

A sea breeze WHISPERS beneath the CLACKING of rock on rock.

FADE IN:

HANDS that work for a living stack stones in a foundation.

ANGUS MCMANUS (30s), a strong, focused man with long reddish hair and a thick beard pauses to make sure his stonework is even. He checks his plumb line, taps the stones with a mallet. Now they're even. Nods.

SUPER: SCOTLAND, EARLY ELEVENTH CENTURY

EXT. HILL ABOVE ENDERBY - DAY

Angus toils on a grassy hill above the coastal village of ENDERBY, a few dozen sod cottages surrounding a square.

A woman approaches.

GLENNIS
Honorin' yerself, are ya, Angus
McManus?

GLENNIS MACDONALD (late 20s) is a Scottish beauty who appears fully capable of handling herself.

ANGUS
Your tongue is sharp, Glennis
MacDonald.

He stands, feigning reproach.

GLENNIS
It's why ya favor me.

He pulls her to him and they kiss.

ANGUS
One o' the reasons.
(indicating the stones)
We'll build our home here, have our
children, grow old together.

GLENNIS
Up here? They'll think we're
puttin' on airs, Angus.

ANGUS
None who matter would think that.
And I like the view of the sea.

Angus brushes his fingertips across his cheek.

GLENNIS
Ya always do that when there's
somethin' on your mind.
(smile fades)
Do ya hafta go? I'm afraid.

ANGUS

You're never afraid, lass. We both know the Norse need remindin' this is Scotland.

From his pocket he takes a small GOLDEN ORB on a leather strap and places it around her neck.

ANGUS

This is only for the McManus clan. 'Tis yours now, Glenny.

GLENNIS

We're not yet married, Angus.

ANGUS

On my return we'll change that.

Angus also wears a leather necklace holding a two-inch GOLD SCOTTISH DIRK. Glennis touches the dirk with a devilish grin.

GLENNIS

Maybe ya should give me your dirk. Ya always say I'm the fighter.

ANGUS

First born McManus men have always worn the dirk. It's how it 'tis.

She rolls the orb in her hand. The size of a quail egg, its design is filigreed with RED SPARKS twinkling from within.

GLENNIS

What's that fire?

ANGUS

The magic. It's said to have power over time itself.

INT. ORB - CONTINUOUS

ZOOMING TO THE CENTER OF THE ORB, a tiny glowing RED CRYSTAL ROD emits a burst of ruby light every few seconds.

GLENNIS (O.S.)

You come back to me my love.

ANGUS (O.S.)

Nothin' can keep me from ya.

DEEP INSIDE the crystal rod, ATOMS form a shimmering PORTAL. Angus's last words echo then fade as the portal leads to a tunnel of blue-green plasma...

WORMHOLE - CONTINUOUS

...a *WORMHOLE*, a conduit through time and space.

Then, another VOICE, Scottish burr, old, perhaps ancient, a gray eminence that assures with steadfast conviction...

TREGORIN (V.O.)
 How this sparkling trinket came to
 hold the future of humankind is a
 tale spanning a thousand winters.

SPACE/TIME - CONTINUOUS

The trip through the wormhole propels us out to the heavens as stars and galaxies become Doppler-shifted smears.

TREGORIN (V.O.)
 The magic of the Old Ones slips the
 bonds of time to join the past and
 the future.
 (then, with great weight)
 A necessity if good is to triumph.
 But now it rests with the winds of
 fate to decide.

The journey slows, coming FULL CIRCLE in the time continuum as the bluish planet ahead comes into sharp focus: EARTH.

The MOON hangs nearby in space, three quarters lit.

North America is recognizable, most of it in darkness.

We plummet to the Caribbean Sea...

EXT. THE CARIBBEAN - NIGHT

...as moonbeams dance on the gentle water.

SUPER: ONE THOUSAND YEARS LATER

Horizon lights become the OCEAN LINER *Queen of the Seas*.

INT. QUEEN OF THE SEAS BRIDGE - NIGHT

A JUNIOR OFFICER (22) peers through wire-rims into binoculars, eyeing a distant TRAWLER. The FIRST OFFICER in his DRESS UNIFORM lounges in a swivel chair.

FIRST OFFICER
 Still "acting suspiciously?"

This elicits condescending chuckles from the other OFFICERS.

JUNIOR OFFICER
 I'm just wondering why they're
 running dark. Sir.

FIRST OFFICER
Not everyone's lit like a Christmas
tree, Mr. Dowd.

The CAPTAIN, also in his dress uni, enters. The men snap-to.

CAPTAIN
Mr. Nealon, ready to make vapid
dinner conversation?

The First Officer looks back as they exit.

FIRST OFFICER
When Captain Hook comes aboard,
send him to the main dining room.
We'll save a seat for him.

The Junior Officer ignores the chuckles, keeps his binoculars
glued on the dark trawler a few miles across the sea.

INT. TRAWLER BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

A different pair of binoculars lower to reveal ARKAN PRINCIP
(40s), the hatred in his eyes as distinct as their color.

PRINCIP
(Serbian)
Now.

EXT. SEA, SIDE OF TRAWLER - MOMENTS LATER

TWO ZODIACS push off, electric motors whirring. EACH equipped
identically: ten armed MEN in black and a large FOOTLOCKER.

INT. QUEEN OF THE SEAS, COMMUNICATIONS CENTER - NIGHT

A RADAR OPERATOR stares at his screen.

RADAR OPERATOR
That's weird.

The COMM OFFICER, eating a bag of chips, steps over.

COMM OFFICER
What?

RADAR OPERATOR
Two surface contacts closing at
five knots, six hundred yards out.
Should we call the bridge?

The Comm Officer glances at the screen, shakes his head.

COMM OFFICER
Whales. They like ships.

INT. QUEEN OF THE SEAS, FORMAL DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The Captain and First Officer arrive at a table. The guests, including a darkly handsome MAN in a white TUX, acknowledge them. Tux Man checks his watch, excuses himself.

INT. DINING ROOM LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Tux Man passes the rest rooms, steps into an elevator.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Tux Man pulls a small spray can, paints the camera. Inserts a key card, undresses to reveal a crew uniform underneath.

INT. PASSAGEWAY, LOWER LEVEL - MOMENTS LATER

Tux Man rushes past a SIGN -- *Restricted Area: Crew Only.*

INT. CARGO LOADING BAY - MOMENTS LATER

He uses tools to run a bypass at the cargo door control.

INT. QUEEN OF THE SEAS BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

An OFFICER notices the warning light blink, then go out...

INT. CARGO LOADING BAY - CONTINUOUS

...as Tux Man cuts the alarm, hits a button and the big hydraulic cargo door opens, revealing the two Zodiacs.

He tosses down a wide Jacob's ladder. The men clamber aboard, hauling up the two heavy footlockers.

A CREWMAN enters, goes for an alarm, gets shot.

INT. SHIP'S MASTER CONTROL - MOMENTS LATER

Two RAIDERS shoot the TECHNICIAN. One swaps out motherboards as the other keys a laptop listing the ship's systems.

COMPUTER SERB
(Serbian, into walkie)
She's ours.

INT. GANGWAY - CONTINUOUS

Princip rushes upstairs with his armed contingent.

PRINCIP
(into walkie)
Perfect.
(then)
All teams, one minute.

INT. KEEL LEVEL CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

Several Serbs throw open the footlockers. They're full of Semtex high explosive and bundles of ORANGE DETONATOR CORD.

INT. DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The lights go out, leaving only candlelight. A murmur rises as the Captain and First Officer jump up to investigate.

EXT. SHIP - NIGHT

As blocks of lights go out all over the ship WE BEGIN FLYING AWAY from the vessel.

Cries of panic and confusion soften as the gulf widens and Princip's thick-accented PA VOICE resonates.

PRINCIP (O.S.)
(filtered)
I am Arkan Princip, a Serbian
patriot. You are now my prisoners.
Resistance will result in death to
the offender plus fifty more--

His VOICE FADES as the ship becomes a speck in the vast sea. The flight continues as night transitions to dawn, revealing

EXT. SEA - DAWN

...another sea, a frigid expanse of whitecaps. Coming into view, a COASTLINE similar to where we met Angus and Glennis.

EXT. SCOTTISH COASTLINE - DAWN

A vista of rugged mountains tumble to a tranquil shoreline.

Following the shore, waves lap a muddy beach.

The soft tide is marred by a red stain, followed by a floating HEADLESS BODY, clutching a primitive pitchfork.

More CORPSES appear, human driftwood in ancient clothes.

EXT. COASTAL VILLAGE - MORNING

A dozen LONGSHIPS unload VIKINGS who savage the village in a red-misted fury.

EXT. LONGSHIP - SAME

Vikings pass bowls of hallucinogenic mushroom stew.

These are the ferocious BERSERKERS. Larger than average Vikings, their bear skin coats and wolf head helmets add a sinister quality to their already fearsome appearance.

EXT. VILLAGE - SAME

FOUR NORSEMEN hack off a VILLAGER'S feet, douse him in oil, light him, and laugh as the fireball writhes.

An arrow flies from nowhere and mercifully kills him. The angry Vikings look for the archer.

EXT. KNOLL ABOVE VILLAGE - CONTINUOUS

But he's behind a berm on the knoll. A shaken Angus lowers his bow but there's no time for sorrow. He draws his sword, turns to a handful of SCOTS.

ANGUS
Ya ready, lads?

Young ANDREW hesitates.

ANDREW
Angus, God spare us, they're
Berserkers.

Angus nods with the quiet strength that inspires his men.

ANGUS
Aye, and we're Scots.

CONOR (20s) peers over the berm.

CONOR
There's six score o' the bastards.

ANGUS
(winks)
Then we have 'em outnumbered.

EWAN McMANUS (22), a less seasoned version of older brother Angus, holds out his hand, palm down.

EWAN
For all Scots.

The men stack their hands. Angus nods proudly then jumps up and runs toward the battle. The men follow.

EXT. VILLAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Angus and Ewan are spectacular fighters, slaying every Viking they encounter.

THREE VIKINGS corner a MAN trying to save his WIFE. As they close in, Angus, Conor and Ewan attack and kill them.

A Viking RAM'S HORN SOUNDS and everyone looks up. The sight strikes such terror a number of village men flee.

EXT. ROOG'S LONGSHIP - CONTINUOUS

A HUGE LONGSHIP is arriving, its figurehead a snarling dragon's head. The HERALD gives another horn blast.

Beside the figurehead is KING ROOG, a seven-foot muscled giant wearing a bear head helmet instead of a mere wolf.

Roog devours a handful of mushrooms. His eyes radiate fury. The scars on his beardless face tell many war stories.

He bellows a Runic poem to inspire his men.

ROOG
(Norse)
*God with one hand
Grief of the doomed
Destroyer of temples*

Roog unsheaths a huge, gleaming razor-edged broadsword.

ROOG
Woe to the enemies of Odin.

They strike their chests. WHUMP! In unison, bellow a war cry.

EXT. VILLAGE - MORNING

Angus and his men fight their way toward Roog's longship.

EXT. ROOG'S LONGSHIP - SAME

Angus, Ewan, Conor and Andrew board Roog's boat. The battle is on. Roog swings his sword through Andrew's middle. The stunned, bisected, but-still-intact lad drops his sword.

ANDREW
Angus...

Roog smiles, taps Andrew's chest, sending his torso tumbling over his still standing lower half. The legs crumple.

Angus confronts Roog, who snorts derisively, but when their swords clash, Roog is surprised by Angus's power. Roog grazes Angus who comes back even harder.

It appears Angus might actually defeat Roog when Ewan is cornered by TWO VIKINGS and lets out a YELL.

Angus makes a fateful choice. He kills one of Ewan's attackers while Ewan kills the other. Roog sees his chance and RUNS Angus THROUGH with five feet of Norse steel.

EWAN
Angus!

Dying, Angus rips off his DIRK NECKLACE, tosses it to Ewan.

ANGUS
Run little brother... RUN!

TWO VIKINGS close on Ewan. Ewan and Angus exchange a last forlorn glance. Ewan kills one of the Vikings and leaps off the boat, while Conor engages the other.

Impaled on Roog's sword, Angus spits in his face.

ANGUS
(Norse)
Do your worst, you heathen bastard.

Roog yanks up on the sword, gutting Angus, then hefts him over his head.

ROOG
Go meet your one God, small man.

He hurls Angus into the sea. Roog turns to find a brave but scared shitless Conor, sword high.

CONOR
(Norse)
Ready to die?

Roog raises his colossal blade as if to swat a fly.

EXT. SEA - CONTINUOUS

Angus's relief over Ewan's escape is followed by terrible loss as he coughs blood and slips beneath the waves.

INT. BEDROOM, CONTEMPORARY WORLD - EARLY MORNING

A sleeping man awakens, yells

MACE
Glenny!

...and bolts upright, jolted by the nightmare. MASON "MACE" MacASKILL (35) is sweat-soaked, gasping for air. Despite the military-spec grooming, give Mace a beard, different hair and eye color, and he could be Angus's twin.

The pretty YOUNG WOMAN next to him jumps up, quickly dresses.

ASHLEY
Three times yelling out another girl's name? My bar's too low. No more than two from here on. I'm breaking up with you.

MACE
Ashley, I have no idea who--

She zips her skirt, pauses.

ASHLEY
 Strange, you never yelled her name
 during sex.

Grabs her purse, heads to the door.

ASHLEY
 You and this Glenny should go on
 Dr. Phil, resolve your issues.
 (slams door)

MACE
 (to the door)
 Right. Phil, meet the figment of my
 imagination. Figment, meet Phil.

His apartment features an array of Scottish paraphernalia. He
 puts on a necklace holding what looks like a WELL AGED
 VERSION of the Scottish DIRK Angus threw to Ewan.

Grabs a bra hanging off a chair as his cell phone RINGS.

MACE
 Yes, Ashley, you can have it ba--

Caller ID: SPECOPS. Not who he was expecting.

MACE
 This is Major MacAskill.
 (listens)
 Yes, sir. I'll have the team
 assembled by oh-six-thirty.
 (Hangs up, redials)

INT. TRASK BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

RUSSELL TRASK (39), African-American, in bed next to his
 WIFE, snoring softly. His cell BUZZES on the nightstand.

TRASK
 Goddammit.
 (answers)
 It's four fucking fifty-five.

MACE
 Rise and shine, T, get your
 slippers on, make some coffee.

TRASK
 Don't say it, don't say it.

MACE
 Show time.

TRASK
 I told you not to say it.

EXT. LINER, QUEEN OF THE SEAS - DAY

Circling above the liner. Nobody in sight.

EXT./INT. LINER - DAY

Drifting through the seeming ghost ship, pools, walkways, deck chairs, volleyball courts, climbing walls. EMPTY.

EXT. PROMENADE DECK - DAY

Yet under the huge crescent awning are SEVERAL HUNDRED HOSTAGES, including the Junior Officer and First Officer.

Orange detonator cord is snaked around the necks of 12 TERRIFIED PASSENGERS. Princip holds the detonator.

Nearby are TWO more such GROUPS of 12, a button from death.

INT. KEEL LEVEL CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

Princip's men pack the explosives against the hull. One pushes a blasting cap into the putty-like Semtex, presses a detonator button: the GREEN light turns YELLOW.

EXPLOSIVES MAN
(Serbian, into walkie)
The beast is alive.

EXT. PROMENADE DECK - CONTINUOUS

Tux Man acknowledges into his walkie, hands Princip a GRAY FOB that looks like a car clicker.

TUX MAN
Remember, yellow button arms, red
button (raises eyebrows) poof.

VIDEO CAMERA POV shows the hundreds of hostages. The CAMERA OPERATOR nods, Princip begins speaking

...as the video transmission goes down the line from the ship's satellite uplink to...

PRINCIP
(on video)
Our former commander and patriot,
the great General Radoslan Lukovo--

EXT. - THE PENTAGON - CONTINUOUS

Establishing shot.

INT. CAC, THE PENTAGON - CONTINUOUS

...the Current Actions Center (CAC), an intelligence hub. At a conference table the SECRETARY OF STATE, MILITARY BRASS, and CRUISE EXECS watch Princip on a wall-sized screen.

PRINCIP

(on video)

--was unjustly tried and convicted
as a "war criminal" by cowards.
Tomorrow, those dogs will murder
him to cover their lies. As you
see, I too hold captives. I execute
twelve at a time if the general is
not freed on my terms.

The video camera pans the 3 sets of 12 hostages.

PRINCIP

The cord around their necks is
explosive. Slow to meet my demands?
(throat cutting gesture)
Twelve heads come off.

The camera wanders over the crowd of stricken faces.

PRINCIP

As you see, I kill first thirty-
six? *Many* more to take their place.

Princip's face fills the video frame for effect.

PRINCIP

(shows wireless detonator)
Fail to meet my demands, this
detonates two hundred kilos of
Semtex and we *all* die. General
Lukovo is to be released now. First
demand is I speak with my general.
You have ten minutes.

EXT. PROMENADE DECK - CONTINUOUS

PRINCIP

I demonstrate my sincerity.

Princip scans the passengers, stops on a fuming YOUNG MAN.

PRINCIP

Him.

The man's GIRLFRIEND screams as a GUNMAN blasts him over the
railing into the sea.

INT. CAC, THE PENTAGON - CONTINUOUS

A collective GASP as Princip leans to the camera.

PRINCIP

(on video)

That young man learned I do not
bluff. You too will learn this.
(off watch)
Nine minutes forty seconds.

The screen goes black. The CRUISE CHAIRMAN is shaken.

CHAIRMAN

All I care about is my passengers
and crew. Give them whatever the
hell they want. Mister Secretary?

The Secretary rises, heads to the door.

SECRETARY OF STATE

Get the minister of Kosovo on the
line, have them get Lukovo, calm
this man down.

(pauses at the door)

We'll give them what they want...
for now.

EXT. LINER, MIDSHIPS DECK, PORT - DAY

A MAN with a machine gun smokes and watches the sea.

EXT. LINER, MIDSHIPS DECK, STARBOARD - DAY

On the opposite side, another armed WATCHMAN keeps his eyes
on the ocean, sips from a Coke can, fiddles with his iPod.

EXT. SEA, BEHIND LINER - CONTINUOUS

Neither guard sees the slight periscope wake of the 65-foot
SEAL MINISUB following them.

INT. MINISUB - CONTINUOUS

A mixed DELTA FORCE/SEAL counter-terrorism team preps.

Watching the cruise ship on the monitor is sub pilot and ship
assault expert SEAL Petty Officer KAREN YOSHIDA, aka "Yoshi"
(early 30s), ONE OF THE TEAM'S TWO WOMEN;

Beside Yoshi is her navigator, co-pilot, and demolitionist
SEAL Petty Officer BRET LAKE (mid-20s);

Behind them on her LAPTOP is intel/comm specialist, DELTA 2nd
Lt. LIZ KIMBROUGH (late 20s), African-American.

LAKE

(winks at Yoshi)

Hey, Kimbrough? A SEAL and a Delta
go to the head--

(everyone groans)

Trask, team medic and no bullshit DELTA Sergeant Major has
his eyes closed, a novel propped on his chest.

TRASK

I'm gettin' sick of that joke.

KIMBROUGH
 (doesn't look up)
 Originality, Lake, originality.

LAKE
 I tell it before?

Eyeing the monitor behind Yoshi and Lake is Mace.

MACE
 Lake, you're too young to have
 Alzheimer's. Panama. Last month.

TRASK
 That oil rig in Kazakhstan the
 month before.

YOSHI
 You stole it from that movie. The
 one with, uh--

LAKE
 Ben Affleck?

MACE
 No. It was--

KIMBROUGH
 Samuel L. Jackson.

YOSHI
 Yeah, that one.

DELTA SSG. IGNACIO, aka "IGGY" (33), slaps a clip in his
 sniper rifle.

IGGY
 Leave Lake alone. SEALs are only
 issued one joke when they re-up.

LAKE
 Thanks, Ig.

Trask notices Mace glancing anxiously out the porthole.

TRASK
 May have some swimmin' on this gig?

Mace shoots him a mildly irritated look.

LAKE
 Yeah, what's with that, major? How
 come you don't like getting wet?

MACE
 Don't know about you but I find it
 hard to breathe underwater. It's
 why I went Delta instead of SEALs.

YOSHI
 (into comset)
 Yes, sir. Hold, please.
 (to Mace)
 Major, it's Opcom, channel four.

Mace nods to Kimbrough, they switch their comset channels.

MACE
 (into comset)
 This is MacAskill. Yes, sir. Uh
 huh. Yes, sir. Understood.

Mace clicks off. He and Kimbrough exchange a look.

MACE
 At least twenty hostiles. This is
 gonna be C.Q.B. so stay frosty.

IGGY
 Hoo-ah.

KIMBROUGH
 Add two hundred keys of Semtex.

YOSHI
 Shit howdy. That'd make some noise.

MACE
 Let's make sure it doesn't. Where's
 the party?

Yoshi touch scrolls over the liner's satellite image.

YOSHI
 Keyhole's useless. Kimbrough, task
 an NRO bird for heat sigs.

Her COMPUTER shows clusters of orange heat signatures.

KIMBROUGH
 Jackpot. Got random pockets of
 hostages, but the varsity pep
 rally's on promenade, deck five,
 under a big awning.

YOSHI
 I need a side to valet this tub.

EXT. MIDSHIPS DECK, STARBOARD - CONTINUOUS

iPod Watchman heads inside as Kimbrough's screen shows his
 moving heat signature.

KIMBROUGH (O.S.)
 Okay, starboard watchdog's going
 AWOL. That's your cue.

INT. MINISUB - CONTINUOUS

Mace hefts his assault rifle, snaps the slide.

MACE
Boys and girls, indoor voices.

Mace attaches his rifle's silencer, everyone follows.

EXT. MINISUB/LINER - DAY

The sub surfaces. Yoshi attaches magnetic moorings, Iggy fires a grappling hook to the deck railing.

EXT. SHIP'S REC DECK - MOMENTS LATER

The team fans out, communicating by comset. Mace and Kimbrough walk while watching the computer.

MACE
Neutralize below-decks targets and rendezvous in ten on the promenade.

COMPUTER: Heat IMAGES of the ARMED Serbs and hostages.

MACE
Team two, Iggy, you, Lake and Yoshi, three decks down, take the theater. I see four targets. T, you're the floater.

IGGY (FILTERED)(O.S.)
Theater, roger.

TRASK (FILTERED)(O.S.)
Floater, roger that.

KIMBROUGH
(points, to Mace)
Check the gym. Three bad guys, couple hundred civvies.

MACE
Let's go make some new friends.

INT. GANGWAY - CONTINUOUS

Iggy, Lake, Yoshi and Trask move in assault formation.

KIMBROUGH (FILTERED)(O.S.)
Sergeant Trask, recon the lounge, deck eight. I make three bad guys.

TRASK
Roger that, lounge, deck eight.

Trask breaks off as the others head toward the theater.

INT. MOVIE THEATER LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Iggy, Lake, and Yoshi arrive outside the theater. Iggy hand signals the team, cracks the theater door.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - CONTINUOUS

Nearby, a SERB scowls at a full house of scared, restive passengers. By the screen TWO MORE GUNMEN berate the crowd.

SERB GUNMAN
Sit still or we will shoot you!

WOMAN
Can we go to the bathroom?

OTHER SERB GUNMAN
Shut up! Shut up!

IGGY
(whispers)
I'll take door guy. Two targets up front, Lake right, Yosh left. Number four is MIA. Watch out.

Lake moves to the right side door.

IGGY
Party on three. One, two...

The three soldiers crawl through the doors.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - CONTINUOUS

IGGY
Three.

They stand and Iggy calmly fires center-chest into the closest terrorist. Lake and Yoshi FWAP FWAP the two up front.

Several women scream. The FOURTH TERRORIST rushes out from behind the curtain and Lake double taps him.

IGGY
(into comset)
Theater clear. Team two bids four.

YOSHI
(yells to crowd)
Everybody STAY PUT! It's not over!

INT. MEN'S ROOM - SAME

iPod Watchman on the pot, gun propped, smoking and rocking to Mötley Crüe.

EXT. GYM - SAME

On her screen, Kimbrough sees the GUN TOTING IMAGES amid EXERCISE EQUIPMENT. Shoulders her rifle.

KIMBROUGH
They've gotta shitload of cover.

Mace peeks around the corner: the gym walls are all GLASS.

MACE
And we don't. Time to improv.

INT. GYM - MOMENTS LATER

A GUNMAN looks up, sees a MAN covered head to ankles in towels. The man gestures to the hundreds of sitting people.

MACE
Holy crap, is this the sauna line?

Too late, the gunman sees Mace's boots. Mace shoots him and the GUY behind him. Kimbrough kills the third GUNMAN.

KIMBROUGH
(into comset)
Gym clear. Team one sees your four,
raises three. The pot's at seven.

INT. HALLWAY, OUTSIDE LOUNGE - MOMENTS LATER

Lake, Iggy and Yoshi join Trask outside the lounge.

TRASK
Four targets, couple hundred
civvies. Lake and Yoshi take the
entrance, Iggy, you and I take the
kitchen. On three.

Lake and Yoshi move to the entrance of the lounge.

INT. LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

A five-year-old BOY sees Yoshi. She puts a finger to her lips. The boy nods.

TRASK
One... two... three.

They fire, FWAPPP, almost simultaneously. Four gunmen down.

TRASK
(into comset)
Lounge clear. Team two sees your
three, raises four. Pot's eleven.

MACE (FILTERED)
Starboard Prom, ninety seconds.

Yoshi winks at the little boy as they exit.

INT. MISC. STATEROOM HALLWAYS, ON TEAM - CONTINUOUS

Lake and Yoshi move in two-man assault formation.

Iggy and Trask, same formation, different hallway.

INT. HALLWAY INTERSECTION - CONTINUOUS

Around the corner Mace sees an approaching GUNMAN herding SIX PASSENGERS. He signals Kimbrough who draws her knife.

The passing gunman sees them, levels his gun, but Mace shoves up the barrel as GUNFIRE shreds the ceiling. Kimbrough slams her knife through the top of the gunman's head. D-E-A-D.

MACE

Go back to your rooms. NOW!

The people hustle off. Mace shakes his hand.

MACE

SHIT that barrel was hot!

KIMBROUGH

(into comset)

Team two, team one raises one floater, calls at twelve. Staff meeting, prom, in forty-five.

INT. HALLWAY/STATEROOM - DAY

A stateroom door flies open as Lake and Yoshi pass. A YOUNG WOMAN holding an ice bucket, loose robe and nothing else, gets a face full of gun barrels.

YOSHI

Ma'am, stay in your room, please.

Lake sees male feet at the end of the bed, smiles at her.

INT. MEN'S ROOM - SAME

iPod Watchman washes up, grabs his gun.

INT. GANGWAY - CONTINUOUS

Lake and Yoshi pass the men's room. Seconds later, iPod Watchman exits, oblivious.

INT. PROMENADE BREEZEWAY, BEHIND SERVICE DOORS - DAY

Lake, Yoshi, Trask, Iggy join Mace and Kimbrough outside the promenade. Mace sees Tux Man through a service door window.

EXT. PROMENADE DECK - CONTINUOUS

An agitated Tux Man is on the radio. He turns to Princip.

TUX MAN
(Serbian)
I've lost them. Something's wrong.

Princip screams into the video camera:

PENTAGON VIDEO SCREEN - CONTINUOUS

PRINCIP
(on video)
If I don't reach my men...

Cam ZIP PANS to the terrified group of det cord hostages.

PRINCIP
(on video)
...in one minute? They DIE!

MONOCULAR VIEW of the det cord:

MACE (O.S.)
Can we shoot through that det cord?

INT. PROMENADE BREEZEWAY, BEHIND SERVICE DOORS - CONTINUOUS

Lake looks through the monocular.

LAKE
Iffy, major. That Primaline 5 needs
an initiator, but an A4 at seven or
eight meters has a pyrotechnic
effect. Fifty-fifty it pops.

YOSHI
Plan B?

IGGY
I cap Dr. Evil first?

MACE
Okay. Iggy takes Dr. Evil, the rest
split two each.

TRASK
The million dollar question is
where's the big daddy detonator?

EXT. PROMENADE DECK - CONTINUOUS

As if to answer Trask, Princip holds up his right hand,
revealing the MAIN DETONATOR. A man wraps the ends of the
detonator with tape, leaving finger access to the pad.

MACE

Son of a bitch. What if Iggy takes
out the remote?

Kimbrough looks through Lake's monocular.

KIMBROUGH

Remote's spook grade so it's in
contact with the receiver. Won't
let you kill it without going boom.

As the team considers this, things go from bad to worse:

iPod Watchman steps through the interior swing doors, does a
double take. Lake puts two silenced rounds into him and...

...he falls over a caddy of steel trays that CRASH.

Princip REACTS, grabs the det cord circuit, hits the button.

The team looks on, horrified, helpless.

TIME suddenly SLOWS:

The det cord hostages scream, their deaths imminent.

FOLLOW the electrical SIGNAL from the circuit board...

...zapping down the wire to the blasting cap -- BAM!

IGNITING the det cord. The lightning fast reaction rips down
the fiery cord toward a screaming YOUNG MAN...

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

...a KNEELING MAN in the 11th century shrieks as a
Berserker's sword decapitates him.

EXT. HILL ABOVE VILLAGE - MORNING

Ewan staggers to a plateau, gazes back in despair over the
smoke and devastation. He falls to his knees, exhausted.

He brightens as Conor appears, lurching toward him.

EWAN

Conor!

Then gets a good look at Conor, bloodied, clutching his gut.

CONOR

Bit off a wee... too much.

Conor collapses into his arms, his hands fall away and, to
Ewan's horror, his intestines spill out. Ewan lays him down.

EWAN

Conor, I--

Little time left, Conor puts a finger to Ewan's lips.

CONOR

Should Mary... bear me a son...
teach him well, friend. And tell
him... who his father was.

EWAN

(through tears)
I will. I swear it.

Conor slips away, Ewan screams to the heavens.

EWAN

Noooo!

EXT. HILLS - DAY/NIGHT

SEQUENCE: EWAN RUNNING

Ewan sprints through a valley.

MORNING becomes AFTERNOON, mist forms. Ewan stops to drink
from a stream, presses on.

DUSK falls. Ewan is still running, if a little slower.

NIGHT, partial moonlight. Ewan leans on a rock outcrop. A
pack of WOLVES moves tentatively toward him, testing.

Ewan draws his sword, screams at the wolves.

EWAN

Come ahead! The first four of ya
die! I promise ya! WHO DIES FIRST?

Swinging his sword furiously, he doesn't notice Angus's gold
dirk FALL from his shirt.

The wolves quietly slink away. His adrenaline up, Ewan
continues running, only now more of a jog.

The GOLD DIRK is left behind on the path.

EXT. HILLS ABOVE ENDERBY - DAWN

Ewan pauses above Enderby. He can barely get down the hill.

EXT. ENDERBY - MOMENTS LATER

Ewan shuffles to the edge of the village, realizes the dirk
is gone. Falls to his knees, demoralized.

EWAN

No! Ya lost Angus's dirk, ya fool!

A WOMAN milking a goat sees him, rushes over.

INT. MACDONALD'S COTTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Ewan sits by a fireplace. Many village MEN crowd inside.

KEIRAN MACDONALD (60s) the de facto leader, pats Ewan's knee.

MACDONALD
We'd near given up hope, lad.
(long pause, fearful)
The others? My son?

EWAN
Conor died in me arms.

MacDonald takes a choking breath, steels himself.

MACDONALD
And your brother? The rest?

Ewan shakes his head, sending a shockwave through them.

SHOCKED VILLAGER
Angus... is dead?

EWAN
When we got ta Glenerin they were
there.

MACDONALD
Berserkers? As we feared?

EWAN
Aye.

A frightened buzz sweeps the group.

The door bursts open and Glennis enters with MARY (early 20s), who is very pregnant. Both are distraught.

MARY
Oh God, Ewan, tell me he's safe,
tell me Conor is comin' home.

The grim faces tell her the worst and she collapses in tears. Glennis looks to Ewan in disbelief.

GLENNIS
Conor? What of Angus?

Ewan is ashamed to meet her gaze. She wavers, nearly crumbles, but stays strong, helps Mary out the door.

MACDONALD
So, it *is* King Roog and his men.

VILLAGER

I've heard he's tall as a cottage
'n strong as any ten men.

ANOTHER VILLAGER

It's said neither he nor his men
can be killed.

The place explodes with glorified myths about the Berserkers.

PANICKED VILLAGER

God save us, we're all gonna die!

Ewan's temper rises. He throws off the blanket, stands.

EWAN

They CAN be killed! I saw ta five
meself. Aye, Roog's a big man, but
he's a *man*. For most of the fight,
and God'll strike me dead if I lie,
Angus was gettin' the best of 'im.

ANOTHER VILLAGER

Then how did he lose?

As bitter as the words taste Ewan forces them out.

EWAN

Angus died savin' me sorry soul.

MACDONALD

How much time do we have?

All eyes go to Ewan.

EWAN

Two days, four at best.

Panic rises. MCGONIGLE waves his hands to get attention.

MCGONIGLE

Then we must abandon the village.

This triggers an argument. MacDonald restores order.

MACDONALD

What McGonigle says is the prudent
thing. The rub is, lads, we're not
prudent people. As Angus used ta
remind us every day, we're Scots.

Angus's name carries weight. Many nod.

MACDONALD

Through wind 'n sea, pestilence and
death, abandoned by fortune lads,
we've kept our bloody fingers
clingin' ta this modest freehold.

A thoughtful silence settles in.

MACDONALD

Aidan, you've six generations in
the soil behind your cottage,
Denis, seven. Kenneth, legend says
your ancestor, Fergus the Pict,
found this spot while guided by an
angel. Enderby is our home.

(gives McGonigle a hard
look)

And no Norse'll tell us otherwise.

A cheer of unity goes up, but then someone asks the obvious.

CONFUSED VILLAGER

So do we fight?

EWAN

Aye, we fight. Angus 'n Conor died
defendin' another village. I'll be
cursed if I'll not defend me own!

MCGONIGLE

So that's it? We're all gonna die?

EWAN

I'll die a man afore I live as a
coward.

MCGONIGLE

We're what, three score men?
Farmers 'n shepherds facin' King
Roog 'n ten score Berserkers?

A worried buzz escalates while MacDonald quietly thinks.

MACDONALD

Lads... lads...

(shouts)

LADS! Listen ta me. We canna defeat
Roog, of that I'm certain.

(pauses for effect)

But, there may be another way.

It dawns on them what he means and a silence falls over them.

EWAN

None of ya dare speak it, but I'll
say his name: the old sorcerer,
Tregorin the Wise.

The name sends chills through many.

SCARED MAN

More like Tregorin the Unholy.

MACDONALD

Perhaps. But he may be our only hope. If we could beseech him to cast a spell over the North Men--

MCGONIGLE

Barter our souls? Thanks but no.

WARY VILLAGER

He kin turn men into mice.

MACDONALD

What choice da we have, lads?

MCGONIGLE

I'll take me chances with the Berserkers.

MACDONALD

Bold talk, McGonigle. Certain doom on one hand, Tregorin on the other. I'd ask for a volunteer.

The men avoid MacDonald's gaze. Ewan has no patience.

EWAN

I'll go. I've fought the Berserkers. I'd entreat the Devil himself if it'd stop those madmen.

MacDonald is resigned, knowing Ewan is the right man.

OLD MAN

Beware, young McManus, should ya provoke that demon sorcerer he'll rain his wrath down upon us all.

EWAN

In life, death is certain, old man. It's the *how* tha' 't isn't.

EXT. VILLAGE - DAWN

MacDonald walks Ewan to the edge of the village.

MACDONALD

'Tis no exaggeration ta say the fate of us all rests on ya, lad.

Far above they see Glennis erecting a cairn from the stones Angus was using as the foundation for their house.

MACDONALD

Losing her brother and her love was hard, even for me daughter.

EWAN

She's strong. But there are limits.