

BEACON CALLING

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From well behind them a puff of steam rises from a snowdrift.
A shadowy shape crunches through the snow leaving large paw prints.

LATER

They look beaten physically and emotionally. Wilda looks at her dour companions.

WILDA
Hold up.

Wilda stops and reaches into her jacket.

The men stop and look back at her.

WILDA
I've been saving this. It doesn't
have much power, but I think it's
what we need.

She pulls a beat up iPod from her jacket and plugs in a duct taped and repeatedly repaired speaker.

John laughs.

JOHN
Where'd you find that?

WILDA
That's my secret.

Wilda attaches the iPod to her jacket and presses play. Music booms out of the speaker.

The trio continues their march with a little more pep.

LATER

John and Noah drag the sled as Wilda's iPod fades into silence.

Wilda gives it a tap. She frowns and tosses the player and speaker away.

She takes the sled's rope from John.

Noah lifts the black box to make sure they are heading in the right direction and passes it to John.

Noah and Wilda pull the sled in silence as John watches the box.

A distant roar stops the group in their tracks.

John spins and freezes.

JOHN

Noah.

NOAH

Did the signal change?

JOHN

No, but he's still following us.

Noah looks around.

WILDA

The polar bear?

Noah pulls a pair of binoculars from his coat and looks out into the bleak whiteness.

NOAH

Still.

(beat)

It's been six days.

JOHN

He's probably hungrier than we are.

John coughs. Noah glances his way.

NOAH

It's getting worse.

John coughs and shakes his head.

Noah jams the binoculars back into his coat.

NOAH

Come on. We look a little more and we go.

WILDA

What are we going to do about our furry friend?

NOAH

We'll have to have a watch tonight.

Noah grabs the reins of the sled and continues the march.

EXT. SNOWFIELD - NIGHT

A well-used tent holds against the blowing snow. A soft light bleeds out into the dark.

Wilda stands outside the tent with a thermal blanket wrapped around her.

The shadowy shape of the polar bear moves in the distance.

John's coughs echo through the night.

Wilda lights a flare and tosses it into the dark joining three others in a circle around the tent.

WILDA

Now go away! I only have three more bullets and I'd rather not have to use them.

(whispering to herself)

Because, I'm not sure they'd work.

Wilda rubs her arms against the cold.

NOAH (O.S.)

Wilda, please join us.

INT. TENT - NIGHT

Wilda zips the tent behind her.

John's eyes are red. He chews his fingernails, an emotional wreck.

Noah is stoic and business like.

Their meager supplies are stacked in the center of the tent. A map is spread out in front of Noah.

NOAH

We're at a decision point.

JOHN

There's no decision.

Noah shushes John.

NOAH

We have enough supplies to get back to the ship.

Wilda looks between the two confused.

WILDA
We have to find it.

NOAH
It might not even exist. We're at
the point of no return.

JOHN
What's the point? If we don't find
it, we're all going to die anyway.

WILDA
I say we keep looking.

John coughs.

JOHN
I'm not watching anyone else die.

Noah's shoulders slumps.

NOAH
Then we continue the search.

Wilda and John nod.

LATER

Wilda tosses and turns in her sleeping bag and sits up.

John is already awake sipping from a thermos shaking from the
cold, but sweat beads on his brow.

WILDA
If only some of the G.P.S.
satellites survived.
(beat)
Do you remember it?

John smiles and coughs.

JOHN
How could I forget it?

WILDA
I was only five.

John lies down on his side.

JOHN
I really felt it first. It was like
the floor was getting lighter. Then
everything dropped.

He glances off into the distance.

JOHN
That's when the Earthquakes
started.

Wilda reaches out and places a hand on his shoulder.

JOHN
We all ran out of the house. We
lived in a suburb outside of
Dallas.

John laughs.

JOHN
I think everyone in the
neighborhood was standing on the
street looking up.

John shoots his hand forward tracing the path of an imaginary
asteroid.

JOHN
It looked impossibly slow as it
passed, like it would fall at any
moment. Oh and the noise, it
screamed.

WILDA
I remember that. The pressure and
noise.

JOHN
And now we are here.

WILDA
We'll find it.

JOHN
Yeah.

John rolls over, but doesn't close his eyes.

LATER

Noah enters the tent and finds John sitting up.

JOHN
My shift.

NOAH
It's out there pacing, but the
flares are keeping it away. I don't
know how long that'll work, so be
careful.

John zips up his jacket.

NOAH
An hour, no more.

John nods.

INT. TENT - DAY

Wilda snaps awake.

She nudges the sleeping Noah.

WILDA
Get up!... John didn't wake us.

Noah comes to and looks around.

EXT. SNOWFIELD - DAY

Wilda stands outside the tent looking through binoculars.

WILDA
I didn't think he'd do that.

Noah pulls the thermal blanket from the sled.

NOAH
I think we've all thought about it.

Wilda hands Noah the binoculars with tears in her eyes.

Noah points at John's tracks heading off into the distance.

BEGIN BINOCULAR POV

John's footprints lead far back in the opposite direction
they are heading and end at blood stained snow.

END BINOCULAR POV

Noah shakes his head.

NOAH
He was sick. He...

Wilda nods and wipes her eyes. She picks up the box and orientates their path.

NOAH
Let's get moving.

The box beeps and the light flashes frantically and goes solid.

They stop and look at the box.

Noah takes the box and walks a few paces in a couple directions. To the northeast the light stops flashing and the box emits a solid tone.

Wilda collapses to her knees.

NOAH
(excited)
This way.

EXT. SNOWFIELD - DAY

Wilda and Noah pull the sled behind them.

Noah checks the box.

NOAH
We have to be getting closer.

WILDA
I don't see a thing?

Wilda and Noah jerk as the sled catches on a rock.

They turn to free it. The rock has a perfect 90-degree angle.

Noah brushes away at the snow. It's concrete.

Wilda notices and they both dig frantically until they uncover a large glass pane dimly lit. A logo for the Svalbard Seed Bank looks up at them.

WILDA
This is it!

Wilda leaps into Noah's arm.

EXT. SVALBARD SEED BANK - NIGHT

Noah tosses a shovel load of snow away and backs up to stand beside Wilda.

They stand outside the double steel doors of the vault. Noah looks up to heaven.

NOAH
Finally.

After a moment he takes a deep breath and opens the doors.

INT. SVALBARD SEED BANK - NIGHT

Noah flicks a switch on the concrete wall.

With a spark, rows of florescent lights flicker to life illuminating a long corridor lined with shelf after shelf.

Each shelf contains hundreds of plastic bins all labeled with an edible plant name.

Noah and Wilda stand amazed. They start examining the bins.

Wilda scans the bins with relief.

WILDA
String beans, lima beans, Navy
beans. Oh, corn!

Wilda smiles excited.

WILDA
Mmm. I miss corn.

NOAH
Hah, pumpkin!

WILDA
I don't remember what pumpkin
tastes like.

Noah pulls the bin down and opens it. He reaches in and pulls out an empty bag.

He grabs another bin.

NOAH
They're empty.

Wilda pulls several bins down. They're all empty.

WILDA
I don't understand.

Noah looks past her and spots a small digital video camera hidden between the seed boxes.

NOAH
What's that?

Wilda turns and pulls the camera from the shelves and hands it to Noah.

Noah flips the view-screen open and presses play.

The face of a YOUNG MAN (20s) battered and bruised appears on the screen.

YOUNG MAN
It's a trap. Get out. They've eaten
all the seeds and you're-

The image dissolves into static.

The lights shut off with a clang, one at a time.

SHAPES dart in and out of the shadows.

Wilda clings to Noah as they back towards the door.

The last light turns off plunging them in darkness

Wilda SCREAMS.

Silence

INT. SVALBARD SEED BANK - RADIO ROOM - NIGHT

A ragged blackened hand reaches out from a leather and fur coat. It flips on a small desk lamp.

The lumpy fur coat covered shape turns the dial on a long-range radio.

It positions a microphone in front of a tape recorder and presses play. A tape plays what sounds like a professional recording.

The hand shuts off the light.

TAPE VOICE (O.S.)
Come to the Svalbard Seed Bank. We
can replant the Earth. We can
recover. Please listen as I give
you the coordinates-

EXT. SNOWFIELD - DAY

A group of THREE MEN hike through the snow following a LEADER (30's Japanese) in a heavy winter coat.

The leader pulls a transmitter from his coat aiming its antenna to the north west until he hears a steady tone.

LEADER
(Japanese, subtitled)
This way.

FADE TO BLACK