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Bats

By John Logan

I don't want to hear it.
Honestly, I'm sick of listening
to your lies.
Listen to what I'm saying.
I heard you. But Donna told me
everything you're saying and will say.
- Damn!
- What?
Something touched my hand.
- What are you doing, Quint?
- Hold on a second.
What the--?
You haven't listened to
a word I've said.
You know that crazy girl
means nothing to me.
Yeah, well...
You have to have
a little more faith in me.
I guess I do.
It's tight, but I'm getting through.
Better you than me.
Hey, I heard that.
So how's the ammonia levels, doc?
Point zero-nine-eight.
Pay dirt, partner.
Looks like a medium roost.
Antrozous pallidus, I think.
I'll try to get in.
If it gets too tight,
you need to turn around...
...because you do not wanna rely
on me getting your ass up here.
What happened to
sending in a camera?
Jimmy, you know I prefer
the hands-on approach, right?
- Would you do me a favor?
- What?
Remind me to lay off the cheesecake.
You're talking to a brother. I don't
mind extra weight in the right place.
About five meters.
Mostly mothers and young.

You might lose me in a minute.
Sheila, you know I hate
when that happens.
That's all right.
I got 911 programmed in on the cell.
Jimmy, if you hate bats and caves
so much, what are you doing with me?
For one, I won't lie.
You kind of cute.
And two, I like them,
but at a distance...
...a real distance,
like on Wild Kingdom.
That's why you're down there
and I'm up here. What the hell?!
There's some kind of--
What the hell is this?
All the dust!
Who are you?
Why are you landing that thing here?
I'm Dr. Tobe Hodge,
the CDC in Atlanta.
- Center for Disease Control?
- I never touched her.
Dr. Casper...
...we need your help immediately.
A plane's waiting to fly us to Texas.
Wait a second. Hold on a minute.
You're the best in your field,
so we came directly to you.
That's Dr. Alexander McCabe.
He'll be accompanying us.
I don't mean to pry,
but what's this about?
There's a biological emergency.
What kind of biological emergency?
Bats, Dr. Casper.
Bats.
- Sheriff Kimsey?
- Dr. Hodge.
Appreciate y'all coming.
We have some gear.
I can see that.
You must pack a lot of clout there.

The CDC considers this assignment to be very important.

Good.

Well, hell, let's get to it then.

So, ma'am, you're a doctor of what exactly?

Wildlife zoology with a speciality in Chiroptera.

Bats, sheriff. I work with bats.

Bats.

So does that make you a bat-ologist?

It makes me a wildlife zoologist with a speciality in Chiroptera.

To be honest with you, I've never seen anything like this before.

We'll take over the forensic work, if that's all right.

Hell, yes. Take over.

I never did care too much for the sight of blood myself.

It's a damn shame.

Some folks think kids might've done this.

Some satanic cult ritual or some other such nonsense.

Starting with the male cadaver.

The incision below the temporomandibular joint at the neck...

...extends in depth all the way to the hypoglossus muscle.

I'm sure that jugular incision was the initial point of contact.

They went for the lethal attack.

Jimmy, I'd imagine nobody'd mind if you step outside...

...and keep Doc Swanbeck company.

That's a good idea, sheriff.

You guys just keep doing what you're doing.

The external anterior jugulars have been severed down to...

...the carotid on the right side of the median.

Sheila, I'm gonna need

your confirmation now.
Looking at the neck wounds...
...I'd say we have a bite diameter
of four centimeters...
...and a circumference of,
say, 13 centimeters.
The Pteropodidae family.
This is impossible. These bats
only feed on fruit and nectar.
This can't be.
- Excuse me?
- This must be some sick hoax.
Unfortunately, we're certain
this is not a hoax.
Are you saying some bat did this?
I'm afraid so, sheriff.
There's something very wrong here.
This sort of thing is not
supposed to happen.
What's going on?
What is it you aren't telling me?
The number of attacks may be higher.
We've been able to confirm
these five for certain.
Yesterday was the first human
encounter that we know of.
I'd say it was a hell of a lot more
than just an encounter.
The attacks were similar and occurred
here in Texas, all in the past six days.
Impossible.
Dr. Casper?
Bats do not kill people. Period.
There must be an explanation.
One that has nothing to do
with bats, and therefore...
...nothing to do with me.
Miss Casper.
You're right.
But the bats that we're talking about,
they're very...
...special.
Special...
In what way?

Exactly what are we talking about, doctor?

The two bats that escaped from my lab were from Indonesia.

They're test subjects. The Pteropus poliocephalus in question--

Hold on a minute!

We're talking about flying foxes?

Those are among the most endangered species in the world.

And the ugliest and largest bats you ever wanna meet.

Let me get this straight.

Are you saying you're responsible for the death of those kids?

Dr. McCabe sought our assistance as soon as the bats escaped.

We're here to stop them before they kill or contaminate others.

Contaminate?

What were you guys experimenting with?

Well, let's just say it was...
...virus-based.

I really can't discuss it any further. I'm sorry.

So we're here to help you find your infected guinea pigs, is that it?

And destroy them, if need be.

You can count on that.

I'll help you find them, but I'm not gonna destroy them.

I won't let you destroy them.

Don't worry.

It won't go that far, I assure you.

Bats can be anywhere in a 100-mile radius. That's their range.

They could also be in a barn or under a bridge or in a sewer.

That's just dandy.

But we gotta get started.

So if you had to pick one place to look, where might that be?

Here.

The attack happened between

the town and national park.
This is the corridor
between its roost...
...and its food.
This is Kimsey.
Where?
This definitely won't look good
in the morning paper.
These killings weren't done
by a single bat, or even two.
Our bats must be infecting other bats
with the virus.
This is Dr. Sheila Casper.
This is Mayor Branson.
Emmett, tell me what in heaven's name
is going on, would you?
As far as we can tell, we think
this was done by some sort of...
...bats.
- Bats.
- Yes, ma'am.
I know it sounds crazy--
The bats we're referring to
are diseased.
They're infected with
some sort of virus.
We don't know much more yet,
but we hope to soon.
What am I supposed to tell
the families, the town?
We got rabid bats on the loose?
Whatever you say, Amanda, say it now.
Tell folks to stay inside at night
till this all blows over.
Deputy Munn will put calls out.
All right, Wesley?
What we need to avoid right now
is any sort of panic.
You can save that panicking stuff
for later.
You mean the TV, radio--
Whatever you gotta do, Wesley,
just do it. Get the word out.
And cancel that football game tonight.

They were gonna lose anyway.
Dr. Hodge, anything?
Good news. Preliminary blood tests
from the two teenagers suggest...
...that any abnormalities infecting
the bats is...
...completely host-specific
and can't be transferred...
...in active form to humans.
The bats can only infect other bats?
The virus was designed specifically...
...not to be transmittable beyond
the bats' own zoological order.
Dr. McCabe, what exactly did
you do to them?
I'm sorry, but I'm not allowed to say.
Now that's bullshit!
Those things are killing people in my
town, and you're directly responsible.
We need to know
what we're dealing with.
I'm curious myself,
now that you mention it.
All right, I'll tell you.
Let me know how I do.
You've increased
their natural intelligence.
Yes. And their ability
to work together communally.
That's not so bad. We could
all use a little dose of that.
- Then you made them aggressive.
- Now that's bad.
Finally, you made them carnivores.
No, Dr. Casper.
I made them omnivorous.
Put my bats anywhere
in the world and...
...they will feed.
But why would you do that?
Because I'm a scientist.
That's what we do.
We make everything better.
Bigger livestock, better crop yields.

Millions of years of evolution.
What arrogance to think
you could do better!
Apparently I have, Dr. Casper.
Apparently I have.
You son of a bitch.
I don't know about you...
...but I don't like anything moving
higher up the food chain than me.
Okay, look.
Our chief concern at the moment...
...must be ensuring
that this disease...
...is not allowed to spread
to the bat population at large.
Because if their feeding habits are
disrupted...
...say so long to that nice little
balance-of-nature thing we had going.
Take a look at this.
This is a bat migration schematic
I've created.
It traces migrations,
feeding patterns...
I've entered the usual information:
climate, food sources, bat roost.
Those dots?
Those are our bats.
Once the temperature changes and they
start freezing, they'll migrate...
...following their food
to temperate climates.
By February, this colony...
...would reach Mexico City,
San Antonio and New Orleans...
...in time for Mardi gras.
If our bats infect other bats...
...and those newly-infected bats
follow their usual patterns...
...of migration--
Show them, Jimmy.
That is six months from now.
And it ain't gonna be pretty.
Of course...

...my ass will be long gone by then.
If we don't stop them, what happened
to those kids will happen all over.
So what do we do now?
The only way to stop the spread
is to locate the roost...
...and to annihilate
every last infected bat.
So you reckon these things'll
hold them?
- They're called mist nets.
- Feels like fishnet stocking to me.
They're a little tougher
than they look, sheriff.
Wesley, Jimmy, come in.
- Yes, sir.
- How y'all doing?
We're getting along gangbusters.
We just hung those net things.
They're called mist nets.
Whatever. They feel like
fishnet stockings.
How about that.
Let me know if you see anything.
You'll be the first to know.
Trust me.
Yes, give me that information.
Local law enforcement is adequate.
They're on a need-to-know basis.
Same as the team.
He's here.
He's with me now.
Fine. They're in the field.
She's very competent.
I was impressed with her.
Blood on the moon.
Excuse me?
My mama said that
when the moon was red...
...there was blood on the moon
and somebody'd get killed.
Sheriff, if you're trying to
put me at ease, it's not working.
Sorry about that.

It's okay.
If you don't mind, what's that?
This?
It's an ancient Chinese symbol
for the bat.
Chinese consider bats good luck.
Harbingers of good fortune.
What got you into bats
in the first place?
Well, when I was a little girl growing
up back in Ohio, we had a barn.
Had some bats in it.
Scared me. Used to give me
horrific nightmares.
One night, my dad finally
dragged me out back...
...and caught one of the bats.
He explained the good things bats do,
like pollinating rain forests...
...and eating insects
and what have you.
And then he made me hold it.
And I gotta tell you...
...it was the gentlest thing
I'd ever seen.
I've been bat-crazy ever since.
Killing one goes against
everything I believe.
You catch one tonight,
I'll pet its belly for you.
I might even take it
to dinner and a movie.
There's too many.
- What do you mean?
- Let's go!
Come on! Come on!
Cover the vents!
Any possible entrance!
Hurry up!
Well, that's all being
taken care of, sir, as we speak.
We're gonna need
some help down here!
Son of a bitch!

They're trying to get in!
What's going on?
These things, they're not like
any bats I've ever seen!
They're trying to get into the truck!
Where'd I put my keys?
We're on our way.
I can't find my keys!
They're trying to get
into the engine!
Whatever you do...
...try and stay calm. I ain't calm,
and I'm telling her to stay calm.
Son of a bitch!
Come on!
Shit!
Sheila, they're getting in!
Get it off!
Shit!
Sheila? Do you hear me? Come in!
Sheila, you hear me? Come in!
Clear it!
Are you okay?
Holy shit!
- Use your gun! Shoot at them!
- I'll hit the sheriff and Sheila.
Shoot over them. Scare them off.
Then again, we could just
hightail it out of here now.
Hold still.
Let me take a look at you.
Hold on a sec.
You okay? Are you all right?
I ain't never seen anything like that.
They left something behind.
God, sheriff, don't move.
Don't move!
All right, be careful.
On three. One...
...two, three!
That's why I leave that stuff to her.
What did I tell you?
Ugly!
Now this might sting a little.

I been doing some thinking.
And what I figured out is this:
This is fucked up!
I'm thinking of heading
to Antarctica now!
I checked into this. There's no bats
there because they hate the cold.
Hey, Wes?
Get ahold of the mayor.
Make sure everyone is inside...
...and their houses are secure.
Go on, now, get on it.
- That should do for now.
- Thanks.
Holy shit!
McCabe's bats.
- Sheriff, do you have your gun?
- In my hand.
This might be a good time to use it.
You only have to clip their wings.
Clip their wings?
Would you shoot their damn heads off?
And don't miss.
Damn!
- Are you all right?
- Yeah, we're great.
Nice timing.
Thank God you got one.
I need to study it immediately.
We've got other plans for this one.
Catch your own.
All right...
When I open the cage,
grab him by the neck and wings.
Are you crazy?
Try to be gentle, but firm.
- I can handle that.
- I'm sure you can, Emmett.
Okay, you ready?
On three, gentlemen.
One, two, three!
That sucker's strong!
Okay, easy.
Would you take his other wing?

Please? Thank you.

Oh, no, Jimmy, thank you.

He won't tear that bug out?

It's injected under the skin

where he can't reach it.

- Won't hurt him, though.

- That's a relief.

We're in business.

I'm telling you, this won't work.

I know what they're capable of.

- You getting a clear fix?

- Crystal clear, baby.

Great.

Should be able to pinpoint the roost's
entrance to within a few feet.

I lied. I ain't gonna pet
this thing's belly.

Don't let us down, sweetie.

How's it tracking?

Perfectly. Long as it
keeps moving away from me.

Houston...

...we got a problem.

We can capture another bat.

Can't we? Just try again.

That could take days.

What do we do now?

Evacuate the town immediately.

Order an evacuation

for 100 miles, here to Mexico.

And Hodge...

...we're gonna need more help.

A lot more help.

You can study it now if you like.

I ordered reinforcements.

They'll arrive in the morning.

Effective immediately...

...the CDC is evacuating the town
of Gallup, Texas.

Good work, Hodge.

Evacuation? I think

that's a good idea, doc.

Based on this localized program...

...it looks like them damn things have

been making their way towards town.

We might still have some time.

Manny...

...you got any ketchup?

What is going on?

What are these people doing out?

I thought they were warned.

As far as I knew, they were.

Thank God you're here.

Christ in a sidecar!

What are all these people doing out?

We've warned them six ways to Sunday!

Nobody believes it.

Everybody in Texas thinks

they know everything.

Oh, my God.

What is it?

They're coming.

Echolocation calls, their sonar,

I can hear it.

They're coming!

Oh, my God.

Oh, my God!

Move off the streets!

Everybody get inside! Please!

Get inside right now!

Hurry up, everybody! Take cover!

Take cover, please!

Come on! Everybody get inside!

Let's go!

You gotta get inside!

Get in the theater! Get inside!

Close the doors!

- You all right?

- Get out of here!

Get out of here!

Amanda, get inside!

Hell with that!

Oh, God!

All right, everybody, back!

Let's just take it easy, okay?

God, this isn't good.

Take it easy. Back!

Get in the back.

Go! Now!
Get down! Get down!
Come on! Come on!
Get inside!
Get in there! Get in there!
Stay calm!
Hey, mister, hold on!
Mister, there's people down here!
Oh, shit!
Get inside now!
You all right?
Y'all all right?
He saved me.
He saved my life.
My God.
Jesus.
- I can't believe it.
- It's all right, honey.
Anything you see,
radio it in immediately!
Damn it, Wesley.
Excuse me, ma'am.
All right.
We'll see what we can do.
They're evacuating everybody now.
Airstrip's closed.
They got roadblocks.
Mexicans are clearing everybody
down to Oaxaca and Rosita.
Jesus, Emmett.
What are we gonna do now?
I'm still working on that.
Old Texas custom.
This evacuation covers
the entire town, doesn't it?
Yeah. No one's going in or out now.
So tell me something.
What are we still doing here?
We asked them to let us stay.
Say what?
To aid in destroying the bats.
You gotta be pulling my leg.
This shit is not funny.
They're only giving us 48 hours.

Why am I the only one
who doesn't know about this?
a military air strike...
...armed with missiles.
They'll bomb every cave,
cavern and foxhole...
...in a 100-mile radius of Gallup.
What? Are they crazy?
They'll kill everything
in Gallup, and not a single bat.
That's right. And we cannot
let them do that.
Now, I begged them for this chance,
and they agreed.
But we're basically on our own.
I won't let them blow my town
off the earth without a fight.
People have homes here.
They got their whole lives here.
I'll make sure they got
something to come back to.
We're sure to be quarantined for the
next month, whether we stay or not.
He's staying too?
I created them.
This will give me time
to review my work...
...and figure out what went wrong.
Jimmy, we could use your help.
I understand if you
don't wanna hang around.
Let me tell you one thing:
If another one of your bats
looks at me...
...if his head moves like this,
or his eyes go like this...
...like he might look at me...
...I'm coming for you.
Does that mean you'll stay?
I'll stay.
Something called a Chroma B-340.
The newest thing in spy satellites.
When it passes over Texas...
...they'll center infrared cameras

on a 50-mile radius south of Gallup.
Give us a direct feed.
When the bats emerge from their roost,
it'll be your turn.
The military wants to be as hands-off
about this as possible.
You'll have to make the l.D.
Think you can do that?
I can try.
This is our school.
It's not as primitive as you'd
think for a small town.
We can fortify it
as good as any.
Let's hope so.
You can set up in the science room.
The computers have high-speed modems.
Try to hook us up to Langley.
Let's secure the building before dark.
Yeah, I heard that.
What is that?
That is Montserrat singing
Donizetti's Lucia.
A real touchstone
of the bel canto repertoire.
You're an opera fan, sheriff.
I'm impressed.
Don't mention my hidden vice.
Folks would run me out of town
if they knew.
Don't worry.
Your secret's safe with me.
You are a sick individual.
Get out!
There. We are now as secure
as the goddamn Alamo.
Bad example there, Jimmy.
You're right.
Maybe we should hang up a few cloves
of garlic. What do you think?
I got hooked up to the base. Once the
satellite passes, they'll send photos.
That'll work.
And once we find them, then what?

Let's assume they're all living
in the same roost.
Given their communal behavior,
I'd say that's likely.
Poison?
Not an option. The most popular
poison for bats is chlorophacinone.
Largely ineffective against them
and lethal for humans.
Believe me, I checked into this
a long time ago.
Maybe if we trap them?
Whatever we do,
we have to get them all.
Why not just bomb
the sons of bitches?
An explosion would scatter them...
...and might not even kill
all that many.
This is like a nightmare.
I'll never sleep again.
Wait a minute. That's it.
What?
We'll put them to sleep.
When the temperature drops below
But at 32...
...they freeze to death.
But how do we do it?
Especially in a heat wave.
We need cooling units powerful enough
to freeze the roost.
Well, all right.
Call Langley.
See what they can come up with.
I'll check it out.
You're thinking of walking
into that roost...
...with those things over your head.
Bats are nocturnal.
We go in there during the day--
But those are normal bats--
I know.
We don't have any other choice.
Yeah. I got it.

We are all set. There's something called the NGIC Industrial.

A cooler that emits a combination of Freon, CO2 and pure oxygen...
...at superhuman velocity.

It could cover Cairo in icicles in three days.

Good enough.

Once we locate the roost...

...they'll do an airlift and drop-off at the entrance.

That's as far as they'll go.

They don't wanna know about us.

- They're preparing for a bomb raid.

- We'll need special gear to go in.

What?

We're going into the roost?

All of us?

Don't worry. You'll stay out and monitor our progress.

Right. Maybe next time.

We are at drop zone.

Commence drop.

Lift with your legs!

If I had legs like that,

I'd probably use them more often.

I ordered the best body armor they had. You'll need it.

This is all Kevlar, steel-reinforced.

You don't say.

The breathing gear is used to protect us from the ammonia fumes.

In a roost with millions of bats...

...ammonia from the guano can reach lethal levels.

- Guano?

- It's bat shit.

Oh. Yeah, right.

Wonder how that one slipped out of my mental thesaurus.

Trust me. You don't wanna die choking on no bat shit fumes.

That's it. Last page.

This looks like them.

Sheila, y'all need to take
a look at this.
That's them.
Those are our bats.
No, this can't be right.
This is a mountainous area, northeast
of the national park.
We ruled that area out already.
There are no caves there.
There's no way.
Well, that's because they're not
in a cave at all.
They're in a mine.
The mine is right in here.
It was recently shut down.
It's not on any maps...
...but it's huge, and it's called
Black Rock Mines.
- Black Rock Mines. Are you certain?
- That's affirmative.
We're absolutely certain about that.
Good work. We'll be there at dawn.
All right.
Sir, they've located the bats.
We're clear to move in at 0600 hours.
No, that's no longer an option.
Who knows where they'll be? If we
go in while they're out feeding...
Based on the nature
of these creatures...
...I strongly suggest we wait
for daybreak.
You don't need to tell me
how dangerous they are, major.
The government's worked
on this project for over a decade.
McCabe was working
in weapons development.
Yes, major, it was us.
We started it...
...and now we'll end it.
These are from a geological survey.
I figure the bats have to be here.
They're deeper. They wouldn't allow

themselves to be that vulnerable.
Since it's man-made,
the trip down should be easy...
...if there hasn't been too much
collapse in the tunnels.
How about other entrances?
The entrance the bats are using is
the only one this place has ever had.
One entrance, nice tunnel down.
Should be a piece of cake.
No, it won't.
They'll know you're there.
They'll know what you're up to.
They'll try and stop you.
What are you talking about?
They're always aware.
That's how I designed them.
To be perfect killing machines.
- What?
- Son of a bitch!
They found us.
- How? How could they get--?
- Because I called them here.
And now...
...we'll put an end to all this.
They're taking out the power!
Those bats didn't escape from
your lab, did they, McCabe?
You let them go.
Very perceptive, Sheila.
How could you? You knew
what they were capable of!
You know how many people have died?
Do you even care?
They simply need to be controlled!
If you understood them the way I do,
you could control them!
Then do it! Control them!
Stop them right now!
Why would I wanna do that?
Son of a bitch!
They're getting in!
Look out!
Stay away from the windows!

I'm firing up the generator!
They're getting through here!
Come on! Get out of here!
I hate this shit!
Work with Daddy!
Shit!
It's on now. Get back!
Get back, right now!
Get back! Get away from the window!
Get out of here!
I got something for your asses now!
Come on!
Burn, you goddamn rats! Burn!
You want some of this?
Come on!
You done messed with
the wrong brother!
Come on! Burn!
You ain't getting this ass!
Can you handle this, motherfucker?!
Damn!
You piece of shit!
Come on! Work with me!
Come on, baby!
Work with me! Come on!
Now come on!
Come on!
Come on back here, now.
Doctor, just come back inside slowly.
Don't you see?
They want me.
They've come for me.
Because I can control them.
I made them that way.
Come to me.
Hey, listen.
They're gone.
Because they got what they came for.
Oh, my God.
They tried to do it.
They tried to go in during the night.
Would you look at this shit?
Damn!
It's down there.

What is?

Refrigeration unit.

It's a big one.

They wired this whole place
with explosives.

- To seal the mine.

- That seems to be the plan.

Command, come in.

This is Sheriff Emmett Kimsey.

I'm with Dr. Sheila Casper.

We're at the Black Rock Mines.

Major Reid here.

Sheriff, right now there's
an air campaign headed your way...

... with instructions to bomb
and gas that mine...

... in exactly 62 minutes
and counting.

I suggest you get out of there. Now.

We can't do that.

If they bomb, the bats will scatter.

No one will be able to stop them.

I don't know if you know this, but
your cooling unit is in the cavern.

Yes, sheriff.

Those men were unable to turn it on.

That mission failed.

What?

We have to go down and turn it on.

If you can give us time,
we can turn this thing on.

I will not halt this air strike!

Understand? Get out of there,
and that is an order.

Listen to me. We are here right now!

We can turn it on.

You gotta give us a chance!

Listen, I'm making the call.

Now get out!

Shit!

We got about an hour.

To get down there, turn on the
unit and seal the entrances.

Look over there.

Good.
Say the word. I'm at your command.
If there's any problem,
you know what you have to do.
What are you talking about? You'll
both be up here with me by then.
We are the only ones who know
how bad this can be.
I need to know you'll blow
that entrance if you have to.
Trust me, Sheila.
It's not gonna come to that.
But you'll do it.
You can count on me.
What's that saying? "Any day
above ground is a good day"?
When this is over...
...I'm laying on the beach
for three years...
...where they never heard of a bat.
Fire up the blender.
I'll bring the tequila.
Two tunnels.
There's only one on the map.
Great.
You gotta make a choice.
To the right.
See those over there?
Those are possum bones.
Possums don't live here.
One of our bats dragged them in here
as an in-flight snack.
Very good, sheriff. I'll make you
a chiropterologist yet.
You all right?
Are you all right?
Fine.
What's with this water?
It's guano.
It's filled with parasites
and insects...
...that feed on it.
Are you kidding me? I am not
up to my chest in bat shit!

I'm afraid you are.

Nasty.

Is this what you call normal?

I wouldn't call anything I've seen
in the last few days " normal."

I truly did not think
it could get any worse.

Wait a minute.

If there's this much guano
in here, then...

Jesus.

Welcome to ground zero, sheriff.

Oh, my God.

I never would've believed it
if I didn't see it.

God, there must be millions of them.

You folks need to be real quiet
right now.

It's taken you 15 minutes to descend.

You have 30 minutes...

...to fire up that cooling unit
and get your asses back up.

What's the temperature down there?

Fifty-two.

It's better than we hoped.

Just curious, but anybody have
any idea how to work this thing?

I know you're not asking me.

Let's hope they remembered
to gas it up.

That would be nice.

Okay, hurry up. Losing time.

This shouldn't be too difficult.

We need a key
to complete this job.

- Shit!

- Damn it!

I found one.

Let's hope it's the right one.

It's working. It's working
like a dream.

Bravo, as they say in opera.

Get up here before the fat lady sings.

Avenger, you're clear to arm.

Roger, base. We're arming.
Oh, shit!
I think we better keep moving.
Oh, God!
It's gone.
No, they're just circling their prey.
If we don't make it, you know
what we discussed, right?
You gotta blow that entrance.
Yeah. Sure.
We have no other choice.
Yes, you do! You have seven minutes.
Come on!
I lost your video!
Get it off me! Get it off me!
Get it off!
Shoot it!
Shit!
We gotta get out of here!
- Can you breathe okay now?
- Yeah.
How much time?
Four minutes! Come on!
Initiating firebombing run.
Come on!
- We're not gonna make it!
- You will! Come on!
Jump! Jump!
Commencing final approach.
- Come on!
- Go! Go!
Blow the entrance!
You can make it!
Now!
Call them off!
Major, call off your boys!
We did it!
We sealed the mine!
Are you sure? We have to be
absolutely certain.
Am I certain?!
Is pig pork? Yes, I'm certain!
- Here you go, sir.
- What's the status?

All right.
We got satellite confirmation.
Good work.
Get the hell out of there.
Avenger, abort mission.
Return to base.
Roger, we are RTB.
You okay?
Yeah. You?
You all right? You okay?
I'll live.
You did it! Damn it!
I told you, Sheila.
Just hold that there.
The temperature's dropping fast.
Our bats should be sound asleep,
their little bat asses frozen forever.
Provided there are
no other entrances.
No, that's it.
That's the only way in or out.
Good job, guys.
Honey...
...you stink.
I don't smell anything.
I smell bat doo-doo.
Before you get all precious, you ought
to take a look in a damn mirror.
That ain't your best look, either.
Come on, doo-doo!
It's about time for a cigar.
GelulaISDI