

THE STONECARVER

by

Rob Barkan

robbybarkan@yahoo.com

© 2019. This screenplay may not be used or reproduced without the express written permission of the author, Rob Barkan. All rights reserved.

FADE IN:

EXT. MURRAY HILL - MANHATTAN ISLAND - 1664 - DAY

SUPER: MANHATTAN 1664

Primeval stands of trees painted by October. An eerie silence muffles the hazy air. As if every bird and insect in this foreboding forest was holding its breath...

Startled birds flutter from a tree as a multitude of boots trample dead leaves. A troop of COLONIAL DUTCH SOLDIERS trudge up the hill, led by a PRIEST. They carry pikes, swords, blunderbusses, sledgehammers, prepared for battle. The men sweat and mutter curses as they climb.

In the distance beyond the unbroken forest behind them, the town of New Amsterdam hugs the island's southern tip. Storm clouds loom above Hudson Bay. Lightning strikes the water.

Thunder rolls across the hill as the troop approaches a stone cairn. Soldiers frown at the sabertooth tiger skull capping it. A swarm of flies feasts on the rotting muscle still clinging to bone.

PRIEST

Destroy it.

A soldier's sword cleaves the skull in two. More soldiers step up and demolish the cairn with sledgehammers.

The priest joins soldiers kneeling by the headless skeleton of a mammoth sprawled on the ground. Its spine is snapped midway. Fly-riddled gore still clings to the ribs.

They look up at the priest with concern. He is unimpressed and proceeds uphill. The men obediently follow.

They reach another cairn topped with the mammoth's skull. The priest nods. Soldiers sledge the cairn into rubble.

The storm closes in. The troop climbs higher. They encounter a trio of cairns crowned with the massive skull of a large dinosaur. Muscle and gristle cling to each, covered with more churning flies. An uneasy soldier crosses himself.

UNEASY SOLDIER

Duivels.

The priest turns to the soldier.

PRIEST

God protects you, *soldaat.*

The priest continues upward as soldiers topple these cairns. The skulls crash to the ground and shatter.

The priest reaches the hilltop. He stares upward in disbelief. Soldiers gather around him. They follow his gaze, awestruck.

Gaping soldiers at the rear turn at the sound of an ENGLISH CLERGYMAN laboring up the hill toward them. Hands go to sword hilts. They recognize the elderly man and relax.

CLERGYMAN

Finally our two countries behold
what the God-forsaken savages of
this island tried to conceal.

The clergyman steps impatiently over a toppled cairn.

CLERGYMAN

Against these sorry heaps of rubble
you built your stockade? All of you
Dutch, superstitious to the last--

The clergyman finally looks up. He scowls at what he sees.

CLERGYMAN

Good Lord in Heaven.

An ancient pyramid looms above them, twenty feet high, carved from blocks of dark gray schist. A latticework of triangles framing sculpted, haunting masks covers its sides. The structure emanates a primordial evil from an unfathomable age.

A partially collapsed heap of enormous granite blocks circles the pyramid--apparently the remains of a concealing dome.

PRIEST

Here stands an altar to Satan.
It shall stand no more.

Grim soldiers advance upon it with their sledgehammers.

CLERGYMAN

No!

PRIEST

I offered to cleanse this island
before England defiles it all over
again. You, clergyman, hinder the
Lord's work.

A burly soldier raises his sledgehammer to strike the first blow. The clergyman grapples the soldier's muscled arm. He turns back to the priest.

CLERGYMAN

And you, priest, desecrate the
lifework of a saint!

PRIEST

No saint built this heathen shrine.

CLERGYMAN

Nay, but one discovered it.

The clergyman releases the soldier's arm.

CLERGYMAN

What be the name of this island?

PRIEST

New York, by Holland's ill fortune.

CLERGYMAN

It has another. *Tir na nog.*

PRIEST

Gibberish!

CLERGYMAN

Irish.

PRIEST

A storm upon us, and you waste
all of our time.

The clergyman fervently grasps the priest's shoulders.

CLERGYMAN

We stand upon the Isle of the
Blessed!

The priest stares back at the clergyman unmoved.

CLERGYMAN

Need I convince you? Above the
doorway of Clonfert Cathedral is
carven the same!

PRIEST

So?

CLERGYMAN

None less than Saint Brendan has
preceded us--by a millennium!

The clergyman strides up to the pyramid's base. He turns
to face the soldiers.

CLERGYMAN

Strike this holy place, and you
strike the head of Christ Himself!

Soldiers look at each other. The angry priest addresses them.

PRIEST

The Englishman spouts dreck!
Smash this temple from hell!

The soldiers hesitate. They stare at the priest, confused.

PRIEST

Demolish the pyramid! I order you!

The soldiers refuse. The priest snatches a sledgehammer
from one. He marches angrily up to the clergyman.

The clergyman takes a protective stance. The priest glares
at him...and swings the sledgehammer with a vengeance.

The sledge head strikes a sculpted mask inches from the
clergyman's head. Stone fragments tumble into the pyramid.

PRIEST

Stand aside, Englishman.

A current of air wafts the clergyman's hair. Puzzled, he
turns toward the ragged hole. Peers inside, listening.

The echoing impact of stone fragments striking the bottom of
a cavernous space. The clergyman quickly turns a confused
face toward the troop.

CLERGYMAN

There is something quite...wrong...

A subterranean explosion jolts the entire hill. Soldiers
brace themselves, weapons poised. They look down in fear.

A deafening electric hum emanates from beneath their feet.
Soldiers clamp their ears. A blinding green light streams
out of the triangular hole.

The ground quakes. Soldiers stagger, trying to keep balance.
The priest reaches for the large silver cross dangling from
his neck.

Magnetized swords fly from soldiers' hands--

--and smack against the pyramid with a startling clank.

Sledgehammers snap upright. Orbit in erratic circles.

Pikes swing vertical. They sink into the soil out of sight.

The armored soldiers can't resist a powerful magnetic force that pins them against the ground.

Abruptly the electromagnetic storm goes silent.

The magnetized swords slide off the pyramid.

A pelting rain and crashes of thunder break the silence. Bewildered soldiers gather up their swords. They struggle to yank their pikes from the soil.

The burly soldier snatches up a sledgehammer. He marches with angry purpose toward the pyramid.

A gray shape rushes in, van-sized. A crunching snap--
--a prolonged moan of pain--a gush of blood...

The burly soldier's muscular arm lies severed on the ground, hand still grasping the maul.

He grips his bleeding wound, staring in shock at the arm. Heavy breathing makes him slowly turn to see...

...a hulking sailback dinosaur staring balefully back at him.

Suddenly it pivots, claws back over to the arm and quickly gulps it down.

A comrade steps between victim and beast, sword in hand.

The sailback attacks this one swiftly. Dagger teeth easily puncture the writhing man's armor. He screams in agony.

The sailback discards the mortally wounded man. Snarls a warning at the soldiers gathering around it, weapons drawn.

A soldier rushes the sailback. Sinks his sword into its neck.

Vicious jaws twist over to engulf his head. The sword spins away. The sailback crushes the man's skull. It tosses the body aside.

The priest avoids the spinning sword as he approaches the melee. With his big cross held high he confronts the enraged sailback as it pivots toward him.

PRIEST

Back to Hades, demon. I banish you!

The sailback studies the priest, chest bellowing in and out. A hiss escapes its throat. It lashes out with a claw.

Talons sink deep into the priest's chest, pinning the cross there. The sailback's claw slams the holy man against the ground gasping and writhing. Its jaws yawn wide and clamp onto the priest's throat.

SHOCKED SOLDIER

Mijn God!

The soldier lunges forward with a cry. His pike pierces the reptile's sail. Blood geysers out of the artery-rich organ.

The sailback bellows in pain. Twists the pike from the soldier's grasp. Abandons the dead priest.

A soldier steps up. Aims his blunderbuss at the dinosaur's chest. Fires. Gore splatters. The beast coughs blood. Weakly snaps, hisses and collapses as more soldiers converge on it.

The clergyman flees downhill. For a moment he reaches out and leans breathless against a weathered standing stone jutting from one of the demolished cairns. Then he moves on, revealing the Gaelic lettering chiseled into the stone:

SPIORA O CARRAIG

EXT. MANHATTAN ISLAND - PRE-CIVILIZATION - DAY

A wild river rushes past a fog-shrouded shore. Pristine forest rises above it. Dark clouds fill the sky. A ragged wind rakes the trees.

MORGAN (V.O.)

(Irish brogue)

I've been carvin' into the skin of this city goin' on forty years-- blastin' her, slicin' her, guttin' her insides, makin' way for a faster train, thicker cables, or a bigger water pipe.

A Lenape settlement appears along the shore, replaced by sun-dappled Colonial buildings, cobbled streets and piers.

MORGAN (V.O.)

Morgan McCullough's the name I go by. I'm a sandhog workin' for the City of New York. From Belfast I am, specializin' in explosives like my father before me. When I came over as a lad, nobody else wanted the job. Blastin' tunnels was the same as breathin' to me and my own.

Taller buildings and bridges slowly intrude, along with the increasing din of city traffic.

MORGAN (V.O.)

Whenever I'm below the earth, it
feels like I'm crawlin' into my own
bloody soul. There's secrets down
there no one was meant to find.
Me and my sandhogs, we found one,
all right. But that was a long
time ago, and now...

EXT. LOWER MANHATTAN - THE PRESENT - DAY

The ancient forest covering Manhattan is gone. Autumn dawn washes over the Brooklyn Bridge. Skyscrapers tower above a jumble of shoreline tenements. Traffic noise crescendos.

MORGAN (V.O.)

It's about to find all of us.

Close in on a tenement. One curtained window. Through it...

INT. TENEMENT BEDROOM

Dawn light seeps through the same curtained window of a sparsely-furnished room. JOHNNY TWO ROCKS, 30s, Mohegan tribe, good-looking, well-muscled, sleeps bare-chested on a floor mat. The work clothes and hardhat of a tunnel worker hang from a hook. He's caught in a disturbing dream.

BEGIN DREAM:

INT. STONE CHAMBER - UNDERGROUND

Johnny stands bewildered in a dimly-lit room lined with dark stone blocks. He is drawn to a waist-high slab of polished stone. Gemstones stud its surface in an orderly pattern, connected by chiseled lines like an electrical diagram.

A pyramid symbol dominates the slab's center, outlining a geometric-shaped socket carved into the rock.

Johnny steps up to the slab, fascinated. He reaches out to touch one of the gems. It starts flashing. A resonating hum vibrates the room. Johnny looks around, then toward his feet.

The hum intensifies, shaking the room more violently. A cloud of dust fills the chamber.

Johnny grips the slab. The gemstones flash in an ordered sequence. Stone blocks collapse from the ceiling. Something across the room grabs his attention...

...a high priest of some ancient civilization, face obscured by dust. The dust clears, revealing the priest's face. It's Johnny's.

The priest looks down at his cupped hands. They hold a large geometrically-shaped gemstone matching the empty socket. He looks up at Johnny with a riveting gaze...

High-pitched beeps cut through everything...

END DREAM.

Johnny jolts awake to his clock alarm beeping. He slaps it into silence and falls back on the bed, troubled by the dream.

EXT. SECOND AVENUE, MANHATTAN - DAY

Morning rush hour. PEDESTRIANS hurry past a boarded-up subway entrance. The weathered, decades-old sign above it:

SECOND AVENUE SUBWAY PROJECT
1973 MIDTOWN EXTENSION
John Lindsay, Mayor
UNDER CONSTRUCTION

Crude scrawls of graffiti surround the sign: "STILL WAITING!" "STAIRWAY TO NOWHERE" "THAT'S IT? A STAIRCASE?" "GIVE THE LEX A BREAK!"

A mosquito the size of a man's hand buzzes from a gap in the rotten wood covering the stairs. It lands on the sign. Preens itself. Takes off...sails over a newsstand...a CLERK pulls a Daily News off a rack...slaps it on the counter:

SECOND AVENUE SUBWAY A GO
MTA: THIS TIME IT'S FOR REAL

A PEDESTRIAN pays for the newspaper, leaves with it...the oversized mosquito moves on, soaring right for Johnny, who swats it away with a frown.

Johnny strides through an open chain link gate onto a busy construction site. He wears his working gear. SANDHOGS greet him as he crosses the site. He acknowledges them with nods or smiles.

SANDHOG #1
Two Rocks!

SANDHOG #2
Hey, chief!

Sandhog foreman MORGAN McCULLOUGH, 60s, stands next to the controls of a caged elevator suspended over a deep circular pit. Tall and powerful, tough, no-nonsense Irish. Sandhog FREDDY BENECA, 30s, jovial New York Italian, next to him.

Johnny steps on the elevator. Morgan nods. Freddy smiles. Johnny nods hello and stands silently, a world away.

MORGAN

You with us today, Johnny?

JOHNNY

Bad night.

MORGAN

Those visions again?

Johnny turns to Morgan, but doesn't say anything.

MORGAN

Try taking an Irish sleeping pill.

JOHNNY

What's in it?

MORGAN

Wee bit of Jameson's, one hour before bedtime. It'll chase the devil from your dreams every time.

Johnny considers this.

JOHNNY

Thanks, Morgan.

Morgan checks his watch.

MORGAN

Let's go Tommy boy!

INT. CHURCH OF OUR SAVIOR - CONTINUOUS

A peaceful Murray Hill sanctuary. Sandhog TOMMY O'MALLEY, 40s, muscled ex-boxer, on one knee at the altar. He kisses the Saint Brendan cross dangling from his neck. Crosses himself and prays. Quickly looks at his watch.

TOMMY

Crap!

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - CONTINUOUS

A payload hauls heavy machinery across the site.

Tommy rushes past it. Boards the elevator. He flashes a grin at Morgan. That doesn't work.

MORGAN

Late!

TOMMY

East Side's waitin' over forty years for their subway. Five minutes ain't gonna make a difference.

Morgan pokes a stern finger into Tommy's chest.

MORGAN

Last time.

A tense silence. Morgan withdraws the finger and knuckles Tommy's hardhat. Tommy grins--but he knows Morgan meant it.

Morgan engages the controls. The elevator descends. Freddy looks at Tommy.

FREDDY

You pray for us too?

TOMMY

Always, Freddy.

High up the shaft, a circle of blue sky shrinks to a dot.

INT. SECOND AVENUE TUNNEL EXCAVATION - CONTINUOUS

Raw-cut bedrock, pipes, harsh lights. The sandhogs ride a motorized hopper car up to a massive earthboring machine powered by a thick overhead cable.

Morgan steps into the earthborer's cab. Starts the 3000 horsepower electric motor. It crescendos to a deafening roar. He kisses his fingers. Touches them to a photo ductaped to the console: his smiling granddaughter with her husband, cradling their infant daughter.

The earthborer's huge cutting blades grind dark bedrock. Its conveyor carries chunks of rock over to the hopper car.

INT. MALVESE PENTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Lavish, full of priceless Native American artifacts. A panoramic window overlooks Central Park. Smug, brutish construction kingpin VINCENT MALVESE, 50s, pours a shot of brandy at the bar and walks with it over to a large TV displaying a diagram of the Second Avenue Subway.

Malvese quaffs the brandy down in one gulp and watches a winking circle moving slowly uptown through the tunnel.

BACK IN THE TUNNEL

Johnny eyes the hopper car as it fills with dark gray rubble. Chunks of lighter-colored granite tumble off the conveyor, surprising him.

Johnny reaches into the hopper. He inspects a granite chunk and frowns.

Morgan cuts the engine off. He climbs down from the cab with a thermos as the motor winds down. Tommy and Freddy join him.

Johnny sits down next to them. Morgan sips coffee. Freddy unwraps a pastry. When Tommy eyes it, Freddy gives him half. Johnny takes a few gulps from a water bottle.

JOHNNY

We've run into something, Morgan.

MORGAN

What's that?

JOHNNY

You're not gonna believe it. Granite.

Morgan looks up surprised for just an instant.

MORGAN

Nothing but solid schist down here, Johnny. The light's trickin' your damned eyes.

JOHNNY

It's granite. Check the hopper for yourself.

MORGAN

Whatever.

TOMMY

Time to lay off the firewater, chief.

FREDDY

(snickers)

Ain't that the pot callin' the kettle black.

Tommy playfully slaps Freddy's head. Johnny's not finished. He looks down. Ponders for a bit.

JOHNNY

There's a million tons of bedrock hanging over our heads so we all got to get along. Who said that?

MORGAN

That would be myself. Why are you bringin' it up?

JOHNNY

The day me and Tommy fought. I can't even remember what set us off. But you threatened to shitcan us if it happened again. We both realized it's way too dangerous down here to mess around like that.

MORGAN

I'm happy I got that through both your thick skulls.

JOHNNY

You're not getting it, Morgan. Me and Tommy keep the peace out of respect for you. I know you're hiding a secret, it's all over you. And secrets can be just as dangerous to us. Your crew.

Morgan sighs. He locks his eyes firmly on the others.

MORGAN

I want you guys to swear on your mothers' souls you'll never repeat what I'm about to tell you.

The others nod agreement.

MORGAN

There's a station in midtown.

JOHNNY

A station? I thought the money ran out before the sandhogs ever got that far!

MORGAN

The MTA made it look like another false start. This was 1973. Mayor Lindsay caught more hell than ever for this one. He didn't want any more bad press than he already had.

(MORE)

MORGAN (CONT'D)

City Hall ordered the entrance sit there and rot. Let the public rant and rave about somethin' they could see. Smart man, he was.

JOHNNY

Sounds like a diversion. From what?

MORGAN

From what's beyond the station.

FREDDY

You're startin' to freak me out, boss.

MORGAN

The city had more than enough funds to finish the station. The sandhogs were drilling just uptown from it when they hit--this barrier. The MTA ordered the heading sealed and damn well put us out of work. It was all lies and bullshit.

TOMMY

What kind of barrier? We're drilling in solid bedrock!

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. TUNNEL EXCAVATION - 1973 - DAY

Three sandhogs led by a young Morgan with an Irish flag emblem pasted onto his hardhat--climb through the stilled blades of an earthborer's cutters into a pitch black space.

MORGAN (V.O.)

A wall of stone blocks fitted so tight you couldn't slide a dollar bill between 'em. Tons of boulders, dirt, and tree trunks dumped behind it like fill.

Their hardhat beams reveal a curved wall of megalithic stone blocks. Several blocks have broken away and lay at their feet. They inspect the wall with incredulous awe.

MORGAN (V.O.)

A giant stone mound buried right under Murray Hill. Farmers planted crops above it. Hundreds of buildings went up right over it.

END FLASHBACK.

FREDDY

No shit. Who put it there?

MORGAN

Nobody ever got to find out.
A gang of federal agents came
in so fast our guys didn't even
have time to gather their tools
or even their lunchpails.

TOMMY

Who told you this fairy tale?

MORGAN

I was workin' that bore, Tommy.
I saw those blocks with me own eyes.
Everybody who was down there got
paid a visit by those agents. They
already knew about the wall. What
they threatened our families with,
I ain't ever gonna repeat.

JOHNNY

Makes no sense. Whatever they were
covering up is still down here, and
now they're letting us head right
for it.

Morgan stands up. Downs the last of his coffee.

MORGAN

Go scratch your head over it, Johnny.
Enough shit's spilled out of my mouth.
My great-granddaughter's got a lot of
birthdays ahead of her.

Morgan returns to the cab. The motor revs up to speed.
Tommy and Freddy get busy, but Johnny hesitates. He picks
up a chunk of granite and stares mystified at it.

THE TUNNEL - QUITTING TIME

The sandhogs approach the descending elevator tired and dirty.

A SANDHOG opens the elevator gate. Columbia University geology
professor ALAN GATLING, 40s, leads a small class of fascinated
COLLEGE STUDENTS out into the tunnel. Everyone wears hardhats.

ALAN

(to sandhogs)

Nice work, fellas.

MORGAN
Thanks. Enjoy it.

Johnny stares captivated at...

COCHA PA-TASH, 20s, Kiowa tribe. Gatling's beautiful graduate assistant, taking a smartphone video of the tunnel. The class proceeds into the tunnel. Cocha passes Johnny.

COCHA
Ha-cho.

SUBTITLE: Hello.

Johnny watches Cocha catch up with the class. He calls out.

JOHNNY
Kiowa?

Cocha whirls around. Flashes Johnny a knowing smile.

TOMMY
What'd she say?

JOHNNY
Call me. I want you.

TOMMY
Get the fuck--

Tommy shoves Johnny. Johnny grins. The sandhogs head for the elevator. Johnny's gaze lingers back toward the class.

EXT. SECOND AVENUE - LATER

The sandhogs leave the construction site. Johnny drifts away.

FREDDY
Yo! Johnny! Where ya goin'?

Johnny stops and turns around.

JOHNNY
You guys drink without me. I'm wiped.

FREDDY
C'mon, it's Friday! Loosen up! Hey--
(mimics Morgan)
There's a ton of bedrock hangin' over
our heads so we all gotta get along!

Morgan shakes his head. Johnny rejoins the others. Freddy pats Johnny on his hardhat as they head for a tavern.

FREDDY

Way to go, chief. Way to go.

The sandhogs enter the tavern. The sign above the door: SAINT BRENDAN'S, with a medieval painting of St. Brendan and his fellow monks in their small boat riding the waves.

A black government SUV is parked at the curb. Two HOMELAND SECURITY AGENTS sit inside.

A laptop propped between the agents displays a fullscreen image of Johnny's Local 147 union card with a photo ID. The agent driving reaches for his phone.

AGENT #1

Were on him.

INT. ST. BRENDAN'S TAVERN - LATER

An Irish waterhole packed with a BLUE-COLLAR CROWD. The sandhogs sit at the bar. Johnny hasn't ordered. The BARTENDER shoves a bottle of beer in front of him.

BARTENDER

Compliments of Mr. Thomas O'Malley.

Johnny turns and sees...

...Tommy, past Morgan and Freddy, raising his beer bottle.

Johnny returns the gesture. Swigs a swallow. Glances up at the bar mirror. Sees the reflection of BARRY FORREST, 60s, engineer type, on the next stool tipping back a shot glass.

Johnny turns toward Forrest. Notices Forrest's clipboard.

JOHNNY

City inspector?

FORREST

Water Authority. Barry Forrest.

JOHNNY

Johnny Two Rocks.

FORREST

Turok? The comic book Indian?
Don't yank my chain!

JOHNNY

Two Rocks. Two. Rocks. It's
a Native American name. I'm
working Second Avenue.

FORREST

No shit! The line that'll never get built. I just inspected Number Three today.

JOHNNY

Maspeth? Water Tunnel Three?

FORREST

The one and only. When I say it's safe, you boys can come down and play. Ever hear of a troodon?

JOHNNY

Some kind of a--

FORREST

Small dinosaur. I found one today.

JOHNNY

Really. I'm looking for one myself. I heard they make terrific pets.

FORREST

(laughs)

Startin' to like you, Mr. Two Rocks.

JOHNNY

You found a fossil.

FORREST

A complete skeleton, eight hundred feet down. Died on a Paleozoic seashore one hell of a long time ago...

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. WATER TUNNEL THREE - DAY

A flashlight beam moves through a rough-cut water tunnel carved out of ancient New York bedrock: green swirls of billion year old seabed clustered with sparkling shells.

FORREST (V.O.)

God it's beautiful down there. Water dripping out of a thousand crevices. Rippling green walls lined with billion-year-old shells. They sparkle, Johnny. Like jewels.

END FLASHBACK.

FORREST

Shame nobody'll ever get to see
the little bastard.

JOHNNY

What about the museum?

FORREST

They had their shot. Endless parade
of scientists, schoolkids, and
everything in between. Nothing but
headaches.

JOHNNY

How'd they miss a dinosaur?

FORREST

Remember that little tremor from
last week? I was checking for
damage...

RESUME FLASHBACK:

INT. WATER TUNNEL THREE - FURTHER ON

The flashlight beam finds a collapsed wall. The fossil
skeleton of a troodon sprawls in the hollow above it.

FORREST (V.O.)

I come up on a piece of bedrock big
as a truck, sheared away from the
wall. But my little secret's gonna
stay there. Tons of Catskill water
are gonna flood that tunnel soon as
the liner's in.

END FLASHBACK.

Johnny looks at Forrest, waiting for more.

FORREST

You still don't get it, do you?

JOHNNY

No. I still don't get it.

FORREST

Troodons lived in the Cretaceous!
That sucker died millions of years
before its time! How the hell did
it end up in the Paleozoic?

Forrest finishes his drink. Smacks his shot glass down on the counter. Slides off his stool. Grabs Johnny's shoulder.

FORREST

Hey--maybe your tribe's medicine man can figure this one out.

Johnny stares at Forrest's hand, suddenly disliking him. The inspector leaves. The BLUE COLLAR WORKER on the next stool turns to Johnny.

BLUE COLLAR WORKER

I used to read Turok when I was a kid. You famous or what?

EXT. LOWER MANHATTAN STREET - LATER

Dark. Johnny heads downtown lost in thought. The black SUV from the tavern pulls up fast and starts pacing him.

Johnny glances at it. The SUV brakes sharply. The two agents leap out. They accost Johnny.

Johnny reaches back and whips a hunting knife from his belt. Agent #1 pulls a handgun from a shoulder holster. He levels it at Johnny. Agent #2 disarms Johnny.

AGENT #1

Mr. Two Rocks? Come with us, please.

JOHNNY

How do you know my name?

AGENT #1

This doesn't have to be a confrontation. I'm requesting you accompany us.

JOHNNY

(eyes the gun)

Pretty strong request.

The Agent #2 pulls his own handgun. Johnny's foot arcs up, sending the Agent #2's gun flying. Instantly Agent #1's gun is pressed to Johnny's forehead.

AGENT #1

In the vehicle. Slowly, please.

A fist comes out of nowhere, smashing Agent #1 in the temple. He goes down. Johnny karate chops Agent #2 in the throat. He drops gasping.

Agent #1 starts to recover. He pivots on the sidewalk. Aims his gun at Tommy. Johnny kicks the gun out of his hands. He turns to see Tommy, half-drunk, taking on a boxing stance.

Agent #2 struggles to his knees. Tommy clips him in the jaw, knocking him out. Tommy hauls back, about to punch dazed Agent #1, but Johnny restrains him.

JOHNNY

Leave him, Tommy. Let's go.

TOMMY

Don't you wanna know who they are?

JOHNNY

Not now. Walk with me.

Johnny shoves the knife back into his belt. They head downtown. Tommy swings back, but Johnny urges him on.

TOMMY

You okay?

JOHNNY

Never better. I owe you big time.

TOMMY

You know these guys? They've been tailin' you for blocks.

JOHNNY

No idea who they are. Keep going. Distance is a weapon too.

TOMMY

You owe anybody money?

JOHNNY

No. They smelled like feds.

TOMMY

Federal agents smell?

JOHNNY

Clean and proud. And way too polite to be thugs. Okay, turn here.

Johnny and Tommy enter a small park and find a bench to sit on. Tommy pulls his beer bottle from a back pocket.

TOMMY

Here.

Johnny takes the bottle. Downs a gulp. Hands it back.

JOHNNY

Still cold. Thanks.

TOMMY

Pleasure's mine. Maybe it's time for bygones be bygones. I got a lot on my plate.

JOHNNY

You did damn good back there.

TOMMY

Thanks. I don't go lookin' any more. Can you imagine me back then? Every Friday night I'd be out on the street with my buddies prowlin' to slam some poor bastard. Wish I could tell every one of 'em sorry.

JOHNNY

We all make mistakes, Tommy.

TOMMY

My fists shoulda been in jail a long time ago.

JOHNNY

That doesn't mean you have to beat on yourself.

TOMMY

Easier said.

Tommy gulps another swig. Wipes his mouth. Johnny notices he's lost in thought.

TOMMY

Been thinkin', Johnny. Indians, Irish--outcasts on their own lands. Spaniards and Englishmen screwed your people. Vikings and Englishmen screwed mine. My great grand-daddy sailed to New York straight from Ireland. Picked up a shovel day one and dug tunnels right alongside the Italians and the blacks.

JOHNNY

Americans built New York, Tommy.

TOMMY

That makes us brothers, don't it?
 (raises his bottle)
 Johnny Two Rocks an' Tommy O'Malley!
 Sandhogs forever! 147 rules, man!

Johnny smiles at Tommy's loose lips. Tommy turns to him.

TOMMY

My tribe's from County Mayo. What's yours? I never asked ya, did I?

JOHNNY

Mohegan.
 (wide gesture)
 From the green hills across the wide shallow waters.

TOMMY

Where the hell is that?

JOHNNY

Connecticut.

TOMMY

No way! Land of gambling casinos!
 Your people own one?

JOHNNY

Wandering Wolf.

TOMMY

Then what the hell you doing here,
 spittin' up rock dust for a living?

JOHNNY

It's like me telling you to move
 back to Ireland.

TOMMY

But I got nothin' there but some
 poor relatives who don't even know
 me. You could be swimmin' in cash!

JOHNNY

I'll never work for my father.

TOMMY

Suit yourself. What is he, a chief?

JOHNNY

CEO. He used to be in higher places.

TOMMY

What's higher than a CEO?

JOHNNY

I'm joking. He raised up buildings right here in Manhattan. The elders called him up one day and he ran.

TOMMY

Your dad walked girders?

JOHNNY

For thirty years. Like I said he ran. So fast he forgot my mom.

TOMMY

That don't sound too good.

JOHNNY

I take care of her. But not a cent from the rez.

TOMMY

Damn. So he worked up above and you work--down below.

JOHNNY

And that's not far enough.

TOMMY

Shit man. I never knew.

JOHNNY

Everybody's got a plate. You gonna be okay? I'm beat as hell.

TOMMY

Soon as I get my legs back. Enjoy your weekend, Johnny boy.

Johnny gets up to leave.

JOHNNY

Take care of yourself, champ.

They fist bump. Johnny leaves. Tommy shouts after him.

TOMMY

Look behind you next time!

Tommy leans forward. He stares down, his mind drifting...

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. BOXING ARENA - 2003 - NIGHT

A NOISY CROWD. A younger Tommy prepares for a match in one corner, his TRAINER at his side. He glances across the ring.

His older brother CHRISTOPHER, 30s, tall and cocky, readies himself in the other corner. An anchor tattoo on one arm. A Saint Brendan cross--the same one Tommy wears now--dangles from his neck. He kisses the cross. His trainer pulls it over Christopher's head and pockets it.

An announcer steps up to the mike and grabs it.

ANNOUNCER

Ladies and gentlemen. The bout
you've all been waiting for!
Brother on brother! In this corner,
just back from his Iraq War tour of
duty on the aircraft carrier
Kitty Hawk--Christopher O'Malley!

Christopher launches himself out of his corner with gloved fists raised, beaming with confidence. The crowd goes wild.

CROWD

USA! USA! USA! USA!

ANNOUNCER

And in this corner, the young
contender, Tommy O'Malley!

Tommy greets the crowd with a raised fist. Scattered cheers.

The referee beckons to the pair. They hug. Return to their corners. Their trainers shove mouth guards between the fighters' lips. The starting bell gongs. Christopher and Tommy circle, testing each other.

END FLASHBACK.

TOMMY ON THE BENCH

Bent over, holding his head in anguish. We hear the crowd from 2003 cheering on the fight.

RESUME FLASHBACK:

BOXING ARENA - LATER

Round five, both O'Malleys roughed up and sparring. The noisy crowd is worked up to the max.

CHRISTOPHER

Come on Tommy! Show it to me!

Tommy attacks. Christopher blocks. He lands a blow to Tommy's midsection. The crowd roars. Tommy staggers.

TOMMY

You holdin' back on me?

CHRISTOPHER

You want pain? Here's pain, bro...

Christopher hooks Tommy in the jaw. Tommy reels. He comes back but can't touch his smirking brother.

CHRISTOPHER

What did you learn while I was gone?
Nothing! Fight me, asshole!

Tommy lunges in. Christopher blocks all his blows.

CHRISTOPHER

You kidding me? You call that
boxing? Pussy!

Tommy loses it, finds his opening and swings. He delivers a crunching blow to his brother's head. Christopher drops like a stone. The crowd groans.

The referee counts ten as the crowd boos. Tommy pants and prances. He stoops, staring at his prone brother. The referee declares Tommy the winner and raises his arm.

A lot more boos than cheers fill the arena. Tommy stares at Christopher again, who doesn't stir. Tommy drops to his knees beside him, looking for a sign of life.

EXT. ALLEY - LATER

Shocked Tommy watches as his unconscious brother is loaded onto an ambulance.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Devastated Tommy, surrounded by grieving relatives. A coffin is lowered into a grave as a priest performs blessings. Tommy's mother faints. Family holds her up.

END FLASHBACK.

TOMMY AT THE BENCH

Tommy pivots. He fists the bench back over and over.

Tommy turns forward and cries out in agony. Holds out his bloodied knuckles and breaks into racking sobs...

EXT. NATIVE AMERICAN FOOD PANTRY - LATER

On a narrow Lower Manhattan street. Johnny walks up to a dark storefront. He tries the door. It's locked.

He peers through the front window. Cups his hands to his face. Knocks on the glass. Listens for a response.

PANTRY CELLAR

We enter a deep cellar centuries old, lit by one feeble bulb...an ancient foundation, some stones removed, a large hole dug out...a gnarled wooden cane propped up alongside...

Shafts of moonlight bathe the floor from inside the hole, though the cellar is far below the street. The sounds of gurgling water and peeping frogs drift out...a full moon hovers above a woodland stream...

OUTSIDE THE PANTRY

Johnny sits on the stoop and pulls out his smartphone.

SMARTPHONE SCREEN

He types "student tunnel tours" into Google. A list of links appears. He presses a link from Columbia University. This brings up a schedule of undergraduate class events, one of them run by geology professor Alan Gatling.

Johnny presses Gatling's name, bringing up the professor's website. He scrolls down until he finds a photo of the girl in the tunnel. Cocha Pa-tash, graduate student and Gatling's assistant. Alongside her name: kiowagr1@columbia.edu.

Johnny presses that link. A compose box pops up. He types:

Mohegan. Busy?

JOHNNY

waits for the reply. His phone beeps. He checks it.

SMARTPHONE SCREEN

Found me! I'm at Lakam Ha.

JOHNNY

smiles. Pockets his phone.

INT. LAKAM HA RESTAURANT - LATER

Cocha sits at a candle-lit window table checking her phone. A mural of an ancient Mayan city decorates an entire wall. Johnny pulls out the chair opposite her. When she looks up, he offers a hand.

JOHNNY

Cocha Pa-tash? Johnny Two Rocks.

Cocha smiles. Shakes Johnny's hand gently. He takes a seat.

COCHA

Mohegan. The stonecarvers. You dig just as well off duty as on.

JOHNNY

The internet takes all the fun out of it. Hungry?

COCHA

Famished. If I order, will you treat?

JOHNNY

It would be an honor to nourish a Kiowa. You must know what's good here.

Cocha smiles again, captivating Johnny. She waves. A WAITRESS comes over.

COCHA

Hi Sara. Two mushroom quesas, crispy jackets. Ice tea for me.

JOHNNY

Ice tea. Thanks.

The waitress jots down their order and leaves.

JOHNNY

I can tell you live at this table.

COCHA

The American Indian Museum's right down the street. I work there between classes and field trips. And I get homesick for my mom's cooking. She's half Mexican.

JOHNNY

My mom's not far from here, and her cooking's magnificent. What brings you to New York?

COCHA

Manhattan geology. A major geological event took place under the city billions of years ago. Professor Gatling is uncovering earth's biggest secret here.

JOHNNY

Anything I should know about?
Considering my occupation.

COCHA

Nothing left but the record. The mother of all continental drifts, which began under our feet when New York was still connected to Morocco. If you don't love geology it's no big deal...

JOHNNY

It is to me. I've known you two minutes and you already reminded me of my tribe's heritage and here I am tunneling bedrock for a living.

COCHA

Which brings us to--what brought you off your rez?

JOHNNY

My family migrated from Connecticut in 1968. Skyscraper work. My dad helped finish off the top floors of the Twin Towers. I was born and raised in lower Manhattan. When our tribe got recognition twenty years ago and started building casinos, most of us returned. Gambling's not my thing.

COCHA

Obviously stonecarving is.

JOHNNY

You're making me feel more Native American by the minute.

COCHA

I feel a lot more Kiowa here, and I still don't know why.

JOHNNY

Now that's interesting.

COCHA

Maybe because my tribe has been here before. Kiowa are no strangers to travel. Our people used to go all the way to Central America for their medicinal herbs.

JOHNNY

What do you think brought them up to New York?

COCHA

There's something here I can't explain in words. Geology talks into one ear, Kiowa into the other. I try to listen to both, but my Kiowa ear always wins out.

JOHNNY

My foreman catches me two, three times a day when I'm just-- standing down there, one hand on the bedrock. Earth keeps so many secrets, but she never answers any of my questions.

COCHA

Starting with?

JOHNNY

Manhattan. Or what's under it.

The waitress returns with their order. They start eating.

COCHA

A lot of hard rock. Schist, gneiss, granite. You must know that. You drill it every day.

JOHNNY

That's your geologist's ear. There's something else going on. I can feel changes. Deep in the ground.

COCHA

Are you sensitive to earthquakes?

JOHNNY

This is different. Like--like a cosmic flower, about to bloom. I know, it sounds crazy...

COCHA

It's not crazy to think in symbols.

JOHNNY

How did it feel down there to you?

COCHA

To be truthful--sacred.

JOHNNY

Exactly what I feel every day. But not the tunnel being sacred. Just where it's headed.

COCHA

You're headed for the eastern edge of Murray Hill. An uplift of some of the hardest bedrock in the world.

JOHNNY

And something else.

COCHA

Like?

JOHNNY

I can't really talk about it.

COCHA

Company secret?

JOHNNY

Something like that.

(sighs)

I didn't want to cut this conversation off. I really love where it's going.

Cocha stops eating, waiting for Johnny's next words.

OUTSIDE THE RESTAURANT

Johnny and Cocha talk at their window table. We drift down the sidewalk...

...where a large tree suddenly materializes out of nowhere, splitting the sidewalk open with its thick trunk.

AT THE TABLE

JOHNNY

Can we keep this between us?

COCHA

Try me. We're both Native American.

JOHNNY

My foreman told us a crazy story today. He made us swear on our mothers never to repeat it. Heavy stuff.

COCHA

I didn't want you to get into any trouble--

JOHNNY

No, no--it's all right. It's not that.

COCHA

I give you my word as a Kiowa. Forever zipped. Talk to me.

Johnny hesitates. He plays with his food.

JOHNNY

We ran into granite. In solid bedrock.

COCHA

That's not possible where you're working.

JOHNNY

There's more. My foreman was down there in 1973. His crew broke into a hollow space lined with the same granite blocks, like from a huge temple. Nobody knows who built it. But it stopped the Second Avenue Subway dead for decades.

COCHA

Oh my God.

Beyond the window a flashing police car pulls to the curb, grabbing their attention.

OUTSIDE THE RESTAURANT

Gawking PEDESTRIANS gather around the thick tree. A YOUNG WOMAN snaps a smartphone photo of it. Two COPS get out of the police car to investigate. Two big excited dogs drag their OWNER over and sniff the bark.

Johnny and Cocha join the fascinated pedestrians. They marvel at the tree.

JOHNNY

What does your geology ear say?

COCHA

It's just gone deaf.

As Johnny and Cocha watch the mysterious tree, their hands find each other, join and mesh, fingers interlocking.

EXT. BODEGA - BATH BEACH, BROOKLYN - NIGHT

The black government SUV pulls up in front of the bodega. The two Homeland Security agents sit up front, one driving.

INSIDE THE BODEGA

A Guatemalan SHOPKEEPER, 40s, sorts lottery tickets at the counter. The front doorbell clangs. He glances up quickly. Reaches for something under the counter--

The gun he keeps there. His hand hesitates. Pulls back.

Chief Homeland Security agent HOWARD BARROW, 50s, steps up to the counter. His grim face wears a desperate purpose. He doesn't have to speak. The shopkeeper knows why he's here.

SHOPKEEPER

First the money.

Barrow pulls an envelope thick with cash from his suit jacket. He places it on the counter.

SHOPKEEPER

I want no trouble. My wife will be safe. My children--no one will touch them. They will all go to college--

Barrow raises a reassuring hand.

BARROW

I give you my word. No trouble.

The shopkeeper reaches below. He sets a large, exquisite gemstone on the counter--the one from Johnny's dream.

BARROW

Tell me everything you know about it.

SHOPKEEPER

My ancestors found it in the home
of a Spanish priest after he died.
It had been stolen by soldiers of
Cortez from a Mayan temple.

BARROW

Why wouldn't conquistadors bring
a prize like this back to Spain?

SHOPKEEPER

Those who defiled the tombs of my
slaughtered people escaped with a
fortune. But the jewel remained in
the Yucatan. That priest knew his
Catholic god could not protect Spain
once it left Mayan soil.

BARROW

From what?

The doorbell clangs. An elderly Hispanic woman enters.

SHOPKEEPER

(quietly)

The doom of Atlantis.

BARROW

And yet you've brought the jewel here.

SHOPKEEPER

There is a time for everything,
Señor Barrow. I am more than the
owner of a bodega. I am shaman to
my people here. Perhaps the jewel
was meant to serve a higher purpose...

BARROW

Let's hope so.

The shopkeeper puts the envelope away. Barrow pockets the
gemstone. He heads for the door.

SHOPKEEPER (O.S.)

Wait!

Barrow swings back.

SHOPKEEPER

I know what lies beneath your city.
I have seen it with my other eyes.
Do not let the stone thief awaken,
Señor Barrow.

BARROW

I don't know if I can prevent that.

SHOPKEEPER

Then I will pray to my gods for you.
Buena suerte.

Barrow nods a grim thanks at the shopkeeper. He leaves.

The woman brings her grocery items up to the counter. The shopkeeper starts to ring them up.

Behind him on a shelf of merchandise, a strange artifact: a pair of ornate metallic hands extending up from a stone pedestal, grasping a crystal globe.

EXT. NATIVE AMERICAN FOOD PANTRY - LATER

Johnny knocks on the window. A light comes on. GRANDFATHER, 70s, Mohegan tribal shaman, opens the door. He uses the cane from the cellar, yet carries himself like an aged, powerful wolf. He lets Johnny inside and locks the door. They embrace.

JOHNNY

Good to see you, Grandpa.

GRANDFATHER

Tôn kutaya?

JOHNNY

Wuyi, Okunáhs. Yourself?

GRANDFATHER

Happy. My people are happy. We no longer fight the white man, just battle for his money. Back home he hands it over by the bucketful. On this rich island there's never enough.

Johnny follows Grandfather through the food pantry into--

GRANDFATHER'S BEDROOM

A candlelit shaman's domain. Animal skins grace the walls. A bed of pine boughs in one corner. A low pile of stones supporting a rock-carved turtle dominates the room.

Smoke rises from a tiny stick fire burning in the round hollow scooped from its shell. They sit cross-legged on the floor facing each other, the altar between them.

GRANDFATHER

You come for a reason.

JOHNNY

You already know.

GRANDFATHER

I know you better than my own son.
Our blood runs together as one.

JOHNNY

Something's up, Grandpa. I'm having
dreams. More since the earthquake.

GRANDFATHER

The island we call home was sacred
to the Lenapes. They worshipped this
place. It was called Man Ha Tan.

JOHNNY

Man Ha Tan? You mean Manhattan.

GRANDFATHER

Manhattan. Mannahatta. Land of many
hills. Man Ha Tan. Older. Place of
stolen spirit.

JOHNNY

Who was here before the Lenape?

GRANDFATHER

Many tribes. Mayan. Hopewellian.
Cahokian. Kiowa. To worship. To
bury the temple that takes. Great
Spirit's hand pushed here, and still
does. Great Spirit's voice spoke here,
though it's a whisper now. This is
the place where the first land parted.

JOHNNY

You just lost me, Grandpa.

GRANDFATHER

I know. I give your brain indigestion.
We will visit in our other bodies.

Grandfather lights a longpipe. Draws on it. Passes the
pipe to Johnny to puff. They shut their eyes.

GRANDFATHER

(a drawn-out chant)

Wauentheet Monnitoow...

The altar fire grows brighter, stronger.

GRANDFATHER
Wauntheet Monnitoow...

A supernatural current of air tugs at the thin trail of rising smoke. The walls of the room begin to dissolve.

EXT. PRECAMBRIAN LANDSCAPE - NIGHT

In a dream vision Johnny and Grandfather stand on the summit of a towering mesa of dark rock jutting thousands of feet into a starry moonless sky. A howling wind buffets them.

The gigantic natural monolith emerges from a tilted slope of bedrock leading up to a soaring mountain range. Furious ocean waves surge against the tower's base. Distant volcanoes on the horizon sputter plumes of glowing ash.

Johnny desperately grapples a stone outcrop, overwhelmed by a frightening vista billions of years old. Grandfather looks at him calmly and speaks telepathically.

GRANDFATHER (V.O.)
 Earth's heart beats strongest here.
 See the first land begin its journey.

Johnny stares fearfully across the water...

...A new continent thrusts out of the sea, belching hot magma.

A deep rumble overhead. Johnny looks up.

Ominous thunderheads blot the stars. A huge lightning bolt strikes the mesatop close to them and lingers there. An enormous humming current flows from cloud to monolith...

BACK IN GRANDFATHER'S BEDROOM

Grandfather's gnarled hand places a clay bowl over the fire.

Johnny stares into space, dazed by the powerful vision.

Grandfather tosses a sleeping bag over to him. Johnny catches it. Grandfather settles into his bed of pine boughs.

GRANDFATHER
 Good sleeping medicine, these visions.
 Stay here tonight. Walk in peace.

JOHNNY
 Walk with peace, Grandpa.

Johnny reclines on his bag. But he's too restless to sleep.

FOOD PANTRY

Johnny snatches an apple and takes a bite. He heads for the window and gazes through it. Something attracts his eye...

An elk fleeing down the street past the storefront.

THE STREET

Johnny rushes outside. As he watches the retreating elk, an arrow whizzes past his head. He ducks. Turns to see...

...an OLD LENAPE WARRIOR lowering his bow. A full moon rises between the tree trunks of the primeval forest behind him. There is no trace of street. The warrior gazes at Johnny.

Warrior and forest vanish. The street returns. Johnny double-takes. Turns toward a hissing sound.

He walks over to a parked car. The arrow protrudes from a curbside tire. Johnny kneels as the tire goes flat. He yanks the arrow out and examines it. Looks up in wonder.

INT./EXT. MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY - DAY

A large banner hangs above the entrance:

THE VINCENT T. MALVESE
HALL OF ANCIENT AMERICA
Clive Rupertson, Curator
Vincent T. Malvese, Benefactor

MUSEUM LOBBY

CLIVE RUPERTSON, elderly and distinguished, nervously sips coffee from a mug bearing the museum logo. He stands next to a window anxiously checking the street.

We see a black limousine pull up to the curb. Rupertson places the mug on a statue's base and tidies his three piece suit. LINGER ON the mug with its museum logo.

AT CURBSIDE

Two tough, husky BODYGUARDS exit the front of the limo. They glance around. One of them opens a rear curbside door. Malvese climbs out, decked in a fancy suit. He gazes up at the banner very pleased.

GRAND GALLERY

Rupertson leads Malvese and his bodyguards past an elaborate catering spread built around a scale model of the new wing.

MALVESE

Don't tell me couldn't, Clive.
You know I detest that word.

RUPERTSON

Mr. Malvese. Perhaps over a drink
I can explain our predicament.

MALVESE

Sure. You're good at that sort
of thing.

They pass a large diorama depicting three Ice Age dire wolves
stalking a frightened mammoth below a towering glacier.

Rupertson leads Malvese into his office. The bodyguards take
positions on each side of the door.

RUPERTSON'S OFFICE

Rupertson pours Malvese a brandy, then one for himself.
Malvese gulps his drink down. Rupertson slowly sips his own.

MALVESE

I'm listening.

RUPERTSON

We cannot prepare an exhibit without
the slightest hint of your inventory,
unique as you claim it to be!

MALVESE

I'm starting to repeat myself, Clive.
Enough artifacts to fill a room the
size of this office--once I overcome
the difficulty of obtaining them.

RUPERTSON

My staff needs photographs! And
written descriptions! We don't plan
exhibitions on promises and air!

Malvese comes up close to Rupertson. He stands on the
curator's shoe and puts his face close to the shorter man.

MALVESE

Aren't we getting just a wee bit
out of line, my friend?

RUPERTSON

When were you ever my friend?

MALVESE

(steps back)

Clive! Now you've hurt my feelings.
Tell me, what's taking place here
in this museum today?

RUPERTSON

(resigned)

Something impossible without you.

MALVESE

Now that's the Clive Rupertson I'm
used to hearing. Not the museum
curator who shocks the city with
his tragic demise...

RUPERTSON

Spare me the dramatics. Just tell
me what you want.

MALVESE

I think you already know!

RUPERTSON

You are an extremely kind and
generous benefactor to this museum,
a friend of the arts...

MALVESE

And?

RUPERTSON

And humanity itself.

MALVESE

And humanity itself. Sounds good
on the ear, I must admit. I'm
still waiting for the rest.

Rupertson is silent. Malvese glowers. Takes a threatening
step toward Rupertson.

RUPERTSON

All right! I'll have my people lay
out the space first thing Monday.

MALVESE

I've always admired your cooperative
nature, Clive. Though lately it's
been hard to find.

RUPERTSON

What choice have I?

MALVESE

You do have a choice. Rather, that disagreeable stranger has a choice. He could go on curating. Or end up an exhibit himself!

Malvese guffaws. Rupertson quickly pours two more brandies.

RUPERTSON

Another drink, Mr. Malvese?

MALVESE

Of course! Let's toast.

RUPERTSON

Name the toast.

MALVESE

Clive, you surprise me. To Ancient America, of course!

RUPERTSON

To Ancient America.

Their glasses clink together.

MUSEUM GRAND GALLERY - LATER

Dozens of GUESTS mingle and talk. Some admire the miniature model of the new wing, an imposing wedge of megalithic stone blocks with a tiny white helicopter perched on its roof.

Cocha and Alan Gatling mingle with distinguished company. She's totally ravishing in an eye-filling black dress.

COCHA

Looks like a lot of important people showed up today.

ALAN

It's an important exhibit. And I thought it deserved representation from a Native American. Looks like you're the only one. Ironic, don't you think?

COCHA

Thanks for inviting me, Professor.

Cocha fusses with her shoulder straps.

ALAN

Does the dress not fit?

COCHA

That's not it. I just don't feel right wearing it.

ALAN

Cocha, Liz would be honored if she knew someone was showing off her favorite evening wear.

COCHA

You're sweet. But just to let you know. I'm out of this thing the minute the reception is over.

ALAN

That'll turn a few heads.

Cocha laughs. Alan's gaze lingers on that enchanting smile. She doesn't notice her professor's secret admiration.

Malvese, bodyguards not far away, chats with the MAYOR. His eyes wander over to--

--Cocha in her black dress as Alan introduces her to a PROFESSOR and his WIFE.

MUSEUM LOBBY

Deserted. We track up to Rupertson's mug on the statue's base. It quivers slightly...then violently as a deep rumble vibrates the pedestal...teeters off the edge...shatters against the tile floor.

INT. NATIVE AMERICAN FOOD PANTRY - CONTINUOUS

TEDDY FAR WALKING, 60s, street-savvy Lenape, pours milk into a bowl of cereal at the checkout. A New York Post next to it. The bowl quivers. Teddy bends to study it, fascinated.

EXT. SOUTH STREET SEAPORT - CONTINUOUS

ASIAN TOURISTS pose for a photo in front of a boat. The boat surges upward. A large swell drenches them.

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Thick suspension cables vibrate with a resonating hum. We follow the cables quickly up to a BRIDGEWORKER painting the top of a tower. His bucket clatters toward the edge. He lunges for it. Misses. He watches helplessly as it falls.

The bucket smacks a guard rail, splattering paint across the windshield of a moving car. The car swerves and crashes.

INT. STONE CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

A deep rumble vibrates the stone slab in the block-walled room from Johnny's dream, now covered with ages of dust. The gemstones beneath the dust begin flashing in the same sequence as the dream.

INT. ANCIENT AMERICA WING - LATER

Cocha, Alan and GUESTS stand on a circular balcony overlooking a floor display of miniature Mesoamerican temples.

Alan notices someone across the balcony--

--Malvese, leaning on the rail, gazing down with smug pride at his creation.

Alan points the tycoon out to Cocha.

ALAN

There's the man who made this all possible. He's well-known as an admirer of your culture. Care to meet him?

COCHA

Sure. Why not?

Alan and Cocha approach Malvese. Alan offers his hand.

ALAN

May I allow myself, sir? Professor Alan Gatling, Columbia University. My graduate assistant, Cocha Pa-Tash.

Malvese limply shakes Alan's hand and releases it.

MALVESE

Vincent Malvese. I made this place.

Malvese takes Cocha's hand in both of his like he owns it.

MALVESE

Pa-Tash. An interesting name.

COCHA

It means 'river split by a wedge' in my native tongue. I gave it to myself.

MALVESE

Really. I didn't know you people were allowed to do that.

Cocha takes her hand back. A very awkward silence.

ALAN

Uh--I want to tell you what an achievement you've accomplished here, sir. And Cocha and I have every reason to be as proud as you are.

MALVESE

How so?

ALAN

Our very important research at Columbia.

MALVESE

And what are you researching?

ALAN

The fascinating and dramatic breakup of the supercontinent of Pangaea, right under our feet--

MALVESE

Where's Pangaea?

ALAN

It doesn't exist anymore, Mr. Malvese. However our research program may soon be sharing the same fate. Perhaps you'd consider...

Cocha throws Alan a killer look. She turns to Malvese.

COCHA

Would you excuse us please?

Cocha leads Alan off to the side. She is livid.

COCHA

You put me in this dress for a donation? Tell me it's not true, Professor!

ALAN

Cocha--we're dealing with an extremely generous benefactor...

COCHA

You still don't get it! I don't care who he is or what you need! I feel like a slut! How could you?

Cocha starts peeling off her dress, exposing her black bra.

ALAN

Cocha, please! Hey! Don't do that! Okay, I haven't told you. The project is broke!

Still smoldering, she pulls the dress back on.

COCHA

You told me Columbia started funding your grant directly!

ALAN

That hasn't changed. But I needed additional instrumentation that turned out to be really, really expensive. I've been working with a physicist. We've discovered an unusual energy anomaly...

COCHA

Why didn't you tell me? I would have gladly helped you!

ALAN

I--I wanted to impress you. When I was done. When I was ready to present my findings.

COCHA

Impress me? Why? I think the world of you and your research!

ALAN

(sighs)

It goes--it goes beyond my research.

Alan looks downcast. Cocha gets it. She takes his hands.

COCHA

You still miss her, don't you?

Alan stares forlornly at the floor. Cocha whispers in his ear while eyeing Malvese.

COCHA

There's an ugly, ignorant rich dude over there who wants to take me back to his mansion and do questionable things with my Native American body and spirit. Will you protect me?

ALAN

That would be...actually yes, I--

EARTHQUAKE! Cocha cries out and grabs Alan.

Guests scream and flee for the lobby as displays topple.

Malvese stands in shock watching his creation collapse into ruin. His bodyguards have to forcibly escort him out. He leaves distraught.

Alan searches frantically. He sees--

--a flickering exit sign.

EXT. REAR COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

Alan and Cocha burst out of the exit. The ground lurches violently. They struggle for balance.

A stone block grinds loose from the wall above them.

Alan hears that. He looks up...

The stone block breaks off and plummets.

ALAN

Look out!

Alan yanks Cocha clear. The block smashes into the concrete patio, just missing them. A stone shard strikes Cocha's head. She screams and falls. Alan picks her up. She holds a palm to her bleeding scalp.

EXT. COLUMBUS AVENUE - CONTINUOUS

Brick and glass cover the sidewalks. TENANTS flee out of damaged buildings. A traffic jam builds.

Alan steps off the curb, hails down a cab. He and Cocha clamber in.

INSIDE THE CAB - MOVING

Alan pulls out a handkerchief. Presses it to Cocha's head. Turns to the CABBIE.

ALAN

Columbia University! Fast as you can!

CABBIE

Don't think so, mister!

ALAN

What are you talking about?

The cabbie gestures out the windshield with a head toss. A collapsed brownstone covers half the road. Several more are strewn across Columbus Avenue further uptown.

ALAN

Holy crap. Intensity Six! No--
Seven! Intensity Seven!

CABBIE

(nods agreement)
Intensity Seven, man!

The cab crawls past the wreckage. Alan whips out his smartphone. CLOSE ON the screen. An app splash box appears:

EPILOCATOR 4.0
Developed by Lamont-Doherty
Earth Observatory
Columbia University

A GPS map of North America zooms down to Manhattan. Blinking crosshairs indicate the quake epicenter at Madison Avenue and 37th Street. A pop-up box displays "MAGNITUDE: 5.9".

ALAN (O.S.)

The epicenter's at Murray Hill!

COCHA

East River Fault!

ALAN

A five point nine is unprecedented
for New Y--

The cab rolls violently over a pile of fallen bricks.

CABBIE

Sorry folks. Only thirty blocks
more of this--

The cabbie slams on the brakes, tumbling Alan and Cocha forward. All three gawk out the windshield at...

...an intersection intermeshed with primeval forest.

At the edge of this forest a COP aiming his gun stands off with a YOUNG LENAPE WARRIOR, bowstring taut, aiming an arrow back at the cop. An elk lies dead at the Lenape's feet, its chest pierced by another of the youth's arrows.

Cocha leaps out, eyes riveted on the confrontation. She flings off her high heels and runs up to the cop.

COP
(to Lenape)
Put it down! Put the bow down!

COCHA
He doesn't understand you.

COP
You know this guy?

COCHA
No. He's not from here. Let me talk to him.

COP
Listen lady. I want you to stay back. Lady!

Cocha ignores the cop. She steps between gun and bow. Walks steadily toward the Lenape youth. He fixes his arrow on her.

COCHA
Lenape? Lenape?

The Lenape stares at Cocha puzzled. She makes a peaceful gesture. Comes up to him. Gently grasps the arrowhead. The Lenape stares at her hand, then her face. She smiles.

Bystanders watch Cocha and the Lenape. Alan joins them.

Cocha gently lowers the arrow and bow. She turns to the cop.

The cop shakes his head and holsters his gun.

EXT. THE FOREST - IN THE LENAPE'S TIME

Columbus Avenue dissolves away. Cocha and the Lenape stand alone in a pristine forest. All traces of the city are gone.

Cocha takes the youth's knife. Kneels. Slices the elk's throat. Its blood drains onto the forest floor.

She stands. Returns the knife. The Lenape inspects the gory blade. He nods in approval.

EXT. COLUMBUS AVENUE - PRESENT

As Alan walks up to Cocha, Columbus Avenue seeps back. She watches the Lenape drag the elk deeper into the woods.

ALAN

What did I just see?

Cocha, eyes filled with awe, turns to Alan with a knowing look.

COCHA

A cosmic flower blooming.

EXT. MURRAY HILL - DAY - LATER

Madison Avenue, blocked off by flashing police cars. Damaged buildings. Parked cars crushed by rubble.

A tough old FIRE CHIEF, FIREMEN, two COPS and a UTILITY WORKER walk briskly uptown toward 37th Street.

FIRE CHIEF

How deep is this goddamn sinkhole?

UTILITY WORKER

Over thirty feet. An old steam line cracked a weld and ate a few truckfuls of ground before we shut it down. Normally this is our problem.

FIRE CHIEF

Which I'm about to hand right back to you if you can't provide us with emergency status. What the hell is so critical about a steam leak you've already contained?

UTILITY WORKER

There's a collapsed wall down there. And there's something under it.

The group passes two fire trucks. More FIREMEN battle a fire with streaming water hoses. A TV NEWS CREW covers the action.

A REPORTER preparing to speak to the camera notices the group walking past them.

The reporter comes running up, CREW in tow. The fire chief sees them. He turns to the cops.

FIRE CHIEF

Get them out of here.

The cops block the news crew and force them back.

REPORTER

Hey! You can't do this! We're Channel Seven Eyewitness News!

FIRE CHIEF

So you found an old wall. This city's goddamn full of old walls! Do you realize how many fires and gas leaks we're dealing with in Murray Hill alone?

UTILITY WORKER

I think you better see this one for yourself.

The group comes up on 37th Street, cordoned off with police tape. The blacktop ends in a jagged cliff overlooking a deep chasm. Partway down, residual steam billows gently out of a rupture in a large rusted steam pipe, obscuring the view.

FIRE CHIEF

I can't see anything!

UTILITY WORKER

(pointing)

There! Between the blocks!

Near the pit's bottom the steam dissipates. Centered in a collapsed circle of megalithic granite blocks, *the ancient pyramid juts out of the mud, its dark surface covered with a latticework of triangles framing sculpted masks.*

We rise above the intersection...until the pyramid becomes a tiny crossed square centered in a broken circle, like an arcane symbol lost to time...

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GRANDFATHER'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

We descend toward the symbol, centered on Johnny's forehead as he sleeps on his back. Johnny's eyes snap open.

The symbol fades away. He sits up. Sees things strewn about. The clatter of cans startles him.

FOOD PANTRY

Teddy grabs cans rolling off shelves. Johnny rushes to help.

TEDDY

Thanks, Mister Johnny. This ain't so bad. The radio said midtown got walloped.

JOHNNY

You see my grandfather?

TEDDY
Gettin' breakfast.

Grandfather emerges from the cellar grasping a wriggling trout. He tosses the fish to Teddy, who catches it.

TEDDY
Where in hell you get this?

GRANDFATHER
Close by. It's fresh, Teddy.

TEDDY
If you say so.

Teddy heads for the kitchenette.

JOHNNY
Where did you catch that fish?

GRANDFATHER
From a stream.

JOHNNY
Here in Chinatown?

GRANDFATHER
In the cellar.

JOHNNY
You raise trout in the cellar?

GRANDFATHER
The trout came from there, yes.

JOHNNY
What's going on? Last night I saw--

GRANDFATHER
A Lenape warrior?

Sirens in the distance. Johnny stares at Grandfather.

GRANDFATHER
Come.

Johnny follows Grandfather down the cellar steps. The shaman holds up a kerosene lamp in front of him. He leads Johnny toward the opening in the stone wall.

GRANDFATHER
Listen.

Johnny approaches the hole mystified. Gurgling water. Chirping birds. Grandfather turns down the lamp.

Beyond the opening, a stream winds through a thick forest. Sunlight from another time dazzles the water. A trout leaps from the current.

Johnny turns to Grandfather astonished.

GRANDFATHER

There used to be a sewer behind this wall.

JOHNNY

What turned it this way? Your magic?

GRANDFATHER

I wish mine was so powerful. Hundreds of streams once flowed across this island. All paved over now. But the springs that feed them are unstoppable.

JOHNNY

How long has this been here?

GRANDFATHER

Not very. Just yesterday I felt brave enough to explore it for the first time.

JOHNNY

And catch a fish barehanded, like you used to back on the rez?

GRANDFATHER

(smiles)

Old skills die hard.

JOHNNY

But what is it, if not your magic?

GRANDFATHER

Time seeping like water through the rocks.

Grandfather holds up the flickering lamp.

GRANDFATHER

Look at the flame, Johnny. It burns bright in one place, like the soulfire in every one of us. We only seem to walk. In the beginning Great Spirit laid out the path in the forest. Now he's rolling it back up!

Johnny ponders these mystical words...

TEDDY (O.S.)
Come'n get your pan-fried trout!

...and flashes a smile of relief.

INT./EXT. MALVESE LIMO - DAY

The limo weaves rudely downtown through a nightmare traffic jam clogging Second Avenue, cutting off honking vehicles. A barricade ahead. Cops divert all traffic to a side street.

The bodyguards ride up front. Malvese leans forward from the back. He sees the barricade through the windshield.

MALVESE
What the hell is all this?

A COP recognizes the limo, drags the barricade aside and waves it through. Just past the barricade, a high sandbag wall topped with curlybarb seals off Second Avenue. SOLDIERS armed with rifles guard a steel gate built into it.

The limo pulls up and is stopped by one of the soldiers. A back window lowers. Malvese glares up at him.

MALVESE
You'd better know who I am.

The soldier pulls out a photo of Malvese. Studies it. Signals for the other soldiers to open the gate.

The limo rolls into a military compound busy with SOLDIERS and MILITARY PERSONNEL setting up communications tents, prefab shacks and a radar dish. Just past the abandoned subway entrance, a second wall of sandbags blocks the street.

The limo passes Barrow's SUV and quickly pulls to the curb. Malvese gets out and storms up to a doorway pissed as hell.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING

At a closet marked "HIGH VOLTAGE" Malvese thumbs a keypad. A lock buzzes open. He enters a vestibule. Boards a freight elevator and presses the lower button. The doors slide shut.

INT. DEEP BELOW SECOND AVENUE

Barrow stands in a huge, brightly-lit artificial cave reinforced with a massive steel framework. Clusters of foundation beams supporting the buildings of Murray Hill protrude through a curved roof of megalithic stone blocks.

A small log cabin stands in one corner of the cave near Barrow. Its panoramic window overlooks the expansive concrete floor. A thick bundle of cables runs out of it. A red beacon flashes on the cabin's roof.

Barrow turns. He watches Malvese approach as the elevator doors close.

MALVESE

What the goddamn hell is going on?

BARROW

You know what tremors do here.
We're in crisis mode.

MALVESE

Damn your crisis mode. You've been wanting this a long time. Anybody touch anything?

BARROW

Like who, Mr. Malvese? Schragger's unreachable, and I'm keeping my agents topside for now. You worry too much.

MALVESE

Those university people use bicycles.

Malvese storms past Barrow. He heads for...

THE AWESOME SIGHT OF AN IMMENSE STONE PYRAMID TOWERING HUNDREDS OF FEET ABOVE THE CAVE FLOOR. The curved stone block ceiling runs nearly to the top of it, cutting off the apex. A wide central stairway runs partway up the pyramid to an entrance portal. Just below this portal, a collapsed pile of small granite blocks that once sealed it off.

Malvese starts to climb the stairway.

BARROW (O.S.)

Wouldn't get too close if I were you.

Malvese ignores Barrow, huffing more with every step. Barrow looks at his retro watch: 1:24

Barrow frowns. Taps the watchface.

Far above the cave floor huffing Malvese reaches the portal. He squints and stares inside. Pivots back toward Barrow.

MALVESE

I need a flashlight!

BARROW (O.S.)
Didn't bring one!

The elevator opens. Physicist TIMOTHY SCHRAGER, 40s, emerges wheeling a mountain bike. Eccentric, preoccupied, overgrown beard. He side-mounts the bike. Rolls up to Barrow.

SCHRAGER
I rushed over as soon as I could.
Traffic's hell on earth. That's
some lockdown!

BARROW
Are we stable?

SCHRAGER
I just got here, Howard.
(sees Malvese)
Is that Malvese? What the hell is
he doing?

BARROW
The portal's open.

SCHRAGER
Son of a bitch. Get him down!

BARROW
Not my jurisdiction.

SCHRAGER
Then we're all dead men. Keep him
out of there. One way or another!

BARROW
I'll make the attempt. What time
have you got?

Schrager heads for the cabin door. He checks his watch.

SCHRAGER
Little after five. Now let me be!

Schrager hastily parks his bike and rushes inside the cabin.

Barrow twirls his watch knob. He glances up at the pyramid.

Schrager sits down at a workbench full of electronic gear. He studies a monitor displaying a complex waveform and numerical data. The pyramid is visible beyond the window.

Barrow enters the cabin. Plucks a flashlight off a rack of several and tests it.

SCHRAGER

The modulation's way too unstable.
My instruments are pegged. Homeland
needs to send a team. Like right now.

Schrager peers out the window. Sees Malvese at the portal.

SCHRAGER

If you don't drag that idiot
back down here I'll do it myself.
I don't care who he is!

Malvese peers inside the portal. Barrow comes up behind him.

BARROW

Your lucky day. I found a
flashlight.

A red glow emanates from the shadows. Barrow points the
flashlight beam through the portal. Malvese stares inside.

The beam reveals a five foot tall mica sculpture of a flat,
slender-fingered hand jutting from the floor. An eye is
carved into the palm. Set into the pupil of the eye,
a large red gem.

Malvese clenches his fists over and over.

MALVESE

Hopewellian. Oh God. Hopewellian.

INT. LOWER MANHATTAN DINER - DAY

The New York Post and the Daily News on a rack with the
headlines: "QUAKER VILLAGE" and "WHOLE LOTTA SHAKIN' GOIN' ON".

PATRONS eat breakfast. Johnny sits at a window table
finishing up a coffee, his breakfast eaten. Across the
street a bank's digital clock changes from 9:13 to 9:14.

A text chimes Johnny's phone. He reads it. Cocha.

headed for a field trip
central park summit rock,
join me?

Johnny smiles. He texts back as he leaves the diner.
Heads toward a subway entrance, leaving us with the bank
clock...

...the digital numbers change from 9:14 back to 9:13.

INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

Johnny waits on the platform. A train pulls in. Not Johnny's. Several PEOPLE board and it pulls away.

A train from the 1930s pulls in and stops. It's brand new. The car doors slide open. Everyone on the platform stares. Nobody dares to board.

1930s PASSENGERS inside the train stare out at the modern-day commuters with confused or frightened expressions.

People on the platform back away one by one, leaving Johnny by himself. He glances back at them. Steps aboard. The doors close. The train pulls away.

Johnny grabs a strap. The train speeds up. He looks around. Passengers give Johnny strange looks. A YOUNG MOTHER gathers her two little GIRLS close to her.

Johnny is unaffected. His eyes wander to a passenger's open newspaper. He bends to study it.

The New York Daily Mirror, 1933. Articles on one page. A full page movie ad for KING KONG on the other.

The BEEFY MAN holding the newspaper lowers it quickly. He snatches an unlit cigar from his mouth and scowls at Johnny.

BEEFY MAN

What's your problem, buddy?

EXT. SUMMIT ROCK, CENTRAL PARK - LATER

Professor Gatling and Cocha lead COLLEGE STUDENTS up Summit Rock. Cocha checks her phone. Her eyes search for Johnny.

ALAN

Summit Rock is the highest elevation in Central Park. This outcrop of Manhattan's durable schist started out as soft mud on a Paleozoic seafloor. That's quite a transition!

Johnny climbs nimbly up the rock. Cocha gives him a warm hug.

ALAN

400 million years ago a major geological event forced offshore volcanoes under New York. Then this entire area was sunk deep into the earth and heated to 1400 degrees for about 35 minutes.

Alan waits for the laughter to subside. He stomps his shoe repeatedly against Summit Rock.

ALAN

This is why Manhattan can support so many tall buildings. But New York structures are not unshakable, as we have just observed. Dense rock has excellent properties of transference...

SUMMIT ROCK - AERIAL SHOT

Alan leads the class off Summit Rock. A seagull glides lazily into view. Peaceful...

A hawk-sized dragonfly grapples the gull. It flits away devouring it. Bloody white feathers drift slowly to earth.

EXT. WATERFALL GROTTO - LATER

Johnny follows Cocha past a waterfall. Cocha rests her cheek against a tree. She looks back at Johnny, promise in her eyes. Before he catches up to her she drifts away.

He finds Cocha sitting on a low flagstone wall, eyes closed. He sits beside her. They passionately kiss. Pull off their jackets. Kiss again and embrace. Slide off the far side of the wall.

The waterfall flows sensually around a fallen tree limb.

THE GROTTO - LATER

Johnny and Cocha sleep on the forest floor behind the wall. A rifle shot awakens Johnny. He rouses Cocha.

She smiles, hungry for more of him. He shakes his head. Hushes her with a finger to his lips. A second shot.

Johnny leads Cocha to a flat boulder next to a field. They peer over it.

Two PARK RANGERS stand in the field. Ranger #1 lowers a rifle. They watch something in the distance...

A very large wolf, loping across the field. Its legs falter.

Johnny bolts toward the rangers.

JOHNNY

Hey!

The rangers wheel around. Ranger #2 goes for his handgun.

JOHNNY

Why did you have to shoot it?

RANGER #1

Relax, fella. We tranquilized it.

Cocha joins Johnny. They follow the rangers to the wolf dragging itself on its belly. It rolls on its side as the drug takes hold. This is no ordinary wolf. It stretches over seven feet, with formidable jaws set in a massive head.

A Central Park Zoo ambulance pulls up. Zoo caretakers KAREN, 20s, KEVIN, 20s, and HENRY, 30s, a big African-American dude, quickly emerge carrying medical gear.

The wolf lies helpless on the grass, panting and frothing foam. The caretakers approach it cautiously. The wolf bares its fangs. A deep growl escapes its throat.

HENRY

This sucker's huge!

(to rangers)

That dart's meant for a dog, ain't it? Kevin, send this bad boy to dreamland!

Kevin quickly readies a syringe.

KAREN

Kevin? Please hurry.

Kevin kneels. He quickly injects the wolf's rump. Its eyes close and its tongue lolls. Kevin turns to the rest.

KEVIN

What kind of wolf is this, anyway?

JOHNNY

A dire.

KEVIN

A dire? Aren't they extinct?

HENRY

Muzzle them jaws, Kevin, or we're gonna be extinct!

Kevin straps a muzzle onto the wolf's snout. Lashes up its forelegs with rope.

Karen removes the dart. Dabs the wound with disinfectant. She reaches into her satchel for a tape rule. Measures the animal. Looks up at Kevin and Henry with shock.

HENRY

89 inches! Werewolf on steroids,
man!

Johnny and Cocha watch the caretakers struggle to lift the
wolf into the ambulance.

JOHNNY

That wolf hunted mammoths twenty
thousand years ago below the
glacier that once stood here.

Johnny kneels. Scoops up a handful of gravel. He shows it
to Cocha. She purses her lips and nods, recognizing it.

JOHNNY

Glacial till, right on top of the
grass. More than a wolf's coming
out of the past. Something is
transforming the city. Let's get
you someplace safe.

Cocha takes Johnny's hand. She steps up close to him and
plants a lingering kiss on his mouth.

COCHA

I already am.

They head out of the park. Now we can see their breaths.
Johnny puts an arm around Cocha to warm her. Anxious PEOPLE
hurry out of the park.

Johnny and Cocha pass a group of 19th Century squatter shacks.
A 19th Century SQUATTER carrying firewood stops to eye them.
His WIFE stands in a shack doorway gathering her shawl against
the chill. They stare suspiciously at Johnny and Cocha.

EXT. MIDTOWN MANHATTAN - DAY

The sun rises between the Chrysler and Empire State Buildings.

EXT. SECOND AVENUE - DAY

The boarded-up subway entrance with its decrepit sign...

A quick descent into the bedrock depths below Second Avenue...

...ending up in front of a blank concrete wall...

*Suddenly smashed by the earthborer's churning blades coming
through the other side!*

The massive hissing blades slow and stop...

Morgan, Johnny, Tommy and Freddy appear between the blades. They climb through and stare amazed at...

The abandoned subway station--overgrown with a Cretaceous jungle. Sunlight streams down from an unseen sky onto a double row of pristine track bordered by twin platforms.

TOMMY

That's where deferred maintenance gets ya--

A mosquito the size of a man's hand attacks Freddy. He swats it off with a cry. It lays twitching on the roadbed.

Tommy stomps it flat. Blood oozes from under his work boot.

JOHNNY

What did it just feed on?

They look up at the jungle together, creeped out.

MORGAN

If any of you guys wanna clock out now, I will surely understand.

FREDDY

Sandhogs stick together--right?

The crew follows the track uptown through jungle foliage. Cat-sized lizards scatter. They come up on a station platform shrouded by mist. A waterfall spills down a tiled wall, blurring the words: "34th STREET".

Next to the cascade, gates and turnstiles. Twin escalators. A large silk funnel trails along the escalators down to a giant spider web draping the platform. Silk-wrapped husks of large prehistoric bugs cling to it.

MORGAN

I am no longer liking this.

JOHNNY

Don't talk!

A wheelbarrow-sized spider scurries out of the funnel to the web's edge. It confronts Morgan, front legs raised, fangs extended. Morgan stands petrified. Tommy and Freddy haul him away.

MORGAN

I hate spiders!

The sandhogs push their way uptown through the undergrowth.

Freddy nearly steps on the gutted carcass of a troodon. He yelps and jumps back.

TOMMY

Something just killed that.

The sound of snapping trees make them all look up at once.

An aucasaur charges straight for them, claws crunching track gravel. Eighteen feet long, massive head low to the ground.

Its bloodied jaws yawn, revealing the top half of another troodon it has just bitten in two. It wolfs down its prize, never missing stride as it stomps closer.

Morgan, Johnny and Tommy turn and run, leaving Freddy paralyzed with fear.

The aucasaur lurches to a halt in front of him. It curiously snorts Freddy, chest heaving. Shaking Freddy shuts his eyes, waiting for death.

FREDDY

(murmurs)

Hail Mary full of grace Hail Mary
full of grace Hail Mary full of
grace--

The aucasaur snaps its dripping jaws open wide with a snarl...

TOMMY (O.S.)

Back off, you effin' bastard!

Tommy stands defiantly on the track, fists clenched. The aucasaur snaps its head up with an angry grunt. Freddy barely avoids its massive hulk as it charges Tommy.

The aucasaur reaches Tommy. He delivers a walloping haymaker to its snout, snapping its head back.

The dinosaur tosses its head. It roars in fury. Tommy takes on a boxing stance as the bloody-nosed beast attacks again.

TOMMY

Fight me--asshole.

Tommy dodges the dinosaur's lunge. Lands an uppercut under the dinosaur's jaw, snapping its head up.

The aucasaur roars in fury. Lunges at Tommy and misses. More connected punches drawing blood. The creature falters. Lunges again.

Johnny and Morgan coming running up behind Tommy.

TOMMY

I got this!

Tommy crouches low. He pummels the aucasaur's chest. Its snapping jaws lunge over and over, narrowly missing Tommy's weaving head. He turns to see...

Morgan, standing there grim-faced. The Irishman looks down--
--at the stick of lit dynamite he grips in one hand.

TOMMY (O.S.)

Give it!

Morgan tosses the dynamite--

--and Tommy snatches it. He pivots back to the aucasaur opening its jaws. Tommy shoves the dynamite inside the reptile's mouth, turns and runs.

The aucasaur shakes its head frantically, trying to rid itself of the dynamite. Smoke pours out of its nostrils.

The sandhogs leap flat on the ground. The dynamite explodes.

The sandhogs approach a rotting aucasaur carcass sprawled on the track, months dead, nearly a skeleton. Its skull is exploded. Rat-like mammals crawl inside the ribs, looking for morsels. They see the men, squeal and scurry away.

FREDDY

You knocked the crap out of that thing--

TOMMY

He was about to cut off my pastry supply. What would you have done?

FREDDY

Uh--likewise?

An ominous wind blows through the tunnel. The sandhogs look around spooked.

MORGAN

The trees!

The primitive conifers and ferns are gone. Tweeting birds flit between contemporary trees.

TOMMY

Maybe we aughta jump off this
Jurassic time machine.

JOHNNY

Cretaceous.

TOMMY

Freakin' whatever. Your call,
Morgan.

When Tommy turns to Morgan he's not there. They all look
further down the tunnel at--

--Morgan by the track's end, staring up at the wall of
megalithic granite blocks he and his crew discovered in 1973.
The others join him there.

MORGAN

Something's changed.

The rest look where Morgan is staring. Through the gap
where even more blocks have fallen out over the years.
An enormous, brightly-lit cavernous space is visible beyond
the opening.

They climb through the gap onto the smooth concrete floor of
the artificial cave. Walking further out, they see the
pyramid towering above them, brightly lit by overhead
floodlights.

The sandhogs stare at it awestruck.

MORGAN

What the bloody hell.

Morgan starts advancing toward the pyramid...

CLOSE ON Morgan's boot taking a step on the cement floor.
The floor turns to dirt, bathed in noontime sun.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - CONTINUOUS

The sandhogs stand confused next to a construction trailer.
The SITE FOREMAN emerges. He leans on a deck rail.

SITE FOREMAN

Better shake the rocks out of your
asses, fellas. Our luxurious dining
coach will be departing shortly!

The confused sandhogs look where he's indicating...

A food truck parked in the lot. Workers buy lunch there.

The sandhogs slowly acclimate. Morgan grins.

MORGAN

I'm buying. I am definitely buying.

They head for the truck. Tommy wraps an arm around Freddy's shoulders.

The site foreman shakes his head.

SITE FOREMAN

Tell me about it. It's a jungle
down there, right?

BACK IN THE CAVE

Dead quiet. We slowly move up on the cabin...

THE DEAFENING SOUND OF A REPEATING AIR HORN. The cabin's
roof beacon flashes repeatedly.

Inside the portal...the stone hand's eye gem suddenly glows
a fierce red.

EXT. WALL STREET - DAY

OFFICE WORKERS and TOURISTS stroll past the Stock Exchange.
Rough-hewn stockade logs twelve feet tall burst out of the
roadway one by one, forming a solid wall along the street.
They flee in panic. A DRIVER barely escapes his delivery
truck before the advancing wall impales it.

EXT. WALL STREET - 1664 - DAY

Cottages next to a rustic meadow. Cows graze near a pond.
Two amazed COLONIAL DUTCH GUARDS walk up to the same truck,
embedded halfway up their town stockade at a crazy angle.

EXT. MAIDEN LANE - 1664/THE PRESENT - DAY

A METER MAID writes out a ticket. She frowns. Looks down.
A current of water flows over her shoes, full of wriggling
minnows. Aquatic plants sprout from a stream bed. A trout
leaps from the surface.

She dutifully shoves the ticket under the car's wiper.
The water surges higher. Knocks her off her feet.

Two COLONIAL DUTCH GIRLS pull their washed linens from the
forest-lined stream in 1664. They look up in shock to see--

--tall buildings lining Maiden Lane, soaring high above the treeline. The girls swoon and faint.

We move along the street. One by one parked cars tilt and slide into the stream.

A police cruiser screeches to a stop at the water's edge. Its front tires sink fender deep into the muck. The COPS inside gape out of their open windows.

COP #1

Jesus!

A large weeping willow tree bursts the cruiser open like a tin can. The cops scramble out of their side windows.

Trees form inside parked cars. Burst out of the sidewalk. Explode windshields. Pierce trunks and hoods. Buckle delivery trucks. Car alarms shriek. PEOPLE flee in panic.

Limbs and branches sprout by the hundreds from building storefronts, shattering windows everywhere.

INT. NATIVE AMERICAN FOOD PANTRY - DAY

Teddy stocks food. Dozens of birch trees burst through the floor. Groceries topple off shelves.

Teddy dodges trees as birds flutter to the ceiling.

A squirrel scurries down a branch. Meets Teddy face to face. Flees with a chitter.

Trees force Teddy toward the front door. He lunges through and collides with Johnny and Cocha. Behind them a big tree fills the doorway with an explosion of wood and glass.

They flee into the street. Branches pry fire escapes loose. A stream flowing out of a parking garage engulfs their legs. All of them struggle to stay upright.

JOHNNY

Where's Grandpa?

TEDDY

Not my turn to watch him!

INT. MUSEUM OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN - CONTINUOUS

Grandfather sits serenely in the lobby. Trees stretch up to the oval skylight. He marvels at the wooden cane he cradles in his lap, transformed into a living, leaf-bearing branch.

EXT. EAST RIVER - CONTINUOUS

Passengers sightsee on a tour boat. A MOTHER snaps photos of the Manhattan skyline. Her LITTLE BOY stares at the water. She turns to him.

LITTLE BOY
(pointing)
Sea monster!

The mother looks where her son is pointing.

A huge ichthyosaur cruises alongside the tour boat, eyeing it.

PASSENGERS rush to the deck rail. Some aim cameras and phones at the creature. Boat and ichthyosaur pass under the Roosevelt Island tram.

RIDERS sit inside the tram. The tram suddenly rocks with a tremendous groan. Women scream. Something big claws the roof.

A pterosaur crawls across the top of the tram.

Riders back away in a screaming panic as the pterosaur leans over and eyes them through the window. A teenager takes a smartphone video of it biting the outside of the tram.

The frustrated beast flies off. It soars over streets choked with trees, trapped vehicles and the smoke of numerous fires. A wide swath of Cretaceous jungle blankets Central Park...

INT. MALVESE PENTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

...Malvese stares out of the panoramic window overlooking the same vista. He looks like hell. Several Native American artifacts lay shattered on the floor. He pours a double shot of brandy at the bar. Quaffs it. Pulls out his phone.

INT. ASTORIA GARDENS BOILER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Steam pipes and pumps...a hulking boiler...posters of military weapons, Revolutionary War battles...George Washington crossing the Delaware...an inverted American flag hanging from a beam. MSNBC breaking news blares from a TV.

BRIAN WILLIAMS (O.S.)
We've just gotten word that the mayor is about to address the unprecedented catastrophe crippling New York City. Manhattan has been declared a major disaster area. A full mandatory evacuation will soon be underway.

GEORGIE, 30s, not exactly the brightest bulb in the marquee, leans on a workbench captivated by the news report.

BRIAN WILLIAMS (ON TV)

Viewers are advised to stay tuned to their local stations for further instructions. All civilians are ordered to stay indoors while a scientific team analyzes the cause of the phenomena that has crippled New York. The city is in military lockdown as of right now.

On the TV a video of the pterosaur appears behind Brian.

EDDIE BOSTWICK, 50s, paramilitary survivalist boiler mechanic, performs Marine quality pushups on the floor. Dogtags hang from a neck chain. He wears Army boots, camo pants and a camo t-shirt. His second skin.

BRIAN WILLIAMS (O.S.)

And here is a video just uploaded to us of a creature thought to be extinct for millions of years. One of many invading New York streets.

Georgie swivels toward Bostwick.

GEORGIE

Boss! Get a load of this!

Bostwick pushes himself off the floor. He joins Georgie at the workbench. Pulls a matchstick from his T-shirt. Shoves it into his mouth and watches the newscast.

GEORGIE

Some kind of terror dactyl.

BRIAN WILLIAMS (ON TV)

For the full scoop on what's happened to Manhattan, stay with us, because there's a lot more to come!

Brian's image is replaced by a news helicopter view of Manhattan showing streets filled with dense forest. The onscreen headline declares "MANHATTAN TRANSFORMED".

Bostwick's cellphone rings. He steps away from the bench.

INTERCUT - BOSTWICK AND MALVESE:

BOSTWICK

Maintenance.

MALVESE

Mr. Bostwick--Vincent Malvese.
Take me shopping.

BOSTWICK

Say what? Mr. Malvese? Hold on
a minute--Georgie! Turn that
friggin' thing down!

The TV volume is lowered.

MALVESE

I dislike having to repeat myself,
Mr. Bostwick. Am I penetrating your
steampipe mentality? I said take me
shopping!

BOSTWICK

You mean it's on.

MALVESE

Yes, Mr. Bostwick. It's on. Now
listen carefully. I've provided you
with an escape route, courtesy of
the MTA. Expect a problem at the
front door.

BOSTWICK

What kind of problem?

MALVESE

My associate has installed an entire
army base over the entrance.

BOSTWICK

Crap, Mr. Malvese! There's only six
of us!

MALVESE

I exaggerated. I know you have the
resources to correct this situation.
Don't let me down.

Dial tone. Bostwick stares annoyed at his phone.

END INTERCUT.

Georgie is doing something greasy and mechanical on the
workbench. Bostwick passes him jangling a set of keys.

BOSTWICK

Look alive, Georgie! Showtime!

Georgie's head jolts up as Bostwick walks past him toward a storeroom. Bostwick shoves a key into a large padlock. He turns toward Georgie.

BOSTWICK

Don't you have some calls to make?

Georgie quickly wipes his hands with a rag and rushes over to a wall phone. He runs a greasy finger along a list of four names and numbers taped next to it, mumbling to himself. He picks up the phone and starts to dial.

Bostwick swings the storeroom door open, revealing racks of M-16 assault rifles, cases of grenades, camouflage uniforms on hooks. He tosses a large wooden crate out onto the floor. Paint-stenciled across the planks:

INFLATABLE RUBBER RAFT
NIGHT DECEPTION FINISH
CAPACITY 6

EXT. LOWER MANHATTAN - DAY - AERIAL SHOT

Apache helicopters patrol high above forest-choked streets.

EXT. LOWER BROADWAY, MANHATTAN - DAY

Newspaper bundles line the front of a deli. Teddy sits on one. Several PEOPLE flee the deli carrying armloads of food.

Cocha crouches at the curb between two cars, gazing at...

...a doe grazing in a meadow this part of Broadway has become. Next to it, a manhole set into the wildflowers oozes steam.

Cocha turns to Teddy and whispers to him.

COCHA

She's beautiful, Teddy!

Cocha pulls up some grass and approaches the doe.

The doe stops eating. Its ears flicker. The doe snaps its head up as a shadow looms over it.

Johnny leaves the deli with a cardboard tray of sandwiches and sodas. He looks up.

Cocha yelps as Johnny tackles her. The tram pterosaur sails over them. Its talons snatch at the doe, but she darts away.

The pterosaur lands and pivots. Notices Johnny and Cocha. Hops toward them hissing, wings extended, beak open wide.

Cocha grabs a branch with both hands. Blocks its beak. The pterosaur forces her backward to the ground. Its beak snaps the branch in half. The beast goes to tear her belly open.

Johnny leaps on its back. Locks his arm around its neck. The pterosaur screeches and struggles. Johnny throws punches at its gnashing beak.

It flings Johnny to the ground next to Cocha and moves in for the kill. They retreat backward on elbows and heels. Slam up against a car. Johnny tries a door handle--locked! Cocha screams.

A thick newspaper bundle sails over them. Smashes into the pterosaur's beak. It screeches and shakes its head.

Johnny and Cocha scurry back to the sidewalk as the pterosaur flies off. They stare in awe at Teddy as he slides off the car's roof.

TEDDY

Finally found a use for the New York Times.

The sound of beating blades makes all of them look up and see a helicopter hovering high above Broadway.

JOHNNY

If that's the military they're gonna cut us down for breaking curfew.

WITH THE HELI

Hovering, blades whipping air. The Museum of Natural History logo painted on its white door panel.

ON THE GROUND

COCHA

It's not military.

INT./EXT. MUSEUM HELI ABOVE WEST SIDE - LATER

The heli roars uptown. Alan pilots. Cocha sits next to him. Johnny behind her, Teddy behind Alan.

COCHA

Where did you learn to fly this?

ALAN

Air National Guard. You can thank the museum for their hospitality!

COCHA
They let you take their helicopter?

ALAN
Nobody around to ask!

Johnny leans forward, staring out the windscreen. In the distance hangs a white haze, obscuring the northern horizon like a huge curtain.

JOHNNY (O.S.)
What's that? Fog?

ALAN (O.S.)
You'd think. Hang on!

A woodland laced with streams and waterfalls covers the West Side. The heli arcs over to the Hudson and follows it north, where it flows sluggishly, choked with huge chunks of ice.

The George Washington Bridge is heaped with snow. Abandoned cars and trucks line both decks. Just north of that, a wall of fog over two thousand feet high.

TEDDY
If it ain't fog, then what the hell is it?

ALAN
My Pleistocene queen, Teddy.

TEDDY
Pleistocene what?

ALAN
Ice.

JOHNNY AND COCHA
Ice?

ALAN
Two thousand, four hundred feet of Nature's purest!

Cocha turns wide-eyed toward Alan.

COCHA
No!

ALAN
Class, let me introduce you to--
the mother of all glaciers!

The heli bursts through the fog. *A GIGANTIC GLACIER TOWERS ABOVE THE GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE!* The heli climbs higher and higher along the icy rampart's looming face.

TEDDY

You're shittin' me!

JOHNNY

That explains the cold uptown!

ALAN

It was cold everywhere twenty thousand years ago! Here's a little piece of the Ice Age to prove it! Want to see her crown?

The heli ascends above the glacier's crown. *THE TRANSITION IS DAZZLING, SPECTACULAR! A VAST SUNLIT ICE FIELD FILLS THE ENTIRE HUDSON RIVER VALLEY!*

EXT. ON THE GLACIER

The heli circles down onto the glacier. Its slanted, uneven surface runs fifty yards to a sheer drop.

The engine winds down. A cold wind laced with ice pellets buffets the heli.

The heli's runners sit on snow-powdered ice, sideways to the incline. The heli groans as it slides a few inches downhill.

We can see everyone's breaths as the cold works its way inside the cockpit. Alan unbuckles, so excited he can't contain himself. The others stare at him.

A crystalline pattern of ice crackles across the windscreen. Cocha stares at it alarmed. She turns quickly to Alan.

COCHA

I don't think this is such a good idea, Professor!

JOHNNY

Cocha's right. At least keep the engine running!

TEDDY

Damn straight! It's colder than Santa's outhouse up here!

Alan starts to climb out of the heli. He turns to them.

ALAN

We won't be long. Join me?

Out goes Alan. The others reluctantly exit the heli.

Snow powder makes the ice very slippery. Everyone struggles for balance.

TEDDY

Hell with *this* shit.

A snow squall blows in. Alan whirls and prances like a schoolboy. He stomps his shoe repeatedly against the ice.

ALAN

Solid! And not going away! Do you all realize what a find this is?

Johnny and Cocha huddle together, miserable from the cold. They stare blankly at Alan.

The glacier lurches forward with a violent shudder. Johnny and Cocha grab each other. Alan paces about like a madman. He gets knocked off his feet. He paws at the shuddering ice. Looks up, ecstatic.

ALAN

Her majesty advances! We ride on a piece of living history! A true multimedia experience!

The glacier stops short with a prolonged crunch. Johnny and Cocha go sprawling belly down across the ice, headed toward the edge. Johnny makes a desperate lunge for her.

Cocha slips out of his grasp screaming. Alan slides alongside her toward oblivion.

Johnny lunges again. Grabs Cocha by the seat of her jeans. With his other hand he reaches for his knife. Stabs the ice.

The point carves a jagged line. Digs in. That stops them.

Alan slides past Cocha. She lunges for his foot. Grabs it.

The knife blade tilts. Slowly slips out of its gouge...

They slide toward the edge in a daisychain. Johnny raises the knife. Drives the blade hard into the ice. It holds.

Alan lurches to a stop at the edge on his back. His head drops over.

WHAT ALAN SEES

A foggy, dizzying inverted view of Manhattan and the ice-choked Hudson.

COCHA (O.S.)

Johnny!

ON THE GLACIER

Terrified Alan lifts his head up to look at Cocha...she turns to stare at Johnny wide-eyed...he stares at her, straining to hold the blade in place as snow begins to coat them.

The glacier advances again. Cocha cries out. Johnny grits his teeth. Pushes the blade down. Alan yells in terror.

The glacier grinds to a shuddering halt. The knife holds...

But the heli starts skidding sideways toward them.

Johnny swings his head around. Sees the heli screeching toward him. Struggles valiantly to hold onto the knife. Stares terrified at the skidding heli...

It screeches to a stop a few yards away.

THE GLACIER'S FACE

An enormous chunk of ice splits off and tumbles down to the river. It smashes into the bridge. Girders rend. Cables snap. Vehicles are crushed. The impact echoes for miles.

ON THE GLACIER

JOHNNY

Cocha, listen to me. I'm going to get us back to the heli. If we work together we might have a chance in hell. Ready?

COCHA

Johnny don't move! Oh God don't move!

Johnny looks down. Ponders. Looks up at Cocha again.

JOHNNY

Aren't you even curious?

COCHA

About what!

JOHNNY

About what caused all this. The
reason you were drawn to New York.
The secret hiding under our feet!

ALAN (O.S.)

Ditto that!

Cocha digests this, panting like an animal. She calms.

COCHA

I love you Johnny.

JOHNNY

Much better. I'm gonna lift the
blade now--

COCHA

Wait!

Johnny hesitates. He stares back at Cocha.

COCHA

Do you love me?

Johnny carefully studies her, a beautiful Kiowan princess,
face caressed by falling snow. He lets out a sigh.

JOHNNY

Does a bear shit in the woods?

Cocha giggles once. Snow swirls...

The glacier starts up. Johnny stabs the knife down. The
glacier groans to a stop. Slowly he looks up and sees...

The heli skittering toward them, very close.

JOHNNY

Cocha NOW!

Johnny snatches the knife free. Lifts his arm high and
forward. Plunges the blade into the ice. Pulls on it.
Cocha kicks desperately, still gripping Alan's foot.

The heli bears down on them, runners kicking up puffs of
snow powder.

Johnny lifts the knife. The three of them start to slide
toward the edge. Johnny shoves the knife between his teeth.
He grabs the closest heli runner with both hands.

Suddenly the heli stops. Johnny looks up.

Teddy grips the other runner with both hands, ass and both heels firmly dug into the ice. He's straining badly. This won't work for long.

Alan, suddenly energized, scrambles up to the heli and leaps into the cockpit. He cranks the sluggish engine.

ALAN

Come on! Come on!

Alan's weight and movements start the heli sliding.

Teddy tries desperately to hold the heli back...

Johnny scrambles onto the other runner. Hauls Cocha into the cockpit. Teddy jumps in from the other side. The engine catches--coughs--roars to life. The blades start rotating. The heli skids toward the edge...

Plunges off!

...and drops silently like a stone...

The blades beat and roar. The heli starts to right itself.

Cocha grapples Johnny's hand. River and bridge lay far below. The heli is still plunging toward the bridge.

Johnny's feet slip off the runner. He dangles terrified over the yawning space. Cocha strains to hold on to him with both hands. The heli lifts up just yards from the wrecked bridge as Alan regains control.

Cocha hauls Johnny aboard. He falls into her lap. They kiss passionately.

ALAN

Expect a quiz on Friday!

The heli roars over the ruined bridge, headed for Manhattan.

The immense glacier engulfs the bridge and crushes it.

EXT. HARLEM - DAY

Heavy snowfall. Woolly mammoths trundle past the Apollo Theater foraging for buried grass.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - DAY

Still warm here. PEOPLE stampede between cars mired in a marsh. Three titanic seismosaurs follow, stomping cars flat.

The seismosaurs chomp huge thatches from the tops of towering trees as they move through. On a jumbotron screen:

MAYOR DECLARES CITY READY FOR NEW GROWTH

EXT. QUEENSBORO BRIDGE - NIGHT

Rain falls on NATIONAL GUARD SOLDIERS as they guide an exodus of TERRIFIED PEOPLE across the bridge toward Queens.

Below the bridge on the Astoria side, Bostwick, Georgie, and middle-aged mercenary buddies KAPLAN, WILLIAMS, GOTTLIEB and TERRELL maneuver a black rubber raft into the East River. All six armed with assault rifles and decked in camo. Their combat vests bulge with ammo and grenades. Climbing gear bulges out of their backpacks.

They row past Roosevelt Island and the United Nations. The Manhattan shoreline is covered with great swaths of forest.

The mercenaries come ashore at the East River ferry dock. They scramble onto land. Advance crosstown through the rain. Retreat to the shadows to avoid an Apache heli's searchbeam.

Bostwick hears something. He motions for his men to stop.

A heavy concussion whumps out of the dark. A second whomp.

WILLIAMS

Sounds like incoming!

The squad stares up the street through the downpour...

A seismosaur's massive limb impacts the roadway.

Bostwick turns to his men.

BOSTWICK

Take cover!

A towering seismosaur lumbers toward them emitting a deafening bellow. Kaplan clamps his ears as the rest run for cover.

Williams returns to yank Kaplan clear as two more seismosaurs stomp past them, headed for the East River. They turn apprehensively to see what's chasing the seismosaurs down...

A ferocious ticosuchus charges toward them. It snaps at the men as they flee, then grabs Kaplan by a leg and drags him screaming.

Bostwick quickly returns. Fires a volley of bullets at the beast. It collapses dead.

The others help Kaplan up. He's able to walk. Bostwick shoves a matchstick between his teeth. He turns to Georgie.

BOSTWICK

You okay Georgie?

GEORGIE

Still in one piece I guess.

The squad approaches the sandbag wall of the compound.

GEORGIE

Remember that comic book? The War That Time Forgot? Same monsters, different island!

Bostwick smiles. He pats Georgie's head.

BOSTWICK

M4 Sherman and we're good to go, Georgie?

GEORGIE

Roger that.

EXT. SECOND AVENUE ROOFTOP - NIGHT

The squad bursts out of the stairwell door. They advance quickly to the roof's edge overlooking the military compound and prepare climbing gear. They pull gas masks on and lob sleep grenades over the edge.

Down in the compound, popping noises from the shadows. Four soldiers there investigate and discover--sleep grenades hissing gas.

Three soldiers drop like rocks. The last one staggers toward the barracks shack before he keels over.

Bostwick and company rappel into the compound, disarm the zonked guardsmen and tiwrap their wrists. Bostwick walks off dialing his phone.

BOSTWICK

(into phone)

Mr. Malvese? Place is yours.

EXT. COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY - NIGHT

The museum heli, parked on Low Plaza, blades slowing. Alan, Johnny, Cocha and Teddy climb out and rush toward Pupin Hall through swirling snow.

INT. SCHRAGER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Alan flips the lights on. Books, papers scattered all over. They approach a desk, drawers dumped out. Johnny rights the chair. Cocha sits at Schrager's computer. Works the mouse.

JOHNNY

What were they looking for?

ALAN

Probably the same thing we are.
You in?

COCHA

The screen's locked.

Alan steps up and types in a password.

ALAN

One of the few things Tim shared
with me, apparently.

Icons appear on the screen. Cocha searches Schrager's files.

JOHNNY

Sounds like you don't trust the guy.

ALAN

Schrager's always been a mystery.
He transferred to Columbia from the
Pentagon. Before we linked our
research he'd be gone half of the
time. He'd always talk about going
back to his cabin below the mountain.

JOHNNY

So he took a lot of vacations.

ALAN

I had my staff check his trip
bookings. There weren't any.

JOHNNY

Maybe he still works for the
Pentagon.

ALAN

Interesting thought. Granting
that, his computer wouldn't be
an open book.

COCHA

It's not. Nothing unusual here.

ALAN

Teddy, if this was your office
and you wanted to hide something,
where would you stash it?

OFFICE BATHROOM

Teddy pops the toilet tank lid open, reaches down and fishes
out a small ziplok bag holding a flash drive. He raises it
up for the rest to see. Cocha snatches the bag out of
Teddy's fingers.

COCHA

You're something else, Teddy.

BACK IN SCHRAGER'S OFFICE

At the desk she shakes the flash drive out of the bag.
Shoves it into the computer's USB port.

MONITOR SCREEN

A folder icon appears, labeled 2ND AV.

ALAN (O.S.)

What's Second Av?

SCHRAGER'S OFFICE

JOHNNY

Second Avenue Subway.

ALAN

The mystery deepens.

Cocha clicks the folder open. Document icons appear.

MONITOR SCREEN

2ND AV
ATLANTIS
MURRAY HILL
PHILLY EX
TESLA
BOSNIA

ALAN (O.S.)

Not your typical government projects.
Dr. Schrager's been conducting his own
clandestine research.

SCHRAGER'S OFFICE

Alan's gaze drifts across the office to the window--
frozen over with a glaze of ice!

ALAN (O.S.)

And zero time to find it! Cocha?

MONITOR SCREEN

The mouse pointer clicks the "2ND AV" icon open:

1973: Sandhogs discover megalithic wall. Progress halted.

1974: Station, railbed complete. Tunnel sealed.

1993: Langley in. My first inspection. Anomalies observed.

1997: Excavation, cave construction. Elevator shaft sunk.

2000: Cave, instrument shack complete.

JOHNNY (O.S.)

I think we just stepped into one
stinky pile of poop.

SCHRAGER'S OFFICE

ALAN

Langley? Schrager's been leading
a double life right under my nose.
Teddy, what do you know about the
Second Avenue Subway?

TEDDY

Damn thing'll never get built.

ALAN

And why do you suppose? Politics?

TEDDY

Damn straight. Back when I was a
kid half the East Side rode the
Third Avenue El. City tears it down
promisin' a new line. Everybody
shifts over to the Lex and crowds
it up. They started drillin' the
Second Avenue back in '73. Before
you know it everything stops dead.
Now there's nothin' but a boarded-up
entrance and a worn-out sign.

ALAN

Maybe there's more than politics
at work here. Open the Murray Hill
file, Cocha.

COCHA

Before 1753 Murray Hill was a
prominent rise covered in forest...

BEGIN SERIES OF FLASHBACKS:

EXT. MURRAY HILL, MANHATTAN - PRE-COLONIAL - DAY

A wilderness. A LENAPE WARRIOR aims a bow and fires an arrow.

COCHA (V.O.)

Lenape Indians hunted plentiful game
all over Manhattan Island.

The bowhunter and a SECOND LENAPE approach a felled sabertooth
tiger. The arrow protrudes from its chest. They kneel, study
the beast, then turn toward the hilltop...where the ancient
twenty foot tall pyramid broods over them like an evil being.

COCHA (V.O.)

But they feared Murray Hill. Strange
animals came out of the woods. Often
hunted and killed but never eaten.

EXT. AN OPEN FIELD - 1664 - DAY

17th Century ENGLISH SOLDIERS dump Mesoamerican artifacts and
skeletons of prehistoric mammals and small dinosaurs into a
deep pit. ENGLISH AND DUTCH OFFICIALS observe with stern
approval as the soldiers fill the pit with earth and rocks.

COCHA (V.O.)

All remains and artifacts destroyed
in 1664 as part of peace agreement
between Dutch and English governments.

EXT. MURRAY MANSION - 1776 - DAY

ROBERT MURRAY, MARY MURRAY and their two DAUGHTERS escort
GENERAL HOWE and his OFFICERS inside their mansion.

COCHA (V.O.)

Robert and Mary Murray built Belmont
Mansion there in 1753. Farmed the
land. Served British officers tea
in 1776, allowing Washington's
troops to escape to Harlem.

IN THE PARLOR

Mary and daughters serve General Howe and his officers tea. They listen to Howe's complaints.

COCHA (V.O.)

General Howe suspected snipers on Murray's land despite lack of gunfire. Two Redcoats missing.

EXT. TAVERN, TURTLE BAY, MANHATTAN, 1884 - DAY

Tumbled bricks all over the sidewalk. Two REDCOATS stagger up to the tavern's front door. PEDESTRIANS gawk at them.

COCHA (V.O.)

1884. Turtle Bay Tavern incident following strong earthquake. Two men dressed as Redcoats entered the tavern armed with muskets.

INSIDE THE TAVERN

The Redcoats barge into the tavern like they own it. They make demands of the BARTENDER. PATRONS laugh and jeer. One Redcoat aims his musket at the patrons and threatens them. Armed POLICEMEN storm in and seize the Redcoats.

COCHA (V.O.)

Patrons ridiculed the pair. One Redcoat drew weapon on customers, ranting in an archaic British accent. Both demanded return to their British regiment. Arrested, judged mentally deranged and committed to asylum.

END FLASHBACKS.

SCHRAGER'S OFFICE

ALAN

1884 was an Intensity Seven. A remarkably similar seismic event--

COCHA

--to the one we just had.

ALAN

Chronological aberrations coming out of Murray Hill for centuries.

JOHNNY

Earthquakes included.

ALAN

And now something's triggered it into overdrive. Question is-- how do we shut it down before New York is buried under a half a mile of ice?

They all look at each other.

JOHNNY

Who's afraid of spiders?

EXT. YANKEE STADIUM - NIGHT

The glacier grinds into the stadium, crushing bleachers, smashing light banks. Huge ice chunks crash onto the field.

INT./EXT. MUSEUM HELI ABOVE HARLEM - NIGHT

The heli roars across Harlem through falling snow. The glacier towers above upper Manhattan, reflecting city lights.

ALAN

We can follow Second Avenue straight downtown. ETA to your construction site--eight minutes give or take.

JOHNNY

(turns from window)

It might be a bit longer than that.

An Apache heli approaches, bristling with guns and missiles.

ALAN

(sees it)

Apache! They'll chew us up!

The museum heli swoops down to Second Avenue. Heads downtown close to street level. The Apache swoops low and follows.

ALAN

They're on us! How close are we?

Cocha pops her door open and leans out for a look.

The Apache heli fires a hail of bullets from its belly guns.

Huge bullets rip Cocha's door clean away! She screams and tips out of the cockpit. Johnny lunges. Yanks her back in.

COCHA

Seventy First!

ALAN

They'll launch a heatseeker next!

Under the Apache's belly a missile launches.

The museum heli roars downtown. A building fire rages in the distance.

WITH THE MISSILE

gaining on the museum heli...

POV MISSILE'S GUIDANCE SYSTEM

Concentric circles zero in on the museum heli. Temperature data changes. The circles shift over to the flames.

THE MISSILE

veers away from the museum heli toward the fire.

The museum heli roars past the blaze. The missile veers into the flames and explodes. The Apache roars right through the explosion firing its belly guns.

Bullets rip the museum heli's tailblades to shreds. It spirals out of control over the deserted Army compound.

Alan struggles with the controls. Cocha braces herself. Through the windscreen the downtown sandbag wall looms up.

ALAN

Not good! Not good!

The museum heli's blades scythe sandbags. It crashes to the ground beyond the compound. Lies crumpled and lifeless, blades twisted and wrecked. Smoke curls from its innards...

The Apache circles back. Its searchbeam sweeps the ground. Washes over the downed museum heli, then drifts over to the deserted compound. No sign of patrolling guards.

APACHE HELI COCKPIT

The PILOT mans the controls. His COPILOT gazes down.

COPILOT

It's looking way too lonely
down there.

INT. PYRAMID CAVE - CONTINUOUS

Bostwick's men drag heavy burlap sacks full of artifacts out of the portal. They heap them up next to Bostwick.

Bostwick shoves a matchstick in his mouth. Looks below. Sees the elevator doors slide shut.

BOSTWICK

Son of a bitch.

(to squad)

Fan out! Cover that elevator!

Bostwick and his squad hastily take up positions behind fallen rubble on the stairway.

Malvese emerges from the portal hefting a sackful of gems. He sets the sack down to investigate the commotion. CLOSE ON the sack. The gems glow in a familiar winking sequence.

INT. ABANDONED SUBWAY TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Now free of Cretaceous undergrowth. Johnny, Cocha, Alan and Teddy rush between the platforms toward the stone wall.

They come up on the gap in the stone blocks, crouch and observe the pyramid cave. Alan turns astonished to the rest.

ALAN

Murray Hill's artificial.

Automatic rifle fire echoes across the cave. They quickly duck back into the tunnel.

PYRAMID CAVE

Four SPECIAL FORCES COMMANDOS storm out of the elevator firing MP-5 rifles at Bostwick's mercenaries.

Kaplan stands and aims. Catches bullets to the chest. He collapses. Gottlieb emerges from cover firing.

The commandos maneuver around fallen rubble and shoot.

BOSTWICK (O.S.)

Use your cover!

Gottlieb takes bullets and crumples. Georgie springs up firing his rifle wildly. He takes a bullet to the neck. His face shows shock and disappointment. He collapses.

BOSTWICK

Georgie! Goddamn you fucks!

Bostwick quickly swings out from behind rubble. He fires two short bursts and pulls back.

Two commandos take bullets between the eyes and drop.

Williams leans toward Bostwick and grins.

WILLIAMS

Nice shooting, Eddie!

BOSTWICK

Keep your friggin' head down!

A commando's bullet whizzes through William's exposed head. He goes on grinning...then keels over on his face. Terrell emerges from cover. Flees up the steps.

The remaining commandos reposition. One of them snaps his muzzle higher, aims and fires.

Terrell takes a bullet to the back, collapses and crawls bleeding through the portal. Malvese avoids him with disgust on his way out. The sacks of artifacts are gone. He descends the stairs with hands raised.

MALVESE

Don't shoot! I'm unarmed!

Bostwick makes a break for the subway tunnel mouth. Malvese bolts, trailing right behind him.

A commando tracks Bostwick with his rifle. A hand restrains its muzzle. The commando turns. Barrow.

Bostwick and Malvese scramble through the gap in the blocks.

Inside the tunnel Malvese cowers against the block wall. Bostwick notices Johnny, Cocha, Alan and Teddy crouching under a station platform overhang.

BOSTWICK

Who the hell are you?

A volley of commando fire riddles the opening.

Bostwick sprays return fire. Lunges over and grabs Alan. Presses the muzzle of his rifle against Alan's head. Forces him to his knees.

Johnny lunges. Bostwick swings his rifle toward Johnny.

BOSTWICK

Bad move, Cochise!

Johnny freezes. Bostwick forces Alan up to the opening.

BOSTWICK

I have a hostage, you scumbags!

The commandos reload their rifles, unconcerned. Barrow pushes a roughed-up Schragger at gunpoint out of the elevator.

He forces Schragger into the cabin, then rejoins his commandos as they drop into firing positions.

INTERCUT - BARROW AND THE TUNNEL MOUTH

BARROW

Identify yourself!

BOSTWICK

Who wants to know?

BARROW

Agent Barrow, Homeland.

BOSTWICK

Eddie Bostwick. You heard me about the hostage?

BARROW

Introduce me.

Bostwick, unseen, exposes Alan, rifle against his head.

ALAN

Professor Alan Gatling, Columbia University! I'm a geologist, on a field trip with three assistants!

Barrow palms his forehead in dismay.

BARROW

Mr. Bostwick. As you may have noticed, my protocol excludes civilian protection.

Alan is yanked away. Bostwick edges up to the opening.

BOSTWICK

Your damned protocol wiped out my squad! Go to bloody hell!

BARROW

Are you willing to die for nothing?

BOSTWICK

I'll take the fall for my buddies!

BARROW

How noble of you. Mr. Malvese!
Can you verify what the professor
just told me?

MALVESE

He's telling the truth! Four
unarmed civilians besides myself!

Bostwick spits vehemently at Malvese.

Barrow directs the two commandos to fan out and advance.

BARROW

Mr. Bostwick, did you have a good
look at my men and their firepower?

BOSTWICK

(watching the commandos)

Strike force commandos armed with
MP-5 assault rifles made in Germany by
Heckler and Koch. Nine millimeter ammo,
short barrel. Delivers a magazine of
thirty two rounds in three seconds.
Lightweight and reliable as hell.

BARROW

Impressive! Come work for us,
Mr. Bostwick!

BOSTWICK

Over my dead moldering body!

BARROW

A distinct possibility. You forgot
to comment on their grenades!

BOSTWICK

I've got my own grenades!

BARROW

You also stand in a narrow tunnel.
My commandos have this entire cave
for cover and dispersion. Try to
flee and every one of you will be
in a straight line of sight for
over a hundred yards!

BOSTWICK

And kill these innocent civilians?

BARROW

In a heartbeat, sir!

END INTERCUT.

Bostwick emerges from the tunnel and discards his rifle. He puts his hands behind his head as the commandos rush over. The others emerge from the tunnel with their hands up.

One commando snatches Bostwick's sidearm and removes his grenades. The other commando slings Bostwick's rifle over his own shoulder, then checks everyone else for weapons.

BARROW

I have two choices. I can terminate all of you or insist you cooperate, in which case there's the reasonable possibility your lives will go on as before, with the exception of Mr. Bostwick's, of course. Perhaps he'd consider a more worthy assignment.

BOSTWICK

Keep dreaming.

BARROW

Hear me out! My superiors are a single-minded lot. They see a threat to national security and assign agents like myself to eliminate it.

IN THE ELEVATOR

A large portable nuke sits at the rear of the elevator.

BARROW (O.S.)

In the back of that elevator is a portable nuclear device. If this time vortex persists, Murray Hill becomes expendable.

PYRAMID CAVE

ALAN

So what do you want from us?

BARROW

I need all of you to pull together and work with Dr. Schrager to solve our pressing dilemma. He could really use the help.

ALAN
Schrager's here?

BARROW
Tucked away in his country cabin.

Barrow frowns. He pulls out his phone. Taps it.

CLOSE ON the screen. Johnny's Local 147 photo ID pops up.

BARROW
Pleasure to finally meet you, Mr.
Two Rocks. You gave my agents
quite a workout. The rest of you,
give me names and backgrounds.

COCHA
Cocha Pa-Tash. Geology. Native
American History.

TEDDY
Teddy Far Walking. I run a grocery.

BARROW
And now Mr. Bostwick. What do
you do for a living when you're
not wearing camo?

BOSTWICK
I'm a boiler mechanic, and I
always wear camo.

Bostwick digs into his combat vest.

The commandos instantly point their rifles at his chest.

Bostwick pulls out a matchstick. Displays it. Slips it
between his teeth.

BOSTWICK
Cease fire, fellas.

The commandos lower their rifles.

BARROW
So we have two geologists, a tunnel
worker, a physicist and a boilerman.
I'm officially recruiting all of you
into the service of the United States
Government.

Barrow gestures toward the pyramid behind him.

BARROW

We are about to explore a very unique pyramid, buried for reasons unknown by persons unknown. It served as some kind of power station and doesn't like earthquakes. Exploration has been kept to a minimum since its discovery because the damn thing is unstable as hell. Now all bets are off. We either tame the beast or destroy it. Everyone follow me. Dr. Schragger will brief you.

EXT. HUDSON RIVER SHORE - NIGHT

The immense base of the glacier grinds a path of destruction downtown along the Metro North railroad tracks. Snow blankets a train stalled in its path. The icewall crushes the locomotive and explodes its fuel tanks as the crew barely escapes.

INT. PYRAMID CAVE - LATER

The group climbs the pyramid steps carrying flashlights. Barrow and the commandos take up the rear, weapons ready. They pass the bloody bodies of Kaplan, Williams and Gottlieb.

Everyone steps through the portal. Flashlight beams play over the mica hand, its red gem unlit. Beyond it--

ANTECHAMBER

The room suddenly glows with soft light. Cocha gasps--
--at dead bloodied Terrell propped against a stone wall.

They approach an inner wall, some of its blocks collapsed. A pitch black space yawns behind the gap. Schragger aims his flashlight through the opening.

Its beam catches a huge crystal globe in the cavernous space. Light sparkles off it. It is supported by an enormous pair of metallic hands that extend from somewhere far below, just like the small sculpture in the bodega.

SCHRAGER

The crystal's a concentrator. We're looking at a collection chamber. This structure was designed to amplify an energy field through it.

BARROW

How do you know all this?

SCHRAGER

Background research. You can blow my brains out later, Howard.

BARROW

Stick to topic! How could a primitive culture build a device so advanced?

SCHRAGER

Primitive cultures didn't have motion activated lighting either. But whatever their level of expertise, this place was definitely abandoned.

JOHNNY

And they left the engine running with no one at the wheel.

BOSTWICK

A widowmaker.

BARROW

Explain, Mr. Bostwick.

BOSTWICK

Dangerous boiler. The early ones lacked safeties. Some leaked like hell. Others blew up outright. Some you couldn't get to run right no matter how you tried. Killed a lot of good men. Them were the widowmakers.

BARROW

Are you implying this machine is some sort of prototype?

BOSTWICK

Either that, or its operators didn't know what the hell they were doing.

SCHRAGER

So we're looking at the remnants of a high-tech civilization that wasn't infallible.

COCHA

Atlantis.

SCHRAGER

Yes. The master builders. And way too ambitious for their own good.

BARROW

What are you two talking about?

COCHA

There's a persistent legend in Native American folklore telling how we came from a land that sank.

BARROW

I thought Atlantis was a myth.

SCHRAGER

Then we're standing in a myth. Atlanteans abandoned this place. There's not much incentive to maintain a remote power station when your homeland is sitting at the bottom of the ocean, and what's left of your people are scattered to the wind across three continents!

ALAN

A fable that's starting to make sense, considering...

COCHA

So thousands of years later Native Americans discover a huge pyramid here. They make this island a sacred pilgrimage site.

BARROW

How can you tell?

Cocha picks up a string of shell beads for Barrow to see.

COCHA

Hopewellian prayer beads. This place was worshipped by many tribes.

ALAN

So the machinery starts acting up, throwing pieces of time at them...

COCHA

They start to fear the temple they revered...

JOHNNY

And fear makes them bury it.

The crystal comes alive, filling the pyramid with dazzling green ethereal light. A powerful harmonic resonance builds.

SCHRAGER
The crystal's generating power!

STONE HAND

Now the red gemstone glows brightly in the stone hand's eye.

ANTECHAMBER

COCHA
Look!

Light flickers from a side chamber. Everyone rushes there.

CONTROL CHAMBER

The room from Johnny's dream, now covered in thick dust.
The horizontal stone slab juts from the floor.

Johnny and Cocha hastily clear the dust off the slab,
revealing glyphs and lines like an electrical diagram carved
into its surface. The lines connect mostly empty sockets.
The few that hold gemstones flash feebly in a sequence.

Johnny stares fascinated at the pyramid symbol dominating
the slab's center. It outlines an empty geometric socket.
Bostwick strides up to the slab chewing a matchstick.

BOSTWICK
I'll be damned if this ain't--

SCHRAGER
A panelboard?

BOSTWICK
It's a panelboard all right. Looks
like somebody made off with the
pilot lights. That wouldn't be you,
Mr. Malvese?

All eyes turn to Malvese standing in a corner trying to
conceal a heap of burlap sacks with his legs. The gems
in one glow in a sequence just like the ones on the slab.

MALVESE
They serve no purpose now!

BARROW
Suddenly you're the expert here?
Over with them!

Barrow storms over to Malvese, threatening him with his gun.
The agent snatches up the sack of gems.

Barrow carries the sack back to the slab. Empties its contents all over the stone surface.

Johnny, Cocha and Alan gather up handfuls of gems and press them back into the empty sockets. A much fuller pattern takes form. Bostwick studies it.

BOSTWICK

Just like my boiler. Intake on the left, output on the right. Combustion chamber there in the triangle. Those zigzags at the edge gotta be transmission lines.

BARROW

Why are they interrupted?

BOSTWICK

On an electrical blueprint that means continuation of the current flow at another location.

SCHRAGER

Wireless transmission of power! Tesla's vision. Straight from New York to Atlantis!

Schrager can't contain himself. He walks along the slab.

SCHRAGER

See how the glyphs above the gems show an increase from one end to the other? By pressing the leftmost gem, we should be able to power down!

BOSTWICK

Your call, Barrow.

BARROW

We have nothing to lose but one very expensive nuke. Go for it.

Schrager presses the leftmost gem. No change. He studies the pattern of etched lines converging on the pyramid symbol.

SCHRAGER

The central gem. It's still missing. It wasn't in the sack.

Johnny steps up to the slab entranced. He leans on the edge. Stares at the empty triangle.

BARROW

Do you have a contribution to make, Mr. Two Rocks?

JOHNNY

You know about my dreams, don't you. How?

BARROW

Your online searches.

JOHNNY

Why was I being investigated?

BARROW

NSA justification clause. This location is a direct threat to national security.

JOHNNY

Then with all your resources, I'm guessing you have the missing gemstone.

Barrow reaches into his suit. Pulls out the gem, glowing now. He places it gently on the slab next to Johnny.

BARROW

Buena suerte.

Johnny picks up the gem. Studies it. Aligns its geometric shape with the socket and presses it in. Instantly the pyramid's resonating hum changes pitch.

SCHRAGER

You've changed the resonation!
Now press the leftmost gem!

Johnny presses that gem. The hum remains steady and strong. Schrager tries it. No change. Schrager ponders.

SCHRAGER

Wait! The gemstones are capacitive!

Schrager presses the central gem with one hand. The leftmost gem with the other. No change.

COCHA

It's tuned to Johnny.

Johnny turns to Cocha smiling. He turns back to the slab with a knowing look. Schrager backs away.

Johnny touches the gem with one hand. The leftmost gem with the other. The two gems glow brighter and flash a new sequence. The pyramid's hum starts to fade down.

COCHA

It's working!

The resonation fades to silence. Everyone stares at the slab.

ALAN

Did we stop it?

BOSTWICK

Don't party yet. We made it worse.

BARROW

What do you mean?

BOSTWICK

The intake's all lit up like Luna Park. It's overloaded like a boiler run out of water. It's gonna blow.

SCHRAGER

The receivers back in Atlantis!
They're all destroyed!

BARROW

Describe your dream, Mr. Two Rocks!

JOHNNY

I saw myself as some kind of high priest. A past life, I'm guessing--

BARROW

What's your lineage?

JOHNNY

Purebred Mohegan.

BARROW

That's not what I meant. Psychic abilities run in families.

JOHNNY

My grandfather. He's a shaman.

Barrow whips out his phone.

BARROW

Give me his location. Right now.

JOHNNY

Leave him out of this! He's very old. I'm the one with the direct connection to this pyramid. Give me my shot!

BARROW

You've already had your shot. Now we have a critical mass situation. Professor Gatling! Your input! Why did the Atlanteans build this place to begin with? What possible energy were they tapping into?

ALAN

There's no evidence of geothermals under the city. The crystal could be absorbing the local magnetic field.

BARROW

Atlantis had the same magnetic field. Why come so far?

JOHNNY

Because there's something unique about Manhattan Island.

BARROW

Anything to verify that, Professor?

ALAN

Aside from the iron ore created by the Grenville Orogeny, there's nothing unusual under Manhattan besides a lot of very hard schist.

SCHRAGER

The Atlanteans discover a unique power source. It generates more energy than they can handle. They beam it down to their homeland...

JOHNNY

And the energy overload sends them straight to the bottom.

BARROW

What kind of power is capable of doing that?

SCHRAGER

We may never find out. But if we don't shut this monster down, New York will in all probability join Atlantis!

BARROW

What about fault lines? Energy from Earth's core!

ALAN

An ancient tectonic collision at this location created the super-landmass of Pangaea. Our present day continents began spreading apart where we stand.

Johnny's gaze drifts off, like he's entering a trance.

BARROW (O.S.)

Sounds like a lot of activity centered around New York.

SUBLIM:

EXT. PRECAMBRIAN LANDSCAPE - NIGHT

The towering monolith...Johnny standing on it, staring across the water...the new continent thrusts from the ocean, belching fire...

END SUBLIM.

JOHNNY

A great monolith of rock once stood here.

ALAN

There's no evidence of mesa-like structures in this region.

JOHNNY

I saw it myself. Eons ago.

SCHRAGER

Good God. A radio mast.

JOHNNY

Yes. A control tower.

BARROW

Explain!

SCHRAGER

Professor Gatling just did.
The continents formed around
this central geographical point.

JOHNNY

And they needed guidance.

As disbelieving Barrow tries to digest this revelation,
Johnny's eyes go ablaze, like he is seeing God.

JOHNNY

The Manitou.

Cocha stares at Johnny astonished, recognizing the word.

BARROW

What's this Manitou?

JOHNNY

Great Spirit coming out of the rocks
and plants and every living thing.
The breath and soul of the planet.
Our ancestors sculpted stone figures
for Manitou to view the world.

COCHA

Like the one Earth carved for herself.

BARROW

This is not going to complete our
mission here!

SCHRAGER

We've just been handed the secret
of the ages! To hell with mission!

BARROW

Then you shut this pyramid down,
Schrager!

JOHNNY

The Great Stone is gone. Manitou
can't watch over its own creation!

COCHA

The Atlanteans found powerful
magic where it once stood. They
found a way to steal the energy
here. It ended up destroying them!

SCHRAGER

And it won't stop there! Atlantis
lies beneath the waves, but the
machinery runs on!

JOHNNY

Then jam the machine! Make it eat
power until it chokes!

Johnny lunges for the high-end gemstones. Poises his hands,
then freezes--

--because Barrow is pointing his gun right at Johnny's head.

BARROW

Suicide isn't in my protocol.

SCHRAGER

What do you call that little toy
in the elevator?

Barrow quickly points his gun at Schrager.

BARROW

Zip it, you hippie bastard.

Johnny lunges for the slab. Barrow advances on him, gun
reaimed at Johnny's head. Johnny quickly presses the
central gem with one hand, then the rightmost gem with the
other. All the gems on the slab flicker in a new sequence.

A tremendous flow of power courses through the pyramid.
Blinding green light spills in from the power chamber.

Everyone but Malvese rushes back into the--

ANTECHAMBER

where they stand transfixed by the ethereal light streaming
from the crystal.

*A DEEP, HARMONIC RESONATION COURSES THROUGH THE PYRAMID--
THE VOICE OF THE PLANET, THE HUM OF HER MANTLE, THE SONG OF
HER MAGMA!*

The overwhelming current ripples clothing and raises hair.
The commandos stare down at the vibrating rifles they hold.

Bostwick stealthily pulls a hunting knife from his boot.
Sneaks behind the commando carrying Bostwick's rifle.
He raises the blade to the soldier's throat, freezing him.

With his free hand he tosses the commando's MP-5 and handgun, snatches his own rifle back and points it at the other commando, who lays down his own MP-5 and handgun and raises his hands. Bostwick takes back his own handgun and grenades.

BARROW (O.S.)
Freeze, Bostwick!

Barrow holds his gun two-handed on Bostwick. The agent strains to keep balance as the deafening energy surge shakes the room.

Bostwick swings his rifle up left-handed at Barrow, his knife still at the commando's throat. A standoff.

SCHRAGER
Bostwick, you don't want to do this!

BOSTWICK
You ain't the one gonna rot in a federal prison!

SCHRAGER
Howard, let him go! This place has seen enough bloodshed today!

BARROW
I'm in charge here, Schrager!

SCHRAGER
Nobody's in charge! Not you, not Washington, not anybody on the whole damned planet!

The resonation crescendos to an ear-splitting level. Cocha clamps her ears in pain. The crystal glows with a blinding radiance through the gap.

The captive commando twists free. Jabs Bostwick's stomach. Bostwick doubles up.

The other commando snatches up his handgun, drops to one knee and fires twice at Bostwick's chest. Cocha screams.

Bostwick staggers. He hurls his knife at Barrow and collapses against the back of the stone hand. Blood seeps through his combat vest below the left shoulder.

Barrow dodges the knife. It whizzes past his face, then through the gap into the power chamber. The deafening hum immediately ceases.

POWER CHAMBER

Utter silence. The knife tumbles past the fading crystal.

ANTECHAMBER

Everyone stares with apprehension through the opening...

A tremendous shock wave and a blinding green light burst out of the power chamber, throwing everyone across the floor.

POWER CHAMBER

Humming green sparks fill the power chamber.

ANTECHAMBER

The magnetic field pulls the commandos' rifles off the floor.

Their rifles slam against the power chamber wall and cling there, just like the Dutch soldiers' swords in 1664.

Everyone sprawls helpless as the power of the magnetic surge courses through them.

Suddenly the magnetic storm ceases.

The rifles drop to the stone floor.

The commandos rush to grab them. They check the mechanisms.

COCHA

Where's Bostwick?

Bostwick is gone. Two squashed, bloody slugs float where his chest used to be, caught in a buzzing magnetic field. The buzz stops.

The slugs drop to the floor with a clink.

And rest there...

Start to quiver...

EARTHQUAKE! Stone blocks smash to the floor. Everyone flees the antechamber.

Barrow trails behind. He passes the control chamber. Something attracts his attention there. He investigates.

CONTROL CHAMBER

Malvese snatches flashing gems off the slab. He scoops them back into their sack as stone blocks fall around him. The air grows thick with dust. He coughs, goes to leave...

...and is stopped by Barrow's gun, thrust into his cheek.

BARROW

You won't need those anymore.

Malvese drops the sack. Stone blocks fall dangerously close.

ANTECHAMBER

Barrow forces struggling Malvese up to the gap in the wall.

BARROW

You wanted treasure, you son of a bitch? Rot in it!

Barrow goes to hurl Malvese through the gap. At the last instant Malvese falters and drops to hands and knees. Barrow, thrown off balance, tumbles over him into the power chamber.

Malvese catches himself on the edge of a stone block and watches--

--Barrow plummeting past the crystal to his doom. He swings his gun over to fire at the crystal, emptying the entire clip.

His bullets ricochet harmlessly off the crystal's surface.

PYRAMID CAVE

Johnny and Cocha flee down the shaking pyramid steps. Vivid green light and muffled thunderclaps burst from the portal.

Stone blocks tumble down the steps. Light fixtures spark and shatter. The air horn blares. The red beacon on the cabin roof flashes.

Cave superstructure collapses, trapping Johnny and Cocha in a mangled cage.

The commandos reach the bottom step. One of them turns, searching for Barrow. The other taps his shoulder. Gestures toward the elevator.

The commandos struggle to wheel the nuke out of the elevator. One of them presses buttons, arming it.

On the LCD screen: 10:00 9:59 9:58

THE COMMANDOS

run for the subway tunnel dodging falling blocks.

At the peak of the cave a steel building footer vibrates ominously. Slides loose out of fracturing stone blocks.

One commando looks up with alarm. He screams as the girder drops, crushing him before toppling over and slamming onto the cave floor. The other commando falls as he avoids it.

Johnny struggles with the steel caging them in. Cocha helps him. With all their strength they widen a gap and escape.

On the LCD screen: 7:27 7:26 7:25

THE SURVIVING COMMANDO

lays on the cave floor. He sees Johnny and Cocha fleeing toward the subway tunnel. Quickly he reaches for his rifle.

Rifle shots. Bullets fly over Johnny and Cocha. He pulls her to the floor and shelters her. The quake subsides.

The commando lies prone on his belly taking careful aim.

Johnny snatches out his knife. He flings it at the commando.

The commando snap-rolls to avoid the blade. It whizzes past him. He snap-rolls back onto his belly. Aims again.

On the LCD screen the time freezes at 6:39...

...and starts counting back up: 6:39 6:40 6:41

THE COMMANDO

suddenly loses interest in pulling the trigger. He abandons his rifle. Studies his hands.

They're smaller and smoother. His uniform is baggy and loose.

The commando's face and body are that of a twenty-something rapidly becoming a young teenager.

He sits up in distress, a boy of ten.

Johnny and Cocha approach the commando cautiously. A four year old boy looks up at them, face full of pleading fear.

Johnny tugs at the commando's collapsed uniform, revealing a naked kicking infant laying on its back.

It becomes a fetus. Rolls out onto the floor wet, glistening and writhing in a spreading puddle of amniotic fluid.

The fetus shrinks. Its features and limbs grow less distinct. Finally an embryo the size of a tadpole remains, breathing rapidly. Seconds later, a red marble of cells pulsates on the stone floor, collapses into itself and disappears.

Johnny and Cocha stare at the puddle in disbelief.

He finds his knife. Kneels. Picks it up. Sees the bomb.

On the LCD screen: 1:22 1:21 1:20

Johnny and Cocha rush up to the bomb. They search desperately for a kill switch. Cocha starts to freak.

On the LCD screen: 0:57 0:56 0:55

Johnny forces his knife blade under the lid of the machine. Leans hard on the blade. It snaps! He looks at Cocha. She stares back at him in horror.

On the LCD screen: 0:03 0:02 0:01

COCHA (O.S.)

No no no no--

On the LCD screen:

FATAL ERROR IN SEQUENCE
TIMER MALFUNCTION AT 6:39
PRESS ENTER TO ABORT

COCHA

jumps at the keypad and frantically presses ENTER.

On the LCD screen:

ABORT MODE. REPROGRAM?

Cocha backs away from the nuke with her hands raised.

Massive stone blocks smash to the cave floor near them. Their heads snap over. They flee for the subway tunnel.

SUBWAY TUNNEL

Malvese hauls several heavy sacks of artifacts into the tunnel mouth. He struggles up, grabs the sacks and runs.

Malvese falls over something and lands on the track.
Turns to see what tripped him. He frowns. Sniffs.

Sees the gutted carcass of a freshly-killed troodon.

Malvese gags. Looks around with alarm. A sunlit Cretaceous
jungle fills the tunnel. A lazy breeze stirs the foliage.

Malvese reaches for the sacks. Hears snapping trees.
He turns his head slowly to see...

...the aucasaur crunching down the track straight for him.

He gathers up the sacks in a panic. Turns back.

The advancing beast opens its jaws and lunges for the kill.

Petrified Malvese scrunches his eyes tight, hyperventilating
and moaning.

Nothing happens.

His breath slows. He opens his eyes. The dinosaur is gone.
The jungle is gone.

Malvese composes himself. Gathers the sacks again. Stops,
still bent over, to stare at something odd.

The air thickens with mist. The tunnel walls drip with
humidity. Big green droplets coat the light fixtures.

Malvese stands up, confused. Globbs of greenish seawater
congeal and fall slowly to the tunnel floor.

Malvese looks down with dread. The track is littered with
twitching mollusks from a Paleozoic sea. Some crawl across
his shoes. He jumps back with a cry.

Malvese darts his eyes to one wall--where seawater gushes out.
Darts eyes to the other wall--seawater gushes there too.

Malvese watches in terror as torrents of swirling seawater
engulf his legs.

Further up the tunnel Johnny and Cocha turn. A huge wave of
seawater surges toward them. They run for their lives.

PALEOZOIC SEA

Malvese flounders deep in an ancient Paleozoic sea. His
cheeks balloon with trapped air. His eyes bulge. But he
won't let go of his sacks. They pull him deeper.

An ichthyosaur bears down on him. Opens massive toothed jaws.

Malvese finally releases the sacks. Thrashes his limbs.

The ichthyosaur homes in. A mass of bubbles rise from the tycoon's silent scream. It snatches him up in its jaws.

The heavy sacks impact the seabed, raising clouds of silt.

SUBWAY TUNNEL

Johnny and Cocha struggle in seawater waist-deep. They reach the earthborer and scramble inside. Johnny slams the door.

They watch in fright as the water level outside rises past the windshield. Seawater spurts in through both door seals. Cocha frantically tries to stem the flow with her palms.

The borer tilts forward. Cocha yelps. Braces herself.

PALEOZOIC SEA

The earthborer sinks into the murky prehistoric depths. Ancient sea life swirls by.

The power cable goes taut and snaps with a bright spark. The earthborer's cab light flickers out. The earthborer sinks deeper. Air bubbles stream out of the cab. The torn cable trails behind like an umbilical cord.

Johnny and Cocha float desperately against the tilted cab roof as seawater slowly fills the space, lit only by a dim emergency light. A foot of air left. Six inches. Three inches. They gasp for life, faces pressed against the roof with barely room to breathe.

Under the water their hands seek one another and mesh like they did outside the restaurant.

The cab completely fills up. Their eyes go wide with panic.

The earthborer thuds against the seafloor. Silt billows up. It rests there in deathly silence.

Johnny and Cocha's clenched hands slowly drift apart...

Seawater drains from the cab. Daylight filters through the windscreen. Johnny wheezes and gasps. Cocha's not moving.

Frantically Johnny tries to revive her. He listens to her chest. She's not breathing. He puts his mouth on hers. Blows air into her lungs. Shakes her limp body. Cries out. Blows more air into her.

After a few more frantic tries she gasps and coughs. Johnny holds her face in his hands.

JOHNNY

Cocha! You okay? You okay?

Cocha nods. Coughs up more water. Kisses Johnny gratefully.

The cab door bursts open. Seawater spills out onto--

THE PRE-CAMBRIAN MONOLITH - DAY

The earthborer rests on the rocky mesatop. Johnny and Cocha climb out soaking wet and shivering into a cold buffeting wind. Cocha looks around with fearful eyes, but Johnny appears calm and knowing, his eyes filled with his grandfather's wisdom.

Dark clouds race across a sullen gray sky. Distant volcanoes sputter magma. The mountain range towers up behind the monolith. Cocha clings to Johnny as he takes in the rolling terrain of the mesatop. His gaze fixes on a distant rock formation.

WHAT JOHNNY SEES

The rock formation. Professor Gatling's geology class appears on it, tiny but distinct. He leads them off the formation. The class fades and disappears.

ON THE MONOLITH

Johnny points and shouts above the wind.

JOHNNY

Look, Cocha! Do you see?

She shakes her head no, shivering uncontrollably. Johnny grasps Cocha. He looks into her face.

JOHNNY

Summit Rock! Professor Gatling was wrong! Summit Rock was always here!

COCHA

W-what?

She doesn't understand. He shakes her shoulders.

JOHNNY

Manhattan! We're standing on it!

Cocha stares dumbfounded at Johnny. Her teeth chatter.

COCHA

How--?

JOHNNY

Earth's Manitou Stone, Cocha!
Buried under millions of tons
of bedrock! Buried and blind!

Cocha's eyes go wide. Comprehension jolts her.

COCHA

The source of Earth's power...

Cocha is overwhelmed. She hugs Johnny with a cry.

Johnny puts an arm around Cocha. He leads her back to the earthborer. They stop. Turn and stare at the sun...

...setting far too quickly toward the mountain range.

JOHNNY

We're moving forward in time!

FAST FORWARD:

Vast layers of rock beneath the monolith bulge up and reshape. Violent rainstorms wash tons of debris off the mountain range, burying the monolith nearly to its crown.

The ocean rises to the level of the monolith, now a long rocky island covered with forest. Two rivers flow around it. A vast glacier grinds against the island and recedes.

Small Dutch towns expand into a 19th Century metropolis. Bridges arc across the two rivers like seeking tendrils. Skyscrapers sprout up. Vehicles stream along highways.

END FAST FORWARD.

AT THE TUNNEL MOUTH - THE PRESENT

Johnny and Cocha crouch at the tunnel mouth, transfixed on the pyramid cave.

The cave roof collapses. Dawn strikes the exposed pyramid as rising bedrock pushes it skyward. Buildings avalanche off its sides. A plume of dust rises. Gas mains explode. Forests catch fire. The pyramid towers over midtown.

We close in on the pyramid's capstone...

...covered with a lattice of triangles framing sculpted masks!

EXT. MADISON AVENUE - CONTINUOUS

Grandfather, grasping his leafy cane, walks boldly uphill in the middle of Madison Avenue toward the pyramid looming above him, like the English clergyman did in 1664.

A massive storm builds in the distance behind him. Numerous lightning bolts strike Hudson Bay.

Whipped by the fierce wind preceding the storm, he stops and looks up at the pyramid. He wheels toward the storm. Extends his arms straight out in a gesture of commanding power.

GRANDFATHER

Manitoow piyômuw!

EXT. MIDTOWN - CONTINUOUS

Churning thunderheads reach midtown. A gigantic bolt of lightning leaps from sky to pyramid, sustaining itself with a deep, snapping electrical hum.

Twin arcs of energy surge from the pyramid's apex. One flows to the Empire State Building, the other to the Chrysler Building.

Massive electrical power flows down through the Empire State Building. Cars, trucks and buses spiral upward, caught in a pulsing magnetic vortex. Vehicles clank onto the building.

Tremendous power flows down through the Chrysler Building. Cars, trucks and buses spiral upward, caught in a powerful magnetic vortex. Vehicles clank onto the building.

INT. THE POWER CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

Enormous power flows from apex to crystal. The crystal glows an ominous green...

...and explodes, filling the chamber with glittering shards.

EXT. ABOVE MIDTOWN - CONTINUOUS

The great double-arc vanishes with a final hum. Vehicles slide off the Empire State Building--

--and crash to the street.

Vehicles slide off the Chrysler Building--

--and crash to the street.

The thunderclouds disperse, revealing a beautiful sunrise.

EXT. HUDSON RIVER - CONTINUOUS

The towering glacier recedes backward into the past, revealing the Hudson River Valley once more.

A massive iceberg remains, floating just north of the wrecked George Washington Bridge under a dazzling sun.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HUDSON RIVER - SEVERAL DAYS LATER

The iceberg, much smaller. Tons of meltwater gush out of it.

EXT. NATIVE AMERICAN FOOD PANTRY - CONTINUOUS

Native American volunteers chainsaw trees. Others repair the storefront and haul tree limbs out of the food pantry. Johnny and Cocha take turns hugging Teddy.

TEDDY

Tell you what. Soon as me and the missus get settled, you both comin' over for dinner. Sound good?

COCHA

Sounds great! We'll bring the ice.

TEDDY

We don't need no ice! Now let me borrow your man for a minute.

Teddy puts an arm around Johnny's shoulder and takes him aside. He glances over at Cocha, then turns back to Johnny.

TEDDY

(hushed)

I got some advice for you Mister Johnny. When your woman asks you to take out the garbage, take out the damn garbage. Ain't nothin' makes her feel more special--

Cocha giggles. Teddy turns to her frowning.

TEDDY

You laughin' girl? I'm serious!

Johnny walks over to Cocha and plants a passionate kiss on her lips. She swoons in his arms and returns it amorously.

Teddy shakes his head.

TEDDY

Works for me.

INT. PANTRY CELLAR - DAY

Grandfather's leafy cane leans against the stone foundation near the gap. The stream flows through the sunlit forest beyond. Grandfather climbs out of the stream grasping a wriggling trout in each hand.

EXT. COLUMBIA CAMPUS - DAY

STUDENTS reunite and hug on Low Plaza. Low Library stands behind them.

Alan emerges quickly from the library. He descends the steps, his gaze fixed on the plaza.

Students greet him, innocently delay him. He politely dodges them, gets blocked by more students and has trouble maneuvering around them. He keeps staring at the plaza at--

--A LOVELY WOMAN, 30s, bewildered by her surroundings.

Alan threads impatiently through the crowd. He approaches the woman from behind. Hesitates...

ALAN

Liz?

She turns to him. She's confused...she touches his graying hair...Alan caresses her face...she recognizes her husband...

Alan embraces her passionately. Deep sobs well out of him.

EXT. ABOVE THE PYRAMID - DAY

Apache helicopters patrol the airspace around the pyramid like protective bees. Tanks and army trucks chug along the bulldozed perimeter. SOLDIERS string a barbed-wire fence.

SOLDIERS seal the portal with concrete blocks. As a soldier's hands cement the final block we slip through the gap into--

THE ANTECHAMBER

A shaft of sunlight penetrates the gloom. We drift into--

THE CONTROL CHAMBER

Gloomy, nearly dark. A few scattered gemstones remain on the stone slab. As the room goes pitch black with the placing of the final block, they wink in a familiar sequence.

EXT. PALEOZOIC SEAFLOOR - DAY

An ichthyosaur swims past a tumble of megalithic granite blocks. Mollusks crawl over several sacks of artifacts.

Gems have spilled out of one. They wink in the same sequence as the gems in the control chamber...then go dark.

INT. CHURCH OF OUR SAVIOR - DAY

Tommy kneels at the altar. Crosses himself. Pulls out his brother's Saint Brendan cross. Gazes at it lovingly.

Above him, a stained-glass window depicts Saint Brendan and his monks sailing the ocean. Morning sun gives the exquisite medieval art an ethereal glow.

Below the window, an arched stone enclave shelters a weathered Celtic standing stone bearing the Gaelic inscription:

SPIORA O CARRAIG

Set in front of it, a decorative plaque:

"SPIRIT FROM THE ROCK"

This Celtic standing stone,
discovered near the crest
of Murray Hill by Colonial
English settlers, is believed
by those of faith to have been
erected by the Sixth Century
Irish navigator Saint Brendan of
Ireland during his fervent quest
for the Isle of the Blessed.

EXT. A DENSE FOREST - DAY

Bostwick sits with his back against a thick tree. His assault rifle lies close by. He gulps from a water canteen. Eases his combat vest, still loaded with ammo, off his left shoulder. He grimaces in pain.

He lifts up his bloody camo t-shirt. Examines the two bullet wounds punched into his upper chest. Pulls a bottle of disinfectant from a vest pocket. Twists the cap off. Pours disinfectant onto the wounds. Grits his teeth and cries out. Applies a bandage, leans against the tree and shuts his eyes.

Later he awakens. He digs into the soil and feasts on grubs and worms. Gulps water. Leans back and closes his eyes.

Bostwick sleeps by starlight. He moans and awakens, face feverish and painracked. He looks up...

A clear sky filled with brilliant stars. A shooting star streaks across the Milky Way.

Bostwick drops back to sleep exhausted.

The next morning. Bostwick is still sleeping. Shots in the distance wake him. He lunges for his rifle, stands up and looks around.

Bostwick follows a ridge overlooking a wide river. He pulls a matchstick from a vest pocket. Chews on it as he surveys the land. He hears shouts from below.

Indistinct figures flee through the forest. Their ragged clothing appears archaic. Some turn and fire muskets at unseen pursuers. Each shot produces a puff of white smoke.

Bostwick tracks bootprints as the sun sets. He comes upon a clearing. Snaps a twig and startles a buck.

Instinctively he raises rifle to shoulder, tracking the buck in his sights.

THROUGH THE SIGHTS

The buck bounds away. The rifle barrel swings over to a rectangle of colorful cloth dangling from a tree limb thrust into the ground.

BOSTWICK

strides into the clearing. He grasps the draped cloth and unfurls it, revealing the flag of Betsy Ross. He looks up astonished.

A thin trail of smoke drifts into the sky above the trees.

Bostwick enters the woods beyond the clearing, his eyes ablaze. Hundreds of ragtag REVOLUTIONARY WAR SOLDIERS have pitched camp here. Bostwick strides boldly into their midst.

Some of the troops are wounded and bandaged. Others rest or doze, muskets across their laps. Several snatch roasted rabbits from a spit above a large campfire and gnaw at them.

A wounded man, neck bandaged with a bloodied rag, raises his head up and stares at Bostwick as he passes by. It's Georgie.

Bostwick discards his matchstick. He ventures further into camp, surprising more soldiers on both sides of him.

One by one they gaze at him in wonder, fear or suspicion. Several bring muskets to their shoulders and take aim.

GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON turns toward the commotion. The tall, weary leader watches Bostwick approach him as soldiers on both sides track him with their muskets.

WASHINGTON

Hold your fire!

Bostwick approaches Washington. His OFFICERS stare suspiciously at Bostwick. A white, saddled horse grazes nearby, tended by an open-mouthed black SLAVE.

Bostwick stops in front of Washington. The general scowls at his rifle and camouflage gear.

WASHINGTON

By the Lord God, what are you?

BOSTWICK

A fighting man, sir.

WASHINGTON

We could use such a man. Are you aware of whom we engage?

Bostwick smiles knowingly.

BOSTWICK

Freedom's enemy.

WASHINGTON

Well said and accurate, stranger.
I see you hail from a foreign
land. Will you join us?

Bostwick smiles. Slowly salutes the general with the utmost respect. Washington returns the salute.

Bostwick steps forward to shake Washington's hand. The general hesitates, then takes it. The handshake grows firm.

Washington and Bostwick release. Soldiers cheer. They gather around Bostwick and marvel at his assault rifle.

He proudly swings the M-16 off his shoulder, pointing out its features to the awed rebels, demonstrating the clip removal, loading and aiming of the weapon that helps win the Revolutionary War.

FADE OUT.