

SPACE: ABOVE & BEYOND

"A Good Day To Die"  
(aka "Payback")

Written by

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Director:  
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3S07

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9/20/95 (BLUE)

"Good Day to Die" 9/20/95 (Blue)

SPACE: ABOVE & BEYOND

"A GOOD DAY TO DIE"

CAST

NATHAN WEST .....	MORGAN WEISSER
SHANE VANSSEN .....	KRISTEN CLOKE
COOPER HAWKES .....	RODNEY ROWLAND
VANESESA DAMPHOUSSE .....	LANEI CHAPMAN
PAUL WANG .....	JOEL DE LA FUENTE
COLONEL McQUEEN .....	JAMES MORRISON

COMMORDORE ROSS .....

MR. SEWELL .....

CONNOR .....

GATES .....

KLEIN .....

DONNE .....

LT. STROUD .....

KRANTZ .....

WEBB .....

CREW CHIEF .....

LOADING BAY CREWMAN .....

M.P. ....

MARINE #1 .....

AEROTECH ENGINEER .....

(X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)

SPACE: ABOVE & BEYOND

"A GOOD DAY TO DIE"

SETS

EXTERIORS

BLUE GIANT RHO OPH, CANIS  
MAJORIS

SARATOGA

ALIEN BOMBER

ALIEN PLANET  
Sentry Satellite

SPACE

LIFE POD

INTERIORS

SARATOGA  
Command Center (X)  
Flight Deck  
Smoke-filled corridors  
Upper Flight Deck  
Loading Bay  
Flight Deck #2 (X)  
Orientation Room  
Computers  
Ross' Quarters  
Rec Room  
White Room  
58 Bunk Room/Locker Rm. (X)

ISSCV (X)

ALIEN BOMBER  
Cockpit  
Weapons Bay

TEASER

Black. Shattered by a DEADLY ROAR as --

FADE IN:

- 1 EXT. THE BLUE GIANT, RHO OPH, CANIS MAJORIS - SPACE (CGI-4) 1(X)

A sleek, lethal Alien Fighter/Bomber hurtles AT US. Its strange surface glints in the light of the blue sun. It's missile pods open fire as it STREAKS BY, REVEALING --

THE SARATOGA KNIFING THROUGH THE DEEP

Under brutal attack from a squadron of Fighter/Bombers, her huge guns lay down a CURTAIN of return FIRE.

A BLOOD RED ALIEN BOMBER

-- screams over the massive ship, pulling G's, its lase cannons on rock and roll.

A ROILING FIREBALL

-- billows from the Saratoga's superstructure. Steel girders SHRIEK as they are ripped apart, dance drunkenly into space, leaving behind a smoking black hole where metal -- and humans -- used to be. WE HEAR the shrill blare of KLAXONS, and --

VOICE #1 (V.O. FILTER)

Battle stations. All hands report  
to battle stations. Battle --

- 2 INT. SMOKE-FILLED CORRIDOR, THE SARATOGA - HAND-HELD 2

VOICE #1 (V.O. FILTER)

-- stations. All hands report to  
battle stations.

Caught unawares, soldiers in various stages of dress charge (X)  
through the acrid smoke, slam into each other in their haste --  
and fear. We HEAR the pounding of cannon, curses, screams. In  
the f.g. NATHAN, SHANE, COOPER, DAMPHOUSSE, WANG rush down the  
corridor, pulling on their flight suits as they go.

- 3 EXT. SARATOGA - SPACE (CGI) 3(X)

Bombers SCREAM at the Saratoga from all angles. Guns spewing  
fire, the huge ship rolls into a turn.

- 4 INT. ANOTHER SMOKE-FILLED CORRIDOR, THE SARATOGA - HANDHELD 4

The background CANNON FIRE and WHINE of Alien Bombers is  
DEAFENING.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

Marines and sailors pound by, fighting to keep their balance as (X) the ship slices right. Ashen, one Marine clutches a hatch ladder. McQUEEN scrambles out of the hatch, spots the Marine.

McQUEEN

You have a battle station, son?

(the Marine nods)

They need you there.

Petrified, the Marine doesn't move. McQueen takes the kid's jaw, forces him to look into his eyes.

McQUEEN

Now.

The calm, defiant "now" breaks through the chaos, reaches the Marine. He snaps out of his terror and runs off. McQueen strides calmly through the chaos, zipping up his flak jacket.

5 EXT. THE SARATOGA IN A CRUSHING DIVE (CGI)

5 (X)

-- narrowly avoids a salvo from an Alien Bomber. One of her SRK turrets fires: Four missiles streak for the Bomber. The bomber scrams 180.

Too late: A missile dives into the Bomber. A small yellow flame flickers along the Bomber's skin; THUNDERS into a huge ball of reds, blues, greens. Glittering pieces of the Alien ship cartwheel into the deep. Death has never been prettier.

6 INT. CORRIDOR BY FLIGHT DECK, THE SARATOGA

6 (X)

The NOISE of BATTLE never stops. Marines and sailors run by. (X)

VOICE #1 (V.O. FILTER)

All hands be advised, damage to aft

ADKEM battery zulu-one-niner. --

Hearts pounding, but in control, the 58 stride by the twisted metal and shredded flesh of battle.

VOICE #1 (V.O. FILTER)

-- All hands be advised, damage to

aft ADKEM battery zulu-one-niner.

They enter --

7 INT. FLIGHT DECK, THE SARATOGA - THE SAME TIME

7 (X)

Ground Crews swarm everywhere -- disconnect fuel lines, electrical lines, run instrument checks on the Hammerheads' cockpits.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

VOICE #1 (V.O. FILTER)

Fire Control Team report to  
mid-deck fourteen. Fire Control  
Team to mid-deck fourteen.

(X)  
(X)

As the 58 head for their cockpits, their CREW CHIEFS (wearing flak jackets) run up, brief them on their plane's status. (X)  
(X)

COOPER AND HIS CREW CHIEF

The Crew Chief checks the info flowing over a thin "vid pad" on his wrist as he and Cooper make for Cooper's Hammerhead.

CREW CHIEF

Short range kinetic pods are  
loaded, cannons charged --

The Saratoga shudders as an EXPLOSION rolls over her: WE HEAR metal SHREDDING, SCREAMS. The Crew Chief is terrified. (X)

8 INT. COMMAND CENTER, THE SARATOGA - THE SAME TIME

8 (X)

Thick smoke. Ghostly. A Marine sprays fog on an electrical fire. Standing tall, calm in the center of it all, COMMODORE ROSS issues orders, eyes glued to the battle in front of him. (Ross and all command personnel wear flak jackets.) (X)

COMMODORE ROSS

I want that reactor report, Mister Connor.

CONNOR

(into com)

Reactor one-one, this is the  
bridge, over -- Reactor one-one,  
this is the bridge, over --

MCQUEEN

-- enters, takes it all in with a glance. He crosses to his battle station, grabs a comset, peers at the vid screens. (X)

9 THE VID SCREENS (CGI)

9 (X)

Two Alien Bombers scream straight at the bridge. One is incinerated by the Saratoga's cannons. The other just keeps on comin'. (X)

COMMODORE ROSS (O.S.)

(overlapping)

Come starboard twenty-four  
degrees, thirty degrees low, Mister  
Donne!

(X)

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

DONNE (O.S.)  
Twenty-four degrees starboard,  
thirty degrees low.

RESUME

McQUEEN  
(comset, overlapping)  
Five-eight this is Queen Six. Why  
in hell aren't you bringing smoke  
on those Chigs?

10 INT. FLIGHT DECK, THE SARATOGA - THE SAME TIME

10(X)

In their cockpits, the 58 races through their final checks. In  
the f.g., Nathan flips toggles and switches.

NATHAN  
(into comset)  
Queen Six, this is King of Hearts.  
We're good to go.

The Crew Chiefs slap the helmets of the 58, stand back. The  
58's cockpits descend.

11 INT. COMMAND CENTER, THE SARATOGA - THE SAME TIME

11(X)

Mesmerized, all hands stare at the vid screens as --

(X)

-- The Alien Bomber crushes toward them. Closer. Closer.

COMMODORE ROSS  
Mister Gates?

GATES  
(into com)  
Light that damn thing up, delta  
niner!

AA12 EXT. THE SARATOGA, ROLLING TO STARBOARD (CGI)

AA12(X)

The Bomber is almost on top of the Saratoga. The Saratoga's  
cannon fire walks toward it. A strange electrical charge  
emanates from the bomber's nose, just as --

(X)

(X)

-- the Saratoga's cannons find their mark. Explosions stitch  
the Bomber's side. Crippled, it cartwheels OUT OF FRAME. WE  
HEAR the Bridge Crew CHEER as --

A12 INT. COMMAND CENTER, THE SARATOGA - SPACE

A12(X)

The Crew's CHEERS are interrupted by a strange, high-pitched  
WHINE. The LIGHTS FAIL.

12 INT. FLIGHT DECK, THE SARATOGA - THE SAME TIME 12 (X)

At the same instant, the flight deck is also plunged into darkness. The cockpits freeze in mid-descent. Red EMERGENCY LIGHTS flash on, spreading pools of red over the deck. For a brief instant, all activity and NOISE stops. Then -- (X)

NATHAN

We're jammed!

13 INT. COMMAND CENTER, THE SARATOGA 13 (X)

COMMODORE ROSS

Backup Systems!

The EMERGENCY LIGHTS bathe everything in eerie pools of red here, too. (X)

KLEIN

Thirty seconds to kick in, sir.

Gates spots something on the vid screens. (X)

GATES

Oh, God.

Guts churning, all hands stare at the vid screens. (X)

KLEIN

Is that thing dead?

McQUEEN

If it's not, we are. (X)

A14 EXT. THE SARATOGA - SPACE - THE SAME TIME (CGI) A14 (X)

Rising two hundred meters off the Saratoga's bow is the crippled Alien Bomber, its lase cannons pointed directly at the command center. (X)

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER



ACT ONE

FADE IN:

14 EXT. THE BATTLE-DAMAGED SARATOGA - SPACE (CGI) 14(X)

We RISE THROUGH the twisted I-beams, smoke, fires in the Saratoga's mid-decks to her main deck. Beyond her we SEE --

-- the crippled Bomber hanging off her bow, glinting warlike in Rho's blue light.

15 INT. COMMAND CENTER, THE SARATOGA - SPACE 15(X)

Bathed in pools of eerie red light, the crew stares at the bomber on the vid screens. Sweat beads their foreheads, drips down their necks. One mutters a prayer, another clasps a gold cross around his neck. (X)

COMMODORE ROSS

Hand crank the forward batteries. (X)

GATES

The targeting computer's still down.

COMMODORE ROSS

(flaring)

Then tell them to sight down the barrels!

GATES

(quickly into com)

Fire mission, fire mission --

McQUEEN

takes it all in, his mind racing.

RETURN

COMMODORE ROSS

How long until backup is on line, Mister Klein? . . . Mister Klein?!

KLEIN

Ten seconds, sir.

Heads turn quickly to --

A DIGITAL CLOCK

-- on the wall. Silence. A second ticks off. Another.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

DONNE (O.S.)  
Time enough to die.

RESUME

COMMODORE ROSS  
(grim)  
Not on my watch.

GATES  
The hand cranks are jammed!

COMMODORE ROSS  
Then pray that ship is as dead as  
we are.

As the seconds click off, the crews' eyes dart between the  
vid screens and the clock. The tension is excruciating.  
Finally --

(X)

KLEIN  
Four. Three. Two.

The lights FLICKER once, twice, remain on. The Saratoga's back  
in business. The Crew sags in relief.

KLEIN  
Weapons systems functional, sir.

(X)

COMMODORE ROSS  
(re: Alien Bomber)  
Then take that thing out of the  
sky, Mister Gates.

(X)

(X)

GATES  
With pleasure, sir.

McQueen stops Gates with a gesture.

McQUEEN  
No!

Everyone pauses, looks at McQueen like he's lost it.

COMMODORE ROSS  
Colonel?

McQUEEN  
(excited)  
Sir, this is the first time this  
has happened in the war. We  
shouldn't waste the opportunity!

(X)

(X)

COMMODORE ROSS  
Opportunity?

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: 2

15

McQUEEN

To take a look.

Ross is clearly interested: the idea is dangerous, chancey... (X)  
brilliant.

16 INT. 58 BUNKROOM/LOCKER ROOM, THE SARATOGA

16 (X)

A SERIES OF SHOTS:

A hand is thrust into a pilot's glove. A belt is buckled with a snap. A K-9 knife is jammed into its scabbard. OVER: (X)

KRANTZ (V.O.)

-- the hull is a cermet composite  
impregnated with graphite,  
titanium, aluminum trihydrate, and  
molybdenum.

WIDE

Tense, the 58 hurry into their battle armor, trying to take in the tech gibberish that's hurled at them by three of the Saratoga's Techs, STROUD, KRANTZ and WEBB. Lt. Stroud is an attractive, bright and articulate young woman.

LT. STROUD

The spectroscope indicates... What  
in hell smells so rank?

Wang pulls on his funky Nomex turtleneck.

(X)

WANG

Rank, ma'am? That's the aroma of  
good luck.

He indicates his turtleneck.

(X)

LT. STROUD

I'd hate to get a whiff of ill  
fortune.

SHANE

We make him wear it.

WANG

We always come back when I do.

NATHAN

Where do we go in?

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

KRANTZ

M.R. scope indicates a chamber  
located just behind the two vents  
on her fore structure.

SHANE

A "chamber"? What is it?

KRANTZ

Don't know. Three meters behind it  
is another area.

COOPER

For what?

KRANTZ

Don't know. Bio-sensors  
indicate --

The 58 exchange glances: A lot of we-don't-knows flying around.

DAMPHOUSSE

Bio-sensors?

LT. STROUD

(nods yes)

We received a slight reading in the  
second area.

DAMPHOUSSE

What'd you mean by "slight"?

Stroud eyes the other engineers, clearly asking for help.

WANG

You don't know.

McQueen enters, moves impatiently past the engineers.

MCQUEEN

Thank you, Lieutenant.

LT. STROUD

Sir, we haven't finished with our  
briefing.

MCQUEEN

Yes, you have.

LT. STROUD

With all due respect, sir, they  
need to be informed of the  
technical elements of --

MCQUEEN

No, they don't.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: 2

16

Stroud gives Wang a wide berth, exits with Krantz. Wang watches her go, interested. McQueen waits a beat, then --

McQUEEN

There's only one thing you need to know... Anything that's ever been learned or discovered in all the centuries of civilized human life on Earth means nothing. No one can tell you what to be prepared for. Assume everything is dangerous. If in doubt, kill. The chigs are a smart, mean, bloody enemy. I don't have to tell you how dangerous this assignment is.

(beat)

I wish I was going with you.

(then, quickly)

Okay. Let's make it happen.

The 58 exit. It hurts McQueen not to go with them.

17 INT. CORRIDOR, THE SARATOGA

17

The 58 round a corner, march TOWARD US: Stun sticks hang from D-rings on their breast plates, pistols holstered at their sides. Their faces are grim, purposeful. These are Marines. (X)

18 INT. LOADING BAY, THE SARATOGA

18

Dispirited Crew pull a hose from the ISSCV's fuel port, stand back as the 58 approach. One of the crewmen bitches to a companion -- but stares at the 58.

CREWMAN

Guess we're gonna study that chig ship so we can figure out how comes we're gettin' our stones stomped so bad. (X)

Shane shoots the guy a withering look.

19 INT. ISSCV, THE SARATOGA

19 (X)

The 58 strap into their jump seats. Shane isn't happy. (X)

SHANE

That guy should keep his mouth shut.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

COOPER

We have been getting our  
stones stomped.

(X)

NATHAN

Lock and load.

They slap magazines into their pistols, lock and load. Nathan (X)  
YELLS to the Pilot --

NATHAN

Goose this tin can!

20 EXT. SARATOGA - THE SAME TIME (CGI)

20 (X)

The landing pad's huge hatch opens.

PILOT (V.O., FILTER)

Aft nozzle thrusters, five percent.

CO-PILOT (V.O., FILTER)

(echoing)

Aft nozzles at five.

The ISSCV noses out, heads toward the Alien Bomber.

21 INT. THE CRAMPED BAY OF THE ISSCV - SPACE

21

Tension. The 58 sit in their jump seats fighting the fear and  
excitement rolling in their guts.

PILOT (V.O., FILTER)

Two-hundred meters and closing.

ANGLE

-- the sweaty faces of the 58 as they don their helmets.

PILOT (V.O., FILTER)

One-five-oh. Closing. My God, the  
thing is huge.

CLOSER

-- the eyes of the 58, listening to the Pilot over the com.

PILOT (V.O., FILTER)

One-hundred.

(then, softly)

Man, oh man, oh man. Your show,  
Wild Cards.

(CONTINUED)

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11A.

2. CONTINUED:

21

ANGLE

(X)

The 58 spring into action: Cooper heads for the LIDAR.  
Dampousse and Wang head for the Shape Charge.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: 2

21

Nathan and Shane loosen the twist locks on the Boarding Hatch cover.

AT THE LIDAR STATION

(X)

Cooper works the joysticks on the control panel.

(X)

22 EXT. THE ISSCV - SPACE (CGI)

22 (X)

The ISSCV hovers over the Alien Bomber.

COOPER (V.O.)

Magno's on their way.

(to himself)

Easy baby, easy . . .

Four extruded rods descend from the ISSCV's belly, touch the alien ship's hull. An ELECTRICAL FIELD vibrates faintly around the alien ship's mid-section.

COOPER (V.O.)

Alien ship secure.

23 INT. THE CRAMPED BAY OF THE ISSCV - SPACE

23

Cooper walks to the others, who are gathered around the boarding hatch. They stare at it, Xenons in one hand, pistols in the other. The unknown is before them. (X)  
(X)

NATHAN

(to Coop and Shane)

Ready?

They look at each other, anxious, scared -- excited.

SHANE

At least Armstrong had an idea of what he'd find on the moon.

NATHAN

Let's do it. Shape charge.

Wang and Damphousse drop the charge into the boarding hatch. Wang reaches down --

CLOSE ON THE SHAPE CHARGE

Wang sets the charge.

WANG (V.O. FILTER)

Stand clear.

RESUME

(CONTINUED)



23 CONTINUED:

23

The 58 stands back from the hatch. A beat. The charge blows with a MUFFLED THUD. Damphousse chucks a "stun stick" (grenade) into the hole the charge opened.

DAMPHOUSSE

Calling card.

A brilliant yellow FLASH is followed by a muffled THUD. Slapping Nathan on the helmet --

WANG

GO!

Without hesitation, Nathan leaps into the hole, disappears. Wang slaps Shane and Cooper on their helmets.

WANG

GO! GO!

Shane and Cooper jump in. Damphousse and Wang stare into the hole. A thick mist rises from it, clothes their feet. They exchange a glance. This is creepy shit. Into her comset --

DAMPHOUSSE

Do you need help?

24 INT. LOCKPIT, THE ALIEN BOMBER - THE SAME TIME

24

NATHAN

(unsure)

We're okay...

The 58 stands rock still back to back, pistols ready. Remnants(X) of the blown hull lay about their feet. Xenons cut holes in (X) the thick mist, flash over things that glisten with a strange jelly-like substance.

COOPER

(re: the goop)

What is that stuff?

NATHAN

I don't know; but I think they served it in my high school cafeteria.

They're all feeling queasy in here, so --

SHANE

Move out.

Nathan gestures Cooper in one direction, Shane in another. They walk slowly, softly forward. Suddenly Cooper bumps into something, a shape. If in doubt -- Cooper blasts at the shape, knocks it to the deck. He opens up on a Second Shape.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

NATHAN

Cease fire! Cease fire!

DAMPHOUSSE (V.O. FILTER)

What's up?! What's up?!

Nathan moves quickly to the dead shape, nudges it with his rifle.

NATHAN

It's okay; they were already dead.

Nathan stares at the dead creature. A strange, almost sad expression washes over Nathan's face --

(X)

NATHAN

I wonder if these things get married.

SHANE

I thought they were supposed to be an intelligent race.

COOPER (O.S.)

Hey!

They turn. Cooper has found a hole in the wall -- a tube: phosphorescent scale-like tiles fall away into darkness. Nathan, Shane and Cooper shine their Xenons into it: Nothing there but smooth scales and mist.

(X)

COOPER

Must lead to the second area the techs were talking about.

A pause. Finally Shane climbs into the hole.

SHANE

The hell with it.

NATHAN

Vansen, no -- !

Shane loses her balance, slides out of sight with a YELL.

A25 WITH SHANE - HAND-HELD

A25 (X)

-- as she tumbles, headfirst, through the glowing, slick, scaly tunnel. She slides into --

25 INT. THE BOMBARDIER/WEAPONS CONTROL BAY, ALIEN SHIP

25

-- tumbles out of the tube into thick mist. Shaken, Shane rises carefully to a crouch. With a curdling SHRIEK --

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

-- an Alien "arm" wraps itself around her neck. We GLIMPSE the Alien in Shane's halogen as they crash to the deck.

In an instant, Nathan and Cooper slide out of the tube. Nathan rips out his K-9, plunges it into the Alien. Cooper helps Vansen to her feet. (X)

COOPER

You okay?

SHANE

Sure. Dancing with chigs is my specialty. (X)  
(X)

The 58 sweep the room with their xenons, looking for chigs, don't find any. Their lights sweep over tiles with hieroglyphic-like etchings. Nathan's light flicks over a strange bulge in room center. It glistens with gel. (X)

NATHAN

Check that out. (X)

Cooper and Shane are getting queasier by the second.

SHANE

Man, I don't feel good. (X)

COOPER

Join the club. I'll take death over puke sloshing around in my helmet anytime. (X)  
(X)

SHANE

(choking back)  
Thanks for the image, Coop. (X)

NATHAN

(into com)  
This is West. Get this thing back home before we have to break out the Dramamine. (X)

WE HEAR FOOTSTEPS on metal, and --

DISSOLVE TO:

26 INT. CORRIDOR, THE SARATOGA - SPACE - LATER

26

The 58's boots walk by a shower of sparks from a plasma arc cutting through a damaged I-beam.

ANGLE

McQueen, several feet in front, leads the 58 briskly past Sea-bees cutting the battle wreckage with torches, turns into -- (X)

27 INT. HANGAR BAY, THE SARATOGA - SPACE

27 (X)

McQUEEN

My God, it is beautiful.

WHAT HE SEES

The blood-red Alien Bomber gleams in the glare of magnesium work arcs placed around it. Techies wearing coveralls bearing the AeroTech logo swarm over it.

McQueen walks into CLOSEUP, stopping dead in his tracks, shocked to see civilian engineers breaking down the craft. A profusion of cables runs from its cockpit to a large bank of computers where AeroTechs process screens of data. Ross stands by them talking to a MAN in a suit whose back is to US.

RESUME

McQueen moves to Ross. The 58 hangs back. Nathan stares hard at a passing tech. To the others --

NATHAN

Those people are AeroTech. Look at the logos.

He moves to get a better look, stops suddenly, eyes glued to something.

SHANE

What? What is it . . . ?

NATHAN

Sewell . . . .

WHAT HE SEES

SEWELL spots McQueen headed for Ross, watches him carefully.

WANG (O.S.)

The guy who had our Tellus mission classified "compartmentalized."

RESUME

NATHAN

Those guys knew things about this craft before we ever even engaged it in battle. I'll bet on it.

(X)

(X)

They move toward the ship, only to be stopped by an M.P.

M.P.

This area's restricted, sir.

(X)

NATHAN

We've been inside it!

(X)

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

McQueen starts toward Ross, pushing by the M.P.s, who hustle after him.

SEWELL

coolly watches McQueen, acting as if still supervising the techs.

MCQUEEN AND ROSS

McQueen approaches Ross, somewhat angry. Voice lowered --

McQUEEN

Sir, what's with the Civvies?

COMMODORE ROSS

They're breaking down the ship.  
Studying it like you said.

McQUEEN

It was for us. The military.  
We're the ones that will use the  
information.

(X)

THE 58TH

are watching, listening. Cooper sees an opportunity with the guards away. He nudges Wang, who eyes Cooper and seems to understand. They move off toward an AEROTECH ENGINEER at the computers.

(X)

(X)

MCQUEEN AND ROSS

COMMODORE ROSS

Aerotech can break down the ship  
and analyze the data in half the  
time it'd take us.

(X)

(X)

McQUEEN

We can't let them break it down.

Ross looks to McQueen, curious.

ANGLE - THE COMPUTER BANKS

Cooper stares at a vid screen over the Aerotech Engineer's back. He moves to the Engineer's keyboard, touches it.

(X)

(X)

COOPER

This do anything?

While Cooper distracts the Engineer, Wang lifts an electronic notebook from the table.

(X)

AEROTECH ENGINEER

Get away from here. Guard!

(X)

(X)

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: 2

27

COOPER

(touches it again)

What about this?

Wang gestures Cooper to go with him, heads for --

MCQUEEN AND ROSS

Nathan, Shane, Damphousse approach in the b.g.

COMMODORE ROSS

McQueen... you've had some ulterior  
motive from the minute you said "go  
get it." What is it?

McQueen's hesitant as Wang and Cooper approach.

WANG

Sir... They've reverse-navigated  
the ship. It came from a planetary  
body in the Ceres Region.

SEWELL

overhears and makes quickly for the group.

(X)

RETUR

McQueen looks to Ross.

MCQUEEN

(re: Wang's line)

That is what I was thinking.

Ross is still curious, sensing McQueen's idea.

MCQUEEN

Now we know where they come from.

Let's pay 'em a little visit.

As in hostile.

(X)

(X)

Sewell approaches.

SEWELL

That information is not for public  
knowledge.

NATHAN

In your hands, it never will be.

Ross has been considering.

COMMODORE ROSS

Our planes don't have the range to  
reach the Ceres Region.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: 3

27

McQUEEN

That one does.

Everyone looks to the ship.

ALIEN BOMBER

Strange, foreign, yet with concrete possibilities. A beat,  
then --

(X)

RESUME

(X)

SEWELL

You don't know how to operate it.

(X)

McQUEEN

We'll learn.

SEWELL

You'll risk the destruction of this  
invaluable piece of technology?

(X)

McQUEEN

I'll risk the lives of invaluable  
men and women if it means we can  
finally cram one down their  
throats.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

Ross likes the sound of it, but --

SEWELL

It's a suicide mission, Colonel.

McQUEEN

It's mass suicide if we don't do  
it. We need a victory. That  
bomber is our chance...

Everyone looks at the plane in a new light.

THE ALIEN BOMBER

sits on the flight deck... as we LOOK AT it with a new light as  
well --

FADE OUT.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

28 INT. ROSS'S SPARTAN QUARTERS, THE SARATOGA - SPACE

28

CAMERA PANS OVER a small, glass-enclosed bookcase containing several hardbound volumes. It STAYS for a quick beat ON a leather-bound volume of Congreve's plays. (X)  
(X)  
(X)

COMMODORE ROSS (V.O.)

Scotch?

WIDER

Ross removes a stopper from a crystal decanter of amber liquid. Deep in thought, McQueen gazes at a photo of Ross' wife and two teenaged daughters, shakes his head no. (X)  
(X)

COMMODORE ROSS

Single malt, sixteen years old.

McQUEEN

No, no thanks.

COMMODORE ROSS

When I was a plebe a firsty named Starks found a bottle of scotch I'd hidden in my quarters. Instead of putting me on report, he made me pour it into a glass. If I didn't pour exactly two fingers, Mister Starks would drink it.

Ross pours the scotch into a glass.

COMMODORE ROSS

Mister Starks got quite a few free drinks and I bought a few bottles of single malt before I mastered the art of the two-fingered pour.

(beat)

I don't want to send young lives to their deaths. (X)

McQueen still doesn't answer, struggles to articulate his thoughts. Finally, simply --

McQUEEN

If I could find the words, I would tell you how much I love those kids. But I'm not good with words. Truth is, I'm not much good with love either.

(beat)

I don't want to lose young lives.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



28 CONTINUED:

28

McQUEEN (CONT'D)

But if we don't show people at home, or the Earth Forces that we can take the offensive, we are going to lose. And if we lose, millions of lives, young and old, will be lost.

McQueen nods in the direction of --

ANGLE THE PHOTO

-- of Ross's wife and daughters.

RESUME

Ross has been reached. A pause as Ross thinks it over, then --

COMMODORE ROSS

Pilots for morale; that's what it comes down to, doesn't it?

McQUEEN

Everyone's morale, sir. Us, the people back home... We all need to stand a little taller.

COMMODORE ROSS

All right. But it's not up to you. It's in their hands.

McQueen nods, starts out, stops.

McQUEEN

I'd like to go along on this one.

COMMODORE ROSS

You're grounded, Ty. Your injury, remember?

(X)

(X)

McQUEEN

The hell with that! I can --

(X)

COMMODORE ROSS

(kindly)

No. That's an order, Colonel.

(X)

(X)

McQueen nods at Ross, exits.

Ross puts two fingers to the scotch: a perfect two-fingered pour. He looks to his wife's picture, and downs the booze.

29 INT. REC ROOM, THE SARATOGA - SPACE

29

The monitors are off. The room is silent, still.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

McQueen sits before the 58. CAMERA MOVES AMONG them. McQueen (X)  
reads from a worn piece of paper.

McQUEEN

"With my mission now at hand, my  
dear old town, my dear old people,  
I now abandon everything and leave  
to protect this country; to  
preserve our eternal and just  
cause, I now go forth. My body  
will collapse like a falling cherry  
blossom, but my soul will live and  
protect this land forever.  
Farewell. I am a glorious wild  
cherry blossom. I shall return to  
my mother's place and bloom!"

McQueen holds the paper.

McQUEEN

These are the words of a man, your  
age, your rank... one hundred and  
eighteen years ago. He was a  
Japanese Kamikaze pilot. And he  
died... foolishly... the next day  
flying an Okha plane into an  
American destroyer. He gave his  
life for a lost cause. I keep this  
in my flight suit at all times.

A beat, then --

(X)

NATHAN

I'll volunteer, sir.

McQUEEN

West... would you... give your  
life... if you had proof, that  
Kylen Celina was still alive?

(X)

NATHAN

I know she's alive... And I'm  
willing to go. Because this is not  
a lost cause.

(X)

SHANE

I'll go.

WANG

I'm in.

DAMPHOUSSE

I'm in.

They all look to Cooper.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: 2

29

COOPER

I ain't no kamikaze..

They assume he's turning down the mission.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: 3

29

COOPER

'Cause I'm coming back.

This lifts everyone, especially McQueen.

30 INT. HANGAR BAY, THE SARATOGA - SPACE

30 (X)

AeroTechs are still all over the bomber and the computer banks. Sewell is riveted to a computer screen.

(X)

(X)

The 58 enters, led by McQueen, heads straight for the Alien Bomber.

SEWELL

-- spots them, watches for a beat or two, calculating. He hits a couple of keys on a keyboard, deleting information on the computer. Satisfied, he slides a mini-CD into his pocket.

(X)

(X)

RESUME

Sewell walks toward McQueen, an amused smile playing over his face.

SEWELL

The key to the Federation's victory is in that ship, Colonel, and the Commodore tells me you're going to lose it in some foolish act of bravado.

NATHAN

(seething)

You lost two colonies in a foolish act of cowardice.

Nathan's a breath away from decking him. To him --

McQUEEN

At ease, Marine.

(beat)

Whatever is in that ship is no longer under your jurisdiction, Sewell. Tell your techs to stand down.

(X)

Sewell can't resist.

SEWELL

The military mind is such a marvel. You probably still believe Clausewitz's theory that war is an extension of politics.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

COMMODORE ROSS (O.S.)

What is war, Mister Sewell?  
Enlighten me.

Sewell turns to Ross.

SEWELL

Pride, emotion, instinct --  
(pointed)  
-- the dissolution of rational  
purpose . . .

COMMODORE ROSS

I see. So my purpose is  
irrational?

SEWELL

Yes... Yes... Quite irrational.

COMMODORE ROSS

Then allow me to regain my balance  
with a rational act: Leave the  
Saratoga, Mr. Sewell. No one will  
insult the men and women who serve  
on her. Get your staff and get  
off my ship. Now.

(X)

(X)

(X)

Sewell bows slightly, walks toward his techs, his dignity  
not the least bit damaged. The 58 stare at Ross, proud.

(X)

COMMODORE ROSS

What are you staring at? You've  
got a mission to fly.

DISSOLVE TO:

31 INT. ORIENTATION ROOM, THE SARATOGA

31 (X)

All Aerotech personnel are gone. Under McQueen's watchful eye, (X)  
the 58 keys the information given to them by the Saratoga's (X)  
techs into their vid pads. They've been at this awhile. (X)  
They're tired, disheveled -- cranky. They sit, stand, pace.  
VISIBLE in the b.g. behind them, M.P.s stand guard as more of (X)  
the Saratoga's techs pour over the bomber. (X)

LT. STROUD

(off vid screen)  
-- its thrust cat for burner go is  
four-niner.

COOPER

Yeah, but --

LT. STROUD

That's just like a Hammerhead.

(CONTINUED)

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24A.

31 CONTINUED:

31

COOPER  
Yeah, but --

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: 2

31

KRANTZ

Its SCRAMS top out at about eight  
thousand Ks an hour. Its --

(X)

COOPER

(interrupting)

-- Who cares?!

Damphousse rolls her eyes, picks up a vid pad as --

LT. STROUD

You should! You've got to fly it.

COOPER

That's right! Fly it! Tell us  
about take-off speed, dive  
parameters? How do I start the  
damn thing? How does it ride?

NATHAN

(overlapping)

How do we arm it? What's the  
targeting program?

SHANE

(overlapping)

Cel-nav drift?

LT. STROUD

We don't have that information!

DAMPHOUSSE

(re: vid pad)

No wonder. It's missing. This  
data... Look. Mass ratio equals  
empty ship plus fuel mass over ship  
mass -- But it jumps to an equation  
which determines velocity  
increments.

COOPER

(sarcastically)

Ah!

McQUEEN

What?

DAMPHOUSSE

It goes from point A to point D.  
Someone's omitted Points B and C.

McQueen grabs the vid pad from Damphousse, glances at it.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: 3

31

McQUEEN  
(through gritted teeth)  
Sewell.  
(to Stroud)  
I want you to get into your  
computers and retrieve all the  
programs that little geek wiped.

(X)

He strides off, eyes blazing.

WANG  
Glad I'm not named Sewell.

32 INT. CORRIDOR, THE SARATOGA

32

McQueen flies down the corridor dodging Marines. He misses, knocks into a Marine, sprawls on the deck. He bounces up in a flash and charges off, leaving the stunned Marine in his wake. OVER WHICH:

MARINE #1 (V.O. FILTER)  
All hands, all hands, AeroTech  
shuttle one-seven is clear for take  
off. AeroTech shuttle one-seven is  
clear for take off.

33 INT. ISSCV LOADING BAY, THE SARATOGA

33

Sewell enters the ISSCV. The door SLAMS SHUT. Marine #1 speaks into a comset. His voice BOOMS over the com --

(X)

MARINE #1 (V.O. FILTER)  
Stand clear. Stand clear.

The Marine hits a button. WARNING HORNS SOUND.

34 INT. WHITE ROOM - DAY

34

McQueen charges into the room and past the Marine.

MARINE #1  
Sir! Sir, you can't --

Might as well try to stop a tornado. McQueen moves to the door, which is locked.

35 INT. LOADING BAY - THROUGH PORTHOLE

35

The airlock HISSES and BILLOWS with steam as beyond it the AeroTech shuttle blasts into space.

MCQUEEN

can do nothing but watch helplessly.



36 INT. ORIENTATION ROOM - DAY

36

McQueen returns. Stroud approaches with a vid pad.

(X)

LT. STROUD

Sir, Sewell left this behind.

(X)

McQueen looks at the vid pad. His expression is surprised, thoughtful. He looks up to his squadron.

(X)

McQUEEN

We don't have the information...

(X)

So let's get it ourselves.

(X)

CUT TO:

37 INT. COCKPIT, THE ALIEN BOMBER, THE SARATOGA - SPACE

37

Shadows. Shapes are ill-defined, lighted only by a strange phosphorescence which emanates from several scaly-looking tiles on the "walls" and a small work light or two.

(X)

A Xenon beam slices through the shadows. Nathan climbs down the ladder, stands warily. Damphousse joins him followed quickly by Wang, Shane, Cooper and McQueen.

(X)

(X)

They shoot their Xenons over the interior. Damphousse and Wang get their first look/feel of the Alien Bomber's interior.

(X)

WANG

Someone should talk to these guys about their interior decorator.

SHANE

More light would be a help.

(X)

Instantly a ring of lights pulses around the cockpit then glows steadily. Everyone is shocked.

SHANE

Don't ask me how that happened!

(X)

McQueen walks to the console.

(X)

McQUEEN

Engineers think it takes four to fly this thing: two at the nose controls; two at this. West, Nathan, Hawkes, Damphousse...

(X)

(X)

Cooper walks to the center console, but slips as he tries to position himself. He grabs at the console to steady himself. And gouges it.

(X)

(X)

The cockpit fills with a strange KEENING. McQueen pulls Cooper away from the console.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

The KEENING STOPS as quickly as it began. The 58 stares at the gouge in the console.

SHANE

My God.

THE CONSOLE (CGI)

(X)

Slowly, unmistakably, the gouge in the console begins to heal itself. (X)

RESUME

The 58 is thunderstruck.

NATHAN

This thing's alive.

As they look at --

(X)

THE CONSOLE (CGI)

(X)

which continues to heal --

(X)

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

A38 CLOSE ON SEWELL'S VID PAD

A38 (X)

On it: "Music hath charms to soothe a savage breast;  
To soften rocks or bend a knotted oak." OVER --

(X)

(X)

LT. STROUD (O.S.)

(X)

"Alive" isn't really the word,  
Lieutenant.

(X)

(X)

38 INT. ORIENTATION ROOM - COMPUTER BANKS, SARATOGA - SPACE

38

McQueen puts down the vid pad, leafs through a beautiful  
hardbound copy of "The Mourning Bride." The 58 mill around  
Stroud, Krantz and Webb.

(X)

(X)

(X)

NATHAN (O.S.)

(X)

Hawkes ripped it and it healed  
itself. That fits my definition of  
alive.

Buried in the book of plays --

(X)

MCQUEEN

Lt. Stroud is here to help, West.

SHANE

We know that, sir, but . . .

Cooper nods in the direction of the Bomber where several techs  
are installing a hatch over the blown section of the hull.

(X)

(X)

COOPER

How do you fly something that  
screams?!

LT. STROUD

That wasn't a scream.

COOPER

(facetiously)

Right, it was a laugh.

(X)

LT. STROUD

(patiently)

The craft is made of self-  
assembling piezo-electric polymer.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

KRANTZ

(nodding, excited)

It's incredible. They use a bacterial protein called bacteriohodopsin, combined with semiconductors.

Cooper rolls his eyes: more techno babble.

LT. STROUD

Look, it doesn't think and feel. It's a machine. Just like a Hammerhead. End of story.

No one's satisfied by that.

WANG

(beat, then --)

That jelly . . .

KRANTZ

It's a conducting gel. It transfers your bio-electrics to the machine, and the machine's electrics to you.

(X)

McQUEEN

The ship and pilots become... one being.

There is an eerie pause.

39 INT. COCKPIT, ALIEN BOMBER

39

Wang and McQueen watch as Shane, Nathan, Cooper, Damphousse take their places. Cooper and Shane strap in at the console. (X)  
Nathan and Damphousse at the nose. (NOTE: The alien bomber (X)  
works just like one of our planes, except instead of toggles  
and switches, the aliens use sequences of rhythmic arm movements  
and lights.) As the the four strap in -- (X)

SHANE

The techs must have rigged these  
for us.

(X)

(X)

A beat. All stare at the ports (arm holes) in front of them. (X)

SHANE

You going to stick your hand in, or  
what?

(X)

COOPER

I guess I've stuck my hand in worse  
things.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

Cooper reaches for --

THE CONSOLE

He pauses just before the ports, then plunges his arms quickly inside. (X)

NATHAN (O.S.)

You okay?

RESUME

COOPER

Yeah, it's okay. I'm fine, I'm fine... See? No mess. (X)

Cooper pulls his arms out, shows everyone that no gel has stuck to them. Cooper shoves his arms back in with -- (X)

COOPER

I kinda like it. (X)

WANG

What's it feel like?

Sticking her hands in --

DAMPHOUSSE

Like sliding your hands into fifty gallons of warm jello.

Nathan and Shane stick their hands in. (X)

SHANE

(sarcastically)

Oh, yeah. If only I were naked.

The console come alive. Soft STRIPS of LIGHT GLOW from deep within its depths.

COOPER

Yo!

Startled, Cooper pulls his arms out. The lights DIM immediately.

McQUEEN

Keep your arms in, Hawkes.

Cooper puts his arms back inside the ports. The console GLOWS with soft, subtle colors. It's beautiful.

DAMPHOUSSE

(softly)

Wow . . .

(CONTINUED)

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39 CONTINUED: 2

39

Wow is right.

KRANTZ (V.O.)

As near as we can figure, the --

40 INT. ORIENTATION ROOM - COMPUTERS

40

KRANTZ

-- chigs work together like a --  
like an orchestra.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

KRANTZ (CONT'D)

Only we think their instruments  
are movement and light.

Intense, concentrated the 58 listens to Stroud and Krantz. A  
dozen of the Saratoga's Techs work computers.

(X)

WANG

(sotto voce to Cooper)  
You ever notice how many "we  
thinks" there are in these  
briefings?

Stroud glares at Wang as she takes over from Krantz. Wang hits  
her with his mega-watt grin. She looks quickly away, coloring.

LT. STROUD

We know this much. There are two  
things of vital importance --

41 INT. COCKPIT, ALIEN BOMBER, LOADING BAY - SPACE

41

LT. STROUD (V.O.)

-- in the operation of their ship:  
speed and sequence . . .  
(with emphasis)  
. . . speed and sequence.

Wang, Nathan, Damphousse and Cooper sit at the glowing console,  
their arms inside the ports.

MCQUEEN

Attitude reference indicator,  
uncaged.

NATHAN

(echoing)  
Attitude reference indicator  
uncaged . . .

Nathan pushes with his right arm, then pulls with his left.

STRIPS OF COLOR

-- inside the console glow in direct response to Nathan's  
gestures.

(X)

NATHAN (V.O.)

. . . Check.

RESUME

Nathan grins. Could this be fun?

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

McQUEEN

I.R. coolant off.

DAMPHOUSSE

I.R. coolant . . .

She pushes with her left arm, then lifts both arms up. Several(X)  
sections of the console glow in sequence. (X)

DAMPHOUSSE

. . . off.

(grins, putting on:)

My granddad took me to a light show  
once, but it wasn't nothing like  
this.

This is fun! The 58 laughs. LAUGHTER CONTINUES OVER --

DISSOLVE TO:

42 INT. COCKPIT, ALIEN BOMBER - LATER

42

LT. STROUD (V.O.)

Station one pushes twice right,  
Station two twists left, --

McQUEEN

-- Station one twists right.

Nathan and Damphousse work the nose controls; Shane and (X)  
Cooper, the console. Slowly both respond with glowing (X)  
colors. (X)

43 INT. ORIENTATION ROOM - COMPUTER BANKS, THE SARATOGA - LATER 43

LT. STROUD

It'll come on line fast. You can  
open the fans at about 58,000  
degrees.

The 58, weary, disheveled: a few shirt tails out, a few more  
lines in their faces.

44 INT. THE COCKPIT - ALIEN BOMBER - LATER

44

McQUEEN

Goose it! It'll climb like a  
homesick angel.

Sweating, nearing exhaustion, Damphousse, Wang, Cooper, Nathan  
work their respective stations. They're getting better, (X)  
faster. It glows, responds to their moves. We HEAR the  
bomber's JETS begin to WHINE. The 58 responds with a tired  
CHEER.



45 INT. ORIENTATION ROOM - THE COMPUTERS - LATER

45

The 58. The techs. Everyone's tired, the men unshaven.

WEBB

-- It'll want to tumble forward out  
of control in this regimen --

46 INT. THE COCKPIT - ALIEN BOMBER - LATER

46

The bomber's ENGINES ROAR in the background.

KRANTZ (V.O.)

Watch the overshoot on approach.  
You'll be on the backside of its  
power curve.

Moving quickly, in sequence, Cooper, Shane, Wang and Damphousse  
work like pros. They stop. The engines shut down. McQueen (X)  
nods approvingly. They're getting good.

The 58 fist dap.

(X)

47 INT. BUNK ROOM, THE SARATOGA - SPACE

47

The hatch swings open. The 58 enters, bone-tired. They make a  
beeline for their bunks, flop down without even thinking about  
taking off their fatigues.

SHANE

You notice no one's been getting  
sick like when we first went in?

NATHAN

Maybe we're getting used to it.

COOPER

Maybe it likes us.

Damphousse douses the lights. IN DARK --

WANG

(yawning)  
Anyone figured out yet why  
something built for chigs is  
working for us?

A beat. Another.

DAMPHOUSSE

(softly)  
Pull left, twist right, left,  
right, riiri . . .

Damphousse's SOFT SNORE floats through the dark.

(X)

48 INT. REC ROOM, THE SARATOGA - SPACE - THE SAME TIME

48

McQueen sits, reads "The Mourning Bride." To himself --

McQUEEN

"Music hath charms to soothe a  
savage breast; to soften rocks  
or bend a knotted oak. I've read  
that things inanimate have moved,  
And, as with living souls, have  
been informed by magic numbers, and  
persuasive sound.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(beat, looks up)

What then am I?"

There's a KNOCK at the hatch.

LT. STROUD (O.S.)

Colonel McQueen?

Book in hand, McQueen opens the hatch. Stroud stands in the  
corridor, a vid pad in her hand.

LT. STROUD

We just got the parameters for the  
ship's port of origin.

McQueen opens the hatch wide for Stroud.

(X)

LT. STROUD

We can get there. The problem is,  
our launch window closes in, uh --  
(refers to vid pad)  
-- twenty-two hours, thirty-seven  
minutes.

McQueen slams the book shut, takes Stroud's vid pad. Re: the  
data --

(X)

(X)

McQUEEN

Dammit. How the hell -- we haven't  
even started to work on weapons.

LT. STROUD

If it helps, our pirhana software  
retrieved the targeting programs  
and bombing solutions. There's  
still information missing, but I  
don't think it's critical.

Thinks a beat, then --

McQUEEN

Where's your crew?

LT. STROUD

Asleep. We've been hitting it  
pretty hard.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

Heading out the hatch --

McQUEEN

I want them back at work in fifteen  
mikes, Lieutenant.

(off Stroud's look)

Fifteen. Or you'll spend the rest  
of your career programming waste  
disposal units.

(X)

(X)

McQueen disappears.

LT. STROUD

Some might consider that a step up.

49 INT. BUNKROOM/LOCKERS, THE SARATOGA - SPACE

49 (X)

Dark. The hatch opens shooting a strip of LIGHT across the  
sleeping figures of the 58. A figure steps in. Suddenly, the  
lights snap on, bathing the room in harsh LIGHT.

COOPER

What the hell . . . ?

McQueen stands with his hand on the light switch.

McQUEEN

There's been a change in plans.

OFF the sleep-filled faces of the 58 --

50 INT. WEAPONS BAY, ALIEN BOMBER

50

WANG is strapped to a piece of material (le surf-board), which (X)  
leans over a dome-like object protruding from the deck in room (X)  
center. The object -- the organic weapons console -- glows with (X)  
colors from deep inside. OVER WHICH: (X)

LT. STROUD (O.S.)

Choose any profile you like, but  
hold it rock steady on your laydown  
to pickle or you'll be slinging  
bombs all over Graceland.

WIDER

McQueen and Stroud stand by Wang's side.

(X)

LT. STROUD

We integrated an old imaging prism  
with their gear. Activate it by  
touching this.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

Stroud points to a tile on the console's surface. Wang reaches (X)  
for the tile -- touches Stroud's hand. She pulls it away, but  
not terribly fast. Wang grins, pushes the tile: a screen in (X)  
the center of the weapons console glows to life. (X)

WANG (X)  
(grinning) (X)  
Surf's up. (X)

DISSOLVE TO:

51 INT. WEAPONS, ALIEN BOMBER - LATER

51

McQUEEN  
Ten seconds to range solution.

In the "bombardier's seat," Nathan rapidly pushes tiles on the (X)  
console.

OVER, ECHOING --

NATHAN  
Ten seconds to range solution.

A beat. Tiles on the panels begin to pulse rapidly with color.  
The SAME keening SOUND we heard when Cooper damaged the console  
begins, builds. Nathan has screwed up.

NATHAN  
I've got too much closure, too much  
closure!

The keening CRESCENDOS, stops abruptly. The control panel  
lights go to black. McQueen looks at his watch.

McQUEEN  
Eighteen hours. Cooper!

52 INT. WEAPONS, ALIEN BOMBER - LATER

52

McQueen watches as Cooper pushes glowing tiles on the panels.

COOPER  
Fox one gone.

The panel KEENS and goes black.

McQUEEN  
So are you.  
(re: his watch)  
Fifteen hours, forty-three mikes.  
Vansen!

A SERIES OF RAPID SHOTS:

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

1.) Vansen works the tiles. The KEENING begins. OFF Shane's disgust with herself.

2.) KEENING. Damphousse removes the "seat straps", upset with herself.

3.) KEENING. Wang throws up his hands.

4.) The KEENING continues as: The console goes black. Goes (X)  
black. Goes black. (X)

SHANE (V.O.)

Manual dexterity is not our  
problem, sir! --

53 INT. COCKPIT, ALIEN BOMBER - LATER

53

COOPER

We fly Hammerheads, no sweat!

The 58 is pissed. They're hot, sweaty, exhausted and McQueen is in their faces.

McQUEEN

Then what is your problem?  
Operating their weapons is nothing  
compared to this thing's cockpit  
controls. What the hell's the  
problem here?!

McQueen gets on top of his frustration, and --

McQUEEN

Okay, we've got twelve hours until  
we light this baby. Now let's get  
back in there and let's get it  
right.

The 58 glance at each other, stand slowly, but --

WANG

It won't do any good.

McQUEEN

Really? Help me out, Lieutenant  
Wang.

WANG

(beat, then reluctantly)  
It doesn't like us.

McQUEEN

It doesn't like you.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

NATHAN

If it's alive, if it can react to  
our thoughts, then it knows we're  
training to bomb the creatures that  
created it.

(X)

McQUEEN

(explodes)

This is a plane. A piece of  
machinery! It's not -- repeat --  
it is not alive!

McQueen smacks his hand against a tile in the ship's wall in  
frustration. Suddenly, the cockpit fills with MUSIC.  
Gorgeous music.

(X)

(X)

DAMPHOUSSE

My God.

SHANE

(overlapping)

What'd you do?

McQUEEN

Touched this.

McQueen points to a tile etched with a hieroglyphic that looks  
like a lyre on acid. The 58 listen, awed.

54 INT. FLIGHT DECK #2, THE SARATOGA - THE SAME TIME

54 (X)

Stroud, Krantz, Webb and the Techs HEAR the MUSIC coming  
from the bomber. One by one, they stop what they're doing  
and listen, as awed as the 58.

(X)

55 INT. COCKPIT, THE ALIEN BOMBER - THE SAME TIME

55

The squadron listens to the glorious music.

DAMPHOUSSE

How could creatures that hack off  
the heads and arms of our dead  
soldiers create something like  
that?

WANG

Six hundred years ago, Japanese  
Samurai were the most brutal  
warriors the earth had ever known;  
But they wrote incredible poetry  
and made beautiful flower  
arrangements.

(X)

(X)

The 58 relax to the music. Suddenly --

(CONTINUED)

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55 CONTINUED:

55

Two!

McQUEEN

Sir?

NATHAN

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED: 2

55

McQueen jumps to his feet, heads for the entrance to weapons.

McQUEEN

It takes two. We should have  
known. Wang!

56 INT. WEAPONS, ALIEN BOMBER (PART CGI)

56 (X)

Wang is strapped into the seat. McQueen settles against the (X)  
other side of the weapons console. Instantly, a seat morphs (X)  
against his rear. McQueen looks at Wang, nods. Both touch the (X)  
console at the same time. It lights by itself. A SOFT CHORD (X)  
fills the bay. (X)

McQUEEN

Music again. They must key  
everything to music. Speed,  
sequence . . . and music.

(beat)

My apologies, Lt. Wang, you're  
right. This ship is alive.

(beat)

The question is, how alive . . .

57 INT. ROSS'S QUARTERS, THE SARATOGA - SPACE

57

Ross. McQueen.

COMMODORE ROSS

I will not lose the best squadron  
commander I have... Even if he is  
an insubordinate... The answer is  
no. End of conversation.

(X)

A pause. McQueen doesn't move.

COMMODORE ROSS

Is there something else, Colonel?

McQUEEN

(beat, then)

Do you remember what Lee said to  
Longstreet, sir? "Soldering has  
one great trap. To be a good  
soldier you must love the army. To  
be a good officer, you must be  
willing to order the death of the  
thing you love. That is why --

COMMODORE ROSS

-- there are so few good officers.  
Although there are many good men."

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



57 CONTINUED:

57

COMMODORE ROSS (CONT'D)

(pause)

Your squadron thinks this (X)  
mission is worth dying for. (X)

McQUEEN (X)

We all do, sir. (X)

COMMODORE ROSS

(pause)

With apologies to Robert E. Lee,  
tonight I'd rather be a good man  
than a good officer.

(but he is a good  
officer)

Ready your ship for launch, Colonel  
McQueen.

McQueen snaps to attention, salutes Ross, exits. Ross pours  
himself a scotch, measures. It's three fingers.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

58 INT. HANGAR BAY, THE SARATOGA - SPACE 58(X)

THE BOMBER

-- is in partial shadow, dark, powerful . . . alien.

ANGLE

Stroud's Techs disconnect the hoses and electrical lines to the Alien Bomber. Others break down the banks of computers.

59 INT. THE PILOT'S BUNK ROOM/LOCKER ROOM - THE SAME TIME 59(X)

Nathan, Shane, Cooper, Wang, Damphousse grab what private moments remain, fight against the fear which grips their bowels.

DAMPHOUSSE takes her cross from around her neck, mouths a silent prayer.

NATHAN writes a letter to Kylen.

WANG zips up his flight suit, pauses, unzips the jacket, pulls his lucky -- and very dirty -- Nomex turtleneck from his locker, smells it. Even he has to wince; but he does it anyway. (X)

SHANE pulls a worn picture of her parents from her locker, writes "for you" on it.

COOPER, eyes closed, mouths a console sequence to himself, plays absently with his dogtags. (X)

ANGLE

Nathan puts his letter into an envelope, prints "KYLEN" across the front. In full flight gear, McQueen enters --

McQUEEN

Let's fly.

McQueen exits. Everyone rises. Nathan crosses to the door, stops. He unsheathes his K-9, sticks his letter to Kylen to the bulkhead with it, exits. (X)

Wang sticks his knife into the wall, hangs a ring on it. (X)  
Shane sticks the picture of her parents to the wall with her knife. Damphousse hangs her cross from hers. Cooper hangs his dogtags from his. (X)

ANGLE - THE BULKHEAD

There is nothing but silence, knives -- and the mementoes left for the living. (X)

60 INT. HANGAR BAY, THE SARATOGA - SPACE

60 (X)

Led by McQueen, the 58 enter the busy flight deck. Singly and (X)  
in small groups, the Saratoga's Techs spot them, stop what (X)  
they are doing, watch in silent tribute as the 58 pass.

Stroud sees Wang, rushes to his side with --

LT. STROUD

Paul -- Paul!

As they walk --

LT. STROUD

I got you something.

She shows him a small, gift-wrapped box.

LT. STROUD

It's yours when you get back.

Wang is so startled he doesn't know what to say. Stroud waves  
goodbye with a smile. Wang hurries to catch up to the others.

A group of Techs part for the 58. VOICES come from the crowd --  
a murmur, a whisper . . . hopes sent with the pilots.

TECHS IN THE CROWD

Get some, five-eight. Bring smoke  
on 'em, five-eight. Light 'em up,  
guys. You're not alone.

Tall, proud, scared shitless, the 58 walk to the bomber.

61 EXT. THE SARATOGA - SPACE

61

The huge panels on the Saratoga's loading bay open, revealing --

-- the Alien bomber gleaming in the blue sun. It trembles with  
power. Steam rises in clouds around her. Warning LIGHTS (X)  
FLASH on and off in the b.g. The Bomber's SCRAMS burn yellow, (X)  
then streak with purple.

NATHAN (V.O. FILTER)

Queen Six, Queen Six, this is King  
of Hearts. We're in the slot.

(X)

COMMODORE ROSS (V.O.)

Roger that, King of Hearts.

62 INT. COCKPIT, ALIEN BOMBER

62

Nathan, Shane, Damphousse and Cooper prepare the ship for  
take-off. They work the console like pros. (NOTE: (X)  
After each series of hand/arm movements, the console (X)  
responds with a different LIGHT SEQUENCE.)

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

62

SHANE

Attitude reference indicator  
uncaged...

(X)

(as the light glows)

(X)

... Check.

DAMPHOUSSE

I.R. coolant switch...

(X)

(as the light glows)

(X)

... Check.

SHANE

Mission computer...

(X)

(as the light glows)

(X)

... Check.

COOPER

Inertial Navigation System...

(X)

The console's lights glow in a complex sequence, then --

(X)

COOPER

(X)

... Check. We're good.

(X)

NATHAN

(X)

Queen Six, this is King of Hearts.

(X)

Request burner takeoff.

(X)

COMMODORE ROSS (V.O.)

You're good to go, King of Hearts.

(X)

Expect vector two-three-five, five  
mikes after departure.

NATHAN

Roger that. Two-niner-six to

niner-seven-zero in five mikes.

COMMODORE ROSS (V.O.)

Good hunting, five-eight.

NATHAN

What do you say, weapons?

63 THE WEAPONS BAY

63

McQueen and Wang run through his pre-flight checks.

(X)

McQUEEN

Master arm sequence --

(pushes tiles, which

(X)

glow)

(X)

-- safe. Good.

(X)

NATHAN (V.O. FILTER)

Wang?

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

63

WANG

Just one question: How bad did  
the Cowboys beat the Niners today?

(X)

64 EXT. HANGAR BAY, THE SARATOGA

64

The bomber's jets burn blue. It explodes out of the Saratoga  
with a CRACK, climbs against the sun. Its SCRAMS blaze with (X)  
a burst of white light. The bomber disappears into the black. (X)

65 INT. COMMAND CENTER, THE SARATOGA - THE SAME TIME 65 (X)

Ross, Gates, Bridge Personnel stare at the vid screens, which (X)  
show the Alien Bomber -- a glowing speck disappearing into the (X)  
infinite. (X)

COMMODORE ROSS  
Looking good, King of Hearts.  
Switch frequency to three-two-three  
point one. Squawk is five-one-  
five-four.

NATHAN (V.O. FILTER)  
Roger: five-one-five-four. See you  
in a few hours.

COMMODORE ROSS  
(removes his headset; to  
himself)  
God speed.

66 EXT. THE ALIEN BOMBER - SPACE - LATER 66

The bomber wings smoothly through space.

67 INT. COCKPIT, ALIEN BOMBER - SPACE 67

The 58 is pleased. The ship is flying well. Unbuckling from (X)  
his "seat straps" -- (X)

COOPER  
Man, this thing flies like a dream.

DAMPHOUSSE  
(unbuckling) (X)  
Sure does.  
(beat)  
Makes you think, doesn't it?

NATHAN  
About what?

DAMPHOUSSE  
Them. Chigs. I mean, we're going (X)  
to bomb a culture that made this. (X)

SHANE  
You saw what they did to the (X)  
troops on Tartartus. What the  
hell's the matter with you,  
Dampousse? Those things will rip  
out your ribs and eat them while  
you watch.

MCQUEEN (V.O. FILTER)  
No one said the chigs weren't a  
race to respect, Vansen.

68 INT. WEAPONS, ALIEN BOMBER - THE SAME TIME

68

McQueen continues to set up the weapons systems with Wang.

(X)

McQUEEN

Never forget the enemy's other side. It'll make you a better soldier.

(to Wang)

Master arm switch --

WANG

(echoing)

Master arm switch -- armed.

McQUEEN

Armed.

McQUEEN

(into comset)

We are fenced in. We are fenced in.

NATHAN (V.O. FILTER)

Roger that, weapons. Let's get some chigs.

Suddenly, the ship begins to KEEN. Alarm LIGHTS FLASH.

COOPER (V.O. FILTER)

What the hell?!

McQueen is glued to the vid screen in his console as --

(X)

McQUEEN

Bogeydope, bogeydope! Four bogeys bearing one-five-five; range -- twenty-seven miles; azimuth one-seven degrees high.

(X)

(X)

69 OMITTED

69 (X)

70 EXT. ALIEN BOMBER - SPACE

70.

Flying straight at the bomber is a squadron of alien fighters.

MCQUEEN (V.O. FILTER)

Bogeys now 12 o'clock and closing, bearing zero-zero, 16 miles.

(X)

(X)

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71 INT. COCKPIT, ALIEN BOMBER - THE SAME TIME 71

The 58 rush to buckle themselves back into their "seats." (X)

SHANE (X)

Lock 'em up. Lock 'em up! (X)

WANG (V.O. FILTER) (X)

Ten seconds to range solution. (X)

A sequence of colored lights -- ACCOMPANIED by odd SOUNDS -- (X)

flashes over the nose console. A GRATING, HIGH-PITCHED (X)

ALARM floods the ship.

MCQUEEN (V.O. FILTER)

They've spiked us! We are a target!

SHANE

Lock 'em!

The SAME sequence of colored lights -- and SOUND -- flashes over the console.

MCQUEEN (V.O. FILTER)

No!

72 INT. WEAPONS, ALIEN BOMBER - THE SAME TIME 72

Staring into the console -- (X)

McQUEEN

It's a recognition code. It's a code.

WANG

Roger, sir, sending it back.

Wang's hands fly over a sequence of tiles.

A beat. The ALARM STOPS. The bomber floods with a BEAUTIFUL CHORD.

73 EXT. THE BOMBER - SPACE (CGI) 73 (X)

The alien fighter formation flashes by.

74 INT. WEAPONS, ALIEN BOMBER - THE SAME TIME 74

McQUEEN

I didn't order you to send that sequence back to the chig ships.

WANG

I heard you say it!

(CONTINUED)



74 CONTINUED:

74

McQUEEN

I didn't say it. I was thinking  
it.

(beat)

How did you know it was 10 seconds  
to range?

(X)

(X)

(X)

WANG

I just did.

(X)

(X)

OFF McQueen and Wang, who stare at the ship around them,  
more than a little perplexed.

(X)

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75	EXT. ALIEN BOMBER - SPACE (CGI)	75 (X)
	The bomber wings onward, disappears against a field of stars.	
	DISSOLVE TO:	
76	EXT. THE ALIEN PLANET - SPACE (CGI)	76 (X)
	Huge, dark, foreboding, the planet circles the orange giant, M41.	(X)
A77	INT. WEAPONS, ALIEN BOMBER - SPACE (CGI)	A77 (X)
	CLOSE ON the organic weapons console. Grainy, immense, the alien planet hangs darkly in the center of the console. A large tangle of metal spins slowly above her.	(X) (X) (X)
A78	WIDER	A78 (X)
	McQueen and Wang stare at the console.	(X)
	NATHAN (V.O. FILTER)	(X)
	What've you got?	
	McQUEEN	(X)
	Point of origin. And a satellite.	
	DAMPHOUSSE (V.O. FILTER)	(X)
	(hopeful)	
	Could be a weather satellite.	
	McQUEEN	
	It's a sentry.	(X)
	NATHAN (V.O. FILTER)	(X)
	We take the ship much closer, we	(X)
	might as well ring the chigs'	(X)
	doorbell.	(X)
	McQUEEN	
	It should let us pass. We're	(X)
	friendly, remember.	(X)
	A tense beat.	(X)
77	OMITTED	77 (X)
THRU		THRU (X)
78		78 (X)
79	EXT. SENTRY SATELLITE - SPACE	79
	The satellite orbits the approaching planet. The bomber flies closer.	(X) (X)

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80 INT. COCKPIT - ALIEN BOMBER 80

The silence, the wait are excruciating. (X)

81 EXT. SENTRY SATELLITE - SPACE (CGI) 81 (X)

The bomber flies past the satellite. Suddenly it spins, (X)  
seems to lock on the plane.

82 INT. WEAPONS/COCKPIT (INTERCUT) - ALIEN BOMBER 82

A sequence of lights flash on the console.

SHANE  
It's a recognition code! (X)

WANG (X)  
Returning, returning! (X)

Wang's hands fly over the console... PAUSE... the sequence of (X)  
lights flashes again. (X)

McQUEEN  
Again! (X)

Wang does so... then... an uncomfortable silence. A KEENING (X)  
SOUND begins to fill the ship. (X)

WANG (X)  
Not going for it.

83 EXT. SENTRY SATELLITE - SPACE (CGI) 83 (X)

Panels lower on the satellite... REVEALING several (X)  
missiles... aimed at the bomber.

84 INT. WEAPONS/COCKPIT (INTERCUT) - ALIEN BOMBER - NIGHT 84

An ALARM BLARES through the KEENING. (X)

SHANE  
It's locked on! (X)

McQUEEN  
Wang... Let's return the favor. (X)

Wang's and McQueen's hands fly over the weapons console. (X)

WANG  
Locked! (X)

SHANE  
Should we try another recognition (X)  
code?!

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED:

84

NATHAN

The hell with it!... They're gonna  
know we're here sooner or later.

(X)

(X)

McQUEEN

I'm with you, West. Take that  
satellite out of the sky, Wang.

(X)

(X)

WANG

One crispy satellite, comin' up.

(X)

(X)

Wang and McQueen work the console.

(X)

Nathan engages a radio panel. He YELLS INTO IT, INTENSE --

(X)

NATHAN

This is Lt. Nathan West of the 58th  
Squadron of the United States  
Marine Corps Planet Earth. PAYBACK  
IS A BITCH!!

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

85 EXT. ALIEN BOMBER AND SATELLITE - SPACE

85

A blast of weapons fire from the alien bomber hurls toward the  
alien satellite. The satellite explodes in a ball of flame.

The bomber banks into a 45-degree right turn, dives for alien  
planet, is soon swallowed by the planet's immensity.

(X)

86 INT. COCKPIT, THE ALIEN BOMBER

86

Tense, sweaty, Nathan, Shane, Cooper and Damphousse work their  
consoles. ALARMS SOUND through the ship. Re: the alarms --

(X)

(X)

COOPER

(sarcasm intended)

Guess who knows we're here.

(X)

(X)

(X)

NATHAN

Get that cluster missile ready,  
weapons!

(X)

87 INTERCUT WITH WEAPONS CONTROL

87

Just as tense, just as sweaty, McQueen and Wang are concentrated  
on their instruments.

(X)

McQUEEN

Get us a target, pilots.

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED:

87

SHANE

Roger that.

The cockpit is suddenly alive with new ALARMS and LIGHTS.

(X)

WANG

We're spiked! Missiles off the  
rails, six o'clock, eight o'clock,  
five o'clock!

88 EXT. THE ALIEN BOMBER

88

The orange sky lights up with missiles streaking toward the  
Alien Bomber from the alien base below.

89 INT. COCKPIT/WEAPONS CONTROL (INTERCUT) - SAME TIME

89

The ship rocks from the exploding enemy missiles.

McQUEEN

Hold it steady! Hold it steady!

Another EXPLOSION -- a near miss -- rocks the bomber. Nathan,  
Shane, Cooper and Damphousse do their best, but they're  
struggling.

McQUEEN

Steady, dammit!

NATHAN

This is as steady as it gets.

WANG

Clear to engage.

McQUEEN

We can't lock on. Steady out!

Nathan, Shane, Cooper and Damphousse have the bomber as  
steady as they'll ever fly her. Another EXPLOSION. Another.  
The cockpit fills with smoke. The bomber rocks like L.A. in  
the Big One.

(X)

SHANE

We can't hold her steady in this  
flak! We're losing her!

90 EXT. THE ALIEN BOMBER - SAME TIME

90

The bomber is knocked about violently by the explosions.

91 INT. COCKPIT/WEAPONS CONTROL (INTERCUT) - SAME TIME

91

DAMPHOUSSE

It's not going to let us bomb its  
own planet!

McQueen looks around in alarm. Suddenly --

MCQUEEN

Push the tile! The music tile!  
The music tile!

Shane lurches to her feet, pushes the tile. The bomber FILLS  
with the SAME MUSIC we heard before. It DROWNS OUT the sounds  
of battle.

MCQUEEN

The rhythm! Work to the music's  
rhythm!

Nathan, Shane, Cooper and Damphousse fall into the rhythm of the  
music, begin to work the controls like they are playing a single  
instrument. They close their eyes, merge with the sound. (X)

92 EXT. THE ALIEN BOMBER, ALIEN PLANET

92 --

The bomber flies beautifully, dodges through the flak.

93 INT. COCKPIT, ALIEN BOMBER - THE SAME TIME

93

NATHAN

Lock on! Lock on!!

94 INT. WEAPONS CONTROL

94

WANG

Target is locked! Missile engaged.

NATHAN (V.O. FILTER)

Smoke their chig asses!

(X)

Wang and McQueen race through the sequence.

WANG

Cluster missile away!

95 EXT. ALIEN BOMBER, ALIEN PLANET - THE SAME TIME

95

A large missile drops from the bomber, ignites, dives for the  
chig base. The missile streaks toward the alien base.

And explodes a few hundred meters from it.

(X)

96 INTERCUT WEAPONS AND COCKPIT

96

Staring at his console screen --

(X)

McQUEEN

Missed. We missed.

DAMPHOUSSE

How could we miss?

Shrill, terrifying ALARMS.

McQUEEN

Break right, break right, missiles  
on our six. Break right!

The keening begins again, but somehow it's mournful this time. (X)

WANG

Eight fox threes on our six.  
Closing fast.

SHANE

Listen to the ship. It knows it's  
going to die.

(X)

(X)

McQUEEN

Juke, dammit, juke!

COOPER

We are! We can't shake 'em!

An EXPLOSION rockets the ship. It begins to fill with smoke. (X)  
The KEENING gets louder. The ship's lights begin to wink out. (X)  
The 58 look around, terrified. (X)

DAMPHOUSSE

It's dying. The ship is dying.

(X)

(X)

The KEENING INTENSIFIES yet again. More lights wink out as (X)  
EXPLOSIONS jolt the bomber. A large etched tile begins to (X)  
pulse wildly in the now DIM LIGHT. (X)

NATHAN

That tile. Hit it. Hit it. Wang,  
Colonel. Get up here! Shane! Hit  
it!

Shane lunges at the pulsing tile. A panel slides open,  
revealing the interior of the lifepod. Wang and McQueen pull  
themselves out of the tube.

NATHAN

In the pod. Now! Now! Now!

ALARMS go BERSERK. Wang, Nathan, Shane, Cooper, Damphousse (X)  
and McQueen pile into the lifepod. Just before McQueen (X)  
disappears, he looks back at the ship.

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED: 96

WHAT HE SEES (X)

The control consoles pulse dimly, like faintly beating hearts. (X)  
The KEENING builds into a sad WAIL. (X)

RESUME (X)

McQueen reaches into the pod. A HUGE EXPLOSION, and -- (X)

97 EXT. THE ALIEN BOMBER, ALIEN PLANET 97

The bomber erupts: fire, metal fly outward in a huge, violent cloud. The lifepod is blown free. It tumbles OUT OF FRAME --

98 INT. THE LIFEPOD - SPACE 98

Sweaty, covered with grime, terrified, the 58 huddles together. Nathan and McQueen try to work the control stick. (X)  
McQueen slumps back -- (X)

McQUEEN  
Circuits are fried. (X)

Shane's afraid to ask, but must -- (X)

SHANE  
What's that mean?

McQUEEN  
It means we can't steer. It means... It means we'll last as long as the oxygen. (X)

A pause, then -- slowly, without looking, the 58 find each other's hands. We HOLD for a beat ON them holding hands. Then --

99 EXT. LIFEPOD - SPACE 99

The lifepod tumbles through the emptiness of space.

SUPER: TO BE CONTINUED

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR