

THE
ANDROMEDA
STRAIN

Cinescript

by

Nelson Gidding

Based on the novel

by

Michael Crichton

A ROBERT WISE PRODUCTION

PREFACE

This is a cinescript, an amplified screenplay which uses the written page in a cinematic form to convey the total "look" of a film. The method, incorporating illustrations, diagrams, "schema" technique, computerized animations, multi-screen effects, and printouts, was suggested by the unique style of Mr. Crichton's novel, and retains it in translation to the screen.

In a complex film, the advantage of a cinescript over the established screenplay format is a closer approximation for the reader of what will be seen on the screen.

R.W.

Sc. 84, p. 21: ANOTHER LETTER

Jeremy Stone's letter to the President.

This is the typed version, unsigned and bears revisions in Stone's hand as follows:

Laboratory of Jeremy Stone
Berkeley, California

February 12, 1969

The President of the United States
The White House
1600 Pennsylvania Avenue
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. President:

critical Recent considerations indicate that sterilization procedures of returning space probes ~~are~~ ^{might} insufficient to guarantee sterile reentry to this planet's atmosphere. The consequence of this is the potential introduction of virulent organisms into the present ecological framework. *maybe*

In a true biological crisis, which our exploration of space could bring about, the present Lunar Receiving Laboratory ~~would~~ ^{might} prove inadequate. I, therefore, urge the establishment of a facility to deal specifically with an extraterrestrial form of life. The purpose of this facility would be to limit the dissemination of such an unknown organism from outer space and to provide laboratories for its analysis.

I recommend that this facility be located in an uninhabited region of the United States, that it utilize all known isolation techniques and that it be equipped with a device for self-destruction, in the event of an emergency.

Wadner
Yours very truly,

Jeremy Stone

JS:ns

Sc. 200, pp.50-51: SCHEMA TECHNIQUE

The Schema technique is the free use of diagrams and drawings in combination with live images on the multi-screen. The technique is designed to convey the size, scope, and complexity of Wildfire Lab. Equally important, it establishes, in the spirit of Mr. Crichton's novel, an air of documentary authenticity for the film.

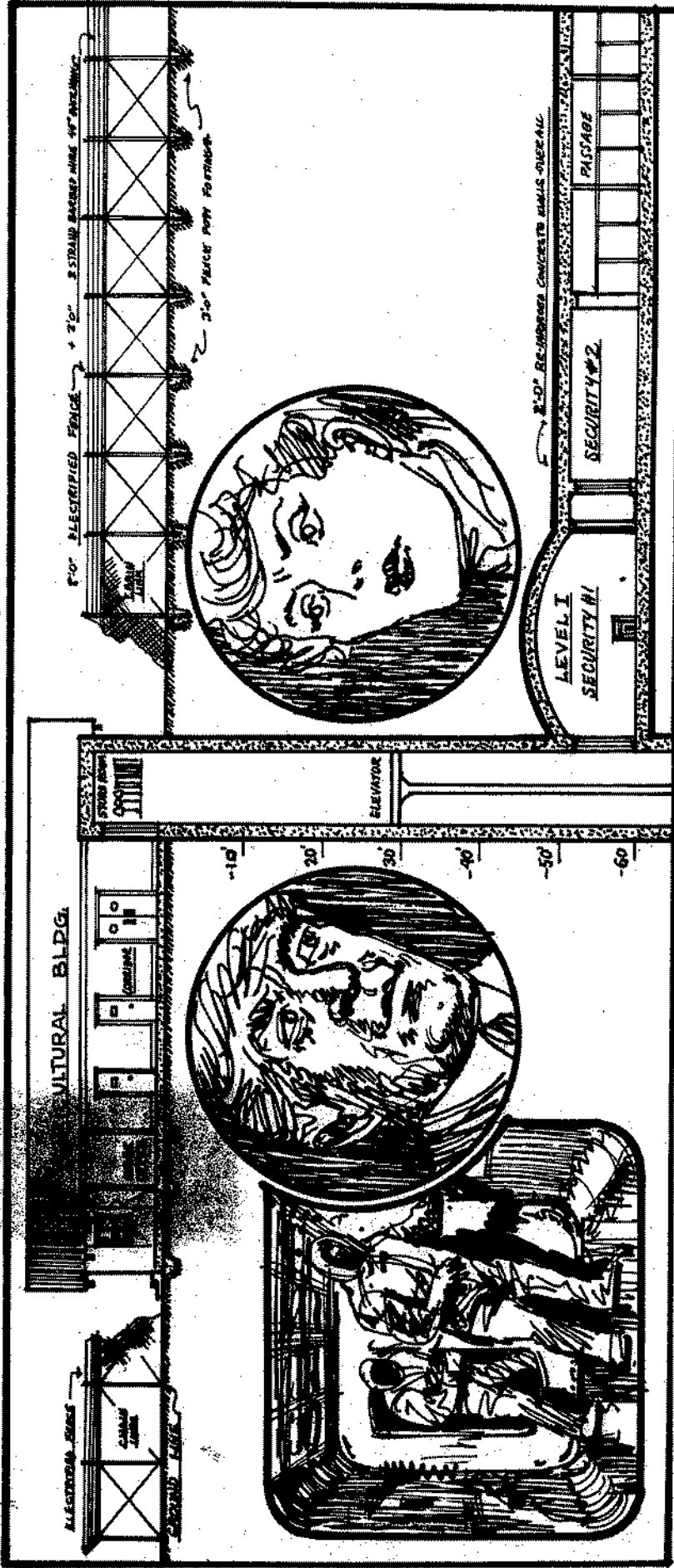
Appropriately labeled, the drawings -- floor plans, cross-sections, elevations, details, isometrics, etc. -- show clearly how Wildfire functions and how its separate parts relate to the whole. The use of Schema technique enables an audience to orient itself at any point within the intricate underground lab. It also provides an entirely visual method of exposition in certain sequences.

See illustration on following page.

35mm PANAVISION
2.35:1 SCREEN

A AGRICULTURAL BLDG.

F CLOSE-UP LEAVITT IN ELEVATOR



C A STEEL-PLATED CHAMBER
(LIVE IMAGE) STONE & MALL ENTER

E CLOSE-UP BURTON
IN ELEVATOR

B STORE ROOM
ELEVATOR
& SHAFT

D SECURITY ROOMS, LEVEL I

MULTI-SCREEN SCHEMATIC TECHNIQUE

Sc. 206, p. 54: UNIFORMS

There are four kinds of uniforms at Wildfire:

1. THE STAFF UNIFORM

worn by Administrative and Housekeeping personnel. The women's staff uniform, tailored along military lines, resembles a pant's suit rather than a skirted WAC or WAVE uniform. Except for the cut and certain details, the male and female staff uniforms are similar.

2. THE TECH UNIFORM

worn by lab and maintenance technicians. The Tech uniform is something like a coverall, but closer fitting, so that cumbersome loose ends will not interfere with the operation of intricate "hardware."

3. DIO (Disposable Immunization Outfit)

worn by all personnel while undergoing the Wildfire decontamination-immunization-sterilization process. Made of paper by a new process, the DIO is rather like a surgical uniform, loose-fitting top with a V-neck, short sleeves, elastic banded pants, and a special "slipper" which can be slipped on and off without the use of hands.

4. THE WILDFIRE JUMPSUIT

worn by the team of scientists on Level V. It is a two-piece uniform with the top portion coming in both a long-sleeved and looser, short-sleeved version, which is selected by the scientist according to his preference and task at the moment. Wildfire jumpsuits are also worn by department heads and top administrators at the facility.

Sc. 207, p. 55: COMVOICE

Comvoice is a live voice over the intercom system emanating from various Level Control Rooms.

Sc. 216, p. 60: ELECTRONIC DIAGRAM

The Electronic Diagram is a closed-circuit visual mapping device installed throughout Wildfire Lab.

These diagrams are electronically generated, three-dimensional, orthographic projections which can be displayed on any TV monitor in the lab, presenting a plan of all five levels of Wildfire, or any of its various sections, according to what is required.

The movement of the scientists, as represented by their initials (S,D,L,H) on the diagram, is monitored by a computer and indicated via computerized animation. The movement of the two patients and the Scoop VII capsule, represented by symbols (triangles for the patients, a circle for the capsule), can also be seen on the diagrams.

Sc. 221, p. 62: VITAL SIGNS FOR THE OLD MAN AND BABY

Constantly fluctuating a few points up and down, the old man's vital signs read:

PULSE 105: RESP 32: BP 95/50: TEMP 98.5

The temperature remains steady.

Also fluctuating a few points, the baby's vital signs are:

PULSE 132: RESP 40: BP 90/61: TEMP 98.4

The temperature remains steady.

Sc. 236, p. 67: COMPUTER READOUTS AND COMPUTER PRINTOUTS

All electronic screens deliver two kinds of computerized messages: the "readout," as used in Sc. 221, and the "printout." The computer readout flashes on all at once as a whole. The computer printout is delivered letter by letter, but so fast it appears as a streak of movement which, in a second or two, can be read in its entirety.

Sc. 264, p. 75: COMPUTERIZED ANIMATION

Computerized Animation is the creation of animated forms by an electronic microfilm recorder hooked up to a computer. The computerized system, plotting and drawing lines a million times faster than human draftsmen, will accurately portray the trajectories of the one thousand and eighty-two earth satellites and interplanetary vehicles in space.

Sc. 403, p. 114: FULL ON ROOM

The radio chatter in b.g. will be as follows:

COMROE

(into radio)

Scoop Mission Control to Albuquerque Center. Do not repeat do not send your post investigative team. We're sending ours under General Sparks. Over.

RADIO

Albuquerque Center to Scoop Mission. This is Colonel Thomson. We read you, but what's the delay? Over.

COMROE

Scoop Mission to Albuquerque Center. All personnel entering WF Area must be screened and reconfirmed, Colonel. Authority DOD, Executive Order 2918 for K Operations. Over and out.

At the same time as the above, a Sergeant talks on the telephone:

SERGEANT

(into phone)

Add these two names to the manifest, Ops: Manchek, Arthur, Major, 0-793245; Hartwell, Bruce D., Captain, 0-834478....Yeah, yeah. The General will sign it himself, my boy. Standby for immediate take-off.

Sc. 441, p. 125: ANGLE INCLUDING CONSOLE MONITOR

The following scanner readouts follow in succession after CULTURE DESIG ■ ■ 492:

A) 493 ■ ■ CULTURE DESIG ■ ■ 493 ■ ■ POCHON'S.MED.
=====

ATMOSPHERE DESIG ■ ■ NH₃
LUMIN DESIG ■ ■ LW

B) 494 ■ ■ CULTURE DESIG ■ ■ 494 ■ ■ TRYPT SOY
=====

ATMOSPHERE DESIG ■ ■ CO/NO₂
LUMIN DESIG ■ ■ SW

- C) 495 ■ ■ CULTURE DESIG ■ ■ 495 ■ ■ YEAST EXT.
 =====
 ATMOSPHERE DESIG ■ ■ SO₂
 LUMIN DESIG ■ ■ X/LO
- D) 496 ■ ■ CULTURE DESIG ■ ■ 496 ■ ■ THIO SULPH
 =====
 ATMOSPHERE DESIG ■ ■ VACU
 LUMIN DESIG ■ ■ UV/VIS

Sc. 447, p. 126: CLOSE ON VIEWING SCREEN

After CULTURE DESIG ■ ■ 498 snaps off, the following scanner readouts appear in rapid succession:

- A) 499 ■ ■ CULTURE DESIG ■ ■ 499 ■ ■ NITRATE
 =====
 ATMOSPHERE DESIG ■ ■ SO₂
 LUMIN DESIG ■ ■ WL
- B) 500 ■ ■ CULTURE DESIG ■ ■ 500 ■ ■ CHOCOLATE
 =====
 ATMOSPHERE DESIG ■ ■ CH₄
 LUMIN DESIG ■ ■ UV/VIS
- C) 501 ■ ■ CULTURE DESIG ■ ■ 501 ■ ■ VAN DELDAN'S MED.
 =====
 ATMOSPHERE DESIG ■ ■ NH₃
 LUMIN DESIG ■ ■ IR/VIS

Sc. 454, p. 129: CLOSE ON VIEWING SCREEN

The following scanner readouts appear in quick succession on Viewing Screen:

- A) 500 ■ ■ CULTURE DESIG ■ ■ 500 ■ ■ CHOCOLATE
 =====
 ATMOSPHERE DESIG ■ ■ CH₄
 LUMIN DESIG ■ ■ UV/VIS
- B) 501 ■ ■ CULTURE DESIG ■ ■ 501 ■ ■ VAN DELDAN'S MED.
 =====
 ATMOSPHERE DESIG ■ ■ NH₃
 LUMIN DEISG ■ ■ IR/VIS

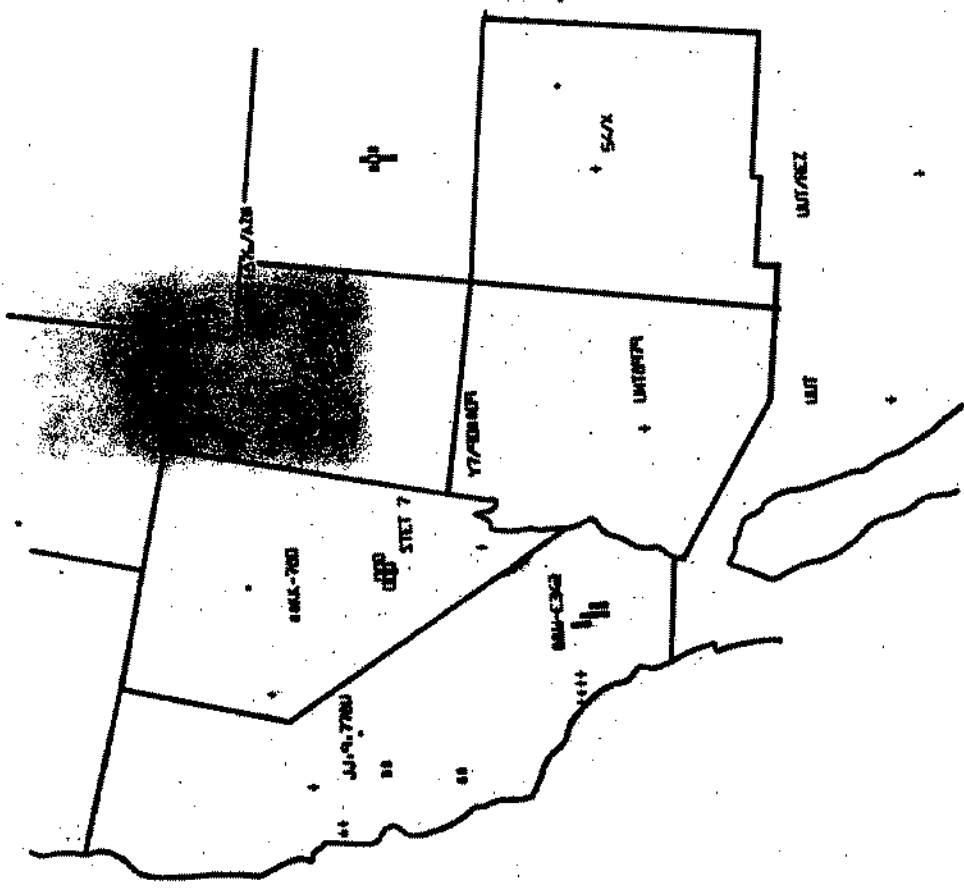
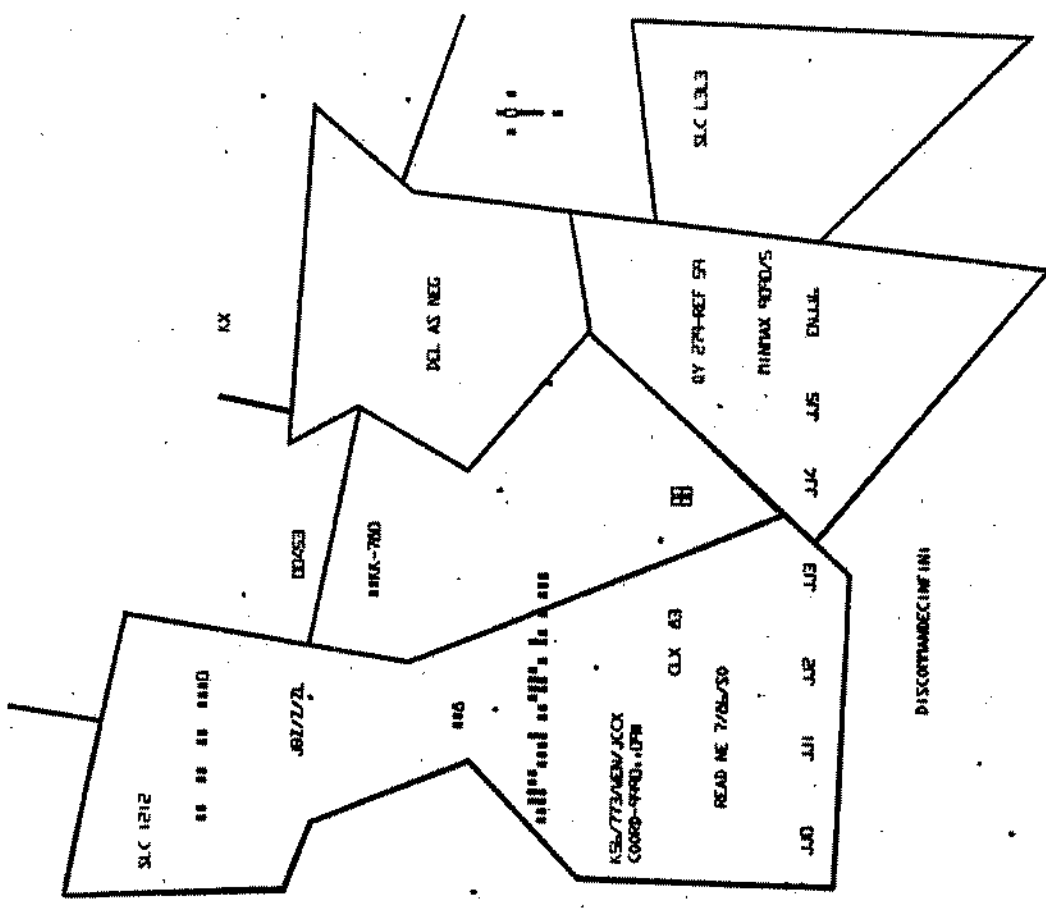
- C) 502 ■ ■ CULTURE DESIG ■ ■ 502 ■ ■ GELATIN
 =====
 ATMOSPHERE DESIG ■ ■ CO₂/CO
 LUMIN DESIG ■ ■ SW
- D) 503 ■ ■ CULTURE DESIG ■ ■ 503 ■ ■ LACTOSE BROTH
 =====
 ATMOSPHERE DESIG ■ ■ NO₂
 LUMIN DESIG ■ ■ LW

Sc. 474, p. 139: ANGLE PAST LEAVITT TOWARD SCREENS

- A) 126 ■ ■ CULTURE DESIG ■ ■ 126 ■ ■ GREEN'S MED.
 =====
 ATMOSPHERE DESIG ■ ■ O₂
 LUMIN DESIG ■ ■ IR/HI
- B) 542 ■ ■ CULTURE DESIG ■ ■ 542 ■ ■ THIOGLYC
 =====
 ATMOSPHERE DESIG CO₂ + H₂
 LUMIN DESIG ■ ■ X/HI

Sc. 483, p. 144: COMPUTERIZED ANIMATION

A special computer program will be developed to generate color graphics and combinations of patterns indicating with versimilitude the way a crystalline structured organism like Andromeda might function.



ADDITIONAL DIALOGUESc. 17, 18, 23, 25, 31, pp 7-9: INT. SCOOP MISSION CONTROL

2ND ARMY TECH

Rise and shine, Jonesy.

1ST CIVILIAN TECH (Sc. 18)

Cut in the AS.

1ST ARMY TECH (Sc. 23)

Me and Crane took basic together.

2ND CIVILIAN TECH (Sc. 25)

Shows a knock in the engine.

1ST ARMY TECH (Sc. 31)

Bet they could use a beer right now.

Sc. 60 & 61, p. 16: STONE PARTY

ENGLISH BLONDE

Heavens, no, we don't have smog in London; we call it smaze.

TALL MAN

Crew is the only strictly amateur sport left in the University.

OLDER WOMAN

I can't wear wool next to my skin, so Herbert had to turn down the Chair at Minnesota.

YOUNG SCHOLAR

It was one of the Latin playwrights -- Terence -- who first mentioned a generation gap.

MAN

All right, I said, sixty cents for a cup of coffee, but I want a doggie bag for the sugar.

TIME SCHEDULE OF EVENTSFIRST DAY:

INT. Van (Sc. 7)	8:00 PM (N.M.)
INT. Scoop Mission Control (Sc. 15)	7:05 PM (Calif.)
INT. Scoop Mission Control (Sc. 42)	7:40 PM (Calif.)
INT. Plane - Instrument Panel (Sc. 43)	8:35 PM (Calif.)
INT. Corridor (Sc. 50)	10:05 PM (Calif.)
INT. Situation Rm.-(Multi-Screen Sc. 55-B)	1:07 AM (Wash, D.C.)
INT. Stone's House (Sc. 57)	11:15 PM (Calif.)

SECOND DAY:

INT. Dutton Bedroom (Sc. 92)	2:00 AM (Ohio)
INT. Leavitt's Lab (Sc. 96)	3:15 AM (New York)
INT. Operating Room (Sc. 97)	6:30 AM (Kansas)
INT. Helicopter (Sc. 103)	8:00 AM (Calif.)
EXT. Main Street of Piedmont (Sc. 118)	11:10 AM (N.M.)
INT. Situation Room (Sc. 180)	2:40 PM (Wash, D.C.)
INT. Sedan (Sc. 187)	11:55 AM (Nevada)
INT. A Small Anteroom (Sc. 196)	12:20 PM (Wildfire)

(NOTE: In Wildfire Lab, time, real time
 is shown consecutively except for the
 time jump advancements indicated as
 follows:)

INT. Level I - (Sc. 205)	12:27 PM
INT. Conference Room - Level I (Sc. 209)	12:45 PM
INT. Level II - Body Analysis (Sc. 233)	5:15 PM
INT. Level III - Maroon Corridor (Sc. 251)	8:35 PM
INT. A Cubicle - Xenon Flash - Level III (Sc. 254)	9:40 PM
INT. Level IV - Green Corridor (Sc. 256)	10:00 PM

TIME SCHEDULE OF EVENTS (Cont'd)

INT. Stone's Interim Room (Sc. 260) 10:02 PM
 INT. Leavitt's Rm - (Multi-Screen Sc. 268-A) 11:40 PM

THIRD DAY:

INT. Dutton's Room (Sc. 270) 2:25 AM
 INT. Hall's Room (Sc. 272) 3:55 AM

(NOTE: During the above six hours.,
 10:00 PM to 4:00 AM, the
 scientists have their last sleep
 or rest period until the final
 Wildfire sequence.)

INT. Cafeteria - Level IV (Sc. 274) 4:01 AM
 INT. Level V - Ward Room (Sc. 285-C) 4:33 AM
 INT. Level V - Corridor (Sc. 287) 4:34 AM
 INT. Main Control Lab - Level V (Sc. 288) 4:35 AM
 INT. Miscellaneous Room - Level V (Sc. 299) 4:42 AM
 INT. Main Control Lab - Level V (Sc. 310) 5:30 AM
 INT. Autopsy Hot Room (Sc. 318) 5:40 AM
 INT. Main Control Lab (Sc. 331) 5:47 AM
 INT. Miscellaneous Room (Sc. 339) 6:10 AM
 INT. Main Control Lab (Sc. 355) 9:50 AM
 INT. [REDACTED] Room (Sc. 390) 10:05 AM
 INT. [REDACTED] on Control (Sc. 401) 10:15 AM
 INT. [REDACTED] Level V (Sc. 405) 12:00 NOON
 INT. Level I - Delta V (Sc. 407) 12:08 PM
 EXT. A Temporary Landing Pad (Sc. 416) 1:20 PM (Utah)
 INT. Microchemistry Lab - Level V (Sc. 419) 3:20 PM
 EXT. Site of Phantom Crash (Sc. 433) 4:30 PM (Utah)
 INT. Microbiology Lab (Sc. 440) 11:45 PM
 INT. Miscellaneous Hot Room (Sc. 449) 11:55 PM

TIME SCHEDULE OF EVENTS (Cont'd)FOURTH DAY:

INT. Microbiology Lab (Sc. 450)	12:05 AM
INT. Ward Room (Sc. 456)	12:07 AM
INT. Situation Room (Sc. 461)	3:12 AM (Wash,D.C.)
INT. Delta V - Level I (Sc. 465)	1:30 AM
INT. Electron Microscopy Lab - Level V - (Sc. 467)	2:45 AM
INT. Situation Room (Sc. 475)	5:50 AM (Wash,D.C.)
INT. X-Ray Crystallography Lab (Sc. 481)	3:50 AM
INT. Miscellaneous Lab (Sc. 487)	4:30 AM
INT. Corridor - Level V (Sc. 492)	4:31 AM
INT. Main Control Lab (Sc. 496)	4:33 AM
INT. Miscellaneous Rm. on 3rd TV (Sc. 502)	4:35 AM
INT. Autopsy Lab - Close on 1st TV (Sc. 510)	4:37 AM
INT. Main Control Room (Sc. 521)	4:39 AM
INT. Autopsy - 1st TV (Sc. 526)	4:40 AM
INT. Main Lab - Angle on Stone & Hall (Sc. 531)	4:41 AM
INT. A Corridor (Sc. 536)	4:42 AM
INT. Corridor A Pair of Clocks (Sc. 539)	4:42:30 AM
<p>At this point, time runs out on all clocks in conformity to the announce- ments of the Seductive Voice, as:)</p>	
ANGLE on Miscellaneous Rm. (Sc. 543)	4:43:00 AM
ANGLE ON HOT ROOM (Sc. 549)	4:43:30 AM
INT. Main Control (Sc. 559)	4:44:01 AM
Etc., until....	
INT. The Infirmary - Level III (Sc. 587)	6:28 AM

ns #02034

FADE IN

UNIVERSAL TRADEMARK

CUT TO

THE FOLLOWING IN WHITE LETTERS ON THE BLACK SCREEN:

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

This film concerns the four-day history of a major American scientific crisis.

We received the generous help of many people attached to Project Scoop at Vandenberg Air Force Base and the Wildfire Laboratory in Flatrock, Nevada. They encouraged us to tell the story accurately and in detail.

The documents presented here are soon to be made public. They do not in any way jeopardize the national security.

CUT TO

MAIN TITLE - A XEROXED DOCUMENT

THE ANDROMEDA STRAIN

THE ANDROMEDA STRAIN

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL MORE OF THE DOCUMENT:

THIS FILE IS CLASSIFIED TOP SECRET

*Examination by unauthorized persons
is a criminal offense punishable
by fines and imprisonment up to
20 years and \$20,000.*

CAMERA CONTINUES TO PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

```

. . . . .
. OPENING CREDITS .
. APPEAR HERE: .
.
. STARRING: .
.
. _____ .
. _____ .
.
. . . . .

```

**DO NOT ACCEPT FROM COURIER
IF SEAL IS BROKEN**

*The courier is required by law
to demand your card 7592. He
is not permitted to relinquish
this file without such proof
of identity.*

MACHINE SCORE REVIEW BELOW

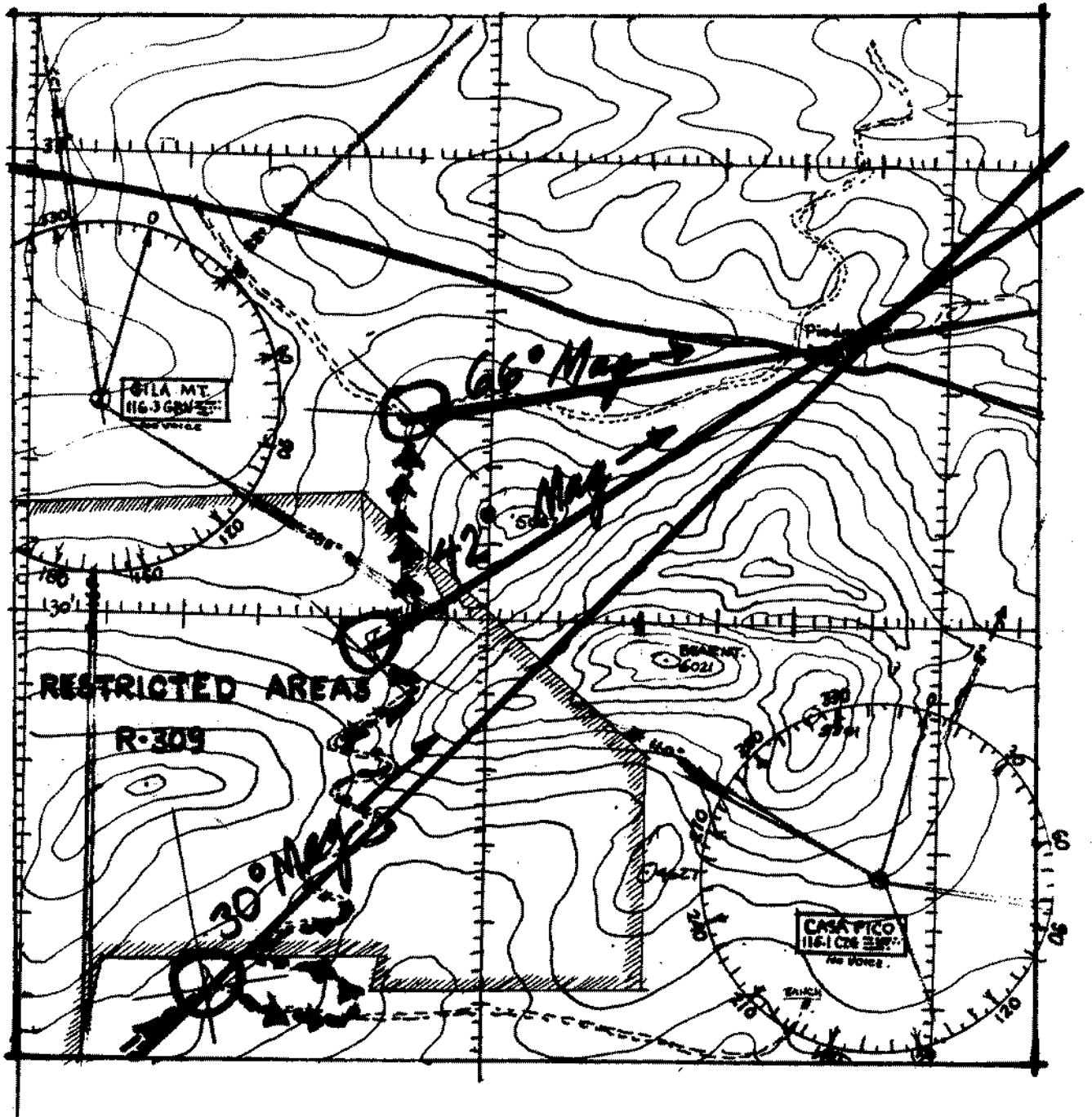
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CUT TO

THE BALANCE OF CREDITS...They appear in the same style as those just seen. The credits will be interspersed among other authentic documents from official files and presented in multi-screen technique to be designed. The final document with which the credits end is a soiled chart.



be #02034 4

1 EXT. A MAN ON A HILL - NIGHT 1

He is slumped over a boulder. An immensity of stars above, desert all around. Everything still, motionless, timeless. It could be a vista of the Old West. The man moves.

2 CLOSER 2

Peering through a gun-like NVD-9 (Night Vision Device), he wears a parka, hood up, and gloves. He probes toward a town in the distance.

3 LONG SHOT THROUGH NVD - THE TOWN 3

A few, indistinct buildings along a single dark street. No lights, no activity; an air of hushed silence. The lens starts to fog, drawing a shroud of secrecy over the town.

4 ANGLE ON THE MAN 4

He wipes the lens with a gloved finger, then once more peers through the NVD. Nothing. With his naked eye he looks at:

5 THE SURROUNDING HILLS 5

low, blunted, an occasional withered yucca tree.

6 BACK TO THE MAN 6

He shivers. Whether it is the wind or something else will never be known. He clambers down the hillside. A dusty van, motor idling softly, is parked off the road. As he opens the rear door, a sudden red glow spills out, extinguished almost immediately by the slam of the door behind him. CAMERA CLOSES on the van. An antenna rises from the roof and starts to rotate.

7 INT: VAN - NIGHT 7

Deep red light...Lieutenant SHAWN, 23, the hood of his parka now laid back, and Tech Sergeant CRANE, younger, in shirt-sleeves, bend over a chart on a navigation table. Around them are banks of electronic equipment including a radio-directional beeper transmitting a steady signal.

CRANE
How can it be, Lieutenant?

CONTINUED

7 CONTINUED

7

SHAWN
(gesturing at
equipment)
Because the monster says so.
(pointing at
chart)
Hell, man, we've been closing on it
the last six hours.

8 TIGHT ON CHART

8

A plotter taps a place where three lines converge. The legend
across the top of the chart reads: VANDENBERG AFB, PROJECT:
SCOOP (CLASSIFIED), SATELLITE RECOVERY CHART.

CRANE'S VOICE
Piedmont, New Mexico.

9 TWO SHOT

9

Crane looks up, hiding his concern behind a smile.

CRANE
Population, sixty-eight.

(X)

They share a weak laugh. Shawn adjusts a knob that brings up
the volume of the beeper. Crane stares at the pulsing red
lights.

CRANE
Some joker must've seen it come down
and collected himself a souvenir,
huh Lieutenant?

SHAWN
Yeah...Only you'd think they'd've
reported it to the police or NASA,
or the army, or someone.

He opens the door of the van. Crane scrambles after him.

STRAIGHT CUT TO

10 BIRDS

10

Big birds, wheeling in the sky.

11 EXT. THE HILL - NIGHT - MOVING SHOT ON SHAWN AND CRANE

11

laboring up the hill. Shawn, spotting the birds, stops.

CONTINUED

ns #02034 - Rev. 6

11 CONTINUED 11

SHAWN

Hey, I didn't notice them before.

CRANE

Crazy. Didn't know buzzards fly at night.

He laughs nervously. Shawn raises the NVD.

12 NVD SHOT - THE BIRDS 12

SHAWN'S VOICE

That's what they look like.

13 TWO SHOT 13

Shawn hands Crane the NVD. Crane points it toward the birds, then scans the dim outline of the town beyond. Shawn lights a cigarette, cupping his hands around the lighter.

CRANE

(returning NVD)

Some dead burg.

SHAWN

Buzzards only come when something's dead.

He raises the NVD, sweeps the town briefly, then flicks his cigarette away with an air of finality.

SHAWN

I guess we better go in and have a look.

STRAIGHT CUT TO

14 EXT. VANDENBERG AIR FORCE BASE - NIGHT 14

A teletype printout in white letters CLATTERS across a black band at bottom of frame:

VANDENBERG AIR FORCE BASE, CALIFORNIA...DECEMBER, 1970...
SCOOP MISSION CONTROL

SHAWN'S VOICE

This is Caper One to Vandal Deca.

15 INT. SCOOP MISSION CONTROL - NIGHT - CLOSE ON A LOUDSPEAKER 15

SHAWN'S VOICE

Caper One to Vandal Deca. Are you reading? Over.

16 ANGLE ON LT. COMROE

16

at his desk. The room is large, windowless, utilitarian. Five bored TECHNICIANS including two civilians, are at their posts before various devices. An oscilloscope which monitors radio transmissions visually is in a corner. Comroe, reading a magazine, gropes for the microphone on his desk, clicks it on.

COMROE

Yes, I'm reading. Over.

SHAWN'S VOICE

We're about to enter the town of Piedmont and recover the satellite.

COMROE

Very good, Caper One. Leave your radio open.

SHAWN'S VOICE

Roger.

Comroe, eyes on magazine, sets the mike down.

17 ANGLE ON TWO TECHNICIANS

17

One is asleep. A field manual, FM 2-6 BIOLOGICAL AND RADIO-LOGICAL OPERATIONS, lies face down on his chest. The sound of a radio beep from the loudspeaker begins and gradually increases.

SHAWN'S VOICE

We are now inside the town.
Kind of spooky.

The second technician, given pause, wakes his buddy.

18 CLOSE ON OSCILLOSCOPE

18

SHAWN'S VOICE

I see a church steeple ahead to the left. I mean it's quiet here.

The motion of jagged white lines across the green face of the scope indicates Shawn's tension.

SHAWN'S VOICE

Damndest thing -- there's no sign of life. The signals from the satellite are getting real strong.

19 CLOSE ON COMROE

19

giving the loudspeaker his full attention.

19 #02034 8

20 ANGLE ON TECHNICIAN 20
as he hears:

CRANE'S VOICE
Sir!

21 THE LOUDSPEAKER 21

CRANE'S VOICE
(shaky)
You see that, Lieutenant?

SHAWN'S VOICE
See what, Crane?

22 THE OSCILLOSCOPE 22

The lines indicate mounting tension.

CRANE'S VOICE
By that fence. Looks like a body.

With Shawn's soothing reply, the lines decelerate.

SHAWN'S VOICE
Easy, Crane. You're imagining things.

23 FULL ON ROOM 23

Everyone now facing the loudspeaker, also imagining things. At the sound of the van SQUEALING to a halt, a Technician half-stands.

24 OSCILLOSCOPE 24

With Shawn's voice, jagged lines leap:

SHAWN'S VOICE
Holy ---

CRANE'S VOICE
It's another one, sir.

25 THREE QUICK INTERCUTS 25

between the loudspeaker, and the oscilloscope:

SHAWN'S VOICE
You're right. Looks dead.

CRANE'S VOICE
Yes, sir. Shall I ---

CONTINUED

jg #02034 9

25 CONTINUED 25

SHAWN'S VOICE
No! Stay in the van!

26 ANGLE ON COMROE 26

sitting rigidly behind his desk, holding the mike.

COMROE
Vandal Deca to Caper One. What's
happened?

27 HIS POV - THE LOUDSPEAKER - SLIGHTLY COCKED 27

SHAWN'S VOICE
We see bodies. Lots of them.

28 BACK TO COMROE - TIGHT 28

He opens a drawer, removes a booklet, MANUAL OF PROJECT SCOOP,
speaking into the mike at the same time:

COMROE
Are you certain, Caper One?

29 OSCILLOSCOPE 29

With his voice, the lines leap into jagged peaks.

SHAWN'S VOICE
Dammit, Comroe, of course we're
certain.

30 ANGLE ON COMROE 30

studying the manual, coming to a reluctant decision:

COMROE
Your orders are...
(a heavy pause)
...proceed to satellite and retrieve.

He looks up. The men in the room are staring at him.

SHAWN'S VOICE
(slowly)
Roger, Vandal Deca.

31 FULL SHOT ON ROOM 31

The sound of the van RUMBLING on its way fills the room. Some
of the men gravitate toward the loudspeaker or the oscilloscope.

CONTINUED

be #02034 10

31 CONTINUED 31

COMROE
Stay at your stations!

The men dart back to their places

32 ANGLE PAST COMROE TOWARD THE DOOR 32

He punches a red security button on the console beside him.
A red sign -- SECURITY -- flashes on above the door.

COMROE
(into phone)
Get me Major Manchek.

A SERGEANT, buckling on side arms, stations himself at the door.

CRANE'S VOICE
Somehow they don't hardly look
dead, Lieutenant.

Following the motion of all heads, CAMERA SWIVELS TO:

33 THE LOUDSPEAKER 33

SHAWN'S VOICE
They're all over. Must be dozens
of 'em.

34 CLOSE SHOT - COMROE 34

COMROE
Dammit, get this call through.

CRANE'S VOICE
Sort of like they just dropped in
their tracks...Sir!

35 CLOSE ON LOUDSPEAKER 35

SHAWN'S VOICE
Good Chri ---

36 CLOSER ON LOUDSPEAKER 36

CRANE'S VOICE
You see it -- that thing in white?

SHAWN'S VOICE
Yeah, coming toward us....

be #02034 11

37 FLASH SHOT - TWO TECHNICIANS 37
exchanging a look.

38 OMITTED 38

39 QUICK CLOSEUP - COMROE 39
an air of desperation, as Manchek comes onto the line:

COMROE
Hello, Major. This sounds crazy, but---

40 HUGE CLOSEUP - THE GRILL OF THE LOUDSPEAKER 40
The VOICES ISSUE from what is now an unrecognizable object.

CRANE'S VOICE
Lieutenant, sir. I think we should
get out of ---

Crane SCREAMS.

WHIP TO

41 THE OSCILLOSCOPE SCREEN 41
Responding to the scream, the jagged lines go wild.

STROBE CUT TO

42 CLOSEUP - MAJOR MANCHEK 42
on phone in Scoop Mission Control, a heavysset, low-key man.

MANCHEK
Hello, Ops. This is Major Manchek
at Scoop Control A-12. We need a
flyby over Piedmont, New Mexico.
Infrared. A FLIR scan. All
sectors.

CAMERA PULLS BACK Slightly to reveal Comroe, tipped-in,
nodding confirmation as Manchek continues on phone:

MANCHEK
Film to come direct to Scoop. Assign
Gunner Wilson if he's not crocked
somewhere.

STROBE CUT TO

43 A JET PLANE INSTRUMENT PANEL - NIGHT 43
ROCK MUSIC over radio before it is clicked off.

be #02034 12

44 AIR-TO-AIR SHOT 44
 As the plane swoops BELOW CAMERA

45 MULTI-SCREEN 45

A) EXT. A WING-MOUNTED FLIR CAMERA - NIGHT - UPPER LEFT

B) INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT - GUNNER'S FINGERS PLAYING THE
 CAMERA BUTTONS - UPPER CENTER

C) INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT - CLOSE ON GUNNER, CRANING - UPPER
 RIGHT

D) EXT. GUNNER'S POV - THE GROUND - NIGHT - BOTTOM HALF
 OF SCREEN

a blur of sand, hillocks, scrub, yucca trees -- then up
 ahead, buildings in the moonlight, racing at the plane.

GUNNER
 (startled)
 Jeez ---

With Gunner's VOICE, IMAGE D bursts into:

46 SINGLE SCREEN - FLASH SHOT - THE MAIN STREET - NIGHT 46
 Bodies everywhere, sprawled, spread-eagled, lying across
 doorways.

47 INT. COCKPIT - CLOSE ON GUNNER 47
 Recovering, he takes a second look.

48 FLASH SHOT - THE MAIN STREET - CRAZY ANGLE 48
 spinning away. The bodies are still there.

GUNNER'S VOICE
 (incredulous)
 Man oh man.....

48-A CLOSEUP - THE WING-MOUNTED FLIR CAMERA 48-1

49 FLASH SHOT - INFRARED - MAIN STREET ON RETURN RUN 49
 The infrared film shows anything warm -- the bodies -- as
 white blobs; anything cold -- the buildings -- as black.

STROBE CUT TO

50 INT. A CORRIDOR - NIGHT - ANGLE ON A DOOR 50

marked FILM DATA PROSSEX, and underneath in red, ADMISSION BY CLEARANCE CARD ONLY. The door, guarded by an MP, opens. Manchek and Comroe emerge.

MANCHEK

(to Comroe)

I'm declaring a state of emergency.

All personnel confined to base.

(pointing to door)

Everything seen and heard in that room is top secret.

Manchek hurries off to a steel door, painted white and marked: EMERGENCY ONLY. He opens it with one of two keys attached to a plastic tag.

51 INT. A SMALL SOUNDPROOFED BOOTH 51

The door locks behind Manchek. He pauses before a telephone, suddenly indecisive, regarding the keys in his hand.

52 INSERT - THE KEYS 52

The lettering on the attached tag reads: IN CASE OF FIRE, Notify Division 21 - Emergency Only.

53 CLOSE ON MANCHEK 53

Inserting the smaller of the two keys into the phone, he rapidly dials the number 21 four times...A series of mechanical CLICKS and a LOW HUM...As the trunk sounds stop, from the other end comes:

A WOMAN'S VOICE

This is a recording. State your name and your message and hang up.

MANCHEK

Major Arthur Manchek, Scoop Mission Control A-12. I recommend calling a WILDFIRE ALERT. We have evidence on film here of unnatural death caused by Scoop VII returning to earth. Time check zero one four seven inclusive.

Manchek pauses. The mechanical CLICKS start. He hangs up, the mechanical SOUNDS CONTINUING OVER...

CUT TO

54 EXT. THE WHITE STEEL DOOR OF THE BOOTH - FILLING SCREEN 54

REVERSE ZOOM TO:

55 MULTI-SCREEN

- A) THE WHITE DOOR, NOW SMALL, AT CENTER OF BLACK SCREEN
- B) IMAGES of different SHAPES and SIZES, accompanied by a torrent of ELECTRONIC NOISE, proliferate across the rest of the BLACK SCREEN. They depict the network of computers, scrambler units, decoders, message centers, set in motion by Manchek's call. The sequence is keyed around the Situation Room, which shows increasing activity. In seconds, it is all over; the intricate machinery falls silent.
- C) A TELETYPEWRITER - THIS IMAGE SNAPS ON TO REPLACE THE STEEL DOOR AT CENTER OF SCREEN. As teletypewriter CLATTERS, CAMERA MOVES IN TO:

56 SINGLE SCREEN - THE TELETYPEWRITER

FILLING THE FRAME, it prints out:

TOP SECRET
MESSAGE FOLLOWS
AS
WILDFIRE ALERT HAS BEEN CALLED
PRESS BLACKOUT
POTENTIAL DIRECTIVE 7-12
FURTHER NOTATIONS
AS
THE FOLLOWING AMERICAN
CITIZENS PLACED ON ZED
KAPPA STATUS. NAMES:

STONE, JEREMY	81
LEAVITT, RUTH	04
DUTTON, CHARLES	51
KIRKE, ALEXANDER	39
HALL, MARK	142

TOP SECRET CLEARANCE
RECONFIRMED FOR:
STONE 81

OTHERS IN PROCESS

END MESSAGE END MESSAGE
= = = = =
DISENGAGE

With the SOUND of a DOORBELL:

CUT TO

57 INT. VESTIBULE AND LIVING ROOM OF STONE'S HOUSE - NIGHT 57

Stone's wife, ALLISON, 26, cool, stylish, answers the doorbell. Behind her in the living room a party of some thirty people is in full swing. She opens the front door to be confronted by an Air Force CAPTAIN and an MP SERGEANT.

CAPTAIN

We'd like to see Dr. Jeremy Stone,
please.

ALLISON

(a quizzical smile)

I'm Mrs. Stone. We're having a
party. May I --

(looking o.s.)

Does that man have a gun?

58 HER ANGLE - TOWARD AN AIR FORCE LIMOUSINE 58

in the driveway. A soldier, with a rifle, stands by the car.

59 RESUME ALLISON, CAPTAIN, AND MP 59

CAPTAIN

Ma'am, we must see Dr. Stone.

She now notices both men with their side arms.

ALLISON

What is this?

CAPTAIN

Please call Dr. Stone to the door.

MP

Otherwise, we'll go get him, ma'am.

The Captain smiles.

ALLISON

Just a minute.

She starts to close the door, but the MP holds it with his foot. The Captain slips inside.

CAPTAIN

I'll just wait here, ma'am.

60 ANGLE ON DOCTOR JEREMY STONE

60

in the living room at the center of a group, which includes a shriveled man with thick glasses, PROF. IRVING SCHWARTZ, and a beefy scientist in a double-breasted suit, MURRAY. Stone, in his mid-forties, not handsome in a conventional sense, has great charm -- a high-domed, urbane, gracious, confident man with a keenly intelligent face.

STONE

Sorry you won't benefit from it, Irving.

SCHWARTZ

All the same, Jeremy, I'm glad I'm not a biologist. Are you people still working on defoliants?

MURRAY

I'll come to Berkeley any time, Stone. That four million must be your largest Federal grant.

ALLISON

(tapping Stone)

Can I see you, Jeremy?

STONE

(to group;
humorously)

The SDS has arrived no doubt.

He steps to one side with his wife.

61 TWO SHOT - STONE AND ALLISON

61

ALLISON

(gripping his arm)

Jeremy, there's some army type in the hall. Two others are outside with guns. They want to see you.

Stone shows only momentary surprise, then nods, turns to leave.

STONE

I'll take care of it.

Allison, annoyed, holds onto his arm.

ALLISON

If you knew about this, you might have told ---

STONE

I didn't.

(disengaging himself)

I'll explain later.

62 ANGLE ON THE CAPTAIN

62

by the front door in the vestibule. Stone, trailed by his mystified wife, comes up to him.

STONE

I'm Dr. Stone.

The Captain glances down at a small photo for positive identification.

CAPTAIN

(slipping photo
in pocket)

Yes, sir, I'm Captain Morton. There's a fire, sir.

A beat, then:

STONE

(to his wife)

I've got to leave.

ALLISON

For God's sake, Jeremy --
(controlling herself)
When will you be back?

STONE

I'm not sure.

ALLISON

The guns...is it....?

CAPTAIN

(opening the door)

Mrs. Stone, it's our job to protect your husband. From now on, nothing must be allowed to happen to him.

STONE

I'll be as safe as in your arms.

He kisses her and moves quickly OUT THE DOOR.

ALLISON

(incredulous)

Jeremy...?

The MP blocks her, reaching across to shut the door behind Stone, who doesn't look back.

63

EXT. STONE'S HOUSE - NIGHT - ANGLE ON LIMOUSINE

63

The enlisted man opens the rear door. Stone climbs in, followed by the Captain and MP Sergeant. As the enlisted man gets in beside the driver, the car leaps forward.

64 INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

64

Stone in back, the Captain and Sergeant on jump seats.

STONE

What've you got for me?

CAPTAIN

Got, sir?

STONE

(impatiently)

Yes, damn it. They must've given you something.

CAPTAIN

Oh. Yes, sir.

He hands Stone a file from a portfolio.

65 INSERT - THE FILE

65

Stenciled on the brown cardboard cover is:

PROJECT SUMMARY: SCOOP

THIS FILE IS CLASSIFIED TOP SECRET

*Examination by unauthorized persons
is a criminal offense, punishable by....*

(See Appendix)

66 BACK TO STONE AND CAPTAIN

66

With a puzzled frown Stone settles back to read. The Captain flicks on an overhead light, touches a button which slides up an opaque window, cutting off the front seat.

67 CLOSE ON STONE

67

already absorbed.

68 INT. THE STONE BEDROOM - NIGHT

68

Allison talks urgently into the phone.

ALLISON

You tell the Senator it's his daughter.

She waits nervously, reaching down to pull off a tight shoe.

69 CLOSE ON ALLISON

69

holding the phone. The Senator's voice comes on:

SENATOR'S VOICE

Allison?

ALLISON

Dad. Something very peculiar has just happened -- even for Jeremy. A few minutes ago....

There is a sharp CLICK and a BELL SOUNDS on the line.

ALLISON

Dad? Are you there? What's going on?

A WOMAN'S VOICE

(over phone)

This communication is being monitored. The connection has been broken for reasons of national security. You will be briefed at the appropriate time. Thank you for your cooperation, Mrs. Stone.

A CLICK, the line goes dead. Allison stares at the phone in amazement and near horror.

70 INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT - INSERT - THE PASSAGE STONE READS IN FILE 70

"...THE SCOOP PROJECT is under the command of Major General Thomas C. Sparks, U. S. Army Medical Service, Director of Biological Research Division."

(See Appendix)

71 CLOSEUP - STONE 71

as the passage is underscored in his mind. He turns the page.

72 INSERT - ANOTHER PAGE 72

TWO WORDS FILL SCREEN:

"...PROTECTIVE MEASURES."

(See Appendix)

As the SOUND of a teletypewriter begins:

CUT TO

73 EXT. SENATE OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

73

The Capitol dome, or some establishing landmark, is in the b.g. A teletype printout, in white letters, CLATTERS across a black band at bottom of frame:

THE SENATE COMMITTEE ON SPACE SCIENCES...CLOSED HEARING...
FEBRUARY, 1971

CAMERA ZOOMS IN until the date fills screen.

VOICE OF SEN. FROM VERMONT
(New England accent)

It appears to me, General, that
Dr. Stone put one over on you.
In fact, he made us all think his
Wildfire Lab could handle any
contamination from outer space.

74 INT. SENATE HEARING ROOM - DAY - ANGLE ON ROSTRUM

74

where five senators (N.M., Iowa, Ark., N.J., Vt.), and Counsel sit.

CHAIRMAN FROM N.M.
(southwest accent)

I disagree with the Senator from
Vermont. Dr. Stone, a Nobel Prize
winner and twice President of the
National Academy of Sciences, has
been well known here in Washington.
Is the implication that Dr. Stone
deliberately misled us?

75 CLOSE SHOT - GENERAL SPARKS

75

a bespectacled, scholarly looking two-star General at the witness table. With a careful gesture, his hand closes the Scoop File in front of him.

SPARKS

Perhaps not deliberately, Senator.
I'm reasonably sure that before the
night the Wildfire Team was mobilized,
Dr. Stone didn't know Scoop existed.

CHAIRMAN FROM N.M.

I'm astounded.

SPARKS

(tersely)
Reasons of national security.

76
and
77

OMITTED

76
and
77

78 UP ANGLE TOWARD ROSTRUM - GENERAL'S POINT OF VIEW 78

Camera rakes the rostrum. Hold on Senator from Vermont.

SENATOR FROM VERMONT

Very smart. We've had experiences with scientists before.

(flourishing a document)

Now, let's talk about this famous letter Stone sent to the President some two years ago. From what you're saying, General, it was just a shot in the dark.

79 OMITTED 79
and and
80 80

81 VERMONT'S POINT OF VIEW - DOWN ANGLE ON SPARKS 81

SPARKS

(smiling faintly)

Maybe that's a little unfair, Senator. Dr. Stone and I were consultants with NASA on the Lunar Receiving Lab. He wasn't completely satisfied with it. He felt a more advanced Lab was required.

82 UP ANGLE ON VERMONT 82

SENATOR FROM VERMONT

You mean more expensive, don't you?

(handing letter to Clerk, waving it on to Sparks)

I call that Dr. Stone's ninety-million dollar mash note to Uncle Sam.

83 CLOSE ON SPARKS 83

smiling, as he is given the xeroxed letter, which must be glimpsed. (See Appendix)

84 INSERT - ANOTHER LETTER 84

the same as the xeroxed one, but in its original manuscript form, which Stone holds, reading aloud the final paragraph:

STONE'S VOICE

In a true biological crisis, which our exploration of space could bring about, the present Lunar Receiving Laboratory might prove inadequate. I, therefore, urge the establishment of a facility to deal specifically with an extraterrestrial form of life.

85 INT. UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA FACULTY CLUB - DAY - CLOSEUP STONE
reading letter.

85

STONE

The purpose of this facility would be to limit the dissemination of such an unknown organism from outer space and to provide laboratories for its analysis.

86 GROUP SHOT - STONE AND THREE SCIENTISTS

86

They sit over coffee in a corner of the Faculty Club.

STONE

(continuing to read)

I recommend that this facility be located in an uninhabited region of the United States, that it utilize all known isolation techniques and that it be equipped with a nuclear device for self-destruction, in the event of an emergency. Yours very truly, Jeremy Stone.

He hands the letter to Dutton, a pudgy, unkempt pathologist in his early sixties, who regards it and whistles softly.

DUTTON

Don't encourage the President to think scientists are wizards, Jeremy. If things get out of control ---and they might -- even you can't work miracles.

(X)

STONE

(smiling)

I'd expect to have your help, Charlie.

To the SOUND of screaming jet engines,

STRAIGHT CUT TO

87,
88

OMITTED

87,
88

ns #02034 23

89 EXT. AN AIRPORT RUNWAY - NIGHT 89

A Boeing 727 hurtles PAST CAMERA on take-off.

90 INT. BOEING 727 - NIGHT 90

Stone looks around the empty cabin, smiles with a sense of absurdity at Captain Morton who, carrying a phone, lurches down the aisle of the climbing plane.

STONE

I feel like Onassis.

CAPTAIN

It was the fastest thing we could arrange, sir.

He hands Stone the phone, withdraws beside an MP at the galley.

STONE

(into phone)

Yes?

91 INT. A FAST MOVING ARMY SEDAN - NIGHT 91

On the back seat, Sparks talks into a phone:

SPARKS

General Sparks here. I just wanted to inform you all members of your team have been cleared and are now being called in...

(an aide shows him
a clipboard)

...except for Professor Kirke. He's in the hospital. Appendectomy. You'll get complete details on everything when your team is assembled.

CUT TO

92 INT. THE DUTTON BEDROOM - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT 92

Solid comfort, heirloom furniture, family pictures. Books and manuscripts overflow from the night table to the floor by one of the twin beds. Dutton hurriedly gets dressed. MRS. DUTTON, a charming, silver-haired woman in a dressing gown, sets a suitcase on the bed, starts to pack.

CONTINUED

MRS. DUTTON

(upset)

You don't make sense. You act like you've been brain-washed.

DUTTON

You don't understand....

His daughter, PAM, 30, wearing a bathrobe, enters, bringing him a cup of coffee.

PAM

Is it the germ warfare people, Dad?
A lab accident?

DUTTON

No. It's different this time.

(to his wife)

Don't pack, Claire. I won't need anything.

MRS. DUTTON

(staring at him)

A hippie. He's going to a love-in.

Dutton plays mum.

MRS. DUTTON

I give up.

(fixing his collar)

One minute, you're fed up, you talk of retiring -- to Alaska yet -- and now, you turn into a Cloak-and-Dagger man. At least tell me who phoned at this ungodly hour.

DUTTON

(checking pockets)

My glasses.

Pam picks them up among the litter of books by his bed.

PAM

Here.

BOY'S VOICE

Gran'pa!

Carrying a security towel, he traipses into the room.

CONTINUED

93 CONTINUED

93

BOY

Gran'pa, there's a car and they got guns.

DUTTON

(picking up boy)

Do they now? That's serious. I'll watch out.

PAM

(patting boy)

Honey, you've been dreaming.

94 CLOSE ON MRS. DUTTON

94

staring apprehensively out the window.

MRS. DUTTON

I wish I were.

95 HER POV - DOWN TOWARD DRIVEWAY

95

TWO ARMY OFFICERS, under side arms, approach the house. A SERGEANT, with a tommy-gun, patrols in front of a military car. The DOORBELL JANGLES.

CUT TO

96 INT. LEAVITT'S LAB - NIGHT

96

DR. RUTH LEAVITT, 45, a sharp-mannered microbiologist, snaps:

LEAVITT

Get someone else.

Wearing glasses, and a white coat, she continues to work at the lab bench. Just inside the door are an AIR FORCE MAJOR and an MP SERGEANT. Leavitt's Lab ASSISTANT, a young woman, looks in confusion from the military men to her boss. Frost on the window indicates a northern climate. The most striking equipment in the lab is an X-ray Diffraction unit.

MAJOR

Dr. Leavitt, I told you; there's a fire.

LEAVITT

(gesturing)

My experiment's at a critical stage. I've been working around the clock. I just can't leave now.

CONTINUED

The Major and MP exchange a look.

MAJOR

My orders come from Dr. Robertson,
the President's Science Advisor in
Washington.

LEAVITT

(pointing at phone)

Go ahead, phone Robbie. Tell him
I burned my draft card.

Picking up a slide, she crosses the room. She stops, presses
a hand to her forehead, sways, apparently experiencing a
dizzy spell. She extends the slide toward her assistant.

LEAVITT

Put this under diffraction, Bess.

The Assistant takes the slide, steers Leavitt to a stool, gives
her a tablet and a glass of water.

MAJOR

Are you sick, Ma'am? We have a
physician on call.

ASSISTANT

All Dr. Leavitt needs is rest.

LEAVITT

Knock it off, Bess.

MAJOR

If the physician certifies you're
unable to ---

LEAVITT

No.

(pauses, looking at
him)

I'm fine.

She heads for the door. The Sergeant goes to block it. Leavitt
lifts her alpaca-lined coat from a wall peg.

LEAVITT

Relax. I'm going with you.

(to Bess)

Freeze the samples, then close up
shop. Tell my husband ---

CONTINUED

96 CONTINUED - 2

96

MAJOR

You don't have to tell him anything,
Miss.

(to Leavitt)

He was contacted ten minutes ago.

As he pulls open the door:

CUT TO

97 INT. AN OPERATING ROOM - DAY - CLOSE ON HALL

97

A nurse ties shut his gown while he plunges his hands into the rubber gloves a 2nd nurse holds for him. He is tall, slim, has cool, steady eyes. He steps forward to look at the patient. The anaesthetist nods. Hall palpates patient's abdomen.

98 ANGLE ON PATIENT'S EXPOSED ABDOMEN

98

HALL'S VOICE

Skin knife.

As the knife is placed in his hands, the INTERCOM CRACKLES:

DIRECTOR'S VOICE

Hold it, Mark. Sorry to disturb
you again.

(the knife poises)

99 GROUP SHOT

99

The others around the operating table -- several nurses, the anaesthetist, assistant surgeon, etc., all in surgical masks -- instantly look up. Hall takes his time.

100 HALL'S POV - THE GALLERY

100

The DIRECTOR of the Hospital stands between two Kansas STATE TROOPERS by an intercom in the empty gallery.

DIRECTOR

There's just been a call from a
Dr. Robertson at the White House.
Your orders are to break scrub.

HALL

(sharply)

Orders? I've got a patient here,
ready to go.

DIRECTOR'S VOICE

Kelly will take over for you.

CONTINUED

100 CONTINUED

100

Another SURGEON comes up beside Hall. Hall pauses, looks from him to the patient to the gallery.

DIRECTOR'S VOICE

It's all arranged. You're expected in the Surgeons' Room in thirty seconds.

Hall glares. No one moves. He sets down the knife, pats the patient, heads for the door, angrily stripping off his gloves. As he reaches the door, he pulls down his mask.

STRAIGHT CUT TO

101 EXT. VANDENBERG AFB - DAY - CLOSE ON ROTORS

101

whirling, clattering. CAMERA ZOOMS BACK TO:

102 LONG SHOT - THE HELICOPTER

102

taking off. With a startling BLAST, a jet fighter plane comes out of nowhere and SLAMS PAST CAMERA.

103 INT. THE HELICOPTER PASSENGER COMPARTMENT - DAY

103

Modified in an unusual way, the helicopter is divided by plexiglass into two isolated compartments: cockpit, and passenger-cargo. Each has a separate exit. The occupants, Stone, Hall, and the PILOT, wear protective plastic suits. Stone and Hall put on their life support systems.

HALL

Any chance the satellite is radio-active?

STONE

No. Manchek showed me the telemetry reports. Presumably, it could be some form of space germ.

HALL

(touching suit)

Presumably this stuff is non-porous...

(a pause)

Why'd you pick me?

STONE

You're an M.D., a talented surgeon who knows blood chemistries...and you're single. The Odd Man Hypothesis.

HALL

What in hell is that?

CONTINUED

103 CONTINUED

103

STONE

Didn't you read the Wildfire material
I've been sending you?

HALL

Very little. Never went in much for
science fiction.

STONE

Nor do I.

104 EXT. LIMITLESS SKY AND NEW MEXICO DESERT - DAY - PANORAMIC 104

The helicopter heads INTO CAMERA and CLATTERS o.s. above it.

105 INT. HELICOPTER - DAY 105

PILOT

(reaching for bubble-
helmet)

Piedmont approaching, gents.

STONE

Go over and give us a look first, Dempsey.

Stone and Hall put on their bubble helmets.

106 THEIR POV - AIR-TO-GROUND - PIEDMONT - DAY - COCKED ANGLE 106

Buzzards are clustered around several bodies in the street.

STONE'S VOICE

I was afraid of that. The birds will
eat the infected flesh, then fly off
and spread the disease.

107 INT. HELICOPTER - CLOSE TWO SHOT - STONE AND HALL 107

at the window.

HALL

If it is a disease.

STONE

(into intercom)

Drop the gas cannisters, Dempsey.

HALL

(disturbed)

Someone's supposed to be alive
down there.

108 AIR-TO-GROUND - QUICK HEAD-ON SHOT - THE MAIN STREET 108

109 INT. HELICOPTER - CLOSE ON PILOT 109

eyes riveted ahead.

PILOT

Somethin' did somethin', that's
for sure.

(togglng
switches)

Let's give it a double dose.

110 AIR-TO-GROUND - THE MAIN STREET 110

Fading back as the cannisters stitch into it; one, two,
three, four -- obscuring it under a blanket of pale blue
gas.

111 INT. HELICOPTER - TWO SHOT - STONE AND HALL 111

Hall looks back worriedly.

STONE

That gas will only kill the
birds. Okay, Dempsey. Drop
the ladder. Do not land. Is
that clear?

112 CLOSE ON PILOT 112

surveying the area beneath them.

PILOT

Clearer all the time.

113 AIR-TO-GROUND STRAIGHT DOWN SHOT - THE MAIN STREET 113

slowly rising to meet them -- the gas clearing. Dozens of
dead birds lie on the ground among the corpses.

STONE'S VOICE

When we climb down, lift off
to a thousand feet and hover
at a safe distance. Return when
we signal. If anything happens
to us, you have your orders.

bp #02034 31

114 INT. HELICOPTER - CLOSE ON PILOT 114

turning around into camera, with a sardonic grin.

PILOT

Proceed directly to Wildfire,
then ---

He makes a hissing sound and snaps open his fingers.

115 ANGLE ON STONE AND HALL 115

Hall looks questioningly at Stone.

STONE

If we're eliminated, the aircraft
and pilot will have to be
sterilized.

116 CLOSE ON PILOT 116

turning.

PILOT

Wait a minute. That's not what
they told me. Just incinerated.

117 EXT. THE HELICOPTER - DAY 117

hovering above the ground, raising dust. A metal ladder
is released and dangles into the swirling dust. CAMERA PUSHES
IN on the brown cloud and holds.

118 EXT. MAIN STREET OF PIEDMONT - DAY 118

SOUND of departing helicopter...the dust settles. Stone
and Hall stand motionless in their protective suits and
helmets, looking up and down the street. Silence except
for a gentle wind that whines softly through the houses.
Bodies everywhere, sprawled in frozen attitudes. It is
an eerie stopped-motion world. No shouting children, no
barking dogs -- only dead ones.

119 MOVING SHOT - ON STONE AND HALL 119

Clumsy in their protective suits, they start down the street.

120 THEIR POV - BRIEF PANNING SHOTS OF THE TOWN PUNCTUATED BY QUICK CUTS OF THE CORPSES 120

Except for the bodies, the aspect of everything else -- signs, cars, store windows, flapping laundry -- is hideously normal.

121 CLOSE ON HALL 121

glancing up, stopping abruptly.

122 HALL'S POV - THE SKY 122

A glinting object flashes in the sky, disappears.

STONE'S VOICE

Hall....

123 ANGLE ON STONE 123

standing over a body, pointing down.

STONE

Look at this.

(as Hall joins him)

Coronary?

124 THEIR ANGLE ON BODY 124

The dead man's hand clutches his chest, but his face is peaceful.

HALL'S VOICE

Doubt it. They should grimace.

A coronary's painful.

125 MOVING SHOT - STONE AND HALL 125

passing bodies. Hall glances into the sky. Nothing.

STONE

If it was fast enough, they wouldn't have time.

HALL

Fast? These people were cut down in mid-stride.

126 THREE QUICK CLOSEUPS - FACES OF THE DEAD 126

A man and a woman show surprise; a little girl grins.

127 FULL ON STONE AND HALL

127

as Hall suddenly points into the sky.

HALL

Up there -- look!

128 POV

128

the glinting object in the sky.

129 TWO SHOT - STONE AND HALL

129

Stone turns back to Hall with a thin smile.

STONE

It's an Air Force jet. If we don't make it to Wildfire, he'll see that the helicopter does -- or shoot it down.

HALL

(sardonically)

For Dempsey's sake, we'd better not slip up.

They head for the nearest house.

SHOCK CUT TO

130 INT. A MODEST DINING ROOM - DAY

130

A grotesque tableau...A man, woman, teenage girl and ten-year-old boy sit in frozen attitudes around the table. The woman, head thrown back, staring at the ceiling, has her hand pressed to her chest. ANGLE WIDENS TO INCLUDE Stone and Hall circling the table.

HALL

(bending close to man)

Even if you slit a man's throat, you won't get death this fast.

STONE

Don't touch anything. Not until we have a better line on what we're dealing with.

HALL

(stepping back)

No marks on any of them.

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131 CLOSEUP - AN OLD LADY 131
eyes open, her head archly to one side, smiling.

STONE'S VOICE
Not a mark on her either.

A SCRAPING SOUND...CAMERA PULLS BACK TO:

132 INT. A FLIGHT OF STAIRS - DAY 132
The old lady swings from a noose tied to the bannister. Stone and Hall mount the stairs. A dead cat with a note tied by a ribbon to its tail, lies beneath her. Although Stone stretches out a warning hand, Hall detaches the note, reads it aloud:

HALL
'The day of judgment is at hand.
Have mercy on my soul and to hell
with all the others. Amen.'

STONE
Senile.

HALL
This took time. Regardless of what
made her do it, it took time.
(turning to go)
There's a chance someone's still
alive.

133 EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY - LONG SHOT 133
Deathly silent except for the whisper and whine of the wind. Stone and Hall hurry down the street, searching for a survivor. They peer into windows, open doors, check cars.

134 MULTI-SCREEN 134
IMAGES, SOMETIMES FRAGMENTED, APPEAR IN ALL SHAPES AND SIZES -
ON THE BLACK SCREEN

A) A man's face on the floor by a dog dish.
B) A teenage couple in a tangled embrace on a porch swing.
C) A woman propped up between the open refrigerator door and
the refrigerator.

CONTINUED

134 CONTINUED

134

- D) A pretty girl in bathrobe and hair-curlers in the street.
- E) Reaction shots of Stone and Hall inside their bubble helmets.
- F) A hearing-aid in a man's ear, intense silence all around.
- G) Youthful hands on a typewriter with several keys raised and stuck.
- H) The flash of the jet in the sky.
- I) Sunlight glinting from a peace medal on a girl's breast.

The sequence is designed to suggest the phantasmagoric quality of the search, climaxed by:

135 SINGLE SCREEN - BIG CLOSEUP - AN OLD MAN'S HEAD 135

submerged in water, his face distorted by refraction.

136 INT. A BATHROOM - DAY - FULL ON WWI FIGURE 136

in a doughboy's uniform, doubled over an old-fashioned bathtub. For puttees, he has wound toilet paper around his legs. The roll trails behind him. Stone and Hall appear.

STONE

I wouldn't believe you could commit suicide that way.

HALL

Most of them died instantly, but a few of them had time to go quietly nuts.

STONE

Let's find that damn satellite.

CUT TO

137 EXT. THE REAR OF THE VAN IN THE STREET - DAY 137

CAMERA CLOSING ON rear doors. Stone's hands pull them open. Lieutenant Shawn's body tumbles out.

138 ANGLE ON STONE AND HALL 138

recoiling. They exchange an embarrassed look.

139 ANGLE ON FRONT SEAT OF VAN

139

Sergeant Crane is slumped over the wheel. Stone opens the door. Hall hesitates, then pushes Crane's body back from the wheel. He stops, peering closely at a large arc-shaped cut across Crane's face.

HALL

This injury -- there's no bleeding.
A cut like that -- torn veins,
broken capillaries -- it should bleed
like hell....

STONE

Yes, it --
(wheeling; staring)
There's no blood on any of them.

Hall follows his gaze. Crane's body slides slowly from the van. Stone moves to another body a few feet away. With his foot, he pushes a dead buzzard off the outstretched arm, points.

STONE

Even where they've chewed -- no
bleeding.

140 CLOSE ON HALL

140

He stares, shaking his head, beckons, climbs behind the wheel, tries to start the van. The engine doesn't catch. As Stone comes up, Hall grinds the starter again.

STONE

Out of gas.

Hall fumes, sits back, stymied and disgusted.

STONE

This we can solve.

141 EXT. A GAS STATION - ANOTHER OF PIEDMONT'S WEIRD TABLEAUS

141

A sign proclaims: "ROY'S FRIENDLY SERVICE." Roy is tilted forward, his head under the open hood of a car. A woman's head rests on her arm which is extended out from the window, holding a credit card. A boy sits on the ground, slumped against a gas pump, putting an air hose to his bike tire. Roy's friendly service station has every aspect of life except movement.

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142 REVERSE ANGLE - DOWN THE MAIN STREET - DAY 142
The van, antenna rotating, rumbles along, swerving around bodies.

143 INT. VAN - DAY 143
A steady BEEPING...Stone, in the rear, operates the radio-directional equipment. Hall drives.

STONE
(checking a dial)
Left.

144 EXT. VAN - LONG SHOT 144
The van turns o.s. at the end of the street.

145 QUICK SHOT - A SECOND STORY WINDOW 145
as the shade snaps up with a BANG. Something white seems to move behind the window.

146 INT. THE VAN - DAY - SHOOTING PAST HALL THROUGH WINDSHIELD 146
The BEEPING is LOUDER...Modest houses, no stores. A body is sprawled on a porch, another is draped over a yard gate. The BEEPING hits a SHRILL, CONTINUOUS note.

147 EXT. THE SECOND STREET - DAY 147
The van jolts to a stop. Stone and Hall emerge, regard two houses on opposite sides of the street. One has a shingle on a picket fence: DR. ALAN BENEDICT.

HALL
I'll bet they took it to the Doc.
They head up the path, enter through the open, creaking door.

148 INT. DR. BENEDICT'S OFFICE - DAY - ANGLE PAST STONE AND HALL 148
Benedict, a white-haired man, in a plaid shirt with rolled sleeves, sits at his desk, arms propped on the blotter. He wears a surprised expression as though the entrance of Stone and Hall in plastic suits had just caused it.

WHIP TO

149 THE CAPSULE

149

in a corner of the room. The capsule is seared and cracked from the heat of re-entry. The "Scoop" device on the top has been pried open with pliers and a chisel that lie on the floor beside it. Stone and Hall approach.

STONE

Damn fool opened it.

HALL

(sarcastically)

Yeah, every country doctor should run his office like the Lunar Lab.

Stone takes a folded plastic bag from an ankle pocket. Pulling the bag over the capsule, he shoots Hall a look. Hall touches closed Benedict's eyes, then topples his body. He unbuttons his shirt and loosens his trousers.

STONE

The capsule first, Hall. We've got about forty minutes of oxygen left.

HALL

(examining body)

Have a look at his buttocks.

STONE

Not funny.

HALL

(crossing to autoclave)

Not meant to be.

(returning with scalpel)

Normally, blood in a dead person seeps to the lowest points. There should be marks of lividity. Right?

(crouching)

You see any purplish marks on his butt?

STONE

(interest caught)

No....

Hall, kneeling, works with the scalpel on part of the body blocked from CAMERA. Stone stands over him.

STONE

Careful you don't puncture your suit.

Hall works a moment longer, stops, raises the dead man's wrist which he has cut open.

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150 CLOSE ON THE INCISED WRIST 150
A crumbling red-black material falls out, onto the floor.

HALL'S VOICE
Clotted blood...Powdered!

151 CLOSEUP - STONE 151
STONE
I'll be damned....

152 FULL ON ROOM 152
Hall stands, drops the scalpel on the desk.

HALL
No wonder they didn't bleed. It's
clotted throughout the entire system.
Five quarts of blood...turned to powder....

STONE
In theory, I suppose, a single organism
could do it.

HALL
But, in fact, there isn't an organism
on earth ---

STONE
You mean there didn't used to be.

A clock CHIMES the quarter hour. With a hasty glance at the
clock, Stone grasps the capsule, pauses, picks up pliers,
starts to close Scoop device on top.

153 EXT. THE SECOND STREET - DAY - ANGLE ON REAR OF VAN 153
As Stone and Hall emerge, the capsule can be seen upright on
the floor, its base wedged around by blankets. Moving to the
front seat, Hall pauses, cocks his head in the bubble helmet,
listening. Stone looks at him. Hall raises his hand for
quiet. Now we hear a thin unidentifiable SOUND. Hall points
o.s. CAMERA MOVES WITH THEM as they run in their clumsy suits
up the street. The SOUND is FAINT, hard to localize. It
ceases. Hall looks at Stone.

STONE
We heard it all right.

They wait. It begins again, a little louder -- the SOUND of
CRYING. They gaze around. The CLATTER of the approaching
helicopter drowns out everything. Frantically, they try to
wave off the copter.

- 154 INT. HELICOPTER - CLOSE ON PILOT 154
stabbing at his watch, then his back, pantomiming that their oxygen will run out.
- 155 HIS ANGLE - AIR-TO-GROUND - CLOSING ON STONE AND HALL 155
They signal desperately for him to go away.
- 156 REVERSE - GROUND-TO-AIR - THE HELICOPTER 156
pulling up and sweeping o.s.
- 157 TWO SHOT - STONE AND HALL 157
With the departure of the 'copter, they hear the CRYING again. ANGLE WIDENS as they run to a house on the right. A man lies in the open doorway. They plunge past him into:
- 158 INT. THE HOUSE - DAY 158
CRYING...MOVING POV SHOTS: a dead woman on the floor...a hallway...a cuckoo clock at 11:40..an unmade bed...an ornate, garlanded picture of a saint...their reflection in a mirror.
- 159 A CRIB 159
They lean over the crib, pulling the blankets from a bawling INFANT. The baby stops to survey the faces in the bubble helmets, then starts to howl again. Hall picks him up.
- HALL
(as baby bellows)
Scared and hungry as hell. Can't be more than six months old.
(looking around)
There's probably a formula in the kitchen.
- STONE
Don't feed it.
- HALL
He hasn't eaten for at least twelve hours.
- STONE
We don't do anything until we get that kid out of here and into a controlled situation.
- Hall, with the baby, shoulders past him.

160 ANGLE DOWN HALLWAY

160

Hall goes along it, passing the dead woman. Stone appears from UNDER CAMERA, following him calmly.

STONE

Maybe feeding is part of the disease process; maybe those who hadn't eaten yet lasted longest.

(X)

161 CLOSE ON HALL

161

pausing in the kitchen doorway. He stares at the baby, who stops crying. The baby sucks his thumb, looking at Hall.

STONE

(coming up to them)

Whatever it is, with our oxygen running out, we can't take a chance. This is a major break -- a survivor.

As the point sinks in, Hall hurries with him to the front door. The baby whimpers.

STONE

Too bad he can't tell us what happened.

HALL

Maybe he can -- if he lives.

The baby starts to bawl. OVER the ROAR of the helicopter:

CUT TO

162 EXT. MAIN STREET WITH CHURCH - UP ANGLE ON CAPSULE

162

dangling in a cloud of dust, being hoisted in a sling into the copter by Stone, already aboard, operating the power winch.

163 ANGLE ON HALL

163

by the van in the street, looking up. A church is prominently in b.g. Hall holds the baby. A plastic bin now descends in a sling from the copter. The dust limits visibility. Hall, shielding the infant's face with a blanket, deposits him in the bin. As the sling lifts, the ladder tumbles to the street. The CLATTER from the copter is all-engulfing.

164 OMITTED

164

165 CLOSE ON BABY

165

in the bin, being hauled into the 'copter.

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166 ANGLE ON HALL 166
relieved, relaxing. The ladder sways. Hall grapples for it, then sets himself to mount. Some instinct makes him glance over his shoulder.

167 A FLASH OF WHITE 167
LOOMING behind Hall.

168 FLASH CLOSEUP - HALL'S FACE 168
A startled shout, drowned out by the helicopter.

169 FULL ON HALL 169
He spins to grab the ladder. It jerks from his grasp, lifting o.s. He stumbles, falls, the SOUND of the 'copter fading.

170 HEAD-ON SHOT - FROM LOW ANGLE - A WILD-EYED FIGURE 170
Spittle and blood on his chin, dirty white robes flapping, advancing with a cleaver.

FIGURE
(croaking)
You...you did it....

As CAMERA is OVERWHELMED:

171 INT. THE HELICOPTER - CLOSE ON STONE 171
STONE
Go back, damn it. He's almost out of oxygen.

172 OMITTED 172

173 EXT. THE MAIN STREET - DAY - ANGLE ON HALL 173
Lurching to his feet, he faces an OLD MAN. The dust settles. The old man is emaciated, barefoot, spectral in a nightshirt, smeared with blood and dust. His chest heaves.

HALL
Give me that knife.

OLD MAN
(backing away)
You're not human. Everyone's dead.

CONTINUED

173 CONTINUED

173

He doubles up in pain, sinks to his knees.

HALL

What is it?

The SOUND of the helicopter approaches. The old man topples over. Hall leans close to him. Gasping, covered with sweat, the old man stares back at the face in the bubble.

HALL

What happened?

The old man contorts, presses his face to the ground, starts to retch. The helicopter ROARS above them.

CUT TO

174 INT. SCOOP MISSION CONTROL - DAY - ANGLE ON MANCHEK

174

at the radio. Comroe and others press around him.

MANCHEK

(into mike)

That bad, is it?

175 EXT. PIEDMONT - DAY - AIR-TO-GROUND

175

The main street, littered with bodies, is falling away.

STONE'S VOICE

The town is finished, contaminated beyond all ---

MANCHEK'S VOICE

(cutting in)

Careful, sir. This is an open transmission.

176 INT. HELICOPTER - DAY - SHOOTING PAST STONE AND HALL

176

Still wearing plastic suits and helmets, they're in the passenger compartment. A line is plugged into the base of Stone's pack. The old man on a litter and the baby in his bin are on the floor.

STONE

I'm aware of that, Manchek. Order up a 7-12.

MANCHEK'S VOICE (radio effect)

Only the President ---

177 CLOSE ON STONE

177

STONE

Precisely. Get on it. The town
must be neutralized immediately.

178 EXT. PIEDMONT - AIR-TO-GROUND

178

FADING back into the distance.

MANCHEK'S VOICE

You have the satellite?

STONE'S VOICE

Yes, and two survivors.

STROBE CUT TO

179 OMITTED

179

180 INT. SITUATION ROOM - DAY

180

A teletype printout, in white letters, CLATTERS across a black
band at the bottom of frame:

WHITE HOUSE SITUATION ROOM...2:40 PM EST

A basement room, it is the crisis center for the President,
manned by three technicians in shirtsleeves. They monitor
news wires, decode secret messages from the teletype, etc.
As the door opens, two conservatively dressed men, studying
files at a conference table, look up expectantly. They are
SECRETARIES of STATE AND DEFENSE. A third man, DR. ROBERTSON,
the President's Science Advisor, springs to his feet.

ROBERTSON

Has the President made his decision
on Directive 7-12 yet?

181 ANOTHER ANGLE

181

A stout, bald man in a hunting shirt, smoking a stubby cigar,
breezes into the room. He is GRIMES, a top Presidential Aide
and Director of the Situation Room.

GRIMES

(checking teletypes)
He doesn't jump into things,
Dr. Robertson. First, I've got
to put together a briefing for him.

CONTINUED

181 CONTINUED

181

He talks as he drags a typewriter over, inserts paper.

GRIMES

The President's main concern is the international consequences.

(to Sec. of State)

What do you think, Mister Secretary?

SECRETARY OF STATE

It's against the Moscow Treaty of 1963 to fire thermonuclear weapons above ground. The Russians will have to be privately informed we're going to cauterize the area. Then, they'll have a flock of questions.

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

Some we don't want answered.

ROBERTSON

That'll take hours. God knows how far the infection can spread in that time.

A blue phone, marked No. 1, among many on the table, CHIMES. Grimes picks it up...the BUZZ of a voice on the other end.

GRIMES

Yes, Chief...Yes, sir...Yes, Mister President.

He hangs up, turns to Robertson.

GRIMES

The President's decided to postpone Directive 7-12 for 24 to 48 hours. Instead, he'll call out the National Guard to cordon off the area around Piedmont.

(to Sec. of Def.)

That's your department, Ed.

ROBERTSON

(appalled)

But ---

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

(reaching for a phone)

Safe and sound.

Grimes, tearing up his typed notes, goes to a locked trash bin, drops the paper through the slot. Robertson follows him.

CONTINUED

ROBERTSON

(hotly)

It should've been left up to the scientists! It's a colossal mistake. Tell the President I said so.

GRIMES

(smiling)

No. But I'll get you an appointment.

He stuffs a cigar into Robertson's pocket and hustles out. With the overlapping sound of a voice:

CUT TO

VOICE OF CHAIRMAN FROM N.M.

By whose decision, General, was the site for Wildfire chosen?

SPARKS' VOICE

Largely Dr. Stone's. It seemed ideal to him because of its remoteness.

CAMERA CLOSES on the site of Wildfire in Flatrock County, marked on the map. A head occasionally bobs into frame, giving the sense the map is displayed in the Senate Hearing Room.

SPARKS' VOICE

(over the above)

There's no inhabited area near Wildfire for a radius of one hundred and twelve miles.

VOICE OF CHAIRMAN FROM N.M.

Las Vegas is to the north, Phoenix to the south, Los Angeles west. Weren't you worried the infection might spread to them?

CAMERA, now tight on Wildfire, HOLDS.

SPARKS' VOICE

Yes, sir, I was. But Dr. Stone and Dr. Robertson assured the President Wildfire was foolproof because of its device for atomic self-destruct....

(a beat; sudden silence)

The military had to take a back seat.

CUT TO

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185 EXT. DESERT COUNTRY - DAY - CLOSE ON BUZZARDS 185
feeding on a dead coyote. They fly off at the SOUND of a car.

186 LONG SHOT - TOWARD A 1967 BLUE SEDAN 186
A dot of blue trailing dust, it bumps along an ancient road.

187 INT. SEDAN - DAY 187
Leavitt bounces beside Dutton at the wheel.

LEAVITT
At least they could've sent a
licensed driver to meet me at that
crummy airstrip.

DUTTON
They keep personnel to a minimum --
for obvious reasons.

LEAVITT
(gritting her teeth)
You're lost. Nobody's been down
this goat path for years.

Dutton grins; he gets a kick out of Leavitt.

DUTTON
That's how it's supposed to look.
They spent fifty-thousand dollars
on it.

LEAVITT
(suffering a bump)
Putting in the potholes?

DUTTON
Getting rid of the tread marks.
Those big tractors leave a lasting
impression. A lot of heavy equip-
ment has passed this way....

188 EXT. THE ROAD - DAY 188
The car turns off the potted road onto a dirt track.

189 INT. CAR - DAY 189
LEAVITT
(lighting a cigarette)
Where's our leader?

CONTINUED

189 CONTINUED

189

DUTTON

We'll catch up to him and Hall very very soon now.

LEAVITT

Why'd they pick Hall? He's no scientist. Who needs an over-priced M.D.?

DUTTON

Relax and enjoy your cigarette. It's your last.

She gives him a look.

190 POINT OF VIEW - THROUGH WINDSHIELD - A WEATHERBEATEN SIGN

190

DUTTON'S VOICE

It starts here.

Camera pans the faded, hand-lettered sign:

GOVERNMENT PROPERTY...KEEP OFF...FED. ORD. 6817

191 OMITTED

191

192 EXT. THE DESERT - DAY - PANORAMIC SHOT

192

A desolate expanse. The car disappears over a rise.

ABRUPT CUT TO

193 EXT. A FIELD OF BARLEY - DAY

193

The car appears from UNDER CAMERA and brakes.

194 INT. CAR - SHOOTING PAST DUTTON AND LEAVITT

194

She peers through the windshield at the unexpected greenery and farming activity. The area is surrounded by a wire fence.

LEAVITT

Farming here? Well, it's a great place to grow pot.

DUTTON

(a knowing smile)

Just a plain old crop of barley. Still, it's rather clever, I think.

CAMERA PANS to a frame building with a sign:

U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
Agricultural Research Center

194 CONTINUED

194

A man in dungarees and a farmer's hat, munching a sandwich, approaches the gate, unlocks it, waves them in.

195 EXT. THE AGRICULTURAL STATION - DAY

195

The sedan pulls up in front of it. Dutton and Leavitt get out. Nearby a red light on a stanchion flashes over a hole. Protruding is a section of half-sunk pipe. As they pass the flashing red light, Leavitt shields her eyes.

DUTTON

Something wrong?

LEAVITT

Never liked red lights...reminds me of my years in a bordello.

Dutton chuckles, ushers her into the frame building.

196 INT. A SMALL ANTEROOM - DAY

196

A man in a stetson, plaid shirt, and string tie, looks up from a rickety desk where he eats lunch, reading a newspaper.

STETSON

Howdy.

DUTTON

Howdy-do-dee.

Leavitt shoots Dutton an odd look.

STETSON

Got the time?

DUTTON

My watch stopped at eleven forty-six.

STETSON

Durn shame.

Leavitt eyes the two men curiously.

DUTTON

Must be the heat.

The man in the stetson nods, presses a button under his desk. WE HEAR the CLICK of a lock released on a side door. Dutton opens it, gestures Leavitt into:

197 INT. A CORRIDOR - DAY

197

The doors along it are marked: SEEDLING INCUBATION, MOISTURE CONTROL, SOIL ANALYSIS, AND VITAMIN CONTROL. The staff members who circulate are casually dressed and busy. Leavitt jockies for a good look into one of the rooms.

DUTTON

It's no fake, believe me. When I retire, I'd like to have an agricultural station like this.

(grimly)

In Alaska.

LEAVITT

You, a sourdough? Ha.

DUTTON

(nodding)

The sourest.

He opens a narrow door marked: STOREROOM

DUTTON

This way.

Leavitt, facing a storeroom full of rakes, hoes, and other farming equipment, hesitates.

DUTTON

Step in.

Leavitt shrugs, walks ahead of him into:

198 INT. THE STOREROOM

198

Dutton closes the door, finds a hidden button, pushes it. He steps back. The floor starts to sink, leaving behind the equipment hanging on the walls. They are on a platform, as in some freight elevators, lowering them down a shaft. Leavitt looks sharply to either side, then up, smiling.

199 HER ANGLE - STRAIGHT UP THE SHAFT

199

The farm tools on the sides of the now floorless storeroom remain dimly outlined.

LEAVITT'S VOICE

Cute.

200 MULTI-SCREEN - SCHEMA TECHNIQUE

200

SCHEMA TECHNIQUE is the free use of diagrams and drawings in combination with live images on the multi-screen -- (see Appendix).

CONTINUED

200 CONTINUED

200

- A) INT. AGRICULTURAL BLDG. CORRIDOR - LINE SKETCH HORIZONTALLY
ACROSS TOP THIRD OF SCREEN
- B) STOREROOM ELEVATOR AND SHAFT - LINE SKETCH DOWN CENTER
OF SCREEN TO LEVEL I
- C) A STEEL-PLATED CHAMBER (LIVE IMAGE) - BOTTOM LEFT OF SCREEN
- Stone and Hall enter, still wearing protective suits and helmets. Stone plugs attachments from their suits into an instrument panel. He adjusts several dials.
- D) SECURITY ROOMS 1 & 2, LEVEL I - FLOORPLAN
BOTTOM RIGHT OF SCREEN
- E) CLOSEUP - DUTTON IN ELEVATOR - A ROUND IMAGE AT LEFT CENTER
- F) CLOSEUP - LEAVITT IN ELEVATOR - A ROUND IMAGE AT RIGHT CENTER

DUTTON (ROUND CU "E")

The whole thing -- what a world we're making...I can see why kids become dropouts. We should've.

LEAVITT (ROUND CU "F")

It's an emergency, Dutton, and we got tagged. Period. Until I saw those photos from Vandenberg, I ---

DUTTON

They brought it on themselves.

LEAVITT

Who -- the people at Piedmont?

CAMERA ZOOMS IN ON IMAGE C:

201 INT. STEEL-PLATED CHAMBER - FILLING SCREEN AT END OF ZOOM

201

Stone checks Hall beside him, then pushes a button on the panel... There's a FLASH of blinding light. For an instant, in pure white BRILLIANCE, Stone and Hall are seen as silhouettes, their protective suits and helmets vanished.

STRAIGHT CUT TO

202 OMITTED

202

203 INT. ELEVATOR - CLOSE ON DOORS IN SHAFT

203

opening on a modern, bare room with stainless steel walls and cold fluorescent lighting. The only furnishing is in the center of the room: a waist-high box with a glowing green glass top. Dutton and Leavitt emerge, CAMERA going with them.

LEAVITT

What you said before -- you don't think the infection in that capsule was brought back deliberately, do you?

DUTTON

Skip it, skip it. I hope I'm talking through my hat.

(indicating device)

Put your hands on the glass, palms down. It's a ---

LEAVITT

(hands on glass)

--finger-and-palm-print analyzer. Reads a composite of ten thousand dermatographic lines.

DUTTON

(as device buzzes)

How'd you know?

LEAVITT

(stepping back)

Dutton, I've got a long criminal record.

DUTTON

(hands on glass)

Then you're in trouble. This machine --

(it buzzes)

-- has a long memory.

(stepping back)

It gives you final clearance to enter Wildfire.

Despite the bantering tone, there's an undercurrent of worry in Leavitt. A green light comes on over the door.

DUTTON

(opening door; lightly)

Relieved.

Immediately behind it a steel door marked ENTRANCE TO LEVEL I slides back. Leavitt, looking relieved, follows Dutton into:

204 INT. LEVEL I - A CURVING CORRIDOR

204

charcoal colored, lit with fluorescence. One wall is blank, the other has three widely-spaced doors marked: RECREATION, HOUSEKEEPING, and DELTA V. Stone and Hall, wearing desert suntans, hurry up to Dutton and Leavitt.

DUTTON

How was Piedmont?

STONE

I had to order up a 7-12.

Dutton grimaces. Stone guides them along the corridor.

STONE

No other way to halt the infection spread.

(over shoulder)

You two know each other, don't you?

HALL

(pleasantly)

Only by reputation.

LEAVITT

(a sarcastic edge)

Ah, yes. Up to now we've had to worship from afar.

STONE

(gentle admonishment)

Be good, Ruth.

Turning back, he seems about to walk into the door marked DELTA V, but it slides open automatically, admitting them to:

205 INT. DELTA V - LEVEL I

205

The Main Computer Complex, it also functions as a fully computerized communications switchboard. This part of the giant system is run by one man, Tech Sergeant BURKE. Surrounded by blinking lights and multiple TV monitors, he sits before a console on a platform. The cavernous room has a hushed, reverential atmosphere.

STONE

Any messages for me from the White House?

CONTINUED

BURKE

Not a thing, Dr. Stone, or you'd have it.

LEAVITT

No personal messages?

BURKE

No, ma'am.

STONE

Nothing from Dr. Robertson? Are you sure, Sergeant?

BURKE

Dr. Stone, sir, I have one thing to do. Just one.

(moving from the platform)

Everything else is fully automatic, computerized, self-regulating.

(patting a console)

I listen for a little bell -- in here. Ting-a-ling. That means a message coming in is for the Wild-fire Team.

STONE

Precisely. An MCN communication. I'm expecting one.

BURKE

Yes, sir. Top priority. Ting-a-ling. I push a button. All five level control centers are notified the same time you are. The bell hasn't rung, sir.

STONE

(dryly; opening door)

Thanks for the tour, Sergeant.

206 INT. THE CURVING CORRIDOR - LEVEL I

206

As Leavitt emerges first, a girl in a charcoal colored, staff uniform waits (See Appendix).

UNIFORMED GIRL

Follow me, Dr. Leavitt. May I have your glasses, please?

LEAVITT

What for?

CONTINUED

206 CONTINUED

206

UNIFORMED GIRL

They'll be treated and returned,
Dr. Leavitt.

(X)

LEAVITT

(handing over
glasses)

They'd better be or I'll need a
white cane.

(X)

The girl, smiling politely, puts the glasses in a case marked
with Leavitt's name.

207 INT. A LOCKER ROOM - LEVEL I

207

Four of the lockers bear the names of Drs. Jeremy Stone,
Charles Dutton, Alexander Kirke, and Mark Hall. Stone, Dutton,
and Hall have nearly finished changing into charcoal DIO's
(Disposable Immunization Outfit).

HALL

Who picked Leavitt? Talk about
the Odd Man Hypothesis -- which
we haven't yet -- she's really
an odd ball.

STONE

We're lucky to have her. She's
the best equipped of us to double-
up for Kirke in Microbiology.

COMVOICE (See Appendix)

When dressed, the team will proceed
directly to Conference Room Seven.

Stone and Dutton go to a door on which a sign lights:

CAUTION!

REMOVE ALL ARTICLES
FROM YOUR PERSON

After the sign flashes three times, the door slides back,
Stone and Dutton exit. Hall hastily pulls off his watch,
tosses it in the locker, hurries after them.

208 OMITTED

208

CUT TO

209 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM 7 - LEVEL I - CLOSE ON TWO KEYS

209

lying in an open box. One is red with a chain, the other silver without a chain. Stone's hand picks up the red key.

210 ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING STONE AND HALL

210

standing at the head of a conference table. Leavitt and Dutton sit to the left of Stone. Before each of their places is a copy of the Wildfire File. Stone hangs the red key on the chain around Hall's neck.

STONE

Keep this with you at all times.

Hall, examining the key, perches on the edge of the table.

HALL

What's it for?

STONE

You are the Odd Man. The key man.
Quite literally.

(picking up
the silver key)

This other key -- and Wildfire,
itself -- depend on your key.

Stone goes to a waist-high pedestal supporting a black, covered case. He dials the combination lock. The lid flips back, revealing a gold-colored metal plate. He inserts the silver key in a lock, twists it. A green light flashes on.

STONE

(indicating pedestal)

Wildfire is equipped with a nuclear device for self-destruct. In an emergency, it's automatically activated. I've just inserted the key in the main station that arms the mechanism. The device is ready for detonation.

HALL

When?

DUTTON

Never, we hope. It only goes off if there's a danger of infection breaking out from here.

CONTINUED

210 CONTINUED

210

STONE

The silver key can't be removed. You're the only one who can disarm the mechanism by inserting your red key in one of the substations which are located throughout the facility. There's a five-minute delay between the time detonation locks in and the bomb explodes.

DUTTON

That gives you a chance to think, and please God, call it off.

HALL

I'm the new boy here. Why me?

STONE

Because you're single. We had to have one unmarried man.

211 ANGLE ON LEAVITT

211

at the table, thumbing through the Wildfire file.

LEAVITT

You should've done your homework, sport.

(rising)

Page 255. Robbie's Odd Man Hypothesis.

(approaching; reading)

'Results of testing confirm the Robertson Odd Man Hypothesis: that an unmarried male should carry out command decisions involving thermo-nuclear destruct contexts.'

HALL

(grabbing the file)

Lemme see.

THIS IS PAGE 255 OF 274 PAGESSUMMARY OF THE ROBERTSON ODD MAN HYPOTHESIS

<u>GROUP</u>	<u>INDEX OF EFFECTIVENESS</u>
Married Males	.343
Married Females	.399
Single Females	.402
Single Males	.824
 <u>INDIVIDUALS</u>	
Stone	.687
Dutton	.543
Kirke	.614
Leavitt	.601
Hall	.899

Results of testing confirm the Robertson Odd Man Hypothesis: that an unmarried male should carry out command decisions involving thermonuclear destruct contexts.

OVER the above:

VOICE OF SEN. FROM N.M.

My point, Dr. Robertson, is that your so-called Odd Man wasn't sufficiently familiar with the layout at Wildfire. Was that your responsibility or Dr. Stone's?

212-A SEVERAL QUICK SHOTS

212-A

Hall reading...Stone, Dutton, and Leavitt watching him.

ROBERTSON'S VOICE

(over the above)

My only responsibility in that area, Senator, was to find the person best suited for the job. Unfortunately, the extra-insurance substations weren't completed in time. The nuclear modification had to be cleared through the Chief Executive, the Departments of State and Defense, the AEC, NASA, and the National Park Service.

CONTINUED

212-A CONTINUED

212-A

VOICE OF SEN. FROM VERMONT

That strikes me as passing the buck. Surely, you can't blame the whole government for what happened to Dutton and Leavitt. Once the team entered Wildfire, Stone was in charge, wasn't he?

ROBERTSON'S VOICE

That's correct, Senator.

213 GROUP SHOT - FAVORING STONE

213

As Stone speaks, he pushes a button on the console and moves to a large viewing screen where an Electronic Diagram of Wildfire Lab is displayed.

STONE'S VOICE

It's of vital importance, Hall, that you always know where you are in relation to the nearest substation.

214 CLOSEUP - HALL

214

concentrating on the screen.

STONE'S VOICE

To do that, you have to be familiar with the entire facility. It can be studied as a whole or by sections on this electronic diagram.

215 CLOSE ON VIEWING SCREEN

215

STONE'S VOICE

We're on Level One of a five story cylindrical underground structure surrounded by solid rock. Each level has three nuclear substations, indicated by the yellow lights. In the event the nuclear device is triggered, you can still cancel self-destruct by inserting your red key in a substation. After our last simulation run we decided to add two more substations per level, but they're not finished yet. Don't confuse them with the functioning ones. The central core of the building contains service units -- plumbing, wiring, air conditioning, a service elevator, and so forth. At the bottom of the central core is the apparatus for self-destruct.

215-A ANGLE PAST HALL TO VIEWING SCREEN

215-A

Hall makes sure the key chain around his neck is secure.

STONE

Each level is a different color, based on a Navy study of the psychological effects of color in environments.

215-B CLOSE ON VIEWING SCREEN

215-B

STONE'S VOICE

Also, each level is biomedically cleaner than the one above it. We don't want anything to contaminate a possible organism. That would make it twice as hard to isolate and characterize. It will take us sixteen hours to descend through the programmed decontamination procedures on the first four levels to Level Five where the main labs are.

216 GROUP SHOT - FAVORING HALL

216

HALL
(toying with red key)
Where, exactly, are we now?

STONE
There's one way you can always
locate yourself, or any of us,
instantly. Simply by calling up
projections from the Electronic
Diagram on any video monitor any-
where in the lab -- like this.

He presses a button. The screen now displays an Electronic
Diagram of Level I.

STONE
This shows we're in Conference
Room Seven, Level One. Each of
us is indicated by our initial.
Our movements are continuously
monitored on the electronic diagram.

217 CAMERA CLOSSES ON ELECTRONIC DIAGRAM

217

The various initials (S,D,L,H) move according to the movement
of the scientists.

218 BACK TO GROUP

218

HALL
Where are the patients?

LEAVITT
Where's the capsule?

STONE
(pushing a button)
The patients are the yellow X's.

219 CLOSE ON ELECTRONIC DIAGRAM

219

now showing the Central Core. Two yellow X's and a red
circle below them slowly descend in the central core outline
on the diagram.

STONE'S VOICE
The red circle is the capsule --
almost at the bottom. On Level Five
the capsule and patients will be
isolated in biologically secure
set-ups.

220 BACK TO GROUP - FAVORING DUTTON

220

DUTTON

Are you sure the old man and the baby are still alive?

Stone presses a button on the console.

221 PAN FROM ELECTRONIC DIAGRAM TO TV SCREENS

221

The 1st TV glows into life. It shows the capsule in the plastic bag on a freight platform making its descent down the central core. The 2nd TV screen lights up showing the old man on a litter on a platform being slowly lowered down the core. Intravenous lines run into his arms. His eyes are closed and his breathing labored. Readouts of the old man's pulse rate, respiration, blood pressure and temperature flash onto his image. (See Appendix) Markings on the shaft wall indicate Level III. The 3rd TV comes on. The baby, in a plastic bin, crying, descends into view. An intravenous bottle runs into a vein in his scalp. Readouts of the baby's vital signs flash across his image.

222 ANOTHER ANGLE - INCLUDING GROUP AND TV SCREENS

222

DUTTON

What are their chances, Hall?

HALL

Uncertain. I'm hoping the intravenous dextrose and saline will hold them until we get to them.

A bell chimes.

STONE

We start decontamination and immunization procedures now.

He pushes buttons turning off the TV screen and electronic diagram.

223 ANGLE ON HALL

223

moving to the self-destruct main station and staring at it.

HALL

You really expect me to fire that thing?

CONTINUED

223 CONTINUED

223

STONE

I'm afraid you don't understand. All you can do is stop it. In a biological emergency, the bomb is activated automatically. It will then go off within five minutes, unless you get to a substation and lock in your key.

HALL

(touching key)

Oh....

Stone snaps the lid over the metal plate.

224 INT. A CHARCOAL-COLORED, TILED ROOM

224

As the team enters, Leavitt is immediately conducted o.s. by a nurse.

224-A CLOSE SHOT AT DOOR

224-A

through which the team has just entered. Stone watches as the self-sealing door clanks shut and makes a hissing sound. CAMERA MOVES up quickly to a sign on the door: NO RETURN TO LEVEL I THRU THIS ACCESS.

224-B AN UNIDENTIFIABLE OBJECT

224-B

CAMERA ZOOMS back to show a disposal device and three charcoal outfits being dropped into it...a flash as they are incinerated.

224-C ANOTHER SELF-SEALING DOOR

224-C

This door is marked: EXIT TO

DECONTAMINATION-IMMUNIZATION

As the three scientists, now naked, come from behind camera, the door hisses and clicks open.

COMVOICE

(X)

Proceed to Infrared Radiation, Decontamination Room 1D.

As the scientists move through the doorway, CAMERA PULLS BACK TO:

SPLIT-SCREEN

224-D LEFT HALF - A CONTINUATION OF SC. 224-C

224-D

showing the door closing with a hiss behind the scientists.

224-E RIGHT HALF - A DIAGRAM NOW FILLS RIGHT HALF OF SCREEN

224-I

It is a DETAIL OF A GASKET labeled:

U. S. POLYMER CORPORATION
PROJECT WF10-013 (T CLASSIF)

GASKET, POLYCRON, TYPE 49AG
PART 04-2633 FOR AD-7 airtight self-sealing door.

CAMERA SQUEEZES ON Diagram until it FILLS FRAME

225 INT. THE INFRARED RADIATION ROOM

225

Under the infrared radiation, there are three featureless, somewhat transparent, white shapes. They move about among the oddly shaped contours of what must be special chairs.

SHAPE 1 (DUTTON)

Also, it could be an organism from another planet, released deliberately.

SHAPE 2 (STONE)

To wipe us out? Really, Charles....

SHAPE 1 (DUTTON)

Just the opposite. To make friendly contact. A kind of messenger to show us life exists elsewhere in the universe. It could be benign in its own environment.

SHAPE 3 (HALL)

Pretty far-fetched.

SHAPE 1 (DUTTON)

We can't ignore any possibility.

A BELL CHIMES.

A FEMALE RECORDED VOICE

You are about to undergo long-wave radiation. A buzzer will sound. Close your eyes and stand still or blindness may result.

With the drawn-out sound of the BUZZER, the shapes turn black.

226 A SHALLOW TROUGH

226

It serves as the floor of a narrow passageway...CAMERA ON Leavitt's legs wading through a flow of black solution.

227 THE WALL OF THE PASSAGEWAY 227

The head and shoulders of Leavitt pass a tiled sign on the wall:
IMMERSE FEET ONLY - AVOID EXPOSURE TO EYES AND MUCOUS MEMBRANES

228
and OMITTED 228
229 and 229

230 A CHARCOAL-COLORED DOOR 230

inscribed: EXIT TO LEVEL II. As the door slides open, the
four scientists, changed into blue outfits, appear from UNDER
CAMERA, and proceed through the doorway into:

231 INT. A NARROW CHARCOAL CORRIDOR - LEVEL I 231

CAMERA on their backs, they move, two abreast, down a tunnel-
like passage toward a door at the end.

STONE

We faced quite a problem: how
to disinfect the human body -- one
of the dirtiest things in the known
universe.

LEAVITT

That is, without killing a person
at the same time.

STONE

It gets tougher as we go, I'm
afraid.

The door slides open and Stone gestures them into:

232 INT. A BLUE ELEVATOR 232

The door closes and the elevator starts to descend.

HALL

Hard on the taxpayers, isn't it
-- the way we burn up uniforms?

STONE

They're paper.

CONTINUED

232 CONTINUED

232

DUTTON
(feeling shirt)
I'd swear it was cloth.

STONE
New process.
(abruptly)
Where's the next substation, Hall?

HALL
Left of elevator on Level Two.

STONE
Right.
(as doors open)
Across the corridor from Body Analysis,
our next port of call.

LEAVITT
(exiting first)
Not for my alabaster body.

CUT TO

233 INT. LEVEL II - BODY ANALYSIS - ANGLE ON LEAVITT

233

in one of six opaque cubicles. After a swift glance at the complex equipment, including a highly advanced automatic examination table which now is in the "chair" position, she turns for the door.

LEAVITT
(heatedly)
I mean it, Stone. You can take
your Body Analyzer and ---

The door slides shut in her face.

234 INT. SECOND CUBICLE - HALL

234

looking around fascinated by the extraordinary equipment.

RECORDED FEMALE VOICE
Sit down, please.

He sits in the "chair," which faces a large, blank, oval, electronic screen.

RECORDED FEMALE VOICE
Please look at the screen in front
of you.

235 HIS ANGLE - ON ELECTRONIC SCREEN

235

Points of light simulating a human form appear on it.

```

      *
    *   *
  *       *
*   *   *   *
  *       *
    *   *
      *   *

```

RECORDED FEMALE VOICE
Please place your body so that all points are obliterated.

236 ANGLE INCLUDING HALL AND SCREEN

236

He shifts around until all the points of light disappear.

RECORDED FEMALE VOICE
That is fine. We may proceed.
State your name for the records,
surname first.

HALL
Mark Hall.

SCREEN FLASHES
SUBJECT HAS GIVEN UNCODABLE RESPONSE
(See Appendix)

HALL
Hall, Mark.

SCREEN FLASHES
ANALYZER CONFIRMS IDENTITY: HALL, MARK

RECORDED FEMALE VOICE
Thank you for your cooperation.

HALL
(resigned)
Yes, dear.

SCREEN FLASHES
UNCODABLE RESPONSE

237 INT. CUBICLE 1 - ANGLE INCLUDING SCREEN AND LEAVITT
seated in the examination "chair."

237

RECORDED FEMALE VOICE
Please answer the following questions
yes or no. Have you any allergies?

LEAVITT
Yes...to ragweed pollen.

SCREEN FLASHES

UNPROGRAMMED DATA

LEAVITT
Okay, I'll repeat it for your memory
cells: 'Rag ---'

RECORDED FEMALE VOICE
(interrupting)
Please repeat your response for our
memory cells.

LEAVITT
(with an edge)
Ragweed pollen.

SCREEN FLASHES

RAGWEED POLLEN CODED

238 INT. CUBICLE 3 - CLOSE ON DUTTON
in the "chair."

238

RECORDED FEMALE VOICE
This ends the formal questioning.
Please undress.

Dutton's eyebrows raise.

239 INT. CUBICLE 4 - STONE

239

naked, lying on his back on the now raised and extended
examination "table."

RECORDED FEMALE VOICE
This is a scan for fungal lesions.

An ultraviolet lamp and a scanning eye move over his body.

CONTINUED

242 CLOSEUP - LEAVITT 242

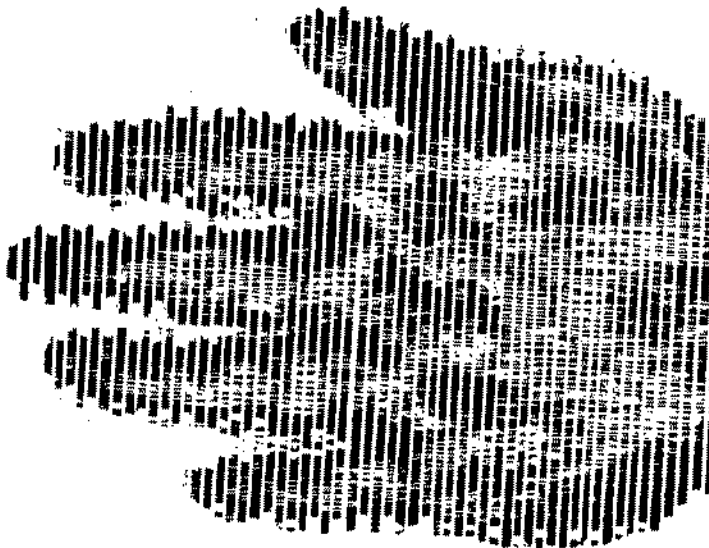
Her brow is covered with fine perspiration. She closes her eyes, clenches her hands beside her face.

243 INT. CUBICLE 2 - HALL 243

prone and naked like the others. A Thermograph Scanner examines Hall's raised hand.

244 CLOSE ON ELECTRONIC SCREEN 244

showing the thermograph of the interior of Hall's hand, which will be seen in seven colors:



THERMOGRAPH SCAN

SUBJECT CODED HALLMARK
THERMOGRAM HM-1

RECORDED FEMALE VOICE

Please sit up facing the scan screen
and watch carefully.

245 ANGLE ON HALL AND ELECTRONIC SCREEN 245

He sits up, regarding the screen which now gives a brief display of unidentifiable, but amusing patterns. Hall is fascinated, unaware of a thick cable gliding toward his back and stopping an inch behind his shoulder. It strikes with a sharp HISS. He starts, spins around.

CONTINUED

245 CONTINUED

245

RECORDED FEMALE VOICE

You have received pneumatic injections comprising booster immunizations.

Hall grimaces in wry disapproval of the machine's sneaky tactics.

RECORDED FEMALE VOICE

You may get dressed. Thank you.
This recording is now ended.

246 INT. A CURVED BLUE CORRIDOR - LEVEL II

246

The team emerges from Body Analysis, rubbing their shoulders. A girl, in a blue uniform, holds open the door, hands Dutton and Leavitt eyeglass cases, leads the team down the corridor.

HALL

(to Stone; grinning)

That machine -- I want to be there when the AMA gets wind of it.

STONE

So far, it's only been used by NASA to diagnose astronauts in space.

LEAVITT

(to Hall)

You doctors better start making house calls again.

Moving along the curving corridor, they pass from view.

247 A DAZZLING FLASH OF LIGHT (in a BLUE TILED ROOM)

247

The outline of a Disposal Device, in which the blue outfits have just been incinerated, appears for an instant.

248 WATER - DOWN ANGLE

248

An irridescent play of light on the water's surface...PULL BACK as Stone, Dutton, and Hall, naked, appear from UNDER CAMERA, entering a small pool and wading out until they are almost over their heads. CAMERA TILTS UP TO:

249 A FLASHING RED SIGN

249

on the wall. It reads:

EXIT TO LEVEL III
TOTAL IMMERSION
KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN

250 SEVERAL UNDERWATER SHOTS - STONE, DUTTON, AND HALL

250

undergoing total immersion. They negotiate an underwater passage to which the pool was the entrance. The solution, away from the flashing lights, is a milky color.

CUT TO

251 INT. LEVEL III - A MAROON CORRIDOR - LONG SHOT

251

Silent. Stone, Dutton, and Hall, in maroon bathrobes, appear at a point where a long straight corridor joins the curving perimeter corridor. They hesitate. They seem tired and a little numb.

COMVOICE

Proceed to Chamber 4, Sector B
Dr. Stone.

Stone looks o.s., leads the way.

252 A STARTLING UNDERWATER SHOT OF LEAVITT (LEVEL II)

252

floundering. The heads and shoulders of two nurses, coming to her aid, appear beside her.

253 OMITTED

253

254 INT. A CUBICLE LINED WITH ALUMINIZED MYLAR - LEVEL III - CLOSE
ON A METAL, VISORED HELMET

254

hanging in a recess.

RECORDED MALE VOICE

This is a Xenon Lamp Apparatus.
Place your feet in the harness on
the floor.

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO SHOW Hall looking from the helmet to the harness on a lucite section of floor where he stands. He installs his feet in the harness.

RECORDED MALE VOICE

To protect scalp and facial hair,
place the metal helmet securely on
the head.

CONTINUED

254 CONTINUED

254

Hall removes the helmet and puts it on. The lucite section of floor on which he stands rises, becoming a small platform. A button can now be seen in front of him on the wall.

RECORDED MALE VOICE

Make sure the helmet is firmly seated, and the visor lowered; then push the button, and raise your arms.

Hall makes sure -- twice. He pushes the button. A pause, then...a brief, searing BURST OF LIGHT. As the platform descends, he looks o.s. sharply.

254-A POV - THE XENON LAMP ON WALL

254-A

A sort of afterglow still burns inside it.

254-B BACK TO HALL

254-B

The mylar foil covering the walls has become clouded. He pulls off the helmet, looks worriedly down at his body. It is covered with a white powder-like substance.

RECORDED MALE VOICE

You will notice a fine white ash on your body.

255 INT. ANOTHER MYLAR-LINED CUBICLE - CLOSE ON LEAVITT

255

RECORDED MALE VOICE

(continuing OVER)

This is the outer epithelial layers of your skin that have been burned away.

Leavitt tries unsuccessfully to see herself in the cloudy foil wall. She pulls off the helmet and touches her hair.

RECORDED MALE VOICE

Please replace the helmet in compartment and proceed through shower in next room. Then you may dress and descend to Level Four.

Leavitt glares around for the invisible speaker, chucks the helmet on the floor with a CLANK.

256 INT. LEVEL IV - A GREEN CORRIDOR - CLOSE ON STONE

256

dressed in a green uniform, turning TO CAMERA. The door at his back is marked with his name.

CONTINUED

gs #02034 74

256 CONTINUED 256

STONE

We're required to rest six hours on Level IV after exposure to the Xenon lamp. Go to your rooms and sleep. At the end of the corridor is the cafeteria. We'll meet there at 0400 hours --
(thin smile)
-- tomorrow.

257 FULL SHOT - THE CORRIDOR 257

The team members proceed to their marked rooms. The corridor ECHOES faintly with electronic signals from the intercom.

COMVOICE

Watchdog to all levels. Scoop Seven capsule secure. Biocheck...66 plus 9 minus OL five.

258 ANGLE ON HALL 258

pausing before an oblong niche gouged into the wall. Contemplating it, he fidgets with the key around his neck. Scrawled above the ragged opening is: SUBSTATION 13A - LEVEL IV. Partially installed conduits and wires protrude in the opening.

259 REVERSE PAST HALL - TOWARD STONE 259

his hand on the door, looking at Hall, then stepping into:

260 INT. HIS INTERIM ROOM ON LEVEL IV 260

Modern, spartan, furnished with a bed, desk, console, TV screens. Stone sits at the desk, touches a button on the console.

261 THE TV SCREEN SHOWING: INT. HOT ROOM OF MAIN CONTROL LAB 261
LEVEL V

The capsule stands in a jig on the floor. Two sensor devices, like watch dogs, constantly circle it.

262 ANGLE PAST STONE - TOWARD TV SCREEN 262

As he looks at the capsule, he doodles on a pad, sketching SCOOP VII with collection device deployed.

263 INSERT - STONE'S CRUDE SKETCH OF SCOOP VII IN INTERPLANETARY 263
TRAJECTORY.

264 MULTI-SCREEN

264

A) INT. STONE'S ROOM - UPPER LEFT - BALANCE OF SCREEN BLACK

As Stone glances from the TV screen to his doodling, the IMAGE DIMS.

STONE'S THOUGHTS

Something - something knocked it off course and effected entry angle. Collision? One thousand and eighty-two of them up there.

B) A COMPUTERIZED ANIMATION FILLS REST OF SCREEN (See Appendix)

It shows various earth satellites and interplanetary vehicles in space (1082). Large and small, they are marked by appropriate symbols to indicate American or Russian origin, and one is the Red China satellite recently put into orbit. Scoop VII is designated by Stone's crude drawing of it.

SCOOP RADIO

Scoop Mission Control to Sunnyvale. Our computer indicates a system malfunction. We wonder about a collision.

SUNNYVALE RADIO

Negative, Scoop. Air Force Space-tracker confirms no other vehicle near your baby. No meteor showers either.

SCOOP RADIO

Beats us, Sunnyvale. Our computers show capsule unstable with bad telemetry.

THOUSANDS OF ORBITING DOTS SUDDENLY PEPPER THE ANIMATION

SUNNYVALE RADIO

Condolences, Scoop. Maybe she hit piece of space junk.

265 ~~SINGLE SCREEN~~

265

AN ABRUPT ZOOM SHOT OF PIEDMONT STREET LITTERED WITH BODIES

At end of ZOOM, SNAP TO:

266 MULTI-SCREEN

266

STONE'S ROOM - DIMMED DOWN - UPPER LEFT - BALANCE OF SCREEN BLACK

Stone is stretched out on the bed, one arm over his face.

CONTINUED

266 CONTINUED

266

FLASH SHOTS ACROSS REST OF SCREEN - WHAT STONE SAW AT PIEDMONT

- A) The bloodless gash on Sgt. Crane's face.
- B) The old lady hanging above the stairs.
- C) The family in frozen attitudes around the dinner table.
- D) The aged "doughboy" drowned in the bathtub.
- E) The stopped-motion gas station.
- F) A FROZEN TABLEAU OF THE PARTY IN STONE'S HOUSE. Allison has been stricken while pouring coffee for Prof. Schwartz and several others. As CAMERA PUSHES IN ON IMAGE F, until it FILLS SCREEN:

SUPERIMPOSE OVER "F": CLOSE SHOT - DR. BENEDICT'S WRIST WITH THE CLOTTED BLOOD falling from the opened artery. The powdery substance becomes a massive red landslide obliterating everything behind it.

LEAVITT'S VOICE

A new form of life....

267 BIG CLOSEUP - LEAVITT

267

Her eyes are shut, her face mask-like. As she smiles faintly in response to her thoughts, CAMERA PULLS BACK TO:

268 MULTI-SCREEN

268

- A) INT. LEAVITT'S ROOM - UPPER RIGHT - BALANCE OF SCREEN BLACK

She sits in the lotus position on the bed. Image DIMS as:

- B) A HIGHLY MAGNIFIED LIVE BACTERIUM SNAPS ONTO A PORTION OF THE BLACK SCREEN

The organism is ring-shaped, undulating.

LEAVITT'S THOUGHTS

Like Rudolph Karp's bacteria....

- C) LEAVITT AND DR. KARP SNAP ONTO ANOTHER PART OF THE SCREEN

They appear as smallish figures in white lab smocks, surrounded by blackness.

CONTINUED

268 CONTINUED

268

KARP

(foreign accent)

Fools! They refuse to believe life exists in meteorites. I showed them at the Astrophysics Conference what I just showed you. But no, even with a microscope they are blind. What do I have to do, hit them over the head?

269 SINGLE SCREEN - INT. LEAVITT'S ROOM - CLOSE ON LEAVITT

269

sitting on the bed in the lotus position, eyes closed, nodding "yes" to the question.

270 INT. DUTTON'S ROOM - CLOSE ON DUTTON

270

tossing on the bed. Sneak in sound of LAUGHTER, PULL BACK TO:

271 MULTI-SCREEN

271

A) LEVEL IV - DUTTON'S ROOM - DIMMED DOWN - UPPER LEFT

Dutton now lies still on the bed. LAUGHTER continues.

B) A CARTOON, WHITE ON BLACK, SNAPS ONTO MIDDLE OF BLACK SCREEN

The cartoon shows a man looking down a microscope at a slide. On the slide bacteria are formed into the words:

TAKE ME TO YOUR LEADER

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL the cartoon is drawn on a black-board. Dutton signs it in chalk with a flourish, turns to a classroom of a dozen grinning graduate students.

DUTTON

I'm glad you're amused, gentlemen, but it just might turn out to be true. During this symposium, we'll discuss the possibility that intelligent life on a distant planet may be no larger than a flea.

Several students laugh.

DUTTON

Perhaps no larger than a bacterium.

STROBE CUT TO

272 SINGLE SCREEN - INT. HALL'S ROOM - LEVEL IV - CLOSE ON TV

272

MEDCOM DATA OUTPUT

AS

SEQUENCE FOR BLOOD CLOTTING

1. PLATELETS SURROUND INJURY

2. PROTHROMBIN CA⁺⁺ THROMBIN
THROMBOPLASTIN

3. FIBRINOGEN THROMBIN FIBRIN

4. FIBRIN POLYMERS FORM CLOT

MORE DATA REQUIRED FOR

APPLICATION TO CASE CITED

SEDUCTIVE FEMALE VOICE

Time to wake up, sir.

273 HALL

273

asleep at his desk, his head resting on his arms. Beside him is a pad covered with notes.

SEDUCTIVE VOICE

Time to wake up, sir.

He sits up, looks around, sees he's alone.

HALL

Hello?

SEDUCTIVE VOICE

Time to wake up, sir.

HALL

(standing, smiling)

Who are you?

No answer. He goes to the night table where a light burns on the panel, pushes a button. The light blinks.

SEDUCTIVE VOICE

Do you wish something, sir?

HALL

Your name.

SEDUCTIVE VOICE

Will that be all, sir?

HALL

For the moment.

CONTINUED

273 CONTINUED

273

The light blinks off. He goes to the console, pushes a button, making the TV screen blank, looks over his notes. Abruptly, he pauses, feels for the key on his chest under his suit. Not there. A bad moment. He zips down the top of his jumpsuit. Relieved, he finds the chain pressed to his throat. The key has been worked around to his back.

MALE VOICE

This is the answering service supervisor. We wish you would adopt a more serious attitude, Dr. Hall.

HALL

Sorry. Her voice is quite luscious.

MALE VOICE

(heavily)

The voice belongs to Miss Gladys Stevens, who is sixty-three years old. She lives in Omaha and makes her living taping messages for voice-reminder systems.

HALL

(sourly; leaving)

Much obliged.

274 INT. CAFETERIA - LEVEL IV

274

Stone, Dutton, and Leavitt sit at a table, drinking a dark brown liquid from juice glasses. Another table in b.g. is occupied by green-clad TECHNICIANS. The cafeteria has one peculiarity: no food. A counter, trays, silverware in the boxes, even napkins in dispensers, but no food.

STONE

(to Leavitt)

Let's not get side-tracked on Rudolph Karp and his meteorite theories. His technique was worthless.

DUTTON

I still think we should contact him.

STONE

Fair enough. Where is he, Ruth?

LEAVITT

Behind the Iron Curtain. Couldn't get a research grant here.

275
thru
278

OMITTED

275
thru
278

279 ANGLE ON HALL

279

as he enters. He nods to his colleagues, heads for the counter. He picks up a tray, sets silverware on it, slides it along the counter rail until he realizes no food has been set out. Quizzical, he carries the empty tray to their table.

LEAVITT

(setting brown
liquid on his tray)
Hemlock. All for you, Hippocrates.

HALL

Not your own venom?
(sipping)
Tastes like orange juice.

STONE

Nutrient forty-two-five. Developed for the astronauts. Eight ounces satisfy all daily nutritional requirements.

HALL

(at coffee dispenser)
Except coffee.

LEAVITT

And lipid soluble vitamins.

280 CLOSE ON TABLE - FAVORING STONE

280

as he opens a covered sugar bowl full of pills.

STONE

For that we have these. Help yourself.
They do. Hall returns, wryly regards the pills.

HALL

So what's the point of a cafeteria?

STONE

Wildfire isn't always on crash status.

HALL

Then maybe there's some sugar still around.

DUTTON

Nope. Nothing that might provide a bacterial growth medium.

(X)

STONE

Precisely. No sugar in the gut.

CONTINUED

280 CONTINUED

280

LEAVITT

God, how I'd like a cigarette.
(facetiously)
It's after meals you really miss 'em.

STONE

Then you should have no problem on
Level Five. You won't even get this
close to a meal. We'll be entirely
on high-protein nutrients.
(pyramiding fingers)

(X)

I've planned our work in three stages.
One, Detection. The first step is to
confirm that an organism is present. Two,
Characterization. How is it structured
and how does it work? Three, Control.
How to contain and exterminate it.

DUTTON

Jeremy, on this matter of extermination,
we should go slowly. Without ever realizing
it, we might destroy a highly intelligent
form of life.

HALL

(restlessly)

Why don't we get going? I've got two
patients down there.

STONE

The team has two subjects.

HALL

They're not guinea pigs, Stone!

A BELL CHIMES.

SEDUCTIVE FEMALE VOICE

You may now proceed to Level Five,
gentlemen.

Leavitt sardonically raises her brows at the omission of "ladies"
by the voice. Stone, leading the group, stops at a container.

281 CLOSE ON STONE AT THE CONTAINER

281

removing some small cylindrical objects wrapped in foil.

STONE

(distributing them)

Stop by your rooms and insert these
before taking the elevator.

282 GROUP SHOT - FAVORING LEAVITT

282

She weighs the silver cylinder in her hand, then:

CONTINUED

282 CONTINUED

282

LEAVITT

I've risked drowning in that foul bath, I've been irradiated, par-boiled, and Xenon flashed. But when you ask me to ---

STONE

I have to. We haven't done a thing about the GI tract yet. On Level Five we must be as nearly germ-free as possible.

Leavitt stares at the suppository, then, holding it between her fingers like a cigarette, draws herself up.

LEAVITT

(exiting with style)

Anybody care to join me for a smoke?

STRAIGHT CUT TO

283
and
284

OMITTED

283
and
284

285 MULTI-SCREEN - SCHEMA TECHNIQUE

285

A) FLOOR PLAN OF LEVEL V - RIGHT HALF OF SCREEN

On it, appropriately labeled, are the Main Control Lab, Autopsy Lab, Microbiology Lab, Miscellaneous Room, etc.

B) A LINE DRAWING - LEFT HALF OF SCREEN

A sectional perspective labeled STERILE CONVEYOR SYSTEM, the rendering makes clear how contaminated material can be safely transferred from lab to lab via a biologically secure system. The rendering includes a detail INSERT of a sterilization lock equipped with nozzles for spraying paracytic acid solution.

DUTTON'S VOICE

Off the main corridōr on the outer rim are the living quarters, conference room, cafeteria, Bio-safety Maintenance, etc. Inside are the labs.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal:

C) LEVEL V - THE WARD ROOM - BOTTOM HALF OF SCREEN

Dutton and Hall, dressed in light gray jumpsuits, study the Electronic Diagram displayed on a TV screen. The light gray ward room has a club-like atmosphere...several all-metal easy chairs, a teleprinter in the corner, a small console, and TV screens.

HALL

Where's the library?

CONTINUED

285 CONTINUED

285

DUTTON

Don't need books. Everything's in the computer.

(pointing)

Notice the capsule's already been delivered by the Sterile Conveyor System to the Main Control Lab here.

286 SINGLE SCREEN - CLOSE ON ELECTRONIC DIAGRAM

286

On the Diagram the red circle (capsule), the yellow triangles (patients), and the initials "D" and "H", are stationary. "S" and "L" are seen moving to the Main Control Lab.

DUTTON'S VOICE

(his finger points)

Your patients are here, in the hot room of Miscellaneous -- poor souls. We can't have any direct contact with them. Most labs are divided into two sections: a Hot Room for contaminated material -- or people -- and a Safe Room where we work. The Safe Rooms are kept biologically secure from the hot rooms by an elaborate system of plate glass windows, negative air pressure, and other devices.

COMVOICE

Dr. Dutton and Dr. Hall are wanted in Main Control immediately.

The initial "D" hurries off.

HALL'S VOICE

Hey ---

"H" pursues "D" on the Diagram.

287 INT. LEVEL V - CORRIDOR - DUTTON AND HALL

287

Hall catches up to Dutton, grabs his arm.

HALL

If the patients are sealed off, how do I get to them?

DUTTON

Have you ever used a glove box?

Hall shakes his head.

DUTTON

Wildfire has gone a step further -- whole rooms that work like glove boxes. You'll be working in one, shortly.

He opens a door marked: MAIN CONTROL LAB.

288 INT. MAIN CONTROL LAB - LEVEL V

288

Large, but cramped, crowded with electronic equipment...Stone and Leavitt stand at the controls behind a massively thick window which separates them from the adjacent hot room. To one side, beneath the window, is an extensive computer console. On the walls are both closed circuit TV screens and special Viewing Screens that are hooked up to scientific apparatus. Viewing Screens are DIFFERENT in size, shape and quality from TV screens. Stone and Leavitt are too absorbed to acknowledge the entrance of Dutton and Hall. Stone manipulates a pair of mechanical hands.

289 CHINA REVERSE - ON HOT ROOM

289

The mechanical hands open the cap sealing the Scoop collection chamber.

290 ANGLE FAVORING STONE

290

He relaxes on the controls, turns to Dutton and Hall.

STONE

I wanted you here while we find out if there's anything still biologically active in the capsule. Suggestions?

DUTTON

Use a Norwegian.

Hall looks to see if they're kidding. They're not.

291 ANGLE ON HOT ROOM

291

The mechanical hands move to the rear wall, where experimental animals -- mice, rats, guinea pigs, rabbits, monkeys, and one pig -- are kept in airtight compartments similar to an automat. The hands stop at the door to a caged white rat.

STONE

Audio.

Leavitt pushes a button on the console opening the sound system between the chambers. Now we hear the WHIRRINGS and CLICKS of the hot room machinery.

292 CLOSE ON MECHANICAL HANDS

292

They open the compartment door, remove a cage clearly marked in red "N1," carry it across the room and set it down by the capsule. The rat sniffs once and flops over -- dead.

293 ANGLE ON GROUP

293

DUTTON

Incredible....

STONE

(grimly)

Whatever killed them at Piedmont
is still there, and still as
potent as ever.

LEAVITT

If potent is the word...Let's try
a rhesus.

STONE

Yes. We'll want a post mortem on
it, anyway.

He regrips the controls.

294 POV - THROUGH WINDOW INTO HOT ROOM

294

The mechanical hands return to the far wall, remove a cage
containing an adult rhesus monkey. This cage is marked in
black "R1." Before there is even time to set the cage beside
the capsule, the monkey dies with a SCREECH.

295 REVERSE ON GROUP

295

staring in troubled silence.

LEAVITT

So okay. Isolate and Identify.

STONE

Right. You and I will scan the
capsule, Ruth.

(operating the hands)

Charlie, you work on these in
Autopsy.

Leavitt, sitting at the console, presses a button.

296 CLOSE ON STERILIZATION LOCK (SL) IN HOT ROOM

296

Two doors in the wall slide open with a HISS, revealing a
sophisticated "dumbwaiter" device, which is part of the
sterile conveyor system (SCS). The mechanical hands pull
out two open lucite boxes, set the cages containing the dead
animals in them.

CONTINUED

296 CONTINUED

296

The "hands" close and seal the boxes which are equipped with a variable pressure air supply system and gauges. The boxes are deposited in the SL whose doors slide shut.

STONE'S VOICE

Run an initial vector study, Charlie,
and find out how the disease enters
the body.

CAMERA CLOSES ON the heavy glass porthole in one of the doors to show an arrangement of nozzles spraying a solution (paracytic acid) over the lucite boxes inside the SL. Now the "dumbwaiter" starts to descend.

297 ANGLE FAVORING DUTTON

297

who abstractedly watches the boxes lowered from sight.

STONE

Charlie?

DUTTON

Yes, yes. The vector study first,
then autopsy.

(a beat)

Incredible....

Dutton, running his hand through his hair, starts out.

LEAVITT

Dutton...

(as he turns)

Careful.

(ironically, at Hall)

Let our distinguished surgeon handle
the knife.

HALL

Fine, but not for a while. First,
I'm a pediatrician and geriatrist.

He pats Dutton and leaves.

298 CLOSE ON LEAVITT

298

swinging around for a sharp reply.

STONE

(touching her arm)

Take it easy. Charlie will have a
technician with him.

299 INT. MISCELLANEOUS ROOM - LEVEL V - CLOSE ON TWO PLASTIC SUITS 299

inflated and standing upright in the hot room. From each suit an accordioned tunnel device is attached to the entry-exit port to the safe room. CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL the old man and the infant in hospital beds in the hot room.

300 ANGLE ON HALL

300

staring uneasily from behind the glass window of the "safe" room. Smaller, though less cramped, the layout is similar to Main Control with a major difference: the plastic suits are evidently used instead of mechanical hands.

HALL

(concerned; brusque)

What's been done for 'em?

He turns to an attractive Negro girl, KAREN ANSON, at a special console. In the act of rising politely to greet him, she pauses at his tone.

KAREN

(snapping back)

Plasma for the old man. Dextrose for the baby.

HALL

(smiling approval)

Your therapy?

KAREN

No.

(indicating console)

Medcom's.

HALL

Do I call you Miss Medcom?

KAREN

(relenting)

If you like, Dr. Hall. My name's Karen Anson.

HALL

Good. I couldn't cope with two machines.

(regarding console)

How does this thing work?

CONTINUED

KAREN

(a twinkle)

We're lucky. Medcom's got one of the best minds here. It's a medical data analyzer that can diagnose and prescribe. It's hooked up to the main computer on Level One. Every console and instrument in Wildfire is plugged into the main computer on a time-sharing basis. Our key lab studies are done on automated machines.

HALL

I prefer the personal touch.

KAREN

It's hard to come by in those suits.

HALL

Have you worked in them?

KAREN

Not for real, but I've been drilling three months.

HALL

Thank God for an expert. This sort of thing's new to me.

KAREN

It's new to all of us. Until now, Wildfire's been like a game. We've even had simulation Biowar games here.

(looking into

hot room)

With live subjects -- volunteers.

He stares at her.

KAREN

I mean I'm scared. I never believed it could really happen.

HALL

Well, it has happened.

(briskly)

I'll need some lab tests.

Karen turns on the Medcom console, hands him a small "light-pen."

KAREN

Use this to check off what you want.

She pushes a button.

301 CLOSE SHOT - THE MEDCOM GLASS INPUT SCREEN

301

MEDCOM PROGRAM
LAB/ANALYS

BLOOD

COUNTS RBC
RETIC
PLATES
WBC
DIFF
HEMATOCRIT
HEMOGLOBIN

PROTEIN

ALB
GLOB
FIBRIN
ESR
PROTIME
PTT

KAREN'S VOICE

Just touch the pen to the screen.

302 CLOSE ON HALL

302

touching the tests he wants with the light-pen.

303 CLOSE ON GLASS INPUT SCREEN - INCLUDING THE LIGHT-PEN

303

in Hall's hand, now checking tests on the bottom of list.

CHEMISTRY

K
NA
CA
CL
MG
P04

I
IBC
NPN
BUN
CEPH/FLOC

Hall's hand touches off the last test. The input screen goes blank for an instant, then the following appears:

TESTS ORDERED WILL REQUIRE FOR EACH SUBJECT

4 CC CLOTTED BLOOD
2 CC OXALATED BLOOD
3 CC CITRATED BLOOD
15 CC URINE

304 ANGLE ON KAREN AND HALL

304

HALL

You draw the bloods. I'll do physicals.

He goes to the tunnel entrance to a suit, pauses. Karen, approaching the other tunnel, smiles encouragement.

CONTINUED

304 CONTINUED 304

KAREN

Use the bar. The tunnel seals off automatically behind you. The only way you might possibly break your suit is with a scalpel --

(smiling)

-- and a surgeon isn't likely to do that.

With a small wave, she grasps the overhead bar, swings feet-first into the tunnel.

305 OMITTED 305

306 ANGLE ON HALL 306

grasping the bar, swinging into the tunnel.

307 INT. THE SUIT - LOW ANGLE ON HALL 307

as he positions himself in the plastic suit.

308 POV SHOT - THE ROOM 308

seen from inside the bubble helmet.

309 CLOSE ON HALL 309

Standing up inside the suit, he reacts to an abrupt HISSING SOUND as the suit is sealed off.

310 INT. MAIN CONTROL LAB - LEVEL V - CLOSE ON MICROSCAN SCOPE 310

The Microscanner, suspended on rods and wires, operates automatically, circling slowly around the capsule's surface.

311 CLOSE ON A VIEWING SCREEN 311

On the walls of the safe room, there are two Viewing Screens, as well as TV screens. Only one Viewing Screen is lit. The field of view sliding by, magnified twenty times, is labeled briefly: 20 X

312 ANGLE ON STONE AND LEAVITT 312

seated at control panel, fixedly watching the Viewing Screen.

LEAVITT

(stretching)

Second scan completed. Score,
nothing to nothing.

CONTINUED

312 CONTINUED 312
STONE
Go to one hundred power.
Leavitt resets the controls.

313 ANGLE ON VIEWING SCREENS 313
The image BLURS, then sharpens, briefly labeled: 100 x. As the field slides by, the 2nd Viewing Screen lights up, each displaying a different field of view.

314 CLOSE ON STONE 314
turning around quickly.

315 HIS POV - THROUGH WINDOW 315
A 2nd Microscanner circles the capsule.

316 ANGLE ON STONE AND LEAVITT 316
Leavitt plays her hands deftly over the controls.
STONE
No, Ruth, use only one Microscanner.
LEAVITT
You being paid by the hour? We can cover the capsule in one-half the time.
STONE
There's less chance of missing something when we both concentrate on one screen.
LEAVITT
Let's go directly to the inside. We can assume they put that scoop on the thing to scoop something inside. Brother, they sure got what they were looking for.
STONE
We're not here to make accusations. We have a job to do purely as scientists.
LEAVITT
(eyeing him)
Maybe not so pure.
STONE
(expressionless)
Continue the scan, Ruth -- on the outside.
Their eyes hold. She shrugs it off, presses a button.

317 CLOSE ON CAPSULE

317

One Microscanner lifts o.s., the other slowly scans the scorched heat shield.

318 INT. THE AUTOPSY HOT ROOM - LEVEL V

318

A plastic suit, similar to the ones in the Miscellaneous Room, arranges two airtight plastic boxes with variable pressure air supply systems on a stainless steel table. The boxes, marked N58 and N59, each contain a live Norway rat. Next the suit moves to a table where the dead rat and monkey lie in their cages, marked "N1" and "R1," inside the plastic boxes also equipped with variable pressure air systems.

DUTTON'S VOICE

No! Don't touch them. We'll use the hands.

SUIT

Nothing can happen, sir. I'm faster than the hands.

319 INT. AUTOPSY SAFE ROOM - DUTTON AT WINDOW

319

DUTTON

I want you out of the hot room.

The suit flaps its arms, stops, sags as it is evacuated. CAMERA SWIVELS with Dutton's gaze to the tunnel entrance in the safe room. We hear a sharp HISS as the tunnel seals off. Dutton's technician, TOBY, a young man with a jaunty manner, crawls out.

TOBY

No sweat, sir. The cages are airtight.

DUTTON

I wish you would sweat a little more, Toby. Sweat is a safeguard against some kinds of bacteria -- and carelessness.

(pointing)

Use the hands.

Toby salutes cheerfully, stations himself at the controls. Dutton sits at the console.

320 ANGLE ON THE HOT ROOM

320

The mechanical hands carry the dead Norway in Cage N1 to the stainless steel table, set it between the two boxes with live rats. The hands hook up Cage N1 to the one on the left.

321 CLOSE ON CONSOLE PANEL 321

A RED LIGHT, marked, "AIRFLOW 1" BLINKS ON. Dutton's finger presses a button. The LIGHT turns GREEN.

322 CLOSE ON HOOKED UP CAGES 322

The adjacent walls rise slightly, allowing air to pass freely from Cage N1 to the other. The live rat flops over -- dead.

323 ANGLE ON DUTTON AND TOBY 323

TOBY

Wow....

DUTTON

(nodding)

Transmitted by air, as we thought.
Now we've got to determine its size.
Could be a gas or some kind of virus.
We'll use a hundred angstrom
filter to begin. (X)

TOBY

(operating hands)

'Bout the size of a small virus.

324 ANGLE OF CAGES 324

The hands hook up Cage N1 to a filter wheel. The cage on the right, containing a live rat, is then attached and sealed to the filter wheel.

TOBY'S VOICE

All systems go, sir.

325 CLOSE ON DUTTON AT CONSOLE 325

He presses a button.

326 TIGHT ON CAGES 326

A filter marked "100A" revolves into position between the cages.

327 CLOSE ON CONSOLE PANEL 327

Dutton's finger presses the "AIRFLOW" button. The LIGHT on the panel turns from GREEN to RED.

328 CLOSE ON CAGES

328

While the filter stays in place, the adjacent plastic walls rise. The rat on the other side of the filter remains alive.

329 ANGLE ON DUTTON AND TOBY

329

DUTTON

Whatever it is, it's larger than a virus. We'll try a one micron filter.

TOBY

(addressing rat)
Hang in there, baby.

Dutton presses a button.

330 CLOSE ON CAGES

330

A filter marked "1M" revolves into place. The rat continues to live.

TOBY'S VOICE

Hey, must be pretty big. I'm going to get me a fly swatter.

DUTTON'S VOICE

Do that. Here goes with two microns.

The "2M" filter revolves into position. The rat dies.

DUTTON'S VOICE

Uh-huh. Nasty. At least we'll be able to get a good look at it.
(pause)

Dutton to Stone....

331 INT. MAIN CONTROL LAB - ANGLE ON A VIEWING SCREEN

331

displaying at 400x the field of view on the capsule surface, as transmitted by the microscan. A TV screen, above and right of the Viewing Screen, lights up, showing Dutton.

DUTTON (ON TV)

We've just found out its size. About two microns in diameter.

332 TWO SHOT - STONE AND LEAVITT

332

seated at the console, looking INTO CAMERA.

STONE

Big enough to be a complete cell.
Interesting.

CONTINUED

332 CONTINUED

332

LEAVITT

There's a good chance it's alive.
Airborne transmission?

333 ANGLE PAST STONE AND LEAVITT - TOWARD TV SCREEN

333

DUTTON (ON TV)

Yes. What have you found?

LEAVITT

So far, nothing. Our Nobel laureate
here won't scan on the inside because ---

STONE

All right, Ruth.
(to Dutton)
Thanks, Charlie. Keep at it.

He presses a button, fading out Dutton on TV.

334 CLOSE ON LEAVITT AND STONE

334

LEAVITT

It's pointless to keep scanning the
outside. If it's two microns in
diameter, it would've showed up at 440.

STONE

True, but we didn't know that before,
did we? We'll start with five power
on the inside.

(as she grimaces)

Stick to established procedure.

LEAVITT

(smiling wolfishly)

Establishment gonna fall down and
go boom.

Stone coolly swings around to look into the hot room.

STONE

Switch to manual, Ruth. The interior
is too irregular to probe on automatic.

Leavitt touches a button that lights up one of the small viewing
monitors on the console, then places her hands in the pistol-
grip manual control for the viewer.

335 ANGLE PAST THEM - THROUGH WINDOW INTO HOT ROOM

335

The Microscanner moves down into the scoop opening.

336 REVERSE - THE VIEWING SCREEN ON THE WALL

336

The field of view darkens.

337 TWO SHOT - LEAVITT AND STONE

337

She bends to the monitor viewing screen on the console while operating the manual controls. Manipulating the Microscanner inside the capsule is like writing while watching in a mirror. Stone looks in the opposite direction at the Viewing Screen.

STONE

More light.

Leavitt's hands move out deftly touching buttons.

338 ANGLE ON CAPSULE IN HOT ROOM

338

A Cyclospot (light) positions over the Scoop opening.

339 INT. MISCELLANEOUS HOT ROOM - CLOSE ON A TV SCREEN

339

As a readout appears:

KAREN'S VOICE

Here's his blood value now.

SUBJECT CODED GRAMPS
LAB/ANALYS

<u>TEST</u>	<u>NORMAL</u>	<u>VALUE</u>
HEMATOCRIT	38-54	21 INITIAL

340 ANGLE ON HALL

340

in a plastic suit, examining the unconscious old man. Hall glances up at the TV screen. Karen removes two blood sample tubes from the SMA 6/60 Auto Analyzer. The baby cries on his bed beside "Gramps."

HALL

(regarding TV screen)

Half normal. Severely anemic.

He wipes bloody drool from Gramps' chin. Gramps stirs.

HALL

(instantly bending)

Wake up, sir. Can you hear me?

Gramps moves his arms feebly to push him away.

CONTINUED

340 CONTINUED

340

HALL
(loud; in his ear)
What's your name?

GRAMPS
(faintly)
Jackson....

Karen hurries over, props the pillows behind the old man.

HALL
(shaking him)
Stay awake, Mister Jackson.

Gramps (Jackson) goes limp. Hall turns to the baby.

341 CLOSE ANGLE ON HALL

341

trying to examine the baby. When he tries to look at the baby's eyes, the baby closes them. If he tries to look down the baby's throat, the baby howls. Karen can't help being amused at Hall's frustration.

DUTTON'S VOICE
You can tell you're a bachelor.

HALL
(looking up at Karen)
What was that?

KAREN
(smiling)
I didn't say anything.

She points o.s.

342 THEIR ANGLE - A GLOWING TV SCREEN ON WALL

342

It shows Dutton grinning at Hall, then sobering.

DUTTON (ON TV)
We're doing a Curioscopy experiment,
Hall -- how the bugs get into the body.
Thought you should watch it.

343 ANGLE PAST HALL - TOWARD TV SCREEN

343

HALL
(glancing at patients)
I assume it must be inhaled. Not
likely it's absorbed through the skin.

344 CAMERA CLOSES ON TV FOR CLOSEUP OF DUTTON 344

DUTTON (ON TV)
That's what we'll find out now --
the mechanism of death.

345 MULTI-SCREEN 345

A) DIAGRAM OF CURIOSCOPY EXPERIMENT - LEFT HALF OF SCREEN

Fig. 1 shows how blood proteins are tagged with a complex labeled "Urokinase+I 131." Fig. 2 outlines the necessary steps for calibrating and operating the Magnascanner. Fig. 3 shows the infusion of the tagging substance into the subject positioned beneath the scanner.

B) INT. AUTOPSY LAB - CLOSE ON A RHESUS MONKEY - RIGHT HALF

The monkey is tied down to an operating table in the hot room. Attached to its arm is a tube leading into a vein. A scanner now moves into position over the monkey. The mechanical hands set the dead rat in lucite-boxed Cage N1 in a rig by the monkey.

346 SINGLE SCREEN - INT. AUTOPSY SAFE ROOM 346

Dutton at the console pushes a button marked "INF." He waits for Toby to release the mechanical hand controls, then pushes a button marked "SCAN." A series of five human block outlines appears as a readout on the console monitor screen.

347 ANGLE ON VIEWING SCREEN 347

The same series of block outlines appears on the viewing screen.

348 ANGLE ON SCANNER DEVICE IN HOT ROOM 348

It lowers to twelve inches above the monkey and stops.

349 CLOSE ON DUTTON 349

He pushes the AIRFLOW button on the console.

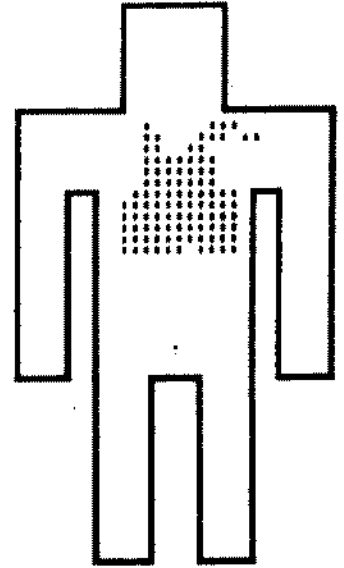
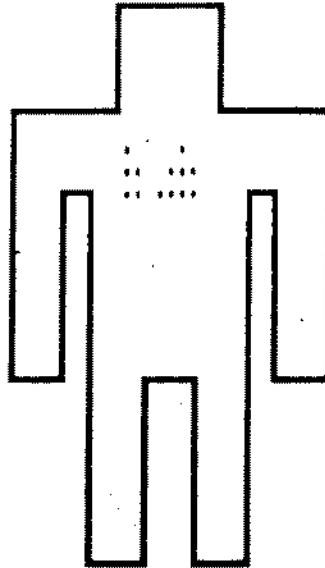
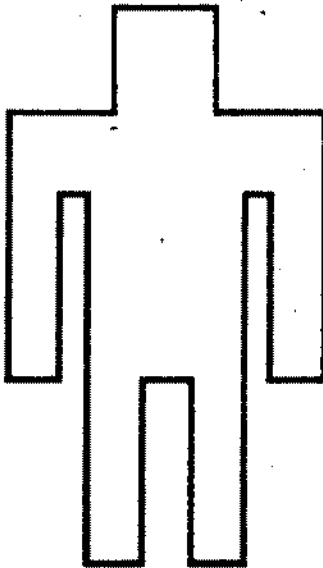
350 CLOSE ON THE DEAD RAT IN CAGE N1 BESIDE THE MONKEY 350

The air port in the outer lucite cage opens with a HISS. The gauge on the variable air pressure system drops.

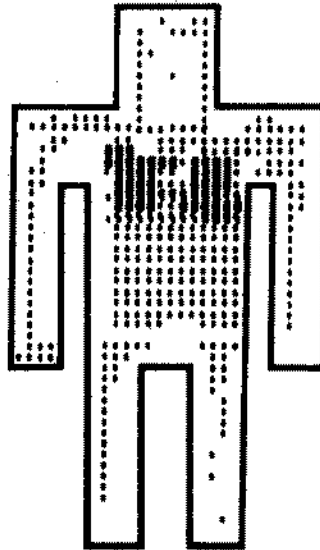
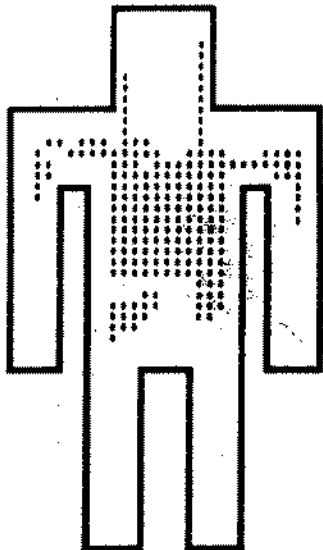
351 SWIFT PANNING SHOT ACROSS VIEWING SCREEN

351

Immediately, the graphic printout from the computer is projected onto the Viewing Screen. It is all over in seconds.



.0 .2 .4 .6 .8 1.0 1.2 1.4 1.6 1.8 2.0 2.2



2.4 2.6 2.8 3.0 3.2 3.4 3.6

NO CHANGE, PROGRAM ENDS.
END PRINT ON 03.50

352 CLOSE SHOT - THE MONKEY

352

dead on the table, the scanner above it.

353 INT. THE MISCELLANEOUS ROOM - ANGLE ON HALL

353

in the safe room. Astonished, he regards the projection of the scan on the glowing TV screen.

DUTTON'S VOICE

That tells us what we want to know, Hall. The organism is inhaled. The clotting begins in the lungs and spreads outwards.

Hall moves closer to screen.

HALL

I didn't think it possible. I didn't think the total volume of blood could solidify that fast. I hoped maybe one crucial clot might form in the brain -- which was what made them go insane -- and the rest of the blood clot more slowly. We'd have a chance to cure that.

The adjacent TV screen lights up with Dutton's image.

DUTTON (ON TV)

(angry; frustrated)

Cure what? We don't know what it is. Stone and Leavitt haven't been able to isolate the hellish thing.

(more temperately)

Of course, they will in time.

354 HALL'S ANGLE - THROUGH WINDOW ON HOT ROOM

354

Karen rocks the baby in her arms. He coos, fascinated by the plastic suit. Jackson wheezes in his sleep.

HALL

(unconvinced)

Of course....

355 INT. THE SCOOP CAPSULE - MAIN CONTROL LAB - LEVEL V

355

The Microscanner explores the Scoop collection chamber. It glides among the irregular shapes and contours like the head of a creature prowling the ocean depths. Beams of light are directed only where it probes, leaving the rest in shadow and darkness.

356 LEAVITT AT SCANNER CONTROLS - INCLUDING CONSOLE MONITOR 356

The interior of the capsule appears on Leavitt's monitor screen. She manipulates the Microscanner by watching the monitor screen. It's exacting, delicate work. She raises her glasses for an instant, rubs her eyes, looks o.s. at:

356-A THE TWO VIEWING SCREENS ON WALL 356-A

The screens display the identical slowly moving field of view inside the capsule as shown by the scanner, labeled: 20 x.

356-B CLOSE ON STONE 356-B

watching the screens o.s. Behind him, seen through window, is the capsule in the hot room. The Microscanner extends down into the scoop.

STONE

Hold it!

356-C ANGLE INCLUDING THE TWO VIEWING SCREENS 356-C

The field of view on them becomes stationary.

356-D TWO SHOT - STONE AND LEAVITT 356-D

looking at Viewing Screens, o.s.

STONE

It's an indentation.

LEAVITT

(slowly)

Yes...about the size of a pencil point.

STONE

Go to sixty.

Leavitt pushes a panel button.

356-E TIGHT ON 1ST VIEWING SCREEN 356-E

The field of view BLURS, then comes into sharp focus at 60 x on the indentation. A tiny, black fleck of jagged material lies in the indentation. Faintly visible bits of green are mixed in with the black.

CONTINUED

356-E CONTINUED

356-E

LEAVITT'S VOICE
(suppressed excitement)
Jeremy, I think, maybe ---

STONE'S VOICE
(cutting her off)
Maybe it's just a grain of sand.

357 TWO SHOT - LEAVITT AND STONE

357

Leavitt jerks her eyes from the Viewing Screen to Stone.

LEAVITT
What about the bits of green?

STONE
Paint.

LEAVITT
For God's sake....

STONE
Pistachio ice cream. There's no
basis to assume it's anything yet.

LEAVITT
You're too good a scientist not to
be thinking the same thing I am.
(looking at screen)
If it's really something new, some
brand new form of life....

STONE
The best hope of cracking it is to
be grindingly thorough -- with the
help of computer number one.
(taps her head)
Okay? Now let's get on with it.

Leavitt swings around to the scanner controls.

358 OMITTED

358

359 CLOSE ON 1ST VIEWING SCREEN

359

Some green specks, still tiny at 50 x, slide into view.

STONE'S VOICE
Hold.

The field of view HOLDS.

LEAVITT'S VOICE
More pistachio?

360 ANGLE ON STONE AND LEAVITT

360

Leavitt, seated at the controls, and Stone, standing, study the screens o.s.

STONE

I count four patches. Keep going.
I'll computerize the coordinates.
Let's take a look at the rock at 100.

Stone sits beside her. Half-swung around toward the screen, he punches several buttons. Leavitt manipulates the Micro-scanner, glancing frequently at the screens.

361,
362

OMITTED

361.
362

363 CLOSE ON 1ST VIEWING SCREEN

363

as the image at 100 x comes INTO FOCUS. The "grain of sand" now looks like a rock in a hole. The flecks of green imbedded in the "rock" surface appear brighter.

364 ANGLE ON STONE AND LEAVITT

364

at the console, looking o.s. at screens. Both are disappointed.

STONE

(turning from screens)

Well, I doubt that's what knocked
the capsule off trajectory.

ANGLE WIDENS TO INCLUDE capsule in hot room. Leavitt turns toward hot room.

LEAVITT

Unless the rock was going at
tremendous speed, or is very heavy.

STONE

(smiling)

For Pete's sake, Ruth, it can't be that
heavy. Hall and I could lift the
capsule.

Leavitt, with a glance at him, adjusts the controls, turns to screen.

365 CLOSE ON 1ST VIEWING SCREEN

365

The angle is changed so that they look down into the indentation. Its shape does not conform to the shape of the object. The hole seems too big to have been made by the "rock."

CONTINUED

365 CONTINUED

365

LEAVITT'S VOICE

Maybe it has elastic properties we don't know about yet.

STONE'S VOICE

Let's have a look at the green patches. They must've come off the rock -- if it is rock.

A SWIFT BLURRING MOTION on the screen...a patch of green comes INTO VIEW. The spots are larger than on the rock. They are also luminous with rounded, regular borders.

366 ANGLE PAST STONE AND LEAVITT - TOWARD SCREENS

366

LEAVITT

Hmm. Know something? They do look like spatters of paint.

STONE

Let's go back to the rock and see it at 440.

Leavitt sets in the higher magnification.

367 ON 1ST VIEWING SCREEN

367

BLURRING, then coming INTO FOCUS at 440 x. Now the surface irregularities of the rock have become jagged peaks and valleys. The spots of green are nestled in the depressions like shining mountain lakes.

STONE'S VOICE

If that's a meteor, it's a damned peculiar one.

368 OMITTED

368

369 ANGLE PAST LEAVITT - TOWARD 1ST SCREEN

369

as Stone presses right up to the 1st screen.

STONE

This left border, over here...
(touching spot)
... it's smooth, almost like an artificial surface.

LEAVITT

(kidding him)
Painted, maybe? Luminous paint?

She turns, removes her glasses, rubs her tired eyes.

370 CLOSE ON STONE

370

his face very near the viewing screen.

STONE

If I keep watching it, I might think
so -- wet paint sign and all.

He turns, moves back o.s. On the screen the smooth surface
BLINKS and instantly returns to normal.

371 REVERSE ON LEAVITT FACING SCREEN

371

reacting, her glasses poised to be slipped back on.

LEAVITT

Jeremy....

STONE

(coming up to her)

What?

Leavitt hesitates, then discouragedly rubs her eyes again.

LEAVITT

Nothing.

STONE

(observing her closely)

You okay?

LEAVITT

My eyes are getting tired. We've
been at it five straight hours.

STONE

We'll take a caffeine break in a
minute. First, though, I'd like to
see one of the separate patches of
green at 1000.

He pats her back, sits at the console, facing screens. She
puts on her glasses, turns back to the controls.

372 ANGLE INCLUDING VIEWING SCREENS

372

A patch of green slides into the field and HOLDS. The borders
appear to be notched, like gears. Abruptly, the green spot
turns purple for an instant, then green again.

373 TWO SHOT - STONE AND LEAVITT

373

She snaps her eyes from the screens to him.

LEAVITT

Did you see that?

STONE

(watching screens)

I saw it. You didn't change the lighting?

LEAVITT

Didn't touch it.

374 CLOSE ON SCREEN

374

It happens again: green, a flash of purple, green again.

375 ANGLE ON STONE AND LEAVITT

375

She stares, excited, avid. He purses his lips thoughtfully.

LEAVITT

It looks alive....

STONE

Yes.

LEAVITT

It's bigger than two microns.

STONE

Which means the infection is spread by a mere fraction of the green. (X)

(punching buttons)

I'm bringing down cameras. Let's have the other Microscanner.

Leavitt turns from the screens, touches buttons on the console.

STONE

(flicking on intercom)

Stone to Level Control. I need a MIC-T.

INTERCOM

Roger. Will send.

Stone flicks off intercom, punches two buttons, looks o.s.

ns #02034 107

376 HIS ANGLE - TOWARD TWO SMALL MOVIE CAMERAS 376
positioning themselves to film the screens and starting to whirr.

377 CLOSE ON THE VIEWING SCREENS 377
They now switch to different views of the green spot. Again the spot changes from green to purple to green again, but more slowly this time.

378 TWO SHOT - STONE AND LEAVITT 378
She throws him a questioning look.

STONE
Jump it up to 1500.

LEAVITT
The Microscan doesn't go any higher.

STONE
We can get 1500 light magnification in Microchemistry. I'll send the rock through.

He moves to the mechanical-hand controls, swings out a small monitor screen, turns it on. Positioned near his head, it is like the console screen used to monitor the Microscanner operating inside the capsule. CAMERA PULLS BACK TO:

379 MULTI-SCREEN 379

A) CLOSE ON STONE - UPPER LEFT PORTION OF FRAME

He operates the mechanical hands, his head BLOCKING the small monitor screen.

B) MOVING SHOT ON A MECHANICAL HAND - UPPER RIGHT OF FRAME

A fine forceps is held by the "fingers" of the hand. It descends into the capsule. HOLD ON capsule.

C) CLOSE ON A TV SCREEN SHOWING THE ROCK INSIDE CAPSULE - A ROUND IMAGE LIKE A BULL'S EYE AT THE CENTER OF THE FRAME

The forceps, looking like girders beside the rock, pick it up and remove it from the capsule. Image labeled 100 x.

CONTINUED

379 CONTINUED

379

- D) ANGLE PAST LEAVITT'S HEAD - TOWARD 1ST VIEWING SCREEN
LOWER LEFT PORTION OF FRAME

1st screen displays the green spot at 1000x. This is what the 1st Microscanner inside the capsule is focused on.

- E) ANGLE ON STERILIZATION LOCK IN HOT ROOM
LOWER RIGHT OF FRAME

The doors slide open. A glass dish, marked M A-1, is inside an open plastic box on the "dumbwaiter." As the mechanical hand DIPS INTO SHOT, CAMERA SQUEEZES TO:

380 SINGLE SCREEN - CLOSE ON GLASS DISH

380

The forceps deposit the invisible rock in the dish. The second "hand" closes and seals the box. The SL doors slide shut.

381 ANGLE PAST STONE - TOWARD HOT ROOM

381

Sweating, he returns both sets of mechanical hands to rest position.

A MAN'S VOICE

Beautiful, sir.

Stone turns as a solemn young TECHNICIAN comes up to him.

MIC T

I'm the MIC T. You're real sharp on the hands.

STONE

Thanks.

(glancing back)

It's nice to know one hasn't lost one's touch. Next step is to find out what makes it grow. We'll need samples from the scoop to send through maxcult for culture and isolation.

MIC T

Roger, sir. In work.

Stone sits beside Leavitt at the console

382
thru
384

OMITTED

382
thru
384

385 ANGLE ON MIC T

385

moving to control panel, reaching for a button.

LEAVITT'S VOICE

Good God!

386 FLASH SHOT - THE MIC T

386

astonished at what he sees on the screen o.s.

387 QUICK TWO SHOT - LEAVITT AND STONE

387

Leavitt coming to her feet; Stone's eyes squinting.

388 CLOSE ON 1ST VIEWING SCREEN - WHAT THEY SEE

388

The green patch swells, turns purple, and remains purple. During the brief process, the v-shaped notches around the border fill in and disappear. The now purple patch enlarges to a complete circle, then turns green once more.

389 ANGLE PAST STONE AND LEAVITT

389

staring at the screen.

LEAVITT

(a small voice)

It's growing....

390 INT. MISCELLANEOUS ROOM - CLOSEUP KAREN

390

beaming.

391 HER POV - ON MEDCOM MONITOR SCREEN

391

displaying a readout:

SUBJECT CODED INFANT

ALL LABORATORY VALUES NORMAL

CONTINUED

391 CONTINUED

391

It flashes off to be replaced instantly by another readout:

SUBJECT CODED GRAMPS
RECODED JACKSON

DIAGNOSTIC PROBABILITIES:

1. ACUTE AND CHRONIC BLOOD LOSS

ETIOLOGY GASTROINTESTINAL .884

2. ACIDOSIS

BLOOD PH 7.31

HALL'S VOICE

Not so good.

392 CLOSE TWO SHOT - HALL AND KAREN

392

Now both frowning at the Medcom Screen.

HALL

(irked)

Naturally he has acidosis. His
blood pH is nine points off normal.

But why?

(slapping console)

Stupid machine. What makes his
blood too acid?

KAREN

Ask the patient.

393 ANGLE THROUGH WINDOW - TOWARD JACKSON IN BED IN HOT ROOM

393

The old man stirs, sticks a finger in his ear, scratches.

394 ANGLE ON HALL

394

moving swiftly to the tunnel port, swinging into it.

395 INT. THE HOT ROOM - CLOSE ON JACKSON

395

He opens his eyes, shifts them around suspiciously, closes
them. Hall, in a plastic suit, appears beside him, shakes
his arm.

HALL

Mr. Jackson....

CONTINUED

395 CONTINUED

395

The old man takes one look at the plastic suit, snaps his eyes shut.

HALL

Don't be scared. I'm a doctor.

JACKSON

(squinting from one eye)

Bull.

(with difficulty)

Where -- am I?

HALL

A special laboratory in Nevada. We brought you here from Piedmont. You're sick.

Jackson nods with calm acceptance, closes his eyes.

JACKSON

Damn stomach of mine.

HALL

Bleeding?

JACKSON

Hell, yes, bleedin'.

HALL

Bleeding in your stomach? You have an ulcer?

JACKSON

Damn tootin'.
(bragging)
Two years.

HALL

But you must have pain. What do you do for it?

JACKSON

(a crooked grin)
Aspirin and squeeze.

HALL

Squeeze? What's that?

JACKSON

(foxy grandpa)
Ain't gonna tell you.

As Hall glances up in frustration, he sees the TV screen on the wall behind the bed light up.

396 CLOSE ON TV SCREEN

396

displaying the Medcom Monitor screen which reads:

MEDOX INDEX OUTPUT
AS
SQUEEZE
AS
ALSO CALLED RED-EYE AND PINKLADY
TRADE NAME O O STERNO
COMPOSED OF ETHANOL AND METHANOL

397 ANGLE ON HALL - INCLUDING SAFE ROOM WINDOW

397

toward which he turns. He sees Karen getting up from the console. He signals thanks to her, turns back to Jackson.

HALL

So you're a sterno drinker, eh?

JACKSON

(the crooked grin)

Works good.

The baby, just o.s., erupts in a fit of crying.

JACKSON

(glaring toward baby)

Give him squeeze.

398 ANGLE TOWARD CRYING BABY

398

In b.g., Karen, in a plastic suit, goes to the SL as the doors open. She picks up a bottle, approaches baby.

KAREN

What's the baby's name, Mr. Jackson?

399 CLOSE ON JACKSON

399

as Karen comes between the beds. He struggles to sit up.

JACKSON

You the nurse?

KAREN

Uh-huh.

JACKSON

Shoot, can't see your legs.

CONTINUED

399 CONTINUED

399

Jackson lies back.

HALL

Do you know the baby's name?

JACKSON

(sly)

Give us a butt first.

HALL

Smoking isn't allowed here.

JACKSON

Then go fish.

He glares at the bawling baby, closes his eyes, buries his head in the pillow. Karen feeds the bottle to the baby. Hall comes over to her.

HALL

When you're finished, we'll transfuse Jackson and start ice-water lavage.

(cheerfully)

He has a two-year history of bleeding ulcers.

KAREN

You seem delighted.

HALL

It may be the reason he survived.

(regarding baby)

If only our young gourmet weren't so normal.

KAREN

Let's hope nothing changes that.

HALL

(moving o.s.)

We might have to before this is over.

Karen reacts sharply, inadvertently pulling the bottle from the baby's mouth. The baby starts to howl. With the SOUND of his crying blending into the high WHISTLE of a jet,

SHOCK CUT TO

400

INT. COCKPIT OF A PHANTOM JET - CLOSEUP ON PILOT

400

His oxygen mask, disintegrating on his face, causes a hideous mottled effect. He crumples BELOW FRAME. HOLD for an instant

CONTINUED

400 CONTINUED

400

on the instrument panel, tilting to a CRAZY ANGLE, the instruments going wild, the SOUND of the diving jet CONTINUING OVER the:

STROBE CUT TO

401 INT. SCOOP MISSION CONTROL - DAY - A MAP FILLS SCREEN

401

PIEDMONT is marked in black letters in the middle of a shaded overlay circle designated: WF AREA. Beyond the circle, over the Utah border, is another overlay handlettered with a red X and the words: CRASH SITE. CAMERA CLOSES on the red X.

402 ANGLE ON MANCHEK

402

by the map on the wall; grim, turning INTO CAMERA.

MANCHEK

They should've dropped the bomb.

403 FULL ON ROOM

403

Manchek goes up to General Sparks at the main desk. The room is busy with extra men...SOUND OF teleprinter and RADIO CHATTER... Comroe supervises the communications desk (see Appendix).

MANCHEK

They should've dropped it two days ago, General.

SPARKS

That Phantom crashed a good sixty miles beyond the cordoned area.

MANCHEK

Men on the ground can't cordon off air space, sir. I just don't understand why the Wildfire Team hasn't beefed about the delay in 7-12. It's been almost two days and not a word from them.

SPARKS

(going to map)

I don't believe Piedmont has anything to do with this crash, Manchek. It was a fluke.

(pointing at pins)

The plane was only over the WF Area for two minutes -- at 23,000 feet. A routine training-mission accident, betcha. Pilot error.

(heading for door)

All set?

CONTINUED

403 CONTINUED

403

A Medic Captain jams some papers into a briefcase and tags behind Manchek and the General.

404 ANGLE ON MANCHEK

404

as he cuts over to Comroe at the communications desk.

MANCHEK

Check with Wildfire Message Center, Delta V. Make sure everything there is nominal. Send me the word on scrambler at Big Head crash base.

Manchek hurries after the General.

405 INT. LEVEL V - THE WARD ROOM OFF THE CAFETERIA

405

...The muted ticking of the teleprinter in the corner...Dutton sits at the table set for four with glasses of brown liquid and a meal consisting of three pills. As Hall enters, Dutton looks up.

DUTTON

I'm convinced we're being held incommunicado.

HALL

(sitting)

Very flattering. We don't know much more than when we got here.

DUTTON

We know about Scoop now. It's possible what Scoop found was no accident. I suspect they were looking for the ultimate biological weapon.

HALL

Sounds like you're getting a little paranoid in this funhouse. What does Stone think --

(smiling)

-- about the ultimate weapon, I mean?

406 ANGLE TOWARD DOOR

406

as Stone and Leavitt enter. They appear keyed-up.

STONE

We've isolated the organism. It's in Microbiology. We'll show you.

CONTINUED

pd #02034 116

406 CONTINUED 406

Dutton looks at Hall, rises quickly. Stone and Leavitt gulp down the brown liquid and pills before leaving.

407 INT. LEVEL I - DELTA V COMPUTER CENTER - FULL SHOT 407

A programmer, Captain Morris, sits before the main console punching through a Checklim program. Sgt. Burke, a diagram in hand, regards the exposed circuitry of the MCN console from which the side panel has been removed. The various computers hum and click softly. As a row of green lights blink on across the main console, Morris sits back.

MORRIS
Checklim program completed. All circuit banks nominal.

A teleprinter starts to clatter.

408 CLOSE ON MCN CONSOLE TELEPRINTER 408

as it prints out:
MACHINE FUNCTION ON ALL CIRCUITS WITHIN NOMINAL LIMITS

409 ANGLE ON BURKE 409

He tears off printout, hands it to Morris who comes over.

BURKE
Same on the MCN Console, Captain.

Morris, nodding, reads printout, then looks at:

410 THE MCN CONSOLE 410

with side panel removed.

VOICE OF SEN. FROM VERMONT
Just a minute, Dr. Robertson. You're saying Stone's ninety-million dollar facility, which you recommended, was knocked out by a sliver of paper? You tell that to the taxpayers.

411 TWO SHOT - BURKE AND MORRIS 411

crouched by the exposed circuitry in the console.

CONTINUED

411 CONTINUED

411

ROBERTSON'S VOICE

(defensively)

These were highly trained electronics men, Senator, looking for an electronic fault. The trouble was purely mechanical of the simplest kind.

CAMERA PUSHES in on the exposed circuitry and explores.

ROBERTSON'S VOICE

But for them, it was like trying to see an elephant through a microscope.

CAMERA SQUEEZES tighter on a bell and clapper beneath the circuitry -- so tight, the bell becomes unrecognizable.

ROBERTSON'S VOICE

The sliver had peeled from the roll and wedged between the bell and striker, preventing the bell from ringing.

412 BIG CLOSEUP - A SLIVER OF PAPER

412

between the bell and the striker.

413 CLOSE ON BURKE

413

snapping the panel back into place on the console.

BURKE

I don't know what those jerks at Scoop are beefing about.

STROBE CUT TO

414 and 415 OMITTED

414 and 415

416 EXT. A TEMPORARY LANDING PAD - SPECTACULAR UTAH COUNTRY - DAY 416

A helicopter lands. Before the rotors stop, General Sparks, Manchek and the Captain jump down. Several officers lead them over to a table in front of the operations tent. Their voices are drowned out by the 'copter.

417 GROUP SHOT - SPARKS, MANCHEK, THE CAPTAIN, AND OFFICERS

417

On the table is a radio and tape recorder. There's an exchange of talk drowned out by the 'copter. As the 'copter's engine is cut, the tape recorder is turned on:

PILOT'S VOICE

Albuquerque Center, Albuquerque Center. This is Air Force 446. Something's wrong.

ALBUQUERQUE

Go ahead 446. We read you.

CONTINUED

417 CONTINUED

417

PILOT'S VOICE

My airhose is coming apart, like it's dissolving.

ALBUQUERQUE

446, can you ---

PILOT'S VOICE

Everything made of rubber is ---

Abruptly the transcription ends, followed by unidentifiable NOISES, then silence. The men stare at the spinning tape.

SPARKS

A fluke. Vibration effect, maybe.

(looking o.s.)

Let's get up there.

Followed by the captain, he goes to a waiting jeep.

418 CLOSE ON MANCHEK

418

turning to an officer who only now clicks off the tape.

MANCHEK

Has Wildfire been informed?

OFFICER

You mean the germ people?

MANCHEK

Yeah.

OFFICER

It went out to them on the scrambler an hour ago.

From o.s., the jeep honks impatiently.

MANCHEK

This they can't ignore.

He runs to the jeep, climbs aboard.

STROBE CUT TO

419 INT. LEVEL V - THE MICROCHEMISTRY LAB

419

It has three small chambers, true glove boxes. Each glove box contains a piece of apparatus inside it, and on the outside, has its own computer console and viewing screen. Stone, his hands in the pressurized gloves, works with Hall at the first with a microtome and a microscope. Leavitt works with a mass spectrometer in the second glove box. Dutton and the MIC T operate an Amino-Acid Analyzer in the third. There's a burst of light from the spectrometer in the 2nd glove box.

420 CLOSE ON SPECTROMETER

420

Another burst of light....

421 ANGLE ON LEAVITT

421

Blinking, she turns from the spectrometer and punches a button on her console. She shields her eyes and looks at the viewing screen where a readout appears. Stone, Dutton, and Hall gather behind her to read the results. Leavitt hastily unshields her eyes. Stone gives her a quick glance. Dutton starts to smile at what he reads.

LEAVITT

(eyes on screen)

Shucks, nothing so unusual after all, our rock. Hydrogen, carbon, oxygen, sulfur, silicon, et cetera.

422 THEIR ANGLE ON VIEWING SCREEN

422

MASS SPECTROMETER DATA OUTPUT

ELEMENTAL PERCENTAGE SAMPLE SDO5 - BLACK OBJECT

H	HE						
21.07	0						
LI	BE	B	C	N	O	F	
0	0	0	54.90	0	16.00	0	
NA	MG	AL	SI	P	S	CL	
0	0	0	00.20	-	01.01	2.00	

STONE'S VOICE

Except the black rock isn't rock at all. It's some kind of material similar to plastic.

The readout on the screen flashes off to be replaced by:

MASS SPECTROMETER DATA OUTPUT

ELEMENTAL PERCENTAGE SAMPLE SDO5 - GREEN OBJECT

H	HE						
27.00	0						
LI	BE	B	C	N	O	F	
0	0	0	45.00	05.00	23.00	0	

END PROGRAM

LEAVITT'S VOICE

How about that? The green is even simpler. Hydrogen, carbon, nitrogen and oxygen.

423 ANGLE ON GROUP

423

regarding screen. Stone is pleased.

STONE

The four basic elements of life on earth. Nothing else. That's a relief.

DUTTON

I'd have been happier if it turned out not to be alive.

LEAVITT

(toward glove box)

Green stuff, you sure had us going for a while.

MIC T'S VOICE

AA Analysis results are ready, Dr. Dutton

The others move with Dutton to the 3rd glove box containing the Amino-Acid Analyzer. The MIC T gives place to Dutton, who sits at the console, pushes buttons.

424 CLOSE ON AA ANALYZER IN GLOVE BOX

424

A pen records on graph paper in a window on the device. The graph print appears as a lengthening, straight line.

DUTTON'S VOICE

Something's wrong. It's not registering.

425,
426 OMITTED

425,
426

427 CLOSEUP - MIC T

427

worried, his face pressed against the glove box glass.

MIC T

Yes, it is, sir. It's just registering double zero, double zero.

428 CLOSE ON STONE

428

STONE

Switch to computerized analysis.

429 CLOSE ON VIEWING SCREEN

429

The straight-line graph is replaced by a readout:

CONTINUED

429 CONTINUED

429

AMINO ACID ANALYS DATA OUTPUT

SAMPLE 1 - BLACK OBJECT
 SAMPLE 2 - GREEN OBJECT

	SAMPLE 1	SAMPLE 2
NEUTRAL AMINO ACIDS	00.00	00.00
AROMATIC AMINO ACIDS	00.00	00.00
SULPHURIC AMINO ACIDS	00.00	00.00
SECONDARY AMINO ACIDS	00.00	00.00
DICARBOXYLIC AMINO ACIDS	00.00	00.00
BASIC AMINO ACIDS	00.00	00.00
TOTAL AMINO ACID CONTENT:	00.00	00.00

430 REVERSE ON GROUP

430

reacting with astonishment.

LEAVITT

No amino acids!

DUTTON

No proteins, no enzymes, no nucleic acids. Impossible! No organism can maintain life without them.

HALL

You mean no earth organism. It must've evolved in a totally different way.

LEAVITT

You got it. It doesn't come from here.

DUTTON

Without chemical reactions, there can't be life. But it grows, reproduces....

STONE

The infection at Piedmont has been stopped by the bomb. We're secure at Wildfire and have everything we need to achieve a breakthrough. All we have to do is attack this problem like any other in science.

DUTTON

You could spend years working on a thing like that without solving its structure.

431 ANGLE ON THREE TV SCREENS

431

Side-by-side, they show: 1) THE SPECTROMETER DATA OUTPUT,
2) THE GREEN SPOT AT 1500 x turning green to purple, etc.,
3) THE AMINO-ACID GRAPH.

LEAVITT'S VOICE

(enthusiastic)

But when you do, there'll be some
red faces around. It could change
everything.

432 BACK TO GROUP

432

HALL

(feeling for key)

Great....

STONE

Ruth, since Kirke isn't here, you take
over the growth program in Microbiology.
We're half-way home if we find out --

(pointing)

-- what will keep that from growing. Charlie,
you work with me on the EM. Hall ---

(X)

HALL

Lemme get back to my patients. I'm
sure they were protected by the same
thing; some simple mechanism I just
don't recognize yet. There's got to
be something the old man and the baby
have in common.

STONE

Hall....

Hall turns. Stone holds up his hand, spreads his fingers.

STONE

Five minutes.

HALL

You told me before.

DUTTON

(gently)

We wouldn't want you to get too far
from a substation now.

With the SOUND of a VOICE over a bullhorn:

STROBE CUT TO

433 EXT. SITE OF THE PHANTOM CRASH IN UTAH - DAY - PANNING SHOT 433

SPARK'S VOICE ON BULLHORN

Men, keep a sharp eye out for
pieces of rubber.

National Guardsmen sift through the scattered wreckage. One detail digs up part of an engine. Other men collect pieces of twisted metal in sacks. CAMERA HOLDS on a soldier waving a white object in his hand.

SOLDIER

Major Manchek!

Manchek runs up to the soldier who thrusts the object at him.

434 CLOSEUP - A BONE 434

bare, smooth. It is turned over in Manchek's hands.

435 ANGLE ON MANCHEK 435

handing the bone to Sparks in front of the HQ tent on the site.

MANCHEK

Just found this, General. Human
bone. Arm, I think.

Tagged bits of debris are laid out on a table. Several men pack the fragments in cases. A lab-trailer is next to the tent. Sparks puts down the bullhorn, examines the bone.

SPARKS

Looks picked clean, almost like it
was polished.

MANCHEK

(expressionless)
That's right.

SPARKS

I don't get it....

436 ANGLE ON A WHITE-COATED TECHNICIAN 436

emerging with a plastic bag from the lab-trailer.

TECHNICIAN

There is no actual rubber on the
Phantom F-4, General. It's all a
synthetic plastic compound called
polycron.

CONTINUED

436 CONTINUED

436

TECHNICIAN (Cont'd)
(displaying transparent bag)
Has some of the characteristics of
human skin.

MANCHEK
What the hell is that?

437 CLOSE ON PLASTIC BAG

437

Inside the bag is the pilot's oxygen mask, eaten away except
for the plexiglass eye-holes.

TECHNICIAN'S VOICE
An oxygen mask. Polycron.

438 THREE SHOT - MANCHEK, TECHNICIAN, AND GENERAL

438

looking at the plastic bag.

TECHNICIAN
I'd say it was done by a chemical
reaction of some sort. Or maybe
a microorganism.

GENERAL
(taking plastic bag)
Meaning?

MANCHEK
Meaning there was something in that
plane that consumes plastic.

Sparks gingerly sets down the plastic bag.

439 THEIR ANGLE - THE REMAINS OF THE OXYGEN MASK

439

beside the smooth, polished bone on the table.

STROBE CUT TO

440 INT. LEVEL V - MICROBIOLOGY LAB - CLOSE ON A GLOVE BOX CHAMBER 440

A steady line of petri dishes flows through the chamber on
a moving belt. Each dish pauses briefly under a photo-
electric scanning system.

443 CLOSE ON PETRI DISH INSIDE GLOVE BOX 443

It STOPS under the scanning eye, in contrast to the other petri dishes which PAUSED only briefly, then moved on at a good clip. A cyclospot illuminates the dish.

444 CLOSE ON CONSOLE VIEWING SCREEN 444

showing the petri dish scan and readout.

497 ■ ■ CULTURE DESIG ■ ■ 497 ■ ■ ACID
=====

ATMOSPHERE DESIG ■ ■ N₂
LUMIN DESIG ■ ■ IR/HI

A printout in red flashes repeatedly across the top of the screen:

NO GROWTH NO GROWTH NO GROWTH

445 REVERSE CLOSEUP - ON LEAVITT 445

eyes glazed, motionless, the red light flashing on her face.

446 CLOSE ON PETRI DISH UNDER SCANNER IN GLOVE BOX 446

The belt begins to move again, taking the dish away. The next petri dish to go under the scanner also stops.

447 CLOSE ON VIEWING SCREEN 447

498 ■ ■ CULTURE DESIG ■ ■ 498 ■ ■ ALKALINE
=====

ATMOSPHERE DESIG ■ ■ N₂
LUMIN DESIG ■ ■ UV/HI

Again the printout in red flashes repeatedly:

NO GROWTH NO GROWTH NO GROWTH

It snaps off. Other scanner readouts, consecutively numbered, now appear rapidly, one after another, as before (See Appendix).

448 ANGLE ON LEAVITT 448

rigid, staring sightlessly at screen, obviously blanked out.

449 INT. MISCELLANEOUS HOT ROOM - LEVEL V

449

Hall, in a plastic suit, helps Jackson to a sitting position. Karen, also in a plastic suit, fluffs pillows behind him. Jackson puts hand on her bottom.

KAREN

(removing his hand)

Feeling better, aren't you, Mr. Jackson?

JACKSON

Yup. You always have to wear that iron suit?

KAREN

Yup.

The baby behind them wakes, starts to howl.

HALL

Maybe you'll give us the baby's name now, Mr. Jackson?

JACKSON

(good accent)

Manuel Rios. Mex.

(glaring)

A real little heller. Squalls mornin', noon and night. Neighbors wouldn't let 'em keep the windows open.

HALL

Do you sleep with your window closed?

Karen picks up the baby, rocks him. He quiets down.

JACKSON

No siree bob. Fresh air fiend.

HALL

(gently)

Tell us what happened, Mr. Jackson

Jackson lies back, turns his head away.

JACKSON

Don't want to think about it.

(closes eyes)

HALL

You know what people will say? Piedmont was bad. That's why it was punished. First the town went crazy and then was destroyed.

CONTINUED

449 CONTINUED

449

Karen, holding the baby, shoots Hall a swift, puzzled look.

JACKSON

(eyes snapping open)

You're crazy. Folks at Piedmont was good, decent, normal folks.

HALL

The man we found all dressed up in his doughboy's uniform -- call that normal?

JACKSON

Pete Arnold? Who used to work at the store?

(firmly)

It was the disease.

HALL

How do you know?

JACKSON

'Cause the only thing ever wrong with him before that night was sugar.

HALL

(quickly)

Diabetes? Did he take insulin?

JACKSON

Coupla times a day. Hated the needle. I tried to talk him into using Squeeze.

HALL

(to Karen;
thoughtfully)

Insulin...If he missed his treatment, he'd ---

The GONG CHIMES.

HALL

(patting Jackson)

Thanks, Mr. Jackson.

Jackson blinks at the suit which sags as Hall evacuates it.

450 INT. MICROBIOLOGY LAB - LEVEL V - CONSOLE VIEWING SCREEN 450

Below the scanner readout, the data reads:

566 ■ ■ CULTURE DESIG ■ ■ 566 ■ ■ BLOOD AGAR
 =====

ATMOSPHERE DESIG ■ ■ N2
 LUMIN DESIG ■ M/L

FINAL SCANNER PRINT

END PRINT

END PROGRAM

-STOP-

The GONG CHIMES twice.

451 CLOSE ON LEAVITT

451

fixed motionlessly on the monitor, apparently not hearing the signal. Now she stirs, coming out of the trance-like state, rubs her eyes under the glasses. She reads the scanner readout, finds the program has ended, swings around quickly to:

452 A CLOCK ON THE WALL - 12:05

452

453 CLOSE ON LEAVITT

453

Her face crumples.

LEAVITT
 (whispering)
 Oh, my God....

She buries her face in her hands, sits huddled at the console. She rallies, wipes her glasses, punches two buttons.

454 CLOSE ON VIEWING SCREEN

454

■ ■ PARTIAL PLAYBACK ■ ■
 COMMENCING WITH:

500 ■ ■ CULTURE DESIG ■ ■ 500 ■ ■ CHOCOLATE

It flashes off to be replaced by the scanner readout of CULTURE DESIG 500, and then others, consecutively numbered 501, 502, etc., which are displayed in a steady stream (See Appendix).

455 ANGLE ON LEAVITT

455

concentrating on the screen.

COMVOICE

Dr. Leavitt, you have a midnight conference. The signal has struck twice.

She looks surprised, then:

LEAVITT

I heard, I heard. I've been busy.

She pushes a button, turning off the console, and rises.

456 INT. WARD ROOM OFF THE CAFETERIA - LEVEL V

456

Stone sits at the table, downing his pills. Dutton, tired, sprawls in a metal lounge chair. Hall paces restlessly.

HALL

The important thing is that something can slow it down. I think it's some kind of blood disorder. If the old soldier missed his insulin treatment he'd go into acidosis, same as Jackson on Sterno. I'll bet Leavitt finds that the organism shows no-growth on some of the blood cultures.

DUTTON

What's wrong with the baby's blood?

HALL

Nothing -- so far.

STONE

Then you're back where you started.

HALL

No. Somehow they're all inter-related. I'll have the answer when I know why a 69-year-old sterno drinker with an ulcer is like a normal 6-month-old baby.

457 ANGLE ON LEAVITT

457

entering the room.

HALL

(instantly)

Did you get any no-growth readouts on the culture?

CONTINUED

457 CONTINUED

457

LEAVITT

No, but I'm not finished yet.

STONE

(surprised)

You told me you'd be finished by conference time, Ruth.

LEAVITT

(curtly)

I decided to play back part of it.

HALL

What for? The first time around should be enough to ---

LEAVITT

Knock it off, Hall.

STONE

We're all tired. Tired people make mistakes, draw wrong conclusions, drop things. That mustn't happen. Starting now, I want the team to get six hours sleep out of every twenty-four.

DUTTON

(standing, stretching)

Suits me. But before turning in, shouldn't we file for a code name?

STONE

Good idea.

Stone goes to the teletypewriter in the corner.

458 CLOSE ON TELETYPEWRITER - INCLUDING STONE'S HANDS ON KEYS

458

The message he types appears in lower case on a roll of paper that flows back into a bin filled with yards of messages:

wildfire to central codes

His hands lift. The machine spits back in capitals:

SEND

Stone's hands type:

have isolated organism wish coding

CONTINUED

458 CONTINUED

458

The hands lift. A beat...The machine CLATTERS back:

MESSAGE FROM CENTRAL CODES FOLLOWS
OPENING NEW CATEGORY
CODE FOR YOUR ORGANISM WILL BE ANDROMEDA
CODE WILL READ OUT ANDROMEDA STRAIN
END MESSAGE

459 ANGLE ON GROUP

459

considering the name from central codes.

DUTTON
Why Andromeda?

LEAVITT
Andromeda's our closest ---

460 ANGLE ON HALL AT THE MESSAGE BIN

460

HALL
Stone!

STONE
What?

Hall rips a message from a sheet, hands it to Stone.

STONE
(reading aloud)
'Directive 7-12 has not been acted upon. Alternative Directive 7-11 now in effect.'
(a stunned pause)
They didn't drop the bomb. The idiots!

HALL
(pointing)
It's an MCN transmission. Sent yesterday.

Stone moves swiftly to the console, activates a TV screen showing Delta V.

CONTINUED

460 CONTINUED

460

STONE
(hard, clipped)
Put me through to Dr. Robertson.

BURKE (ON TV)
In work, sir.

STONE
Burke, you didn't special alert an
MCN message to us.

BURKE (ON TV)
There haven't been any, sir. The
bell didn't ---

STONE
Don't argue, damn it all. I've got
one in my hand.

461 CLOSE ON ANOTHER TV SCREEN - ROBERTSON

461

in the Situation Room, hurrying forward into a CLOSEUP.

ROBERTSON (ON TV)
Well, well. About time we heard
from you.

462 MULTI-SCREEN

462

- A) BIG CU - ROBERTSON - UPPER RIGHT QUARTER OF FRAME
- B) INT. WARD ROOM - LEVEL V - OCCUPYING REST OF FRAME

The scientists turn toward the TV screen with Robertson's
image. Burke fades out.

STONE
There's been a communications foul
up here. Never mind that now. Why
in hell hasn't the bomb been dropped
on Piedmont?

ROBERTSON (ON TV)
The decision on 7-12 isn't final.
It's just been postponed forty-
eight hours.

DUTTON
By then the disease could spread
into a world-wide epidemic.

463 SINGLE SCREEN - BIG CLOSEUP - GRIMES

463

The Presidential Aide stabs his cigar INTO CAMERA.

GRIMES

It's because of rash statements
like that the President doesn't
trust scientists.

464 MULTI-SCREEN

464

- A) BIG CU - ROBERTSON - UPPER RIGHT OF FRAME
- B) BIG CU - GRIMES - UPPER LEFT OF FRAME
- C) INT. WARD ROOM - LEVEL V - BOTTOM HALF OF FRAME

The effect is to make the scientists seem insignificant
beneath the dominant figures over them. Leavitt answers
Grimes with a disparaging gesture.

STONE

Warn the President it may already
be too late. Stay on his back,
Robbie. You've got to make him
call a 7-12.

ROBERTSON (ON TV)

Can you get me another appointment
tonight, Grimes?

GRIMES (ON TV)

Now, let's all just keep our heads
screwed on.

(into CAMERA)

Any thoughts about the Phantom
crash? We sent you a coupl'a
messages on it.

The scientists look at each other in confusion.

ROBERTSON (ON TV)

A Phantom jet strayed over the
cordoned area around Piedmont.

STONE

Any other information?

CONTINUED

464 CONTINUED

464

ROBERTSON (ON TV)

The pilot said all the rubber on the plane was dissolving. His last communication was pretty weird.

HALL

Like he was crazy?

GRIMES (ON TV)

He was mighty confused, that's for sure.

STONE

(strongly)

Robbie, it's your job to make the President activate 7-12 immediately. If he doesn't, there's no guarantee anyone west of Piedmont will be alive in the morning.

GRIMES (ON TV)

Simmer down, Professor. I'll wake the boss, but General Sparks says the crash was just a fluke.

CAMERA STARTS CLOSING ON Images A and B (TOP HALF OF FRAME).

STONE

Forget the crash, Robbie. Stay on that 7-12. Get back to me.

(as CAMERA decapitates him)

We'll be working around the clock.

STROBE CUT TO

465 INT. LEVEL I - DELTA V - CLOSE ON BELL INSIDE MCN CONSOLE

465

from which the side panel has again been removed. Fingers pick a sliver of paper from between the bell and clapper.

BURKE'S VOICE

I've found the trouble, sir!

466 ANGLE ON BURKE

466

beside the console, holding up the fragment of paper.

CONTINUED

466 CONTINUED

466

BURKE

This sliver of paper kept the bell
from ringing.

CAPTAIN MORRIS

Of all the bolloxed-up, stupid....

BURKE

No harm done, Captain. The machine's
fine.

CUT TO

467 INT. LEVEL V - ELECTRON MICROSCOPY LAB - STONE AND HALL

467

Stone's arms are inside the set of pressurized gloves for the
glove box chamber; he and Hall concentrate on the interior
of the glove box. The lab is equipped with the usual console
and TV screens, a large EM viewing screen, a small microtome
viewing screen and an electron microscope in a glove box
chamber with outside controls.

467-A TIGHT ON 1ST GLOVE BOX - A MICROTOME

467-A

The moving blade of the microtome cuts from a tiny pyramid
of plastic.

467-B STRAIGHT-ON SHOT - SMALL MICROTOME VIEWING SCREEN

467-B

as the blade cuts curling slices from the block of plastic.

STONE'S VOICE

No good. We'll have to use a
different block.

467-C STONE AND HALL AT MICROTOME

467-C

STONE

(adjusting apparatus)
Damn microtome...Okay.

467-D DOWN ANGLE MICROTOME SHOT ON VIEWING SCREEN

467-D

A green slice peels into the water receptacle and floats.

STONE'S VOICE

Good slice, but too thick.

467-E TWO SHOT - STONE AND HALL

467-E

STONE
(adjusting microtome)
I'm setting it at 800 angstroms,
Hall, and I'm going to a higher
magnification.

Stone punches a button.

467-F HIGH MAGNIFICATION MICROTOME SHOT #1 - ON VIEW SCREEN

467-F

STONE'S VOICE
Now we're getting somewhere.

467-G ANGLE ON STONE AND HALL

467-G

regarding viewing screen.

HALL
Yeah. These can't be more than a
few molecules in depth.

467-H HIGH MAGNIFICATION MICROTOME SHOT #2 - ON VIEW SCREEN

467-H

After a few seconds:

STONE'S VOICE
That's the one -- that silver one.

467-I TWO SHOT - STONE AND HALL

467-I

HALL
I've picked up a few ideas from this
about microsurgical techniques.

Stone, already at work, grunts.

467-J CLOSE ON GLOVE BOX

467-J

Stone's gloved hand lifts the colored slice carefully with
forceps and sets it onto a small round copper grid. This,
in turn, is inserted into a metal button. The button is then
placed inside the electron microscope and sealed.

467-K FULL ON LAB - FAVORING STONE

467-I

He withdraws his arms from the glove ports, turns toward Dutton seated by the outside controls of the EM.

STONE

Sample in the button and sealed,
Charlie. Start the vacuum pump.

Dutton hits a switch setting off the odd chugging sound of a vacuum pump.

467-L CLOSE ON EM - FEATURING ITS NAME PLATE

467-I

SOUND of vacuum pump OVER....

LEAVITT'S VOICE

(from TV o.s.)

Stone, can I see you?

468 ANGLE ON LAB - FAVORING TV SCREENS

468

LEAVITT

(on TV)

I have the results of the growth cultures.

STONE

No, we can't leave now. We have an Andromeda cell in the EM.

The TV goes dark.

468-A FULL SHOT - LAB

468-A

Stone looks toward the large viewing screen.

STONE

Okay, Charlie, let's put it on the screen.

Dutton clicks on EM beam.

469 CLOSE ON EM VIEWING SCREEN

469

A B&W image comes INTO FOCUS labeled: 79,000 x. It is a perfect hexagon interlocked with other partially visible hexagons on either side. A faint fluoroscopic effect shows the interior divided into wedges.

STONE'S VOICE

Run it through the computer for contrast expansion, Charlie.

The screen goes blank an instant, then the hexagon image reappears in green and black, labeled: CON EX: 79,000 x.

470 ANGLE ON LEAVITT

470

entering, the door closing behind her.

LEAVITT

(urgently)

Stone....

STONE

(gesturing

at screen)

What do you think?

Leavitt, instantly caught up in what she sees, smiles.

LEAVITT

Looks like a crystal.

(turning, gesturing)

Well, gents, there's our answer.

471 GROUP SHOT

471

Everyone turns from the Viewing Screen to Leavitt.

HALL

To what?

LEAVITT

How Andromeda functions without amino acids.

STONE

The crystalline structure?

Leavitt steps up to the large Viewing Screen.

CONTINUED

471 CONTINUED

471

LEAVITT

Yes. I've often thought living matter might be based on crystals of some sort.

(pointing)

All these wedge-shaped compartments -- they'd serve to separate biochemical functions very well.

472 CLOSE ON VIEWING SCREEN

472

showing EM projection of Andromeda. The hexagons suddenly undergo several lightning changes into other configurations, returning in final form to a larger group of interlocked hexagons.

DUTTON'S VOICE

It's dividing....

473 ANGLE ON GROUP - FAVORING STONE

473

STONE

In a vacuum? Bombarded by electrons? It shouldn't even be alive.

LEAVITT

That's what I wanted to tell you. The growth program shows Andromeda can live on anything. Only gas or light affect it.

HALL

You didn't get any no-growth results on the cultures?

LEAVITT

None.

Moving to the console, she punches two buttons.

474 ANGLE PAST LEAVITT TOWARD TWO CONSOLE MONITOR SCREENS

474

lighting up. They show the scanner readouts of growth cultures numbered 126 and 542. The three men hurry over. (See Appendix).

LEAVITT

(pointing)

The poorest growth occurs in pure oxygen incubated under infrared light.

(turning to 2nd Monitor)

Andromeda grows best in carbon dioxide and hydrogen incubated under X-rays.

CONTINUED

DUTTON
 (peering closely)
 No excretions, no waste of any kind.

STONE
 You'd expect that. Andromeda's
 perfect for existence in outer space.
 Consumes everything, wastes nothing.
 (stops; jolted)
 Good Lord!

It hits Dutton and Leavitt at the same time.

HALL
 What?

STONE
 (into intercom)
 Stone to Delta V. Put me through
 to Robertson, immediately.

HALL
 What?

LEAVITT
 I hope we're not too late.

HALL
 (grasping Leavitt)
 Tell me.

LEAVITT
 (pointing at monitors)
 It functions like an atomic reactor.

STONE
 An atomic blast could provide it
 with enough energy to grow into a
 gigantic super-colony.

DUTTON
 In one day.

475 CLOSE ON TV SCREEN

475

lighting up with Robertson's image.

ROBERTSON (ON TV)
 Relax, gentlemen. We just left the
 President. He agreed to drop the ---

476 CLOSE ON STONE

476

STONE
 No! You've got to stop 7-12 from
 being carried out.

477 ANGLE ON GROUP AND TWO TV SCREENS

477

The second screen lights up with Grimes.

GRIMES

(waving cigar)

Now wait a minute, boys. We're not playing ping-pong. We just got through telling the President that ---

LEAVITT

Go back, for God's sake. It grows when exposed to x-rays or any energy source.

DUTTON

Tell him no nuclear device must be detonated anywhere near it.

STONE

We just found out Andromeda works like a little reactor. Converts matter to energy and energy to matter -- directly.

478 CLOSE ON TV SCREENS

478

Robertson whistles softly.

ROBERTSON (ON TV)

The bomb would only provide a fantastically rich growth medium.

(to Grimes)

Understand?

GRIMES (ON TV)

No, but I'll pass along the recommendation.

(grinning

into CAMERA)

The boss'll be pleased to know he made the right decision on 7-12 in the first place.

479 REVERSE ON SCIENTISTS

479

LEAVITT

Congratulate him on his scientific insight.

STONE

And Robbie --

(his tone casual)

-- better get the atomic self-destruct in here disarmed as soon as possible.

480 ANGLE PAST SCIENTISTS TOWARD TV SCREENS

480

On one Grimes now waits in b.g. of Situation Room; on the other, the CU of Robertson.

ROBERTSON (ON TV)

Right. I'll start on the clearances now. It'll be done by morning.

Hall, pulling out the key, starts to Stone.

DUTTON

(stopping him)

No. That won't work until the damn thing's going.

The room still in semi-darkness, the scientists look at each other uneasily.

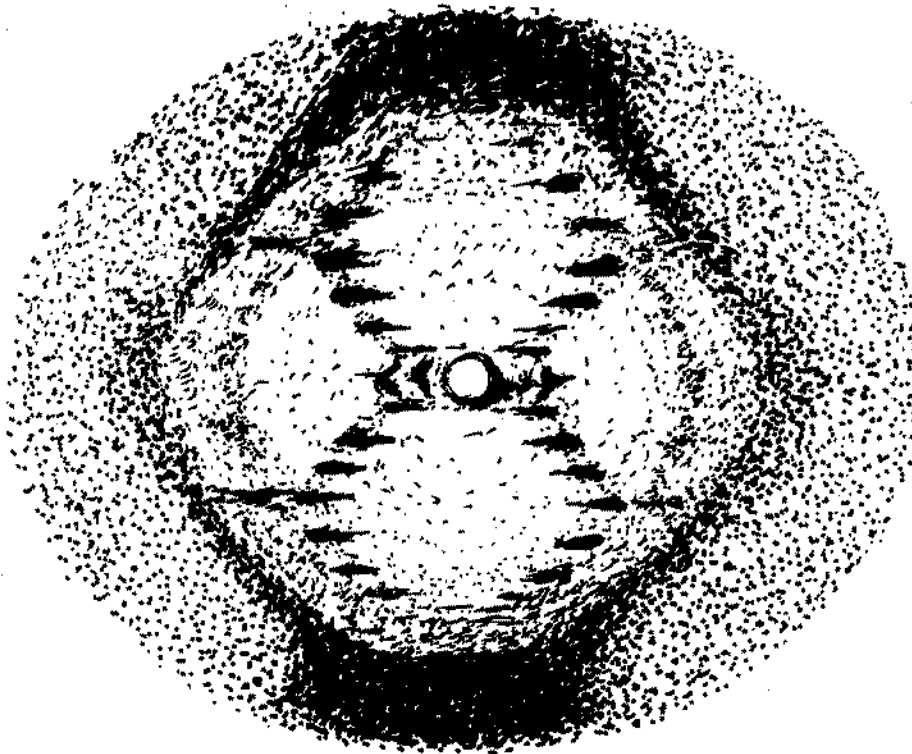
STROBE CUT TO

481 INT. CRYSTALLOGRAPHY LAB - FULL ON DIFFRACTION PHOTO

481

Dots outline three interlocked hexagons. Other dots indicate partial hexagons. The overall effect is clouded, mysterious.

LASER ENLARGEMENT 113,050 x



X-RAY CRYSTALLOG DATA OUTPUT
AS
DIFF PHOTO ANALYS
AS
ANDROMEDA MOLECULES
AS
2ND GEN

CONTINUED

481 CONTINUED

481

Stone and Dutton appear from UNDER CAMERA. Overshadowing them, the viewing screen takes up one wall.

DUTTON

All the molecules appear to be the same.

482 ANGLE ON LEAVITT

482

She moves to the Viewing Screen from the control panel of a glove box chamber that projects into the lab and houses the X-ray Crystallography unit.

LEAVITT

Yes. Andromeda isn't composed of different substances like a normal cell. The subunits are all the same.

STONE

Damndest thing I've ever --
(snorts)
-- a single substance.

DUTTON

Then how the hell does it operate?
How does anything so simple utilize energy for growth?

STONE

No way of telling from that structure.

LEAVITT

Yes, there is. With this new data we can now get a computerized version of how Andromeda functions.

She returns to the console, punches buttons.

483 FULL ON VIEWING SCREEN

483

going blank, then displaying another readout on the left.

COMP SIMULATION

ANDROMEDA O O FUNCTIONS

CONTINUED

483 CONTINUED

483

Now the green hexagons appear on the Viewing Screen in the same pattern as on the B&W photo. Abruptly the hexagons are triggered into a chain reaction (See Appendix). Beginning at the center, the hexagons explode and implode into hundreds of smaller, vari-colored geometric shapes. As they proliferate, they form into contiguous, purple bordered hexagons. When the entire structure becomes one giant hexagon, it turns green to purple to green, undergoing lightning configuration changes. This bursts into smaller, vari-colored geometric shapes and the chain reaction begins again.

STONE'S VOICE

Not uniform. Could be mutations.

Abruptly, there's a BUZZING sound. The screen goes blank, then flashes a number: 601

484 GROUP SHOT

484

DUTTON

What the devil....

STONE

A 601. Computer's overloaded. Too much data coming in too fast.

Leavitt disgustedly slaps the console panel. Dutton holds the side of his face as though it ached.

DUTTON

Dividing and mutating at the same time.

LEAVITT

And there's nothing to stop it. Normal earth checks and balances don't exist for it.

STONE

We'd better get a biomath mapping of its new growth potential and spread.

He punches buttons on the panel.

485 CLOSE ON TWO CONSOLE MONITOR SCREENS NEXT TO EACH OTHER

485

1st monitor shows a map of the U.S. southwest (see Appendix) overlaid with computer coordinates and labeled:

SCOOP PROJECT SCENARIO A-1-B

AS

WILDFIRE BIOWAR MAP

SIMULATED TOXIC EXCHANGE

AS

WEAPONRY - ANDROMEDA □ □ □ □

PRINT AS: STANDARD

2nd Monitor shows a distorted projection of the southwest (See Appendix) weighted for wind and population factors. The readout is the same as the other map except for the last line:

PRINT AS: WEIGHTED FOR WIND AND POP.

486 ANGLE ON SCIENTISTS - INCLUDING MONITORS

486

STONE

According to this, there'll be a supercolony of Andromeda over the entire southwest in ---

DUTTON

Jeremy! These are biological warfare maps!

STONE

(surprised)

Yes, so they are. Simulations, Charlie. Defensive. Just a scenario.

LEAVITT

That isn't the point, for God's sake.

(stabbing map)

Wildfire was built for germ warfare. Wildfire and Scoop.

(whirling)

You knew about this, Stone! You knew.

STONE

Not true, Ruth. I learned about Scoop the same time you did.

DUTTON

(appalled; pointing)

They've already got Andromeda programmed. The purpose of Scoop was to find new biological weapons in outer space, then use Wildfire to develop them.

LEAVITT

(contemptuously)

It stinks, Stone.

STONE

You're blowing your tops. We've no proof.

DUTTON

The map ---

STONE

(angrily)

Don't be an ass. This map only shows what Andromeda could do in the hands of an enemy.

DUTTON

Enemy? We did it to ourselves.

CONTINUED

STONE

Perhaps, but this is hardly the time to organize a protest.

LEAVITT

(sweeping a hand past maps)

Another giant leap for mankind.

She stabs down on a button. As the monitor screens go dark, she faces Stone again.

LEAVITT

I wish I could believe you.

STONE

Whether you do or not, the only important thing now is to find the antidote.

(turning)

Let's get on with it, Charlie. You test the cultured organisms for biologic potency.

Dutton pauses, then:

DUTTON

(sighing; leaving)

All right. I'll run them against a rat in Autopsy.

STONE

(following him)

I'm going to seal up the capsule.

LEAVITT

Watch it. Andromeda has altered. Its effect might be radically different. I'll try to get us a photo of the mutated form.

STONE

(a smile)

Good. Later you can carry it on the picket line.

crying hard. ANGLE WIDENS to show Hall, in his plastic suit, making the baby cry by offering and withdrawing the bottle. Jackson is burrowed under his pillows.

488 ANGLE ON KAREN IN SAFE ROOM 488

She watches Hall tormenting the baby, can't stand it any longer, scrambles into the plastic tunnel.

489 CLOSE ON HALL AND BABY 489

Hall continues to provoke him into a howling tantrum. Karen comes up in her suit, tries to grab the bottle. Keeping the bottle from her, Hall points at the gasping infant.

HALL

This may be the key to beating Andromeda.

KAREN

By starving him to death?

HALL

No, but don't you feed that baby until ---

THE EMERGENCY BELL GOES OFF WITH A SHATTERING SOUND. Hall and Karen spin around.

490 THEIR ANGLE - A BRIGHT YELLOW LIGHT 490

flashing in the safe room.

491 TWO SHOT - HALL AND KAREN 491

KAREN

(pointing)

Contamination!

492 INT. THE CORRIDOR - LEVEL V - ANGLE ON A FLASHING YELLOW LIGHT 492

The MIC T and another technician tear past.

A RECORDED MALE VOICE

A seal has broken in Autopsy. A seal has broken in Autopsy. Emergency procedures are in effect.

Hall, appearing on the run, hesitates at a self-destruct sub-station. He pulls out the key around his neck, keeps going. Leavitt emerges from Crystallography, runs after him.

LEAVITT

What is it?

HALL

Infection spread.

(pointing)

There.

Leavitt stops dead.

493 ANGLE ON AUTOPSY LAB DOOR

493

A red light flashes above it. Toby struggles with the door. The MIC T, other technician, and a girl technician mill around.

HALL

(rushing up)

Is he alive?

TOBY

I should've been with him!

(pounding the door)

Dr. Dutton!

MIC T

(pulling him back)

No use. It's sealed off.

Hall turns to continue down the corridor.

VOICE OF GIRL TECH.

Dr. Hall!

Hall looks over his shoulder, stops, comes back, puzzled.

494 ANGLE ON LEAVITT

494

She stands riveted, staring straight ahead at the flashing red light above the door, arms loosely at her sides.

MIC T

(inching away)

She's in trouble.

HALL

(coming up to her)

Ruth, are you ---

He stops, passes his hand rapidly in front of her face. No reaction. He glances back at the flashing red light.

GIRL TECH.

She's got the germ!

The technicians scatter. Leavitt's knees buckle. Hall catches her, stretches her out on her back. Her whole body begins to vibrate. He darts to the substation in the wall. Beside the substation is an intercom. He pushes his hand flat against the cluster of buttons.

HALL

(into intercom)

Someone bring a hundred milligrams of phenobarb in a syringe -- fast.

495 ANGLE ON LEAVITT

495

Her head starts to hammer the floor. Hall springs back to her, puts his foot under her head.

HALL
(shouting up corridor)
There's no danger. She isn't contagious.

SILENCE, except for Leavitt's moans, the red light flashing across her. Spittle dribbles from her mouth. Now her entire body raps like a tense rod against the floor. Karen appears running with a syringe in her hand. At the frightening sight of Leavitt, she slows.

HALL
Come on, come on. She can't hurt you.

KAREN
(approaching warily)
Wasn't she with Dr. Dutton?

Leavitt's convulsions slacken.

HALL
No. It's epilepsy. Give her the injection. She'll be all right.
(running down corricor)
Good girl. Thanks.

496 INT. MAIN CONTROL LAB - LEVEL V - CLOSE ON TV SCREEN

496

Dutton, trying to control his terror, looks out from the screen.

DUTTON (ON TV)
I'm scared. O Lord, I'm scared.

497 REVERSE ON STONE

497

at the computer console, looking INTO CAMERA.

STONE
(reassuring)
You'll be okay, Charlie. We're pumping pure oxygen through your lab now. We know Andromeda doesn't do well in oxygen.

498 ANGLE ON HALL

498

entering, spotting Dutton on TV screen.

HALL
He's alive!

CONTINUED

498 CONTINUED

498

STONE

Where've you been?

HALL

Leavitt had a seizure.

STONE

(flicking off intercom)

What?

HALL

Epilepsy. The light flashing at eight per second brought on a fit. Why in hell didn't she tell us?

STONE

Probably no top lab would have her if they knew. Insurance, prejudice, all that crap.

HALL

(snorting)

Middle Ages...

(indicating TV)

Amazing he's still alive.

STONE

(pointing to stop-clock)

It's been three minutes. He's on pure oxygen. I don't know how long that can hold him.

499 ANGLE PAST STONE AND HALL TOWARD TV SCREEN

499

Dutton, sitting at the console in Autopsy, covers his eyes.

STONE

(on intercom)

We're working on some ideas, Charlie.

DUTTON (ON TV)

Ask your germ warfare friends. They have lots.

STONE

Try to stay calm.

Dutton turns his back. Stone flicks off intercom.

HALL

What happened?

CONTINUED

499 CONTINUED

499

STONE

Seal must've broken in there. They had the same thing at the Lunar Lab. That's why we used polycron gaskets here. At least the rest of Wildfire's secure.

Now Dutton stares back at them from the screen -- a man waiting for death to strike, breathing in rapid gasps.

HALL

Poor devil. Look at the way he's breathing.

STONE

He's scared to death. The oxygen should relax him, slow down his breathing.

HALL

No! We want him to breathe fast. In Piedmont, Jackson was crocked on sterno. Sterno, acidosis. Acidosis, rapid breathing.

As Hall reaches for a knob, Stone grabs him.

STONE

What in hell are you doing?

HALL

Turn off the oxygen. Put him on room air.

STONE

(still gripping Hall)
But the baby, he's normal.

HALL

Cries all the time, can't catch his breath.

STONE

(releasing Hall)
Rapid breathing -- it just can't be that simple.

HALL

It isn't.
(turning on intercom)
Dutton, I think rapid breathing helps. Don't let the bug in your lungs long enough to penetrate blood vessels...I want to turn off the pure oxygen. Then you start breathing room air as fast as you can.

500 CLOSE ON TV SCREEN

500

DUTTON (ON TV)

No! I was running a test in here.
The air's thick with Andromeda.
Experiment with your own life, damn it.

501 TWO SHOT - STONE AND HALL

501

Looking INTO CAMERA.

STONE

We won't do it, Charlie. Take it easy.

HALL

I know I'm close...I'm sure it has
something to do with blood chemistry
and breathing.

The abrupt WAIL of the baby, then:

KAREN'S VOICE

Dr. Hall....

502 ANGLE PAST HALL - TOWARD 3RD TV SCREEN

502

It is separated from the one showing Dutton by a dark screen.
The 3rd screen shows Karen, in a plastic suit, holding the
baby's bottle, standing by the crying baby's bed.

KAREN (ON TV)

May I feed the baby now, Dr. Hall?
He's been crying steadily for ---

HALL

That's what I want. Keep him crying
and run another blood value on him.
Get his pH measurements.

KAREN (ON TV)

(slamming down bottle)

Yes, Doctor.

3rd TV goes dark. 2nd TV, showing LS Auto Analyzer, glows on.

503 TWO SHOT - HALL AND STONE

503

HALL

(turning to Stone)

With all the yelling, blowing off
carbon dioxide, the kid should have
too little acid. Alkalotic. A
blood condition just opposite from
the old man. Too much alkali.

CONTINUED

503 CONTINUED

503

STONE

What good does that do Dutton?

HALL

(to TV screen)

Karen, where's that blood test?

504 CLOSE ON 2ND TV SCREEN - LS TOWARD KAREN

504

at Auto Analyzer. She punches a button.

KAREN (ON TV)

Coming through now on your console.

The baby cries harder than ever. She proceeds past the old man to the baby, picks up the bottle. Jackson sits up, shakes his fist at CAMERA.

JACKSON (ON TV)

Hell of a way to run a hospital.

505 TWO SHOT - STONE AND HALL

505

bent over the test results on the console monitor.

506 CLOSE ON CONSOLE MONITOR:

506

SUBJECT CODED INFANT
RECODED MANUEL

<u>TEST</u>	<u>NORMAL</u>	<u>VALUE</u>
BLOOD PH	7.40	7.43

DIAGNOSIS: ALKALEMIA

507 TWO SHOT - STONE AND HALL

507

Stone spreads his hands.

STONE

Just what you expected. Opposite blood chemistries, the baby and the old man.

HALL

One of them should be a dead opposite.

STONE

But he's not.

HALL

(pounding console)

There must be a connection.

gc #02034 15

508 CLOSE ON 3RD TV SCREEN 508

Karen feeds the baby his bottle. In b.g. Jackson sips milk.

HALL'S VOICE

They both stayed alive at Piedmont --
breathing the same air. One's blood
too alkaline, the other too acid.

509 CLOSE ON HALL 509

as he stares at the screen, then:

HALL

Yes...

(explosively)

YES!

He spins around to the console, hits the intercom switch.

HALL

Dutton, I'm turning off the oxygen.
Breathe fast and hard.

510 CLOSE ON 1ST TV SCREEN 510

Dutton springs up with a cry:

DUTTON (ON TV)

No! Jeremy, don't let ---

511 TWO SHOT - HALL AND STONE 511

Hall cuts the intercom, stretches for a button. Stone reaches out.

512 QUICK SHOT - TIGHT ON HALL'S HAND 512

pinned down by Stone's grip, inches from the "OXYGEN" button.

513 CLOSE TWO SHOT - STONE AND HALL 513

STONE

No. The air in the room ---

HALL

Air doesn't matter. Blood does.
That's the answer.

Stone hesitates, releases Hall's hand.

ms #02034 155

514 CLOSE ON 1ST TV SCREEN 514
Dutton shouting SOUNDLESSLY.

515 TWO SHOT - STONE AND HALL 515
Stone looking into CAMERA, watching Dutton, Hall faced the other way at the console panel, punching off the oxygen.

HALL
I need thirty seconds to run a growth program.

STONE
He could die in thirty seconds. Besides, Leavitt checked all the growth programs.

516 QUICK SHOT - 1ST TV SCREEN 516
Dutton, chest heaving, watches them in near panic....

517 ANGLE FAVORING HALL 517
inexpertly punching in directions on the console.

HALL
She might've missed something. Epileptics blank out. I want to see how the growth of Andromeda is affected by blood chemistry. The pH -- Damn!!

518 CLOSE ON CONSOLE MONITOR SCREEN 518
ERROR MADE ON INPUT
ERASE ERASE ERASE
REPROGRAM ADP.

519 ANGLE ON STONE AND HALL 519
Stone shoots a glance o.s. at Dutton on TV.

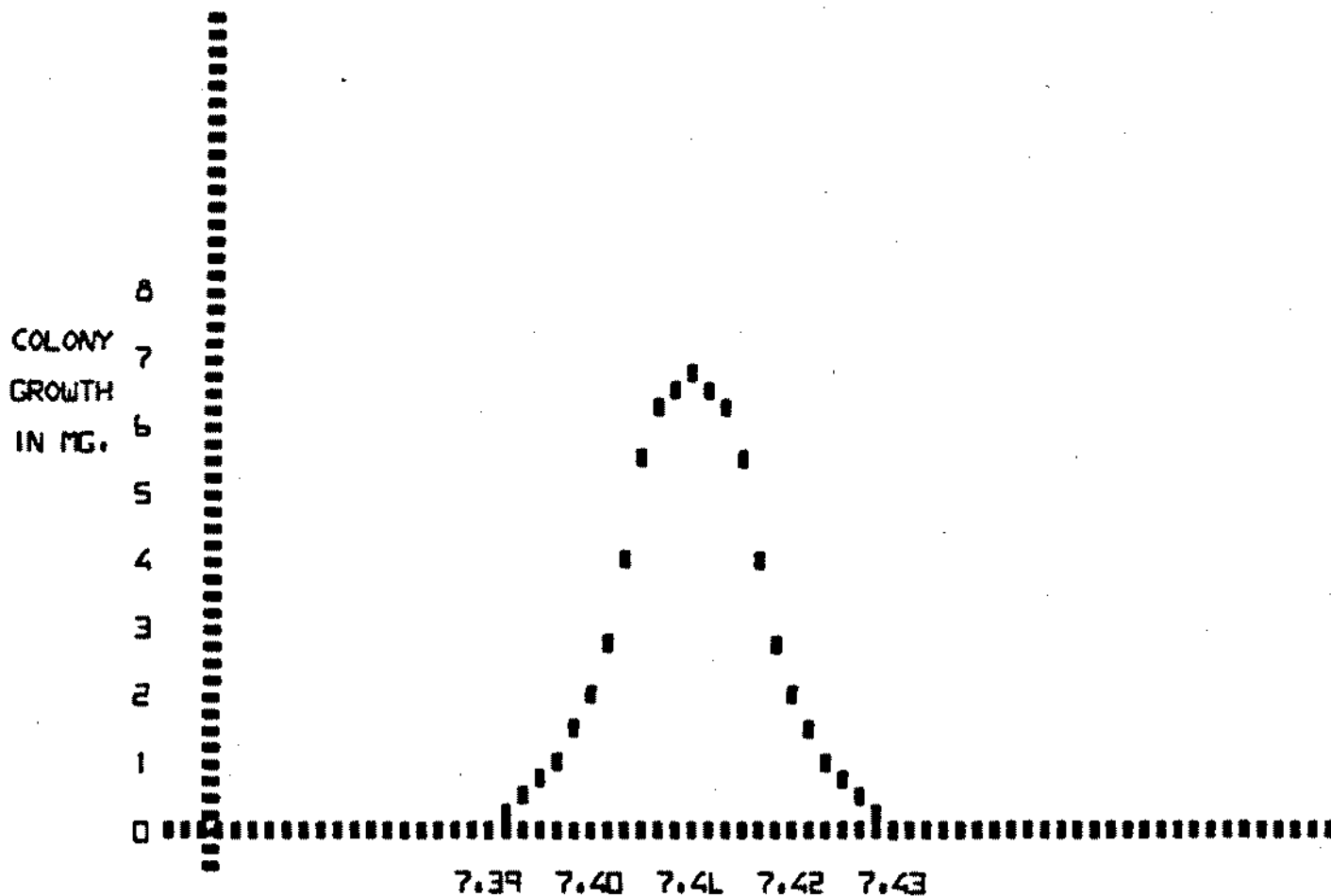
HALL
(standing)
You do it.

Stone, watching Dutton, hesitates, then swings into the chair, swiftly punches through the program.

520 CLOSE ON CONSOLE MONITOR SCREEN

520

A printout takes the shape of a graph:



ACID-ALKALI TOLERANCE RANGE

GROWTH OF ANDROMEDA
AS
FUNCTION OF BLOOD PH
CORRECTED FOR SKEW
REVIEW CHECK
END PRINT

520 CONTINUED

520

HALL'S VOICE

Excellent.

(finger pointing)

The graph's practically straight up and down. That means Andromeda can only exist within a narrow range of pH.

STONE'S VOICE

A very narrow range.

(hand gesturing
across graph)

On either side of the tolerance range, no growth -- nothing. Right? It's exterminated.

521 CLOSE TWO SHOT - HALL AND STONE

521

Their faces relax.

HALL

Our troubles are over.

STONE

(punching buttons)

Charlie, look at your console.

522 CLOSE ON 1ST TV SCREEN

522

Showing the CONSOLE MONITOR in Autopsy. The graph glows onto it. Dutton's face DIPS IN.

HALL'S VOICE

If your blood's abnormal -- if it contains high levels of acidity or alkalinity -- Andromeda can't survive in the body. So breathe as fast as you can. Go into respiratory alkalosis.

523 ANGLE PAST STONE AND HALL TOWARD DUTTON ON TV

523

Stone nods encouragement.

STONE

Fine that will shoot your blood chemistry to hell.

HALL

It's what happens to the baby when he cries too much or the old man on sterno. How do you feel?

DUTTON (ON TV)

Okay. A little dizzy, but okay.

524 CLOSE TWO SHOT - STONE AND HALL 524

HALL

(low)

He can't keep breathing like that forever. He'll hyperventilate, pass out. We've got to get him something to alkalize his blood.

STONE

(looking)

Can't in there.

(suddenly; pointing)

Charlie, behind you -- that cage....

525 FLASH SHOT - CLOSE ON 1ST TV SCREEN 525

Dutton about-faces to look into the hot room.

526 CLOSEUP - A RAT 526

The rat sniffs. CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal the rat on the 2nd TV screen beside the 1st, which shows Dutton staring into the hot room. Six petri dishes are around the rat's cage. 3rd TV is dark.

527 ANGLE ON STONE AND HALL - INCLUDING TV SCREENS 527

HALL

It's alive....

DUTTON (ON TV)

(shakily)

The rat's been exposed as long as I have -- longer. I exposed it to the cultures before the seal broke.

STONE

(smiling back)

Precisely. Andromeda has mutated to a non-infectious form.

A sudden red glow tints their faces. They swivel to:

528 CLOSE ON THE CONSOLE MONITOR SCREEN - RED 528

A black printout streaks across the red screen:

EARLY DEGENERATIVE CHANGE IN GASKET L5Y-001

529 TWO SHOT - STONE AND HALL

529

STONE

Holy....

He looks o.s. toward Dutton on TV, punches off the TV.

HALL

(fixed on monitor)

Where does that gasket lead?

STONE

Central Core, which connects all the labs.

The red glow blinks as though to get their attention.

530 CLOSE ON CONSOLE MONITOR SCREEN

530

Another printout streaks across the red screen:

DEGENERATIVE CHANGE IN GASKETS L5Y-003

L5Y-004

L5Y-009

531 ANGLE ON STONE AND HALL

531

apprehensively watching monitor.

532 CLOSE ON CONSOLE MONITOR SCREEN

532

More gasket numbers streak on at an accelerating pace:

L5Y-0011, L5Y-0012, L5Y-005, L5Y-0013, ETC.

533 ANGLE ON STONE

533

sorting out data as lights flash on and off the panel.

STONE

The gaskets are --

(hesitates)

-- decomposing. It's Andromeda....

The printouts stop. A SIREN GOES OFF.

534 CLOSE ON CONSOLE MONITOR SCREEN

534

It turns black. A readout in red flashes onto it:

GASKET INTEGRITY ZERO

LEVEL V CONTAMINATED

ns #02034 160

535 ANGLE ON STONE AND HALL 535

Hall, gripping the key, looks around hurriedly. A red light on the wall starts to flash.

STONE

(moving to door)

Next sector. There's no substation in this lab.

Hall rushes behind him into:

536 INT. CORRIDOR - ANGLE ON A SUBSTATION 536

in the wall some thirty feet from Main Control Lab. As they emerge, they instantly find themselves in a foot race with a steel door that slides out from the wall with a HISSING SOUND. Hall sprints, but the steel door closes in front of him with a THUMP. He turns to race in the opposite direction, pulls up sharply.

537 HIS POV 537

A steel door blocks off that end of the corridor.

A RECORDED MALE VOICE

Level Five is sealed. Level Five is sealed. Emergency procedures are in effect....

538 ANGLE ON HALL 538

Two red lights in the corridor stop flashing and burn steadily. Hall sweeps his eyes from one end of the corridor to the other. Stone comes up to him, shaking his head.

STONE

When the bomb goes off, there'll be a thousand mutations. Andromeda will spread everywhere. They'll never be rid of it.

A HORN cuts in, an ugly, ominous sound.

539 CLOSE SHOT - A PAIR OF CLOCKS NEAR THE CEILING 539

The hands on the stop-clock snap back to twelve. The segment on the face, indicating the first five minutes, glows red. The second hand begins to sweep out the time detonation will occur.

SEDUCTIVE VOICE OF GLADYS STEVENS

There are now five minutes to self-destruct.

ns #02034 - Rev. 1/28/60 161
(X)

540 BACK TO STONE AND HALL 540
HALL
(clenching the key)
What about the other levels?

STONE
(eyes on ceiling)
Can't tell. Each sector seals off when
it's contaminated. Even the elevator.

541 THEIR POV - SWIFT PANNING SHOT 541
the equipment, the clocks, the red light, the door to the
Miscellaneous Room, etc. HOLD ON an uncompleted substation,
marked SUBSTATION 16B - LEVEL V, in the wall.

542 TWO SHOT - HALL AND STONE 542
exchanging a look of bitter irony. Hall, with sudden hope,
shoots his glance o.s.

HALL
The ventilator ducts....

542-A POV - A VENTILATOR DUCT 542-A
in the floor. The grilled opening is sealed.

542-B BACK TO STONE AND HALL 542-B
at bay.

STONE
(sardonically)
The defense system is perfect, Mark.
It will even bury our mistakes.

HALL
(running o.s.)
What about the central core?

SEDUCTIVE VOICE
There are now four minutes and thirty
seconds to self-destruct.

543 ANGLE ON DOOR TO MISCELLANEOUS ROOM 543
as Hall, with Stone just behind him, pulls it open.

STONE
It's equipped with safeguards.

544 INT. MISCELLANEOUS ROOM 544
Hall and Stone plunging up to the window.

HALL
Like what?

545 THEIR ANGLE ON HOT ROOM

545

Karen hugs the baby to her, looking back at Hall in mute despair. The old man, with his bare feet sticking out, is buried under a pile of covers.

STONE'S VOICE

Gas and lasers. To prevent escape
of lab animals.

546 TWO SHOT - STONE AND HALL

546

HALL

What are my chances?

STONE

They don't exist for anyone, any-
where, if you stay here.

HALL

How do I get into the core?

STONE

(pointing)

Through the service port.

547 POV - PAST THE EMPTY PLASTIC SUIT - TOWARD SERVICE PORT

547

in the rear wall of the hot room.

STONE'S VOICE

Go ahead. I'll ride shotgun for
you in Main Control. Can't monitor
the lasers here.

548 ANGLE ON STONE AND HALL

548

Stone runs o.s. Hall climbs into the tunnel.

HALL'S VOICE

Karen, get me a scalpel.

SEDUCTIVE VOICE

There are now four minutes to
self-destruct.

549 ANGLE ON HOT ROOM - FAVORING PLASTIC SUIT

549

Jackson sits up in bed, ringing out his ear. As Hall stands up in the suit, Karen, still holding the baby, comes to him from the autoclave with a scalpel. Hall gestures behind him. Karen thrusts the baby into Jackson's hands, cuts away at Hall's suit where it joins the tunnel. A rush of air. Hall turns, rips the tunnel off along the incision.

gt #20234 - Rev. 1/22/70 163

550 CLOSE ON KAREN 550
watching Hall with dread.

551 HER POV - HALL 551
Free of his suit and helmet, he tentatively gulps in air.
With a nod to Karen, he signifies it's okay and hurries off.

552 ANOTHER ANGLE ON HALL 552
swiftly passing the old man who still holds the baby.

JACKSON
(beefing)
Hey, Doc, y'ain't leavin' us here,
are ye?

553 INT. MAIN CONTROL LAB - ANGLE ON STONE 553
seating himself at the console, flicking on the intercom:

STONE
The lasers are tuned low for small
animals, Mark. You can make it if
you're not hit along the spinal cord.

554 INT. MISCELLANEOUS HOT ROOM - FULL ON HALL 554
(X)
Hall, now in front of the service port, turns the wheel in
place of a knob and pulls. As the door swings open, the dis-
integrated gasket around the port crumbles. He scrambles
through the opening.

555 INT. MAIN CONTROL - CONSOLE MONITOR SCREEN - STONE TIPPED IN 555
A readout flashes onto the monitor:
ESCAPED ANIMAL
CENTRAL CORE
The readout blinks off, to be replaced by a crosshair gunsight
pattern, moving as though to locate a target.

556 INT. CENTRAL CORE - CAMERA EXPLORING 556
Dim, silent...Machinery is enclosed in casings up the sides.
The SIREN and HORN sound muffled and distant here. HOLD ON
Hall as he peers around desperately.

CONTINUED

pm #02034 164

556 CONTINUED 556

STONE'S VOICE (INTERCOM)
Ladder to your right. Go, man,
before the gas starts.

Hall lunges for the ladder, climbs. A piercing SOUND, like
escaping steam...His foot slips. He hangs on, glances down.

557 POV - A PALE BROWNISH BLANKET OF FUMES 557

spreading up from the floor.

STONE'S VOICE
That's the gas. Keep going.

558 UP ANGLE ON HALL 558

climbing.

SEDUCTIVE VOICE
There are now three minutes and
thirty seconds to self-destruct.

559 INT. MAIN CONTROL - CLOSE ON CONSOLE MONITOR SCREEN 559

Stone's face looms beside it. Hall's body is indicated by
an outline of red dots against the green background. The
superimposed crosshairs center on the spine.

STONE
The sensors have picked you up,
but you're almost there.

Stone's head blocks the monitor screen as he turns to:

560 CLOSE ON A TV SCREEN 560

It shows a laser device taking aim.

STONE'S VOICE
Duck!

A light-beam, so brief and fine as to be almost subliminal,
glints from the lens.

561 INT. CENTRAL CORE - THE LADDER - CLOSE ON HALL 561

ducking...A truncated HISS...On the wall near his head a spot
the size of a quarter (where evidently the laser struck) turns
ash-white.

CONTINUED

ms #02034 165

561 CONTINUED 561

STONE'S VOICE

Keep going!

Hall climbs.

562 UP ANGLE - TOWARD A CATWALK AND A DOOR 562

marked: TO LEVEL IV. Hall swings onto the catwalk.

STONE'S VOICE

Duck!

The HISS...A spot on a ladder rung where his head was turns black.

563 CLOSE ON HALL 563

As he grabs the door handle, a red light over the door begins to flash. He rams against the door. It won't budge.

SEDUCTIVE VOICE

There are now three minutes to self-destruct.

564 INT. MAIN CONTROL - CLOSE ON STONE 564

at the console, watching TV screen o.s.

STONE

No good. The level's contaminated. Go to three. Sway, weave. You're zeroed in.

565 QUICK SHOT - THE CONSOLE MONITOR SCREEN 565

Hall's figure, an outline of red dots, bobs in the crosshairs.

566 INT. CENTRAL CORE - LONG DOWN ANGLE ON HALL 566

SHOOTING along the laser lens which tracks him. Hall bobs and weaves. The barely visible thread of light glints from the lens.

567 CLOSE ON HALL 567

The HISS...He thrusts in the opposite direction...HISS...and a white spot blossoms on his cheek.

568 CLOSEUP - HALL

568

grimacing, closing his eyes, touching the spot, wincing.

STONE'S VOICE
Keep going. You'll make it.

SEDUCTIVE VOICE
There are now two minutes and
thirty seconds to self-destruct.

Hall opens his eyes blearily.

569 HIS POV - UP LADDER

569

The ladder now appears to him to be almost horizontal rather than vertical. He hangs on to keep from tumbling sideways off it.

SEDUCTIVE VOICE
(far away)
There are now two minutes to self-destruct.

570 BIG FUZZY CLOSEUP - HALL

570

closing his eyes.

STONE'S VOICE
(faint and fading)
No, Mark. You've got to....

SEDUCTIVE VOICE
(almost immediately;
very faint)
There are now sixty seconds to ---

The FUZZY CU almost blurs out completely.

STONE'S VOICE
Mark...Mark....

As FOCUS starts to clear, ANGLE WIDENS. With effort, Hall moves his arms, pulling his body behind them.

571 INT. MAIN CONTROL - ANGLE ON TV SCREEN

571

Stone, now on his feet, watches Hall making slow progress up the ladder. Hall falters.

STONE
Fight the effects. It's mostly
shock. You've lost a minute, but
you can still do it. See the door?

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572 INT. CENTRAL CORE - CLOSEUP HALL 572
His head turns INTO CAMERA. His eyes are glazed.

573 CRAZY ANGLE ON A DOOR 573
The door, nearly horizontal, is marked: TO LEVEL III
SEDUCTIVE VOICE
(fainter)
Forty-five seconds.

574 CLOSEUP HALL 574
He turns his head back slowly.

575 HALL'S POV - DISTORTED - HIS HANDS 575
His left hand grips the ladder, his right hand is clenched and pressed against a rung. An ash-white spot materializes on the back of his right hand. NO SOUND. The fist opens slowly. The key drops from it, FLOATING down WEIGHTLESSLY, down and down. It STOPS -- at the end of the chain fastened to his wrist.

576 STRAIGHT DOWN SHOT - ON HALL 576
pulling himself onto the catwalk, reaching for the door handle, missing it, groping, his depth perception off.

577 CLOSEUP - HALL 577
Pressed against the door, he pushes.
SEDUCTIVE VOICE
(faint)
Forty seconds.

578 REVERSE ANGLE 578
The door opens inwards. Hall stumbles into a small chamber, sways, the void of the central core behind him.

579 INT. MAIN CONTROL - ANGLE PAST STONE 579
standing before the TV screen, watching Hall.
STONE
You're in an airlock. Turn the wheel on the door.
Stone swivels to:

580 THE STOP-CLOCK ON THE WALL 580

The minute hand is almost at the red detonation line. The second hand passes the thirty-five second mark.

SEDUCTIVE VOICE

Thirty-five seconds.

581 INT. LEVEL III - THE AIRLOCK CHAMBER 581

Hall endlessly turns a wheel in place of a handle on the door to LEVEL III...A sudden SOUND of rushing air...The door flies open. Hall staggers forward, comes to a halt, looking around for a substation. None in sight.

SEDUCTIVE VOICE

Thirty seconds.

582 ANOTHER ANGLE - PAST HALL TO A GIRL TECHNICIAN 582

against the wall, looking at him in terror. He takes a step forward, extending a puffed, wounded hand that holds the key.

HALL

(hoarsely)

Where is it? Help me.

The girl gasps, runs from him, revealing a substation in the wall where she stood. A red light glows on it. Hall stumbles forward, goes to his knees two feet short of the substation.

SEDUCTIVE VOICE

Twenty-five seconds.

583 CLOSE ON HALL 583

He braces his left hand against the wall, forces himself to his feet. He tries to raise the key. His right arm won't move.

SEDUCTIVE VOICE

Twenty seconds.

He gets the key into his left hand, raises it, pulling along the right hand by the chain fastened to the wrist.

584 TIGHT SHOT - THE SUBSTATION AND HALL'S HANDS 584

the right one dead...The key in his left fumbles for the lock.

SEDUCTIVE VOICE

Fifteen seconds.

Finally the key plunges home, but nothing happens; the red light stays on. HOLD forever on it.

SEDUCTIVE VOICE

Ten seconds.

CONTINUED

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584 CONTINUED

584

Hall's left hand twists the key in the lock. The red light goes OUT, a green light blinks ON.

SEDUCTIVE VOICE
Self-destruct has been cancelled.

585 FULL SHOT - THE EMPTY CORRIDOR - LEVEL III


585

Hall slides to the floor at the foot of the substation.


STROBE CUT TO

586 A SATELLITE'S VIEW OF NORTH AMERICA AND PACIFIC OCEAN

586

Photographed from an orbiting satellite, the area displayed is the west coast of the continent and the Pacific Ocean, partly covered by cloud formations. A continuously shifting, computerized symbol {  -- } outlines the shape and movement of the Andromeda aerosol (computerized animation).



VIA NIMBUS 3 WEATHER SATELLITE
1400 HRS GMT
ANDROMEDA DESIG: 

TIROX GRID
AS
WORLD METEORLOG ORG

KAREN'S VOICE
...severe shock, but he's doing fine now.

CAMERA PULLS BACK from a TV screen and TILTS DOWN TO:

587 INT. LEVEL III - THE INFIRMARY - ANGLE FAVORING HALL

587

in a hospital bed. His face and right hand are bandaged. Karen, a male technician and the girl who fled in fear tend him. Stone, Dutton, and Leavitt, dividing their attention between Hall and the TV screen o.s., gather around the bed.

STONE

Congratulations.

LEAVITT

Eight seconds to spare. Hardly even exciting.

HALL

(glancing at TV)

What's happening?

588 ANGLE PAST GROUP TO TV SCREEN

588

They turn their full attention on it.

DUTTON

The supercolony's now off the coast and moving southwest across the Pacific.

STONE

But apparently Andromeda hasn't turned lethal again. At least there haven't been any reports of bizarre death.

CAMERA begins to MOVE IN slowly on TV picture.

LEAVITT

Yet. As far as we know, she's still mutating.

STONE

We're applying an adaptation of your antidote to it, Mark. Cloud-seeding.

As the TV screen FILLS FRAME, the first photo snaps to the right, to be overlapped by another, oriented further west and showing nothing but ocean. The printout on this second photo is the same as the first except for: 1430 HRS GMT.

STONE'S VOICE

We're seeding the clouds above Andromeda with silver iodide. The rain drops will carry the organism into the ocean. The alkaline reaction from sea water should kill it.

CONTINUED

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588 CONTINUED 588

DUTTON'S VOICE
Just like acids or alkalis in the
blood stopped it.

589 EXT. A SHALLOW PACIFIC OCEAN LAGOON - DAY - DOWN ANGLE 589

The clear, tropical waters permit a view of the coral formation,
plant life, etc., on the ocean floor. A few drops fall, then a
gentle rain shimmers the glassy surface.

590 EXT. THE MID-PACIFIC - DAY - PANORAMIC SHOT 590

Rain....

VOICE OF SEN. FROM VERMONT
This cloud-seeding business, Stone...
Are you absolutely sure it worked?
You better be.

STONE'S VOICE
All reports continue to indicate
the experiment was successful, Senator.

591 EXT. PIEDMONT - DAY - FULL ON MAIN STREET 591

littered with bodies.

VOICE OF SEN. FROM VERMONT
Then we can feel confident your so-
called biological crisis is over.

592 ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING CHURCH AND PARKED VAN 592

Perhaps the bodies of Shawn and Crane can be seen.

STONE'S VOICE
As far as Andromeda is concerned,
yes. We have the organism at
Wildfire and continue to study it.

593 INT. THE WHITE HOUSE SITUATION ROOM 593

Quiet...Just a few shirt-sleeved technicians present, sifting
through special mail pouches, decoding messages, monitoring
idle teletypes, etc.

STONE'S VOICE
We've characterized a variety of
mutant types, none dangerous.
Andromeda's rather astonishing in
its versatility.

594 EXT. WILDFIRE LAB - DAY - THE CORNFIELD AND AGRICULTURAL BLDG 594

STONE'S VOICE

We know now beyond a doubt that other forms of life exist in the universe.

VOICE OF SEN. FROM VERMONT

Thanks to Scoop.

594-A INT. SENATE HEARING ROOM - ANGLE ON STONE 594-A
at witness table.

STONE

(dryly)

Yes...however, with this new knowledge, there's no guarantee another --

(a slight edge)

-- 'so-called biological crisis' won't occur again.

595 UP ANGLE - SENATOR FROM VERMONT 595
on the rostrum.

SEN. FROM VERMONT

Hmph...What do we do about that?

595-A CLOSEUP - STONE 595-A

STONE

Precisely, Senator. What do we do?

596 MULTI-SCREEN - THREE IMAGES 596

A) ANDROMEDA - MAGNIFIED 100 x - LEFT THIRD OF SCREEN

looking like a green-flecked "rock" in a hole. (All projections of Andromeda are labeled: 100 x, 440 x, 1000 x, etc.)

B) ANDROMEDA - MAGNIFIED 440 x - MIDDLE THIRD

craggy peaks and green valleys that blink.

C) ANDROMEDA - MAGNIFIED 1000 x - RIGHT THIRD

the green patch swelling, filling in notched borders, turning purple, etc.

597 ANOTHER MULTI-SCREEN - TWO IMAGES 597

A) ANDROMEDA - MAGNIFIED 79,000 x - LEFT HALF OF SCREEN

the green and black hexagon interlocked with others... fluoroscopic effect showing crystalline structure, etc.

CONTINUED

597 CONTINUED 597

B) ANDROMEDA - MAGNIFIED 113,050 x - RIGHT HALF

the clouded, mysterious, B&W X-ray diffraction photo.

598 SINGLE SCREEN - ANDROMEDA - MAGNIFIED 113,050 x 598

exploding and imploding into smaller, vari-colored geometric shapes, proliferating, etc. SNEAK IN SOUND of computer printout starting

599 ANDROMEDA - MAGNIFIED 310,138 x 599

Large, FULL SCREEN, individual, infinitely various geometric configurations HURTLING INTO CAMERA. SOUND of computer printout BUILDS....

600 ANDROMEDA - MAGNIFIED 712,003 x 600

The organisms are so hugely enlarged, and mutating so fast, they appear simply as STROBOSCOPIC FLASHES OF JAGGED, COLORED LIGHT. SOUND of computer printout CRESCENDOS....

601 ANDROMEDA - MAGNIFIED 787,000 x 601

Just a PULSATING LUMINOUS GREEN GLARE ON THE SCREEN. The SOUND of the computer printout, racing faster and faster, roars to a CLIMAX. Abruptly SCREEN GOES BLACK...UNEARTHLY SILENCE. Three digits flash onto the middle of the black screen:

601

Then:

oo

DISENGAGE
END PROGRAM

oooooooooooooooo

-STOP-

APPENDIX

Sc. 65, p. 18: INSERT THE FILE

Stenciled on the cover is:

PROJECT SUMMARY: SCOOP

THIS FILE IS CLASSIFIED TOP SECRET

Examination by unauthorized persons is a criminal offense punishable by Fines and Imprisonment up to 20 years and \$20,000.

Sc. 70, p. 19: INSERT - THE PASSAGE STONE READS IN FILE

THIS IS PAGE 38 OF 274 PAGES

and funded through the PARPA.

The SCOOP PROJECT is under the command of Major General Thomas C. Sparks, U.S. Army Medical Service, Director of Biological Research Division.

The purpose of the project, contracted to the Advanced Jet Laboratory of the Wisconsin Polytechnic Institute in Madison, is to collect any organisms that might exist in outer space. The program includes the study and evaluation of actual or potential injuries, illnesses, or damage caused by new extraterrestrial forms of life, should any be discovered.

Consult CROSSFILE: Project Clean, Project Zero Contaminants, Project Wildfire. Copies Detrick, Hawkins, Dugway, NIH, Filed under NTK basis.

Sc. 72, p. 19: ANOTHER PAGE - TWO WORDS FILL SCREEN

"PROTECTIVE MEASURES"

~~In case~~ more is needed the following may be added:

The probability of contact between man and an astrobiologic life form is as follows:

<u>FORM</u>	<u>PROBABILITY</u>
Unicellular organisms	.7840
Multicellular organisms, simple	.1940
Multicellular organisms, complex	.0140
Multicellular with integrated organ systems	.0078
Multicellular with human capability (7+ data)	.0002
	<u>1.0000</u>

Secs. 78, 83 - p. 21: GENERAL'S POINT OF VIEW

The full text of Jeremy Stone's letter to the President follows:

This is the Xeroxed form, a clean copy and signed:

Laboratory of Jeremy Stone
Berkeley, California

February 12, 1969

The President of the United States
The White House
1600 Pennsylvania Avenue
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. President:

Recent theoretical considerations suggest that sterilization procedures of returning space probes may be insufficient to guarantee sterile reentry to this planet's atmosphere. The consequence of this is the potential introduction of virulent organisms into the present ecological framework.

In a true biological crisis, which our exploration of space could bring about, the present Lunar Receiving Laboratory might prove inadequate. I, therefore, urge the establishment of a facility to deal specifically with an extraterrestrial form of life. The purpose of this facility would be to limit the dissemination of such an unknown organism from outer space and to provide laboratories for its analysis.

I recommend that this facility be located in an uninhabited region of the United States, that it utilize all known isolation techniques and that it be equipped with a nuclear device for self-destruction, in the event of an emergency.

Yours very truly,


Jeremy Stone

JS:ns