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# Giants in the Earth: The Making of 'The Fallen Ones'

By Unknown

Since the dawn of man,  
he has known pain  
and suffering.  
War has plagued him  
and death.  
Giants, too,  
walked the land.  
Man feared them.  
And god despised them.  
He would wipe them  
from the face  
of the earth...  
until now.  
Enter, lord Ammon,  
for this is your house.  
Where is my son?  
He returned  
last night.  
He is safe, lord,  
for now.  
Speak.  
The god of the Hebrews  
has...  
I may no longer  
be in his grace,  
but I will not allow  
your insolence.  
How dare you imply the  
existence of another god.  
I meant no disrespect,  
my lord.  
Wages of sin, priest.  
Tell me this news  
from my father.  
Yahweh has judged men  
and Nephilim alike.  
We will all be destroyed  
by a great deluge  
of water.  
And my brothers?  
The fallen angels, too,  
shall churn in the waters,  
such is the word  
of Yahweh.

I should have expected  
no mercy.  
They chose to walk  
the earth  
and know the daughters of  
his favorite creature... man.  
And he cannot abide  
our offspring.  
Hello, father.  
Aramis, in  
the coming days,  
there will be  
a great flood,  
destroying  
every living thing.  
I have refuge for myself,  
some great sacrifice.  
I will fight.  
I will survive.  
No.  
His will shall be done.  
You will die.  
Father!  
When the hand of man  
reveals your tomb,  
there will be a new era  
of the Nephilim,  
and once again  
they will know  
the wrath  
of the fallen ones.  
We are nearing readiness,  
my lord.  
The slaves are being prepared  
to travel with him  
to the next world.  
And Aramis?  
He's dead.  
By dawn we...  
You said he was dead.  
It's your presence. Your  
power is reanimating him.  
Aramis.  
Why is he like this?

He is but a shell,  
my lord.  
The poisons used to kill him  
have destroyed his mind.  
I wanted my son preserved,  
not a simpleton!  
It's not time for you  
to walk again, Aramis.  
I'm sorry.  
Sleep, my son.  
matt?  
Matt?  
What are you doing  
down there?  
You all right?  
Ladder broke.  
Give me a hand, will you?  
Huh, a little mummy.  
I'll be damned.  
Oh, jeez. Sorry, buddy.  
Here, grab on.  
Jeez.  
I wonder how  
this little guy  
got so well preserved.  
Bone dry,  
perfect burial tomb.  
Funny though,  
doesn't look tribal.  
See, took the brain out,  
probably the other organs.  
It's a ritual mummification.  
Not even the Anasazi  
took this kind of care.  
Maybe something the Mayan  
could have done.  
There's no record  
the Mayans ever traveled  
this far north,  
professor Fletcher.  
Well, who knows?  
Find a couple of pots and a bone  
or two and we think we know it all.  
If this is Mayan,

we could be rewriting  
a few history books.  
This little guy  
could be the big thing  
we've been looking for.  
I'm going to get a crew  
down there ASAP.  
Not without helmets  
and not without gear.  
I was down there  
myself, Joseph.  
It's safe.  
That hole wasn't  
there three days ago.  
We're two miles  
from the fault line.  
How can you say  
it's safe?  
Our blasting opened  
up that crack,  
not a quake.  
I just figured you might have  
learned something in Mexico.  
Joseph, you jerk.  
You want to take care  
of that, jenny? Thanks.  
So what was that whole  
Mexico thing about?  
Oh, god.  
Joseph.  
He's the kind of guy  
that would offer  
to put some salt  
on a paper cut.  
The Mexico thing was,  
a couple of years ago,  
matt was down  
there with a crew.  
They were looking  
into a cave,  
out in the  
middle of a rain forest.  
He discovered a passageway  
under the water,

and without going  
back to get some scuba gear  
or to let anybody  
know where they were going,  
they just dove in,  
literally.  
The water was deeper  
and went farther  
than he had imagined.  
And there were tide pools.  
Five guys went in.  
Matt's the only guy  
who came out.  
What do you think of that?  
Professor Fletcher!  
Matt!  
Get Morton on the radio.  
This is big.  
Really big.  
I gave explicit instructions that  
this site was to be left alone.  
I understand that, sir.  
But, Mr. Morton...  
but what? Who moved this? I did.  
Are you matt?  
Yeah.  
Oh, yeah, Charles  
told me about you.  
I didn't expect you this  
early. Barstow, right?  
Angela Barstow. I'm the  
structural engineer in charge.  
I hate to be the one  
to tell you this,  
but Im  
in charge here.  
Really?  
Yeah.  
This is my dig.  
Morton is not going to  
appreciate you wasting my time.  
I'm the archeologist  
around here.  
The way he told me,

you fell in a hole  
and got lucky.  
Nice digging, chief.  
Let's settle this now.  
Fine.  
We've hit a snag on site 17,  
so we're switching gears.  
We're going to have to  
dig around it for now,  
which means that we're going to have  
to reroute about 2000 feet of pipe.  
Now Gus has new plans  
and maps  
for the department heads.  
I want to be able to break  
through to that reservoir  
by the end of the month.  
All right?  
Now get going. We've got  
a lot of work to do.  
Charles, do you want to explain  
a few things to this gal?  
I'm all ears, but you need to  
explain to Indiana Jones here  
that people stopped using the  
word "gal" sometime around 1955.  
Glad to see  
you two met.  
You know, she acts like  
she runs the place.  
You and I agreed,  
this is my dig.  
Fletcher is in charge  
of the dig site.  
Damn straight.  
Now, hold on. When you  
called me to come down here...  
let me finish.  
After that fiasco in Utah,  
with the Indian artifacts, I  
hired him to take an advanced look  
to be sure we weren't  
digging up something  
that was going to bite us

in the ass later on.  
He's a little hotheaded,  
but he's one of the best  
diggers in the business.  
That's what he tells me.  
And, as for Angela,  
she's in charge  
of how you dig.  
Understood?  
Oh, for crying  
out loud, Charles.  
We have a lot of earth to move  
and maintain structural integrity.  
That's Angelas forte.  
We don't want to wake up and  
look at the big guy covered  
with a couple  
of hundred tons of clay.  
Treat her right.  
Three goats.  
No, sheep.  
Three sheep, ah.  
And the milk of one goat,  
in exchange  
for oatmeal cookies.  
Am I smelling oatmeal  
cookies?  
You still like a little coffee  
with your milk, professor?  
Matthew, sit down.  
So nice of you to visit.  
Oh, you must be psychic.  
The cafeteria,  
they have coffee,  
but they don't make  
mocha latte,  
and their idea of  
grande is not so grande.  
So...  
what, mister big shot,  
huh?  
You slumming, huh?  
You know, most of us  
have to beg



and plead to get grants  
that last six months.

How long have you been  
with Morton?

Two years.

Why don't you go  
back to school?

They don't start  
construction on an area  
until I confirm that there's  
nothing of archeological value.

We're extremely careful.

Why wouldnt you be?

I just wanted you to know  
that we're not taking  
any needless risks.

Matthew, are you sure  
you're not a little  
Jewish up here, huh?  
You carry your guilt  
like a pro.

I was on the review board.  
The only one that blamed you  
for the accident was you.  
I want you to do a little  
translating for me, Eli.  
That's all I do here.

Look...

are like this.

Receipts. Here...

"how many goats a man traded  
for a woman.

"Who did the well  
belong to. "

Lawyers, accountants,  
even back then, Matthew,  
they were running things.

Feh.

Why don't you take  
a look at this?

A man's limb.

No...

a hand.

It's a hand of a man.

This is very old.  
Older than old.  
The sentence structure  
is just like  
the old tribes.  
Where did you find this?  
Let me show you.  
Seik, hah, no.  
Tempest.  
Rabbi,  
you have a package.  
Thank you, my dear.  
I keep the battery companies  
in business,  
forgetting to turn  
this thing off.  
They make them that turn off  
when you stop talking.  
Yeah, well, who trusts  
technology, huh?  
Ah, perfect timing.  
You know, I have  
a confession to make.  
I know Sumerian symbols  
like what I had  
for breakfast.  
But when it comes  
to ancient Hebrew,  
to say Im rusty  
is being kind.  
"And the great flood shall  
destroy them. "  
You getting  
anything yet, doc?  
Something, Mickey.  
Looks like that movie with the three  
kids that get lost in the woods.  
Wouldn't his guts  
be all dried up?  
His guts, for the most  
part anyway,  
are in those oversized  
Canopic jars over there.  
They probably replaced

all of his organs  
with herbs, maybe leaves  
or talismans.  
That's the fascinating thing  
about this mummy.  
It's more like  
an Egyptian mummy  
than anything ever found  
on this continent.  
That's the fascinating  
thing,  
not that it's the size  
of a truck?  
Yeah, that, too.  
Wait a second!  
Mickey, go back, slowly.  
Hang on, it's stuck.  
All right, let me focus.  
Oh, my god.  
Are those people?  
The camera is too low  
to be in his stomach.  
I'm assuming we're not  
looking at his last meal.  
Pharaohs often had  
servants buried with them  
in their tombs.  
It looks like  
these are posed.  
Mickey, where are we  
in relationship to his organs?  
I'm guessing probably  
around his right kidney.  
That's what I thought.  
It looks like they're actually  
positioned as the kidneys themselves.  
I think you'll find more bodies  
in the lungs and the heart.  
As I read the letter  
that you sent me  
I realize  
I love you so  
but I know...  
I'm goin' away now...

Why, oh, why can't  
you see I miss you?  
I'm not in the mood  
to play around here.  
I said, I'm not gonna  
screw around!  
Ugly s. o. b., isn't he?  
I don't know.  
I'd say when he was alive  
he was pretty good-looking.  
Most Acromegalics  
have distorted features.  
The bones keep growing  
while the rest of them stops.  
This guy's  
pretty proportionate.  
Most what?  
Acromegalics...  
people who suffer  
from gigantism.  
Eli, why do you think  
no one ever  
came across one  
of these things?  
Is your grandmother alive?  
What?  
Your grandmother, I assume  
she's passed on, yes?  
Yeah, when I was a kid.  
Well, if,  
and I mean no offense,  
if you were  
to exhume her body now,  
from her nice  
do you think you would  
find much of her left?  
No.  
Well, our friend here has  
been buried in the ground  
for over 50 centuries,  
not to mention,  
he seems to be  
on the wrong continent.  
I'm surprised we found

one at all.

Excuse me, Mr. Morton.

Gus has got a couple of guys  
from each drill team ready.

They're just outside if  
you want to talk to them.

I'll be right there.

Eli, you made a good point  
about my granny,  
but Ive seen dinosaur bones  
closer to

What do you say  
to that?

I was hoping you  
wouldn't think of that.

What's going on?

Joseph is missing.

I don't know.

He left his house wide  
open. Lights are on.

They found his knife  
about 30 feet

from the front door  
by that new mustang.

Listen up, we're  
running out of daylight.

Joseph wasn't the kind  
of guy

who would go off  
in a drunk and disappear.

Maybe he got sick  
or something

or disoriented.

These hills are honeycombed  
with all sorts of caves  
and tunnels.

Stay on your toes.

If you spot something,  
radio back to Gus.

I'm going with jerry up  
in the 'copter.

Never seen them  
move so fast.

They must really be

worried about Joseph.  
No, whoever finds him first  
gets a case of beer.  
Oh.  
He's their friend.  
Come on, matt.  
That's Joseph.  
He's probably the best friend  
any of them ever had.  
That's why  
I didn't offer a keg.  
Mickey, we'll help  
you look for him.  
Oh, I didn't know  
you were a drinker.  
Where are the police?  
Why arent they out here?  
Well, you have to go  
to find somebody who wasn't  
a part-time sheriff.  
Morton likes to keep everything  
in the family, anyway.  
He's probably just worried  
about Joseph mouthing off,  
even after he gave him  
a little bonus.  
What bonus?  
I paid off a couple of guys  
to keep their traps shut,  
so they wouldnt be yakking  
about jumbo.  
He trusts us so we  
didn't get squat.  
There's a ravine up here.  
It's the remnants  
of the old Ohio stone quarry.  
I doubt Joseph came  
out this far.  
But we oughta  
keep looking.  
Matt. Matt.  
Matt.  
I was just trying  
to tell you to slow down.

Gus, come in, Gus.

Andy, Gus here.

Go ahead.

Trouble. Me and Pete was checking out these caves over at site 3.

He's gone now.

Gone? What do you mean, gone?

I went to take a leak, and I heard Pete shouting.

By the time I was back at the truck, he was gone.

I can be there in a couple of minutes. Tell him to sit tight.

You shouldn't have been taking a leak.

Hang on. Pete may show up anytime.

We'll be right there.

Andy!

Blood.

Somebody else was here besides Pete and Andy.

Looks like Andys radio.

Guess Joseph wasn't the only one

who walked away.

Andy!

Is this some kind of protest group or something?

Who knows? Morton's made a lot of enemies along the way.

Could be some rival construction company, too.

Hey, guys!

Hey, guys!

Quit moving around!

Yeah, I knew growing up with older sisters

would pay off some day.

I'm afraid I might have nicked up your tire iron.

Hope we don't get a flat on the way back.

Charles,  
this is Gus here.  
Did you find Joseph?  
Negatory.  
As a matter of fact, another  
two of them went missing.  
What, missing?  
Well, we got a situation  
here, Charles.  
Damn it. I'll get some men  
out there right away. Out.  
All right, out.  
Didn't sound too happy.  
I don't think thats  
our biggest problem.  
Oh, yeah!  
Matt, they took Mickey.  
You look like hell.  
We were attacked out there.  
Then they just vanished while  
we were looking for Mickey.  
This is way too big for us  
to handle by ourselves.  
I agree. What's this?  
It's my resignation,  
and a copy of what  
Im telling the police  
about what happened  
with Mickey and the others.  
I've already called in someone  
to take care of this.  
He's number one  
in the security business.  
He'll be here  
tomorrow morning.  
We don't need the police.  
We don't need the police?  
Four people are missing,  
Charles.  
I've been down  
that road before.  
I'm not risking anybody  
else's life for anything.  
Well, the police wouldn't



do anything  
that we're not doing,  
except shut us down.  
Is that what this is about,  
the project?  
What do you think's  
going to happen  
when the bureau of land  
management guys come down here  
to talk about our 42-foot  
mummy that's under wraps?  
You haven't told  
them yet, have you?  
You told me you'd call them so that  
I could do a proper study this time.  
I've got ten years in  
negotiating the land rights  
for this resort  
and two years  
with architectural planning.  
Matt...  
this resort  
is worth millions.  
Think of how many jobs we'll  
provide. Look at Las Vegas.  
It's not worth it.  
We don't know if Mickey  
and Joseph are even alive.  
Give me the weekend.  
You can keep looking for them.  
If we haven't  
found the men,  
Ill go to the police  
with you.  
Charles, if it was  
anybody else,  
Id tell them  
to shove the whole thing,  
but you've always  
been square with me.  
You got till Monday,  
but we gotta find them.  
In essence, this tablet  
confirms my thoughts.

This mummy is one  
of the Nephilim,  
the fallen ones.  
They were the offspring  
of fallen angels  
and human women.  
That had to be  
one hard pregnancy.  
This one's father was  
a leader of his kind,  
a destroyer.  
I have not been able  
to decipher his name as yet,  
but he is one of the angels  
that god sent to destroy Sodom,  
the wicked city of sin that  
sprang up in the desert.  
I thought you might  
reconsider, Mr. Morton.  
Sounds to me as if you have two  
security issues to contend with.  
Your missing workers  
and the discovery you eluded to.  
My price would reflect that.  
Good. As long  
as that's understood.  
I'll be there tomorrow.  
The tablet also  
depicts a prophecy.  
It shows the return  
of the destroyer.  
We're hitting granite.  
Should we get another bit?  
No, thanks, we're done.  
Mickey's skinny, but I don't  
think he'd fit in there.  
I'm just trying to get some handle  
on the stability of this ground.  
That cave you showed me didn't  
go more than ten feet back.  
If those guys appeared and  
disappeared like you said...  
what do you mean "if"?  
They have to have

gone somewhere.

Maybe there's a cave

or a tunnel,

and we're just

not finding it.

Or they could just

be magic.

Thanks.

If we're hitting rock this  
dense at this shallow depth,

we're not going to

find any tunnels.

I'll get some sonar imaging

gear out here tomorrow.

Can you help me with it

in the morning?

Sure.

What?

It's like you said,

magic.

We should get out of here.

It's not safe.

I'm not home.

That's a pretty horse.

Thanks.

My dad gave him to me.

You still want me to help

you with that sonar gear?

Yeah.

When you weren't here at 7:00,

I just went for my ride.

I thought you said...

that's right... you

**did say 7:**

No biggie.

Thanks.

Just give me a sec.

Look, I, uh...

I wanted to

say I was sorry

for the way I acted

the other day.

I, um...

I felt like I  
was losing control.  
I usually show up  
on time, too.  
It's okay. It's your turn  
to be scatterbrained.  
You're a cancer.  
You know...  
your sign.  
How did you know  
I was a cancer?  
I looked at your file.  
Made it a hobby.  
Look, astrology.  
June 24th, cancer...  
you're governed by the moon  
and since it's gonna do a little  
peek-a-boo show day after tomorrow,  
it's your turn  
to be a flake.  
There's going to be  
a lunar eclipse?  
Yup, time for crazies  
to get crazier,  
would-be suicides to jump  
and cancers to go  
a little gaga.  
If my aunt were here,  
she'd pray for your soul.  
Pentecostals don't go in  
for the divining.  
Good thing I left my Ouija  
board and tea leaves inside.  
It could be worse. I could  
have been raised Baptist.  
No card playing,  
and they believe that  
pre-marital sex will lead  
to drinking beer  
and dancing.  
Well, I do drink beer  
every now and then.  
And Ive always wanted  
to learn how to dance.

I thought you were going to  
be up here a little bit earlier.  
Sorry, Gus, I got  
the time wrong.  
No problem. I know how it is  
with you cancers around this time.  
So who all did you tell about  
this flaky cancer thing?  
Nobody, I swear.  
The transmit button was on  
on the radio.  
Anybody listening on channel 2  
got all the early morning chitchat,  
and by the way, when are you  
taking that girl dancing?  
You want to give me a hand?  
Matt! Matt!  
Was this in my fortune?  
How could this have happened?  
Nobody walked passed me,  
miss Barstow, I swear.  
For crying out loud,  
Dennis,  
it's not like he walked out  
the front door.  
Nobody's blaming you  
for anything, Dennis.  
None of these markings were  
on any of the cover stones.  
Oh, my god.  
We just found out.  
This is not good,  
Matthew.  
Morton is going to  
be pissed.  
Not good at all.  
I'm Raphael Ammon.  
Angela Barstow,  
structural engineer.  
Are you all right,  
miss Barstow?  
I'm... Im fine.  
She's fine.  
She's a little dehydrated.

She went horseback riding  
today. Matt Fletcher.  
The archeologist.  
You must be  
the super rent-a-cop.  
My team is already deployed  
in the hills  
surrounding the valley.  
Mr. Ammon insisted on coming here  
before we even took him to his quarters.  
He's on it, matt.  
Good.  
'Cause there's  
somebody else missing.  
There, try it now.  
Same thing.  
The tone only goes down  
about eight feet,  
and the sonar shows a solid mass  
of rock for at least another five.  
Hoping the rock  
was an illusion?  
Your spit would  
pass through solid stone?  
Trying to hit a spider.  
So how did a 42-foot tall,  
of here with nobody noticing?  
You left out, dead.  
A dead giant mummy.  
Somebody had to take him.  
You've had the time you requested.  
Mr. Ammon wants you out so  
we can make our inspection.  
You can tell Ammon to wait.  
We're not finished.  
You can tell me yourself,  
Mr. Fletcher.  
My response  
would be the same.  
Matthew.  
Please leave... now.  
What's your deal, mister?  
You push us around.  
You've been here all day,

and I don't think  
your people are looking  
for any of our missing men.  
Matthew, don't.  
Listen to the old man.  
You listen to me.  
Don't push.  
I know these kind.  
They push back hard.  
Something doesn't  
smell right.  
I'm sorry, miss Barstow,  
but we need to do  
our own assessment.  
Your crew can  
come back tomorrow.  
Of course.  
I'm sorry about matt.  
He's just worried  
about the workers.  
No harm done.  
I assure you.  
Thank you, thank you,  
my lord.  
Yours is the honor.  
My son hasn't eaten  
in Avery,  
very long time.  
No!  
But you healed me.  
My son is a hunter.  
He wouldn't eat  
wounded prey.  
He has  
to kill it himself.  
Shalom.  
I'm sorry, sir,  
there's no admittance.  
Oh, I understand that  
rules exist for a reason,  
but I left  
my Tallith inside.  
Tallith...  
it's a prayer shawl,

and a rabbi  
without a prayer shawl  
is just a Schmendrick  
in a funny hat, huh?  
Oh, not a sharp  
young fellow  
with a hat like yours.  
Nice hat.  
Go ahead.  
Rabbi, make it quick.  
Thank you.  
I had to reconfirm  
what I had seen this morning.  
Matthew was right.  
These markings are different.  
They give the time  
of the prophecy's  
fulfillment.  
"When the hand of man  
reveals the Nephilim  
"from the earth,  
"and the moon  
has been eclipsed,  
"the fallen angel  
"who spawned this creature  
"will return,  
"and his name is Ammon. "  
Ammon.  
You're really  
quite good, rabbi.  
I doubt there are half  
a dozen men alive  
who could translate  
this text.  
It is what I do.  
Raphael Ammon?  
So you are...  
the same.  
Ammon the destroyer,  
Abodan.  
The angel of death.  
Yeah, I know  
who you are,  
and frankly,



it scares the hell  
out of me.  
You won't feel a thing.  
You're going to  
kill me then?  
Yes.  
Would you grant me  
one request?  
Rabbi, if you're going to  
ask me not to kill you...  
oh, no, no, it's not...  
I- I thought of that,  
but no.  
Tell me how you  
fell from grace.  
You're serious.  
Because god chose  
you over us.  
I was prideful.  
He forbid our mating  
with the daughters of man.  
Once, I loved a woman.  
God destroyed the world  
by flood,  
killing my brothers  
and our offspring.  
But you hid one  
of them here.  
Four were buried,  
spread to the four  
corners of the earth,  
out of reach of god's  
earthly followers.  
How did you survive?  
I left.  
There was a place  
in hell for me,  
sanctuary in the pit  
of darkness.  
When I returned,  
I wanted god's favor.  
I sought out the most  
sinful city in the land,  
and I burned it

to the ground.  
Sodom.  
And he scoffed,  
named me  
the "penitent angel. "  
In my anger,  
I corrupted the daughters  
of one  
of his most righteous.  
You remind me  
of lot, rabbi.  
He knew not  
to push me as well.  
Not like his foolish wife.  
As they hid in a  
cave while Sodom burned,  
I convinced his daughters  
to get him drunk  
and sleep with him,  
to carry on the line.  
God hates incest.  
I also knew his youngest  
daughter, Rachel, that night,  
in the biblical sense.  
But her son was human.  
Prophecy bound me.  
No more giants,  
until one of you  
dug up my son.  
Tonight...  
I will mate  
with Angela,  
on the site  
and we will begin anew.  
Angela?  
Why not some harlot  
in an alley,  
or a nun in a convent?  
It was her  
in a cave outside Sodom  
and will be again tonight.  
Angela?  
Rachel?  
Her soul?

Her essence.  
Humankind will serve  
my children.  
Out of order  
will come chaos.  
From chaos, death  
and the end of mankind.  
Oh, forgive me.  
I am by no means  
an expert  
on the  
book of revelations,  
but I have often thought  
that the Christians  
had something right  
when they depicted  
the end of the world.  
There is nothing  
that you described in there.  
You are going to fail.  
But, I have to try,  
rabbi.  
It's what I do.  
Fletcher. Get up.  
I didn't know  
it was you.  
The lights are out  
all over the camp.  
Even the backup  
generators are down.  
I know. Something's not right.  
It's loaded.  
Whatever's happening  
isn't normal.  
Yeah.  
Put this around the barrel  
of your gun with this tape.  
If we're lucky,  
the batteries are still going.  
We gotta  
call the police.  
I already tried.  
Our phones are dead. Blackout  
must have taken out our cell tower.

Radio's are still  
working now.  
It's Friday night.  
Most of the men are in town  
drinking up their paychecks.  
Everyone else is going to  
be in their trailers.  
You ready?  
Yeah.  
Okay, let's go.  
What about Angela?  
She'll be fine.  
I told her the same thing.  
Her trailer's probably  
the safest place she could be.  
I'm sorry.  
I was about to knock.  
You scared the hell out  
of me.  
I wanted to check on you... with  
the lights out and everything.  
I'm fine.  
Thank you.  
Did you find out what  
happened to the power?  
My men are working with  
your crew investigating.  
It shouldn't be long now.  
Do you mind if I come in  
and check your generator?  
It's dead.  
I tried it.  
If you wouldn't mind.  
Still dead, Im afraid.  
How could you see anything?  
I have exceptional  
night vision.  
I spend a lot of time  
in the dark.  
Yeah.  
Well, thanks  
for checking on me.  
I'll radio you  
if I have any problems.

You're very beautiful,  
Angela.  
I think you should go.  
The moon will be  
eclipsed soon.  
Let me show you  
the night.  
This is not the way for a woman  
to treat her new husband.  
Where the hell  
are Ammon's men?  
They were here earlier.  
They wouldnt let me in.  
Eli...  
don't you ever  
quit working?  
Eli?  
Eli.  
I'm sorry, matt.  
If I hadn't brought  
him here,  
he'd still be alive.  
It's not your fault.  
Tomorrow we bring  
in the cops,  
the FBI, the whole damned  
army if we have to.  
It's Elis tape recorder.  
It's still recording.  
But I have to  
try, rabbi. It's what I...  
This can't be happening.  
It is.  
Giant mummies,  
fallen angels, all of it.  
Oh, my god. Angela.  
She's not here.  
She left her radio  
on the table.  
Her horse is all  
saddled up  
like she's ready  
to go for a ride.  
We'll find her.

I'm going to try to find Gus  
and some of the other guys.  
I'll meet you back here.  
Ammon said he has to perform  
the ritual during the eclipse.  
That gives us some time.  
Try to stay out of trouble.  
Angela!  
Angela!  
Tell me Im not seeing  
what I think Im seeing.  
It's alive.  
It's an effigy. They're  
mimicking the thing they worship.  
Mickey!  
Doctor... Fletcher.  
Hold on, I almost  
got you loose.  
Where are the others...  
Joseph, Andy and Pete?  
They were sacrificed.  
What do you mean?  
They were eaten.  
Come on.  
Any more of our men  
on that thing?  
No, the rest are all  
Ammons followers.  
That's all I need  
to know. Stay down.  
No problem.  
Hey, over here,  
over here!  
Come on, come on.  
Come on! Come on!  
Fletcher, Mickey filled  
me in on what happened.  
I see you managed  
to stay out of trouble.  
I couldn't find Gus  
or anyone else.  
We gotta find Angela.  
I know where  
Ammons keeping her.

I can show you.  
Okay, you see that?  
It looks like the cave  
dead ends right there.  
But those rocks  
are just shells.  
They pull those things out and climb  
over and pull them in behind them.  
It opens up to a series  
of tunnels.  
So that's how they were able  
to appear and disappear so fast.  
The reservoir is less than  
a half a mile over this hill.  
It's a wonder we didn't cause a  
cave-in when we were blasting.  
Oh, oh, no, no, no,  
no, no, no.  
What is it?  
Run!  
Get your gun.  
I hit it.  
Did you hear it scream?  
I think  
you pissed it off.  
Let's see how well he runs  
after I blow off his damn leg.  
This is nothing.  
I heard them talking.  
He won't be fully restored until  
Ammon consummates the ritual.  
Mickey's right.  
The mummy's only  
going to get stronger.  
It's Ammon we have to stop.  
He's still chasing us,  
so I'm going to keep firing,  
if it's all right with you.  
Okay.  
Where the hell  
did he go?  
What do you mean where did he  
go? He's a 42-foot tall mummy.  
This guy doesn't give up.

Hey, there's Joseph's trailer.  
I got an idea.  
You'd think the son  
of a bitch would leave  
an extra set of keys  
before he up and left town.  
Hey, watch where  
you're goin'!  
Your lights are out,  
you idiot!  
Jerry.  
That's my guy.  
Jerry.  
Hey, hey, hey, over here.  
Yeah, come on.  
I don't believe it.  
I knew that worked  
in cartoons, but, man!  
I'll tell you what...  
that was pretty slick.  
I don't know. Yosemite  
Sam always gets back up.  
You did good kid.  
Yeah, I remembered Joseph had dynamite  
in his trailer, so I went for it.  
Guys... when you  
came running out of that trailer  
with that stick  
of dynamite lit,  
I thought you were  
going to blow us all up.  
I didn't even think about  
that. Wouldn't that have been great?  
Guys!  
What is it, Mickey?  
What's it doing?  
I hadn't gotten  
to shoot anything yet.  
You used all the bullets!  
Give me that thing.  
You gotta learn  
a new way to fight.  
You're telling me.  
Stop messing



with that thing.  
I'm not messing around.  
Nice driving.  
Get in.  
Soon, you will have  
A very special place  
in the world, Rachel.  
I'm not, Rachel.  
You were robbed of it  
so long ago.  
Forced to bear me  
a human son.  
That's why there are cycles...  
to give you another chance.  
You can't.  
When it's all over,  
you will remember  
everything.  
And we will be  
together again.  
We can't have you ruining  
this moment.  
Can we?  
All right,  
we'll get Angela out,  
then we'll blow  
the tunnel.  
I've got enough  
explosives in here  
to bring the whole thing  
down around Ammon's ears.  
Wait, it won't work.  
Think about  
what he told Eli.  
It's the great flood he feared  
would have destroyed him.  
The lake.  
If we blast the top  
of the dam,  
the whole thing  
will collapse.  
I'll blow it.  
Flood the tunnels.  
After we get Angela out.

You did a good job playing  
catch with that giant.  
But what we need here is someone  
who can lay a charge and set a timer.  
I'll do it.  
Clock's ticking, guys.  
Charles.  
What if I can't get her out  
before you flood the tunnels?  
If she's unconscious...  
nobody could have saved  
those men in Mexico, matt.  
You'll be fine.  
Radio me when you get  
Angela out of there.  
It's pretty cool,  
huh, doc?  
How much further?  
I don't know. I was  
drugged most of the time.  
I think were close.  
You won't change  
a thing tonight.  
I have to try.  
I know.  
Okay, don't let him  
touch you.  
I heard his priest talking.  
Until the eclipse is over, he cannot  
hurt you unless he touches you.  
I should have fed you  
to my son.  
Fletcher,  
Im at the reservoir.  
She will make  
a beautiful mother.  
Don't you think?  
You'll never know.  
You're a persistent race.  
I give you that.  
I used to think you  
were simply stupid.  
Oh, we're that, too.  
You can go to hell.

No, thanks,  
Ive been there.  
Mickey, lookout.  
Hey, you stole our gear.  
You should have listened  
to your rabbi friend,  
when he told you not  
to push me, little man.  
I will burn your soul,  
slowly.  
I was going to save you  
for later,  
but Im tired  
of playing games.  
You knew to stay out  
of my reach.  
Mickey, come on,  
you gotta get up.  
Matt.  
You okay? Can you walk?  
Yeah.  
Run, run.  
Now, Charles,  
blow the dam.  
Charles, do you read me?  
Blow the dam.  
Come on, move.  
Charles, blow the  
damn. Angela is clear.  
Oh, oh, no, no, no.  
Keep moving.  
Come on, come on.  
Come on!  
No, what are you doing?  
You're going to die.  
There's not much more  
I can do here.  
If there's anything you need,  
just give me a call.  
Take care.  
We'll follow up  
on this Ammon and his crew.  
But it looks pretty  
obvious to me.

It does?

Well, there were more than a few companies that could benefit if this resort project failed.

My guess is one of those companies hired Ammon to shake things up, flood the works.

Could have been some tree hugger outfit.

They had a nut up in Washington... shot three construction workers last year.

He said he was protecting an owl.

I hadn't thought of that.

You would be surprised at some of the crazy stuff in this world.

Hey, we'll be out here working with you people for a few days to account for everybody, so try to get some rest.

Okay, thanks.

I'm leaning more toward the tree hugger theory.

It was everything I could do not to laugh in their faces.

Did you talk to Gus?

Yeah, he said there must have been quite a little cleanup crew out there last night.

Ammon's followers, I guess.

What do you mean?

Well, you'd never know there was a rampaging giant mummy trashing the camp, for one thing.

He's gone.

So are the little guys.

The rest of the damage looks like it

happened when the helicopter crashed,  
and they're blaming that  
on the blackout.  
What about the caves?  
Well, there's a few million gallons  
of water in the caves right now,  
including where we found  
the mummy in the first place.  
That whole dig  
is underwater.  
It's too much.  
Hey.  
Hey.  
I didn't know you guys  
knew each other that long.  
Pretty much since  
the day I was born.  
He was my father.  
Why didn't he ever  
say anything?  
Because I told him not to.  
'Cause I wanted  
to make it on my own,  
not as the boss's daughter.  
Barstow was  
my mom's maiden name.  
Gus knew...  
and a few others.  
I'm so sorry.  
Don't be.  
Daddy knew exactly  
what he was doing.  
He always did.  
If I thought it  
would bring him back,  
or any of the others,  
I'd tell the cops  
everything I know.  
I know.  
if we told  
them the truth,  
we'd wind up  
in matching padded cells.  
Let's get some air.

It'll take at least a year to get  
the dam back to where we had it.  
You're going to rebuild it?  
What about you?  
I've been thinking.  
Ammon said they buried four  
of the giants in the ground,  
spread to the four corners  
of the earth.  
Scholars differ as to where  
the mythical four corners are.  
I'd like to find them.  
Sounds like work.  
We'd have to find them and destroy  
them before anybody else did.  
Now if a fella wanted  
to excavate, find  
and destroy them,  
he'd need a pretty good...  
engineer working  
with him.  
Gus could run  
the show here.  
Sounds like dangerous work.  
Well, I wouldn't want you to  
do anything you didn't want to.  
I'm not saying  
I don't want to.  
I'm just saying  
that  
we might need  
to drink a few beers  
and dance a little just  
to break things up.  
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