



LEFT BANK Pictures

## ORIGIN

PILOT: 'THE ROAD NOT TAKEN'

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By

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'THE ROAD NOT TAKEN'

**BLACK SCREEN.**

A cacophony of voices, beeping, panic.

VOICE (O.S.)  
10 seconds -

VOICE 2 (O.S.)  
Fuck! Can't get our ass out the way  
-

VOICE 3 (O.S.)  
Shit! Shit shit shit -

VOICE (O.S.)  
5 seconds -

VOICE 3  
What the hell are we gonna do?

VOICE 4  
We're not gonna make it -

VOICE (O.S.)  
Brace!

A huge, rumbling, resounding crash.

For a beat, there's nothing but silence...

Then - a sound. A high-pitched screech, somewhere between tinnitus and the sound of nails on a blackboard. It's joined by others - all of them chiming in like an otherworldly choir. Swelling, overpowering, deafening...

And we cut to silence once more.

Then, gradually, the noises of the following scene begin to increase...

1 **INT. ORIGIN / MIDDLE DECK / SHUN'S SLEEP CELL - NIGHT** 1

C.U. on dark eyes snapping open with a gasp of breath, pupils contracting drastically against the onslaught of light. The eyes flit from side to side as lights above flash on and off. A siren is blaring, blurring with the sound of a steady beeping - but every noise is muted, as though we're underwater...

COMPUTERISED VOICE (O.S.)  
 (echoing, distant)  
 Emergency. Evacuation in progress.

We crash out to reveal the face of **SHUN KENJI**, 32, half-Japanese, clean-shaven, wearing an oxygen mask. He's deeply disorientated, skin sickly, dark circles under his eyes. He takes in his surroundings: a white, clinical room - like that of a modern hospital - with a glass wall...

SHUN glances down; he wears a simple grey two-piece, and numerous needles protrude from his arms. They lead up to various IVs, including a clear pack that's just finished draining of vivid blue liquid, and a machine monitoring his vitals. This is what provides the rhythmic beep.

SHUN is hit by scattered memories:

**FLASHES**

- Needles sinking into soft flesh
- Electric-blue uniforms
- The vivid blue liquid travelling along its tube

SHUN lifts a hand to yank off the oxygen mask, letting out a great gasp. Sound begins to clarify as his ears acclimatise.

With a trembling hand, he reaches down to tear the needles from his skin, letting out a yell. He does the same for the other arm. Hands shaking, he tosses the needles onto the spotless white floor, flecking it with blood. He attempts to roll from the bed - but his limbs are weak and he crumples.

COMPUTERISED VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Emergency. Evacuation in progress.

Battling with terrible dizziness, taking ragged breaths, SHUN drags himself on his front to the glass wall. He heaves his way up, fingers squeaking on the glass, and pushes against the door. It doesn't budge.

Starting to panic, SHUN slams his hand against it. Nothing. He bashes it again, again, unleashing a moan -

And his hand inadvertently slams against an electronic pad, causing it to smoothly slide open, increasing the sound of the sirens and cutting off SHUN's yell in his throat.

For a moment, SHUN simply breathes. The open door before him.

2                   **INT. ORIGIN / MIDDLE DECK / CORRIDOR 1A - NIGHT**                   2

Screwing his eyes up against the perpetually flashing light, SHUN peers out of the room onto a long, empty, colourless corridor. A line of tiny red lights stretches along the floor, like the emergency lights on an airplane. The sirens are still going - but there's a kind of background noise: a strange chirping, interspersed with bass pulses.

SHUN  
(croaked)  
Hello?

Nothing.

Sweating, SHUN starts to make his guarded, stumbling way down the corridor -

When he sees something that causes his body to freeze.

After a stunned beat, SHUN moves like a sleepwalker towards whatever has gripped him so powerfully.

He stops. Stares. Hysteria pooling into his eyes.

Then vomits on the floor.

At last, we see what SHUN sees. He's standing at a porthole, set into the wall of the corridor. And outside of it...

Vast nothingness. Endless dark littered with stars.

SHUN KENJI is in the middle of deep space.

Alone.

**TITLES: ORIGIN**

3                   **INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**                   3

A mirrored wardrobe door shuts, revealing - SHUN, shrugging on a black coat in a dimly-lit bedroom. He's dressed smartly, in a white shirt and dark trousers.

A train rattles past, sending vibrations through the room.

**CHYRON: Yokohama, Japan**

SHUN tries to flatten the lock of hair at the front of his head, then falters. He takes a closer look - there's a grey poking through. He plucks it out.

He neatens his collar, then reaches for something: a gun, on the shelf-top. He hesitates. Then goes for it after all.

Straps the gun to his belt, and hides it under his coat.

4                   **INT. LOUNGE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**                   4

SHUN feeds his dog, patting its head.

He takes out his mobile, and puts it to his ear. It goes to voicemail. **All flashback conversations in this episode are in Japanese unless otherwise stated.**

                                  SHUN  
I'm leaving.  
                                  (beat)  
You better be there, Aiba.

5                   **EXT. WOODS - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**                   5

'New Voicemail' flashes on the screen of someone's phone. A steady crunching sound in the background.

Someone locks the phone screen, and we move up their arm, up a grey, suited body, to land on the face of -

AIBA KENJI, SHUN's twin brother. His face is differentiated by a beard. Something about AIBA's energy is darker than his brother. He sits on the hood of a car, smoking a cigarette.

                                  AIBA  
How are we getting on?

He speaks to -

MATSUMOTO, 20, who is digging a hole under the moonlight, amongst the trees. His white shirt is open at the collar; he's sweating profusely, visibly agitated.

                                  MATSUMOTO  
Is that deep enough?

                                  AIBA  
What do you think?

MATSUMOTO glances back at the hole.

                                  MATSUMOTO  
I think it's deep enough.

AIBA nods, something about him a little weary. He takes a final puff and throws the cigarette aside.

AIBA

Good. I'm on a clock.

He approaches MATSUMOTO, retrieving the spade from him.  
MATSUMOTO fidgets slightly, nervy.

MATSUMOTO

So.. Is it in the boot? You want me  
to.. You know. Carry it out?

AIBA looks at him for a beat.

AIBA

Come on, Matsumoto. You know  
there's no body.

MATSUMOTO freezes, shock colouring his face.

AIBA (CONT'D)

Hideto has a three-strike rule. You  
crossed it.

MATSUMOTO

Wait - you're not..

He looks from AIBA to the fresh grave. Horror washes across  
his face as reality sets in. He takes a step back...

MATSUMOTO (CONT'D)

Aiba -

But as he turns back, AIBA swings the spade at him, hitting  
him in the side of the head with a single, ringing clunk.

MATSUMOTO crumples into the new grave.

AIBA checks his watch. Lights another cigarette, desensitized  
to the violence, though not necessarily unaffected by it.

With the cigarette smoking between his lips, he begins to  
fill the grave in.

6

**EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

6

It's raining. A traditional Japanese graveyard: high stones  
and remnants of incense and Buddhist ceremony all around.  
It's empty and dark.

SHUN, an umbrella over his head, stands at a gravestone which  
reads:

'EMILY KENJI: 1980 - 2029'

A noise of a car engine can be heard. Headlights somewhere behind. The engine and lights die. And someone can be heard approaching.

A pair of shoes appear on the ground next to SHUN's. SHUN's jaw sets, though he doesn't look up.

SHUN  
You're late.

We pan up their bodies to reveal - AIBA, standing beside SHUN. The two brothers side by side. AIBA is being steadily soaked by rain. It makes a smudge of dirt he forgot to clean from his neck dribble down, staining his collar.

AIBA  
I know.

He starts to get out his packet of cigarettes.

AIBA (CONT'D)  
We haven't done this for a while.

SHUN  
You haven't done this for a while.  
I always make the anniversary.

AIBA raises his eyebrows slightly.

AIBA  
I was under the impression we  
didn't associate anymore.

He puts a cigarette to his mouth and makes to light it -

SHUN  
Not here.

His tone is severe. AIBA pauses, half rolls his eyes, then puts the cigarette away.

AIBA  
So. You must wanna tell me  
something pretty fucking big to  
break a two-year silence.

On SHUN. Taking a beat to answer.

SHUN  
Yeah. It's big alright.

**END FLASHBACK**

## INT. ORIGIN / MIDDLE DECK / CORRIDOR 1A - NIGHT

On SHUN's pale, dehydrated face, lost in the sight of space expanding inexorably in front of him.

He glances down at his hands, white-knuckled as they grip the porthole's edges. He turns his left hand to bare the wrist. A number is tattooed there: 1221.

COMPUTERISED VOICE (O.S.)  
Emergency. Evacuation in progress.

SHUN lifts his gaze upwards at the noise, registering the words properly. Trying to navigate his swimming head, he looks down at the red lights.

SHUN  
(whispered, in Japanese)  
Follow the lights...

He lurches into action, stumbling along the corridor as he tries to follow the path to safety -

LANA (O.S.)  
Hey - hey!

SHUN whirls at the sound of a voice. He looks back to see another Sleep Cell, where a woman is pressed against her glass wall. **LANA GARCIA**. American, 27, panicked.

LANA (CONT'D)  
I can't get out!

Her voice is slightly dimmed-down by the glass wall. SHUN hesitates, feeling the pull of the emergency, but heads back towards her. He sees the release pad on the outside of the door and presses it, but it flashes red and buzzes.

LANA (CONT'D)  
It's jammed.

Unable to get a response from the pad, SHUN shoves the glass - but it's not budging. He steps back, not knowing what to do. The sirens are driving him on...

LANA (CONT'D)  
Don't leave me!

It's unclear whether SHUN's planning to abandon her or find help - but he spots a futuristic-looking extinguisher. He glances back at LANA, then snatches it up.

SHUN  
 (in English, British  
 accent)  
 Get back.

LANA backs away and shields her face as SHUN lifts the extinguisher - and hurls it against the glass.

It smashes, shards raining down.

LANA stumbles out, pale and disorientated. She squints up at the lights, ears assaulted by the suddenly-magnified sirens.

LANA  
 What the hell's going on? Are you  
 SIREN?

SHUN  
 No - I just woke up, my sedation  
 drug ran out -

COMPUTERISED VOICE (O.S.)  
 Emergency. Evacuation in progress.

LANA and SHUN look up at the announcement.

LANA  
 Evacuation? We're not at Thea?

SHUN looks out through the porthole at the stars beyond.

SHUN  
 I don't think we made it..

LANA  
 What?

As they converse, behind them, one of the doors slides silently open - and a dark FIGURE staggers out.

LANA (CONT'D)  
 They said we'd open our eyes to it.  
 They said we'd wake up there -

Unseen by either of them, the FIGURE staggers closer, flashing in and out of light -

LANA (CONT'D)  
 How could we not have made it?

SHUN  
 I don't fucking know -

FIGURE  
 (wheezing, in Punjabi)  
 Help..

SHUN and LANA start violently - the FIGURE stands behind them (Indian male, early 40s), his head bleeding. This is **MOHINDER GUPTA**. Under the flashing lights, he's a nightmarish sight.

SHUN  
 Back off! Who the hell are you?

MOHINDER  
 (English, Indian accent)  
 I'm a passenger.. I fell..

He looks down at his hands, marked with his own blood. Going into shock at the sight, he sinks to his knees. LANA moves to go to him, but SHUN holds her back.

LANA  
 What are you doing? He's hurt!

SHUN takes a beat - then lets her go. LANA dashes forward to check MOHINDER's wound. She takes his hand and presses it against the cut, applying pressure. SHUN watches, detached, still unsure if this is real.

LANA (CONT'D)  
 (to MOHINDER)  
 Hey, stay with me. Keep pressing here, OK?

MOHINDER moans piteously, eyes rolling.

COMPUTERISED VOICE (O.S.)  
 Emergency. Evacuation in progress.

Remembering his earlier plan, SHUN turns to LANA.

SHUN  
 The drills - they said to follow the lights. They take us to the Assembly Point -

But he's interrupted by **HENRI AUGUSTIN** - black, French, late 30s - stumbling out of his Sleep Cell next door. HENRI clutches his ears, swaying.

HENRI  
 (in French)  
 Sea sickness..

And unleashes a stream of vomit against the glass behind him.

SHUN turns to LANA with urgency.

SHUN  
(to LANA)  
Assembly Point. Now.

LANA nods.

LANA  
Help me with him -

SHUN considers, then reaches in to arrange MOHINDER's arm over his own shoulder to hoist him up. HENRI wipes a shaking hand over his mouth, and sees the others moving towards him.

HENRI  
(English, French accent)  
What's happening? Are we leaving  
the ship?

LANA  
Evacuation - come on!

As HENRI struggles up to follow, they're barged into by **DARYL MAINE** - twisted-face American, 25 - who trips over his own feet like a drunk on emerging from his Cell.

DARYL  
(coughing, Southern)  
What - what the hell's going on?

COMPUTERISED VOICE (O.S.)  
Emergency. Evacuation in progress.

DARYL looks straight out of a porthole in front of him, which shows deep space beyond. His mouth drops open.

DARYL  
Fuck me.

LANA  
Follow the lights!

The group continue down the corridor when a scream halts them: a young girl of 18 - **ABIGAIL WHITE**, pale, American - is still in her Cell, looking down at the needles in her body.

LANA (CONT'D)  
There should be 10 of us on this  
wing - we need to get everyone out!

8                   **INT. ORIGIN / MIDDLE DECK / ABIGAIL'S SLEEP CELL - NIGHT**                   8

A wreck of panic, ABIGAIL sees HENRI coming in.

                  HENRI  
                  It's alright, I'm going to help you  
                  -

                  ABIGAIL  
                  (hyperventilating)  
                  I can't - I can't get them out -

HENRI looks down - but there's no other way of removing the needles than the obvious. He looks up at her, regretful -

                  HENRI  
                  I'm sorry.

And he begins to tear the needles out. ABIGAIL yells in pain as her blood flecks the wall.

Finished, she looks up at HENRI - and holds out a hand. He grabs it, pulling her up from the bed and out of the Cell.

9                   **INT. ORIGIN / MIDDLE DECK / CORRIDOR 1A - NIGHT**                   9

HENRI and ABIGAIL emerge hand-in-hand to see that all the passengers have now collected, with LANA and SHUN, still half-carrying MOHINDER, at the head.

                  COMPUTERISED VOICE (O.S.)  
                  Emergency. Evacuation in progress.

                  LANA  
                  Alright, let's move!

En masse, the tripping, stumbling passengers follow the path of red lights. They round the corner -

10                   **INT. ORIGIN / MIDDLE DECK / CORRIDOR 1B - NIGHT**                   10

And find themselves on an identical corridor - onto which more passengers are spewing out. SHUN stares, wide-eyed, at the chaotic scene.

**KATIE FINNIGAN** - 30, Irish, childlike energy - spots him.

                  KATIE  
                  Where are you going?

SHUN  
The Assembly Point. Ship's  
evacuating -

LANA  
(yelling)  
Everyone follow the lights!

But her call escalates the panic: passengers start to surge for the exit, battling to reach the end of the corridor.

LANA (CONT'D)  
Hey, stay calm -

But someone shoves her aside - it's wrestling anarchy as everyone fights to get out. Someone falls - **SARAH JAMES**, 35, English - and is immediately kicked aside by thundering, panicked feet. She cries out, but the stampede continues - before she's crushed, **KATIE** ducks bravely in to drag her up.

COMPUTERISED VOICE (O.S.)  
Emergency. Evacuation in progress.

People pour out the door at the end of the corridor. **DARYL**, locating an 'Assistance' button by the door, bashes it with all his might.

DARYL  
Come on.. We need fucking  
assistance!

But there's no response to his repeated whacks.

SHUN pauses next to **KATIE**, who is helping **SARAH**.

SHUN  
She OK?

KATIE  
(nodding)  
Let's go.

**HENRI** helps **KATIE** assist **SARAH** and they all galumph down the corridor, following the others out -

11                    **INT. ORIGIN / MIDDLE DECK / STAIRWELL 1 - NIGHT**                    11

- and find themselves in an empty, dimly-lit stairwell. No flashing lights here.

The stairwell rings with panicked chatter; the passengers are looking around, trying to figure out what to do next. They're still in panic - but there's no outlet.

As the door shuts behind LANA and SHUN, the whir of the sirens and the computerised announcement are dimmed; SHUN's eyes dart around in confusion.

ABIGAIL

Where are the crew? They're supposed to take us to the Evac Crafts!

LANA

Are we in the right place?

Releasing MOHINDER to lean against a wall, SHUN sees large printed words above him: 'ASSEMBLY POINT - CORRIDOR 1'.

SHUN

This is it..

LANA

So where the hell is everyone?

SHUN rushes forward to lean over the stairwell - and finds it dead. Void of activity or human presence.

On SHUN's wide eyes, as they stare into the dark, empty abyss...

12

**INT. NOODLE HOUSE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

12

A dingy, underground noodle house. SHUN and AIBA sit together. SHUN watches his brother closely, a kind of intensity about him. There's a strange tension between them - the sort of disconnect that forms when two people who were once close spend years apart.

AIBA loudly slurps up a mouthful of his noodles, and SHUN glances around. AIBA notices his caginess.

AIBA

(mouth full)

Fuck's sake, Shun - cops don't come here. Too rough and ragged for your kind.

When SHUN continues to be on-edge -

AIBA (CONT'D)

(in English)

We can switch to English if you're that paranoid.

SHUN also changes to English; his accent, as we've heard before, is native British.

SHUN  
I'm not worried about people  
hearing us.

AIBA gives him a wry smile.

AIBA  
Right. Heaven forbid someone see a  
respected officer with his deviant  
fuck-up of a brother.

SHUN looks at AIBA properly. Examining him.

SHUN  
You alright?

AIBA  
(shrugging)  
Status quo.

SHUN  
Still smoking.

AIBA gives him a look. The kind only a pissed-off brother can  
give his sibling.

AIBA  
Still divorced?

The comment stings SHUN. He knocks back his *sake*.

SHUN  
There's dirt on your collar.

Having had enough of the interrogation, AIBA shoves his  
noodles aside.

AIBA  
OK, can we skip the catch-up? You  
said you needed to talk. So what -  
you want intel?

He leans forward, sarcastic.

AIBA (CONT'D)  
You want me to turn myself in?

Beat. Then it's SHUN's turn to lean in, closing the space  
between them, speaking with quiet intensity.

SHUN  
There's a way out.

AIBA

What?

SHUN

I know you're trapped. No-one leaves the Yamamoto-*kai* without basically signing their own death warrant.

AIBA

Did it ever occur to you that I chose this life?

SHUN

What if you could start over? Go somewhere so far from all of this you'd barely remember you were ever part of it.

AIBA

What the hell are you talking about, Shun?

SHUN slides a flyer across the table. AIBA looks at it: it's an advertisement by something called 'SIREN INC'. Its headline says 'Global Call for Volunteers'. AIBA frowns.

SHUN

It's called the Thea Project.

**END FLASHBACK**

13

**INT. ORIGIN / MIDDLE DECK / STAIRWELL 1 - NIGHT**

13

The dark, sinister stairwell is quieter now, though the panicked muttering continues. The passengers are crowded around: frightened, despairing, some still battling with sickness. No-one knows what to do.

LANA, having just checked on SARAH - conscious but still pale and withdrawn from shock - sees SHUN standing separate. She moves to speak quietly with him.

SHUN

There should at least be other passengers.

LANA nods, fear shooting through her eyes.

LANA

Hey. I don't know your name.

SHUN

What?

LANA

Your name. I didn't ask.

Beat.

SHUN

Shun.

LANA smiles - it's tense, worried, but the first smile we've seen from anyone.

LANA

I'm Lana.

(beat)

That's a Japanese name, right? Your English is pretty immaculate.

SHUN

My mum was British.

LANA's face falls slightly - the sudden reminder of Earth.

LANA

Bet she feels far away now.

Behind them, a recovered MOHINDER has found a spot in the corner, where he has begun to pray silently. DARYL, tapping the banister manically, shakes his head at the sight.

DARYL

Really think that shit's gonna help us?

MOHINDER's eyes open. He gazes calmly at DARYL for a moment. DARYL's eyes narrow, taking the response as a challenge. Their face-off is interrupted by ABIGAIL.

ABIGAIL

God, what's taking them so long?

KATIE puts her arm around her.

KATIE

They'll be here. They will. It's probably all just chaotic, 200 of us and all -

BAUM (O.C.)

I'm sure someone said a similar thing on the Titanic.

KATIE turns to see **BAUM ARNDT** - German, mid-30s, charming. He looks at KATIE with an overbearing air of sarcasm.

BAUM (CONT'D)

At least they got to go down to the sound of an orchestra.

KATIE's brow furrowed, angry.

KATIE

I think emergency protocol's improved a little in the last 150 years.

BAUM

Really? Funny. I've always thought that a crisis reverts everyone back to their basic instincts.

Then - a sound. It's the same sound we heard at the top of the episode. Though it's faint, the passengers flinch, some of them covering their ears.

LANA

What the hell is that?

SHUN frowns, listening intently.

SHUN

It's getting closer...

Then someone grabs him by the shoulder.

SHUN starts violently and instinctively whirls to thud a fist into his assailant's face. The object of his strike tumbles backwards - and crashes down the first level of stairs, landing in a heap at the bottom.

A beat as they all look down, SHUN breathing hard - and we see that it's another PASSENGER, dressed in grey overalls.

LANA

It's a passenger...

(beat)

He's a passenger!

They thunder down the stairs, reaching the PASSENGER and turning them over. His face falls onto SHUN's knee - his cheek's split from the punch but he's unnervingly pale, pouring sweat. SHUN is panicked at what he's done.

SHUN

I didn't know.. He just grabbed me -

LANA  
Can you hear me?

HENRI  
Let me -

HENRI swoops in to expertly lift the man's eyelids and checks his pupils. The eyes beneath roll uncontrollably.

LANA  
You a doctor?

HENRI carefully avoids her eyes.

HENRI  
I have medical training.

SHUN, however, has spotted something: the PASSENGER's nails are a bloody mess, worn to the quick.

SHUN  
What happened to his nails?

As the others collect around them, the PASSENGER seems to regain consciousness, though his eyes remain strangely vacant. When he speaks, it's in wheezing, pained tones, as though every word is a great effort. It's deadly silent.

PASSENGER  
(laboured)  
In.. side.

LANA  
What?

The sound suddenly starts up again, and it's as though it's coming from the PASSENGER. He abruptly writhes, bashing the sides of his head.

BAUM  
(hands clamped to ears)  
That fucking noise!

SHUN and LANA grab the PASSENGER's hands, trying to restrain him.

PASSENGER  
Get out, get out!

KATIE  
What's wrong with him?

HENRI  
Hold him still!

The high-pitched sound seems to double - and the PASSENGER's body contorts violently. There's a terrible crack...

And they look down to see - the PASSENGER's fingers starting to break. It's as though they're being pulled by some unseen force, bending backwards against the bone and snapping -

ABIGAIL  
(terrified)  
Oh my god..

SHUN tries to hold the PASSENGER still but the cracks continue as his shoulder dislocates, his leg breaks, his neck seems to bend too close to his shoulder -

DARYL  
What the hell is happening!

The PASSENGER arches up wildly - then abruptly falls limp. He takes a great, gasping breath - and looks straight at SHUN, whose face is directly above him.

SHUN flinches as the PASSENGER opens his mouth, trying to speak, but only an agonised wheeze escapes.

MOHINDER  
He's trying to say something..

Hesitant, SHUN leans his head close to the man's mouth. The chapped lips move in the whisper of -

PASSENGER  
Kill.. Me.

SHUN snaps back, alarmed. He stares into the PASSENGER's terrified eyes - then notices a trickle of blood starting to escape his nose. The group behind watch on in silent horror.

For a moment, the PASSENGER seems to become still. Peaceful. Then -

The upper part of his head explodes.

Blood and gore spatter SHUN, LANA and HENRI, peppering the walls. The passengers yell, flinch back.

It's a moment of total, inexplicable terror.

Several beats of stunned, horrified breathing. SHUN simply stares, wide-eyed, mouth open, at the place where the PASSENGER's head used to be.

14                   **EXT. STREET - DAY (FLASHBACK)**                   14

It's bright day. AIBA glances down at the flyer SHUN gave him, then looks up to see people being ushered in through a nondescript door by a blue-suited official. Whatever they're attending, it's not a hugely public-facing event.

Something taps against AIBA's foot. He looks down; it's a shiny bouncy ball. The LITTLE GIRL to whom it belongs, passing by on a walk with her MOTHER, calls out.

LITTLE GIRL  
Mama, mama. My ball.

Her MOTHER turns to see AIBA and stiffens. She notices - as do we for the first time - that the little finger on his left hand is missing. Her face falls.

MUM  
Let's go. Quickly, darling.

AIBA watches as they rush away, emotions flitting over his face. Satisfaction? Or regret?

AIBA chucks his cigarette aside then kicks the ball away. He walks up to a blue-suited official and flashes his flyer. They nod, ushering him in.

15                   **INT. LECTURE HALL - DAY (FLASHBACK)**                   15

AIBA enters a large, underground lecture hall; there's a futuristic projector set up on stage. It's about half full.

While some of those settling down look like ordinary citizens, some don't. Some are dressed in the streetwear of drug-dealers - some even look like prostitutes. A MAN brushes past AIBA, who turns to see him sit down: he looks homeless.

AIBA glances across the hall and sees - SHUN. He wears a cap, hiding his face, and is in civilian clothes. He meets AIBA's eyes and gives the subtlest of nods.

He was making sure his brother turned up.

Uncertain, AIBA sits down just as the lights dim and the projector whirs into life. Music starts up: a hologramatic, moving image appears of an electric-blue S rotating in a circle. This is SIREN's logo. A cool, female voice speaks:

VOICE (O.S.)  
Brought to you by the SIREN  
Corporation. Crafting mankind's  
second home.

AIBA frowns. The advertisement disperses into a man in his 50s, dressed in electric blue. This is **XAVIER GREY**. As he speaks, Japanese subtitles run in the air below him.

GREY

(British)

Ladies and gentlemen, my name is Xavier Grey. Thank you for attending this introductory talk about the Thea Project. As we are being broadcast live in 50 different countries, let me take a moment now to welcome you all.

AIBA glances at SHUN, who meets his eyes.

On the projection, a 3D constellation forms in the air above GREY, towards the ceiling of the hall. We zoom closer into it, focusing in on a planet, which slowly rotates. Dusty brown with spots of blue and green, a swirl of cloud surrounding it.

GREY (CONT'D)

Many of you will recognise this image. This is Thea, an exoplanet situated five light years from Earth.

Murmurs of recognition from the audience.

GREY (CONT'D)

As you know, Thea is the only planet we've discovered thus far which can sustain human life. We at SIREN are currently in the process of Thea's colonisation.

The planet disappears to be replaced by 3D moving images, displaying Thea undergoing colonisation. Scientists testing the ground, the water, people planting crops in a series of greenhouses, small, basic geodesic domes on the surface, inside which people are living.

GREY (CONT'D)

It is our intention to create a base for millions - perhaps one day, even billions. There are currently just over 1000 residents on Thea, co-existing in a united goal to make our vision a reality.

The projection morphs into a moving image of tens of workers in grey two-pieces, farming and building on Thea's dusty surface.

They gleam with sweat, happy, working in perfect coordination. It's clearly a romanticised vision of a majestic world in harmony.

GREY (CONT'D)

Life on Thea is utterly mesmerising - and entirely harmonious. All of our workers are provided with accommodation, along with a basic salary, with which food and recreational items may be purchased. We operate a zero-violence policy, and a full and fair retirement package.

The project morphs into images of people enjoying domestic life in clean, minimalist homes: the interior of the domes. We also see a demonstrator squeezing a strange-looking fruit from one of the trees growing in the greenhouse into a wine-glass, creating Thea's version of alcohol, a group diving into a lake where the water is thicker, like jelly, and a younger couple reaching the top of a mountain hike where they look down on a stunning blue-white sunset.

GREY (CONT'D)

But most importantly of all, every volunteer with us is given something unique. That thing is - *tabula rasa*: the Latin for 'blank slate'. When they depart Earth for Thea, we erase their histories completely, giving them the true chance to start their life afresh.

Compelled, AIBA leans forward, eyes intent.

GREY (CONT'D)

Of course, to create a fully-functioning civilisation, we require a constant influx of workers. And, it is this very opportunity that we would like to offer - to you.

AIBA blinks. He instinctively looks to SHUN, who nods. AIBA looks back to the front as GREY smiles.

GREY (CONT'D)

Every one of you listening to this talk, in every location around the world. You have the chance to be the first generation of settlers on mankind's second home.

The smiling images of Thea workers disperse, leaving GREY the central focus again. He looks around at the people he cannot see, as though he's speaking to every one of them in person.

GREY (CONT'D)

Let me be clear. As a volunteer for the Thea Project, you will be taken to a new, unexplored and captivating world, where no-one knows who you used to be or what you once did. Everyone on Thea is there to consolidate a future. And to leave the past behind.

(beat)

Here. Today. You have the chance to share this dream with us.

The two brothers look at one another. Intense emotion coursing through their faces.

**END FLASHBACK**

16

**INT. ORIGIN / MIDDLE DECK / STAIRWELL 1 - NIGHT**

16

SHUN stares at the dead man's face, preserved in an expression of agony, the blood from his brain dripping down in rivers. After a moment, he gently lowers the brainless corpse to the floor.

SHUN

We need to find out what's going on.

ABIGAIL

(tears in eyes)

Where are we supposed to go?

SHUN, face hardening into action, looks past ABIGAIL to the wall. He moves - startling the other passengers - to a glass panel, which contains a blueprint of the spaceship. It's separated into Lower, Middle and Upper Decks, and its floors and floors deep. Down the side is the single word 'ORIGIN'.

He examines it, then presses his finger onto a large room at the front and top of the ship. Labelled 'Control Room'.

SHUN

Control Room. If any of the crew are left, that's where they'll be.

LANA is still looking down at the dead PASSENGER, in a state of shock.

SHUN (CONT'D)

Lana.

She flinches, and looks at him. Swallows.

LANA

Right. Control Room.

HENRI

Do we.. take him with us?

Looking down at the dead passenger, SHUN shakes his head.

SHUN

Nothing we can do for him now.

17

**INT. ORIGIN / MIDDLE DECK / STAIRWELL - LATER**

17

The passengers, tense and on-edge, are making their way up the stairs, SHUN and LANA at the head.

LANA

So. Any theories?

SHUN

Find someone who can get us off this fucking ship.

LANA

I meant about the guy back there.

SHUN glances at her.

SHUN

I know.

LANA exhales shakily.

LANA

Never thought I'd miss my gun again. I mean, I thought I'd be there - on Thea, I mean.

SHUN

Lot of things we never bargained for.

Suddenly, a great rumble sounds from way down below, crashing over the dimmed sound of the sirens. The passengers dart together, yelping, petrified. **VERONIKA PETROVA** - 21, Russian, doll-like - catches hold of MOHINDER's sleeve.

The noise soon dissipates, though everyone remains deeply on-edge. VERONIKA glances at her hand clutching MOHINDER's arm.

VERONIKA  
(breathless)  
Sorry..

She makes to release her shaking hand, but MOHINDER clasps it with his own.

MOHINDER  
Do not fear, my child. God is with  
us.

While MOHINDER is in earnest, something about the blood on his forehead makes the situation even more unnerving. LANA, glancing back, calls them to order.

LANA  
Keep moving. Stay close.

The passengers rally together, and LANA speaks quietly to SHUN.

LANA (CONT'D)  
Sounded like it came from the  
bottom of the ship.

SHUN  
Good thing we're going up.

18

**INT. ORIGIN / UPPER DECK / CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT**

18

The door slides open to reveal SHUN and LANA, peering into the Control Room, ready for threats. The rest of the group wait, frightened, behind them.

The sirens and flashing lights are back in full force - but the Control Room is completely empty. It's a vast room with a huge glass front that looks out onto space. The central computer, a complicated machine littered with buttons and screens, stretches the width of the room. The name ORIGIN is plastered across it in gleaming letters.

SHUN  
Empty..

The others move in, nervous, jumpy. But there's no-one here.

COMPUTERISED VOICE (O.S.)  
Emergency. Evacuation in Progress.

ABIGAIL  
 (hysterical)  
 There's no-one here. Why isn't  
 anyone here?

KATIE clocks a half-finished packet of food, and picks it up.  
 There are others, strewn along the room.

KATIE  
 Looks like they left in a hurry.

SARAH  
 Is it still edible?

People look at her; she shrinks under the collective gaze.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
 Sorry, I'm just.. I'm starving.

Behind, DARYL notices a door set into the wall, left ajar. He  
 pulls it open to reveal the Emergency Weapons - and three of  
 the four guns are missing.

DARYL  
 Took the firepower with them..

Panic and frustration firing up, he slams the door to the  
 Weapons Store shut with a loud bang, making everyone start.

DARYL (CONT'D)  
 The hell happened on this goddamn  
 ship!?

SHUN, meanwhile, is looking at the main monitor on the  
 computer. A red message is flashing up: 'SYSTEM FAILURE'.

SHUN  
 Anyone good with computers?

**ED CHEN** - Chinese, early 20s, spectacles, autistic and highly  
 intelligent - slides through to the front.

ED  
 (Chinese accent)  
 Excuse me.

BAUM  
 Of course. The Asian guy.

He slides past SHUN and casts his eyes over the numerous  
 screens, taking it in. The flashing error messages.

ED  
 System's down on the Lower Decks.

COMPUTERISED VOICE (O.S.)  
Emergency. Evacuation in Progress.

DARYL  
(aggressive)  
Can you shut that fucker off?

ED taps a few keys. Nothing. Tries again - no luck. Then, third time lucky. Abruptly, the sirens cease and the lights return to normal.

KATIE  
Thank God for that.

ED  
You can thank Ed. That's my name.

Oblivious to his own social awkwardness, ED continues to delve through the computer. He blinks. He's brought up an image showing a futuristic blueprint of Origin, there's a red circle pulsing at the bottom of the ship. The Hull.

ED (CONT'D)  
Large-scale impact to the Hull,  
roughly 6 hours prior. Looks like  
the rumbling we heard was part of  
the outer ship breaking off.

BAUM  
I'm sorry - breaking off!?

SHUN  
What does large-scale impact mean?

ED  
Collision. Most likely a fast-  
moving object. An asteroid, for  
example.

The PASSENGERS react, stunned. At the end of his rope, DARYL lets out a strangled laugh.

DARYL  
Oh right, an asteroid. We're just  
stuck on a ship that got hit by a  
fucking asteroid.

LANA  
Where are the others?

ED types, bringing up a screen with the words 'Evacuation - Status' at the top. There are sporadic pieces of information regarding the Evacuation Crafts. Crafts 2 to 9 have the green message: 'Evacuation Successful' next to their name.

The only two left are Craft 1 and Craft 10, both of which have the red message 'Pending'.

ED

Eight of the Evacuation Crafts are gone.

SHUN

What?

ED points to the relevant monitor. He uses his middle finger.

ED

Crafts 2 to 9 departed Origin about 23 minutes after impact.

KATIE

But that means..

(beat)

They evacuated without us.

A beat of dreadful silence.

ABIGAIL

(whispered)

They're gone?

DARYL sits down hard, and VERONIKA is forced to hold the wall to keep her knees from crumpling. BAUM cocks his head, as though it was obvious.

BAUM

Survival of the fittest.

VERONIKA shakes her head, tears starting to collect.

VERONIKA

But.. They said we'd have a fresh start. They promised us.

On SHUN. Trying to navigate the news.

19

**EXT. SHUN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

19

SHUN enters his apartment absent-mindedly. He shuts the door, then freezes.

A light is on. Inside.

SHUN slowly reaches down for his gun. Takes it in his hands, holds it out in front as he slowly rounds a corner -

And AIBA's sitting there. SHUN's dog in his lap.

SHUN  
Fuck's sake, Aiba!

AIBA  
(in English)  
Were you gonna shoot your dog?

He nudges the animal away. SHUN, however, is intent on AIBA. They continue speaking in English.

SHUN  
So?

They both know what he's talking about. AIBA shrugs.

AIBA  
Doesn't take a genius to figure out there's a fuckload of propaganda going on. All that 'perfect harmony' shit. Not the whole story.

SHUN stays silent.

AIBA (CONT'D)  
You know there's a rumour SIREN recruited someone from Death Row? And now they're just.. up there, in the universe. Living a new life, as a free person.

SHUN  
That's the point, isn't it?  
Everyone gets a blank slate.

AIBA  
Right. *Tabula rasa*. The guy kept harping on about it.

But his offhand tone is masking something deeper. AIBA walks to the window, parts the curtains, and looks up at the sky. At the stars. At Thea somewhere far beyond.

AIBA (CONT'D)  
I don't know, Shun. D'you really think anyone can start over?

It's the first glimpse of what could be vulnerability. SHUN considers. He knows how precious his response is.

SHUN  
I always felt it, you know. When we were growing up. I liked rules. Liked being the kid that enforced them.

(MORE)

SHUN (CONT'D)

But every day I towed the line, I saw you slip a little bit further from it.

He shakes his head.

SHUN (CONT'D)

Mum would've skinned me, if she'd been there to see how I let you drift. How I didn't try to stop you.

AIBA

You tried.

SHUN

Not hard enough. Not when it really mattered. Truth is, by the end I was ashamed. To have a brother who was *yakuza*.

AIBA isn't unaffected by SHUN's words.

SHUN (CONT'D)

Point is, you and me - we're made of the same stuff, but we stumbled down opposite roads. Could've been different. Could've been the other way round. But we made our choices.

(beat)

So yeah. I think we choose who we are. But we also choose who we become.

He meets AIBA's gaze squarely. The brothers are finally looking at each other for real.

SHUN (CONT'D)

I believe you can start over.

AIBA takes a beat. We can see how much the words have meant to him. He tries not to show his emotions.

AIBA

What about you?

SHUN

What?

AIBA

All that time. Listening to him talk about new beginnings. About becoming the person you always wanted to be.

(MORE)

AIBA (CONT'D)

And I'm not thinking 'why would I do this?' I'm thinking - why wouldn't you?

On SHUN. Completely taken aback.

AIBA (CONT'D)

Come on. This can't all just be some big philanthropic exercise in saving your fucked-up brother.

(beat)

I've watched you, Shun, even if you didn't see me. The way the other officers look at you. They treat you like you don't deserve to be there, when we both know you've worked harder than anyone.

SHUN

It doesn't matter what people think. It's duty -

AIBA

Fuck duty! It frustrates you. It demeans you. You know you're made for bigger things - and they're not letting you do them.

He shakes his head.

AIBA (CONT'D)

You go to work, you come home to your empty flat and you lament to your fucking dog how life didn't work out the way you wanted. I get why you thought I should sign up. Go somewhere new, away from all the shit I'm entrenched in so I can find out who I really am. But what I don't get is - what's so bloody precious that you wouldn't do the same?

A beat. Despite everything, AIBA has struck a truth SHUN hadn't faced himself. But, like AIBA, he refuses to reveal that completely.

SHUN

Are you saying you're in?

AIBA considers.

AIBA  
 I'm in, Shun.  
 (beat)  
 But only if you're coming with me.

On SHUN. Suddenly being faced with a colossal decision.

**END FLASHBACK**

20                   **INT. ORIGIN / UPPER DECK / CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT**                   20

Silence in the Control Room. The passengers are still in the wake of the terrible revelation.

SHUN  
 So that's it. Everyone's gone.

ED  
 Not quite.

People stir, desperate hope bubbling up again.

ED (CONT'D)  
 Eight of the Evacuation Crafts are gone. There were 10 on board. One for each corridor.

ED points to the blueprint on the monitor.

ED (CONT'D)  
 We were Corridor 1 - assigned to Craft 1 in the event of an evacuation. Our Craft never departed. Nor did Craft 10.

LANA  
 So that means -

HENRI  
 - there are other passengers on the ship.

DARYL  
 And that there are still two Evac Crafts here. We should get the hell off this shit-hole!

ED  
 Do you know how to steer one?

Beat. Clearly no-one does.

SHUN  
Where's Corridor 10?

ED leans forward to indicate the blueprint.

ED  
This is where we were - Corridor 1 -

He points to the topmost corridor of the Middle Deck, which is separated into two wings, 10 Sleep Cells in each. A total of 20. Then he moves his finger down to the bottom, the very lowest corridor of 20 Sleep Cells.

ED (CONT'D)  
That is Corridor 10.  
(beat, realising)  
The corridor closest to the area of damage.

LANA  
Is there a way to contact them?

ED  
The ship's announcement system is out on the lower levels. Must be an effect of the damage sustained.

SHUN  
So there's no communication between us and Corridor 10?

ED  
Not unless you go down there.

Beat. LANA, staring intently at the blueprint, nods.

LANA  
Then that's what we should do.

The passengers turn to her, startled.

SARAH  
What?

DARYL  
Are you fucking kidding me?

LANA  
The passengers down there might not know where to go or how to reach us

-

DARYL

OK, you've been yelling orders like some kinda action hero since we woke up. What the hell is with your goddamn saviour complex?

LANA flinches; the words have gotten under her skin.

LANA

(quietly)

I just want to help.

DARYL

We just saw a guy's head go up like Krakatoa - and you wanna go back out there? Screw that, I'm waiting for someone to come get us!

SHUN

(quietly)

And if they never do?

Beat.

SHUN (CONT'D)

Lana's right. There might be people down there. We should at least try to find them.

BAUM

*If they even exist!* We don't know why their Evac Craft didn't depart. Besides, that -

He points to the flashing 'Damage' message on the Hull.

BAUM (CONT'D)

- says '*Damage*'. D'you really want to sniff around this ship? 'Cause I'd rather waltz across a field of land mines.

HENRI

I concur with Shun and Lana. If there is life left on Origin, we need to find it.

VERONIKA

But.. it feels safe here. I mean compared to out there.

ABIGAIL

(half to herself)

So we hole up. Until we starve.

The room shifts uncomfortably at the statement. ABIGAIL sets her mouth.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)  
I think we should look too.

People react with surprise.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)  
It's got to be better than sitting here, waiting for the nightmare to crank up a notch. My dad always said if you don't like where you are, keep moving.

BAUM  
Warm sentiments from a man who no doubt walked off a cliff.

ABIGAIL  
There might be someone down there who could help us! Anything'd be better than this, right?

KATIE  
She's not wrong.

Nervous, she nods.

KATIE (CONT'D)  
I'm up for going out.

MOHINDER  
I will join you.

LANA  
No - injured should stay here and recoup. We keep it tight: a small group travels faster.

ED  
And are more easily lost.

Awkward silence. LANA tries to bolster her pragmatism again.

LANA  
Alright. So it's the five of us. We'll gather what we can and head out.

DARYL shakes his head as the group starts to disperse. LANA glances at him before speaking quietly to SHUN.

LANA (CONT'D)  
Thanks for having my back.

SHUN looks at her. Almost as though that's not a statement he's used to.

21 **INT. POLICE STATION - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

21

SHUN sits at his desk. His computer's on but he's not really focused on it. He seems agitated, nervous.

He looks over to a shut door. Clearly something's going on inside he's not privy to. SHUN stares intently at it...

CHIEF INSPECTOR (O.C.)  
Kenji.

SHUN's head snaps back to see his CHIEF INSPECTOR looking down at him. He's a severe man in his 50s.

SHUN  
Inspector - I wasn't -

CHIEF INSPECTOR  
I understand this must be a difficult time. But even you must understand why you can't be part of what's going on.

SHUN's jaw twitches.

SHUN  
Yes, Sir. I've been dealing with things in my own way.

CHIEF INSPECTOR  
Good.  
(beat)  
It's late. You should go home.

He leaves. Three OFFICERS pass, striding down the corridor towards the shut door. On reaching it, one of them notices SHUN watching. He nudges his colleague; they both glance back at him before heading inside and shutting the door firmly.

Angry, anxious, SHUN goes back to his computer, but he can barely focus. He taps his desk restlessly. Looks back at the door, considering...

Then gets to his feet, and walks swiftly down the corridor towards it. He glances around, nervous, and leans his head close. The voices can just about be made out.



ITO  
'Stupid song?'

AIBA wipes himself off - the drink has stained his shirt - as the GIRL squeals; ITO has tightened his grip on her hair.

ITO (CONT'D)  
This song sold over 2 million  
fucking copies. It was the best-  
selling fucking single of 1993,  
written by two fucking geniuses. So  
let me ask you - is this song  
stupid? Or are you?

GIRL  
I am. I am!

AIBA  
You fucked my shirt up, Ito.

ITO turns, releasing the GIRL, who immediately runs for the door. Her friends follow suit.

ITO  
Oh shit, I'm sorry -

Just as AIBA receives a text: 'Need to talk. Now.'

AIBA frowns, and gets to his feet.

ITO (CONT'D)  
Wait, where you going?

AIBA  
Making a call.

ITO  
To who?  
(when AIBA doesn't answer)  
Come on, Aiba - you've been  
somewhere-else all night!

AIBA blinks, and looks up at ITO, who immediately sees he's overstepped the mark by asking too many questions. Hurriedly, ITO unbuttons his shirt, revealing a few colourful tattoos on his chest. He hands it to AIBA. Clearly an act of submission.

ITO (CONT'D)  
Sorry about your shirt.





LANA

Little disconcerting, huh. You wouldn't have guns in the emergency store of an economy flight.

SHUN

An economy flight doesn't assemble passengers looking to flee the Earth.

(beat)

Usually.

LANA looks through a box in the Weapon Store and finds a packet of bullets. She's startled when SHUN takes it from her and swiftly refills the barrel, pulling the safety catch.

LANA

You've done that before.

SHUN hands the gun back to her.

SHUN

Unlike you, I don't miss my gun.

Behind, ABIGAIL sits with HENRI and KATIE, knocking one of the flickering torches, forcing the light to stay on.

ABIGAIL

Piece of shit.. If it goes out on me when we're down there, I'll have an aneurism.

HENRI smiles.

HENRI

It's Abigail, right?

She nods. He points to himself.

HENRI (CONT'D)

Henri.

(to KATIE)

And you are -

KATIE gives a tentative smile.

KATIE

Katie.

HENRI

So. Four torches between five. Two of us will need to share.

ABIGAIL looks terrified at the prospect. KATIE, seeing her response, intercedes.

KATIE  
(to HENRI)  
I'll stay close to you.

ABIGAIL sags slightly.

ABIGAIL  
Great. Everyone knows I'm the coward.

HENRI  
You're the youngest person here and you're going out to try and save lives. I'd say that positions you pretty far from coward.

The statement makes ABIGAIL smile a little.

ABIGAIL  
So, you said you'd had medical training. Any idea what could've happened to the man on the stairwell?

HENRI  
None that I could reasonably voice.

KATIE  
There were accounts of exploding skulls in Herculaneum, one of the cities near the Vesuvius eruption. But that would've been down to the extreme heat -

She breaks off - HENRI and ABIGAIL are staring at her. KATIE immediately flushes.

KATIE (CONT'D)  
Sorry. I read too much.

LANA (O.C.)  
How you guys getting on?

HENRI screws the back on the final torch, and nods.

HENRI  
We're ready.

They all stand - just as DARYL approaches, pissed off.

DARYL  
So I hear we have one functional  
gun - and you're taking it into a  
collision zone.

ABIGAIL  
We're the ones risking our necks.

DARYL  
I sure as hell didn't ask you to.  
There are more of us in here - why  
shouldn't we be the ones to have  
protection?

MOHINDER  
They are on a mission to save  
lives. That takes precedence -

DARYL  
(losing it)  
Oh shut up, Holy Man -

He shoves MOHINDER away.

DARYL (CONT'D)  
No-one's got time for your  
preaching bullshit -

But he's abruptly torn away and thrown back. DARYL, startled  
by the force, looks back - and SHUN is standing behind him.

SHUN  
Enough.

His face is dark and dangerous.

DARYL  
You really gonna put your ass on  
the line for a complete stranger?  
You don't know him from Adam.

SHUN  
No, I don't. And I don't know you.  
But since you've done nothing but  
piss me off since we woke up, I  
like you a lot less.

DARYL twitches. LANA glances at SHUN, slightly perturbed -  
something about his energy is deeply threatening.

BAUM (O.C.)  
Let them take it.

They turn back - BAUM has started trying to wrench open the crew's lockers using a metal ruler.

DARYL

What?

BAUM remains nonchalant as he works.

BAUM

SIREN didn't tell us anything about anyone. All we know is that we all came here wanting to escape Earth for good.

(beat)

My point is, we have no idea where each other came from, or what we might be capable of. So they might be taking the gun - but I'd bet they'll use it on each other before the hour's up.

The words settle nastily over everyone. DARYL thinks them over; SHUN doesn't break their eye-contact.

DARYL

Fine. Just don't expect us to come charging to your rescue when you topple into a black hole.

ED

Black holes are gargantuan; if one of us goes in the entire ship -

DARYL

Piss off.

The volunteer group gather their things. The remaining passengers bar DARYL, BAUM and ED - the latter still on the computer - crowd around to see them off.

SARAH

You won't.. You wouldn't leave without us?

LANA

No-one's getting left.

They move towards the door. LANA, gun and torch at the ready, glances back. Then, setting her mouth, she heads out. KATIE, HENRI and ABIGAIL follow.

SHUN pauses at the door to speak quietly to VERONIKA.



SHUN  
I'm flying with my brother - could  
you see if he's checked in?

ATTENDANT  
Name?

SHUN  
Aiba Kenji.

The ATTENDANT types in.

ATTENDANT  
No, Mr Kenji is yet to check in.

SHUN  
Oh. He must be on his way.

SHUN finds a seat nearby and sits down. Checks his watch:  
it's 5.55pm.

**LATER**

SHUN is still in the same spot, but it's dark outside. He's  
agitated. Looks down at his phone: he's sent numerous texts  
to AIBA, but received no response.

He checks his watch. It's nearly 7.30pm.

SHUN sits back, worried.

Then his phone rings. He scrambles to pick up.

SHUN (CONT'D)  
Aiba?

37 **EXT. KARAOKE CLUB - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

37

Standing outside the Yamamoto-kai's karaoke club, the CHIEF  
INSPECTOR holds the phone tightly, lips thin with fury.

CHIEF INSPECTOR  
Not quite.

38 **INT. AIRPORT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

38

SHUN's eyes widen.

SHUN  
Inspector.

CHIEF INSPECTOR (O.S.)  
 I didn't want to think it. Not for  
 a second. But then we realised we  
 hadn't seen you since this morning.

39                   **EXT. KARAOKE CLUB - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**                   39

CHIEF INSPECTOR  
 You tipped him off, didn't you,  
 Kenji?

We see behind the CHIEF INSPECTOR - there are numerous police  
 cars, OFFICERS being patched up. The aftermath of a large-  
 scale raid.

CHIEF INSPECTOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 You tipped your brother off, and he  
 alerted his people.

40                   **INT. AIRPORT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**                   40

SHUN  
 What?

CHIEF INSPECTOR (O.S.)  
 The Yamamoto-*kai* knew we were  
 coming! They were ready - and now  
 five of our officers are dead.

SHUN sits there, in total shell-shock. The betrayal cutting  
 him to his core.

41                   **EXT. KARAOKE CLUB - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**                   41

Behind the CHIEF INSPECTOR, a body is transported out of the  
 club in a bag.

CHIEF INSPECTOR  
 Well, you may have fucked us. But  
 you fucked your brother too. One of  
 our guys got him.

42                   **INT. AIRPORT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**                   42

SHUN  
 He's dead?

CHIEF INSPECTOR  
 He escaped. But we'll find him. If  
 he hasn't bled out.

On SHUN. Trying not to crumble under this terrible turn of events.

**END FLASHBACK**

43

**INT. ORIGIN / MIDDLE DECK / STAIRWELL - NIGHT**

43

The group are descending the stairs in tense silence, on-edge for all noises and shadows. LANA leads, gun pointed ahead, SHUN at her side. ABIGAIL clings close to HENRI.

LANA

Thought we were gonna have a punch-up back there.

SHUN

Not really my style.

LANA

Well. For the record, I'd turn a blind eye if you wanted to clock the Texan.

SHUN starts to smile - when they both draw up. They've reached the PASSENGER whose brain exploded. The group pause, looking down at the mangled corpse.

KATIE

I was sort of hoping we'd had a collective hallucination.

HENRI kneels down to look at the dead man.

HENRI

That remains the best explanation.

He frowns - a glint of something grey-silver, inside the brain. Or did he imagine it?

HENRI leans in, trying to get closer to the gory mess -

LANA (O.C.)

Henri.

He looks up. The others are waiting for him. HENRI gets to his feet, and they continue.

44

**INT. ORIGIN / MIDDLE DECK / STAIRWELL 2 - NIGHT**

44

They reach the first level down, labelled 'Corridor 2'. The door is open. SHUN hesitates, glances at LANA.

SHUN  
We should check. Just in case.

45                   **INT. ORIGIN / MIDDLE DECK / CORRIDOR 2A - NIGHT**                   45

LANA darts in with her gun pointed to check for threats. Nothing. Just silence. She nods for the others to file in. SHUN moves ahead of her, then pauses.

LANA  
What is it?

SHUN  
Sleep Cells.

The others approach to find him looking into a Sleep Cell, identical to those they woke up in. It's dark. Sinister.

SHUN presses the pad to open the door from the outside. Inside the Cell, needles have been discarded, the oxygen mask is on the floor, and the life-vitals machine is flat-lining.

ABIGAIL  
They really are gone.

The others look at her, and her eyes are glazed with tears.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)  
What Ed was saying in the Control Room - part of me just kept thinking he had to be wrong. They wouldn't just abandon us. But.. We're alone here.

SHUN  
We don't know that. Not until we reach Corridor 10.

LANA presses the pad to shut the door to the Sleep Cell.

LANA  
So let's get there.

They move to depart, but ABIGAIL lingers, staring at the empty Cell. HENRI, seeing her, pauses. Seeing her fear, he places a hand on her shoulder. ABIGAIL looks up, gathers a little courage from the gesture, and the group move on.

46                   **INT. ORIGIN / UPPER DECK / CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT**                   46

VERONIKA looks down at an unappetising lump of processed food, which she's holding in front of her mouth.

She glances around - the others are watching. They've all collected the leftover food, and separated it into portions on torn pieces of foil.

VERONIKA takes a breath, and scoops it into her mouth. Chews, chokes slightly, and swallows.

SARAH  
Well? How is it?

VERONIKA  
(in Russian)  
Fucking awful.

SARAH  
What? What did she say?

VERONIKA rearranges her face.

VERONIKA  
(in English)  
It's fine.

The others rush in and take their portions; SARAH gulps her down, utterly ravenous, savouring the taste. MOHINDER hesitates, then takes two foils. He puts one down beside DARYL, who's sitting apart from the others at a table.

DARYL looks up, startled, as MOHINDER walks away. Left alone, he takes a beat, then takes up the food to eat it quietly.

VERONIKA approaches ED with a foil; he's murmuring under his breath as he scrutinises the layout of the ship on the on-screen blueprint. She watches over his shoulder as he works his way around the computer, learning how it functions. VERONIKA shakes her head, completely dumbfounded.

VERONIKA (CONT'D)  
How d'you know how to do this?

Startled, ED looks up. He flinches back on finding VERONIKA so close. Clearly not a fan of close contact.

ED  
Define 'this'.

VERONIKA  
Not many people could just work  
their way round a spaceship's  
computer like it's a games console.

ED shrugs. Going back to the screens.

ED

Computer's a computer. It's like reading music. You might get a piece you've never seen before, but soon the chords start making sense to you.

Suddenly, he frowns.

ED (CONT'D)

Sealed..

VERONIKA

What?

He points to a more detailed blueprint of the ship.

ED

Corridors 1 to 9 are open for evacuation. But Corridor 10.. It's been sealed from the outside.

VERONIKA

You think that means something?

ED

Possibly not.

He turns to her, expression characteristically blank.

ED (CONT'D)

Unless someone had a reason to keep it shut.

Their conversation is interrupted by a loud noise: BAUM throwing another object from the Captain's locker - the last locker he's forced open - onto a messy pile on the floor.

VERONIKA

God, don't you have any respect?

BAUM turns, mildly surprised.

BAUM

Since the Captain's either dead or a backstabbing deserter, I don't think she really requires it.

He continues to rifle through the Captain's belongings, and pauses, having picked out a small electric contraption. It has a single screen, which bears the digits: 22072046.

BAUM (CONT'D)  
 (in German)  
 Shit.

The passengers turn to look, and BAUM holds up the device.

DARYL  
 What is that, some kind of code?

BAUM  
 Take a closer look, Redneck. 22 -  
 07 - 2046.

ED  
 The date.

BAUM  
 We've been asleep for over 2 years.

47                   **INT. ORIGIN / MIDDLE DECK / STAIRWELL 9 - NIGHT**                   47

The volunteer group are down in the recesses now. They pass 'Corridor 9', labelled on the wall, the door to which is open with silence beyond.

As they continue down, there are a few scattered pieces of fallen debris, bits of wall having crumbled, and some of the lights are out. Everyone is deeply tense, breathing loudly.

SHUN  
 Should be the next one down.

They head down the last set of stairs -

48                   **INT. ORIGIN / MIDDLE DECK / STAIRWELL 10 - NIGHT**                   48

- and draw up violently, ABIGAIL letting out an involuntary shriek. Below them, propped against the wall is -

A man. Lying face-up on the floor. Caucasian, 34. He wears official blue SIREN overalls - that are stained with blood stemming from a deep wound in his gut. A half-fallen gun lies in his limp fingers.

ABIGAIL  
 Oh shit. Oh shit -

KATIE  
 Is he dead?

LANA swallows, then moves forward, SHUN at her side. She shines the torch, keeping her gun trained on the man as SHUN ventures closer, and notices an ID tag marking the man as a member of SIREN's crew. It states his name to be **WARREN LEE**.

SHUN  
He's a crew member..

LANA drops, placing her fingers to the man's sweaty neck as SHUN removes the gun from WARREN's hand.

LANA  
He's alive.

HENRI unscrews the cap of his water flask and passes it to LANA, who feeds WARREN water as HENRI checks his wound. It's a nasty, bloody hole in his gut.

ABIGAIL  
(panicked)  
Someone stabbed him - that's a stab wound, right?

HENRI  
We don't know that.

HENRI takes off his shirt and begins to tear strips out of it to bind the wound. SHUN, meanwhile, inspects WARREN's gun.

SHUN  
He's used it. Bullets missing.

He glances down and follows WARREN's trail of blood - it leads to the door of Corridor 10, labelled on the wall. The pad beside the door is lit in red, with the message 'Locked'.

Just then - the distant, chilling sound of a cry. Human. Like the final call of the dying.

Everyone's head snaps up at the sound.

It came from Corridor 10.

KATIE  
That came from inside.

LANA, SHUN and KATIE rush towards the door. LANA shines her torch through the glass - but it's pitch black inside.

LANA  
Shit, can't see anything..

She moves to press the pad, but SHUN knocks her hand back.

LANA (CONT'D)  
What are you doing?

SHUN  
The door's locked.

LANA  
So?

SHUN  
None of the other corridors were sealed off. What if there's a reason?

LANA  
(incredulous)  
We just heard someone scream!

SHUN  
And we need to ask ourselves what they're screaming about.

LANA looks to KATIE, incredulous, and back to SHUN.

LANA  
They could be hurt. Calling out for help.

SHUN  
I'm just trying to keep us alive.

LANA  
And you'd let someone die to save yourself?

On SHUN. Her words cutting deep.

49

**INT. AIBA'S APARTMENT / BASEMENT PARKING - NIGHT**  
**(FLASHBACK)**

49

A few droplets of blood patter onto the floor.

Panting, pale and drenched in sweat, AIBA drags himself along the wall. The blood has soaked through his coat.

Unable to go further, AIBA sinks down a wall, leaving a smear of blood in his wake. He takes a beat to prepare himself, then shrugs off his coat. His shirt is red. AIBA winces at the sight: one bullet in his upper arm, one to his shoulder.

He leans his head back against the wall, gasping. Knowing he's not going to make it alone. He closes his eyes, starting to slip from consciousness...

SHUN (O.C.)

Get up.

AIBA's eyes shoot open to see - SHUN, swooping down beside him, dragging him to his feet.

AIBA

(laboured)

What..

SHUN

Come on. We're going up to your apartment.

AIBA

How.. How d'you know where I live?

SHUN

I'm a police officer, asshole.

He starts to half-carry AIBA across the parking basement towards the lift. AIBA, however, is utterly confused.

AIBA

Why are you here?

SHUN looks at him. The anger, betrayal, pain - all of it communicated in that one look.

SHUN

You're my brother.

And in that moment, AIBA has never felt more despicable. They move in silence, AIBA feeling the weight of his betrayal.

AIBA

It's who I am.

Perhaps even hating AIBA now, SHUN shifts his weight.

SHUN

Didn't have to be. You could've started over. I was ready to take that new life together.

AIBA casts his eyes down. Ashamed.

AIBA

I know.

They've reached the lifts: SHUN presses the button.

SHUN

Just to be clear. I'm helping you  
get cleaned up - then I'm going.  
I'm taking that ticket to Thea. And  
you're never gonna see me again.

AIBA looks at SHUN, startled. But SHUN won't turn to face  
him. We feel that their bond is now irrevocably broken.

The lift door pings. The doors open -

And three men in suits stand inside. The Yamamoto-*kai*: AIBA's  
syndicate. At the head is a man in his late 50s. Calm and  
polished. **HIDETO YAMAMOTO.**

HIDETO lifts his gun - and fires.

A long beat. SHUN and AIBA are stark still. One of them shot.  
But which?

Then - SHUN crumples.

Unable to hold his own weight, AIBA collapses next to him. He  
raises his head to see - SHUN has been shot in the heart. He  
chokes, blood blossoming out from his shirt.

AIBA

No.. No!

He scrambles over, trying to press down on the hole, to stem  
the bleeding somehow. SHUN's frenzied eyes move to AIBA's  
face. The two brothers look at one another.

Then, with a final shudder, SHUN falls still.

AIBA stares. At the body that used to be SHUN.

Above, HIDETO exits the lift, calmly putting his gun away.

HIDETO

Thought we'd find you here. Didn't  
expect it to be with him.

AIBA doesn't hear him - he's paralysed. Unable to move,  
unable to think, unable to speak.

HIDETO (CONT'D)

Patch him up.  
(of SHUN's body)  
And get rid of that.

One MAN hoists AIBA up, taking him into the lift. AIBA is  
helpless to do anything. In a state of total shock.

The MAN beside him presses a floor button.

HIDETO (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
Aiba.

AIBA finally raises his face, still numb, tears in his eyes.

HIDETO (CONT'D)  
Don't ever let me see you with a  
cop again.

On AIBA, as he watches SHUN's body being taken away. The lift doors closing on the sight.

**END FLASHBACK**

50

**INT. ORIGIN / MIDDLE DECK / STAIRWELL 10 - NIGHT**

50

SHUN stands opposite LANA, KATIE watching them both nervously. SHUN glances inside Corridor 10, the source of the distant scream, then seems to come to a decision. He nods.

SHUN  
Alright. We go in.

LANA  
(relieved)  
Good. Good -

SHUN  
(of KATIE)  
But she seals the door behind us.

LANA pauses, startled. Then, after a beat, she nods.

LANA  
Got the other gun?

SHUN holds up WARREN's gun. He turns to KATIE.

SHUN  
Second we're inside, you lock us  
in. OK?

KATIE wavers, reluctant, but nods.

LANA and SHUN prepare themselves. SHUN reaches down for the pad - and we see that his little finger is missing.

Our SHUN is AIBA.

The message changes from 'Locked' to 'Unlocked', and the doors slides open.



ABIGAIL

We had to. We heard a survivor  
inside.

WARREN turns, a terrible, unshakeable horror in his look.

WARREN

You don't understand. That's not a  
survivor.

53                   **INT. ORIGIN / MIDDLE DECK / CORRIDOR 10 - NIGHT**                   53

LANA and SHUN inch forward, tense, barely able to see.

Then - the sound echoes out of the darkness.

SHUN and LANA whirl, torches flashing. Breathing hard, they  
peer through the shadows...

And SHUN frowns. He takes a step forward. Staring at  
something as though unable to fully compute it.

SHUN

What the hell is that?

The screen goes black.

54                   **EXT. BOARDING BAY / ORIGIN - DAY (FLASHBACK)**                   54

The sounds of trudging feet...

The black fades up into bright, blinding sunlight. On a bare,  
desert-like flat, passengers are pouring out of numerous open-  
top buses, escorted by countless blue-suited SIREN guards.  
It's a vibrant, regimented, dynamic operation.

As we focus on one of the vehicles, we see AIBA - who we now  
know to be our SHUN - descending the steps onto the dry  
floor, dressed in his grey overalls. His top button is  
undone, revealing a little of his tattoos below. He winces  
slightly as he hits the bottom step, touching his shoulder.  
Where the bullet once pierced.

He stares up at something. We pivot round to reveal - Origin,  
the gleaming spacecraft. It's huge. Mesmerising.

A crew member states clear commands into a microphone, which  
booms out on speakers. It's a Chinese man of around 30: we  
don't know him yet, but this is **BAI SONG**.

## SONG

Please board the craft in an orderly fashion. You will be sedated for departure on entering your Sleep Cell, and will regain consciousness upon arrival at Thea. As always, interaction with other volunteers is forbidden to preserve your *tabula rasa* -

He continues, switching between various languages.

SHUN is ushered forward by a GUARD, falling into one of the four queues for various entrance points. He glances around, looking at the mass of other passengers - there are 200 in total - boarding in silence. Other than the orders, there's nothing but the sound of moving feet. No passenger speaks.

Several high-ranking SIREN officials are standing in a line, hands clasped reverentially in front of them. SHUN sees GREY amongst them, as his line shifts forward. In the crowd we spot a few familiar faces - LANA, ED, BAUM, VERONIKA - but they're all strangers to each other now.

At last, SHUN reaches the threshold. A couple of the on-board crew await them, bowing as they pass and welcoming passengers in various languages. They are checking people's wrists. As SHUN reaches the front, one of the SIREN crew attends to him - and we see that it's WARREN. He takes SHUN's wrist with a smile and bares the number tattooed on his forearm.

## WARREN

Welcome to Origin spacecraft,  
Passenger 1221.

He types the number into a machine on the side of the craft, bringing up the message: '1221 - Approved'. Nods to SHUN, indicating that he can step inside. SHUN pauses to cast a glance back over his shoulder at the cars, the passengers, at GREY, the sun and the desert. He quickly does up his top button, hiding his tattoos from view.

Then, he steps on-board Origin.

As he passes WARREN, their eyes meet and WARREN smiles.

## WARREN (CONT'D)

Your new life awaits.

SHUN disappears inside.

**FADE TO BLACK.**