

THRESHOLD

PRELIMINARY  
\*02/22/05 be

"Trees Made of Glass"

82056-001

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SECOND DRAFT

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THRESHOLD

"Trees Made of Glass"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 ON A POLAROID PHOTOGRAPH 1

of a smiling young woman. Gradually, the emulsion begins to MELT, and as we PULL BACK, we realize that the photo is BURNING. REVEAL we're in --

2 INT. CARGO FREIGHTER - GALLEY - NIGHT 2

First Mate GUNNESON (30's) is holding the photo over a burner on the stove. The CHEF is cooking nearby, nursing a cup of coffee; another crewmember, WHEATLEY, is sitting at a table, writing in a log.

CHEF  
Problems at home?

GUNNESON  
I just got dumped in the form of a spectacularly-written Dear John e-mail.

CHEF  
Welcome to life at sea.

GUNNESON  
(sanguine)  
Honestly? It was my fault.

He tosses the photo into the sink.

GUNNESON  
Sprinkle her into the chili if you want.

FOLLOW Gunneson as he moves into --

3 INT. CARGO FREIGHTER - CORRIDOR - NIGHT 3

Cramped, ship listing slightly. He passes a crewmember, FRY.

GUNNESON  
Grady fix that railing? \*

FRY  
He's working on it. Bundle up, sir, it's freezing out there.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: 3

Gunneson passes another crewman, pats him on the back, then grabs a jacket off a coat hook. We FOLLOW as he slips it on and heads out a hatch --

4 EXT. CARGO FREIGHTER - DECK - NIGHT 4

We're at sea on the deck of a Naval freighter, the THUNDERCHILD. Gunneson heads toward the Bridge, passes by GRADY, a grease-monkey who's welding at a railing. Gunneson gives him a playful kick in the rear as he passes. Grady glances up, keeps working. FOLLOW Gunneson as he heads up a stairway to the -- \*

5 INT. CARGO FREIGHTER - BRIDGE - NIGHT (OPTICAL/VPB) 5

Crowded with communication and navigation equipment. The CAPTAIN (40's) is staring out to sea, enjoying the calm solitude. Gunneson ENTERS...

CAPTAIN  
How's the port turbine?

GUNNESON  
Up and running.

CAPTAIN  
What about your bruised ego?

GUNNESON  
(wry)  
Repairs are under way, sir.

CAPTAIN  
You'll get over her. Just make sure you don't make the same mistakes with the next one.

Behind them, a rack of computer monitors begins to display a strange wave of distortion -- the pixels create an intermittent fractal image that we will see repeated throughout the Pilot and be referred to as the **SHAPE**. \*

GUNNESON  
How many ex's do you have, Captain?

CAPTAIN  
Too many to count.

GUNNESON  
Oh, so I'm learning from the master.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

Suddenly, we hear an almost subliminal NOISE. Complex, otherworldly, layered with under and overtones. Something about the sound is unnerving, like the thrum of angry bees combined with a fork squeaking across a wet China plate.

Gunneson tilts his head, listening. We realize that the noise is pulsating in time with the intermittent image on the computer screens. \*

GUNNESON

You hear that?

CAPTAIN

Yeah.

Then Gunneson sees something on the bulkhead -- the paint is starting to BUBBLE and ULCERATE from an unseen force.

6 EXT. CARGO FREIGHTER - DECK - NIGHT

6

The noise is louder here. Grady has stopped his work, puzzled. The sudden sound of SPLASHING off the bow makes him turn. More splashing. He slowly approaches the safety railing, turning on one of the spotlights. Suspense as he leans over -- what's down there?

7 GRADY'S POV (OPTICAL)

7

The spotlight illuminates the water below. A school of small, silvery FISH -- tens of thousands -- are furiously swimming in the same fractal SHAPE seen on the monitors. \*

8 INT. CARGO FREIGHTER - BRIDGE - NIGHT

8

Gunneson's on the com:

GUNNESON

Engineering, where's that noise coming from?

COM VOICE

We don't know! We hear it, too!

The noise is gaining in volume and intensity. At the same time, the Captain becomes aware of another noise --

- 9 ANGLE - BRIDGE WINDOWS (OPTICAL) 9  
A fine tracery of spiderweb-like CRACKS are slowly creeping their way across the glass.
- 10 EXT. CARGO FREIGHTER - DECK - NIGHT 10  
Grady staring at the (off-camera) fish, which we hear splashing. Suddenly, a BRIGHT LIGHT pulsing in time with the noise flashes across his face. He turns to look out at the ocean and reacts in surprise to what he sees...
- 11 INT. CARGO FREIGHTER - BRIDGE - NIGHT (OPTICAL) 11  
As before, but with even more paint on the bulkheads peeling away, cracks on the windows expanding. The radio squawks:  
  
GRADY'S COM VOICE  
(panicked)  
Get the hell out here! Get out here, now!
- 12 EXT. CARGO FREIGHTER - DECK - NIGHT 12  
Moments later. The Captain, Gunneson and a half dozen crewmembers assemble on the foredeck. They're staring at the ocean with looks ranging from bafflement to fear. WHIP PAN to --
- 13 AN ALIEN OBJECT (OPTICAL) 13  
floating above the dark water, roughly spherical in shape, about forty feet in diameter. This is the source of the pulsating NOISE and LIGHT. It's composed of an unusual alloy, mechanical in nature but with oddly organic curves and convolutions. But the strangest part about the object is the way it MOVES -- there's a Rubik's Cube-like quality with pieces and planes of its geometry constantly folding and shifting in on itself. (We'll come to learn that this is a four-dimensional object in our three-dimensional space.)
- 14 THE CREW 14  
watches, not sure what to think. What they're seeing defies conventional description. One of the crewmen, Fry, is holding up a VIDEO CAMERA to record the event.

- 15 THE OBJECT (OPTICAL) 15  
 abruptly stops moving, its constituent parts locking into position. The light and noise also cease.
- 16 ON A CREWMAN 16  
 A trickle of BLOOD runs from his nose.
- 17 ANOTHER CREWMAN 17  
 brings a hand to his ear, which is bleeding.
- 18 BACK TO THE OBJECT (OPTICAL) 18  
 WHAM! An onslaught of light and noise assault the crew, this time higher-pitched and pulsing more rapidly.
- 19 THE CREW 19  
 One by one, they violently react. They go into seizures, eyes rolling to white, dropping to the deck.
- 20 ON FRY 20  
 collapsing, the video camera spilling from his hand.
- 21 THROUGH THE VIEWFINDER 21  
 we see Gunneson's face as he writhes, terrified, covering his ears. We can't hear his screams over the noise. The light grows in intensity, all but bleaching out his face as we --

FADE TO WHITE.

MOLLY (V.O.)

Good morning. You're going to hear a number of alarming things today.

FADE IN:

- 22 ON A FROSTED GLASS DOORWAY 22  
 Etched on the glass: BLACKWOOD INSTITUTE. As we PUSH IN on the door...

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: 22

MOLLY (V.O.)  
(continuing)  
Just try to remember -- this is  
only an exercise.

23 INT. THINK TANK - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY (VPB) 23

Molly is addressing twenty people -- Washington policy-makers. She's on her feet, energized, taking us through a presentation using hi-def graphics. It's a contingency plan -- because that's what Molly is: a contingency analyst.

MOLLY  
I'd like to refer you to the  
Jennings-Lang '03 study projecting  
mortality rates based upon a  
nuclear device with a ten kiloton  
yield. Please keep in mind we're  
talking about a moderate-to-large  
urban center with a population  
density of eight thousand per  
square mile. For the purposes of  
this study, we've selected St.  
Louis...

INTERCUT:

24 INT. THINK TANK - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY (VPB) 24

Another presentation, another group of people, Molly  
equally energized.

MOLLY  
We have to acknowledge the very  
real possibility of a global  
pandemic involving a highly-  
pathogenic, SARS-like virus.  
Take, for example, the recent  
outbreak of avian influenza in  
Asia. The World Health  
Organization projects that a  
"super flu" of this nature could  
hit within the next decade.

25 BACK TO THE FIRST BRIEFING (VPB) 25

MOLLY  
Now, we have to factor in all  
possible contingencies. To that  
end, I've set about prioritizing  
an initial threat response.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: 25

MOLLY (cont'd)

There are three categories of destruction to consider: the blast itself, the ensuing thermal radiation, and finally, the long-term nuclear radiation effects. And, of course, there's the human factor --

26 BACK TO THE LATER BRIEFING (VPB) 26

MOLLY

-- Stage One: Initiating a Global Surveillance Program. Stage Two: Eliminating the Virus from any potential Animal Reservoirs. Stage Three: Containment. Stage Four: Preventing Widespread Panic.

CUT TO:

27 EXT. MARYLAND - MOLLY'S HOME - NIGHT 27

A modest, rustic house at the edge of an isolated street surrounded by woods. A CAR is pulling into the driveway.

28 INT. MOLLY'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 28

Molly ENTERS after a long day, tosses her briefcase onto a table. The room is filled with unpacked moving boxes. A French BULLDOG named Monster trots in from the hallway and drops a sock-monkey at her feet. The dog is covered in mud.

MOLLY

What did you get into?

She removes her WRISTWATCH and sets it on a moving box. It's a man's watch from the 1970's with the original leather band. Unusual for a woman.

CUT TO:

29 INT. MOLLY'S HOME - BATHROOM - NIGHT 29

Molly in running sweats, leaning over the bathtub, giving Monster a sudsy bath. The dog stares up at her, stoically submitting to this indignation.

(CONTINUED)



29 CONTINUED: 29

MOLLY  
 Don't look at me that way. You're  
 the one with the mud fetish.

CUT TO:

30 INT. MOLLY'S HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT 30

Molly at the open fridge, pulling out a plastic container from a stack of pre-made meals. The label reads "chicken cordon bleu, wild rice, broccoli".

31 MOLLY AT A SMALL TABLE 31

in the kitchen, eating her meal right from the container, sipping a bottle of beer. Her LAPTOP rests nearby and she's e-mailing.

32 ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN (VPB) 32

A brief message: "Friends and Co-workers, here's my new address and contact info. Should be here for eight to ten months, or at least until my next assignment."

33 BACK ON MOLLY 33

typing away. Suddenly and inexplicably, we hear a deep RUMBLING SOUND from somewhere outside. She reacts, puzzled. The sound grows LOUDER, and the table begins to TREMBLE slightly. BRIGHT LIGHTS shine in through the windows. Molly quickly stands...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

34 EXT. MOLLY'S HOME - FRONT PORCH - NIGHT 34

Molly steps out the door to see a black government HELICOPTER landing on her driveway, searchlights flashing across her porch. Three ominous-looking figures in dark suits step out. One of them is CAVENNAUGH (30's), a strong and scrutinizing presence. Although normally quiet and efficient, he won't hesitate to employ violence when he has to.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

CAVENNAUGH  
 Molly Anne Caffrey? Name's  
 Cavennaugh. I'm with the  
 Pentagon.

\*

(CONTINUED)

He steps up to her.

CAVENNAUGH  
One of your plans has been  
activated. You're needed in  
Washington.

\*  
\*

MOLLY  
Which plan?

CAVENNAUGH  
Threshold.

Molly reacts with complete disbelief.

MOLLY  
You've got to be kidding me.

CAVENNAUGH  
I wish I was.  
(pointed)  
You've just become the most  
important person on the planet.

\*  
\*

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

35 INT. GOVERNMENT SEDAN - MOVING - NIGHT 35

Molly (now in casual business attire) and Cavennaugh in the backseat. Through the windshield, we see that we're pulling into a coldly-lit, empty underground PARKING STRUCTURE.

MOLLY  
(eyes Cavennaugh)  
So what exactly is your title?

CAVENNAUGH  
I don't have one. I'm what they call a ghost.  
(beat)  
I'm the guy they send in when they can't acknowledge they've sent anyone in.

As the car rolls to a stop, three men approach and open the rear doors.

36 IN THE PARKING STRUCTURE 36

Molly finds herself face-to-face with J.T. BLAYLOCK (50's). He's burly, projects an air of gravity; the man could incinerate you with his gaze if you crossed him. At his side are two armed FEDERAL AGENTS, one of whom carries an intimidatingly thick BINDER.

BLAYLOCK  
Doctor Caffrey.  
(shakes her hand)  
My name's J.T. Blaylock. I'm --

MOLLY  
Deputy National Security Advisor,  
yes, I know.

BLAYLOCK  
I take it you've been briefed?

MOLLY  
(re: Cavennaugh)  
On the ride over.

As he leads her and Cavennaugh across the lot, he motions to the Agent with the binder, who hands it to Molly.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

BLAYLOCK

You wrote this three years ago.  
Do you need a few minutes to  
refresh yourself before we feed  
you to the wolves?

MOLLY

(enthused)

No. I'm good to go.

Blaylock shoots Cavennaugh a subtle look -- let's hope she knows what she's doing. Cavennaugh shrugs.

CUT TO:

37 INT. THRESHOLD COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT (VPB)

37

The doors open and Molly is led into a cavernous chamber from which her team will eventually operate. At the moment, it's filled with state-of-the-art, high-tech monitors and a massive conference table filled with government OFFICIALS, some military, some not. AIDES scurry back and forth with messages and updates. The mood is urgent.

ANGELA HATTEN (50's) approaches Molly. She's a formidable woman who's the backbone of the current administration. Everyone defers to her, including sometimes the President. She's very fond of Molly.

BLAYLOCK

(introducing them)

Doctor Caffrey, National Security  
Advisor Angela Hatten.

HATTEN

(cutting through the protocol)

Nice to see you again, Molly.  
Wish it was under better  
circumstances.

MOLLY

(surveying the room, concerned)

Defense... Homeland Security...  
Langley... NASA... how many people  
were brought in on this?

HATTEN

Just the ones in this room.

MOLLY

What about the Oval Office?

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

HATTEN

Not yet.

Blaylock has moved to the front of the room to address the group.

BLAYLOCK

Ladies and Gentlemen... Madame Security Advisor... under Executive Order 221-C, I'm reminding everyone that what we're about to discuss has been classified top secret, no foreign dissemination. Divulging any of this to persons outside of this room will be considered an act of high treason and prosecuted as such.

A hush over the room -- what in God's name are they about to hear? We should notice that each person has a thick binder identical to Molly's.

BLAYLOCK

Now, if that didn't put some starch in your shorts, this certainly will.

He picks up a remote, presses a button. An image appears on a large monitor behind him -- a grainy near-infrared display with a blurred geometric shape in the center.

BLAYLOCK

This image was captured by our Cheyenne Mountain facility. You're looking at the heat-bloom of an unidentified object entering Earth's orbit from deep space at twenty-two hundred hours.

The blip begins to shift slightly.

BLAYLOCK

At approximately twenty-two-oh-twelve, the object made a number of course corrections.

CHIEF OF NAVAL OPERATIONS

(skeptical)

Course corrections?

BLAYLOCK

That's right, Admiral. We believe it's under intelligent control.

(CONTINUED)

## SEC. DEFENSE

We're already on top of this.  
I've been told it's a Russian  
weather --

## BLAYLOCK

With respect, sir, it's not a  
satellite. That was a cover story  
leaked by the NSA.

## SEC. HOMELAND SECURITY

NORAD tracks everything larger  
than a baseball. You're telling  
me they have no idea what this is?

## BLAYLOCK

No, sir. They're categorizing it  
as a probable non-terrestrial  
craft.

You could hear a pin drop in the room. Blaylock hits  
another control, and a CGI GLOBE OF THE EARTH appears.  
A graphic representation of the object's TRAJECTORY can  
be seen heading toward the Atlantic Ocean.

## BLAYLOCK

It came in too quickly for the Air  
Force to mount an aerial response.  
We lost contact with the object at  
these coordinates... about ninety  
miles off our coastline.  
International waters.

On the screen, a series of latitude and longitude  
coordinates appear. An icon representing a SHIP appears  
nearby.

## BLAYLOCK

The Coast Guard informed us that a  
vessel in the vicinity, a Naval  
freighter out of Baltimore... \*

(glances at his notes)

...the Thunderchild, has gone  
silent. We've been unable to  
establish radio contact since the  
object's arrival.

He lets this sink in, then turns to Molly.

## BLAYLOCK

At this point, I'll turn the  
briefing over to Doctor Caffrey, a  
senior analyst at the Blackwood  
Institute. Doctor Caffrey drafted  
the contingency plan currently  
before you.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (3)

37

Molly, binder in-hand, steps to the front of the room. She's energized, even excited -- but she does her best to maintain her professional demeanor. Molly excels in crises, and this one is about as big as they come.

MOLLY

Some of you may not know what a Contingency Analyst does. I deal in worst case scenarios... the unthinkable. Because of that, I've trained myself not to make assumptions... not to allow my prejudices or preconceptions to blind me to the potential dangers that lie ahead.

(beat)

The noted geneticist J.B.S. Haldane once said "The universe is not only stranger than we think, but stranger than we can think." Please keep that in mind as we proceed.

She takes the remote and triggers a graphic display that will play counterpoint to her words as the scene unfolds. The first image is of a branching "decision tree" listing various courses of action.

MOLLY

Threshold was designed as a rapid response measure to a First Contact scenario. The first stage of the plan calls for an immediate quarantine of the landing site, or possibly crash site in this case, we're not sure yet.

(beat)

Once the object has been effectively secured by a Special Ops Force, the next step calls for the insertion of a Red Team. Experts who specialize in applicable fields. Physics, microbiology, communications.

(flips through the binder)

I've outlined the ideal candidates on page fourteen. \*

SEC. DEFENSE

What's this "Red Team" supposed to do exactly?

MOLLY

Their priorities are three-fold. Confirm the presence of extraterrestrial life, intelligent or otherwise, attempt to communicate with it...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (4)

37

MOLLY (cont'd)  
...and finally, to determine its  
intent, whether it poses any  
possible threat.

CAVENNAUGH  
And if it does?

MOLLY  
(dry humor)  
You'll find that on page forty-  
five under the chapter heading  
"What To Do If We're Screwed."

The room stares at her, silent.

MOLLY  
(to Cavennaugh)  
Let's hope it doesn't come to  
that, Mister Cavennaugh.  
(to the room)  
Any questions?

As the room erupts with a barrage of them --

CUT TO:

38 INT. THRESHOLD COMMAND CENTER - LATER (VPB)

38

The Brass have been dismissed and all that remain are  
Molly, Hatten, Blaylock and Cavennaugh. Hatten is  
staring at the image of the blurry geometric object on a  
monitor.

HATTEN  
Everything you've outlined in the  
plan will be provided. For the  
time being, you'll be operating  
out of this facility.

MOLLY  
You can count on me for any  
support you need.

HATTEN  
You won't be supporting this  
operation, Molly... you'll be  
spearheading it. You're the  
closest thing we have to an expert  
in this situation.  
(beat)  
Is that understood?

MOLLY  
(seizing the challenge)  
Yes, ma'am.

(CONTINUED)



She softens a bit, remembering something. \*

HATTEN

Honey bees.

BLAYLOCK

Come again?

HATTEN

The subject of Molly's thesis. I was her advisor at George Washington U. She thought she could predict global population growth using the mating patterns of Africanized honey bees.

She turns to Molly.

HATTEN

I remember thinking at the time you were either completely out of your mind, or the most brilliant young lady I'd ever met.

(lightly)

I'm confident it's the latter. \*

As she EXITS, Blaylock studies Molly... he has his doubts about this situation. \*

BLAYLOCK \*

Correct me if I'm wrong, Doctor Caffrey, but it's my understanding that Threshold was merely an elaborately conceived thought experiment. \*

MOLLY \*

That's one way of looking at it. \*

BLAYLOCK \*

(wry) \*

So the future of the human race perches on the bony knees of some colorful conjecture. \*

MOLLY \*

(getting irked) \*

I take it you're not happy with this arrangement. \*

BLAYLOCK \*

Angela has a lot of faith in you. I'm sure it's merited. \*

MOLLY \*

Look... if you have a problem with me, let's get it out in the open. \*

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (2)

38

BLAYLOCK

My problem is this: you've written  
six hundred and fifty-two  
exquisitely detailed pages... but  
it's been my experience that in  
the real world, events seldom  
unfold as planned.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

MOLLY

(back at him)

Well, unfortunately, it's the only  
plan you've got.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

CUT TO:

39 INT. THRESHOLD COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

39

Molly and Cavanaugh are on the move, mid-scene.  
Cavanaugh carries a file folder.

MOLLY

So which of the Red Team  
candidates I recommended were you  
able to get?

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

CAVENNAUGH  
 (glancing at folder)  
 We got your microbiologist, Nigel  
 Fenway.

MOLLY  
 Perfect.

As they talk, we INTERCUT brief flashes of the team  
 members being "recruited" over the past few hours --

40 INT. NASA MICROBIOLOGY LAB - DAY (VPB)

40

FENWAY (50's), bathed in ultraviolet light, is wearing  
 protective goggles, working a high-tech microscope.  
 He's curious and prickly.

MOLLY (V.O.)  
 (continuing)  
 He's an M.D. with a background in  
 pathology. And he was NASA's  
 Planetary Protection Officer.

CAVENNAUGH (V.O.)  
 What the hell is that?

MOLLY (V.O.)  
 He made sure the lunar lander came  
 back clean -- no harmful bacteria,  
 microbes, that sort of thing. If  
 we are dealing with alien life,  
 he'll help us figure out how it  
 eats, sleeps and breathes.

Over the above exchange, we see a door open behind  
 Fenway. The silhouettes of three Federal Agents step  
 into view. As Fenway glances at them...

41 INT. THRESHOLD COMMAND CENTER

41

As before.

CAVENNAUGH  
 (off folder)  
 Next up -- Lucas Pegg. Resident  
 physicist, Jet Propulsion  
 Laboratories, Pasadena.

42 EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

42

LUCAS PEGG (late 20's) is outside his house, wearing  
 boxers and a tee-shirt, sipping on a juicebox.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: 42

He's tossing a garbage bag into a larger can, one hand in his boxers, scratching his rear.

MOLLY (V.O.)

No telling what kind of technology we might be facing... he's the best theoretical engineer there is. Also one of the all-time high Jeopardy winners.

Three BLACK SUVs converge on Lucas, who looks alarmed -- this is a worrier, perpetually high-strung. As Federal Agents emerge...

43 INT. THRESHOLD COMMAND CENTER 43

CAVENNAUGH

Number three on the hit parade -- Arthur Ramsey.

MOLLY

Expert in computational linguistics and applied mathematics. If our E.T. needs to phone home, he'll translate the call. The guy's brilliant.

44 INT. VEGAS STRIP CLUB - VIP ROOM - NIGHT 44

ARTHUR RAMSEY has been partying for thirty-six hours straight. At the moment, he's wearing a tux with the bow-tie undone, flanked by a pair of surgically-enhanced BIKINI BABES. A charming but unpredictable man.

CAVENNAUGH (V.O.)

Yeah, well, he also caused quite a stir in Atlantic City when they caught him counting cards. Guy's got a gambling-boozer-stripper problem.

As Ramsey begins to pour himself another glass of Scotch, a HAND moves into frame to stop him. It's Cavennaugh.

45 INT. THRESHOLD COMMAND CENTER - CORRIDOR 45

MOLLY

We all have our vices.

CAVENNAUGH

And what are yours, Doctor?

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

MOLLY

I only reveal those on a need-to-know basis.

They reach a door and EXIT to...

46 INT. THRESHOLD COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT (VPB)

46 \*

Blaylock is at the central work station, debriefing Fenway, Lucas and Ramsey. They all have Threshold binders. A beat as Molly and Cavennaugh eye the team from afar. \*

CAVENNAUGH

Not exactly Charlie's Angels, are they?

He turns to her.

CAVNNAUGH

Shall we meet the family?

CUT TO:

47 INT. CENTRAL WORK STATION (VPB)

47 \*

Molly and Cavennaugh have now joined the group and we pick them up mid-conversation.

FENWAY

This is incredible! We could be witness to the greatest moment in human history. Why in God's name are you fools keeping it a secret?

MOLLY

We don't know what we're going to find out there. The fact that that object even made it to Earth suggests we're dealing with an intelligence hundreds, even thousands of years more advanced than us.

BLAYLOCK

(off that)

What if some kind of technology could be reverse-engineered from what we encounter? Do we want it falling into the hands of other countries?

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

MOLLY

And what if they're hostile? Even if they're benign, their presence could cause widespread panic.

(beat)

The fact is, gentlemen, throughout human history, every time a technologically advanced culture has come into contact with a more primitive one, the primitive one has been wiped out or assimilated.

RAMSEY

(barbed)

So what you're saying is... finder's keepers.

Cavennaugh shoots him a look -- he doesn't like this guy.

RAMSEY

That's great. Little green men exist and they're proud to be Americans! But while we're on the subject of aliens, I don't appreciate being abducted. How long is this little field trip gonna last?

BLAYLOCK

Indefinitely.

RAMSEY

So what, I'm a prisoner? That's not gonna fly.

Cavennaugh gestures to the door.

CAVENNAUGH

Can I talk to you in private for a minute?

CUT TO:

48 INT. ANTEROOM - MOMENTS LATER

48

Out of earshot of the others. Cavennaugh grabs Ramsey by the shirt and forces him against the wall. \*

\*

CAVENNAUGH

Door Number One or Door Number Two?

(CONTINUED)

RAMSEY  
(startled)  
What the hell are you doing?!

CAVENNAUGH  
Door Number One: You bring along a slide-rule and a smile and you do what you're asked. Door Number Two: You disappear into an eight-by-ten cell and spend the rest of your life playing solitaire courtesy of the Federal government.

RAMSEY  
You can't do that -- it's illegal!

CAVENNAUGH  
So is subverting national security. We're in dark waters here. We could be at the edge of the abyss.  
(pressing him against the window)  
So I'll ask you again... One or Two?

CUT TO:

Ramsey is stepping out of a government SEDAN, Fenway and Lucas piling out behind him. Two NAVY SEAHAWK HELICOPTERS are being prepped and fueled on the flight-line. A NAVY SEAL TEAM (ten-man unit), MP-5 assault rifles with 3-point slings, black Nomex flight suits, survival vest, and throat-mics, are busy loading heavy equipment.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

SUPER: ANDREWS AIR FORCE BASE

Blaylock is standing by a second SEDAN, out of which Molly and Cavennaugh emerge.

\*  
\*

BLAYLOCK  
We've had our first complication. The NSA has informed us that the North Koreans also tracked the object via one of their tracking stations.  
(beat)  
They've dispatched a Kilo-Class sub to investigate.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

CAVENNAUGH  
 (reacts)  
 How much time will we have out  
 there?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

BLAYLOCK  
 Five, six hours at best.

\*  
\*

MOLLY  
 (confident)  
 I'll make the most of it.

\*  
\*  
\*

As she moves to join the rest of the Red Team, Blaylock gives Cavennaugh a look -- "let's hope so". Blaylock hangs back as Molly, Cavennaugh and the team approach the waiting choppers...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

LUCAS  
 (eyes SEALs, nervous)  
 Whoa -- what is this, "War of the  
 Worlds"?

MOLLY  
 Probably not. But I'd rather be  
 safe than sorry.

FENWAY  
 Have you considered how this might  
 look? What if they've come  
 bearing gifts?

MOLLY  
 Believe me, Doctor, I hope they  
 have.

CUT TO:

\*

50 EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT (OPTICAL)

50

The Thunderchild is adrift at sea. Smoke billows from the deck. The alien object is nowhere to be seen.

\*

51 EXT. CARGO FREIGHTER - DECK - NIGHT (OPTICAL)

51

CAMERA DRIFTING from behind a bulkhead to reveal a scene of recent carnage. It looks like a tornado hit the ship -- windows are shattered, small fires are burning, debris scattered about. One of the crewmembers lies DEAD in a pool of blood. From this low ANGLE, we can see hundreds of COCKROACHES swarming around him (but not on him).



52 CLOSE ON THE DEAD MAN'S FACE (OPTICAL)

52

Cockroaches skittering past us in the f.g. CAMERA PIVOTS to an OVERHEAD ANGLE and then begins RISING UPWARD. As our field of vision expands, we see that the cockroaches are moving in an unnatural and synchronized PATTERN -- the same fractal image we saw on the RADAR screen and that the school of fish were making. OFF the unsettling image...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

53 EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT (OPTICAL) 53

The two SEAHAWK HELICOPTERS barrel past overhead.

54 INT. SEAHAWK ONE - NIGHT 54

Intermittent trembling from the headwinds outside. Molly, Cavennaugh and the rest of the Red Team are strapped in, wearing radio headsets and flight vests; two Pilots man the helm; three Navy SEALs are there, as well. \*

CAVENNAUGH  
(to Molly)  
Nervous?

MOLLY  
Of course I am.

He nods at her wristwatch.

CAVENNAUGH  
Was that your father's watch?

MOLLY  
How'd you know?

CAVENNAUGH  
That's a Tag Heuer Monaco. Steve McQueen wore one. If you were a guy back in the seventies, it was a must-have item.

MOLLY  
My dad thought so, too.

CAVENNAUGH  
He still around?

MOLLY  
I don't know.

It's an odd response, but Cavennaugh doesn't pursue it...

55 NEW ANGLE - LUCAS AND RAMSEY 55

sitting side by side. Lucas is anxiously scrolling through TEXT on his Palm Pilot.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

RAMSEY  
(eyes him)  
What's that?

LUCAS  
New Testament, First Corinthians.

RAMSEY  
Doing a little praying?

LUCAS  
Never hurts.

RAMSEY  
How are they gonna work aliens  
into their Sunday sermon?

LUCAS  
(not in the mood)  
You making fun of me?

RAMSEY  
I'm just saying... I don't  
remember reading "And on the  
Eighth Day, the Lord created  
Klingons."

LUCAS  
(holding his own)  
You know... there's this quote by  
Saint Augustine. "Beware of  
mathematicians... for they have  
made a covenant with the Devil to  
darken the spirit and to confine  
man in the bonds of hell."

RAMSEY  
(nods, musing)  
I'm down with that.

A burst of static from the cockpit:

PILOT'S COM VOICE  
Whiskey One, we are approaching  
naval perimeter. Repeat:  
approaching point Alpha.

Everyone turns, tensing. Molly rises and pulls her way  
forward by hand-straps until she can see through one of  
the windows...

56 MOLLY'S POV (OPTICAL) 56

Far below, we can see THREE COAST GUARD CUTTERS and a number of NAVAL SHIPS have formed a perimeter around the Cargo Freighter Thunderchild, which is still billowing smoke.

57 MOLLY 57

braces herself for the biggest moment of her life. Cavennaugh works his headset.

CAVENNAUGH  
(on headset, addressing  
the SEALs)  
Put on your happy faces,  
gentlemen. Time to make history.

Cavennaugh hits a switch, and a red PREP LIGHT begins to strobe. The Navy SEALs take their cue and begin to lock and load.

TIME CUT TO:

58 EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT (OPTICAL) 58

The helicopters are now HOVERING over the freighter.

59 EXT. CARGO FREIGHTER - DECK - NIGHT 59

Cavennaugh and the SEALs, MP-5s at-the-ready, outfitted with M-40 gas masks, are combing the deck to set up perimeter security. The small fires seen earlier are still smoldering.

CAVENNAUGH  
(to a SEAL)  
Commander, can we get these fires  
out? And have someone check the  
engine room, see if we can get  
power up and running.

SEAL COMMANDER  
(to others)  
Jenkins, Wilcox -- warm up that  
gear.

Two SEALs remove bulky hand-held RBC SCANNERS from their packs -- radiological/biological/chemical detectors.

60 FOLLOW CAVENNAUGH

60

as he sweeps his barrel-mounted flashlight across the deck. It's not long before he finds the CORPSE seen at the end of Act One; the cockroaches are no longer there. He tenses at the sight.

CAVENNAUGH  
(taps comlink)  
Heads up, gentlemen. We've got  
one crewman dead.

He keeps moving in the direction of the Bridge...

61 INT. CARGO FREIGHTER - CORRIDOR - NIGHT (VPB)

61

Two SEALs slowly move down the shadowy, smoky tunnel. Tension as they advance, weapons ready. Up ahead they make a gruesome discovery -- a SEVERED HUMAN HAND sitting on the floor, palm upward. They exchange an uneasy glance, then continue forward...

As they round a corner, they find a BLOODY AXE that's been violently embedded in the bulkhead.

62 INT. CARGO FREIGHTER - BRIDGE - NIGHT (VPB)

62

Cavennaugh ENTERS to see that the windows have been cracked. The radio equipment has been smashed by someone. The only light in the room comes from the computer screens, which are still active -- the strange fractal PATTERN continues to intermittently ghost across the screens. Cavennaugh eyes them, puzzled...

A NOISE makes him turn. By his feet, a FIRE EXTINGUISHER rolls slightly back and forth from the motion of the ship. He shines his light on it, revealing that one end is begrimed with blood and what appears to be a clump of human hair.

63 INT. CARGO FREIGHTER - ENGINE ROOM - NIGHT

63

Three other SEALs are searching the tangle of hulking machinery. Shadows from their lights twist and creep through the cavernous room. We hear DRIPPING SOUNDS, and the CLICKS of still-cooling engines.

64 ONE OF THE SEALS 64

hears a sound from somewhere above... shines his light to reveal a RAT scurrying along a pipe just above eye-level. He takes a step backward, bumping into an object hanging from a catwalk. Startled, he spins around --

65 A CORPSE 65

slowly pendulums back and forth. The man appears to have hung himself.

66 INT. CARGO FREIGHTER - CORRIDOR - NIGHT 66

Near the Galley. Two SEALS are moving along, when a small white object bounces toward them from a doorway and rolls to a stop. They immediately train their weapons on a blood-smearred PING PONG BALL. They look toward an open hatchway.

67 INT. CARGO FREIGHTER - GYM/REC ROOM - NIGHT 67 \*

The two SEALS ENTER, alert. Their lights illuminate a pair of blackened couches burnt by fire. Just above that a cheesecake babe-of-the-month calender with a long, bloody handprint streaked across Miss September.

The VIDEO CAMERA seen before is now hooked up to a monitor via an AV cable.

There is a ping pong table on the far side of the room, but it's been overturned and riddled with bullet holes.

One of their lights sweep past it, then abruptly WHIPS BACK to fix on something. The top of someone's HEAD peeking up from behind the table.

NAVY SEAL

(calls out)

On your feet! STAND UP, NOW!

No response. They move forward, weapons aimed... their lights shine down on the crumpled form of a crewmember's body. He's been shot to death. At his side lies a large knife. The SEALS react -- what the hell happened on this ship?

68 INT. CARGO FREIGHTER - CREW QUARTERS - NIGHT 68 \*

Cavennaugh and a SEAL ENTER the darkened room. They discover TWO CORPSES on berths, their forms obscured by sheets. \*

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED:

68

A few dark blossoms of blood have soaked through the sheets where the heads would be. Cavennaugh approaches, slowly reaching out to the first corpse, pulling back the sheet from the body's head...

The man's face is oddly DISFIGURED, as though his cranial structure has subtly warped in an unnatural way. One of the cheekbones has slid lower, an eye socket has enlarged, and the lips are bared, revealing far more teeth than would be in a normal man's mouth. We'll come to learn that all of these changes have occurred because of rampant and sudden cellular mutation.

NAVY SEAL #2

Sir.

Cavennaugh looks over. The SEAL has removed the sheet from the second corpse's face, revealing similar disfigurements.

CUT TO:

69 INT. SEAHAWK ONE - NIGHT

69

Molly and the Red Team, waiting for word.

CAVENNAUGH'S COM VOICE

We're clean down here, Doctor Caffrey -- no pathogens, no chemical toxins, no radiological activity.

MOLLY

The crew?

CAVENNAUGH'S COM VOICE

We've found five of them so far, all dead. Looks like they might've killed each other.

Reactions from the Red Team. Lucas in particular is all but crapping his pants.

70 INT. CARGO FREIGHTER - CREW QUARTERS - NIGHT

70 \*

Cavennaugh and the SEAL have removed their gas masks.

MOLLY'S COM VOICE

According to the ship's manifest, there were thirteen crewmembers on board. Where are the rest of them?

CAVENNAUGH

We don't know.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED:

70

Over this above exchange, the SEAL hears a barely audible THUMP beneath one of the beds.

CAVENNAUGH

Get your team ready. I think it's time we handed your people the ball.

MOLLY'S COM VOICE

We're on our way.

The SEAL crouches, shining his gunlight under the bed, illuminating --

71 A HUMAN FACE (OPTICAL)

71

rushing toward him, screaming! It's First Mate Gunneson, half-crazed, wielding a FLARE GUN. He FIRES it point-blank at the SEAL's chest. The flare bounces off his protective vest, crazily RICOCHETING around the room, throwing light every which way!

The SEAL stumbles backward, dazed, as Gunneson LUNGES for him and tries to wrestle away his rifle!

Cavennaugh quickly KNOCKS him backward, then BUTTS him in the stomach. As Gunneson doubles over, Cavennaugh SLAMS the rifle into his face. As Gunneson falls against the wall, Cavennaugh advances and shoves his boot into the man's throat, pinning him, then flips his rifle around and presses the barrel against his forehead.

72 INT. SEAHAWK ONE - NIGHT

72

Reactions to the noise over the com.

MOLLY

(to com)

What's going on down there?  
Cavennaugh!

CAVENNAUGH'S COM VOICE

We've got a survivor.

CUT TO:

73 INT. CARGO FREIGHTER - ENGINE ROOM - NIGHT

73

Three Navy SEALs are busy working to restore main power, checking circuit breakers, cables, etc. The SEAL at the generator calls out to the others:

(CONTINUED)



73 CONTINUED:

73

NAVY SEAL #3

Stand clear!

He pulls down on a large lever, and we hear the sound of POWER rising, LIGHTS flickering to life...

74 EXT. CARGO FREIGHTER - DECK - NIGHT (OPTICAL) 74

The ship COMING ALIVE.

75 INT. CARGO FREIGHTER - TRIAGE AREA - NIGHT 75 \*

Gunneson has been sedated and strapped to a bunk with nylon restraints; there's an IV in his arm. Molly, Cavennaugh and the rest of the Red Team look on. A Navy SEAL stands guard by the door. \*

CAVENNAUGH

(to Molly)

We had to tranq him. His name's Michael Gunneson, First Mate.

Molly's mind is already working...

MOLLY

All right... Mister Cavennaugh, I'd like your men to search the ship for any additional life forms... freighters like this always have stowaways... rats, roaches, silverfish... let's capture them, alive if possible.

(to Fenway)

You're going to have your hands full, Doctor Fenway. I want a full work-up on Gunneson here and those corpses, and whatever potential menagerie we find.

FENWAY

And may I ask what I'm supposed to be looking for?

MOLLY

If we knew that, we could all go home.

RAMSEY

(to Fenway, isn't it obvious?)

Something gave those stiffs a face-lift. Everything on this vessel could be swimming in alien voodoo.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

75

LUCAS

(chiming in)

And what about the ship's computers? There might be a log, outgoing e-mails, anything that can tell us what happened.

CAVENNAUGH

We'll check it out.

MOLLY

You said you saw some kind of ghost images on the ship's radar equipment.

CAVENNAUGH

Yeah... weird patterns... definitely more than static.

She turns to Ramsey.

MOLLY

More voodoo. Take a look.

(then to Lucas)

There's a video camera hooked to a monitor in the Rec Room. Let's run it, maybe we'll get lucky.

She heads for the door, Cavennaugh and Lucas close behind.

MOLLY

(to the SEAL, re:  
Gunneson)

Call us when he comes to. He might be able to shed some light on this nightmare.

CUT TO:

76 DIGITAL VIDEO FOOTAGE - GYM/REC ROOM (OPTICAL)

76 \*

A day earlier. Someone (Fry) is filming a ping pong match between the Chef and Gunneson. The two men are trash-talking. A few other crewmembers are lounging on the couch, sitting at a table, etc. Music from a boom box plays.

GUNNESON

(to camera, re: his serve)  
Watch me now, watch the magic.  
Who's got game, who's got game?

FRY (O.C.)

You got game, Gunny!

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED:

76

Fry turns the camera onto his own face and whispers into the lens.

FRY

You also got a big old cheese puff  
ass.

The image begins to FAST FORWARD through more Rec Room  
hi-jinks. REVEAL --

77 INT. CARGO FREIGHTER - GYM/REC ROOM - NIGHT (OPTICAL) 77 \*

Molly holding the camera, Cavanaugh and Lucas watching. The monitor speeds through, hits a patch of static, then the scene shifts. Molly hits Play. The video POV is shaky, moving quickly down a corridor and up some stairs. We hear shouts and rapid breathing. Then we're moving through a hatchway up onto the DECK.

78 DIGITAL VIDEO FOOTAGE - DECK (OPTICAL) 78

The Captain, Gunneson, and a half dozen crewmembers are assembled on the foredeck (as seen in the Teaser). The CAMERA pushes through them to reveal the ALIEN OBJECT floating over the ocean.

FRY (O.C.)

Oh my God, what the hell is that,  
what the hell is that...

The CAMERA ZOOMS IN on the Object, loses focus, then re-sharpens. The Object is folding and shifting, rearranging its geometry in an impossible way.

79 MOLLY AND THE OTHERS (OPTICAL) 79

are dumbstruck. It's one thing to talk about a "UFO" in the abstract, it's another to see actual video evidence of it. Molly brings her hand to her mouth, completely floored.

MOLLY

Lucas... any idea what we're  
seeing?

(beat)

Lucas?

LUCAS

(snapping out of it)  
No obvious means of propulsion...  
no aerodynamic surfaces... and  
look at the way it's folding in on  
itself...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

79

CONTINUED:

79

LUCAS (cont'd)  
...almost like we're dealing with  
some kind of higher-dimensional  
geometry... maybe a Kaluza-Klein  
Manifold.

CAVENNAUGH  
English, please.

LUCAS  
It means I just soiled my boxers.

On the monitor, the Object has begun its onslaught of  
NOISE and LIGHT. The camerawork becomes increasingly  
frenetic. We see crewmen dropping.

CAVENNAUGH  
What's it doing? What's that  
sound?

Lucas's nose begins to BLEED. He looks queasy, has to  
lean on the bulkhead to steady himself. Molly is  
feeling the effects, as well -- nose bleed, dizziness.

On the monitor, the camera view abruptly TILTS as Fry  
drops to the deck. Through the Dutched ANGLE, we see  
the face of Gunneson lying on the deck.

Lucas is doubled-over, dry-heaving. Cavennaugh blinks,  
disoriented, reacts to a sudden pain in his temple.  
Survival instincts kick in and he FIRES TWO SHOTS into  
the monitor. Sparks fly and the video goes dead. As  
they recover...

CAVENNAUGH  
You guys all right?

Molly nods, dazed.

CAVENNAUGH  
What was that you said...  
"Stranger than we can think?"

MOLLY  
(rattled)  
Congratulations, gentlemen. We  
just accomplished Threshold's  
first task. Confirmation of extra-  
terrestrial intelligence.

LUCAS  
Great. Can we quit while we're  
ahead?

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

80 ON A TOPOGRAPHIC DISPLAY (VPB) 80

of the Atlantic Ocean. Various satellite telemetry shows the position of the Cargo Freighter and its Naval escort, with an ominous icon approaching. REVEAL we're in --

81 INT. THRESHOLD COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT (VPB) 81

Blaylock is staring at the screen, wearing a com headset. Hatten stands nearby, also wearing a headset.

BLAYLOCK

(to com)

Looks like we're gonna have to accelerate your schedule, Doctor Caffrey. Your dinner guests from North Korea caught some friendly currents -- they're due to arrive a few hours early.

\*

INTERCUT:

82 EXT. CARGO FREIGHTER - DECK - NIGHT 82

Molly pacing, also on a com headset. She's still rattled by the videotape, has a bit of a headache.

MOLLY

Wonderful. Any other good news?

BLAYLOCK

As a matter of fact...

(beat)

A reporter with API's been sniffing around... seems like a weather satellite also caught a glimpse of our incoming object.

MOLLY

Which reporter?

BLAYLOCK

(checking a file folder)

Eddie Quist.

MOLLY

I know him. Classic conspiracy nut.

(grim humor)

Can't you just kill the guy?

(CONTINUED)

BLAYLOCK

Excuse me?

MOLLY

Kidding, kidding...

(one step ahead)

Look, he's freelance. He'll be working at home. You need to shut him down before he files that story. E-mail him the hoop-snake virus, frag his hard drive... detain him for the next forty-eight hours, or at least until we're out of here.

HATTEN

(to com)

Consider it done. Take care of yourself out there, Molly.

She turns to Blaylock, who's still dubious.

HATTEN

You've got that look.

BLAYLOCK

No, I don't.

HATTEN

Yes, you do. That constipated-bullfrog face.

BLAYLOCK

Desperate times call for desperate faces.

HATTEN

Give it a chance, J.T. You never know... you may come out of this smiling.

CUT TO:

83 INT. CARGO FREIGHTER - TRIAGE AREA - NIGHT

83

ANGLE ON the hatchway as Molly ENTERS, having been summoned. Cavenaugh follows. Gunneson is sitting up, awake but with a vacant stare, wrists still bound by restraints. Fenway is there, checking him out, turns to Molly.

FENWAY

(sotto)

He's in a delicate state... probably post-traumatic stress...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED:

83

FENWAY (cont'd)  
I'm not sure how much you'll get  
out of him.

He steps aside as Molly approaches Gunneson.

GUNNESON  
Where's the Captain?

MOLLY  
Missing... so is most of the crew.  
(beat)  
Of the people we have been able to  
find, you're the only survivor.

GUNNESON  
Good.

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED: (2)

83

Molly and Cavennaugh exchange a look.

MOLLY  
And why is that good?

GUNNESON  
Because they'd changed. \*

He looks haunted. Throughout the scene, he doesn't make eye-contact with anyone.

MOLLY  
We looked at the videotape... can you tell us what happened?

GUNNESON  
I don't know where it came from... we heard a sound first... then the equipment started acting funny...

MOLLY  
What happened after it started flashing light?

GUNNESON  
We all blacked out... when we woke up, it was gone. Power was on back-up.

84 INT. CARGO FREIGHTER - CREW QUARTERS - NIGHT  
(FLASHBACK)

84

Dimly-lit. The two crewmembers seen dead and disfigured are still alive, resting on bunks along with a third crewman. All three are very sick, perspiring, feverish. Fry sits with them; Gunneson looks on.

GUNNESON (V.O.)  
(continuing)  
After that, people started getting real sick... having weird dreams... \*

\*

85 INT. CARGO FREIGHTER - BRIDGE - NIGHT  
(FLASHBACK/OPTICAL/VPB)

85

The Captain is staring out to sea, his back to us. The computer screens still pulse intermittently with the mysterious ghost image. Gunneson ENTERS...

(CONTINUED)



85 CONTINUED:

85

GUNNESON

(worried)

We gotta get these boys back to shore right away, Captain. Better call in an airlift.

Silence.

GUNNESON

Did you hear me, Captain?

CAPTAIN

Can't call. Radio's down.

GUNNESON

Maybe we can fix it.

The Captain shakes his head, then lifts up his hand... he's holding the radio handset. Gunneson steps forward, his eyes following the cord down to the smashed radio at his feet.

CAPTAIN

It looked like a forest... but the trees were made of glass.

GUNNESON

Sir?

CAPTAIN

The place I saw... when I went to sleep.

Gunneson reacts -- something's not right. He steps forward...

GUNNESON

Sir, why don't we get you down to Sickbay?

CAPTAIN

I can't remember who I am... why can't I remember...?

Something catches Gunneson's eye -- the Captain's REFLECTION in the window. His features are distorted far beyond the what the cracked glass could account for. Eyes, nose, mouth -- all are misaligned like a Francis Bacon painting. But because of the murky light, we're not sure of what we're really seeing. Gunneson stares at the reflection, frozen in place.

Suddenly, the Captain WHIRLS to ATTACK! He RUSHES at Gunneson, SLAMMING him against the bulkhead with UNNATURAL STRENGTH.

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED: (2)

85

A brief, chaotic STRUGGLE ensues in which the Captain wraps his vice-like hands around Gunneson's throat. (Because we never get a clear look at the Captain's face, we don't know if the distorted reflection was real or imagined.)

Gunneson claws for a way out, manages to dislodge a fire extinguisher from the wall (the one from Act Two). He SMASHES it against the Captain's head, then again!

Finally, the Captain slumps forward, motionless. Gunneson takes a step back, waiting to see if the Captain recovers, but he doesn't, and Gunneson runs out...

86 INT. CARGO FREIGHTER - GALLEY - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

86

The Chef is cooking at the stove (using the same pot we saw burning in Act Two). Another crewman sits nearby. Gunneson appears in the doorway, out of breath, freaked.

GUNNESON

I think I just killed the Captain.

87 INT. CARGO FREIGHTER - BRIDGE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK/VPB)

87

Gunneson ENTERS with Chef and the crewman. The Captain is nowhere to be seen. All that remains is the bloody fire extinguisher.

GUNNESON (V.O.)

We never saw the Captain again.

88 INT. CARGO FREIGHTER - TRIAGE AREA - NIGHT (PRESENT)

88

As before.

GUNNESON

(continuing)

After that, everything went to hell... people trying to kill each other... killing themselves...

(beat)

I hid in Sickbay... but I could still hear them screaming...

MOLLY

(disturbed but pressing on)

And the missing crewmembers? Do you know where they went?

GUNNESON

No...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED:

88

MOLLY

What about the bodies we found?  
What caused those disfigurements?

\*

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED: (2)

88

GUNNESON

You could ask the Doc, but he's  
one of them.

A beat. Gunneson is beginning to drift a little...  
almost as if his personality were being supplanted by  
another... \*

GUNNESON

People weren't themselves  
anymore... different...

MOLLY

(carefully)  
And what about you? Are you  
yourself?

Gunneson looks up, locking eyes with her for the first  
time. His personality is gone, now... something else has  
taken over. He LUNGES at her with a guttural roar! Molly  
jerks back, just barely out of his reach. Cavennaugh and  
the SEAL are on him in a second, weapons trained. \*

Gunneson continues to thrash violently against his  
restraints.

MOLLY

(pointed)  
Was that post-traumatic stress?

OFF Fenway, not sure what to make of it...

CUT TO:

89 INT. CARGO FREIGHTER - BRIDGE - NIGHT (VPB)

89

Ramsey, who's brought along a laptop, surveys the Bridge  
communications screens -- radar, computers, etc. He's  
studying the ghost image of the alien fractal pattern,  
which continues to intermittently flash across the  
screens.

CAVENNAUGH

Any idea what we're looking at?

RAMSEY

If I give you the wrong answer,  
are you going to smack me around? \*

Cavennaugh just stares back at him.

RAMSEY

It's a fractal pattern...  
fractional geometry... a type of  
mathematics that crops up in Chaos  
Theory.

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED:

89

CAVENNAUGH

What does this have to do with our UFO?

RAMSEY

Could be some form of communication. Math is a language... and like any language, it speaks to us... this pattern is speaking to me.

CAVENNAUGH

What's it saying?

RAMSEY

It's a graphic representation of an equation that describes a DNA molecule.

He works his laptop....

RAMSEY

Now, our DNA, the DNA of every life form on Earth, is arranged in the shape of a --

The laptop displays an image of a DNA strand.

CAVENNAUGH

-- a double-helix.

RAMSEY

So you actually took more than Phys-Ed.

CAVENNAUGH

(ignoring the jibe)

Keep going, Ramsey.

RAMSEY

(re: alien pattern)

Now, if I translate into mathematics what this pattern is describing, things get really bizarre...

As he works the keyboard, a new DNA molecule appears -- three interwoven strands.

CAVENNAUGH

(reacts)

A triple-helix.

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED: (2)

89

RAMSEY

I can't even imagine what life  
based on a triple-helix would look  
like.

CAVENNAUGH

(grim)

Maybe we're about to find out.

90 INT. CARGO FREIGHTER - TRIAGE AREA - NIGHT 90 \*

Gunneson lying on the cot, sedated, brow furrowed, as  
though caught in the grip of a bad dream.

91 DOZENS OF BLOOD CELLS (OPTICAL) 91

seen through a microscope. A few of the cells have been  
altered, the familiar discs perverted into a spiky, star-  
like shape. REVEAL we're in --

92 INT. CARGO FREIGHTER - HANGAR - NIGHT 92 \*

Fenway is peering into a portable, high-tech MICROSCOPE.  
Various equipment (a centrifuge, a microtome, a DNA  
sequencer, etc.) has been brought in and the hangar has  
been turned into a makeshift pathology lab. SPECIMENS  
from around the ship have been collected, including a  
live rat, a number of cockroaches, and the severed hand,  
which sits in a vacu-seal icepack. Lucas is staring at  
the hand.

LUCAS

There's a wedding ring on this  
hand.

(beat)

They ever find the guy this  
belonged to?

FENWAY

Nope.

LUCAS

Doesn't that bother you?

FENWAY

Nope.

He stands from the microscope, rubbing his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED:

92

FENWAY

(re: microscope)

What bothers me is this damn thing isn't collimated... the optics are giving me a headache.

Throughout his rant, he continues to work, labeling the current slide with a grease pencil, then putting another one under the microscope.

FENWAY

And look at this microtome... can't slice a specimen less than half a millimeter. How the hell am I supposed to do a proper bio-assay in these conditions!

(rankled)

But do the SEALs get everything they need? Of course they do! What's wrong with these people? Where are their priorities? Nobody cares about science!

He turns to Lucas.

FENWAY

The day the Mars Rover landed, what was the top story in the news? Britney Spears getting married in Vegas!

LUCAS

Britney got married?

Fenway gives him a withering look, then returns to his microscope...

93 EXT. CARGO FREIGHTER - DECK - NIGHT

93

Molly is studying a large topographic MAP of the ocean floor, which she's spread out on a cargo container. Cavennaugh approaches.

CAVENNAUGH

Any luck?

MOLLY

I just had our naval escorts run another SONAR sweep of the area... but so far, nothing.

CAVENNAUGH

(shaking his head,  
troubled)

So that thing on the tape wasn't tracked leaving by air...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED:

93

CAVENNAUGH (cont'd)  
...it's not under water... where  
the hell did it go?

Molly doesn't have an answer. As she works...

MOLLY  
Nervous?

CAVENNAUGH  
Guess it's my turn, huh?

He turns to her.

CAVENNAUGH  
Been meaning to ask you something.  
The appendix in your report  
mentions two other protocols.

MOLLY  
(nods)  
Foothold and Stranglehold.

CAVENNAUGH  
Sounds ominous.

MOLLY  
Assuming an invasion scenario,  
Operation Foothold kicks in once  
our adversaries have established a  
beachhead on Earth. \*

(beat)  
If we get to Operation  
Stranglehold, it's basically "game  
over." They've won, and we've  
been reduced to fighting a  
guerilla war on our own soil. \*

CAVENNAUGH  
And after that?

MOLLY  
There is no plan.

He takes this in, eyes Molly for a moment.

CAVENNAUGH  
You thrive on this crisis stuff,  
don't you?

MOLLY  
I suppose so.

CAVENNAUGH  
Worst case scenarios. What kind  
of person picks that for a job  
description?

(CONTINUED)



93 CONTINUED: (2)

93

She taps her wristwatch.

MOLLY

The kind of person who lived  
through one.

But she doesn't elaborate, folds the map and starts to  
walk away.

CAVENNAUGH

(calling out, lightly)  
So that's it? You're just gonna  
leave me hanging?

Molly stops.

MOLLY

Oh... so the "ghost agent"  
suddenly wants back story?

She turns, matter-of-fact -- her directness can be a  
little disarming.

MOLLY

My father disappeared when I was  
eight. We were at the park...  
feeding ducks, actually. He said  
he had to run to the car. He gave  
me his watch, showed me on the  
minute hand that he'd be back in  
five.

(beat)

I never saw him again.

A beat, then:

MOLLY

Now, of course, I went through all  
the various explanations... but  
the obvious conclusion... the  
worst case scenario... was that he  
meant to leave.

CAVENNAUGH

So why still wear his watch?

MOLLY

Because I like to prepare myself  
for all contingencies... including  
the fact that I might've been  
wrong.

(beat)

My dad really loved this watch.  
He might want it back one day.

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED: (3)

93

She continues on her way, leaving Cavennaugh alone on  
the deck...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

94 INT. CARGO FREIGHTER - HANGAR - NIGHT (OPTICAL) 94 \*

Molly, Cavennaugh and the rest of the Red Team have gathered to compare notes. Fenway refers to a computer screen that shows a microscopic sample of red blood cells.

FENWAY

These are normal human blood cells.

He taps a control, and the monitor shows the aberrant, star-shaped cells seen earlier.

FENWAY

This is a sample of blood taken from our survivor. I found similar structural changes in the corpses... and the rats and the roaches, for that matter.

(beat)

Something evoked widespread and frighteningly rapid cellular change in every living thing on this boat. It's not unlike the work of a viral agent... like cancer, but more directed in its purpose.

CAVENNAUGH

But the boat was clean... we didn't find any pathogens.

FENWAY

That's what had me puzzled... then I started thinking... most of our genetic material is obsolete... humans only use about twenty percent of it. The fact is, we don't know what most of it does. But what if someone else did... what if they figured out a way to manipulate it?

CAVENNAUGH

(skeptical)

How? With our mystery object?  
All those lights and sounds?

LUCAS

You can't hack into someone's DNA with a signal...

(CONTINUED)

RAMSEY

Really? Used a cell phone lately?  
Brain tumors, chief. And what  
about those video games causing  
epileptic seizures?

MOLLY

He's right. There's plenty of  
medical evidence to back that up.  
The object emitted signals that  
had an immediate and disastrous  
effect on the people exposed to  
it. Even watching a second-  
generation copy made us sick.

FENWAY

Which reminds me, Doctor, I'd like  
to take some samples from the  
three of you, as well.

Lucas looks at Cavennaugh, nervous.

CAVENNAUGH

(to Ramsey)

What about your triple-helix?

RAMSEY

I'm down with Fenway. Someone's  
trying to unzip our DNA strands  
and reassemble them.

LUCAS

You're talking about what -- some  
kind of bio-forming?

MOLLY .

Why not? You've heard of  
terraforming... altering the  
climate of Mars, for instance, to  
make it habitable... why not do  
the same thing to people?

Molly starts pacing...

MOLLY

Say you want to colonize another  
world... what do you do? Send  
troops? An armada of spaceships?  
It's a massive undertaking... the  
gulf between our solar system and  
another is mind-boggling.

(beat)

Wouldn't it be much more efficient  
if you could simply send  
information...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

94

CONTINUED: (2)

94

MOLLY (cont'd)  
...if you could download a program  
into the indigenous population...  
and turn them into you?

It's a chilling notion.

LUCAS  
(nervous at the thought)  
We don't know they're trying to  
colonize... this could just be  
their way of saying hello.

RAMSEY  
Listen, my ridiculously optimistic  
little friend... I know how to say  
"hello" in over two hundred  
dialects... and this most  
certainly wasn't a "hello".

MOLLY  
We prepare for the worst, hope for  
the best. Right now, these are  
all just theories. We need to  
collect more data.

Just then, a SQUAWK! Everyone jumps just a little,  
nerves frayed. Cavennaugh brings his headset to his  
ear.

CAVENNAUGH  
Cavennaugh.  
(listens)  
How long?  
(beat)  
Understood.

He looks to the group.

CAVENNAUGH  
We're evacuating.

CUT TO:

95

EXT. CARGO FREIGHTER - DECK - NIGHT

95

Molly confronting Cavennaugh, who's on the move. In the  
b.g., three SEALS are placing high-tech MAG-CHARGES  
around the deck.

MOLLY  
I thought we had more time.

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED:

95

CAVENNAUGH

The North Koreans are breathing down our neck. So unless you're willing to stare down a two thousand ton submarine armed to the teeth with wake-homing torpedoes...

\*

MOLLY

(re: the SEALs)  
Are those explosives?

CAVENNAUGH

(nodding)  
We're scuttling the ship.

MOLLY

Are you crazy?! We should be towing this thing to dry-dock. We're just beginning our work here!

CAVENNAUGH

You'll have to make do with what you've got, Molly. We can't afford to let them get their hands on it. The less they know about what we've found here, the better.

\*

MOLLY

What about our Naval escorts?  
Can't they hold them off?

CAVENNAUGH

And then what, start World War Three?

MOLLY

Hatten put me in charge.

CAVENNAUGH

I'm pulling rank.  
(beat)  
I'm sorry.

Ka-chunk! Cavennaugh places a mag-charge on the bulkhead. OFF Molly...

CUT TO:

96 EXT. CARGO FREIGHTER - DECK - NIGHT (OPTICAL)

96

A short time later. SEALs carrying equipment toward the bow of the ship. Fenway, Lucas, and Ramsey are being ushered toward the waiting helicopters, which hover above.

\*  
\*  
\*

97 INT. CARGO FREIGHTER - TRIAGE AREA - NIGHT 97 \*

Gunneson has been securely strapped to a GURNEY by two SEALS -- one across his chest, arms, and legs -- they're taking no chances. Cavennaugh looks on.

As the SEALS lift the gurney, Gunneson makes eye-contact with Cavennaugh and holds his gaze with a neutral but alert expression. His consciousness has been fully supplanted by an alien presence, now... although calm, it's as if he's simply waiting for the right opening to take action. \*

98 INT. CARGO FREIGHTER - GYM/REC ROOM - NIGHT 98 \*

Molly can't take the boat with her so she's taking photo-documentation with a digital camera. Cavennaugh appears in the hatchway.

CAVENNAUGH  
Gotta go. We're the last ones.

Molly takes one last shot, then turns to join him.

99 INT. CARGO FREIGHTER - CORRIDOR - NIGHT 99

The two SEALS are carrying Gunneson, nearing a stairway which leads to the deck. The SEAL at the rear looks down -- Gunneson stares calmly up at him. It's a disconcerting image because from the SEAL's vantage point, Gunneson is upside-down.

CLOSE ON the SEAL's face.

CLOSE ON Gunneson staring back.

CLOSE ON Gunneson's right hand, now balled into a tight fist, straining against the strap.

The SEAL takes notice -- too late. With UNNATURAL STRENGTH, Gunneson snaps the strap apart!

As the SEAL reflexively leans forward to restrain him, Gunneson LUNGES for the knife on the SEAL's vest and tears it free!

CUT TO:

100 INT. CARGO FREIGHTER - ANOTHER CORRIDOR - NIGHT 100

Molly and Cavennaugh on the move. A GUNSHOT echoes through the ship! They quickly round a corner and stop at what they see --

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED: 100

-- the two SEALs lie dead in the stairwell. The gurney is empty, the straps have been sliced apart.

Cavennaugh immediately draws his sidearm, stepping in front of Molly. They advance cautiously up the stairs.

101 EXT. CARGO FREIGHTER - DECK - NIGHT 101

They emerge from the stairwell. NOISE and WASH from the (off-camera) helicopters above blanket the scene, creating a tense, disorienting environment. Cavennaugh spins around, right, left, then he sees --

102 GUNNESON 102

moving across the deck, heading for the railings.

Cavennaugh RUSHES FORWARD, SHOUTING, but we can barely hear him over the engine wash of the 'copters.

CAVENNAUGH  
(under the noise)  
Stop! Turn around!

But Gunneson doesn't appear to hear him and steps up onto the railing. He's going to jump overboard --

Cavennaugh is almost on top of him, preparing for a tackle, when --

WHAM! Gunneson spins around (as though he sensed him coming) and DRIVES his shoulder into Cavennaugh's chest --

Cavennaugh goes flying, SLAMMING into a bulkhead. He tries to bring up his gun, but Gunneson KICKS it out of his hand.

Cavennaugh tries to engage him, but Gunneson's strength is overwhelming. He begins to PUMMEL Cavennaugh relentlessly with his fists when --

BLAM-BLAM-BLAM! Bullets strike the bulkhead around Gunneson. None of them hit him, but it's enough to draw his attention to --

103 MOLLY 103

holding Cavennaugh's gun. Her aim is unsteady -- she's far from a trained marksman.

Gunneson drops Cavennaugh, moves towards Molly with deadly intent. She unloads the gun, missing a few more times before finally striking him twice in the chest --

(CONTINUED)



103 CONTINUED: 103

-- then the gun is empty. Gunneson comes to a stop. He looks down, touches the wounds on his chest, then looks back up at Molly -- a puzzled expression on his face.

Before Molly can even react, Gunneson turns and runs at top speed toward the railing. He LEAPS, clearing the railing without even touching it, and DIVES fifty feet into the waters below.

Molly rushes to the railing, looks down -- but Gunneson is gone.

Cavennaugh is now getting to his feet, battered but okay. As Molly assists him, he turns to her and mouths the word:

CAVENNAUGH  
(under the engine wash)  
Thanks.

104 EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT (OPTICAL) 104

The helicopters are banking away from the cargo freighter.

105 INT. SEAHAWK ONE - NIGHT 105

Molly, Cavennaugh, and a number of SEALs. Cavennaugh has a radio detonator in his hands. He shares a long look with Molly, then enters a series of commands.

Molly turns to one of the windows, looks out. --

106 MOLLY'S POV (OPTICAL) 106

In the far distance we see the freighter engulfed by a SERIES OF EXPLOSIONS.

107 BACK TO MOLLY'S FACE (OPTICAL) 107

The fire and debris reflecting off the window.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

108 MOLLY'S FACE (VPB) 108

An abstract, moving image is projected on her features as she talks.

MOLLY

We were tasked with three things -- confirming the presence of extraterrestrial life, intelligent or otherwise. We've done that. Attempting to communicate with it. We're still working on that. And finally, to determine whether or not their intentions are hostile. We don't yet know.

REVEAL we're in --

109 INT. THRESHOLD COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT (VPB) 109

Molly stands against a projection wall upon which a large-scale graphic ALIEN TRIPLE DNA HELIX rotates.

MOLLY

(continuing)

But we must assume we're dealing with a worst case scenario.

110 WIDER ANGLE (VPB/OPTICAL) 110

Cavennaugh, Blaylock, and the Red Team are gathered around a central work station.

MOLLY

(continuing)

So we move on to Phase Two of the Threshold protocols: containment and crisis-management. There's a very real possibility that our population has been infiltrated by a presence not indigenous to our planet. Where are those missing crewmembers? Where is First Mate Gunneson?

FENWAY

At the bottom of the Atlantic, no doubt. No one could have survived out there, much less made it to shore.

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED:

110

MOLLY

We can assume nothing, Doctor.  
The moment we give in to our  
preconceptions, we're dead.

She gestures to another projection wall upon which a grainy still-frame taken from the notorious video can be seen -- the ALIEN OBJECT floating over the ocean.

MOLLY

Which brings us to our object.  
Where did it go? Is it still  
here?

BLAYLOCK

(re: the room)

We're plugged into every  
surveillance satellite, radar  
installation and observatory in  
the hemisphere. I can tell you  
one thing -- it certainly hasn't  
left.

MOLLY

Then we need to keep searching for  
it... and we should prepare for  
the possibility that there are  
more of them on the way.

Reactions to this -- let's hope not.

MOLLY

We have to accept we're dealing  
with an intelligence so advanced  
that their capabilities border on  
the supernatural.

(then)

We don't have time for fear, we  
don't have the luxury of self-  
doubt. We've got to stare into  
the face of the unknown... and  
make sure we don't blink.

DISSOLVE TO:

111 INT. THRESHOLD COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT (VPB)

111

Hours later. Molly is studying some data on a screen.  
She's been working non-stop for the last twenty-four  
hours; she hasn't changed clothes and is clearly  
exhausted.

BLAYLOCK (O.C.)

Don't you ever sleep?

She turns to see Blaylock.

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED:

111

MOLLY  
Can't. I'm still drowning in  
satellite telemetry.

BLAYLOCK  
Drown tomorrow. Go home. You're  
no good to us fried.

MOLLY  
You're still here.

BLAYLOCK  
Yeah, but I don't have a life.

MOLLY  
What makes you think I do?

BLAYLOCK  
Guess I'll know who to call when  
Thanksgiving comes around.

She smiles, gathers up her things and stands to go.

MOLLY  
'Night.

She heads for the door...

BLAYLOCK  
Hey, honey bee.

She stops, turns.

BLAYLOCK  
Angela was right to put her faith  
in you. You done good out there.

OFF Molly...

CUT TO:

112 EXT. MOLLY'S HOME - NIGHT

112

As before.

113 INT. MOLLY'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

113

As Molly ENTERS through the front door, her dog Monster pads up to meet her and drops a sock-monkey at her feet. She picks it up, tosses into the nearby hallway. The dog goes after it.

114 INT. MOLLY'S HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT 114

Molly at the open fridge, pulling out a plastic container from the stack of pre-made meals. This one reads "turkey meatloaf, artichoke medley."

115 MOLLY AT THE SMALL TABLE 115

picking at her food right out of the container, sipping a bottle of beer. She leans forward, resting her face in her hands, events of the past few days weighing heavy on her.

CAMERA slowly PUSHES IN on her father's WRISTWATCH. The ticking sound slowly rises in volume as we...

CUT TO BLACK.

Over the darkness the ticking sound gives way to the shrieking, pulsating signal emitted by the alien object.

FADE IN:

116 INT. CARGO FREIGHTER - CORRIDOR - NIGHT (DREAM/OPTICAL) 116

Molly, wearing a T-shirt and underwear, is apprehensively moving through the dark passageway. The only light comes from a door, which is slightly ajar. \*

Her dog, Monster, stands just before the door, holding the sock-monkey in his mouth. He trots into the room.

As Molly draws closer, the SOUND increases in intensity. She slowly pushes open the door...

117 IN THE TRIAGE AREA (DREAM/OPTICAL) 117 \*

A WOMAN is strapped to a bunk with nylon restraints. It's Molly. Her face is pale, hair matted with sweat, eyes hollow and staring into middle-distance.

Our Molly approaches her, concerned. As she reaches out to the incapacitated Molly --

118 FLASHCUT (DREAM/OPTICAL) 118

The FRACTAL PATTERN.

119 FLASHCUT (DREAM/OPTICAL) 119

The mutated star-shaped BLOOD CELLS.

120 INT. CARGO FREIGHTER - CORRIDOR (DREAM/OPTICAL) 120

SLOW MOTION. Molly, terrified, still in nightclothes, is running back down the corridor. The lights overhead are BLINKING OUT behind her, one by one, the DARKNESS threatening to engulf her. She turns to look back, trips and FALLS --

121 FLASHCUT (DREAM/OPTICAL) 121

The fractal pattern.

122 FLASHCUT (DREAM/OPTICAL) 122

The ALIEN OBJECT, moving and rotating.

123 EXT. ALIEN LANDSCAPE (DREAM/OPTICAL) 123

Molly picks herself up, looks around, disoriented -- we are not on Earth. Our final image is grainy and laced with static, but what we see is unnerving --

A FOREST OF GLASS. Limbs gnarled and spiraling. Like nothing in nature. Utterly alien.

Amidst these spiraling limbs stands a FIGURE, back to us, little more than a low-resolution silhouette.

At first, it seems human. But something about its ill-defined shape tells us that it's not.

The SOUND increases.

The figure turns --

124 INT. MOLLY'S HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT 124

Molly bolts awake, drenched in sweat. She's wearing the same nightclothes seen in her dream. A beat as she catches her breath, then the TELEPHONE rings. She glances at a clock -- it's past three in the morning.

MOLLY  
(picking up phone)  
Hello?

CAVENNAUGH'S VOICE  
It's Cavennaugh. Are you okay?

MOLLY  
Yeah. Why?

(CONTINUED)

124

CONTINUED:

124

A beat before he answers.

CAVENNAUGH'S VOICE

I'm not sure. I know this is going to sound odd... I had this dream... and I saw that thing from the video. I can't explain it... but it felt like more than just a dream.

(beat)

There was this place...

Molly reacts.

CAVENNAUGH'S VOICE

Molly?

MOLLY

Yeah, sorry.

(rattled)

I saw it, too. I was there...

CAVENNAUGH'S VOICE

What's happening to us?

MOLLY

I don't know.

CUT TO:

125

INT. MOLLY'S HOME - HALLWAY/KITCHEN - NIGHT

125

Minutes later. The lights are out. Troubled, Molly moves to the sink and fills a glass of water from the tap. She takes a sip, hand trembling, trying to calm herself down...

Someone is in the room with her.

Sensing something, Molly slowly turns to see a half-silhouette against the kitchen door.

She reaches for the light switch, flicks it on.

126

GUNNESON

126

stands just a few feet away, clothes ragged, skin raw and encrusted with brine, staring at her with chilling intensity.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FOUR

THE END