

# ARMAGEDDON

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TITLES.

1 PLANET EARTH. STAR FIELD BEYOND. JUST PERFECT. 1

VOICE

Sixty-five million years ago, dinosaurs  
walked the face of a lush and fertile  
planet...

2 A GIGANTIC ASTEROID streaks past camera, burning into the atmosphere. 2

VOICE (cont'd)

...a complex, highly-evolved ecosystem  
thrived....A piece of rock, only six miles  
wide, hurtling through space, altered the  
course of natural history forever...

4 EARTH, seen from space, rocked by an IMMENSE SHOCKWAVE - and now - the 4  
blue is slowly lathered in this awful black death cloud. OMITTED (3)

VOICE (cont'd)

Impact equal to ten thousand nuclear  
weapons detonating simultaneously. A  
trillion tons of dirt and rock hurled into  
the atmosphere. A blanket of dust the sun  
was powerless to penetrate for a thousand  
years. It happened before. It will happen  
again. It's just a question... of when.

5 EARTH is now completely entombed in a dark, cold hell. 5

## A R M A G E D D O N

SUPER: 65 MILLION YEARS LATER

6 And OVER this we hear: A BLUR OF STATIC AND SQUAWKING RADIO CHATTER -- EARTH, reflected off the face of ASTRONAUT PETE SHELBY'S helmet. He is spacewalking; tethered to SHUTTLE ATLANTIS. He is trying, without success, to repair a satellite. 6

SHELBY  
Houston, affirmative. I'm gonna try it again.

7 INT. JOHNSON SPACE CENTER - MISSION CONTROL -- 4:47 A.M. EST 7

Equipment. Busy. Crowded. Tense. DAN TRUMAN is the boss here. NASA's second-in-command -- he would've been an astronaut himself, but his LEG BRACE speaks of a disappointment he's had to accept long ago. He's standing over the shoulders of FLIGHT DIRECTOR CLARK. Watching the console. And the video.

CLARK  
We've got that coupling up on the board now, Pete -- we'll give you a heads-up from down here when it's in alignment --

SHELBY (V.O.)  
(breathing hard)  
-- sounds good -- affirmative --

Truman taps Clark. Clark moves to another seat as Truman sits down.

TRUMAN  
Pete, this is Truman -- we've got an eye on your meds here -- let's try and relax a little -- we've got plenty of time buddy.

8 EXT. SPACEWALK -- SAME TIME 8

SHELBY still struggling with delicate instruments. TRUMAN TENSE.

SHELBY (V.O.)  
Okay Houston. Advise.

TRUMAN (V.O.)  
Do not touch the gold plating. We do not want a power surge.

The instrument ever so SLOWLY moves into position.

SHELBY  
-- I'm looking good here -- it's go--

SHELBY'S HELMET GETS ROCKED -- the glass spiderwebs -- EARTH'S REFLECTION shatters -- blood boiling -- Shelby's SHOULDER CAM spins.

- 11 THE SPACE SHUTTLE suddenly shredded by thousands of tiny, speeding, 9-11 meteoric pebbles -- SHRAPNEL tearing through everything -- NASA logo is destroyed -- THE SHUTTLE'S SKIN peeling down to the ribs -- KANTWELL COCKPIT FILLS WITH A FIREBALL. Finally, there's a HUGE INTERNAL SHUTTLE EXPLOSION.
- 13 INT. NASA - MISSION CONTROL OMITTED (12) 13  
MONITORS go dead. A horrible moment of silence...  
NASA TECH #1  
We're down.  
NASA TECH #2  
Massive failure. We lost....  
And then -- action -- controlled panic. Hands flying over keyboards. CAMERA CLOSES ON -- Truman standing there, stunned. Utter disbelief.
- 14 INT. U.S. SPACE COMMAND -- 4:49 A.M. EST 14  
A dark room filled with equipment...full BATTLE STAFF run to their consoles. Tiny yellow BLIPS appear on large TV Screens.  
OPERATOR #1  
(following yellow BLIPS)  
Sector five-niner is reporting three -- now five -- eight -- I repeat eight unidentified tracks --  
OPERATOR #2  
Watchdog, I have four, now nine -- make it eleven unknown tracks --  
From above, a haggard looking SECTOR DIRECTOR yells down:  
SECTOR DIRECTOR  
Scramble the Eagles....
- 15 EXT. LORING AIR FORCE BASE, MAINE -- 5:03 A.M. 15  
Two dozen PILOTS and CREW from the 102nd Fighter Interceptor Wing scramble onto the dark, frozen tarmac to their waiting F-15 EAGLE's --
- 16 INT. NATIONAL SECURITY COUNCIL SITUATION ROOM -- 5:06 A.M. 16  
SEVERAL AIDES rush around the room. Mega-high tech equipment comes alive. A young AIDE holding three phones, is talking on a secure line:  
AIDE #1  
(rushing in)  
Sir, I have some General from the Russian Air Defense Forces on the phone. He wants to know what we're doing....  
KIMSEY (V.O.)  
We're not doing anything! What are they doing?!

17 INT. NASA MISSION CONTROL -- 5:09 A.M. 17

The room is packed. Truman pacing through, rushing out assignments.

TRUMAN

I want three groups -- one: Internal malfunction. Hit the log tapes, start working back -- maybe it's a glitch. Two: I want N.O.R.A.D., Space Command and the 50th Tactical comparing all space junk they track, every plane in every orbit -- have 'em check, then rechecked, and then do it all over again. Three: Wild Cards. Anything and everything, let's move it!

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

18 EXT. SEDONA, ARIZONA, OLD TRAILER -- 5:38 A.M. 18

DOTTIE is in her eighties. She's wearing a nightgown and slippers. She's got a flashlight and she's walking with as much angry determination as her little body can muster. She walks out of her trailer towards a huge 1920's OBSERVATORY. She starts yellin'--

DOTTIE

Goddamn it, Karl, this time I'm not kidding!

\*  
\*  
\*

19 INT. OBSERVATORY -- NIGHT 19

A HUGE TELESCOPE. KARL, 80, a cranky, scrawny backyard astronomer with his eye to the sky. She throws open the door and --

DOTTIE

If you don't start spending a little less time in here and a little more time in the trailer with me, I want a divorce.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

KARL

I thought we already were divorced.

\*  
\*

DOTTIE

I am sick of you taking me for granted and--

\*  
\*

KARL

Will you shut-up?! This is the big one! I'm in the books with this! Go get my phonebook -- I gotta call that guy from NASA!

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

DOTTIE

Friggin' books... you should be calling a lawyer is who you should be calling...

\*  
\*  
\*

20 EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE -- 5:45 A.M. 20

FOUR CARS -- military motorcade -- racing around a corner --



1 INT. MILITARY LIMO -- SAME TIME

21

U.S.A.F. LT. GENERAL KIMSEY. Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. His deputy, GENERAL BOFFER, beside him in the back seat.

BOFFER

Space Command is reporting negative, that is zero global launches -- it might just be pieces of the shuttle breaking up as it comes in.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

KIMSEY

(don't mess with me!)

Yeah, it might be Santa Claus -- until we get definitive, reliable, alternative confirmation, General, this is a surprise attack. Let's speed it up!

22 EXT. MANHATTAN ISLAND -- SUNRISE - MUSIC POUNDS

22

Establishing. The sun rises over the Brooklyn Bridge.

23 EXT. 59TH STREET BRIDGE -- 6:00 A.M.

23

A small MESSENGER cruising on his bike singing like a rock star. In the front basket is his FRENCH BULLDOG lovin' life. New York city pumps.

4 EXT. NEW YORK STREET -- MOMENTS LATER

24

The MESSENGER now walking his Bulldog pulling at the limits of his retractable leash. Bulldog's POV as the dog attacks the big city. PEOPLE reading the tabloids. SHUTTLE MISSING! DISASTER IN ORBIT!

25 A BIG ELECTRONICS STORE just up ahead. PASSERSBY's have stopped to stare through the window, where DOZENS of TELEVISIONS are playing an ABC NEWS SPECIAL REPORT on the missing Shuttle and --

25

LITTLE GUY

What's up?....

NEW YORK GUY

The space shuttle -- BAM, it's gone, vaporized.

Little Guy jerks the Bulldog...the Bulldog can wait no longer. He lifts his leg against A VERY LARGE BOOT attached to a A HUGE SAMOAN GUY. He feels something and looks down. The Samoan Guy kicks the dog, and it starts growling.

LITTLE GUY

Hey! Hey man, you kicked my dog!

SAMOAN

Yeah? What's a runt like you gonna do about it?

LITTLE GUY

Keep taunting and I'm gonna kick these Nike's up your big Samoan ass.

Suddenly, the T.V. SCREENS START FRITZING OUT -- a huge SONIC BOOM ROARS OVERHEAD -- The huge Samoan looks up, as -- A ROCK, the size of a basketball, WIPES HIM OFF THE SCREEN

-- EXPLODING into the pavement -- CONCRETE and SPARKS and GLASS FROM THE WINDOW. The TELEVISIONS ARE BLOWN IN THE AIR -- all of it -- SHATTERING AT ONCE and PEOPLE SCREAMING and HORNS HONKING and then --

It's over. The hissing of steam. Little Guy inside the store. In his hand, the leash -- the other end disappearing down into --

26 INT. A CRATER -- SAME TIME 26

Ten-foot wide. Forty-foot deep. Way down there, embedded in the substreet infrastructure, A SIZZLING, STILL-SMOKING, RED-HOT METEORITE. And hanging there, suspended by the leash, the Bulldog.

LITTLE GUY

Little Richard? Omigod..Call 911, hang on!

27 EXT. MANHATTAN -- MORNING 27

Traffic is ground to a halt. CAMERA MOVES into a cab. STU, the Cabbie, with an ASIAN TOURIST, cranes his neck out the window.

ASIAN TOURIST

What big problem?

STU THE CABBIE

Could be a couple of things: Shootin' stabbin', dead guy. It's Friday, payday most probably a jumper.

28 Suddenly -- a projectile the size of a dump truck SCREAMS through the sky and blasts through THREE HUGE BUILDINGS. More projectiles explode in the intersection. Cars get thrown everywhere. 28

29 Five cars lifted from the explosion scream down the street flying inches over the head of the Little guy and his dog. 29

30 THE ENTIRE TOP FIVE STORIES OF A BUILDING topple and hit the street below. Bricks, mortar and gargoyles everywhere. 30

31 INT. NASA MISSION CONTROL -- 7:00 A.M. 31

Grief and frenzied activity. Dozens of people running numbers. Truman is at the center -- being handed documents, shown monitors --

NASA TECH #1

Space Command's screens are clear. \*

TRUMAN

Who's on with the Russians?

NASA TECH #2

Right here. They're clearing too.

TRUMAN

Stay focused -- we need to map the trajectory now--

NASA TECH #2

That could take over a week to--

TRUMAN

Just FIND it. I want to know if the worst is over or on its way--

NASA TECH #2

General Kimsey on line four.

TRUMAN

(shit)

Excellent. Truman--

32A-BINT. NATIONAL SECURITY COUNCIL ROOM/INTERCUT WITH DAN TRUMAN

32A-B

Crowded now. Joint Chiefs. Cabinet officer. Empty chair for the President. NETWORK NEWS on TVs. GENERAL KIMSEY on the phone, frantic:

KIMSEY

We got hits from Finland to South Carolina and we know they're not missiles, so what the hell is it?

\*  
\*  
\*

TRUMAN

It's a meteor shower in the northern hemisphere. That's what took out the shuttle.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

KIMSEY

I've got the President on Air Force One demanding answers -- is it over?

\*  
\*  
\*

TRUMAN

The sooner I get off the phone the sooner I'll know, we'll call you back--

\*  
\*  
\*

Truman hangs up the phone -- back to the insanity --

33 INT. MISSION CONTROL - CORRIDOR -- DAY

33

Hallways alive with action. We're following one nerdy guy named DR. RONALD QUINCY, carrying stacks of paper and hustling along when --

NASA TECH #1

(from a doorway)

Quincy. Yeah, there you are. Look, I got this old guy on the phone here from Sedona. Says he met you at some comet seminar?

INT. MISSION CONTROL - SIDE ROOM -- TEN MINUTES LATER

34

BANKS OF COMPUTERS and COMMUNICATION GEAR. NASA PEOPLE manning battle stations. Tense, anticipatory silence. Nobody moving or talking.



TRUMAN

(on the phone)

...no, no, no, take your time, Karl. I'd rather have it right than fast.

(hiding his impatience)

No. No, you're definitely the first.

Yes, we've all seen the news.

(beat)

Yup. I'm ready. Fire away.

Yes, I'm holding a pencil. Talk to me.

NASA TECH #1

(second phone)

The FBI locked his location.

Truman passing off the numbers and THE ROOM EXPLODES with quiet frenzy -- NUMBERS are frantically plugged into the computer.

CLARK

(third phone)

-- he found a comet two weeks ago. He called the International Registry -- per usual they blew him off --

TRUMAN

--Karl, I want you to stand by up there. Okay? I want you to stay right there and let us check this out --

The RULERS move to the MAPS of the asteroid belt; lines are drawn.

TRUMAN (CONT'D)

--Karl, it's probably nothing, but until we know what we're dealing with here, I'm counting on you to keep this quiet. Top secret, understand? We're gonna send someone to pick you up.

35 INT. KARL'S TRAILER - DAY

35

Loads of NAVAL MEMORABILIA. Dottie stands there watching.

KARL

Yes sir. Sir, I'm Retired Navy, I know what 'classified' means sir....

Karl hangs up and flashes her this very smug smile. She's burning.

36 INT. MISSION CONTROL - SIDE ROOM

36

PHONE HANGS UP. Computers PRINT OUT, PHONE LINK to S.T.I.--

37 INT. S.T.I. - SPACE TRACKING INSTITUTE - DAY (NEW LOC NAME)

37

Home of the HUBBLE SPACE TELESCOPE. Two S.T.I. TECHNICIANS man the Hubble's control console.

\*  
\*

S.T.I. TECHNICIAN 1  
New Houston info! Plot Coordinates 712 by  
345. Let's move fast on high-resolution  
imaging!

38 EXT. OUTER SPACE - CONTINUOUS (DAY) 38

The HUBBLE SPACE TELESCOPE screams by camera orbiting the earth.  
The Telescope tilts, repositioning its view. Lights flash.

39 INT. S.T.I. - SPACE TRACKING INSTITUTE - DAY 39

IMAGES from the Hubble arrive on a high-resolution printer. S.T.I.  
Technician 1 grabs four PHOTOS from the printer. Technician swipes  
stuff off the console, making room. Together they arrange the four  
photos. They stare silently at the awesome COMPOSITE PHOTO.

S.T.I. TECHNICIAN 1  
Motherfu....

40-41 EXT. OUTER SPACE - CONTINUOUS 40-41

CAMERA PUSHES THROUGH A CLOUD OF ROCKY, ICY DEBRIS, penetrating the  
cloud until the HUGE ASTEROID CORE comes into clear view -- a mass of  
dirt and ice -- rough, craggy, menacing. A PROJECTION SCREEN - FULL  
FRAME. And there's that jagged, fuzzy, ugly THING again. And we hear:

NASA VOICE  
This is the anomaly at sixteen-forty-  
three...

KA-CHUNK -- slide changes -- the THING gets bigger --

NASA VOICE (cont'd)  
Here is the anomaly at sixteen-fifty-  
eight...

PULL BACK TO REVEAL -- FIFTY PEOPLE AT LEAST. Crammed in. Hand-  
lettered signs, hastily written -- propped up around this long table:  
ENGINEERING -- PROPULSION -- COMMUNICATIONS -- PUBLIC AFFAIRS -- DATA  
RETRIEVAL -- Open phone lines to N.S.C. -- The Cape -- the feeling  
that everybody who is in on this is on the line right now.

NASA VOICE  
And here is the anomaly at seventeen  
hundred...

KA-CHUNK -- the THING gets bigger.

42 INT. NATIONAL SECURITY COUNCIL SITUATION ROOM 42

General Kimsey watching THE SECRETARY OF DEFENSE as we hear THE  
PRESIDENT in the BG transmitted from Air Force One --

PRESIDENT (V.O.)  
Enough with this anomaly horseshit, what is  
this thing?

TRUMAN (V.O.)  
(speaker phone)  
An asteroid, sir.

43A-BINT. MISSION CONTROL - CONFERENCE ROOM -- SAME TIME

43A-B

PRESIDENT (V.O.)  
I'm staring at a laptop -- how big are we  
talking about?

Truman looks down the table. THREE PEOPLE sitting behind one of those  
signs that reads: PROPORTIONAL ANALYSIS.

PROP ANALYSIS TECH  
Our best guess right now is, ninety-six  
point five billion cubic kil--

Truman waving his hands to make it simple.

TRUMAN  
It's the size of Texas, Mr. President.

PRESIDENT (V.O.)  
And we didn't see this coming?

TRUMAN  
I'm sure you're aware, Sir, after  
congressional budget cuts, that \$700,000  
only lets us track 3 percent of the sky--

KIMSEY (V.O.)  
What about this morning? How big were  
those?

TRUMAN  
Nothing -- pebbles -- the size of  
basketballs and Volkswagons.

PRESIDENT (V.O.)  
Is this thing gonna hit us?

TRUMAN  
We're efforting that as we speak--

PRESIDENT (V.O.)  
What kind of damage are--

TRUMAN  
Total. Sir. This is what we call a Global  
Killer. The end of mankind. Doesn't  
matter where it hits, nothing would  
survive, not even bacteria.

PRESIDENT (V.O.)  
My God...

Suddenly the door opens across the room -- a MATH GUY stands there, holding a printout. One look and you know it's bad. A sudden, total, awful silence.

MATH GUY  
We have eighteen days.

44 EXT. THE GREAT OUTDOORS -- DAY OMITTED (45) 44

A GOLF BALL and TEE pushed into GRASS -- HARRY S. STAMPER, CLUB in hand, lines up the shot -- eyes on the ball, then on his target, squinting, concentrating -- intense. He swings -- THWACK! Smiles.

46A-B We FOLLOW THE BALL, which sails through the air -- and just as we expect it to hit grass, it hits a GREENPEACE BOAT -- just missing one of the half dozen PROTESTERS on the deck, just waking up. They start YELLING at Harry, who waves back at them: 46A-B

HARRY  
RISE AND SHINE!

The Protesters keep yelling as Harry sets up another ball. Behind him, CHARLES "CHICK" CHAPPLE arrives, holding a clipboard. 40's, rugged -- been through the worst with Harry, but he's standing here. That says it all.

CHICK  
That boat's a hundred yards too close.  
I'll call my friend at the Singapore Navy.  
This bastard's so mean his mother hates him.

Harry swings -- WHACK! The ball hits the Greenpeace hull. The Protesters yell more. Harry yells back:

HARRY (cont'd)  
YOU GUYS ARE RIGHT! DRILLING IS BAD! WHAT MODEL SOLAR-POWERED BOAT IS THAT?!

CHICK  
(hands him clipboard)  
Seriously, Harry, lemme call my friend. At the very least it'll be entertaining.

HARRY  
(reading report)  
Nah, Greenpeace likes whales, I like whales. I just don't like when they park on my driving range-- why was there drilling on Two?

CHICK  
Yeah, I thought you might find that fascinating. Chewed 180 feet last night.

HARRY  
I shut it down. Who the hell ordered Two to drill?!

CHICK

I'll give you two guesses. But you're only gonna need one.

\*  
\*

Harry's face goes flush -- jaw clenched -- he grabs the golf club. SWINGS -- The Golf Club -- as it's hurled into the sea--

CHICK (cont'd)

Harry, that was my five iron.

\*

50 EXT. OIL RIG -- MORNING

OMITTED (47,48,49)

50

Harry tearing through the rig. Way pissed off. HARRY'S GOLF SHOES CLATTERING and --

HARRY

A.J.! A.J.! Get your ass out here!

A COUPLE ROUGHNECKS cut pipe -- looking up, smiling --

ROUGHNECK #1

What'd he do this time, Har?

52 INT. OIL RIG - MUD GEOLOGY LAB -- MORNING

OMITTED (51)

52

Funky and cramped. Samples all over. ROCKHOUND is wearing boxers, sneakers, and a miner's helmet. He's holding a big fish in his gloved hand. Harry comes rushing through--

ROCKHOUND

Hey, Har! Check this out, man! Forty-three pounds of lean, mean, aquatic machine! Life in the Goddamn food chain!

HARRY

A.J. Where is he?

ROCKHOUND

Why? Hey, did we hit? Thank God, are we done here?!

(chasing him, fish in hand)

'Cause you know me, man! I start fishin', it's the leading emotional indicator I'm getting a little rancy! Har -- slow down!

\*

52A INT. MISSION CONTROL - CONFERENCE ROOM -- SAME TIME

52A

Truman studies the Math Guy's report. All eyes in the room on him. The grim reality is setting in... he looks around the room.

TRUMAN

All right, this is what we're going to do -- I want every strategy we got for Near Object Collision -- every strategy, every idea, every program, every sketch on every napkin and pizza box -- whatever we got for Near Object Collision Contingency. For 30 years they've questioned the need for NASA. Today we give them the answer. Let's go.

\*

And the room erupts in activity --

53 INT. OIL RIG - CRANE CROW'S NEST -- MOMENTS LATER

53

THE DOOR bursts open. Dust falls. Harry fills the frame. A small, dark\* room. A bed in the darkest corner -- Harry kicks it.

HARRY

Get up. Before I drag you out. \*

A.J.'s up in bed looking, damn "hand in the cookie jar" nervous. He's physically awkward here -- as if moving at all might break something...or reveal something...

A.J.

Hey -- okay, you're, uh...you're pissed, I get it --

HARRY

No, you've seen me pissed -- this -- you don't know what this is! I shut down number two! You knew that.

A.J.

Huh? Oh...yeah, that.... \*

HARRY

Yeah, that! When you got eight million of your cash on a contract -- when it's your ass in the fire, if you don't hit at 19,000 feet, do whatever the hell you please. You don't ever disobey my orders! \*

A.J.

Oh, man, yeah. Of course you're right -- lemme get dressed, I'll be up in 2 minutes. \*

HARRY

There are five words I need to hear from you. Right now. Five words.

A.J.

(counting as he talks)

I'm...sorry...Harry? Very...sorry?

HARRY

"I'll never do that again."

A.J.

I won't, you know I won't. Who screwed up? Me. I blew it. I suck. Damn it Harry, everything you're thinking, you're right. I'm sorry. I'll meet you at ops in five minutes. 'Kay?

Harry looks at A.J. squarely. A.J. gets it. Harry turns to leave. \*

And then he HEARS a FEMALE SNEEZE. Harry stops. A.J. winces. Harry turns around, under the bed sheet -- lying there, in her slinky pajamas, is GRACE -- precious, beautiful and 23.

HARRY

Grace...?

GRACE

(voice trembling)

Harry...?

HARRY

I thought I told you to call me Dad?

We're TIGHT ON Harry's face -- wracked with rage -- red, insane -- he moves for A.J. who BOLTS OUTTA THE ROOM through the other door -- we CUT TO A.J. sliding down a 70-foot cable -- \*

54 INT. OIL RIG - CROW'S NEST HALLWAY -- SECONDS LATER 54

Harry RIPS a SHOTGUN from its mount. SHELLS fall everywhere --

55 EXT. OIL RIG - SAME TIME 55

A.J., in his boxers, sprints from Harry, who wields the shotgun -- \*

A.J.

HARRY! HARRY?! Under the circumstances being irrational is totally understanda--

BOOM!!! Harry FIRES into the sky -- Christ it's LOUD -- A.J. JUMPS, picking up speed, terrified --

A.J.

Holy shit, man!

HARRY

Fifteen years didn't change a thing, did it?!

(cocks the gun)

I saved your life! I gave you a purpose!

A.J.

Will ya WAIT?! Will ya listen to me?!

HARRY

You're still the same dumb-ass punk, just twice as old!

As A.J. scrambles up the DERRICK -- climbing the metal rungs, WE HEAR:

GRACE (O.S.)

HARRY!

Harry turns -- Grace runs up behind them, a sheet wrapped around her.

GRACE

Stop it! You're being insane!

HARRY  
Sweetheart, go put on some clothes.

GRACE  
YOU CAN'T CONTROL MY LIFE, YOU KNOW!!!

HARRY  
I know. Clothes. Now.

Harry's going after A.J. again -- A.J.'s climbing hard -- glancing back at his pursuer --

A.J.  
Look, I'm only going to say this once: put down that gun!

BOOM! Harry cocks and aims -- but is blocked by JAYOTIS "BEAR" KURLEENBEAR, huge, one of Harry's veterans, desperate for a shower and shave.

BEAR  
Why don'tcha put the gun down, boss?

HARRY  
You don't really want a piece of this, Bear. You know what I'm sayin'?

BEAR  
(smiles)  
Hell yeah, I know. I'm just trying to give my man a headstart.

Harry pushes past Bear continues after A.J. climbing for his life.

HARRY  
You think I raised her-- sent her to college?! You think I took care of her all these years so she could end up with someone like us? A guy like you?!  
T  
O  
S

A.J.  
Harry, I love her!

HARRY  
WAY wrong answer!

Harry FIRES again -- hits the PUMP JACKS -- SPARKS fly -- Harry continues until Chick intercepts him --

CHICK  
Harry, Christ, before you kill the best man on your crew get your ass on deck -- we got fumes --

HARRY  
I can't hear you -- you're saying words, but I'm on a rampage -- you gotta move --

Harry now pushes past Chick -- going after A.J. with all he's got --



A.J.  
We gotta talk this over, man!

HARRY  
That's what we're doing!

BOOM! -- A.J. climbing too fast -- loses his footing -- slipping -- falling -- grabs for THE CABLE -- just snagging it and --

GRACE  
NO!!!

A.J. on the cable, pulling himself to safety. Harry aiming at him. He knows he won't really shoot the kid...or does he? AN AIR HORN BLASTS--

ROCKHOUND  
(down below)  
Pucker up! We got clients incoming!

56 A HUGE LUXURY YACHT on the horizon. 56

57 INT. MISSION CONTROL - CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY 57

CAMERA MOVES along a PRESENTATION TABLE -- drawings, books, reports, sketches, scale models,-- over a DOZEN NASA TECHS-- and here's Truman, addressing his troops:

NASA PLANNER #1  
(really nervous)  
Uh, we, uh-- back in 1974, the idea, the possibility that an asteroid-- you could say, meteor, though technically a meteor is just a--

TRUMAN  
I need someone who's had less caffeine this morning. Grunberg, translate.

NASA PLANNER #2  
Our first feasibility plan was to use a spread-focus laser generator to heat the object to the point of fracture--

TRUMAN  
That's shooting a BB gun at a freight train. Alexander whatcha got?

NASA PLANNER #3  
What about Electrostatic Repulsion?

TRUMAN  
What about it? We've got two and a half weeks, we can't bank on E.R. in this scenario. Waisler. Go.

\*

NASA PLANNER #4

(shows drawing)

We've got the design for sending a craft to  
the object and hoisting solar sails to  
gently re-direct its trajectory. \*

TRUMAN

Nice. Creative. \*

NASA PLANNER #4

(feeling it)

You don't like this idea. \*

TRUMAN

No. What else have we got, people? \*

(turns to clock)

Time's a luxury we don't have.

And we PUSH IN on the nearby official NASA stopwatch -- DIGITAL NUMBERS  
to the thousandth of a second -- blurring past -- counting down TIME TO  
GLOBAL IMPACT -- 18 DAYS - 431:15:18:014 --

58 EXT. OIL RIG -- DAY OMITTED (59)

58

THE YACHT has landed. The clients, THREE HONG KONG TITANS, prepare to  
come up the gangway. Harry and Grace (now dressed) stand together --  
A.J., and Bear off to the side.

GRACE

(tries to hide her rage)

I understand that you're handicapped by a  
natural immaturity, Harry--

HARRY

Dad. Call me Da--

GRACE

But that shotgun thing was off-the-charts  
unacceptable.

HARRY

I don't care if you're friends, I --

GRACE

We are friends. Friends who sleep  
together. Look, you're really good at  
these things, let me ask you this...  
where's my mother again?

HARRY

Do not start with that--

GRACE

Oh, that's right. Nobody knows. When she  
ran off she forgot to leave us a forwarding  
address.

BEAR  
 (laughs)  
 That's cold, Stamper. That is cold.

GRACE  
 She was a good choice, Harry, you're a relationship expert. Tell you what, you give me a list of things to do, okay? I'll do them all.

HARRY  
 I want you on a crewboat back to the mainland today and back in the office by Monday.

GRACE  
 Really. Then I quit.

HARRY  
 You're not gonna quit. And you're not gonna start seeing A.J., and we're not gonna have this conversation. Understood?  
 (sees she's almost laughing)  
 What?

Grace steps forward to greet THE HONG KONG CLIENTS, charming them instantly with her perfect Cantonese. She continues talking to the Clients, while Harry greets them -- but they both continue their argument:

HARRY  
 What are you smiling about?

GRACE  
 (between Cantonese phrases)  
 I've been dating A.J. for almost a year.

Harry goes pale --

60 EXT. OIL RIG -- MOMENTS LATER

60

THE HONG KONG CLIENTS getting the grand tour. Grace leads the way, but the clients are oblivious to their fight:

HARRY  
 Have I once -- ever -- prevented you from doing anything?!  
 (faint stamp: 80)

GRACE  
 Yeah, Harry, actually yes: having any semblance of a normal life. Most children -- are you aware of this? -- don't live off the coast of 18 countries before they're nine.

HARRY  
 So you're worldly, you're welcome. You speak 3 languages because of me. Merci. Grazie...

GRACE

Most women my age have no idea what a titanium depth gauge is -- and I promise you, none of them care.

61-62 Grace turns to listen to one of the Clients -- as Harry suddenly 61-62  
 seems distracted by a THUMP-THUMP NOISE -- pipes VIBRATE -- Harry \*  
 looks over at a PRESSURE GAUGE -- which is peaking -- the NEEDLE \*  
DROPS SUDDENLY -- then JUMPS -- ONCE -- TWICE -- Harry's eyes go \*  
 wide -- he sprints away -- Grace confused -- A.J. joins Harry with \*  
 a triumphant smile -- \*

HARRY

IS THAT NUMBER TWO? \*

A.J.

Gotcha, man! We hit! I told you!

HARRY

I closed it down for a reason, you idiot!  
 Two's relief valve is fried open!  
 (yelling to Grace)  
GET THOSE PEOPLE OUTTA HERE!

63 KA-WHOOSH! OIL -- PIPE -- MUD -- all of it ROCKETS into the sky. 63

HARRY (cont'd)

Chick! Turn the table out -- move! Bear  
 -- Max -- swing those back-flanges in --  
 Go! Go! Go!

64-66 A.J. -- like a flash -- charges after Harry. Grace pulling the 64-66  
 Clients into hiding and -- Oil begins to spurt from the valves. Chick  
 and his TEAM pull CABLE and EQUIPMENT as fast as they can. Harry right  
 in the center of it and -- A.J. right behind.

67 INT. MISSION CONTROL CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY 67

Another meeting. KIMSEY is here, with an exhausted TRUMAN and crew:

TRUMAN

Because of the proximity of the asteroid -- \*  
 without any prep time -- none of our \*  
 primary plans are going to work. \*

KIMSEY

So what are you telling me? \*

TRUMAN

That our best shot -- what I'm about to \*  
 suggest we do -- is a back-up plan that \*  
 sounds like a joke. \*

KIMSEY

Why can't we just send up 50 ICBMs \*  
 and blow that rock apart? \*

QUINCY  
Simple physics. Did you ever take Physics?  
I don't mean that as an insult...

KIMSEY  
Yeah, I took Physics... who is this?

TRUMAN  
Dr. Ronald Quincy from Research. Pretty  
much the smartest man on the planet, listen  
to him.

QUINCY  
It's actually very simple: you set a  
firecracker off in your open palm and you  
burn yourself. Right? But close your fist  
and light that fuse... and... well, your  
wife's gonna be opening the ketchup bottle  
the rest of your life.

KIMSEY  
You're saying we nuke the thing... from  
inside?

QUINCY  
That's exactly what I'm saying.

KIMSEY  
How?

TRUMAN  
We drill. We need to bring in the world's  
best deep core driller.

A68 EXT. OIL RIG -- DAY

A68

IT'S SO LOUD YOU CAN'T BELIEVE IT -- PIPES keep falling and CRASHING  
AND ROLLING and the OIL IS STILL SHOOTING AND SPEWING AND RAINING DOWN  
and -- Harry PULLS men out of the way -- races to get to a GIANT VALVE  
WHEEL -- he's struggling to move the thing but it's not working and  
he's being blinded by the oil and -- NOW FLAMES BURST OUT --

Through a fountain of oil and mess, A.J. appears -- he pushes his way  
in beside Harry -- muscles straining and THE ROARING SOUND OF OIL and  
THE RATTLE and SHAKE -- Fire hoses shooting water -- It's terrifying  
and dangerous as metal pipes falls around them -- but they're doing it --  
- the WHEEL TURNS -- the GUSHER is slowly CONTAINED --

Until finally the insanity's over -- Harry and A.J. collapse to the  
floor, exhausted, covered in black. Harry looks at A.J., whose smile  
is the only bright white thing here.

HARRY  
Don't smile at me.

Harry gets up -- slips a little in the oil -- and heads off. A.J.'s  
smile is gone now.

68 EXT. OIL RIG -- LATER

68

Grace with the Hong Kong trio -- all covered in oil -- suits ruined, the yacht trashed -- but the Clients are all smiles. Harry appears.

CLIENTS

Thumb high, Harry! You a man! Many thumb!

Harry forces a thumbs up, turning to Chick, who's high on the bridge:

HARRY

Everyone all right? Are we holding?

CHICK

We're great, Harry -- PPI's at eighteen hundred solid!

Now A.J.'s behind Harry -- slaps his back --

A.J.

You know you should tell me next time we got an open blow-out valve, all ri--?

Harry pivots -- SLAMS A.J. in the face -- A.J. goes down. Grace gasps, starts across the platform toward the men. Harry looms large over A.J.

HARRY

You're off. You're fired.

GRACE

(rushes over, to Harry)  
You really need some psychological counselling.

A.J.

I just made this hit, Harry. How about a thank you?!

HARRY

Getting lucky doesn't mean you're any good. Someone could've died today.

A.J. gets to his feet -- stands up to Harry -- Grace gets to A.J. --

A.J.

Well look around, man! No one did!

HARRY

(pushes A.J.)  
Well you still might!

69 Suddenly they all look up -- the Clients, everyone -- to the WHOK - 69  
WHOK - WHOK - WHOK of an approaching SEAHAWK NAVY HELICOPTER --

EXT. OIL RIG -- MOMENTS LATER

70

The SEAHAWK sets down -- the doors fly open and SIX ARMED MARINES deploy. ADMIRAL KELSO is right behind them.

KELSO  
Who's Harry Stamper?

HARRY  
(in disbelief)  
It's not even nine o'clock yet... over here!

KELSO  
We need to talk privately.

Harry steps with Kelso to the ROAR OF THE ROTOR-WASH --

KELSO (cont'd)  
Mr. Stamper, I'm Admiral Kelso, Commander of the Pacific Fleet. I've been sent here by the Secretary of Defense on direct orders from the President of the United States. This is a matter of urgent national security. I need you to get on this chopper right now, no questions asked. Reassure your men that you're leaving voluntarily.

HARRY  
(smiling)  
Did Crazy Willy put you up to this?

KELSO  
...I'm afraid I don't know "Crazy Willy."  
Sir, I'm dead serious about this.

Everyone's staring -- and just as Harry realizes this is real, Rockhound approaches, intense and burdened.

ROCKHOUND  
Listen, I swear to God she never told me her age, so I assumed she was at least--

HARRY  
No, this is about me.

ROCKHOUND  
Oh. Ooops, forget it...

Harry looks over at Grace and A.J. This might not work, but he gives it a try:

HARRY  
(only Kelso can hear this)  
I'll go with you. On one condition...

Grace and A.J. are in the midst of their own drama, unaware of the four MARINES heading from the chopper toward them. A.J.'s furious.

A.J.  
He's not just a lunatic, he's an irrational asshole lunatic --

GRACE

I know that -- we all know that -- so we have to compensate for him, that's all we can do...

The Marines arrive --

MARINE

Miss, you're requested on-board. National Security.

GRACE

National Security and you want me?

Grace looks to A.J. -- sharing the confusion -- suddenly two of the MARINES hold A.J. from either side -- one under each arm -- Grace yells out but the other two have her -- they're being pulled apart -- and

71 INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

71

Harry watches from the chopper, smiling as Grace -- confused and angry -- is "escorted" into the helicopter -- REVVING SO LOUD she can't hear.

HARRY

CHICK! YOU'RE IN CHARGE! GET 'EM HOME TODAY! MR. FONG, YOU LOOK GREAT IN BLACK!

\*

\*

71A The Clients wave at Harry as the CHOPPER takes off. OMITTED (72)

71A

73 THE CLOCK: DIGITAL NUMBERS -- TIME TO GLOBAL IMPACT -- 17 DAYS -  
407:14:26:021

73

74 EXT. NASA/JOHNSON SPACE CENTER - HOUSTON -- DAY

74

Establishing shots...the scope of this place is awesome...

75 INT. NASA HALLWAY -- DAY

75

Harry and Grace coming through. Clean clothes, they've showered -- still, they're tense, tired, and confused.

TRUMAN

Mr. Stamper. Ms. Stamper. I'm Dan Truman. I'm the Executive Director here. On behalf of everyone, please accept my apolo--

HARRY

No. No more apologies. We've had 18 solid hours of apologies. Apologies on three helicopters, one aircraft carrier, and two military jets. We've been apologized to in half a dozen time zones, so please, for Christsake, spit it out already!

Silence. Two men eye-to-eye. Truman almost smiles.



INT. MISSION CONTROL - UPSTAIRS GLASS ROOM -- MINUTES LATER

76

A large room. Harry and Grace sit in the middle of a PRESENTATION --. We go TIGHT ON Harry and Grace. Cut in the middle of Truman's story.

TRUMAN

A rogue comet hit an asteroid belt, sending shrapnel right for us. We're a shooting gallery for the next two and a half weeks. Even if this asteroid hits water, it's still hitting land -- it'll flash-boil millions of gallons of seawater and slam into ocean bedrock. A tidal wave three miles high travels a thousand miles an hour. Covers California, washing up in Denver. Asia. Gone. Australia. Gone. Half the world population gets incinerated by the heat blasts, the rest freeze to death from nuclear winter that'll hang around for the next 100 years.

Dead, grim silence. The lights come up. They're numb.

HARRY

This is unreal...

TRUMAN

Mr. Stamper, this is as real as it gets.

Truman nods to TECHS FLIP and SKIP, who open big curtains revealing WINDOWS THAT LOOK DOWN ON A VERY HECTIC MISSION CONTROL.

TRUMAN

It's coming. Right now. At 22,000 miles an hour, right for us. And none of us... anyone, anywhere... can hide from it.

HARRY

I take it... you're not alerting everyone like this.

TRUMAN

No one knows. And that's how it stays. For the next ten days only nine telescopes in the world can spot the asteroid and we control eight of them -- the President's classified this information as confidential. Those were the forms you signed.

(hands Harry a notebook)

Study from '87. If news like this broke, there'd be an overnight breakdown of basic social services worldwide. Rioting. Mass religious hysteria. Instant erosion of centralized authority. That thing reads like Cliff Notes to the worst parts of the Bible.

HARRY  
So there are six billion people on the planet and you call me. Why?

77 INT. NASA/HALLWAY -- ONE MINUTE LATER

77

Harry and Grace -- both in shock -- walk downstairs behind Truman, Quincy and A SMALL MILITARY ESCORT.

TRUMAN  
We want to land on the asteroid, drill a hole, drop in some nukes, take off and detonate, having the pieces slide right past us. Except we have an equipment problem.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

QUINCY  
The drilling unit is part of a lunar project we've been working on for the past three years. The recent discovery of water on the moon wa--

A DOOR. TWO ARMED GUARDS open up and step aside --

78 INT. NASA R&D HANGAR -- SAME TIME

OMITTED (79)

78

TECHNICIANS standing beside a huge gurney. Stretched across, A LARGE ROBOTIC DRILLING ARM -- complex machinery and gears and Teflon cables. Harry's jaw tightening as he circles the thing. Harry is in shock --

QUINCY  
(nervously)  
You may recognize the rig....

HARRY  
(utterly confused)  
It's tough not to recognize something you spent five years designing --

QUINCY  
Yes, we were planning on sending this to the moon and--

HARRY  
What, you got a key to the Patent Office?

TRUMAN  
Basically. You see, that's why you're here.

HARRY  
What I see, is that you ripped me off and now I'm pissed.

QUINCY  
We prefer the term borrowed...But actually, ostensibly, the boundaries of patent laws only apply to Earth, not outer space.

TRUMAN

Shut up, Ron.

HARRY

Are you kidding me?! I got dragged into this because you "borrowed from me" and by the way did a shit job of putting it together?

TRUMAN

So what's wrong with it? You said we'd done a bad job putting it together.

HARRY

No. No, I said shit job. First of all, you got the return system backwards. I'll take a guess, you're tearing up rotors and can't figure out why.

QUINCY

Yes, that's right...

HARRY

Well the cams are all wrong, Mr. Wizard, the flow cable, the way it's jammed in there? Wrong. And what's this? Aluminum?

QUINCY

Ceramic-titanium.

HARRY

If you're gonna steal a blue-print, at least read the materials list -- how do you short-hitch ceramics?

QUINCY

We're not looking for oil.

HARRY

So what?! How deep a hole do you want?

TRUMAN AND QUINCY

800 feet.

GRACE

(stepping in)

What if the bit starts binding? There's no flexibility. That's what he means.

HARRY

Who's been operating this thing?

Truman beckons across the room and EIGHT NASA MISSION SPECIALISTS start walking toward us. The geek patrol. Nerdnauts.

HARRY (CONT'D)

What's this?

QUINCY

We've had them training for eight months.

HARRY

(suddenly amused)

Eight whole months, gosh...

TRUMAN

We need you to modify the equipment and help train this team--

HARRY

Team?! That's not a team, it's a Dungeons and Dragons convention.

(to the "team")

Here's one for ya! You hit a gas pocket at 300 feet. Your crown block's frozen, the Kelly's starting to kick. You've got flow pressure backwashing and the valve swing's just broken off in your Roughneck's hand. What do you need to know?

(beat)

Quick! Do you pull pipe, speed up, slow down or run like hell?

(one, two, three)

Time's up. The rig blew. We all die.

Silence. Everyone has stopped working.

HARRY

Look, I'm a third-generation driller. I drew my first paycheck when I was twelve years old. It took me 32 years, every day, every frigging minute, to learn what I know. And I'm still learning. Some guy with one hand in a bar told you about a piece of equipment you gotta watch out for, that kinda thing. Might not look it, but drillin' holes is an art. Like a dirty, dangerous ballet: if you don't know your crew as well as you know yourself, you're screwed. Maybe dead. You think I'm the best? You're right, because I work with the best. In 17 days, I couldn't teach these Trekkies any more about drilling than you could teach me to fly a damn space ship.

Their eyes lock -- Truman's mind races -- Harry's too --

HARRY

So what exactly does the team do?

TRUMAN

Drill. That's it.

GRACE

(knows what's coming)

Harry, wait a second --

HARRY

No flying.

TRUMAN

No flying. No spacewalking. All they do is drill, then come home.

HARRY

I'd need my own people and I can't promise they'll do this.

GRACE

(freaks out)

Drilling on an asteroid flying 22 thousand miles per hour--

HARRY

And if it doesn't work, we all die anyway.

QUINCY

(not liking this)

Dan? We can't, uh....

TRUMAN

All of us. Everywhere.

GRACE

Does anyone mind if I throw in one rational thought here?

TRUMAN

We'll actually need two teams -- there'll be two Shuttles going up.

GRACE

In case one doesn't make it. So what are the odds here? Has anyone calculated that?

QUINCY

(indicates busy Techs)

That's what they're doing.

HARRY

(to Grace)

I need you to go to the office, get the personnel files.

GRACE

(terrified, furious)

You understand this is bullshit. You know that, right? You don't have to do this.

HARRY

(long beat)

Yeah I do. I don't trust anyone else.

EXT. NEW MEXICO HIGHWAY -- PRE-DAWN

80

A lonely ribbon of American road. A Harley detailed with leather and horns. And there's BEAR in the saddle. Charley Pride meets Shaft.

HARRY (V.O.)

Okay. Two five-man teams. I'm taking Bear, that's a gimme.

Bear glances at his rearview mirror. Shit, there's a COP CAR behind And then, ANOTHER.

BEAR

Come'n get me, bitch.

Bear tears off at a 100 m.p.h.

GRACE (V.O.)

There's Bennie Cobb, Clete Drummage, Ox...

80A INT. MISSION CONTROL - LOWER ROOM -- DAY

80A

Harry and Grace flip through STAMPER OIL PERSONNEL FILES. A team of FBI PERSONNEL listening to every word.

HARRY

I need more muscle. The best two fitters we got...between Monaco and Max...

81 INT. TATTOO PARLOR -- DAY

OMITTED (82)

81

MAX LENNERT. A big man. Plenty of room for all those tattoos. Could be an Allman Brothers roadie. Reading the Wall Street Journal sitting in a chair having a tattoo engraved on his massive arm. MOMMA walks in. She weighs 350lbs and is carrying a box of doughnuts. She looks at Max's new tattoo. It says: "LOVIN' MOMMA." Momma smiles.

MAX

Like it, Ma? Did you get me one of those yellow-jelly bear claws?

MOMMA

Maxie... I think you're in trouble with the law again... \*

FBI AGENTS walk in the door.

83 EXT. NEW ORLEANS/FRENCH QUARTER -- EARLY MORNING

OMITTED (84)

83

Rockhound is drunk. So's THE BIMBO beside him. Drinking. He's got out his loupe, while holding her hand examining her diamond ring.

HARRY (V.O.)

Two geologists. The Hound. I need him for sure...

BIMBO

Isn't it easier if I take it off?

ROCKHOUND

Hey, don't rush me, we got plenty of time for that later. Just kidding. So what'd he tell you he spent on this, anyway?

BIMBO

It's over two carats.

ROCKHOUND

Yeah, well, size isn't everything. Although in my case it's something. (is she smiling?) Okay, so the ring... How should I put this? This diamond isn't...

BIMBO

It isn't two carats?

ROCKHOUND

It isn't a diamond.

Rockhound notices the TWO FBI AGENTS who stand over him.

ROCKHOUND

Are these your friends?

AGENTS

Sir, we have a national security matter.

HARRY (V.O.)

Second Geologist? Oscar's the man.

85 EXT. GREAT AMERICAN SOUTH WEST PLAINS - SETTING SUN

85

OSCAR CHOI, 32, goatee, galloping full tilt on a grey STALLION.

GRACE (V.O.)

Yeah, if they can find him...

There's two HELICOPTERS skimming the ground behind him.

GRACE (V.O.)

You'll need two engineers...

86 INT. LAS VEGAS - HORSESHOE CASINO -- MORNING

86

Chick at a craps table. Losing. Grim. Taking the dice and --

HARRY (V.O.)

Chick obviously.

Snake eyes. TWO G-MEN watch Chick pull in a big pile of chips.

G-MAN

Mr. Charles Chapple?

\*

CHICK  
 (suspicious)  
 Before I answer that, let me ask you this:  
 has there ever been a situation where  
 someone's been approached by two men in  
 identical suits and it's been good news?

\*  
 \*  
 \*  
 \*

HARRY (V.O.)  
 Engineer number two.

87 EXT. BAR ALLEYWAY -- DAY

87

FREDDY NOONAN, an Aussie, CHOKING some guy against the wall.

GRACE (V.O.)  
 How'd you leave it with Freddy Noonan?

HARRY (V.O.)  
 I paid the hospital bill, he paid for the  
 holes in the wall.

NOONAN  
 The mates I collect for is a tough bunch.  
 They would approve of me squeezin' the air  
 out of your twig neck until I collect  
 payment.

Noonan stops. GUY GASPS. TWO HUGE FEDERAL AGENTS stand there.

NOONAN  
 Morning, ladies. Can I buy you a drink?

WEASEL GUY  
 -- weasel punk, no brains foreigner --

Noonan reels around COLD COCKING the weasel, who drops flat.

88 EXT. NEW MEXICO - DIRT ROAD -- AFTERNOON

88

NOW TEN SQUAD CARS...lights burning...SIRENS WHINING. A ROAD BLOCK.  
 Three foot gap between cars...100mph...Bear blows through on his bike.

89 INT. MISSION CONTROL - LOWER ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

89

Harry and Grace as they were -- finally getting to the inevitable.

GRACE  
 You'll still need another tool pusher,  
 Everett's probably in Houston right now...  
 how about Fredo? He's good.

Harry looks away. Is he going to say it first or will she?

GRACE  
 You don't want A.J., right? He's too  
 reckless. He's cocky...dangerous. And  
 fired, so....



HARRY

I need him.

GRACE

I thought you said you couldn't trust him.

HARRY

I thought you said I could.

(beat)

That drill's my design. No one knows her like me. Except A.J..

Grace struggles to come up with an argument...but can't.

90 EXT. OIL FIELD -- DUSK

90

A.J. fixes his old 60's muscle car. A big wise-ass grin. Loving this.

A.J.

So what you're basically saying here -- lemme just get this straight -- is that there's a job Mr. Stud Harry Stamper can't handle by himself.

Harry stands there, letting A.J. love this... but hating it himself.

HARRY

Yeah... more or less.

A.J.

Well, I don't get it, is it... is it more or is it less?

Harry looks into A.J.'s eyes -- he could kill this kid. He could embrace him -- he chooses to do neither:

HARRY

You and I have a real problem.

A.J.

Harry -- there are five words I wanna hear. Right now. "A.J., I need you. Man" -- no, no: "A.J., you're the best... ever." How about four words: "A.J.? I love you".

HARRY

I'm not here to boost your ego. You should know there's not a job on this planet I'd want you to work on. I mean that.

A.J.'s quieted... intrigued... and because he can sense it... afraid.

A.J.

So... what are you doing here?

EXT. MISSION CONTROL BUILDING -- DAY

91

The DRILLERS walk in with military ESCORTS laughing and joking with no idea what's up. They greet Harry and Truman.

CHICK

You better tell me what's goin' on, 'cause I just got pulled off my first winning streak in six years. So am I pissed? Oh yeah.

BEAR

What's up, Harry? NASA found oil on Uranus?

The guys LAUGH -- except Harry...

92 INT. MISSION CONTROL - GLASS ROOM -- NIGHT

92

FACES in the dark: stunned, blank, incredulous, fascinated, terrified faces. MAX, OSCAR, NOONAN, CHICK, ROCKHOUND, BEAR, and A.J. sitting there; the lights come up. Dead silence.

TRUMAN

So there it is. Any questions?

MAX

Yeah. You sure you got the right guys?

HARRY

I need to talk to 'em. Alone.

Truman ushering NASA PEOPLE out the door. The guys alone now. SHOCKED. OSCAR starts to smile.

NOONAN

Surprise, right? This is a joke, it's someone's birthday. Please, was anyone here born today?!

HARRY

Yeah, this is the craziest shit I ever heard of too. And if we choose not to go... we're just sitting around waiting for some goddamn rock to kill everything we know. So I'm going. But not one of you need to prove how tough they are. I've seen you do stuff that would make Neil Armstrong piss his spacesuit. So if you don't think you can make it all the way, I need to know who's in. Who's out, right now?

Silence. And then, breaking the ice:

CHICK.

20 years, haven't turned you down once. Not about to start now. I'm there.

Harry smiles at this.

NOONAN

Space? I don't know, man...

\*

BEAR

This whole thing's a little too scary,  
isn't it?

\*  
\*

OSCAR

This is just Goddamn historic. Hell yes,  
I'm in.

\*  
\*  
\*

ROCKHOUND

I don't mean to be the materialistic  
bastard of the group, but do you think we  
can get some hazard pay outta this??

93 INT. MISSION CONTROL -- MINUTES LATER

93

Truman, Kimsey and a GROUP OF NASA FOLKS stand around waiting. Staring  
at the door.

TRUMAN

(skimming their files--)

This guy Chick's got some experience. Air  
Force Commando for six years, reached the  
rank of Colonel...

KIMSEY

(skimming their files--)

All I see here's robbery, assault, arrest,  
resisting arrest, organized crime  
affiliation, lewd and salacious conduct in  
a telephone booth, few of these guys have  
done serious time.

(looking to Truman)

This reads like a big mistake.

They share a look. The door opens. Harry out first. The Guys behind  
him. Are they in or out? Unreadable.

TRUMAN

What's the verdict?

HARRY

They'll do it. But they've got a few  
requests.

TRUMAN

Such as?

Harry has a list. Unfolding it. And unfolding it. Kimsey is enraged -  
- about to berate them, but Truman silences Kimsey with a look.

HARRY

There's a lot here... they mostly involve  
things like, uh...

(reading the list)

Oscar here's got some outstanding parking  
tickets. Wants 'em wiped off his record.

OSCAR

Hundred and three tickets in 7 states.

TRUMAN

(looks to Kimsey, then)  
 Uh... yeah... all right...

HARRY

Noonan's got two women friends he'd like to see made American citizens, no questions asked. Chick wants a week Emperor Package at Caesar's Palace. That kind of stuff.

Harry hands Truman the long list... Truman reads it, a little taken aback, but in no position to argue.

TRUMAN

These, uh... huh. I guess we can deal with these...

We see Rockhound's mind racing. He CLEARS HIS THROAT -- gets Harry's attention. Harry moves to the guys. They huddle. Harry then walks back to Truman.

HARRY

And they don't want to pay taxes again. Ever.

Off Truman and Kimsey's reaction -- Kimsey turns and walks off.

3A INT. NASA MISSION CONTROL ASTEROID MONITORING HUB

93A

EIGHT NASA GEO TECHS working around the clock to map and monitor the asteroid. Monitors with 3-D mapping. Chemical spectroscopy. Truman is here -- like a General prepping for battle.

TRUMAN

Tell me everything you know about our enemy.

94 INT. NASA MEDICAL EXAMINATION CLINIC -- LATER

94

A ROW OF CUBICLES. Nurses everywhere. The guys with their tattoos don't look like NASA fit specimens. BEAR, they're drawing blood. NOONAN, mouth open. OSCAR, they're testing his reflexes. Rockhound, Chick, Harry, A.J. - all running on treadmills attached to EKG's... dripping sweat. Rockhound sits down half dead.

TRUMAN (V.O.)

Over the next twelve days you men will be subjected to a battery of physical, mental, training exercises for 20 hours a day. Preparing you to survive space travel....

95A Chick and Oscar, naked beneath their NASA smocks, waiting. The door opens and Noonan comes hobbling out, his posterior is killing him. 95A

CHICK

Jesus. You okay, Freddy?

NOONAN

Yeah, I'm fine. Except for my entire ass.

Head Nurse HELGA stands before Chick with RUBBER GLOVES, an ENEMA PROBE, and a jar of Vaseline.

HELGA THE NURSE  
Mr. Chapple, you're next!

CHICK  
Look lady, I just came here to drill.

NOONAN  
Yeah, well so did she.

96A Harry and A.J. sit facing each other, shirtless, on exam tables. 96A  
Each has a HYPER-NERDLING NASA DOCTOR attaching the cuff of the  
sphygmomanometer to gauge their blood-pressure. Both men watch these  
LOUD-BREATHING GEEKS with discomfort.

A.J.  
You know, Harry, I was thinking...and I  
think you're right.  
(ultra sarcastic)  
I think Grace would be much better off  
with a doctor. Or a scientist. Don't  
you?

A.J. nods, mock-seriously. Harry just stares at him. Hating him. \*

100A-INT. PSYCHOLOGICAL TESTING ROOM

OMITTED (97-100)

100A-D

OUR TEAM is interviewed by a SHRINK in an all white small room.

CHICK  
I get off the job. Find a hotel. Cash my  
check. Gamble till it hurts. Then back to  
work. Some people might think that's sad.  
But I say... yeah, I guess it is sad...

NOONAN  
I don't try to get into fights, fights come  
to me. I'm like flypaper, but for fights.  
I'm fightpaper. Does that make any sense?

MAX  
-- my favorite dish is haggis. It's all  
the parts of the sheep you'd normally throw  
away -- heart, lungs, liver, you shove it  
into the sheep's stomach with oats and  
onions, then you boil it. Little sour  
cream, Tabasco, that's the best.

HARRY  
My first sexual memory? ... what kind of  
mission is this?

ROCKHOUND  
What? You want to compare brain pans?  
(blinding speed)  
I won the Westinghouse prize when I was  
twelve. Big deal. Published at nineteen.  
(MORE)

ROCKHOUND (cont'd)

So what. I got a double doctorate from M.I.T. at twenty-two. Chemistry and Geology. I taught at the Princeton Institute for two and half years -- so why do I do this, right? This incredibly pedestrian application of my academic credentials, what happened to me, right? Why do I do this? Because the money's good, the scenery changes, and they let me use explosives. Okay?

101 INT. NASA MEDICAL FACILITY -- NIGHT OMITTED (A101,101A) 101

Big, late-night meeting. Truman, Kimsey, Quincy, Harry, some NASA STAFFERS and all the NASA DOCTORS.

DR. BANKS

...Failed, failed, impressively failed... one toxicology analysis revealed Ketamine. That's a very powerful sedative.

HARRY

Doctor, sedatives are used all the time.

DR. BANKS

Yeah, well this one's used on horses.

(beat)

We normally have 18 months to psychologically prepare pre-screened, viable subjects for space travel. In a few days we've seen evidence of a wide variety of inappropriate anti-social behaviors, and territorial aggression.

TRUMAN

Can they physically survive the trip?  
That's all we need to know.

DR. BANKS

Personally, I don't know how they survived the tests.

Dr. Banks stamps a BIG RED "APPROVED" sticker on the guys' files -- over a small black "FAILED" stamp...

102A INT. NASA HALLWAY -- DAY OMITTED (102) 102A

OUR GUYS -- the whole motley crew -- heads down an antiseptic NASA corridor in SLOW-MOTION. At the other end, COLONEL SHARP -- a hardened military and aeronautic veteran -- stands with Truman and Clark, staring at the rag-tag team, deadpan.

SHARP

Sir, you're telling me my wife and little girl's lives are in their hands?

TRUMAN

Colonel Sharp, unless you know how to drill, your orders are to train them, land them on that rock and let 'em do their thing. And by the way... I've got a family myself.

102B INT. NASA LOCATION -- DAY

102B

A table piled high with BOOKS and FILES. OUR GUYS standing watching as SHARP walks forward slinging some books off the desk.

SHARP

Safety training. Irrelevant. Emergency training, no point. Repair, rescue, forget it. If we fail. If we screw up. Everyone dies. Good morning.

(looks hard at his class)

United States astronauts train for 18 months. You have twelve days. In addition to flying one of the X-71 teams to that rock, my job's to train you how deal with the mental and physical rigors of working in space so you don't freak out on the asteroid. Any intelligent questions before we get started?

BEAR

Yeah, wow do you take a dump in space?

Chick raises his hand.

CHICK

What's an X-71?

BEAR

I'm serious.

A103 EXT.INT. NASA V.A.B. BUILDING -- DAY

OMITTED (103)

A103

The giant hangar doors open as the guys -- along with Truman, Sharp and Grace -- our guys' faces dropping when they see the truly awesome sight -- THE X-71 SPACE SHUTTLE. Impossibly huge, impossibly advanced. Dozens of WORKERS up on scaffolding, ladders and platforms.

TRUMAN

You're the first civilians to ever see her. Top secret joint-venture with the Air Force...she and her sister ship at Vandenberg will leave tomorrow for launch prep in Florida...but I thought you should have a look.

Dumbstruck expressions as they follow TRUMAN. Kimsey standing here with a GROUP OF UNIFORMED spit-polish, TEST PILOTS.

TRUMAN

Colonel Davis is the ranking officer along with NASA pilot Tucker.

(MORE)

TRUMAN (cont'd)  
Colonel Sharp'll be flying the Shuttle  
Freedom along with NASA pilot Watts...

The pilots give a wave down from on high.

QUINCY (V.O.)  
Once you land on the asteroid, you'll use  
the our very special drill unit. We call  
it the Monster Armadillo....

104 INT. ARMADILLO ANACHOIC HANGER-- LATER

104

Harry, Grace and the Guys watch a HUGE PLASTIC SHEET being raised.  
TWO ARMADILLOS. This is not the old lunar golf-cart from Apollo days.  
Larger. Lower. Much, much cooler. THE DRILL ARM has been mounted.

TRUMAN  
Fourth generation surface rover. Joint  
venture with BMW. Pressurized titanium  
alloy airlocked cab. Able to climb an 80  
degree incline. Six-cell solar engine.  
It'll turn 800 turbo horses in near-zero  
gravity.

HARRY  
BMW...Can we take a look?

105 TIME CUT: METAL PIECES COME CLANKING to Quincy's feet. Thrown  
from the airlock. OUR GUYS VS. THE ARMADILLO. Under. Over.  
Inside and out.

105

HARRY  
Grace, we need half-a-dozen full package,  
980 Mack truck transmissions.

Grace with a clipboard, scribbling away, and --

HARRY (V.O.)  
A.J.! I want you to check into some high-  
load, wastegate diaphragms and a couple  
nine-tooth, T5 drive gears.

-- METAL STILL FLYING.

CHICK  
Make sure we get stall ratings 1500 under  
peak -- and some Hurst five-speed short  
throw shifters.

HARRY  
(listening to someone inside)  
Eight diesel, dual-pump point tachs.  
(more chatter from below--)  
Two rolls of Kevlar header wrap. Box of  
nine-inch graphite U-joints.  
(and again)  
Eight buckets of fried chicken.

Quincy is dying here -- his men standing around getting pale....



SHARP (V.O.)

In eleven days you'll begin a mission during which you'll experience the worst G-Forces in the history of flight.

111 SMASH CUT: HORRIFYING IMAGES of flight -- A T-38 SCREAMING SKYWARD --111 Bear in the back -- crammed in there. ROCKHOUND eyes bugging. Harry about to blow. WE HEAR the voice of CHUCK JR., a tough Vietnam Vet.

HARRY

Goddamn chicken....

CHUCK JR.

I will suck your eyes to the back of your heads, flip you, spin you, splat your bodies till' your bones hurt -- and when you squeal, I'll just do it faster and harder!

A.J. holds on for dear life and there's OSCAR -- except he's loving it.

CHUCK JR.

Your space flight's gonna be a brutal assault on your senses! I'm gonna give you a taste of that!

Harry wobbles out of the plane and kisses the ground.

2B INT. NEUTRAL BUOYANCY TANK -- DAY OMITTED (111A,112,112A) 112B

Harry and Roughnecks underwater lined up. They look like Michelin Men. in weightless aerobic training. THEN WE HEAR a loud FART from Bear.

BEAR

(unembarrassed)

Yo, I got a wicked-ass methane leak!

The Roughnecks laugh -- the NASA guys don't.

112C EXT. SPACE 112C

There's Earth -- beautiful, blue earth. Then a rock passes over the camera toward our home. Then another, then a CLUSTER, that form the pathetic entourage for. ..THE REAL ASTEROID. This huge be-cragged, black, grey, white, horrific thing comes rumbling over the camera. It keeps coming over the camera, doesn't end because IT'S HUGE.

112D INT. MISSION CONTROL ASTEROID MONITORING HUB 112D

Truman, Rockhound, Oscar and Grace study printouts of the asteroid surface.

ROCKHOUND

Based on the thermographic imaging, Segment 201, Lateral Grid Six, site 12J14 -- that's one lateral landing site. Site 12G17's another.

Clark moves to Truman, speaks to him quietly:

CLARK

There's a problem. The shuttle engines might not fire. We might not even be able to get them off the ground.

TRUMAN

(beat, calm but intense)

Well look. When you get the problem fixed? Tomorrow? Then it won't be a problem anymore.

112E INT. ARMADILLO ANACHOIC HANGER -- MORNING OMITTED (113,114A-K) 112E

The guys are all over attacking and welding the metal beast. Mack trucks are lined up, trannies being dropped. The Armadillo is looking meaner and tougher as it's retrofitted for this special mission.

115 EXT. JOHNSON RUNWAY TARMAC -- DAY 115

Sharp standing on the stairway of a NASA BOEING 707. As our guys board the plane -- for the first time we notice the COLOR CODING that will continue throughout: on their outfits, the players have RED or BLUE markings, breaking them into two teams. Blue: Harry, Rockhound, Chick and Max. Red: A.J., Bear, Oscar and Noonan.

SHARP

Hope you Mission Specialists had a nice relaxing lunch. Welcome to the Vomit Comet. Eight days from today you'll feel it for real...so today we're gonna fly this bird to 40 thousand feet and drop to 10 thousand in 30 seconds for weightless training.

116 INT. VOMIT COMET -- DAY 116

The plane drops. The Roughnecks lift off: Zero gravity. Harry and our guys FLOATING AROUND. Then -- the BUZZER goes off and the guys splat to the ground.

117A INT. NASA - MEN'S ROOM OMITTED (117) 117A

All the guys are in stalls, throwing up. Harry and Rockhound are at the sinks -- Harry getting sick in one -- Rockhound, a guy with a troubling secret, gagging but not vomiting, stands beside him.

ROCKHOUND

I was talking to this hotty in the metabolic secretions department? I'm working her, all right? So don't repeat this, this is a secret.

(gags a little)

Basically, the closer this rock gets the more they're learning and the less they're liking -- I'm talking about gas volcanos and ice storms and clouds of fog and seismic crap and rock slides and shit I can't even bring myself to say--

(hears others throwing up)

(MORE)

ROCKHOUND (cont'd)

You got more reason to blow yesterday's lunch than you think.

(back to Harry, gags again)

Not only are we landing on a psycho bitch of an asteroid -- that's not the secret. The secret is those shuttles that they've never flown. They've done 400 flight simulations, right? Take a freakin' guess how many of those sim-launches worked?

HARRY

Just tell me it's more than once.

ROCKHOUND

Did she tell you that? Once. Bingo. You win the shit-prize: you get to come with me.

117B INT. ARMADILLO COCKPIT/EXT. DRY LAKE BED -- DAY

117B

The Armadillo sits on a dry lake bed outside of Houston. Inside, HARRY's at the wheel, A.J. rides shotgun. MUCHO TENSION between them. QUINCY is their INSTRUCTOR.

QUINCY

Now I'll ask you to lock the brakes.

Harry hits the five switches to activate the BRAKE LOCK.

QUINCY (CONT'D)

Good. Now I'll ask you to reverse thrusters -- safety's on...

A.J. begins the thrust procedure. As he does this:

A.J.

Can I ask you something?

QUINCY

Good. Now I'll ask you to engage the pincers.

HARRY

If the word "Grace", "daughter", "love", "dating", or "Harry please" are about to come out of your mouth, I don't want to hear it.

Harry yanks the throttle --

QUINCY

Wait-- don't--

Suddenly the Armadillo RUMBLES -- GIANT GROUNDING PINNACLES swing wide and SLAM into the concrete floor! Harry and A.J. are thrown hard against the cockpit wall! QUINCY hits his head hard --

QUINCY

Well that's... why we wear seat belts.

17C INT. NASA'S OLD MISSION CONTROL -- NIGHT

117C

Oscar sits at the out-of-service control console. Wears an ancient headset. Speaks quietly, dramatically...

OSCAR  
Apollo, this is Houston. Engage landing gear booster rockets, over.  
(does static sound)  
Apollo, we do not copy, repeat, do not copy, over.

Harry enters the room, watches Oscar play for a moment. Then:

HARRY (V.O.)  
Hey--

Oscar jumps, startled -- really embarrassed --

OSCAR  
I was just here. Feeling the history, you know? Taking it in.

HARRY  
You seen Grace?

OSCAR  
Yeah, she was with A.J. in that hangar, you know those huge rock-- oh, wait, Grace?  
No. No, that wasn't her. That was, uh...

But Harry's gone before he can finish -- Oscar winces.

117E INT. SATURN-5 HANGAR -- NIGHT

117E

CLOSE ON A.J. and Grace kissing. We PULL BACK TO REVEAL that they're in a GIANT ROCKET ENGINE. Suddenly a VOICE:

HARRY (V.O.)  
Hey guys.

Startled, the couple looks down on Harry, who stands there, Chick behind him. Harry is calm, assured.

HARRY (cont'd)  
You do whatever you want right now. But in two weeks? When we get back? I'm gonna deal with this. My way. You two are through.

GRACE  
Harry, grow up.

HARRY  
(to A.J.)  
And you? We're through.

CHICK  
Harry...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

HARRY

Goodnight.

Harry walks off, Chick follows. Grace and A.J. watch him go.

117E INT. ORBITAL PROCESSING -- NIGHT

117E

Harry walks under the belly of an old Space Shuttle, heading back to the barracks, Chick trying to keep up. \*

CHICK

So after we save the world will Grace be grounded?

HARRY

Get out of my face.

CHICK

Can I tell you something about your "little girl"? Your sweet little daughter? She's a babe. Okay? \*

HARRY

I know who and what my daughter is -- I'm not as dumb as I look. You should know that about me. \*

CHICK

We all helped raise her, Harry. Yeah, my biggest contribution was teaching her dirty jokes... but she's old enough to vote now. And drink and get married and get divorced and you know... whenever, whatever she wants... if she wants. \*

HARRY

Look at your life. Really think about it. Think about Bear. Oscar... Noonan... me. What do we do? We're scavengers. Live in shacks floating in the middle of the ocean, never on land for more than an eight week stretch, covered in filth for most of it... it's dangerous, it's lonely... \*

(beat)

Grace... is all I've got. She's better than us. Understand? \*

CHICK

In six days we're going into space. This isn't another job in the South China Sea. Now Rockhound's right. We've got about zero odds of surviving this. You know that. So here's a piece of un-asked-for advice: figure it all out with your "little girl". You know? Just in case. \*

18 INT. JOHNSON VACUUM CHAMBER - MORNING

118

OUR EIGHT GUYS IN STATE OF THE ART SPACE SUITS. Tough-ass NASA PILOT \*  
JENNIFER WATTS stands up front giving a lesson. But Bear, Oscar and \*  
Noonan are talking, clearly something about Watts. \*

WATTS

In addition to the E.M.U., we'll be wearing  
D.A.T.'s, Directional Accelerant Thrusters--  
(directly to Bear)

Hey, Listen up, or you're gonna die up  
there! In limited gravity this unit saves  
your life -- it keeps you stuck to the  
ground! Which means if I were to kick you  
in the balls and you weren't wearing it,  
you'd do what?!

BEAR

(quiet -- now nervous)  
... Float away?

Rockhound raises his hand. Watts calls on him.

ROCKHOUND

When do we start training for that?

Watts hits a button -- the massive 40-ton door begins closing.

WATTS

Get your helmets on. 'Cause all the  
oxygen's gonna be sucked out of this vacuum  
in 18 seconds. Just like in space.

They fumble for their helmets as the door slams shut -- BLACKNESS.

118A EXT. SPACE

118A

Out of blackness, the asteroid -- mankind's horrifying enemy -- ROARS  
toward us... many "satellite" rocks surround it --

119 INT. MISSION CONTROL ASTEROID MONITORING HUB OMITTED (120)

119

The TECHS doing their thing -- Truman close, with a female GEO TECH #1.

TRUMAN

I don't need anymore bad news.

GEO TECH #1

She's starting to show her personality.  
The atmosphere's brutal -- severe wind  
storms peaking at 130 miles an hour, sir.

TRUMAN

(grim)  
So... give me some good news. Please.

GEO TECH #1

My son's three today.

21 INT. THE WORLD'S LARGEST WIND TUNNEL -- DAY OMITTED (122,122A-B) 121

SIX STORIES OF THE MOST ENORMOUS WIND TUNNEL FANS IN THE WORLD at one end. EIGHT DWARFED FIGURES -- our guys -- in SPACESUITS at the other.

ROCKHOUND

Harry. What are you thinking?

HARRY

(grim eyes on fan)

That as bad as it gets down here... up there... they don't have an off switch.

The BLADES turn -- in SECONDS the guys are BLOWN OUT OF FRAME.

122C WE PUSH IN ON THE CLOCK: TIME TO GLOBAL IMPACT -- 6 DAYS -- 122C  
174:12:18:028

122D INT. NASA O&C BUILDING - DAY OMITTED (123) 122D

The Armadillo is hanging from a huge crane, Harry watches beside A.J. \*

HARRY

What the hell are those? \*

A.J.

They say they're debris elimination units, or D.E.U.'s, but I call them big-ass cannons. Or B.A.C.'s. \*

Harry's face registers concern -- Gruber and Tucker walk away. \*

123A INT. MISSION CONTROL -- DAY 123A

Truman stands before the entire group, ROUGHNECKS and NASA, giving an overview. Truman is using crude models hanging from strings.

TRUMAN

Our only launch window for us to meet up with the asteroid is Tuesday. You will launch into orbit and dock at the Russian Space Station for refueling. From there, a two and a half-day trip to the Moon. \*

Truman walks amongst the spheres.

TRUMAN (cont'd)

As you slingshot around the moon to speeds greater 22,000 miles an hour, the lunar gravity will clear away the debris from the tail of the asteroid. You should emerge right here.

(demonstrates)

Inside the asteroid's tail, going 150 miles an hour faster than the asteroid. Then you'll set the shuttle down at the pre-determined sites.

OSCAR

Let's say for a second we actually land on the thing... what's it like?

TRUMAN

Jagged. Unstable. There's rock, there's ice. 200 degrees in sunlight, minus 200 in shade. Brutal winds, seismic instability, gas eruptions. Unsteady rotation might suddenly change the gravitational conditions...

OSCAR

Oh, so the scariest environment imaginable. Thanks. All you had to say was "scariest environment imaginable."

Truman moves to a monitor, hits his remote computer control -- the CG images display what he's describing.

TRUMAN

You land, you drill, you drop the nuke, you leave. If all goes well, we'll detonate the bomb before the asteroid passes this plane: Zero Barrier. That'll deflect the remaining pieces enough for them to slide right by us.

The display shows two giant asteroid halves just missing the earth.

TRUMAN (cont'd)

If the asteroid passes Zero Barrier and the bomb hasn't exploded... the game's over.

They all watch in dread as the monitor displays the bomb discharging past Zero Barrier -- and the two pieces both hitting the earth.

HARRY

We'll only have eight hours once we land. That's 45 minutes to set up, 6 and a half hours drill time -- we're gonna need a hole 800 feet deep, that's 125 feet an hour. Then 45 minutes to drop the nuke and take off.

(eyes on Truman)

We'll report our progress as we go.

Harry indicates a monitor with two BAR GRAPHS -- one marked TIME TO ZERO BARRIER the other marked DEPTH.

HARRY (cont'd)

Time to Zero Barrier and Depth. If this gauge runs out first, we don't have a hole. I'd say we can go home, but we won't have that either. Now I want the red team to suit up: A.J., Bear, Oscar, Noonan, let's go.



123B EXT. DRY LAKE BED (EDWARDS) - DUSK

123B

CLOSE-UPS of Harry's incredible drill design mounted on the ARMADILLO. \*  
Over these shots we HEAR and we SEE guys demonstrate movements. \*

HARRY (V.O.)

Each shuttle can only carry the weight of  
one replacement tranny and five drill bits  
per vehicle. Those get chewed up, we're  
shut down. We're here because of our  
experience and ability -- but these are  
limits we're not used to. So up there  
we're by the book the whole way. There's  
no room for hot-dogging, showing off, going  
with instinct or trying to be a hero.

(to A.J.)

You got that? We stay inside the envelope  
at all times. Let's hit the tank.

124A-GNT./EXT. NEUTRAL BUOYANCY TANK --

124A-G

MONTAGE SHOTS of the RED TEAM in the water tank, fully suited --  
moving quick to adjust the mock-up drill arm -- Harry is in monitoring \*  
room, STOPWATCH in hand -- \*

HARRY

All right, we're going for a bit change!  
Bear, clamp it down! Okay, move it! You  
guys gotta do this faster up there! Load  
the pipe, Oscar! A.J., let's up the  
torque!

TIME CUTS of A.J. operating the drill -- of the COUNTDOWN -- of their \*  
DRIFT STANDARD DISPLAYS -- a CG SIMULATION of DEPTH and TRANNY RPM's. \*  
TRUMAN is watching -- GLOVED HANDS pulling cable -- CLAMPING PIPE -- \*  
BEAR'S FACE through the helmet straining and sweating as he tries to \*  
keep up with the pipe replacement -- \*

BEAR

A.J., slow it down, man!

A.J.

She can handle this, can you? I'm takin'  
her up!

HARRY (CONT'D)

A.J., you're at 600 feet, your pipe is  
long, so pull her back to 8,000 rpm's!

A.J.

We don't have time for 8,000!

HARRY

Take her back or you'll snap the pipe or  
blow the tranny!

A.J.

Come on, guys, keep it up! We're the  
younger team! I'm going to 11,000! Bear,  
give the turbine more O2!

The unit's shaking -- the tension rising --

BEAR  
Harry, you listening to this?!

A.J.  
(mimicking Bear)  
Harry, you listening to this?! Bear, up there, you listen to me!

HARRY  
A.J., you're gonna blow the tranny! Back off now!

A.J.  
More O2 Bear! I'm throttling up! You're on my team now! This is how it's gonna be!

A.J.'s meters JUMP -- the computer alarm SOUNDS with a BLOWN TRANNY.

HARRY  
All right, get him out! Pull him up!

Outside of the tank, the exercise is halted as A.J. is pulled from the water -- Harry grabs him -- slams him against the wall -- Chick comes to break it up -- Harry pushes him back -- it's tense as all hell --

HARRY  
"Your team"? "Your team" just blew the transmission.

A.J.  
That NASA wimp computer's wrong. Your machine -- the real thing -- she can take it.

HARRY  
Well that Goddamn rock is no place to find out. You pull that crap up there, you're dead -- the crew's dead -- everyone you can think of. I want you to go back in there and do it my way, no fight, no ego, no questions asked.

MONTAGE -- CLICK -- STOPWATCH -- A.J. works the drill -- we see the fruits of Harry's wisdom: the CG MONITOR shows the drilling at 8,000 RPM's hitting 800 feet. It's worked. Truman moves to Harry --

TRUMAN  
If you want to replace a member of the crew, now is the time.

HARRY  
I'm making a change in the schedule. My guys, they get tomorrow night off.

TRUMAN  
What do you mean, off?

HARRY

I mean out of here. One night. Ten hours.  
Then we go to Florida.

TRUMAN

Harry, I can't do that. There's too much  
at stake. What if they get hurt? What if  
they talk?

HARRY

What if they're too burned out to do the  
right thing? What if they're so tense they  
snap? What if they forget what they're  
fighting for? I've been running crews a  
long time. You want their best, you gotta  
let em blow. They need it. I need it.  
Besides, I'm not asking, I'm telling.

131A EXT. JOHNSON SPACE CENTER FRONT GATE-- DAY OMITTED (132) 131A

The NASA SECURITY GATES open -- and our guys are being driven -- all in  
their own chauffeured car -- away from the premises...

133 INT. LOAN SHARK LOCATION -- SUNDOWN OMITTED (134) 133

A CASH COUNTER whipping through bills. Done. LOAN SHARK picks up the  
last pile puts it on the table.

LOAN SHARK  
(very skeptical)

You sure you don't want to check it?

ROCKHOUND stuffs the cash into a paper bag.

ROCKHOUND  
Nah, looks like a 100 grand to me.

LOAN SHARK  
Sixty-percent interest. No excuses, no  
extensions, you understand that? Or some  
of your fingers are gonna be mine.

ROCKHOUND  
Yadda yadda yadda, you know where to find  
me, yeah, I got it.

LOAN SHARK  
You're not...sick. Are you? Dying and  
shit?

ROCKHOUND  
Let's just say no more than you are.

135 INT. HARRY'S HOUSE/HIS OFFICE -- SUNDOWN 135

Photographs. Mementos. Trophies. Pieces of old equipment. A shrine  
to drilling. Memories. Harry looks around -- and then he finds PHOTOS  
OF GRACE -- as a little girl...looking in these pictures the way he  
sees her always.

Then he grabs the BIBLE from a desk drawer -- and takes an old photo of him as a kid and his DAD covered in oil next to the old Airstream. Harry smiles at the photo, puts it in the Bible...takes it.

136 INT. THE COTTAGE -- SUNDOWN

136

A NURSE just inside. Harry gets a kiss.

HARRY

How is he?

NURSE

He's having a good day.

Sitting there: HOLLIS STAMPER. They call him "GRAP." He's ancient and tough, and a little senile.

HARRY

How's it hanging, Grap? They treating you all right?

GRAP

They underestimate me, Harry. They don't know like we know. I'm ready to work, damnit. Boots and gloves, I'm all packed up. New boots right over there. I'm ready to work -- will you talk to 'em?

HARRY

I'll talk to 'em, Grap.

GRAP

Talk to 'em -- tell em how we are, what kinda people we are. You go tell that doctor, I'm Hollis Vernon Stamper and I didn't get where I am by doing things partway.

(hopeful now)

Got some big jobs coming up?

HARRY

Seems that way.

Then Harry looks at Grap -- who's looking at him deeply. It's a moment of clarity for Grap. Harry smiles.

HARRY (CONT'D)

What is it?

GRAP

It funny... when I think of you... you're always just a little kid... but Christ, you're old...

HARRY

(thoughtfully smiles)

I love you, Grap.

GRAP  
 You what? What kind of shit is that?

136A EXT. NASA AIRFIELD - SETTING SUN

136A

Grace holds on to A.J. as he rides a Ducati motorcycle-- pushing the machine to its limits -- Grace laughing -- screaming as he guns it...

137 EXT. A SMALL HOUSTON HOUSE -- SUNDOWN

137

Not the greatest. House next to an oil process plant. A woman looks through the screen door, her name DENISE. Chick stands outside. \*

DENISE  
 Jesus, you scared me.

CHICK  
 Sorry. I was just...

She's come down toward him now. Nervous.

DENISE  
 What? You need money, right?

CHICK  
 No. Thanks. Really. I'm flush.  
 (eyes past her)  
 He got big.

SIX-YEAR-OLD TOMMY peering down through the screen door. \*

DENISE  
 You can't come around like this.

CHICK  
 I know.

TOMMY  
Ma?

DENISE  
 Get back in the house!

CHICK  
 I guess I'll see you later, Denise...  
 (backing away)  
 Look, I'm sorry too. About everything.  
 You did the best you could. I got  
 something coming up... you know you might  
 just be proud of me.

THE BOY, at the door, watching Chick walk away.

138 INT. KITCHEN -- NIGHT

OMITTED (139)

138

MOMMA working a busy stove, eight pots of supper going. Max at the table. Eating like there's no tomorrow. 'Cause there might not be.

MAX

Hey Mamma, when I was a kid, you ever dream  
of me growing up and being an astronaut?

MOM

Nah. Never could see you eatin' that  
freeze-dried crap and drinkin' Tang. Shit. \*

140 INT. CHURCH CONFSSIONAL -- NIGHT 140

Oscar on his knees. Blessed by a PRIEST.

141 INT. THE ALAMO STRIP CLUB -- NIGHT 141

Huge joint. MUSIC BLASTING. STRIPPERS all seem to be congregating in  
one part of the room. In fact, here come some more STRIPPERS running  
from the dressing room; all of them heading for --

THE VIP Section. Champagne everywhere. Rockhound and Noonan stuffing  
hundred dollar bills anywhere they want. OTHER CUSTOMERS getting  
jealous and pissed -- Rockhound buried in chest flesh.

MOLLY MOUNDS

What brings you to the Alamo?

ROCKHOUND

Little astronaut training.  
(shakes her hand)  
Hound, mission specialist.

HUGE CUSTOMER

Hey, who the hell do you guys think you  
are? You're hogging all the action.

NOONAN

Hey pinhead. Go find your own party.

Here comes an even BIGGER GUY. Call him BIKER.

BIKER CUSTOMER

Why don't you spread the wealth, pal?

ROCKHOUND

(tossing him a bill)  
Here. Go out and buy yourself a neck.

That cuts it. It's a brawl. Noonan loving it...swings a bottle.  
Rockhound hiding behind SOME STRIPPERS as all hell breaks loose.

142 EXT. HOUSTON, TEXAS LOCATION/TBA -- EVENING 142

Harry walks down a busy street, looking at all the people: families,  
kids, old folks, all laughing and talking, living their lives oblivious  
to the danger that awaits. Harry really feeling the responsibility.  
The pressure. \*

43 EXT. THE ALAMO STRIP CLUB ALLEY -- NIGHT 143

THREE HOUSTON SQUAD CARS angled outside. Brawl aftermath. Bloody noses. Torn shirts. Rockhound and Noonan standing there with TEN OTHER GUYS, everyone with their hands up against the wall as the COPS try it out.

ROCKHOUND  
I'm telling you, call NASA. They'll confirm it. \*

BIKER CUSTOMER  
Yeah. We're all astronauts, Officer.

A COP roughs up the skinny Rockhound.

ROCKHOUND  
Pal, you are so messing with national security right now. \*

144 INT. NASA - OLD MISSION CONTROL -- NIGHT 144

Harry sitting thinking. Outside, NASA PEOPLE running urgently to some emergency. \*

HARRY  
Hey. What's going on?

NASA TECH #2  
Space command spotted more incoming.

145 INT. MISSION CONTROL -- MINUTES LATER 145

The room is on. Mad scramble. Lights and PHONES and everything running and Truman at the middle of it all. Harry just walked in.

TRUMAN  
Somebody give me a projected impact!

NASA TECH #1  
East Asia. Eleven minutes...

CLARK  
We've got to warn...

TRUMAN  
Warn who? The whole South Pacific?

146 EXT. SHANGHAI - ESTABLISHING -- NIGHT 146

Huge city. Neon blazing. The busy harbor alive with floating Junk's. A SONIC BOOM CRACKS THE SKY. HUGE FLASH. Night becomes day for two seconds. The world slows down, motion creeps. The face of a terrified LITTLE BOY reaching for his FATHER'S HAND. THE ASTEROID SHRIEKS down --

STRIKING -- so hard -- so fast -- a million gallons of seawater FLASH-BOILED instantly. The Junks rip apart like kindling.

47 INT. MISSION CONTROL -- MOMENTS LATER

147

The room is quiet now. Somber. Truman looks wiped. Sees Harry -- moves to him.

TRUMAN

Do me a favor and tell me you've never let anyone down.

HARRY

Well...

TRUMAN

Christ, just lie to me, all right?

HARRY

I've never quit. How's that?

Their eyes meet for a moment. Truman almost smiles.

TRUMAN

You know I still remember the first, middle and last name of every man who qualified for the astronaut program my first year here. 22 years later. It was much different then. Less about bureaucracy and paperwork and politics... more about just doing the job right. That was the year we sent up the Viking lander. I joined the engineering program... even though all I wanted was to go up. Be one of the guys with the mission patches on his arm, ya know?

(beat)

Turns out every one of those men dropped out of the Administration years ago. But here I am.

(sighs)

I'd be on that shuttle with you, Harry. If I could.

HARRY

You don't want to go up any more than I do.

(beat)

You're afraid... 'cause you don't really know what we're up against.

TRUMAN

No. I'm afraid... because I think I do.

148 EXT. NASA AIRFIELD (KENNEDY) -- DAWN

148

TWO NASA LEAR JETS parked on the runway. The guys walk with duffel bags on their shoulders. Chick snaps off a crisp salute to Davis as he climbs into the plane. Max right behind him. Noonan and Rockhound hanging very, very low this morning. Every footstep a major achievement. Grace and A.J. walk together. Harry stands there, watching, still disapproving. Truman walks up to Harry.



TRUMAN

Local reporter picked up our radio traffic.  
Now a French satellite's found the thing.  
So I have a few thousand calls to make.

HARRY

So this is goodbye.

TRUMAN

(shaking hands)

I hope not.

149A-EXT. NASA MISSION CONTROL MEDIA ROOM/ NEWS MONTAGE

149A-F

SCREENS, one by one, filling with the story. Talking heads speak with an urgency a lot more hysterical than usual.

MULTIPLE NEW HEADS

"--rumors circulating all last week about  
the possibility of further strikes--"  
"--Senior Pentagon officials refused --  
President returning from Camp David adds  
fuel to the speculation--" "--Japanese  
satellite is now confirming the presence  
and trajectory of this object--"

150 EXT. KENNEDY SPACE CENTER/ FRONT GATES -- SUNSET

150

HUNDRED OF REPORTERS and NEWS VANS pressing forward. U.S. Air Force SECURITY POLICE to keep them back.

151 EXT. KENNEDY SPACE CENTER - 3 MILE ROAD -- DUSK

151

THE CRAWLER. Moving a towering X-71 ROCKET toward the launch gantry. Harry and the guys being driven in a transport vehicle, pull over. The guys get out, looking at the MASSIVE SHUTTLE.

OSCAR

You see those things all the time.. you just never think you're gonna be in one.

NOONAN

Yeah... it's like with supermodels.

153 EXT. APOLLO ONE LAUNCH SITE -- DAWN

OMITTED (154)

153

This place looks like a rusted steel Stone Henge. Grace stands there, sadly transfixed on something. Harry walks up behind her.

HARRY

Hey...

She turns to him -- can't even force a smile.

GRACE

Thanks for coming...

HARRY (CONT'D)

Yeah, of course... what's up?

She just moves to him and hugs him. He hugs her back, savoring the moment -- his purest joy in ages --

GRACE  
I have two favors. To ask you. They're important.

HARRY  
Let's hear 'em.

GRACE  
Don't make this a one-way trip.

HARRY  
Deal. What's the other one?

GRACE  
(the tears come)  
I want you to bring my fiancé back with you.

Harry stands there -- letting the news sink in. She waits for his approbation -- but instead, he just takes her into his arms. As Grace cries, Harry sees what she was looking at: A PLAQUE which reads, "1967 Dedicated To The Living Memory Of The Crew of Apollo One." And we can see the fear in Harry's face. We then PULL BACK, revealing A.J., watching them from far away.

5 INT. NASA MISSION CONTROL MEDIA ROOM -- SAME TIME

155

More news flashes. NETWORK ANCHORS looking frazzled.

ANCHOR GARBLE  
"...a secret shuttle project that was to be announced next year...." "...that the President and his family are in the White House and that he plans to stay after his address to the nation" "stopping to refuel, picking up liquid oxygen at the Russian" "hurrying toward that window of opportunity for successful take off..."

156A-INT./EXT. NASA KENNEDY SPACE CENTER -- DAY

156A-E

QUICK SHOTS. Final preparation. FIRING ROOM shaking down. Harry and the Guys getting dressed. THINGS plugging in. Turning on. The Team suiting up in their SHUTTLE FLIGHT SUITS.

157 INT./EXT. NASA O&C SUIT-UP ROOM (VACUUM)-- DAY

157

Big door. VEHICLES outside waiting to take them to the gantry. Tons of NASA PEOPLE scurrying around. Military security. Grace can go no further. A.J. the last to go. They're waiting for him.

NASA TECH #2  
Mr. Frost, are you good to go...

He turns to Grace. Two lovers surrounded by this madness.

A.J. (CONT'D)  
 Just goin' for a quick spin... should be  
 back in no time.

GRACE  
 It'll feel like a lifetime.

A.J.  
 Close your eyes. Feel this, right now--  
make this a memory --

And he kisses her -- SLOW-MO --

NASA TECH #2  
 Mr. Frost. Please.

The kiss over, A.J. looks at Grace, strong and proud:

A.J.  
I'm marrying you.

GRACE  
 Damn right you are.

The door shuts and -- And A.J.'s gone. Grace looks down at her ring.

158A-~~MASSIVE~~ MONTAGE

158A-Z

TELEVISION SCREENS all showing the White House. As the massive door  
 opens THE FLIGHT TEAM, lined up heroically, loads into escort vehicles.  
 NEWS CREWS being held back.

PRESIDENT (OVER)  
 I address you tonight not as the President  
 of the United States, not as the leader of  
 a country, but as a citizen of humanity...

The vehicle convoy guided down the long three-mile road to the Shuttles  
 by five cop cars and three SWAT loaded NASA Hueys.

The two shuttles silhouetted by the setting sun. A BAR dead quiet,  
 PEOPLE watching television. The ENGINES steaming in readiness. LAUNCH  
 CONSOLES humming alive. Truman in the bathroom, a moment alone,  
 relieves himself, his forehead leans against the tile. He's feeling  
 the weight of the world on his shoulders.

PRESIDENT (OVER)  
 ...We are faced with the very gravest of  
 challenges. The Bible calls this day  
 "Armageddon:" the end of all things. And  
 yet, for the first time in the history of  
 the planet, a species possesses the  
 technology to prevent its own extinction...

TELEVISION SHOTS now of THE FLIGHT TEAMS stepping off the escort  
 vehicles at the gantry base. GRAP STAMPER parked in front of the TV as  
 Harry's FACE is caught by the camera.

PRESIDENT (OVER)

...All of you listening and praying with us tonight need to know that everything we can do to prevent this disaster is being called into service...

CHICK'S KID glued to the TV as CHICK'S FACE flashes across the screen. THE KID turns, looking to DENISE who's standing at the door in shock.

PRESIDENT (OVER)

...The human thirst for knowledge and excellence; our every step up the ladder of science; every adventurous reach into the heavens; all of our combined modern technologies and imaginations, even the wars we have fought, have given us the tools to wage this terrible battle...

GANTRY ELEVATORS closing in on THE FLIGHT TEAMS. FACES of the ENTIRE FLIGHT TEAMS flashing. LAUNCH TECHS scurry around the gantry base.

PRESIDENT (OVER)

...Through all the chaos that has been our history, through all the wrong, and discord, the pain and suffering, through all our times, one thing has nourished our souls and elevated our species above its origins. That is our courage.

GANTRY ELEVATORS arrive at the top. CHICK'S KID staring as the television cameras linger on CHICK for a moment. DENISE says: "That's your Daddy..."

PRESIDENT (OVER)

Tonight, the dreams of an entire planet are focused on the fourteen brave souls travelling into the heavens...

MAX'S MOMMA in the kitchen watching. THE LOAN SHARK with his mouth open. KARL and DOTTIE watching.

PRESIDENT (OVER)

...Godspeed and good luck to you. And may we all, the world over, see these events through with a dignity and perseverance worthy of the challenge.

159 INT. UPPER GANTRY T-BAR -- SUN JUST SETTING

159

FREEDOM to the left. INDEPENDENCE to the right. Harry and A.J. the last ones to split up. TECHS in WHITE SUITS leading them.

HARRY

What do you want to do today?

A.J.

I don't know... how about we go blast into space?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

HARRY  
Yeah, that sounds good.

\*  
\*

THERE'S A LOT MORE TO SAY, BUT THERE'S NO TIME AND THEY'RE TOO CHOKED UP AND SCARED. THEY PART INTO THE WHITE ROOMS.

160 INT. SHUTTLE FREEDOM -- MINUTES LATER 160

Strap-in teams harness Harry, Chick, Max, Rockhound. Up front, Sharp, Watts and Gruber prepping final checks.

ROCKHOUND  
We're sitting on top of four million pounds of fuel, one nuclear weapon, in a thing that has 276,000 moving parts built by the lowest bidder. That makes you feel good, doesn't it?

\*

161 INT. SHUTTLE INDEPENDENCE -- SAME TIME 161

A.J., Noonan, Bear, Oscar strapped in. Up front, Davis, Tucker and Halsey run their checks. RADIO V.O.: Event timer started.

OSCAR  
A.J.. You as scared as I am?

\*  
\*

A.J. looks at Oscar, who looks truly terrified.

A.J.  
Probably not.

\*  
\*

OSCAR  
Oh...

\*  
\*

162 LAUNCH MONTAGE 162

Countdown. Truman and Kimsey in Mission Control. FACES. FACES. FACES. THE CLOCK ticking down. And RADIO CHATTER over everything. T-MINUS TWENTY SECONDS. Harry trying to breathe. A.J. trying to breathe. Davis ready to roll. Sharp looking steady. ENGINES REVVING. TEN SECONDS. Rockhound eyes closed. Oscar praying. Chick. Bear.

TRUMAN (V.O.)  
Gentlemen, you're our warriors up there. God be with you.

NUMBERS RUNNING DOWN. 10- 9- 8- ENGINES VENT -- 3-2-1...ENGINES FIRING.

163 INT. FIRING ROOM - CAPE CANAVERAL 163

KENNEDY LAUNCH CONTROL  
Independence and Freedom, auto ground launch sequencer commencing.

64 INT. SHUTTLE FREEDOM 164

SHARP  
Firing room. We have main engine start.

55 EXT. KENNEDY LAUNCH PADS -- NIGHT 165

The shuttles engines fire simultaneously. The huge exhausts billows out as the massive vehicles clear the pads.

166A-Harry riding it out. A.J. too. Rockhound, Max, Noonan, Oscar -- 166A-B squinting -- Bear, Chick all clenched against their fear. The Independence and Freedom streak awesomely between the camera. Climbing to the heavens.

167 INT. MISSION CONTROL 167

CAPE KENNEDY (V.O.)

The tower has been cleared. We're handing over to you, Houston.

The whole control room intently watching their consoles.

CLARK

Freedom, Independence, you are looking strong.

TECH FLIP

Your thrust is maxed. Both shuttles are go for ET Separation.

168 INT. SHUTTLE FREEDOM - COCKPIT -- DUSK 168

Sharp and Watts flip switches, check gauges.

SHARP

Instituting roll maneuver. We have S.R.B. Sep, over.

169 EXT. UPPER ATMOSPHERE -- NIGHT ~~OMITTED~~ (170-171) 169

Freedom and Independence scream away from Earth as they shed their booster canisters. Harry and the guys hit their first hard G-Forces.

172 INT. MISSION CONTROL -- DAY ~~OMITTED~~ (173) 172

CLARK

Lookin' real good here, Freedom.

174 INT. RUSSIAN SPACE STATION 174

Picture the cluttered glove box of an old car. Cosmonaut LEV ANDROPOV \* intensely works the equipment -- he hits one of his monitors which \* FLICKERS back to life -- \*

175 EXT. RUSSIAN SPACE STATION 175

PULL OUT of the window to see Lev bouncing around to the music, FURTHER STILL to see the entire multi-module Space Station.

6 INT. SHUTTLE INDEPENDENCE - COCKPIT 176

Through cockpit windows, the BLUE of the Earth's atmosphere becoming the BLACKNESS of space. RADIO CHATTER layering over everything --

DAVIS  
Initiate docking beacon.

TUCKER  
Docking beacon engaged.

177 INT. SHUTTLE FREEDOM

177

Sharp and Watts do the same. Sharp turns to Harry and the rest:

SHARP  
Russian space station's fired her rockets --  
that'll give her enough spin to simulate  
gravity and let us work faster -- but it'll  
also make you queasy, so prepare yourself.

ROCKHOUND  
(sick of this shit)  
Yeah, it's about time, I haven't thrown up  
in almost an hour.

178 EXT. SPACE - LOW EARTH ORBIT - SPACE STATION DOCKING PORTS

178

Freedom and Independence approach the Space Station's T-Shaped TWIN  
DOCKING PORTS. The Shuttles move to opposite sides.

179A-INT. SHUTTLES FREEDOM/INDEPENDENCE - SPACE STATION AIRLOCK PORT 179A-B

SHARP  
Fuel teams prepare to unload.

GREEN LIGHT. Locks depressurizing. Harry, Sharp, Gruber, Rockhound  
enter from one side. A.J., Davis, Tucker, Oscar from the other.

180 INT. RUSSIAN SPACE STATION - DOCKING MODULE

180

As they enter, Lev pops out. Hanging upside down. Dark eyes and a  
grave stare that borders on psychosis.

LEV  
So... my Space Agency tells me... it is you  
who will be saving world. Is this true?

SHARP  
We have a 35 minute window -- we should  
start the liquid O2 transfer immediately.

LEV  
(very intense)  
Russian Space Station is not gas station.  
Is laboratory. I am here alone -- in  
charge of important and outstanding Russian  
scientific experiments. So. Do not be  
touching any one thing. Is this understood  
by everybody?

They're all a little taken aback by Lev's manner.

SHARP  
Got it.

LEV  
Good--

Suddenly Lev falls to the floor. Embarrassed -- angry --

LEV  
Space legs... bitch...

Harry offers help, but Lev gets up on his own.

LEV  
I do it.  
(stands uncertainly)  
You of course realize your plan cannot  
work. Is impossible. Break asteroid in  
two pieces...

SHARP  
We really need to move fast.

LEV  
Of course. For refuel I will need  
assistance.  
(to A.J.)  
You. Come.

Lev wobbles off. A.J. turns to Sharp.

A.J.  
How long has this guy been alone?

SHARP  
17 months.

A.J.  
Huh. I was going to say 16.

181 INT. RUSSIAN SPACE STATION CORRIDOR - LOWER CELL POD

181

Cramped and moldy like an old sub. Pipes and tubing everywhere. Lev  
helps A.J. put on a HEAVY COLD SUIT.

LEV  
You will be observing pressure gauge. I  
will be controlling O2 release.

Chick looks inside an open, packed STORAGE BIN -- Lev rushes to him.

LEV (cont'd)  
When I say touch nothing, I am not joke  
making.

CHICK  
I'm sorry, I was just--



LEV  
 If something break, I pay for it. Back home. That is how Russian Space Agency work. That is how much they trust me.

CHICK  
 Well if this whole plan's not gonna work it doesn't really matter, does it?

LEV  
 That is not bad point.  
 (to A.J.)  
 Let's make move.

Lev leads A.J. down into a 25 FOOT SHAFT into --

182 INT. RUSSIAN SPACE STATION - FUEL STORAGE 182

HUGE TANKS line the frosty room. Lev moves to the fuel gauges.

LEV  
 See gauge. You watch. 150? Good. 160? -  
 OK. 200? Very bad. Disaster for Space Station.  
 (indicates intercom)  
 So you tell Lev if before very bad.

A.J.  
 What's "Lev"?

LEV  
 Lev is me. Colonel Lev Andropov. Back home I am a hero.

A.J.  
 I'm not arguing with you.

LEV  
 If past 200? You hit shut-off valve. Here.

Lev shows A.J. the steel shut-off handle. Lev then turns on the 02 pressure, then climbs out of the shaft.

183 INT. RUSSIAN SPACE STATION - FUEL STORAGE -- FEW MINUTES LATER 183

The shuttle teams works feverishly to set up the transfer of fuel into the shuttles. A liquid PROPELLANT TRANSFER HOSE is run through the docking port to an interior PROPELLANT INTAKE VALVE in the shuttles. Negative 400 degrees Liquid Oxygen starts to runs through the hose, filling the cabin with condensation. On a wall, a COMPUTER BOARD that monitors the fuel transfer is filled with GREEN LIGHTS.

184 INT. RUSSIAN SPACE STATION - WAR ROOM - CENTER HUB 184

Harry, Noonan, Rockhound looking around as Lev works the consoles -- intensely working away. They all notice the PHOTOGRAPHS that Lev has taped onto the console -- his WIFE. His two SONS. His PARENTS.

His DOG. Lev notices that the Americans are looking at his personal life. He doesn't like it.

LEV

My father was from Mordovinia. You know Mordovinia? It once had largest bomb factory in all of Soviet Union. He assembled impact sensors. He loved his job. Today in Mordovinia they make key chains. Now they have to be proud of building key chains.

Suddenly a CO2 LEAK bursts near Harry's head -- they all jump -- Lev hurries to them --

ROCKHOUND

Jesus Christ, we're gonna die in this piece of shit!

Lev grabs a ROLL OF METAL TAPE -- wraps it around the pipe, stopping the leak.

LEV

Yes we are all going to die! But not because of Russian Space Station. She was built to last 7 years -- 12 years after it is Russian Space Station you come to for fuel. What is the most irony is that the last man alive... will be the one who lives on Space Station. Yes, this piece of shit. Me. And when my family is dead... you are the man I will blame.

ROCKHOUND

Christ, is there a Russian phrase for "lighten up"? Jesus...

185 INT. RUSSIAN SPACE STATION - FUEL STORAGE OMITTED (186) 185

A.J. watches the gauge -- which starts to rise.

A.J.

Huh...  
(reaches for intercom)  
Lev? Pressure's climbing...

186A INT. RUSSIAN SPACE STATION - WAR ROOM - CENTER HUB 186A

CLOSE ON the intercom, which broadcasts a BARELY AUDIBLE, CRACKLING A.J. as Lev continues to work the FUEL RELEASE CONSOLE. He turns to them, somewhat regretful:

LEV

Eh... look, if I... if am very tempered... it is because... I am lonely alone a lot by myself. So... I am sorry. If...

HARRY

It's all right. I know what it's like... to be alone.

Then Watts enters -- Lev turns to her -- gasps.

WATTS

Check your hoses, we've got some thermal variation -- you should check your pressure build-up.

LEV

(deeply effected)

You are first woman I have seen... in more than one year...

On a control panel behind him, GREEN LIGHTS turn RED as --

186B INT. RUSSIAN SPACE STATION - FUEL STORAGE

186B

A.J. watches the gauge hit 195 -- 200 -- A.J. PULLS the SHUT-OFF VALVE - but the lever cracks off in his hands -- the Liquid Oxygen oozes into a CIRCUIT BOARD. Surgeon-like microscopic camera tracks it hitting a SWITCH -- which SPARKS.

186C INT. RUSSIAN SPACE STATION - WAR ROOM - CENTER HUB

186C

Lev tries to respond to A.J.'s STATICKY calls --

LEV

I cannot hear you -- hit the microphone, maybe is loose.

Suddenly there's a BROWN-OUT. Everyone stops -- it's horrifyingly silent -- a chill runs down Lev's spine -- then he EXPLODES WITH:

LEV (CONT'D)

LEEEEEEEAAAAAK! GET OUT!!! OUT!!! OUT!!!

Lev hits the KLAXON and Sharp runs for the DOCKING PORT -- madness --

SHARP

Christ, E-vac! E-vac! Prepare to unhook shuttles! MOVE!

188 INT. RUSSIAN SPACE STATION - FUEL STORAGE

OMITTED (187)

188

On A.J. as the KLAXON BLARES -- a recorded RUSSIAN VOICE comes over the speakers. A.J. struggles to climb up the shaft ladder. Reaching --

A.J.

This sucks...

189A INT. RUSSIAN SPACE STATION - CORRIDOR

OMITTED (189)

189A

Circuits POP VIOLENTLY all around A.J. -- SPARKS FLY -- FIRE starts to CHEW the walls -- Lev runs in, meets up with A.J. -- the leak growing rapidly --

A.J.

WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED, I WAS CALLING YOU!

LEV  
So you turn off! Pull lever! --

A.J.  
(holding metal piece)  
THIS IS THE LEVER!

189B INT. RUSSIAN SPACE STATION

189B

A small EXPLOSION -- SHARP knows it's over... he closes a HATCH, sealing A.J. and Lev inside an area -- for the good of the mission.

190 INT. RUSSIAN SPACE STATION - DOCKING PORT

190

Chick rushes in the shuttle --

ROCKHOUND  
They say don't fly on Russian AIRPLANES, we should've seen this coming!

191 INT. RUSSIAN SPACE STATION - CENTRAL WAR ROOM

191

Lev and A.J. are trapped in here. They can't open the hatch that Sharp closed on them. AUX air hatch. Lev POPS the door open and cold vapors pour in. The walls are being eaten around them.

LEV  
Not heated, minus 100. Hold breath or lungs freeze. And touch nothing.

Lev sucks in a huge breath and into --

192 INT. RUSSIAN SPACE STATION - CO2 PROCESSING TUBE

192

So tight they must crawl on elbows. Impossibly cold. Breath and you die. Sweat freezing as they inch along. LEV'S BARE hand brushing a freezing coil -- skin ripping off and --

193 INT. SHUTTLE INDEPENDENCE DOCKING PORT

193

Halsey, Bear and Noonan rushing out with the hosing. Davis standing there. Eyes bugging out. Smoke wafting up --

DAVIS  
Where the hell are they?

194 INT. SHUTTLE FREEDOM - DOCKING PORT

194

SHARP  
Get in the damn cabin! Did we get all the fuel?

WATTS  
Affirmative, let's push off!

HARRY  
We gotta make sure they got back!

SHARP  
There's no time!

HARRY  
Where's A.J.?!!!

SHARP  
Get inside before everything blows!

Gruber, Chick and Max pull a fighting Harry inside.

195 INT. RUSSIAN SPACE STATION - CORRIDOR 195

The small hatch in the ceiling pops out and Lev and A.J. drop to the floor. They are so frozen their muscles can barely move. A VIOLENT CONCUSSION hits, dropping the SPACE STATION sideways. A.J drags Lev away from the burning central hub. The pressure's too much -- a METAL DOOR BURSTS from its hinges -- flies across the corridor, almost taking off their heads. The ship is RIPPING apart. Lev grabs his PHOTOS OF HIS FAMILY.

196 INT. SHUTTLE FREEDOM 196

SHARP  
Shut the doors and fire her up!

HARRY  
 We still have people out there!

WATTS  
It's them or ALL OF US! THIS IS AN ORDER!

197 INT. SHUTTLE INDEPENDENCE 197

Tucker fires up the shuttle. The Russian Space Station shudders louder -- TILTS further.

TUCKER  
We have to GO NOW!

198 INT. RUSSIAN SPACE STATION - DOCKING MODULE 198

A.J. and Lev are running hard -- suddenly a VIOLENT VACUUM -- their screams silent as they struggle to pull themselves to the shuttle door.\*

199 INT. SHUTTLE FREEDOM OMITTED (200) 199

Harry looking through the window, eyes frantically searching for A.J. Sharp stabs a button on his pilot console. The DOORS slide shut.

SHARP  
Full thrusters!

201 INT. RUSSIAN SPACE STATION - DOCKING MODULE 201

The door opens -- A.J. and Lev dive in -- A.J. hits the button, the door CLOSES behind them --

02 EXT. RUSSIAN SPACE STATION - SHUTTLES FREEDOM AND INDEPENDENCE 202

The two shuttles RELEASE AWAY from the Space Station on FULL THRUSTER POWER, just escaping as -- \*

The Space Station EXPLODES in an internal flash fire, blowing out sections of wall panels and sending a SOLAR PANEL shooting toward Freedom that just misses her! THE SPACE STATION IMPLODES. \*

203 INT. SHUTTLE INDEPENDENCE 203

A.J. and Lev in zero gravity... Lev looking back on the debris.

LEV  
That was why I asked you not to touch anything.

A.J.  
You might wanna talk to the boys in the lever department about that. \*

DAVIS  
Welcome to the Independence. \*

A204 INT. SHUTTLE FREEDOM A204

Harry moves to the cockpit --

HARRY  
Did they make it? Did A.J. make it?

WATTS  
They made it.

B204 INT. MISSION CONTROL B204

Everyone is relieved -- \*

WATTS  
Everyone's accounted for, Houston. Independence is heavy one cosmonaut. \*

C204 EXT. SHUTTLES FREEDOM AND INDEPENDENCE C204

As they head toward the moon...

SUPER: TWENTY-THREE HOURS TO THE MOON

204 INT. MISSION CONTROL - VIDEO FACILITY/SHUTTLE CABINS 204

TWENTY SCREENS. VIDEO SHOTS of: Cargo bay. Cockpit. Armadillo. Bear cranking up the music. Oscar up front in the cockpit. Noonan trying to eat a tube of floating stew. A.J. at the window and --

Chick and Rockhound trying to play cards in zero G's. Harry floating looking out the window, staring back at earth.

06 INT. SHUTTLE FREEDOM - CABIN

OMITTED (205,207)

206

Max sleeping, hanging upside-down. Harry, Chick and Rockhound looking back at earth. \*

CHICK

I've followed you all over that thing. And now I've followed you up here. What the hell's wrong with me? \*

HARRY

(quietly)

Look at that. Just floating there. It's so beautiful, isn't it? Part of me is thinking... there are all those people living on that planet... how can we possibly exist at all? And why do we? What is the purpose of life? \*

(beat)

Then another part of me is thinking... why do I pay for all those movie channels? I never watch 'em. \*

Suddenly Max awakens with a start -- terrified. \*

MAX

Christ -- \*

HARRY

Max, you okay? \*

MAX

I just -- had a dream-- Goddamn nightmare... that I wasn't coming home... \*

HARRY

We're all going home. And when we get there, I'm buying drinks. (points to earth) \*

Anywhere on that ball you wanna go. \*

Max tries to smile -- but his nightmare has really shaken him. Harry then opens his Bible -- and finds a photo of Grace as a little girl and himself a younger man. \*

208 INT. SHUTTLE INDEPENDENCE - CABIN

208

A STORAGE CLOSET thrown open. SIX BACK-UP SPACE SUITS hanging here. Tucker pulls one -- hands it back to Lev.

Halsey already helping A.J., Oscar, Noonan, and Bear to get their suits on. Solemn vibe. Battle-prep.

209 INT. SHUTTLE FREEDOM - CABIN

209

Same thing. The team settles in their seats, It's showtime. \*

- 10 INT. MISSION CONTROL -- DAY 210
- The room waking up now. Clean shirts. Fresh coffee. Crunch time. Kimsey on the phone near the MILITARY CONSOLE. Truman checking out something that Flip and Skip are working on. CONSTANT RADIO CHATTER GOING between ground and shuttles and --
- 211 EXT. SPACE - APPROACHING THE MOON 211
- The two Shuttles approach THE MOON, Freedom in the lead, Independence following. Beyond the Moon, too distant to see clearly, THE ASTEROID is on its trajectory toward Earth. It is a HUGE, CRAGGY MASS surrounded on all sides by a DEBRIS CLUSTER of rock and ice, the ice glinting on and off in reflected sunlight, like millions of fireflies.
- 212 INT. SHUTTLE FREEDOM - COCKPIT 212
- The MOON grows larger and larger. Beyond is the oncoming ASTEROID.
- SHARP
- We have visual of the target, Houston. \*  
Velocity 33-hundred miles an hour.
- 213 INT. MISSION CONTROL 213
- Clark sits in flight director pod with Techs Flip and Skip. Truman and Kimsey pace behind the console.
- 4A-INT. SHUTTLE FREEDOM / SHUTTLE INDEPENDENCE OMITTED (215) 214A-B
- Harry, Chick, and Max finish buckling into their seat restraints and harnesses. Shuttle Independence they are doing the same.
- 216 EXT. SPACE -- APPROACHING THE MOON 216
- Shuttles closing-in rapidly. The dead, luminous sphere looming larger.
- 217 INT. SHUTTLE FREEDOM - COCKPIT 217
- LUNAR SURFACE completely fills the windshield. We've lost sight of the oncoming asteroid.
- 218 EXT. SPACE - APPROACHING THE MOON 218
- Shuttles Freedom and Independence shoot toward the Moon, pulled by the lunar gravitational field. The moon surface rushing past.
- 220A INT. SHUTTLE FREEDOM - COCKPIT OMITTED (219) 220A
- SHARP
- We've lost visual contact with the target,  
Houston.
- 220B THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD -- THE LUNAR SURFACE looks close enough to touch. OMITTED (220,221,222) 220B
- 223 EXT. SPACE -- APPROACHING THE MOON 223
- The two Shuttles rushing toward the dark side and --



224-225 INT. SHUTTLE FREEDOM - COCKPIT 224-225

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD - THE LUNAR SURFACE is only 50 miles below.

WATTS

-- closing on dark-side horizon, sixty-four seconds on the mark --

226 EXT. SPACE - FAR SIDE OF THE MOON 226

THE ASTEROID followed by a SWARM OF DEBRIS roar into frame. Getting closer to the moon. Earth, in the far distance, a big, blue target.

227 INT. MISSION CONTROL 227

SKIP

Eighteen seconds to radio interrupt.

228 INT. SHUTTLE FREEDOM - COCKPIT 228

Sharp and Watts getting set for the big one.

SHARP

Booster sequence confirm.

WATTS

Rockets ready. On your mark.

TRUMAN (V.O.)

See you on the other side.

229 INT. MISSION CONTROL OMITTED (230) 229

CLARK

Radio contact terminated, we're out.

STATIC. VIDEO SCREENS crashing. All shuttle readouts, FLATLINE.

TRUMAN

Nine and half G's for eleven minutes. I'd start praying right around now.

KIMSEY

Anyone ever done that before?

TRUMAN

Yeah. Vlad the Russian monkey back in '57. We'll pick 'em up again in sixteen minutes.

CLARK

If they're still alive.

Truman turns to see Grace sitting behind. Gives her a hang tough nod. \* She returns it. \*

31 EXT. DARK SIDE OF MOON - FREEDOM AND INDEPENDENCE 231

Freedom and Independence fire their BOOSTERS and explode forward, hurtling around the Moon's DARK SIDE with a degree of increasing velocity never before experienced by Man.

232A-INT. SHUTTLE FREEDOM / SHUTTLE INDEPENDENCE OMITTED (233) 232A-B

Harry, Chick, Rockhound and Max get hit with the first G-Forces. Their torsos get jammed against their seats. Their arms weigh 300 lbs. It's like an elephant sitting on their chests. In the Independence A.J., Lev, Bear, and Oscar are in WRENCHING PAIN.

234 INT. SHUTTLE FREEDOM - COCKPIT 234

Watts reads her VELOCITY INDICATOR under G-Forces so bad she speaks through clenched teeth:

WATTS  
14,000... 16,000... 22,000 miles an hour! \*

235 INT. MISSION CONTROL -- DAY 235

Horribly helpless. Spookily silent.

236A-INT. SHUTTLE FREEDOM / SHUTTLE INDEPENDENCE OMITTED (237) 236A-B

Excruciating. Gut-wrenching-turn-you-inside-out-G-Forces. FACIAL MUSCLES distorting hideously. Cheeks and lips just flattening. Almost impossible to breathe. Almost.

238 EXT. LUNAR ORBIT - MASTER SHOT 238

IN ONE AWE-INSPIRING SHOT, we see -- THE SHUTTLES rocketing around the Moon in darkness, further and further, until finally WE SEE, a staggering, mind-blowing visual --

THE ASTEROID'S TRAILING DEBRIS appears, a HUGE CLOUD of tiny ICE CHUNKS AND PEBBLES, and much larger BOULDERS, and ICEBERGS the size of houses, the ice glinting with reflected sunlight, throwing off a dazzling SPECTRAL SHOWER OF LIGHT in all directions. DEBRIS from the asteroid's tail starts bombarding the moon's surface.

THE ASTEROID'S HUGE CORE - just clearing the Moon - now flies straight for its destination: the beautiful, blue PLANET EARTH dead ahead. Freedom and Independence slingshot out of the lunar orbit and fall behind the asteroid, settling into the DEBRIS-LESS CORRIDOR.

239 INT. MISSION CONTROL -- DAY 239

Silence/static replaced by LIGHT and SOUND. Computers WHIR to life.

CLARK  
This is Houston, come in Freedom, come in Independence.

Nervous silence. And then...THROUGH BROKEN STATIC.

SHARP (V.O.)

Hou-- ell-- ou gotta see this to believe it!

Grace, like everyone else, breaths a major sigh of relief.

240 INT. SHUTTLE FREEDOM - COCKPIT 240

Sharp and Watts staring through the windshield at the ASTEROID and GLIMMERING TAIL dead ahead. Harry and the others, still recovering. RADIOS START CHATTERING AWAY and --

241 INT. MISSION CONTROL 241

TRUMAN

Okay, Team. Let's take them in.

242 EXT. ASTEROID APPROACH 242

FREEDOM out front. INDEPENDENCE flanking. Descending through the debris-free corridor toward the asteroid surface. They are travelling 150 M.P.H. faster than the speeding target. Suddenly, A CLOUD OF ICE AND PEBBLES appears up ahead --

243 INT. SHUTTLE FREEDOM - COCKPIT 243

Visibility cut instantly to twenty feet -- BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! -- massive turbulence -- PEBBLES and ICE CHUNKS BATTERING THE WINDSHIELD -- chipping -- denting it --

SHARP

Goddamn! We got debris!

BACK IN THE CABIN -- Harry and the guys reacting --

CLARK (V.O.)

What is it, Willie?

SHARP

Asteroid junk! Severe turbulence!

WATTS

Stuff's ricocheting off the moon--

REAR OF COCKPIT -- Harry and the others are buffeted violently --

244 INT. SHUTTLE INDEPENDENCE - COCKPIT 244

No visibility here either. Ice chunks and pebbles BANG against the windshield.

TUCKER

It's bad here! Colonel, we should peel off. Try again!

The debris clears -- then returns BIGGER AND MORE FORCEFUL --

45 EXT. SHUTTLE INDEPENDENCE 245

BANG! A rear thruster gets taken out by flying rocks. The fuel leaks out spitting BLUE FLAME. Independence SPINS OUT OF CONTROL --

246 INT. SHUTTLE INDEPENDENCE - COCKPIT 246

DAVIS  
WE'RE HIT! WE'VE LOST THRUSTER CONTROL!

The whole shuttle spins around twirling, upside down.

247 EXT. SPACE 247

The Independence upside down flies right over the top of the Freedom. The cockpits can almost look into each others.

248 INT. SHUTTLE FREEDOM - COCKPIT 248

Filling Freedom's cockpit windows, massive engine thrusters of the Independence nearly colliding with her. Sharp takes evasive action and pulls up, out of the way. Safe, but for a MOMENT, a HUGE ICE BOULDER the size of a HUGE HOUSE twirls into Freedom's path.

The nose of the Freedom smashes into the top of the rock right over camera. Harry and the guys take a hard concussion.

'9 INT. SHUTTLE INDEPENDENCE - COCKPIT OMITTED (250-251) 249

In the mayhem, spinning and shaking. A.J., Lev, Bear floating in zero-G. As the shuttle takes large violent rock hits.

DAVIS  
MAYDAY! MAYDAY! We're not going to make it! We're going down!

The Shuttle's roof collides with a rock. We hear SCRAPING METAL. The CEILING dents in, dislodging INTERIOR CEILING PANELS filled with wires and electrical components; Sparks that rain down. Chaos.

In the Cargo Bay, MACK TRANNIES, PIPES, DRILL BITS spin free and shred through the shuttle roof. A violent vacuum windstorm sucks more free.

DAVIS  
Everyone go to life support!

Everyone grabs for their HELMETS, frantically trying to get them on. A.J. gets his on, but he can't lock the neck seal. He fidgets with the little SEAL LOCKS. A.J. rips off the helmet. It slips from his fingers and floats off through the zero-G cabin!

The whole cockpit revolves around A.J. as he floats for his helmet.

252 INT. MISSION CONTROL 252

We hear a CACOPHONY SCREAMING VOICES from the Independence.

TUCKER (V.O.)  
MAYDAY, HOUSTON.....MAYDAY.....!!

Truman and the NASA personnel can only sit and listen, horrified, impotent to do anything....

253 INT. SHUTTLE INDEPENDENCE - REAR CABIN OMITTED (254) 253

Noonan, strapped in, freaks out, bolts for the SAFETY EMERGENCY HATCH equipped with EXPLOSIVE RELEASE CHARGES. Tucker sees a wild-eyed, crazed Noonan at the Emergency Hatch. BIG ROCKS smash off the windshield in front of Tucker; the windshield's safety layer weakens and splinters, to the point of bursting.

TUCKER

Get away from that door!!!!

NOONAN

I ain't dyin' on this thing!!!!

A ROCK SMASHES through the windshield, gouging into Tucker. Depressurization. Davis and Tucker are VIOLENTLY SUCKED out the windshield.

255 Noonan BLOWS the Emergency Hatch. Noonan is sucked out the hatch door, hanging on by his harness, flapping against the side of the shuttle. 255

255A INT. SHUTTLE FREEDOM 255A

Sharp, Watts and Harry watch the Independence twirl down. BANG!!! MACK TRANNIES, PIPES, METAL SPLINTERS strikes the Freedom's nose. SUDDENLY SLAP! DAVIS' BODY HITS THE WINDSHIELD. Everyone recoils in terror.

256 INT. MISSION CONTROL 256

FLASH CUTS: Independence's Systems Monitors flash off: PRESSURIZATION goes to zero; CABIN OXYGEN zero. Radio STATIC and PANICKED VOICES.

SKIP

Systems-wide failure!

257 INT. SHUTTLE INDEPENDENCE - REAR CABIN 257

A.J., eyes wide, his face catatonic with fear. THE SOUND DROWNS OUT as he watches the Independence die. The cabin twirling..Smoke spewing from a hundred ruined components..sparks flying..The asteroid's surface approaching through the blown Emergency Hatch....

Then the Shuttle, upside down, SLAMS DOWN. The fuselage ceiling rips open like a can of tuna, filling the cabin with jagged rocks and ice. The Independence skips, bounces, finally skidding to a stop.

258 INT. SHUTTLE FREEDOM OMITTED (259) 258

Seconds pass, Independence's STATIC goes dead. Sharp, Watts, Harry and crew stare at the radio in shock. Sharp looks out below at a rougher, craggier section where landing looks impossible.

SHARP

Houston, we lost our landing field!

WATTS  
We're coming in too hot!

Sharp punches the directional thrusters, trying to regain control.

260 EXT. ASTEROID SURFACE

260

The Shuttle Freedom swoops over a CRAGGY SLOPE on the asteroid's surface, coming in sideways, too hot. Freedom HITS HARD on the craggy slope, bouncing and sliding, slinging gravel and ice chunks.

261 INT. SHUTTLE FREEDOM - REAR CABIN

261

Harry and his Team are SMASHED around in their seats. They JOLT to a stop. No one moves. No one breathes. It's scary as hell. Silence.

SHARP  
Cabin status? Anyone hurt?  
(turning back)  
Gruber! -- is anyone hurt?

Gruber with a big cut on his forehead -- in shock.

GRUBER  
Me.

HARRY  
(jumping in)  
If you can say you're hurt, you're not dead.

POWER PULSING AND LIGHTS FLICKERING. Watts working like mad --

SHARP  
(to Watts)  
Initiate system-wide system check -- make sure we can get off this rock.

262 INT. MISSION CONTROL

262

Frantic beehive of activity. People trying to boost the signals -- check the modules -- analyze the trajectories -- guess the angles.

CLARK  
Freedom, come in. Freedom.  
(nothing)  
Independence, this is Houston.  
Independence, do you read?

Truman turns back to find Grace -- on the edge of madness, living in a nightmare. He moves to her --

TRUMAN  
Listen, you might not want to be here.

GRACE  
I don't have anywhere else to go.

263 INT. SHUTTLE FREEDOM - COCKPIT/CABIN

263

Panels pulsing. Sharp and Watts blitzing a diagnostic rundown.

WATTS

Engine seals -- check. Fuel seals --  
check. Pressure seals -- check--

Harnesses being torn away. Harry already at the window. Max and Chick very quiet. Rockhound starting to freak --

ROCKHOUND

So where's the other shuttle? \*

SHARP \*

Independence is off the grid. \*

ROCKHOUND \*

Off the grid? What are you, a freaking  
cyborg? What's that mean? \*

GRUBER \*

You saw it... she's gone. \*

CAMERA TIGHT ON HARRY -- devastated -- thinking about A.J. -- the rest  
of his team. He grabs his Bible -- eyes welling with tears -- \*

HARRY \*

If... if I'd ever read this thing. maybe  
I'd know what to say right now. But I  
don't, I don't have a clue... except that  
it could've been us. Maybe it should've  
been... \*

CHICK \*

Jesus Christ... I can't believe this, I  
can't believe we're here... \*

HARRY \*

Well we are here. We did make it. And now  
we're gonna deal with it. \*

MAX \*

This isn't happening-- \*

HARRY \*

It is happening. And we've only got 8  
hours, so let's do this thing and get the  
hell outta here. \*

264 INT. MISSION CONTROL

264

Clark and Skip at the CAPCOM STATION, still trying to get a radio  
signal going -- screens STATIC -- looks desperate --

CLARK

Independence is flatlined. Total spectrum  
failure.

TRUMAN  
(pale)  
Tell me we still have Freedom.

SKIP  
There are pulse fragments -- if they're  
alive they're working on it.

A265 INT. NATIONAL SECURITY COUNCIL CRISIS CENTER A265

Everyone on edge -- the GENERAL'S hunched over a phone -- VIDEO \*  
MONITORS nothing but STATIC. RADIO is exclusively Houston's frantic \*  
effort to make contact. Grim in an understatement -- \*

265 INT. SHUTTLE FREEDOM - COCKPIT/CABIN OMITTED (266,267) 265

Watts swapping panels like crazy. Sharp punching keys. Rockhound  
stares at a MONITOR -- NUMBERS occasionally appear through the STATIC.

SHARP  
(checks another monitor)  
We're not getting a damn thing on the \*  
inertial nav system -- \*

ROCKHOUND  
I know where we are.

SHARP  
Get away from the equipment please... \*

Sharp checks an LCD GAUGE showing RADIO SIGNAL STRENGTH -- FLATLINED. \*

SHARP  
Radio signal's dead -- \*

WATTS  
I'm flipping the back-up generator -- but \*  
even with that, our comm signal's cut in \*  
half until we get back main power. \*

ROCKHOUND  
We're in segment 202, lateral Grid Nine. \*  
Site 15H32, give or take a few yards. \*  
Captain America blew the landing by twenty- \*  
six miles. \*

SHARP  
How the hell do you know that? \*

ROCKHOUND  
Because I'm a genius. \*

WATTS  
I can't read these gauges, they're all \*  
peaked, like we're plugged into some kind \*  
of magnetic field... \*



ROCKHOUND

Who on this space ship wants to know why?  
(mostly to Sharp)

The reason we were shooting for Grid Eight is that thermographics indicated that Grid Nine, our current parking space, was especially compressed iron ferrite. In Astronaut-talk that means you landed us on a goddamn iron plate.

SHARP

Let's wheel out the remote satellite link. We need that radio.

268 EXT. ASTEROID SURFACE

268

The gnarled wreck of SHUTTLE INDEPENDENCE lies below. Twisted metal.

269 INT. SHUTTLE INDEPENDENCE WRECKAGE

269

MOVING THROUGH the steam and frozen gasses leaking from hundreds of small ruptures. Emergency lights flicker. Halsey: dead. Noonan: dead. Oscar's body, contorted horribly. But there's BEAR -- trapped in his harness, his boot painfully crushed into some grillwork. A.J. hangs upside-down, cuts himself free. Scared and breathing hard, he makes his way to Bear.

BEAR

My foot -- stuck. Think it's crushed.

A.J. gets down there. Straining and straining and --

A.J.

You gotta help me do this.

BEAR

No sweat, what do you need?

Suddenly Bear passes out. A.J. all alone, trying to pull it together. And then, in the back the sound of an ANGRY RUSSIAN SWEARING.

A.J.

Hey! Lev! Up here!

Lev appears through the cabin, out of breath, shaken.

LEV

Where are the rest?  
(A.J. shakes his head, Lev looks off)  
... lucky. They are very lucky...

Lev's eyes swell with tears. A chill rushes down A.J.'s spine. He then climbs into the Armadillo -- flips some controls -- the LOCATOR BEACON comes to life, indicating the direction of the other Armadillo.

A.J.  
 Okay -- I got a reading here... this is  
 what we're gonna do: we're gonna get in the  
 Armadillo and we're gonna find Harry and  
 the other shuttle.

LEV  
 And why then are you so optimistic the  
 other team is not dead?

A.J.  
 Well that's just the difference between you  
 and me. Help me with him.

270 INT. SHUTTLE FREEDOM - CARGO BAY 270

Freedom's cargo ramp unfolds to the asteroid surface. Harry and crew  
 are suited up. Max inside the Armadillo, others on the sides. Harry  
 looks out. The place looks eerily calm--

271 EXT. ASTEROID SURFACE OMITTED (272,273) 271

Incredibly quiet. Tranquil and bizarre. They've landed in a small,  
 dark valley; turned away from the Earth and Sun, THE MOON is huge on  
 the far horizon. Harry walks down the ramp carrying a steel probe.  
 Rockhound stares off at the moon --

ROCKHOUND  
 We're in space, Harry. Holy shit...

HARRY  
 We'll sightsee later. This iron can't be  
 more than fifty feet deep.

ROCKHOUND  
 How do you figure that?

HARRY  
 Because I figure if it is we're screwed.

Here comes the ARMADILLO. In the BG, Sharp and Gruber push out the  
 remote satellite link and --

274 INT. SHUTTLE FREEDOM - COCKPIT OMITTED (275) 274

Watts working hard to get the radio and electric going --

276 EXT. ASTEROID SURFACE/DRILL SITE OMITTED (277,278) 276

DRILL BIT turning. Lowering. Biting. Harry and Chick work the arm --  
carefully watching their rotation and depth speed gauges. Rockhound  
 stands back -- the bit begins cutting, Max driving!

HARRY  
 (yelling over the din)  
 Max, you keep it under 20!

MAX  
Just another day makin' hole... in outer  
friggin' space...

The first 10 feet go smoothly -- 15 feet -- 20 feet -- them suddenly:  
CLANK--CLANK-- CLOSE ON Harry as his face is flush with horror --

HARRY  
What the hell...

KSSSSSHHHHH-BOOOOOM!!! The bit breaks apart and the drill dies.  
Harry is horrified. Max is pale --

MAX  
Uh, Harry? D'you see that?

ROCKHOUND  
Well this is a Goddamn Greek tragedy...

HARRY  
We've all seen bits get fried before.

CHICK  
Not after ten feet--

HARRY  
Well now we have! Get that look off your  
face. Bring out the Deliverance. Let's re-  
bit this as fast as we can -- move!

280 INT. SHUTTLE FREEDOM - COCKPIT OMITTED (279) 280

Watts getting THE RADIO to light up -- but only for a moment --

281 INT. MISSION CONTROL OMITTED (282) 281

CONSOLE LIGHTS flickering and -- Everyone turning as they realize that  
FIVE VIDEO SCREENS are wisping to life --

283 INT. SHUTTLE FREEDOM - COCKPIT 283

WATTS  
Houston. This is Freedom, do you read?  
Houston, this is --

284 INT. MISSION CONTROL 284

Whole room reacting as they hear A VOICE THROUGH THE STATIC.

WATTS (V.O.)  
...Freedom. Radio source coordinates  
approximate site location 15H-32.

CHEERS and APPLAUSE throughout the room -- Grace can't help but laugh. \*

TRUMAN  
Freedom! Yes! God bless Freedom!

35 INT. SHUTTLE FREEDOM - COCKPIT

285

Sharp now there with Watts. Yes! A minor triumph.

CLARK (V.O.)

...what is your current status?

SHARP

Shuttle flight capability not yet known -- we're also having electric and antenna difficulties, but we have commenced drilling.

285A EXT. ASTEROID SURFACE/DRILL SITE

285A

VARIOUS SHOTS as Harry, Chick, Rockhound and Max clamp in the NEW BIT -- they begin DRILLING AGAIN --

HARRY

All right, let's go to 25!

MAX

25!

And as the bit's ripping through the asteroid's skin Rockhound surveys around the hole -- Harry at the controls -- and then, the unthinkable: CLANG--CLANG--BOOOOM! The bit is chewed again. They all go silent in disbelief and shock. This is worse than any of them ever imagined.

ROCKHOUND

Harry--

HARRY

Shut up. We're cutting through a plate, some are tougher than others, you know that. Let's get another bit on this thing. Iron Maiden. Let's go!

A286 INT. MISSION CONTROL ASTEROID MONITORING HUB

A286

Truman and Kimsey are there -- NASA and MILITARY TECHS everywhere. A NASA TECH #2 displays some dire information on a CG monitor --

NASA TECH #2

Before the asteroid passed the moon her rotation was stable at 32 degrees on an X axis. But now look -- the lunar gravity's put her in a spin. She's tumbling on all 3 axes. This wasn't expected, sir--

TRUMAN

What does this mean for communications?

NASA TECH #2

Not good -- we'll have definite contact with the shuttle for only 7 more minutes. After that it's radio darkness.

TRUMAN

For how long?

NASA TECH #2

We can't predict the asteroid's positioning -- we'll lose contact a minimum 90 seconds. And a maximum... of forever, sir.

Kimsey turns to a NUKE TECH (in military uniform) --

KIMSEY

If they lose shuttle comm, when do we lose the nuke?

NUKE TECH

The weapon remote receives its signal from a Milstar satellite, sir -- different orbit, higher powered frequency -- if we've got the shuttle for 7 minutes, we have remote detonation capability for an additional 5.

KIMSEY

Get me the President right away--

286 INT. SHUTTLE INDEPENDENCE WRECKAGE

286

Bear painfully lowering himself into ARMADILLO TWO. Lev and A.J. staring at the mangled-up CARGO BAY.

LEV

(sarcastic)

Look how good your shuttle made safe landing.

A.J.

Listen, it's not my shuttle, okay? I'm not even an astronaut, I'm an oil driller. I shouldn't even be here.

LEV

Really... so what are you doing? A.J....?

A.J.

I'm getting us out of here.

A.J. jumps up on top of the ARMADILLO. Pulls the sleeve from the CANNON. Flips a few obvious looking levers and takes aim.

A.J.

You might want to get down for this. Lev.

Lev dives down into the ARMADILLO. A.J. ready... set... he pulls the trigger and -- BAM -- BAM -- it fires -- THE HUGE EXPLOSIVE SHELLS BLAST THROUGH.

286A EXT. SHUTTLE INDEPENDENCE WRECKAGE 286A

The smoke clears -- A HUGE RAGGED HOLE. THE ARMADILLO blasts through the ripped metal shuttle skin --

287 EXT. ASTEROID SURFACE - DRILLING SITE 287

Harry, Rockhound and Chick watching the very slow progress.

HARRY  
 (checks his watch)  
 We're way behind...  
 (radio in Armadillo)  
 Max, I need some action down there. I want you to wind it out. Gimme fourth gear all the way.

288 INT. ARMADILLO ONE 288

MAX  
 Boss, we're running hot already.

HARRY (V.O.)  
 Do it or I'll come in and do it for you.

Max PUNCHES the CLUTCH -- the drill ROARS and --

289 EXT. ASTEROID SURFACE - DRILLING SITE 289

Spinning faster -- faster -- BAM! Starting to drop -- and then, BRRRRRR...Real slow.

HARRY  
 What's up with the tranny?

MAX  
 The good news is at least we got first gear left...

Suddenly BOOM! The tranny BLOWS -- SHRAPNEL FLIES EVERYWHERE --

CHICK  
SHIT!

Suddenly, A BURST OF WIND ROARS THROUGH -- hang on --

HARRY  
 You want to make this tough? Okay. We can do it tough.  
 (talks to the Asteroid)  
 I've got another transmission inside and I'm coming, so bring it on, bitch.  
 (to Chick)  
 Let's go.

290 EXT. ASTEROID SURFACE 290

Sharp and Gruber trying to lock down the REMOTE ANTENNAE, fighting the asteroid's gas bursts and windy atmosphere --

HARRY (V.O.)  
 Sharp, we need some help.

SHARP  
 What happened?

HARRY (V.O.)  
 Meet me in the shuttle. \*

A291 INT. SHUTTLE FREEDOM

A291

Watts continues to work the electrical -- more lights come alive -- \*

291 INT. MISSION CONTROL

291

Kimsey pacing. Checking his watch. VIDEO MONITORS in the BG, starting to go in and out and --

292 INT. SHUTTLE FREEDOM

292

Harry and Chick walk in as Sharp tries the radio -- STATIC --

SHARP  
 What's the situation?

HARRY  
 I'm drillin' into something I shouldn't be -  
 - this thing just ate two drill bits faster  
 than I've ever seen -- now it's killed our  
 transmission.

SHARP  
 So how deep are we?

HARRY  
 I need your help in the cargo--

SHARP  
 There's an assessment report due now.  
 We're supposed to be at 200 feet -- so --  
 how deep are we?

HARRY  
 Not as deep as we will be when you stop  
 asking questions that waste my time. \*

SHARP  
I need a depth to report.

HARRY  
 What's important is that you help us get  
 that transmission on--

SHARP  
I'll decide what's important! My job, my  
 responsibility is to supervise and report--  
 we've got 800 feet to drill -- you've had 2  
 and a half hours, where are we?! \*

HARRY  
Fifty-seven feet!

Sudden silence. Sharp can't believe this -- he's afraid now. He heads\*  
toward the cockpit radio -- \*

HARRY  
We landed on Goddamn steel -- once we get\*  
through the metal plate it'll go as fast as\*  
any other job-- \*

293 INT. MISSION CONTROL

293

Sharp via VIDEO and RADIO. Very patchy and staticky.

SHARP (V.O.)  
(almost inaudible)  
-- oust-- is --edom--

294A-INT. SHUTTLE FREEDOM - COCKPIT

OMITTED (294,295,296)

294A-B

Harry pushing past Watts. Sharp is on the radio, reading a DRILLING\*  
TIME TABLE CARD: Harry rips it out of his hand. \*

SHARP  
Transmission change 20 minutes, puts\*  
drilling final at 10 hours -- that's 4\*  
hours past Zero Barrier! \*

Harry grabs the radio out of Sharp's hand. Pissed. \*

HARRY  
This is the way drillin' goes sometimes --\*  
you don't know what you're gonna hit 'til\*  
you hit it -- so you can't panic just\*  
'cause we had a few bad innings -- \*

INTERCUT WITH: MISSION CONTROL \*

Harry's transmission is BREAKING UP -- NASA TECHS are frantic, trying\*  
to maintain contact with Shuttle Freedom -- but monitors FLICKER as the\*  
SIGNAL FADES. Harry drops the radio and turns to Sharp -- \*

HARRY  
Now I need you back in the cargo bay to\*  
help drag that thing out there. \*

SHARP  
Just face it. You can't do it. You just\*  
can't. I knew from the beginning bringing\*  
you and your crew along to do this job was\*  
the biggest Goddamn mistake in NASA histor-- \*

Before he can finish, Harry has LUNGED at Sharp -- pushing Sharp's face\*  
right into the VIDEO TAP -- back at NASA everyone sees this on VIDEO\*  
SCREENS that FLICKER again, then GO TO STATIC. At least for now,\*  
communication is GONE. \*



TRUMAN  
 Jesus -- try reaching them, every  
 frequency, everything you can do--

\*  
\*  
\*

A295 INT. SHUTTLE FREEDOM

A295

Sharp tries to push Harry away -- finally they break apart:

\*

HARRY  
 Stay here. You supervise and report. I'll  
 go do the real work.

\*  
\*  
\*

Harry heads back to the tranny --

\*

297 INT. MISSION CONTROL

297

Screens still STATIC -- desperate Techs at their posts -- Kimsey is handed a RINGING RED PHONE --

\*  
\*

KIMSEY  
 Yes. Yessir. We saw that too. Yessir,  
 very difficult... but perhaps we should  
 wait unt--

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

(abruptly cut off)  
 Yessir. I understand.  
 (hangs up, to Truman)  
 Dan, get them out of there. E-vac right  
 now.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

TRUMAN  
 What are you doing?

\*  
\*

KIMSEY  
 I've been ordered to override the system.

\*  
\*

BOOM -- a CONTINGENT OF MARINES enter the room, accompanied by two military AIDES who are carrying a NUCLEAR COMMAND LINK SUITCASE.

TRUMAN  
 What is this?

Kimsey is all business now. He now has official orders.

KIMSEY  
 Secondary protocol.

TRUMAN  
But they haven't drilled the Goddamn hole!

KIMSEY  
 The President and his advisors feel the  
 drilling isn't working -- and we're about  
 to lose radio contact, maybe for good -- we  
 only have a few more minutes with  
 guaranteed ability to remote detonate that  
 nuke. If we don't do it now we lose  
 control--

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

TRUMAN

Well you should tell the President that A: he must, immediately, fire his advisors, and B: if we blow that nuke on the surface, we're wasting a perfectly good bomb and blowing our one chance at doing this right!

KIMSEY

His mind is made up--

TRUMAN

So is mine -- General, you can't do this!

KIMSEY

It isn't my call. It isn't yours. My Commander and Chief, The President of the United States, has made a decision. Get them out of there now.

TRUMAN

We can't reach them -- we don't even know if that shuttle can fly yet!

A300 INT. SHUTTLE FREEDOM - COCKPIT

OMITTED (298,299)

A300

Watts works hard on the electrical -- more lights have come on. Sharp enters, furious -- glances at the RADIO SIGNAL GAUGE -- DEAD.

SHARP

How're we doing?

WATTS

Gettin' there -- but there's some serious radio interference I can't identify --

B300 EXT. ASTEROID SURFACE

B300

In the growing WIND STORM, Gruber continues to lock down the remote antenna --

300 INT. MISSION CONTROL - MILITARY CONSOLE

300

But back here there's still no comm. Around the NUKE CONSOLE it's CHAOS -- Kimsey and SIX MARINES-- Truman on the PHONE --

TRUMAN

Mr. President, I understand how detonating that bomb appears to be the right thing to do -- it has the illusion of being pro-active, but the truth is without the bomb detonating 800 feet or deeper inside a fault, an explosion will do nothing to stop the asteroid from hitting this planet. My point is simple: you do this, you kill me, you kill you, you kill the First Lady.

A beat. Truman holds out the phone.

TRUMAN (CONT'D)

He wants you.

Kimsey takes the phone.

KIMSEY

This is Kimsey. Yessir. I understand.

Then Kimsey looks drawn from the orders he's hearing. Hangs up.

TRUMAN

Give 'em a chance, they're making progress!

KIMSEY

(indicates THE DEPTH/TIME GAUGE)

That's not progress. One crew's dead, another's worthless and the equipment's down. Any minute we could be in total radio darkness forever. I'm sorry about this -- more sorry than you think.

TRUMAN

(to his Techs)

Get them the hell outta there --

NASA TECH #1

-- we still can't get through --

TRUMAN

THEN KEEP TRYING!

KIMSEY

The order is for remote detonation in 30 seconds.

Kimsey inserts his key -- Grace moves forward --

GRACE

But you haven't even told them yet!

KIMSEY

Someone get her out of here!

GRACE

You can't do that! THAT'S MY FATHER UP THERE!

Grace is held back by military OFFICERS --

TRUMAN

There's still time to do this right! THIS IS ONE ORDER YOU SHOULD NOT FOLLOW AND YOU KNOW IT!

But the MILITARY AIDES INSERT THEIR KEYS -- and they turn them -- CLICK...CLICK... Truman looks over -- there's Grace, crying, held back by the Officers, her heart breaking -- Kimsey says a silent prayer as he turns his key -- CLICK.

301 EXT. ASTEROID SURFACE/DRILL SITE

A301

Rockhound and Max disassemble the broken tranny -- a WIND STORM picks up, kicking thick dust everywhere --

ROCKHOUND

Harry, we're dismounting, where the hell's the back-up?

(beat)

Harry, do you copy?

301 INT. SHUTTLE FREEDOM - CARGO BAY

301

Harry and Chick struggle alone, carrying the heavy tranny -- it's a brutal job -- Harry only hears STATIC, unable to read Rockhound's call.

HARRY

Keep going--

CHICK

I got it...

That's when Chick sees something -- THE NUCLEAR BOMB'S DIGITAL CLOCK IS COUNTING DOWN -- 4 MINUTES -- Chick stops -- Harry confused --

CHICK (cont'd)

The clock on that nine-foot nuclear weapon... is ticking.

Harry looks at the bomb -- sees its running clock -- his eyes go wide -- drops the tranny --

HARRY

SHARP!!! GET BACK HERE!!!

Sharp hurries in -- sees the bomb -- loses his shit --

SHARP

WATTS, GET THE SHUTTLE READY TO E-VAC IN TWO MINUTES NOW!

HARRY

What's happening?

SHARP

SECONDARY PROTOCOL!

Watts -- already moving double-time -- works wildly here --

WATTS

I DON'T KNOW IF WE CAN FIRE UP IN TIME!

HARRY

What the hell is Secondary Protocol?!

Guys in panic mode, following Sharp, who GRABS THE BOMB. Harry and Chick help, confused in the insanity -- trying to take it all in --

SHARP  
 They're detonating this thing from earth!  
We gotta DROP IT AND GO!

HARRY  
MAX! ROCKHOUND! DOUBLE-TIME IT BACK TO  
 THE SHUTTLE!

A302 EXT. ASTEROID SURFACE/DRILL SITE

A302

Rockhound and Max keep working, business as usual -- THEY CAN'T HEAR  
 HARRY'S CALL --

B302 INT. SHUTTLE FREEDOM

B302

Watts is crazed in the cockpit -- lights are actually GOING OUT --

WATTS  
We're surging! Not primed for departure!

HARRY  
 I got two men out there -- I gotta bring  
 them back --

SHARP  
I GOT A MAN OUT THERE TOO! There's no  
 time!

Harry grabs Sharp HARD --

HARRY  
 Without putting this bomb down 800 feet  
 into a fault line, blowing it up's just a  
 real expensive fireworks show -- now they  
 might not think we can drill it but I do.

SHARP  
 The order to detonate could only have come  
 from the President of the United States --

HARRY  
 Well guess what. I never voted for him,  
 'cause I thought he was a wimp! We can do  
 this right. Turn it off. Dismantle it!

C302 INT. SHUTTLE FREEDOM - COCKPIT

C302

Watts gets a minor victory as the main power is BEING RESTORED --

WATTS  
 Central generator's not coming back online!  
 Sharp, we are not going to make it!

302 INT. MISSION CONTROL

302

Clark trying in vain to reach the Freedom. Truman standing at the back  
 of the room, catching the eye of Flip at his COMPUTER TERMINAL. Truman  
 draws his finger across his throat -- "kill it." Flip understands.  
 His fingers race on the computer.

303 INT. SHUTTLE FREEDOM

303

Utter mayhem --Sharp pushes Harry hard against the wall -- Harry then grabs a WRENCH -- he moves to the bomb -- about to SLAM the thing -- when Sharp pulls a gun on Harry --

SHARP  
DON'T! You could set it off!

HARRY  
Then you do it -- stop the clock so we can do our job.

SHARP  
I'm under orders to protect a surface detonation --

304 INT. MISSION CONTROL

304

Truman's eyes on Flip's BLURRING hands -- the monitor then reads: "OVERRIDE SUCCESSFUL" -- and the BOMB CONTROL PANEL COUNTDOWN suddenly stops -- Kimsey is shocked --

MARINE #1  
Sir, the override -- it's been... overridden --

Kimsey looks over at Truman, who just returns the stare -- Kimsey figures out what's happened --

KIMSEY  
Do it again.

A Marine moves to Flip's computer -- and SLIDES FLIP back in his chair, then SHUTS OFF Flip's console --

305 INT. SHUTTLE FREEDOM

OMITTED (306-307)

305

It's still madness here -- Harry vs. Sharp -- gun still drawn --

SHARP  
This thing's gonna blow, we gotta get it off the ship!

Now Gruber enters from the windy exterior --

GRUBER  
What the hell! is this?!

WATTS (O.S.)  
WE HAVE FULL POWER!

Suddenly the bomb counter freezes at 1:09. Sharp is shocked -- everyone freezes -- no one knows what to think...Harry lunges and WRAPS pipe tongs around Sharp's neck. Sharp is SLAMMED against the wall - Harry enraged. Gruber tries to stop him -- but Rockhound and Max come in. Harry squeezing the life out of Sharp. Chick hits Gruber in the throat, Gruber goes down. Harry, intense to Sharp:

HARRY  
It figures, doesn't it? President can never make up his mind about anything.

SHARP  
It could start up again -- that might've been a warning --

HARRY  
Which is why you're gonna take apart that bomb right now -- I don't want any more surprises.

308 INT. MISSION CONTROL - DAY 308  
The Marines with Kimsey at the Nuke Console -- \*

MARINE #1  
We're coming back on line-- \*

BUTTONS being pushed -- the signal RE-SENT -- \*

A309 INT. SHUTTLE FREEDOM - COCKPIT A309  
Watts prepping for departure -- the RADIO SIGNAL GAUGE hits 90% -- \*

WATTS  
Forty-five seconds to engines! \*

309 INT. SHUTTLE FREEDOM 309 OMITTED (309A-B)  
Harry and Sharp -- CLOSER -- more INTENSE -- RADIOS return with STATIC.\*

HARRY  
I'll be goddamned if I let you pull the plug before I've had a chance! \*

The PIPE TONGS SQUEEZING the air out of Sharp -- SUDDENLY THE BOMB STARTS AGAIN. None of them can believe it. Sharp struggles to get away from Harry -- but Harry forces him down -- 1:02... 1:01 -- Harry squeezes harder on Sharp -- FACE TO FACE. \*

HARRY  
I understand NASA wasn't always about following rules. Used to be about doing whatever you had to do to get the job done right. Is that true? That there were times when the guys in space didn't take the orders from the ground -- didn't follow the rules -- because they were there! And sometimes they saw the better way. Sharp, this is the biggest risk anyone's ever had to take -- but I've cut through slop and fire and stone so hard it crumbled diamond bits and goddamnit we're drilling this one! We can beat this thing! They're giving the orders... but we're the ones who are here. Do what you know is right. Please. \*

Sharp listens, he hears Harry now.

SHARP  
Swear you can do it. On your daughter's  
life -- my family's...

HARRY  
Swear to God.

SHARP  
I'll disobeying the order. I'll take that  
responsibility. Take the heat. I just  
hope I can shut it off in time.

SMASH CUT: Sharp quickly, precisely removes panels -- pulls fuses --  
removes MICROCHIPS, hits buttons, finds wires -- Gruber helping --  
everyone sweating -- Rockhound leans against the wall -- eyes wide in  
terror -- this man is going insane.

ROCKHOUND  
Do a good job, do a good job, do a good  
job...

As Sharp works we see a COMPUTER MICROCHIP from the bomb mechanism fall  
unnoticed through the floor gating -- the clock ticks down -- 05,04,03 --  
- Sharp does the final maneuvers --

210 INT. MISSION CONTROL - MILITARY CONSOLE

OMITTED (311)

310

The timer on the console shuts off at TWO SECONDS.

NUKE TECH  
Sir-- it shut off.

KIMSEY  
(sweating)  
What?

Silent NASA faces. Truman. Grace. SILENCE. And then -- the radio--  
scratchy but clear--

HARRY'S (V.O.)  
Houston, you have a problem. You see, I  
promised my daughter I'm coming home!  
Now I don't know what you are doing down  
there but we got a hole to dig up here.

Grace and Truman share a look. Kimsey closes his eyes.

KIMSEY  
Get me the President.

312 EXT. ASTEROID SURFACE - FRONT OF "THREE SPIRES RIDGE"

312

A.J.'s ARMADILLO rumbles over a little hill revealing the RIDGE WITH  
THREE SPIRES directly in front of them. THE SUN is creeping over the  
asteroid's FAR HORIZON, causing a surprisingly beautiful "sunrise."



313 INT. A.J. AND LEV'S ARMADILLO

313

A.J. driving. Lev and Bear (in pain) bouncing. A.J. watching the LOCATOR BEACON. Turns to head for the signal. Lev looks out, lost in thought...

LEV  
It's like Siberia. Is so cold there...  
urine freezes immediately after pissing.

A.J.  
Sounds like the North Sea. Off Scotland.

BEAR  
Just thinkin' the same thing.

A.J.  
Remember that? My second job, Harry drops me in the North Sea...

LEV  
Did you like it there?

A.J.  
Until today it was the worst place I've ever been.

BEAR  
Just thinkin' the same thing...

A.J.  
Guys...?

A.J. HITS THE BRAKES -- they have come to a RIDGE -- a 50 foot drop -- there's no way to get down.

314 EXT. DRILL SITE/ARMADILLO ONE

OMITTED (315)

314

Harry, Sharp, and Gruber bolt down the final lugs on THE NEW TRANSMISSION -- Rockhound wears the Armadillo CANNON-AIMING HELMET -- wherever he looks, the turret aims. Everyone's sweating now -- here comes another QUAKE --

SHARP  
Those tremblers are getting worse.

HARRY  
Is it me or has it gotten 20 degrees hotter in the last ten minutes?

ROCKHOUND  
(half to himself)  
The sun is hot... hot dogs are hot...

Beneath the armadillo, Max is on his back, braced under THE TRANSMISSIONS HOUSING -- straining to hold the lug straps in tight.

MAX  
Okay. We're hot and heavy, let her go.

Chick up front. Starts the thing up -- accelerates and --

\*

316 EXT. ASTEROID SURFACE/DRILL SITE

316

DRILL BIT DESCENDING -- grinding and digging and --

\*

HARRY

You know the job: we got 2 hours to rip through the plate and chew 800 feet! Let's make this one work!

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

317 EXT. A.J. AND LEV'S ARMADILLO

317

Lev standing on the roof of the Armadillo. A.J. walks in front, looking for a way down to continue on.

LEV

This is the worst situation ever.

A.J.

Do humanity a favor and shut the hell up.

LEV

I do not enjoy being so negative, it is simply the reality! We are at a dead stop here! All the others might be dead!

A.J.

We're not gonna give up! We are NOT gonna quit!

LEV

SO WHAT IS YOUR BIG IDEA?! WHAT ARE WE SUPPOSED TO DO?!

A.J.

I'M THINKING ABOUT IT!

LEV

WELL YOU SHOULD BE THINKING HARD MY FRIEND BECAUSE WE ONLY HAVE 2 HOURS LEFT OF TIME!

A.J.

I SAID SHUT-UP!

A.J. grabs a rock and HURLS it at LEV, who ducks -- but the rock just KEEPS GOING -- A.J. watches it -- Lev turns to see it go too -- the rock just floats away... A.J. and Lev look at each other...

318 INT. ARMADILLO ONE

OMITTED (319)

318

THE ENGINE ROARING. Max sweating buckets as he works -- Rockhound, wearing the aiming helmet, stares off crazily at the horizon -- now the drill seems to have broken through something --

ROCKHOUND

I spent my life breaking up rock -- now it wants revenge... this rock is alive...

CHICK  
HARRY! Looking good -- I think we broke  
 through the plate!

HARRY  
 Max! Hang in there! We're at 150 feet --  
keep it up, my man!

320 INT. A.J. AND LEV'S ARMADILLO

320

A.J., in the driver's seat, jams it into reverse. Tires SKID. A.J.  
 pauses. Looks ahead and breathes, then looks to Lev.

LEV  
 Thrusters off when we make jump. Thrusters  
on for to come down.

A.J.  
 This is going to work. Say it.

LEV  
 No. But if we make it... I'll never doubt  
 you again.

A.J.  
 That's fair.

A.J. floors it right towards the cliff, as he shuts down the roof  
 mounted pro-gravity thrusters.

321 EXT. ASTEROID

321

The Armadillo rumbles right off the edge. Thrusters "off" -- they sail  
 into space. It flies over the deep gully, the vehicle amazingly  
 shoots across the entire jagged fissure --

322 INT. A.J. AND LEV'S ARMADILLO

322

Lev looks down. They are slowly going higher. He pushes the thruster  
 "fire" switch -- but nothing happens. He pushes it again... nothing.  
 Bear is getting nervous --

LEV  
 Bad-- bad -- this is very not good--

A.J.  
What isn't very good?!

LEV  
 Jets not firing! We are floating to space!

Lev rushes to the air lock. A.J. freaking --

A.J.  
YOU'RE CLIMBING OUTSIDE?!

LEV  
I AM SAVING YOUR AMERICAN ASS!

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

33 EXT. A.J. AND LEV'S ARMADILLO 323

The Armadillo is still ascending as Lev POPS out on the roof and crawls\*  
carefully to the thruster port, caked with ice. Lev uses a small\*  
firing torch to melt the ice. \*

LEV  
Please work -- please -- \*

The valve SPUTTERS -- pissed off, he goes to the next -- \*

A.J. (V.O.)  
Lev, incoming! \*

Floating rocks SLAM and pepper the roof of the Armadillo. Lev rolls,\*  
dodging the hits, barely hanging on. He looks through the windshield\*  
to A.J. \*

325 EXT. A.J. AND LEV'S ARMADILLO OMITTED (324) 325\*

A side-mounted O2 canister explodes, sending Lev grabbing for the tow\*  
winch cable. The whole vehicle is now spinning end over end, and now\*  
Lev is hanging under the chassis. The ground passing 100 feet beneath.\*

326 INT. A.J. AND LEV'S ARMADILLO 326\*

A.J. pushes the "fire" button and the THRUSTER'S ENGAGE. The burst\*  
sends the Armadillo heading in a new direction -- \*

327 EXT. A.J. AND LEV'S ARMADILLO OMITTED (328) 327\*

Lev hangs on for his life as the Armadillo SLAMS into the sheer face of\*  
a spire -- a 90-degree wall. The wheels almost smash Lev's body as it\*  
SLAMS into the face of the asteroid, Lev dragging to a stop. They did\*  
it. \*

329 EXT. A.J. AND LEV'S ARMADILLO - REAR COMPARTMENT 329\*

A.J. pops his head out of the airlock. Lev, splayed out 50 feet from\*  
the back of the Armadillo, covered in asteroid surface dirt and grime,\*  
looks up at him. Smiles for maybe the first time in years. \*

LEV  
I must say...I am loving your American\*  
confidence. \*

330 INT. MISSION CONTROL -- DAY 330\*

DEPTH/TIME GAUGE -- less than two hours to Zero Barrier. They're 400\*  
feet down. 200 feet behind schedule. Grace is going through her\*  
father's files -- pulling out maps of old drilling sites -- studying\*  
them -- looking for something -- \*

Truman moves to GEO-TECH #1 -- \*

GEO-TECH #1

Now that it's passed the moon her rotation is stabilizing -- but the day/night cycles are getting longer -- so she's heating up, almost 20 degrees an hour --

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

331 EXT. ASTEROID SURFACE/DRILL SITE

331

THE SUN hangs low and bright over the horizon. STACKS OF PIPE and debris starting to accumulate. They're DRILLING as fast as they can. Harry and Sharp humping pipe -- Rockhound, atop the Armadillo, seeming oddly thoughtful --

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

ROCKHOUND

Give it a rest, guys. I'll take care of all this --

\*  
\*  
\*

And Rockhound PULLS THE LASER-AIMED CANNON TRIGGER -- the cannon begins BLASTING WILDLY! Chick almost falls off the Armadillo -- Harry and Gruber turn -- as Rockhound turns to them so does the gun turret -- Harry and Gruber dive for cover. Rockhound's gone mad: Rockhound madly FIRES at him -- Harry DIVES as he just misses the BLAST! Rockhound almost shoots the NUCLEAR BOMB --

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Harry's climbed onto the Armadillo and tackles Rockhound -- they both fall hard to the ground -- Harry right on top of him --

\*  
\*

HARRY

What the hell are you doing?

\*  
\*

ROCKHOUND

Just shootin' a gun in space. What are you so testy about?

\*  
\*  
\*

332 INT. ARMADILLO ONE

332

Max at the controls -- looking around, confused, afraid --

\*

MAX

This is one damn freakshow...

\*  
\*

He's turned away long enough to miss the PRESSURE GAUGE NEEDLE DROP SUDDENLY -- then JUMP -- ONCE -- TWICE -- we've seen this before --

\*  
\*

333 EXT. ASTEROID SURFACE/DRILL SITE

OMITTED (334-335)

333

The GROUND begins to SPLIT -- SPIDERWEBBING like shattered glass -- BENEATH Harry and Rockhound -- continuing to the drill arm -- Harry then sees THE DRILL ARM KICK -- just a few inches -- he can't take his eyes off it -- THEN IT KICKS AGAIN.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

HARRY

Max, pull the drill! Clear the hole now!

\*  
\*

Suddenly a HUGE TREMBLER rocks the valley --

\*

36 INT. ARMADILLO ONE 336  
 Max grabs his helmet -- EVERYTHING SHAKING -- BOUNCING -- his helmet falls -- kicks around in the interior -- \*

337 EXT. ASTEROID SURFACE/DRILL SITE OMITTED (338-343) 337  
 The drill arm KICKS LIKE CRAZY NOW-- \*

HARRY  
GET OUTTA THERE!!! Chick! Pull the pipe! \*

ROCKHOUND  
 (laughs wildly, sings)  
 "It's the end of the world as we know it!  
 It's the end of the world as we know it,  
 and I feel fiiiiiiiine!" \*

Harry tries hopelessly to unhook the ARMADILLO from the DRILL ARM --and it's POUNDING AWAY and there's GAS BURSTING from beneath the ground and Rockhound's going nuts and Harry bangs on the Armadillo glass at Max --\*

HARRY  
GET OUTTA THERE! \*

But Chick grabs Harry and pulls him away as KA-BLAM!!! THE DRILLING HOLE BLOWS -- huge explosion -- PIPE EXPLODES UPWARD -- everywhere -- the DRILLING ARM and ARMADILLO ONE LIFT OFF THE GROUND -- PINCERS RIPPING FREE -- the whole thing blows skyward -- \*

344 INT. ARMADILLO ONE 344  
 Max tumbles -- frantic -- punches THE DOOR LOCK without depressurizing the cabin -- this is suicide -- he's sucked violently out into space --\*

345 EXT. SPACE OVER ASTEROID SURFACE 345  
 ARMADILLO -- ALL THAT PIPE, THE DRILLING ARM. MAX, all of it shooting into nowhere. MAX'S FACE a screaming mask of terror and confusion; arms reaching for help that will never come. DOWN BELOW -- Harry and the guys watch in silence. Except Rockhound: \*

ROCKHOUND  
 See ya, Max... \*

346 INT. MISSION CONTROL 346  
 Clark at the comm: \*

CLARK  
 Freedom? Come in Freedom, request an update... \*

WATTS (V.O.)  
 (choked up)  
 Houston... this is Freedom. We've lost the Armadillo. Drilling... terminated. Unsuccessful. \*

Everyone stops...goes pale. Some drop their head into their hands.  
Grace -- tears in her eyes seems more enraged than anything --

347 EXT. ASTEROID SURFACE/DRILL SITE

347

Silence. Stark tableau. Harry, Chick, Sharp and Gruber -- they're all devastated. That's when Rockhound goes off:

ROCKHOUND

Do you know the math that had to go into this?! What are the odds that we'd end up here? YA KNOW SHE DOESN'T EVEN THINK SHE CAN START THE SHUTTLE! GUESS WHAT GUYS! IT'S TIME TO EMBRACE THE HORROR!

Sharp and Gruber move to the bomb --

ROCKHOUND (cont'd)

WE GOT FRONT ROW SEATS TO THE END OF THE WORLD, MAN! WE'RE COURTSIDE! LET'S RIDE IT ALL THE WAY IN! IT'S A SURFIN' SAFARI.

348 INT. MISSION CONTROL/MILITARY CONSOLE

348

Kimsey beside the Nuke-techs who still work to make contact with the nuke. Truman approaches --

TRUMAN

We'll do it the President's way. I'll order an evac... you can remote detonate.

KIMSEY

You still don't think this'll work.

TRUMAN

What I know is irrelevant.

KIMSEY

We can't get online -- you better get bomb status from the crew now.

Truman goes to do that -- but Grace blocks his way. You do not want to mess with her right now.

GRACE

Can they still take off?

TRUMAN

We hope so. We can't know if--

Before he can finish, she's SLUGGED TRUMAN across the face -- unleashing all her rage:

GRACE

THAT'S MY FAMILY UP THERE, DO YOU UNDERSTAND THAT?!

She grabs his shirt -- everyone watches, stunned --

GRACE (cont'd) \*  
YOU PULLED THEM INTO THIS! SO I DON'T WANT \*  
TO HEAR "WE HOPE SO"! \*

Now Truman grabs her -- by the shoulders -- tears come to her eyes -- \*

TRUMAN \*  
 I'm feeling the same thing you are-- \*

GRACE \*  
 No you are not-- you couldn't-- \*

TRUMAN \*  
 -- and I'm sorry. But it's not your \*  
 family. It's everyone. Everyone's family. \*  
 Can they still take off? I pray they can. \*  
 Even more I pray there'll be a place they \*  
 can come home to. \*

A352 INT. SHUTTLE FREEDOM - COCKPIT OMITTED (349-351) A352

Watts, drained, prepares for take-off -- \*

WATTS \*  
 Houston, electrical's unsteady but we have \*  
 pre-launch-phase two complete... \*

352 EXT. ASTEROID SURFACE/DRILL SITE B352

Harry watches Sharp and Gruber as they reassemble the nuke. Chick \*  
 moves to Harry, says quietly: \*

CHICK \*  
 It's been 20 years with you. Everytime I \*  
 thought we couldn't do it... you proved me \*  
 wrong. I admire that more than you think. \*  
 (beat, voice cracks) \*  
 Damn it, Harry... this time I was right. \*

Just then a light washes across Harry's spacesuit -- he turns around to \*  
 see the 2ND ARMADILLO HEADLIGHTS BLAZING. \*

352 INT. MISSION CONTROL 352

The somber setting is broken by an emotional VOICE -- \*

WATTS (V.O.) \*  
Houston! You're not gonna believe this! \*  
The Armadillo! The other Armadillo! It's \*  
here! \*

The room erupts in TALK and CHEERS -- Grace is an emotional volcano -- \*

353 EXT. ASTEROID SURFACE/DRILL SITE 353

ARMADILLO TWO rumbles to a stop at the hole. A.J. pops out of the roof \*  
 hatch -- \*



A.J.  
There's a great little Italian place like  
two miles that way.

Harry can't help but smile --

HARRY  
Ya feel like helping us drill a hole?

A.J.'s joy is soon replaced with the memory of the grim crash:

A.J.  
I've only got Bear and the cosmonaut. The  
others didn't make it.

HARRY  
We'll take whatever help we can get.

A.J.  
Then let's get dirty.

354 INT. MISSION CONTROL

WATTS (V.O.)  
Houston, drilling has re-commenced--

Truman moves to Grace --

TRUMAN  
D'you think they can drill 400 feet in one  
hour?

GRACE  
We hope so.

355 EXT. ASTEROID SURFACE/DRILL SITE -- MONTAGE

Feverish pace -- A.J. works the levers on the platform. Hydraulic  
tongs clamp pipe -- wind POUNDS Harry, working hard outside -- A.J.  
controlling the drill from the inside -- Bear works hard through the  
pain -- Lev helping any way he can -- Harry shouting orders, the ground  
TREMBLING beneath them --

And then A.J. sees the PRESSURE GAUGE JUMP -- concern registers --  
Harry sees the DRILL ARM KICK -- eyes go wide --

HARRY  
WE'RE GETTING SOME KICK!

A.J.  
I'M DRILLING THROUGH HER!

HARRY  
NO, WAIT, SLOW IT DOWN!

A.J.  
HARRY IF YOU'RE EVER GONNA TRUST ME, DO IT  
NOW! WE CAN'T PULL BACK, THE BIT'LL GET  
LODGED AND THE WHOLE THING'LL BLOW!

HARRY  
I DON'T THINK THE ARM CAN TAKE THE PRESSURE!

A.J.  
YOU BUILT HER! LET ME RIDE HER! IF THE BIT GETS CHEWED WE'LL REPLACE IT! IF THE TRANNY BLOWS WE'LL THROW ANOTHER ONE ON! TRUST ME!!!

HARRY  
I GOT SOME NEWS FOR YA! WE'RE ALL OUT OF BITS AND TRANNIES!

A.J.  
WHAT?!

HARRY  
WE'RE ALL OUT!

A.J.  
(mind reeling)  
Okay... HARRY, YOU GOTTA TRUST ME! I'M ASKING YOUR PERMISSION, HARRY! CAN I REV HER ALL THE WAY?! IT'S YOUR CALL!

Sharp -- Bear -- Gruber -- all eyes on Harry -- Armadillo BUCKING --

HARRY  
PUNCH IT.

And A.J. WORKS the drill -- driving the bit hard and fast -- the SOUND LOUDER than we've ever heard -- the GAUGE JUMPING -- JUMPING -- but A.J.'s drilling through the rock -- he's doing it -- the ARMADILLO DEPTH GAUGE hits 804 FEET -- Harry ecstatic --

HARRY  
A.J., YOU TAPPED US A FAULT! Let's start pulling pipe! MOVE!

A358 INT. MISSION CONTROL

OMITTED (356,357)

A358

WATTS (V.O.)  
Houston, we're at 800 feet!

Cheers erupt as we see the DEPTH/ZERO BARRIER chart complete -- DEPTH is COMPLETE -- ZERO BARRIER closely approaching -- Grace moves to Truman.

GRACE  
I'm really sorry. About...

TRUMAN  
Breaking my jaw?

GRACE  
If it makes you feel better, I think I broke my hand.

TRUMAN  
(beat)  
It does.

She smiles.

358 EXT. ASTEROID SURFACE/DRILL SITE

THE NUKE SLED -- Sharp and Gruber finishing reassembling the bomb.

SHARP  
We're almost ready to drop this thing in!

HARRY  
As soon as the hole's clear!

DRILL ARM in full-speed reverse. Pulling up. Sections of pipe rising quickly -- Harry and Bear (in agony) snapping them off -- A.J. working the drill and Bear on top, a wrench in his hand, losing consciousness and the wrench SLIPS -- falls into THE TURBINE ENGINE -- SIX THOUSAND R.P.M.'s GRINDING HORRIBLY and--

THE DRILLING ARM suddenly reversing -- JAMMING PIPE BACK DOWN INTO THE HOLE -- buckling it -- twisting it -- Harry and Bear diving away--

359 INT. MISSION CONTROL

Truman paces -- the whole room is knotted with tension --

TRUMAN  
Watts, they've got 38 minutes.

WATTS (V.O.)  
Sir, there's been an accident...

We CUT TO WORLD MONTAGE -- a NEWSCASTER details unconfirmed reports that the drilling has failed as we see VARIOUS IMAGES of the world reacting to the news --

360 EXT. ASTEROID SURFACE/DRILL SITE

THE HOLE. A.J. standing there as Harry comes limping over. Fifty feet down, a mess of MANGLED PIPE.

HARRY  
Run me out some cable.

A.J.  
You're not going down there.

HARRY  
Hell I'm not.

Harry starts running out the cable himself --

A.J.  
I've climbed the Pyrenees twice-- I'm a better climber than you and I don't know how many decades younger.

HARRY  
Back home I'd kick your ass for that.

A.J.  
The truth hurts. If we had more time I'd say go for it, you know that.

Harry and A.J. share a look -- Harry hands A.J. the cable. A.J. climbs\* in -- looks up at Harry. \*

A.J. (cont'd)  
Hey, the bride's father usually pays for the wedding, right? \*

HARRY  
You better start climbing. \*

361 INT. DRILLING HOLE 361

A.J. descends with a HAND-HELD CUTTER and A LENGTH OF ROPE. Reaching\* the obstruction. PIPES mashed and bent, stabbed into the walls. A.J.\* starting to cut and-- \*

362 EXT. ASTEROID SURFACE/DRILL SITE 362

Harry and Chick hoisting debris, as the ground starts to RUMBLE.

HARRY  
A.J., move fast-- \*

363 INT. DRILLING HOLE 363

A.J.'s rattled around as he ties the rope to the pipes --

364 EXT. DRILLING SITE 364

Harry and Chick hauling out the debris. Sharp and Gruber right near by, prepping THE NUKE and --

365 INT. SHUTTLE FREEDOM - CABIN 365

Rockhound duct-taped to a chair -- finally pushes some of the tape\* away with his tongue -- \*

ROCKHOUND  
This duct tape... is it spearmint? 'Cause\* it's got a minty-fresh taste. \*

Just then a **BIG TREMBLER STARTS BUILDING.** Watts runs in -- Lev right\* behind her, holding tools -- \*

ROCKHOUND  
Hey, any of you kids feel like un-Goddamn-  
taping me?! \*

6 EXT. ASTEROID SURFACE/DRILL SITE 366

EARTHQUAKE. A 9.7 on Earth. Chick falls back. Harry grabs the ARMADILLO. Sharp tries to grab THE NUKE as it rolls off the sled and --

367 INT. DRILLING HOLE 367  
A.J. trying to climb out because EVERYTHING RUMBLING. THIS SOUND, WHOOOSH getting louder and louder and then, suddenly, a WINDSTORM OF PEBBLES shoots up SMASHING INTO A.J.'s FACESHIELD and--

368 EXT. DRILLING SITE 368  
Harry looks -- ACROSS THE VALLEY FLOOR -- A 100 FOOT METHANE GEYSER ERUPTS and plumes of GREEN GAS rocket into space. ANOTHER. And ANOTHER -- it's coming alive....

369 INT. DRILLING HOLE 369  
A.J. can't hold on anymore -- the up-draft too strong and--

370 EXT. DRILLING SITE 370  
Harry turns to see A.J. shot out of the hole -- SAFETY LINE PLAYING OUT\* -- ripping free! A.J. flies 70 feet off the ground as Harry dives for\* THE CABLE -- just grabbing it before A.J.'s gone forever -- \*

HARRY \*  
This thing definitely does not like us. \*

CHICK \*  
'Cause it knows we're here to kill it. \*

CHUNKS OF ASTEROID -- some the size of trucks -- breaking free from the ASTEROID SURFACE and, slowly at first, but with terrifyingly increasing speed and momentum, they start rolling...

Harry and the guys standing there, they can't believe it. On come the ROCKS and CHUNKS, rolling as they hit smaller surface rocks -- they take little hops, and bigger hops, until they are BOUNDING across the surface. Harry lashes A.J.'s tether to THE ARMADILLO. Sharp rushes for the PHALANX CANNON atop the Armadillo.

In the midst of this, the ground bursts open with -- A 200 FOOT HIGH GEYSER next to the drilling hole. Gruber gets blasted by the geyser, which blows him across the asteroid floor, SLAMMING him into THE ARMADILLO, killing him. The cannon FIRES thousands of rounds that smash into rocks, bursting them. But there are too many of them.

A 20 FOOT BOULDER rolls toward A.J.'s SAFETY TETHER.

A.J., suspended high above, looks down at the ONCOMING ICE BOULDER.

The boulder hits A.J.'s tether, rolling over it, flattening it to the asteroid surface, which causes A.J., with a JOLT, to be yanked toward the surface.

Sharp, on top of the ARMADILLO, sees A.J.'s plight. He dives inside, engages the gears. The Armadillo ROARS toward the oncoming ICE BOULDER.

A.J., terrified, continues to descend as --

Sharp, driving the Armadillo, rams the BOULDER just as it's about to roll over A.J. The boulder keeps rolling. A.J. is safe. BUT SHIT...

the grappling hook is now imbedded in the rolling rock. The slack in line starts to unravel like a huge barracuda on a wild fishing line. The slack RUNS OUT and A.J. is still attached to the harness.

SLACK IS GOING. A.J. tries to get it off...less slack -- WHOMP it pulls A.J. and slams him into a rock just as he releases the harness. THE NUCLEAR DEVICE gets banged by debris. Rocks CLANGING off the device's REMOTE DETONATOR...

THE LARGEST JAGGED ROCK rolls right at Harry and Chick. They are caught. No place to turn. TEN FEET...FIVE... Harry pulls Chick into a small, fox-hole-sized indentation. THE ROCK BOUNCES, floating right over them so close, virtually skimming their face shields. It rolls right past their shocked eyes.

Finally the quake stops. The situation stabilizes. Everyone gets to their feet. Harry and Chick get up.

They look off at THE MASSIVE BOULDERS rolling away in the distance, smashing into other rock formations. Sharp looks at Gruber's corpse.

SHARP  
We lost Gruber...

Harry stumbling to the hole. Looking down. Clear.

HARRY  
Get the bomb.

2 INT. SHUTTLE FREEDOM - COCKPIT

OMITTED (371)

372

Watts prepping for take-off. Lev at the window as the ship's electrical BROWNS OUT --

WATTS  
No-- God, not now--

LEV  
Is this serious problem?

373 EXT. ASTEROID SURFACE/DRILL SITE

373

Sharp doing final prep on the nuke -- Harry and A.J. beside him -- Sharp hits the button sequence -- but the thing doesn't respond.

HARRY  
What's wrong now?

SHARP  
(horrified)  
The timer, the remote, the whole thing's dead--

A.J.  
The bomb's no good--?

SHARP  
The trigger must've gotten fried when we took it apart.

Before she can react -- A VIDEO SCREEN comes to life--

HARRY (V.O.)  
--e there?...oing...ough?...ybe.  
(clearing a little)  
Grace? Can you hear me?

Grace can't believe it.

384A-~~ENTERCUT~~ WITH HARRY IN ARMADILLO TWO, staring at the camera. 384A-B

Skip hands Grace a mike and exits. She stares at the static on the monitor. Harry's face fades in and out. Grace knows something is very wrong from her father's strained, tired face. She forces a smile.

GRACE  
Dad...

Tears start to well up in her and Harry's eyes.

HARRY  
I know I promised I was coming home...  
but... Grace, I gotta break that promise.

GRACE  
Why can't they...?

HARRY  
Honey, stop. Listen to me, there isn't  
much time. I just want to tell you... I  
lied to you. When I said I was going along  
because I don't trust anyone else... that  
wasn't true.  
(beat)  
I'm here because I love you.

Harry tries not to cry which just makes it harder.

GRACE  
I'm so scared...Dad, I'm so scared...

HARRY (V.O.)  
(looking at Earth)  
There won't be anything to be scared of  
soon... and don't be scared for me,  
Sweetheart... I'll be just fine. It's so  
beautiful up here.

Grace fights her tears...

HARRY (CONT'D)  
I want you to take care of your husband. I  
wish I could walk you down the aisle...  
(beat)  
But I'll look in on you from time to time.  
I love you, Gracie...

Harry then pulls the video link -- Grace's monitors go STATIC. Grace touches the monitor as Harry's face fades away. Her knees buckle.

HARRY  
Sharp, how do we detonate this thing?

SHARP  
The only way now... is manually.

A.J.  
You mean... manually manually?

HARRY  
He means one of us has to stay.

374 INT. MISSION CONTROL

374

Truman addresses the room. PUSH IN on Grace as:

TRUMAN  
We're eighteen minutes from Zero Barrier.  
We've got some bad news. The remote  
detonator on the bomb's been damaged...

375 INT. SHUTTLE FREEDOM - CABIN

OMITTED (376,377)

375

PAN FROM Harry...to A.J... Chick... Lev... Bear... Watts. Rockhound  
still taped to the chair. Electrical wire and CUTTER on the table.

SHARP  
It takes two people to fly this thing.  
Otherwise I'd trade places with any of you.

ROCKHOUND  
Yeah, sure you would.

SHARP  
Either we all stay and die, or you guys  
draw straws.

ROCKHOUND  
I say we all stay and die, but that's me.

HARRY  
We don't need to take straws. I'll do it.

LEV  
Bullshit I will let you volunteer for this  
so I can return to my country as the man  
who did not volunteer--

BEAR  
I'm the guy for the job. Besides my bike I  
barely got anything back home anyway.

ROCKHOUND  
You all might think I'm crazy now, but I'd  
really like this responsibility.

HARRY  
Let's draw -- do it quick.



Sharp nods. A BUNDLE OF ELECTRICAL WIRES in his hand. \*

SHARP  
We'll go clockwise... \*

That makes A.J. first. He stares at the BUNDLE OF WIRES. Reaches. \*  
Draws. Holding HIS STRAND as Chick swallows hard. His hand shaking as \*  
it reaches out -- pulls slowly -- HIS STRAND LOOKS LONGER THAN A.J.'s. \*  
A.J. goes pale. Bear reaching quick -- ANOTHER LONG ONE -- \*

A.J.  
Oh, man... \*

Lev takes his. \*

LEV  
Mine is long one. \*

Everyone stares at A.J. No doubt now. He's staying. Harry's stomach \*  
is in knots -- \*

HARRY  
A.J., listen-- \*

A.J.  
(with a good face)  
It's settled. I'm the guy who gets to \*  
save the Earth. Let's get it over with. \*

Sharp shows A.J. the detonator -- \*

SHARP  
You'll plug this into the port, press \*  
this trigger button. That's it. \*

A.J. nods. Dead man walking. \*

378 INT. MISSION CONTROL - STAIRWELL 378

FLIP AND SKIP lead Grace up the stairs and into --

379 INT. MISSION CONTROL - REAR ROOM 379

A couple chairs. MONITORS. RADIOS. Like an execution viewing room.  
Grace sits. Waiting to talk to her man.

380 EXT. SHUTTLE BASE/ASTEROID SURFACE 380

A.J. and Harry emerging from the SHUTTLE -- A.J. holding the detonator. \*

A.J.  
Do me a favor and tell Grace... \*  
(fights his emotions) \*  
... she already knows anything I could ever \*  
tell her... just tell her I miss her. \*  
Would you do that? \*

HARRY  
No. \*

A.J.  
 (almost crying)  
 Harry, please...

Harry then grabs his own MISSION PATCH from his spacesuit sleeve and RIPS IT OFF. He shoves it into one of A.J.'s suit pockets.

HARRY  
 Give that to Truman.

Suddenly Harry VIOLENTLY rips A.J.'s air tubes -- almost immediately loses his breath. Harry stabs the AIRLOCK DOOR -- grabs the DETONATOR --

HARRY  
This time it's my turn.

A.J. thrashes -- GASPS -- Harry pushes him into THE ELEVATOR -- the doors SLAM closed -- A.J. BANGS ON THE DOOR --

A.J.  
BULLSHIT! THIS IS MY JOB!

HARRY  
 Go take care of my little girl. That's  
 your job. Go be the husband Grace  
 deserves.

A.J.  
I'M GONNA GET ANOTHER SUIT, I SWEAR TO GOD!

HARRY  
 I love you almost as much as she does. Go  
home.

Harry hits the elevator button -- The elevator sucks A.J. up into the shuttle. Harry is alone now. Forever.

381 INT. SHUTTLE FREEDOM - AIRLOCK 381

ELEVATOR DOORS open -- A.J. falls out, eyes wet -- looks at Bear, who immediately knows what's happened.

BEAR  
 That stubborn iron-ass bastard...

382 EXT. ASTEROID SURFACE/DRILL SITE 382

Harry walks to the drilling hole -- violent WIND kicking dust --

383 INT. MISSION CONTROL - REAR ROOM 383

Grace alone. Truman standing at the door.

GRACE  
 Is he calling? Can he get through?

TRUMAN  
 There's been a change in plan.

385 INT. SHUTTLE FREEDOM - COCKPIT 385  
 Sharp and Watts -- a blur of pre-flight activity--

WATTS  
 O2 vents closed, pressure loaded.

SHARP  
 Engine board is green.

386 EXT. ASTEROID SURFACE/DRILL SITE 386  
 Harry sitting beside the hole. DETONATOR in hand.

HARRY (V.O.)  
 You got two minutes, Sharp. I'm not waiting.

387 INT. SHUTTLE FREEDOM - COCKPIT OMITTED (388) 387  
 A.J., Rockhound, Lev, Chick, and Bear all strapped in.

SHARP  
 Initiate thrusters.

Watts hits the THRUSTER BUTTON. Hits it again. Again. Nothing.

WATTS  
 Goddamnit. I just had it running!

389 EXT. SHUTTLE FREEDOM OMITTED (390) 389  
 Booster rockets SPUTTER and die.

391 INT. MISSION CONTROL 391  
 ZERO BARRIER CLOCK down to 1:34...1:33...1:32....

CLARK  
 Freedom, looking tight for ignition.

392 INT. SHUTTLE FREEDOM - CABIN 392  
 The guys watching Watts run past them toward the CARGO BAY. Lev quickly trying to unstrap himself and--

393 EXT. ASTEROID SURFACE/DRILL SITE 393  
 HARRY  
 What the hell are you doing in there?  
 Get off this rock!

394 INT. SHUTTLE FREEDOM - ENGINE SERVICE HATCH 394  
 Watts frantically works the FUEL VALVES. Lev crowds in behind her.

LEV  
 Is sticking, yes?

WATTS  
BACK OFF! YOU DON'T KNOW THE COMPONENT!

395 Sharp hitting the THRUSTER BUTTON -- over and over -- 395  
 396 ZERO BARRIER CLOCK -- 16... 15... 14 396  
 397 EXT. ASTEROID SURFACE/DRILL SITE 397  
 WIND and RUMBLING --

HARRY  
 Don't think I won't press this button!

398 INT. SHUTTLE FREEDOM - SERVICE HATCH OMITTED (399,400) 398  
 Watts going nuts trying to get THE VALVE to open and--

LEV  
MOVE AWAY!

WATT  
BACK OFF!

LEV  
SHIT PART RUSSIAN IS SAME AS SHIT PART  
 AMERICAN! I SPEND YEAR AND A HALF ON  
 RUSSIAN SPACE STATION! THIS IS HOW WE FIX  
 EVERYTHING!

Lev jerks her out of the way and starts HITTING the equipment with his \*  
 wrench -- BAM! BAM! BAM! Suddenly -- VROOOOOOM! IT FIRES! Lev \*  
 falls back into WATTS' ARMS as FREEDOM LURCHES. \*

401 INT. MISSION CONTROL 401  
 ZERO BARRIER CLOCK IS BUZZING NOW...-2...-3...-4.

TRUMAN  
PRESS THE BUTTON, STAMPER!

402 INT. SHUTTLE FREEDOM - COCKPIT 402  
 Sharp with the stick-- struggling-- lights flashing-- they're  
 lifting away and--

403 EXT. ASTEROID SURFACE - ABOVE 403  
 FREEDOM rising backwards. THRUSTERS ON FULL REVERSE -- falling away  
 from THE ASTEROID -- toward the Moon. DOWN BELOW -- Harry, getting  
 smaller and smaller and --

404 EXT. ASTEROID SURFACE/DRILL SITE 404  
 Harry takes his final breaths. Tears welling. A GEYSER blows across  
 the valley. WINDS gusting badly and--

HARRY

Complain all you want, you son-of-a-bitch. It's just you and me, and now it's my turn...

Raising THE DETONATOR to press the button and -- WHAM!! -- right below him -- THREE GEYSERS OF GAS BLOW OUT OF THE GROUND! THE DETONATOR flies from HARRY'S HAND as he's knocked back on his ass--INTO THE HOLE!

405 INT. DRILLING HOLE 405

Harry falling ass first -- PRO-GRAVITY THRUSTERS pushing him further and further down -- Harry's fingers GOUGE into the walls and BOOTS scrambling to stop his fall -- GASPING as his air supply is punctured.

406 INT. SHUTTLE FREEDOM - COCKPIT 406

Sharp with his hands full. Watts busy strapping in and--

CLARK (V.O.)

Freedom, we're 30 seconds to Zero Barrier -- where's the detonation?!

407 EXT. ASTEROID SURFACE/DRILL SITE 407

HARRY'S GLOVED HANDS grip the sides of the hole. His HELMET appears. PULLING himself up. Looking for the detonator...Harry choking.

8 INT. SHUTTLE FREEDOM - COCKPIT 408

SHARP

Something's wrong -- we gotta go back.

WATTS

There is no going back! We won't have enough fuel to make it home!

409A-~~INT~~ERCUT - HARRY / FREEDOM COCKPIT 409A-B

Harry hurt, damaged suit -- much pain -- GEYSERS EXPLODING and THE WIND and DUST flying -- is running, gasping for air. Sharp's shaking hand is on the throttle about to thrust forward. Harry dodges flying rocks.

410 INT. FREEDOM COCKPIT OMITTED (411-412) 410

SHARP

Something's wrong!

A.J.

Even if something's wrong, Harry won't quit. He doesn't know how.

413 EXT. ASTEROID SURFACE/DRILL SITE 413

Harry dives for THE DETONATOR. One last look at beautiful Earth. Home. Tears.

HARRY

I win.

SLOW-MOTION CU -- HARRY'S FINGER pressing the button and--

414 EXT. SPACE 414

EXPLOSION. Spectacular. The ASTEROID splits in half like a diamond. TWO BLOWN PIECES winging off at new angles and--

415 INT. SHUTTLE FREEDOM - COCKPIT 415

ROCKED BY THE BLAST WAVE. Sharp hanging on to the stick and Watts staring out the window and-- The guys are silent. Not sure how to feel.

416A-EXT. AROUND THE WORLD -- IMAGE MONTAGE 416A-K

EXTREME SLOW-MO: We see images around the world. WALL STREET deserted A CHURCH with people gathered around a TV...A TEAR falling from a woman's face...FARMERS in a cornfield...KIMSEY with his face in his hands. THE PYRAMIDS dappled in firelight as hundreds pray...FATHER AND SON hold hands as they watch a brilliant flaming sky...TRUMAN falls back into his seat...India--hundreds praying...Little kids running.

417 INT. HARRY'S TEXAS HOUSE - GRAP'S ROOM 417

Grap's in his room watching TV, the bright flare fills the room.

GRAP  
That's my boy...

8 INT. MISSION CONTROL 418

Truman, Kimsey and everyone who'll fit, crammed in around the ORBITAL MATH CONSOLE -- ON THE BIG MATH SCREEN -- computer-imaging -- THE ASTEROID'S TWO HALVES moving in new directions -- FLIP and SEVERAL TECHS grabbing DATA SHEETS as they pour out.

KIMSEY  
What's the verdict?

FLIP  
Some debris will hit -- most likely in the Atlantic -- but the two asteroid halves are going to miss us by a hundred-thousand miles. We're clear.

WAY IN THE BACK -- GRACE is sitting alone. Quietly weeping. Startled as THE WHOLE PLACE SUDDENLY EXPLODES IN CHEERING and APPLAUSE

Truman turns realizing she's hearing this, concerned, runs up the aisle. He gathers her into his arms and --

419 EXT. SHUTTLE LANDING STRIP -- DAY 419

VEHICLES everywhere. AMBULANCES. MEDIA. NASA FIRE TRUCKS. And here comes FREEDOM, coming fast, wobbly, tilting, adjusting, closer, closer -- up a little, down a little, all over...

20 INT. SHUTTLE FREEDOM - CABIN -- DAY

420

The guys bouncing around like crazy. Things SHAKING and RATTLING and falling -- Bear wincing with every ding --

CHICK

Be an awful shame to die now!

ROCKHOUND

Speak for yourself! You don't owe a hundred grand to a bad ass Italian!

421 EXT. CAPE KENNEDY - SHUTTLE LANDING STRIP -- DAY

421

Here comes FREEDOM -- DUST CHIRPING as TIRES HIT CONCRETE -- BANGING DOWN, BRAKES GOING -- BOUNCING and SPEEDING but it's gonna work, it's gonna stop, it's gonna be all right...

422 INT. SHUTTLE FREEDOM - CABIN

422

A.J., Chick, Bear, Rockhound and Lev unbuckling.

CHICK

You know what this means? I get to have another hangover.

\*  
\*

ROCKHOUND

I already got one... I'm serious, I don't think my oxygen was working right...

\*  
\*  
\*

SHARP

Guys, stay in your seats until they tell us what to do -- there's a lot of people out there, it's gonna be a madhouse, so just hang tight, okay?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

A.J.

No. That's not what Harry would do.

\*  
\*

423 EXT. SHUTTLE FREEDOM - RUNWAY -- DAY

423

EMERGENCY HATCH DOORS EXPLODE from their hinges and CRASH DOWN onto the runway. NASA people completely surprised. A.J. and Chick giving Bear a hand down. Rockhound stands there waving to THE CROWD that's starting to CHEER and CHANT and ROAR LOUDER...LOUDER.

ROCKHOUND

I think I want my own talk show.

A SEA OF AMERICAN FLAGS and A.F. SECURITY POLICE trying to keep PEOPLE back and everything disrupted by -- A.J., Chick, Bear as they victory walk the runway. Pumping their fists. THE CROWD JUST GOING NUTS -- Rockhound behind wearing his helmet afraid to be seen.

Grace breaks away from a RECEPTION AREA up ahead. A.J. spots her-- they're both running, falling into each other's arms. Kissing, crying. It's their moment...

A.J.  
He was a great man, Grace.

GRACE  
I know he was.

Denise and Chick's son in the crowd, held back by soldiers -- YELLING and CHEERING and CALLING FOR "CHICK" but he can't hear them, the boy starts running, full out -- soldiers chasing him onto the runway and--

CHICK  
Hey! Wait! Leave him alone!

The boy running up -- stopping suddenly as he arrives. An awkward instant, as they realize they don't know what to do, and then Chick reaches out, lifts the boy into his strong arms, holding him tight and--

Watts and Lev jumping down from the shuttle. Hand in hand. Safety precaution or romance? SHARP on the runway, marching with purpose. Eyes straight ahead. CHEERING CROWD means nothing to him. Full military stride; he stops:

SHARP  
Ms. Stamper?

Grace unpeels herself from A.J. and turns to --

SHARP  
Colonel Roger Sharp, United States Air Force, ma'am.  
(a crisp salute)  
Requesting permission to shake the hand of the daughter of the bravest man I've ever met.

Grace smiles. Her eyes are dry. She straightens herself. Offers her hand. They shake. A.J. sees Truman, hands him Harry's mission patch.

A.J.  
Harry wanted you to have this.

Truman, eyes wet, smiles as he sees the mission patch. Smiles at A.J..

TRUMAN  
Thank you.

Grace grabs A.J. again -- they hold each other tight as they can...WE PULL BACK to the SKY..knowing that Harry Stamper is up there somewhere.

THE END