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# Wyvern

By Jason Bourque

- Ah!  
(sucking in breath)  
Jeez.  
Oh, man.  
Idiot.  
You big, dumb...  
That's not too bad.  
Holy Mary, Mother of God!  
(roaring)  
(roaring)  
Ah! Ahhh!!  
(screaming)  
(screams ending abruptly)  
- Good morning, Beaver Mills.

**It's 8:**

and I'm proud to say  
we are all short-timers  
at this point.  
We made it  
without completely losing  
what marbles we had left  
to begin with.  
Yes, you're hearing me right.  
Less than two days left  
of the midnight sun.  
For all of you sleep-deprived  
insomniacs out there,  
try a cup of fireweed tea  
before you go to bed tonight.  
And here's a little reminder  
to all you B. Mills townies:  
tomorrow  
is the annual Solstice Festival,  
a char-broiled two days  
of tasty carcass,  
games of chance,  
and tests of skill  
to count down the hours  
before that glorious time  
we call the "magic hour."  
So today, remember,  
keep sane  
and don't lose your cool.

For all those registered  
for the barbecue,

**it starts at 12:**

Farley, that includes you.

**12:**

no earlier.

**2:**

and you have to be  
at least 10 years old  
or four feet tall to enter.

(country-rock music)

Sun rises on another day

It's the same

as the days before

There's torn pictures

and there's pale grey

Pieces of me and you

Strewn across the floor

- Hey, Farley, who's winning?

- Me.

- All right, here we go.

We got two Denver omelets,

one over-easy;

three orange juice,

and two coffee.

Would you like cream?

- Uh-huh. He could put cream  
in my coffee any day.

- Come on, Susie,

the sheriff's waiting.

Don't let the food get cold.

- But we only ordered

two coffees.

You have three.

- Oh, this one's for Jake.

- Oh, I'll take it to him.

- No, I, um, I...

I think I can handle it.

- Oh, the new guy's

getting the royal treatment

- Be easy on him, Susie.

He lost his brother  
a few months back.

- I'm sure that's why  
you're being extra-nice to him.

What a Good Samaritan  
you are.

(laughter)

- Well,  
I do what I can.

- Ah...  
Isn't he a breath of fresh air  
around here--

- Okay,  
come on, Suse, get out.

- Okay, okay, okay.

- Here you go.

Tell the sheriff I said hi.

- Yeah.

- All right, ladies...

- Watch your step.

- I was hoping you would.

(wincing)

- Hand still bothering you?

- Nah, hand's fine, Doc.

- You're too young  
for arthritis, Jake.

Hey, you wanna know  
what I think?

- No.

(chuckling)

- I think you messed  
your hand up real good  
in that accident.

Hairline fracture  
of the metacarpal,  
maybe even carpal.

Dunno why you won't come in,  
let me take a look at it.

- My hand's fine.

- You're real lucky you walked  
away from that accident  
with a broken hand  
and a bad ankle.

When your insurance money

comes in and you get your truck,  
get someone  
to look at that hand.  
- Like I said, my hand's fine.  
- Everybody's a tough guy.  
Claire.  
Thanks, hon.  
- David.  
Didn't you just leave?  
- Yeah.  
Hey, can I talk to you a second?  
- Sure.  
- Look, I've got a conference  
in Fairbanks next weekend.  
I can bring someone.  
It'd be a fun weekend.  
I was thinking--  
- Sorry, I can't.  
- You told me that last year,  
Claire.  
I'm gonna start  
to take this personal.  
- Doc, I gotta go on a hunt,  
but Thomas wanted you  
to drop by his place,  
take a look at our minks.  
They've got a skin rash.  
Sheddin' off like piggies  
in a meat market.  
- Okay, first off, Hass,  
pigs don't shed.  
And secondly, I'm a doctor,  
not a veterinarian.  
- What's eatin' him?  
It's only a metaphor!  
Thanks, Claire.  
I'll see you at lunch.  
- Of course, Hass.  
Ahem.  
Well, you know,  
I had a coffee for you and...  
- Don't worry about it.  
- Okay.  
- He's persistent.

- Yes, he certainly is.

- Mm-hmm.

- Yes.

- What's wrong with him?

He seems like he'd be the...

cream of the crop in this, uh--

- Oh, in this backwards town  
of offbeat sourdoughs?

You know,

we're not all funny in the head.

Mind you, after 80-odd days

without night,

even the best of us,

we get a little of the crazies.

- Yeah. What's Travis's excuse?

- The colonel?

Oh, you got me there.

Someone took the rhubarb

straight out of that man's pie.

(chuckling)

- Thanks, Claire.

- See you.

Why don't you come in

and let me fix you up

something to eat?

- Uh... no,

I really should finish...

- Oh, come on, Jake.

I mean, you're fixing my stairs  
for free.

It's the least I can do.

Besides,

you look like you could use

some good old-fashioned

northern hospitality.

- Hmm.

- L.T.?

(whistling)

L.T.!

Damn!

Ah, hot damn!

- Just have a seat.

I'll be right with you.

- Thanks.

(speaking softly)

- Coffee refills all around  
for the ladies?

- Oh, thanks, Claire.

This is our last motion.

Motion passed.

And the Women's League  
annual solstice meeting  
is adjourned.

All proceeds

from tomorrow's barbecue  
go to... Beaver Pelt Cafe  
restoration fund.

- Thank you, Edna.

And thank you,  
Maggie, of course.

I mean,

you ladies, you're so generous.

Are you finished?

- Yes, we are.

- All right, let me get this  
out of the way.

And breakfast is on the house.

I don't wanna hear it.

- Okay.

- Here you are, Farley.

The usual.

- I only tolerate her behaviour  
this time of year  
because of this.

It gets worse this time of year.

- That's funny coming from a guy  
who plays checkers with himself.

- The food's cold.

- Food's free, Farley.

You want it hot,  
you gotta pay for it.

(sighing)

Let's get you some coffee.

- Thanks. Um...

... what exactly is the deal  
with Edna?

- She's talking  
to her best friend, Maggie,

who passed away last year.

And...

she hasn't quite accepted it.

So we're just supporting her

until she gets through it.

- Thanks again.

- See you.

So, Jake,

you've been in town for a while.

How long are you...

planning on staying here?

- Uh... not sure.

Depends on my insurance claim.

- Why wouldn't it go through?

(stammering)

Wow, that was really nosy!

Sorry. You probably

don't wanna talk about it.

- It's fine.

- And I just wanted to say

that I'm really sorry

about what happened

to your brother.

- Um...

I'm gonna keep on working

on the steps.

- Right.

Sure. I'll just bring

some food out

to you, then.

- Much appreciated.

- Okay.

**(whispering):**

you are such an idiot.

Um...

- Could we get some menus,  
please?

- Ahem.

I'll be right with you guys.

And I've seen you go

And now I miss you

like no one

Like no one before



- **This just in:**

sends his regards  
to the goons who dropped off  
a present in his hot tub.  
Not funny, not cool at all.  
He only asked that if you took  
his lovable mutt L.T.,  
please return him.

It looks like this year's  
festival shenanigans  
are starting early,  
with a moose head  
in a hot tub.

Here's a heartbreaking,  
soul-searching country tune  
dedicated to the colonel.

(slow harmonica music)

- Help you, Doc?

- Well, call it a heart  
or call it my Hippocratic oath,  
I just can't stand  
to see a man in pain.

I'm gonna take a look  
at that hand of yours, Jake.

- All right.

- This hurt?

- A little.

- This?

- Oh, more!

- Okay, well, the good news is,  
it's only dislocated.

- Uh-huh.

What's the bad news?

- It's dislocated.

I can reset it,  
but other than that,  
a splint or cast  
isn't gonna do much good.  
You need to limit your activity.  
And I mean limit your activity.  
I'm gonna give it a shot  
to numb it  
before I--

- No needles. I...

I hate needles.

Hmm.

- Suit yourself.

- You always make house calls,

Doc?

I mean,

my hand's got you

that concerned?

- Most of my work's house calls,  
actually.

It's old folks that won't come  
into town or can't.

So, uh,

guess you heard me talking

to Claire at the cafe.

- Yeah.

Try to mind my own business.

(cracking)

Ah!

(groaning)

- I really like that girl.

- Mm-hmm.

(chuckling)

How's she feel about that?

- Well, you offer a gal a choice  
between a New York doctor  
and an out-of-work ice trucker,  
the doctor's gonna win  
every time.

(groaning softly)

- I'm not competing for her,  
Doc.

- So you say.

I see the way

you look at her.

- She's an attractive woman.

- My point exactly.

And in a few weeks or months  
or whatever,

when you get

your insurance claim

and you take off

in your shiny new rig,

I'm still here.

So is she.

- Okay. Um, say,  
thanks for coming by.

What do I owe you?

- It's on the house.

- No, really, you don't have to.

I--

- It's okay. And, uh...

I thought you liked her.

Sorry about the  
misunderstanding, all right?

- No problem.

(groaning softly)

(country music playing)

**(GPS):**

until destination.

- No way.

Oh, bingo.

(alarm beeping)

Ooh.

Ah...

(flapping)

(zipping)

Come on.

(flapping)

(roaring)

(dramatic music)

(snarling)

(growling)

(suspenseful music)

(alarm beeping)

(snarling)

(screaming)

(slurping)

No!!

- Yee-haw.

The Solstice Festival  
is less than 24 hours away.

Bring your appetite.

The roasted pork butt  
is to die for.

(distant screaming)

- Terry!

Terry!!

- Jake, it's crashing!

- Terry!!!

(screaming)

(soft music)

- To the woman who called in

claiming to have spotted

the great Alaskan cockatoad

circling high

above Beaver Mills.

The biggest bird you'll ever see

in Alaskan skies

is a bald eagle.

And, believe me,

unless it has the same skin rash

as Thomas's or Hass's minks,

all eagles have feathers.

But Vinyl Hampton really wants

some of whatever you're on.

- Nice, huh?

Gotta love our summer weather.

Early bird catching the worm?

- Yeah, I couldn't sleep.

- Ah, most cheechakos can't.

Not in the all-day sun.

Takes some gettin' used to.

Like not having

cellphone signals,

or not being able to grab

a non-fat, no-whip,

soy mochaccino

frappa-thingy latte

on every street corner.

Ah, truth is, most people

can't get used to it.

Most of 'em move down

to Mexico this time of year.

Yeah,

gets kind of desolate out there,

with most of the town gone.

- You're up early.

Or is it late? I.. don't know.

- Uh, 5:

Festival day is always busy.  
Thought Claire'd be here early  
and have some coffee brewin'.

(Jake chuckling)

- I hear you.

Knock yourself out.

- Argh,

that smells like it might.

(laughing)

I think I'd, uh...

take one of those mochaccino  
frappa-thingies about now.

(sniffing)

- Whew.

(flies buzzing)

That ain't moose nuggets.

(whooshing)

(flapping)

(snarling)

Ah-ah-ah-ah!

(gunshot)

(distant barking)

- Ah, it's started.

- What's started?

- Festival of crazies.

People get a little...  
rambunctious.

- So I heard.

- Susie, shots fired  
in the south woods.

I'm gonna check it out.

- Copy, Chief.

- Go for a ride?

- Sure.

- Wouldn't get too excited.

Probably just Farley or Hass  
shootin' at moose pies.

Shoulder your weapon out there!

It's Chief Dawson!

(gunshot)

All right, whoever's firin'  
that rifle,

you're too close to residential!

- Chief! Chief!  
- Hass, put that weapon down.  
(groaning)  
Hass?  
- Just... I-I saw... something.  
(stammering)  
- Okay, okay, okay.  
Calm down.  
Let's hear it.  
- Something at-attacked me.  
I never seen anything like it.  
A monster.  
- Hass, you been smoking  
the dried kelp?  
- No! It-it's real!  
- What's real, Hass?  
Get a grip. What's real?  
- It's...  
it's... not of this world.  
(crying)  
- Okay, okay, here we go.  
Come on, Hass.  
- What are you thinking?  
- I'm thinking the sun  
can't set fast enough.  
Seems to get crazier every year.  
- What if something  
did attack him?  
- Well, nothing attacked him,  
Jake.  
He hasn't slept in three days  
and he's got no mind to be  
out here hunting at this hour.  
No, tired mind  
does things to a man.  
- Do you see that?  
- Oh.  
Oh...  
- That's Doc Yates.  
- How do you know?  
- I just saw him  
a few hours ago.  
That's the shirt he was wearing.  
- Oh, for crying out loud.

I can't believe it.

- Where's the rest of him?

- Good question.

Susie?

- Barnes here.

- We're two miles south of 64  
at the Trillings Road crossing.

Send the car  
and the clean-up kit.

- What happened, Chief?

- Something got to Doc Yates.

- Yates? I got a call  
about his car,  
abandoned about 12 miles  
east from town,  
about 150 feet  
off State Road 34.

Gettin' towed right now.

- If his car is there,  
what's his arm doing here?

- Hass... what was that  
you said you saw again?

- A monster.

Not of this world.

- Yeah, we know, we know.

But where was it?

(dramatic soundscape)

(distant barking)

(phone ringing)

- Good morning, Edna.

Good morning, Farley.

- Hi, Claire.

(phone ringing)

- Happy solstice.

This is the Beaver Pelt Cafe.

Claire speaking...

Yeah...

Well, what is it?...

Okay. Yeah. Thanks.

- What?

- Um, something bad has happened  
to the doc.

The chief, he's coming.

He called a meeting.

(bell tolling)

(background chatter)

- Hass...

are you okay?

- No.

- Okay, listen up.

I know you're all wonderin'  
what's goin' on.

(several people): Yeah.

- And truth is,

I wish I could tell you.

Right now, Doc is missing.

And I'd be lying if I told you  
that the prospects  
of finding him alive  
are good.

We have us a predator out there.

(people muttering)

- A flyin' one.

- What kind of flying predator?

- Okay, all right, all right,  
quiet down.

Hass here says

that he saw something  
in the air.

Which is why we need  
to take some precautions,  
till we better know  
what we're dealing with.

In all likelihood,  
we're dealing with a grizzly  
protecting her cubs.

- Uh, from the air? Up...?

Chief, bears don't fly.

(laughter)

- I know that, Farley.

Only, Hass here says--

- I know what I saw, Chief!

- We believe you, Hass.

- How can you not know  
what kind...

I mean... uh...

Chief, how can you not know  
what it is?



There's not a lot of predators  
around here that

we haven't seen before, right?

- Maybe it was the colonel's  
flying moose.

(laughter)

- Okay, this ain't funny!

- I'm not being funny.

- We have got  
a dangerous, unidentified  
predator out there  
and I need you all  
to take serious precautions.

- Cockatoad.

- Alaskan...

cockatoad.

- Oh, my God! Oh, my God!

- What in the hell is that?

- Susie, what are you doing?

- Well, you said to bring it  
to you, Chief.

- Have you lost your mind  
as well, Susie?

Get this out of here and  
into the cooler at the station.

(all speaking at once)

Okay, okay, calm down.

Okay, you know the drill.

Kids, pets, livestock -  
lock 'em away.

Everybody stay indoors.

And I don't wanna see  
anybody running into the woods  
in a half-baked goose chase,  
or I'll lock them up too.

Got it, Farley?

- What?!

- Now, I put a call in  
to Hunting and Fishing.

They're gonna send  
some of their boys down.

- Okay.

- What about the festival?

- Chief,

if you cancel the one thing  
that keeps this town sane,  
the one thing that reminds us  
that the sun

is finally gonna set  
in a few days...

- Look, this is the only thing  
we got going this time of year.

Besides,

Doc would want us to have it.

- Chief, you can't cancel.

- I'm not cancelling anything.

Yet.

- I think maybe  
a postponement...

might be the best idea,  
just to be safe.

- You know, I-I'm with Jake.

- Look, can't postpone.

Solstice is gonna  
be over tonight.

- All right, well,

I think you're making a mistake.

I just want that...

to be known.

But I'm here to help out  
however needed.

- I appreciate it.

- Chief, come back.

- Go, Susie.

- Just got a call

from Thomas,

yelling something

about his minks?

Sounded upset.

Then his phone went out.

- Copy that, Susie.

I'll head out there.

Thanks, Claire.

- Yeah. You be safe, Chief.

Okay?

(dramatic sound effect)

- Ah!

Holy moly!

Didn't I warn  
those tin-plated desk jockeys?  
Now we got ourselves  
a full-blown invasion.  
(tires squealing)  
- Hour 15  
of my round-the-clock broadcast.  
And if you haven't heard  
the news,  
Doc is missing.  
And if you hear this, Doc,  
this one goes out to you.  
- Doc ain't missing, you nit!  
He was breakfast  
and we're gonna all be lunch!  
(accelerating)  
(dramatic music)  
(distant snarling)  
Send in the troops.  
(slow western music)  
(horn honking)  
- Colonel's been having beer  
with his cereal again.  
- It's an invasion.  
Call out the Guard.  
- What?  
- Reptilian aliens!  
One of 'em buzzed my vehicle.  
- Reptilian aliens.  
You need to go home  
and get some sleep,  
or you're gonna be tweaked  
as Hass.  
- Hass! What happened to Hass?  
- What, you don't know?  
- Listen, missy,  
get the chief on the blower.  
I seen the damn thing  
that killed Doc.  
- I can't call anyone  
until you fill out  
an incident report.  
- Incident report?!  
You gonna be fillin' out

death reports  
on the whole damn county  
if you don't get the chief!  
Oh...!  
- Hey!  
- Watch it.  
- Chief, come back.  
Chief...  
- Thomas?  
Thomas.  
Ugh!  
(gasping)  
(dramatic sound effect)  
- Hey, Colonel, how's it going?  
Wanna make a dedication  
to Doc?  
- I need to make  
an emergency broadcast.  
- Why?  
- It's Roswell, Hampton.  
All over again, girl.  
And they look like reptilians.  
A huge mother of 'em  
flew right over my vehicle!  
- Uh-huh.  
You sleeping all right?  
- Hell, I'm as awake  
as a steer with a prod  
up his rear!  
Now listen to me.  
People need to know.  
- If you're hankering  
for a thick, juicy steak,  
or some pork butt,  
head on down to--  
- Get the damn cotton  
out of your ears, girl!  
- I answer to the highest  
authority in the land.  
Only state officials  
can authorize  
an emergency broadcast.  
- This whole town's losing it,  
and I'm the sane one!

- Sorry, Trav,  
there are rules and regulations.  
I can't just blurt out  
an emergency broadcast!  
Fuckin' nut.

- Farley.  
He'll believe it.  
Farley, they've landed.

- What's that? Aliens?  
- Flying reptilians, like.  
Seen it twice.

- You sure  
it's not the same rogue critter  
that got Doc Yates?  
That's why I'm packin'.  
Yeah.

You betcha.

- Whew...  
Lambs to the slaughter.  
I'm on my own.  
Just like in 'Nam.

- So, um,  
what'd the colonel tell you?

- That he saw  
flying space reptilians.

- It's the same thing  
he told me.

Looks good.

- Got any pull with the judges?

- Just you and me, bro.

(thunderous sound)

(thunderous sound)

(flapping)

Emergency broadcast!

This is an emergency broadcast!

We need help. Emer...

(power fading)

(groaning softly)

- Oh, no.

No.

Barnes!

What's your 20?

Barnes! Do you read?

(snoring)

Barnes!

Barnes! Come back!

(snoring)

Wake up, Barnes!

- Barnes here. Sorry, Chief.

At the Solstice Festival.

It's all clear here, sir.

Gearing up and it smells great.

- Shut it down!

- Say again.

- There are multiple victims.

Call in the state troopers!

Shut it down on my authority!

Get the whole damn town

out of the area!

- Roger.

- Seriously, like, whee...

- Attention, please.

The festival is closed.

We have a situation.

The festival is closing down.

- You outta your mind?

- Sheriff's orders.

Pack it up.

(mutterings)

Don't panic.

It's... it's just a precaution.

Please, stay calm.

- Oh, my God.

- What are you guys looking at?

(screaming)

- Oh, my God!

(all screaming)

- The festival.

(snarling)

- Oh! Get back!

Edna, get down!

(roaring)

- Oh, that smell.

My God, what is it?

(snarling)

(growling)

- Help!

- You okay?

- Yes.  
- Hey! Anyone!  
(screaming)  
- Okay, is everyone okay?  
Anyone hurt?  
- Hurt?  
There's dead people out there!  
- I know that, Farley!  
I'm talking about in here!  
Is everybody okay? You okay?  
- I'm fine.  
But what the hell was that?!  
- I have no idea.  
- Is it...  
It looked like a dragon.  
Right?  
- I know. It makes no sense.  
- Like a dragon!  
- I know. It's insane.  
Where... where's the phone?  
- The phones are dead.  
That damn thing  
tore out a bunch of poles,  
ripped out a bunch of wires,  
took everything off the roof  
of my studio. See that thing?!  
- Thing's a beast.  
Right out of Revelations.  
We're all doomed.  
- Calm down, Edna, okay?  
Listen, are you sure  
all the lines are down?  
- Yeah, my power too.  
- I'm telling you,  
it's Revelations.  
- What are you talking about?  
- The Good Book.  
"And the great dragon  
was cast out,  
"that old serpent  
called the devil.  
"And Satan, which deceiveth  
the whole world, was cast out  
into the earth and his angels

were cast out with him."

Revelations,

chapter 12, verse 9?

It is the end of days!

I'm telling you,

we brought down

the wrath of God.

- That's the Good Book, huh?

- You got a better explanation?

You said it was a cockatoad.

- I was in shock.

I wasn't thinking clear.

- Got anything better now?

- It was...

It was a wyvern.

- That's ridiculous.

- H-hold on a second.

Let him speak.

What are you saying, Hass?

- The Nordic people

call it the wyvern.

It was a dragon so fierce,

so nasty,

that it was rumoured

that it was birthed

by Hel herself.

That's "Hel" with one L,

the goddess

of the Norse underground.

Its sole purpose was to eat

the corpses of evildoers.

Well, it got bored with that

and started feasting on men,

children, women...

- What does this have to do

with the price of wheat

in Alaska?

- Everything, Farley!

When it got tired of the men

and women and children,

then it went on a feeding frenzy

so fierce that it...

accidentally bit Odin,

the ruler of Valhalla.



Odin didn't take kindly to that.  
Banished the wyvern  
to the frozen tundra,  
where it would spend eternity...  
locked in the icecaps.  
I guess... now that the icecaps  
are melting...

... the wyvern's been released  
to wreak its havoc on the world.

- You know what?

We've got a real problem  
and Hass is telling  
mythological allegories  
like "you bit off more  
than you can chew."

- Look, an allegory  
did not bite off Doc's arm!

I don't know  
what an allegory looks like,  
but that damn thing out there  
is a wyvern!

- How do you know all this?

- My father...

was from Norway.

When we'd fish,  
we'd hear...

the echoed roars of...  
ice breaking off the glaciers  
and falling into the sea.

He'd always say...

it was the wyvern waking up.

Never meant too much to me  
until that thing tried  
to take my head off.

- I believe you, Hass.

- I do too.

- Look, tell me,  
is there anything in this legend  
that tells us how to stop it?

- When the Vikings would set off  
into the North Sea...

... they'd have  
virgin sacrifices.

Any volunteers?

Farley?

- Um, we can't do that,  
but we gotta get  
the state troopers in here,  
or Chief Dawson.

Where is he?

Where's Chief Dawson?

- I tried him on his CB,  
but there's... there's nothing.  
There's nothing!

- I think the chief went over  
to Thomas's.

- Right. Okay, where's Thomas's?

- I know where it is.

I-I-I'll go with you.

- Well, you're gonna  
get yourselves eaten.

- If we sit here and do nothing,  
doesn't seem  
like we'll fare much better.

Hampton, Hass, you stay here--

- Can I go? I know a shortcut.

- Keep trying that CB.

Someone's gotta be out there!

- I can drive.

- Be careful.

(siren wailing)

- Barnes? Come in, Barnes!

Come in, Susie!

Come in, Barnes!

Susie!

Dammit, girl, answer your radio!

- I can't believe  
so many are gone.

Susie and David--

- We just gotta stay calm.

- But what do we do, Jake?

- What do you mean?

- We must've done  
something wrong

in order to bring  
this thing here.

- Being a trucker my whole life,  
I've seen a lot of wisdom

on the road

and some of it might apply  
right here.

- Yeah, what's that?

- Stuff happens.

- You should've got out  
of this town when you could've.

- Yeah...

Maybe I didn't want to.

- Yeah? What about now?

- Still don't.

- Well, then you're just  
as crazy as the rest of us.

- Well, then I fit right in.

We're gonna beat this, Claire.

We'll beat it.

- Okay.

(snarling)

What are you doing?

- It landed right over there.

- Yeah!

- I'm gonna get a closer look.

- You're gonna what?!

- It knows where we live,  
I wanna know where it lives.

Level the playing field.

- Heck,

if they don't wanna listen,  
they can all go to hell.

I'll go to the authorities  
on my own.

It's the Krems.

Hello?!

Anyone alive?!

Hello! Anyone alive?!

Hello?! Anyone alive?!

(mumbling)

Thing ain't lettin' us leave.

- Is there anyone out there?

Please, this is Vinyl Hampton  
down in Beaver Mills.

We've got a problem.

People are dead.

This is an SOS.

Is anyone out there?

- We have to keep

our wits about us.

- This can't be happening.

(feedback)

- It's the chief!

Everyone, it's the chief!

He's here!

- Anyone on this frequency,  
can you... can you hear me?

- Chief, in here!

Chief!

- It's coming back!

Chief!

- Take cover!

Run!

**(all):**

- Run!!

Run!

- Chief, hurry!

- Run!

- Run!!!

- Oh...

- Edna, come on.

- Okay, so now what?

- I think

it landed over there.

Now, I'm gonna go get a look  
if I can.

Stay in the car...

... and use this if so much  
as a hummingbird scoots by,  
okay?

- Okay.

Ah...

- Okay?

- Just hurry back quick.

Okay?

- Two seconds.

(gasping)

(growling)

(panting)

- Jake...

(growling)

Jake!!!

(snarling)

(suspenseful music)

(groaning)

(panting)

Jake! Jake...

- Oh...

That was close, huh?

You okay?

- Yeah.

(honking)

It's the colonel.

- Hey...

How'd you know we were here?

- Didn't.

Thing's nesting, ain't it?

- Yeah, it's nesting.

- It's gonna keep killing us.

We have to get everyone out--

- I've tried that.

It ain't lettin' anyone leave.

- What?

- There's a pile  
of cars and corpses  
on the interstate  
as far as the eye can see.

We're this thing's food supply.

It's corralling us like animals.

We're gonna have  
to fight this thing!

- No, we're gonna  
have to kill it.

- Finally,  
somebody talkin' my lingo.  
Need a lift I take it. Let's go.

- This is Jake Suttner.

Come in.

Come in, Beaver Mills.

This is Jake Suttner. Come in.

(static)

... Suttner...

- I think I hear voices.

- What else is new?

- No, dummy!  
I hear a voice  
coming from that there CB.  
- Come back. Anyone?  
- CB's working.  
- This is Jake Suttner.  
Come back.  
- Hello? It's Hampton.  
We read. We read you.  
- Hampton,  
are you all okay?  
- No, uh...  
we're as okay as can be.  
- We haven't made it  
to the mink farm yet,  
but we're with the colonel,  
we're on our way now.  
Have you heard from the chief?  
Did you read that?  
- He's gone, Jake.  
- Jake,  
we've got to get outta here.  
One big exodus.  
- No, listen,  
do not do that.  
You all strap in  
right where you are  
and stay there.  
Do not move.  
We are coming back to you.

**Repeat:**

we are coming back to you.  
Listen, Hampton,  
check and see if there are  
any other survivors.  
- Copy that, Jake.  
Hurry.  
Out.  
- Yeah, out.  
(suspenseful music)  
Did you get anybody  
on the radio?  
- No, I picked you up

when you got close.

Long distance? Nothing.

That thing took my antenna out.

- Yeah, I know. It's... making  
a nest out of all that stuff.

- You saw its nest?!

- Wouldn't be surprised.

- Look, the most important thing  
right now

is that we find a way

to communicate with the outside.

I dunno, ham radio, something.

What do you got, Hampton?

- Mine's out.

I need to jerry-rig an antenna.

- You mean like an "antenna  
on the roof" antenna?

- Yeah. But not this one.

Old Tattoo's

got the most powerful one

other than mine.

- Old Tattoo...

- We'll be exposed.

- Yeah.

Great. Um...

Okay, I'll go.

- I'm going too.

- No, you stay.

Um, I gotta move quick.

No offense, but... you know.

- Don't look at me.

I ain't offended.

I know how slow I am.

- Okay. Colonel, may I?

- Yeah.

- Okay.

- We need more arms and ammo.

- Chief's got lots of good goods  
in the back of his truck  
out there.

- Truck's about 100 feet away.

- Okay, great.

Know how to use this?

- Of course. This is Alaska.

- All right, let's go.  
- That's not gonna buy us much.  
- Buys us something.  
- Sorry!  
I couldn't just sit back!  
Especially when I saw  
all that ammo come out.  
- Here...  
take this.  
- That's bear insurance.  
- Wyvern insurance.  
- Ha-ha!  
- Let's go.  
- I know the wiring. I'll go.  
- No, no, no, no. I'll go.  
It's not a male-female thing.  
Okay? I just...  
I gotta go do this.  
- Okay. Drop it down.  
- All right.  
(distant snarling)  
(whooshing)  
(creaking)  
- Okay, let's just wait a few,  
make sure it left.  
- No, it just flew off.  
This is our best chance.  
I'm going.  
- Okay, I'm heading out  
to the street.  
- Okay.  
- Farley, please.  
- Here you go, Farley.  
I'm gonna need that sharp.  
Claire!  
Get away from that door.  
(knife sharpening)  
(suspenseful music)  
(grunting)  
- All clear! How's it going?!  
- One down, three to go!  
Two down!  
- Uh, Jake?  
- I got two more!



- Jake, hurry!  
- I see him, I see him.  
Three down.  
- Hurry! It's coming!  
(snarling)  
- Move!  
(gunfire)  
(snarling)  
(suspenseful music)  
(roaring)  
- Jake!!  
- Edna, please,  
a little bit of space.  
Sorry, Edna. I'm just tired.  
Okay, let's give this a try.  
- Is it gonna work?  
- Think so.  
(static)  
- You've got it  
on the emergency channel, right?  
- Just gotta hope the signal  
reaches where we need to,  
stays strong.  
Here we go.  
- Come back, please.  
This is Beaver Mills.  
We have an emergency.  
(static)  
Come back, please.  
This is Beaver Mills.  
We have an emergency.  
- Alaska Security Bureau.  
We read you. Over.  
- Uh, yeah,  
this is Beaver Mills,  
requesting urgent assistance.  
- You're breaking up.  
Can you boost the power? Over.  
- No, it's all it's got.  
- This is Chief Dawson,  
Beaver Mills,  
declaring an emergency.  
- What is the nature...  
(static)

What is the nature  
of your emergency, Chief?

Over.

- Uh, yeah, we've got a fire  
at the yarding compound.

Gas explosion, um,  
phone lines are down,  
power lines are down, uh...  
We've got injuries  
and fatalities.

- Jake, we don't have  
a yarding compound.

- No, we got us  
a wyvern problem.

You wanna tell 'em that?

See how that goes.

- I'm just sayin'.

- Say again?

What kind of explosion?

Over.

- Gas explosion.

Power lines are down.

Send help immediately.

- We're losing it.

- You're breaking up, Chief.

We'll call you on a land line.

- No, no, the phone lines  
are down too. Don't...

Just send help immediately!

(static)

Argh!!

- So...

what now?

- Listen up.

(Farley coughing)

(suspenseful music)

- If Farley and Hass can get us  
some gas for the genny,  
I think we're in good shape,  
food-wise.

- Oh.

- This is Beaver Mills.

We have an SOS. Over.

- Farley and Hass are right

behind us and they got fuel.  
We've got the medical supplies.  
- Come on, Farley,  
move your caboose!  
We're almost there!  
Oh, come on, Farley,  
don't have an asthma attack now!

**(wheezing):**

- Come on.  
(growling)  
- Ahhh!  
(roaring)  
Ahhh!!  
(groaning)  
(gunshot)  
(suspenseful music)  
- It got Farley!  
It got him!  
- Get inside. Get inside.  
Stay here, Colonel...  
- Ah, Jake.  
- You're all right.  
It just got you a little bit.  
Come on.  
- Ahhh...  
(suspenseful music)  
(groaning softly)  
(groaning)  
(groaning)  
(screaming)  
(snarling)  
(roaring)  
- Should be anytime now,  
wouldn't you say, Colonel?  
- Should be, God willing.  
(Farley groaning)  
- The propane's running out.  
This'll be the last  
of the coffee for a while.  
- Give it to someone else.  
I'm good.  
- No, they need their sleep  
and we all need you awake.

- It was my fault, you know.

- What was?

- The accident.

My brother.

I guess we all have our reasons  
for why we think  
this is happening,  
some price we're paying for...  
things we've done wrong  
in our lives.

- No, it's like what you said,  
I mean, stuff happens.

Jake, it's out of our hands.

- Well, maybe for you.

You didn't kill  
our own brother.

- Neither did you.

You were driving a truck  
and the ice underneath it  
gave way.

- That's what you heard?

- Yeah, I'm...

I've only heard, um...

you know, the gossip  
and the rumours and...

Tell me what really happened  
that night.

- That night...

Well, nighttime  
is the worst.

You know...

so quiet, dark as coal.

You got these...

Northern Lights dancing  
in front of you...

I was up for a 30-hour stretch.

My brother, Terry,

he caught the flu going in,  
so he was in no condition  
to drive.

It was all me

for four days straight.

You got those...

lights and night...

You think you're hallucinating.  
And all you can hear  
is the sound of the ice...  
cracking beneath your wheels  
and all you can hope  
is that the sound of the  
cracking doesn't get any louder.  
Well, let's just say that...  
the cracks got louder.  
It was a dead man's run.  
I should've known better.  
Terry didn't wanna take it,  
but the money was good...  
I dunno.  
- Well, if the money was good,  
then--  
- See, that's what I'm saying.  
We didn't need it,  
Claire.  
We had a good year.  
I mean, we did okay.  
We didn't need this run.  
Not this one.  
- So then why did you do it?  
- Greed, pride...  
I didn't think  
about those things back then.  
All I...  
All I know is that I always  
had to keep on pushing it.  
One more run, one more mile,  
one more dime.  
And, you know, if someone says  
that I can't do something,  
that just makes me push  
that much more.  
So anyway...  
... Terry's next to me,  
sick as a dog--  
- You couldn't stop?  
Turn around?  
(scoffing)  
- Not me, I couldn't.  
I had to keep on going,

pushing it.  
And that's when the ice  
started to go.  
And when it goes,  
it goes quick.  
Truck goes down tail-in first.  
Tilts over to Terry's side...  
The ice water  
starts rushing in...  
... like the devil itself,  
grabbing at you  
with ice claws and...  
I grabbed Terry,  
I reach out to him,  
and the cab comes crashing down.  
Broke my hand up real good.  
I'm holding on to Terry  
and the cab's going down and...  
It was so cold in that cab.  
I just... I couldn't hold on  
to him anymore, so...  
... I let him go.  
I killed him.  
- No, you didn't, Jake.  
It was an accident.  
- Uh-uh.  
No, it wasn't an accident.  
It was my fault.  
It was my greed,  
my arrogance,  
my pride, that killed him.  
- Jake, you made a bad decision,  
but I got news for you:  
that was nature  
that killed your brother.  
'Cause in the past 48 hours,  
I've seen  
more people I know die...  
And these are good people,  
these are honest people.  
And what was our mistake?  
Hmm? What was our accident?  
- It's coming.  
- And it's carrying something.

(snarling)  
(growling)  
(Doc screaming)  
- All right,  
I'm gonna go get him.  
- Wait!  
- It's on the roof.  
- What is it doing?  
- Help me!!!  
- It's using David as bait.  
- Please...!!  
- It's waiting to pick us off  
one by one as we leave.  
- Help me...!!  
(screaming)  
- I gotta go get him.  
Can't just leave him out there.  
Cover me.  
(snarling)  
(gunfire)  
(screeching)  
- Please...!  
- Jake! Jake, run!  
Jake, hurry up! Come on!  
(grunting)  
- Hurry up, Colonel.  
- Jake, hurry! Jake!  
- Incoming!  
- Jake, it's coming!  
- Not gonna make it!  
- Farley! Farley!!  
Farley!  
- It's coming in, Jake!  
- Farley!  
- It's coming, Jake!  
- Hey!!  
Here!  
- Farley!  
Jake!  
- Incoming! Run!  
- Farley, run!  
No!  
(gunfire)  
- Dammit, Farley.

- Hang in there, David!  
Put him down on the table.  
It'll be okay, David.  
Gentle, gentle.  
(groaning)

**(CB):**

do you copy? Over.  
(helicopter approaching)  
- This is Beaver Mills.  
Thank God.  
- This is Alaska Security  
on approach. Over.  
- Tell them to stay away!  
Do not approach!  
- Why?!  
(suspenseful music)  
(snarling)  
- Eighty days of day  
is almost over.  
- Yeah, this solstice  
was a real bitch, wasn't it?  
- Mm-hmm.  
- Yeah.  
Maybe we should give ourselves  
something to celebrate.  
(wheezing)  
- Eggs.  
- Hey, David.  
David, it's Claire.  
Listen, honey, it's past 11:30.  
I'm not even serving eggs  
anymore.  
- No. It has eggs.  
- What'd he say?  
- He said that it has eggs.  
- Tell me exactly what you saw,  
David.  
- It has eggs.  
Three.  
- That nest.  
- Kill it.  
- David, honey, what was that?  
- Kill it.



(groaning softly)

- David, come on, stay with us,  
David.

- Jake, we still got  
no real plan for sure.

- For sure we gotta kill it.

Claire, keep trying the CB  
every few minutes.

- What? I'm going with you.

- What? No, it's too dangerous.

- Too dangerous for who?

Would you look at yourselves?

A truck driver, a DJ,  
a retired colonel and hillbilly.

- Hey,

who you callin' a hillbilly?

- Hass,

you made your own fur jacket.

- Answer's no.

- Jake.

She is a hell of a shot.

- Okay, fine, let's go. Come on.

- Edna, you gonna be okay  
here with Maggie?

- Yes, of course.

Better leave me a gun, though.

- Yeah, okay.

- Edna, stay quiet,  
stay away from the doors,  
and keep on trying that CB.

Let's go, come on.

It's just a little bit farther  
down here.

Okay, it's right here. Stay low.

- Oh, my God.

- It's unreal.

- Colonel, you see that?

- There.

- That genny making you think  
what I'm thinking?

We run a current  
to electrify the nest.

When that thing comes back,  
it dies.

- Are you sure  
you can jerry-rig this thing?  
- More or less.  
- Just make sure...  
it starts with one pull.  
- It's a Power Supreme 5000.  
She'll start.  
- Oh... hell!  
(roaring)  
(growling)  
(roaring)  
- The cable!  
(snarling)  
(snarling)  
(roaring)  
Hit it!  
(motor starting)  
(snarling)  
- Hass?!  
(Claire crying)  
- Colonel! No!  
- Why?  
- The eggs are bait.  
- Jake, Jake...  
What is that?  
Jake?  
- I dunno.  
- Jake...  
what is this?  
- Jake, what are we doing here?  
- It's my claim.  
- What?  
- It's my replacement rig.  
Poor guy drove in to all this.  
- Great.  
So what now?  
- Jake!  
- We're a bit pressed for time  
here, son.  
- Jake, what are you thinking?  
- I need two things.  
I need the GPS from Doc's car  
and I need that egg  
strapped into the truck here.

(rock music)

You guys get back in the truck  
and hightail it over to Edna.

- And then what?

- Wait for me.

GPS set?

- Get you where you wanted.

Don't know what you're gonna do  
when you get there, but...

... hope to see you again.

- You will.

- You sure you don't want

some company

on this one?

- No.

I gotta go do this one alone.

(rock music)

(music fading)

(truck horn blowing)

(horn blowing)

**(GPS):**

until destination.

(horn blowing)

(horn blowing)

(horn blowing)

(snarling)

(suspenseful music)

(snarling)

(roaring)

(roaring)

Two miles

until destination.

(snarling)

(suspenseful music)

(roaring)

One mile

until destination.

(roaring)

Destination.

(guitar music)

(music)

- There he is.

Jake!

(music)

- Is it over?

- It's all done, Colonel.

It's over.

Maybe we all

can get some sleep now.

- Your new rig?

- Yeah, I didn't need it anyway.

I like it just fine here

in Beaver Mills. Come on.

Hey, Edna...

got Maggie with you?

- Jake, Maggie passed away

a year ago.

- Good for you, Edna.

Good for you.

(slow western music)

(music fading)

(rock music)