

THE THING: GROUND ZERO
(a prequel)

by

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based on characters created by
Bill Lancaster and John W. Campbell
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EXT. ANTARCTIC LANDSCAPE - SUNSET

A mesmerising beauty shot of the surreal landscape. The silence is interrupted by what at first sounds like rotor blades, but quickly resolves into something more cataclysmic. A white-hot object plummets from the sky, hitting the ice in a shattering explosion.

CLOSER

The scene of the crash reveals a hissing lake torn into the ice, erupting with mountainous plumes of steam, smoke and fire.

We glimpse a metallic saucer shape sinking slowly beneath the surface and

PULL BACK

To reveal that something has survived. A cracked and oozing shape drags itself across the ice. We can barely see it through the steam, but whatever it is it's far from human.

Lace thin tentacles shoot out from its body, constantly stretching over the ice and immediately retreating when they find nothing but more ice.

It takes only seconds for the extreme cold to best the creature. Its tentacles freeze on the ice. Its body shudders and stops. A polar wind blasts overhead.

MONTAGE

A handful of time-lapse shots show the centuries of ice building over the creature until it is little more than a dark blur under the surface.

DAY ONE

INT. REC ROOM - AFTERNOON

C.U. An ice pick crashes down on a small block of ice. Fragments scatter off. A hand picks up several chunks and puts them in a glass.

CAPTION: Antarctica, Fall 1982

FULL SHOT - ABEL (late middle aged, possibly coloured) walks back over to the table, where he is in the middle

of a chess game with RHIES (middle aged, female). He tops up his freshly iced glass with some coke.

RHIES confidently moves her Bishop.

RHIES
Bishop to King 7 -
checkmate I think.

Abel leans forward dubiously.

ABEL
Nonsense.

HAGEN (male, 30s) enters, irritated.

HAGEN
Anyone seen Nilsson?

RHIES
What's up, Hagen?

As this exchange takes place Hagen twitchily picks up the ice pick and fiddles with it.

HAGEN
The huskies need feeding.
You seen him?

ABEL
He's in the radio room.
Where else?

Hagen replaces the ice pick, clumsily dropping it in the process. Abel shakes his head at the man's ineptness.

INT. RADIO ROOM - AFTERNOON

NILSSON (male 20-30s) leans over the radio, speaking into the mic. On closer inspection we see he's speaking into a tape recorder.

NILSSON
... we keep moving or we
freeze up. We've always got
to be finding something
new, moving on, evolving.
If we don't, we stop and,
maybe, if we do, we're
afraid we'll start rotting
right there where we stand
-

Hagen, standing behind the unwitting Nilsson, scoffs.
Nilsson jumps. Hagen picks up the mic.

HAGEN

This is an important
newsflash. Nilsson is not
on the radio. No one is
listening. Nilsson is an
asshole.

NILSSON

Give that back. Prick.

HAGEN

When was the last time you
spoke to a real person on
that thing?

NILSSON

I don't know. Ten days or
so.

HAGEN

What gives, Nilsson? You
still shut yourself in here
day after day...

NILSSON

What else is there to do?
With Munch and our glory-
seeking leader obsessing
over their big discovery...
there's nothing left for us
real scientists to do.

HAGEN

How about feeding the
huskies?

NILSSON

Aww, come on. You like them
so much you do it.

HAGEN

No way. I've got plenty to
do around here. I'm the
local taxi service. You're
the one who needs a
distraction.

Nilsson gets out of his chair, resentful, and exits.

INT. REC ROOM - AFTERNOON

Hagen re-enters. Abel and Rhies have started a new chess game. In a relatively fluid series of motions Hagen grabs a glass, scoops in some leftover ice chips from Abel's ice block, pours in a slug of Jack Daniels, misses the counter and drops the rest of the bottle on the floor.

Hagen looks sombrely down at the shattered bottle. Abel and Rhies look up in annoyance at the disturbance.

ABEL

You are one clumsy
motherfucker, Hagen. You
better stay the hell out of
my kitchen.

RHIES

Mother must have dropped
him on his head.

HAGEN

Is that your scientific
judgement, doctor?

RHIES

There's no science that can
explain a chopper pilot
whose hands turn to mutton
as soon as his feet hit the
ground. We should cut you
up and study you.

ABEL

I got some pretty sharp
knives, if you wanna do
that?

RHIES

Bah. I'm not that bored.

She looks at Hagen.

Not yet.

The trio grin more or less amiably at each other.

INT. LABORATORY

Nilsson, pulling on his parka, enters the lab. Inside MUNCH (male, 30s) and PETERSEN (male, 50s) are poring over some maps and charts.

NILSSON

So, odds on actually doing
some real work around here?
Ten to one? Some honest to
god scientific research?
Any chance? Any chance at
all?

The two men just stare at him. Nilsson exits through the
other side of the lab.

INT. SUPPLY SHED.

Nilsson, grumbling, walks through the supply shed
(somewhere we shall be seeing a lot more of later) and
exits.

INT. LABORATORY

Munch and Petersen return their attention to their maps
and charts.

MUNCH

Come on, Gunnar, if we
don't do something now we
miss our chance.

PETERSEN

If we're wrong...

MUNCH

We're not wrong. If we wait
any longer we'll have no
choice but to wait until
next season. Then it could
be someone else in our
place.

Petersen shakes his head.

PETERSEN

I wish we had time for more
tests. More time to be
sure.

MUNCH

Time is what we don't have.

INT. REC ROOM - AFTERNOON

Hagen drums fingers on a table top, bored. He is watching
Abel and Rhies play chess.

HAGEN

So, Doctor, with Munch
busy...

RHIES

I know where you're going
Hagen -

ABEL

And I know where you'll end
up if you don't stop that
line of thinking right now.

HAGEN

Aw, what's a little joke if
you can't share it with
your friends?

RHIES

We're not your friends.

HAGEN

You're the best I can come
up with right now.

ABEL

Oh, never mind, just a
little more mind-numbing
monotony to endure until
payday.

HAGEN

And if there's one man
who's earned his pay on
this trip...

ABEL/RHIES

It's you.

The sound of a helicopter approaching fades in.

HAGEN

That's the... truth... what
the hell is that?

ABEL

Someone joyriding in your
copter, Hagen?

The three get up, grabbing their parkas, and head
outside.

EXT. CAMP - AFTERNOON

Abel, Hagen and Rhies exit the rec room. Nilsson emerges from the kennels. A perplexed Petersen and Munch exit moments later to investigate the noise.

The source turns out to be a military chopper. When it becomes obvious that the chopper intends to land the group scatters to get out of the way.

A moment later BERGMAN (40s) drops to the ground, followed by STILLER and HANSEN. Last to exit is ERICSSON, the pilot. All four are military.

Hansen glares scornfully at the gathered research team. Stiller is impassive. Ericsson appears cheerful by comparison, even nodding amiably at the congregation.

Bergman approaches Petersen.

BERGMAN

Gunnar Petersen. Major
Lucas Bergman. You
requested assistance.

Petersen is near speechless with fury.

PETERSEN

I... requested scientific
assistance, not military
supervision. You and your
men are -

BERGMAN

A secure man indeed who
turns down help. Or simply
misguided and arrogant. The
choice is not yours
Petersen. We're under
orders.

PETERSEN

This is a civilian research
base. The military has no -

Bergman gestures to the camp buildings.

BERGMAN

Surely I don't need to
remind you who you have to
thank for your current
situation.

Before Petersen can say anything, Munch steps in.

MUNCH

We can use any help on offer, Major Bergman, if that's your mission.

BERGMAN

As far as I'm concerned you're running things. Myself and my men - we're just here for intel and support.

Munch turns to Petersen.

MUNCH

We **need** the help.

Petersen considers.

PETERSEN

Do you remember the tale about the wolf in sheep's clothing?

BERGMAN

Think what you will, Petersen, but don't mistake me for something I'm not.

Petersen glares for a moment longer, then finally relents.

PETERSEN

Munch, find somewhere for these men to camp down. We'll head out to the site at first light.

Petersen walks away, heading inside.

BERGMAN

I'd prefer to make an inspection right away.

PETERSEN

First light!

Petersen enters the building. Munch speaks hesitantly to Bergman.

MUNCH

Very well... let's find you
all somewhere to... get
settled.

The group slowly heads inside.

INT. REC-ROOM

The soldiers enter, carrying their packs, watched warily
by the scientists.

MUNCH

We have a spare dorm, if
you don't mind sharing.

ERICSSON

We've had worse, believe
me. But Stiller here -
he'll be much more
comfortable in the kennels
- it's like home to him.

Behind him Stiller grunts, taking the comment in the
jestful spirit intended.

Hey, I'm Ericsson by the
way. Carl Ericsson. I'll be
your irritatingly chatty
gatecrasher for the rest of
this mission.

Bergman marches in.

BERGMAN

(to Munch)

Petersen?

MUNCH

Try the lab.

Munch points Bergman in the right direction and the Major
strides off. Munch turns to the rest of the science team.

MUNCH

If anyone's storing
anything in Dorm 1b I guess
you'd better move it out
for now.

Abel and Rhies exit. The soldiers follow.

INT. LAB

Petersen is scowling over some maps. Bergman enters.

BERGMAN

You may have a certain reputation back home, Petersen, but consider yourself fortunate it's just me and my men you have to contend with.

PETERSEN

Meaning what?

BERGMAN

You insist on setting up camp out here - two months before winter - you fail to provide any concrete research data, besides some vague references to this 'significant discovery' you've made. This has all caused a certain level of concern.

PETERSEN

If the Institute is so desperate for answers they should have sent me scientists, not soldiers.

BERGMAN

The Institute believes that I can provide the appropriate motivation.

PETERSEN

I don't need military people blundering around on a scientific research station.

BERGMAN

I'll be frank with you,
Petersen. I don't give two
twisted pieces of shit if
you have a problem with me
being on your base. All I'm
concerned with is getting
my job done. Once that
happens I'm out of your
face.

Beat.

PETERSEN

Then let's not waste any
time.

Petersen spreads out a map of Dronning Maud Land, the
location of the base and the discovery are marked.

INT. DORM.

Abel and Rhies are clearing boxes and equipment (food and
medical supplies) from the dorm. Stiller and Ericsson are
helping, and carrying in their own supplies. Hansen stops
Rhies.

HANSEN

The only woman on the south
pole, eh? You must be
popular, if you know what
I'm saying.

Abel comes instantly to her defence.

ABEL

You want to curb that
tongue of yours right now,
son.

HANSEN

What's the problem 'old
man'? No sense of humour?
She not doing you often
enough?

Munch appears with an armful of blankets. He pauses,
trying to work out what's taking place.

ABEL

I already warned you once.
Are you deaf, or simply
obtuse?

Ericsson tries to interject.

ERICSSON

Oh, come on, don't mind
Sergeant Hansen here, he's
only just been weaned. He -

Hansen, still glaring at Abel, shoves Ericsson down. For
a moment it appears as if he's about to turn round and
vent his fury on Ericsson. Then -

BERGMAN (O.S.)

Cease! Stand to!!

The three men instantly stand to attention.

Bergman speaks to Abel and Rhies.

BERGMAN

Do we have a problem?

Abel looks to Rhies, who shakes her head.

ABEL

No harm done.

BERGMAN

Finish moving your things.

Rhies emerges with a box.

RHIES

That's the last of it. It's
all yours.

Rhies and Abel exit.

BERGMAN

You men are confined to
quarters until the morning,
quarters being the four
walls of that room.
Understood?

ERICSSON/HANSEN/STILLER

Yes sir!

BERGMAN

Dismissed.

The three men obediently enter the dorm.

MUNCH

I brought you some
blankets...

BERGMAN

What do you think this is?
A college sleepover?

Bergman enters the dorm, closing the door behind him.

INT. RADIO ROOM - NIGHT

Nilsson is delivering another one of his missives into
the microphone.

NILSSON

...strangers in our midst.
A ball of disruption that
will roll and grow until it
shatters us all... we are
all fragile, as fragile as
the ice...

DAY TWO

EXT. ICE PLAIN - MORNING

The military chopper flies past camera, heading towards a
glacier, sparkling in the morning light.

INT. CHOPPER - IN FLIGHT

Ericsson is flying. Petersen turns proudly to the
passengers - Munch and Bergman.

PETERSEN

We're here.

Bergman stares out of the window.

BERGMAN

I'll admit I'm not the
scientist you are,
Petersen, whatever you've
discovered here is lost on
me.

PETERSEN

Not for long.

(to Ericsson)

Can you take us higher?

Ericsson takes the chopper higher over the glacier. Petersen points down to the ice where a huge round shape - too round to be natural - can be clearly seen buried under the ice.

Finally, Bergman is impressed.

EXT. CAMP - DAY

Rhies, Abel and Hagen are exercising the huskies - playing some games of catch outside the camp. A reluctant Nilsson has also been dragged out.

Hagen looks wistfully at his helicopter.

HAGEN

Petersen didn't waste any time abandoning the old copter.

RHIES

Oh shut up. I thought you'd enjoy a day off, the amount you complain.

NILSSON

Come on, who wouldn't want a ride in that big bird of theirs? Army boys always have the best toys.

ABEL

The chopper's not all they've got to play with.

Abel gestures over to a covered pile of crates, guarded by an impassive Stiller.

HAGEN

You think he'd take us down if we tried to take a peek?

ABEL

That one's alright, as far as I can tell. It's the other one you want to watch out for. Hansen I believe his name is - regular army psycho. Probably joined up to shake a prison term.

Abel turns around to find Hansen standing right next to him. Hansen stares coldly at him. Abel stares right back.

(to Hansen)

Tell me I'm wrong, then.

HANSEN

You'll wish you were.

Hansen walks away. Nilsson is trembling, Abel takes it in his stride.

ABEL

Going to be an interesting winter.

EXT. GLACIER (CRASH SITE) - MORNING

The four men have exited the chopper to explore the crash site on foot.

Bergman studies the ice, Petersen in tow. It is virtually intact, the enormous shadow barely visible below. He turns to Petersen.

BERGMAN

Have you remained covert?

PETERSEN

What? We've not advertised our presence if that's what you mean. We're not inviting anyone else to come in and claim this from under our noses.

BERGMAN

You've hardly made lightning progress, considering.

PETERSEN

Well, a man with your means might move a mountain in a couple of days, but you'd learn nothing from it...

BERGMAN

Don't waste your philosophy seminar on me, Petersen.

PETERSEN

The institute doesn't pay for guesswork. Until I can provide proof of my findings they won't fund a full expedition. Unfortunately, without the support of a fully funded expedition proof is rather hard to provide.

BERGMAN

I thought guesswork was all you scientists did.

PETERSEN

Sooner or later we are compelled to make good on our hunches.

Bergman taps the ice with his foot.

BERGMAN

This is more than a hunch. I've read your reports. There's more here than you're showing me.

Petersen smiles - Bergman is in his court now.

PETERSEN

There is. It's over here.

EXT. GLACIER (TOMB LOCATION) - MORNING

He leads Bergman over to where Munch is standing. There is a six by eight foot area marked out on the ice. Some effort has been made to dig a narrow trench around it, but the excavation efforts seem to have stalled.

Several feet beneath the ice another shape can be seen. Something indistinct, but again something that doesn't naturally belong under the ice.

Petersen stares into the ice, entranced. Bergman is intrigued in spite of himself.

BERGMAN

What is that? Is that a...
man in there... or
something?

Petersen looks cautiously at Bergman, and gestures to the larger object behind them.

PETERSEN

It depends on what you
think we have over there.

BERGMAN

Let's not play games,
Petersen.

PETERSEN

Very well. If we both
believe that's a spaceship,
then I think this is the
pilot.

EXT. CAMP - LATER

The military chopper lands. Rhies, Hagen and Abel watch idly. Hansen and Stiller wait attentively.

Petersen comes out, barking orders at Hagen.

PETERSEN

Hagen. I need that supply
shed cleared by morning.
Move the snow-cat and clear
any fuel supplies out of
there.

Hagen shuffles off grumbling.

HAGEN

Hello to you too...

Bergman issues orders to his men.

BERGMAN

We need maximum load
testing on the winch.
Hansen, I need an inventory
of all detonators and
explosives... including our
own supplies.

Munch heads inside the camp building.

INT. SUPPLY SHED

Hagen, muttering grumpily to himself, enters. A random scattering of boxes blocks the path between the snow-cat and the main doors (we might recognise these as the boxes Abel and Rhies moved the previous day). Hagen grabs one of the boxes and heaves it onto some nearby shelves.

He stops, noticing something on the shelf.

HAGEN

Ohh, aren't you a beauty...

INT. RADIO ROOM

Munch enters. Nilsson is at the radio as usual, wearing headphones and speaking into the mic.

NILSSON

... time, it changes us,
every passing day makes us
a different person -

MUNCH

Listen -

NILSSON

What?!

MUNCH

Listen, I need you to -

Nilsson stops his recording and removes the headphones, looking annoyed at the intrusion.

NILSSON

What??

MUNCH

I need you to check the video camera and get it packed up for tomorrow morning.

NILSSON

Why? What's the big occasion?

MUNCH

We're going out.

Hagen enters, cupping something in his hands.

HAGEN

Hey, Munch, good. Take a look at this - do you think it might be native.

Hagen opens his hands to reveal a large spider. Munch recoils violently.

MUNCH

Jesus!

HAGEN

What..?

Munch can't even bring himself to look at the spider.

MUNCH

Just get it out of here.

Nilsson stands up, and checks out Hagen's discovery.

NILSSON

I think you've found Munch's fatal weakness. Anyway, of course it isn't native, you moron. Probably came out with the supplies.

Munch hurriedly exits the room.

INT. CORRIDOR

Rhies is waiting for Munch.

RHIES

Hey, Hans.

MUNCH

(brusquely)

What?

(beat)

Sorry - what's going on?

RHIES

That's what I wanted to ask you. There's a lot of commotion around here all of a sudden.

MUNCH

Oh. We're, uh, we're taking it out of the ice tomorrow. Finally.

RHIES

Really? Well, that's... we should have a drink - celebrate.

We hear raised voices approaching from outside.

MUNCH

Yeah - we'll all deserve a drink after tomorrow.

The door slams open. Bergman strides in, followed closely by Petersen and Hansen.

PETERSEN

- it's completely irresponsible, not to mention hazardous. I can't authorise that -

The group quickly heads into the lab.

MUNCH

(to Rhies)

Excuse me...

Munch follows Petersen.

RHIES

(to herself)

Glad I got your attention...

INT. LABORATORY

Munch follows Bergman, Petersen and Hansen inside.

MUNCH

What's going on?

PETERSEN

The major's not just planning to excavate the pilot tomorrow, he wants to blast the ship out - with thermite.

MUNCH

You can't do that -

HANSEN

I'd like to see you try and -

BERGMAN

Step back Sergeant.

PETERSEN

You need a muzzle for that one.

Bergman looks like he's finally had enough of Petersen. Munch quickly steps in.

MUNCH

Major. Until we know what that ship's made of we can't chance it reacting to the thermite. If there's a chain reaction we could risk losing both artefacts.

Bergman considers.

BERGMAN

It's the pilot that's got you two hooked, isn't it? And you'll never get it out without my help.

PETERSEN

Given sufficient -

BERGMAN

Forget it. You'll be here until next year trying to dig that thing out of the ice. Accept my terms and you'll have in less than 24 hours.

MUNCH

What exactly are your terms?

BERGMAN

We extract the pilot first, remove it from the site. Then you co-operate with me and my men. I secure the ship, you secure your precious specimen. What the hell, they might even give it your name.

Munch, clearly in favour of the plan, looks to Petersen.

PETERSEN

Hodgkins and Parkinson both had discoveries named after them. I think I'd prefer to wait and see what we've discovered before we start lending our names to this thing.

DAY THREE

EXT. CRASH SITE (TOMB LOCATION) - MORNING

Munch and Petersen crouch on the ice. The military chopper hovers above them.

Moments later a rectangular block of ice - the 'pilot' - starts rising from the ground, lifted on heavy straps by the chopper.

The men guide the block out of the ice and onto a nearby sled. Once it's safely in place the straps are released and the chopper moves away to a safe landing place.

EXT. ICE PLAIN - THE ICE BLOCK

The rest of the soldiers and scientists gather around the block, curious.

Hansen snorts.

HANSEN

This is incredible. You've made a big discovery here. What is it you call this? Oh yeah - ice. Who would have thought? Here, in Antarctica...

ABEL

Quite a wit you have there. You should mark this day on your calendar of achievements. "June 21, 1982 - made amusing comment, walked upright for three hours, slept exhausted for the next two days".

HANSEN

Think you're funny? Let's see if you're still laughing with -

BERGMAN

Enough!

Hansen obediently clams up, but shoots Abel a murderous glare.

Nilsson, having finished securing the ice block to the sled, walks over to Ericsson, just returning from the chopper. He hands him a camera.

NILSSON

Would you mind?

Nilsson grabs the other members of the research team. They gather around the ice block and smile proudly while Ericsson takes their photo.

ERICSSON

There's one for the history books.

Nilsson then hands Ericsson his video camera.

NILSSON

Could you keep this running for me?

ERICSSON

No problem. You're not the only person who's going to want to see this.

Nilsson heads off on the snow-cat.

NILSSON

See all you back at camp.

Bergman rounds everyone else together.

BERGMAN

Alright. This is how it's going to work...

EXT. ICE PLAIN (CRASH SITE) - LATER

The remaining people, each armed with a marker flag, walk around the outer edge of the buried ship. Ericsson films as they spread around the circumference of the buried ship. He sets the camera on a tripod and then puts the last flag in place.

LATER

Bergman and Stiller plant thermite charges at intervals within the perimeter marked by the flags.

Other charges are being prepared, or carried to the site from the chopper, by various other members of the team.

LATER

Stiller unwinds a lengthy detonator cord from the thermite charges to the safe area where the rest of the team are gathered.

Ericsson finishes setting up the camera on its tripod, ensuring it is stable.

BERGMAN

(to Stiller)

Will that be sufficient?

STILLER

Yes sir, it'll do the job, as you requested.

PETERSEN

I'll advice you once again to reconsider. We have time to carry out more tests.

BERGMAN

Time enough only to test my
patience, Petersen.

(to Stiller)

Light it up.

Stiller nods and lights the fuse.

The spark shoots along the cord towards the linked
thermite charges.

The assembled soldiers and scientists wait tensely,
preparing to shield themselves - the scientists visibly
more nervous than the soldiers.

The spark nears the charges.

The scientists cower.

A huge explosion of ice and steam erupts through the ice.
The research team watch, shielding their eyes.

Seconds later a blinding flash, followed by a much larger
explosion knocks everyone to the ground. A thick black
cloud fills the air. The stunned team cover their mouths,
trying not to choke on the fumes.

HAGEN

Jesus Christ. You blew it
up. You blew it up! You
dumb fuckers.

Hansen elbows Hagen in the face, knocking him to the
floor. Hardly anyone notices, attention fully diverted by
the cataclysmic explosion. Even Hagen barely reacts,
staring at the black smoke trailing from the enormous
crater ahead.

EXT. ICE PLAIN - CRATER EDGE

Bergman, Stiller, Petersen and Munch peer cautiously over
the edge of the newly formed crater. Several meters below
they can see the smouldering surface of an alien
spaceship. It is twisted and burned.

MUNCH

Some sort of magnesium
alloy, maybe. Reacted with
the thermite. Exactly what
I was afraid of.

PETERSEN

(to Bergman)

You destroyed your prize,
Bergman.

BERGMAN

Leave it a few days to
cool, then we'll come back
out and inspect it. Finish
the job if necessary.

Petersen looks stunned.

PETERSEN

Finish it off? Is that what
you were planning all
along?

BERGMAN

This is now a restricted
matter, Petersen. You'd be
well advised to keep your
opinions private from now
on.

Petersen turns to Munch.

PETERSEN

He knew we could never
excavate it, not without
international assistance.
Isn't that right, Major? If
we can't keep it to
ourselves let's make sure
no one can get their hands
on it? You... short-
sighted, belligerent
imbecile!

Bergman walks away, ignoring Petersen.

EXT. CAMP - EVENING

The chopper lands, followed shortly by the research
team's helicopter. All disembark and are greeted by
Nilsson.

NILSSON

Your... block is safely
stored in the supply shed.
The heating's off - it
should be well preserved in
there.

PETERSEN

Good.

Nilsson notices Petersen and Munch's expressions.

NILSSON

So what did I miss?

INT. LAB

On a monitor we see the playback of the ship blowing up.

NILSSON

Holy Krakatoa! You blew it
up!

MUNCH

Not us.

NILSSON

Major Bergman?

HAGEN

More like major paranoia.

NILSSON

So, was it... a spaceship?

Petersen shrugs.

PETERSEN

I think so. Whatever it
was, it's scrap metal now.

MUNCH

(to

Petersen)

Bergman could well do the
same to our specimen. We
should start examining it
while we have the chance.

INT. SUPPLY SHED

An ice axe, wielded by Munch, impacts on the surface of the ice block. This is followed by a second axe, wielded by Petersen.

Munch leans in to clear the chipped ice away.

PETERSEN

Can you make anything out?

MUNCH

Nothing that looks...
recognisable. Hand me that
pick.

Petersen hands over an ice pick. Munch chops some smaller chunks away.

MUNCH

I think there's something -
ow, shit!

Munch slams the pick down and accidentally catches the edge of his hand. A thin stream of blood runs over the ice.

INT. SURGERY

Rhies examines the wound on Munch's hand - it looks bloody, but not serious.

RHIES

Husky?

MUNCH

No, ice pick.

RHIES

Those things are for ice,
not flesh. You can tell by
the name.

MUNCH

I'll try and remember that.

RHIES

Forget it. You're a born
scientist. If I warn you an
ice pick'd cut your hand
open you'd try it anyway
just to see how the blood
flows.

MUNCH

Lucky I've got a responsible doctor to stitch me up again.

RHIES

Lucky indeed. What on earth were you doing anyway?

INT. KITCHEN

Petersen is fixing himself a hot drink. Rhies storms in, followed gingerly by Munch.

RHIES

Are you crazy?

PETERSEN

Well now, doctor, you tell me.

RHIES

Wonderful. You're about to expose us all to a potentially lethal organism and you want to crack jokes?

PETERSEN

Anna - what's your problem?

RHIES

You are.

PETERSEN

Whatever's in that ice has been dead for thousands of years.

RHIES

Whatever it is it probably isn't from this planet. It could contain any number of bacteria, viruses - diseases we don't have any immunity to. All perfectly preserved -

PETERSEN

Oh, please, stop the scaremongering!

RHIES

I am not scaremongering,
damn it!

Abel enters.

ABEL

A little respect in my
kitchen if you please.

Rhies turns to Munch.

RHIES

I can't believe you went
along with this. I thought
you at least would have
more brains!

Munch is speechless. Nilsson and Hagen enter.

HAGEN

Are we missing something?

ABEL

About as much as I am. What
the hell's going on? And
why the hell is it going on
in my kitchen?

MUNCH

(to Rhies)

We can't trust the Major
not to destroy the pilot,
like he did the ship -

BERGMAN (O.S.)

Trust is a hard thing to
come by.

Bergman enters, followed by his men.

Did it occur to you that if
I wanted the pilot
destroyed I wouldn't have
allowed you to bring it
back here?

PETERSEN

Allowed?

BERGMAN

You couldn't have done it
without my help.

PETERSEN

I'm sure you had your
reasons.

BERGMAN

I don't have reasons. I
have orders.

RHIES

Can't you do something?!
That specimen needs to be
examined in a controlled
environment. These two
cowboys are blinding
themselves to the fact that
there's a serious risk of
infection.

BERGMAN

Unless there's a proven
threat I have no orders to
take over the running of
this base. Petersen can
carry on as he sees fit.
I'll leave you children to
sort this out amongst
yourselves.

Bergman exits.

HAGEN

I think you upset the
major.

NILSSON

So what's in the ice? Is it
dangerous?

RHIES

I guess you're about to
find out.

Rhies leaves, disgusted. Nilsson follows, worried.

NILSSON

(exiting)

Is it going to make us
sick?

INT. CORRIDOR

Rhies storms away from the kitchen, followed by Nilsson.

RHIES
Shut up, Nilsson.

BERGMAN (O.S.)
Doctor?

Rhies stops and turns around to face Bergman.

BERGMAN
If you're so concerned
about everyone's safety,
tell me this: if there is a
dangerous organism in that
ice, wouldn't you prefer it
was exposed out here,
before we return to
civilization.

Rhies has no answer.

INT. KITCHEN

Petersen turns to Munch.

PETERSEN
I want you in there
guarding that thing - don't
take your eyes off it.

MUNCH
What are you going to do?

PETERSEN
I'll be keeping an eye on
Bergman.

Abel looks at the others, still gathered in his kitchen.

ABEL
Well? Is this a conference
room or a kitchen?

The others drift out, leaving Abel to it.

EXT. CAMP - NIGHT

Establishing shot.

INT. REC ROOM

Spirits are somewhat higher helped, it seems, by evidence of a hearty meal. All are present with the exception of Munch.

Petersen keeps a careful eye on Bergman.

Abel is entertaining the crowd with an anecdote.

ABEL

They wanted something they could broadcast, but the leader was too nervous to go on camera. So we got this intern - I don't even remember his name - this kid. But we forgot to tell the TV people, so out goes the programme and everyone who watches it thinks this spotty eighteen year old was in charge of the whole expedition.

ERICSSON

Well - if you want a case of mistaken identity ask the major whose name is on his dogtags.

Abel leans over to Bergman.

ABEL

May I?

Bergman pulls out the dogtags so Abel can read them.

ABEL

Jans Bolen? Who's that then?

BERGMAN

Someone who deserved to be remembered.

HANSEN

The major's saying that when he dies his hero's death, it'll be Jans Bolen who goes down in history.

ERICSSON

On the other hand, if the
major dies on the can it'll
be Jans Bolen who is
forever remembered as the
soldier who died with his
pants around his ankles -
Lucas Bergman will just
fade away with honour.

BERGMAN

And before he cops it,
Major Lucas Bergman will
have you all practising
manoeuvres at sunrise.

There is some laughter. Ericsson stands up suddenly.

ERICSSON

Sir! Permission to break
open my personal supply?

BERGMAN

Go to.

Ericsson hurries out.

ABEL

I don't know. You and Munch
mourning over absent
friends.

HAGEN

Hey, where is Munch? He's
missing out on the party.

BERGMAN

Guarding the prize. Isn't
that right, Petersen?

Petersen makes no response.

Ericsson re-enters carrying a crate. He opens it to
reveal a hearty supply of various spirits.

HAGEN

This is your personal
supply? Just tell me where
I sign up.

ERICSSON

Step right up, soldier.

Hagen picks out a bottle of Jack Daniels with great love and takes a deep swig from the bottle.

RHIES

(to ABEL)

What did you mean - about
absent friends?

Abel considers, realising he's probably said something he shouldn't have.

ABEL

She died.

This is clearly news to Rhies.

NILSSON

Ah, the dear departed - the
not so long forgotten. What
are we if we don't have our
memories?

HAGEN

Uh-oh - Nilsson's getting
philosophical. Talking of
absent friends...

Hagen exits.

INT. SUPPLY SHED.

Munch is hidden away behind the ice block. He is busy in a corner setting up a small portable heater.

He hears a noise and turns round to find Hagen standing over him brandishing the ice axe. Munch goes wide-eyed.

Hagen remains straight-faced for a moment, then breaks.

HAGEN

Scare you?

MUNCH

Jesus. You fucking idiot.

Hagen grins, but keeps the axe over Munch's head. He wobbles drunkenly.

Will you just... put it
down.

HAGEN

What? Why?

MUNCH

Just - look, you might drop it.

HAGEN

Relax.

MUNCH

What do you want?

HAGEN

The dogs need feeding, Nilsson was supposed to do it and -

MUNCH

Okay, fine! I'll feed them. Now will you just... piss off!

Munch flinches defensively as Hagen moves the axe.

HAGEN

What's up? Am I disturbing you and your new friend? You should bring him along to the party.

Munch stands up and snatches the axe away.

MUNCH

What party?

HAGEN

The soldiers - they've got some... refreshments... come and join us.

Munch considers.

MUNCH

No, Petersen wants me on guard duty here - unless anyone else wants to volunteer...?

HAGEN

Don't think so. Sweet dreams, Munch.

Hagen staggers out. Munch, irritated, slams the axe down on the ice, chipping a fist-sized chunk away in the process.

He peers in, still unable to make out the shape under the ice. He examines the fragment of ice, glares at the axe, then eyes the heater thoughtfully.

INT. REC ROOM.

As before.

Ericsson is leading a rousing chorus of Barbra Streisand's song Memories. Nilsson isn't impressed. Rhies is distracted, but amused.

HANSEN

That's the devil's music.

ERICSSON

You don't like Barbra Streisand?

HANSEN

Streisand is fine. Your singing isn't. In fact, if you don't stop I'm going to have to shoot you.

Hansen, completely poker faced, pulls out his gun. For just a moment he seems serious. The room falls silent. Then Ericsson erupts with laughter, followed by the rest of the room.

Hansen places the gun back on the table, not before making a show of pointing it briefly in Abel's direction - a move unnoticed by everyone except Abel.

ABEL

A man who talks with his gun doesn't usually have much to say.

Hansen staggers over to Abel and leans down to his face.

HANSEN

That might be true, but when my gun speaks I think you'll be listening.

Bergman stands up.

BERGMAN

I think this party just
outstayed its welcome.

He grabs Hansen by the shoulder. Ericsson and Stiller
stand up ready to follow.

PETERSEN

Speaking of which I should
think your work is finished
here, Major.

BERGMAN

Then you must be forgetting
something.

PETERSEN

And what's that?

BERGMAN

A man's work is never done.

The soldiers laugh uproariously and exit. Hagen passes
them on his way back in.

HAGEN

They sticking around, huh?
Aren't things ever going
back to normal around here.

ABEL

They won't be staying.

NILSSON

Why not?

ABEL

The job's done - we did
what we came here for.
Anyway, would you stick
around here any longer than
you had to?

HAGEN

Amen to that. Here's to
getting the hell out of
here.

INT. SUPPLY SHED - NIGHT

Munch has managed to string up the heater above the ice
block in an attempt to thin the ice over the surface.

In the distance we hear the dogs barking. Munch looks in the direction of the sound, frowning.

Satisfied with the positioning of the heater he exits the supply shed.

EXT. CAMP - NIGHT

Munch hurries across the snow towards the kennels.

INT. KENNELS

Munch enters the kennels. A short corridor leads to the cages where the huskies are locked up. Their barking grows louder as they hear him enter.

MUNCH

Okay boys, soup's up.

Munch starts preparing the dogs' evening meal.

INT. SUPPLY SHED - NIGHT

POV - exiting the supply shed.

INT. KENNELS

Munch enters the cage with a couple of bowls of food.

EXT. CAMP - NIGHT

POV - approaching the kennels.

INT. KENNELS.

Munch is crouching inside the kennels, petting the dogs as they feed.

He hears a noise - could be a door opening. He peers round, but can't see the door from where he is sitting.

MUNCH

Hagen - if that's you
fucking around again I've
had enough for tonight.

There is no response. Hearing no further sounds, Munch returns his attention to the dogs.

POV - approaching Munch from behind, stopping a few feet away from him.

Munch notices a few of the dogs have licked their bowls clean.

MUNCH

Hungry, huh? Well, everyone else is partying - don't see why you shouldn't get something extra.

He picks up the bowl, stands up, turns round - then jumps back in surprise.

Rhies is standing in the doorway.

MUNCH

Christ. What the fuck is this - am I 'it' today? Is everyone out to see who can give me a heart attack first...

He trails off when he notices Rhies' sombre expression.

RHIES

I'm sorry.

MUNCH

It's ok - you just... scared me.

RHIES

No. I'm sorry.... about her... about me...

CUT TO:

INT. KENNELS - LATER

Munch and Rhies have made themselves comfortable on a bench inside the kennels. The dogs are dozing happily at their feet. Rhies has liberated a bottle of wine, or liquor of some form, which they're both sharing.

RHIES

No hard feelings then?

MUNCH

Only at myself.

RHIES

Ditto.

MUNCH

I should have explained
things earlier -

RHIES

You've told me now.

Munch nods thoughtfully. Rhies raises the bottle.

RHIES

To... absent friends,
and... the future.

MUNCH

To the future.

They both drink. Rhies moves closer. They share an
awkward kiss.

RHIES

So... you could come
back... to my room...

MUNCH

I... uh -

RHIES

(hastily,
embarrassed)
- for another drink - I
mean... I should be in
bed...

Rhies gets up.

...sleeping...

Rhies hurries off in a haze of embarrassment.

INT. SUPPLY SHED.

Munch enters thoughtfully. The heater is still on above
the ice block. A thin layer of slush has developed on the
surface. He brushes it away, but can see no more clearly
what lies inside.

He grabs a pick and scrapes away some of the ice around
the surface.

He stops, leans against the ice - then gives the inside
door, leading to Rhies' room, a long and thoughtful look.

INT. NILSSON'S ROOM.

There is a strange whine coming from somewhere within in the camp. Nilsson wakes up, frowning at the noise.

After a few moments it resolves into an orgasmic sounding moan.

Nilsson shakes his head and goes back to sleep.

DAY FOUR

EXT. CAMP - DAWN

Ericsson is up early, removing ice from the chopper. He hears a noise from the side of one of the buildings and walks over to investigate.

He discovers Munch, naked and looking somewhat bewildered, crouching in the snow.

For just a moment Ericsson is lost for words.

ERICSSON

What the - did you draw the short straw? Wait - are you getting married today?

Munch looks up at him, bewildered.

You'll freeze out here.
Come on, I'll help you inside.

Ericsson helps Munch up.

You science types really have some crazy ways...

INT. RHIES' ROOM.

Rhies, just getting up, peers out of her window and sees Ericsson and Munch outside. She watches with interest as Ericsson helps Munch back inside the camp.

INT. KITCHEN

Abel is just preparing some coffee and breakfast. Nilsson is idling nearby.

ABEL

Nilsson, make yourself
useful and see if we've got
any more coffee in the
shed.

NILSSON

Why me?

ABEL

'Cause while you're in my
kitchen I'm the boss. And
if you have to hang around
in my kitchen you can do
something to earn your
keep.

Nilsson, grumbling, exits.

INT. CORRIDOR

Nilsson passes Rhies on his way. He shoots her a knowing
grin.

NILSSON

Morning Doc - sleep well?

Rhies frowns at him.

INT. SUPPLY SHED

Nilsson enters and starts rummaging through the shelves
for coffee.

Suddenly he stops dead. Very slowly he turns around - his
eyes go wide.

INT. KITCHEN.

We hear a muffled cry from elsewhere in the camp. Abel
looks up - then rushes out, knife in hand.

INT. CORRIDOR

Abel reaches the supply shed at the same time as
Ericsson, Hagen and, mere feet behind them, Petersen.

PETERSEN

What now?

INT. SUPPLY SHED

The three men enter the supply shed together and find a petrified Nilsson pointing at the ice block.

NILSSON

It's GONE!!!

The ice block has been hollowed out. Whatever creature was once inside it has disappeared.

EXT. SUPPLY SHED - MORNING

Hagen, Ericsson, Petersen and Abel are outside the shed, surveying the immediate area.

HAGEN

See anything?

PETERSEN

Are there any tracks?
Footprints?

ERICSSON

Only our own.

ABEL

What now?

INT. REC ROOM - DAY

Everyone is gathered. Munch is sitting sombrely. Petersen is striding around, so furious he can barely speak.

PETERSEN

At least one person in this
room knows what happened to
that specimen.

He looks at Bergman.

BERGMAN

Forget it Petersen. My men
and I were sleeping last
night. Just like everyone
else.

NILSSON

Not everyone...

PETERSEN

What?

NILSSON

Nothing.

PETERSEN

Oh yes...

Petersen turns to Munch.

Where were you?

RHIES

Munch didn't take it.

Petersen ignores her.

PETERSEN

You could hardly wait to unearth that creature. You knew how valuable a discovery like that could be. I can't think of any reason you would leave that thing unguarded unless -

RHIES

He didn't take it, alright?! He was... he was with me last night.

There is a minor commotion at this revelation.

PETERSEN

What? That hardly proves anything. You never wanted that thing here in the first place - for all we know you helped him steal it!

RHIES

You think I'd steal it?!

Petersen gestures towards Munch.

PETERSEN

Clearly I don't know what you'd do.

ERICSSON

Uh, you know I don't think it's quite as complicated as that. I, uh, I found Munch outside the camp this morning - he was naked.

Hagen, at least, finds this amusing. Petersen is speechless. He sits down, exhausted.

PETERSEN

Is this nothing more than a summer camp to you people?

Bergman steps up.

BERGMAN

Alright then. Listen up. The situation is simple. Something's gone missing. We're going to find it.

HAGEN

And why should we do what you say?

BERGMAN

Because you have nothing better to do.

INT. LABORATORY.

The lab is empty.

Slowly, someone pushes the door open from outside. Stiller enters, gun at the ready. He is followed momentarily by Rhies and Hagen.

HAGEN

So, doctor, any pet theories? Think someone snuck in and stole it while you and Munch were - ?

RHIES

If you're trying to get me to talk about last night - don't.

As they talk Rhies casually examines the room. Stiller does the same. Hagen busies himself keeping close to Stiller.

HAGEN

We all wondered if you two
would ever -

RHIES

I said don't.

Rhies approaches a full size metal locker at the far end
of the room.

HAGEN

(to Stiller)

You don't talk much do you?

STILLER

Only when I have something
to say? Does it make you
nervous?

HAGEN

A little, yes.

Stiller nods.

HAGEN

Hey, doc? If you think that
thing's so dangerous, maybe
we shouldn't be trying to
find it.

Rhies puts her hand on the locker handle.

RHIES

I'm sure it's nothing to
worry about.

Rhies opens the locker. There is nothing inside.

Someone's probably just
hidden it for a joke. I
certainly hope so, anyway.

HAGEN

Why's that?

RHIES

Because the alternative is
a little too terrifying to
contemplate.

Hagen goes quiet.

INT. KITCHEN.

Abel and Petersen enter. There is no one else inside.

Abel heads over to a small side room - the larder.

ABEL

What in hell...?

Petersen joins him and sees what Abel is staring aghast at - a number of cans and various food items are lying on the floor - all opened, all spoiled.

PETERSEN

I can't think of anyone who would dare to mess up your kitchen.

ABEL

Maybe one person.

Munch and Ericsson enter.

MUNCH

Anything?

Abel looks at Ericsson.

ABEL

Where's Hansen?

ERICSSON

Out checking the perimeter.
Why?

Petersen directs Ericsson to the discarded food.

PETERSEN

What do you know about this?

ERICSSON

It's a damn waste, I know that.

PETERSEN

Wait a minute - Hansen's checking the perimeter? I thought he was supposed to be with the others.

ERICSSON

Hey - don't ask me. I don't
give the orders around
here.

INT. KENNELS.

Nilsson enters.

NILSSON

Bergman? Uh, Major?

BERGMAN (O.S.)

You're not in uniform.
Bergman will do.

Nilsson finds Bergman looking at the dogs.

NILSSON

Uh, there's a -

BERGMAN

Tell me, how many dogs do
you have?

NILSSON

Six, I think, why?

Bergman looks at him.

BERGMAN

How many dogs do you have?

NILSSON

I just told you. Six.

BERGMAN

How many dogs do you have?

NILSSON

Six! Jesus! Do you want me
to count them? Look - one,
two, three, four... five...
uh

Nilsson counts again.

BERGMAN

Seven, isn't it. You've got
one dog too many.

Nilsson shrugs.

NILSSON

I... someone must have
miscounted. The dogs were
already here when we
arrived. I was told there
were six. Maybe no one ever
checked.

BERGMAN

You never checked? You
never even noticed?

NILSSON

No. What does it matter
anyway? They're just dogs.

At that moment they hear a commotion coming from outside.
Bergman rushes out. Nilsson quickly counts the dogs again
before following.

EXT. CAMP - AFTERNOON

Hansen is standing in front of the chopper, his gun drawn
on Petersen, Abel and Hagen. Rhies and Munch stand a
short distance away. Stiller is standing impassively with
Hansen, while an uncomfortable Ericsson is attempting to
mediate.

ERICSSON

They only want to check
inside the chopper. Come
on, Hansen, take it easy.

HANSEN

Are you a soldier or a
civilian, Ericsson? This is
military equipment -

PETERSEN

Just stand aside sergeant
or -

Bergman strides up.

BERGMAN

Or what?

PETERSEN

Major Bergman! I will not tolerate this... martial law in my camp. This situation is getting out of control

BERGMAN

This situation is already out of control, Petersen. If we're to listen to your doctor this entire region could be at risk of unclassified alien infection. My orders are -

PETERSEN

My god. You did this, didn't you? You set it up so you could undermine my authority and take control of my camp.

BERGMAN

For a scientist you have a particularly wild imagination.

ABEL

Look. Just let us see inside the chopper. We're not going to help anything by getting at each other's throats. If there's nothing in there let us see.

BERGMAN

Sergeant Hansen.

HANSEN

Sir.

BERGMAN

Stand down.

HANSEN

Sir?

BERGMAN

Do I need to repeat myself?

Hansen, hiding his outrage, stands aside.

Hagen rushes forward, followed by Petersen and Abel. They inspect the chopper and find nothing.

PETERSEN

This doesn't prove anything. There are a hundred places you could have hidden that creature.

BERGMAN

You can trust me or not Petersen, the choice is yours, but your cook is right - this bickering is a waste of energy.

PETERSEN

Then perhaps you wouldn't mind granting me an act of goodwill.

INT. REC ROOM.

Hansen stands by a table on which a number of weapons have been placed. He looks Bergman in the eye.

HANSEN

Are you sure about this, sir?

BERGMAN

Just disarm yourself soldier.

With clear reluctance Hansen removes his rifle from his shoulder, and places it on the table. He then unholsters his pistol and also places it down. Bergman dismisses him. Hansen takes a seat.

Bergman turns to Petersen.

I'll remind you again if any members of your team handle these weapons they will be disarmed.

PETERSEN

As long as we don't have any of your men pointing their weapons in our faces I think we'll be fine.

The two exchange a frosty glare. Petersen turns to the others.

We'll continue the search
at first light tomorrow.

HAGEN

Where? Are you going to
make us search the whole of
Antarctica?

Hagen swigs a bottle of Jack Daniels as he bitches.

BERGMAN

We can commence
interrogations if you
prefer.

There is an uncomfortable silence.

ERICSSON

Hey, we should keep looking
for footprints too because
maybe that creature got up
and walked away...

Ericsson's joke doesn't lighten the mood.

Uh, that was meant to be a
joke...

STILLER

Maybe it's bigfoot's big
brother. They'll be
spotting him for years.

Everyone looks at Stiller, surprised to hear him speak.
Then the chuckles start.

HAGEN

Right - it'll be like the
Loch Ness monster.

ERICSSON

We should get a photo -
we'll make a fortune!

ABEL

Hell, I don't care if it
walked, just so long as
it's walked a long way from
here.

MUNCH

Where would it go?

Beat.

There's nothing out there.
This is the only place with
warmth... with food. If it
really did wake up, it
won't go far from here.

The mood flattens again.

ABEL

Well, if it does come here
for a meal it's going to
find some slim pickings.

PETERSEN

What do you mean?

ABEL

We're running out. Whoever
got into the larder today
managed to ruin a good deal
of our remaining supplies.

Abel eyes Hansen as he mentions this - receiving a
murderous look in return.

Also... we're feeding four
extra mouths from our own
stocks... the short version
is we're more or less down
to rice and beans.

HAGEN

That settles it then -
we'll have to pack up and
go home.

BERGMAN

I'll arrange for some
supplies to be dropped in.
Should happen within 48
hours.

NILSSON

What? You mean we're
staying here?

BERGMAN

That is the central
prerequisite of a
quarantine situation.

There are grim looks all round as it dawns on everyone
that they're not going anywhere soon.

EXT. CAMP - NIGHT

Establishing shot.

INT. KITCHEN

Abel is doing his best to prepare a meal. He looks up to
find Hansen starring at him. Abel manages to hide his
surprise.

ABEL

Sergeant Hansen. Come to
play with the sharp knives?

HANSEN

You came all this way and
this is all you do here?
Cook?

ABEL

Actually I came here for
the climbing. Hell of a
mountain range out there.
The cooking just pays my
way.

HANSEN

You all think you're so
special working out here.
Going where no man has gone
before. I'd give you five
minutes in a real survival
situation - less.

ABEL

We're not all glory seekers
out here, but at least what
we do is aimed at
furthering human life.

Abel holds up some food by way of example.

You soldiers? All you exist to do is to kill, to conquer. You'd spread like a plague if the guy next door didn't have his own army to stop you. If there was no killing to do you'd be scavenging bins in a back alley somewhere, living like a parasite on the backside of society.

Hansen reaches out and takes Abel's knife from his hands. He plays with it dangerously, glaring at Abel, then stabs it into Abel's chopping board and exits.

INT. REC ROOM.

Hagen is eyeing up the guns lying on the table. He has the bottle of Jack Daniels in his hand.

NILSSON

Jesus, Hagen, how much of that personal supply have you personally drunk?

HAGEN

Not enough, friend.

NILSSON

Yeah, well, don't think I'm going out there and feeding the dogs. Not with that whatever it is out there.

HAGEN

Oh come on! There's nothing out there!

NILSSON

No way -

Hagen stands up - he's clearly drunk.

ERICSSON

Whoa, take it easy - I don't think you're going anywhere. Tell you what, I'll sort out the critters.

Ericsson gets up and exits. Hagen sits back down.

HAGEN

Nilsson. You're such a
drama queen.

NILSSON

Yeah, well you're such a
prick!

Nilsson storms out.

INT. SUPPLY SHED

Rhies enters. Petersen is staring sombrely at the
hollowed out ice block.

RHIES

You sitting here in case it
comes back?

Petersen looks up.

PETERSEN

I owe you an apology
doctor.

RHIES

For what?

PETERSEN

For my behaviour. And for
not listening to you.

RHIES

Never mind. It's all in the
past now. If we've made
mistakes we'll have to deal
with those in the future.

PETERSEN

Did you really sleep with
him?

RHIES

Gunnar, whatever we might
have almost had it's...

PETERSEN

You're right. It's none of
my business.

RHIES

Listen. Don't punish
yourself. People can't be
controlled like machinery,
or chemicals in a
laboratory. Not everyone
can think exactly like you
- not everyone can be you.

PETERSEN

Well, that's their loss
isn't it?

Petersen smiles. Rhies smiles back.

INT. KITCHEN - LARDER

Abel is searching through the remaining supplies in the
larder.

He turns around and jumps - Nilsson, still nervous and
distressed, is standing directly behind him.

ABEL

Fuck - Nilsson! Hell of a
time to creep up on
someone.

They head back into the kitchen

NILSSON

Listen, Abel - you think
Bergman's serious about
this quarantine thing?

ABEL

Man sounded serious to me.

NILSSON

Can't we get out of here?
You can talk to Hagen - get
him to fly us out of here
in the copter.

ABEL

And how far do we get
before Bergman catches up
to us in his chopper? Or
just shoots us down?

NILSSON

For all we know - listen,
what if that creature did
wake up? What if it was in
hibernation or something...
and it's walking around...
waiting to pick us off one
by one...

Abel picks a bottle of whisky from the shelf and pours
Nilsson a healthy slug.

ABEL

That's crazy talk. There's
no alien monster walking
around here. That thing's
just hidden somewhere.
Sooner or later someone's
going to come out with it.

Munch appears at the door.

ABEL

Hey, Munch.

MUNCH

Hey.

He enters, sees Nilsson.

Nilsson, I thought you'd be
in the radio room.

NILSSON

Naw - the Major's still in
there trying to reach base.
I'm just standing around
here, drowning my fears.

ABEL

Been a hell of a day. How
about you Munch. How do you
feel. You are Petersen's
prime suspect after all.

MUNCH

I'm not sure... I feel...
weird... and pissed off.

NILSSON

Yeah? Join the club.

Nilsson passes the whisky over to Munch.

HAGEN (O.S.)
Hey, chef, I've got it.

Hagen appears at the door, swaying drunkenly.

I've got the answer to your
problems. Don't worry - if
we run out of food, we can
just eat Munch.

Hagen pulls out a gun and points it at Munch. It's all a
big joke to him, but the others don't see the funny side.
Abel and Munch freeze. Nilsson cowers.

ABEL
Alright, Hagen, just put it
down.

NILSSON
Yeah, put it down you idiot
- you don't play around
with guns.

Abel slowly approaches Hagen.

ABEL
Ok, just... just hand it
over here...

Munch, with a curious look on his face, takes a step
towards Hagen.

HAGEN
Don't get so panicked. It's
not like it's -

The gun goes off.

Munch gasps. A bleeding wound appears in his chest. He
collapses to the ground, groaning.

NILSSON
Shit!

ABEL
Doctor?! Rhies - get in
here!!

NILSSON
Oh, shit...

Bergman and the soldiers appear quickly. Bergman sees Hagen with the gun, and turns to his men.

BERGMAN

Secure that man!

The soldiers quickly disarm the stunned Hagen, forcing him to the ground.

Rhies and Petersen rush in.

PETERSEN

What's going - my God...

RHIES

Hans? Oh no...

Rhies kneels down by Munch, feeling his neck for a pulse.

Nilsson, horrified, can't help but move in for a closer look.

Munch's eyes go blank. He starts convulsing.

RHIES

(to Nilsson)

Help me! Quick. Hold him down!

Nilsson gingerly grabs Munch's shoulders.

Munch's convulsions grow more violent.

RHIES

Hold him! Someone get the emergency kit.

Petersen hurries out.

Munch's wound pulses... then opens, widens. Rhies notices and draws back slightly. Nilsson doesn't see.

NILSSON

I can't... Doctor...

There is the sound of cloth tearing. Munch's shirt rips open around the wound. The flesh around his chest and shoulder appears to turn inside out. The open wound blooms across his torso.

Nilsson notices. He freezes in terror.

NILSSON

Doc... what the...

Munch's arm flails out, knocking Rhies away. The arm and shoulder bends impossibly, sickeningly, behind his back. A grotesque new arm appears in its place - the clawed hand wrapping itself around Nilsson's throat.

BERGMAN

Shoot it!

Stiller and Ericsson reach for their weapons - and realise they're not carrying them anymore. They run out.

Bergman takes the weapon Hagen was carrying and tries to aim at the Munch-thing, but can't get a clear shot past Nilsson.

Hansen pulls a fire-axe from the wall and severs the arm holding Nilsson. The severed portion remains firmly attached to Nilsson's neck.

Ericsson and Stiller, now armed, rush back in.

BERGMAN

Sergeant - stand clear!

Hansen dives out of the way, pushing Nilsson out of the line of fire. Ericsson and Stiller shoot. The Munch-thing falls to the ground in a shower of bullets.

Nilsson starts choking. Hansen wrestles the claw from Nilsson's neck. Abel spears it with a meat fork. When it still shows no signs of dying he thrusts it onto the gas burner of the stove. It burns quickly.

As Hansen steps back the Munch-thing stands up again. Without hesitation Hansen slices the axe deep into its head. The head splits in two. The Munch-thing screams.

Abel grabs the bottle of whisky and hurls it at the Munch-thing. The glass shatters, dousing the creature. Abel reaches for a fire lighter, but Bergman is there first. He lights a small flare and throws the burning mass at the Munch-thing. It catches.

The creature, engulfed in fire, screams. Enraged, it bursts through the nearest wall, escaping into the night.

Bergman turns to his men.

BERGMAN

Kerosene - quick!

Bergman follows the creature through the gaping hole in the wall.

EXT. CAMP - NIGHT

Bergman exits. Petersen and Ericsson follow.

Bergman holds his hand up for quiet. A moment later they hear an unearthly groan.

The group hurry towards the sound. Hansen and Stiller join them, carrying several canisters of kerosene.

The creature is writhing pitifully on the ground, mortally wounded to all appearances. Bergman nods to Stiller - who douses the creature with kerosene.

PETERSEN

Is it dying?

Stiller steps back. Bergman lights another flare and ignites what remains of the Munch-thing.

BERGMAN

It is now.

INT. REC ROOM.

The remaining humans sit, stunned. Stiller is finishing tying Hagen to a chair.

Rhies is distraught.

RHIES

All this time... we were looking for it, and it was inside Munch all along.

Bergman looks at her coldly.

BERGMAN

It wasn't inside him - it *was* him. And you were sleeping with him.

NILSSON

What the fuck does that have to do with anything?

HAGEN

Maybe she's got it...

ABEL

What?

HAGEN

Whatever Munch had. Maybe she's got it now...

Abel leans in threateningly.

ABEL

You speak like that again, I might just rip your tongue out.

RHIES

I didn't...

BERGMAN

What?

RHIES

I didn't sleep with him. It was a lie.

Petersen is shocked.

I had a drink with him, then I went to bed - alone. I didn't see him after that.

PETERSEN

Munch was alone with that thing all night?

ABEL

What the hell did it do to him? I mean... come on (to PETERSEN) you're the scientist, (to RHIES) you're the doctor... what the fuck just happened?

NILSSON

It doesn't matter what happened - it's dead - Munch is fucking dead...

BERGMAN

Enough!

PETERSEN

It's... I don't know, some form of parasite... it infected Munch...

ABEL

But - I saw that thing in the ice - it was huge, it was like a man - bigger.

HAGEN

It was in disguise...

Bergman suddenly comes to a realisation and rushes out. Everyone else follows, with the exception of Hagen, who is still tied to his chair.

HAGEN

Hey - hey!

EXT. CAMP - NIGHT

Bergman heads towards the kennels, followed by the others.

PETERSEN

Where the hell are you going?

BERGMAN

Your pilot was right.

PETERSEN

What?

BERGMAN

If you have to infiltrate an enemy position, how do you do it?

HANSEN

Camouflage.

ERICSSON

Go undercover.

BERGMAN

That thing we just took down - it looked exactly like Munch, it acted exactly like Munch. It's the perfect disguise. It was able to hide right among us and we didn't suspect a thing. It just didn't count on getting shot.

ABEL

But it's dead.

BERGMAN

Maybe not all of it.

PETERSEN

What?

INT. KENNELS.

Bergman and the others are inside the kennels. The door has been left open. Several of the dogs have escaped, only three remain.

NILSSON

They've gone.

(to Ericsson)

Did you bolt the door?

ERICSSON

I'm not certain. When I heard the screaming I ran back to the camp - maybe I forgot to bolt it properly.

BERGMAN

There's three dogs left. That means there's four out there somewhere.

ABEL

I don't get it - why didn't it just do the same thing it did to Munch, just copy him.

PETERSEN

Simple physics. It had to displace a proportion of its mass. It... probably consumed Munch and learned how to copy him. But it was too big, so it did the same to one of the dogs - copied one and made an exact duplicate.

BERGMAN

It calculated - correctly - that you'd never notice an extra dog.

ABEL

Oh shit, so two of those dogs are these things?

PETERSEN

Maybe more.

BERGMAN

We need to find the rest of the dogs - and kill them. It's the only way to be sure.

ABEL

And how can we be sure it hasn't copied anyone else?

Nilsson abruptly runs out.

INT. REC ROOM

Nilsson runs in, clearly terrified, he heads directly for the table holding the soldiers' guns.

HAGEN

Hey, will you tell me what the fu-

Nilsson picks up a pistol and whirls around, only to be disarmed in an instant by Hansen.

Hansen throws Nilsson to the ground, picks up the gun, and holds it against his head.

At that moment a knife appears at Hansen's throat.

ABEL (O.S.)

Drop it - or you go next.

Hansen doesn't move.

Believe me, I won't blink.

Hansen drops the weapon and steps back, all the time glaring viciously at Abel.

HANSEN

We'll finish this... very soon.

Meanwhile, the others have entered.

PETERSEN

Nilsson, what the hell are you playing at?

NILSSON

I know what you're thinking - but it's not me - I know who I am. I know who I am.

ERICSSON

He's lost it. He's cracked.

HAGEN

He went a long time ago...

NILSSON

You think I'm infected, don't you? It touched me - it touched me.

PETERSEN

Alright, just calm down, okay? Doctor?

RHIES

Well... I'm not sure... but if it didn't break the skin...

PETERSEN

You hear that? You didn't get cut. You're fine.

Nilsson touches his neck uneasily.

BERGMAN

Nilsson? You're the radio operator, correct?

NILSSON

Uh, yeah.

BERGMAN

There's an American outpost not far from here. I need to you to contact them. You have to warn them to shoot any dogs that approach their camp. Okay?

NILSSON

Okay.

BERGMAN

Good. Then step to it.

Nilsson, now with a purpose, heads to the radio room.

Petersen sidles up to Rhies.

PETERSEN

Doctor? A word, if you will.

Petersen and Rhies quietly exit.

Bergman turns to Abel.

BERGMAN

It's going to be a long night. Do you have any coffee left?

ABEL

The one thing we do have.

Abel exits.

INT. SURGERY.

Rhies and Petersen are conferring.

PETERSEN

We need to examine those remains.

RHIES

What? No! We should finish
burning them down to ashes.

PETERSEN

We have to find a way of
detecting if anyone else
has been copied. Munch's -
those remains hold the only
chance we have of
understanding what this
thing can do. Besides,
there's incalculable
scientific value -

RHIES

Value?! Munch's dead and
you're still glory-seeking?

PETERSEN

Anna. You need to start an
autopsy - right away.

RHIES

I won't. I can't.

PETERSEN

You are under my
jurisdiction -

RHIES

I can't do it - I don't
have the expertise, I don't
even have the right
equipment. I can't do it.
In any event, those remains
could still be infectious.
We should completely
incinerate them.

Petersen sits down.

PETERSEN

Oh God, Anna, what's
happening? What are we
going to do?

RHIES

The only thing we can do -
just wait and see what
happens.

DAY FIVE

EXT. CAMP - DAWN

Establishing shot.

EXT. CAMP - MILITARY CHOPPER

The four soldiers are gathered outside the chopper.

BERGMAN

You see anything moving
near the ship you kill it -
shoot it, burn it, do
whatever you have to do.

ERICSSON

Sir, if it does try and
head back there, it's going
to be pretty pissed off
when it finds out that we
blew up its ship.

BERGMAN

You have your orders.

Ericsson and Stiller enter the chopper.

Bergman turns to Hansen.

BERGMAN

Sergeant. I have a job for
you.

INT. RADIO ROOM.

Nilsson is asleep. He has a blanket wrapped around him

Petersen looks at him in disdain. He slams his hand down
on the radio. Nilsson, still wearing the headset, jumps
in alarm.

PETERSEN

Anything?

NILSSON

No. There's no one there.
Either they're sleeping
around the clock or they've
got an idiot working their
radio.

Abel enters, carrying a jug of coffee.

ABEL

Fresh brewed?

NILSSON

Definitely.

Nilsson picks a cup off his desk, throws the cold contents on the floor, and holds it out for a refill.

ABEL

You been in here all night?

NILSSON

Yeah - and it's cold - has someone screwed with the heating?

PETERSEN

We need to conserve fuel supplies - no telling how long we're going to be stuck here.

Petersen heads to the door, then pauses.

Nilsson, were you in here alone all night?

NILSSON

Yeah, so?

Petersen glances at Abel, before exiting.

So what?

Abel, perhaps unconsciously, edges away from Nilsson, towards the door.

Hey - where are you going?

INT. REC ROOM.

Petersen enters. Bergman is checking weapons. Hagen is still tied to the chair, hungover. Rhies, looking miserable, is nursing a cold cup of coffee.

BERGMAN

Any word?

PETERSEN

Not so far.

Abel enters with his jug of coffee.

BERGMAN

If it comes to it we'll fly
out there - warn them
ourselves.

He looks at Hagen.

Give trigger happy Joe here
a chance to stretch his
wings.

HAGEN

Come on, I did you a
favour.

RHIES

And what if he'd still been
human?

Hagen has nothing to say.

Hansen enters, carrying a box. His expression is grim.

BERGMAN

What did you find?

HANSEN

Just like you said.

Hansen holds up some torn and bloodied clothing.

RHIES

Jesus...

PETERSEN

What in god's name is that
meant to be?

BERGMAN

Corporal Ericsson said
Munch was naked when he
found him yesterday
morning. This was the fake
Munch, remember. So maybe
this creature can only copy
living tissue - flesh,
bone, muscle. But to get to
all of that it would have
to tear through a person's
clothes.

Bergman takes the item of clothing from Hansen.

Was this Munch's?

RHIES

Yeah - it was.

BERGMAN

It's not much, but now we have something to look out for. Something to tell us if anyone's been copied.

Bergman notices something else inside the box. He frowns at Hansen.

What's this?

Bergman pulls another piece of cloth from the box. It is the remains of an army uniform.

INT. MILITARY CHOPPER.

The chopper has landed. Stiller is examining a storage crate. A clean army uniform is inside, along with some explosives and sundry supplies.

Ericsson, dressed, like Stiller, in a heavy parka, is waiting outside.

ERICSSON

Everything there?

STILLER

Yes.

ERICSSON

Alright then - quick recce, then we'll head home.

Stiller exits the chopper.

INT. REC ROOM

As before. Bergman is holding the tattered remnant of an army uniform.

Hansen suddenly draws a pistol he's been concealing and points it at the others - including Bergman.

Abel reaches for one of the guns on the table - Hansen shoots a warning shot. Everyone recoils in alarm.

BERGMAN

Sergeant.

HANSEN

I know I'm human, sir. I know it's not me.

BERGMAN

Then give me the gun.

HANSEN

No way - not until I know you're human.

BERGMAN

Then you'd better shoot, sergeant, because that's the only way you're going to know.

Hansen, struggling with the dilemma, keeps his gun trained on Bergman.

Do you have the guts to find out?

Hansen slowly lowers the weapon.

HANSEN

I know I'm still me.

Nobody moves - no one sure what to do next.

BERGMAN

Well - are we going to stay like this all winter?

At that moment they hear a barking outside.

HAGEN

The dogs.

PETERSEN

They came back.

After a momentary pause everyone rushes for the door.

HAGEN

Abel - hey, Abel, wait.

Abel pauses.

Please - listen...

EXT. CRASH SITE

Ericsson completes his circuit of the crash site. Stiller joins him, heading in from the opposite direction.

ERICSSON

Anything?

Stiller shakes his head.

STILLER

You?

ERICSSON

Not so much as a wild
goose.

They head back to the chopper, Stiller in the lead.

STILLER

Should we look inside the
spaceship?

Stiller pauses, staring at the wrecked spaceship.

STILLER

We should investigate.
There could be weapons
inside. Maybe the explosion
didn't destroy everything.

Ericsson grunts.

If that thing is still
alive maybe there's
something we can fight it
with. Right Ericsson? Those
scientists could use...
Ericsson?

No answer.

Corporal?

Stiller turns around, but Ericsson is no longer human. Beneath the hood of his parka gapes a huge pulsating orifice, lined with alien teeth. A mass of tentacles erupts greedily from inside.

Ericsson...?

The Ericsson-thing lunges.

EXT. CAMP - KENNELS

Bergman, Hansen, Petersen and Rhies are watching three of the missing huskies gnawing frantically at the door to the kennels.

PETERSEN

The hunger must have driven them back.

RHIES

They'll be too dangerous to handle in that state.

HANSEN

Who said anything about handling them?

Hansen pulls his gun out. Bergman takes it.

BERGMAN

Hold it sergeant. There's three there - we're still missing one.

They hear a low growling from nearby - the fourth dog is right behind them.

EXT. CRASH SITE.

Stiller ducks, but he's not fast enough. The teeth clamp down on his shoulder, drawing blood. He cries out.

A flurry of tentacles burst out from Ericsson's torso. Before they can reach their target Stiller manages to bring his weapon up and fires.

The Ericsson-thing flies back, screaming. Its chest splits open, trying to disgorge the bullets.

Stiller pulls out a grenade and lobs it at the creature. It lands inside its open torso and detonates. The shattered body of the Ericsson-thing falls back into the snow, bits of it lying all around, quivering and freezing into the ice.

Stiller hobbles to the chopper.

EXT. CAMP - KENNELS

As before.

The dog tenses. Bergman raises the gun.

The dog takes a step towards them, then wobbles and falls over.

Abel steps out from behind one of the camp buildings, carrying a tranquiliser gun.

BERGMAN

Tranquiliser?

ABEL

Hagen's idea. Shooting that thing last night just seemed to piss it off. If we put the dogs to sleep first perhaps we can figure out some sort of test.

BERGMAN

Fair plan. How many darts have you got?

ABEL

Four.

Abel hands the gun to Bergman. Bergman shakes his head.

BERGMAN

I'm no sharp shooter - let Hansen take the shots.

ABEL

I guess he's gotta be good for something.

Abel hands the rifle to Hansen.

INT. CHOPPER

Stiller, semi-delirious from the effects of his wound, grabs a fuel canister.

EXT. CRASH SITE.

Grasping his shoulder and grunting in pain, Stiller returns to find the Ericsson-thing's corpse still twitching limply in the snow.

Parts of it, scattered around, have mutated - growing limbs, claws, tentacles - in a series of individual bids to survive, before freezing.

Stiller kicks all the various pieces into an untidy pile in the snow. He pours the fuel over the corpse, then

lights it - watching as the horrific remains sink slowly into the melting snow.

EXT. CAMP - FUEL DRUMS

The group has taken cover behind some fuel drums. Hansen has the gun. Abel is holding a pack of dog meat.

BERGMAN

Ready?

HANSEN

Just be sure you're ready to load me up after each shot.

Bergman looks at his hand - he is holding the four darts.

BERGMAN

Four darts, three dogs - don't disappoint me.

Bergman turns to Abel.

BERGMAN

Alright, we're ready.

Abel slices the pack of dog meat open and hurls it towards the kennels. The dogs run over.

Hansen fires his first dart into the dog at the rear. It pauses, then stumbles and falls. The two other dogs barely notice.

Bergman loads up the second dart. Hansen fires again. Another dog falls.

Bergman loads up the third dart. Hansen takes aim.

Nilsson runs out, shouting, from the radio room.

NILSSON

Quick, get in here - it's -

Hansen's shot misses.

PETERSEN

Get down, you fool - be quiet.

Nilsson stops, confused.

The remaining husky looks suspiciously at the fallen dog next to him. It sees Nilsson and growls. Then charges.

Bergman loads the fourth dart.

Nilsson runs, panicked, back to the door, but it has closed behind him. He cowers, screaming.

The dog lunges.

Hansen fires and hits his target.

The dog stops, then teeters and falls.

NILSSON

Christ. Those fucking dogs!

PETERSEN

(to Abel)

How long will they stay sedated?

ABEL

A good few hours, at least.

PETERSEN

Okay, let's get them locked up.

NILSSON

Wait. On the radio. It's Stiller. He's in trouble.

All rush inside, leaving Nilsson still in a pathetic heap on the ground.

INT. RADIO ROOM

Bergman grabs the mic.

BERGMAN

This is Bergman - report!

INT. CHOPPER.

Stiller, dazed, hears Bergman's voice crackling through the radio.

STILLER

Major...

BERGMAN (RADIO)

What's your status?

STILLER

I'm... compromised, sir.

INT. RADIO ROOM.

NILSSON

Compromised? What the hell
does that mean?

BERGMAN

Clarify.

INT. CHOPPER.

Stiller switches various controls on the chopper's
dashboard as he speaks.

STILLER

It was Ericsson, sir. He
was... he wasn't Ericsson
anymore.

BERGMAN (RADIO)

What's his condition?

STILLER

Dead. Incinerated. But he
got me first. I'm wounded.

INT. RADIO ROOM.

BERGMAN

We can fix you up,
corporal. Are you able to
get back to the camp?

STILLER (RADIO)

Negative sir. No return to
base.

BERGMAN

What? Repeat.

INT. CHOPPER.

STILLER

I can't return to the base.

INT. RADIO ROOM.

BERGMAN

What? What do you mean?

STILLER (RADIO)

It's in me. I can feel it.

INT. CHOPPER.

STILLER

I'm not... completely me.
I'm changing.

BERGMAN (RADIO)

You're just being paranoid,
corporal. It's the wound
making you delirious.

STILLER

I know I'm different.

BERGMAN

How?

Stiller makes a few more adjustments on the dashboard and takes the controls.

STILLER

Because an hour ago I
didn't know how to fly a
helicopter.

Stiller guides the chopper into the air.

INT. RADIO ROOM.

Bergman doesn't know what to say.

PETERSEN

It must... assimilate
knowledge from everyone it
copies. It learned how to
fly a helicopter from
Ericsson.

NILSSON

B-but Stiller's human,
right?

PETERSEN

For now.

ABEL

He said it wounded him.
Could he have become
infected?

NILSSON

It... changed him from
inside...

Bergman listens grimly.

BERGMAN

Corporal, do you read?

INT. CHOPPER.

STILLER

Yes sir. You have to do
something.

BERGMAN (RADIO)

What is it?

STILLER

If I come back it won't be
me. Do you understand? If
you ever see me again it'll
be something else with my
face. It'll trick you, and
then it'll kill you. It
wants to survive.

As he speaks, Stiller appears to be struggling with the
controls, fighting himself.

With great effort he directs the chopper towards a rock
face - clearly intending to crash.

He pulls out his gun

Sir, it's been an honour.

Stiller fires several shots into the controls, destroying
the panel, then he raises the gun to his temple.

INT. RADIO ROOM.

A final shot sounds over the speaker.

BERGMAN

Corporal...?

There is a muffled explosion, then nothing but static.

PETERSEN

Nilsson?

Nilsson, looking in shock at the radio, doesn't respond.

Nilsson, turn it off.

When Nilsson remains still, Abel reaches over and shuts the radio off.

ABEL

I'll go and get those dogs locked up. I could use a hand, Hagen.

HAGEN

Can't you do it on your own?

PETERSEN

Hagen, go and help him dammit.

Hagen and Abel exit.

Nilsson looks up at Petersen.

NILSSON

I'm not one of them.

Petersen pats Nilsson gently on the shoulder.

INT. REC ROOM - EVENING

Petersen, Hagen, Rhies and Abel sit in silence.

ABEL

So what do we do now? Are we going to sit here until someone turns out to be something they're not.

HAGEN

Let's dope ourselves up like the dogs. At least that way we can sleep through it.

RHIES

Seeing as you can't drink yourself through it anymore.

HAGEN

What the fuck are you doing anyway? You're the doctor - why haven't you come up with a cure, or a vaccine or something?!

Rhies glares at him.

PETERSEN

Stop it - all of you!

ABEL

Oh, this is bullshit. Come on, Petersen, do something! You're our glorious leader - you dug that thing out of the ice - now how are you going to get us out of this almighty fuckup.

No response.

Hagen - how about flying us out of here? I'm not sitting around waiting to be taken over by that thing.

EXT. CAMP - EVENING

Bergman is standing sombrely, watching the sky darken. Hansen waits nearby.

The sound of Petersen and Abel arguing travels over the air - in particular their plans for escape catch the ear of Bergman and Hansen.

HANSEN

Sir?

Bergman looks at Hansen.

It's about time, sir.

Bergman nods.

BERGMAN

Round them up.

INT. REC ROOM.

As before. Abel and Petersen are arguing.

Hansen bursts in, dragging Nilsson with him. He holds a gun on the group. Bergman enters.

Hansen lets Nilsson go - the terrified man instantly moves to the furthest corner of the room, away from everyone else.

PETERSEN

Bergman? You've gone too far this time.

Petersen approaches the door, but is pushed roughly back by Hansen.

BERGMAN

This camp is now under military control. You will all follow my orders.

ABEL

The hell with that!

BERGMAN

I have one priority: to keep this hostile agent contained and find a way of destroying it. Everything else is now secondary.

RHIES

Including our lives?

BERGMAN

Just do as I say.

Bergman addresses the room.

No one leaves. Anyone who attempts to escape will be shot. If and when we find a way to ascertain who's human we'll kill this organism and get the hell out of here.

Bergman turns to Hansen.

Watch them closely. If they move - kill them.

HANSEN

With pleasure, sir.

Bergman pauses.

BERGMAN

Sergeant - you're to take no other action without my express orders. Is that understood?

HANSEN

Sir.

NILSSON

I can't stay in here. I'm not one of them!

Hansen subdues Nilsson with the butt of his gun.

ABEL

You're leaving this psycho in charge?!

BERGMAN

Sergeant Hansen is a decorated officer who has pledged to defend his country. You will follow his every command to the letter.

PETERSEN

And where are you going exactly?

BERGMAN

To start cleaning up this mess you've created.

Bergman exits.

EXT. CAMP - NIGHT

Bergman exits the camp. He pauses, takes a breath - we see that this latest action wasn't an easy choice. He glances to the kennels, then heads over to the military supplies near the supply shed.

INT. REC ROOM.

As before. Abel glares at Hansen.

ABEL

So what now? You going to
sing us a song?

HANSEN

That's an interesting
question. What shall we do
to pass the time?

Hansen pulls a cutthroat razor from his jacket and
smiles.

RHIES

Jesus... what are you going
to do with that?

HANSEN

We're going to find out
who's human.

EXT. CAMP - NIGHT

Bergman is sorting through the military supplies -
including several crates of grenades, thermite charges
and canisters of kerosene.

He starts gathering items together, then notices the
snow-cat parked nearby. He walks over and starts loading
it up.

INT. REC ROOM.

As before.

HANSEN

You all think you're so
clever, but none of you
have figured out a way of
smoking this thing out yet.

ABEL

And you have?

HANSEN

It's simple. If you've got someone playing dead on you, you stick them with a knife. They can't play dead if they're screaming and bleeding over the place. This thing might be a genius at staying out of sight but I don't think it can stand being hurt. We found out about Munch because we hurt it. Now I'm going to go on hurting it and see if it comes out and tries to defend itself.

HAGEN

What if we're human?

Hansen abruptly starts laughing to himself.

HANSEN

Shit. I'll tell you the truth. I don't really care if any of you are human or not. But I'm going to torture you anyway.

PETERSEN

What do you think Bergman's going to do when he finds out?

HANSEN

Oh, come on. You don't really think you're getting out of here alive do you?

EXT. CAMP - NIGHT

Bergman has finished loading the snow-cat. He starts it up and sets off towards the kennels.

INT. REC ROOM.

As before. Hansen moves towards the group, brandishing the razor.

HANSEN

Now... who gets to take the test first.

ABEL

Why don't you do me? Or
don't you have the guts.

HANSEN

Oh no, we're going to have
much more fun than that -
I'm gonna do you last.

He looks at Rhies, who shrinks back. With a quick glance and an evil grin in Abel's direction, Hansen moves towards Rhies.

Abel waits for Hansen to look away, then launches himself at him. Hansen drops the razor, intent on levelling his gun at Abel's head.

Petersen, with Hagen's help, manages to wrestle the gun from Hansen's hand. He aims it at the soldier.

Meanwhile Nilsson grabs the razor and flees from the room.

RHIES

Nilsson!

Unaware that Hansen is covered, Abel continues the fight, swinging an impressive right hook.

Hansen falls to the ground. Petersen aims the gun again, but is again blocked by Abel.

Abel moves in to take another jab at Hansen but is kicked away. Hansen sees Petersen aiming the gun at him. Petersen takes the shot, startling Abel, but Hansen scrabbles out of the room just in time.

EXT. KENNELS - NIGHT

Bergman, oblivious to the commotion elsewhere in the camp, unloads his arsenal from the snow-cat and heads inside the kennels.

INT. REC ROOM.

Petersen unlocks a cupboard, pulling out - to Rhies and Abel's surprise - a semi-automatic and a pistol.

PETERSEN

I stowed these away before Bergman locked up the weapons again. I felt a measure of insurance would be prudent.

He keeps the semi for himself, but hands the two pistols (including the one taken from Hansen) to Rhies and Abel.

We can no longer trust these soldiers with our lives. You two take care of Hansen. I'm going after Bergman. Find Nilsson if you can.

RHIES

Wait - do you mean - ?

PETERSEN

Hansen was going to kill us - with Bergman's sanction. Why do you think he left us alone with him?

Rhies looks doubtful. Petersen heads for the door.

It's a question of survival, doctor.

Petersen exits, leaving Rhies and Abel.

RHIES

Where's Hagen?

Hagen emerges sheepishly from behind a table, rubbing his head.

ABEL

Come on. Let's finish this.

INT. KENNELS.

Bergman is taping thermite charges inside the kennels. Suddenly the outer door pushes open.

Bergman peers along the corridor.

BERGMAN

Who goes there? Identify yourself.

Bergman stands up, wary. He draws his pistol. He steps down the corridor, towards the open door.

He ducks his head through the door, seeing nothing.

He steps out.

EXT. KENNELS - NIGHT

Petersen lunges from behind, slamming his rifle butt into the back of Bergman's head. Bergman collapses.

Petersen steps over Bergman's inert body, pointing his rifle at his chest. Bergman doesn't move.

Something catches Petersen's ear from inside the kennels. He steps inside.

INT. CORRIDOR

Rhies is trying the door to the radio room. It's locked.

RHIES

Nilsson - are you in there?
Open the door.

Abel is carefully scanning the corridor.

ABEL

Is it locked?

RHIES

Yeah. I don't know if
Nilsson's in there...

INT. RADIO ROOM.

Nilsson stands in the middle of the room, staring at the door. A heavy piece of equipment is keeping it firmly closed.

He holds the razor in his hand.

ABEL (O.S.)

... break the door down, if
we have to...

Nilsson tightens his grip on the razor.

INT. CORRIDOR

Hagen tries forcing the door. It won't budge. Rhies shrugs.

RHIES

What now? Can we use the
radio in the copter?

HAGEN

It hasn't got much of a
range...

ABEL

Damn it Nilsson. I'll break
his neck when I get in
there.

Abel takes one last look down the corridor, then steps
towards the radio room door.

As soon as his back is turned, Hansen flies out of the
kitchen, brandishing a lit blowtorch.

Abel barely manages to duck out of the way. Hansen
recovers and leaps after him. Both roll down a side
corridor out of Hagen and Rhies's field of view.

Hagen and Rhies rush over.

Hansen has Abel on the floor, his hands firmly clasped
around his neck. Abel gags.

Hagen and Rhies struggle to dislodge Hansen, but to no
avail.

Rhies runs into the kitchen.

Abel's eyes start to roll back in their sockets. Hagen
continues his futile efforts to beat Hansen away.

Rhies emerges from the kitchen carrying a fire
extinguisher. She raises it over Hansen's head.

At that point a hideous groan comes from Abel's mouth.
Hansen tightens his grip. Abel's neck starts to stretch
and split. His head pushes away from his body, turning
itself inside out like a grotesque flower in the process.
Hansen, in shock, releases his grip. Abel's torso
convulses violently, throwing Hansen off.

INT. RADIO ROOM

Nilsson is beside himself with terror, hearing the
inhuman noises coming from the corridor.

He retreats to the desk - the furthest point from the
door - razor still held in his shaking hand.

INT. CORRIDOR

Hagen, panicking, runs from Abel-thing. He collides with Rhies, who falls back into the kitchen doorway, then disappears down the corridor.

Hansen, cut off from the kitchen by Abel-thing, spots the blowtorch, the pilot light still glowing, lying just beyond an open fire door in the corridor. He rolls for it and grabs it.

Abel-thing shoots a clawed tentacle at him. Hansen flattens himself against the wall. The tentacle just misses his chest. He holds out the blowtorch, scorching the creature. It screams and strikes the fire door with a twisted limb. The door slams shut - right on Hansen's arm.

INT. CORRIDOR - FIRE DOOR

Hansen screams and falls away from the door, his arm cleanly severed.

INT. CORRIDOR - KITCHEN SIDE

Rhies stares aghast at Hansen's arm, still trapped in the door, still grasping the blowtorch.

Abel-thing makes a move towards her. Reacting instinctively, Rhies gives it a blast with the fire extinguisher. It recoils.

As Rhies watches it raises a leathery claw to the ceiling. It bursts through the wood, pulling itself up and out of the corridor.

INT. RADIO ROOM

Nilsson hears the sound of splintering wood. He sits down in the chair, facing away from the noise and closing his eyes.

Something punches a hole through the roof above his head. A flurry of tentacles wind their way through, clamping themselves to the ceiling. A shape starts to descend, peering curiously into the room. As it draws in we see it has Abel's face.

Nilsson's hands move under the desk. He brings up the razor to his neck - we see that he has cut both his wrists.

He holds the razor against his throat and pushes down - hard.

INT. CORRIDOR - FIRE DOOR

Hansen is lying on the ground, somehow clinging furiously to life. He has made a rudimentary attempt to stop the flow of blood from his shoulder.

He hears a noise - something on the roof above him. The light immediately overhead blows - then the next, then the next. The windows shatter. The sounds above move step by step, heading towards the supply shed at the far end of the corridor. With each step another light blows, slowly plunging Hansen into darkness until the only light is from the night sky, coming through the shattered windows.

There is a loud crashing from the supply shed. Then the sounds stop.

Hansen, unable to move, looks fearfully into the dark.

He hears a slithering noise growing closer. A tentacle wraps itself around his ankle and pulls him towards the dark supply shed.

Hansen screams.

EXT. KENNELS - NIGHT

Rhies staggers up to the kennels. She sees Bergman, lying in the snow. She kneels down to check his pulse - he's alive, stirring.

Seeing no sign of Petersen she heads inside the kennels.

INT. KENNELS

It is dark. A light flickers at the far end. We hear something that may be a dog whining. Or maybe not.

Her foot hits something. She looks down - it's the semi that Petersen was carrying.

She looks up, to the far end of the kennels again. There is a figure slumped against the wall, pale and naked, its back turned to her.

She takes a few steps closer.

RHIES
Petersen...?

The figure turns. It has Petersen's face but the rest of it is not quite human. Entwined in the sprawling mass of its belly are several of the dogs.

As Rhies watches a tentacle winds its way out from Petersen's mouth, reaching for her.

A hand falls on her shoulder - Bergman's. He pulls her out of the way and, with the discarded semi, blasts the Petersen-thing with a hail of bullets. It screams.

Bergman quickly ushers Rhies out of the kennels.

EXT. CAMP - NIGHT

Rhies and Bergman exit the kennels, looking behind them every step of the way as they head cautiously to the main camp building.

BERGMAN

Where are the others?

RHIES

Dead, or missing... what happened to Petersen?

BERGMAN

Your guess is as good as mine.

RHIES

So what's the plan?

BERGMAN

Radio for air support, call in a strike - we'll burn this camp into the ice. The military can pick us up.

They reach the door to the camp.

RHIES

Wait, Abel - one of those things is in there somewhere.

Bergman pulls open the door slowly and peers inside.

INSERT - CORRIDOR

The corridor is dark and, from what little can be seen, heavily damaged.

BACK TO SCENE

BERGMAN

There's an American camp a few kilometres south-west of here. If I don't come back take the snow-cat - maybe with some protective gear you can make it. Warn them.

RHIES

Be careful.

BERGMAN

Times like this I wish I hadn't given up smoking.

Rhies giggles.

RHIES

That's funny. That's exactly what Munch said.

Bergman, still peering into the corridor, smiles. His expression slowly freezes over.

He pulls his pistol out and turns to Rhies, pointing the gun directly at her.

Rhies stares back.

Bergman fires. His shot hits Rhies right in the forehead. She falls to the ground.

Bergman watches her carefully. Nothing happens.

BERGMAN

Shit...

Bergman slumps.

Then Rhies' body convulses. Her torso splits open, a set of spider-like legs telescoping out from her intestines, raising her body from the ground.

BERGMAN

Shit!

Bergman, with nowhere else to turn, runs into the building.

INT. CORRIDOR.

Bergman enters, closing the door behind him, gun at the ready, watching in every direction.

He tries the radio room door but it doesn't budge.

He heads towards the kitchen - sees Hansen's arm trapped in the fire door.

INT. KITCHEN.

Bergman enters slowly. The hole in the wall at the far end (where Munch-thing escaped), previously boarded up, has been wrenched open once again.

He steps over to examine the damage.

Behind him we see something descend from the ceiling.

There is a crashing noise. Bergman spins round and finds himself face to face with Abel-thing. He raises his weapon, knowing it will have little effect.

The creature raises itself to strike. Abruptly a sharp spider-like limb erupts from its midriff, bisecting it from the belly upwards. Tentacles, rather than intestines, spill out, lashing angrily around the wound.

We see that Rhies-thing is the attacker. Bergman watches with appalled fascination as the two creatures begin to fight. Rhies-thing appears to gain the upper hand, using an array of sharp claws and tentacles to assimilate Abel-thing into its own body.

Bergman takes advantage of the distraction to escape through the hole in the kitchen wall.

EXT. CAMP - NIGHT

Bergman runs away from the main camp building. He reaches a corner and peers round. From where stands he can see the kennels and the snow-cat - still loaded with demolition materials - just parked outside. Nothing appears to be moving.

Keeping a close watch on the camp buildings Bergman hurries over to the snow-cat.

EXT. KENNELS - NIGHT

Bergman climbs into the snow-cat and starts it up, circling round towards the main camp.

As he turns he suddenly notices Petersen, naked and only partially imitated, standing by the side of the snow-cat.

Bergman, acting reflexively, throws himself out of the other side of the vehicle. The snow-cat continues on its path, crashing into the side of the kennels.

Petersen moves unhurriedly towards Bergman.

There is a sound from above. Bergman looks up and sees the Rhies-thing on top of the kennels. His expression changes - he's tired and pissed off now.

BERGMAN

Fine - you want to fight
over me? Come and get me!

Bergman runs into the kennels, through the gaping hole created by the snowcat.

INT. KENNELS.

Bergman enters the kennels, but finds himself on the opposite side of the snowcat from the demolition supplies.

He clambers athletically over the vehicle and grabs a grenade.

A pale hand - Petersen's - grabs his arm from the other side of the vehicle. Bergman can't budge.

Through the hole in the wall he sees the Rhies-thing climbing through.

Bergman reaches for his gun, with his left hand, and shoots Petersen through the arm. The creature screams, but loosens its grip enough for Bergman to back away.

The Rhies-thing reaches the snowcat.

Bergman pulls the pin on the grenade.

He throws it at the snowcat and runs for the door.

The Rhies-thing follows him - almost reaching the door.

EXT. CAMP - DAWN

Bergman throws himself through the door, face down into the snow.

INSERT - KENNELS

Petersen-thing looks down at the grenade - it has landed on top of the explosives on the snowcat.

BACK TO SCENE

The kennels explode. A small explosion followed by a much larger one as the rest of the explosives detonate.

Bergman, stunned, drags himself as far away as he can manage before collapsing against some debris.

He looks towards the burning kennels - the building has been completely destroyed.

In his semi-conscious state he sees a shape approaching. It's indistinct, distorted by the heat haze - or maybe just distorted. It draws closer.

Bergman struggles to maintain consciousness.

The shape resolves itself into a husky. It walks calmly towards Bergman.

Bergman, mustering all his strength, raises his gun.

The husky pauses, then turns and runs.

Bergman keeps the gun raised, but nothing else emerges from the fire.

He takes a few moments, his vision slowly swimming back into clarity, then pulls himself to his feet.

Deciding he is uninjured he walks back to the camp. Parts of the building smoulder where burning debris has landed.

EXT. RADIO ROOM - DAWN

Bergman lifts himself to the window of the radio room.

INSERT - RADIO ROOM

We see, from Bergman's POV, Nilsson's dead body by the desk. The broken window and the holes in the ceiling have lowered the temperature in the room sufficiently for Nilsson's blood to freeze.

BACK TO SCENE

Bergman drops back to the ground.

He hears sounds coming from the other side of the camp and walks towards them.

EXT. CAMP - DAWN

Bergman sees Hagen fuelling the copter. He approaches him from behind and jams the gun in the back of Hagen's neck.

Hagen freezes, putting his hands up instinctively.

BERGMAN

Going somewhere?

Hagen turns round.

HAGEN

Shit! I didn't think anyone else was alive.

BERGMAN

Looks like you were wrong.

HAGEN

Is it just us?

BERGMAN

No. One of those things escaped.

HAGEN

So - what are we supposed to do about it?

Bergman puts the gun against Hagen's head.

BERGMAN

This is how it's going to work. You might be one of those things for all I know, or you could be human - but if you don't fly me to that American camp I'm going to shoot you regardless.

HAGEN

Right... right... okay, I'll... I'll do it - I'll take you there.

EXT. CAMP

The helicopter takes off, leaving behind the burning Norwegian camp for the last time.

INT. HELICOPTER

Bergman has armed himself with a sniper rifle, and has packed out the inside of the copter with the remaining grenades and kerosene.

HAGEN

What makes you think it's heading for the American camp?

BERGMAN

It's got nowhere else to go.

HAGEN

What if we don't find it?

BERGMAN

We have to. We're the last chance to stop this thing.

Hagen spots something ahead. He points it out to Bergman - as the fly closer they see the husky running in the snow.

EXT. ICE PLAIN

The husky stops running and sees the copter approaching from behind. After the briefest pause it continues its journey.

INT. HELICOPTER

Bergman aims the rifle and shoots, but misses. He pulls a couple of grenades and tries to throw them in the husky's path, but the dog is too far away.

EXT. ICE PLAIN

The husky flees - dodging bullets and grenades as it goes.

INT. HELICOPTER

Bergman lines up another shot, then stops. He points something out to Hagen - it's the American camp (Outpost 31), right ahead of them.

He motions Hagen to land.

EXT. OUTPOST 31 - MORNING

The helicopter lands. Some curious Americans have already emerged to find out what the commotion is about.

Bergman jumps from the copter, striding after the dog.

Hagen jumps out. He watches Bergman go then grabs a grenade.

Apparently aiming for Bergman, he pulls the pin and goes to throw it.

Bergman hears the pin and turns round. Startled, Hagen drops the grenade - which buries itself in the snow.

BERGMAN

Run - get out of there!

Hagen scrabbles in the ice, desperately trying to locate the grenade. He finds it, his fingers just clasping it as it detonates, destroying him and the copter in a massive explosion.

Bergman looks grimly at the wreckage, but is more horrified as he turns round to see the husky heading directly for the gathered Americans.

BERGMAN

Get the hell away! It's not a dog - it's something else. It's just pretending to be a dog. Get away from it you idiots!

The Americans just look blankly at him.

The husky jumps up at one of the Americans.

Bergman raises his gun and takes a shot. He misses the husky and hits one of the Americans in the leg.

The husky runs closer to the camp buildings. Bergman strides after it.

A moment later he has a good shot at the husky.

He raises the rifle.

The husky stares at him.

Bergman stares at the husky.

A shot rings out.

Bergman slumps to the ground, shot through the eye.

We see a hand, holding a gun, withdrawing through one of the camp windows.

Some of the Americans gather, puzzled, around the body.

The dog walks casually over. Sniffs Bergman's corpse. Then it looks at camp building and the Americans around it.

It has a found its new home.

DELETED SCENES

ORIGINAL DAY TWO ENDING

EXT. CAMP - LATER

The military chopper lands. Rhies, Hagen and Abel watch idly. Hansen and Stiller wait attentively.

Petersen comes out, barking orders at Hagen.

PETERSEN

Hagen. I need that supply shed cleared by morning. Move the snow-cat and clear any fuel supplies out of there.

Hagen shuffles off grumbling.

HAGEN

Hello to you too...

Bergman issues orders to his men.

BERGMAN

We need maximum load testing on the winch. Hansen, I need an inventory of all detonators and explosives...

Rhies, curious, approaches Munch.

RHIES

So what's going on?

MUNCH

We're going to take it out of the ice, tomorrow. Finally.

RHIES

Really? You must be... how about a celebratory drink?

Munch heads off inside.

MUNCH

I think we'll all deserve a drink after tomorrow.

Rhies sighs.

RHIES
(to herself)
Of course. That's exactly
what I meant...

INT. RADIO ROOM

Munch enters. Nilsson is at the radio as usual.

MUNCH
Anyone at home?

NILSSON
Just me and the Cheshire
cat.

MUNCH
Right. Listen, you'd better
pack the video camera
tomorrow.

NILSSON
Sure. Okay.

Munch becomes aware of raised voices outside.

What are we doing?

MUNCH
We're going... out...

Munch wanders out.

EXT. MILITARY CHOPPER.

Hansen, Stiller and Ericsson are loading boxes onto the
chopper. Petersen and Bergman are arguing once again.

PETERSEN
- it's totally
irresponsible and
hazardous. I won't -

MUNCH
What is?

PETERSEN

It seems the major's not just planning to excavate the pilot tomorrow, he wants to blast the ship out - with thermite.

MUNCH

You can't do that -

HANSEN

Do you want to try stopping -

BERGMAN

Back to work Sergeant.

PETERSEN

You need a muzzle for that one.

Bergman looks like he's finally had enough of Petersen. Munch quickly steps in.

MUNCH

Major. Until we're sure what that ship's made of we can't chance it reacting to the thermite. We'd risk losing both artefacts. It's not worth it.

Bergman considers.

BERGMAN

It's the pilot you're really interested in, isn't it? Well, you'll never get it out without my help. Am I wrong?

PETERSEN

Given sufficient -

BERGMAN

Forget it. You'll be here until next year trying to dig that pilot out. If you accept my terms you'll have it out tomorrow.

MUNCH

What are your terms?

BERGMAN

We extract the pilot first and remove it from the site. After that you cooperate with me and my men. I secure the ship, you secure your precious specimen. Hell, they might even give it your name.

PETERSEN

Hodgkins and Parkinson both had their discoveries named after them. I think I'd prefer to wait and see what we've discovered before we start lending our names to this thing.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Abel is preparing a meal. He looks up to find Hansen starring at him. Abel manages to hide his surprise.

ABEL

Sergeant Hansen. Come to play with the sharp knives?

HANSEN

What a waste of resources. This tiny outpost and they have one man just to cook the food.

ABEL

No need to slum it even here. People've gotta eat. Even you. Although you probably just eat rocks...

HANSEN

You probably think you're special working out here. You wouldn't last five minutes in a real survival situation.

ABEL

Maybe not, but what we do here is aimed at furthering human life - even yours.

Abel holds up some food by way of example.

You soldiers? All you do is end human life. If there was no killing to do you'd be scavenging bins in a back alley somewhere.

Hansen steams for a moment. Munch enters. Though intimidated he tries not to show it.

MUNCH

Does Bergman know you're off your leash?

Hansen takes Abel's knife from his hands and plays with it dangerously. He glares at Abel then stabs the knife into Abel's chopping board and exits.

ABEL

We're best friends really - he just doesn't know it yet.

MUNCH

All the same, I wouldn't push him too far.

ABEL

Well... big day for you tomorrow.

MUNCH

The one we came out here for.

ABEL

How about that. You get help with your big discovery. I get four more mouths to fill. Ungrateful ones at that. It's not as though I can grow an extra set of arms to help.

MUNCH

Ah, stop moaning. I'll help
you out.

Abel indicates to the sink, pointing to Munch with his
knife in hand.

ABEL

Not without scrubbing you
won't.

Munch walks over to the sink.

ABEL

And you can take that
filthy ring from your hand
too.

Munch stops and turns around.

MUNCH

Come on, Abel. I'm not
going into surgery, for
Christ's sake.

ABEL

That ring hasn't been off
your finger in I don't know
how many years. You could
have all sorts living and
growing under there.

MUNCH

I'm not taking it off.

ABEL

Then you're not helping.

Munch sighs. After a moment he walks off. Abel stops him.

ABEL

Whatever it means to you,
it's okay to move on - it
doesn't mean you have to be
a different person.

Munch ponders for a beat, then exits.

INT. REC ROOM - NIGHT

All are present. Dinner is just being finished off. The
silence that accompanies the meal betrays the tension.

The soldiers sit at one table, the scientists are crammed on another.

Ericsson tries to break the tension.

ERICSSON

Hey, Don't worry - we'll just blow up a load of stuff, leave a few dead bodies behind and be on our way.

The research team stare at him.

That was a joke. Really. Hey, the food was top rate by the way. Compliments to the chef.

ABEL

Thank you. Always a pleasure to fill a grateful stomach. I notice you cleared your plate too, Sergeant Hansen.

Hansen scowls.

Ericsson stands to attention.

ERICSSON

Sir! Permission to break open my personal supply.

BERGMAN

Permission granted. Go to.

Ericsson exits. The research team exchange some baffled glances.

Hagen pats Munch on the shoulder.

HAGEN

Hey, almost forgot - I've got something for you.

MUNCH

What might that be?

Hagen grabs something from his pocket, covering it with his hands.

HAGEN

Found it in one of the
supply crates.

Hagen holds his cupped hands in front of Munch and drops a large spider on the table. Munch lurches back in alarm, putting several feet behind him and the spider.

MUNCH

Jesus!

Hagen is hysterical. The others in the room are mostly amused as well. Hansen in particular takes great pleasure from the scene.

NILSSON

Holy shit - must have
shipped out with the
supplies.

Munch is deeply pissed.

MUNCH

Come on... get it away from
me! Get it away!!

Hagen carries on chuckling. Munch is serious.

Get it out of here!

Hagen picks up the spider and puts it back in his pocket. Ericsson re-enters carrying a crate. He opens it to reveal a hearty supply of various spirits.

HAGEN

This is your personal
supply?

Hagen picks out a bottle of Jack Daniels with great love.

Hell, just tell me where I
sign up.

ERICSSON

Step right up, soldier.

Abruptly Petersen's hand appears and relieves Hagen of the bottle.

PETERSEN

I don't think so. You're
flying at first light. For
that matter, we could all
do with clear heads
tomorrow.

The research team complain in general. Bergman steps up
to Ericsson.

BERGMAN

Doesn't look like these
boys and girl can keep pace
with us after all. We'll
call it a night.

The soldiers exit, taking Ericsson's supply with them.

Petersen turns round to face his disappointed team.

PETERSEN

Don't worry. We'll have
plenty of occasion to
celebrate after tomorrow.

NILSSON'S ORIGINAL DEATH SCENE

INT. CORRIDOR.

Hagen, with Hansen keeping a close watch, tries to the door to the radio room. It doesn't open.

HAGEN
(to Hansen)
It's locked!

Hagen knocks.

Nilsson - open the door.

INT. RADIO ROOM

Nilsson sits inside - seemingly in the middle of recording something on the radio. He has a knife in his hand - a large meat knife, likely pilfered from the kitchen.

NILSSON
(muttering)
You're not one of them...
you're not one of them...

INT. CORRIDOR.

Hagen shrugs. Hansen beats on the door.

HANSEN
Come on, fuckhead - open
up.

No response. Hansen gets angry.

Open the fucking door or
I'll break it down - then
I'll break your scrawny
neck.

Hansen beats the door again.

Open this door.

Still no response. Hansen draws his weapon. Hagen recoils.

I'll get him out of there.

EXT. CAMP - EVENING.

Hansen strides out, furious. He points his gun at the windows of the radio room and systematically shoots them out.

HANSEN

How do you like it in there
now, weasel dick?!

INT. RADIO ROOM

Nilsson, terrified, cowers as the windows shatter above him. The temperature drops instantly.

He hears Hansen taunting him from outside.

HANSEN (O.S.)

Cold enough for you?

INT. REC ROOM.

Abel confronts Bergman.

ABEL

Your man's out of control!
Do something!

BERGMAN

He's just doing his job.

INT. CORRIDOR.

Hansen storms back in. He hits the door once again.

INT. RADIO ROOM.

Nilsson is panicking.

NILSSON

I'm still human! You're not
taking me!

HANSEN (O.S.)

I'll burn this fucking door
down if I have to!

NILSSON

I'm still human!!

Nilsson holds his knife at the ready.

INT. CORRIDOR.

Hansen stares at the door second longer,
then heads into the kitchen.

Hagen tries knocking on the door.

HAGEN

Hey, Nilsson? Listen, come
on out of there. We're not
going to hurt you or
anything.

INT. RADIO ROOM.

Nilsson is sobbing.

NILSSON

You're not - you're not
taking me... I'm - still -
me...

INT. CORRIDOR.

Hansen returns from the kitchen. He's carrying the
bloodied axe he used to fight Munch-thing.

Barely giving Hagen time to move out of the way, Hansen
slams the axe into the door.

INT. RADIO ROOM.

Nilsson points his knife at the door, ready. As the axe
slams into the door again, he retreats to his chair.
Finally, he sits down, as if resigned to facing Hansen.
He puts the knife down, scrabbling for something in his
pocket.

INT. CORRIDOR

Hansen slams the axe into the door again. The axe jams,
but the door has been bullied enough to come partially
away from its hinges.

Hansen gives the door a hefty kick and it finally gives.

INT. RADIO ROOM

Hansen strides in, furious. Hagen follows gingerly.

HANSEN

Alright, dickhead, you're
going to learn...

Hansen stops when he sees Nilsson - he is propped up in the chair, arms drooping towards the floor, head lolling back. His right hand limply holds a cut-throat razor. Blood is pooling on the floor from his two cut wrists.

Hansen examines the desk and picks up the large kitchen knife that Nilsson left there. He hears a sound and turns to look at Nilsson.

Nilsson isn't quite dead yet. He rolls his eyes towards Hansen. A sound approaching a chuckle - or maybe just a death rattle - comes from his throat.

Hansen, frustrated and furious, slams the large knife deep into Nilsson's exposed throat.

In the doorway Hagen recoils in horror.

INT. REC ROOM.

Hagen backs into the room - his face aghast. Bergman stops the others from attempting to rush out.

HAGEN

Oh god, he killed him. He killed Nilsson.

PETERSEN

What?!

BERGMAN

He did no such thing. Nilsson was already dead - you saw it saw it as clearly as I did.

Hansen enters.

HANSEN

I just put him out of his misery.

ABEL

Are you planning to murder us all?

Hansen holds up the bloodied knife. Everyone instinctively steps back.

HANSEN

I might just.

BERGMAN

Alright - that's it!

Bergman waits a moment for silence.

It's too late for Nilsson,
but I've got no intention
of giving up my life to
that thing. Hansen - you
keep them here. If anyone
tries to leave you kill
them.

HANSEN

With pleasure, sir.

Bergman pauses.

BERGMAN

Sergeant - you're to take
no other action with my
express orders. Is that
understood?

HANSEN

Sir.

BERGMAN

I'll be back.

Bergman exits.

Abel glares at Hansen.

ABEL

So what now? You going to
sing us a song?

Hansen looks at Abel a moment. Then he pulls a meat fork
from his jacket and smiles.

EXT. CAMP - NIGHT

Bergman grabs a few thermite charges from the remaining
military stockpile and heads towards the kennels.