

# DARK MATTER

EPISODE #108

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DARK MATTER - Episode 108

TEASE

[PREVIOUSLY ON: Our crew wake up with no memories, discover they're criminals and one of them was responsible for their mindwipe. ONE learns he is not Jace Corso. FOUR discovers he's of royal lineage. THREE loses the love of his life. SIX finds out about his terrorist past - the destruction of the space station, and The Leader of the Procyon Insurrection.]

VFX - SPACE

Establish a space station.

INT. SPACE STATION B - BELOW DECKS - CORRIDOR

SIX is led through a lower level corridor by two thugs. Overhead pipes line the ceiling; steam vents from various junctures. It's down and dirty.

INT. SPACE STATION B - BELOW DECKS - ANNEX

The thugs leads SIX into an annex littered with old crates and equipment. They approach and hold up in front of underworld boss DRAVES, who stands waiting, arms folded.

Off to the right, sitting on a crate, looking bored and doing her nails, is Draves' gangster moll, CALLIE.

SIX

You Draves?

DRAVES

Maybe.

SIX

I'm looking for someone. I think you might be able to help me find him.

DRAVES

Yeah? Who?

SIX

The head of the Procyon Insurrection. They call him The Leader.

Draves' chuckles.

SIX (CONT'D)

What's so funny?

DRAVES

The Leader's the most wanted man in the galaxy. How would I know where he is?

SIX

He's been using Cygnus Epsilon as a base, and since this is the closest station to the planet, it's a good bet his supply line runs through here. To stay under the radar, he's got to be doing business with the local criminal element. And you're it - no offense.

DRAVES

None taken. And I hope you don't take offense when I tell you you're crazy. You know how many people he's killed?

SIX

Nothing gets back to you.

(then)

I can make it worth your while; ten thousand bars transferred directly into your account.

DRAVES

I can do better.

SIX

Okay, twelve thousand. The final two may take a couple of days.

DRAVES

You misunderstood me. I said "I" can do better.

DRAVES draws a gun. SIX raises his hands.

SIX

Whoa. What is this?

DRAVES

Griffin Jones. Wanted for smuggling, piracy, murder, and acts of terrorism. Quite the rap sheet. And a hell of bounty to go with it.

Off SIX -

DRAVES (CONT'D)

I had one of my boys run a face recog  
when you started asking around about  
me. I'm curious that way.

He nods to one of his thugs, who pulls out a kind of zap-  
strap loop.

DRAVES (CONT'D)

Hands behind your back.

SIX puts his hands behind his back. The thugs step closer.  
Suddenly, SIX elbows the one holding the zap strap in the  
throat, then lightning quick, steps back while pulling the  
other thug in front of him, as a startled Draves gets a shot  
off - hitting his own man. SIX pushes the thug forward into  
Draves, knocking him back against the wall. SIX cuffs the  
gun out of Draves hand - it clatters to the floor off to the  
left.

SIX tosses the wounded thug aside and punches Draves, then  
turns to deal with the other thug who has recovered. He's  
good, but SIX is better, taking him down quickly.

SIX grabs the dazed Graves by the throat and slams him hard  
against the wall.

SIX

You've got three seconds to tell me  
where I can find him. One. Two -

Three gunshots ring out - BANG BANG BANG.

The first shot hits SIX in the right shoulder, spinning him  
so that the next two shots hit him square in the chest. He  
drops to the floor.

Draves looks over at -

Callie, holding a smoking, small caliber pistol.

ON SIX bleeding out. He convulses, then lies still, eyes  
staring vacantly up into space. He's dead.

END TEASE

ACT ONE

INT. SPACE STATION B - BELOW DECKS - ANNEX

SIX lies, dead, the pool of blood growing around him.

Callie steps up to him, still holding the gun.

CALLIE

He didn't think I was a threat.  
That's just sexist.

DRAVES

And what part of "We need him alive"  
didn't you understand?

CALLIE

He was gonna kill you.

Draves redirects his attention back to SIX's corpse.  
Suddenly, his brow furrows. Something isn't right.

SIX's corpse has begun to bubble. As they watch, the whole  
body erupts like a simmering pudding, then slowly dissolves  
into a puddle of organic sludge (VFX).

Draves and Callie exchange looks.

VFX - SPACE

The Raza flies through FTL.

INT. RAZA - INFIRMARY

SUPER: "12 HOURS EARLIER"

The ANDROID lies on the table. Instead of an IV and heart  
monitor, he is plugged into the ship's systems, and the  
screens around him monitor his progress.

REVEAL TWO standing beside the table, watching. ONE steps  
in behind her, goes to put her arms around her -

She reacts, lightning fast, spinning, grabbing his wrist,  
twisting, and dropping him to his knees. And only then does  
she realize it's him.

ONE

Aaaah.

TWO

Why are you sneaking up on me?

She lets him go. He rises, wincing, checking his bruised  
wrist.

ONE

I was surprising you with a hug.

TWO

Why?

ONE

I don't know. I thought you'd enjoy it.

TWO

Do I look like someone who enjoys surprise hugs?

ONE

In retrospect no, definitely not.

She surveys him coolly.

TWO

I don't like public displays of affection.

ONE

Well I don't like having my wrist broken so lessons learned.

He throws a look to the Android.

ONE (CONT'D)

Hey. How's he doing?

SIX

The corrector nanites in his system are damn impressive. I'd say he's about eighty-five percent restored.

ONE

So - close enough. We bringing him online?

TWO

Not yet. He'll be good to go in about eight hours.

ONE

We're twenty minutes out from the space station. We just gonna shuttle in then?

TWO

No, we'll dock.

ONE

How're we going to do that without the android?

TWO

I'll take us in.

She walks out of the infirmary. ONE watches her go, far from convinced.

VFX - SPACE

The ship slowly approaches a space station. The doors to one of the hangar bays open as the ship gets closer.

INT. RAZA - BRIDGE

TWO sits at the controls. ONE grabs a seat behind her. TWO keys her comm.

TWO

Just giving everyone a heads up. We're about to dock.

ONE

You sure you know what you're doing?

TWO

I watched the android do it. I'm a quick study.

She kills the engine, goes to thrusters. Behind her, ONE tries to quietly buckle himself in - CLICK.

TWO (CONT'D)

I heard that.

TWO manipulates the ship's thrusters via the console, watching the onscreen display that captures her veering video game-like progress into the space station's hangar.

TWO (CONT'D)

Here we go...

ONE braces himself, gripping the arms of his seat.

INT. SHIP - THREE'S QUARTERS

THREE sits in front of a disassembled gun, leaves off his cleaning to throw a curious look around him as the ship begins to shudder. WTF?

INT. SHIP - TRAINING ROOM

FOUR halts his training routine, mystified -

INT. SHIP - MESS

FIVE and SIX, seated at a table, have left off their card game to glance down at the liquid sloshing about in their mugs.

INT. SHIP - BRIDGE

TWO at the console; ONE wincing and gripping the arm rests of his chair. One final shudder. The clamps audibly ENGAGE. The ship is still.

TWO  
And we're docked.

TWO throws a proud look back at ONE.

ONE  
How could I have ever doubted you?

INT. SHIP - MESS

ONE, FOUR, FIVE, and SIX look on as TWO, tablet in hand, gives them their marching orders.

TWO  
Okay, supply run. One, you're on infirmary restock. Got your list?

ONE  
Got it.

TWO  
Four - seeds to get hydroponics going. Five, you've got gak -

FIVE  
Connectors, adapters, and three-twelve sprockets.

TWO  
That's what I said.  
(moving on)  
Three, you're on juice. Make sure -

She looks around.

TWO (CONT'D)  
Where's Three?

FIVE  
In his room. He said he's not coming.

The others exchange looks. They all know what this is about. FOUR starts for the door.

FOUR  
I'll get him.

SIX  
Let him grieve.

FOUR  
He's grieved long enough.

INT. RAZA - THREE'S QUARTERS

THREE on his bed, cleaning his guns. A KNOCK at the door.  
He ignores it, keeps right on cleaning. Beat. ANOTHER KNOCK.

THREE  
Get lost.

The door opens - FOUR walks in.

THREE (CONT'D)  
What's the point of knocking if you're  
just going to come in anyway?

FOUR  
It's polite.  
(beat)  
Are you coming?

THREE redirects focus to his gun cleaning.

THREE  
Naw. Got a lot of stuff to do.

FOUR  
Such as?

THREE  
Cleaning my guns. Working out.  
Cleaning my guns.

FOUR  
We haven't been off this ship in a  
while. We don't know when we'll get  
another chance.

THREE  
Well you have fun then.

FOUR considers him.

FOUR  
You need to move on.

THREE

See, I don't think I do. I'm guessing "moving on" is what I've been doing most of my life and look at where it's gotten me. With all due respect to you and everyone else on this ship - I could do better.

(beat)

Maybe it's time I stopped and, for once, just considered the consequences.

FOUR

Consequences imply you did something wrong.

THREE

I promised her I would find a way to save her.

FOUR

You did everything you could. You fought to save her, and everyone else. We all owe you our lives.

THREE looks over at him. FOUR is about to exit, but pauses.

FOUR (CONT'D)

I didn't know her well, but from what I've heard of the kind of person she was, I think maybe she would have been proud of you.

He leaves. ON THREE, weighing FOUR's words.

INT. SHIP - CORRIDOR OUTSIDE AIRLOCK

ONE, FIVE, and SIX are waiting. They swing a look to an approaching TWO.

TWO

Okay, same drill as last time. We've docked under a false registration. Galactic Authority's stretched pretty thin this far out. Still, it goes without saying - but I'll say it anyway - don't draw unnecessary attention to yourselves.

Off their pointed looks -

TWO (CONT'D)

And, yes, I speak from experience.

FIVE peers down the corridor expectantly.

FIVE

Think he'll come after all?

ONE

In the interest of getting some actual  
R&R, I hope not.

That wins him looks from the others.

ONE (CONT'D)

Oh, come on. You're all thinking it  
but I'm the only one with the guts  
to say it.

THREE (O.S.)

Alright!

They throw a look down the corridor at a much more upbeat  
THREE headed toward them, FOUR right behind him.

ONE

(equally upbeat)  
Hey-hey! There he is!

Winning him another look from SIX.

THREE

Let's do this!

TWO hits the airlock remote. It HISSES open.

INT. SPACE STATION A - CONCOURSE

PICK UP ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR, FIVE, and SIX move through  
the space station.

TWO

Okay, what's up first? Shops, spa,  
food -

ONE/THREE/FIVE

Food!

TWO

Okay, then. Let's find someplace to  
eat.

SIX holds up.

SIX

You guys go ahead. I'll catch up  
with you later.

The others look back.

TWO

You sure?

SIX

Yeah.

THREE

Suit yourself.

ONE, TWO, THREE and FOUR continue on their way. But FIVE stays.

SIX throws her a look.

FIVE

What?

SIX

Go get something to eat with the others.

FIVE

I'd rather hang with you.

SIX

I don't want you hanging with me.

He frowns down at her, catches her hurt expression. He softens -

SIX (CONT'D)

What I mean is I need some time to myself. But we can hang out later. Okay?

FIVE nods, clearly disappointed.

FIVE

Okay.

SIX moves off.

FIVE looks over in the direction taken by ONE, TWO, THREE and FOUR. She considers for a moment...then decides to follow SIX.

INT. SPACE STATION A - CORRIDOR B

SIX approaches a juncture in the busy corridor and steps up to a door with the words "TRANSFER TRANSIT" emblazoned over top. He considers the visuals framing the doors - photos of various exotic locales across the galaxy.

He steps through the double doors and disappears inside.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL FIVE standing at the other end of the corridor, watching.

INT. SPACE STATION A - PUB

ONE, TWO, THREE and FOUR sit around a table in a corner of the pub, eating and drinking. ONE, THREE, and FOUR are trying to surmise the ingredients of their burgers -

ONE  
Garlic, parsley -

TWO  
Yeah.

FOUR  
Onions, mushrooms -

TWO  
Not mushrooms.

THREE takes another bite, chews thoughtfully.

THREE  
Nuts?

TWO  
Not nuts either.

ONE  
What is that flavor?

TWO  
Mealworms.

ONE, THREE and FOUR all freeze.

THREE  
Wait, when you say mealworms, is that one of those things that sounds like something, but is really something completely different, like "firearms" or "anal-gesic"?

TWO  
It's pronounced "annal-gesic" and, no, mealworms are worms - well, larvae. They're protein rich and a hell of a lot less expensive and easier to source than beef.

THREE stares at TWO for a long moment, then down at his burger.

THREE

(sighs)

And resumes eating.

THREE (CONT'D)

It's so damn good, I don't even care.

ONE, meanwhile, signals to the O.S. server -

ONE

Hey, can I see another menu?

INT. SPACE STATION B - BELOW DECK - ANNEX

Replaying beats from the Tease:

DRAVES

Hands behind your back.

SIX puts his hands behind his back. The thugs step closer. Suddenly, SIX elbows the one holding the zap strap in the throat, then lightning quick, steps back while pulling the other thug in front of him, as a startled Draves gets a shot off - hitting his own man. SIX pushes the thug forward into Draves, knocking him back against the wall. SIX cuffs the gun out of Draves hand - it clatters to the floor off to the left.

SIX tosses the wounded thug aside and punches Draves, then turns to deal with the other thug who has recovered. He's good, but SIX is better, taking him down quickly.

SIX grabs the dazed Graves by the throat and slams him hard against the wall.

SIX

You've got three seconds to tell me  
where I can find him. One. Two -

Three gunshots ring out - BANG BANG BANG.

The first shot hits SIX in the right shoulder, spinning him so that the next two shots hit him square in the chest. He drops to the floor.

Draves looks over at -

Callie, holding a smoking, small caliber pistol.

ON SIX, bleeding out. He convulses, then lies still, eyes staring vacantly up into space. He's dead.

CUT TO:

INT. SPACE STATION A - TRANSFER ROOM

ON SIX lying down, eyes shut. Peaceful. Suddenly, his eyes snap open and he -

SIX  
(takes a deep breath)

A lid retracts, allowing him to sit up.

WIDEN ANGLE TO REVEAL - He's shirtless, in a white clinical-looking room, sitting in a pod (transfer pod). Nearby, against the wall, several monitors record his brainwave and heartrate activity, etc.

He looks around, rattled, fighting to catch his breath and we -

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. SPACE STATION A - TRANSFER ROOM

SIX is sitting up in the transfer pod. A TRANSFER TECH comes into the room, examines the equipment and looks through the data scrolling down the screens.

TRANSFER TECH

How do you feel?

SIX

Fine. I don't remember what happened.  
Why I can't I remember?

TRANSFER TECH

If your clone returned to its transfer pod as instructed, all new memories should've been uploaded back into you.

SIX

Well, they weren't.

The tech looks through the data.

TRANSFER TECH

Hmmm. Seems your trip was terminated early. No bio-mass recycling was recorded.

But he doesn't seem unduly concerned.

TRANSFER TECH (CONT'D)

It happens on occasion, usually due to catastrophic failure.

SIX

What's catastrophic failure?

TRANSFER TECH

Your clone died.

SIX

Does it say how?

The tech shakes his head.

TRANSFER TECH

Just that we lost vital signs at 21:34 hours - which triggered your early wake up.

Off a confused SIX -

TRANSFER TECH (CONT'D)

Could've been an accident - or natural causes.

SIX

Natural causes?

TRANSFER TECH

It happens sometimes. A genetic condition gets transferred to the clone.

The tech inputs a sequence into a computer.

SIX

Put me back in.

TRANSFER TECH

Travelers have to wait thirty minutes following an early termination.

SIX

I don't have that kind of time.

TRANSFER TECH

Company policy.

SIX

Just - Look, I get it. You're a cog in a big machine. Keep your head down, put in your thirty years, then retire and hope you die before the savings tap out. It's a solid plan, but I've gotta ask. Doesn't it ever get to you?

Off the frowning tech -

SIX (CONT'D)

The crummy shifts, the long hours, knowing they'll squeeze you dry and then replace you the first chance they get?

(beat)

Haven't you ever wanted to - just once - stand up for yourself and stick it to the big faceless corporation? Break one of their stupid rules?

TRANSFER TECH

(deadpan)

By letting you transfer thirty minutes early?

SIX

Uh - for example.

The tech gives a sorry shake of his head, then turns to work on the computer systems.

TRANSFER TECH

I'm going to need a few minutes.

Satisfied, SIX lies back down in the pod.

INT. SPACE STATION A - PUB

ONE, TWO, THREE, and FOUR have just finished their meals. And, judging by how well they're getting along, they've clearly had quite a few drinks as well.

THREE

(to TWO)

You know when I decided I liked you?

TWO

After I didn't shoot you that time you tried to take the ship?

THREE

When you abandoned us on that mining planet.

TWO

Oh yeah?

THREE

At first, I thought you'd screwed us over and I was like: "Damn. I like that girl". And then, when you came back and saved our asses, I was like: "Damn. I REALLY like that girl."

TWO

Un huh.

THREE raises his beer and looks each of his table mates in turn: ONE, then FOUR, then TWO. Almost wistful -

THREE

You guys are great. I may not say it enough -

FOUR

Or at all.

THREE

But you guys -

He wags a finger at them -

THREE (CONT'D)

You. You know what I'm saying.

FIVE walks in through the door, and spots the group in the corner. She walks up to the table. ONE spots her first.

ONE

There you are.

TWO/THREE

Hey!!!

FIVE stares. They're freaking her out a bit.

FIVE

What's wrong with you guys?

ONE

What do you mean?

FIVE

You're all... getting along. It's weird.

FIVE examines them and the drinks on the table.

FIVE (CONT'D)

Are you drunk?

THREE

Of course we are.

FIVE sits down at the table. ONE slides over a menu.

ONE

Come on. Have something to eat.

FIVE gives the menu a cursory scan. Something is clearly bothering her. TWO picks up on it.

TWO

What's the matter?

FIVE

Six left.

TWO

What do you mean?

FOUR

Where is he?

FIVE

I don't know.

Suddenly, THREE is on his feet -

THREE

That bastard stole the ship, didn't he?

FIVE

No, the ship's still here. And so is he - kind of.

THREE

Are YOU drunk? Speak English, girl.

FIVE

He's doing transfer transit.

They stare back at her, equally confused.

THREE

What the hell's transfer transit?

INT. SPACE STATION A - TRANSFER ROOM

SIX is in the transfer pod. The transfer tech presses a button and the pod's lid slides shut over him.

FIVE (V.O.)

It's state-of-the-art travel tech. You get into what's called a transfer pod and input a destination. The pod sequences your DNA and maps your brain.

Inside the pod, a beam of light scans SIX from top to bottom.

On a nearby screen, we see his information collected: a 3-D picture of SIX's brain is built and a helix is formed, rung after, rung as his DNA is sequenced.

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

Then, that information gets sent via subspace -

We PULL BACK out of the space station -

VFX - SPACE

Then sweep across the galaxy, past planets, nebulas, distant stars and finding - A second space station.

FIVE (V.O.)

Anywhere across the galaxy to a  
receiver pod wherever you're going -

We TRUCK IN through its walls, into -

INT. SPACE STATION B - TRANSFER ROOM

A transfer chamber just like the one we just left [but with  
a different layout, of course, because while it may look the  
same, it's totally different]. PUSH INTO the receiver pod  
where -

VFX - Inside the pod, the clone is constructed, layer by  
layer. Every slice is complete with bone, organs, and skin.  
This body isn't being grown, but built, like you would 3-D  
print any other object.

FIVE (V.O.)

Where they build an exact clone of  
you, complete with your memories and  
personality.

An exact replica of SIX. The pod's cover slides open. The  
clone lurches and inhales, as the eyes snap open. SIX's  
clone sits up, and looks around, groggy. He looks down at  
himself in wonder.

SIX

Whoa.

INT. SPACE STATION A - PUB

THREE interrupts FIVE in her explanation.

THREE

Wait a minute. I'm confused.

FIVE keeps right on going.

FIVE

But the clone has a limited life  
span - a few days at the most. It  
has to return to the transfer pod  
before that time so it can be  
recycled, and its memories and  
experiences can be downloaded and  
sent back to you in your original  
pod before you wake up.

She falls silent. They all stare at her. Beat.

ONE

How the hell do you know all this?

FIVE pulls out a pamphlet for "TRANSFER TRANSIT" and slaps it down on the table.

FIVE  
I read the brochure.

ONE picks up the pamphlet, gives it a scan.

TWO  
Hold on - Six would never submit to a DNA scan. Not after what happened last time.

FIVE  
(re:the brochure)  
It says all DNA profiles are kept strictly confidential.

FOUR  
In a place like this they would have to be, or they'd go out of business fast.

TWO  
Still, it's risky. He must've wanted to go somewhere pretty bad.

ONE  
Yeah, but where?

THREE  
He's probably selling us out.

FIVE  
He'd never do that.

THREE  
How do you know he wouldn't?!

FIVE  
How do you know he would?!

TWO  
Enough!

They fall silent.

TWO (CONT'D)  
Let's go find out.

TWO gets up and heads. The others follow.

ON FIVE, hanging back, conflicted about having told them.

INT. SPACE STATION B - BAR

A run-down dirty dive of a bar. SIX walks in, grabs a seat at the bar. The tattooed BARTENDER comes over.

BARTENDER  
You're back.

SIX  
I am.

SIX eyes him.

SIX (CONT'D)  
And you don't seem that surprised.

BARTENDER  
Why should I be?

SIX scrutinizes the bartender for a tell, some indication, anxiety, that he set him up. But there's none. SIX relaxes.

SIX  
No reason I guess.

The bartender shakes his head. He's clearly used to customers who don't make a whole lot of sense.

BARTENDER  
Same as before?

SIX  
Uh - sure.

The bartender pours him a drink.

SIX (CONT'D)  
So I came in here, what, about an hour ago?

The bartender surveys him with a queried look.

BARTENDER  
Yeah.

SIX  
I needed help finding someone.

BARTENDER  
Yeah.

Off SIX's expectant look, the bartender leans in close and whispers -

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

I gave you a name and sent you on  
your way.

SIX

That name again?

BARTENDER

What?

SIX

What was the name you gave me?

The bartender's eyes dart around the room, he leans in even  
closer.

BARTENDER

Draves. Wanna write it down this  
time?

SIX stands up, drains his glass, sets it back on the bar.

SIX

Thanks.

BARTENDER

Sure. See you around.

SIX heads out.

SIX

Not if I get it right this time.

The bartender watches him go and the look on his face says  
it all: weird dude.

INT. RAZA - SIX'S QUARTERS

The door slides open - ONE, TWO, and THREE walk in and start  
searching. FOUR and FIVE watch from the door.

FIVE

Are you sure we should be going  
through his stuff?

ONE

Pretty sure. Yeah.

FIVE

Well it's not right. We're invading  
his privacy.

THREE holds up, throws her a look.

THREE

Really? You didn't have a problem invading my privacy to steal my bullets.

FIVE

That was different. I thought you were dangerous.

ONE

Well, depending on where he went and why - he could be too.

FIVE

You guys are wrong. He wouldn't do anything to hurt us.

THREE resumes the search.

THREE

If you're so sure he has nothing to hide, then why'd you rat him out?

FIVE

I didn't rat him out.

THREE

Whatever, kid.

FIVE

I just thought it was weird that he was keeping something from us.

(beat)

That maybe he might need our help.

Suddenly, THREE discovers something in one of drawers -

THREE

I knew it!

Everyone looks over as - THREE pulls a fistful of power bars out of the drawer and holds it up like Exhibit A in a show trial.

THREE (CONT'D)

He's been hoarding the green not-as-crappy-tasting protein bars! When I asked him, he said we were out!

The others resume their search. THREE is outraged by their dismissal of HIS outrage.

THREE (CONT'D)

I got stuck eating the blues ones.  
(MORE)

THREE (CONT'D)

(beat)

They taste fishy!

FOUR moves over to the monitor and turns it on.

FOUR

Hmmm.

TWO

What've you got?

FOUR turns the monitor to face them. ONSCREEN: a password prompt.

ONE

Great.

TWO

Try "Six".

FOUR types, enters. The prompt remains.

FOUR

No.

ONE

Try "Raza".

FOUR tries again. No go.

THREE

How about "lying hoarder"?

ONE

Look, we can spend all day guessing.  
We need to find a way to bypass the  
password.

An uncomfortable silence. All eyes gravitate to FIVE who stands at the doorway, arms crossed.

FIVE

It's an invasion of privacy.

ONE

Look at it this way: you'll be proving  
his innocence.

FIVE considers, all eyes on her then -

FIVE

(sighs)

She grudgingly, takes a seat behind the monitor and gets to work.

She starts hacking, getting into the background file architecture. Windows pop up as she works super-fast, breaking down various firewalls and system safeguards.

The others crowd around the screen to watch her work, amazed.

FIVE breaks through the password barrier. She looks up his recent searches. Articles and news reports about a terrorist attack: "TERRORIST ATTACK ON HYADUM THREE", "PROCYON INSURRECTION TARGETS SPACE STATION", "THOUSANDS PERISH".

FIVE (CONT'D)

He was researching a terrorist attack on some space station. A lot of people killed.

A NEWS ANCHOR sits at a desk. In the corner of the screen, an on-screen graphic says "ATTACK ON HYADUM THREE"

GNN NEW ANCHOR

Breaking news. We have an update on the bombing of Hyadum Three by the anti-corporate terror group known as The Procyon Insurrection. Over ten thousand lives were lost in the attack and, today, investigators released the following video.

We cut to a security video taken inside a space station.

GNN ANCHOR (V.O.)

Security footage uploaded to the G.A. hub before the station's destruction clearly shows the three suspects believed to be responsible for the bombing.

The image freezes as SIX and two co-horts appear.

GNN ANCHOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

If you see any of these men do not attempt to apprehend them, but call your nearest G.A. detachment immediately.

CU REBEL SIX - it's grainy, but there's no mistaking him. TWO reaches in and hits a key, freezing the video.

The group stares at the screen, stunned. THREE to FIVE -

THREE

And you thought "I" was dangerous.

INT. SPACE STATION B - BELOW DECKS - ANNEX

ON a waiting Draves and Callie in conversation.

CALLIE

I'm sorry. It was instinct.

DRAVES

Well your instincts are terrible.  
And almost cost us a huge pay day.

CALLIE

I'll be careful this time. I promise.

DRAVES

Nice and simple, right? We tell him  
we're taking him to see The Leader -  
then we deliver him to the nearest  
GA outpost. We collect the bounty  
and hightail it out of there before  
they realize what's up.

CALLIE

What if he gets suspicious?

DRAVES

There's no reason for him to be.  
His first clone took those memories  
with it. As far as he knows, it's  
like we're meeting for the first  
time.

The sound of FOOTFALLS cause them to turn as -

SIX is led into the annex, flanked by the two familiar thugs.

SIX

You Draves?

DRAVES

Maybe.

And he gives a little smile. It's Deja Vu and we -

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. SPACE STATION B - BELOW DECKS - ANNEX

SIX stands, flanked by two thugs, stands in front of Draves and Callie.

DRAVES

So what can I do for you - ?

SIX throat punches the two thugs to either side of him, dropping them. Draves reaches for his gun, but before he can aim, SIX headbutts him, then takes the gun and immediately whirls around, pointing it at Callie.

She puts her hands up.

CALLIE

Whoa, take it easy. This has got nothing to do with me.

(nodding toward Draves)

I'm just his girlfriend.

ANGLE from behind Callie - we can see the small caliber pistol tucked into her belt at the back.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

I don't get involved in the business.

SIX

Last time I was here I missed something. Not sure what it was, but this time I'm covering all the bases.

CALLIE

What's that supposed to mean?

With his free hand, SIX punches her in the nose, knocking her out.

He turns back to Draves.

SIX

Now. Let's talk.

INT. RAZA - MESS

ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR, and FIVE have convened to discuss. But, at this moment, silence reigns. It's broken by -

FIVE

I don't believe it. He couldn't have killed all those people.

FOUR

Why? Because he's nice to you? You think that proves anything?

THREE

It does seem a little hardcore. Even for one of us.

FIVE

It's a mistake. It has to be.

ONE

What about Calchek? He knows our histories, maybe we should talk to him.

TWO

Too risky. If we start asking for information we should already know, he could get suspicious. And if he finds out about our memory loss, he may consider us damaged goods and end our arrangement. Or worse, make a move against us.

ONE

Okay. Other options?

They consider. Beat.

FOUR

We follow Six and find out for ourselves.

Everyone turns towards FOUR.

THREE

There's an idea. We go hang around his pod until he wakes up and then make him cough up some answers.

FOUR

No. The only way to know for certain would be to use the transfer technology, just like he did, and discover firsthand what he's up to.

THREE

I'm not getting sealed up in one of those things, all helpless and perfectly gift-wrapped for the G.A. No way.

FIVE

I'll do it.

TWO

No.

FIVE frowns, clearly disappointed.

TWO (CONT'D)

With the Android out of commission,  
you're our resident tech expert. We  
need you here - just in case.

FIVE softens and nods. Yeah, that makes sense.

FOUR

I'll go.

TWO nods, throws a look to ONE -

TWO

And you go with him.

ONE, uncertain, motions of to THREE -

ONE

Hang on. He brings up a good point.  
You're pretty damn vulnerable while  
you're lying, trapped, in one of  
those things.

TWO

Six respects you. If there's any  
sort of confrontation, you can reason  
with him.

Off an uneasy ONE...

INT. SPACE STATION A - TRANSFER ROOM

ONE and FOUR are led into a vacant transfer room, on a  
tour/sales pitch by the Transfer Tech.

TRANSFER TECH

...For the duration of your travel,  
your body will remain here in cryo-  
sleep. When your clone returns for  
bio-mass recycling at the end of the  
trip, its' experiences and memories  
will be uploaded, transferred back,  
and reintegrated with your own.

ONE

Is it safe?

TRANSFER TECH

The absolute safest way to travel.  
(MORE)

TRANSFER TECH (CONT'D)

With your true body here, you're never in any real danger. Your clone could travel into the center of a star, and you'd be perfectly fine. The possibility of any critical complications is extremely remote.

ONE, suddenly concerned -

ONE

Wait. What do you mean by critical complications?

TRANSFER TECH

Oh it's barely worth mentioning. There have been a handful of incidents - strokes, heart attacks, the occasional aneurism - but a causal link back to the technology has never been established.

ONE is less than assured.

ONE

Well, that doesn't sound so -

FOUR

You've sold us. We'd like to take a trip.

The tech consults his handy tablet.

TRANSFER TECH

Excellent. Let's get you signed up.  
(beat)  
Now, are you a couple?

ONE

Uh, no -

FOUR

Is there a discount?

TRANSFER TECH

Ten percent.

FOUR

Then yes, we are a couple.

ONE throws FOUR a look. FOUR smiles amiably back at him as the tech enters the info.

ONE

One more thing. A good friend of ours was in earlier today. Big guy, kind of scary looking. We'd like to meet up with him.

TRANSFER TECH

Did he tell you where he was going?

ONE

Uh, no. He doesn't know we're coming. It's a surprise.

FOUR

It's his birthday.

The Transfer Tech is hardly convinced.

TRANSFER TECH

I can't divulge information about other customers. It's against company policy.

Beat.

ONE

Let me ask you something. Haven't you ever been tempted to just break the rules, and -

TRANSFER TECH

(dubious)

What? Get back at my big faceless corporate bosses for making me feel so small and insignificant?

ONE

Um...

FOUR produces a handful of currency, and sets them down on the tech's open tablet. The tech stares down at the money, considering...

EXT. PLANET - ABANDONED MINING FACILITY - DAY

Establish.

INT. ABANDONED MINING FACILITY - COMMAND ROOM - DAY

A busy command room: tables monitors, charts. The facility's commander, LIEUTENANT ANDERS, goes over some tactical notes on a tablet with another officer. Suddenly, a REBEL SOLDIER manning one of the O.S. screens pipes up -

REBEL SOLDIER  
Sir, I've detected an incoming  
shuttle. Headed our way.

Anders and the other officer join him and survey the O.S.  
screen.

REBEL SOLDIER (CONT'D)  
It isn't responding to our  
identification requests.

Anders straightens and motions to a couple of nearby soldiers.

LIEUTENANT ANDERS  
First squad, with me.

The Rebel Soldiers ready their weapons.

LIEUTENANT ANDERS (CONT'D)  
(back to the first  
soldier)  
Update us if you hear anything.

REBEL SOLDIER  
Yes, sir.

Anders leads his men out.

INT. SPACE STATION A - TRANSFER ROOM

ONE walks in from a side door (to the adjoining O.S. changing  
room) in a robe. The tech is at the monitors, checking data  
and inputting information via his tablet.

TRANSFER TECH  
Okay, I've entered your destination  
coordinates. You're all set.

ONE takes off his bathrobe to reveal he is wearing nothing  
but a pair of briefs. He climbs into the transfer pod and  
lies down. The tech inputs a sequence.

TRANSFER TECH (CONT'D)  
Just lie back and relax. The next  
time you open your eyes, you'll be  
light years away.

The lid starts to drop. Suddenly -

ONE  
Wait.

The tech stops the lid. ONE sits up.

ONE (CONT'D)

What if there's some sort of medical issue?

TRANSFER TECH

The system automatically monitors for signs of physical distress. At the first indication, you'll be pulled right out.

ONE

Okay. Good. Good.

He lies back down. Beat. The lid starts to drop.

ONE (CONT'D)

Wait!

The tech stops the lid. ONE sits up.

ONE (CONT'D)

What if there's a fire?

TRANSFER TECH

In all station-related emergencies, my first priority is to awaken all travelers and get them to safety.

ONE

Okay. Ready.

He lies back down. Beat. The lid starts to drop.

ONE (CONT'D)

What if - ? Hang on. Wait.

The tech pretends he doesn't hear him and the lid clicks shut. We hear a HUM, see a light interplay between the seams of the pod.

EXT. ABANDONED MINING FACILITY - DAY

SIX walks through the abandoned facility. Suddenly -

LIEUTENANT ANDERS (O.S.)

That's far enough.

Anders steps out from behind a building. A group of rebel soldiers emerge from hiding, surrounding SIX.

Anders' face registers surprise at the sight of SIX. Some of the soldiers appear equally surprised, exchanging uncertain looks. Anders approaches.

LIEUTENANT ANDERS (CONT'D)

You've got a lot of nerve coming here.

SIX

Do I?

LIEUTENANT ANDERS

You murdered your own team.

SIX

Well, I've got a lot of blood on my hands.

Anders motions to one of his men who marches forward, checks SIX for weapons.

SIX (CONT'D)

I'm unarmed.

The soldiers gives Anders the nod. He's right.

SIX (CONT'D)

And I'm here to see The Leader.

Anders tries to read SIX - but the big man is stonefaced. Anders smirks, nods.

LIEUTENANT ANDERS

Well, he's waiting for you.

Lieutenant Anders starts walking. One of the rebel soldiers pushes SIX after him.

INT. SPACE STATION B - TRANSFER ROOM A

We hear the HUM and see the light interplay on the receiver pod. Beat. CLICK. The lid lifts and FOUR sits up. He checks himself out, intrigued, then looks around, glances over at the ND clothes lying beside the pod for him.

INT. SPACE STATION B - TRANSFER ROOM B

On the pod in the other room. The same process. HUM. Lightplay. Click.

We CATCH SNIPPETS, CLOSE-UPS OF: ONE's hand gripping the side of the pod as he rises O.S., ONE's hand reaching in to grab the pile of clothes left out for him, ONE'S LEG slipping on a pant leg, ONE'S mid-section as he buckles his belt.

CATCHING A BITE of ONE as he puts on a shirt. We glimpse his chest and shoulder, but not his face as - behind him, the door slides open and FOUR walks in.

FOUR

Ready?

ONE answers but his voice sounds...off.

CLONE ONE (O.S.)

Yeah, it's weird but I feel different.

He turns to face FOUR - whose face suddenly drops.

CLONE ONE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Whatever. Let's go get Six.

He goes to step past FOUR, who suddenly grabs CLONE ONE by the wrist and twists his arm behind his back, while simultaneously wrapping his other arm around CLONE ONE's neck.

CLONE ONE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

What the hell?!

FOUR

Who are you?!

CLONE ONE (O.S.)

Hey, take it easy! It's me.

ONE turns and catches his reflection in a mirror: same body type and age, but he looks completely different. He's someone else.

CLONE ONE (CONT'D)

Oh crap.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. SPACE STATION B - TRANSFER ROOM B

FOUR has CLONE ONE (who doesn't look like the ONE we've come to know and love) completely immobilized. With the slightest effort he could break CLONE ONE's arm, or choke him, or both.

FOUR  
Who are you?

CLONE ONE  
It's me, One.

Off a confused FOUR -

CLONE ONE (CONT'D)  
You're Four. The rest of the crew  
is back on The Raza.

FOUR eases up a little, brow furrowed.

ONE  
We just used the transfer tech to  
follow Six to this space station so  
that we could find out what he's up  
to.

FOUR releases ONE and takes a giant step back, surveys him,  
baffled.

FOUR  
It is you.

CLONE ONE  
Yeah.

FOUR  
But it's not.

CLONE ONE  
Uh...no.

FOUR works it out aloud -

FOUR  
A glitch in the transfer process?  
(beat)  
No, that doesn't make sense. This  
clone body was constructed based on  
the DNA template of your original  
self...

ONE decides to save him the trouble -

CLONE ONE

This is my real body. This is what  
I look like.

OFF FOUR -

CLONE ONE (CONT'D)

I guess this as good a time as any  
to tell you.

(sighs)

There's something you should know...

EXT. ABANDONED MINING FACILITY - DAY

Establish.

INT. MINING FACILITY - ND ROOM - DAY

SIX is shoved into a bare room by one of the soldiers. He  
turns to face Anders at the doorway, flanked by the soldier.  
He appeals, his voice tinged with desperation -

SIX

I want to talk to The Leader.

LIEUTENANT ANDERS

You'll see him soon enough.

They retreat, locking the door behind him.

SIX

No! I want to see him now!

He tries the door. Locked of course. He POUNDS it in  
frustration.

INT. SPACE STATION B - BAR

ON the bartender as he clears off some glasses, then walks  
down to the end of the bar where - FOUR and CLONE ONE sit.

BARTENDER

What can I get you?

CLONE ONE

Two house whiskies - and some  
information.

The bartender eyes them as he pours their drinks.

CLONE ONE (CONT'D)

We're looking for someone. Big guy,  
came through here, maybe about an  
hour ago.

The bartender crosses his arms, surveying them suspiciously. FOUR pulls out a couple of bills, sets them down.

FOUR  
We're very good tippers.

Off the bartender, considering...

INT. SPACE STATION B - BELOW DECKS - ANNEX

CLONE ONE and FOUR step into the empty annex and look around. Looks like they've got themselves a wait.

FOUR  
Hopefully this Draves fellow will  
show up.

They wait. An awkward silence. Beat.

CLONE ONE  
(sighs)  
Look, I'm sorry. I should've just  
come clean sooner.

FOUR  
True.

CLONE ONE  
I don't know why I was posing as  
Jace Corso. I don't remember. So  
whatever hidden agenda I might have  
had, it's gone now, right?

FOUR  
Maybe.

FOUR cocks his head slightly - did he just hear something?

CLONE ONE  
I know you can't speak for anyone  
else, so I just want to know where I  
stand with you. We cool?

FOUR  
At the moment, I think I'm the least  
of your worries.

CLONE ONE  
What do you mean?

FOUR  
There's someone behind us.

They turn to find Draves standing there, a gun pointed at each of their heads.

He is sporting a bandaged nose from SIX's headbutt.

DRAVES

Who you looking for?

CLONE ONE

Big guy, came through about an hour ago. Last we heard, he was headed in your direction.

DRAVES

Yeah, I know where your friend is.

CLONE ONE and FOUR exchange the briefest of looks. Two ways to play it. FOUR chooses -

FOUR

He's no friend of ours.

DRAVES

Then what's your business with him?

CLOSE ONE

Payback.

FOUR

He betrayed us. We want revenge.

Draves grins and lowers his guns.

DRAVES

Well, why didn't you say so?

INT. ABANDONED MINING FACILITY - ND ROOM - DAY

An anxious SIX paces. Suddenly, the door rattles - and swings open. A rebel soldier steps into the room, gun drawn.

REBEL SOLDIER

The Leader will see you now.

INT. ABANONDED MINING FACILITY - COMMAND ROOM - DAY

SIX is escorted into the room by two rebel soldiers. Standing in front of the screens, taking them all in at once, is The Leader, distinguished and charismatic, though with a distinctly dangerous edge. He throws a look to SIX and smiles.

THE LEADER

Good to see you again, Griff. What brings you back into the fold after all this time?

SIX  
Unfinished business.

THE LEADER  
Really? I just assumed you got tired  
of running.

The Leader takes a seat. SIX steals a surreptitious look up  
at a clock.

THE LEADER (CONT'D)  
I mean it must've been exhausting,  
always looking over your shoulder,  
never knowing who to trust. I imagine  
it's hard to make new friends once  
you have a rep for killing your old  
ones.

SIX  
They weren't my friends.

THE LEADER  
But they WERE your brothers in arms.  
They trusted you -

SIX  
And I trusted YOU when I flew that  
shuttle onto the station to take  
that G.A. cruiser.  
(beat)  
You manipulated me, made me complicit  
in a mass murder.

THE LEADER  
You were a soldier. MY soldier.  
We're at war and that station was a  
legitimate target.

SIX  
Over ten thousand lives lost including  
women and children.

THE LEADER  
Hundreds die every day under corporate  
rule - and the Galactic Authority,  
our protectors, just stand by and  
let it happen.  
(beat)  
There's no such thing as a bloodless  
revolution.

He surveys SIX with genuine sadness.

THE LEADER (CONT'D)

You were a good soldier, Griff. I was sorry to lose you. But, maybe, your coming back here is a sign that you may still find a way to contribute to the cause.

SIX

No. I'm done.

He steals another look at the clock.

THE LEADER

From what I understand, you've taken up with a group of mercenaries. You have a ship, The Raza.

SIX

Go to hell.

He inputs a sequence into a console.

THE LEADER

Hopefully your new allies will prove a little more disposed to listening to my offer.

OFF SIX's confused look, The Leader motions over to a monitor.

The onscreen image switches to surveillance footage of CLONE ONE and FOUR walking through corridors on Space Station B.

THE LEADER (CONT'D)

Apparently, they're on their way down here. And my men are ready to welcome them.

SIX looks up the clock.

THE LEADER (CONT'D)

You keep checking the time. Waiting for something?

SIX frowns up at the clock.

SIX

Yeah.

The digital clock counts past the hour. Beat. SIX's brow furrows.

SIX (CONT'D)

Sonovabitch.

The Leader rises.

THE LEADER

Well, Griff, timing was never your  
strong suit -

Suddenly, a THUNDEROUS O.S. KABOOM!

VFX - MATTE SHOT

A massive explosion ROARS through the forest.

The shockwave BLASTS the facility.

INT. MINING FACILITY - HEADQUARTERS - DAY

SIX ducks. The windows blow in. Part of the ceiling  
collapses. Beat. As the dust settles -

SIX jumps up, disarms one of the soldiers, and guns them  
both down. Then, throws a look over to -

The Leader, rattled and bloodied, pulling himself up. He  
looks up at SIX and they lock eyes.

THE LEADER

What the hell was that?

SIX

My shuttle blowing. I figured this  
was a one way trip, so I set the  
systems to go critical.

(beat)

Took a while.

The Leader glances over and spots - a gun from one of the  
fallen soldiers. He lunges for it. But SIX intercepts,  
tackling him. They both go down and, suddenly -

SIX is on top of him, his hands around his throat. The Leader  
reaches up and tries to pry his fingers away - but SIX is  
too strong, too determined.

SIX (CONT'D)

I'm killing your murderous ass so  
that others may live.

The Leader stares up at SIX, bug-eyed and flushed. He's  
dead.

SIX (CONT'D)

Appreciate the irony?

SIX sits up and

SIX (CONT'D)

(catches his breath)

He looks down at the corpse. Suddenly, The Leader's skin starts to bubble. SIX jumps up quickly and backs away as -

The corpse bubbles furiously, then dissolves away. He was a clone.

Off a shocked SIX we -

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. PLANET - MINING FACILITY - HEADQUARTERS - DAY

SIX stands over the remains of the clone. Suddenly -

Lieutenant Anders swings into the room, gun drawn and leveled at SIX who offers him little more than a weary glance.

SIX

He was a clone.

LIEUTENANT ANDERS

I know.

SIX

So am I.

He throws his hands up.

SIX (CONT'D)

So shoot, don't shoot. It's not gonna make much of a difference in the long run.

Anders considers SIX, then lowers his weapon.

EXT. MINING FACILITY - DAY

CLONE ONE and FOUR walk through the smoking ruins. Suddenly, the sound of MOVEMENT causes them to draw raise their weapons (presumably on loan from Draves).

Dead ahead, the smoke clears to reveal a solitary figure - SIX standing in the debris, holding a gun.

SIX

Who's your friend?

FOUR throws a look to CLONE ONE.

FOUR

Long story.

SIX lowers his weapon.

SIX

Which way to our ride?

FOUR points back the way they came. SIX starts walking.

SIX (CONT'D)

Let's go. I've got a hell of a story for you too.

CLONE ONE and FOUR follow.

INT. RAZA - MESS

Back aboard the ship. The crew (ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR, FIVE, and SIX) sits around the table.

TWO  
You lied to us.

ONE  
I didn't lie so much as I - slightly  
delayed telling you the truth.

TWO  
Oh, really? And when were you  
planning to tell us?

ONE  
Honestly? I don't know. I was  
waiting for the opportunity but,  
really, when's a good time to tell  
your friends you're not who they  
thought you were? Hell, you're not  
who YOU thought you were.

Off the others -

ONE (CONT'D)  
All I know is I assumed an identity  
to get onboard this ship. As to  
why? I have no idea.

TWO  
Well, you should've told us. Right  
after that incident with the real  
Corso, you should have told us  
everything.  
(beat)  
Hiding the truth made us vulnerable.  
If Corso had come back at any of us,  
we never would have seen him coming.

ONE  
I know. I didn't think things  
through.

TWO surveys an abashed ONE. They exchange looks and it's  
clear, this is a betrayal that runs deeper.

TWO  
Anything else you'd like to tell us?

THREE  
Now's the time.

TWO wheels on THREE.

TWO  
And you! You knew, and kept his  
secret. That's just as bad.

THREE  
It's not AS bad.

Off everyone's looks -

THREE (CONT'D)  
It was strictly for blackmail  
purposes.

TWO  
We don't keep secrets from each other,  
and we don't blackmail each other  
either.

A chastized THREE crosses his arms.

THREE  
Fine.

TWO directs focus to SIX.

TWO  
And you. What's your excuse?

SIX shrugs.

SIX  
I don't have one.

TWO  
Really? You're not even going to  
try?

SIX  
(sighs)  
It was something I felt I needed to  
do alone. I didn't want you talking  
me out of it. And I didn't want you  
guys getting hurt on my account.  
(beat)  
And I didn't want any of you screwing  
things up.

THREE  
That's an apology?

SIX  
No. It's not.  
(MORE)

SIX (CONT'D)

It's me being honest with you. That's what you want, isn't it?

TWO

What I want is for us to be able to trust each other. Moving forward - no more lies, no more secrets.

(beat)

We need to have faith in each other if we're going to put our lives on the line together. But despite everything we've been through, we just can't seem to do it.

She surveys her fellow crew members.

TWO (CONT'D)

WHOEVER wiped our memories -

And she lingers on ONE, either letting him know she suspects him or letting him know that, despite how it looks, nothing is for certain -

TWO (CONT'D)

Probably did it because it would make it harder for us to work together. Well guess what? It worked.

Everyone sits quietly around, staring at the table, at the ceiling, anywhere but each other. Distrust reigns. ONE catches TWO's gaze. She looks away.

VFX - SPACE

Space station establisher.

INT. SHIP - ONE'S QUARTERS

ONE is typing at his computer console. ONSCREEN - we see an open window: "TRANSFER TRANSIT, CLIENT PROFILE 1211446-Q, USER PASSWORD."

ONE types in a password.

Another message pops up: "DOWNLOADING PROFILE". A status bar slowly begins to fill. ONE waits. After a moment, the bar is filled: "DOWNLOAD COMPLETE". ONE sits back, thinking.

INT. SHIP - INFIRMARY

TWO talks to the Android, who has been brought back online. He sits up on the bed, checking his now fully healed chest,

the monitors, running through the range of motions on his hands while she completes a diagnostic on him.

TWO

The atmosphere on this ship is bad.

ANDROID

The atmosphere is optimal. It's  
78.084% Nitrogen, 20.9476% Oxygen,  
0.934% --

TWO

Morale. I mean morale is bad.

ANDROID

Yes, that is suboptimal.

TWO

We have to find a way to trust each other.

Android sits quietly watching her.

TWO (CONT'D)

I mean, if we can't even do that,  
how can we possibly hope to survive?

ANDROID

How indeed.

TWO throws a quizzical look back at the Android who is surveying her curiously.

TWO

You look like you want to say something. Maybe offer me some dispassionate advice?

ANDROID

If you honestly feel this way, why don't you tell them?

TWO stares back at the Android uncertainly.

TWO

Tell them what?

ANDROID

The truth. About yourself.

ON a horrified TWO as she realizes...he knows!

INT. SHIP - ONE'S QUARTERS

ONE lies on the bed, hands folded under his head, staring at the ceiling. A CHIRPING from his computer, and he gets up and walks over.

An onscreen message: "GENETIC MATCH IDENTIFIED.

DERRICK MOSS, PROBABILITY 99.8766%". He hits a key, initiating -

A series of links: "EARLY LIFE", "EDUCATION", "COMPANIES", "MANAGEMENT STYLE", "PERSONAL LIFE". He clicks "PERSONAL LIFE", maximizing an article titled "INDUSTRIALIST DERRICK MOSS HEADLINES CHARITY DRIVE" Various photos of CLONE ONE, a wealthy business magnate named Derrick Moss, at the charity event. One catches his eye -

A shot of his former self with a beautiful young woman. Smiling. Happy. The caption reads "DERRICK and CATHERINE MOSS."

On ONE, amazed by the life he left behind. He smiles and reaches out, touching her face. Then he spots something and withdraws his hand. His smile disappears.

Onscreen, a link at the bottom: "TRAGEDY". He clicks it, bring up a slew of links, articles: "MOSS TRAGEDY", "MURDER INVESTIGATION". He clicks a video link -

A GNN NEWS ANCHOR in-studio report. Behind him, a picture of Derrick's wife.

GNN NEWS ANCHOR

There was a dramatic development today in the investigation into the death Catherine Moss, the wife and of CoreLactic Industries CEO Derrick Moss.

On ONE, watching intently.

GNN NEWS ANCHOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)

The Galactic Authority identified this man - Marcus Boone - as a suspect in the case.

Onscreen, the photo of the victim is replaced by a mugshot of the prime suspect in their murder: none other than THREE.

GNN NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)

Boone is a career criminal already wanted on dozens of unrelated charges. He is considered armed and extremely dangerous.

And back to ONE, stunned.

END OF ACT FIVE

TAG

INT. SHIP - CORRIDOR

SIX heads down the corridor following a heavy workout, towel draped over his shoulders. He approaches his quarters.

FIVE (O.S.)

Hey!

He holds up, throws a look to FIVE coming down the corridor.

FIVE (CONT'D)

How was your workout?

SIX

Good.

He hits the console, the door slides open.

FIVE

Hey.

He holds up.

FIVE (CONT'D)

We've got another three hours or so before they finish repairs on the ship and some of us were thinking of heading into the station to catch a movie. Want to come?

SIX is not reciprocating the friendliness. In fact, he seems cold, and somewhat irritated.

SIX

No, thanks.

FIVE

Star Wars 12. Remastered. They say it's a classic.

SIX

Naw, that's okay. You have fun though.

FIVE

But you said we would do something together later.

Too late. SIX has disappeared into his quarters.

PLAY THE DISAPPOINTMENT on FIVE who -

FIVE (CONT'D)

(sighs)

And heads back the way she came.

INT. SPACE STATION A - COMM ROOM

A small, sparse, non-descript room with a monitor and chair. FOUR walks in. The door seals shut behind him and he takes a seat.

He pulls out a bill, feeds it into a slot. The screen lights up. FOUR inputs something into the console. He waits.

The emblem of the Ishida Royal Court appears onscreen and, after a couple of seconds, it is replaced by a live image of a COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER.

COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER

This is the Ishida Directorate. How  
may I -

He freezes.

FOUR

You know who I am.

The officer stares back at him with a mix of emotions: shock, reverence, hostility - and fear.

FOUR (CONT'D)

I wish to speak to Hiro.

The Officer considers. Then -

COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER

One moment.

The emblem flashes back onscreen.

FOUR, eyes locked on the screen, waits. Beat. Beat. Beat.

The emblem disappears and HIRO, FOUR's younger step-brother appears onscreen. He stares out at FOUR in disbelief.

HIRO

Ryo?

FOUR smiles.

FOUR

Hello, brother.

FADE OUT: