

S P A C E

PART 1 OF 2

Written by

Glen Morgan & James Wong

January 13, 1995 (Full White)
February 17, 1995 (Full Blue)
February 20, (Pink Pages)
February 24, 1995 (Green Pages)

S P A C E

Written by

Glen Morgan & James Wong

January 13, 1995 (Full White)
February 17, 1995 (Full Blue)
February 20, 1995 (Pink Pages)
February 24, 1995 (Green Pages)

2/24/95

"SPACE"

CAST

GOVERNOR BORMAN
LOVELL
COLONIST
NATHAN WEST
KYLEN CELINA
DRAKE
TECHNICIAN
ENGINEER
GOVERNOR JONATHAN OVERMEYER
COOPER HAWKES
SHELL (NON-SPEAKING)
DAVIS
TATUM (NON-SPEAKING)
OTTO (NON-SPEAKING)
OFFICER
SHANE VANSSEN
LT. VANSSEN
MRS. VANSSEN
YOUNG SHANE
RODGERS
LYNN BARTLEY
KEN CARTER
CHARLIE STONE
MIKE PAGODIN
VANESSA DAMPHOUSSE
MCQUEEN
PAUL WANG
SERGEANT D.K. MAXWELL
SERGEANT MAJOR FRANK BOUGUS
COP
COLLINS OF THE 127TH
SLAYTON OF THE 127TH
PRESIDENT SPENCER CHARTWELL
MICHELE LOW
ALIEN PRISONER (NON-SPEAKING)
JOHN WEST
ANNE WEST
RICHARD WEST
NEIL WEST
REPORTER
LIEUTENANT COLONIAL FOUTS
COMMODORE EICHNER
COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER NELSON

(X)

1/17/95

"SPACE"

SETS

EXTERIORS

SPACE

/STAR FIELD
/NEBULA
/SPIRAL GALAXY
/THE STARS

VESTA SETTLEMENT

LAUNCH PAD 53A

TELLUS COLONY LAUNCH TOWER

ABANDONED POWER STATION

(X)

NEIGHBORHOOD

ROOFTOP OF VANSSEN HOME

(X)

COURTYARD OF COLONIAL COMPLEX

(X)

SEASHORE ROAD

MARINE CORP BASE

/SENTRY GATE

(X)

/TARMAC

(X)

/HANGAR

(X)

/HOSPITAL

(X)

/AIRFIELD

/APRON

/ACADEMY GROUNDS

PLANET TELLUS

ASTEROIDS BAR

LAUNCH PLATFORM

EARTH ORBIT

MARS ORBIT

MARS

/HELLAS PLAINS

/PLAIN

/CANYON

/HILLTOP

/ISSCV FUSELAGE

(X)

CEMETERY

(X)

NATHAN'S HOME

FENCE

SCVN SARATOGA

TROJAN ASTEROID BELT

2/20/95

"SPACE"

SETS

INTERIORS

VESTA LIVING QUARTERS
VESTA QUONSET HUT
TELLUS COLONY LAUNCH VEHICLE
 /LAUNCH VEHICLE SUPPLY DECK
 /HYDROPONIC GARDEN
WHITE ROOM/COLONISTS' TOWER ACCESS ARM
TELLUS GOVERNOR'S OFFICE
VANSEN HOUSE
 /LIVING ROOM (FLASHBACK)
 /CRAWLSPACE (PRESENT AND FLASHBACK)
LAUNCH TOWER SUPPLIES ARM
TELLUS MISSION CONTROL
BUS
TELLUS COLONIAL CUTTER
COCKPITS
 /NATHAN'S
 /SHANE'S
 /PAGODIN'S
 /COOPER'S
MARINE CORP BASE
 /SIMULATOR ROOM
 /HANGAR
 /ORIENTATION ROOM
ISSCV
 /SUPPLY ROOM
 /SLEEPING AREA
 /FUSELAGE
NATHAN'S HOME
 /LIVING ROOM
 /KITCHEN
 /DINING ROOM
ASTEROIDS BAR
JETS
 /SHANE'S
 /NATHAN'S
 /COOPER'S
 /WANG'S
 /DAMPHOUSSE'S
SARATOGA
 /LOWER FLIGHT DECK
 /FLIGHT DECK
 /COMMAND CENTER

(X)

"SPACE"

ACT ONE

1 EXT. SPACE - NIGHT

1

Stars. There are more in the Heavens than all the humans who have ever lived on Earth. And, like each person, every star presents a possibility. Here, in this celestial field, the possibilities are endless.

BORMAN (O.S.)

Tonight... we stand beneath a new
Heaven.

Two hands reach ACROSS FRAME from opposite directions then clasp together, breaking the perception that WE are in a star field, but rather at a LOW ANGLE looking up to the sky.

CAMERA RISES, ADJUSTS and REVEALS two hundred and fifty people, linked hand in hand, gathered in a strange violet twilight.

CAMERA PUSHES IN toward a man addressing the group. He is COLONIAL GOVERNOR BORMAN, early 40's. Borman is dressed, as are the others, in rust-colored flight overalls with their individual names over the right breast, a Vesta Colony mission emblem on the left and the flag of the Earth over the heart.

BORMAN (CONT'D)

After a hundred and fifty years
of calling out... the silence of
the Universe assures us that
life, on Earth... is unique. We
are... alone.

A chilling, foreboding wind blows across the landscape.

BORMAN (CONT'D)

You and I are amongst the first
to bring life to the stars. To
this planet, the farthest any
humans have ever ventured.

A BLACK LABRADOR

looks to the sky, BARKS, then whimpers. REVEALING the focus of the dog's attention, WE SEE brilliantly colored planetary rings arcing across the sky. An irregular ice-blue moon rises in the West over thick jungle brush.

BORMAN (CONT'D)

The light that shines from the
new sun will not touch our old
home for another sixteen years.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

Now that they are finally here, he pauses; allowing this to sink in.

BORMAN (CONT'D)

Unlike that light... we cannot go back. We can only move forward.

Borman becomes choked up, yet still strong.

BORMAN (CONT'D)

I know there are those back home who say we're only here as a status symbol. Others call us fortune hunters... or say that we're running away. But I know we're here because of Faith... a Faith in each other... in a better world.

The Colonists listen, most hold back tears.

BORMAN (CONT'D)

The rocket fuel that brought us here can be burned away... But the belief in ourselves, in one another... in the future... never can be. Never will be.

Borman holds a beat before lifting a flag - white with the blue Earth centered.

He jams the flag pole into the foreign soil. The symbol of Earth flaps proudly in the wind as the Colonists celebrate.

EXTREMELY WIDE

A lush green tropical rain forest on a planet sixteen light years away. The planetary rings cascade beyond the rolling hills; rimmed with aqua shadows from the moon above.

The Colonists' settlement nestles in a clearing beneath tall trees. The spacecraft fuselage lies on its side; now a storage warehouse, but still enormous. The homes are temporary pre-fab Quonset huts. A large satellite dish and futuristic work vehicles are nearby.

A legend appears: VESTA COLONY. EPSILON ERIDANI STAR SYSTEM.
2104 A.D.

CUT TO:

2 INT. LIVING QUARTERS - NIGHT - CLOSE - CLOCK FACE

2

The clock sits on a nightstand, displaying fifteen hours rather than twelve. In any case, it is 2 A.M... and silent.

CAMERA CREEPS through the living quarters, past sleeping colonists, highlighting memories of home - photographs, sports pennants - until finally settling on a cot. The man on the bunk, Lovell, is barely given any room by his bed partner, the black Labrador. (X)

CAMERA SETTLES... pause... the dog awakens, alert.

WIDER

Due to the shape of the Quonset hut, a long strip of moonlight arcs across the room.

Into this light moves a form... large. Angular. Ominous. The eerie shadow crooks over the sleeping bodies. The Labrador SNARLS.

WINDOW

Behind it, the powerful form, silhouetted against a cold blue backlight, watches... its breath visible. (X)

COT

The dog GROWLS, waking Lovell. Through sleepy eyes, Lovell looks toward the window, but sees only the moon.

The Labrador hops off the bunk, SNARLING as it eyes the window. Lovell reluctantly gets out of bed to have a look.

As Lovell reaches the window, CAMERA ADJUSTS to SEE out the window and into the night sky, REVEALING... what appears to be three horizontal slits of light, in formation... approaching. Faint black specks appear to emit from the lights.

LOVELL

studies the objects, puzzled. O.S., angry ROCKET JETS SWELL...

LOVELL'S POV - SKY

It quickly becomes clear the specks are an alien squadron of flat, black, triangular space warplanes in attack formation.

LOVELL

CAMERA PUSHES IN on his shock. As he opens his mouth to warn... O.S., a THUNDEROUS approach of FOOTSTEPS...

(CONTINUED)

"Space"

2/20/95

(Pink)

3A.

2 CONTINUED:

2

THE QUONSET HUT DOOR

is BLASTED off the hinges with awesome power!

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

COLONISTS

spring from their sleep. Stunned.

DOOR

An alien SHOCK TROOPER, silhouetted, moves into the threshold. Other TROOPS are visible behind it. WE CATCH ONLY A GLIMPSE of this immense, flat black and green, armored creature before it raises a flamethrower-like weapon, BLASTING a laser-intense stream of FIRE.

3 EXT. SETTLEMENT - NIGHT

3

Humans flee from the Quonset huts as Alien warplanes HOWL into FRAME, strafing the area with weapons' FIRE. EXPLOSIONS rock the compound.

4 INT. QUONSET HUT - NIGHT - MOVING

4

A Colonist races along the hut battling falling debris. He reaches the powerful radio, frantically calling out...

COLONIST
MAYDAY! MAYDAY! THIS IS THE...

BOOM! The radio is BLASTED. Sparks FLY! The Colonist turns... A trio of Shock Troopers have destroyed the radio. As they approach the Colonist...

5 EXT. SETTLEMENT - NIGHT

5

The satellite dish EXPLODES and topples to the ground as Alien fighter jets swoop over the treetops, flying in a flocking formation. SCREAMING through the swirling smoke and flame, they bomb the camp. The compound ERUPTS in FLAME.

THE EARTH FLAG

flaps defiantly against the b.g. fires. A Shock Trooper approaches, aims his weapon and torches the flag. The symbol of Earth burns angrily as the SOUND of horrified CHAOS continues O.S.

MISSION COMM (V.O.)
(overlapping)
We are T-minus thirty seconds and
counting...

DISSOLVE TO:

6 INT. TELLUS COLONY LAUNCH VEHICLE - DAY

6

An Earth flag patch is centered on a flight suit.

MISSION COMM (V.O.)
H-2 tank pressurization...

EFT COMM (V.O.)
We are GO!

CLOSE - FLIGHT PATCH

Over the left breast, an emblem of the Tellus Colony Mission.

MISSION COMM (V.O.)
T-minus twenty... Auxiliary Power
Unit start...

APU COMM (V.O.)
GO!

CLOSE - NAME PATCH

Over the right breast - WEST, NATHAN.

MISSION COMM (V.O.)
T-minus fifteen seconds...
Tellus, you have a GO for auto
sequence start. Lock your visors
and initiate O2 flow... ten...

NATHAN WEST, 22

is strapped tight against a seat in launch position. He (X)
engages a knob on the helmet, allowing a gentle HISS of oxygen
to flow. He silently counts along.

MISSION COMM (V.O.)
Nine... eight... seven...

As strapped in as he is, Nathan looks to his right, across a
row of Colonists...

NATHAN'S POV - KYLEN CELINA, 21

Behind her plastic visor, her excited eyes shine as she looks
to Nathan. She gives a subtle "thumbs up."

MISSION COMM (V.O.)
Six... five... four... three...

NATHAN

adrenalin pumping, he nods to Kylen with a cool smile.
Suddenly... an ALARM BUZZES.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

MISSION COMM (V.O.)
Countdown HOLD! T-minus three
seconds.

Nathan coolly engages some switches.

MISSION COMM (V.O.)
Tellus colony... this is Mission
Comm... simulated launch sequence
complete... all systems are
nominal. Reset countdown for
nine hours, four minutes and
twelve seconds... you are go for
launch.

As the Tellus colonists CHEER.

CUT TO:

7 EXT. LAUNCH PAD 53A - DAY

A 45-story launch vehicle, encircled by ten solid rocket
boosters, sits motionless on the launch pad.

8 INT. WHITE ROOM - DAY - CLOSE - LAUNCH VEHICLE HATCH

With a tool resembling a thick tire iron, a clean suit clad
TECHNICIAN pops open a hatch to the launch vehicle.

WIDER

The white room is a chamber adjoining the rocket to the launch
vehicle access arm, which, in turn, adjoins the launch tower.
TECHNICIANS and ENGINEERS assist the Colonists who exit, upbeat
and excited.

From a P.A. system...

MISSION COMM (V.O.)
Tellus colonists shall report to
the launch vehicle by 21:43:15.

A colonist, DRAKE, exits...

DRAKE
Vesta colony never went this
smooth.

TECHNICIAN
They're still having problems.
We lost communication with Vesta
this morning.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

ENGINEER
Probably just solar flare
interference again.

After several colonists exit and proceed down the vehicle access arm, Kylen appears in the hatch and climbs out. She pauses as Nathan crawls out of the rocket, exhilarated.

NATHAN
Man, if I'm this pumped by a test
launch... I won't need a rocket.

Kylen looks at a clock, digitally running off the countdown. She appears nervous, anticipative.

KYLEN
Final countdown.

Nathan studies her with a slight smile, and nods.

NATHAN
I know. Just think, most people
don't know if their dreams will
ever come true. Ours is
definitely eight hours and fifty-
nine minutes away.

Her eyes ignite. He smiles. Nathan moves in to kiss Kylen, but their helmet face shields prevent their lips from touching.

Then... over the P.A... very authoritative and urgent.

MISSION COMM (V.O.)
Attention colonists Ausbury,
Brown, Glick, Gonzales, Jones,
Heim, Larlee, Manesis, Vitaris,
West and Celina...

Nathan and Kylen eye each other, concerned...

MISSION COMM (CONT'D)
Report to Governor Overmeyer's
office. Immediately.

As Nathan and Kylen tense, worried...

CUT TO:

9 EXT. TELLUS COLONY LAUNCH TOWER - DUSK

9

The monumental engines are silent. White cumulus clouds float invitingly above the rocket.

10 INT. TELLUS GOVERNOR'S OFFICE - DAY

10

The distant launch tower reflects in the window of the Colonial Governor's office. Nathan's eyes are locked on the tower. Behind him, in the light of dusk, Kylen paces. The wait is excruciating. The office is sparse on decor, since the Governor will never be returning to Earth. It is spacious, clean and comfortable.

(This is not to emulate any pre-existing Sci-Fi look, rather, it sets up a contrasting environment for later in the story.)

KYLEN

We're told to report
"immediately" and then they make
us wait two hours... The others
didn't have to wait.

Nathan sighs, very tense.

KYLEN

What do you think could be...?

Her question is cut short by the opening of the door. Nathan turns away from the window toward...

COLONIAL GOVERNOR JONATHAN OVERMEYER

enters the office, 45, authoritative and strong. And yet, he must avert his eyes from Nathan's.

OFFICE

Nathan reads Overmeyer's apprehension as the Governor carries his troubled expression across the room, moving behind the large glass Governor's desk.

NATHAN

Good afternoon, sir. The launch
simulation went perfect.

The Governor nods absently, dreading the message he will have to deliver.

NATHAN

We are still a "go?"

Overmeyer sits, eyes them.

OVERMEYER

I know you are aware of the
growing rights movement for In
Vitroes, those conceived and born
in artificial gestation tanks...

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

He catches himself, then, annoyed at having to do so, selects the politically correct wording.

OVERMEYER (CONT'D)
... artificial gestation...
chambers.

Kylen and Nathan subtly eye one another as they tense.

NATHAN
Is this regarding the rally we
attended?

OVERMEYER
In a way... the rally has brought
about... a problem.

NATHAN
Sir, we have every right to
support In Vitroes. We stand by
what we did.

(X)

Only Overmeyer is aware of the impending irony. Kylen misinterprets the Governor's silence as irritation and grows defensive, passionate.

(X)

KYLEN
They are human beings, sir. Just
like us only conceived from
parents who never lived. Farmed
by the government as slaves to
fight in the A.I. Wars after too
many of us were killed. It's not
their fault it didn't succeed.
They are equal.

(X)

NATHAN
If anything, we owe them.

(X)

Overmeyer neither agrees, nor disagrees. He pauses, sighs and picks up an official document.

OVERMEYER
Last evening, the Tellus Board of
Governors was issued a directive
from the United States Senate.
The launch will be scratched
unless ten In Vitroes are aboard.

Nathan and Kylen develop a sickness in the pits of their
stomachs.

(CONTINUED)

"Space" 2/24/95 (Green)

9A.

10 CONTINUED: (2)

10

OVERMEYER (CONT'D)
Given the restrictions on
weight... rations... and
personnel capacity...

(X)

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (2)

10

KYLEN

Are you saying we're being
replaced?

Overmeyer averts his eyes.

OVERMEYER

It is my... sincere... regret to
inform you... that... one... of
you will not be on board.

Nathan and Kylene are stunned. Her eyes are furious, yet she
still needs to sit. Nathan, head spinning, heart-sickened,
steps toward the Governor's desk.

NATHAN

"One"... of us?

OVERMEYER

Nine colonists have been
released. Deciding factors
include age, experience...

NATHAN

Postpone the mission.

OVERMEYER

If we don't go in six hours, the
forecasted wormhole passage to
Tellus won't open for another
twelve years.

NATHAN

They're not even trained.
(quick)
Send them on the next colony.

OVERMEYER

(quicker)

The next colonial expedition
won't be ready for five years.
There are members of Congress who
need to look good... now.

KYLEN

We'll both resign.

OVERMEYER

Not going is not an option. You
have a commitment to execute
vital assignments on the mission.
Duties which one of you could
cover, but for which no one else
is trained.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (3)

10

Nathan and Kylen consider the obligation.

OVERMEYER (CONT'D)

Not to mention the severe legal consequences of breaking your contract.

(pause)

Besides... I know you both...
it's your dream to go to Space.

KYLEN

The dream was to go together.

Overmeyer eases. This is painful for him.

OVERMEYER

I know of the intense feelings you have for each other. The fact you entered the program - together - with the intent of colonizing - together - and ultimately both being accepted over ten thousand applicants... is a testament to your devotion...

A sickening pause... as Overmeyer sighs.

OVERMEYER (CONT'D)

The world was so much simpler twenty years ago. I'm on record as saying this directive stinks. I fought it all the way... and lost.

He lowers his tone, yet remains firm.

OVERMEYER (CONT'D)

Off the record... because of your situation... rather than issuing an order... I'm allowing the two of you to decide who will remain.

The couple look to one another. That choice would be an impossibility. Overmeyer reads this.

OVERMEYER

There is an alternative. Your Colonial certificates are immediately transferable for entrance into the Marine Corp Air and Space Cavalry.

Both are outraged by the suggestion.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (5)

10

KYLEN
The military?!

NATHAN
We're beyond war.

(X)

OVERMEYER
There's a possibility the Marine
Corp Space Cavalry may be
assigned duty as Colonial
sentries.

KYLEN
"Possibility?" You want us to
bet our lives on a "possibility?"

Nathan's temper boils over.

NATHAN
We did it the way you wanted! We
followed the rules! These... In
Vitroes didn't train. These...
Senators haven't sacrificed. Why
should we pay for a mistake they
made before we were even born?!
You're letting them throw away
our lives! We believed in you!

A long, sad and yet tense pause from the Governor.

OVERMEYER
I'm sorry you feel that way. All
you can believe in now... is each
other.

Kylen stares off. Nathan looks away. Overmeyer stands.

OVERMEYER
Please arrive at your decision by
21:30... today.

Overmeyer moves across the room and out the door. The door
SOUNDS LOUD as it closes. Silence.

Both are too shocked to be in tears. Nathan moves to Kylen.
The young couple embrace with a life and death intensity. As
Nathan opens his eyes, CAMERA PUSHES IN on his agonizing
expression. He looks to the countdown clock mounted on the
wall... ticking away the time... 06:02:29... 06:02:28...
06:02:27...

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (5)

10

NATHAN'S POV - THE LAUNCH TOWER

The rocket sits... awaiting a decision. Lights on the launch tower twinkle like stars.

CUT TO:

11 EXT./INT. ABANDONED POWER STATION - NIGHT (X)

11

A rocket is the logo for "Aero-Tech Construction" on a billboard that announces "PHILADELPHIA CENTER. COMPLETION: SPRING 2106. Celebrating 425 Years of Brotherly Love!" The architectural concept illustrates a futuristic 145 story skyscraper.

Suddenly, a young man sprints before and past the sign. CAMERA FOLLOWS, as COOPER HAWKES, bloodied and covered with dirt, gasps for air. His fear is seen by exhaled breaths in the cold night. He checks over his shoulder. His eyes are strong, tough and defiant. He sprints off into the darkness.

WIDER

Macabre shadows stretch across the darkness of a ground level construction site. The polymeric graphite girders are skeletal. The area is vacant except for space age material and advanced construction tools.

CAMERA IS MOVING as Cooper runs, legs pumping for his life.

Then... beyond him... closing in... three SILHOUETTES are in fast pursuit. Cooper cuts left. (X)

FROM BEHIND A WALL

A man, SHELL, blindsides Cooper, knocking him off his feet and down hard to the dirt floor.

Shell moves toward Cooper to restrain him, but Cooper rolls to his side and KICKS Shell below the kneecap. Shell YELPS with pain and buckles to the ground.

Cooper is quickly on his feet and about to take off, when he is gang tackled by the other men. Cooper is overpowered as they turn him on his stomach. He struggles but it's no use.

CLOSE - DAVIS

The leader of the group breathes hard. He is seen only in silhouette. His VOICE is deep and threatening.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

DAVIS

Check him.

COOPER

curses, struggles intensely as OTTO jams a knee to his spine. Otto reaches for the nape of Cooper's neck. CAMERA SWEEPS DOWN and INTO Cooper's neck as Otto pulls away Cooper's hair REVEALING a navel-like indentation at the base of the head.

DAVIS

His breaths are deep and angry.

DAVIS

I knew it. A "tank." I smell 'em. Like an animal.

Davis stands over Cooper.

DAVIS

I told the foreman not to hire him. Get him up.

TATUM and Otto pull Cooper to his feet. Tatum moves to a coil of cable and cuts off two feet for binding Cooper's hands. Davis looks up.

DAVIS' POV - A GIRDER

Ten feet off the ground.

DAVIS

As he turns to Tatum, Davis finally appears in a shaft of light.

DAVIS

Cut off another ten feet.

CAMERA FOLLOWS as Davis moves to Cooper. The others pull Cooper's hands behind his back, securing them, then bind his feet together.

DAVIS

I had two uncles die in the A.I. war 'cause the "tanks" wouldn't fight.

COOPER

(strong)

The In Vitro platoons were dissolved when I was a kid. I had nothin' to do with it.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

DAVIS

Then you're even more worthless.

COOPER

I never asked to be born.

DAVIS

Great, then you can ask to die.

Tatum drops the cable noose around Cooper's neck and pulls it tight. Tatum tosses the other end up and over the girder.

(X)

DAVIS

Go on... ask.

Cooper eyes Davis, defiant.

DAVIS

ASK!

Cooper spits in Davis' face. Tatum pulls the cable. Cooper's neck is stretched as he is pulled upward. CHOKING. GASPING.

COOPER'S FEET

dangle off the ground. O.S., he GAGS.

DAVIS

hatefully soaks in Cooper's struggle.

COOPER

suddenly grimaces, mustering his remaining strength. He pulls his knees to his chest. With a jerk of his shoulders, his body twists toward Tatum. As he swings within striking distance, Cooper KICKS his feet out, tagging Tatum in the face!

Tatum releases the cable as he falls backward.

DAVIS

reacts, shocked.

(X)

COOPER

falls to the ground, GASPING, cable still around his neck, hands tied behind his back; feet bound. He quickly rolls on his back, tucks his knees to his chest and pulls his bound hands down and around his feet. Cooper's hands are still bound, but are now in front of him. He pulls at the cable around his feet and is free just in time to drive a foot into the attacking Otto's gut.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (3)

11

SHELL

Finally stands, favoring his sore knee. He moves threateningly toward Cooper who rolls to the other side and CRACKS the cap of Shell's other knee. Shell SCREAMS and collapses.

DAVIS

(X)

hurriedly grabs a graphite pipe, charging Cooper who uses the tail end of the cable around his neck to WHIP Davis in the face. Davis YELLS, jerks back, dropping the pipe which rolls toward Cooper. Cooper picks up the weapon and starts after Davis who runs off.

11A EXT. ABANDONED POWER STATION - NIGHT

11A

CAMERA MOVES as Davis is chased by Cooper. Suddenly, in the f.g., a futuristic armored police automobile pulls INTO FRAME. Tiny siren lights STROBE with blinding intensity. On the side of the vehicle reads "PHILADELPHIA POLICE DEPT." The patrol car cuts off Davis. Rather than running from the pair of OFFICERS who exit the vehicle, Davis climbs into the back of the police car for protection.

Cooper races up with the pipe and, despite one Officer's attempt to restrain him, manages to BASH the wire protected rear window.

COOPER

(to Davis)

GET OUT! GET OUT OF THERE!!

Cooper POUNDS on the car with the graphite pipe. The helmeted Officers, dressed in paramilitary black jumpsuits with heavy flak jackets, draw strange handheld weapons on Cooper.

OFFICER

Drop the pipe.

DAVIS

(in the car)

He's crazy, sir. He's a "tank."

Cooper BASHES the car at the word. The cops react. Tanks are trouble.

(CONTINUED)

11A CONTINUED:

11A

OFFICER
(to Davis)
Go on. Get out... you're settin'
him off.

Davis gets out of the car and runs off. Cooper furiously slams the pipe against the patrol car side window, SHATTERING it.

COOPER
He tried to hang me!

(X)

Cooper is now crazed with anger as he violently POUNDS the police vehicle again. AGAIN!

An Officer raises his weapon and fires. A tiny dart like projectile lodges against Cooper's chest. A small circle of energy, emitting from the projectile, knocks Cooper to the ground.

The Cops charge in and subdue Cooper. As his hands are cuffed behind his back...

OFFICER
Son... you're in a lot of hot
water.

CUT TO:

12 EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - CLOSE - RAIN PUDDLE

12

A small pool of water ripples from the rain. A figure approaches and stands over the puddle. It is impossible to get a clear reflection and yet... this feels appropriate.

A duffel bag held in the f.g. is marked; VANSSEN, SHANE. A bouquet of flowers is held in the girl's other hand.

WIDER

SHANE VANSSEN stands before a dark fenced-off house. It shows signs of once being an idyllic home, now shattered and torn.

A sign on the fence warns; NO TRESPASSING. KEEP OUT. BY ORDER OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY. SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA.

13 INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

13

CAMERA EERILY CREEPS through the crumbling ruins until Shane ENTERS FRAME. She is 21. Her expression is blank as if walking within a nightmare. It is horribly silent except for the rain outside.

(CONTINUED)

- 13 CONTINUED: 13
Holding the flowers, she is drawn to another room.
- 14 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - (FLASHBACK) (X) 14
A handsome, strong and yet terrified officer in a United States (X)
Marine Corp uniform pulls away from the lace curtained window.
The name over his chest reads, VANSSEN.
LT. VANSSEN (X)
They're coming! The lights! (X)
- 15 INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT) 15
Shane moves into the bedroom, placing the flowers on the floor. (X)
- 16 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - (FLASHBACK) 16
MRS. VANSSEN, also in a Corp uniform, hurriedly gathers three
young girls ages 2, 3 and 5, rushing them to the back of the
room.
The mother kisses each daughter... as if for the last time. A
special beat is taken for her first born, Shane.
MRS. VANSSEN
I love you.
The terrified young girl nods, holding back tears.
MRS. VANSSEN
Shane... take care of them.
Remember how I told you...
YOUNG SHANE
Mommy, no... don't... (X)
MRS. VANSSEN
They're here! Hurry!
- 17 INT. HOUSE - CRAWL SPACE - NIGHT (PRESENT) 17
A door in the floor flies open, allowing entrance from the
ceiling below into a tiny crawl space. Dust. Cobwebs.
Darkness. Shane appears from the floor.
Seeing the room is too much. Her breaths quicken. She grabs
a rafter brace to steady herself. Then, feeling something on
the wood, she looks at the brace.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

CAMERA PUSHES INTO the brace to find small indentations in the wood.

18 INT. CRAWL SPACE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

18

The three young girls tremble in terror, holding each other while clutching the wooden brace with their finger nails. The youngest is about to scream. The oldest, Shane, quickly places her hand over the youngest sister's mouth and winces to keep from screaming at her sister's bite. She looks through the grill of an air duct, to see if they've been heard.

YOUNG SHANE'S POV - THROUGH THE GRILL SLATS

In the bedroom, long shadows stretch across the walls. They are human forms, but the VOICES are heavily electronic.

VOICE (O.S.)
ON THE FLOOR!!

Shane's parents are shoved to their knees, hands tied behind their backs... execution style. The shadow raises a handgun. There is a GUNSHOT and a FLASH of intense white light which FILLS THE FRAME, hurling us back to...

19 INT. CRAWL SPACE - NIGHT (PRESENT)

19

Shane slams her eyes shut, squeezing out held back tears. Outside the rain has stopped.

(X)

In the silence, a new SOUND... a rocket engine ECHOES in the sky. Distant. In another time, this would have been a train whistle. Nevertheless, it is a calling. Shane looks up toward the SOUND. The tears cease as an expression of purpose sweeps over her. The JET FADES.

19A EXT. ROOF - NIGHT

19A

From the hole in the roof, Shane looks to the sky.

19B SHANE'S POV - NIGHT SKY

19B

The storm clouds break. A crescent moon bleeds through the clouds. Shane moves to the window, a breeze passes through her hair. Near the moon, a bright blue star glimmers.

CUT TO:

"Space"

2/17/95

(Full Blue)

19A.

20 EXT. COURTYARD - COLONIAL COMPLEX - NIGHT - CLOSE - NATHAN (X) 20

His eyes are turned toward the stars, pained. After a moment, he looks down to a journal and writes. O.S., a door OPENS.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

KYLEN

steps onto the lawn. The primary light comes from the stardust scattered across the Heavens. As she nears Nathan, he closes the book; not wanting her to see. (X)

KYLEN

Everyone is saying goodbye to their families. (X)

Nathan nods absently. She moves to him. Kylen holds a pair of photo tags which hang around her neck. They are like dog tags only with digital images of Kylen and Nathan imprinted upon them.

KYLEN

I never thought we'd be saying goodbye to each other.

NATHAN

Then, let's run away...

Her pained reaction is immediate.

KYLEN

To a life of what? Because we broke the contract, no one would employ us. We'd be indentured servants to the colonial program for twenty years.

Nathan grows angry.

NATHAN

Did they keep their word to us? The program was all I ever believed in. And now there's nothing.

Kylen reacts, hurt. She realizes Nathan's anger is causing him to overlook her as something to believe in.

KYLEN

You believed in equal rights for In Vitroes.

NATHAN

Not at the expense of our rights. We've trained. We've sacrificed. We've dreamed... together. They're stealing that. (X)
(X)

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (2)

20

KYLEN

Maybe we have to find another dream...

NATHAN

Kylen, there are twelve billion people in the world, less than a thousand have the honor of going into space. In three hours, one of us will leave - forever - on the most powerful and complex machine ever built. And the other... will be left behind to always wonder... would my life have been extraordinary if I had gone.

(X)

KYLEN

We can't spend the last hours we have together as victims. We have to... somehow... take control.

He reacts. An idea... a dangerous idea... is forming.

CUT TO:

21 EXT. LAUNCH PAD 53A - NIGHT

21

Searchlights glare on the magnificent rocket. Small lights, like those on an oil refinery, twinkle on the tower. In the f.g., the Countdown Clock ticks away. 0:2:41:14... 0:2:41:13... 0:2:41:12...

22 INT. LAUNCH TOWER SUPPLIES ARM - NIGHT

22

Armed SENTRIES stand on each side of a large hatch. There is much hustle and intensity as CLEAN SUIT TECHNICIANS roll plastic crates into the launch vehicle. The Sentries visually check I.D. tags clipped to the Technicians.

23 INT. LAUNCH VEHICLE SUPPLY DECK - NIGHT

23

It is dark in here. A sole work light illuminates a wall marked "THIS AREA NOT PRESSURIZED." A pair of Technicians roll a smaller crate inside and lock it into position on the floor. They leave.

CAMERA QUICKLY PUSHES IN on the crate, to the exterior lock. A small muted explosion blows the lock. The crate opens REVEALING Nathan, inhumanly cramped into the box. He quickly gets out and pulls his helmet, some webbing, and a couple tools out of the crate. Nathan hustles up a ladder and disappears to the next level as other Technicians begin rolling supplies into the area. (X)

CUT TO:

23A EXT. LAUNCH TOWER ACCESS ARM - NIGHT

23A

Colonists enter the launch vehicle.

24 INT. WHITE ROOM/COLONISTS TOWER ACCESS ARM - NIGHT

24

On the white room wall, the Countdown Clock ticks...
02:00:03... 02:00:02... 02:00:01...

WIDER

Governor Overmeyer stands by the hatch as Colonists enter the launch vehicle, assisted by Technicians. He nods his "good luck."

Kylen appears, helmet under her arm. She approaches the Governor and eyes him as if to say "The decision has been made." Overmeyer sympathetically nods. She averts her eyes. As Kylen enters the hatch...

CUT TO:

25 INT. HYDROPONIC GARDEN - LAUNCH VEHICLE - NIGHT

25

Plants, vegetables and fruit trees encircle the room. Tubes of water lead into and out of the holding area. Thin bands of florescent grow lights line the room. The wall is marked "LEVEL TEN: PRESSURIZED: HYDROPONICS."

CAMERA MOVES THROUGH the room, quickly, searching... down below the growth racks to the floor... in the darkness.

Nathan checks his helmet and tightens the makeshift webbing restraint holding him against the rocket wall. He checks his watch. (X)

"Space"

2/17/95

(Full Blue)

22A.

26 EXT. LAUNCH PAD 53A - NIGHT

26

The countdown continues. 00:20:31... 00:20:30... 00:20:29...

27 INT. TELLUS COLONY LAUNCH VEHICLE - NIGHT - KYLEN 27

is in launch position. Her breaths are DEEP and NERVOUS, but not because of the imminent launch. She engages some switches.

MISSION COMM (V.O.)
Tellus, you are "Go." Initiate
primary launch sequence...

28 INT. HYDROPONIC GARDEN - LAUNCH VEHICLE - NIGHT 28

Nathan HEARS the command in his helmet. He is perspiring and tense. His breathes are also DEEP and QUICK... RHYTHMIC...

CAMERA ADJUSTS along his flight suit to the rear of a pack with three slits. Small print labels the area "OUTFLOW."

29 INT. TELLUS MISSION CONTROL - NIGHT 29

An engineer, RODGERS, sits before a panel marked: MISSION CONTROL. HYDROPONICS. LEVEL TEN. Amongst the digital readouts on the panel, an alarm BUZZES. Rodgers checks, puzzled. He engages a button on the panel and speaks into a tiny headset.

RODGERS
Mission Comm... this is H.P.
Comm... we're getting an
abnormal CO2 imbalance on level
ten.

CUT TO:

30 INT. COLONISTS TOWER ACCESS ARM/WHITE ROOM - NIGHT - LOW ANGLE 30

CAMERA MOVES as four armed SENTRIES race down the access arm. The hatch is opened and they enter.

31 INT. TELLUS LAUNCH VEHICLE - NIGHT 31

The colonists are alarmed and abuzz as the Sentries enter, proceeding to a hatch on the floor. They disappear down the ladder to a lower level.

CAMERA PUSHES IN on Kylen, scared...

32 INT. HYDROPONIC GARDEN - NIGHT 32

The hatch in the ceiling opens. XENON BEAMS pour into Level Ten. The Sentries enter.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

Nathan tenses, unconsciously inching deeper into hiding, but there is nowhere he can go. Suddenly... a XENON BEAM hits him square in the eyes.

CUT TO:

33 INT. TELLUS LAUNCH VEHICLE - NIGHT

33

Kylen jumps as the floor hatch POUNDS open. The Sentries appear with their prisoner, Nathan. There is urgency to their movements.

KYLEN

unsnaps her flight restraints and begins to get up.

NATHAN

sees, as he is being forced away.

NATHAN

NO! Kylen! It has to be you!

He breaks free and runs to her, handing Kylen a torn piece of paper from the journal he was writing in on the rooftop.

NATHAN

I wrote this for when we were going to land.

The Sentries grab him, starts to pull him away.

KYLEN

I... I... can't leave...

NATHAN

I'll find you.

He struggles as they try to pull him out of the hatch. She is moved by the intensity of his words.

NATHAN

I will find you.

Kylen fights back tears as Nathan is forced through the hatch door. Kylen runs to the hatch, removing the photo tags from her neck.

34 INT. WHITE ROOM/VEHICLE ACCESS ARM - NIGHT

34

Nathan is roughly pulled from the rocket. Kylen appears in the hatch. She holds her photo tags and appears to push a button on them as...

KYLEN

I believe in you.

She throws the tags to him. They land at his feet. As he looks to her, forced to his knees and handcuffed...

NATHAN'S POV - KYLEN

Standing in the hatch. The door is closed. And she is gone. As the access arm begins to pull away from the vehicle...

NATHAN

In the access arm, on the ground, moving away from the rocket. He looks to the floor.

CLOSE - PHOTO TAGS

A small digital photo of Kylen and Nathan. All that will remain with him.

CUT TO:

35 EXT. SEASHORE ROAD - NIGHT

35

Two large colonial mission emblems, one reading "VESTA," the other reading "TELLUS," sit on a sign designating the "FRANCIS R. SCOBEE COLONIAL LAUNCH CENTER. CORPUS CHRISTI, TEXAS."

A PRT 2000 escort vehicle drives up, dropping Nathan off in civilian clothes. He begins to walk away, in a daze, away from the center... from his life and dreams. Suddenly... behind him, in the b.g., far, far in the distance, out over the dark horizon, a brilliant white light rises, fast, illuminating a trailing plume of smoke.

After a moment, the SOUND of the rocket launch reaches Nathan. The ground shakes. A deep THUNDEROUS RUMBLE rolls across the desert. With his back to CAMERA, the white light ascends higher and higher.

NATHAN - REVERSE

As he looks to the exhaust, CAMERA PUSHES IN, CLOSE... EXTREMELY CLOSE, into Nathan's eyes.

(CONTINUED)

"Space"

2/17/95

(Full Blue)

26.

35 CONTINUED:

35

The rocket's plume and flame reflect in his eyes as it disappears into Space.

FADE OUT:

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

36 EXT. MARINE CORP BASE - DAY

36

A sign spans the gates of a Marine base: "UNITED STATES MARINE CORP SPACE AVIATOR CAVALRY. LOXLEY, ALABAMA." In an immediate contrast to the Colonial facility, a dilapidated, fume-farting bus delivers recruits.

37 INT. BUS - DAY

37

CAMERA MOVES through the young faces enduring the humid ride. There are only a couple more men than women, but all in all, it is an equal distribution of gender and race. They include LYNN BARTLEY, MICHELE LOW, KEN CARTER and CHARLIE STONE. (X)
(X)

CAMERA FINDS Nathan sitting by a window. His thoughts are on the images hanging around his neck. Nathan subconsciously squeezes Kylen's photo tags as he stares out into the desert. Sharing the seat, on the aisle, is Shane Vansen, duffel bag at her feet.

Shane looks to Nathan, trying to strike up a conversation. With a similar tone of a convict asking another "what are you in for?"...

SHANE
Why'd you enlist?

NATHAN
(shrugs)
Just did.

Shane glances at Nathan as if she would like to further the question, but he projects introspection, and she respects this. Nathan considers. Not wanting to put her off, he extends a hand.

NATHAN
My name's Nathan.

SHANE
Hi. Shane Vansen.

They smile coolly and shake, immediately hitting it off. Friends.

FRONT OF THE BUS

In one seat, relaxed, is MIKE PAGODIN, "PAGS." Friendly, he offers his hand across the aisle to VANESSA DAMPHOUSSE (Dam-foos), an African American. She shakes it.

PAGS
Mike Pagodin.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

DAMPHOUSSE
Vanessa Damphousse.

PAGS
Damphousse. Damphousse. 'Sthat
French for somethin'?

DAMPHOUSSE
(shrugs)
Probably. My friends call me
"damn fool."

PAGS
(laughs)
It's gotta tough ring to it. My
friends call me "Pags", like I'm
a dog or somethin'.

DAMPHOUSSE
Nice to meet you, Pags.

PAGS
Hey, I know it's only the first
day, but any guess as to when we
get our planes?

No one can answer. Pags is disappointed.

37A EXT. MARINE BASE - SENTRY GATE - DAY

37A

The bus stops at a sentry gate.

(X)

37B INT. BUS - DAY

37B

Nathan and Shane look out the window across the bus.

(X)

NATHAN & SHANE'S POV - TARMAC

(X)

Green recruits are marched in cadence by drill instructors.

(X)

RETURN

(X)

As Shane turns to look out their window, her expression turns
to awe. Drawn, Shane leans across Nathan, her face against the
window.

(X)

SHANE
That's why I joined.

Nathan looks toward her fascination.

(CONTINUED)

37B CONTINUED:

37B

NATHAN'S POV - 127TH ATTACK WING

A group of soldiers march in formation. With one glance, it is clear they are elite. Tight, high tech flight suits, black boots and black berets. On their backs are two lines suggesting angel wings. Very cool.

SHANE (O.S.)

The 127th Attack Wing. The Angry Angels. The best there is... or ever will be.

NATHAN & SHANE

admiring the squadron.

(CONTINUED)

37B CONTINUED: (2)

37B

SHANE

Someday... that'll be me.

He studies her face for a beat, then returns to the wing.

37C EXT. MARINE BASE - SENTRY GATE - DAY

37C

As the bus passes, Shane and Nathan look at the Angry Angels, their perfection seems light years away. Featured in the group is a man much older than the others, 38. He is MCQUEEN. His air is more elite than the others. Wise. Tough. Mysterious.

(X)

CUT TO:

37D EXT. TARMAC - DAY - ESTABLISHING

37D

The bus jerks to a stop.

37E INT. BUS - DAY

37E

The recruits tense as a Drill Instructor approaches the bus. PAUL WANG, thin and unsure of himself, turns to his fellow recruits. He's dry mouthed.

WANG

They're gonna yell a lot, aren't they? I hope they don't yell as much as I've heard they do...

His anxious babble is cut off as the bus door opens.

A DRILL INSTRUCTOR

Sergeant D.K. MAXWELL, large, his smokey bear hat brim sitting at eyebrow level, steps onto the bus. He, as the others will be, is LOUD and INTENSE.

MAXWELL

Alright, you people listen up. You are now at the United States Marine Corp Space Aviator recruit depot, Loxley, Alabam-er. When you left home, you were under Mommy and Daddy's care. You are now under mine. From here out, you will NOT speak, eat, sleep or take a dump until you are told to do so and the first and last word out of your slimy holes will be "sir." Do you maggots understand me?

(CONTINUED)

"Space"

2/17/95

(Full Blue)

29A.

37E CONTINUED:

37E

RECRUITS

Sir, yes, sir.

MAXWELL

LOUDER!!

Wang flinches, then, with the others...

(CONTINUED)

37E CONTINUED: (2)

37E

RECRUITS

SIR, YES, SIR!

MAXWELL

Upon the command you will receive approximately thirty seconds to fall out of this bus. Any questions?

PAGS

Sir, when do we get our planes, sir?

MAXWELL

MOVE! MOVE! MOVE!!

38 EXT. TARMAC - DAY (X)

38

The aviator recruits stumble over themselves pouring out of the bus, Drill Instructors SNAPPING at their heels. The recruits fall in line, indicated by painted shoe prints on the tarmac.

LOW ANGLE

Striding into FRAME is Sergeant Major FRANK BOUGUS (Bode-juss) early 40's. He is one mean Marine. Semper Fi, do or die. His delivery is as fast as the rockets he trains recruits to fly. (A page should play twenty seconds.) The other D.I.'s stand, hands on hips, nearby.

(X)

BOUGUS

I am Sergeant Major Bougus. I will be your senior Drill Instructor. I am here to turn you disgusting apple necks into United States Marine Corp Space Aviators, invoking bowel-wrenching terror into the hearts of your enemy.

(X)

(X)

He moves nose to nose with Damphousse, intentionally invading her personal space, still LOUD.

BOUGUS

WHY ARE YOU HERE?

DAMPHOUSSE

SIR, TO FIND A DIRECTION, SIR.

BOUGUS

"A direction?" Are you lost?

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED

38

DAMPHOUSSE

Sir... I... suffer from a sense
of disconnection and...

BOUGUS

ANSWER THE QUESTION!!

DAMPHOUSSE

SIR, YES I AM, SIR. LOST, SIR.

BOUGUS

Do I look like a road map to you?

DAMPHOUSSE

SIR, NO, SIR!

BOUGUS

WELL, I AM A ROAD MAP!

Bougus addresses all the recruits as he parades past them.

BOUGUS

I will guide you and you will
learn. When you pukes leave this
academy, you will be weapons,
focused and full of purpose.

Wang tenses as Bougus marches in front of him.

BOUGUS (CONT'D)

Hot rod rocket jocks of precision
and strength, tear-assing across
the cosmos, huntin' for Heaven.

Bougus passes Wang, who unconsciously emits a sigh of relief.
Bougus freezes, turns and is in Wang's face.

BOUGUS

WHAT'S YER NAME?

Wang can't recall for a beat.

WANG

(squeaks)

Wang, Paul Wang, Officer.

BOUGUS

OFFICER?! I'M NOT AN OFFICER!!
I WORK FOR A LIVING! Did I hear
a sound outta you, Wang?

Wang, hyperventilating, vehemently shakes his head "no."

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (2)

38

BOUGUS (CONT'D)
I did. I heard a sound outta
you. I bet it was your war cry.
Lemme hear your war cry, Private.

Wang yells, but it's meek.

BOUGUS (CONT'D)
Sergeant, let this pantywaist
hear a Marine Corp war cry.

Sergeant Maxwell, and another D.I., race up, wild-eyed,
SCREAMING!

(X)

MAXWELL
AHHHHHHHHH!

BOUGUS
NOW LEMME SEE YOUR WAR CRY!!

WANG
(in Hell)
Ahhhhh!

Still weak. Both D.I.'s SCREAM into Wang's face. The Private
reacts, intensifying his SCREAM to the level of the D.I.'s.

BOUGUS
In space, no one can hear you
scream, unless it's the war cry
of a United States Marine.

Bougus moves to Shane.

BOUGUS (CONT'D)
Why'd you join my Corp?

SHANE
Sir, to defend my country, sir.

BOUGUS
"To defend your country?" Are
you crazy? We have no enemies.
YOU'VE MADE A TERRIBLE MISTAKE!

SHANE
Sir, no, sir.

BOUGUS
ARE YOU CALLING ME A LIAR?!

(CONTINUED)

"Space"

2/20/95

(Pink)

32A.

38 CONTINUED: (3)

38

SHANE

Sir, the best way to maintain
peace is to maintain a strong
defense, sir.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (3)

38

BOUGUS

Are you running for office,
Private?

Nathan, next to her, blurts a SNICKER, then quickly composes.
Bogus' eyes flare. Nathan knows he's in trouble.

BOUGUS

You think that's funny?

NATHAN

SIR, NO, SIR.

BOUGUS

You laughed. DO I AMUSE YOU?

NATHAN

SIR, NO, SIR.

BOUGUS

Then amuse me with twenty-five
push-ups.

Shane snickers, then cringes. Bogus eyes the two of them.

BOUGUS

I'm glad we're having such a fun
time! You too, on your face.
ONE. TWO. THREE. FOUR. I LOVE
THE MARINE CORP.

Nathan and Shane continue the count as they do their push-ups.

BOUGUS

Sergeant, are all these worms
accounted for?

MAXWELL

Short one... "The Tank"...

NATHAN

hesitates with his push-ups. His expression turns angry at the
mention of the word. O.S., SIRENS approach...

WIDER

Bogus and Maxwell look off as a military jeep pulls up to the (X)
recruits. The vehicle stops. Cooper Hawkes steps out. The
COP leans out the window and deactivates Cooper's magnetic
restraints.

COP

All yours.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (4)

38

Bogus glares as the vehicle TEARS away. Cooper remains where the Officer left him. He has a dangerous, serious air of rebellion which he intentionally projects. Bogus approaches Cooper. The Sergeant stands shoulder to shoulder with the young man, not looking at him.

(X)

BOUGUS
I know all about you, Hawkes.
The judge thought it would be...
cute... to sentence a tank to
the military.

Cooper won't look at Bogus.

BOUGUS (CONT'D)
I want you to know I fought
alongside... your people. So...
I know. Tanks are lazy and they
don't care about anyone or
anything.

Bogus finally turns to Cooper, a challenge to respond.

COOPER
I won't let you down.

Bogus moves into Cooper's face.

BOUGUS
The only thing you're gonna let
down is your face on the deck.
Gimme fifty, right now!

The other D.I.'s move in to back up Bogus' order. Cooper gets down on his hands and knees, next to Nathan and Shane. Cooper's presence causes Nathan to transfer his anger into faster, stronger push-ups.

Cooper looks to Shane, whose eyes catch Cooper's. He flashes her a "no problem" wink. Shane continues her push-ups, disgusted.

CUT TO:

39 EXT. THE PLANET TELLUS - DAY

39

Atmospheric haze glows from a magnificent green and blue planet. Two of its eight moons shine in the distance. It is silent.

ENTERING FRAME via the blast and light of the retro rockets is the Tellus colonial cutter. It is captured by the planet's gravity.

40 INT. TELLUS COLONIAL CUTTER - NIGHT (X)

40

This is the same section of the spacecraft Kylen occupied upon launch. The other colonists are beaming and excited through their six weeks of scruff and fatigue.

Kylen holds the folded paper given to her by Nathan. She has mixed feelings. Elated at the dream's proximity... sad that Nathan is not here to share it.

OVERMEYER (V.O.)
(over P.A.)
Trans-Tellus Injection
complete... prepare for entry...

The colonists are abuzz, applauding. CAMERA PUSHES IN on Kylen as she unfolds the note. Nathan's VOICE reads the letter, the lack of emotion, is emotional.

NATHAN (V.O.)
Five billion years from now,
maybe to the day, the Sun burns
ninety percent of its hydrogen.

CAMERA CONTINUES to MOVE IN on Kylen...

NATHAN (V.O.)
A balance is destroyed. More
energy is created than released.
Quickly, a few million years, the
Sun radiates all of its potential
power.

41 EXT. THE PLANET TELLUS - DAY/NIGHT

41

The colonial cutter heads toward the dark side of the planet. Floating. Wondrous.

NATHAN (V.O.)
The star swells. Mercury.
Venus. The Earth, disappear.
Swallowed. The Sun truly,
finally, touches the sky. Life
vanishes eons ago.

42 INT. TELLUS COLONIAL CUTTER - NIGHT

42

Kylen is near tears as she reads.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

NATHAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Eventually, the Sun shrinks,
decreasing to the size of the
Earth, which reappears from the
Red Dwarf's grasp. With no
gravity to hold it, the Earth...
slowly floats away.

Kylen sighs, as CAMERA FINALLY HOLDS...

NATHAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Elsewhere... stars are born.
Other star systems, older,
larger... continue to breathe.
The Solar System dies of crib
death... If that's what it
takes...

Suddenly... an EXPLOSION ROCKS the craft. Sparks FLY! Power
flickers as the Colonists react with panic. Kylen looks up
from the letter... she will never finish.

(X)

43 EXT. PLANET TELLUS - NIGHT

43

Alien attack jets, flocking, strafe the colonial cutter with
weapons' FIRE.

44 INT. TELLUS COLONIAL CUTTER - NIGHT

44

Another EXPLOSION kills internal power. SCREAMS of sheer
terror mix with ALARMS SOUNDING. The radio CRACKLES with panic
and STATIC...

COMMAND COMM (V.O.)
We've got damage... level ten...
level five... what the hell
are...

A direct HIT sends Kylen to the floor. She chokes in the
electrical smoke.

45 EXT. PLANET TELLUS - NIGHT

45

The attack jets BUZZ the spaceship, BLASTING the defenseless
colonists. The Colonial Cutter spins and buckles, as Alien
jets SCREAM past FRAME.

46 INT. TELLUS COLONIAL CUTTER - NIGHT

46

Fire and smoke stream from the control panels. It is a frenetic nightmare. CAMERA PUSHES THROUGH the chaotic darkness to Kylen's horrified expression and DOWN to her hand. She clutches Nathan's note.

47 EXT. PLANET TELLUS - NIGHT

47

Like a sinking ocean liner, the craft dips into the atmosphere. The craft glows red from friction. Alien fighters continue FIRING on the wounded spaceship.

As the cutter sinks, FLAMES FLASH from its underbelly. CAMERA TILTS UP and PANS OFF the massacre, away from the planet, to the stars... HOLD on the stars... slowly drifting... not realizing we've...

CUT TO:

48 EXT. STAR FIELD - NIGHT

48

A glassy black sea speckled with light waits quietly. Then, with an approaching ROAR of SOUND, a squadron of attack fighters in formation SCREAM across space.

Although aerodynamics play no part in the vacuum of space, these Marine Corp fighters are capable of take-off and landing from within a planet's atmosphere. Their jet-rocket bullet-shape is cool and mean against the field of stars.

49 INT. NATHAN'S COCKPIT - NIGHT

49

Helmeted, with the name "WEST" stenciled over the forehead, Nathan checks the heads up display which is projected onto the canopy. He wears a pressure suit which clicks into the cockpit with computer leads feeding him information.

NATHAN

This is Red leader. Bandits at two o'clock. Confirm.

50 INT. SHANE'S COCKPIT - NIGHT

50

Her helmet reads "VANSEN." She is intense.

SHANE

Red leader, this is R-3.
Confirm. A o A fifteen degrees.

51 INT. PAGODIN'S COCKPIT - NIGHT

51

His helmet reads "PAGS." The stars streak past.

PAGS

R-4. Confirm. Check Six.

52 INT. NATHAN'S COCKPIT - NIGHT

52

Nathan flies, focused and intense.

NATHAN

R-5, Check Six! R-5, Check Six!

53 INT. COOPER'S COCKPIT - NIGHT

53

"HAWKES" flies with one hand on the controls. His elbow propped nonchalantly against the canopy. He rocks the controls back and forth.

NATHAN (V.O.)

(over radio)

"Hawkes," answer me!

54 INT. SHANE'S COCKPIT - NIGHT

54

Shane checks her controls, tense.

SHANE

Enemy craft have us locked on!

55 INT. NATHAN'S COCKPIT - NIGHT

55

Nathan readies...

NATHAN

JUKE RIGHT! BUZZ EAST!

He rolls OUT OF FRAME...

56 EXT. SPACE - NIGHT

56

The squadron follows the actions of the lead rocket, rolling ACROSS FRAME, THEN PULLING UP into the stars. The last plane on the wing, however, continues on a straight path.

57 INT. COOPER'S COCKPIT - NIGHT

57

He could care less.

58 EXT. SPACE - NIGHT

58

The squadron now rolls back around, as if to attack the enemy from behind. The lead ship, however, pulls out of the inverted roll and is on a collision course with Cooper's jet.

59 INT. COOPER'S COCKPIT - NIGHT

59

Cooper seems to welcome this suicidal situation.

60 INT. NATHAN'S COCKPIT - NIGHT

60

His eyes grow wide with terror.

61 EXT. SPACE - NIGHT

61

Like dominoes, the rocket jets erupt in violent EXPLOSIONS. BOOM! BOOM! Five or six jets EXPLODE before the image freezes...

(X)

(X)

(X)

Bogus stands, seemingly in space. He angrily CLEARS FRAME.

62 INT. COOPER'S COCKPIT - NIGHT

62

Sergeant Bogus' head leans into Cooper's cockpit.

(X)

BOUGUS

YOU'RE DEAD! YOU'RE DEAD! THE
ENTIRE SQUADRON IS DEAD BECAUSE
OF YOU!!

Bogus gestures out the canopy.

63 INT. SIMULATOR ROOM - DAY

63

REVEALING a half dozen simulators, each one an individual cockpit interlinked with others to simulate attack formation flying. Nathan opens his simulator, furious. The others follow suit.

NATHAN

(to Cooper)

You stupid tank!

SHANE

What the hell were you doing?!

BOUGUS

YOU TWO SHUT THE HELL UP, YOU'RE
DEAD!

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

63

Shane looks to Nathan, shaking her head. He eyes her, acknowledges, then returns a hateful glare to Cooper.

COOPER
This ain't real.

BOUGUS
SOMEDAY, HAWKES, IT WILL BE REAL!
You'll be in the middle of a
hairy fur ball and you will DIE!
With you around, the squad
doesn't have to fear the enemy.
JUST YOU! JUST YOU!

(X)
(X)
(X)

NATHAN
I should have blown your ass
away.

Cooper looks up, angry, but composed. Bougus turns toward Nathan, furious.

BOUGUS
Is that right?! GET OUT! GET
OUT OF THAT COCKPIT! EVERYONE...
OUT! OUT!!

The recruits all hustle out of their cockpit simulators.

BOUGUS
OVER HERE! TOGETHER!

The soldiers do as they are ordered. Bougus turns to Nathan and points to Cooper.

BOUGUS
You! Grab his ass!

Nathan is resistant to grabbing Cooper's behind.

BOUGUS (CONT'D)
THAT'S AN ORDER! GRAB IT!
EVERYONE GRAB THE BUTT OF THE GUY
IN FRONT OF YOU!!

The recruits all take hold of the butt before them. Shane moves before Nathan, however, as he reaches out to grab her behind, Cooper maneuvers into position behind Shane and clamps on. She shoots him a look that could kill.

BOUGUS (CONT'D)
YOU FEEL THE OTHER PERSON'S ASS?
THAT'S YOURS! AND HIS IS YOURS
AND HERS IS YOURS!! AND YOURS IS
HIS!!

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED: (2)

63

Cooper gives Shane a squeeze. She's furious.

BOUGUS (CONT'D)

You may fly in individual
rockets, but you're a squadron.
A TEAM. If you risk your ass,
you risk the team's. You people
have been here six weeks and
still do not know how to WORK
TOGETHER.

The Drill Instructor eyes the group.

BOUGUS (CONT'D)

And if you don't learn, that
fatty clump of flesh in your hand
will be blown to every speck of
the galaxy and yours will be
right behind.

Bougus lets this sink in. The recruits are silenced by the
statement. Pags offers, sincerely...

PAGS

Sir, maybe Coop would do better
in a real plane, sir. I know I
would.

Cooper eyes Pags with a quarter smile. Bougus turns to Pags.

BOUGUS

I'm afraid of you in a SIMULATOR!
Now get back in your pits. We'll
do it again 'til it's right!
MOVE!!

The recruits hustle back to their simulators. Nathan and
Cooper pause a moment to eye each other, hatefully, before
returning to their cockpits. As they get inside, disappearing
as the canopies close...

CUT TO:

64 INT. ASTEROIDS BAR - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING - CLOSE - SIGN

64

Neon stars twinkle behind a neon flashing Asteroid.

WIDER

A local military watering hole. It's futuristic in design and
decor, but a bar is still a bar. Low light levels, pool
tables, wide screen projected music videos, liquor. It's
filled with leathernecks from the base.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

64

The recruits share a table near a stage, which is now empty. MUSIC plays. Low picks at the front of her pants.

(X)
(X)

LOW

You think I could ever talk the
Marine corp into pleats?

(X)

Pags pours himself another beer, then pours one for Paul Wang.

(X)

PAGS

See... if I were runnin' the
Marine Corp, I'd give recruits
planes on the very first day.

Nathan laughs. Shane sees something O.S., she taps Nathan with her elbow, directing his attention.

NATHAN'S POV - COOPER

enters the bar. Checking it out. His eyes meet with Nathan and Shane's. He pulls up a seat at the bar, alone.

FRONT DOOR

A tall, strong figure enters the bar, backlit by red neon. He moves into the bar. It is McQueen from the 127th.

He approaches the bar and takes a seat, away from Cooper. They take note of one another's presence, then ignore each other. There is an odd vibe here. McQueen could be Cooper's future, and both men know it.

NATHAN & SHANE

Nathan turns back and grabs an empty beer mug. Shane is frozen on something she sees O.S.

NATHAN

You want another? Shane?

She nods as if "look over there." Nathan turns.

(X)

ENTRANCE

Striding into the bar are the elite pilots of the 127th Airborne. They are cocky and humorless. Every eye is on them as they make their way to an already occupied table. The Marines sitting there do not need to be told. They simply get up and leave.

COOPER

studies McQueen who doesn't acknowledge his squadron. Cooper returns to his lonely beer.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED: (2)

64

NATHAN & SHANE

She stands, starting toward the Angry Angels.

NATHAN

Shane, hey, maybe you'd better...

But she's gone. He keeps a watchful eye on her.

ANGRY ANGELS TABLE

Men and women sit around the table. Clearly, they enjoy only their own company. Shane approaches them like a starry-eyed fan.

SHANE

'Scuse me.

They ignore her and keep talking. She feels a little stupid, but this means a great deal to her.

SHANE

Sorry to interrupt...

The Angels look at her, quite put upon.

SHANE

I just wanted to tell you all how much I admire and respect the 127th.

They look to one another, smirking. One of the women, COLLINS, smiles condescendingly.

COLLINS

Thanks. Thanks a lot. We'll have four pitchers of draft and a couple-a shooters.

The Angels snicker and laugh. Shane burns. That sick feeling when a hero turns out to be a creep. Nathan steps up, defending his friend.

NATHAN

She's not a waitress.

The Angry Angels are rarely, if ever, talked to in such a tone.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

She's a Marine. Now... apologize.

One of the men, a big man, SLAYTON, stands.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED: (3)

64

SLAYTON

Until she graduates... she's
slime... Now... you apologize.

(X)

Nathan is intimidated, but can't bring himself to back down.
The other Angels stand. Nathan's about to get a beating. He
subtly eyes...

THE RECRUITS' TABLE

They want to help, but they're too afraid. No one's moving.

RETURN

The stand-off intensifies as the Angels approach. Shane seems
to be trying to dilute the tension.

SHANE

Hey, what's the farthest you guys
have flown?

COLLINS

Four point eight light years.

SHANE

That's how far you can shove your
apology.

That's it. The Angry Angels jump the two recruits. Nathan and
Shane take a defensive stance but are outnumbered. And out-
muscled. They deliver a couple punches before receiving all of
them.

The other recruits are sickened, motionless, until...

WIDER

Pags can't take it anymore. He gets up on a table and dives
atop the Angry Angels. He manages to knock a couple over.
This provides an avenue for escape.

Nathan gets his balance and cuts loose with a couple roundhouse
rights upon the Angel holding Shane.

RECRUITS

This turn of events energizes them. They charge the Angry
Angels and a full-out brawl is underway.

THE BAR

Cooper isn't about to help... and yet he repositions himself on
the bar stool as if to reflect that he is... considering it.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED: (4)

64

Without looking at Cooper, McQueen matches his movement as if to convey "if you get into it, I'm getting into it... with you." Stalemate. They remain at the bar and drink.

BAR FIGHT - SERIES OF SHOTS

All in all, the recruits get the crap beat out of them, but they get the crap beat out of them as a team, as a unit.

-- Nathan pummels one of the Angels, pulling the jacket over the pilot's head, like a hockey fight.

-- Damphousse receives a punch in the stomach. Collins drives her head into a table.

-- Wang jumps on Slayton, who tosses Wang like a rag doll.

WIDER

The brawl continues in the f.g. In the background, however, on the wide screen TV, a baseball game is cut off by a graphic "SPECIAL REPORT." An emergency broadcast TONE follows.

Two Angry Angels are about to beat up a recruit, but stop as the bone-chilling TONE reverberates through the bar. They look up to the screen as the seal of the U.N. appears. The logo dissolves to a man behind a desk. A Churchillian resemblance is quite intentional. A graphic identifies him as "SPENCER CHARTWELL. SECRETARY GENERAL OF THE UNITED NATIONS."

Eventually all the combatants cease their activity, turning their attention to the Special Report. The bartender searches for the remote and TURNS UP the sound.

Nathan and Shane are beaten and bruised. Nathan has a fat lower lip. They catch their breaths, eyes glued to the screen.

TV SCREEN

Spencer Chartwell sits before a desk...

CHARTWELL

Not since the moment of Creation has our universe changed so infinitely; so desperately; so quickly. Tonight - for the first time in the brief history of Mankind - we are truly of one planet. Last evening, we confirmed that the landing party of the Tellus colony was massacred, unprovoked, by an advanced Alien civilization of tremendous force.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED: (5)

64

CAMERA PUSHES IN RAPIDLY on Nathan as his face turns pale. Shane looks to him, shocked, scared.

CHARTWELL (CONT'D)

Two hundred twenty-five are dead.
Twenty-five are unaccounted for.

The room is silent, stunned. Nathan's heart turns cold.

CHARTWELL (CONT'D)

Because of destroyed
communications, we have only now
learned that the Vesta colony
suffered the same fate. The
Alien civilization has not
responded to all attempts at
communication. Of this race we
know nothing. The only clue to
their people... is the bloodshed
they've left behind.

In the pause, the 127th files out of the bar, including
McQueen.

(X)

(X)

CHARTWELL

(X)

My fellow citizens of Earth, no
matter where you stand on this
planet. Either beneath the sun's
warmth or the cold of night...
storm clouds of war gather over
our home. Soon, they may fall in
unceasing thunderbolts. We must
stand together against the
deluge. For we cannot possibly
retreat. There is no moving the
Earth.

The other Marines exit. Alone at the bar, Cooper turns to his
beer and apathetically drinks.

Overwhelmed with emotion, Nathan charges out the back door.
Puzzled, Shane moves after Nathan, but hesitates as she reaches
for the back door handle. She pauses, then intuitively opens
the door just a crack and peeks outside to see...

65 EXT. ASTEROIDS BAR - NIGHT

65

Shane looks out through the crack in the door at a dark alley.
The stars shine above, including the bright blue star that was
to be Nathan and Kylen's new home. Nathan clutches the photo
tags. His knuckles are white. His eyes well with tears as he
looks above.

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

65

Nathan touches the photo tags. A recorded memo from the moment of their separation plays from the tiny speaker, not loud enough for Shane to hear.

(CONTINUED)

"Space"

2/17/95

(Full Blue)

47.

65 CONTINUED:

65

KYLEN (V.O.)

I believe in you...

As the light from the far away star reflects in his eyes...

FADE OUT:

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

66 INT. HANGAR - MARINE CORP BASE - DAY

66

War. A military mobilizes. Urgency is in every movement.
Every breath.

No soldier proceeds across this hangar unless it's in double
time. Cargo trucks and support vehicles race across the
structure.

BOUGUS (O.S.)
We... are at war. HOO-YAH!!
This is what Marines pray for.

NATHAN, COOPER & SHANE - LOW ANGLE

At attention. Nathan is in the f.g. with Cooper and Shane as
the rear points of the triangle. Cooper scowls. He never
wanted this. The others wear expressions of young people
consumed by the horrifying and exhilarating potential of
battle.

WIDER

Amidst the kinetic energy of the base, the recruits stand
frozen at attention in double lines. Bougus addresses them.

BOUGUS (CONT'D)
From here out... every move is
crucial. All personnel, vital.
While combat ready pilots are
dispatched into battle, you have
been assigned a training mission,
nonetheless, imperative to the
global war effort.

67 EXT. LAUNCH PLATFORM - DAY - CLOSE - ROCKET ENGINES

67

Ignite. Tons of thrust and flames ERUPT from the engines. The
vehicle rises off the platform.

BOUGUS (CONT'D) (V.O.)
You will proceed via military
heavy launch vehicle to the Space
Station Goddard...

(X)

68 EXT. EARTH ORBIT - DAY

68

An orbital space platform, four times the size of the planned
Alpha, turns as it orbits. The convex Earth arcs across the
TOP OF FRAME.

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED

68

BOUGUS (CONT'D) (V.O.)
At Goddard, you will board an
Internal Solar System Cargo
Vehicle and proceed for 84 hours
to the planet Mars.

(X)

A cylindrical troop transport, locked onto a heavy cargo
spacecraft, BLASTS away from the Space Station Goddard.

(X)

69 INT. SUPPLY ROOM - I.S.S.C.V. - NIGHT (X)

69

The recruits ride in the confined craft. They are gathered in
a small room at the end of the cylinder, double checking their
allotted supplies, with purpose.

BOUGUS (CONT'D) (V.O.)
You will be issued rationed
supplies... food... air...
water... for one week.

The recruits examine their M.R.E.'s, tanks of air and water.
Cooper holds up what appears to be a rubber diaper-like device.

BOUGUS (CONT'D) (V.O.)
You will be issued one Urine and
Fecal Collection Device. A
yellow flashing light on the
flight suit indicates full
capacity.

Cooper studies the device, unsure. Nathan is in his own
intense world. He looks out a porthole.

69A EXT. SPACE - NATHAN'S POV - MARS

69A

A red light, the size of a hole punched into this paper. Two
bright dots are nearby. CAMERA PUSHES PAST the porthole into
space. Beat. The I.S.S.C.V. speeds toward the red planet.

(X)

(X)

BOUGUS (CONT'D) (V.O.)
Your mission is to repair a
malfunctioning Mars Tracking
Drone vital to interplanetary
communication.

70 OMITTED

70

71 INT. SLEEPING AREA - I.S.S.C.V. - NIGHT

71

CAMERA MOVES about the claustrophobic bunks that pull out from the wall. The recruits lie in their beds, but none can sleep.

BOUGUS (CONT'D) (V.O.)
If successful, you will proceed
to Accelerated Flight Training.
At which time, you will be
assigned a plane... and then
considered combat ready.

CAMERA MOVES past Pags... continues...

BOUGUS (CONT'D) (V.O.)
From this moment, until we win
this war, the only easy day... is
yesterday.

CAMERA PAUSES on Shane, not in bed. She stands, looking dreadfully at her empty bunk.

SHANE'S POV - BUNK

Only a couple of feet separate the top and bottom bunks. Only a foot separates her bunk from the next at the base and head.

SHANE

perspires, afraid. She looks to the palm of her hand.

WIDER

The spacecraft electrical supply HUMS as it flies. Carter leans on an elbow and looks back to everyone.

(X)

CARTER
I heard they had an army of six
million.

(X)

BARTLEY
They can't know that... can they?

(X)

(X)

Pags tosses, turns.

(X)

PAGS
You think they got better planes
then we do?

STONE
They gotta be more advanced.

A sick silence.

(CONTINUED)

"Space" 2/24/95 (Green)

50A.

71 CONTINUED:

71

DAMPHOUSSE

I knew we couldn't have been
alone. But now that we're not...
I don't know what's scarier,
being alone, or... Do you think
you'd be scared if you saw one?

PAGS

If they looked like Sergeant
Bogus.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71

WANG

I'll never forget, when I was a
kid... the first time I saw an
A.I.

Shane looks to Wang.

WANG (CONT'D)

They looked so human, but
something inside me... could
tell.

DAMPHOUSSE

I felt that way when I saw my
first In Vitro.

Tension. She catches herself, embarrassed.

DAMPHOUSSE (CONT'D)

I don't mean nothing by that,
Coop.

Cooper lies in his bed. There is no reaction.

NATHAN

Hit the sack. When the time
comes to face them... we'll all
hack it fine.

The words comfort. Everyone turns silent. Nathan, on the bunk
above Shane's empty cot, looks to Shane.

NATHAN

You okay?

Shane nods and forces herself to the bunk. She trembles
slightly as she climbs into the cramped sleeping quarters. She
lies still in the silence.

72 EXT. SPACE - NIGHT

72

The I.S.S.C.V. continues its lonely journey.

73 INT. SLEEPING AREA - I.S.S.C.V. - NIGHT (X)

73

The recruits are dead to the world, sleeping in green skivvies.
Pags SNORES while Damphousse sleeps with her feet out from the
cot. CAMERA MOVES toward one recruit, trembling in her sleep.
It's Shane, her expression is pained. She cries out but does
not awaken.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED:

73

In the bunk next to her, separated only by a yard, Cooper rests on one elbow, fascinated. After a moment, he reaches out and shakes her. Shane awakens in a cold sweat, catching her breath. Cooper studies her, curiously, detecting something sad. She seems embarrassed.

SHANE
Sorry I woke you.

COOPER
Wasn't asleep.

She looks to him, curiously, detecting something sad.

SHANE
Don't take this wrong. I'm just wondering... I've always heard that... In Vitroes can't dream.

With no pity for himself, very matter of fact.

COOPER
I dream.

She nods.

COOPER (CONT'D)
I know they never lived... but... when I dream I see my parents.

Shane reacts, turns toward him.

SHANE
Me too... only I have nightmares about mine. The same one. Since I was five.

COOPER
What happens?

She pauses, not from having to recall... but from a hesitation to feeling what the dream invokes.

SHANE (CONT'D)
My Mother and Father were Marine Corp officers in the Artificial Intelligence War. One day, an A.I. patrol attacked our house.

Shane wipes the sweat from her forehead. Cooper listens.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED: (2)

73

SHANE (CONT'D)

My Mom hid me and my sisters in a tiny crawl space in the attic... I saw them... kill... my parents...

COOPER

Your sisters still alive?

SHANE

(nods)

That night, during the attack... my sister tried to scream, but I kept my hand over her face. She bit into me. I still have the scars.

She shows him. Cooper takes her hand and holds it. There is an accidental sensuality to this moment.

SHANE

What's weird is that we're not close. I guess I'm the parent they need to grow away from. And... maybe... they've always reminded me of...

Cooper is confused by his rush of emotions and sympathy. He looks at her hand in his.

SHANE (CONT'D)

You know, they've always looked to me... my whole life. I want to get away from people looking to me. I joined up for me... my life. I don't want to take care of anyone for awhile. Does that sound bad?

Cooper shrugs, his eyes move from her hand to her eyes.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Did you ever lose anyone...?

Looking into her eyes, Cooper leans over, gently placing his fingers around the back of Shane's neck, and pulls her close. Shane is confused and a bit shocked by what is occurring until Cooper kisses her. Shane immediately rears back and clubs him upside the head. Cooper reels from the blow. She still talks in a hushed whisper.

SHANE

What the hell was that?!

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED: (3)

73

Cooper is clearly embarrassed and confused.

SHANE (CONT'D)
How does "have you ever lost
someone" translate into "please
stick your tongue down my
throat?"

Rather than apologizing, which he wouldn't know how to do,
Cooper turns defensive.

COOPER
I don't know much about stuff
like "loss" and "nightmares." So
don't get 'em all in an uproar.

(X)

He turns on his side away from her.

COOPER
I won't be around much longer
anyway.

She turns on her side away from him.

CAMERA CRANES UP to the bunk above Shane. Nathan lies awake.
He's been listening. He looks across the transport out the
opposite porthole.

73A EXT. SPACE - NATHAN'S POV - EARTH

73A

The sun is two-thirds the diameter and half as bright as seen
on Earth. Our home is a brilliant azure star, with a tiny
speck, the moon, floating nearby.

73B INT. SLEEPING AREA - I.S.S.C.V. - NIGHT

73B

Nathan turns his head and looks out his porthole window.

(X)

73C EXT. SPACE - NATHAN'S POV - MARS

73C

The image size of the Earth as seen from the Space Shuttle.
Its yellow and orange surface features are discernible. A
canyon the size of the United States, vast craters and
magnificent volcanoes invite adventure.

73D INT. SLEEPING AREA - I.S.S.C.V. - NIGHT

73D

As the red planet's light shines in Nathan's eyes.

(X)

CUT TO:

74 EXT. MARS ORBIT - DAY

74

The I.S.S.C.V., trailing light flames from atmospheric friction, STREAKS PAST FRAME.

CUT TO:

75 EXT. MARS - DAY - CLOSE - SOIL

75

The color of rust from high levels of iron oxide, sandy in texture, a heavy door SLAMS onto the ground. A boot ENTERS FRAME and steps onto the soil. CAMERA WIDENS to include the trainees as they exit the space craft which has been deposited on the ground.

The young people are awed by the comprehension of being on another world. The sky is a pinkish-grey. The soil red. They are dressed in pressurized flight suits. Their camouflage helmets are connected to their suits. (X)

Cooper takes no time to digest the surroundings. He's unloading gear.

COOPER

What are you, looking to buy Real Estate? Let's go. There's a war on. Unload this gear.

Everyone turns to Nathan, incredulous that Cooper's giving orders.

NATHAN

First we secure our position.
Low...

(X)
(X)

This is a command to do so. MICHELE LOW removes a Global Positioning System (GPS), a small rectangular box, and aims it at the horizon. (X)

COOPER

Our position is "out in the middle of nowhere." There. Secured.

(to the group)
Now, unload this gear.

Nathan takes an aggressive step toward Cooper.

NATHAN

The H.I.S.T. manual states...

(CONTINUED)

"Space" 2/24/95 (Green)

55A.

75 CONTINUED:

75

COOPER
"The manual?!" When they drop us
in the middle of a hairy fur
ball, you gonna take time to
check the manual?

(X)

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED: (2)

75

NATHAN

Do what you want. I'd be happy
to see you take one the second
we're in battle. We're doin' it
the way we're told.

Nathan turns his back and walks away.

COOPER

That's right. Follow their
rules. They'll just keep takin'
from ya... and you'll let 'em.

Nathan turns, charges. The others step in to stop the fight
before it starts but the two young men break free and wrestle
one another to the ground. They PUNCH and JAB at each other.
The others YELL.

CLOSE - NATHAN & COOPER

As they wrestle and fight, a pair of hands reach INTO FRAME and
grab each by the back of the flight suit at the neck. With a
powerful move, Cooper and Nathan's helmets are KNOCKED
together, ringing their bells.

SHANE - LOW ANGLE

She looks intensely at Nathan.

SHANE

What the hell's wrong with you?!

Shane turns to Cooper.

SHANE

And you, knock it off! We have
a mission to achieve. You think
we're gonna blow it because you
two need to butt heads?

(X)

WIDER

Nathan and Cooper refuse to acknowledge each other or Shane.
Her intensity mounts.

SHANE (CONT'D)

We're drivin' on, so you two
better get your heads screwed on
right!

The others in the group eye each other, impressed with Shane,
who starts to move off, declining to assume the leadership
role.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED: (3)

75

SHANE (CONT'D)
Now, Low... tell West our
position.

(X)

The group looks to Nathan and Cooper sitting on their asses, catching their breaths. Nathan looks to Shane. The others all turn toward Shane.

SHANE

looks off, disgusted... waiting. She turns back to the group.

SHANE'S POV - THE GROUP

is looking to her... awaiting direction.

SHANE

She knows they are looking to her for leadership. Not wanting the role, she remains silent until...

WIDER

Low takes a step toward her with the GPS.

(X)

LOW
We're forty-five degrees South.
Two seventy-one West. The Helles
Plains.

(X)

WANG
That accounts for the sparse
vegetation. They just started
terraforming this area.

Pags steps toward Shane also.

PAGS
The tracking drone is about four
klicks from here.

Shane... after a resigned sigh, accepts the position. She grabs her gear.

SHANE
Okay... grab your gear. Let's
move out.

No one challenges this command. They collect their gear, including weapons and jump into action. Nathan picks himself up and moves off without looking at Cooper who sits in the Martian dirt.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED: (4)

75

Pags moves over to Cooper and offers a hand. Cooper looks away.

COOPER

I can get up myself.

PAGS

(firmly)

Probably. But it looks like you could use a hand... and I'm offerin' one.

Cooper eyes Pags, then looks to the hand. Cooper reaches out, takes Pags' hand and is helped to his feet.

COOPER

Ain't easy for me to recognize a helping hand.

PAGS

If that's a thank you, don't worry about it. Someday you'll pay me back.

Cooper nods and the two men move off after the others.

CUT TO:

76 EXT. HELLES PLAINS - MARS - DAY

76

Enormous red sand dunes, untouched by life, roll to the horizon. CAMERA MOVES along the crest of a dune until REVEALING the demolished and eroded remains of a Mars Tracking Station. It is about the size of a desk. Its solar array foil flaps in the freezing wind.

Shane appears, climbing over the dunes. She gestures to the Station. Bartley produces a directional Geiger Counter and aims it at the drone.

(X)

(X)

BARTLEY

.017 rads.

(X)

The remaining members of the Company climb up the sandy hill and approach the remains. Damphousse produces several small plugs in circuit modules from a box.

SHANE

Damphousse... replace the transceiver units and let's get back. We have about ten hours of daylight.

(CONTINUED)