

SPACE: ABOVE AND BEYOND

"...Tell Our Moms We Done Our Best"

Written By

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Director  
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4/4/96 (White)  
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SPACE: ABOVE AND BEYOND

"...Tell Our Moms We Done Our Best"

CAST

VANESSA DAMPHOUSSE  
COOPER HAWKES  
T. C. MCQUEEN  
SHANE VANSSEN  
PAUL WANG  
NATHAN WEST

COMMODORE ROSS  
DIANE HAYDEN  
ADMIRAL STENNER  
GENERAL ALCOTT  
FRANK SHAFFNER  
LT. PRUITT  
RABWIN  
ALIEN ENVOY  
SGT. PARKER  
E. ALAN WAYNE  
SENTRY  
REPORTER  
WALLACE  
SIMS  
WATSON  
ENGINEER  
COLONIST  
GERMAN COLONIST  
WEAPONS SPECIALIST  
KYLEN CELINA

4/4/96 (White)

SPACE: ABOVE AND BEYOND

"...Tell Our Moms We Done Our Best"

SETS

INTERIORS

SECRETARY GENERAL'S OFFICE

SARATOGA	/	CONFERENCE ROOM
		COMMAND CENTER
		FLIGHT DECK
		ATMOSPHERIC CHAMBER
		BUNK ROOM
		CORRIDOR
		PEACE CONFERENCE/ATMOSPHERIC ROOM
		ORIENTATION ROOM
		VISITOR'S QUARTERS
		ROSS' QUARTER
		HALLWAY
		HANGAR BAYS

ISSAPC	/	LOADING BAY
		COCKPIT
		PASSENGER AREA
		BATTLE STATION
		TRANSFER TUNNEL

"HOMEWARD BOUND"		
ISSAPC	/	PASSENGER AREA
		COCKPIT

HAMMERHEAD COCKPITS	/	WATSON
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ISSCV	/	CARGO BAY
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EXTERIORS

UNITED NATIONS COMPLEX

TEASER

A short blast of satellite STATIC burst upon the monitor before giving way to the United Nations logo of the year 2064.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

The regularly scheduled program will not be broadcast at this time in order to present an announcement by the Secretary General of the United Nations.

1 EXT. UNITED NATIONS COMPLEX - NIGHT - (STOCK) 1

The familiar concave Assembly building and tall secretariat building is illuminated, the flags of the world flying outside.

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

And now, from the Secretariat Building located at the United Nations Complex in New York City...Secretary General Diane Hayden.

VIDEO DISSOLVE TO:

2 INT. SECRETARY GENERAL'S OFFICE - NIGHT 2

Diane Hayden sits behind a desk before the Earth flag draped on a flag pole. Sightless, her fingers skim the prepared speech in Braille. On the BOTTOM edge of the FRAME, her speech is translated in Chinese via blocked closed caption.

HAYDEN

Good evening, United Peoples of Earth.

(pause)

Eighteen months and four days ago, the fierce Winter storm of War felt as distant in our history as the last snowfall to a child retreating in the shade from the heat of the Summer Sun.

(beat)

Until, together, we trembled in the chill as Secretary General Chartwell sat, at this desk, and placed the Vesta/ Tellus colony massacres amongst days that will live in infamy.

(beat)

A united Earth incapable of dreaming another war...

(more)

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

HAYDEN (Cont'd)  
found herself unable to awaken  
from its awful nightmare.  
(beat)  
This evening...however...she will  
once again sleep beneath the  
stars of Peace.

Hayden takes a deliberate pause.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)  
Today...  
(she smiles)  
which, in the perplexities of  
space travel will occur, here,  
two weeks from now...  
(fades out the smile)  
An alien envoy landed aboard the  
USS Spacecarrier Saratoga with a  
proposal for a cease-fire.  
(allows it to register)  
We believe this proposal to be  
genuine, the envoy to be  
legitimate, and I am relieved to  
announce that Peace negotiations  
will commence immediately.

On the SOUNDTRACK, CONTRARY to Hayden's hopeful tone...an  
ominous SNARE DRUM begins to MARCH, portending that Peace is  
actually far from a reality.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)  
Wherever you may stand on our  
Earth, whether beneath the warm  
light of our Sun or the pale  
light of the Moon...however you  
may talk to God, whether formally  
or by internal whisper...ask that  
Earth's prayers for Universal  
Peace be answered in the next  
hopeful hours...so that we may  
soon awaken to a new dawn.

CUT TO:

3 EXT. USS SARATOGA - SPACE

3

The battle drums RATTLE as the warship sails upon peaceful  
seas. An armada of ships in its wake.

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4 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - SARATOGA - DAY - CLOSE - MONITOR 4

The logo of the United Nations breaks up from the distance of the feed. After a beat, the monitor is angrily turned off.

ADMIRAL STENNER (O.S.)  
Damn her...I said not to jump the gun.

WIDER

The room is filled with high command. ADMIRAL STENNER, GENERAL ALCOTT, COMMODORE ROSS and a UN Diplomat, FRANK SHAFFNER. MCQUEEN stands near the monitor. The room is tense and uneasy.

SHAFFNER  
Hayden is under pressure from Chaput's Partie Nationale D'Identite. Timing for her couldn't be better.

Stenner looks at the others.

STENNER  
How can we not negotiate with that...thing...we have down in the hold, after she just announced to the entire world peace is at hand?

Stenner turns the monitor back on. Now on the raster is a high angle video image of the Chig held in the lower deck's atmospheric chamber. It stands.

STENNER (CONT'D)  
I told her we hadn't confirmed if it represented all the enemy, some of the enemy, or just itself. Or if all this is just a deception...

He looks at the monitor...long...then shakes his head. He drops his military commander tone and addresses the others as peers.

STENNER (CONT'D)  
If it were human...I could look it in the eye and get a feeling...a hunch...anything...that told me if it was a lie or the truth.

He looks at the others as if "know what I'm trying to say?" Everybody's focus remains locked on the image of the enemy in the monitor.

(CONTINUED)

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4 CONTINUED:

4

Everybody but McQueen, who looks to the Admiral as if "he has a feeling" but cannot offer it until he is asked. The Admiral reads this...and does.

STENNER

Colonel?

McQueen considers.

MCQUEEN

I understand what you are saying, sir. Even with an A.I., I can get a sense of the enemy. But as I look at that thing...

He turns and looks at the monitor. CAMERA PUSHES INTO the VIDEO IMAGE, black and white and grainy.

MCQUEEN (CONT'D)

All I get is an odd feeling...that this is either a beginning...

(X)

CAMERA CONTINUES INTO THE MONITOR, which fills the FRAME.

MCQUEEN (CONT'D) (O.S.)

Or an end.

The enemy's eyes open and turns toward the SURVEILLANCE CAMERA, looking directly into the lens. Weighing McQueen's words with an ominous tone.

As the alien's eyes continue to stare INTO CAMERA...

FADE OUT:

ACT ONE

5 EXT. SARATOGA - SPACE - DAY

5

The armada stands on alert.

6 INT. COMMAND CENTER - SARATOGA - DAY - CLOSE - ROSS

6

AH-CHOO! The Commodore sneezes into a handkerchief, then holds with a miserable cold. CAMERA WIDENS as an ENSIGN delivers him a steaming mug with a tea bag string draped over the rim.

CAMERA MOVES ALONG the control panel as operators manage the carrier and position of the fleet. CAMERA MOVES PAST MCQUEEN supervising the operators and PUSHES IN CLOSE TO a lidar operator, LT. PRUITT. He notes something of importance on the screen and without taking his eyes off the LIDAR...

PRUITT  
Commodore...LIDAR detects a  
battle group of enemy ships 250K  
MSKS from our position.

The entire room tenses.

ROSS  
(with a cold)  
Closing?

PRUITT  
Holding.

Ross eyes McQueen as he considers, SNEEZES...

(X)

MCQUEEN  
Bless you, Sir.  
(a whisper)  
They're probably just keeping an  
eye on the Peace Talks.

ROSS  
If the Chig down in the hold  
isn't a sanctioned envoy...that  
enemy battle group out there may  
not know a damn thing about any  
Peace talks.

(CONTINUED)



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6 CONTINUED:

6

MCQUEEN

Then let's see if they know about  
each other.

Puzzled, Ross looks to McQueen...then SNEEZES.

CUT TO:

7 INT. FLIGHT DECK - SARATOGA - DAY - CLOSE - WILD CARDS EMBLEM

7

scorched and worn on Wang's cockpit. He squats INTO FRAME,  
reflective as he studies the logo, stirring endless memories.

(X)

(X)

WANG

Imagine if its over.

WIDER

The 58th squadron work on their cockpits. Wang's hypothetical  
causes everyone to pause. They eye one another..."what if?"

For Nathan, the question appears to be difficult to answer.

Shane she sits on her cockpit...

(X)

SHANE

No more 60 pound rebreather packs  
at four in the morning. No more  
mud...or blood. A.I.s or  
Chiggies.

(gone; the light tone)

No more death.

(X)

Everyone considers. Oddly, a sadness hangs over the squadron.  
Damphousse is willing to address the reason.

DAMPHOUSSE

No more "Wild Cards."

Cooper's eyes turn up toward Damphousse, curious. The  
cavernous room is silent.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

DAMPHOUSSE (CONT'D)

They won't keep a squadron of officers together during peacetime. It was only the severe personnel shortage that kept us together...like this.

WANG

It was much more that held us together.

Damphousse nods, softly smiles.

DAMPHOUSSE

You think...you think we'd have been friends if we met in other circumstances? Would we hang out together?

(beat)

Will we be friends after the war is over?

Cooper appears most effected by this question.

WANG

Definately.

(X)

Shane appears troubled, as if she knows the truth but is reluctant to speak it. She catches Hawkes looking at her with an expression challenging her to state what she knows.

SHANE

My dad said he was never closer to anybody than a group of guys he went through Boot with.

(beat)

Eight weeks later they all got their orders, went different ways...and he never really heard from any again.

(pause)

One of them attended his funeral.

(X)

(X)

An uncomfortable pause...

NATHAN

We could request to stay together. I bet they let it slide because of our war record.

(X)

DAMPHOUSSE

I'd do it.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: (2)

7

WANG

In a second.

Shane nods, then looks to Cooper for the final confirmation. Cooper averts his eyes to the flight deck.

COOPER

If this crap is really over. If the Peace holds...my sentence is up.

(eyes the others)

I'd be free to go home.

Everyone pauses, the breakup of the group apparent. And yet...each reflects their envy. Wang is willing to confess...

WANG

I'd do that in a second too.

As the comrades...as the family...look to one another, each in subtle agreement...

CUT TO:

8 INT. ATMOSPHERIC CHAMBER - SARATOGA - DAY

8

The visible air of the chamber wafts before the Chig envoy standing in a corner of the room. O.S., the HISS of a door indicates its opened.

RABWIN

Alien Interpretation Unit chief RABWIN enters the room in an atmospheric suit. He walks INTO A CLOSE UP as he eyes the enemy, before moving to a small laptop on a table.

Rabwin punches some keys on the notebook.

THE CHIG ENVOY

moves cautiously to a translator box and monitor to study the message.

INSERT - MONITOR

on the video screen appear words with a very fractal structure, alien and, to us, unknowable.

CHIG

As it looks away from the monitor, as if unsure...

CUT TO:

9 INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY - CLOSE - LIDAR

9

Two enemy mother ships and five support craft appear as flashing blips holding steady on the LIDAR SCREEN.

RABWIN

underlit by the pale green light of the screen, makes him as ominous and creepy as the Chig. He wears a set of headphones, covering both ears as he works at the control panel.

WIDER

The air is tense as Admiral Stenner, General Alcott, and Mr. Schaffner are gathered behind Rabwin. McQueen and Ross stand on the platform above, watching.

RABWIN

Per your request, Admiral...the Alien envoy alleges this transmission will alter the enemy battle group one hundred kilometers, laterally, as a display of the envoy's validity.

ALCOTT

As far as we know, it could be an attack code.

The anxiety intensifies.

ROSS

Place all ships on alert.

After a tense, short sigh...

STENNER

Go ahead, Major.

Rabwin engages some buttons, emitting unfamiliar RADIO TRANSMISSIONS. Lower end, CLICKS AND WHISTLES. After a few beats...the command center waits in silence.

(X)

INSERT - LIDAR SCREEN

The flashing enemy battle group holds for a few tense beats...then begins to move...a half an inch in a lateral position...and holds.

WIDER

Rabwin turns and eyes the command.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

RABWIN  
It's for real.

CUT TO:

10 INT. BUNK ROOM - NIGHT

10

The 58th squadron lie in their beds, each on their backs with a pillow over their faces, except Cooper. Hawkes shrugs apologetically.

COOPER  
Sorry, man, its that weird  
cabbage they serve in the Mess.

With his pillow still over his face...

WANG  
I won't miss Hawkes' aggressive  
flatulence.

Damphousse lifts her pillow, a bit.

DAMPHOUSSE  
Clear on your Six.

They all return for air. McQueen enters, squints.

MCQUEEN  
That cabbage was good wasn't it,  
Hawkes?

COOPER  
(to the others)  
Its an In Vitro thing.

MCQUEEN  
Wanted to bring you up to date.  
The envoy looks legit. Each side  
will now present the other with  
a list of criteria to be met  
before negotiations begin.

(X)  
(X)

He looks to Nathan.

MCQUEEN (CONT'D)  
Including a list of Vesta and  
Tellus colony prisoners,

Nathan feels a pit in his stomach.

MCQUEEN (CONT'D)  
It looks good.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

This is welcomed, yet increases the anxiety level.

DAMPHOUSSE

Sir, you saw it. What does a  
Chig look like?

MCQUEEN

Admiral Stenner doesn't want it  
talked about, so I won't.

Everyone is disappointed.

WANG

Colonel...what will you do if the  
war is over?

MCQUEEN

Well...I'll find a place,  
alone...and ask forgiveness for  
the lives I have taken. Then  
I'd...

(pause, considers)

pull out my accordion, get naked  
and polka around the flight deck.

SHANE

Pray for war.

DAMPHOUSSE

Did you know Coop's sentence is  
up?

COOPER

I can go home.

Beat, as McQueen looks to him, surprised and not happy.

(X)

MCQUEEN

To what?

Cooper cannot answer. McQueen eyes him, then eases by placing  
a hand on Hawkes' shoulder.

MCQUEEN

Enjoy each other's company. You  
may not be together much longer.

McQueen exits. Everyone turns out the lights. In the  
darkness...

DAMPHOUSSE

At least we leave each other,  
this way, because of Peace...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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10 CONTINUED: (2)

10

DAMPHOUSSE (Cont'd)  
than leaving each other... the  
way War does it.

WANG  
I'll miss you guys. But I'm glad  
it's over.

(X)  
(X)

NATHAN

looks to the photo of he and Kylen taped on his bunk.

SHANE

from her bunk, she sees him.

SHANE  
Excpet for Nathan. Even if the  
war ends...

NATHAN

as he looks at the photo...

SHANE (CONT'D)  
... its not over.

He subtly acknowledges this truth. He lies his head on the  
pillow. The photo watching over him.

CUT TO:

11 OMITTED

11 (X)

12 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - SARATOGA - DAY - CLOSE - PAPER

12

A document ENTERS FRAME, taken by Commodore Ross.

RABWIN (O.S.)  
This is the enemy envoy's  
response to our list of demands.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

WIDER

Ross looks at the paper, but only for a moment as he hands it off to Admiral Stenner so as to not SNEEZE over it. The Commodore's not looking too good.

RABWIN  
Gesundheit, sir.  
(beat)  
It wants the Chief Executive  
Officer of Aerotech, E. Alan  
Wayne to attend the Peace talks.

The military men look at each other as if "that's an odd request." Stenner looks to Ross.

STENNER  
Get on it.

Rabwin produces another piece of paper.

RABWIN  
To meet our first demand...here  
are the colonials held in enemy  
captivity. The writing is in the  
hostages' own hand. They've  
agreed that the moment the peace  
talks commence, we may transfer  
them to an ISSAPC and return to  
the Saratoga.

The Admiral takes the list and studies it, he nods.

STENNER  
Well, gentlemen, our enemy is  
cooperating. Maybe this thing is  
for real.

Rabwin eyes the Admiral and nods, a bit forced...his thoughts  
and plans elsewhere.

CUT TO:

13 OMITTED -  
14 OMITTED -  
15 OMITTED -  
16 OMITTED -

13  
14  
15  
16



17 INT. REC ROOM - DAY

17

The Marines are hanging out in the rec room, most having their morning coffee, including McQueen.

A staff sergeant, PARKER, enters with a photocopied list and pins it to the bulletin board.

PARKER  
West, here it is...they've  
published the list of surviving  
colonial hostages.

Parker exits. Every member of the 58th looks to Nathan who takes a deep breath. They are as tense as West. Nathan stands and moves to the board.

CAMERA FOLLOWS, pausing as he reaches the board, then FOLLOWS (X)  
his hand as he begins to search the names. CAMERA MOVES IN  
CLOSE TO THE LIST...

"Russell Ketteringham." "Michael Bowman." "Deborah Brown."  
"Jill Ausbury..." "Kylan Celina." Nathan's finger pauses,  
trembling slightly.

NATHAN

The relief is overwhelming. (X)

WIDER

No words need be said. The squadron reacts with "Cheers and Hoo-Yahs." Even McQueen smiles.

Nathan's tone turns...as if something concerns him. He looks (X)  
to McQueen.

NATHAN  
Is it really going to happen?

MCQUEEN  
As soon as E. Alan Wayne arrives  
and the talks begin, the  
prisoners are to be...

NATHAN  
No. No...I don't mean those  
details. The Chig, down in the  
hold...you've seen it. What is  
your feeling? Is this a lie?

McQueen understands and can't hide his doubts. He tries to  
articulate.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

MCQUEEN

So far, its actions have been  
honorable...but...I'll admit,  
West...there is something about  
it...when you look at it...

He struggles, wanting to describe.

MCQUEEN

I can't tell you.

NATHAN

Sir, I need to know.

McQueen considers, then tries to scoot around it while  
describing his feelings.

MCQUEEN

I get a lot from people...  
looking in their eyes. Hell,  
even an animal. You look into a  
dog's eyes and have a good idea  
if its going to bite you. But  
that Chig...its eyes are so  
black. Empty and yet  
brilliant...

(X)

(X)

An uneasy feeling sweeps over the 58th as this description  
sounds familiar.

WANG

What...does the rest of it look  
like? We won't say nothin'.

McQueen hesitates... considers... then sighs...

MCQUEEN

Almost a human shaped  
head...whitish/pink skin...gills  
below the neck...

The Marines blood turn ice cold. They eye one another,  
horrified. Shane can't look at the colonel.

SHANE

Is the lower jaw set back? A  
spiral olfactory canal?

McQueen is stunned, yet doesn't suspect anything severe.

MCQUEEN

Who told you?

Once again they eye each other, fearing the worst.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (2)

17

SHANE  
Colonel...I need to see it.

CUT TO:

18 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

18

The surveillance monitor is in the f.g., back to CAMERA as the door opens. McQueen marches toward the set followed by Vansen. The colonel turns on the monitor. CAMERA PUSHES IN, PAST THE MONITOR, QUICKLY INTO VANSSEN as he expression numbs.

INSERT - MONITOR

The Chig stands in the room. Clearly it is the same life form as the creature the 58th did not believe was the enemy.

VANSSEN AND MCQUEEN

She summons the strength to confess...

SHANE  
We told it...

MCQUEEN  
Told it what? How could you...

SHANE  
On "Anvil." We believed it was the last of a species that would be destroyed by "Operation Roundhammer"...and we told it.

McQueen's expression is of intense shock and anger. Vansen tenses as she looks once again to the monitor.

MONITOR - CLOSE - THE CHIG ENVOY

sits, blank... expressionless...

SHANE (O.S.)  
The enemy knows our battle plans.  
and waiting for our next move...

FADE OUT:

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

19 EXT. SARATOGA - NIGHT

19

From the darkness of Space appears an Inter Solar System Armored Personnel Carrier. The lights of the Sarotoga's landing pad strobe, directing the craft to touch down.

20 INT. LOADING BAY - ISSAPC - NIGHT

20

Gases rise before the door which opens with a HISS. Two ASSISTANTS wearing blue Aerotech flight suits and ties, have a look around before exiting.

Stepping into the threshold is the cherubic CEO of Aerotech, E. (X) ALAN WAYNE. He is charismatic and friendly. On the young side, for being the head of the world's largest corporation. Two SENTRIES approach.

SENTRY

Mr. WAYNE, welcome to the USS Saratoga. May we escort you to your quarters?

WAYNE

Boys, boys...sure sure.

WAYNE places a dime in each of the guards hands.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

That's a Roosevelt dime. Minted 2015, the year they stopped makin' 'em and the year Aerotech was incorporated. Treat yourselves.

The guards smile, charmed. WAYNE gestures "lead the way." The guards move toward the white room, but are stalled by several reporters who appear from the white room. They approach Grodon with microphones and memo recorders.

REPORTER

Mr. WAYNE, can you give us Aerotech's posture on the Peace talks?

WAYNE assumes a firm expression, working the press just right.

WAYNE

Our posture is...an angry one. The brave, peace-loving heroes of Vesta and Tellus were more than just colonists, they were family.  
(more)

(CONTINUED)

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20 CONTINUED:

20

WAYNE (Cont'd)  
Their unprovoked massacre will  
not be quickly forgotten nor  
forgiven.

WAYNE gestures "thank you" and moves off, the reporters, in  
turn, thanking him for his time.

CUT TO:

21 INT. ORIENTATION ROOM - NIGHT- CLOSE STENNER

21

The Admiral is furious.

STENNER  
Imagine if on the morning of June  
6th 1944, we gave the Nazis a  
call informing them the Allies  
were landing on Omaha beach.

THE 58TH

stand at attention, sweating the chewing out. Alcott and Ross  
are in the b.g., pacing.

STENNER  
You're suppose to be the best  
there is. WHAT THE HELL COULD  
YOU HAVE BEEN THINKING?!

SHANE  
Sir, we believed an encounter  
with an unknown extra-terrestrial  
form to be the sole remaining...

STENNER  
I don't care what you thought.  
THERE IS NO EXCUSE FOR WHAT YOU  
HAVE DONE.

Ross dabs his nose with a handkerchief. He agrees with Stenner  
and yet is protective of the squadron.

ROSS  
Admiral, no doubt this is a  
colossal MCF...but it does flush  
out the motives of the enemy's  
sudden peace initiative.

ALCOTT  
Right, it indicates they know  
we'd kick their ass if we landed.  
(more)

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

ALCOTT (Cont'd)  
We should strike now and put them  
away.

ROSS  
Or its a stall while they double  
back troops to "Anvil." Its one  
or the other.

(X)  
(X)  
(X)

ALCOTT  
Either scenario, we go in now!  
Achieve peace "our" way.

MCQUEEN  
Sir, to atone, may I volunteer  
the 58th to monitor enemy troop  
movements...

(X)  
(X)

STENNER  
YOU PEOPLE DON'T KNOW THE ENEMY  
WHEN YOU SEE IT! NO! NO!  
Request denied. You're out of  
this war...

ROSS  
Admiral, this squadron is the  
finest...

STENNER (CONT'D)  
Pending disciplinary action.  
(beat)  
You are confined to quarters.  
Now get out of my sight.

Maintaining a professional air and posture, the 58th turn and  
march out of the room.

Ross watches them leave, shattered. He fights back a sneeze,  
but loses. AH-CHOO!

CUT TO:

22 INT. VISITOR'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

22

This room is small. Smaller that McQueen's quarters. It is  
bare boned. A small desk lamp is the only light.

The door opens. One of the sentries places WAYNE's suitcase  
into the room and gestures, "all ready."

E. Alan Wayne enters and looks about, forcing a smile.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

WAYNE

Whatta we got here? The mice are  
hunchbacked option, I see. Very  
civilized.

The sentry looks up embarrassed and apologetic. WAYNE cuts him  
short with an "I was only kidding" gesture and forces a laugh.  
WAYNE hands the sentry a Roosevelt dime and pats him on the  
back. The Sentry exits, closing the door.

WAYNE holds at the door, back to CAMERA. His physical turn  
also brings one of personality. His real self. His face is  
tense, suspicious..and as he moves into the room INTO a LOW  
ANGLE CLOSE UP...very mean.

WAYNE

Why am I here?

Initially, this seems addressed to himself until, with a  
quarter turn of his head, it appears someone else is in the  
room...prearranged.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

What do the Chigs want with me?

A dark figure sits in the corner.

RABWIN

This is a strange one, sir.  
Unlike any of the others. Just  
sits there. Doesn't want to give  
anything away.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

Wayne considers, dark. Hiding.

(X)

WAYNE

These..."peace talks;"  
legitamite?

(X)

RABWIN

My guess...

(X)

Wayne shoots him a subtle glare, impatient with "guesses."

RABWIN (CONT'D)

No. They have all the  
advantages. They're up to  
something.

(X)

(X)

WAYNE

And...do they know anything  
more...than they already do?

(X)

Rabwin is uncomfortable at not having an answer.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (2)

22

RABWIN  
Frankly, Mr. Wayne...they already  
know all they need to know.

(X)

Wayne looks out the window, nods tensely..."true."

(X)

WAYNE  
Will they use it?

(X)

RABWIN  
(careful)  
You know they will.

(X)

(X)

With a restrained intentionally emotionless intensity...

(CONTINUED)



3S22 "... Tell Our Moms We Done Our Best" 4/4/96 23.

22 CONTINUED: (4)

22

WAYNE

Well, you're paid to tell me what  
I don't know.

(beat)

Now, get out of my face. You're  
fired.

(X)

CUT TO:

23 OMITTED

23

24 INT. BUNK ROOM - DAY

24

The 58th hang out in their room, including McQueen. All are  
depressed and anxious.

WANG

Looks like we might be joining  
you as civilians, Coop.

SHANE

After all we've been though...to  
be drummed out in peacetime...

Ross enters the room.

NATHAN

Atten-hut.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

ROSS

As you were.

(beat)

Colonel...the "lab coats" tell me because of this cold, my attendance at the peace talks could potentially endanger our enemy.

(sighs)

My request to Admiral Stenner, who remains furious, was that you attend as representative of the Saratoga.

(beat)

He acquiesced, pending a physical and a green light from the Docs.

Although remaining down and embarrassed, the Wild Cards feel honor for McQueen.

(X)  
(X)

MCQUEEN

I'd be proud, sir.

He extends a hand but Ross can't shake it.

ROSS

My whole life I've wanted to participate in an historic moment such as this and I'm sidelined with a damn cold. If I shake your hand...you may be saying the same thing.

MCQUEEN

Thank you, Commodore. It will be an honor to witness the construction of Peace, rather than participate in the destruction of war.

(beat)

Get some rest, sir.

And now, there's an odd portentous exchange between Ross and McQueen. They hold longer than need be. Unable to define it, Ross nods and moves off.

CUT TO:

25 INT. PEACE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY - CLOSE - CHIGS' HAND

25

in the enemy's gloved hand is a palm sized switch, similar to the device used by Stephen Hawking. O.S., a VOICE SYNTHESIZER operates, creating a broken...somewhat eerie...tone.

SYNTHESIZER (O.S.)  
Our...intent..

CLOSE - MONITOR

similar to a software program known as "Equalizer," a cursor moves across highlighted enemy symbols which are "clicked" and then translated via computer and sounded via voice synthesizer.

SYNTHESIZER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
is...peace...

CLOSE - COMPUTER/VOICE SYNTHESIZER

in the glass booth.

SYNTHESIZER (CONT'D)  
through...understanding.

ALIEN ENVOY

sits in the glass booth. Its face and head are exposed, however the rest of the body is covered by the familiar enemy armor.

(X)  
(X)

WIDER

The Earth representatives are assembled at the conference table. Admiral Stenner, General Alcott and Mister Schaffner. McQueen is at the far end of the table. Armed Sentries are positioned at the door. E. ALAN WAYNE is at the far end of the table.

MCQUEEN  
Gentlemen...  
(to the enemy)  
Ambassador.  
(to the meeting)  
It had been predetermined that at  
this time, the surviving Tellus  
and Vesta colonials...

CAMERA PUSHES IN ON E. ALAN WAYNE, studying the Chig, suspiciously.

(CONTINUED)

3S22 "... Tell Our Moms We Done Our Best" 4/4/96 26.

25 CONTINUED:

25

MCQUEEN (CONT'D)  
All of whom have been safely  
transferred to an ISSAPC and are  
holding on celestial body 2064R,  
may be granted permission to  
return to the Saratoga.

SYNTHESIZER  
Agreed.

McQueen engages a switch on a nearby small radio.

MCQUEEN  
Conference room to Command  
Center...transmit the code  
provided by the Ambassador...

26 INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

26

Pruitt sits at the control panel.

PRUITT  
Roger that.

He engages some buttons and transmits the odd CLICKS and  
WHISTLES.

27 INT. BUNK ROOM - DAY

27

The 58th listens to the proceedings being broadcast throughout  
the ship. CAMERA PUSHES IN ON NATHAN as...

PRUITT (V.O.)  
ISSAPC "homeward Bound" confirms  
take-off. The colonials are on  
their way.

(X)  
(X)

Hold on Nathan before...

28 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

28

McQueen looks to the enemy.

MCQUEEN  
Thank you, Ambassador.

SCHAFFNER  
Let us, as we say, Ambassador,  
take your lead...toward an  
"understanding."  
(more)

(CONTINUED)

3S22 "... Tell Our Moms We Done Our Best" 4/4/96 27.

28 CONTINUED:

28

SCHAFFNER (Cont'd)

(beat)

Every person on Earth wants to  
hear why hundreds of, frankly,  
innocent lives were taken by the  
attack on the Vesta and Tellus  
colonies.

A long tense pause...as the envoy "clicks" the translator.

SYNTHESIZER

Ask...Mister...Wayne.

All eyes turn quizzically toward the CEO, who reacts with  
subtle restrained shock and appall.

29 INT. BUNK ROOM - DAY

(X)  
29

As Nathan and the 58th listen...

SYNTHESIZER (CONT'D) (O.S.)

He knew... we were there.

Nathan has heard this before, but the confirmation sickens him.

30 INT. PEACE TALK CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

30

McQueen looks to the opposite end of the table toward WAYNE.

WAYNE

The only thing I know now...of  
what I knew before...is the  
Chig's capacity for lies.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

(X)

SYTHNESIZER

Our moon...

The room turns quiet, looks to the ambassador. What is especially eerie, is that although the words are angry, the synthesizer maintains a calm.

SYNTHESIZER (CONT'D)

where you were...to invade with  
"Round-hammer"...is sacred.

The enemy looks about, somewhat angry, somewhat sad.

SYNTHESIZER (CONT'D)

Where our life... began. It is  
still...where we go... to be  
born.

(beat)

An Aero-tech...unmanned probe...a  
soft-ware glitch... caused it to  
land on this moon. Correct?

WAYNE

Contact with that probe was lost  
hours after...

SYNTHESIZER

We dest-royed it...after trans-  
mitting a warning. To stay away.

The Earth representatives look to WAYNE, feeling the heat, but staying cool.

WAYNE

There was an unintelligible blast  
of radio static...

SYNTHESIZER

1.42 Giga-hertz. Repeatedly  
pulsed. Fifty times  
stronger...than cosmic back-  
ground emissions.

(beat)

SETI...has searched for... this  
over 100...Earth years.

(beat)

You knew.

The room is tense.

(CONTINUED)

3S22 "... Tell Our Moms We Done Our Best" 4/4/96 28A.

30 CONTINUED: (2)

30

WAYNE  
You claim to have sent a signal.  
One we can't decipher.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: (3)

30

WAYNE (Cont'd)  
Even if this lie, is true. We  
settled 2 billion miles away.

(X)

(X)

SYNTHESIZER  
The warning defined...our  
territory.

WAYNE  
How can you lay sole claim to the  
Universe?

SYNTHESIZER  
How can you... claim the Earth?

WAYNE  
It's our home. We originated  
there.

SYNTHESIZER  
(Pause)  
So...did...we.

The room is stunned.

31 INT. BUNK ROOM - DAY

31

The 58th react, puzzled. Awaiting clarification...

32 INT. PEACE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

32

CAMERA MOVES ABOUT THE ENEMY as he clicks the computer.

SYNTHESIZER  
A hundred thousand years  
ago...like you...do now, we  
searched for...our origins.  
Unfamiliar minerals  
were...discovered...on our sacred  
moon. It was de-ter-mined...to  
be cosmic debris...from a planet  
impacted by a comet. This  
was...before there was life.

(pause)  
We searched...for  
centuries...found the  
closest...planet with the exact  
mineral composition... to be  
Earth.

(X)

(X)

(X)

The room is riveted. Wayne turns his head away, impatient.

(CONTINUED)



32 CONTINUED:

32

SYNTHESIZER

Testing Earth life forms...  
proved to match... our genetic  
sequencing with the exception...  
of the protein... cytochrome  
"c." Which Earth life... uses  
with oxygen.

(X)

(X)

(beat)

We can prove... early amino  
acids... on Earth... were a part  
of debris... which landed on...  
our moon.

(X)

(X)

(beat)

And our life began... evolved  
differently... faster. We are  
from... the same place.

(X)

(X)

(beat)

We... believe... Aero-tech knows.

33 INT. BUNK ROOM - DAY

33

The young pilots are silent. They silently look to one another  
as if "do you believe it?"

34 INT. ROSS' QUARTERS - DAY

34

(This is just his bed against two walls) Ross lies on his bed,  
listening... considering...

35 INT. PEACE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

35

Silence. Wayne can clearly see and feel that the envoy's  
bombshell has been effective. He stands and moves around the  
table, taking the floor.

WAYNE

Let me remind everyone that is  
totally hypothetical,  
unsubstantiated and goes against  
all the scientific evidence  
Aerotech, we... humans, have  
gathered.

SYNTHESIZER

We can... prove it.

(X)

WAYNE

(to others)

Who are we to believe, us or  
them?

(CONTINUED)

3S22 "... Tell Our Moms We Done Our Best" 4/4/96 30A.

35 CONTINUED:

35

SYNTHESIZER  
We are you.

(CONTINUED)

3S22 "... Tell Our Moms We Done Our Best" 4/4/96 31.

35 CONTINUED: (2)

35

WAYNE  
YOU, ARE MURDEROUS. YOU ARE  
BLOODTHIRSTY...

SYNTHESIZER  
We...have watched you...while you  
were in caves...

Wayne moves toward the glass booth, furious, defensive and aggressive.

MCQUEEN

sits up, prepared to pull WAYNE back.

WAYNE AND ENVOY

As Wayne moves closer to the booth, firing an accusing finger.  
The exchange overlaps.

WAYNE (CONT'D)  
BARBAROUS...TREACHEROUS..

SYNTHESIZER (CONT'D)  
That...is all...Earth... has ever  
been...

(X)  
(X)

WAYNE (CONT'D)  
THAT SHOULD BE DESTROYED...

SYNTHESIZER (CONT'D)  
That is why...we told you...to  
stay away...to get away...

(X)

WAYNE (CONT'D)  
EVERY LAST MONSTROUS CHIG!

With lightning speed, the envoy leaps up, SMASHING through the glass. The envoy grabs Wayne as clouds of ammonia gas flood into the room.

The humans begin to gag and choke on the concentrated gas.

MCQUEEN

leaps over the table.

ENVOY AND WAYNE

The alien removes a concealed knife from its suit and begins to violently stab Wayne repeatedly. The CEO SCREAMS with PAIN.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (3)

35

MCQUEEN

moves quickly, CHOKING, to a collapsed sentry. The Colonel pulls the sentry's sidearm. McQueen races toward...

ENVOY, WAYNE AND MCQUEEN

The Chig continues to stab Wayne. McQueen races up to them. The Chig sees McQueen raise the weapon to its head.

The Chig reaches up and pulls the horn on its chest plate.

The Alien EXPLODES. The FLAME ENGULFING CAMERA!

36 INT. ROSS' QUARTERS - DAY

36

CAMERA RACES INTO ROSS, on his back, as he raises his body upon his elbows. His expression horrified.

37 INT. BUNK ROOM - DAY

37

The SCREAMS from the conference room are heard until giving way to STATIC. CAMERA SWEEPS INTO THE 58th, stunned.

38 INT. PEACE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

38

The Chig envoy, Wayne, Stenner and Alcott are dead as the surviving members SCREAM with SHOCK and PAIN...

Including McQueen, who has been thrown against a wall. His leg, from two inches below the right knee is gone. His head twitches, convulsing with shock.

As his SCREAMS CONTINUE...

FADE OUT

END ACT TWO

3S22 "... Tell Our Moms We Done Our Best" 4/4/96 33.

ACT THREE

The key word here; "pace." Fast. Intense.

(X)

39 INT. CORRIDOR - SARATOGA - DAY

39

Like the scene of any disaster, chaos. Medics and corpsmen race the wounded out of the room on gurneys. Coroners wheel out the mortally wounded in body bags.

(X)

Fire brigade and explosives experts try to cut through to secure the area, extinguishing small fires in the corridor.

Commodore Ross marches into the corridor, in command but rattled. Ross stops a sentry running down the corridor.

ROSS

HOW DID THIS HAPPEN?! WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?!

SENTRY

Sir, it seems the Chig's sole objective was to assassinate Alan Wayne.

ROSS

ANSWER MY QUESTION! HOW COULD IT GET A BOMB IN THERE?! WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?! WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?!

And on those words, McQueen is wheeled out of the room. His skin is white, sweating. He is unconscious. Ross is frozen with guilt as he watches the colonel raced to the ship's O.R.

Ross appears to settle, then quietly...almost to nobody...

ROSS

All ships to Def-Con three.  
Alert ISSAPC "Homeward Bound" and  
escort squadron immediately...

As Ross looks around at all the demolished hopes for Peace...

CUT TO:

40 EXT. SPACE - DAY

40

A squadron of Hammerheads SCREECH INTO FRAME, escorting an ISSAPC.

(X)

(X)

41 INT. COCKPIT - ISSAPC - DAY

41

CAPTAIN WALLACE AND SIMS pilot the ISSAPC. Suddenly, OVER THE RADIO...

PRUITT (V.O.)

Saratoga to Homeward Bound.  
There has been an Executive  
Action onboard. Advise... you  
are on red alert. Repeat...red  
alert. Enemy may engage in  
retaliatory strike on hostages.

SIMS

Speak of the devil...we got a  
mess-a-bogeys 50msks. Closing.  
Twelve o'clock High.

(X)

42 OMITTED

42

43 EXT. SPACE - DAY

43

A squadron of enemy fighters SWOOP down OUT OF THE TOP OF FRAME  
toward the hostage escort.

(X)  
(X)

44 EXT. ISSAPC - DAY

44

Battle guns rise from the rear of the craft.

45 OMITTED

45

- 46 EXT. SPACE - DAY 46
- The squadron of Chig fighters FIRE the first shots. They (X)  
scramble and buzz the Hammerheads. The stars are filled with (X)  
weapons fire. It is intense mass chaos.
- ISSAPC GUNS
- FIRE! BAM! BAM! BAM!
- TWO CHIG FIGHTERS
- ERUPT!
- A HAMMERHEAD
- is attacked by enemy attack craft. The SA-43 EXPLODES. (X)
- 47 INT. ISSAPC COCKPIT - DAY 47
- Wallace and Sims battle for control as the ship buffets and  
rocks. Planes and WEAPONS FIRE BUZZ outside the cockpit.
- 48 INT. ISSAPC PASSENGER AREA - DAY 48
- Sparks fly as the ship takes a hit. The lights go out. The  
colonists SCREAM. We don't get a good look at them as red  
emergency lights kick in.
- BATTLE STATION
- A weapons SPECIALIST operates the APC's cannons.
- 49 EXT. ISSAPC - DAY - THE REAR CANNONS 49
- FIRE!
- 50 EXT. SPACE - DAY - AN ENEMY PLANE 50
- takes the cannon BLAST. Gone.
- 51 EXT. SPACE - EXTREMELY WIDE 51
- The furball is large and intense. Attack jets from both sides  
are DESTROYED.
- 52 OMITTED 52

3S22 "... Tell Our Moms We Done Our Best" 4/4/96 36.

53 OMITTED  
54 OMITTED  
55 OMITTED

53  
54  
55

56 INT. ISSAPC - COCKPIT - DAY

56

Watson and Sims jink through the debris.

WALLACE  
Final bandit two o'clock low!

(X)

57 EXT. ISSAPC - LOWER CANNON - DAY

57

quickly swivels, aims down, FIRES!

58 EXT. SPACE - DAY

58

CAMERA IS ON THE CHIG's WING, spinning upwards toward the APC, dodging the weapons fire. The enemy RETURNS FIRE as it BUZZES the APC. It scores an indirect hit on the APC below the cockpit area.

59 INT. ISSAPC - DAY

59

Sparks fly as the pilots are thrown back and killed.

60 EXT. ISSAPC - TOP CANNON - DAY

60

AS IF CAMERA was mounted on its turret...FIRES. In the distance, the final plane...of either side, ERUPTS.



3S22 "... Tell Our Moms We Done Our Best" 4/12/96 37.

61 INT. ISSAPC - PASSENGER AREA - DAY

61

Even the emergency lights go out. The colonists are silhouettes against the portholes. It is eerily silent.

62 EXT. SPACE - DAY

62

The furball is over as quickly as it began. All that remains is the disabled ISSAPC...floating...helplessly...in Space. WE HOLD a moment on the SILENCE...

CUT TO:

63 INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY -

63 (X)

Ross paces the command platform on the bridge. Time is of the essence.

ROSS

(X)

The "Homeward Bound" APC is disabled, positioned mid range between the Saratoga and the enemy's position.

(X)

(X)

He turns and barks an order to an ensign at the control panel.

(CONTINUED)

3S22 "... Tell Our Moms We Done Our Best" 4/12/96 38.

63 CONTINUED:

63

ROSS (CONT'D)  
Alert the 59th Ready Reserves  
squadron, inform Captain Peng  
he's to have his people ready to  
fly escort in ten mikes.

(X)

Ross pauses, considers, but can't shake his gut feeling...

ROSS (CONT'D)  
Belay my last... I want the 58th  
pulling rescue.

(X)

ENGINEER  
(a reminder)  
Sir, Admiral Stenner had confined  
them...

Ross turns, SNAPPING at the Engineer.

ROSS  
SHUFFLE UP THE WILD CARDS AND  
DEAL 'EM!

CUT TO:

64 INT. HALLWAY - SARATOGA - DAY - CLOSE - WILD CARDS EMBLEM

64

on the door to the bunk room. The hatch opens REVEALING  
Nathan, geared up and wearing a severe game face. He moves  
out, followed by Hawkes, Vansen, Damphousse and Wang. All  
carry expressions hell bent on redemption.

HALLWAY - CLOSE - FLIGHT HELMETS

tucked beneath their arms, the wild cards pass CAMERA. King of  
Hearts. Jack of Spades. Queen of Diamonds. Ace of Hearts.  
Joker.

65 INT. LOADING BAY/ISSAPC - DAY

65

The FRAME IS BLACK as O.S., the hydraulic door pounds open with  
a HISS. The 58th load into the vehicle, single file, from the  
loading bay.

66 INT. CARGO BAY - ISSAPC - DAY

66

Without a word, they each crisply move to an assigned area.

DAMPHOUSSE

fires up the radio.

(CONTINUED)

3S22 "... Tell Our Moms We Done Our Best" 4/4/96 39.

66 CONTINUED:

66

HAWKES

secures himself into the battle station, hitting switches.

WANG

CAMERA PUSHES IN ON WANG as he loads the side machine guns.

67 EXT. SARATOGA - DAY

67

The ISSAPC passenger fuselage rises up, inserting into the wings and cockpit.

68 INT. ISSAPC - COCKPIT - DAY

68

The cockpit doors open. West and Vansen enter with their wild card helmets. They move directly into the flight seats and ready for take off.

VANSEN

Main engine gimbal complete.

(X)

WEST

H2 Tank pressurization - okay.

(X)

VANSEN

Master Arms switch. Safe.

69 EXT. SARATOGA - ISSAPC

69

The ISSAPC ENGINES angrily IGNITE and the craft rises off the pad, slowly lifting up and rotating away from the Spacecraft Carrier.

70 INT. COCKPIT - ISSAPC

70

As West guides the craft away from the Saratoga, a call comes in over the RADIO...

PRUITT (V.O.)

Saratoga to Wild Cards...be  
advised. Confirmed Enemy  
squadron 750KMSKs out...

(X)

71 INT. COMMAND CENTER - SARATOGA - DAY

71

Pruitt looks at the LIDAR on the control panel.

(CONTINUED)

3S22 "... Tell Our Moms We Done Our Best" 4/4/96 40.

71 CONTINUED:

71

PRUITT (CONT'D)  
from position of "Homeward Bound"  
and closing hard.

INSERT - LIDAR

The position of the disabled ISSAPC is an equal-distance from the Saratoga and the approaching enemy aircraft.

72 INT. COCKPIT - ISSAPC - DAY

72

Vansen engages the radio.

VANSEN  
Roger that, Saratoga.

She looks to Nathan.

NATHAN  
Let's go get her.

(X)  
(X)

73 EXT. HANGAR BAYS - SARATOGA - DAY

73

The 59th Ready Reserves squadron file out of the hangar bays.

74 EXT. SPACE - DAY

74

The ISSAPC begins its mission. The 59th fighter escort intercepts the Armored Personnel Carrier and the rescue mission TEARS off into Space.

CUT TO:

75 EXT. "HOMEWARD BOUND" ISSAPC - SPACE - DAY

75

The disabled craft floats in Space. Silent and alone.

76 INT. "HOMEWARD BOUND" ISSAPC - DAY

76

The interior of the craft is pitch black except for spill light in the portholes. The colonists, silhouettes really, pass before the windows. In the darkness, soft dreadful crying.

The WEAPONS SPECIALIST POUNDS on the cockpit door. (We can't really see him)

(CONTINUED)

3S22 "... Tell Our Moms We Done Our Best" 4/4/96 41.

76 CONTINUED:

76

WEAPONS SPECIALIST  
If we could get to the cockpit,  
I could reboot the auxiliary  
power, but I can't open the hatch  
without an external battery.

A pause.

WEAPONS SPECIALIST (CONT'D)  
We can only...sit and wait.

(X)

Total silence falls over the Personnel carrier.

Then, slowly...a GERMAN COLONIST rises, as if witnessing a  
miracle. His stretches outward toward a porthole.

GERMAN COLONIST  
There...in the sky...

The silhouettes rise and turn toward the window. Beyond them,  
beyond the window, several small dots appear...approaching.

77 EXT. SPACE - DAY

77

The fighter escort and ISSAPC THUNDER towards the helpless  
"Homeward Bound" ISSAPC.

78 INT. COCKPIT - ISSAPC - DAY - REVERSE

78

West and Vansen pilot the APC, the wounded ISSAPC lies in the  
distance.

WEST

CAMERA PUSHES in on him, maintaining his focus, yet he's so  
close. He slows the engines, kicks on the thrusters.

79 EXT. SPACE - DAY

79

The rescue escort slows with the aid of their thrusters and  
aerial maneuvers. "Hovering", The Hammerheads form a wide  
defensive circle around the disabled ISSAPC as the rescue  
ISSAPC begins to yaw on its "side."

80 INT. BATTLE STATION - ISSAPC - DAY

80

Damphousse sits at a station, VR goggles on her head. She  
works the controls.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED:

80

DAMPHOUSSE  
Poppin' a chub in  
three...two...one.

She engages a switch.

81 EXT. ISSAPC & "HOMEWARD BOUND" ISSAPC - DAY

81

The two vehicles are belly to belly. From the rescue ISSAPC appears a retractable tunnel, extending toward a docking hatch on the corresponding belly of the "Homeward Bound" APC.

82 INT. BATTLE STATION - ISSAPC - DAY

82

Damphousse works the controls.

DAMPHOUSSE'S POV - HOMEWARD BOUND DOCKING HATCH

markings are indicated inside the hatch which guides Damphousse. The tunnel inserts into the docking hatch with a thud.

83 INT. BATTLE STATION - ISSAPC

83

Damphousse is all business as...

DAMPHOUSSE  
Got it.

84 INT. COCKPIT - ISSAPC - DAY

84

Nathan immediately unbuckles his safety restraints. Over the RADIO...

CAPTAIN PENG (V.O.)  
Peng to Wild Cards...home base is  
advising escort squadron engage  
closing enemy squadron. We'll  
take 'em out and get 'em off your  
backs.

(X)  
(X)

Nathan gets up and moves to the cockpit doors and exits.

SHANE  
Roger that. We are proceeding  
with transfer and will return to  
home base. See you there, I'll  
buy the beer.

3S22 "... Tell Our Moms We Done Our Best" 4/4/96 43.

85 EXT. SPACE - DAY

85

The escort squadron fires its ROCKETS and tears off into Space to meet the enemy.

86 INT. BATTLE STATION - ISSAPC - DAY

86

Nathan hustles through the door and moves to the large circular transfer hatch in the battle station area. He grabs a flashlight.

NATHAN

This one's mine.

And everyone respects that. He enters the tube. Wang, Damphousse and Cooper look to one another. They make a fist and shake their hands.

WANG

Once-Twice-Dice-Shoot.

INSERT

The three hands flash INTO FRAME. Two "Paper" and one "scissors."

WANG

smiles as he raises his two "scissors" fingers INTO FRAME.

WANG

Maybe next time.

WIDER

Wang steps into the connecting hatch, taking an external power supply. (X)  
(X)

87 INT. EXTERIOR TRANSFER TUNNEL

87

Nathan crawls down the dark circular tunnel. Wang follows.

88 INT. "HOMEWARD BOUND ISSAPC" - BATTLE STATION - DAY

88

It's dark. The hatch begins to open, REVEALING two beams of light. Nathan appears underlit by the strong flashlight. His eyes are on the cargo area. He climbs out.

Wang follows, as Nathan holds shining the flashlight. Nathan suddenly wretches. Wang retracts, appalled.

WANG

God, what smells so rank?

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED:

88

In the darkness....a humiliated...flat VOICE.

COLONIST (O.S.)  
It's us.

The two Marines battle the foul smell as they swing their lights toward the cargo area.

#### CARGO AREA

The flashlights catch the faces of the colonists. They have clearly been treated like animals and are dirty and worn. Not just some smudge marks on their noses. Their hair is matted, their clothes are torn. Their faces blackened.

CAMERA PANS FROM ONE TO THE OTHER. They wear expressions of blank exhilaration. Their prayers have been answered.

NATHAN

moves along the aisle of the ISSAPC, his eyes searching from one colonist to the other. Their appearance is heartbreaking, but as he moves he seems to grow stronger.

COLONISTS

The flashlight beams move amongst them until, finally...there are no more.

NATHAN

pauses...not finding her, he tenses. Something catches his eye and he moves off.

NATHAN'S POV - COLONISTS

As he returns toward the bow of the ship, obscured by two standing colonists. A female colonist sits on a crate.

NATHAN

gently moves the colonists aside.

NATHAN'S POV - KLYEN

sits on the crate, head bowed. Her hand trembles as it pathetically tries to rub away the grime on her cheek. Her other hand futilely passes through her hair.

As she looks up, her blue eyes shine through the dirt.

NATHAN

reacts stoically until extending his hand toward her.

(CONTINUED)



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88 CONTINUED: (2)

88

KYLEN

lifts her hand toward Nathan's

CLOSE - HANDS

THE FRAME IS, at first BLACK, until the two hands appear and gently clasp together.

WIDER

Nathan's hand guides Kylene to her feet. He gently pulls her close. Neither cries. Neither smiles. He has found her.

CUT TO:

89 INT. COCKPIT - ISSAPC - DAY

89

Shane is monitoring the cockpit. OVER THE RADIO...a BLAST OF STATIC...then, the panicked VOICE of CAPTAIN PENG.

CAPTAIN PENG (V.O.)  
59th Reserve to Wild Cards.  
We're in a real hairy one. Kanga  
and Roo are down. Enemy is  
superior. Request...

CAMERA PUSHES IN ON VANSSEN as a BLAST OF CONTINUING STATIC states the obvious. She reaches out for the radio.

90 INT. HOMEWARD BOUND - ISSAPC - DAY

90

CAMERA SLOWLY PUSHES INTO NATHAN and KYLEN as they hold each other and INTO NATHAN'S CLOSE-UP, favoring the side he wears the radio.

SHANE (V.O.)  
Let's get our people out of  
there. We got Chig fighters  
500KMSKs out and closing fast.  
(beat)  
We're not home yet.

As Nathan's eyes open. There are not four more horrifying words.

FADE OUT:

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

91 EXT. RESCUE ISSAPC & "HOMEWARD BOUND" ISSAPC - 91

The two vehicles remain connected by the External Transfer Tunnel.

92 INT. RESCUE ISSAPC - DAY 92

Damphousse leans over INTO FRAME, extending a hand. A colonists hand grabs it and is lifted out of the docking hatch.

WIDER

It is clear nearly all the colonists have been transferred.

93 INT. COCKPIT - RESCUE ISSAPC - DAY 93

Vansen monitors the LIDAR.

SHANE

Gonna be raining Chigs in five mikes. Let's scramble.

94 INT. BATTLE STATION/HATCH - HOMEWARD BOUND ISSAPC - DAY 94

Nathan helps Kylen into the hatch. She looks to him, worried.

NATHAN

I'm right behind you.

She disappears into the tunnel. Nathan looks for Wang in the cargo area.

NATHAN

Wang, let's go!

95 INT. CARGO AREA - HOMEWARD BOUND ISSAPC - DAY 95

Wang has connected the external battery to a panel. He hits a switch and the ISSCV reluctantly returns to life.

WANG

Jumped her back! We can fly this bird home.

NATHAN

hesitates, he looks back at the transfer hatch.

(CONTINUED)

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95 CONTINUED:

95

WANG

knows he's looking to Kylen.

WANG

This will provide twice the  
weapons. She'll have a better  
chance of making it home.

(beat)

We all will.

As Nathan considers...

CUT TO:

96 EXT. SPACE - NIGHT

96

Several Chig fighters ENTER FRAME, streaking toward the two  
APCS in the far far distance. Also, in the distance lies a  
Mars sized planet.

97 INT. COCKPIT - RESCUE ISSAPC - DAY

97

Vansen readies the ship for take off and battle.

VANSEN

Wang. West, transfer. We gotta  
scramble.

98 INT. CARGO AREA - HOMEWARD BOUND - ISSAPC

98

Nathan looks to Wang, heading toward the battle stations.

WANG

You fly. I fight.

WEST

(into radio)

Captain, we're takin' this APC  
back. We're on your three.

99 INT. COCKPIT - RESCUE ISSAPC - DAY

99

Vansen hesitates...CAMERA CREEPS ON HER...a gut feeling.  
However...

VANSEN

Roger that. Hawkes - stations.  
'Phousse - shotgun.

3S22 "... Tell Our Moms We Done Our Best" 4/4/96 48.

100 INT. COCKPIT - HOMEWARD BOUND ISSAPC - DAY 100

Nathan flies into the cockpit, hops into the seat and begins firing up the spacecraft. Fans WHIR. ENGINES HUM.

101 INT. CARGO AREA - RESCUE ISSAPC - DAY 101

Cooper runs past the colonists toward the battle station.

COOPER

Strap yourselves in. The flight's gonna suck and we don't serve peanuts.

CUT TO:

102 EXT. SPACE - DAY 102

The engines of both vehicles FIRE UP! It takes a beat for physics to kick in but in a few seconds...they are gone. The planet 2063Y orbits straight ahead.

CHIG FIGHTERS

lose ground on their enemy as the two ships tear off.

103 INT. COCKPIT - HOMEWARD BOUND ISSAPC - DAY 103

Nathan reads over his controls.

NATHAN

Saratoga this is Ace of Spades...we are 425KMSKS out. Closing on planet 2063 Yankee. Bandits on our Six and closing.

104 EXT. SPACE - DAY 104

The Chig fighters are gaining, in range to FIRE.

105 INT. CARGO AREA - RESCUE ISSAPC - DAY 105

The ship takes a hit. The colonists are rocked in their seats. Sparks fly.

BATTLE STATIONS

Cooper opens FIRE!

COOPER

GET SOME! GET SOME!

3S22 "... Tell Our Moms We Done Our Best" 4/4/96 49.

106 EXT. BATTLE STATIONS - HOMEWARD BOUND ISSAPC - DAY 106

Wang works the joystick and trac ball. FIRES.

107 EXT. SPACE - DAY 107

The combined cannons of the two APCs tag one of the Chig attack jets. KA-BOOM!

The destroyed crafts support planes however, RETURN FIRE.

108 INT. BATTLE STATIONS - HOMEWARD BOUND ISSAPC - DAY 108

Sparks fly, CAMERA QUAKES, as Wang is knocked onto the floor. The lights flicker.

109 INT. COCKPIT - HOMEWARD BOUND ISSAPC - DAY 109

Nathan battles to maintain control.

NATHAN  
That was bad.

110 EXT. SPACE - DAY 110

Two chigs gang up and strafe the Homeward Bound ISSAPC.

111 INT. COCKPIT - HOMEWARD BOUND ISSAPC - DAY 111

ALARMS SOUND in the cockpit. The emergency lights kick in.

NATHAN  
That was worse. WE GOT IT HOT  
HERE!

112 INT. COCKPIT - RESCUE ISSAPC - DAY 112

Shane engages some switches.

SHANE  
Hang on, we're comin' in tight on  
your seven.

DAMPHOUSSE  
Captain, we got vehicle full of  
civilians. We can't engage in  
ACM.

(CONTINUED)

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112 CONTINUED: 112

SHANE  
Ahh...it'll give 'em somethin' to  
talk about.

As she drives the stick hard right...

113 INT. CARGO AREA - RESCUE ISSAPC - DAY 113

The colonists are rocked into their seats.

114 EXT. SPACE - DAY 114

With a trio of Chig fighters on Nathan's tail, the rescue  
ISSAPC TEARS INTO FRAME, FIRING ITS CANNONS. The planet looms  
larger in the b.g.

A CHIG JET

takes it from behind. EXPLODES.

115 INT. BATTLE STATIONS - RESCUE ISSAPC - DAY 115

Cooper is pleased with himself, HOO-YAHS!, and continues.

116 EXT. SPACE - DAY 116

The ISSAPC dips, weaves as the belly cannons hit another chig.

117 INT. COCKPIT - RESCUE ISSAPC - DAY - REVERSE (BLUE SCREEN) 117

SHANE  
I'm not readin' anymore bandits.  
Looks like they turned tail  
and...

Suddenly, rising quickly INTO THE COCKPIT WINDSHIELD, is an  
Alien FIGHTER. At this range, it appears huge.

Vansen reacts quickly, jams it hard to the port side.

118 EXT. RESCUE ISSAPC - SPACE - DAY 118

The chig strafes the rescue ISSAPC, which takes a severe HIT on  
the upper fuselage across the shoulders of the wings.

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119 INT. COCKPIT - RESCUE ISSAPC - DAY 119

Vansen and Damphousse are blasted forward. CAMERA SHAKES VIOLENTLY. Both pilots are knocked unconscious.

120 INT. PASSENGER AREA - RESCUE ISSAPC - DAY 120

ALARMS RING. RED SIREN LIGHTS FLASH as the hatch between the cockpit and the battle station slams shut with sliding doors marked "EMERGENCY AIRLOCK HATCH."

BATTLE STATIONS

Cooper's head whips up toward the hatch. CAMERA PUSHES IN ON HIM, knowing what it means.

121 EXT. SPACE - DAY 121

The Chig fighter strafes again. On its weapons impact, the ISSAPC breaks about at the cockpit/leading edge of the wings buttress.

The cockpit drifts downward as the remaining fuselage/cargo hold compartment, is set adrift.

122 INT. BATTLE STATIONS - HOMEWARD BOUND - ISSAPC 122

Wang FIRES angrily.

123 EXT. SPACE - DAY 123

The Chig fighter, which hit the rescue ISSAPC, pays the price.

124 INT. CARGO ARE - RESCUE ISSAPC - DAY 124

Hawkes and the colonists remain alive, emergency lights have kicked on. Cooper is stunned, yet keeps his head. Into his radio headset...

COOPER  
WEST! WEST! ARE YOU IN POSITION  
TO JUDY THE CAPTAIN AND  
DAMPHOUSSE?!

125 INT. COCKPIT - HOMEWARD BOUND ISSAPC - DAY 125

Nathan visually checks the adrift cockpit.

NATHAN  
VANSSEN!? VANSSEN!? DAMPHOUSSE!?

126 INT. COCKPIT - RESCUE ISSAPC - DAY 126

Hearing her name BLARING over the radio, Vansen groggily regains consciousness. Disoriented, it takes her a moment to realize the desperate status of her craft and her friend.

SHANE  
This is Vansen. Planet's  
gravity's got us.  
(chilled, softly)  
We're goin' down.

127 EXT. DISABLED COCKPIT - PLANET 127

The cockpit descends toward the planet 2063Y.

128 INT. BATTLE STATIONS - HOMEWARD BOUND ISSAPC - DAY 128

Wang continues to ward off enemy fighters.

129 INT. COCKPIT - HOMEWARD BOUND ISSAPC - DAY 129

As the SOUNDS of the CANNONS BLASTING, and with an eye out for bandits, West maneuvers the craft. Into the radio...

WEST  
West to Vansen...hold on...we're  
coming after you.

130 INT. DISABLED COCKPIT - DAY 130

CAMERA PUSHES IN ON SHANE, strong.

SHANE  
Secure the colonists.

131 INT. COCKPIT - HOMEWARD BOUND ISSAPC - DAY 131

NATHAN  
Use the Personal Rescue  
Enclosures.

132 INT. DISABLED COCKPIT - DAY - CLOSE - SHANE 132

SHANE  
NEGATIVE! Damphousse is out.  
I'm not leaving her. We'll fire  
a deorbit burn and hope the  
chutes make touch down  
survivable.



3S22 "... Tell Our Moms We Done Our Best" 4/4/96 53.

133 INT. BATTLE STATIONS - HOMEWARD BOUND - DAY 133

Wang FIRES!

WANG  
CHIG SQUADRON BEARING DOWN!

134 INT. COCKPIT - HOMEWARD BOUND ISSAPC - DAY - CLOSE - NATHAN 134

NATHAN  
We'll intercept...

135 INT. DISABLED COCKPIT - DAY - CLOSER - SHANE 135

SHANE  
NATHAN...take her home.

136 INT. COCKPIT - HOMEWARD BOUND ISSAPC - DAY - CLOSER NATHAN 136

Hears her resolve... understands. Softly...

NATHAN  
Roger that.

137 INT. DISABLED COCKPIT - DAY 137

She reacts to the words, emotional. Yet there is not time for that. She engages some switches...readies. To Nathan...

SHANE  
Semper Fi...my friend.

138 INT. COCKPIT - HOMEWARD BOUND ISSAPC - DAY 138

Nathan reacts to, perhaps, Shane's final words.

139 INT. DISABLED COCKPIT - DAY 139

Shane looks to Damphousse, then reaches out and holds her arm...for a beat. For support.

Vansen FIRES the Auxiliary Deorbit Thrusters. CAMERA PUSHES INTO HER as she's rocked into her seat.

140 EXT. PLANET 2063Y - DAY 140

The disabled cockpit burns thrusters and angles for entry. After a beat, the craft descends beneath the atmosphere.

(CONTINUED)

- 140 CONTINUED: 140  
And as the rocket's fire glows under the clouds, Vansen and Damphousse disappear.
- 141 EXT. SPACE - DAY 141  
A reserve of enemy fighters approaches.
- 142 INT. BATTLE STATIONS - HOMEWARD BOUND ISSAPC - DAY 142  
WANG  
COMING INTO RANGE!
- 143 INT. COCKPIT - HOMEWARD BOUND ISSAPC - DAY 143  
Wang's words brings Nathan back into the situation. He engages the radio.  
NATHAN  
West to Hawkes. Manually  
disengage the cargo hold from the  
APC fuselage.
- 144 INT. CARGO AREA - RESCUE ISSAPC - DAY 144  
Hawkes marches past the colonists. KYLEN pulls her seat belt tight. Cooper moves to a large metal lever.  
HAWKES  
Disengaging in five...four-  
three...two...
- 145 EXT. RESCUE ISSAPC - DAY 145  
With a dull THUD, the cargo compartment of the ISSAPC disengages from the fuselage. A stuck thruster causes the discarded fuselage to roll away from the released cargo compartment.
- 146 INT. COCKPIT - HOMEWARD BOUND ISSAPC - DAY 146  
Nathan visually checks out the starboard window.  
NATHAN  
Wang, get in the cockpit. We  
gotta dump our cargo hold before  
hard docking with the Colonists.

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147 EXT. SPACE - DAY 147

Chig fighters converge on the ISSAPC and the wounded cargo compartment.

148 INT. BATTLE STATION - HOMEWARD BOUND ISSAPC - DAY 148

Wang is firing, intense.

WANG  
PROVIDING COVER!

Sparks fly from a direct hit. Wang is thrown to the ground. The lights and power go out. He gets up. The battle station weapons are inoperable.

Wang races to the machine guns in the cargo hold.

149 EXT. SPACE - DAY 149

The functional ISSAPC's machine guns FIRE, taking out two enemy craft. A surviving Chig scores another hit on the cargo area of the Homeward Bound ISSAPC.

150 INT. BATTLE STATIONS - HOMEWARD BOUND ISSAPC - DAY 150

Wang struggles to remain on his feet. Alarms SOUND.

INSERT - AIRLOCK DOOR

CLOSES. With a HISS, the HANDLE LOCKS SHUT.

WANG

moves to the door, tries to open it. Can't.

WANG  
WEST, OPEN THE CARGO AIRLOCK  
DOOR!

151 INT. COCKPIT - HOMEWARD BOUND ISSAPC - DAY 151

Nathan engages some switches. Nothing.

NATHAN  
IT'S CONTROLLED BY THE CARGO  
AUXILIARY POWER. IT WON'T OPEN!

152 INT. CARGO HOLD- HOMEWARD BOUND ISSAPC - DAY 152

Wang's expression indicates he knows what must be done. Bravely, he moves to the manual release lever in the cargo hold and pulls it.

153 EXT. SPACE - DAY 153

The cargo compartment of the Homeward Bound ISSAPC disengages.

154 INT. COCKPIT - HOMEWARD BOUND ISSAPC - DAY 154

Nathan realizes what Wang has done.

NATHAN  
PAUL, NO!

155 INT. CARGO AREA - HOMEWARD BOUND ISSAPC - DAY 155

As Wang returns to the machine guns....

WANG  
Take 'em home.

He FIRES at the enemy ships.

WANG  
HOO-YAH!

156 INT. COCKPIT - HOMEWARD BOUND ISSAPC - DAY 156

Nathan reacts to Wang's action, but only for a moment. He moves the stick and flies off.

157 EXT. SPACE - DAY 157

The ISSAPC engine/cockpit fuselage moves toward the discarded rescue vehicle cargo compartment. As the former matches the latter's movements and begins to dock...

158 INT. CARGO HOLD - RESCUE VEHICLE'S ISSAPC - DAY 158

Cooper and the surviving colonists await and then feel the DULL THUD indicating a successful hard dock. There are CHEERS.

159 EXT. SPACE - DAY 159

Two remaining Chig pests advance on the one complete ISSAPC.

160 INT. DISCARDED CARGO HOLD - DAY 160

Wang is at the guns, FIRES!

161 EXT. SPACE - DAY 161

Wang's desperate gunfire NAILS one fighter. The other takes evasive action and moves OUT OF FRAME.

162 INT. COCKPIT - ISSAPC 162

Cooper hustles into the cockpit and takes the co-pilot seat. Nathan looks at Hawkes. Both know Wang's probable consequences if they take off. Hawkes can't look at Nathan.

Nathan pauses then...lights the candle.

163 EXT. SPACE - DAY 163

The ISSAPC carrying the hostages ROCKETS out of harm's way, leaving the distant floating discarded cargo hold and one enemy fighter.

164 INT. CARGO HOLD - DAY 164

Wang FIRES the guns. He pauses. Motorless, he is at the mercy of the Chig's position. His breaths become fast and deep as he listens for the HUM of the Chig's ship.

Such a HUM closes in. Wang FIRES!

WANG  
(his war cry)  
AHHHH!

165 EXT. SPACE - DAY 165

The lone chig fighter takes evasive action against Wang's weapon's fire, but charges the cargo hold head on, FIRING!

166 INT. CARGO HOLD - DAY - REVERSE - (BLUE SCREEN) 166

out the porthole window, the Chig jet approaches. Wang FIRES. The HUM of the Chig fighter grows louder. The machine gun RATTLES!

WANG

As he continues to FIRE, releasing a desperate battle cry.

(CONTINUED)

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166 CONTINUED:

166

WANG  
AHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!

CUT TO:

167 EXT. SARATOGA - DAY

167

The ISSAPC returns, touching down on the pad. Safe.

168 INT. COCKPIT - ISSAPC - DAY

168

The ENGINES WIND DOWN. Calls from the COMMAND CENTER crackle over the radio. Nathan and Cooper sit in their seats numb. They eye each other, but can't look to one another.

COOPER  
Now that its over...I'm scared.

Nathan understands. As he closes his eyes as if that would make events turn out differently...

CUT TO:

169 INT. ISSCV LOADING BAY - SARATOGA - NIGHT

169

A few hours have elapsed. The bay is crowded with flight crew and security.

Nathan, Cooper and Ross stand amongst the assembled...waiting. They're heads turn as they see...

MCQUEEN

rolled out on a gurney into the loading bay. His condition has stabilized, but he looks bad. Pale. Sweaty. I.Vs needles are inserted in his arm.

The Commodore and two Lieutenants move to him. Ross appears wracked with guilt, attempting to maintain professional composure.

MCQUEEN  
Vansen? Wang? Damphousse?

ROSS  
Search and Rescue are looking for all of them. Doesn't look good.

McQueen feels a pain greater than physical.

(CONTINUED)

169 CONTINUED:

169

ROSS

Colonel...

McQueen slowly shakes his head, as if sensing Ross' guilt.  
With a whisper...

MCQUEEN

No...it shouldn't be you. It  
shouldn't be me.

(beat)

But it is. So..it is.

Ross holds back his emotions.

ROSS

At least you'll be going home.

With those words, McQueen's eyes move to Cooper's. Hawkes  
averts his eyes, knowing the colonel is thinking, "to what?"  
McQueen remains silent. Closes his eyes.

The medics begin to roll him onto the awaiting ISSCV.

MCQUEEN

Wait...West...

The medics pause. Nathan moves to McQueen who holds Kylen's  
photo tags in his hand. He hasn't the strength to lift his  
arm, but Nathan understands and takes the tags. Nathan is too  
choked up to say "thank you."

McQueen is loaded into the ISSCV and disappears.

COOPER

has to walk away. CAMERA FOLLOWS as he heads out the door.  
Several colonists, cleaned and in new flight suits enter the  
loading bay, including Kylen. She moves to Nathan.

KYLEN

A shower and a meal and I'm gone.

NATHAN

You gotta get back to Earth. The  
war around here will get...hairry.

The strange phenomenon when two people who haven't seen each  
other, who have wished for nothing else, find little to say.

PUBLIC ADDRESS (O.S.)

All colonists please board. All  
flight crew disperse from the  
loading bay.

(CONTINUED)

169 CONTINUED: (2)

169

Panic reads in their eyes. Another separation. Nathan holds out the photo tags for her to take. She holds them, remembering. She engages the playback.

PHOTO TAGS (O.S.)

I believe in you.

She looks at the tags, looks to Nathan and considers. Then, with all her heart, she engages the recorder...

KYLEN

I believe in all of you.

She hands the tags back to him. Nathan takes her in his arms and holds her tight. A security OFFICER allows them the moment then gently guides Kylene toward the ship.

Nathan stands in the bay.

ISSCV

Kylene stands in the hatch, a smile appears...as once again closing doors separate the two.

NATHAN

CAMERA PUSHES in as steam hisses around him. He closes his eyes. Its back to the war.

CUT TO:

170 INT. CORRIDOR/BUNK ROOM - NIGHT - WILD CARDS EMBLEM

170

is on the door. Beat before Nathan appears and takes in the logo. He opens the door. CAMERA FOLLOWS him inside.

171 INT. BUNK ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUING

171

Nathan enters the empty room. He moves across to Vansen and Damphousse's bunks and stands before them.

NATHAN'S POV - BUNKS

photos and personal effects are all that appears left of his friends.

NATHAN

he looks away. Nathan moves to Wang's bunk and looks at the photos and sports pennants on the bunk. He considers, then lifts himself onto the bunk and lies down, staring ahead. O.S., the door opens. Nathan turns.

(CONTINUED)



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171 CONTINUED:

171

NATHAN'S POV - DOOR

In a quick cut, Wang appears to enter the room.

NATHAN

reacts stunned, however, as we CUT BACK...

COOPER

has actually entered the room. He jerks, freaked out, then eases.

COOPER

Man, I thought...you were Wang.

WIDER

Nathan understands. Cooper studies him.

COOPER

What are you doin'?

Nathan shakes his head, shrugs..."I don't know." Cooper doesn't push it because he kind of understands. He moves around the room and stands before Vansen's bunk.

COOPER

Now I know how she felt her whole life.

(beat)

I lost my mother and father on the same day.

Nathan looks to him, understands. Cooper crawls into the bunk and lies down.

OVERHEAD ANGLE - NATHAN

Nathan looks ahead, then, recalling Shane's words; a phrase he's heard a thousand times, however whispering them as if understanding it for the very first time.

NATHAN

Semper Fi...

CAMERA BEGINS TO RISE, REVEALING he and Hawkes in the bunks. They wear the exact blank emotional expressions.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Always faithful...my friend.

FADE OUT: