

SPLICERS  
by  
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Man's best friend has just become man's worst enemy.

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SPLICERS

FADE IN:

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREET -- DAY

A tow truck hooks the front of a three year old sedan.

The TOW TRUCK DRIVER hits the lever, raising the front of the car off the street. It's noisy as hell.

Burned out businessman JIMMY WHALE shuffles down the sidewalk, cell phone to his ear, worn out briefcase in his other hand. He looks up when he hears the tow truck noise.

WHALE

Shit! Shit! I'll call you back.

He flips the phone closed, runs up to the Tow Truck Driver.

WHALE

Wait a minute! Wait a minute!

Tow Truck Driver finally looks at Whale.

WHALE

What's going on here?

Tow Truck Driver points to a sign:  
NO PARKING 4pm-6pm - vehicles will be towed.

Whale looks at his watch - 4:07

WHALE

Look, I'm sorry - my meeting ran late. My bad. Couldn't you just drop the car and ticket me?

Tow Truck Driver shakes his head.

WHALE

I'll give you twenty bucks.

Tow Truck Driver shakes his head.  
Whale pulls out his wallet, looks inside. Not much there.

WHALE

Thirty? Look, forty is the best I can do unless you accept bribes by credit card.

Tow Truck Driver shakes his head, secures the car to the tow truck in preparation to haul it away.

WHALE

This is a racket. A frigging racket.  
 You wait around until after four,  
 tow my car to some lot downtown where  
 it will cost me a ticket charge, a  
 tow charge and a storage charge -  
 not to mention hours from my life -  
 and does any of that money go to fix  
 frigging pot holes? No! I have to  
 get my steering aligned twice a year.

Tow Truck Driver hands Whale a business card before getting  
 into the cab of the tow truck and driving away.

WHALE

Thief! Frigging car thief!

When the tow truck is gone, Whale looks down at the card.  
 The City's Impound Lot - address and phone number.

EXT. PAY PHONE -- DAY

Whale dials the number on the card and waits.  
 Ring.  
 Ring.  
 Answer...

WHALE

Look, some jerk just towed my car.

MACHINE (V.O.)

You have reached the City Of Los  
 Angeles' municipal impound lot. There  
 is no one here to take your call.  
 Our hours of operation are 8am to  
 4pm Monday through Friday.

WHALE

Screw you! Damned frigging machine!

He slams the phone on the hook.

WHALE

Shit.

Whale looks down the street one way, then the other.  
 Then he sees the sign - METRO-RAIL SUBWAY.  
 He starts shuffling down the sidewalk to the subway entrance.

EXT. SUBWAY STAIRS -- DAY

Whale looks down the endless stairs going down.

WHALE

Shit.

He shuffles down the stairs, dragging the briefcase behind.

INT. SUBWAY STATION -- DAY

No place to sit. Almost no place to stand.  
DOZENS OF POOR COMMUTERS crowd the platform.  
Whale is jostled by folks even more burned out than he is.

A MEXICAN WOMAN stands next to him... she smells of sweat.  
Whale wrinkles his nose, moves away from her.  
The MAN he moves next to is eating smelly food.  
Whale resigns himself to bad odors.

Wind blows newspapers.  
An electronic whistle blows.  
A subway train roars into the station, stops...  
On the wrong side of the platform - going to Union Station.

Beep. The doors open.  
All of the Poor Commuters get on the train.  
Beep. The doors close.  
The subway train roars away...

Leaving Whale alone in the station.

The overhead LED sign reads:  
Next North Hollywood Train... 23 minutes.

WHALE

Shit.

Lights flicker.  
A noise echoes in the subway tunnel. A dog whining?

Whale walks down to the end of the platform.  
The dark tunnel mouth open to swallow him.

The dog whimpers again.

Whale looks into the dark tunnel.  
Sees a DOG cowering in the shadows.

WHALE

Hey, boy. What are you doing down  
here? You a stray? Get lost?

Moves closer to the cowering dog... Deeper into the shadows.

WHALE

How'd you get down here?

His hand reaches into the darkness to pet the dog.

WHALE

You hungry?

When he pets the dog's head, his hand comes away slimy.  
Dripping with gooey fluid.

Whale looks at his hand, takes a step back...

The dog's tail springs up - but it isn't a dog tail, it's a scorpion stinger! The stinger plows into Whale's forehead. Three inches of stinger pierces his skull. His eyes flutter - then stop moving.

Whale falls to the floor, dead.

The dog moves out of the darkness to claim its prey... But it isn't a dog at all.

It's some strange amalgamation of dog and scorpion. Leathery skin, a dog body, a stinger tail... And strange insect eyes.

The beast grabs Whale's body in it's jaws and drags it back into the darkness...

Seconds before a COUPLE walks down the stairs to the platform, chattering in Spanish.

The beast lays in the dark mouth of the subway tunnel and begins feeding on Whale's body, like a lion feeding.

Whale's battered briefcase is on the platform where he dropped it... Soon it will be all that's left of him.

Headlights from a subway train whites out everything.

INT. SUBWAY STATION -- DAY

Bright lights.

GRACE

Down a notch.

The lights dim a little, exposing GRACE PABST, TV News reporter. Pretty, ambitious, she plans to be off the remote patrol and behind the anchor desk within six months.

GRACE

Perfect. Ready to roll?

When the lighting is perfect, a HAND counts down and points to Grace on "one".

GRACE

Last night, yet another commuter disappeared from a Metro-Rail station. Forty three year old Business Administrator James Edgar Whale entered this subway station yesterday and vanished. Almost a hundred people have disappeared after using the Metro-Rail system and ridership is

(MORE)

GRACE  
down almost 50% - even with today's  
high gas prices. Many commuters have  
some rather unusual theories to  
explain the disappearances.

Interview footage of various COMMUTERS.

COMMUTER #1  
There's mountain lions in the tunnels.  
I seen 'em with my own eyes. Crouching  
in the shadows.

COMMUTER #2  
People go in but they don't come  
out. I think they're living down  
there, you know? Trying to get away  
from all of the bullshit up here.

COMMUTER #3  
They dug too deep and found the  
doorway to hell. You get a train  
with more sinners than Christians  
and click-clack it switches tracks  
and ends up in Hades.

COMMUTER #4  
Train wrecks. They got no drivers,  
it's all computerized, and the things  
keep smashing. City covers it up. My  
friend Sal was on a train that wrecked  
down there. Never saw him again.

COMMUTER #5  
(Spanish - translated)  
It's the Chupacabra - the goat sucker.  
It lives in the tunnels and comes  
out at night to feed.

Grace smiles at the absurdity, gives a rational explanation.

GRACE  
Nobody knows where these crazy rumors  
come from, but they've created a  
negative-buzz that hangs over the  
entire Metro system contributing to  
the decrease in ridership.

An empty escalator and an empty platform.

GRACE  
Are these rumors the work of oil  
company interests designed to keep  
commuters from using mass transit in  
Los Angeles?

(MORE)

GRACE

Though that may sound far fetched to some, a few decades ago a conspiracy of automotive manufacturers successfully dismantled the old Red Line trolleys in Los Angeles. Our city has been addicted to automobiles and fossil fuels ever since --

Grace freezes mid-movement, the open mouth of the Metro-Rail tunnel behind her, about to swallow her...

INT. PENTAGON BRIEFING ROOM -- DAY

Grace is frozen mid-movement on the wall-sized monitor...

FRANKLIN MURNAU sets the remote on the table in front of him and turns to address the room full of Generals and NSA Suits. An expert in gene-splicing, Murnau treats every situation as if it's an experiment and everyone as if they're a specimen.

MURNAU

I can assure you it's not an oil company conspiracy.

Gets a laugh from the room.

MURNAU

The truth is more disturbing. As many of you know, I'm in charge of the Eighth Day Project. Using genetic engineering we created the ultimate tunnel dog for military applications - specifically to root out Osama Bin Laden in the caves of Afghanistan --

Colonel R. C. MATHESON, career Army - even his underwear has a crease in it - raises his hand to interrupt.

COL. MATHESON

How are these dogs different than the ones we train at Fort Benning?

Murnau smiles and adjusts his glasses.

MURNAU

They're genetically engineered for the climate and terrain.

Murnau grabs the remote control - clicks on the video presentation which shows a German Shepherd. Hits pause.

MURNAU

Are you familiar with the Rover Project?

COL. MATHESON

Some sort of breeding program?

MURNAU

We created the world's most intelligent animal through genetic engineering. The Rover Seven has an IQ over 160 points on Stanford-Binet, designed to scout enemy positions, even work as a spy.

A shadowy NSA MAN throws in a question from the corner.

NSA MAN

The dog barks this information in some sort of code?

Murnau clicks the remote - the same German Shepherd wearing a headset with a small antenna.

MURNAU

A communication device was created to translate - a headset worn by both the animal and its trainer. Like a cell phone.

Murnau clicks the remote - starts the video presentation.

ON THE SCREEN

The Rover-7 in a laboratory, SCIENTISTS doing tests.

MURNAU (V.O.)

Our project began with genetic material from the Rover-7, which is attached to Army's 41st Scout Dog division...

They draw blood from Rover-7, who tries to nip at them.

UNDER A MICROSCOPE

The Rover cells. A gizmo pokes the cell.

MURNAU (V.O.)

Using the Rover as the base, I spliced in genetic material from desert scorpions and a small amount from the micrommata viresens spider, which is indigenous to Afghanistan.

The cells are combined, then removed.

MURNAU

This egg was transplanted into a female dog, who gave birth to a litter of five puppies.

## THE LABORATORY

Five puppies play with each other in a basket...  
 Except they all have scorpion stingers...  
 Some have pincher claws.  
 One of the puppies stings another - killing it.

Murnau and SCIENTISTS scramble to separate the puppies.  
 They have to use kevlar gloves to protect themselves.

## ARMY BRIEFING ROOM

Gasps from the Military and NSA men in the room.

MURNAU

I created a new breed of beast. On  
 the seventh day God rested, and on  
 the Eighth Day man created life.

Murnau hits the pause button on the four surviving beasts.

COL. MATHESON

What do these things have to do with  
 us?

MURNAU

The Eighth Day Project was housed at  
 a lab in an "Enterprise Zone" in Los  
 Angeles. During a rolling black out...

COL. MATHESON

You've got to be kidding.

MURNAU

The cages utilized mag-locks. All  
 four splicers escaped. We managed to  
 recover three of them, but the fourth,  
 a female, remains at large.

COL. MATHESON

This isn't a military operation,  
 it's an animal control issue.

NSA MAN

Eighth Day is a black bag op. Can't  
 exactly call in a dog catcher.

COL. MATHESON

So you called in the Military?

NSA MAN

You move in all the right circles,  
 fast tracked to get General stars,  
 friend of a friend of the President.  
 A man with a lot to gain and a lot  
 to lose. That's why you were selected  
 to command this mission.

COL. MATHESON  
Command who?

NSA MAN  
Special Forces team. The best.  
You're going to need the best.

Before Matheson can ask "why?" Murnau explains.

MURNAU  
The bitch was pregnant.

COL. MATHESON  
Excuse me?

MURNAU  
The female splicer. Somewhere in  
the sewers or subway tunnels of Los  
Angeles she gave birth to a litter.

COL. MATHESON  
A litter? How many?

MURNAU  
We don't know.

COL. MATHESON  
And these things are down there eating  
commuters?

NSA MAN  
The Mayor of Los Angeles has agreed  
to close the subway for 48 hours.

COL. MATHESON  
There's got to be miles of subway  
tunnels and sewers and drainage  
canals. How the hell are we ever  
going to find them in 48 hours?

MURNAU  
Use the Rover-7. It was designed  
for missions such as this. The  
ultimate scout and reckon dog.

COL. MATHESON  
Where do I get this dog?

MURNAU  
Fort Benning, Georgia.

Matheson nods.

EXT. FORT BENNING, GEORGIA -- DAY

The main gates at Fort Benning - a sign identifies the base and notes that it's the home of the Army's 41st Scout Dog Division and Scout Dog Training Facility.

EXT. TEST COURSE, FT. BENNING -- DAY

Sgt. PAUL JOHNSON supervises a group of SCOUT DOGS going through their final exam. Though Johnson moves with the power and confidence of a leader, he has the haunted eyes of a man who has seen too many people die.

Johnson pulls out his stopwatch.

JOHNSON

Ready? Let's go!

A dozen HANDLERS (who will be with the dogs for life) use hand signals to tell the dogs to creep, search, and track through the course.

Johnson follows the Handlers as they follow their dogs through the woods.

One dog moves ahead of the pack, creeping to a clearing. The dog stops at patch of dirt... The Handler shoulders his rifle, approaches the patch.

HANDLER

Gotcha.

The patch of dirt turns into a MAN - camouflaged.

Johnson smiles.

JOHNSON

We have a winner - Sgt. Keller and Flash. Time: one minute, fourteen.

Johnson congratulates the Handler, pets his dog.

EXT. JOHNSON'S ON BASE HOUSE -- DAY

Johnson goes up the walk to his house... Slows when he sees the three men standing outside his door. Matheson and a pair of armed MARINES.

JOHNSON

What do you want?

COL. MATHESON

You forget how to salute?

Johnson unlocks his front door, doesn't open it.

JOHNSON

I'm off duty. What do you want?

COL. MATHESON

We're here for the Rover-7.

JOHNSON

I'm his handler, you can talk to me.

COL. MATHESON

We'd rather talk to the dog.

Johnson shrugs, opens the door and enters.  
Matheson and his Marines follow.

INT. JOHNSON'S HOUSE -- DAY

When Johnson enters, SEVI, the genius IQ Rover-7 German Shepherd greets him with a wagging tail... Stops when he sees Matheson and the Marines. Sevi moves to protect Johnson - growling.

JOHNSON

It's okay, Sevi. They're here to see you.

Sevi stops growling, scampers off and returns a moment later with a pair of headsets in his mouth.

Johnson and Matheson takes seats - the Marines guard the door, rifles ready.

JOHNSON

Transmitters.

Matheson nods. Johnson puts one headset on Sevi, puts the other on his own head. Johnson can now hear Sevi's sarcastic voice in his earpiece.

SEVI (V.O.)

What the hell does he want?

JOHNSON

He wants to know why you're here.

Matheson explains the mission to Johnson.

COL. MATHESON

We had a black bag project code named Eighth Day working out of a laboratory in Los Angeles --

Sevi barks twice. Johnson nods, turns to Matheson.

JOHNSON

He prefers that you look at him when talking to him. He likes eye contact.

COL. MATHESON

Right.

Matheson turns to look at Sevi - feels strange.

COL. MATHESON

Using gene splicing, they created a mutation - part dog and part desert scorpion - designed to track down Osama Bin Laden in the tunnels of Afghanistan.

Sevi nods.

COL. MATHESON

A month ago several of these beasts escaped. We recovered all but one - a pregnant female - which seems to be living in the subway tunnels beneath Los Angeles... And feeding off passengers.

Sevi nods again.

COL. MATHESON

We need you to help a Special Forces team find these beasts so that we can destroy them.

Sevi barks, Johnson nods and translates.

JOHNSON

He wants to know where these devil-dogs came from. Who ran the lab?

COL. MATHESON

Franklyn Murnau.

Sevi growls - no translation needed.

COL. MATHESON

The splicers were created using your genetic material.

JOHNSON

Congratulations! You're a dad!

Sevi snarls at Johnson.

COL. MATHESON

You are the best equipped to find these beasts, because they're based on your genetic material.

JOHNSON

Set a dog to find a dog.

Sevi looks at Johnson and barks.

SEVI (V.O.)  
Murnau is a sadistic bastard.

JOHNSON  
Is this Murnau guy coming along?

COL. MATHESON  
They're his problem. He's involved  
in the solution.

SEVI (V.O.)  
I'll bite his frigging leg off.

JOHNSON  
Sevi doesn't want to work with Murnau.

COL. MATHESON  
Nobody else knows these things.

SEVI (V.O.)  
Keep him the hell away from me.

COL. MATHESON  
You're government property - we can  
force you to take the mission, but  
I'd rather have you as a willing  
participant.

Sevi looks at Johnson.

SEVI (V.O.)  
What do you think?

JOHNSON  
I don't know.

SEVI (V.O.)  
You going to hide under the stairs  
forever? Sooner or later you've got  
to get back out there.

Johnson nods - Matheson has no idea what Sevi is saying.  
Johnson turns to Matheson.

JOHNSON  
Okay - we're in.

COL. MATHESON  
I'm afraid there's been a  
misunderstanding, Sergeant. We're  
only interested in the Rover-7.

SEVI (V.O.)  
Deal's off.

Sevi turns and walks away. Matheson moves to his feet.

COL. MATHESON  
Where's he going?

JOHNSON  
We work as a team.

Matheson chases after Sevi.

COL. MATHESON  
Fine. Both of you.

Sevi stops, turns to Matheson, barks.

SEVI (V.O.)  
You screw us over and I'll bite off  
your nuts and crap all over that  
pretty uniform of yours.

COL. MATHESON  
What's he say?

JOHNSON  
We're in.

Matheson nods, heads to the door.

EXT. MILITARY TRANSPORT PLANE -- NIGHT

A C-47 transport plane zooms to Los Angeles.

INT. MILITARY TRANSPORT PLANE -- NIGHT

Johnson and Sevi sit next to each other in the plane.  
Sevi sleeps, Johnson's eyes drift closed as he nods off.  
The plane engines scream...

EXT. DESERT -- NIGHT.

A SOLDIER screams in agony somewhere nearby.  
Johnson blinks his eyes open - afraid.

Desert Storm. Darkness, sand and the occasional explosion.  
Johnson's unit is pinned down.

SOLDIER (O.S.)  
Help! Somebody? My legs. They're  
gone. Johnson? Johnson?

Johnson is paralyzed with fear. An explosion gives us an  
instant of light - we can see the overturned Humvee, wreckage,  
a half dozen wounded soldiers.

SOLDIER (O.S.)  
Help! I can't stop bleeding.

Johnson hunkers so low he's practically buried in the sand. An explosion nearby stops the Soldier's screaming.

INT. MILITARY VAN -- DAY

The passenger van hits a pothole.

Johnson's eyes pop open. He looks at Sevi on the seat next to him - worried that he's not ready for action.

Matheson sits in the passenger seat, on his cell phone.

COL. MATHESON  
We're pulling in, now.

Johnson looks out the van's tinted windows.

EXT. ARMY RESERVE BASE -- DAY

In the middle of suburban Van Nuys, a military base. The front gates are heavily guarded by a DOZEN SOLDIERS.

The Passenger Van stops at the gates.

FOUR SOLDIERS aim their Ar-70s. The DRIVER rolls down his window, holds out his military ID. A Soldier studies it.

SOLDIER  
(salutes)  
Colonel Matheson. They're expecting you, sir.

Hands the ID back to the Driver and nods.

The Soldiers re-aim their weapons and step back. The gates open and the Passenger Van rolls onto the base.

INT. MILITARY VAN -- DAY

Johnson and Sevi look out the tinted windows as the gates close behind the Van and the Soldiers go back to guarding.

JOHNSON  
What is this place?

DRIVER  
Reserve base.

COL. MATHESON  
We commandeered it for the mission.

JOHNSON  
Give the weekend warriors the day off?

COL. MATHESON  
They're still in Iraq.

Johnson nods.

EXT. ARMY RESERVE BASE -- DAY

The Van parks in front of a building.  
Matheson, Johnson and Sevi step out.

JOHNSON  
Got time for a walk?

COL. MATHESON  
A few minutes. We're waiting on the  
Mayor. Don't go far.

SEVI (V.O.)  
I just want to go. No dog-friendly  
facilities on that plane.

JOHNSON  
Gotta learn to stand like a man.

COL. MATHESON  
Excuse me?

JOHNSON  
Talking to the dog, sir.

Matheson nods. Johnson and Sevi walk to the trees at the  
edge of the base. Sevi sniffs a tree, decides on another  
tree.

SEVI (V.O.)  
Little privacy?

JOHNSON  
Sure. Sorry.

Johnson moves to the vine covered cyclone fence at the edge  
of the base, listens to the sound of the cars on the street.

GRACE (O.S.)  
You on the subway team?

Startles Johnson. He looks through the vines, sees reporter  
Grace Pabst on the other side of the fence, micro-cassette  
recorder in hand.

GRACE  
Grace Pabst, KNTV News. I heard  
they're sending a Special Forces  
team into the subway tunnels.

JOHNSON  
 Military cutbacks - instead of Jeeps  
 they give us tokens.

GRACE  
 Over a hundred passengers have  
 disappeared. What happened to them?

JOHNSON  
 No comment.

Sevi, finished with his business, sniffs around the fence.

SEVI (V.O.)  
 Smells good.

GRACE  
 Is that your dog?

SEVI (V.O.)  
 How come nobody ever asks me if that's  
 my human? Except other dogs.

JOHNSON  
 Yeah, I'm his master.

SEVI (V.O.)  
 Right. You expect anyone to believe  
 that?

GRACE  
 Is he a blood hound?

JOHNSON  
 German Shepherd. Trained for search  
 and rescue.

GRACE  
 So they think some of the missing  
 passengers may be alive?

JOHNSON  
 No comment. No comment. No comment.

Grace slides a business card through the fence. Johnson leaves  
 it hanging there.

GRACE  
 You ever feel like commenting - on  
 or off the record - that's my cell.

Colonel Matheson approaches.

COL. MATHESON  
 Johnson...  
 (MORE)

COL. MATHESON  
 (notices Grace)  
 Excuse me, Miss, this is a restricted  
 area.

Grace looks at his name badge and stars.

GRACE  
 Mister.. I mean, Colonel Matheson.  
 Have the Special Forces been called  
 in to deal with the subway --

COL. MATHESON  
 No comment.

GRACE  
 That's what he said - but the Mayor's  
 closed the subway, and --

COL. MATHESON  
 Off the record?

She lowers her recorder.

GRACE  
 Sure.

COL. MATHESON  
 A pack of mountain lions has taken  
 up residence in the sewer and subway  
 tunnels. The Mayor has asked us to  
 help out with this problem.

GRACE  
 You're going to shoot these lions?

SEVI (V.O.)  
 She want us to capture and  
 rehabilitate them?

COL. MATHESON  
 Eradicate them - Yes.

GRACE  
 There's a wild animal sanctuary --

SEVI (V.O.)  
 Unbelievable!

COL. MATHESON  
 These animals have to be put down.  
 They've killed people.  
 (to Johnson)  
 We're ready for you.

When Johnson turns to follow Matheson, he snags the business  
 card from the fence and pockets it.

Sevi scampers up to Johnson, walks next to him.

SEVI (V.O.)  
I would have humped her leg.

JOHNSON  
You'll hump anything.

COL. MATHESON  
Excuse me?

JOHNSON  
Talking to my dog, sir.

SEVI (V.O.)  
She was pretty enough - I would have  
done her human style.

JOHNSON  
The only pumping she's interested in  
is a lead for the news at six.

COL. MATHESON  
Excuse me?

INT. STAGING BUILDING -- DAY

A SPECIAL FORCES SQUAD checks their weapons and packs them  
in a pair of V-300 Armored Personal Carriers. All hard-asses.  
Matheson steps to a podium at the front of the room.

COL. MATHESON  
Settle down. Settle down. The Mayor  
of Los Angeles would like to share  
some thoughts with us.

The businessman MAYOR of Los Angeles steps up to the podium  
and makes his speech.

MAYOR  
Los Angeles is in trouble. Big  
Trouble. Due to the amount of auto  
pollution in the air, the EPA warned  
the city that they will close down  
the streets unless something is done.

While he drones on, Johnson checks out the Team.

MAYOR  
As you probably know, 70% of air  
pollution is caused by automobiles,  
and Los Angeles is the car capital  
of the world.

KURT NEUMANN tapes two AR-70s together so that he can flip  
them over instead of reload.

There are guys who order you into battle and guys who go into battle - Neumann is the latter and hates the former. A real badass.

MAYOR

Over 7% of deaths in this city are caused by pollution related illness. Mass Transit is the only answer.

REGINALD BLOCH, the company's medic, realizes the vehicle he was leaning against is filthy and tries to brush his uniform clean without getting anything on his fingers. A perpetual complainer, who would rather a more hygienic mission.

MAYOR

When technology created the automobile, we created a monster.

"ZEN" LEWTON wishes he were smoking dope at a Grateful Dead concert, sits in the lotus position on the truck hood. In addition to his AR-70 and tie-dyed flack jacket, he carries a samurai sword - David Carradine's his idol.

MAYOR

The solution to this problem is our MetroRail subway system.

ANNE DOUGLAS polishes her twin chrome 45 automatics. A third generation soldier who worries she won't live up to her war hero father's reputation. Even in uniform, she looks sexy.

MAYOR

But MetroRail is already struggling to get people to give up their cars.

BEN NYBY, a techno-intellectual who can repair anything from Jeeps to missile guidance systems. His gadget belt holds all kinds of weird weapons - plus knife shooters on his wrists.

MAYOR

We must do everything within our power to make sure the public will use it without fear.

CATHY ARNOLD, party girl man-eater, fixes her lipstick for battle. A standard AR-70 with a grenade launcher is strapped over her shoulder.

MAYOR

This crisis is not only hurting the commuters who use the system...

SEVI (O.S.)

Eating them.

MAYOR

...It's hurting the entire city.

BOB CASTLE checks out Arnold's ass. He's the company Romeo, whose weapon of choice is a cross-bow that shoots dangerous-looking bladed projectiles.

MAYOR

If the EPA decides to close down our city streets to automobile traffic, we will all suffer. The fate of Los Angeles is in your hands.

Matheson applauds. When no one else joins in, he gives each one the eye until they start applauding. The Mayor actually bows before leaving the podium.

JOHNSON

Well, he's got my vote.

SEVI (V.O.)

Canine Americans can't vote, yet. They won't even let us in restaurants!

JOHNSON

You have reservations?

SEVI (V.O.)

About almost everything.

Matheson stops clapping.

COL. MATHESON

The Mayor has given us forty eight hours to implement this eradication. We'll be aided by the Rover-7 scout dog on loan from Fort Benning.

LEWTON

(sotto)

Who let the dogs out? Who-who-who-who-who let the dogs out...

COL. MATHESON

So let's form two squads and take your place in one of the V-300s.

No one responds to Matheson's suggestion.

NEUMANN

(sotto)

Where did they find this guy?

COL. MATHESON

There are pocket terrain maps --

NEUMANN

Okay, ladies, let's saddle up!

(MORE)

NEUMANN

Grab a map and get your asses ready to roll. Two squads: Nyby, Douglas, Lewton, Dogboy and his pet are with the Colonel.

JOHNSON

Sgt. Paul Johnson and Rover Seven.

ARNOLD

The dog gotta rank?

NEUMANN

Sgt. Johnson, grab yourself an AR-70. Can you handle that? Or do you only handle dogs?

JOHNSON

Did a tour in Desert Storm One, sir. Missed the sequel.

NEUMANN

The rest of you are with me. Bloch, grab that flame thrower.

BLOCH

Sir, I'm the company medic...

NEUMANN

Did that sound like a suggestion to you? Okay, we've got forty eight hours to find and kill these fuckers.

The teams grabs maps, weapons, and climb into the vehicles.

CASTLE

I wanna ride with Douglas.

DOUGLAS

Think you can keep up with me?

CASTLE

Be fun to try.

LEWTON

Your reach exceeds your grasp.

Douglas brushes up against Johnson as they enter the vehicle. Sparks of attraction between them.

DOUGLAS

They let you bring your dog?

JOHNSON

Other way around - they let the dog bring me.

Douglas pets Sevi, who barks.

DOUGLAS

Good boy.

SEVI (V.O.)

She obviously doesn't know me.

When the teams are in the Armored Personnel Vehicles, Matheson pulls Neumann aside.

COL. MATHESON

Lieutenant, please don't forget who is in command, here.

NEUMANN

Sir, if you're in command you need to act like it. These men --

COL. MATHESON

Soldiers - there are two women.

NEUMANN

These men aren't going to listen to any politically correct desk jockey suggestions. They need orders. If you want to be in charge, you need to take charge.

COL. MATHESON

You trying to get written up, Lieutenant?

NEUMANN

No, sir. Just want to get through this op in one piece.

Neumann salutes Matheson, heads to his vehicle.

INT. V-300 ARMORED PERSONNEL VEHICLE -- DAY

Douglas sits next to Johnson and Sevi, watching the exchange.

JOHNSON

What do you think that was about?

DOUGLAS

Neumann's old school - doesn't understand the new Army.

Matheson climbs in, Lewton starts up the vehicle, takes off. The staging building doors open and both vehicles zoom out.

EXT. ARMY RESERVE BASE -- DAY

The Four Soldiers stand with weapons ready as the gates open and the two vehicles zoom out... followed by a third vehicle: an M-35 Cargo Truck. The gates close behind the three.

INT. V-300 ARMORED PERSONNEL VEHICLE -- DAY

They zoom down city streets (the V-300 can break 60mph, seats six, and can crush any movie star's custom Hummer 2).

Johnson spots the neuroscanner Nyby wears around his neck.

JOHNSON

What's that?

NYBY

Neuroscanner. Using electronic scan technology it registers alpha patterns in the frontal lobe --

DOUGLAS

Measures brain waves. Adjustable so that we can screen out lower forms, like rodents.

Lewton points the device at Nyby's head, hits the button.

LEWTON

I'm not getting a reading.

NYBY

Lewton, my mentacultural erudition is inundated, so my glossagraph appertaining to you is to eventuate my own intellectual preponderance.

LEWTON

What does that mean, Nyby?

DOUGLAS

He's smart and you're dumb.

Johnson laughs at her, decides to flirt.

JOHNSON

Nice guns. Can I look at them?

DOUGLAS

I don't know you well enough.

JOHNSON

Paul.

Extends his hand. She takes it and shakes it.

DOUGLAS

Sgt. Douglas.

JOHNSON

You have a first name?

DOUGLAS

Sure, but I don't know you well enough.

Shot down!

Johnson turns away from her... to Sevi who smiles at him.

SEVI (V.O.)

Shoulda gone for the news girl.

EXT. ACCESS ROAD -- DAY

The first APC veers off the street onto an access road, crashes through a cyclone fence gate and zooms down a ramp to the mighty Los Angeles River... a cement walled culvert.

The other APC and the cargo truck follow.

INT. V-300 ARMORED PERSONNEL VEHICLE -- DAY

In the other APC, Neumann checks his weapons.

NEUMANN

Clean ups and cover ups. Baby sitting yes man Colonels. Genetically Altered Beings. What a bunch of shit.

Castle watches Arnold put on her make up.

CASTLE

Plans for after the mission?

ARNOLD

If we wrap this thing tonight I've got a wicked party lined up. Lots of Hollywood boy toys.

CASTLE

I've got something you can play with.

ARNOLD

Stopped playing army years ago. Too easy to win. I like a challenge.

EXT. CULVERT -- DAY

The three vehicles zoom down the culvert at 60mph.

INT. V-300 ARMORED PERSONNEL VEHICLE -- DAY

In the first APC, Douglas notices Lewton checking his samurai sword - slicing his map with the razor sharp blade.

DOUGLAS

Better not let Neumann catch you with that sword.

LEWTON

The sword is my honor, man, I can not part with it.

SEVI (V.O.)

Too many fortune cookies as a kid?

DOUGLAS

Maybe we'll run into David Carradine while we're here and you guys can compare platitudes.

LEWTON

He's a god among mortals. I wouldn't know how to address him.

JOHNSON

Your Grasshopperness?

COL. MATHESON

Let's try to get our heads in the game, okay? We have a mission.

EXT. CULVERT -- DAY

The APCs and cargo truck skid to a stop in the cement sided culvert outside an underground sewer entrance near the Universal Metro station. Water splashes.

The teams exits the APCs with their weapons. Johnson and Sevi notice the cargo truck door opens and Murnau steps out.

SEVI (V.O.)

What's that rat bastard doing here?

JOHNSON

Murnau is coming with us?

COL. MATHESON

He's here for our protection. These animals are part of his project.

Murnau approaches Sevi, smiling, ready to pet him. Sevi growls, teeth bared. Snaps at his hand.

MURNAU

Is that any way to greet your creator?

SEVI (V.O.)

Keep the fuck away from me, assface.

JOHNSON

He's not ready for a reunion.

MURNAU

Pity. There's so much more I could share with the Rover Seven experiment.

Matheson sets the mission clock (LED alarm) for 48 hours and attempts to take charge.

COL. MATHESON

Okay soldiers. I'd like you to do a final weapons check before we proceed.

MURNAU

Colonel? Personal weapons and special ammunition.

COL. MATHESON

Right. The NSA has been kind enough to supply us with experimental armor piercing ammo for this mission. So make sure you swap out your shells.

Murnau has drafted Bloch to distribute new magazines for the AR-70s. He takes the old magazines before handing over new ones. Arnold and Castle load up with magazines - every zipper pocket is filled. Castle pops out a shell, studies it.

CASTLE

Weird tips.

COL. MATHESON

Experimental. Also the NSA asks that you leave behind your personal weapons.

MURNAU

They may not be effective against these things, and there's risk of a methane explosion. Neumann, please collect everything but the AR-70s.

Neumann reluctantly goes to collect personal arms. Castle whispers to him.

CASTLE

You're going to take away weapons before the mission?

NEUMANN

Just hide the thing, okay?

Castle covers his cross-bow, hides his knives. Neumann comes to Lewton, nods at the samurai sword. Lewton covers it up.

Neumann notices his tie-dyed flack jacket.

NEUMANN  
That regulation, soldier?

LEWTON  
Camouflage, sir.

NEUMANN  
We're invading the 60s?

As Neumann pretends to collect weapons, Matheson continues.

COL. MATHESON  
You have also been issued gas masks  
and methane detectors. Be aware  
that methane is not only dangerous  
to breathe, it is also highly  
explosive.

SEVI (V.O.)  
And smells like shit.

NYBY  
What about night vision?

COL. MATHESON  
We can't use night vision goggles  
with the gas masks... and there are  
no government suppliers that make  
night vision gas masks.

CASTLE  
Welcome to the new pork belly army.

COL. MATHESON  
Squad One under my command will take  
the subway tunnels. Squad Two under  
Lt. Neumann will take the sewers.

BLOCH  
Do you know how unsanitary this is  
going to be? Shouldn't we be issued  
haz-mat suits? Special boots?

NEUMANN  
Quit your bitching, soldier. Don't  
forget your flame thrower.

Bloch swears under his breath as he grabs the flame thrower.

NEUMANN  
Okay, ladies, you heard the man!  
Let's get to it! We've only got two  
days to kill these fuckers.

The teams enter the tunnel, Murnau going with Neumann's group.

INT. TUNNELS -- DAY

Daylight behind them, nothing but darkness ahead. One by one they click on the flashlights mounted on their rifles. Thin shafts of light do little to illuminate the tunnel.

They come to the Y at the end of the tunnel, and Matheson holds his map up to his flashlight.

COL. MATHESON

Squad One to the right - the subway tunnel is a hundred feet beyond here.  
Squad Two to the left - the sewers.

NEUMANN

Bloch.

Cuts off Bloch before he can complain.

The two squads split up, half as much light in each tunnel.

INT. SEWERS -- DAY

Dark, spooky labyrinths of corrugated steel and concrete, filled with dripping sounds and hoards of rats. Around any corner, the creatures might be waiting to attack.

Bloch covers his nose.

BLOCH

Oh, God, that's awful.

ARNOLD

Some of it's probably yours.

CASTLE

Mine don't stink.

ARNOLD

All that after shave.

NEUMANN

Keep it focused, ladies.

They creep through the sewers, five narrow flashlight beams and miles and miles of darkness.

INT. SUBWAY STATION -- DAY

Five flashlights touch the empty subway station. The platform - vacant, spooky. Matheson leads them along the rails, third rail giving off an electric hum.

COL. MATHESON

This tunnel is 2.5 miles long: from Universal City to Hollywood Blvd.  
Let's have the scout dog take point.

SEVI (V.O.)  
Right, and you'll have our flank?

JOHNSON  
He says: "yes, sir".

SEVI (V.O.)  
Bite me.

The enter the subway tunnel: Sevi and Johnson leading.

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL -- DAY

Everything is bathed in blue light, and the third rail hums with current. As they creep deeper into the tunnels, leaving the lights of the station behind, claustrophobia kicks in. Footsteps echo.

Sevi and Johnson are a dozen feet ahead of the group.

JOHNSON  
Picking anything up?

SEVI (V.O.)  
Something - it's not another dog.

Nyby hears something scurrying to the left of them - shines his flashlight - catches the tail end of something disappear into the shadows. Might have been a rat... might not.

NYBY  
You see that?

COL. MATHESON  
No. Keep moving.

The team moves deeper into the darkness, Nyby keeps his flashlight (and gun) aimed at the shadows where the tail disappeared... soon it is behind them.

INT. SEWERS -- DAY

Arnold has point, flashlight piercing the darkness. Sees a flash of something skittering ahead of them. Stops.

ARNOLD  
Something ahead of us. Moving.

Castle pulls out his neuroscanner. Points and clicks.

CASTLE  
I've got a reading.

Everyone has rifles ready. Neumann uses his lapel walkie.

NEUMANN  
Colonel, we may have found the gabby.

COL. MATHESON (V.O.)

The what?

NEUMANN

Genetically Altered Being. Whatever  
the hell we're looking for.

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL -- DAY

Matheson talks into his lapel walkie.

COL. MATHESON

What's your methane reading?

INT. SEWERS -- DAY

Bloch pulls the mask away from his face.

BLOCH

Shitty.

Neumann ignores him, checks his meter.

NEUMANN

Thirty six.

COL. MATHESON (V.O.)

No flame thrower, no grenades. We  
can't risk a methane gas explosion.

ARNOLD

This methane is bullshit.

CASTLE

Funny, I thought it was ours.

Something scurrying at them!

ARNOLD

Shit! Shit!

Arnold takes aim at the noise...  
Flashlight illuminating a hundred red eyes...  
But it's only a swarm of rats skittering toward them.

CASTLE

Rats.

ARNOLD

Friends of yours?

The rats skitter over their shoes, continue down the tunnel.  
Bloch tries lifting his feet to keep the rats off them.  
Can't lift both feet at once.

BLOCH

Oh, God, get off me!

Kicks a rat off his shoe, jogs to catch up with the others.

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL -- DAY

Sevi and Johnson turn a corner into a section filled with rats. They carefully step over the rats... it's creepy.

SEVI (V.O.)  
Murnau brought his whole family.

JOHNSON  
Rat bastard.

Not much light until the rest of the squad turns the corner behind them, adding to the number of flashlights.

Douglas sees something skittering in the shadows.  
Spins her rifle (and flashlight) quickly...  
Only picks up a tail (rodent or creature?).  
Keeps her rifle aimed into the darkness.

Sevi stops suddenly.

JOHNSON  
What is it?

SEVI (V.O.)  
Something. Smells strange. Maybe a  
hundred feet ahead of us.

JOHNSON  
We got something.

COL. MATHESON  
Nyby - take point.

Nyby marches past Sevi and Johnson, weapon ready.

NYBY  
How far away?

Before anyone can answer something springs from the darkness.  
A growling dog, teeth bared.

Nyby raises his rifle...  
The dog's stinger tail whips at Nyby's face!  
Nyby jumps to the left, the stinger misses.  
Whip! The stinger tail lashes out again.

Nyby dives to the side, rolls up and fires at the beast.  
The stinger tail just misses his left eye.  
Nyby corrects aim... and the dog yelps and runs away.

LEWTON  
Shit! Did you see that thing?

The entire team has weapons ready, aiming into the shadows that surround them. The creatures could be anywhere.

NEUMANN (V.O.)

Team One, do you copy? Matheson?  
We heard gunfire. Do you copy?

The walkie startles everyone including Matheson, who responds.

COL. MATHESON

We spotted one. Be careful.

They creep deeper into the tunnel, deeper into the darkness.

INT. SEWERS -- DAY

Team Two turns a corner, Arnold leading with her Ar-70.

ARNOLD

They kill one?

NEUMANN

Stay focused, Arnold.

ARNOLD

Give me something to focus on, Leuit,  
and I'll blast the shit out of it.

CASTLE

You've got a real potty mouth, Arnold.

NEUMANN

Castle --

Beeping from the neuroscanner cuts him off. Castle aims the neuroscanner ahead, right, left, behind them.

CASTLE

Five of them. Through that corrugated  
pipe!

They swing their weapons around. Murnau takes a step back. Echoes from inside the pipe - footsteps? Rustling. Everyone aims into the pipe. Scattered light from the other end of the pipe.

Arnold's finger tightens on her trigger - ready to fire.

JOHNSON (O.S.)

Hold your fire!

Arnold's flashlight picks up Sevi, Johnson, and the rest of Team One on the other end of the corrugated pipe. Team Two lowers their guns.

They wave at each other. Neumann yells through the pipe.

NEUMANN

Nothing in the east passage. We're going deeper into the sewers.

BLOCH

Wonderful.

NEUMANN

Bloch.

The team moves deeper into the dripping darkness of the sewer - away from the Metro tunnels. Away from Team One. Alone.

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL -- DAY

Sevi sniffs the air ahead of him, following the trail of the Splicer. Johnson keeps his rifle ready, flashlight piercing the darkness. His hands are shaking.

Douglas looks for traces of blood near the third rail. Dirt, dust, rat droppings... but no sign of blood.

DOUGLAS

Looks like you missed him.

NYBY

Incorrect. My proximity to the beast was less than a meter.

LEWTON

Did you see how fast that thing was?

COL. MATHESON

Please concentrate on the mission.

Sevi sniffs, getting ahead of Johnson... into the darkness.

JOHNSON

Sevi? Sevi?

No answer. Johnson creeps deeper into the darkness, away from the rest of the team.

A scream echoes through the tunnels.

Neumann's voice on the walkie.

NEUMANN (V.O.)

Colonel, you better get over here.

Scares the crap out of everybody.

INT. CAVERN-LIKE CHAMBER -- DAY

A high ceilinged hub of sewer tunnels: a brick and rusted steel cavern. Waterfalls of sewage in one corner opposite a pitch black area with a sloped ceiling where...

All of the flashlights are aimed into the dark corner...  
At a cluster of giant reptilian eggs...  
Each about four feet tall...  
All hatched.

SEVI (V.O.)  
Not your standard litter.

ARNOLD  
I count a dozen, sir.

DOUGLAS  
Baker's dozen.

She shines her flashlight at one of the eggs - split down the middle by a membrane.

DOUGLAS  
This one looks like twins.

Arnold pulls a click-counter out of her pocket.

ARNOLD  
Bet I can kill all thirteen.

CASTLE  
Deal. If I kill them all, I get to sleep with you. If you kill them, you get to sleep with me.

ARNOLD  
In your dreams. I kill all thirteen, you walk through West Hollywood naked.

CASTLE  
Hollywood? They get a look at my equipment, they'll make me a star.

ARNOLD  
West Hollywood. A hundred guys will hit on you, grope you, treat you like meat.

CASTLE  
I win, you and me do the nasty. Ten times, any position I want.

ARNOLD  
We're talking, what? Half an hour? Sure. You're on.

CASTLE  
I will be. Then I'll get off.

Matheson looks around, and notices that Bloch is missing.

COL. MATHESON

Bloch? Bloch? Anyone seen Bloch?

NEUMANN

It's been a while since I heard his whining.

LEWTON

Probably steam cleaning his boots.

Matheson tries the walkie talkie.

COL. MATHESON

Bloch? Block?

No response. Matheson looks at Murnau, frowns.

COL. MATHESON

You know where he is?

MURNAU

Of course not.

But maybe he does. Neumann grabs Nyby's shoulder.

NEUMANN

Find him. He's not far - probably just taking a piss somewhere.

Nyby nods and starts searching the nooks, crannies and tunnels that connect to the Cavern-like Chamber.

Nyby moves away from the group... and the combined light from everyone's flashlights. Into the darkness.

Soon he's alone in the dark.

Turning around dark, shadowed corners, through wet cobwebs and under dripping pipes. A lone flashlight.

INT. CUL-DE-SAC -- DAY

Scurrying sounds. Flashlight picks up rats in the darkness.

A mewling sound. Flashlight aims into a dark clu-de-sac.

A human face in the shadows!

Another face. Another! Another!

Three dozen people trapped in a giant spider web.

NYBY

Oh my God!

Nyby drops the flashlight. It rolls across the floor, light flickering over the dead faces.

Searches for the flashlight - hand reaching into the darkness. Grabs something...

Something moving!  
Drops the squirming rat and tries again.

COL. MATHESON (V.O.)  
What is it?

His radio squawks with Matheson's voice, startling him.

NYBY  
Sir, I found something... terrible.

He finds his flashlight, aims it at the web...

INT. CUL-DE-SAC -- LATER

All of the flashlights aim at the giant spider web, filled with a three dozen MetroRail passengers. Some cocooned in the webs. Others are partially eaten.

NYBY  
What is it?

JOHNSON  
Leftovers. This is their pantry.  
Whatever they couldn't eat, they  
sealed up in here for later.

Murnau probes one of the commuters with his flashlight...  
Jimmy Whale (from the opening scene).

MURNAU  
Fascinating.

LEWTON  
It's fucking weird, man! Creepy.

Lewton is ranting so loud, it takes them a while to notice the beeps coming from their neuroscanners.

LEWTON  
What happens if we lose, man? We  
end up dinner? Things'll eat us?

CASTLE  
Shut up! I've got eight of them.  
Charging right at us!

COL. MATHESON  
Eight? Um. Neumann, take --

Before Matheson can finish, six snarling German Shepherds with scorpion stinger tails spring from the shadows.

ARNOLD  
Rock and roll time!

As the dog-creatures charge, Arnold fires her machine gun.

ARNOLD

Here boy!

A dog-creature springs from the shadows at her. She spins out of the way gracefully, and the dog-creature misses. She fires at its flank as it skids away.

ARNOLD

Bad doggy.

Another dog-creature springs from the dark, stinger jabbing. She spins out of the way, almost a pirouette, blasts it. Spins and fires, spins and fires - almost dancing. Every time she hits one, she clicks her counter.

Lewton fires in panic, blasting at shadows.

LEWTON

Stay back, man! Just fucking stay away from me!

One of the dog-creatures springs from the shadows. Lewton blasts at it, misses, tries to correct aim. The beast whips its stinger tail around, knocks the gun out of his hands. It goes skittering away.

LEWTON

That's not fair, man!

The beast's stinger-tail strikes out at him. Lewton steps to the side, the stinger misses. The stinger strikes again and again, Lewton jumping out of the way as he tries to grab his fallen gun.

LEWTON

There you are!

Grabs his gun off the floor as the stinger-tail strikes. Blasts the dog-creature as the tail hits his boot.

LEWTON

Just stay the fuck away, okay?

Castle uses his laser sight to find movement in the darkness. Fires, as if it's a shooting gallery Nintendo game. Hits one of the dog-creatures.

CASTLE

Ten points.

When he swivels to the next target, fires, he misses.

CASTLE

No score.

Swivels to the next target... which is springing at him!

CASTLE

Shit!

The dog-creature whips its stinger-tail at him. Castle ducks - bobbing like a boxer as the tail strikes again and again. Finally he reaches out and GRABS the stinger tail.

Pulls the snarling dog-creature closer by the tail...  
Fires point blank at the creature's leathery chest.

CASTLE

Twenty points.

The dog-creature is blasted back into the darkness.

Johnson is frozen in fear. Ar-70 aimed into the shadows. Sweat dripping from his face. Fear in his eyes.

Sevi cowers in a corner, watching in horror as each dog-creature springs from the darkness.

Douglas trains her laser sight into the shadows - when she sees something moving she aims... but the dog-creature disappears back into the shadows.

DOUGLAS

Come on - show yourself.

Suddenly a dog-creature charges from the dark.  
Douglas fires.  
Hits the dog-creature, flipping it back.

When she aims the rifle back to the darkness, the downed dog-creature gets back onto its feet and charges again.

Douglas fires.  
Hits the dog-creature...  
.....flipping it over...  
.....back onto its feet!  
It continues its charge!

Douglas fires again. Blasting the dog-creature seconds before it would have reached her. It lands at her feet - unmoving.

Nyby adjusts his laser-sight.

NYBY

Off by two meters! Is no one able  
to do precision adjustments any more?

He continues adjusting the laser-sight as all hell breaks lose around him.

Neumann spots something in the darkness - maybe a couple of devil-dogs, runs through an entire clip. His Ar-70 clicks dry... but he has another one taped to it.

NEUMANN

Come and get it!

Flips his Ar-70s so that the fresh gun is in his hand... but it's too late. A dog-creature springs from the shadows and slams him to the floor. Growling viciously, mouth right in Neumann's face.

NEUMANN

What the hell you been eating?

Neumann wrestles the AR-70 around to the creature's chest - but is it the full gun or empty one?

The stinger-tail slices towards his throat.

Click - the empty gun.

Neumann flips the gun again.

The stinger tail whips at him.

Neumann blows the creature off him with a burst from the machine gun.

Matheson looks dazed. Rifle in his hands, aimed at the darkness, but he's not firing. He's mumbling a prayer.

COL. MATHESON

Jesus, please help me. Grant me  
safe passage. Help me, Jesus.

Scorpion-dogs keep springing from shadows...  
And getting blasted by the team. When all eight beasts are  
down, Neumann holds up a hand to cease fire.

NEUMANN

Cease fire! Okay! Can it.

The guns stop - and the silence is eerie.

NEUMANN

Casualties?

ARNOLD

Never better, sir.

DOUGLAS

No injuries.

CASTLE

Ready for seconds, sir.

NYBY

Unharmed and uninjured.

NEUMANN

Dogboy?

JOHNSON  
Sevi and I are okay.

LEWTON  
This is just wrong, man. Fighting  
people is one thing, but these are  
monsters. It's just crazy...

NEUMANN  
Does tht mean you're okay?

LEWTON  
Physically, but emotionally...

Douglas notices that Matheson is in a daze, almost catatonic.

DOUGLAS  
Colonel? Are you injured?

COL. MATHESON  
Injured? No. I'm fine. I feel  
good. I'm fine. Okay.

Panic in his voice.

Murnau uses a flashlight to examine one of the beasts.

MURNAU  
Fascinating.

Arnold shows her clicker counter to Castle.

ARNOLD  
Bagged three. Ready for Boys Town?

CASTLE  
Got two, and the night's still young.

NEUMANN  
I got one, Lewton got one, Douglas  
got one. Click 'em off, Arnold.

ARNOLD  
Sir, this is my personal clicker --

NEUMANN  
That wasn't a suggestion, soldier.  
We need to know how many of these  
things are left.

CASTLE  
Five left. All mine.  
(slaps Arnold's butt)  
Then you'll be all mine.

ARNOLD  
In your dreams.

Punctuated by beeping from the neuroscanners.

NYBY

Five: coming right at us!

NEUMANN

Let's go! Find a more defensible  
location. This is their territory,  
let's find our own. Go! Go!

Everyone starts running, Castle and Arnold on point. Douglas and Johnson help Matheson, who seems to be frozen in place.

Lewton tries to run, trips, realizes the stinger-tail has gone through the tip of his boot into the floor.

LEWTON

Shit. Wait up!

He can't get the stinger out of his shoe. His neuroscanner is beeping like crazy. He can hear them coming.

LEWTON

No, this can't be happening man.

The sound of charging beasts is almost as loud as the beeping.

Then he remembers his samurai sword. Unsheaths the sword and swings it at the stinger tail, cutting it half. He pops the stinger out of his boot, sheaths his sword, runs.

LEWTON

Hey, man, wait up! Wait up!

Sounds of approaching creatures in the shadows pops him into warp drive. Lewton races through the sewer after his team.

INT. SEWERS -- NIGHT

Lewton catches up with the rest of the team in a long, narrow sewer tunnel.

LEWTON

Man, they're right behind us!

NYBY

Then I wouldn't advise slowing down.

INT. T PASSAGE -- NIGHT

Arnold and Castle come to a T in the sewer tunnel.

ARNOLD

Right or left?

NEUMANN

Left. Should take us back to the  
Metro tunnel.

Arnold and Castle swing left, AR-70s ready. The rest of the  
team follows them into the left tunnel.

INT. LEFT SEWER TUNNEL -- NIGHT

Sevi runs next to Johnson, Douglas, and Matheson.

JOHNSON

You gotta do something about these  
kids of yours.

SEVI (V.O.)

They must take after their mother.

DOUGLAS

Something wrong with your weapon?

JOHNSON

Too much background. No clear shot.

Douglas looks at him, doesn't believe it.

DOUGLAS

Why'd they want the dog but not you?

JOHNSON

We don't know each other well enough.

Douglas pulls out a chrome 45 automatic.

DOUGLAS

These guns are my personal weapons,  
none of your damned business. This  
mission, on the other hand, is my  
job... and your job.

JOHNSON

So let's skip the past and get to  
work.

DOUGLAS

You're part of the team, Johnson. I  
need to know if I can depend on you.

She aims the 45 at him.

DOUGLAS

Tell me.

She cocks the gun.

DOUGLAS

Right now.

JOHNSON

I lost it in Desert Storm. Completely shut down in the middle of a fire fight. People were dying all around me, and I didn't know what to do.

DOUGLAS

First time you saw action?

JOHNSON

No. We'd breezed through a dozen battles by then. But this was the first one that went to hell.

DOUGLAS

You made it through.

JOHNSON

They'd trained me to bury my emotions. Think like a soldier. But that night I was just some scared kid from Vacaville, California looking for a place to hide. The pressures of battle overwhelmed me.

DOUGLAS

Sometimes pressure can create a diamond, other times it just crushes the coal into worthless dirt.

She looks at Matheson, stumbling along.

JOHNSON

They shipped me back to Fort Benning, to work with dogs. They won't let me be responsible for humans. This is the only thing I know how to do, and I fucked it up.

Douglas holsters her 45.

DOUGLAS

You become a liability, I won't hesitate to leave you behind.

Johnson nods, and Douglas drops back.

SEVI (V.O.)

You should have gone for the reporter.

JOHNSON

Shut up, Sevi.

COL. MATHESON

I feel fine, really.

Arnold and Castle see light in front of them.

ARNOLD

Metro?

Castle gets there first...

CASTLE

Dead end!

INT. SEWER DEAD END -- NIGHT

But there's a ladder going up to a stripe of light.

Neumann and the rest of the team get to the dead end.

LEWTON

Shit, man, they're still behind us!

Neumann looks up to the stripe of light.

NYBY

Castle, get your ass up there.

Castle slings his AR-70 and starts climbing the slimy ladder.

Nyby, Douglas, and Arnold train their weapons down the tunnel.

Castle scrambles up the ladder.  
Fifty feet to the slice of light.  
Stops cold.

NEUMANN

Castle, what you got?

The stripe of light is coming from a grated street runoff no more than ten inches tall. Castle looks through the grate: On the street, people are shopping.

CASTLE

No exit. Ten inch street runoff.  
People shopping.

NEUMANN

Back down here.

Castle zips down the ladder like a firepole.

LEWTON

Man, why didn't you call for help?

CASTLE

By the time they got somebody to believe they heard a voice from the sewer, we'd be dead anyway.

NYBY

Optimist.

ARNOLD

He's just trying to avoid his Gay Day parade.

NEUMANN

We're going back. Try the right tunnel, see where that takes us.

LEWTON

Those things are coming right at us.

NEUMANN

How far, Nyby?

NYBY

Twenty meters, maybe twenty five.

ARNOLD

We can make it to the T before them.

CASTLE

You want to stop for tea?

NEUMANN

Let's go, ladies!

They run back down the tunnel.

INT. LEFT SEWER TUNNEL -- NIGHT

The race back to the T intersection, Nyby keeps them informed on the beasts' progress.

NYBY

Twenty meters. Eighteen. Sixteen. Fourteen. Twelve.

CASTLE

Come on - we can beat them!

NEUMANN

Arnold, you're with me - cover fire. Castle, you're point. Get them across and keep them safe.

NYBY

Ten meters. Eight. Six. Four...

They come to the T intersection, and...

INT. T PASSAGE -- NIGHT

Neumann and Arnold swing around, Ar-70s ready... Come face-to-face with a pack of snarling beasts!

NEUMANN

Blast them back! Blast them back!

Neumann and Arnold open fire - point blank range.

The beasts roar and whimper, scrambling back to the shadows.

Arnold and Neumann blast a whole magazine a piece at them.

Half the beasts go down, the others retreat... for now.

NEUMANN

Okay. Go people! Go!

Castle runs across the intersection into the Right Sewer Tunnel, AR-70 ready. It's all shadows on this side. Anything might be hiding in the darkness.

CASTLE

Lewton.

When Lewton starts to race across, another pack of beasts spring from the shadows.

Arnold and Neumann blast away at them. Arnold clicking off the dead ones.

Lewton, scared, manages to zip across to Castle's side.

CASTLE

Douglas and the Colonel.

Arnold's magazine runs dry, she ejects and slams in a fresh one... the beasts just keep coming!

Douglas guides Matheson across... But Matheson stops halfway, next to Neumann... Just as Neumann's magazine runs dry.

COL. MATHESON

I feel fine. I'm okay.

Matheson grabs Neumann's arm... the one with the fresh magazine... preventing him from reloading.

DOUGLAS

Colonel, we need to get across.

Douglas pulls Matheson away from Neumann so that he can reload. Just in time - Neumann slams in his magazine just as Arnold's runs dry... and the beasts just keep coming!

CASTLE

Dogboy and his pet!

Johnson and Sevi cross the intersection. Johnson has his AR-70 ready for action. Sevi looks past Arnold and Neumann down the tunnel - can't believe how many beasts are charging.

SEVI (V.O.)

How many kids did that bitch pop?

Neumann and Arnold continue blasting, and the beasts keep coming! Arnold is clicking away as they kill them.

Johnson and Sevi make it across.

CASTLE  
Nyby and the Doc.

Nyby and Murnau race across to the rest of the group.

NEUMANN  
Arnold and I will hold them here.  
Castle: find us a defensible position.

CASTLE  
Right. Let's go!

Castle leads the team into the Right Sewer Tunnel.

INT. RIGHT SEWER TUNNEL -- NIGHT

Castle takes them into the darkness, away from Arnold and Neumann. Nyby looks down at his neuroscanner, slows down.

NYBY  
That is completely impossible.

The neuroscanner shows ELEVEN moving beasts behind them.

JOHNSON  
What is?

NYBY  
There are eleven of those things  
back there. We killed eight. There  
were thirteen eggs. You do the math.

DOUGLAS  
Something wrong with the neuroscanner?

JOHNSON  
Must have been a second litter...

NYBY  
Or accelerated reproduction cycles.

SEVI (V.O.)  
How do they have time to attack?

NYBY  
I have to inform Neumann...

Nyby runs back down the tunnel.

CASTLE  
Nyby! Get your ass back here!

Nyby keeps running, focusing on the neuroscanner. Eleven beeps turns to twelve beeps. They're multiplying.

INT. T PASSAGE -- NIGHT

Arnold and Neumann keep slapping in new clips...  
And the beasts keep charging from the shadows.

NEUMANN

Fall back.

Arnold nods, steps back into the Right Sewer Tunnel.

That's when Nyby bursts out of the tunnel at warp drive.  
Tries to stop.  
Slips on the mucky floor.

NYBY

Shit! Slippery shit!

NEUMANN

Nyby, what the fuck?

NYBY

There are more than thirteen...

Nyby says as he slides past Neumann...  
Into the tunnel of beasts!

NYBY

Oh shit!

It's too late. Nyby slides right into the charging creatures.  
Bouncing off the walls of the tunnel like a pinball.

NEUMANN

Arnold!

Arnold spins back to Neumann's side. She sends cover fire down the tunnel as Neumann tries to get to Nyby before the beasts do... but the dog-scorpions get there first.

ARNOLD

Duck Nyby! Get down!

NEUMANN

No clear line of fire!

No way to shoot at the creatures without hitting Nyby.

Nyby fires his knife shooters. Two direct hits. The beast yelps and staggers back into the darkness.

NYBY

Better killing through technology.

Nyby pulls a grapnel device from his tool belt, aims it past Arnold and fires. The grapnel zips past Arnold and sinks into the sewer wall.

NYBY

Here I come.

Nyby presses a button and the high tension line begins to coil... pulling Nyby toward Arnold and Neumann.

But a pair of beasts spring from the shadows!  
One bites his leg.  
Nyby stops moving.  
Tension wire whirs.  
Smoke rising from the motor.

NYBY

Let go!

The other dog-scorpion uses its stinger to play a game of human mumble-peg. Nyby contorts right and left, avoiding the stinger. Grabs a tazer from his belt and zaps the tail.

The beast yelps, withdraws the stinger-tail.

Nyby grabs a mini-hydraulic jack from his belt, jams it between the teeth of the dog-scorpion biting his leg.

NYBY

Open wide.

Hits the button and the jack pries open the beast's mouth. Nyby extracts his leg. Hits the grapnel winch motor.

NYBY

Much better.

Starts to zoom down the tunnel to safety...

When two beasts attack simultaneously. One bites his leg off, the other takes a chunk out of his arm. Nyby screams.

ARNOLD

No! No!

The beasts tear Nyby apart, eating him alive.

NEUMANN

Go! Go!

Neumann drags Arnold down the Right Sewer Tunnel as a half dozen beasts pounce on Nyby and begin feeding.

INT. RIGHT SEWER TUNNEL -- NIGHT

Castle leads the way, sweeping the darkness with his flashlight... and machine gun.

CASTLE

Clear... but a little foggy.

Wisps of fog in the tunnel. Johnson and Sevi follow.

JOHNSON

Anything?

SEVI (V.O.)

Hard to tell. Everything smells  
like shit down here.

Lewton and Douglas guide Matheson through the tunnel.

Murnau brings up the rear, poking his flashlight into the shadows, studying the environment.

A noise from behind them...

LEWTON

Something's coming!

Douglas swings into action, aiming her Ar-70.

Two creatures spring from the shadows.

Douglas almost fires.

Sees that it's Neumann and Arnold.

NEUMANN

Hold your fire.

DOUGLAS

Nyby?

NEUMANN

Gone.

ARNOLD

They ate him alive! He was screaming.

Douglas looks at Neumann, then to Johnson. Even the strongest are beginning to crack under the pressure.

NEUMANN

We better keep moving.

Castle leads the team deeper into the maze of sewers.

A thick fog in front of them limits visibility.

Flash beams bounce back off the fog.

CASTLE

Fog's pretty thick up here. Severely  
limited visibility.

Castle starts coughing. Deep rasping coughs.

CASTLE

Shit.

NEUMANN

What's the methane reading? Bloch?

LEWTON

Bloch's gone, man. One of those things is belching him right now.

Johnson flips up his methane detector.

JOHNSON

Eighty seven.

NEUMANN

Gas masks on! Now!

The team puts on their gas masks. Johnson puts a special mask on Sevi's snout.

SEVI (V.O.)

I must look silly in this thing.

Sevi looks up at Johnson.

SEVI (V.O.)

Probably not as silly as you do.

Neumann joins Castle at point.  
They carefully move through the thick fog.  
Can't see anything in front of them.  
Can't even see their feet.

CASTLE

Man this stuff's thick.

NEUMANN

Keep your eyes open - they're out there, somewhere.

Johnson looks down, can't see Sevi... just fog.

JOHNSON

Sevi?

SEVI (V.O.)

I'm down here. You see anything up there?

JOHNSON

Just fog.

SEVI (V.O.)

Same thing at ground level. Why can't you people use the lawn like everyone else? No gassy build up.

Lewton keeps his eyes on his neuroscanner. When he looks up, all he can see is fog.

LEWTON

Douglas? Murnau? Where are you, man?

DOUGLAS (O.S.)

Right here.

From out of the dense fog... but only a couple feet away.

Neumann and Castle keep creeping through the thick fog. Zero visibility. The fog absorbs the sounds.

Suddenly, something breaks out of the fog in front of them.

Castle hits the trigger on his AR-70, muzzle flare exposing the target...

DOUGLAS (O.S.)

What is it?

A swinging drain pipe comes out of the fog for a second, then disappears back into the fog.

CASTLE

Nothing. Drain pipe.

NEUMANN

Keep 'em open, ladies.

They creep through a narrow part of the tunnel, and the fog isn't as bad on the other side.

Arnold looks at her clicker counter, jogs up to Neumann.

ARNOLD

Sir, take a look at this.

Neumann looks at the clicker - it reads "63".

NEUMANN

Murnau. We've killed sixty three of these things so far. How can there be so many? Thought we had thirteen.

MURNAU

I'm afraid that's classified.

JOHNSON

What the hell do you mean classified?

Before Murnau can continue his evasion or someone else can chime in with an objection, the neuroscanners beep.

DOUGLAS

I've got a dozen of them, five meters.

LEWTON

Five meters?

NEUMANN

They're in the fog.

Neumann, Castle and Arnold shift to the rear of the group, aiming their AR-70s into the foggy narrow section.

All they can see is fog, fog and more fog.

ARNOLD

I can't see anything.

A growl from the fog. Another growl. An army of growls.

CASTLE

Come on! Show yourself!

Just growls in the fog.

MURNAU

They're teasing us.

SEVI (V.O.)

Playing with their food.

Suddenly, a beast springs from the shadows onto Neumann. Arnold and Castle scramble back, trying to get a clear shot.

Neumann tries to aim his rifle at the snarling beast. It's too close, he can't get the AR-70 around. The beast's teeth go for his throat. Neumann jams the rifle sideways, keeps the jaws from closing.

ARNOLD

Duck! To the left!

Arnold can't get a clear shot, Neumann is in the way.

Neumann wrestles with the beast. Thwack! The stinger tail lashes out at him! Neumann lets go of the rifle and knocks the tail away.

The stinger tail strikes again and again. Neumann keeps knocking it away.

Neumann reaches for his sidearm, pulls it out, aims it right at the beast's left eye.

Thwack! Before he can fire the stinger tail pegs Neumann right through the forehead... killing him.

ARNOLD

Sarge! Sarge!

Castle has to hold her back as the beast begins feeding.

Then other beasts leap out of the fog at them!

CASTLE

Out of here! Run! Run!

Castle pushes Arnold to run with the others. She bolts with the rest of the group, Douglas dragging Matheson.

Johnson and Sevi are at point, running through the wisps of fog as fast as they can. AR-70 ready of action.

Castle runs. Hears creatures galloping behind him, pours on the speed. Arnold just ahead of him.

CASTLE

Don't slow down, Cathy.

Arnold turns in time to see a dog-scorpion pounce onto Castle's back, knocking him down.

ARNOLD

No! Bobby!

She aims her Ar-70 and fires - click! Out of shells!

Castle gets knocked to the floor, his rifle skittering in the muck in front of him. The beast tears at his leg. He kicks it, scrambles for his gun. The beast pounces again.

Arnold searches her pocket for another magazine. Finally finds one. Slams it home.

Castle sees the rifle moving away from his fingers as the dog-scorpion pulls him backwards, teeth chomping at his leg.

ARNOLD

Move your head! Left! Left!

Castle blocks her shot of the beast. The dog-scorpion TEARS at his leg, ripping it off his body. Castle screams.

CASTLE

Shoot me! Arnold, kill me! It's eating me alive!

Arnold raises her gun. Locks eyes with Castle.

CASTLE

Do it! Do it!

Before the creature can pull Castle into the fog, Arnold takes a deep breath, shoots him in the chest.

As the beast drags Castle into the fog, he looks down at his chest and sees a close grouping of hypo darts. A copper jacket still clings to one dart - the experimental rounds.

CASTLE

No! No!

Then a pair of dog-scorpions join the first, and all three eat Castle alive, tearing off his arm, his legs, his head. That's when he stops screaming.

Arnold stops, looking through the foggy narrow tunnel.

MURNAU

Fascinating. They eat their prey alive.

LEWTON

What the fuck do you mean fascinating? Those things are eating Castle. Eating him!

A scream from the fog punctuates this.

MURNAU

Truly a remarkable species.

Johnson decks him.

JOHNSON

Look, asshole. You made that thing, you're responsible. You killed them. You fucking murdered them.

Johnson goes in for another punch, Douglas grabs his arm.

DOUGLAS

Don't let this thing boil over. I need you, Johnson.

Johnson takes a deep breath, cools off.

SEVI (V.O.)

I can bite his nuts when nobody's looking. Take 'em clean off.

JOHNSON

That's too good for him.

DOUGLAS

What is?

JOHNSON

I was talking to my dog.

Lewton looks down at his neuroscanner.

LEWTON

They stopped.

MURNAU

They're feeding.

DOUGLAS

Johnson.

Johnson lowers his raised fist...  
Grabs his cell phone and the reporter's business card.  
Starts dialing.

JOHNSON

The reporter will help us.

Murnau snatches the cell phone from his hands and dashes it  
against the wall. It splinters into a dozen pieces.

MURNAU

Do I have to remind you this is a  
top secret mission?

LEWTON

Mission? You think this is still a  
mission? This is a damned bummer  
trip from hell. Those things are  
going to eat us one by one.

COL. MATHESON

You know, I feel great. I've never  
felt better than this.

Douglas takes charge.

DOUGLAS

We'll keep going, try to gain some  
distance. Find a way out of here.

MURNAU

But our mission is to --

DOUGLAS

Fuck the mission, Murnau.

The team continues forward, Douglas taking point, Arnold at  
the flank - her AR-70 aimed into the fog behind them.

INT. SEWERS -- NIGHT

Methane forms ground fog. Johnson can see in front of him,  
he just can't see his own feet or anything other than Sevi's  
head and tail.

JOHNSON  
You still down there?

SEVI (V.O.)  
You know, you could carry me.

JOHNSON  
I've been carrying you since we  
started this mission.

DOUGLAS  
Excuse me?

JOHNSON  
Talking to my dog.

Gas masks come off. Arnold pulls out her terrain map.

ARNOLD  
Where the hell are we?

DOUGLAS  
Somewhere under the mountain.  
Parallel to the subway tunnel.

JOHNSON  
How we doing on ammo?

LEWTON  
Two magazines.

ARNOLD  
One. These armor piercing rounds  
are shit. Gimme back my copper-jacks.

Lewton does the back up singing...

LEWTON  
Gimme back. My copper-jacks.

COL. MATHESON  
I feel fine.

JOHNSON  
He's got six, I've got five.

DOUGLAS  
Give Arnold and Lewton some of the  
Colonel's... I'll take some of yours.

Magazines are swapped.

ARNOLD  
Still not much.

JOHNSON  
Sevi and I can take point.

DOUGLAS  
Sure you're up to it?

JOHNSON  
No, but it's what we're here for.

DOUGLAS  
Take it.

SEVI (V.O.)  
Thanks for volunteering me.

JOHNSON  
Just keep your nose open. Don't let  
the shit get in the way of the job.

DOUGLAS  
Talking to your dog?

JOHNSON  
Yeah.

Johnson and Sevi lead through the foggy sewer tunnels.  
Lewton keeps an eye on the neuroscanner.  
Arnold brings up the rear - AR-70 ready for action.  
Johnson and Sevi cautiously move forward.

SEVI (V.O.)  
You're breathing through your mouth,  
aren't you?

JOHNSON  
Hey, I --

Suddenly the floor isn't there.  
A 6'x 6' metal floor grate has been removed.  
They begin falling.  
Johnson grabs hold with his hands.  
Cuts his fingers on the rough edge.

JOHNSON  
Sevi?

Sevi isn't so lucky.  
The dog falls.  
Johnson hears the splash a hundred feet down.

JOHNSON  
Could use a hand, here. And watch  
your step - there's a grate missing.

Douglas and the others scramble to help Johnson up. He stands  
on the edge of the foggy opening, flashlight aimed down.

JOHNSON

Sevi? Sevi!

No answer.

JOHNSON

Sevi!

Sevi answers by radio - even though he's a hundred feet below.

SEVI (V.O.)

Jeeze, gimme a break! I just fell a hundred feet into a river of crap and had to swim ashore. Can you let me catch my breath before answering?

JOHNSON

You're alright?

SEVI (V.O.)

Didn't I just tell you I fell into a river of crap? Does that SOUND like I'm alright?

JOHNSON

I'm coming down after you.

SEVI (V.O.)

There's only one way down here, and it's no bed of roses. We'll meet down the road, okay?

JOHNSON

We're heading south.

SEVI (V.O.)

Like the army gave me a compass?

JOHNSON

Keep in touch, and watch out.

SEVI (V.O.)

Now you tell me.

Lewton fans away the methane fog, so they can see the open section on the floor of the tunnel.

They carefully walk along the edge to the other side. Matheson and Murnau both need help - balance issues.

DOUGLAS

I'll take point. You still good, Arnold?

ARNOLD

I've never been good, but I'm always ready. Maybe that trick floor will slow them down.

As they weave through a maze of narrow pipelines, they leave the ground fog of methane behind them.

MURNAU

Methane reading: only twenty three.

ARNOLD

Still smells shitty to me.

Sevi talks to Johnson by radio.

SEVI (V.O.)

Army doesn't even give us uniforms. You know how hard it is to go into battle with your dick hanging out?

JOHNSON

Never had that problem, Sevi.

SEVI (V.O.)

Not to mention all the problems with impressing the female cadets - they know exactly what you've got.

JOHNSON

You want me to buy you a pair of doggie pants when we get out of this?

SEVI (V.O.)

They'd make me look Gay.

JOHNSON

And having your dick hanging out --

DOUGLAS

Let's keep the chatter to a minimum.

The maze of pipes is complex and dangerous. No one knows what will be around the next corner. Lewton keeps his eyes on the neuroscanner.

LEWTON

Nothing, man, we're free and clear.

Douglas turns a corner, and there's a door to a subway tunnel.

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL -- NIGHT

In the middle of the Cahuenga Pass - in the mountain. Dark. Scattered bluish lights - they seem close together when you're going 70mph in the train, but they're hundreds of feet apart.

DOUGLAS

We're in the mountain.

Arnold closes the metal door behind them, locks it.

ARNOLD

Maybe that'll slow 'em down.

Douglas keeps moving forward. The team behind her.

Douglas spots something in a service alcove.  
Bloch, the medic, just standing in the shadows.

DOUGLAS

Bloch? What the hell are you doing  
down here?

She focuses her flashlight on Bloch...  
And almost screams.

It's not Bloch - just his head! On a heap of bones and dung.

DOUGLAS

Oh, God.

MURNAU

Fascinating.

DOUGLAS

Means they can get this far. That  
missing floor section isn't going to  
stop them. Keep your eyes open.

LEWTON

Least they don't shit where they eat.

Matheson comes out of his funk and looks from Bloch to Murnau.

COL. MATHESON

You're all alone, now.

Arnold spots the flame thrower near the scrap/crap heap.

ARNOLD

The flame thrower.

DOUGLAS

Take it.

MURNAU

We can't use it because of the  
methane, and it's heavy, it may slow  
us down.

LEWTON

We can't use the flame thrower, we can't use our personal weapons, we can't use copper jacks, all we can use are these fucking experimentals.

ARNOLD

And they ain't worth shit.

DOUGLAS

Take it.

Arnold takes the flame thrower, purposely knocking Murnau with it as she straps it on.

MURNAU

I think you're forgetting, this is an NSA mission, I am --

Suddenly rapid beeping from the neuroscanners.

LEWTON

They're coming! They're coming!

Douglas starts moving forward, Lewton grabs her.

LEWTON

From the south. From Hollywood.

ARNOLD

What would they be doing in Hollywood?

DOUGLAS

There's got to be another connection to the sewers further south.

LEWTON

So we go back? They're back there, man, they'll get us.

MURNAU

Fascinating. They're herding us.

DOUGLAS

One more word and I'll deck you.

(makes decision)

We go back. Stick to the subway.

The beeping is louder, beeps closer together.

DOUGLAS

Go! Go!

Everybody runs down the subway tunnel. Johnson has to grab Matheson and drag him along behind them.

They pass the locked door to the sewers - still closed.  
Deeper into the subway tunnel, blue light behind them.

A hundred feet of darkness.  
Their flashlights are dim.  
Some flicker out - dead.  
They can see nothing ahead of them.

ARNOLD  
Shit. Batteries.

DOUGLAS  
Bloch had them in his pack. Wanna  
go back and get them?

Faint blue light almost a hundred feet ahead. They run in  
the darkness - can't see each other, can't see what's ahead  
of them, can't see if there's a dog-scorpion hiding.

DOUGLAS  
Watch out for the third rail - it's  
electric.

LEWTON  
I can't even see my feet, man.

The beeping slows, gets fainter for a moment.

LEWTON  
We're losing them.

They continue running in the darkness.  
Blue light getting closer.

When they get to the light, the beeping resumes with vigor.

DOUGLAS  
Faster!

LEWTON  
No, man, that's in front of us.  
We're trapped, man.

A trio of dog-scorpions springs into the light ahead of them.

Lewton is point, sprays the beasts with machine gun fire.  
One of the dog-scorpions bats the AR-70 out of his hands  
with its tail, then springs for the kill. Tail striking.

The tail hits Lewton in the center of the forehead!

Bop!  
It knocks him down.  
No stinger - the tail is a stump.

LEWTON  
No! I killed you! You're dead!

The beast pounces at him, teeth bared.

ARNOLD

Catch!

Arnold throws her AR-70 to Lewton, who catches it in one hand, spins it around on his finger so that it's aimed at stumpy, and fires point blank into the beast's face.

LEWTON

Die, doggy, die!

The dog-scorpion flips off of him, yelping.

The other two advance...

A burst of flames shoots past Lewton at the dog-scorpions. Arnold with the flame thrower, keeping the dogs at bay.

ARNOLD

Hot dog!

Rapid beeping.

Lewton checks the neuroscanner as he scrambles behind Arnold.

LEWTON

Six more on their way!

ARNOLD

How many of these things are there?

LEWTON

We've got to get out of here, man.

JOHNSON

The sewer door.

LEWTON

Those things are behind us, man.

JOHNSON

One of them. Eight or nine in front.  
You do the math.

LEWTON

Okay, man, let's go.

DOUGLAS

Fall back.

Johnson leads the team through the hundred feet of darkness to the sewer door. All are running.

DOUGLAS

Go! Go!

Arnold runs, stops, turns, blasts with the flame thrower. Keeping the nine dog-scorpions a dozen feet away.

Every time she uses the flame thrower, the subway tunnel is bathed in flickering light. Between blasts: absolute darkness. Sometimes the beasts are really close.

Lewton checks the neuroscanner.

LEWTON

Nine. I can't tell if they're behind us or ahead of us.

Johnson runs through the tunnel, rifle ready. Too dark to see anything. He could run into one of the dog-scorpions without knowing.

Blasts of flickering light from the flame thrower give him a flash of terrain...

EXT. DESERT -- NIGHT

Desert Storm.

An explosion gives us an instant of light - overturned Humvee, wreckage, a half dozen wounded soldiers.

SOLDIER

I can't stop bleeding!

Johnson is paralyzed with fear. Heart pounding.

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL -- NIGHT

A beast yelps, the flames flicker out. Darkness.

Johnson runs, heart pounding out of control. Blue light ahead - the door to the sewer.

JOHNSON

We're there! We made it!

Johnson overshoots the door a little - he's point. Instantly regrets it.

JOHNSON

You've got to be kidding.

Out of the dark subway tunnel skitters a twelve foot scorpion.

JOHNSON

Get the door!

Lewton slings Arnold's AR-70 over his shoulder and tries to open the door. Can't figure out the lock mechanism. Takes off the rapidly beeping neuroscanner so he can concentrate.

LEWTON

It's locked. How do you open it?

The giant scorpion skitters forward.  
Stinger strikes!

Johnson jumps aside, loses balance, falls...  
Onto the electric third rail...  
Avoids the rail, but the stinger strikes again.

Johnson rolls away from the rail, fires his AR-70 at the  
giant scorpion. It skitters back a few feet.

Arnold sends a blast of fire at the nine dog-scorpions.  
They retreat a few feet.

DOUGLAS  
The door Lewton!

Lewton figures out the door, opens it, they squeeze through.

INT. SEWERS -- NIGHT

Douglas is the first through the door.  
Her Ar-70 ready for anything.  
Nothing.  
Just low ground fog.

DOUGLAS  
Clear.

The team begins squeezing through the door one-by-one.

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL -- NIGHT

Johnson sends a burst of gunfire at the giant scorpion, takes  
a step back toward the door...

A voice from only inches away startles him.

MURNAU  
Must be one of the twins, carrying  
the characteristics of it's mother.  
A perfect genetic split.

Johnson almost spins and fires at him.

JOHNSON  
Get the hell through that door.

MURNAU  
Fascinating.

Murnau squeezes through the door.

Johnson's back touches Arnold's in front of the door.  
They are the last two in the subway tunnel.

ARNOLD  
I'll hold them.

JOHNSON  
The door will hold them.

ARNOLD  
What? For two minutes? I'll get  
you at least a ten minute head start.

JOHNSON  
You don't have to do this.

ARNOLD  
Baby, I live for this.

She gives him a quick kiss, then blasts her flame thrower.

ARNOLD  
See you on the other side.

Johnson squeezes through the door.

INT. SEWERS -- NIGHT

Johnson locks the door behind him.

DOUGLAS  
Where's Arnold?

JOHNSON  
Giving us a head start.

Douglas starts to reply, ends up just nodding.

Lewton leads through the maze of pipes, his AR-70 ready.

The maze of pipes is complex and dangerous.  
No one knows what will be around the next corner.

LEWTON  
I killed that thing, man, and it  
came back. How can that be?

JOHNSON  
Maybe these bullets won't kill them.

DOUGLAS  
What do you mean? We've got to use  
silver bullets or something?

JOHNSON  
We have an expert, here, why don't  
we ask him?

Johnson stops, turns his gun on Murnau.

JOHNSON  
This was never a seek and destroy  
mission, was it?

MURNAU

What are you talking about?

JOHNSON

You were going to bring them back alive. Bloch was your inside man.

MURNAU

You've lost your mind. The pressure of this mission has been too much for you to handle.

JOHNSON

That's why we can't kill these things?

MURNAU

I've read your file, Johnson. I know you cracked up during Desert Storm. Couldn't take it. That's why they demoted you to dog duty.

Johnson presses his AR-70 into Murnau's chest, forcing him back against a slimy wall.

JOHNSON

This whole thing was an NSA operation. You spent millions creating these things - you don't want them dead. Hell, they WORK.

MURNAU

Of course they work, I created them. Someday we'll deploy them in combat. Imagine a pack of them attacking --

JOHNSON

I'd rather not.

Johnson pulls the trigger on the AR-70 - shooting Murnau!

Murnau drops to the floor - hypo bullet in his chest.

JOHNSON

That's why there seemed to be a million of these things. Murnau's armor piercing rounds are hypo darts.

DOUGLAS

Must have got the dosage screwed up... or these things are stronger than Murnau thought.

JOHNSON

Good news is: there are probably only thirteen of these things.

Murnau starts snoring.

JOHNSON

Bad news is: best we can do is knock them out for a few minutes.

LEWTON

Worse news: I lost my neuroscanner. Got one I could borrow, Douglas?

DOUGLAS

Guess we're flying blind.

LEWTON

What do we do with the doc?

DOUGLAS

Leave him. He created those things, let him deal with them.

Lewton searches Murnau, comes away with a cell phone. Flips it open.

LEWTON

No signal, man. Too much concrete.

Douglas looks at Johnson.

DOUGLAS

Heads or tails?

JOHNSON

I'll take point.

Johnson moves to the front of the team.

COL. MATHESON

I can help if you want. I feel fine.

JOHNSON

I'll keep that in mind, Colonel.

Johnson leads through the maze of sewer tunnels. His AR-70 ready - even though the best it can do is stun.

Johnson rounds a corner, they're back to the missing grate where they lost Sevi.

JOHNSON

Watch your step.

Lewton helps Matheson across.

LEWTON

There's something up there, man.

There's a dog in the fog.  
Johnson almost shoots it...  
Then it barks.

No stinger tail, no claws, just a normal German Shepherd.

JOHNSON

Sevi?

The dog bounds up to Johnson and rubs against his leg.  
Johnson pets him.

JOHNSON

Lost your headset? You don't know  
how happy I am to see you.

The radio squawks.

ARNOLD (V.O.)

How you guys doing?

DOUGLAS

Johnson shot the doc.

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL -- NIGHT

Arnold sends a blast of flames at the pack of dog-scorpions.

ARNOLD

Damn! I wanted to do that!

DOUGLAS (V.O.)

Hanging in there?

ARNOLD

Almost out of gas.

DOUGLAS (V.O.)

Get out of there.

ARNOLD

Having too much fun. Looks like I'm  
gonna miss my date tonight.

DOUGLAS (V.O.)

Use the door. It's not too late.

The flame thrower sputters.

ARNOLD

Gotta go. Kiss the boys for me --

The flame thrower dies.

The beasts start to advance.

Arnold scoops up Lewton's fallen AR-70, aims it.

ARNOLD

You want some of this? Come and  
fucking get it!

Sprays the beasts with gun fire, but they just keep coming.

INT. RIGHT SEWER TUNNEL -- NIGHT

As they put their gas masks on, they hear the gunfire turn to screams... echoing in the sewer.

Sevi and Johnson lead the team into the heavy fog of the right sewer tunnel. They can't see more than a foot ahead.

JOHNSON

Keep us safe, Sevi.

The pressure is all on Sevi, now. Without the neuroscanner, his nose is the only thing they have to detect the beasts.

They carefully move through the thick fog.

Can't see anything in front of them.

Can't even see their feet.

The beasts could be only inches away, hidden in the fog.

Douglas moves next to him... he can barely see her.

JOHNSON

Is this the way we came?

DOUGLAS

Hard to tell with this fog.

JOHNSON

I don't want to get the team lost.

DOUGLAS

You're doing okay, Paul.

She touches his shoulder, smiles at him... sparks of attraction between them. He feels his confidence return.

Douglas drops back to help Matheson, Johnson and Sevi continue leading the team through the dense fog.

Sevi leads them to the right - into a section where the fog is so thick Johnson can't even see a foot in front of him.

JOHNSON

This doesn't look right, Sevi. You taking us on a short cut?

He can barely see Sevi in the fog...

Then the dog jumps right at him...

But it's not Sevi, it's a dog-scorpion!

JOHNSON

Attack! We're under attack!

The dog-scorpion knocks him down, teeth going for his throat.

Douglas swings her rifle around, looking for Johnson. He's just disappeared in the fog.

Lewton thinks he sees something moving in the fog...  
A scorpion tail swings at his face!

He fires at the tail, moves aside, fires into the fog where  
the dog-scorpion's body should be. Hears a yelp.

Something else moving in the fog. Lewton fires. A yelp.  
Lewton keeps firing into the fog.

Johnson grabs the dog-scorpion by the neck, keeping the deadly  
teeth away from his throat. Wrestling with the beast.  
His AR-70 is on the ground somewhere - lost in the fog.

JOHNSON

The worst dog breath...

The scorpion tail whips at his face.  
He moves his head aside.  
Misses by inches.  
Strikes again!

Johnson sees the stinger tail coming right at his eye.  
Moves his head quickly.  
Misses again.  
The dog-scorpion's teeth snap in his face.

Johnson tosses the dog-scorpion off him, scrambles away.  
Spots his fallen AR-70 in the fog.  
Reaches for it.  
Lewton's gunfire blasts near his hand.

JOHNSON

Watch it!

LEWTON (O.S.)

Sorry, man.

The dog-scorpion pounces on Johnson again.  
Gun still out of reach... but not his knife.  
He pulls out the knife and stabs the beast in the side.  
It yelps and scampers into the fog.

Johnson grabs his AR-70 and pops to his feet...

Facing Douglas' AR-70 - aimed right at him.

JOHNSON

We're on the same side.

Douglas lowers her rifle... then is sucked into the fog!  
A dog-scorpion yanks her legs out from under her.  
She presses her rifle barrel into the dog's head, fires.  
The dog-scorpion is blasted into the fog.

Douglas rolls to her feet...  
Into the path of a charging dog-scorpion, coming at Matheson.  
She blasts it back into the fog.

Matheson is hiding against the wall, eyes wide with terror.

COL. MATHESON

Please stay away.

Another dog-scorpion pounces at him, Douglas blasts it.

Lewton sees a dog in the fog, gets ready to fire...

Notices it's wearing a gas mask.

Lowers his rifle.

LEWTON

Sorry, man, all you guys look alike  
in the fog.

Sevi nips his leg.

LEWTON

Hey, man, your dog bit me!

JOHNSON

Pissed off at something you said.

Sevi takes a place next to Colonel Matheson.

Lewton, Douglas and Johnson aim their rifles into the fog,  
but the attacks have stopped.

Are the dog-scorpions still there? Out of sight? Waiting?

LEWTON

Come on, man, show yourselves!

Silence. Just dense fog surrounding them.

DOUGLAS

Injuries?

LEWTON

His dog fucking bit me. Which side  
is that thing on?

JOHNSON

I'm okay and the Colonel feels fine.

COL. MATHESON

I do feel fine.

Sevi moves next to Johnson.

JOHNSON

Wish I knew what you're thinking,  
Sevi. Having trouble sensing them  
in this gas?

Sevi barks a few times, but what is he saying?

Lewton spots something in the fog. Carefully picks it up.

LEWTON  
Castle's cross bow.

DOUGLAS  
Give it to Johnson.

JOHNSON  
(holds up AR-70)  
What about this?

DOUGLAS  
Useless. We need to kill these things, not give them a nap.

LEWTON  
So what do we do with our 70s?

DOUGLAS  
Throw them away. Let's break out the unconventional weapons.

LEWTON  
You're ordering me to use my sword?

DOUGLAS  
You'd better be as good as Jet Li with that thing.

Lewton hands Matheson his AR-70 (with grenade launcher) and unsheaths his samurai sword.

Johnson drops the AR-70, hefts the cross-bow.

Douglas tosses hers aside and double draws her chrome 45s. Notices Johnson admiring them again.

DOUGLAS  
They belonged to my father.

JOHNSON  
Military man?

DOUGLAS  
Lifer in the Army. Cavalry. My mom hated it - we moved from base to base, no stability.

JOHNSON  
Can be rough on a kid.

DOUGLAS  
I loved it. Wanted to join when I grew up. My dad hated the idea.

JOHNSON  
A better life for his kid?

DOUGLAS  
Not a suitable job for a woman.  
After I joined, we stopped talking.

JOHNSON  
How long?

DOUGLAS  
Until I got the call. Prostate  
cancer. The strongest man I ever  
knew, laying there, helpless, dying.

JOHNSON  
I'm sorry.

DOUGLAS  
Before he passed, he gave me the  
guns, his guns. Finally accepted my  
career choice. Finally.

Johnson puts his arm around her, she doesn't pull away.

DOUGLAS  
Anne. My name is Anne.

JOHNSON  
Nice to meet you.

She wipes away tears, cocks her guns.

DOUGLAS  
Let's get moving.

Johnson and Sevi take point again, Lewton takes flank.  
They move through the thick fog toward the T passage.

Anything might be hiding in the dense fog.  
They move cautiously through the darkness.

INT. T PASSAGE -- NIGHT

The fog of methane has dissipated to wisps. They stop for a  
moment at the T passage to remove their gas masks.

LEWTON  
Let's go down to that ladder, see if  
we can get any cell phone reception.

Douglas nods. Johnson moves toward the Left Tunnel, but  
Sevi doesn't budge - pointing toward the main tunnel.

JOHNSON  
Come on, Sevi. We're going to check  
the phone. Sevi? Come on!

Sevi doesn't move.

JOHNSON  
Is there something down there?

No response. Not even a bark.

JOHNSON  
I wish to hell I knew what you're  
thinking, boy. Come on.

Johnson starts down the Left Sewer Tunnel, the team follows,  
and eventually Sevi catches up, taking his place at his side.

INT. LEFT SEWER TUNNEL -- NIGHT

Douglas moves next to him.

JOHNSON  
Must be tough for Sevi. These things  
are a part of him. His dark half.

DOUGLAS  
Murnau made these things, Sevi didn't.

JOHNSON  
They're half him. Sevi's genetic  
material. How much of this is him?

DOUGLAS  
They're more scorpion than dog.

JOHNSON  
He knows that's not true.

DOUGLAS  
You guys can't communicate. How do  
you know?

JOHNSON  
He's my best friend. I know.

DOUGLAS  
It's good to have a friend who cares  
about you. He's a lucky dog.

JOHNSON  
Now he's expected to track them  
down... help destroy them. That's a  
lot of pressure on one dog.

They reach the end of the left tunnel.

INT. SEWER DEAD END -- NIGHT

Clear. No beasts waiting in the darkness.

Lewton pulls out the cell phone and stands near the base of the ladder, under the stripe of light.

LEWTON

Can you hear me now?

No bars on the phone.

LEWTON

No reception, man. Murnau's plan probably doesn't have rollover either.

Johnson hands Lewton the cross-bow.

JOHNSON

Hold this.

Takes the cell phone and starts climbing the ladder.

Gets to the top of the ladder and looks through the grated street runoff at the world outside.

It's dark.

Streets are empty.

Desolate.

Traffic lights change, even though no cars are around.

DOUGLAS

What you got up there?

JOHNSON

Empty street. Night.

He flips open the cell phone. Five bars. It's 4:38am.

JOHNSON

Reception's good.

He's about to grab the reporter's card, when he sees the redial button... presses it.

Gets an answer on the very first ring.

NSA MAN (V.O.)

Murnau? Are the beasts sedated?  
Ready for extraction?

JOHNSON

Murnau's dead.

NSA MAN (V.O.)

Who is this?

JOHNSON

The mission has gone to hell. We need help.

NSA MAN (V.O.)

There is no help.

Click - the NSA Man hangs up on Johnson.

He pulls the reporter's business card from his pocket.  
Dials.

It rings. And rings.  
And rings. And rings.

JOHNSON

Shit.

GRACE (V.O.)

What the hell do you want?

INT. GRACE'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

An amazing view of the city at night from the window behind her bed. She's still half asleep. Alone in her bed.

GRACE

Yeah, I remember you.

JOHNSON (V.O.)

It's not mountain lions. That's just the cover story.

GRACE

I knew it was the oil companies.

JOHNSON (V.O.)

Think weirder. The NSA has this gene splicing program called Eighth Day. They created these things. Half dog, half scorpion.

GRACE

You're shitting me.

JOHNSON (V.O.)

They were gonna send them after Osama Bin Laden in the caves of Afghanistan.

GRACE

But we went to Iraq instead.

JOHNSON (V.O.)

Right. And these things got loose.

GRACE

Ended up in the subway tunnels.

JOHNSON (V.O.)

They were black bag, they couldn't tell anyone. They sent us in...

GRACE  
Why are you telling me this?

JOHNSON (V.O.)  
We need help. The whole thing's  
gone to hell. They've eaten half  
the Special Forces Team.

GRACE  
Shit.

JOHNSON (V.O.)  
We might be able to make it out if  
we had some reinforcements. Will  
you help us?

GRACE  
You think I'd miss my chance at prime  
time anchor?

INT. SEWER DEAD END -- NIGHT

Johnson smiles.

JOHNSON  
Thanks.

Flips the phone closed, takes a final look at the world  
outside, climbs down the ladder, gives the phone to Lewton.

JOHNSON  
The TV reporter said she'd help.

COL. MATHESON  
She can't help. Nobody can. Who's  
she gonna call?

JOHNSON  
The Mayor. The Army.

Matheson just starts laughing hysterically.

DOUGLAS  
What if he's right? What if we're  
really on our own?

JOHNSON  
Do we wait for help, or just get out  
of here?

LEWTON  
I vote for the just get out of here.

Sevi moves to the tunnel.

JOHNSON  
Sevi votes for leaving. Colonel?

COL. MATHESON

You think we're getting out of here?

Matheson just laughs louder.

DOUGLAS

We know the way back. Let's go.

Sevi and Johnson lead the team back down the Left Tunnel.

INT. LEFT SEWER TUNNEL -- NIGHT

The last of their flashlights flicker out. Now they are five in darkness. Complete darkness.

DOUGLAS

Keep in contact, don't get lost.

Johnson puts his hand out to Sevi's tail.

Douglas puts a hand on Johnson's back.

Matheson puts a hand on Douglas' back.

Lewton keeps his back against Matheson's back - walking backwards, samurai sword in hand.

They move slowly down through the tunnel in complete darkness.

A noise from the darkness.

LEWTON

What was that?

DOUGLAS

Quiet, Lewton.

More noises. Some seem close by. Rustling.

Johnson aims the cross-bow at the sounds. Can't see anything. Noise from the other side, he swings the cross-bow.

LEWTON

They're all around us, man!

DOUGLAS

Shut up, Lewton.

More noises from the darkness.

Lewton swings his sword at the dark, hits nothing.

Noises from the left... echoing on the right.

Johnson aims the cross-bow left, then right.

Nothing but darkness.

Then he loses Sevi's tail in the darkness.

JOHNSON

Sevi? Sevi?

He searches with his hand...  
Grabbing something moving.  
Sevi's tail? Too small...  
It's a rat.

JOHNSON

Shit! Shit!

DOUGLAS

What? What?

Finds Sevi's tail to the right.

JOHNSON

Nothing. Lost Sevi for a minute.  
This is the T passage. We're turning  
right.

Johnson follows Sevi's tail into the main tunnel.

INT. SEWERS -- NIGHT

They continue in darkness. Johnson following Sevi's tail,  
everyone maintaining physical contact with each other.

More noises in the dark.

LEWTON

Something's following us, man.

DOUGLAS

Shut up, Lewton.

Noises from the right side of the tunnel...  
Echoing off the left side of the tunnel...  
Or is it the other way around?

Johnson aims his cross-bow right, then left.

Sevi's tail moves to the left. Johnson follows.

JOHNSON

We're moving to the left.

All darkness looks alike...  
Did they turn down this tunnel before?  
The tunnel begins to narrow.  
When Johnson swings the cross-bow, it touches the walls.

JOHNSON

Sevi, where are we going?

Then Sevi's tail is gone. He searches frantically for it.  
Finds a dead end in front of him.

JOHNSON

Dead end. Turn around.

Everybody turns: Now Johnson's hand is on Douglas' shoulder, Douglas' hand on Matheson's shoulder, Matheson's hand on Lewton's shoulder.

DOUGLAS

Sevi behind you?

JOHNSON

I don't know where he is. Lost him.

Lewton swings the samurai sword ahead of him.

Rustling in the darkness.

Lewton cautiously moves forward. Inch-by-inch. Then something springs at him from the darkness.

LEWTON

Argh!

Knocks him back into Matheson... and it's human dominoes.

DOUGLAS

Get off me.

Douglas reaches her arm over Matheson's shoulder, over Lewton, until she feels fur... the she fires her 45.

A flare of illumination as the beast is blasted off Lewton.

They scramble to their feet, weapons ready.

DOUGLAS

Move! Out of this pipe!

Lewton swings the sword in front of him, hitting something that yelps.

LEWTON

Back off you fucking mutts!

They move out of the narrow passage into the main tunnel.

Matheson reaches into his pocket, pulls out a flare. In the rippling red light, the tunnel is filled with dog-scorpions.

DOUGLAS

You had flares?

COL. MATHESON

Two. For emergency use only.

Before they can argue what constitutes an emergency, the beasts attack.

A dog-scorpion jumps at Johnson. He fires the cross-bow. It hits the beast's side... deflects from the leathery shell.

Before he can reload, the beast is on his throat. Johnson takes the arrow in his hand, and instead of reloading the cross-bow, thrusts the arrow into the beast's left eye. Killing it.

JOHNSON

Sometimes you gotta do it by hand.

Douglas jumps out of the way of a springing beast, rolls to her feet, pops up, double draws her chrome 45s and fires. The beast yelps and disappears into the darkness.

DOUGLAS

Eat lead, puppy!

Lewton swings his samurai sword at a stinger tail headed for his right eye. He knocks the tail aside, so that it misses. The tail whips around to knock the sword from his hands.

LEWTON

Get that thing outta my face, man.

Lewton slaps it away with his sword. The stinger tail parries with his sword. A strange version of the Flynn / Rathbone sword fight. Stinger tail against sword.

Matheson stands against the wall, watching the battle. Sevi moves next to him, and Matheson pets him.

Johnson gets the cross-bow loaded just as a beast pounces. He fires at the dog-scorpion's soft white underbelly. It yelps, rolls away. Rubs against the wall to remove the arrow and attacks again.

Johnson scrambles to reload the cross-bow in time. Gets it loaded just in time to fire again.

JOHNSON

It takes three arrows to kill a man,  
how many to kill a splicer?

The second arrow hits the dog-scorpion. It yelps in pain and disappears into the darkness.

Douglas has one beast springing at her from the front, another springing at her from the back. Like ballet, she aims one gun in front of her and one over her shoulder. Fires both. Both beasts flip away into the darkness.

DOUGLAS

We've got to get out of here.

JOHNSON

The leftover room should be at the  
end of this hallway.

DOUGLAS

Go! Go!

Douglas, Johnson, Matheson and Sevi run down the tunnel.

Lewton is still engaged in his sword fight. He swings the  
samurai sword with both hands, slicing the tail off the beast.

LEWTON

Wait up! Wait up!

Then three beasts pounce on him.

One of the beasts bats the sword from his hands.  
Slams Lewton across the tunnel.  
Lewton moves to his feet, a long piece of pipe in his hands.

LEWTON

You think you're a badass? I studied  
under Master Poe on "Kung Fu".

Using the pipe as a bo, he attacks the creatures.  
Batting them left and right.  
Using every martial arts bo trick, he keeps all three at  
bay, pummeling them with the pipe.

LEWTON

Had enough, grasshoppers?

Behind Lewton, one of the creatures charges.  
Lewton shoves the pipe backwards with all of his strength.  
Impales the creature against the tunnel wall....  
But now he has no weapon.

The other two beasts pounce on him, taking him to the ground,  
ripping into his flesh.

Lewton's scream echoes through the tunnel.

INT. SEWERS -- NIGHT

They run through the tunnel, flare sputtering.

DOUGLAS

Lewton.

They keep running, sounds and screams echoing behind them.

Johnson leads them into the leftover room, Matheson and Sevi  
in the middle, Douglas bringing up the rear - guns ready.

INT. CUL-DE-SAC -- NIGHT

They slow down, tired.

DOUGLAS  
What happened back there?

JOHNSON  
Sevi lead us into a dead end.

DOUGLAS  
Is the pressure too much for him?

JOHNSON  
He's been acting strange.

COL. MATHESON  
He feels fine to me.

Matheson pets him.

Johnson loads his cross-bow, turns to Sevi.

JOHNSON  
Lately, you just haven't been acting  
like yourself, Sevi.

Sevi barks, wags his tail, moves up to Johnson.

JOHNSON  
Part of it might be the pressure. I  
mean, it's gotta be rough to have  
that many bad kids in one litter.

Sevi barks, rubs against Johnson.

JOHNSON  
But if one half of those twins looks  
just like mommy, the scorpion; doesn't  
it stand to reason that the other  
one looks just like daddy? A German  
Shepherd with extraordinary  
intelligence?

He presses the cross-bow against the dog's head.

JOHNSON  
Time for the truth. Are you Sevi?  
Bark once for yes, die for no.

The dog's answer is a ferocious growl. When it opens it's  
mouth, an insect tongue with stingers on it shoots out.

Johnson pulls away from the tongue. The false dog pounces  
on him, knocking the cross-bow from his hands.

Mouth opens. Jaws spread wide. Go for Johnson's throat.

Johnson watches as a twin to his best friend prepares to rip his throat out and kill him.

JOHNSON

No. No.

Blam! Blood sprays over Johnson's face.

Douglas blows the false dog off of him with both chrome 45s.

JOHNSON

Thanks.

DOUGLAS

Sometimes it's hard to tell your friends from your enemies.

COL. MATHESON

He should have been in uniform.

Johnson wipes the blood from his face.

JOHNSON

If that wasn't Sevi, maybe he's still out there somewhere.

He grabs the headset, puts it on.

JOHNSON

Sevi? Sevi, can you hear me?

A voice comes over the headset:

SEVI (V.O.)

I know, you've been meaning to call, but you just didn't have the time.

JOHNSON

You're alive!

SEVI (V.O.)

No, I'm speaking from the spirit world... Of course I'm alive. I'm smarter than you, remember?

Douglas leads Johnson and Matheson toward the cavern.

JOHNSON

Where are you?

SEVI (V.O.)

Hiding. I thought you guys were going to kill those things.

JOHNSON

We're working on it.

SEVI (V.O.)  
You aren't doing a very good job.

JOHNSON  
We're only human. Murnau gave us  
bad ammo.

SEVI (V.O.)  
Should have bitten his balls off  
when I had the chance.

JOHNSON  
I shot him... those things got him.

SEVI (V.O.)  
At least there's a happy ending.

JOHNSON  
We're at the leftovers, headed to  
the egg cavern. On our way out.

They leave the leftovers behind and enter the high ceilinged  
hub of sewer tunnels... just as the flare sputters out.

INT. CAVERN-LIKE CHAMBER -- NIGHT

Dappled light from the waterfall tunnel creates more shadows  
than illumination. The three cross to the subway tunnel.

JOHNSON  
Where are you?

SEVI (V.O.)  
In a pipe near that dead end section.

JOHNSON  
Can you make it out?

SEVI (V.O.)  
Sure. Piece of kibble.

Douglas stops suddenly, near the dark section of the cavern.

DOUGLAS  
Paul. We've got a problem.

Johnson moves next to her...

Near the hatched eggs are a dozen more eggs... freshly laid.  
Johnson points deeper into the shadows.

JOHNSON  
More.

Another dozen fresh eggs.

DOUGLAS

Over here, too.

A third litter of fresh eggs.

JOHNSON

Sevi, you're gonna be a grandpa again!  
Looks like about three dozen eggs.

DOUGLAS

What's that over there?

JOHNSON

Make that four dozen.

SEVI (V.O.)

Don't these bitches know when to  
quit? I'll go broke buying birthday  
gifts for all of those pups.

DOUGLAS

What are we going to do?

JOHNSON

We came here to kill them. That's  
what we're going to do.

DOUGLAS

A dozen of them just kicked our ass.  
This is four times as many.

JOHNSON

I'm not going to let these things  
get away. Can you imagine what they  
would do in downtown Los Angeles?

DOUGLAS

They breed fast. There'd be hundreds  
of them, thousands of them.

JOHNSON

And on the eighth day, Murnau wiped  
out the entire human race.

DOUGLAS

Playing God.

JOHNSON

Look, Sevi, get the hell out of the  
sewers. Do it right now.

SEVI (V.O.)

I'm on my way.

DOUGLAS

What are you going to do?

JOHNSON  
Build a bomb, blow them back to hell.

DOUGLAS  
With what?

JOHNSON  
Colonel, I'm going to need your 70.

COL. MATHESON  
How will I defend myself?

JOHNSON  
Your side arm.

Matheson nods, hands over his AR-70 and pulls his 45.

Johnson ignores the rifle portion and focuses on the grenade launcher (this was Arnold's weapon originally). He ejects all of the grenades.

DOUGLAS  
We blow up the eggs, those things  
are just going to make more.

COL. MATHESON  
Can't use the grenades, soldier.  
Too much methane.

JOHNSON  
That's what I'm counting on.

COL. MATHESON  
You'll blow us all up.

JOHNSON  
Not if we use a timer. The mission  
clock.

Colonel Matheson hands him the mission clock.

Johnson uses the clock, the grenades, the last flare, and some other stuff to create a Rube-Goldberg bomb.

Douglas keeps watch, guns ready.

Colonel Matheson poses with his side arm.

A noise from the darkness...  
More noise...  
Echoes rumbling...

DOUGLAS  
They're coming!

Johnson finishes the bomb, sets the timer for ten minutes.

DOUGLAS

You're just going to leave that here?

JOHNSON

We should take it with us?

DOUGLAS

If those things are as smart as Sevi,  
maybe they can disarm it. Destroy it.

COL. MATHESON

We could hide it?

Douglas pulls Johnson aside.

DOUGLAS

What if they come after us?

Johnson looks at Matheson.

JOHNSON

We need someone to stay behind.  
Guard the bomb.

COL. MATHESON

You mean bait.

JOHNSON

No, Colonel...

COL. MATHESON

Someone to attract them to the bomb.

JOHNSON

Just to guard it.

COL. MATHESON

Get out of here. Both of you. Now.

JOHNSON

Colonel...

COL. MATHESON

That's an order, damn it!

DOUGLAS

Sir...

COL. MATHESON

You hear me? I gave a fucking order.  
I may have screwed up my life, but  
I'm sure as hell not going to screw  
up my death. I'm ranking officer.  
In charge of this mission. Go.  
Now.

Johnson turns on the time bomb, sets his watch for 10 minutes.

DOUGLAS

Colonel.

Both salute Matheson before they bolt out of the cavern into the subway tunnel.

Just as a trio of beasts burst into the cavern room. Matheson lifts the AR-70, preparing for battle.

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL -- NIGHT

They race through the tunnel, heading towards the light.

Suddenly, the sound of machine gun fire.

JOHNSON

Matheson found the Ar-70.

Then the sounds of screaming echoes through the subway.

DOUGLAS

How many were left?

JOHNSON

Eight. Nine. Plus the scorpion.

More gun fire. More screaming.

Douglas and Johnson continue running toward the light.

The light comes from a MetroRail Station.

INT. SUBWAY STATION -- NIGHT

An empty subway station. They run along the tracks.

DOUGLAS

How the hell do we get out of here?

JOHNSON

There.

Johnson points to an EXIT sign.

They climb onto the platform and run to the exit...

A cyclone fence covers the exit.

JOHNSON

Shit. They've closed it off.

DOUGLAS

Emergency exit.

She points to a door.

They run to the door.

Try to open it.

JOHNSON

Locked.

Johnson looks at his watch: 7 minutes, 12 seconds.

JOHNSON

We're running out of time.

Johnson and Douglas go from door to door at the station.  
All are LOCKED!  
They are trapped in the station.  
Panic sets in.

JOHNSON

How do we get out of here?

DOUGLAS

Our team searched here. If we got  
in, we can get out.

They search for another entrance to the sewer.

Johnson checks his watch: 6 minutes, 4 seconds.

DOUGLAS

Here!

Douglas finds a corrugated pipe leading back to the sewer.

Johnson and Douglas enter the pipe...  
Crawling on their bellies as quickly as they can.

INT. CORRUGATED PIPE -- NIGHT

They crawl through the pipe.

Johnson checks his watch: 5 minutes, 23 seconds.

The pipe empties into...

INT. TUNNELS -- MORNING

The sewer tunnel they first entered, light spilling in from  
the world outside.

DOUGLAS

We made it. We made it!

She gives Johnson a big kiss. A pretty good one.

JOHNSON

Never kissed a soldier before.

They walk toward the light at the end of the tunnel.

Echoes of gunfire... and screams from the tunnel behind them.  
The screams are cut short.

Leaving silence.

EXT. CULVERT -- DAY

They step into the light.

The two APCs and the M-35 Cargo Truck...  
But in front of the sewer entrance are thirteen steel cages.  
And the shadowy NSA Man.

NSA MAN  
Are they ready?

JOHNSON  
Sure. Go in and get them.

NSA MAN  
Where's Doctor Murnau?

DOUGLAS  
In there waiting for you.

Johnson looks at his watch: 4 minutes, 18 seconds.  
He touches the earpiece of his headset.

JOHNSON  
Sevi. Where are you?

SEVI (V.O.)  
Near the leftovers.

JOHNSON  
Why are you moving so slow? You've  
only got four minutes to get out of  
there.

SEVI (V.O.)  
I forgot to tell you. I broke one  
of my legs. I figured I'd do okay.  
I've got three others.

JOHNSON  
I'm coming in after you.

SEVI (V.O.)  
I'm a gimpy old dog. Forget me.  
Just get the hell out of there.

JOHNSON  
I could live without my job, without  
my home. But I sure as hell couldn't  
live without my best friend.

NSA MAN  
Soldier, I --

JOHNSON

Fuck off and get out of my way.

He pushes the NSA Man away from him, grabs a rope from the APC and ties one end around his shoulders and waist in a make-shift harness. Hands the other end to Douglas.

JOHNSON

Here.

DOUGLAS

What do I do with it?

JOHNSON

Tie it tightly to that Cargo Truck.

Hands her his watch.

JOHNSON

If I'm not back by the time this hits thirty seconds, jamb on the gas and get out of here.

DOUGLAS

I can go in with you...

JOHNSON

He's my dog. Or maybe I'm his human.

She kisses him again, hands him her guns.

DOUGLAS

Come back, okay.

Johnson takes the 45s and starts running.

INT. TUNNEL -- DAY

Johnson runs into the tunnel, retracing his earlier footsteps.

JOHNSON

Hold tight, Sevi. Here I come.

SEVI (V.O.)

I take back all of the bad things I told other dogs about you.

INT. SEWERS -- DAY

The light from the outside world turns to shadows. Johnson runs through the muck, guns ready.

SEVI (V.O.)

Paul! Go back! They're here!

JOHNSON

Sevi?

No answer.

JOHNSON

Sevi?

No answer.

Johnson pours on the speed.

INT. M-35 CARGO TRUCK -- DAY

Douglas sits behind the wheel, keys in the ignition, looking at the watch as time keeps on ticking into the future.

Time: 2 minutes, 32 seconds. 31 seconds. 30 seconds.

INT. CAVERN-LIKE CHAMBER -- DAY

Johnson enters the sewer hub, light filtering from the waterfall of sludge. This is where the beasts are.

Feeding off Matheson's corpse in the dark corner.

JOHNSON

Sevi?

From out of the darkness, the beasts slowly approach.

Nine of them, plus the giant scorpion.

Riding on the back of the giant scorpion... Murnau!

Holding Sevi in his arms.

He's king of the beasts.

Murnau dismounts from the giant scorpion, holding Sevi by the neck with one hand, petting him with the other.

MURNAU

You came back here for this?

JOHNSON

Give me my dog.

MURNAU

He's an experiment. A lab animal.

SEVI (V.O.)

Tell him I'm not a lab, I'm a German Shepherd.

JOHNSON

Sevi says he's going to bite your balls off, then rip out your throat.

MURNAU

The Rover Seven has always has discipline problems.

Murnau snaps his fingers twice, and a dog-scorpion steps forward. Growling at Johnson.

MURNAU

Say goodbye to Sgt. Johnson.

Murnau snaps his fingers again, and the dog-scorpion attacks.

Johnson fires the 45s at the beast, blowing it away.

JOHNSON

Anything else you want to get rid of?

Murnau snaps his fingers several times, another dog-scorpion pounces on Johnson. He tries shooting at it, but it uses its stinger-tail to knock the guns out of his hands.

MURNAU

Good boy.

The stinger whips at Johnson's face.  
He catches it in his hand.  
The stinger tries to zero in on his forehead.  
It takes all of Johnson's strength to keep it away.

The creature's teeth snap at Johnson's throat.  
Johnson lets go of the stinger to push the muzzle away.  
The beast tosses Johnson across the cavern.

He lands with a thud near what's left of Matheson.

INT. M-35 CARGO TRUCK -- DAY

Douglas sits behind the wheel looking at the watch.

Time: 1 minute, 13 seconds. Twelve. Eleven. Ten. Nine.

INT. CAVERN-LIKE CHAMBER -- DAY

Johnson staggers to his feet, just as the dog-scorpion pounces... knocking him back down.

Johnson scrambles away as the beast tries to bite him.  
He finds himself near one of the new litters...  
And Matheson's fallen AR-70!

MURNAU

You really think you can survive?

Near the fallen AR-70, Johnson sees the bomb.  
Still intact.  
Still ticking down to doomsday.

Time: 53 seconds. 52 seconds. 51 seconds. 50 seconds.

JOHNSON

It's a dead dog.

He reaches for the AR-70...  
Sees the rifle zoom away from his hand...  
As the dog-scorpion BITES his leg and drags him back.

Johnson screams...

But the dog-scorpion drags him past one of the chrome 45s.  
He scoops it up.  
Sits up.  
Presses the barrel into the dog's eye.  
Fires.

BLAM! The dog-scorpion is blown off him.

Johnson staggers to his feet, leg bleeding.  
Aims the gun at Murnau.

JOHNSON

Now give me my dog before I add your  
brains to the rest of the shit down  
here.

Murnau lets go of Sevi, who limps to Johnson's side.

SEVI (V.O.)

Glad you could make it.

JOHNSON

Couldn't leave without you.

MURNAU

You aren't leaving.

Murnau snaps his fingers again, and ALL of the dog-scorpions  
advance. Growling. Teeth bared. Stinger-tails whipping.

Sevi steps in front of Johnson, guarding him.

The dog-scorpions advance.

INT. M-35 CARGO TRUCK -- DAY

Douglas looks at the sewer entrance... nobody's coming.

DOUGLAS

Come on, Paul. Come on.

She looks down at the watch. Time is ticking away.

Time: 37 seconds.

She looks back at the sewer entrance.  
No sign of Johnson and Sevi.  
A tear in her eyes.

DOUGLAS

They're not coming.

She turns the ignition key.  
The engine growls, but doesn't turn over.

Time: 24 seconds.

She turns the ignition key again.  
The engine growls, still doesn't turn over.

Time: 16 seconds.

She turns the ignition key again.

INT. CAVERN-LIKE CHAMBER -- DAY

The dog-scorpions approach Johnson and Sevi, preparing for a two course meal.

Sevi moves to protect Johnson - growling.

JOHNSON

This dog's my best friend. Look  
what you've got, Murnau.

All of the dog-scorpions pounce at once...

Johnson feels the rope around him tighten.  
Quickly grabs Sevi.

THWACK!

Johnson and Sevi are jerked out of their grasp by the rope.

There one minute, gone the next!

INT. SEWERS -- DAY

Johnson and Sevi are pulled through the wet sewer at forty miles an hour by the rope. Johnson's back slides along the wet floors, banking corners like a bobsled.

INT. M-35 CARGO TRUCK -- DAY

Douglas floors it.

EXT. CULVERT -- DAY

The M-35 Cargo Truck races along the cement culvert, picking up speed, rope stretched out behind it.

It zooms past the NSA Man.

INT. M-35 CARGO TRUCK -- DAY

Douglas keeps her foot on the gas...

Johnson's watch begins beeping...

Time: 0 minutes, 0 seconds.

INT. CAVERN-LIKE CHAMBER -- DAY

Blammmmm!!!!

As the bomb explodes, a raging fireball of burning methane shoots through the sewers.

All of the creatures are FRIED.

Murnau and the giant scorpion turn to look at the sound only moments before the fireball engulfs them. They're crispy critters before they know it.

INT. SEWERS -- DAY

Johnson sees the fireball heading through the sewer tunnel toward them and closes his eyes.

The flames chase them as they bobsled through the sewer tunnels, around corners, through narrows, into the light.

EXT. CULVERT -- DAY

They are pulled out of the mouth of the sewer just in time.

Flames shoot out of the sewer as Johnson and Sevi are drug down the Los Angeles River behind the truck. Survivors.

INT. M-35 CARGO TRUCK -- DAY

Douglas looks back at the flames and explosion, sees... Johnson and Sevi dragging behind the truck!

She hits the brakes, turns off the engine, jumps out.

EXT. CULVERT -- DAY

Douglas runs down the culvert to Johnson and Sevi.

Takes him in her arms.  
They hold each other close.  
Kiss.

When they part, the NSA Man is standing nearby, watching the flames pour out of the sewer tunnel.

NSA MAN  
Doctor Murnau?

JOHNSON  
With his creatures. Extra crispy,  
by now.

NSA MAN

Seems like we were wrong about you,  
Johnson.

JOHNSON

You're wrong about everything.

NSA MAN

We have a situation in New Mexico.  
We've lost contact with one of our  
facilities. They were researching a  
shape shifting life form we discovered  
in 1947.

DOUGLAS

Roswell?

NSA MAN

We could use your help. All three  
of you. Lead the recovery team.

Johnson looks at Douglas.

JOHNSON

Do you want to?

DOUGLAS

No. You do it.

Johnson decks the NSA Man.  
Sevi ambles over, raises his leg on the NSA Man, pees.

Johnson, Douglas, and Sevi walk down the culvert, beside the  
mighty Los Angeles River, headed home.

Sunlight glitters off the trickle of water.

INT. TV NEWS SET -- DAY

When the light subsides, Grace Pabst is smiling at the camera  
from the prime time anchor desk.

GRACE

The valley will be off limits to  
subway commuters for the next few  
weeks, due to an electrical fire.

(smiles)

The two point five miles of tunnel  
between the Universal City Station  
and the Hollywood and Highland  
station, as well as the North  
Hollywood station will be closed for  
two to three months for repairs.

Someone has gotten to her! Maybe threatened her into telling  
the cover-up version. The NSA? Grace smiles and continues.

GRACE

The fire seems to have been caused during routine maintenance on the tunnel over the weekend.

(smiles)

No workers were injured in the blaze, but methane gasses in a nearby main sewer line created some isolated fires in the Studio City area.

(smiles)

Now to Lance with today's accu-weather report... Lance?

We cut to the mega-haired LANCE in front of a weather map.

LANCE

Looks like we have some great beach weather this weekend, so grab your sun block and your swimsuits and...

EXT. BEACH -- NIGHT

A BEACH KID turns off his Watchman TV, and Lance shrinks into a spot on the screen. The Beach Kid grabs his bottle of beer, takes a swallow. Then he hears a noise behind him. In the shadows, the figure of a dog.

BEACH KID

Hey, boy. What are you doing here?  
You a stray? You lost?

As the Beach Kid gets ready to pet the dog, we...

FADE OUT.

THE END.

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