

Shadow of the Bear

by
Randy Vampotic

© Randy Vampotic
714-350-2213
randyv13@icloud.com

FADE IN:

EXT. CAMY'S PLANE - DAY

A six-seat plane with both skis and wheels for landing gear flies over Alaska's Brooks Range.

INT. CAMY'S PLANE - DAY

The pilot, CAMILLA "CAMY" McBRIDE, mid-thirties, ruggedly pretty, wears a parka over a t-shirt and shorts. Behind her is a team of sled dogs, asleep on shipping blankets.

Taped to her yoke are two PHOTOS: one, a family shot of a younger Camy, a man about the same age and a young boy; the other is an aerial view of a tropical island in a deep blue sea.

Camy squints for a better look below.

EXT. VALLEY - CAMY'S P.O.V.

Below, in a valley of snow and ice, is the partial outline of a large, heavily damaged plane. The tail has been sheared off.

INT. CAMY'S PLANE - DAY

Camy takes a digital camera from her flight bag. With a guilty look at the dogs, she banks the plane to get a better angle.

As the plane tilts, a few canine heads pop up with a chorus of WHIMPERS and MOANS.

CAMY

It's okay, we're not going down.

The dogs seem to accept this and relax.

She quickly points, shoots, then takes the yoke back. As the disgruntled dogs settle down, Camy looks down at the frozen plane again.

She squints and rubs her head, like she has a headache.

CAMY (cont'd)

Shit, shit, SHIT!

Camy quickly brings the plane back on course, gritting her teeth. She slaps the AUTOPILOT switch, then throws herself back in her seat, her face contorted in pain. Tears stream down her face as she rocks in the seat, her arms trying to hold her head together.

Slowly, the pain subsides, and she wipes away the tears. She pulls a pill bottle from a pocket, pops a couple, then puts the bottle carefully away.

Camy lightly touches the family photo on her yoke, hits the AUTOPILOT switch and takes the controls again.

EXT. CAMY'S PLANE - DAY

The plane THROTTLES UP, toward the grey-green tundra beyond.

EXT. RELIANCE, ALASKA - DAY

An outpost in the Alaskan outback. Two Quonset huts; one, the hangar beside the gravel airstrip, and the other, Yip's, the local bar/trading post. Nearby, a double-wide mobile home with lawn chairs outside.

INT. YIP'S - DAY

Half of Yip's is a store, with mostly empty coolers and shelves, the other half a fairly seedy bar. The few customers wear shorts, short-sleeved shirts and sweat stains.

They cast unfriendly looks at Camy when she enters and walks up to the bar, one eye watching a fairly bad picture of CNN. She wears work gloves now. YIP, 45-90, possibly Eskimo or Mongolian leans on the other side of the bar near her.

CAMY

Yip, is it me...

YIP

No, it's hot. Been hot for three goddamn months. "Go to Alaska, it never hot there. Get warm for fifteen minutes every summer, but never get hot." I hate hot. Mosquitoes like pterodactyls... and nobody say nothing about the three earthquakes since May. Fucking shake and bake!

Yip reaches over and taps a thermometer behind the bar.

YIP (cont'd)

Eighty-four! Get those goddamn Republicans up here, I'll show 'em global warming. I tell you I'm not coming back next year.

CAMY

You'll be back. Where else can you charge four dollars for a Pepsi?

Yip smiles for a moment at the thought, then grumpy again, he ambles toward the cash register.

YIP
 Maybe I'll open a movie theatre.
 (beat)
 You get Dave's dogs back from the vet?

CAMY
 All set for another winter of hauling
 Tundra Dave's fat ass around. Hey, Yip.
 I need to send an e-mail.

Yip, counting his cash drawer, gives her a non-committal wave. Camy heads around the bar, into the back room.

INT. YIP'S - BACK ROOM - DAY

Camy sits at Yip's ancient desk and reluctantly taps his computer mouse. Sure enough, the screen wakes to some porn site. She rolls her eyes, and closes that window.

Sure she's alone, Camy removes her gloves. She takes out her camera and cable, then connects it to the computer.

Then, she takes out a *National Geographic* and flips it open to an article titled "Raiding The Dragons' Graveyard."

She reads a web address from a picture of a logo on a helicopter. The logo is for a company called "Distant Thunder" and the helicopter is pulling a damaged P-51 Mustang from a sand dune.

Yip sneaks up behind Camy.

YIP
 You gonna upload?

Camy looks nervously from the keyboard to her gloves.

YIP (cont'd)
 That's gonna cost you.

CAMY
 (sultry)
 Tell you what. You stand over there, and you'll get to see the pictures before I send them. How about that?

Yip's eyebrow raises so much that his eye is almost visible.

YIP
 Deal. Upload slow.

CAMY
 Can't help it with this connection.

Yip smiles. Suddenly, he jumps and looks at his arm. An enormous mosquito is draining him. As the death slap descends...

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. ALASKAN SWAMP - DAY

A much larger hand SLAPS down on the muscular forearm of REESE KINZER, 40, rugged, pissed off. His assistant, IAN YOUNG, 25, a younger, more educated slab of the same rock, looks at him from within a CLOUD OF MOSQUITOS.

IAN
Hey, look at that, a mosquito.

REESE
At least they're keeping my blood pressure down.

At that moment, CHUCK LAPONTE, 50, a diver, gruff but friendly surfaces from the large pond before them and clambers up the bank.

CHUCK
She's rigged.

REESE
Get the fish out?

CHUCK
You mean the flying fish?

Improbably, a phone RINGS. Ian looks around, then grabs a satellite phone receiver perched on a log. He activates it, looks at the screen, then hands it to Reese.

Reese looks at it, then taps a button.

REESE
This is Reese.

DON (V.O.)
Did you get the photo? What do you think?

REESE
Nice photo. What did this thing cost us?

DON (V.O.)
No, the picture.

INSERT: SATELLITE PHONE

The photo is Camy's picture of the plane in the snow.

BACK TO:

EXT. ALASKAN SWAMP - DAY

Reese concentrates on the photo. Chuck walks up to look, and drips water on it. Reese gives him a withering look and steps away.

REESE

Bomber obviously, from the size. B-36 maybe. I don't know, can't see enough.

DON (V.O.)

Yeah, me neither. I'm getting that feeling though.

Ian's walkie-talkie SQUAWKS at him. He points questioningly to it. Reese nods and makes a whirly motion over his head.

REESE

The feeling. Great. So where is it?

Somewhere O.S. a HELICOPTER starts up.

DON (V.O.)

About seven hundred clicks northeast of you.

The helicopter from the magazine photo rises above the trees on the far side of the pond. As it rises, a chain pulls nylon straps from the water. The helicopter sideslips to hover above the pond.

REESE

Alaska? There's another bomber up here? Jesus, where did they send the good pilots? Have you checked with D.O.D.?

DON (V.O.)

Not yet. If they don't know it's there, we don't want to tip them before we can get to it. This is the longest, hottest summer in like a hundred years up there. Well, you know.

The helicopter strains against the straps. Reese slaps at another mosquito.

REESE

Yeah, I know. Just like last year.

DON (V.O.)

There's stuff thawing out up there that hasn't seen the light of day in years.

Reese digests this news.

REESE

So, what do you want me to do about it?

At that moment something gives under the water, and the tail section of a B-17 bomber BLASTS from the pond. Perfectly preserved, all markings intact, it hangs below the helicopter, water GUSHING out.

DON (V.O.)

Well, how 'bout taking a look?

Reese is clearly torn between the tail section hanging before him and the mystery of the buried plane.

REESE

What about the B-17?

DON (V.O.)

Get the tail on the barge, we've got enough of it already to turn a profit. Send Steve and the chopper with it. You and the boys catch a plane up to Reliance.

REESE

Reliance? Where the hell is that?

DON (V.O.)

It's nowhere. Most of the year it isn't even nowhere. It's just a summer staging point for tundra expeditions, hunting trips, that shit. I'll send you the info.

As the helicopter and tail section disappear over the trees...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RELIANCE AIRFIELD - DAY

Five small planes sit in the grass beside the runway. Reese, Ian and Chuck unload gear from one of them. Reese approaches the PILOT.

REESE

So look, do you know a Cam McBride? He's supposed to be a bush pilot up here?

PILOT

Cam McBride? Nope. Never heard of him. You sure he's out of Reliance?

REESE

Pretty sure.

Ian saunters up.

IAN

Cam, Cameron, Cam-boy... the Camster, anything ring a bell?

PILOT

(beat)

Oh! Camy.
 (smile fades)
 Plane's here, try inside.

REESE

Thanks.

Chuck joins them as they start toward Yip's. The Pilot calls after.

PILOT

We got other pilots.

Reese thinks a moment.

REESE

Thanks. We need this one though.

PILOT

Okay. Good luck with that.

INT. YIP'S - DAY

They enter to see Yip behind the bar and Camy sitting at it, nursing an absurdly expensive drink. It's not her first.

CHUCK

(smiles)

Bush pilot.

Ian tries to conceal a smile as they walk up to Camy. She looks them over for a few seconds.

CAMY

Let me guess, somebody said, "bush pilot."
 Gets funnier every time I don't hear it.

REESE

Cam McBride?

CAMY

Camy. Camilla. Yeah.

REESE

Reese Kinzer, this is Chuck Laponte and
 Ian Young. We're from Distant Thunder
 Salvage. We got your photo yesterday.

Reese puts out his hand to shake, but Camy uncomfortably indicates wet hands, so he takes it back, but seems curious.

CAMY

Really? And you're here already.

IAN

We were in the neighborhood.

Camy is not charmed.

IAN (cont'd)

Seriously.

REESE

So, we're interested in your find. Is there any chance we could get a closer look at it?

CAMY

(shrugs)

Sure, ask around, plenty of pilots here.

REESE

Well, we were kind of hoping you could take us, since you actually know where it is.

CAMY

Sorry, I'm headed back to Seattle tomorrow. I can give them directions.

Ian is about to speak up, but O'DONNELL, a large pilot, shoulders through the group. He looks dismissively at the men, then fake lunges at Camy. When she pulls back, almost panicky, O'Donnell smiles.

Reese shoves him hard into Chuck, who shoves him again. O'Donnell is six inches taller than Chuck, but one look tells him that won't matter.

O'Donnell backs away, hands up. Ian starts to follow him. Reese grabs Ian's arm, then both look at Camy for guidance. She shakes her head and takes a drink.

CAMY (cont'd)

Don't bother, it's nothing.

Ian stands down.

REESE

All right. Well... we'll get back to you for those directions.

CAMY

Great. We can talk about my finder's fee then.

Reese, Ian and Chuck walk away. Camy looks after them for a moment, then looks toward Yip, who sadly brings a bottle over.

YIP

Why don't you go talk to them?

CAMY

I just did.

(beat)

I don't know them. I don't want to know them.

YIP

You gotta talk to somebody. They seem--

CAMY

I talk to you.

YIP

Yeah, that's a real party.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. YIP'S - DUSK

Yip putters around behind the bar. Camy hasn't moved, now watching CNN. On the screen is a picture of DIMITRI YURIANOV, 65, at a campaign rally. Yurianov looks pleasant enough, but Camy's face registers instant distaste as she pours herself another drink. She rubs her forehead.

TELEVISION

The CNN Correspondent stands in Red Square.

CNN CORRESPONDENT

Russian political analysts now see Dimitri Yurianov as the front runner in the next presidential elections.

CNN shows scenes of Yurianov talking to school children.

CNN CORRESPONDENT (V.O.)

Yurianov, virtually unknown to Western analysts, emerged on the Russian political scene last year.

Yurianov jokes and laughs with Russian soldiers.

CNN CORRESPONDENT (V.O.)

With strong early support among the military, Yurianov has played on Russians' traditional hot-button issues; unemployment, crime and nationalism.

Yurianov gets fired up at a rally, while supporters wave banners.

CNN CORRESPONDENT (V.O.)

But with volatile rhetoric, even more extreme than former president Putin...

Archive footage of May Day military parades, Russian/Afghan war.

CNN CORRESPONDENT (V.O.)
 ...political and military analysts in the West now scramble to guess what a Yurianov administration will mean to their interests, and some Russian politicians are not as quick to embrace Yurianov.

The shot switches to a RUSSIAN POLITICO.

RUSSIAN POLITICO
 Yurianov is too much of a mystery. Sometimes he seems to be preaching a return to the old ways... back to the Soviet system and the Cold War.

CNN CORRESPONDENT
 Many Western analysts agree, with some quietly voicing fears of greater Russian aggression.

INT. YIP'S - DUSK

Camy turns sourly from the TV.

EXT. RELIANCE AIRFIELD - DUSK

Reese, Ian and Chuck are gathered around PILOT 2 who shrugs and hands the fax back to Reese.

REESE
 She said she would give you directions.

PILOT 2
 Directions?

IAN
 You know, GPS, that kind of thing?

PILOT 2
 She said that? GPS coordinates?

IAN
 Well, not exactly. Why?

PILOT 2
 She doesn't use GPS. I'd be surprised if she even had one in her plane.

IAN
 Well, map coordinates, whatever.

Pilot 2 looks skeptical.

IAN (cont'd)

Compass? You can't even get a plane without those.

Pilot 2 shrugs.

CHUCK

So you're telling me that here in the twenty-first century, we got a bush pilot flying hell-and-gone around the great white north with nothing but a warm fuzzy feeling to guide her?

PILOT 2

I don't really think of her as all that warm and fuzzy either. Look, I'm not gonna get in my plane and fly 'til I get to my happy place, then turn left at Orion's ass or whatever the hell she gives for directions.

(mutters)

Never come back.

(beat)

And the other guys will tell you the same.

REESE

They already did.

CHUCK

And half of 'em said she's a flying freak show.

PILOT 2

I'll bet the other half said she's the best fucking bush pilot they've ever seen. That'd be the honest half. Look, even if I thought I could help you, I'd still tell you to try to get Camy. Anybody worth a damn up here would. She could find your lost car keys out there, and then land on 'em.

Dejected, Reese, Chuck and Ian walk toward their pile of gear.

IAN

Bet she used to bullseye womprats in her T-16 back home too.

REESE

God help me, I think I got that one.

CHUCK

Not me, I'm still oh-fer. Ignorance is bliss, boss.

PILOT 2

(calls)

Hey, maybe check with Baird.

CHUCK

Pilot?

PILOT 2

Scientist guy. He gets us to take him up to the Brooks every chance he gets, looking for cavemen or some shit. Maybe he'll know which valley that is.

IAN

Where do we find him?

PILOT 2

Don't worry, if you're going up there, he'll find you. He's... enthusiastic.

Puzzled, they turn and arrive at their gear.

REESE

We'll pitch 'em here tonight, I guess, take another swing tomorrow.

BAIRD, 40ish, sweating, dressed for, well, Alaska, bounces up.

BAIRD

Excuse me, a couple of these pilots said you guys were booking a ride up to a valley in the Brooks. Is that true?

Chuck looks immediately suspicious.

CHUCK

You a pilot?

BAIRD

No. I wish. Can I see the picture? I heard you have a picture of the valley.

They all look at each other. Reese pulls the phone out and hands it to Baird. Baird's eyes immediately light up.

BAIRD (cont'd)

That could be it. This valley, it runs sort of northwest to southeast, right?

Reese shrugs.

BAIRD (cont'd)

And did you get a ride? Because I'd like to come along if I could. I would pay my share of the cost, of course. I just need to get up there for a couple of days.

Baird looks expectantly at them for an answer.

REESE

I'm Reese Kinzer. Chuck Laponte and Ian Young.

BAIRD

Oh, um, Baird, Jim Baird.

REESE

Why did you want to get up there?

BAIRD

Umm, well... okay. I'm an archaeologist, actually. Working on early Americans. I'm sure you've heard how mankind got to the Americas via the Bering land bridge, correct? It's a well-known fact. Well--

IAN

It's more of a theory really, isn't it? And I gather it's kind of losing steam.

BAIRD

(defensive)

Really, that's what you gather? Well, I'm here to pump it back up. I've been working in Siberia for three years, and I've narrowed their possible routes down to just a handful of passes and valleys. With this thaw, I have a, well, maybe a once in a lifetime opportunity to actually get through the ice. I have to check as many of these routes as I can.

REESE

Well Jim, I'm afraid we aren't having a lot of luck getting a pilot.

BAIRD

Really? Why not?

REESE

Well, there's only one who actually knows where this valley is, and the others...

CHUCK

It's a long, stupid story.

REESE

Sorry we couldn't help you.

BAIRD

If you find a pilot, you'll keep me in mind though? This is very important science, and I'll pay my share, even more than my share if I have to. I'm endowed.

They squint at him.

BAIRD (cont'd)
I have an endowment. Money.

The others look relieved.

REESE
We'll keep you in mind.

BAIRD
Thank you, Mr. Kinzer. Gentlemen.

Baird hands the phone back to Reese, then leaves.

CHUCK
I thought he was gonna try and lay some claim to the wreck. He looked a little twitchy.

IAN
Science is a cutthroat business, Chuck.

CHUCK
No, cutting throats is a cutthroat business. Science... isn't even a business.

REESE
Pretty focused though, I'll give him that.

IAN
What do you mean?

REESE
He looks at this picture of a valley and never asks about the big, frozen plane in the middle of it.

They begin to pitch their tents.

EXT. DISTANT THUNDER TENTS - NIGHT

Chuck and Reese are bundled up before a camp fire.

CHUCK
God damn! It was eighty-something this afternoon.
(shouts to Ian)
What is it now?

Ian's voice answers from a tent.

IAN (O.S.)
 Fucking cold.
 (beat)
 Twenty-six.

REESE
 This would be that winter stuff they've
 been looking for. Probably even colder in
 that valley. We gotta get up there
 tomorrow or we're not gonna.

CHUCK
 What do you want to do, see if we can rent
 one of these planes, fly it up ourselves?

REESE
 These guys are packing up to go home. If
 they wouldn't fly us up there, they're not
 gonna let us take one of their planes.

CHUCK
 What other choice do we have?

Reese looks over at the mobile home, lights on, a few drunken pilots
 hanging around outside. Then, well away from that, is a lone tent.

INT. CAMY'S TENT - NIGHT

Camy lies on her side on her cot, eyes closed.

The silence is broken by a loud, RHYTHMIC SNORING.

She opens her eyes, and rolls over. Beside her head on the pillow
 rests the head of a large cat, its body under the blanket, like
 hers. It continues to SNORE/PURR.

CAMY
 You know, there's a fine line between
 purring and snoring.

The cat almost opens its eyes and lets out a little CAT GRUNT.

CAMY (cont'd)
 Hey, we're going home tomorrow.

The cat's eyes open.

CAMY (cont'd)
 Then, one more season until the plane is
 paid off. And you know what that means.

The cat knows nothing of the kind, it's a cat.

CAMY (cont'd)
 That's right. St. Bar--

She stops when she hears the CRUNCH of FEET outside the door of her tent. She looks suspiciously at it, and waits.

CAMY (cont'd)
Who's out there?

REESE (O.S.)
Reese Kinzer. I wanted to talk to you about your find again.

CAMY
(relieved)
Did you get a pilot?

REESE (O.S.)
Well, I kind of wanted to talk to you about that, too.

CAMY
I've already said everything I had to say about it.

REESE (O.S.)
That's okay, I was going to do most of the talking anyway.

CAMY
Look, Mr. Kinzer, you seem like an okay--

REESE
So how much do you owe on the plane?

EXT. CAMY'S TENT - NIGHT

The tent sits on a wooden platform like a large shipping pallet. The flap flies open, and Camy stands there, glaring at Reese.

REESE
The cat talks in his sleep.

This catches Camy completely by surprise, and she blows a little snot trying not to laugh.

REESE (cont'd)
I've been out here for a few minutes, working on my approach.
(beat)
I'll pay off your plane.

CAMY
Just like that? You don't even know how much I owe.

REESE
A season's worth, how much can that be?

CAMY

Fifty-three thousand and some change.

REESE

You make that much in a season?

CAMY

No, that's how much I have to put toward the plane after I live for the rest of the year.

REESE

Man, did I get into the wrong end of this business.

(pause)

Okay, fifty-three thousand. But no change, I'm drawing a line.

CAMY

(beat)

What do you think it is... in the valley?

REESE

I'm not sure.

CAMY

But you're willing to pay fifty-three thousand to what, settle a bar bet?

REESE

All right, we think it's -- we have a deal, right?

Camy pauses, then slowly nods.

REESE (cont'd)

We think it's either a very old American bomber or possibly Japanese.

CAMY

You shouldn't lie to me, I know when people are lying.

They lock eyes for a few seconds.

REESE

No you don't. What is that supposed to be, part of your whole "Sabrina the Witch Pilot" deal?

CAMY

People usually buy it. But for the record, I really do think you're lying.

REESE

But you're willing to do it anyway?

CAMY

The sooner I can pay off the plane, the sooner I can get away from shit like this. And as liars go, you don't seem that bad.

REESE

That's what my mom used to say.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CAMY'S PLANE - DAY

As Camy approaches, cat in hand, Reese and Ian watch Chuck finish picking the lock on the plane's door. As he swings it open...

CAMY

HEY! What the hell do you think you're doing?

Busted, Reese and Ian whip around.

REESE

Loading. Our gear.

IAN

We waited, but...

CAMY

But then you decided to just break in. I was making some arrangements and getting supplies. I wasn't expecting to go out again, you know.

In the BG Yip shambles toward them. Bored with the conversation, Chuck starts to climb into the plane. Camy drops the cat and lunges toward Chuck who disappears inside the plane.

CAMY (cont'd)

What are you doing?

(to Reese)

What is he doing?

REESE

Checking out your plane. He's a good mechanic, you should let him.

Chuck reappears in the door.

CHUCK

I like to familiarize myself with anything I'm ridin' on.

CAMY

Oh really, then maybe you should come out here and get a good look at my right boot--

IAN

Excuse me.

Ian shoulders past Camy and passes a large duffel to Chuck. Camy squirms aside to avoid the contact, which flusters her.

IAN (cont'd)

Sorry. Nice plane you've got here.

Yip walks up, and just watches from a safe distance. The cat sits down beside his feet.

Suddenly Baird hustles up with a CLATTER, his jacket and backpack loosely thrown over his shoulders.

BAIRD

Mr. Kinzer. Did we get a pilot? Is this her? Is she taking us to the valley?

Camy turns a hard look on Reese.

REESE

Umm, hang on.

Reese tries to grab a fuming Camy and pull her away. She dodges his grasp, but follows him.

REESE (cont'd)

Okay, here's the deal. This guy--

CAMY

Is not part of the deal.

REESE

Well, that's the thing. This is costing me a lot of money, and this guy offered to pick up some of it. He just wants a ride up there and back. He'll work around our schedule. He doesn't have a lot of stuff with him, so--

CAMY

So what? How do I know I can trust him?

REESE

To do what?

CAMY

Just trust him. He's been hounding me for weeks now to give him a ride. Did he mention how endowed he is?

REESE

He's an archaeologist. He wants to look for early American cavemen or something.

Camy studies Baird from a distance.

CAMY

And he was naturally drawn to you. I don't like him.

REESE

You don't like me either. He's an archaeologist for Christ's sake. In my experience, most of your "ologists" are pretty harmless.

Camy considers.

CAMY

This is gonna blow up right in my face.

(beat)

He's your problem; you feed him, you keep him from freezing to death, and when I say we leave, you make sure he's in the plane, or he stays up there. Got it?

REESE

Got it.

Reese walks away, toward the others.

REESE (cont'd)

(to himself)

She isn't too warm and fuzzy, is she?

Reese goes over to Baird.

REESE (cont'd)

Okay, she's going for it, but look, she's pretty edgy, so do us all a favor and stay out of her way. If you need anything, just come to me, okay?

BAIRD

Sure.

REESE

Good. You have any rations? We weren't expecting company.

Baird shakes his head.

REESE (cont'd)

Well, why don't you run over to the store there and get yourself supplies for two or three days. And you better hurry, I'm pretty sure she'll take off without you.

Baird points at a nearby pile of gear.

BAIRD

That's my kit. Can you help me out? Thanks!

Baird trots off toward Yip's. Yip scurries after, with the cat trotting alongside.

While Ian and Chuck finish loading the plane, Reese gets on the satellite phone.

REESE

(on phone)

Don, it's Reese. We're just about loaded, so I wanted to check in. Anything?

DON (V.O.)

No. I've been over that picture a thousand times, and it just isn't right. Too long, too thin, wings are funny...

REESE

Didn't find anything about one that got off the reservation?

DON (V.O.)

None we didn't already know about.

REESE

Well, it wouldn't be the first time they hushed something like this up.

DON (V.O.)

No, but it would be far and away the best job of it they've ever done. So, there must've been a good reason.

REESE

Right.

DON (V.O.)

You guys should be careful.

REESE

No, we should be in Mojave. Did I mention it's about fifty degrees colder than it was yesterday?

By the plane, Ian picks gear from the pile to hand up to Chuck. Suddenly a hand falls on his shoulder, and he jumps a foot in the air.

IAN

Jesus!

Standing before Ian is KHYMELEV, 58, short, wide-eyed and nervous. Not surprisingly, Khymelev speaks with a Russian accent.

KHYMELEV

I'm sorry, I did not mean to startle you.

IAN
 (still jumpy)
 Yeah! Well! Okay. What do you want?

KHYMELEV
 I want to book travel on your plane.

IAN
 We're all booked up. And I doubt we're going your way.

KHYMELEV
 No, you are! I want to go where you are going.

IAN
 No, that doesn't sound crazy at all. Well, like I said, we're pretty full now, so I don't think we can really do that.

KHYMELEV
 But is very important. I will pay. How much?

IAN
 (beat)
 How much ya got?

KHYMELEV
 How much I've got?
 (fishes in pockets)
 Well, I--

IAN
 No, I'm kidding. Look, I don't think we can help you, but why don't you talk to my boss over there, he makes all the decisions.

KHYMELEV
 Boss. Thank you. I will talk to him.

Khymelev walks away just as Chuck pokes his head out of the plane.

CHUCK
 Let's go, it's only daylight for six months at a time here ya know.

IAN
 C'mon, check this out.

Ian trots after Khymelev. Chuck clambers curiously out of the plane and follows.

Reese puts the satellite phone in his pocket as Khymelev hurries up.

KHYMELEV
Boss?

REESE
Okay.

KHYMELEV
I would like to ride with you in your plane.

REESE
Not my plane, and it's not a joyride, we'll be up there a few days if the weather holds.

KHYMELEV
That is good! I want to go up to mountains for a few days as well.

Ian and Chuck semi-casually wander up. Camy approaches.

IAN
Ya know, when he says it, it sounds kinda fun.

REESE
Sorry, we're full up.

KHYMELEV
Please, I am scientist. It is very important for me to get to the valley.

At the word "valley" Camy squints suspiciously.

KHYMELEV (cont'd)
They said you are going to the valley.

REESE
We're going to a valley, but I don't know if it's--

KHYMELEV
It is my valley. The one I need, please.

CAMY
I'm sorry, mister...

KHYMELEV
Khymelev, Doctor Khymelev. I am a scientist.

CHUCK
Lot of that going around.

KHYMELEV
My work, it is very important. You will help? Please?

IAN
What kind of scientist?

KHYMELEV
Biology. Very important.

CHUCK
You looking for cavemen too?

KHYMELEV
What? No, I look for, ahh big uhh, deer.
What you call?

IAN
Caribou?

KHYMELEV
Yes! Caribou. In the valley.

CAMY
There aren't any caribou in this valley.

KHYMELEV
No, I think there are. I am scientist.

CAMY
Well, I think there aren't, and I've been
to the valley.

Khymelev gets increasingly agitated. He reaches toward Camy. The
TWO MISSING FINGERS on his hand startle her. Chuck steps forward.

KHYMELEV
No! You are...
(composes himself)
...mistaken. Please, I need to go there.

CAMY
I'm sorry, we don't have the space.

KHYMELEV
(pleads)
But I must--

CHUCK
She said no dice. Sorry pal.

Khymelev almost pleads again, but sees the futility. He visibly
sags as he nods.

KHYMELEV
Thank you, anyway. I will try... other
things. I am very sorry to bother you.

Khymelev heads toward Yip's.

CHUCK

Damn, he was screwier than the first one.

Camy looks sorry for him.

REESE

All right, let's just get our professor's gear in the plane and get the hell out of here before Stephen Hawking rolls up.

They each grab a bag or case from Baird's stack and head toward the plane. As Camy picks up a bag, she sees a Geiger counter inside. She looks at it for a few seconds, then shuts the bag.

EXT. CAMY'S PLANE - DAY

The plane flies below the mountaintops, which are hidden by ominous clouds. It banks around the shoulder of a mountain, and a long, narrow valley opens up below.

INT. CAMY'S PLANE - DAY

Reese rides shotgun, the other guys are packed in the back with the gear. Camy nods out the window.

REESE

That it?

She nods again.

EXT. VALLEY - DAY

A valley full of unbroken, blinding, white snow.

INT. CAMY'S PLANE

Reese looks back at Camy.

REESE

Where is it? I don't see it.

Behind them, the others crane to look out various windows.

REESE (cont'd)

Snowed. Did you take a GPS over the wreck?

CAMY

Nope. I wasn't planning to come back.

REESE

Well how are we supposed to find it?

CAMY

You could look, I suppose.

CHUCK

(fuming)

We got a better shot of finding Amelia Earhart.

IAN

We have the metal detectors.

BAIRD

I have one too, if you want to borrow it.

CAMY

Or we could just head back. No difference to me.

REESE

Yeah, I get that.

(considers)

Put her down. Take your best guess.

Camy shrugs and banks the plane hard.

CAMY

My best guess was back there.

EXT. CAMY'S PLANE

The plane banks around, then dives precipitously. They are either going to crash into the valley or the mountain at the end.

INT. CAMY'S PLANE

Reese and the others scramble for their seat belts.

IAN

Meet Mr. Mountain.

CHUCK

Nope, lawndart right in the snow.

IAN

No difference to her.

BAIRD

Not much to the rest of us either.

EXT. CAMY'S PLANE

The plane pulls out of its dive right at the snow level, hits hard and skids toward the jutting rocks of the mountain's feet.

INSERT: LANDING GEAR

One of the ski's support struts SNAPS. The ski FLAPS violently.

BACK TO:

EXT. CAMY'S PLANE

The reversed propellers throw up a huge CLOUD OF SNOW as the plane races toward the rock face.

INT. CAMY'S PLANE

They all stiffen for impact, except Camy.

Slowly, it becomes clear that they aren't going to hit the rocks, and everyone relaxes.

IAN

Well, any landing you can walk away from.

BAIRD

I, for one, would like to set my expectations a little higher next time.

EXT. VALLEY - DAY

The plane makes a U-turn and comes back into the valley. It coasts to a stop, and the propellers slow.

The door pops open, and they slowly file out, looking around at the vast, white wasteland. A miles-long field of snow, surrounded by jagged, towering peaks.

Reese goes to the broken ski.

IAN

Oh yeah, no sweat. Chuck, you go find the wreck, I'll make us a nice pot of tea.

CHUCK

What is that, about fifty miles to the other end of the valley?

REESE

About. Couple miles across at least.

CHUCK
This is stupid. How the fuck--

CAMY
We're in the right spot, I'm pretty sure.
Just look around.

CHUCK
I AM LOOKING AROUND!

REESE
Take it easy, Chuck. See what you can do
with this landing gear. Ian, break out
the metal detectors.

IAN
I gotta tell you, boss, I'm kinda with
Chuck on this one. I mean, seriously...
(spreads his arms wide)
...what are the chances.

Camy shakes her head, and crouches under the belly of the plane.

IAN (cont'd)
Maybe if we had a couple weeks or a bigger
crew, but we got nothin'.

Camy unclips a long snow-depth pole from the plane's belly, picks a
direction and walks off.

IAN (cont'd)
No GPS point, no exposed debris field,
no...

Ian trails off as he and the others watch Camy. She stops about
twenty yards from the plane and looks around at the mountains.

IAN (cont'd)
...no plane-wreck-sniffing dog.

Camy takes the long pole and plunges it into the snow. In the
silent waste, they all hear the CLUNK as the POLE HITS METAL. She
jabs the pole in a couple more times to make sure they hear the
CLUNKS, then walks back, the pole still stuck in the snow.

As she walks past Ian...

CAMY
Want me to dig it up for you, too?

Reese walks toward the pole, and stops at Ian.

IAN
You know, there's something a little odd
about her.

REESE

Get the shovels. It looks like it's only three or four feet down. Let's see what we've got.

Camy comes up to Chuck at the landing gear.

CAMY

Go help your friends. I'll fix this.

Chuck looks at her with concern.

CAMY (cont'd)

It's my plane, go!

Chuck rushes to help Ian unload the tools. Baird watches the others uselessly. He looks at Camy.

CAMY (cont'd)

Sorry, I don't do cavemen.

EXT. BOMBER - LATER

Ian and Chuck continue to dig in widely separated spots. Reese is nowhere to be seen. Ian stops.

IAN

(yells)

That's it, I'm at the end of this wing.

Chuck throws a couple more shovels, then he stops, too.

CHUCK

Yeah, here too. Looks like the last six feet or so got sheared off.

They look around for Reese. Finally, a shovelful of snow flies into the air from below ground level at the far end of the dig.

CHUCK (cont'd)

Reese!

Reese's head pops up from below the snow.

IAN

We're done. The ends of the wings.

Reese looks surprised as he ballparkes the distance between them.

REESE

Mark it.

Ian and Chuck pull little orange flags out of their pockets and stick them in the snow where the wings would end. Reese climbs up out of his hole, and they all meet atop the fuselage.

From above, the exposed plane is huge, with a wingspan of at least 150 feet. The wings are swept back at a sharp angle, and carried four engine nacelles.

IAN
Bomber, gotta be. Wind took off all the insignia though.

CHUCK
Not World War II.

Reese nods grimly.

CHUCK (cont'd)
Did you see those engines? Turboprops.

REESE
Yeah. And that wing sweep... thirty, thirty-five degrees.

IAN
Turboprops? On a bomber? Who--

Ian notices the others' worried looks.

IAN (cont'd)
What?

EXT. CAMY'S PLANE

Camy works on the landing gear. She has it braced with pieces of the metal pole she used to find the bomber.

She looks over to where the three men stand atop the partially exposed fuselage, curious in spite of herself.

A short distance away, she sees Baird digging alone in the snow.

INT. YIP'S - DAY

Khymelev stands beside a table where Pilot 1 and Pilot 2 sit.

KHYMELEV
Please, I will pay everything I have.
(pulls out a wad of cash)
Is--

Pilot 1 stands up and pushes Khymelev away.

PILOT 1
Look, I told you, I'm goin' home tomorrow.
That's it. Keep your cash, and get outta my face!

Khymelev looks desperately from Pilot 1 to Pilot 2. Pilot 2 looks a little more sympathetic, but just shrugs.

PILOT 2

I got one last run to Kobuk tomorrow, then back to Anchorage for the winter. If you want to go there...

Tears in his eyes, Khymelev nods silently, then shuffles away, cash still in hand. He wanders to the bar, Yip and Camy's cat.

YIP

You still try to go after Camy?

Khymelev nods, ruined. Yip eyes Khymelev's roll.

YIP (cont'd)

They don't know where she went, wouldn't take you if they did.

Khymelev is silent, too devastated to even speak anymore.

YIP (cont'd)

You know how to fly plane?

Khymelev slowly nods. Yip peels a couple of bills off Khymelev's roll, and pours him a shot of vodka.

YIP (cont'd)

Any time Camy goes out, she tell me two things. One, don't eat her cat. I never eat her cat, I don't know why she say that. But two, she always say where she going. Mark it on map in office.

A light returns to Khymelev's eyes.

YIP (cont'd)

I don't know why she tell me that either, she never tell anybody else. I think she have a love jones for me. Poor kid.

(beat)

Look Kevin, I got a feeling about you. I think you okay or I wouldn't tell you this.

Khymelev peels a couple more bills from the roll and slides them over to Yip.

YIP (cont'd)

There's a pilot in Kobuk. Name is Watkins. Broke his leg couple three weeks ago, can't fly. Sometime he rent out his plane though. Maybe...

EXT. VALLEY - DAY

The sun is almost behind the mountains. They have pitched camp between Camy's plane and the bomber. There are only two tents pitched. Baird digs in a new spot some distance away.

CHUCK

So the hatches are all underneath.

IAN

We could probably pop out one of the windshield panels. It'll take a while though. We should wait until tomorrow.

CAMY

Better not wait too long, it's gonna snow sometime in the next two days. For real this time.

IAN

I'd like to think you heard a weather report somewhere.

REESE

I dug about halfway down at the tail. We might be able to get in through the broken fuselage.

CHUCK

We should probably dig a few tunnels under the belly, see if we can find a hatch, just in case. Maybe some insignia.

As one, the men grab flashlights and shovels, and head eagerly toward the bomber, now uncovered about halfway down the fuselage.

CAMY

(to herself)

Have fun storming the castle.

Camy looks from the guys to where Baird continues to dig.

Suddenly, her head snaps to a new direction, as if she hears something. She just squints and stares off into the distance. She scrunches up her nose like she has brain freeze.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ICE PACK - DAY

Only a few hundred yards from the northern coast of Alaska, the thin pack ice sits undisturbed.

With a GROANING ROAR, the nose of a Russian submarine BLASTS through the ice, breaches, then SLAMS down to rest. On the back of the submarine is a waterproof pod-like structure.

In seconds, hatches in the tower CLANG open and a dozen white-clad commandoes and a few sailors stream out. They rush to the pod, and open it. Moments later, the first snowmobile BRAAPS to life, zooms out of the pod and onto the ice.

Soon, eleven more follow, each with a large extra fuel tank behind the driver. Some tow supply sleds. They race off across the ice.

As soon as the pod closes, the sailors rush back to the hatch. Almost before it closes, the sub begins to drop below the ice again.

Before the snowmobiles are out of sight, the ice closes over the sub, and it's impossible to tell it was ever there.

EXT. VALLEY - EVENING

Baird puts the finishing touches on his tent as Camy cooks something over a small campfire. Baird comes over with a food packet, and sits on a bundle of firewood across from Camy.

BAIRD

I want to thank you for letting me come along this time.

Camy nods noncommittally. She brushes away a stray lock of hair.

CAMY

How's it going? Their plane didn't crash on your cavemen, did it?

BAIRD

That would be some odds, wouldn't it?

CAMY

Look, you might want to speed up whatever you're doing out--

She is interrupted as Reese, Ian and Chuck trudge up, drop their gear and flop near the fire. They are ashen-faced and grimly silent. Camy sees their looks, and grows concerned herself.

BAIRD

So, how did it go? Did you get in?

No answer.

REESE

(pause)

I'll call Don in the morning, see what he wants us to do.

CHUCK

You know my vote.

CAMY
 What is it? Is it a bomber, like you
 thought?

REESE
 Not like I thought, no.

Baird follows the conversation intently.

CAMY
 Did you get inside? Is it--

REESE
 Yeah, look, you two should stay away from
 it. Don't go inside. We went part way
 in, but it's not structurally sound, it
 could collapse on you.

IAN
 Yeah, it's definitely not safe.

CHUCK
 I wish we'd brought a Geiger counter.

Reese is busy giving Chuck a stern look, so he doesn't see Camy look
 toward Baird, who says nothing.

CAMY
 Geiger counter? Is there--

REESE
 Just stay away from the plane, okay? Both
 of you.

CAMY
 So, if you can't go inside, are we going
 back tomorrow?

REESE
 I have to talk to our office in the
 morning. Then we'll decide.

EXT. VALLEY - NIGHT

No light comes from any of the tents, but the camp is dimly bathed
 in the EERIE, DANCING, MULTI-COLORED LIGHT OF THE AURORA BOREALIS.

At the bomber, a parka-clad figure turns back toward the camp, then
 slides down the bank to the opening at the rear of the fuselage.

INT. BOMBER - AFT FLIGHT DECK - NIGHT

The parka-clad figure enters, then stops and turns on a small
 flashlight. The flashlight takes a quick tour around the frozen
 interior, then the figure moves forward through twisted metal.

The figure stops at some printing on the frozen wall, and leans toward it. A gloved hand brushes the frost away, then pulls back the figure's hood. It is Camy. She squints at the printing.

INSERT: PRINTING

The printing is Cyrillic.

BACK TO:

INT. BOMBER - TRAVELING

She looks around her at the bomber.

CAMY

Russian. A Russian bomber in Alaska.

Camy squeezes through a small hatch into the BOMB BAY, and comes to the large, black curve of a VERY BIG BOMB broken free of its rack. She recoils instinctively, and looks at it like it might pounce.

She continues, and comes to an identical bomb, still in its rack.

She continues carefully forward until she comes to another small, open hatch. She squeezes through.

Here in the forward FLIGHT DECK, she is startled by the FROZEN CORPSE of a crewman. After a moment, she carefully steps around him as well. She stops when she sees that his hands are tied.

Nearby is another dead crewman. His uniform has the HOLE and BLOODSTAIN of someone shot in the back. She continues forward.

Almost at the cockpit, she comes to two more crewmen, one strapped in on the port side, the other lying across the aisle. From the way they are twisted and bent, they obviously died in the crash.

She looks very upset as she pokes her head into the COCKPIT. The co-pilot's head rests at an unnatural angle against the side window, his BLOOD a long-frozen smear across the glass.

Then she turns to the pilot, and gasps. He is frozen in a nearly life-like position, and his handsome face looks right at her. Touched and revolted at the same time, she takes off a glove, and touches his hand.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BOMBER - COCKPIT - TRANCE - NIGHT

Camy is suddenly assaulted by the LOUD THRUM of the BOMBER'S ENGINES. She jumps and closes her eyes against the BLAST OF SOUND.

When she reopens her eyes, the cockpit is awash in the FAINT LIGHT of the instruments, which are now printed in English. Outside the no-longer-frozen windows is darkness. SNOW pelts the glass.

On her left, the handsome face of CAPT. ILYA PETRENKO, 35, as he writes in a journal. On her right, LT. ALEXEI KARPOV, 27, pilots. Incongruously, Karpov hums the Rolling Stones' "Satisfaction."

EXT. CAMP - NIGHT

Another figure hidden in a parka trudges toward the bomber.

INT. BOMBER - COCKPIT - TRANCE - NIGHT

Petrenko continues to write, and smiles at Karpov's humming. Camy crouches between them.

PETRENKO

You know, I'm supposed to report it if you hum the Rolling Stones anymore.

KARPOV

Okay, let's break radio silence so you can do that.

Petrenko smiles, brushes away a stray lock of hair and goes back to his writing. Karpov looks over at the journal.

KARPOV (cont'd)

Dear diary, Karpov is humming anti-socialist rock and roll again.

Petrenko almost laughs.

KARPOV (cont'd)

God, I wish I was Karpov, with his joi de vivre, his savoir faire, his--

PETRENKO

French dictionary. This is a journal. Twelve-year-old girls have diaries, so this--

KARPOV

Is a diary. What's it for, anyway?

PETRENKO

(shrugs)

I write about all of our missions.

KARPOV

All hundred and four of them?

PETRENKO

Yeah, well some of them get a little less of a write-up. Flying in circles...

KARPOV

How about this one?

PETRENKO

Eight pages so far.

A grim look settles on both their faces.

KARPOV

You still didn't tell me... what's it for?

PETRENKO

Andrei. So he would know who his dad was, what he did.

KARPOV

Kinda stupid to bring it along tonight.

PETRENKO

Yeah. I guess I wasn't thinking.

Petrenko sadly closes the journal and tucks it under his seat.

PETRENKO (cont'd)

Or maybe I don't want him to know anymore. What about you? You finished your log entry earlier. Nobody's going to read that either.

Karpov looks down at a BRASS RIVETED LOG BOOK in the bin attached to the side of his seat, caught in his own logic trap.

KARPOV

Habit. Duty.
(beat)

Duty.

They give each other a challenging look, two friends daring each other to say or do something. Finally, Petrenko turns back to his instruments, the moment of truth passed.

PETRENKO

That's why we're here, right? Duty?

Petrenko's headset CRACKLES, which strangely, Camy can hear.

ZAITSEV (V.O.)

(filtered)

Captain, we're on course at waypoint Boris. We need to begin our descent to three hundred meters.

PETRENKO

Understood. Zaitsev, how's the storm?

Camy pulls back out of the cockpit. On the forward flight deck behind Petrenko sits SHTALENKOV, 28, Comm. Officer, before an elaborate radio station.

Aft of Shtalenkov is the Navigator/Defensive Systems Operator, ZAITSEV, 27, surrounded by his gear.

ZAITSEV (V.O.)

Well, I wouldn't want to be flying around out there, that's for sure.

Camy walks back to Zaitsev on the forward flight deck, and looks over his shoulder.

Zaitsev holds a YELLOW printout of a weather report, covered with isobars and text. He tapes the printout to the bulkhead.

REESE (O.S.)

Camy!

Camy turns...

INT. BOMBER - TRAVELING - NIGHT

Reese pulls Camy back out of the cockpit, and shakes her.

REESE

Camy! Wake up.

CAMY

(disoriented)

Bad storm.

Reese shakes her again. Her eyes open and focus. She looks around, panicky for a moment. She pulls away from Reese, grits her teeth and holds her head.

CAMY (cont'd)

What happened?

REESE

I thought you would know. What are you doing in here? Did you pass out?

Camy looks around, her eyes finally settling on the frozen Petrenko.

CAMY

No, I... hit my head when I came up here. I'm all right.

Reese reaches for her head.

REESE

Let me see.

She pushes his hand away, then pulls her hood back up.

CAMY

I said it's all right!

REESE

Okay, then get out of here.

She just looks at him.

REESE (cont'd)

It's dangerous. Go!

Camy stands and squeezes past him.

CAMY

Yeah, you're real concerned for my safety.

Camy stops, squeezes her eyes tightly.

CAMY (cont'd)

(to herself)

Fuuuck...

They start to creep aft through the wreckage. She grabs a piece of wreckage and pushes hard on it. It doesn't budge.

CAMY (cont'd)

Real dangerous. If I go sneaking around in here, one of these Russian instruments or these Russian bombs might fall on me.

They continue through the hatch and into the bomb bay.

CAMY (cont'd)

Didn't feel like telling me that part? That there's a Russian bomber frozen here in Alaska? What was that bullshit you gave me, a Japanese bomber from the war?

REESE

I didn't know what it was then.

CAMY

Well, you do now. So why is it here?

REESE

(sighs)

We think it was practicing long-range, low-altitude bomb runs in Kamchatka and got blown off course by a storm. The storm covered it up, then the next storm and the next, and it hasn't seen the light of day until this year's thaw.

Camy takes this in. They have stopped near one of the two bombs.

CAMY
(off bomb)
Are these nukes?

REESE
I don't know. I doubt it, if it was a practice run, but that's why I wanted a Geiger counter. If they are, they might be leaking radiation.

CAMY
Why didn't they go off in the crash?

REESE
They don't do that, they have to be armed.

CAMY
Baird has one.

REESE
Has what?

CAMY
A Geiger counter. I saw it when we packed his gear, so I don't think he knows.

Reese thinks.

CAMY (cont'd)
Why do you think he has it?

Reese shrugs, still in thought.

CAMY (cont'd)
Well, why didn't he speak up when Chuck asked? I told you I didn't trust him.

REESE
Maybe it doesn't work, maybe it wasn't really a Geiger counter, whatever, don't worry about it, I'll handle it. So don't mention it again, okay?

Camy nods, and Reese gets her moving toward the exit.

EXT. CAMP - NIGHT

As they enter camp, both Reese and Camy look suspiciously toward Baird's tent, then split up and go to their respective tents.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CAMP - MORNING

Camy sits by the fire pit, starting a new fire. As she pokes in the ashes, she notices a few BRASS RIVETS and scraps of BURNED LEATHER.

Baird begins to crawl out of his tent, and Camy quickly piles new tinder over the scraps in the fire pit.

BAIRD
So, umm, have we decided where the uh, facilities are yet?

CAMY
You're on your own. Away from my plane.

Baird nods, and scurries off. As soon as he's gone, Camy pulls the rivets out of the fire pit and pockets them. She thinks for a moment, then gets back to work on the fire.

Reese, Ian and Chuck clamber out of their tent. Chuck squats across the pit from Camy. He watches her pointedly for a few seconds.

CHUCK
Want some help with that?

CAMY
I've done kind of a lot of this.

CHUCK
Really? I guess it was never a timed competition, huh?

She scowls at him as she finishes her fire lay, looks critically at the fire-to-be, then fishes another stick off the pile.

CHUCK (cont'd)
C'mon Sparky, flame on, it's colder than a witch's tit out here!

Camy deliberately places the last stick, and fishes in her pockets for a lighter.

CAMY
So... where you from, Chuck?

CHUCK
(shivers)
St. Augustine. Florida.

CAMY
(smiles)
Yeah.

Finally she pulls out a lighter, and touches the FLAME to the wood, which instantly bursts into a CAMPFIRE. As Chuck shoves his hands over the flames, Baird returns.

CHUCK

So Baird, what's on the agenda today?

BAIRD

Back out there.

Reese and Ian enter the fire circle.

CAMY

So the snow didn't mess with your work?

BAIRD

Not too much. I think I can still find some artifacts if there are any to find.

REESE

Will you be using your Geiger counter to search?

BAIRD

(chuckles)

I don't think I'll ever be using that thing again. It took quite a beating on the way up here. It isn't sensitive enough for my uses now. I'm not even sure it still works. That's why I didn't mention it when you asked yesterday.

REESE

Well, you could go a long way toward returning the favors by letting us use it for a little while today.

BAIRD

I kind of thought all the cash I paid would have done that, but sure, you can borrow it. I don't know how much good it's going to do you though.

REESE

It's worth a shot. Thanks. Ian, you want to go with Dr. Baird and get the Geiger counter?

IAN

Uh, sure. I kinda thought we were going to have some breakfast first.

REESE

That's why God created granola bars.

Baird hesitantly follows Ian toward Baird's tent.

INT. BOMBER - AFT FLIGHT DECK - DAY

LIGHT streaking in through the open tail brings no warmth to this frozen tomb. Soon SHADOWS and SOUNDS also enter through the tail.

CHUCK (O.S.)
How did you know he had the Geiger counter?

REESE (O.S.)
I didn't. Camy saw it in his gear.

IAN (O.S.)
"Saw" it, saw it, or...

Reese, Chuck and Ian slide down the snow chute into the plane.

CHUCK
Looks pretty good to me.

REESE
Yeah, me too.

IAN
Maybe it was psychological damage, you know how sensitive these things are.

They stop, and Reese flips the switch. The counter SQUEALS, then TICKS intermittently.

IAN (cont'd)
Could be background radiation, lot of uranium up here.

They walk forward, toward the bomb bay hatch. As they go, the TICKING becomes progressively more frequent.

INT. BOMBER - BOMB BAY - DAY

They squeeze through the hatch, and Reese points the counter directly at the bombs. The TICKING increases, but doesn't become steady. Reese looks at the gauge.

REESE
Not in the red zone.

IAN
Whatever that means.

CHUCK
It's a red zone, it means bad.

IAN
So they're fairly intact.

REESE

Fairly, but that's not the point.

IAN

It wasn't a training mission.

(beat)

Did the Russians keep a few loaded bombers up at all times? So they couldn't all get caught on the ground?

Reese turns off the Geiger counter, and they all look at the unimaginably destructive bombs before them.

REESE

Yeah, just like we did.

(beat)

I'm gonna go call Don. This is a charlie foxtrot now. Why don't you guys look around, see if you can find a radio log or something.

Reese heads aft, Ian and Chuck begin to poke around.

CHUCK

Yeah, that'll be handy. If it's in English.

Ian smiles.

CHUCK (cont'd)

What?

(beat)

You speak Russian.

IAN

Read it. You mean you don't?

CHUCK

I had you pegged for a Klingon translator.

Reese shakes his head as he climbs through the hatch.

EXT. VALLEY - DAY

Camy climbs the last few feet to a rock outcrop and turns to look out over the valley. She pulls a flask from her parka.

Some distance away she can see Baird digging in the snow. He already has a few holes dug.

Camy turns to see Reese exit the bomber and walk toward camp. She opens the flask and takes a pull.

Her head perks up and she looks into the distance, listening. Her attention comes back to the valley, and she gazes back down at the bomber's cockpit. She pulls her pill bottle from a pocket, and washes a couple of them down with another hit from the flask.

EXT. CAMP - DAY

Reese sits by the campfire, on the satellite phone.

REESE

Yeah, that's pretty much what I said.

DON (V.O.)

Well, I made some calls - very quiet ones. Maybe we can turn the bombs over to the government, and keep the plane.

REESE

Yeah, I'm pretty sure I know how that's gonna go.

(beat)

I think we need to look at this thing a little harder.

DON (V.O.)

Worst case, they take the plane and the bombs, and we--

REESE

No, that's what I'm saying, that's not the worst case. Look, a Soviet bomber, flying hot, crashed on American soil. Think they want a bunch of scrap dealers blowing the lid off the whole thing?

Camy walks up.

DON (V.O.)

No, they don't even know about it. If they did, it wouldn't still be there. For now the best you can do is to stay up there and poke around the bomber, see if you can carry anything important out.

REESE

You mean important enough to keep us alive?

DON (V.O.)

If we need to make a deal with somebody. I'm not saying I agree with you, but I've been pulling on a few strings at D.O.D., and some of them have started pulling back. So, there is the possibility that the conservatively dressed men could come knocking.

(MORE)

DON (V.O.) (cont'd)

But for now, we don't know what they know,
and we don't know what they would do if
they found out.

REESE

Yeah. A lot of questions. Call if you
get anything.

Reese hangs up the phone.

CAMY

Keep us alive?

REESE

It's not what it sounded like. Do you
think we can get a couple more days?

CAMY

It's gonna snow.

REESE

It's Alaska.

CAMY

In the next two days. Hard.

REESE

(sighs)

Did you hear a weather report?

Camy looks down. Reese nods. She looks up.

CAMY

That doesn't mean I'm wrong. I'm not.

REESE

Sure.

CAMY

I want to bury the crew. They deserve
that.

REESE

They deserve that.

(pause)

What do you think they were doing out
here... in Alaska - America, with their
payload of nuclear weapons? Where do you
think they were going?

CAMY

You said they were on a training mission.

REESE

(off Geiger counter)

That was wishful thinking, mostly for your
benefit, partly for mine.

(MORE)

REESE (cont'd)

(pause)

We're not burying anybody. There's no exposed ground, and we're not wasting fuel on a pyre. They're better off where they are anyway. And that's what they deserve.

Camy waits a few moments, then turns to walk away. Ian and Chuck walk up at the same moment.

CAMY

It'll snow. Maybe thirty-six hours.

She heads toward the bomber.

REESE

Where are you going?

CAMY

I want to go back into the plane.

REESE

No. Last time I let you go in--

CAMY

I'll be more careful. And you didn't let me in. Technically, it's still my find.

REESE

I paid fifty-three--

CAMY

For a plane ride.

A clash of wills.

CHUCK

(to Camy; seriously)

Maybe that isn't the best place for you.

IAN

She's already been in there once. The bombs are pretty safe... as bombs go.

REESE

Fine, I'm going with you. You guys see if you can think of what we could take from the bomber if we need to get out of here in a hurry. I have a feeling when Don starts asking questions this whole thing is gonna go tango uniform pretty fast.

Reese follows Camy toward the bomber. Chuck shakes his head.

IAN

I hate it when he does that tango zulu foxtrot shit. I have no fucking idea what he's talking about.

(MORE)

IAN (cont'd)
 (yells after Reese)
 We weren't all in the Air Force you know!

CHUCK
 Actually, other than you, I think we
 pretty much all were. Maybe even her.

IAN
 Shut up.

Chuck smiles to himself.

INT. BOMBER - FORWARD FLIGHT DECK - DAY

Camy first, then Reese make their way forward. Camy stops and looks doubtfully into the cockpit. She looks sadly from Shtalenkov, on one side of the aisle to Zaitsev, on the other.

CAMY
 (quiet)
 Zaitsev.

REESE
 What?

CAMY
 Nothing.
 (beat)
 I said, Zaitsev. That was his name. He
 was the navigator.

REESE
 How do you-- who is this guy?

CAMY
 I don't know.

Reese looks up to the cockpit, then nods toward it.

REESE
 Did they tell you?

Camy looks sadly at Petrenko's profile in the cockpit. She turns and brushes past Reese, heading back toward the bomb bay.

CAMY
 Don't shit on me just because you can't
 understand something.

Camy forges furiously aft, then slows down to squeeze through the forward bomb bay hatch. Reese catches up.

REESE
 Hey, I'm trying to understand. Did they?
 Can you...

Camy stops near the other two dead crewmen.

CAMY
It's not like that. They don't tell me stories, sing me songs. I just... see what they saw, hear what they heard. No, that's not right. I guess I feel what they felt, so I don't hear Russian words, I hear what the words meant to them.

Reese nods, trying to understand.

CAMY (cont'd)
What do you think happened in here?

REESE
What do you mean?

CAMY
This one's hands are tied, and that one was shot in the back. You didn't notice?

REESE
I noticed. Mutiny maybe.

CAMY
Why do you say that?

REESE
Because you don't attack the United States with one bomber. This wasn't a mission, this was one lunatic flying off to start World War Three. I'm guessing these two guys weren't with the program. If anybody deserves a decent burial, it's probably them. And whoever finally brought the plane down.

Camy looks up toward the cockpit, sadness and horror on her face. She slumps to a seat against the hull. As she does, her hand brushes one of the bodies.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BOMBER - FORWARD FLIGHT DECK - TRANCE - NIGHT

Camy is seated in the same spot in the past bomber. Seated across from her is ZHULIN, 36. He has a map spread out before him at his station. BORSKY, 27 squats beside him.

ZHULIN
And the engines can make it that far? And the fuel?

BORSKY
Sure.

ZHULIN
Even at this altitude?

BORSKY
The tail wind helps. They might sound like they're going to blow up, but that's just the way they sound.
(taps hull rib)
Scimitar will hold together.

ZHULIN
I know how they sound. I've done this before, you know.

BORSKY
So, why so worried about the engines all of a sudden?

ZHULIN
I'm not worried. Not about that.

Borsky follows Zhulin's meaningful gaze forward.

BORSKY
The captain? What about him?

ZHULIN
Do you really think he can do it? When the time comes?

BORSKY
I've been his engineer on 53 missions. He's a little... sensitive, but, I mean somebody put him in charge.

ZHULIN
I'm not saying he isn't a good enough pilot, I know--

Zhulin stops when he sees a shadow coming from up forward. A moment later, Shtalenkov steps into the light and Zhulin relaxes.

ZHULIN (cont'd)
What do you think, Shtalenkov?

SHTALENKOV
Well, I'm going to play it safe and say I think you're talking out of your ass, Zhulin.

Borsky chuckles.

BORSKY
Zhulin doesn't think the captain--

ZHULIN

I'll tell him what I think, and I'll tell you. I think the captain is all duty and honor and country as long as we're just flying around on station without a target, but when it comes time to actually drop, I'm not sure he can go through with it. In fact, I'm pretty sure he won't.

SHTALENKOV

Maybe that's something you should have brought up when we were still on the ground.

ZHULIN

Brought up to who? They don't really ask guys like us questions like that, do they?

SHTALENKOV

Maybe this is why.

ZHULIN

Shit. Tell me you really think he'll drop them. Tell me you're absolutely sure.

SHTALENKOV

(hesitates)

I think he knew what the mission was, and he strapped in, like every other time.

(beat)

No, I don't think he'll drop the bombs. You will, that's your job. His job is getting us there. He'll do it.

(distastefully)

And yes, I'm sure you'll do your job.

ZHULIN

You're damn right I will! If this is what Mother Russia asks of me, I'll do it proudly! Maybe that's the problem, Petrenko is a Ukrainian. He doesn't have the same loyalties as us. I can't believe they let them serve, let alone command a mission like this. We should have exterminated them when we had the chance.

SHTALENKOV

Well, if it makes you feel any better, Zhulin, I'm pretty sure that after we do our jobs, they'll all get exterminated... just like everybody else.

Disgusted, Shtalenkov turns and goes back forward. Camy stands and follows him forward.

Shtalenkov, still fuming, stomps past Zaitsev to his own station. In his chair is MISHA, 22, short, boyish, who leaps out of it when Shtalenkov arrives. Shtalenkov motions Misha back into the seat as he paces back and forth a few times. Finally calm...

SHTALENKOV (cont'd)

Is there something?

MISHA

I was just...

SHTALENKOV

What?

MISHA

Is it okay to--

SHTALENKOV

Use the head?

Misha nods.

SHTALENKOV (cont'd)

Yes, it's still early. Somebody will let you know when to stay at your station. You did your pre-flight, right?

Misha nods eagerly.

SHTALENKOV (cont'd)

It's okay to go. But not in my seat.

Misha leaps up. Shtalenkov sits. Misha turns to head aft.

SHTALENKOV (cont'd)

Misha. You came all the way up here to ask me that?

MISHA

Lieutenant Zaitsev seemed busy, so...

Shtalenkov throws a meaningful glare at Zaitsev.

SHTALENKOV

He always seems busy.

Zaitsev smiles.

MISHA

And the other two just always give me these looks when I go by.

ZAITSEV

Yeah, they're big into the evil looks.

Zaitsev hunkers over his station and gives him an evil scientist glare. Misha and Shtalenkov laugh.

MISHA

I'll tell you, if you didn't show up in the next thirty seconds I was gonna go ask the captain.

ZAITSEV

Oh, I would have paid a million rubles to see that. "Uh, captain, I know you're flying the plane at 800 KPH about three meters off the ground, but I really have to take a piss and I was wondering--"

MISHA

I wish!

ZAITSEV

Oh well, if that's the case, maybe you should hang onto it until we're over the target.

They all start laughing now.

SHTALENKOV

That'll send a message.

ZAITSEV

Can you see the Americans? "They flew 8,000 miles armed to the teeth with nuclear weapons, and then when they got here, they just shit on Seattle and went home."

SHTALENKOV

Those Russkies are some mean sonsabitches.

MISHA

But see what we could've done? And by the way, can we borrow some fuel to get back to Russia?

The laughing winds down.

Misha (cont'd)

Seriously though, do you think I could go up and say hello to the captain?

Zaitsev holds up the YELLOW PRINTOUT again.

ZAITSEV

I don't think so. Right now, he's got enough on his hands trying to get us through this storm.

Misha stares intently at the printout, which is printed in plain English. The printout begins to WAVER as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BOMBER - FORWARD FLIGHT DECK - DAY

Camy blinks a couple of times as she comes back to the present.

REESE
So, do you still think a storm is coming?

CAMY
(dazed)
Yeah, but it won't be as bad.

REESE
That's good. Might give us an extra--

Reese sees that Camy is still disoriented from something.

REESE (cont'd)
As bad as what?

CAMY
The one...
(snaps back)
The one the bomber went down in.

They both look puzzled. Camy gets up and heads forward to Zaitsev's station. Reese follows. She pulls back a piece of dislodged gear, and there, stuck to the bulkhead, is the YELLOW PRINTOUT.

Reese is stunned.

Camy pulls down the printout, but to her surprise, it's in Russian.

CAMY (cont'd)
I... this isn't...

REESE
Where's the log book?

CAMY
What?

REESE
The log book, we couldn't find it. Do you know where it is?

Camy thinks for a moment, then goes up to the cockpit with Reese right behind. She reaches into the bin on Karpov's seat.

CAMY
It's right--

She comes up empty-handed.

CAMY (cont'd)
It should be right here.

REESE

We know where it should be.

Reese looks at her, pity in his eyes. He turns to leave.

CAMY

Wait!

He turns back.

CAMY (cont'd)

There's another one.

Careful not to brush against Petrenko, Camy reaches under his seat.

After a few doubtful moments, she pulls out Petrenko's journal. She holds it out to Reese.

CAMY (cont'd)

It's not official, it's Petr-- the captain's personal journal.

As he takes it from her, Reese's look is now one of awe. In the BG, Ian clatters through the bomb bay hatch.

CAMY (cont'd)

He wrote up every mission.

REESE

Every mission?

CAMY

Some got a little less coverage than others. There were 104.

Ian clambers up to them.

IAN

Don just called.

(beat)

We lost the connection before he could say much, something about the Air Force. I don't think the phone is doing--

(off yellow printout)

Hey, what's that? Can I see it?

Camy hands him the printout.

REESE

It's just a weather report.

(hands Ian the book)

Can you read this?

IAN

Is this the log?

Ian opens the journal and reads.

IAN (cont'd)

No, it's somebody's personal journal.
Ilya Petrenko. The captain?

Reese shrugs, Camy nods. Ian goes back to reading. He laughs.

REESE

What?

IAN

Nothing. The guy was just kinda funny.
When he wrote. You know, when he wasn't
dropping doomsday on people.

Ian continues to read.

IAN (cont'd)

It's all similar. He starts out
describing the mission, all that dusty
military humor you and Chuck are so big
on, then he usually goes off on a tangent
or a letter to his family.

CAMY

Like what?

IAN

Like here, at the beginning. He moved his
family from Kiev to some little shit-hole
military town in - holy shit - Siberia.
He's hoping his wife will understand that
he did it for the family, to prove his
loyalty to the good old USSR, make him
more promotable, all that. Good luck with
that one, Comrade, it's fucking Siberia.
And good luck finding anybody else who
could have translated the word
"promotable," by the way.

Camy is not amused. She reaches out for the journal.

IAN (cont'd)

Do you mind if I keep it for a while? I
want to translate a little more.

CAMY

(pause)

Okay, for a little while. Just don't let
Baird see it, okay?

IAN

Sure.

Agreed, they all start to head out. Ian pockets the journal.

EXT. BOMBER - MAGIC

The three trudge out of the bomber. Ian studies the printout. Camy looks at the sky. The clouds are thicker now, with some of the mountain peaks lost among them.

CAMY

When I said there was a storm coming, I meant it. I really do have--

REESE

Yeah, I get it.

CAMY

We should get back to Reliance, it won't be that bad down there.

REESE

Will morning be okay?

CAMY

Should be. I'll prep the plane as much as I can tonight.

IAN

(off printout)

This is pretty much the worst weather report I've ever seen; no wonder they went down. So I'm guessing you know what kind of plane this is now.

REESE

Bear. TU-95 long-range strategic bomber.

IAN

Do you know its ceiling?

REESE

About forty thousand feet.

CAMY

So he could have just climbed above it.

REESE

If he wasn't using it for cover. How long do you think he could have stayed with it?

IAN

It was a monster of a storm. Plus it was moving along at about twenty-five knots. If he timed it right, he could've gotten well into Canada before he got ahead of it. Past the Rockies.

REESE

Then it's just low and slow to the border. He would've had what, about an eighty-knot tail wind when he was in the storm, so he would've saved a lot of gas. Would've made it to the States easy.

IAN

Where do you think he was gonna do it?

REESE

I don't know, you're asking me to figure out what the ultimate madman of all time was thinking on his most insane day. Maybe it's in the journal.

IAN

If I find out, do you want--

REESE

No.

(beat)

Yes. I don't know, surprise me.

Reese starts to walk slowly back to camp.

EXT. CAMY'S PLANE - MAGIC

Camy is atop the fuselage of her plane, clearing a sensor.

She looks from the bomber to where Baird is shoveling snow back into a hole. For a split second, she thinks she sees the GLINT of METAL in the hole before Baird covers it up.

EXT. CAMP - NIGHT

Only Baird attempts to cook over the small campfire. The salvagers share a small camp stove, and Camy has one of her own.

CAMY

(to Baird)

So, you came on an expedition to Alaska without a stove? You weren't expecting to find firewood were you?

Baird indicates the fire, clearly made of wood.

CAMY (cont'd)

So you knew I would bring firewood?

BAIRD

No. And to answer your first question, I only came all the way from the Nome airport without a stove, which is where I assume it still is.

(MORE)

BAIRD (cont'd)

It didn't seem like much of a problem, since it was 86 degrees when my stove and I parted company.

(beat)

And thanks for bringing the wood, and letting me cook on your fire.

CHUCK

She invented fire, you know. Just this morning. Saw her do it.

CAMY

(holds up her hand)

Guess what's in my mitten, Chuck.

REESE

So Baird, how's the hunting?

BAIRD

A little disappointing, to be honest with you. I haven't really come up with anything concrete.

REESE

That's too bad. Maybe it's just the wrong valley.

BAIRD

Maybe.

REESE

Well, we're heading back tomorrow. You'll have to wrap it up in the morning if you want a ride.

BAIRD

Boy, that's a tough choice; stay here and wallow in abject failure for the fifteen minutes it takes me to freeze to death, or just go home. How about you? Is your plane worth anything?

REESE

They're all worth something. But it would have to be worth a hell of a lot to make it worthwhile to pull it out of here.

BAIRD

Is it?

REESE

Hard to say. Depends on the market, the provenance of the plane. It's a warbird though, so that's always worth something. We have plenty of time to think about it.

CAMY
What do you mean?

REESE
Well, we're leaving in the morning, so we have all winter to figure it out.

CAMY
So you're just going to leave them here?

Reese looks annoyed.

BAIRD
Them?

CAMY
It, the plane. You're just going to leave it out here for somebody else to find?

REESE
It was only blind luck and global warming that found it this time.

IAN
We'll get a GPS fix on it and register the salvage claim when we get back.

CAMY
We can't--

REESE
Yes, we can.

CAMY
How are you going to claim... that? It's not supposed to be here, nobody will--

REESE
They won't care if it's here. If we file a claim on a plane wreck at certain map coordinates, that'll be enough to hold it.

CHUCK
Plus we have the journal. I mean, it's in Russian, that ought to...

Chuck finally edits himself. Ian grimaces. Camy looks panicky.

BAIRD
You have a journal from that plane? It's Russian?

(beat; looks toward plane)
Are there dead Russians in there?

REESE
Long dead. Forget about it.

BAIRD
And this journal is in Russian?

REESE
Baird, I said forget about it.

BAIRD
I only ask because I read Russian, and I was going to offer my help translating whatever you found.

IAN
Thanks, but we're good.

Tense pause.

BAIRD
No problem. To be honest with you, my Russian isn't all that good anyway. It's a tough language.

IAN
Try talking to Chuck.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. CAMP - NIGHT

Once again, as the AURORA BLAZES silently overhead, Camy quietly exits her tent and heads toward the bomber. As she leaves the camp area, another parka-clad figure watches.

INT. BOMBER - AFT FLIGHT DECK - NIGHT

Camy clambers in, and after a glance around, heads forward.

INT. BOMBER - COCKPIT

Camy crouches in the doorway, like before. She looks sadly first at Karpov, then at Petrenko.

CAMY
(whispers)
I'm sorry, I tried to get them to...

Crying, she hangs her head. She reaches out to steady herself against Petrenko's seat, but unknowingly leans against his frozen side instead.

INT. BOMBER - TRANCE - COCKPIT

PETRENKO

No, you didn't.

Camy picks up her head to see the pilots alive again. The SOUNDS OF THE BOMBER IN FLIGHT crash in on her. Petrenko and Karpov are engaged in very heated discussion.

KARPOV

Yes, I did. And so did you. When we took the oath. An army doesn't work if everyone in it stops to question every order based on their own personal morality. Even in a cold war, things have to be done that may be reprehensible at the time, but if they serve the greater good, then what do we accomplish by not doing them?

PETRENKO

I'm thinking of the greater good. How can this possibly be--

KARPOV

Look, I don't have all the information the officers at the top have, and neither do you. But this is what we pledged to do. This is the mission. And no, I didn't expect to actually have to do it any more than you did, but God damn it, it's what we promised to do. Just because the whole thing is going to shit politically--

PETRENKO

I promised a lot of things. I promised my wife I would love her forever. For thirty million people, forever is tonight. For another fifty million, forever is tomorrow night. Oksana will be in that fifty million. So will Andrei and Svetlana. And everybody you and I know. You're right, Alexei, that's the biggest picture I can see. Everybody dead. Everywhere.

Karpov turns away. Petrenko sees Misha aft, talking to Zaitsev and Shtalenkov. He motions him up to the cockpit.

KARPOV

What are you doing?

Misha pokes his always-upbeat face in beside the invisible Camy.

PETRENKO

How are you doing, Misha? It's a long mission, I don't want you to wander off. That's how we lost the last guy.

MISHA

Still here, Captain. As loud and smelly as it is in here, I think it looks worse out there. Zaitsev said it's a bad storm.

PETRENKO

It is, but it's a good tail wind, too. Misha, why did you join the Bomber Command?

MISHA

I didn't join. When I was in army training, an officer came through to check us all out. He looked at me and said I was a perfect gunner. I had never even shot a gun yet, so I asked how he knew that. He said, "We can train anybody to fire a gun, but you, my boy, will fit in the seat."

They all smile.

PETRENKO

Misha, go send Zaitsev up here.

MISHA

Aye, Captain.

Misha turns to go.

PETRENKO

Misha. Have him wait a minute or so before he comes up.

Misha continues on his way. When Petrenko turns back, Karpov is looking out the side window.

PETRENKO (cont'd)

So, just because this poor kid's a little on the short side, he gets to die helping--

KARPOV

We don't have enough, do we?

Petrenko looks at him.

KARPOV (cont'd)

(motions out the window)

We don't have enough with us to cripple them, to prevent a counter-strike.

PETRENKO

We don't have enough anywhere to do that. Just like they don't. That's why nobody does what we're doing. Everybody on both sides knows that.

(beat)

(MORE)

PETRENKO (cont'd)

Did you ever see any orders relating to this mission that came from higher than District Command?

Karpov thinks, then shakes his head.

KARPOV

No, Yurianov was the highest ranking officer I saw on anything.

PETRENKO

A fucking colonel is going to...

KARPOV

Maybe we could just turn it all around, see what happens when we get back.

PETRENKO

Do you honestly believe we could get everybody to just pack it in, head home? I had trouble convincing you, and you at least have a brain. The rest, no way.

Pause. Zaitsev sticks his head into the cockpit. Petrenko keys his intercom.

INT. BOMBER - FORWARD FLIGHT DECK

Shtalenkov listens on the open channel.

Borsky and Zhulin listen as well.

PETRENKO (V.O.)

(filtered)

Comrades, we'll be over hostile territory soon, and we'll need to be sharp. We'll be making some evasive maneuvers, including very low-altitude flying. I want this to be very clear to everyone...

INT. BOMBER - COCKPIT

Camy watches Petrenko intently.

PETRENKO

...this is the line, and we're about to cross it.

Petrenko keys off, seems to hear something, then turns apparently to Zaitsev.

PETRENKO (cont'd)

They're coming.

No one else seems to have heard him. Petrenko turns to Camy, who realizes that he's talking to her.

PETRENKO (cont'd)
Camy, get out, they're coming.

INT. BOMBER - FORWARD FLIGHT DECK - NIGHT - PRESENT

Camy flops backward out of the cockpit, to the floor. Dazed, she gets up and run/staggers aft, holding her head.

EXT. BOMBER - NIGHT

Camy clambers up the embankment, right into the parka-clad figure of... Reese. He grabs her and holds her up. After a second, she registers his face.

CAMY
They're coming! We have to get out!
They're coming!

REESE
Who's coming?

CAMY
Th- I don't know. It's bad. I-I thought
I felt them yesterday, and, but now...

Camy looks up at the AURORA disappearing behind thick clouds.

REESE
The clouds? The storm is coming?

CAMY
No. It's very bad. He was warning me.

REESE
He-- Oh.

CAMY
We have to leave at first light.

REESE
He said that?

CAMY
He said, "Get out, they're coming."

REESE
But not who.

CAMY
No. We leave at first light.

REESE

(beat)

Probably a good idea anyway. Okay, I'll make sure we're ready. That's still about six hours off. You should get some sleep.

Reassured, she nods and starts back toward camp. A short way off, she stops and turns back.

CAMY

Will you...

REESE

Sure.

CAMY

No funny business, I just need--

REESE

I know.

Reese catches up with her, and they both walk toward her tent.

DISSOLVE TO:*

INT. TENT - SUNRISE

Camy wakes up, peeks out of her sleeping bag and sees the other half of the tent empty. She squirms around for a few seconds, then her hand appears from the bag with her flask in it. She drains the last drops, gives it a disgusted look, and flops back down. She shivers.

CAMY

Should've brought the cat.

EXT. CAMP - DAWN

Camy emerges from her tent. Reese sits beside Ian, who holds the journal, while Chuck makes coffee on their little stove. It is deathly quiet, the calm before the blizzard. A few FLURRIES fall.

IAN

...because I've been kind of skipping around, reading a few pages here and there.

REESE

So two more, huh?

Chuck smiles to himself as Camy walks over to the fire pit. He looks at her, and her glare blasts the smile from his face.

IAN

At least two more. He mentioned those pilots by name, but I don't know, I get the impression that there were more than that. I need to go back to the beginning of the entry.

Camy starts to build a fire.

CAMY

(off journal)

So he wasn't a lone psycho.

CHUCK

Doesn't mean he wasn't the head psycho.

IAN

He was the mission leader. But it sounds like he was under orders.

CAMY

So, what does all that mean?

REESE

It means that I am constantly amazed at how much worse things can get.

IAN

The others might have made it back.

REESE

Which would mean what?

(to Camy and Chuck)

Why don't you two grab the metal detectors and fan out. We might get lucky, if that's what you want to call it. Ian, go back to the beginning of the mission and start reading.

Chuck already has the metal detectors in the gear pile to load, so he grabs two. He hands one to Camy.

CHUCK

You know how--

CAMY

I'll figure it out.

Chuck walks out of camp in one direction, as he puts on the headphones. Camy marches purposefully toward Baird's dig, the metal detector dragging beside her in the snow.

Reese stands, goes to Baird's tent, and shakes the pole.

REESE

Baird! C'mon, we're getting out of here soon, pack it up.

(MORE)

REESE (cont'd)

(pause)

Baird, you awake?

Reese waits a moment, then pulls open the tent flap to find an empty tent. Baird and some of his gear are gone.

CAMY (O.S.)

I've got something!

CHUCK (O.S.)

Reese! Over here!

Reese pulls his head from the tent and looks toward Camy, then Chuck, who wave their arms from widely separated spots, well away from camp.

Then he looks toward Ian, who stands ashen-faced, gaping at the book. As Reese watches, Ian's knees buckle, and he collapses on his ass in the snow. Reese rushes over to find Ian still reading, tears in his eyes. Chuck rushes toward them.

At Baird's dig, Camy has already turned away and started digging with her hands down to the aluminum hull she knows is there.

Finally, she looks up to see the three men gathered in the camp. As she watches, Chuck helps Ian stand. Puzzled, she trots toward camp.

Suddenly, the earth begins to SHAKE. The snow all around them becomes BLURRY from the VIBRATION. Piles of it SLIDE from rock outcrops. BOULDERS fall from the mountain at the end of the valley.

Just as abruptly, the EARTHQUAKE ends.

The men begin to look intently around the valley. Finally, Chuck points toward something in the distance. Then Reese does it. Camy slows to a walk, horror beginning to creep onto her face, as she looks where Reese points.

Sticking up from the snow is a mound shaped very much like the swept-back vertical stabilizer of a large plane. A patch of GREY METAL shows through.

She snaps her head to where Chuck had pointed. The refueling probe of another plane now juts from the snow. Still walking, she spins, and sees GLINTS OF METAL peering everywhere from snow banks and rocks at the valley edges.

As Camy backs into the camp, a loud CRACK issues from the rock wall at the near end of the valley, where they had all expected to crash. A huge shelf of ice and snow slides off the wall to reveal the shape of an entire silver-clad bomber, folded against the cliff wall.

IAN

(quietly)

Forty-one bombers, sixty-two thermonuclear free-fall bombs. A handful of nuclear cruise missiles.

(MORE)

IAN (cont'd)

They figured all the missiles and a little less than half the bombers would make it to their targets. The rest could detonate their bombs in the air if they were going down. It was a suicide mission - expected losses were one hundred percent. They didn't even have enough fuel to get back.

REESE

Where was this one going?

Ian flips ahead in the journal.

IAN

Seattle. The squadron flew low and slow north out of Siberia to catch the storm. Then the plan was to stay with it as long as possible, use it with the low altitude as a radar shield. Somewhere in Canada they would eventually get ahead of the storm, then they would split up and go balls-out for the U.S.

CHUCK

What about our losses?

IAN

Mega-death. They expected to be able to get most of the west coast, Chicago, a few military targets in the northern plains, Denver, Salt Lake, Minneapolis, as far east as Buffalo... thirty, forty million?

REESE

When?

IAN

Eighty-eight.

CAMY

What was the exact date?

IAN

Umm, February 28.

Camy pauses, ashen-faced.

REESE

What.

CAMY

I was born the next day.

(beat)

In Seattle.

EXT. ALASKA - DAY

An enormous, Russian AN-124 transport plane swoops low in the HEAVY SNOW. As the behemoth approaches the ground, the rear ramp drops. Still flying at high speed, just a few feet from the ground, the transport ejects a huge, articulated snow cat from the rear door.

The snow cat skids to a stop in a cloud of snow as the AN-124 climbs and banks away.

The Russian commandoes abandon their snow mobiles, race up to the snow cat, and detach it from its pallet. In the near distance, a pass breaks the mountain wall ahead. The commandoes climb aboard the snow cat, and head toward the pass.

EXT. CAMY'S PLANE - DAY

Camy runs to her plane. She is about to open the door when she notices a STAIN in the snow.

EXT. CAMP - DAY

Reese opens a pack and pulls out a pistol. He checks it, then stuffs it in his pocket. The other two do the same. Ian grabs walkie-talkies from a gear box, and tosses one to each of them.

REESE

Is this all of it?

Ian and Chuck nod. Reese looks through the pile.

REESE (cont'd)

Any of you seen the sat-phone?

The others shake their heads. As one, they realize that it's gone.

REESE (cont'd)

See if you can figure out which way he went.

As the others move to do this, Reese heads toward Camy's plane.

EXT. CAMY'S PLANE - DAY

As Reese approaches, Camy scrambles around under an engine cowling. He waits for her attention. She continues to work.

CAMY

Fuel lines are cut. Holes punched in the tanks. It's pretty bad. I warned you about him.

Reese grimly nods.

REESE

So, can you get her in the air?

CAMY

I don't know. I could use Chuck's help.

Reese nods again. Camy sees the butt of his gun in his pocket.

CAMY (cont'd)

This kind of thing happen to you a lot?

REESE

More than you would think. More than I would think.

CAMY

What do you mean?

REESE

A few years ago we were pulling an ME-109 out of a wheat field in the Ukraine - that's a World War II German fight--

CAMY

I know what it is.

REESE

Anyway, the Russians had nothing better to do that weekend, so they annexed Crimea. Fun times.

CAMY

You got out though.

Reese looks around at the vast, unforgiving landscape.

REESE

And here we are. Make sure you check for any other damage, booby traps, whatever. I'll get Chuck over here.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CAMY'S PLANE - MAGIC

Camy and Chuck work intensely. Chuck even has his parka off.

Finally, as Camy keeps working, Chuck stands up and looks at his work. Then he looks around at where Camy works, then various other parts of the engine. He exhales heavily, and lays his wrench down.

Eventually, Camy notices he's not working.

CAMY

This isn't a union job, you know.

Chuck nods to a spot on the engine, and Camy looks. Then he points to another one. Then her eyes take the same trip around the engine his did. Finally, she leans back. They look grimly at each other.

EXT. CAMP - NIGHT

The wind is light, but the SNOW is heavy. Reese, Ian and Chuck sit against large chunks of wreckage around a SMOKING CAMPFIRE. Ian continues to read the journal by firelight.

Camy walks up and stands at the empty quadrant of the fire.

CAMY

So... what exactly are we burning here?

CHUCK

(thumbs toward bomber)

Fuel. Still a couple thousand pounds in the tanks.

CAMY

Well, this shouldn't cut too many years off our lives.

REESE

Beats freezing to death now.

Camy walks over, sits behind Ian and tries to read over his shoulder. Reese watches her. She points at the book.

CAMY

Who is this?

IAN

Colonel Yurianov. District commander. Our boy Petrenko suspected that he ordered the whole mission, and just made it look like the orders came from higher up. Apparently, he tried for years to sell the boys upstairs on the doomsday mission, but they shut him down. I guess when the Soviet Union started to come apart, a few things squeezed through the cracks.

CAMY

Yeah, Petrenko mentioned-- Is his first name in there?

IAN

Uhh, there was an initial back here, hang on. Yeah, just a D.

CAMY

Dimitri Yurianov? The guy on CNN.

CHUCK

Who?

CAMY

The next President of Russia.

REESE

I doubt it. After this fiasco, they must have put him away for a few years.

IAN

A lot of years, probably. This says he was really connected, though. That's why they couldn't lock him up when he tried to get it off the ground the first time.

CAMY

That's what CNN said too, he was huge with the military.

REESE

So the guy who twice tried to launch a doomsday mission against the West is about to be President of Russia.

IAN

Can't see any way that could go wrong.

REESE

We've got to get this journal out of here. If this guy gets elected, he'll finish the job. Destroying the world isn't a hobby.

Pause.

CHUCK

I wonder what would happen if the Russkies knew the planes were out in the open.

REESE

I'm guessing they do know. Everybody has satellites.

IAN

Baird.

They all look suspiciously into the swirling darkness around them.

REESE

He must have had some way to get out of here. Probably using my goddamn sat-phone to coordinate with them now.

CAMY

They're coming... that's what he meant.

CHUCK
Who's coming? And who meant it?

REESE
The Russians.

IAN
You think?

REESE
I don't know. I'm not sure how much you
can count on a dead guy.

CHUCK
What?

Chuck looks from Reese to Camy, and understands.

CHUCK (cont'd)
Oh, for Christ's sake. The dead guy in
the plane told you the Russians are
coming? That's beautiful.

Camy looks from Chuck to Ian.

IAN
It is a little weird. I've been in there
several times, and none of them ever said
boo to me.

CAMY
Look, I don't care if either of you--

CHUCK
Slow down. I never said I didn't believe
you. I just don't believe him. Of course
Ivan was telling you to run, he wanted you
out of his plane. I just can't believe
you fell for it. I mean, how long have
you been doing this?

They all look in disbelief at Chuck.

CHUCK (cont'd)
What? My grandmother used to talk to dead
people all the time. Drove her completely
batshit eventually. So, how long?

Camy looks around at them, clears her heart from her throat.

CAMY
Umm, about seven years.
(they wait for more)
It was - I was a first officer for United.
We were on final to SFO when I went
blind... it was like a truck went through
my forehead.

(MORE)

CAMY (cont'd)

They said I had convulsions, eyes rolled back, the whole package. I don't really know.

(pause)

It turns out I was feeling the car accident that killed my husband and little boy at that same moment. They were on the way to the airport to meet me.

(beat)

So, from that point on, I had this little... gift. The sense of direction; sometimes when I touch people, I... sense things; I can - I get along with animals. I didn't know about the ghost whispering part until the other day, though.

Long, silent pause.

REESE

What happened to the airliner?

CAMY

Figures you would ask that. The captain took the controls, and landed her.

REESE

So now you do this.

CAMY

They did some tests,... didn't find anything. But you really only have to black out in the cockpit once. I got a new private license, but there's no way I'll ever get to fly commercial again.

IAN

And that's why you're up here?

CAMY

(nods)

It's... hard to be around people. Hard to like them.

REESE

Sorry about your family.

Ian and Chuck nod their condolences, which Camy accepts silently. She takes a deep breath, wipes away a nearly frozen tear.

CAMY

What about Baird and his friends? They are coming, he wouldn't lie to me.

IAN

It does make sense they would send out a small unit to fetch Baird, check out the bombers.

CHUCK

Kill us.

They all look at Chuck.

CHUCK (cont'd)

I mean, Baird obviously wasn't equipped to do it, so he just made sure we would still be here when the cavalry showed up. I bet they'll be equipped.

IAN

Fucking Russians again. What a bag of dicks.

REESE

Okay, we'll all move into the bomber tonight, set up a perimeter, take shifts on watch.

CAMY

Move in... to the bomber?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BOMBER - PRE-DAWN

Reese peers out over the snowbanks around the entrance to the bomber's tail. HEAVY SNOW falls through the dim light, and the wind has picked up. Everything fades to a GREY HAZE a few feet from the bomber. Camy comes up out of the bomber behind him.

CAMY

I think something woke me up.

REESE

Sounded like a plane, about five minutes ago. I couldn't tell what direction.

CAMY

Did you light a signal?

REESE

Not really. Here, take this.

Reese hands her Petrenko's journal.

CAMY

What...

REESE

Get it out if you can. Somebody needs to know about this.

CAMY

I don't have a plane.

REESE
 (squints into the snow)
 We'll get you one.

CAMY
 I'm not going to leave the rest of--

REESE
 Yes you are. If you have to. And you're
 going to fly in this storm if you have to.

CAMY
 I'm not worried about the storm.

REESE
 Good.

CAMY
 But I'm not--

Reese's radio HISSES to life.

CHUCK (V.O.)
 (filtered; sotto)
 I got a contact out here. About twenty
 yards north of me, inbound, over.

Reese pushes a button twice as silent reply, then switches channels.

REESE
 Ian, you got anything, over?

IAN (V.O.)
 (filtered)
 Negative, over.

REESE
 Okay, Chuck has a bogey headed this way.
 I want you to get back here as quick as
 you can. Stay low, over.

IAN (V.O.)
 (filtered)
 Roger, out.

CHUCK (V.O.)
 (filtered; sotto)
 I'm pretty sure this one is alone. Must
 be a scout. I'm gonna trail him in, over.

REESE
 (to Camy)
 I want you to head out that way about
 fifty yards, bury yourself in the snow,
 and wait, okay? If you hear it get bad
 over here, get to where that other plane
 is and get out if you can.

EXT. CAMP - DAY

A lone figure in an Arctic survival suit and a backpack walks into the camp, and surveys the fire pit and empty tents. At the instant he drops the backpack, Reese and Ian emerge from behind snow banks, guns drawn. Chuck walks silently up from behind.

Reese motions toward his goggles and mask, and the stranger removes them. It is Khymelev.

CHUCK

Isn't this the nut job from Reliance?

Reese nods. Camy approaches from out of the snow, looking at Khymelev. She walks right up to him, and looks into his face.

CAMY

Misha?

Khymelev steps back in surprise. He slowly nods.

IAN

You know this guy? You didn't know him in Reliance.

CAMY

He's Misha, the gunner from Petrenko's bomber.

They all look at Khymelev, who nods in his confusion.

MISHA

(stunned)

H-how do you know this?

CHUCK

So you were part of this doomsday mission?

KHYMELEV

(hangs his head; to Camy)

But how do you know this?

REESE

None of your business. What are you doing here?

Khymelev takes an involuntary step toward the bomber.

KHYMELEV

You have found the plane? Scimitar?

The guns come back up, and Khymelev stops in his tracks.

CHUCK

Yeah, and a lot of others.

KHYMELEV
We weren't all monsters.

CHUCK
Just your captain.

Khymelev takes a menacing step toward Chuck.

KHYMELEV
Don't be so stupid. You owe Captain
Petrenko your life. We all do.

Not one to back down, Chuck takes his own step forward.

CHUCK
Oh yeah, how does that work?

Khymelev and Chuck stare each other down. Reese looks around.

REESE
Let's take it inside.

Agreed, they all walk toward the bomber.

INT. BOMBER - AFT FLIGHT DECK - DAY

As they all enter, Khymelev pulls his hood down and looks emotionally around the inside.

KHYMELEV
Where are my comrades?

IAN
Forward. We left them where we found
them.

KHYMELEV
May I...

REESE
Later. We'd like to hear your story
first.

CAMY
Where was your station?

KHYMELEV
Gone. Was farther back, in the tail. Is
out there. Came off in the crash.
(pause)
I was surprised when Captain Petrenko
order me back, because it didn't seem like
we would face any enemies for a long time.

Khymelev sits on an equipment locker. Camy sits beside him.

KHYMELEV (cont'd)

The Captain tried to leave me behind completely, but I wouldn't stay. Most of the other planes had no gunners, to keep weight low. I beg, tell him I don't weigh much. I don't want my crew to go without me. Finally, he let me fly.

(beat)

So when he orders me to my post, I go.

Camy surreptitiously brushes against Khymelev, and she is in...

INT. BOMBER - AFT FLIGHT DECK - TRANCE - NIGHT

Misha crawls from the pressurized tunnel at the top of the bulkhead. He closes and secures the hatch, then goes to his station in the tail, grumbling and pissed off. He begins to check his gear.

MISHA

Go away, Misha, stupid kid. Go back to your tiny, little seat...

(squeezes into seat)

...in the ass of the plane, and look for fighters that aren't there. Leave the big boys to do the real work.

INT. BOMBER - COCKPIT

Petrenko looks determined.

PETRENKO

(on headset)

Zaitsev, what does the next two hundred kilometers or so look like?

At his station, Zaitsev consults his charts.

ZAITSEV

We're coming up on a valley about fifty clicks long, completely shielded from radar. There's a peak at the end, waypoint Cassandra, and it'll be your choice to skirt it on the north or south.

Back in the cockpit.

PETRENKO

Thanks, Zaitsev. Let me know when we're coming up on the turn.

ZAITSEV (V.O.)

(filtered)

Roger.

Petrenko keys off the intercom.

PETRENKO

This is the one I saw on the charts.

KARPOV

It could work. Think you can get all of them?

PETRENKO

I don't know. Hopefully we'll get enough that the rest will realize the mission's blown, and head back. I don't know.

(on intercom)

Shtalenkov, give me the flight.

At Shtalenkov's station, he flips a couple of switches.

SHTALENKOV

Go ahead, Captain.

PETRENKO

This is Scimitar to all birds, repeat Scimitar to all birds. We've discovered that all, repeat all altimeters are incorrectly calibrated.

Shtalenkov looks curiously at Zaitsev, who shrugs.

PETRENKO (V.O.)

(filtered)

Immediately reset zero points to plus 104 meters. I repeat, all altimeters are incorrectly calibrated due to ground instrument malfunction.

Zhulin listens to the orders and looks suspiciously at Borsky.

PETRENKO (V.O.)

(filtered)

Reset zero point to plus one-zero-four meters. Descend to new altitude of two-zero-zero meters, close formation, and maintain visual contact with your wingmen. Maintain radio silence until I give the order to climb out of the valley. Scimitar out.

Zhulin unplugs his headset, checks his sidearm and heads forward to Zaitsev's station. Once there, he plugs in and switches Zaitsev's intercom to a different channel.

ZHULIN

Two hundred meters?! What's he doing?

ZAITSEV

We're coming up on a fifty-click-long valley, my guess is he's trying to use it as cover.

ZHULIN

I thought that was what the storm was for.
If we're that low, how can he maneuver?

SHTALENKOV

I think the idea of cover is so you don't
have to maneuver.

Borsky joins Zhulin in the aisle.

ZHULIN

You know as well as I do what he's doing.
He figures if we lose a couple of the
stragglers, he'll have an excuse to turn
the whole flight around! And what's that
bullshit about the altimeters? I never
heard about any bad calibration.

SHTALENKOV

Why would anybody tell you about bad
calibration?

ZHULIN

Maybe because I'm the one who has to drop
the bombs, idiot boy. It helps to know
your altitude when you're dropping bombs.

SHTALENKOV

Well these bombs don't exactly require
pinpoint accuracy, do they? And the bombs
have their own altimeters.

INT. BOMBER - AFT GUNNER'S STATION

Misha listens, wide-eyed, to the argument. He hears a loud CLICK.

ZAITSEV (V.O.)

(filtered)

Hey, where are you going? Zhulin!

Misha hurriedly unstraps.

INT. BOMBER - FORWARD FLIGHT DECK

*Zhulin storms toward the cockpit. Zaitsev rises to go after him,
but Borsky pushes him into his seat and raises a warning finger.*

*Zhulin pushes into the cockpit doorway, Borsky hovers behind.
Everyone has to shout to be heard.*

ZHULIN

Captain!

PETRENKO

What is it, Zhulin? Why aren't you on the intercom?

ZHULIN

I want to see the communiqué from district about the altimeter problem.

PETRENKO

It was verbal, Zhulin, directly to me, the commander of this mission.

ZHULIN

And naturally, no one else heard this transmission?

KARPOV

I did.

ZHULIN

And Comrade Shtalenkov will verify this?

PETRENKO

No, he won't. I won't let him. If you think that because we have no political officer on this mission I'll put up with this, you're mistaken! Now return to your post.

ZHULIN

Captain, with all due respect, sir, I believe you are not acting in the best interests of this mission or the Soviet Union. You are endangering this mission by flying at too low an altitude...

PETRENKO

Duly noted. Low altitude cover is part of the mission profile...

As the exchange goes on, Zhulin and Petrenko become louder, and shout over each other.

ZHULIN

(angrier)

...I BELIEVE YOU ARE LYING ABOUT THE ALTIMETERS...

PETRENKO

(angrier)

YOU ARE NOT AUTHORIZED TO EVEN DISCUSS SUCH COMMUNICATION...

ZHULIN

AND I BELIEVE THAT YOU INTEND TO SABOTAGE THIS MISSION BECAUSE OF YOUR OWN PERSONAL...

PETRENKO
COMRADE ZHULIN, YOU WILL STAND DOWN NOW!

Zhulin lunges at Petrenko and grabs his headset. He tries to hold Petrenko away as he fumbles for the radio. Karpov is torn between helping his friend and flying the plane. As Petrenko fights back, Zhulin scrambles for his sidearm. Borsky steps back, fearful.

A SHOT rings out. Zhulin slumps to the deck as a RED STAIN spreads on his back. Petrenko and Borsky look aft to where Shtalenkov stands, pointing his own SMOKING pistol. A few feet behind him, stopped in mid-stride, is the shocked Misha.

They all look at Shtalenkov, who now points the gun at Borsky.

PETRENKO (cont'd)
Shtalenkov! At ease!

SHTALENKOV
Sir! I thought Comrade Zhulin was committing mutiny, sir.
(beat)
I, I acted out of loyalty to the Soviet Union and to protect your mission, sir.

When Shtalenkov says, "your mission," Petrenko looks him in the eyes. Clearly, Shtalenkov knows his captain's mind.

Only now does Petrenko see Misha in the aisle. He nods at Shtalenkov and taps his own headset. Shtalenkov, still covering Borsky, plugs in his headset.

SHTALENKOV (cont'd)
(on intercom)
Aye, sir.

PETRENKO
Take Zhulin aft. Secure Comrade Borsky back there as well. And get Misha back to his post and make damn sure he stays there. Stay with him to make sure.

After a beat, Shtalenkov waves his gun at Borsky to pick up Zhulin's body and drag it aft. Borsky bows his head and obeys. Shtalenkov ushers them all aft. Petrenko brushes back his stray hair and turns back to his instruments.

PETRENKO (cont'd)
(on intercom)
Zaitsev, are you still on?

ZAITSEV
Aye, sir.

PETRENKO
Are you ready with the mark to climb?

ZAITSEV

Yes, captain.

The grim look on Zaitsev's face says he knows he won't ever be giving that mark.

Aft of his and Zaitsev's stations, Shtalenkov has Borsky drop Zhulin's body. Then he pulls a nylon strap from the wall and gives it to Misha.

SHTALENKOV

Tie his hands. Behind his back.

Misha takes the strap, and begins to secure Borsky.

BORSKY

I didn't know he was going to do that. I thought he was just going to blow off some steam. I'm no mutineer.

SHTALENKOV

You're every mutineer. If he'd succeeded, you would be telling me what a hero you were for helping him. Comrade Zhulin was stupid and he was an asshole, but at least he had balls.

MISHA

Done.

Misha roughly pushes Borsky into a seat against the hull. Borsky tries to stare Misha into some kind of submission, but that's not going to work anymore. Borsky lowers his eyes.

SHTALENKOV

Let's go, to your station.

MISHA

There's no enemy out there, you don't need me at--

SHTALENKOV

The captain said to make sure I get you to your post, and that's what I'm doing.

Shtalenkov holsters his sidearm and points Misha up the ladder to the tube. Misha reluctantly goes up, and Shtalenkov follows.

INT. BOMBER - AFT FLIGHT DECK

Misha drops down from the tube, Shtalenkov struggles to get out.

SHTALENKOV

No wonder you don't like to come back here. Who designed this shit, the Pollocks?

Finally, Shtalenkov drops to the deck.

MISHA

Something bad is going to happen, isn't it? That's why he wants me back here.

SHTALENKOV

He wants you back here because this is your station, and he's been pretty lax with you about it until now. I don't think he's in the mood to have people wandering around the plane anymore.

MISHA

It's not your station, why does he want you to stay back here?

SHTALENKOV

To keep you here. And quiet.

MISHA

(thinks)

No, he sent you back here because it's safer. Zhulin was right, wasn't he? The captain is going to crash the plane. He's going to crash all the planes.

Shtalenkov's hand wanders near his sidearm.

SHTALENKOV

Why would he do that? Why would he kill us all?

MISHA

To save everybody else. We're all going to die anyway, it's a suicide mission. I'm not that stupid.

SHTALENKOV

No, we're not all going to die. We'll ditch after the drop, and get picked up by subs. Were--

MISHA

I said I'm not stupid.

SHTALENKOV

(pause)

Just strap in. I'm going forward, I have things to do. That make you feel better?

MISHA

The captain told you to stay back here.

SHTALENKOV

To make sure you stay put. Are you going to stay put? Say yes.

MISHA

Yes.

SHTALENKOV

Good. Now strap in.

Misha climbs into his station and begins to strap in. Shtalenkov's eyes linger on the emergency survival kit. He heads up the ladder.

MISHA

Shtalenkov! Yuri!

Shtalenkov turns around on the ladder.

Misha (cont'd)

It is safer back here. You and Zaitsev should come back. I'll call him!

Shtalenkov shakes his head, then turns and heads up the ladder.

INT. BOMBER - FORWARD FLIGHT DECK

Tears in his eyes, Zaitsev speaks clearly into his headset.

ZAITSEV

Captain, you have no more than fifteen seconds to give the order to climb.

INT. COCKPIT

Petrenko and Karpov share grim, sad looks. Petrenko throttles down.

PETRENKO

Thank you, Zaitsev.

INT. FORWARD FLIGHT DECK

Zaitsev sobs once as he drops his headset to his desk.

INT. BOMBER - COCKPIT

Petrenko and Karpov see the flash of an explosion to their left. The radio CRACKLES to life.

BOMBER PILOT (V.O.)

(filtered)

What the hell?! Scimitar, Scimitar, this is Grey Goose. We've lost Dragon Boat! I think they hit--

Another EXPLOSION from the left heralds the end of Grey Goose. Suddenly the radio is alive with SCREAMS AND SHOUTS of terror.

Petrenko switches off the radio.

INT. BOMBER - AFT GUNNER'S STATION

Misha looks around outside. Everywhere bombers SLAM into the ground, rock outcrops and other bombers trying to change course. EXPLOSIONS light up the valley.

Misha looks down and sees the snowy, rocky ground race by appallingly close.

EXT. VALLEY - NIGHT

One bomber's ENGINES ROAR as it accelerates and banks sharply to avoid the mountain at the end of the valley. It slowly starts to come up and around. Then it SMASHES, almost bottom first into the mountain and EXPLODES.

INT. BOMBER - COCKPIT

Petrenko looks sadly resigned. Karpov is afraid. Petrenko looks back to the flight deck. Shtalenkov is making his way forward. He stops in the middle of the aisle and salutes his commander.

Karpov heaves back on the yoke and pushes the throttles forward.

KARPOV
Wait, we could--

EXT. VALLEY - NIGHT

Scimitar slams into the sloping valley floor and GRINDS along. The tail RIPS off and tumbles away. The rest of the bomber bounces violently on for some distance.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. VALLEY - LATER

The tail section of the bomber rests on its top, the large rudder gone. A HATCH in what used to be the belly GRINDS open. Misha laboriously climbs out and slides to the snow.

He falls to his knees as he looks around him. FIRES still burn all around the valley, punctuated by small fuel EXPLOSIONS, but all the bombers crashed some time ago.

Off Misha's bewildered, tear-streaked face...

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BOMBER - AFT FLIGHT DECK - DAY

...Khymelev's tear-streaked face. He repositions himself to get comfortable. Camy loses contact with him and comes back to the present. She sees that Chuck has been watching her, and her tears.

KHYMELEV

There was food, maps, radio. So I walk from here to the beach. It took about three weeks, but a submarine pick me up.

REESE

You walked to the coast from here? That's five hundred miles. In a blizzard.

KHYMELEV

Blizzard?

IAN

Big storm.

KHYMELEV

Oh. No, storm was only one more day. Still... was pretty cold. I lost three toes, and...

(shows his absent fingers)

I wait until the storm was better. First, I look for others, survivors. I did not find any. I could not even find my own plane. I got uh, turn around. I think I look the wrong way.

IAN

So, your captain, Petrenko, he--

KHYMELEV

Save the world. He send all these planes, three hundred fifty comrades into the ground to save millions of others. His family, mine, all of ours. And yours. And Lieutenant Karpov also. Petrenko couldn't do it if Karpov didn't go along.

REESE

Why are you here now?

KHYMELEV

When I get back to Soviet Union, I was questioned. Then sworn to secrecy. The records were destroyed. Nobody outside our district knew about the mission. They made sure nobody ever would.

REESE

Nobody knew?

KHYMELEV

The orders did not come from Kremlin or even from the army. It was just Yurianov. I can't believe he could do it. When they find out, Yurianov was stripped of his rank, thrown in prison for a while, not enough. I thought you would never hear of him again.

CAMY

Did you stay in the air force?

KHYMELEV

Army. It was all army in Soviet Union. I stayed as long as I had to, then I join, uhh, diplomat corps. That's where I learn my perfect English.

(smiles)

When Soviet Union falls, it is a good thing, but also many things were lost. Records, memories. Then five years ago, I see Yurianov in the news. He is running for office in Murmansk. Doesn't even change his name. He wins. So I watch him. He moves up in the Communist party just as they start to get strong again. He gets more and more popular. He sounds like the rest of the politicians, but once in a while he says something about the glorious days of the Soviet Union. I think that soon somebody will see what he is, but they don't! He gets even more popular, so as soon as he says something about running for President of Russia, I uhh, ahh...

Khymelev looks to Ian for help with the word.

IAN

Shit your pants?

Khymelev considers this translation.

CAMY

Panic?

KHYMELEV

Panic! Yes. Shit pants. I have connections in government, it is my job, so I make calls. Finally, I find Andrei Petrenko in the Interior Ministry who listens to me.

IAN

Wait, Petrenko?

KHYMELEV

Yes, his son, can you believe it?

CHUCK

Not really.

KHYMELEV

I tell him my story, about his father, and Yurianov. He doesn't believe me at first. But I can tell he is worried about Yurianov too, he sees what he is. Andrei checks around, looks for evidence. By now, even Yurianov's prison records are gone. Still, he thinks I might be telling some truth. There are others in the government who also worry about Yurianov. They give me a little money and tell me to find proof of what Yurianov did. It is useless to try in Russia, but I read about your long, hot summer here, and I think maybe... maybe I can find this place again, find my plane. If I can get the log book, it will have proof. Petrenko and Karpov kept a very good log.

(beat)

You found it, didn't you?

Reese shakes his head. Camy holds out the BRASS HARDWARE she pulled from the fire pit. Khymelev's face turns ashen.

CAMY

Are these from the log?

Khymelev nods. The others look at her.

CAMY (cont'd)

I found them in the fire pit a couple of days ago. Baird, I guess.

KHYMELEV

There is nothing now. He is strong already with the military, he will be elected. And then...

CAMY

What would happen if you brought back proof? Would they tell the world about...
(indicates bomber)
...this?

KHYMELEV

No. Not ever. The world can never know about what we almost did. But proof would move some people who have stood still so far, people in the government, outside the military. They would not expose Yurianov, but they would make him go away.

Camy and Reese make eye contact. Camy takes out Petrenko's journal.

CAMY
How about this?

Camy hands the journal to Khymelev.

CAMY (cont'd)
It was your captain's journal.
(off Khymelev's confusion)
His personal log. He says everything in
there, too. All about Yurianov, the
mission, everything.

REESE
With your testimony, that should be
enough.

IAN
But if you need more, there's us, too. We
have pictures of the planes and the bombs.

Tears in his eyes, Khymelev looks heavenward. With a smile, he holds
the journal up before them.

KHYMELEV
Yes, with--

CAMY
Shhh!

She listens. Soon they all hear it - distant MACHINERY, growing
louder. It stops abruptly. They all rush out of the bomber.

EXT. BOMBER - DAY

They emerge from the bomber, and listen. It is fully light now,
although very CLOUDY and SNOWING heavily. Visibility is poor.

CAMY
Snow cat. Maybe a quarter mile away.

REESE
(to Camy and Khymelev)
You two, get to the plane and get out of
here.

CAMY
You have to come with us! I can't leave--

REESE
Yes you can.

CAMY
No!

CHUCK

They're too close. You won't get up
if we don't hold 'em off.

Ian nods agreement. Camy is torn apart.

CHUCK (cont'd)

And we can't start holding 'em off if you
don't get going! Look, his plane probably
couldn't take all of us anyway.

Khymelev sadly shakes his head.

CHUCK (cont'd)

Either you leave one of us here to die, or
all three of us and we have a fighting
chance.

IAN

The book has to get out of here, you know
that.

Pause. They hear FAINT VOICES in the distance.

KHYMELEV

They are correct. We must go. My plane
is over there, by the broken one. Come!

She lets Khymelev drag her a few steps, then turns and runs with him
toward the planes, invisible through the BLIZZARD. Soon, Camy and
Khymelev vanish into the white.

Reese, Ian and Chuck pull out their guns.

IAN

Nice elite fucking commandoes, you can
hear 'em yakking it up a mile away.

CHUCK

Almost makes you think they don't take us
seriously.

REESE

All right, I'll take the tail, you two
take amidships and the nose. Dig in, stay
down.

Chuck and Ian nod, then crouch-run forward as Reese heads aft.

A SHOT comes from somewhere. Ian is hit and goes down behind a pile
of snow. Chuck dives down beside him. Ian's coat sleeve is
SHREDDED and RED with BLOOD. DOWN FEATHERS drift away.

IAN

Fuck! First fucking shot of the whole
goddamn day, and they hit me! What kind
of shit is that?

CHUCK
 (checking Ian's wound)
 Easy there, tiger, you're not gonna bring
 'em down with harsh language.

IAN
 Okay, but seriously... Is it still in
 there?

CHUCK
 No, it went right through. I heard it hit
 the fuselage.

Ian's eyes start to roll back in his head. Chuck quickly throws
 snow in his face.

CHUCK (cont'd)
 (slaps snow on the wound)
 Didn't really go through you here. It
 just kind of winged ya. I'm going up
 front. You stay here. Shoot somebody.

Chuck sneaks a few feet away, turns and comes back.

CHUCK (cont'd)
 Somebody else.

Chuck sneaks away again.

REESE (O.S.)
 (yells)
 They can see us, we can't see them. They
 must be using infrared. Split these up,
 spread 'em around.

Something THUNKS into the snow near Ian. He crawls over to find a
 SAFETY FLARE. Several more land. Ian chucks a few toward Chuck.

ANGLE ON - CHUCK

The flares land near him. He lights one and tosses it into the
 curtain of snow before him.

It lands right beside a stunned COMMANDO, who thrashes to strip off
 his infrared goggles, twenty feet from Chuck.

Surprised, but not frozen, Chuck squeezes off TWO QUICK SHOTS, and
 the commando goes down in a heap. Chuck hustles to light and toss a
 couple more in different spots.

ANGLE ON - REESE

Reese arcs a flare high out in front of him. As it comes down, he
 sees a plume of powder behind a snowbank, as another commando
 scrambles to de-goggle.

Reese fires TWO SHOTS into the snowbank. A SPRAY OF RED flies up into the air.

A goggled COMMANDO surveys the scene as the flares land in the snow before him. He stands for a better look.

INSERT: COMMANDO'S P.O.V. - INFRARED VIEW

Through the infrared goggles, the flares create a heat haze that obliterates any detail beyond them. For a moment, he sees what might be a faint, extra cloud of heat beyond one of the flares.

A FLASH erupts from the heat haze of a flare, and there is a POP.

BACK TO:

The commando topples over backward, goggles smashed, BLOOD pours down his face.

Ian lowers his gun, and crouches behind a snowbank.

ANGLE ON - COMMANDER

The lead commando pulls off his goggles and drops them to the snow. He speaks quietly into a headset. Now everyone is on equal footing.

EXT. KHYMELEV'S PLANE - DAY

Camy and Khymelev race up to the plane, throw open the doors and climb in, she in the co-pilot seat.

CAMY
The fuel's cold.

KHYMELEV
I know.
(flips some switches)
The heater will take a few minutes. De-icers also.

CAMY
We're sitting ducks.

Camy looks frantically around outside.

CAMY (cont'd)
I'll be back. Get her started as soon as you can.

EXT. BOMBER - DAY

Reese looks cautiously around. Only the SOFT HISS of the falling snow and the SPUTTERING of the flares disturbs the white silence. He picks up his radio.

REESE

Check in.

IAN (O.S.)

(filtered)

Present.

CHUCK (O.S.)

(filtered)

Here. I got nothing down here. Could be a dozen of 'em ten feet away and I wouldn't know it.

IAN (O.S.)

(filtered)

Affirmative. He wouldn't know it.

REESE

They've got camouflage, better weapons...

ANGLE ON - IAN

Ian listens to his radio as he squints into the white.

REESE (O.S.)

(filtered)

...what the hell are they doing out there?

IAN

(to himself)

Flanking!

Ian turns toward the bomber, spots one of the tunnels dug under the fuselage, and dives in.

INT. CAMY'S PLANE - DAY

The door flings open, and Camy clambers in. She grabs the photos off the yoke. As she starts to leave, she stops, and turns aft.

EXT. BOMBER - FAR SIDE

An undisturbed patch of snow beside the fuselage.

Slowly and silently, the snow begins to cave in. Soundlessly, Ian's head emerges. He looks left to see two commandoes creeping toward the bomber's tail. To the right, another heads forward.

Ian pulls enough of himself above the snow to free his gun. But he won't have time to shoot all three commandoes. He looks side to side again. He gets as low and close to the bomber as he can.

Ian turns quickly to the left, and fires FOUR SHOTS at the two commandoes. They go down. He wheels around to see the other commando already aimed at him before he can bring his own gun up.

A LOUD SHOT erupts from the snow. The commando is thrown halfway up the side of the bomber, then slides down, dead.

Ian looks out into the snow. Camy trots in from the white, and crouches down near Ian, a huge rifle in her hands.

CAMY

For polar bears.

Ian nods.

IAN

Can't you just... talk to them?

CAMY

There's really no talking to polar bears.

IAN

What are you still doing here?

CAMY

Fuel froze up. Misha is running the heater and de-icers.

IAN

Hey.

CAMY

Yeah?

IAN

What does tango uniform mean?

CAMY

(smiles)

Tits up.

IAN

Hmmph, guess he was right about that. Get back to the plane.

CAMY

I can't. I can't leave all of you--

Suddenly, Ian roughly grabs the front of her jacket and turns her to face the front of the plane.

IAN

That guy killed himself and 350 of his comrades and friends to save the world. Are you going to throw that away? For the three of us?

CAMY

(tearful)

Misha can--

IAN

Misha is an old guy who frankly, doesn't have a great record in air travel.

(beat)

If anything happens to him, you know you're the only one who can find where that book needs to go.

Slowly, Camy nods. She pulls away from Ian just as - a SHOT erupts from the white. Ian falls back as Camy dives behind a snow pile.

Camy's wide eyes dart around in her head, unsure of where the shot came from. She listens, but hears nothing. Quietly, she throws the bolt on the polar bear rifle, and chambers another round.

She points the rifle blindly through the snow pile. At the last second, she makes a final adjustment to her "aim," and squeezes the trigger. The rifle ROARS.

Silence.

Carefully, Camy peers over the snow pile. Lying just on the other side of the pile is Baird. Dead.

She quickly scrambles over to Ian. He's still alive, but BLEEDING from a HOLE in the front of his shoulder. The back of his parka is blown out on that side, and a GAPING WOUND STEAMS and RUNS RED.

Camy helps Ian sit up.

IAN (cont'd)

Son of a bitch! Am I the only one they're even shooting at?

Camy looks at him, tears in her horrified eyes. They hear the PLANE CRANK unsuccessfully in the distance.

IAN (cont'd)

Don't worry about it, I'm used to this shit. Go on, get to the plane, make it go. I'll be okay. The guys are just on the other side of this tunnel. They'll take care of me, now go! GO!

Camy pulls her pill bottle out, then pours out a few and holds them out to Ian.

CAMY

For pain. Chew them, they'll work faster.

Ian nods, and she throws them in his mouth. He pushes her away. She reluctantly backs away, then turns and runs toward the plane.

In the distance, Ian hears the PLANE CRANK again. He rests a moment, then rolls over to crawl back into the tunnel. He peers over the snow pile toward Baird.

IAN

Hey, it's you. Fuck you.

Ian flops, and disappears down the hole in the snow.

EXT. BOMBER - ORIGINAL SIDE

Ian painfully squirms from the tunnel. He flops down on his back, presses his wounded shoulder into the snow, and closes his eyes.

INT. KHYMELEV'S PLANE - DAY

Camy rushes up, throws her rifle in the back and climbs in.

KHYMELEV

Everything is still okay?

CAMY

Let's go.

KHYMELEV

It won't start. I think there is only one or two tries left in the battery.

As Khymelev reaches for the starter, there is an almost simultaneous METALLIC THUNK, SWISH and the THWIP of a bullet burying itself in Camy's inboard thigh. She grunts, leans forward, and grabs her leg. From here she sees the LIGHT of a BULLET HOLE in Khymelev's door.

Between her leg and the bullet hole is... Khymelev. His arms are wrapped around his midsection, his parka already soaked with blood. He spasms a couple of times, then the focus drains from his eyes.

Camy looks at Khymelev in sorrow and horror.

She jerks her head back just as another SHOT passes through the same door, below her face, and out through her door. She cowers, afraid to raise her head.

Outside, she hears the rapid exchange of two BURSTS of AUTOMATIC WEAPON FIRE and a few single GUNSHOTS. Tense moments pass.

Khymelev's door handle twists. Camy looks toward her rifle, impossibly far away. Before she can even try for it, the door opens and... Chuck looks in. He sees her, then Khymelev.

CHUCK

Shit. I, I'm sorry. I heard the shot,
but I was too...

CAMY

Chuck, get in. No, get the others. We'll
have to leave Misha, but I think we can
all get out now, with the journal.

Chuck's gaze darts in the direction of the bomber, then slowly back.

CHUCK

No can do. There's gotta be a dozen of
'em out here. They'll just pick us out of
the air. Me and the boys'll pin 'em down,
but you gotta get out of here now.

CAMY

(crying)
It won't start!

CHUCK

Yes it will. Make it.

CAMY

I, I don't even know where to go.

CHUCK

You will. That's your gift. Use it.

Chuck closes the door. As he latches it...

CAMY

(quietly)
Chuck... I don't want to go alone.

EXT. BOMBER

Chuck races along the side of the bomber until he comes to Ian,
lying in the snow. Chuck looks at the wide BLOODSTAIN in the snow
beneath him. Chuck is grief-stricken. He falls to his knees beside
Ian. Ian looks at him.

IAN

Chuck. About fucking time. I'm a little
messed up here, I could use your help.

Chuck smiles, nods and reaches down to help Ian.

IAN (cont'd)

I think I heard Reese squeeze off a couple
rounds a minute ago, maybe we should--

Reese races up out of the white.

REESE
 (off Ian)
 You all right?

IAN
 Not really.

Reese looks at the bloody snow, then makes eye contact with Chuck.
 It's grim.

REESE
 What do you have?

CHUCK
 Five rounds in the gun, another mag. You?

REESE
 About the same. Ian?

IAN
 About two mags, I guess. I've been
 playing catcher mostly.

REESE
 All right, let's go.

Reese and Chuck pick up Ian.

CHUCK
 Jesus Christ, you're a mess.

IAN
 Yeah, I know. Dick.

They run as quickly as possible to the hole at the back of the
 bomber. They stop at the entrance down into the fuselage.

REESE
 We're gonna need to bring 'em in.

IAN
 Right.

Ian frees up one hand, pulls out his gun and FIRES into the white.
 Chuck and Reese follow suit.

INT. KHYMELEV'S PLANE

The plane is still. Camy, slumped forward, cries, and holds onto
 her bleeding thigh. She slowly stops sobbing, and hears GUNSHOTS.

ANGLE ON - COMMANDER

The lead commando's head swivels toward the GUNSHOTS. He speaks
 into his headset, then heads toward the SHOTS.

INT. KHYMELEV'S PLANE

Camy pulls back on the yoke.

EXT. KHYMELEV'S PLANE

The small plane rises off the snow.

EXT. BOMBER

The commandoes are tensed, ready to fire. The sound of the PLANE recedes. The commandoes are dumbstruck as the plane clearly flies away from them. Finally, the commander shouts, and the SAM guy fires blindly in the direction of the SOUND.

INT. KHYMELEV'S PLANE

Camy is airborne, but she looks nervous. Her eyes dart around in the WHITEOUT, her hands dance on the yoke. Something bothers her.

Suddenly, she jerks the yoke to the right and slams the throttle.

EXT. KHYMELEV'S PLANE

The small plane heels over hard to the right, flying parallel to, and a yard away from the ROCK WALL they almost crashed into earlier.

INT. KHYMELEV'S PLANE

Only when she is within a few feet of it, can Camy even see the wall. With the plane rolled on its side, she looks down through her window and sees the wreckage of another bomber rapidly disappearing once more beneath a mantle of snow.

She hauls back hard on the yoke.

EXT. KHYMELEV'S PLANE

The SAM SLAMS into the rock wall and EXPLODES behind the plane.

The plane finally peels away from the wall. As it comes completely around, it starts to climb.

INT. BOMBER - COCKPIT

Reese, Ian and Chuck arrive at the cockpit. They lean Ian against the bulkhead and begin to slam away at the windshield.

EXT. BOMBER

The commandoes stop to listen again. The plane is coming back their way. A commando passes the other SAM to the SAM launcher, who shouldered the weapon, and waits.

INT. BOMBER - COCKPIT

Reese and Chuck have made many cracks in the windshield.

EXT. BOMBER

The SAM launcher hears KHYMELEV'S PLANE coming toward them.

He tracks the SOUND for a moment, then FIRES.

INT. BOMBER - COCKPIT

Ian, slumped over in the doorway, coughs once, then spasms. Chuck and Reese turn just as Ian looks helplessly at them. Then he shakes once more, and the life drains from his eyes. They rush to him as he slumps to the floor.

CHUCK

Ian!

INT. KHYMELEV'S PLANE

Camy grunts, as if gut-punched. She slumps forward against the yoke.

EXT. KHYMELEV'S PLANE

The small plane dips, then banks sharply.

The SAM ROARS toward the plane.

Khymelev's plane continues its bank into a full barrel roll.

With no room to correct, the SAM blasts harmlessly past the plane and into the distance.

The plane continues its roll and begins to flop into a death spiral.

INT. KHYMELEV'S PLANE

Camy's head is still between her knees, but her hand weakly grabs the yoke.

Head still down, unable to look out of the windows, Camy's hands and feet make tiny, seemingly random corrections to the controls.

INT. BOMBER

Reese pulls off his glove and checks Ian's neck for a pulse. He drops his hand away. There are tears in Chuck's eyes.

CHUCK

Fuck, kid.

They helplessly hold Ian up for a few seconds.

EXT. KHYMELEV'S PLANE

The plane pulls out of its nose dive.

INT. BOMBER

Reese and Chuck let Ian settle to the deck.

REESE

C'mon.

Reluctantly, they go back to the windshield pane, and pound at it.

INT. KHYMELEV'S PLANE

Camy's head slowly peeks above the instrument panel. Her hand slams the throttle forward.

EXT. BOMBER

The commandoes are momentarily stunned as the small plane's ENGINE roars toward them in the dense snowfall.

INT. BOMBER

Chuck stops pounding at the window and steps back.

CHUCK

Fuck this.

Chuck pulls out his gun. As Reese ducks away, Chuck slaps his remaining clip into the gun, then EMPTIES it into the windshield.

EXT. BOMBER

Finally, the snowfall thins and Khymelev's plane becomes visible as it zooms past, high above.

The commander shouts an order, the commandoes' weapons all come up and they begin to fire at the escaping plane.

The plane dips, bobs and weaves, dodging the ground fire.

INT. BOMBER

Reese slams his shoulder once more into the windshield. It SPLINTERS and falls outward.

Chuck goes to grab Ian.

CHUCK

Reese, Ian.

Reese looks from Ian to Petrenko and Karpov.

REESE

This is where he belongs.

EXT. BOMBER

The commandoes stop firing, the plane clearly out of range.

EXT. KHYMELEV'S PLANE

The tiny plane climbs toward a small patch of blue sky.

EXT. BOMBER

The commander, a look of deep determination on his face, turns toward the cockpit. He motions his men forward.

EXT. VALLEY

Reese and Chuck run as best they can across the vast snowfield. The snow still falls heavily around them.

Slowly, the curtain of white begins to part behind them.

They turn to see the Russian commandoes emerge from the white, in pursuit. They turn and run even harder.

Behind them, the commander motions his men to a stop and barks an order. The commandoes carefully slap new mags into their weapons and assume various shooting positions.

Snow no longer falls around Reese and Chuck. Their panting is the only sound in the now silent valley.

As Reese and Chuck look ahead into the thinning snowfall, two more commandoes appear ahead, rifles aimed at them. Reese and Chuck skid to a stop.

They look hopelessly at the commandoes ahead and behind.

As they turn back to the commandoes ahead, two more emerge from the thinning curtain of snow. Then three more.

Reese and Chuck gaze toward this new threat with a doomed look.

The first new commando raises his arm and motions them down.

Reese and Chuck's look turns to confusion.

As the commando motions them down once more, Reese and Chuck can't see on his shoulder the ghostly grey crossed swords of the U.S. Army 10th Mountain Division.

Somehow, Reese suddenly figures it out and tackles Chuck.

Behind them, the Russian commander can just now see the American soldiers through the thinning snowfall.

The Americans OPEN FIRE.

INT. KHYMELEV'S PLANE - DAY

Camy flies in tear-filled silence, the body of Khymelev still in the pilot's seat. A look of suspicion comes to her face, and she slowly turns.

Outside her window is an F-22 Raptor. Her head snaps around to see the wingman outside her other window.

She turns back and makes eye contact with the first pilot. As her shaking hand reaches to put her headset on, the pilot shakes his head. She hangs the headset back on her yoke.

After another few moments of tension, the first fighter pulls up and disappears from view.

EXT. KHYMELEV'S PLANE - DAY

Both fighters pop up, then bank south, back to Elmendorf.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ALASKAN COAST - SERIES OF SHOTS - DAY

Khymelev's plane glides in for a landing on the beach near an offshore RUSSIAN FISHING TRAWLER. A launch sits on this desolate stretch of frozen beach, with a few men waiting near it.

Camy tumbles from the plane, and limps, hands up, toward the men with the launch. Some of them hold machine guns. She nods toward the plane, and a couple of them rush toward it.

The men carry the body of Khymelev toward the launch. Camy hands the journal to another. No more guns pointed at her.

Camy sits in the launch, getting her leg treated, while others carry fuel cans toward the plane.

Camy climbs into Khymelev's plane.

Khymelev's plane takes off, as the launch motors toward the trawler.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. YIP'S - DAY

The building is empty except for a battered suitcase on the bar. Shelves are all empty, windows shuttered against the winter. The TV is on, though, and someone can be heard RUMMAGING around in back.

Camy's cat lies on the bar, intently watching an Alaskan fishing show. Finally, Yip enters from the back room. He glances at the TV as he puts a few more things away. He switches the channel to CNN.

YIP

Gonna rot your brain.

On TV is a photo of Yurianov. The scene changes to footage of the CNN Correspondent in Red Square.

CNN CORRESPONDENT (V.O.)

... and now, with the election only months away, Russian officials are scrambling to deal with the assassination in Moscow yesterday of front-running candidate, Dimitri Yurianov.

A photo of present-day Khymelev appears on screen.

CNN CORRESPONDENT (V.O.)

Sources familiar with the investigation say that the killer, Mikhael Khymelev, a disgruntled government employee, was tracked to this slum...

A SMOLDERING building in a Russian slum.

CNN CORRESPONDENT (V.O.)
 ...and when surrounded, set the building
 on fire to cover his escape, but died in
 the ensuing blaze. His body was
 identified through dental records.

Pictures of Russian military parades and armament. Yip re-enters.

CNN CORRESPONDENT (V.O.)
 Some analysts here are saying that the
 government may be just as happy to sweep
 it all under the rug, relieved that
 Yurianov's aggressive rhetoric are no
 longer in the picture. In the West--

Yip turns off the TV, sets down the remote, then picks up his
 suitcase. The front door opens, and Pilot 2 enters.

PILOT 2
 Today, Yip. The weather's closing in.

YIP
 Yeah, yeah, I come. Come on, Cat.

The cat jumps down off the bar.

PILOT 2
 Hey, is that Camy's cat?

YIP
 Used to be. My cat now, I guess.

PILOT 2
 Suit yourself, but I was talking to
 Watkins yesterday. He said Camy brought
 his plane back to him, the one the crazy
 Russian rented. We could head over to
 Kobuk and drop off the cat if you want.

YIP
 Camy bring plane back? What happened to
 crazy Russian?

Pilot 2 shrugs.

YIP (cont'd)
 What happened to junk dealers she take
 with her?

PILOT 2
 I dunno. But I did hear a lot of radio
 chatter a couple days ago. Military, it
 sounded like. They switched over to
 secure frequencies, so I lost 'em.

YIP

Mmm. Yeah, let's go to Kobuk. Maybe Camy need a ride to Nome, too.

PILOT 2

Yeah, shit, maybe I can actually make a buck on this trip.

The cat trots out into the snow.

YIP

I pay you.

Pilot 2 exits, followed by Yip, who stops to turn off the lights and close the door.

PILOT 2

Yeah, you pay me like you pour drinks.

Yip smiles as he closes the door, and DARKNESS descends.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. INTERIOR MINISTRY - MOSCOW - DAY

In a nondescript office, a handsome man, 40, reads with great intensity a book lying flat on his desk. He smiles and chuckles.

He leans back in his chair, and picks up the book. It is PETRENKO'S JOURNAL. The man smiles, and wipes away a tear as he reads.

A small plaque outside announces that this is the office of ANDREI PETRENKO.

FADE TO BLACK.