

# ***DARK MATTER***

EPISODE #104

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TEASE

[PREVIOUSLY ON: The crew wakes up with no memories of who they are, find weapons, find out they're cutthroats and criminals, SIX points out they're on the run from everybody, ONE makes the pitch for redemption, THREE wants to split up, SIX injures himself, discover someone was responsible for their mindwipes, reveal the real Jace Corso]

INT. SHIP - ONE'S QUARTERS

ONE lies in bed, deep in thought. FLASH TO:

1)TWO informs everyone that one of them was responsible for their communal mindwipe. FLASH TO:

2)TWO tells ONE that they have no one to rely on but each other. QUICK FLASHES OF:

3)TWO beating the crap out of him (Episode #1)

4)The Android almost kills him (Episode #2)

5)Staring down the barrels of THREE and FOUR's sidearms (last episode). BACK TO:

INT. SHIP - ONE'S QUARTERS

His reverie is interrupted by a KNOCK.

ONE

Come in.

The door slides open and SIX pokes his head inside.

SIX

We're making our approach.

ONE gets up.

VFX - SPACE

The Raza approaches a space station.

INT. SHIP - CORRIDORS

ONE and SIX walk and talk.

ONE

We sure this is a good idea? We are wanted criminals.

SIX

The Android already checked it out. This far from the core systems, the G.A.'s stretched too thin to garrison every population center. Security's run by private firms. It's not the sort of place where people ask too many questions.

ONE

What about the ship?

SIX

We filed for docking papers under false registration. We should be fine, as long as we keep a low profile.

ONE

I'm not exactly sure that's in our skill set.

INT. SHIP - MESS

ONE and SIX walk in and help themselves to some coffee. THREE, FOUR, and FIVE are already there, deep in discussion.

FIVE

I'm going to buy myself a pair of goggles, some work gloves, and brand new micro-gauge plasma cutter with a rotating tholium-carbide head.

THREE

You'll cut your fingers off, kid.

FIVE

What are you gonna buy?

THREE

A curvy redhead.

ONE

Let's stay classy.

THREE

Okay. A brunette with a sexy accent.

SIX

I want meat. Real meat. Not that vat-grown stuff.

FOUR

We may want to consider putting the money to better use - maybe upgrading the ship's defenses.

THREE

Hey, feel free to do what you want with your share. I'm getting myself something nice. And limber.

TWO walks in.

TWO

Okay, I've run the numbers.

SIX

So, how much do we have to spend?

TWO

Well, after refueling, repair costs, and docking fees we're left with exactly...zero.

FIVE

Not even enough for goggles?

SIX

Or a nice meal?

THREE

Or a redhead?

TWO

Sorry, guys. We're broke.

END TEASE

ACT ONE

INT. SHIP - MESS

Picking up where we left off. THREE points a finger at TWO.

THREE

You said those Mikkei guys gave you a nice bonus for setting up that mining deal.

TWO

They did. Just not enough.

THREE

And how do we know you didn't skim?

TWO

Ferrous offered me more to abandon you, remember?

THREE shuts up, for the moment.

ONE

What if we refuel but just don't...top off?

TWO

We're not skimping on fuel.

SIX

Do we really need to fix the meteorite damage to the hull?

TWO

Or repairs. What we need to do is find a buyer for those weapons.

THREE

I can ask around.

TWO

I thought you were leaving.

THREE

I am. Eventually.

TWO  
(dubious)  
Had time to sleep on it?

THREE  
First you don't want me to go; now  
you do.

TWO  
I never had an opinion either way.

THREE  
I find that both insulting and very  
insulting. Now do you want me to  
ask around or not?

Over to ONE -

TWO  
I want both of you to ask around.

ONE/THREE  
I didn't - / I don't need him -

TWO  
You'll make a great team.

She swings a look to the others.

TWO (CONT'D)  
The rest of us can look around, see  
if we can find anything else worth  
selling.

As the others move off, ONE and THREE exchange uneasy looks.

INT. SHIP - CORRIDOR

FIVE and SIX head down the corridor, FIVE leading the way,  
SIX carrying a boxful of castoff items of questionable value.  
FIVE steps up to a door and KNOCKS. Beat. The door slides  
open to reveal FOUR.

FIVE  
Find anything worth selling?

SIX shakes the box like an enthusiastic trick or treater.

FOUR

No.

FIVE

Okay but if you do -

The door slides shut.

FIVE (CONT'D)

Let us know.

Suddenly, the ship shudders.

SIX

We've docked.

INT. SHIP - FOUR'S QUARTERS

FOUR holds up the mystery ring. He considers it.

INT. SHIP - CORRIDOR OUTSIDE AIRLOCK

ONE and TWO approach the airlock.

ONE

So why'd you ask me to play tag along?

TWO

Because I don't trust him for a second  
and I want you to keep an eye on  
him. Think you can do that?

Well, since you put it that way -

ONE

Sure.

They glance over as THREE, FIVE and SIX approach. TWO hits the door panel. The airlock HISSES and slides open. ONE heads through followed by FIVE and SIX. THREE holds up.

THREE

Why'd you pair me with Pretty Boy?

TWO

Because I don't trust him and I need  
you to keep an eye on him. Can you  
do that for me?

Well, since you put it that way -

THREE

Hell yeah.

And they head out as well.

INT. SPACE STATION - OPEN MARKET

Impromptu stands - merchants selling everything from food and clothing to tech and trinkets, haggling with customers. ONE, TWO, THREE, FIVE and SIX survey the action.

THREE

See you back at the ship. Let's go, sidekick.

ONE frowns and follows.

TWO

Okay, big guy, we'll take it from here.

She takes the box from him.

SIX

What do you mean?

TWO

You're going to go to a clinic and get that arm checked.

SIX

It's fine.

TWO

Any crispier and you could serve it with a side of slaw. Now go.

SIX clearly doesn't like it, but he won't argue the point. He stalks off, leaving TWO to smile down at FIVE.

TWO (CONT'D)

Well, guess it's just us girls.

FIVE returns the smile and they wade into the bustling fray.



INT. SPACE STATION - BAR

ONE and THREE walk into the bar.

THREE  
Let me do the talking.

ONE  
I bet I couldn't stop you if I tried.

They grab a seat at the bar.

THREE  
Two whiskies. House blend is fine.

As the BARTENDER pours them their drinks.

THREE (CONT'D)  
Wondering if you could help us out.  
We're looking to move some  
merchandise. Hardware and equipment  
for someone aiming to make a  
statement.

OFF the Bartender's blank stare - and much to THREE's chagrin -

ONE  
We're selling guns. Know anyone who  
might be interested in buying?

BARTENDER  
Not off the top of my head. But I  
could ask around - for a finder's  
fee.

And before THREE can refuse -

ONE  
Works for us.

BARTENDER  
Okay. I'll make some calls. Where  
can I find you?

THREE turns and points.

THREE  
That table over there.

The bartender nods and moves off. THREE throws ONE the open-handed "WTF?" look. ONE shrugs back.

INT. SPACE STATION - CLINIC WAITING ROOM

SIX walks by some waiting patients and approaches the receptionist NURSE.

SIX

Hi, I'd like to see a doctor.

She points to a dispenser without even looking up at him.

NURSE

Take a number.

SIX takes a number and grabs a seat.

NOTE: During this scene, and subsequent waiting room scenes, there is a screen on in the BG, showing a running sequence of advertisements. In this scene we only catch a glimpse of it, showing the rotating form of a pale-skinned, female android bearing a bar-code tattoo, much like our ship android. But we hear V.O. throughout -

VOICE OVER

Our class-four androids are fully customizable. Height, weight, skin color, hair color, and of course, gender, can all be tailored to meet your specific needs. And while galactic regulations against the impersonation of humans by artificial entities requires the use of an identifying tattoo, in all other respects our androids are as human as possible. Whether you're looking for help around the house, or just someone to talk on those lonely nights, a Nakashima brand android may be just the thing for you.

INT. SPACE STATION - OPEN MARKET

FIVE looks on as TWO receives payment for the last of the cast-off items. As they move off, TWO counts their cash.

TWO

Not bad. Enough to buy us all a couple of nice dinners...

She holds up. FIVE isn't there. She glances back.

FIVE has joined a crowd watching a GUY execute the old "shell game": three shifting shells, one hidden pea. He reveals the pea's locations, then shifts the shells. His hands are a blur.

GUY

Where's the pea? You tell me.

A RUBE sets down his cash and points to the first shell. The guy lifts it to reveal - nothing.

FIVE

It's there!

FIVE points to the third shell. The guy lifts the third shell - and the pea is indeed there.

GUY

See how easy it is? Even a child can guess.

He reveals the pea, then starts shifting shell.

GUY (CONT'D)

Where's the pea? You tell me.

The RUBE slaps his cash down and considers. As his fingers hover over the shells, FIVE points to the second shell -

FIVE

That one!

The Rube points to the second shell. The guy hesitates, then lifts the second shell to reveal - the pea!

CROWD

(celebrates)

The guy, clearly miffed, swallows his rage and smiles -

GUY

Kid's a natural.

He shows the pea, then starts shifting. The Rube puts his cash down and considers, then throws a look to FIVE. She points - not to any the shells but to the scammer's hand.

FIVE  
It's in your left hand.

The guy hesitates, glares back at FIVE. He opens his left hand to reveal - the pea!

CROWD  
(celebrates)

The Rube counts his cash and gives FIVE a tip.

FIVE  
Thanks, mister.

She turns to play AGAIN but the guy has already packed up and gone. FIVE watches him go, disappointed. TWO steps up.

TWO  
How'd you do that?

FIVE  
I don't know. I think I may've played before.

She looks up at TWO who is staring at something across the way. FIVE follows her gaze, across the market, to an door with a blinking CASINO sign above it.

FIVE (CONT'D)  
What're you looking at?

TWO  
An opportunity. Come on.

INT. SPACE STATION - BAR

ONE and THREE at a table, a half empty bottle sitting between them. THREE addresses ONE with the drunken confidence.

THREE  
You know what your problem is?

ONE

The fact that I'm stuck with a selfish, self-centered know-it-all for a shipmate?

THREE

Ah, she's not so bad.

ONE

I wasn't talking about -

THREE

You're soft. Back on the planet with those miners and then going topside to save the robot. You think with your heart instead of your head and that's dangerous. If it was only your life on the line it wouldn't be a big deal, but one of these days, you're going to get somebody killed.

ONE

How exactly?

THREE

By convincing them you actually make sense. If I learned anything this week, it's that stupid is catchy.

ONE

So what, I'm gonna infect them with my empathy and concern for others?

THREE

In a nutshell.

ONE

Well I say you're the dangerous one, because you care don't care about anyone but yourself. Which means you can't be trusted.

THREE

You don't think I got your back?

ONE

My back. My front. Inside my head.

THREE

You're saying I'm the one who screwed  
with everyone's memories?

ONE

I think that if anyone was going to  
sell us out, it would be you.

THREE is clearly stung by the accusation. But before he can  
respond, the bartender approaches the table.

BARTENDER

I've got you a buyer.

Off ONE and THREE. That was fast.

INT. SHIP - CORRIDOR

FOUR exits his quarters.

ANDROID (O.S.)

Everyone else has left.

He glances back at the Android standing at the other end of  
the corridor.

FOUR

I know.

ANDROID

Are you planning to meet up with  
them?

FOUR

No. I have some personal matters to  
attend to. Research.

ANDROID

The ship is now net-linked to the  
space station's data hub. Information  
is accessible via the individual  
work stations in your quarters.

FOUR

Good to know but I need to speak to  
someone.

ANDROID

Well maybe I can help. I not only function as a roaming access point to the data hub, but am also conversant-search capable. I also possess psychological and psychiatric subroutines if you feel the need for therapeutic counseling. Are you feeling depressed? Lonely?

FOUR

I'm fine. Thank you.

FOUR heads off.

ANDROID

I'm at your disposal should you reconsider.

A subtle shift in the Android's stoic expression, a brief flicker of what could be disappointment - and then it's gone.

INT. SPACE STATION - LOWER LEVEL CORRIDOR

Dankier, dirtier than the upper level, fringed with exposed piping, wiring, and gak. ONE and THREE make their way along.

ONE

Look, I don't know what you're getting so upset about. I thought we were being honest with each other.

THREE

I was offering constructive criticism. You were just being petty.

ONE

I was not being petty. I was one hundred percent sincere when I said I find you completely untrustworthy.

THREE

Based on what exactly? I want to know. What makes me untrustworthy?

ONE holds up in front of a door.

ONE

I think this is it.

He KNOCKS then hits the control panel. The door slides open -

INT. SPACE STATION - LOWER LEVEL - ND ROOM

Barely furnished. A table, some chairs. They walk in.

ONE

Guess we're early.

ONE throws a look to THREE who stands, arms crossed, waiting for an answer. ONE relents -

ONE (CONT'D)

Fine. Process of elimination.

THREE

Meaning?

ONE

Somehow, somehow, that kid had all of our memories downloaded into her subconscious. They drift up in dribs and drabs. And she remembers someone, one of us, screwing with the stasis pods. Now why would someone do that? Well how's this for a theory: someone takes us all out of commission so that they can steal the ship and anything worthwhile on board.

(beat)

Now who would be the most likely suspect?

THREE shrugs.

ONE (CONT'D)

Well, I doubt it's the kid. And Six seems to have a conscience. And I know it's not me -

THREE

Whoa. You can't know that. We all passed that lie detector test. For all we know, you could've been the one planning to cut our throats while we were asleep. After all, you were the first one to wake up. Awful convenient if you ask me.



ONE

Guess we'll have to agree to disagree.

TWO

Screw that. I don't agree to anything.

Suddenly - CLANK - a canister is tossed into the room. And - PHOOM - it explodes in a cloud of gas. ONE and THREE rush for the door that - slides shut on them. Within seconds, they collapse.

Beat. The door slides open and a MYSTERY MAN steps into the room wearing a gas mask. He surveys their unconscious forms.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. SPACE STATION - ND ROOM

THREE stirs awake and discovers he is tied, back to back, with ONE. Both are seated in chairs, their arms and legs fastened with wire.

THREE

Oh, great. This is fantastic.

ONE

Nice to see you keeping a positive attitude.

THREE

I was being sarcastic.

ONE

Yeah. So was I.

THREE

Where do you get off copping an attitude? This is your fault.

ONE

How is it MY fault we're BOTH sitting here?

THREE

If I was alone, I wouldn't have been distracted. And I wouldn't have been taken by surprise.

THREE strains against the bonds. ONE grimaces.

ONE

Whoa! Easy! These wires are cutting right into me.

THREE holds up. ONE throws a look to the door.

ONE (CONT'D)

Look, we can sit here arguing or we can work together and get out of this. What's it gonna be?

THREE

Fine. Work together to get out of here - and then we'll argue.

ONE

Okay. Let's try and shift over to the door. Once we're close enough, I'll headbutt the console. Then, when we're out in the corridor, we'll yell until help comes.

THREE

Sounds like a plan.

ONE

On the count of three, we start shifting. One. Two. THREE!

They shift - and keel over, landing on their side. Now they're even worse off.

THREE

Oh, fantastic! Perfect!

Beat.

THREE (CONT'D)

And yes I was being sarcastic again!

INT. SPACE STATION - CASINO

ON a card game: the 600 year old game of Blackjack. PULL BACK TO REVEAL TWO and FIVE watching the DEALER deal. A few players bust. [A Matte Extension offers a peek at the rest of the casino - but the angle will be used sparingly].

FIVE

Okay. I think this one.

TWO

Are you sure?

FIVE

No but - I have a feeling.

TWO

Your feelings have paid off before.

She motions her over. FIVE climbs onto a chair.

DEALER

Sorry kid, but there's no way you're old enough to play.

TWO sets down the stack of cash from their recent sales.

DEALER (CONT'D)

Unless of course you're under proper adult supervision.

TWO places the bet. The dealer deals.

INT. SPACE STATION - OPEN MARKET

FOUR makes his way through the open market and approaches a PAWNBROKER. All we see of his shop is a small enclosure, not much bigger than a phone booth, set in an alcove. The pawnbroker stands behind a counter with a glass partition.

PAWNBROKER

What can I do for you?

FOUR hands him the puzzle box.

FOUR

What can you tell me about this?

The Pawnbroker scrutinizes the box -

FOUR (CONT'D)

Inside.

The Pawnbroker opens the box and stares at the ring inside, briefly stunned. Then, he smiles and shakes his head.

PAWNBROKER

Ah, you had me going there.

He pulls the ring out of the box, holds it up.

PAWNBROKER (CONT'D)

This is an impressive knock-off. Very impressive. At first glance, it almost looks like the real thing.

FOUR

How do you know it's not?

The Pawnbroker throws FOUR a look. Is he having him on? He pulls out a jeweler's loop and gives it a closer look.

PAWNBROKER

Well, for starters, I doubt a descendant of the Ishida line would be all the way out here, in the middle of nowhere, hawking their family -

Suddenly, the Pawnbroker falls silent. He slowly lowers the loop, throws a shocked look to FOUR.

PAWNBROKER (CONT'D)

This is genuine. Where'd you get it?

FOUR considers how to respond, then finally settles on -

FOUR

I found it.

PAWNBROKER

This isn't something you find. It's something you kill to acquire.

He thrusts it back at FOUR.

PAWNBROKER (CONT'D)

I want no part of it.

FOUR

At least give me some information -

PAWNBROKER

Sorry, closing early today.

He hits a button, causing a metal grate do drop down.

INT. SPACE STATION - CLINIC WAITING ROOM

SIX is still waiting. He shifts uncomfortably in his seat, frustrated, and glances up at the monitor on the wall.

ONSCREEN a station REPRESENTATIVE addresses the viewer.

REPRESENTATIVE

Welcome to a new era in fast, efficient, inter-stellar travel.

(MORE)

REPRESENTATIVE (CONT'D)

Welcome to the age of Transfer  
Transit.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL the rep is standing beside what looks like a tricked-out stasis pod in a spa-like setting.

REPRESENTATIVE (CONT'D)

No more long hours in uncomfortable berths, no more headache-inducing stasis. With Transfer Transit, your next journey to a distant star system will feel more like a trip to the spa.

A handsome, well-built actor in boxer-briefs steps up to the pod and presses a button. The cover rises. He climbs inside.

REPRESENTATIVE (CONT'D)

As you relax in your custom-built pod, your physical specifications and an exact copy of your consciousness are relayed via subspace to a Receiver Pod at your destination.

As the lid closes, we CUT TO

VFX - FTL SPACE

A POV shot, similar to our FTL effect, racing through interstellar space, emerging in a FLASH -

- Back to the spa-like environment, only the room has been flopped. The pod is now to right of screen.

REPRESENTATIVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

There, this data will be used for final stage completion of one of our patented temp clones.

As the cover lifts and a duplicate of our traveler (now in different colored boxer-briefs) emerges -

REPRESENTATIVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Able to maintain biological integrity for a period of up to 72 hours, this clone will serve as your surrogate for the duration of your stay -

CUT TO

GREEN SCREEN SHOT -

The actor, now dressed in a suit, stands on a high balcony overlooking a vast desert. On the horizon, a massive, ringed gas giant is setting, already halfway down.

REPRESENTATIVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

- Enjoying all the benefits of your destination -

The actor is now joined by a gorgeous model in a long, red evening dress with a plunging back, carrying two glasses of champagne. He takes a glass and puts his arm around her, as they gaze out at the magnificent scene.

REPRESENTATIVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

- With your thoughts, your memories, your personality. And of course, all your physical abilities.

CLOSE ON the model, who turns back to camera and gives a lascivious wink.

BACK TO the spa-like environment, now back to its original layout. The Representative addresses camera -

REPRESENTATIVE (CONT'D)

Your clone will then return to our facility for bio-mass recycling, but not before all the experiences and memories it acquired are uploaded and transferred via subspace back to you.

The lid rises on the pod and our smiling actor sits up, exchanges a smile with the Rep.

REPRESENTATIVE (CONT'D)

Welcome back.  
(then, to the viewer)  
And welcome to the future of space travel.

CUT TO

An animated logo of "TRANSFER TRANSIT", over which we hear the slogan -

REPRESENTATIVE (CONT'D)  
Transfer Transit - "Better Than Being  
There."

An amazed SIX throws a look to the PATIENT beside him.

SIX  
How cool is that?

The vacant-stared patient doesn't even acknowledge him.

INT. SPACE STATION - CASINO

A frustrated FIVE stares at her cards - and the dwindling cash on the table beside her. The dealer flips his card, then motions to the other player - who stays pat. Motions to FIVE who - throws a desperate look back at - TWO, watching.

FIVE  
Maybe we should quit while we've  
still got something left.

DEALER  
What'll it be, kid?

FIVE looks back at her cards. She freezes.

TWO  
She'll take a card.

FIVE hesitates, then nods to the dealer - who deals her a winner: 21. The dealer busts and pays out. TWO steps up, pats FIVE on the shoulder -

TWO (CONT'D)  
Let me take over.

FIVE is more than happy to give up her seat. TWO sits and watches - her eyes laser-focused on the cards.

INT. SPACE STATION - LOWER LEVEL - ND ROOM

ONE and THREE lie, back to back, on the floor, in their respective chairs. THREE strains against their wire bindings, causing ONE to wince. Beat.



THREE

Do me a favor. The next time you have a great idea, keep it to yourself.

ONE

Or I could share it with someone who can follow simple instructions.

THREE

Like what?

ONE

Like shift.

THREE

I shifted.

ONE

You didn't shift. You tilted. If you had shifted, we'd be out of this room and free instead of on -

THREE

I shifted!

ONE

Okay, fine. You shifted. Well done. This worked out just like I planned.

(sighs)

How long do you think until the others come looking for us?

THREE

You mean IF they come looking for us.

ONE

Why wouldn't they? They may not look for you, but they'd sure come looking for me.

THREE

Why the hell would they look for you but not me?

ONE

Because you told everyone you were leaving.

THREE

That was before. I changed my mind.

ONE

Well you change your mind a lot.  
You're very mercurial.

THREE

YOU'RE mercurial.

ONE

You don't even know what mercurial  
means.

THREE

Sure I do.  
(beat)  
It means shut the hell up.

Suddenly, the door slides open and the Mystery Man in the gas mask steps inside. The door slides shut behind him. He surveys his prisoners, then walks over and rights their chairs. He steps back, starts unfastening the gas mask.

MYSTERY MAN

Took a while for the gas to clear  
out of here.

ONE

Buddy, would you mind telling us  
what this is about?

MYSTERY MAN

Sure. I'd be happy to answer all  
your questions. Just as soon as you  
answer a few of mine. Like, for  
starters -

He removes the mask to reveal a familiar face. It's ONE.

MYSTERY MAN (CONT'D)

Who are you and what are you doing  
with my face?

SWING A LOOK OVER to a shocked ONE and

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. SPACE STATION - LOWER LEVELS - ND ROOM

ONE and THREE, seated and bound, back to back, are being questioned by Jace Corso, the man with ONE's face. [Unless otherwise noted, these scenes will make sparing use of twinning effects, relying instead on cuts, over the shoulder shots, and tight coverage to tell the story].

CORSO

So, tell me.

He hunkers down so that he is face to face with ONE.

CORSO (CONT'D)

Who are you?

ONE

I'm Jace Corso.

CORSO

No. I'm Jace Corso.

Corso gets up, paces.

CORSO (CONT'D)

And that makes you...not. So the question is: How is this possible?

(beat)

At first, I thought you were just someone who kind of looked like me, not enough to fool anyone who knew me but close enough to bluff anyone who didn't. But taking a closer look, I see that's not it. We're identical.

He circlwa his bound captives.

CORSO (CONT'D)

So what could it be? Clone would be a logical guess. The tech exists, but to pull it off you'd need to scan me, and you couldn't do that without me noticing.

(MORE)

CORSO (CONT'D)

Besides, dupes have an average shelf life of two to three days and I've been trying to chase you down for weeks. No, you're not a clone either.

He stops, crosses his arms, and surveys ONE.

CORSO (CONT'D)

The only other possibility, besides long lost twin, is reconstructive surgery. You paid someone a lot of money to make you look exactly like me.

(beat)

What can I say? I'm honored you'd think so highly of this handsome mug that you'd go through the trouble. But I'm still curious.

ONE

Well so am I.

CORSO

How's that?

ONE

About a week ago, I woke up from stasis on board a ship with no memories of who I was or how I got on board. I don't remember anything.

CORSO

You expect me to buy that?

ONE motions to THREE who finally pipes up -

THREE

He's telling the truth. Not just him but the entire crew. All of our memories were wiped clean.

CORSO

(sighs)

Okay, let's say I believe you - which I don't. But let's say I do. What's my next move? Just send you on your way and let you keep being me?

ONE

I'm not you.

(beat)

Look, I'm as confused as you are and want answers too.

THREE

Hey, this may be kind of obvious but I'm just going to put it out there anyway: your beef is with him. I'm just an innocent bystander.

CORSO

Maybe. Then again, maybe not. Why don't you sit tight for a while, let the adults talk.

THREE bites his tongue.

ONE

What I'm getting at is, even though I don't have my memories, I may be able to help you figure things out.

CORSO

And how're you going to do that?

ONE

Well, how about you start off by telling me - how you found out someone had stolen your identity?

INT. SPACE STATION - CLINIC WAITING ROOM

An impatient SIX steps up to the nurse.

SIX

Any idea when the doctor's going to see me?

NURSE

Shouldn't be long. Just take a number.

SIX

I already took a number. A while ago. Which is why I'm asking.

She looks at him for the first time, then -

NURSE

Shouldn't be long.

Under this, we hear another V.O. advertisement (but this time we don't see the screen):

VOICE OVER

If you're tired of boring, repetitive or even unpleasant dreams, the new Somnawave is the solution you've been waiting for. Featuring over a hundred preprogrammed dream scenarios, the Somnawave turns an ordinary sleep into a night of top-notch entertainment...

INT. SPACE STATION - CASINO

TWO is cleaning house. She plays two hands simultaneously, hitting on both. The dealer busts. FIVE celebrates with a -

FIVE

Yessss!

The dealer pays out to her sizable pile, then throws a look to the PIT BOSS who gives him the nod. The dealer pauses.

TWO

What's the hold-up?

FIVE (O.S.)

Hey! HEY!

TWO looks over at FIVE being hustled toward a backroom by some casino bruisers. She jumps up. And suddenly the Pit Boss is beside her.

PIT BOSS

Let's not make a scene. We just want to have a word with you.

He takes her arm and starts to escort her. She shrugs him off, points at her cash, informing the dealer -

TWO

I'll be back for that.

Then allows herself to be steered toward the backroom.

INT. SHIP - FOUR'S QUARTERS

FOUR walks in and over to his monitor. He turns it on. An access page for GDH ("WELCOME TO GALACTIC DATA HUB") flashes up on screen. He enters a search for "ISHIDA". And waits...

INT. SPACE STATION - LOWER LEVELS - ND ROOM

Corso chats with his two prisoners, ONE and THREE.

CORSO

About a month ago, I got approached about a job. Join a group of mercs and help clear out a bunch of troublemaking miners on some independent colony. Normally, I don't play well with others. I'm more of a solo artist. But the offer was too rich to pass up. And besides, I'd be working with the crew of the legendary Raza. I was curious to find out if their strut matched their rep. So I accepted the offer.

(beat)

On the day I'm supposed to join up, the Galactic Authorities get an anonymous tip and raid my safehouse. I almost got nicked and, for a week, I was on the run. When things quieted down, I reached out to apologize for missing the op. I didn't want them thinking I was unprofessional after all. Well, imagine my surprise when I was told not only did I NOT miss the op, but I was actually seen boarding The Raza with the rest of its crew.

Corso starts pacing again, slowly circling his captives.

CORSO (CONT'D)

I said to them: "That's impossible. You made a mistake." And they said: "No we didn't." And they showed me security footage from the space station - of me, getting on that damn ship. Someone who looked a hell of a lot like me anyway.

Beat.

CORSO (CONT'D)

And I've been chasing you ever since.

ONE

How'd you know where to find us?

CORSO

Educated guess. This is the closest station to that mining colony in any direction. If you were looking to refuel after your op, I figured this would be the place. And I was right.

(beat)

So, any of that ring a bell? Jog those missing memories?

ONE

No.

CORSO

That's too bad.

Corso picks up something sitting on the table. It looks like a metal baton with few buttons on its gripped base.

CORSO (CONT'D)

Know what this is?

ONE

I want to say curling iron, but I'm guessing that's wrong.

Corso presses the tip of the baton against ONE's chest and hits a button, triggering an ELECTRIC CHARGE that COURSES THROUGH BOTH TWO AND THREE (VFX).

TWO/THREE

(cry out in pain)

Corso pulls the baton away. ONE and THREE -

ONE/THREE

(gasp for breath)

ONE

Electric torture stick -  
(fighting for breath)  
That was my second guess.



Corso steps up to deliver a second charge. ONE grimaces in expectation -

THREE

Hang on! Wait! Wait!

Corso holds up.

THREE (CONT'D)

We'll make you a deal.

CORSO

You got my attention.

THREE

We've got a crate of weapons back on the ship we were looking to unload, right?

CORSO

So I've heard.

THREE

You can have 'em. Sell 'em, make a nice profit. Hell, you don't even have to cut us in. Just take the guns...

Corso considers.

THREE (CONT'D)

Then let me go, and I'll leave you two to deal with your private issues. It's none of my business anyway.

ONE

You sonovabitch.

THREE

Why do you want to drag me down with you? What happened to empathy, and concern for others?

ONE

Congratulations. You convinced me I was wrong.

CORSO

Enough!

ONE and THREE fall silent.

CORSO (CONT'D)

I think I will take those weapons  
after all.

THREE

Great. Okay. If you can get me a  
radio, I can make the arrangements.

CORSO

I'll make my own arrangements.

Corso sets the torture stick back down on the table and exits  
the room leaving ONE and THREE to stew.

INT. SPACE STATION - CASINO - BACK ROOM

TWO and FIVE are led into a back room by the Pit Boss, out  
of sight and sound of the casino's other customers.

TWO

What's the problem?

She eyes the surrounding thugs - mean-looking guys, about a  
half-dozen eyeing her back.

PIT BOSS

You're cheating.

TWO

The hell I am.

PIT BOSS

You're counting cards.

Off TWO -

PIT BOSS (CONT'D)

Keeping a running count of the cards  
that have been played to improve  
your odds.

TWO

That's a skill. How is that cheating?

PIT BOSS

It's cheating because we say it is.

(MORE)

PIT BOSS (CONT'D)

(beat)

Okay, this is what's going to happen.  
You and your little friend here are  
banned and the money you tried to  
steal from us is forfeit. Now get  
the hell out of here.

TWO

No.

PIT BOSS

Excuse me?

TWO

I'll take my winnings and then I'll  
leave.

PIT BOSS

You misunderstand, sweetheart. You  
don't get a choice.

And, as the half dozen thugs move in a little closer to press  
the point, off an anxious FIVE -

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. SHIP - CORRIDOR

The Android is moving down a corridor when he hears an O.S. SOUND. He turns a corner to see Corso rolling a large weapons crate toward him.

                  ANDROID  
You found a buyer.

                  CORSO  
Yep.

                  ANDROID  
And you secured a fair price?

                  CORSO  
Un huh.

                  ANDROID  
I'd caution against transporting  
that through a secured area. Guests  
are forbidden from carrying weapons  
onto the station.

                  CORSO  
That's okay. If anyone asks, I'll  
just tell them it's drugs.

He wheels by.

                  ANDROID  
I suspect that would prove equally  
problematic.

INT. SPACE STATION - CASINO - BACK ROOM

TWO surrounded by a half dozen of the casino's scary goons.  
FIVE looks on apprehensively. The Pit Boss eyes them both.

                  TWO  
I didn't cheat. I want my money.

                  PIT BOSS  
That cash is forfeit. Now this can  
go one of two ways.  
(MORE)

PIT BOSS (CONT'D)

Either you walk through that exit,  
or we carry your unconscious bodies  
out of here.

FIVE

(frightened)

Let's just go.

PIT BOSS

Listen to your little friend. Believe  
me, some of these guys would actually  
enjoy beating up on a defenseless  
woman.

TWO

Well then let's not disappoint them.

The Pit Boss motions to the thugs. One of them reaches for her. Lightning quick, she grabs his wrist, twists, drops him to his knees, then delivers a roundhouse kick that sends a second thug sprawling.

It's on! The thugs converge, 6 on 1, and she takes them on in kick-ass Jason Bourneque fashion - blocking, kicking, punching and sweeping.

The Pit Boss draws a gun. FIVE sees it and jumps him. They both go down and the gun CLATTERS across the floor.

A thug pulls out a knife and slashes wildly. TWO avoids the sweep, disarms him, stabs him with his own knife - then proceeds to take out the other thugs in ruthless fashion.

The Pit Boss struggles with FIVE. He slaps her, causing her to loosen her grip, allowing him to scramble to his fallen gun, grab it and turn -

TWO sees and throws the knife, catching him in the throat and dropping him instantly.

FIVE rises, horrified at the sight of TWO standing amid the dead bodies.

FIVE

You killed them. All of them.

TWO

Let's go.

TWO grabs her and starts out.

INT. SPACE STATION - CASINO

They stride toward the exit, TWO pulling FIVE along.

FIVE

What about the money?

TWO

Forget the money.

The dealer spots them, then swings a look to the back room.

INT. SPACE STATION - LOWER LEVEL - ND ROOM

ONE and THREE seated, bound back to back, and waiting.

THREE

You know what this means don'tcha?

ONE'

They're going to have to keep our  
dinner warm?

THREE

It's you. You're the one who wiped  
our memories.

ONE

And you based this assumption on  
what exactly?

THREE

How about the fact that you're an  
imposter and a liar?

ONE

And you're a thief and murderer who  
gives his guns pet names.

THREE

But you lied to get on that ship.  
You were after something you didn't  
want anyone else knowing about.

ONE

I'm sure I wasn't the only one on that ship with a hidden agenda. And whatever it was I was after, I'm also sure it was a lot more interesting than just screwing with everyone's memories.

They sit in silence. ONE looks over at the table - and torture stick sitting atop it.

ONE (CONT'D)

Hey. I've got an idea.

THREE

What did I say about your ideas?

ONE

Look, we've got to get out of here before he comes back and kills us.

THREE

He's not coming back to kill us. He's just going to sell the weapons and hightail it out of here.

ONE

Oh yeah? Is that what you'd do if you were him?

THREE considers, then -

THREE

Okay, what's your plan?

ONE looks down at the wires that bind them, then over at the table across the room, where Corso left the torture stick.

ONE

These wires are metal. If we can get close enough to that table for me to grab that shock stick, I might be I'll use it to melt through them.

THREE

I've got a couple of problems with that plan, the biggest being - it's gonna hurt. A lot.

ONE

You saying you can't tough it out  
like I can?

THREE

(suddenly determined)  
Let's just do this.

ONE

Okay. On the count of three, we  
shift. Not "tilt". Shift.

THREE

I got it.

ONE

One, two, three - SHIFT!

They shift in unison, start inching toward the table.

INT. SPACE STATION - CLINIC WAITING ROOM

ON SIX dozing. In the BG we hear a replay of the Android  
ad. Suddenly, the number on the electric display board  
switches to sixty-three. The guy next to SIX nudges him.  
SIX jumps up, and steps into -

INT. SPACE STATION - CLINIC SCREENING ROOM

SIX walks in to find the doctor (DR. AMENI) waiting for him.

DR. AMENI

Have a seat. I'm Dr. Ameni. What  
seems to be the trouble?

SIX sits down, then rolls up his sleeve, showing off the  
burn on his arm.

DR. AMENI (CONT'D)

What happened?

SIX

Electrical burn doing ship repairs.

Ameni picks up a small probe, and pokes it into the wound.  
SIX winces a little.



DR. AMENI

Besides the localized damage, have you been experiencing any other discomfort?

SIX

Nope.

DR. AMENI

When did this happen?

SIX

A couple of days ago.

Ameni transfers the probe over to a underlit glass plate, and deposits a small tissue sample on it. Then he moves over to his computer and types in a command.

DR. AMENI

We can generate a compatible graft using your DNA, but it'll take a few minutes.

ONSCREEN, and out of view of SIX, a rapidfire barrage of data streaks by as the information is processed.

SIX suddenly gets a troubling thought.

SIX

Wait, I thought you were just gonna give me some ointment, or something.

DR. AMENI

I'm afraid this a little beyond ointment.

The data streak stops abruptly and a single photo appears onscreen. It's a mug shot of SIX with the bulletin: "GENETIC SEQUENCING COMPLETE: GRIFFIN JONES. WANTED. EXTREMELY DANGEROUS. APPREHEND AND HOLD." Ameni's mouth falls open as his gaze switches from the onscreen image - to the real live extremely dangerous individual in his office.

SIX

Something wrong?

Ameni snaps out of his reverie.

DR. AMENI

No. Everything's fine.

He kills the screen. He gets up and goes over to a cabinet where several metal tubes, the size and shape of epi-pens, are lined up in a rack. He selects one.

DR. AMENI (CONT'D)

While we're waiting for the graft to generate, I'll give you something for the pain.

The doctor approaches, ready to administer the shot, but his hand is trembling. SIX notices. Suddenly, SIX grabs Dr. Ameni's wrist, halting its progress. The two exchange looks - SIX, suspicious; Dr. Ameni, terrified.

DR. AMENI (CONT'D)

I assure you, this won't hurt a bit.

SIX

Yes it will.

And with that, SIX headbutts him in the face, putting the good doctor down for the count.

SIX stands over his unconscious form, bewildered. WTF? He looks around, notes the computer. He walks over. It's dark. He runs his hand over the keyboard and it comes to life showing: his mugshot and the words "APPREHEND AND HOLD".

SIX (CONT'D)

Oh damn.

INT. SPACE STATION - CLINIC WAITING ROOM

SIX steps out of the room, shutting the door behind him. He informs the nurse -

SIX

Doc says he'll let you know when he's ready.

Then heads out.

INT. SPACE STATION - LOWER LEVEL - ND ROOM

ONE and THREE are almost within reach of the table.

ONE

Two, three - shift! Two, three -  
shift!

They inch their way over until they're right beside it, then ONE reaches for the shock stick. His fingers brush the device. He grimaces, straining, brushes the device again - and knocks it off the table.

THREE

(sigh)

ONE

We need to get down on the floor.  
On the count of three, we tilt.

THREE

One, two, three - tilt!

They shift.

ONE

THAT was a shift.

THREE

Try it again, try it again.

ONE

One, two three - tilt!

They teeter - and topple, landing on their side. ONE manages to secure the shock stick.

ONE (CONT'D)

I got it!

He presses it against his metal wire bindings.

THREE

Just give me a one, two, three -  
AAAARRGGGH!

ONE and THREE grit their teeth and shudder as the electric charge plays over them (VFX).

INT. SHIP - CORRIDOR

TWO and FIVE hurry onto the ship and encounter the Android.

TWO  
Anyone else back yet?

ANDROID  
Yes, I believe -

FOUR comes down the corridor -

FOUR  
What is it?

SIX swings around the corner. He informs everyone -

SIX  
We've got to get out of here. Now!

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. SHIP - BRIDGE

The conversation has moved to the bridge: TWO, FOUR, FIVE, SIX, and the Android. TWO paces, keying her radio -

TWO  
ONE, THREE, please respond.

FOUR  
How severely did you injure the men  
who attacked you?

TWO  
I...was pretty thorough.

FOUR throws a look to SIX -

FOUR  
And the doctor?

SIX  
He's just sleeping, but that's not  
the point. The DNA scan he ran  
flagged me. There's no doubt the  
Galactic Authority are on their way.

FOUR  
Then we have to go.

TWO keys her radio -

TWO  
One. Three. This is Two, we have a  
situation here and need you back at  
the ship immediately.  
(beat)  
Please respond.

ANDROID  
Given the circumstances, perhaps we  
should consider leaving without them.

TWO  
We can't.

FOUR

Three made it clear he intended to go his own way.

TWO

That guy's all talk. Besides, if he was really going to leave, he would have made a bigger deal of it. Subtle he aint.

FOUR

What if they sold the weapons and decided to keep the money for themselves.

TWO

No. Three maybe. Hell, probably. But One? No way.

FOUR

He may not have had a choice.

ANDROID

He could have been deceived, rendered unconscious, perhaps even killed.

But TWO doesn't want to hear it. She keys her radio -

TWO

One. Three. This is Two. Come in.

A suddenly hopeful SIX tries to lift the somber mood.

SIX

Look, let's just give them a little more time. They probably turned off their comms and are out there, partying their asses off.

INT. SPACE STATION - LOWER LEVEL

ONE and THREE scream as the charge plays over them (VFX).

ONE/THREE

Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaarrgggh!

ONE turns off the shock stick, tests his bonds.

THREE

(gasping for breath)  
There's gotta be another way.

ONE

I think they're weakening. Just a little more.

THREE

Hang on, hang on. Just give me a couple of seconds to catch my -

ONE triggers the stick and the charge plays over them once again (VFX).

ONE/THREE

Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaarrrrrrgggggggggh!

INT. SPACE STATION - LOWER LEVEL - ANOTHER ND ROOM

Corso and a Buyer have struck a deal on the weapons crate in a secluded area of the space station. As the Buyer and a rough-looking Accomplice check their purchase, rooting through the contents of the open container, Corso is paid off. He counts and pockets his cash.

CORSO

Well, gentlemen, it's been a pleasure doing business with you.

He grabs a sidearm he had set aside from the shipment and checks to make sure it's chambered.

CORSO (CONT'D)

Now I just have one more thing to care of.

He stuffs the gun in his belt, covers it with his jacket, then heads out, smiling.

INT. SPACE STATION - CLINIC WAITING ROOM

The patients are anything but, shifting in their seats, looking up at the number board, which is still stuck on sixty-three. The Nurse offers them a wan smile and goes to the office door. She KNOCKS.

NURSE

Doctor?

Beat. Nothing. Brow furrowed, she opens the door -

NURSE (CONT'D)

Sorry, doctor. I just wanted -

INT. SPACE STATION - CLINIC SCREENING ROOM

She falls silent at the sight of the doctor lying on the floor. She hurries over, checks his pulse then quickly goes to the medicine cabinet. She grabs a dose of adrenaline, and administers the shot. Dr. Ameni awakens with a -

DR. AMENI

(gasp)

He sits bolt upright.

NURSE

Are you alright?

It takes Dr. Ameni a couple of seconds to gather his bearings, then he is on his feet and scrambling to the comm console on his deck. He stabs the button -

DR. AMENI

This is Dr. Ameni at the health clinic. Put me through to security!

INT. SPACE STATION - LOWER LEVEL - CORRIDOR

Corso strolls down the corridor, happily -

CORSO

(whistling)

He approaches a door, checks up and down the corridor to make sure the coast is clear, then draws his sidearm and slaps the console. The door slides open -

INT. SPACE STATION - LOWER LEVEL - ND ROOM

He steps inside and discovers: the chairs, the remnants of the wires that bound his prisoners - but nothing else. ONE and THREE are gone.



His face registers disappointment. Then - THE STATION ALARM SOUNDS. He looks around, bewildered, then quickly tucks away his sidearm and heads out.

INT. SPACE SHIP - BRIDGE

TWO, FOUR, FIVE, SIX, and the Android on the bridge. TWO, still pacing, desperately trying to reach them -

TWO

One, Three, are you there? Answer me, damnit!

Suddenly, they hear the distant ALARM. WTF?

SIX

What is that?

FIVE

Sounds like an alarm.

ANDROID

To be more precise, it's the space station's general alarm.

TWO

Get us out of here.

Solemn looks all around. The Android concentrates and we hear the GROAN and SHUDDER of the ship undocking.

ANDROID

We've undocked. I'll prepare coordinates for an FTL jump.

A solemn beat as the crew realize - they've lost two of their own. But then -

ONE (O.S.)

GO! GO!

INT. SHIP - CORRIDOR

TWO, FOUR, FIVE, and SIX step out into the corridor just a ONE and THREE come racing up.

ONE

Is everyone here?! We've got to go!

TWO  
Already on our way.

VFX - SPACE

The ship files away from the space station, then jumps to FTL.

INT. SHIP - CORRIDOR

The crew is reunited, but it's a less than warm reception for ONE and THREE.

TWO  
Why the hell weren't you answering  
your comms?

ONE  
We lost 'em.

TWO  
Lost them how?

ONE hesitates -

SIX  
How much did you get for the weapons?

ONE  
Nothing.

SIX  
Nothing? Where are they?

ONE  
They're gone.

The others are stunned. ONE isn't sure how to tell them. He hesitates, then -

ONE (CONT'D)  
We were -

THREE  
(interrupts)  
Jumped, by a half dozen guys. He -

Indicating ONE -

THREE (CONT'D)

Got knocked down and played dead. I  
took 'em all on by myself and was  
more than holding my own when a  
seventh one came out of nowhere,  
snuck up behind me and clocked me.  
(beat)  
Took our comms and the guns.

The others exchange uncertain looks. ONE flits a furtive  
looks to THREE who ignores it.

TWO

Really? Is that how it happened?

THREE throws ONE a look.

ONE

Yeah. More or less. I didn't see  
everything because I was on the floor -

Through gritted teeth -

ONE (CONT'D)

With my eyes closed.

THREE

I'm sorry.

TWO

Don't be. You were outnumbered.

SIX puts a comradely arm around ONE, gives him a squeeze.

SIX

The important thing is you two are  
alive and back on this ship.

Relieved looks all around. ONE finally manages to catch  
THREE's eye. And THREE grins back at him.

VFX - SPACE

The Raza jumps to FTL and makes good its escape.

END OF ACT FIVE

TAG

VFX - SPACE

The Raza hurtles through FTL.

INT. SHIP - CORRIDOR OUTSIDE THREE'S QUARTERS

ONE steps up to the door, pulls his hand back to knock, hesitates, thinks about it, then goes ahead and KNOCKS. Beat. THREE answers, all smiles.

THREE

Jace Corso. I was wondering when you'd be dropping by.

INT. SHIP - THREE'S QUARTERS

ONE walks in. The door slides shut behind him.

ONE

Don't call me that.

THREE

What would you prefer?

ONE

One.

THREE grabs a seat.

THREE

Okay, One. What can I do for you?

ONE

How about you tell me why you covered for me? Why didn't you tell them what really happened back at that space station?

THREE

Because I honestly don't think you're trying to screw us.

ONE gauges THREE who meets his gaze, solid.

ONE

Really?

THREE

Really.

ONE can't quite believe it. He tests -

ONE

So we agree that I didn't wipe everyone's memories?

THREE

Oh, I didn't say that. You probably did. But fact is, you don't remember so whatever secret agenda you had is now a secret to you too. So...who cares?

He shrugs. Then his eyes narrow as a sudden phony realization dawns -

THREE (CONT'D)

Well, now that I think of it - probably everybody onboard this ship besides me. Especially if they find out you're an imposter.

ONE tries to read THREE - but the merc is inscrutable.

ONE

What do you want?

THREE

Your support moving forward. Crew votes, debates, lunch decisions. You follow my lead.

THREE smiles and lays it out -

THREE (CONT'D)

From hereonin, we agree to agree.

And off THREE -

INT. SHIP - MESS

FIVE sits at a table, fiddling with some piece of gadgetry. She suddenly looks up, startled, as TWO takes a seat across from her and sets a deck of cards down on the table.

TWO  
Want to play a game?

FIVE drops her gaze, shakes her head. She's clearly uncomfortable.

FIVE  
No, thanks.

TWO gets to the heart of the matter -

TWO  
I think we should talk about what happened back at the space station.

FIVE  
I don't feel like it.

She grabs her gadget and leaves. TWO watches her go. SIX comes over, mug in hand, and grabs a seat.

SIX  
What's wrong with her?

TWO  
Nothing. She's perfectly normal. And on this ship, that's a problem.

SIX considers, takes a sip from his mug.

SIX  
So, I've been doing the math in my head and correct me if I'm wrong but...We managed to refuel, but didn't have time to effect repairs or resupply and restock. We lost the weapons, so we didn't get anything for 'em. We sold the other stuff and DID get money for that, but it was confiscated at the casino. So, bottom line: we're actually worse off now than we were twenty-four hours ago.

TWO

We also missed an opportunity to do some research while we had access to the station's information hub. The Android did a general search on all of us and didn't come up with anything beyond the GA reports, but if we'd had time to dig a little deeper...

SIX

Maybe next time.

TWO

Yeah. For now, we're back to square one, and our pasts remain a mystery.

INT. SHIP - FOUR'S QUARTERS

FOUR takes a seat behind the monitor in his room and hits a key, lighting up the screen. He zeroes in on a single saved file named and double-clicks it, prompting a video -

An archived news report. A Galactic News Network Anchor (GNN ANCHOR) address the viewers. Behind him, a stock photo of the late EMPEROR ISHIDA TATSUYO.

GNN ANCHOR

The fallout from the assassination of Emperor Ishida Tatsuyo continues to be felt throughout C sector as forces from the Principality of Zairon and the neighboring Republic of Pyr remain on war footing. Several multi-corps have dispatched destroyers to the disputed region to safeguard transit passages. Representatives of the Galactic Authority say they will offer humanitarian aid to refugees fleeing the area but, thus far, have characterized the standoff as "a regional conflict between two independent territories" and dismissed the possibility of direct military involvement.

(beat)

Meanwhile, the search continues for Emperor Ishida's murderer, purported to be his own son, Crown Prince Ishida Ryo.

The stock photo of the late Emperor is replaced by a photo of FOUR.

GNN ANCHOR (CONT'D)

Since the Emperor's death, the Crown Prince has been implicated in the deaths and disfigurements of almost a hundred people.

The photo engulfs the entire screen.

GNN ANCHOR (CONT'D)

He is on the run and is considered, armed, unstable, and extremely dangerous.

And off FOUR we -

FADE OUT