

ONE MORE RAINY DAY

by

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THIRD DRAFT:  
OCTOBER 2008

A thesis submitted to Victoria University of Wellington  
in fulfilment of the research requirements for the degree of  
Master of Arts in Creative Writing

FADE IN:

LED-screen filtered stock footage:

TIDAL WAVES decimate cities.

MEDIEVAL WOODCUTS of the Deluge, Noah's boat on huge waves.

INT. BOOKSHOP - DAY

The MONTAGE CONTINUES on a shiny LED SCREEN:

LIGHTNING STORMS crackle above a RAGING VOLCANO.

TRIBAL PAINTINGS of winged serpents sparking from flame.

The screen sits at the centre of a TABLE FULL OF BOOKS. A SIGN beside the table: "MARTIN WEAREY - SIGNING INSTORE TODAY". A patient LINE of customers queue for the author.

Onscreen, SNOWSTORMS obscure the FAINT SUN.

CUSTOMERS glance occasionally at the onscreen display:  
NORSE ART depicts THE WORLD TREE withering in ice.

At the queue's HEAD, a trestle-table at which sits MARTIN himself, beside a large DUSTJACKET PHOTO of same. He's a pudgy fellow in his LATE 60s, greying hair roughly combed.

Martin SMILES as a fan presents him with a STACK OF BOOKS.

MARTIN

Good afternoon.

He FLIPS THROUGH THE BOOKS, worn copies of his work:  
"RIDING THE WINGED SERPENT"; "SEARCHING FOR THE FLOOD";  
"POSTCARDS FROM THE ABYSS".

TRENTON, a balding, stringy-haired kook, leans in.

TRENTON

Changed my life, sir. All of 'em.

MARTIN

Martin, please. Who shall I make  
these out to?

TRENTON

Trenton Morrison. I just wanted  
to say... I'm ready for it,  
Martin. Ragnarok? Age of Horror?  
Don't rattle me. That's what  
you've given me. Given all of us.

Martin GRINS warmly.

MARTIN  
Well, that's just wonderful,  
Trenton.

Martin inscribes the first of the books:

"ENJOY THE AGE OF HORROR -- YOUR FRIEND, MARTIN WEAREY".

EXT. BUILDING SITE - DAY

A VISITOR PASS is inscribed: BRADLEY WEAREY.

The pass is SIGNED and PINNED to the neatly-pressed shirt of:

BRADLEY WEAREY, late 20s: pudgy like Martin, but tall, fresh-faced.

Bradley DITHERS at a row of HARDHATS of varying sizes and colours. He stops a BUILDER, Mike:

BRADLEY  
Scuse me -- sorry -- I usually  
wear like a medium-sized hat, so  
which one of these would...

MIKE  
One size fits all, boss.

BRADLEY  
Well, which one's going to  
protect my head if something,  
y'know...

He LOOKS UP to a crane swinging a HUGE LOAD OF CEMENT.  
Bradley CRINGES as dust spills from the load.

MIKE  
Dead's dead, mate. Your bosses  
are this way.

Bradley GRABS A HARDHAT and follows Mike to a sealed-off  
PLANNING ROOM.

BRADLEY (V.O.)  
So my thinking is we can make  
these minor alterations with the  
materials we have.

INT. BUILDING SITE - DAY

Bradley has a ream of PLANS spread on a dusty TABLE for his  
bosses, BUTCH AND STEVE.

BRADLEY (CONT)  
It's just a couple of  
redistributions to your blueprint  
is all, Butch.

The elder of the men looks up from the plans:

BUTCH  
Excellent work, Brad. How's your  
plans coming?

BRADLEY  
Sephira Towers? Have something  
for you to look at tomorrow.

BUTCH  
Great stuff. See you back at the  
office.

Bradley NODS and grins winningly. As soon as they're gone  
he nervously READJUSTS HIS HARDHAT.

ZARA (V.O.)  
What are the roots that clutch,  
what branches grow out of this  
stony rubbish? Son of man, you  
cannot say, or guess --

INT. ZARA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

ZARA MOSS, mid 20s: pierced face, sandy-blond dreadlocks.  
She sits READING in the sun, a steaming teapot at her side.  
Her room is just on the good side of the messy/dirty  
divide. Collected TRINKETS line every available surface.

ZARA  
"You know only a heap of broken  
images, where the sun beats and  
the dead tree gives no shelter".

Props the book up: THE WASTE LAND. Zara RUBS HER EYES in  
frustration at the legendarily incomprehensible screed.

She gets up, PACES with the book. Looks out the window at a  
SUNNY DAY.

ZARA  
"The sun beats, and the tree  
gives no shelter, the cricket no  
relief, and the dry stone no  
sound of water"??

The book FLOPS TO HER SIDE. Zara SNEERS at it.

ZARA  
The hell's that supposed to mean,  
huh?

She MESSES ABOUT on her desktop, piled with books and papers: finds her READING LIST.

"APOCALYPSE STUDIES 300 LEVEL: PRE-COURSE READING". "THE WASTE LAND" is just one of a LONG LIST of books.

ZARA

Aw, nuts.

She FLOPS BACK ON HER COUCH and reopens the book.

ZARA

"Only there is shadow under this  
red rock, come in under the  
shadow of this red rock" --

INT. UNIVERSITY OFFICE - DAY

COMPUTER SCREEN: a DOCUMENT headed "APOCALYPSE STUDIES 300 LEVEL: COURSE PLAN, COORDINATOR JIMMY WILT". The COMPUTER sits in the office of the course's coordinator:

JIMMY WILT, late 40s. An olive-skinned man whose face bears just the newest hints of wrinkles and a thinning hairline.

ZARA (V.O.)

I will show you something  
different from either your shadow  
at morning striding behind you or  
your shadow at evening rising to  
meet you--

Jimmy types the finishing touches on the document.

He crosses the office to a COUCH in front of a large PULL-DOWN SCREEN, which displays a flickering PAUSED IMAGE: Stock-footage of an emergent NUCLEAR EXPLOSION.

Jimmy sits back on the COUCH and hits UNPAUSE. NUCLEAR FIRE fills Jimmy's screen; ROBERT MCNAMARA and JFK STUDYING SPY MAPS of CUBA; CASTRO in the prime of his fervour.

ZARA (V.O.)

I will show you fear in a handful  
of dust.

The grainy image CUTS back to the MUSHROOM CLOUD, whose harsh LIGHT flickers off Jimmy's SMILING FACE.

INT. BOOKSHOP - DAY

ON THE SCREEN, the FIRST NUKE TEST displays behind text: "I AM BECOME DEATH, THE DESTROYER OF WORLDS".

MARTIN (O.S.)

What is it I fear?

The LAST CUSTOMER, a bead-festooned woman named TRISH, eagerly awaits Martin's ANSWER.

MARTIN

Death by water, I suppose. Or dying alone. One of the two. Or that people might stop reading my books.

TRISH

You must have conquered a lot of fear, to go all those terrible places. Mexico, and Rens-lez-shattoo, and all the Flood sites...

MARTIN

As you know, I wasn't alone. I had my research assistants...

Trish LOOKS OVER HER BOOKS. On the back cover of one: An old B/W PHOTO of a much younger MARTIN, JIMMY and BRADLEY.

TRISH

Oh, of course. And always your son. He must be so grateful for all he's shared with you.

Martin SMILES at her. SIGNS the last book.

MARTIN

"To Trish, may courage be yours always, your friend, Martin Wearey".

He dumps it in her arms conclusively. Trish LEAVES, hugging the books to her bosom.

Martin STANDS, stretches, crosses to the SCREEN, displaying images of 9/11; FLICKS THE SCREEN OFF as the buildings DROP.

INT. BRADLEY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

ON A COMPUTER SCREEN, a tall, utilitarian APARTMENT BLOCK.

Bradley MASSAGES HIS TEMPLES as he clickitty-clicks his way around a DESIGN PROGRAM.

TITLE CARD: WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND - 1 WEEK REMAINING

Bradley WHEELS THE IMAGE to look upon his works and mumble.

BRADLEY

Yeop... that's some form-followin' function right there.

ALLISON (O.S.)  
Bradley, hon?

BRADLEY  
Just a second!

Onscreen the building hovers against CG BLUE SKY -- then abruptly DISSOLVES to a shutdown message.

Bradley methodically SWITCHES ALL HIS ELECTRONICS OFF, referring to a diagram on the wall:

"GREEN CHECKLIST: SAVE YOUR WORLD TODAY!"

A NEWSPAPER sits unread on the desk, the headline: "ANTARCTICA CRACKING". It is shoved in with other PAPERS as he DIVIDES the clutter of his DESKTOP into two BINS.

Then he TURNS HIS DESK LAMP OFF, and EXITS the little office;

Then SCUTTLES BACK IN and turns the main LIGHT OFF.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

ALLISON, Bradley's wife: mid-to-late 20s, jeans, neat little glasses, bouncy energy damn near springing her out of her cross-legged position on the BED.

She looks for the dozenth time at a little white STICK. A GRIN that scarcely fits her face. HIDES THE STICK behind her back as BRADLEY walks in.

BRADLEY  
Sephira Towers mock up pretty good.

ALLISON  
Mhmm?

He COLLECTS CUPS from their bedside tables.

BRADLEY  
Should have something for Butch on time.

ALLISON  
Uhuh?

She WATCHES HIM busying himself about, enjoying the suspense.

BRADLEY  
So he'll be happy there.

ALLISON  
Yup.

He goes to TAKE THEIR DISHES OUT -- pauses in the doorway.

BRADLEY  
Allison, is there --

She UNVEILS THE LITTLE STICK. Tries in vain to stop GIGGLING.

The window on the stick is BRIGHT PINK.

Bradley looks at her, taking it in.

MONTAGE:

He WALKS TO HUG HER; He HUGS HER in breathing class as she PRACTICES EXHALING; She EXHALES FRANTICALLY in a HOSPITAL ROOM. A DOCTOR holds up a crying BABY: their NEW DAUGHTER BRIDGET.

The new family walk down a HOSPITAL CORRIDOR, past a man reading a newspaper: "OIL PRICES SKYROCKET"; Bradley BECKONS Bridget as she takes her FIRST STEPS; rioters RUN THROUGH THE STREETS.

Allison READS A BOOK to Bridget, with a picture of a CAMEL; an actual camel watches BOMBERS fly toward Baghdad; Bradley and his family WATCH TV: the broadcast is interrupted by news of NUCLEAR WAR.

Bridget picks DAISIES. She LOOKS UP. HER EYES ARE WIDE. A MUSHROOM CLOUD looms huge and all-conquering.

END MONTAGE

Allison is still waiting on Bradley's RESPONSE.

BRADLEY  
That is SO GREAT!

He forces a BIG GRIN and rushes to HUG HIS WIFE.

ALLISON  
So this is just a preliminary thing, and I've got to go to the doctor and get a blood test and then we can, wow, start doing like PREGNANCY stuff --

BRADLEY  
I am just so excited for you!

She stops, LOOKS at him.

BRADLEY  
US. I am so excited for US. WE are going to have a baby!



ALLISON  
We sure are! What do you want it  
to call you?

BRADLEY  
Bradley, I guess?

MONTAGE:

Bradley and Allison in BREATHING CLASS; The just-born  
Bridget CRYING --

ALLISON (V.O.)  
No, stupid. It'll call you Dad,  
or Dada, or something like what  
REAL kids call their parents.  
Omigod, what are we gonna call  
it? What kind of clothes shall we  
buy it?

Bradley and Allison wave to Bridget, in a HOODY and BRIGHT  
SCHOOLBAG; Bridget PLAYS HOPSCOTCH with other kids; above  
them the SUN IS GROWING;

ALLISON (V.O.)  
Do we wanna be like those parents  
who make their kid wear hoodies  
with animal ears on them so they  
look amusingly ridiculous?

Her outfit CHANGES ABRUPTLY to a plain jumper; A huge SNAKE  
circles the SUN and flies toward Earth. Bridget looks UP.

ALLISON (V.O.)  
Or those ones who buy the kid hip  
clothes so they fit in at school,  
or make 'em wear sensible clothes  
and be all like "fuck you, I'm a  
sensible child"? Of course we  
don't want our child swearing  
until it's of a suitable age --

Bridget SCREAMS as the SNAKE FILLS THE SKY and EVERYTHING  
GOES RED --

END MONTAGE

Allison STOPS, out of breath.

BRADLEY  
There certainly is a lot to  
consider.

ALLISON  
An awful lot. We'll have to make  
a list.

BRADLEY  
We'll buy some books.

She KISSES him.

ALLISON  
The methodical approach. This is  
why I'm having YOUR child instead  
of some guy in the street.

BRADLEY  
I'm a lucky man.

ALLISON  
Damn straight.

They KISS again. She LAUGHS. STRADDLES him.

MONTAGE:

They KISS DEEPLY as Bradley's COMPUTER thrums to life;  
sends SIGNALS whizzing down TELEPHONE LINES.

She PULLS HIS SHIRT OFF; A BANK OF COMPUTERS FLASHES. A RED-  
LIGHT LENS blinks open like an EYEBALL.

Allison and Bradley LOOK INTO EACH OTHERS' EYES; she BITES  
HER LIP; ELECTRICAL SIGNALS course across grids; computers  
in factories START TO WHIR.

BRADLEY KISSES ALLISON. She GRIPS HIS SHOULDERS. SPERM RUSH  
TOWARD AN EGG. TINY MACHINES RUSH FROM A PROCESSOR.

BRIDGET CRIES, newborn. A TELEVISION displays the phrase  
"NANOTECH CRISIS" then BLINKS TO STATIC.

Billions of TINY MACHINES COVER A CITY. The RED MACHINE EYE  
STARES UNBLINKING. Cars are locked on a HIGHWAY, BEEPING  
FRANTICALLY. They're BLANKETED WITH THE SILVER SUBSTANCE of  
the tiny machines. The machines crawl over STRIPPED CAR  
FRAMES and HUMAN BONES.

A HOPSCOTCH COURT with THREE LITTLE SKELETONS on it.

END MONTAGE

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Bradley, WIDE AWAKE, stares at the ceiling as Allison  
SLEEPS peacefully beside him.

BRADLEY  
Jesus.

JIMMY (V.O.)  
Used to be they said every man  
thought about sex every six  
seconds. Nowadays you could find  
guys spend that long thinking  
about the End of the World.

INT. STUDY ROOM - DAY

JIMMY WILT sits at the head of a RING of students.

Behind them on a BLACKBOARD: "WHAT DO WE THINK OF  
APOCALYPSE?" "HORSEMEN"; "NUKE"; "POPULATION CRISIS".

JIMMY  
Fire? Flood? Nuclear Armageddon?  
Apparently it's not REALLY the  
End unless it looks like a heavy  
metal album cover. The literal  
definition of Apocalypse is just  
"uncovering or revealing"; maybe  
that's all we're talking.

ZARA  
Surely that's thinking too small.

JIMMY  
Sorry? Zara, right?

Zara tries to contain her IRRITATION.

ZARA  
Here's what I been thinking...  
Jimmy, right?

He grins and NODS: you got me.

ZARA  
The Apocalypse isn't just things  
as we know 'em falling apart.  
That's just a bad day. This is  
the end of the world as we know  
it we're talking about here.

JIMMY  
This isn't metaphysics, Zara.

ZARA  
But what's THERE? It's fine to  
talk about nukes and comets and  
all; what happens NEXT?

Jimmy RISES to RUB OUT the scrawled eschatology on the  
board.

JIMMY

Well, if you look to your programme, you'll see that climate change and the new Ice Age is in term 3. If you're wanting to talk about Odin being devoured by Fenrir, I'd advise you ask your friend and mine Martin Wearey.

Zara NODS, irritated. Jimmy has CLEARED THE BOARD.

JIMMY

Fantasy ahead of rational thought: the deadliest pitfall in our field. That's assuming his latest voyage fails to yield results.

Polite LAUGHTER masks a KNOCK ON THE DOOR. Jimmy TURNS:

BRADLEY'S FACE through the window.

JIMMY

We're sensible people: just because we talk about the End doesn't mean we believe in it. Take five.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Jimmy EXCUSES HIMSELF to meet Bradley outside.

JIMMY

What's up, Prodigal Son?

BRADLEY

I need to talk to my dad, Jimmy. Like urgent.

JIMMY

All I have's his itinerary. I think Zara's joining him in a couple days.

Jimmy NODS THROUGH THE DOOR: Zara is WRITING ON THE BOARD, almost taking over the class in his stead.

JIMMY

His latest research assistant. God knows what she's doing on my course -- probably a plant. Keep an eye on the wayward apprentice.

BRADLEY

Jealous?

JIMMY

Hey. Leaving Martin's retinue was the best thing I ever did. You?

BRADLEY

It's up there.

JIMMY

I have to get back in there before Zara steals my class. Are you around later?

BRADLEY

Taking my wife to the doctor, then I'm without a care in the world.

JIMMY

There's a bar down the road from campus. Must be downwind, cause the undergrads haven't found it yet. I'll buy you a beer, we can work out how you track your dad down.

Bradley NODS.

JIMMY

Relax. Wherever he's headed, it's not gonna be one of *those* trips.

BRADLEY

If you say so.

EXT. MAYAN VILLAGE - DAY - 1985

TITLE CARD: YAXCOPOIL, MEXICO - 22 YEARS REMAINING

Tinny pan-pipe MUSIC plays over indiscreetly placed SPEAKERS. Bored native folk wear gaudy simulacra of MAYAN DRESS.

TITLE CARD: ONE OF *THOSE* TRIPS

MARTIN struts about, big CAMERA around his neck. Holding his hand is little BRADLEY. At Martin's side is a younger JIMMY.

MARTIN

It's such a sadness. Thousands of years' tradition, white people come and ruin it for everyone.

JIMMY

It's all just change. Indigenous populations are there to be relegated to history, right?

MARTIN

You're wise beyond your years.

Young BRADLEY tugs on his father's hand.

BRADLEY

I'm BOOOred, Dad.

MARTIN

Not much longer now, Brad.

BRADLEY

You said that HOW-urs ago!

MARTIN

I just want to try something.

Martin approaches CHAIM, an ELDERLY MAYAN MAN, who sits outside a crudely-approximated HUT.

MARTIN

Excuse me, sir?

The old man SHAKES HIS HEAD.

CHIAM

*No hablo.*

Jimmy steps between them.

JIMMY

Let me -- go ahead, Martin.

Martin NODS. Jimmy TRANSLATES for both of them.

MARTIN

What do your legends say about  
the year two thousand and twelve?

Chiam DRAWS in the dirt: a winged SNAKE, maw GAPING WIDE, encircling a small EARTH. Martin PHOTOGRAPHS furiously as the old man mumbles.

JIMMY

He says twenty-twelve's the end  
of their *bak'tun* -- um, calender.  
That is when *Kukulkan*,  
*Quetzalcoatl* -- feathered world-  
serpent -- returns.

The old man, enjoying the taste of scenery, turns to the terrified BRADLEY and MUTTERS darkly.

JIMMY

*Kukulkan* will devour the Earth,  
all men will perish, the great  
cycle of the cosmos will begin  
again in, um... blood and fire.

Chiam sits back down. Jimmy NODS in thanks as Martin walks away. Delighted, Martin talks into a TAPE RECORDER.

MARTIN

Yaxcopoil was a demonstration of  
a once-proud culture left unclear  
even as to its own beliefs,  
brought to its knees by  
masochistic New Age obsession  
with the twenty-twelve myth.

Young BRADLEY is QUAKING IN FEAR, STARING at Chaim.

MARTIN

I mean, how *about* that guy,  
Jimmy? Oh, make no mistake --  
scholarly cracker? He saw me  
coming a mile off! Isn't this  
*fascinating??*

Martin PUTS AN ARM ROUND JIMMY enthusiastically. The young man is ALL SMILES -- until he's the first to notice BRADLEY, TREMBLING AND STARTING TO CRY.

Just then the boy COLLAPSES, shaking, white like a ghost. The two men RUSH TO PICK HIM UP.

BRADLEY

(VO)

I mean, luckily you eventually  
explained it. How this wasn't the  
sort of shit anyone takes  
*literally*.

INT. BAR - DAY

The bar is SPARSELY-PACKED; the kind of pool-tables-and-rugby spot that even ironic students would avoid. JIMMY AND BRADLEY have a quiet table and a couple handles of beer.

BRADLEY

But shit, Jim, this's just  
brought it all right back, man.  
Bring a kid into the world, when  
my whole life's been learning  
about the inevitable doom of it  
all? Think about my own lack of  
control in all this and I just --

He shakes his head.

JIMMY

So it's a definite deal?

BRADLEY

Just had the blood tests. Find  
out in a couple days.

(MORE)

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

But man, I want her to be. Or...  
I want to want it.

JIMMY

So all you need is to talk to him  
about it? That's all it'll take?

BRADLEY

Make it sound easy. We haven't  
TALKED-talked in a while.

Jimmy SMIRKS, takes a big swig. Takes out an ENVELOPE:  
unfolds a document scrawled with Martin's chicken-scratch.

JIMMY

Your dad's doing a book about his  
formative years, which somehow  
leads into his latest imminent-  
apocalypse theory. Says here he's  
calling it *One More Rainy Day*.

Bradley DRAINS HIS GLASS. SMILES wryly.

BRADLEY

"Visible changes; it looks like  
the world being born on one more  
rainy day".

JIMMY

What's that, Yeats?

BRADLEY

Deep Purple.

He reaches for the ENVELOPE. Jimmy PULLS BACK.

JIMMY

Three questions.

BRADLEY

Shoot.

Jimmy GRINS. Puts his glass aside.

JIMMY

Tell me what you're going to ask  
him.

BRADLEY

I guess I'll say... Martin, once  
and for all, is any of this true?  
How much is idle shit that I have  
no cause worrying about?

JIMMY

And tell me why you think that'll  
do it.



BRADLEY

Cause I need it for my wife's sake. And God love him, that's one thing he did right, he was a hell of a husband to my mum until the end.

JIMMY

Okay. And tell me what you'll do if he holds out on you.

BRADLEY

I will follow him until Judgement Day like I were the Wandering Jew.

Jimmy hands over the ENVELOPE.

JIMMY

Throw in the next round, we'll say that's all I came for.

Bradley takes the information.

BRADLEY

Take a raincheck, we'll say I believe you.

Jimmy PATS HIM ON THE BACK as he leaves.

Bradley, full of second wind, investigates the MAP.

BRADLEY

Hmmm.

INT. RENTAL OFFICE - DAY

Martin is PUZZLED.

MARTIN

Hmmm.

"THIS THERMOSTAT WAS SET TO CORRECT TEMPERATURE ON 16/08/1989. PLEASE DO NOT ADJUST."

MARTIN eyes the curious missive, which sits atop a dusty DIAL on the wall of a tiny, stuffy office, all loose paper and misplaced contracts.

TITLE CARD: PICTON, NEW ZEALAND - 6 DAYS REMAINING

He turns at the sliding of a RANCH SLIDER, heralding the return of worn old car-rental warhorse GLEN.

GLEN

Good news and bad news, mate.

MARTIN  
How universal of you.

Glen EYES Martin.

GLEN  
...Yep. Good news is, we're  
delighted to offer you an  
upgrade.

Martin doesn't get it.

EXT. CARYARD - DAY

A hopelessly decrepit 1930s RILEY KESTREL sits on THREE  
WHEELS AND A BLOCK, disemboweled of its rusted engine.

Martin's MAP is slapped onto the car, which responds by  
parting company with another WHEEL. Martin SLAPS THE PAPER.

MARTIN  
You see? The plan was I would  
travel down this fine island in  
an original Kestrel Sprite,  
reversing the journey I took  
sixty years ago. That's the PLAN.

GLEN  
She was an old car, mate. Taken  
her last trip a while back.  
Nothing I can do.

Both irascible old jerks LOCK EYES.

MARTIN  
Well then, I mean, gosh, Glen.

He neatly FOLDS THE PAPER, begins walking back to the  
OFFICE.

MARTIN  
There's minor details, which you  
clearly THINK this is, and then  
there's VITAL components of a  
PLAN. You remove those, you throw  
the whole thing into disarray.

Glen TROTS BRISKLY behind the rampaging Martin.

INT. RENTAL OFFICE - DAY

Glen takes out a large CATALOGUE.

GLEN  
It's just a car, mate. Let's talk  
about your upgrade.

MARTIN  
I'm not interested in any of  
this. None of it!

He BUNDLES UP HIS THINGS and stuffs them in his DUFFEL BAG.

MARTIN  
You've lost my patronage, Glen.  
If I have to travel in another  
car, I'll acquire it elsewhere.

GLEN  
Only depot in town.

Martins is BESIDE HIMSELF with contained rage.

He LASHES OUT, causing Glen to JUMP. But he's making a  
beeline for the THERMOSTAT:

He forcefully ADJUSTS THE TEMPERATURE all out of wack.

GLARES defiantly at the puzzled Glen.

MARTIN  
Hm!

Glen has NO RESPONSE. Martin is DEFLATED.

MARTIN  
Let's take a look at your  
alternatives then.

Glen opens the catalogue for a tired Martin.

MARTIN (V.O.)  
The blood had been spilled and  
mere anarchy loosed upon the  
world.

INT. HONDA - DAY

Martin talks into the TAPE RECORDER he's sat precariously  
on the dashboard. He SPEEDS along the empty highway.

MARTIN  
I felt the plan crumbling and I  
chose, as ought not surprise, to  
embrace entropy. Desolation? Yes.  
Hesitation? Not on my watch.

He STEADIES THE WHEEL WITH HIS HANDS and takes out the  
ENVELOPE OF PLANS.

MARTIN  
I knew where I was headed: the  
roadmap would only slow me down.  
(MORE)

MARTIN (CONT'D)  
I felt stupid for ever having  
bothered with such an  
embarrassment of forethought.

He begins THROWING THE CONFETTI out the window. Considers.

MARTIN  
"For wisdom is the property of  
the dead; a something  
incompatible with life". Yes!

His CAR speeds off as SHREDS OF PAPER drift to the winds.

INT. BOARDROOM - DAY

BRADLEY'S COMPUTER MOCKUP is printed out on a large clean  
SHEET OF PAPER, in middle of the large DESK in the  
boardroom. Atop the mockup, a slogan: "SEPHIRA TOWERS: LIFE-  
COMPATIBLE".

BRADLEY  
Nothing that wasn't geared toward  
an ergonomic living environment.  
Every decision, every step of the  
way, it's all been: "how do I  
make this somewhere I'd want to  
live?"

Butch and Steve study the plans.

BUTCH  
Very wise, Bradley. You've really  
brought this one together.

STEVE  
We can start marketing the ground-  
level arrangements here pronto.

BUTCH  
Yep. The higher-up suites,  
they'll have no trouble leasing  
once people get a look in. Grace  
and severity, like all the best  
draughtsmanship. It's a work of  
art.

He PATS BRADLEY ON THE BACK.

STEVE  
Come see me first thing tomorrow,  
alright? There's some higher-  
level stuff I'd love to get you  
started on right away.

BRADLEY  
Sure thing.

The two older men LEAVE.

Bradley starts to collect up his presentation.

BRADLEY  
Right away, you say?

Bradley CROSSES TO A WALL hung with PHOTOS of all the firm's best. A BLANK SPOT beneath Butch and Steve's pictures.

Bradley SMILES. Then takes out and regards Jimmy's ENVELOPE. Pauses a second;

BRADLEY  
Fuck it.

He TEARS UP THE ITINERARY. DROPS THE TORN PAPERS into the RUBBISH BIN.

BRADLEY  
See you in a couple weeks, Dad.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

A COMPLEX CHART.

DR RALPHS  
Your test shows everything exactly as it should be.

BRADLEY AND ALLISON peer at the chart, being shown them by Allison's DOCTOR.

DR RALPHS  
A healthy pregnancy.  
Congratulations.

Allison BOUNCES IN HER SEAT, HUGS Bradley.

INSERT: THE SUN GROWS HUGE.

Bradley SMILES queasily.

DR RALPHS  
Now, of course we've got plenty of literature we can offer you, and I'm happy to refer you to classes and the like.

INSERT: The SKY SPLITS OPEN to reveal infinite FLAME.

Bradley struggles to CONCENTRATE on the Doctor.

DR RALPHS

It's never too soon to start  
thinking about questions such as  
vaccination; obviously as your  
doctor I'd recommend that, but  
I'm here to help you choose...

INSERT: EARTHQUAKES thrust up TREES and level MOUNTAINS.

Allison is far off as she HUGS BRADLEY.

DR RALPHS

But again, congratulations,  
you're going to have a--

Bradley STUMBLES from the room, HEAVING.

INT. HOSPITAL TOILET - DAY

BURNING WORLDS and SANDSTORMS and ICE and SEAS OF BLOOD fly  
through Bradley's head as he heaves into the toilet.

BRADLEY

Oh God! Oh jeez!

He HURLS AGAIN.

ALLISON (O.S.)

Honey?

She PRIES THE DOOR OPEN.

ALLISON

What happened to you?

He goes to answer -- another WAVE OF ECLIPSES and GODS AND  
MONSTERS and TSUNAMI --

He BENDS but recovers. He's PANTING.

BRADLEY

I must have eaten something  
weird.

She STROKES HIS HEAD.

ALLISON

Bradley, your pulse is like  
BDDDDD. Shall I get a doctor?

He takes a breath; sees COMETS VOLCANOES ALIEN SPACECRAFT --

BRADLEY

No. Look... I have to go away,  
um, work. Just a couple days.

ALLISON  
*That's what's bothering you??*  
 Baby, I don't start doing  
 pregnant-stuff for a while yet,  
 remember?

He forces a LAUGH.

BRADLEY  
 Just got to tie some stuff up,  
 then I'm all yours.

ALLISON  
 You're all mine already, sonny  
 Jim. But I'll loan you out.

They share a SMILE. He wipes his mouth.

BRADLEY  
 I'd kiss you --

ALLISON  
 -- It's fine.

BRADLEY  
 -- Yeah.

She strokes HAIR off his sweaty BROW.

ALLISON  
 So the first big baby-thing's  
 probably immunisation, right?

His EYES BULGE and he RUNS TO THE TOILET.

CUT TO:

INT. BOARDROOM - NIGHT

Bradley on his HANDS AND KNEES.

BRADLEY  
 Fuck fuck fuck...

Bradley RIFLES THROUGH THE RUBBISH BIN but it's too late.  
 The bin's been emptied.

BRADLEY  
 CRAP!

ZARA (V.O.)  
 "After the event he wept".

He rolls back onto his ass, dejected. Looks up at the  
 CEILING, letting his gaze fall like a meteorite... Right  
 onto a solitary SHRED OF PAPER, sitting under the thick  
 foot of the boardroom table.

ZARA (V.O.)  
 "He promised a new start."

Bradley SCRAMBLES like a parched man to a bottle of Evian.

INT. ZARA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Zara sits on her BED beneath a large WYETH PRINT, still trying to read the damn *Waste Land*.

ZARA  
 "I can connect nothing with  
 nothing. The broken fingernails  
 of dirty hands. My people humble  
 people who expect nothing."

She puts the book down in frustration.

The PHONE RINGS. Her head DARTS UP.

ZARA  
 YES.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Zara PICKS UP THE PHONE.

ZARA  
 La la frickin' la.

BRADLEY (O.S.)  
 Zara Moss?

ZARA  
 Yeah?

INT. BOARDROOM - NIGHT

Bradley SITS BACK with relief, cradling the phone.

BRADLEY  
 Thank God. I gotta talk to you.

ZARA (V.O.)  
 Okay, listen, man.

EXT. TAXI - EARLY MORNING

Bradley loads a large BACKPACK into the boot. Zara waits impatiently, scratches under her thick BRACELET.

ZARA  
 This is a serious job for me,  
 okay?  
 (MORE)



ZARA (CONT'D)  
I'm not just some twink he gets  
along to take notes and shit.

Bradley FORCES THE BOOT CLOSED. They get in the CAB.

BRADLEY  
Nobody said you were --

ZARA  
Yeah, well, good.

INT. TAXI - EARLY MORNING

The CAR pulls out, STARS out the window in the pre-dawn  
sky. In the awkward silence, the RADIO reads the news:

NEWSREADER (O.S.)  
Cracks at the fringe of the polar  
region have experts suggesting  
that controlled detonation may be  
necessary --

Zara TURNS TO BRADLEY.

ZARA  
I'm serious. You can't be getting  
in the way of my work. I have  
work on this trip too.

BRADLEY  
I've been on his trips. I know my  
role, I can shut my mouth.

Zara grudgingly RELAXES.

ZARA  
You best. I say Marty and I got  
work to do, you make yourself  
scarce.

BRADLEY  
You won't even know I'm there.

ZARA  
Hm.

She WATCHES OUT THE WINDOW as suburbia speeds by.

BUTCH (V.O.)  
You have reached the office of  
Butch Russell, Vig and Russell  
Architectural Solutions. Leave  
your message after the beep.

INT. FERRY CAFE - EARLY MORNING

BEEP! BRADLEY sits by the window at his CELLPHONE.

BRADLEY

Hi, Butch? I'm gonna need to take  
a couple days out of the office.  
Family emergency. I'm really  
sorry. Talk to you soon. Okay.

TITLE CARD: INTERISLAND FERRY, COOK STRAIT - 5 DAYS  
REMAINING

Bradley HANGS UP as Zara brings COFFEE.

ZARA

Get that down ya. Make any sense  
of Martin's itinerary?

BRADLEY

Honestly? Your number was about  
all I got out of it.

ZARA

Okay, thank God. Thing's got me  
feeling about as smart as paint.

She takes her copy of the ENVELOPE out of her folio.

ZARA

Not high-quality paint, either.  
The shit they let retards draw  
with.

She POINTS at highlighted bits in the scrawl.

ZARA

Here, he's got, "Land of battle,  
site of learning, vineyards and a  
secret ladder". The hell's that  
mean?

Bradley LOOKS BLANK. Zara GROANS.

ZARA

Guy says meet me where it says on  
the paper, turns out the paper  
don't make any Goddamn sense.

BRADLEY

How long have you been working  
for my dad?

ZARA

Six months, mainly desk stuff.  
Why?

He just LOOKS at her. She shoves the PAPER under his nose.

ZARA  
Fuckin' Weareys. Work this out,  
so we know which bus to catch.

BRADLEY  
Which...

She FIDDLES WITH HER BRACELET irritably. SNAPPY:

ZARA  
Martin told me catch a bus, meet  
up with him, and I figured sure,  
simple enough.

BRADLEY  
I could've told you the flaw  
there.

ZARA  
Bully for you.

She leaves, frustrated. He sifts through the PAPERS.

BRADLEY  
"Land of battle, site of  
learning, vineyards and a secret  
ladder".

The papers are all DIAGRAMS and ARCANES SYMBOLS and PHRASES:  
"ELDRITCH HORROR DUE SOUTH"; "ALWAYS DEATH BY WATER".

A frustrated Bradley MASSAGES HIS TEMPLES.

BRADLEY  
Daaaad...

EXT. FERRY - DAY

MARLBOROUGH approaches as the boat sails into the SUNRISE.  
ZARA stands on the deck and watches the hills approach.  
Bradley joins her.

BRADLEY  
It's like Nostradamus or  
something. I can rent us a car,  
but where do we go?

ZARA  
Anyone's going to know what the  
hell he's talking about, it's  
you.

BRADLEY  
I've spent my whole life trying  
NOT to think like him.

ZARA

Well, flick the switch, man!  
Fling the door open! We got  
nothing here!

BRADLEY

I know you dig the guy and all,  
but this Apocalypse shit? It's  
like one of those abyss deals:  
you look into it, it looks back.

She leans over the rail and WATCHES THE SEA, petulant.

BRADLEY

It's Nietzsche, y'know --

ZARA

-- yes, very clever.

HE JOINS HER looking out to sea.

BRADLEY

I just think if any of you  
Apocalypse-Studies types ever  
really got a look at that shit,  
you'd run a mile. Him included.

ZARA

Don't talk to me about abysses,  
man.

She neatly flicks her BRACELETS into her hands, revealing  
two deep PINK RIBBON SCARS.

ZARA

I fuckin' done abysses.

He SLOUCHES ON THE RAIL, trumped.

BRADLEY

Sorry.

She SHRUGS dismissively.

ZARA

Wasn't a despair thing. Just  
wanting to go further.

He LOOKS AT HER. Behind her, the SEA SWELLS.

ZARA

Don't matter. He's got away on us  
now. Ain't no going any further.

A huge WAVE picks up the BOAT and it RISES SICKENINGLY.  
Zara doesn't seem to notice him WATCHING BEHIND HER IN  
TERROR.

The SEA is churning FAR BEHIND HER, the boat almost VERTICAL.

ZARA

Just go home, I guess.

The boat is CARRIED ON THE HUGE WAVE as it WASHES OVER THE HILLS and DROWNS TOWNS AND FLATTENS BUILDINGS.

Zara watches him, her aspect unchanged, as behind her, WATER and BODIES and DEBRIS whirl. The boat SPINS AND FLIES through the air and water.

ZARA

What??

The boat GRINDS TO A HALT on the main street of BLENHEIM, signs and shopfronts proclaiming as much.

Bradley LOOKS DUMBFOUNDED AT ZARA. She LOOKS BACK.

They're on the DECK. The sea is CALM beneath.

BRADLEY

Blenheim. He's going to Blenheim.

ZARA

Huh?

INT. RENTAL OFFICE - DAY

Bradley and Zara wait for Glen. Bradley gestures at the ITINERARY excitedly.

BRADLEY

Blenheim: named after the Battle of Blenheim. Martin knew that cause he went to school there.

ZARA

"Land of battle, site of learning".

BRADLEY

But it's mainly wine country now. Aside from the spy base.

ZARA

Vineyards... "Secret ladder"?

BRADLEY

ECHELON. French for "rung of a ladder": the spy base. Martin went NUTS when it came out they'd installed it.

ZARA  
Just write it down, Marty.

He GRINS.

BRADLEY  
I just thought like Martin for a second. That was actually a bit too easy.

GLEN appears with a bunch of forms.

GLEN  
Okay, mate, all we need's your license and we're good to go.

BRADLEY  
Sure thing.

He reaches for his wallet. Looks PERPLEXED.

CUT TO:

INT. VIDEO STORE - DAY

Allison carries a VIDEO to the counter.

ALLISON  
Can I get this again? We didn't get a chance to watch it last night.

CLERK  
Won't need the ID again, love. I recognise ya.

She fishes through her PURSE for change.

ALLISON  
Good thing, I gave it --

What's this in the POCKET OF HER PURSE??

ALLISON  
Aw, crap.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

BLLENHEIM: the BUS pulls to a stop with a loud HISS.

Bradley and Zara elbow their way ON BOARD.

BRADLEY

I've got bandages. I've got maps  
and matches and non-perishable  
foodstuffs.

INT. BUS - DAY

Tinted windows, dark and cool, Bradley and Zara are the  
youngest people on the bus.

BRADLEY

I've got tampons, for God's  
sakes. I have packed for every  
conceivable eventuality.

He stows his LARGE BACKPACK as she takes a seat.

ZARA

So busy packing the essentials,  
you forgot the stuff you needed?

He GROANS affirmatively.

ZARA

You earned some points with that  
code-cracking hoopla. Consider us  
breaking even.

DRIVER

All aboard? Now departing for  
Blenheim!

The BUS PULLS OUT.

EXT. WESTPORT - DAY

Martin's CAR pulls to a stop beside the stylish old  
WESTPORT TOWN CLOCK.

TITLE CARD: WESTPORT, NEW ZEALAND

Martin gets out and pulls on a pair of old wire-framed  
adventurer SUNGLASSES.

TITLE CARD: 260 KMS WEST OF BLENHEIM

Martin takes out his trusty TAPE RECORDER.

MARTIN

Holidays in Westport were always  
pleasant. The town clock, still  
clad in the same 30s-Berlin art-  
deco as she was when I was a lad,  
takes me back to those days.

Martin, still talking, ambles into a quaint COFFEE SHOP.

INT. QUAIN COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Martin turns the heads of locals and tourists as he peruses the trays of LAMINGTONS and PIES.

MARTIN

We could be giving time to my schooling in Blenheim... but astute scholars of my earlier book, *Searching for the Flood*, have already had their fill of stultifying boredom.

(to the CASHIER)

Coffee. Lamington. Pink.

The CASHIER eyes him suspiciously. Martin takes a seat by the window, a BIG TABLE all to himself in the crowded cafe.

He takes out an old PHOTO ALBUM and peruses it fondly. Looks over a bizarre chronicle: year-by-year photos of MARTIN AND BRADLEY, always posed by a BATHTUB, or POND, or DRUM OF WATER, their HAIR WET.

MARTIN

While the final destination beckons, foremost on my mind is the annual revisiting of death by water. But until then, let us trust our fate to the whim of the Norns!

BRADLEY (V.O.)

He should be here. He has to be here.

EXT. MARLBOROUGH BOYS' COLLEGE - DAY

The stark facade of the COLLEGE looms over them, the archetype of a traditional public school.

BRADLEY

I mean where does the guy go in Blenheim? It's hardly a thriving metropolis. The old house, the old school, the old milk bar?

ZARA

This is ALWAYS happening with Nostradamus.

BRADLEY

No. This isn't some bullshit spur-of-the-moment interpretation. This is where he was headed.



ZARA  
Well, it's not, cause he's not  
here.

A BELL rings. Crowds of YOUNG BOYS stream from the school.

Bradley and Zara stand in the path, LOOKING uselessly to each other for ideas, as a tide of UNIFORMED BOYS trot past them.

BRADLEY (V.O.)  
Okay, well, this was my dumb idea  
--

EXT. BLENHEIM MAIN STREET - DAY

All franchises and farming-goods. The two walk listlessly on.

ZARA  
-- Conceded --

BRADLEY  
-- Cheers for that -- so what do  
you suggest?

She SHRUGS.

ZARA  
Maybe this just ain't happening.  
Maybe we just go back. How long  
can he be? What, as they say, is  
the worst that can happen?

She looks to Bradley - he's NOT THERE. She casts an eye back:

He's digging into his BAG, outside a FARMING GOODS SHOP.

ZARA  
What is it, man?

BRADLEY  
I know where he'll be. And I know  
when he'll be there.

He keeps DIGGING IN HIS BAG. Pulls out an old PHOTO ALBUM. Flips through it:

The same PICTURES Martin has. In all, Bradley GRUMPY, Martin GRINNING LIKE A LOON. And all dated "SEPTEMBER 1".

BRADLEY  
Every year. I can't believe I  
didn't notice this! First of  
September, every year, Zara!

ZARA (V.O.)  
Okay, what??

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

They stand on the MOTEL BALCONY, the sun SETTING, watching KIDS play on an old TRAMPOLINE below.

BRADLEY  
We didn't celebrate Martin's birthday. Which was nice cause what do you get the guy who studies the end of everything?

ZARA  
Cigars.

MONTAGE:

Wild-haired young Martin GRINS underwater. A toddler-sized Bradley SPRAWLS ON HIS HEAD, a wriggling crown.

BRADLEY (V.O.)  
What we did instead was, every year, Martin would find as large a body of water as he could muster --

Wearing sideburns and a pastel blazer, Martin's EYES BULGE as his head is held underwater -- by a YOUNG BRADLEY.

BRADLEY (V.O.)  
-- And he'd make me hold him under until he damn near drowned. And then he'd tell me this story.

A teenage BRADLEY holds a thrashing MARTIN in a full BATHTUB.

BRADLEY (V.O.)  
Of something that happened when he was a kid, which I probably know by heart by now.

END MONTAGE

BRADLEY  
Set on September the First. At Winchwell.

Zara looks fairly DUMBSTRUCK.

ZARA  
What's Winchwell?

EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY

A CARDBOARD SIGN, on which has been scrawled: "WINCHWELL".

TITLE CARD: BLENHEIM, NEW ZEALAND - 4 DAYS REMAINING

BRADLEY waves the SIGN at cars as Zara STICKS HER THUMB OUT.

ZARA

Of course there's no bus there.  
Why would there be a bus there?

BRADLEY

Are you sure you need that big  
thick coat?

She shoots him a LOOK. He POINTS:

A small HONDA has pulled up to the side of the road. They heft their bags and RUN to it.

INT. SMALL HONDA - DAY

Bradley and Zara sit cramped on either side of a young kid playing Gameboy. The car's PILED HIGH with bags.

The driver, a bearded dad named STEWART, grins at them. His WIFE sleeps in the passenger seat.

STEWART

Couldn't have you standing there  
all day. We'll still make it over  
the Pass before lunch, eh Dan?

The KID keeps on tappitty-tapping on his game.

STEWART

Had mates farmed this area.  
What's your connection to  
Winchwell?

BRADLEY

Family used to run it, like fifty  
years ago.

STEWART

Back to the old homestead, eh?

BRADLEY

Something like that.

STEWART

How long you folks been out?

MARTIN (V.O.)  
 I was the youngest to leave. We  
 moved to the city when I was ten.

EXT. WINCHWELL - DAY

An old wooden sign, jaunty blue paint fading: WINCHWELL FARM.

MARTIN (V.O.)  
 Big change for me, I tell you.

A worn old GRAVEL ROAD runs down the side of the pasture,  
 and it's on this road that Martin's RENTAL CAR is stopped.

MARTIN stands by the car in SUNGLASSES. Apprehension in his  
 voice as he talks into the TAPE RECORDER.

MARTIN  
 No more farming chores, no sweet  
 smell of cowshit -- never saw  
 asphalt till I was ten.

FADED GREEN PASTURES extend for hectares around, bordered  
 by DEEP BUSH. The landscape is dotted by OCCASIONAL  
 DILAPIDATED BUILDINGS: An OLD SHED, a CATTLE RACE.

MARTIN  
 It's the same story you hear from  
 a good many folks who quit their  
 farms halfway through the old C-  
 twentieth: March of progress. You  
 got on or got out of the way. We  
 got out of the way.

Martin WALKS through the long grass, toward the SHEEP RUN.

MARTIN  
 It's for the best, gentle reader:  
 How do you think I would've cut  
 it, down on the farm? A  
 lamentable sight, I tell you.

Martin GRIMACES as he's interrupted by a MOTOR sound.

MARTIN  
 To be continued.

He watches Stewart's little car trundle TOWARD HIM.

MARTIN  
 I say sorry, this is actually  
 private property --

He's stunned into silence as HIS SON AND RESEARCH ASSISTANT  
 pile out, laden with bags. He GRINS, lost for words.

As Zara bids Stewart thanks, father and son sheepishly approach one another.

BRADLEY  
Morning, Martin.

Martin CHECKS HIS WATCH.

MARTIN  
It's actually afternoon, son.

He BREAKS INTO A GRIN and EMBRACES HIS SON, who DOESN'T RECIPROCATE. AT ALL. Bradley makes impatient EYES at Zara.

Martin relinquishes his grip on Bradley as Zara PATS THE ROOF OF STEWART'S departing car. She turns to MARTIN.

MARTIN  
This is quite some surprise!

Zara STRIDES UP TO HIM. He realises he's not getting a hug.

ZARA  
So, jackass, we tracked you down!  
What kind of prize do we get? I  
hope it's a car!

MARTIN  
I must say, I'm impressed. How  
did you --

BRADLEY  
September First. As soon as we  
stopped paying attention to your  
itinerary, it was obvious.

ZARA  
Yeah, about that, boss. Next  
time, maybe less of the  
cryptography, more of the "here  
is where I will be on the day I  
will be at it"?

MARTIN  
Yet by providence you're here.  
There's not a moment to lose!

BRADLEY  
Martin, I need to talk to you.

MARTIN  
And talk we shall! After the  
tank.

BRADLEY  
Oh, no.

EXT. FAR Paddock - DAY

The Paddock is fenced off, with one edge narrowing into a RACE culminating in a DIP TANK. The three make their way down the race. Martin hangs back, carefully SHUTTING THE GATE.

BRADLEY  
Need me to keep the livestock  
back?

Martin LOOKS UP, caught out. He looks around uneasily.

MARTIN  
Force of habit.

Zara heads for the DIP TANK.

ZARA  
The hell's this, man?

MARTIN  
That, young lady, is what I came  
to document. That was nearly my  
brackish grave.

The TANK is taller than Zara, rusted, black.

BRADLEY  
Seriously? This actual tank?

Martin is STRIPPING OFF.

MARTIN  
We used to dip sheep in it.

BRADLEY  
Oh, jeez. We're not doing this.

MARTIN  
We most assuredly are. September  
First was the day we'd start  
dipping, and my cousin Dick and I  
were along to watch --

Zara CLAMBERS UP and PEERS IN. Her VOICE rings out:

ZARA  
Look at that water. It's filthy.

MARTIN  
Always was. Deep and black. Son?

BRADLEY  
NO, Martin.

MARTIN

Oh, don't be such a downer. See,  
in those days there was a ramp  
for the sheep just there --

Martin BENDS ZARA OVER and gingerly steps up onto her back.

MARTIN

We were watching them all drop  
in. I climbed up on my cousin's  
back, to get a look in -- then  
Dick stood up! -- like a shot --  
and I was catapulted in!

He holds himself up on the EDGE. NODS to Zara.

ZARA

Like this?

She STANDS. Martin SPILLS INTO THE FILTHY WATER. He  
surfaces, splashing muck about. Holds himself up on the  
EDGE.

MARTIN

Exactly! I fell through the  
sheep, just this mass of stinky  
dirty seething beasts. Went  
under. Brad!

BRADLEY

I'm not doing it, Martin.

Martin COUGHS officiously.

MARTIN

I WENT UNDER!

Bradley SITS on the grass and fold his arms.

MARTIN

Fine. So you see, once I was in  
there I thought, this is it for  
me. Looking up, you could hardly  
even see light. Between the dirty  
black water and the writhing mass  
of sheep... I was done for. I  
thought I'd drown in this dirty  
black pool, looking up at the sun  
through this churning mass of  
wool, swimming, stamping --

BRADLEY

(bored)

Stamping, like savage clouds.

Martin GRINS.

MARTIN  
That's right, son.

And with that the old man PLUNGES into the tank.

Bradley WATCHES, disgusted. Looks about.

Zara PEERS at the tank. Knocks on it.

Bradley GETS UP, concern mounting, as --

Martin ARISES from the filthy water, hair straggly,  
GRINNING, as WATER spurts from the underside of the tank.

ZARA  
FUCK!

MARTIN  
(panting)  
Eventually -- can't really have  
been long -- Dick pulled me out.

He GRUNTS as he climbs UP TO THE EDGE and clambers over.  
DROPS out and rolls from the SPILLING WATER.

MARTIN  
Lay on the grass, spewing out  
black water.

He CLIMBS UP.

MARTIN  
If death tastes worse than that --  
just cut my wrists and be done  
with it. It was foul.

ZARA  
That's fuckin' epic, man.

An ear-to-ear GRIN shines through the muck covering  
Martin's FACE. He holds up an OBJECT.

MARTIN  
Our business here is concluded!

ZARA  
'Zat?

Martin reverentially shows Zara what he's clutching: A  
worn, slimy PLUG. Zara tries to manufacture some wonder.

MARTIN  
Well?

ZARA  
It's a plug.



MARTIN

Yes! Just think, if I'd had this when I was a lad, that terrible event might never have occurred!

Bradley rubs his forehead.

BRADLEY

It's a plug, dad. IT'S A FUCKIN' PLUG, DAD.

Martin SMILES sweetly, oblivious to the exasperation flooding his orbit.

MARTIN

I wish you'd call me that more often.

He tucks the plug in his BREAST POCKET. Water drips out.

MARTIN

I need to get dry.

EXT. WINCHWELL - DAY

Bradley and Zara look back at the TANK as Martin, undressed, DRIES OFF behind the car.

BRADLEY

So what do you think?

ZARA

Apart from the insane family ritual, this place is gorgeous.

BRADLEY

I think I'm stuck with the insane family ritual.

ZARA

You can imagine we were the last people on Earth out here. Imagine you took out your phone, and there was nobody to talk to, cause they were all gone.

BRADLEY

There IS nobody to talk to, cause there's no reception.

Zara NODS at Martin.

ZARA

There's one person to talk to.

Bradley looks over to MARTIN, who WADDLES over to them, shirtless, pulling on a pair of jeans.

MARTIN  
Now, no dawdling. We're straight  
on, through Christchurch, to the  
main attraction: Okawa Beach!

ZARA  
(glancing down)  
Marty.

He BUTTONS UP.

ZARA  
What's at Okawa?

MARTIN  
Valuable cultural immersion, and  
on to the End of the World!

BRADLEY  
Or another wild goose chase.

MARTIN  
I don't do wild goose chases.

INT. RENNES LES CHATEAU - DAY

A dirty, DUSTY GOLD LIGHT permeates the ancient chapel. The  
WALLS are lined with SAINTS AND DEMONS.

TITLE CARD: RENNES LES CHATEAU, FRANCE: 17 YEARS REMAINING

Standing out like a wack-a-mole, teen BRADLEY slouches with  
his hands in the pockets of his RIPPED JEANS.

TITLE CARD: A WILD GOOSE CHASE

MARTIN pores over elaborate BAS-RELIEF WALL ART.

MARTIN  
Brad. Quick now, son: where did  
the Knights Templar live?

BRADLEY  
Over the ruins of Solomon's  
Temple. I'm failing science.

MARTIN  
And there they discovered...?

Bradley fiddles with a clunky DISCMAN. SHRUGS.

BRADLEY  
I'unno. Ditched English too.

MARTIN

Sharp. Trick question, of course.  
When the Templars were abroad in  
the Holy Land, they stumbled upon  
a discovery that brought them  
untold wealth. Something they  
brought back to this very chapel.

JIMMY, a sprightly lad with the look of a mid-century  
ADVENTURE SERIAL STAR, slips between the LARGE DOORS.

JIMMY

Can't find anything new outside,  
Professor.

MARTIN

Try taking Brad with you. His eye  
is sharper than yours.

Jimmy goes to RETORT -- forget it. Martin beckons BRADLEY.

MARTIN

Look at this.

Both boys crowd around as Martin takes out a NOTEBOOK.  
Flicks through it to a picture of a SNAKE EATING ITS OWN  
TAIL.

MARTIN

Be on the lookout for this. It  
was in the Temple of Solomon: My  
theory is that the Templars  
brought back a secret that could  
end the world. That they were  
able to blackmail the leaders of  
Europe with that knowledge.

Jimmy is AWESTRUCK.

BRADLEY

Can I go now?

MARTIN

Certainly, son.

Martin returns to STUDYING THE WALLS. Jimmy WATCHES  
silently.

MARTIN

"All things began in order so  
shall they end..."

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

ALLISON furrows her brow at her LAPTOP.

MARTIN (V.O.)  
 ..."So shall they begin again".

Allison perks up as she hears the computer's MAIL CHIME.  
 She looks down to her BELLY.

ALLISON  
 Look, it's an email from Dada!  
 Know what that means? Break time!

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Allison pours TEA and reads to her BELLY from a printout of  
 Bradley's short missive.

ALLISON  
 "I hit a net cafe as soon as we  
 saw civilisation". Yep, that  
 sounds like your old man. "We're  
 on the road to Christchurch now".

She GRINS at her belly.

ALLISON  
 Your papa's a clever fella, but  
 do you think he knows they have  
 architects down there already?

A KNOCKING. She sets the letter down, heads for the door.

ALLISON  
 To be continued. Don't worry, I  
 wouldn't leave you in suspense.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Allison opens the door: It's Jimmy!

JIMMY  
 Hi, Allison.

ALLISON  
 Long time, Jim. Since...

JIMMY  
 Germany. Can I come in?

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

He follows her through.

JIMMY  
 You're not with Bradley?

Allison sits back down.

ALLISON  
Umm... no, he usually prefers to  
work solo.

Jimmy instantly CLICKS.

JIMMY  
Okay, do you know where he is?

ALLISON  
Mm-hmm, sure do. He's en route to  
Christchurch.

Jimmy takes out a copy of the ITINERARY, looks through it.

JIMMY  
Wonder if he's worked out  
something I can't.

Allison PEERS AT THE PAPER.

ALLISON  
What's that?

Jimmy STOWS THE PAPER.

JIMMY  
This is irrelevant. I know one  
place they'll have to be stopping  
in Christchurch. Thanks, Al.

ALLISON  
Hang on... Who's they?

Jimmy's been CAUGHT OUT.

MARTIN (V.O.)  
The number one thing is that  
Jimmy Wilt doesn't catch up to  
us.

INT. SMITH'S BOOKSHOP, UPSTAIRS - EVENING

A musty, high-piled storehouse of well-loved tomes, in  
downtown Christchurch. Martin pores through the books.

MARTIN  
Ever since he set up that damn  
course, Jimmy's been gunning for  
me. Oust the leader in the field.  
Brad, you work from "M".

BRADLEY  
And I'm after anything on  
Southern maritime history?

MARTIN

Yes sir.

BRADLEY

Dad, can we talk about --

Martin WAVES HIM OFF, heads to the SHELVES.

ZARA

How exactly does a guy disprove you, Marty?

MARTIN

Well, he'd need some sort of statement from me that it was all hogwash. Good luck, friend!

Martin SNORTS with laughter. Bradley FROWNS at the books.

MARTIN

But he could still beat me to the next big discovery in end-time lore. Piggyback off my research.

Martin walks over and ELBOWS BRADLEY IN THE RIBS.

MARTIN

Like he'd ever get anything out of my itineraries - only reason I send them is to taunt him!

Bradley and Zara exchange a LOOK.

BRADLEY

Sure keep that one sewn up tight.

MARTIN

You're damn tooting. Here it is!

He pulls out a weathered BOOK: "TANIWHA AND KRAKEN".

MARTIN

We'll need nothing else here. This is the premiere tome on the matter.

He RUNS DOWN THE STAIRS like a kid on Christmas morn.

BRADLEY

Hear that? Premiere tome.

ZARA

Must be a good'n.

They follow Martin DOWN THE STAIRS.

INT. SMITH'S BOOKSHOP, DOWNSTAIRS - DAY

Martin is settling up with the proprietor, BARRY. Out the window, EVENING is falling on Manchester Street.

MARTIN  
Thanks, Barry. Could I trouble  
you for your phone?

BARRY  
No trouble.

Bradley GRINS, points out to Zara a SHELF FULL of Martin's books, flanked by Atlantis lore and New Age hokum.

ZARA  
Least they're getting read.

MARTIN  
TARNATION!

He's hurriedly PULLING ON HIS COAT.

MARTIN  
Contact at the University. I  
don't know how, but Jimmy Wilt is  
on our tail.

He BLUSTERS OUT. Bradley and Zara follow.

BARRY  
Hot pursuit, huh?

Zara GRINS at him.

ZARA  
Like a really nerdy *Cannonball*  
*Run*.

Barry excitedly watches them leave.

MARTIN (V.O.)  
We'll be pulling an all-nighter:  
son, you take the first shift.

EXT. HIGHWAY - MIDNIGHT

The boxy Honda is BARRELLING DOWN THE HIGHWAY, Bradley driving, Zara asleep in the back.

MARTIN  
Jimmy will NOT beat me to this  
one.

Bradley YAWNS, blinks.

BRADLEY

Dad, can I ask you something?

MARTIN

Anything, Brad.

BRADLEY

All these trips we've been on.

MARTIN

I've enjoyed each one, son.  
You've been my constant talisman.  
My rudder on rough seas.

BRADLEY

Yeah. Well, I might have missed  
something in the reality-to-  
figurative divide or something.

MARTIN

You want to know the significance  
of our Winchwell detour? That's  
my boy. Always the practical ying  
to my fanciful yang.

BRADLEY

It's more of a general kind of --

MARTIN

And you deserve an explanation.  
It'll clarify my thoughts also!

Bradley YAWNS deeply.

BRADLEY

No, it's about all the other --

MARTIN

Pull over.

EXT. ROADSIDE - NIGHT

The two EXIT the car. They meet in the HEADLIGHTS.

MARTIN

Here. I'll stay awake better if I  
explain as we go. Here, tag --

He holds out his HAND.

MARTIN

I'm the fresh man. Tag me in.

Bradley sleepily SLAPS Martin's hand.



MARTIN

There. And now I'm the fresh man,  
so I'm in the ring, you see?

They get back in the CAR, which PULLS OUT.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Martin, full of beans, DRIVES ON.

MARTIN

Now, my visit to Winchwell hinges  
on matters numerous and dire.

BRADLEY

That's not what I...

MARTIN

Hush, son. Don't break my flow.  
We are headed into what may be  
the culmination of my life's  
work: the Eschaton itself. I  
couldn't go into that without  
arming myself in every way  
possible! But do you know what  
the greatest talisman I have is?

He LOOKS OVER at his son. Bradley's FAST ASLEEP, leaning on  
the window.

Martin SMILES WARMLY at his son.

INT. SMITH'S BOOKSHOP, UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

Barry is adding up ACCOUNTS, an old TV playing unheeded:  
pictures of PENGUINS frolicking on an icy landscape.

NEWSREADER (O.S.)

...The birds' habitat will be  
threatened if B23 is allowed to  
drift; which is why the iceberg  
needs to be destroyed, say  
experts.

Barry is interrupted by a KNOCK AT THE DOOR downstairs.

INT. SMITH'S BOOKSHOP, DOWNSTAIRS - NIGHT

Barry heads downstairs.

BARRY

We're closed!

He gets the DOOR OPEN a crack. SMILES on recognition.

BARRY  
Is that Martin Wearey's young  
sidekick??

Jimmy SMILES dryly.

JIMMY  
That's me. Has the boss been  
through here?

Barry CLAMS UP.

BARRY  
Mum's the word there, James.

Jimmy smoothly PUSHES INTO the shop.

JIMMY  
Sure, sure. But listen, if the  
big man's been reading up on  
something, maybe my course could  
do with some study material.

Barry CONSIDERS this.

EXT. MANCHESTER STREET - NIGHT

Jimmy hefts a HUGE BANANA BOX of maritime history books.

JIMMY  
Good news is, I know where he's  
headed.

He RESTS THE BOX on his CAR. WHEEZES.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

ALLISON is in the passenger seat.

ALLISON  
Stop off in front of the Sallies?

JIMMY  
Yeah.

EXT. OKAWA BEACH - DAY

The SURF rolls in like it always has. The sky is GREY.

MARTIN trudges eagerly through the thick SAND. BRADLEY and  
Zara follow.

BRADLEY  
Martin, listen, I just want to --

MARTIN

Okawa Beach! This is it, my friends.

ZARA

Marty, I've gone all through your book. What are we here for exactly?

Martin PAUSES for effect.

MARTIN

Are you familiar with HP Lovecraft?

ZARA

Who?

BRADLEY

WHAT?!

Martin digs out a ridiculously worn PAPERBACK. The cover depicts a poorly-drawn GIANT OCTOPUS that vaguely resembles Victor Mature. The title: "HP LOVECRAFT'S SPOOKY TALES".

MARTIN

This poor soul amassed a life's work of portended catastrophe, the central menace being a huge, malfeasant entity named Cthulhu --

Martin POINTS eagerly at the book cover. Bradley SITS.

BRADLEY

This is STORIES. It's fiction, dad!

Martin makes Zara look through his STORYBOOK, pointing out pertinent old-time LINE-DRAWINGS.

MARTIN

Oh no! This is my breakthrough. I've been studying the work of Lovecraft as prognostications of an unwitting soothsayer.

They both LOOK AT HIM.

MARTIN

Predictions, you dummies! The poor man describes a demonic city of timeless evil, off this very coast! Research vessels in the area have picked up signals pointing to the imminent resurfacing of --

Zara LOOKS UP from the book.

ZARA

I gotta say, Marty, this seems...  
pretty silly.

Martin, losing his audience, digs out his *KRAKEN* BOOK.

MARTIN

It's all confirmed here! Legends  
since pre-colonial times back it  
all up!

Bradley is almost LAUGHING. He STANDS, facing his father.

BRADLEY

Martin. You're not serious.

MARTIN

Oh, serious as nine-eleven, my  
boy.

Bradley turns his back on the two of them.

He walks toward the sea. Their voices die out behind him.

ZARA

How is this not just the old-time  
version of Steven King?

MARTIN

Many scholars credit him  
strongly.

ZARA

You are the expert.

Bradley TUNES OUT. Focuses on the GREY SEA.

BRADLEY

My wife's having a baby.

Listens to the DULL WIND.

BRADLEY

This is all bullshit. And you  
don't need to tell me that  
because you're a silly old man.  
And I'm okay.

He SMILES.

Turns around.

MARTIN IS HOLDING ZARA in an intimate fashion.

Bradley STRIDES BACK, distressed.

BRADLEY

Martin -- Dad -- Zara, what?

MARTIN

Oh, don't look so surprised.  
What, did you think I was a monk?

ZARA

I was gonna tell you, just...  
busy and stuff.

BRADLEY

Yeah. Right. Listen, Martin, I  
think there still might be --

MARTIN

Oh, still this? The rain's  
already coming down!! Why bother?

Zara KISSES HIM ON THE CHEEK.

BRADLEY

Martin, I need to know. Has ANY  
of this EVER been true?

Martin CONSIDERS.

MARTIN

Well, since you ask, no. I mean,  
there were always women. Your  
dear mother and I, we just  
weren't... a loving association.

A WAVE rolls further up the beach than usual. It extends  
past the waterline, sandy white SPIT rolling over Bradley's  
HEELS.

BRADLEY

(looking down)

Hm.

He LOOKS DOWN THE BEACH. The SEA IS GROWING.

A HUGE BLACK SHAPE is rising from the depths, SPRAYING the  
assembled group as sea ROLLS OFF IT.

It LOOMS OVER THEM, obscuring the horizon, the sun.

A MOUTH AS BIG AS A MOUNTAIN surges toward the group.

Bradley hears Zara SCREAM.

MARTIN drops to his knees as BRADLEY stands defiant, the  
huge demonic monolith RUSHING DOWN TO SWALLOW THEM AND THE  
LAND AND ALL THAT IS, a deafening unearthly roar and a rush  
of SALTY AIR as it SURGES TOWARD THEM --

Bradley is sill just LOOKING at Martin.

MARTIN

Sorry, was that not what you  
meant?

Bradley COLLAPSES, shaking, white like a ghost.

The two RUSH to pick him up. He CONVULSES in the sand.

EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY

THE TIRE OF JIMMY'S CAR FLAPS against the road.

It SLOWS TO A STOP, violently BLOWN-OUT. Allison and Jimmy  
exit. Cold WIND whips them as they survey the vehicle.

JIMMY

Damn it! And we're so close.

ALLISON

Don't stress, we'll be moving  
soon.

Jimmy WALKS AWAY from the car.

JIMMY

We don't catch them in Okawa,  
they might be all the way up the  
island before we track them down.

He takes out his PHONE. DIALS and hears no tone.

JIMMY

No signal. Of course there's no  
signal.

He TURNS BACK to the car. Allison has it JACKED UP and is  
undoing the bolts on the WHEELS.

ALLISON

You want to fetch me the spare,  
Professor?

He goes for the BOOT.

JIMMY (V.O.)

So the States and Cuba are  
screaming mutually-assured  
destruction, the intelligentsia  
of Cuba figure this is all too  
heavy.

EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY

Allison is tightening bolts on the SPARE TIRE. Jimmy sits  
by.

ALLISON  
Pass me that last nut.

He hands it to her.

JIMMY  
This is what Cuba was like at the time of the Missile Crisis: the richest people in Havana were partying like there was no tomorrow, cause they figured there wasn't.

She NODS, unengaged, gives the nuts one last CRANK. Points to the JACK. He NODS, jimmies at it awkwardly.

JIMMY  
I was a Missile Crisis Baby: up for adoption as soon as my parents realised the End wasn't nigh.

She PUSHES HIM ASIDE and LOWERS THE CAR much faster.

ALLISON  
So you've got no parents and a grudge against the whole idea of End-time fervour, huh?

JIMMY  
Well, yeah. I'm frankly offended someone'd drive all this way for something's never gonna happen.

She BUNDLES UP the tire-change kit. He NODS as he gets back in the car.

ALLISON  
Yeah. A guy like that would be a special kind of damn-fool.

INT. TEAROOMS - DAY

BRADLEY sits huddled in a blanket, weak TEA before him. It's the choochiest place on Earth: pale tartan tablecloths, tomato-shaped sauce bottles, Devonshire Teas a specialty.

TITLE CARD: OKAWA, NEW ZEALAND: 3 DAYS REMAINING

MARTIN AND ZARA dejectedly pick at cardboardy CHIPS.

MARTIN  
You get used to it. The world's not going to end just because you got the paperwork right.

BRADLEY

I think it went perfectly.

Martin PERKS UP at his son returning to speech.

MARTIN

How's that, son?

BRADLEY

You came here to write another book. Your existence is predicated on the repeated failure of your mission. Apparently it's a very comfortable existence too.

Martin PECKS AT A CHIP.

MARTIN

He makes a good point.

ZARA

So what now? Back to life?

MARTIN

The slow trudge back to the world. Grinding up the gumption for next time. I hate this part.

Bradley SMILES ruefully.

ZARA

So it's all "almost but not quite"? THAT's your life of adventure??

MARTIN

All grind, no relief. There's a certain Tantric rhythm to it.

ZARA

That's stupid! It's...

Bradley stops listening, FLOPS HIS HEAD BACK, disgusted. He watches upside-down out a WINDOW.

The sky begins to FLICKER unnaturally. Suddenly the upside-down CLOUDS are SHREDDED by YANTRA PATTERNS whose polygons RISE and RIP THE FLOATING EARTH.

THE SKY is a spinning YANTRA, geometric DESTRUCTION pulling in the whole WORLD.

BRADLEY

Oh, God.

Bradley SHUTS HIS EYES, tunes back into the conversation.



ZARA

I didn't say I didn't want to be  
part of it, I just --

MARTIN

No, dear, maybe you're right. You  
can sit the next one out.

ZARA

Look, we'll --

ALLISON (O.S.)

Bradley??

Bradley LOOKS UP: Jimmy and Allison have just walked in.

JIMMY (O.S.)

Martin. Are you ever hard to  
track down.

EXT. TEAROOM CARPARK - DAY

Bradley SHIVERS in his BLANKET as Allison stands over him.

ALLISON

Pretty funny idea of work you got  
here, mister.

BRADLEY

It's good to see you too.

He LOOKS PAST HER. A large HILL stands on the horizon.

ALLISON

Oh, whatever, Bradley. Look, you  
took the trip. Nothing happened,  
AGAIN. What more do you need?

As she waits for his answer the hill EXPLODES, fire  
covering the SKY, rushing toward them, the tearoom  
IMMOLATED --

Bradley SINKS DOWN THE WALL.

BRADLEY

...I don't know.

JIMMY joins them.

JIMMY

Bradley, let's take a walk.

Allison FROWNS at Bradley.

ALLISON

We're not done here, sunshine.

She WALKS INSIDE. Bradley LOOKS UP at Jimmy.

JIMMY (V.O.)  
You want him to renounce it all.  
I want to disprove it. We can  
work together.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Bradley and Jimmy walk slowly down Okawa's small MAIN STREET.

JIMMY  
I'm sick of being the egghead  
poor-man's version of your dad,  
Brad. You need to hear that this  
is all horseshit? ME TOO.

Bradley NODS.

BRADLEY  
You need him to tell it to the  
whole world and all his freaky-  
deaky readers.

JIMMY  
YES. Loud. Public. Grab him by  
the hand, lead him to the edge,  
prove THERE IS NOTHING looming  
down there. NOTHING is imminent.  
It's all just change, and we all  
just keep on keeping on.

Bradley STOPS, shakes his head.

BRADLEY  
You just described his whole  
career.

JIMMY  
Nonono. Cause those were all HIS  
edges he took us to.

BRADLEY  
What edge do you have in mind?

Jimmy GRINS.

INT. TEAROOMS - DAY

The assembled group watch as Jimmy HOLDS COURT.

JIMMY  
Antarctica. What we are  
proposing, Martin, is to get  
ringside for the B23 detonation.

ALLISON

This is that iceberg from the news? The one they're blowing up?

Jimmy SLAPS DOWN A NEWSPAPER: on the front cover, a diagram of ICEBERG B23, the headline, "FIRE DOWN BELOW".

JIMMY

There's a research ship leaving Invercargill tomorrow, the *Persephone*. They're been granted permission to observe if they can be make their own way to Antarctica on time.

BRADLEY

We can be aboard that vessel, witness the detonation firsthand.

ZARA

And why do we want to do that?

JIMMY

Because this could be our first and, obviously, last chance to witness pole shift.

Zara LEANS FORWARD.

MARTIN

Not buying it.

ZARA

Marty, c'mon. This is well-documented stuff.

MARTIN

Have fun, Jim. I'll see you back home.

JIMMY

Wait, Martin, I'm not sure you --

Bradley LEADS HIM ASIDE. To the group:

BRADLEY

Give us a sec.

Martin is UNYIELDING.

MARTIN (V.O.)

I ache to believe in the Flood.

EXT. NORDHAFEN WHARF - DAY

The waters of the RHINE lap at a JETTY, at the end of which stand MARTIN, JIMMY and BRADLEY.

TITLE CARD: NORDHAVEN, GERMANY - 10 YEARS REMAINING

Young BRADLEY wanders as MARTIN talks into his tape recorder.

MARTIN

But proof continued to elude me.  
My assistant had promised a trove  
of Deluge lore, but failed to  
deliver.

TITLE CARD: RESEARCH TRIP: *SEARCHING FOR THE FLOOD*

JIMMY

Martin, turn that off. Publishers  
won't send you any more money?

MARTIN

If you're writing a book about  
the Flood, Jim, they want some  
evidence that you went where  
there was at least the  
possibility of a Flood.

Jimmy fishes out a thick screed of old TEXTS.

JIMMY

Right here, man! Did you read the  
area history I dug up for you?

Martin WAVES THEM OFF.

MARTIN

This is no more credible than  
anywhere else you've led us. It's  
been a pilgrimage of bum steers.

Bradley WALKS BACK DOWN THE PIER.

BRADLEY

This is a hell of a last trip.

Martin SNIFFS dismissively.

MARTIN

We'll be fine without you. You  
and your architecture.

Bradley doesn't turn around as he LEAVES.

BRADLEY

See you later, guys.

Jimmy turns to FOLLOW him.

JIMMY  
I've had an offer at the  
University back home. I'm taking  
it. It's got to be better than  
this.

Martin stands alone at the end of the pier.

MARTIN  
*University? Book-learning??*  
Seriously, Jim??

Jimmy turns back to FACE Martin.

JIMMY  
Yes, seriously. Look how bad this  
went. I'll never be the assistant  
you want anyway.

Martin WAVES A HAND.

MARTIN  
Can the melodrama, Jim. Just what  
is it you want in a boss?

They LOOK at each other, Jimmy unable to say it.

Finally:

MARTIN  
It's been a long, strange walk,  
Jim.

Jimmy LOOKS DOWN THE PIER, the end just beyond Martin's  
feet.

JIMMY  
Not quite long enough.

He LEAVES. Martin SITS. It starts to RAIN. He presses  
RECORD.

MARTIN  
As I sat alone amid the first  
drops of rain, I thought to  
myself...

He PONDERES. Shuts the recorder OFF.

MARTIN  
Oh, forget it.

BRADLEY (V.O.)  
The Flood. The Templar secret.  
The return of *Kukulkan*. I know  
how they're all linked.

INT. TEAROOMS - DAY

ON THE TABLE are placed Martin's *Kukulkan* photos from Mexico and OUROBOROS from his notebook. Bradley taps a photo:

BRADLEY

The snake. Dragons, dinosaurs,  
rapateta. Predates man. Heralds  
calamity.

NODS so far. Bradley moves to OUROBOROS, the circled snake.

BRADLEY

The Templars found this in the  
Holy Land: A warning that the  
snake would return. The secret  
they blackmailed Europe's leaders  
with was the key to that return;  
which would of course mean the  
End of the World.

Martin is BESIDE HIMSELF with curiosity.

MARTIN

And what was the key??

Bradley flicks through Martin's NOTEBOOK to a woodcut of the Ark.

BRADLEY

What the Templars worked out was  
that the Deluge wasn't a literal  
Flood. It was a virus: one that  
killed the dinosaurs then floated  
away on the current, accumulating  
at world's end.

Martin snatches his NOTEBOOK, flicks to another picture of a serpent, spiralling around a CADUCEUS.

MARTIN

A Plague! It would attack DNA  
itself: once it was unearthed, it  
would spread like wildfire!

Bradley NODS, pulls out another of Martin's photos, CLOSER IN on the GLOBE encircled by the snake.

BRADLEY

Yup. But it was sealed in the  
remotest place on Earth.

He TAPS THE GLOBE: sure enough, crudely scrawled CONTINENTS line the picture. The SNAKE'S MOUTH is POISED ABOVE a clearly-recognisable ANTARCTICA.

Jimmy is AWESTRUCK. Bradley LOOKS AT MARTIN.

BRADLEY

"A frozen Continent lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms of whirlwind and dire hail, all else deep snow and ice..."

Martin STANDS.

MARTIN

..."A Universe of death, which God by curse created evil, where all life dies, death lives".

The table is STUNNED SILENT. Martin GRINS.

MARTIN

*Paradise Lost*. So you think this Flood, this *Kukulkan*, is buried in Antarctica -- and that by detonating Iceberg B23, that virus could be unleashed on the planet once more!

Jimmy and Bradley SHARE A LOOK. They've got him!

BRADLEY

Exactly.

MARTIN

What are we waiting for? The old team! Three of the best!

Martin is BOUNCING in his seat. Zara looks SLIGHTED.

BRADLEY

Make some footsteps, old man, we'll set to following in 'em.

Martin's GRIN lights up the room.

BRADLEY (V.O.)

Martin wants to believe in an End that justifies his research. And Martin's a myth guy.

INT. JIMMY'S CAR - DAY

ALLISON and BRADLEY ride with Jimmy.

ALLISON

So you want to go South to disprove his life's work, and you persuaded him by putting the Apocalypse in the right genre?

Bradley NODS, oblivious to her irritation.

ALLISON  
I can't believe I'm bringing a  
child into this family.

Jimmy TURNS.

JIMMY  
Oh, shit. I can't believe I  
forgot about this.

ALLISON  
Huh?

Jimmy motions out the window: both cars PULL OVER.

EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY

The cars are STOPPED at a BLUFF that looks out into the  
Pacific. The GROUP are gathered round.

JIMMY  
Allison, pregnant women aren't  
allowed into Antarctica.

MARTIN  
Pregnant...?

ALLISON  
Why the hell not?

Jimmy SHRUGS.

JIMMY  
Health risk.

Martin brings the three men into a TRIANGLE. He's ecstatic.

MARTIN  
Brad, I have to say, this --

BRADLEY  
Not now, Martin.

Zara is STARING DAGGERS at Martin. Beside her, Allison  
looks forcefully to Bradley.

ALLISON  
So we're going home then.

Bradley is LOOKING AT HER.

ALLISON (V.O.)  
You're FUCKING KIDDING.



INT. MOTEL ROOM - EVENING

Thick yellowing bricks wall BRADLEY AND ALLISON in. She stands in the middle of the room, arms akimbo, GLARING.

ALLISON

Lie about why you're going. Come all the way down here, and now just DECIDE you're off to fucking ANTARCTICA. Which act of stupidity you want to defend first, Bradley? Cause they're really stacking up!

Bradley PACES before the stationary, furious Allison.

BRADLEY

I didn't TELL you cause I figured you'd just get like this!

ALLISON

Oh! As long as you were *planning* on my being pissed, it's okay, right?? And why do you think that is, huh?

He THINKS for too long about it.

ALLISON

EEHH! Time up! Here's why I'm pissed, Bradley, is because this is a stupid obsession in the first place. What'll you do if this trip doesn't convince him??

He STANDS STILL, looks very earnestly INTO HER EYES.

BRADLEY

He'll be convinced because I have to convince him.

She WALKS AWAY from him, exasperated.

ALLISON

No, you freakin' idiot! What you need to plan for, is that he NEVER gives up waiting for the End, and you just GROW UP and stop letting it bother you!

He SINKS into a chair.

BRADLEY

I don't know if I can do that.

ALLISON

Why? You can't start your life as a father until you're sure your dad wasted his?

BRADLEY

I won't be long. I promise.

She WALKS BACK TO HIM.

ALLISON

No. You're coming home and sorting this out for yourself. I am not sharing you with your neuroses, and I'd rather raise a kid alone than have 'em watch Dada go through a nervous breakdown before they're old enough for school.

He's STUNNED.

ALLISON

Oh, you bet I would. I love you, Bradley, but listen... If you approach this thing with imperfect courage, it will tear your soul apart. So once more for the dummies at the back, darling: come home and get the fuck over yourself.

He looks at her.

MONTAGE:

KALI's lips drip BLOOD; LIONS surround a shadowed, enthroned QUEEN; Glowing THREADS are MEASURED AND CUT.

END MONTAGE

BRADLEY

I need some air.

He rushes OUTSIDE, past Allison.

EXT. MOTEL - EVENING

Bradley WALKS THE MOTEL GROUNDS, breathing deep. STEAM drifts by his feet.

He FOLLOWS THE STEAM. It grows THICKER, emanating from a GROVE of tightly-trimmed TREES.

MARTIN (O.S.)

Over here, son.

EXT. SPA - EVENING

MARTIN dangles his feet in a shallow SPA. He sits, shirtless and pot-bellied, on one of the ROCKS arranged by the pool.

MARTIN  
Zara's sleeping. I suspect  
there's an ordeal coming.

BRADLEY  
You don't want to just let her  
come?

MARTIN  
Oh, her heart's not in it. Better  
just us three.

Bradley NODS, looks into the steam.

MARTIN  
Brad, I just wanted to say...  
congratulations.

Bradley SITS on a rock, petulant. He waves STEAM out of his face.

BRADLEY  
Yeah. Thanks.

MARTIN  
You don't sound duly overjoyed,  
son.

BRADLEY  
I'm trying, Martin. Not as trying  
as you, though.

MARTIN  
I'm going to take that in our  
playful gallows spirit.

Bradley SHRUGS. The two men WATCH the amber NIGHT LIGHTS reflected on the pool's steamy SURFACE.

MARTIN  
Another Wearey soul, trudging on.

Bradley NODS.

BRADLEY  
Nice one.

Martin gets up to LEAVE. They walk toward the MOTEL.

MARTIN  
Isn't Allison's maiden name Keye?

BRADLEY

...Yes...

MARTIN

Call the kid Anne-Marie. Anne-Marie Keye is loosed upon the world.

Bradley SMILES despite himself.

BRADLEY

Sure, yeah.

Martin LAUGHS.

MARTIN

Slouching toward Berhampore.

BRADLEY

Okay, you're done.

They stop at their ROOMS. Martin looks his son in the eye.

MARTIN

Seriously though, congratulations.

BRADLEY

Thanks.

Martin SMILES and the two enter their ROOMS.

Bradley has just SHUT HIS DOOR when --

MARTIN

Brad? Brad!

Martin FLINGS HIS DOOR OPEN and begins HAMMERING on BRADLEY'S DOOR. Bradley opens the door.

BRADLEY

Wha--?

MARTIN

It's Zara.

INT. MARTIN'S ROOM - NIGHT

ZARA is LYING ON THE BED, still. An empty PILL BOTTLE sits on the dresser beside a NOTE:

BRADLEY

(reading)

"If you don't like it you can get on with it. Others can pick and choose if you can't.

(MORE)

BRADLEY (CONT'D)  
I can't help it, she said, it's  
them pills I took to bring it  
off".

Martin is FROZEN in the doorway.

BRADLEY  
What's she mean?

MARTIN  
Well, I think she's saying she  
wants to choose her --

ALLISON  
What's going on??

Allison instantly surmises the scene, PUSHES Martin aside,  
and CROUCHES by the comatose Zara.

ALLISON  
No pulse, throat's clogged... How  
many did she take?

Bradley inspects the BOTTLE.

BRADLEY  
One mil... no, hang on, that's  
not... How many pills to a  
bottle?

Allison SNATCHES and THROWS THE BOTTLE to MARTIN.

ALLISON  
Call an ambulance! Jesus!

Bradley RUSHES TO A PHONE. Martin HOVERS USELESSLY. Allison  
fishes PILLS out of Zara's throat and starts CPR.

ALLISON  
Martin, keep that bottle, the  
paramedics'll need it. Bradley,  
where's the ambulance??

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Martin, Allison, Bradley and Jimmy SIT outside Zara's room.

ALLISON  
What was on the note?

Martin eyes Jimmy.

MARTIN  
Poetry. From *his* course list.

Allison ROLLS HER EYES.

ALLISON  
Well then, I guess this is *his*  
fault.

The DOOR is opened by a NURSE.

NURSE  
She's waking up.

MARTIN  
Thank God.

Bradley SQUEEZES ALLISON'S HAND.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Zara lies in a gown on a single old hospital BED.

ZARA  
Hey Marty. Oh hey, it's everyone.

Martin RUSHES to her, near tears.

BRADLEY  
How are you feeling?

ZARA  
My throat hurts.

ALLISON  
They just pumped your stomach.

ZARA  
That'll do it. Okay, well, I'm  
alive. Let's go.

Martin STEPS AWAY from her. Everyone's SHOCKED.

ALLISON  
You're kidding, right? You just  
tried to kill yourself.

Zara weakly SITS UP.

ZARA  
Don't mean nothing.

Allison THROWS HER ARMS UP, leaving.

ALLISON  
I don't believe you guys.  
Seriously.

Bradley FOLLOWS HER.

ZARA

Jimmy, you remember I asked you  
in class, what's next?

JIMMY

Sure.

ZARA

That's all I'm trying to find,  
man.

(showing her bare  
WRISTS)

I find it in Antarctica, I'll  
give this kid stuff up. You guys  
leave me here, I'm just a keep  
trying.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Bradley and Allison sit back down.

BRADLEY

You see? This is what she's  
picked up from Martin. All this  
cleansing-through-death crap.  
This is why I need to go put a  
stop to.

Allison gazes at him before pacing away.

ALLISON

Wow, you're really selfless. And  
here I thought you just had some  
textbook Freudian crap going on.

BRADLEY

Column a, column b.

She GROANS and throws up her arms.

ALLISON

I better be getting one hell of a  
baby-daddy outta this.

He LOOKS at her.

ALLISON

YES, Bradley. I see your fucking  
point, okay?

She HEADS FOR Zara's ROOM.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Allison and Bradley RETURN.

ALLISON  
I've had about all the  
eschatology I can take. I'm  
headed home soon as you guys are  
on the boat. Zara, you want to  
keep me company a few days?

But Martin's RESOLUTE.

MARTIN  
Oh no, she's coming.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Allison drives her and Zara.

ZARA  
Martin told me you...

Allison steadfastly WATCHES THE ROAD.

ALLISON  
They weren't about to.

ZARA  
Thanks.

ALLISON  
Would've done the same for  
anyone.

They reach the MOTEL. In the distance, the SUN is beginning  
to illuminate the horizon.

ALLISON  
Look, I'm sorry. I'm just still  
trying to get my head around  
this. You don't WANT to die.

ZARA  
Life's like the best thing going,  
man. Just might be more of it,  
y'know, on the other side.

ALLISON  
I hope you don't mind my saying,  
that's fucking stupid.

ZARA  
Yeah, well, you and I, different  
worlds, apparently.

Allison PULLS INTO THE PARK. Zara UNBUCKLES.

ZARA  
Rain's coming down, man, don't  
matter when you choose to go.



Allison SHAKES HER HEAD.

ALLISON  
People and your damn rain.

Zara tries to think of something to say... EXITS. Allison looks at her BELLY.

ALLISON  
Don't pay any attention. She's nuts.

She LOOKS UP, tries to think. An AFTERTHOUGHT to her belly:

ALLISON  
You'll hear that a lot from me.

EXT. WHARF - DAY

The PERSEPHONE, a small, hardy boat, is having last-minute CARGO loaded onto it.

The TWO CARS PARK and out pile our folks. ALLISON and BRADLEY hang back as JIMMY hurries to the boat, followed by MARTIN AND ZARA. Zara, still groggy, LEANS on Martin.

ALLISON  
You should say something to him.

BRADLEY  
"Martin, let's you and I sort this out while your girlfriend stays home and kills herself"?

ALLISON  
You're right, this is far more sensible.

He stops, sets down all the BAGS he's saddled with.

ALLISON  
Just... Try and come back a little more sorted.

They kiss. MARTIN AND ZARA watch them. He gestures toward the GANGPLANK. She LOOKS at him.

ZARA  
What you think's gonna happen down there? Really?

MARTIN  
What else, my dear? The Apocalypse!

She gives him a PECK ON THE CHEEK.

ZARA  
Always the optimist.

The sounding of the boat's loud HORN.

EXT. PERSEPHONE DECK - DAY

The ship is CASTING OFF. Sea churns beneath as the PORT shrinks behind BRADLEY AND JIMMY.

JIMMY  
I meant to say, nice work.

BRADLEY  
Huh?

JIMMY  
He wasn't buying *my* story. But you even had *me* going for a second. We haven't got him rejecting his life's work yet, but this is a good start.

Bradley FROWNS.

BRADLEY  
Hang on... THAT'S why you gave me the itinerary in the first place? So I'd get him talking?

JIMMY  
Be clear, Brad: I want to bury the man professionally, by any means necessary. Are you on board?

Bradley WATCHES NEW ZEALAND SINK AWAY behind them. NODS.

JIMMY  
Okay, good. Cause we might need to push him a little further yet. Got any more Armageddon in your cabela?

Bradley SHUTS HIS EYES.

INSERT: FOUR HORSEMEN; BAYING ICEWOLF; GRINNING KALI; LOOMING ASTEROID; VOLCANO FLOOD BLOOD FIRE --

BRADLEY  
Some.

JIMMY  
Okay. Well, stay on message.

The ship SAILS into the open sea.

TITLE CARD: PACIFIC OCEAN - 2 DAYS REMAINING

PAXTON (V.O.)  
You ever hear of dead water?

INT. PERSEPHONE BRIDGE - NIGHT

Zara, looking out over the glassy open SEA, is joined by CAPTAIN PAXTON, a freckled old fellow in a thick jersey.

ZARA  
Can't says as I have.

Paxton gestures with his HANDS, one sliding under the other.

PAXTON  
Get it a lot where we're going.  
Currents flow off the Pole, sink  
beneath the surface. Water looks  
serene... but you have to sail  
twice as hard to make headway.

ZARA  
Dead water.

PAXTON  
Mhmm. Reckon we'll hit it soon.  
Sea that calm, with the ice  
levels we've been getting? Bet on  
it.

He returns to his BANK OF INSTRUMENTS. She WATCHES THE SEA.

ZARA (V.O.)  
"The boat responded gaily, to the  
hand expert with sail and oar."

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

The small CABIN shared by Martin and Zara. Everything's magnetised and bolted down. Zara READS on a small bunk.

ZARA  
"The sea was calm, your heart  
would have responded gaily, when  
invited".

She SETS THE BOOK DOWN.

ZARA  
Don't suppose there's much point  
in course reading now, huh?

MARTIN

It's what I've been saying: when you're this close, why bother?

ZARA

Why bother?

She hops off her BUNK.

ZARA

This really isn't working, is it?

MARTIN

The job? You'd like more research?

ZARA

Yeah, that's it. Look, I'm headed somewhere, and I think under the surface, you're just stopping me getting there. I can't be doing with it.

He FLOPS in a bolted-down CHAIR.

MARTIN

So you're --

ZARA

Don't say it. Don't make it sound like a High School romance.

He SHRUGS dejectedly.

MARTIN

As we say: why bother?

ZARA

This close? Best prioritise.

She LEAVES. He LOOKS AT THE ROOF. The ship SHAKES.

EXT. PERSEPHONE DECK - NIGHT

The ship is CHURNING through PACK ICE. SPRAY and CHUNKS OF ICE are kicked up in front of the boat. It's RAINING lightly.

BRADLEY stands at the ship's front, watching the slow progress. He's approached by MARTIN.

MARTIN

Brad, you've come all this way... was there anything we should address?

Bradley WATCHES THE SEA.

BRADLEY

Bit late for that, isn't it?

MARTIN

Surely it's never too late.

Bradley TURNS, face into the growing RAIN.

BRADLEY

It was ALWAYS too late! My whole life, Martin, it's been too late! School? Normal kid stuff? I can't swim, or ride a bike, cause it was always TOO LATE! Always time to chase down a feathered serpent or unearth the Last Trumpet, or...

Martin JOINS HIM at the prow, his dander up.

MARTIN

Do you know how many of my readers would've loved to have been on those trips?

BRADLEY

So take 'em! I never volunteered!

Martin BRISTLES. The ship CHURNS through the heavy ice.

MARTIN

Nobody ASKS. We're dropped in it and it's all we can do to work out where the surface is.

BRADLEY

Oh, cut the shit! The vast majority of people cope fine. Most people seem to grasp the day-to-day business of being a functional father, or husband, or human damn being.

MARTIN

Since when did we take our cues from the vast majority?

BRADLEY

You're right. We're far too clever for all that. And look where it's gotten us. I hate it, Martin. Hate all of it. Always have.

He MARCHES PAST MARTIN, thick RAIN drenching the two men. The older man WATCHES his son leave.

INT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

FAR ABOVE IN THE SKY is damn near the most beautiful damn thing ever: the deep-green SOUTHERN LIGHTS.

ZARA watches, transfixed. She's joined by JIMMY.

JIMMY  
Aurora Australis. Better than a  
kick in the teeth, huh?

ZARA  
Better than a gut full of Xanax.

He GRINS. Points to a huge looming ICEBERG.

JIMMY  
There's B23. We must be close.  
Captain, where are we dropping  
anchor?

Captain Paxton, looking somewhat PUT-UPON, talks into a  
MICROPHONE.

PAXTON  
Full power! We've got to fight  
the current!

He LOOKS UP at them as the ship GROANS and speeds.

PAXTON  
What'd I tell you, love? Dead  
water. We're behind schedule, and  
that bomb's not waiting.

JIMMY  
It's an automated detonation?

Paxton NODS.

PAXTON  
Need to be anchored at Ross Port  
well ahead of time. Nearest base  
is about twenty Ks Southwest of  
us. The berg's just offshore.

JIMMY  
Couldn't ask for a better view.

Zara looks OUT THE WINDOW.

ZARA  
That's what I'm here for.

The boat suddenly SURGES ahead. They're both KNOCKED DOWN.

PAXTON

Whoah!

(into MIC)

Reduce power! We're clear --  
something must be blocking the --

A sickening SCREECH of rending METAL as the ship LURCHES,  
KNOCKING them all over.

EXT. PERSEPHONE DECK - NIGHT

MARTIN has been KNOCKED ON HIS ASS by the lurch. He  
painfully PULLS HIMSELF UP as a SIREN SOUNDS.

BRADLEY runs out.

MARTIN

Brad, are you alright?

BRADLEY

What the hell was that?

ZARA descends from the BRIDGE with LIFEJACKETS.

ZARA

Martin? Take these, quick. We  
have to get to a lifeboat.

They PULL ON the VESTS and make their way to a LIFEBOAT.

BRADLEY

What happened?

ZARA

You're not going to believe this!

EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

JIMMY rushes with PAXTON to get to a boat. B23 LOOMS behind  
them.

JIMMY

How can we have hit an iceberg?!

PAXTON

Currents are hell around here!  
You don't know when they're gonna  
whip you into a berg!

Paxton barges in a DOORWAY on a team of panicked young  
ENGINEERS.

PAXTON

Take these and follow us! We're  
way behind time -- we really  
don't have time for a shipwreck!

JIMMY

This is an icebreaker! It's  
DESIGNED to hit icebergs!

PAXTON

It's built for pack ice! We  
must've hit a real big unit -  
probably calved when B23 split  
from the mainland!

Jimmy STOPS, panting. The hysterical ENGINEERS run past  
him.

JIMMY

Christ... this is actually a real  
thing, isn't it?

Paxton STARES at him, incredulous.

SPLASH!!!

EXT. LIFEBOAT - NIGHT

BRADLEY, MARTIN and ZARA join three SCIENTISTS in the small  
Zodiac, which has just SPLASHED DOWN. The SCIENTISTS  
scramble for position as Zara yanks at the engine's  
RIPCORDER, trying to START IT. Her hands SLIP ON THE CORD in  
the lashing RAIN.

MARTIN

I thought that ship was  
unsinkable!

Zara RIPS at the cord, frustrated.

MARTIN

See, it --

BRADLEY

Shut up, Dad! Zara, take a  
breath. You're gonna pull your  
arm off.

She tries to be CALM as he says.

BRADLEY

Okay. Now. Nice clean yank.

She PULLS. The engine STARTS.

BRADLEY

Good. Now, look, shift over --  
I'll steer.

He and Zara awkwardly SWAP PLACES. The ship WHINES. One of  
the scientists, BEAL, starts at the noise.



BEAL

SHIT!

His movement SHAKES THE BOAT and Bradley is nearly PITCHED OVER.

BRADLEY

Whoah! Careful, man. Okay. Let's get to shore.

He takes the ENGINE and begins steering the boat AWAY from the ship, past jutting sharp ICEBERGS, B23 rising up off the side of the boat, further up than they can see. A second scientist, ALLAN, looks back at him. She YELLS over the RAIN.

ALLAN

Hurry! We have to get to land before the berg gets blown!

Bradley GUNS THE MOTOR, the little boat SQUAWKING as he forces it to DODGE ICEBERGS and HURTLE TOWARD SHORE. He's running on adrenaline, too FOCUSED to stop.

EXT. PORT - NIGHT

JIMMY AND PAXTON's boat gets to shore and the ENGINEERS hurriedly hop off. The small port is little more than a JETTY and a couple of SHEDS. Jimmy HOPS OFF as Paxton watches Bradley's boat SPEEDING FOR SHORE.

PAXTON

They'd better hurry!

Jimmy LOOKS at him, confused.

PAXTON

The ice, the current: it's all much thicker than anyone planned for! We were meant to be safely ashore hours ago!

Jimmy PULLS PAXTON UP and watches the other BOAT.

EXT. LIFEBOAT - NIGHT

Bradley SLOWS as the boat APPROACHES THE PORT.

BRADLEY

Nearly there.

BEAL

How long've we got?

ALLAN

Not long!

BEAL

Hurry it up!

He LURCHES for the motor, ROCKING the boat severely.

Bradley is THROWN OFF THE BACK, into the ice-cold water. He THRASHES, GULPING.

Martin LOOKS TO HIS SON and DOWN INTO THE DARK WATER. Then TO BRADLEY.

MARTIN

Get to shore.

ZARA

What --

EXT. PORT - NIGHT

Jimmy WATCHES the small craft, sees Martin STAND, pull off his COAT and --

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

Martin PLUNGES into the water. Zara is FROZEN as Allan GUNS THE MOTOR and the Zodiac SPEEDS OFF.

Martin SWIMS FRANTICALLY, GASPING for air. He sees BROWN CLOUDS and KICKING LEGS as he FIGHTS FOR AIR, clumsily SCRAMBLES for Bradley.

Bradley is KICKING and PANICKING, his head more under than above. He GASPS for a deep gulp of air and gets a mouthful of WATER.

Martin REACHES HIS SON, takes a deep BREATH and PLUNGES to GRAB Bradley.

His son is BESIDE HIMSELF with cold and panic, and he KICKS MARTIN DOWN, SCRAMBLING to CLIMB UP TO AIR. He BREATHES DEEP, YELLING and KICKING.

Martin is PUSHED DEEP UNDER and the SURFACE is faint and dim far ABOVE HIM. Martin STOPS. He FLOATS still under the water, LOOKS UP to the MOONLIGHT barely shining down. His face CALM.

Martin KICKS UP. GRABS Bradley and HOLDS HIS ARMS. SLOWS his kicking to a gentle paddle as he HOLDS THEM BOTH above the surface, GASPING, their lifejackets keeping them afloat now they've stopped fighting it.

Martin KICKS them slowly to SHORE.

EXT. PORT - NIGHT

Martin PULLS his son to the LADDER by the jetty. Both CLIMB OUT and COLLAPSE on the ground.

Zara RUNS to Martin and Bradley. She helps them both to their feet and the three HOLD each other.

BRADLEY

Dad, you...

Martin SMILES.

Jimmy sees the two HUG. Something in him clicks: He STRIDES OVER.

JIMMY

Martin, you need to head to the base. It's inland, Southeast. There's a couple snowmobiles in the garage. Tell them the ship's been sunk and we need to get back.

MARTIN

I thought we were here to watch --

JIMMY

Martin!!

Martin LOOKS AT HIS SON: bent double, Bradley PANTS, COUGHING UP WATER.

Martin NODS. RUNS OFF. Zara steadies Bradley.

ZARA

You okay?

BRADLEY

I can't believe he did that.

They look out to the BERG.

ZARA

Not long now.

A PUTTERING ENGINE starts up: MARTIN has started the SNOWMOBILE and is HEADING OUT.

ALLAN arrives, carrying DRY CLOTHES for Bradley.

BRADLEY

Plenty more of these when we get back to base, huh?

ZARA

Oh, shit.

EXT. ANTARCTICA - NIGHT

Martin is SPEEDING AWAY on the SNOWMOBILE. He keeps an eye on the COMPASS: SOUTHEAST. Doesn't notice the low FUEL LEVEL.

MARTIN

Just head Southeast... get the Cavalry.

ZARA (V.O.)

SouthWEST, you shit!

EXT. PORT - NIGHT

Zara has Jimmy AGAINST THE WALL of the garage.

ZARA

I heard the Captain tell you where the base was and I heard you tell Martin where it wasn't!

JIMMY

I didn't --

She SLAPS HIM.

ZARA

He's soaked and freezing! How long you think he'll last out there? You've sent him out to die!

Bradley RUSHES TO THEIR SIDE.

BRADLEY

What?!

Jimmy looks plaintively to Bradley.

JIMMY

I'm freeing us, Brad. Him too, in his way.

BRADLEY

What are you --

Bradley's stunned. He toys with HITTING JIMMY -- pointless.

He WALKS AWAY FROM THEM, trying to PROCESS what he's just heard. He DROPS to sitting, SHUTS HIS EYES, starts SHAKING.

BRADLEY

No. Not now.

He GRIPS HIS HEAD and breathes steady.

BRADLEY

You can't panic now. Not now.

Meanwhile Zara's IN JIMMY'S FACE.

ZARA

All an accident, is that it? You return from the trip that killed your mentor, and you're finally number one?

JIMMY

(weakly)

It's all just change.

She SPITS IN HIS FACE. LEAVES him there, wiping his CHIN and watching as she goes to BRADLEY.

Zara puts an ARM on Bradley's shoulder. He STEADIES.

BRADLEY

I'm going after my dad.

ZARA

What?? How'll you even find him?

Bradley LEANS AGAINST THE WALL. Closes his eyes.

BRADLEY

It's really coming down now, isn't it?

INSERT: A huge WOLF HOWLS; a gargantuan TREE SHUDDERS; icy surfaces CRACK AND SPEW WATER.

He OPENS HIS EYES.

BRADLEY

Yep, I'm going.

Heads for the GARAGE.

Zara watches him leave. Jimmy approaches.

JIMMY

I'm going to stop it.

She TURNS.

ZARA

What?!

JIMMY

I'm going to stop the bomb.

ZARA

How's that going to save Marty??

He LOOKS OUT AT THE ICEBERG.

JIMMY

What if I'm wrong about all this?  
What difference does Martin make  
then?

He LOOKS AT HER. She GLARES back. He RUNS TO THE BOAT.

EXT. LABYRINTH - NIGHT

Martin's SNOWMOBILE begins to SPUTTER. He LOOKS TO THE FUEL  
GAUGE: EMPTY.

Martin GUIDES THE SNOWMOBILE to a STOP.

MARTIN

Let's have a look at where we  
are.

He shines the mobile's HEADLIGHT about: he's in the  
LABYRINTH. A huge maze of prehistoric HILLS that wrinkle  
the landscape like a BRAIN. Martin surveys the dark  
RIPPLES.

MARTIN

Doesn't seem like the best place  
for a settlement.

EXT. SNOWMOBILE - NIGHT

Bradley SPEEDS INTO THE NIGHT. He looks down: he's not too  
hot on FUEL either.

He STOPS. Looks at the COMPASS, the FUEL LEVEL.

BRADLEY

Halfway.

He looks back. Forward, into the night.

STARTS THE ENGINE.

EXT. PORT - NIGHT

Zara watches the little BOAT speed toward ICEBERG B23. BEAL  
rushes out.

BEAL

You've got to come under cover!  
It's not safe out here!

ZARA

I didn't come down here to watch  
through a little window.

BEAL

We don't actually have windows --

She LOOKS AT HIM.

BEAL

You've got to come in.

He HURRIES BACK INSIDE. Zara watches Jimmy's little BOAT vanish behind the ICEBERG.

ZARA

Damn fool...

JIMMY (V.O.)

I can do this.

EXT. ICEBERG B23 - NIGHT

Jimmy ascends a steep HILL on the edge of the iceberg, which rises above the water like a huge sheer HILL. Jimmy TRAMPS ON.

JIMMY

Got to be failsafes. Just shut it off. Survived the closet trip yet to the edge of the Abyss! See who's the famous one then...

He reaches the TOP OF THE ICEBERG. It stretches FAR BEYOND HIM, a huge ISLAND OF ICE, further than his eyes can make out.

JIMMY

Hm.

EXT. PORT - NIGHT

Zara WATCHES THE ICEBERG.

ZARA

Never going to make it.

EXT. ICEBERG B23 - NIGHT

Jimmy RUNS across the ice, searching frantically for anything that might be a BOMB.

JIMMY

Where'd they put it? Got to be huge... how can you miss it?

The MOON emerges from behind a CLOUD. The berg is LIT UP:

WIRES AND CABLES run all across the surface, way into the distance.

JIMMY

Oh.

He looks down to see the surface LIGHT UP BENEATH HIM.

EXT. PORT - NIGHT

Zara WATCHES as a huge SERIES OF DETONATIONS lights up the sky.

She's in AWE.

So much so that she almost doesn't see the ICE FLYING FROM THE BERG.

A bigger, deeper explosion KNOCKS HER OFF HER FEET.

She SCRAMBLES to get clear but is THROWN TO THE GROUND by more EXPLOSIONS, LIGHTING UP B23 even as it SHATTERS.

Ice CASCADES into the water and CALVES OFF IN HUGE CHUNKS and FLIES TOWARD HER.

Zara SLIPS ON HERSELF and CRAWLS FRANTICALLY and CASTS A LOOK BACK --

In time to see a SPINNING HUNK OF ICE screaming toward her.

EXT. LABYRINTH - NIGHT

Martin LOOKS ABOUT. He clutches his FOIL BLANKET.

The SKY IS BLACK. The snow and darkness STOP HIM SEEING SIX FEET IN FRONT OF HIS FACE.

A deep RUMBLING BOOM echoes about him.

MARTIN

Oh, now this isn't good at all.

He SHIVERS as he LIES DOWN and huddles under the BLANKET.

EXT. PORT - NIGHT

ICE AND SLEET lie all around.

Zara LIES BACK, her ears RINGING, her head POUNDING. Light shines out of the WATER, a deep, unnatural ORANGE.

It reflects off the huge white MUSHROOM CLOUD growing from where B23 used to be.



It flickers across her FACE, her brow SWEATY, her eyes SCREWED SHUT to stop the pain in her head.

Zara OPENS HER EYES a fraction. The sky is FADING from ORANGE to a deep cloudless BLACK.

She SHUTS HER EYES and sets her head down.

EXT. LABYRINTH - NIGHT

Bradley REACHES MARTIN and dismounts the SNOWMOBILE.

He RUSHES TOWARD the small still bundle that is his father.

BRADLEY

No... You've got to be alive...

He reaches the bundle. SHAKES his dad. Martin slowly, groggily AWAKES. Realisation dawns on his face.

Bradley SMILES at his dad -- who responds by angrily TACKLING his son.

MARTIN

IDIOT!

BRADLEY

Dad, what?? I --

Martin STANDS OVER BRADLEY, FURIOUS.

MARTIN

You're a family man now: act like it! Save me, kill me -- it doesn't matter any more, Brad!

Bradley, confused, starts to STAND. Martin HELPS HIM UP.

MARTIN

Don't you see, son? All this carry-on between us... it's the past.

EXT. PORT - NIGHT

MARTIN (V.O.)

You're not just choosing for yourself any more.

Far above Zara, ALL THE STARS of the South Pole shine down. She looks UP past the cloud's crest, into the SKY.

She sees a SHOOTING STAR. Smiles. She relaxes, her ears still RINGING.

ZARA

Wow!

Another SHOOTING STAR darts across the sky. And ANOTHER, and a FOURTH, their paths CROSSING. Zara SMILES.

The stars are all COURSING now, WHITE DARTS in their dozens SHOOTING silently across the sky.

She PROPS HERSELF UP. Dimly, a million miles away, VOICES. The SKY is a CONSTANT FLURRY of pure white flickering PATHS, stars ZIPPING PAST one another and falling to the HORIZON.

ZARA

Look at 'em all!

The LIGHT is enough to illuminate her FACE, a clean WHITE.

EXT. LABYRINTH - NIGHT

The sky GLOWS behind Bradley and Martin. Martin SLUMPS.

MARTIN

It's happening. I can't believe I missed it.

BRADLEY

Maybe we're surviving it.

Martin SMILES.

MARTIN

That'd never have occurred to me.

He SITS DOWN. Bradley digs in the back of his SNOWMOBILE and brings a FOIL BLANKET.

MARTIN

Don't suppose you've enough fuel to get us back?

BRADLEY

I'm all out.

Bradley COVERS HIS FATHER in the BLANKET. Martin LIES DOWN.

EXT. PORT - NIGHT

The HORIZON GLOWS with stars, larger DARTS now falling LOWER AND LOWER, their PATHS lighting up then fading.

ABOVE Zara it's as BRIGHT AS DAY. She STANDS UP, silhouetted against the WHITE RAIN OF STARS. HOLDS HER HANDS OUT like a child, mesmerised by their shape against the FLICKERING, GLOWING SKY.

She looks back to see PAXTON running to her... but she's uninterested.

She looks STRAIGHT UP and sees the AURORA AUSTRALIS split the SKY, PARTING THE STARRY SKY like stage curtains. PURE LIGHT shines through the rain of stars.

She looks back to PAXTON and the SCIENTISTS. She can BARELY HEAR their yelling.

PAXTON  
Get her safe!

But she's TRANSFIXED by the bright white SKY, the constant THRUM of shooting zipping STARS, the huge glowing RIP cleared above her.

She looks AWAY FROM PAXTON and INTO THE LIGHT.

She STEPS TOWARD THE SHORELINE and CLOSES HER EYES. Casts her HEAD UP toward the beckoning rift.

HEAD UPTURNED, ready for ascension, Zara STUMBLES. Opens her eyes.

Looks down: LYING ON THE ICE, next to her BOOT, is the singed, rusted old PLUG.

Zara looks down at it.

Above her, STARS PLUMMET pure and white against the pink dawn. All around, they PLUNGE INTO THE SEA, sending up HUGE GLOWING PILLARS of water.

Zara LOOKS UP.

EXT. LABYRINTH - DAYBREAK

The SUN is beginning to pinken the HORIZON far away, illuminating the big weird LANDSCAPE.

Bradley BLINKS AND AWAKES.

MARTIN SLEEPS fitfully under the BLANKET. His EYES START TO DART under the lids.

Martin SHAKES HIS HEAD.

MARTIN  
No... no...

BRADLEY  
It's okay, Dad.

Martin's EYES OPEN.

BRADLEY

Dad?

Bradley WATCHES his father, concerned.

MARTIN

Oh... we're here. Thank God.

BRADLEY

Huh?

MARTIN

I was having the worst dream. A dream like death.

Martin SITS UP, shakes his head, waking up.

BRADLEY

We're not in the best of states here, Dad.

MARTIN

Oh, this was worse. This was... the death you can never see past. A true End. Next to this, everything I've ever thought was just a daydream.

Bradley FISHES IN THE SNOWMOBILE: a meagre tin of PROVISIONS.

BRADLEY

It must've been a pretty exciting one, for you to be stuck on it for thirty years.

MARTIN

Do you know, in all that time... that, just now, was the first time I've dreamed about the End.

BRADLEY

Well, that's because you don't think it'll happen. Not really.

He hands Martin a silver-wrapped BAR.

BRADLEY

I dream about it all the time.

MARTIN

You must be right, son. This was like nothing I was prepared for.

Martin looks to Bradley, who MOTIONS him go on.

MARTIN

I was walking in the valley  
behind the house we had when you  
were a child. When it was you and  
I and your mother.

BRADLEY

Yeah.

MARTIN

And I felt like you were in that  
little house, and your mother. So  
I felt comforted. But as I walked  
further out, I felt the house...  
cease to matter.

In the DIM DAWN, Martin is barely illuminated.

MARTIN

And then I was at Winchwell. I  
was walking in the sheep paddock,  
walking away from that tank. I  
didn't even want to look at it.  
And that's when it started  
raining. BIG raindrops -- seeing  
these huge raindrops falling  
everywhere. I saw them on my feet  
and it wasn't clear water. It was  
black water, deep black like in  
that tank. It was raining this  
black water that blocked out all  
the light and colour from the  
world. And I knew the rain was  
the absence of life. Anything  
that was good or light in this  
world, that rain was the end of  
it. And it was falling all around  
me, falling on me.

BRADLEY

What did you do?

MARTIN

Nothing. What could I do?  
Everything was ending. The End  
was falling all around me. I just  
watched it all become drenched  
and black and gone. And when it  
was all black, when I could see  
though there was nothing to see,  
I realised that all that I knew  
was being washed away too.

(MORE)

MARTIN (CONT'D)

And the last thought I had, Brad -  
- I remember vowing this -- I  
remember feeling an immense  
sadness that if I was gone, that  
my son would be gone, and that  
all I knew of him would no longer  
be. And I remember vowing that  
his memory wouldn't leave my  
mind, as long as I could still  
see and think. That if everything  
else was gone, I wouldn't let go  
of the notion that I had a son.

Bradley DOESN'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY. Martin unwraps his BAR.

MARTIN

Maybe we can't do any better  
after all, eh?

Bradley SMILES.

BRADLEY

Get up.

Martin BITES HIS BAR, looks up at his son. Bradley EXTENDS  
A HAND.

BRADLEY

We'll head back.

Martin takes Bradley's hand, STANDS.

MARTIN

(smiling)

We'll never make it. Why bother?

They look out ACROSS THE WASTELAND, lit by the DAWN.

BRADLEY

We're after the fact. You can't  
use that excuse any more. Time to  
get moving.

They START TO WALK across the vast weird alien landscape.

MARTIN

Think it's all gone?

BRADLEY

Huh?

MARTIN

Your virus theory. Do you think  
it happened?

Bradley LAUGHS.

BRADLEY

That? I made it all up on the spot, Dad. We wouldn't be here now, would we? Prevailing winds inland... we'd be the first to go.

Martin is GAZING at his son in awe.

MARTIN

You just... thought it up?

BRADLEY

Gimme some time, I can make an Apocalypse out of anything you wanna name.

Martin STANDS, SHIVERING in the dawn.

MARTIN

Anything?

BRADLEY

Go nuts.

MARTIN

That Kestrel I never got to drive.

Bradley THINKS for a second.

INSERT: OIL DRIPPING; BOMBS; SCREAMING MOUTHS; GIANT SHADOWS.

Bradley GRINS.

BRADLEY

Fuel inefficiency comes back on us. Oil prices skyrocket. Riots in the streets. War in the Holy Land. Battle on the field of Megiddo. Gog and Magog duke it out, Revelation turns into current events.

Martin SMILES.

MARTIN

Easy one. Um... the tank at Winchwell.

INSERT: GLOWING VEINS of the world; EARTHSHAKING PULSE; a massive sharklike EYE opens.

BRADLEY

Winchwell's on a Telluric ley-line.

(MORE)

BRADLEY (CONT'D)  
 Your accident sends shockwaves  
 into the sleeping heart of  
 Leviathan...

MONTAGE:

Walking the huge empty WASTELAND, Bradley tells his  
 delighted father STORIES of the Apocalypse.

With Bradley's gesticulations, END-TIME BEASTS roar and  
 surge amid FIRE AND ICE;

But Bradley SMILES and Martin LAUGHS; the two WALK ON and  
 Bradley continues SPINNING TALES.

As Bradley speaks, the planet is ECLIPSED by a GIANT OF  
 FIRE.

But back in Antarctica, a warm SUN RISES on the two men,  
 LEANING on each other, trading end-time YARNS.

HEROES and DEMONS and the mythic all-stars of the  
 APOCALYPSE shred each other on the BATTLEFIELDS OF LEGEND  
 and ALL IS ICE AND BLACKNESS AND EMPTINESS.

But Bradley and Martin walk through Gotterdammerung  
 LAUGHING, even as there's NOTHING IN THE WORLD except them.

END MONTAGE

BRADLEY  
 ...But who knew it? When Voyager  
 returns and the combined weight  
 of millions of psychic stains  
 finally lifts, there's this --  
 um, hang on, I can make this  
 happen...

MARTIN  
 Bradley, stop.

BRADLEY  
 No, I can make this work. So when  
 Hubbard said he was Maitreya, he  
 wasn't kidding, and ...

MARTIN  
 No, son. Listen.

A churning MOTOR:

Emerging over a a RIDGE is a big lumbering SNOWCAT.

Bradley and Martin GRIN and PICK UP THE PACE.



INT. SNOWCAT - DAY

Zara, barely conscious, clutches Martin's worn old talisman.

She MUMBLES to PAXTON:

ZARA  
Trampled under savage clouds...  
Just need to pull the plug.

PAXTON  
Nearly there now.

He looks out the WINDOW:

Bradley and Martin are APPROACHING FAST.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

As the RISING SUN extends across the SEA, a RESCUE HELICOPTER flies away from VICTORIA LAND.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

Zara SMILES in her sleep.

BRADLEY AND MARTIN look out the window.

MARTIN  
Glad you came?

BRADLEY  
Don't push it.

Martin SMILES.

MARTIN  
Only reason I ask is, I've got an idea for our trip next year.

BRADLEY  
Martin. I'm a family man, remember?

Martin GRINS.

MARTIN  
I could do with a larger research team.

He clutches his RIDICULOUS RUBBER AND IRON TROPHY.

BRADLEY  
Can't wait.

MARTIN

You're in a fine mood.

BRADLEY

I've just been thinking a little clearer since the Apocalypse is all.

MARTIN

They'll do that to you.

The HELICOPTER speeds into the open SEA.

TITLE CARD: SOUTH PACIFIC OCEAN

The SUN rises in the distance, huge and golden and filling the horizon.

TITLE CARD: 6 HOURS PASSED

THE END