

SPACE: ABOVE AND BEYOND

"Stay With The Dead"

Written by

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Director:  
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Episode	3S09
Story	4408
10/10/95	(White)
10/23/95	(Blue)

10/23/95

SPACE: ABOVE AND BEYOND

"Stay With The Dead"

SETS

EXTERIORS

SARATOGA NIGHT  
PLANET CER

INTERIORS

SARATOGA /  
DOCKING BAY  
CORRIDOR  
HOSPITAL ROOM  
HOSPITAL SURGERY ROOM  
HOSPITAL HALLWAY  
BUNKROOM

(X)  
(X)

I.S.S.C.V. /  
CABIN NIGHT  
CARGO HOLD

10/23/95

SPACE: ABOVE AND BEYOND

"Stay With The Dead"

CAST

NATHAN WEST  
SHANE VANSSEN  
COOPER HAWKES  
VANESSA DAMPHOUSSE  
PAUL WANG  
MCQUEEN

DR. KANELLOS  
(ORDERLIES, DOCTORS, NURSES, MEDIC)  
CORPSEMAN  
NURSE  
RANDY CHURCHILL  
STEVEN POWELL  
NICK TELL  
MARK LINDON  
PETER SCHANKOWITZ  
DELGADO  
CHAPLAIN  
LIEUTENANT CLAYTON  
HATFIELD

(X)  
(X)

(X)

TEASER

1 CLOSE - RED

1

fills the FRAME... blood red.

CAMERA PULLS BACK, quickly revealing a

RED CROSS IN A WHITE CIRCLE

painted on the side of an APC Medevac Vessel which hurtles through

(X)

2 EXT. SPACE - NIGHT

2

The APC WHOOSHES past FRAME. The HUM of its engines dopplers off into SILENCE...

(X)

CAMERA HOLDS momentarily as the APC's afterburners become just another speck of light in the cruel blackness of the Galaxy.

(X)

3 EXT. SPACE - SARATOGA - NIGHT - THE APC

3(X)

streams past FRAME toward the colossal ship. Exterior airlocks open to the docking bay.

4 INT. SARATOGA - DOCKING BAY - DR. KANELLOS

4

mid-40's, stands at attention. CAMERA PANS quickly across the tense, determined faces of the Saratoga's Doctors, Nurses, Medics, Orderlies...

(X)

CLOSE - THE APC DOORS

(X)

BURST open. An EXPLOSION of CHAOS, moaning...

(X)

ORDERLIES

scramble to unload the WOUNDED...

(X)

CLOSE - TWO HANDS

grip a STRETCHER, pull it out of the transport... The wounded Marine is

NATHAN

eyes closed, bleeding from the forehead. As the SOUNDS of the triage continue over, we...

CUT TO:

5 NATHAN'S POV - BLACKNESS

5

then... WHITE LIGHT floods the FRAME. CAMERA ADJUSTS to see a  
FIGURE

backlit by the light, opening Nathan's eye with his fingers.

RETURN

DR. KANELLOS

stands over Nathan. The NURSE pulls a futuristic LIGHT GAUGE  
back from Nathan's eye.

NURSE

Pulse 150 and thready, BP's 50  
palp... LOC altered times three,  
decreasing...

MEDIC

I need some help here, this guy's  
crumping on me!

(X)

CLOSE - LOCKED PALMS

pound urgently on an olive drab chest.

WIDER

A black MEDIC cuts open the olive drab shirt with a pair of  
scissors. Applies desperate CPR to a SOLDIER whose EYES flicker  
upward. Dr. Kanellos and the Nurse leave Nathan's side, rush  
to help the medic. (X)  
(X)

MEDIC

The bullet moved -- it's blocking  
blood flow!

(X)

NATHAN

eyes open, watches in muted horror as Dr. Kanellos grabs a  
HELIUM-NEON LASER SCALPEL

NATHAN'S POV - A BLUE, HIGH-FREQUENCY ELECTRIC ARC

moves toward the Soldier's NECK.

(X)

RETURN

NATHAN looks away, only to see...

NATHAN'S POV - OPEN WOUND

on ANOTHER MARINE'S arm.

CLOSE - LASER CAUTERIZER

(X)

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

which resembles a grocery store price checker.

WIDER

The device is passed over the wound. The bleeding stops as the light passes over, cauterizing it. (X)  
(X)

THE MARINE'S FACE

Twists, surreally, in slow-motion... (X)

RETURN (X)

DR. KANELLOS and the NURSE rejoin Nathan. From the side of the cart, the Nurse flips a (X)  
(X)

GREEN OPAQUE GLASS WINDOW

over Nathan's legs. DR. KANELLOS clicks a switch on the side of the window.

CLOSE - COMPUTERIZED HUMAN SKELETON.

appears through the window. The WINDOW slides up, over Nathan's hips and chest.

DR. KANELLOS (V.O.)  
Anterior fracture of the third and  
fourth right ribs... lungs clear...

CAMERA MOVES ALONG the image toward the head.

NATHAN'S POV - THE WINDOW

slides over his head, suddenly turning everything an eerie, opaque green...

RETURN

CAMERA HOLDS on the image of NATHAN'S SKULL.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: 2

5

DR. KANELLOS (V.O.)

...Head trauma to the left  
occipital lobe, consistent with a  
shrapnel wound...

Dr. Kanellos flips back the green opaque glass. Nathan's head (X)  
lolls to the side, as though frozen on an image. Dr. Kanellos (X)  
nods to an ORDERLY who pushes Nathan's crash cart into... (X)

A7 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

A7 (X)

NATHAN'S POV - LOW ANGLE - MOVING - SOLDIERS

grimly heave

FOUR BODY BAGS

into a pile. Four soldiers pick up the body bags, walk toward (X)  
him, in dream-like slow-motion. The DIN of the hospital's chaos  
FADES. Then, SOUNDS of BATTLE, EXPLOSIONS and WEAPONS FIRE rise  
in an auditory hallucination, growing more intense as the grim (X)  
soldiers approach, carrying the BODY BAGS. Suddenly, the (X)  
horrific internal BATTLE FADES to O.S., FRANTIC BEEPING.

RETURN

CLOSE - FLASHING LIGHTS

on the moving crash-cart. HAND-HELD CAMERA NOW SPINS DIZZILY  
around Nathan, as the NURSE rushes alongside the cart.. (X)

NURSE

Dr. Kanellos! Right pupil blown,  
eight millimeters, unreactive,  
pulse's dropping.

DR. KANELLOS

Start Manitol, two grams per kilo,  
and get him up to neuro.

NATHAN'S POV - SOLDIERS

carrying the BODY BAGS, walk past him, oblivious. Dr. (X)  
Kanellos' voice ECHOES, becoming distant.

DR. KANELLOS (V.O.)

How many more are coming?

THE SOLDIERS

carrying the BODY BAGS, now disappear into a WHITE WASH of (X)  
LIGHT.

RETURN

(CONTINUED)

A7 CONTINUED:

A7

NATHAN

turns, strains to see the Nurse, examining her electronic clipboard.

(CONTINUED)



A7 CONTINUED: 2

A7

NATHAN'S POV - NURSE

growing unfocused... becoming distant... Nathan is just barely  
clinging to consciousness for the answer...

NURSE

(echoing)

No more of the 58th... The rest are  
dead.

RETURN

CAMERA PUSHES IN on Nathan's horror.

NATHAN'S POV - BLINK... BLINK... then... EVERYTHING DISSOLVES TO  
BLACK. O.S., the Hospital DIN FADES to SILENCE.

6 OMIT (6)

6 (X)

END TEASER

ACT ONE

7 INT. SARATOGA - HOSPITAL ROOM - CLOSE - I.V. BAG

7(X)

Kaleidoscopic light twinkles all the colors of a diamond starburst. CAMERA FOLLOWS the bright green LIQUID down a causeway of TUBES, branching past futuristic

(X)

MEDICAL MONITORS

blinking indifferently... CAMERA DROPS further down, like a rollercoaster, to a cold LINOLEUM FLOOR, then back up again where the TUBE ends in an

I.V. NEEDLE

piercing a dull blue vein. CAMERA CROSSES PATHS with a larger, accordion-like TRACH TUBE heaving up and down with someone's belabored, machine-induced breathing. The TUBE snakes into the mouth of

NATHAN

lying comatose, in a hospital bed. CAMERA PUSHES IN on Nathan's EYES, each held tight with a piece of TAPE, to prevent drying out.

A FIGURE

stands in the doorway, cloaked by darkness. It holds a moment, then enters the light, becoming MCQUEEN. He looks down sadly over the young Marine's damaged body.

WHITE EASTER LILLIES

brightly wrapped in cellophane, stand in a vase next to the bed. SHADOWS stretch across the dimly lit room from the spill light of the corridor. CAMERA PULLS FURTHER BACK...

DISSOLVE TO:

8 INT. SARATOGA - HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER

8

McQueen, reads The Red Badge of Courage He's tired, intense... Suddenly a MONITOR BEEPS... a sign of life.

(X)

CAMERA PUSHES IN on McQueen... alert.

MCQUEEN

Doctor?... Doctor Kanellos!

The NURSE enters, checks the monitors.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

CLOSE - NATHAN'S EYES

(X)

flutter beneath the tape strips, struggling to open. The Nurse's fingers slowly, painfully pull the TAPE from each eyelid.

DR. KANELLOS

enters. Studies the flashing monitors.

DR. KANELLOS

Level of consciousness?

NURSE

Altered times three, increasing.

CLOSE - LIQUID DROPS

of opthalmic solution spill into Nathan's eyes... now moving, adjusting... McQueen sighs, relieved. Grips Nathan's hand in a wrestler's handshake. Nathan tries to speak, but chokes on the Trach Tube.

MCQUEEN

Easy, West.

Nathan indicates to the Nurse's electronic clipboard. McQueen turns to the Nurse and pulls the board from her.

NURSE

This information isn't for the patient.

MCQUEEN

He wants to write, not read.

The Doctor nods "okay" to the Nurse. McQueen hands Nathan the electronic "Newton"-style clipboard.

(X)

CLOSE - SCREEN & STYLUS

(X)

Nathan writes simply: 58?

(X)

MCQUEEN

A wave of pain washes over his face.

MCQUEEN

Nathan... you know.

Nathan's head moves slightly, indicating his confusion. McQueen looks to Dr. Kanellos, who WHISPERS...

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: 2

8

DR. KANELLOS

Transient or sporadic memory loss  
is consistent with head trauma of  
this sort.

(beat)

He may need reminders or other  
triggers to prod it back.

McQueen nods. He looks to his young Marine, having to speak the  
unspeakable.

MCQUEEN

They're... gone.

(off Nathan)

All of them.

Nathan's eyes squeeze shut in disbelief. He shakes his head  
slightly "no."

MCQUEEN

They found remains...

Nathan's eyes well with tears. Again, he seems to shake his  
head "no," more in disbelief than denial.

McQueen nods. Gently..

MCQUEEN

Get some sleep, Nathan.

DR. KANELLOS

That's sound medical advice for  
you, too, Colonel.

McQueen grips Nathan's hand as Nathan's head lolls to the  
side...

NATHAN'S POV - EEG MONITOR - LIGHTS

Nathan sees his REFLECTION in the glass, which becomes...

DISSOLVE TO:

9 INT. SLEEPING QUARTERS - APC - NIGHT - (THE PAST)

9 (X)

the same REFLECTION in the GLASS OF THE PORTHOLE over the  
flashing cabin lights. CAMERA ADJUSTS to see

(X)

(X)

THE PLANET CER (pronounced "Seer")

through the windshield. As the ship descends, the planet's  
black surface is lit by chaotic and violent white FLASHES of  
lightning.

WIDER

(X)

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

The 58th are alert, tense. A deep sense of foreboding crosses their faces. (X)  
(X)

DAMPHOUSSE

Is that lightning? (X)  
(X)

SHANE

The entire planet looks like one big fire-fight. (X)  
(X)  
(X)

WANG

I heard the 61st was medavacing the 72nd. Now we're medavacing the 61st. (X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)

10 EXT. PLANET CER - SPACE

10 (X)

The APC THUNDERS INTO FRAME, retro-rockets FIRING as it prepares to land. (X)

11 INT. APC - NIGHT - (THE PAST)

11 (X)

Nathan... intense, urgent. Ready for battle. Turns to his fellow Marines behind him, ready to charge.

NATHAN

We're going in hot, so look alive. (X)

(beat)

Okay... Let's fire it up.

CLOSE - SLIDING DOOR

(X)

BLASTS open with a WHOOSH... that WHITES OUT the FRAME...

WHITE IN:

12 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - CLOSE - AIRDUCT - (PRESENT)

12 (X)

The air conditioning duct WHOOSHES to life.

WIDER

Nathan is transfixed by an invisible stream of air blowing over the Easter Lillies, wrapped in cellophane.

NATHAN'S POV - CELLOPHANE

waves and CRACKLES dreamily in the airstream... the CRACKLING grows louder as...

CUT TO:

"STAY WITH THE DEAD"

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(BLUE)

9A.

13 EXT. PLANET CER - CLOSE - STATIC ELECTRICAL CHARGES - (THE 13 (X)  
PAST)

swirl and collide in the planet's black night, CRACKLING like  
thousands of angry red fire-flies.

WIDER

(X)

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

The 58th STORM out of the APC's sliding door. They include (X)  
RANDY CHURCHILL, STEVEN POWELL and NICK TELL, warrior Marines;  
MARK LINDON, eager red-head; and PETER SCHANKOWITZ, Mother's  
Boy. M-590's at hips, they crouch-run and fan out.

STATIC CHARGES float around them like RED GLITTER swirling  
through a fog bank. The 58th reach pre-determined positions in  
a defensive semi-circle, then hit the deck.

They aim their weapons through the chaotic red clusters.

58TH POV - SURROUNDING AREA - LOW ANGLE

CAMERA SLOWLY PANS around a dark tree line of eerie, flickering  
shadows created by deformed and splintered TREE TRUNKS,  
partially visible through the drifting static clusters.

The only SOUND is the surreal CRACKLING and the 58th's  
hypervigilant BREATHING.

RETURN

CAMERA MOVES across their faces... bewildered, cautious. They  
expected a firefight.

WANG

I'm so thirsty.

DAMPHOUSSE

It's the atmosphere -- extreme  
ionic charges. Probably caused by  
a meteorite.

COOPER

Great. A static planet.

Nathan signals for them to rise.

NATHAN

Churchill, Powell... stay here with  
the Izzy. The rest -- fall into  
column formation behind me. Move  
out.

(X)

CAMERA MOVES LOW ANGLE with Nathan, on point, leading the 58th (X)  
through the dark, burned-out plain. (X)

(CONTINUED)

LINDON & SCHANKOWITZ

(X)

turn to Damphousse.

SCHANKOWITZ

Where's the 61st? We got the right  
coordinates?

LINDON

Yeah, Schankowitz is right. Enough  
hide and seek already.

Damphousse studies the HOMING MONITOR, confused and concerned.

DAMPHOUSSE

Two point seven clicks  
north-northwest of bull's-eye...  
this is where the distress call  
originated...

LINDON

Hey, what's the name of this place  
again?

NATHAN

The planet's called "Cer."

WANG

(sarcastic)

Nice.

COOPER

What's that mean?

WANG

Nothing. Just named after the  
Greek goddess of violent death,  
that's all.

(CONTINUED)



13 CONTINUED: 3

13

SHANE

Why can't we ever get a planet with  
a friendly name -- you know, the  
planet "Chuckles" or something.

Suddenly...

A PHOSPHORESCENT WHITE LIGHT BLINDS the 58th. O.S., a  
horrendous CRACK sends them flat to their bellies.

COOPER

INCOMING!

NATHAN looks up to see the top of a TREE STUMP, smoldering  
embers.

NATHAN

It's just lightning.

Nathan gets back up. The others slowly follow.

NATHAN

Drive on. And keep those  
five-irons down.

They march on...

(X)

A14 EXT. PLANET CER - LATER

A14 (X)

The 58th marches over a ridge. Looking tired, they rest for a  
canteen break. SHANE pulls her helmet off. Wipes her brow. (X)  
Shakes out her hair. Suddenly (X)

A HAND reaches toward SHANE'S HEAD. The STATIC literally raises  
the hair off her head. Shane twists to see...

WANG behind her, grinning.

WANG

Boo-ooo!

SHANE

Knock it off.

Wang laughs good-naturedly. Cooper, behind Wang, points a  
finger a half inch from Wang's EARLOBE. A small static charge  
ARCS across the gap with a SNAP. Wang recoils. (X)

WANG

Hey!

COOPER

I got a charge out of it.

(CONTINUED)

A14 CONTINUED:

A14

NATHAN

Alright, stop playing grab-ass and  
move out.

(X)  
(X)  
(X)

The 58th re-shoulder their packs and return to marching.

(X)

SCHANKOWITZ

(nodding; spooked)  
Let's find the 61st and get outta  
here.

(X)

LINDON

(to Nathan)  
Yeah, Nathan, we still got that  
dominoes game to finish.

(X)

NATHAN

Don't worry, Lindon, you'll still  
owe me a boot-shine.

O.S., A LOW MOAN echoes eerily through the static... CAMERA  
PUSHES IN on Nathan... As LIGHTNING CRACKS, FLASHING THROUGH  
THE...

CUT TO:

14 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - (PRESENT)

14 (X)

Someone has turned on the overhead fluorescent lights. The  
fluorescent LIGHT TUBES FLICKER to life. Nathan's eyes adjust.  
In the flickering, he sees the

NATHAN'S POV - DARK SILHOUETTE

(X)

of a NURSE, helping turn over the body of a wounded PATIENT.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

The patient MOANS as she turns him over in bed...

CUT TO:

15 EXT. PLANET CER - (THE PAST)

15 (X)

O.S., MOANING continues in the distance as CAMERA PANS across eerie shadows, flickering through the drifting static clusters.

CLOSE - NATHAN'S EYES

camouflage make-up circles his eye-sockets, making his eyes appear to bug out in fright.

THE 58TH

crouch-walk, WEAPONS drawn, through the smoke, toward the MOANING... DAMPHOUSSE points her HOMING DEVICE in the direction of the ghostly sound... sporadic BEEPING... she looks confused.

DAMPHOUSSE

The atmosphere's skewing the bearing.

Nathan nods toward the MOANING. The 58th move out with him. (X)

NATHAN'S POV - DRIFTING SMOKE

Silence... a very long beat. Then --

COOPER (V.O.)

Found one.

RETURN

Nathan and the rest of the 58th disappear out of FRAME, into the sparkling smoke.

CLOSE - GNARLED TREE STUMP

A HAND grasps it. Cooper enters FRAME... He hears a SOUND, turns. Nathan enters FRAME.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

COOPER

Over there.

LINDON

approaches the dark horizon.

THE 58TH follow, as CAMERA CREEPS WITH LINDON among the mutant tree stumps. O.S., the GROANING grows closer, more unnerving, as CAMERA MOVES IN AND TILTS DOWN, REVEALING...

A WOUNDED MARINE

lying face-down, semi-conscious, MOANING.

(X)

LINDON sighs, relieved. Then looks concerned.

LINDON

It's Delgado -- of the 61st.

(X)

Lindon puts his hand on DELGADO'S shoulder.

(X)

DELGADO

No! Go away!

(X)

LINDON

Delgado, where's the rest of the unit?

(X)

As Lindon turns Delgado over...

(X)

CLOSE - BOOBY-TRAPPED EXPLOSIVE DEVICE strapped to Delgado's body.

(X)

(X)

NATHAN

No!!

(X)

(X)

AS CAMERA PUSHES IN on Nathan's horror... the orange and yellow FLAMES of the EXPLOSION reflect on Nathan's face.

(X)

(X)

CUT TO:

16 INT. SARATOGA - HOSPITAL ROOM - CLOSE - NATHAN'S EYES - (PRESENT)

16 (X)

open, blood red and horrified.

WIDER

Nathan violently pulls the TUBE from his throat, looks up...

NATHAN'S POV - A DARK FIGURE

back-lit against the hallway spill-light, reaches down to GRAB him.

(CONTINUED)

"STAY WITH THE DEAD"

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(BLUE)

14A.

16 CONTINUED:

16

WIDER

McQueen holds down Nathan. Gently, firmly, reassures him.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: 2

16

NATHAN

hoarse from the Trach Tube, tries to speak, but can't... his face wrenches in a SILENT SCREAM, as the Nurse rushes to re-insert the Trach Tube. McQueen transfers his own concern and fear into anger toward the Nurse.

MCQUEEN

He wants to say something --

NURSE

He'll develop pneumonia. He needs --

MCQUEEN

He needs water... get him some.

The Nurse relents... Nathan calms down, as McQueen continues to assure him, cradle his head. The Nurse is touched by the Colonel's obvious concern for his soldier. Hands Nathan a glass of water. He sips it, agitated.

NATHAN

(weak, scratchy)

The... body... blew up...

(getting stronger)

The BODY... BLEW UP.

Nathan looks into McQueen's eyes. Searches for answers that still hurt McQueen to discuss.

NATHAN

Lindon...

MCQUEEN

...is dead, Nathan... the 58th, the 61st... they're all... dead... butchered.

McQueen puts his hand on Nathan's shoulder.

MCQUEEN

Listen to me. You did what you could, but... when we answered the distress call... you were the only one alive... surrounded by remains.

(a beat)

Their dog tags. Their uniforms... it was them.

(X)  
(X)  
(X)

Nathan just shakes his head "no." It's almost too much for McQueen to bear... if only he could share Nathan's tears... he tries a different tact.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: 3

16

MCQUEEN

You know they're dead, Nathan...  
You know this.

NATHAN

turns his head away from McQueen, in despair. This has exhausted him... his hair is matted with perspiration, his skin is covered with sweat. His eyelids grow heavy...

NATHAN'S POV - A MARINE

walks down the hallway away from Nathan, almost in slow motion... the Marine suddenly looks back, toward Nathan... in Nathan's hallucination, the Marine has Cooper's face...

CUT TO:

17 EXT. PLANET CER - CLOSE - COOPER'S FACE - (THE PAST)

17(X)

haunted, horrified, reacting to Lindon's death.

COOPER

The Chigs booby-trapped our wounded!

ALIEN WEAPONS FIRE arcs into FRAME. NICK TELL falls out of FRAME, dead. The 58th hit the deck.

(X)  
(X)

NATHAN

AMBUSH!

SCHANKOWITZ

bolts for the distant I.S.S.C.V. out of FRAME. More ALIEN WEAPONS FIRE arcs through the smoke, into FRAME. EXPLOSIONS. CHAOS.

(X)

NATHAN

Fall back to the ship!

NATHAN & WANG

deliver covering FIRE until the others move past them, out of FRAME. Wang's GUN JAMS... NATHAN tosses Wang his pocketknife from his vest pocket. WANG clears the gun with the knife, continues firing.

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

NATHAN

(re: knife)

Make sure I get it back.

(X)  
(X)  
(X)

Wang joins the retreat. Nathan is the last to CLEAR FRAME.

(X)

CLOSE - GLITTERING SMOKE

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

seemingly on FIRE as Nathan ENTERS FRAME, then, O.S., the high-pitched SHRIEK of a MORTAR ROUND sends Nathan DIVING to the ground.

A moment of SILENCE as Nathan, lies, waiting, hands over head...

(CONTINUED)



17 CONTINUED: 2

17

The SHELL'S IMPACT lifts Nathan's prone body off the ground before he falls down onto...

(X)  
(X)

CUT TO:

18 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT - (PRESENT)

18(X)

the cold, linoleum FLOOR, where he's fallen from his bed.

NATHAN

pulls I.V. lines from his arms, crawling slowly, painfully...

CUT TO:

19 EXT. PLANET CER - NIGHT - (THE PAST) - NATHAN

19

crawling into FRAME, through the blistering ALIEN WEAPONS FIRE.

NATHAN'S POV - APC

where the 58th, ahead of him, race toward the APC and discover Churchill and Powell, already dead. As Nathan reaches for them...

(X)  
(X)

ANOTHER EXPLOSION

hurls Nathan backward...

CUT TO:

20 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT - NATHAN - (PRESENT)

20(X)

across the hospital linoleum. Nathan, lying on his side, helpless, looks up...

CUT TO:

21 EXT. PLANET CER - NIGHT - NATHAN'S POV - (THE PAST)

21(X)

THE BURNING APC (SFX)

(X)

CUT TO:

22 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT - (PRESENT)

22(X)

CAMERA PUSHES IN on Nathan as the CHAOS, SOUNDS of BATTLE and Nathan's desperate CALLING after his comrades FADE TO NOTHING but his breathing, fast and deep, as he lies...

WIDER

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

on the hospital floor, alone with his anguish. The dark room is illuminated only by the stars outside his porthole...

Then, O.S., the strains of "TAPS" waft down the metal corridors.

NATHAN

collects himself, struggling to stand, he inches across the splintered shadows to the wall.

PORTHOLE

looks out into Space... Nathan gazes out, almost dream-like...

CUT TO:

23 INT. SARATOGA - LOADING BAY - MCQUEEN

23 (X)

stands in front of nine metal POD-CASKETS, each draped with the U.S. Flag. A CHAPLAIN stands nearby.

CHAPLAIN

(difficult)

Tonight, we honor the lives and memories of those... men and women of the 58th Squadron...

WIDER

MARINES and other SERVICEMEN, in their dress blues, stand at attention. (X)

CHAPLAIN (CONT'D)

Whose deaths were not in vain;  
whose memories will stay with us  
forever... Lieutenants Damphousse,  
Vansen, Wang, Hawkes...

McQueen reacts. Even his stoic Marine demeanor cannot veil the deep wound he feels in his soul.

CHAPLAIN (V.O.)

...Churchill, Powell, Lindon, Tell  
and Schankowitz. We honor their  
request for this special burial.

(X)

(X)

The Chaplain continues reading from the U.S. MARINE MILITARY FUNERALS booklet.

CHAPLAIN

O Lord, we commend to Thee the  
souls of Thy servants, that, having  
departed from this world, they may  
live with Thee.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

CHAPLAIN (cont'd)

And by the grace of Thy merciful  
love, wash away the sins that in  
human frailty they committed in the  
conduct of their lives. Amen.

MCQUEEN

Detail, Atten-huh.

(beat)

Ready, fire.

(X)

(X)

(X)

CUT TO:

24 EXT. SARATOGA - NIGHT

24

GIANT CANNONS emerge from the ship's massive platform... BLAST  
their rounds deep into Space.

CUT TO:

25 INT. SARATOGA - HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT - NATHAN

25

squeezes his eyes shut in pain as he hears the cannons' blast.

CUT TO:

26 EXT. SARATOGA - NIGHT - POD CASKETS

26 (X)

are launched into space, one after the other, off the Saratoga  
in a Burial-At-Space. The Second Volley fires.

A27 INT. SARATOGA - CARGO HOLD - NIGHT

A27 (X)

Camera PUSHES IN on McQueen. He looks up sadly...

(X)

CUT TO:

27 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

27 (X)

CAMERA PUSHES IN on Nathan, looking out into space from the  
PORTHOLE...

(X)

CUT TO:

28 EXT. SARATOGA - NIGHT - THE POD CASKETS

28

drift out into Space.

CUT TO:

"STAY WITH THE DEAD"

3S09

10/23/95

(BLUE)

20.

29 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - CLOSE - NATHAN'S FACE

29(X)

anguished. "TAPS" ends. Nathan turns away. And with the Third  
Volley, he slides down the wall from FRAME...

(X)

FADE TO BLACK.(X)

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

30 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - CLOSE - TRAY OF FOOD - DAY - (PRESENT) 30(X)

Jello. Untouched. 21st Century hospital food has not improved.  
A HAND pushes it away.

NATHAN

sits up in bed, unshaven. Unkempt. Depressed.

MCQUEEN (V.O.)

You gonna eat that?

MCQUEEN

sits next to Nathan. The Colonel is a contrast to the  
Lieutenant in his starched, crisp uniform.

McQueen slides the jello toward himself and starts eating.  
Nathan is in no mood for jokes. Nathan points to the porthole.  
The I.V. TUBE tugs at his veins.

McQueen sets Nathan's arm back at Nathan's side.

MCQUEEN

(good-natured)

These are called I.V. tubes.  
You'll get well faster if you don't  
rip them out.

NATHAN

I saw their caskets... you had a  
Burial-At-Space.

MCQUEEN

(nodding)

I asked the Doc if you could  
attend. He said it was too soon.

NATHAN

(not understanding)

It is... too soon...

(touches forehead)

I see them.

(leans forward)

I... can... find them. I just...  
I just can't remember...

MCQUEEN

(gently)

No. You can't forget.

Nathan nods, saddened.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

MCQUEEN

I miss 'em too, Nathan. But we gotta drive on.

Nathan looks away, accepting but not accepting.

MCQUEEN (CONT'D)

Had a Boonie Rat buddy once, Brad Wyrick... Only guy in the squad who'd have a tank for his Wingman.

(beat)

The whole A.I. War, no matter what the tangle... not a scratch.

(difficult)

We were flying formation... over a Fourth of July parade, of all things. Bad wind shear...

McQueen's lost in that terrible moment.

MCQUEEN (CONT'D)

When I close my eyes... I still see two planes colliding.

Nathan understands, too well.

NATHAN

When I close my eyes... I hear... a voice... like... I dunno, familiar... over and over... "Stay with the dead."

MCQUEEN

(shakes head)

You've got to let the dead go.

NATHAN

I...

(shakes head)

Shane... Hawkes...

McQueen nods sympathetically.

MCQUEEN

You feel guilt because it wasn't you. But you have to know -- they aren't aware -- they're dead. There's nothing. And guilt right now is useless.

(pause)

I've been where you are, Nathan. I lost the entire Angry Angels squadron at the start of the war.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: 2

30

MCQUEEN (cont'd)

(beat)

And the only way I pulled through  
was to understand, that next time  
it could be me.

Nathan just stares ahead, trying to absorb it all. OFF McQueen,  
watching his friend's private torment...

CUT TO:

31 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER - NATHAN

31 (X)

still stares ahead, shirt off, revealing bruises and bandaged  
ribs.

(X)

THE NURSE

gives him a sponge bath. Nathan is pale. His eyes are drawn  
and puffy. His face, expressionless -- mirroring the bleak  
emotional state of his soul.

THE NURSE

gently sponges Nathan's arm.

NATHAN'S POV - BEADS OF WATER

become...

DISSOLVE TO:

32 EXT. PLANET CER - CLOSE - BEADS OF SWEAT - NIGHT - (THE PAST) 32 (X)

on a FOREARM, pumping furiously in a flat-out run...

NATHAN

desperate, choking on the swirling smoke, runs out of FRAME.  
CAMERA HOLDS.

(X)

O.S., STATIC and the CHAOTIC SOUNDS of BATTLE decrease as

(X)

THE 58TH

enters FRAME, just behind Nathan, YELLING out for him.

NATHAN

HEARS something O.S. As he turns... CAMERA PUSHES IN on  
Nathan...

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

NATHAN'S POV - FIGURES

(X)

moving in slow-motion, almost hallucinatory, through the smoke...

(X)

(X)

DISSOLVE TO:

33 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT - (PRESENT) - NATHAN

33 (X)

listens for signs of his friends as the YELLING and SOUNDS of BATTLE FADE TO NOTHING but his heavy, frightened BREATHING...

HALLWAY

A FIGURE, unfocused, pushes some sort of MACHINE. O.S., CLICK... then a high-pitched mechanical SCREAM...

CAMERA ADJUSTS as the backlit FIGURE becomes a JANITOR, pushing a screaming FLOOR POLISHER... CAMERA PUSHES IN on Nathan...

CUT TO:

34 EXT. PLANET CER - NIGHT - (THE PAST) - CLOSE - NATHAN

34 (X)

Panting... listening as this horrifying mechanical whine becomes a HUMAN SCREAM...

CUT TO:

35 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT - (PRESENT) - NATHAN

35 (X)

writhes in his sweat-soaked bed, desperately trying to block his ears. The screeching mechanical whine continues as he turns. (X) Nathan CRANES his head away from...

THE JANITOR

still polishing the floor.

NATHAN

desperately searches the sterile hospital room for something, anything to change the focus of his attention.

NATHAN'S POV - A HANGING PLANT

Its dark shape ominously twists in the spill-light from the hallway, becoming...

CUT TO:



36 EXT. PLANET CER - NIGHT - (THE PAST) - CLOSE - COMBAT BOOTS 36(X)

twisting grotesquely in the eerie illumination of the planet. (X)

DAMPHOUSSE

stops her SCREAM of anger. CAMERA CONTINUES PULLING BACK, (X)  
REVEALING three dark FIGURES in f.g., back to CAMERA, tied to a (X)  
charred, black tree. We cannot see the bodies but the (X)  
HORRIFIED EXPRESSIONS of the 58th, in b.g., reflect what is  
partially visible through the drifting smoke...

COOPER

cautiously approaches the tree trunk, looking at the bodies.  
Even after all he's seen as a Marine, he has to look away.

WANG

(sick)

It's them... it was them... the  
61st.

SHANE

(outraged)

Chigs. The hearts are gone. Their  
heads... eyes...

NATHAN

(interrupting)

-- That's not all of the 61st.  
Let's find the rest. Before this  
happens again.

CAMERA PUSHES IN on Nathan, determined. CAMERA PANS DOWN to

NATHAN'S KNUCKLES

drained, white, clenched tightly around his M-590.

CUT TO:

37 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT - (PRESENT) - CLOSE - NATHAN'S 37(X)  
KNUCKLES

clenched tightly around the hospital bedrail.

WIDER

Nathan clutches both bedrails, as if willing the hallucination  
to stop... SILENCE. CAMERA HOLDS on this as Nathan seems to  
have it all under control. He exhales.

NATHAN'S KNUCKLES slowly, tentatively, loosen their grip on the  
rail. Cautiously, he releases his hold.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

He folds his hands in his lap. Suddenly, the silence is SHATTERED by... intense hallucinatory sounds of BATTLE... (X)  
(X)

Nathan covers his ears. The SOUNDS OF BATTLE continue... He twists DIALS on the MONITORS. A loud SQUEAKING noise starts. He struggles to the EEG, cranks the VOLUME... It BEEPS madly, adding to the hysterical cacophony... (X)  
(X)

THE NURSE

runs through the doorway. Nathan holds his ears.

DR. KANELLOS

enters, commanding over the din.

DR. KANELLOS  
15 milligrams Diazepam.

CAMERA PULLS BACK, out of the room, as the NURSE and DR. KANELLOS try to calm Nathan. The Nurse injects him with the sedative.

DISSOLVE TO:

38 OMIT 38 (X)

39 OMIT 39 (X)

40 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - HALLWAY 40 (X)

Through the open doorway, we see Nathan, tranquilized, lying in his bed. The Nurse shuts the door. CAMERA PULLS BACK REVEALING

DR. KANELLOS & MCQUEEN

conferring quietly.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

DR. KANELLOS

Hypervigilance, intrusive  
recollections, intense  
psychological distress... these are  
all symptoms of Post Traumatic  
Stress Disorder.

McQueen nods, understands.

DR. KANELLOS

We needn't let him suffer like  
this. There are procedures that  
can help --

McQueen knows. Again, all too well. He was afraid of this.

MCQUEEN

-- Electroconvulsive Therapy.

Kanellos knows this is a drastic solution and tries to ease the  
mentioning.

DR. KANELLOS

It's helped veterans of the A.I.  
rebellion. Actually, it's  
recommended by the V.A.

MCQUEEN

(suspicious)

Then something must be wrong with  
it.

DR. KANELLOS

A fiber optic laser scalpel is  
inserted into the posterior  
commissure. A paraldehyde solution  
is carefully administered...

MCQUEEN

You destroy his long-term memory.

DR. KANELLOS

Consider the alternative, Colonel.  
Deterioration, until his condition  
erupts into manic violence, or  
suicide? I like to believe we've  
come a long way since the 20th  
century.

McQueen knows the Doctor is well-intentioned. Fears even that  
he is right.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: 2

40

MCQUEEN

Doctor, I've seen men... friends...  
who've gone through this -- they're  
not the same. Some don't remember  
their own families.

DR. KANELLOS

(nodding)

It's like a gangrenous leg. We  
wish we didn't have to amputate --  
but it's more important to save the  
patient.

MCQUEEN

He'll no longer remember the 58th.

DR. KANELLOS

Colonel... they're dead. They  
can't hold it against him at the  
tenth reunion.

(beat)

I think... the real problem... in  
this case... may be... you letting  
go of him.

McQueen eyes him hard, but is nevertheless rattled by the  
revelation.

DR. KANELLOS

Colonel, it's you, not Nathan,  
who needs to make a sacrifice...  
it's you.

McQueen turns to look at Nathan's closed hospital room door  
behind them. CAMERA PUSHES PAST THEM, to the CLOSED DOOR...

DISSOLVE TO:

41 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER

41(X)

Nathan is slightly sedated. McQueen sits next to him. Dr.  
Kanellos and the Nurse stand in the b.g.

NATHAN

...Stay with the dead... stay with  
the dead... But...

McQueen speaks pointedly.

MCQUEEN

Nathan... listen... listen to me,  
please.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

MCQUEEN (cont'd)  
If you keep insisting they're  
alive... the doctors will have  
to... do things to help you. They  
will take control of you. Don't  
let it happen. Don't lose  
yourself. Let... them... go...  
before I lose... all of you.

NATHAN  
But they're still alive...

MCQUEEN  
-- They're dead, you said it  
yourself... in your own voice.

A long beat as Nathan just looks at him. Then slowly shakes his  
head "no."

NATHAN  
You're just saying that.

McQueen sighs. He must do something he has dreaded.

CAMERA PUSHES IN on Nathan as we HEAR a VOICE, synthetically  
generated and impersonal, like on someone's voice-mail.

VOICE (O.S.)  
U.S.S. Saratoga Communications  
Transmission, log date twelve dash  
three dash sixty-three,  
Oh-Four-Hundred Hours... and  
fifty-three seconds.

The preface ends with a mechanical "BEEP."

CLOSE - NATHAN'S FACE

CAMERA CONTINUES TO PUSH IN on Nathan's agony. He seems to be  
in the midst of yet another horrific flashback we do not share.

We HEAR Nathan's own static-scratched, desperate war-torn VOICE.

NATHAN (V.O.)  
...Echo-Five-Delta, this is  
Zulu-Niner-Bravo, over... we've got  
a real situation...

NATHAN

eyes squeezed shut in pain.

MCQUEEN sits stoically, holding a

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: 2

41

CLOSE - MINI DISC PLAYER

(X)

NATHAN (V.O.)

...Request suppression fire and  
extraction at bearing... two point  
seven clicks north-northwest of  
bull's-eye...

(X)

NATHAN stoic, frozen in horror as he confronts his own final  
proof and despair. McQueen watches this, feeling Nathan's  
pain, as the disc continues...

(X)

(X)

NATHAN (V.O.)

...They're all dead... the 58th,  
the 61st... everyone's dead... I'm  
the only one... out.

CAMERA PUSHES IN on Nathan... suddenly convulsed with all the  
swirling emotions of anger, hatred, frustration... He HURLS a  
MONITOR across the room before McQueen can leap out of his chair  
to restrain him.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

NATHAN

It's not true!

(X)

(X)

Nathan's grief is too intense... he PUSHES McQueen away...  
Doctor Kanellos enters FRAME. Grabs Nathan's arms as McQueen  
finally restrains his grieving soldier. As they fall back  
against the wall together, we --

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

FADE OUT.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

42 INT. SARATOGA - HOSPITAL ROOM - (PRESENT) - NATHAN

42

alone in the darkness, lies in his bed, staring at the ceiling.

THE DOORKNOB TURNS. The door opens.

A FIGURE

backlit from the Hallway, quickly enters.

NATHAN'S POV - THE NURSE

looks down on him.

RETURN

Nathan, alienated, looks away from her. The Nurse shakes her head. Goes about her routine checks of the monitors, fluid levels and temperature gauges. Records the information on her electronic clipboard.

CLOSE - NATHAN

(X)

turns his head away in disgust at his apparent helplessness. In the b.g., the Nurse exits into the Hallway.

(X)

THE DOOR CLOSES

leaving Nathan alone again in the darkness. CAMERA HOLDS on him. Suddenly, a look of resolve flashes over Nathan's face.

CLOSE - BED SHEETS

swept aside.

CLOSE - BARE FEET

hit the cold linoleum floor.

CUT TO:

43 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT - NATHAN

43

head bandaged, and wearing his hospital issue "Johnnie Shirt," steadies himself against the wall as he hobbles down the hallway.

CUT TO:

44 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR INTERSECTION - TWO ENSIGNS

44

walk toward Nathan, chatting.

NATHAN

presses himself against the bulkhead until they are out of earshot. Clutching his bandaged, broken ribs, Nathan presses onward. (X)

CUT TO:

45 INT. BUNKROOM

45

The room is dark. Shafts of spill-light pour in from the doorway. Nathan turns on the light. Shuts the door.

CLOSE - NATHAN'S OPEN LOCKER

Nathan yanks out his olive drab jumpsuit.

WIDER

Slowly, painfully, Nathan struggles to put it on. He touches his forehead. Looks at his fingers.

BLOOD

seeps through his head bandages from all the exertion. Nathan (X) wipes his fingers on his pants. Quickly grabs his

K-BAR KNIFE

inserts it in its SHEATH. Then grabs his COMBAT BOOTS from the locker. Nathan sits on one of the bunks to put them on.

NATHAN'S POV - SHANE

smiles from a snapshot, arms around Cooper and Damphousse.

NATHAN

shakes his head mournfully. He gazes at COOPER'S BUNK... SHANE'S... WANG'S...

NATHAN'S POV - WANG

in a cut-and-paste "joke" photo, stands in the center of a stadium, wearing a Chicago Bears uniform. (X)

O.S., FOOTSTEPS... the DOOR OPENS.

RETURN

NATHAN startled, hustles into the darkness. He sees LIEUTENANT ANDY CLAYTON, 27, enter with several MANILLA ENVELOPES. (X)

(CONTINUED)



45 CONTINUED:

45

The Lieutenant sighs as he considers the tough job ahead of him. Clayton moves to Wang's Bunk. RIPS the composite photo of Wang off the wall. Puts it in an envelope.

NATHAN

partially hidden by spill-light, watches this. Nathan winces (X) as his auditory hallucinations begin again... SCREAMING... SOUNDS OF BATTLE... EXPLOSIONS...

NATHAN'S HAND

grips a locker door. His knuckles go white. The SOUNDS fade, but Nathan's heart pounds. He seems just barely in control.

THE LIEUTENANT

moves to Nathan's bunk...

CLOSE - PHOTO OF NATHAN & KYLEN

over Nathan's bunk.

NATHAN'S POV - THE LIEUTENANT

snaps it off the wall with the other photos...

CLOSE - THE PHOTO

disappearing into the envelope in slow-motion... Nathan only HEARS the envelope's folder fasten shut...

RETURN

CAMERA CHASES Nathan out of the darkness, across the room... He lunges for the ENVELOPE, falling out of FRAME.

NATHAN

on hands and knees, reaches for his forehead. A startled Lt. Clayton tries to help him up.

NATHAN'S POV - THE ROOM

flickers out of FOCUS. Nathan struggles to maintain consciousness...

CLAYTON (V.O.)

Hey! HELP... Somebody... man down...

VOICE (O.S.)

Not my soul, man...

(X)

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: 2

45

The spooky, haunted VOICE echoes into the surreal static crackling of...

CUT TO:

46 EXT. PLANET CER - NIGHT - CLOSE - DRIFTING SMOKE - (THE PAST) 46 (X)

VOICE (O.S.)

...Ya can't take my soul...

(X)

Where the VOICE splinters through the drifting smoke... NATHAN enters FRAME. HAND-HELD CAMERA CONTINUES TO CHASE Nathan, leading

THE 58TH

through the burnt-out brush, toward the origin of that dreadful voice.

SCHANKOWITZ

You sure this's the way? The sound's bouncing off everywhere --

NATHAN

Shshsh...

VOICE (O.S.)

(sing-song)

Semper Fi, Semper Fi, Marine Corps way is do or die.

(X)

(despair)

Damn Chigs!

(X)

The 58th FREEZE. They exchange glances. The VOICE is eerily familiar to them.

COOPER

That sounds like Hatfield -- from the 61st.

VOICE (O.S.)

Ya do this to me, an ya string me up like some Bass at a fish-fry?

(X)

Ya can't touch my soul, man...

(X)

you'll never get my soul...

(X)

Slowly, cautiously, Nathan gives a silent hand gesture to move forward, out of FRAME.

47 EXT. FOREST - NIGHT - LOW ANGLE - MOVING

47

The 58th cautiously crouch-run through the grotesque charred forest.

CLOSE - NATHAN'S FACE

his eyes strain to see. Shadows from the flickering smoke dance across his worried face.

VOICE (O.S.)

(howling)

...Ya'll mighta killed my buddies  
an' ya'll mighta gut-shot me, but  
ya can't touch my soul...

(X)

(X)

(X)

WIDER

O.S., LIGHTNING illuminates their faces. Nathan holds up his hand to stop.

NATHAN'S POV - HATFIELD

...head lolling side to side, holding something... his entire image is obscured. This time, his mantra has become impatient.

(X)

(X)

HATFIELD

Semper Fi, Semper Fi, Marine Corps  
way is do or die...

(X)

(X)

RETURN

The 58th look on, horrified.

NATHAN

Hold tight, Marine, we'll bring you in.

They cautiously approach. Hatfield's breathing is belabored.

HATFIELD

NO! NO!... don't come over here,  
don't come over here! I'm rigged.  
I'm rigged.

WANG

I can disengage it.

HATFIELD

No! No!... It's approach  
sensitive. Get THE HELL AWAY!!

(X)

We cannot see what Nathan sees now, but its horror is reflected in his eyes. He looks to Shane, then to Cooper.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

Wang's in denial.

(X)

SCHANKOWITZ

involuntarily turns out of FRAME. O.S., HURLS. The following is fast, loud, intense and overlapping.

NATHAN

(to Hatfield)

We'll figure it... out. We'll figure it out.

HATFIELD

(panicky)

NO... NO...

(X)

NATHAN

Alright... Wang... you...

HATFIELD

(hard)

TAKE ME OUT! Please!

(X)

The 58th stand in agonized silence.

HATFIELD

(whispering)

Please.

(X)

(X)

SHANE

shuts her eyes. Then, tentatively...

SHANE

If that's what he...

NATHAN

Don't even say it.

DAMPHOUSSE

-- We can't help him.

NATHAN

Doesn't mean we shoot him.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: 2

47

SHANE

We can't leave him like this.

Hatfield MOANS... softly at first. Then--

(X)

HATFIELD (V.O.)

TAKE ME OUT!!

NATHAN

This is exactly what the Chigs want  
-- us killing our own.

WANG

We'd do it for an animal.

NATHAN

He's not an animal!

Hatfield begins crying... as the 58th stand, helpless...

(X)

HATFIELD (V.O.)

Oh God, please...

(X)

A beat.

(X)

COOPER

If it ever comes to this...

COOPER picks up his rifle. Locks and loads a new clip.

(X)

COOPER

...I want the same.

NATHAN pushes Cooper's rifle down.

(X)

NATHAN

No!

(X)

(X)

HATFIELD (V.O.)

If you don't do it, I will.

(X)

(X)

NATHAN

No... we're getting you out of  
this, Marine.

(X)

(X)

(X)

HATFIELD (V.O.)

You can't.

(X)

(X)

They continue approaching.

(X)

HATFIELD (V.O.)

Get away! I'll pull it myself!

(X)

(X)

The 58th get nearer.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: 3

47

HATFIELD

Get away, NOW!

(X)

(X)

Shane recognizes Hatfield is serious.

(X)

SHANE

Get back.

(X)

(X)

Shane begins pushing Nathan and Cooper back. Suddenly, the dark image of Hatfield begins moving erratically as he tries to detonate his motion-sensitive bomb.

(X)

(X)

(X)

HATFIELD

(X)

(for courage)

(X)

Semper Fi, Semper Fi, Marine Corps  
way is do or die!

(X)

(X)

The 58th dive out of frame. Suddenly,

(X)

O.S., an EXPLOSION ERUPTS. Camera pushes in on Nathan's horror...

(X)

(X)

CUT TO:

(X)

48 INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - OVERHEAD SHOT - (PRESENT)

48

NATHAN lies on a gurney, with a spectral gaze, ceaselessly haunted. CAMERA PUSHES DOWN on his face until it locks inches from his MOUTH... just his teeth and lips say...

NATHAN

Stay with the dead... stay with the  
dead...

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

CAMERA PULLS BACK as Nathan, on the gurney, is PULLED out of FRAME. CAMERA ARCS AROUND to follow the gurney as it is pushed down the Hallway, toward

MCQUEEN & DR. KANELLOS

Dr. Kanellos turns to McQueen. Looks at him, as if for more verification. McQueen just watches (X)

NATHAN

as he rolls toward them. Nathan twists his head, sees something...

NATHAN'S POV - A NEEDLE

pushing down, toward his arm...

NATHAN

jerks his arm away. TWO ATTENDANTS try to restrain him... (X)  
O.S., eerie FWOOSHING sound... getting louder...

NATHAN'S POV - AN OPAQUE HAND-HELD ANESTHETIC MASK (X)

coming down over his face.

NATHAN

jerks his head to the side, pushes the mask away... ATTENDANTS hold him down... he looks up to see

NATHAN'S POV - MCQUEEN & KANELLOS

looking down on him with disapproval. KANELLOS looks at (X)  
McQueen, as if to say "I told you so." McQueen turns away, in (X)  
silent acknowledgement. (X)

NATHAN (V.O.)

I know about your tape... but I'm gonna figure it out...

The Nurse puts the MASK on Nathan's face, which he knocks away.

NATHAN (V.O.)

You think you're gonna put me outta my misery, but it's not right... cause they're alive!

The Nurse replaces the mask.

DR. KANELLOS (V.O.)

...We're running out...

DISSOLVE TO:

49 EXT. PLANET CER - NIGHT - (THE PAST)

49 (X)

as Dr. Kanellos' voice becomes Schankowitz's...

SCHANKOWITZ (V.O.)

...of time -- we gotta get off this  
planet before we're all gutted and  
strung up like the 61st!

NATHAN

turns to the 58th, now collected around him. The following is  
fast and intense.

DAMPHOUSSE

They must be monitoring our  
frequencies... we call for help,  
they triangulate and ambush.

(X)

SHANE

That means we're cut off from the  
Saratoga -- no way to get  
extracted.

NATHAN

We've gotta put distance between us  
and the Chigs -- that way the  
Saratoga can send a team to the LZ  
before they do.

DAMPHOUSSE

desperately points the HOMING DEVICE in various directions,  
looking for movement. Every direction elicits a faint, ominous  
BEEP... BEEP... BEEP. They see nothing but the static clusters.

(X)

(X)

(X)

DAMPHOUSSE

There's too much static  
interference.

(X)

(X)

(X)

SCHANKOWITZ

(total despair)

There's no way outta this sump --  
we're all gonna get spammed.

(CONTINUED)



49 CONTINUED:

49

CAMERA PUSHES IN on Nathan, realizing for the first time that the coward may be right... The static grows... SPARKS...

CUT TO:

50 INT. HOSPITAL SURGERY ROOM - STATIC SPARK - (PRESENT)

50 (X)

...of a scalpel's helium-neon laser CUTS through a sheet of paper, as if testing the sharpness of scissors.

A GREEN LATEX-GLOVED HAND

turns off the laser scalpel. Sets it on a tray next to other assorted eerie 21st Century technologies -- CAMERA SLOWLY PANS ACROSS a futuristic laser syringe, flashing magnetic isotopical probes, neuro-modulators. The unsettling SILENCE is shattered by the muted WHIRRRR of an

ELECTRIC RAZOR

pressed to the back of someone's HEAD, just above and below the lobe of the left ear.

A GLOVED HAND

shaves the area clean with a disposable razor.

CLOSE - THICK YELLOW IODINE

spread over the shaved area. An electrode patch neuro-modulator is attached to it.

CAMERA PULLS BACK REVEALING NATHAN'S HEAD, dotted with neuro-modulators, lying in what appears to be a stainless steel bowl. His sedated eyes move anxiously from side to side. The impression is that Nathan is a prisoner in his own body.

NATHAN'S POV - WHITE APPARITIONS

move about silently, slowly, in the chillingly sterile environment.

RETURN

A MONITOR

flashes indecipherably frenetic 3-D GRAPHS and digital CALCULATIONS. CAMERA PANS to another MONITOR imaging regional neural blood flow... to another MONITOR imaging throbbing internal BRAIN TISSUE.

A WHITE CLAD ORDERLY studies the monitor. Makes final calculations on his electronic clipboard.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

Then nods to another ORDERLY.

CLOSE - NAKED LEG

is stretched out by gloved hands into a stainless steel trough.

CLOSE - NAKED ARM

outstretched in a stainless steel trough. CLOSE - A DROP OF BLUE GEL

the consistency of molasses, lands on Nathan's arm. Then another... and another...

NATHAN'S EYES

dart about.

NATHAN'S POV - THE BLUE GEL

shivers on his skin, like jello shaking in slow motion, then slides off Nathan's arm. More DROPS hit the stainless steel siding, sounding like a SNARE DRUM, which amplifies into...

CUT TO:

51 EXT. PLANET CER - NIGHT - (THE PAST)

51(X)

The Bass Drum of THUNDER... Then, CHAOS. SMOKE. The 58th run into FRAME, breathing hard. Scared. (X)

DAMPHOUSSE

points the HOMING DEVICE. BEEP...BEEP BEEP...BEEP... She just looks up at them.

SCHANKOWITZ

Static clusters?

DAMPHOUSSE

Or Chigs, closing the gap.

COOPER

Let's light 'em up! I'm tired of watching ours die. Time to kill Chigs. (X)

Schankowitz just looks at Cooper like he's crazy.

NATHAN

You pop off rounds without a plan, we just invite them here.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

COOPER

Either way, we're gonna get greased.

SHANE

So we play by their rules.

The others look at her.

SHANE

They ambush our Red Cross...  
booby-trap our wounded... I say we  
give it back to them -- eye for an  
eye.

The 58th looks at her more intently, sensing where she's  
going...

(X)  
(X)

SHANE

We use the 61st as bait.

(X)  
(X)

A beat.

(X)

NATHAN

Bait? The bodies of Marines?

(X)

SHANE

There're no rules here.

NATHAN

Yes -- our rules.

(beat)

The rules that keep us human.

WANG

We're not fighting humans.

COOPER

Hey, when this's all played out?  
No one's gonna ask who's right and  
who's wrong -- just who stayed  
alive.

NATHAN

So what do you say we do?

SHANE

Fire with fire.

(beat)

We put the rest of the 61st in our  
uniforms... in case the Chigs  
somehow know.

(X)

They look at her.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: 2

51

SHANE

We make a distress call, we know  
the Chigs'll monitor... when they  
try to ambush us, we have the  
perimeter planted with the  
motion-sensory Claymore mines.

(a beat)

And then we ambush them.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: 3

51 -

The gravity of the moment sinks in.

NATHAN

Desecrate our dead?

A beat.

SHANE

(grim)

If that's what it takes.

NATHAN

The Marines have always gone back  
for their dead... this is against  
everything we stand for!

COOPER

They're dead. They don't know.

NATHAN

Who? Lindon, who I played dominoes  
with two nights ago? You're gonna  
use him as bait?

(X)

(X)

(beat)

Am I the only one with a voice in  
the back of his head that says  
this is wrong?

(X)

Silence. Just the CRACKLING of O.S. static.

(X)

SHANE

There are lives at stake here...  
ours.

(X)

(X)

DAMPHOUSSE

What if it was us dead. And the  
61st here, now. We'd do it for  
them.

WANG

Nathan, these Marines have already  
made the ultimate sacrifice.  
They're already in a better place  
than this.

(X)

(X)

SHANE

Nathan, I know you're worried about  
the 61st. But their families won't  
even know their fates unless we  
make it back alive.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

A long beat. Nathan looks at each of them. Their silence is a  
unanimous vote for Shane.

NATHAN

Then I'll be bait with them.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

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43A.

51 CONTINUED: 4

51

CAMERA PUSHES IN on Nathan's eyes. They close.

DISSOLVE TO:

52 INT. HOSPITAL SURGERY ROOM - DAY - OVERHEAD SHOT - (PRESENT) 52 (X)

CAMERA PUSHES DOWN on Nathan... into an EXTREME CLOSE on his EYES, moving like trapped animals under his closed lids. His head is eerily unmoving. We HEAR that same scratchy, war-torn voice we heard from the tape-recording.

NATHAN (V.O.)  
Echo-Five-Delta, this is Zulu-  
Niner-Bravo, over...

53 EXT. PLANET CER - NIGHT - CLOSE - NATHAN'S FACE - (THE PAST) 53 (X)

NATHAN  
...We've got a real situation...

SERIES OF CLOSE SHOTS OF NAME BADGES: "VANSEN," "HAWKES,"  
"WANG," on the DEAD BODIES...

CLOSE - SENSORY DEVICE/MINE

(X)

discretely placed at the perimeter.

(X)

WIDER

Nathan kneels in a clearing. Talks on a RADIO.

NATHAN  
...Request suppression fire and  
extraction...

STILL WIDER

He is in the midst of Churchill, Tell, Lindon, Powell and the rest of the 61st, set out in their pre-planned ambush position. (X)

REVERSE

From a distance, through the drifting smoke, HAND-HELD CAMERA WATCHES Nathan from behind.

NATHAN  
...At bearing... two point seven  
clicks north-northwest of  
bull's-eye.

THE 58TH

watch Nathan from a ridge, M-590s at the ready. Listen to him on their radio. As he speaks, CAMERA PANS their FACES. His words are chilling. (X)

DAMPHOUSSE  
(impressed)  
He sounds good and real.

(CONTINUED)

"STAY WITH THE DEAD"

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(BLUE)

44A.

53 CONTINUED:

53

NATHAN (V.O.)

...They're all dead... the 58th,  
the 61st... everyone's dead...

(CONTINUED)



53 CONTINUED: 2

53

NATHAN

kneels in the clearing.

NATHAN'S POV - SHADOWY FIGURES

of ALIENS approach from his right...

RETURN

NATHAN

(into radio)

...I'm the only one... out.

He CLICKS off. Nervously studies the FIGURES... waits... the smoke drifts across the clearing... then

(X)

FOUR ALIEN SHOCK TROOPS

through the swirling smoke, crouch-run toward him from his right.

NATHAN

jumps up, runs to his left, into the smoke, out of FRAME...

NATHAN'S POV - LOW ANGLE - MOVING

skirting around the dead -- familiar, friendly faces once... SHADOWS lurk... more dead bodies... then, O.S., a NOISE. FREEZE... He turns quickly...

(X)

AN ALIEN

rushes toward Nathan.

(X)

CLOSE - SENSORY DEVICE/MINE

(X)

detonates... BOOM! ORANGE FLAME FILLS the FRAME...

(X)

The explosion throws NATHAN back into the ambush area, among the DEAD. CHAOS... HAND-HELD CAMERA SPINS dizzily around him...

(X)

(X)

SHANE

holds up night vision binoculars.

(X)

SHANE

Nathan's still in the kill-zone!

WIDER

ALIEN GUNFIRE erupts into FRAME... then weapons' FIRE from the 58th.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: 3

53

WANG

Draw 'em to us!

ALIEN SHOCK TROOPS

(X)

move past the BOOBY-TRAPPED BODIES, diverted by the weapons' fire from the 58th... Two black ALIEN LEGS enter FRAME... carefully step over

(X)

NATHAN

lying on his back. As the Alien LEGS leave FRAME, CAMERA PUSHES IN on Nathan... eyes open... struggling but unable to move... like some bad waking dream...

54 INT. HOSPITAL SURGERY ROOM - (PRESENT) - CLOSE - NATHAN'S FACE (X)

The horrific SOUNDS of BATTLE rage on and Nathan strains with all his might to move, to help his buddies... But as the BATTLE SOUNDS FADE to an eerie, wet, muted SUCTION sound, CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL

NATHAN

lying in a stainless steel tub which outlines his body... He is suspended, entrapped in the TRANSLUCENT BLUE RESTRAINING GEL... (X)

WIDER

His back-lit body, trapped in a primordial struggle... unable to move, or reach out... He strains to speak...

NATHAN

The tape... it was a trick...  
SOMEBODY...

CAMERA CONTINUES PULLING BACK to reveal a small room. CAMERA PULLS BACK FURTHER through a small square of GLASS embedded with a metal-wire grid...

BACK FURTHER to see an M.P., walking his post outside the METAL DOOR containing the glass window.

NATHAN

through the window, tiny now, screams, yet we HEAR only the CLICKING of the GUARD'S HEELS on the cold metal floor.

CUT TO BLACKNESS.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

55 INT. HOSPITAL SURGERY ROOM - CLOSE - TRAY OF SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS

55 (X)

CAMERA BEGINS TO MOVE along a tray covered with cold, primitive stainless steel instruments.

NATHAN

No longer in the Gel, he lies face down on an operating table. His face is buried in a hole at the head of the table. His arms and legs are cuffed by restraints. The silence is tense, anxious... Finally broken by the

WHIRRING AND BEEPING of scanners, ultrasound equipment and neuro-modulators.

MEDICAL PERSONNEL

move about silently in the dim and cold room. The only light is a surgical lamp above Nathan, and the underlit table, eerily illuminating his body with a white glow.

MCQUEEN

in scrubs and mask, enters FRAME. There to observe, he sadly approaches Nathan's motionless body.

CAMERA DROPS, PUSHES IN AT A LOW ANGLE under NATHAN, arcs up to NATHAN'S EYES

darting frantically.

NATHAN

Colonel?

MCQUEEN

Yes, Nathan. I'm here for you, all the way.

NATHAN

Colonel, you gotta listen to me.

DR. KANELLOS

We're about to anesthetize him.  
(to Nurse)

Position Dopamine Visor.

The Nurse flips a switch. A piece of curved, clear plastic, like a motorcycle helmet, drops and covers Nathan's face from his forehead to his nose.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

NATHAN

Colonel... The taped distress  
call -- it was a trick -- we were  
trying to lure the Chigs in for an  
ambush...

McQueen looks at Dr. Kanellos: "Could it be?" Dr. Kanellos  
shakes his head "No."

DR. KANELLOS

It'll be over soon.

(to Nurse)

Prep.

The Nurse removes the neuro-modulator patch from the shaved  
square on Nathan's scalp.

DR. KANELLOS

Thirty megarems Dopamine.

The Nurse flips another switch on the Dopamine Visor. BLUE  
LIGHT covers Nathan's face.

NATHAN'S POV: BLUE LIGHT

FILLS the FRAME...

DISSOLVE TO:

56 EXT. PLANET CER - NIGHT - (THE PAST) - CLOSE - NATHAN'S FACE 56(X)

illuminated by blue Alien Weapon fire. Agonized. He (X)  
desperately wipes his eyes, surveying the ambush gone bad.

NATHAN'S POV - DARK FIGURES

FIRING in frantic retreat.

CAMERA ADJUSTS to see

COOPER & SHANE

running into FRAME. Battle smoke obscures them. Shane orders  
the 58th to retreat.

SHANE

They're penetrating left flank!  
Fall back to supplementary  
position!

NATHAN pulls himself up. Crawls toward them, inching around the  
DEAD, surrounded by the sensory device/mines. (X)

NATHAN'S POV - SHANE

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

56

partially obscured by smoke, illuminated by Alien gunfire, sees (X)  
Nathan. Yells...

THE SOUNDS of BATTLE FADE enough, we can HEAR her.

SHANE

No! You're safer where you are --  
act dead -- stay with the dead --  
just -- stay with the dead!

O.S., ANOTHER MORTAR ROUND EXPLODES, WHITING OUT THE FRAME

RETURN

(X)

NATHAN

suddenly grabs his FOREHEAD, INJURED. Falls to the ground among  
the dead.

CUT TO:

57 INT. HOSPITAL SURGERY ROOM - (PRESENT) - CLOSE - NATHAN'S FACE (X)

Struggles against the restraints and the anesthetizing blue  
light.

MCQUEEN

looking down, feels the pain as he watches Nathan's body  
struggle. He can't take it anymore. Turns to leave the room.

NATHAN

summons all his strength. His face visibly fights the  
anesthetic.

NATHAN

McQueen!

MCQUEEN

stops. Turns back. Kneels down where he can see Nathan.

MCQUEEN

Just relax now.

NATHAN

She's alive -- I saw Shane  
running... The 58th... they're  
still alive.

MCQUEEN

(frustrated)  
Damn it, West -- just...

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

57

NATHAN

The distress call... the ambush  
went wrong. I was gonna help them,  
but... Shane told me to stay with  
the dead... dead bodies... play  
dead, see? Stay with the dead.

McQueen just looks at Nathan. That fragment of Nathan's  
insanity suddenly makes sense in this new context.

Dr. Kanellos puts out a green gloved hand.

DR. KANELLOS

Augmenter.

The Nurse hands Dr. Kanellos the helium-neon laser scalpel.

NATHAN

We gotta get them... I... know  
where they are.

DR. KANELLOS tests the blue electric arc of the scalpel.

NATHAN

They're at the supplementary  
position... they fell back to...  
four point three... clicks... west  
of bull's-eye...

DR. KANELLOS

Colonel, I'm going to need you to  
return to your position or leave  
the O.R.

MCQUEEN wants to believe Nathan. Can't.

NATHAN

You let him do this, and any chance  
of finding them is gone.

McQueen nods. Turns away from Nathan. It's the most difficult  
thing he's ever done. Nathan shouts out his last hope.

NATHAN

Wait!

(angry)

What matters to me most?

(beat)

What. You know this.

McQueen pauses. Exhales.

MCQUEEN

The girl. Kylen.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED: 2

57

NATHAN

If you asked me whether she's  
alive, I'll tell you... I don't  
know -- but I have faith... The  
58th? I know they're alive.

(beat)

Now I'm asking you to have faith.

CAMERA PUSHES IN on McQueen, torn by this painful choice. He  
closes his eyes.

CUT TO:

58 EXT. PLANET CER - NIGHT - CLOSE - COMBAT BOOTS

58(X)

Three pairs of combat boots touch together at the soles, heels (X)  
pointing towards the sky, like some strange flowering Iris.

CAMERA PULLS UP to reveal

SHANE, SCHANKOWITZ & WANG

lying on their bellies in star formation, still alive. They (X)  
each point their gun to cover a 120 degree view ahead of them. (X)

We're not quite sure if this is a flashback or real time.  
CAMERA SLOWLY PANS THEIR FACES...

WANG'S FACE

shows the strain of their situation.

SCHANKOWITZ

seems on the verge of tears.

SHANE

looks tired, yet determined.

A steady CRUNCHING noise begins grinding above the O.S. static (X)  
noise.

CLOSE - COMBAT BOOTS TOGETHER

Schankowitz's boots tap Shane's. Shane taps back twice.

WIDER

All three lift their heads off the ground. SCHANKOWITZ looks (X)  
terrified.

SHANE nods toward a small RIDGELINE next to them.

59 EXT. PLANET CER - RIDGELINE - NIGHT - WANG'S HEAD

59 (X)

slowly rises above the ridgeline.

WANG'S POV - BLACK FIGURES

occasionally appear through the drifting smoke and static clusters... The image is hallucinatory -- they could be fallen charred trees... or aliens slowly approaching them. (X) (X)

RETURN

WANG slides back down, exhausted.

WANG

I... don't know. Maybe if we still had the homing device.

Tears begin rolling down Schankowitz's cheeks..

SCHANKOWITZ

It don't matter how much hardware we're humping -- Cooper and Damphousse are gone, we're lost and we're gonna get wasted. Just like all the others.

SHANE

(X)

grabs Schankowitz's chin. Slams him against the ridgeline.

(X)

SHANE

(under breath)

Shut your cakehole. Or we all die.

Schankowitz quickly stops crying.

SHANE

(to Wang)

You see any movement?

WANG, red eyes, haunted, swallows hard... then slowly peeks over a rock again... O.S., the CRUNCHING noise. (X)

SHANE & WANG

(X)

exchange a concerned glance. Pick up their M-590s. Point them over the ridge. (X)

SHANE

Sideburns.

(CONTINUED)



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52A.

59 CONTINUED:

59

COOPER (V.O.)

Elvis.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED: 2

59

SHANE & WANG

pull their guns back. Exchange a sigh of relief as  
COOPER & DAMPHOUSSE  
crawl into FRAME.

(X)

(X)

(X)

WANG

We'd given up on you guys.

COOPER

Chigs musta' taken Nathan's body...  
others are missing, too.

They look at each other, knowing full well what that must mean.

BEEP... BEEP BEEP... BEEP...

CLOSE - POCKET RADIO

signals in Morse-type code.

WIDER

DAMPHOUSSE

That's the tactical frequency.

SHANE

Chigs... they'll pull any gag to  
flush us into the open.

(X)

BEEP BEEP... BEEP BEEP... BEEP... BEEP...

WANG

(translating)

"...Rendezvous at LZ for I.S.S.C.V.  
extraction..."

Schankowitz GRABS for the radio, panicked.

SCHANKOWITZ

Signal back! Tell 'em...

Cooper pushes Schankowitz back.

COOPER

Chigs'll triangulate. We'll be  
bobbing in the middle of duck  
season.

DAMPHOUSSE

I think it's a trick. Like all the  
others.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED: 3

59

WANG

Maybe it's Nathan. Maybe he got  
out and came back for us.

SHANE

And maybe the Great Pumpkin's gonna  
rise outta the Patch and save us.

BEEP... BEEP... BEEP BEEP... BEEP

The 58th desperately look at one another. Can they trust it?

WANG

(translating)

Something garbled... no, it's  
repeating... "Stay with the  
Dead..."

OFF Shane's FACE...

CUT TO:

60 EXT. PLANET CER - CLEARING - NIGHT - (THE PRESENT)

60 (X)

O.S., LOUD THUNDEROUS RUMBLE.

APC's POV - SMOKE

(X)

swirling from the force of the powerful engines.

FIGURES

crouching low, enter FRAME.

REVERSE

MCQUEEN

stands just inside the open cargo door... gun drawn, ready.

THE FIGURES

The flickering images become the 58th. No time for  
celebration... ALIEN GUN FIRE arcs into FRAME...

(X)

WANG

Go! I'll cover!

(X)

(X)

Wang lays down covering fire as the rest of the 58th run for the  
APC. Suddenly, Wang's GUN JAMS again.

(X)

SCHANKOWITZ

(X)

goes down... He's wounded, pinned down by alien gunfire. Wang  
desperately pounds his gun. Then seems to remember something...

(X)

(X)

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

60

CLOSE - NATHAN'S POCKET KNIFE

(X)

pulled out of Wang's vest pocket. Wang jimmies the rifle... (X)  
fixed. He BLASTS BACK at the alien gunfire, allowing Shane and (X)  
Cooper to grab the injured Schankowitz and pull him to safety (X)  
aboard the APC. (X)

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED: 2

60

SCHANKOWITZ

(terrified)

Don't let the Chigs gut me.

Shane slings him forward. Pulls him up on board...

61 INT. APC - CARGO HOLD - NIGHT

61(X)

Over the crashing din of the engines, Shane attends to Schankowitz's wounds.

(X)

(X)

SHANE

Hold tight, Marine. We're taking you home.

(X)

(X)

(X)

CUT TO:

62 INT. SARATOGA - BUNKROOM - NIGHT - (THE PRESENT)

62

BLACKNESS... suddenly WHITE LIGHT fills the FRAME.

Shane, Cooper, Wang and Damphousse enter, exhausted and disheveled. They flop onto their bunks. Wang looks at the wall.

(X)

(X)

(X)

WANG

My photo! The one of me in Memorial Stadium... with Walter Payton's uniform...

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

COOPER

Hey, somebody stole my antique CD's!

(X)

(X)

(X)

DAMPHOUSSE

Guess they were gonna make room for replacements.

(X)

(X)

(X)

COOPER

We were only dead three days!

(X)

(X)

SHANE

(amused)

How quickly they forget...

(X)

(X)

(X)

MCQUEEN (V.O.)

Not everyone forgets...

(X)

(X)

MCQUEEN

(X)

enters the bunkroom pushing

(X)

NATHAN

(X)

in a wheelchair, head bandaged, dignified yet emotionally exhausted.

(X)

(X)

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

62 -

SHANE, COOPER, WANG and DAMPHOUSSE rush to greet their wounded comrade. Nathan manages a smile of relief that his ordeal of faith is over. (X)  
(X)  
(X)

MCQUEEN

Your asses aren't the only thing  
West saved... (X)  
(X)  
(X)

McQueen gently sets a box in Nathan's lap. (X)

NATHAN removes MANILLA ENVELOPES, containing the 58th's salvaged personal possessions from the box. He passes them out. (X)  
(X)

A photo for SHANE... an Indian "Dream Catcher" doll for DAMPHOUSSE... The cut-and-paste "joke" football photo for WANG... "Antique" CD's for COOPER... (X)  
(X)  
(X)

SHANE

Colonel says if it weren't for you,  
we'd be chipped beef on Chig toast. (X)  
(X)  
(X)

Nathan modestly looks up at McQueen, thankful for believing him. McQueen puts his hand on Nathan's shoulder, proud. (X)  
(X)

COOPER

(horrific)  
Heard they were gonna take out...  
part of your... (X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)

NATHAN

(tough as ever)  
--I still would've remembered you. (X)  
(X)  
(X)

Nathan shuts his eyes. Bites his lip. Covers his eyes under the emotion of the moment. Everyone looks to each other, then to Nathan with concern. (X)  
(X)  
(X)

NATHAN

(emotional)  
For a while... I... I wasn't  
sure... (X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)

The 58th doesn't know what to do at first. They all feel emotions they're not used to expressing. Shane and Damphousse kneel down on either side of Nathan. Gently touch his arms. (X)  
(X)  
(X)

WANG holds out Nathan's knife, the one Nathan had thrown to him to unjam Wang's gun. (X)  
(X)

(CONTINUED)

WANG

(deflecting)

Me, I always knew you'd find us.  
Otherwise, you'd be too ticked off  
that I lost your knife.

(beat)

It saved my life.

The look on everyone's face tells us they know Wang's not  
referring to Nathan's knife--but to Nathan's determination.

NATHAN takes the knife. He understands what they're trying to  
express. A tear of thanks rolls down his cheek. His voice  
cracks.

NATHAN

I wasn't sure... I kept thinking  
about the 61st... Thinking maybe if  
I didn't remember... you'd be...

Nathan seems on the verge of breaking down. Cooper interrupts  
to help his friend.

COOPER

The 61st was dead--and they saved  
us. Then we were dead... and you  
saved us. So ain't nobody  
forgetting nobody here they  
served with... dead or alive.

DISSOLVE TO:

63 INT. SARATOGA - BUNKROOM - CLOSE - WHITE GLOVES 63 (X)

DAMPHOUSSE (X)

in dress blues, pulls on her gloves with purpose. (X)

COOPER (X)

spits on the toe of his dress shoe. Pops a shine cloth back and forth across the tip until the black patent leather sparkles. (X)

SHANE'S FINGERS (X)

adjust the Globe-and-Anchor Marine Corps pin on WANG's dress collar. Almost maternally, Shane looks him over one last time, then licks the pad of her thumb and wipes away a smudge from Wang's cheek. (X)

Over the above, A VOICE, deep and majestic, emanates through the corridors of the Saratoga.

CHAPLAIN (V.O.)

Oh God, Whose days are without end,  
make us, we beseech Thee, deeply  
mindful of the shortness and  
uncertainty of human life...

The Chaplain's VOICE continues over in, (X)

A64 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM A64 (X)

The 58th decked out, arrive to pick up Nathan, still in his wheelchair and bandages. His dress jacket is draped over his shoulders. Nathan begins to place his dress officer's hat on his bandaged head, but the nurse sets it in his lap. (X)

CHAPLAIN (V.O.)

...That, when we have served Thee  
in our generation, we may be  
gathered unto our fathers, having  
the testimony of a good  
conscience...

B64 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR B64 (X)

The 58th walk abreast. Cooper pushes Nathan. The looks they exchange as they walk down the hall tell us there's a unity between them that shows they'll always be together. (X)

CHAPLAIN (V.O.)

...We pray that the memory of our  
comrades, fallen in battle, may be  
ever sacred in our hearts...

(CONTINUED)



B64 CONTINUED:

B64

SHANE looks into a hospital room. Schankowitz, arm in a sling, (X)  
stands in his dress blues. He looks at his feet momentarily, (X)  
ashamed of his cowardice on the planet. She hesitates, then (X)  
shoots him a look: "Come along." He follows her. (X)

64 INT. SARATOGA - CARGO HOLD - BRASS PLAQUE

64 (X)

inscribed: "LT. KRISTIN M. BURRIS, U.S.M.C., b. 2041 A.D., d. (X)  
2063 A.D." (X)

CAMERA SLOWLY PANS the faces of SHANE, COOPER, WANG and (X)  
DAMPHOUSSE, as they carry CASKETS (X)

draped in the U.S. Flag, for those of the 61st that had been (X)  
wearing the 58th's dogtags and uniforms. (X)

MCQUEEN

salutes.

THE CHAPLAIN

continues reading from the U.S. MARINE MILITARY FUNERALS  
booklet. Nathan watches from his wheelchair.

CHAPLAIN

...That the sacrifice which they  
have offered for our planet's cause  
may be acceptable in Thy sight...

THE U.S. FLAG is FOLDED.

(X)

CHAPLAIN (V.O.)

...Unto Almighty God, we commend  
the souls of our brothers and  
sisters departed...

65 EXT. SARATOGA - SPACE - NIGHT

65

Through the PORTHOLE, we see the 58th, watching as

Four POD-CASKETS eject from the side of the gigantic Ship. (X)

Nathan looks at his fellow Marines. Thankful. Next time it  
could be any of them.

CHAPLAIN (V.O.)

...And we commit their bodies to  
the deep...

CASKET POV - THE SARATOGA

speeds inexorably forward...

(CONTINUED)

"Stay With The Dead" 3S09 10/23/95 (Blue)

57A.

65 CONTINUED:

65

...of Space. CHAPLAIN (V.O.)

FADE OUT.

THE END