

AMARANTH

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INT. DECOMPRESSION CHAMBER, SPACE STATION KRIKALYOV 3

The small cylindrical chamber is well used and cramped. At each end is a heavy duty hatch with a thick window.

AIR FORCE COLONEL JOHN COLE (38), young to have achieved his rank, lies on a narrow bench playing poker on a projected screen that hovers above his chest.

His USAF issue space suit lies crumpled on the deck next to a LARGE CASE.

Stars twinkle in the empty space beyond one window. At the other end, the uniformed legs of an astronaut walk past the tempered glass.

Cole goes all in with a full house, aces over threes -- and loses to four threes.

COLE
Son of a bitch.

He picks a tiny black cube up off his chest and the projected screen disappears into it.

He starts to sit up and his head BANGS the low ceiling.

COLE (CONT'D)
Shit.

He pockets the device, then twists awkwardly and KNOCKS on the glass.

INT. MAIN BAY, SPACE STATION KRIKALYOV 3

The small station is jam packed full of equipment. Stacks of scientific gear are piled on each other. There's no room for anything.

Beside the decompression chamber, VIKTOR "STAS" STANISLAS (40) stares at a chessboard perched on a computer tower.

GRIGORI VILADEV (49) face steeped in experience, works nearby at a heads-up-display running a series of equations.

Cole KNOCKS again. Grigori looks up, annoyed.

GRIGORI
Stas.

STAS
Distracting me won't save you.

GRIGORI
(thick Russian accent)
Not me. Him. He is knocking.

NATALIE ROUVIER (32), compact and beautiful, climbs down a ladder into the bay. Flight officer MARGARET DAVIS (30's) follows.

ANOTHER KNOCK. Natalie notices they don't react.

NATALIE
Guys, come on...

Natalie reaches for an old fashioned egg-timer beside Stas and purposely bumps him.

She looks at the timer, then bends down to show Cole and flashes "one minute" with her finger. Cole nods and gives a thumbs up.

Natalie grabs a DIGITAL TABLET off the decompression chamber and scans through the pages.

NATALIE (CONT'D)
Colonel John Cole, USAF.

MARGARET
They say what they sent him up for?

Grigori flips his glasses up onto his head and pinches the bridge of his nose. He shuts off his display and takes the tablet from Natalie.

GRIGORI
You are like school children with new student. Routine resupply and inspection. Same every nine months.
(making his voice high)
I wonder if he will use treadmill, did he bring music?
(normal voice)
He bring new chips, make sure we not spying, then go home. You don't like to be here with same people always, go back with him.

MARGARET
I don't give a fuck if he brought his whole record collection, I want to know why they sent an Air Force Colonel when all the other R and I guys were NASA.

NATALIE
It's only for three days.

The timer BUZZES. Stas turns it off and begins the process of unlocking the hatch.

NATALIE (CONT'D)
You think he brought music?

The hatch opens with a hiss. Cole climbs out, then reaches back in and grabs the case.

COLE
Tight fit in there, huh?

STAS
The one with the hot tub is being
cleaned right now.

He looks at the four crew in front of him, then extends his hand to Grigori.

COLE
Captain Viladev, Colonel John Cole,
sir, pleased to meet you.

Cole reaches to shake Grigori's hand. His elbow brushes the chess board -- it falls sending pieces everywhere.

COLE (CONT'D)
Shit!

GRIGORI
We've only been playing that game
for a month.

COLE
I'm sorry about that.

Cole crouches to gather the pieces. Natalie stoops to help.

NATALIE
Don't worry about it. You probably
just saved us from another month of
bickering.

STAS
(to Grigori)
You should thank him, I win in
three moves.

GRIGORI
Well now we never know.

STAS
Speak for yourself.

Natalie smiles at Cole.

NATALIE
Or maybe not.

STAS
Let Natalie get those. I have to
check your vitals.

Cole stands and rolls up his sleeve. Stas slips a pressure cuff around Cole's arm. Cole hands Natalie the pawn he's been holding.

COLE
I've never seen it played with
actual pieces.

NATALIE
Yeah, we don't play games on these
machines.

COLE
Then you'll be happy I brought this-

Cole pulls the black cube out of his pocket.

NATALIE
You'd better keep that switched off
if you don't want all your data
circulating through the station.

COLE
What do you mean?

Stas shines a pen-light in Cole's eyes, catching him by surprise.

NATALIE
My systems run on auto-query. They
scan for new information and pull
it into their neural net. They're
very curious.

MARGARET
This isn't a military station. All
we do is cross platform research.

COLE
They're not getting any data off
here. It's D.O.D. encrypted.

Natalie types into the display. A video of his losing poker hand plays on all the screens.

NATALIE
Shit, bad beat.

Margaret gives a mean laugh.

MARGARET
Why do you think they make us
operate 250,000 miles from earth?
These machines untie military
encryption like shoelaces.

Stas removes the cuff from Cole's arm.

STAS
Your decompression is good.

NATALIE
They sent you here without
explaining what we do?

COLE
Routine R and I.

MARGARET
Why did they send an Air Force
Colonel on a resupply?

Cole lifts the case.

COLE
The chipsets you requested come
with a mite bit of security.
(beat)
It's expensive training for a UPS
driver, yet here I am.

Margaret rolls her eyes and heads for the ladder. Cole hands the case to Natalie.

NATALIE
Need me to sign for it?

They smile at each other.

NATALIE (CONT'D)
Don't worry about Margaret. It just
takes her time to warm up.

STAS
He's only here three days.
(off her look)
(MORE)

STAS (CONT'D)
Just saying, I've been working with
her for years.

Cole looks around.

COLE
Do you all have a head up here or
do you just squat in a corner?

Natalie smiles.

NATALIE
The facilities are right there.

She points to a hatch marked with Russian writing. Cole makes
his way to the hatch and opens it.

In the tiny, cramped space a tube hangs coiled on the wall.
At the end of the tube is a funnel that looks sort of like an
oxygen mask, but it's not for your face.

NATALIE (CONT'D)
(off his look)
Yeah, that pod is from before
artificial gravity. Just make sure
you get a good seal. Otherwise it's
a bit messy.

COLE
Copy that, thanks for the tip.

Natalie starts up the ladder.

NATALIE
Welcome to Krikalyov Station.

INT. WASTE COLLECTION POD

Cole pulls the hatch closed. He picks up the receptacle and
eyes it suspiciously.

He shrugs and gets to business. Sighs as he finally gets
relief. Hey, this ain't so bad...

AN EAR-PIERCING ALARM GOES OFF and an emergency strobe
flickers -- Cole flinches.

COLE
(smiling)
At least they have a sense of
humor.

Cole pulls a wet wipe from the dispenser set into the wall and cleans his hand and pant leg.

Someone bangs on the hatch.

Cole's shakes his head and opens it, smiling.

INT. MAIN BAY

It's Margaret, the second he sees the look on her face his smile is gone.

MARGARET
What the fuck, Colonel?

COLE
Pardon?

Margaret points towards a window.

MARGARET
This part of your routine resupply?

Cole makes his way to the window and peers out.

EXT. SPACE STATION KRIKALYOV 3

A LARGE VESSEL drifts into view with the name USS AMARANTH emblazoned in letters across its hull.

INT. MAIN BAY

Cole pulls back from the window with a confused look on his face. Margaret glares at him, arms crossed.

INT. NAVIGATION POD

The crew members are circled around the main window gawking at the sleek vessel drifting outside. New faces include HIROSHI (40) - physicist, AMIT (44) - astronomer, and BARNES (36) - crew chief.

Cole is outside the circle, looking at a close up view of the ship on the navigation console.

HIROSHI
Jesus Christ, man. It's huge.

GRIGORI
Never seen this kind of build.

COLE
In-orbit construction. Exterior
welds with no carbon marks.

They turn and look -- Cole is pointing out subtle details in the image on the display.

COLE (CONT'D)
Built in a vacuum, space. Very,
very expensive.

GRIGORI
Your tax dollars at work. You been
inside?

COLE
I've never seen it before.

MARGARET
You confirmed we have what you came
for, how long till they come get
it?

It takes Cole a beat to process what she's accusing him of.

COLE
First of all, I haven't confirmed
anything with anybody, second, that
ship is empty.

GRIGORI
Is right. Watch light sequence.

Grigori points out the window. A bright flash of COLORED
LIGHTS strobe in quick succession from a beacon on the
vessel's side.

NATALIE
What does it mean?

GRIGORI
Two blue, empty. Three yellow,
abandoned.

STAS
Why would they send it empty?

AMIT
And why did we not pick it up?

HIROSHI
Solar interference maybe? Same
reason comms are out today.

Grigori presses his tablet against the window and takes a picture. He waits a second and takes a second picture.

He pulls it back and taps a button -- motion vectors flow between the overlapping pictures as it calculates.

GRIGORI
Is drifting away.

STAS
You thinking what I'm thinking?

HIROSHI
You bet. What's the charge on the shuttle?

Amit checks his computer.

AMIT
Twenty-two percent.

HIROSHI
We can make it?

GRIGORI
For the next five minutes.

COLE
Whoa, slow down.

GRIGORI
Not time for slow, time for fast.

Grigori rushes out and the others hurry to follow.

COLE
If you're moving out of range, how are you going to get back?!

Hiroshi turns as he backpedals out the door.

HIROSHI
Board and send the shuttle back, it picks us up later when it's fully charged. Do it all the time.

Cole and Barnes are the only ones left.

BARNES
Don't worry. You can hang out here with me.

INT. SHUTTLE BAY

Wearing his USAF space suit, Cole weaves between several large WASTE TANKS. He jumps up and spots the shuttle.

The Krikalyov crew are packed inside, all wearing light pressure suits including helmets. Margaret is the only one not seated.

She starts to pull the hatch closed when Cole grabs it.

MARGARET

We're out of room, Colonel.

Cole glances behind her at two empty jump seats. He doesn't let go.

Margaret throws her hands up.

INT. SHUTTLE

Margaret pilots the shuttle. Cole sits in the back.

COLE

I really think you should reconsider. Think for a second. Why is it drifting? Why was it abandoned?

GRIGORI

You think bad idea, why did you come?

COLE

USS, United States Ship. That's government property.

Cole points -- the docking connector of the Amaranth grows closer in the windshield.

COLE (CONT'D)

If I can't talk you out of this, I can at least supervise.

Grigori snorts. He goes back to his tablet.

Amit is hunched forward awkwardly in his seat. He's wearing a thick EXTRA-VEHICULAR-ACTIVITY SUIT and the propulsion vents on the back are in the way. Hiroshi smirks.

AMIT

What?

HIROSHI
You really needed the EVA suit,
huh?

AMIT
Makes me feel safer.

Hiroshi rolls his eyes.

Cole clicks out of his restraints and maneuvers forward to the window.

COLE
Maintenance kit's ajar.

Cole points to a three-foot by one-foot COMPARTMENT on the hull beside the Amaranth's docking connector. Its cover is slightly open.

NATALIE
What does that mean?

COLE
It means they needed tools to force launch their shuttle. Maybe they were in a hurry.

HIROSHI
You're inferring too much from the data. It only means someone forgot to close the panel.

MARGARET
How about if you both shut up and let me confirm we can dock.

Margaret taps the console. The RUNNING LIGHTS around the Amaranth's docking connector BLINK TWICE. An indicator on the shuttle's console blinks in synch with them.

MARGARET (CONT'D)
Locked in no problem.

The shuttle closes the last few yards to the docking connector and pairs with a satisfying CLINK.

Gas HISSES from a coupling device. The shuttle locks still.

Amit checks his console and gives a thumbs up. He starts taking off the EVA suit and the others follow his lead with their pressure suits.

Hiroshi peers through the window into the Amaranth's decompression chamber.

HIROSHI
Airlock's a four seater.

NATALIE
Guess they didn't expect a lot of
guests.

Grigori pushes Hiroshi aside and looks in.

GRIGORI
Can take five easily. Six, no good.

COLE
How 'bout seven?

The crew all look at each other.

NATALIE
I can stay with him and go in the
second wave.

Stas shoots her a look.

STAS
We're not gonna leave you with him.

COLE
Who's him?

Margaret smiles.

AMIT
I will stay. I have to program the
shuttle's return loop anyway.

Natalie nods. Grigori opens the hatch and they climb into the
airlock. Margaret closes the hatch behind her.

EXT. USS AMARANTH

The large ship floats in space. The small shuttle from the
Krikalyov looks out of place next to it. Like a rusty Model T
tied to a hydrofoil.

INT. SHUTTLE - LATER

Cole stretches and checks his watch.

He glances through the airlock window. He can't hear anything
but it looks like Natalie and Stas are arguing. Stas points
back towards Cole and Natalie throws her hands up.

Behind them, a GREEN LIGHT blinks on the control panel. Hiroshi gets their attention and they open the hatch leading into the ship.

Stas is the last to exit. He turns and closes the hatch.

COLE
You ready?

Cole opens the hatch and they climb into the airlock from the other end.

INT. DECOMPRESSION AIRLOCK, USS AMARANTH

Amit seals the hatch behind them. There's a loud BEEP and the shuttle disconnects, heading back toward the Krikalyov.

The RED LIGHT on the airlock's control panel blinks three times, then goes solid.

AMIT
How long were they in for?

COLE
About ninety minutes.

Amit settles into his seat and closes his eyes.

Cole looks around. Unlike the Krikalyov's, this airlock is brand new.

COLE (CONT'D)
Your medical officer and computer engineer have something going on?

Amit opens his eyes, tolerating the interruption.

AMIT
You should have seen it when they were married.

COLE
Were?

AMIT
Split a few months before this rotation, actually.

COLE
And they were still allowed to come up together?

AMIT

When you have a successful team you
do not disassemble the components.
We have all been together for
several years now.

Cole checks his watch again.

COLE

You wanna play something?

Amit looks around.

AMIT

There is no console.

Cole raises an eyebrow.

INT. ENTRY CORRIDOR, OUTSIDE DECOMPRESSION AIRLOCK

As we PULL BACK from the window, we can barely make out two
fists pumping three times then ending with SCISSORS and ROCK.

INT. AIRLOCK - LATER

Cole is sleeping. Amit sits back relaxing. The control panel
BEEPS and the light blinks green.

AMIT

Cole.

Cole opens his eyes.

AMIT (CONT'D)

I think we are done.

Cole taps the control panel and opens the hatch.

Amit is out the door like a kid at the last bell before
vacation. Cole follows, deliberate and cautious.

INT. ENTRY CORRIDOR

Cole scans everything as they move down the hallway.

The walls are a smooth gray polycarbonate with a dark blue
band running at waist height. No exposed wires, ducts, or
panels. Where the Krikalyov looked to be pure function, this
place actually has a design to it.

AMIT

Not cheap.

They round a corner.

INT. CENTRAL CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Several doorways line either side. They head into the first.

INT. SYSTEMS INTERFACE ROOM

Three walls have floor-to-ceiling translucent viewscreens, offset from the bulkhead by two feet. Hiroshi stands in the middle of the room.

HIROSHI

Dude, this thing is fucking rad!

The interface is spread out among the screens. It looks like it can control everything about the ship and more. Hiroshi steps closer and the interface coalesces around him.

HIROSHI (CONT'D)

It tailors itself to my position.

He reaches for the display and the objects lock in place so he can tap them.

HIROSHI (CONT'D)

Totally intuitive.

Natalie enters carrying four sealed bottles.

NATALIE

(to Cole and Amit)

Impressive, huh?

(to Hiroshi)

Nothing in the galley but these.

She tosses a bottle to each of them, then opens hers and drinks. The others watch.

Seeing their looks she gags and clutches her throat, then stops and smiles.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

I scanned it. 100% oxygen and hydrogen.

Cole points at the display.

COLE
What can it do?

HIROSHI
That's the problem.

Hiroshi taps an icon. The system BEEPS and displays ACCESS DENIED.

HIROSHI (CONT'D)
Won't let me in.

Hiroshi walks to a small slot in the wall and waves his hand over it. A metal ring slides out.

HIROSHI (CONT'D)
There must be some kind of physical key to unlock it.

Natalie examines the ring. Slides her water bottle into it.

NATALIE
That there's a cup holder. The key is biometric, linked to authorized users -- not you.

HIROSHI
Fuck me.

NATALIE
You guys should see what else we've found. Come on.

INT. MEDICAL LAB

Stas stands near a pile of strange medical tools. An empty drawer lays upended on the deck.

STAS
This one's my favorite.

He holds a large floppy sheet of translucent paper in front of his arm.

It shows a real-time view of his muscles as he flexes his hand. He taps a button and toggles between bone/lymphatic/circulatory view.

NATALIE
Cool.

Stas grabs a tool that looks like a syringe with no plunger.

STAS
Makes this really easy.

Stas jabs the needle into his arm.

HIROSHI
Dude...

The image on the paper reveals Stas's skeletal hand guiding the needle directly into a vein. The cylinder fills with blood.

STAS
Even the disposables are
astounding. This filters to draw
only hemoglobin.

COLE
Maybe you don't want to test
everything out on yourself there,
chief.

Stas raises an eyebrow like he hadn't considered that.

INT. RESEARCH LAB

Natalie leans over a machine labeled SYNTHESIZER.

COLE
Synthesizer? You make music with
that thing?

The scientists snicker.

NATALIE
Not that kind of synthesis. Name a
compound.

AMIT
C-ten-H-fifteen-N.

NATALIE
Couldn't have thought of something
more scientific, huh?

She enters C10H15N. The machine WHIRS, then beeps SYNTHESIS COMPLETE. Natalie pops a hatch and removes a test tube filled with a fine whitish powder.

NATALIE (CONT'D)
C-ten-H-fifteen-N. You can punch in
any basic compound and it'll
generate a sample.

HIROSHI

Daaaaamn. Definitely broadens the range of experiments you can do out here.

NATALIE

Not to mention repeatability and lack of impurity.

HIROSHI

Awesome. I like my standard deviations tight.

NATALIE

That's what he said.

Natalie hands Amit the test tube as she heads out.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

Here's your methamphetamine.

Amit handles the test tube tentatively.

AMIT

Shit. I was just joking...

INT. NAVIGATION ROOM

Margaret sits in front of a giant view screen displaying a single massive image -- the void of space.

MARGARET

That's straight ahead. It's a virtual windshield.

AMIT

What happened to good old-fashioned glass?

Margaret twists a virtual dial. The exposure of the image lowers and the stars disappear into blackness. The nearby sun, on the other hand, darkens to a middle orange and we can suddenly see how turbulent the surface is. Different intensities of yellow, orange, and red swirl and mix.

MARGARET

That's why. You can adjust the brightness to suit the limited dynamic range of the human eye.

NATALIE

And that's not even the H.U.D.

Margaret taps. A blueish overlay of data appears, giving vital telemetry statistics as well as subtly labeling the more prominent bodies in the starfield. It's beautiful.

COLE

Is there a nav log to see where it came from?

MARGARET

Great idea! How could I have forgotten to look for that?

Natalie turns to Cole.

NATALIE

I think that's a no.

COLE

Okay then. What's next?

INT. ENGINEERING BAY

Grigori pores over a CYLINDRICAL DEVICE that he's taken half apart.

COLE

You're tearing things apart now, huh?

Grigori picks up one piece that has a KEYPAD on it.

GRIGORI

Needs pin code to activate. Was hoping to reverse-engineer from inside out.

COLE

That seems safe.

GRIGORI

I am engineer.

Grigori grabs a tool with a semi-circular mirror extending from one end.

GRIGORI (CONT'D)

Never seen tools like these.

He flips a switch. A painfully bright LASER BEAM bursts to life and reflects back off the mirror.

He twists a dial and the beam bows out in the middle, creating an adjustable curved arc -- a cutting disc made from a laser beam.

AMIT

Uhhh...a laser can not bend.

Grigori gestures to the tool. The evidence speaks for itself.

He grabs a piece of scrap metal. The beam slices through with zero resistance.

AMIT (CONT'D)

Oh, man. We are taking that back with us.

INT. CENTRAL CORRIDOR - LATER

The crew is gathered in the hallway. They look tired.

NATALIE

Our work is years ahead of anything planetside, right?

HIROSHI

At least.

NATALIE

So how the hell is everything here years ahead of us?

AMIT

Good question.

Grigori rubs his eyes.

GRIGORI

How long until shuttle is back?

AMIT

One hour.

GRIGORI

Gather up whatever we can carry. We can analyze back on Krikalyov.

COLE

Hold on a second. This is US government property.

GRIGORI

No one home. This is not property. This is salvage.

(MORE)

GRIGORI (CONT'D)
You want to make problem, maybe no
seat for you on my shuttle.

NATALIE
Grigori...

GRIGORI
What? He is wasting time again.

Grigori goes to push Cole out of the way. Cole reflexively
smacks his hand away.

There's a loud THWANG -- Grigori yelps and drops to the deck.

HIROSHI
What the fuck?

Grigori rolls over. His arm is punctured and POURING BLOOD.
Stas crouches and tries to staunch the bleeding.

MARGARET
What did you do?!

COLE
I didn't do anything!

Another THWANG and two fingers explode off Amit's hand. Amit
screams.

COLE (CONT'D)
Breach!

HIROSHI
What?

COLE
It's a hull breach.

Cole points to the ceiling. Air whistles out a quarter-sized
hole. Natalie looks down at a matching hole in the deck.

An ALARM goes off. More THWANGS from distant parts of the
ship. A bigger hole gets ripped 15 feet down the corridor.

NATALIE
Oh my god...

COLE
We're going to lose pressure. Get
to the airlock.

They run.

The deck erupts beneath Margaret, shredding her leg. Cole turns back and hefts her up into a fireman's carry.

INT. ENTRY CORRIDOR

Cole rounds the corner carrying Margaret, followed by the others. Cole's flight suit is slick with blood.

Stas and Hiroshi help Grigori along. Another hole rips in the hull, barely missing Stas. He doesn't even flinch.

The THWANGS pick up frequency.

COLE

Come on!

The ship starts shaking violently.

A piece of debris the size of a baseball tears through the hull in front of Cole and he jerks back to avoid getting hit.

A FLASH OF LIGHT.

INT. AIRLOCK, USS AMARANTH

Still moving backward Cole smacks his skull against the bulkhead. The loud THUNK startles Amit.

Cole winces, then moves frantically like an animal in a shaking cage.

AMIT

Are you alright?

COLE

I lost consciousness?!

Cole paws at the hatch controls. Amit grabs his arm.

AMIT

We are still decompressing!

COLE

What the fuck are you talking about?!

Cole tries again to open it.

COLE (CONT'D)

We have to let the others in.

Amit pulls him back from the controls.

AMIT
You can not open it! We are
decompressing!

Cole looks at Amit's hand gripping his suit. He still has all his fingers.

COLE
Your hand...

Amit looks into Cole's eyes -- they're rapidly scanning the inside of the chamber.

COLE (CONT'D)
Why's it so quiet in here?

Cole shakes his head, trying to get his bearings.

AMIT
You are disoriented. I think you
have decompression sickness.

Cole looks down and grabs at his flight suit. It's clean.

AMIT (CONT'D)
How many pressure transfers did you
do before you got onto the
Krikalyov?

COLE
Four. Wait, five including
Krikalyov.

AMIT
So this is six?

COLE
I just had decomp. Two months ago.
It's nothing like this.

AMIT
That recently? That is not good.

Cole squints, not sure of anything anymore.

AMIT (CONT'D)
Just breath slowly. We will get you
checked out. Let's just wait for
the green light.

INT. MEDICAL LAB

Amit leads Cole in by the arm. Cole looks like he resents it.

STAS
Have a seat.

Cole sits on the examining table. The others filter in.

AMIT
They put him up two months after he
had decomp.

MARGARET
What?

Cole stares silently at the people he just watched being
ripped apart.

GRIGORI
Of course, they make him. Decomp
certification.

She doesn't follow.

GRIGORI (CONT'D)
Can't let a little decompression
sickness slow down your trigger
finger.

Grigori gestures with his finger for emphasis. Margaret looks
disgusted.

Stas shines his pen light into Cole's eyes.

AMIT
Tell them what you told me.

COLE
We all boarded and explored this
place for hours. Later there was a
hull breach. Multiple hull
breaches. There were severe
injuries. Margaret...she...I
believe the breach was caused by an
external source.

The crew looks at Cole in silence.

AMIT
Decompression sickness. He was
hallucinating in the tank.

STAS
Cole's right, though. There are no
physical signs. His blood gas
levels are all normal.

COLE

And it wouldn't explain why the ship is exactly how I recall it.

Cole has a revelation.

COLE (CONT'D)

Stas. I remember you showing us a sheet of refractometric film.

Stas opens the drawer and pulls out the x-ray paper he used to find his veins.

Cole takes it from him and holds it in front of his face. He taps the buttons, revealing his veins, then his skull. The skull starts talking-

COLE (CONT'D)

How did I know it was here?

Amit takes the film and explores it with amazement. Cole hops off the examining table.

COLE (CONT'D)

The room down the hall. Three huge wall interfaces for the ship's computer systems.

Hiroshi interest is peaked.

COLE (CONT'D)

I haven't been in there yet, right? You've been trying to access them, but it won't log you in.

Hiroshi looks at Amit and Grigori. He nods slowly.

COLE (CONT'D)

I can't explain what happened but I do not have decompression sickness. We should get out of here.

MARGARET

Am I the only one who sees the obvious?

NATALIE

What's that?

MARGARET

He's US military and this is a US ship. He's been on it before. Or helped design it. Or played with the prototype. Whatever.

(MORE)

MARGARET (CONT'D)

The point is we have limited time and we're wasting it. If it's decomp or just more bullshit to keep us from touching anything, we need to figure out what to do with him, not waste more time following him down the fucking rabbit hole.

GRIGORI

(to Stas)

Would sedation be harmful?

At the word 'sedation' Cole gets tense. On the monitors his signs become elevated.

STAS

Loss of consciousness is not contraindicated for depressurization sickness.

Cole pulls the medical sensors off his arm.

Grigori steps between him and the door. Cole tries to maneuver around and Grigori moves to block him.

COLE

Please move.

Grigori doesn't. Cole's jaw tightens.

Cole steps to Grigori, ready to fight -- behind him, Stas slips a hypodermic into Cole's neck.

Cole wheels on Stas with his fist cocked, but his feet go out from under him and he collapses face first hitting his head on the hard floor.

CUT TO BLACK.

AN ALARM GOES OFF SOMEWHERE.

FADE IN:

INT. MEDICAL LAB

Cole's eyes flutter open. He's on his back, staring at the ceiling. He sits up and feels the huge lump on his forehead.

THE ALARM IS BLARING and SHOUTING comes from the hallway.

Cole gets off the table on wobbly legs.

AMIT HOBBLER PAST the doorway, shirt splattered with blood.

INT. CENTRAL CORRIDOR

Cole hurries out and grabs Amit, giving him support.

There are several LOUD THWACKS as holes get torn in the hull around them.

INT. ENTRY CORRIDOR

Cole and Amit round the corner. The others are sliding a mangled Hiroshi into the airlock.

Natalie sees Cole pulling Amit along.

NATALIE

Come on!!!

Behind him, sparks erupts from the walls. The entire ship starts to GROAN AND RUMBLE.

They're almost there.

SOMETHING SLAMS INTO THE HULL.

The outer airlock hatch is suddenly RIPPED OFF ITS HINGES. There's a THUNDEROUS ROAR as the air escapes and anything loose is instantly whipped towards the hole, including the crew.

It's too loud to hear Cole's scream as the world FLASHES TO WHITE --

INT. AIRLOCK

Cole throws his arms in front of his face. But there's nothing to shield it from.

Looking over, he see's Amit giving him a 'What the fuck?' look. Cole stares for a beat, then pretends he's stretching.

COLE

Damn, I hate being cooped up in these things.

Cole stands and touches his toes.

AMIT

How many pressure transfers did you do before you got to the Krikalyov?

COLE
(yawning)
Just one.

AMIT
Direct flight, not bad. Our last R
and I guy went through three.

INT. ENTRY CORRIDOR - LATER

The airlock hatch opens and they climb out. Cole resets his watch's TIMER.

INT. CENTRAL CORRIDOR

Cole peers into the Systems Room, where Hiroshi is gawking at the view screens.

HIROSHI
Dude, this thing is fucking rad!

Amit goes in, but Cole waits outside.

HIROSHI (O.S.) (CONT'D)
It tailors itself to my position.
Totally intuitive.

Natalie shows up carrying the bottles.

NATALIE
Hey, welcome aboard.

COLE
Thanks.

Cole grabs a bottle and downs it with no hesitation.

NATALIE
(sotto)
Don't worry, I scanned it.

Natalie moves to enter the room.

COLE
Can I talk to you for a minute?

NATALIE
If this is about keeping us from
exploring, that ship has sailed.

COLE
It's not.

INT. RESEARCH LAB

Natalie sets the bottles on the workbench.

NATALIE
So what is it?

COLE
I'm having a bit of a...problem.

She raises an eyebrow.

COLE (CONT'D)
I have the distinct memory that
we've done this all before.
Multiple times.

NATALIE
Like deja vu?

COLE
No, like I'm actually reliving the
same several hours over and over. I
know what's going to happen before
it happens.

He looks at her for a beat, then goes for it.

COLE (CONT'D)
We explore the ship for a while,
then it gets hit by some external
debris or something. Right as it's
getting destroyed, we jump back and
do it all over again.

Natalie gives him a patronising nod.

COLE (CONT'D)
I am aware of how this sounds.

NATALIE
OK, just to state the obvious, time
travel does not work. Ask Amit,
he's studied the theories. It's
impossible.

COLE
Maybe now. But it might exist
eventually. You've seen the tech in
this place. It's not current.
Military tech is advanced but trust
me, not like this.

NATALIE

If that were all true, why would you remember and I don't?

COLE

I don't know. Maybe some holdover military clearance? I don't have an answer, that's why I want your help.

Natalie leans back on the table, absorbing it.

NATALIE

From a strictly scientific standpoint, probabilistically, there's a more likely explanation.

COLE

Which is?

NATALIE

You're fucking batshit crazy.

Cole frowns.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

Loss of temporal authenticity, egocentric delusion, they're classic symptoms of decompression. How many pressure transfers did you do before you got on the Krikalyov?

Cole looks at her -- it would be so easy to lie.

COLE

Boarding here was my sixth in about 60 hours.

Natalie's eyebrow go up. Cole looks away.

NATALIE

I'm sorry. Put yourself in my shoes. You're asking me to suspend rational scientific reason and take a leap of faith based solely on your unverifiable subjective experience. What would you do?

COLE

I'd bring you to the medical officer, by force if necessary, and probably sedate you.

Natalie puts her hands out -- see? Cole massages his temples.

NATALIE

So what do you expect me to do?

Cole looks up.

COLE

Tell me something about yourself I
wouldn't know.

NATALIE

Excuse me?

COLE

You want proof we've had this
conversation before, I'll give it
to you on the next go-round. Tell
me something I couldn't know.

Natalie backs away, she doesn't like this.

NATALIE

I'm not giving you private details
about myself. I really think we
should see Stas.

Natalie backs towards the door. Cole grabs her arm.

COLE

Wait!

She looks at his hand and he takes it back.

COLE (CONT'D)

Please, just, don't say anything.
I've tried. You're skeptical,
they're a lynch mob.

NATALIE

Cole...

He checks his watch.

COLE

Just give me till we get back to
the Krikalyov, then you can have
Stas do all the tests he wants.

NATALIE

Fine.

INT. ENGINEERING BAY

Cole enters to see Grigori examining the cylindrical device. He punches digits into the keypad, getting only an error beep.

GRIGORI
Know any top secret universal
access codes?

COLE
Uh, nope.

GRIGORI
That was joke. Does not exist.
Defeat purpose.

COLE
You got something to write with?

Grigori hands him a permanent marker.

GRIGORI
Maybe I can disassemble...

Cole looks around the bay and sketches the floor plan on his forearm.

INT. INNER CORRIDOR

Cole follows his map. He now has several corridors and modules drawn out.

He stops at a door labeled ADVANCED TECHNOLOGIES.

There's no handle, only a wall panel with a keypad. Cole taps the keys, filling the screen with six random digits. It flashes INVALID PASSCODE.

Stas strolls around the corner.

STAS
Yeah, we saw that earlier. Like
everything else here isn't advanced
enough. Locked tight though. Code
probably cycles, too, depending on
the day.

COLE
Unless it's always the same day.

STAS
What?

COLE
Never mind.

INT. AFT CORRIDOR

According to the map, Cole has reached the far end of the explored region. He ducks into the first doorway.

INT. OFFICE

The room is stark. Only a chair and a desk with a large display. The room hasn't been personalized. Cole taps the screen and it chimes the familiar ACCESS DENIED.

INT. AFT CORRIDOR

Cole continues past identical office setups on either side.

At the end, a large set of double-doors are marked B SECTION. The windows are dark. Cole taps the wall panel. The screen blinks to life --

B SECTION: POWER OFFLINE. LIFE SUPPORT OFFLINE.

INT. GALLEY

Cole rifles through the cabinets.

COLE
Not even some goddamn peanuts?

He grabs another water bottle and takes a swig.

There's a THWANG and the ALARM GOES OFF. Cole checks his watch -- 4 hours, 37 minutes. COMMOTION from the corridor.

GRIGORI (O.S.)
Hull breach!

INT. CENTRAL CORRIDOR

Cole peeks out. Chaos. The crew scramble in total panic.

GRIGORI
Get to the airlock!

Natalie turns and notices Cole standing there calmly. She rushes over.

NATALIE

How did you know this was going to happen?!

COLE

I told you how.

She searches his eyes, thinking it over.

NATALIE

When I was ten I hacked into the servers at my dad's company. I didn't get what I wanted and I spent a week crying to a stuffed turtle.

COLE

Why did you-

She runs after the others, leaving Cole standing alone.

INT. AIRLOCK

AMIT

-not to mention the conflict of parallelisms. I published a paper about it. And that's just one of many reasons why time travel is impossible. I could go on all day.

COLE

I'll bet you could.

AMIT

Why do you ask?

COLE

No reason. Shall we?

Cole points to the green indicator light.

INT. RESEARCH LAB

Natalie sits on the workbench with her arms crossed.

NATALIE

And magically you're the only one who knows we're stuck in this recurring slice of time, is that right?

COLE

Yes.

NATALIE

From a strictly scientific standpoint, probabilistically, there's a more likely explanation.

COLE

That I'm batshit crazy.

NATALIE

Couldn't have said it better myself.

COLE

You did. Last time. Then I asked you for personal information I couldn't possibly know to prove we had this conversation before.

NATALIE

Is that a fact?

COLE

Yes, but it didn't make much sense to me. Why did you hack into your father's company's servers? And what was the thing about a turtle?

Natalie is quiet for a long moment.

NATALIE

A fucking time loop, huh?

COLE

A fucking time loop.

NATALIE

So what do you want from me?

COLE

Help me find a way out of it.

INT. NAVIGATION

Margaret sits at the console looking up at Natalie. Cole stands nearby.

MARGARET

Propulsion? Like to get this rig going?

NATALIE
Or any other way to alter our
trajectory.

Margaret taps at the console. The huge display barks --

INSUFFICIENT PRIVILEGES: UNKNOWN USER

MARGARET
It's tied into the computer system.
We don't have access so we can't
change a single damn thing. I can
give you all the readouts you want,
I just can't alter anything.

COLE
So we're locked out.

MARGARET
Yes, that's the simple version,
Ranger Rick. We're locked out.

Stas leans closer to Natalie.

COLE
Can you ask her to be nicer to me?

MARGARET
God could be the one asking, it
wouldn't help you.

NATALIE
Thanks for the info, Mags. Keep
trying and let me know if you find
anything.

INT. ENGINEERING BAY

Grigori is disassembling the cylinder with Hiroshi's help.

GRIGORI
Even if we had comms up, shuttle is
not set up for remote instruction.
Can not recall it halfway. Even if
we could, not enough juice.

COLE
Can we power it with something from
here?

GRIGORI
It would require...well, put
simply, no. Any other questions, or
can I?

Grigori gestures back to his work.

NATALIE
No. We got it. Shuttle's a no-go.

Cole points to the pile of parts.

COLE
I think that's a dead end, by the
way.

They head for the door.

COLE (CONT'D)
Friendly group you've got here. Can
see why you've stuck together.

INT. RESEARCH LAB

NATALIE
Seems like some sort of self-
defense mechanism. When the ship
takes critical damage, it jumps
back to avoid it's own destruction.

COLE
That's what I'm thinking. Pretty
goddamn good defense system.

NATALIE
Genius. I guess the crew bailed.

COLE
And it's been hopping back ever
since, one jump at a time.

NATALIE
It's a theory.

COLE
You can hack anything, right?

NATALIE
Almost anything. Why?

COLE

If you could take over their computer system, could you unlock propulsion for Margaret?

NATALIE

Theoretically, but I'd need someplace to start. A basic login would do the trick, but we don't even have that. And it might take weeks of work. I'm a little forgetful these days, remember.

COLE

Shit.

Natalie's excitement wanes as something occurs to her.

NATALIE

Cole? Are you going to bring me up to speed tomorrow?

COLE

There's something I want to try first after we loop.

INT. AIRLOCK

Cole gets up and goes to the hatch controls.

INT. CENTRAL CORRIDOR

Cole and Amit walk down the hall as Natalie comes towards them with the water bottles.

NATALIE

Welcome aboard, fellas.

COLE

Hi.

Cole smiles, but her attention flits to Amit. Cole winces a little.

NATALIE

You should see some of the amazing stuff we've found.

She heads into the Systems Room and Amit follows excitedly.

Cole walks off the other way.

INT. INNER CORRIDOR

Cole stands in front of Advanced Technologies, staring at the keypad. He cracks his knuckles.

He punches in "000000". The keypad beeps INVALID CODE. He tries "000001". And so on...

INT. INNER CORRIDOR - LATER

Cole types "000453". He shakes out his sore hand. Checks his watch.

COLE

Shit.

He resumes tapping. Stas comes around the corner.

STAS

You're seriously going to spend
your time trying every single
combination?

COLE

Nothing better to do right now.

STAS

It's going to take you 100 hours to
go through every one.

COLE

Unless I'm getting close. Maybe
it's five hundred.

STAS

It's not. The first digit is a
nine.

Cole stops. He looks at Stas.

Stas strolls over and types in "937553". The panel clicks
ACCESS GRANTED. Stas pushes the door open.

STAS (CONT'D)

It took me eighty-five freakin'
hours.

COLE

Wait...what?

STAS

Think about it...

COLE
You remember the loops too?

STAS
There he goes.

Stas waves for Cole to follow him.

INT. ADVANCED TECHNOLOGIES ROOM

STAS
I was looping for weeks before you started.

COLE
Goddamn. Why didn't you say anything?

STAS
You saw how the others reacted. Not the most understanding bunch. Also thought you could use some time to work the 'holy shit' out of your system. Start using the loop to your benefit, like you did with the lock over there. You're starting to feel the weight of it now.

COLE
Why do you and I remember and no one else does?

STAS
No idea. It seems random. For all we know, we've been up here for years.

COLE
Shit. I assumed I remembered from the start. Is anyone else in on it?

STAS
No, unlike you I didn't take their word for it. I tested it. It's the scientist in me.

COLE
Tested it how?

STAS

I approached each person individually and said "Happy Birthday, Grandma!" before punching them in the face. Next loop I did the same thing again. Not a single person flinched. That's shit you'd remember if you could.

COLE

Little excessive.

STAS

Scientists eliminate variables, Cole.

Stas slaps him on the shoulder.

STAS (CONT'D)

Now listen to me very carefully. It's important we always keep that door locked. We can't have anyone touching this --

Stas walks over to a sleek six-foot cube with a greenish ring around the center. It's labeled NOVA CHRONOS. A small panel blinks with indicator lights.

STAS (CONT'D)

This is what's sending us back in time, away from permanent death by debris storm. This is our lifeline.

COLE

How do you know this is it?

STAS

Read the name.

COLE

Chronos means time, right?

STAS

Generally, yes. But it's also the name of the Greek god of time. Nova is latin for 'new', but it's also a type of stellar explosion. So Nova Chronos could mean 'explosion in time' or 'new god of time'.

COLE

Yep, I'd say that's probably it.

STAS
Someone goes fucking around in
here, say pulls this lever --

Stas indicates a physical switch covered by a translucent protective shield. The label reads MANUAL SHUTDOWN.

STAS (CONT'D)
And we're all severely fucked.

COLE
Copy that.

Stas checks his watch.

STAS
Whoops, we're almost out of time
today. You find a safe zone yet?

COLE
Safe zone?

STAS
Follow me.

INT. NAVIGATION

STAS
Mags, you seen this?

Stas examines the door frame. When Margaret comes over to look, he shoves her out the door and slams it closed. He taps the control panel, locking it.

COLE
Dude...

STAS
She freaks out. Makes too much
noise. And won't remember any of
this. Obviously.

Stas plops into one of the console's chairs.

STAS (CONT'D)
It's an orbiting debris belt, in
case you were wondering.

Stas works the console and the display lights up with small red squares -- WARNING: COINCIDENT PATH.

Stas puts his feet up. Cole takes the other chair.

STAS (CONT'D)
Not there. That one takes shrapnel.
Left side only.

Stas waves him over. Cole stands awkwardly next to Stas. The ALARM goes off.

STAS (CONT'D)
First office, aft corridor is good too. Lot noisier, though. Also a small corner of Engineering. Show you those later since this room is normally locked.

Stas is distracted checking his fingernails. Behind him through the window, the crew scramble frantically.

INT. AIRLOCK

Cole blinks it off.

AMIT
What?

COLE
Somehow every day I'm a little more confused.

AMIT
That is life, my friend.

Cole looks to the window and sees Stas coming.

INT. ENTRY CORRIDOR

Cole climbs out. Amit moves to follow, but Stas blocks him.

STAS
Sorry, Amit. System says you're not equalized. Need a little more time in the tank.

AMIT
What? Really?

Stas swings the hatch closed, forcing Amit to hop back in to avoid getting whacked in the face. Stas taps the panel.

STAS
Easiest to just lock him in there. Same questions day after day get tiring, you'll see.

INT. CENTRAL CORRIDOR

Stas hurries along and Cole follows. Natalie walks toward them with the bottles.

NATALIE

Welcome aboard. Where's Amit?

Stas shrugs. Cole just looks at Stas. Natalie gives them a funny look and heads into the Systems Room.

STAS

The key is to streamline your day to maximize productivity. Grigori should be especially avoided because you can't get him to go away just by insulting him.

COLE

Wait, so you're saying-

Stas SHUSHES Cole and stops short. They stand there awkwardly for a few seconds.

Grigori appears from around the corner. He frowns at the other two and continues on.

Stas follows. Grigori enters Navigation where Margaret is sitting at the console.

Stas closes the door from the outside. He locks it with the control panel, then kicks the panel, smashing it.

STAS

BAM! Two for the price of one.
They're not going anywhere.

COLE

You do this all the time?

STAS

Hey, to my credit, I used to help them with their research. Guide them in the right direction and what not. Huge waste of time. Always the same results. You're getting the picture, right?

Stas heads back down the corridor.

STAS (CONT'D)

The thing that will kill you is boredom.

(MORE)

STAS (CONT'D)

You have to learn how to tweak the variables or the repetition will drive you crazy.

Stas checks his watch. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out four marble sized BALL BEARINGS.

Stas stares at his watch, mouthing the numbers. He suddenly ROLLS THE BALL BEARINGS down the corridor.

Just as the marbles pass a far doorway, Hiroshi steps out. His foot hits one and HIS LEG WHIPS OUT FROM UNDER HIM.

Hiroshi slams to the ground with a THUD.

HIROSHI

Awwww...fuck...

STAS

You okay, Hiroshi?!

Natalie comes out and helps him up.

NATALIE

What happened?

STAS

Go to the Med Lab and I'll check you out in a minute.

Stas looks at Cole and shakes his head. Hiroshi limps across the hall, examining a ball bearing.

STAS (CONT'D)

Got it down to just four. Used to need ten.

COLE

Cut the shit, Stas. What does any of this have to do with solving our problem?

STAS

Problem?

COLE

That we're stuck here. With apparently no way out.

STAS

You started remembering, so maybe it's only a matter of time before the others do too. Then we can solve the problem together.

(MORE)

STAS (CONT'D)
Until then, take advantage of this
opportunity.

COLE
Opportunity for what?

Stas waves him to follow.

INT. MED LAB

Stas calls up images of cells on the display.

STAS
Margaret doesn't know it, but she
has cancer. Early stage.
Undetectable. Systems here found it
like that.

Stas snaps his fingers.

STAS (CONT'D)
I'm convinced this lab also holds
the cure. If I can reverse engineer
it, we can bring that knowledge
back with us. And that's just
what's in medical. This situation
is a gift, Cole.

COLE
What am I supposed to do?

STAS
Whatever you want. But do me a
favor.

COLE
Yeah?

STAS
Lay off my wife.

COLE
I thought you're divorced.

STAS
For now. I'm working on it.

COLE
Fair enough.

STAS
And don't stress so much about the
escape plan.

(MORE)

STAS (CONT'D)
There are things we can try. Meet
me in Engineering in fifteen
minutes.

INT. SYSTEMS INTERFACE ROOM

Natalie taps at the screen -- ACCESS DENIED. She shakes her
head. Stas comes in and shuts the door.

STAS
Frustrating, isn't it?

NATALIE
Yeah. I feel like a kid locked out
of the toy store, just staring in
the front window.

STAS
Yet you'll stand there all day,
won't you?

NATALIE
Hehe, you know me.

STAS
I never understood how you could
find machines more interesting than
people.

She shoots him a look.

STAS (CONT'D)
I'm just kidding!

NATALIE
No you're not.

STAS
Okay, maybe not.

They smile at each other.

STAS (CONT'D)
That's what makes us good, though,
like ying and yang.

NATALIE
Stas...

STAS
What?

Her look says 'you know'.

STAS (CONT'D)
Is it that Air Force guy?

NATALIE
I've exchanged like two words with him. And you think that's why I don't want to talk about what a great "ying-and-yang" we are? Stas, we talked about this.

STAS
Excuse me?

NATALIE
No, it's nothing. You know what, it's fine.

STAS
Don't you fucking patronize me.

Natalie is taken aback.

NATALIE
I'm not. Why are you so angry?

STAS
Because I'm sick of your bullshit. Sick of it. Just tell me the goddamn truth.

NATALIE
Stas, are you okay?

STAS
I said...don't...patronize...me.

Stas turns to leave, then stops.

STAS (CONT'D)
Go fuck yourself, you stuck up bitch.

He leaves. Natalie is left in a daze.

INT. ENGINEERING BAY

Stas strolls in and flashes Cole a smile.

STAS
Two man job, so I could never do this before.

Stas heads to a large hatch in the floor. He flips up a panel, revealing a KEYPAD.

STAS (CONT'D)
Same code, in case you're
wondering. They keep it simple for
the military folk.

Cole nods -- 'okay, buddy'.

Stas enters the code and hoists the hatch open, revealing a ladder descending to a dim corridor below.

STAS (CONT'D)
Engineering sublevel. Not the cozy
part of the ship.

Stas jumps down, foregoing the ladder.

INT. SUBLEVEL CORRIDOR

Cole dismounts the ladder. The floor is actually a slatted catwalk, revealing only darkness below.

Cole follows Stas. Red wall lights illuminate the corridor unevenly. Cole hunches to keep from bumping the ceiling.

They angle around a corner.

Cole looks up, then down at his forearm to check the map, which has of course disappeared. He smiles and shakes his head.

Stas reaches the end and opens a thick steel door into-

INT. REACTOR CHAMBER

A huge REACTOR CORE is flanked by consoles displaying graphs and readouts. The entire area is surrounded by an immensely thick pane of glass with a single translucent door.

COLE
Wow.

STAS
Only one of four cores is active.
They must have throttled it down
before they left.

Stas points to another array.

STAS (CONT'D)
That bank looks like manual
activation. If we can get another
core up, maybe B Section can come
online and we can look for more
answers there.

COLE
Sounds good.

STAS
You go in and pull the lever.

COLE
Fuck you.

Cole taps the glass.

COLE (CONT'D)
This is radiation shielding. And
they took the suits with them.

Cole points back toward the entrance where a bunch of empty
hooks hang on the wall.

STAS
We're in the loop, remember. You'll
be good as new after we jump.

Stas pulls a syringe out of his pocket.

STAS (CONT'D)
And this'll eliminate the pain.

COLE
Then you do it.

STAS
Pussy.

Stas unceremoniously jabs the needle into his own chest. He
pinches his arm and nods, satisfied.

STAS (CONT'D)
After I get the core up, go
upstairs and see what you can find.
You can debrief me tomorrow.

He heads to the glass door.

COLE
Shit, hold up!

Cole runs for the steel door into the corridor. Stas shakes his head.

INT. SUBLEVEL CORRIDOR

Cole pulls the door shut. He waits, listening. There's a faint voice. He presses his ear to the door.

STAS (O.S.)

Cole!

Cole opens the door.

INT. REACTOR CHAMBER

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE GLASS: Stas takes slow steps with his hands outstretched. His arms are covered in red blotches.

STAS

I need some direction here, pal.

There's no panic in his voice. Only urgency.

COLE

What? Why?

He turns toward Cole --

Stas's eyes are MILKY WHITE and his face is covered in RADIATION BURNS. Patches of his flesh seem to be pulsing.

STAS

Because I can't see, asshole.

COLE

Fuck. Okay, left thirty degrees.

Stas turns and starts walking.

COLE (CONT'D)

Bearing is good. Maybe you should go faster.

Stas's right leg gives out briefly and he stumbles.

COLE (CONT'D)

Stop, stop. Left sixty degrees.

Stas turns and staggers to the console.

COLE (CONT'D)
Okay, your right hand is close. A
foot to the right.

Stas's hand flits over the surface and finds the lever, but his fingers aren't working. The burnt, cracked flesh leaks fluid all over the console.

STAS
Piece...uff...thhltt.

His words come out as gurgles and a piece of flesh falls off his face. He swings his left hand over and grabs the handle. He pulls, engaging the core.

The display chimes -- CORE TWO ONLINE.

Stas lets out a sound that's maybe supposed to be a laugh. He collapses on the floor in a heap.

COLE
That's fucked up.

INT. CENTRAL CORRIDOR

Cole leaves Engineering and heads towards the aft corridor.

He hears something and stops. It sounds like CRYING. He backpedals and looks into-

INT. SYSTEMS INTERFACE ROOM

Natalie is sitting on the floor against the wall, eyes red. When Cole comes in she quickly tries to hide it.

COLE
You okay?

NATALIE
Fine, yeah. Just tired.

COLE
Lemme guess. Stas?

Natalie shoots him a suspicious look.

COLE (CONT'D)
Who I'm gathering isn't all there
in the head. Come on, I can
explain.

Cole offers a hand.

COLE (CONT'D)
I'm getting good at it by now.

INT. AFT CORRIDOR

They walk towards B SECTION. The lights are on now, revealing a staircase on the other side of the doors.

NATALIE
So he says whatever the hell he wants because he thinks I'll just forget.

COLE
And he's right. You will.

NATALIE
Motherfucker...

Cole hits the panel and the doors whisk open.

INT. B SECTION

It's actually a single long room lined with BUNKS.

COLE
Living quarters. See if you can find anything useful.

Above the head of each bunk is a recess with personal items. Picture frames reveal the faces of the missing crew. They look happy, which only makes it even more eerie.

Cole sees one of those perpetual motion toys with metal balls that swing back and forth. It's still going click-click-click. Cole puts his finger in the way, breaking the cycle.

NATALIE
Holy f'ing f.

Cole turns. Natalie is staring at one of the shelves. There's a picture of a strangely familiar 60 year old man. Natalie picks up a plaque -- DR. VIKTOR STANISLAS.

COLE
Stas? No goddamn way. That can't be a coincidence. He's going to crew on this rig?

NATALIE
Actually, it's not that unlikely.
One-seventy IQ.
(MORE)

NATALIE (CONT'D)
Accomplished physician. Experienced astronaut. Not a lot of those to choose from. Do you think he knows?

COLE
I have no idea.

Cole checks his watch.

INT. OFFICE

Cole leads Natalie in.

COLE
He said this was safe.

NATALIE
How long?

Cole looks at his watch. Holds up four fingers, then drops them one at a time.

There's a distant THWANG and the ALARM goes off. Natalie flinches instinctively. Crew yell from somewhere far off.

COLE
Just ignore it.

CRASHING and the SHRIEKING of tearing metal. Natalie starts shaking.

COLE (CONT'D)
Just look at me.

She tries, but the panic is rising in her.

COLE (CONT'D)
Tell me a story. Why did you hack into the server at your dad's company?

Natalie looks up at him and nods.

NATALIE
I was ten and wanted to go to Disney with my dad. I only saw him once a month so it was a big deal. He said he was too busy with work. So I hacked in and added vacation days to his account. I asked him again and he still said no.

(MORE)

NATALIE (CONT'D)

In my mind, that meant he was lying
and just didn't want to see me. Ten
years old, you know.

She tries to laugh. There's more banging and the ship starts
to shake. She grabs his arms.

COLE

What was the turtle's name?

Her eyes go back to Cole's.

NATALIE

Chamberlain. Good friend.

She smiles at him and closes her eyes, pulling closer.

FLASH TO WHITE.

INT. AIRLOCK

Cole sits, lost in thought. Stas knocks at the window.

INT. ENTRY CORRIDOR

Cole and Stas walk together.

COLE

It was just bunks. Personal items.
Nothing of use. Did find one
interesting item, though.

STAS

What's that?

COLE

You.

Stas looks at him, puzzled.

COLE (CONT'D)

One of the bunks belonged to you.
There was even a picture. You're
going to be Amaranth crew.

STAS

Holy shit, are you serious?

COLE

You didn't know?

STAS
No. That's crazy.

INT. CENTRAL CORRIDOR

COLE
Maybe that's why you remembered
first.

STAS
Wouldn't explain why you started
remembering. I still think it's
random. Hold that thought.

Natalie approaches carrying the water bottles.

NATALIE
Welcome aboard. Where's Amit?

STAS
Don't know. Looks like your hands
are full there.

Stas grabs her playfully around the waist. She laughs and
almost drops the bottles.

NATALIE
Stas!

She squirms free. Stas winks at Cole.

STAS
She's very ticklish.

Cole frowns. Natalie veers into the System Room.

STAS (CONT'D)
I've gotta see it.

COLE
What?

STAS
My bunk. You do the core this time.

COLE
I'm not going in there. Your
goddamn face melted off.

STAS
Jesus-fucking-christ. I thought you
were finally getting it. Fear of
pain and death is unnecessary here.

COLE

I don't give a shit. I'm not cooking just so you can scout your bunk.

STAS

You're really not absorbing how this all works, are you, you dumb fucking jarhead?

COLE

That's the Marines. I'm a dumb fucking jet jockey.

Stas stops, annoyed. Cole salutes him and walks off.

Stas looks down at his clenched fist. He opens his hand, revealing Natalie's IDENTCARD.

INT. SYSTEMS INTERFACE ROOM

Stas slips in and locks the door.

He approaches the massive viewscreens and the interface fades up. He places his palm against the LOGIN PANE.

WELCOME DR. STANISLAS

The interface comes alive. Stas whisks through the menus. He knows exactly what he's looking for --

PASSENGERS

The window shows seven panes, one for each of them. One contains a picture of 60 year old Stas. The other six show BLACK SILHOUETTES. One says GUEST PASSENGER: COLONEL JOHN COLE.

The other five have question marks. Stas taps one --

IDENTIFY GUEST

Stas holds Natalie's IdentCard against the glass.

IMPORT IDENTCARD BIOMETRICS: DR. NATALIE ROUVIER

Stas clicks CONFIRM. He gestures and wipes the entire layout away.

INT. ENTRY CORRIDOR

ANGLE ON: the closed airlock hatch.

AMIT (O.S.)
So a neutron walks into a bar and
orders a beer. He asks the
bartender how much.

INT. AIRLOCK

Amit already has a big grin on his face.

AMIT
The bartender says, "For you, no
charge."

Cole doesn't smile.

AMIT (CONT'D)
See, he's a neutron-

COLE
Oh no, I got it.

Cole takes his feet off the seat and goes to the window --
Natalie and Stas are heading toward him, talking excitedly.

Natalie says something to Cole, but the sound doesn't get
through. Cole shakes his head and points to his ears. Stas
gets there and hits the intercom.

NATALIE
-but I don't know how it's possib-

COLE
Okay, I can hear you. Start over.

NATALIE
You remember doing this before?

COLE
Stas filled you in, huh?

NATALIE
Yeah. What about you, Amit?

AMIT
Huh?

NATALIE
That's a no. So it's just the three
of us?

COLE
Wait, you remember now!?

NATALIE
So I'm not crazy then?

COLE
Not about this.

STAS
(to Cole)
You can explain the rest. I have to
take care of Grigori.

NATALIE
What do you mean?

Stas is already off down the hallway.

NATALIE (CONT'D)
What does he mean?

INT. RESEARCH LAB

Stas enters to see Cole, Natalie, and Amit talking. He points
at Amit.

STAS
You didn't leave him in the
airlock?

NATALIE
We're not locking people up, Stas.

STAS
(to Cole)
Didn't you explain anything to her?

AMIT
Lock me up?

STAS
This is what I'm talking about.
(to Amit)
If you're going to stay, you have
to be quiet.

AMIT
Relax.

STAS
I don't look relaxed?

NATALIE
We were just discussing the best
way to proceed.
(MORE)

NATALIE (CONT'D)
I think Cole's right, unlocking
propulsion is our best bet.

STAS
But you said the computers are
completely locked down.

NATALIE
Yes, but Cole told me you're a crew
member here. Or will be, I should
say.

STAS
So I'm told.

NATALIE
So your biometrics might grant
access.

STAS
Oh, shit. You may be right. I
didn't think of that.

INT. SYSTEMS INTERFACE ROOM

Natalie holds her hand against the display -- ACCESS DENIED.

NATALIE
You try.

They watch eagerly as Stas steps up. He presses his hand
against the login pane.

WELCOME DR. STANISLAS

NATALIE (CONT'D)
Yes!

STAS
Wow. The systems in the Med Lab
worked for me, but I assumed they
were left open for emergencies.

Natalie pushes him aside and dives in, flipping through the
interface.

NATALIE
This is awesome. Design principles
I've been advocating for years.

COLE
Maybe you designed it.

AMIT

What do you mean? How could she have designed it?

STAS

You're a little behind, Amit. You guys keep working. I'll fill him in.

Stas puts a hand around Amit's shoulder and guides him towards the door.

STAS (CONT'D)

We don't want to slow them down, do we?

Stas closes the door behind them.

COLE

Can you unlock navigation?

NATALIE

No. Looks like he only has Level 1 access. Readouts, basic upload, but no execute, modify, delete. We'd need Level 3 for that.

COLE

So we're stuck?

Behind them out in the hallway, Stas suddenly lunges at Amit, SNAPS HIS NECK, and drags the body away.

NATALIE

Not exactly. I have shell access now, so I can start hammering the runtime to try and get us root.

Cole looks confused. Natalie smiles.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

Translation, I've got my hand up it's skirt, so it's only a matter of time before I get lucky.

Cole nods in appreciation. Natalie resumes exploring.

COLE

I don't trust that guy. You really think he never tried this system before?

NATALIE

I told him it was locked down.

COLE
It's not just that. He's a
little...extreme.

NATALIE
Whatever his personal shortcomings,
Stas is truly a brilliant
scientist. I think he's just
stretching the possibilities of the
loop. Physically, everything does
get reset to square one.

COLE
Maybe, but there's still point
where-

Stas opens the door.

STAS
So can you do it?

NATALIE
It's gonna take some time.

STAS
We have an infinite supply of that.

Stas slaps Cole on the back.

STAS (CONT'D)
See, I told you a solution would
present itself. Time spent
stressing is time wasted, Colonel.

EXT. SPACE

Time-lapse of the USS Amaranth quickly drifting, exploding,
then jumping back a dozen times.

INT. CENTRAL CORRIDOR

Cole meanders down the hallway. He peeks into Systems.

COLE
Where's your shadow?

NATALIE
Stas? Taking a break I think.

INT. RESEARCH LAB

Cole enters to see Stas snorting something off the workbench. He returns a test tube to the synthesizer.

COLE
Taking a break, huh?

Stas turns, not embarrassed in the slightest.

STAS
If by break you mean sampling pure narcotics, then yes. You want? Health risks are...negligible.

He laughs then sits back on the table, swooning.

COLE
I'm good, thanks.

INT. ENGINEERING BAY

Hiroshi and Grigori are poring over the cylindrical device when Cole comes in.

COLE
Need some help with that?

GRIGORI
I think we can handle.

Cole taps the pin code in, unlocking the panel.

COLE
Top secret universal access code.

Grigori squints at him.

COLE (CONT'D)
Try it.

Grigori hits the green button. Suddenly the device, the table it's sitting on, and Grigori all lift slightly off the ground.

GRIGORI
Oi!

Cole grabs Grigori's belt and pulls him back. Grigori's feet drop back to the deck.

COLE
Localized anti-gravity field.
Disrupts the artificial gravity for
anything inside the set radius.

Cole grabs a small device off the shelf.

COLE (CONT'D)
Remote helps.

He clicks a button -- the anti-grav cylinder and table drop
back down with a clatter.

COLE (CONT'D)
Makes moving heavy gear a helluva
lot easier.

HIROSHI
Fuck yeah.

GRIGORI
You have seen this before?

COLE
Military tech, baby. Have fun.

INT. SYSTEMS INTERFACE ROOM

Natalie works at the display. It suddenly chimes --

LEVEL 2 PRIVILEGES GRANTED

NATALIE
Alright! Halfway.

New menus pop up, cascading across the display.

NATALIE (CONT'D)
Finally...

Natalie moves fast, swinging panels around, smiling. One
panel catches her eye -- SECURITY.

NATALIE (CONT'D)
Well, hello.

She taps SURVEILLANCE FEEDS. A grid of images fills the
entire wall.

DOZENS OF LIVE VIDEO FEEDS from around the ship -- Grigori
and Hiroshi in Engineering, Margaret in Navigation, Cole in a
corridor...

Natalie notices a timecode counter and controls. She swipes and the counter starts RUNNING BACKWARDS. In the display everyone starts moving in reverse.

THE VIDEO IS REWINDING.

ONSCREEN: the crew stroll backwards into the airlock. The video briefly DISTORTS and now we can see them scrambling in reverse through the damaged ship.

Natalie looks at the TIMER -- there's a "-1" next to the counter.

NATALIE (CONT'D)
Holy shit...

She swipes and the video reverses FASTER.

She sees the moment when Stas killed Amit in the corridor. She swallows hard.

She gestures again -- the video REWINDS FASTER AND FASTER.

Her eyes focus on one particular tile -- the crew backing into the airlock over and over. The counter keeps decrementing ...-10...-11...-12...-13...

Something catches Natalie's eye. She taps play and the video goes to NORMAL SPEED.

ONSCREEN: a blur of motion as Hiroshi sprints down a corridor, glancing panic stricken over his shoulder.

CLOSE ON: Natalie's face, now with a look of dread.

INT. AFT CORRIDOR

Natalie catches up to Cole and grabs his arm.

NATALIE
I have to show you something.

COLE
Now? Loop's almost over.

He turns and sees that her face is pale. She's clearly shaken.

COLE (CONT'D)
What is it?

INT. SYSTEMS INTERFACE ROOM

Natalie has the security feeds up.

COLE

Three fucking hundred?!

NATALIE

That's just where the recordings stop. Who knows how many we've actually been here.

COLE

We've looped at least 300 goddamn times?

NATALIE

And Stas lied about how long he's been aware. He's been in for all of these. But that's not what bothers me most. It's what he's been doing the whole time.

Natalie hits play. She FAST-FORWARDS.

ONSCREEN: STAS PICKS FIGHTS with crew members in various locations. He holds his own, but gets his ass kicked by Cole. The video scrubs forward through loop after loop.

Stas keeps picking fights, but now he's NO LONGER LOSING.

COLE

What the hell's he doing?

NATALIE

Training. He's using the crew as his personal punching bags.

COLE

He gets better, but we do the same thing every time.

ONSCREEN: STAS is now BRUTALLY EFFICIENT, taking down the crew quickly and ruthlessly.

COLE (CONT'D)

This is bad.

NATALIE

It gets worse.

Natalie scrubs forward. She hits play and looks away.

ONSCREEN: Stas chases Hiroshi down the hallway. He knocks him to the ground and starts PULLING DOWN HIS PANTS.

COLE
Jesus-fucking-Christ.

Cole fast forwards. When he stops, Stas is in the Med Lab with Grigori tied to a gurney. He approaches with a scalpel as Grigori squirms in terror.

NATALIE
He never researched cancer. He's just a kid burning ants with a magnifying glass.

Natalie turns the display off.

NATALIE (CONT'D)
You don't need to see any more.
Trust me.

COLE
Wait. Go to my first day.

NATALIE
Why?

COLE
Do it.

Natalie scans forward. She plays the video of Cole flipping out in the airlock.

COLE (CONT'D)
Now the day before. Focus on this room.

She scans backwards. They see Stas come in and access the system. He holds something against the display.

COLE (CONT'D)
Stop. What's that?

Natalie zooms.

COLE (CONT'D)
Can you make it out?

She steps back several frames until the card is pulled away and we can see its face -- COL. JOHN COLE.

COLE (CONT'D)
That's my IdentCard.

Cole searches his pocket and pulls out his card.

NATALIE

It's not random at all. He scanned our cards, which have our complete bioimage. Of course...

She skips forward and finds when Stas scanned her card.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

I'm gonna kill him.

COLE

Don't say anything. You've seen how dangerous he is. Tomorrow after Stas logs you in, we'll find the others, brief them, then scan them in together. We can figure this out as a team and no one gets taken advantage of anymore.

NATALIE

You're right. That's probably safest.

INT. ENGINEERING BAY - NEXT LOOP

Everyone's there but Stas. Grigori thumbs towards Cole.

GRIGORI

He is for reals?

NATALIE

For real. Yeah.

COLE

Once Natalie finishes her hack, we can pilot the ship free.

NATALIE

And just as important, keep Stas from getting in our way.

HIROSHI

Why wouldn't he want to get home too?

MARGARET

Because he'd rather keep fucking with us. Didn't you hear anything they said?!

HIROSHI
Don't be mad at me.

Stas walks in and stops short.

STAS
Here you all are. What's going on?

GRIGORI
These two gave us interesting
story.

STAS
They did, did they?

MARGARET
You purposely kept us in the dark,
asshole?

Stas frowns at Cole and Natalie like a disapproving parent.

STAS
What good will this do?

NATALIE
We know about scanning the
IdentCards. It's time to bring the
others in, too.

STAS
Did you make some progress in the
computer and forget to tell me
about it?

COLE
We know you've been abusing the
crew.

Stas straightens and glowers at Cole.

STAS
Fine. You know. Bad for you,
though, me not having a reason to
be nice anymore.

COLE
Nice?

Cole turns back to the crew.

COLE (CONT'D)
Come on, let's get you guys into
the system.

STAS
No one else is coming in.

GRIGORI
Fuck you.

Grigori moves towards Stas.

STAS SPRINGS INTO ACTION. He kicks Grigori in the chest, sending him flying.

The rest is a blur.

Stas floors Cole. Breaks Hiroshi's neck. Jabs a needle into Margaret's chest. Shoves Natalie into the shelves.

Grigori tries to get up and Stas kicks him back down. Stas stomps his neck with a CRUNCH. Amit runs for the door.

STAS
I'll get you later!

Margaret stops convulsing on the floor, eyes vacant. Cole spits blood and tries to steady himself. Stas kicks him over.

STAS (CONT'D)
If it makes you feel any better,
you used to kick my ass. You were
by far the hardest to master.

Stas hits him over and over.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRLOCK

Cole's arms fly up, trying to shield his face.

AMIT
Whoa!

Cole realizes he's back in the airlock.

COLE
Motherfucker-

AMIT
Are you okay?!

Cole senses motion and looks to the window -- Stas is running towards the airlock.

Cole jumps over to the controls. He unlocks the hatch and starts to open it.

INT. ENTRY CORRIDOR

Stas slams into the hatch, snapping it back shut. He locks it from the outside.

INT. AIRLOCK

COLE
Stas, let me out.

STAS
You need some time to think. I don't believe I was clear enough before. This is MY ship. This is MY loop.

AMIT
What the hell, guys?

STAS
And it's MY rules. There are only two, so no excuse not remembering. First, don't tell anyone shit. Second, no contact with Natalie.

COLE
Go fuck yourself, Stas.

STAS
Come on now. Natalie already agreed.

COLE
Bullshit.

STAS
I told her she can follow my rules, or she can watch me cut off Margaret's fingers. I'll do it every goddamn day if I need to. Take some time to think about it. I'm sure you'd rather not be locked in here every day.

Stas leaves. Amit looks at Cole, confused.

INT. ENTRY CORRIDOR - LATER

Silence as we PUSH IN towards the hatch. There's a THWANG and the ALARM starts blaring.

INT. AIRLOCK

Air HISSES through a tiny hole.

AMIT

Holy shit, are we losing pressure?!

Amit holds his breath.

COLE

Don't hold your breath. The air in your lungs will expand and they'll rupture.

Amit is freaking out while Cole just waits.

NATALIE (INTERCOM)

I know what he wants.

Cole looks up -- Natalie is at the window.

COLE

He know you're here?

NATALIE

He went to a safe zone. First time all day he hasn't been over my ass. Shut up because we don't have much time.

More THWANGS as the debris comes faster.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

I checked the logs. He's been trying to delete you from the system. He can add us, but he can't delete us. That's why he wants me hacking. He doesn't want to help us escape. He wants to make us forget.

COLE

And then we won't even know how fucked we are.

The ship starts to shake violently.

NATALIE

We have to delete him first. I can get Level 3 access, but I can't do anything while he's watching. You have to keep him out while I'm-

The outer airlock hatch rips away. Cole and Amit are sucked into space.

INT. AIRLOCK

Cole goes to the hatch.

AMIT

I don't think we're done yet-

Cole unlocks the hatch and climbs out.

INT. CENTRAL CORRIDOR

Stas stands in the Systems doorway, arms crossed. Expecting Cole.

Cole heads towards him. Stas straightens, ready for confrontation. Cole walks right past him.

STAS

We're not going to have a problem?

COLE

I'm not gonna fight a battle I can't win. Just let me know when we're going home.

STAS

See, now that's logical. We can finally get some work done.

INT. ENGINEERING BAY

Cole places the anti-grav on a HUGE ENGINE. He dials it to 95% and powers it on. The light blinks GREEN.

He easily tips the two-ton engine so he can tie a line around it, securing the anti-grav tight.

Cole slides the entire rig against the shelves. He powers off the anti-grav and the whole assembly settles with a THUNK.

Cole grabs the laser-blade and makes cuts in the shelf legs.

COLE
Sorry for this, guys.

He uses a marker to write the pin code on the anti-grav right next to the keypad.

INT. CENTRAL CORRIDOR

Cole inches towards the Systems Room. The door is shut.

Cole peeks through the window -- Stas stares over Natalie's shoulder. Cole moves on.

INT. ENGINEERING BAY

Hiroshi, Grigori, and Amit examine the anti-grav.

HIROSHI
Idiots put the damn code right on
the box.

Grigori punches in the code.

AMIT
What does it do?

HIROSHI
One way to find out.

Hiroshi taps the green button.

The whole contraption lifts off the ground along with the three crew members.

HIROSHI (CONT'D)
Oh shit!

The shelf and its contents rise too. The cut sections of shelf leg spin away freely, no longer held in place by pressure.

The timer on the anti-grav ticks to zero. Everything drops. The shelf comes crashing down.

As the wall of equipment comes flying down on the them, Grigori and Hiroshi scramble free.

Amit isn't so lucky.

INT. SYSTEM INTERFACE ROOM

Margaret bursts through the door. Stas spins defensively.

MARGARET
Amit's fucked up!

STAS
What?

MARGARET
Come quick, he needs medical.

STAS
I'm a little busy.

MARGARET
I'm not fucking around! Come on.

Stas's fists are clenched. Natalie eyes him nervously.

STAS
Okay, explain to me what
happened...

Natalie notices Stas sliding his hand into his pocket as he
moves toward Margaret.

NATALIE
We had a deal, Stas. I work, you
keep your shit in check. Do you
want me to keep working on this or
not?

Stas turns to Natalie, considering it. He turns back to
Margaret and takes his hand out of his pocket. Flashes a big
smile.

STAS
All right, show me.

MARGARET
You guys are weird.

INT. ENGINEERING BAY

Amit's leg is mangled all to hell.

STAS
Wow, nice one guys.

MARGARET
What do we do?

STAS
Help me lift him.

INT. SYSTEMS INTERFACE ROOM

Cole slips in.

COLE
Tell me you're close.

NATALIE
I just started the final step,
attacking the private key.

Natalie indicates a window that's streaming code. A progress bar fills very slowly.

NATALIE (CONT'D)
Brute force, two to the ten-twenty-four combinations.

COLE
What does that mean?

NATALIE
It's trying every value. Could take five seconds. Could take five hours.

COLE
Shit. At least give me the feeds.

Natalie calls up the security monitors. Cole looks from tile to tile -- in one Stas and Grigori carry Amit into the Med Lab.

COLE (CONT'D)
So far, so good.

INT. MEDICAL LAB

STAS
Quit whining. Jesus, Amit.

AMIT
It fucking hurts, man.

Stas grabs a syringe and unceremoniously jabs Amit.

STAS
How about now?

Amit's jaw drops. He looks euphoric.

AMIT
I could run a marathon.

STAS
Now be quiet.

HIROSHI
What can we do?

STAS
You can be quiet too.

Stas starts working on the leg. Margaret looks over his shoulder and winces.

INT. SYSTEM INTERFACE ROOM

The progress bar is only at 3%.

COLE
You've got to be kidding me.

NATALIE
We need to get lucky.

COLE
I have a plan B just in case.

NATALIE
What's that?

COLE
Kill the son of a bitch.

INT. MEDICAL LAB

Stas uses the table's retractable arm to auto-suture a gash in Amit's leg.

STAS
An auto-grav isn't a toy, young man.

AMIT
No shit.

STAS
Pretty stupid to move it near a shelf of loose gear.

HIROSHI
We didn't. That's where we found
it.

Stas stops the auto-suture.

STAS
You didn't move it there?

GRIGORI
No. Why?

Stas suddenly heads for the door.

AMIT
Stas? This does not look done!

INT. SYSTEMS INTERFACE ROOM

Cole see Stas hurry out on the security monitor.

COLE
Shit shit shit.

INT. CENTRAL CORRIDOR

Stas peeks in the window to Systems and sees Natalie working.

REVERSE: Cole is ducked down, hiding below the window.

Stas continues towards Engineering.

INT. ENGINEERING BAY

Stas runs his fingers across the clean cut on a shelf leg. He goes over to the anti-grav and sees the code written in marker.

STAS
You sneaky fuckers.

He slams his fist on the shelving.

INT. SYSTEMS INTERFACE ROOM

Cole hurries to the door.

COLE
Don't open this door for anything!
And make that go faster!

Natalie throws up her hands.

INT. CENTRAL CORRIDOR

Stas hurries with a pair of sheet metal sheers in hand. Face twisted into rage.

AROUND THE CORNER: Cole crouched holding a METAL ROD.

Stas passes the intersection and COLE SWINGS, CRUSHING STAS'S KNEE.

Stas yelps and drops to the deck.

Cole draws the laser-blade and swings for Stas's head. Stas catches his wrist and twists, chopping off half of Cole's left hand.

Cole grunts and staggers backwards.

Stas tries to get up but his leg collapses. Cole retrieves the rod and smashes Stas's hand, sending the blade flying.

Grigori, Hiroshi, and Margaret run into the corridor.

GRIGORI

-the hell?!

From the crew perspective -- Cole wielding a weapon over their crippled medical officer. Stas starts to whimper as he crawls away.

STAS

Please don't hit me again. Someone help me!

GRIGORI

Motherfucker-

Grigori runs towards Cole.

COLE

No, he's crazy! He's trying to keep us all-

No time to explain. The huge Russian is almost on him. Cole turns and bashes Stas on the head. Stas collapses.

Grigori slams Cole in the face, flooring him.

INT. MEDICAL LAB - LATER

Stas lies on the examining table. Grigori gently slaps him.

GRIGORI

Stas.

Stas's eyes flutter open.

GRIGORI (CONT'D)

What happened?

Stas shakes off the cobwebs and sits up. He sees Cole unconscious on the floor with his hands tied behind his back.

There's a THWACK and the ALARM goes off.

GRIGORI (CONT'D)

What the hell?

STAS

Check it out. Go.

Grigori runs into the hallway.

Stas injects himself and slides off the table. His leg makes a crackling noise that he simply ignores. He grabs a scalpel and limps into the hallway.

Cole stirs.

HIS POV: blurry double-vision of Stas lurching out the doorway.

Cole wrestles with his bindings.

INT. SYSTEMS INTERFACE ROOM

Natalie is focused on the progress bar. It suddenly chimes --

KEY MATCH

NATALIE

Yes!

Her fingers fly across the interface. Menus flash in succession --

ROOT ACCESS -- USERS -- DR. NATALIE ROUVIER -- SECURITY LEVEL
3 -- PROFILE UPDATED

Behind her, Stas SMASHES THE WINDOW. Natalie screams.

Stas reaches through and unlocks the door. Natalie scrambles to call up Stas's profile.

But Stas is already there. Natalie spins. Stas SLASHES, catching her in the arm.

Natalie backs away, arm streaming blood. Stas is almost on her when-

WHAM! Cole slams into Stas, knocking him sidelong into the screen. Half of it shatters and they both hit the deck.

Stas rolls over. The scalpel sticks out of his chest. Cole thumps down with his bound hands, driving the scalpel into Stas's chest cavity.

Stas roars with anger, not pain. He punches Cole, then grabs a shard of broken viewscreen.

Stas slashes Cole's throat. Cole gushes blood as he wrestles with Stas.

COLE
(gurgling)
Delete his ass.

Natalie paws at the cracked display, trying to drag the panel to an unbroken part of the screen.

Stas crawls towards her. Cole tries to hold him back.

Natalie finds Stas's profile and opens it.

Stas kicks, shattering what remained of the display. He smiles up at her, blood streaming down his face.

STAS
Can't find the delete button? I
think it's over there.

He points to a pile of shattered glass.

Natalie looks on in horror as everything FLASHES TO WHITE.

INT. AIRLOCK

Cole leaps to his feet, good as new. He scrambles to open the hatch.

INT. ENTRY CORRIDOR

Cole runs like holy hell.

INT. CENTRAL CORRIDOR

Cole slides around the corner to see Stas chasing Natalie towards Systems.

NATALIE
HELP!!!

Cole sprints toward them.

Natalie is almost there when Stas kicks her ankles. Her feet tangle and she slams the ground hard.

Cole attacks. Stas easily counters and head-butts Cole.

STAS
You've both disappointed me.

Cole shakes it off and brings up his fists, ready to fight.

Stas smiles.

They go at it. Cole has heart but he's no match against a fully healthy Stas. STAS BEATS THE SHIT OUT OF HIM. Cole falls to his knees.

Natalie slips into the Systems Room. Cole sees her make it. Stas catches his glance and turns.

Stas goes after Natalie but Cole snags his pant leg.

INT. SYSTEMS INTERFACE ROOM

Natalie scrambles to log in.

INT. CENTRAL CORRIDOR

STAS
Goddamnit.

Stas tries to pull free. He hits Cole again and again, but Cole won't let go. Stas is practically dragging Cole's bloody mass toward the door.

STAS (CONT'D)
Cocksucker.

Stas stomps on Cole's hand, crushing every bone. He gives Cole a final kick in the head, knocking him out. Stas wipes the spatter of blood from his eyes.

INT. SYSTEMS INTERFACE ROOM

Natalie gets Stas's profile open. She reaches for DELETE.

Stas grabs her wrist, yanking it away.

STAS
No you don't.

She flails at him, screaming. She lands a couple glancing blows, but he quickly gathers up her arms.

INT. CENTRAL CORRIDOR

Stas shoves Natalie into the hallway and slams the door.

INT. SYSTEMS INTERFACE ROOM

Stas takes a deep breath.

STAS
Finally some peace.

Behind him, Natalie pounds on the window but we can't hear what she's screaming.

Stas closes his profile and opens Natalie's.

He casually DELETES NATALIE FROM THE SYSTEM.

Natalie stops pounding. She just stares in shock. Stas turns. He ponders her for a moment, then waves goodbye.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRLOCK

Cole wakes with a start. He jumps to the hatch and slams the controls, but it won't unlock. He tries again and again.

COLE
Shit shit shit.

AMIT
Whoa relax, man.

Stas strolls toward the airlock. Cole's face blanches.

STAS

It's pretty cool, once you have
total system access, permanently
locking doors is easy.

He taps the glass.

STAS (CONT'D)

It's actually kind of funny
watching Natalie look around like
she's never seen this place before.
She has no idea what she's in for.

COLE

Stas. That's your wife.

STAS

Ex-wife. Don't be worried about
her. Be worried about you. You're
going to be stuck in here for
eternity. Aren't you wondering why
I didn't wipe your memory?

Cole just stares.

STAS (CONT'D)

If I wiped your memory you couldn't
possibly go insane. You'd have no
idea how much time is passing. Now
you'll really taste it. Enjoy your
forever.

With that, he's off down the hallway.

COLE

Stas! STAS!!!

INT. ENTRY CORRIDOR

PULLING AWAY from the hatch where Cole pounds at the window.

EXT. USS AMARANTH

Drifting slowly. Time seems to have stopped.

INT. SYSTEMS INTERFACE ROOM

Stas comes in to see Natalie at the display -- ACCESS DENIED.

STAS

Frustrating, isn't it?

Stas stands next to her.

NATALIE

Yeah. I feel like a kid locked out
of the toy store, just staring in
the front window.

Behind his back, Stas removes the cover from a hypodermic
needle.

Stas smiles at Natalie. She gives a curious smile back.

INT. AIRLOCK

Cole is yelling, throwing himself into the window as hard as
he can. The only things breaking are his own bones.

He stops, clutches his shoulder, and looks at Amit who has
taken cover on the far side the chamber.

COLE

Try again tomorrow.

He looks over to the wall -- there's a big number 4 scratched
into the wall of the airlock.

The familiar WHITE FLASH --

INT. AIRLOCK - NEXT LOOP

Cole goes to the wall and scratches a 5 where the 4 used to
be.

He moves to the hatch and runs his fingers along the seam.

AMIT

What are you doing?

JUMP CUTS:

-- Cole kicking the control panel, Amit trying to stop him.

-- Cole examining the ceiling panels.

-- Cole kicking the hatch.

-- Cole's fingers streaming blood as he claws at a screw
securing a wall panel.

-- Cole screaming at Amit, shoving him hard.

-- The panel coming loose, nothing but more steel behind it.

-- Cole sitting, head in hands. He looks over at the number 32 on the wall.

AMIT (CONT'D)
A neutron walks into a bar and
orders a beer.

COLE
Heard it before.

AMIT
He asks the bartender how much--

COLE
Heard it before! Heard it before!
Shut the fuck up!

AMIT
(sotto)
Asshole.

There's a KNOCK at the window. Cole looks up to see Stas smiling at him.

STAS
If you ask me nicely, I'll delete
your profile. You can go back to
thinking you're boarding for the
very first time. Every day you'll
be as eager as Amit here to come
explore my world.

Stas cocks his ear towards the window, waiting.

COLE
Go fuck yourself.

STAS
You'll change your mind.

Stas walks away. Cole looks back at the 32. He lashes out, denting the wall.

Amit looks around -- 'did I miss something?'

INT. ENTRY CORRIDOR

Silence. More of the same.

INT. AIRLOCK

"94". Cole lies across the benches, eyes half open, muttering to himself.

AMIT
So a neutron walks into a bar and
orders-

Cole leaps up and DECKS AMIT, knocking him out. He looks down at his clenched shaking hands.

COLE
Fuck, I'm sorry.

Cole's eyes mist over.

COLE (CONT'D)
Oh God, we're going to be here
forever. Wake up, Amit.

Cole shakes him. Amit groans.

AMIT
What the fuck, man?

Cole tries to help him into his seat. Amit pushes him away.

COLE
I'm sorry. I'm going crazy being
stuck in here.

AMIT
It's been 20 minutes!

COLE
Feels longer to me.

AMIT
Try the hatch.

COLE
It's locked.

Amit rubs his jaw.

AMIT
That one is not. Be my guest.

Amit thumbs towards the outer hatch. The starfield shimmers outside. Cole goes over and takes a look.

AMIT (CONT'D)
That was a joke.

Cole runs his fingers over the emergency release handle.

AMIT (CONT'D)
Ah...Cole?

Cole grins and jumps over to Amit.

COLE
You are a fucking genius!

Cole grabs him and kisses his forehead.

COLE (CONT'D)
The maintenance kit on the outer
hull by the dock! It's open. If I
can get to it in time-

AMIT
What are you talking about?

Cole's excited now. He puts a foot up on the seat.

COLE
Grab my foot. I'll need you to pull
me back in. We only have 10 seconds
till we're out from hypoxia.

Cole grabs the override lever.

AMIT
No! Stop!

COLE
Don't hold your breath!

Cole yanks the lever and shoves the hatch open. Amit grabs the seat and Cole's leg. The auto-gravity disengages and they lift off the floor.

Cole claws his way out and reaches for the maintenance compartment. He fumbles with the panel.

He's too slow -- his movements get sloppy like a drunk and he passes out. They both drift out the airlock.

Cole's skin goes pale mottled with purple as he spins away from ship unconscious.

INT. AIRLOCK

Cole's eyes blink open.

COLE
Less painful than I thought. Lack
of oxygen maybe.

AMIT
Pardon me?

COLE
I need you to grab onto my foot.

AMIT
What are you talking about?

TIME CUT TO:

COLE pulling himself towards the compartment. Just as he pops
it open, his legs swing free and he spins away from the ship.

He glances back to see AMIT SPEWING BLOOD FROM HIS MOUTH.

TIME CUT TO:

Cole standing at the hatch.

COLE
And don't hold your breath, for
christsake!

Cole pulls the lever.

TIME CUT TO:

Cole pops the panel and grabs a large tool. He shouts
soundlessly and waves his arm. Amit yanks him back in.

Cole pulls the hatch closed. There's a hissing of air and
they drop to the floor.

Amit grabs his elbows and groans in pain.

AMIT
You crazy fuck.

COLE
(teeth gritted)
It's decomp. Lay down and elevate
your joints.

AMIT
No shit.

Amit lays across the bench on his back.

AMIT (CONT'D)

What the hell did you do that for?

Cole hefts the tool, a large pronged device.

COLE

The decoupler.

AMIT

(sarcastic)

Oh.

(shouting)

What the hell did you do that for?!

Cole holds up a finger, then goes to the hatch. He jams the decoupler into the seam and pumps the handles.

The tool's forks spread, prying the GROANING metal apart. Internal pins shear with a TWANG and the hatch wrenches open.

COLE

Don't move. You don't want an air bubble reaching your heart. I'll send someone for you.

AMIT

Great. Thank you so much.

COLE

I'm really sorry, Amit.

INT. CENTRAL CORRIDOR

Cole slinks down the hallway.

He nears the Med Lab. The door is closed. There's LOUD WHIRRING sound like a circular saw.

Then Grigori's SCREAMING.

Cole winces. He slowly rises and peeks in the window -- Stas's surgical mask is misted with blood. He's leaning over, working on something. The SCREAMS recede to a WHIMPER.

Cole catches something out of the corner of his eye and spins, ducking down.

Hiroshi is standing in the corridor, staring at him.

HIROSHI

Don't interrupt him when he's working.

Hiroshi seems very different. Twitchy is just the start.

They stare at each other, equally confused.

HIROSHI (CONT'D)
Did he let you out?

Hiroshi looks toward the door, starts to move.

Cole pounces. He wraps Hiroshi in a choke hold, hand clasped over his mouth.

INT. RESEARCH LAB

Hiroshi writhes as Cole drags him in.

COLE
You make noise I'm going to knock
you out. Got it?

Hiroshi nods and Cole releases him. Hiroshi backs away. Cole locks the door.

COLE (CONT'D)
You in the loop?

Hiroshi's look of confusion is becoming permanent.

HIROSHI
He brought you in too?

COLE
Yeah. We're good buddies now. What
about Natalie?

HIROSHI
Natalie? No, never Natalie. She'd
never be loyal. I'm the only one
that knows how to be loyal. I'll
even activate the cores when he
wants me to. The others rebel so he
put them all back to blanks. My
advice is to just do whatever Stas
says...

Cole grabs a wrench and CLUBS HIM OVER THE HEAD. Hiroshi collapses in a heap, unconscious.

COLE
Sorry 'bout that.

TIME CUT TO:

Cole ejects a test tube from the synthesizer. He pours BLACK POWDER into a large flask that's already halfway full.

He returns the test tube and initiates another batch.

TIME CUT TO:

Cole checks his watch as he pours the last of a MAGENTA FLUID over the flask of powder.

There's a KNOCK at the window. Cole turns to see --

Stas, pissed off beyond belief. He bounces Amit's head off the glass, cracking it.

STAS
I'm a little impressed, actually.
Open the door.

Cole goes back to what he's doing. Stas punches the glass out.

STAS (CONT'D)
Open this fucking door!

Stas reaches through for the door handle, but it's out of reach. He doesn't seem to care that the glass is slicing into his arm.

STAS (CONT'D)
I don't know what you think you're doing, but it's the last original thing you'll ever do. Gonna scrub your goddamn memory clean.

COLE
You gave me a lot of time to think in the tank. And something occurred to me.

Stas cocks his head -- what's Cole up to?

COLE (CONT'D)
Ever wonder why the loop only jumps back four hours?

Cole flips the laser-blade on.

COLE (CONT'D)
If the ship is trying to avoid it's own destruction, why not go further back? Give us more time to solve the problem?

STAS

Design issue. Maybe four hours is
the best it can do.

Cole adjusts the dial, curving the beam.

COLE

Right. Four hours before the
destructive event.

Cole holds the cutter poised above the flask.

COLE (CONT'D)

Whatever the event may be...

Stas gets it. His jaw drops. He reaches for the handle
frantically.

Cole SLICES through the flask. The beam hits the powder.

EXT. USS AMARANTH

The right half of the ship EXPLODES.

The screen FLASHES TO WHITE.

INT. SHUTTLE

Cole jolts aware in the shuttle. Ahead of him, the crew is
decompressing in the Amaranth's airlock.

We've seen this before. But not for a long time.

Cole dashes forward and locks the shuttle's hatch.

INT. AIRLOCK

Stas fumbles with the outer airlock hatch.

GRIGORI

Stas! You'll screw up our
decompression!

INT. SHUTTLE

Cole watches them argue from the safety of the shuttle. He
presses the intercom and their voices come blaring through.

Cole clears his throat.

COLE
Amit and I are heading back with
the shuttle.

AMIT
We are?

COLE
Anything you want us to pick up
while we're out?

STAS
Congrats. You made it out of the
loop. Better not come back because
I'm erasing you RIGHT-THE-FUCK-NOW.

COLE
Uh huh, I heard that before, you
fucking prick. I'm going home.
Enjoy your eternity of shit.

Cole hits the console and the SHUTTLE DETACHES.

The airlock grows smaller as they drift away -- Stas
overrides the inner hatch and climbs into the Amaranth.

AMIT
What the hell, Cole? I thought we
were boarding.

Cole grabs the bulky EVA suit that Amit wore on the original
trip over and starts putting it on.

COLE
I am.

AMIT
So wait, we are reattaching?

COLE
No. He'll be watching on navs. I
need you to pilot this rig away
like we're leaving.

AMIT
Who is "he"? What the hell is going
on?

Cole zips up the suit.

COLE
Did you notice Stas acted even
weirder than I did?

AMIT

That's a toss up. What did he mean about erasing you?

COLE

I don't have time to explain. I'm trying to save your friends' lives and I need you to do one important thing for me. And I need you to do it on time.

INT. SYSTEMS INTERFACE ROOM

Stas calls up COLE'S PROFILE and DELETES him from the system.

EXT. USS AMARANTH

The tiny boosters on the back of the EVA SUIT turn off a moment before Cole slams into the hull.

Cole maneuvers to a MAINTENANCE HATCH. He twists a lever and pops it open.

INT. NAVIGATION

Stas eyes the display -- an icon of the SHUTTLE moves away from the Amaranth.

STAS

Ignorant shit. I had planned so much for us.

INT. MAINTENANCE POD

Cole slips out of the EVA SUIT and goes into the corridor.

INT. ENGINEERING BAY

Cole grabs the laser-blade from the shelf.

INT. INNER CORRIDOR

Cole types the code into the Advanced Technologies keypad.

INT. ADVANCED TECHNOLOGIES

Cole goes straight to the Nova Chronos and pulls the manual shutdown. The lights on the display go dark.

INT. CENTRAL CORRIDOR

Cole rounds the corner, laser-blade held ready. He checks his watch as he slinks towards Navigation. The door is closed, but through the window Stas can be seen hunched over the console.

INT. SHUTTLE

Amit kills the boosters and changes course.

EXT. SHUTTLE

The boosters rotate 180 degrees and kick back on.

INT. NAVIGATION

Stas sees the shuttle change course. He smiles.

STAS
Coming back? Really?

Stas turns for the door-

And sees COLE through the window, heading toward him. Stas cocks his head -- the image doesn't compute.

Their eyes meet. Stas gets it and leaps toward the door.

INT. CENTRAL CORRIDOR

Cole gets there faster and LOCKS THE DOOR, then slices the control panel off.

Stas PUNCHES OUT THE WINDOW and reaches, but Cole steps out of range.

STAS
Big mistake, Cole.

Stas pushes his head against the window frame. The broken glass cuts his forehead, which bleeds immediately.

Stas's winks at Cole, then his expression changes to one of total panic.

STAS (CONT'D)
HELP!!! HEEEEELP! HELP ME!

The crew run in to see Cole standing between them and their trapped medical officer, who's putting on an excellent show.

STAS (CONT'D)
He's trying to kill me! He's
fucking crazy!

GRIGORI
What the hell?!

Grigori rushes towards Cole, the others close behind. Cole raises the blade into an attack stance.

COLE
Stay the fuck back!

They slide to a halt. Cole is a lethal barrier between them and Stas.

STAS
It's not military protocol to
scuttle the ship with us still on
it. Someone tell him!!!

COLE
Stas is sick. Don't listen to him.
He's going to say whatever he can
to get you to help him.

MARGARET
And it's gonna work.

COLE
Stay calm and I can explain.

NATALIE
Put the cutter down, Cole.

COLE
Listen to my voice. I am calm and
rational. I'm not trying to destroy
the ship. We have to get to the
shuttle and get home. I'm going to
tell you exactly why, and Hiroshi
is going to confirm what I'm
saying.

They look at Hiroshi, who just looks bewildered. Stas reaches through the window, pointing to the wall panel.

STAS

Someone pull the override and get me out!

Cole ignores him.

COLE

This ship will very soon get hit by a debris field. But before it's completely destroyed, it's defense mechanism will kick in -- time travel hardware that will jump us four hours into the past. This will happen over and over again. It's happened hundreds of times already. Stas remembers it, I remember it, and Hiroshi remembers it.

Hiroshi catches a glare from Stas.

HIROSHI

I don't know what you're talking about.

STAS

Obviously I don't either.

COLE

Stas doesn't ever want to leave, and he's killed us all countless times to ensure we can't either.

STAS

I'm fucking bleeding here. Someone take him down!

Grigori inches closer. Cole waves the blade.

COLE

Stay back, godammit! I'm not done.

Grigori retreats a step.

COLE (CONT'D)

We had a lot of time stuck in the loop together. Natalie, we talked about your turtle Chamberlain and when you hacked your father's servers.

Natalie looks confused.

COLE (CONT'D)
Grigori, I know the design of the
corridors here remind you of the
lab where you studied in Kiev.

Grigori squints.

COLE (CONT'D)
Margaret, I don't know anything
about you because no matter how
many times we loop you're always a
bitch. And Hiroshi, you don't have
to be afraid of Stas anymore. Amit
is almost here with the shuttle.

The whole crew is a little rattled now. Cole turns to Stas.

COLE (CONT'D)
And I destroyed the time machine,
so there's no reason to stay on a
sinking ship.

Stas snorts -- bullshit. Then his expression slowly changes.

Stas dashes to the console. He calls up the security feed of
Advanced Technologies.

The Nova Chronos is CHOPPED TO PIECES. The look on Stas's
can't be described. Really.

Stas SCREAMS and bashes the console. He runs to the window,
so angry his eyes are watering.

STAS
You stupid fuck!!! How could you
give up immortality?! What kind of
man could taste that power and
throw it away?!

The crew look on in shock. Hiroshi turns to the others.

HIROSHI
I'm sorry...I was scared.

Cole extinguishes the cutter. Grigori doesn't move. Cole
checks his watch.

COLE
We're out of time. We have to go.
Right now.

STAS
Don't leave me in here!

COLE

He'll kill us first chance he gets.

Stas tries to compose himself.

STAS

No I won't! It's over. This is real now, everything's changed.

Stas reaches up and holds the wound on his forehead closed.

COLE

You haven't.

NATALIE

Cole. Even if we believe you, we can't leave him here. We're all alive and healthy. How would we explain this?

MARGARET

You can't sentence him to death.

STAS

That's right, it's murder.

Cole points at Margaret.

COLE

If you refuse to leave without him, then you can be the one to open that door. I've given you the truth and a way out. That's the best I can do.

MARGARET

Fine.

Margaret walks toward the door.

HIROSHI

No!

COLE

Everyone else, get to shuttle. Now.

Hiroshi sprints for his life. His reaction startles Natalie.

MARGARET

Oh, for Christ's sake.

Cole forcibly herds Natalie and Grigori the other way.

Margaret pops the panel and reaches for the override. Stas goes for the corresponding panel inside.

Margaret pulls the lever.

MARGARET (CONT'D)
That do it?

Stas kicks the door open, smashing Margaret in the face. She slams the wall and goes down.

Cole stops. He has to decide.

COLE
Fuck.

Cole shoves Natalie and Grigori on.

COLE (CONT'D)
Don't stop!!!

Cole turns and runs back.

COLE (CONT'D)
Margaret, get up!

Stas charges at Cole, a freight train of pure rage. Cole ignites the cutter and braces for the attack. Stas closes the distance.

COLE SWINGS. STAS BLOCKS AND STRIKES, flooring Cole.

Margaret staggers towards them, bleary eyed. Blood pouring from her nose.

MARGARET
Stas...

Stas picks up the laser-blade and hovers over Cole. He raises the blade for a killing blow.

GRIGORI GRABS HIS WRIST. Stas looks back.

GRIGORI
Stas. It's over.

Stas stares blankly for a long moment.

STAS
Yes. It is.

Stas shoves back, carving a cross section through Grigori's head. Margaret lets out a blood-curdling scream.

NATALIE

Stas!!!

Stas looks at Natalie and smiles.

COLE KICKS OUT STAS'S FEET. Stas slams the deck. Cole grabs Margaret.

COLE

Go go go!

They run like hell. Stas gets up and chases.

INT. AIRLOCK

They jump in and Cole swings the hatch shut. The shuttle is almost there.

COLE

Goddamn it, Amit! Hurry!

Stas slams into the hatch. He punches the glass, but it doesn't break.

COLE (CONT'D)

He can't punch it out. I've tried.

Stas raises the laser-blade.

COLE (CONT'D)

Oh, shit.

Stas carves through the glass.

NATALIE

Stas, stop!

STAS

I'll stop when you're all in little bite size pieces.

He slices at the window frame, widening the hole.

There's a BANG-CLICK as the shuttle connects.

STAS (CONT'D)

No!

Stas reaches through and unlocks the hatch. Cole dives over and grabs his wrist. Cole pulls hard, pinning Stas against the hole. Stas grunts.

COLE

Go!

Margaret and Natalie pop the outer hatch.

Cole twists a 360, torquing Stas's arm. Ligaments tear. Wristbones snap. Stas screams.

They each brace their feet against the hatch, playing tug-of-war over the mangled arm.

COLE (CONT'D)

Nobody lives forever, asshole.

Cole gives Stas sudden slack, catching him off balance. Then yanks it back hard. Stas's head slams into the hatch. Cole lets go and Stas drops out of view with a THUNK.

Cole runs into the shuttle.

INT. SHUTTLE

Cole pulls the hatch closed. He rushes to the console and slams the controls.

EXT. USS AMARANTH

The shuttle disconnects, drifting from the airlock.

INT. SHUTTLE

Cole braces himself against the console, trying to catch his breath. Natalie wipes blood from Margaret's face.

AMIT

Holy shit.

HIROSHI

You okay?

Cole checks his watch.

COLE

Fuck. No time. Margaret, I need you on that scanner.

Cole hurries around the console into a seat.

MARGARET

Yeah, okay.

Cole hits the controls.

EXT. SHUTTLE

The boosters angle and kick on. The shuttle starts rotating away from the Amaranth.

INT. SHUTTLE

Margaret holds her broken nose with one hand and works the console with the other.

MARGARET
What am I looking for?

COLE
Debris field on intersect course.

Margaret works the controls and gapes at the display.

MARGARET
Holy hell. How'd you know this was coming?

COLE
Just keep your eyes on it.

Cole adjusts the controls and the shuttle stops rotating.

COLE (CONT'D)
Here we go.

Cole pushes the throttle and the shuttle lurches forward.

Hiroshi runs to the rear viewport and pulls the solar shield back, revealing a view of the Amaranth receding behind them.

COLE (CONT'D)
Are we still on intersect?

MARGARET
30km inside radius, yeah.

The Amaranth gets nailed by the first barrage of debris. Pieces of hull fan out into the void.

HIROSHI
It's started!

Cole pushes the throttle to maximum. The shuttle vibrates.

EXT. SHUTTLE

A piece of debris punches through an external stabilizer.

INT. SHUTTLE

The console blares an ALARM.

MARGARET
5 more kilometers!

There's a THWANG as a piece of debris punctures the cabin.
Air rushes out a pea-sized hole.

AMIT
We are losing pressure!

Amit grabs a pressure suit from the deck and shoves it
against the hole.

AMIT (CONT'D)
Get those suits on!

Natalie grabs the pile of pressure suits on the deck.

Amit twists to look out the window. The Amaranth has been
ripped to pieces.

MARGARET
We're outside the radius.

INT. KRIKALYOV 3 AIRLOCK

Barnes stands in front of the airlock, yawning. The hatch
opens and the crew spills out, surprising him.

BARNES
What the fuck?!

Amit pukes and they jump out of the way.

COLE
Let's get your joints up.

BARNES
Holy shit.

They help Amit into the station.

INT. MAIN BAY

BARNES
Someone want to tell me what's
going on? Where are Stas and
Grigori?

COLE
We had a bit of a problem. You'd
better call home.

Hiroshi and Barnes head out. Cole checks Margaret's eyes.

COLE (CONT'D)
You have a concussion. You should
get bunked too.

Cole helps her into a bunk across from Amit.

MARGARET
Cole...thanks.

They smile at each other. Natalie puts a hand on Cole's
shoulder.

INT. NAVIGATION

HIROSHI
Comms up yet?

BARNES
Let's try.

A RED LIGHT on the console starts blinking.

BARNES (CONT'D)
Shit.

Barnes checks the console.

BARNES (CONT'D)
Life Support A dropped offline.

HIROSHI
What about B?

BARNES
Still up.

INT. CONNECTOR

Barnes hurries down the connector, Hiroshi close behind.

Barnes suddenly stops -- the bulky EVA SUIT lies crumpled on the deck far ahead.

BARNES
Why is that there?

Barnes moves toward it. He suddenly RISES OFF HIS FEET.

BARNES (CONT'D)
Whoa!

Hiroshi rises too. They drift weightlessly and start to spin.

The ANTI-GRAV floats above them near the ceiling, GREEN LIGHT blinking.

Stas steps out wielding a STEEL PIPE. His other arm dangles. He approaches, pipe outstretched, feeling for the range of the anti-grav.

HIROSHI
Oh God.

BARNES
Stas?

Barnes drifts towards Stas. He's now rotated upside down. Stas steps up and draws the pipe back -- a baseball player waiting for the pitch.

HIROSHI
No!

BARNES
What are you doing?!

Stas SWINGS for Barnes' head. There's a SICKENING CRUNCH.

Barnes's body spins, blood spewing from his head into floating red blobs.

Hiroshi flails, trying in vain to keep away.

HIROSHI
No! Oh God, Stas! Please! I had no choice!

STAS
I know. But I'm going to kill you anyway.

Stas smiles and winds up.

INT. MAIN BAY

Hiroshi's SCREAM echoes through the station. Cole and Natalie look up in shock.

INT. CONNECTOR

Cole and Natalie burst into the connector and stop short at the sight --

Barnes and Hiroshi floating, pumping blood into the air like red cartoon thought-bubbles. Just past them, Stas wielding the pipe.

Natalie covers her mouth in horror, tears already welling.

Stas drops the pipe and pulls the REMOTE from his pocket. He presses a button --

The bodies and blood drop/rain to the deck. The anti-grav clatters down, light now RED.

Stas pockets the remote and ignites the laser-blade.

Cole forces Natalie back through the hatch.

COLE

Lock it!

Stas casually steps over the bodies. Cole raises his fists.

COLE (CONT'D)

Come on, motherfucker!

STAS

If you only knew how many times we've done this. It doesn't end so well for you.

COLE

I'll bet the other times you had two good arms.

STAS

Not always.

Cole advances in, steeling himself for battle -- then TURNS AND RUNS.

Stas raises an eyebrow, then takes off after him.

INT. CORRIDOR

Stas rounds the corner at speed. He skids to a stop at the first intersection. Looks both ways.

STAS
I'll find you eventually!

Behind him, Cole lowers himself from the pipework above.

Cole body-checks Stas into the wall. The blade clatters away.

Cole starts pounding but Stas quickly reverses. For a moment, they strike back and forth like two masters.

But Stas starts anticipating Cole's moves.

Stas pummels him one-handed. Cole hits the floor, bruised and bloodied.

STAS (CONT'D)
Get up. I want to enjoy this.

Cole rises, a little dizzy. Raises his fists. Looks at them, then switches to Southpaw stance. Stas laughs.

COLE
Shit.

Cole TURNS AND RUNS again.

STAS
Are you serious?

Stas shakes his head and picks up the laser-blade.

INT. CONNECTOR

Cole runs into the shuttle bay. He slams the door behind him.

Stas gets to the door and starts slicing off the hinges.

INT. SHUTTLE BAY

Stas kicks the door out. Across the room, Cole roots through a toolbox. He turns to face Stas with a measly wrench.

Stas smiles and stalks towards him. He RISES OFF HIS FEET.

Stas notices the anti-grav floating ahead at waist height. He just laughs.

STAS
I have the remote, you fucking
idiot.

COLE
Shit.

Stas pulls out the remote. He clicks the button and lands
back on his feet. The anti-grav drops.

But so do the huge WASTE TANKS floating above Stas's head.

ONE CRUSHES STAS TO THE DECK.

Stas lies in a mangled heap, pinned under the leaking tank.

COLE (CONT'D)
Guess I never did that before, huh?

Stas tries to say something, but can't seem to manage a
sound. He goes still.

INT. CONNECTOR

Cole knocks on the hatch window.

Natalie appears brandishing a crowbar. When she sees it's
Cole, she drops it and opens the hatch.

NATALIE
Jesus, are you okay?

COLE
I'll heal. Not in four hours, but
I'll heal.

She hugs him.

NATALIE
I didn't think it would be you
showing up at that window.

COLE
Me neither.

INT. NAVIGATION

Natalie turns from the console.

NATALIE
Pickup in 72 hours.

COLE

Perfect. That's how long I need to sleep.

NATALIE

This is weird. I feel like you know a lot about me but I don't remember telling you any of it.

COLE

Don't worry, it wasn't too personal.

NATALIE

I've never told anyone about hacking my father's servers.

Cole looks up at her.

COLE

You did tell me you had a thing for pilots.

NATALIE

I told you that?

Natalie blushes.

COLE

No. Hopeful guess.

NATALIE

You're gonna keep doing that aren't you?

Cole smiles.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

Well if you've got one of those little hats with the wings on it, you should start wearing it.

Natalie smirks and goes back to the console.

Smiling, Cole stretches out and closes his eyes.

CUT TO BLACK.