

THE ICE CHILDREN

WRITTEN BY:

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Based off the short story by Gary Brander

EXT. ARTIC – DAY

A helicopter flies over the pure-white landscape, rotors thumping loudly. It lowers and comes for a landing, seemingly in the middle of nowhere. Powdered snow whips up in clouds under the wind power of the dying rotor blades. Four people quickly jump out from the vehicle with a tarp, landing in the deep snow, and in record time covers the helicopter in it, using pegs to keep it down.

Each person is buried deep beneath layers of a warm blue thermal suit, not unlike the white suits that astronauts have to wear, with a metal helmet and plexi-glass faceplate to boot. On each suit is the person's name stenciled on the left side.

COLONEL MASON BETTIGER looks into the eyes of each of the teammates facing him.

VITO CALLI, young, and slim, raises his hand to salute Bettiger.

JOHN SAVITCH, a hard-faced expressionless native, also salutes.

ALLISON DENNY, the only female of the group, holds a camera in her hands, which is slung around her neck, with a video camera dangling to her side, also hung from around her neck.

BETTIGER

We're about what? Two hundred yards from the location in the satellite pictures?

His voice comes in loud and clear over speakers in all the helmets. Vito pushes a button on his suit's arm, and speaks.

VITO

That's right. This is as close as I could put us down, with all the broken ice in this area.

Allison holds up her camera.

ALLISON

Mind if I go on ahead? I want to get some shots of the site before anything's disturbed.

BETTIGER

Negative. We all go together. Everyone, maintain visual and voice contact at all times. Our main priority right now is to set up Base Camp, and then we can all go check out the site. Don't worry Ms. Denny, you'll have plenty of time for all the pictures you want.

SAVITCH

Two days max! That's what we agreed on!

BETTIGER

And that's still the plan. That should be enough time to identify whatever it is that the satellites picked up, and for Ms. Denny to get her pictures. Now let's move!

The group returns to the helicopter, going through a zippered door in the tarp. We see a montage scene of them unloading various pieces of equipment and camping supplies.

EXT. ARTIC – DAY – LATER

After the montage, we see a small sturdy shelter a short distance from the chopper

INT. SHELTER

Inside the heated shelter, there is all the equipment and supplies they'll need for a couple of days. There is a thermometer resting on a metal case, and it reads 'Zero Degrees'. Vito is the first to remove his helmet and breath the cold, but fresh air by taking in a deep breath. He then plops down into an inflatable chair.

VITO

No place like home.

Bettiger turns and glares at him.

BETTIGER

Save it, private. We still have a lot to accomplish before dark.

Vito salutes as he begrudgingly returns to his feet.

VITO

Aye Aye, Skipper.

Vito returns his helmet to his head and everyone checks some readings on their suits before going back outside, single-file, starting with Vito, Allison, Bettiger, and then Savitch. Savitch hesitates however, and stays back. Bettiger's voice fills his helmet.

BETTIGER

(V.O.)

Something wrong, son?

Savitch presses the talk button on his suit.

SAVITCH

This is a bad place. There are legends.

Bettiger walks back into the shelter.

BETTIGER

John, you're a scientist. Don't tell me you're worried about some Indian superstition.

SAVITCH

Eskimo, Colonel. And my heritage is Eskimo. It's why I was sent on this mission. There were plenty of other geologists that are better trained than me, for field ops with the military.

Bettiger sighs.

BETTIGER

So then what's the problem?

SAVITCH

This is a bad place. I can feel it. We shouldn't have come here.

BETTIGER

Well we're here now, so we may as well do what we came to do, which is identify what those objects in the satellite images are. Only two days and we're outta here. That isn't going to change.

SAVITCH

It better not.

He claps his faceplate down, latching it in place, and follows Bettiger out into the wide open cold artic.

EXT. ARTIC – DAY

We see another montage shot of the group of four people trudging through the artic lands, including having to climb giant snow dunes, and walk across cracking ice, and even jump over small flowing rivers, before continuing on through the sub-zero winter wonderland.

They climb one last final ridge, and all stop on the top.

BETTIGER

That's it.

They stand motionless, looking in awe at the area below:

There is a dark rectangular patch on the ice, roughly twenty feet by forty, and it is clearly man-made as there is various debris laying all over the area.

ALLISON

Looks like the Pentagon got it wrong. There's no way this is recent.

VITO

I guess we can't blame the Russians this time, huh?

Allison raised her camera and took a few shots, before raising her second camera - the video camera - and turning it on.

BETTIGER

Let's go down and check it out, but watch your steps. I don't want any casualties on my watch.

Bettiger and Vito are the first to cautiously make their way down the slippery slope, with Allison trailing behind, filming. Savitch remains behind for a minute and he looks off into the distance, eyes searching the empty blank white landscape. He shivers, rubbing his arms together, and then also follows the others down the giant slope.

By the time that Savitch reaches the bottom, the others have already begun searching the area, over-turning debris made from wood, cloth, and even some pieces of metal.

**VITO
(V.O)**

Hey guys!

Savitch runs over, followed by the others, and sees Vito crouched down, chipping away at an oddly-shaped clump of ice. Bettiger removes a small palm-sized heater and turns it up high as he grabs the clump of ice from Vito. Within a minute, the ice is melted, revealing a small black box, with a plate on it with the initials 'H.L.K.' printed on it, followed by a series of numbers. Bettiger studies the box and the inscriptions on it, before finally looking up minutes later.

BETTIGER

It's from the Kellogg Expedition.

ALLISON

The Kellogg Expedition?

BETTIGER

Back in 1954, the Navy funded an expedition out here, but it never returned. All contact was lost with them and they were never seen or heard from again.

VITO

But sir, that expedition was Northeast of here by at least a couple hundred miles.

BETTIGER

Yes, but in all the years since then, the shifting ice could have easily carried their camp down here.

ALLISON

Why hasn't it turned up in Satellite photos before now?

Bettiger looks up at the sky.

BETTIGER

Whether conditions I guess. This whole area is under almost constant storms. The most recent one last nine months. It was probably that storm that uncovered all this.

Savitch is again looking off at the horizon.

SAVITCH

The calm isn't going to last long.

BETTIGER

That's fine. All we need is today and tomorrow. Come on, let's get as much done before...

ALLISON

(cutting him off) Oh my god!

The group looks up, but Allison is gone. They look around frantically and see that she had wandered off, still listening to them through her headset. They rush over to her to find that her camera is dangling from the strap around her neck, as she stares at a piece of up-thrusted ice that she had rubbed clear.

ALLISON

Look...

She points and they follow her gaze. There is something in the piece of ice, but it is unclear what it is.

VITO

Yeah? So? What is it?

ALLISON

(quivering with fear) Look closer.

Bettiger kneels down and rubs some snow away from the ice as he sticks his face as close to it as he can, and peers through the layers of ice. Frozen inside of it, distorted by the refraction, but unmistakably clear, is a man's severed hand. Bettiger quickly stands up again.

BETTIGER

Private, cut it out of there, but be careful not to damage it. We're retuning to base.

VITO

What is it?

He removes his ice pick and kneels down, peering into the ice.

VITO

Oh god!

He quickly retracts and falls over into the snow.

BETTIGER

Come on, private, hurry. We want to get back before nightfall.

VITO

Y...Y...Yes, sir.

Vito returns to the piece of ice and works on chipping the severed hand out.

INT. SHELTER

The group is now back in their shelter at their base, out of their suits and in layers of warm clothes. They are crowded around a small microwave-like heating unit, and the area is lit by several lamps.

Inside the heating unit, thawed, lays the hand. The flesh is bloodless and dead white, but otherwise in perfect condition. On one of the fingers is a ring.

VITO

(eyeing the ring) I think this hand belong to Commander Kellogg.

BETTIGER

So it would seem.

He rotates the turntable to expose the severed wrist end of the hand. The flesh there is ragged, with splintered bones and exposed tendons.

ALLISON

What the hell tore his hand off like that? And where the fuck is the rest of him?

VITO

And the others. There were six in the party.

BETTIGER

No point in us speculating. We'll let the lab people back in Washington answer the questions.

Savitch caught Bettiger's eyes and motioned for him to follow him. Bettiger follows Savitch over to the thermal hatch, out of earshot of the others.

SAVITCH

We have to get out of here.

BETTIGER

The mission was planned for two days. We still have a day left. There's probably still more things to recover at the Kellogg Site.

SAVITCH

This is a bad place.

BETTIGER

So you've said.

SAVITCH

The weather's going to turn tonight.

BETTIGER

What is this? Indian... Sorry... Eskimo intuition? John, believe me, I respect you're your instincts, that's part of the reason you were chosen for this. But I can't abort the entire mission on account of you feeling bad vibes.

SAVITCH

At least post a guard outside tonight.

BETTIGER

Against what?

Savitch gives a slight smile.

SAVITCH

Eskimo intuition.

Bettiger slightly nods and then turns and walks back into the main room. Allison and Vito turn to look at him.

BETTIGER

Tomorrow at first light, we'll resume at the Kellogg Site. That gives us eight hours of darkness between now and then. Each of us will take turns doing a two hour guard shift while the others sleep. Ms. Denny, you take the first watch, followed by Private Calli, then John, then me.

Allison and Vito exchange glances, but neither say anything. Bettiger unholsters a .45 caliber Colt semi-automatic pistol.

BETTIGER

This is the only weapon we have with us. I want whoever's on guard duty to carry it.

VITO

Colonel Bettiger, it's too cold for anything to survive out there. What'll we be shooting at?

Bettiger sighs.

BETTIGER

Just carry the damn gun, ok?

VITO

(quietly; to himself) Fine. It was just a question.

Bettiger helps Allison suit up and hands her the gun. She tucks it into her utility belt and he hands her a large, box-shaped metal flashlight, with a handle on the top.

BETTIGER

All set?

Allison gives him the thumbs-up sign and turns, walking across the room and out the thermal hatch.

INT. SHELTER – LATER

Lights are out and Vito is asleep on cots set up around the room. Savitch lays wide awake, staring out the nearby window, watching the flashlight's beam slowly pan around in the darkness outside, and listening to the light wind whistle around. Bettiger lays on his side, also awake.

Suddenly the door opens and Allison comes inside, shaking some snow off as she removes her helmet. Bettiger sits up, looking over at her. Everyone talks in a whisper.

BETTIGER

Everything quiet outside?

ALLISON

Why wouldn't it be? The wind' picking up, but that's it.

BETTIGER

Just checking, that's all. Get some sleep.

Savitch stood up and walked over to Allison.

SAVITCH

I'll take the next shift. Vito's sound asleep and I haven't been able to even close my eyes.

Allison hands the gun to him as he suits up. She goes over to her cut and climbs into her sleeping bag as Savitch goes outside. Allison is snoring within seconds and Bettiger rolls back over, closing his eyes.

INT. SHELTER – LATER

Bettiger is waken up by someone shaking him. He rolls over and sees Savitch standing above his cot. The wind's whistling is much louder now, and once again, they talk in a whisper.

BETTIGER

(Wiping sleep from his eyes) Everything ok?

SAVITCH

Ice storm's gonna hit by morning.

BETTIGER

Don't worry, we're equipped to handle it.

Savitch nods and goes over to Vito's cot, waking him up and handing him the gun.

SAVITCH

You're up.

VITO

(tiredly) Thanks.

Vito clumsily stumbles around the dark room, knocking things over, as he makes his way to the suits. Bettiger embarrassingly shakes his head and goes back to sleep just as Vito goes through the hatch.

EXT. ARTIC – NIGHT

Vito walks outside into the cold night, latching the hatch behind him. Strong gusts of wind howl as they blow loose snow around in mini harmless tornados. He turns on the flashlight, the bright beam cutting through the darkness. He swings the beam around in an arc, blowing ice crystals slanting across it as they fall and get blown around, and black shadows dance across the white surface.

Something just out of reach of the beam of light moves. Vito sees it out of the corner of his eye and quickly swings the light around to fall upon the tarp-covered chopper. Nothing there. He slowly pans the beam around that area, but uncovers nothing more.

VITO

Damn eyes playing tricks on me out here. (pause) Still, it couldn't hurt to take a look around. Give me something to do.

Powdered snow swirls around his legs as Vito clumps towards the chopper. Part way there, something tugs on the leg of his thermal suit. Vito instantly stops and swings the light behind him, but nothing is there. He looks down at his suit's leg, but it's not ripped. More cautiously this time, Vito continues on.

Again, there's another tug, this time more forceful, but before Vito can turn around, he screams in pain and blood splatters the snow. He crumples to the snow and sees blood pumping out of a deep gash in his suit, and leg.

MYSTERIOUS P.O.V.

Vito screams as we charge at him and his plexi-glass faceplate smashes when a deformed clawed hand slams into it.

INT. SHELTER

A low beeping noise wakes Bettiger up and he looks at his watch.

BETTIGER

(mumbling to himself) That slacker son of a bitch is five minutes late. Probably fell asleep out there, that dumb son of a bitch.

Bettiger swings his legs out over the edge of his cot and stands up, stretching. He walks over to the far wall, suits up, and heads outside.

EXT. ARTIC – NIGHT

The wind hits him hard as soon as he steps outside, almost knocking him off his feet. Blowing snow obscured his view, but he was still able to see the dim beam from the flashlight cutting through the darkness and pointing up into the sky, in the distance next to the chopper.

Bettiger plods through the snowy wasteland, fighting against the storm, as he makes his way to the chopper. When he reaches it, he gasps in shock:

All that's left of Private Vito Calli are some shattered bones, brittle bits of flesh, and clumps of half-frozen intestines, and all around the mass of gore is snow drenched in buckets upon buckets of thick blood.

Bettiger begins breathing quickly, on the verge of hyperventilating. He spots the gun and quickly receives it, picking up the flashlight as well, and turns around, moving as quickly as he can through the snow and storm, back to the shelter.

INT. SHELTER

The place is lit up from sunlight, and Bettiger and Allison are sitting at the table.

ALLISON

But what could have done that to him? There's *nothing* up here!

BETTIGER

For the last fucking time, I don't know what did it! I found him like that! We can worry about the what later. Right now, all that's important is for the rest of us to get the hell out of here.

The entire shelter shakes slightly from the force of the wind outside. The wind also howls noisily through the room.

ALLISON

But we can't go anywhere until this lets up!

Savitch is sitting on a communications console, playing around with the various dials and switches and buttons.

ALLISON

The damn radio won't even work in this. How long do these storms last for, John?

SAVITCH

Could be days, could be weeks, could be months.

ALLISON

Fucking wonderful. What the fuck happened to our weather window of two days?

SAVITCH

Someone fucked up.

Allison turned and looked out the window at the storm. Light can be seen as the early morning rays of sunshine peak through.

ALLISON

(to herself) What's out there...?

Savitch stopped fiddling with the radio and turned to look at her.

SAVITCH

You don't want to know.

Allison turns and looks back at him.

ALLISON

Are you saying *you* know?

Savitch glared at Bettiger.

SAVITCH

Oh, I know.

BETTIGER

Alright John, I admit. I have no explanation for what happened to Private Calli. I'm ready to listen to any theories right about now, even if they are from Eskimo legends.

Savitch nods and glances back and forth between Allison and Bettiger. He has to talk loudly to be heard above the howling wind and the shaking shelter.

SAVITCH

In the time before the White Man came to the new World, life for the North People was cruel. Winter was forever and the hunting season was short. There was never enough food to go around, even for the few who lived in this cruel land. Only the strong and the brave could survive. There was no hope for the old, the disabled, or the sick. When a child was born deformed, feeble, or in some way handicapped, its chances of surviving out here were zero, and if by some miracle it did survive, another healthier child would suffer. The North People dealt with this in a way that we would find harsh by today's standards, but back then was inevitable. The flawed child would be carried deep into the wilderness, its mouth then stuffed with snow, and it would then be left there to die a quick and relatively painless death. They were called the Ice Children.

ALLISON

Those people...they just left their babies out there? To die in the snow?

SAVITCH

They had no choice, Allison. Not if they wanted to survive.

Allison bit her lip.

BETTIGER

That's a pretty grisly story, John. But I don't see how it relates to our situation.

SAVITCH

What I just told you is hard, proved, documented fact. It *did* happen. Here is where the legend begins: The babies taken out into the snow could have no names. Eskimo's believe that once a child is given a name, it is then given a soul. Until then, it is soulless. If it was then left to die, it would become an Angiak – A Living Dead.

BETTIGER

Hold up a second. Are you saying those babies didn't die?

SAVITCH

Their flesh decayed and their bones crumpled, but their spirits, as deformed as their little bodies, lived on. They live for one purpose – Revenge. Revenge against those that abandoned them and revenge against those who's lives had been spared.

BETTIGER

But John, if those things were done at all, they were done over a hundred years ago.

SAVITCH

Oh they were done. There are historical records stating so. And what difference does it make how long ago it was? A spirit of an Angiak does not die. Nothing can destroy them. They are as real and deadly today, as they were in my ancestor's time...

Savitch nods towards the plastic container that's holding the severed hand.

SAVITCH

...and they were real in 1954 when they found Henry Kellogg and his party. They were real last night when they found poor Vito Calli.

They are all silent for a minute, the only sounds coming from the howling storm. Finally Bettiger speaks.

BETTIGER

John, that's pure bullshit.

Savitch has made his way to the door and has begun suiting up.

SAVITCH

Fine then, you come up with a better explanation of what ripped your soldier to pieces.

He closes the face visor securely.

BETTIGER

Where are you going?

SAVITCH

Now that our pilot is dead, I'm going to familiarize myself with your style of helicopter. At least out there, I'm not ridiculed for my people's beliefs.

And with that, he heads on out into the storm.

ALLISON

That wasn't very diplomatic, Colonel.

BETTIGER

I never claimed to be a diplomat.

ALLISON

You could have at least heard him out.

BETTIGER

I *did* hear him out, for Christ's Sake. Babies in the snow? Deformed spirits of the dead? You want me to put that in an official report? You want me to sell that to your big boss at Transworld Media? Maybe to the National Enquirer, but not Transworld. They'll stick you in the mail room if you deliver them that story.

Allison is staring back out the window.

ALLISON

You shouldn't have let John go out there.

BETTIGER

He's better suited for the cold ten either of us. It's in his blood. Plus I think it's actually letting up out there.

Be stands and begins to suit up.

BETTIGER

But I'll go on out there and see if he's finished sulking yet.

ALLISON

I'll come with you.

She walks over and joins Bettiger in suiting up. Before either of them are finished though, something bangs into the thermal hatch and the metal door is blasted off its hinges. Bettiger and Allison rush to finish suiting up as high sub-zero winds and blowing snow rush in.

BETTIGER

Something must have destroyed the safety hatch outside! That's the only way that door could have come off like that!

ALLISON

Look!

She points with her hand as she puts her glove on it. Bettiger looks and sees John Savitch standing in the doorway, his faceplate shattered, his skin and lips blue, and his eyes wide with fear. He stumbles for a few steps and then falls forward. His frozen nose shatters into tiny fragments as it connects with the floor.

Allison gasps. The entire back of Savitch's thermal suit has been ripped open, exposing his ripped flesh and protruding spine.

BETTIGER

Time to go, Ms. Denny! Your suit secured?

Allison barely manages a nod, her eyes still transfixed on the body.

BETTIGER

Ms. Denny! (She still doesn't move) Allison!

Allison snaps out of it and looks at him.

ALLISON

Secured, yes! What about the equipment?

BETTIGER

Leave anything that you can't carry to the Chopper in one trip.

Allison looks outside.

ALLISON

Can we take off in this?

BETTIGER

We'll have to.

Bettiger and Allison rush around the room. Bettiger gathers up his notes and the black box from the Kellogg Expedition. Allison quickly packs her cameras and film, and they make a dash for the shattered hatchway.

BETTIGER

Holy shit!

He and Allison come to a screeching stop in their tracks. Down on all fours in the hatchway is a naked human-like creature. It has no lips and its mouth is filled with yellow teeth, but no gums. Its tiny eyes are shrunk back deep into the darkened flesh of its head. It crawls nimbly into the shelter, snarling in a high-pitched tone.

ALLISON

(whispering) Angiak!

Behind the creature, another one enters the hatchway. This one is immensely bloated with short flippers for arms and a head way too small for its body. That one was followed by another creature, one with a demented cherub-like face and patches of black hair all over its body.

The first creature, the lipless one, suddenly jumps forward like a frog, and Bettiger jumps back just in time. It clamps its fangs onto his steel-toed boots, as opposed to his chest. Bettiger screams as he takes out the pistol and fires down at its hairless head. The impact of the bullet knocks the creature back, and leaves a hole in its head, but within seconds it just looks back up at Bettiger as it returns to its hands and feet. Without warning it quickly charged forward, but Allison steps in front and delivers a kick, sending it tumbling across the floor.

By this time, the other two have reached the inside, with dozens of more pouring in behind them, a chorus of wordless babbles filling the air.

Bettiger fired the pistol again, and the flippered creature flew back, and he fired at another one. And another. They show no signs of pain or shock, but the impacts do manage to knock them back and off their feet temporarily.

BETTIGER

Go!

Allison hesitates, looking at him.

BETTIGER

Run God Damn it! I'm right behind you!

Holding her cameras tightly to her body, Alison lunges forward while the creatures gather themselves back up.

EXT. ARTIC – DAY

Allison gasps in shock when she emerges outside into the storm. Hundreds, if not thousands, of the deformed creatures are slowly converging on the area from every direction. They are all sizes, from babies to full adults, some with limbs missing, others with obscene growths, and still others more animal than human. No two looked exactly alike, each one unique in its own way.

Allison breathes in and then tears off running, making a mad dash through them all, towards the helicopter. She kicks the odd one away here and there, but mostly just ignores them as they rip and tear at her legs, shredding her thermal suit and exposing her skin to the cold arctic storm, and laying the snow in droplets of blood. She screams as she bears it, continuing on.

One of the taller creatures rips her suit's arm, including some of her own flesh, just as she hears Bettiger's gun fire. She reaches the helicopter, which thanks to Savitch no longer has the tarp over it. One of the creatures steps between her and the chopper, a tall gangly male with part of its brain bulging through its skull. Without even slowing down from her run, she swings one of her cameras by the strap and it connects with the creature, mashing its exposed brain. The creature crumpled to the snow, but has risen again within seconds, however Allison was already past it now.

She stops when she reaches the helicopter and turns around.

ALLISON

Colonel Bettiger!

She sees him fighting his way through the legions of Ice Children. His voice fills her helmet.

BETTIGER

(V.O.)

Get that thing in the air! I'm coming!

Allison scrambles inside, her exposed flesh bright blue.

ALLISON

(to herself) Come on Allison, remember the simulations...

She sits in the pilot's chair and flips a few switches, hesitates, and then switches another two. She sets the rotor pitch control, with a little bit of difficulty, followed by hitting the ignition switch, and pulling back on the throttle.

Nothing happens.

ALLISON

Shit!

She resets everything, closes her eyes to calm herself and drawn out all the wordless babbling coming from the hundreds of creatures outside. She opens her eyes and goes through the procedure again, this time making a couple changes in what switches to flip.

With a wheeze and a cough, the giant rotors slowly come to life, picking up speed.

ALLISON

Colonel! It's ready!

She looks out across the snow and sees Bettiger slowly making his way to her. He's fighting off the Angiaks, kicking, swinging his arms, firing his pistol. His thermal suit has large sections ripped away, resulting in more of his body being exposed, then there was being kept under the suit.

Then the shots stop and a very loud *click* is heard. Bettiger throws the gun at the closest creature, using only his fists to throw punches, as his only defense. The creatures closing on him. They chatter and screech as they tear at both, his suit and his flesh.

Allison starts to move towards the door of the Chopper, to run out and help him, tears forming in her eyes..

**BETTIGER
(V.O.)**

No!

ALLISON

But...

**BETTIGER
(V.O.)**

(cutting her off) Go! Shut that door and get the fuck out of here! There isn't any...

His transmission breaks off and is replaced by static. Allison's eyes scan the area, but can see nothing but a squirming pile of Angiaks. One of them lifts its head up, and she sees a large chunk of a thermal suit hanging from its jaws.

Allison, crying, reaches up and pulls the door down shut, latching it. She returns to the pilot's chair, yanks the throttle to full, and adjusts the rotor pitch.

The helicopter lifts off the ground and Allison fights to keep control of it in the high icy winds.

She is flying over top of the massing Angiaks, gaining height at the same time, when she feels the chopper start to dip and roll to the left. She looks out the window and sees two clawed pale hands gripping to the skid. The creature lifts itself up and its face comes into view.

It has two beady red eyes filled with hate, ad a hairy nose that's more of a snout. Its canine-like teeth are curved into tusks and it lets out a high-pitch shriek.

ALLISON

Get off, you son of a bitch!

Allison yanks the controls violently, sending the helicopter into a series of sharp twists and turns as it tilts down and heads for the ground below. A wailing scream is heard above the sound of the rotors and the Angiak looses its grip and plummets to the icy ground far below, its arms flapping like useless wings.

Allison quickly straightens the helicopter out and raises it above the clouds to where the wind isn't as strong, and there is no storm. The sun shines brightly in at her. It is now that she finally allows herself to breathe again, and relax her grip on the controls.

She reaches up and unlatches her helmet with a hiss of air, and puts it on the seat next to her. She takes in a long deep breath, but holds it when she hears a familiar grunting noise.

Allison looks back behind her seat and lets out a blood-curdling scream.

CREATURE'S P.O.V.

We rush towards the screaming Allison, and just as we reach her, we

Cut to black.

THE END