I think something's not right with
Chief Milligan.

Having just vocalized their worst fear, the room grows deathly silent.

PETE
(continuing)
How do we know he couldn't reach
Fairbanks? Did anyone else try to
get them on the radio? All we
have to go on is Milligan's word?
We've got to place our own SOS
call.

Kavanaugh runs his hands over the faux wood paneling on the walls.

KAVANAUGH
There has to be a way out of this
room.

GISELLE
(nodding to the door)
There is.

She pulls her key ring from her pocket. The identical match to Rosie's confiscated one.

INT. HALL OUTSIDE REC. ROOM, DORMITORY - NIGHT

The power kicks off and the PUMPS fall silent.

The boarded up front hall is pitch black - seven flashlights kick on as our group moves out of the rec. room.

PETE
Try the light switch.

The SOUND of a switch being flipped repeatedly. Futile.

HOUSEMAN
It's no use. Power's out.

ROSIE
Do you think he turned the genie
off?

GISELLE
I don't know.

Six flashlight beams move down the hall to the main control room -

But one divergent flashlight -

- breaks from the rest and heads off on its own, stealthily climbing the front staircase.

INT. MAIN CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT - CONT.

POV OF THE GROUP:

The control room looks as if someone's taken a baseball bat to it. The radio's gutted - clumps of useless wires hang from it. And although the room is almost unrecognizable in its disarray, Chief Milligan's little glass office is perfectly intact.

CLOSE ON GISELLE:

GISELLE
Get back to the rec. room.

INT. JONES ROOM, SECOND FLOOR, DORMITORY - NIGHT

Quickened breath.

You can almost smell the fear of the hiding man.

Suddenly the light of a cell phone clicks on - under the bed.

The greenish light of the phone illuminates the dancing dust particles making the airborne dust bunnies look like fire flies. As we move in closer, we see the face of the man hiding under the bed: Jones.

He dials a sequence of numbers and the satellite phone actually starts to RING.

JONES
Oh my God! Yes!

DISTANT FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
Hello -

JONES
Mom!

DISTANT FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
Gary -

JONES
Mom listen to me!

DISTANT FEMALE VOICE
- Senior and I aren't home right now. We're out cruising the warm waters of the South Pacific. So if this an emergency you're shit out of luck, sailor! Have a great winter!

BEEP.

JONES
Mom! Dad! Call the police and get them out to Mile Zero. Right away! Shit's not right with this place -

Suddenly the phone cuts out and the line goes dead.

JONES
(continuing)
No! Fuck me.

With the cell phone light out, the only light in the room is from the outside floodlights shining in through the room's little window.

We hear Jones DIALING again frantically. Then, the door to the room opens.

Jones freezes in place.

JONES POV FROM UNDER THE BED:

We watch as the hem of the brown robe comes into view. Muddy work boots underneath.

Jones covers his mouth in hopes of silencing the sound of his breathing.

We watch the Robed Figure walk across the room and pick up the abandoned pool cue leaning against the wall.

We HEAR the SNAP. And watch as half a pool cue rolls under the bed.

The Robed Figure stands at the side of the bed, only feet away from Jones who watches the hem of the robe like his life depended on it.

Suddenly the other half of the pool cue thrusts under the bed like a lance.

Jones deftly dodges it.

But the pool cue finds him. Jabs him in the thigh. Hard.

And again. This time digging into his hip.

Jones grabs hold of the pool cue and with both hands he pulls it his way, the Robed Figure pulls it his. A ghoulish tug of war ensues.

Jones' cell blinks. The last number he dialed still on the screen: 911. Hands still on the pool cue, he leans forward and presses the send button with his chin. The word "Dialing" appears on the screen and we hear the distant SOUND of RINGING.

Suddenly, the Robed Figure lets go of the pool cue and Jones' head crashes to the floor. Hard. In an attempt to break his fall, Jones inadvertently knocks the cell phone out from under the bed and sends it spinning into the center of the room.

The Robed Figure flips the mattress off the bed.

Just then the SOUND of SOME SLEEPY PERSON in a warm bed infiltrates the room.

VOICE ON CELLPHONE (O.S.)
Hello. Yackatu County Sheriff's
Department.
(audible yawn)
How may I help you?

JONES
(screaming)
Help!

There's a pause and for a minute we think the dispatcher's heard him. But then -

VOICE ON CELLPHONE (O.S.)

Hello?

The Robed Figure throws the box spring across the room.
Jones scampers like a mouse.

Jones looks this way, then that. *But there's nowhere to go.*

The Robed Figure stands above him like some shrouded bearer
of death.

VOICE ON CELLPHONE (O.S.)
(continuing)

Hello? Do you need help?

Robed Figure picks up the squawking cell phone and in one
graceful arm movement deftly hucks it through the glass
window. Shattering the glass. He advances on the pleading
Jones mercilessly.

TITLE CARD: **FRIDAY**

EXT. MILE ZERO - DAY

The pale light of dawn casts a uniformly faint yellow glow on
the icefields. This is the most unremarkable dawn you've
ever seen. Listless and uninspired. As if the day itself is
too tired to begin anew.

The wind off the peninsula rages inland, bringing with it
drifts of snow and shards of ice that pelt the boarded up
compound with a vengeance.

This place is a cold hell.

INT. REC. ROOM, DORMITORY - NIGHT

POWER restored, the fluorescent lights flicker to life. And
the PUMPS begin again.

Camera pans along the furniture in Club Mile Zero. Rosie
sleeps on the orange couch. Stuttgart in an armchair.

On the floor under the pool table, Giselle sleeps in the nook
of Kavanaugh's arm.

Houseman sucks his thumb, curled up in fetal position under
the bar.

And over by the door, Pete and Swedish Hjalms, awake, play a
silent game of cribbage. Pete keeps one sleepy eye on the
door.

A JANGLE of KEYS from outside the door.

PETE
(sharp)
Kavanaugh!

Kavanaugh sits up rousing Giselle who in turn taps Stuttgart's leg. He stirs awake.

Milligan opens the door. Haggard and defeated, he stands in the doorway, head down.

MILLIGAN
Something's happened.

CUT TO:

INT. JONES ROOM, DORMITORY - DAY

The aftermath of Jones violent death. The room's covered with blood and broken glass. But there's no body.

Rosie hides her face in Swedish Hjalm's shirt. Houseman throws up. Giselle's eyes are focused on the wall - on the message written there in blood:

'STAY WITH'

STUTTGARD
(disgusted)
Christ.

Kavanaugh nods to Pete and the two men move in on either side of Chief Milligan.

MILLIGAN
What are you doing?!

KAVANAUGH
Chief, we're locking you up.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN, FIRST FLOOR - DAY

Dragging and kicking, it takes four men to restrain Chief Milligan as they drag him to the dry lock room off the kitchen.

Giselle leads the way, searching for the appropriate key as they go.

And even though they think they're doing the right thing, watching them should remind us of a lynch mob. Kavanaugh wrestles Rosie's key ring out of Milligan's pocket and places it in his own.

MILLIGAN

(begging; pleading)

No! You're making a mistake! I know what's going on! I figured it out!

Struggling, Milligan runs his hand along the surface of the passing counter top, grabbing at anything. He makes contact with a butcher's knife sending it spinning on the counter - it gleams brightly reflecting the fluorescent lights overhead. He grabs the blade end.

A larger hand surrounds his and squeezes until the sharp blade cuts into Milligan's palm.

Its Swedish Hjalm. And he's fed up.

SWEDISH HJALM

That's enough, Chief.

He picks him up by the seat of his pants and tosses him into the dry lock room.

INT. DRY LOCK ROOM - DAY - CONT.

Milligan lands with a thump and slides into the far corner.

MILLIGAN

It's this place! It's not one of us! It's not a man. It's going to kill us all one by one until -

Pointing out into the kitchen like a mad man, Milligan's credibility seems shot. But Giselle listens; she hears something in his words that the others don't. Reason.

KITCHEN:

Kavanaugh SLAMS the dry lock door shut.

KAVANAUGH

Lock it up.

Giselle hesitates.

GISELLE

What if we're making a mistake?

KAVANAUGH

Look, we were all together last night. Milligan was the only one who could've destroyed the radio and killed Jones. He's the only one not accounted for.

GISELLE
But what if it's not a person -

Tired of debating, Kavanaugh takes the keys from her. She snatches them back defiantly.

GISELLE
(continuing)
I'll do it.

She locks the doors, slides the key ring protectively into her pocket and storms out of the room.

Exhausted, the others disperse too, leaving the kitchen by various doors until the kitchen's empty. And there's only the familiar HUM of the REFRIGERATOR.

The lights blink off and darkness engulfs the room.

When the lights come on the kitchen seems just as it did before. Only now in SLOW MOTION - we can actually see the flicker of the fluorescent light overhead (like a strobe light) and hear the slow hum of the refrigerator now low and mechanical and no longer comforting in the least.

A swatch of color in the doorway. Brown.

The Robed Figure moves into the room in SLOW MOTION - his long robe billows out around him and we can see each fold in the heavy material as he moves. He advances across the room in powerful strides. Unstoppable.

Without a sideways glance, he grabs the abandoned butcher's knife on the counter as he descends on the dry lock room.

As the we hold on the part of the room he's not in, we HEAR the SOUNDS of following:

- A indeterminable SEEPING NOISE and then -
- the sharp TWANG of a blade CUTTING through the air.

MILLIGAN (O.S.)
(prolonged scream in
slo-mo)

NO!!!

- then the RELENTLESS SOUND of FLESH being CUT.

BLOOD SPLATTERS - flying in slow motion into our field of vision and spraying the counter tops and hanging pots with a fine endless mist of blood.

INT. REC. ROOM, DORMITORY - DAY

Kavanaugh's at the bar nursing a beer.

Suddenly, the JUKEBOX kicks on.

He turns; *he's the only one in the room.*

He crosses to the machine, hesitantly.

KAVANAUGH

If this is someone's idea of a
joke, I'm going to tan your ass
and use it as a wallet when I get
home.

He peeks his head around the far side of the jukebox. No
one. He looks behind the machine. Nothing.

Then something on top of the jukebox catches his eye.

An employment file. He pulls it down: GISELLE BLAINE.

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRWAY TO THE ATTIC, DORMITORY - DAY

Giselle stands at the base of the staircase. A hammer in one
hand and her handwritten list in the other. She lets the
list go and it flutters to the ground. There's only one item
without a check next to it.

Attic.

She steps over the pile of broken boards and plaster and
ascends the dark staircase.

INSERT: STILL PHOTO OF THE '84 CRIME SCENE:

Covered with a single tarp, a pile of approximately 30
corpses lies in the center of a large room. We've seen this
photo flash by in the opening titles.

INT. ATTIC - DAY

The room in the photo and the room before us are one and the
same. The attic of Mile Zero.

Giselle stands at the top of the staircase - and although
daylight fades fast, the light through the blown out windows
illuminates the wide empty space.

Giselle stoically crosses to the far side of the room. Using the back side of a hammer, she removes the nails that hold the floorboards down.

CUT TO:

INT. DRY LOCK ROOM - DAY

The heavy METALLIC CREAKING of the dry lock DOOR SWINGING OPEN.

Kavanaugh, Giselle's employee file underarm, stands in the doorway. What he sees before him drains the color from his face.

Milligan's corpse, slashed to ribbons, on the floor of the dry lock room like some macabre offering. His expression is one of abject terror. And bewilderment.

CUT TO:

INT. ATTIC - DAY

Giselle rips the floorboards out of the ground like a woman possessed. Having already dislodged an impressive amount of planks, she's a quarter of the way across the room. And with no sign of stopping until they're all removed. She wipes the sweat from her brow and continues.

A NOISE behind her on the stairs.

She shines her little flashlight over there.

The figure of a man approaches.

She arms herself with the hammer, preparing for the worst.

But then the figure of the man suddenly gets wider, branching out to either side. It's three men. Originally in a single file line, but now walking shoulder to shoulder.

KAVANAUGH (O.S.)

Giselle, put down the hammer.

GISELLE

What's going on here?

Pete and Stuttgard are on either side of Kavanaugh. The three approach her with caution as if she were a wild animal caught in a snare.

STUTTGARD

Just relax. No one's going to hurt you.

Giselle swings the hammer at them, keeping them at arms' distance.

 GISELLE
What do you want?

 KAVANAUGH
Your father. Perkins. He's the
one that killed everyone the
winter of '84.

 STUTTGARD
Killed your mom too.

 GISELLE
My father didn't kill anyone!

The men look at her. Pity in their eyes. This angers
Giselle. She turns her fury on Pete.

 GISELLE
 (continuing; to Pete)
I keep telling you this place
kills people. And if you don't
start listening to me, we're all
going to die here.

 PETE
I don't know what to think. But
I know it's best if you come with
us.

 GISELLE
Why?! So you can lock me up with
Milligan?!

Giselle catches the sideways glance Pete gives Kavanaugh.

 GISELLE
 (continuing)
What?

 KAVANAUGH
Giselle, someone killed Milligan.

 GISELLE
 (shocked)
How? He was locked in there for
God's sake!

Her key ring JINGLES in her pocket. And then it dawns on
her.

GISELLE
(continuing; quiet)
You think I did it.

KAVANAUGH
There are only two sets of keys -

PETE
Yours. And -

KAVANAUGH
Mine.

Giselle and Kavanaugh lock eyes. Giselle, neither stupid nor insane, sees their reasoning but can't accept this.

GISELLE
It doesn't make sense.

PETE
It would make everyone feel better
if you'd agree to stay in your
room until help arrives.

GISELLE
But help's not coming! You saw
the radio!

KAVANAUGH
There's another radio. A back up.
In a shed. About a mile from here.

GISELLE
You'll never make it. Night's
already falling.

PETE
We're going to head out at day
break.

STUTTGARD
Between now and then, it would
make us all feel better if you'd
just agree to this.

GISELLE
There has to be some other
explanation.

She lays down the hammer.

GISELLE

(continuing)

I didn't kill anyone. But if you want to lock me up. Then so be it. But know this - if whatever's killing people was able to get to Milligan in a locked room, it will be able to get to me.

She walks past them toward the stairs.

GISELLE

(continuing)

And to you.

The wind storms through the open windows blowing the contents of the room everywhere.

As the men follow Giselle, we spot something fluttering in the foreground under the floorboards. Camera pans down to reveal -

- a red spiral notebook.

INT. GISELLE'S ROOM, DORMITORY - NIGHT

Giselle enters the room like a prisoner to the gallows.

KAVANAUGH

I need your keys.

She takes them from her pocket and hucks them at him.

KAVANAUGH

(continuing; in the doorway)

I'm sorry about this.

(she doesn't respond)

If it's any comfort, I don't think it's you.

GISELLE

(spiteful)

Then you're even more pathetic than I thought.

Now that his feelings are sufficiently hurt, Giselle motions for him to close the door.

GISELLE

(continuing)

I'd like to be alone.

With a heavy heart, Kavanaugh shuffles through Giselle's key ring. He holds up the one to her room. She's marked it with a dab of pink nail polish. He's touched that she took his suggestion.

He looks up in time to see -

Giselle SLAM the door shut in his face.

Now alone in her room, she crosses to the small window and looks out at the night.

We hear the KEY LOCK her in.

EXT. MILE ZERO - NIGHT

In the grip of night, only a few lights emanate from Mile Zero. A few on the first floor. One on the second. The third floor's completely dark. But there's one light glowing in the attic. A flashlight.

INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

Snow flies sideways through the broken windows. The owner of the flashlight walks from the stairs to where Giselle ripped up the last floorboard.

Setting the flashlight down, the person reaches under the floorboards and removes the red spiral notebook, hidden there all these years.

INT. GISELLE'S ROOM, DORMITORY - NIGHT

The base of a ceramic lamp crashes into the wall barely flaking the plaster.

We pull back to reveal that the lamp's attached to a pendulum. Giselle's made with a belt. It hangs from her ceiling light.

Unhappy with the lackluster performance of her McGyver apparatus, she begins anew - untying the belt from the ceiling light.

Outside her window, a floodlight flickers as if the bulb is dying.

Giselle crosses to her window and looks out at the arctic storm blowing in from the straits. Drifts of snow race across the plain like sheets of rain in a downpour.

Then, something below catches her eye.

A tiny figure exits the compound. Open coat. No hat.

Giselle squints into the darkness and the inclement weather.
Her concern grows.

GISELLE

Rosie?

EXT. MILE ZERO - NIGHT - CONT.

Rosie hurries through the new feet of snow. She looks scared and confused.

Under her open coat she carries the red spiral notebook, opened to the last page.

Dressed as she is and fighting the drifts of snow, she gets as far from the compound as she dares. She drops to her knees and begins to dig a hole.

INT. GISELLE'S ROOM, DORMITORY - NIGHT - CONT.

GISELLE

(under her breath)

What are you doing, Rosie?

It's then that Giselle spots the red spiral notebook.

GISELLE

(continuing)

No!

She bangs on the window. Hard. And again.

GISELLE

(continuing)

NO!!! What are you doing?!

Something moves deftly across the snow from the compound to Rosie.

It's the Robed Figure.

Giselle glances quickly at the picture in the open book on her bed. The Russian Fur trappers. The eighth man. It's him undoubtedly.

He advances on the crouching Rosie who has her back to him.

Giselle pounds on the window with real vigor. And anger.

GISELLE
 (continuing)
Get away from her!
 (yelling at the top
 of her lungs)
Rosie!

EXT. MILE ZERO - NIGHT - CONT.

Like a dog hearing something in the distance, just on the edge of the senses, Rosie perks her head up. She turns back toward the compound and sees the Robed Figure descend on her like a demon from hell.

She drops the diary and scampers away on all fours.

He pursues.

INT. GISELLE'S ROOM, DORMITORY - NIGHT

Giselle turns to her door. She runs at it. Throwing her shoulder into it.

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT - CONT.

The door flies open without any resistance and Giselle skids across the hall and into the wall.

Pulling herself to her feet she looks back at her room and sees a key ring hanging from her doorknob. The key to her room in the lock.

Someone wanted her to get out of her room.

The purple flowered "Rosie" trinket sways back and forth, glinting under the fluorescent lights.

CUT TO:

EXT. MILE ZERO - NIGHT

Rosie crawls over a drift and rolls down into the ravine. She buries herself in fresh powder, camouflaging herself into the landscape.

TOP OF THE DRIFT:

The Robed Figure looks into the ravine.

There doesn't appear to be anything down there. He turns to leave when something catches his attention.

The sole of a work boot protrudes from a pile of snow.

He climbs down the ravine. A man with a mission.

INT. FRONT STAIRS - NIGHT

Giselle tears down the stairs. She barely pauses to throw on a jacket and swipe a pair of gloves as she runs for the door. Dropping one, she leaves it.

She opens the front door and runs out into the night.

BOTTOM OF THE DRIFT:

GISELLE (O.S.)
(yelling over the
wind)

Rosie!

The Robed Figure stops what he's doing -

- bludgeoning Rosie to death. With his hands -

- to look up at the sound of Giselle's voice.

He wipes his bloody hands off on his robe and heads up over the drift.

CLOSER TO THE COMPOUND:

GISELLE
Rosie!

Giselle runs into the night. Over one drift and then another. She spots the hole Rosie dug for the diary. But there's no diary there now only falling snow.

But there's something else - not too far away. A cell phone. Jones' cell phone. Giselle takes it.

The SOUND of the front DOOR SEALING SHUT. We remember this sound from Simon's demise.

Giselle spins around in time to see the Robed Figure inside the front portal window. Red diary in hand.

GISELLE
(continuing)

No.

Giselle reaches for her pocket. But there's no familiar jangle. She has no keys.

A tiny GASPING SOUND behind her.

BOTTOM OF DRIFT:

Snow smeared with blood. Everywhere. Pink and sickening. An exposed foot jerks spastically.

GISELLE
(continuing)
Oh, Rosie. I'm so sorry.

Rosie rises up. Her battered face now visible. She's dying. And she knows it.

ROSIE
(clear as day)
He's not a man.

With that, she falls back down into the snow bed - dead.

Giselle tries to drag her up, take her with her, but she can't manage. Numbed by the cold, her own exposed hand refuses to cooperate with the orders her mind sends it.

GISELLE
Fuck.

Freezing cold, she leaves Rosie there and hurries back to the compound.

As she walks, snow kicks up all around her. A whiteout in the making. Panicked, she spins around. The impenetrable whiteness moves in like a cognizant being, surrounding her.

We stay stationary in the growing whiteout as Giselle runs forward, trying to make it to the other side before she becomes disoriented. We watch as she disappears in the ethereal whiteness that quickly envelops her.

INT. REC. ROOM - NIGHT

All alone, Pete sits in the rec. room. Lost in his own thoughts. FOOTSTEPS in the hall. He looks up.

PETE
Hello?

No response. He crosses to the door.

HALL OUTSIDE REC. ROOM:

Pete scans the hall. No one's there.

But at the end of the hall, the door outside to the pump station is wide open.

Pete investigates.

EXT. MILE ZERO - NIGHT

Hand over hand, he uses the guide rope to make his way through the escalating storm to the pump station.

INT. PUMP STATION - NIGHT

PETE
(yelling)

Hello!

Something catches his eye. On the catwalk above. A red spiral notebook. Lying on the grating. Plain as day. *Waiting to be discovered.*

Suspicious, Pete looks around. But the mechanized station appears to be deserted.

He climbs the stairs to the catwalk.

In the foreground, the drape of the brown robe wipes frame.

CATWALK:

Upon the diary now, Pete scans the pages quickly. As he nears the back of the notebook he slows. What he reads drains the color from his face.

Out of the corner of his eye, he sees a figure below. With a cumbersome remote control in hand - the Robed Figure presses a button.

PETE
(continuing)
What the hell?

The SOUND of the CRANE overhead causes Pete to look up. Suspended from the crane, a car sized vec hangs over him.

Pete scrambles. He knocks the diary over the side of the catwalk as he tries to make a run for it. But its too late.

The crane releases the heavy vec and it falls upon Pete. Squishing him through the grate below. Like so much playdough.

The power blinks off. And the pump station falls to darkness and silence. Except for the grotesque SOUNDS of Pete's remains falling to the ground below.

INT. FRONT FOYER - NIGHT

Kavanaugh, welding torch under one arm, box of signal flares under the other, emerges from the basement.

He pulls his Zippo from his pocket and lights a lantern in order to see through the darkness.

He passes by the front door.

A hand presses up against the outside portal window.

Kavanaugh doesn't notice. A flare falls out of his box and rolls along the floor. He contemplates leaving it, but decides to retrieve it. When he rises, he sees the hand.

He rushes to the door and throws it open. Giselle falls in.

KAVANAUGH

Giselle! You alright? Can you hear me?

He closes the door and pulls her into the warmth of the lobby.

INT. MAIN CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT - CONT.

Carrying her over his shoulder, Kavanaugh brings her into the room. He lays her on the floor and begins to unbutton her shirt. She raises her hands in protest.

This is the first reaction Kavanaugh's got out of her. Relieved, he smiles.

KAVANAUGH

Don't worry. I know what I'm doing.

Stripping her down to her bra and panties, he begins to disrobe. She shakes her head from side to side.

KAVANAUGH

(continuing)

Honey, while I agree that our first time should be special, this isn't exactly what I had in mind.

Giselle, becoming more aware of the situation at hand, realizes he's doing exactly what he's supposed to do for hypothermia. She relaxes.

He pulls her to him, wrapping his arms and legs around her.

She shivers violently. He wraps a thick wool blanket around them both.

KAVANAUGH

(continuing)

There. Is that better?

GISELLE
(nods)

Yes.

KAVANAUGH
Now we're just going to have to
sit here for awhile until you warm
up. So no hanky-panky, missy.

Giselle laughs. Then, quickly she remembers what has
happened.

GISELLE
He killed Rosie! I saw it from my
window!

KAVANAUGH
Who?

The outline of the Robe in the doorway. Giselle scurries
backward into Kavanaugh. He reaches for his souped-up
flashlight and illuminates that whole side of the room.

Swedish Hjalm stands there. Holding the brown robe.

SWEDISH HJALM
It's covered with blood.

GISELLE
The man wore that! That killed
Rosie.

KAVANAUGH
(to Giselle)
You sure?
(she nods; to Swedish
Hjalm)
Where'd you find that buddy?

SWEDISH HJALM
Right outside this door, Ace.

CUT TO:

INT. PUMP STATION - NIGHT

Stuttgard, flashlight in hand, enters the pump station.

At a steady gait, he heads for the generator.

The SOUND of him STEPPING in something FLESHY.

INT. MAIN CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

SWEDISH HJALM

Way I look it at. One of you is
responsible for all this -
Craziness.

Kavanaugh's flashlight catches the glint of an ax in Swedish Hjalms' hand. Kavanaugh slowly slides himself and Giselle closer to the box of flares and the welding torch.

KAVANAUGH

(buying time)

Which one of us you think it is,
buddy?

He doesn't even hesitate, pointing the condemning blade of the ax at Giselle.

SWEDISH HJALM

Her.

Giselle dresses as fast as she can - she gets a hodgepodge of her clothes and Kavanaugh's.

Swedish Hjalms moves in.

SWEDISH HJALM

(continuing)

I don't want to die.

KAVANAUGH

(rising to his feet)

No one's going to die here, champ.
But I need you to do something for
me. Can you do that? I need you
to get in Milligan's little office
up there -

Kavanaugh points to the glassed in office at the top of the short staircase.

KAVANAUGH

(continuing)

- so that we can keep an eye on
you until help gets here. Can you
do that for me, champ?

Swedish Hjalms shakes his head from side to side.

SWEDISH HJALM

Nope. Can't do that.

He swings the ax into the remnants of the radio. Reducing it to a tiny bits. The man is an ox.

KAVANAUGH
(motioning to the ax)
Give me that.

Swedish Hjalm turns his attention to Giselle.

SWEDISH HJALM
This all started when she *appeared*
here. She's not a real person.
She's the ghost they talk about
that hunts people just for fun.
A lady ghost. But I'm not going
let her kill me.

With that he raises the ax, prepared to crack Giselle's head in.

Kavanaugh takes a swing at him, but this does little to slow the giant man.

Swedish Hjalm brings the ax down - and although her reflexes are slow, Giselle manages to roll out of the way in time.
This time.

He tries again, raising the ax overhead.

We HEAR the welding torch IGNITE and a plume of blue flame shoots out.

KAVANAUGH
Get in the room, Hjalm.

Swedish Hjalm dismisses Kavanaugh's mandate and swings the ax at Giselle - with the ferocity that only a man of his girth can muster.

This time Kavanaugh doesn't wait. He lunges forward and lights Swedish Hjalm's back on fire.

The big man tries to put the flames out, but he can't reach. He walks in circles swatting at his back futilely.

Kavanaugh's doesn't know what to do.

The flames eat through Hjalm's clothes. Burning his skin. Spreading across his back and down his legs. The man wails in abject pain.

Making a grave decision, Kavanaugh advances on him.

Giselle watches horrified as Kavanaugh scorches him to death as quickly as possible. Smoldering, the giant man finally falls like a redwood to the floor dead.

Giselle looks at the bloodied brown robe and then at Kavanaugh, welding torch in hand. She scoots away from him.

KAVANAUGH

(continuing; catching
her look)

What? I had to do it. You saw
him.

He walks toward her but she shrinks away.

Stuttgard runs into the room pale as a ghost.

STUTTGARD

(to Giselle)

Next door. Pete. He's -

His sentence trails off: he can't think of words to describe what he's seen. Then, he notices Swedish Hjalmar's corpse and Kavanaugh, covered with soot and sweat, moving in on the half clad Giselle, welding torch in hand.

STUTTGARD

(continuing)

What's going on here?

GISELLE

(to Kavanaugh)

Get away from me.

Giselle hurries to Stuttgard. But his attention is fixed on something beyond the door, out in the lobby. His face is frozen in terror.

Giselle crosses to his side and slowly turns to look where he's looking.

INT. FRONT STAIRS - NIGHT - CONT.

Drilled into the foyer wall, Houseman hangs upside down like the Jesus crucifix we saw earlier. He's been brutally disemboweled.

CONTROL ROOM:

Kavanaugh comes up behind Giselle and Stuttgard. His face is impassive. We can't tell what he's thinking -

The lights go out.

Giselle SCREAMS.

The lights flicker back on.

It's just she and Stuttgart.

Kavanaugh is gone.

Giselle grabs Stuttgart's hand and pulls him with her up the front stairs.

GISELLE

Come with me!

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Hand in hand, they race down the second floor hallway.

To Milligan's room.

INT. MILLIGAN'S ROOM - NIGHT - CONT.

Messy comfort and silence. This room appears to have been undisturbed by the events in the rest of the compound. Or so it would seem.

Giselle rushes in and goes straight for the dresser. She opens the bottom drawer.

There's a perfect imprint where Milligan's Magnum 357 should be - but there's no gun.

Stuttgart hits the lights.

His GASP draws Giselle's attention to the wall -

- and the message written carefully in blood -

'STAY WITH ME,'

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT - CONT.

Stuttgart and Giselle run back into the hall.

STUTTGARD

What do we do?

GISELLE

(grabbing his hands;
trying to calm
herself)

You know where the back-up radio
is?

(more)

GISELLE (cont'd)
(he nods)
Okay. Go for the back-up radio.
Call headquarters. The police.
Whoever can get here first.

She hands him flares, keeping half for herself.

GISELLE
(continuing)
Shoot these off if you run into
Kavanaugh. I might have a plan.

He takes off down the hall.

STUTTGARD
Good-bye, Giselle.

As he disappears around the corner and down the stairs -
Giselle turns to the long hall in front of her.

TITLE CARD: **SATURDAY**

Like a gunslinger in a Western, Giselle walks along the
corridor - the oppressive yellow hue suffocates.

The door to Giselle's room opens on its own. Beckoning her.

And then a strange wind rises out of nowhere.

All along the corridor, locked doors open on their own -
BANGING in unrest.

A single scrap of paper flies out of Giselle's open door.
Then another and another. Until the hallway is aflutter with
her research. Ripped to pieces. Blowing every which way.

Shredded crime scene photos rain down.

Giselle walks on, ignoring the doors and the paper blizzard
and the cacophony of ghostlike MOANS that rise out of the
strange wind.

INT./EXT. GISELLE'S ROOM - NIGHT - CONT.

Giselle enters her room. Making her way through the macabre
ticker tape parade, she finds the trash can and brings it out
into the hall.

She dumps out the contents and trash flies everywhere. But
she finds what she's looking for.

A matchbook.

She pulls Jones' cell phone out of her pocket. With hope and a prayer, she hits the power button.

Miraculously, the satellite phone lights up.

She dials.

NANUCK (O.S.)

Party central.

GISELLE

Nanuck! - I need you to call the police - everyone's dead but me and -

INT. NANUCK'S DOUBLE WIDE TRAILER - NIGHT - CONT.

Surrounded by his piles of contraband and stoned out of his mind, Nanuck's only catching half this conversation.

NANUCK

- I'm not calling the fuzz.

GISELLE (O.S.)

(barely controlling herself)

Nanuck! This is life or death! Kavanaugh's gone crazy. I saw him kill someone. Please -

A chubby TEENAGE GIRL in her underwear pops Nanuck a beer.

NANUCK

Who'd you say this was?

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT - CONT.

On her knees, Giselle looks down the hall, her face paling.

Kavanaugh comes for her.

NANUCK (O.S.)

(lowering his voice)

I already have a lady friend over, but I'd love to party another time -

Giselle drops the phone as she scoots away from Kavanaugh's advancing figure.

KAVANAUGH

Don't run.

She does just that. Bolting like her life depended on it.

Scampering down the bright yellow corridor -

- like an animal being stalked.

The lights flicker overhead.

Kavanaugh follows solemnly.

INT. FRONT STAIRS - NIGHT

She flies down the front stairs -

Kavanaugh pursues. Coming down the stairs into the abandoned lobby.

The front door of the compound is wide open. Kavanaugh grabs Swedish Hjalms ax and heads outside.

As soon as he steps outside the DOOR SLAMS shut behind him.

Giselle.

She throws the lock and rushes into the main control room.

INT. MAIN CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT - CONT.

She shuts the heavy door behind her. Throws the lock. And the deadbolt. She slides the board through the door's handles. And wedges a chair up against it. Then, she slides short filing cabinets over, stacking them two deep.

She's barricading herself in.

The SOUND of the AX on the outside door.

The whole building seems to shake with the impact.

EXT. FRONT FOYER - NIGHT

The front door begins to SPLINTER as Kavanaugh axes his way back into the building.

MAIN CONTROL ROOM:

Frantic, she scans the room for possible weapons. But what she sees makes her freeze in place.

There, in the center of the room -

Is her mother's diary.

The holy grail.

Outside, the SOUND of the AX HACKING down the front door.

Giselle grabs the diary and opens it.

CLOSE ON:

The diary as Giselle flips through the pages. The glimpses we get of the early pages are banal. "Thomas and I played pool with..." "We did 64 tons of crude today, Chief says..."

Giselle keeps flipping. Near the back of the diary, the writing gets weird; large and loopy, it begins to fall outside of the lines. And one name appears, more and more often - leaping off the page:

Stuttgart.

Stuttgart wants...

Stuttgart says I should lure Thomas into the pump...

Me and Stuttgart got to get out of here...

He's the only one I can trust...

This hits Giselle hard. She slides down the wall. A thousand thoughts race through her mind.

MONTAGE:

Through the following snippets of scenes, we see the exact scene we've seen before. Only this time we see it, Stuttgart is transparent. Merely a figment. When he speaks, we notice that no one EVER acknowledged him except Giselle.

FLASHBACK - CLUB MILE ZERO:

NANUCK

Best snowmobile on the market.

FIGMENT STUTTGARD

(under his breath; to
Giselle)

In like 1988.

Nanuck smiles, gives Giselle the matchbook and walks away.

FIGMENT STUTTGARD

(continuing)

You're going to want to frame
that. In case the kids ask how
you and Dad met.

Giselle laughs with Stuttgart.

But what the others in the bar see is Giselle in the corner, matchbook in hand, laughing by herself.

FLASHBACK - EXTERIOR MILE ZERO

Giselle opens the back door of the snow cab.

FIGMENT STUTTGARD

Oh my. Look what the snow cab dragged in.

(hood falls back)

Welcome to Mile Zero. I think we're going to have some fun. You and I.

What the Driver sees is Giselle opening the door and staring off in space. No one stands there.

FLASHBACK CLUB MILE ZERO:

NANUCK

She's fiery.

Stuttgard comes up behind Nanuck and Kavanaugh and drapes an arm over each of their shoulders.

FIGMENT STUTTGARD

Sorry to inform you. She's taken, gentlemen.

They don't acknowledge him. **Because he's not there.**

FLASHBACK OPERATOR'S ROOM, PUMP STATION:

Milligan spots a finger thin trail of blood leading to the corner of the room and up the wall. It ends where a Jesus on the Crucifix hangs. Upside down.

MILLIGAN

What the fuck is going on here?!

Frightened and pissed off, Milligan throws an ashtray out the door.

Last time we saw this scene, Stuttgard was in the doorway, but there's no one there. Only Giselle in the distance watching.

FLASHBACK BASEMENT:

A shot of Giselle, legs draped over the edge of her armchair - the glow of the incinerator on her smiling face. She toasts the air. Completely by herself.

GISELLE
Chasing ghosts.

END MONTAGE:

INT. MAIN CONTROL ROOM - DAWN - CONT.

CLOSE ON:

Giselle's face.

GISELLE
(quiet)
Oh my God.

The FINAL SOUND of the front door CRACKING down. FOOTSTEPS
out in the hall.

KAVANAUGH (O.S.)
(through door)
It's just you and I left, Giselle
so we've got to stick together.
You hear me? Because I don't
think it's you and I know it's not
me. So as weird as it sounds -
it's got to be this place.

And then the pieces fall into place for Giselle. She jumps
to her feet. Begins to remove the barricade.

GISELLE
It is this place! Only it
pretends to be a man.

And then emerging from the shadows of the room -

Stuttgard. Draped in his characteristic brown robe and hood.

He's the Robed Figure.

He has Milligan's Magnum 357 in his hand.

He aims the gun at Giselle and pulls the trigger. But she's
not his intended target -

- the bullet rips through the control room door -

- and into Kavanaugh.

An audible GASP of surprise can be HEARD through the door.

And then the THUMP of his BODY as it falls to the floor.

GISELLE
(continuing)

No!

Giselle, in a frenzy, pulls the filing cabinets from the wall - trying to get out of the room she's barricaded herself into.

But she doesn't have time. Stuttgard advances on her in the confident gait we've become accustomed to.

Giselle runs for the little staircase up to Milligan's glassed in office.

INT. MILLIGAN'S GLASS OFFICE - DAWN - CONT.

She locks herself in.

Stuttgard stands on the opposite side of the glass.

STUTTGARD
I told you we'd have some fun.
Just the two of us.

And then the humor is gone from his face. He's a monster.

Giselle throws open the filing cabinet and frantically searches through the employee files -

There is no STUTTGARD.

The register. Giselle grabs it from the Chief's desk. Pages after pages of names. None of them Stuttgard.

Giselle feels him looking at her.

She turns. He stands pressed up against the glass door -

His breath makes no fog.

She screams. And then she sees something that almost makes her lose her mind.

He disappears. Completely.

And a wind rises up in the outer room. Raging, it tosses everything not nailed down into the air. And then the wind systematically pelts the glass office with the airborne debris.

The glass walls crack and shake with the impact. But don't break. Yet.

NANUCK (O.S.)

Hello!

INT. FRONT STAIRS - DAWN - CONT.

Nanuck crawls through the splintered front door into the foyer.

Through the shredded door behind him, we see his idling snowmobile outside. The fog cover thickens in ever-lightening shades of gray as a gloomy dawn breaks.

NANUCK

Anyone here?

He sees Houseman's disemboweled corpse on the wall.

NANUCK (O.S.)

(shocked and
disgusted)

Fucking A.

When he turns back around Stuttgart, donned in the robe, stands there. He advances toward him. Relentlessly.

NANUCK

Hey, man. I hear Kavanaugh
flipped his lid.

Stuttgart grabs him by the neck SNAPPING it like a twig.

INT. MILLIGAN'S GLASS OFFICE - DAWN - CONT.

Giselle crawls out from under the desk.

Stuttgart's physical form and the torrid wind are gone.

Giselle seizes this opportunity to get out. She nabs a compass and a map of the icefields from Milligan's desk, unlocks the door and flees.

MAIN CONTROL ROOM:

She removes the barricade from the door. Ever mindful of what lies beyond.

INT. FRONT STAIRS - DAWN - CONT.

Busting out the door, she looks down expecting to see Kavanaugh's body, but it's not there.

A trail of blood leads down the hall toward the rec. room,

Giselle sees the destroyed front door and beyond it -

Nanuck's snowmobile.

INT. CLUB MILE ZERO - DAY

The dead and leaking Nanuck lies on the pool table.

Stuttgard sticks his index finger in the carved hole in Nanuck's belly. Using it as a paint pot, he finishes his message on the wall.

'STAY WITH ME, GISELLE'

Something REVS outside. He turns his head.

EXT. MILE ZERO COMPOUND - DAY

Manning the snowmobile, Giselle careens through the foggy wasteland. She checks the compass and adjusts her direction.

EXT. MILE ZERO - DAY

A very much alive, although seriously wounded Kavanaugh, limps between the dormitory and the pump station.

The fog is so thick, he uses the guide rope to drag himself along.

The SOUND of the PUMPS is tyrannical. Unlocking the door, he slips inside the building. Welding torch under arm.

EXT. REMOTE ALASKA - DAY

Lost in what seems like a land bound cloud, Giselle slows the snowmobile to a sputter.

She checks the map again. The back-up radio should be here.

Frightened and disheartened Giselle momentarily loses her wits; she hucks the compass out of frustration.

It hits something. Not four feet in front of her.

Something with a TINNY resonance.

Giselle climbs off the snowmobile and stretches forward. She touches a wall.

She can see it now.

The shed containing the back-up radio.

INT. BACK-UP SHED - DAY - CONT.

We HEAR Giselle break the lock. The door CREAKS open and she enters the dark shed.

What she sees makes her recoil.

In the center of the room, thirteen bodies are stacked in a pile. Neatly. Like firewood.

The missing Red and Blue Crews.

The back-up radio lies in pieces. It has been dismantled.

Behind her, the hollow SOUND of a SHOVEL drags against the tin shed.

STUTTGARD (O.S.)

Why'd you come here, Giselle?

She whips around. Stuttgart blocks the doorway. She retreats stumbling into the pile of bodies. She falls to her knees.

STUTTGARD

You had to find out the truth for yourself. About your parents? Is that it?

Stuttgart pulls the diary from his robe and tosses it to the ground. The pages flutter.

STUTTGARD

(continuing)

You've just exchanged one albatross for another. Your father didn't kill your mother, Giselle.

Shocked, it hits her, what he's saying.

GISELLE

My mother killed my father?

STUTTGARD

You sound surprised? Everyone's capable of murder, Giselle. Everyone. If I'd given you another hour, you'd have killed Kavanaugh.

He advances.

STUTTGDARD
(continuing)
Do you think its any mistake that
you're the last one, Giselle?

Closer now.

STUTTGDARD
(continuing)
Do you think its because you've
been clever -

GISELLE
(crying)
No.

STUTTGDARD
- smarter than the others and
cheated death?

GISELLE
(shaking her head)
No. I don't.

STUTTGDARD
You're alive because I've spared
you. Because I'm not done with
you yet.

He stands above her.

GISELLE
What do you want from me?

STUTTGDARD
Your company.

And then it dawns on Giselle -

GISELLE
You were after the women?

Stuttgard smiles.

GISELLE
(continuing)
The Indian guide. And the redhead
on the *Mirian* and -
(she can barely get
it out)
- my mother.

He looks down at her like a wolf does its prey and his look
says it all.

GISELLE
(continuing)

No.

STUTTGARD
You've got two options, Giselle.
You can stay with me, keep me
company. Forever.

GISELLE
Or?

This angers Stuttgart - he slams the shovel down at her. She manages to avoid it, rolling to her side. It hits the ground with a STEELY twang.

STUTTGARD
Or I can kill you. Or you can
kill yourself like your mother.

Shocked, Giselle covers her mouth.

Stuttgart strikes the shovel at her again. It catches her in the side and knocks the wind out of her. Realizing she's going to die here unless she does something, Giselle scampers under the pile of corpses.

Stuttgart rains blows down on the stack. The frozen corpses accept his punishment with cool indifference.

GISELLE'S POV:

Giselle crawls deeper into the pile of dead men. SIMON'S asphyxiated purple face stares down at her. She covers her mouth with both hands to prevent from screaming aloud.

She backs into another corpse. This one's a relatively small man from the red crew. She pries him loose.

WIDE SHOT:

From where we stand, it looks as if the dead are rising.

The body of the little man, stiff as a board, rises out of the pile and makes its way to the door like a paper doll - one side forward and then the other.

STUTTGARD
(continuing;
chuckling)
Please, Giselle.

Stuttgart raises the shovel overhead with both hands. Taking him off guard, Giselle pushes the corpse towards him.

The body falls like a board. Stuttgart must drop one arm in order to swat the corpse to the side.

This is Giselle's window of opportunity. She sprints out the door -

EXT. BACK-UP SHED - DAY - CONT.

- and jumps on the snowmobile.

Like a bat out of hell, she flees -

Racing into the breaking fog.

EXT. ICEFIELD - DAY - CONT.

Glimpses of gray sky break through the bank of fog. Then, something rises into vision. A drilling tower.

Giselle parks the snowmobile. Grabs the flares and races into the tower.

INT. DRILLING TOWER - DAY - CONT.

She runs up the tight spiral staircase. And onto the platform overlooking the drilling shaft.

We can see the oil fumes rising up, dancing vapors in the bone cold air. Giselle covers her nose and mouth with a scarf.

A shaft of refracted daylight shines down. Giselle looks up.

At the top of the drilling tower, a slanted pie sized hole opens out to the sky beyond.

INT. DRILLING TOWER - DAY

The wind rages. Stuttgart. In the doorway. He climbs the stairs, two at a time.

EXT. TOP OF DRILLING TOWER - DAY

A good thirty feet up in the air, Giselle crawls out the pie sized hole. Balancing on the ladder on the side of the drilling tower, she holds a flare underarm as she searches for a light.

She digs out the matchbook Nanuck gave her. She tries to strike a match but this is a two hand job. She presses up to the ladder. Sticking her arms around the bars, she holds on with her biceps as she lights a match, but the impossible wind extinguishes it instantaneously.

She frees a hand and frantically searches her pant pockets. But she realizes they're not her pants. They're Kavanaugh's.

A Zippo.

Praise God.

She lights the flare. Tosses it down the shaft.

Pushing herself off the ladder, she kicks off the tower with all her might and free falls into the drifts of snow below.

INT. DRILLING TOWER - DAY - CONT.

Stuttgart looks up. A huge fireball speeds toward him - consuming everything in its path.

EXT. DRILLING TOWER - DAY - CONT.

Giselle hits the ground hard, but gets to her feet and runs as fast as she can away from the -

FIREBALL -

The tower erupts, spewing smoke and shooting flames high into the air.

A thick black cloud raises into the clear day.

Giselle looks hopeful.

Then, tripping onto an internal pocket of fumes, the smoke cloud doubles in size.

Giselle actually smiles.

But then the wind changes direction - 180 degrees. Blowing the dark smoke out to sea.

GISELLE

No!

And like a curtain being pulled the day goes from clear to overcast - threatening snow -

- which begins to fall. Heavily.

Stuttgart advances out of the smoke and snow and grayness.

He comes for her.

Giselle runs toward the only beckon she has -

The SOUND of the PUMPS.

EXT. PUMP STATION - DAY

The day's grown so dark, that it may as well be dusk.

Giselle sprints into the pump station -

INT. PUMP STATION - DAY - CONT.

- she locks the door behind her. Deadbolts it.

And runs for the stairs. To the catwalk.

EXT. PUMP STATION - DAY - CONT.

Stuttgard arrives. He doesn't even try the door. He just vanishes.

Completely.

In his place, a thin mist materializes and seeps under the door and through the cracks between the walls. Gaining easy admittance into the station.

INT. CATWALK, PUMP STATION - DAY

Giselle runs along the catwalk to the operator's platform.

Like a train approaching behind her, she HEARS a deadly WIND BUILDING - over the deafening SOUND of the PUMPS.

She turns and watches as the grates of the catwalk blow out. Section by section. One after another. Like dominoes. Dislodged from their bearings with fury.

Giselle must get off the catwalk. And onto the operator's platform. She runs for it.

She gets to the last section of the catwalk as the grate blows from its bearing. It nearly takes her legs with it.

She leaps. And makes it. Scrambling onto the safety of the operator's platform.

But the wind rallies.

It gusts - gale strength - and Giselle is pushed across the platform floor like so much patio furniture.

A pump looms like a relentless jaw beyond the edge of the platform. It's awesome cylinders press up and down.

Giselle's pushed off the platform. She grabs onto the ledge - if she lets go, she'll be smashed to death. Just like her father.

Then, the power goes off - the PUMPS freeze in place. The room grows still.

Giselle lets go of the ledge -

INT. GROUND FLOOR, PUMP STATION - DAY - CONT.

- and lands ten feet below on top of the stilled pump. She leaps to the lower cylinder and then to the base of the vat. She struggles with the latch, as she attempts to open the maintenance portal from the inside.

The HOWL of the terrible WIND finally abides. An eerie silence falls over the station.

Giselle freezes in place as to not make a sound. FOOTSTEPS above. Walking across the platform.

STUTTGARD (O.S.)
Stay, Giselle.

OPERATOR'S PLATFORM:

STUTTGARD
You'll grow to enjoy the hunt. I have.

Lights come on.

No Giselle. Stuttgart looks over the platform's edge. The pumps, back in motion, press up and down, but Giselle's not down there either.

He spins around and throws open the door to the operator's room. Nothing.

INT. GROUND FLOOR, PUMP STATION:

The SOUND of Giselle's MOVEMENTS are now absorbed by the PUMPS in motion. She runs to the stack of vecs.

The crane removes the one at the top of the pile. Automatically, the next one moves to the top of the stack.

Giselle climbs.

OPERATOR'S PLATFORM:

Pissed, Stuttgart emerges from the operator's room. From this vantage point, he searches the station for Giselle.

The crane deposits the vec into the pipeline and moves to its resting position as it waits its allotted amount of time before picking up the next vec.

This draws Stuttgard's attention to the pile of vecs. And he sees -

PILE OF VECs:

- Giselle hoist herself up the pile.

She spots a man's leg, hiding between the lower vecs.

Kavanaugh. Battered and bloody and on the verge of death. She hurries to him.

To defend himself, he lights the welding torch and she backs off.

GISELLE
(shocked)
I want to help you.

KAVANAUGH
You shot me! I don't want anymore
help from you. Get away.

He waves the welding torch in her direction.

GISELLE
It wasn't me.

KAVANAUGH
Well you and I are the only ones!
And I certainly didn't shot
myself, honey -

A strange opaque mist grows around them, encircling them. The air grows deathly cold.

GISELLE
Fuck. He's found us. Give me the
torch.

Kavanaugh looks at the fog materializing out of nowhere. He's totally confused. Giselle grabs him by the shoulders and looks directly into his eyes.

GISELLE
(continuing)
Give me the torch! And I'll get
us out of here.

Trusting her, he hands it over. She grabs it and climbs up the vecs. He quickly loses sight of her in the heavy mist.

KAVANAUGH
Giselle!

She reappears out of the mist like an apparition.

GISELLE

Yeah?

KAVANAUGH

Why do you need the torch?

GISELLE

There's only one way out of here.

KAVANAUGH

The pipeline.

GISELLE

(surprised by his
answer)

The pipeline. Yeah -

Kavanaugh slides aside to reveal what he's been hiding:

A vec. With a section he removed and then welded back into place. It's rough. But it's most definitely a door.

KAVANAUGH

(smiling)

What do you think I've been doing
here? Working on my tan?

She raises him to his feet. But the fog's so thick, they can barely see their hands in front of their faces.

GISELLE

Come on. We've got to get this
one on top.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON:

The automated crane WHIRS into action. It glides across the room and hovers over the pile of vecs.

VEC PILE:

Giselle and Kavanaugh scramble to move their customized vec into position. On the top of the heap.

Kavanaugh holds his side. Giselle sees that he's bled straight through his coat.

The mist dissipates. And then the pumps stop.

Panicked, Giselle looks around expecting to see -

Stuttgard - cumbersome remote control in hand - stands directly behind her. He moves her hair aside and leans in to her neck.

STUTTGARD

You should've known -

She spins around. Prepared to fight, but he grabs both her hands in one of his. And squeezes. Tightly.

STUTTGARD

(continuing)

- House always wins.

With his other hand, Stuttgard strong-arms the injured Kavanaugh over the side. Giselle SCREAMS as she watches him fall.

The WHIR of the automated crane overhead as it lowers into position.

Stuttgard wraps his hands around Giselle's throat - slowly tightening his grip. Letting her know that he could kill her if he so wished.

Pained, Giselle leans in. It looks as if she plans -

- to kiss him.

This throws Stuttgard off. Enough.

With her hands squarely on his chest, she shoves him backwards -

- grabbing the remote from his hand -

- he tries to grab for it. She pushes him with all her might. He stumbles. Right off the edge of the pile.

Giselle watches him fall - but before Stuttgard hits the floor he evaporates into the air.

A hand grabs Giselle. She jumps.

Kavanaugh.

He shoves her into the vec.

INSIDE VEC:

The vec shakes as the claws of the crane grab each side. Kavanaugh dives in. Giselle shuts the door, grabs the torch and welds them in. Trying quickly to make an airtight seal.

GROUND FLOOR:

Stuttgard re-materializes. He looks at his hand expecting to see the remote.

But it's not there.

INSIDE VEC:

Giselle has it in hand. She presses a button and the PUMPS come back on.

GROUND FLOOR:

The crane swings the vec across the station -

Lowers it down into the pipeline. Stuttgard watches consumed with rage.

STUTTGARD

NO!!!

And then he's gone.

In his place, a full on storm begins to rage inside the pump station.

INSIDE VEC:

Inside the vec, the noise of the STORM drowns out the PUMPS.

Tossing the vec from side to side like a dingy at sea, Giselle and Kavanaugh are battered around. The wind SCREAMS in rage.

Giselle welds the last section. Sealing them in as the vec hits the comforting flow of the pipeline. And like a boat on a stream, the turbulence stops.

The pipeline LID SHUTS overhead and the noise of the station begins to abide.

Giselle turns to Kavanaugh - exuberant.. But his eyes are vacant. He's slipping away.

GISELLE

(grabbing him)

Don't you die on me!

GROUND FLOOR:

It's as if an earthquake and a hurricane are happening simultaneously.

Everything that isn't bolted down is airborne. Water coolers, forklifts, vecs - wreck havoc as they pelt the pipeline. Relentlessly.

Having placed the vec in the pipeline, the crane now tries to return to its resting place.

But it falls over in the gale force winds, taking the operator's platform with it.

The place unglues at the seams.

EXT. MILE ZERO COMPOUND - DAY

From a distance we watch as the pump station collapses in on itself.

The SOUND of an inhuman SCREAM rises over the darkening peninsula.

TITLE CARD: **SUNDAY**

INT. OIL REFINERY, FAIRBANKS - DAY

A hubbub of activity. MUSIC blasts from the SPEAKERS.

We watch as a vec, dripping with crude, is removed from the pipeline.

INT. CRANE PIT - CONT.

The CRANE OPERATOR moves the vec onto the conveyor belt. Another PLANT WORKER enters, radio in hand.

PLANT WORKER
You listening to this?

CRANE OPERATOR
Uh-uh.

The Plant Worker turns up the radio and we HEAR THE NEWS BROADCAST.

RADIO ANNOUNCER
A death toll has yet to be confirmed. Remains of 20 people have been found. 19 oil company employees and one local man, Nanuck Schwartz. Two oil company employees remain unaccounted for. There are no suspects at this time only profound bewilderment that such a thing could happen. Again. Spokesmen for the oil company -

CLOSE ON:

The vec. As the crude rolls off the vec and pools on the conveyor belt below, we make out the familiar crisscross cross welding of the makeshift door. This is the one.

CRANE PIT:

The Plant Worker turns down the radio.

PLANT WORKER

Now what I want to know is where'd they go? These two missing ones. Can't just vanish into thin air.

CRANE OPERATOR

Don't know.

He swings a second crane into position removing the vec from the conveyor belt and swinging it clockwise.

The vec rotates and the door appears, just coming into view -

- the Crane Operator stands up. His body blocks our view of the vec. And of the man made door in the side of it.

CRANE OPERATOR

(continuing)

You take over for me. Got to drop the kids off at the pool.

PLANT WORKER

Huh?

The Crane Operator points to his ass.

PLANT WORKER

(continuing)

Oh yeah. Go.

As they switch positions at the control panel, neither sees the door disappearing from sight as the vec continues to rotate.

Rusty with the controls, the Plant Worker goes to lower the vec but instead sends it spinning again.

PLANT WORKER

(continuing)

Damnit.

And then there it is again in plain sight - the door.

The Plant Worker looks up. And finally sees what we see.

PLANT WORKER
(continuing)

Oh my God.

PILE OF VECs, OIL REFINERY:

Down on the ground floor, a crowd of men conveys around the vec -

A man with a welding mask takes off the door.

PLANT WORKER'S POV:

Giselle sits upright. Kavanaugh lays prostrate, his head in her lap.

Giselle stares straight ahead. Unblinking. There are ice particles embedded in her hair, her eyebrows, her eyelashes - giving her a gray, chalky appearance.

PLANT WORKER
(continuing)

Call an ambulance.

He moves in - sticking his head in the vec. He grabs Kavanaugh's wrist.

PLANT WORKER
(continuing)

Got a pulse here! Faint, but this one's alive.

Men swoop in, helping to lift Kavanaugh out of the vec.

The Plant worker looks around the vec. He stares at the wall.

There's something written there. In Kavanaugh's blood.

'DON'T GO BACK'

As he processes the cryptic message -

A hand grabs his -

GISELLE
Don't go back there.

INT. FRONT STAIRS, MILE ZERO - DAY

A gurney wipes frame - the body underneath covered with a black sheet.

The foyer of Mile Zero is overrun with a CREW of men in orange hazard vests -

We focus on a ROOKIE COP. She takes photos of Houseman's corpse nailed to the wall. Men in orange vests flank either side of her.

ROOKIE COP
(to her boss)
What the hell happened here?

The BIG COP looks at the grisly mess - it's a fucked-up sight to behold. He re-reads the bloody message on the wall -

BIG COP
(quiet; weighing each word)
"Misery loves company."

The Rookie Cop turns to the guy next to her.

ROOKIE COP
(conspiratorially)
What do you think?

The guy in the orange vest turns to face her.

It's Stuttgart.

STUTTGARD
I'd say this is the most miserable place on earth.

ROOKIE COP
(looking around the room)
You got that right.

The Big Cop turns around. All he sees is the Rookie Cop talking quietly to herself.

ROOKIE COP
(continuing; whispering to Stuttgart)
This happened here before, you know.

Stuttgart smiles. *Let the games begin.*

STUTTGARD
Do tell.

ROOKIE COP
Back in '84 there -

As she talks, camera pulls out the door and into the windswept icefield.

We see the collapsed pump station - a construction crew already sets up scaffolding preparing to rebuild.

Camera pulls back further. Racing now over the unforgiving drifts of snow. And further yet. Until we hit the shore of the peninsula. Frozen solid.

The SOUND of something rises up on the WIND. Faint at first but growing louder as we listen.

It sounds like laughter.

The last laugh. And there's no doubt who's voice it is.

FADE TO BLACK:

THE END