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Doomsday Prophecy

By Jason Bourque

Air unit 3 confirming
impact extends beyond Sector 7.

Roger that.

- Mr. Garcia.

- Yes, sir, you must be Dr. Yates.

Welcome to the world's biggest
environmental disaster.

Have you been briefed?

Only that six hours ago,
the Black Sea ceased to exist.

Follow me.

The central seabed
was hit by a cluster
of deep-focus earthquakes
ranging from 6 to 7.8.

The quakes lasted 12 minutes,
opening several crevices up
to 60 miles wide
and hundreds of miles deep.
disappeared into the Earth.

Thankfully, we were able
to dam the Bosphorus
before it affected
the global ocean system.

It's hard to believe,
but this could have been worse.

It could also have struck
a populated area.

True enough.

It still feels like a nightmare.

The environmental
and economic aftermath are just...

it's like nothing
we've ever dealt with.

"Begins at the Black Sea.

The Earth opens wide
and drinks deep,
taking back
what she has bestowed. "

What exactly are you
referring to?

It's a prophecy made
by Rupert Crane.

The famous writer

who disappeared?
Yeah, that's him.
Agent Garcia, I didn't catch
what department you're with.
National Defense.
What does this have to do
with National Defense?
I'm sorry.
I can't disclose that, Dr. Yates.
Thank you for your time.
Sir. Yes.
All right, we've got major
seismic activity
a half mile underground.
Yes, sir,
it's exactly what Crane predicted.
General, I'm going to
have to call you back.
We're experiencing a tremor.
We're moving back
to base camp
until this area stabilizes.
Let's pack up.
Dr. Yates, the seabed,
it's cracking!
Let's get out of here.
Let's go.
Leave it, move, move!
Come on, let's go!
Move, people, move!
Garcia, get in, let's go!
Move 'em out!
Faster!
Faster! Damn it!
Look out. Look!
Turn, turn, look out!
Corporal.
Oh, God.
- Central Command.
- This is Agent Garcia.
Roger, Garcia, go ahead.
Lock onto this position
and send a chopper ASAP.
Stand by for...

In breaking news, the disaster
at the Black Sea continues
to get worse.
The enormous cracks
that swallowed the sea
are growing in size and have spread
into populated areas.
Massive evacuations
are now taking place
within a 200-mile radius
of the seashore.
Funds and resources
from around the globe
are flowing into that area.
The environmental impact
and loss of life is unprecedented.

At exactly 10:

I need you to handle
this very delicately.
Follow my instructions
and the book is yours.
Sure thing, Mr. Crane.
You have my word.
Thank you.
It's a pleasure
doing business with you.
Goodbye, Mr. Lowell.
Eric, we need to talk.
Get in here.
What's up?
What do you know about
this author Rupert Crane?
Self-proclaimed prophet,
disappeared eight
or nine years ago.
Nostradamus.
He prophesied 9/11,
the Iraq War, a few big disasters.
Then he vanished after
"Desert Candle" became a best seller,
and he made
his last publisher rich.
Now he wants

to publish his next book,
guess who he calls?
Sidwell Publishing.
Crazy, huh?
Right out of the blue.
So I want you to go and pick
up his completed manuscript.
Where's he live?
Well, he's been living off the grid
in the mountains of British Columbia.
Seriously?
And you want me to go pick it up?
Yeah.
Well, why doesn't he just email it
like any normal person would?
You know, for a guy
that can see the future,
you'd think he'd have some basic
understanding of the present.
This guy doesn't do email.
He's paranoid.
He thinks the government's
after him, but, believe me,
this trip's gonna be worth the trouble.
You're leaving early tomorrow morning.
You gotta be at some diner by 10:00.
We already purchased your tickets.
- I can't. I got a fight tomorrow.
- Well, you'll just have to cancel.
Well, why can't you
get somebody else?
- I'm just a proofreader.
- Nope, has to be you.
Listen, Sam, isn't there
anyone else that can go?
- Hey, who signs your paychecks?
- This is ridiculous.
Since when do we do
personal pickups?
Because this was the deal breaker.
Crane asked for you by name.
- I don't know a Rupert Crane.
- Yeah, well, he seems to know you.
What is it?

- What the hell is that?

- I don't know.

Hang on, hang on!

You guys!

I'm sorry.

I'm gonna have to call you back.

Whoa!

- You okay?

- Yeah, yeah, I think it stopped.

- That felt like an earthquake.

- An earthquake in New York?

I bet it's in

Crane's new manuscript.

Hey, everybody okay?

Yeah.

Wanda, Marty, you guys okay?

Yeah, thanks, Sam, I'm okay.

Hey, guys, here, gather around.

I wanna show you something.

This is a fragment

of an aboriginal calendar wheel,

marking a cataclysmic disaster

that happened 26,000 years ago.

It's referenced

in almost every ancient culture.

The Mayans link this disaster

to an event

which we're going

through right now...

the alignment of our solar system

with the galactic equator.

I wish I could say that

science and technology

have done away with doomsday

paranoia surrounding these events,

but, you know,

there's always a few kooks out there.

- Brooke.

- Yeah?

Sorry, guys, I'm just gonna

have to interrupt for a minute.

- You're not gonna believe this.

- What is it?

I've got Rupert Crane

on the line.
You're joking.
This would be a pretty obscure,
seriously not funny joke if it was.
Sounds serious.
I think you should take it.
Okay.
Mr. Crane?
Miss Calvin, the alignment
of our solar system
with the galactic equator
may not be as harmless
as you think.
I was just discussing that.
How could you know?
There's a lot I know
about you, Miss Calvin.
I'm in desperate need
of your knowledge,
specifically your
main area of studies.
Are you writing a book
on ancient civilizations?
I'm referring to the Moai heads
on Easter Island.
We need to meet,
immediately.
Mr. Crane, if this is you,
I'm flattered that you
tracked me down,
but I'm on a field trip right now.
I have classes.
It'll have to be next week.
It has to be tomorrow.
New York will be next.
What do you mean "next"?
The Black Sea was just
the beginning, Miss Calvin.
I trust you'll make the right decision
and meet with me.
We'll be in touch.
Voice recognition analysis
confirmed his identity,
but we only picked up the end

of the conversation.
When was the recording made?
at the Sidwell Publishing House.
It was short. Crane knew
to avoid the usual keywords
that would have
triggered a full recording.
It figures. For a civilian, he's turned
out to be one slippery son of a gun.
You think he's resurfacing because
of his Black Sea prediction?
Well, it's certainly part of it.
I need you
to handle this very delicately.
Follow my instructions
and the book is yours.
Sure thing, Mr. Crane.
- You have my word.
- Thank you.
It's a pleasure
doing business with you.
- Goodbye, Mr. Lowell.
- We got a trace?
We're still working on it.
The call was rerouted.
We couldn't get a solid lock.
Get an agent to shadow Lowell.
General, it's Agent Garcia.
We got a lead on Rupert Crane.
All right, John, watch your head.
Try to keep him out
of trouble.
Gramps, you have to stop doing this.
You're gonna end up in jail.
They confiscated my truck.
We need to borrow Andy's.
No, Gramps,
you need to stop going
over there and trespassing.
It's our sacred place.
Oh, and bring extra food,
blankets, and bring the rifle.
The rifle?
Are we hunting?

No, I suspect we'll need it
for protection.
Protection from who?
Grandpa, you're not making any sense.
We need to follow
the vision, Raven.
All will be revealed.
Great, trust the vision.
Great. Thanks.
Magnitude 5.6 earthquake
that rattled New York City.
Reports have been coming in
of growing seismic activity
along western North America...
Hi.
This is 1200 Chester Road,
right?
Yeah,
what can I get for you?
Nothing, I'm fine.
People come here
to order food.
Oh, yeah, I'm sorry, ma'am.
I'm just waiting for somebody.
Are you Eric Fox?
Yeah, how'd you know that?
I was told you'd be
stopping by right about now.
I got an envelope for you.
Guy who dropped it off
paid me 20 bucks.
You're lucky.
Otherwise, I'd make you order lunch.
- When did you get this?
- Three days ago.
I didn't even know I was coming
three days ago.
Hello. Hello.
- Sam, it's Eric.
- Yeah, Fox, is that you?
Hey, Sam, can you hear me?
Where the hell are you,
and did you get the manuscript?
Yeah, look,

I'm at the address.

Crane isn't here, and he left me this handwritten map.

Sam, hold on a second.

- What? I can't hear you.

- Whoa, are you feeling that?

Whoa, we got a bit

of a tremor happening.

- I can't hear a word you're saying.

- Sam.

We're evacuating the building.

It's another earthquake.

Sam, can you hear me?

Let me call you back when I get downstairs.

Sam.

Sam, Sam, are you okay?

Sam, can you hear me?

Sam!

Sam!

Sam, are you there?

As you all know, we're experiencing major tectonic disturbances.

I can now report we've found a correlation.

This is Earth's solar system in orbit around the galactic equator.

Just as our Earth has an equator, so does our solar system and our galaxy.

Every 26,000 years, the solar system's equator aligns with the galactic equator.

Up until this morning, all research pointed to this being completely harmless.

We now know New York and the Black Sea are related to this celestial event.

We're predicting this tectonic activity will increase as we get closer

to the galactic equator.
Has this report
been released?
Only internally. I wish I had more
information for you, General Slate,
but the entire team
is working on it,
and, I promise, you'll be briefed...
...as soon as we learn more.

- Excuse me.

Crane would've seen
this coming.
Instead of using his psychic power
for his country,
he hides while New York crumbles
and thousands die.
If we find him,
do you think he'll cooperate?
He didn't 10 years ago.
I doubt that he will now,
but if we can get our hands
on that unpublished manuscript...

...we can prepare
for what's coming down the pipe.
- Give ourselves a fighting chance.

- Excuse me, General.

Garcia.

What's his name?
Mobilize an extraction team
and wait for my orders.
We just picked up
a call from Eric Fox.
He's an employee
at the Sidwell Publishing House.
He's going to meet Crane.

- Where?

- Saltwood, British Columbia.

You've reached Sam Lowell
with the joke of the day.
How many publishers does
it take to change a lightbulb?
Three. One to change it,
two to hold down the author.
Leave your name and number.

Sam, it's Eric. Come on, buddy,
you gotta call me back.
I'm worried about you. I just want
to know what the hell's going on.
We interrupt this broadcast
with breaking news.
We have just verified the report
of a devastating earthquake
striking New York City

at 1:

Eastern Standard Time.
Lower Manhattan
is completely underwater,
and scattered reports
describe a quake
that has cracked the Earth
along the Eastern Seaboard
of North America.
Live footage shows
building after building
crumbling to the ground.
Early figures indicate hundreds
of thousands of people are dead,
with millions more displaced.
The devastation
is on an epic scale.
Are you listening
to the news?
Half of New York is gone.
We're dealing
with severe global earthquakes.
This isn't the time
to be going into the woods
to chat with some hack
Nostradamus wannabe.
He's not a hack.
He told me this would happen.
What if Crane's a true prophet?
What if he's a crackpot who likes
to mind-meld with squirrels?
Listen, Brooke, people become
hermits for a reason.
Nine times out of 10

it's because they're nuts.
He's not nuts.
He said he needed my help,
and I believe him.
Okay, okay. I get it.
Just keep in touch, okay?
- I want updates.
- All right, I'll call you later.
Uh, I think
that's called vandalism.
I call it fuel.
I'll use it
to start our campfire.
Grandpa,
are you sure about this?
- About what?
- About your vision.
I told you,
it must be followed.
Yeah, but is it that important?
Fulfilling this vision
is the single most significant act
of my life.
That sounds pretty important.
Important for you as well.
You're part of the vision.
Come, I'll show you.
Let's move.
More walk, less talk.
Mr. Crane.
It's Eric Fox
from the publishing house.
Mr. Crane,
I need to speak with you.
Something terrible
has happened.
Mr. Crane?
Mr. Crane, it's Eric Fox
from Sidwell Publishing.
What the hell?
Who are you?
Freeze! Government agents!
I'm not going anywhere with you!
Hello.

What's going on?
I have no idea.
Why isn't he moving?
He's dead.
Oh, my God.
Who are you?
Whoa.
That's insane, okay?
I saw you come through the door
before you came through.
Okay.
Who are you?
Look, my name's Eric Fox.
I'm from a publishing house
in New York, okay?
And I just came up here
to pick up Crane's new book.
- Did you kill him?
- No, of course I didn't kill him.
Okay, I'm just trying
to make sense of this, too.
All right, please, relax.
Okay, I want your ID.
- Now!
- Oh, my God.
Look, I'm just going
for my wallet.
See?
Eric Fox.
Who are you?
Brooke Calvin.
I'm an archeology professor.
Rupert Crane called me yesterday,
and he said he needed my help.
- Are you sure that's him?
- Yeah, it's him.
Oh, my God.
Yeah, I think he's had some
sort of brain aneurysm
or seizure or something.
What's wrong with you?
You know,
I can't even put to words exactly.
- I don't know.

- "Eric and Brooke play the tape now"?

You're Eric.

He knew we were gonna meet.

- The camcorder.

- We should call the police.

I think we should play

the tape first.

- No, no, we shouldn't touch anything.

- It's not like it's a murder.

- No, you tell that to the police.

- Look, I'm playing the tape.

That's my calendar wheel,

and that's me.

How would he know?

You were probably

in one of his visions.

I apologize to you both

for finding me

in such a shocking state

and for the task

that lies ahead.

He knew we'd find him dead.

I've burdened you both

with a very important mission,

one that I can't

complete myself.

Eric,

there is no new manuscript.

I brought you here

to pass onto you an item

of utmost importance.

This rod that I am holding...

is the key to the future.

And I'm giving it to you.

It's your birthright.

My birthright?

What the hell is

he talking about?

Both of you, take the camcorder

and take the rod

and play the rest of the tape

when you reach the lake.

Oh, and one more thing, Eric,

you need to step

on the painted rock.
The painted rock?
I suggest you hurry.
You're in great danger.
Wait, whoa, whoa, whoa.
Why would we be in danger?
When a guy that sees the future
tells you to run,
you ask questions later.
I still think we should
call the police.
Did you not hear
what Crane said?
We don't have much time.
Okay, little reminder here,
that guy is dead,
and when I came in here, you were
acting like you were coming off
some kind of a bad acid trip.
Listen to me, okay?
When...
when I touched...
we gotta trust him, all right?
- Team one in position.
- Go!
Freeze!
Mr. Crane?
Clear!
Clear.
All clear.
Target's dead.
They look like
government agents.
I think maybe
they're after Crane.
Henning, search the kitchen.
We should tell them
we found him dead.
- I think it's a bad idea.
- You can't stop me, okay?
Brooke, I think these guys
are going to start
shooting at us.
You think?

Based on what?
I don't know.
Maybe it was a vision.
So you're telling me you can
see the future now?
Well, it's more like a gut feeling
on images I saw.
- Saw where?
- Back inside the cabin.
Okay, for a split second,
they completely filled my head.
Oops.
Damn it.
I think they heard that.
Earthquake!
Come on, out of here, boys.
- Come on, guys.
- Let's go, gentlemen.
I think it's over.
Brooke, we should get out of here.
Just a tremor.
I'm going to keep searching
for the manuscript.
Organize a sweep.
Maybe Crane's visitors are close.
Yes, sir.
What the hell are you doing?
- Get down.
- I'm not going anywhere with you!
Freeze!
Government agents!
The painted rock.
Don't move!
Hands in the air.
Get down!
What?
Ah!
Ah!
Hold your fire!
Hold your fire!
Hunt them down,
but stay on your toes.
This whole area could be rigged
with more explosives.

And, Henning,
bring them in alive.
We need them interviewed,
and we need that manuscript.
- Go.
- Yes, sir.
You okay?
No, I'm not okay.
They tried to kill us.
We just got to keep moving,
keep as much distance
between them
and us as possible.
Hey, hey!
I don't even know you, okay?
Crane is dead, and now you're acting
like you're some kind of...
prophet in rock starjeans.
Okay, Brooke,
look at me, okay?
I don't know what's going
on right now, okay?
But what I do know is
when I touched this,
I saw things before
they happened,
so whatever Crane
was working on,
it's bigger than the both of us,
and it could affect this entire world,
and for some reason,
the two of us are part of it.
We don't know that.
Brooke, he said that we need
to work together, right?
As crazy as that sounds,
I believe him.
Now whatever
I set off back there,
it's only slowing them down.
Now we need to keep moving.
Henning, do you read?
Henning, come in.
Did you find them?

Sir, looks like
we've lost their trail.
We're going to need air support.
Fall back.
General Slate is en route.
But, sir, there's still
a chance that they could be...
Pull back, Henning.
I need you here.
We'll get local law enforcement to do
a sweep of the surrounding area.
- The general wants a briefing.
- Roger that.
All right, pull back.
He knew it.
Somehow we'd find the lake.
Okay, well, now what?
There's a bag
under a small log close by.
Inside you'll find everything
you need to camp tonight
and make your escape
in the morning.
There's not much else
I can do to help you
other than try to explain.
Over the years,
the rod showed me visions
of the future.
Then a month ago,
I saw cities being destroyed,
oceans disappearing.
- Tell me he doesn't mean...
- He does.
I searched for clues,
but for the first time,
the rod started
to cause weakness,
mental deterioration,
blackouts.
It's taken its toll.
Use it sparingly, Eric.
With each passing day,
its use becomes more dangerous.

Brooke, you must help him
make a connection
with the Moai heads.
Your knowledge will help
piece this puzzle together.
It appears that tomorrow night,
it all comes to an end.
You two are the key
to stopping it.
I know you'll succeed.
The rod is both a blessing
and a curse.
I'm sorry, Eric.
He died.
I don't believe it.
I won't believe it.
There's no way in hell
the world ends tomorrow night.
Well, everything he's saying
points to be being true.
Well, what if his last visions
were paranoid delusions?
Oh, they're not.
They're linked somehow.
What are you talking about?
The rod gives Crane
his visions of the future.
It's the key to stopping this.
Okay, well, why give it to you,
some guy from a publishing house?
I don't know. Something to do
with my birthright or something.
Just like he said.
I wish he was wrong.
I just wish he wasn't
predicting every damn step.
Yeah, well, right now
every prediction
is saving our asses.
We got tape,
flashlight, compass,
some camping gear,
a map.
A map?

Where does the map go?
he's got a truck parked.
Oh, it's gonna be dark
in a couple of hours.
- Hence the camping gear.
- Well, let's go.
We'll get as far
as we can before dark.
Jenkins, send out Fox's
and Brooke Calvin's mug shots.
Ask for checkpoints up
to 10 miles.
What do we tell them?
Tell them they murdered
Rupert Crane.
Any sign of the manuscript?
Not yet, sir.
That's not what
I want to hear.
Don't worry, sir,
we'll find it.
Crane should have been working
with us saving lives.
It doesn't make any sense.
It was in his nature not
to trust authority.
He was one of us once,
went AWOL,
became paranoid,
schizophrenic.
Sad, really,
but Crane never had a chance.
That's why he died here
in this hellhole,
trapped like a rat.
For the past two days,
the world has been
torn apart by earthquakes.
Do you know how the scientific
community explained that?
No, sir.
They didn't.
Lots of theories, no answers.
Right now I have more faith

in whatever Crane gave to Fox.
Find him for me, Garcia.
Get me Eric Fox.
This is Garcia.
Get me Parker.
- Henning, a word.
- Yes, sir.
Report.
I got a visual on the rod.
Fox has it.
I'm authorizing you to complete
your mission with extreme prejudice.
Understood, sir.
This is like nothing I've ever seen.
What's generating the noise?
Its like its got an electrical
current going through it,
but it's made
of carved hematite.
- It's impossible for this to be...
- Ugh, come on!
Battery's dead.
How does it work?
You just touch it,
but I'm warning you,
it's not very pleasant.
I think it's what killed Crane.
Well, that's a pretty
grim birthright.
Some people get trust funds,
and you get a rod
that'll eventually kill you.
I'm just more concerned about,
you know, what I do next.
Do I go to the news
and predict what city
will crumble?
I don't know. We don't even
know what's happening out there.
God, I hate feeling
so helpless.
I need my computer.
What are you doing?
Maybe we're not so helpless.

Eric.

Now you know
that the rod's true purpose
has yet to reveal itself.
Close that damn thing
and get out!
Everybody's gotta die sometime.

Are you okay?

Eric, talk to me.

Maybe that computer
is a better idea.
Your nose is bleeding.

Oh, crap.

Crap.

The images are starting
to get a lot clearer.

I saw these stone heads,
you know, the Easter Island
statue faces.

- Yeah, Moai heads.

- Yeah.

I saw something else,
too, Brooke.

The Earth,
the surface of the Earth
started to crack
and northern Canada
was being torn apart.

Oh, my God.

Crane was right.

Well, what else?

What else did you see?

You know, I... do you got paper
and a pen or something I can...

Yeah, here.

There was a bunch
of different images, but...
it was outside
on this sort of flat rock surface,
kind of looked like that.

Oh, yeah, that looks familiar,
but it's...

it's not European
cave drawings.

It's North American.

I'm gonna make a call.

You know what?

Use Crane's.

The government might be
listening to yours.

- Hello.

- Dennis, it's Brooke.

- Brooke, did you hear about Italy?

- No, what happened?

It just sank into the Mediterranean,
like Atlantis.

Major earthquakes are happening
across the globe.

Seriously,

this is getting biblical.

Okay, Dennis,

what I'm about to ask you to do
is the most important assignment
of your life, okay?

What are you talking about?

- Does this have to do with Crane?

- I'll explain all that later.

Listen, I need you to research
the photo I'm about to send you, okay?

Compare it to any North American
cave drawings we have on record.

Dennis, I cannot stress to you
how important this is.

All right.

All right, I'll do it.

Just be warned that my
Armageddon bag is packed.

I'm serious. I'm thinking
about heading to the hills.

Okay, thanks, Dennis, and listen, call
me as soon as you have something
and only use this number, okay?

Got it.

Whoa.

Thank you kindly, Mr. Crane.

Well, after 10 years,
authorities finally have
a break in the disappearance

and possible murder
of best selling author Rupert Crane.
Two suspects are wanted
for questioning...
Eric Fox and Brooke Calvin.
Both are considered
armed and dangerous.
Holy crap!
What have you got?
No matches yet,
but you're all over the news.
- What? Why?
- Oh, it's nothing important.
Just that you
and some guy named Eric Fox
killed Rupert Crane
and are armed and dangerous.
Dennis, he was dead
when we found him.
- What's going on here, Brooke?
- I honestly don't know myself,
but please believe me,
we did not kill anyone.
I just need you to keep working
on those cave drawings, okay?
I'll get back to you later.
I don't like that look.
We're officially fugitives,
armed and dangerous.
Man, this is getting better
by the second.
Shocking,
unimaginable images from Europe.
We're looking at the first pictures
of the Mediterranean Sea,
where the country
of Italy once was.

At 6:

a massive 9.7 magnitude
earthquake,
the largest in recorded history,
ripped through southern Europe
and the Mediterranean,

swallowing Italy
and much of Greece.
The quake was felt
as far north as London
and as far south
as the Ivory Coast.
Aid has been diverted
from the Black Sea region,
but resources are already stretched
to the breaking point.
International reaction
has been stunned silence
as the rest of the world
holds its collective breath
and waits for the next
disaster to strike.
I promise you
I'm gonna get you out of here.
Two fugitives floundering
in the bush?
- I wish I could believe you.
- He's back.
Are you gonna order this time?
You been watching the news?
Yeah, it's pretty scary.
You're telling me,
and the government keeps saying
it'll eventually stop.
Do you believe that?
Well, maybe they
don't want us to panic.
If the world is coming to an end,
I want to know.
I've got power.
Throughout the last three weeks,
the rod has given me
a flood of images
that I can't figure out.
I can feel it getting stronger.
The visions,
well, they're more intense.
The imagery is horrific.
The destruction unimaginable.
We interrupt our regular programming

for this emergency broadcast.
Mount Baker's seismic activity
indicates an imminent
volcanic eruption.
Communities within
a 100-mile radius
are advised
to evacuate immediately.
I repeat, communities within
a 100-mile radius are advised...
All right, you heard her.
This is it! Everyone out!
I see the rod...
That means you two.
...glowing from the inside.
And that'll be \$2.50.
And I see beams of light,
aligning themselves
to the stars.
Inside of what? Beams of light
aligning with the stars?
- What do you think that means?
- Right now I have no idea.
Come on, come on, come on!
I don't know what the clues mean.
Unplug that damn thing
and get out!
Unplug that damn thing
and get out!
Come on,
we got to get out of here.
Go, Brooke, go! Go.
I'm closed.
We're evacuating.
Where are we going?
- Out of the car, Fox!
- Come on.
He's got a gun!
Now!
Go, go!
Oh!
Sir, we're in pursuit right now
on Highway 12,
two miles east

of Polkhead Junction.
I'm 20 clicks away.
Jenkins should intercept at Highway 8.
What the hell's going on?
Keep your head down!
Hold on!
- Oh, no.
What the hell's going...
What's your status?
I just found transportation, sir.
- The rest of the team is deceased.
- The ineptitude is staggering.
This operation was supposed
to have results.
Don't disappoint me, Henning.
I'll keep Garcia busy.
Get me that rod.
Copy that.
Beams of light aligning
with the stars.
What do you think that means?
It almost sounds
like doomsday prophecy.
The Mayans had
a similar phrase.
The stars will alter
their accustomed course
and avert man's gaze
with light.
How do you know
all this stuff?
I teach it. Phrases like that are
peppered throughout ancient cultures,
usually tied
to cosmic alignments.
Do you think it has anything
to do with these Moai heads?
There's a Rapa Nui prophecy...
light will protect us
from the path of the universe.
- Another astronomical event.
- In 14 hours,
the solar system's equator
and the Milky Way's equator

are gonna align, but that's supposed
to be a coincidence.

Is it?

Crane said that the world
was gonna end tonight.

If that's the case,
we got till midnight.

The wind has shifted.

We gotta get moving.

Otherwise, we're gonna be
sucking up some volcanic ash.

My team has been
looking for a correlation
between the alignment
of the galactic equator
and these disasters.

We kept coming up empty.

Then we found this.

A massive dark star.

A collapsing sun
with maximum mass
near the edge of our galaxy.

Aligning with the galactic equator
brings us
into the dark star's
gravitational field.

And where there is
maximum mass,
there is maximum gravity,
so much that light
can't escape.

- How long will it last?

- We don't know.

But the gravitational forces
will continue to get worse,
peaking tonight
sometime around midnight
and gradually diminishing
over the next three days.

At the end of this,
the entire surface of the Earth
will have shifted.

Who knows

what life will have survived?

Attention, all faculty and students,
please leave the campus
in an orderly fashion.
This is a precautionary measure
due to the approaching
ash cloud
as a result of the recent
volcanic activity...

Bingo!

Dennis, what did you find?

There's an ancient
Coast Salish settlement
just outside of Pipestone.

The petroglyph there is almost
identical to the drawings.

Pipestone, of course.

We wanted to do a dig there,
and we got permission from the band,
but couldn't get it
from the logging company.

Lycar Forest Products.

We can be in Pipestone in two hours.

I'll just call you from there.

I've gotta leave the university.

We're being evacuated.

Evacuated?

Is everything okay?

The ash from Mount Baker is headed
our way. It's just a precaution.

Okay, well, good.

Listen, thanks for sticking
with me on this, Dennis.

Look, if everything gets back
to normal someday,
you and I are going to sit down,
have a couple of beers,
and you're going to tell me
exactly what this is all about.

That's a promise,
and I'm buying.

Take care, Brooke.

The death toll continues to rise
as the rescue workers in New York,
Italy, and Eastern Europe

search feverishly for survivors,
but hope fades...

Don't push!

Hey, guys, wait up.

I'll meet you back at my place.

Excuse me,

we're looking for Dennis Johnson.

Can you tell us

where to find him?

Yes, sir,

that's him right over there.

Mr. Johnson,

Dennis Johnson.

Excuse me!

Mr. Johnson.

Go!

Hey!

Why would Crane say

it was your birthright?

I don't know.

I never really had a real home

or didn't know my parents.

I just bounced around

foster homes.

I don't know.

I just never really had to have

a lot of responsibility,

you know?

Like inheriting a rod

that tells the future

and somehow saving the world?

Yeah, no pressure.

Dennis?

Feds ID'd me. I can't go home.

What should I do?

- What? They're not after you.

- Oh, they're after me.

I'm pretty sure abetting a fugitive

gets more than a slap on the wrist.

Dennis, you're breaking up.

Brooke, I'm losing you.

Brooke?

Damn it!

I lost him.

Why didn't you tell me
about this place?
Because it wasn't your time.
Young people today don't want
to hear the old stories.
They don't respect
what's sacred,
what needs to be protected.
Grandpa, just because
I don't have visions
doesn't mean
I don't respect them.
These earthquakes,
I'm scared.
You are probably
the only person
on the planet who isn't worried
right now.
I'm not worried for myself.
I'm worried for all those people
who are gonna lose their lives.
Haven't a lot of people
died already?
They have,
but so far, it's been
like a crack in the dam.
Soon the trickle
will become a flood.
Anyone?
No, nobody. It's deserted.
How far away to the site?
From what I can remember,
about a half-hour hike.
- You okay?
- No. No, I'm not okay.
People are dying
and look what we're doing.
Yeah, we're looking
for a petroglyph.
Yeah, that could somehow
save the world,
which could end in 12 hours.
Do you realize how
preposterous that sounds?

I do.
Look, I promise you
that we're going to get through this,
and we will see tomorrow.
And if you break your promise,
we'll have global annihilation.
No pressure.
Don't move.
Are you Eric Fox?
Really?
Who are you?
What are you doing out here?
Waiting for you.
I'm taking you
to see my grandfather.
He'll explain everything
you need to know.
Welcome.
My name is John.
I have something I want
to show you.
Henning, do you read?
Go for Henning.
What the hell happened?
Sorry, sir, I've been having trouble
with my radio.
Damn it, Henning, two hours
of radio silence isn't acceptable.
- What's your 20?
- I'm at the Lycar Mill in Pipestone.
I just found the vehicle.
Looks like they hiked into the woods.
Wait for me.
I want a coordinated operation.
Yes, sir.
That's what I saw.
My people have never known
what this symbol means.
I was hoping
you had the answer.
I wish.
Tell me,
what do you see
when you use the rod?

It's a jumble of images.
I saw you.
I saw that drawing.
I saw the Moai heads,
and I saw the Earth fracturing
and just being torn apart.
As a child,
I was told of the day
when the Earth
and the stars come together
and the sky spirit will try
to strike us down.
That's almost identical
to Rapa Nui and Mayan prophecy.
I was also told that
when the seven points
of the great hound align,
the ancient ones will awaken
from their slumber
and push back this spirit
of the sky,
saving us.
What's the great hound?
The constellation Canis Major.
The great hound of Orion.
But what are the seven points?
The ancient ones.
Great, we're back to square one.
Not necessarily.
Let's just think this through.
Okay, um...
Canis Major,
the seven points,
Moai heads.
- Ahu Akivi.
- What?
Ahu Akivi on Easter Island.
It's the site of the seven Moai
who stand facing the ocean
like sentries.
Could there possibly
be another set here?
The ancient ones are here.
A short vertical line inside

the Moai head.
It's the rod.
What if the Moai heads
are a device
designed to prevent the destruction
of the universe?
What, like a global
defense mechanism?
Yeah, I mean,
maybe the Moai
on Easter Island
prevented a catastrophe
I mean, what if these are meant
to prevent one now?
But where are they?
Get down!
What do you want?
You have a rod
in your possession, Fox.
Give it to me now, and we can all
walk away. Nobody gets hurt.
Why the hell does
he want the rod?
He's not going to let us live.
You're a government agent.
Why are you doing this?
I'm just following orders.
Here, give me the rifle.
What? I can do this.
You're too young
to do what needs to be done.
Grandpa, no, I can do it.
Come on, Fox,
let's stop playing around.
Let's just do this
face-to-face.
You just tried to shoot me!
I apologize.
It won't happen again.
- Okay, I'm coming out.
- No.
- Eric.
- Look, don't shoot anybody, okay?
No one needs to get hurt.

Smart man.

One of your friends up there
does anything stupid,
you're going down first,
you understand?

- You understand?

- Yes.

Good, that's close enough.

Do you have any idea
what this is?

I don't know,
and I don't care.

Okay, this right here is the key
to saving the world.

I give this to you,
we all die.

Toss it over right now.

Everybody's gotta die sometime.

Grandpa!

Go on. Grandpa.

Oh, crap.

- Are you okay?

- Yeah.

- Is he dead?

- Yeah.

Is he okay?

Never saw that coming.

Oh, wow, that's gonna
leave a hell of a bruise.

Another earthquake.

You must leave this place.

Take what you have learned
and go.

- I'll be fine.

- Thank you.

- You don't have much time.

- Let's go.

Go, go.

John's story,
the petroglyph,
he was tapping
into a similar prophecy
also shared with the Rapa Nui.
He said the ancient ones

are sleeping in the Earth,
which means they're buried,
but where?
Can't all be a coincidence.
Crane moved up here.
John said his people felt
its power for generations.
So this whole area
could be radiating energy
from the seven buried
Moai heads
right under our feet,
but how do we find them?
Oh, no. Eric, I wouldn't.
Don't touch it.
I have to.
We need answers.
Here goes nothing.
Thou shalt do miraculous signs.
Eric!
- Thou shalt take this rod...
- Come on, Eric!
...in thy hand wherewith...
- Eric, let go!
...thou shalt do miraculous signs.
- Eric.
- Yeah.
Are you okay?
- Are you okay?
- Oh, yeah.
You didn't think you were going to
get rid of me that easy, did you?
Just breathe. Just breathe.
You okay?
I saw this opening
in this field.
I think that's
where the heads are.
And I saw a government agent,
but I think he's working
with us.
You sure about that?
Yeah, it's gonna work, Brooke.
We don't got much time.

Easy, easy.
We got company.
Lower your weapon
or I'll shoot.
That's him.
That's the agent
that's gonna help us.
Eric Fox, Brooke Calvin.
I'm Agent Garcia, National Defense.
Where's Agent Henning?
He's dead.
He tried to kill us, okay?
I had no choice.
No, our orders were
to retrieve Crane's manuscript
and bring you in alive.
Alive?
We've been shot at for two days.
Brooke, please.
- Okay, the manuscript does not exist.
- That's not possible.
Rupert Crane used it as an excuse
to give me a rod.
It's how Crane was able
to predict the future.
That's what your agent was after.
He's telling the truth.
I know it sounds crazy,
but it's the key
that will stop the Earth
from being torn apart,
and it needs to happen today.
You're gonna help us, Agent Garcia.
I know it.
We're running out of time.
You got to believe me
on this, okay?
Just let me explain.
Start talking.
So there's no manuscript?
What about this rod
you've been talking about?
From what I understand, it was
the source of Crane's premonitions.

Well, if it does
what you say it does,
it could be pretty useful
right about now.

- You need to bring it in.
- Sorry, I can't do that, sir.

Excuse me?
I know this is
gonna sound unbelievable,
but it could be the key
to stopping these disasters.
How?
Fox believes that it will
turn on some kind of

- global defense mechanism.
- Built by whom?

We don't know, sir.
General Slate, please report to DOD.
Is it possible it could lead
to more of these rods?
I'm not sure, maybe.
General Slate, please report to DOD.
Two days ago, this story would
have cost you your job.
And today?
I got nothing to lose
and everything to gain.
I've got to brief the president,
or I'd come myself.
What do you need?
What's splattered on this?
Probably some blood.
Wonderful.
The rod's a forged
foreign material.
And that hum,
I've never seen
anything like it.
Where'd you get this?
It was a gift.
Okay, with no power source,
yet emitting a frequency
of 12.4 kHz.
It's fascinating.

Now we scan for the frequency
in 100-mile radius.

If your hunch is right
and there's anything out there
emitting the same vibrations,
hopefully we'll get a lock
on a location.

- We got an hour left of sunlight.

- Come on.

Almost there.

Okay, we got it...

That's close.

Right under Crane's nose.

As reports

of rioting and looting pour in
from around the globe,

we have confirmed information

that the Republic of China

has been hit by a sinkhole

the size of which rivals

the Black Sea disaster.

It appears there is

no place on Earth

- safe from these events.

- You mind turning that off?

What are you thinking about?

Well, we still have a lot

to figure out.

We're coming to the end

of the world here,

and the puzzle

still hasn't been solved.

We're gonna solve it.

Okay, we've got the rod,

and now we have the location.

It still doesn't make any sense

why Henning went after it.

He wouldn't know what it was.

- Yeah, I don't think he knew.

- Then why?

I just think he was

following orders.

Well, that's what's bugging me.

Whose orders?

We're gonna have to pull over,
wait this one out.
Go! Go now!
Come on.
Hang on.
We got the report on Eric Fox.
He was adopted.
No record
of his birth parents.
Convenient.
Sir, have you heard
about Washington?
Yeah, I have.
How's the president?
Airborne. All executive commands
will now be issued
from Air Force One.
Where's my helicopter?
It'll be here
in four minutes, sir.
Your presence
has been requested
at the Cheyenne Mountain
Air Force Station.
I'm gonna be late.
There's a little side trip
I need to make.
This is definitely it. Now what?
If we're right, there should be
seven buried Moai heads
right under our feet.
All right, these are
infrared imaging tubes,
operational
to 50 meters deep.
We need to create a perimeter.
The seven Moai heads
of Ahu Akivi look towards the point
where the sun sets
during the equinox.
The length of their platform
is 40 feet long,
but there's no way of knowing
how they're laid out here.

They should face
the Canis Major constellation.
We gotta start somewhere.
You getting anything?
I got something.
Approximately 4.9 meters high.
One meter underground.
Okay. Okay, Eric,
move yours back 20 feet.
Oh, I got another one.
Brooke, move yours to the left...
Guys.
You got to see this.
It mirrors Canis Major.
This is amazing.
They're identical
to the ones on Easter Island.
The rod should fit
in the big star.
This should be it.
It's the top of the Moai head.
Here.
Let's start digging.
Guys.
Take a look at this.
What's up?
I figured out how the Moai heads tie
into the Canis Major constellation.
Now, when they align
with the galactic equator,
it'll be the closest
the dark star comes to us...
right when the Earth
is about to be destroyed.
So maybe that's our cosmic trigger
for placing the rod.
- Okay. How much time we got?
- I'm working on it.
The buried heads
and the Canis Major
constellation will align
in approximately 20 minutes.
All right, that's gonna cut it close.
Let's get moving.

I got something.
It's like some kind of stone
or metal or something.
Look, right here.
The rod could fit in there.
- Let's stick the damn rod in.
- Well, no, we can't.
We have to wait for the alignment
with the constellation.
She's right.
We've got four minutes left.
Give me the rod.
Sir, I wasn't expecting you.
Son, get up out of there.
We need to have a chat.
I'd rather not.
I wasn't asking.
Son, whatever it is down
in that hole,
it does not need
to be activated.
If we don't activate it, sir,
we are all gonna die.
Do you understand that
the world is about to end?
You're wrong.
The gravitational forces working
on the Earth need
to run their course.
We've survived it before.
We'll survive it again.
- We don't know that, sir.
- Oh, but I do.
It's survival of the fittest now.
And in the meantime,
I will be guiding the world's elite
through the gauntlet
with the help of that rod.
You're a lunatic.
Oh, no, I'm simply a patriot.
I have known
for years about that rod
and its ability
to predict the future.

That rod never belonged
to your father,
- and it doesn't belong to you.
- My father?
Rupert Crane.
He didn't tell you?
We only have
two minutes left.
I wouldn't worry.
We have all the time
in the world.
Give it up, son.
Give it up, son.
You just signed
our death warrants.
I prefer to think of it as a birth
certificate for a new America.
I can't allow that, sir.
And thou shalt take this rod
in thine hand,
wherewith thou shalt do
miraculous signs.
- Where are my visions?
- Here's one.
Alignment in 10 seconds!
Eric, do it now!
Five, four,
three, two,
one!
It's working.
It worked.
I spent so many years
studying those heads...
trying to unlock
their mysteries.
Now we know their purpose,
but, oh, the questions.
It's one big cosmic can
of worms.
Whoever built this
did us one hell of a favor.
Yeah.
You know,
you could use this

to find out more
about our saviors.
The next time I use this,
it's gonna be to bet
on some horses.
How are you feeling?
Besides getting shot and finding out
that my superior officer is a nut job,
I'm okay.
I got a signal.
This is the President
of the United States.
To all the survivors
of the human race,
the worst is over.
Yesterday, we survived the peak
of the gravitational pull
that was tearing apart
our world.
In the next few days,
earthquakes
will gradually diminish.
Now for the sake of humanity,
we must come together
and rebuild.
This is a worldwide broadcast
sent out
to any and all survivors.
You are not alone.
I repeat,
you are not alone.