

WHITEOUT

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SCROLL OVER BLACK:

Antarctica. Six million square miles of ice. The coldest place on earth.

Forty-six countries have competing claims and maintain outposts. The Antarctic Treaty holds these claims in check.

There is no regular law enforcement. A single U.S. Marshal is assigned to the territory.

END SCROLL

EXT. ANTARCTICA - DAY

Snow-covered hills thrust up out of a barren, white wasteland. No buildings, no animals... nothing.

CLOSER: The hills are more defined. Rows of jagged peaks and a crazed pattern of crevasses. A fine 'mist' of wind-blown snow whips about this jumble of glinting ice.

STILL CLOSER: We track down through valleys, skirt crevasses, climb peaks and finally pause on a flat stretch of ice. HOLD on this scene of timeless, savage beauty, then...

THUD!!!

A FACE, hooded and goggled in ECW (extreme cold weather gear) drops into frame, smashing down on the icy surface with such brutal impact, the shattered goggle shield pops out --

-- EYES STARE BLANKLY into camera -- locked in death. It's a man.

Camera slowly starts to PULL BACK to see his limbs have snapped at unnatural angles, the head grotesquely twisted -- bright red arterial blood seeps from the corpse and spreads out down tiny cracks in the ice until, with startling speed, it turns dark and freezes.

We PULL BACK further and look down on the body, a bizarre shape in a spider's web of frozen blood. And SLOWLY WE PULL BACK... further and further...until all is dazzling white.

TITLE: WHITEOUT

DISSOLVE TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The sounds of lapping surf and distant seagulls serenades us like a rhythmic lullaby.

-- CU on WOMAN'S TOES digging up soft, white sand. The shadow of a palm tree cascading over top.

Widen slightly -- a pair of feminine hands, donning an ANTIQUE SILVER ring on the left middle finger, are slowly applying coconut tanning lotion onto firm, athletic calves. Deep. Soothing. Then --

O.C. KNOCK KNOCK on a door.

The hands stop.

Another KNOCK KNOCK.

The lapping surf and seagull sounds come to an abrupt halt.

WOMAN (O.C.)
(slightly annoyed)
...Yeah?

Widen to meet CARRIE STETKO, late 20's. Cargo pants -- rolled up, and an exercise top. She's kicking back, but she's not at the beach.

In fact, she's in an office, sitting on a chair. A NEWLY OPEN BAG OF KITTY LITTER sits next to a plastic tub she's got her feet in. Two FLOOR LAMPS stand like sentinels above her, blasting her with warm wattage. A fake palm tree casts the shadow across her body. She's pulled the earplugs out of her iPod -- back to the real world.

The door opens. Leaning into the room is JAMIE CLARK (20's), African-American. She's dressed in a flannel shirt, jeans. Carrie doesn't look entirely happy at the intrusion.

JAMIE
Sorry, a Professor Sapperstein
needs to see you in biology. Said
it's urgent.

CARRIE
Al right --

Jamie leaves.

As Carrie gets to her feet, camera moves away from her, panning around the small office. Half-packed up boxes lay strewn about the floor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

A CALENDER hangs crookedly before a desk. Each day has been marked off with a large X. THREE DAYS REMAIN unmarked. Last space reads: WINTER-OVER, and in the space next to it, there's a cut out picture of a tropical beach.

A dart board is next to it with A PHOTOGRAPH pulverized with dart holes over the Bullseye. It's of a candy-striped pole topped with a silver ball, surrounded by international flags - the South Pole. Carrie is standing next to the pole, smiling at the camera, arm-in-arm with SAM MURPHY (30's). Looks like he's handsome, but his face is a little more obliterated than the rest of him.

CUT TO:

EXT. MCMURDO STATION - ANTARCTICA - DAY

An ugly sprawl of prefab buildings, power-lines and above ground sewage pipes. It looks more like a Siberian work camp than Antarctica's largest research base and logistics hub. In the background, smoke rises from Mt. Erebus.

SUPER: MCMURDO STATION (USA)

POP: 2137 TEMP: -22°

An icy wind HOWLS, but the base swarms with PARKA-CLAD FIGURES shuttling supplies and packing up equipment for winter.

We PICK UP CARRIE AND FOLLOW her as she strides down the icy, unmade street. Her hood is pulled up and she's not enjoying the cold. She reaches a row of buildings and checks the names - GEOLOGY LAB #2...ASTROPHYSICS - BERKLEY...until she reaches BIOLOGY BUILDING #7 and pushes through the double doors into...

INT. BIOLOGY BUILDING #7 - DAY

LONG BENCHES are covered with ANTARCTIC FLORA - MOSSES, LICHENS and LIVERWORTS. They are being nurtured and studied by SCIENTISTS who look like homeless people - unkempt beards, bloodshot eyes and sun-damaged skin.

Carrie throws back her hood and unzips her jacket. Approaches one of the scientists with familiarity, who is in the process of EXTRACTING an ICE-CORE SAMPLE from a stainless steel cylinder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTI NUED:

CARRI E
(sarcastic)
Hey Fred, unlock any secrets of
the Universe -- discover we're
Alien life forms?

FRED
Workin' on it.

CARRI E
Which one's Sapperstein?

SCI ENTI ST
Deschampsia Antarctica.

He indicates with a nod to a bench covered with tall
grass samples across the room. PROFESSOR SAPPERSTEIN,
young, thin and bearded, is studying them.

CARRI E
Okay, thanks.

She crosses to him --

CARRI E (cont'd)
Sapperstein?

He looks at her --

SAPPERSTEIN
Yeah.

CARRI E
Wanted to see me?

His face tenses -- this is serious.

SAPPERSTEIN
-- Follow me.

He leads her to a bench in the corner on which stands a
GLASS HERBARIUM containing only STALKS and a few HEAT
LAMPS. One of the GLASS PANELS has been smashed.

SAPPERSTEIN (cont'd)
They took it all.

CARRI E
All what?

SAPPERSTEIN
Cannabis Sativa.

She looks at him --

(CONTI NUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SAPPERSTEIN (cont'd)
My weed, man. I've been growing
it all summer and they took it.
(beat)
It was just budding, too.

He sends an evil glare across the room to four glassy-eyed scientists sitting around a desk, munching on potato chips, candy bars, and drinking beer. Stifling laughter.

SAPPERSTEIN (cont'd)
(glaring)
It's not funny!

Carrie looks back to him -- can barely stifle a laugh.

CARRIE
Professor Sapperstein, I'd like
you to read something for me.

She pulls out a small LEATHER FOLD chained around her neck. Opens it up. Puts it in front of his face.

CARRIE (cont'd)
What's this say?

He's not sure what she's getting at --

CARRIE (cont'd)
C'mon, go ahead, read it.

SAPPERSTEIN
Carrie Stetko.

CARRIE
Keep reading.

SAPPERSTEIN
United States Marshal.

She closes the fold, lets it drop around her neck.

CARRIE
Very good.
(beat)
Now are you still sure you want to
report the theft of an illegal
narcotic?

He actually ponders the question for a moment. Carrie puts an arm around his bony shoulder and steers him away from the others.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CARRIE (cont'd)
Professor...are you planning on
doing the winter-over?

SAPPERSTEIN
Not this year, no.

CARRIE
Good. And how are you feeling
right now?

SAPPERSTEIN
You think I'm crazy? Is that what
you're saying?

CARRIE
(paci fyi ng)
No, no, not crazy. But this time
of year, down here, we're all
going a little toasty aren't we?
How about you plant a little
Cannabis when you get home?

She pats him on the back.

INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - MCMURDO - DAY

Carrie enters. Walks by a mirror. Takes a glance. Is
about to fix her hair, then stares at the reflection --
what's the point? We notice a slight scar on her right
temple.

She steps around the moving boxes to her desk, which is
bare except for a thick BINDER labelled, 'DAILY REPORTS'.

She takes a seat, opens a binder and flips past dozens of
empty pages reading "INCIDENT: None. ACTION TAKEN:
None." On today's page she fills in the blanks with
"Theft of botany sample." And "None."

A pencil falls down onto the desk before her. Bounces.
Then rolls off. She doesn't even flinch, or look up.
Just stares unhappily at the binder.

Camera tilts up -- several pencils are stuck into the
cardboard tiles.

She closes the binder and puts it on the shelf beside a
row of framed photos: Carrie in a Marshal's uniform
graduation day; crisp, clean uniform. She and two other
girlfriends, all smiles, at a bar -- she's got a birthday
cake in front of her. Carrie on a beach somewhere,
sitting in a chair, feet in the sand -- shaded by a palm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As she lifts the frames and moves to pack them in a nearby box --

MURPHY (O.C.)

You busy?

She turns to see SAM MURPHY, base commander, the guy on the DART BOARD. There's an awkward beat.

CARRIE

What do you think?

(beat)

I know you weren't in the area.

What's up?

He sees the photo on the dart board -- saunters over to it.

MURPHY

I got a pilot at ASB who thinks he spotted a popsicle out on the ice.

CARRIE

What flavor?

MURPHY

Don't know.

CARRIE

And we were doing so well.

(beat)

Where?

MURPHY

McClain Valley.

This throws her.

CARRIE

McClain Valley? What was he doing out there? That's no man's land.

He takes a closer look at the photo -- almost seems amused.

MURPHY

I've got a plane heading to ASB in an hour with some supplies for Winter-over.

(beat)

Can't get you back until tomorrow.

He looks at her with a smile --

(CONTINUED)

INT. ASB - CORRIDOR - DAY

Music cranks. Carrie knows her way. People come and go as she strides along a corridor decorated with PARTY BALLOONS and signs that read: 'DON'T FORGET THE EVE OF EVAC PARTY' -- comes to an office door with a small plaque on it that reads: MARSHAL. Pushes it open.

INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - ASB - CONTINUOUS

Carrie enters. It's smaller than her McMurdo office with a HOLDING ROOM that has a viewing window in the door. A fine layer of dust blankets a little desk with a computer and lamp on top.

A map of Antarctica is spread across a wall with sub-station positions marked in block letters. A window gives view to the South Pole.

INT. SMALL ROOM - RIGHT AFTER

Carrie opens the door. Single bed. Tiny dresser. No frills. She tosses her gear bag onto the bed. Closes the door.

INT. MEDICAL CLINIC - ASB - DAY

Carrie pokes her head in. An examination table, cabinets with drugs and first aid equipment. A couple of hospital beds. Moving boxes are packed up.

CARRIE

Doc?

Another door in the back of the room is open, but the light is off. Carrie turns to leave and --

INT. MAIN CORRIDOR - ASB - CONTINUOUS

-- almost bumps right into one of the runners from outside, Aussie RUSSELL KELLER (late 20's) coming down the corridor. He's naked, except for a towel wrapped around his waste. Sports a goatee. Couple tats. Flashes a cocky smile.

KELLER

Well, hello Marshal.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARRIE

Keller.

She leaves. He falls into stride with her.

CARRIE (cont'd)

You seen Doc?

KELLER

Out back. What are you doing here?

CARRIE

Checking the freezer for a popsicle.

KELLER

No shit?

CARRIE

It got called in this morning.

KELLER

Who spotted it?

CARRIE

Delfy, one of the pilots here.

Keller half smiles.

KELLER

It's his first year down here. You know how that goes. My bet it was just debris, an old tent or something.

CARRIE

Yeah -- probably.

KELLER

Here's an idea -- why don't you stay here with me and we'll party, just the two of us. Put those cuffs of yours to work.

CARRIE

...Were you the second guy from the front?

KELLER

Yeah.

CARRIE

Not interested.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

They come to the end of the hall. Keller stops. Carrie goes right.

INT. OPERATIONS CENTER - ASB

A large room by base standards. Several windows. A giant map of ANTARCTICA dominates one wall with the International stations and research outposts flagged with pins that have their countries flags on them. A grid of EVAC TIMES of each STATION and OUTPOST is next to it. A Tech is changing a few.

Another TECH sits at a console, lined with comm equipment and computers. Others hustle about.

Talking into a headset is the Station Manager, RHONDA STEWART (30's). Silky white skin. Irish. Long red hair tied back. Perfunctory.

RHONDA

I'll have them boomerang back and pick up the load -- just have it ready.

The Tech at the console turns to her --

TECH

Guys got the science lab all shut down.

RHONDA

Good, have them check all the pressure levels on the hydraulics, then clear the exterior storage bins. Make sure we're not leaving anything out there.

Rhonda sees Carrie coming in the doorway. There's a flash of awkward tension that both mask with professional demeanor.

RHONDA (CONT'D)

Sam told me you'd be coming up -- how's the sleigh ride?

CARRIE

Fine. I need a plane and that pilot who saw the popsicle.

RHONDA

I'll have him meet you in the hangar.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A moment of silence lingers as neither have anything else to say.

CARRIE

Yeah, good.

Carrie leaves.

EXT. BACK OF ASB - DAY

Selecting a putter from a bag of golf clubs is DOC FURY, 60. Looks seasoned. Bearded. Wears the only non-red parka we've seen: it's royal blue, trimmed with black fur and emblazoned with dozens of emblems and patches from years of Antarctic service.

DOC

In less than three days we begin Winter-over. The sky will go completely black and stay that way for six months.

Camera pulls back to REVEAL five NEWBIES (first-timers); an Asian, French, Brazilian, Danish and an American. All are standing on their jackets, shivering uncontrollably in the wind.

DOC (cont'd)

The sane ninety percent of the population will be leaving the ice. Extreme weather conditions make it impossible for planes from the outside world to land. You have chosen, for your own misguided reasons, to stay. And it is my responsibility to teach you beakers how not to die.

Doc lines up on a hot pink golf ball and putts.

The ball rolls across the glacier in an impossible, wind-driven arc, approaches a flag, and sinks.

DOC (cont'd)

Time?

The Asian holds a stopwatch. He stares at it stupidly.

ASIAN

T... T... Three minutes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTI NUED:

DOC

Your core body temperatures have fallen to approximately 97 degrees. You are shivering uncontrollably -- losing basic motor skills. You're having trouble focusing on even the simplest tasks. In short, you are well on your way to dying, and it has only been two-hundred seconds.
(beat)

Put your coats on.

The class struggles into their jackets. Doc assists those who, in their diminished capacity, are having trouble figuring out how to put them on.

DOC (cont'd)

Your life is dependent on your awareness of the weather. So be aware. There is a condition that arises around here known as a whiteout. Don't get caught in it. Winds kick up snow that's lain on the ice for thousands of years -- can't see six inches in front of your nose. Temperature plummets to triple digits. We found bodies less than a foot from safety and warmth.

Carrie walks up. Doc's eyes brighten.

DOC (cont'd)

Class, here we have another of the many hazards found on Antarctica. Say hello to Marshal Stetko.

Through a disjointed, chattering chorus --

CLASS

Hello Marshal Stetko.

DOC

Always a pleasure to see you. Unlike most of the beaker-heads down here.

(beat)

Social visit?

CARRIE

I wish -- We got a job. I need you to take a ride with me.

(MORE)

(CONTI NUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CARRIE (cont'd)

(beat)

Might be a body out on the ice.

DOC

Why's this crap always happen at
the end of the season?

Carrie pulls a Driver from Doc's golf bag. Lines up
another pink ball.

DOC (cont'd)

Too cold for driving.

Carrie swings -- WHACK! The ball shatters and pink bits
rain down around them.

CARRIE

So it is.

INT. ASB - HANGAR - DAY

Carrie and Doc cross the interior, which houses Three
double prop Twin Otters, two Snowcats, and six
snowmobiles. Keller and two other employees are busy
working on one of the Otters.

DOC

What's your gut say about this
body?

CARRIE

My gut and I don't talk anymore.

They continue, after a beat --

CARRIE (cont'd)

I saw your boxes packed up. What
was all that BS last month about,
"I'm never going back -- I'll die
here. Scatter my ashes over the
pole"?

He takes a beat --

DOC

People change, Carrie.

CARRIE

Not you.

Beat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTI NUED:

DOC

I got a card from my Granddaughter
inviting me to her fifth birthday
party. You know, I've never even
met her.

CARRIE

Or mentioned her. A grandchild?
Doc, that's great.

DOC

It got me thinking -- I need to be
a better Grandfather, than I was a
father. It's time I deal with my
life. I've been down here a lot
longer than I probably should
have.

They arrive at one of the Otters.

BYRON DELFY, a baby-faced, African American pilot leans
out the plane's door.

CARRIE

You Delfy?

DELFY

Yes, ma'am.

DOC

Where the hell they get these
thumb-suckers?

Delfy smiles graciously.

DELFY

Brooklyn. And unless your
wrinkled ass has a heart attack on
my plane, I think we'll be all
right.

Delfy disappears back into the plane. Doc looks to
Carrie.

DOC

-- I want Keller. He's my pilot.
(barks)
Keller, get over here!

CARRIE

Delfy's taking us, Doc. He's the
one who saw the body. C'mon,
you'll be fine. I'll even hold
your hand if you want.

(CONTI NUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She ushers him in.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TWIN OTTER - AIRBORNE - SAME

The plane soars through a cloudless sky, the sun sparkling brilliantly on the endless ice sheet below.

Carrie's in the copilot's seat, wrapped up tight in her ECW, just trying to stay warm. Delfy's at the controls. Doc's in the back.

CARRIE

What were you doing out there?

DELPHY

I went to evac a camp. Had to fly off route to get around a storm. Got down low to avoid some turbulence, and there it was.

Carrie notices a picture of a young boy, around seven, wearing a Yankees cap dangling from the instrument panel. It's framed in popsicle sticks with I LOVE YOU DADDY written around the perimeter.

CARRIE

That your son?

He lights up.

DELPHY

Yeah, name's Nathan.

CARRIE

He's cute. Has your eyes.

DELPHY

Lucky he got his momma's brain. Kid's smart.

CARRIE

So why aren't you with him?

DELPHY

The bonus pay. Trying to buy a house. Give my boy a yard. His own room. Stuff I never had.

He looks at Carrie, all bundled up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEL FY (cont'd)
Don't like the cold, huh?

CARRIE
Hate it.

DEL FY
Then why are *you* down here?

Carrie's eyes drift out the window --

CARRIE
We all make stupid mistakes.

Del fy tips the nose of the plane down. The ice below is broken by jagged hills and yawning crevasses.

DEL FY
It's right up here.

He spirals down among the icy hills, visibility is poor. Heavy turbulence suddenly jars the plane sideways -- Del fy laughs at Doc's nervous reaction.

DEL FY (cont'd)
I don't carry extra panties Doc,
so keep it tight.
(beat)
There it is.

He banks the plane and slips down into a valley.

DEL FY (cont'd)
Three o'clock.

CARRIE
Yeah. Got it. It's a popsicle
alright.

Down below is the body sprawled on the icy ground next to the crevice.

CARRIE (cont'd)
Red jacket. He's American.

EXT. ICE FIELD - LATER

The Twin Otter is in the distant background. Carrie, Doc and Del fy, who has a gear bag slung over his shoulder, weave their way around huge ice boulders -- skirt small crevasses. Mid-conversation...

(CONTINUED)

CONTI NUED:

DOC

... It's always different when they freeze. Some curl up. Some stretch out. Some tear their clothes off. They get delirious. What was that guy's name?

CARRI E

Linger.

DOC

Yeah. He's lost in a storm. We can't find him, but we hear him on the radio going on and on about the Serengeti heat and his wife, Janet. Next day, we find him frozen solid, wearing nothing but his bunny boots.

Del fy stops. Grimaces. Drops the gear bag.

DELFY

Jesus.

The CORPSE is just ahead -- a frozen display of death.

They all stare at it - the body in unnatural angles, the spiderweb of frozen blood. Del fy looks nauseous.

DOC

Never seen a dead guy?

Del fy slowly shakes his head, no.

Carrie moves up to it. Takes a look down the deep crevice four feet away. Can't see the bottom. She walks around to get a look at the face. Blanches slightly.

DOC (cont'd)

You know him --

CARRI E

So do you. Think his name's Weiss. We Wintered-over last year with him. Played cards a couple of times.

DOC

The guy who cheated?

CARRI E

Yeah. Geologist, I think.

Doc takes a look.

(CONTI NUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DOC

Damn --

Carrie pulls out a DIGITAL CAMERA from a pocket. Shoots a couple of pics.

Doc takes a look up behind them. The ice steepens sharply to a vast plateau, scattered with jagged boulders of ice.

DOC (cont'd)

Looks like he fell from up there.

Carrie pauses with her camera, looks up -- doesn't seem as convinced.

CARRIE

Then where's his crampons -- his gear?

Doc looks around -- she's right.

DOC

Maybe down the crevasse?

CARRIE

Yeah, maybe --

Carrie glances to Delfy.

CARRIE (cont'd)

What's the closest camp?

DELPHY

Brits -- about eighty miles west.

CARRIE

(Looking at body - Soto)
What the hell where you doing all the way out here?

Doc reaches down and tries to move the body -- doesn't budge -- frozen solid into the ice.

DOC

Ah Christ -- he's a sticker.

Carrie unzips the gear bag. Digs out ice two axes.

TIME CUT TO

LATER

A pile of chopped ice is off to the side of corpse. Delfy, who looks very uneasy about all this, grabs the feet as Carrie and Doc each grab an arm.

CARRIE
You going to be alright?

DELFIY
No -- this is the kind of stuff
that scars you for life.

They all strain to lift the body from the frozen ground.

DOC
Gonna give myself a Goddamn
hernia.

They keep pulling and -- SNAP! The arm Doc is holding
BREAKS OFF at the elbow. Lands on his ass.

Delfy turns away and pukes.

CARRIE
Oh yeah -- I'm really going to
miss this place.

CUT TO:

A SUBJECTIVE POV - THROUGH HIGH POWERED BINOCULARS

is peering down at them from the top of an ice cliff.

Widen to see A MAN wearing a white camouflage parka.
Lowers the binoculars. Goggles shield his eyes. He
moves on.

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN CORRIDOR - ASB - DAY

LOUD MUSIC. A party is in progress. People are
mingling, some have drinks, others dance.

The VOLUME of the music dies, replaced by a repetitive
SQUEAKING NOISE emanating through the silence.

People stop what they're doing, and focus on where the
noise is coming from, which is --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

-- Doc and Carrie ushering a pushcart with Weiss' contorted, frozen body through the middle of the party. His dismembered arm rests across his chest.

The festive mood evaporates quickly as all eyes stay glued to the horrific state of Weiss' body.

Just as they pass OPERATIONS, Rhonda steps out with the Brazilian and French Newbies at her side to see what's going on. Her eyes immediately go to Weiss, then shift to meet Carrie's. Before she can say anything --

CARRIE

Who manages the Post Stations?

RHONDA

Dinkle. Howard Dinkle.

Doc and Carrie keep moving. Everyone else just keeps silent and watching. Squeaky wheel fades.

INT. MEDICAL CLINIC - ASB - DAY

CARRIE (O.C.)

One - two - three...

THUMP! Carrie and Doc set Weiss' body onto the examination table.

CARRIE (cont'd)

How long to thaw him out?

DOC

Carrie, let's just bag him and put him on a plane to McMurdo.

She moves over to a sink and gets a cup of steaming hot water from a tap.

CARRIE

It bothers me no one's reported him missing yet.

DOC

Because maybe no one thinks he is.

CARRIE

How'd he get out there? There were no tracks.

DOC

Sounds to me like you and your gut are talking again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Carrie returns with the water. Goes to pour it on the zipper, but Doc gently puts his hand on hers, stopping her.

DOC (cont'd)
Let's ask ourselves if we really
need to do this.

They share a moment, Carrie understanding, but --

CARRIE
Nobody wants to get out of here
more than I do, trust me, but
right now -- we're all this guy
has.

She slides her hand away from his -- starts pouring the water on the zipper.

TIME CUT TO:

CU ON CARRIE'S HAND TUGGING ON THE ZIPPER

Little by little, it starts to move -- then finally, *ZIIIIIIIIIP*. The jacket opens up, barely -- like sliced skin.

Doc watches as she tries to pry it open further, but can't.

CARRIE
Grab that side.

She takes one half, he the other, and begin to pull. The jacket opens up, like bending metal -- slowly revealing a frozen, but extremely bloodsoaked chest area surrounding A DEEP PUNCTURE WOUND through the shirt.

Doc's face sags. Carrie stares at the wound.

FLASH CUT TO:

CARRIE'S MEMORY HIT: The well defined chest of a man wearing a tight T-shirt. A BULLET HOLE dead center.

BACK TO SCENE

Doc looks at Carrie with deep concern -- he's tuned in.

DOC
Stirring up a few things?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARRIE
...I'll be alright.

Both take a moment looking at the body.

DOC
You know, this means a Federal
Investigation, and we're
witnesses. We may get stuck here.

CARRIE
I know.

Doc looks to Carrie, gentle, like a dad would his
daughter.

DOC
We both want to do the right thing
Carrie -- but we also need to get
off the ice. Right now we don't
have to say a word. When they
find something later -- hey, we
didn't know. We were leaving, the
body was frozen, we didn't have
time to examine it. No one gets
murdered in Antarctica. Think
about it. Dead is dead.

He eyes her pleadingly.

CARRIE
Exactly, this is the first murder
in Antarctica, Doc -- and I can't
just pretend it didn't happen.
(beat)
I'm sorry.

DOC
Why did I know you were going to
say that?

INT. CORRIDOR - SOON AFTER

Carrie steps out into the hallway. Takes a moment,
leaning against the wall, this whole thing wearing on her
more than she's revealed. She tilts her head back. The
second it hits the wall --

THE SOUND OF A GUNSHOT RINGS OUT!

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT (CARRIE'S MEMORY HIT)

Carrie's beat to shit, soul weary. She's on her knees, full of blood. A man is on the floor between two beds before her. She holds her gun at her side. He's dead.

BACK TO SCENE

Carrie refocuses. Pulls away from the wall. Leaves the memory behind.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - ASB - LATER

Carrie has a NEXTEL phone/walkie to her ear, making her way up the corridor. Moves past a couple of guys loading a dolly with boxes from an adjacent room.

MURPHY (V.O.)

What camp was he with?

CARRIE

I'm on my way to find out.

MURPHY (V.O.)

This is all I need right now.

CARRIE

I'm sure his family's thinking the same thing.

MURPHY (V.O.)

That's not what I meant.

(beat)

I'll contact the FBI -- see how they want to handle this.

She hangs up. Approaches a closed door. Name plate on it reads Dinkle -- SUB-STATIONS MANAGER.

O.C. MOANING and GROANING -- great sex. Carrie rolls her eyes. Knocks on the door. No one answers. Moaning continues. She doesn't have time for this. Opens the door to see --

-- a large TV playing a locker-room porno where a quarterback with no pants is giving it to a cheerleader with no top. Half a dozen guys, oblivious to Carrie standing there, CHEER the action.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARRIE
I hate interrupting educational
programming, but --

The CHEERING dies as everyone turns to see Carrie
standing behind them. Only fake PORNO MOANING remains.

CARRIE (cont'd)
I need to talk to Dinkle.

Everyone gets up, thrilled for an excuse to leave. One
of them nods to Carrie on the way out.

LAST GUY
Marshal.

CARRIE
Chaplain.

Carrie flips a nearby wall switch. Lights kick on.
Small room. English flag. There's a Beckham poster and
an 8x10 framed photo, turned backwards, hanging on one
wall. A large map of Antarctica on another.

A proud assortment of tea bags are uniformly lined up
along a shelf.

One guy remains. HOWARD DINKLE. Thirties. English.
Bearded. On the heavy side.

DINKLE
Am I in some kind of trouble?

As he crosses to her, he flips the 8x10 framed photo back
around -- it's of THE QUEEN MOTHER.

INT. DINKLE'S OFFICE - SOON AFTER

A FILE FOLDER drops into frame onto a desktop, which is a
map of Antarctica, under glass. File reads: DELTA ONE
ONE.

Widen. Carrie opens it.

Three photos are stapled inside. One is of Weiss, the
other two have names written under them -- RUBIN and
MOONEY. Mooney is a runty looking guy with a mop of
blond hair. Rubin is a skinny, thin faced young guy with
a beard that hasn't filled in yet.

CARRIE
What are they doing out there?

(CONTINUED)

CONTI NUED:

DINKLE

Collecting meteorites.

(beat)

One One has an extremely old
surface with low sediment
deposition.

CARRIE

English, please.

DINKLE

Means it's a good place to look
for meteorites.

(beat)

It's right here.

Dinkle points to a location on the map. Delta One One is
labeled. Boasts an American Flag.

CARRIE

I don't get it -- Weiss was no
where near Delta One One.

She looks at Dinkle.

CARRIE (cont'd)

When are they scheduled for evac?

DINKLE

One sec --

He refers to a RADIO LOG SHEET hanging off the corner of
his desk. Gets uneasy -- can't find what he's looking
for.

Finally --

DINKLE (cont'd)

...They haven't arranged a pickup
yet.

CARRIE

Isn't that a little unusual this
close to Winter-over?

He hates to say it, but --

DINKLE

Yes, it is. Really unusual,
actually.

(scrambling)

I guess I should've contacted
them, but --

(CONTI NUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CARRIE
-- You've been a little busy.
Yeah, I can see that.

She moves over to a LONG RANGE RADIO CONSOLE tucked up
against a wall.

CARRIE (cont'd)
What's their frequency?

DINKLE
Seventeen.

Carrie spins a dial to 17. Keys the microphone, drawing
it to her face.

CARRIE
(into microphone)
Delta One One, this is United
States Marshall Carrie Stetko,
come back, over.

Static crackles.

CARRIE (cont'd)
Delta One One, I repeat, this is
United States Marshal Stetko, come
in, over.

The dull constant static never wavers.

She puts down the mic. Thinks for a moment.

Suddenly, Carrie's NEXTEL RINGS -- takes it off her belt.

CARRIE (cont'd)
Stetko.

JAMIE (V.O.)
Marshal, it's Jamie. I've got
some guy holding from Vostok who
won't give his name, says he has
to talk to you.

CARRIE
Vostok?
(beat)
Patch it through.

JAMIE (V.O.)
You're on now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CARRIE
This is Marshal Stetko, who's
this?

MOONEY (V.O.)
John Mooney.

She's thrown.

CARRIE
Mooney?

MOONEY (V.O.)
You know who I am?

Carrie's eyes shift to his picture on the desk.

CARRIE
What happened out there, Mooney?

MOONEY (V.O.)
You come to Vostok and we'll talk.
Only you.

CARRIE
Where's Rubin?

MOONEY (V.O.)
Come to Vostok.

CLICK.

INT. CORRIDOR - RIGHT AFTER

Carrie is moving at a quick pace. Passes the open door to the clinic. Sees Doc looking through some boxes, a glass of Scotch in hand. She stops. Backs up.

CARRIE
Getting drunk already?

DOC
Just gearing my liver up in case I
have to stay the next six months.

CARRIE
Murphy's contacting the Feds.

He looks over to her. Raises his glass in a somber toast.

DOC
You're making my day.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARRIE
I'll do everything I can to get
you off this ice, promise.

DOC
I know you will.
(beat)
What's the hurry?

CARRIE
Going to Vostok.

He raises a curious brow --

CARRIE (cont'd)
One of the guys from Weiss' team
called. Wants to talk.

DOC
What's he doing in Russia?

INT. OPERATIONS CENTER - DAY

Carrie walks in. Rhonda has a phone to one ear, another
in her hand. Looks stressed. She's hovering over one of
the Techs who is sitting before a computer screen
displaying Satellite Weather Imagery -- think Doppler.
His focus is on a VAST STORM SYSTEM that is heading
toward ASB, which is marked in RED NEON. Other stations
are marked as well.

RHONDA
We're tracking it now.

CARRIE
I need a plane to Vostok.

Rhonda raises her finger -- putting her on hold. Carrie
doesn't like it.

RHONDA
(into phone)
I don't control the weather -- you
want to stay the winter, then
don't be ready for your evac.

She looks to Carrie --

RHONDA (cont'd)
Sorry, can't. All the planes are
committed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARRIE

I'm not asking.

RHONDA

What am I supposed to tell the deep drill ice core team getting picked up in four and a half?

CARRIE

Tell them I took their plane.

Carrie spins. Leaves.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. VOSTOK - DAY - ESTABLISHING

Squat Soviet-ugly buildings, some collapsing, others with boarded up windows, are barely visible through the driving ice.

STORM LINES of different colors interconnect all the buildings.

Carrie and Delfy, wearing full ECW gear, lean hard into the wind, making their way towards the compound. She's carrying a duffle bag. Can barely see the Twin Otter behind them.

SUPER: Vostok Station (Russian Federation)

Population: 46

Temperature: -73°

INT. VOSTOK - HALLWAY - DAY

Carrie leads the way up a decrepit, dimly-lit hall strung with exposed pipes and wiring.

Gaunt, malnourished faces look up from the rooms they pass. All stare. Silently. Looks more like death row.

DELPHY

(whisper)

What's with this place?

CARRIE

The Russians barely supply Vostok anymore. They have to barter with other bases for supplies. Some of these guys have been rotting here for years.

INT. VOSTOK - OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY

Carrie enters a grungy operations room that never made it out of the 70's: ancient computers and steel-cased radios fill one wall.

One man welds equipment off to the side. Four more Russians sit at a table playing cards and drinking Vodka.

They all take their time looking her over.

CARRIE

Who's in charge?

YURI, a big bear of a man in his forties, gets up from the table. Huge arms. Scruffy face. Bloodshot eyes.

YURI

(heavy accent)

Who's asking?

CARRIE

Stetko, US Marshal. I'm here to talk to an American named Mooney.

Yuri smiles.

YURI

So many people come through Vostok. Is hard to remember.

CARRIE

I figured.

Carrie hoists her duffel bag on the table and unzips it.

Yuri pulls it open. It's packed with steaks. The Russians react with smiles and the mood lightens. Yuri's grin widens further. Takes out a porno -- there's a Cheerleader on the cover.

YURI

Mister Mooney, yes. I remember now. He offers pay us to fly him off Antarctica on our transport. We give him very good price - because plane leaves a week ago!

The Russians laugh.

CARRIE

Where is he?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

YURI
Red storm line.

INT. VOSTOK - COAT ROOM - DAY

Carrie is suiting up in her ECW gear, rope harness and crampons. Her jacket's open. Delfy has a steaming cup of coffee in his hand. He looks to her gear belt; cuffs, pepper spray, baton...

DELFY
You don't carry a gun?

CARRIE
Against the law -- Antarctica's the only place in the world you can't have one. Part of the Treaty.

DELFY
Doesn't that make you feel kind of naked?

CARRIE
All this crap on -- I prefer naked.

She zips up her jacket. He glances to a temp readout by the door.

DELFY
Gettin' worse. Minus eighty-one. Wind at a hundred and ten knots.

He takes a sip from his hot coffee.

CARRIE
Do you have to do that in front of me?

He sees that one of her leg straps on her harness needs to be fastened.

DELFY
Give you a hand?

CARRIE
Sure.

Sets down his coffee on a nearby shelf. As he fastens it, Carrie pulls on her goggles and a face mask. They finish at the same time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEL FY

Ever been on a rope-line in a
whiteout?

CARRIE

Nope. Thoughts?

DEL FY

Yeah, hold on tight.

Del fy leaves as Carrie cranks the submarine-type wheel -
lock in the center of the door.

WHAM! The door is suddenly yanked from her grasp,
slamming open against the building. Wind knocks her
back.

The storm sings in an even DULL ROAR. A solid white wall
of wind-driven ice blows past. The light is oddly dim.

CRACK! The coffee mug Del fy left on the shelf, breaks in
half, exposing a cylinder of frozen coffee. It rolls
across the shelf, falls, and shatters on the floor.

Carrie struggles back to the door and clips a three-foot
tether from her harnesses to a RED STORM LINE attached to
the side of the building.

She steps into the storm.

EXT. WHITEOUT - THE LINE - CONTINUOUS

Carrie leans into the door, pushing it closed and locking
the wheel.

Two steps into the storm, the building behind her is
gone. Step after step, there's nothing but the guide
line and the ROAR of the storm.

A gust of wind lifts her off the ground. She's caught by
her tether and smacked down on the ice.

Slowly regaining her stance, she pushes onward. Finally
Carrie runs into something. It takes her a moment to
realize she's at a building.

She grabs the wheel-lock and turns, breaking ice, opening
the door.

INT. OUTLYING BUILDING - READY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Unclipping from the line, she closes the door on the HOWLING behind her. Pulls off her mask. Teeth are chattering.

She spins the wheel-lock of the door going out of the ready room into the building.

CUT TO:

INT. OUTLYING BUILDING - HALLWAY - RIGHT AFTER

Carrie hits the lights: nothing. No power. Just a sliver of light stabbing in through a window.

CARRIE
(calling out)
Mooney? Hello?

Only silence responds.

The hallway is long and dark, leading away from her in both directions. She draws a flashlight from her pocket. Thumbs the switch, sending a beam out through the dark.

Something doesn't feel right. Slides her baton out from her belt. She decides to go left.

Walking the hall, she tries door after door. Finally one gives.

CARRIE (cont'd)
Mooney?

She cautiously pushes it open: four stripped bunks in an empty room.

Moves on down the corridor -- hears COUGHING, like someone trying to clear their throat.

Looks ahead, and determines it's coming from behind a closed door at the end of the hall.

It's confirmed when she hears it again.

Stops at the door.

She slowly opens it --

Now she can hear HEAVY, LABORED BREATHING --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

-- Sweeps the inside with her light. It's a large lounge type room: scattered chairs, tables, and an overturned sofa on the other side -- where the heavy breathing's coming from. Another cough.

She enters the room.

INSIDE THE LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

Inching forward, she gets to the sofa. Looks over it to see A BODY -- it's Mooney, lying in a pool of blood. Struggling to breathe through a puncture wound to his esophagus.

CARRIE

...My God.

She goes to him. As she kneels, he grabs her, GASPING for air, trying to tell her something.

Carrie catches a REFLECTION OF MOMENT behind her in his eyes -- someone's coming at her.

-- She instinctively rolls back over Mooney just as -- WHAM! An ICE AXE swings down at her. Just misses her head by an inch, but the shaft nails her arm holding the baton that goes clattering across the floor.

The killer, wearing ECW gear with hood and goggles, takes another swing. She lunges to the side. Axe misses her, but sinks into Mooney. Game over for him.

Carrie slices the floor with her light, looking for the baton, but can't see it.

The killer yanks his axe free of Mooney as Carrie bolts around the sofa, heading back out the door.

INT. OUTLYING BUILDING - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Carrie blows back into the hallway at a full tilt run, retracing her steps. Her light zigzags. The killer emerges a few beats later on a run. It's going to be close.

Halfway down the hall, she hangs a hard right toward the Ready Room. Throws a glance over her shoulder -- he's right behind.

She targets the ready room door -- the orb of her light getting smaller and smaller as she nears.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gets there. Doesn't even want to look back -- it's all or nothing. She pulls open the door --

INT. OUTLYING BUILDING - READY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

-- Leaping in, she spins the wheel-lock closed.

SMACK! The killer HITS THE DOOR from the other side.

She SPINS OPEN the outside door wheel-lock, as the lock on the INNER DOOR behind her starts SPINNING OPEN at the same time. It's a race.

CARRIE'S door slams open first and the wind hits her hard.

She pulls on her mask and goggles just as the door behind her bursts open.

EXT. WHITEOUT - CONTINUOUS

Carrie jumps into the whiteout, catching the red storm line and clipping in as she staggers forward. Glancing back, she sees the killer in the doorway, then loses sight of him as she's swallowed in the whiteout.

She struggles down the line, buffeted by the storm, but HER HAND ON THE LINE moves erratically -- He's on.

She swivels a nervous whirl to see -- the Killer materializing out of the whiteout right behind her. He's clipped into Carrie's line. He raises the axe.

He swings. She jumps back, losing her footing. Hits the ice hard -- face first. The killer towers over her, raising the axe again. Carrie drives her heel into his knee, knocking him off balance. He drops next to her.

He reaches for Carrie, grabbing her mask, pulling it off. She cries out as the FREEZING WIND catches her face.

The killer gets to his feet and delivers a rib-cracking kick, flipping Carrie onto her back.

SOUND FADES from Carrie's world.

There is nothing but her strained BREATHING. The killer draws back the axe, shiny with frozen blood. He swings.

Carrie UNCLIPS her harness from the tether. THE WIND grabs her, and Carrie SLIDES AWAY -- the killer disappearing from view behind the swirling wall of white.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sliding across the ice, Carrie SLAMS into a pole. Grabs on.

EXT. WHITEOUT - POLE - CONTINUOUS

Cinching her hood down, she searches the storm with no idea which way to go.

Carrie glances up the post. Barely visible through the blowing ice are signs pointing different directions:
"Moscow 17,030 Tokyo 13,329 Fiji 7,877 Los Angeles 15,641"

She pulls herself up and heads out, leaning into the wind. Carrie staggers blindly, trying to protect her face. Falling, she gets up, and struggles on.

Her drunken gait increases as she continues to lose heat. A rope catches her in the neck. It's another storm line.

EXT. WHITEOUT - SECOND LINE - CONTINUOUS

Carrie lurches forward, holding the line with one arm.

Finally, she bumps into something. It moves. It turns to face her. IT'S THE KILLER AGAIN. He swings. She deflects the blow with her free arm, and manages to grab the axe head. The killer tears the axe free, taking Carrie's glove with it.

He swings again, but Carrie pulls hard on the rope, throwing him off balance.

The axe cuts through the line. The killer hits the ground, and is immediately ushered away in the wind, as Carrie, clinging to the rope, slides over the ice like a pendulum.

The line goes tight; she's jerked to a stop. It takes everything she's got to get to her feet. She slowly struggles up the line.

EXT/INT. STORAGE SHED - CONTINUOUS

More dead than alive, Carrie stumbles against the door and grabs the wheel-lock with both hands.

Unable to bend the frozen fingers of her left hand around the wheel, she struggles to turn it. Finally it gives.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The door swings wide and she stumbles in. But she's caught; her bare hand frozen to the metal.

Ripping it free, her SCREAM is lost to the wind.

Carrie falls, collapsing against the door. Blackout

SMASH CUT TO

INT. MOTEL 6 - BATHROOM - NIGHT (CARRIE'S MEMORY HIT)

A single bulb above casts a cone of light down onto Carrie, who's leaning against a sink, staring at herself in a mirror. She looks stressed. Her Marshal's badge dangles around her neck. Wears a shoulder harness. The bathroom door behind her is open.

She catches a REFLECTION of a shadow moving across the room behind her. Body tenses.

As she turns --

CARRIE

Jack?

No answer.

She withdraws a 9mm from her harness -- eases toward the door.

Gun ready, she rolls her back around the jam -- WHAM! Carrie's blindsided by a fist that drives her into the other door jam.

Before she can recover -- a guy, dark eyes, unshaven, grabs her by the hair and runs her head first into the bathroom mirror. SMASH. It's brutal. Shards fall into the sink, as Carrie's RIGHT TEMPLE goes bloody. She drops to the floor --

CARRIE'S POV - A BLURRY FIGURE stands over top of her. She's still got some fight in her -- hands lash out in a frenzy, like a cat in water.

CARRIE (cont'd)

Jack!

DELFY O.C.

Wo wo wo. It's okay, it's okay.

The figure materializes around her. It's Del fy, holding her down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Carrie slowly settles, then she's out again.

TIME CUT TO:

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - VOSTOK - LATER

She's lying on a table, wrapped in blankets. An old, WRINKLED FACED RUSSIAN MAN slowly lowers her wounded hand -- pale white and missing some skin, back into a tray of water next to her. Her silver ring glistens under the florescent lights. A HUGE BRUISE runs across her arm.

CARRIE

What happened?

DELFY

When you didn't come back -- we went looking for you. Found a dead guy in the other building -- that Mooney?

CARRIE

Yeah. Someone got to him before I did. Then went after me.

(beat)

How long was I out?

DELFY

A couple hours.

Carrie's eyes drift to the old man next to her.

DELFY (cont'd)

He's been looking after you.

He flashes a smile of crooked, yellow teeth.

CARRIE

Thanks.

As she starts to sit up, he protests, saying something in Russian. She ignores him. He walks away, mumbling something else.

She sits up. Lifts her hand out of the water -- fingers are slow moving.

CARRIE (cont'd)

I need to get back in there.

INT. OUTLYING BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

Delfy and Carrie, with her hand bandaged, both slice the dark with flashlights. She's starting to get her bearings back.

DELFY

Whoever it was, could have flown out after the storm broke.

They walk a few silent beats, then --

DELFY (cont'd)

Who's Jack?

It's a moment before she responds --

CARRIE

Let it go, Delfy.

He lets it go.

THEY ENTER THE LOUNGE

Same as before. Carrie goes to the over-turned sofa. Moves her light around -- searching. Passes over the blood on the floor.

DELFY

Until I met you, I hadn't seen any dead people. Now I'm at two.

Carrie gets on her knees -- looks under the sofa.

Low angles her light. Something reflects. Reaches in. Retrieves her baton --

INT. OUTLYING BUILDING - HALLWAY - RIGHT AFTER

Just as Carrie and Delfy leave the lounge, her perifocal vision picks up a wisp of light from a flashlight, which bled out from a door's threshold halfway down the hall.

Delfy's eyes go wide -- Carrie's finger goes to her mouth - Shhhhh.

She instinctively pulls her baton with her left hand, but it hurts. She shifts it to the other.

She turns off her light. Delfy does the same. Motions for him to stay put.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She heads to the source, keeping her baton ready and her back tight to the wall.

Gets to the edge of the door. It's open just slightly -- looks in.

Sees a man in an ECW jacket with his back to her, holding a flashlight in one hand and digging through a duffle bag with his other. Items are strewn. Another bag has been completely turned inside out.

She enters. Baton cocked.

CARRIE

Unless you want your head cracked,
I wouldn't move.

His body tenses.

MAN

Take it easy.

CARRIE

-- Let me see your hands.

He slowly raises them.

CARRIE (cont'd)

Now turn around.

He does. He's a guy in his 30's. Although he's clean shaven, there's a rugged edge about him.

CARRIE (cont'd)

Who are you?

Del fy comes up behind her.

MAN

Robert Pryce. I'm a United Nations observer for the Oceanic and Antarctic section. If you relax, I've got my ID.

CARRIE

Let's see it -- slowly.

As he reaches into his liner --

PRYCE

You must be Stetko --

This throws her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PRYCE (cont'd)
I was heading to ASB to talk to
you about Weiss when I was told
you had come up here.

He holds out his ID for her. As she reads --

CARRIE
How do you know about Weiss?

PRYCE
FBI notified us. Your base
commander called it in.

Carrie lowers her baton. He stands.

PRYCE (cont'd)
I thought I might find answers in
his gear, but there's nothing here
but clothes.

CARRIE
This is part of a crime scene.

PRYCE
I realize that, but considering
the time constraints we're up
against, let's be honest, taping
and bagging everything isn't going
to be an option.

CARRIE
I'll be sure to let the U.N. know
if I find out anything.

She starts to walk away -- he follows, he's not done at
all. Delfy brings up the rear.

PRYCE
You heading out to Delta One One?

CARRIE
Maybe.

PRYCE
I'll grab my bag.

She stops.

CARRIE
Don't take this personally, but I
don't need your help.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

PRYCE

If they've been digging out there,
that's a direct violation of the
United Nations treaty. We think
they were digging. That makes it
my business.

This stops her -- digging?

CARRIE

You don't dig for meteorites.

PRYCE

And you don't get killed for them
either. This is now a U.N.
matter. I am within my rights to
commandeer your pilot and plane if
I have to.

DELFY

He can, you know.

She knows and her patience is running thin.

CARRIE

Fine. But this is my
investigation, understand? If you
obstruct it in any way, I will
have you detained.

She continues with Pryce next to her.

PRYCE

Fine.
(beat)
Mind if I ask you a personal
question?

CARRIE

No, but I have the feeling you're
going to anyway.

PRYCE

Why do you smell like suntan
lotion?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. VOSTOK - CORRIDOR - DAY

Carrie and Delfy are heading toward the Ready Room. She
has her phone to her ear. Two Russians trail behind with
Mooney in a bodybag.

(CONTINUED)

CONTI NUED:

CARRI E

Murphy, listen to me, it's got to be Rubin who tried to kill me. You have to shut down flights leaving ASB and McMurdo -- search for him.

MURPHY (V.O.)

That's not possible. We're still bringing people in and resupplying other bases for Winter-over.

She thinks about it --

CARRI E

Sam, I think these guys found something out there at the camp. I'm going to check it out. Until I find Rubin, no one leaves the ice. Not yet.

She clicks off.

Carrie opens the door to the ready room to find Pryce standing there with a gear bag -- typing into a PDA (Treo type).

PRYCE

We ready?

CARRI E

Guess so.

He finishes entering his text into the PDA. Sends. Puts it away.

DI SSOLVE TO:

EXT. OTTER - DAY

Del phy flies the plane over a labyrinth of deep, blue crevices.

EXT. CAMP DELTA ONE ONE - DAY

Del fy's Twin Otter has landed beside the camp. There are TWO BIG TENTS and some scattered equipment - a SNOWCAT, a CHEST of TOOLS, DRUMS of GASOLINE.

The sky is dark with clouds and the wind MOANS. A haze of wind-driven snow whips by.

(CONTI NUED)

CONTINUED:

Carrie, Pryce and Delfy climb out from the plane and make their way toward the tents. Place looks deserted.

CARRIE
What time is it?

Pryce glances to a watch strapped to the outside of his jacket.

PRYCE
Two thirty.

CARRIE
A.M. or P.M.?

PRYCE
A.M.

CARRIE
Wonderful.
(re: tent)
I'll take this one.

She moves toward tent one, Pryce the other.

EXT. FIRST TENT - DELTA ONE ONE - CONTINUOUS

Carrie peers in. It's too dark to see anything. She goes to pull out her flashlight with her left hand -- stops herself. Reaches in with her right, extracts it from her pocket. Turns it on.

INT. FIRST WORK TENT - DELTA ONE ONE - CONTINUOUS

Her FLASHLIGHT BEAM plays over a litter of personal effects, then picks up a TRAIL OF BLOOD leading to a cot between two others. Someone is huddled in a yellow sleeping bag on it. Her body tightens.

CARRIE
Rubin?

She steps into the tent. Moves to the cot. There's a pool of blood underneath. Her heart pounds. She uses her flashlight, touches the sleeping bag. It doesn't move. She pulls at it...

...and discovers A PAIR OF ECW PANTS -- the LEFT LEG is soaked in blood. No corpse.

She steadies her breathing. She pulls out a small baggie from her pocket.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Uses the end of the flashlight to chip away a frozen blood sample from the pant leg. Puts it in the baggie.

Takes out her camera next. Starts snapping. Flash goes off.

INT. SECOND WORK TENT - DELTA ONE ONE - RIGHT AFTER

Carrie enters with Delfy. Place is lit by a single dim bulb. This is a work space; two tables, instruments on top. Sample containers piled everywhere. Numerous photos of meteorites are stuck to a board.

She finds Pryce reading the crew's DAILY LOG.

PRYCE

Anything?

CARRIE

Someone's left leg took a hit, lost a lot of blood. What do you got?

PRYCE

Their daily work log.

Delfy's drawn to a BIZARRE LOOKING PIECE OF EQUIPMENT; it's a red box on wheels with a handle like a lawn mower. A circular antennae sprouts from the front of the box.

DELPHY

Looks like my dad's old lawn mower.

PRYCE

It's ground penetrating radar.

Carrie moves over to a table with a MAP SPREAD OUT ON TOP. The ice field is marked off into sections.

CARRIE

Looks like they were surveying sections at a time.

PRYCE

Areas labeled?

CARRIE

Yeah --

He's flipping back and forth through the pages --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PRYCE
At Sections 101 and 102, they
spent one day.

Carrie finds them on the map.

PRYCE (cont'd)
103 two days.

Carrie finds it.

PRYCE (cont'd)
104 -- seven days. That was a
month ago.

They look at each other. Carrie finds it on the map as
Pryce moves up next to her.

CARRIE
Looks like they hit some really
big meteors.

PRYCE
How far?

CARRIE
About four miles.

PRYCE
Let's go see what they found.

CARRIE
I want to check something out
first.

INT. TWIN OTTER - SIDE CARGO DOOR - DAY

Carrie has Mooney's bodybag unzipped and is examining his
left leg. No cuts. No blood. She thinks on this non-
discovery for a moment, then zips it back up.

CUT TO:

INT. SNOWCAT - DAY - RIGHT AFTER

The CAT'S tracks CLANK and CRUNCH as it powers across the
featureless ice - the loneliest place on earth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Pryce is in the backseat, Delfy is driving. Carrie is next to him with the map and her GPS in hand. She stares at a tiny blinking red light on the GPS --

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL 6 - LOBBY - NIGHT (CARRIE'S MEMORY HIT)

FLASHING POLICE REDS reflect off the glass of the front doors of a hotel. Several squad cars are nosed up to the entrance.

Patrons and bystanders are perched in various locations, watching as A HANDCUFFED Carrie is escorted outside by two uniformed officers. Her eyes are full of tears.

She's put into the backseat of one of the cars. As the door closes, she stares out the window where Coroners are loading a body under a sheet into the back of their truck.

BACK TO SCENE

INT. SNOWCAT - DAY

Delfy's looking at Carrie like he's waiting for an answer.

DELPHY
I said "which way?"

She glances to the GPS.

CARRIE
North.

Pryce sees Carrie pause for a moment, massaging her gloved left hand.

PRYCE
Hurt?

CARRIE
Yeah, a little.

He can see it aches more than she's letting on.

PRYCE
How long have you been down here,
Marshal?

(CONTINUED)

CONTI NUED:

CARRI E

Al most two years.

PRYCE

What brought you to the ice?

She pauses, humored.

CARRI E

(sarcasti c)

The exci tement, mostly.

PRYCE

Everyone down here is runni ng away
from somethi ng.

CARRI E

Some shrink tell you that?

PRYCE

Yeah, and that I should call my
mother more often

CARRI E

And do you?

PRYCE

Every Sunday.

CARRI E

Where do you plant your boots?

PRYCE

They got me working out of
Christchurch, New Zealand.
Beauti ful country. But this --
crazy place to make a living.

She takes a moment, gazing out the window to the endless
landscape of whi te.

CARRI E

I came down to fill in for a
Marshal for six weeks before
Winter-over. I met someone,
decided to stay.

PRYCE

He give you that ring I saw? Tell
you he was going to marry you?

CARRI E

No -- just gave me a headache.
(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTI NUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CARRIE (cont'd)
I didn't see a ring on your
finger.

PRYCE
Flattered that you even looked.

A faint beeping noise emanates from her GPS.

CARRIE
This is it.

All eyes go ahead as they drive on. Looking. Nothing
but an icy plateau.

After a couple of beats --

CARRIE (cont'd)
Stop.

DELFY
There's nothing here.

CARRIE
Just stop.

Del fy pulls to a stop. They exit the cat.

EXT. ICE FIELD - DAY

All three get cold-cocked by an invisible wind. Carrie
steps away from the Cat. Pryce does too.

Her eyes scan the ice with cool appraisal. It's
completely flat. Desert like.

PRYCE
You sure this is right?

CARRIE
Section 104. These are the
coordinates.

DELFY
Maybe you wrote them down wrong.

Carrie ignores him. Walks further away from the cat.
Ice CRUNCHES UNDER HER FEET as she keeps looking -- then,
she stops. Something's not right. Looks DOWN.

Kneels to the ice. Scoops some up. Checks it out.
Perplexed. Pryce approaches from behind.

CARRIE
This is shaved ice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTI NUED:

She gets to her feet. Walks further -- her eyes now paying close attention to the texture of the ice. After a dozen steps, texture changes. Ice is now smooth -- like it's supposed to be.

She turns around. Tries to get the bigger picture. Looks at the ground all around her. Realizes a large area has been blanketed with shaved pieces of ice a few inches thick --

CARRIE (cont'd)
They were digging, Pryce. And
they tries to spread the ice to
hide it.

She heads back across the area. Scans the horizon. Takes another step forward.

WHOOSH! In an instant, Carrie's gone! DISAPPEARS below the ice. Only a four foot wide hole remains, that was covered up with a white, iced-over tarp.

Pryce and Delfy move toward her -- each hesitating slightly, unsure of their own footing.

Pryce gets to the hole. Looks down. Carrie is precariously dangling in an ICE SHAFT that slopes at a slight angle. She's managed to grasp a protruding piece of ice, but she's fighting the pain in her left hand to hold on. It slips off. Below her -- nothing but darkness.

CARRIE (cont'd)
Grab me!

Pryce lays flat. Reaches his hand down -- six inches too short. Delfy appears from behind.

PRYCE
(to Delfy)
Hold my legs!

Delfy does. Pryce inches closer.

CARRIE
I'm slipping!

PRYCE
Almost got you.

CARRIE
I'm losing my grip.

(CONTI NUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He gets closer. Closer. Moves to within an inch from hers --

-- She SLIPS. Falls away. Things become silent.

PRYCE

Carrie? Can you hear me?

Delfy peers over Pryce's shoulder into the abyss.

DELFY

(yelling)
Marshal?

CARRIE (O.C.)

...I'm okay.

DELFY

Saw a rope in the Cat.

Delfy springs to his feet.

INT. ICE SHAFT - SAME

Darkness. A flashlight clicks on. Reflects off a wall of ice with a frozen blood trail leading up. Carrie gets to her feet. Sees that she's in a small dug out area.

As she slowly turns to get her bearings, her light falls on an ESCAPE HATCH of some kind, maybe three feet high.

Carrie shines the light to her feet. The ground beneath her is metal.

INT. ICE SHAFT - RIGHT AFTER

Pryce, with a flashlight in hand, lowers himself down a rope to the bottom of the shaft where Carrie waits. Delfy follows. Both take in the discovery.

Carrie moves over to the hatch. Pulls on it. Opens easily. She and Pryce hit the interior with their lights. Find themselves staring into...AN AIRPLANE!

INT. CARGO BAY - CONTINUOUS

Off their lights -- every surface scintillates with ice crystals from the frozen atmosphere, undisturbed except for recent tracks of footprints filing in and out -- they go forward and aft, disappearing into darkness. Place is tomb silent.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Twisted, and strewn with large containers scattered at odd angles -- victims of an intense IMPACT. The plane is pitched up at the nose, making their footing precarious.

CARRIE

Cargo plane, but I don't recognize it.

DELFI

It's an Antonov-74. Russian made -
- late fifties. No one's put
these in the air for forty years.

Carrie shuffles her way forward into the darkness, heading for the cockpit.

Something BRUSHES her leg. She spins. Shines her light -
- which illuminates a HAND, fingers in a clawed position -
- as if in excruciating pain. She whips her light past the hand, up the arm -- captures the FACE of a man staring at her! It takes a moment to realize -- he's dead, pinned between two large metal crates.

Del fi stands still. Staring. Carrie throws a look back over her shoulder --

CARRIE

Guess that makes three.

She continues on with Del fi staying close. Her light targets the cockpit door. It's closed.

INT. COCKPIT - RIGHT AFTER

Carrie pushes the door open.

The beam of her light reveals frozen blood SPLATTERED across a SHATTERED WINDSHIELD -- chunks of ice protruding through it.

Continues over three dead men in flight suits still strapped into seats, their broken bodies and ghastly expressions perfectly preserved. Each have a sidearm holstered around their waist.

DELFI

This isn't funny --

She looks back to Del fi -- gets confused.

CARRIE

Where's Pryce?

INT. CARGO BAY - RIGHT AFTER

Trailing her beam of light, Carrie and Delfy climb through a thick wall of nylon webbing. Enter a cluttered cargo area.

Ransacked Antarctic gear is strewn everywhere in a tangle of ropes and crampons, old ECW gear, and boxes of supplies.

Dipping into a case of bottles, Delfy pulls one free, sniffs, and drinks.

CARRIE

What is that?

Delfy grins.

DELFY

Vodka.

Carrie continues through the hold. Her FLASHLIGHT BEAM flickers over more chaos of the crash. HUGE STEEL TANKS TAKE UP MOST OF THE MID-SECTION.

Spots Pryce's flashlight holding on something just ahead.

Moves to it.

CARRIE

(suspicious)

Find what you're looking for?

Her light hits Pryce, who is focused on a HEAVY STEEL CAGE WELDED INTO THE AIRFRAME. Incredibly strong. And inside it is a STEEL SAFE. Door is open.

Pryce takes a beat -- turns to she and Delfy.

PRYCE

Just answers.

(beat)

Those are fuel tanks behind you.
This plane was outfitted for long
range capabilities.

CARRIE

And by the looks of that safe,
must've been transporting
something pretty important.

Carrie moves in closer. Sees that the cage has been breached.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Part of it has been damaged by the crash and this weakness has been ruthlessly attacked by the previous intruders until they forced an opening. Discarded tools litter the floor.

PRYCE

They put some serious work into this.

There's a pool of frozen blood near the opening -- where one of the torn, jagged bars of the steel cage is covered in blood --

CARRIE

Whoever got hurt, they dragged him out of here. There's blood all over the tunnel.

She uses her light to examine the interior of the safe more closely -- the frost on the shelves exposes SIX ROUND RUST RINGS where containers have been removed. Each one roughly measuring a foot tall, four inches wide.

The PLANE SUDDENLY TREMBLES.

CARRIE (cont'd)

What is that?

The muffled ROAR of a diesel.

DELFY

It's the Cat!

CRASH! -- the unmistakable sound of FALLING ICE.

CARRIE

Go!

CRASHCRASHCRASH! More ICE.

They scramble back through the darkness, the flashlight beams swinging wildly about the hold.

MORE ICE FALLS. It's getting louder as they're getting closer to the source.

Carrie targets ahead with her light -- illuminates the hatch as A LOAD OF ICE DROPS IN covering it completely. Light fades.

DELFY

Sonofabitch!

The continual sound of falling ice grows MUFFLED and DISTANT.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Carrie and Pryce both pull out their phones.

CARRIE
No signal, you?

Shakes his head no.

CARRIE (cont'd)
Someone followed us.

INT. PLANE - AT THE HATCH - LATER

CHIPCHIPCHIP! Ice is flying.

Things are desperate as a single flashlight beam propped up on a crate, illuminates Carrie, Delfy and Pryce hard at it -- frantically chopping away at the ice filled hatch with pieces of scrap metal from the plane. Efforts are big-- but the progress minimal.

PRYCE
This isn't going to work, it's like digging through concrete with a spoon.
(beat)
We're going to suffocate before we get out here.

CARRIE
How long do you figure we've got?

PRYCE
Three of us down here -- 12, 15 hours at the most.

Delfy looks at him with the intensity of a trapped animal.

DELFY
No way. I'm not going out like this. No way.

The light from the flashlight slowly begins to fade. Carrie goes over to the crate, slaps it against her leg, trying to get more juice going. Still fading. Light goes out --

-- Screen goes black. Can't see a thing. A second later, ANOTHER LIGHT KICKS ON -- Pryce is holding it. Hands it over to Carrie --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DELFY (cont'd)
And when that one goes -- we're
screwed.

Carrie's mind whirls with her lack of options, then --

CARRIE
What about the Vodka -- we could
make some torches, maybe melt the
ice?

PRYCE
Fire will burn the O2 quicker.

CARRIE
What choice do we have?

Pryce knows she's right.

Del fy looks to them both. Desperate.

DELFY
Don't need my vote.

Pryce heads to the back, his body becoming barely visible
in the dissipating range of light.

Carrie takes a six-inch, pearl handled Buck knife from a
pocket, unfolds it-- starts cutting the liner of her
coat.

Del fy moves to a nearby wooden crate. Goes to lift it,
but it's frozen to the floor. Stomps on it. It breaks.
Pulls pieces from the siding for torch sticks.

Pryce comes back with a couple bottles. Stops dead in
his tracks.

Carrie looks over to see him staring at two LIFE JACKETS
attached to the wall near the hatch. He's thinking.

He moves to Carrie --

PRYCE
Hold these.

He exchanges the bottles for her flashlight.

He shines the light to the ceiling as he heads toward the
back, leaving Carrie and Del fy getting swallowed in the
dark.

CARRIE
What're you doing?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PRYCE

All these planes used to have bail-out hatches.

CARRIE

We came in through it.

Pryce goes back into the cargo area.

PRYCE (O.C.)

Has to be more than one.

DELPHY

It'd be on the ceiling in case of an ocean landing.

Carrie watches Pryce's flashlight moving about in the cargo area of the aircraft.

PRYCE

Found it!

Carrie and Delfy get to Pryce. They follow his beam straight up to expose an ESCAPE HATCH in the roof of the fuselage.

PRYCE (cont'd)

With the angle of the plane, I don't think we're that far from the surface. Give me a hand.

Pryce moves to a large crate -- starts to push it over. They join, sliding it over below the hatch.

He jumps up onto it -- examines the hatch area.

PRYCE (cont'd)

These are explosive bolts. If we blow the hatch, maybe it'll smash a hole up through the ice.

CARRIE

Or, if the ice is too thick the blast will come right back at us.

PRYCE

We can be blown up, suffocate or freeze to death. Take your pick.

Pryce hands Carrie the flashlight. She targets the hatch area as he opens an electrical panel beside it; a crisscrossing maze of wires.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

As he reaches up to examine the wiring, Carrie catches a GLIMPSE of a SHOULDER HARNESS under his liner.

PRYCE (cont'd)
This could work -- give me the
battery from your phone.

As he looks down, Carrie masks her discovery. Hands over her phone. He extracts the BATTERY.

PRYCE (cont'd)
When I connect these two wires,
hopefully there's going to be a
big bang. May want to take some
cover.

Pryce is nervous himself as he places one selected wire onto the battery, and prepares for another.

He looks to Carrie and Pryce who have backed up against the fuselage.

PRYCE (cont'd)
You guys ready?

Del fy nods.

Carrie is still running that shoulder holster through her head.

Pryce touches the last wire to the battery. Nothing happens. Hope freezes.

Pryce tries again --

-- KA-BOOM! The hatch EXPLODES INWARD, ricocheting around the inside of the cargo hold like a giant bullet coming in and out of their light.

SLAM, SLAM, SLAM, until...WHAM, it buries itself edge-on, halfway into the fuselage, missing Carrie by a hair's width.

They stand there, deafened and stunned, then a shower of ice rains into the plane where the hatch used to be and a THIN SHAFT OF LIGHT DROPS into the cargo bay like a gift from God.

DELFY
Hal lel uj ah --

Pryce drops down. Moves to another crate.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

PRYCE

Del fy, help me with this. We'll
need to get up higher.

Del fy moves forward to help. The two of them push it
over. It's a strenuous lift to get it on top of the
other.

Just as they finish, Pryce turns to find himself facing
Carrie holding one of the RUSSIAN'S GUNS TO HIS FACE.

CARRIE

Don't move.

Pryce stares at her in disbelief.

PRYCE

What's going on?

DELFY

Yeah -- what're you doing?

CARRIE

Our friend here isn't who he says
he is.

She reaches into Pryce's liner, pulls out his sidearm
from the shoulder holster.

Switches it with the one in her hand. Puts the Russian
gun in her coat pocket.

CARRIE (cont'd)

Didn't you know it's a direct
treaty violation to carry a
firearm down here?

PRYCE

I've been authorized because of
what's happened.

CARRIE

Stop lying to me --

She takes out her handcuffs.

CARRIE (cont'd)

Del fy, cuff him to the wall.

She holds out the cuffs.

PRYCE

Don't do this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

DEL FY
Man, the guy j ust saved our
lives. . .

CARRIE
He was saving his own. Do it.

Del fy takes the cuffs from her. Cuffs Pryce to some
exposed piping. Carrie lowers her gun.

CARRIE (cont'd)
You know what was in that safe.
(beat)
Now, who are you?

She sees a moment of contemplation on Pryce's face --

CARRIE (cont'd)
I swear I'll leave you here to
die.

Beat.

PRYCE
CIA.

CARRIE
Have you got an ID for that too?

PRYCE
Listen to me -- Forty eight hours
ago, we picked up chatter between
someone down here and Tahir
Soufian, a black market trader in
New York. It was all about
setting up a buy for canisters
found in an old Russian transport
buried in the ice.

DEL FY
Damn, I knew that government
eavesdropping was true.

PRYCE
There's been rumors for years that
the Russians had a second base --
a secret weapons research facility
under the ice that supposedly blew
up in the late sixties -- nothing
was ever confirmed.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

PRYCE (cont'd)

The fact is, before the treaty in '72 they were strip mining all over the place down here -- we believe for uranium and other specialized minerals for weapon's use. It was the Cold War. No one knows half the things the Russian's were up to. This plane could be the link between rumor and truth. And if it is true, what's in those canisters could be a prelude to another terrorist attack.

CARRIE

Why did you lie to me?

PRYCE

Look, the U.N. carries a lot of weight down here. Think about it -
- if I had told you I was C.I.A., you would have been on the horn back to Washington in no time. This is a very sensitive matter. News travels fast down here, I don't have to tell you that.
(beat)
Besides, I didn't know if I could trust you.

Carrie wrestles with her emotions. She looks back towards the open safe, the blood staining the airplane floor. Makes a decision.

CUT TO:

EXT. SURFACE - DAY

Delfy wriggles out from the hole. He reaches back. Helps Carrie to the surface. Pryce follows.

They look around. The weather has deteriorated - the sky is dark with fast moving clouds. The wind is HOWLING. The Snowcat is parked over the hole, blade lowered.

Delfy runs over, jumps onto the CAT. Looks inside the cab.

DELPHY

Keys are still in it!

Carrie notices a single set of an airplane's ski tracks in the distance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTI NUED:

CARRI E

Plane coul d' ve gone anywhere.
There' s forty-six countries here
all counting down to Winter-over.
Rubin coul d j ust di sappear in the
mayhem.

Del fy starts up the Cat.

Carrie pulls out her Nextel as Pryce takes out his PDA.
She depresses the walkie button -- makes her way to the
Cat.

CARRI E (cont' d)

Rhonda?

Wal kie crackl es.

RHONDA (V. O.)

(pi ssed)
Where the hell are you?

CARRI E

Heading back. How many fly-ins to
McMurdo in the last four hours?

RHONDA (V. O.)

You expect me to --

CARRI E

(snaps)
-- How many?

RHONDA (V. O.)

Fi fteen.

CARRI E

I need a list of names.

Carrie clicks off.

DELFY

You think Rubin might try to leave
out of McMurdo?

CARRI E

He knows I' m on his ass, so he
might. Anythi ng' s possi ble. I
want to eli mi nate his opti ons.

She massages her gloved hand. Looks to Pryce who' s
talki ng on his PDA as he heads toward the Cat.

(CONTI NUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PRYCE (INTO PHONE)
Six canisters, maybe four inches
in diameter, about a foot high --
find out exactly what the Russians
transported in something that
size.

He looks to Carrie --

PRYCE (cont'd)
You have a photo of Rubin
anywhere?

CARRIE
Back at ASB --

PRYCE
(to Del fy)
How long to get there?

DELFY
When we get back to the plane,
I'll get ya there in forty
minutes.

As Pryce climbs into the cat --

INT. SNOWCAT - CONTINUOUS

And slides into the back --

PRYCE
(into phone)
I'll scan a picture of him and get
it to you. Meanwhile, contact
every non-American base down here
and put them on watch. He's got
some plan to get these off the
ice.

He hangs up. Carrie climbs in -- looks back at the
plane's ski tracks.

CARRIE
I know why Weiss was so far from
Delta One One.

Pryce and Del fy wait for the answer.

CARRIE cont'd)
He was dumped from a plane.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She closes the door to the Cat.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - ASB - DAY

Carrie strides along the corridor with Pryce. They pass a window where we see that an LC-130 EVAC PLANE is parked out front -- it's tail section open like the mouth of a massive beast. Move past several people, balloons and 'Eve of Evac' signs.

Pryce sees Carrie really cradling her left hand, now.

PRYCE

You need to get that looked at.

CARRIE

I'll have the Doc take a peek when we're done.

Dinkle's pulling a DUFFLE BAG toward them. Sees Carrie and Pryce about to head up some stairs.

DINKLE

Murphy's looking for you.

Carrie stops.

CARRIE

Murphy? What the hell is he doing here

DINKLE

Came in on the evac.

She pulls Dinkle's two-way off his hip. Hands it to Pryce.

DINKLE (cont'd)

Hey -- I don't turn that in, I have to pay for it.

Carrie ignores him.

CARRIE

I'm on 30 if you need me. Rubin's picture is in a file on my desk.

Dinkle shoots Pryce the stink eye as he walks away --

DINKLE

Make sure I get that back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PRYCE

Of course.

Pryce heads up as Carrie continues on down the main corridor.

INT. OPERATION CENTER - ASB - DAY

Murphy and Rhonda are standing next to the COMMS TECH, who is sitting in front of his COMPUTER. The screen revealing the SATELLITE IMAGERY of the storm. It's grown and moving closer to ASB.

TECH

It's packing winds of a hundred thirty knots.

Murphy looks stressed.

MURPHY

Shit -- we've got to move up the evac.

RHONDA

How much?

MURPHY

Six hours at least.

RHONDA

Jesus, I got crew that's still not in.

MURPHY

Then get them in!

Rhonda is thrown off by his tone --

CARRIE (O.C.)

You wanted to see me?

Murphy looks over. Sees Carrie coming in through the door.

MURPHY

Where the hell have you been?

She doesn't like his tone --

CARRIE

Buried under 2 tons of ice. You?

(CONTINUED)

CONTI NUED:

MURPHY

Do me a favor, you find any more bodies, mind not parading them down the main corridor. I've got Newbies afraid to winterover, for Christsake. They want out on seats I don't have. And next time you want to take a Goddamn plane anywhere, you ask me.

CARRIE

Sure thing, Chief.

MURPHY

We don't have enough supplies for all of us to Winter-over if we get stuck down here.

(beat)

And you wonder why it didn't work out between us.

CARRIE

It didn't work, Sam, because you couldn't keep your hands off every new woman who stepped foot on the ice down here. I was stupid enough to be one of them. Now if you could cut through your red tape for just one second, you would realize that someone's out there with six cannisters, possibly full of Uranium, and he wants to get it into the hands of some very bad people. And I'm trying to stop it -- so fuck asking you for shit, Sam.

MURPHY

This is ridic---

THE SOUND OF A LARGE BOOK dropping onto the floor, sends a harsh reverb across the room.

DOC (O.C.)

Enough!

Everyone's attention goes to Doc standing at the door. He's really pissed. Glares at Murphy.

DOC (cont'd)

What the hell's wrong with you, Murph? I've got bodies piling up in my lab, and she's the only one doing anything about it.

(MORE)

(CONTI NUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DOC (cont'd)

(beat)
Why don't you try helping her for
a change?

Murphy looks at Doc. Not giving in.

Carrie calms down -- she's had enough.

CARRIE

You know what Doc, it's alright.

Carrie looks to Rhonda --

CARRIE (cont'd)

You got my list?

Rhonda pulls it from her clipboard. Hands it to her.

Carrie walks out with Doc.

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN CORRIDOR - ASB - CONTINUOUS

A SUBJECTIVE POV - watching Carrie and Doc from behind
the crack of a door as they walk down the main corridor
and right by.

CUT TO:

INT. MEDICAL CLINIC - ASB - LATER

Carrie's sitting on the edge of an examination table as
Doc slowly unwraps her bandaged hand. She winces from
the pain.

DOC

I'm worried about you. Is it
going to take another attempt on
your life to get you to finally
slow down?

She looks at him warmly --

CARRIE

You worry too much -- but it's
what I like about you.

Doc smiles, continues to unravel the gauze-

CARRIE (cont'd)

Doc, did you notice if Weiss had a
wound on his left leg?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOC

I striped him down to put him in a bodybag. There's only the puncture from the axe. No way, I would have noticed it. Why?

CARRIE

Then it's gotta be Rubin.
(beat)
I don't know.

DOC

Any word from the FBI?

CARRIE

There's no way they're gonna make it. Not with that storm coming in over the peninsula.

The gauze finally comes off, revealing her middle TWO FINGERS have turned COMPLETELY BLACK along with part of the flesh of her palm. Her ring looks strangely out of place.

CARRIE (cont'd)

Oh God.

Doc reaches over to a nearby drawer -- takes out a sterilized syringe packet.

DOC

Jesus, Carrie, how long did you let this go?

He opens up the packet.

CARRIE

When did I go to Vostok?

Doc puts the tip of the needle onto her blackened flesh.

DOC

Feel that?

He pushes hard -- penetrates the skin. We see the worry begin to elevate further on Carrie's face.

CARRIE

No.

Doc tries the needle in another location.

DOC

Now?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Slowly shakes her head. He holds her gaze evenly.

DOC (cont'd)
I have to amputate your middle two
fingers.

CARRIE
(stunned)
No way. Don't tell me that.

DOC
The fingers are dead, Carrie. If
I don't do it now, gangrene will
set in. You'll lose your hand.

Carrie is sickened.

DOC (cont'd)
I'm sorry.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MEDICAL CLINIC - LATER

Carrie sits in sullen silence, the room dark around her. The only light bounces in from a sterile, draped area where Doc works on her hand. She can't watch as his CURVED SUTURE and thread, rises and falls with every stitch he makes. Carrie has her attention on BLOODY GAUZE piled up in a tray --

SMASH CUT TO

CARRIE'S MEMORY HIT: AN IMAGE SHE SAW EARLIER: The well defined chest of a man wearing a T-shirt. A BULLET HOLE oozes dead center. This time we stay there a little longer, watching the T-shirt absorb the blood around the wound. As the stain widens, so does the camera... slowly... bringing into picture THE MAN Carrie shot. He's wearing a MARSHAL'S BADGE around his neck.

DOC (O.C.)
There, finished.

BACK TO SCENE

Carrie looks at him, sullen, afraid to look down. Then slowly lets her eyes drift to her hand.

DOC (cont'd)
It's going to be an adjustment.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He rises. Goes to a medicine cabinet. Selects a pill bottle. Shakes it. Only a couple inside. He returns with the pill bottle.

DOC (cont'd)
Should ease the pain. I'll look around, dig some more up for you.

She stares at the vacant spot where her fingers used to be.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CARRIE'S BEDROOM - ASB - DAY

Carrie's bag is open on the bed with the Russian's gun next to it.

She's trying to put on a clean flannel over a T-shirt, but can't button it up with only one hand. Her frustration mounts as she fights back every bit of emotion that's trying to get out.

She finally gives up -- kicks over a nearby chair that sweeps the stuff off her bed. Bag and gun go flying.

Carrie slumps to the floor. Silent tears.

After a beat -- she notices Pryce standing in the doorway with some PAPERS in his hand. He's looking at her compassionately.

PRYCE
I stopped by the clinic... Doc told me.

Carrie nods, pulling herself together, swallowing her emotion.

CARRIE
Pretty tough Marshal, huh?

He enters. Holds out her ring for her.

CARRIE (cont'd)
(holds up hand with missing ring finger)
If you came to propose, now's not really a good time.

He joins her. Hands over her ring. Takes a seat next to her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARRIE (cont'd)
Anything?

PRYCE
Got Rubin's face all over
Antarctica, but nobody's seen him
yet.

They sit in silence together for a moment. Carrie sees
the Russian pistol that's ended up on the floor close by.
Picks it up. Examines it like a relic.

CARRIE
...You ever kill anyone?

PRYCE
...Unfortunately.

CARRIE
Anyone you ever trusted?

PRYCE
No.

Beat.

CARRIE
I hadn't held a gun in my hand for
over two years.
(laughing)
Wasn't supposed to need one down
here.

She looks at him --

CARRIE (cont'd)
You asked what I was running away
from...I came down here to forget
my partner, Jack. Thought it
would be better than any therapy.

PRYCE
What happened?

CARRIE
We were on a stakeout at a Holiday
Inn in Miami, waiting for this buy
to go down. I was excited, we'd
been after this trafficker for a
long time. Thought this bust
would be my big chance to impress
the brass. Anyway, guy's a no
show. One hour went by, then two -
- nothing.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CARRIE (cont'd)

Then Jack starting acting strange.
Next thing I knew my face was
being rammed into a mirror. My
own partner was trying to kill me.
Turns out the whole bust was a set
up from the start. Jack was dirty,
working with the guy we were
after.

Beat.

CARRIE (cont'd)

Four years together. I knew
things about him that his wife
didn't even know.
(beat)
But he was my partner and I killed
him that night. There's no
changing that.

Pryce takes it all in. Not the story he expected.

CARRIE (cont'd)

Marshall service cleared me --
ruled it self-defense, but I had a
real hard time getting over the
betrayal -- how little my life
meant to a guy I was willing to
take a bullet for.

Carrie shifts in her chair. Leans forward.

CARRIE (cont'd)

Know what the kicker is -- Jack
thought I was close to figuring
him out. Thought this hotel room
was the best place to get rid of
me -- make it look like a bust
gone bad. Truth is, I had no
idea.
(angry)
God, I was young and stupid, and
in way over my head.

She stands. Pryce joins her.

CARRIE (cont'd)

You asked me why I smell like
suntan lotion -- Jack wore Aramis,
this cheap after-shave his wife
gave him. Some of the guys down
here wear it -- suntan lotion is
the only thing that keeps me from
smelling it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

She notices the papers he's holding; faxed photos of
THREE DIFFERENT TYPES OF CANNISTERS WITH RUSSIAN WRITING
ON THEM.

CARRIE (cont'd)
What do ya got there?

He shows them to her. One-by-one.

PRYCE
It's what the Russians used to
transport weapons grade materials
in. They match the dimensions
inside the safe. We're looking
for six of these.

As Carrie studies them --

PRYCE (cont'd)
Langley's thinking it might be
Hexafluoride, which is a
derivative of Uranium. It's a
component for nuclear detonation.

CARRIE
These beakers were really in over
their heads.

The RADIO on Pryce's hip -- crackles...

RHONDA (V.O.)
Dinkle, it's Rhonda --

Pryce smirks.

PRYCE
I better get this back to him.
And we have to find Rubin.

CARRIE
Think you can you help me with
these buttons, first?

PRYCE
Sure.

He moves closer. Starts to button her up.

PRYCE (cont'd)
For what it's worth -- I think
you're pretty tough, Marshall.

CUT TO:

INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - ASB - RIGHT AFTER

Carrie enters. Light streaming in through the window hits her tired face. She reaches for the light switch on the nearby wall --

-- A HAND GRABS HERS --

-- AGGRESSIVELY YANKS her away from the open door. It's kicked closed as she's drawn backwards into a man's embrace. A knife's brought to her neck.

MAN
(raspy, deep)
...You Stetko?

Carrie nods -- slides her hand toward her pocket...

MAN (cont'd)
Don't...

She stops.

CARRIE
Who are you?

He slowly turns her around to face him.

-- it's Rubin, but he looks beat to shit. Deep cracks slice across his bloody, chapped lips. Peeling skin flakes on his face. Desperate, despondent eyes. Shaky, frostbitten fingers. He's having a hard time holding it together as he can barely get the words out...

RUBIN
-- Did Mooney talk to you? I didn't hear from him -- he was supposed to call me after you talked.

Carrie's confused.

CARRIE
Mooney's dead.

His eyes well.

RUBIN
No...

CARRIE
And so's Weiss.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He nods - he knew.

RUBIN
And I'm next, I know it.

CARRIE
It's okay, you're safe, just put
the knife down.

His shaking hands slowly lowers it -- she breathes a little easier. He sets it down on an empty book shelf next to him.

CARRIE (cont'd)
Who's after you? Where are the
cannisters?

He stares off blankly --

RUBIN
Weiss didn't want to go through
with it. Oh God. How did we let
this happen?

CARRIE
Rubin -- I need you to focus for
me.

He tries. Looks at her through tired, pinched eyes -- he's trying.

O.C. KNOCK. KNOCK on her door.

Rubin is spooked. Glares at her -- scared. Like a caged animal.

DOC (O.C.)
Carrie, it's Doc -- got those
painkillers.

CARRIE
It's okay, he's a doctor, he can
help you.

It falls on deaf ears -- he goes for the knife. She tries to stop him.

Rubin shoves her aside, throwing her against a chair. She topples backwards.

He whips open the door, driving an unexpected shoulder into Doc, who gets nailed so hard, he goes stumbling back up against the wall behind him. Takes the wind right out of him. Pills all over the floor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Rubin dashes off down the hallway -- it's an effort.

Carrie appears at the door. Catches a glimpse of Rubin disappearing down a set of side stairs.

CARRIE (cont'd)
You alright?

Doc nods.

She takes off after him, pulling her phone off her hip.

AT THE STAIRS

She takes two at a time -- keys the two-way...

CARRIE (cont'd)
Pryce --

PRYCE (V.O.)
Yeah?

CARRIE
Rubin's here! He's on the run.
Level one. White T-shirt. Jeans.

CUT TO:

BOTTOM OF STAIRS - LEVEL ONE

As Carrie comes off the stairs -- looks left -- there's three guys carrying boxes out of a room. Snaps a look to the right --

-- Rubin's at the far end, slipping through a doorway that leads into an INTERCONNECTING TUNNEL to another part of ASB.

CARRIE (cont'd)
(into walkie)
He's heading for the Science Lab.

Carrie kicks it into high --

CUT TO:

EXT. ASB - OUTSIDE CONNECTING TUNNEL - SAME

A SUBJECTIVE POV - catches interval glimpses of Rubin through the small windows that run along the side of the tunnel as he dashes through.

CUT TO:

INT. CONNECTING TUNNEL - SAME

Rubin is moving through to a door at the far end as Carrie enters. It's lined with several free standing, empty bookcases.

CARRIE

Rubin, wait!

INT. SCIENCE BUILDING - RIGHT AFTER

Carrie enters through the connecting tunnel's doorway. Not a lot of light. Slows her pace. It's quiet. Dormant. Vacant lab stations. Room's been shut down for the winter. Eyes scan. Fall upon --

-- A DOOR ACROSS THE ROOM. A sign above reads: READY ROOM.

She takes off again, slaloming her way around the lab stations to get to the door.

OTHER SIDE OF ROOM

Carrie gets to the door. Pulls on the handle. Won't open. Rattles. Looks in through a viewing window -- sees --

-- a panicked Rubin inside, grabbing ECW gear off a rack mounted to the wall.

A DIGITAL READOUT ABOVE THE EXIT DOOR READS: -60.

He and Carrie exchange glances.

CARRIE

Rubin -- I can help you!

He shakes his head.

She tugs harder on the doors. Stuck. Looks through the window to see he's tied them together with some climbing rope.

In that same instant a shaft of brilliant daylight floods half the room as the outside door is whipped open.

A MAN in full ECW - stands in the doorway. He's wearing a FACE MASK and GOGGLES. Holds an ICE AXE poised, ready to strike -- it's the same guy who attacked her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rubin bolts back toward the door separating he and Carrie, but --

-- SWOOSH! THE ICE AXE is buried into his shoulder, gaffing him like a fish. The pain's excruciating for Rubin, who spins on his attacker like a wild man. BULLDOZES into him, driving him back out the door.

Both TUMBLE down a steep set of stairs -- the exposed end of the ice axe gets stuck in a step's steel meshing on the way down -- rips out of Rubin's shoulder.

EXT. READY ROOM - BASE OF STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Rubin eats the pain as he gets to his feet. Takes off. Runs blindly with panting intensity verging on hysteria. Disappears around the contour of ASB before the other guy can get to his feet.

His assailant rises. Goes back up a couple steps to retrieve his embedded ice axe, but finds it wedged so tight, it won't budge. Abandons it.

INT. SCIENCE BUILDING - SAME

Carrie shoulders the door, but still doesn't budge. Hears FOOTSTEPS BEHIND HER. Turns to see it's Pryce.

CARRIE

Door's jammed --

Pryce latches on to a heavy SUPPLY CART filled with beakers, micro-scopes and other gear, that's tucked against one of the lab stations.

CARRIE (cont'd)

Pryce, it's not Rubin --

Off his confused look --

CARRIE (cont'd)

Someone's trying to kill him.

Pryce picks up speed as he targets the door. Hits it like a freight train, busting it open! Cart goes crashing. Contents scatter like buckshot.

INT. READY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The two of them are hit with icy cold coming in through the open exit door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Carrie throws a look outside -- bottom of stairs are vacant. Ice axe is still there.

CARRIE

Shit, Rubin doesn't have any gear on.

Carrie immediately closes the outside door. Pryce goes for the ECW wear. Scrambles to get a coat on. Carrie joins. Same thing.

PRYCE

How long's he been out there?

CARRIE

Thirty seconds.

EXT. ASB - RIGHT AFTER

Rubin staggers as he follows a line of storage bins tucked against the base of the main building. The blood from his wound already frozen on his shirt.

The cold -- it's killing him. Body's shaking. The sun's reflection off the ice is blinding.

CUT TO:

RUBIN'S POV -

-- His vision begins to cloud as the corneas are literally being burned by the intense light. He tries to shield them -- has little effect.

He looks over his shoulder -- gets a BLURRED IMAGE of his attacker not far behind.

Rubin trips. Hands go to the icy ground to protect his fall. Still hits hard. Starts to get up, but his palms are frozen to the surface. Doesn't have time to care -- pulls hard, tearing the skin right off. Stands. Spins around in a panicked whirl -- he's lost ground.

Continues to the end of the storage bins. Moves under ASB, using the enormous HYDRAULIC LIFT COLUMNS to conceal his movement.

EXT. UNDERNEATH ASB - CONTINUOUS

Up ahead -- forty yards away -- hope. He continues toward some storage containers and the SNOW MELTER on the other side, where TWO PEOPLE, CLAD IN ECW are finishing filling an insulated container with water from an insulated hose mounted to the Melter. A snowmobile is parked next to them.

He tries to scream, but only a dull, raspy, muffled voice escapes...

RUBIN

...Help me.

The guys -- oblivious.

EXT. READY ROOM - STAIRS - DAY

Carrie and Pryce, now bundled up in ECW, exit the room and head down the stairs. Split up -- go opposite directions around the complex.

EXT. UNDERNEATH ASB - SAME

Rubin's pace is slowing -- he's exerting himself to get to the people as they climb into snowmobile with the container. Frostbite is chewing up his lungs. He's too slow, they take off. He coughs up blood.

RUBIN

W..wa..wait.

He turns around to check on his pursuer. Twenty feet away and closing.

Rubin's eyes desperately search for some kind of weapon -- anything. Sees the insulated hose on the SNOW MELTER. Heads for it.

EXT. ASB - OTHER SIDE - SAME

Carrie passes a gap between storage containers where several snow shovels are stuck into a mound of snow -- through their vertical slats, SHE CATCHES A GLIMPSE OF RUBIN at the Snow Melter across on the other side of the main building. Sees the ECW guy closing in.

EXT. ASB - UNDERNEATH - SAME

Pryce is moving under ASB. Passes a hydraulic support leg. Spots Carrie on the other side moving toward Rubin. Also sees the ECW guy in pursuit. Heads toward them.

EXT. ASB - SNOW MELTER - SAME

Rubin's frostbitten hand reaches for the hose. Grabs it, but he doesn't have the strength to turn it on. Throws a defeated glance over his shoulder to see --

-- THE VILLAIN in ECW gear right on him! Shoves Rubin against the tank. Grabs the hose from him. Turns it on --
- SPRAYING him head to toe.

Rubin's clothes turn to ice. One eye freezes shut. Lips go cobalt blue. He tries to escape, but several stiff steps away, he slows and finally stops: a prisoner in his ice-locked clothing.

The man moves to Rubin. Grabs his head, and - SNAP - breaks his neck.

Rubin's body topples stiffly to the ground.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - ASB - SAME

Rhonda crosses the busy room. Reaches for a clipboard hanging next to the window. Something outside catches her attention.

RHONDA

Sam!

She looks to Murphy, who is on the phone.

Murphy and the others join her at the window. They see Rubin on the ground, but the Snow Melter blocks any view of the killer.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. ASB - SNOW MELTER - SAME

The Killer turns to leave the crime scene and --

-- WHACK! He's blindsided by a SHOVEL to his head. Goggles shatter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He drops.

Carrie pulls his parka hood away from his head -- snaps the goggle from his face.

It's KELLER!

Blood trickles from the fresh wound to his head.

The shovel's courtesy of Carrie, who stands over top of him. Holds the shovel to his neck like a guillotine blade.

Pryce approaches. Glances to Rubin's frozen body -- neck askew. Carrie is wound up. Keller's still recovering from the impact --

KELLER
I sh... sh... shoulda killed you
at Vostok.

CARRIE
Where are the canisters?

KELLER
Go to hell.

PRYCE
Wrong answer.

CARRIE
Help me drag him over here.

They each take his jacket by the shoulder -- pull him back over to the Snow Melter.

CARRIE (cont'd)
Keep him still.

She hands the shovel to Pryce, who puts it to Keller's neck.

Carrie pulls her Buck knife from her back pocket, then whips off Keller's gloves. Tosses them aside. The cold makes him more coherent. Sees Pryce at this throat.

PRYCE
Who's Tahir selling it to --
what's the intended target?

Keller shifts his attention to Carrie, who's using her knife to SLICE open his ECW jacket and pants, exposing bare arms and legs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KELLER

What're you doing, you crazy
bitch?

Keller instantly starts to shake.

CARRIE

Why did you kill those scientists,
Keller? Was a four-way split too
much for you?

KELLER

Fuck you.

Carrie grabs the hose from the Snow Melter.

She brutally stomps on Keller's exposed arm, douses him
with water from the hose, welding his arm to the ground
as it freezes instantly.

CARRIE

Where is the uranium?

KELLER

(almost smug)
You have no idea what's going on
here, do you?

Keller begins to shiver violently.

PRYCE

Hit the sonofabitch again!

Carrie releases more water, freezing more of the arm. He
screams. Pain is too much. He caves.

KELLER

The plane, they're in the fucking
plane.

Carrie's suddenly grabbed from behind. It's Murphy.
Furious. Two other guys at his side.

MURPHY

Have you completely lost your
mind?

CARRIE

Let go of me.

She twists free of his grasp. Gets in Keller's face.

CARRIE (cont'd)

Where in the plane?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

KELLER
Find them yourself.

MURPHY
What the hell's going on?

She glares at him.

CARRIE
The cannisters are on the plane.

She looks to the guys that came out with Murphy.

CARRIE (cont'd)
Throw him in the holding cell.

The two guys go to Keller, but his arm is stuck to the ground. Carrie kicks it free. It's painful. Keller screams.

The guys lift him to his feet. Haul him away.

Murphy looks to Pryce --

MURPHY
Who the hell are you?

Carrie looks at Pryce.

PRYCE
Name's Pryce.

Pryce looks at Carrie.

CARRIE
He's with the UN. We have to
search that plane now!

Murphy looks to Carrie with an intense glare --

MURPHY
We don't have time. We'll just
search it in Christchurch when it
lands.

Pryce steps in --

PRYCE
It's a twelve hour flight to
Christchurch. Anything can happen
in that time. Keller is here, so
we know it's still on the ground.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

PRYCE (cont'd)
Once that plane is in the air,
we've as good as lost it. Just
give us 10 minutes.

Murphy looks to Carrie, softens slightly --

CARRIE
Sam, do what is right here. Come
on.

MURPHY
Do what you have to, but that
plane takes off in one hour.

CARRIE
We'll need some help.

MURPHY
I'll send what I can.

He leaves.

TIME CUT TO:

INT. LC-130 - DAY

Carrie is near the cockpit, searching under a row of
seats. Pryce approaches. A handful of ASB employees
tear through every inch of the fuselage and cargo.

PRYCE
It's clean.

Carrie gets to her feet. Pissed off.

PRYCE (cont'd)
You check the cockpit?

CARRIE
Nothing. That bastard.
What the hell are you up to,
Keller?

PRYCE
I don't get it, why lie to us --
we have him either way. He's
stuck here.

Carrie's suddenly chilled with the ominous reality that --

CARRIE
He's buying time.

Carrie races off the plane. Pryce tries to keep pace.

INT. CORRIDOR - RIGHT AFTER

Carrie is slaloming her way through the corridor, which is packed with ASB employees carrying their bags for the evac. Pryce is close behind.

CARRIE
Out of the way!

INT. ASB - MARSHAL'S OFFICE - RIGHT AFTER

Carrie enters. Pryce at her side. Her face goes white. The door to the holding room is wide open. Keller's GONE.

CARRIE
Shit!

PRYCE
He's got nowhere to go, nowhere to hide.

Then it hits her --

CARRIE
He won't try. He's a goddamn pilot.

As the two of them take off for the door --

INT. ASB - HANGAR - DAY

Delfy walks across the floor. Hangar is minimally lit. Still. Silent. Void of personnel. The Otters are lined up. The Snowcats and snowmobiles on the other side. He heads toward an Otter.

INT. TWIN OTTER - HANGAR - DAY

Delfy reaches in and gets his son's picture, which is still hanging on the console. Then, something catches his attention through the windshield of his plane. He sees a FUEL HOSE running to another plane -- and it's pumping.

Curious, he gets out of the Otter. Eyes dart about the hangar. Doesn't see anyone. Heads to the other plane. Discovers that a door is open on the other side. Takes a another look around. Doesn't see anyone. Moves closer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gets to the plane. Takes a look inside, and --

THUD! He's nailed with a giant Crescent wrench to the head. Stumbles back.

Keller leaps out, grabbing hold of a staggering Delfy.

Ruthlessly runs him head first into a standing tool chest. Delfy collapses to the ground in a heap. Unconscious.

EXT. ASB - HEADING TOWARD THE HANGAR - RIGHT AFTER

Carrie and Pryce, dressed in ECW are making their way toward the hangar.

INT. LC-130 - SAME

Employees are trudging up through the back entrance into the plane. Get checked off a list by the LOAD MASTER. Toss their gear into a netted cargo area. Find a seat. Plane is nearly full.

INT. TWIN OTTER - HANGER

Keller has the engine going. It's loud. Preps the console for flight, flipping switches -- suddenly sees Carrie and Pryce enter the hangar. Guns drawn.

CARRIE AND PRYCE

Shift their attention to the plane. Blades turning. They stalk forward. Slowly. Carefully. Eyeing for any betrayal of movement.

Then, with a nod from Carrie, they move in. Fast. Ready. Look into the plane. It's empty, except for a duffle bag in the back. Carrie nods to Pryce. Motions for him to go one way, she'll go another.

INTERCUT CARRIE AND PRYCE

Carrie eyeballs a Snowcat. It's door is slightly open. She heads for it. Gun poised.

Pryce moves to check the next plane. Eyes dart to every dark corner.

Carrie gets to the Cat. Springs toward the door. Inside's empty.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Pryce walks under THE WING of the next plane. Spots Delfy just ahead on the ground by the tool chest. Looks like he's stirring into consciousness. Then --

SWOOSH!! An ICE AXE swings down from above, embedding in his Pryce's chest. Deep. It sticks. Gun goes flying. Keller drops down from the wing above. Pryce staggers. Keller kicks him hard.

Pryce goes down. Keller grabs the gun.

Points it right at Pryce -- before he can shoot --

BANG! BANG! Bullets zip by Keller, who rolls for cover behind SOME EQUIPMENT. Another rips into his shoulder.

Keller spots Carrie over by the Cat. She fires continually, forcing him to stay behind cover. The shots go wide -- she's not yet used to firing with the right hand.

Keller blindly reaches his gun around the chest -- shoots back, which --

-- Gives Pryce enough time to painfully crawl for cover beneath the plane. He's losing blood quick.

Carrie keeps shooting. Bullets PING OFF THE TOOL CHEST. They stop. Carrie has to reload.

Keller makes his move. Fires at Carrie and sprints for his plane. Runs right by pole with a large red button attached to it. Slams it.

HANGAR DOORS BEGIN TO RUMBLE OPEN

The TEMPERATURE immediately begins to PLUMMET as winter is let inside.

Keller keeps shooting. Runs out of bullets. Leaps into the idling Otter.

Carrie makes her move. Dashes toward him, firing away.

Bullets PLANT in the WINDSHIELD, but can't penetrate -- glass is too thick -- protection from the cold.

Keller throttles. Begins to move the Otter forward toward the opening doors.

Carrie dashes to Pryce. Sees Delfy get to his feet. Face bloody. He moves to Pryce.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She gets over to the guys quickly, giving Del fy a visual once over. He'll be fine, but things look bad for Pryce. He's bleeding profusely.

She kneels beside him -- pulls the tip of the axe out of his chest.

Del fy looks to the hangar doors, which are nearly open.

PRYCE
...I didn't see him.

His eyes flutter shut. Carrie slaps his face --

CARRIE
No! You stay awake!

Puts her hand directly on the wound. Applies pressure. Blood continues to ooze.

She looks over to Keller just as his plane exits the hangar.

Looks back to Pryce's wound -- won't stop bleeding.

CARRIE (cont'd)
Damn it!
(to Del fy)
Come on. We're getting him up.

They lift him to his feet. Haul ass to the front of the hangar the best they can. Go outside.

EXT. HANGAR - CONTINUOUS

The two of them place the now unconscious Pryce to the ground.

Carrie grabs Del fy's hands. Puts them directly on the bloody wound. Surprisingly, he stays focused.

CARRIE
Press here. Hard. Hard or he
will die!

DELFY
It won't stop!

Looks Del fy right in the eye.

CARRIE
He's not going to be number four!

(CONTINUED)

CONTI NUED:

Pryce moans.

Carrie rips open Pryce's jacket and liner.

Scoops up an armful of wind-blown ice. Starts packing it around him. Keeps repeating the motion.

She keeps shooting looks to Keller's departing plane moving toward the runway.

The cold hits Pryce, shocking him awake.

PRYCE

(gasping)

What are you doing? Get Keller.

She holds him down.

CARRIE

You're bleeding out. Freezing drops your pulse. We have to slow it down.

(beat)

You hold on.

Carrie snags the two-way off her hip like it's a quick draw. Keys it.

CARRIE (cont'd)

Sam -- is Doc on the plane yet?

Beat.

MURPHY (V.O.)

No -- what's going --

CARRIE

Keller got out. He hurt Pryce -- he's bleeding bad. Where's Doc?

MURPHY (V.O.)

In the clinic. About to bring the bodies out. What's --

CARRIE

Tell him to stay put, and I need your help getting Pryce there. We're at the hangar. I've got to stop Keller, he's got the canisters.

Carrie doesn't wait for an answer. Gives Del fy the two-way.

(CONTI NUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CARRIE (cont'd)
Don't let him die.

Carrie stands. Determined. Sprints back into the hangar.

INT. HANGAR - CONTINUOUS

On a full sprint, Carrie dashes over to the Snowmobiles. Coughs. Spits blood. Doesn't stop her. She jumps on one. Fires it up. Uses her left palm to steer -- blood starts to seep through the gauze. She quickly bundles up, then guns it.

Rubber treads grip. Smoke rises. She races it across the cement floor and out the hangar.

EXT. HANGAR - CONTINUOUS

Off in the distance, Keller's heading for the front of the runway -- has to turn around to take off into the wind.

Carrie veers off, targeting the tunnel to ASB. Hits her light as she races in.

INT. TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Carrie's light silhouettes Murphy and a couple of his guys as they head toward her. She doesn't even slow down as she blows right by them.

CUT TO:

INT. KELLER'S PLANE - SAME

Desperation clings to his face as he turns the plane onto the runway. His wound oozes blood -- eats the pain as he gives it full throttle. Starts to pick up speed. Heads down his strip of freedom.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDE OF RUNWAY - OPPOSITE END - SAME

A funnel of bumpy light spreads across the ice before Carrie on the snowmobile.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She holds tight as she burns a big U-TURN around one of the berms and onto the runway. Heads straight for the lights of Keller's plane.

INSIDE KELLER'S PLANE

He sees Carrie.

KELLER

Crazy bitch.

INTERCUT:

She targets him like a Japanese zero. Hundred yards and closing.

He's pushing to get airborne. Seventy-five yards between them.

Gap narrows fast. Fifty yards.

Stay on Carrie. Looks like suicide. She suddenly swerves a hard left, disappearing behind a berm --

INSIDE WITH KELLER

He bears a momentary sense of triumph, starts to get airborne -- until -- LAUNCHING UP OFF THE BERM is Carrie's snowmobile! She bails, letting it continue right toward him like a heat seeking missile as she tumbles down the berm.

Keller's pov - a THOUSAND POUNDS of snowmobile comes at him fast -- obliterates the cockpit.

SMASH CUT TO

CARRIE'S POV - AS THE IMPACT

Cripples the plane, pitching it sideways. A wing catches the runway, CATAPULTING the entire plane into a cartwheel of disaster as it veers off the runway and --

-- EXPLODES INTO A FIERY ERUPTION OF FLAME AND DEBRIS!

Resume -

Carrie slowly gets to her feet. The flames reflecting off her goggles. She heads to the wreckage. The cold and blowing snow extinguishing the flames quickly.

AT THE WRECKAGE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Carrie approaches. Only a sputtering of flame remains on the front of the twisted remnants of the Otter's cockpit. The aft seems relatively intact. Carrie looks in.

Sees the charred and already frozen remains of Keller. In the back -- the charred duffle bag. She moves closer.

Reaches in through a broken window. Pulls it out to the runway.

Unzips it. Is confused. No canisters. Only survival gear.

CUT TO:

INT. MEDICAL CLINIC - SOON AFTER

Delfy, along with Murphy and his two guys, carry Pryce in. Doc's in the back room with two others, loading the BODYBAGS onto a cart.

MURPHY

Doc!

Doc quickly moves into the front room. The other two follow. Curious.

Doc springs into action, pulling on gloves. Pryce's face, ashen.

DOC

Get him on the table!

They usher him onto one. He looks to Delfy who still has his hand on Pryce's wound.

DOC (cont'd)

Don't move that hand.

DELPHY

I know, I know, he'll die!

Doc shifts his attention to one of Murphy's guys --

DOC

You, four units 0-pos in the warmer. Second shelf, fridge.

The guy heads for it.

Carrie enters. She's still in her ECW gear. Heart sinks when she sees Pryce.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Doc leans over Pryce's pale form. Examines.

As Doc gets an IV going, he looks to Carrie --

DOC (cont'd)
What happened?

CARRIE
Keller hit him with an ice axe.

MURPHY
He get away?

CARRIE
No.

Murphy's walkie on his hip CRACKLES to life.

INT. LC-130 - SAME

Rhonda's standing up front with the pilot and Copilot, watching the horizon where dark storm clouds are coming at them like a tidal wave. Brings a walkie to her lips...

RHONDA
Sam, it's Rhonda -- we gotta go.
Now.

MURPHY (V.O.)
I know. I know.

INT. MEDICAL CLINIC - ASB - SAME

Murphy looks to Doc.

MURPHY
Can you do this on the plane?
It's your call, but I need to know
now.

Doc, who's wrestling with deep contemplation, looks to Carrie -- she sees the answer's no.

CARRIE
I'll stay with you --

MURPHY
(to his guys)
Grab the bodies and get them on
the plane.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The guys head for the back --

As Doc looks at Pryce -- knowing he needs him...

DOC

Leave the bodies -- you don't have
time. Dead is dead.

(beat)

Pick them up in six months. Go.

Doc looks to Carrie, who's thankful --

CARRIE

I'm sorry.

The guys after the bodies look to Murphy for a decision.

MURPHY

Leave'm. Let's go.

Murphy and Carrie exchange a quick look -- closure.

CARRIE

Thanks.

MURPHY

Take care of yourself.

He takes off with the others.

EXT. LC - 130 - RIGHT AFTER

The wind is hurricane fierce as Murphy and his two men
are just about to board the plane. Murphy looks to the
storm -- a forboding darkness getting closer by the
second. He realizes they might not make it.

EXT. RUNWAY - ASB - RIGHT AFTER

The LC-130's jet engines roars as he gains speed down the
runway -- faster and faster, then it suddenly gets
swallowed in the storm -- like an avalanche covering a
skier.

Camera stays on the fast moving storm, the plane, nowhere
in sight, until --

The LC-130 finally pushes out the front of it --
AIRBORNE. Takes off into the horizon, where we see that
the sun is just about to set.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MEDICAL CLINIC - ASB - LATER

Carrie is standing next to Pryce on the examination table. He's been bandaged up. Eyes closed. Looks thrashed. An IV drip hangs from a stand on wheels.

She's looking at him with soft, caring eyes -- been through a lot. He slowly opens his. Tries to smile, not easy.

Hey --
PRYCE

Hey back.
CARRIE

You get him?
PRYCE

Um-hm.
CARRIE

(excited)
The canisters?
PRYCE

She shakes her head --

Nope.
CARRIE

They both think on it for a moment.

What did we miss? Think Keller cut and run without the stuff?
PRYCE

After all this, no way. Keller didn't have it on the plane because he's got it hidden somewhere.
(beat)
Where would he hide something for six months. Somewhere he could be sure no one would ever look.
CARRIE

If he had made it out, he wouldn't have been crazy enough to come back for it.
PRYCE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARRIE

True -- what the hell was his
plan...

Pryce thinks hard -- he's got nothing.

PRYCE

We've got six months to figure it
out.

A SQUEAKY NOISE in the back of the room draws their
attention. It's Doc coming through with the cart -- a
bodybag on top.

DOC

Eyes open -- that's always a good
sign.

He continues pushing the gurney toward them --

PRYCE

Hey, Doc -- thanks.

DOC

Thank her -- if she hadn't slowed
your bleeding.

Doc rolls the gurney behind her --

DOC (cont'd)

I'm going to hunt me down a bottle
of scotch --

Carrie turns, looks at Doc as he wheels the gurney by.

CARRIE

Need any help?

DOC

I'm good.

She sees it's Weiss' name on the tag, but something
disturbing catches Carrie's eye -- it's Weiss' LEFT LEG
pressing against the bag. Although the plastic is
clouded, she'd swear his LEFT CALF has a LONG LINE OF
STITCHES running down the side.

DOC (cont'd)

You okay?

His voice pulls her focus. She masks her startle...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CARRIE
(covering)
Just thinking where it all began.

DOC
Yeah, it's a damn shame, isn't it.

Doc continues on out the door.

Pryce sees that she's bothered --

PRYCE
What is it?

CARRIE
Nothing -- I'll be right back.

She heads out the door.

CUT TO:

INT. CONNECTING TUNNEL TO SCIENCE BUILDING - LATER

Carrie slips in. We've been here before -- this is where she chased Rubin.

Darkness creeps in, phantom like, as the remaining daylight FADES OUT through the row of windows that run along the side. Carrie's plunged into inky black.
WINTER HAS SET IN.

She HEARS the Science Lab door open before her -- peers through the dark blanket to see Doc walking toward her.

Carrie slips in between two bookcases, trying to stay tight against the wall. Doc walks right by and out the door.

She rises to her feet. Hurries down to the end.
Disappears into the science building.

INT. SCIENCE LAB - CONTINUOUS

Carrie enters. Turns on the light. Illuminates the lab stations, and the busted open doors of the Ready Room. Heads for the freezer.

INT. WALK-IN FREEZER - SCIENCE LAB - CONTINUOUS

Carrie opens the door. Illuminates the interior with her light.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Storage racks of frozen science samples line the three walls. Lying on the floor are the bodies of Mooney, Rubin, Weiss and Keller.

Carry goes to Weiss' body. Kneels next to him. Goes to unzip the bodybag, but sees that it's been locked with a plastic cinch.

Pulls out her knife. Holds the light steady in her mouth as she cuts the cinch. Unzips the bag.

Her light travels down his body to his left leg. She rolls it slightly for a better look. The truth hits her like a sledge hammer. There it is, like standing center stage in her light, the ROW OF STITCHES holding a deep gash tight together.

She's about to stand and walk out, but she stops herself. Thinks about that leg, those stitches. The fact that Doc lied to her. Pans her light over at the other bodies on the floor. Her light pans back, explores the rest of Weiss' upper body -- sees a dried river of blood that's run out from under his armpit.

CARRIE

(to herself)

Someplace no one would ever think to look.

She raises Weiss' arm. More stitches.

She cuts through them. Skin splits to reveal the BOTTOM OF A CANNISTER that's been stuffed inside his chest. She reaches in and pulls it out. Even has rust on the bottom. Carrie's confused -- IT'S NOT LIKE ANY OF THE CANNISTERS PRYCE SHOWED HER PHOTOS OF. It look more like THE ICE CORE CONTAINER SHE SAW AT MCMURDO.

She contemplates opening it for a moment, then places her hand on the top. Begins to twist. It loosens easily. Pulls the lid off. Looks at it. Whatever it is, it's frozen. Tilts the can slightly, and out slides a FOOT LONG ICE CORE SAMPLE. Can't quite figure it out, until she shines her light on it --

The freezer DANCES WITH GLISTENING LIGHT. The core sample is PACKED FULL OF DIAMONDS. She looks to the other two bodies.

She opens Mooney's bag. Sees his chest is uneven -- more cylinders inside. Repeats the action with Rubin. Same thing.

Carrie slowly stands -- the betrayal almost too much.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DOC (O.C.)

If they had just gone along with it.

She turns -- Doc is standing right BEHIND HER.

DOC (cont'd)

Those fools found a plane -- had no idea what they stumbled onto. Turns out the Russians had discovered a diamond field while drilling for core samples in the sixties.

CARRIE

And we thought it was nukes the whole time.

DOC

Keller said he knew someone in the states who could move the diamonds for us. It was a hell of a lot of money.

CARRIE

How did you get wrapped up in thing, Doc?

DOC

Weiss got hurt on the plane. They were afraid to move him, so Mooney called me. Keller and I flew out. But they couldn't get the safe open -- Keller found a way.

CARRIE

Then Weiss got cold feet. It got ugly, didn't it -- and Keller killed him at Delta One One. Everything went to hell after that, didn't it, Doc.

DOC

Keller thought he could kill his way out of this whole thing.

(angry)

If those idiots hadn't panicked, none of this would have happened.

He turns and walks out of the freezer.

INT. SCIENCE LAB - CONTINUOUS

Carrie carefully follows. Sees he's heading for KELLER'S ICE AXE in the ready room, that someone's removed from being wedged outside, onto the now upright LAB CART Pryce used to bust open the door.

CARRIE

Doc -- stop.

He does. Turns back to her. But there has been a subtle shift inside him -- something illogical.

DOC

I'll cut you in, Carrie. There's at least 5 million in diamonds in there. That can buy both of us a nice life back in the world. How many times have we both talked about having a fresh start. Well, this is it. Those beakers finding that plane was a sign. A sign telling me it was time to go back. Now I have something to go back for.

She has a realization.

CARRIE

There is no granddaughter, is there? This was about greed, plain and simple.

DOC

No one will ever know. It's just me and you. We can take care of Pryce.

His callous disregard for human life rocks her.

CARRIE

Dead is dead, right?

DOC

Yes, yes, now you're getting it.

CARRIE

What's happened to you? There are four people dead! Four! People we knew.

Doc looks at her. She's not sure if it's registering.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARRIE (cont'd)
Where you going to stuff my body
too? Huh? Was I going to be
five?

He turns back to the ice axe and starts walking towards it.

She pulls the gun out from inside her liner, her mind a whirl of limited options and grim solutions.

He nears the ice axe on the cart --

Carrie cocks back the trigger --

CARRIE (cont'd)
I won't go through it again.
Don't make me shoot you, please.

Her knuckle on her trigger finger goes white as she wrestles with her emotions.

DOC
It's either ignore all of this or
kill me -- and you and I, we're
too good of friends for me to
force you to make that choice.

With that...he walks right past the ICE AXE and into the READY ROOM. She's confused.

CARRIE
Doc, your not thinking straight.

But he's not listening.

DOC
Ya know, it's really warm. I'm
gonna take a walk -- try and cool
off.

The TEMPERATURE GAUGE on the wall reads: -82.

He looks at her.

CARRIE
Doc, please.

Carrie crosses the room as he grabs onto the outside door's latch.

He musters a smile --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DOC
Remember, Carrie -- freedom's just
a sunrise away.

Using both hands on the latch, he pulls. THE DOOR BLASTS OPEN, filling the space between Carrie and Doc with violent winds and blowing snow.

Doc's throws one last look to Carrie, then takes two steps out the door.

Disappears into the blanket of white.

Wind and cold storm into the room against Carrie, who remains standing still like a statue. Emotionally drained. Numb. Freezing to death -- tears frozen to her cheeks.

A shadow passes by her -- it's Pryce. He's hunkered over in pain, but forcing himself against the driving force of the wind into the Ready Room.

Latches onto the door. It takes everything he's got, but he manages to get it closed. Instant silence.

Cold to the bone, he grabs a jacket off the rack. Approaches Carrie, who remains staring at the closed door. The effects of the chill and Doc's decision apparent.

Pryce wraps the coat around her shoulders. Gently leads her away.

DISSOLVE TO:

Super: THREE MONTHS LATER

INT. CARRIE'S OFFICE - ASB

The sounds of lapping surf and distant seagulls serenades us like a rhythmic lullaby as we --

CU on sand with a shadow of a palm tree casting over top of two pairs of feet -- intertwined.

Slowly widen -- to see Carrie and Pryce, kicking back on lawn chairs, side-by-side. Two heat lamps pouring out bright, warm light. A cut out piece of paper in the shape of a palm leaf is taped to one of the lamps -- throwing the shadow.

Pryce has a small bandage over his shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Carrie lies back, rests, eyes closed.

PRYCE

How's the weather where you are?

CARRIE

Hot. But there's a gentle breeze.
Fiji's beautiful this time of
year.

PRYCE

Yeah, St. Barts ain't bad either.

They lie there quietly, relishing the moment.

PRYCE (cont'd)

Six months. Six long months.

Carrie turns over on her stomach -- lets the heat warm
her back.

CARRIE

Nah. Freedom's just a sunrise
away.

There's a new calender on the wall, where the days of
Winter-over have been marked off -- long way to go.

EXT. ASB BASE - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

Pull away from the building, which fades into the icy
darkness and howling wind of the Antarctic winter.

FADE TO BLACK