

3 SHOTS 'TIL SUNRISE

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FADE IN:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - MORNING

BUTCH (36) soaks in every tiny detail of his newborn boy,
BABY MAX.

Baby hairs.

Delicate ear lobes.

Rosy lips.

Chub in the cheeks.

Tiny fingerprints.

Sweetness in his breath.

The purity of it all.

BUTCH (V.O.)

When I first heard it was going to
be a boy... disappointment... was
the first thing I felt.

The words don't match the absolute adoration and love we see
in Butch's eyes.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Butch runs his thumb across the bottom of the baby's tiny
pink foot that is smaller than his thumb.

BUTCH (V.O.)

I never had a father so I'm not
good with those things. Never even
so much as hugged a man my entire
life.

EXT. PORCH - AFTERNOON

Butch is asleep on his porch.

Baby Max is fast asleep on his stomach.

BUTCH (V.O.)

So to have a little baby boy to
raise, love and care for? How was
that part going to work, you know?

MONTAGE: BUTCH'S POV OF PRECIOUS MOMENTS FROM THE FIRST YEARS OF HIS BABY BOYS LIFE UP UNTIL...

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Bright sunlight beams in through the windows.

A little hand runs across his hair.

Butch peers out at his **TODDLER MAX (3)** who continues to play with his hair.

BUTCH
Hey buddy. Good morning.

The sunlight reflects off Butch's light hazel eyes.

SON
Dad-da?

BUTCH
Yeah.

SON
Your eyes...

His Baby Boy looks deep into the yellows of his iris.

BUTCH
Yeah bud.

SON
They have sunflowers in them.

Butch laughs and gives him a big kiss.

CUT TO BLACK:

CUT IN:

TITLE SCRIPT: TEHRAN, IRAN - 1987

INT. PRISON CELL - NIGHT

Butch's sad eyes burst open filled with the love from that moment still alive in him.

The peace from his dream is replaced by the darkness of his grim reality.

Sounds begin to fracture and distort and the shadows flicker as Butch holds on tight to his sanity.

Butch curls up and closes his eyes.

He whispers small assurances to himself while peace continues to elude him.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. EVIN PRISON - NIGHT

Heavy steel doors swings open.

A **MAN IN THE DARK SUIT (64)** enters the hall of this prison which is as old and dilapidated as you might expect a political prison in Tehran might be.

As his name might suggest, he is outfitted in a meticulously cared for double breasted bespoke dark suit.

He is lead down the hallway by an **IRANIAN GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL (55)**.

They stop in front of a cell door.

MAN IN THE DARK SUIT
How long he been held in solitary?

IRANIAN GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL
As long as has been necessary.

MAN IN THE DARK SUIT
I was looking for an answer that contained a specific unit of time actually.

IRANIAN GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL
The duration of his stay General.

MAN IN THE DARK SUIT
Eight years. At the risk of sounding just a touch judgmental...

The Iranian official interrupts.

IRANIAN GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL
Extreme indeed. But in this case, it was done at his request.

A **BIG PRISON GUARD (26)** unlocks the door.

The sound of heavy metal door locks turning.

IRANIAN GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL (CONT'D)
I am confident you remember the
terms of the agreement.

MAN IN A DARK SUIT
(tapping his head)
Right here.

IRANIAN GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL
And please, just one last thing.

MAN IN THE DARK SUIT
Regale me.

IRANIAN GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL
He is secured to the floor but even
still, please do not get within
arms reach of him.

MAN IN THE DARK SUIT
Does he bite?

IRANIAN GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL
(solemn)
Yes.
(beat)
There have been...

The Iranian Government Official searches for the right words.

IRANIAN GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL (CONT'D)
...problems in the past.
(beat)
It's for your own safety General.

The Iranian Government Official smiles and motions for him to enter.

The Big Prison Guard and **TWO PRISON GUARDS** follow them inside the cell.

Tiny pin holes in the wall emit streams of light which prevent the darkness from completely engulfing the room.

We see Butch still curled up in a ball on the floor with his back to us.

Man in the Dark Suit looks down at the chain around his leg and the filth he is lying in.

Butch looks back at them through a tangle of hair.

Man in the Dark Suit is silhouetted by the light behind him.

He takes a few steps toward Butch who doesn't flinch.

MAN IN THE DARK SUIT
Major? Major Mackenzie?

Butch stays motionless on the ground.

MAN IN THE DARK SUIT (CONT'D)
I'm from the US State Department.
And I'm here to take you home.

Butch turns back towards Man in the Dark Suit through a tangle of hair.

He mutters a few unintelligible words.

MAN IN THE DARK SUIT (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. What was that?

BUTCH
(whisper)
What year is it?

MAN IN THE DARK SUIT
1987.

BUTCH
You're late.

MAN IN THE DARK SUIT
Yes. My apologies. These things can
often take quite some time.

Butch leans forward letting the light touch his eyes.

BUTCH
(under his breath)
Six years.

MAN IN THE DARK SUIT
What was that?

Butch pauses, struggling to find the words.

BUTCH
My son.
(beat)
I missed everything.

MAN IN THE DARK SUIT
I'm sorry. I'm sure that's been an
unbearable hardship.

Butch looks at him with all the pain and sorrow of the past eight years in his eyes.

MAN IN THE DARK SUIT (CONT'D)
And now you can help make that right.

BUTCH
I need to see my son.

MAN IN THE DARK SUIT
Yes. Soon. Very soon. But, uh, an old friend has arranged for your release in exchange for your services.

BUTCH
Services?

MAN IN THE DARK SUIT
Yes, every report I have read on you states you were one of the very best.

Butch tilts his head back.

He eyes Man in the Dark Suit over for a few beats.

BUTCH
Depends who you ask.
(beat)
Who's the friend?

The general grins.

MAN IN THE DARK SUIT
We can go over the specifics on the plane.

Butch nods "okay".

BUTCH
But my son first.

MAN IN THE DARK SUIT
I can one hundred percent guarantee you will see your son. But this is an active mission that is of an extremely urgent and time sensitive nature so we would be flying you out there directly.

Butch sits still for several beats.

MAN IN THE DARK SUIT (CONT'D)
Once you finish business, which
should only take a day or two,
you'll be right back with your son
and all of your loved ones.

BUTCH
Loved ones?

MAN IN THE DARK SUIT
Right. Well... your son. Your son
then, yes. We will get you to your
son. I promise.

BUTCH
(under his breath)
From the darkness to the fire.

Butch turns to Man in the Dark Suit and nods.

BUTCH (CONT'D)
I'll do your mission.
(beat)
But when its done, what happens to
me?

He sizes Butch up carefully.

MAN IN A DARK SUIT
You will be given the respect and
honour a hero like you deserves.

BUTCH
And then thrown onto the streets to
fend for myself?

MAN IN A DARK SUIT
No. A man of your skill set can
make a lot of money in my world.

BUTCH
And what world is that?

MAN IN A DARK SUIT
A world with endless possibilities.

The Man in the Dark Suit smiles.

Butch nods.

He gets on his knees and puts his arms forward to be
unshackled.

MAN IN THE DARK SUIT

Perfect.

Man in the Dark Suit smiles and motions for the Big Prison Guard to free Butch.

The Big Prison Guard flicks out his KEYS.

Butch GLANCES at the Big Prison Guard.

The other guards GRIP their BATONS tight.

MAN IN THE DARK SUIT (CONT'D)

They need to process you out of here so we should be gone in about an hour, all things considered.

The Big Prison Guard TURNS his KEY in the lock.

The SHACKLE DROPS off his leg and on to the floor.

Butch's EYE BLINKS a half second before he plants his leg and SNAPS his HEAD UP.

The Prison Guard's NOSE EXPLODES, BLOOD ERUPTING.

Butch moves again.

BULLETS pepper the walls.

FLASHLIGHTS sweep the room with panic as the remaining guards try to stop a GHOST.

A GUN still in the guards's hand is snatched, twisted, and FIRED.

There is a final violent exchange of GUNFIRE.

Silence.

Butch is the last one standing in a sea of smoke while giant beams of light poke through the bullet holes around him.

A FLASHLIGHT rocks slowly to a stop.

Man in the Dark Suit is lying face down on the floor covered in dust and debris.

BUTCH

(to Man in the Dark Suit)

Meet me in the alley on the west wing.

He loads up on the prison guards remaining weapons and turns to leave.

He hears the ding of the elevator bell at the end of the hallway outside of the cell.

BUTCH (CONT'D)

How?

INT. EVIN PRISON HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

A BATTALION of PRISON GUARDS charge down the hallway.

INT. EVIN PRISON CELL - CONTINUOUS

Man in the Dark Suit moves into the shadows as a battalion of prison guards enter the cell.

Butch swings down from top of the door frame and exits the cell before slamming the prison door shut.

INT. EVIN PRISON WARDEN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A security monitor shows Butch running down the hallway and making it inside the elevator door before it closes.

The images on the screen flicker off the glass on the WARDEN's spectacles (56) who looks on in dismay.

PRISON GUARD CAPTAIN

(Farsi)

Warden. We have all the exits blocked. He's not going anywhere.

WARDEN

(Farsi)

He's not trying to get out Captain.
He's trying to get in.

An explosion rocks the office sending papers and various office stationary into the air.

The Warden brushes off the dust and debris as he pulls himself to his feet in front of his desk.

When he turns around he comes face to face with Butch.

BUTCH

Two guesses what I am here for.

WARDEN

You present me with a problem. If I get it you'll just kill me. If I don't. You'll just kill me. So what's the point?

BUTCH

The point is maybe you have a chance. Maybe you can buy yourself some time until those soldiers come crashing in here.

(beat)

Maybe.

WARDEN

"Maybe" is perhaps better than the alternative.

The Warden eyes him for a few beats.

The Warden nods.

I could never let it end this way.

He holds up his knife.

The Warden nods.

He takes his time, making his way over to his desk where he pulls open a drawer and takes out a photo.

He hands it over to Butch who doesn't take his eyes off of The Warden.

BUTCH

Remember when I said I'd give you the death you deserve.

The Warden smiles.

WARDEN

Yes, and I deserve much worse than this.

Butch's PLUNGES his KNIFE deep into the Warden's sternum.

The Warden's eyes fill with surprise.

BUTCH

I lied.

Butch twists the blade.

The Warden drops to the floor.

EXT. EVIN PRISON ROOFTOP - DAY

Butch races across the rooftops as the sirens close in.

He scales his way down a metal drain pipe into an alley.

A van pulls up.

The side door swings open.

Man in the Dark Suit reaches out his hand.

MAN IN THE DARK SUIT
Welcome home.

Butch dives into the back of the van and they tear off into a sea of traffic.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

Butch is standing before a mirror with a towel around his waist and all of his hair sitting on the tile floor around him.

He stares back at a reflection he does not recognize.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

"Never Let me Down Again" by Depeche Mode tests the limits of the clock radio speakers sitting on a bedside table.

Butch is lying on the bed with a half finished bottle of whiskey in hand.

He rolls to his feet on the bed and tosses the bottle high in the air.

In what looks like an optical illusion, he kicks it into the side of the wall, smashing it into a million little pieces.

He snaps into a front leg stance and begins the kata "twenty-seven movements", the first and most basic of all the katas in karate.

The air snaps as his fists and feet cut and slice through the air.

He turns and chops through the wooden desk top behind him.

An explosion of dust and wood splinters fly.

He turns and directs his ire towards the rest of his barracks.

He punches and kicks through everything in his path until he passes out from exhaustion on the concrete floor.

When the smoke settles he is lying on top of shards of glass and debris with tears streaming down his face,

His fists and legs are bloodied and bruised.

The ROOM BEGINS TO SPIN.

CUT TO:

EXT. TEHRAN - DAY

BUTCH (36) is MID FREE FALL from the fourth story of a charred office building with a **SNIPER (37)** firmly in his grip beneath him.

The Sniper screams out obscenities until impact.

Butch is shielded from floor by the Sniper's body.

The sniper rifle is not.

It shatters alongside him.

An **IRANIAN SOLDIER (24)** screams down at him from the 4th floor window from which they fell.

Bullets starts to rain down.

Butch rolls to his feet and dodges the fire until he slides behind a stack of brick and scaffolding that are near the edge of the roof.

Bullets from above ping off the brick and metal pipes.

He looks over the ledge down into the alley below.

Alarm takes over him.

He pulls out a walkie talkie.

Static noise as bullets rain down.

BUTCH
(into receiver)
I'm at the checkpoint and under
fire. Please confirm location.

He looks over at an exit door.

VOICE (V.O.)
Sorry Butch. I thought I could make
it back. The area is too hot now.
They've set up road blocks all
around the perimeter.

A spray of bullets narrowly miss Butch who ducks for cover.

BUTCH
What are you talking "make it
back"? Make it back from what?

VOICE (V.O.)
I'm sorry.

BUTCH
You actually did it??

VOICE (V.O.)
I'm sorry.

Butch fires his walkie talkie to the ground where it
shatters.

He runs over to the exit door and enters as bullets clink off
the door behind him.

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Butch takes a deep breath and then turns to discover a
STAIRWELL FILLED WITH SIX IRANIAN SOLDIERS armed and staring
right back at him.

FIGHT SEQUENCE: Butch elbows, claws, shoots, knees and head
butts his way down the stairwell until the last thing he sees
is a grenade bouncing down from the stairs towards him.

He runs for the exit door and slams it shut.

The explosion blows the door of the hinges and throws him to
the ground.

When he opens his eyes he sees the dusty boots of an **IRANIAN
SPECIAL FORCES OFFICER** looking down at him with a **DOZEN
IRANIAN SOLDIERS** flanking him.

All of them have their sights trained on him.

MONTAGE: Flashes of his son's life up until the last kiss good-bye at the airport.

CUT TO BLACK:

INT. BARRACKS - NIGHT

Butch wakes up in a cold sweat with tears welling up in his eyes.

He gets to his feet and stands before the glow of his television that is lying on its side in the corner of the room.

SMASH CUT:

TITLE SCRIPT: GATES OF THE ARCTIC

EXT. GATES OF THE ARCTIC - SUNSET

A blur of shadows flicker across a mosaic of snow white mountain peaks which emerge from pools of vibrant green boreal forests.

An ENORMOUS KING STALLION HELICOPTER thunders over the mountain range which is cast under a golden sheen from the setting sun which glows out over the horizon.

INT. KING STALLION HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

Butch looks out the window.

His aviator glasses narrowly hide a thin, old scar that streaks across the right side of his forehead.

A series of fresh, tiny lacerations from the night before pepper his left cheek.

EXT. FORT WAINWRIGHT AIRFORCE BASE HANGER - SUNSET

The wheels of a US AIRFORCE HUMMER screech to a stop.

Butch swings open the door and puts one boot down on the wet tarmac.

He is outfitted in black with a charcoal, three-quarter length coat slung across his shoulders and a deep frown across his brow.

His eyes scan the area as he climbs out of the Hummer and eyes **ROARKE (42)** who is flanked by a half a dozen **US AIR FORCE GUARDS** who snap to attention to salute him.

He turns and salutes them back.

Roarke approaches with a deep and charred grin burrowed into the right side of his face and if we're being reasonable, quite a handsome contrast looking right back at him from the left.

His loud, deep voice soaked in a raspy US southern drawl starts up the conversation.

He towers over Butch's wiry frame.

Butch notices Roarke's belt buckle struggling to keep his expansive gut in place.

ROARKE

I reckon you owe me an apology.

BUTCH

The only one here who deserves an apology is your belt.

Roarke lets out a belly laugh.

ROARKE

That's mean.

BUTCH

Not as mean as it is true.

ROARKE

You tried to have me killed.

BUTCH

I never said I was perfect.

Roarke grins.

ROARKE

You don't feel even the least bit bad?

BUTCH

After eight years, I don't feel the least bit anything.

Roarke offers a handshake and a smile.

Butch turns away.

ROARKE

It's damn good to see you, Butch.

Butch reluctantly shakes his hand back, glancing down at Roarke's left hand which is missing both the ring and index finger.

ROARKE (CONT'D)

After how things went to shit last time, I need to know whether we're cool. That I can trust you. That you're not going to pop off or somethin'.

BUTCH

We're cool.

ROARKE

I'm not gonna have to watch my back around you?

BUTCH

No more than you ever did.

Roarke grins.

ROARKE

Sounds good to me.

INT. AIRPLANE HANGER OFFICE HALLWAY - NIGHT

Roarke leads Butch down the hallway of this dimly lit office muted with neutrals and brushed stainless steel.

ROARKE

Four days ago a Congressman and a few Russian big wigs went dark while meetin' at a chalet located in the Gates of the Arctic.

BUTCH

Security detail?

ROARKE

Missin'.

BUTCH

Are we the first rescue attempt?

Roarke shakes his head no.

BUTCH (CONT'D)

What happened to the first one?

Roarke snaps his fingers.

ROARKE
Gone. Just like that.

They enter an elevator.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Hot-rolled steel is laid out over every corner.

Roarke scans the elevator key pad with his key card and presses a button that reads "B17".

ROARKE
We have known for years that the
JTF have been runnin' psyops
programs in the Arrigetch Mountains
for years but lately it's become
far too common to hear the local
folks talkin' 'bout the "unusual".

Their descent begins.

BUTCH
Blueprints?

Roarke pulls them out of his clipboard.

ROARKE
With such high value occupants it
was built to ensure it can
withstand a heavy shit storm of
firepower. This means a solid steel
cube frame with three inch bullet
proof slabs of glass built into the
walls.

BUTCH
Entry points?

ROARKE
Front door which has already been
blown out by the first rescue
squad.

Butch stops and eyes him over.

BUTCH
Is that all the entry points?

ROARKE
Yes.

BUTCH
Ventilation?

Roarke grins.

ROARKE
A potential weakness. There are
vents along the east and west side
but that's it.

BUTCH
Last point of contact?

ROARKE
Ten days ago.

BUTCH
Ten days? What makes us think there
is going to be anything left to
rescue?

ROARKE
At this stage Butch, we're not
looking for rescues, we're looking
for answers.

Elevator dings.

INT. B17 HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Roarke leads Butch down a long, arching hallway that is slung
together with industrial steel grates.

He stops at a steel sliding door.

ROARKE
This is us. The rest of the team is
waiting here. You ready?

Butch nods.

They enter the room.

The door slides shut.

INT. INTELLIGENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Roarke motions for Butch to have a seat at the front of this
dimly lit room.

The space filled with monitors displaying various satellite and sonar images of the region along with different data points related to the mission.

Before them sit an **ELITE TEAM OF SPECIAL FORCES OFFICERS** Roarke has assembled.

All of them are wearing grey non-descript uniforms with no identification of any kind.

They stand and salute him.

ROARKE

At ease.

They all sit down.

ROARKE (CONT'D)

I'd like to introduce y'all to Sim who will be runnin' point on this mission for us. She's a highly decorated officer who I've had the pleasure of knowin' since back at Westpoint. Quite simply put, she's the best I've ever seen.

The group smile and murmur amongst each other.

SIMKA (27) steps forward.

SIMKA

Thank you Roarke for that inspiring intro. With the rescue attempts falling short, we are now treating this as a reconnaissance mission. We need to find out what happened out there and why.

We see satellite footage of a helicopter crash site flashing across their monitors.

She points to various places on the map as she speaks.

SIMKA (CONT'D)

Previous helicopter drops were less than successful in this region over here so this time we are going to air drop in to this zone which is just a click above the target area.

(beat)

Weather withstanding, we should have an uneventful arrival.

She points to an elevated region above the chalet and then turns to TYLER (34) who returns her gaze with a boyish grin.

SIMKA (CONT'D)

This is you Mr. Tyler. You will be stationed here with your sights locked in, ready to set fire to anything that moves.

She turns to VEGAS (32).

SIMKA (CONT'D)

We're going to have you slide into this area Mr. Vegas, just below Tyler's position. We'll need your eyes on the chalet and offer cover fire or surveillance as the need requires.

She turns to Vincent and Butch.

SIMKA (CONT'D)

You two will be breaching the chalet. Vincent you are the tip of the spear on this and Butch you are the two. Roarke will follow as the three and I will come in as the four.

Roarke steps forward.

SIMKA (CONT'D)

Whatever happens inside the chalet, whether we find our Congressman or Big Foot himself, the next move is to get to the evac site a couple clicks down river at Takahula Lake where we will have a seaplane and a Seal team ready to get us home.

VEGAS

Two clicks? Why so far?

She glances at Roarke who smiles back warmly and then back at Vegas.

SIMKA

Previous exit points closer to the target have proven unsuccessful. We're going to leave a little breathing room this time.

Roarke walks up beside Simka.

ROARKE

(to the group)

Sometimes to get a different result
you need to take a different
approach.

TYLER

Different from what?

VEGAS

Different from dead... if I'm
reading between the lines
correctly.

SIMKA

This should be a very
straightforward mission. We airdrop
in, take a few photos and get to
the check point before night falls.

Simka surveys the room.

BUTCH

Any questions?

The room stay quiet.

ROARKE

Alright. Thank you Major. So,
that's that. We'll gear up in the
morning and set off at 0600 hours.

(beat)

And as always, be aware, be
vigilant, stay alert and any other
adverb that means keep your eyes
wide fuckin' open ya hear me? Now
let's go!

The team rises.

TITLE SCRIPT: GATES OF THE ARCTIC

FADE IN:

INT. ARMY CARGO PLANE COCKPIT - DAWN

TWO PILOT'S converse up front in the cockpit.

Their voices are drowned out by the turbine engines powering
the blades above.

INT. ARMY CARGO PLANE - CONTINUOUS

Butch, geared up in grey and white camo, looks down from a round passenger window as the sun rises over the horizon.

EXT. ARMY CARGO PLANE - DAWN

Dusted in snow, the Arrigetch mountain range passes by them below.

INT. ARMY CARGO PLANE COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

A chorus of static, echoes from the radio.

PILOT

Blue Wolf three, three. Bearing
south, three, five, zero, six
o'clock over the saddle ridge.

INT. ARMY CARGO PLANE - CONTINUOUS

A flickering blue night light illuminates the team who are outfitted in white, grey and black camouflage.

The compartment reverberates with the roar of the engines.

Their uniforms contain no name badges or titles of any kind.

VINCENT (34) sits crossed legged in a state of meditation. He cradles a thin, razor sharp blade in both hands, while taking in very measured and focused breaths.

VEGAS (36) sits slumped up against the side of the plane listening to his WALKMAN with an arm wrapped around his sniper rifle.

TYLER (44) is flipping through a copy of PLAYBOY MAGAZINE while chomping on a giant piece of pink bubblegum. He is surrounded by an assortment of giant rocket launchers.

SIMKA (32) has her handgun laid out on the floor of the plane which she quickly assembles and disassembles with a sense of calm and ease that borders on alarming.

Butch sits by himself in the back, ever the observer of the group.

Seated up front, Roarke surveys them all with a grin running from ear to ear.

The turbines scream as the plane decelerates.

ROARKE

Comm's up!

In unison, they all tap the side of their helmets.

Butch looks down at his watch.

They hear Roarke through their comm's now.

ROARKE (CONT'D)

(through their helmet
speakers)

Game faces.

(beat)

We go in ninety.

EXT. PLANE - DAWN

The plane approaches a mountain range whose peaks are cloaked in warm light as the sun begins to escape over the horizon.

INT. COCKPIT - MOMENTS LATER

The Pilot throws the cargo door switch.

PILOT

Leader to blue wolf, two, two. I
bear thirty seconds to drop zone.
Over.

INT. BACK OF PLANE - CONTINUOUS

A red light is followed by a squawking siren.

A rush of wind rages throughout the plane as the rear cargo door begins to drop.

Roarke walks to the end of the plane and stands at the foot of the cargo door with his back to them.

He makes a hand signal.

Everyone jumps to their feet and gets into position.

He raises his right arm.

They ready themselves as they await his signal.

Roarke drops his arm and makes a run for the exit where he leaps into the clouds.

The rest of his team follows with synchronized precision.

EXT. MOUNTAIN RIDGE - DAWN

The team descends onto an open patch of snow in a display of choreographic efficiency.

EXT. MOUNTAIN RIDGE FOREST - DAY

Sunlight pierces the thick canopy of brush that envelops this steep forest that clings to the side of the mountain.

Birds singing off in the distance interrupt a bleak silence that rings throughout the air.

Roarke's hand appears and signals for everyone to stop.

The rest of the team MATERIALIZES out of the shadows like APPARITIONS.

Roarke makes another gesture and the team moves forward in perfect synchronicity, quietly, cautiously moving down the ridge.

As they descend the air grows FOUL.

Roarke muffles his mouth with his hand to quell the stench and glances down at his compass.

He signals to Simka who takes off down the mountainside to the east and to Vincent who takes off to the west.

The rest of the team follows him deeper into the forest.

EXT. MOUNTAIN RIDGE FOREST CLEARING - DAY

Simka, in a defensive position, sweeps the forest slowly with her M-16.

She steps back and turns to discover the wreckage of a Russian Mil Mi-24 helicopter, hanging upside down, thirty feet above the ground, entangled in branches and brush.

It is badly damaged with its rotors bent and its tail section torn off.

Simka drops her gear and climbs up the tree with ease.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

Simka moves cautiously through the body of the helicopter towards the cockpit whose windows are painted in a burnt red.

Her eyes focus in on an axe that is embedded in the side of the wall with part of a DECAYING HUMAN ARM still attached to the end of it.

When she reaches the cockpit she sneers in disgust.

Body parts and bone fragments are sprayed across the cabin.

Simka pulls out her radio receiver.

SIMKA
(into radio)
Major. You're gonna wanna come see
this.

EXT. MOUNTAIN RIDGE FOREST - MOMENTS LATER

Simka drops down in front of Butch and the rest of the team who are standing beneath the helicopter wreckage.

She tosses the severed arm to Butch who catches it in stride.

SIMKA
Found that on the other end of an
axe.

ROARKE
Where'd ya find the axe?

SIMKA
Embedded into the side of the
cabin.

Butch looks it over.

ROARKE
Anythin' else of any substance up
there?

SIMKA
Nothing left but blood and bones.

ROARKE
Anythin' stripped?

SIMKA
No. Otherwise untouched.

ROARKE
(to Vincent)
Any tracks?

VINCENT (O.S.)
General, we have two sets going in
opposite directions. One back up
the ridge and one headed down
towards our target area.

Butch turns to Vincent.

BUTCH
Any ID?

VINCENT
The set going down looks military
issue. Probably Rusky... with the
helicopter being Russian and all of
that...

BUTCH
And the other set.

VINCENT
Not too sure Major.
(beat)
I've never ever seen anything quite
like this.

ROARKE
Like what?

VINCENT
The size. They are much too big to
be anything that walks this
mountain.

TYLER
Bigger'n Grizzlies?

VINCENT
(disdain)
"Anything that walks this
mountain."

Tyler laughs and raises his hands in peace.

Roarke signals to the team who turn and take off down the
hill.

He turns to Butch.

ROARKE
You. You follow me.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

As the assault team passes below, a BUTTERFLY lands on what appears to be the leaves of a bush. It fans its wings and flies on.

The bush moves, REVEALING for an instant the form of something alive as it moves back into the shadows, once again becoming indistinguishable from the surrounding foliage.

Two PALE, BLUE EYES appear in the foliage. They blink, disappearing, and then become VISIBLE again.

EXT. ALTERED POV - CONTINUOUS

THE CREATURE watches the team's careful, silent movements as they pass by.

The SOUNDS of the FOREST are ALTERED and ENHANCED.

The Creature scans over the men and then focuses on Simka as she crouches down, signaling the team forward.

They disappear into the trees.

EXT. ICEY RIDGE - MORNING

Butch dredges up the icy ridge with Roarke struggling to keep pace behind him.

He stops on an icy plateau where he notices a series of markings in the snow.

The conversation continues in a hushed whisper.

BUTCH
(whispers)
We got something.

Roarke catches up to him and hunches over, gasping for air.

ROARKE
(gasping for air)
My conditioning... is not... what
it used to be.

Butch points to giant tracks which extend across a wide and long icy ridge up ahead.

Roarke sighs.

EXT. ICY RIDGE - MOMENTS LATER

Butch walks out in front of Roarke and lowers his boot down onto the ice.

A CRACKLE RIPS THROUGH THE AIR.

They both take an instinctive step back.

Butch grins at Roarke and then back at the long ice crevasse in front of them.

BUTCH

Follow me.

Butch proceeds to hurry across the crevasse, traversing the icy terrain with balletic precision, narrowly avoiding shards of ice that jut out of the surface.

He stops at the ridge on the other side and turns back to Roarke.

BUTCH (CONT'D)

Your turn.

Roarke gulps.

EXT. ICE CREVASSE - LATER

Roarke grins at Butch from the floor of the ice crevasse.

ROARKE

I have my way...

Butch fights off a smile.

BUTCH

There you go. It's cool. Nothing to be, incredibly... humiliated about.

Roarke laughs and gives him the finger.

Crack sounds pop off as he begins his army crawl towards Butch who keeps his M-16 trained on the ridge line behind him.

BUTCH (CONT'D)

So what happens when I get out of here? Am I back in the service? Fully reinstated.

ROARKE

All part of the deal.

(beat)

It's probably worth mentioning I got you six years of back pay as well.

Roarke continues to crawl along trying to keep the creaks in the ice to a minimum.

BUTCH

So why did it take six years? Why now?

Butch turns his weapon a couple degrees, training his sights on Roarke, the smile fading from his face.

ROARKE

Butch, let sleeping dogs lie.

BUTCH

One day my son is going to ask me why it took me so long to come home and I'd like to have the answer for him.

ROARKE

When my son was born it made me think a whole hell of a lot about yours.

(beat)

How he's been growing up without you. How that ain't right.

(beat)

I mean I've done what I can, sending gifts here and there and what not... But that ain't much.

Roarke continues his army crawl toward him.

BUTCH

Back in Tehran, did you end up with all of them?

ROARKE

All except two.

BUTCH

How'd you make out?

ROARKE

Better than expected.

BUTCH

And we expected a lot.

(beat)

You didn't need the money though
right?

ROARKE

What?

BUTCH

You had money. You didn't need it.
So why'd you risk it all like that?

ROARKE

I don't know.

BUTCH

You risked my life for it too. And
for what?

ROARKE

I don't know, Butch. I see an
opportunity and I...

Butch interrupts.

BUTCH

You don't know why you put my life
at risk?

ROARKE

I'm sorry.

BUTCH

I need a reason Roarke.

He turns his sights on Roarke who stops.

BUTCH (CONT'D)

Is it that you just can't help
yourself?

ROARKE

I fucked up. It's not more
complicated than that. Not
everything under the sun is
happening because of some cosmic
design. Sometimes, shit just
happens. Somewhere today coconut is
gonna fall and kill a man. We don't
always get to have an answer to the
question "why?". You hear me?

BUTCH
I lost six years with my son...
"just because"?

Butch mock shrugs.

ROARKE
Butch.

Butch squints one eye as he takes aim.

ROARKE (CONT'D)
Put that thing down.

BUTCH
I can't.

ROARKE
I think ya can.

Roarke holds his hand up in the air.

ROARKE (CONT'D)
Let's be smart about this okay.
Let's talk this through.

BUTCH
Talk this through? Do you have
something you're going to say
that's going to give me those six
years back?

Roarke shakes his head "no".

ROARKE
I've done a lot since you've been
gone. Won a couple medals, made a
couple bucks. I don't need to come
here like this anymore.

(beat)
But when this offer came my way I
told 'em, I said the only way I
would sign the dotted line is if
they found a way to get them
Iranian's to release ya.

Roarke chuckles.

ROARKE (CONT'D)
I'll be honest wit' ya though.
Never thought in a million years
they'd agree to it.

BUTCH
You must be special now.

ROARKE
Special needs maybe.

Butch grins.

ROARKE (CONT'D)
Or maybe there's more to this
mission than they're lettin' on.

BUTCH
That is to be expected.

Roarke nods in agreement.

They stare at each other for a few beats.

BUTCH (CONT'D)
This shit is the only thing I've
ever been good at.
(beat)
But I want to show him I can be
more than this. That I'm not just
some piece of shit killer. That I'm
worth something. That I deserve to
be his father.
(beat)
Cause I sure as hell will not end
up like mine.
(beat)
I won't.

Butch tries to stifle emotion with a smile.

His finger TICKLES THE TRIGGER.

ROARKE
I know sorry doesn't quite cut it
but I really am.

BUTCH
Sorry doesn't get me my six years
back.

ROARKE
Neither does my life.

Butch cocks his gun.

BUTCH
Might make me feel a bit better
though.

ROARKE

A decent chance it might.

Butch tilts his head at Roarke and grins.

ROARKE (CONT'D)

Don't.

FIRE EXPLODES from the barrel of Butch's M-16.

A PLUME of snow erupts beside Roarke.

He rolls to his side, firing off a barrage of rounds in Butch's direction.

A WEB of CRACKS in the ICE SPLINTER towards the middle of the crevasse.

CRACKS IN THE ICE BEGIN TO POP.

The ICE COLLAPSES, sending ROARKE plummeting down into the DARK VOID BELOW.

When the snow dust clears Butch TOSSES a FLARE into the BLACK.

He waits a couple seconds before the flare hit the bottom.

Nothing moves but a flicker of light.

EXT - MOUNTAIN RIDGE FOREST - MOMENTS LATER

Tyler looks through his binoculars.

BINOCULAR POV:

He focus in on EXPLOSIVE DEVICES he has adhered to the foundation of the chalet.

BACK TO TYLER

He tucks away his binoculars and pulls out a DETONATOR.

He runs his thumb across the detonation button.

TYLER

(into comm)

Locked and loaded.

SIMKA (V.O.)

Roger that.

EXT. MOUNTAIN RIDGE FOREST - MOMENTS LATER

SNIPER RIFLE POV:

Pan over Simka and Vincent who are huddled in position, ready to breach the front door of the chalet.

BACK TO VEGAS

Vegas lowers his rifle and taps his comm on his helmet.

VEGAS
(into comm)
In position.

SIMKA (V.O.)
Roger that.

The radio crackles in his ear.

Vegas looks into his binoculars.

EXT. MOUNTAIN RIDGE - CONTINUOUS

BINOCULAR POV:

We focus in on a crashed helicopter that is lying on its side on a helipad which sits on the roof of the chalet.

Disfigured human remains lay strewn across the roof.

The chalet is flanked on three sides by a balcony that looks cut into the mountains.

Simka and Vincent are each lying facedown behind cover near the front door.

BACK TO BUTCH

Butch pulls back the binoculars and listens.

Simka's voice crackles through his headset in his helmet.

SIMKA (V.O.)
Audible movement confirmed.

TYLER (V.O.)
Hang on. I got movement at my four.

EXT. MOUNTAIN RIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Tyler hears rustling in the bushes.

He turns his guns towards the wall of green coming to life in front of him.

SIMKA (V.O.)
If it moves, light it up.

A deep grin forms on his face.

His finger tickles the trigger.

The forest opens up and...

... a RACCOON emerges.

He exhales with laughter.

TYLER
We're clear.

He turns and laughs.

A LARGE PIECE OF REBAR PIERCES HIS THROAT.

Tyler looks shocked and confused as he stumbles about, BLOOD CURDLING down his neck as he bleeds out.

He stumbles down the ridge, clutching the rebar still sticking out of his neck.

He makes it several yards down the ridge before he crashes to the ground.

EXT. MOUNTAIN RIDGE - CONTINUOUS

SNIPER RIFLE POV:

Tyler's body get dragged towards the forest.

He grasps at the ground, struggling for his life as blood continues to flow out of him.

BACK TO VEGAS

Vegas lowers his sights to Tyler's head.

He exhales.

HEAD SHOT.

Tyler's body disappears into the trees.

Terror runs down his spine.

VEGAS
Jesus Christ.

Vegas leans back against the ridge to collect himself.

EXT. CHALET - CONTINUOUS

Simka and Vincent are lying behind cover just a few yards away from the chalet.

SIMKA
(into her comm)
Status?!

INTERCUT SCENES.

VEGAS
(frantic)
We lost Tyler!!

SIMKA
Lost? Clarify.

VEGAS
Something got him. Just dragged
him... I don't know what.

SIMKA
Dragged him what? By whom? Where?

VEGAS
I don't know!!!

He straps up his gun.

VEGAS (CONT'D)
But let's go find out.

SIMKA
(to the team)
Hold your position.

Vegas stews in anger for a moment before collecting himself.

VEGAS
We're going to let him get away?

SIMKA
We need to wait for Roarke. This is
his show.

VEGAS

He's not here. And neither is his friend. For all we know the same thing that got Tyler got them.

SIMKA

Hold your position. The prime directive is to secure the chalet.

VEGAS

With respect Major, the directive is to find out what the fuck is going on up here. So that's what I intend to do.

SIMKA

Hold. Your. Position.

VEGAS

I'm going after him. You can wait around for orders.

Vegas throws his walkie talkie off the rocks and takes off down the mountain.

EXT. CHALET - CONTINUOUS

Simka taps her fingers on her weapon but soon relents.

Vincent nods his approval to her.

SIMKA

Fuck me.

She nods to Vincent who scrambles to his feet and follows her as she races up the ridge towards Tyler's position.

EXT. MOUNTAIN RIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Butch is staring at Simka and Vincent through a pair of binoculars as they tear off into the forest.

EXT. MOUNTAIN RIDGE - CONTINUOUS

CREATURE POV - The Creature looks down at Tylers DETONATOR dangling from his belt.

EXT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS

Simka and Vincent are racing through the forest following a bloody trail through this shadowy nightmare.

EXT. CHALET - CONTINUOUS

Butch races across the cliff, past the crashed helicopter towards the chalet.

EXT. CREATURE POV - CONTINUOUS

The Creature holds the DETONATOR in its hand.

EXT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS

Simka and Vincent race down the side of a ridge dangerously close to a precarious fall.

INT. CHALET - CONTINUOUS

Butch bursts into the chalet.

The smell of death greets him.

The walls are adorned with bullet holes and body parts.

A rhythmic thud starts to echo from the other side of the chalet.

He turns to look down the hallway where the noise is emanating.

INT. CHALET - CONTINUOUS

Butch inches his way down the hallway towards the bedroom door.

He reaches for the door knob and squeezes it tight.

He inhales deeply.

His hand turns the knob and he swings the door open to reveal...

CONGRESSMAN TILLERSON (58), deathly pale and almost hairless, SCREAMS out in agony.

He is shackled to the bed with an assortment of ropes, cords and chains.

The bed itself is bolted to the steel floor.

Butch takes a measured step forward.

Congressman looks up at him with weary eyes.

CONGRESSMAN

Kill me.

BUTCH

What happened?

CONGRESSMAN

Please kill me.

BUTCH

Congressman?

An EXPLOSION ROCKS the chalet.

Butch is thrown against the wall and covered in debris.

The room starts to TREMOR.

The whole chalet begins to SHAKE VIOLENTLY as it slides forward towards the EDGE OF THE RIDGE.

The assortment of restraints wrapped around the Congressman keep him in place in the bed for the bumpy ride.

The steel frame SHRIEKS as the momentum from the descent begins to TEAR the back end of the chalet out of the ground.

Butch crawls out of the room into the hallway as the whole chalet begins to ROLL FORWARD.

BODIES and LOOSE DEBRIS go AIRBORNE.

Butch crawls up the hallway wall.

The chalet falls upside down.

He drops onto the hallway ceiling.

The chalet falls onto its other side.

He crawls down the wall landing back on the floor.

The chalet rolls onto its side again before finally resting upside down as it grinds to a halt.

Sweaty and out of breath, he does a quick inventory of his extremities while staring up at the floor which is now the ceiling.

He crawls to his feet and hurries across the ceiling and into the bedroom.

The Congressman lies there hanging dead from the ceiling.

BUTCH (CONT'D)

How?

EXT. FOREST - OVERHEAD - CONTINUOUS

OVERHEAD POV: Simka runs by below.

A hummingbird lands on a branch.

Behind a string of pine needles a pair of deep pale blue eyes appear.

EXT. ALTERED POV - DAY

Simka is a monotone blur but the sounds of the forest are vivid with high sonic detail.

The Creature scans her over as she spins around and draws her gun, sweeping across the forest with her sights trained on anything that moves.

EXT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS

Simka feels a presence but can't make out anything in the twisted maze of brush and shadows that dance around her.

EXT. PINE FOREST - DAY

Warm light trickles through the heavy brush of pine trees that hover over the forest floor.

Simka and Vincent emerge out of the brush and scan the forest.

She signals to stop.

Something's not right.

The forest falls silent.

The wind rustles through the air while CROW SCREAMS lead them down an embankment.

They move towards a giant hole where they find what's left of Tyler lying in a pile in front of them.

SCREAMS from a parade of crows perched above, RAIN DOWN on them.

She walks over to Tyler's bag and rummages through it before emptying its contents onto the forest floor.

She kneels down and picks through each piece.

SIMKA

His detonator is missing.

Vincent draws his M-16 and scans the trees around them.

VINCENT

Something's got eyes on us Major.

He keeps weapon trained on the brush that soon reveals VEGAS who emerges with his weapon trained on Vincent.

Their guns drop as recognition kicks in.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

We thought you were dead.

VEGAS

Not yet.

(beat)

Is that Tyler?

VINCENT

Not anymore.

Simka senses something.

She raises her weapon and scans the trees.

SIMKA

This is a trap.

They all back away from Tyler and begin to run.

EXT. MOUNTAIN RIDGE FOREST - CONTINUOUS

Butch is racing through the forest when he comes to a stop.

A foul smell fills the air.

He draws his weapon and scans the forest.

A GIANT BALL OF FIRE AND FURY ignites the mountain behind him.

Butch turns and watches a layer of snow peel off the mountainside which is accompanied by a low rumble that grows by the second.

The rumble grows louder and deeper.

AVALANCHE!!!

BUTCH

How.

Butch looks over at a high rock formation that can shelter him that is a twenty yard dash away.

He sprints towards it as the avalanche closes in.

The avalanche hits.

A wave of snow and shards of ice engulf before he can reach the rocks, him pulling him into a sea of white.

The rumble ends, leaving the side of the mountain in an eery quiet.

FADE TO WHITE:

INT. ICE CREVASSE - CONTINUOUS

Roarke is lying on a small mountain of ice and snow staring up at a tall, dark and cavernous ceiling.

Through a blur, he turns and sees a pillar of light shooting down from the sky above from where he fell.

An indecipherable whisper echoes throughout the cave.

The whisper grows louder as he starts to gain consciousness.

He goes to get up but CAN'T MOVE HIS LEGS.

He GASPS for oxygen.

ROARKE

Who's there?

The whispers grow even louder.

He feels through his gear and pulls out a FLARE which he IGNITES it and tosses into the void.

He squints at shadows that dance along the walls.

He crawls along the icy crevasse floor, following the choked whispers until he finally comes upon a **RUSSIAN SOLDIER (43)** pinned to the ice wall with an IRON STAKE STUCK THROUGH his LEFT LEG and another through his RIGHT ARM.

He is bald and where he isn't covered in BLOOD, his skin is PALE GREY.

He looks up and examines the man's army fatigues which are Russian special forces.

The flare, which dims by the second, is the only thing illuminating them.

RUSSIAN SOLDIER

(Russian)

Kill me...

ROARKE

(Russian)

What happened? Who did this?

The Russian Soldier looks down at him with immense pain in his eyes.

ROARKE (CONT'D)

(Russian)

Who?

RUSSIAN SOLDIER

(Russian)

Kill me...

ROARKE

(Russian)

Is there somethin' out there?!
Somethin' in the shadows waitin'
for me?!

The Russian Soldier mumbles something.

ROARKE (CONT'D)

(Russian)

Who are you?

The Russian murmurs something again under his breath.

ROARKE (CONT'D)

What's that?

RUSSIAN SOLDIER
Please stop.

ROARKE
Stop it with what? I ain't gonna
kill ya.

The Russian Soldier snarls and turns away.

RUSSIAN SOLDIER
Your Russian... it's the most
painful thing happening to me right
now.

Roarke chuckles.

ROARKE
Okay fine. English it is. But
here's the deal. You answer a few
questions and THEN I'll kill ya.

The Russian Soldier scoffs at the offer.

ROARKE (CONT'D)
You ain't gonna get a better deal
than that.

A shadow flickers behind Roarke who struggles mightily to
pull himself up on one knee.

The Russian Soldier lowers his head and looks Roarke directly
in the eyes.

RUSSIAN SOLDIER
Three questions. No more.

Roarke grins.

ROARKE
I can work with that.
(beat)
How did ya end up like this?

RUSSIAN SOLDIER
There's a creature out there.
You're government asked us to track
it.

ROARKE
We're in the middle of a god damn
fucking Cold War. Not a chance
we're running joint missions with
the Ruskies in the mountains here.

RUSSIAN SOLDIER

When our diplomats and your
Congressman went missing, it was
thought to be a good idea to work
together, in good faith.

ROARKE

Don't believe it.

RUSSIAN SOLDIER

The American team was the first to
go down.

ROARKE

Sure. Nope. See already...

RUSSIAN SOLDIER

When we reached the chalet we found
your Congressman and our diplomats
shaken up and injured but still
alive.

(beat)

Our communications were broken so
they sent a group out get to the
checkpoint to send for help.

Roarke struggles through tremendous pain to pull himself up
to his feet, his tall frame stretching out and towering over
the Russian.

ROARKE

What did this?

RUSSIAN SOLDIER

I don't know exactly. But the local
Native Americans, they talk about a
haunted boreal forest at the base
of the mountain, they say it can
change a man who is enduring great
suffering, into something monstrous
and evil. Something with a hunger
for flesh.

Roarke glances around the cave.

RUSSIAN SOLDIER (CONT'D)

And every few years comes out of
hibernation to feed.

ROARKE

What's it look like? We talkin'
Bigfoot or what?

RUSSIAN SOLDIER
If Bigfoot lost all his hair and
then bit off his lips... then
maybe.

He begins to lose consciousness again.

RUSSIAN SOLDIER (CONT'D)
Whatever it is... it's winning.

ROARKE
Where are the rest of your men?

RUSSIAN SOLDIER
That's four questions.

Roarke looks at him, his eyes say, "c'mon".

RUSSIAN SOLDIER (CONT'D)
They are at the chalet with your
Congressmen, waiting for a cavalry
that isn't coming.

Roarke turns to leave.

The Russian Soldier clears his throat loudly.

Roarke stops.

RUSSIAN SOLDIER (CONT'D)
Just like an American to break a
promise.

Roarke turns back and smiles.

ROARKE
My apologies.

He unholsters his weapon and fires off a few rounds, double
tapping him in the chest and finishing with one in the head.

INT. ICE CREVASSE - CONTINUOUS

ALTERED POV - The Creature watches him from the shadows as it
moves in.

INT. ICE CREVASSE - CONTINUOUS

Roarke senses a new presence in the room.

A foul smell overtakes him.

He hears liquid dripping onto the cave floor.

Roarke begins to whistle an old show tune.

After the first few notes the shadows begin to dance.

The outline of The Creature approaches from behind.

Darkness swallows the light as the flare dies out.

He flinches before turning and firing off a round into the darkness behind him.

The blasts from the gun illuminates a The Creature charging towards him.

He races towards an icy decline.

Her turns back.

In a blur the creature bites at him with its large incisors open and at the ready.

He blocks the attack with his forearm.

The teeth dig in deep as they fall over the edge of the crevasse.

Ice and bones crack as their struggle sends them rolling over the edge, slamming into the ice and rolling over repeatedly as their bodies violently tumble down this steep monolith of ice.

The Creature never eases up on its bite.

Their bodies finally hit the bottom.

Roarke tries to move.

Everything hurts.

ROARKE

Nothing hurts.

(beat)

Nothing hurts.

Roarke crawls towards a pool of water where a bright light glows from the bottom.

A way out.

He turns back and sees the Creature crawling to its feet in the shadows.

It turns and snarls at him. Not happy.

He crawls to the edge of the water and slides in.

INT. ICE CREVASSE POOL - CONTINUOUS

Butch stabs and kicks through the water, frantically diving towards the light.

He turns back and sees an eruption of bubbles as The Creature breaks the surface.

Butch struggles forward, as he inches closer and closer to the light.

He looks back and see the Creature about to overtake him.

The light blinds him.

INT. ICE CREVASSE SLIDE - CONTINUOUS

He finds himself sliding down a cavernous, icy waterslide that launches him into the Atalanta River.

EXT. ATALANTA RIVER - CONTINUOUS

Roarke breaks the surface with his knife at the ready.

He frantically stabs at the shoreline.

He glances back looking for The Creature.

His fist hits dirt.

He stumbles onto the beach and collapses on his back.

His gun instantly in his hand, trained, waiting for The Creature as steam comes off his shivering body.

He is met by QUIET BREEZE.

EXT. ATALANTA RIVER SHORELINE - MOMENTS LATER

Roarke moves down the shoreline, dropping off parts of his gear he deems unnecessary as he moves.

He looks up and sees a base camp.

Relief washes over his face.

EXT. RUSSIAN BASE CAMP - MOMENTS LATER

Roarke slowly moves through the base camp with his weapon drawn and at the ready.

A fly lands on his face which he waves away.

A low frequency hum begins to build as he makes his way towards a tent that is tilted with broken support beams on one side.

He looks down and sees his boot is entrenched in a gooey red mud.

He covers his mouth as a stench begins to overtake him.

The barrel of his weapon takes hold of the tent door.

He pulls the door open and peers inside.

He stifles a dry heave as a horror show greets him.

MEMBERS OF THE RUSSIAN TEAM are laid out before him in varying states of DISMEMBERMENT and DECAY.

Roarke gently closes that tent door right back up.

He turns and sees a large steel trailer hitched to a boat.

He walks over and opens the door to reveal an armoury of weapons.

His eyes widen but soon focus in on a GYRO ROCKET LAUNCHER sitting in the corner.

EXT. AVALANCHE - MOMENTS LATER

Muffled screams amongst shards of ice and snow.

A filtered light illuminates a small pocket several yards deep inside the remains of the avalanche.

An arm bursts through the snowy debris and Vegas' head emerges, gasping for air.

His body is deeply entrenched beneath a river of avalanche debris holding him in place, a CLAUSTROPHOBIC NIGHTMARE.

He closes his eyes and forms a drop of saliva at the end of his bottom lip.

He lets it build until it falls upwards into his brow.

He's UPSIDE DOWN.

VEGAS

Fuck me.

The sound of footsteps from above.

He holds his breath and listens.

The foot steps grow louder and louder.

VEGAS (CONT'D)

HEY!!

(beat)

I'm here!!

He looks up to the surface.

Something sinister is digging towards him in a flurry of rage.

He looks over at his right arm that is still pinned behind his back.

The intensity of the digging increases.

He punches and scrapes at the shards of ice and snow beneath him that seem to fall away with increasing ease.

He looks up and sees a silhouette of a large creature with elongated appendages.

He freezes as it moves left to right peering through the ice before it STRIKES down.

Splinters in the ice form.

In a manic frenzy, he strikes and stabs at the floor beneath him.

The ice finally gives in.

He sighs one second before dropping into a narrow opening of a giant ice crevasse landing head first in the process.

He looks to his left where light seems to emerge towards the end of a long tunnel.

To his right lies nothing but pitch black darkness.

He runs towards light.

The Creature drops into the crevasse behind him and begins to give chase.

He stops at the edge of a sharp drop off where light casts shadows up the crevasse, illuminating his horrified face.

He turns back and sees the Creature racing towards him.

He reaches for his weapons but they were lost in the avalanche.

He looks down the crevasse below.

He sighs before leaping into the air.

As he descends his arms latch onto the side of the ice wall, jolting him to a stop along the side as the dark shadow SCREAMS past him on its descent down below.

A loud thud soon follows.

Dangling from the edge of the biggest icicle you've ever seen, Vegas stares into the dark void below.

The sound of heavy breathing begins to grow until it echoes up the crevasse.

He can hear it climb closer...

Closer...

He SCREAMS as The Creature tears away at his lower body, clutching onto the edge in defiance of his gruesome fate.

CUT TO BLACK:

FLASHBACK - INT. BATHROOM STALL - DAY

Dressed in full his Army uniform, BUTCH walks into a stall and slams the door shut.

He starts to hyperventilate as sweat drips off his brow.

Grief overtakes him as he begins to sob uncontrollably.

He hears someone enter the bathroom.

Butch fights to shake the emotions off.

After a few moments his face shifts back to almost normal.

He takes a deep breath and forces a smile.

EXT. AIRPORT TARMAC - DAY

BUTCH picks up Toddler Max and gives him a final kiss good-bye before boarding.

He carries a brave face that is unrecognizable from the man we saw in the bathroom stall a minute ago.

BUTCH

Now you make sure you take care of
your momma alright.

His son nods and Butch sets him down for the last time.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

EXT. MOUNTAIN RIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Buried in a swath of branches and snowy debris, Butch sits up and gasps for air.

Silence for a few beats as he gets to his feet and looks at a warm orange sun beginning to descend over the mountains.

EXT. CREVASSE - MOMENTS LATER

Bloody footsteps lead Butch to an icy crevasse that dives into a seemingly endless descent into darkness.

BUTCH

Hello!
(Russian)
Hello!

His voice echoes back at him.

INT. CREVASSE - MOMENTS LATER

With his climbing rope secured to the side of the mountain ridge, Butch begins his descent.

The crevasse echoes with cracks and pops from the natural shifts in the ice.

As the darkness engulfs him he looks up at the light at the surface which feels like a million miles away at this depth.

Beneath him, the outline of a body hanging from the edge of crevasse begins to come into view.

The hands are the first thing he shines a light on which have a steel grip locked onto the edge.

He moves his light to the left to reveal VEGAS' FACE with a look of terror cemented onto it.

The light moves down to his lower body.

He recoils as his missing lower body is revealed.

He looks up at the light he came from and then takes a deep breath.

Him descent continues.

INT. CREVASSE - LATER

Butch stops his descent and looks up at the top where the light is now just a sliver in the distance.

He flashes his light below and sees the floor of the crevasse.

He reaches into his utility belt and drops a flare onto the floor.

A flurry of bats fly past him.

He continues his descent until he releases himself from the climbing rope and rolls onto the floor of the cave where he springs to his feet ready to fire.

The shrill sounds of bats screaming begins to echo back at him until it mercifully ends a few moments later.

INT. CAVE - MOMENTS LATER

Butch runs through the dark winding tunnel.

Every step creating a REQUIEM of TERROR.

Him helmet light illuminates the way.

A ROAR reverberates down the tunnel from BEHIND.

He stops and looks back over his shoulder.

The flutter of the bats grows louder.

THE CREATURE appears in the shadows behind him with an army of bats charging towards him.

He plants his foot in the icy floor and turns back towards the shadowy CREATURE and the army of bats closing in on him.

He cocks his weapon and spins around, tossing a grenade to the floor which he kicks down the tunnel towards the CREATURE.

Bullets fly.

Shadows dance.

Bat blood sprays over him.

A white light blinds him as the blast propels him back.

He slides across the crevasse floor towards to exit.

When he opens his eyes he is greeted by the sight of a smoky red sun descending over the horizon.

He climbs to his feet and looks down at the icy pool of water about ten stories below.

BUTCH

How?

He jumps off the crevasse into the iceberg pool.

EXT. UNDER WATER - CONTINUOUS

Butch's helmet rips off of his head upon impact as he loses consciousness.

A peaceful tranquility envelops his body as the weight of his gear pulls him into the deep.

Moments before descending into complete darkness his body kicks back to life.

EXT. ATALANTA RIVER - CONTINUOUS

Butch's lungs gasp for air as he breaks the plane.

A current takes hold of him and pulls him down stream into a river that begins to teem with white water.

He stabs and kicks in a frantic attempt to stay afloat.

The water calms as he drifts ashore onto a small beach that sits before a giant boreal forest.

He crawls to the shore and collapses in a tired heap, gasping for air he takes a moment to gather himself.

He rolls onto his back and begins to rifle through every weapon he has on his body.

One by one, he discards empty weapon after empty weapon until he pulls out a Smith and Wesson revolver.

He clicks open the cylinder and spins the chambers, three of the chambers are locked and loaded with a bullet.

He glances at the SUN SETTING over the horizon and then down at the **THREE BULLETS LEFT IN THE CHAMBER.**

He snaps the cylinder back into place.

In the distance a series of wolf howls pierce the night air.

He lets out a deep sigh as he pulls himself up out of the sand.

He takes one last look at the dark water before he disappears into the tree line.

EXT. BOREAL FOREST - SUNSET

Butch RACES through the trees, illuminated by the BLOOD RED SUNSET that silhouettes the trees in darkness while casting a warm sheen over the wet boreal forest.

The FLICKERING SILHOUETTE of a large wolf emerges from the tree line to his right.

To his left, **THREE** more **WOLVES** emerge from the shadows.

He freezes in his tracks.

The wolves fade into the trees.

THEY AREN'T CHASING HIM, THEY ARE CHASING THE CREATURE.

A PRIMAL WOLF SCREAM is followed by a FRANTIC series of HOWLS, GROWLS and WHIMPERS.

He takes off towards the skirmish passing by BLOOD SOAKED LEAVES that mark the terrain as the growls up ahead grow in intensity.

Butch races towards the commotion and stops on top of a rock formation that overlooks a RIVER CAST IN RED by the descending sun.

WOLVES dive into the water in FRANTIC PURSUIT of THE CREATURE downriver.

Butch tucks his gun back in its holster.

He SIGHS.

BUTCH

How?

He leaps into the white water below and breaks the surface gasping for air.

EXT. ATALANTA RIVER - NIGHT

A heavy mist hangs over the river.

A LOW RUMBLE grows in the distance.

Butch looks down the river banks but it's too foggy to see anything clearly.

A SPLINTERED LOG floats in front of him, its one jagged branch rising up in the air.

But then THE LOG VANISHES.

Butch squints through the fog, scanning the surface.

The log is gone. The water empty.

That LOW RUMBLE GROWS EVEN LOUDER.

Butch looks to the water beside him.

A BRANCH GLIDES PAST AT A HIGHER SPEED.

He looks ahead as realization of what comes next hits him.

WATERFALL.

He spirals downward... crashes into the rushing current. He's washed forward with the suddenly violent rapids. They pull him under the surface, then tosses him GASPING back out.

The river carries him blindly through the mist, yanking and twisting him.

He SLAMS into a boulder and spins off, getting swept away by the foaming water which sucks him down this rocky gauntlet.

His back pack is torn off him.

He stabs at it but is soon pulled down another set of falls.

Butch sinks beneath the surface, then floats back up.

As the rapids calm they eventually spit Butch up into the gentle shallows. His body drifts face-down toward shore.

His arm reaches for an enclave of branches that extends off the river bank in a last gasp at life.

He staggers onto a sandbar and then splashes through some outwash to the far bank where he comes upon giant footsteps that lead into the forest.

Butch collapses to the ground, his body shrouded in the mist.

EXT. ATALANTA RIVER BEACH - MOMENTS LATER

Butch keeps his eyes on the trees as pulls his gun from his belt.

He shakes out the water before he flicks it open and blows into the cylinder.

He looks down at the THREE BULLETS sitting in the chamber and then over at the sun finally as it disappears over the mountains.

Wolf howls bleed into the night air, taking a roll call.

He counts about a dozen.

The wolves gnash their teeth in a fevered rage.

Butch spins and pivots, his revolver trained at the shadows.

In a blinding tornado of fury A PACK OF WOLVES charge at him from the treeline, tearing at him as he swings and punches at them as he falls to the ground.

He **FIRES OFF A SINGLE ROUND** in the air.

The wolves retreat but continue to circle him.

He sits there gasping for air and spattered in blood with his shoulder torn open.

The whimpers of the wolves grow quiet in the dark.

A pair of large glowing eyes approach from the trees.

Butch trains his weapon on them, trying to make out what exactly it is.

A **GREY WOLF** appears at the other side of the river with malicious intent in her eyes.

It locks eyes with Butch for several beats before it looks over his shoulder at the water behind him.

The air grows quiet.

She lets out a prolonged series of loud howls that drown out the quiet buzz of the forest and light up the night air.

NINE wolves howl back to her.

The **WHITE WOLF** walks over to the edge of The river and stares at Butch, deciding whether to extend this fight or call for mercy.

After several beats she turns and disappears into the forest.

Butch turns and looks down into the valley which contains a river which runs in a very unique horizontal, serpentine pattern.

EXT. ATALANTA RIVERSIDE - NIGHT

Butch is limping through the forest alongside the river knocking stray branches to the side.

He can hear something racing through the woods in the distance.

It's getting closer.

Butch tries to hurry but his condition prevents it.

He shoots a flare into the air which illuminates a patchwork of arching silhouettes.

He glances back but can see the forest rustling behind him and hear the branches snapping under the feet of something heavy.

He stumbles into a muddy riverbed,

HE'S STUCK.

Whatever is chasing him is about to close in.

The mud has all but crippled him.

He struggles mightily to move until he collapses in exhaustion, finding himself face to face with a pair of giant black military boots.

The forest behind him goes quiet.

He raises his eyes up to find ROARKE looking down at him with a glint in his eyes and a GIANT RUSSIAN GYRO MISSILE in his hand.

ROARKE

Well I guess it's my lucky day
after all.

He sees the terror in Butch's eyes and then looks up at the forest behind him which comes alive.

He raises the old Gyro weapon and unloads a barrage of missiles at the forest, each one gyrating in a circular motion on its way to impact.

The FOREST IGNITES into a ball of fire.

He drops his weapons in a smoky heap.

As the fire fades, he never takes his eyes off the tree line.

ROARKE (CONT'D)

It's still out there.

Roarke heads towards the tree line which is cloaked in darkness.

Butch crawls to his feet and follows.

They crawl into a hollowed out tree stump and lie still, dripping in sweat and terror.

Butch listens closely for anything moving in the dark.

They look at each other and exchange hostilities without saying a word.

A LOUD THUD crashes down nearby.

THE RUSTLE OF GIANT HEAVY FOOTSTEPS.

They hold their breaths the forest grows quiet.

They exhale.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Butch and Roarke are lying still covered by the tree stump.

They whisper under their breath.

BUTCH
Did you see it?

He shakes his head "no".

ROARKE
What'd ya see?

Butch struggles to find the words.

BUTCH
I'm not sure.
(beat)
What are you not telling me?

He looks down and sees the bite wound to Roarke's arm.

BUTCH (CONT'D)
What the hell did that? You share
your personality with a Grizzly?

Roarke shows him the bite on his forearm which is dripping
onto the sand.

ROARKE
That look like a bear bite to you?

BUTCH
Not really a ton of bear bite
experience under my belt to be
honest.
(beat)
But you do look pale though. You
look sick.

Butch leans in to take a closer look at his wound which is
quite severe.

Roarke looks up at the moon.

ROARKE
What happened to the team?

BUTCH
I don't know. When this thing
started hunting us down we all got
split up.

Roarke looks up at the moon.

ROARKE
We can't stay here.

BUTCH

I think we can. It's time to make a stand. Time to fight this thing.

ROARKE

The checkpoint is just a couple clicks down river.

BUTCH

Never run from a Predator.

ROARKE

Sure, but if you can help it, you don't enter a fight without knowin' your opponent either.

BUTCH

If you know yourself, it doesn't matter who your opponent is.

ROARKE

Well, then it definitely matters who my opponent is.

Butch grins.

BUTCH

Listen, it's probably just some roided out Russian special forces agent who has gone rogue and decided to have some fun with us.

ROARKE

Nah. We ain't dealin' with no man.

BUTCH

Any big foot sightings up here?

ROARKE

If I don't count then no.

BUTCH

The most plausible answer is usually the right one.

ROARKE

Injins up here have a legend about somethin' like this.

BUTCH

Oh dear.

Roarke chuckles.

ROARKE
You don't believe in ghosts?

BUTCH
No, but I do believe in monsters.

ROARKE
This is a mystical forest to the
Injins you know that?

BUTCH
How's that?

ROARKE
They say that those who suffered
greatly, we're talking starving to
death, bleeding to death and all
that, tough times...

BUTCH
... I get it.

ROARKE
Okay, right. Well they believed if
you passed through this forest
while on death's door you would
turn.

BUTCH
Turn into what?

ROARKE
I don't know. Maybe whatever it is
out there.

BUTCH
What did they believe it was?

ROARKE
I don't know. A demon basically. A
pale beast so hungry it has chewed
off its own lips and only lives to
feed on flesh.

BUTCH
Your ex wife basically.

Roarke chuckles.

Butch smiles back.

ROARKE
Look, the plane is waitin' for us
at the checkpoint.

(MORE)

ROARKE (CONT'D)

If we stay on the river we can float down there in an hour or less.

(beat)

I say we make a run for it.

BUTCH

With those wounds the water will make you bleed out faster than you'd like.

ROARKE

And if I hang out here I'll bleed out anyway.

BUTCH

It means we'll have to cross that desert at night.

ROARKE

It's not a desert. It's a sand dune.

BUTCH

It's a shitty march of despair in complete dark is what it is.

ROARKE

It's better than lyin' here all night waitin' for it to come say "hi".

Butch looks over Roarke who is beaten, bloodied and bruised.

BUTCH

You don't look like you are in any type of condition to go for a midnight run.

ROARKE

Neither do you, Lash Laroo.

(beat)

C'mon.

Butch enters the water.

BUTCH

You scared of a little water?

ROARKE

It's not the water I'm worried about. It's what's in it.

EXT. RIVER - NIGHT

Butch and Roarke are floating downstream under the pale glow of the moon. *

ROARKE

What's the first thing you're going to do when you get out of here?

BUTCH

My boy. Going to go see about him. Make sure he's doing well. Make sure he's got what he needs.

ROARKE

What if he doesn't want to see you?

Butch grins.

BUTCH

The thought crossed my mind.

BUTCH (CONT'D)

My whole life I always wanted a baby girl, raise her to be a tough little bad ass. When I found out it was a boy, and I understand this sounds awful but I was just really disappointed.

ROARKE

Why?

Butch pauses.

BUTCH

I never had a dad. Never hugged a buddy or an uncle or just any kind of man. I'm not really good with that kind of stuff.

(beat)

I was kind of worried that if I had a boy it'd be cold like that with him too.

ROARKE

How'd that go?

Butch grins.

BUTCH

When I saw his little face for the first time man... I just couldn't stop kissing it.

Roarke laughs.

BUTCH (CONT'D)

Had to ask the nurse if it's possible to kiss a baby too much.

ROARKE

What'd she go and say?

BUTCH

It is not. She said it's not.

Butch looks up at the moon and then down river.

BUTCH (CONT'D)

That's the same moon I looked up at every night. My mind would race so much in there that at night I'd have to find a way to calm all the noise so I could sleep so what I'd do was I'd cycle through my favourite memories of him.

ROARKE

That must have been a nightmare.

BUTCH

I wouldn't recommend...

Roarke grins.

BUTCH (CONT'D)

When we first learned we were going to be parents the doctor was this old Hungarian lady who told me that even though, yes, there will be more expenses and stresses and all kinds of challenges, because the experience will make me a better man, it will result in me being a more successful man as well.

ROARKE

And how'd that work out?

BUTCH

Not great!

They both laugh.

BUTCH (CONT'D)

Not at all. Way poorer. We had the power shut off a few more times than I would have liked I can say that.

ROARKE

Did it change you at all.

Butch gives it some thought.

BUTCH

After he was born, I was driving down the freeway one day and suddenly a four car collision happened right in front of me. Glass, smoke, twisted metal everywhere.

(beat)

Now, all my life I prided myself on being the type of person who runs towards the burn, the danger. But in that moment, all I could think of was how I needed to get out of there.

(beat)

Fight or flight, and the first time in my life, I chose flight.

ROARKE

For the sake of your survival, I hope you still have that fight in you.

BUTCH

You don't have to hope. You can just ask your nose.

Roarke laughs and instinctively touches his crooked nose.

ROARKE

Well I hope it goes well with your kid.

BUTCH

Me too.

(beat)

It's a chance to matter again. To have a purpose.

(beat)

To have value.

ROARKE

Don't we all need that.

(beat)

And if it doesn't work? If your kid
doesn't wanna see ya?

BUTCH

Well...

Butch fights off the dark truth of it with a smile.

The wolves begin a roll call in the distance.

BUTCH (CONT'D)

Would you want to know how it ends?
To see it coming? Or would you
prefer just lights out?

Butch snaps his fingers.

ROARKE

I'd like to stare it in the face.
Ignorance and bliss don't mix for
me.

BUTCH

Cool. I'll keep that in mind.

He laughs.

ROARKE

They say you get the death you
deserve so... you better watch out.

BUTCH

I really hope that's not true.

They laugh.

The river goes eerily quiet.

They stop and aim their weapons at the rivers edge for a few
beats.

Nothing.

Roarke lowers his weapon.

They wade in the water for a few beats.

EXT. ATALANTA RIVER BED - MOMENTS LATER

Butch and Roarke disembark from their rustic water craft and move quietly to the shore.

Roarke walks over to the foot of the sand dune and looks into it's vast dark emptiness.

ROARKE

The other side of this desert here,
and we're...

He senses something.

The click of the hammer on Butch's hand piece.

He turns around and sees Butch with his sights trained on him.

He grins.

ROARKE (CONT'D)

Is this the death I deserve?

He shrugs.

BUTCH

I don't know if it's the one you
deserve. But it's the only one I
got.

Roarke grins.

Butch lowers his gun.

Tears begin to well up in his eyes.

He trains his gun back on Roarke.

Butch FIRES.

Roarke steps back in shock and looks down at his torso.

It's leaking BLOOD.

He fights off the shock with a smile.

He stumbles backwards into the water.

Behind him the dark silhouette of THE CREATURE EMERGES from the river and DRIVES a METAL REBAR through Roarke's chest.

Blood begins to stream out of him.

Roarke drops to his knees and turns to Butch.

ROARKE

RUN!!

The Creature GRABS the rebar and lifts Roarke into the air like he's a toddler.

Roarke EXTENDS BOTH ARMS revealing a grenade in each of his clenched fists.

He let's out a deep belly laugh.

Butch stumbles away, barely able to remain conscious.

A FIREBALL IGNITES the SKY.

The blast impact sends Butch flying face first into the sand.

CUT TO BLACK:

EXT. ATALANTA RIVER - NIGHT

Butch's face is half submerged into the muddy bank.

Shadows flicker across his face.

Something large stands over him.

The Grey Wolf comes into frame.

Butch's eyes pop open.

A wolf latches onto Butch's leg and pulls on it.

We pull back to see half a dozen wolves circling his body, snapping and clawing at his bloody wounds.

Butch kicks his leg at the wolves tearing at his legs.

He tries to cry out, but only a shrill scream he doesn't recognize erupts from his gut.

The wolves dance away from his flailing.

Unwilling to give up on their next meal so quickly, they sneak and snap at him.

Butch swings at them, beating them back but they are relentless.

He pulls out his revolver and looks down at the cylinder.

TWO SHOTS LEFT.

He raises his gun in the air.

He FIRES.

They immediately disperse into the forest off the beach.

Butch crumbles back to the ground... squints up into the sun... the howls of wolves ring out in his ears.

Butch glances to a ridge just a few hundred yards away.

At the base of the ridge, a GIANT BOULDER has broken free, creating a partial cave.

Butch crawls toward it looking closer to death than ever before.

EXT. CAVE - NIGHT

Butch slides as far back into the recess of the cave as he can.

He collapses against the rock wall.

Giant rain droplets pepper the ground.

The river rages.

TIGHT ON BUTCH'S FACE

His eyes are closed.

He looks dead.

MAX'S VOICE (V.O.)

(whisper)

Not yet.

(beat)

Not yet.

Butch's eyes suddenly spring open.

EXT. ATALANTA RIVER - NIGHT

Butch limps along the bank.

He spots a DEAD MOOSE, frozen on its back.

A PRESENCE.

He glances to the hills above and sees a WOLF staring down at him from across the river.

The Wolf's head snaps to something beyond Butch.

He follows the animal's eyes which turn to the ridge above him.

The silhouette of The Creature lurches over the cave he was just hiding in.

Blood drips from one arm that has recently been severed.

Roarke went down with a fight.

Butch drops flat to the ground behind a tree.

He looks back across the river... THE WOLF IS GONE.

INT. CAVE - CONTINUOUS

The Creature stands at the cave, staring inside until its focus shifts to the Butch's tracks that lead down to the river.

EXT. GRAND RIVER - CONTINUOUS

Butch inches his head up over the tree, watching The Creature study his tracks.

Butch's eyes jump to the soft dirt along the river.

HIS FOOTPRINTS leading right to him.

He looks for an escape route but he's TRAPPED.

Butch backs into the river on his stomach feet-first, dragging his forearms across his tracks as he moves.

He keeps sliding backward.

Five feet off shore.

Three feet deep in the murky water and sludge.

The current pulls on him, trying to drag him into the violent rapids only a few feet away.

He looks up at the Creature who is following the tracks from the cave.

Butch sinks neck-deep into the water.

The Creature approaches the shoreline.

Butch drops beneath the surface.

CUT TO:

UNDERWATER

Butch's eyes spread wide searching the dark water.

He grabs under a LARGE ROCK and holds himself in place.

EXT. ATALANTA RIVER - CONTINUOUS

ANGLE ON THE CREATURE following Butch's tracks to the shoreline.

CUT TO:

UNDERWATER

Butch presses his head against the rock.

He stares up through the water at THE CREATURE.

EXT. GRAND RIVER - CONTINUOUS

The Creature stands just above Butch studying the tracks.

Butch's lungs begin to burn as if they might explode.

Butch's face inches to the surface and pulls in some oxygen slowly as he watches The Creature fade into the trees.

Butch moves deeper into the river, fighting the current to grab rocks and boulders.

EXT. BOREAL FOREST - NIGHT

Butch limps slowly across the forest.

He's weak and starving and looks like a man who has reached the end of the line.

He collapses under the weight of his ailments.

A searing pain shoots through his body as his muscle fibers begin to slowly tear.

He rolls on the ground, clenching his muscles in agony until he is left breathless, his eyes holding a look of drunken delirium.

Butch pulls himself up to one knee and looks at the sun rise over a large sand dune that sits in front of him with a forest and lake waiting in the horizon.

Sunlight hits two POOLS OF BLACK which now replace the HAZEL SUNFLOWERS that used to encircle his iris.

EXT. SAND DUNES - MOMENTS LATER

Butch is sprinting towards the moon which casts a glow over the Lake Takahula which sits several hundred yards away.

His musculature has grown in size.

His skin glows in the pale moonlight and his eyes and teeth are now YELLOWED and ENLARGED.

He glances back and notices a GIANT, DARK FIGURE SPRINTING TOWARDS HIM.

He tumbles down a sand dune and quickly burrows himself beneath the sand leaving just a slit for his eyes to peer out.

He waits as the wind rustles.

The Creature's two gigantic army boots land in front of him.

It's giant frame, covered in furs and kevlar, is cast in shadows.

It trains its eyes in the direction of Lake Takahula.

He holds his breath as he raises his pistol just above the cover of the sand and aims it at him.

With a loud wind rustling in the breeze he PULLS THE TRIGGER.

The GUN JAMS.

The Creature tilts its head back towards him.

He FREEZES for several heart pounding beats.

It turns its attention back to Lake Takahula that now shines in the distance like a string of diamonds in the dark.

The Creature disappears into the dark shadows of the sand dune that are fading by the second.

Butch looks down at the sand which carries a wet glow in the light.

He walks over to it and takes a closer look at the shimmering path of blood the leads towards Lake Takahula Forest.

EXT. LAKE TAKAHULA FOREST - NIGHT

Butch sees blood dripping off a large leaf dangling from the forest brush.

He moves forward, following the bloody trail in complete silence as the forest has now fallen silent.

Butch holds his breath.

A branch snaps.

Butch spins and FIRES, shells THUDDING into the ground, as bullets begin to light up the forest.

In a blur, The Creature hurls its rebar stake at Butch which slices through the wooden stock of the rifle.

SPARKS FLY as it severs the trigger guard and steel breech.

The M-16 flies out of Butch's hands where it hits the ground, broken in half, useless.

Butch takes off running for his life with The Creature chasing close behind him.

Butch crashes headlong through the jungle.

He leaps a fallen log, stumbles, struggles to his feet, running on pure adrenalin, his eyes filled with terror.

Behind him he can hear The Creature in pursuit, closing in with every heartbeat.

Butch spins around to see if he can catch a glimpse of The Creature.

A look of frantic terror overtakes him.

Butch races through the forest and stops behind a tree.

He glances back but does not see The Creature.

Out of the quiet hum of the forest he hears a gentle whistle.

He turns and sees SIMKA staring back at him.

Relief washes over him.

A look of horror overtakes her.

She draws her weapon and aims it at him.

Butch's smile fades.

Simka tilts her head.

A GUNSHOT blast rings out.

Butch stumbles backwards.

He looks down at his torso.

BLOOD is pouring out of him.

Simka grins.

He drops to one knee.

Whispers approach.

Simka disappears into the shadows.

Wind picks up, sweeping the trees into a frenzy as the rescue helicopter lands on the beach.

EXT. LAKE TAKAHULA FOREST - NIGHT

Butch awakens to HELL ON EARTH.

The trees are alive with TORRENTS OF FIRE that rage through most of the forest that lines the shore.

The beach is now littered in burnt and blackened HELICOPTER WRECKAGE.

He pulls himself to one knee and looks down at the bullet wound to his stomach which is now HEALED.

He pulls out his revolver and flips open the cylinder.

ONE BULLET sits in the chamber.

He looks over at the SUN as it creeps over the horizon.

INT. CAVE - MOMENTS LATER

Butch enters the cave and shines his flashlight on the blood that moves down a large path that fades one step closer to pitch black with every step forward he makes.

He hears a whisper and turns his light on Simka who is pinned to the wall with a piece of rebar.

SIMKA

Kill me.

Butch pulls out his pistol and looks down at the last round.

He snaps it shut and puts one into her chest.

Her body drops limp, dangling lifeless from the rebar.

He pulls the rebar out of the wall.

Her body hits the floor.

He turns and sees a large US army duffel bag comes into view.

It's Tylers.

He kneels down and opens it up to reveal several IED devices and the detonator.

He hears something moving in the shadows behind him.

When he glances back, a couple of bats fly past which startle him.

BUTCH

How?

Butch stands up and turns to leave.

THE GAUNT PALE FACE OF THE CREATURE comes face to face with him.

It's BLACK EYES press up close.

The bullet wound from earlier is now already healed.

Butch holds his breath in TERROR.

He notices the DETONATOR strapped to its chest.

With it's eyes filled with pain, The Creature looks him up and down, inspecting him like a foreign species.

TWO ROUNDS GO OFF.

They turn and see Simka holding her gun with smoke still twirling off the barrel.

The Creature drops to one knee and lets out a shrill scream, revealing it's giant frame which is covered in grizzly bear skins.

It leaps at Simka, devouring her whole.

Butch watches in horror.

He looks down at the DETONATOR which he holds firmly in the palm of his hand.

EXT. LAKE TAKAHULA FOREST - CONTINUOUS

Butch is sprinting through the forest.

He presses down hard on the detonator button.

The trees light up behind him, turning the forest into a fiery inferno.

Butch turns back.

His eyes light up as The Creature appears behind him in hot pursuit, with the BEAR SKINS on it's shoulders are alit with FIRE.

Butch climbs a hill in a panicked frenzy, galloping up the hill with an abnormal ease.

When he reaches the top he rolls over, gripping his knife tight with his eyes fixed at the hill's edge, waiting to give The Creature everything he has the second it appears.

The forest grows quiet. He can hear sonic detail he could never hear before.

Butch picks up a rock and throws it in the distance.

The forest grows alive.

Butch takes off up the hill until he reaches the summit.

From the top his eyesight zooms in on every movement that occurs within the forest below.

EXT. LAKE TAKAHULA FOREST - EVENING

MONTAGE: Butch makes several traps around the hillside out of nature and available materials.

Butch holds up a fire torch and screams out into the forest below.

A shrill scream is returned.

EXT. LAKE TAKAHULA FOREST - NIGHT

A torch illuminates a dead deer carcass.

Butch waits in the shadows.

A figure appears out of the mist.

Butch stands up to get a better look.

It stands on two legs and lets out a roar.

It's a GRIZZLY BEAR.

Butch sits down.

A half second later a STICK OF REBAR SLAMS into the tree above his head.

He looks up.

The Creature leaps at him.

Butch takes the Creatures momentum and slams it into the tree.

Butch stands there stunned for a second at his own power.

The Creature tackles him to the ground and bites hard into his forearm.

Butch cuts and slashes at it with his other free arm as they begin to fall down this very steep embankment.

The Creature's JAWS LOCK in, never letting go as they fall head over heels, SLAMMING into the ROCKS along the way.

On the way down Butch loses sight of The Creature as he is spit out onto the beach.

Butch aims his pistol and his last bullet at the tree line.

With nothing moving he gets up and quickly limps off down the shoreline.

EXT. LAKE TAKAHULA SHORE - MOMENTS LATER

Butch hurries his battered body along the charred beach through the helicopter wreckage.

He stops in front of a seaplane.

Its lights are on and it is powered up.

INT. SEAPLANE - MOMENTS LATER

Butch quietly pulls himself up onto the wing.

The rustling of the waves is all we can make out as he crawls towards the entry door.

He grips the door handle with both hands and cranks it open to reveal a DEAD NAVY SEAL leaning on the door covered in BLOOD with an IRON REBAR STAKE through his torso.

He leans forward and falls onto the wing and then rolls off crashing into the water.

Butch glances back at the tree line of the forest that remains still.

The Creature is nowhere to be seen.

He climbs into the cabin of the plane which is eerily quiet and empty.

The humming whine of the power is the only sound he can hear.

He notices a flare gun and a parachute scattered across the floor.

The cargo drop door at the rear of the plane is wide open with the it's end resting just few feet below the surface.

INT. SEAPLANE - MOMENTS LATER

Butch looks at the tree line through a pair of binoculars.

The quiet hum of the forest fills the night air.

He pulls on a parachute backpack that is sitting on the other pilot chair and then picks up a flare gun off the floor.

EXT. SEAPLANE - MOMENTS LATER

A flare soars over Lake Takahula, illuminating the shadowy forest briefly before it returns to dark.

Butch watches from the cabin door of the plane.

He takes a step forward and let's out a GUTTERAL ROAR which echoes through the mountain range.

The cabin door slams shut.

INT. SEAPLANE - CONTINUOUS

Butch hurries over to the cockpit and flicks a few switches which jolt the engine into motion.

The scream of the turbines join the hum, as the propellers kick to life.

He flicks a switch and the back cargo door begins to rise up.

The door stops.

Butch flicks the switch on and off again but it stops.

He sits down in the pilot's chair and keeps his eyes trained on the back door.

STEEL begins to SHRIEK out as something HEAVY moves across the top of the plane.

IT'S HERE.

HEAVY footsteps make their way to the back.

He SLAMS the THROTTLE forward and the plane kicks into gear.

Butch steers it out into the open water where it begins to gain speed.

He glances back at the open door and pushes the throttle forward which LAUNCHES the PLANE into the air.

As the water disappears THE CREATURE SWINGS DOWN INTO THE PLANE.

It SNARLS AT HIM, DRIPPING IN WATER AND RAGE.

He SHIFTS the THROTTLE forward shooting the nose of the plane towards the sky.

The Creature grabs onto the wall of the plane with its leg, leaving it's one free arm open for action.

The plane begins to shake violently as the nose of the plane is now pointed up at a ninety degree angle.

Butch lets out a primal scream and leaps back towards the Creature who LASHES OUT at him, grabbing onto his leg.

Butch pulls out his revolver and points it at the Creature's head.

He pulls the trigger.

Click.

Click.

Click.

Click.

BANG

The Creature lets go.

As he barrels towards the clouds below him he looks back at the plane which is starting to lose the battle with gravity.

The plane levels off and then begins to dive down towards earth.

He grins and pulls his chute.

He watches in disbelief as it begins to right itself and then slowly steer towards him.

BUTCH

How?

The plane screams towards him.

He looks down at the Lake Takahula which is at least 10,000 feet until impact.

He steers his parachute towards the plane.

A STANDOFF AT 9,000 FEET!

The plane screams towards him.

8,000 feet!

Butch starts a spiral dive with his parachute.

7,000 feet!

The PLANE narrowly MISSES him.

6,000 feet!

The wind ROCKS his parachute as it SCREAMS by.

5,000 feet!

He stabilizes his parachute and looks up at the at the plane as it begins to turn around to make a return.

4,000 feet!

He continues to spiral towards the water as it closes in on him.

3,000 feet!

The plane screams down towards him.

2,000 feet!

Butch stares down the plane as it ROCKETS towards him.

1,000 feet to impact!

Just as the plane is about to make impact he RELEASES HIS CHUTE.

The plane CRASHES INTO THE PARACHUTE.

Butch hits the water and goes deep.

Fiery wreckage hits the water around him.

After several beats, his body kicks to life.

He swims to the surface.

EXT. LAKE TAKAHULA BEACH - MOMENTS LATER

Butch swims past plane wreckage, keeping his eyes open for The Creature.

He crawls onto the beach and crashes in exhaustion.

He looks up at warmth of the sunrise.

A laugh erupts out of him that is soon followed by tears.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE: Flickering moments he shared with his son from birth until the last moment he kissed him goodbye before deployment.

CUT TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

EXT. LAKE TAKAHULA BEACH - **SUNRISE**

We pull back from Butch's lifeless eyes which reflect the sun as it rises over the mountains.

Wind starts to increase in intensity from a gentle rustle of a breeze in his hair to a full on wind storm.

We hear the turbines scream from a helicopter.

TWO RESCUE WORKERS in hazmat suits enter the frame looking down at his body.

INT. MILITARY HOSPITAL HALLWAY - MORNING

Butch is unconscious and being rushed down a hospital corridor on a gurney by several doctors and nurses dressed in full hazmat suits.

His body that is now PALE and showing signs of incredible MUSCULAR GROWTH.

NURSE

Have you ever seen anything like
this Doctor?

The doctor's look of bewilderment gives us our answer.

They enter a room.

The door is slammed shut.

INT. MILITARY HOSPITAL OPERATING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Butch's clothes are cut off his body and various tubes and needles are injected into his arteries.

A SURGEON (56) enters the frame peering down at him through his hazmat suit.

He's flatlining.

The MAN IN A DARK SUIT (66) enters the room with no protective covering at all.

MAN IN A DARK SUIT
Leave him.

The Doctors and nurses scatter.

The Man in the Dark Suit pulls out a briefcase and removes a large syringe from its encasing.

He walks over to Butch and stabs it deep into his heart.

Butch sits up and froths at the mouth before collapsing back onto the cold steel table.

MAN IN A DARK SUIT (CONT'D)
Let me know when he is washed up
and ready for Phase 3.

The Man in the Dark Suit leaves the room.

INT. BARRACKS - MORNING

Butch's eye's open.

The yellows of his iris have returned.

He rolls out of bed and stumbles to his feet, his mind still stuck in the battle field.

Out of breath and ready to strike, he looks around at the room, recognition of his surroundings slowly hitting him.

He turns and sees Man in the Dark Suit sitting in an armchair in the corner.

MAN IN THE DARK SUIT
Your equilibrium may be hindered
for the next three to five minutes.
That is to be expected.

BUTCH
Where am I?

MAN IN THE DARK SUIT
You're back at Bethel, safe and
sound.

BUTCH
Did you see it?

The Man in the Dark Suit holds his stare.

MAN IN A DARK SUIT

See what?

BUTCH

The thing. The Creature.

The Man in the Dark Suit nods and smiles.

MAN IN A DARK SUIT

We saw everything we needed to.

(beat)

Rest. We have big plans for you.

BUTCH

I'm sorry we failed. The
Congressman was dead when I got
there. And this thing... it...

(beat)

I hope you give me another chance.
I can still be the best.

A smile grows on the Man in the Dark Suits face.

He leans in.

MAN IN A DARK SUIT

Butch, the mission, from our
perspective, was a great success.

BUTCH

How is that possible? The
Congressman and the chalet are all
blown up. The whole crew is dead.

MAN IN A DARK SUIT

But the information we have now...
is priceless. And we have you to
thank for that.

BUTCH

What?

MAN IN A DARK SUIT

You're a hero Butch.

Butch looks out the window as tears well up in his eyes.

The sunlights touches his face.

He turns back to the Man in the Dark Suit.

BUTCH

When can I see my son?

Man in the Dark Suit stands up and offers his hand.

MAN IN THE DARK SUIT

As soon as you can make your way up
to the tarmac. I have a plane on
standby.

He fights off tears with a smile.

INT. AIRPLANE HANGER - MORNING

Butch, suited up with his gear in hand, walks towards a plane
sitting on the tarmac.

CUT TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

EXT. PORCH - SUNSET

Butch pulls up to a small home on a tree lined street.

INT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Butch looks into the rearview mirror and tries to hold
himself together.

He climbs out of the truck and closes the door.

EXT. HOUSE - SUNSET

Butch walks up to the front door.

He shakes the nerves out of his hands before he knocks.

Several beats later the door opens.

BUTCH

Hello.

Several beats of silence.

MAX'S MOTHER (O.S.)

You look different... but also the
same.

He grins.

BUTCH
That's probably fair. Can I come
in?

INT. PATIO - MOMENTS LATER

Butch looks out into the backyard where **MAX (9)** tosses a
baseball high up into the sky.

MAX'S MOTHER (O.S.)
There he is.

Max tracks the ball through the air and glides underneath it
where he makes a casual over the shoulder basket catch.

Butch looks on for a few beats.

BUTCH
Did you tell him I was coming?

MAX'S MOTHER (O.S.)
No. I heard you all twelve times
you asked me not to.
(beat)
Please don't make me regret this.

BUTCH
Does he remember me?

MAX'S MOTHER (O.S.)
He remember things.
(beat)
He remembers the good.

BUTCH
Does he know I did everything I
could?

Silence for a few beats.

MAX'S MOTHER (O.S.)
Why don't you go tell him that
yourself.

Butch takes a step outside without looking back at her.

EXT. BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Butch walks towards Max who turns and looks at him.

BUTCH
Hey.

He walks up to his son who peers up at him.

The same big brown eyes he always remembered stare right back.

The setting sun shines a warm glow on Butch.

MAX

Your eyes...

Max leans in tight, studying Butch's HAZEL BLONDE iris' closely.

Butch grins.

BUTCH

What about 'em?

MAX

...they have sunflowers in them.

Butch smiles to hide the tears.

EXT. MAKS HOME - NIGHT

Butch waves goodbye to Max and his Mom.

BUTCH

See you next time!

Max mimics Butch's cadence and tone.

MAX

See you next time!

He turns and walks over to his Jeep.

INT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Butch enters this dim and seedy motel room.

The highway is so close you can hear it.

He takes off his jacket and has a seat at the end of his bed.

A drop of blood hits the floor.

Then another.

He puts his finger to his nose and finds a TRAIL of BLOOD running down his hand.

He stands up.

The ROOM begins to SPIN.

He falls to the floor and begins to have a seizure.

He looks up at his forearm and sees a FLUORESCENT GREEN LIGHT glowing from UNDERNEATH HIS SKIN.

The motel door is KICKED open.

The Man in a Dark Suit enters.

He is followed by a quadrant of SPECIAL FORCES OFFICERS in black military gear.

He looks down at Butch.

MAN IN A DARK SUIT

Not. Good.

(beat)

Initiate Phase 3.

The men pull a dark mask over Butch's head.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END