

**THE MYTHOLOGICAL WEAPONS UNIT**

**"THE RAVENOR"**

by  
Mike Donald

EXT. AIRFIELD - DUSK

The impossibly beautiful purple canvas of Gods design. Fluffy cotton contrails of red and gold speckled clouds slash across the sky as the red lozenge of the SUN sinks below the horizon.

A soft wind soughs across the verdant twisting grass, and the low WHINE of a lazily turning runway BEACON competes with the musical sound of a song bird calling to its mate.

The GREY ribbon of RUNWAY is a deserted night highway leading to nowhere.

WHOOSH! Two covered military JEEPS EXPLODE past us at ninety miles an hour.

They are a foot apart and neck and neck.

INT. JEEP - THAT MOMENT

The DRIVER wears a helmet and we can make out he is MALE and handsome, right now he is smiling and determined to beat his rival.

OTHER JEEP

The DRIVER of this Jeep is equally determined to beat the other. She is BEAUTIFUL.

EXT. AIRFIELD - NOW

WHOOSH! The jeeps are like one furious lump of camo metal locked together in an insane rush to oblivion.

Ahead of them is a store hut at the end of the runway.

As destruction seemingly beckons they both slam on their brakes and slew to a halt, bumpers inches from the hut wall, vehicles in a perfect V shape.

The doors are hurled open and they are in each others arms kissing hungrily. Helmets are hurled onto seats.

They pull back and look into each others eyes. The WOMAN'S hair has tumbled out from her helmet, a glittering chestnut mane. She is stunning.

RACHEL

Sergeant ADAM MASON, are you aware  
of the speed limit for ground  
vehicles on this base?

She emphasises the word "vehicles" in an over the top southern accent.

ADAM  
Sergeant RACHEL VASS, are you aware  
of how beautiful an ass you're  
wearing today?

They both laugh and lean against the warm bonnet of the  
nearest jeep. The sun has gone and the grey sky is no longer  
friendly.

Rachel straightens up.

RACHEL  
So where are you headed?

David looks into her eyes.

ADAM  
Another exercise in a nameless  
desert, learning to kill people I  
don't know...you?

She smiles wistfully.

RACHEL  
Another mission in a country whose  
language I can't speak doing  
something I can't talk about.

They kiss, this time it's with love not lust, and in a way  
that will be remembered if they don't see each other again.  
After a moment has passed they pull apart.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
I'll be with you wherever you are.

She pulls out a small silver vial on an ornate chain. The  
vial looks like it contains blood.

David pulls out a similar one. CLINK! They tap them together  
in a sort of ritual between them.

ADAM  
Forever.

The ROAR of a transport plane overhead cuts us to:

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

HELL. Thick oily smoke billows across a sky streaked red by  
FLARES falling through the boiling black night.

Tracer bullets HUM past us like angry bees CLANGING off  
burning armoured vehicles. Small arms fire comes and goes.

Next to a smoking APV ADAM is frantically shouting into a COMMS PACK MIC.

ADAM

We need an extract immediate...we are cut off from our unit...fifty or more hostile have us trapped...

THUD! THUD! THUD! A burning hail of 50MM shells blow the pack from beside him.

He hits the dirt.

The sky rains FIRE as the remains of the APV is blown to pieces.

Through the smoke and chaos a SOLDIER suddenly appears next to him. Meet JONES he's black from the deep south...he looks pale in the magnesium flare light.

JONES

We got a problem Sarge.

Adam looks up.

ADAM

Tell me something I don't know.

JONES

Something big...heading our way.

And sure enough the earth starts to shake. The GRINDING sound of heavy track, and the deep ROAR of a large engine starts to fill the night.

They look up from the small RIDGE they have been sheltering behind.

A HUGE tank is lumbering towards them.

It's AMERICAN.

We can see the markings on the side. We also see their Motto.

"DIE GOING FORWARDS."

There is a cartoon of a charging bull wearing a helmet beneath the motto.

Relief floods over the soldiers faces.

JONES (CONT'D)

Shit! It's one of ours.

He stands up. Waving his hands wildly.

ADAM  
Get down for Chrissake!

Too late.

The gun barrel swings round.

Gouts FLAME!

The shell hurtles towards them.

Jones hits the deck.

The world explodes.

The sound of falling rock and metal.

BLACKNESS

MATCH CUT TO:

SUPER - FIVE YEARS LATER

EXT. WILDERNESS RIDGE - NIGHT

BLACKNESS is broken by:

The dull THUD of a VAST twin rotored CH-47 Chinook HELICOPTER shatters the night as the screen is split by a strobing flare of red and white light.

Rain lashes across the frame. Beneath us an overgrown graveyard. Spindly grey trees bent double, weeds and loose branches cartwheel across the dusty ground.

CRASH! The side doors of the CH-47 smash open disgorging four black figures. They repel to the ground, swiftly unbuckle and form a quadrant round one particular plot.

A cracked and crude headstone -- decorated with ancient symbols.

Above the MEN a winch screams and a large black machine is lowered down to the ground.

The men move swiftly towards the machine and extend four large HOSES from it. They attach pointed metal connectors to the end of the tubes and ram them into the four corners of the plot.

One of the men, an OFFICER makes a signal with his hand to the watching PILOT. There is a roar as the helicopter generators pour current into the device. Contrails of white vapour leak from the connectors.

The square of earth within the plot begins to crackle and freeze over. The men uncouple the nozzles and the black machine is winched back into the hold of the hovering CH-47.

Taking holstered drills from their belts, the men screw heavy eyelets into the frozen earth. As they finish a metal harness on four steel hawsers spools down towards them. They attach the cables to the eyelets.

Their officer signals. Each of the men holds onto one of the cables anchored into the corners of the plot.

The rotors ROAR. The CH-47 rises, the cables hum, the men look anxiously at each other.

As the huge Chinook helicopter labours to tear the frozen plot from the ground, it soon becomes obvious that some supernatural force is at work here, as over twenty tons of lift refuses to shift it.

Crouched in the back of the helicopter is RACHEL VASS, head of ops - MWU (MYTHOLOGICAL WEAPONS UNIT) older and wiser her face pale and beautiful in the moonlight. She wears full combat gear and is hunched over the glowing screen of a military spec LAPTOP.

A soldier appears by her side shouting above the insane noise of the rotors. His name is JOHN.

JOHN

We Gotta cut loose, this things  
gonna tear us apart...we can't get  
any more lift...we're carrying too  
much fuel!

She looks at him. Cutting loose is not an option.

RACHEL

Hold me steady!

She locks the laptop into a rack. Grabs what looks like some sort of GUN.

WHOOSH! She fires a harpoon line into the plot. Anchors the other end through a clip in the fuselage. She taps some keys on the computer.

Light FLARES from a side mounted projector, spewing out a hologram of a whirling pentangle design, which hovers above the ancient plot.

Before anyone can stop her she upends herself and is rappeling face down towards the plot.

As the pilot fights to maintain the bucking craft level, she hangs in space a couple of feet above the ground.

Rachel utters incantations in an unknown tongue. She pulls an AIR INJECTOR from a pouch in her combats and fires it at the ground. A coloured cloud of ancient dust billows in the downdraft.

The ground CRACKLES with a pulsating blue light. It starts to shift, seems to shimmer with unseen forces.

The helicopter LURCHES. Her line is torn from the ground. She hangs beneath the jerking craft buffeted by a twenty ton downdraft.

Above her John hooks a winch onto her line, and as she climbs up he hits the button, reeling her up as she hangs on. She scrambles onto the edge of the hatch. Just in time.

BANG! The plot yields to her SPELL and the block of frozen earth EXPLODES upwards as the Chinook hurtles into the night sky.

TITLES

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

WHOOSH! The black shape of an ANTANOV AN124-100 transport plane hurtles past us. A sinister whale carrying a mythological Jonah in it's belly.

Below us the edge of a country in the sea slips away as we head across the moonlit expanse of water towards the dark shape of an ISLAND a few miles from the coast.

As we near the ground a thin ribbon of LIGHT flares into life showing us where to land.

EXT. SNAKE ISLAND - BLACK SEA - ROMANIA - NIGHT

Rachel strides across a rain slicked piece of concrete towards the jutting ruins of what looks like an old castle or monastery.

Buffeted by wind from the roaring blades of the ANTANOV 24-100 behind her, she is accompanied by a SOLDIER who trots alongside her to keep up. Behind her we can hear the shouts of MEN as the cargo of frozen earth is unloaded. They all wear Bio-Suits.

RACHEL

Get it into the base and maintain  
the temperature at minus  
10c...nobody is to go near it  
unless they are in full Bio-  
suits...understand.

The soldier is in awe of her power and beauty, but his  
inquisitiveness gets the better of him.

SOLDIER

Yes Ma'am...pardon me Ma'am, but  
what is it?

Rachel looks at him.

RACHEL

Dark Hell soldier, Dark Hell.

The soldier swallows. Snaps a salute. Watches her go. He  
doesn't look happy.

Rachel heads towards a STEEL door set into the side of the  
rock beneath the looming ruins.

The door slides open.

INT. BASE - HANGER - NIGHT

She is in what looks like an old aircraft hanger.

To the side of it are several doors that are guarded by armed  
soldiers. She heads towards one and shows her pass. The door  
swings open and slams behind her with a dull THUD!

CORRIDOR

She's in a corridor now, as she passes a notice-board we see  
a brightly coloured poster. HALLOWEEN PAINT-BALL EXERCISE AND  
PARTY. She smiles as she sees it.

RACHEL

Any excuse to shoot at people.

She comes to her quarters and opens the door. She goes in.

INT. RACHEL'S QUARTERS

A spartan affair, an iron cot -- wardrobe and a chair with a  
basin and a table. A full length mirror is the only luxury  
that has obviously been added -- it looks out of place.

Rachel drops her pack onto the bed and takes some things out  
of it. A small framed picture.



A smiling Adam and her from five years ago. She looks at it before placing it gently on the bedside cabinet. She produces a folder marked TOP SECRET - MYTHOLOGICAL WEAPONS UNIT.

She flicks through it and we catch glimpses of various mythical creatures -- a MINOTAUR, half man half beast, KRAKKEN a giant squid, MEDUSA a demon with snakes as hair -- she comes to a page marked RAVANOR.

A picture of a crude woodcut showing a monster hunched over with a misshapen head and talons. She flicks to a mission page containing a presidential seal.

RACHEL (V.O.)

After David's death I went to pieces. Not caring whether I lived or died made the people under me nervous.

She flicks through the folder. We see a MAP of the Roumanian coast line and a picture of an Island -- a name SNAKE ISLAND.

RACHEL

Becoming head of the Mythological Weapons unit seemed a good solution, after all I was dealing with things that no one believed in...assessing them for military use...bringing myth back to life.

She flicks through some more sheets of paper. These look like blurred photocopies. Records of military personnel and top secret mission details.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Bringing the Ravanor back was only part of what brought me to Snake Island...

She studies a report in front of her -- flashes of information -- Blue on blue incident -- officer in charge transferred -- A picture of a hard faced individual COLONEL STAGG.

ON RACHEL

Her eyes as she stares at the picture.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

What I wanted most, was revenge.

BACK TO SCENE

As Rachel tidies her pack away and lies down on her bed. She flicks the light off plunging us into DARKNESS.

INT. BASE - RACHEL'S QUARTERS - NIGHT - LATER

DARKNESS

Rachel twists and turns in her sleep.

INT. BASE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The sound of a COFFEE DISPENSER gurgling into a cup.

Rachel is wearing a dressing gown. She takes the coffee cup and heads back down the corridor towards her room.

She takes a sip.

She looks up, the corridor seems to have changed.

It stretches away into infinity.

Behind her she hears a CLACK! CLACK! CLACK! It sounds like bone shears rubbing together.

Rachel increases her speed. The corridor seems to elongate and move away from her, her vision distorts.

From behind her we hear the THUD! THUD! THUD! Of a large creature gaining on her.

Suddenly the overhead fluorescent begin to snap off.

They go off behind her plunging the corridor into a shrinking strip of light...the DARKNESS closing in behind until she is left in one harsh square of light in the darkness.

The pale tube above her flickers, an unnatural wind soughs along the corridor making her shiver involuntarily.

And then she hears the sound.

At the very edge of the light. A wet guttural sound, not human. Sounds like a piece of flesh being pulled from a carcass.

From the darkness a voice.

VOICE (O.S.)

You couldn't leave me alone could  
you...

(a beat as it draws a  
ragged wet breath, then.)

(MORE)

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Do you really think you can control  
me...centuries of power...held in  
check by your crude science and  
primitive spells...you can never  
tame the beast...it will destroy  
you all!

Rachel moves forwards. Something moves it's head, leans out  
of the shadows. It is the DEMON. But it is in a transient  
stage.

Half corpse half Bio-engineered. The hideous thing looks at  
her.

Rachel is frozen with fear. She summons up the courage and  
addresses it.

RACHEL

I want revenge...he killed my  
partner...he won't get away with  
it...you can avenge Adam.

TRANSIENT

Are you prepared to pay the price?

Rachel nods.

RACHEL

He was my life, I would gladly give  
it to avenge him.

The creature chuckles.

TRANSIENT

So be it...you think that your life  
is the most precious thing you can  
give...you're wrong. You don't  
understand the depths of despair  
you'll fathom...there is a DARK  
HELL that you will travel  
through...a Darkness that will  
destroy the very fabric of your  
being...

Rachel blanches.

RACHEL

I'm not afraid...

The CREATURE laughs, it's not a pleasant sound.

TRANSIENT

You don't know the meaning of  
fear...I've been buried alive...  
(MORE)

TRANSIENT (CONT'D)

burned in hell and worse...much  
worse...all for the sake of  
vengeance...you will live through  
all of that...and for what?

RACHEL

For love.

TRANSIENT

Love? A human vanity, a transient  
of imagination, created by the  
fickle frailty that is  
mankind...well so be it...taste the  
fear...

And suddenly it becomes a huge black shape that smothers  
Rachel, blotting out the light with a terrifying SCREECH!

BACK TO SCENE

ON RACHEL

Jerking awake with a start. She snaps a bedside light on.  
Her face is covered with a sheen of sweat.

In a reflex action she reaches for the pendent hanging round  
her neck.

RACHEL

What the hell was that?

She rubs her eyes. Maybe it was a bad dream. She looks at the  
time on a RED LED readout. 2.00 Am. She groans. Snaps off the  
light.

INT. BASE - LAB - CONTAINMENT ROOM - NIGHT

It's dark in here. A large amorphous shape sits motionless in  
the middle of the sealed room.

The jagged square of frozen earth steaming with cold mist  
rests on a METAL UNIT. Hoses and electrical wiring are hooked  
into the earth via the base. The temperature is maintained  
and readouts are taken from this unit.

CLOSE ON

THE EARTH.

Insects, beetles and wriggling centipedes shift amongst the  
sleeping soil.

A viscous liquid seeps from the soil, collects on the metal,  
and is drained into the base.

Above the unit an infra red beam of light scans back and forth across the soil. The earth and its contents are gradually being thawed out.

BACK TO SCENE

IN CONTROL ROOM - LAB

A mass of equipment racks jammed with flat screen readouts,

A scientist, HARRISON a wiry earnest young man in his twenties but with the brain of a small planet is making notes and checking read-outs from the battery of screens.

He yawns and takes a sip of his coffee. He looks around him, he's pulled the graveyard shift, there is no one else around.

He goes to his briefcase and pulls out a magazine furtively from inside it.

We see the cover. SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN - "New Black Holes Discovered"

He opens the magazine and settles back in his seat.

He flicks through the mag. We catch glimpses of naked women as he flicks through the pages. He's using the Scientific journal as a cover.

EXT. BASE - LANDING STRIP - DAWN

A helicopter touches down, disgorges its passengers.

In the background we see the military version of electric golf carts, with small winches on the back of them connected to trailers by wire hawsers.

SOLDIERS are loading strange metal capsules onto the trailers, maybe six or seven. The CARTS make their way past us. We catch sight of one of the capsules. It has a reinforced glass inspection plate. It's frosted over.

We see the helicopter passengers, six dog tired SOLDIERS head towards the base. They are led by a mean looking SOB with a salt and pepper crew cut and ice grey eyes. Meet COLONEL STAGG.

A man appears alongside him. A craggy faced career soldier. Sergeant CRAIG, Stagg's right hand man, a CAN DO in a world of WHY BOTHER.

CRAIG

Home sweet home.

Four SOLDIERS take up the rear. FROSTY a lanky and taciturn man with a thousand yard stare and a brain with the shift stick jammed in neutral.

JOSH a good looking and wisecracking COMMS specialist looks around him at the crumbling ruins and the desolate landscape.

JOSH  
Where the hell are we?

Stagg takes a cigar out. Clamps his jaw around it but doesn't light it, he sees smoking as a weakness.

STAGG  
Snake Island.

SUZ, a tough SLAVIC featured GUN BUNNY joins them, she spits.

SUZ  
No shinola.

Stagg heads towards the base entrance.

STAGG  
Back in the cold war days the  
Ruskis used this as an  
interrogation centre...then they  
got all cuddly with the IMF and we  
got it as a sweetener for the  
deal...Romanian government thinks  
its a scientific base studying  
ornithology...

The final soldier, KING a huge black man with anti-stereotypical sensitivity lumbers past them.

He sees a grubby seagull whirling overhead.

KING  
Might see some black winged stilt  
if we're lucky...

SUZ snorts.

SUZ  
That's gonna happen.

As they head towards the base they look like they have been to hell and back.

Stagg looks at them.

STAGG

Get some rest...I want you in good  
shape for the exercise...we're  
gonna whip those pussies...

Craig comes alongside him.

CRAIG

You'd better get some rest too  
Colonel...we got a briefing with  
the propeller heads later...

Stagg's eyes narrow and he clamps down on his cigar.

STAGG

That's a given Sergeant...me and my  
friend Jack D are gonna discuss it  
right now...

Craig snaps a salute.

CRAIG

Colonel.

He doubles off towards the base.

INT. COLONEL STAGG'S QUARTERS - DAY

As spartan as Rachel's, but here there is evidence of a  
lifetime of military habit. Boots gleam, clothes are folded  
to the millimeter and everything is in its rightful place.

A half drunk bottle of Jack Daniels is up ended into a glass  
tumbler -- the amber liquid dancing with fire. Stagg takes a  
deep drink. His hands tremble, he is a man with his own  
demons. Some papers are spread out on his bed. A file marked  
RACHEL VASS -- he flicks through it -- comes to a page with  
the name ADAM MASON on it. A line catches our attention --  
KILLED IN ACTION -- REMAINS TRANSFERRED TO ARCTIC STORM.

INT. BASE - LAB CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Stagg and Craig are in the control room with Rachel and  
Harrison and a couple of edgy LAB ASSISTANTS, LOU and ABE.  
The CONTROL ROOM overlooks the containment area where the  
DEMON lies.

The earth has been stripped away and the withered corpse of  
RAVENOR now lies steaming on it's steel bed. Rachel has a  
computer hooked up to an overhead projector as she talks.

RACHEL

Legend has it that a child with a misshapen head was born during the time of the witch-hunts. The mother was so terrified that she smothered the child rather than risk being accused of sleeping with the devil.

She shows them medieval woodcut pictures of the monster, and newspaper clippings of mysterious deaths supposedly caused by people invoking the Demon of revenge that is Ravanor.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

The myth is, she buried it alive.

Stagg clamps down on his cigar.

STAGG

No shit.

Rachel ignores him and presses on.

RACHEL

It developed into a Demon, avenging all who invoked it's powers.

We see a picture of an old drawing of the Demon.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

According to the legend, when somebody is killed unjustly, the victims blood must be mingled with that of the person invoking the Demon. The mixture is used to invoke vengeance on the guilty...

STAGG

This operation has already run up a tab of two billion dollars...this better work or my ass is in a sling...

He turns to Rachel.

STAGG (CONT'D)

And you're out of a job.

Rachel locks eyes.

RACHEL

Genetic mythology is a completely new field, the Mythological Weapons Unit is way beyond anything science has ever achieved before...



Harrison polishes his glasses nervously. Coughs.

HARRISON  
We are playing God.

Rachel looks at him.

RACHEL  
Or the Devil.

Stagg looks at her.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
Tibetan mythology speaks of a tall black man, a Demon that roamed the earth. He stole the sun and brought down the rain, turned the world into a wilderness...

Harrison swallows.

HARRISON  
What was his name?

Rachel looks at him.

RACHEL  
He was known as DARK HELL, after a part of hell reserved for the greatest forces of evil. We believe he may have been an earlier version of the Ravanor Demon...the mythology has been passed down and exaggerated through the centuries...

Stagg clears his throat.

STAGG  
I think we should see if the claims are exaggerated.

Rachel looks alarmed.

RACHEL  
I thought we were waiting for the modifications.

HARRISON  
I have to compile the genetic and molecular modeling, the Kevlar exoskeleton and the mercury blood plasma are an essential...

STAGG

Whatever. I'm getting heat from upstairs, they wanna' see some blood for their money.

Rachel bites her lip. She's not happy about this.

STAGG (CONT'D)

Don't get your panties in a bunch. This woman murdered five kids and put their bodies through a mincer before feeding them to her dog...she's looking at the needle anyway.

He keys an intercom.

STAGG (CONT'D)

Bring her in.

INT. CONTAINMENT ROOM - LAB

Two soldiers in NBC suits bring in a woman with no redeeming characteristics. Meet KAZ. In her prison garb she is androgenous. Lank blonde hair frames an emotionless face with black holes for eyes and a lipless line for a mouth.

The SOLDIERS attach her to electronic manacles against one wall.

They each produce an air driven injector and move over to the corpse.

INT. CONTAINMENT ROOM - CONTROL ROOM

Stagg watches.

STAGG

We're using the blood from two of her victims, a mother and her daughter. That should keep the Demon's mythology happy.

He looks at Rachel.

RACHEL

There's no logic with Mythology...we don't really know what will happen...that's why we have it in the containment area.

HARRISON

Er, we have a contingency plan for the modified Demon...it's circulatory system will be mercury based...mercury freezes at 38.9 Centigrade. We'll seal it in and supercool it down to below 38.9 Centigrade.

STAGG

What happens then?

RACHEL

The creature will become too heavy to move and its system will lock solid, it will be harmless.

HARRISON

There's no plan for the original mythology...though once its revenge cycle is complete; it should revert back to its inanimate state.

RACHEL

I advise against invoking the original Demon...we can't predict what will happen.

STAGG

Well, we're about to find out.

INT- CONTAINMENT LAB - THAT MOMENT

The soldiers move over to the Demon cadaver.

THISS! THISS!

They inject it with the samples.

They then turn and move as quickly as the suits allow. The door hisses open and they leave.

INT. CONTAINMENT ROOM - CONTROL ROOM

Stagg watches an overhead MONITOR which shows the DEMON.

Things are happening.

The blood is being absorbed into it's system.

SERIES OF SHOTS

Blood flowing through veins.

Muscular activity as flesh begins to reform.

Cracking sounds as bones re-form.

CLOSE ON Talons growing.

EYES burning GREEN and lizard like in a swelling head.

The process is over.

The creature turns it's head.

It ROARS!

INT. CONTAINMENT ROOM - LAB CONTROL ROOM

Everybody takes an involuntary step backwards.

STAGG

It ain't too happy.

He hits a key on the control desk.

INT. CONTAINMENT ROOM - LAB

CLOSE ON

Electronic shackles unlocking.

BACK TO SCENE

On KAZ

A SOUND it seems to be all around us. A keening cry, soft and eerie...the VOICES of small children...the voices meld and multiply...they seemed to be whispering to Kaz.

VOICES

You took our lives...and now we'll  
take yours.(Giggling, And  
laughing.)

An unexpected shift in her expression. Might be fear.

And then it happens. So quick you'd miss it if you weren't expecting it.

The Demon EXPLODES off the metal gurney.

A razor sharp bone scythes through the air...

THUD!

It impales Kaz through the chest.

Blood sprays everywhere.

The monster brings Kaz towards it like a wriggling Kebab.

She's already dying. But alive enough to make a hideous wet SCREAM as the Demon finishes her off.

With a ROAR!

It tears her to shreds with it's TALONS.

INT. CONTAINMENT LAB - CONTROL ROOM

SPLAT!

Blood and body parts slide down the armoured glass of the observation window.

STAGG

Jeez!

Through the glass the Demon turns towards us.

HARRISON

What happens now?

Rachel looks at the Creature. It looks her right in the eye. Something passes between them, the look a mother gives a child, a look of infinite sadness and love.

And then it's over.

The monster shrinks in front of us.

Within seconds it is the shrivelled corpse again.

RACHEL

The vengeance is complete...it's job's done...

INT- RACHELS QUARTERS - DAY

Rachel has a laptop set up and is on the internet studying the history of SNAKE ISLAND.

There is a knock at the door.

She opens it.

It's Josh. He's brought some coffee.

JOSH

Thought you could use this. Hear you've been pulling some hours on this project.

Rachel takes the coffee.

RACHEL

Thanks...you don't look so rested yourself.

JOSH

Well you know what the nightlife's like in the desert...someone has to count the sand grains.

RACHEL

Right...well thanks for that...  
(she pauses awkwardly)  
Er?

JOSH

Josh.

RACHEL

Thanks Josh.

Josh stands there.

He sees the PHOTOGRAPH of her and ADAM. He recognises Adam. His mind jolts.

EXT. FLASHBACK - DESERT - NIGHT

HELL. Thick oily smoke billows across a sky streaked red by FLARES falling through the boiling black night.

Tracer bullets HUM past us like angry bees CLANGING off burning armoured vehicles. Small arms fire comes and goes.

Next to a smoking APV ADAM is frantically shouting into a COMMS PACK MIC.

ADAM

We need an extract immediate...we are cut off from our unit...fifty or more hostile have us trapped...

THUD! THUD! THUD! A burning hail of 50MM shells blow the pack from beside him.

He hits the dirt.

The sky rains FIRE as the remains of the APV is blown to pieces.

INT. RACHELS QUARTERS - NOW

ON JOSH

His face is confused and scared -- he pulls himself together.

Rachel looks at him. She's attracted to him, and beneath his confusion he is plainly attracted to her -- but right now he has other things on his mind.

RACHEL  
Are you all right?

JOSH  
Er, yes...thank you Ma'am. See you  
at the exercise.

He snaps a salute. Closes the door.

INT. CORRIDOR - BASE

Josh walks away he has a look on his face, worry and guilt in equal measure.

INT- RACHELS QUARTERS - DAY - THAT MOMENT

Rachel smiles to herself as she sips the coffee.

RACHEL  
Another time, another place Josh.

She picks up the PHOTO of Adam and her.

ON RACHEL

Her eyes are full of tears. She touches her silver vial beneath her shirt.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
Forever Adam, forever.

CLOSE ON

A NEEDLE drawing blood from an ARM.

The syringe fills with the RED liquid.

BACK TO SCENE

ON RACHEL

She removes the syringe and INJECTS the liquid into a screw top glass VIAL.

INT. RACHELS QUARTERS - LATER

Rachel has her laptop open. She delves deeper into the military SECRET files. She finds something called FOOLS GOLD. She opens the folder.

It shows a detailed plan of the Military spec Ravanor. She sees a link at the bottom of the screen it says VERSIONS.

She hits the link and it throws up different pictures of various versions of Ravanor with higher specs, more advanced features.

(NB. It should be clear from these graphics that this is an armoured version of Ravanor.) Alongside the descriptions are prices in various currencies, they are in millions. Rachel sees another folder marked Top Secret, it's called ARCTIC STORM. She opens the folder. She just has time to see a file called MORGUE 101 when the computer network is cut off.

INT. STAGGS - OFFICE - THAT MOMENT

In Stagg's office a warning flashes up on his computer.

ALERT - ILLEGAL FILE ACCESS.

INT. BASE - RACHEL'S QUARTERS - THAT MOMENT

Rachel throws up a schematic of the base.

RACHEL

Okay...were would a morgue be?

We see a 3D version of the BASE layout. This will be a thematic device throughout the film to show us the geography of the base,

We see the route to the MEDICAL WING.

INT. CORRIDOR - BASE MEDICAL WING - DAY

Two soldiers COMIC and NANO are standing outside a door.

Comic, as befits his name is reading BLACKHAWK an American graphic comic from the 1950s. Either No: 187

"The Portrait that doomed Blackhawk." Or less subtle. No: 188  
"The petrified giant of Blackhawk Island."

His companion NANO is wired into an Apple Nano Ipod. He Jiggles his head to the music in his ears. Sings badly.

NANO

C'mon baby one more time...

Comic looks across in disgust.

COMIC

Twat.



They spot Rachel heading their way. The comic is palmed the Nano silenced.

They snap to attention and salute.

RACHEL

At ease.

She holds up her hand. An ORNATE RING with a reflective surface causes a globule of LIGHT to dance over Comic's face. He seems to float in an alternate reality, under her thrall. Comic looks at a pass only he can see.

Nano looks at him, what's he seeing? Light motes from Rachel's ring flicker over his face, now he sees the pass as well.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

I need to check some supplies.

It's obvious they are seeing what she wants them to see. Comic punches a code into a keypad next to the door. The door opens.

Rachel goes in.

Nano and Comic seem to come out of a trance.

NANO

Did you hear something?

COMIC

Na.

They go back to reading and listening to music.

INT. STAGGS OFFICE - THAT MOMENT

Stagg and Craig check their weapons and leave the office. Heading down the corridor.

INT. MEDICAL FACILITY - THAT MOMENT

Rachel goes in and closes the door.

She looks around. Goes over to a FILING CABINET. She rifles through it. We see the front of the cabinet is marked PATIENTS. It is locked with a COMBINATION LOCK. Rachel produces some dust from a small pouch, she dusts the lock. Certain numbers glow. She rotates the tumblers. CLICK! She's in. There is a file marked Arctic STORM. It contains personnel files.

She flicks through the folder. Opens one up. Flicks through the history. We see the final diagnosis. COMA.

She flicks through another, and another; all end with the diagnosis COMA.

RACHEL

Where are you all?

She puts the folders back.

Heads towards a door. It has TRANSIT STORAGE written on it.

She opens the door.

Inside is one of the strange sealed caskets we saw being unloaded from the Cargo plane when Stagg and his men arrived.

Rachel looks at it.

It's EMPTY.

She hears a noise. Turns towards the sound.

RACHELS QUARTERS - THAT MOMENT

A DOOR is kicked open it's Stagg and Craig, guns drawn as they burst into the room. The computer is still blinking but Rachel's gone. They look at the screen, see the schematic of the MEDICAL WING.

STAGG

C,mon.

They run out of the room into the corridor.

INT. MEDICAL ROOM - THAT MOMENT

VOICES outside. Stagg and Craig.

Rachel shuts the Transit room door and looks around desperately.

She sees a large GLASS fronted WALK IN FRIDGE. It is marked PLASMA STORAGE - TEMPERATURE ALARMED.

She opens the door and looks in.

Bags of Blood plasma are hanging in the chilling vapours,

CORRIDOR

Outside Stagg and Craig are questioning the guards.

COMIC

No Sir...no one has been in or out of here in the last few hours.

NANO  
That's a definite Sir.

PLASMA FRIDGE

Inside Rachel freezes.

CORRIDOR

Stagg pauses. Some sixth sense makes him suspicious. He taps a couple of keys on the card swipe entry pad. A MENU flicks up, he hits ENTRY TIMES, sees a time.

STAGG  
Five minutes ago...someone's in  
there...follow me!

The soldiers look stunned they unhitch their rifles. Stagg swipes the control. They burst into the

PLASMA ROOM

Stagg looks round.

INT. PLASMA FRIDGE - RACHELS POV

we see the temperature gauge. It has coloured segments. They are marked NORMAL, HIGH, HAZARD - ALERT WILL SOUND.

From within the cabinet we look out at Stagg, Craig and the two guards as they search within the room. The plasma bags move ever so slightly.

The needle on the Temperature dial is climbing dangerously high, it's left NORMAL and is heading towards HIGH...something is heating up the cabinet.

And then we see. Two beautiful, green, terrified EYES. Rachel is wedged at the back of the blood Plasma cabinet, as the freezer draws the heat from her body it is killing her and pushing the temperature up.

Her body heat will trigger the hazard alarm in seconds. Stagg prowls round the room, if he were a bloodhound he'd be sniffing. His bloodshot eyes look towards the cabinet.

His hand yanks the door open. Vapour swirls around him obscuring the contents of the cabinet. The needle hovers below HAZARD. He closes the door.

STAGG  
She's been here...she knows  
something.

CRAIG

Can she compromise the operation?

STAGG

She's accessed the files on Fools Gold and Arctic Storm...she knows we plan to clone the Demon...sell it to the highest bidder...

CRAIG

But she doesn't know the full story...

STAGG

Morgue 101...No, and we have to make sure she never does.

CRAIG

Maybe we should find out how good the military spec Demon really is?

He closes the freezer door.

They turn and leave the room. As the door closes Rachel staggers out of the cabinet, teeth chattering, hugging herself, trying to keep warm.

INT. CONTAINMENT ROOM - LAB - LATER

Lying on the metal base is the Ravanor cadaver.

Rachel enters the room. She wears a Bio-Suit.

She wheels a small overhead gantry into position over the creature and begins to connect various lines and tubes into the cadaver.

She connects the system to a series of computer controlled glass injectors.

Rachel starts the flow of dense RED MERCURY BLOOD PLASMA and liquid KEVLAR into the creature's bloodstream and begins the genetic programming that will initiate the re-animation process.

Rachel produces a syringe, she half fills it from the ornate silver vial she wears round her neck containing ADAM'S BLOOD. She then fills the rest of it from the other VIAL containing HER BLOOD.

She injects it into the top of the glass reservoir feeding into the creature's bloodstream. The process has begun. ADAM the victim and RACHEL the avenger.

INT. BARRACKS - LATE AFTERNOON

Josh, King, Frosty and Suz are assembling their kit in preparation for the evenings exercise.

VARIOUS SHOTS.

Paint-ball GUNS being checked.

Masks being fitted.

Paint-ball grenades being attached to belts.

Different florescent colours of paint balls being loaded.

BACK TO SCENE

ON JOSH

He is talking as he loads up his gear.

JOSH

Okay. Let's take them propeller heads down.

KING

They're toast. It's that SOB Stagg and his lap dog Craig...they gonna give you a world of pain...

SUZ

'Aint that the truth.

FROSTY

Yup.

JOSH

Ah, but we have backup.

Josh breathes through a paint-balling mask doing a Vader impression.

JOSH (CONT'D)

The dark-side.

KING

Is this a black thing? You know my feelings on stereotypes.

Josh takes his mask off.

JOSH

You have no idea of the significance of Halloween do you?

(He sighs, then.)

(MORE)

JOSH (CONT'D)

In the fifth century, in Ireland on  
October 31st, summer ended...

KING

Too true bro...when I was there I  
froze my butt off...

SUZ

Not from where I'm standing.

KING

Now that is a black thing.

JOSH

The Celts believed the laws of time  
and space were suspended on this  
day allowing the spirit world to  
intermingle with the living.

SUZ

Enough with the creepy stuff...

FROSTY

I like spirits.

SUZ

Yeah. Mixed with de-icer.

KING

Too true. What was that stuff you  
blew up the barracks with at Camp  
Fuji?

FROSTY

Some dumb ass put the heating  
up...stuffs kinda' sensitive.

JOSH

You know what you guys are...?

They look at him.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Philistines.

Frosty's eyes glaze over as he drifts away.

FROSTY

Knew a Filipino girl once...she  
could do this thing...

SUZ

Hold that thought.

KING  
So where's little Miss Spooky?

SUZ  
Guess she's still stirring that  
cauldron.

They laugh.

KING  
She 'aint no witch, she's one foxy  
lady...

Rachel appears behind him. He doesn't notice.

KING (CONT'D)  
I tell you what bro, she can ride  
my broomstick anytime.  
(He notices Suz giving him  
a look.)  
She's behind me isn't she.

He turns to see her. He grins.

KING (CONT'D)  
Sorry Ma'am, please don't turn me  
into a frog...

Rachel smiles.

RACHEL  
Now why would I do that?

JOSH  
I think Corporal King is confusing  
Mythology with Magic Ma'am.

RACHEL  
Happens to me all the time.  
(A beat, then.)  
Anyway, haven't we got an exercise  
to go to? I hear that Colonel Stagg  
has never been beat.

STAGG  
That's 'cos he has the luck of the  
Devil...with respect Ma'am.

RACHEL  
Well maybe his luck is about to  
change.

KING  
Yo to that.

RACHEL

Then hop to it Corporal.

King looks nervously down to his feet.

KING

You're joshing me..right.

Rachel winks at him. He swallows.

JOSH

Okay people, lock and load, lets  
make them squeal.

INT. CONTAINMENT ROOM - LAB - THAT MOMENT

It's dark in here. Lit by the glow of screens and LED lights  
on equipment.

On the steel unit something stirs.

There is a loud SUCKING sound as a huge form rises up from  
the cold steel surface.

It stands dripping in the room.

It moves slowly towards the thick glass between it and the  
control room. THUD! The weight of it on the floor causes the  
glass to vibrate.

As it moves into the bluish light from the screens within the  
control room we see it clearly for the first time.

It's massive. Over seven foot of wet, glistening hideousness.

It has a grey and black mottled skin, it's chest resembles an  
armour plated insect. Its face looks like the original  
Ravanor but with more of an angled streamlined look.

It flexes its TALONS like a child trying out a new toy.  
CLACK! CLACK! CLACK! The individual Talons rotate to form a  
bone cutting edged blade.

THUD! THUD! THUD!

It moves towards the door of the containment area.

SWISH!

The door opens electronically.

The demon goes through.

DARK HELL is coming to the party and he's bringing the gift  
of death!



EXT. FOREST NEXT TO BASE - MAGIC HOUR

The two teams are assembled. RED TEAM are composed of Rachel, Suz, Frosty, King and Josh. BLUE TEAM are composed of Stagg, Craig, Harrison, Abe and Lou. To distinguish them apart they wear Blue and Red armbands with their names on them. Stagg addresses the assembled group.

STAGG

Okay listen up. The objective is to capture the target hut which is one click from here...first team to plant their flag on the roof wins.

Craig takes over.

CRAIG

Okay...Red Team will get a five minute start...'cos you got two women in your team...

Suz grunts.

SUZ

That's two advantages then isn't it Sarge...we should be giving you a five minute start.

Laughter.

FROSTY

Way to go babe.

They hit palms.

KING

Give me some hungry chickn'

King holds out a cupped hand. Suz pecks in his palm with her bunched fingers.

CRAIG

Okay when you pussies have finished you can get your asses moving. Synchronize yours on my count. Five, four, three, two, one MARK!

And they're off, running through the undergrowth as if their lives depended on it. Josh and Rachel are leading the group. Suz and King follow behind. Frosty covers the rear.

In their black masks they look like demons.

MIX THROUGH TO

EXT. FOREST - MAGIC HOUR

Frosty and King are making their way through the trees.  
Frosty stops.

FROSTY  
Time for refuelling.

He produces a small flask and takes a sip. He Offers it to King, who sniffs it, makes a face.

KING  
Whooa! Last time I smelt that it was coming out of a nitro boosted chevy.

FROSTY  
That stuff is lemonade next to this.

KING  
It'll be dark soon...we need to get nearer.

FROSTY  
You got it.

They move off.

EXT. FOREST - MAGIC HOUR - SAME TIME

Josh is looking through binoculars. Suz and Rachel are looking around.

JOSH  
I can't see anything.

RACHEL  
We could make a break for the hut and maybe pull it off...

They hear the sound of a twig snapping underfoot like a gunshot.

SUZ  
Or not.

Rachel looks at Suz.

RACHEL  
Maybe we can draw their fire...use a decoy.

SUZ  
Not gonna happen...what?

RACHEL

You're the fastest...you've the best chance of getting nearest to the target before...

Suz groans.

SUZ

Before they whup my ass.

Josh smiles encouragement, offers his palm for the hungry chicken routine. Suz looks at him.

SUZ (CONT'D)

Feed your own chickens.

EXT. FOREST - MAGIC HOUR - MOMENTS LATER

Suz is in a ready position. She waits for Rachel's signal. Rachel points a finger.

Suz is off. Running like a bat from hell she hurtles through the light undergrowth.

Josh scans the surrounding area for any sign of movement.

Suz is no more than twenty yards from the hut when it happens.

What looks like a piece of brushwood on the ground rises up.

THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!

A stream of fluorescent blue splatters hit Suz, one in the head and a double tap to the heart.

She sinks to the ground on her knees, an over dramatic display of the Platoon movie poster.

SUZ

Aw nuts!

We just glimpse a pair of grey eyes through the mask, and a flash of grey pepper hair, and then he's gone, merging back into the forest to the side of the hut like a ghost.

JOSH

Damn! He's fast!

EXT. FOREST - MAGIC HOUR - BLUE TEAM - THAT MOMENT

Abe and Lou are making their way towards the target area, being scientists first and soldiers second they are not very good at it. Stumbling and crashing through the undergrowth.

They come to a small area of trees with a flat topped boulder offering them a view of the hut. Abe is the more phlegmatic of the two, he's taller than Lou and a little more squirrely. They'd be married if they weren't so pug ugly.

ABE

Let's hang fire here. My feet are killing me.

Lou is used to toeing the party line.

LOU

Shouldn't we get nearer to the hut?

Abe looks at him.

ABE

I'm dying here and you wanna play the Bruce Willis part.

He shakes his head and begins to loosen his boots.

ABE (CONT'D)

Damn things, who makes these anyway...the Acme vice company.

He massages his feet. Lou looks uncomfortable.

ABE (CONT'D)

Hey, don't let me slow you down; go take a hit in the head. I ain't gonna die in a ditch...

Lou holds his hands up.

LOU

Okay, we'll stay here.

(a beat as he ruminates, then.)

You can be such a Moosehead...I just don't wanna get on the wrong side of Stagg...that is one mean mother...I heard he made some jarhead carry a hundred pound pack full of rocks for twenty clicks...just because he forgot to salute!

Abe has finished with his feet and is trying to get comfortable with his back against the rock.

ABE

I can believe it.

(A contemplative moment,  
then.)

You know why he got posted out to  
this hell hole?

Lou shrugs, sits down next to him.

LOU

Naa...there was talk of some sort  
of screw up on an exercise...

ABE

I heard that.

LOU

You heard that? Then whaddaya  
bustin' my chops asking me if I  
heard anything...you're the  
Moosehead...

ABE

I heard it was a friendly fire  
incident. That's why they buried  
him out here.

LOU

Oh now you're a freakin'  
oracle...you schmuck.

Abe is getting pissed now.

ABE

Schmuck? Okay, that's it, you wanna  
piece of me...ya Moosehead.

He stands up, does a circular movement with his hands.

Lou looks at him, pulls himself upright with a sigh.

LOU

What is that? Looks like you're  
helping you're grandma wind wool.

Abe sneers.

ABE

That.

(He strikes a stupid pose)  
is The deadly art of Hapkido...be  
ready for anyone or anything...

THWACK!

A bright RED paint ball smacks into his ear.

ABE (CONT'D)

Damn!

They both try and run away. Crash into each other and then start to run off in different directions.

THWACK!

A RED paint-ball smacks LOU in the nuts. Game over.

EXT. FOREST - MAGIC HOUR - BLUE TEAM - THAT MOMENT

Josh and Rachel are controlling their laughter as they make their way round the right side of the hut.

RACHEL

Did you see Abe's face?

Josh smiles. Imitates Abes move.

JOSH

Be prepared for anyone or anything.  
What a pair of Mooseheads.

Rachel looks at her watch.

RACHEL

Where are Frosty and King?

She looks through binoculars.

Nothing to be seen.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT - RED TEAM - HIGH POV

Looking down on King and Frosty. They walk towards the hut.

FROSTY

You think we should go for it?

KING

Yaa, why not. You got the flag?

Frosty looks blank.

FROSTY

I thought you had it.

BACK TO SCENE

AT GROUND LEVEL

Suddenly they disappear under a barrage of BLUE paint balls.

THWACK! THWACK! THWACK!

They look like a couple of Blueberry muffins.

Harrison appears. He's grinning from ear to ear.

HARRISON

He shoots..he sco...!

He never gets to finish his line.

A deluge of Red paint-balls takes him out.

KING

Beautiful. We just need some  
seagull poop and we got the  
American flag.

Rachel and Josh appear.

RACHEL

Okay you guys, head on back to base  
and get your glad rags on.

Harrison takes his spectacles off. He looks like an owl. He  
wipes them clean.

HARRISON

I'm going as Dr. Frankenstein by  
the way, so I don't want any  
costume clashes.

Josh smiles.

JOSH

Nice one. You're wearing a white  
coat then?

HARRISON

Yup.

KING

Solid.

They all troop off and disappear into the forest. Josh looks  
around through the Binoculars. Rachel produces some dust from  
a pouch. She lets it drift into the air. Josh notices. It  
rises into the air, it shows up a trellis of light streaming  
from the tree above them. A silhouette appears on the ground.  
A crouching MAN with a GUN. Rachel catches Josh's eye, she  
flicks a look above them.

RACHEL

I say we head on down towards the hut...see if we can flush them out.

(She flicks her eyes up,  
Josh acknowledges the  
look, she mouths a  
countdown)

One, two, THREE!

They both drop down and let off a barrage of paint-balls UP into the tree behind them.

EXT. TREE - THEIR POV - THAT MOMENT

Craig is covered in BLUE paint.

He looks down from his position.

CRAIG

Damn!

Rachel whirls and sprints towards the hut with her flag in her hand.

She's a matter of feet from it when Stagg rises up onto one knee like a spirit...starts to level his gun.

Rachel doesn't break stride, with one fluid movement she back-flips through the air.

THUD!

She lands on top of Stagg's helmet, uses him as a jumping off point and lands like a panther on the HUT ROOF!

She slams the flag into a support and does a victory SHIMMY.

If Stagg's eyes were lasers she would be vaporised by now. But as it is they just burn with a ferocious anger.

INT. HANGER - BASE - NIGHT

The party is in full swing. Music blares from the speakers and the amps are fed via an IPOD.

The local GIRLS make up for their lack of sophistication by being young, well endowed and drop dead gorgeous.

One of the girls wears a transparent plastic Ghost outfit that leaves nothing to the imagination and a lot to gravity. Catwomen is looking hot, and a young lady dressed as a witch is sure to burn in hell for the length of stockinged leg on show.



Harrison is chatting to a gorgeous blonde wearing a dress as an afterthought who seems to have trouble understanding what he's saying. He's wearing a white coat with a glittering gold slogan on the back. "ASTROPHYSICISTS DO IT FASTER THAN LIGHT."

HARRISON

No...a white Dwarf has nothing to do with Elves...

Abe and Lou are sipping drinks glumly next to the snack area.

They are both dressed as Albert Einstein with wild hair and bad moustaches.

ABE

I thought you said Eisenstein...the Russian guy...Battleship Potemkin?

LOU

I have the boxed set of Buffy the Vampire Slayer...do I look like a Russian film fan?

King and Suz are doing a dance that would have them imprisoned in nine states. CAT-WOMAN, drunk, giggly and spilling out of her dress is having an altercation with one of the soldiers. She slaps his face and heads for the EXIT.

EXT. RUINS ABOVE THE BASE

Above her the moon is full. Cat-Woman sits down amongst the ruins, she rifles in her bag and lights up a cigarette.

INT. BASE - RACHEL'S QUARTERS - THAT MOMENT

Rachel is getting ready. She's looking good, a little black dress and stockings with high heels, she wears a black glittery top decorated with silver symbols, over a white clingy blouse. A red witches hat is on the bed.

She moves over to a full length MIRROR on a stand.

On Rachel in the mirror staring at her beautiful face. She touches her smooth skin. Sees a wrinkle she hadn't noticed before. She adds some lip gloss and puts on the Red WITCHES hat.

RACHEL

Party time.

INT. HANGER - BASE - NIGHT

Josh and Rachel are chatting and nursing drinks. Josh has come as Gandalf from Lord Of The Rings.

RACHEL  
So how long have you known Colonel  
Stagg?

Josh looks awkward.

JOSH  
I joined his unit a few months  
back...then we were posted out  
here.

RACHEL  
Have you noticed anything strange  
going on at the base?

JOSH  
I'm guessing something called the  
Mythological weapons Unit isn't  
exactly ordinary.

She moves closer. Making sure no one can hear.

RACHEL  
You've got a point. No I  
mean...well, what are the cargo  
planes and helicopters bringing in  
overnight?

Josh shrugs.

JOSH  
Supplies and stuff.

RACHEL  
No, these things look like  
environmentally sealed capsules...

JOSH  
You think the Stagg is running some  
sort of drugs op in the base?

RACHEL  
No...I think it's weirder than  
that...

A KLAXON blares out. Everybody stops dancing.

JOSH  
What's that?

RACHEL

There's been a breech...the Bio-  
Containment area...

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT - THAT MOMENT

Frosty is walking back from the forest. He seems a little worse for wear. He still carries his Paint-gun and swigs from his drinks flask.

He spots Cat-Woman sitting wreathed in smoke.

FROSTY

Miaow.

He goes over to her.

FROSTY (CONT'D)

You look like you could do with a  
pick me up.

She looks at him.

CAT-WOMAN

Maybe I don't want to be picked up.

Frosty gives a shit eating grin.

FROSTY

I'm strictly on a sale or return  
basis.

Cat-Woman smiles. Takes the offered flask. She chugs a mouthful down. It acts like a hormone turbocharger. She dives at him like an exocet...mouth clamping round his.

We hear the sound CLACK! CLACK! CLACK! The girl pulls away.

CAT-WOMAN

What's that?

Her hand goes to something hanging around her throat.

Something moves in the shadows, Frosty moves towards it.

We hear an eerie whispering again.

VOICES

Frosty, Frosty...say goodbye.

He hears the sound of something heading his way. He looks over the WALL. Points his GUN in the direction of the noise.

PHUT! PHUT! PHUT!

He looses off a volley of florescent rounds. He looks at the towering figure. Squints up at it, still dazed by the alcohol.

FROSTY

Nice outfit sucker, but you're still so dead...

He tails off. As a glittering razor talon slashes through the darkness. DARK BLOOD sprays across the pale rocks. Frosty's left the party early.

INT. CORRIDOR -BASE - THAT MOMENT

Rachel is making her way through the corridor. She doubles up in pain.

FLASHES

Frosties terrified face.

Talons slicing him.

Blood spraying on rocks.

BACK TO SCENE

ON RACHEL

RACHEL

Oh God!

She realises that she is feeling through the creature.

EXT. RUINS OUTSIDE BASE - NIGHT - THAT MOMENT

Ravanor tosses aside the remains of Frosty and leans down towards the cowering beauty that is Cat-women.

The creature's face, blood dripping from its fangs looks into her eyes.

She opens her mouth to scream, but nothing comes out.

She's paralysed with fear.

The creature SNIFFS.

He sees the Gris Gris round the girls neck and WHOOSH!

He's gone. A thundering figure disappearing into the dark.

The girl starts to SCREAM! She continues screaming as she runs back down towards the base.

INT. CONTAINMENT ROOM - LAB - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

In the Control room overlooking the LAB Rachel is wearing a Bio-Suit and has been joined by a worse for wear collection of suited and booted Scientists, Abe, Lou and Harrison. Josh has suited up and is also with Rachel. Rachel goes to hit the security codes and crack open the doors.

Inside the chamber the Creature looks like it is still lying there, but as they get closer they see that the injectors feeding it are dripping onto the floor, what is left is just the hardened skin, like some hideous PUPAE having given birth to the worlds ugliest butterfly.

Ravanor has gone.

RACHEL

We need to get all the civilians  
off the base now!

INT. STAGGS OFFICE - THAT MOMENT

Stagg and Craig are breaking out some GUNS from an armoured cabinet behind his desk.

STAGG

Get down to 101.

CRAIG

Sir?

STAGG

Start the process, I want back up.

Craig looks at him.

CRAIG

They're not ready...very few of  
them will be able to function.

Stagg glares at him. Slams a magazine into his weapon.

STAGG

I don't care...We get what we need  
to finish the job, you got that?

Craig snaps a salute.

CRAIG

Sir!

He marches out of the office.

INT. HANGER - BASE - THAT MOMENT

There is controlled panic amongst the partygoers.

Josh and Rachel are rounding people up.

She calls one of the soldiers over. His name is JANTY, he's Hungarian.

RACHEL

Get these people into the chopper  
and get them off the base A-SAP!

Suz and King come running up.

SUZ

Frosty's missing!

EXT. RUINS OUTSIDE BASE - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Up top Rachel, Josh and Suz are searching the area. King spots something at the edge of the ruin. He shines a torch at it, looks like Frosty peering over a small outcrop.

KING

Yo Frosty, you're missing the  
Party.

He turns to the others.

KING (CONT'D)

Told ya he would be off getting  
high somewhere.

Frosty starts to stand up, and keeps going, he'd have to be 8ft to be where his head is. Then we see what's going on here. The Ravenor has hacked Frosty's head off, he's skewered it on one of his clawed hands and it stares at us dripping blood like a grotesque glove puppet.

PANDEMONIUM.

Tracer rounds light up the sky, amongst the smoke and chaos people are firing at shadows, SUZ screams for control, she's breathing hard, she looks frightened. Ravanor is nowhere to be seen.

Suz comes over a small group of rocks, peers round a wall, gun ready.

Lumps of something on the ground. Blood stains and body parts, what's left of Frosty. We see an arm, notice a tatoo on it. A cartoon bull.

SUZ

Over here.

Rachel and the rest of them come over.

RACHEL

Why Frosty?

ON RACHEL

She wasn't expecting this.

A ROAR! As a chopper swoops overhead carrying the guests off the island.

INT.LIFT TO LOWER LEVEL - BASE - NIGHT

Rachel in the lift. Numbers flickering down on the read-out to the lower level.

INT. BASE LOWER LEVEL.

A myriad of TUNNELS leading off into infinity.

There is no sound down here, just the odd drip of moisture from the ceiling. It looks like this part of the complex has been melded with ancient catacombs.

Rachel reaches into her pocket and unfolds a map she has printed out from her computer.

It looks like a photocopy of an original manuscript.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Where now?

She reaches into her pocket and takes out a small pouch. She scatters a fine powder into the air. It glitters, glowing with a mystical iridescence, curling like coloured smoke along one of the tunnels.

Rachel heads in the direction of the smoke trail.

INT. MORGUE 101 - NOW

CLOSE ON

A TOUCH SCREEN displays a FLUIDICS control screen. It is similar to a water control system. A master processor block leads to over a hundred individual units. We see the legend BATTLE UNITS 1 to 100.

We see a hand tap onto the legend PROTEIN FLOW TEMP INCREASE. The lines linking the master block to the BATTLE UNITS beginning to pulse indicating fluid flow from the storage tank to the individual UNITS. A finger taps three of the numbers. 1-9 AND 12

BACK TO SCENE

ON A SUSPENDED SOLDIER

Tubes lead into a BODY hanging in the air. We see the TEMPERATURE readouts on the MASTER CONTROL screen.

The reading starts to climb from below freezing towards body heat on UNITS 1-9 and 12.

A HAND TWITCHES

FINGERS tremble.

The MUSCLE in a face TICS.

We TRACK past a NECK.

See an ornate SILVER and GLASS VIAL.

It MOVES with the shallow breathing of the chest.

INT. BASE LOWER LEVEL - TUNNEL -NOW

Rachel heads past rows of what looks suspiciously like old cells, they date back centuries. The doors are made from rough hewn wood with bars set into them.

She comes to the end of the tunnel. The coloured smoke has settled against a rough stone wall, clinging to it, forming the glowing outline of a door, almost seamless, its joins barely visible.

RACHEL

Now what?

She looks around for some clue as to how to activate the concealed door.

Something odd about one of the barred doors opposite her. The middle bar of the viewing slot looks cleaner than the others.

Rachel reaches over to it. Pulls on it.

SWISH!

It moves towards her. It's a LEVER.

The huge stone door swings noiselessly open.



A tendril of cold air curls out. She looks inside.

MORGUE 101

The room is vast, like an aircraft hanger underground hewn from the rock. The space is lit with ULTRAVIOLET LIGHT, a purple tinge bathes the sight that greets her.

Hundreds of bodies hang in space.

Supported by tentacles of tubes plugged into an overhead matrix of metal tubing.

PUMPS WHIRR quietly. A gentle sigh runs around the room, the SOUND of shallow breathing bodies. Rachel looks closer. All of the bodies have some sort of injury, massive trauma, missing limbs.

Rachel studies the machines that stand against the walls. Monitors full of LIFE SIGN indicators, the physiological readouts of the inmates. She sees the master DISPLAY, notices the activity on it.

A sign FLASHES - PROCESS INITIATED

All of the bodies wear DOG-TAGS, these are, or rather were soldiers. She looks closer at their ID. The men are from the Middle East, Afghanistan, Chechnya, serving soldiers from the present peace keeping force.

A NOISE behind her.

CLICK!

Sergeant Craig stands there. Rachel turns slowly.

CRAIG

Most people are frightened of the  
unknown, you seem to embrace it.

Rachel looks at him.

RACHEL

The undead don't scare me, it's the  
living I worry about.

(She gestures round the  
room.)

What in Gods name are you doing  
here?

Craig gives a tight smile.

CRAIG

The file you tried to access,  
Arctic Storm. You think the  
American people are ready to see  
the real price of a war?

Rachel looks round at the hanging bodies.

RACHEL

But these...people...they're  
clinically dead...you're telling me  
this is just a face saving exercise  
by the government...a way of  
cheating the official bodycount?

CRAIG

The people don't want another  
friggin' Vietnam; besides medical  
science is evolving all the time.

RACHEL

That's bullshit...these Soldiers  
are never coming back...what are  
you really doing here?

Craig's face hardens. He points the gun at her.

CRAIG

I'm afraid we have to go...you'll  
catch you're death in here...

He shepherds Rachel out into the corridor. The door closes  
behind her. The gun swings round at her. His finger tightens  
on the trigger.

She raises her hands.

RACHEL

You don't want to do that.

The light reflects off her ring. Flickers into his eyes. He  
looks dazed for a moment.

Rachel makes a grab for the gun.

They struggle.

BANG!

The sound echoes round the cavernous corridor.

For a moment we don't know what's happened. Then Craig slides  
to the floor. He's DEAD.

Rachel hears a sound.

Soldiers running at the double.

Two soldiers appear, guns drawn. They are followed by Colonel Stagg.

The soldiers hold her at gunpoint. Stagg looks at Craig, something we haven't seen before flickers across his face. Emotion.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

I didn't kill him...it was an accident.

Stagg turns to the soldiers.

STAGG

Sergeant Rachel Vass I'm arresting you for the murder of Sergeant Craig Pearson and the attempted sabotage of a military operation.

One of the soldiers cuffs Rachel and they lead her away.

AS they leave Stagg bends down.

CLOSE ON

A POOL of Craig's BLOOD

BACK TO SCENE

On STAGG

He stands up, watery eyed and snaps a salute.

STAGG (CONT'D)

You always got the job done buddy.  
Now it's my turn.

He spins on his heel and is gone.

INT. BASE - CORRIDOR - CELL

Rachel is in a small cell. It looks like a holding cell. It is part of a room next to a fuel storage area and FIRE STATION with an emergency generator. It contains a battered desk, a chair with a Walkie-Talkie in a holster hanging from it, a metal hat stand with a faded baseball cap on it. In the back wall of the CELL we see a small grill, protected by three thick iron bars. They look like they are part of the original construction from years back, part of the Monastery.

Stagg is looking at Rachel through the bars at the front of the cell. He turns to the guard.

STAGG

Leave us.

The soldier salutes and leaves.

RACHEL

You were in command of the platoon...the one that attacked Adam...I read the file...you messed up the coordinates...you were drunk...that's why those men died.

STAGG

Half the enlisted men are out of their heads on something...you do whatever it takes to get through...

RACHEL

It won't stop you know...not till you're dead...and anybody else it thinks is responsible...people that get in the way...innocent people.

STAGG

Maybe you should have thought of that before you messed with it.

RACHEL

Let me out...I can help you stop it.

STAGG

Sorry...I have plans.

RACHEL

I saw the Fools Gold file. You can't just clone this thing...they evolve...their genetic structure will mutate...they'll try and avenge all of mankind...we'll be wiped out...

Stagg smiles.

STAGG

You have been busy...Fools Gold is my little pension...I'm gonna screw uncle Sam like they screwed me...

RACHEL

What do you mean?

STAGG

You think this was all my idea?

He comes over to her, gets close. His eyes burning with hatred.

STAGG (CONT'D)

This is a military operation...they want the ultimate weapon...they don't care about collateral damage...as long as it kills more of them than us.

RACHEL

That's insanity.

STAGG

I didn't get the coordinates wrong...and it's not the first time that's happened...where do you think the information comes from?

The blood drains from Rachel's face.

STAGG (CONT'D)

Now you got it...they want high quality bodies down there...and I don't intend to be one of them.

ON RACHEL

Beaten and stunned.

INT. MEDICAL WING - LATER

Craig's body lies on a metal GURNEY.

Stagg looks down on him.

STAGG (CONT'D)

You gotta help me one more time buddy.

He produces a syringe, and draws blood from Craig's arm. He fills half the syringe.

STAGG (CONT'D)

You took a bullet for me in Kabul and gave me your blood in Bazra...now it's my turn to help you...she will pay.

He picks up a scalpel and draws it across his palm. He takes the syringe and draws up the pooling blood from his cupped hand.

INT. CORRIDOR - BASE - THAT MOMENT

Josh, Suz and King are heading at speed down a corridor on the upper level.

JOSH

Rachel's been arrested...they say she killed Craig...no way. Rachel had no reason to kill Craig.

KING

Maybe it was self defence...she must have found something.

SUZ

What ever it is they don't want us to know about it.

JOSH

We need to get a message back to HQ on the mainland, we have to stop this.

They come to a door. We see a sign. COMMUNICATION CENTRE.

They go through the door.

INT. BASE COMMUNICATIONS CENTRE

Josh starts trying to get some communication going. It doesn't look good.

JOSH

Nothing...short wave, VHF and RT something's taken down the masts...only internal comms are active.

He goes to a cupboard, reaches in and takes three Walkie-Talkies out. He takes one and chucks two at King and Suz.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Set to scan, it'll pick up all comms in and out from handhelds round the base...we need to look at Rachel's computer

INT. STAGGS OFFICE - NIGHT

Stagg accompanied by the two soldiers we saw guarding the medical unit, Comic and Nano.

STAGG

You two go and check the helicopter, I want it fuelled and ready, to take off in fifteen minutes.

The soldiers look at each other. They've done the math.

COMIC

Sir.

He snaps a salute and they file out.

INT. BASE - RACHEL'S QUARTERS

Josh, and King are gathered round Rachel's computer. Suz is keeping watch at the door.

KING

What are you looking for?

Josh is tapping keys.

JOSH

I don't know...I'm looking at her history file...see what she found...

Various schematics flash up. The map of the underground complex, maps of the base, medical wing.

Josh taps some more keys.

WE see a logo flash up SENTINEL.

KING

What's that?

JOSH

I'm tapping into the base CCTV, trying to find out where they've put Rachel.

He flicks between various camera viewpoints. No sign of Rachel. Then they see it.

INSERT - CCTV SCREEN

Ravanor! The Demon is moving down what looks like an old abandoned tunnel. It is lined with PIPES and old dusty CYLINDERS, part of an old heating system.

BACK TO SCENE

JOSH (CONT'D)

Where's that?

SUZ

Could be anywhere...this place is riddled with passages...some Of them lead into the original catacombs...

Josh hits a key.

JOSH

I'm getting a print out of the base plans...shows some of the old tunnels as well...

INT. BASE COMMUNICATIONS CENTRE - NIGHT

Video screens show the outside of the base. An OPERATOR is fiddling with some switches. Some of the screens are flickering snowstorms. Stagg and JANTY a man mountain, looks over his shoulder.

OPERATOR

Some of the cabling must be out, I only have limited cameras.

EXT. BASE - LANDING STRIP

Comic and Nano make their way towards where the shape of the Helicopter sits.

At the site they see the chopper sitting there, they look for the pilot. Creeping round the Chinook they see something silhouetted against the moonlight. It swings in the wind, still dripping. The PILOT. He hangs from one of the rotor blades. Nano speaks into his W/T.

NANO

We found the Pilot, he don't look too good.

Comic looks at the Pilot, his neck's broken. He looks around nervously.

COMIC

Crunch!



They look into the cockpit.

THEIR POV

It's a mess, instrumentation ripped to pieces, blood congealed on the front screen.

BACK TO SCENE

ON NANO

NANO

Chopper is a total...we're coming in.

They head back towards the base.

INT. BASE COMMUNICATIONS CENTRE - NIGHT - THAT MOMENT

Stagg, Janty, and the Operator listen to the crackle of the speaker and look at the outside cameras. They see Comic and Nano heading towards the entrance. As they get near something interferes with the signal. It fades, comes and goes. Stagg looks at Operator.

STAGG

What's that?

OPERATOR

Something's screwing with the signal Sir...looks like electromagnetic interference...

STAGG

That thing has mercury based blood.

The operator looks at them.

OPERATOR

Mercury reflects electromagnetic waves...

The picture breaks up completely, we hear screaming over the R/T, continuous firing...

EXT. RUINS OUTSIDE BASE - NIGHT

Outside Comic and Nano shoot on full auto into the night. They can't see anything and are just firing blind. They run out of ammo. And then it comes. Fast, evil. They are just insects in it's way, nothing personal here.

CLACK! CLACK! CLACK!

They are gone, bloody meat on the ground. A bloodstained comic flaps in the wind. It has some sort of monster on the cover. No:181 "Menace of the Molecule man." To be specific.

The tinny sound of pop music spills from a loose earpiece next to Nano. His head doesn't jiggle. It's doing its own thing without a body!

EXT. RUINS OUTSIDE BASE - NIGHT

The sound of gunfire. Three figures run out of the entrance. It's one of the guards...JANTY, he's firing back into the darkness of the HANGER at something we can't see. Abe and Lou run alongside him. They take cover behind a crumbling wall.

ABE

What the hell is that thing?

JANTY

I can't get a proper hit...it's too quick.

LOU

It's the military spec version of the creature.

JANTY

You guys are from MWU...what the hell have you created?

ABE

It wasn't meant to get out.

JANTY

Well you 'aint gonna have much luck putting it back in...damn melonhead eats up everything we throw at it...

LOU

Its a genetic mechno hybrid...

JANTY

You guys are full of brown...speak English!

ABE

It's been genetically manipulated...it has mercury and liquid Kevlar blood...

LOU

It's skin is bullet proof...

JANTY  
Great...what else?

ABE  
It can evolve...protect itself...

JANTY  
Tell me you can stop it...

Abe and Lou look at each other.

LOU  
We're working on it.

And then from the entrance appears a dark figure it's Ravanor and he looks pissed. Janty stands up.

JANTY  
You two...get the hell outta here!

Lou and Abe run for it.

JANTY (CONT'D)  
Okay Melonhead, what say we sort this out...man to ugly thing.

He looses off a volley of heavy fire at point blank range. One of the bullets hits between an armoured plate. There's a flash of flame, and a glint of mercuric blood. Then a cloud of choking gas spews from the monster, enveloping Janty, he drops to his knees, eyes streaming, unable to breath.

The Demon moves in and the sounds begin. From within the drifting gas we can only imagine the horror. Inhuman screaming echoes around the courtyard, bloody body parts hurtle out of the gas and land twitching on the stones.

INT. CELL - BASE - THAT SECOND

Rachel is doubled up with pain.

FLASH FRAMES

Of Janty being attacked by the Demon.

Smearred POV of the Demon hacking at Janty.

BACK TO SCENE

ON RACHEL

She is sick with the realisation that another man is dead because of her curse.

INT. STAGGS OFFICE - THAT MOMENT

Stagg produces a Tranquiliser shell, a transparent cartridge with a screw end. He unscrews it and fills it from the syringe containing the mixture of his BLOOD and Craigs and loads it into a GUN.

STAGG

Okay buddy, time for you to get even...one last mission.

EXT. RUINS OUTSIDE BASE - NIGHT

Stagg appears from a crumbling archway with the tranquiliser gun.

EXT. RUINS OUTSIDE BASE - NIGHT - SCOPE POV

We see Ravanor, he's heading towards us.

The cross hairs of the sight focus up on a gap between the creature's breastplate and his head.

BACK TO SCENE

ON STAGG

STAGG

Okay, time for your medicine. One change of plan coming right up...

We see his finger squeeze the trigger.

STAGG (CONT'D)

Go do your stuff old friend.

PHUT!

The creature roars as the HIGH IMPACT PLASTIC syringe hits it in the neck and the blood is injected into its bloodstream. It's a PUSH-PULL mechanism. As Stagg and Craig's blood goes in...the syringe fills with MERCURIC BLOOD drawn from the creature.

It comes to a halt, ROARS, yanks the syringe from it's neck and stops. The SYRINGE falls to the ground.

Time hangs like ripe fruit on a tree....falling slowly to earth as the creature's physiological and mythological make-up is given a kick in the synapses.

And then it happens, slowly it turns, heads purposefully back into the base...towards the CELL.

Stagg moves forwards and scoops up the FULL syringe.

INT. THE CELL - THAT MOMENT

Rachel paces up and down the CELL. She wears a CAMO jacket loosely over her party outfit.

She sees the chair with the holster containing the WALKIE-TALKIE hanging from the back of it.

She reaches around behind her back, wriggles around. Produces something from her sleeve.

A BRA!

Mind racing she takes one of her shoes off.

Ties each end of the bra to one of the bars of the CELL.

She loads a shoe into the centre of the bra and pulls it back, forming a crude CATAPULT.

Using the HEEL to hook onto the taut elastic.

She takes careful aim.

THWACK!

The shoe hurtles across the room.

THUD!

It hits a the COAT-STAND. The stand rocks backwards and forwards teetering. Rachel loads her last shoe. Waits until the stand is teetering forwards.

THWACK!

The last shoe flies across the room.

THUD!

It bounces off the wall behind the stand, hits the stand from behind.

CRASH!

The stand topples to the ground, smashes into the chair, moving it a few feet nearer to Rachel.

Still out of reach!

INT. MORGUE 101 - THAT MOMENT

CLOSE ON

The pump unit supplying the tubes leading to the hanging bodies.

A hand introduces a SYRINGE of MERCURIC BLOOD into the RESERVOIR.

The tubes leading from the reservoir darken as the DEMON'S BLOOD filters through.

Back to scene on the control panel.

A flashing ICON on the screen.

ACTIVATE CLONE SEQUENCING - SELECT UNITS.

A finger taps three of the unit ICONS. 1-9 and 12.

INT. THE CELL - THAT MOMENT

Rachel reaches under her skirt.

Produces a pair of KNICKERS. Black, lacy.

She feverishly ties the knickers to the end of the bra, forms a crude lasso.

She flicks the lasso end towards the Walkie-talkie.

Hooks the aerial.

Drags it towards her.

It slips off!

Tries again, hooks onto the aerial.

Starts to drag the chair with the Walkie-Talkie centimeter by centimeter towards her...then:

TWANG!

The bra slips from her fingers, catapults back into the centre of the room!

RACHEL

You've got to be kidding!

INT. CATACOMB TUNNEL BEHIND FUEL DUMP - CELL - NOW

Something large moves down the corridor, amongst the sleeping pipes and heating cylinders.

CLACK! CLACK! CLACK!

It's Ravanor!

It moves along the tunnel, it seems to pause and sniff the air.

Ahead of it a shaft of light throws the shadow of a three barred window onto the far wall.

It's the grille set into the back of Rachel's CELL.

The Demon GROWLS. Heads towards the light and the smell of it's new prey.

INT. THE CELL - THAT MOMENT

Rachel's mind is racing. She reaches under her skirt, unhooking her stockings from the suspenders holding them up.

She makes a lasso out of the two stockings.

Flicks it towards the chair. Misses. Tries again. Misses.

Tries again. SUCCESS!

She gently pulls the chair towards her, inch by inch.

She reaches through the bars. Her finger brushes the aerial, two fingers pinching it.

Got it. She picks up the WT, sets it to ALL. Hits TRANSMIT.

RACHEL

Josh go for Rachel.

INT. CORRIDOR - BASE - THAT MOMENT

Josh, Suz and King race down the corridor.

Josh hears Rachel on his W/T.

He looks at the frequency and keys it.

JOSH

Rachel? Go to CH 6.

INTERCUT BETWEEN CORRIDOR AND CELL

RACHEL

Josh?

JOSH

Where are you babe?

RACHEL

I'm in the old Cell...

JOSH  
Where's that?

RACHEL  
Next to the emergency generator and  
fuel store.

BACK TO SCENE

CELL - THAT MOMENT

SMASH!

Something hits the outside wall of Rachel's cell.

We hear a familiar sound.

CLACK! CLACK! CLACK!

INTERCUT BETWEEN CORRIDOR AND CELL

JOSH  
You okay? Thought I heard  
something.

RACHEL  
You did. Something's trying to get  
into the cell...doesn't sound  
friendly.

CRASH! CRASH!

Chunks of masonry are being knocked into the cell.

CORRIDOR

Josh is looking at the plans he printed out.

JOSH  
Nearly there.

INT. BASE - GENERATOR FUEL DUMP - CELL - THAT MOMENT

CRASH!

Another pile of dust and rubble crashes into the cell.

BANG!

A huge taloned claw rips the GRILLE from the wall, grabs for  
Rachel.

RIP!

Tears off her CAMO jacket.



Drags it through the wall. We hear the creature sniffing, sucking in her scent.

A lizard eye peers through the small GRILLE opening.

For a moment they both see eye to eye.

Then with a ROAR! It continues its attack on the wall.

Her W/T crackles.

JOSH (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Right outside babe.

CELL

RACHEL  
Get in here now!

CORRIDOR

JOSH  
Keep you panties on babe, we're on it.

CELL

RACHEL  
(To herself)  
Not possible.

CRASH!

More rubble is punched through.

CORRIDOR - OUTSIDE FUEL DUMP

They have reached a steel door which stands between them and Rachel's cell next to the GENERATOR and fuel dump.

King unholsters his gun.

KING  
Fire in the hold!

He unleashes a hail of bullets at the door. It buckles, lock hanging off.

It refuses to budge.

Harrison comes running down the corridor.

HARRISON

What are you guys doing,  
everybody's getting out, that  
things gone berserk...

KING

Breaking news buddy, Rachel's in  
there and that thing is trying to  
kill her...so if you 'aint got no  
suggestions stand back.

He wrenches a large Co2 Fire Extinguisher from the wall and  
begins to slam it against the door.

CELL - THAT MOMENT

The wall is now seriously damaged. A hole big enough to see  
the slavering features of the Demon has been opened.

It snorts, tries to jam its head through the opening, can't  
get all the way through.

Its smashing its talons and powerful feet into the wall in a  
frenzy -- moments away from getting in.

The sound of bullets slamming into the door.

BANG!

The door to the cell explodes inwards. Standing in the  
doorway, in a cloud off smoke is King. He holds a gun in one  
hand and the extinguisher like a toy in the other.

CRASH!

The wall comes down and there's Ravanor, shaking bricks off  
him like raindrops.

It ROARS!

HARRISON

It doesn't look happy.

King swivels his gun up.

HARRISON (CONT'D)

No guns...you'll Kill her, and  
probably us.

The demon moves closer to Rachel.

KING

She'll die...we can't just watch!

Harrison grabs the fire extinguisher. Shouts to Rachel.

HARRISON

Get down!

Rachel hits the deck.

WHOOSH!

Harrison hits it with the full force of a stream of FREEZING Carbon Dioxide.

The creature BELLOWS in pain.

Keeps on coming.

The extinguisher runs out.

The DEMON looks at them.

It ROARS.

Flexes its TALONS.

CLACK! CLACK! CLACK!

It raises its arm, prepares to strike. At Rachel who cowers beneath it.

WHOOSH!

King has picked up another FIRE EXTINGUISHER.

He empties it at the creature.

The creature slows, can't move more than a step.

It comes to a halt.

Only it's eyes move now.

Its glaring at them.

HARRISON (CONT'D)

We only have minutes.

King shoots the LOCK.

Rachel scrambles through the door.

Rachel pauses long enough to scoop up her Bra and Knickers. Josh raises an eyebrow.

RACHEL

Don't ask.

She snatches up her shoes. Harrison cops a look at her figure through the thin blouse. He gets busted.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Hey! Time and place Buster!

They race along the corridor. King grins at Harrison.

KING

You did well for a Barracks rat bro...like the science. Where'd you learn that shit?

HARRISON

I'm a big Terminator fan

Lou and Abe come running round the corner. They stop when they see the group.

SUZ

Whoo ladies. You'd better stick with us.

ABE

Are we glad to see you guys

JOSH

Either we stay down here and get caught like rats in a trap...or we get the hell out, regroup up top and take our chances...

King speaks first.

KING

Let's not do the rat thing.

JOSH

Okay let's move people, A-Sap!

KING

We gotta swing by the Armoury.

INT. BASE - ARMOURY - DAY

Rachel's fingers fly over the keypad.

The door slides open.

Racks of guns, grenades and other small arms.

They arm themselves with as much of the weaponry from the racks as they can carry.

Lou and Abe pick up a couple of LRAD Sound Weapons, focused sound lasers. They look like small rugged loudspeaker cabinets.

They run down the corridor.

JOSH

Why is it after you?

RACHEL

Stagg has programmed it to attack me...

SUZ

Why?

RACHEL

I found out what he was up to...

HARRISON

Fools Gold.

RACHEL

Arctic Storm and Morgue 101.

SUZ

What's Morgue 101?

RACHEL

He got the government to fund his whole operation. They think he's keeping the casualty figures low to avoid another backlash like Vietnam.

HARRISON

But he has his own agenda.

JOSH

What's Fools Gold?

HARRISON

Another name for Iron Pyrites, the substance that forms the creatures exo-skeleton...the positive and negative magnetic field between it and the mercury makes the creature virtually frictionless...

Suz looks at Harrison.

SUZ

Give me a break!

RACHEL

He wants to use the creatures DNA  
to re-animate the bodies of war  
casualties...

KING

An army of Super-Demons.

RACHEL

An unstoppable force if you want to  
take a government down.

SUZ

What a patriot.

RACHEL

Uncle Sam really pissed him off. He  
thinks he was set up...

INT. MORGUE 101

Three of the hanging soldiers are fighting back to life.

A SERIES OF SHOTS

A big black guy. His dog-tags read JONES, we've seen him on  
the night of the Fire-Fight. He flops to the floor, ripping  
connectors from his body.

Blood and fluids drip onto the floor.

Another soldier drops to the ground. He's HUGE his name is  
YORGI. He stands up shakes his head like a dog, spreading  
blood and mucus all around.

Another soldier slides to the ground. It's ADAM!

Rachel's partner.

They all stand up groggily, look around them. Eyes unfocused.

Then, as one they head towards a store cupboard off the main  
room.

Inside are Camos, and GUNS.

We see that they have partially adopted characteristics of  
the Military Spec Demon. YORGI has one fearsome TALON SCYTHE,  
JONES has his chest half covered with EXO-ARMOUR and ADAM has  
half of his face like the DEMON. If possible one of them may  
have CLOVEN HOOVES.

Purposefully they get ready for war.

Head towards the door.

INT. MAIN BASE - HANGER

Our seven strong group reach the end of the corridor.

The run across the MAIN HANGER.

EXT. RUINS OUTSIDE BASE - DAWN

Outside dawn is breaking and a blood red sun is leaking pink light into the leaden sky.

There's a TRUCK and a JEEP parked up.

They climb into the JEEP, It's a bit of a squash. King guns the motor

Travelling at speed. As they accelerate away, Stagg appears with a MACHINE GUN on full auto. They exchange fire. A windscreen shatters, Josh is hit in the ARM, it's just a flesh wound, the JEEP splutters, comes to a shuddering halt. Smoke curls from under the bonnet..

KING

Damn! He must've hit the  
electrics...

They pile out of the Jeep firing at Stagg. They take cover in amongst the RUINS, behind a small WALL.

Rachel looks over the top of the wall. Stagg has gone. She looks at the bloodstain on Josh's arm

RACHEL

Better let me have a look at that.

Josh looks at her.

JOSH

Just a flesh wound.

RACHEL

You watch too much television...how  
many times do you hear someone say  
that...minutes later they're dead.  
Roll up your sleeve.

Reluctantly Josh rolls up his sleeve. Which is when she sees the tattoo. A charging cartoon bull, the motto "Die running forwards." Realisation kicks Rachel in the head.

FLASH FRAMES

Tracer fire in the dark.

Tank side motif.

Helmet motto and cartoon.

Shell landing.

BACK TO SCENE

ON RACHEL

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
Why didn't you tell me?

Josh looks into her eyes.

JOSH  
You ever hear the expression Code  
Red?

RACHEL  
Oh God what have I done.

Suz, King and Harrison turn towards them.

SUZ  
What? What have you done?

RACHEL  
It was five years ago...he went on  
a desert training mission outside  
Al Taqqadum in Iraq...

KING  
That's where we were.

RACHEL  
He was killed in a friendly fire  
incident...the platoon that  
attacked them had the charging bull  
as their mascot...

JOSH  
We didn't know...it was night, we  
were under attack by an Iraqi  
forward reconnaissance group...the  
Coordinates were off...Adam's  
platoon was caught in the middle...

RACHEL  
I found out who was leading your  
platoon.

KING  
Stagg.



RACHEL

Yes. When I was asked to head up the Mythological Weapons Unit...I had chance to avenge Adam's death.

Harrison has joined the group.

HARRISON

You didn't know that Stagg planned to create a Super-Demon?

RACHEL

No, I studied the mythology of the creature, I knew I could inject it with mine and Adam's blood and it would go after the people responsible for his death...

KING

Hell woman...that thing's after us isn't it?

RACHEL

And me.

HARRISON

That's not possible.

RACHEL

Stagg's injected the creature with a mixture of his blood and Craig's...

JOSH

So it's after you to avenge Craig's death for Stagg.

SUZ

And us...to avenge Adam.

KING

Man that thing's messed up.

Abe and Lou who have been listening interrupt.

ABE

Don't wanna be a party pooper, seeing as how you're all getting along so well...discussing our funeral arrangements...but I think we have a problem.

Stagg is heading out of the base towards them.

He is accompanied by the three Zombie soldiers. Yorgi, Jones and Adam.

Stagg bellows orders.

STAGG  
Fire at will!

Stagg runs into the shelter afforded by two crumbling arched stone doorways in the ruins. He lays down a withering cover fire.

The Zombie trio head towards the hiding group carrying machine guns, walking purposefully and without any human emotion.

KING  
This is not looking good...if they don't get us Melonhead will...how good is that thing anyway?

SUZ  
Yeah and how did it produce that gas when Janty hit it?

HARRISON  
Some insects have an incomplete metabolism...they, re able to evolve, mutate...protect themselves against any predator...

RACHEL  
Just answer the question for once...how good is that thing?

Harrison swallows, gives up trying to hide behind science.

HARRISON  
On a scale of one to ten?  
(He pauses for a moment,  
then)  
Eleven.

SUZ  
Great...we're stuffed!

Adam and the other Zombies lurch towards them, they fire like the automatons they are, short bursts in an arc heading towards the crouching soldiers.

King looks at the approaching soldiers.

KING

That's Jonesy, I thought he was  
dead...I was with him in basic...

He stands up.

KING (CONT'D)

Hey Jonesy, my man...over  
here...it's King...

A strange smile flickers over his face as the bullets tear  
into him. He slumps to the ground dying, blood foams from the  
side of his mouth.

KING (CONT'D)

Damn! I thought I knew him...

STAGG

He staggers, pain lancing through him.

FLASHES

Of King's death.

RACHEL

A stabbing pain.

FLASHES

Of King's death.

As one they are living the victims death.

BACK TO SCENE ON KING

He gurgles and dies. Suz runs over, holds him to her, tears  
in her eyes.

Rachel sees Adam clearly for the first time.

RACHEL

Adam?

Josh turns to Rachel.

JOSH

You know that's not Adam, it's his  
body...but it's not him.

Adam keeps on coming...he's staring straight ahead, bullets  
flying in short controlled bursts...target...acquire...shoot.

Suz is still cradling King. She stands up gun on full auto...a thousand rounds a minute...a hailstorm of lead pouring into the BODY that is Adam...her gun jams...Adam only has one arm now, he's lost an eye...the remaining arm has the gun he keeps on firing...Suz drops the smoking machine gun, unholsters two hand guns empties them into what's left of Adam...he's still coming.

Jones is still heading towards them.

Abe produces the LRAD device. He flicks some switches. A low whine like a capacitor charging begins to rise, octave by octave.

ABE

Let's see how you like this tune!

He hits a button.

It sends a wave of pulsed laser guided sound at Jones SMASH! 150dB hits him square on.

He disintegrates, body exploding into mush.

Lou is ecstatic.

ABE (CONT'D)

Strike one for the power of Disco!

Adam is still firing. Bullets whistle overhead.

Josh yells to Abe.

JOSH

Use it on Adam!

Abe shakes his head.

ABE

Still charging...

Josh looks at Rachel...she's numb.

JOSH

Rachel...

His eyes are pleading. Adam is yards away, Suz is frozen with fear. Bullets whistle past her.

Rachel levels her gun. BANG! BANG! BANG!

Head shots, not easy into a face you used to love.

Adams corpse fires into the air, falls twitching to the ground.

Rachel's face is a mask.

Meanwhile Stagg has moved out of the tunnel entrance and taken up a position behind a small crumbling buttress.

Gorgi is still coming at them, a lead producing man mountain.

He's getting nearer and nearer.

Suz stands up, eyes blazing.

SUZ

No way that mother gets to see  
another sunrise.

Before Josh can say anything she's gone, zig-zagging towards the remaining soldiers firing from the hip

Gorgi fires continuously as Suz returns fire, casings tinkle to the ground. The firing stops.

SILENCE.

SMOKE rolls across the ground.

THUD!

Gorgi smiles. It's one of those western moments, who got the most lead?

And then it happens. Gorgi falls to his knees, gun clattering to the ground...magnificent in death as he was in life...going out with a bang...he falls face down.

SUZ turns around to look for Rachel. Raises an arm in triumph.

Rachel is looking at her, she doesn't look as pleased as you'd expect.

Suz turns round. Looks up. The eerie voices drift from nowhere.

VOICES

Suzi, Suzi...join us now.  
(Childrens, giggling and  
laughing.)

Suz seems to hear this, she looks confused.

Tear stained, dirt streaked and leaking blood she still looks spectacular...it's not enough!

The MONSTER looks down at her. Sniffs her. Picks her up in both talons. Tears her apart like a wet pink phone book. Throws the soggy remnants into the air and ROARS.

STAGG

Hit by pain as he sees flashes of SUZ dying from her wounds.

RACHEL

Grimacing with pain.

FLASHES

SUZ being sliced.

BACK TO SCENE

A NOISE. The Demon whirls round.

ABE

Charged...clear!

Abe has fired up the LRAD, it sends a wave of pulsed laser guided sound at the monster SMASH! 150dB hits it square on. The Demon is knocked off it's feet...crashing to the ground, howling with pain and clutching the holes it uses for ears.

ABE (CONT'D)

Chalk two up for science of the non-mythological kind!

But it's not over. The monster is down but not out. It shakes its head. We see something happening to the holes on the side of the head, they are closing up, the bone ossifying in front of our eyes. And then we notice it's chest, the armour platelets have altered their shape, forming a sort of shallow parabolic depression.

The Monster climbs to its feet.

Abe bristles. Bring it on.

ABE (CONT'D)

Want some more do we? Lets dance.

He cranks the dial on the LRAD and hits the switch. The sound EXPLODES out of the LRAD box, smashing into the monster at 200dB. It blinks and what happens next is not pretty.

The sound beam hits the creature's parabolic chest plate...is amplified and sent right back at the source.

For those of us that are not science majors lets run through the effects of 400dB of focused bass frequency on the human body. Immediate fatal cellular disruption, percussive disintegration of the major organs and total liquefaction of all water composed structures.

In short Abe becomes like a jelly inside a JUICER, an EXPLOSION of red and pink blancmange covers the surrounding area.

Harrison and Lou stare at the red stain on the ground.

ABE (CONT'D)

He may have been a Moosehead, but  
he was my friend. Okay Melonhead,  
wanna play chicken!

He runs towards a parked Jeep, followed by Harrison. They jump into it. Abe guns the motor.

They're heading towards the Creature. Harrison is pouring small arms fire into it...it's being brought to a halt by the sheer weight of the lead slamming into it!

Josh and Rachel add their firepower to it.

POV - TELESCOPIC - GUNSIGHT - THAT MOMENT

Stagg is lining up on Abes head.

STAGG

Sorry propeller-head...but not  
while it's on my team!

BANG!

BACK TO SCENE

On the front windscreen of the JEEP as it EXPLODES.

A neat hole appears in Abe's forehead.

He dies instantly.

The JEEP careers out of control. Hits a rock and flips over.

THUD!

It lands in front of the Demon.

Harrison is pinned underneath it.

Blood leaks from his skull.

The Ravanor looks around -- moves off on search of more victims.

Josh and Rachel are crouched behind a small stonewall.

JOSH  
What the hell were they playing at!

RACHEL  
Soldiers. I have to get it back into the base. Keep Stagg off my back.

Josh knows this is not a good ending.

JOSH  
Why?

RACHEL  
There's a containment system in the base...it will be going after me...maybe I can seal it in...I don't know.

JOSH  
Can't we just get off the Island?

He knows she's not going to buy it.

RACHEL  
We have to stop Stagg.

JOSH  
It has to end here then?

Rachel looks at him. They kiss, it's laced with regret.

RACHEL  
Yes.

And then she's gone running for her life, as Josh picks up King's gun and pours every bullet he owns at where Stagg is hiding.

Bullets ricochet from the arches he's hiding behind, forcing him to retreat.

The Demon roars and heads towards the HANGER entrance following Rachel.

Rachel reaches the entrance, ducks through a side door and heads down a corridor, comes to a junction and leans against a doorway for a second trying to orientate herself.



The Creature appears backlit in the main entrance, it's vast and determined. It doesn't need to orientate itself, it's headed for Rachel.

Rachel runs down the corridor leading into the lower levels of the base. She reaches a panel on the wall. It contains a keypad and a large steel pull handle. It's marked. FAIL-SAFE - BIO-SHUTDOWN. USE ONLY IN EMERGENCY. She taps in a number. Nothing. There is the sound of heavy footsteps, Ravanor's on his way.

A panel flashes. We see the readout. FAIL-SAFE REMOTE OVERRIDE

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Shit!

She pulls out a Walkie-talkie and keys it.

Outside Josh is still laying down covering fire. The Walkie-talkie screeches. He picks it up.

JOSH

Rachel?

Rachel is crouched against the wall. Further down the corridor the Demon is ripping open doors as it passes them, sniffing.

CLACK! CLACK! CLACK!

It's getting ready.

RACHEL

Josh? I need you to get to Stagg, he's got the fail safe locked on some sort of remote, you need to destroy it somehow... he must have it on him.

Josh keys the Walkie-talkie.

JOSH

I'm on my way.

He slams fresh mags into the guns and moves in a low crouch, laying down fire as he moves towards Stagg.

Stagg has a remote keying device in his hand, he's tapping into it.

STAGG

Just you and your magic now baby.

Josh has moved to within 50 yards of Stagg's position.

He yells out to Stagg, playing for time.

JOSH

How about we cut a deal  
here...there's no way anybody's  
getting off this rock while that  
creature's still alive...

Behind his rock Stagg smiles.

STAGG

Sorry, but I've made plans.

Josh gets ready, he sprints towards where Stagg is, firing continuously keeping Stagg pinned down.

He reaches the front of the ARCHWAY slams his back to it. They are now back to back, only the wall separating them.

Rachel meanwhile is sweating. The Monster is now no more than twenty feet away. She speaks to herself.

RACHEL

C'mon Josh.

Josh looks at his options, shifts uncomfortably as something digs into his back. He reaches round and feels for it. A grenade. Not a normal one, it's bright orange, a left over florescent paint one. He pulls the pin out. Counts to himself and then lobs it over the top of the ruined arch.

It arcs through the air. Clatters down next to Stagg, he sees it and drops the REMOTE, trying to grab it. He thinks it's a real grenade!

THUD! The grenade explodes covering him with florescent paint, blinding him. He staggers around, Josh is round the archway and grabbing the REMOTE. He Frantically punches the buttons, a small BEEP!

CLOSE ON

The read-out says FAIL-SAFE TO MANUAL.

BACK TO SCENE

ON JOSH

He smashes the device on the floor.

Keys the walkie-talkie.

JOSH  
Rachel...you've got control.

INT. CORRIDOR - BASE - THAT MOMENT

Back inside the noise from the Walkie-talkie has alerted the monster. It roars. Heads for Rachel. She SLAMS down the fail-safe HANDLE. Speaks into the Walkie-Talkie.

RACHEL  
Josh...we did it.

We hear gunfire over the Walkie-talkie.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
Josh...?

Outside Josh slumps to the floor. Stagg has emptied his gun into him. His eyes are glazing over as his life ebbs away.

JOSH  
I sure did...

He's dead.

Stagg kicks the gun out of Josh's hand, snatches it up and heads off

Down below Rachel runs for her life.

The warning Klaxons scream throughout the base. A metallic voice issues from the Tannoy.

TANNOY (DISTORT)  
Please evacuate the base. You have  
five minutes to evacuate.

Red lights FLARE. Klaxon's SCREECH. The voice continues.

TANNOY (CONT'D)  
You have 4 minutes 35 seconds to  
evacuate.

Rachel is running down the corridors. The doors are sealing behind her.

Behind her the Demon that is Ravanor thuds through the corridors, smashing through the sealed doors.

CLACK! CLACK! CLACK!

It wants revenge.

Rachel is still running for her life, she comes to a locked door.

Whirls round and retraces her steps to the last junction, barely making it before the creature appears. Dives through a closing door.

The VOICE continues.

TANNOY (CONT'D)

You have 1 minute to evacuate...59  
seconds, 58, 57...

Doors start to slide down behind her sealing the corridor.

Ravanor keeps on coming.

SMASH!

He goes through an air-lock like cardboard, and another, and another.

In front of him he can see his prey.

The voice counts down.

TANNOY (CONT'D)

45,44,43,42,41,40...

Rachel is exhausted, weakened by experiencing the VICTIMS deaths, she is flagging.

She comes to a corridor that is different to the rest. It leads towards an open FIRE EXIT. Through which we can see the outside world. Light bounces off the surface of a distant LAKE.

On the wall is a fire control panel. We see a printed instruction. HALON GAS ACTIVATION.

There is a glass protected button.

SMASH! She hits the BUTTON.

An EXPLOSION of FREEZING GAS.

A door in the centre of the corridor slides down.

Behind it the creature HOWLS in pain and ANGER.

Just fifty feet away the door to the outside world...also starts to CLOSE!

On her knees now. As the Demon itself becomes weakened by the plunging temperature, Rachel herself symbiotically suffers a lack of strength.

Choking in the gas. She rips a mask from a cabinet on the wall. Breathes from a cylinder of oxygen as she doubles up with PAIN. Shivering.

CRASH!

The Creature smashes against a door. The door holds! Its power is weakening.

One door between it and Rachel.

It pauses.

Its exo-skeleton covered in FROST. Movements slowing.

It glares at her.

It's getting heavier as it's mercuric blood freezes.

Fifty feet away, the final emergency doorway shudders down, struggling in the temperature.

Next to her a Co2 CYLINDER fire extinguisher, ironic considering her situation.

She rips the canister from the wall and tears off the rubber nozzle.

The VOICE continues.

TANNOY (CONT'D)

25,24,23,22,21...

CRAWLING towards the shuddering lock now, fifteen feet from it.

With her last ounce of strength she rolls the cylinder down the passageway.

It rolls ever so slowly towards the shrinking GAP.

Behind her another CRASH!

The creature is smashing its TALONS against the steel air lock.

Through the frosted glass porthole we see TALONS scraping.

The door buckles but holds.

The cylinder reaches the doorway.

TANNOY (CONT'D)

10,9,8,7

Rolls right through it!

Hope dies in Rachel's eyes.

TANNOY (CONT'D)

6,5,4,3

The VOICE doesn't give a damn.

And then in a way that only human life can experience a glimmer of hope leaks into the frozen bones of Rachel as the cylinder rolls backwards and jams the door open for her.

Ten inches from the floor! Behind her the door EXPLODES!

Ravanor stands there.

If you could breathe or feel in these temperatures you'd almost feel sorry for him.

But you can't, and you don't.

It sees Rachel's legs disappearing under the lip of the door.

It takes a step.

Something is happening to the floor, it's feet are sinking -- the immense weight is leaving impressions in the floor, another step, a deeper impression.

Its within reach of the air-lock and Rachel.

The VOICE brings us up to date.

TANNOY (CONT'D)

Containment complete.

We look into Ravanor's EYES.

They don't move.

It's over.

Mercury freezes at 38.9 Centigrade 234 Kelvin.

Rachel is through the doorway. She drags the cannister free.

It GRINDS down behind her.

THUD!

EXT. OUTSIDE BASE - DAY

Fresh air. It feels tropical to Rachel, she straightens up. Rubbing herself to get the circulation going.

She's outside a rear entrance, behind the base overlooking a small LAKE. Out here it's a beautiful day. The surface of the lake shimmers like beaten gold in the distance. It's quiet, just the soft sound of the water lapping against the shore. It's too quiet.

INT. CORRIDOR - NOW

In the corridor nearby something is happening to the Demon. We hear the slow THUD! THUD! THUD! Of its heart beat, but now something about the beat is changing.

It's increasing its heart beat...and that's a bad thing...that huge heart is pumping harder and harder...producing, HEAT!

And as we watch this marvel of military and mythological engineering is generating more and more heat...its heart is going like a trip hammer, it's over five hundred beats a minute now.

The FROST is melting, moisture running off the armoured skin.

It's dry now, and still the heart POUNDS.

The armour plates are glowing red-hot now.

The area around the creature is dry and steaming.

And now he's on the move. Genetic evolution at warp speed!

EXT. REAR OF BASE - DAY - THAT MOMENT

Rachel turns, some sixth sense making her nervous.

CLICK!

The sound of the gun being cocked is surprisingly loud. Rachel looks round, Stagg is next to her, gun pointing at her head.

STAGG

You're pretty smart for a split tail...I had a good thing going here...till you stuck your magic wand in...

RACHEL

Somebody has to pay...

STAGG

So you messed with the blood...clever. Shame I did the same, we screwed ourselves...

Rachel looks at him. We see her eyes flick down. A strange light flickers across Stagg's face, like Moonbeams dancing off the surface of a Lake.

RACHEL

Well you know what they say...

Stagg cocks his head shifts on his feet, a strange sucking noise. He looks down, sees the pool of MERCURY he's standing in, blinded by the light as the song goes.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Blood's thicker...

The CREATURE'S fast, after all it's shed a lot of weight since it's self induced fever, and it's thawed out nicely. A folded bone TALON scythes out taking away Stagg's hand and his gun in a spray of blood. In a blur of speed.

The creature has Stagg by the throat and with one decisive move crushes his neck, the blood sprays over the creatures mottled hide, is absorbed. Stagg seems to shrivel and hang loosely.

As the Mercury drains from Ravanor's body, it replaces it with Stagg's blood. Soon it is more like it's old self, must have been tiring carrying all that weight.

It drops what's left of Stagg over the cliff edge, his body twirling as it tumbles through the air. Ravanor turns to look at her.

Rachel unholsters her gun, and takes aim, a clean kill through the eye is all that it will take. But you have to look someone in the eye to do that -- even a monster.

She squeezes the trigger. And now this time the CLICK!

Is not noisy enough. She's out of ammo.

She drops the gun.

Looks the Monster in the eye.

CLACK! CLACK! The creature swivels it's razor sharp talons into their lethal bone scythes. It draws back its arms.

BANG!

The speeding BUGGY smashes into it hard.



It's a big, heavy monster and normally this wouldn't do the trick, but it's off balance and there's nothing behind it except a big drop. It does what any upright half-ton monster would do. It drops!

The flailing Demon plummets towards the lake and smashes into the water. That's one dead corpse that won't be floating to the surface.

Rachel looks at the buggy, looks at Harrison's grinning face. He's bloody but he'll live, and more importantly so will she.

Sometimes the most unlikely men can be heroes. She goes over to him and helps him out of the wrecked buggy.

RACHEL

I don't suppose you know how to  
pilot a helicopter?

Harrison grins.

HARRISON

Doesn't everybody?

Rachel cracks a smile. Together they walk back towards the castle.

THE END