

SPLASHDOWN

by
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EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - EVENING - 1967

The vast expanse of the Pacific Ocean stretches in every direction under clear dusky skies. A large crescent moon hangs overhead, surrounded by the first stars of the night.

Between the sky and the sea, a sleek sailing yacht, the "Alaskan Queen", slices through the waves. Its sails billow with the calm winds blowing from the east.

EXT. YACHT - SAME

On the deck of the yacht lays PATRICK MAGUIRE (late 20s, athletic), wearing a leather Air Force jacket.

Sipping a beer, he stares up at the moon with a wistful look. It's almost as if he wishes he was up there.

A voice from the open cabin windows interrupts his daydreaming.

JOAN (O.S.)

Patrick!

PATRICK

Yeah, mom?

JOAN (O.S.)

Dinner's ready!

PATRICK

Okay.

He takes one last look skyward as he finishes his beer.

Leaving his peaceful break behind, he slips below deck.

INT. YACHT CABIN - SAME

Patrick enters the cabin as his father MICHAEL (mid-50s, gray hair, stern) eases himself into the bench at the dining table. He favors his hip as he settles in.

JOAN (mid-50s, thin, bubbly) finishes transferring the food from the galley to the table. She slides into the middle of the bench.

MICHAEL

(shivering)

Are you going to close the window?

JOAN

What are you talking about? It's invigorating.

MICHAEL

It's freezing.

Patrick takes off his jacket. Drapes it over the back of his seat. He plops into his chair. He grabs a serving fork and digs into the steaming lasagna.

MICHAEL

(testily)

Ahem...

Patrick realizes that his parents are holding out their hands for saying Grace.

Reluctantly Patrick joins hands with them.

JOAN

Dear Lord, thank you for this last day of our family vacation, for our time together before our son returns to the service, for our good fortune that has allowed us to enjoy the fruits of our labors, for this food that will nourish our bodies and souls. We thank you for your eternal protection and grace. In your name, we pray. Amen.

MICHAEL

Amen.

Patrick doesn't say anything. As their hands release, Patrick goes straight for the serving utensils. He fills his plate.

Michael exchanges a look with Joan. She gives him a small shake of her head.

Patrick tucks in as Joan and Michael fix their plates too.

PATRICK

Holy cow... this is great, mom.

JOAN

Thank you. I've been wanting to put that oven through its paces. Nothing harder to make on the open sea than lasagna.

PATRICK

Well, you aced it.

The conversation dies, so they eat. An air of something unsaid seems to be hanging between the three of them.

Michael looks around the table. He catches Joan's eye. Patrick's head is down, staring into his food.

MICHAEL

So... the weather's going to hold?

JOAN

I checked this morning. There's a front ahead of us, but we can probably scoot around it to the west. Worst we'll get is a little seasick.

PATRICK

How long's that going to take?

JOAN

Shouldn't be too bad. A day, maybe, at the most.

PATRICK

That's sort of cutting it close. I have to be back at base by Monday.

JOAN

I know, I know. Don't worry, I'm not going to let the M.P.s carry my son to the brig.

PATRICK

Well, that's a Navy jail, but, yes, that would be bad. I don't think NASA wants a known criminal on the news.

Patrick and Joan laugh. Michael, however, isn't happy.

MICHAEL

So you're still going through with it?

PATRICK

Dad, please.

MICHAEL

After what happened to Grissom and the others?

PATRICK

That was an accident. A horrible accident. But they found the problem. It won't happen again.

MICHAEL

How do you know that? How do you know you won't burn to death like those poor men?

PATRICK

How do you know an F-111 isn't going to fall apart at Mach 2?

MICHAEL

That's not the same thing.

Patrick **THROWS HIS FORK DOWN** in frustration.

PATRICK

Jesus, I don't believe this...

JOAN

Boys, please! We don't have to do this again...

MICHAEL

Flying a jet fighter is not the same as sitting on one of those bombs and being shot up in the sky.

PATRICK

No, it is the same thing. Every time I climb into a cockpit, it's a risk. The plane gets shot down, the engines burn out... Those are legitimate risks. And I accept that. Every pilot knows that a million things could go wrong. In the span of a second...

(snaps fingers)

...it could all be over. And that's the same whether you're flying a raid over the Ho Chi Minh trail, or heading for the moon.

MICHAEL

Son, when you joined the Air Force, I was all for it. Your mother wasn't very happy...

JOAN

That's an understatement.

MICHAEL

I knew it could be dangerous. With that grenade taking me out of action in Okinawa, no one knows that better than I do. But I never regretted my service. It was an honor to fight for my country. And to think my son wanted to do the same... Every citation you won, every rank you earned... I can't tell you how proud I am that my own flesh and blood chose to serve his country. Especially with the entire world on the verge of war again.

Patrick crosses his arms. There's a "but..." coming. He can feel it.

MICHAEL

But, this idea of yours - that trying to reach some lifeless rock thousands of miles up in the sky - is more important than stopping the Reds from taking over... I don't get your priorities!

PATRICK

That's just it! It's my decision to be an astronaut. Mine. I want this. I've got one shot at making the cut, and I'm going to take it.

Patrick softens. He leans in towards his father.

PATRICK

I don't expect you to understand my decision, dad. But I do hope you'll support it.

The silence hangs between them. Joan looks at her two beloved men with concern.

Michael takes a big bite of dinner. He stares ahead. Chews intently.

Patrick has his answer. He pushes back from the table. Snags his jacket as he stalks up the stairs back into the night air.

EXT. YACHT - SAME

Patrick holds onto the sails as he storms to the bow of the boat.

He looks off into the darkness, angry.

JOAN (O.S.)
Mind if I join you?

Patrick turns. His mother is there, offering him a beer.

He takes it, grudgingly. They both take a sip in silence.

Joan takes in the expanse before them. The water. The moon.
The stars.

JOAN
(to herself)
God, this never gets old...

She takes a deep breath. Sits down next to Patrick.

The boat sails on as they drink in silence.

PATRICK
(frustrated)
He just won't leave it alone!

JOAN
Pat, that's not fair to your
father.

PATRICK
Mom, Vietnam wasn't in my plans. I
just wanted to fly! I wanted to
climb into a cockpit, get up in the
air and just fly. I wasn't prepared
for all this other bullshit. The
marching. The fighting. My God,
they put a rifle in my hands, and I
was good. Too good.

JOAN
You got that from your mother.
Idaho All-State sharpshooter two
years in a row.

She makes a finger rifle. "Shoots" at a target out in the
water. Patrick laughs.

PATRICK
Maybe so. But I don't care about
all that garbage! I dunno... I
didn't think I'd ever have to
actually fight. I must have been
naïve.

JOAN

You were.

Patrick looks back at her with a scowl, but she's just ribbing him. Josn hooks her arm into his. Leans on his shoulder.

PATRICK

I was this close to resigning, you know that? Every time I was dressed down for a pocket not being buttoned, or being late for mess... I just wanted to pack my shit and get the hell out of there.

He looks up at the crescent moon high above.

PATRICK

Then somebody comes along and says, "We're looking for people who want to go the moon." I had a way out. I've been killing myself for three months now. I've beaten dozens of other guys to get to this point. And when I get back... If they pick me, I'm taking it.

He takes a long swig from his beer.

PATRICK

This means everything to me. But I never ever thought he'd be so against it.

JOAN

It's important to him, Pat.

PATRICK

I know. Believe me, I know! He's made it perfectly clear how important it is I pick up a gun and continue the family tradition.

JOAN

No, not that. You. Your safety. Try looking through all his bluster sometimes. Behind all those Marine medals is a father who's scared shitless that his son is going to experience all the horrible things he went through. He doesn't want that.

Patrick lets this sink in. He never thought of it that way before.

JOAN

And for what it's worth, I don't like those goddamn rockets either.

Joan giggles. Patrick laughs along with her.

The yacht heads into the distance as mother and son finish their beers.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. YACHT - LATE MORNING

The family is above deck, enjoying the day at sea. A thin layer of clouds hangs low overhead, indicating a storm front somewhere ahead.

Joan works the wheel. Michael coils rope.

Patrick stands at the bow, scanning ahead with binoculars.

POV

There are hints of dark clouds just visible on the horizon. Maybe even a lightning strike deep inside the cloudbank.

BACK TO SCENE

JOAN

How's it looking?

PATRICK

It's definitely moving this way.

JOAN

Okay, we'll have to skirt it. Let's take down the sails and I'll get the motor started.

Michael begins to work on the main sail.

Patrick gives the storm one last look.

He's about to lower the binoculars, when something high up catches his attention.

INSERT - BINOCULARS

An out of control space capsule tumbles through the upper cloud cover.

PATRICK

Holy shit...

Patrick tries to focus on it, but it's moving too fast as it plummets through the layers of clouds. He gets quick, chaotic glimpses of the conical shape... damaged hull panels... two large red parachutes... a third parachute torn and flapping wildly...

And then it disappears into the mist on the horizon.

BACK TO SCENE

PATRICK

Oh my God!

MICHAEL

What? What is it?

PATRICK

I just... I just saw a NASA capsule!

JOAN

What? Where?

PATRICK

On the edge of the stormfront! It just fell out of the clouds!

MICHAEL

Are you sure you didn't see a plane, or something?

PATRICK

Dad, come on, I know a plane when I see one!

Patrick goes back to looking in the distance, trying to find the capsule.

MICHAEL

Okay, okay. I'm not trying to offend you. It's just... There hasn't been an astronaut in orbit since the last Gemini mission. Right? And the Apollo disaster... Well, they never got off the launchpad.

JOAN

Could it be... Russian?

PATRICK

I don't think so. The shape looked like one of ours. And Russia usually brings theirs down inside their borders.

Patrick lowers the binoculars, but doesn't take his eyes off the indistinct clouds.

PATRICK

(anxiously)

We have to go help them.

MICHAEL

What?!?

PATRICK

The capsule looked damaged. They could be in trouble.

JOAN

Pat, they're miles from here.

PATRICK

If we start now, we can get there before nightfall.

MICHAEL

That will take us directly towards the storm! We can't go that way!

JOAN

NASA has to know that their ship was coming down. There will be a boat out here soon, I'm sure.

PATRICK

But what if it's some secret mission? If they had some emergency and came out of orbit early, the support teams might not be ready. We could be the only people in this area for a day or more!

Joan and Michael give each other looks. Joan shakes her head slowly.

MICHAEL

Son, if you did see a space capsule... there's nothing we can do for them.

PATRICK
Dad... they're Air Force. I have
to.

Michael sees the determination in his son's eyes.

MICHAEL
Okay.
(to Joan)
Bring us about.

JOAN
Michael... The storm...

MICHAEL
We'll get there before nightfall,
we'll check it out, and we'll be
gone.

Michael takes Joan's position at the wheel. He steers the boat back towards the dark clouds in the distance.

Apparently Joan's being outvoted. She throws up her hands in frustration. Starts working on securing the sails.

Patrick continues peering into the distance as the boat surges forward.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - EVENING

The yacht cuts through the storm-agitated waves, under the darkening skies.

EXT. YACHT - SAME

Michael and Joan, now bundled up against the worsening weather, monitor their speed and heading.

Patrick, hanging onto the bow, scans the seas with his binoculars.

INSERT - BINOCULARS

Jagged dark waves going up and down, up and down...

And then there it is: the capsule, gently bobbing in the water.

BACK TO SCENE

PATRICK
(pointing)
There it is! Three hundred yards!
Cut to starboard!

Michael adjusts their heading. The boat leans heavily to the right as it slices through the choppy water.

The yacht comes within sight of the capsule. Joan and Michael can now just see it through the waves.

The capsule sits on its wider end, held upright by the bright orange flotation ring attached to the lower edge of the hull. The two intact parachutes are spread out behind the capsule, washing back and forth in the tide.

Joan takes Michael by the arm. She doesn't like this.

Michael can sense her apprehension. He holds the wheel steady.

Michael guides the yacht within several dozen yards of the capsule before cutting the engines. The boat slows to a stop, its only motion now dictated by the waves.

Patrick scans the capsule with the binoculars.

INSERT - BINOCULARS

There are scoring burns from the heat of reentry running up the sides. Some of the exterior panels appear to be damaged, bent slightly outward from the hull.

And most telling: the main hatch is closed.

BACK TO SCENE

PATRICK
They haven't opened the hatch yet.

JOAN
Is that bad?

PATRICK
I don't know. They could be waiting. Or they could be unconscious.

JOAN
I'll go try to raise them on the radio.

As Joan heads below, Patrick makes his way back to the wheel.

PATRICK

Take us in closer, there to the right. I think I can hook a mooring line through that opening on the nose.

MICHAEL

We're not going any closer.

PATRICK

What? We have to!

MICHAEL

We did what you wanted. We made it here. The capsule seems intact. We can radio its coordinates and hope they'll be passed on to the authorities.

PATRICK

But they could be hurt!

MICHAEL

Son, we don't know what they could have brought back with them! Or the thing could be radioactive! I'm not going to expose us to something like that!

Patrick can't believe what he's hearing. He looks back to the capsule. He has to do something.

Without a word, he vaults to the stairs that lead below deck. Disappears down into the bowels of the boat.

MICHAEL

Where are you going?

INT. YACHT CABIN - SAME

Patrick bounds downstairs. Joan sits at the radio, wearing headphones. She scans between frequencies.

JOAN

This is Alaskan Queen, to the unnamed space capsule. Do you require assistance? Over.

Patrick opens a cabinet. He pulls out a heavy black flashlight. He CLICKS IT on and off. The batteries are good.

Joan takes off the headphones.

JOAN
I tried the Coast Guard
frequencies, but nothing so far.

Patrick retrieves a large knife in a leather sheath from a cabinet.

JOAN
(concerned)
What are you doing?

Patrick tucks both items into his belt. He vaults up the stairs.

JOAN
Patrick!

She follows after him.

EXT. YACHT - SAME

Patrick heads towards the stern. Michael watches him with concern. Joan follows her son.

Patrick climbs down to the short swimming deck that protrudes from the bottom of the hull.

Joan looks down from the top of the ladder.

JOAN
What are you doing?

Patrick throws open a storage compartment. He pulls out a heavy gray roll of rubber: a life raft.

He throws it into the water. Pulls the cord. The raft begins inflating.

JOAN
(angrily)
Patrick!

Patrick reaches into the compartment. Retrieves a small outboard motor.

PATRICK
Ten minutes.

JOAN
Son, we have to get out of here!

Patrick isn't listening. He mounts the motor on the stern of the raft.

JOAN
Dammit, Patrick!

Patrick jumps into the raft.

PATRICK
Ten minutes. Then we can go.

He FIRES UP THE MOTOR. The raft slowly pulls away from the yacht, surging up and down with the wind-blown waves.

Michael sees the raft come around the yacht, heading for the capsule.

MICHAEL
(yelling over the wind)
PATRICK!

If Patrick hears, he doesn't respond. He continues on his course.

Joan returns to the wheel. Her eyes are filled with tears.

MICHAEL
What the hell is he doing?

JOAN
He's being Patrick.

EXT. LIFE RAFT - SAME

Patrick bounces the raft through the swells as he nears the capsule.

As he gets closer, he realizes that this capsule is bigger than the Gemini models.

He notices that the charring he saw through the binoculars earlier is a lot worse than it looked. He can see internal wires and tubing exposed by some of the larger burn marks.

The ocean swells and shifts. The capsule leans heavily to its far side.

Without warning, a sharp metal spike rises from below the surface of the water.

It tears through the bottom of the raft, slicing open the air sacs with a loud POP.

Patrick jumps.

Another jagged blade pierces the floor of the raft. It cuts through Patrick's pants. Gashes his leg.

The raft collapses. Patrick finds himself sinking into the water, becoming entangled in the raft, even as the outboard motor keeps running.

Patrick fights his way out of the heavy rubber raft.

The waves roll the other way. The mysterious chunks of metal below the water submerge again. They pull the raft and the motor under with them.

Patrick tries to clear his eyes. The waves are rocking him back and forth.

JOAN (O.S.)
(faintly in the distance)
Patrick!

Patrick looks back towards the yacht. Michael and Joan are watching him with binoculars.

He waves to them to let them know he's okay. They wave back.

Patrick has no choice but to swim for the capsule. He's only a few yards away.

EXT. SPACE CAPSULE - SAME

Despite the difficult motion of the cold salt water, Patrick reaches the capsule's flotation ring.

He pulls himself up onto the ring. Uses the hatch handle to stand upright. He finds his balance on the swaying space craft.

Patrick looks back towards the yacht. Michael and Joan give him another wave. He returns the gesture.

Finding hand holds along the surface, Patrick sidles around towards the hatch.

As he rounds the curve of the capsule, he sees even more damage that was hidden on the far side. The exterior panels are bubbled and deformed, almost as if they'd been pulled and twisted by an external force.

Patrick examines the edges of these warped surfaces. They almost feel like they're HUMMING.

He turns his attention to the hatch. There is a small window in the middle of it.

He tries to look through, using the flashlight, but it's obscured. From the inside.

Patrick tries the handle.

It gives. But the door is stuck.

He puts some muscle into a few yanks. The hatch finally GROANS open. The material that gummed it closed CRACKS and SNAPS.

Patrick turns on his flashlight. He throws the light around the inside of the capsule.

INT. SPACE CAPSULE - SAME

The circle of light falls on the far inner wall. There are two empty seats bolted to the wall. The buckles and radio headsets dangle uselessly.

Thick black tendrils of what looks like dried tar cover the walls. They snake downward, from up in the shadows to the capsule's floor.

Patrick follows them with the flashlight downward. Embedded in the center of the floor is a hatch. Scattered around this out-of-place doorway are papers and photos.

Patrick is too intrigued not to check this out more. He warily steps inside, flicking the flashlight right and left.

Banks of switches and lights and monitors line the entire inner surface of the capsule.

He kneels by the hatch. Tries turning the handle and opening it. It doesn't budge.

Patrick puts down the flashlight. He stands over the hatch. Grabs the handle with both hands. Puts his back into trying to open it.

Again, no use. The tar-like tendrils wrap around the door and under it. It's sealed shut.

He moves his feet, to readjust and try again.

Something SNAPS under his foot.

He grabs the flashlight. The beam finds a shattered audio cassette case under his shoe. There is no tape inside.

Patrick squats down, inspecting the case. There's no label. No info on it at all.

The papers on the floor catch his attention.

Several sheets of what look like instructions and memos are strewn about, along with many grainy black and white photos.

He finds a folder under the papers. Sliding them aside, he discovers a manila envelope emblazoned with "TOP SECRET - FOR COMMANDER'S EYES ONLY".

Patrick scoops up some of the papers and photos. The letterhead contains the word "PROMETHEUS" in stylized letters, along with an icon that resembles a thick black jagged "S".

Scanning through them, he sees words and phrases like "Antarctica", "mission", "Director Greene", "retrieval", "inter-dimensional"...

He stops on one of the photos.

INSERT - PHOTO

A huge mushroom cloud. A caption at the bottom reads:

ENEWETAK ATOLL

1952/11/1

IVY MIKE

INITIAL HYDROGEN BOMB TEST

BACK TO SCENE

A smaller photo is attached to the back of the big one with a paperclip. Patrick flips it over.

INSERT - SMALLER PHOTO

An enlargement of the mushroom cloud photo, the base of the formation's central column.

Among all the dust and radioactive fire is a large asymmetric shape... like a distorted ebony "S".

Patrick looks back at the "PROMETHEUS" logo... the icon is identical.

A sticker is affixed to the back of the enlargement:

INCIDENT #FWM-MC-1903

FIRST BREACH

OBSERVERS: D. MCNEELY, E. GREENE

BACK TO SCENE

Patrick take all this in. As he ponders everything he's seen, he stuffs the papers and photos into a vest pocket. None of it makes any sense.

His thoughts return to the broken cassette case. There must be a tape somewhere.

He rises to his feet. He throws the light overhead...

...finding an astronaut strapped into a third chair higher up the wall.

Patrick jumps. The bulky white space suit hangs limply, restrained by the safety harness. The suit's helmet is on, the reflective visor down.

Patrick takes a moment to collect himself.

He runs the beam over the right side of the inert astronaut, the side that's closest to him. The suit seems intact. He doesn't see any tears or punctures.

He continues the light upwards.

PATRICK
(stunned)
Oh my God...

The left side of the suit is twisted, ballooned, swollen... like a marshmallow in a campfire. It seems to have been pulled and twisted in the same manner as the deformed capsule exterior.

A pained look crawls across Patrick's face. Whatever this astronaut went through, there's no way he survived.

His flashlight moves across the control console in front of the dead astronaut. He sees more switches, more buttons, more lights.

Off to the right, mounted to the console, he sees an audio cassette player.

With a cassette in it.

He can't just let this go. Patrick evaluates how to get up to the console. He grabs the back of the astronaut's seat. Plants a foot on one of the empty chairs. Boosts himself up.

He swings over onto the armrests of the empty chair. He finds himself within reach of the tape player.

Patrick ejects the tape. The label reads "PROMETHEUS V - TOP SECRET".

He slips the tape into his vest pocket.

Now he's right up against the damaged space suit. Patrick takes a deep breath. Moves closer to investigate.

On the suit's arm is a circular PATCH that says "PROMETHEUS V".

PATRICK
(to himself)
Five missions?...

He runs the light over the visor. It's silvered. He can't see inside.

He points the light at the front of the suit. There are no punctures or tears. On the right side of the chest is a sewn nametag that reads "WILLIAMS".

A photo from the mission packet is lodged into the control mechanisms on the chest area of the suit.

He reaches over to take it.

The astronaut JERKS to life. FLAILS about wildly.

PATRICK
(startled)
JESUS!

Patrick lets go. Falls backwards.

He lands awkwardly, rolling back onto his haunches.

The astronaut MOANS. Spasms. Reaches out. The deformed side pulses slightly, almost as if it's continuing to swell.

Patrick brings himself to his feet.

PATRICK
...Williams?...

The person inside the suit doesn't reply.

PATRICK
Are you okay?

More MOANING. More gyrating. But still no answer.

Patrick wipes the sweat off his forehead with his sleeve.

He decides to try to help.

Patrick reaches up for the astronaut's visor...

The BLARE OF A HORN from outside stops him cold.

Patrick bolts for the open hatch.

EXT. SPACE CAPSULE - EVENING

Patrick sticks his head outside. The sun has now gone down. A light rain falls, created by the leading edge of the storm front.

Patrick sees the yacht silhouetted by strong searchlights. The SOUNDS OF POWERFUL ENGINES and a large wake from some sort of naval warship cuts through the WIND.

The HORN BOOMS again.

SOLDIER #1 (O.S.)
(through a speaker)
UNAUTHORIZED VESSEL! YOU ARE
VIOLATING A RESTRICTED ZONE! COME
TOPSIDE!

Through the corona of light, Patrick sees the outlines of Joan and Michael appear on deck.

SOLDIER #1 (O.S.)
PLACE YOUR HANDS ON YOUR HEADS AND
DROP TO YOUR KNEES!

They comply.

SOLDIER #1 (O.S.)
DO NOT MOVE! PREPARE TO BE BOARDED!
IF YOU RESIST YOU WILL BE FIRED ON!

Patrick sees other searchlights sweeping the ocean, coming closer.

He's going to be found out if he doesn't get out of there.

He's about to dive in...

...when he remembers the unexpected metal debris under the surface that destroyed his raft earlier.

Instead, Patrick eases down the floatation ring and slips into the choppy water.

He begins swimming in parallel to the yacht, swinging wide, aiming for the stern.

As he struggles to cut through the swells, he sees the action between the two boats and the capsule.

Two small launches emerge from haze of light thrown out by the warship. Both are filled with ARMED SOLDIERS in dark uniforms with visored helmets.

One launch MOTORS towards the swimming platform at the stern of the yacht.

The other launch makes its way to the capsule.

Patrick sees the soldiers board the family yacht, escorting someone who appears to be an OFFICER of some level.

Even with the rain and the evening dark, Patrick has to stay low in the water to avoid being seen. He nears the port side of the boat.

As Patrick approaches, he sees that two of the ARMED GUARDS have taken up spots on the bow.

Patrick stops. Treads water as he takes in the situation.

The Officer approaches Joan and Michael where they kneel on the deck.

Patrick can see that the Officer is talking to his parents, but they're too far away for him to hear.

A Soldier appears from below deck. He reports something to the Officer.

The Officer makes a gesture.

The Soldier roughly prods Joan and Michael to their feet. The three of them head below deck.

The Officer approaches one of the Soldiers at the bow. Takes a two-way radio from him. Starts a conversation with someone on the other end.

The Officer takes a pair of binoculars from the Soldier. Focuses on the capsule.

Patrick looks back to the capsule. The other launch has reached it. Some of the Soldiers are standing on its lip, taking photos and readings of the deformed hull.

Patrick takes a deep breath. Slips underwater. He swims the rest of the way to the yacht just below the surface.

EXT. YACHT - SAME

Patrick reaches the yacht's swimming deck. He pokes just enough of his head out of the water to scout the immediate area.

He doesn't see any hostiles.

Trying to be as quiet as possible, Patrick pulls himself up onto the swimming platform.

Quietly, he climbs up the stern wall, to the roof of the cabin.

He flattens himself out as much as possible, trying to remain unseen.

From this vantage point, he can finally see the other boat. Patrick is stunned by it.

POV

The warship is sleek and streamlined, more like a rocket than a traditional naval battleship. It sits low in the water. A large gun is mounted on the deck. A helicopter sits on a pad on the bow.

Patrick notices that there are no identifying numbers or insignia anywhere to be seen on the hull. It's not a United States armed forces vessel.

BACK TO SCENE

Patrick returns his attention to the men invading his parents' boat. He can just see them over the lip of the cabin roof.

One of the Soldiers, HINSON, is on the hand-held radio.

HINSON
Copy that.
(to the officer)
Director Greene.

The Officer, DIRECTOR GREENE (late 50s, stocky, craggy), takes the hand-held radio.

HINSON
(indicating the radio)
Retrieval team, sir.

GREENE
This is Greene.

MCCOY'S VOICE
 McCoy of Retrieval Team. Radiation
 levels are negligible, Director.

Patrick looks out to the capsule. He can see a Soldier on a hand-held radio positioned in front of the door. There are other Soldiers waving gadgets with blinking lights over the capsule.

GREENE
 And the X.D.E. readings?

MCCOY'S VOICE
 In flux. Hard to nail down a hard
 number. We're waiting for Dr.
 Stillfried to analyze them.

GREENE
 Goddammit. Tell him to hurry. I
 need those three men extricated and
 debriefed.

MCCOY'S VOICE
 Copy that.

Greene hands the radio back. He then heads below deck. Hinson follows him.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
 (faintly)
 What the hell is going on here?

Patrick realizes that the cabin window is still open. He quietly scoots himself towards the port side.

GREENE (O.S.)
 I don't have a lot of time so let's
 make this quick. What are you doing
 here?

MICHAEL (O.S.)
 We saw that space ship fall out of
 the sky, and came to help.

GREENE (O.S.)
 You just happened to be out in the
 middle of the Pacific Ocean?

JOAN (O.S.)
 We're on vacation. We're headed
 back to Alaska.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
 You can check our registration--

GREENE (O.S.)
We did. Is anyone with you?

MICHAEL
No. It's just us.

Patrick hears the SCRAPE of something being picked up.

GREENE (O.S.)
Who is this?

JOAN (O.S.)
Our son. Patrick.

GREENE (O.S.)
Where is he?

JOAN (O.S.)
He's in the Air Force.

GREENE (O.S.)
This is a photo of all three of
you, on this boat, isn't it?

MICHAEL (O.S.)
That's from last summer.

GREENE (O.S.)
Last summer...

MICHAEL (O.S.)
Look, what's the point of all this?

GREENE (O.S.)
You should stop asking questions.

Patrick hears FOOTSTEPS. Someone is moving across the cabin.

GREENE (O.S.)
Explain why your radio is tuned to
a military frequency.

JOAN (O.S.)
We were trying to get in touch with
them. We thought they might be
injured.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
I've had enough of this. We're
American citizens! We don't have to
put up with--

Patrick hears SCUFFLING. The CRACK of a gun butt against a
skull. A BODY HITTING THE FLOOR.

JOAN (O.S.)
 (distraught)
 Michael!

Patrick tenses in anger. He won't stand for his parents being roughed up.

Hinson's RADIO CRACKLES.

STILLFRIED'S VOICE
 (heavy German accent)
 This is Stillfried. I need to speak
 to Director Greene.

GREENE (O.S.)
 (to Hinson)
 Hinson, gather up all their things.
 The radio also. We'll hold it all
 until we find out what they're up
 to.

Patrick hears FOOTSTEPS up the stairs. Greene appears above deck.

Greene is on the radio. Patrick hears items clattering down below.

GREENE
 What's the holdup?

STILLFRIED'S VOICE
 Director, these readings are...
much higher than we anticipated.
 The detector sunk next to the pod,
 is in the red. We have no direct
 experience dealing with these
 energies. There is a significant
 chance of contamination, or
 worse... whatever it is that
 happened to deform the capsule.

GREENE
 We don't have time to screw around.
 Ackermann puts the Plymouth at
 ninety-minutes-plus out of recon
 range. We need to be done and
 scrubbed before then. Get the
 retrieval team in there. Now.

STILLFRIED'S VOICE
 (defeated)
 Very well. Retrieval team to unpack
 containment suits.

SOLDIER #5'S VOICE

Copy that.

Hinson comes up from below, carrying a BOX.

Greene signals the two Guards posted at the bow.

GREENE

(to the Hinson)

Stay here. Watch those two. Bind the husband. Wait for me to contact you.

HINSON

Roger.

Hinson hands the box off to one of the Guards. He takes the radio back from Greene.

Hinson heads below deck.

GREENE

Take me back to the ship.

They hop to. One Guard moves in front of Greene, the other follows behind, carrying the box of Patrick's family's stuff.

Patrick shifts slightly to watch the three of them as they climb down to the launch.

Greene plants himself on the bow. One Guard STARTS THE BOAT. Pulls away from the yacht.

Patrick watches the launch as it navigates the swells, heading for the stern of the warship.

JOAN (O.S.)

Dammit, be careful! He's hurt!

Patrick's mother's voice is like a slap to his face.

He thinks furiously. He has to rescue them.

His eyes fall on one of the coiled ropes.

Quietly and carefully, he slides himself to the edge of the roof just over the door to below deck.

He works one of his shoes off. With a short sharp movement, he kicks it off to the right. It falls down the outer wall and hits the deck with a THUD.

Patrick hears Hinson STOMPING up the stairs.

As Hinson clears the door...

...Patrick whips a loop of rope around his neck.

Hinson DROPS HIS GUN.

Patrick puts all his strength into twisting the rope.

Hinson plants himself. Pulls downward with his body weight.

Patrick slides off the roof, falling on top of Hinson.

INT. YACHT CABIN - SAME

Patrick and Hinson TUMBLE into the cabin.

For a split second, Patrick sees Joan crouched over Michael, who lays bound on the floor with a bloody gash in his forehead.

Joan screams as she sees her son wrestling with the grim soldier.

Hinson pulls a short knife from his utility harness.

He stabs backwards, catching Patrick in the forearm.

Patrick grimaces, but keeps up the pressure.

Joan grabs Hinson's arm.

The three of them struggle, THRASHING about the cabin.

Hinson begins to pass out. His efforts to escape wane.

Patrick puts all his remaining energy into one last tight twist of the rope.

Hinson GURGLES. Spasms. He goes limp. The knife rolls out of his slack grip.

Joan lets go of Hinson's arm. She falls back against the bench.

Patrick releases his grip. Hinson's body falls forward to the floor.

Panting, Patrick checks the wound on his arm.

JOAN

Jesus, son...

She runs to the closet. Retrieves a first aid kit.

Patrick slides over to Michael. He tries to help his father up.

MICHAEL
(groggy)
Mmmmm... son...

PATRICK
What did they do?

Joan squats down next to them. Pulls supplies out of the kit.

JOAN
He tried to sucker punch that goon.
So he got a rifle to the forehead.

She tries to work on Patrick's arm, but he waves her off. He unties Michael. Michael flexes his sore arms. Rubs his wrists.

MICHAEL
(upset with himself)
Took me out like a rank amateur...

PATRICK
Don't beat yourself up, dad. These
guys are professionals.

Patrick looks Hinson over. His uniform is styled like military garb, but it's an odd black-on-gray color combination. There's not even a name tag. The only color on the entire uniform is a series of two white bars on both shoulders.

PATRICK
(indicating the bars)
Must be a rank indicator or
something.

Joan hands Patrick a bandage for Michael's head.

JOAN
Here, help your father.

Patrick shuffles over to Michael. He applies the bandage carefully. Michael sees the bloody cut on Patrick's arm.

MICHAEL
Pat, Jesus...

PATRICK
It's not so bad. Are you hurt?

MICHAEL
No, I'm banged up, but I'll be
okay.

Patrick takes a deep breath. He's tired. He sits back against
the counter.

Joan takes this as a signal that he's too tired to fight her
off. She begins tending to his wound.

MICHAEL
What is going on?

PATRICK
I don't know. None of this makes
any sense.

JOAN
Are these people Navy?

PATRICK
No. They don't have any insignia.
And their boat... I've never seen
anything like it. It's like
something out of Buck Rogers.

MICHAEL
What are they doing out here?

PATRICK
I think that capsule is theirs. And
they've come to collect it.

JOAN
What did you see?

PATRICK
I don't even think I can explain
it. It's not a NASA craft. It's
bigger, a three-man setup.

MICHAEL
Were they... dead?...

PATRICK
I don't know. There was only one of
them in the cabin. And he was...
injured. He must have been dying.

Hinson's RADIO CRACKLES. The three of them freeze.

SOLDIER #3'S VOICE

Mission update. Plymouth is verified at one hour from recon range. Repeat, one hour. Retrieval team takes precedence. Over.

The signal ends.

MICHAEL

The USS Plymouth? The aircraft carrier?

PATRICK

The big leader guy mentioned it earlier. They want to be gone before it gets here.

Patrick looks out the window towards the capsule.

EXT. SPACE CAPSULE - SAME

Two soldiers are getting into containment suits, that look like loose diving suits made of sections of heavy rubber.

INT. YACHT CABIN - SAME

Joan finishes Patrick's bandage.

JOAN

You said there was only one astronaut?...

PATRICK

Yeah, two of the chairs were empty. But... there's a hatch in the floor.

MICHAEL

A hatch?

PATRICK

There must be another compartment, underneath.

MICHAEL

Could you get into it?

PATRICK

No, it was sealed up tight...
(suddenly remembering)
The mission packet!

He digs into his vest pocket.

JOAN
Mission packet?

Patrick pulls out the papers, the photos... and the tape.

Patrick goes over to the boat's stereo system. He pops in the cassette. Hits rewind.

The RADIO CRACKLES again.

LAWSON'S VOICE
Lawson from Retrieval Team. Simon and I are in. Williams located. Suit is... damaged, but appears intact.

GREENE'S VOICE
Crews and McGlaughlin?

LAWSON'S VOICE
Not here. They must still be in the pod.

GREENE'S VOICE
Does Williams show any signs of contamination?

LAWSON'S VOICE
Unknown. Unable to make visual contact because the helmet's visor has been fused. Indicators are that the capsule came in contact with the Breach threshold.

GREENE'S VOICE
Priority one is to get Williams free and talking.

LAWSON'S VOICE
Roger.

Patrick hands the papers and photos to his parents. They look them over, not comprehending what they're seeing.

MICHAEL
What is all this?...

The tape stops rewinding. Patrick hits play.

GREENE'S VOICE
What follows is a level AD-114 classified mission brief.

On February 4 1967 our stage 3 thermonuclear rocket lifted off from Antarctica base. At 17:35 the detonation successfully opened a breach, only the third one since Operation Prometheus began. Dr. Stillfried's mathematics were correct... the ambient radiation from the Van Allen Belt stabilized the Breach and has prevented it from collapsing.

Patrick flips over the papers to show his parents the blow-up photo. He points to the jagged "S".

PATRICK

(softly)

I think that's a "breach".

GREENE'S VOICE

Having verified the Breach's stability, mission control scrambled resources to put your team into orbit.

Patrick peeks back outside towards the capsule.

EXT. SPACE CAPSULE - SAME

The retrieval team has opened the hatch.

The two soldiers are now completely in their containment suits.

They turn on small lights that are mounted to their helmets. One soldier carries a detector. One has a rifle.

Moving slowly due to their bulky protective suits, they enter the capsule.

INT. YACHT CABIN - SAME

Joan and Michael listen intently as the tape continues.

GREENE'S VOICE

I can now provide you with the details of your mission. McGlaughlin and Crews are to enter the exploration pod and attempt to cross the Breach threshold.

Williams will remain in the capsule
to monitor the effects of exposure
to the potential energy source.

Patrick locks eyes with his parents. Could this be real?

GREENE'S VOICE
Antarctica Base will maintain radar
contact, but radio silence is to be
maintained at all times. Good luck.
Thank you for your service.

The tape ends.

A silence hangs in the air. No one knows what to say.

The RADIO CRACKLES.

LAWSON'S VOICE
AAAAAAHHHHH!!!!

The scream pierces through Patrick and his parents. The radio
erupts with yelling.

SIMON'S VOICE
(terrified)
Jesus Christ!

In the background, a hideous pained MOANING fills the air.

LAWSON'S VOICE
AAAARRRRRRGGGGHHHH!!!!!!

Patrick leaps up to the cabin window.

His blood runs cold.

EXT. SPACE CAPSULE - SAME

A deep purple light pulses from inside the capsule. The two
Soldiers stationed outside on the launch shield themselves
from the radiance.

INT. YACHT CABIN - SAME

Her hand trembling, Joan picks up the radio.

STILLFRIED'S VOICE
What is that?!?

SIMON'S VOICE
It's killing him! Dear God...

LAWSON'S VOICE
 EEEYYYAAARRGHHH!!!

SIMON'S VOICE
 He's melting!

STILLFRIED'S VOICE
 Close the visor! CLOSE IT!

SIMON'S VOICE
 AAAAAAH...

The moaning and screaming builds.

Then it comes to a dramatic, thunderous end.

EXT. SPACE CAPSULE - SAME

Patrick sees the light switch off. The two Soldiers on the launch recover. Tentatively lean forward.

They jump when Simon throws himself through the hatch.

He rips off his face mask. Vomits into the ocean.

INT. YACHT CABIN - SAME

Patrick slips back down to the floor.

MICHAEL
 What was that?

PATRICK
 I don't... I have no idea.

The RADIO CRACKLES.

GREENE'S VOICE
 What the hell just happened?

SIMON'S VOICE
 Oh God... Williams... Something's
 wrong... Lawson just...
disintegrated. He's dead. Lawson
 is... dead.

GREENE'S VOICE
 (completely unconcerned)
 Has Williams been extricated?

SIMON'S VOICE
 ...Affirmative.

GREENE'S VOICE

Then get him back to the ship. And bring Lawson too. Get them both to Stillfried.

STILLFRIED'S VOICE

We'll prepare the medical bay.

GREENE'S VOICE

What's the estimate on accessing the pod?

SIMON'S VOICE

The pod hatch... it's sealed tight. It may be damaged from the inside. We're going to need a blowtorch.

GREENE'S VOICE

Then get it done. We're on the clock.

SIMON'S VOICE

Yes sir...

The transmission CLICKS OFF.

Patricks and his parents share looks of shock.

MICHAEL

...What do we do?

JOAN

We need to get out of here!

PATRICK

No...

MICHAEL

They're distracted. This is a perfect time.

JOAN

We slowly throttle up the engine in reverse, act like we're drifting...

PATRICK

We'll never make it.

JOAN

You don't know that!

PATRICK

Mom, they have a large caliber gun pointed right at the yacht.

We move one foot, they'll shred us
like a wet paper bag!

An uneasy silence falls over them. Each is trapped with their thoughts.

PATRICK
...I have to get on that ship.

MICHAEL
What?!?

PATRICK
I have to know who these people
are.

JOAN
They'll kill you!

Patrick knows they're right. But still, he wants to challenge them...

The RADIO CRACKLES.

SOLDIER #3'S VOICE
Control to Hinson.

No voice answers.

SOLDIER #3'S VOICE
Control to Hinson. Are you there
with the prisoners?

Patrick realizes... Hinson is the soldier he took out. Joan and Michael realize the same thing.

SOLDIER #3'S VOICE
Hinson!

Patrick grabs the radio.

PATRICK
(putting on a voice)
Hinson.

SOLDIER #3'S VOICE
Is everything okay there? Do you
need backup?

PATRICK
Negative. I had to... discipline
the husband.

SOLDIER #3'S VOICE
Hope you didn't damage him too
badly. Stillfried is requesting
that you bring him over.

Stunned silence.

PATRICK
...Copy that.

He gives Joan a pained look.

PATRICK
And the wife?

SOLDIER #3'S VOICE
Osborne is bringing the launch over
in five. He'll be stationed on the
boat to watch her. Restrain her for
the time being.

PATRICK
Roger.

The connection ends.

Joan's eyes are filled with tears.

Patrick thinks fast. He tosses the ropes to Michael.

PATRICK
Tie mom up.

JOAN
What?!? No! No, we can't--

MICHAEL
(resigned)
Joanie... He's right.

Patrick begins removing the gear from Hinson's body.

Joan realizes what he's doing. She snatches at his hands.

JOAN
Patrick, no! You can't do this!

Patrick grabs her hands. Gets right in her face.

PATRICK
Mom! We don't have any other
options! These people are not
playing games.

Our only chance at staying alive is
to play along for now.

He begins removing Hinson's uniform.

Michael holds out the ropes. He gives Joan a comforting
smile.

Against her wishes, Joan holds out her wrists. Michael begins
tying her up.

Patrick finishes stripping Hinson. He throws the dead man
over his shoulders. Dumps his body into the small bathroom.
Closes the door tight.

The RADIO CRACKLES.

SOLDIER #4'S VOICE
We have Williams. Preparing to head
back.

EXT. SPACE CAPSULE - SAME

Patrick sees Williams' deformed, swollen spacesuit being
carted into the launch.

INT. YACHT CABIN - SAME

Michael pokes his head up to the window.

MICHAEL
(horrorified)
Mother of God... Is that...

PATRICK
Yeah.

STILLFRIED'S VOICE
And Lawson?

SIMON'S VOICE
I have him...

EXT. SPACE CAPSULE - SAME

Simon, his helmet back on, follows behind, emerging from the
capsule with a high-tech body bag.

INT. YACHT CABIN - SAME

Michael sits down on the bench.

JOAN
What are they doing?

MICHAEL
I think... they just brought the
dead one off...

Patrick then starts stripping off his clothes.

MICHAEL
What's your plan, son?

PATRICK
You heard the chatter. They've got
less than an hour to finish this
mission of theirs. If I'm lucky, I
can get over there, find out what
the hell's going on. Maybe disable
the gun so we can have a chance of
getting out of here.

Patrick begins pulling on Anderson's uniform.

Michael finishes binding Joan. She tests his work.

JOAN
Well I'm not going anywhere.
(to Patrick)
And what happens to your father?

Patrick pauses.

PATRICK
I'll keep an eye on him. I promise.

He plops the helmet on his head. Adjusts the straps.

Michael hands him Hinson's gear harness. Patrick snaps it
closed. Adjusts it.

Patrick checks the clip in the gun.

PATRICK
Holy shit. Armor piercing rounds.

He takes a deep breath.

Michael stands, looking over his son.

PATRICK
How do I look?

MICHAEL
Awful.

JOAN
Horrible.

PATRICK
Good.

The SOUND OF AN APPROACHING ENGINE draws him to the window.

EXT. OCEAN - SAME

Patrick sees the launch cutting a swath through the waves as it nears the yacht.

INT. YACHT CABIN - SAME

Patrick pulls a pair of handcuffs off his stolen utility belt.

PATRICK
I'm going to have to be rough...

MICHAEL
I'm a big boy. I'll be okay.

Patrick nods. He snaps the cuffs around his father's wrists.

They hear the LAUNCH BUMP UP AGAINST the swimming deck.

PATRICK
(loudly, for effect)
Get moving!

EXT. YACHT - SAME

Patrick gives Michael a shove as they reach the deck.

PATRICK
Go on!

He shepherds Michael to the stern.

The Soldier in the boat, OSBORNE, CUTS THE ENGINES. Swings the launch broadside.

Michael makes his way down to the swimming deck, Patrick right behind him.

Osborne tosses Patrick a line. He grabs it. Secures the launch.

Osborne mounts the swimming deck.

OSBORNE

Just a heads up: Greene is on the warpath. I've never seen him this pissed off.

PATRICK

(still putting on a voice)
Got it. Thanks.

Patrick puts Michael on the launch. Hops on himself.

Osborne undoes the line. Throws it back.

Patrick takes a moment to familiarize himself with the controls. Even these small boats are more technologically advanced than what he's used to.

OSBORNE

...Everything okay?

PATRICK

Affirmative. Just... clearing the cobwebs. That old lady in there got in a lucky shot. Be careful with her.

Osborne laughs. He brandishes his rifle.

OSBORNE

Just let her try something. I've been cooped up for three weeks now, waiting for that damn space thing to come down.

Patrick's eyes fall on what looks like a starter. He presses it. The BOAT FIRES UP. Silently, he breathes a sigh of relief.

PATRICK

I hear you.

Patrick pulls the launch away from the yacht.

Osborne gives a small "see you" gesture. Mounts the ladder leading up to the deck.

INT. LAUNCH - SAME

Patrick points the launch towards the stern of the warship.

PATRICK

You okay?

MICHAEL

No.

(a beat)

Do you think Joan's going to be okay?

PATRICK

I'm actually more worried about you right now.

Michael looks back at Patrick. Even through the visor and face mask, Michael can hear the worry in his son's voice.

The warship looms ahead. Its surface is almost completely smooth, not the rivet-covered collection of steel plating that normal battleships sport.

INT. WARSHIP DOCKING BAY - SAME

Patrick swings the launch around the stern of the warship.

He and Michael are stunned to see two huge metal doors that are opened, revealing a large docking area in the warship's stern. There are spaces for three launches, one of which is filled. Guards stand at strategic points on the catwalks. Other Soldiers bustle about performing their tasks.

MICHAEL

(under his breath)

Patrick...

PATRICK

Just stay calm. It's going to be okay.

Patrick glides the launch into one of the two open berths. Guards secure the boat.

PATRICK

Out!

He "roughly" escorts Michael off the launch.

GUARD #1

Director Greene is expecting you.

PATRICK
Where is he now?

GUARD #1
Control room.

PATRICK
Copy that.

Patrick gives Michael a nudge. They start towards what appears to be an exit.

Both of them are nervous. They have no idea where to go.

As they approach the door, Patrick notices the Soldier guarding it, PETERS, only has one stripe.

PATRICK
(to Michael)
Hold it.

He steps up to the guard.

PATRICK
You!

Peters snaps to attention.

PETERS
Sir!

PATRICK
What's your name?

PETERS
Peters, sir.

PATRICK
This prisoner is making trouble.
I'll need an escort to the control
room.

PETERS
Yes sir!

Peters takes point ahead of Michael. Patrick breathes a silent sigh of relief as they continue forward.

As they reach the door, it slides open with a SOFT HISS.

The three of them step through and into the belly of the beast.

INT. WARSHIP - SAME

Patrick is taken aback by the interior of the warship. The ship is much more technologically advanced than the current armed forces boats. Black-garbed SOLDIERS and white-coated SCIENTIST-TYPES roam the hallways, carrying papers and transporting gadgets.

Patrick keeps an eye on the signage, making a mental map of their route through the ship.

A BELL RINGS from the overhead intercom.

SOLDIER #7'S VOICE

Attention: the storm center has moved southwesterly, is projected to continue. USS Plymouth currently at fifty minutes to recon range.

Rounding a corner, they pass by a large glass-walled room. Patrick sees the sign "Medical Bay".

POV

Inside, he sees two large doors slide open. The astronaut suit that may or may not hold Williams is wheeled in.

BACK TO SCENE

Peters escorts them up a staircase, to another level.

Down another hallway, they walk past a room filled with large television monitors and lots of computer equipment.

POV

Images flicker on a couple of the monitors. Patrick briefly sees black-and-white footage of three astronauts in their seats, and what looks like the earth being viewed from orbit.

BACK TO SCENE

The trio continues on, up another staircase, and up to a large door.

Peters stops. Steps aside. Stands at attention.

Patrick realizes that they must be at their destination. He guides Michael forward. The door silently slides open.

INT. WARSHIP CONTROL ROOM - SAME

Patrick and Micheal enter into the large control room.

Patrick leads Michael to the side. They take up positions just inside the door.

Soldiers and men in white lab coats are busy with various activities.

At one end of the room are large glass windows and the ship's steering controls. Soldiers man the wheel and the instruments.

Against the far wall are banks of computers, their tapes WHIRRING and CLICKING as they furiously process data.

In the middle of the room is a large light table covered with maps and print-outs and charts.

At the head of the table is Director Greene. He is talking to DR. MAGNUS STILLFRIED (late 60s, grizzled, short), who is going over diagrams.

STILLFRIED

As you can see, low levels of X-rays have failed to penetrate the pod's exterior. And the magnetometer picked up nothing. Nothing. If I were a less skeptical man, I would be led to believe that whatever Breach energies you've been attempting to capture have transmuted the hull's materials. Changing them in ways that violate the fundamentals of physics.

GREENE

(completely unimpressed)
What about Crews and McGlaughlin?

STILLFRIED

We have no idea. Not only can we not look into the pod, but they aren't responding on any of the pre-approved frequencies. The retrieval team has begun cutting through the hatch.

GREENE

Has Williams been able to provide any intel?

STILLFRIED

(hesitant)
Williams has shown... signs of life.

However, the condition of his suit indicates that, even if it was temporary, the capsule touched the boundary of the Breach.

Stillfried takes off his glasses. Cleans them nervously.

STILLFRIED

I'm concerned that he may have brought something back.

He waits for Greene to react to this ominous news. Greene doesn't look up from the table.

STILLFRIED

And if he did... we should consider him to be extremely hazardous.

Greene gives the diagrams one last dismissive look. Tosses them aside.

GREENE

I want Williams out of that environment suit.

STILLFRIED

The energies he was exposed to--

GREENE

Stick him in that Flash Gordon glass box you made me carve fifty-six million dollars out of Prometheus' budget to build for you.

STILLFRIED

The containment module was built based on the energies we detected from the last two sub-orbital breaches. But after what happened to poor Lawson--

GREENE

Lawson did his duty. Now you do yours. Or would you like to be the next subject of your own experiments?

The mood in the room turns icy for a moment.

Stillfried stares into the opaque darkness of Greene's glasses.

Stillfried puts his glasses back on.

STILLFRIED

(calmly)

We will make Williams our top priority.

GREENE

Call me when you're ready.

Greene pushes past Stillfried. Two Guards follow behind him. They disappear through a door on the far side of the room.

Stillfried notices that some of the other Scientists are looking at him. Caught staring, they go back to diligently performing their tasks.

Stillfried begins gathering his papers and charts off the table.

Patrick and Michael, still standing across the room, catch his eye.

STILLFRIED

(annoyed)

Ach, how long have you been standing there? I wanted to know when you landed!

PATRICK

I'm sorry, sir. You were meeting with Director Greene.

STILLFRIED

(darkly)

You know, you did the right thing. The mood he's in, interrupting him would have been bad for both of us. Anyway, bring him along.

PATRICK

Sir!

Patrick takes Michael by the arm. They follow Stillfried out of the control room.

INT. WARSHIP - SAME

They step into the hallway. Patrick gives Michael another shove, just for good measure. He stumbles.

Stillfried grabs his arm.

STILLFRIED

Careful! Greene doesn't want him damaged.

He puts a comforting hand on Michael's arm.

STILLFRIED

Do you know your blood type?

MICHAEL

Who the hell wants to know?

STILLFRIED

Have you ever been diagnosed with cancer?

MICHAEL

I don't have to tell you--

Stillfried comes to a halt, surprising him. He leans in close.

STILLFRIED

The Director requested that we use you, but if you become uncooperative, I have the authority to have you... "removed".

MICHAEL

Fine. I'd rather be dead than help you people out anyway.

STILLFRIED

And then we will continue. With your wife.

Michael's defiance cracks. He looks down at the floor.

STILLFRIED

Exactly.

They continue down a level to the medical bay.

INT. WARSHIP MEDICAL BAY - SAME

Stillfried enters the room, followed by Michael and Patrick.

There are medical gurneys, surgical implements, and glass-doored coolers with various vials and beakers in them.

Against the far wall is a glass-walled containment facility that has two rubber arm shields embedded in it.

A TECHNICIAN in a white lab coat hands Stillfried a clipboard.

STILLFRIED

Take the man. Give him a complete workup. X-rays, blood panel, everything.

The Technician nods. He takes Michael by the shoulder.

Michael looks back at Patrick quickly. Gives a very small nod.

Patrick doesn't react. But behind his visor, his eyes are wet with apprehension.

Michael and the Technician step into a separate room. The door closes.

Stillfried looks over the paperwork, flipping back and forth between pages.

STILLFRIED

(sighing)

All right. Bring Lawson in.

A door on the far wall slides open. The high-tech body bag that Patrick saw taken from the capsule is wheeled in. It looks full, almost swollen, much more so than if a regular body were inside it.

The bag is slid into the containment device. A button is pushed. With a HISS the container is sealed air-tight.

A Technician puts his arms into the rubber shields.

Stillfried steps behind him.

STILLFRIED

Proceed.

The Technician begins undoing the closures on the body bag.

Stillfried leans in behind him. Adjusts his glasses. Watches with interest.

Patrick steps forward, trying to be nondescript, but eager to see what is going on.

The Technician undoes a clasp. Then another. Then another.

The bag falls open with a HISS. A plume of thick gray smoke billows out, filling the container.

The Technician presses a button. A fan on the lid of the container WHIRS to life. Sucks the smoke out.

STILLFRIED

(stunned)

Mein Gott...

A skeleton lays in pieces in the body bag. There are small bits of wet tissue still left on the bones at random locations.

But the skeleton itself is warped. The bones are covered with spikes, as if the bones were melted in spots and pulled upwards, forming brittle stalagmites.

A couple of the Technicians in the rooms GAG. Patrick feels himself getting light-headed.

STILLFRIED

Make a note that the subject was stripped of all organic tissue, and that the process affected the calcified surfaces of the underlying skeleton.

(to the Technician)

Check to see if the bones still contain marrow.

He motions to one of the Technicians.

STILLFRIED

Run a spectroscopic scan and see if there is any identifiable energy signature, or radiation, or ionization, or anything.

The Technician runs off to fulfill his orders.

Stillfried takes a handkerchief out of his pocket. Wipes the back of his neck. Massages himself a bit.

As he turns, he notices Patrick still in the room.

STILLFRIED

(annoyed)

Are you still here? What is with you? You're no longer needed. Go.

Patrick snaps to as a salute. He pivots, Walks through the self-opening door out into the hallway.

INT. WARSHIP - SAME

Patrick makes his way down the hall, about to pass out. He's looking for a place to hide.

A group of Soldiers are marching towards him. He makes a quick turn down a hallway.

To his left, he sees a door marked "STOREROOM". He hits the button. The door SLIDES OPEN.

He hurriedly pops into the room, as the door closes behind him.

INT. WARSHIP STOREROOM - SAME

Patrick wends his way behind some shelving. He finds a large crate. Drops onto it.

He weakly pulls off the helmet and facemask. He does his best to catch his breath, to keep himself from losing it.

PATRICK
(to himself)
What the hell is going on here?...

The DOOR HISSES open. Patrick tenses.

A Soldier enters, carrying a plastic box.

The Soldier turns the corner. Jumps when he sees Patrick. It's Peters, the escort.

PETERS
Oh, jeez, sorry! Sorry, sir!

PATRICK
No, no, it's okay. At ease.

Peters relaxes.

PETERS
Thank you, sir.

PATRICK
...Peters, right?

PETERS
Yes sir.
(gesturing at his helmet)
May I?...

PATRICK

What? Oh, sure, go ahead.

Peters undoes the helmet. Removes his facemask. He's a fresh-faced young kid from the heartland of the USA.

PETERS

Didn't know any higher-ranking officers knew about this place. Me and other "obies" sneak in here for a quick smoke or a nap.

PATRICK

"Obies"?

Peters looks confused. He points at his insignia.

PETERS

One bar. "Oh-Bee".
(points to Patrick's bars)
You got two. "Too-Bee". I thought everyone knew the jargon.

PATRICK

Yeah, sorry, I'm... just tired.
It's been a long haul so far.

PETERS

Amen to that, sir.

Peters reaches into his jacket. Pulls out a pack of cigarettes and a silver lighter. He pops one into his mouth, then offers Patrick one.

Patrick realizes he'd better play along. He takes one.

Peters lights them both up.

PETERS

Aaaah. I needed that.

PATRICK

You been here long?

PETERS

No sir. I just got recruited a couple of months ago. They found me cooling my heels at Fort Bragg. Made me an offer that was too good to be true. You mind if I ask, how they came to you?

PATRICK

Ah, I was... on my way to Alaska. They caught up to me before we got there. And I felt... like I had no choice but to come on board.

PETERS

I hear you.

PATRICK

How'd you find out about such a super-secret organization?

PETERS

Well... You "hear things", y'know? A guy like me keeps his ears open. A couple of guys in a transport talk, a grand poo-bah yells too much in a staff car... I got interested.

PATRICK

What drew you in?

PETERS

You could say I ain't the best at following orders. Weird, huh? My old man makes me enlist, and three days in, I'm in the stockade for taking a swing at my drill instructor. If the war wasn't going on, they'd probably have shipped me home toot-sweet.

Peters takes a seat opposite Patrick.

PETERS

It turns out my bad attitude is more of an asset with this group. They encourage not playing by the rules.

PATRICK

That's one of the things that caught my attention, too. So... that sort of culture trickles down from the top.

PETERS

Ah, yeah, you could say Greene is calling all the shots.

PATRICK

Greene. He's pretty intense.

PETERS

I'll say. My second week at Prometheus H.Q., I saw him pistol whip a "threebie" who failed to lobby a senator over a major budget vote.

PATRICK

Jesus. What's his story?

PETERS

You ain't heard?

PATRICK

Like you said... I "hear things", but all I've gotten are snippets.

PETERS

Greene... So, you know all those movies of the A-bombs going off? Blowing away houses and shit?

PATRICK

Yeah. They're pretty intense.

PETERS

A lot of people don't know this, but they also put farm animals inside the blast radius too. Cows, pigs, horses...

PATRICK

(horrified)
What for?

PETERS

To see how the radiation affected them, I guess. But here's the thing... apparently, the Army put people in those pens too.

PATRICK

People... You can't be serious!

PETERS

Hey, don't get all emotional... I'm just telling you what I heard. The top brass wanted to see what the bombs would do to living people. But they're smart. They comb through the military prisons, and pull aside all the really bad eggs. Thieves. Fairies. Even a couple of stone-cold killers.

They thin the ranks of all the "undesirables". So they kill two birds with one big radioactive stone.

PATRICK

That's... that's inhumane.

PETERS

As I hear tell, they put all these scumbags in one of those houses. The bomb goes off, and... POOF!

PATRICK

They're all killed.

Peters takes a loooong drag on his cigarette.

PETERS

...All but one.

Patrick turns to him with an unbelieving stare. Peters stubs out his smoke.

PETERS

(solemnly)

They sift through all the debris, and sitting there, naked as a jaybird but completely untouched... is Greene.

PATRICK

That's... impossible.

PETERS

No kidding. But there he is. The thing is, after that, Greene went from being one step from the electric chair, to the best soldier since MacArthur. He rose... no, he jumped up the ranks. When the government wasn't willing to do what he said, he founded Prometheus, and took control from behind the scenes.

PATRICK

Wow, that's some story. I always wondered... how everything got into place.

PETERS

Prometheus is something. Every dollar that gets spent or loaned by the government... We get 30 cents. No politician makes a vote that isn't in our best interest. We get anything we need. Anything we want.

PATRICK

I didn't realize the percentage was so high. And what was Greene aiming to do with all this?

Peters gives Patrick a little "are you kidding me?" look.

PETERS

The energy. Unlimited energy from that rip in the universe he discovered.

PATRICK

(trying to recover)

Well, of course, the energy source. I just thought he'd have a bigger end game in mind.

PETERS

Damn right he does! That energy's gonna give us the muscle to take out the Reds!

PATRICK

The Communists...

PETERS

The Russkies, the Chinese, the Koreans, the Cubans... We'll be able to wipe 'em all off the face of the earth. Forever!

PATRICK

God bless America.

Peters is beginning to get an odd vibe from Patrick. He checks his watch.

PETERS

Damn, I gotta get back before I'm missed. Just a couple of minutes to roll those suckers.

PATRICK

"Roll"?...

PETERS

Yeah, me and the guys go through the shit we confiscate from prisoners. Always good for a couple of bucks, some jewelry, that kind of thing.

He jumps up. Pops the top of the box he brought in.

PATRICK

Won't they miss their stuff?

PETERS

Sir... you know that anyone we take on board doesn't make it back... alive...

Peters looks into the box.

Patrick leaps up.

POV

The box is filled with things from the yacht. Wallets, passports, journals, cameras, the radio.

But on top of the pile... is the family photo.

BACK TO SCENE

A beat, as both men realize their situations.

Peters grabs for his sidearm.

Patrick is instantly on him.

Peters and Patrick THRASH about. They throw each other against the shelves and crates.

Peters pulls his knife out of his holster sheath. He gets a good slash across Patrick's arm.

Patrick gets a better grip. Turns the knife up and around. Puts the tip against Peters' chin.

He kicks at Peters' feet. Peters topples forward. Patrick hangs on for dear life.

They hit the floor. The knife THRUSTS into Peters' jaw and skull.

Patrick holds Peters tight until the twitching stops. He rolls off, panting.

The INTERCOM BELL CHIMES.

SOLDIER #7'S VOICE

Director Greene, please report to the media bay. The digital films have been processed and loaded.

Patrick has to see what is on those tapes.

He drags Peters into the back of the storeroom. Hides him as best he can.

He looks at the family photo. He breaks the frame. Takes the photo out. Sticks it inside his jacket.

Patrick replaces his facemask and helmet. Grabs the rifle.

Taking a deep breath, he opens the door, and steps out into the hallway.

INT. WARSHIP - SAME

The sound of FOOTSTEPS coming down the hall catches Patrick's attention.

At the end of the hall, he sees Greene pass by, flanked by Guards.

Patrick takes a deep breath. Trying to be as casual as possible, he hurries down the hall, then falls into step behind the other soldiers.

Greene leads them through the hallways.

They turn a corner. Patrick sees they're approaching the room with the television monitors.

INT. WARSHIP MEDIA LAB - SAME

Greene storms into the room. The Guards and Patrick follow in step.

Patrick takes a moment to get the layout of this room he just breezed past earlier.

There are four large cathode-ray tube sets placed in the wall, bigger TV screens than usual. Below each screen is what looks like a large cassette player, each one containing a thick black tape cartridge. At the desk below the screens sits a technician, SULLIVAN (mid-30s, balding), who operates a computer keyboard along with a series of levers and buttons, like at a TV station.

On the screens are paused images. There are numbers in the upper right corners that seem to correspond to Greenwich Mean Time.

The first screen shows three ASTRONAUTS, strapped into their chairs inside what looks like the downed capsule. Williams is front and center, with the other two arranged slightly behind him on both sides.

In the second monitor, the external side of the capsule is visible. A sliver of the earth's curved surface pokes down from the top of the image, slowly rotating hundreds of miles below.

In the third monitor, the same view of the earth appears through what looks like cockpit windows that aren't in the space capsule where the astronauts are. The backs of two chairs like the ones in the capsule are just visible.

The fourth monitor is filled with BUZZING STATIC.

Greene plants himself behind Sullivan.

SULLIVAN

By superimposing Greenwich Mean Time onto the digital image, we were able to sync the footage. You'll be able to see the mission proceeding concurrently.

Greene points at the static-filled screen.

GREENE

What's wrong with the reverse angle from the pod?

SULLIVAN

Whatever happened with the capsule, it corrupted the digital tape. There was actual structural damage. We've tried everything. But I think the other three cover most of the mission.

GREENE

Okay. Show me.

Sullivan manipulates some keys. The footage begins moving.

INTERCUT BETWEEN MEDIA LAB AND THE FOOTAGE

MONITOR - CAPSULE INTERIOR

The Astronauts perform routine tasks, checking gauges... basically running the mission.

WILLIAMS
We've reached orbital altitude.

MCGLAUGHLIN
Roger that. Rotate capsule fifteen degrees.

CREWS
Firing thruster for three second burn.

WILLIAMS
Fire thruster.

MONITOR - CAPSULE EXTERIOR

A thruster rocket fires. The earth swings fully into view.

BACK TO SCENE

GREENE
Can you move past this?

With a KEYSTROKE from Sullivan, the images speed up.

MONITOR - CAPSULE EXTERIOR

Nothing seems to really change. The astronauts jerk about in an accelerated manner. The earth spins rapidly.

BACK TO SCENE

Greene watches the footage.

GREENE
Stop!

Sullivan returns the video to normal speed.

MONITOR - CAPSULE EXTERIOR

A void appears, in orbit below the capsule. It's completely black, like an empty spot in the air.

MONITOR - POD INTERIOR

Through the cockpit windows, the same spot is visible.

MONITOR - CAPSULE INTERIOR

The Astronauts react to this new development.

WILLIAMS

Marking time zero-three-forty-seven, visual confirmation of target.

MCGLAUGHLIN

No readings available to measure distance from target.

CREWS

Target not emitting any wavelengths among our measurable spectrum.

WILLIAMS

Initiating mission phase two. McGlaughlin and Crews are proceeding to the pod.

McGlaughlin and Crews snaps down their visors. They check dials mounted on their forearms.

CREWS

Life support checking green.

MCGLAUGHLIN

Same here.

WILLIAMS

Heart and brain monitors reading green. You're go for phase two.

McGlaughlin and Crews undo their restraints. They float out of their chairs.

They maneuver their way to the hatch in the "wall" behind them, the same hatch Patrick saw on the "floor" of the capsule.

GREENE

Get past this.

Sullivan hits fast forward. The images zip by.

McGlaughlin and Crews open the hatch, float into it.

MONITOR - POD INTERIOR

The two Astronauts float into view.

GREENE

There.

Sullivan returns the footage to normal speed.

MONITOR - POD INTERIOR

McGlaughlin and Crews settle into the two chairs. They check their restraints. Activate controls.

CREWS

Target visible. We're practically right on top of it.

MCGLAUGHLIN

All gauges are green.

CREWS

Ready for separation.

MONITOR - CAPSULE INTERIOR

Williams FLICKS a series of switches.

WILLIAMS

Preparing for pod separation in three... two... one... Separation.

He PUNCHES A SWITCH.

MONITOR - POD INTERIOR

The Astronauts are jostled. The view through the cockpit windows begins to slowly shift.

MCGLAUGHLIN

Showing successful separation.

CREWS

Checking umbilical connection.

MONITOR - CAPSULE INTERIOR

Williams looks at several gauges.

WILLIAMS

Umbilical connection is active. You are go for phase three. Contacting the target.

MONITOR - POD INTERIOR

McGlaughlin does a "thumbs up" to the camera behind him.

MCGLAUGHLIN

Beginning phase three.

CREWS

Firing thrusters.

MONITOR - CAPSULE EXTERNAL

From beneath and behind the capsule, a smaller module - the Pod - drifts into view. Thruster rockets fire in bursts, propelling it slowly towards the Breach.

A long, flexible tube connects the two craft.

MONITOR - CAPSULE INTERIOR

Williams looks over his controls.

WILLIAMS

Reading ten meters of umbilical
deployed.

MONITOR - POD INTERIOR

Crews adjusts some switches.

CREWS

Copy that. We've got plenty to
spare.

The jagged tear in space ahead of them slowly begins to fill their cockpit windows.

MCGLAUGHLIN

Still no readings. Unable to
confirm distance from target.

Greene leans over Sullivan's shoulder.

GREENE

Keep going.

Sullivan speeds up the footage.

MONITOR - POD INTERIOR

The Breach grows, filling the viewports.

GREENE

Okay.

The images return to normal speed.

MONITOR - CAPSULE EXTERIOR

The Pod is now quite far from the capsule. The size of the Breach is now much larger than that of the Pod.

MONITOR - CAPSULE INTERIOR

Williams adjusts controls.

WILLIAMS

One hundred meters of umbilical
deployed.

MONITOR - POD INTERIOR

McGlaughlin and Crews perform their tasks, framed by the
black void outside their windows.

MCGLAUGHLIN

I don't know about you guys, but
I'm starting to get worried here.

CREWS

We have twenty-five meters of
umbilical left in reserve.

MCGLAUGHLIN

Williams, you might have to adjust
altitude if--

WHAM! The Pod rocks from an UNEXPECTED IMPACT. Alarm lighting
kicks in.

The black void has become a MAELSTROM OF PURPLE ENERGY.

CREWS

Contact! Contact!

MONITOR - CAPSULE EXTERIOR

The edge of the Pod touching the Breach stretches and warps.

The eerie purple energy leeches from within the void. Snakes
its way through the structure of the Pod's hull.

MONITOR - CAPSULE INTERIOR

Alarm lighting is on. Williams SLAPS at controls.

WILLIAMS

(frantic)

Altitude has dropped! It's pulling
us down!

MONITOR - POD INTERIOR

The purple energy fills the cabin. The structure buckles.

CREWS

Jesus!

MCGLAUGHLIN
Get us out of here!

MONITOR - CAPSULE INTERIOR

Williams desperately works the levers.

WILLIAMS
Umbilical not responding! It's
pulling the capsule closer!

MONITOR - CAPSULE EXTERIOR

The capsule begins moving towards the Breach.

The Pod changes shape drastically, as the purple energy
slithers up the umbilical.

MONITOR - POD INTERIOR

The PURPLE ENERGY SURGES through the cabin.

The Astronauts disengage their seat buckles.

Before they can lift out of their chairs, the other-
dimensional energy SLAMS THEM TOGETHER.

The image strobos between static and the two doomed
astronauts as their very solid matter becomes deformed by the
Breach.

The image becomes HISSING DIGITAL SNOW.

Sullivan hits pause.

SULLIVAN
At this point, the footage from the
pod ends. The camera must have
sustained enough damage to cripple
it.

Patrick wants to scream. But he keeps his cool.

GREENE
Let's see the rest.

Sullivan wipes sweat off his upper lip. He hits play.

MONITOR - CAPSULE INTERIOR

Williams is being thrown about as well. The capsule VIBRATES
from the strain.

WILLIAMS

Crews! McGlaughlin! Do you read me?
I'm going to fire my boosters, try
to pull you free! On my mark...
NOW!

He FLIPS A SWITCH.

MONITOR - CAPSULE EXTERIOR

The capsule's booster engines flare to life. The fuel tanks empty as the rockets burn bright.

Slowly, the capsule pulls away. The umbilical is strained taut.

The Pod emerges from the Breach. Its sleek shape has been twisted and stretched, like it's been melted.

The purple energy coils around the ruined surface of the Pod. It begins pulsing up the umbilical.

MONITOR - CAPSULE INTERIOR

Williams reads his gauges.

WILLIAMS

Crews! McGlaughlin! Fuel down to
five percent! Did it work? Are you
free?!? Come back! Repeat, come--

The hull behind him BUCKLES and WARPS. Purple energy seeps into the cabin.

Williams SLAMS DOWN HIS VISOR, just as the energy hits him.

His space suit swells and balloons, twisting and warping.

WILLIAMS

AAAAAAAAAAH!!!

The image strobos. Flickers. Williams' space suit twists and stretches...

The camera goes dead. More snow.

Sullivan hits pause.

SULLIVAN

And this... is where the capsule's
camera stopped working.

Patrick's hands shake slightly. He's doing everything he can not to blow his cover.

GREENE
Is there any more?

SULLIVAN
Yes. On the external cam.

He hits play.

MONITOR - CAPSULE EXTERIOR

The only remaining working camera shows the umbilical being reeled in automatically.

By virtue of the Pod no longer touching the Breach, the purple energy is cut off. It slurps back into the Breach.

Without Williams operating the umbilical winch, the Pod SLAMS into the capsule.

The image begins to whirl about, showing that the capsule is now spinning out of control.

Sullivan hits pause.

SULLIVAN
From this point, it's just the two ships spinning. Until they fall out of orbit. And the heat of reentry must have burned out the camera.

A weighty silence hangs in the room.

Patrick remains in place, behind the other Guards. But the sweat pours behind his facemask.

Greene paces a few steps, looking at the floor.

GREENE
(to himself)
They crossed over...

The INTERCOM RINGS. Two bells.

STILLFRIED'S VOICE
Director Greene, please report to the containment lab.

Greene takes a last look at the TV screens.

GREENE
I want all those digital tapes transferred to film. Then destroy the tapes.

SULLIVAN

Understood.

Greene turns on his heel and stalks out of the room. Everyone falls into step behind him.

Patrick brings up the rear, doing his best to march in step and not just pass out.

INT. WARSHIP - SAME

Greene and his escort march through the ship.

Patrick sees that they've arrived at the medical bay.

The door opens. Stillfried steps out. He's startled to see Greene waiting for him.

STILLFRIED

(frazzled)

You don't waste any time, do you?

GREENE

We don't have time to waste.

Greene starts walking again. Stillfried sighs and follows.

Stillfried refers to a clipboard he's carrying.

STILLFRIED

Lawson showed no signs of exposure to heat, nor were there any marks on his remains that would indicate cutting.

He flips a few pages.

STILLFRIED

The deformed structure of the skeleton appears to have happened at the atomic level.

GREENE

And?...

STILLFRIED

Matter is constant, Director. All of Lawson's tissues had to have gone somewhere. I think they must have been transferred... to Williams. Or whatever is inside that environment suit.

GREENE

Your point is...?

STILLFRIED

It's been my understanding that all the effort spent in the last decade has been directed towards tapping a potential new energy source. Whether or not it's for martial purposes, I do not care.

Stillfried pivots in front of Greene, stopping him dead. A ballsy move.

STILLFRIED

But this...

(indicating the clipboard)

I am at a complete loss. This is bordering on the metaphysical. It is dangerous.

Stillfried waits for a response. Greene just looms over him, impassive.

GREENE

When I pulled you out of Operation Paperclip, it wasn't because of your expertise in energy research. Your profile showed a distinct lack of whatever scruples would prevent a man of science from exploring every boundary. No matter the human cost.

Stillfried winces. Greene has hit a nerve.

GREENE

You swore an oath, along with every man on this ship, to do whatever was required to fulfill the goals of Prometheus.

Greene gets right in Stillfried's face.

GREENE

And you know the penalty for breaking that oath.

STILLFRIED

(coolly)

Yes.

GREENE

Then let's proceed.

Greene gestures ahead of him in a condescending yet threatening manner.

Stillfried glares at Greene for a moment. He finally moves in the direction Greene indicates.

Greene and the Soldiers fall in step behind him.

They go down a hallway, coming to a huge metal door covered with warning labels.

Instead of sliding open automatically, the door has to be opened by a special card that Stillfried inserts into a slot on the door.

A series of lights change from red to green. The SOUND OF A BIG METAL LOCK OPENING echoes in the hallway. The DOOR SLIDES OPEN slowly.

INT. WARSHIP CONTAINMENT ROOM - SAME

Stillfried and his entourage step into a large brightly lit room.

Patrick, bringing up the rear, sees a fantastic sight.

The large space is lined with special panels that are painted pure white. The room spans the width of the warship.

Energetic, white-coated Technicians work at computer banks and control consoles that are situated at various points around the room.

In the center of the room is a giant futuristic glass-and-metal box. Tubes and wires and conduits run from various points on the box's surface to the equipment being calibrated by the technicians.

Strapped to a gurney in the middle of the box, is the deformed space suit that may or may not hold Williams. Two metal arms hang from an assembly in the middle of the box's ceiling.

Stillfried looks over one of the console's settings.

STILLFRIED

Make sure the range limits are
locked in.

(to another technician)

Start the data recording.

Stillfried walks over to what appears to be a main console. Takes a seat. He confers with another TECHNICIAN.

A RADIO CRACKLES.

SOLDIER #7'S VOICE
Director Greene.

Greene pulls a handset off his belt.

GREENE
Greene.

SOLDIER #7'S VOICE
The retrieval team has reported in.
They are unable to get through the
hatch.

GREENE
God dammit, what's the holdup?

SOLDIER #7'S VOICE
Apparently the material is showing
resistance to the cutting tools.

GREENE
The Plymouth is getting closer. We
need to get into the Pod.

SOLDIER #7'S VOICE
Understood.

Greene CLICKS OFF. His body language is tense.

Stillfried finishes setting his controls.

STILLFRIED
Lower the shields.

A technician flips a lever. From the top of the box, thick
metal grates SLIDE DOWN over the exposed glass. The box seals
shut with a METALLIC CLANG.

STILLFRIED
Turn on the interior camera.

On a large black-and-white TV monitor, an image appears from
inside the box, of the Williams suit.

INTERCUT BETWEEN CONTAINMENT ROOM AND TV MONITOR

STILLFRIED
All right. Raising the visor.

Stillfried takes hold of two joysticks on either side of the
computer keyboard at his station.

He pushes them forward.

The metal arms in the box slide over to the deformed space suit.

Stillfried uses the joysticks to move the arms down to the helmet. The "fingers" hook into the edges of the visor.

The arms retract. The visor lifts.

Bright light pours from the opening, blowing out the image on the monitor.

An unearthly MOAN pierces the microphones.

EERIE VOICE
NNNNNYYYYMMMM...

Stillfried looks over to his workers.

STILLFRIED
Anything?

TECHNICIAN #1
Definite hits on the Enewetak
Scale! Point-seven and climbing.

STILLFRIED
Are you sure?!?

TECHNICIAN #1
Cross-referenced on all three
detectors. Point-nine!

STILLFRIED
Any leakage?

TECHNICIAN #3
Negative. No stray Enewetak
particles detected outside the
containment unit.

STILLFRIED
(awed)
Unbelievable... We're actually
experiencing other-dimensional
phenomena.

The MOANING increases.

EERIE VOICE
MMMMMMMMooore... flessssh...

The voice sounds like BONE SCRAPING ACROSS CONCRETE.

Patrick notices that Greene steps forward. It almost seems like he's smiling.

The mood in the room goes cold.

STILLFRIED
(stunned)
Did you get that?!?

TECHNICIAN #2
...Yes.

Stillfried grabs a microphone. CLICKS A BUTTON.

STILLFRIED
Colonel Williams! Is that you?

EERIE VOICE
Weee... arriiive... flessssh...
ourssss...

STILLFRIED
Colonel Williams! What has happened
to you?

EERIE VOICE
Morrre... flessssh...

Greene takes a deep breath.

GREENE
Give them what they want.

Stillfried whirls about. He looks puzzled and angry.

He manipulates the remote arms. The visor drops. The light subsides.

EERIE VOICE
(fading)
Flessssh...

The MOANING ceases.

The shields slowly raise, revealing the box's interior again.

GREENE
What the hell are you doing?

STILLFRIED
"They"?!? Who are "they"? What is
going on here?

GREENE

(calmly)

Start the next phase of the experiment.

STILLFRIED

No! I want answers! You have been hiding something from us all this time. What is that thing in there?

GREENE

Doctor, bring in the subject.

STILLFRIED

This is not energy research! This is something... something monstrous! I refuse to proceed with this any further!

GREENE

I warned you there would be consequences, Doctor.

Stillfried plants himself.

STILLFRIED

Go ahead, kill me if you must.

GREENE

Doctor, as much as it pains me to say this out loud, you're too important to remove from the project. Prometheus needs you. Hell, I need you. But just you.

That last comment causes Stillfried to give him a quizzical look.

GREENE

Nineteen-oh-three Alexander Drive. Richmond, Virginia. Room one fourteen, I believe.

Stillfried's anger dissipates. A look of fear creeps into his eyes.

STILLFRIED

(fearfully)

You wouldn't...

GREENE

One word from me, and my men pay a visit to your wife at the nursing home. Today.

Everyone in the room holds their breath as the two men stare each other down.

STILLFRIED
(almost crying)
What kind of man are you?!?

GREEN
The kind of man who is compelled to obey his masters. Proceed, Doctor.

Stillfried wipes the sweat from his brow. Shaking, he returns to his console.

He seems to say a little prayer under his breath. He motions to one of the technicians.

STILLFRIED
Bring him in.

Patrick's heart drops. "Him".

A door slides open.

Michael is wheeled in, naked, strapped to a wheeled gurney. He's KICKING and SCREAMING.

MICHAEL
God dammit let me go! Let me GO!

Patrick's mind races. His dad! What can he do?

A section of the glass-and-metal box opens. The Technicians push Michael inside.

TECHNICIAN #2
Subject is a fifty-seven-year-old male. A-positive blood type. No current illnesses. Wartime injury to pelvic area. Prior surgery for removal of appendix.

The Technicians raise up the gurney so that Michael is almost completely upright. They lock down the wheels.

MICHAEL
Let me go! You can't do this!

STILLFRIED
Give him the sedative--

GREENE
(stepping forward)
NO!

STILLFRIED
We can't establish a baseline
reading if his adrenaline levels--

GREENE
He needs to be conscious.

Stillfried's eyes narrow. Now he knows that Greene is hiding something.

STILLFRIED
Leave him.

The Technicians make a quick exit from the box. The door slides closed. Locks.

Patrick takes a couple of steps sideways. All eyes are on the spectacle unfolding in front of them, so no one notices him edging closer to Stillfried.

STILLFRIED
Lower the shields.

The metal grates SLIDE INTO PLACE.

Patrick watches his father disappear behind inches of gray shielding.

Patrick's grip tightens on his rifle. Can he make a move? Can he possibly get him out of there?

STILLFRIED
Start recording.

Technicians hit switches. The tapes in the computer banks begin spinning.

STILLFRIED
Raising the visor.

Stillfried reaches for the joysticks.

Patrick can't wait anymore.

He jumps forward. Locks his arm around Stillfried's neck. Jams the rifle against his temple.

PATRICK
Let him go!

All the Guards raise their guns in Patrick's direction. They step into formation to protect Greene.

GREENE

Don't shoot!

The Technicians all freeze. Some of them put up their hands.

Patrick drags Stillfried out of his chair. Backs up towards the exit.

STILLFRIED

Vas is das--

PATRICK

Get that man out of there! NOW!

Greene pushes his way through the guards. They let him through, but keep their rifles trained on Patrick.

GREENE

(realizing)

The son. They were lying.

PATRICK

Someone get in there and release him now! Or I'll shoot!

Greene continues walking forward, even as Patrick moves backwards.

GREENE

You're in over your head, kid.

STILLFRIED

Listen to him, son! You can't win!

PATRICK

I don't care what you're up to! I just want him freed!

Greene stops. He smirks.

GREENE

Oh, he will be.

Greene grabs one of the joysticks.

Inside the box, the remote arm lifts the visor.

The light surges.

EERIE VOICE

Morrre... flesssh...

MICHAEL

AAAARGH!!!

Patrick watches in horror as the SKIN AND TISSUE TEARS OFF of his father. It disappears into the light emanating from the helmet.

EERIE VOICE

Flessssh... weeee... returrrrn...

Michael flails about, but his struggles weaken as he's stripped bare.

PATRICK

DAD!!!

Patrick opens fire. The bullets PIERCE THE GRATING. SHATTER THE GLASS.

On the monitor, the bullets can be seen TEARING THROUGH THE SPACE SUIT.

EERIE VOICE

PAAAAIN!!!

GREENE

NOOOO!!!

The suit suddenly ERUPTS. Distorted flesh swells and tears. Tendrils of the purple energy leap from the rips in the skin that used to be Williams.

The Guards OPEN FIRE at Patrick.

BULLETS BOUNCE around him. Patrick yanks Stillfried with him.

He RETURNS FIRE. Several of the Gards go down.

The door behind Patrick and Stillfried slides open. The two of them fall backward into the hallway beyond.

EERIE VOICE

NEEEED... FLESSSSH...

The energy flares. It EXPLODES.

The CONTAINMENT BOX SHATTERS in a ball of purple and black energy.

The WALLS OF THE CONTAINMENT LAB TEAR OPEN from the explosion.

INT. WARSHIP - SAME

Patrick rolls over, ducking the debris that flies through the doorway.

Something large and metallic drops from the ceiling inside the containment room, blocking the doorway.

An ALARM SOUNDS. The lights in the hallway go red.

Patrick shakes his head. Struggles to his feet. His shoulder is injured.

PATRICK
(frantic)
Dad! DAD!!!

He throws himself against the chunk of debris blocking the door. His fists beat impotently against the metal blocking his way.

It's no use. Patrick realizes that he can't go back inside to help his father.

The INTERCOM CHIMES.

GREENE'S VOICE
All strike teams to containment
facility! Intruder aboard! Has
taken Stillfried hostage. Terminate
with extreme prejudice!

Patrick knows that he has to get going. He takes one last look at where his father is. But there's nothing he can do.

He reaches down to get Stillfried up.

PATRICK
Come on, we have to--

As Stillfried rolls over, Patrick sees several red splotches on his shirt. He's been shot.

Patrick scoops Stillfried up in a fireman's carry.

Two armed Soldiers appear around the corner at the end of the hallway.

Patrick OPENS FIRE. They go down in a hail of bullets.

Patrick reads the signs on the hall. He orients himself.

With Stillfried slung over his shoulder, he heads for freedom.

With each turn, Patrick runs into Soldiers. He SHOTS THEM as he goes.

INT. WARSHIP DOCKING BAY - SAME

Patrick KICKS his way into the docking bay.

Before the guards can react, he picks them off.

He stumbles to the only launch. Dumps Stillfried into a seat.

Patrick FIRES UP THE BOAT. SLAMS it into reverse. It slowly slides out of its mooring.

More Guards pour through the door, FIRING as they emerge.

Patrick GETS OFF A COUPLE OF SHOTS, but he can't fire and maneuver the boat.

His eye falls on the tanks of fuel along the far wall. He OPENS FIRE on them.

The FUEL TANKS EXPLODE in a huge greasy ball of orange flames, engulfing the Guards and the other launch.

EXT. LAUNCH - SAME

Patrick continues REVVING THE LAUNCH in reverse, as the back end of the WARSHIP ERUPTS in a supernova of oily fire and smoking debris. The entire WARSHIP SHUDDERS from the explosion.

The small boat rolling and pitching from the storm-agitated water, Patrick THROWS THE BOAT INTO GEAR. Bounces towards the yacht.

STILLFRIED

(weakly)

My... wife...

PATRICK

Don't die on me you bastard! You've got a lot of explaining to do!

As Patrick comes around the warship, he can see the hole in the side of the boat from the containment room explosion. FIRES BURN as torn metal and ripped wires dangle down the side of the boat into the water.

Another FIREBALL BURSTS from inside. PURPLE ENERGY CRACKLES AND WRITHES along the sides of the warship, but dissipates up into the angry skies.

EXT. YACHT - SAME

Patrick brings the launch to the yacht's swimming deck.

As he closes in, the Guard that had been put on board to watch his mother appears on deck. Comes around to the stern.

GUARD #2

What happened? Control said
Stillfried had been taken, then the
radio went dead!

PATRICK

There's an intruder on board! They
need everyone back on deck!

The launch drifts sideways. Light from the yacht falls into the cabin.

The Guard sees Stillfried slumped on the seats.

He OPENS FIRE. The BULLETS TEAR THROUGH the controls.

Patrick dodges. FIRES BACK. He catches the Guard in the shoulder and torso. His gun FIRES A FEW MORE BURSTS through the floors and sides of the launch.

The Guard topples forward. SLAMS into the swimming deck. Flops into the water.

The launch is now smoking. Patrick collects Stillfried. Roughly helps him onto the swimming deck.

The boat BURSTS INTO FLAMES.

Patrick leaps off the launch and onto the deck.

The boat catches fire. It bobs and rolls away on the violent currents, the flames consuming it.

Patrick watches it for a moment. He then yanks Stillfried to his feet. Wrestles him up the ladder towards the cabin.

INT. YACHT CABIN - SAME

Patrick wrangles Stillfried into the cabin.

He sees Joan, bound, at the dining table bench.

Patrick drops Stillfried against the far wall. He whips off his helmet and facemask.

JOAN
(relieved)
Patrick...

Patrick works on his mother's restraints.

The RADIO CRACKLES.

SOLDIER #7'S VOICE
Damage suppression teams to mid-
ship, damage suppression teams to
mid-ship. Plymouth now at fifteen
minutes to recon range.

The radio chatter continues flying back and forth.

Patrick gets the last of the bindings undone. Joan stretches.
Rubs her aching wrists.

PATRICK
Are you okay?

JOAN
I'm fine, I'm fine.

Her attention to his well-being shifts as he realizes... only
Patrick came back.

JOAN
Son... where is...

Patrick tries not to look up. His eyes fill with tears. This
is the first moment he's had to rest. The loss of his father
finally catches up to him.

Joan sees the look in Patrick's eyes. Grief surges from
inside her.

JOAN
No... no no no...

PATRICK
Mom, I'm sorry... I was... It
happened so fast...

Joan collapses, sobbing. Patrick tries to comfort her, but he
doesn't know what to do.

JOAN
(trying to compose
herself)
How... what happened...

PATRICK

The astronaut... He's not human...

JOAN

...I don't...

PATRICK

They used dad, to... to...

Patrick turns. He glares right at Stillfried.

Patrick leaps on top of him. Stillfried is almost unconscious from his wounds. Patrick SLAPS him. Snaps him awake.

PATRICK

What the fuck is going on?!?

Stillfried gasps. He's not long for the world.

STILLFRIED

(wheezing)

Greene... set up... secret base...
Antarctica... Kidnapped me... and
others... Develop technology...
Launch bombs... into orbit... try
to... reopen... Breach...

Stillfried COUGHS VIOLENTLY. Blood drips from the corners of his mouth.

STILLFRIED

Said... harness energy... from hole
in space... for military... But
now... obvious... he lied...

PATRICK

What did you do to my father--

Stillfried nods off. Patrick shakes him back awake.

PATRICK

What was that thing back there?

STILLFRIED

Greene must... have known...
Astronauts... crossed over...
Brought back... something... Not
from... This universe...

Stillfried loses consciousness again.

Patrick and Joan share unbelieving looks.

JOAN

Patrick... what was all that?

PATRICK

That guy, the one with the dark glasses... He's been trying to get through a hole in the sky like that one from the H-bomb photo.

JOAN

That's crazy, son. It's impossible.

PATRICK

But... the things I saw... the thing that killed dad...

Silence falls between them.

The RADIO CRACKLES.

GREENE'S VOICE

Plymouth is now at critical range. Helicopter crew, head to the pad. You are go for airlift. Repeat: you are go for airlift. Move the capsule out of range, for later extraction by research carrier.

Stillfried comes to with a GASP. He grabs Patrick's shirt.

STILLFRIED

(frantic)

You can't... let them... get to... other astronauts... Infected... Will kill... everyone...

He slumps back to the floor, spent.

The RADIO CRACKLES again.

SOLDIER #7'S VOICE

Launch spotted burning off the stern of the yacht!

GREENE'S VOICE

They've made it to the boat. Sink it!

Before Patrick and Joan can react...

...bursts of GUNFIRE tear through the end of the boat. Splinters of wood fill the air.

Patrick grabs the rifle off the table as he and Joan run up the stairs.

The GUNFIRE RIPS THROUGH Stillfried's prone body.

EXT. YACHT - SAME

Through the steady rain, Patrick sees that the gun on the deck of the warship is being FIRED.

Running for their lives, Patrick and Joan head for the port side of the yacht, away from the warship.

Patrick SHOOTS A FEW ROUNDS from the hip, but the warship gun is too far away and too shielded. The best he achieves is a two second pause in the strafing.

The two of them sprint for safety as BULLETS TEAR UP THE DECK behind them.

Joan grabs a life preserver. She and Patrick dive into the churning ocean.

The deck-mounted gun CHEWS THE YACHT TO BITS. The masts, the sails, the hull... they all become splinters.

EXT. OCEAN - SAME

Patrick drags his mother behind him as far as he can.

They pop to the surface, SPLUTTERING, bobbing in the swells.

Joan looks back at the bullet-ridden boat, her family's pride and joy.

Smoke from the stern becomes a bright yellow fire. Through the windows they see flames dancing through the cabin.

The yacht lists, lazily leaning to one side, as the damage takes its toll.

JOAN

It's gone... It's all gone...

Patrick grabs Joan by the shoulder, snapping her out of her melancholy.

PATRICK

Mom! Snap out of it!

JOAN

...What can we do?

Patrick doesn't know. He's exhausted. He lost his rifle.

Across the water, over the SOUNDS OF THE BOATS BURNING...

...they hear the WHINE OF HELICOPTER ROTORS.

From behind the burning yacht, they see the helicopter lift off from the warship's helipad. It fights the storm winds to come to a hover above the capsule.

PATRICK

Their going to airlift it...
I can't let them get away!

JOAN

Son... there's nothing you can
do!...

PATRICK

Just stay here. Hang on to the
ring.

JOAN

Patrick...

PATRICK

Don't let go!

Patrick clamps his hands around his mother's. He gives her a "be strong" look. He pushes back into the water.

With a kick, he propels himself under the waves and towards the warship.

As Patrick cuts through the swells, using what strength remains in his arms, he sees a thick gray cable unspool from a winch mounted on the underside of the 'copter.

Patrick sees the pilot make several attempts to connect the cable with a receptacle on the nose of the capsule. The cable flops back and forth in the driving rain.

Patrick rounds the bow of the yacht. He spies the gaping, burning hole in the side of the warship. He aims for it.

Looking back, Patrick sees the cable hook onto the capsule's nosecone.

The 'copter angles its blades and surges upward. The cable stretches taut.

The ENGINE WHINES as the pilot increases the power.

Patrick reaches the warship. He begins to pull himself out of the water, but his arms are like lead.

From this new vantage point, he sees the capsule slowly rise from the water.

A twisted, glowing hunk of metal - the Pod - emerges from the churning ocean as the 'copter gains altitude. Stiff jagged shards of metal jut from the damaged surface - the same ones that destroyed Patrick's raft.

Patrick doubles his efforts. Painfully, he hauls himself into the warship.

INT. WARSHIP - SAME

Patrick flops into the exposed hallway. Dead Soldiers lay all around him, their clothes burned and smoking.

He barely has time to catch his breath when more armed soldiers appear through the haze.

Patrick grabs a rifle off one of the dead guards. He peppers the group approaching him with GUNFIRE. They all drop to the ground.

Patrick pulls himself up to his feet. A shred of a sign on the wall tells him which way to head.

He begins running for the deck.

Keeping his rifle at the ready, he SHOOTS all the Guards he encounters.

EXT. WARSHIP DECK - SAME

Patrick BURSTS OUT onto the deck.

Across the water, he sees the capsule and Pod now fully out of the water.

What used to be the exploration Pod is now a deformed hunk of metal. From behind what used to be the pod's cockpit windows, the purple energy pulses.

Patrick is stunned by the sight.

GUNFIRE snaps him out of his reverie.

From the far end of the bow Guards run towards him, FIRING THEIR RIFLES.

Patrick ducks. Runs. SHOOTS BACK. The Guards go down.

He sees that a Soldier is still manning the large-caliber deck gun.

Patrick runs towards the gun. He PUTS A BULLET into the Soldier at the controls. That was his last round. He tosses the rifle aside.

Patrick pushes the dead soldier's body overboard. He takes the controls of the gun.

The 'copter strains to go higher as the storm rages. The winds force the 'copter to swing over the bow of the warship.

Patrick rotates the gun. Points it at the 'copter.

He LOCKS AND LOADS. FIRES.

The BULLETS RIP through the bottom of the 'copter. Through the tail. Through the rear rotor.

Totally damaged, the 'copter drops like a metal rock.

The capsule/Pod assembly CRASHES into the bow, destroying the deck and rocking the warship.

The 'copter impacts the capsule. It EXPLODES.

Patrick is knocked from the gun platform by the force of the explosion. Metal fragments and flaming debris shower the deck.

Patrick painfully picks himself up off the deck. He's injured. Bloodied. Exhausted.

But it's over. He watches the flames as they dance through all the destruction.

BLAM! A bullet pierces Patrick's thigh. He goes down in a heap.

GREENE (O.S.)
THEY were gods.

From behind him, Greene emerges from the shadows. Lit by the fires behind him, he cuts a sinister silhouette. He has a smoking revolver in his hand.

GREENE
In the old universe. The one that came before. When it died, and this one was born, THEY were imprisoned.

Patrick drags himself across the deck. Greene stalks him slowly and deliberately.

GREENE

But THEY were aware. This new cosmos... THEY could see it. Smell it. Taste it. And THEY wanted it.

Patrick tries to get up and run.

BLAM! Greene puts another bullet through his arm.

PATRICK

AAARGH!

GREENE

So THEY waited. For eons. In that other place. THEY waited for a chance to be free. To take it all back.

Greene stands over Patrick. He puts a foot on his back. Pushes him down to the deck.

Greene looks up to the sky.

Unseen by Greene, Patrick gets his hand on a shard of metal.

GREENE

And then, one day... we opened a door. THEY reached out. And THEY chose me.

Greene squats down next to Patrick. He taps the gun against his own temple.

GREENE

For two decades THEY have been with me. Whispering. Urging. Demanding. All the years, all the money, all the deaths... Everything I've done, it's just so THEY can be gods once again.

Greens SNARLS. Shoves his gun back into its holster.

GREENE

And me? I was nothing. A failure at life who was days away from the electric chair.

He grabs Patrick. Hauls him to his feet.

Patrick puts all his remaining energy into stabbing Greene with the shard.

It enters his shoulder. But Greene doesn't flinch.

GREENE

But THEY promised me glory. The
chance to grind every human being
on earth beneath my heel.

Greene steps forward into the light from the 'copter fire, and Patrick's blood runs cold.

GREENE

THEY will give me the power to be a
god!

Half of Greene's upper body is burned and charred from the earlier explosion. His hat and glasses are missing.

GREENE

And I'll watch every smug bastard
burn in the fires of my masters!

But Greene's eyes... his eyes are black voids, with what looks like the purple energy swirling deep inside them.

PATRICK

(weakly)

When... Navy gets here...
they'll... stop you...

GREENE

You idiot. It's too late. THEY are
already here.

Greene spins Patrick about. Throws him into a half-Nelson.

A METALLIC GROANING comes from the 'copter crash in front of them.

From inside the wreckage, something rises.

A hulking mass of spacesuits and flesh lumbers out of the remains of the Pod. Patrick can see that McGlaughlin's and Crews' suits - and the body parts of the two astronauts - are fused and warped. The helmet and visor are damaged, but hang limply off the suit's collar. Through a crack in the lower part of the visor, a misshapen molding of two human mouths twitches.

ASTRONAUT-THING

(painfully)

Flessssh.... Flessssh....

Greene holds Patrick almost as a sacrifice.

GREENE
THEY have learned to shelter their
essence in our flesh.

The Astronaut-Thing stumbles forward, step by pained step.

GREENE
THEY will consume you. THEY will
consume the men on the Plymouth.
THEY will consume Every. Living.
Thing.

Greene gets right in his ear.

GREENE
And THEY will be gods once again!

The Astronaut-Thing grabs at its helmet. Begins to remove it.

KA-POW! BULLETS tear through the Astronaut-Thing. It spasms.
Falls backwards.

Greene drops Patrick. Spins around.

On the upper deck, Joan stands with a rifle. She pulls the
trigger again.

CLICK. It's empty.

Greene SNARLS. He reaches for his gun.

It's not in its holster.

He looks down, then behind him.

Patrick points the gun at Greene's temple.

BLAM! Patrick pulls the trigger.

The side of Greene's head EXPLODES OUTWARD.

The energy in Greene's eyes dissipates. His body falls to the
deck.

The Astronaut-Thing screams. Rays of lights lance out of its
wounds.

JOAN
Patrick!

Patrick sees the Astronaut-Thing about to go nova.

Patrick and Joan give each other a knowing look.

They step into the searchlights and wave to the 'copter pilot.