

THE HILLS HAVE EYES II

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EXT/INT. MOUNTAIN RIDGE / DESERT BELOW - DAY

Absolute SILENCE except for a low susurrations of wind. A DESERT stretches to the HORIZON. The only things more ominous than this barren waste are the hills thrusting up from it - huge towers of granite formed in the beginnings of time.

There is no sign of man. At least until we -

PAN DOWN TO REVEAL AN ENCAMPMENT - Two hundred feet below - a WHITE TENT, dusty SUV, and an ANDY GUMP portable toilet.

INT. TENT - CONTINUOUS

A scientist, (WILSON, 45) sits tapping away at a laptop. Its screen shows sophisticated telemetry, graphs, and endless mathematical figures. Way beyond our reckoning.

Glimpsed outside, a lean Special Forces guy (LT. REDDING, 35) crosses to the tent. He's armed with an assault rifle and moves with the joyless stride of one who's seen it all.

REDDING
Doctor Wilson, you seen Han?

Wilson shrugs casually.

WILSON
Checking up on the Joint Chiefs of Staff last time I saw him.

REDDING
(humorless)
He needs to see me before he calibrates the dish.

WILSON
Yessir.

EXT. THE CAMP - DAY

As Wilson watches Redding walk away, he shakes his head as if to say 'what's eating that guy?'

Then he curses, seeing something he doesn't like on his screen - he double checks, then exits the tent, trotting towards a large OPENING nearby in the mountain's base. Looks like an old MINE ENTRANCE - but with lots of contemporary telemetry cables snaking into it from the tent.

EXT. HIGH ANGLE DOWN ON THE CAMP - CONTINUOUS

High above, we watch Wilson crossing for a beat, then PAN OVER THE CLIFF FACE WE'RE ON TO REVEAL a pair of deep-set eyes in a misshapen skull, tongue flitting in and out as if sensing unseen subtleties in the breeze. This is HANSEL (39, hulkish, childlike demeanor) - and he's perched on a wisp of a ledge notched into the sheer cliff, steadying himself with one hand, part Gecko, part Ape, while shoving a dried lizard into his mouth with his other. Comfort food.

He chews slowly, fascinated by the activity below...

CUT TO:

INT. BUNKER - CONFERENCE ROOM

A LARGE CONFERENCE TABLE is centered in the room. Around it, many distinguished looking men - some in suits, some wearing Generals' uniforms - appear to be discussing some classified government agenda.

We're in an Eisenhower-Era Bunker which is being prepped for a test involving the most advanced military technology of the 21st Century.

No one moves, of course, because they're all TEST DUMMIES.

CABLES run from the torsos of each of the dummies, coiling together and running to a JUNCTION BOX where Dr. HAN (32, Asian, hip in classic Air Jordans) checks their connections into a junction box shared by a dozen other state-of-the-art SENSORS. The junction box glows with gauges and indicators.

INT. BUNKER CORRIDOR

Han scurries down a corridor, eyeing the cables that come from half a dozen other rooms, all joining at a LARGER JUNCTION BOX. An even THICKER CABLE runs out of this, heading straight up through an old CEILING VENT.

Han pulls a walkie-talkie off his belt.

HAN

Wilson? Everything's cool down here.

WILSON (ON RADIO)

Come on up - I found the glitch.

Han climbs a steel ladder up through a circular port in the bunker's concrete top.

INT. ACCESS SHAFT

Han slams a BLAST HATCH behind him. He throws a lever and the hatch seals. Han is climbing again.

WILSON (O.S.)
They were gonna test an A-bomb on
this thing, in the 50's.

Wilson peers down from a hatch above.

HAN
Why didn't they?

INT. MINE - MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS.

Han climbs out of the ladder shaft, emerging into a large CHAMBER, perhaps thirty feet across, hewn out of solid rock. From this hub, tunnels run off into darkness. They're ancient, timbers dripping with moss, ceilings sagging. In fact anything not related to the bunker on this level is from the 1800's and looks like it.

WILSON
Couple of workers disappeared
during prep. Must've wandered off
into the old shafts. That's when
they put these gates up.

Han eyes the tunnels. All have iron gates blocking entrance.

HAN
Darwin Award material.

He kicks a junction box near Han's feet.

WILSON
This is it - came up dead on my
screen.

Han plugs the cable from below into it and flips the switch. Nothing happens. No lights, no dials dancing. Nothing. Then it gives a deep electronic SNAP. The kind of sound you don't want to hear from expensive equipment.

HAN
Ooooh. That's a bad sound...

Han pops the lid on the thing and peers inside. Grimaces - reaches in and gingerly pulls out a smoking, very dead RAT. By the tail.

WILSON

You've got to be kidding.

Han flings it away and turns back to the junction box. Smoke curls out of it.

HAN

They like the taste of the insulation.

WILSON

I'll call base - should be able to get a backup here in an hour or so.

(beat)

Meantime - you better tweak the dish... Brass gets angry when it doesn't get its data stream.

HAN

Right away.

WILSON

Oh yeah...

(grins)

....Redding's dying to see you.

HAN

(unenthused)

Great.

Han closes the hatch with a sigh - they turn and walk past the blast doors into a long concrete tunnel that runs several hundred feet out to DAYLIGHT. This place seems to be dead-center in the mountain's base.

Wilson looks back to the junction box.

WILSON

Hungry rat stops top secret test.
Film at eleven.

Something THUDS off in one of the barred tunnels.

HAN

(eyeing the dark)

Hopefully just one rat...

CUT TO:

EXT. THE MOUNTAIN - DAY. *

CLOSE ON RATTLESNAKE. Deadly, alert, armed to the teeth with toxins. It slides across a bolder, then stops, flicking its tongue, tasting the air. *

Next instant HANSEL DROPS ON IT FROM ABOVE, catching it from behind. He pins it with one foot while he grabs it by the tail - then he snaps it like a whip against the rock, killing it instantly. Holds it up for examination, pleased at his kill. *

EXT. UPPER MOUNTAIN - CONTINUOUS *

Han, with a light backpack and climbing gear, follows a cable snaking through boulders high up on the mountain. He walks between two large rocks, eyeing the cable closely, snakes around another boulder - comes around a corner and stops at a point where the cable runs up the side of a rock ending in a portable satellite dish perched on top. Han checks the dish and fiddles with the connections -

Then he stops - seems to sense something, looks up...

Han's jaw drops. *

IN HIS POV - we SEE HANSEL, crouched on a nearby bolder, tearing strips of red flesh off the freshly-killed RATTLESNAKE, eating them ravenously, but mostly, he's just watching Han's every move. *

Han drops the cable, unsure what to think. *

HAN

H.. Hi. *

HANSEL stares for a moment more (neither man actually having seen such a creature as the other), then answers in a deep throaty rasp. *

HANSEL

Hi-ee. *

Han checks the area, looking for anything that would explain the man's presence here of all places. He looks back to Hansel - discovering the huge (and quite deformed) man has crossed over to him in swift silence. Now he's staring up at Han from three feet away. Han's frozen, half terrified. *

HAN

Um... are... you lost? *

Hansel shakes his head, like that's a pretty dumb question, then reaches out and touches Han's smooth skin. Han is frozen, terrified - Hansel seems amazed. *

HAN (CONT'D) *
M....my name is Dr. Han. Or... Ben. *
(beat) *
What's your name? *

Hansel looks at Han oddly now - leaning in, whispering hoarsely. *

HANSEL *
Roonaweee. *

HAN *
Roonawee? Is that an Indian name? *

Hansel shakes his head, jumps once in frustration. He's earnestly upset now. *

HANSEL *
Runawee! *

FOSTER *
(guessing) *
Run away? *

Suddenly, Han realizes a SHADOW'S fallen over him. He starts to turn - but too late - SCALY HANDS snap over his face and jerk him OUT OF FRAME. These are SNAKE'S. We'll meet him later. *

HOLD ON HANSEL as he watches, fingers fanned over his eyes like he's watching a scary movie. HAN'S SCREAMS are cut short. Then we hear what could only be *flesh, sinew and bone being mangled, shredded, crushed...* *

HANSEL *
(to himself, low) *
Roonawee. *

And with that he skitters off into the rocks. *

A LITTLE DOWN THE HILL - DAY *

REDDING - on his way up and close enough to hear Han's scream, snaps his rifle to his shoulder, scanning the rock formation just above him. *

REDDING

Han?!

(beat, intense)

Dammmmit!!

There's a JOLT from behind that puts a look of utter shock on his face. Next second SOMETHING SHARP and rusty emerges from the right side his chest. It twists ninety degrees and Redding screams in agony.

An AWFUL VOICE, DEEP and RESONANT, says quietly -

VOICE (O.S.)

Suffer.

And with that, in a series of quick, terrifying (but not revealing) CUTS, STABBER, a hump-backed mutant with a rude QUIVER of STEEL RODS slung over his back (all rusty except for their gleaming, sharpened points), picks Redding up like a rag doll and flings him over the cliff.

We hear Redding SCREAM several times as he falls from ledge to ledge. Then silence.

PAN BACK TO STABBER - only he's not there anymore. We glimpse a hole between rocks - and ratty ROPE snapping tight inside - pulling a SCRUBBY BUSH over the opening. Just like that the mutant and his attack hole vanish!

SMASH CUT WIDE
TO:

EXT. THE MOUNTAIN - DAY.

The largest of a jagged range of HILLS stretching to the horizon, stares back at us. We've known from the start it looked scary. Now we know it's absolutely lethal as well...

PLUNGE TO BLACK.

SLAM UP ON -

EXT. KANDAHAR, AFGHANISTAN - DAY

A ROAD SIGN reading KANDAHAR - 25 Kilometers BLASTS APART as it's struck by an RPG. More HUGE EXPLOSIONS! Heavy AUTOMATIC FIRE smacks against armor plate - SHELLS WHISTLE OVERHEAD - all this as -

AN AMERICAN FIRE TEAM tries to keep their assault together with all hell breaking loose around them. The soldiers - eight National Guard troops, most in their 20's, dive into a drainage ditch for cover.

A large African American kid (Delmar, 25) fires a burst - a
gutsy female soldier (MISSY, 24) follows, providing cover
for... *

The exception, age-wise, SPITTER (40, trying hard) who's lost
his helmet and lurches out of the pit to snatch it up. He
jumps back to safety only a split-second before there's
ANOTHER EXPLOSION - right where he was. The other female
soldier, little more than a girl (AMBER, 20) drops her rifle
and clamps her hands over her ringing ears. AUTOMATIC FIRE
from a nearby building rakes their position - and they all
claw at the sand - trying to dig deeper into the earth.
Taking advantage of this chaos, an INSURGENT - (head-scarf,
AK-47) FIRES A LONG BURST from his Kalashnikov as he leans
out of the corrugated steel doorway of a nearby adobe
structure, wild-eyed and determined to get them - *

INSURGENT
Death to America!

A wiry Hispanic kid (CRANK, 27) takes offense at that -
stands up and empties his clip at the guy. The insurgent
ducks back into the shed - Crank charges - jamming a fresh
magazine into his weapon on the run. The rest of the squad
takes heart from this and spills out of the trench in support
- blasting away with *their* assault rifles. It's deafening -
it's heroic - it's the Wild, Wild West. They stop at the
adobe wall and empty their magazines into it corrugated door -

CRANK
Eighteen virgins eat my dick,
mothafuckah!!!!

STUMP (25, short, well muscled) pulls two grenades off his
battle vest and pops the pins, John Wayne-esque. He turns to
the first person he sees - (NAPOLEON, 20, dark hair, rangy).

STUMP
Get the door!

NAPOLEON
(half deafened)
What?

MICKEY (24, handsome) standing on the other side of Stump,
sees the grenades, shouts to Napoleon.

MICKEY
The door, dude! Get the fucking
door!

Stump realizes he's holding two live grenades and has a
communication problem. Same thing occurs to everyone else,
too! *

ALL
Fuuuuuuuuuuuuck!!!!

They all dive for cover, leaving Napoleon standing there wondering what the hell's the problem? *

It's little AMBER that snaps into action on this one - cracking the door wide enough for Stump to toss the grenades in. He, Mickey and Amber run like hell. *

A HUGE DOUBLE EXPLOSION knocks them off their feet, sending them flying. Same for Napoleon - who lands flat on his face. The blast wave's so violent it bounces a loose HUMAN HEAD right off Napoleon's ass. He looks around, aghast.

NAPOLEON
Oh my God!

Ears ringing, everyone staggers up and looks towards the structure. Only, there *is* no more structure. It's just a mass of broken adobe, and twisted metal. And there are BODIES everywhere in the rubble - all blown to bits. OLD MEN. WOMEN. CHILDREN. Even a BABY bit or two. Everyone in the squad is horrified. *

Worse, a MIDDLE-AGED AFGHAN WOMAN staggers out of the smoke - screaming bloody hell. *

AFGHAN WOMAN
You killed my babies!!

Napoleon runs to her in sympathy - *

NAPOLEON
Ma'am - we didn't mean to...

The Woman throws her coat open, revealing an EXPLOSIVES BELT.

AFGHAN WOMAN
(gleeful)
Ka-BOOM, fuckah!

Napoleon stares in shock. How could she?

EXT. YUCCA FLATS NATIONAL GUARDS - DAY

A *SHRILL WHISTLE* sounds. A very angry officer, (SARGE, 35-40) charges at them, fuming. BEHIND HIM is a SIGN - YUCCA FLATS NATIONAL GUARD - *Train to Fight - Fight to Train!* *

SARGE
A stunning demonstration of individual and group stupidity!
(MORE)

SARGE (CONT'D)
 Killed 17 civilians and yourselves!
 I'm in fucking awe!

They're stare at the carnage, stunned by their mistake. It *
 doesn't matter that the body parts are from PLASTIC MANIKINS - *
 they were civilian plastic manikins and they're all dead. *

Sarge spins Spitter around.

SARGE (CONT'D) *
Never leave cover to retrieve a *
 helmet - you won't have a head to *
put it on, anyway! *

The insurgent walks by, making a "pow, you're dead" gesture. *

SARGE (CONT'D) *
 (at Amber) *
 Soldiers do not drop their weapons *
 in order to protect their ears! *
 Better deaf than dead!!

He turns to Crank, the guy who led the charge.

SARGE (CONT'D) *
 And since you are not Rambo *
 resurrected, do not charge while *
 your head is up your ass. That's *
 how the innocent people get killed! *
 (wheels on Napoleon) *
 And you, Napoleon. *

NAPOLEON *
 Napolli, Sir. *

SARGE *
 You're quite the killer, aren't *
 you, Napoleon? Got your entire unit *
 blown to hell in six seconds... *
 (beat)
 Not a bad body count for someone
 who's against the war.

A few murmurs.

STUMP
 Huh?

CRANK
 Wassup with that?

SARGE

Saw a bumper sticker on Mr.
Napoleon's car here, "Conversation,
not confrontation."

Napoleon looks down.

SARGE (CONT'D)

That sounds an awful lot like an
anti war sentiment to me.

(leans in to Napoleon,
threatening)

You against the war Private?

Napoleon looks around - he knows his ass is grass. *

NAPOLEON

Not all war, Sir. I just feel the
president lies too much. *

SARGE *

Presidents lie all the time,
asshole - that's their job. No
President's told the truth since
Truman. Know what he said? *

NAPOLEON

(miserable)
No sir.

SARGE

He said *The Buck Stops HERE!* *

And with that he delivers a lightning jab to Napoleon's
stomach. Napoleon folds and makes groaning sounds. *

Sarge steps back and screams at them all.

SARGE (CONT'D)

You have all flunked combat and are
therefore officially dead.
Congratu-fucking-lations!

He jabs a finger at a nearby truck.

SARGE (CONT'D)

Fall in at that deuce-and-a-half
with all gear. We will deploy to
the Agave Ridge Rifle Range so you
can *complete* your flunking of these
exercises by blowing each other's
heads off.

B/G, MEN HEAVE A LARGE PELICAN CASE ON THE TRUCK.

SARGE (CONT'D)

On our way we are stopping in
Sector 16 to deliver equipment to
scientists working there. It is a
top-secret area so do not speak to
anyone while we are there. Also do
not wander off or you will be shot,
if you haven't already fallen into
one of the area's many abandoned
mines. Now get in the fucking
truck!

The exhausted cadets take off running.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY

The TROOP TRUCK carrying our squad ROARS BY -

INT. TRUCK - DAY.

Spitter drives while Sarge, map in lap, stares out at the
expanse of nothing stretching out as far as the eye can see.
No utility poles, no fences or structures. Nada. Just some
ragged hills them that are drawing uncomfortably closer.

SPITTER

Geez, how big is this place?

SARGE

Thirteen hundred square miles. It's
where they tested nuclear bombs.

SPITTER

Isn't it radioactive then?

SARGE

Not according to the Army.

DESERT ROAD - BACK OF TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Our cadets are just trying to keep on their feet as the truck
itches and jars over the rugged terrain. At their feet is
the CASE they're to deliver, plus all their packs and
weapons. There are no benches. Tough love.

Mickey, hanging on next to Amber, looks over at Napoleon.

MICKEY

Maybe I should *thank* Napoleon...

NAPOLEON
Napolli, with two "L"s.

Mickey looks up at the sky, whimsically.

MICKEY
If we're all officially dead, like
Sarge said, I won't be tried for
war crimes. The killing of innocent
manikins is serious shit.

STUMP
If I'm dead, guess I don't have to
pay off my damn truck.

MICKEY
(grins)
Free trucks all around!

AMBER
No more VISA bills...

DELMAR
Alimony...

MICKEY
No more Sarge!

Cheers go up. Amber laughs despite herself. She glances at
Napoleon - if he's amused, he's not showing it. Crank
definitely isn't amused.

CRANK
Where I come from, it ain't *never*
good to be dead.

MICKEY
Aw, Crank - you're taking all the
fun out of the afterlife!

Missy rolls up her sleeves, sweating. Stump notices the name
"Clyde" is tattooed on her forearm.

Stump points at it, flirtatious.

STUMP
So "Clyde" huh... is he your dude?

Missy eyes him, irritated.

MISSY
(duh)
Uh....yeah, Stump. Clyde's my *dude*.

She spits out "dude" in a way that mocks him.

Snickers all around. Mickey leans in to Stump, speaks in a faux whisper which, of course, everyone can hear.

MICKEY
Her 'dude's' like, six years old.

STUMP
(playing along)
That's fucked up - illegal I think.

They look to Missy, she's not smiling.

MICKEY
Are all single moms so humorless?

Missy rolls her eyes, fed up.

MISSY
One good thing about being dead...
wouldn't have to listen to all of
Mickey's bullshit.

*
*
*

MICKEY
(faux shocked, to Stump)
See what I'm sayin!?

Laughs all around. Delmar looks at the surrounding desert.

DELMAR
Take a look around - that's all
there is around here. Bull *shit*.

*

NAPOLEON
There's nothing worth a damn out
here.

*
*

Crank perks up when Napoleon opens his mouth.

CRANK
I don't remember hearing anyone
talkin' to your little anti war
ass!

Napoleon ignores this. Delmar eyes Napoleon.

*

DELMAR
Ignore him, he's... just, well,
Cranky.

*
*

Napoleon smiles, grateful for the support. Crank shakes his
head in disgust. Glares at Napoleon.

*
*

CRANK
Maricon esta loco.

Napoleon hears, comes right back at him -

NAPOLEON
(to Crank)
Rulacho es stupido.

Wow - what the hell did that mean? Crank whips around and slams Napoleon against the rail, pushing him up like he's gonna dump him off the truck at forty miles an hour!

CRANK
You want to die young, cabron?

A *hand* comes out of nowhere and grabs Crank's shoulder, spinning him around. Napoleon crashes to the deck, saved. Crank finds himself face to face with Delmar.

DELMAR
(quietly)
I killed somebody once. It was fun.
That's why it's so dangerous.

Crank glares at Napoleon.

CRANK
I don't *like* that kid.

DELMAR
I don't *like* bein out here havin'
to put up with you - but I *deal*
with it.
(leans in)
So *deal* with it.

CUT TO:

EXT. RESEARCH CAMP - DAY.

LAWRENCE OF ARABIA SHOT - The endless desert, the ringing hills - and the tiny dot of the TRUCK coming at us, a huge plume of DUST coiling up behind it.

At last it rolls to a stop FOREGROUND and shuts off. There's an eerie silence except for a little Honda Generator chugging away by the tent. The cadets peer down like ghosts, powdered head to toe by the choking dust.

What they see is, to them, a virtual oasis. A tent for shade, folding TABLES and CHAIRS to loaf on, a water cooler to slake their parched throats. Heaven.

What they don't see is any sign of a human being. Sarge jumps out of the cab and looks around. *

Just about then the *GENERATOR DIES*. *

Now it's really still. *

SARGE
(calling)
Helllooooo! *

His call bangs back from the hills, a distant echo. But no response. Stump appears, shouldering the squad's radio. *

STUMP
I don't see anybody. *

Sarge yanks open the tailgate. The Guardsmen spill out, stretching, groaning. Mickey stiff-walking. *

MICKEY
Leg's asleep.

CRANK
Dick's asleep.

MICKEY
Wanna wake it up? *

SARGE
(on them)
You two, off-load that case. *

Mickey and Crank pull the Pelican case off the truck and swing it to the ground. The missing junction box, to be sure.

But there's no Han there to snatch it up and take down into the mine.

CRANK
Where you want it, Sir? *

SARGE
In the tent.
(to Spitter)
Call base. *

Spitter walks to the front of the truck, flips on the radio, keying the mike. *

SPITTER
National Guard Yankee Five Niner
calling Yucca Flats Base, over. *

STATIC. Spitter tries again. No response. *

SPITTER (CONT'D) *
It's the hills. Minerals or *
something. *

SARGE *
(to Crank) *
Private Crack Head, see if you can
round up a Lieutenant Redding. He's
supposed to be in charge of
security out here.
(points)
There's a tunnel into the hill over *
there. Maybe someone's inside. *

Crank salutes and stumbles off.

He runs past Delmar and Stump and we STAY WITH THEM. They're *
fascinated by a shower hose attached to a black plastic bag *
hanging from a tree. *

STUMP *
The fuck is that? *

DELMAR *
Porta-Shower. Sun warms the water, *
and you got a hot shower. *

STUMP *
Fucking unbelievable. *

EXT. MINE ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS *

Crank arrives at the tunnel entrance. Sees all the cables *
running in. Peers down the tunnel. Way in there he can see *
STEEL DOORS cracked open a bit. Past them, darkness. *

CRANK *
Yo! Anybody in there? *

No answer. Dead silence. Then a RAT runs across the shaft *
twenty feet in, disappearing into a hole. *

CRANK (CONT'D) *
(to himself) *
Fuck you very much. *

He gets the hell out of there. *

THE CAMP - BACK ON SARGE - popping the gas cap on the *
generator and sticking his finger in. Dry. *

SARGE
Private Mickey Mouse - find some
gas - must be cans somewhere.

*
*
*

MICKEY
Sir!

Mickey runs off past NAPOLEON, who's eyeing the looming
hills. Their jagged edges look like teeth. Napoleon looks
away. Sees something more inviting and heads off.

*
*
*

16 HIGH POV TO THE CAMP - WATCHING Napoleon walking, watching 16
the whole place like a hawk watches a chicken coop. And... Is
that RASPY BREATHING we hear foreground?

*
*
*

BACK TO CAMP - CONTINUOUS

*

Sarge has just zeroed in on Napoleon -

*

SARGE
Napoleon, what the fuck you doing?

*
*

ANGLE ON NAPOLEON, halfway into the Andy Gump.

*

NAPOLEON
I was gonna... take a dump, sir.

*

SARGE
You are in Mountain Assault
training. There are no Porto
Potties in Kandahar! You will take
your dumps behind a cactus with the
scorpions! Is that understood!?

*
*
*
*

Napoleon steps away from the latrine, so close, yet so far.

NAPOLEON
Yes, sir.

Spitter tosses Napoleon a folding shovel. Napoleon walks
away, crossing with Mickey, returning empty-handed.

*
*

MICKEY
No gas, Sir.

*

Sarge scratches his head.

*

SARGE
Spitter, keep trying... got to be
able to get through to *somebody*.

*

He's stopped by LOUD STATIC - then FRAGMENTS OF A VOICE.

VOICE (RADIO)
Help... Please...

*

MICKEY
Looks like *somebody's* callin' us...

Everyone freezes. *The Voice* sounded desperate.

*

Sarge follows the STATIC out behind the tent to some rocks.
He finds two things: a SATELLITE PHONE, smashed to bits, and
a walkie-talkie that's banged up but functioning.

*

*

*

Sarge Picks it up and keys it.

SARGE
Hello?

*

Silence. The squad watches, a little spooked. Missy stares
down at the smashed sat phone.

*

MISSY
What the hell happened here?

*

*

SARGE
(into walkie)
This is Sergeant Jeffrey Millstone
of the New Mexico National Guard.
(listens, nothing)
Are you in distress or --

*

*

STATIC - then a garbled voice...

*

RADIO VOICE
Help... hurt... can't...

*

Another harsh burst of STATIC. Then silence.

Sarge keys it again -

SARGE
Hello - we need a location! Tell us
where you are!

No response. Sarge looks at Spitter -

SARGE (CONT'D)
Spitter - what's the range of this
thing?

*

*

SPITTER
Couple miles, line of sight.

*

*

SARGE
Could it be coming from the mine?

SPITTER
Wouldn't carry through the rock.

Sarge makes a fast decision -

SARGE
We'll split into two groups. Stump,
Crank, Mickey take the truck and
check the desert. The rest of you -

DELMAR (O.S.)
Sarge...

Delmar's pointing up the mountain. Way up, maybe a couple
thousand feet.

They all see it. A series of FLASHES - sun off a mirror.

SPITTER
Someone must be hurt - that's a
distress signal.

SARGE
(agreeing)
Then we're on a rescue mission.

ALL
All right! Rock and Roll!

SARGE
(at all of them)
Shut the fuck up.

They fall silent. Sarge is serious.

SARGE (CONT'D)
This will be a military search and
rescue mission, not Spring break. I
want you back here with all weapons
and gear for a climbing assault in
five. Now move!

All the pent up energy and tension of the squad suddenly has
a focus - they jump into the back of the truck and start
tearing through their stuff, grabbing packs and rifles and
anything they can get their hands on - like kids getting
ready for summer camp.

DELMAR
Live ammo or blanks?

SARGE

One clip live for each weapon -
it's heavier. Flashlights and
hydration packs too - more weight.

*
*

Napoleon frowns.

*

NAPOLEON

Sir. All due respect, but is it a
good idea to climb up there without
contacting...

*
*
*

Sarge goes ballistic -

*

SARGE

Tell you what, Napoleon Bonehead -
you're officially responsible for
guarding the *latrine* over there.
Not using it, guarding it. I want
you to stand on one leg, hold your
rifle over your head and make sure
no one steals or molests that Porta
Pottie in any way or I will have
you court-martialed. Understood!?

Napoleon thinks Sarge is kidding -

NAPOLEON

Sir, I'll go, it's just -

*

SARGE

Get over there and guard that
fucking latrine!

*

NAPOLEON

(shouts, terrified)
Sir, yes sir!

Napoleon jumps to the Andy Gump and puts his rifle over his
head - still hoping Sarge might be joking. He's not.

*

SARGE

One leg!

Napoleon stands on one leg. Sarge turns on the others -

SARGE (CONT'D)

Now get your asses up that hill!

*

EXT. RESEARCH CAMP - DAY

The troops are still throwing on packs, slapping clips into
rifles as they start out of camp.

*
*

They have to pass Napoleon on the way - no accident - and they avoid looking at him - his humiliation is so painful. Sarge has made his point.

*
*
*

Amber and Mickey are last to go by. Amber's eyes shift to Napoleon once - and Sarge is on her in a flash.

*
*

SARGE
Johnson. I need someone here on the radio... you stay.

*

AMBER
Sir?

*

SARGE
If you can get a call through for a MedVac the guy'll have a hell of a better chance.

*
*
*

AMBER
(bummed)
Yes sir.

Mickey gives her a wave.

MICKEY
Don't forget to write!

He takes off with the rest. The front part of group is already hitting the mountain's steeper pitches - a mountain that looms over them like a beast about to spring.

*
*
*

Amber turns and looks at Napoleon, still up on one leg, hopping to keep his balance. Ridiculous.

*
*

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LOWER MOUNTAIN - DAY

Rifles jangle off shoulders dangerously as the squad humps up terrain that would challenge the most seasoned troops - and most of these kids aren't seasoned at all. They're already gasping for breath - struggling to keep up with Sarge - who climbs with a precise pace formed by years of soldiering.

*
*
*
*

SARGE
Got a long way to go! Step rest, step rest - just like in training.

WITH MICKEY AND SPITTER - Spitter, sweating already - 20 years older than the rest of them. Mickey makes conversation to take his mind off his aching muscles.

*

MICKEY

So, every time you say a word that begins with "SP" you spit?

SPITTER

Speech, speed, speckled spermatazo - every time.

And indeed he has spit four times in four seconds.

MICKEY

That sucks. I'd appreciate it if you wouldn't look at me if you're gonna do that, though.

SPITTER

Sorry... It's a speech impediment.

Oops, he gets Mickey again. Mickey counterattacks.

MICKEY

Ever think of going out for Special Forces? Just a speculation, not being spiteful.

SPITTER

(not amused)

Ha ha.

*

Mickey shares a laugh with Stump. Missy goes by, on a mission to be first. They look at her ass as she does.

*

MICKEY

Special.

*

*

SPITTER

Spec-tacular.

*

Spitter's so enthusiastic he ends up with spit hanging off his chin. Crank and Stump go into paroxysms of laughter - then Spitter does too. The ice is broken.

*

*

*

CUT TO:

*

INT. RESEARCH CAMP - TENT - DAY

Amber has the squad's radio on a folding table now, resigned to her fate.

*

*

AMBER

May Day, May Day - this is National
Guard Yankee Five Niner calling
Yucca Flats base requesting a
MedVac, over.

*

She waits...nothing. She's about to call again when what
sounds like BREATHING - deep, labored, perverse - hisses out
of the radio. Amber stares at the thing, caught off-guard.

*

*

*

AMBER (CONT'D)

Hello?

Nothing now. Just STATIC.

*

Amber looks nervously around the tent...unsettled. Is she
really alone...?

She shakes herself, goes back to her chore, pretending that
didn't just happen.

AMBER (CONT'D)

May Day, May Day...

EXT. BUSH JUST OUTSIDE THE CAMP - CONTINUOUS

Napoleon eyes the hills. Sarge and the others are out of
sight now. He lowers his rifle and leg, exhausted.

*

*

NAPOLEON

Duty calls.

*

*

ANOTHER ANGLE - Napoleon - the folding shovel in hand, is
circling a bush, checking for scorpions. He finds a spot as
good as any and shovels once, shovels twice...

*

He stops. Looks over his shoulder...

IN HIS POV - THE ANDY GUMP.

He might as well be looking at Angelina Jolie. Beautiful. The
absolute object of desire.

*

*

NAPOLEON (CONT'D)

Screw it.

*

*

He drops the shovel and heads for the toilet.

CUT TO:

*

EXT. UP THE MOUNTAIN FARTHER - DAY.

WITH THE MAIN GROUP - most everybody sucking air hard now - the footing unstable and treacherous as they clamber up over the first boulders. *

CRANK
(to Sarge)
Sir... what do we do when we find the guy. I mean, how do we get him back down this hill?

SARGE
Depends on the injury - if he's ambulatory or not...

Mickey considers this as he walks, a few feet away from Sarge.

MICKEY
What if it's really bad?

SARGE
We build a rope litter, hump him down.

Mickey looks around at the rough terrain, keeps walking.

MICKEY
Damn... hope he's not too heavy...

Mickey drops out of site -- like he just fell through a manhole!

MICKEY (CONT'D)
AAAAaaaaah!!

He's fallen into a SHAFT about three feet wide and god knows how deep - and is barely hanging on to its crumbling rim. *

SARGE
Damn it! *

Not all's lost! Mickey clings tenuously to the crumbling rim with his fingertips. Sarge reaches down, grabs Mickey's wrists and hauls him up and out of the hole.

Crank runs over to assist - helps sit Mickey on the ground. Everybody stops. Looks. Then next, they're thinking.

SARGE (CONT'D)

Could be a hundred feet deep,
hundred years old, just waiting to
suck you in.

Sarge as he drops a rock into the hole. It doesn't hit
anything until it's way down there - it seems half way to
China!

Mickey stares at it, amazed to be alive.

MICKEY

Shit, Sarge, you saved my life.

SARGE

Nobody's perfect.
(to them all)
Get moving - keep your eyes open.

They start to move. Mickey takes one step and grabs his left
ankle, nearly falling on his face.

MICKEY

Ow!

Sarge stops - watches him dance in pain.

SARGE

Great.
(looks at him)
Can you make it back to camp on
your own?

MICKEY

I'm fine...

He tries a step. Winces in genuine pain, ankle swelling.

SARGE

You'll just slow us up - get down
to base and get that ankle taped.

Mickey sighs and starts hopping down the hill. Everyone
cracks up.

STUMP

Go hop-a-long, go!

Mickey doesn't look back - just flips him off.

SARGE
 (to the rest)
 What are you looking at - get
 moving! Up - up!

Everyone starts scrambling up again, a lot more alert. *

WITH MICKEY - ALONE - *

As he hops down, pissed at himself. He stops and looks down
 the hill. Can't see camp. Looking back up the hill, the last
 of his squad is moving out of sight. Mickey's no longer
 amused. *

MICKEY
 Dammit! *

PULL BACK - it's unfriendly terrain and Mickey - hopping
 painfully, slowly - looks very, very alone... *

CUT TO:

EXT. ANDY GUMP - RESEARCH CAMP - DAY *

Napoleon approaches the Andy-Gump stealthily, checking that
 he can't see Sarge up on the mountain checking on him. No
 sign of Sarge. He checks Amber. She's not looking either. *

He's almost there - and for some reason we're starting to be
sure he's gonna open that door and get jumped by the
 bogeyman. But when he *does* just that, there's no one in there
 at all. *

He goes in and slams the door. *

INT. ANDY GUMP - DAY.

Napoleon unbuckles and sits with a happy sigh. Closes his
 eyes. *

Then there's the slightest BUMP from beneath him. Like
 there's maybe a rat or something down there.

CLOSE ON NAPOLEON. Listening. It's silent again.

He looks down, curious, a little apprehensive.

HIS POV TO HIS LEGS, and THE DARK BENEATH. Nothing.

BACK ON NAPOLEON - CU. He laughs at himself.

NAPOLEON
 Lions and tigers and bears, oh my!

Now a little BURBLE.

Napoleon stops laughing and looks down into the hole again.

BACK TO HIS POV - only this time, after a half-second of nothing - A HAND THRUSTS UP FROM THE DARK BENEATH AND CLAMPS RIGHT OVER NAPOLEON'S THIGH!

ON NAPOLEON - SCREAMING IN HORROR!

NAPOLEON (CONT'D)

AAaaa -

★

LIFT-OFF!

CUT TO:

THE TENT - AMBER

NAPOLEON (O.S.)

★

- aaaagh! - Fuck!!!

Amber freezes. Then runs out of the tent - around to the Gump - sees Napoleon hopping up and down, buckling his pants. Freaked.

AMBER

What's going on?!

NAPOLEON

There's a hand in the shitter!

★

AMBER

★

What?

★

NAPOLEON

★

Check it out!

★

She goes over and opens the door to the Gump. Empty.

AMBER

★

No one's in there!

NAPOLEON

(points in hole)

Down there!

★

She creeps over. Looks. Reacts in disgust.

AMBER

Oh, my god! What the fuck?

(disgusted)

Who is he?

NAPOLEON

Shit Man the Barbarian... I have no idea!

Amber looks like she might vomit. Then -

VOICE (O.S.)

Help... me...

They force themselves to look back. A HAND and FOREARM flop out of the shit hole. A man's head appears. It's Wilson.

WILSON

Please god, help me...

Amber and Napoleon look at each other.

NAPOLEON

Oh, man.

CUT TO:

EXT. UP THE MOUNTAIN - MAIN GROUP

WITH DELMAR AND SARGE - stopped, trying to get a fix on the spot where they saw the mirror. They're still a hundred feet below the point they think they saw it.

DELMAR

Hard to tell one rock from another.

SARGE

It was by that formation between those three...

(looks again)

no, two rocks.

(looks around, points)

Only way up seems to be there.

DELMAR

(whistles)

Hello.

WIDER, A DIFFERENT ANGLE - so we SEE the SHEER CLIFF FACE that goes up eighty feet straight as a wall.

Sarge sees his squad collapsing to the ground, gasping.

SARGE

Rig for climbing.

Moans, but no sympathy from Sarge.

SARGE (CONT'D)

We got a guy up there hurt - move!

Everyone lurches back into action, pulling out harnesses, ropes, pitons - you name it. Delmar looks up at the face. *

DELMAR

Not so bad...

STUMP

If you're a fucking squirrel. *

SARGE

You two are the pathfinders. Get up there and set anchors.

STUMP/DELMAR

Yes sir. *

The two head off. Shouldn't have said anything. *

ON MISSY A FEW YARDS AWAY - looking up at the cliff. Not feeling too good about it. *

She looks around - sees no one's watching - takes out a cell phone - one of those equipped with a camera and stuff. She clicks a couple of buttons...

INSERT - MISSY'S POV - there's a *still image of a young boy on the phone's screen.*

CUT TO MYSTERY POV - WATCHING MISSY FROM SOMEWHERE UP THERE - and we hear that same RASPY BREATH. Worse, it turns into low, lecherous and extremely creepy GURGLING. *

BACK WITH MISSY as she lowers the phone. FREEZES.

Did she hear something? *The wind howls.*

She surveys her surroundings. IN HER POV - lots and lots of rocks. Suddenly - someone comes right up behind her! *

She jumps around. It's just Crank.

CRANK

Sarge says let's go. *

MISSY

Asshole!

Crank is taken aback.

CRANK
I'm just the messenger!

MISSY
Make some noise next time you come
up behind me!

CRANK
(hands in air)
Whatever.

*
*
*
*
*

Missy stows the phone in a pocket, walks off.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMP - CONTINUOUS.

NAPOLEON AND AMBER have dragged Wilson out of the Gump and
are gamely mopping him off with a towel.

*

Humanity creeps back into their faces as the human is
uncovered from the shit. And horror - because they're
discovering that though Wilson has no single wound, he has a
thousand smaller CUTS in his skin.

*
*

Amber leans down to him.

AMBER
Who did this to you?

Wilson looks at her as if from a thousand miles away -

*

WILSON
They...

After that, all he can muster is a gurgling sound... he spits
up bile and chunks of coagulated blood.

Then, he closes his eyes. Napoleon puts a finger on his
jugular, shakes his head...

*
*

AMBER
Oh my god.

*
*

Amber stares at the corpse - horrified.

AMBER (CONT'D)
None of the cuts were that deep...

*
*

NAPOLEON
Massive infection. Shit stinks
because it's full of pathogens.
They wanted him to die slowly.

*
*
*

Amber turns back to Napoleon, blood running cold. *

AMBER *

What kind of people could do that?

NAPOLEON

I honestly don't know. *

CUT TO:

EXT. THE MOUNTAIN - DAY.

BACK WITH MAIN GROUP -

Delmar and Stump, who indeed can climb like squirrels, have made it to the top of the face and lowered ropes.

Our troops are a good ways up themselves - a few already scrambling onto the top. (Seems they can do things right if pushed hard enough). But they're blissfully unaware of what's happened two thousand feet below, out of sight at the camp, where - *

EXT. CAMP - CONTINUOUS

Wilson's corpse has been laid out under some plastic sheeting. Napoleon's towel is off, cleaned up, and on the walkie, calling. He's avoiding looking at Amber, who's stripped to a T-shirt on top, scrubbing the stink away under the gravity shower. Despite the dreadful circumstances, she manages to look amazing. *

AMBER

(matter of fact)

You get through? *

He looks up the hill, shakes his head. *

NAPOLEON *

They must be pretty far up by now. *

He tosses her the towel, and their eyes meet for a split second. Then Napoleon looks over his shoulder. *

AMBER

What? *

NAPOLEON

You smell something burning?

She does. They turn and see a dark coil of SMOKE roiling into the sky on the far side of the tents. *

NAPOLEON (CONT'D)

Shit!

They take off running around the back of the tent. *

EXT - DESERT - CONTINUOUS -

They run out to see both the squad's truck and the scientist's Jeep fully on fire. They stare in disbelief. Then in growing apprehension. *

AMBER

Same people who killed that guy?

Napoleon nods, trying not to show his fear. *

INT. RESEARCH CAMP - TENT - DAY *

Napoleon runs in and grabs the radio. *

NAPOLEON

(into radio)

Hello, hello, hello - Sarge? You there?

(winces at the STATIC)

Hello - Sarge? Stump? Anybody?!

Amber appears in the doorway of the tent.

AMBER

Let's just go and find 'em.

NAPOLEON

We're not going up that hill alone - we need to get them down here

AMBER

(beat, eyeing him)

You're scared?

NAPOLEON

This isn't about guts!

(pointed)

It's about not making idiotic and possibly fatal decisions!

Amber takes this as what it is - an insult. She exits the tent, heads up the hill.

AMBER (O.S.)
 (shouting back)
 Oh right, guess I forgot who I was
 speaking to...the genius who got
 his whole squad blown to hell.

*

Napoleon is stung, but he stays with the radio.

*

NAPOLEON
 Hello... Sarge... Anyone!? Can
 anyone out there read me?

*

*

EXT. HILL - DAY

AMBER scrambles up the hill with the energy of raw fury. Or
 is it something else? She sure as hell doesn't know.

Then she stops. There was a SOUND. Like ROCKS HITTING
 TOGETHER. Or a SCRAMBLING. Or... Hard to tell. But it wasn't
 far away.

*

*

She glances over her shoulder uneasily.

*

Nothing... She starts back up the hill.

*

WHHHSSHH!

*

She stops. No mistaking that was... something...

*

She looks around again. And again, there's nothing.

*

But now she's spooked. She looks down the hill.

*

AMBER
 Napoleon!

After a beat Napoleon steps out of the tent.

*

NAPOLEON
 What?!

AMBER
 I hear something.

NAPOLEON
 What?

She looks around...not sure how to explain it.

Then realizing she may have over reacted...

AMBER
 I don't know...
 (shrugs)
 ...maybe it wa-

A skeletal MUTANT (LETCH, large lips, runny eyes) leaps up behind her with a SHRIEK and grabs her in a bear hug!

AMBER (CONT'D)
 AAAAHHH!

ON NAPOLEON - stunned. Then running - up the hill towards what is clearly an assault - with no hesitation! Amber fights hard but she's simply overwhelmed by this frightening creature - and Napoleon's just not that close! *

BACK WITH AMBER and the MUTANT - scarred, hard-muscled, absolutely ruthless. He slams Amber to the ground so hard her rifle clatters across the rocks. Amber dives for it but LETCH's way too quick. He grabs her collar and hauls her up - *

Without thinking Amber punches his throat as hard as she can! *

He HOWLS, choking - dropping her to the rocks - so hard the wind is knocked out of her. *

ON NAPOLEON - SLIPPING, CLAWING - still too far away to help. He watches in horror as LETCH comes up with a huge AXE.

NAPOLEON
No! *

The mutant raises it above his bulbous head, one nanosecond from splitting her head wide open when - *

BLAM!! LETCH spins and crashes to the ground.

AMBER - rolls away, in shock.

NAPOLEON - confused - who shot?

THE HOWLING MUTANT - rolls and dives headlong into the same hole he must have come out of - disappearing in an instant! *

Amber looks to see where the shot came from...

A hundred yards up the hill, MICKEY holds up his rifle -

MICKEY
 Fuckin A! I hit him?

Amber staggers to her feet, overwhelmed with gratitude. *

AMBER

Mickey!

Mickey starts hopping down the hill. *

ON NAPOLEON - the third wheel. *

CUT TO:

EXT. ABOVE THE CLIFF - DAY.

TOP OF CLIFF - everyone's stopped dead, looking back down the hill - *

DELMAR

Sounded like an AR-15...

SARGE *

Napoleon just shot himself in the foot.

MISSY

We should go back...

SARGE

(prioritizing)

They've got a radio. We -

He squints as another BEAM of light hit his eye. He turns and looks up the slope. They all see it. FLASHING desperately. *

SARGE (CONT'D)

He's not that far. Let's go.. *

MISSY *

Sarge... *

SARGE *

We get the guy, then we go back to camp. Now move! *

And they do. *

CUT TO:

EXT. THE ENCAMPMENT - DAY.

Amber's now climbing up to help Mickey. Napoleon, nothing better to do, shines a flashlight down the hole. *

NAPOLEON'S POV - AN ANCIENT MINE SHAFT -

Running horizontally, maybe twenty feet down. Moldering timbers, rusted tracks - tracks with blood on them. *

EXT. MOUNTAIN - CONTINUOUS

MICKEY limps nearer Amber, waving at her - *

MICKEY
(shouting)
Can't believe I hit him - was
trying to fire over his head! Who
was that dude?

Amber, nearly to him, stops to catch her breath. Fact is, now that she's almost to him, she's not sure what to do.

AMBER
(shouting)
You okay?

MICKEY
(shouting)
Just twisted my - Whoa!!

Mickey crashes face first onto the rocks - his sprained ankle caught on something. Amber starts towards him, thinking he's just tripped - but she's still fifty feet down the slope! And when Mickey twists around, he sees a HAND sticking out of a hole in the rocks, grabbed onto his ankle! It's the hand of someone big wearing a *filthy red union suit*! A second attacker - GRABBER! *

MICKEY (CONT'D)
Ow!!!! Holy shit!

Amber throws off her pack and runs as fast as she can uphill - * trying to get up to him - but the scree just falls away beneath her feet - it's a nightmare!

NAPOLEON is scrambling his way up too, but he's got even farther to go!

NAPOLEON
(shouts)
Mickey! Shoot the fucker!

BACK WITH MICKEY - he's trying to get hold of his rifle - to swing it around to defend himself - but next second the hand jerks back violently and Mickey's left leg goes into the opening up to his knee. This is not that big of a hole - gashes rake his leg from the force. *

MICKEY
Ow!!!! - fuck!

Next moment Amber's there - grabbing hold of him!

AMBER
I got you! Hang on!

MICKEY
Shoot him!

*

Amber lets loose of Mickey and grabs his rifle - but the
instant she lets go Mickey's pulled in halfway up his thigh. *
Now there's not even room to get a gun in there - Mickey's *
leg's taking up the whole hole - and now he's screaming - *

MICKEY (CONT'D)
Fuccckkk!!!

Mickey braces his right foot against the rock, trying to *
counter the force. Napoleon finally gets there - grabs hold *
of Mickey's arm. *

NAPOLEON
Hang on!

But with a savage yank, Mickey's leg is now pulled in to the *
hip! His *rifle goes flying!!* Utter panic contorts his face as *
the pain of dislocated bones sweeps over him.

MICKEY
Let the fuck loose, you...!!!

That's all he gets out. Another mightier yank, *blood spurts*
as his pelvis shatters and his ass and one leg disappear into
the hole. His bracing leg shoots straight up - its knee *
smacking him in the face. *

Amber and Napoleon fall back - knocked away by the violence
of the move - and now Amber just turns away - it's too awful
to watch!

AMBER
Oh my god!!!!

Napoleon, totally helpless, hangs on as best he can - but *
really he can only watch as Mickey lets out a horrible *
SCREAM/GURGLE as the next yank pulls what's left of his body *
in up to his chest, his free leg bending backwards over his *
head, ribs snapping like broken pickets. *

Napoleon can barely watch what happens next - with a horrible cracking of bones and a dark gout of blood, Mickey's pulled through to the hell of the other side. His loose leg, hanging on by a rope of tendon, flops in after him. A split second later - a long, clawed hand darts out and grabs his rifle back into the hole - zip! *

Napoleon is hysterical -

NAPOLEON
You fucker! Mickey! Mickey! *

Amber sobs - can't form words, can't think - the ground is smeared with blood and shit. She turns and throws up again.

Napoleon stares at the hole. Nothing there to grapple with or save or fight. Mickey is simply gone. He turns and puts his arm around Amber's shoulder as she bursts into sobs. *

NAPOLEON (CONT'D)
Oh my god... I'm so sorry...

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT/INT. TUNNEL BENEATH THE ROCKS - DAY

We can GLIMPSE Napoleon & Amber up through the bloodied rocks. PAN TO REVEAL a narrow tunnel - slick with blood. That's where Mickey must've gone. PAN JUST A BIT FARTHER TO REVEAL HANSEL - hidden in a dark recess. He looks back towards the rocks - the outside world, listening to AMBER'S DEEP SOBS - seeming mystified and fascinated by what he hears above... *

CUT TO:

EXT. TOP OF MOUNTAIN

Sarge scans the crags above -

SARGE
HELLOOOO!

His own voice ECHOES BACK, but nobody else is answering.

The squad is spread out across the rocks. Looking into crevasses, over ledges. Treacherous footing. Long drops off every edge. They're on top of the world, only it ain't so nice. *

SARGE (CONT'D)
(calling again)
Where - Are - You!

Nothing but echoes. *

Then they hear something weird - a faint, SUB-GLOTTAL
CLICKING that's on the cusp between human and animal. *

Every head turns, but each in a different direction. Sounds
up here come from nowhere and everywhere at the same time. *

STUMP

What the fuck was that?

They're all looking at each other - freaked.

MISSY

I'm afraid of what we're gonna find
up here...

Sarge turns, about to say something, when Delmar says - *

DELMAR

(in awe)

A red and black Air Jordan, first
year! *

He straightens, catching himself. Sarge glares at him. *

DELMAR (CONT'D) *

Sorry, Sir. Just the coolest kicks
ever made - there staring at us. *

They all look. Sure enough, atop of a boulder, glowing in the
lowering sun, is a classic, first-year Air Jordan. It's just
a little too spooky to be fun. *

CRANK

'the fuck's it doing way up here?

Delmar clambers over the rocks reaches up to the boulder.

DELMAR

Tell you this, if I can find the
right-foot one, I could get paid on
eBay.

He picks it up. *

DELMAR (CONT'D)

Damn...shit's heavy...

He shakes it - then - something bloody slides out onto the
ground in front of Delmar...

DELMAR (CONT'D)

Shit!!!

DELMAR'S POV - a human foot cleaved at the ankle!

CRANK

Holy shit!!

Spitter yells from a few feet away.

SPITTER

Sarge!

Spitter's staring at something just over a rise. Missy's closest. She looks, recoils.

MISSY

Oh my god...

The others run up. They stop dead in their tracks too.

CUTTING TO WHAT THEY SEE: Literally twisting in the wind from a spur of rock is the half-naked body of Dr. Han - splayed and eviscerated. On his right foot is the matching Air Jordan.

CRANK

Holy shit!

MISSY

We've got to warn Mickey and the others...

SARGE

Everyone stay calm.

Sarge takes out his knife and climbs up without hesitation.

SARGE (CONT'D)

Help me catch him!

The troops grab Han's legs - Sarge cuts the rope. Han falls all over everybody - then thuds to the ground.

Spitter pukes, Missy's saying Hail Mary's, Crank's spitting like there's something horrible in his mouth - it's a total meltdown as they all scramble away - covered with stuff they don't even want to know about.

Sarge takes a deep breath, looking at his charges - most barely out of their teens.

SARGE (CONT'D)

Lock and load.

Everyone gets it immediately - they could be next. *

Rifles get into hands, fingers move towards triggers and eyes start swiveling - their survival instincts kicking in hard. *

STUMP

This isn't supposed to happen here.

SARGE

Okay, but it is. We've got hostiles. We're in a war zone. *

CRANK

(unable to believe it)
We're in the middle of a US military facility... *

SARGE

- The size of Rhode Island. If some asshole wants to go nuts, this is as good a place as any. *

The radio on Spitter's belt *crackles to life*.

RADIO VOICE

Help me... please... *

Sarge swears under his breath and grabs the radio. The timing is just too perfect. *

SARGE

Can you see us? *

Silence for a moment, then...

RADIO VOICE

(barely audible)
Yes... *

SARGE

Good. Then -

Sarge gives the whole damn top of the mountain the finger. Then turns to his squad.

SARGE (CONT'D)

We got someone up there needs our help. Either to get saved or shot, depending.

(MORE)

SARGE (CONT'D)
 (not asking, ordering)
 Crank, Spitter with me - Stump with
 Missy and Delmar - we'll flank him.
 (to Stump, aside, handing
 him Spitter's radio)
 If you find a spot that's got line
 of sight with the camp, call Mickey
 or Amber. Tell them to drive for
 help. Keep your voice down.

*
 *
 *
 *
 *
 *

Looks at them all.

*

SARGE (CONT'D)
 Stay alert, stay alive.

*
 *

Ready or not, the squad, all scared shitless, head up into
 the rocks.

*
 *

TIME CUT TO:

EXT. TOP OF MOUNTAIN - DAY

We follow Delmar, Stump and Missy as they work their way
 through a channel in the rocks - Delmar on point.

*
 *

MISSY
 Someone's suckered us up here.

STUMP
 Got that right.

DELMAR
 Quiet.

He stops, looking down an opening between rocks to a glimpse
 of white tent, a quarter mile away. It's almost comforting to
 see the camp, but...

*

MISSY
 What's all the fucking smoke??

Oh. That's not so comforting... Voices drop to whispers.

DELMAR
 Try the radio.

*
 *

STUMP
 (into walkie)
 Mickey, do you copy? Over...

*

SMASH BACK TO:

*

EXT. MOUNTAIN -

*

Sarge, Spitter and Crank wind their way through a narrow channel of rocks along a ridge...guns at the ready. Sarge first, Spitter second, with Crank bringing up the rear.

They move slowly. SARGE holds up his hand - listening... hears a *sound* - a low *moan* - it seems to come from a cluster of rocks about ten yards ahead. He motions for the other two to follow with caution. He takes a cautious step forward...

SPITTER follows about ten feet behind. Chewing gum rapidly, he glances side to side, moving as if through a minefield. SPITTER'S POV - large boulders everywhere...too many places for psychos to hide. Spitter gulps - this sucks.

CRANK follows the other two, finger literally itching on his AR-15's trigger - he attempts to control erratic breathing as his heart goes a hundred and ninety miles an hour -

SARGE walks slowly, approaching the cluster of rocks the moan seems to have come from. Spitter and Crank move up behind him. Sarge's eyes fix on a spot ahead, when suddenly...a MAN JUMPS OUT BEHIND SARGE and plunges a stake into Sarge's back!!! Sarge's eyes go wide! He starts to turn...

SPITTER freaks! Sees the horrific mutant attacking - raises his rifle, shaking horribly...

CRANK SCREAMS at Spitter...

CRANK

Shoot!!

SPITTER pulls the trigger just as the man SPINS SARGE around and dives back between the rocks. Spitter, a beat late, fires a short burst of bullets, RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT right into SARGE'S CHEST!!

Sarge staggers - eyes Spitter, confused, falls backwards.

CRANK (CONT'D)

Holy shit!!

Crank turns, panicked, and fires wildly into the rocks the mutant disappeared into.

CRANK (CONT'D)

Mutherfuckeeers!!

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN CLEARING

Delmar, Missy and Stump hear the firing, shouts -

STUMP

Shit!

More wild FIRING and SHOUTS. Bullets PING off rocks and SIZZLE through the air. They dive for cover. Then the firing stops abruptly, and there's an unmistakable "Fuck!" from over the rocks, said with absolute disbelief.

Delmar takes off running - Stump and Missy after him.

EXT. RIDGE PLATEAU -

Delmar finds Crank and Spitter on the other side of the brink, looks just beyond them with horror. Missy and Stump run up, rifles at the ready...

DELMAR

Oh man...

STUMP

What the fuck!?

Crank and Spitter look as if they've been punched in the stomach. Worse, tears are springing into Spitter's eyes and he's starting to shake uncontrollably -

SPITTER

I didn't mean to do it. Jesus, I didn't mean to do it.

They see Sarge. Hit and bleeding - astonishment on his face. Delmar crouches down, grabs his hand - Missy screams over her shoulder -

MISSY

Get me a medi-pack!

Stump runs to get one - Crank paces nervously, rifle ready.

CRANK

(half crazed)

Telling you - he could be anywhere -
fucker popped out of those rocks
without a sound and - *whammo* - he
could be fuckin' *anywhere*...

Delmar glances at Crank, sees he's losing it. Looks at Spitter, shaking, has the blank stare of a man in shock. Delmar exhales, this is really bad...

NAPOLEON (O.S.)
They're in the mines too...

*
*

Delmar whirls. Napoleon and Amber stumble up from below -
both wasted - bloody, bruised.

*
*

DELMAR
Jesus, what happened to you?

CRANK
Where the hell's Mickey?

*

Napoleon just can't say it. He just shakes his head.

*

MISSY (O.S.)
Shit!

All turn...

MISSY huddles over Sarge, covered with his blood, she pumps
his chest to get his heart beating. No avail.

Missy gives up pumping - shakes her head.

MISSY (CONT'D)
Fuck.

DISSOLVE TO:

*

EXT. MOUNTAIN RIDGE - LATER

*

Our troops hump down a rugged ridge, Delmar walking point,
Spitter, Crank, Amber and Napoleon hauling Sarge's corpse on
an improvised stretcher made from ponchos and poles. Missy
and Stump bring up the rear.

*
*
*
*

AMBER
(to all, low)
Watch between rocks, under your
feet, too.

Rifles are point every which way. No one knows where to look.

UP FRONT - Delmar sees something and puts his hand up.
Everyone stops. He scans the ridge through his rifle sight.

*
*

STUMP'S POV - the ridge jags erratically - hard to tell
what's what, the rocks a jumble of forms.

*
*

POV FROM THE HILLS TO DELMAR - *Heavy breathing* FOREGROUND -
Delmar's rifle pointing straight our way. But he doesn't seem
to see anything unusual - his rifle swings away.

*
*
*

BACK TO GROUP - Delmar shakes his head, unsure. *

DELMAR
Just a rock. *

He waves the group forward - they proceed warily as we - *

CUT BACK UP TO THAT POV LOCATION. A rock FOREGROUND -
speckled granite with lichen and bird shit - suddenly shifts
position. Now it's against a contrasting rock, and we can see
we were looking at a man's shoulders and butt. He's naked,
shave-headed and roped with muscle - and his skin is an exact
match with the rock he's just slid off. He moves again,
against another rock that matches his skin. Within seconds,
he's *virtually invisible*. *

CUT TO: *

EXT. TOP OF THE CLIFF FACE - LATE AFTERNOON.

THEY ARRIVE at the crest of the cliff. *

DELMAR
I'll anchor a line for belay. *

Spitter steps up. *

SPITTER
I'm going down with him. *

Delmar sees Spitter needs to do this... makes the decision. *

DELMAR
Okay - guess you can belay others
down once you're there. *

(beat)
Problem is - I'm not exactly sure
how to rig for a two man.

NAPOLEON
I know how...

TIME CUT TO: *

EXT. MOUNTAIN - ROCK FACE - LATER

Napoleon checks tension on two rope loops tied off to
separate anchor rocks. Crank comes over and squints
skeptically - eyeing the intricate key knot.

DRANK

You actually know what you're doing?

*
*
*

NAPOLEON

Three loop bowline. It's the right knot for the job.

*

(beat)

We need someone to guard the anchor.. You know...

(eyes a break in the rocks)

...just in case...

Crank eases away from a cranny himself, then -

CRANK

How you know how to do that?

*
*

NAPOLEON

I was an Eagle Scout.

(cool)

Guard it.

*
*

Napoleon gets up and waves Delmar over to approve.

*

CRANK

Whatever man, it better fuckin' hold.

*
*

Delmar checks the knots and likes what he sees.

*

DELMAR

Let's do it.

*

Delmar clips the bundled litter to Spitter - he'll go down in tandem with Sarge's remains.

*
*

Spitter starts backing over the cliff, Crank's rifle slung across his chest.

*

CRANK

Take care of my weapon, dick.

*
*

Spitter nods and starts down as Delmar and Crank start lowering Spitter over the side. They get over the edge and out on just rope - the trickiest part - and give the high sign. DELMAR and CRANK lets the rope out inch by inch.

*
*
*

Stump and Napoleon watch from the cliff's edge. Everyone's just holding his breath - hoping they've got it right.

*

STUMP
 (to Delmar)
 Easy...

POV - SPITTER fends off the cliff wall as he's lowered down.
 Spitter gives a big thumbs up to Stump.

STUMP (CONT'D)
 (to Delmar)
 Good pace!

DELMAR continues to let the rope out slowly, Amber doles
 slack out to him over a backup anchor - hyper alert.

NAPOLEON just prays. He knows he did it right, but still that
 sense of dread is back in the pit of his stomach...

Twenty feet down Spitter and the litter Sarge's body is on
 pass out of sight behind a hump in the cliff face.

STUMP (CONT'D)
 Slow it down... we've lost visual!

Delmar and Crank nod - paying the rope out very slowly now...

Stump and Napoleon crane over the edge... can't see anything.

But everything's going smoothly, despite their fears. They're
 just starting to feel confident in their training and care
 when - without warning - THE ROPE SNAPS - suddenly going
slack. We hear a SCREAM! Then - an IMPACT. Then -

Delmar freezes, horrified!

CRANK
 What fucking happened!?

DELMAR
 The rope -

Delmar reels the rope in. Crank wheels on Napoleon.

CRANK
 Your fucking knots didn't work, you
 lying faggot!!

He decks Napoleon with a round-house punch, then actually
 starts dragging him towards the edge of the cliff!
 Fortunately he doesn't get far - Stump tackles him -

Napoleon, nose bloodied, is as shocked as anyone.

NAPOLEON

The rope must've broke...?

DELMAR

The rope didn't break.

CRANK

(at Napoleon, furious)

Exactly!

Delmar grabs the end of the rope and shows it to them.

DELMAR

It was cut...

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. A ROCK FACE - DUSK

OUR GUYS - picking their way across the face of a sheer cliff
- their route not much more than a goat trail. There are
hundred-foot drops to jagged rocks inches from their feet on
one side, the wall on the other. A fall would be 100% fatal.

AMBER

Isn't there a safer way?

MISSY

It's been used as a trail. It'll
lead someplace.

AMBER

As in "down"?

Missy doesn't answer.

Then they reach a break in the wall. The good news is that
there's a level space - room to take five. The bad news is
that there's a big boulder ahead, and the trail doesn't look
like it goes on after that.

Gasping for breath, they collapse, backs against solid rock,
feet hanging over the drop. Stump tries the radio. Crank eyes
the sun, dipping towards the horizon.

CRANK

We're not gonna get down by dark,
are we?

Delmar just shakes his head - not wanting to spread gloom.

MISSY
 (to Stump)
 Try the radio again?

STUMP
 Just did - nothing.

There's a SOUND - from somewhere ahead. A *scraping* sound,
 like a big horrible steel blade *scraping* against a rock.

Everyone freezes - Delmar takes out Sarge's pistol - flips it
 off safety.

He looks towards a large boulder just ahead on the shelf.

It's easily large enough for a man - or whatever - to hide
 behind. Delmar eases towards it, Stump and Crank follow close
 behind, rifles at the ready.

The scraping seems to come from there...

CRANK
 (loud whisper)
 Careful, they just jump out of
 nowhere!

The kids hold, breathless - Stump and Crank cover as Delmar
 closes the distance.

Delmar's at the boulder, Crank right behind him - Stump
 creeps around the corner to the blind side.

He whips around the corner - ready to fire. Then stops.

DELMAR
 Fuck.

Stump and Crank come around to find Delmar standing over
 Redding - a full bird Colonel - busted up and bloody - but
 conscious. We recognize Redding. To them he's the man who
 fell to earth - a total mystery.

REDDING
 Go ahead, shoot.

He's a mess - teeth knocked out - part of his scalp peeled
 back on one side, and of course a steel stake stuck through
 his chest. What the fuck's going on?

Then Crank puts two and two together.

CRANK

You're that guy Sarge had me
looking for - supposed to be in
charge of security around here...

Delmar turns to look for Missy. She's all over it -

MISSY

Medi-pak flyin' in!

But as soon as she gets there Redding waves her away -

REDDING

(weak)

Forget that -

Redding eyes the motley crew staring down at him, doing a
quick inventory of them - bloodied, exhausted - scared.

REDDING (CONT'D)

Where's your C.O.?

Delmar looks down, shakes his head. No one says a word.

Redding gives a twitch -

MISSY

Better lemme see those wounds, sir.

Redding just looks at her with contemptuous pity.

REDDING

You don't have a fucking clue.

Missy starts to say something, but suddenly there's a *long, chilling CRY* that echoes down the canyon - like a hyena. Only bigger. Smarter.

The squad is instantly on full alert - rifles up, eyes
scanning - spreading out along the ledge, looking for
whatever the hell that was. No one sees anything.

Delmar turns back to Redding.

DELMAR

You know something, we should...

He stops, because Redding's not there.

MISSY

Over here!

Everyone turns, Missy's pointing at the edge of the cliff. *
 Redding's crawled to the edge of the drop off. He struggles *
 to his feet. Has a pistol in his hand, swinging it over all *
 of them, warning.

Delmar's really pissed - *

DELMAR
What's going on, sir?! *

Redding is shaken with hacking laughter. It's amazing he's *
 able to stand at all, let alone hold them all at bay. But *
 he's got the bearing - and he's an officer. *

REDDING
 I just needed a little proof!
 (laughs)
 Stupid thermal imaging test was the
 perfect opportunity...or so I
 thought...

Napoleon steps forward.

NAPOLEON
 Opportunity for what!?

REDDING
 Clean up an old mess.
 (chuckles, shakes head)
 Another day's work and I could've
 had this rats nest blown back to
 the bronze age.

Crank holds his rifle, crazy look in his eyes.

CRANK
 (to Redding)
 How we get off this damn hill,
 man!?

REDDING *
 (half delirious)
 Could go down through the mines but *
 they'll probably kill you and eat *
 you...
 (looks at Missy and Amber)
 ...though they may keep your girls
 alive as breeders. *

REDDING shrugs. *

REDDING (CONT'D) *
 Or... there's always the quick way. *

CRANK
What's that?

Without any warning Redding raises the pistol to his head, lets himself fall backwards, and pulls the trigger. *His head explodes* as he arcs back, down and out of our sight.

Our soldiers are stunned.

CRANK (CONT'D)
What the fuck was that!? Jesus
Christ - we are so fucked!

Crank looks around - the others are too shocked to act.

CRANK (CONT'D)
We got to get the hell out of here,
man - these things are gonna kill
us - they'll -

Delmar backhands him. Crank staggers sideways - blinking at the sting, shaken out of his terror.

DELMAR
You need to chill out.

CRANK
(near tears)
What the hell, dude.

Delmar shoots Crank an emphatic glare. Crank slinks away, temporarily silenced.

Amber looks to Missy, Stump and Delmar. Napoleon walks up too.

AMBER
What'll we do?

DELMAR
We stick together.

MISSY
Get down the hill however we can-

AMBER
But all our ropes are gone...

DELMAR
We have to find another way down...
there *must* be -

He stops. They all hear it - a sort of CLICKING, then a
strange low whistle, like a bird call, but a bit too human. *

A chill goes through the group - all look at each other -
they're still out there. *

Amber looks at Napoleon, shaking.

AMBER
And what about them...?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN - DUSK

Amber and Missy sit alone in the dusky light.

Missy sits against the rock wall. Amber looks around
uneasily, on guard - clearly upset.

AMBER
I don't know If I can take much
more of this.

She puts her head in her hands.

AMBER (CONT'D)
I'm so fucking scared.

Missy puts a comforting arm around her shoulder.

MISSY
We're gonna get through this.

AMBER
We are?

Missy smiles, even.

MISSY
Have to. I'm the only family
Clyde's got - 'cept my aunt of
course... but she's old.

AMBER
You miss him?

Missy nods, takes out the phone - clicks it on.

MISSY
I'd give anything just to smell him
again.

Clicks on the video.

CHILD'S VOICE (ON PHONE)
...a bird on the branch, a branch
on the tree, a tree in the bog...

Amber watches. Starts to sob gently. Missy puts the phone away. Puts a hand on Amber's shoulder.

MISSY
Hey...

AMBER
I can't *believe* what those fucking
animals did to Mickey.

Her sobs grow louder.

POV FROM BEHIND ROCKS - *heavy breathing, a low, desperate growl*. Something or someone, watches from 30 feet away.

Missy puts a hand on Amber's head, tilts it back, wipes the hair from her eyes, soft and confident.

MISSY
We'll get 'em back... I promise.

Missy wipes a tear away from Amber's face. Amber looks up at her, as if to see if the look on her face matches the sincerity in her voice. It does.

POV FROM ROCKS - the breathing increases in intensity - whoever it is, jerks a few steps forward.

Missy wipes another tear away. Then, as if forgetting herself, kisses Amber's forehead. Amber doesn't react, hungry for tenderness, for a non horrifying moment.

A *BESTIAL HOWL* sounds behind them.

Both girls whirl!

LETCH, the mutant that attacked Amber - lunges at them from the rocks. He's gathering speed and about to dive when Missy cups both hands to her mouth and yells -

MISSY (CONT'D)
NOW!!!

Delmar leaps from behind a boulder and unleashes a torrent - BRAKA-BRAKA-BRAKA-BRAKA!!! Letch takes the full storm of this, flipping backwards, smashing into a rock, falling forward again only to drop dead at the girls' feet.

Amber stands, straightens her clothes, wipes her lips, tries to compose herself. Missy lays a hand on her shoulder.

MISSY (CONT'D)
You alright?

Amber nods - walks off a few feet, clearly shaken up.

Napoleon appears.

MISSY (CONT'D)
(to Napoleon,
significantly)
I'm goin' right behind that rock to
take a pee.

NAPOLEON
(concerned)
Hurry.

Missy nods, walks off.

Stump and Crank show up, join Delmar.

They look at the thing they've killed. Bloated belly covered in scabs, pig-snout of a nose, nipples pierced with some poor victim's ear rings.

DELMAR
Fuckin' ug-lee!

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN - THIRTY FEET AWAY

Missy walks around a rock formation, still within earshot of the group - unbuckles her belt, yanks down her pants (we stay on her face) and crouches down - relieving herself with a sigh -

Liquid *spatters* against stone... Missy closes her eyes...

Suddenly, the rock formation behind her moves...one section rotates - a pair of eyes appears in the stone!! Chameleon's just a couple of feet away, staring right at her!

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN - BACK TO GROUP

Delmar shoulders his rifle, looks around, missing someone.

DELMAR
Where'd Missy go?

NAPOLEON
(thumbs toward the rock)
She's, uh, using the facility.

Delmar walks a few feet, peers around the corner. Nothing.

DELMAR
Missy?

No answer. Maybe she's still peeing, but he's nervous -

DELMAR (CONT'D)
(frustrated)
Damn, man! - people can't be
fuckin' goin' off solo just because
we killed one-

We hear an O.S. cry of terror -

MISSY (O.S.)
Heeeeeelp!

They all run to the edge of the escarpment, peering down the
slope toward the sound of Missy's voice...

EXT. LOWER RIDGE / MINE ENTRANCE - DUSK

They see the mine entrance. See CHAMELEON - sprinting with an
arm clamped around Missy's throat - dragging her along. She's
completely helpless, barely breathing due to his grip!

Delmar and STUMP leap down the slope after him - the others
following in hot pursuit.

DELMAR - bangs onto a ledge just short of the drop-off. It's
solid enough to let him get some speed - he's up and running,
STUMP close behind.

Napoleon loses his footing - sprawls down twenty five feet of
loose rock towards THE DROP OFF! At the last second Amber
grabs his shirt and hangs on, even though she's about to go
over too. But Crank grabs her shirt, saving both their asses.

Amber and Napoleon give a glance of thanks and they're all
three running again.

EXT. MINE ENTRANCE - NEAR SUNSET

THE PURSUERS' POV - SEEING CHAMELEON - dragging Missy into
what for the first time could be called a true mine entrance.

Six feet high by four wide, supported by old timbers - and dark as hell. Chameleon and Missy vanish into it.

*
*

Moments later Stump and Delmar arrive. Rifles ready. Blackness inside. Stump picks up something just inside the tunnel. A car's torn-off rear-view mirror.

*
*
*

DELMAR
There's our S.O.S.

*

He turns to the group.

DELMAR (CONT'D)
We gotta go in and get Missy - and we got to stay alive long enough to get out.

Amber and Napoleon step up.

AMBER
I'm in.

NAPOLEON
Let's do it.

Stump shakes his head, not buying it.

STUMP
Man, this is bullshit - they don't pay us enough...
(to Delmar)
You heard what that guy said before he fucking *offed* himself.

Delmar nods.

DELMAR
I'd go in after you.

STUMP
Guess I wouldn't return the favor.

Stump turns to go. Delmar stops him.

DELMAR
You don't have a fuckin' choice! You can't just run off and leave her in there...

STUMP
Who's gonna stop me?

DELMAR

You go off alone you're never gonna
make it down alive.

STUMP

Guess I'll take my chances.

Stump shoulders his gun, walks off.

Delmar looks at the remaining soldiers - Crank, Napoleon and
Amber.

DELMAR

Guess no one has to go inside...

All three step right past him, moving into the cave without a
word. Delmar nods - then looks after Stump with a sober look.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP - NIGHT

The moon casts a faint blue glow on an otherwise forbiddingly
shadowed ridge.

STUMP, breathing hard, hefts his rifle along the broken
terrain at a fairly fast clip, picking his way over the
jagged rocks with only the faintest illumination guiding him.

His confidence wanes as the shadows deepen and the wind
increases - his own mind becomes the enemy's best ally. Stump
pauses, face pale - shooting looks around the area
nervously...

STUMP'S POV - jagged rock formations on either side form a
gauntlet of faceless assailants - all seem to want to spring
to life at any moment.

STUMP steadies himself, exhales, continues walking.

STUMP

They're only rocks...

Stump moves through the dual formations, picking up speed -
then stops! Sensing something to his left-

STUMP (CONT'D)

Shit...

He swings his rifle around as someone grabs him from behind!

CLOSE ON STUMP as he's thrown into a nearby formation, his
head whacking into it with a solid thud.

Stump collapses like a sack of rocks.

CUT TO:

INT. UPPER MINE

Even with flashlights, it seems anyone or anything could be hiding among the rotting beams, jumbled rocks and sagging walls, ready to attack Delmar, Crank, Napoleon and Amber. Their breath is shallow, eyes straining.

Delmar moves over a pile of broken bones, around a pitch black corner.

IN HIS POV - The tunnel is carved out of dark, speckled granite, with all sorts of bumps and protuberances. His light moves over the walls, then reverses, sweeping back over the same forms. His beam stops...

ON DELMAR - squinting. Everyone freezes.

DELMAR
That rock look funny to you?

As if on cue, CHAMELEON *steps out from the wall* - eyes glowing in their flashlight beams. Everybody's gun snaps up - but there's no shot -

Chameleon's holding Missy as his shield.

She makes a desperate move and grabs Chameleon's hand away from her mouth - just long enough to yell -

MISSY
He's got a bayonet in my back!

Chameleon snaps his hand back over her mouth, leaps sideways around a corner and is gone.

THE GROUP is stunned. Chameleon is bigger and more frightening than they thought - formidable to say the least. Amber stumbles backwards, bumping up against Napoleon. He doesn't move, shocked at how good it feels.

CRANK
Big mother...

Delmar puts a finger to his lips.

Following Delmar, they creep around the corner and immediately find themselves at a dead end.

Delmar scans the walls, the ceiling. Trying to assess where...how? *

NAPOLEON
(quietly)
Here. *

He's kneeling by a GAP in the bottom of the cave's wall a few feet away. The stone around it is worn smooth. *

NAPOLEON (CONT'D)
Escape hatch... *

He reaches under and comes back with Missy's cell phone - holds it up for all to see - pockets it. *

Delmar shines his Mag Light down the hole. *

IN HIS POV - a rickety tin chute leads down into darkness. *

Delmar strips to his T-shirt and crawls into the chute, pulling his rifle after him. Next moment he slides down out of sight! *

THE OTHERS shed their extra layers and head in after him. *

INT. MINE - 2ND LEVEL DOWN - MOMENTS LATER

One at a time, Crank, Amber and Napoleon slide down the chute, hitting bottom to join Delmar in a much bigger space - the intersection of two larger tunnels. These are even creepier than the one above - danker, with scattered bits of bone, and dark pools of god-knows-what. *

AMBER
There's light... *

They all look where she's looking. They see it too - in the pitch black of the place, there's a SOFT BLUISH LIGHT emanating from one of the tunnels. Weird. *

They head for it. *

INT/EXT. PORT TUNNEL - NIGHT

When they turn the corner into the shaft, they feel a cool BREEZE on their faces. At tunnel's end there's a BUSH, weaving in the wind, tied there with a rope. Delmar cuts it free and kicks it out, finding himself looking out at the canyon bathed in moonlight. *

He peers down. *

DELMAR

Holy shit...

*
*

The crew comes up behind him. All look down.

CRANK

Aw... man...

IN THEIR POV - fifty feet down in a jumble of rocks, THE BODY OF SPITTER. Crumpled and bloody, dumped into an old, rusting ore hopper.

*
*
*

DELMAR

(quietly)

We're just below the top of the cliff. This's where the fuckers hid to cut the rope -

NAPOLEON

Look!

*

He points, incredulous -

*

IN THEIR POV - SPITTER'S BODY, no, Spitter himself is twitching - no, moving! He reaches an arm out - miraculously alive after the fall --

*
*
*

MISSY

He's alive!

*

They're delirious - yelling his name!

ALL

Spitter! - hang on!

*

Spitter looks up - then his whole body lifts off the ore car - levitating!

*
*

Their jaws drop open. Then, with the light just right, they see the RUSTY OLD CABLES tied to Spitter's wrists and ankles - cables that run up to another hole in the rock face, not that different from their own!

*
*
*
*

CRANK

Fuckers!

*

He unleashes at the opening - three bursts that rock the tunnel and smack into the opposite hole with high-velocity slugs. There's a HOOT of surprise or injury or maybe mockery - hard to say which - and the cables are dropped.

*
*
*
*

Spitter's body crashes back into the ore hopper like a sack of rocks. It lays there lifeless, as in fact it always was.

*
*

There's near chaos among the squad - they just want to kill somebody now. Delmar's the only cool head that acts -

DELMAR
They're playin' us...

He's got his hand on Crank's rifle, easing it down.

DELMAR (CONT'D)
Save the ammo.

CRANK
We can't just leave him down there.

Delmar looks at him, icy calm.

DELMAR
There's nothin' we can do for
Spitter now - or Mickey or Sarge -
except maybe show 'em we can find
Missy and fight our damn way out of
here.

CRANK
Missy's probably dead too.

Amber steps up furious.

AMBER
The hell she is!
(beat, upset)
She can't be.

NAPOLEON
(glares at Crank)
Doesn't do anybody any good.

DELMAR
(nods in agreement)
Let's go.

Delmar walks back towards the other tunnels. Napoleon and
Amber follow right behind.

Crank waits a second, shrugs, and joins the others.

CRANK
She is so dead...

CUT TO:

INT. WET TUNNEL - NIGHT

The group splashes into a flooded passageway - every shadow and gleam a potential attacker. It's a sodden, dark and dangerous world and they know it.

Amber and Napoleon are the rear guard, constantly looking forward to navigate over treacherous underwater footing, making sure no one gets them from their blind side.

They can't see much, their flashlight beams bounce crazily off the water and walls of the tunnel, illuminating little, brightening nothing.

Napoleon eyes the shadows.

NAPOLEON
(whispers)
They could be anywhere...

Amber moves a little closer. Napoleon acts like he doesn't notice.

AMBER
I wonder how many there are?

NAPOLEON
Who knows, probably been in these mines for years ...

Amber thinks, then -

AMBER
Napoleon? If they get me?

NAPOLEON
Yeah?

She looks away, the thought just too terrible...

AMBER
Save a bullet...
(looks at him)
For me.

She's absolutely serious.

NAPOLEON
Remember what Crank said? Dead is never better.
(beat)
We'll get out -

AMBER
Promise?

NAPOLEON
(nods)
Promise.

AMBER
I just hope -

AT THAT SECOND SHE SINKS up to her chest. Napoleon grabs her, tries to pull her out -

AMBER (CONT'D)
(shakes her head)
The floor - it's sinking!

With that their whole section of the tunnel floor collapses and they both PLUNGE OUT OF SIGHT! There are SCREAMS that are quickly drowned out by the sound of all the water in the tunnel pouring down the hole they've fallen through!

ON DELMAR and CRANK, hearing the ROAR OF THE COLLAPSE - feeling the water suddenly sucking back from them - catching them in a wicked undertow! They hang on to whatever they can until the worst is over - then realize Napoleon and Amber aren't there.

DELMAR
Shit!

They turn and run for the gaping hole in the tunnel's floor.

Delmar's first there - sprawling prone, flashing his light down and looking for Napoleon and Amber.

IN HIS POV - we see a hidden shaft dropping almost straight down - its sides shored with crumbling wood that's wet and mossy. At its bottom we glimpse a tunnel from some lower level - a huge pile of dirt & mud in its center. No sign of Napoleon and Amber.

DELMAR (CONT'D)
(yelling down)
Napoleon? Amber!?

At last two LUMPS free themselves from the mud - NAPOLEON AND AMBER - gasping, spitting out dirt - crawl out. They look up to the distant flashlights, amazed they're alive.

DELMAR (CONT'D)
You guys alright?

Napoleon nods, looks at Amber.

AMBER

Yeah.

CRANK, IN THE UPPER TUNNEL - doesn't like the crunching sounds he's hearing -

CRANK

(to Delmar)

That whole thing's gonna go if you stay there.

Delmar considers this for a moment then yells down -

DELMAR

We're gonna find a way down. Hang tight.

Napoleon looks around the dark, mossy tunnel they're now in, scared shitless.

NAPOLEON

No problem.

Delmar and Crank disappear from the hole. Moments later their lights do too. Utter darkness takes their place.

CUT TO:

INT. MINE SHAFT BELOW CAVE-IN

AMBER is in shock. Brave as she is, this is really, really bad.

NAPOLEON

They won't be long.

She nods, not sure that's true at all.

They shine their lights around the dark tunnel. Napoleon seems to see something, and takes a step down the corridor.

AMBER

We're not supposed to move!

He points at his ear, then points down the corridor and starts walking again. Amber runs after him and grabs his arm.

AMBER (CONT'D)

We said we'd stay put.

Napoleon stops, torn.

NAPOLEON

(whispers)

Though I heard something...

He stares intently down the tunnel but doesn't go farther.

From his stopped position we TRACK through the dark to a rotting support beam twenty feet away. There, anonymous as stone - stands CHAMELEON - holding Missy tight, HER OWN BAYONET at her throat. Chameleon is eyeing the guns.

Missy knows she's just inches from rescue - if Napoleon would just takes a few more steps. As for Napoleon, he looks torn - as if he could go either way.

Chameleon sneaks a hand up to the rotten beam above them and pulls at it hard.

BACK WITH NAPOLEON AND AMBER - as the beam collapses -

AMBER

Look out!

They leap back a second before half a ton of loose rock and mud crash to the tunnel's floor. They're certainly not going back there again! They start walking back where they started.

CHAMELEON - seizes the moment, lifting Missy off the ground and vanishing without a sound.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. UPPER TUNNEL

Delmar and Crank make their way down a dark and ever-narrowing tunnel. The ceiling's partially collapsed and the walls strain at the ancient supports. It's a claustrophobe's nightmare. They stop - because the tunnel stops.

They've reached the brink of another deep PIT - the product of another old cave-in. A steep, near-vertical face drops down to a space filled with shattered beams, twisted iron and unforgiving rock.

DELMAR

Looks like the level they're on...

CRANK

No fucking way we could get down that face without gear.

Delmar stares intently across the chasm....

Then, they hear MISSY'S SCREAM echo up to them. That
definitely is where they need to get.

DELMAR
We've gotta get down there.

CRANK
Got wings?

Delmar eyes a rusted iron beam propped against the wall of
the pit, about fifteen feet out from where they are. It's
big, and pitches down at a forty-five degree angle to the
floor many feet below. There's water running down its upper
surface and it looks slippery as hell. But it's all they got.

Before Crank even knows what he's thinking, Delmar takes five
paces back, runs and leaps out into cold, thin air.

He hits on a tiny ledge near the beam's top end and just
barely manages to hang on, clawing his way upright and onto
the beam.

CRANK (CONT'D)
Oh, shit.

DELMAR
(looks down the beam)
No way out but down...

Arms out for balance, Delmar starts down, directly over the
jagged metal and rock twenty feet below. Crank holds his
breath - it looks hairy as hell. Delmar's boots slip on the
slick steel, then catch and hold again. After several near
falls and tons of scares, he's actually made it down.

CRANK
No fucking way.

DELMAR
You can do it - just don't look
down.

Crank nods his head, trying to convince himself...

CRANK
Okay...okay...

Crank does the run and leap - and lands right where Delmar
did. Trouble is, this time that little ledge that Delmar
landed on has had enough abuse - it collapses. With no
footing left, Crank goes down with it. But with a desperate
move he manages to get one hand-hold on the edge of the beam.

He hangs there swinging on one arm, and that isn't going to last long.

He looks down to Delmar.

CRANK (CONT'D)

Delmar!

Delmar runs back to the beam, starts shimmying up it as fast as he can - he's clearly risking his life to get to him - we're not sure it's the best idea. Delmar gets within ten feet - slips back three feet...almost losing hold completely and falling. He regains a hold on the slick beam.

Crank's hanging on by a fingernail now, eyes glazed with fear.

CRANK (CONT'D)

Hurry!

Delmar takes deep breath, then shimmies back up, closing in to striking distance with one last valiant push - he lunges out, grabs Crank's collar, and with what seems like superhuman strength, manages to hauls him up enough so that Crank can climb back onto the beam.

Crank shakes like a leaf.

CRANK (CONT'D)

T-thanks dude.

DELMAR

No problem.

The two of them slowly shimmy back down to the lower level, crisis averted...

CUT TO:

INT. HADES LAIR

Dimly lit by OIL LANTERNS and FIRE PITS, this space feels downright Medieval. This is the lair of the leader of the pack, HADES, and it's in one of the rings of Hell. Missy struggles against her restraints, falling and smacking her head against what turns out to be a HUMAN HIP BONE, still coated with flesh.

WIDEN to reveal the HIP is attached to SPITTER - he's nearly unrecognizable now - looking more like the carcass of an animal slain by beasts than human - one leg half-eaten and the other lying off by itself a couple feet away.

Missy sees this in a bloody daze - recoiling in horror -
knowing this might well be her fate soon.

*
*

Then CHAMELEON LEANS INTO FRAME, right in Missy's face,
leering.

CHAMELEON
Puuuuuuuuurteeeee.

Missy spits right in his eye.

Chameleon jumps back with a hiss - grabs her by the hair and
smacks her skull into the stone floor - TWACK!

He leaps on her, grinding into her. She tries to throw him
off - but he's way too strong, he backhands Missy viciously -
bursting her lip!

Blood gushes. Chameleon laps at it like a dog. The action is
disturbingly intimate -

CHAMELEON (CONT'D)
So sweeeeeeet...

He lurches forward and sticks his *long, slick tongue right*
down her throat! It's god-awful to see - but Missy just bites
down on the damn thing as hard as she can! Chameleon jerks
back - as far as his wretched tongue will allow - and that
gives Missy enough clearance to spit out the tongue and knee
him in the groin with everything she's got.

Chameleon *howls*, blood and saliva spewing from his mouth,
horrible agony from his privates -

As Chameleon wails - Missy rolls out from under him, grabbing
the first thing she can - Spitter's detached leg! The femur
has been snapped off in a horribly jagged, pointed break.
Missy picks it up, a rigor mortis hardened harpoon, and JAMS
IT INTO CHAMELEON'S BALLS!

*
*
*
*

MISSY
Fuck you!!

Chameleon SHRIEKS in horrific agony! Grabs the wounded area,
blood spewing...

*
*

Missy tosses the leg/harpoon down, staggers up, about to run
away from the writhing mutant - freezes...

*
*

IN HER POV - blocking her path is a HUGE figure - we only
glimpse partial details - tree trunk legs, ornaments of gold
watches and human teeth.

*

He drags a corpse behind him...it's STUMP! But Stump's not dead...he moans. Hades drags him into the center of the chamber, drops him. Turns to Missy...

She tries to scramble up and run, but he's too quick... He smashes her across the head - sending her down hard!

MISSY (CONT'D)

Aiiigh!

Missy's dragged back into hell by HADES, the grim leader of them all.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. TUNNEL - NAPOLEON AND AMBER

They're running now - following the SCREAMS. They reach a corner and stop - and now the SOUNDS OF A BEATING, OF MISSY'S CRIES seem be coming from both directions - the echoes here are totally disorienting.

The SCREAMS repeat, louder now...

Wheeling around - they try to guess what dark tunnel, what decrepid ramp or chute will lead to Missy? It's a maze straight out of Escher!

AMBER

Missy!

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. 2ND LEVEL CORRIDOR

Delmar and Crank reach the pile of mud and rock where they last saw Amber and Napoleon. Of course they're not there.

DELMAR

I told 'em to stay put!

Then they hear Missy's SCREAMING - somewhere down the corridor we've seen Amber and Napoleon take.

Without a word they're running in that direction, desperate to find her and get the hell out of there.

CUT TO:

INT. HADES' CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

MISSY CRASHES INTO FRAME - dropped by Hades. We get a better look at him now - and he's definitely someone to be reckoned with - charismatic and full of fury.

The other mutants have been frightening, but Hades is terrifying. His face's deformations give his face a kinship to a Mandril's - surreal and no-fucking-around terrifying at the same time.

He picks Stump up like a rag doll and wedges him into the junction of two rough beams. Stump moans as he fights to stay conscious.

Hades turns to Missy, raises his hand over her. At first we don't know what he's going to do. Then he just gives a powerful FINGER SNAP.

Instantly Chameleon limps up. Hades says in a deep baritone -

HADES
Bring the thing....

Chameleon skitters off into the darkness.

Hades picks Missy up and wedges her upright the same the way he did Stump. Missy knows something horrible is coming - her breathing is out of control - her features contorted with dread and fear - an animal trapped on the killing floor.

Chameleon races back in with "the thing" - MISSY's BAYONET.

Hades runs a finger along Missy's arm to her shoulder, *prodding the flesh*, locating the subdermal architecture until he holds a finger on the joint of her shoulder.

Missy realizes what he's thinking and loses it.

MISSY
Get that fucking thing away from me
- get it awaaaaaaaay!!!

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. AMBER AND NAPOLEON'S TUNNEL

Amber & Napoleon are running flat out - horrified by the screams - crashing through debris, leaping over fallen support beams. Then, just as they claw through into a clear tunnel again, the screams stop altogether.

There's a terrible silence.

INT. THE OTHER TUNNEL -

ON DELMAR and CRANK - stunned, listening in shock.

CRANK
 (terrified)
 What are they fuckin' doin' to
 her!?

★
 ★

Silence is the only answer.

★

CRANK (CONT'D)
 (to Delmar)
 Look... you're a good man, your
 heart's the right place.
 (nods toward screams)
 But she is history!!
 (pleading)
 Let's get out of here!

Delmar looks at him, seems to consider his idea. Then, he
 turns back to Crank with, what passes for in this hell hole,
 a sense of inner peace.

DELMAR
 There's no turning back now.

Delmar turns away and heads toward the sound of a scream.
 Crank appears to watch his life pass in front of his eyes for
 a moment - then turns, runs after Delmar.

CRANK
 Don't leave me!

CUT TO:

INT. AMBER & NAPOLEON'S TUNNEL.

★

The SCREAMS begin again - much nearer to them!

★

Amber and Napoleon creep forward, hearts in their mouths.

★

Come to a corner. Peek around.

★

Amber can't see a thing. Her flashlight is getting dim. She
 looks at Napoleon.

AMBER
 I can barely see...

There's a CLICK down the right tunnel, in the dark. She looks
 up instinctively. And at the same time SOMETHING comes flying
 out of the dark - something white and red.

★
 ★
 ★

It hits Amber across the face with a horrible SLAP/CRACK -
 knocking her down.

★
 ★

Napoleon grabs her back up and away - not knowing what the thing was. Amber wipes blood off her face. He tries to hold his flashlight while helping her - the effect is erratic.

NAPOLEON

You cut?

Amber, nearing shock, shakes her head. They look down in confusion - he steadies his light.

There on the floor of the tunnel is STUMP'S BLOODY ARM.

Amber cracks, beyond speech - just saying over and over in a child's voice -

AMBER

Oh... my... god...

Suddenly, a FORM emerges as if from thin air down the tunnel... then vanishes again.

Napoleon pushes Amber behind him protectively, raising his rifle.

He can HEAR Chameleon's footsteps, darting around - but in the dark and with Chameleon's skin the same as the rock walls, he's just plain invisible to see!

Napoleon peers down the rifle site, aims one way, then another. Amber points behind them -

AMBER (CONT'D)

There!

Napoleon whips around, catching a blur of Chameleon as the creature disappears into the wall as if part of its geological makeup...

Napoleon fires a burst where Chameleon just was! Hits only dirt and rock... But a ROCK sails at him from another direction and strikes him in the back.

Napoleon pivots, hurt, and sweeps the area. He turns this way and that - but it's impossible to separate the creature from the background. But then Napoleon seems to realize something. He turns to Amber and whispers.

NAPOLEON

Stay right behind me.

He pulls her against his back. Amber gets it - drops her rifle and wraps her arms around his chest from behind as he raises his rifle and points at the inky wall.

He fires once into the blackness, BLAM! - turns 10 degrees and fires again...BLAM! Amber moves with him as he speeds it up - 10 degrees - BLAM! Ten degrees BLAM! He keeps this pattern up, increasing in speed, until a shot is followed by a SCREAM!!

NAPOLEON (CONT'D)

Gotcha!

Chameleon, wounded in the shoulder, stumbles away from the protective wall he's been plastered against - now in the open.

Napoleon shows no mercy - he lines him up in his sights and pulls the trigger. But -

CLICK!

Napoleon's out of ammo.

NAPOLEON (CONT'D)

Shit - give me your rifle!

Amber spins around, trying to find it in the dark - and that gives Chameleon the chance he needs - he charges straight at them - raising a wicked-looking hatchet - bent on murder.

That's just fine with Napoleon at this point - he unsheathes his bayonet and snaps it onto his rifle, fury in his eyes -

NAPOLEON (CONT'D)

Mutherfuuuuucker!!!

Chameleon dodges right - disappearing against matching background.

Amber's got her gun now, but she can't shoot because Napoleon has launched a counter-attack - running toward the spot where CHAMELEON'S disappeared! He stabs forward - nothing! He stabs to the right, then to the left... ARRRGHGHHH! A hit!!

Chameleon leaps bleeding out of the shadows, side-steps the next thrust and grabs the rifle with all his strength, wrenching it away. He flings it against a rock face so hard that parts of it fly off. It's clearly ruined as a weapon. He turns back to Napoleon, shoulder shot through, a bayonet gash in his rib-cage - even a groove drilled through the top of his skull by Napoleon's first shot - a scalp wound that is bleeding profusely into his eyes. But despite all of this, he's still big and quick and bent on murder.

Napoleon isn't daunted. He grabs a skull-sized rock from the tunnel's floor a split-second before Chameleon lunges for him and scores a perfectly timed blow to his head - THWACK! The creature staggers back -

Amber watches in awe as Napoleon, once the pacifist, charges again, bringing the stone down for all he's worth... THUNK, and then again - CRACK, THUNK!

Chameleon goes down to his knees - head now a welter of blood. Napoleon shows no mercy - bringing the stone down even harder - THUNK, THUNK, CRUNCH!! The bony skull finally just caves in on itself. Napoleon keeps on hitting it - berserk. Amber freaks out -

AMBER

Napoleon!

THUNK, SHLUNK, SHLUNK!! The head's pure mush at this point, Napoleon's covered with blood. He raises the rock again, so exhausted he can barely lift it. Amber gets to him before he can strike again - pulling him away.

AMBER (CONT'D)

Enough...

Napoleon rocks back on his haunches... looks down at what's left of Chameleon, at his blood spattered hands. It all sinks in - finally - and when he looks up at Amber, he can't say anything. He's not even sure who he is.

Then a NOISE from down the corridor makes Amber turn. Grabber moves into view, sniffing the smell of Chameleon's blood. Near-sighted as a wild boar, he hasn't seen Amber and Napoleon yet - but he soon will.

Amber ducks down, pulling Napoleon with her, backing away until they bump up against a wall with no where to go.

Grabber is so close they can smell him - his SNUFFING is getting louder and louder - he's sure to pick up their scent next!

But just then, by some miracle, a HIDDEN HATCH opens in the wood shoring next to their heads - and two enormous hands dart out and pull Amber through! Napoleon twists around and sees Hansel staring at him - before he can freak out, he too is pulled in by Hansel's tree-trunk arms.

The hatch slams shut. Next moment Grabber snuffles up, suspicious, squinting at the hatch.

But then -

DELMAR
Napoleon?

*
*

CRANK
Amber? Missy?!

*

Grabber waits, breathless. He can hear their approaching foot-
steps. He darts across the tunnel to what we see for the
first time - a smaller hole - a burrow. He dives down into it
and disappears - in his element again!

*
*
*
*

INT. HANSEL'S ROOM

Napoleon and Amber are pressed up against the wall, frozen in
place, eyeing Hansel, who's holding a finger to his lips.

*
*

HANSEL
Shhhhhhhh.

Napoleon, covered in blood, glances around the chamber - a
low dark room hewn from the rock, strewn with CHILDREN'S
BOOKS scavenged from victims' cars years ago. And on the
walls, incredible CHALK DRAWINGS - as powerful and mysterious
as Pleistocene cave paintings - liven the room. Figures of
running antelopes and coyotes - graceful sketches of the
hills themselves.

*
*
*
*
*

Napoleon looks at Amber, then follows her gaze to another
wall. There the drawings are different - SOLDIERS firing at
WOMEN and CHILDREN - CORPSES piled in heaps. An officer fires
at the innocents.

NAPOLEON
(realizing)
Redding...

He looks back to Hansel. He just nods at him, like, "Yup,
that happened."

CUT TO:

*

INT. OUTER CORRIDOR

WITH CRANK and DELMAR as they come around a corner, having
heard the gunfire, they enter the corridor that the kids just
escaped -

*
*

CRANK
Napoleon!?

*
*

SEVERAL SHAPES lunge in the murk in front of them - GRABBER,
carrying a bloodied MISSY - SNAKE and HADES moving behind.

*
*

Unfortunately SNAKE has gotten hold of Spitter's lost rifle - and though he doesn't know how to aim, he doesn't hesitate to OPEN FIRE with it.

BULLETS SPRAY THE WALLS AND TIMBERS AROUND DELMAR and CRANK - and they hit the deck hard! Delmar fires two shots, then lets out a yell and lurches backwards, rifle dropping. Crank looks at him, then back at Snake and opens up - BLASTING SNAKE OFF HIS FEET! Crash. He's chopped to pieces, as is the rifle he was firing. But this only enrages Grabber, who puts his head down, gives a terrifying ROAR and charges.

Crank's first shot hits Grabber in the shoulder! But he keeps coming! Crank fires three more shots, all of which seem to miss - and runs out of ammo! *

DELMAR
(between shots)
Take...mine....

Crank does and resumes firing - now at Hades too - who's started to wing chunks of rock at them with frightening speed and accuracy. *

REVERSE ON HADES - and by gosh if he doesn't get hit - staggering back against the wall - shock on his face. *

GRABBER gets even madder - roaring in fury - seemingly immune to bullets! *

Crank empties the clip in a deafening barrage that sends hair and bone and blood flying off Grabber - but the big guy still keeps coming - a bull maddened by bees. He whips out a huge axe and lifts it high over his head, blinks blood out of his eyes as he staggers forward. Crank has one last chance - *

CRANK
Come on, bitch.

BLAM, BLAM, BLAM, BLAM! Grabber's head literally EXPLODES. He stumbles, vomits a gallon of brackish blood out of a mush-ball that used to be his throat, and falls flat on this face, dead at last. *

Good thing - the rifle clicked on empty just before Grabber went down.

BACK ON CRANK - triumphant.

CRANK (CONT'D)
It's all about volume, baby - ya
gotta have volume!

Two seconds of victory, then he realize something -

CRANK (CONT'D)
How you doin' big guy?

*

Delmar lays on the ground trying to check his own wound - a hole through his shoulder just above the bone. Crank eyes it.

CRANK (CONT'D)
Classic Lone Ranger shoulder wound,
dude. Not even a bone nicked.

DELMAR
Take the next one yourself. Now
that you've used up all the ammo,
you'll need an excuse.

CUT TO:

*

INT. HANSEL'S "ROOM"

The gunfire has stopped, but... Who won?

Amber looks to Napoleon - Napoleon nods, moves to the door of the chamber, carefully moves the panel aside and crawls out.

Hansel smiles, offers Amber a hunk of lizard jerky. Amber shakes her head, no thanks. Hansel shrugs, pops the crunchy treat in his own maw, devouring it quickly.

Napoleon comes back in - flashes a smile.

NAPOLEON
Let's go.

Amber follows Napoleon through the doorway - Hansel, attached to his friends now, follows close behind.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BATTLE CORRIDOR

Napoleon sees Delmar's hurt.

*

NAPOLEON
(to Delmar)
You okay?

DELMAR
Be a hell of a lot better when we
get out of here.

Crank eyes Hansel.

*

CRANK
Who's that?

★
★

NAPOLEON
He's okay.

Crank takes another look.

CRANK
No it ain't. He's one of them.

AMBER
He just saved our lives.

HANSEL
(low voice)
I know where's soldier girl.
(nods for them to follow)
... more come... kill.

★
★

Everyone eyes each other. What the hell, an ally is an ally.

★

CUT TO:

INT. DESCENDING TUNNEL

They approach, coming down, even as they're hearing weird
CLICKS and WHISTLES behind them - and RUNNING FEET - coming
their way.

NAPOLEON
(eyeing Delmar)
No way we're gonna outrun anybody.

CRANK
Or shoot 'em.

AMBER
I've got a bullet. One.

CRANK
Save it for yourself.

NAPOLEON
We still have a couple bayonets...

He stops them, points to A DEEP POOL OF BLACKISH WATER at
their feet, he climbs down in, starts to wade through.

The group pauses, unsure how to proceed.

CRANK

That stuff stinks - what the hell
is it.

Napoleon bends down to the liquid, dips a forefinger in, rubs
the substance between his finger and thumb.

NAPOLEON

This is just what we need.

Napoleon starts to rub the substance on his hands, arms and
face. Knowing the Mutants are tracking them by smell, Amber, *
Crank and Delmar have no choice but to follow Napoleon's
lead. Not that they're happy about it. At least not Crank.

CRANK

God knows what this stuff is...

DELMAR

Not sure God knows anything about
this place.

Amber dips her hands into the pool of sludge and begins to
smear it over her body and face.

AMBER

Think of it as camo paint. *

Crank closes his eyes and smears himself with the gunk. *
Everyone else does too.

Next moment Hansel makes a sharp motion of "Quiet!" Everyone
freezes. *

STABBER - armed with one of their lost RIFLES - moves through *
the gallery, sniffing. He stops, sniffing towards... Crank. *
HE SWINGS the RIFLE around in their direction. *

ANGLE DOWN ON CRANK'S NOT-YET-SMEARED RIGHT ARM. He silently
slides it under the gunk, sweating. STABBER finds no smell to *
alert him now - moves through and is gone. *

CRANK looks at Hansel, relief in his face.

CRANK

You should patent this shit.

CUT TO:

INT. WIDER TUNNEL

Hansel leads them into a long WIDE CHAMBER. This is a
storage unit of sorts, though the contents are quite grim -

It's filled with what we assume are the *belongings* of the Hill's People's victims over the years... some are relatively new - but many items are vintage, rusted relics from the Fifties, Sixties and Seventies.

Crank lights a flare - in the reddish light we see details - *

POV - Piles of bloodstained clothes, a mound of children's toys, a pile of suitcases and handbags, on and on. Many victims have died here over the years.

CRANK *

Jesus...

Hansel, shamed, stops them by the entrance to what appears to be a shrine of some sort. There are painted SYMBOLS on it, and what could even be NAMES written on its stones. All in some foreign language - who knows what...

BRICKS at one time were used to seal this place up, but they've been pulled away to make an entrance. Hansel goes in. Napoleon and Amber follow, and Crank and Delmar have little choice. *

INT. BURIAL CHAMBER - NIGHT *

They enter a dark, musty chamber - Amber immediately puts a hand to her nose and mouth, stifling a gag - the others, hit by the odor at the same time, quickly follow suit. Whatever's in here, it don't smell good. Ominously thick, inky dust swirls through their flashlights' beams as they follow Hansel inside. Napoleon's eyes widen, not believing what he sees... *

In the room's center are a mound of dried flowers, a mountain of gifts of dolls and toys and slips of paper with scrawls on them. And bones... Hundreds and hundreds of bones. *

There's a moment's silence while that sinks in. Then, Hansel looks at the pile of bones.

HANSEL

(rasping, low)

My people. Kill by soldiers...

They all stare for a moment - Crank shakes his head. *

CRANK *

(uneasy) *

What goes round comes round - we're gonna get killed ourselves if we don't get out of here. *

Hansel nods. *

HANSEL
We go...

*
*

CUT TO:

*

INT. LOWER PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

They splash through water up to their knees - scramble up a rise, out of the water, to reach a plank wall. There is an electric light hanging here. Old and grungy, but working. There's power coming from somewhere...

Hansel opens a door and drops his head, apologetic.

HANSEL
This way...

INT. GALLEY AND ATTENDANT ROOMS - NIGHT

The first step in and they're holding their noses, gagging at the smell. They're in some sort of PANTRY. Old, crumbling wood shelving holding equally old GLASS JARS and MOLDERING TINS. Crank stops at ONE LARGE JAR -

*

CRANK
Shit...

*

ON THE JAR - Full of HUMAN TEETH.

ON ANOTHER - Filled with GOLD WEDDING RINGS.

AND ON OTHERS - Filled with EARS, HANDS, EYES, NOSES.

But that's not the worst of it.

The next room they pass through has meat hooks along one wall, and hanging on one of them is SARGE!!

*

No one says a word - they're speechless.

But even this isn't the worst. That's in the next room. The dining room...

INT - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

A grimy place of warped plank tables and rotting chairs. And there, on the stone table, amid the stained plates and flatware, is MICKEY'S BODY.

It's half devoured - great plates of muscle and tissue peeled away for food - shreds of which are on the stained plates.

The sense of fury and disgust among the Guardsmen is palpable in the room.

CRANK
Fucking animals...

★

Delmar just looks at it all with an unreadable gaze. But Crank turns on Hansel, livid.

CRANK (CONT'D)
You fucking retard! You suck your
momma's cock - you should be
fuckin' shot!!

★

Delmar reaches out, grabs Crank by the shoulder, effectively stopping his rant. Crank doesn't know quite what to make of this...tries to pull away.

Delmar just pulls Crank closer, staggers a bit, getting this weird look on his face - then, he brings his hands up in front of Crank's face. They're wet with BLOOD.

Then Crank looks down at Delmar's chest. It's soaked in blood - Delmar was hit twice, and the second shot caught him in the chest. He's bleeding out.

Crank catches Delmar as he falls. Cradles him, rocking.

CRANK (CONT'D)
No, no, no, no - Delmar, don't
fucking do this, don't leave me -

Delmar leans his forehead against Crank's, bone to bone...

CRANK (CONT'D)
Please...

And he dies, slumping into Crank's arms.

SMASH CUT TO:

ANOTHER OLD DOORWAY - THROWN OPEN

They're getting Delmar out of that god-forsaken room. They bring him into a larger, drier space and lie him down on an old plank table. With dignity. Crank closes Delmar's eyes. Slips his shirt over him...

★

It's down to one simple truth now: each of their lives hangs by a thread. They've gotta weave those threads into a rope that holds, or they're dead.

WIDER - WE SEE THEY'RE IN THE "HUB" PART OF THE MINE - Where Han and Wilson were last seen alive. It's lit by FLICKERING WORK LIGHTS, which in turn are powered by a generator Crank finds, tracing its sound to the room it's in. Big old diesel thing, probably post War, half a ton if it's a pound.

Crank's trying to find a way out to the outside, but the two blast doors, made to withstand atomic bombs, aren't budging. What other way out could there be?

Napoleon jogs over to the hatch.

NAPOLEON

This looks like a bunker.

(beat)

Crank, give me a hand with this hatch - we could hide out in here!

Crank's extremely agitated.

CRANK

We got to get the fuck out of here!

AMBER

What about Missy?

CRANK

Get the fuck off this thing about her being alive - she's dead! Like all the others - like us if we don't get the fuck out of here!

AMBER

All you care about is your own ass.

Napoleon's still at the bunker's hatch.

NAPOLEON

Cool it!

(beat)

I think our best chance is through the bunker - seal ourselves in.

Meanwhile Crank walks over to the blast doors, kicks them as hard as he can. All he does is hurt his foot. He turns around in frustration - then sees something that he likes.

CRANK

Oh yeah!

Amber's eyes the hatch, glances at Crank - then makes her decision.

AMBER
I'm going back for Missy.

HANSEL
(low)
Bad idea...

Amber ignores him and walks towards the doorway leading back into the mines.

CRANK (O.S.)
Check it out!!

*
*

Crank's holding something that looks a lot like a STICK OF DYNAMITE! Crank's even stuck a primer and fuse into it.

*

Crank laughs maniacally -

*

CRANK (CONT'D)
Everything we need!

He runs into a plank-walled room with an old rusted sign saying - "DANGER - Do Not Enter."

Napoleon looks after Crank, considers following him - then back to the door Amber disappeared through, makes the choice.

*

He picks up Delmar's rifle (empty, but fixed with a bayonet) and follows after Amber who's already through the door to the kitchen area - heading for the mines.

*

INT. KITCHEN

Napoleon catches up with her - grabbing her arm.

NAPOLEON
Amber - don't. Please...
I'm begging here.

Hansel appears - watching them.

AMBER
Like Delmar said... I'd go back for you.

She turns around and walks through the door into the dark.

NAPOLEON
Amber!

Napoleon runs after Amber - followed by the ever-curious Hansel. Meanwhile -

INT. PLANK ROOM

Crank's over by a whole box of the dynamite - complete with fuses and primer caps. *

CRANK
(to himself)
Doesn't look bad for bein' so
old... *

He lifts the lid on the other old box - more of the stuff - stacked right to the top in neat sawdust.

Behind this box, there's an aged detonator device wired to a bundle of dynamite! The detonator's wood base-unit couches two rusted connectors, one with a spring loaded lever arm rusted into the 'upright' position. This device is, in turn, connected to a really old car battery. Complete the circuit and, BLAMMO! Big explosion! Assuming the damn car battery works, of course.

Crank reaches for the device, thrilled by the prospect that the old battery may have enough juice.

CRANK (CONT'D)
Maybe I'll get out after all...

As soon as he touches the fragile old device, the rusted lever dislodges from its corroded spring and falls (SLO MO IF YOU LIKE) like a guillotine toward the other contact, about to complete a deadly circuit. Crank reaches to stop it, but he gets there too late... *

CRANK (CONT'D)
Shi-

The EXPLOSION is huge - blasting everything within fifty yards to bits. Including Crank. *

INT. "KITCHEN" AREA

The BLAST WAVE percusses the walls between the hub room and the kitchen room. Amber, Napoleon and Hansel are in - knocking them all flat. Napoleon dives over Amber as beams and stone rain down around them. It's only by dumb luck or God's grace they're just far enough from the epicenter to escape being killed.

Napoleon and Amber stagger up, half deaf. Hansel is still standing, covered with soot and debris. There's blood coming out of Napoleon's right ear, and Amber's got a nasty gash on her cheek. Hansel is unscathed. But not without opinion.

HANSEL

Bad idea.

INT. WHAT'S LEFT OF THE "HUB" ROOM - NIGHT

Napoleon, Amber and Hansel push aside shattered wood and survey the devastation that's been wrought.

NAPOLEON

Crank!?

*

Silence. Not that they expected him to survive the devastation they're looking at.

They walk out into a totally changed landscape. The back half of the space has collapsed, covering the entrances of some of the old tunnels, exposing others where SHADOWY FIGURES watch down. They are on the move, heading down towards them. In the direction of the blast doors, the entire ceiling of the chamber has collapsed. Huge rocks, tons of dirt. Towards the front of the dirt pile there is something only chance could produce. A human head.

Crank's head.

His face is locked in the expression it had at the instant of detonation - absolute shock.

Then they feel the cool breeze on their cheeks. They turn to see a huge opening in the stone wall where the two-ton generator - impelled by enough dynamite to fire it over the moon - smashed its way through to the great out-of-doors.

You could drive a Hummer through there now. Napoleon, Amber and Hansel can get out and run for their lives - they have a fighting chance.

MISSY (O.S.)

Help!!!

Her voice is coming up through the bunker's air vent.

Napoleon runs over, tries to open the hatch, it's too tight. Hansel walks up, easily cranking the hatch open with one hand.

NAPOLEON

Thanks.

Hansel smiles, proud he could help.

MISSY (O.S.)

Heelpp mee! Amber!!!!

Amber is frozen in utter shock.

NAPOLEON
She's not alone.

HANSEL
Un'ca Hay-dees.

Amber turns to Napoleon. They hold this look for a second.

AMBER
You can get out, Napoleon. You
really should.

NAPOLEON
You know that character in scary
movies that goes into the basement
when everybody's yelling at him to
get out of the house? That's me.

Amber looks at him a moment - then reaches up and plants a
beautiful kiss full on his cheek. Not long, but it says
everything.

He smiles, climbs into the hatch.

Amber kisses Hansel's forehead and starts down the hatch
after Napoleon.

Hansel touches his forehead. Smiles faintly.

INT. BUNKER ACCESS SHAFT

Napoleon reaches the 2nd hatch, opens it.

Amber tries to crane her neck to catch a glimpse of Hades.
Impossible.

AMBER
We'll be sitting ducks climbing
down a ladder.

Napoleon nods, hugs Delmar's rifle and jumps through the
hatch.

INT. BUNKER CORRIDOR

He lands, rolls out, and is on his feet in nothing flat,
rifle up, bayonet ready for whoever wants to be next. He
waves Amber down.

Amber takes a deep breath and yells -

AMBER

Missy!

THEIR POV - Half a dozen doors open into blackness.

AMBER (CONT'D)

Missy!!!

CUT TO:

INT. BUNKER COMPLEX - DARK CHAMBER

ON HADES - There's the fucker!

He's dragging Missy - a rag tied around her mouth - into the darkest chamber in the bunker! This is a trapped animal making his final stand.

It's worth noting that the bunker is now LIT by EMERGENCY BATTERY POWER, which is FLICKERING and DIM due to the explosion. So just as in other appearances in the film, he is more shadow than substance - a glimpse, a phantom. We'll only see him clearly in the final moments. We do see enough, though, know he's the biggest mofo you've ever seen.

He swings her around to shoves her to the ground -

AMBER (O.S.)

Missy!? You there?!

Hades freezes. We see he's bloody, and we remember Crank got a shot into him in the gun battle.

Missy moans, struggles to get back up...

Hades backhands her with a growl - she hits the floor - hard!

INT. MAIN CHAMBER - CONFERENCE ROOM

Amber and Napoleon spin at her voice, backing up, they keep their bayonets raised - but knowing that if a 300 pound gorilla charges through that door they're gonna be in a world of hurt.

They walk past the conference table with all the frozen dummies...keeping eyes peeled for Hades and Missy - the place is disturbingly still.

Napoleon eyes the dummies, eerily still with cables running out of their asses.

Suddenly, one of the dummies looks right at him!!!

IT'S A HILLS PERSON!!

STABBER, (wearing a General's uniform off one of the dummies) *
 LEAPS UP FROM THE TABLE AND KNOCKS NAPOLEON TO THE GROUND!
 Next flash he has Amber by the throat. But even faster, Amber
 slams her open palms over both his ears. He doesn't know what
 hit him. And that gives Napoleon enough to ram his bayonet *
 right through STABBER'S right Achilles Tendon. Then he pulls *
 it out and rams it again, this time through his back. Stabber
 HOWLS and crashes behind the conference table!

Amber runs up to the thing - (it's behind the table) and *
plunges her bayonet into the beast over and over again - *
 mists of Stabber's blood covers her torso, hands, arms and *
 face - *

Amber stops - the thing is very, very dead. *

She stumbles back, catching her breath - utterly guiltless. *
 She's amazed by this. And by how she'd be willing to do it
 again...

Napoleon looks at her with renewed awe. *

CLUNK-A-CLUNK!

The sound coming from the next room. They set themselves,
 "clear" the room as best they can before committing, then *
 move in - sweeping the room with flashlights and the bayonet.

DARK ROOM -

They creep into a kind of storage area - moving through heaps
 of crates, stacks of rotting supplies... much of it has been
 plundered, contents scattered around. Emergency lights
 flicker as they walk, making it very hard to tell what's
 what. Their *breathing* is ragged, intense...

Then, a moan. Amber moves around a heap of crates, looks
 down...

AMBER

Jesus!

Napoleon looks down,

ON THE FLOOR - Napoleon and Amber see MISSY...

AMBER (CONT'D)

Missy!

Amber kneels beside Missy - appalled by her condition.
 Missy's been beaten badly - her flesh is pale and clammy.

She's barely conscious, with all her strength she looks up at Amber.

MISSY

I... I knew you guys'd make it.

Amber, despite everything, smiles warmly at Missy.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BUNKER CORRIDOR

Hades moves through the shadows, far more stealthy than a being his size should ever be... suddenly he freezes! Listening.

Voices, soft but audible, whisper to each other in the next room. Hades smiles to himself, a cat in a cage full of canaries - he's got 'em cold.

He moves forward, a predator of the highest order - huge, nimble, deadly. He crouches before turning the corner - coils himself, ready to unleash all the fury of hell...

AMBER (O.S.)

We've got to get her out...

INT. DARK STORAGE ROOM -

Hades comes around the corner, ready to pounce...

AMBER (O.S.)

Shhhh... I hear something...

Her voice comes from behind a large stack of crates.

Suddenly the voice changes... suddenly a child sings from behind the boxes...

CHILD'S VOICE (O.S.)

(singing)

...the branch on the tree, the tree
in the bog...

Hades turns the corner... something's up!

POV - Missy's cell phone lays on a crate! Hades picks it up, looks at it - it's the video of Missy's son!

CHILD'S VOICE (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)

...and the bog down in the valley-
ho.

Hades, realizing he's been tricked, raises the device to pulverize it...

NAPOLEON (O.S.)

Hey!!

(beat)

Don't fuck with the phone!!

Hades turns... NAPOLEON SLAMS A RIFLE BUTT INTO HIS FACE, then he does it AGAIN and AGAIN and AGAIN...

Hades, taken completely off guard - crashes backward into the stack of wooden crates which tumble down on top of him - Napoleon slings the rifle over his shoulder, and he and Amber gather Missy up, drag her out of the room -

MISSY

(vehement, to Hades)

You fucking bastard!!!

She's collapsed in their arms, exhausted, having expended everything she had yelling at Hades.

They drag her back into the conference room area - lean her against a wall... breathing heavily.

AMBER

What do we do?

NAPOLEON

We just have to get her to the hatch and -

Next moment HADES CRASHES STRAIGHT THROUGH THE WALL - BULLING RIGHT INTO NAPOLEON!

He goes flying - Amber spins and FIRES HER ONE REMAINING BULLET - catching the huge man in the side of the head - a CHUNK flies off, BRAIN and all.

Hades stops, turns, feeling up there with his hand. Yep, a piece of his skull is now on his shoe. But he's still standing. Staggering a bit, but keeping himself upright.

Hades grins crookedly, blood in his eyes.

He charges again - coordination all nuts, movements wild and spastic - but he's still gonna do a lot of harm if he catches her.

Amber ducks out of harm's way, stumbles back, keeping just out of reach - She pins herself against the concrete wall as he wobbles to and fro, trying to sustain visual focus as his motor functions go haywire!

Hades steps toward Amber drunkenly, she ducks just in time - then, from behind, Napoleon rams a steel rod into Hades' calf, pulls it out, and rams it again!

Hades whips around, smashing Napoleon sprawling across the room with a vicious backhand. Hades turns back to Amber-

Amber tries to dodge his grasp, but alas, too late - Hades grabs her by the throat, lifts her off her feet, pins her to the wall. He lifts her four feet off the ground - tightening his grip as her air pipe narrows - she fights in vain to get oxygen to her lungs. Amber's face turns red, purple, then blue...

SUDDENLY - A SHARD OF STEEL PLUNGES through Hades' stomach and punctures the wall between Amber's legs. (Couple inches higher - instant hysterectomy.)

HADES ROARS, turns, pinned to the wall by the steel shard.

Napoleon glares at him fiercely, raises another steel rod, this one smaller, thinner. As Hades eyes the puny rod, sneering, Napoleon strikes -

WHAMMO!! Right into the hole in the skull - Hades freezes!! Like a switch has been flicked, power to his motor functions turns off! Napoleon stirs the rod, mixing Hades' brains into a kind of evil pate!

Hades screams in rage! Then, stops mid scream... frozen, unable to continue... Napoleon's, in effect, pulled his plug!

Amber and Napoleon run to Missy - pick her up.

HANSEL appears, says -

HANSEL
Come wid me...

He leads them out of the room - Napoleon and Amber help Missy up after him -

INT. BACK ROOM OF BUNKER - NIGHT

They all four run out,

Hansel pulls back a wall panel to REVEALS a HIDDEN HATCH.

HANSEL
 (his little secret)
 Back door.

He levers back the lock and swings it open. It's steel and a foot thick. He points through with a slow jerk of his thumb -

Napoleon and Amber carry Missy through, Hansel behind them, closing the hatch behind them.

INT. HAND-DUG TUNNEL

They find themselves in a hand-dug tunnel walking through solid rock - it looks like it goes on for a mile! TORCHES burn every fifty feet - perfect for eyes attuned to darkness.

Hansel's waving excitedly for them to keep up - he jogs down the tunnel and back again like a kid eager to show off his favorite hiding place.

Napoleon and Amber follow as best they can helping Missy as they go. All are eager to get out of the evil they'd been trapped in all day -

INT. HAND-DUG TUNNEL

Amber, Napoleon, Missy and Hansel hook a right - Hansel leading them through an iron door -

INT. NEW MINE

Suddenly they're in a totally different mine! Hansel closes the iron door behind them.

Hansel looks at Amber with a cute little smile.

HANSEL
 (raspy voice)
 Hungreee?

Hansel reaches out for her hand.

HANSEL (CONT'D)
 Come.

Amber smiles, helps Napoleon lift Missy and Hansel pulls all three to a second METAL DOOR.

He hesitates just one moment, flings it open.

It's a surprisingly big space. A cave or a mine or even a bunker - it's not clear, because there's a thick MIST in there. But there are PEOPLE moving towards them, like shadows.

They're moving quickly, and they are very, very big...

*

CUT TO BLACK!