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"EVENT HORIZON"

Screenplay by

Philip Eisner

SHOOTING DRAFT

EXT. NEPTUNE – MODEL INTERPLANETARY SPACE

A vast field of stars. The gas giant Neptune slowly spins into view. Brilliant and blue and cold against the void.

EXT. NEPTUNE – MODEL A BLACK SILHOUETTE

stands out against the planet, tiny against Neptune's scale.

EXT. NEPTUNE – MODEL DRIFT CLOSER

to discern the hard angles of a man-made craft. A ship. No longer dwarfed by the planet, the scale of the vessel emerges: a vast labyrinth of steel.

Its shadow swallows all in darkness.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. EVENT HORIZON – GRAVITY COUCH BAY

Shafts of Neptune's blue light enter through windows, illuminate debris suspended in the zero-gravity environment: shards of metal and glass.

MOVE from the Corridor into:

INT. EVENT HORIZON – BRIDGE

A cockpit for three. Neptune's blue light fills the chamber, reflects off immobile particles in the air. Thick quartz windows look down at Neptune. The cockpit lights are dark but for one blinking red light.

An emergency beacon. Under-floor lights go on.

The strobe of the red light reveals a man floating at the helm, slowly spinning. He is dead, perfectly preserved in the cold vacuum of space. His eyes are empty black pits and his mouth hangs open in a scream: DR. WILLIAM WEIR.

CUT TO:

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT

Weir opens his eyes, waking from dream. Sweat beads his ascetic, etched face. Many years a scientist.

He turns on the bedside lamp, revealing a couple's apartment. Decorated by a woman, but Weir is alone, unless you count photographs. His nightstand looks like a shrine to a beautiful

woman.

Weir reaches to the stand. Picks up...

RECENT, UNFRAMED PHOTO

The woman appears thin and haggard and wears a small brave smile.

Weir lies back on the bed. Looks at the photo. Presses it to his forehead and closes his eyes. Trying to be with her, just one more time.

WEIR
(whisper)
I miss you.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - LATER

Weir stands in front of the bathroom mirror, shaving with a straight-razor. The mirror reveals the bathtub just behind him. DRIP, DRIP, DRIP...

Weir turns to stare at the bathtub. Water wells up at the mouth of the tub's faucet, grows impossibly large, falls...
DRIP.

Weir turns back to his shaving.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - LATER

Weir stands in the kitchenette, staring at the microwave as it cooks his breakfast.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - LATER

Weir stands before his window, chewing his oatmeal mechanically, forcing himself to swallow. He reaches out to open the blinds...

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT REVERSE ANGLE

as the blinds pull aside, revealing Weir, upside-down.

ROTATE AND PULL BACK...

EXT. DAYLIGHT STATION - MODEL TO REVEAL DAYLIGHT STATION

Weir's window is just one of many in a space station, a delicate combination of cylindrical habitats and solar panels. The structure hangs above the Earth in low orbit.

TITLE CARD: DAYLIGHT SPACE STATION 08.23.2046

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT (BLINDS OPEN)

A videophone RINGS OS...

WEIR (V.O.)
This is Weir.

LYLE (V.O.)
(tinny)
Dr. Weir, Admiral Hollis would like
to see you as soon as possible.

CUT TO:

INT. DAYLIGHT - OFFICE

A military office, United States Aerospace Command seal blazoned on the door. Views of the Earth. Admiral HOLLIS

sits behind his desk, a gruff career officer and a good man.
Weir enters, escorted by Hollis' adjutant, LYLE.

WEIR

You wanted to see me, Admiral?

HOLLIS

I apologize for the short notice,
Bill, but we've had something come
up that requires your immediate
attention. Lyle?

INT. HOLOGRAPHIC DISPLAY OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM

Lyle activates a holographic display of the solar system. A
box magnifies the eighth planet, Neptune, revealing a flashing
red dot in its orbit.

INT. DAYLIGHT OFFICE

LYLE

At oh-three-hundred this morning,
TDRSS picked up an automated
navigation beacon broadcasting at
two minute intervals in Neptune orbit.

Lyle hands Weir a stack of hardcopy data. Weir reads the
data with growing excitement.

WEIR

Incredible... These are the same
coordinates before the ship
disappeared... this, this happened?
This isn't some kind of hoax?

HOLLIS

I wouldn't bring you here on a hoax.
Houston confirms the telemetry and
I.D. codes.

WEIR

(excited)

It's the Event Horizon. She's come
back.

Hollis answers drily.

HOLLIS

That ship was lost in deep space,
seven years ago. If the Titanic sailed
into New York harbor, I'd find it
more plausible.

(beat)

Houston wants Aerospace to send out
a search and rescue team, investigate
the source of the transmission. If
it really is the Event Horizon,
they'll attempt a salvage.

(beat)

We need you to prepare a detailed
briefing on the ship's systems for
the salvage crew...

WEIR

A written briefing can't possibly
anticipate the variables on a mission
like this. I have to go with them.

Lyle looks at Weir, stunned by the request.

LYLE

Dr. Weir, you have no experience with salvage procedures.

WEIR

I designed the ship's propulsion system. I am the only person capable of evaluating the performance of the gravity drive. You can't send a Search and Rescue team out there alone and expect them to succeed. That would be like... like sending an auto-mechanic to work on the shuttle.

LYLE

I can understand your desire to redeem your reputation, Dr. Weir, but it doesn't factor into this.

WEIR

This is not about my reputation!
This is not about me at all!

(beat, passionate)

The Event Horizon was created for one reason: to go faster than light. Imagine mankind exploring new solar systems, colonizing new worlds. Seven years ago, we didn't just lose the ship and the crew. We lost the dream.

(beat, quiet and
relentless)

I have to go.

HOLLIS

It's not that simple.

(off of Weir's
expression)

Lyle, play the recording for Dr. Weir.

LYLE

Navigation Control tried to hail the vessel. This was the only response.

Lyle presses a button on Hollis' desk. An unholy GARBLE rips from office speakers: STATIC and NOISE and INHUMAN VOICES. Alone, each sound would raise the hair on your neck. Together, they are unbearable.

The sound mercifully cuts off to STATIC. Lyle stops the tape.

Weir sits there, stunned.

LYLE

Since the initial transmission, there's been no further contact. Just the beacon, every two minutes.

WEIR

The crew? Could they still be alive?

LYLE

The ship had life support systems for eighteen months. They're been gone seven years.

WEIR

Someone sent that message. Admiral, you have to put me on that ship.

Hollis stares at Weir, judging the man with his eyes.

HOLLIS

It's against my better judgement,
but I'll run this by the Man
downstairs. You'll know my decision
by the end of the day.

WEIR

Thank you.

HOLLIS

Don't thank me, Bill. I'm not doing
you any favors.

Weir leaves. The door closes behind him.

LYLE

You're not seriously considering
sending him?

HOLLIS

You don't just dismiss Bill Weir.
The man held Oppenheimer's chair at
Princeton. If the Event Horizon had
worked, he would have gone down in
history as the greatest mind in
physics since Einstein.

LYLE

The official inquiry blamed Weir's
design for the ship's loss.

HOLLIS

That doesn't mean a damn thing. They
were looking for a scapegoat and
Weir fit the bill. But he's not
responsible for what happened to the
ship.

LYLE

Does he know that?

HOLLIS

What's on your mind?

LYLE

He doesn't belong on this mission.
Responsible or not, he blames himself.
He's too close to it.
(beat)

And then there's his wife.

HOLLIS

It's been two years since she died.
He's over it.

LYLE

Some things you don't get over.

Beat.

HOLLIS

I want our best people on this.
Where's Miller?

LYLE

The Lewis and Clark just returned
from patrol in the asteroid belt,
she's docked in bay four.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAYLIGHT STATION/EXT. LEWIS AND CLARK

The Lewis and Clark pulls away from Daylight station, turns towards the depths of space. It is a tough-looking spacecraft, all engine.

Sequence omitted from original script.

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK - BRIDGE

MOVE IN on thick quartz windows near the ship's nose: the bridge...

Split level. Above: avionics, navigation, flight control. STARCK (female, Navigator, sharp mind, sharp tongue) checks the navigation data on her screen as SMITH (male, Pilot, wrapped too tight) punches in the course.

SMITH

I can't believe this, I haven't gotten more than my hand in six weeks and now this shit. Why not Mars, Cap, Mars has women...

STARCK

Smith's right. Neptune? There's nothing out there. If something happens, we'll be on our own.

The captain's chair drops from above, swivels to reveal MILLER (male, Captain, intense).

MILLER

I don't like it either, but you know the rules: we get the call, we go. Is the course locked in?

SMITH

Locked and cocked.

STARCK

We're past the outer marker, we can engage the ion drive whenever you're ready.

MILLER

Justin?

Below: the bridge's "war-room" -- ship's systems and mission stations. JUSTIN (male, Engineer, young hot-shot).

JUSTIN

Everything green on my boards, Skipper.

MILLER

Start the countdown.

STARCK

Ion drive will engage in... T-minus ten minutes.

MILLER

Let's go.

Miller slides down a ladder into the war-room. The others follow into...

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK - AIRLOCK BAY

Bulky EVA (extra-vehicular activity) suits line the walls. MUSIC blares from a JAMBOX, built into a storage locker.

An Emergency Tech stows safety lines: COOPER -- male, the

resident pain-in-the-ass. He SINGS along with the music.

MILLER

(not breaking stride)
Kill it.

Cooper reaches up, turns off the box.

COOPER

Time to play Spam in the can.

MILLER

Don't start with me, Cooper.

Cooper falls in as the crew continues into...

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK - QUARTERS

Evidence of long term habitation. Personalized lockers. Fold-down bunks, chairs, tables; currently stowed for docking. A modular galley.

PETERS (female, Emergency Technician, the crew's denmother) and DJ (male, Doctor, a cold perfectionist) load CO2 scrubbers into a bin in the floor.

Weir stands to the side like a fifth wheel.

WEIR

Captain Miller, I just want to say...

MILLER

The clock is running, Dr. Weir. If you'll follow the rest of the crew, they'll show you to the gravity tanks.

Weir hesitates, then follows the crew into Medical. Miller hangs back.

MILLER

What's the hold up?

PETERS

Just loading the last of the CO2 scrubbers.
(to Miller, accusatory)
Good for four months.

MILLER

I put in for a replacement for you but no one...

PETERS

No, no, its alright. I talked to my ex, he'll keep Denny over Christmas and I'll get him this summer.
(beat)
Goddam it, Skipper... I haven't seen him in two months.

MILLER

I am sorry. But now we have to go to work.

CUT TO:

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK - MEDICAL

A high tech operating room. Modular equipment. Vertical tanks line the walls, each large enough to hold a human being: gravity couches.

The crew stands before the gravity couches, almost nude, no room for modesty.

Starck catches Cooper looking at her ass as she strips to her undergarments. Cooper grins. She flips him off, not bothering to turn around.

COOPER

Is that an offer?

STARCK

It is not.

Miller disrobes. Two service tags hang around his neck. He does not remove them. Weir approaches him.

WEIR

Captain Miller, I appreciate this opportunity...

MILLER

Doctor Weir, my crew is not going on your mission because we want to. We were pulled off a well deserved leave, to be sent out to the middle of nowhere, and no one's even told us why.

WEIR

I've been authorized to brief you and the crew once we reach Neptune space.

MILLER

Until then, do what you're told and stay out of my way.

Weir nods, moves to an empty couch bearing his name, written on a piece of tape. Peters watches him.

PETERS

First time in a grav couch?

WEIR

Yes.

She checks Weir's couch, helps him climb in. Weir keeps one eye on Miller.

PETERS

(Off of Weir's glance)

Don't worry about it. He's hard, but he's fair. You're lucky to be shipping out with him. He's one of the few Captains in the service with experience in the Outer Reach.

WEIR

He's been past Mars?

PETERS

He served on the Goliath.

WEIR

Wasn't that ship destroyed?

PETERS

(nods)

They attempted to rescue a supply shuttle bound for Titan. The shuttle's oh-two tanks ruptured during the rescue, flooded both ships with pure

oxygen. There was a spark and both ships were incinerated. The Skipper and three others just made it to a lifeboat. Captain Miller was able...

DJ

(interrupting)

He doesn't like to talk about it.

DJ swathes one of Weir's arms with alcohol.

DJ

You didn't eat anything in the past twelve hours?

Weir shakes his head.

DJ

When the Ion drive fires, we'll be taking about 30 gees. Without a tank, the force would liquefy your skeleton.

DJ injects Weir. The scientist winces.

WEIR

I've seen the effect on mice.

The overhead lights change to red.

MILLER

Five minutes.

DJ hands him the breathing mask.

DJ

Put this on.

Weir does. DJ checks the fit.

PETERS

You'll be fine. You'll wake up and we'll be there. Watch your fingers.

DJ closes the tank. It begins to fill with green gel. Weir's eyes grow large with fear and then the anaesthesia hits. His eyes close. His body draws into a fetal position.

DJ

(checking the monitor)

Heart-rate decreasing... body temp dropping to 80... 70... 60... 50... 40 degrees Fahrenheit. He's in stasis.

CUT TO:

EXT. LEWIS AND CLARK - MODEL

THE ION ENGINE at the aft of the ship begins to glow a deep red.

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK - MEDICAL

The crew hang inert in the gravity couches.

EXT. LEWIS AND CLARK - MODEL

SILENCE. The engine flares white hot. The Lewis and Clark lances forward.

CUT TO:

EXT. LEWIS AND CLARK - INTERPLANETARY SPACE - MODEL

The Lewis and Clark races SILENTLY past. The engine at its aft holds a sustained fusion reaction like the sun.

GRAPHIC: U.S.S. Lewis and Clark. 56 days out.

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK – MEDICAL CLOSE ON WEIR

immobile in the grav tank. He might be sleeping. He might be dead. A distant SOUND echoes though the ship, the unholy garble of human and inhuman voices -- it is the Event Horizon, calling to him -- the sound refines into a WOMAN'S VOICE, no more than a WHISPER:

VOICE

Billy...

Weir opens his eyes.

VOICE

I'm so cold...

Weir's grav tank opens.

WIDER TO REVEAL

the seven bodies of the crew, suspended inert in the gel.

A sound: DRIP... DRIP... DRIP...

Weir slowly walks to the Bridge.

VOICE

I'm so cold...

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK – BRIDGE

A naked WOMAN sits at the helm, her back to us. Completely still. Her skin is very pale. Water pools around her chair. Weir stands behind her.

WEIR

(tentative)

Claire?

She does not answer. She does not move. Weir reaches out to touch her shoulder, then pulls his hand back, afraid.

WEIR

Claire? I'm sorry. Claire?

He reaches out again. He touches her hair. She doesn't move. Weir catches her reflection in the computer monitors. Something wrong with her face... He starts to spin her around.

CLAIRE

I'm so cold...

CUT TO:

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK – MEDICAL

Weir awakes with a jolt, in his grav couch. His mask has slipped. His tank has filled with blood. He is drowning.

CUT TO:

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK – MEDICAL

Reality. Weir's eyes open. He presses against the glass of the tank, trying to force it open, panicked. The others are already stepping from open tanks.

Weir's tank opens with a HISS. He tumbles to the floor, gasping, fluid streaming from his mouth.

Peters rushes to him.

WEIR
(gasping)
Claire...

PETERS
DJ!
(to Weir)
It's okay. You're okay. Just breathe.

Weir catches his breath. He looks up. The crew surrounds him, concerned.

WEIR
I'm alright now. I'm alright...

DJ helps him to his feet.

DJ
Move slowly. You've been in stasis for fifty-six days. You're going to experience a little disorientation.

Weir nods.

COOPER
Damn, Dr. Weir, don't scare us like that. Coffee?

WEIR
What?

COOPER
Coffee.

WEIR
No, thank you.

Cooper, still butt-naked and proud of it, grabs a metal cylinder from the wall and pours a mug for himself.

COOPER
Hey, Starck. You wanna dry my back?

Starck gives him a cool once over.

STARCK
Maybe when you finish puberty.

Miller zips up.

MILLER
Starck, why aren't you on the bridge?

STARCK
I just finished drying...

MILLER
Then what are you doing here? Come on, people, let's go!
(to Cooper)
And Cooper... Put some pants on.

CUT TO:

EXT. INTERPLANETARY SPACE – LEWIS AND CLARK – MODEL

SILENCE. The Lewis and Clark drifts towards Neptune.

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK - QUARTERS

The crew has secured the quarters from flight status. Bunks have been folded down, each alcove personalized with photographs and pin-ups.

DJ moves around the cabin, checking the crew's radiation badges.

Cooper and Justin sit on their bunks, tossing a handball across the cabin.

Peters holds a "Watchman" video unit, watching a "video letter"...

EXT. PETERS HOME - GARDEN (DENNY'S PARTY)

...from DENNY, her four-year-old son, a paraplegic, grinning widely in his new wheelchair:

DENNY

(video)

Play horsey, Mommy, play horsey...

IN THE VIDEO, Peters enters shot, scoops her child from the chair.

PETERS

(video)

Want to play horsey, do you...

(etc.)

INT. LEWIS AND CLARKE - QUARTERS

Weir sits huddled in a blanket. Miller takes a seat next to him.

Starck and Smith enter. Starck sits next to Miller.

SMITH

30 hours to Neptune orbit.

STARCK

All boards are green, everything's five by five.

MILLER

That's good to know. Justin, you wanna stow that?

Justin catches the ball, holds onto it.

MILLER

Okay, listen up. As you all know by now, we have an addition to our crew. Dr. Weir, this is: Starck, navigation; Smith, pilot, Justin, ship's engineer --

COOPER

You can call him Baby-bear, he loves that...

MILLER

This is Cooper, what the hell do you do on this ship, anyway?

JUSTIN

Ballast.

COOPER

(to Weir)
I am your best friend. I am a
lifesaver and a heartbreaker...

MILLER
He's a rescue technician. Peters,
medical technician. DJ...

DJ
Trauma.

MILLER
And this is mission specialist Dr.
William Weir. We all know where we're
going. Dr. Weir is going to tell us
why.

Miller and the crew look at Weir, waiting. Weir clears his
throat.

WEIR
What I am about to tell you is
considered code-black by the NSA.

The crew look at each other: they haven't heard that in a
mission briefing before.

JUSTIN
That means top-secret, Cooper.

COOPER
I heard it.

WEIR
The USAC intercepted a radio
transmission from a decaying orbit
around Neptune. The source has been
identified as the Event Horizon.

STUNNED SILENCE. Then everyone talks at once:

STARCK
That's impossible! She was lost with
all hands, what, seven...

JUSTIN
Seven years ago, the reactor blew...

PETERS
How can we salvage...?

SMITH
Let the dead rest, man...

COOPER
...cancel our leave and send us out
on some bullshit mission...!

MILLER
EVERYBODY SHUT UP! Let the man speak.

In the quiet that follows:

WEIR
What was made public about the Event
Horizon, that she was a deep space
research vessel, that its reactor
went critical, that the ship blew
up... None of that is true.
(beat)
The Event Horizon was the culmination
of a secret government project to

create a spacecraft capable of faster-than-light flight.

The crew stares at Weir: he has just dropped another bomb on them.

SMITH

You can't do that.

STARCK

The law of relativity prohibits faster-than-light travel...

WEIR

Relativity, yes. We can't break the law of relativity, but we can go around it. The ship doesn't really move faster than the speed of light; it creates a dimensional gateway that allows the ship to instantaneously "jump" from one point in the universe to another, light years away.

STARCK

How?

WEIR

Well, in layman's terms, you use a rotating magnetic field to focus a narrow beam of gravitons; these in turn fold space-time consistent with Weyl tensor dynamics until the space-time curvature becomes infinitely large and you have a singularity...

COOPER

Laymen's terms.

Weir thinks of another way to explain it. He rips a pin-up from Smith's locker.

SMITH

Hey...

WEIR

Say this paper represents space-time, and you want to get from "point A" here...

(marks it on the photo with a pen)

...to "point B," here.

(marks point B)

Now: what's the shortest distance between two points?

The crew stares at him. Starck decides to play.

STARCK

A straight line.

WEIR

Wrong. The shortest distance between two points...

Weir folds the paper, lining up point A over point B... then THRUSTING his pen through both, skewering the pin-up.

WEIR

...is zero. That's what the singularity does: it folds space, so that point A and point B coexist in

the same space and time. After the ship passes through this gateway, space returns to normal.

(hands the ruined pin-up back to Smith)
It's called a gravity drive.

JUSTIN

How do you know all this?

WEIR

I built it.

Even Cooper is impressed.

COOPER

I can see why they sent you along.

JUSTIN

So if the ship didn't blow up, what happened?

WEIR

It was the ship's maiden voyage, to test the drive. The Event Horizon moved to safe distance using ion thrusters. They received the go-ahead to activate the gravity drive.

(beat)

And the ship vanished from all our scopes. No radar contact, no enhanced optical, no radio contact of any kind. They disappeared without a trace.

(beat)

Until now.

MILLER

Where has it been for the last seven years?

WEIR

That's what we're here to find out.

CUT TO:

EXT. INTERPLANETARY SPACE - MODEL

The Lewis and Clark flashes silently past, heading deeper and deeper into space.

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK - BRIDGE

The crew assembled.

WEIR

We haven't been able to confirm any live contact, but TDRSS did receive a single transmission from the Event Horizon.

Weir punches a button on a console. The transmission BLARES from the bridge's speakers, STATIC and NOISE and, underneath all, INHUMAN VOICES.

The crew listen, look at one another. The recording ends abruptly.

SMITH

What the hell is that?

PETERS

It doesn't sound like anything human.

WEIR

Houston has passed the recording through several filters and isolated what appears to be a human voice.

He activates a different file. The resulting WAIL is more human but no less terrifying, a cry of despair. The last message from a drowning man...

SMITH

Jesus...

MILLER

What is that?

DJ

It sounds like Latin.

COOPER

Latin? Who the fuck speaks Latin?

STARCK

No one. It's a dead language.

DJ

Mostly dead.

MILLER

What does it say?

WEIR

NSA encryption specialists have deciphered some of the message...

Weir plays the HELLISH INCANTATION for a third time.

WEIR

There: "...liberatis me..." They haven't been able to translate the rest, it's too distorted.

DJ

"Liberatis me." "Save me."

COOPER

From what?

MILLER

(to Weir)

You're convinced the crew could still be alive? After seven years?

WEIR

The Event Horizon only had life support for eighteen months. It seems impossible, but in light of the transmission... I have to think that someone has managed to endure until now.

COOPER

Skipper, do we get hazard pay for this?

MILLER

You heard the tape, Smith. We're looking for survivors.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEPTUNE – LEWIS AND CLARK – MODEL

The Lewis and Clark closes in on the blue planet.

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK – BRIDGE

The flight crew assembled. Data flashes across the main monitors on the bridge.

STARCK

Crossing the horizon. Optimum approach angle is fourteen degrees.

MILLER

Come around to three-three-four...

SMITH

(echoing)
Heading three-three-four...

MILLER

(continuing)
...Make your approach vector negative fourteen degrees...

SMITH

One-four degrees...

EXT. LEWIS AND CLARK – NEPTUNE ORBIT – MODEL

RCS thrusters pivot and fire as the ship enters Neptune orbit, dropping lower and lower into the dense blue clouds...

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK – BRIDGE

The ship begins to rock as it encounters atmosphere, a growing vibration.

GRAPHICS flash across the main window's HUD. Neptune's dark shadow fills the screen.

SMITH

We have a lock on the Event Horizon's navigation beacon. It's in the upper ionosphere, we're in for some chop.

MILLER

Bring us in tight. Starck, get on the horn, see if anyone's listening...

STARCK

(into radio)
This is U.S. Aerospace Command vessel Lewis and Clark, hailing Event Horizon, Event Horizon, do you read...? This is the Lewis and Clark, hailing...
(she continues B.G.)

SMITH

(over Starck)
Matching speed... now. Range to target ten thousand meters and closing... Skipper, I got a bad feeling about this...

MILLER

We're all on edge, Smith. We're a long way out...

SMITH

That's not it. That ship was built

to go faster than light... That's just wrong, it goes against everything we know...

MILLER

What are you trying to say? "If God had intended Man to fly, he would have given us wings?"

SMITH

Something like that, yeah.

Miller grins grimly.

MILLER

I guess we're about to find out. Keep us slow and steady.

SMITH

Yes, sir.

MILLER

Dr. Weir...!

Weir sticks his head into the bridge.

MILLER

I think you want to see this.

Weir climbs up the ladder to the flight deck.

WEIR

Where is she?

SMITH

Dead ahead, 5000 meters.

Suddenly, the ship SHUDDERS VIOLENTLY.

Weir braces himself in the doorway, staring out the forward window into the roiling azure clouds.

Smith grimaces, his knuckles white at the controls.

SMITH

We've got some weather.

MILLER

I noticed. Starck, anybody home?

STARCK

If they are, they're screening their calls.

SMITH

Range 3000 meters and closing.

WEIR

I can't see anything...

Only turbid clouds of methane ice whirl past the Lewis and Clark's windows.

SMITH

1500 meters. We're getting too close...

MILLER

Where is it?

STARCK

(checking her console)

The scope is lit, it's right in front of us...

SMITH

1000 meters...

A red warning light begins to flash in time with a shrill BEEP.

SMITH

Proximity warning! 900, 800 meters, 700... we're right on top of it, we're gonna hit!

MILLER

Starck...

STARCK

It should be right there...

She looks up, trails off...

STARCK

My God.

EXT. EVENT HORIZON – AGAINST NEPTUNE – MODEL STARCK'S POV

...the clouds break, revealing...

THE EVENT HORIZON, right in front of them. A black labyrinthine blasphemy against Neptune's arctic blue. Cloud banks encircle the ship as if it were the eye of a hurricane.

INT. LEWIS AND CLARKE – BRIDGE

MILLER

Reverse thrusters full!

EXT. LEWIS AND CLARK – DWARFED BY EVENT HORIZON – MODEL

The Event Horizon looms enormous as the Lewis and Clark hangs off the port stern, dwarfed by the giant ship.

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK – BRIDGE

The turbulence subsides. The bridge crew stares at the massive craft. The only sound, the PROXIMITY WARNING. Finally:

SMITH

Jesus, that is one big ugly fat fucker...

WEIR

She's not ugly.

Miller reaches over Smith's shoulder, turns off the proximity warning. Smith snaps back to business.

SMITH

Range 500 meters and holding. Turbulence is dropping off...

STARCK

Picking up magnetic interference.

MILLER

Put it through TACS. Smith, you up for a flyby?

SMITH

(he is not)
Love to.

EXT. NEPTUNE - LEWIS AND CLARK - EVENT HORIZON - MODEL

The Lewis and Clark maneuvers in close to the Event Horizon, dwarfed by the dark ship.

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK - BRIDGE

Smith keeps a tight hand on the controls. The crew stare out the viewport at the abandoned craft.

STARCK

Look at the size of that thing.

Weir explains the view out the cockpit window.

WEIR

Foredecks. Crew quarters, bridge, medical and science labs, hydroponics, what have you. That central section connects the forward decks to the Engineering containment area. Can we move in closer?

SMITH

Shit, Doc, any closer and we're gonna need a rubber...

MILLER

Do it.

Smith grimaces. His hands move carefully over the controls.

EXT. NEPTUNE - LEWIS AND CLARK - EVENT HORIZON - MODEL

The Lewis and Clark moves even closer. Vanishing into the shadow of the Event Horizon.

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK - BRIDGE

The crew stares at the ship rushing past the viewport. A huge spherical structure looms eerily ahead.

WEIR

That's the engineering containment. And there's the main airlock. We can dock there.

MILLER

Smith, use the arm and lock us onto that antennae cluster.

WEIR

Be careful. It's not a load bearing structure...

EXT. EVENT HORIZON - LEWIS AND CLARK - MODEL

The Lewis and Clark carefully maneuvers in close to the Event Horizon's airlock.

A mechanical boom-arm extends from the smaller ship to latch onto the Event Horizon. Its clawed hand grabs the antennae cluster. The cluster buckles under the stress.

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK - BRIDGE

SMITH

(to Weir)

It is now.

(to Miller)

We're locked in.

MILLER

Starck, give me a read.

A scan of the Event Horizon appears across Starck's screen.

STARCK

The reactor's still hot. We've got several small radiation sources, leaks probably. Nothing serious.

WEIR

Do they have pressure?

STARCK

Affirmative. The hull's intact... but there's no gravity and the thermal units are off line. I'm showing deep cold. The crew couldn't survive unless they were in stasis.

MILLER

Find 'em, Starck.

Starck frowns at her display.

STARCK

Something's wrong with the bio-scan.

MILLER

Radiation interference?

STARCK

There's not enough radiation to throw off the scan. I'm picking up trace life forms, but I can't get a lock on the location.

WEIR

Could it be the crew? If they were in suspended animation, wouldn't that effect the scan?

STARCK

If they were in stasis, I'd get a location, but these readings, they're all over the ship. It doesn't make any sense.

MILLER

Okay. We do it the hard way. Deck by deck, room by room. Starck, deploy the umbilicus. I believe you're up for a walk, Mr. Justin. Go get your bonnet on.

JUSTIN

Yes, sir!

Weir starts to follow Justin from the bridge.

MILLER

Dr. Weir, I need you on the bridge.

WEIR

Captain, I didn't come out here to sit on your bridge, I need to be on that ship...

MILLER

Once the ship is secured, we'll bring you on board --

WEIR
(interrupting)
That is not acceptable --

MILLER
(overlapping)
-- once we've secured the ship, that's
the way it is!
(beat)
I need you to guide us from the comm
station. This is where I need you.
Help us to do our job.

Weir exhales.

WEIR
Very well.

CUT TO:

EXT. LEWIS AND CLARK - EVENT HORIZON - MODEL

The docking collar umbilicus extends to the Event Horizon's
airlock.

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK - AIRLOCK BAY

Miller, Peters, Justin and Cooper in EVA; Cooper and Justin,
without headgear.

COOPER
...come on, Skipper, I already put
my shoes on...

MILLER
(muffled)
You've had plenty EVA, Coop, it's
Justin's turn. Stay on station. If
anything happens...

COOPER
I'll be all over it.

Miller nods to Peters.

PETERS
(muffled)
Opening inner airlock door.

The inner airlock door opens: CH-THUNK. Miller, Peters and
Justin enter the airlock. Justin attaches his safety line.
Miller and Peters do not.

COOPER
You still need the rope? I thought
you were one of those spacemen with
ice in ya veins.

JUSTIN
I'd rather be on the rope and not
need it than need it and not have
it. Now step aside, old man.

Cooper puts Justin's helmet on. It seals tight.

COOPER
(serious now)
You just keep your nose clean, Baby
Bear. Clear the door.

Cooper backs out, allowing the inner airlock door to shut,

ECHOING through the ship.

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK - UMBILICUS

Miller, Peters and Justin float down the brightly lit umbilicus into the Event Horizon, all in EVA suits. Justin's safety line trails out behind him.

The OUTER AIRLOCK DOOR of the Event Horizon waits for them.

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK - BRIDGE

Weir has taken over Justin's station. He watches the POV monitors like a kid watching Christmas. Smith and Starck keep tabs over his shoulder.

WEIR

You've reached the outer airlock door.

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK - UMBILICUS

Peters attaches a thumper -- a device using sound waves to measure pressure -- to the inner airlock door.

PETERS

We've got pressure.

MILLER

Clear and open on my mark. Three... two... one... mark.

Peters inserts a zero-G drill into the panel beside the door. The door slowly opens...

CUT TO:

INT. EVENT HORIZON - MAIN ACCESS CORRIDOR - WITH AIRLOCKS

The immense corridor stretches away into darkness in both directions. Distantly spaced windows manifest as remote pools of blue light amidst endless black, adding to the vast sense of scale.

The light from their dual spotlights on the team's helmets reflects off tiny ice crystals of frozen atmosphere. They are ants in a tomb built for giants.

PETERS

Jesus its huge.

MILLER

Ice crystals everywhere. This place is a deep freeze.

WEIR (O.S.)

(radio)

You're in the central corridor. It connects the personnel areas to Engineering.

MILLER

Peters and I will search the forward decks. Justin, take Engineering. No hot-dogging, not on this one, alright?

JUSTIN

Not a chance, sir.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - MAIN ACCESS CORRIDOR - NO AIRLOCKS

The group separates. Justin kicks off from the wall, shoots

down the corridor at immense speed.

INT. EVENT HORIZON – MAIN ACCESS CORRIDOR – WITH AIRLOCKS

Miller and Peters move in the opposite direction. They use magnetic plates on their boots and gloves to cling to the walls as they slowly make their way down the dark shaft. Their journey seems endless. The darkness almost seems a living thing as it surrounds them.

INT. EVENT HORIZON – MAIN ACCESS CORRIDOR – NO AIRLOCKS

Miller spots something at a coupling, where two sections of the corridor join...

MILLER

Dr. Weir, what's this?

Miller indicates a box nestled against the coupling. The universal symbol for explosives is on the cover.

PETERS

(ahead at the next
coupling)

Here's another one. They're all over the place.

WEIR (O.S.)

(radio)

They're explosive charges.

MILLER

I can see that, what're they for?

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK – BRIDGE

WEIR

In an emergency, the charges detonate in series, destroying the central section and separating the personnel areas from the rest of the ship. That way, if the gravity drive malfunctions, the crew could use the foredecks as a lifeboat.

INT. EVENT HORIZON – MAIN ACCESS CORRIDOR – NO AIRLOCKS

Peters and Miller keep moving.

PETERS

That means they didn't abandon ship.

MILLER

So where are they? Starck, any luck with the bio-scan?

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK – BRIDGE

STARCK

I'm running diagnostics now, Skipper... Nothing's wrong with the sensor pack, I'm still getting trace life readings, all over the ship.

INT. EVENT HORIZON – MAIN ACCESS CORRIDOR – NO AIRLOCKS

Miller and Peters unconsciously look around. Sweat beads their faces.

PETERS

There's no one in the corridor but us.

STARCK (O.S.)

(radio)

Not according to the computer.

MILLER

Peters is right, no one's here.

PETERS

I don't know, this place is really dark, I can't see a thing...

She starts to wave her searchlight around wildly.

MILLER

(calming her down)

Easy, Peters, we're okay, we're okay. Let's finish the sweep.

WEIR (O.S.)

(radio)

Captain Miller, the foredecks are just ahead.

PETERS

I can see the hatch.

MILLER

Starck, you still showing those readings?

STARCK (O.S.)

(radio)

That's an affirmative.

MILLER

(to Peters)

Keep your eyes open.

She nods as he reaches for the hatch...

INT. EVENT HORIZON – GRAVITY COUCH BAY

The hatch opens, allowing Peters and Miller entrance into the forward decks. These areas were intended for human habitation, and seem similar in design to the Lewis and Clark, only larger.

Gravity couches line both walls, eighteen in all. Empty.

PETERS

We found the gravity couches.

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK – BRIDGE

Weir peers eagerly at the monitors.

WEIR

Any survivors?

MILLER (O.S.)

(radio)

Negative.

Hope drains from Weir's face.

WEIR

No one?

INT. EVENT HORIZON – GRAVITY COUCH BAY

MILLER

They're empty, Dr. Weir. Moving forward.

Miller and Peters split up, each taking a separate exit from the chamber.

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK – BRIDGE

Weir looks at Justin's POV screen: a grainy image of the First Containment Seal.

INT. EVENT HORIZON – MAIN ACCESS CORRIDOR (BY FIRST SEAL)

Justin stands before a thick pressure door. Justin checks the door with his thumper, his boots are now on.

WEIR (O.S.)

(radio)

You've reached the First Containment Seal. The engineering decks are on the other side.

JUSTIN

We still have pressure. The radiation count's steady at 7 millirads an hour.

WEIR (O.S.)

(radio)

Background radiation. Perfectly safe.

Justin touches a panel beside the door. It opens. He enters...

INT. EVENT HORIZON – FIRST CONTAINMENT

...a long corridor shaped like a tube. It rotates like a turbine, causing vertigo. Justin's BREATH echoes in his helmet as he moves forward...

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK – AIRLOCK BAY

Cooper stares at Justin's safety line in the airlock.

THE SAFETY LINE

counts off silently, passing 150 meters...

INT. EVENT HORIZON – CORRIDOR TO BRIDGE

The corridor ends at a pressure door.

PETERS

Dr. Weir, what's this the door to?

WEIR (O.S.)

(radio)

You're at the Bridge, Ms. Peters. You still haven't seen any crew?

INT. EVENT HORIZON – MEDICAL/SCIENCE

Miller, moving through a deserted lab. Empty operating tables. Stainless steel surgical instruments float in zero-G. A glove floats up behind him, brushes his shoulder. He wheels... the glove is empty. It spins away.

MILLER

If we saw any crew, Doctor, you'd know about it.

(looking around)

I'm in Medical. No casualties, it looks like this place has never been

used.

He finds a computer console.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - CORRIDOR TO BRIDGE

Peters opens the door.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE ANTECHAMBER

Peters enters. Looks around: a small antechamber for crew briefings, with chairs and a display table. Red crystals float in a crimson mist around her.

PETERS

I found something.

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK - BRIDGE

Weir peers at the monitors, trying to make out the red haze.

WEIR

Yes, we can see some kind of mist.
What is that?

PETERS (O.S.)

(radio)
Blood. Looks like arterial spray.

WEIR

(nervous)
Can you see a body?

INT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE ANTECHAMBER

PETERS

(confused)
There's no one here.

MILLER (O.S.)

(radio)
The blood came from somewhere,
Peters...

PETERS

There's no one here, Skipper.

Peters takes a sample container from her belt. Carefully tries to capture a suspended crystal...

PETERS

Come on...

CLOSE UP OF THE BLOOD CRYSTAL

and the Container; Peters' brow furrowed with concentration.

WIDER AS A FLASH OF BLUE LIGHTNING ILLUMINATES THE ROOM, REVEALING...

...THE WALL BEHIND PETERS, CASED IN A FROZEN EXPLOSION OF BLOOD AND TISSUE. Someone died here in a violent and terrible way.

Peters starts to look up but the flash dies away. She never saw the horror behind her.

Peters turns her attention back to her tiny crystal. She traps the it, returns the container to her belt.

She moves from the antechamber into...

INT. EVENT HORIZON – BRIDGE

Her helmet lights sweep the room. Every surface a control panel.

PETERS

Okay. I'm on the bridge.

MILLER (O.S.)

(radio)

What you got, Peters?

Peters examines the other consoles — most are dark but for a few dim lights.

PETERS

Everything's been shut down.
Conserving power, I guess. Green
light on the hull, it's intact.

INT. EVENT HORIZON – MEDICAL/SCIENCE

MILLER

The science workstation has power,
I'll see if I can find the crew from
here.

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK – BRIDGE

Weir stares at Peters' monitor.

WEIR

Ms. Peters, turn back and to your
left, please.

On her monitor, Peters' POV shifts as she complies.

STARCK

What is it?

WEIR

Ship's log.

PETERS (O.S.)

(radio)

I see it.

INT. EVENT HORIZON – BRIDGE

Peters reaches towards a small video deck. Touches the eject button. Nothing happens.

PETERS

It's stuck.

INT. EVENT HORIZON – FIRST CONTAINMENT

Justin's light bounces off an even larger pressure door, built like a bank vault. The Second Seal.

JUSTIN

I've reached another containment
door. This thing's huge...

WEIR (O.S.)

(radio)

That's the Second Containment Seal.
Beyond that, engineering.

JUSTIN

I'm going in.

Justin opens the seal. It releases SLOWLY, inching open.
Justin squeezes through.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE

Peters takes a small probe from her belt, inserts it into the video deck.

A small laser disc emerges partway from the deck. Peters pulls on it. It doesn't move.

PETERS

It's really jammed in there.

A shadow crosses the window behind her. Someone -- something -- is in there with her...

Peters pulls harder. Nothing. Another effort. The disc pulls free. Peters spins in the zero-gravity, spinning into...

...A BODY floating at the helm, the face illuminated by Peters' helmet lights. His swollen tongue clogs his gaping, screaming mouth. His cracked and crystallized skin is crossed by a network of bloated veins. He has no eyes. Just like Weir's dream.

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK - BRIDGE

Peters' monitor shows the CORPSE'S face, its mouth open in mute agony. Weir GASPS.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE

Peters pushes free of the body.

PETERS

(professional)

I found one.

MILLER (O.S.)

(radio)

Alive?

PETERS

Frozen.

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK - BRIDGE

The dead man's face leers from Peters' monitor.

STARCK

What happened to his eyes?

SMITH

Explosive decompression.

STARCK

Decompression wouldn't do that.

Weir just stares at the ruined face, rapt. Starck notices.

STARCK

You okay?

Weir nods, not taking his eyes from the screen.

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK - AIRLOCK BAY

Cooper, on station. He keys his radio.

COOPER

Hey, Baby Bear, Mama Bear got a

corpsicle for ya...

No reply.

INT. EVENT HORIZON – MEDICAL/SCIENCE

Miller looks up from the workstation, concerned.

COOPER (O.S.)

(radio)

Baby Bear, you copy?

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK – AIRLOCK BAY

Cooper stares out at Justin's safety line slowly counting off past 175 meters.

COOPER

Justin, do you copy?

INT. EVENT HORIZON – FIRST CONTAINMENT

The Second Seal is open. Justin's safety line snakes into darkness.

FOLLOW the safety line into the dark...

INT. EVENT HORIZON – SECOND CONTAINMENT

An alcove, opening into a vast chamber. Once pristine, all the surfaces have been coated in a dark gray slick. Globules of fluid hang motionless, sticking to Justin's suit, leeching away his light and swallowing him in darkness.

COOPER (O.S.)

(radio)

...do you copy?

JUSTIN

(quiet)

Uh, yeah Coop, I'm still here.

COOPER (O.S.)

(radio)

Shit! Do not do that! Where the fuck are you?

JUSTIN

I'm in the Second Containment area. It's pitch black in here. There must have been a coolant leak. Man, this shit is everywhere. I can't see a damn thing.

A lighted console blocks Justin's view of the chamber beyond. He drifts over to it, wipes the console clear of coolant, revealing dim lights: the station has power.

JUSTIN

The reactor's still hot. Coolant level is on reserve, but still in the green.

TIGHT ON JUSTIN'S FACE AS THE LIGHTS COME ON

JUSTIN

(triumph)

I got it...

His expressions changes as he looks past the console and sees... something.

JUSTIN
(trailing off in awe)
Holy shit...

COOPER
Justin?

JUSTIN
I think I found something...

JUSTIN'S POV – THE CORE

A massive sphere, 10 meters in diameter, dominates the center of the second containment. Intricate machinery surrounds the sphere but the globe itself is featureless, smooth; an enigmatic monolith. Black ice encrusts it, giving it the seeming of a living thing.

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK – BRIDGE

They stare at Justin's monitor.

SMITH
What the hell is that?

WEIR
That's the Core: the gravity drive.
The heart of the ship.

INT. EVENT HORIZON – SECOND CONTAINMENT

MILLER (O.S.)
(radio)
Justin, check the containment for
radiation leaks. Peters...

INT. EVENT HORIZON – BRIDGE

MILLER (O.S.)
(radio)
...how's the client?

PETERS
Crystallized.

INT. EVENT HORIZON – SECOND CONTAINMENT

Justin examines the outer wall of the Core, looking for any cracks or ruptured seams.

MILLER (O.S.)
(radio)
Justin, finish your sweep.

JUSTIN
Almost done, I just gotta check one
thing...

Justin turns to the Core...

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK – BRIDGE

Justin's monitor fills with static.

STARCK
Justin, hold on a sec, you're breaking
up...

INT. EVENT HORIZON – SECOND CONTAINMENT

STARCK (O.S.)
(radio)

Justin...?
(static obscure her
voice)

Justin reaches towards the Core with his pressure sensor.
His helmet light flickers. He hesitates...

INT. EVENT HORIZON – MEDICAL/SCIENCE

Miller's helmet light flickers...

INT. EVENT HORIZON – BRIDGE

Peter's helmet light winks out...

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK – BRIDGE

STARCK
Justin, come in...

Suddenly, the bio-scan lights up, from green to red as signals
race across the display.

WEIR
What is it?

STARCK
I don't know. The life readings just
went off the scale.

SMITH
Something's wrong...

INT. EVENT HORIZON – SECOND CONTAINMENT

Justin places the pressure sensor against the Core. Touching
it.

The Core turns deepest black. A darkness that light cannot
penetrate. For a second, Justin's white suit is captured
against the hungry void...

INT. EVENT HORIZON – SECOND CONTAINMENT (TANK)

THEN THE VOID SUCKS HIM IN AND JUSTIN IS GONE...

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK – AIRLOCK BAY

Cooper stares in shock as Justin's safety line as it reels
out at an incredible rate -- 250 meters, 300 meters...

INT. EVENT HORIZON – SECOND CONTAINMENT A WAVE

surges out of the Core, bending light like a ripple on a
pond, pushing coolant and debris before it...

INT. EVENT HORIZON – MAIN ACCESS CORRIDOR – NO AIRLOCKS

The gravity wave surges forward, blowing out emergency lights
as it comes, flotsam and jetsam swirling in its wake...

INT. EVENT HORIZON – MEDICAL/SCIENCE

Data floods Miller's workstation, flashing across the screen
too fast for comprehension...

INT. BLACKNESS OF CORE

FOLLOWED BY A FACE -- JUSTIN...

INT. EVENT HORIZON – MEDICAL/SCIENCE

MILLER

What the hell...

A DEEP ROAR fills the ship. Miller rises to investigate...

The door BLOWS APART as THE WAVE HITS, ripples through the Medical Bay towards Miller...

MILLER

Oh shit...!

Debris swirls around him... the wave sweeps him up... SLAMS him into a bulkhead...

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK - BRIDGE JUSTIN'S POV SCREEN

the briefest suggestion of a SCREAMING FACE, obscured by STATIC and ROLL before the screen CUTS to static entirely.

The rest of the crew's POV screens go dead as...

...the wave hits them, threatening to tear the Lewis and Clark apart. The ship shudders violently. Consoles EXPLODE with sparks. Weir and the others hold on for dear life.

STARCK

Miller, do you read me, Peters --

SMITH

Get them back --

STARCK

I'm trying, goddammit --

An equipment rack IGNITES. Smith grabs an extinguisher, fights the blaze...

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK - AIRLOCK BAY

Cooper and DJ, bracing against the bulkhead. Cooper hits the intercom.

COOPER

What's happening?

STARCK (O.S.)

(intercom)

I don't know, the screens are dead...!

Cooper peers out the airlock window.

JUSTIN'S SAFETY LINE

passes 350 meters and accelerating...

COOPER

350 meters... 400 meters...

DJ

He's in trouble. Go!

COOPER

I'm gone!

Cooper grabs his helmet. DJ helps him lock the helmet into place with a HISS.

The inner airlock door opens. As Cooper enters the airlock, Justin's safety reel stops, the line jerking taut at 500 meters.

INT. EVENT HORIZON – MEDICAL/SCIENCE

Miller tries to get his bearings in the dark.

MILLER

Boarding party, sound off... Peters,
do you read me... . Peters...

INT. EVENT HORIZON – BRIDGE

Peters' light, too, remains dark, but Neptune's blue light fills the Bridge. The frozen corpse floats before her. No longer a man.

A young boy, maybe five years old. His legs are withered, useless things. The skin remains a crystallized surface, but the eyes look straight at her, alive.

PETERS

Denny...

Peters reaches out to touch the body. It falls away from her. No longer her son, but the body of the astronaut. It hits the door and shatters.

INT. EVENT HORIZON – MEDICAL/SCIENCE

MILLER

(growing desperation)
...Peters, do you read me...

A MAN'S VOICE, in agony, CRACKLES over Miller's radio:

VOICE

(radio)
Don't leave me...

MILLER

Justin? Justin, sound off...
Justin...!

Miller trails off as RED LIGHT flickers across his visor. He turns...

**INT. EVENT HORIZON – MEDICAL/SCIENCE (BURNING MAN) POV
MILLER**

A BURNING MAN stands in Medical/Science, a human body wreathed in flame. The eyes are like sunspots. As the Burning Man moves, bones and black flesh poke through the fire. He raises one hand to point at Miller in accusation...

INT. EVENT HORIZON – MEDICAL/SCIENCE

Miller's BREATH stops in his throat. His mouth works but nothing comes out. He BLINKS...

...and the VISION is gone. Miller is alone, BREATHING hard.

INT. EVENT HORIZON – FIRST CONTAINMENT

Cooper enters at full speed, shooting through in a controlled fall...

COOPER

Hold on, Baby Bear...

INT. EVENT HORIZON – SECOND CONTAINMENT

...into the Second Containment. He catches himself at the console. Cooper sees Justin's safety line, cut off abruptly by the darkness of the Core.

COOPER

Oh my God...

The darkness of the Core ripples...

Justin suddenly emerges from the darkness, a white figure riding a wave of impenetrable blackness.

Cooper catches him, holds him tight as the wave carries them towards the wall. Cooper sees a control rod -- a long metal spike -- coming at them. He twists his body so that they miss -- barely -- before slamming into the wall.

COOPER

Justin, do you read me? Justin... .

Cooper pulls Justin close. Justin's head lolls to one side. Unconscious.

COOPER

Baby Bear, don't do this. Don't do this...

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK - BRIDGE

Weir, Starck and Smith continue to hold on tightly as the vibration builds... and builds...

STARCK

Here comes another one! Hold on!

The second wave hits. Sparks fly as consoles EXPLODE. Deep in the ship metal SCREAMS, followed by the SHRIEK of escaping atmosphere. An emergency klaxon RINGS out: PRESSURE WARNING.

Starck checks Justin's station:

STARCK

We lost the starboard baffle! The hull's been breached!

The Bridge pressure door begins to close...and then stop.

SMITH

The safety circuit's failed!

WEIR

We're losing atmosphere...

STARCK

There are pressure suits in the Airlock. Go!

Starck pushes Weir ahead of her, Smith follows hard as they run the length of the ship for the airlock bay.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - MEDICAL/SCIENCE

The vibration subsides.

MILLER

Can anybody hear me...

PETERS (O.S.)

(radio)

Skipper...

MILLER

Peters...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE

MILLER (O.S.)

(radio)
...you okay?

PETERS

Yeah. I'm -- I'm okay.

Her voice cracks as she says it. She looks anything but.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - MEDICAL/SCIENCE

The reports come, one on the other...

COOPER (O.S.)

(radio)
We have a man down...

MILLER

Coop, where are you...

COOPER (O.S.)

(radio)
The containment, Second Containment...

MILLER

Hold on, Coop...

SMITH (O.S.)

(radio)
Captain Miller...

MILLER

Smith, where the hell have you been?!

SMITH

We have a situation here...

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK - AIRLOCK BAY

Starck and Smith already in suits. DJ assists Weir. Smith has already locked his helmet into place.

SMITH

(continuing)
We lost the starboard baffle and the hull cracked. Our safety seals didn't close, the circuit's fried --

INT. EVENT HORIZON - MEDICAL/SCIENCE

Miller moves down the central corridor towards his wounded ship.

MILLER

Do we have enough time for a weld?

SMITH (O.S.)

(radio)
We don't have time to fart.

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK - AIRLOCK BAY

SMITH

We're losing pressure at 280 liters a second and our oxygen tanks are cracked. In three minutes, our atmosphere will be gone. We are fucking dead.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - MEDICAL/SCIENCE

MILLER

No one's dying on my watch, Smith!
What about the reserve tanks?

SMITH (O.S.)

(radio)
They're gone.

Beat. Miller closes his eyes, desperately trying to think of a solution.

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK - AIRLOCK BAY

PAN across the faces of the astronauts. No hope. Except for Weir:

WEIR

The Event Horizon.

The others turn to stare at Weir.

SMITH

What?

WEIR

It still has air and reserve power,
we can activate gravity and life
support.

STARCK

What if the air has gone bad? We
can't wear these suits forever.

SMITH

I don't think this is a good idea,
we don't even know what happened on
that ship...

WEIR

It beats dying, Mister Smith.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - MEDICAL/SCIENCE

MILLER

Dr. Weir's right. Get on board the
Event Horizon. I'll meet you at the
airlock.

SMITH (O.S.)

(radio)
But...

MILLER

You heard me, Smith. Peters, are you
with me?

INT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE

Peters at the life support console.

PETERS

I'm ahead of you. Bringing the thermal
units on line...

Peters flips a series of circuit-breakers. Reaches for the
final switch.

PETERS

Hold tight and prep for gees.

Everything floating in the bridge CRASHES to the floor.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - SECOND CONTAINMENT

Justin and Cooper collapse to the deck, coolant splashing down all around them...

CUT TO:

INT. EVENT HORIZON - MAIN ACCESS CORRIDOR - WITH AIRLOCKS

Miller meets the crew as they evacuate the Lewis and Clark. Weir leads the way, eager; Smith hangs back.

MILLER

Everybody okay?

STARCK

We're all here.

MILLER

Okay. Let's find out how much time we just bought.

Miller reaches for the catch on his own helmet.

DJ

We haven't tested the air yet. It could be contaminated...

MILLER

No time. We need whatever's left in our suits to repair the Clark. Like it or not, this is the only oxygen for three billion kilometers.

Miller pulls his helmet off with a HISS. He breathes deep. Starck does the same, coughs.

STARCK

It tastes bad.

MILLER

But you can breathe it.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEPTUNE ORBIT - LEWIS AND CLARK - EVENT HORIZON

The Lewis and Clark and the Event Horizon, locked together in Neptune orbit. Lights shine from the Horizon as power is restored. No longer cloaked in darkness, it is revealed in all its hideous glory, a nightmare etched in steel.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE

Weir moves from station to station, restoring power to each.

Starck sits at the communications workstation. Miller watches over her shoulder.

STARCK

The antennae array's completely fried, we've got no radio, no laser, no highgain... No one's going to be coming to help us.

MILLER

How much oh-two do we have?

STARCK

Oxygen is not the problem.

MILLER

Carbon dioxide?

STARCK

(nods)

It's building up with every breath we take. And the CO2 filters on the Event Horizon are shot.

MILLER

We can take the filters from the Clark...

STARCK

I thought of that, with the filters from the Clark, we've got enough breathable air for twenty hours. After that, we'd better be on our way home.

MILLER

What about the life readings you picked up?

STARCK

The Event Horizon sensors show the same thing: "Bio-readings of indeterminate origin." Right before that wave hit the Clark, there was some kind of surge, right off the scale, but now it's back to its previous levels.

MILLER

What's causing the readings?

STARCK

I don't know, but whatever it is, it's not the crew.

MILLER

So where is the rest of the crew? We've been over every inch of this ship and all we've found is blood. Dr. Weir? Any suggestions?

Weir just stares at the bloodstained wall.

MILLER

What happened here?

Miller follows Weir's gaze to the wall: a Rorschach test in blood...

CUT TO:

EXT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE WINDOW

PULL BACK from the bridge windows TO REVEAL...

EXT. EVENT HORIZON - LEWIS AND CLARK - MODEL

...the Event Horizon in all its horrific glory, hanging skew in the center of the hurricane like a mote in God's eye.

The Lewis and Clark clings to the giant craft, as insignificant as a tick. An even smaller figure clings to the hull of the Lewis and Clark...

EXT. LEWIS AND CLARK - HULL SECTION

It's Smith, EVA in full protective gear. His magnetic boots hold him to the Lewis and Clark's hull. He kneels over a

hole in the hull, where the metal has buckled and torn. Vapor still leaks from the hole into space.

SMITH

Captain Miller, you copy?

MILLER (O.S.)

(radio)

I'm here, Smith, how's the Clark?

SMITH

I've found a six inch fracture in the outer hull. We should be able to repair it and re-pressurize, it's gonna take some time.

MILLER (O.S.)

(radio)

We don't have time, Smith. In twenty hours we run out of air.

SMITH

Understood.

Smith uses a foam applicator to fill the hole. The gel freezes in place. Smith reaches to his belt, pulls out a ZERO-G NAILGUN. Presses it to the patch and begins to rivet it into place.

CUT TO:

INT. EVENT HORIZON - MEDICAL/SCIENCE

Justin lies unmoving on a table. His eyes are open, staring at a smear of blood on the ceiling.

A needle slides into the skin below his eye. He doesn't respond.

DJ removes the needle. It glistens with blood. He looks up at Miller and Peters.

MILLER

How is he?

DJ

His vitals are stable, but he's unresponsive to stimuli. He might wake up in fifteen minutes. He might not wake up at all.

PETERS

What happened to him?

DJ shakes his head. Miller eyes the bloodstain above them.

MILLER

DJ, take samples from these stains, compare them to medical records, I want to know whose blood this is.

CUT TO:

INT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE

Gravity has scattered debris and freeze-dried blood about the room. The crew (Justin and Smith excepted) tries to relax on the chairs of dead men. Their faces are wan and haggard.

Weir relaxes at the table. Unlike the others, he seems almost at ease. DJ remains forever stoic; Starck, animated and nervous. Cooper bounces the handball on the floor, a reflex

action.

Miller stares at a video monitor, watching Smith repair the Lewis and Clark. He turns from the window.

MILLER

Okay, people, there's been a change in the mission. In less than eighteen hours, we will run out of breathable air. Our primary objective is now survival. That means we focus on repairing the Lewis and Clark and salvaging whatever will buy us more time.

(pause)

Our secondary objective is finding out what happened to this ship and its crew. Two months from now, I fully intend to be standing in front of the good Admiral giving my report, and I'd like to have more than my dick in my hands.

Grim smiles all around.

MILLER

Peters, I want you to go through the ship's log, see if we can't find some answers.

PETERS

I can use the station in Medical, keep an eye on Justin...

MILLER

Fine. Starck, I want you to repeat the bio-scan...

STARCK

What's the point? I'll just get the same thing...

MILLER

Not acceptable. I want to know what's causing those readings. If the crew is dead, I want the bodies, I want the crew found.

STARCK

I can reconfigure the scan for C-12, amylase proteins.

MILLER

Do it. Dr. Weir...

WEIR

Yes.

MILLER

One of my men is down. I want to know what happened to him.

COOPER

I told you. He was inside the Core...

Weir starts shaking his head.

COOPER

It was like... nothing was there... and then Justin appeared and the Core... became metal...

WEIR

(cutting him off)
No, he didn't.

COOPER

You weren't there. I saw it.

WEIR

Saw what, Mr. Cooper? What did you really see, because what you're describing is not physically possible...

Cooper throws the ball at him, hard. Weir ducks. It bounces wildly around the room. Miller catches it.

MILLER

Cooper! Enough!

Cooper sits down.

MILLER

(turning on Weir)
Dr. Weir, Justin may die. Whatever happened to him could happen to all of us.

Beat.

WEIR

I don't know what happened to Justin.

COOPER

I'm telling you, I saw it...

WEIR

What you saw could have been an optical effect caused by gravitational distortion.

COOPER

(turning on Weir)
I know what I saw and it wasn't a fucking "optical effect!"

MILLER

Hold on, what's this "gravitational distortion?"

WEIR

It's possible that a burst of gravity waves escaped from the Core, distorting space-time. They could be what hit the Lewis and Clark.

MILLER

What could cause them?
(Weir doesn't answer)
What's in the Core?

WEIR

It's complicated...

MILLER

How much time do you need? We have seventeen hours and forty-two minutes. Now: what is in the Core?

Beat. Here comes another bomb...

WEIR

A black hole.

The crew stares at him, stunned.

CUT TO:

INT. EVENT HORIZON - SECOND CONTAINMENT

Miller, Starck and Weir stand before the Core. Dark ominous structures loom around them, glistening with coolant. The PULSE of the ship is loud here, a deep THRUM that steals their breath. Weir's voice is a reverent WHISPER:

WEIR

That's how the gravity drive works, you see: it focuses the black hole's immense gravitational power to create the gateway. That's how the Event Horizon travels faster than light.

STARCK

I can't believe we built this.

MILLER

It's insane.

WEIR

"Insane?" The finest astronauts fought to be posted to this ship. It would take the Lewis and Clark a thousand years to reach our closest star. The Event Horizon could be there in a day...

MILLER

If it worked.

WEIR

If it worked, yes.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - SECOND CONTAINMENT - 3RD SEAL

They stare at the Core, the surrounding machinery moving in a slow giant's dance. A trick of the eye, or does the Core stare back at them?

INT. EVENT HORIZON - SECOND CONTAINMENT

MILLER

I want this room sealed. The Second Containment is off limits.

WEIR

There's no danger. The black hole is contained behind three magnetic fields, it's under control.

MILLER

Your black hole damn near ripped my ship apart. It may have killed one of my men.

(beat)

No one goes near that thing.

MOVE IN ON THE CORE

until its darkness fills the screen...

CUT TO:

INT. EVENT HORIZON - MEDICAL/SCIENCE

Peters sits before the computer workstation, running the

ship's log, forwarding through hours of boring footage. Rubs her eyes.

The lights flicker.

Peters hears something RUSTLING behind her. She turns...

PETERS

Justin...?

Justin lies unmoving on the nearest examination table. Comatose. Peters reaches out and picks up a scalpel.

Peters hears the sound again, FINGERNAILS ON PLASTIC. She moves past Justin...

...past several empty tables, covered with clear plastic...

...to the last table. She stares in shock.

THERE'S SOMETHING UNDERNEATH THE PLASTIC COVER

She slowly reaches out. Lifts the cover.

Her son DENNY looks at her and GIGGLES. She GASPS. The scalpel drops to the floor at her feet.

Denny reaches up to her, to be picked up...

DENNY

Mommy...

...but the plastic that still covers his withered legs squirms like a bag full of snakes...

Peters drops the plastic and backs away.

DJ (O.S.)

Peters?

She turns. DJ stands in the doorway, holding blood samples.

Peters turns back, but her son is gone.

DJ reads her expression.

DJ

What's wrong?

PETERS

Nothing. It's nothing.

CUT TO:

INT. EVENT HORIZON - AIRLOCK NO. 2

The Airlock light turns red -- a warning. The Inner Airlock door control flashes: "LOCKED." The Outer Airlock door opens.

Smith enters. He closes the Outer Airlock door. Atmosphere HISSES into the chamber. The Inner Airlock door flashes: "PRESSURIZED."

INT. EVENT HORIZON - AIRLOCK BAY NO. 2

Cooper in EVA, getting ready to go outside. The Inner Airlock door opens. Smith enters. Takes off his helmet.

COOPER

You been out there a long time. Trying to break my record?

SMITH

I'd rather spend the next twelve hours Outside than another five minutes in this can. This ship is bad. It watches you.

COOPER

What?

SMITH

You heard me. This ship, it's crazy: trying to go faster'n light, that's like the Tower of Babel.

COOPER

Shit, Smith, you're going Biblical on me.

SMITH

You know what happened to the Tower of Babel, don't you? It fell down.

COOPER

You're sucking too much nitrogen in your mix.

CUT TO:

INT. EVENT HORIZON – BRIDGE

Starck programs the sensor workstation. She glances over at Weir: sitting at a computer terminal, his face rapt as data flashes by. His lips move, muttering to himself.

STARCK

Why Dr. Weir, I think you're in love.

WEIR

Hmmm. Claire used to tell me I loved the Event Horizon more than I loved her. I told her that wasn't true, I just knew the Event Horizon better, that's all.

STARCK

Claire is your wife?

WEIR

Yes.

STARCK

It must be hard, being so far away from her.

WEIR

Yes. I miss her. She died. Two years now.

STARCK

I'm sorry.

Weir keeps his attention focused on the screen.

WEIR

These things happen.
(reacting to something
on the screen)
Wait a minute, that's not right...

He fingers fly across the keyboard, double-checking the data.

Miller leans over Weir's shoulder.

MILLER

You have something, Dr. Weir?

WEIR

The date.

MILLER

What about it?

WEIR

The Event Horizon's computer think's it's 2034.

MILLER

It's 2041...

WEIR

Exactly. The ship's internal clock is off by seven years.

STARCK

Maybe a power interruption crashed the system...

WEIR

No, there's no evidence of a surge or spike of any kind. It's as if time just... stopped for seven years.

MILLER

Explanation?

WEIR

Intense gravitational fields effect the passage of time, it's possible...
(beat)

Black holes make sense on paper, it's all math, you see, but as to what really happened...

(he shakes his head)

The Event Horizon has passed beyond our plane of reality, and like Lazarus, returned from the dead.

The INTERCOM interrupts them:

PETERS (O.S.)

(intercom)

Captain Miller, Dr. Weir? I found the final log entry.

CUT TO:

INT. EVENT HORIZON – MEDICAL/SCIENCE

Peters sits at the workstation. Miller, DJ and Weir stand behind her, watching.

A VIDEO SCREEN

INT. EVENT HORIZON – GRAVITY COUCH BAY (FOR VIDEO)

A jumpy, handheld camera view of:

Gravity couch bay. Two crewmen checking electronics modules. The ship is well-lit, clean, no sign of debris. The narrator's voice is excited and nervous.

KILPACK (O.S.)

We have reached safe distance and are preparing to engage the gravity

drive and open the gateway...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - MEDICAL/SCIENCE

PETERS

The speaker is the mission commander...

WEIR

(quiet)
John Kilpack.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - SECOND CONTAINMENT (FOR VIDEO)

Second Containment. A lone engineer finishes his check of the Core. He turns to the camera and gives a self-conscious "thumbs-up."

KILPACK (O.S.)

When you get this message, God willing, we will reach the solar system of Proxima Centauri...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - MEDICAL/SCIENCE

MILLER

I wonder if they ever made it.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - MAIN ACCESS CORRIDOR (FOR VIDEO)

Corridor. The entire original crew assembled, playing catch with the stuffed dog

KILPACK

I just want to say how proud I am of my crew. I'd like to name my station heads Chris Chambers, Janice Rubin, Dick Smith, Tom Fender and Stacie Collins. And to Bill Weir and all the scientists that got us here.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE (FOR VIDEO)

Bridge. KILPACK addresses the camera. His face is flushed with excitement.

KILPACK

I... uh, I had something historic to say, and I wrote it down but I... I can't find it. Ave, atque, vale.
Hail and farewell.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - MEDICAL/SCIENCE

A BURST of static...

...followed by an inhuman HOWL of FEEDBACK, like screaming hyaenas, almost alive. Through the swirl of static, the suggestion of movement.

Miller freezes the frame. He squints at the screen...

POV MILLER

Obscured by static, the image is blurred beyond comprehension.

MILLER

What the hell is that? Dr. Weir?

WEIR

I don't know.

PETERS

I can run the image through a series of filters, try to clean it up.

MILLER

Do it.

Suddenly, the lights fade out. Dim emergency lighting snaps on...

PETERS

What's happening...?

DJ

A power drain --

MILLER

We barely have enough power for life support as it is, if we can't stop the drain, we're not gonna make it.

WEIR

The Core...!

Weir heads for the door.

MILLER

Wait!

But Weir has vanished into the corridor.

MILLER

The rest of you, stay here, I don't want anyone else going near that thing.

Miller follows after Weir.

CUT TO:

INT. EVENT HORIZON - SECOND CONTAINMENT

The Second Containment Seal opens. Weir is about to enter when Miller stops him. He checks a Geiger counter. It is silent.

MILLER

No radiation. What's causing the drain?

Weir crosses to a console. Frowns.

WEIR

(shakes his head)
The magnetic fields are holding.
Maybe a short in the fail-safe circuit. I'll check it out.

Miller assists Weir in removing bolts from an access panel. The panel falls away, revealing a cramped duct leading into the ship's circuitry.

Weir climbs into the duct. Miller hands him a flashlight and a toolkit.

MILLER

We don't get the power back, our air's gonna go bad.

WEIR

Check the Core for radiation. Carbon dioxide may be the least of our

worries.

Weir begins to crawl into the depths of the ship.

INT. EVENT HORIZON – WEIR'S DUCT

Weir's breath ECHOES in the cramped shaft. He counts off circuit panels as he goes:

WEIR

E-three... E-five... E-seven... where
are you...

INT. EVENT HORIZON – SECOND CONTAINMENT

Miller slogs through the coolant to the Core. Stares at it. It remains metallic, mundane.

He pulls out a Geiger counter and crosses to the reactor shell. Examines a gleaming weld. The Geiger counter CLICKS slowly: no leak.

INT. EVENT HORIZON – BRIDGE

A yellow light starts flashing on the engineering board. Starck's eyes widen: the engineering sections flash yellow...and green...

STARCK

What the hell...

STARCK'S POV

as the bio-scan goes wild.

STARCK

(into intercom)

Skipper, the bio-scan just went off
the scale...

INT. EVENT HORIZON – MEDICAL/SCIENCE

Justin shakes on the bed in an epileptic fit. DJ rushes to him.

DJ

Justin! Can you hear me? Justin!

Justin's eyes remain unfocused, unseeing as he tries to speak.

DJ leans in close, trying to hear him speak...

Justin arches in agony and the words come in a strangled, tortured voice:

JUSTIN

THE DARK IS COMING...

INT. EVENT HORIZON – WEIR'S DUCT

Weir stops before module E-12. Hears a faint HISSING and POPPING.

WEIR

There you are.

He uses a screwdriver to open up the module. Reveals a series of circuit boards. One SPARKS. Weir plucks the damaged chips and starts running a by-pass.

His flashlight flickers. He bangs it against the duct wall. It grows dimmer. Goes out.

WEIR

Um. Captain Miller? I, uh, I seem to have a problem with my light.

A single DRIP of water in the darkness...

WEIR

(beat, hushed)

Captain Miller?

Another DRIP, then a woman's VOICE like a distant echo:

VOICE

Billy.

Weir starts at the sound. He recognizes the voice.

She speaks again, no longer far away, but a close WHISPER in his ear:

CLAIRE (O.S.)

Billy. Help me. I'm so cold.

Weir's eyes open wide in hope and fear.

INT. EVENT HORIZON – SECOND CONTAINMENT

Even the emergency lights go out. Total darkness.

MILLER

We just lost all power in here. Dr. Weir...?

Miller's voice trails off as he looks towards the Core. A red glow reflects across his eyes. He takes a few steps away from the reactor. He stares...

...at the BURNING MAN, standing before the Core. The deep ROAR of its conflagration fills the containment.

It slowly turns and raises its arm and points at Miller in accusation.

BURNING MAN

Don't leave me...

Miller stares as the Burning Man turns and vanishes into a bulkhead, leaving the wall blackened and burned with his passing.

INT. EVENT HORIZON – WEIR'S DUCT

Total darkness. Weir's breath ECHOES in the cramped metal space.

WEIR

(a whisper)

Claire...?

Weir bangs his flashlight. Again. Again...

CLAIRE (O.S.)

Help me. I'm so cold.

The flashlight flickers...

Claire's face is inches from Weir's.

CLAIRE

So cold.

His flashlight flickers again, snaps on...

She is gone. Weir lets his head fall to the floor of the deck, breathing in ragged SOBS.

CUT TO:

INT. EVENT HORIZON – BRIDGE ANTECHAMBER

The crew, except for Cooper. DJ whets a scalpel against the leg of his jumpsuit, an unconscious gesture. FLICK. FLICK. FLICK.

DJ

Carbon dioxide poisoning produces hallucinations, impaired judgement...

MILLER

Goddammit, DJ, it was not a hallucination! I saw a man, he was on fire. And then he disappeared.

STARCK

Maybe one of the original crew?

MILLER

No. It was someone else.

STARCK

Who?

MILLER

(ignoring the question)
Dr. Weir, you were right there, you must have heard something, seen something...

WEIR

No. I saw nothing.

PETERS

I did.

All heads turn to her.

PETERS

About an hour ago. In medical. I saw my son. He was lying on one of the examination tables and his legs were...
(she trails off)

WEIR

Isn't it possible that you were traumatized by finding the body on the bridge?

PETERS

I've seen bodies before. This is different.

She falls silent, unwilling to say more.

MILLER

Peters is right. Its like something reaching into your mind. Seeing your thoughts and making them real. Smith, did you or Cooper experience anything unusual?

Smith, leaning against the doorway:

SMITH

I didn't see anything and I don't have to see anything. This ship is fucked.

WEIR

Thank you for that scientific analysis, Mister Smith.

SMITH

(exploding)

Hey! You don't need to be a scientist figure it out...

MILLER

Smith...

Weir's face is stone.

SMITH

...you break all the laws of physics, you think there won't be a price? You already killed the first crew...

MILLER

That's enough!

DJ lays one hand on Smith's shoulder to calm him...

Smith reacts violently, turning on DJ, shoving him back. DJ uses Smith's momentum to spin the pilot into the wall. He presses his scalpel just below Smith's ear...

MILLER

DJ!!

DJ freezes. The scalpel falls from his hands. He releases Smith.

DJ

I'm sorry, I... I don't know why I did that.

WEIR

(wry)

Carbon dioxide.

Smith goes for Weir.

SMITH

He's fucking lying, you know something...!

Miller heads him off, grabs him.

MILLER

That's it, that's enough for one day, Smith! I need you back on the Clark, I need you calm, I need you using your head, you make a mistake out there, none of are getting home, you understand?

Smith calms.

SMITH

Sir.

MILLER

Get outside, go back to work. I'll join you shortly.

Smith leaves.

MILLER

We're a long way from home and we're in a bad place. Let's not make it worse. If anyone has any constructive suggestions, now is the time.

WEIR

I think I can stabilize the fields around the singularity, that should prevent another power drain.

MILLER

Do it.

DJ

To conserve our oxygen, we should severely restrict our activity. Anyone who can should get some sleep.

MILLER

I don't need sleep, DJ. I need answers.

Miller exits. Starck follows.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - GENERIC CORRIDOR

STARCK TRAILS MILLER:

STARCK

Miller...

MILLER

(not slowing)

What is it, Starck?

STARCK

...I ran the bio-scan with the DNA/RNA filter. The results were bio-readings of indeterminate origin...

MILLER

(simultaneous)

"...bio-readings of indeterminate origin," don't you have anything useful to tell me?

STARCK

I've got a theory.

Miller stops.

MILLER

Go ahead.

STARCK

There was another surge in the bio-readings right before you... you saw what you saw. We picked up a similar readings right before the Clarke was damaged. What if there were a connection between the two? The gravity waves, the hallucination, all part of an defensive reaction, like an immune system...

Miller starts walking again.

MILLER

I don't need to hear this.

She rushes to follow.

INT. EVENT HORIZON – AIRLOCK BAY NO. 2

Miller and Starck enter the Airlock Bay:

STARCK

You've got to listen...

MILLER

To what? What are you saying? This ship is alive?

STARCK

I didn't say that, I said the bio-readings correspond to what happened to you, the ship is reacting to us...

MILLER

We're hanging on by our fingernails and you're giving me bullshit stories...

She grabs him by the arm.

STARCK

It's not bullshit, it's the only conclusion the data supports...

MILLER

Starck, do you know how crazy that sounds? It's impossible.

STARCK

I know that.

Beat. Miller allows himself to relax.

MILLER

If you knew it was impossible, then why'd you waste my time?

STARCK

I thought you wanted an answer. And that's the only one I have.

Miller pulls an EVA suit from the wall, starts putting it on.

MILLER

What I want is to survive the next ten hours.

STARCK

(checks her watch)

Nine hours and twenty-two minutes.

MILLER

I'm going outside to work on the Clark. And Starck... don't tell anyone what you just told me. We've got enough to worry about.

She nods. He locks his helmet into place.

CUT TO:

EXT. EVENT HORIZON – MODEL

Establish.

INT. EVENT HORIZON – GENERIC CORRIDOR

The ship seems to breathe. The lights flicker...

INT. EVENT HORIZON – MAIN ACCESS CORRIDOR – WITH AIRLOCKS

ANOTHER ANGLE. The ship seems to breathe. The lights flicker...

INT. EVENT HORIZON – MAIN ACCESS CORRIDOR – NO AIRLOCKS

ANOTHER ANGLE. The ship seems to breathe. The lights flicker...

INT. EVENT HORIZON – MEDICAL/SCIENCE

Peters has fallen asleep in her chair.

On the threshold of hearing, a distant POUNDING. Not a heartbeat. Metal on metal. Something trying to get out. Something trying to get in.

Peters wakes with a start.

PETERS

Justin...?

She turns. Justin lies on the floor in a heap, completely covered by his sheet. She crosses to him. Pulls back the sheet...

Revealing empty nitrogen tanks.

PETERS

Justin!

She looks up, eyes widening, as...

The IV bottles fill with blood. Blood fills the X-ray lightboxes, it surges up from gutters in the floor...

And the pounding grows louder... LOUDER... almost to Medical...

The spell breaks and she RUNS...

INT. EVENT HORIZON – GENERIC CORRIDOR

Peters sprints, the SOUND BOOMING after her, almost on her heels...

INT. EVENT HORIZON – BRIDGE ANTECHAMBER

Peters darts into the Bridge Antechamber. She SLAMS the pressure door shut behind her, CUTTING OFF the sound.

She turns. Weir, DJ, Starck look up from their work, staring at her.

DJ

What's wrong?

PETERS

You didn't hear it? You must have heard it!

STARCK

Heard what?

Beat. Peters starts to LAUGH, part hysteria, part relief.

PETERS

Oh... nothing...

DJ crosses to Peters, concerned.

DJ

Sit down...

As he reaches out to touch her...

BOOM. BOOM. BOOM. POUNDING ON THE DOOR ITSELF

Peters SCREAMS. DJ clutches her to him, backs away from the door.

The POUNDING grows louder. LOUDER. The door vibrates with each blow Starck puts her hands over her ears. Peters SCREAMS at the door.

PETERS

Stop it! Stop it!

But the POUNDING intensifies, metal GROANING under incredible pressure.

DJ

(shouting to be heard)

What is it?

Weir slowly walks to the door.

STARCK

What are you doing?

WEIR

It wants me. I have to go.

He reaches for the door.

STARCK

No...!

Starck grabs him. He tries to shake her off, but she traps his arm in a wrist-lock. He turns on her, his face furious...

...and the POUNDING stops. They remain frozen for a moment. Afraid to breathe.

Weir shakes the trance.

STARCK

In our current environment, Dr. Weir, self-control is an asset.

WEIR

I'm alright. Please.

In the distance, the POUNDING begins again. Moving away from them.

The ship systems station BEEPS. A warning light flashes on the console.

STARCK

What is it?

WEIR

The forward airlock.

STARCK

(into radio)

Miller, Smith, Cooper, any of you in the airlock?

MILLER (O.S.)
(radio)
That's a negative, Starck.

PETERS
(realization)
Justin.

Peters, Starck and DJ rush from the Bridge, leaving Weir behind.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - MAIN ACCESS CORRIDOR NO. 2 - WITH AIRLOCKS

Peters leads Starck and DJ down the corridor towards the Forward Airlock bay. They round a corner in time to see a figure moving in the Airlock.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - AIRLOCK BAY NO. 3

They race into the bay even as Justin steps into the Airlock. He is naked.

PETERS
Justin, no!

INT. EVENT HORIZON - AIRLOCK NO. 3

Justin turns and stares through them with cold eyes. He reaches out to the airlock control.

The pressure door shuts with a HISS.

CUT TO:

EXT. LEWIS AND CLARK - HULL SECTION

Miller, Smith and Cooper cling to the Lewis and Clark's hull. They carefully remove an access panel, revealing scorched wiring.

COOPER
We'll have to re-route through the port conduit to the APU.

SMITH
What about the accumulator...?

Starck's VOICE breaks in:

STARCK (O.S.)
(radio)
Miller, come in...

MILLER
What's going on in there, Starck?

STARCK (O.S.)
(radio)
Justin's in the airlock.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - AIRLOCK BAY NO. 3

Starck at the intercom. The others huddle by the door.

MILLER (O.S.)
(intercom)
What?

STARCK
He's awake, he's in the airlock,

he's not wearing a suit.

EXT. LEWIS AND CLARK – HULL SECTION

MILLER

(to Cooper)

Stay here! Don't stop working!

COOPER

But Justin...

MILLER

I'll get him.

Miller swings his body around, heads across the umbilicus to the Event Horizon. He moves in great leaps, using the magnetic plates in his gloves and boots to keep from drifting off into Neptune's thin atmosphere.

CUT TO:

INT. EVENT HORIZON – AIRLOCK BAY NO. 3

Starck works the airlock control panel without success.

STARCK

He's engaged the override.

PETERS

Can you shut it down?

She opens the Airlock access panel.

STARCK

I'll try. DJ, you better get your bag of tricks.

DJ nods, runs off. Peters bangs on the Airlock door.

PETERS

Justin! Open the door!

INT. EVENT HORIZON – AIRLOCK NO. 3

Peters' voice barely penetrates the pressure door:

PETERS

(muffled)

Open the door!

Justin turns off the artificial gravity. He begins to float gently.

CUT TO:

EXT. EVENT HORIZON – (MILLER'S CROSSING)

Miller moves like a frantic spider across the surface of the Event Horizon.

MILLER

I'm on my way, Starck.

STARCK (O.S.)

(radio)

You better hurry. He's engaged the override, we can't open the inner door.

Miller curses under his breath, moves even faster...

BACK TO:

INT. EVENT HORIZON – AIRLOCK NO. 3

Peters, against the window:

PETERS

(muffled)

The door, Justin! Open the door!

He fixes his gaze upon the outer airlock door. And beyond it, space. He speaks in a flat monotone:

JUSTIN

Did you hear it?

INT. EVENT HORIZON – AIRLOCK BAY NO. 3

They are stunned to hear his voice. Peters answers:

PETERS

Yes. Yes, Justin, we heard it.

STARCK

Keep him talking.

PETERS

Do you know what it was?

JUSTIN

(muffled)

It gets inside you. It shows you things... horrible things...

INT. EVENT HORIZON – AIRLOCK NO. 3

JUSTIN

...can't describe it... there are no words...

INT. EVENT HORIZON – BRIDGE

Weir sits alone, listening to the VOICES on the intercom.

PETERS (O.S.)

(intercom)

What, Justin, what shows you?

JUSTIN (O.S.)

(intercom)

It won't stop, it goes on and on and on...

PETERS (O.S.)

(intercom)

What does?

JUSTIN (O.S.)

(intercom)

The dark inside me.

A LOW MOAN escapes Weir's lips. He cradles his head in his hands.

EXT. EVENT HORIZON – (MILLER'S CROSSING)

Miller races across the surface of the Event Horizon, the only sounds, his LABOURED BREATHING, and Justin's tortured VOICE, patched through on his radio:

JUSTIN (O.S.)

(radio)

...It's inside and it eats and eats

until there's nothing left.

PETERS (O.S.)

(radio)
"The dark inside..."? I don't
understand.

JUSTIN (O.S.)

(radio)
From the Other Place...

BACK TO:

INT. EVENT HORIZON – AIRLOCK NO. 3

JUSTIN

The other crew, they're there, they're
waiting for me. They're waiting for
you. I won't go back there... I
won't...

INT. EVENT HORIZON – AIRLOCK BAY NO. 3

Peters presses her face against the Airlock window, trying
to calm him:

PETERS

Justin, look at me. Look at me. Open
this door.

DJ runs up with his medkit.

STARCK

I don't think she can talk him down.
We need a sedative.

DJ

If he opens the outer door he'll
turn inside-out.

Starck's hands fly as she re-wires the circuits. Sweat beads
her face.

STARCK

Almost got it.

INT. EVENT HORIZON – AIRLOCK NO. 3

PETERS (O.S.)

(muffled)
Come on, Baby-bear, open this door...

Justin looks at her with dead eyes. He reaches out to gently
touch the glass between them.

JUSTIN

If you could see the things I've
seen, you wouldn't try to stop me.
You'd come with me.

Justin's hand moves to the OUTER AIRLOCK DOOR control.
Hesitates... then floats to the OUTER AIRLOCK control. Hits
it.

PETERS

(muffled)
N000!

A yellow warning light flashes. A warning klaxon WH00PS,
deafening.

Justin jerks his hands to his ears, closes his eyes...

COMPUTER

Stand-by for decompression. Thirty seconds...

Justin opens his eyes as if waking from a dream...

JUSTIN

Hey, Mama-Bear... what are doing...?

And then he realizes where he is...and what is about to happen.

JUSTIN

Oh my god OH MY GOD...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - AIRLOCK BAY NO. 3

PETERS

Starck!

STARCK

I can't! The inner door can't open once the outer door has been triggered, it would decompress the entire ship!

JUSTIN

(muffled)

You gotta open, you gotta stop it, please...

PETERS

We have to do something, oh God...

STARCK

(into radio)

Skipper, Justin just activated the door. It's on a thirty second delay...

EXT. EVENT HORIZON - (MILLER'S CROSSING)

Miller moves through the Event Horizon superstructure, recklessly leaping from one beam to another, trying to build up speed.

MILLER

Patch me through to him.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - AIRLOCK NO. 3

MILLER (O.S.)

(radio)

Justin.

JUSTIN

Skipper, you gotta help me...

COMPUTER

Twenty seconds.

JUSTIN

...tell them to open the door...

MILLER (O.S.)

(radio)

They can't do that Justin, now listen carefully...

EXT. EVENT HORIZON - AIRLOCK NO. 3

Miller moves faster and faster, his BREATH echoing in his

helmet. He can see the exterior airlock just beyond a deep chasm in the ship's superstructure. If he misses this jump, Justin will not be the only man to die today.

He doesn't hesitate but leaps, soaring across the chasm towards the airlock.

JUSTIN

(radio)

...I don't want to die...!

MILLER

You're not going to die! Not today!
I want you to do exactly as I say
and I'm gonna get you out of there,
alright?

INT. EVENT HORIZON - AIRLOCK NO. 3

JUSTIN

But I can't... I gotta get out of
here... Skipper, please...

MILLER

(radio)

Justin. I won't let you die.

Miller's words give Justin hope. He regains some control.

JUSTIN

Okay... okay...

Justin breathes hard and follows Miller's hurried instructions:

MILLER

(radio)

Tuck yourself into a crouched
position, shut your eyes as tight as
you can!

STARCK

Five seconds.

EXT. EVENT HORIZON - AIRLOCK NO. 3

Miller lands on the superstructure opposite the exterior airlock.

MILLER

(radio)

Exhale everything you got, Baby Bear,
we can't have any air in those lungs,
blow it all out...

INT. EVENT HORIZON -- AIRLOCK NO. 3

Justin goes into a fetal crouch and covers his eyes.

JUSTIN

Oh god --

He wheezes out all his air...

EXT. EVENT HORIZON -- AIRLOCK NO. 3

Miller squats on the girder, ready to push off. He focuses on the 5 meters of space between him and the airlock...

The outer doors OPEN...

The rush of escaping atmosphere carries Justin's body out...

Miller pushes off... catches Justin's body... sending them both back towards the open Airlock...

Ice forms on Justin's body. His veins bulge. Blood fountains from his nose and mouth, forming a red icicle over his face.

Miller pulls him into the Airlock. Five seconds have passed since the airlock door opened.

INT. EVENT HORIZON -- AIRLOCK NO. 3

Miller closes the Airlock behind them. Air HISSES into the chamber. Justin's body hits the deck as "normal" gravity exerts itself.

Miller opens the Inner Door. Peters and DJ rush in.

PETERS

Oh God... Justin...

DJ puts a tube in the Justin's mouth immediately, feeding him oxygen.

PETERS

I've got a pulse, he's alive...

DJ

Pressure?

PETERS

90 over 50 and falling... .

DJ

He's crashing...

Blood bubbles from Justin's mouth and eyes. He GASPS, then SCREAMS, spraying blood from his mouth.

DJ

He can breathe. That's good. Let's get him to Medical, go, go!

Starck helps DJ and Peters carry Justin from the Airlock. Miller sits there, exhausted. Reaches up and pulls his helmet off.

CUT TO:

INT. EVENT HORIZON -- BRIDGE

Weir listens to

DJ (O.S.)

(intercom)

Intubate, pure oxygen feed, get the nitrogen out of his blood...

PETERS (O.S.)

(intercom)

His peritoneum has ruptured...

DJ (O.S.)

(intercom)

One thing at a time, let's keep him breathing. Start the drip, 15cc's fibrinogen, Christ, he's bleeding out...

CUT TO:

INT. EVENT HORIZON -- GRAVITY COUCH BAY

One of the tanks has been activated. Swaddled in bandages, Justin floats within, suspended in green gel. The others -- DJ, Starck, Peters, Miller, Weir -- look exhausted.

DJ

He'll live... if we ever make it back.

MILLER

We'll make it.

STARCK

CO2 levels will reach toxic levels in four hours.

Peters stands, looking at Justin's ravaged form floating in the tank.

MILLER

(gently)

Peters. We need to know what happened to the crew. Before it happens to us.

PETERS

(weakly)

I'll get back to the log. But on the bridge, I won't go back, back in there...

MILLER

Thanks.

Peters exits.

STARCK

Justin said something about, "The dark inside me..." What did he mean?

WEIR

It means nothing.

MILLER

Is that your "expert opinion?" The only answer we've had out of you is "I don't know."

WEIR

Justin just tried to kill himself. The man is clearly insane.

DJ

How would you explain your own behavior?

WEIR

What?

STARCK

On the bridge. You said "it" wanted you.

Weir glances at Justin...

INT. EVENT HORIZON -- GRAVITY COUCH BAY -- POV OF CLAIRE

But it's not Justin in the tank. It's his wife CLAIRE, naked, wet, dead. Weir stares at her.

INT. EVENT HORIZON -- GRAVITY COUCH BAY

WEIR

I said that?

DJ

Yes. You did.

Weir blinks. Justin floats in the grav couch. Weir turns back to the others.

WEIR

I don't remember saying that.

(covers with a joke)

Maybe I'm insane, too.

Weir exits.

INT. EVENT HORIZON -- GENERIC CORRIDOR

Miller follows Weir out of the Gravity Couch Bay.

MILLER

I want to know what caused that noise.
I want to know why one of my crew
tried to throw himself out of the
airlock.

WEIR

Thermal changes in the hull could
have caused the metal to expand and
contract very suddenly, causing
reverberations --

MILLER

(exploding)

That's bullshit and you know it! You
built this fucking ship and all I've
heard from you is bullshit!

WEIR

What do you want me to say?

MILLER

You said this ship creates a
gateway...

WEIR

Yes...

MILLER

To what? Where did this ship go?
Where did you send it?

WEIR

I don't know...

MILLER

Where has it been for the past seven
years?

WEIR

I don't know...

MILLER

The "Other Place," what is that...?

WEIR

I DON'T KNOW!

(beat, calm again)

I don't know. There's a lot of things
going on here that I don't understand.
Truth takes time.

MILLER

That's exactly what we don't have,
Doctor.

CUT TO:

INT. EVENT HORIZON – GENERIC CORRIDOR

Miller moves through the maze of the ship, heading for the Bridge.

As he reaches a junction, he hears...

...A DISTANT CRY...

VOICE (O.S.)

Don't leave me...!

Miller wheels like a cat, staring wildly down the branching corridors.

Nothing. He is alone. Miller leans against the wall, sinks to the floor, rests his head in his hands.

EXT. NEPTUNE – MODEL

The grotesque ship continues it's orbit as the moon Triton eclipses the sun. Darkness swallows all.

CUT TO:

INT. EVENT HORIZON – GRAVITY COUCH BAY

DJ enters, checks Justin's display.

MILLER (O.S.)

Any change?

DJ turns, surprised. Miller sits, barely visible in the dark.

DJ

No. No change.

(beat)

I've analyzed Justin's blood samples.
There's no evidence of excessive
levels of carbon dioxide. Or anything
else out of ordinary.

A grim LAUGH from Miller.

MILLER

Of course not. Justin just climbed
into the airlock because he felt
like it. Just one of those things.

(beat)

I swore I'd never lose another man.
I came close today. Real close.

DJ

"Another man?" Who?

Miller nods, pulls his service medal from beneath his jumpsuit.

MILLER

It was on the Goliath. There was
this bosun, Corrick, a young guy, a
lot like Justin. Edmund Corrick,
from Decatur, Georgia. He got caught
when the pressure doors sealed, one
closed on his arm. Severed it at the
wrist. The pain of that must have

been... He passed out and...

Miller trails off. DJ waits patiently. Finally:

MILLER

I, I tried to go back for him, to save him, but I couldn't get to him in time. The fire... Have you ever seen fire in zero-gravity? It's like a liquid, it slides over everything. It was like a wave breaking over him, a wave of fire. And then he was gone.

(beat)

I never told anyone until now. But this ship knew, DJ. It knows about the Goliath, it knows about Corrick. It knows our secrets. It knows what we're afraid of.

(beat, wan smile)

And now you're going to tell me it's carbon dioxide.

DJ

No.

Miller sees something in DJ's expression.

MILLER

What is it?

DJ

I've been listening to the transmission. And I think Houston made a mistake in the translation.

MILLER

Go on.

DJ plays the recording again. Stops it abruptly.

DJ

They thought it said, "Liberatis me," "Save me," but it's not "me." It's "tutemet:" "Save yourself."

MILLER

It's not a distress call. It's a warning.

DJ

It gets worse.

Miller stares at him.

DJ

It's very hard to make out, but listen to this final part.

He plays the recording again.

DJ

Do you hear it? Right there.

MILLER

Hear what?

DJ

It sounds like "ex infera:" "ex," from; "infera," the ablative case of "inferi." "Hell."

MILLER

"Save yourself. From Hell."

(beat)

What are you saying, are you saying
that this ship is possessed?

DJ

No. I don't believe in that sort of
thing.

(beat)

But if Dr. Weir is right, this ship
has passed beyond the boundaries of
our universe, of reality. Who knows
where this ship has been... What
it's seen...

(beat)

And what it's brought back with it.

DJ looks at Miller. He does not have an answer. The intercom
CRACKLES:

COOPER (O.S.)

(intercom)

Captain Miller, we're ready to
repressurize the Clark.

MILLER

(into intercom)

On my way.

CUT TO:

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK - BRIDGE

Miller stands in his EVA suit in the darkened bridge. He
twists a manual valve.

MILLER

Alright, Cooper.

EXT. LEWIS AND CLARK - HULL SECTION

Cooper looks at Smith.

COOPER

Cross your fingers.

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK - BRIDGE

A moment later, mist flows from the vents into the bridge,
filling it with atmosphere. Miller watches the pressure rise
on his suit gauge.

SMITH (O.S.)

(radio)

It's holding... She's holding...!

COOPER (O.S.)

(radio)

We're still venting trace gasses,
gimme twenty minutes to plug the
hole.

MILLER

You got it, Coop.

Miller removes his helmet. Breathes deep.

MILLER

Back in business.

CUT TO:

INT. EVENT HORIZON – BRIDGE

Peters sits in front of the screen. The log is still distorted.

Frustrated, she types in a series of instructions. Get to her feet.

PETERS

You got any coffee?

STARCK

It's cold.

PETERS

I don't care.

Behind Peters, the process refines, accelerates... pieces coming together like a jigsaw...

Peters turns around. Sees the screen. The coffee slips from her hand to the floor.

PETERS

(tiny voice)

Starck...

Starck turns, sees the screen.

PETERS

Sweet Jesus. Miller... MILLER!

CUT TO:

INT. EVENT HORIZON – BRIDGE

Miller, Starck, DJ watch the video. Peters turns away, miserable. Unable to watch...

INT. EVENT HORIZON – BRIDGE THE VIDEO SCREEN

still distorted by static and roll, but finally lucid: FOUR ORIGINAL CREW of the Event Horizon. On the Bridge.

ONE MAN dislocates his shoulder with a WET POPPING sound as he shoves his arm down his own throat. Blood bubbles from his nose. With a SHUCKING sound, he pulls his stomach out his mouth...

Behind him, a MAN and WOMAN fuck, covered with blood. She bites through his neck. His head lolls to the other side. She buries her face in the torn flesh as he thrusts into her again and again...

Presiding over them, KILPACK. His eyes are bloody holes. His hands reach out in offering. In the palms of his hands, his eyes.

Kilpack opens his mouth and speaks with an INHUMAN VOICE.

KILPACK

Liberatis tutemet ex infera...

INT. EVENT HORIZON – BRIDGE

Miller switches off the video. No one says anything.

MILLER

We're leaving.

WEIR

You can't, your orders are specific...

MILLER

"...to rescue the crew and salvage the ship." The crew is dead, Dr. Weir. This ship killed them. And now it's killing us.

WEIR

You're insane. You've lost your mind.

MILLER

Maybe you're right. But it's still my command, and I have leeway to abort when I feel there is an unacceptable threat to my crew. And I think there is.

(beat)

Starck, download all the files from the Event Horizon's computers. Coop, Smith, finish moving the CO2 scrubbers back onto the Clark.

WEIR

(stammering)

Don't... don't do this...

MILLER

It's done.

CUT TO:

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK - AIRLOCK

Peters enters, carrying heavy CO2 scrubbers. Smith stops her.

SMITH

What's going on, sweethearts?

PETERS

CO2 scrubbers for the Clark. Miller pulled the plug on the mission.

Smith smiles.

SMITH

About goddam time.

Sequence omitted from original script.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - MAIN ACCESS CORRIDOR - WITH AIRLOCKS

Weir follows Miller down the Corridor.

WEIR

What about my ship?

MILLER

We will take the Lewis and Clark to a safe distance and then launch tac missiles at the Event Horizon until I am satisfied that she has been destroyed.

(beat)

Fuck this ship.

WEIR

You... You can't do that!

MILLER

Watch me.

Miller turns to walk away. Weir grabs Miller, wheeling him around, almost frenzied.

WEIR

You can't kill her, I won't let you!
I lost her once, I will not lose her
again...!

Miller shoves Weir back into the wall. The two stare at each other. Adversaries...

The lights cut to emergency lighting.

STARCK (O.S.)

(intercom)

Miller, come in ...

Miller finds the intercom:

MILLER

Starck, what the hell is going on?

INT. EVENT HORIZON – BRIDGE

Starck peers at the Engineering board:

STARCK

(into intercom)

We just lost main power again.

INT. EVENT HORIZON – MAIN ACCESS CORRIDOR – WITH AIRLOCKS

Miller and Weir are barely visible in the darkness.

MILLER

Goddammit! Starck, get those files
and vacate. I want off this ship.

He releases the intercom.

Weir's voice is a WHISPER as he backs into the shadows.

WEIR

You can't leave. She won't let you.

MILLER

Just get your gear back onto the
Lewis and Clark, doctor, or you'll
find yourself looking for a ride
home.

Weir is swallowed by the darkness.

WEIR (O.S.)

I am home.

REGULAR LIGHTING snaps on...

Miller looks around. Dr. Weir has vanished.

MILLER

Weir? WEIR!

He slams the intercom:

MILLER

All hands. Dr. Weir is missing. I
want him found and restrained.

INT. EVENT HORIZON – BRIDGE

Starck gathers all the files and disks. Shuts down the consoles, one by one.

INT. EVENT HORIZON – SECOND CONTAINMENT

Smith and Peters finish removing CO2 scrubbers from panels in the walls.

SMITH

Let's go, let's go, this place freaks me out...

PETERS

Last one.

INT. EVENT HORIZON – FIRST CONTAINMENT

Peters follows Smith down the First Containment towards the Main Access Corridor, carrying the last case of scrubbers. She begins to lag behind.

A GIGGLE echoes down the First Containment.

PETERS

(whisper)

Denny?

She turns back to the Second Containment...

INT. EVENT HORIZON – SECOND CONTAINMENT POV PETERS

A SMALL FIGURE dashes through the darkness in the Second Containment. Denny...?

INT. EVENT HORIZON – FIRST CONTAINMENT

PETERS

Smith.

Peters turns, but Smith is already out of sight. She hesitates. Moves back towards Second Containment.

Again, Peters hears the GIGGLE of a child. The SCRAPE of metal on metal. She slowly moves forward...

INT. EVENT HORIZON – SECOND CONTAINMENT

...into the darkness of the Second Containment. Peters sees an open access panel. She looks inside.

PETERS' POV – ACCESS DUCT

A narrow tube, vanishing into darkness. A YOUNG CHILD'S VOICE echoes from far away:

DENNY (O.S.)

Mommy...

PETERS

ducks her head and enters the access duct.

PETERS

Denny...?

CUT TO:

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK – BRIDGE

Miller sits at Justin's engineering position. Flips a series of switches...

EXT. LEWIS AND CLARK - MODEL

Cooper works on the patch as the ship's running lights come on in sequence...

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK - BRIDGE

The bridge lights flicker, illuminate...

MILLER

(to his ship)

Thank you.

SMITH (O.S.)

(radio)

Captain, we got a problem.

MILLER

Now what?

CUT TO:

INT. EVENT HORIZON - MAIN ACCESS CORRIDOR - WITH AIRLOCKS

SMITH AND MILLER

SMITH

She was right behind me, I turn around, she's gone. She could be anywhere.

MILLER

Alright. Prep the Clark for launch. I'll find her.

CUT TO:

INT. EVENT HORIZON - DENNY'S DUCT

Peters moves through the duct. Reaches a junction. Anything could be with her, there in the dark.

A child's WHISPER, too faint for words. Peters turns...

Behind her, FOREGROUND, a YOUNG CHILD dashes across the corridor.

Peters turns back. Too late to see. Again, the child's WHISPER draws her onward.

PETERS

Denny? Denny, come to Mommy...

FAINT LAUGHTER is her only answer. She follows the sound, now climbing into a vertical shaft that takes her higher and higher...

PETERS

Hold on, Denny, Mommy's coming...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - DENNY'S DUCT - CATWALK

Peters pulls herself up from the vertical shaft onto a catwalk that snakes between huge oily machinery, just in time to see...

A SMALL CHILD running, disappearing into the gloom ahead.

PETERS

Denny?

She runs forward into a junction. The lights flicker red.

PETERS

Denny...?

DENNY

Mommy...

Her son can barely be seen in the flickering darkness ahead.

PETERS

You can walk... Denny, you can walk...
oh, my baby...

DENNY

Wanna show you, Mommy, wanna show
you something...

He reaches his arms out to her...

Peters steps forward, reaching for her son...

...falling into an open access hatch, hidden in the dark...

INT. DENNY'S DUCT - (VERTICAL TUBE)

...a twenty meter drop...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - SECOND CONTAINMENT

Peters hits hard, lies before the Core, an offering of flesh
and blood. Her legs twist beneath her, shattered; blood pools
around her head. Her chest heaves: still alive.

PETERS

(bloody gasp)
Denny...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - DENNY'S DUCT - TUBE SECTION

Denny peers down from the top of the shaft and GIGGLES. CLAPS
his hands in childlike glee.

CUT TO:

INT. EVENT HORIZON - FIRST CONTAINMENT

Weir wanders into First Containment, brooding.

WEIR

(to himself)
I won't. I won't leave. This is my
ship.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - SECOND CONTAINMENT

Weir enters the Second Containment. Freezes as he sees...

Peters body lying twisted and broken before the Core.

WEIR

Oh no. Peters...?

He rushes to Peters. Reaches out to touch her but pulls his
hand back. Her eyes are black, eight-ball hemorrhage darkening
the irises. She is dead.

WEIR

Why did you do that? You didn't have
to do that...

CLAIRE (O.S.)

Billy.

Weir looks up from Peters' corpse.

CLAIRE stands before the Core. She is naked. Her skin is pale and beautiful and cold and wet. Her hair hangs in her face, covering her milk-white eyes...

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT

Claire stands naked before the bathroom mirror. Behind her, the tub steams...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - SECOND CONTAINMENT - (SEX AND SUICIDE INTERCUT)

Weir stares at Claire in shock. She walks to him. Slowly.

She stops in front of him. Her arms hang at her sides. He must reach for her.

He does, putting his hands on her hips. He slides from his chair to the floor to his knees. He presses his face to her pale belly and cries. SOBS wrack his body...

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT

...and in the bathroom, she clutches Weir's straight-razor...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - SECOND CONTAINMENT

She reaches down. Slowly, her arms cradle his head. She slides down on him. Straddles him.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT

...Claire slips into the steaming water...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - SECOND CONTAINMENT

He raises his head to her breasts. His eyes, closed. She remains unnaturally still, only her hips rocking back and forth.

Weir's mouth opens, GASPS as he enters her...

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT

...and the razor bites her skin...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - SECOND CONTAINMENT

She caresses his face. Lifts his face to hers. Her mouth is slack. Her hair hangs in front of her eyes.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT

...Claire floats dead in the red water, eyes open, hair billowing around her head like a halo...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - SECOND CONTAINMENT

Weir gazes up at her, transfixed. He takes her hand and raises it to his face. She caresses his cheek. And reaches for his eyes...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - FIRST CONTAINMENT

A MUFFLED SCREAM rips through the Second Containment Seal. It begins as a human sound and ends as something else, an alien CRY of rage.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - MAIN ACCESS CORRIDOR - WITH AIRLOCKS

The CRY echoes down the Main Corridor.

INT. EVENT HORIZON – MEDICAL/SCIENCE

DJ packs up blood samples. He raises his head at the sound of the CRY.

INT. EVENT HORIZON – BRIDGE

Starck GASPS as the CRY resounds through the bridge.

INT. EVENT HORIZON – MAIN ACCESS CORRIDOR – NO AIRLOCKS

Miller turns in the direction of the CRY. He begins to move down the Corridor, towards the source.

EXT. LEWIS AND CLARK – HULL SECTION

Cooper examines the weld on the baffle plate. It's solid.

COOPER

Solid as a rock.
(into his radio)
Hey, Smith...

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK – AIRLOCK

COOPER (O.S.)

(intercom)
Smith, clear that airlock, man, I'm coming in.

SMITH

Roger that.

Smith carries another load of supplies. Movement out of the corner of his eye...

He turns in time to see Weir disappear around a corner inside the Event Horizon.

SMITH

Dr. Weir! Hey, get your ass back on board! Dr. Weir!

No response.

Smith keys the radio.

SMITH

Skipper, come in...

INT. EVENT HORIZON – MAIN ACCESS CORRIDOR – NO AIRLOCKS

Miller jogs down the Main Corridor. An INTERCOM gets his attention:

SMITH (O.S.)

(intercom)
Skipper...

MILLER

(into intercom)
What is it, Smith?

SMITH (O.S.)

(intercom)
I just saw Weir, I think he was messing around on the Clark.

Something SPARKS and SIZZLES in the dim light, catching

Miller's eye. He looks up...

One of the EXPLOSIVE CHARGES has been removed from the its mounting in the Corridor.

MILLER

Smith, get out of there...

SMITH (O.S.)

(intercom)

Come again, Skipper?

MILLER

One of the explosives is missing from the corridor. I think Weir may have put it on the Clark.

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK - AIRLOCK

Smith's eyes open wide.

MILLER (O.S.)

(intercom)

Get off the Clark now and wait for me at the airlock.

SMITH

No, no, we just got her back together...

MILLER (O.S.)

(intercom)

Get out of there now!

But Smith has already left the airlock...

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK - QUARTERS

...entering the Quarters, tearing through storage lockers.

SMITH

Where is it, where is it...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - MAIN ACCESS CORRIDOR - WITH AIRLOCKS

MILLER

Smith? Smith! Fuck!

Miller races down the corridor towards the airlock, towards his ship...

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK - QUARTERS

A BEEPING sound catches Smith's attention. He follows the sound to a storage compartment. Rifles through it.

SMITH

I gotcha... I gotcha...

The BEEPS are coming closer and closer together.

Smith grabs a duffel.

SMITH

I gotcha.

Opens it. He sees the EXPLOSIVE CHARGE from the Event Horizon even as the BEEPS become a steady TONE. He closes his eyes and SIGHS...

INT. LEWIS AND CLARK - EXPLOSION

WHITE LIGHT. A MASSIVE EXPLOSION...

INT. EVENT HORIZON – AIRLOCK BAY NO. 1 – (TATTERED UMBILICUS)

Miller enters the docking bay even as a HUGE BLAST knocks him back.

MILLER

N000!

Safety doors close, sealing off the airlock and preventing loss of pressure.

EXT. LEWIS AND CLARK – MODEL

The SILENT EXPLOSION tears the Lewis and Clark into two pieces, spiralling away from each other and from the Event Horizon. Metal shards, like confetti, fill the space between them.

EXT. LEWIS AND CLARK – EXPLODED HULL SECTION

Cooper clings to the forward section, watching the Event Horizon recede as he tumbles into space. His FRENZIED BREATHING is the only sound.

INT. EVENT HORIZON – AIRLOCK BAY NO. 1 – (TATTERED UMBILICUS)

Miller gets to his feet. Stares out the window upon the wreckage of his ship, spiralling away. He hits the intercom with his forearm.

MILLER

DJ. The Clark's gone. Smith and Cooper are dead.

INT. EVENT HORIZON – MEDICAL/SCIENCE

DJ

What happened?

MILLER (O.S.)

(intercom)

Weir. He used one of the explosives from the Corridor.

The door opens behind DJ. The lights go out. DJ turns...

Face to face with Weir...

Blood crusts Weir's cheekbones, his mouth. He has no eyes. Only clotted, empty sockets.

DJ opens his mouth to SCREAM. Weir grabs DJ by the throat, cutting him off.

INT. EVENT HORIZON – AIRLOCK BAY NO. 1 – (TATTERED UMBILICUS)

MILLER

DJ, you read me?

DJ does not answer. The CRASH of glass and steel resonates over the intercom.

INT. EVENT HORIZON – MEDICAL/SCIENCE

Too dark to see... glimpses of violent motion in the stainless steel cabinets... the sounds of STRUGGLE continue...

...then something WET... and the struggle stops.

MILLER (O.S.)

(intercom)

DJ? DJ, come in...

Finally, Weir emerges from the gloom. He searches among the surgical instruments until his blood caked hands find a needle... and thread...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - AIRLOCK BAY NO. 1 - (TATTERED UMBILICUS)

Miller, at the intercom. He tries another channel.

MILLER

Peters...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - SECOND CONTAINMENT

Peters body lies before the Core. The intercom CRACKLES.

MILLER (O.S.)

(intercom)

Peters, are you there?

INT. EVENT HORIZON - AIRLOCK NO. 1 - (TATTERED UMBILICUS)

MILLER

(growing panic)

Starck, do you read me? Starck...?

But it is Weir who answers. His voice sounds thick, choked with dirt.

WEIR (O.S.)

(intercom)

I told you... She won't let you leave...

MILLER

Son of a bitch!

Miller yanks open a storage locker full of zero-G tool. Lifts a nailgun. Chambers a round.

CUT TO:

EXT. LEWIS AND CLARK - EXPLODED HULL SECTION

Cooper watches the Event Horizon fall farther and farther away.

He checks his oxygen gauge. One tank full, one tank at half.

Cooper twists his backpack around, giving him access to the oxygen tanks. He seals off his primary hose and disconnects the full tank. His gauge immediately goes to "Yellow - Reserve."

Cooper points the full tank away from the Event Horizon and **OPENS IT...**

The blast of pressurized air pushes him towards the ship, leaving the wreckage of the Lewis and Clark behind.

CUT TO:

INT. EVENT HORIZON - GENERIC CORRIDOR

Miller races through the corridors to Medical...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - MEDICAL/SCIENCE

...and finds DJ, suspended above the table, neatly dissected. His organs have been laid out carefully before him on the steel table.

MILLER

Oh my God.

DJ raises his head.

DJ

(whisper)

Please...

MILLER

Oh, God, DJ, what do I... how do I...

DJ

Please... kill...

MILLER

Oh God...

Miller raises the nailgun with trembling hands. FIRES.

CUT TO:

INT. EVENT HORIZON - CORRIDOR TO BRIDGE

Miller approaches the door to the Bridge. It is open...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE

Miller stands in the doorway. A figure sits at the helm. Miller aims the nailgun.

MILLER

Weir.

The figure doesn't move. Miller slowly circles around the helm...

It's Starck. Bound with wire in a sadomasochistic pose, unconscious.

MILLER

Hold on... Get you outta these...

Miller kneels in front of her, puts down the nailgun, loosens the cords. She BREATHES in ragged gasps, opens his eyes...

Then stops. She stares over Miller's shoulder like a deer caught in the headlights.

Miller looks behind him...

WEIR STANDS THERE, STARING WITH EYES SEWN SHUT.

Miller reaches for the gun...

Weir hits him, sending Miller across the bridge into a bulkhead. Weir picks up the nailgun, examines it.

Miller slowly gets to his feet.

MILLER

Your eyes...

WEIR

I don't need them anymore. Where

we're going, we won't need eyes to see.

MILLER

What are you talking about?

WEIR

Do you know what a singularity is, Miller? Does your mind truly fathom what a black hole is?

(beat)

It is NOTHING. Absolute and eternal NOTHING. And if God is Everything, then I have seen the Devil.

(a dead man's grin)

It's a liberating experience.

With his free hand, Weir reaches for the navigation console. Flips a series of switches with gore caked fingers.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE (ENLARGED CONSOLE)

The display lights up.

COMPUTER

Gravity drive primed. Do you wish to engage?

INT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE

MILLER

What are you doing?

Weir grins as he flips the final switch.

COMPUTER

Gravity drive engaged. Activation in T-minus ten minutes.

Miller lunges for the nailgun. Weir raises the nailgun to point at Miller's face. Miller slowly backs away.

MILLER

If you miss me, you'll blow out the hull. You'll die too.

WEIR

What makes you think I'll miss?

Miller sees something out of the corner of his eye...

EXT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE

Cooper. Outside, braced in the viewport bracket.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE

Weir spins and FIRES at Cooper. The nail lodges in the thick quartz glass. A web of cracks spreads out from the bullet, the glass SHRIEKING under the pressure.

Weir takes a step towards the window, raises the gun to fire again.

EXT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE

Miller dives for the door. Before Weir can fire,

EXT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE WINDOW (HANGING SECTION)

the window EXPLODES outward.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - BRIDGE

The ship HOWLS as air rushes out, ripping Weir off his feet. Weir catches himself in the broken window, trying to pull himself back in...

A monitor tears free, SMASHES into him. HE IS SUCKED OUT.

Miller pulls himself through the door as it begins to shut. He is safe...

STARCK (O.S.)

Don't leave me!

Miller turns. Starck clings to a console, barely able to resist the winds that try to suck her into the void.

STARCK

(gasping for air)

Please... help, help me...

Miller hesitates, looking from Starck back into the safety of the ship. The door continues to shut. In seconds, he will be safe. And she will be dead.

Miller YELLS and rips a compressor from its mount, wedges it in the door to keep it open. He keeps one hand on the door, reaches the other hand to Starck.

MILLER

Give me your hand! Your hand!

She does. Frost forms on their bodies as the air cools. Their veins begin to bulge, blood pulses from their noses. He YELLS with exertion...

...drags her to the door... through the door...

...as the compressor tears free, sucked into space...

...and the door SNAPS shut, missing them by a fraction.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - CORRIDOR TO BRIDGE

Starck and Miller collapse against the door. A moment passes between them. Just happy to be breathing...

...and then the AIRLOCK KLAXON goes off.

MILLER

The forward airlock.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - GENERIC CORRIDOR

Starck and Miller race towards the Forward Airlock Bay.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - FORWARD AIRLOCK BAY NO. 4

They enter, see a humanoid shape moving in the strobing light of the airlock.

STARCK

Weir can't be alive.

MILLER

Whatever was on that bridge wasn't Weir.

Miller looks around for a weapon. Pulls a zero-G bolt cutter from the wall. Wields it like a bat.

MILLER

Stay behind me.

The inner airlock door releases with a HISS. Swings open...

Cooper tumbles through, clawing at his helmet.

STARCK

Cooper!

Starck rushes to him, takes his helmet off.

He SUCKS air in, COUGHS it out.

COOPER

Let me breathe, let me breathe...

STARCK

You're okay now, it's over...

MILLER

(sees something)

It's not over. It's just starting.

Starck follows Miller's gaze to a workstation's flashing display: GRAVITY DRIVE ENGAGED. ACTIVATION 00:06:43:01...

MILLER

Weir activated the drive. He's sending us to the Other Place.

STARCK

We've got to shut it down, we've got to...

COOPER

How? The Bridge is gone.

STARCK

There must be a way! What about Engineering?

COOPER

Can you shut it down?

STARCK

I don't know the process, Dr. Weir was the expert...

COOPER

I don't want to go where the last crew went. I'd rather be dead.

MILLER

BLOW THE FUCKER UP.

STARCK

Blow it up?

MILLER

We blow the Corridor. Use the foredecks as a lifeboat, separate it from the rest of the ship. We stay put...

COOPER

...and the gravity drive goes where no man has gone before.

CUT TO:

INT. EVENT HORIZON – GRAVITY COUCH BAY

MILLER

You prep the gravity couches. I'm going to manually arm those explosives.

COOPER

Will it work?

MILLER

It worked for Weir. Prep the tanks.

Cooper nods, heads for the gravity couch bay. Starck follows Miller to the steel pressure door.

STARCK

I'll do it --

MILLER

No. I'll be right back.

Miller opens the door.

MILLER

Close it behind me. Just in case.

Beat. Starck stares at Miller as if memorizing his face.

STARCK

Don't be long.

Miller smiles wanly. The door slides shut with a dull THUNK.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - MAIN ACCESS CORRIDOR - NO AIRLOCKS

Miller runs down the corridor. Stops at a bulkhead coupling. Kneels down to remove the cover from an explosive charge, switch it to MANUAL detonation.

Miller runs to the next coupling. Repeats the process...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - GRAVITY COUCH BAY

Starck and Cooper check the gravity couches. One by one, they slide open...

COOPER

I'm gonna activate the emergency beacon.

STARCK

Hurry.

Cooper exits down a ladder. Starck turns to the console, activates three gravity couches. Behind her, two begin to fill with blue gel...

...and one begins to fill with blood... the hint of dark shapes moving within...

Starck doesn't see it, concentrates on the console.

THUMP. THUMP. Starck turns. Sees the bloody tank. Sees something moving inside it.

She slowly crosses to the tank. Peers at it...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - GRAVITY COUCH BAY (TANK)

THUMP. A FACE PRESSES AGAINST THE GLASS, STARING BACK AT HER. WEIR. Bone and muscle are exposed where the skin hasn't finished forming.

INT. EVENT HORIZON – GRAVITY COUCH BAY

Starck SCREAMS and backs away.

STARCK

Cooper...!

The glass BURSTS in an EXPLOSION OF BLOOD...

INT. EVENT HORIZON – CORRIDOR BELOW GRAVITY COUCH BAY

A corridor beneath the Gravity Couch Bay. Cooper searches through circuit panels until he finds the EMERGENCY BEACON breaker. He runs a by-pass, activating it manually. The lights begins to STROBE...

DRIP. DRIP. A bloodstain spreads over his shoulder. He follows the drip to the ceiling...

COOPER

Starck?

No response. He slowly moves to peer up the ladder...

...as Starck CRASHES down, bloody but alive.

COOPER

What...?

STARCK

Run!

She shoves him away...

Weir appears at the top of the ladder, crawling down headfirst like a spider...

Starck gets to her feet, staggers away...

INT. EVENT HORIZON – MAIN ACCESS CORRIDOR – BY FIRST CONTAINMENT

Miller kneels, removing the cover from the last explosive. Flips a switch.

A small cover pops open. Miller reaches in, removes a RADIO **DETONATOR**.

He arms the explosives. Watches the red lights on the explosives wink on in the darkness.

He reaches for an intercom.

MILLER

We're armed. This fucker's ready to blow...

INT. EVENT HORIZON – GENERIC CORRIDOR – (INTERSECTION)

MILLER (O.S.)

(intercom)

...repeat, we're armed...

STARCK

Miller, he's back, he was in the tank...

INT. EVENT HORIZON – MAIN ACCESS CORRIDOR – BY FIRST CONTAINMENT

MILLER

Slow down, Starck, I can't understand

you, who was in the tank?

INT. EVENT HORIZON – MAIN ACCESS CORRIDOR – NO AIRLOCKS

A figure seems to coalesce from the shadows behind Miller.

STARCK (O.S.)

(intercom)

You have to get back here now, he's
out there now, if he finds you...

The figure moves forward into the light... Arcane runes etch Weir's face; his eyes, now restored, blaze with unholy zeal.

INT. EVENT HORIZON – MAIN ACCESS CORRIDOR – BY FIRST CONTAINMENT

MILLER

Who? Who?

STARCK (O.S.)

(intercom)

Weir.

MILLER

He's dead...

Miller glances over his shoulder. His jaw drops in surprise as he sees...

INT. EVENT HORIZON – MAIN ACCESS CORRIDOR – NO AIRLOCKS

Weir grinning at him... then SMASHES the intercom with his fist, cutting off Starck's VOICE.

INT. EVENT HORIZON – MAIN ACCESS CORRIDOR – BY FIRST CONTAINMENT

Miller backs away.

INT. EVENT HORIZON – MAIN ACCESS CORRIDOR – NO AIRLOCKS

Weir stands between Miller and safety.

INT. EVENT HORIZON – MAIN ACCESS CORRIDOR – BY FIRST CONTAINMENT

MILLER

You're dead, I saw you die.

WEIR

Weir is dead.

MILLER

Then who the fuck are you?

WEIR

Your fear. Do you remember the
Goliath, Miller?

INT. EVENT HORIZON – MAIN ACCESS CORRIDOR – NO AIRLOCKS

FLAMES SPREAD OVER WEIR'S BODY, TRANSFORMING HIM INTO THE BURNING MAN.

BURNING MAN

Do you remember me?

MILLER

Corrick...

BURNING MAN

You left me behind.

MILLER

That's not true...

BURNING MAN

I begged you. I begged you to save me and you did nothing. You stood there and watched me burn...

MILLER

SHUT UP! SHUT UP!

The Burning Man YELLS and raises his arm in accusation...

...and FIRE RACES OUT FROM BEHIND HIM, flowing over the walls, the ceiling, the floor, racing for Miller like a rising tide...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - MAIN ACCESS CORRIDOR - BY FIRST CONTAINMENT

Miller runs. Dead ahead, the First Containment...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - FIRST CONTAINMENT

Miller runs fast. The fire is faster, flooding in behind him.

Miller dashes for the Second Seal as IT BEGINS TO CLOSE. The fire gains on him, surrounding him.

Miller dives through the Second Seal...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - SECOND CONTAINMENT

...barely makes it...

...SLAMS into the engineering console. Miller looks back at the Second Seal. It's still open by a fraction when the fire hits it...

...SENDING A LANCE OF FLAME stabbing out towards Miller. He rolls aside as the fire hits the console. The console **EXPLODES.**

The Second Seal shuts tight, cutting the fire off. The paint on the Second Seal begins to bubble and scorch... and then cools as the fire subsides.

Miller gets to his feet. Almost allows himself to relax. Then he sees his shadow before him, dancing in the growing red light. He turns...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - SECOND CONTAINMENT

The Second Containment is a holocaust. Fire swarms over the walls. Burning jelly drips from Control Spikes. The Core itself is a blazing orb; the gyroscope that holds it glows red-hot.

Miller stares at the blazing Core.

BURNING MAN (O.S.)

Don't leave me!

Miller turns. The Burning Man stands RIGHT BESIDE HIM.

He SMASHES Miller with a backhand that ignites Miller's clothes and sends him flying. The detonator falls from Miller's grasp, lost beneath two feet of coolant. Miller comes up CHOKING and SPLUTTERING.

The Burning Man stalks towards Miller. The coolant STEAMS and SIZZLES at his feet.

Miller stares at the Burning Man as he approaches. Slowly rises to his feet.

MILLER

You're not Edmund Corrick.

The Burning Man's flames wane, revealing Weir's misshapen form.

Miller throws a wicked right. Weir catches Miller's fist. SQUEEZES until blood wells up between his fingers. Then slings Miller against a cooling tank with BONE CRACKING force. Miller collapses into the slime, barely able to raise his head to breathe.

Weir slowly approaches.

MILLER

What are you?

WEIR

You know.

MILLER

You want me to believe you're the Devil, well, I don't, that's bullshit!

WEIR

I'm not the Devil.

MILLER

Then what, what are you? Tell me...

WEIR

Better if I just show you.

Weir's hands reach down and he grabs Miller by the skull. Miller GASPS as he sees...

SERIES OF SHOTS

Faster than the eye can see. More than mind can accept...

INT. EVENT HORIZON – BRIDGE (VISIONS FROM HELL)

The ORIGINAL CREW writhe naked and bloody in carnivorous frenzy...

INT. EVENT HORIZON – SECOND CONTAINMENT (VISIONS FROM HELL)

Peters' bloody grinning child, devouring his mother...

INT. EVENT HORIZON – SECOND CONTAINMENT

MILLER writhes in Weir's grip. His hands flail out to the sides. One hand brushes a long steel cannister sunk in the muck. A CO2 scrubber...

THE VISIONS CONTINUE:

INT. EVENT HORIZON – MEDICAL/SCIENCE (VISIONS FROM HELL)

DJ's dissected body, except that here, DJ looks up, and smiles...

EXT. SPACE – MODEL (VISIONS FROM HELL)

AN ALIEN SUN, red and bloated and dying.

EXT. ALIEN TERRAIN - MODEL (VISIONS FROM HELL)

AN ALIEN TERRAIN; a sluggish, oily, black sea. A hand reaches from the oil...

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT (VISIONS FROM HELL)

CLAIRE floating dead in a bathtub filled with the thick black fluid...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - SECOND CONTAINMENT (VISIONS FROM HELL)

Justin, Starck and Cooper, crucified upside-down upon the Third Seal...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - SECOND CONTAINMENT

MILLER

NO!

His hand closes on the scrubber and he swings it across Weir's head. Weir reels back, stunned.

Miller gets to his feet.

MILLER

You can't have them!

He hits Weir again. HARD. Blood gushes from Weir's skull, filling the runes on his face.

Weir staggers. Miller attacks. Again and again and again...

This time Weir is ready. He catches the scrubber and tears it from Miller's grasp. SMASHES Miller to the floor with a single blow. Miller GROANS.

WEIR

I'm not the Devil. I'm much, much older. I watched the Beginning and I will see the End. I am the dark behind the stars. I am the dark inside you all.

Miller gets to all fours, trying to get up.

MILLER

...not the Devil...

Weir kicks Miller savagely. Miller slides through the coolant, comes to rest beneath a walkway. He attempts to rise, collapses back into the sludge.

Weir slowly stalks towards him.

WEIR

There is no Devil. There is no God. There is only... NOTHING.

MILLER

You're lying...!

WEIR

I'm not asking you to believe me. You'll see for yourself... and so will your crew. You're all coming with me.

MILLER

Starck... Cooper...

Weir's grotesque face is inches from his. He reaches down and pulls Miller from the dripping ooze...

WEIR

They are mine. And so are you...

...as Miller clears the surface, he holds something in his fist.

Miller stares dead-on into Weir's hellish face...

...and raises his right hand. HE'S HOLDING THE DETONATOR.

MILLER

(a grim smile of triumph)

You can't have them. Go to hell.

WEIR

N000!

MILLER DEPRESSES THE DETONATOR.

EXT. EVENT HORIZON - MODEL

A small, silent EXPLOSION blossoms in the aft section of the ship...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - MAIN ACCESS CORRIDOR - NO AIRLOCKS

...followed frames later by a sequence of DETONATIONS that rip the Main Access Corridor apart and propel the foredecks away from the containment section.

INT. EVENT HORIZON - CORRIDOR (ROLLOVER SET)

The EXPLOSION knocks Starck and Cooper down. They hold on tightly as...

EXT. NEPTUNE - MODEL

Waves of distortion ripple over the Event Horizon's containment section...

A dark sphere of energy spreads out from the containment as the gateway opens... A BLACK HOLE...

The black hole begins to shrink, imploding. As it collapses, it sucks Neptune's blue clouds with it, creating a TITANIC WHIRLPOOL with the black hole at its center...

The SHRIEKING winds carry the foredecks back towards the whirlpool, towards the black hole...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - CORRIDOR (ROLLOVER SET)

Cooper and Starck slide across the floor as the deck tips at a terrific angle...

EXT. NEPTUNE - MODEL

The foredecks teeter on the edge of oblivion...

The black hole collapses utterly, vanishing to a point. An enormous SHOCKWAVE rips out from the point of implosion.

The foredecks ride the wave away from the implosion and out of Neptune's atmosphere to safety...

INT. EVENT HORIZON - CORRIDOR WINDOW

The VIBRATIONS subside. Cooper and Starck stagger to their

feet. Look out the window...

EXT. NEPTUNE – MODEL COOPER/STARCK POV

Neptune recedes, the ugly hole of the implosion already being erased by Neptune's violent winds...

INT. EVENT HORIZON – CORRIDOR WINDOW

Starck's voice is tiny.

STARCK

Miller...

FADE TO:

SPACE – MODEL

Black planets silhouetted by a dying red giant. The Engineering Containment of the Event Horizon drifts in the eddies of gas that swirl and spiral into the bloated star.

MOVE towards the ship until its shadow consumes all...

DELETE SCENE

INT. EVENT HORIZON – GRAVITY COUCH BAY

Starck awakens but the SCREAMS continue as the Event Horizon calls out to her... she SCREAMS... hands on her body... the CRIES stop...

Starck looks around uncomprehending at the faces around her.

IT'S A RESCUE TEAM

Cooper pushes them aside. She clings to him, CRYING...

COOPER

It's over, hush now, it's over...

FADE TO BLACK.

END

Event Horizon

Writers : [Philip Eisner](#)

Genres : [Horror](#) [Sci-Fi](#) [Thriller](#)

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