

SPACE: ABOVE AND BEYOND

"The Angriest Angel"

Written By

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Director  
Henri Safran

12/20/95 (White)

SPACE: ABOVE AND BEYOND

"The Angriest Angel"

CAST

VANESSA DAMPHOUSSE  
COOPER HAWKES  
MCQUEEN  
SHANE VANSSEN  
PAUL WANG  
NATHAN WEST  
COMMODORE ROSS

HOWARD SEWELL  
ADMIRAL BRODEN  
GENERAL ALCOTT  
SABER  
SPUD  
KELLY WINSLOW  
GUARD  
MAUREEN FISHER  
ENGINEER  
SUPERVISOR  
OPERATOR  
ELROY EL  
SURGEON  
COLONEL SCHRADER  
CHAPLAIN

12/20/95 (White)

SPACE: ABOVE AND BEYOND

"The Angriest Angel"

SETS

INTERIORS

SARATOGA	/	STAIRWELL
		FLIGHT DECK
		CONFERENCE ROOM
		OBSERVATION DECK
		LOADING BAY
		HALLWAY
		LABORATORY #1
		LABORATORY #2
		MCQUEEN'S QUARTERS
		COMMAND CENTER
		CORRIDOR
		TUN TAVERN
		THIRD DECK HALLWAY
		INTERROGATION ROOM
		OPERATING ROOM
		ORIENTATION ROOM
		HANGAR BAY
		SLEEPING QUARTERS
		COCKPITS / VANSSEN
		WEST
		WANG
		DAMPHOUSSE
		HAWKES
		WINSLOW
		SCHRADER
		MCQUEEN
ISSCV	/	BUNKROOM
		COCKPIT

TEASER

OVER BLACK:

A soft crisp RATTLE of SNARE DRUMS begins a fateful CADENCE.

QUICK FADE IN:

- 1 INT. STAIRWELL - SARATOGA - NIGHT - CLOSE - A SET OF STAIRS 1  
appear to be just lines of shadow and light CROSSING FRAME.

MCQUEEN (V.O.)  
I don't give a damn... for  
destiny.

Black combat boots POUND INTO FRAME, lifting a dark figure up the stairs. Running. In a flash, the form is gone.

MCQUEEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Anyone worth a Chig's ass will  
take responsibility for asking  
themselves... then answering...

The boots return, bringing the man down the stairs.

MCQUEEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
"Who am I?" and "what's the  
point?"

WIDER

In the darkness of the Carrier, McQueen runs the stairs.  
Alone. Driving. Hard.

- 2 INT. FLIGHT DECK - SARATOGA - NIGHT - VERY WIDE 2

Amongst the cavernous flight deck, within the pools of light, McQueen executes pull ups from a low hanging pipe.

MCQUEEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
My name is Colonel Tyrus Cassius  
McQueen... but I know nothing...  
of who I am. The answer... I  
feel... is near. The defining,  
perhaps final moment... is close.

- 3 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - SARATOGA - DAY - MCQUEEN 3

(SCENE 77 from "Never No More") McQueen listens to Shane debrief the Brass regarding her sighting of Chiggie Von Richtofen.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

MCQUEEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
The instant his existence was  
confirmed... every action...  
every breath of my life... became  
horrifically clear.

IN SLOW MOTION... CAMERA PUSHES IN on McQueen.

4 INT. FLIGHT DECK - SARATOGA - NIGHT - TWO MORTAR SHELLS

4

heavy and mean, are placed in a pack which is then secured.

MCQUEEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Everyone... everyone... in this  
life knows... when "the" moment  
is before them.

McQueen places the pack on his chest, then lies on his back  
upon the flight deck. He begins cranking out sit-ups.  
Sweating. Intense.

MCQUEEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
To turn away... is simple. To  
ignore it... assures survival.  
But it is an insult to Life.

SUPERIMPOSING DISSOLVE:

5 EXT. SPACE - DAY - (SC. 16 FROM "NEVER NO MORE")

5

A wall of fire churns in SLOW MOTION. From its center, like a  
demon ascending from Hell, appears the Alien Ace. Crude  
markings on the nose of the fuselage read "ABANDON ALL HOPE."

MCQUEEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Because there can be no  
redemption. No second chance.  
Beyond Death, there is nothing.  
Just darkness... and cold.

This image remains as WE DISSOLVE from McQueen doing sit-ups  
to...

DISSOLVE TO:

6 INT. OBSERVATION DECK - SARATOGA - NIGHT

6

The Colonel is sweating profusely. The body aches. His eyes  
are obsessively focused out the window, toward Space, as he  
executes push ups.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

MCQUEEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
He's out there tonight.  
Waiting... in the black sea.  
Sending our women, our men... to  
that cold dark place.

His arms begin to tremble. The colonel is on the brink of  
collapse. His head lowers, struggling to lift his body.

MCQUEEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
And nothing... nothing... will  
stop him...

CAMERA PUSHES IN as McQueen's eyes once again turn up toward  
the stars...

MCQUEEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Until I face "the" moment.

He suddenly begins cranking out push-ups as if he had just  
started. Muscles flaring. Eyes glazed.

A7 MOVING TOWARD THE WINDOW PAST MCQUEEN - WIDE

A7 (X)

As McQueen continues to prepare, alone, in the darkness of the  
observation room. CAMERA MOVES toward the window, past  
McQueen, to the stars.

He's out there. Waiting.

FADE OUT:

END TEASER

ACT ONE

7 EXT. SARATOGA - SPACE - NIGHT

7

Away from the light of any nearby stars, the Spacecraft carrier may only be seen as a black form blocking out distant background stars. It runs silent.

Within the darkness, tiny landing lights strobe from a covertly approaching ISSCV.

8 EXT. LANDING PAD - SARATOGA - NIGHT

8

With an air of secrecy, the ISSCV touches down on the landing pad.

9 INT. LOADING BAY - SARATOGA - NIGHT

9

Exhaust gas HISSES angrily. The cargo vehicle's door BANGS open, REVEALING three heavily armed MARINES, guns raised. Their eyes check the area before marching out.

Behind them, and encircled by three other armed SENTRIES, is HOWARD SEWELL. His expression is quite serious as he walks INTO A CLOSE-UP and checks the area himself.

SUDDENLY, CAMERA CRANES DOWN to his wrist handcuffed to the black case retrieved from the Kazbek Penal Colony. In his other hand is a small computer laptop case.

He moves off, the guards in step. CAMERA, however, REMAINS. Holding on the open door of the ISSCV. After several tense beats... CAMERA MOVES TOWARD THE OPEN DOOR and INTO the ISSCV. As one of the guards WIPES FRAME...

10 INT. ISSCV - NIGHT

10

The ship is relatively dark, except for a few lights on the ceiling panels. It is empty. Still, except for the creeping CAMERA which moves from the supply area into the aisle of the bunk room.

CAMERA TILTS UP to the translucent light panels. Then, behind one that remains lit, two silhouetted human hands appear. As they pull off the panel with a quiet POP...

CUT TO:

11 INT. HALLWAY - SARATOGA - NIGHT

The six armed escorts march down a dim hallway guarding Sewell and his possession. They turn right into another hallway.

11

12 INT. LABORATORY HALLWAY - NIGHT

The corridor walls are white, but the lighting is low as the group proceeds to a door with a security lock. A pair of guards stand aside as Sewell inserts a dog tag and punches some numbers. A BEEP signals clearance. The guards lead the way inside.

12

13 INT. LABORATORY - NIGHT - MCQUEEN

Although a white sterile research laboratory, the lighting suggests classified activity. Shadowy and stark.

13

Admiral BRODEN, Marine Lt. General ALCOTT, MR. SABER, Commodore Ross and McQueen look to the doorway as Sewell and his guards enter.

Sewell sets the case on a table. Without need for a command, a GUARD moves to Sewell with a key and unlocks the handcuffs. While this occurs, Sewell acknowledges the officers, whose collective postures reflect their "dealing with a necessary evil." Knowing this, Sewell smirks.

SEWELL  
Admiral Broden, General Alcott,  
Commodore Ross, Tom...  
(a polite diss)  
Colonel.

The Colonel's present state is on too grand a plane to waste effort being effected by the creep.

ROSS  
(returning)  
Mister Sewell.  
(to guards)  
You men wait outside.

The guards quickly clear out of the room. Meanwhile, Sewell sets up his laptop until they are gone.

SEWELL  
Aerotech anticipated his  
emergence... but never this  
quickly.

Sewell coolly turns around the laptop. On the screen is a black and white ghostly image of Chiggie Von Richtofen. Its quality is reminiscent of photos of the Loch Ness monster.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

McQueen eyes the computer, then forces himself to look away.

SEWELL (CONT'D)

And we concur with Naval Intelligence reports that the existence of this advance Alien fighter jeopardizes any further development of Operation "Roundhammer." Gentlemen, there can be no massive offensive, until it is destroyed.

BRODEN

"Destroyed?" We sent fifteen squadrons after it at one time.

ALCOTT

Only thirteen came back.

SABER

We don't have the means to destroy it.

Unopened to defeat, McQueen eyes Saber, hard. Sewell milks the pause, about to be the hero.

SEWELL

But "they" do.

McQueen's eyes dart back to Sewell.

CLOSE - THE CASE

Sewell unsnaps the latches on the mysterious case.

SEWELL (O.S.)

This material was secured on the Kazbek Mining colony during the 58th squadron's rescue extraction.

As the case is opened, a purple glow seeps from the container.

RETURN

The Senior officers look to the case, but Sewell teases them by not opening the case all the way.

SEWELL

At the company, they call this "Sewell Fuel". And, for the record, it is the property of Aerotech Industries.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (2)

13

He produces a small handful. A wet purplish rock with a bioluminescence glow.

SEWELL(CONT'D)  
Simply put, it's an organic ore,  
which could only have been  
manufactured in the unique  
"factory" of the planet Kazbek  
forming ten billion years ago.

The officers move in for a closer look.

SEWELL (CONT'D)  
Refined correctly, it becomes a  
living complex system fuel,  
perpetuating itself. Creating  
more energy than it expends. The  
amount in my hand could power the  
Saratoga for a decade.

The officers look to one another.

SEWELL(CONT'D)  
Most importantly... the exhaust  
is clean and thermal temperature  
is negligible. .015 Microns.

The officers react as if it is impossible. Sewell eyes them.

SEWELL(CONT'D)  
This is, primarily, what keeps  
him "invisible" to our Infrared  
Sensors.

ROSS  
We had one of their bombers.  
This is not what fueled it.

SEWELL  
Evidence indicates the enemy has  
only recently developed the  
process. That's why there is  
only one Alien "Red Baron."  
(pause)  
For now.

(X)

The comment silences the room.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

The senior officers cannot even look to one another as they consider. (X)

SABER

We have to develop a jet that runs on this stuff.

BRODEN

It would take years. Meanwhile this prototype craft would become the enemy's standard attack jet.

SEWELL

There may not be time to develop a plane... but there is time for a missile.

All eyes return to Sewell as he punches some keys on his laptop. A schematic of a missile appears.

SEWELL(CONT'D)

Just as uranium can be used to power cities or... destroy them, "Sewell fuel" can be utilized as a weapon. Imagine the force of a complex perpetuating explosive.

For the officers, there is no choice.

BRODEN

How many missiles can you build?

SEWELL

After refining, I can only make one. Aerotech Engineers can adapt it here in the lab to existing warheads. Meanwhile, you have to prepare a plan...

MCQUEEN

CAMERA PUSHES IN ON HIM as Sewell finishes his sentence...

SEWELL (CONT'D)

... on how to take it to him.

CUT TO:

14 INT. TUN TAVERN - NIGHT - CLOSE - FOOSBALL GAME

14

a furious paced game is in action. The foosball figures are comprised of Earth Forces versus green Alien Chigs. The enemy kicks and scores!

WIDER

West and Damphousse exchange a high five. Wang looks angrily to Hawkes, attending the goaltender.

DAMPHOUSSE  
YES! Five - zip.

WANG  
(to Hawkes)  
Any chance you're gonna pull your head out soon?

Hawkes is scowling. Not a good loser.

COOPER  
That was offside!

DAMPHOUSSE & WEST  
OFFSIDE?!

WANG  
The players only go back and forth!

WEST  
That was Chiggie Pele scorin' on you, man!

COOPER  
The ball touched that player's hand!

Damphousse and West laugh at Cooper's excuses.

DAMPHOUSSE  
They have no hands!

WANG  
Coop, their arms are stuck like this!

Wang plasters his hands to his sides like the foosball players.

WEST  
Give up, Coop, you suck!

HAWKES  
Drop the ball, Chig lover!

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

West drops the ball into play. Hawkes furiously works the rods as if brute strength was the key. The others match his intensity.

AT A BOOTH

sit Vansen and Winslow who is reading a from a manual marked "ZGC-07-12-61."

WINSLOW

I applied three times and waited six months for a pass into the Zero Gravity Chamber. Figuring, you know, in that time I'd find some guy okay enough to go in there with. I'm scheduled for tomorrow and I got nothin'.

SHANE

Winslow, please. Sex is the last thing on my mind.

WINSLOW

Rumor with the flight crew is that if you don't get it once every three days, you go crazy.

SHANE

Break out the strait jacket.

WINSLOW

(RE:the manual)

Check this option. "An inflatable tunnel encloses and presses the partners together in the standard missionary position. The tunnel encloses the partners roughly from the knees to waist and presses them together with an air pressure of approximately 0.01 standard atmospheres."

(beat)

Point-oh-one... that's not bad.

ENTRANCE

McQueen enters, oblivious to everyone. His expression, intense. He moves to the bar. Spud, the bartender, knows exactly what to get him and pours.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (2)

14

VANSEN AND WINSLOW

Winslow's eyes peer over her shoulder at the Colonel. Vansen slides the ZGC manual across the table and checks it out. Winslow turns back.

WINSLOW

I kind of have a thing for the Colonel. But, and I hate to sound this way... the navel on the back of the neck thing... I don't know. I'd be all disoriented.

VANSEN

Winslow... McQueen's our commanding officer. It's against regulations for him to tunnel you.

Winslow looks back to McQueen in the b.g. at the bar.

WINSLOW

I always heard that, even though In Vitroes may be been born at eighteen years old, their hormones kick in about five years later, so that adult In Vitro men have the sex drive of a teenage boy.

SHANE

You have the sex drive of a teenage boy.

Shane looks at McQueen, curious.

SHANE

I can't even begin to think about McQueen that way. It'd be like imagining your parents having sex.

(a long look)

Besides, I don't think he's ever had anything in his life but the Corp.

The two women study the colonel. After a beat, Winslow stands to move toward McQueen. Shane reaches over and tries to stop her.

(X)

SHANE

Kelly...

(X)

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (3)

14  
(X)  
(X)

THE BAR

McQueen stares into the bar. Winslow approaches and takes a spot next to him, although not too close.

WINSLOW  
Evening, Colonel.

McQueen looks at her long enough to flash a look people flash others when they'd rather be left alone. Winslow pauses... signals to Spud for a drink... sighs...

WINSLOW  
Can I ask a question?

McQueen gives her a quick look, then returns to his drink, as if "I'd rather you not, but I guess you're going to anyway."

WINSLOW  
How long have you been in the Corp?

McQueen would rather not be bothered.

MCQUEEN  
Dime and a nickel.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (4)

14

WINSLOW

Wow.

(beat)

Never married?

McQueen doesn't look to her. The question hurts.

MCQUEEN

You said "a" question.

Winslow backs off, gestures "sorry." McQueen returns to his drink. He sighs, then before he sips...

MCQUEEN

I've been married.

WINSLOW

Really? Hmm.

(beat)

You flew with the Angry Angels,  
huh?

(X)  
(X)

McQueen's expression registers the bizarre flow of questioning.

MCQUEEN

Yeah.

WINSLOW

They're legends.

(X)

McQueen nods.

(X)

WINSLOW

Ever been in a Zero Gravity  
Chamber?

He slowly, incredulously, turns to her.

MCQUEEN

Yeah.

WINSLOW

Ever tried the one on the  
Saratoga?

MCQUEEN

No.

WINSLOW

Would you like to?

His eyes slowly, angrily, burn. Before he can go off on her... commotion from the area of the foosball game, turns his attention across the tavern.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (5)

14

COOPER (O.S.)  
THIS IS JAGGED, MAN!

FOOSBALL GAME

Cooper kicks the foosball table. West, Damphousse and Wang have had it with him.

DAMPHOUSSE  
Knock it off, Hawkes!

WEST  
We're kickin' your ass, JUST DEAL  
WITH IT!

HAWKES  
I AM DEALIN' WITH IT!

He kicks the table again.

WANG  
Get outta here! I'm tradin' you!  
(looks to McQueen)  
Hey, Colonel, come on, I need a  
new guy on my team.

MCQUEEN

explodes off the bar stool and marches toward the foosball table. The lieutenants tense up, afraid of the look in his eye.

MCQUEEN  
"Guy!?" What do you think we're  
back on the block smokin' 'n  
jokin'? You get this loud and  
clear, Marine... I am NOT your  
"guy." I'm not your "Joe." I'm  
not your I'm not your damn  
drinkin' buddy.  
(back to Winslow)  
And I sure as hell am not a mark  
in a singles bar!

(X)  
(X)

Winslow averts her eyes.

MCQUEEN (CONT'D)  
Hear this CFB, I AM NOT HERE TO  
MAKE FRIENDS! When this war  
ends...  
(to Damphousse)  
And you go back to raise money  
for charity.  
(to Wang)  
And you're eatin' dogs at  
Wrigley.  
(more)

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (6)

14

MCQUEEN (Cont'd)  
(to West)  
And you go back to Mayberry...  
I'm still going to be out here.  
Waiting for the next one. That's  
why I'm here. That's what I'm  
good for.

He violently shoves the foosball table as he marches out of the bar. The junior officers jump, rattled by the Colonel.

SHANE

Still in the booth, is stunned. She looks toward Winslow.

WINSLOW

guilty and feeling foolish, sighs and turns back to the bar.

WIDER

The bar is quiet and confused. Cooper breaks the ice, irked.

COOPER  
Yeah, sure, I kick the thing and  
I get yelled at.

CUT TO:

15 INT. MCQUEEN'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

15

CAMERA BEGINS ON a copy of Homer's "The Iliad" opened face down on a small bookcase. Many of the other books are on Asian philosophy of war.

MCQUEEN (V.O.)  
Looking darkly upon Hektor, swift  
footed Archilles answered. "I  
cannot forgive you.

CAMERA BEGINS TO MOVE ACROSS the small officer's quarters. Over McQueen's possessions, which are minimal. Some medals. Some small Asian sculptures.

MCQUEEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
As there are no trustworthy oaths  
between men and lions, there can  
be no love between you and me.  
One or the other must fall before  
then to glut with his blood Ares  
the god who fights under the  
shield's guard.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

On the wall hang a framed picture of George Washington beside another of W.C.Fields.

Beside these is a picture of McQueen, with a smile in dress blues. His arm is happily around a woman in a subtle wedding dress. The photo is old. A bit torn.

MCQUEEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Remember every valour of yours,  
for now the need comes hardest  
upon you to be a spearman and a  
bold warrior. There shall be no  
escape for you.

CAMERA FINDS ITS WAY to McQueen, intense, working late into the night, at the small desk. Some reference manuals on Air Combat Maneuvering and weapons systems are nearby.

MCQUEEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
You will pay in a lump for all  
those sorrows of my companions  
you killed in your spear's fury.

CUT TO:

16 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

16

McQueen stands tall and confident as he makes a presentation to the senior officers, Broden, Ross, and Alcott. They are not smiling, but they clearly like what they are hearing.

MCQUEEN  
In summation, gentlemen, my  
proposal is to flush out the  
bogey via the use of a  
diversionary squadron, whose  
Rules Of Engagement are to turn  
tail and run, while an SA-43,  
equip with the "Sewell Fuel"  
missile, executing a forward  
quarter intercept, rises behind  
cover of the retreating squadron,  
fires the missile and terminates  
the enemy target.

The officers are very impressed.

BRODEN  
Outstanding, Colonel.  
Outstanding.

MCQUEEN  
Thank you, sir.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

ALCOTT

Now if we can only find this  
"Chiggie Von Richtofen."

ROSS

Intelligence is combing every  
known sector.

MCQUEEN

Gentlemen, if I may...

BRODEN

Go ahead, Colonel.

MCQUEEN

It would be the most glorious  
honor of a long military career  
if this colonel was assigned as  
pilot of the intercepting SA-43.

The room tenses. The officers do not wish to insult or thwart  
the designer of this new plan, however, the latter proposal is  
met with doubt.

The Admiral eyes Commodore Ross, "he's your officer and  
friend." Ross doesn't like the role, however...

ROSS

Colonel McQueen, your flight  
status is "grounded."

MCQUEEN

Yes, sir, this is due to the  
surgical insertion in the inner  
ear of a myoelectric-feedback  
device to counter vestibulocular  
nerve damage sustained in battle.

ROSS

Then you know better than anyone  
that an MEF device cannot  
withstand the G-Force demands  
placed on an attack jet pilot.

MCQUEEN

I'll take that chance, sir.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (2)

16

ROSS  
"Chance?" Colonel, even if the device in your, thick, skull does not full out erupt during ACM, it at least would stress the Temporal lobe to the point of loss of consciousness, seizure and Death. I refuse to hand the Chigs a "gimmie."

MCQUEEN  
Sir, then I will have it removed.

ROSS  
You'd be vomiting every five steps.

MCQUEEN  
Sir... gentlemen... if I commit to the procedure of having the MEF device removed, pass the physical requirements and achieve approved flight status... will I be assigned?

Broden stands up, moves to McQueen.

BRODEN  
Colonel... this is the singly most important mission of the war.

MCQUEEN  
That's why I should be the one to fly it, sir.

Broden sighs, studies McQueen.

BRODEN  
Prove to me that you're fit to fly... and you'll fly.

McQueen straightens.

MCQUEEN  
Thank you, sir.

Ross subtly winces, he doesn't believe it's the right thing for his friend.

CUT TO:

17 INT. LABORATORY HALLWAY - DAY

17

Two armed sentries stand before the LABORATORY door. Howard Sewell proceeds down the hallway and stops before them at the security lock. He produces his tag and punches in some numbers. The door opens and he walks inside.

CAMERA PUSHES IN to the small porthole in the doorway. Sewell turns and looks out, checking the guards.

18 INT. LABORATORY - DAY

18

At the doors, Sewell double checks to assure they are locked. (X)  
Sewell puts on a lab coat before moving into the LABORATORY. (X)

CAMERA FOLLOWS HIM as he moves to a work area REVEALING a high tech missile. Three lab coated technicians are working on the project. Sewell pauses, seemingly taking note of the room.

SEWELL

Feels good in here.

TECHNICIAN

The room is oxygen rich. It expedites refining of the "Sewell fuel." If you're wearing a metal watch or ring, please remove it to minimize the possibility of micro sparking.

Sewell claps his hands and shakes them like a blackjack dealer at the end of a shift to show he's clean.

SEWELL

The refining process was nominal?

TECHNICIAN

Yes, Mister Sewell.

SEWELL

Then it's ready to go?

The lead technician engages a button which raises a panel on the warhead door.

TECHNICIAN

We're inserting the blast fragmentation warhead now.

As the technicians prepare, Sewell moves in for a close look. CAMERA PUSHES INTO HIM as his cold eyes scan the missile with adulation.

(CONTINUED)

=  
18 CONTINUED:

18

SEWELL  
This missile will change the  
nature of the conflict. This war  
will no longer be fought over  
Galactic territory... but over  
"Sewell Fuel."

Suddenly, a shocking FLASH OF FIRE erupts before Sewell. He  
disappears behind the FLAME.

The technicians jump back as Sewell SCREAMS, O.S. In a split  
second, they too disappear behind a wall of angry FIRE.

19 INT. LABORATORY HALLWAY - NIGHT

19

Furious hellish FIRE burns in the window. The door rattles,  
desperately trying to open. A hand bangs on the porthole glass  
through the FLAMES. Faint SCREAMS can be HEARD behind the  
door.

The two sentries are shocked as they turn and see the window.  
One GUARD reaches for the door handle. The second guard stops  
him.

GUARD  
NO! WE'LL LET LOOSE A FIREBALL  
DOWN THIS HALLWAY!  
(into radio)  
LEVEL FOUR LAB TO FIRE FOUR. WE  
GOT A FIRE IN THE HOLE! FIRE IN  
THE HOLE!

CLOSE- PORTHOLE

Disappearing behind the FLASH FIRE... the Hellish, shadowy,  
figure of Howard Sewell in his last agonizing moment of life.

CUT TO BLACK:

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

20 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY - CLOSE - COMPUTER MONITOR 20

On the screen is the charred remains of the laboratory. Markings of distance and arrows indicate these are military crime scene photos.

Explaining some of the details are Fire Brigade Captain MAUREEN FISHER.

FISHER (V.O.)  
I believe it was sabotage.

WIDER

Captain Fisher sits before Commodore Ross and Colonel McQueen.

FISHER (CONT'D)  
Note the flashpoint, at the sight of the warhead, presumably where Mister Sewell and the engineers were working.

She clicks a trackball. A diagram of the missile appears, indicating the areas she discusses.

FISHER (CONT'D)  
Before this area, in the radome, we found faint traces of a petroleum distillate thinly coated on the missile's Seeker Unit.

McQueen looks to Ross.

FISHER (CONT'D)  
Now, the warhead contained a laser ranging proximity fuse. Even minute heat from the laser would have ignited the petroleum distillate. And, in the oxygen rich environment the engineers had been maintaining, a microscopic spark would be as good as a flame thrower.

ROSS  
Thank God the thing didn't go off.

FISHER  
The warhead is not built that way. Just a fire wouldn't set it off.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

FISHER (Cont'd)  
In fact, being in the protective  
casing of the warhead, the  
"Sewell Fuel" was unharmed.

McQueen considers.

MCQUEEN  
This petroleum distillate...could  
it have leaked from another part  
of the weapon?

FISHER  
No, sir. The liquid substance is  
not used in the construction of  
a missile. It was placed there.  
In fact...

She hesitates. Ross looks up, awaiting to hear what he fears.

FISHER (CONT'D)  
... with a chemical breakdown  
analysis, I traced the material  
directly to a can of lubricating  
oil in the Saratoga's Engine room  
number three.

The Colonel and the Commodore look to her, shocked and  
concerned.

FISHER  
Someone aboard the Saratoga tried  
to sabotage that weapon.

Ross and McQueen look to one another, with no clue as to who it  
could be...or why.

CUT TO:

21 INT. HALLWAY - SARATOGA - NIGHT

21

Lieutenant Kelly Winslow ENTERS FRAME, pausing; hesitating  
actually. She appears consumed with guilt muddled by second  
thoughts. O.S., behind a closed door, marches the second  
movement of Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony. Her eyes turn up  
toward the lettering on the metal door.

WINSLOW'S POV - LETTERING

"Col. T.C. McQueen."

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

WINSLOW

She knocks on the door. No answer. The music is LOUD. She tries again, this time pounding on the door.

MCQUEEN (O.S.)  
(irritated)  
Who's at my hatch?

WINSLOW  
(loud)  
Sir, Lieutenant Winslow, sir.

No response. Winslow waits a moment. With a military tone..

WINSLOW  
Sir, may I have a word, sir.

A few beats pass.

MCQUEEN (O.S.)  
Come in.

Winslow takes a deep nervous breath and enters McQueen's room.

22 INT. MCQUEEN'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

22

Ludwig von Beeethoven's third symphony is stirring at high volume. Winslow is met by a sight of unsettling intensity with a tragic edge.

Across the room, back to Winslow, McQueen looks out the porthole. He is sweating profusely. Although dressed in sweat pants and T-shirt, one feels the perspiration is not solely from a workout.

Winslow's eyes quickly look about the room, trying to take it all in. (This is very quick)

WINSLOW'S POV - THE ROOM

All of the personal effects WE'VE SEEN earlier, books, medals, the framed photos of Washington and WC Fields, are piled carelessly in a corner. The room now appears very stark.

WINSLOW

reacts, unnerved. Her eyes dart to take in more; to understand.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

WINSLOW'S POV - ON THE WALL

taped to the wall, as if slapped on in a bout of emotion, is the ghostly image of Chiggie Von Richtofen.

MCQUEEN (O.S.)  
You wanted a word. Say it.

WIDER

Winslow is rattled back to attention. McQueen remains with his back to her.

WINSLOW  
Sir...I...sir, the lieutenant  
wishes to express her most  
sincere...can you hear me?

McQueen reaches over and lowers the volume but not enough to remove the dark intensity of the heroic music.

WINSLOW (CONT'D)  
Sir, the lieutenant wishes to  
express her most sincere  
apologies for her actions last  
evening.

McQueen's attention remains on the stars. Winslow senses she has not been effective.

WINSLOW (CONT'D)  
The lieutenant has the utmost  
respect and admiration for the  
Colonel and regrets any and all  
words or actions which may have  
insulted the Colonel's honor.

The music continues. McQueen's head lowers, but he doesn't respond. Winslow sighs, drops the military tone and from her heart...

WINSLOW  
Colonel McQueen...I'm sorry.

McQueen sighs and turns around REVEALING major scars beneath the t-shirt around the arms and neck. Winslow averts her eyes, out of a sense of respecting his privacy.

McQueen moves across the room, not towards her, but creating business at his desk so that he doesn't have to face her either.

MCQUEEN  
Apology accepted.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (2)

22

With her attention directed toward McQueen at the desk, she notes the photograph of McQueen's wedding.

MCQUEEN

Anything further, Lieutenant?

Winslow knows she should just turn and leave, however, she cannot...

(X)

WINSLOW

Sir, the lieutenant has recently observed inordinate behavior by Colonel McQueen and realizes that, either by circumstance or design...the Colonel, I have also observed, has no one, in which to communicate his feelings.

McQueen is stung. His eyes inadvertently turn toward the photo of he and his wife on the desk.

MCQUEEN

It's by design, Lieutenant...but not mine.

Winslow nods. Pushes...gently.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (3)

22

WINSLOW  
Is she still alive...sir?

McQueen seems irritated that he hasn't been as subtle as he believes. He sighs, gives in and picks up the photo.

MCQUEEN  
She lives in a town called Wilkes-Barre. It's in Pennsylvania.

WINSLOW  
And she's on your mind?

MCQUEEN  
She is a bit. My life with her... is alot.

WINSLOW  
Children?

(X)

And with that question, he returns the frame to the desk and turns toward her. Winslow again averts her eyes at the scars, however this time McQueen observes her.

MCQUEEN  
(RE: scars)  
Don't let them bother you, Winslow. Stay in the war long enough and you'll have some of your own.

WINSLOW  
Clearly those scars healed, unlike those on the inside...speaking freely, sir.

McQueen pauses, considers, nods.

MCQUEEN  
I'm unable to have children.  
(pause)  
War wound.

(X)

WINSLOW  
This is 2064, there are other ways than...than...the Zero Gravity Chamber. I mean, you're an In Vitro. You were born through artificial reproduction.

(X)

(X)

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (4)

22

MCQUEEN

But she wasn't. Before we  
married, I tried to tell her what  
it would be like...being with a  
"Tank."

(pause)

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (5)

22

But hearing it...is not feeling.  
Finally...she just couldn't take  
it anymore; the horrible things  
people would say, the hateful  
actions they would take against  
me I guess she felt was directed  
at her. One day she came to me  
and said she would not conceive  
a child by any artificial means.  
She wouldn't subject her child to  
those...words. Those feelings.

(X)

WINSLOW

But, sir, the child wouldn't have  
been an In Vitro. They've done  
artificial insemination for a  
century.

MCQUEEN

(a whisper)

She knew that.

(a beat)

And she knew that I knew.

McQueen moves toward the photo of the Alien fighter, but  
doesn't look at it.

MCQUEEN

I'd have liked to have been a  
father...but I believe in asking  
myself, then answering, "Who am  
I?"

(beat)

And that wasn't the answer.

Winslow is moved. McQueen reads this and realizes he's gone  
too far.

MCQUEEN

Thank you for your apology,  
Lieutenant Winslow...and your  
concern.

After a sad beat, she moves to attention, but no hard core.

WINSLOW

You're welcome, sir.

(X)

She turns and moves towards the door. Once there, she pauses  
and turns back. McQueen looks to her. They exchange a silent  
moment of acknowledgement, before she turns and exits.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONITINUED: (6)

22

Alone once more, McQueen turns his eyes to the photograph of Chiggie Von Richtofen. CAMERA PUSHES INTO HIM and a growing expression of hatred as if blaming this craft for who he cannot be. He moves toward the desk...

PHOTOGRAPH - AN ALIEN FIGHTER

CAMERA PUSHES INTO the image, ghostly and haunting. McQueen ENTERS FRAME and with a bold marker prints on the photograph..."WHO...AM...I?"

CUT TO:

23 INT. LABORATORY #2 - DAY - MISSILE WARHEAD

23

The warhead panel opens. ENGINEERS carefully bring the blast fragmentation unit INTO FRAME, setting it into place.

WIDER

The missile displays signs of charring from the fire and nominal damage. With some high tech tools, the engineers gauge the success of the insertion. A small green indicator light flashes and BLIPS.

ENGINEER

This puppy's a "go."

SUPERVISOR

Okay, shut it down.

The engineer does so. The green indicator light turns off.

CUT TO:

24 INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

24

The Command Center is busy with activity. CAMERA MOVES through the room to focus on a SECURITY CONTROL OPERATOR, appearing puzzled while looking at a monitor. CAMERA MOVES to the monitor which shows a yellow light progressing through an indicated hallway toward the laboratory.

The operator turns to Ross on the bridge.

OPERATOR

Sir, I'm reading an unauthorized access to the 14th mid-deck ventilation system. It's progressing toward that deck's research laboratory.

(X)  
(X)

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: 24

Ross' reaction is quite serious.

ROSS  
Master at Arms!

TIME CUT TO:

25 OMITTED 25 (X)

26 INT. LABORATORY - DAY 26

Consulting data on a computer, the engineers are away from the missile. O.S., above them, some FAINT SOUNDS OF MOVEMENT. Initially they are oblivious to the sounds. Once it occurs again, however, the engineer turns.

ENGINEER  
What was that?

They all pause, listen. Nothing. The engineer looks to the ceiling.

ENGINEER  
You hear that? It sounded like something in the ceiling.

They listen again.

27 INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY 27

Ross and the control operator watch the monitor.

OPERATOR  
It's stopped over the laboratory.

28 OMITTED 28 (X)

29 INT. LABORATORY - DAY 29

The technicians continue to listen. Hearing nothing.

SUPERVISOR  
You're new on board. My first month I heard every creak.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

The others return to their work. The engineer continues to listen. CAMERA MOVES QUICKLY to the MISSILE'S WARHEAD. the green indicator light goes on. It begins to BEEP.

WIDER

The engineer notes the light.

ENGINEER  
The missile's gone hot!

Everyone turns quickly and anxiously runs toward it.

ENGINEER (CONT'D)  
It's been radio activated.

The supervisor works on the bomb. The indicator light continues to BEEP.

ENGINEER  
It won't go cold! Control's been overridden. Whatever turned it on has to turn it off.

SUPERVISOR  
ALERT THE BRIDGE! ALERT  
SECURITY! WE GOT A REAL  
SITUATION, HERE!

The security force enters. The Master at Arms immediately moves to and looks up to the circulation vent.

CUT TO:

30 INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY - MONITOR

30

The yellow blip is quickly moving away from the lab.

WIDER

Ross is looking over the Security operator's shoulder.

OPERATOR  
The intruder is proceeding away from the laboratory on the 14th deck. Toward the 58th's quarters.

(X)

CUT TO:

31 INT. 58TH SQUADRON SLEEPING QUARTERS - DAY.

31

The Wild Cards, sans Winslow, are in their quarters, studying reports, cleaning their M-590s...

ROSS (V.O.)  
(over P.A.)  
Wild Cards, this is the  
Commodore. Now hear  
this...SECURITY ALERT! SECURITY  
ALERT!

The 58th are out of their racks and onto their feet, hustling to their lockers, grabbing their sidearms...

DAMPHOUSSE  
Where's Winslow?

ROSS (V.O.)  
Intruder on the 14th deck!

(X)

CUT TO:

32 INT. 14TH DECK HALLWAY - DAY

32

The 58th move out of their quarters, geared in flak jackets and armed with utility belts and hand weapons. They all wear radio communicators in their ears.

They hustle down the hallway, looking up to the ceiling.

33 INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

33

The operator guides them by watching the monitor.

OPERATOR  
Proceeding right into passageway  
zero - niner.

34 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

34

Vansen, Wang and Cooper move down the indicated hallway. Shane looks to West and Damphousse.

SHANE  
Down this hall and cut back.  
We'll encircle him.

Damphousse and West take off up the hallway.

35 INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY - MONITOR 35

The yellow light continues to move, then suddenly disappears.

WIDER

The operator reacts, puzzled. . He turns to Ross.

OPERATOR

It's gone. That's impossible.  
Must be a detector malfunction.

Ross looks to the monitor, more concerned than ever.

36 INT. LABORATORY - DAY 36

The green light continues to flash. The activation alarm continues to BEEP. The engineers work furiously on the missile.

37 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY 37

Shane moves along the hallway followed by Wang and Cooper. She pauses, listening to her headset.

SHANE

They lost him. We should each  
take a hallway and...

Cooper looks out the porthole in the corridor. CAMERA PUSHES INTO his amazed reaction.

COOPER

Out there!

Shane and Wang hustle to the window and look outside.

38 EXT. SARATOGA - FLIGHT DECK - DAY - COOPER'S POV - (CGI) 38

An ISSCV awaits take off on a landing pad. Suddenly, a human form, not in any spacesuit or helmet, races across the deck toward the ISSCV.

39 INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY 39

Across the room from the security control operator, a FLIGHT CONTROLLER calls out, never taking his eyes from his monitor.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

FLIGHT CONTROLLER  
SIR, THE ISSCV ON FLIGHT PAD TEN  
IS BEING COMMANDEERED BY AN  
UNIDENTIFIED "TANGO." PILOT'S  
LIVES "IN-EXTREMIS."

ROSS5  
PULL THAT BIRD IN NOW!

Several operators begin FIRING COMMANDS and engaging switches.

40 EXT. ISSCV LANDING PAD #5 - SARATOGA - DAY

40 (X)

The craft's engines sputter, but never kick in. Before the craft can take off, the landing pad's doors open and the ship is lowered into the loading bay. Recaptured.

41 OMITTED

41 (X)

X 42 INT. LOADING BAY #10 - SARATOGA - DAY - PORTHOLE

42

Exhaust gas from the ISSCV jets past the window as Nathan looks into the loading bay. It settles. SIRENS BLARE. Lights flash. Over the P.A...

FLIGHT CONTROLLER (V.O.)  
All clear loading bay five!

(X)

The door opens. The 58th squadron hustles inside, moving like a Marine Expeditionary Unit (SOC), an anti-terrorist unit.

They "stack up" as they approach the ISSCV doors. Their guns are raised. Vansen plucks a stun grenade from her belt, eyes Damphousse and gestures a "nod." Damphousse engages the hatch.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: 42

With a HISS the door opens. Vansen lobs in the stun grenade.

43 INT. ISSCV - DAY 43

The GRENADE FLASHES, WHITING OUT FRAME. The Marines pile into the vehicle, weapons ready. Spreading out quickly through the vehicle, they find no one in the supply room or bunk room.

44 INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY 44

Movement in the room has picked up. Crewmen are putting on flak jackets and helmets.

ROSS  
Evacuate the 14th mid-deck! (X)

WARNING SIRENS BLARE.

45 INT. ISSCV - BUNK ROOM - DAY 45

Shane marches directly to the flight deck hatch, followed behind by Hawkes and West. They pause at the door. Nathan snaps off a stun grenade.

Vansen raises her hand, thumb, index and middle fingers raised. She counts down; three, two, one...

Hawkes opens the door. Nathan throws in the grenade. A brilliant FLASH from the cockpit as the three Marines race inside.

46 INT. ISSCV COCKPIT - DAY 46

Vansen, West and Hawkes move into the cockpit only two find the co-pilot in his seat with a bullet wound in the head. The pilot, has been flung over the co-pilot, having suffered the same fate.

The three Lieutenants exchange puzzled and concerned expressions.

SHANE  
He's got to still be in here.

CUT TO:

47 INT. LABORATORY - DAY

47

Engineers leave the room as Security personnel secure the area. The green indicator light continues to flash. The alarm BEEPS.

48 INT. ISSCV - DAY

48

With Damphousse and Hawkes covering, Wang WHIPS open a door in the supply room. Nobody is inside, increasing everyone's tension. He turns toward Shane, puzzled.

BUNK ROOM

Shane moves out of the cockpit area, proceeding urgently down the aisle. The metal beneath her CLANKS as she steps.

SHANE

If we don't find the bastard,  
everyone aboard the Saratoga...

The floor beneath her THUDS, as opposed to CLANKS. She pauses, looks down. CAMERA PUSHES IN ON HER as she calls everyone to the bunk room with a quick gesture.

The others race in, weapons pointed at the floor. Wang and Damphousse lift the panel in the aisle.

FLOORBOARD

CAMERA PUSHES in as the floor hatch is lifted REVEALING Silicate ELROY EL crammed in the floor. He raises his hands.

ELROY

Please don't be mad at me.

Shane drops to her knees and removes the radio control device on his person. She looks at the box and engages a switch.

49 INT. LABORATORY - DAY

49

The green indicator light on the missile turns off. The Alarm turns silent.

50 INT. ISSCV - DAY

50

With every weapon trained upon him, the Artificial Intelligence humor unit, torturer, looks up at the 58th.

ELROY

Did I do something wrong?

As he looks about with hatefully mocking innocence...

FADE OUT:

ACT THREE

51    INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY - CLOSE - ELROY'S HANDS      51

are bound in his lap. He sits under a sole light.

ELROY (O.S.)  
I'd like to speak with an  
attorney.

WIDER

Elroy El sits in a chair before Colonel McQueen and Paul Wang,  
both wearing angry expressions.

ELROY (O.S.)  
See, we Artificial Intelligence  
types have rights. Silicates got  
what you call your Napoleonic  
code, which states the accused is  
innocent until proven guilty.

Wang holds up the radio activation device.

ELROY  
Yes? And that is? I've never  
seen that particular device  
before.

WANG  
It was in your pocket. On your  
clothes were found traces of the  
oil used as accelerant on the  
missile in the first fire. When  
that failed, you stole this radio  
control device and turned it into  
a detonator with electrical parts  
from your own body.

Wang indicates the Silicate parts on the radio. Elroy feigns  
shock.

ELROY  
Clearly, a "frame up job" is in  
progress.

McQueen moves closer to the robot.

MCQUEEN  
See, we biological life forms got  
what you call your "eye for an  
eye."

ELROY  
Yes. Yes, I've read about that.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

MCQUEEN

Which states that an act, say of terrorism or murder, is met with an equal act.

Elroy's cross haired eyes dart between the Marines.

ELROY

I have an uneasy feeling you gentlemen are unfamiliar with the Ho Chi Minh City Convention of 2054. Under the declarations relating to Artificial Intelligence Prisoners of War, Article two paragraph four states..

MCQUEEN

Nothing that means a damn in this room.

Elroy pauses, eyes them.

ELROY

How unfortunate.

WANG

You didn't seem to care about the HCMC Convention when you tortured me in the Kazbek Penal colony.

ELROY

Why do you malign me so? Oh, I know, you see, that wasn't me. No. Yes, this is bad. That was an entirely different Elroy El model. Yes, that boy Elroy did some very bad things.

McQueen moves to the Silicate.

MCQUEEN

As I heard, it was with this...

McQueen unscrews Elroy's index finger REVEALING exposed electrical prongs. Elroy appears a tad nervous. With bravado...

ELROY

A Silicate feels no pain.

McQueen eyes him, challengingly. He pulls Elroy's finger to the Silicates' chin. A Purple spark causes Elroy to convulse.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (2)

51

MCQUEEN  
How did you know?

Elroy tries to act as if the shock had no effect, but it did.  
He remains silent.

MCQUEEN  
How did you know?

Silence. McQueen places the finger to the chest. Elroy YELPS,  
then looks angrily at McQueen.

ELROY  
The Chigs knew you had taken some  
ore from Kazbek. They were very  
mad at us. I was sent to destroy  
the missile to make it up to  
them. They're firm, yet fair.

MCQUEEN  
How did the Chigs know about the  
missile?

ELROY  
They are very experienced at  
watching you. They've done it  
for a long long time. You  
wouldn't believe how long.

McQueen considers. Elroy's words now take a taunting tone.

ELROY  
They know you have big plans.

McQueen tries to hide his shock.

ELROY (CONT'D)  
A massive offensive. The new  
Alien fighter will put an end to  
that.

McQueen eyes Elroy, hard.

ELROY (CONT'D)  
That's the main reason they sent  
me. To assure the missile would  
not stop development of their new  
plane. They almost have all the  
kinks worked out. Soon, they'll  
come at you with nothing but  
Alien fighters like him.

Elroy laughs tauntingly, mean.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (3)

51

ELROY (CONT'D)  
And then, Tank, it'll be all  
over. The war will be all over.  
And because we're allies with  
them...we win too.

McQueen addresses Wang without looking to him.

MCQUEEN  
Lieutenant, leave the room.

Elroy tenses, looks to Wang who knows why he is being asked to  
leave. He has mixed feelings.

WANG  
Sir, regulations state the  
prisoner must be overseen by two  
personell at all..

MCQUEEN  
Leave the room...Lieutenant.

Wang hesitates, then turns and exits the room. McQueen's eyes  
never leave the prisoner. Once the door closes...

MCQUEEN  
Where is he?

ELROY  
Where is who?

MCQUEEN  
You know who.

Elroy unleashes a wicked smile.

ELROY  
Chiggie Von Richtofen?

MCQUEEN  
Where...is he?

ELROY  
You don't want to find him.

McQueen pulls out a butterfly knife. With Elroy's back in the  
f.g., to CAMERA, McQueen cuts into the robot's chest.

ELROY  
No! NO!

McQueen, hand covered with clear lubricant, removes a part from  
Elroy's chest cavity.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (4)

51

ELROY

The Silicate convulsee, trying to act as if McQueen has had no effect. From here out, Elroy flinches and ticks.

MCQUEEN

Tell me where he is.

Elroy looks hard into McQueen's eyes, remaining silent. McQueen sticks his fingers into the small hole and removes another part, then disards it.

Elroy begins to shake slowly, his head jerks in the same repeated motion.

ELROY

You're a war criminal.

MCQUEEN

I have no problem goin' all the way with this.

Elroy seems to be considering telling McQueen, but says nothing. McQueen quickly, furiously rips out another part.

MCQUEEN

WHERE IS HE?

Elroy is in critical condition. He must strain to speak. His VOICE is SLOWED and DISTORTED. Accelerated electronic SOUNDS emit from his body.

ELROY

He...is...stationed...stationed  
...stationed...

McQueen slaps him on the head.

ELROY (CONT'D)

on the fourth planet in the...  
Achilles...Achilles sys...tem...

McQueen has his answer. He studies the A.I., who has run down and gently convulses.

MCQUEEN

WANG!

The door opens. Wang enters.

MCQUEEN

Take this thing down to the shop.

(CONTINUED)

"The Angriest Angel" 3S14 12/20/95 White 41.

51 CONTINUED: (5)

51

CAMERA PUSHES IN ON MCQUEEN.

MCQUEEN (CONT'D)

And inform the flight surgeon...I  
wish to see him.

CUT TO:

52 INT. OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT - LARGE SURGICAL LAMP

52

The bright clean light of an operating lamp shines amongst a dark room. Leaning INTO FRAME is a SURGEON. He wears a mask, latex gloves and magnifying eyeglasses. He pulls a laser scalpel INTO FRAME.

MCQUEEN

lies face down on the table, unconscious. An anesthesia mask is clamped to his face. The surgeon leans over behind McQueen applying the scalpel to the back of the head, behind the ear.

THE SURGEON

returns the scalpel. He moves to the surgical tools. In each hand he takes a small, but mean, tweezer-like instrument. He turns back to McQueen.

MCQUEEN

The surgeon leans in, placing both instruments to the back of the ear. Although we cannot see the insertion, the surgeon's "digging" should be uncomfortable. After a moment, and with a little strain, he removes a small dime sized device, spotted with blood.

CUT TO:

53 INT. MCQUEEN'S QUARTERS - NIGHT - CLOSE - MCQUEEN

53

The Colonel lies on his bed, sweat beading on his forehead. His eyes open. Their intensity is severe, however, so is a glaze clouding his vision.

He attempts to sit up. CAMERA MOVES WITH HIM, TWISTING INTO AN ASKEWED ANGLE. McQueen wobbles to the point of needing to steady himself on the bunk. With effort he stands.

WIDE

Alone in the room, McQueen's steps are as if they were his first pausing, dizzy. He battles to take a step before dropping to his knees.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

His back to CAMERA, he begins to VOMIT.

CUT TO:

54 INT. STAIRWELL - SARATOGA - DAY - A SET OF STAIRS

54

appearing to be just lines of shadow and light CROSSING FRAME. A black combat boot ENTERS FRAME, however unlike the teaser, this boot is weak and unstable.

WIDER

McQueen tries with all his might to run the stairs. He is at half speed. Alone.

55 INT. FLIGHT DECK - SARATOGA - NIGHT - WIDE

55

Amongst the cavernous flight deck, within the pools of light, McQueen tries to execute pull ups from the low hanging pipe.

His arms tremble.

WEST AND HAWKES

watch him from the flight deck corridor, concerned.

MCQUEEN

THE ANGLE AGAIN creates a sense of vertigo. McQueen tries to lift himself. His hands slip from the pipe.

WIDE

Hawkes and West race to the Colonel's side. He's dripping with sweat and pale. The Lieutenant's pull him to his feet. McQueen, angry with himself, tears his arms away from their hands. He pauses as West and Hawkes step aside. After a breath, McQueen reaches up for the pipe and begins over.

IN A DARK CORNER OF THE FLIGHT DECK

stands Commodore Ross, watching...sadly.

CUT TO:

56 INT. ORIENTATION ROOM - DAY

56

The 58th squadron, including Winslow, is gathered in the orientation room. They are geared up and prepared for the mission. Flight helmets sit on the floor at their feet.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

56

Seated apart from them is another pilot, older than the 58th. He is COLONEL SCHRADER. He listens along with the Wild Cards to Commodore Ross briefing them on the assignment.

ROSS

For this mission, the fourth planet from Archilles, shall be designated "Gooch." It lies 240 MSKs from the Saratoga. As the diversionary squadron, you are to patrol this area until engaged by the enemy. At this time, Colonel Schrader, trailing the formation, shall fire the "Sewell Fuel" missile at the enemy craft while you turn tail and run. It is the nature of this mission that the Colonel understands if engaged by the enemy...he is going one on one.

The 58th look to him with respect. Schrader keeps his eyes front, confident.

With their attention elsewhere, they do not see Colonel McQueen enter the room in the b.g. His expression is furious, but composed. His movements are forced and a tad strained, yet no where near as bad as after the surgery.

MCQUEEN

Commodore Ross.

Everyone turns. The Wild Cards tense, feeling as if they are betraying McQueen, however they must follow orders. Each heart goes out to his effort.

Ross, meanwhile, tenses. A moment he didn't want to face.

MCQUEEN (CONT'D)

If I may have a word, sir.

ROSS

Have it.

MCQUEEN

Sir, the Colonel has become aware that he has not been assigned the mission of his design.

ROSS

Affirmative. Colonel Schrader has been assigned.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED: (2)

56

MCQUEEN  
Sir, the Admiral himself  
assured...

ROSS  
The final call is mine, Colonel.  
You are not fit to fly.

MCQUEEN  
Sir, the Colonel knows the  
Commodore to be a man of honor.

ROSS  
You are NOT FIT TO FLY, COLONEL.

MCQUEEN  
Sir, I HAVE NOT BEEN PRESENTED  
THE OPPORTUNITY TO DEMONSTRATE TO  
THE CONTRARY, SIR.

ROSS  
I don't have the time to let you  
go through qualification. I  
don't need a damn physical to  
know you do not have your sea  
legs. This mission means  
everything! And I REFUSE to  
jeopardize it because you're  
taking it personally.

COOPER  
Sit it out, Colonel.

The officers' eyes turn toward the 58th.

WANG  
You don't have to go, to be there  
with us, sir.

Winslow stands.

WINSLOW  
I'm not going to kiss your ass,  
Colonel. Ask yourself...then  
answer..."will my condition put  
the mission or the 58th at risk?"

McQueen averts his eyes.

WINSLOW (CONT'D)  
And I think you know the answer.

A long quiet pause. McQueen says nothing. Ross turns to the  
squadron.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED: (3)

56

ROSS  
Okay, people, action this day!  
Go!

The team stands, gathering their flight books and helmets.  
They march out of the room, Winslow pauses, looking back at (X)  
McQueen, who averts her look. She exits, leaving only Ross and (X)  
McQueen. (X)

ROSS  
If you went out like this,  
Ty...no one would ever come back.

And Ross exits the room. McQueen looks out at the flight deck. (X)  
He steps toward the window. (X)

Unable to control his emotions, McQueen turns, picks up a chair (X)  
and heaves it across the room. He begins to march out, then (X)  
pauses...realizing...his movement is uneffected. (X)

57  
thru OMITTED  
58

57  
thru  
58

59 EXT. SPACE - DAY

59

CAMERA PANS across the Heavens, as if searching. The eerie, mysterious feel is shattered by the squadron SCREAMING toward a distant planet. After a beat, Schrader's plane follows.

60 INT. SHANE'S COCKPIT - DAY

60

The pilots are more tense than usual. Shane's eyes pop back and forth from the HUD, down to the LIDAR.

SHANE

This is Queen of Diamonds, we're in his playground. Keep your eyes on the LIDAR. Report any mick, that's how we're gonna spot him.

61 INT. NATHAN'S COCKPIT - DAY

61

Nathan checks his LIDAR.

62 INT. WANG'S COCKPIT - DAY

62

Wang's eyes are locked on the monitor.

63 INT. DAMPHOUSSE'S COCKPIT - DAY

63

Vanessa is focused on her LIDAR. She appears to see something.

INSERT - LIDAR

A ghostly movement appears to be heading toward the squadron.

RETURN

DAMPHOUSSE

This is Queen of Hearts. That a bandit on the LIDAR?

64 INT. COOPER'S COCKPIT - DAY

64

Hawkes looks closely.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

64

INSERT - LIDAR

ghostly, eerie, all that appears to be moving toward them are the words "Abandon All Hope."

RETURN

CAMERA PUSHES IN ON COOPER, FAST.

COOPER  
Confirm! Confirm! That's him.

65 INT. SHANE'S COCKPIT - DAY

65

SHANE  
Hold formation. We're breaking  
right after fox one.

66 EXT. SPACE - DAY

66

The 58th squadron flies TOWARD CAMERA, as if from Chiggie Von Richtofen's POV. Schrader's plane cannot be seen.

67 INT. NATHAN'S COCKPIT - DAY

67

Nathan's eyes are locked on the LIDAR until he appears surprised. His eyes look out the canopy.

NATHAN  
I lost him. Bogeydope.

68 INT. WANG'S COCKPIT - DAY

68 (X

WANG  
Negative. Where did he go?

69 EXT. SPACE - DAY

69

Ascending from below like a shark after prey at the water's surface, the Alien fighter tears in front of the 58th and arcs over the squadron.

70 INT. DAMPHOUSSE'S COCKPIT - DAY

70

Scared, Damphousse looks up through her canopy as it passes overhead.

- 71 EXT. SPACE - DAY 71  
Chiggie Von Richtofen loops out of the arc, locking on Shrader's plane.
- 72 INT. SCHRADER'S COCKPIT - DAY 72  
As the colonel looks up...
- 73 EXT. SPACE - DAY 73  
The Alien ace FIRES on Schrader, then tears off. Carrying the "Sewell Fuel" missile causes the plane to EXPLODE with the force of a small nuclear blast!
- 74 EXT. SPACE - THE 58TH SQUADRON - DAY 74  
flying in formation, the entire squadron is consumed by the BLAST!
- plw* 75 INT. WANG'S COCKPIT - DAY 75  
Engulfed in orange light and flame, Wang continues to fly.
- 76 EXT. SPACE - DAY 76  
The 58th appear from the fire, outracing the BLAST!
- 77 INT. WINSLOW'S COCKPIT - DAY 77  
Sparks fly outside the canopy. FLAME BURNS behind her. She battles for control.  
  
WINSLOW  
THIS IS WINSLOW, MY NUMBER TWO  
ENGINE IS OUT!
- 78 EXT. SPACE - DAY 78  
Winslow's plane flies despite the left engine sputtering to ignite. Then...descending INTO FRAME is Chiggie Von Richtofen. He's on her.
- 79 INT. COOPER'S COCKPIT - DAY 79  
He's watching out his canopy.

(CONTINUED)

"The Angriest Angel" 3S14 12/20/95 White 49.

79 CONTINUED:

79

COOPER  
WINSLOW, HE'S ON YOUR SIX!

80 EXT. SPACE - DAY

80

The fighter closes in on Winslow.

81 INT. WINSLOW'S COCKPIT - DAY

81

Winslow succumbs to panic.

WINSLOW  
BOTH ENGINES DOWN! I CAN'T JINK  
HIM!

82 EXT. SPACE - DAY

82

The enemy descends on Winslow.

83 INT. SHANE'S COCKPIT - DAY

83

SHANE  
EJECT! EJECT!

84 INT. WINSLOW'S COCKPIT - DAY

84

Winslow reaches between her legs and cranks the chicken switch.  
Sparks and flame begin to erupt.

85 EXT. SPACE - DAY

85

Winslow's cockpit disengages from the plane, rocketing away  
from the craft just as the enemy fighter destroys the  
Hammerhead.

Chiggie Von Richtofen moves into position, circling the  
jettisoned cockpit.

*edit?* 86 INT. WINSLOW'S COCKPIT - DAY

86

Winslow hyperventilates from sheer terror.

87 INT. WANG'S COCKPIT - DAY

87

watching, furious, out the cockpit window.

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED:

87

WANG  
Let's go after him!

88 INT. SHANE'S COCKPIT - DAY

88

With sincere resolve and understanding...

SHANE  
It'll take more than just all of  
us. Our orders were to turn tail  
and run.  
(looks away)  
Why doesn't he just do it?

89 EXT. SPACE - DAY

89

The Alien ship circles Winslow. Toying. Cruel.

90 INT. WINSLOW'S COCKPIT - DAY

90

Winslow loses it, crying, horrified. But the end is near...

91 EXT. SPACE - DAY

91

With one more circle, the enemy craft FIRES relentlessly on the  
helpless pilot. As the COCKPIT EXPLODES...

CUT TO:

92 INT. MCQUEEN'S QUARTERS - DAY

92

McQueen, working at his desk...knows. His eyes turn toward the  
stars. CAMERA PUSHES IN ON HIM as his expression turns mean...

As the look remains pointed at the stars...

FADE OUT:

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

93 INT. HANGAR BAY - DAY - OVERHEAD ANGLE

93

An American flag fills the FRAME. Something is odd about it, however, as the edges fall off. CAMERA BEGINS to MOVE ALONG the stars and stripes and then DOWNWARDS...REVEALING a metal plaque on the side of a coffin.

It reads "Lieutenant Kelly Anne Winslow. March 8, 2041 - February 4, 2064"

CAMERA CONTINUES TO MOVE, DOWN AND AWAY FROM the coffin. PULLING BACK REVEALS a pair of legs standing apart, looking at the casket. CAMERA CRANES UP the figure and STOPS on the back of the figure's bowed head.

After several beats, the head raises. Colonel McQueen turns TOWARD CAMERA, looking off. He knows what he must do.

CUT TO BLACK:

94 INT. SLEEPING QUARTERS - DAY - INSIDE A LOCKER

94

A locker door opens, splitting the darkness. Quietly, sadly, Lieutenant Shane Vansen reaches into the locker and grabs her dress blue uniform. As she removes it..

CLOSE - BRASS BUTTONS

fingers fasten buttons to a suit. CAMERA FOLLOWS them to REVEAL NATHAN WEST'S face. He pauses to reflect.

WHITE GLOVES

are placed on Cooper's hands. He sighs, reaching for his hat.

CUT TO:

95 INT. MCQUEEN'S QUARTERS - DAY - LOW ANGLE - MCQUEEN

95

The Colonel is looking down INTO CAMERA...intense.

FROM BENEATH HIS BED

is pulled an old and battered foot locker, layered with dust. On it is marked "127th Squadron. The Angry Angels. McQueen" The squadron emblem is above the lettering.

MCQUEEN

reopens his past. He reaches down and slowly removes a black flight suit, stripped of all emblems except for the Angry Angels. With a slight TIME CUT...

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED:

95

BLACK GLOVES

are firmly wrapped around the hands, movements crisp and increasing with intensity.

BLACK BOOTS

are tied on, laces strung around the ankles.

THE BLACK BERET

The wings and lightning bolt emblem are raised to McQueen's head. As he sets it in place...

CUT TO:

96 INT. FLIGHT DECK CORRIDOR - DAY

96

The 58th squadron move along the hallway in their dress blues. Commodore Ross walks behind them, along with the Saratoga's CHAPLAIN. The group's entire posture is depressed.

Shane looks up ahead and suddenly freezes. It is like she sees a ghost. The others note her first, then once each looks to the object of her attention, they freeze as well...

MCQUEEN

is in the zone. His expression reflects destiny as he marches down the hallway, black flight helmet tucked beneath his arm. On it, two scowling angel eyes as if painted by Michelangelo.

THE 58TH

Commodore Ross moves out before the group. He and McQueen stand apart like gunfighters before a shootout.

MCQUEEN

What else did you expect?

ROSS

You believe I'm going to allow you to go out there after him?

MCQUEEN

You have no choice.

ROSS

You'll have no wing support. No way of defending its advanced technology. What makes you think you can win?

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED:

96

MCQUEEN  
I have no choice.

Ross glares at McQueen.

ROSS  
I'll be a son of a bitch if I  
attend your funeral, Ty.

MCQUEEN  
Yes, you will, sir...but let's  
talk about your mother when I get  
back.

Ross cannot suppress a smile as McQueen marches toward the  
flight deck toward a Hammerhead cockpit.

The 58th squadron look to one another, inspired, pumped. The  
ship's Chaplain hustles after McQueen.

CHAPLAIN  
Colonel! Colonel!

97 INT. FLIGHT DECK - DAY

97

McQueen is marching toward the flight deck. The Chaplain calls  
out.

CHAPLAIN  
Colonel McQueen!

McQueen continues, eyes fiery.

CHAPLAIN  
Perhaps you should make peace  
with your maker.

MCQUEEN  
My maker was some geek in a lab  
coat with an eye dropper and a  
petri dish. What do I need to  
make peace with him for?

CHAPLAIN  
At these times, Colonel, we  
should make peace with our maker.

McQueen stops, turns...

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED:

97

MCQUEEN

With all due respect, my  
Chaplain, I don't think our maker  
wants to hear from me right now  
because He knows I'm about to go  
out in that sky, in this plane,  
and remove one of his creations  
from His Universe and when I  
return I'm gonna drink a bottle  
of Scotch as if it were Chiggie  
Von Richtofen's blood and  
celebrate his Death.

CHAPLAIN

(unnerved)

Amen.

McQueen continues toward the cockpit. Crewmen on duty hustle  
to attend to the cockpit.

THE 58TH

look to one another. Without a second thought, they move  
toward the flight deck.

COCKPIT

The canopy is raised. The Wild Cards hustle up in their dress  
blues. Cooper gestures to the flight crew to get lost. The  
Lieutenants attend to the hoses and gauges attached to the  
cockpit.

As McQueen steps into the cockpit, he swoons.

The squadron pauses, looking to one another, concerned.  
McQueen appears a tad woozy, but quickly covers.

MCQUEEN

Clear the flight deck.

Now, they are hesitant to leave him.

MCQUEEN

GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE!

The squadron races off the flight deck as SIREN LIGHTS FLASH  
and alarms SOUND.

FLIGHT DECK DOOR - LOW ANGLE

moves TOWARD CAMERA, CLOSES with a thud.

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED: (2) 97

MCQUEEN

Its like he hasn't missed a day.

MCQUEEN

Saratoga this is Queen Six.  
Oxygen control, check... Mission  
computers, check... Master Arms  
switch, safe... Inertial  
Navigation system, check...  
Roger, Rhino 4-4...ready to copy.

CONTROL (V.O.)

Rhino 4-1 is cleared.

McQueen looks toward the orientation room.

98 INT. ORIENTATION ROOM - DAY - MCQUEEN'S POV - THE 98

They all salute.

99 INT. FLIGHT DECK - DAY 99

McQueen returns a quick salute. His cockpit drops into the lower decks.

100 INT. LOWER FLIGHT DECK - DAY (CGI) (STOCK) 100

McQueen's cockpit is connected to a Hammerhead fuselage.

101 EXT. SARATOGA - DAY 101

McQueen's Hammerhead ROARS OVER CAMERA as it flies away from the Saratoga.

102 INT. MCQUEEN'S COCKPIT - DAY 102

McQueen adjusts switches and gauges. From the radio...

CONTROL (V.O.)

Queen Six this is Saratoga, your  
distance is...

McQueen turns off the radio. He hits another switch and is met with the dark tones of Beethoven's Third Symphony, second movement. As he looks out into Space...

103 EXT. SPACE - DAY

103

McQueen's Hammerhead becomes a small dot, moving away from the Saratoga. As Beethoven continues...

CUT TO:

104 INT. HANGAR BAY - DAY - CLOSE - COFFIN

104

The honor guard stands at attention. The 58th is nearby. The Chaplain performs the ceremony. McQueen's music carries over the funeral.

CHAPLAIN

O God, the Creator and Redeemer  
of all the faithful, hear our  
supplication and through Thy  
infinite love and mercy  
graciously grant to the soul of  
Thy servant departed...

105 EXT. SPACE - DAY

105

The lone Hammerhead continues into the void.

CHAPLAIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
the remission of all her sins, by  
which she may have deserved...

106 INT. MCQUEEN'S COCKPIT - DAY

106

As he searches the sky for his opponent...

CHAPLAIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
the severity of Thy justice and  
punishments in the world to come.

107 INT. HANGAR BAY - DAY

107

The funeral continues. The Chaplain reads...

CHAPLAIN

Our Father, Who art in heaven,  
hallowed be Thy name; Thy kingdom  
come; Thy will be done on Earth  
as it is in Heaven.

108 EXT. SPACE - DAY

108

The SA-43 tears PAST CAMERA.

"The Angriest Angel" 3S14 12/20/95 White 57.

109 INT. MCQUEEN'S COCKPIT - DAY 109

McQueen continues to fly, the music LOUD. He looks to the LIDAR.

CHAPLAIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Give us this day our daily  
bread...

INSERT - LIDAR

the ghostly image appears on the screen, as before, "ABANDON ALL HOPE" can be seen in its eerie form.

MCQUEEN

cooly, he stares ahead at the approaching "invisible" opponent.

CHAPLAIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
and forgive us our trespasses as  
we forgive our trespassers. And  
lead us not into temptation...

110 EXT. SPACE - DAY 110

Like Aces out of the First World War, the two pilots charge toward one another.

CHAPLAIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
But deliver us from evil

111 INT. HANGAR BAY - DAY 111

The Chaplain completes the prayer.

CHAPLAIN (CONT'D)  
Amen.

GUNNERY SERGEANT  
Firing Squad, ORDER ARMS, PARADE  
REST.

Everyone bows their heads as the firing squad raises their rifles.

GUNNERY SERGEANT  
Ready, aim, FIRE!

CUT TO:

112 INT. MCQUEEN'S COCKPIT - DAY 112

He engages the weapons on his HOTAS, FIRES!!

- 113 EXT. SPACE - DAY 113  
The enemies exchange FIRE! Both planes jink and avoid the blasts.
- 114 INT. HANGAR BAY - DAY 114  
The firing squad has their weapons raised.  
GUNNERY SERGEANT  
Ready, aim, FIRE!
- 115 EXT. SPACE - DAY 115  
Again, the two craft buzz each other, FIRING furiously.
- 116 INT. MCQUEEN'S COCKPIT - DAY 116  
McQueen's body trembles from the kickback of the cannon fire.
- 117 EXT. SPACE - DAY 117  
The dogfight is a ballet as the two pilots pulls up executing Modified-Zoom Maneuvers before pulling away from one another.
- 118 INT. HANGAR BAY - DAY 118  
As the gathering continues to keep their heads bowed...  
GUNNERY SERGEANT  
Ready, aim, FIRE!
- 119 EXT. SPACE - HAMMERHEAD - DAY (STOCK) 119  
The SA-43 belly cannon pivots as it FIRES angrily.
- 120 INT. MCQUEEN'S COCKPIT - DAY 120  
He pulls back on the stick and is thrown into his seat.  
McQueen YELPS with pain, breathes quick short breaths.
- 121 EXT. SPACE - DAY 121  
Chiggie Von Richtofen descends upon McQueen. FIRES. McQueen's Hammerhead break from the weapons FIRE but is brushed by an impact.

122 INT. MCQUEEN'S COCKPIT - DAY 122

The cockpit buffets wildly. Sparks fly from behind him. He SCREAMS in pain. His eyes appear glazed, he fights it off.

123 EXT. SPACE - DAY 123

Chiggie Von Richtofen swings back for another pass. He approaches head on toward McQueen. The two planes appear to be on a collision course.

124 INT. MCQUEEN'S COCKPIT - DAY 124

CAMERA PUSHES IN ON MCQUEEN as he waits for the last possible moment. He pulls back on his stick.

125 EXT. SPACE - DAY 125

The Hammerhead breaks just above the enemy ship and begins an inverted vertical loop as Chiggie Von Richtofen continues straight ahead, FIRING futilely.

126 INT. MCQUEEN'S COCKPIT- DAY 126

A trickle of blood from behind the ear flows across McQueen's face. He emits short and strong SCREAMS as he battles the pain.

127 EXT. SPACE - DAY 127

The Hammerhead turns out of the loop, divebombs downward and comes up directly on the enemy's six. Point blank.

128 INT. MCQUEEN'S COCKPIT - DAY 128

CAMERA PUSHES IN as his eyes flash with the killer's instinct.

MCQUEEN  
THIS ONE'S FOR YOU, WINSLOW!

McQueen FIRES!

129 EXT. SPACE - DAY 129

McQueen's weapons' fire hits in the enemy's Achilles heel, directly into the apparent exhaust areas of the enemy craft.

McQueen's Hammerhead pulls up and cuts back just as Chiggie Von Richtofen erupts with the largest EXPLOSION of the war.

130 INT. MCQUEEN'S COCKPIT - DAY 130

No smiles. No celebration. In fact, an expression of sadness seems to come over McQueen. He winces from continuing pain before turning his plane around...and heading home.

131 EXT. SPACE - DAY 131

Some residual explosion trickles away into Space in the b.g., as McQueen's Hammerhead FLIES TOWARD CAMERA...

CHAPLAIN (V.O.)  
O lord, we commend to Thee the  
soul of Thy servant Kelly, that,  
having departed from this world,  
she may live with Thee.

132 INT. HANGAR BAY - DAY 132

As the funeral concludes, the 58th's heads are bowed.

CHAPLAIN (CONT'D)  
And by the grace of Thy merciful  
love, wash away the sins that in  
human frailty...

133 EXT. SARATOGA - DAY 133

Lieutenant Kelly Winslow's coffin is released into the eternity of Space.

CHAPLAIN (CONT'D)  
She committed in the conduct of  
her life. Through Christ our  
Lord. Amen.

And as the casket floats away...

DISSOLVE TO:

134 INT. FLIGHT DECK - SARATOGA - DAY 134

McQueen's cockpit rises into the flight deck of the Hammerhead. His Being has an odd unsettling peace, which others instinctively know not to invade.

MCQUEEN (V.O.)  
I understand why so many turn  
away from their "moment."

(CONTINUED)

134 CONTINUED:

134

He climbs out of his cockpit. Removing his helmet REVEALS fingers of dried blood originating in his ear. He walks across the flight deck.

MCQUEEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
There may be satisfaction in the  
courage to ask oneself "Who am I"  
and "What's the point?"

The 58th keep their distance, watching him with awe, but certainly not envy as he obliviously walks past them.

MCQUEEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
But the answers don't necessarily  
walk hand in hand.

DISSOLVE TO:

135 INT. TUN TAVERN - NIGHT - CLOSE - A BOTTLE OF SCOTCH

135

The yellow liquid is poured into a glass.

MCQUEEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
I know now, with certainty, who  
I am. But I'll be damned if I'll  
ever know the point.

MCQUEEN

sets down the bottle and stares into the glass.

MCQUEEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
And now, all I can ask...is who  
was he? And who was she?

He raises his glass toward the stars in the observation window.

MCQUEEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
And what was the point?

As he drinks from the glass, CAMERA PANS over to the stars in the window.

A question for each that shines in the darkness of Space.

FADE OUT:

THE END