

life

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FADE UP ON:

- The INTERNATIONAL SPACE STATION (ISS)

Part erector set, part rat tunnel - a haphazard interlocked network of cramped modules and nodes.

The station is aglow in KUBRICKIAN RED.

The CAMERA is moving - as if weightless itself - down a long TUBE toward a group of THREE distant ASTRONAUTS cramped into an AIRLOCK. We've begun one LONG, CONTINUOUS SHOT.

ADAMS (O.S.)  
Faster. Faster.

Over tinny comms, and slight crackle, PANIC creeps into VOICES:

JORDAN (O.S.)  
E.M.U. at four-point-seven P.S.I.  
Pure O2.

BRAGG (O.S.)  
Remember. If you can't save it-

ADAMS (O.S.)  
Spoiler? I'm fucking saving it.

JORDAN (O.S.)  
Nitrogen at near zero.

BRAGG (O.S.)  
But if you can't...

GOLOVKIN (O.S.)  
(perfectly calm)  
Run your checklists.  
(Russian:)  
*Medlenno yekhat bystro.* Slow to go  
fast. Deliberate.

The camera closes the distance to the astronauts.

BRAGG (O.S.)  
...be sure and push it out to deep-

GOLOVKIN (O.S.)  
Miranda, are you in the airlock?  
(beat)  
Dr. Bragg?

The camera finally reaches the BACK of the CLOSEST ASTRONAUT and CIRCLES to reveal:

GOLOVKIN (O.S.)

Dr. Bragg.

MIRANDA BRAGG, Center for Disease Control expert, thirties, beautiful, careful, dotter of i's and crosser of t's.

BRAGG

Yes, I'm in the airlock.

The...

- QUEST AIRLOCK

...is sparse, utilitarian, claustrophobic.

DR. DAVID JORDAN, forty, kind, empathetic, attends to a seal on the spacesuit of space-walk specialist RORY ADAMS.

ADAMS

Get OCD - sorry, CDC - the fuck out of my face.

Adams is thirties, handsome, larger than life, more so in SUIT and HELMET, the Platonic ideal of a hero. BRAGG watches from close by.

BRAGG

Seven billion people-

Adams taps his helmet, mouths 'I can't hear you.'

BRAGG

Fuck you, too, Rory.

GOLOVKIN (O.S.)

Miranda, to the Cupola, please.

Jordan finishes sealing Adams's helmet, then turns on Bragg, placing himself BETWEEN her and Adams.

JORDAN

Let's go. He knows. He knows.

\*

ADAMS

Where's that tether?!

KENDO (O.S.)

I doubled it up.

Pulling himself rapidly into the room is male flight engineer SHO KENDO - Japanese, thirties, sensitive, jittery, polite - the type who would thank you for a thank you note.

KENDO

Sorry, you know this.

Kendo is holding a coiled space-walk TETHER. He hands the tether to Adams. Adams affixes the coil to the suit's torso.

ADAMS

Quit with the sorries.

Jordan takes Bragg gently by the ELBOW.

JORDAN

(to Bragg)

Let's go.

She angrily SHRUGS off Jordan's HAND, but finally exits.

The camera trails Jordan and Bragg as they 'swim' in weightlessness back through the...

- UNITY NODE

A tubular space, home to the station's supplies/ stores/ kitchen.

BRAGG peels off, and we follow JORDAN on a path to the...

- TRANQUILITY NODE

Shaped like a Saltine box, home to the station's medical/exercise bay. A treadmill, 'swimming' resistance machine, and exercise bicycle line one wall. The other is dominated by medical and diagnostic equipment.

Jordan checks a large MONITOR to update himself on the status of the six person crew via their digital 'shadows':

The astronauts' vitals and locations are tracked on a 3D MODEL of the ISS via animated stick-figures. The figures mirror the astronauts' precise movements in real time through digital marking 'dots' sewn into their jumpsuits.

JORDAN

Slow, Sho. What's 'breathe' in Japanese?

Jordan, his face REFLECTED in the monitor glass, examines the crew's heart and breathing rates. KENDO's pulse is significantly higher than the others'.

KENDO (O.S.)

*Kokyu suru.* This was supposed to be routine.

\*  
\*  
\*

Jordan leaves the monitor and races back the way he came. He \*  
throws a quick glance toward a distant ADAMS exiting the \*  
airlock and locking it behind him. \*

KENDO  
*Sumimasen.* Excuse me.

KENDO 'swims' on-screen left to right past Jordan, the two  
pirouetting to avoid contact. Kendo opens a PANEL on the  
ceiling and THROWS TWO SWITCHES. Then SLAMS the panel shut  
and races to the...

- ZVEZDA SERVICE MODULE

NERVE CENTER to the entire station, the ISS's largest  
interior space, home to its mainframe. This is central  
command for communication, life support, engineering. Also  
home to the 'Cupola,' a dome of windows overlooking the  
breathtaking curvature of earth.

KENDO quickly straps into a 'seat' at engineering, catches  
his breath, looks over:

KENDO  
Commander.

MISSION COMMANDER KATERINA GOLOVKIN - fifty, Russian, the  
picture of calm leadership, voice never rises above 'Pass the  
salt' - is already sitting next to Kendo at Comms.

GOLOVKIN  
Oh-four-thirty-five UTC. We're a \*  
go for emergency retrieval. \*

Kendo taps a bewildering series of buttons, then assumes the  
controls of the CANADARM 2, a 45-foot long multi-articulated  
remote 'arm' outside the station.

KENDO  
Canadarm online.

RACK FOCUS from Kendo's hands at the controls to the massive  
arm outside the cupola windows, SWIVELING INTO POSITION and  
MIMICKING his movements.

Then to Golovkin. Any bit of anxiety she might conceivably  
have is somehow confined to a compulsive habit of twirling  
her WEDDING BAND around her finger.

GOLOVKIN  
ISS to Control, initiating capture. \*

KENDO  
So the committee-? \*

GOLOVKIN

They're aware. Of everything.  
Always. You let me worry about the  
committee. Where's Rory?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Golovkin turns and spies ADAMS spacewalking past the cupola windows. Then she goes back to scouring her monitors.

GOLOVKIN

Decay's growing steeper. And  
hotter. That should help us. If  
it doesn't tear him off the side.

ADAMS (O.S.)

Thanks. Mikes are live, folks.  
Ready, Sho?

SHO

Yes.

Kendo takes a deep breath, his hand shaking slightly at the controls.

The camera moves into the Cupola, where BRAGG floats, chastised, watching through the windows:

Adams grabs hold of the 'lobster claw' at the end of the Canadarm. Kendo then EXTENDS the arm, with Adams aboard, AWAY from the station.

DERRY (O.S.)

Your worry lines are showing.

MICROBIOLOGIST HUGH DERRY - late forties, black, BRITISH, irrepressibly sunny - swims into the room and joins Bragg.

BRAGG

I get paid by the line.

Bragg is transfixed, not by the Canadarm, but by the view of Earth: NIGHT over AFRICA.

DERRY

I have a good feeling. This is  
going to work.

\*

BRAGG

No offense? You're a biologist.

DERRY

So are you.

ADAMS (O.S.)

Grab hold!

Derry SMILES, takes Bragg's HAND, SQUEEZES:

DERRY

Trust me.

Adams has looped one end of the doubled tether over the claw. He ties it off. Kendo CLOSES the claw, SECURING the tether.

GOLOVKIN (O.S.)

One last course correction. Point  
oh five oh niner by point oh seven  
six.

Two THRUSTERS near the window FIRE blue flame, propelling the station into a slightly different position.

GOLOVKIN

The best we can do. Remember your  
training.

JORDAN (O.S.)

We never trained for this.

Dr. Jordan enters the service module. He quickly pulls himself along a wall toward them.

JORDAN

(to Bragg and Derry)  
Click it or ticket.

They strap into SAFETY BELTS. Bragg stares daggers into Jordan. He shrugs her off.

JORDAN

Any moment now.  
(points)  
Eight- maybe nine o'clock?

A KLAXON SOUNDS.

GOLOVKIN (O.S.)

Ignore the proximity alert.  
Pilgrim trajectory negative point  
three two two.

ADAMS (O.S)

They say if you meet a bear in the  
woods, you're supposed to spit in  
its mouth.

(beat)

Don't know where I'd get the spit.

\*

DERRY  
(points)  
There! There!

A pinprick of light in orbit grows brighter.

ADAMS (O.S.)  
I see it. This isn't gripping  
right.

Kendo opens and closes the claw. Rory adjusts the tether.  
The oncoming speck of light grows BIGGER.

ADAMS (O.S.)  
Now throw me.

KENDO  
I'm sorry?

ADAMS (O.S.)  
I need some momentum!  
(off Kendo's hesitation)  
Fucking throw me!

Kendo shoots Golovkin a look. She NODS. Kendo reluctantly  
sweeps the Canadarm in a short arc.

ADAMS (O.S.)  
Right-right-right!

Bragg's short breaths FOG the glass. Jordan helpfully wipes  
the condensation off with his sleeve. 'Truce.' The two  
share a lingering gaze at each other before turning back to  
the window.

GOLOVKIN (O.S.)  
ISS to Control, visual confirmation  
of Mars Rover Pilgrim. Inbound on  
catastrophic course.

\*  
\*  
\*

RORY (O.S.)  
Not for long.

\*  
\*

MARS ROVER PILGRIM, now visible as a distinct spacecraft -  
stubby, almost ungainly - tumbles past the ISS, venting gas.  
Kendo uses the Canadarm to awkwardly PITCH Adams, like a  
football, toward it.

GOLOVKIN  
Rory?

Adams is 'thrown,' spooling out his tether from its slip-knot  
in a sloppy, growing 'lasso.' He and the end of the lasso  
disappear OFF-SCREEN.

The PILGRIM soars past... to where it can no longer be seen through the windows.

A beat. What can be seen of the lasso suddenly pulls TIGHT, JERKING OFF-SCREEN.

Then...

...BOOM. Everyone is BASHED in one direction. A VIOLENT, CREAKING SHUDDER passes over the entire station.

Just as quickly, all falls suddenly, eerily silent.

Everyone rights themselves... listens intently...

Golovkin taps her earpiece. Did they lose sound? It cuts back in. Adams is SCREAMING over the Comms.

JORDAN  
(horrified)  
Triage...

He and Bragg quickly unclick their belts. But Adams's screams are not of pain. Rather, ELATION.

Adams LAUGHS hysterically. RELIEF instantly descends.

ADAMS (O.S.)  
Hugh... Hugh! Polaroid?

DERRY  
I didn't want to jinx it...

\*

Derry pulls a POLAROID CAMERA out of a jumpsuit pocket.

ADAMS (O.S.)  
Point and shoot, motherfucker!

With that, ADAMS drifts back into view of the CUPOLA WINDOWS. The TETHER has successfully, safely ENSNARED a STRUT of the PILGRIM ROVER.

The rover is held fast, and Adams clings TRIUMPHANTLY to its side.

Jordan and Bragg exhale. Golovkin grips Kendo's hand.

Derry snaps a picture. The instant photo spits out. Golovkin allows herself the smallest of smiles.

GOLOVKIN  
This is Mission Commander Golovkin.  
Tell the committee...

FADE TO BLACK.

GOLOVKIN (O.S.)  
...Pilgrim's landed on Plymouth  
Rock.

\*

Silent darkness.

GOLOVKIN (O.S.)  
Their sample's safe and sound.

\*

\*

Four small, simple, lower-case letters fade in:

l... i... f... e

FADE UP ON:

- KIBO LABORATORY MODULE

Home to the ISS's non-human experimental subjects:  
microbes... algae... and RAT (a cute white specimen named  
PLUTO)... each contained in a separate habitat.

This rectangular module contains a clutter of cupboards and  
scientific equipment at its edges. Dominating one wall is a  
vacuum-sealed, three-inch-thick PLEXIGLAS CASE, the size of a  
refrigerator box.

MICROBIOLOGIST HUGH DERRY uses two thick rubber GLOVES built  
into the side to manipulate a MARTIAN ROCK under an ELECTRON  
MICROSCOPE.

GOLOVKIN (O.S.)  
We're recording. Oh-six-forty UTC.

DERRY  
(deep breath)  
Neal Armstrong prepared words. OK.  
We're looking at a large single  
cell. Inert. In all likelihood,  
fossilized.

GOLOVKIN and the REST of the CREW observe from OUTSIDE the  
lab - through a large viewing WINDOW built into the PORTAL  
between Kibo and the...

- HARMONY NODE

This large, cylindrical room, positioned BETWEEN the Kibo Lab and the Zvezda Service Module, doubles as the crew's QUARTERS. SIX SLEEP PODS - glass-paneled, coffin-sized chambers in the floor - confine the astronauts during rest.

A MONITOR next to the window displays the magnified view of the lab's ELECTRON MICROSCOPE. The CREW is gathered here.

DERRY (O.S.)  
Eukaryotic. There's your nucleus.  
Cytoplasm. Unidentified cell  
bodies. Ribosomes, there, maybe.  
The cell wall is thick.

BRAGG  
Unusually thick.

The exterior of the cell looks 'hairy.'

DERRY (O.S.)  
Those 'hairs' are cilia, but longer  
than we're used to seeing on Earth.  
More like flagella. They'd be used  
for propulsion.

- KIBO

DERRY  
The cilia are also fibrous. Which  
suggests the ability to conduct  
electrical activity. I could go  
on. Maybe it's time-

He looks Golovkin's way. She nods silently, emphatically.

DERRY  
I'd hate to jump the gun. But for  
the sake of posterity... it's my  
professional opinion... the  
mission's primary goal is achieved.  
We're looking at the first  
incontrovertible proof...

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

Derry takes an Armstrong-ian pause.

DERRY  
...of life beyond earth.

- HARMONY

...breaks out in wide GRINS, contagious HUGS, BACK-SLAPS -  
the celebration of a crew who has only just been entrusted...

...with HISTORY.

FADE OUT AND UP  
ON:

- THE PIXILATED GLOW OF A VIDEO FEED

Low-tech for this state-of-the-art laboratory in the sky.  
The feed is of a CLASSROOM of ELEMENTARY SCHOOLCHILDREN, wide-eyed, enthusiastic.

The TEACHER calls on a cute, buzz-cutted, grass-stained 8-year-old BOY:

STUDENT 1

Is it green?

REVERSE ANGLE to reveal GOLOVKIN in...

- ZVEZDA

She uses a TABLET to communicate with the classroom. The two-second DELAY makes for awkward conversation:

GOLOVKIN

It isn't visible at all, actually.  
It's microscopic. A single cell.  
To put it into perspective, your  
body is made up of trillions.

STUDENT 2

There are trillions of aliens  
inside me?

ADAMS 'swims' up to Golovkin's shoulder, chimes in:

\*

ADAMS

Bet your teacher sometimes thinks  
so!

STUDENT 3

\*

(concerned)

\*

Are you bringing the alien back  
home to earth?

\*

\*

ADAMS

\*

We're going to study it up here,  
where it's safest.

\*

\*

- TRANQUILITY

GOLOVKIN floats into the node, introduces the CHILDREN to DR. JORDAN, who's 'swimming' on the resistance machine.

GOLOVKIN (O.S.)

We call this Tranquility Node. Dr.  
Jordan here..

(Jordan WAVES)

..has been in space longer than  
anyone ever. Four-hundred-seventy-  
three straight days.

STUDENT 1 (O.S.)

Your mommy must miss you.

JORDAN

She certainly does. But I have  
family here, too.

BRAGG (O.S.)

The kind that teases him 'cause his  
mommy misses him.

Golovkin turns the tablet camera to BRAGG, who's next to  
Jordan, pedaling effortlessly on a STATIONARY BIKE.

GOLOVKIN

Dr. Bragg's one of our two newest  
crew members. She's a scientist.  
You'd never know it from how hard  
she pedals. You guys are  
witnessing history - space's first  
ever triathlon.

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

BRAGG

(smiles)

If this were the real ocean, Dr.  
Jordan would be sinking.

JORDAN

(breathing heavily)

Kids, tell Dr. Bragg about the  
tortoise and the hare.

TEACHER

(after awkward delay)

We have another question...

STUDENT 4

(takes mic)

Uh, how do you go to the bathroom?

The classroom erupts in LAUGHTER, as we enter the:

- LEONARDO MODULE

A cramped space used mainly for storage, with only one tiny porthole window. Also home to the SPACE TOILET, which KENDO shows off to the KIDS.

KENDO

Leave it to the engineer.

Kendo holds up a:

KENDO

Funnel. Tube. Foot restraints.  
And some suction. Everything we do  
on the ISS...

- UNITY

HUGH DERRY is in the kitchen, squeezing globs of beef, potatoes, and peas from TUBES to show the kids a MEAL.

DERRY

... is like everything you do on  
Earth. Except different. Voila!  
(eats every glob, chews)  
Shepherd's pie! Hold on...  
(pulls out Polaroid)  
Say Somerset Brie!  
(aims and SHOOTs)  
So... do you have a name picked  
out?

The TEACHER has her hand on the shoulder of a short, pudgy GIRL with glasses. The girl steps forward. Her voice trembles, as if the whole world were watching...

...which indeed it is, if the MASSIVE CROWD in Times Square outside the windows of the TODAY SHOW is any indication:

STUDENT 5

(stilted, rehearsed)  
Calvin Coolidge Elementary was  
honored to be selected out of  
eleven thousand schools. We have  
chosen to name the fossil after our  
namesake...

- KIBO / HARMONY

DERRY

Hello Calvin.

DERRY is back inside the KIBO LAB, turning valves on a series of PRESSURIZED TANKS attached via hoses to the PLEXIGLAS CASE holding the specimen.

DERRY  
Argon, two-point-one. Nitrogen,  
one-point-nine.

The specimen itself is now in a PETRI DISH inside, with the ELECTRON MICROSCOPE perched directly above.

The CREW again watches through the window of HARMONY.

DERRY  
The last is pre-mixed traces.  
Oxygen. Methane. Carbon Monoxide.  
Just open it up and leave it.  
What's our temperature?

Kendo stares at a touchscreen.

KENDO  
Minus 153.

DERRY  
Start bringing it up. The quicker  
the better. Let's give it a jump.

Kendo plays with sliders on the touchscreen.

DERRY  
Even quicker...

KENDO  
Minus 110. Minus 82.

The crew is captivated by the MONITOR displaying the MAGNIFIED IMAGE of the specimen. Jordan smirks.

JORDAN  
Watched pot.

ADAMS  
I know the committee's all wise and  
powerful. But this is some crazy-  
ass shit.

DERRY  
That may unveil the mysteries of  
life's origin.

\*  
\*

KENDO  
Minus 55. Minus 17. Zero degrees.

DERRY  
(sotto voce)  
Dance, Calvin.

KENDO  
18. 19. 20 degrees Celsius.

Kendo stops there. There's no reaction from the specimen whatsoever.

A few seconds pass.

DERRY  
Wait.

A few more seconds. Still nothing.

Disappointment plays across Derry's eager face.

Bragg, by contrast, looks subtly relieved.

BRAGG  
Maybe it's not a morning creature.

Golovkin quits twirling her wedding ring and pats Kendo on the shoulder.

GOLOVKIN  
Sun rises in...

The sun sets below, one of 15 turns of day/night the astronauts will experience in a 24-hour period.

GOLOVKIN  
...46 minutes. Get some sleep.

#### - TRANQUILITY

With very few lights on. JORDAN is moving his arm at the shoulder and watching his corresponding 3D STICK-FIGURE on the monitor.

The digital arm is not mimicking his own properly.

Jordan adjusts a DIGITAL MARKER sewn inside the WRIST CUFF of his jumpsuit. Then 'swims' his arm in circles again.

This time, the digital arm PROPERLY mirrors his own.

BRAGG (O.S.)  
Practicing that swimming stroke?

JORDAN

The three minutes I make up  
tomorrow is pure coincidence.

BRAGG

(smiles)

You wanted to see me?

JORDAN

Yeah. To apologize. I've treated  
you like a nag. You're only doing  
your job. I'm sorry.

\*  
\*

BRAGG

At the CDC, my whole day - my whole  
life - is contingencies. Fail-  
safes. Quarantine means lines of  
defense, one behind the other.  
Call it anal. They teach you to  
expand your mind to dark places -  
imagine, what's the worst that can  
happen? And the next worst? And  
the next worst? And then plan for  
them all.

JORDAN

NASA's just different. We complete  
the mission. We commit to the idea  
of completing the mission. The  
instant we even entertain Plan B,  
we make it more likely.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

BRAGG

(smiles)

This is sounding less and less like  
an apology.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

JORDAN

How do you feel about Derry's...  
campaign?

\*  
\*  
\*

BRAGG

You heard my reservations.

\*  
\*

JORDAN

I asked how you feel.

\*  
\*

BRAGG

Nervous. Committees are  
conservative by nature. Those six  
countries couldn't agree the  
Earth's round. I was shocked they  
said yes.

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

JORDAN

They had to. They spent the money.  
Sent the probe. Now they're  
promised knowledge beyond what they  
hoped.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

BRAGG

Well I'm not them. Or Hugh. I'd  
prefer it dead to dormant.

\*  
\*  
\*

JORDAN

Seven billion souls are glad they  
have a you.  
(smiles)  
Seven billion and one.

BRAGG

Thanks. See, that wasn't so hard.  
(beat)  
Leave Plan B to me.

Bragg EXITS, she looks back to find Jordan still staring at  
her.

BRAGG

What?

JORDAN

Nothing.

Jordan starts moving his arm again.

\*

BRAGG

Good luck with that.

\*  
\*

- HARMONY

\*

GOLOVKIN washes her hair before bed: bag of warm water, no-  
rinse shampoo, towel, comb, dehumidifier. Zero gravity gives  
her the TROLL DOLL look.

GOLOVKIN

Nothing to hang your head about.

REVERSE ANGLE to reveal:

DERRY

I'm hardly hanging my head!

DERRY, changing out of his JUMPSUIT.

DERRY

Today was the single greatest day  
of my life.

(MORE)

DERRY (CONT'D)

I wish I had a time machine so I  
could visit ten-year-old me.

GOLOVKIN

He wanted to be an astronaut?

As Derry steps out of his suit, he grips his LEFT LEG and  
laboriously pulls it from his suit. Then his RIGHT.

DERRY

He wanted out of the chair.

Derry's LEGS are WITHERED, ATROPHIED.

He is PARAPLEGIC.

DERRY

It's in a storage locker in  
Baikonur. Wondering where I went  
after forty-three years.

GOLOVKIN

How do you feel?

DERRY

(thinks)

Like a bird. Don't get me wrong, I  
don't hate my chair. I love it.  
For the sake of the anonymous  
genius who invented it. Who spent  
his life trying to figure things  
out.

\*  
\*  
\*

Derry and Golovkin climb into their respective SLEEP PODS -  
claustrophobic, but cozy. Derry has all sorts of equations  
and figures SCRAWLED onto the inside of his pod's glass panel  
in DRY ERASE MARKER, a la 'A BEAUTIFUL MIND.'

GOLOVKIN

You're one of a kind, Hugh.  
Goodnight.

DERRY

Not until I figure things out.

\*

Derry smiles and shuts the lid on his pod.

A musical cue: 'JINGLE BELL ROCK,' playing over speakers in:

\*

- ZVEZDA

\*

Upside-down SOCKS serve as STOCKINGS. Two PRESENTS 'wrapped'  
in MYLAR fabric and DUCT-TAPE float in a transparent plastic  
bag. A hot, crackling FIRE burns... on a VIDEO MONITOR.

\*  
\*  
\*

And the CREW, velcro-strapped around a table, enjoys a WHITE ELEPHANT GIFT-EXCHANGE. JORDAN is wavering between stealing a yo-yo ADAMS already unwrapped and drawing from the bag.

ADAMS  
Eyes off my yo-yo.

JORDAN  
First rule of not getting your White Elephant gift stolen. Do not talk about getting your White Elephant gift stolen.

BRAGG  
In that case, please don't steal my back-scratcher.

Bragg holds up the lamest back-scratcher ever, three forks taped crookedly together.

KENDO  
(holds up strange jury-rigged CONTRAPTION)  
Or my... what was this?

GOLOVKIN  
I already told you once.

JORDAN  
(reaches for yo-yo)  
Cough it up.

ADAMS  
(surrenders yo-yo)  
I hate you.

JORDAN  
It's better to give than receive.

KENDO  
(remembers)  
Oh, right, an eyeglass holder.

GOLOVKIN  
Is it not obvious?

KENDO  
No.

DERRY  
(sings along, poorly)  
Giddy-up jingle horse, pick up your feet...

ADAMS \*  
(fingers in ears) \*  
In space, everyone can hear you \*  
sing... \*

GOLOVKIN \*  
OK, we've got filters to clean. \*  
Let's wrap this up. \*

BRAGG \*  
But we still have nine more \*  
Christmas mornings! \*

ADAMS \*  
Fine, fine. Astronauts are \*  
supposed to be brave. I'm dipping \*  
into the pile. \*

Adams reaches into the bag to pull out one of TWO REMAINING \*  
PRESENTS. He unwraps it with abandon. \*

ADAMS \*  
Velcro gloves! \*

KENDO \*  
Industrial strength. I made them \*  
myself. \*

ADAMS \*  
Now that's a present! \*  
(shows them off to Jordan) \*  
Eh?! Eh?! \*

JORDAN \*  
You still want the yo-yo. \*

ADAMS \*  
Dammit. \*

GOLOVKIN \*  
One gift left. In the interest of \*  
a merciful end... \*

Golovkin reaches into the bag. Unwraps what turns out to be \*  
a DVD. \*

ADAMS \*  
(Russian accent) \*  
'I must break you.' \*

GOLOVKIN \*  
'Rocky 4?' \*

ADAMS  
My favorite movie.

BRAGG  
Are you one of those people who  
only gives presents they want?

ADAMS  
No. Maybe?  
(to Golovkin)  
I hate to bring this up, Rocky  
beats your boy Drago.

GOLOVKIN  
And I hate to bring this up, Drago  
gives Rocky brain damage.

FLASH! Derry snaps a POLAROID of the festivities.

DERRY  
Merry Christmas, everyone. This is  
one we'll remember for always.

BRAGG  
Did anyone eat the freeze-dried  
cookies and powdered milk I left in  
the airlock?

Everyone looks around. Jordan and Adams make a break for the  
airlock.

- ZVEZDA

Night. JORDAN sits in the service module on watch. To pass  
the time, he does tricks with his new YO-YO. Unbound by  
gravity, the yo-yo is capable of beautiful maneuvers. It  
zooms toward camera, spins in place, zooms back... then  
eerily orbits Jordan like a celestial body.

- HARMONY

The ASTRONAUTS sleep in their respective pods:

ADAMS, snoring.

GOLOVKIN, forehead in the crook of her elbow.

KENDO, ear-plugs in, fetal.

DERRY, black EYE-MASK ON.

Derry TWITCHES, STIRS, then takes off his mask. He suddenly  
snaps back to wakefulness, grabs a MARKER velcroed to his pod  
door, and SCRIBBLES figures on the glass:

72 N, 21 O, .9 Ar, .03 CO2, Troposphere 18°C

Derry's expression is ALIVE with an IDEA.

SMASH CUT TO:

GOLOVKIN, emerging from her pod, jumpsuit half on, DERRY talking a mile a minute:

DERRY

I woke up Munir Huyamun in Florida.  
It's possible - given the expansion  
and contraction of subterranean  
ice...

Derry bangs on ADAMS's pod. Adams wakes up, SCOWLS.

DERRY

...Calvin's been around longer than  
the sediment we found it in.  
(beat)  
Top of the morning.

ADAMS

Fuck me. Wait. Fuck you.

- KIBO / HARMONY

The SQUEAK-SQUEAK-SQUEAK of DERRY turning VALVES in the lab.  
GOLOVKIN and a yawning ADAMS watch through Harmony's window.

ADAMS

How much older is older?

DERRY

Orders of magnitude? Which means a  
very different atmosphere and  
hydrosphere. Closer to Earth than  
today's Mars. Huyamun gave us a  
new recipe. Then we added glucose -  
a nutrient. As soon as Sho's ready-

KENDO

(enters)

Sorry!

- TRANQUILITY

The whirl of the EXERCISE BICYCLE. BRAGG has headphones on  
and is pounding the pedals.

JORDAN enters in fuzzy focus behind Bragg and TAKES OFF her  
headphones, STARTLING her.

JORDAN

Hey.

She looks embarrassed:

BRAGG

Bad startle reflex.

JORDAN

And competitive streak. It's 4 AM.

BRAGG

I'm kinda strung out. I couldn't sleep.

JORDAN

(gestures with chin)

Neither could Dr. Frankenstein.

Bragg frowns, stops pedaling, then anxiously unclips.

We FOLLOW Bragg and Jordan as they pull themselves quickly through...

- LEONARDO AND ZVEZDA...

The sound of LAUGHTER and BANTER can be heard from:

- HARMONY / KIBO

BRAGG and JORDAN enter. GOLOVKIN, ADAMS, and KENDO are already BEAMING at what they're seeing on the monitor. HUGH is inside KIBO, manipulating the ELECTRON MICROSCOPE within Calvin's case.

ADAMS

You get used to amazing...

We're on BRAGG's face, suddenly awestruck by what's visible through the ELECTRON MICROSCOPE.

BRAGG

Holy... shit.

ADAMS

(re: rat)

Pluto's got a roommate.

Reverse angle to REVEAL:

CALVIN is MOVING.

The organism's cytoplasm ebbs and flows within its cell wall.

Its cilia wave like the flagella on sperm, causing it to tentatively dart in different directions in its solution.

DERRY

We'll need to establish metabolism.  
Reproduction. But I'd be shocked  
if those don't follow.

JORDAN

(to Bragg, who looks pale)  
You OK?

BRAGG

Yeah. Yeah.

DERRY

Don't worry. Everything's fine.

GOLOVKIN

I don't want to make any premature  
announcements. But I also don't  
want to sit on this.

(to Derry)

Can you establish a timetable? For  
when we might declare-?

BRAGG

Use whatever timetable you like.  
But Earth should know.

(beat)

It's alive.

\*

FADE TO BLACK:

BREATHING, fast, faster, becoming HYPERVENTILATING, followed  
by intermittent SCREAMS, growing louder.

FADE UP ON:

- LEONARDO

KENDO is alone in the confines of Leonardo, surrounded by  
clutter, covered in flop sweat.

KENDO

*Iki, iki. Anata wa kono akachan o  
okonau koto ga dekimasu.*

(subtitled: Japanese)

Breathe, breathe. You can do this,  
baby.

VOICE (O.S.)

Fuck you, Sho! Pardon me, doctor.

REVERSE ANGLE to a TABLET. Kendo is watching a LIVE VIDEO STREAM of his WIFE, ROSE, in a DELIVERY ROOM, in full-blown LABOR.

DOCTOR  
I've heard worse.

KENDO  
Worse than fuck you? The baby  
can't hear her, can she?

DOCTOR  
Any moment now. Big pushes!

KENDO  
Push, push!

Amidst pushing, grunting, screaming...

SMASH CUT TO:

- ZVEZDA

The rest of the CREW, waiting expectantly, turns to LOOK:

REVERSE ANGLE to KENDO, who's just entered from Leonardo. He is BEAMING, face wet with tears of joy, tablet held proudly in front of him.

KENDO  
Meet Mei.

The astronauts SURROUND Kendo with warm expressions and embraces of affection. On the tablet, a BABY GIRL is resting on Kendo's wife's chest.

DERRY snaps a POLAROID of KENDO and the virtual BABY... then hands it to Sho.

DERRY  
She's beautiful.

ADAMS  
(whispers to Jordan)  
Her head's shaped like a cone.  
(beat)  
Will that round out?

JORDAN  
Hope so.

Bragg hands Kendo a book with a ribbon around it.

BRAGG

One more late Christmas gift.

\*

'GOODNIGHT MOON.'

GOLOVKIN

*Dobroy Nochi Luna.* For storytime.  
It was my favorite. You might say  
my first foray into space.

KENDO

So much better than the eyeglass  
holder. Thank you so much.

\*

\*

(to Rose)

I should go, sweet. We're hitting  
bandwidth regs. Daddy's looking  
down on you, Mei. He'll see you  
real soon.

GOLOVKIN

No bandwidth regs, not today. Take  
your time. Go. Go.

Golovkin shushes Kendo from the room.

- KIBO

DERRY floats outside the Plexiglas cage, staring intently  
into it. We RACK FOCUS to what's now INSIDE the PETRI DISH,  
clinging to its plastic surface:

A SMEAR of what looks like translucent, mottled JELLY, about  
the size of a quarter. 'Calvin' no longer comprises one  
cell, but BILLIONS.

Derry stares, fascinated.

CUT TO:

DERRY unsealing the PORTAL between KIBO and...

- HARMONY

JORDAN and BRAGG help DERRY open the portal. Derry exits the  
lab.

JORDAN

What do you make of it?

DERRY

Hard to say. It's reproducing so  
fast. But it's done for now, if  
that's your concern. It can't grow  
without fuel.

The three cooperate to RE-SEAL the lab.

JORDAN

No offense, Hugh, I'm with Miranda on this. Slow to go fast.

DERRY

I was only playing devil's advocate.

(to Bragg)

You made the right call. And this is now moving at the speed of a committee. Which is good. Going public will take a while. By the time they approve more glucose, we'll know better where we stand.

\*  
\*  
\*

Derry exits Harmony. Jordan and Bragg linger for a moment.

JORDAN

Whaddya think?

BRAGG

They didn't revive it just to watch it die.

- UNITY

BRAGG is searching fruitlessly through the kitchen supplies. ADAMS and JORDAN are making their own breakfasts.

BRAGG

I was led to believe there'd be Tang.

JORDAN

I told you, we're out.

BRAGG

Since when can a grown man find something in a cupboard?

JORDAN

Since when does a grown woman drink Tang?

\*

ADAMS

He's got you there.

GOLOVKIN enters.

GOLOVKIN

I drank all the Tang. We didn't have it growing up in Volgograd.

Bragg looks at Jordan: 'See?!'

ADAMS  
(to Golovkin)  
I thought you and Abbie moved to Oregon.

GOLOVKIN  
It's not at Whole Foods either.  
(beat)  
The committee just went wide.

BRAGG  
And?

GOLOVKIN  
Social media broke. Broad support everywhere. You're stars.

ADAMS  
How am I ever gonna know if girls are into me for me?

BRAGG  
(to Golovkin)  
And?

GOLOVKIN confirms Bragg's suspicions with a nod.

- KIBO / HARMONY

GOLOVKIN (O.S.)  
More glucose.

DERRY is back in the lab, and the rest of the crew is back in at the window/monitor.

THE SPECIMEN, which has adhered to the bottom of its 'cage,' is now the size of a SAUCER... translucent, mottled, slimy, with stubby 'appendages,' as if it wants to grow into a starfish.

What's poised above it now is no longer a MICROSCOPE but a VIDEO-CAMERA, remotely controlled by KENDO.

GOLOVKIN  
We're recording again. Oh-eleven-twenty UTC.

DERRY  
We've confirmed that the specimen's cells have intertwined their cilia. This allows the cells to move together - en masse - as a unit.  
(MORE)

DERRY (CONT'D)

But it also permits them to share electrical activity in what appears to be a growing neural network. Notice I didn't say 'brain.'

BRAGG

Dr. Bragg speaking. We've drawn some conclusions. It's our educated opinion that this new species is not a colony of fast-dividing single-celled organisms... but a larger solitary organism composed of trillions of identical, intertwined cells.

DERRY

Here's what's fascinating. It's all fascinating, isn't it? But especially so: All complex terrestrial organisms comprise discrete systems of differentiated, specialized cells.

BRAGG

Muscle... nerve... photoreceptor.

Dr. Derry carefully places his hands into the THICK RUBBER GLOVES built into the cage.

DERRY

By contrast, every cell of Calvin's can perform every somatic function on its own. Every single cell is simultaneously a muscle cell and a nerve cell and a photoreceptive cell.

BRAGG

So the creature-

DERRY

And we think it is a creature.

BRAGG

The creature as a whole is - in a very real sense - all muscle, all brain, all eye.

DERRY

As such, Calvin now possesses the means to interact with its environment. Including the use of what appear to be proto-appendages.

(MORE)

DERRY (CONT'D)

Lest we seem as crazy as we sound,  
we'll demonstrate.

Derry lowers his gloved hands to Calvin's level.

Slowly, very slowly, he extends one index finger and points it at one of the creature's stubby arms.

At first, nothing.

Then ever so slowly, almost MAGICALLY, Calvin raises one arm to TOUCH Derry's gloved fingertip.

Derry starts to move his finger clockwise, slowly, as though dialing a rotary phone.

Calvin incrementally mirrors his movement.

Derry reverses the path of his finger, now counter-clockwise. Calvin mirrors him again.

Then Derry draws his finger back from Calvin and turns his hand palm up. When he's about six inches away, he starts bending his finger in the universal symbol for 'come here.'

Calvin undulates forward along the bottom of the Plexiglas toward Derry's hand. It makes no sound - in fact, will never make a sound.

Calvin's motion is clumsy, inch-worm-like... its eight stump-like 'limbs' almost stupid in their vague, sloppy exploration of the world.

DERRY

Before anyone jumps to conclusions, Calvin hasn't learned to 'come here.' It's merely responding to a stimulus. In this case, my moving finger.

BRAGG

But notice - it's approaching, not retreating.

DERRY

Its curiosity outweighs its fear. Something that could probably be said of every visitor to the ISS.

Calvin is slowly climbing onto Derry's palm. Once safely there, the creature lies flat. It's similar in size to his gloved hand.

Derry slowly, almost instinctively, carries Calvin to the center of the cage, then draws his hand away.

Calvin 'floats' clumsily in weightlessness, then when close enough, adheres to the Plexiglas again.

DERRY

Of course, Calvin's rapid growth is going to put me out of a job. The next Soyuz up can trade microbiologist for zoologist. 'Til then... Dr. Bragg and I will do our best to observe, classify...

We hear the WHIR of EQUIPMENT, and CUT TO:

- TRANQUILITY

DERRY (O.S.)

...and understand.

DERRY's withered lower body floats free as he uses the 'swimming' machine to exercise his arms. He works hard, fast, almost ANGRY.

- HARMONY

BRAGG watches Calvin on Harmony's video feed. The creature is inching along the side of its box. Then something odd: it stops moving, slowly detaches, and then floats aimlessly in mid-air, motionless. Bragg, captivated, makes a notation.

- UNITY

JORDAN, GOLOVKIN, DERRY, and BRAGG are eating a meal. Derry looks distracted. Golovkin notices.

GOLOVKIN

They won't let it die.

DERRY

It won't die. It'll just keep sleeping.

GOLOVKIN

So, what's wrong?

DERRY

I'm at my best friend's birthday bash. And my mum's about to pick me up and take me home.

Golovkin rests a hand on Derry's shoulder.

GOLOVKIN

The party won't be the same.

JORDAN

Just like a Russian.

(smiles)

Talking about the party.

Bragg chuckles. She and Jordan share a lingering smile.

ADAMS (O.S.)

Sure this won't hurt it?

- KIBO / HARMONY

DERRY

The voltage is very, very low.

We're only stimulating it.

KENDO flanks ADAMS in the Harmony node. Kendo is typing on a touch-pad. Again, DERRY is inside the Kibo lab, its portal sealed, his trusty GLOVES already inside the Plexiglas cage.

ADAMS

And what exactly are we looking for?

DERRY

Every time it's deprived of food, water, air, it enters metabolic stasis. We're seeing, under what conditions will it reengage its environment.

The creature floats upside down, unmoving, inside its Plexiglas prison. It appears hollow and desiccated, and slightly yellowish, like mayonnaise left out too long.

KENDO

Ready when you are.

Derry picks up a GLASS WAND, roughly eight inches long, with a remotely activated ELECTRIC TIP.

ADAMS

Come on in. We're shocking the monkey.

BRAGG pulls herself into Harmony from Zvezda.

Kendo slides a slider on the touch-pad. The tip of the glass wand SPARKS subtly with buzzing electricity.

Derry lifts the wand to the creature. Aims it at one of its stubby appendages. And very, very gently TOUCHES it. Bzzt.

The creature doesn't move AT ALL. Derry squints.

DERRY

Again.

Derry carefully reaches out for the same 'arm.' Bzzt. Again, no reaction.

KENDO

Turn it up?

DERRY

Let's not provoke it. Trying another limb.

Derry reaches with the wand, touches the creature, and...

DERRY

(frowns)

Nothing. Even at the cellular level.

ADAMS

And we're sure it's still alive?

DERRY

It's alive. Just a deep sleeper. What?

BRAGG

Nothing. I'm jealous.

ADAMS

Reminds me of college days.

Derry waves the wand fruitlessly.

DERRY

C'mon, bud. Wake u-

SUDDENLY, WITHOUT WARNING, THE CREATURE SCURRIES RAPIDLY UP THE END OF THE WAND AND ONTO DERRY'S GLOVED HAND.

It moves with unprecedented quickness.

DERRY

Shit!

Calvin's appendages have ELONGATED SLIGHTLY into what look like EIGHT SHORT, THICK, STUBBY 'LEGS.'

The creature GRASPS Derry's hand, THREADING its legs between his fingers and thumb, and around his lower wrist, PINNING the glass wand against his palm.

BRAGG

Don't move!

The wand SNAPS in HALF in Derry's hand.

DERRY

The wand just broke.

(beat, still processing)

It broke the wand.

Derry instinctively pulls his left hand out of the box. His right hand remains where it is, Calvin threaded around it.

- TRANQUILITY

The rapid BEEPING of an increased HEARTBEAT draws JORDAN's attention.

Jordan looks at the monitors to discover that the quick heart rate belongs to DERRY, whose digital stick-figure has one hand inside the digital frame of the laboratory cage.

Jordan immediately exits.

- KIBO / HARMONY

DERRY remains perfectly still.

DERRY

It was so fast. I'm going to try to take my hand out.

BRAGG

Good. Just make sure and protect the glove.

Derry pulls his right hand back. But as he tries to fit it through the hole in the Plexi, the creature subtly extends three of its legs and splays them out against the wall.

DERRY

Shit.

KENDO

It's gripping the glass.

DERRY

It's not letting-

BRAGG  
OK. Relax. Take your time. It  
can't get to you. How hard is it  
holding onto you?

DERRY  
Like... a firm handshake. It  
doesn't hurt. But it's firm.  
Strong.

BRAGG  
And how hard did you pull?

DERRY  
Say, forty percent?

GOLOVKIN and JORDAN enter quickly.

GOLOVKIN  
Update?

BRAGG  
It's got Hugh's hand.

JORDAN  
Hugh? Are you OK?

DERRY  
(forced smile)  
Define OK.

GOLOVKIN  
Sho, can we trust that glove?

Kendo doesn't hear at first. He's staring at the creature,  
transfixed, sweat on his brow.

GOLOVKIN  
Sho?

KENDO  
(nods)  
It's very tight. We clamped it-

ADAMS  
The glove's not going anywhere.

Golovkin looks to Bragg, who NODS.

GOLOVKIN  
OK, do what you can. Pull.

BRAGG  
Ease into it. Harder and harder.

So Derry does just that. He starts pulling... tugging... harder... then HARDER.

But Calvin splays one more leg against the glass to RESIST.

Derry pulls until his muscles are taut. He's now exerting extreme effort. The tendons in his neck stand out.

He yanks with all his might... to NO AVAIL. At last he stops, rests, breathes heavily.

DERRY  
Bloody monster.

JORDAN  
Rest a minute.

DERRY  
It's between my fingers. I can only pull so hard.

ADAMS  
Let me go in and help.

BRAGG  
Absolutely not. What if the glove's-?

ADAMS  
The glove's fine. The two of us-

DERRY  
No, Miranda's right. We have to maintain quarantine. I can do this. Let's figure it out.

Golovkin absently twirls her ring.

GOLOVKIN  
Slow to go fast. Think. Why does it have his hand?

DERRY  
Because I was threatening it.

GOLOVKIN  
Then... we threaten it in some new way...

BRAGG  
Distract it.

DERRY  
Good.

Derry's eyes fall on the floating, broken GLASS WAND.

DERRY

Up the wand to thirty-five percent.  
Enough to get its attention.

GOLOVKIN

Do it.

Kendo nods and slides his finger across the touchscreen. The electrical end of the halved glass wand glows brighter.

The broken wand floats near the other (empty) glove. Derry slowly pushes his left hand back into the glove.

Then he REACHES for the TOP HALF of the broken wand. It floats just BEYOND his fingertips. He FORCES the glove out, STRETCHING its rubber to where it seems like it might BREAK...

...then finally GRAZES the wand with his middle finger...

...causing it to spin back INTO his grasp.

DERRY

Gotcha. Alright, c'mere, my  
favorite Martian...

BRAGG

Slow. Gentle.

KENDO

Up thirty-five percent.

The tip of the wand glows BRIGHTER. Derry lowers the wand slowly toward Calvin. As he does, ONE leg rises up to explore the incoming light. Then TWO.

DERRY

That's right. C'mon...

The creature shifts as if it might entirely ABANDON Derry's hand for the wand...

DERRY

C'mon...

...but then LOSES INTEREST in the wand altogether and wraps back around the glove.

DERRY

No-no-no.

BRAGG

Shit.

DERRY

It's lost interest.

Derry lowers the wand and gently TOUCHES the surface of Calvin's 'skin.'

ZAP.

Suddenly, EVERYTHING CHANGES.

Calvin CONSTRICTS. Derry stops speaking mid-sentence as if the air has been sucked from his lungs.

DERRY

(sotto voce)

Holy shit. Fu-

Derry pulls out of the left glove and starts pulling his right arm again, trying to free himself.

GOLOVKIN

What's wrong?

DERRY

My fingers...

Calvin starts to BEND Derry's gloved fingers BACKWARD and SIDEWAYS.

DERRY

My fingers. My fingers!

Derry's fingers continue to bend into increasingly IMPOSSIBLE ANGLES.

DERRY

Shit-shit-!

All at once, with a sickening POP, one of Derry's ligaments SNAPS like a piano string.

DERRY

Aaah! My fingerrrrrrrrs!

Derry starts YANKING his arm, again and again, hard, trying to pull free.

Calvin worms this way and that, methodically.

POP goes another ligament.

POP. And another. Then...

DERRY  
AAAAAAAHHHHH!

CRACK. CRACK. SNAP. Derry's FINGER-BONES start to CRACK.

DERRY  
Help-help-help-

JORDAN  
Relax your hand!

Adams ignores orders and moves toward the portal, but Golovkin takes his arm, RESTRAINING him.

The cracking is punctuated by a DULL, LIQUID THUMP as DERRY'S THUMB is bent backward out of its socket.

Derry LOSES HIS SHIT, SCREAMING, pulling wildly, desperately to free his arm.

Then CRUNCH. His hand literally CRUMBLES inside the glove.

Derry stares through the Plexiglas, silent and wide-eyed. The glove has taken on a shape very unlike a hand... all horrifying right angles and strange bends.

Then it COLLAPSES in on itself.

Derry is finally able to PULL free from the box. We get a quick glimpse of why: his hand is now merely a crippled SACK of SKIN holding liquid and shards of bone.

DERRY  
It... crumbled my...

Derry turns toward the window to Harmony as if begging for some acknowledgement of what has just happened to him.

Then his eyes roll back in his head from shock, and he PASSES OUT. He floats, still, in the lab.

Calvin still clings to the empty glove.

ADAMS  
Fuck this. I'm going in.

BRAGG  
No.

ADAMS  
You don't have the authority-

Golovkin's low, calm voice cuts through the chaos:

GOLOVKIN

I do. Rory. You heard her. Stay  
where you are.

Adams hesitates, then dutifully remains where he is.

JORDAN

Kat, I'm with Rory, what are we  
waiting for?!

BRAGG

Will he come to? Is he in shape to  
inspect the glove, 'cause that's  
what needs to happen before-

Kendo, whose eyes have never left the creature, speaks up  
meekly:

KENDO

Guys, look. Look.

The GLOVE in question slowly PUSHES INSIDE OUT from the  
Plexiglas box.

The eerie, sustained effect is of an invisible hand reaching  
into the lab and feeling for a way out of the cage.

The 'hand' moves in different directions. The rubber begins  
to STRETCH outward, to where it looks like it might break...

...but then retracts. The glove falls LIMP as Calvin  
REENTERS the box.

ADAMS

See?! The glove's fine. I'm going  
in.

Golovkin looks to Bragg, who finally NODS at Adams.

GOLOVKIN

Go.

Adams immediately moves to the portal and starts to UNSEAL  
it.

KENDO

Look-look.

BRAGG

Rory, stop. Stop.

Adams locks eyes with Bragg. Something in her expression makes him STOP. He looks back through the window.

Calvin is now exploring the fingertips of the SECOND (left-hand) GLOVE, which still clutches the top half of the BROKEN GLASS WAND.

Calvin now starts to push THIS glove inside-out.

The WAND gets DRIVEN BACK into the glove...

...with the SHARP, SEVERED POINT FACING THE RUBBER.

Everyone realizes the danger at once. This glove, like the other, 'reaches' out into the lab, its rubber STRETCHING. Its middle finger grows RIGID from the broken wand...

...whose sheared end SUDDENLY TEARS THROUGH THE RUBBER. The wand forces its way into the lab and tumbles away.

The astronauts watch, speechless, as one of Calvin's 'legs' squeezes out the tear in the glove...

...followed by another, and another...

...until the entire saucer-sized creature SQUIRTS out of the glove and into the weightlessness of the LAB.

ADAMS

Jesus Christ.

Derry is still UNCONSCIOUS, floating in the center of the lab. Calvin awkwardly swims TOWARD DERRY'S FACE

Without anything to cling to, the creature is a bit at sea. But it gradually CLOSES the DISTANCE.

GOLOVKIN

Hugh, can you hear me?

BRAGG

Hugh, wake up. Wake up!

GOLOVKIN

Turn up his ear-piece.

Kendo, feeling the pressure, fumbles for another screen on his touchpad.

Calvin INCHES toward Derry's head. Drawing nearer.

And NEARER.

Kendo finally locates the appropriate slider. Raises the volume in Derry's ear.

The creature is now SIX INCHES from Derry's FACE.

BRAGG  
Hugh-Hugh-HUGH!

Derry's earpiece WHINES with Bragg's amplified voice. His eyelids FLUTTER, but he still doesn't move.

ADAMS  
Fuck this.

Adams UNSEALS the portal.

BRAGG  
Stop!

But before Bragg can do anything, Adams THROWS OPEN the door and THRUSTS himself into the lab with a head of steam. JORDAN decides what's done is done and immediately follows him in.

They bear down on Derry.

Derry stirs, wakes, FOCUSES...

...to discover Adams and Jordan grabbing hold of him.

The two men hook Derry under the arms - like lifeguards might grab a drowning swimmer - and kick off backward to propel themselves and Derry AWAY from Calvin.

Calvin GIVES clumsy CHASE.

Bragg reaches through the portal for Jordan's hand. Jordan GRABS it. She pulls.

Calvin closes in.

Bragg, Adams, and Jordan struggle awkwardly to fit Derry through the door.

At last, with Bragg's help, DERRY squeezes safely THROUGH the PORTAL. Jordan follows, Adams right behind.

But CALVIN reaches for Adams's thigh... wraps one curious tentacle around it...

\*

...and with a quick flurry of movement, LATCHES ONTO IT.

Adams grabs the portal door, only to realize, with horror, that Calvin has hold of him.

Jordan is already through the door. He BECKONS with one hand. Adams has only an INSTANT to make a crucial decision. His gaze catches Bragg's.

Rather than propel himself THROUGH the portal...

...he SHUTS and SEALS the door, LOCKING HIMSELF IN THE LAB.

Then he looks back down at Calvin.

ADAMS

It's got me. It's fucking got me.

Adams makes as if to scrape Calvin off, but hesitates. \*

ADAMS

Suggestions here?! What should I be doing?

Golovkin quickly scans the lab. Her gaze falls on a metal cabinet. She's thinking fast.

GOLOVKIN

What about an oxygen candle? Burn it off.

ADAMS

Yeah. Yeah.

Adams 'swims' to a nearby cabinet, Calvin still clutching his thigh. \*

Adams opens the cabinet and pulls out a bundle of OXYGEN CANDLES - thick, each a different color - which, when lit, give off emergency O2.

Adams raises a GREEN candle and breaks its fuse cap, automatically IGNITING the wick. It sizzles with a small GREEN FLAME.

In one fluid motion, he PLUNGES the candle's glowing TIP INTO CALVIN.

Calvin FLINCHES, rapidly RELINQUISHES Adams's LEG, and SCRAMBLES away from him toward the Harmony window. \*

Adams stays where he is, clutching the burning candle, catching his breath. \*

ANGLE ON JORDAN, who's already attending to Hugh's hand:

DERRY

He saved my life.

JORDAN

We're gonna make you a tourniquet.

DERRY

It hurts so much.

ANGLE on ADAMS. CALVIN is now BETWEEN him and the portal to Harmony.

ADAMS

Alright. Alright. What now?

BRAGG

That portal is not to be opened again. Under any circumstance.

ADAMS

Loud and clear.

A beat. Adams's eyes have never left Calvin.

ADAMS

It seems to have lost interest.

KENDO

In you.

The astronauts watch as Calvin inches toward the RAT CAGE adjacent to the Harmony window...

...with an unsuspecting PLUTO inside.

BRAGG

Never mind Pluto. Just keep your distance.

ADAMS

Thanks for that, yeah.

KENDO

How do we get him out?

GOLOVKIN

We think.

Jordan pulls open a storage cupboard and begins gathering supplies for Derry's bandage/tourniquet/sling.

BRAGG

Calvin's broken firewall one.  
Firewall two is the lab itself.

GOLOVKIN

Options?

BRAGG

Find a way to get Calvin back  
behind firewall one. Once he's  
there, we can pull Rory out.

GOLOVKIN

Rory, copy that?

ADAMS

Yeah. Guys, I'm starting to worry  
about Pluto.

Calvin has now reached PLUTO's PLEXIGLAS CAGE, which includes  
AIRHOLES the size of DIMES.

Calvin adheres to the cage. Pluto 'swims' from one side of  
the cage to the other.

In creepy, fluid fashion, Calvin follows Pluto on the other  
side of the Plexi.

ADAMS

Am I just letting this happen?

GOLOVKIN

Priority is to replace those rubber  
gloves with plugs and lure Calvin  
back into his box. Firewall one.

ADAMS

(digs through cupboard)

Copy. But are you watching this?

Pluto, too, has a VIDEO CAMERA attached to her cage. Kendo  
calls up the feed onto Harmony's monitor.

Calvin finds an AIRHOLE... and in a feat of contortion,  
starts to SQUEEZE THROUGH IT. [Octupi are known for their  
ability to fit through tiny openings. Calvin trumps even  
these creatures, for its lack of bones, beaks, or organs.]

At last, Calvin finally squirms INTO Pluto's cage.

Pluto approaches, oblivious to any danger.

Calvin MIMICS Pluto's leg-churning movement in creepy,  
imitative fashion. Then the creature extends a single  
appendage toward the rat as if trying to shake its paw.

Pluto sniffs the appendage, but doesn't react.

ADAMS

Get outta there, Ploots.

Calvin remains perfectly still for a few pregnant moments...

...then LURCHES LIKE A BOA CONSTRICTOR, WRAPPING PLUTO IN A SILENT, HORRIFYING EMBRACE.

The creature nearly ENVELOPS Pluto, who struggles helplessly. Calvin's legs and body cover every surface of the rat, head to tail.

Pluto, still visible under Calvin's translucent skin, grows remarkably calm and still, eyes open.

GOLOVKIN

It's not constricting her. What's it doing?

Suddenly, Pluto begins to SPASM WILDLY.

Calvin begins to BREAK HER APART ALIVE. Pluto's limbs and tail are STRETCHED as if she's being DRAWN AND QUARTERED... then TORN OFF at the shoulder and hip. Her FUR starts to TEAR LOOSE by the individual hair. BLOOD seeps into Calvin.

And the creature begins to CONSUME the rodent.

Jordan has finished with Derry's tourniquet and sling. Derry stares through the window, glassy-eyed.

DERRY

It's breaking her apart for digestion.

ADAMS

It's gonna digest her?

DERRY

It already is.

Everyone is reduced to terrified silence. Pluto is already being DISSOLVED into tattered parts and jelly.

ADAMS

This is so fucked up.

(beat)

Permission to kill the fucking thing.

KENDO

The committee-

ADAMS

Fuck the committee! They won't have a decision by Christmas!

BRAGG  
Quarantine protocol allows us  
leeway. We can take extraordinary  
measures without consultation if  
and when containment's threatened.

JORDAN  
And it has been.

ADAMS  
Fucking A it has.

GOLOVKIN  
Agreed. Recommendations?

BRAGG  
(beat)  
Kill it.

DERRY  
Everyone needs to understand what  
that means.

BRAGG  
Kill it.

JORDAN  
She's right.

Bragg's and Jordan's opinions, and the weight of feeling  
behind them, finally persuade Golovkin:

GOLOVKIN  
Kill it.

SMASH CUT TO:

FRENETIC ACTION as ADAMS RIFLES through cupboards and drawers  
in the lab.

ADAMS  
I've got nothing here. Steryl  
alcohol?

JORDAN  
What about the other candles?

ADAMS  
They won't generate enough flame.

KENDO  
Wait. There's a spare manned  
maneuvering unit in the aft  
bulkhead.

ADAMS  
I don't understand.

KENDO  
Use one of its thrusters.

ADAMS  
Sho, you're a genius.

SMASH CUT TO:

BLAST! A blue FLAME, not unlike that from a Bunsen burner, erupts into camera.

ADAMS has JURY-RIGGED a MAKESHIFT TORCH from the maneuvering unit, which is now slung under his arm like a flamethrower.

A DIAL controls the flame, which currently matches the size/intensity of a welding torch.

Adams pulls himself slowly along the lab counter toward Pluto's cage.

As if anticipating an encounter, CALVIN squeezes back out of an airhole, bits of undigested rat still under its skin.

BRAGG  
Will it burn?

ADAMS  
Thirty-five-hundred degrees,  
everything burns.

The creature's body has grown subtly LARGER and its 'legs' slightly THINNER and LONGER, like PRE-TENTACLES.

Calvin abandons the cage and slithers across the Harmony window, mere feet from the crew's faces.

The creature is slightly less awkward in its movement now, as if it's learning how to negotiate its strange environment.

GOLOVKIN  
Corner it.

Adams approaches with the torch, extending it with his good hand. He turns up the flame.

ADAMS  
Fuck-you-fuck-you-fuck-YOU-

When Adams is close enough, he LUNGES with the torch. Calvin senses the flame and uses its tentacles to scurry along the wall to the counter.

Adams GIVES CHASE, DIALING UP the FLAME to create short BLASTS. Calvin moves like a LIQUID SPIDER.

ADAMS  
Cocksucker-

CHAOS as Calvin scrambles down the counter with Adams right behind.

LABORATORY EQUIPMENT goes FLYING.

Calvin DISAPPEARS and REAPPEARS as it darts behind containers and squeezes in and out of tight spaces...

...then VANISHES into the crack of a lower CUPBOARD.

Adams catches his breath, then REACHES slowly, carefully for the cupboard DOOR.

Adams THROWS it OPEN and BLASTS the TORCH inside. He holds the flame on for extra-long... then dials it down.

All is quiet and dark inside. Adams starts to PROD the barrel of the torch into the cupboard.

JORDAN  
Careful...

Adams BLASTS the TORCH on full again for good measure.

ADAMS  
I may've got him. I can't see  
shit.

Stillness. Then, without warning...

...Adams FLINCHES! Calvin BURSTS from the cupboard and CRAWLS UP the BARREL of the torch toward his HAND.

Adams reflexively SMASHES the BARREL down on the counter. Calvin LETS GO and scurries across the COUNTER, UP the WALL, and into the CRACK behind an overhanging UPPER CUPBOARD.

Adams blasts the torch INTO the crack, then leans on the counter and peers up AFTER Calvin. He FIRES the torch into the crack again and again from different angles.

Adams pauses, wipes his brow.

GOLOVKIN  
Are you good on fuel?

ADAMS

Yeah. You have no idea how hot  
this is.

As Adams speaks, BEHIND his head, in SOFT FOCUS, a LEG  
DANGLES down from above. He remains OBLIVIOUS:

ADAMS

Can you guys watch-?

BRAGG

Behind you!

The creature SCUTTLES OUT of the cupboard drawer BEHIND and  
ABOVE Adams's head.

Adams SPINS and tries to SHIELD his face with the torch.

Calvin RACES UP Adams's SLEEVE... and INTO HIS JUMPSUIT.

ADAMS

Jesus Christ! Jesus Christ!

Adam's suit BULGES where Calvin moves under it... UP his ARM.

JORDAN

Burn it! Can you burn it?!

Adams fumbles with the torch, trying to aim at himself. The  
bulge moves quickly past his elbow, up his bicep, then across  
his CHEST.

Adams dials up the flame and aims it at his own ARM. But the  
BULGE is already GONE and moving across his BACK.

Adams suddenly freezes.

ADAMS

It's cold.

Calvin crawls ever-so-slowly across Adams's SHOULDER, then  
SCURRIES BLINDINGLY up and out of his COLLAR...

...and ATTACHES itself to the side of his HEAD/CHEEK. It  
clings to his ADAM'S APPLE, EAR, and JAW.

One of its tentacles enters Adams's OPEN MOUTH and TUGS open  
the CORNER like a fishhook.

ADAMS

(muffled, panicked)  
I'm in trouble here.

JORDAN

Burn it off!

Adams points the torch at Calvin with trepidation...

...but then starts SCREAMING BLOODY MURDER. All at once...

...Adams's EAR starts to TEAR LOOSE from the side of his head.

The corner of his lips SPLITS OPEN and SPRAYS BLOOD.

His adam's apple loses mass and shape, as if MELTING.

Adams LOSES his GRIP on the torch, and it tumbles end-over-end away from him, still spouting BLUE FLAME.

The creature slowly CONSUMES ADAMS's FACE. His screams now come from a deepening ravine in his cheek, through which his GUMS and TEETH are visible from the side.

ADAMS

It-hurts-it-hurs-it-hurrrrrrrrrghhh-

Adams's voice suddenly loses its shape and tone, assuming a guttural, scraping quality as his larynx collapses. His screams come out like hacking wheezes, more expirations of air than expressions of pain.

Adams writhes, tears at Calvin with his one good hand.

JORDAN

We're supposed to do nothing?!

Derry is shell-shocked. He knows he should be the one inside.

GOLOVKIN

There's nothing we can do. It has to stay in the lab.

JORDAN

He's dying.

Tendrils of blood float up from Adams's head like root systems.

Calvin rises and falls slightly, as if humping Adams's cheek, sinking deeper into the canyons it's gradually melting into his face. The white surface of his skull is partly visible.

JORDAN

He's fucking dying!

\*  
\*

Adams contorts, flails, then slows and gradually falls still.

BRAGG

Fuck. Fuck.

GOLOVKIN

We notify the committee. Now. We bring them into the conversation.

But Bragg isn't listening to Golovkin.

BRAGG

Guys-

Something has caught Bragg's attention inside the lab:

The MAKESHIFT TORCH has floated lazily up to the CEILING, where its OPEN FLAME is nearing a circular metallic CAP.

BRAGG

Shit...

The flame gradually BRUSHES ACROSS the CAP.

And a LOUD KLAXON ERUPTS across the STATION.

The cap, and a whole row of identical caps on the ceiling, AUTOMATICALLY UNSEAL and DROP a half an inch, revealing:

SPRINKLERS. The sprinklers DOUSE the LAB in red FIRE RETARDANT CLOUDS. The torch's flame is SNUFFED OUT.

Bragg's expression, however, is one of instant TERROR.

BRAGG

Firewall!

Golovkin and Kendo immediately REALIZE what's at stake. Golovkin RACES across HARMONY toward ZVEZDA, Kendo right at her heels.

Inside the lab the red fire retardant spreads...

...then starts to settle on CALVIN. The creature REACTS, sensing the flow of gas from above, extending its short tentacles to 'explore' the descending cloud.

- ZVEZDA

GOLOVKIN and KENDO burst into Zvezda, bee-lining toward two different work-stations.

GOLOVKIN

We locked those sprinklers.

KENDO  
The CPU overrode us.

- KIBO / HARMONY

CALVIN starts to relinquish Adams's head.

- ZVEZDA

KENDO  
The AI won't give me-!

GOLOVKIN  
Full manual.

- KIBO / HARMONY

CALVIN 'reaches' upward toward the ceiling.

BRAGG  
It knows. It fucking knows. How  
smart is this thing?

DERRY  
It feels the air-flow.

- ZVEZDA

KENDO  
I can't control them all at once.

GOLOVKIN  
Then shut them one by one...

- KIBO / HARMONY

CALVIN ABANDONS Adams's corpse and 'swims' toward the ceiling.

BRAGG  
Hurry!

- ZVEZDA

Together, KENDO and GOLOVKIN use his touchscreen to manually CLOSE each individual OPEN SPRINKLER.

- KIBO / HARMONY

The SPRINKLER CAPS start receding into the ceiling, beginning at one end of Kibo and moving to the other.

It's now a RACE between CALVIN, who's awkwardly floating upward toward the nearest open sprinkler cap, and the caps themselves, which are closing... ONE... BY... ONE.

BRAGG

Faster!

- ZVEZDA

GOLOVKIN and KENDO work frantically.

- KIBO / HARMONY

CALVIN and the sequentially closing sprinklers CONVERGE.

Calvin REACHES for the sprinkler directly overhead...

...and at the last moment, gets the TIP of a TENTACLE INSIDE. The sprinkler cap tries to CLOSE, but CATCHES.

The ASTRONAUTS stare through the window, TERRIFIED...

...as the creature gathers itself... and then SQUEEZES THROUGH the open sprinkler and OUT OF THE SEALED LAB.

The sprinkler cap CLOSES behind it, and we...

FADE OUT.

AND UP ON...

The RUSTLE of a MYLAR EMERGENCY BLANKET over the continued BLARING of the KLAXON.

SHAKY HANDS wrap ADAMS's half-eaten face in the blanket, then secure it with DUCT-TAPE.

GOLOVKIN, BRAGG, JORDAN, and KENDO finish 'mummifying' Adams in the center of Kibo while Derry holds the makeshift torch in his one good hand, scanning for Calvin.

GOLOVKIN

His pod will do for now.

The crew drags Adams's wrapped corpse into Harmony. Then they open his SLEEP POD and SEAL the body inside.

DERRY

(taps torch)

We're low on juice.

KENDO

There are two acetylene repair torches in Leonardo.

GOLOVKIN

David, take Hugh and Miranda. Sho, you're with me. We get a distress call out. Then we try to reestablish quarantine. Most important, keep away from it. No matter what.

- ZVEZDA

GOLOVKIN and KENDO quickly enter the service module.

GOLOVKIN

Alarm, please. Then an all-systems scan.

Kendo sits at a monitor and punches keys. Golovkin sits at an adjacent monitor and establishes a link home:

GOLOVKIN

Control, this is Station. Station for Control.

\*  
\*

- LEONARDO

JORDAN, BRAGG, and DERRY enter LEONARDO. Derry's TORCH flickers, then fails.

As if to punctuate this development, the KLAXON cuts out, leaving the module in silence. All that can be heard is the faint hum of the recirculator.

Jordan hesitates, then opens cupboards and hurriedly sifts through equipment.

GOLOVKIN (O.S.)

The specimen's location is unknown.

- ZVEZDA

GOLOVKIN transmits to Earth:

GOLOVKIN

It is to be considered hostile and deadly. Our intent is to isolate and destroy it, in compliance with quarantine protocol. We'll continue said course of action-

KENDO

Boss-

GOLOVKIN

-unless and until otherwise  
instructed. Please acknowledge and  
advise.

\*  
\*

KENDO

Boss-! We lost them.

GOLOVKIN

*Vy chertovski izdevayesh'sya nado  
mnoy.*

Golovkin twirls her ring, as agitated as she gets.

GOLOVKIN

Control, do you copy?

(beat)

Control, do you copy?

(beat)

How much of that went out?

KENDO

Some. I think. There's no way to  
know for sure. Nothing now. Up or  
down.

GOLOVKIN

Can we talk to each other? David,  
it's Kat, do you copy?

A beat. Nothing at first. Then:

JORDAN (O.S.)

(over comm)

Go for David.

Golovkin and Kendo express at least some relief.

GOLOVKIN

So it's the comms array.

KENDO

(punches keys)

I don't think... wait. Yes. It's  
down. I should have seen it.

GOLOVKIN

Why was there no alarm?

KENDO

(punches keys)

It's the same alert as the fire  
alarm.

GOLOVKIN  
Can we run a diagnostic from here?

KENDO  
Software yes. Hardware no.  
(hits keys, scans screen)  
Software's working.

A moment while Golovkin quickly processes options.

GOLOVKIN  
Then I'll have to walk.

It takes a moment for this to sink in.

KENDO  
Let me.

GOLOVKIN  
(shakes head)  
After Adams, I'm best qualified for  
walk-and-repair. Find the others.

- QUEST AIRLOCK

GOLOVKIN is rapidly putting on a SPACESUIT with JORDAN's help. BRAGG looks on, holding TWO ACETYLENE TORCHES that resemble classic welding BLOWTORCHES.

JORDAN  
I don't like this. You're my  
responsibility.

GOLOVKIN  
Earth's your responsibility.

\*

JORDAN  
What about the lifeboats? We could  
escape in the lifeboats.

BRAGG  
Out of the question. Nothing goes  
from here down to Earth.

GOLOVKIN  
First things first. They have to  
be warned. Follow my progress from  
Tranquility. When we're back in  
touch with Control, we'll return  
our attention to Calvin.

JORDAN  
Is it possible Calvin's somehow  
responsible for Comms?

GOLOVKIN  
 Kendo blames the sprinkler  
 discharge.  
 (pulls on helmet)  
 There's only one way to find out...

- TRANQUILITY

BRAGG is perched at the monitor, acetylene torch slung over her shoulder, monitoring GOLOVKIN's vitals. Golovkin's STICK-FIGURE space-walks outside the 3-D frame of the station.

BRAGG  
 Rate 43 beats per minute. Pressure  
 73 over 30. I'd hate to see you  
 relaxed.

JORDAN (O.S.)  
 She is relaxed.

- ZVEZDA

JORDAN  
 Aren't you, Kat?

JORDAN and DERRY watch from the CUPOLA as GOLOVKIN space-walks past the windows. Jordan holds the second of the two TORCHES. KENDO monitors Systems.

KENDO  
 Suit's running warm.

GOLOVKIN (O.S.)  
 Like Siberia in summer.

- TRANQUILITY

While waiting for Golovkin to reach the Communication Array, BRAGG distractedly scans the other CREW MEMBERS' VITAL SIGNS:

Kendo. Derry. Herself. Golovkin. Adams.

Adams' vitals are all ZEROED out. His stick-figure lies still in its pod, hands over chest. Bragg catches her shell-shocked reflection in the monitor, staring.

GOLOVKIN (O.S.)  
 (interrupts)  
 I'm here.

Bragg is shaken from her train of thought by the sight of GOLOVKIN outside Tranquility's bay window. Golovkin reaches the Communication Array. The two women are no more than ten feet apart on opposite sides of the window.

GOLOVKIN  
Commencing on-site diagnostic. But  
it's overheated. I can tell.

- ZVEZDA

JORDAN and DERRY watch GOLOVKIN at a distance through the  
Cupola windows. KENDO keeps his eyes on Systems.

KENDO  
How?

GOLOVKIN  
I can feel. Through my suit.

- TRANQUILITY

GOLOVKIN goes to work outside BRAGG's window.

GOLOVKIN  
I want to check coolant levels.

A small VALVE protrudes from a convoluted PIPE that encircles  
the array.

Golovkin REACHES for the valve and is just about to turn it,  
but then stops, harboring second thoughts.

GOLOVKIN  
Sho, is it possible Calvin could've  
gotten into Coolant? Maybe through  
Moisture Recirculation?

KENDO (O.S.)  
Not probable. But possible.  
Theoretically.

Golovkin hesitates for a few moments. Then...

GOLOVKIN  
We have to know.

She tentatively unscrews the coolant valve. Bragg tenses.

Golovkin unscrews the valve faster and faster. NOTHING comes  
out. No coolant. No creature.

GOLOVKIN  
There's your issue. It's bone dry.  
We may have to re-route-

DERRY (O.S.)  
Commander?

- ZVEZDA

DERRY watches from the Cupola. He speaks weakly but clearly:

DERRY  
Calvin's a carbon-based organism.  
It gets thirsty, just like us. We  
should consider the possibility it  
consumed the coolant.

GOLOVKIN (O.S.)  
Sho, could you list all the water  
sources aboard?

KENDO  
Yes, sir.  
(beat)  
Plumbing and drinking water.  
Contingency water in Zarya.  
Coolant for comms.

- TRANQUILITY

GOLOVKIN has floated such that she now blocks Bragg's P.O.V.  
of the valve in question.

KENDO (O.S.)  
(continues)  
Coolant for propulsion. Coolant  
for the CPU.  
(pauses, wracking brain)  
Coolant for the spacesuits.

The words are no sooner out of Kendo's mouth than Bragg sees  
Golovkin suddenly FLINCH and BACKPEDAL.

BRAGG  
Commander?

GOLOVKIN  
One moment.

BRAGG  
Kat?

GOLOVKIN  
I copy. Don't be alarmed-  
(beat)  
Calvin just came out of the valve.  
(beat)  
And... grabbed my suit.

Bragg INSTANTLY moves to the window.

BRAGG

Where?!

GOLOVKIN

It's bigger.

Golovkin slowly turns around. The CREATURE is clinging to the CHEST of her spacesuit.

Calvin is slightly BIGGER now, the size of a DINNER PLATE, with tentacles over a FOOT LONG. It nearly covers Golovkin's chest.

Bragg is BREATHLESS.

Without warning, Calvin starts SCURRYING over the surface of Golovkin's spacesuit, pausing at different joints to check for weaknesses.

GOLOVKIN

It's trying to get in.

KENDO (O.S.)

Trust your suit.

BRAGG

Can it breathe out there?!

DERRY (O.S.)

No. But it may be able to store oxygen for a period of-

GOLOVKIN

I'm closing the valve.

Golovkin closes the coolant valve with one glove, and with the other, reaches down to try to pry Calvin off her ankle.

GOLOVKIN

It's tight.

(beat)

It's squeezing.

JORDAN (O.S.)

Are you OK?

GOLOVKIN

Yes. The suit's thick enough-

- ZVEZDA

JORDAN  
(to Golovkin)  
I'm headed to the airlock. We'll  
burn it the fuck off.

JORDAN 'swims' across Zvezda, TORCH in one hand.

GOLOVKIN (O.S.)  
It's constricting my leg.

- TRANQUILITY

BRAGG  
Kat, go, now.

GOLOVKIN  
I am.

Golovkin unclips and starts back the way she came.

GOLOVKIN  
It doesn't hurt.

But then something STRANGE:

The creature starts to slowly TWIRL its way up Golovkin's  
LEG, like a stripe on a barber pole. Bragg notices.

BRAGG  
It looks like it's... twisting-

GOLOVKIN  
On my way. I-

Golovkin's voice trails off.

A GLOBULE OF WEIGHTLESS WATER HAS APPEARED INSIDE HER HELMET.

It's followed momentarily by ANOTHER.

And then ANOTHER.

GOLOVKIN  
Sho?

KENDO (O.S.)  
Go for Sho.

GOLOVKIN  
There's water in my helmet.  
(beat)  
I think it's squeezing- It is.  
(MORE)

GOLOVKIN (CONT'D)  
It's squeezing my suit coolant up  
into my helmet.

Bragg watches as Calvin rises past Golovkin's knee to her  
THIGH.

KENDO (O.S.)  
Boss, there's enough water-

GOLOVKIN  
I know. David, you're meeting me  
at Quest?

JORDAN (O.S.)  
Yeah. Go. Go.

Golovkin locks eyes with Bragg for an instant. There are ten  
or so sizable GLOBULES of WATER now floating around her head.  
Then she moves away as quickly as she can.

- UNITY

JORDAN races through Unity en route to the Quest Airlock.

- TRANQUILLITY

BRAGG returns to the 3D model of the station, where she  
watches GOLOVKIN's stick-figure pull itself through space.  
The commander's heart rate and blood pressure are RISING.

- ZVEZDA

DERRY watches as GOLOVKIN hurries past the CUPOLA WINDOWS.

CALVIN has reached her CROTCH and is ASCENDING to her  
ABDOMEN.

DERRY  
She's doing great. You're doing  
great.

The globules of water in Golovkin's helmet have COALESCED  
into larger FIST-SIZED BLOBS. One caresses Golovkin's cheek.  
She turns her head away to avoid BREATHING it IN.

Golovkin looks through the window at Derry as if she's going  
to say something, but only spits away more water.

- QUEST

JORDAN REACHES the Quest Airlock and starts to turn the huge  
VALVE on the windowed door to let Golovkin in.

BRAGG (O.S.)

David, it's Miranda. I took Kat off this channel. She won't tell you this...

- TRANQUILITY

BRAGG

(checking monitors)

...but she's drowning. Her heart's beating out of her chest. Just be ready, she may not be rational.

JORDAN (O.S.)

Copy that.

- QUEST

JORDAN

Here she comes.

GOLOVKIN APPEARS at the outer airlock door. JORDAN gets a quick look at her through the window:

CALVIN is now wrapped around Golovkin's chest under her arms. Her helmet is nearly FULL with weightless water, which drifts around her face in one undulating, suffocating mass.

Golovkin shakes her head this way and that, desperately spitting out water where it enters her mouth.

JORDAN

Kat, it's David! Just help me turn the valve...

\*  
\*

Kat reaches for the valve on her side of the door.

JORDAN

Kat, look at me. Look. Good. Relax. Help me turn. Kat!

GOLOVKIN

I can't- I can't-

Golovkin uses her gloves futilely to try to peel Calvin off her chest.

JORDAN

Kat. Kat! Never mind Calvin, we'll burn him off! First you have to get inside. Let's turn the valve together. Turn it with me.  
Kat.

Golovkin manages to focus, reaches again for the valve.

JORDAN  
There. Now, turn.

But as Jordan goes to turn the valve, he meets STIFF  
RESISTANCE.

JORDAN  
No-no, wrong way. Listen. You're  
fighting me. Clockwise on your  
side! Kat, Kat, Kat!

Golovkin GASPS and CHOKES. Her panicked face is now  
completely SUBMERGED in WATER.

Calvin squeezes up around her SHOULDER and NECK.

GOLOVKIN and JORDAN each throw their entire weight into  
turning the valve, but in OPPOSITE DIRECTIONS.

JORDAN  
The other way!  
(beat)  
Miranda!

BRAGG  
I'm here!

BRAGG BURSTS into the room and grabs the valve along WITH  
Jordan. Kat's hands simultaneously lose strength and grip.  
Together, Bragg and Jordan spin the valve faster...

...nearly managing to OPEN it.

But it is TOO LATE. Golovkin takes a deep BREATH of WATER.  
CONVULSES. SHAKES. WRITHES...

...and GROWS STILL, DROWNING IN HER OWN HELMET.

Jordan is still furiously turning when...

BRAGG  
Stop. Stop!

Bragg nearly has to SHOVE David off the valve.

BRAGG  
It's too late.

On the other side of the window, Calvin has encircled  
Golovkin's neck. Her eyes are open underwater, LIFELESS.

Then... as the water pressure increases...

...the GLASS in Golovkin's HELMET begins to strain...

...and CRACK.

At last, all at once, it SHATTERS.

WATER SPRAYS into space. The CREATURE lurches and uses its many tentacles to GOBBLE it UP.

GOLOVKIN somehow spasms back to life...

...only to have Calvin SLITHER BACK INTO her shattered helmet and down into her SUIT.

Golovkin pats at herself, then begins to THRASH WILDLY, flinging her arms and legs this way and that. Blood streams out of the collar of her suit in ropes.

JORDAN grabs BRAGG and pulls her away from the window, holding her head against her chest so she can't watch.

JORDAN

Don't look. Don't look.

Bragg returns Jordan's embrace, stealing a moment of comfort. They continue to hold each other.

- TRANQUILITY

On the 3D monitor, Golovkin's now motionless STICK-FIGURE slowly pinwheels outside the airlock, still tethered to the station.

- ZVEZDA

KENDO momentarily loses his shit, pounding childishly on the console. DERRY stares through the cupola windows, distraught, then suddenly refocuses.

DERRY

OK. Let's keep it together. Sho, you're next in command?

KENDO

(realizes)

I am.

DERRY

We may have our moment here. It can't survive long in that temperature and vacuum. You folks copy?

\*

BRAGG (O.S.)

Yes.

- QUEST

BRAGG

We have a new firewall.

DERRY (O.S.)

Right. We keep it out there.

BRAGG and JORDAN turn back to the airlock window to try to spot Calvin. Jordan's nose is nearly to the glass...

...when WHAM! CALVIN abandons Golovkin and LATCHES onto the window, INCHES from Jordan's FACE.

Jordan FLINCHES and PULLS BACK. Calvin almost appears frustrated. It starts to use its tentacles to explore the airlock door for a WAY IN.

At last, it slides OFF the window and DISAPPEARS.

JORDAN

Sho, did she close that valve?!

BRAGG

(answers for Kendo)

Yeah. She did.

JORDAN

Good. Can you think of any other way it might get back in?

- ZVEZDA

KENDO, in obvious distress, wracks his brain:

KENDO

I'm thinking.

(beat, realizes)

The thrusters. The manifolds in the thruster nozzles.

DERRY

Where are they? The thrusters.

KENDO

All over. We use them to position ourselves. If it tries one, we could blast it out. Blast it off. But we'd have to know which...

JORDAN (O.S.)  
Can you see it? It's crawling your  
way.

Derry peers out the windows at the side of the station, which  
is shrouded in SHADOW.

DERRY  
It's too dark.

- QUEST

JORDAN scans the exterior of the station. His gaze falls on  
the ARRAY of SOLAR PANELS used to power the ISS.

JORDAN  
Use the panels! To reflect the  
sun...  
(to Bragg)  
Find a window!

Jordan remains at the Quest window. BRAGG hurries out of the  
airlock.

- ZVEZDA

KENDO uses the computer to ANGLE a bank of SOLAR PANELS  
toward the Cupola.

DERRY watches through the Cupola as SUNLIGHT CREEPS ACROSS  
the flank of the ISS, REVEALING more and more of its surface.

The sunlight reaches...

...the CREATURE, which is CREEPING across the side of the  
Unity Node.

As Derry watches, Calvin approaches a round NOZZLE - about  
the diameter of a grapefruit.

DERRY  
There! Unity!

KENDO  
(rapidly pounding keys)  
Unity thruster, online.

JORDAN (O.S.)  
Hit it with everything! Full!

DERRY  
(peers)  
Shit. It went past. Wait, no.  
(MORE)

DERRY (CONT'D)  
It's turning back! It's going to  
climb in. It's climbing in!

\*

Calvin dangles one tentacle into the thruster nozzle, then quickly squeezes down INTO it, DISAPPEARING.

DERRY  
Fire, fire!

Kendo quickly types in a command, hits 'ENTER.' A low, distant RUMBLE vibrates the station.

A long BEAT.

Calvin SUDDENLY SCURRIES BACK OUT the NOZZLE, a mere INSTANT before a BLUE JET OF FLAME ERUPTS from the thruster.

Derry and Kendo grip the nearest surfaces as the station ROTATES slightly. The jet keeps BLASTING.

DERRY  
We missed. Cut it. It's headed  
up... no, down... back toward  
Quest.

- QUEST

JORDAN still peers intently out the airlock window.

JORDAN  
I see it!

CALVIN scurries out of the light and into the DARK again.

JORDAN  
Fuck, no, I lost it!

KENDO (O.S.)  
Here!

Jordan spies another array of solar panels ROTATING. The reflected sunlight slowly CROSSES the Unity Node until it CATCHES UP WITH...

...CALVIN, who's headed for another NOZZLE at the base of Quest itself.

JORDAN  
Quest nozzle... which is that?! B!

KENDO (O.S.)  
Copy!

Another distant RUMBLE.

JORDAN

Wait-wait, not yet! Not too-!

CALVIN hasn't QUITE reached the nozzle in question when...

...BLAST! The thruster fires an instant TOO EARLY.

Calvin FLINCHES backward as the BLUE JETS spin the ISS in another direction. The back of JORDAN's head bangs against the bulkhead.

JORDAN

Fuck! Too soon! Cut it, cut it.

Jordan repositions himself just in time to see Calvin DISAPPEAR into the dark again.

- ZVEZDA

KENDO already has the PANELS rotating again to keep the creature ILLUMINATED. He can see it through the cupola windows, exploring a nozzle on ZVEZDA.

Calvin tests the nozzle with its tentacles like a child tentatively touching a hot stove. When all seems safe, it squirrels inside.

KENDO hits the keyboard. Another RUMBLE. Calvin RACES back out, somehow anticipating what's coming. This time, Kendo cuts off the jets after only a SHORT blast.

Calvin remains poised a mere foot from the nozzle. Kendo watches and waits, finger hovering over the 'enter' key.

He and the creature are now in a game of CAT-AND-MOUSE.

Calvin extends three tentacles down the nozzle again, then PULLS THEM BACK OUT just as KENDO RE-ENGAGES the JETS. Kendo re-kills them immediately.

But the SOLAR PANELS are still rotating, and the illuminating sunlight suddenly moves PAST the THRUSTER. Both Calvin and the nozzle fall into TEMPORARY DARKNESS. Torn, Kendo decides he can't risk inaction.

KENDO

I can't see. I'm going full.

Kendo BLASTS the JETS on FULL again, then quickly spins the panels back.

When the sunlight reaches the flaming nozzle again, CALVIN is already GONE.

KENDO

Shit!

(kills jets)

Miranda, can you reach Tranquility?

- TRANQUILITY

BRAGG races in.

BRAGG

Already there!

Movement catches Bragg's eyes. Calvin SLITHERS down into a NOZZLE, its last tentacle slurping after it.

BRAGG

It's getting in! It's in!

KENDO (O.S.)

Which nozzle?! Never mind! Brace yourself!

A DEEPER RUMBLE. Bragg is BLASTED into a wall as FOUR separate NOZZLES on the flanks of Tranquility and Leonardo THRUST at once.

KENDO (O.S.)

OK... OK... cutting out in three, two, one.

Bragg watches as the blue flame of the nozzle in question DIES, revealing, behind it...

...CALVIN, still CLINGING to the edge of the nozzle by the TIP of a SINGLE TENTACLE - spared by the metaphorical equivalent of a fingernail.

BRAGG

Mother fucker!

Bragg's expletive is punctuated by a LOUD KLAXON.

KENDO (O.S.)

Guys, we're done.

- QUEST

JORDAN is still staring out the window:

JORDAN

What do you mean?! Hit it again!

KENDO (O.S.)

We've burned through all the fuel.

JORDAN

All, or almost all?!

\*

KENDO (O.S.)

Doc, listen. All this random thrusting - we've placed ourselves into decaying orbit. We'll reach atmosphere soon if I don't get us back to stable. And I'll need the rest of the fuel to do it. If we even have that much.

BRAGG (O.S.)

David, we can't risk Calvin riding us down into the atmosphere.

- TRANQUILITY

From BRAGG's P.O.V. through Tranquility's window, she can see CALVIN still DANGLING from the ISS. The creature is framed by the SOUTH AMERICAN CONTINENT BELOW.

JORDAN (O.S.)

We're sure it could survive that?

DERRY (O.S.)

No. But we're not sure it couldn't.

Bragg can't take her eyes off Calvin.

BRAGG

If it's between letting it in here... and letting it down there.  
(beat)  
We let it in here.

A few beats.

The KLAXON CUTS OUT.

As if on cue, Calvin re-grips the station... extends one tentacle...

...and slithers DOWN the thruster nozzle... BACK INSIDE.

- ZVEZDA

JORDAN and BRAGG have huddled with DERRY and KENDO in the service module. The astronauts hurriedly discuss options:

DERRY

These creatures may have dominated Mars for hundreds of millions of years. It took an extinction event to drive them to dormancy. But that doesn't change the fact... whatever lives can die. Back to first principles. What's the primal instinct for any life form?

\*

BRAGG

To survive. Long enough to grow. And reproduce.

DERRY

(nods)

And what does Calvin need to survive? And grow?

BRAGG

Water. Food.

DERRY

If we can deprive it of these things-

JORDAN

Great. Where do we start?

(beat)

Commander?

KENDO, nominally in charge, is near paralyzed by FEAR.

JORDAN realizes he'd best fill in the leadership vacuum:

JORDAN

Miranda, you and Hugh sweep from Quest east. Sho and I scour the poles. We jettison all water and food.

(to Kendo)

How does that sound?

(beat)

Sir?

Kendo manages a nod.

BRAGG

Jettison everything?

JORDAN

Everything. Then we hole up in Tranquility. And wait 'til help arrives.

Everyone looks to Kendo. He finally manages a:

KENDO

Yes.

BRAGG immediately fires up the PILOT LIGHT on her torch and leads DERRY out. JORDAN does the same...

...then quickly turns back around upon realizing Kendo is not yet following. Kendo remains motionless in the center of the room, his face a mask of anxiety.

JORDAN

What's wrong?

KENDO

(soft)

I can't do this.

(louder)

I can't.

(beat)

Command. I'm... sorry.

JORDAN

Stop.

KENDO

Sor-?

JORDAN

With those, yes.

Kendo shakes his head. He's barely clinging to his shit. Jordan gets in his face. Firm and gentle at the same time.

JORDAN

We're up here thanks to a team of brilliant people. Those same people are working on this right now. Even if they didn't hear the SOS, they know something's wrong. And they're gonna come get us. Our job is to still be here when they arrive.

(beat)

There's a beautiful young girl down there. I can't wait to meet her.

KENDO

Me too.

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

JORDAN  
Then let's do this.

CUT TO:

The BACKS of BRAGG and DERRY, moving slowly, deliberately through the dark, illuminated by the glow of Bragg's torch.

- UNITY

BRAGG is now cautiously opening CUPBOARDS at TORCH-POINT.

The air is terrifyingly STILL as she REACHES into ONE drawer... then the NEXT...

...PULLING OUT SLEEVES of SEALED PACKAGES and TUBES of FREEZE-DRIED FOOD. She places them in a PLASTIC BAG Derry holds with his good hand.

DERRY  
Don't worry. We'll see this through.

\*  
\*  
\*

BRAGG  
(small smile)  
No offense? You're a biologist.

DERRY  
So are you.

Bragg aims her torch and opens up a floor-to-ceiling CABINET...

...then SUDDENLY FLINCHES to find herself face-to-face with...

...a BODY.

She PULLS BACK, SLICING her right middle finger on the metal CABINET DOOR.

BRAGG  
Ah!

But the 'body' is only an EMPTY SPACESUIT.

Bragg brings her now BLEEDING finger to her lips.

BRAGG  
Goddamn haunted house.

- ZARYA

Russian for 'SUNRISE.' The functional cargo block (FGB) of the International Space Station. Long, like a hallway, it's primarily used for storage.

JORDAN and KENDO grab the contingency water containers, 'duffels' that line the walls, each containing fifty gallons of liquid. Jordan is deliberately making small-talk:

JORDAN

What kind of name is Mei?

KENDO

It means bright and cheerful in Japanese.

Despite the small talk, it's clear from Jordan's expression and readiness with the torch that his focus is entirely on the whereabouts of CALVIN.

- QUEST

BRAGG and DERRY finish FILLING the QUEST AIRLOCK with PLASTIC BAGS of FOOD... then seal it... lock it...

...and JETTISON the foodstuffs into SPACE.

Then Bragg pauses to BANDAGE her middle finger with MEDICAL TAPE.

- RUSSIAN EMERGENCY DOCKING PORT

JORDAN and KENDO finish placing the water 'duffels' into the Russian Emergency Docking Port - a SPHERICAL SPACE at one end of Zarya with a ROUND PORTAL used to INTERFACE with the HATCH of any incoming rescue capsule.

Jordan and Kendo seal and lock the port, then JETTISON the containers.

- LEONARDO

BRAGG shuts down the water recycling system, EXPUNGING the liquid from the internal plumbing into space.

Expelled liquid drifts past Leonardo's tiny porthole window.

DERRY keeps watch for Calvin:

Slowly, a SHADOW, long and thin, ENCROACHES on the LIGHT given off by Bragg's TORCH...

...nearing DERRY's LEGS.

He STARTLES, SPINNING to see what is CASTING the shadow:

NOT a TENTACLE...

...but the TUBE of the SPACE TOILET, whose funnel floats free, harmlessly.

Derry exhales and secures the funnel to the wall.

- TRANQUILITY

BRAGG, DERRY, and KENDO finish searching and sealing every last INCH of TRANQUILITY.

Valves. Vents. Storage.

They jury-rig makeshift COVERS, SCREWING metal plates over slats, plastering industrial DUCT-TAPE over drains.

JORDAN

Welcome...

Last, JORDAN closes, seals, and LOCKS the node's only PORTAL.

Isolated at the 'eastern' extreme of the station, the crew is now in the perfect spot to shield themselves from Calvin.

JORDAN

...to the Alamo.

DERRY

Not the best choice of name.

JORDAN

You get the point.

BRAGG

Now what?

JORDAN

We wait.

TIME CUT TO:

JORDAN (O.S.)

For the cavalry.

BRAGG, JORDAN, and DERRY are seated in a semi-circle near Tranquility's bay window. KENDO secures the two BLOWTORCHES to a wall with two straps.

JORDAN

I was seven when they lost Challenger. Ironical; that's when I got bit by the bug. All I wanted was to go to space.

BRAGG

'Up the long delirious, burning  
blue, I've topped the windswept  
heights with easy grace.'

JORDAN

'Where never lark, or even eagle  
flew.'

BRAGG

Best eulogy ever.

JORDAN

Rory used to say, don't give me a  
eulogy. Give me a parachute.

KENDO

I can't believe he's gone.  
(beat)  
Kat, either.

\*

BRAGG

Where did we fuck up?

JORDAN

It was a series of fuck-ups. Any  
one of which-

BRAGG

Was it? Just random shit going  
wrong? Or was it... inevitable?  
Set into motion the minute someone  
decided to bring that thing back?

\*

DERRY

It didn't ask to be taken.

BRAGG

Fuck that. I feel such... hate.  
Such pure hatred for that fucking  
thing. That... cancer.

(realizes)

What is Calvin if not malignant? A  
tumor outside the body. Fast-  
growing. Hungry.

DERRY

Life's very existence requires its  
destruction. In order for one  
creature to live, it has to kill  
another. Calvin doesn't hate us.  
But it has to kill us. To live.

(beat)

Life is cruel.

(MORE)

DERRY (CONT'D)

But think what also comes of it.  
Love. Caring. Beauty. And what  
it's like to enjoy them.

\*  
\*

Derry closes his eyes. Reopens them.

DERRY

Sorry. I'm so light-headed.

Then Derry's whole head slumps.

JORDAN

Hugh? Hugh.

Bragg moves quickly to the 3-D model. Suddenly ALARMED by what she sees.

BRAGG

His heart's slowing.

Jordan races to Derry. Checks his pulse. Put his ear to Derry's mouth.

JORDAN

He's stopped breathing.

On the monitor, DERRY's HEART-RATE SLOWS... then abruptly FLAT-LINES. The continuous BEEP sends Jordan into overdrive:

JORDAN

Strip him down.

(to Sho)

Get me the AED!

Bragg moves to Jordan's side. Together they unzip Derry's JUMPSUIT, peel it down...

...and then LIFT Derry's t-shirt, exposing his TORSO. Jordan tries to PUMP Derry's lifeless chest, but it's next to impossible in weightlessness.

Kendo squeezes past Bragg and hands Jordan a LIFEPAK AED (AUTOMATED EXTERNAL DEFIBRILLATOR). Jordan places the paddles against Derry's chest. Thumbs two toggles.

BOOM. Derry receives an ELECTROSHOCK.

Nothing. And again. BOOM.

And a THIRD time. BOOM.

Suddenly, as if by magic, the HEART RATE monitor BLIPS back to life.

Derry's chest begins to RISE and FALL again.

His heartbeat is weak, slow... but faintly rhythmic.

JORDAN  
Christ, that was close.  
(to Bragg)  
Can you check the monitor-

BRAGG  
David.

JORDAN  
-for any sign of-

BRAGG  
David!

Jordan follows Bragg's gaze. At first, he isn't sure what she's noticed. Then he spies it:

Derry's left leg is MOVING under the pant-leg of his JUMPSUIT.

Jordan and Bragg stare at it for a moment, confused, incredulous... then all at once TERRIFIED.

Derry's leg moves some more...

...only not the way a leg SHOULD move.

JORDAN  
Sho, torch!  
(to Bragg)  
Help me!

Together, they grab each side of the WAIST of Derry's jumpsuit...

...YANK it DOWN as FAST as they can... and PUSH themselves AWAY from Derry.

CALVIN is ATTACHED to one of Derry's withered, unfeeling legs...

...silently, lazily FEEDING off his blood.

The creature has been INSIDE the Alamo the entire time.

And it is even bigger now: the diameter of a STEERING WHEEL, with even longer tentacles.

Kendo frantically UNSTRAPS a TORCH from the wall.

Jordan has already made a decision. He lifts the DEFIBRILLATOR PADDLES...

...THRUSTS them against CALVIN's cold skin...

...and thumbs the TOGGLES.

BOOM!

The creature is JOLTED. It UNRAVELS, as if from sleep, and LETS GO of Derry's LEG.

Blood SEEPS upward through partly dissolved WOUNDS in Derry's skin.

The creature, slippery with blood, GRIPS the floor, turns, seems to regain its senses, and DARTS toward KENDO.

Kendo fumbles for the torch. Calvin is nearly ON TOP of him.

In Kendo's panic, the torch CARTWHEELS AWAY. He pushes off the wall to escape.

JORDAN  
(to Bragg)  
Go!

Jordan and Bragg RACE to the lone PORTAL, turn its VALVE, UNLOCK it... and DRAG it OPEN.

Jordan nearly TURNS BACK for Derry, who remains UNCONSCIOUS.

BRAGG  
Leave him-!

Bragg GRABS Jordan by the shoulder of his jumpsuit, preventing him from playing the hero. KENDO is already 'SWIMMING' toward them, aghast...

...as the CREATURE pinwheels around, and back again, as if torn between returning to Derry and pursuing the others.

We can almost SEE it CHOOSE Jordan, Bragg, and Kendo...

...and then silently FLING ITSELF after them, GIVING CHASE.

- LEONARDO / ZVEZDA / HARMONY

JORDAN, BRAGG, and KENDO pull themselves DESPERATELY forward, hand over hand, through LEONARDO.

CALVIN pursues them from behind like something out of a NIGHTMARE. The creature's longer tentacles are more assured and agile than ever before, grasping, clinging, reaching.

The three astronauts RACE into ZVEZDA. JORDAN and BRAGG tug their way down a row of consoles toward UNITY.

Kendo panics and breaks to the LEFT.

Calvin abandons the others and SCURRIES after him.

Kendo, face contorted into a rictus of terror, bursts into HARMONY. CALVIN lurches around the corner just behind.

Kendo spies the SLEEP PODS ahead and CRAWLS forward.

The creature's unpredictable path takes it on a clockwise CORKSCREW from wall to ceiling to wall to floor. It ends up almost literally at Kendo's HEELS.

Kendo LUNGES forward for the nearest pod...

...only to FLINCH at the sight of ADAMS's SHROUDED CORPSE inside.

Kendo quickly abandons Adams's pod for his OWN, then frantically tumbles over the panel. He SMACKS the side of his head on it. Cries out.

The creature REACHES for the glass.

KENDO can see Calvin THROUGH the glass as he YANKS the panel CLOSED over him.

BAM. The lid CLOSES. Kendo SEALS the pod from within.

He is now FACE-to-FACE with the creature, which sticks to the glass, slurping across it to try to find a way in.

Calvin works over the pod like an octopus trying to pry open a clam.

Kendo's P.O.V. of the creature from inside the pod is chilling. He activates his EAR-PIECE, but finds it CRACKED into three pieces from the blow against the panel.

KENDO  
(first we've heard him  
swear, 'shit')  
Tawagoto.

Calvin tests EVERY INCH of the seal, trying to squeeze through.

RACK FOCUS to the INSIDE the glass lid, where, dangling inches from Kendo's nose, is the POLAROID PICTURE Derry took of Kendo and the tablet displaying his WIFE and BABY GIRL.

Then RACK FOCUS back to CALVIN, whose translucent innards still contain HAIR and parts of UNDIGESTED ASTRONAUT...

...including, suspended in the jelly...

...GOLOVKIN's WEDDING BAND.

KENDO throws back his head and SCREAMS.

- TRANQUILITY

DERRY floats in the center of Tranquility, his own blood now dotting the air around him like a swarm of fireflies.

REVERSE ANGLE to see whose P.O.V. this is. Peering from LEONARDO, making sure the coast is clear, are JORDAN and BRAGG.

JORDAN

Go.

JORDAN and BRAGG reach Derry as fast as they can. They each carry a length of RUBBER TUBING, which they start to thread tightly around Derry's waist and upper thigh.

JORDAN

Tight!

Jordan and Bragg pull the rubber taut before knotting it.

The double tourniquets now secure, Jordan RISES until he's face-to-face with Derry.

JORDAN

Hugh, can you hear me?!

Jordan waves the blood droplets away from their mutual faces as if shooing flies, then holds AMMONIUM CARBONATE under Derry's nose.

Derry bats his eyelids. Regains consciousness. Looks around. Then focuses on Jordan.

DERRY

(weak)

You look like shit.

Then Derry looks down at his legs.

DERRY

So do I. Fuck it; who needs them?

JORDAN

I'm glad you feel that way. I'm gonna have to take this one off.

DERRY

No. Don't touch it.

(fades)

You're not to touch it.

JORDAN

If we don't-

DERRY

I know. It doesn't matter now.

JORDAN

Of course it does.

DERRY

(shakes head)

You're the best at what you do.

You both are. Thank you.

Derry closes his eyes for a long while. Jordan fears he may never reopen them.

But then he does.

Derry takes a moment to look at the constellation of his own blood, eyes full with wonder, even now.

DERRY

Beautiful.

Derry's eyes grow glassy. And then still.

He DIES...

...wearing a SMILE.

Jordan wastes no time on sentiment. He moves right to the 3-D MODEL to confirm: Derry's vitals have FLAT-LINED again.

Bragg, too, immediately takes action. The TORCH that floated away from Kendo is missing. Bragg unstraps the SECOND of the two torches from the wall.

Jordan then pinpoints KENDO's position...

...hiding in his SLEEP POD.

Kendo's vitals are elevated, but still normal.

JORDAN  
Sho needs us.

- HARMONY

KENDO is still trapped inside his coffin-like sleep pod. His breaths FOG the glass lid.

CALVIN, tentacles anchored on the pod's hinges, uses its body weight to PRESS against the glass.

Kendo can HEAR the glass creak/whine with the strain.

At any moment, it might SHATTER.

Kendo's panicky breaths come shorter and shallower.

The SOUND of the straining glass is unbearable.

Tiny capillary-like CRACKS appear in its surface...

...but by some miracle, it HOLDS.

Calvin finally gives up, slides away, and disappears. Kendo angles his head to try to watch. After a few long moments of stillness...

...he reaches for the pod's LOCK. But his hand is SHAKING. The closer his fingers get to the lock, the less they want to touch it.

Until at last, Kendo lowers his hand and BREAKS DOWN in SOBS.

He has LOST the WILLPOWER to try to escape.

BRAGG (O.S.)  
He's not answering.

- TRANQUILITY

BRAGG  
He can't hear us. That or we can't hear him.

JORDAN  
Any time you have good news...

BRAGG  
Same to you.

JORDAN examines KENDO's STICK-FIGURE in the monitor. Kendo is still safely within his pod.

ADAMS's stick-figure corpse lies in the pod NEXT to Kendo's. Only something is strangely AMISS...

Jordan frowns and hits a key, which lights up the different articulation MARKERS on Adams's jumpsuit, each in turn: ankle, knee, hip... wrist, elbow, shoulder... collar.

Only this last marker doesn't light up at all. In fact, it appears to be MISSING.

Jordan bangs a couple more keys, which MAGNIFIES the TRUE real-time LOCATION of the vanished COLLAR MARKER:

It is no longer attached to Rory's neck.

Rather, it is MOVING slowly within one of the WALLS of the QUEST AIRLOCK.

Jordan zooms in and tracks the movement with his eye:

JORDAN

Oh my God.

BRAGG

What?

JORDAN

Fucking thank you.

Bragg joins Jordan. He points:

JORDAN

The digital marker from the collar of Rory's jumpsuit.

(beat)

It's moving. Look...

BRAGG

(realizes)

It's inside Calvin.

JORDAN

(nods)

Eaten. But undigested.

BRAGG

Holy shit. If we can track it-

JORDAN

We can hunt it.

Jordan wears a look of determination. But the camera RACKS FOCUS from his face to a tiny DROP of BLOOD floating in the air.

The camera LOWERS slowly to reveal a SECOND blood drop. And then further until it spies Bragg's HAND.

Bragg is OBLIVIOUS to the fact that the MEDICAL TAPE around her CUT FINGER is now SATURATED with BLOOD.

A third DROP floats off her finger and into the air.

FADE OUT AND UP  
ON:

- QUEST

The most bizarrely CLAUSTROPHOBIC SPACE we've been in yet: what feels like a HALL fifty feet long but only ONE foot wide.

The hall is suddenly FILLED by CALVIN slithering PAST. The scale makes it clear: this isn't a hall at all, but the interior of a WALL.

For the first time, we follow the CREATURE on a JOURNEY through the INNARDS of the ISS.

The creature displays unsettling ingenuity as it squeezes through the tiniest of crevices.

However small the space, the camera FOLLOWS in what feels like a colonoscopy of the station itself:

The creature threads its way around electric WIRING.

Emerges from an electrical OUTLET in UNITY.

Slips back through the tightly spaced slats of an AIR VENT.

Crawls down a labyrinth of DUCTS.

Undulates through an AIR HOSE.

Emerges from a NOZZLE into an open SLEEP POD in HARMONY.

Spirals down a DRAIN like a liquid pinwheel.

Tunnels through plumbing PIPES.

Squeezes down the long rubber tube of the SPACE TOILET...

...and oozes out its FUNNEL into LEONARDO...

...where it encounters a BLOOD DROP floating in the air.

One of Calvin's TENTACLES curls around the drop and draws it in, like a dog's tongue lapping up water.

A second drop floats just out of reach. CALVIN consumes that drop, too. And then a third...

...and a fourth.

The drops are evenly spaced, in a trail like BREADCRUMBS, leading through the open area of Leonardo.

The creature follows the trail, using its tentacles both to crawl and to gobble up the blood, one drop at a time...

...through ZVEZDA...

...around a corner, and at last...

...into the featureless, tube-like 'HALL' of ZARYA. The portal at the far end, which leads to the EMERGENCY RUSSIAN DOCKING PORT, is sealed shut.

Floating in SHADOWY SOFT FOCUS in the CENTER of the hall is a FIGURE with its back turned.

Calvin picks up speed, agilely scuttling forward... no longer exploring...

...ATTACKING.

It SCRAMBLES up the BACK of the figure and quickly slides around to its FACE...

...not BRAGG's:

But DERRY's.

The Microbiologist's CORPSE, still leaking blood from its leg, has been STRAPPED to the floor in the center of the tube.

Calvin is climbing onto Derry's head when...

JORDAN

Now!

JORDAN and BRAGG appear at the ass-end of the hall behind Calvin. Together, they SLAM the PORTAL SHUT and TURN a VALVE to seal it.

Calvin sees them, crawls OFF Derry, and RACES toward the portal.

Bragg watches the creature BEAR DOWN on them through the PORTAL WINDOW.

It grows closer... CLOSER...

It reaches the portal just BEFORE it closes. Bragg thrusts her TORCH into the narrowing crack and FIRES.

The creature RECOILS. Bragg then pulls the torch BACK, allowing Jordan to finish SEALING and LOCKING the portal.

The creature SMACKS against the glass.

Jordan pounds the glass with his fist cathartically, defiantly.

Bragg FLIPS Calvin the BIRD. Her middle finger has been RE-TAPED so that it NO LONGER LEAKS BLOOD.

BRAGG

Firewall.

- ZVEZDA

JORDAN sits at a console, rapidly typing on a keyboard.

JORDAN

Now we vent the son-of-a-bitch.

Jordan strikes keys. BRAGG watches through the Cupola windows as the Zarya Module starts to EXPEL all its gasses into space.

JORDAN

Follow me.

We follow Jordan and Bragg back to...

- TRANQUILLITY

JORDAN and BRAGG reach the digital 3-D model. The DIGITAL MARKER from RORY's COLLAR is darting around Zarya from end to end and side to side, looking for a way out.

At last, the marker SLOWS DOWN, reaches the center of the hall, and FALLS STILL.

BRAGG

That's right. Drown. How long will it take?

JORDAN

We're in no rush.

BRAGG

We did it.

JORDAN

We did it.

The pair re-embraces, CACKLING with RELIEF. They cling to each other for a few moments.

BRAGG

(beat)

Let's go grab Sho.

Jordan pulls out of the embrace.

JORDAN

Who gets to be the one to tell him?

BRAGG

Bike race for it?

Bragg expects a reaction, but Jordan has suddenly grown still in her arms. His attention is trained out the window, his face suddenly painted with... HOPE. \*

Bragg senses something is up, pulls out of the hug, sees the expression on Jordan's face. \*

BRAGG

What? \*

Bragg slowly turns around and follows Jordan's gaze. \*

JORDAN

They came. \*

REVERSE ANGLE to the astronauts' P.O.V.: a SIGHT for SORE EYES: \*

A shiny SOYUZ RESCUE CAPSULE outside the window, framed by the Asian Continent. \*

The capsule is inbound from Earth, already within a HUNDRED FEET of the ISS... and rapidly CLOSING. \*

JORDAN

I knew it. \*

The pair shares a moment of RELIEF and JOY, until their eyes trace the SOYUZ's PATH... which will shortly lead it to the RUSSIAN EMERGENCY DOCKING PORT... \*

...which is ITSELF attached via (sealed) portal to...

...the ZARYA 'HALL' in which CALVIN is TRAPPED.

BRAGG

Oh my God. Can they hear us?!

JORDAN

No.

Bragg and Jordan move to the window and WAVE FRANTICALLY.

JORDAN

Stop! Stop!

Jordan and Bragg watch helplessly as the Soyuz slowly closes the distance to the DOCK and ATTACHES to the ISS. The station SHUDDERS slightly from the impact.

BRAGG

Can we send a message?

Jordan is seized by an IDEA. He rifles through DRAWERS for a FLASHLIGHT.

JORDAN

Morse.

JORDAN finds a FLASHLIGHT, aims it out the window, and starts clicking it on and off.

JORDAN

(realizes)

Shit! The windows are reflective.  
This probably isn't bright enough.  
Go back to Zarya. Get their  
attention through the window before  
they come in.

Bragg nods and crosses the room... but before she's completely past the window, she's greeted by a BLUE FLASH, a ROAR, and a jarring, pitching MOVEMENT of the entire station.

- HARMONY

KENDO is SMASHED into the side of his SLEEP POD by the movement. Even inside this cocoon, he can HEAR the distant ROAR.

- TRANQUILLITY

Momentarily stunned, JORDAN and BRAGG regain their bearings and look out the window.

The SOYUZ still has its nose attached to the station, but its THRUSTERS are FIRING on FULL.

JORDAN

What the fuck are they doing?!  
They're not even bothering to-  
(MORE)

JORDAN (CONT'D)  
(abandons flashlight)  
Fuck this. Let's go.

BRAGG  
David, wait. Wait.

Bragg catches Jordan's elbow. He loses all urgency to keep moving at the sight of Bragg's expression.

JORDAN  
What? What is it?

Bragg struggles to find words.

JORDAN  
What's this all about?

BRAGG  
Protocol.  
(beat)  
Firewall 3.  
(off Jordan's confused look)  
Firewall 1 was the box. Firewall 2 was the lab. Firewall 3-

JORDAN  
(realizes)  
The station.

BRAGG  
(nods)  
It's why we're up here in the first place. Instead of Earth. In the event of failures to Firewalls 1 and 2, the ISS itself becomes the moat. And the decision tree reduces to two branches. Contain.  
(watches burning thrusters)  
Or expel.

JORDAN  
(realizes)  
They're pushing us out to deep space.

BRAGG  
(nods)  
The whole station. For good. What was it Ripley said? 'It's the only way to be sure.'

Jordan is gut-punched.

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

JORDAN  
I told Sho-

BRAGG  
They have no choice.

JORDAN  
Bullshit! All they ever preach is  
crew safety! Never mind us; this  
is the most expensive structure  
ever built-

BRAGG  
Nothing to the future of Earth.

JORDAN  
(realizes more)  
Oh my God.  
(beat)  
This was your call.

BRAGG  
Not my call. My idea.  
(beat)  
I'm so sorry. **But they have to.**  
You know it.

Jordan has no answer. He does know, deep down.

BRAGG  
It's my responsibility to restore  
failed Firewalls. In success,  
we're allowed go home. In  
failure... we pack our bags for the  
Kuiper Belt.

JORDAN  
But we have restored Firewall 2!

BRAGG  
You and I know that.

- HARMONY

BRAGG (O.S.)  
Everyone else is still in the dark.

In his darkened sleep pod, KENDO can still hear the telltale  
ROAR of the THRUSTERS. He is trying to get a better VIEW  
through the glass lid.

He takes a long look at the Polaroid of his baby girl,  
suddenly energized by the thought of...

...RESCUE. Jordan was right after all. \*

Kendo takes one last look around Harmony. No sign of Calvin.

At last, with one great rush of courage, or possibly cowardice, he UNSEALS the lid, THROWS it open, and MAKES a BREAK for ZVEZDA.

- TRANQUILITY

The BEEP of Kendo's suddenly increased HEART-RATE draws JORDAN's attention. On the 3-D model, KENDO's STICK-FIGURE has left its pod and is 'swimming' through ZVEZDA toward ZARYA...

...and CALVIN.

JORDAN

Oh, Jesus.

(beat)

Sho, no!

(beat, as Bragg, too,  
realizes:)

Stop him!

Jordan and Bragg race out of Tranquility. Bragg still has her trusty TORCH slung over her shoulder.

BRAGG

Sho! Sho!

- ZVEZDA

The noise of the BLASTING THRUSTERS mutes Bragg's distant voice.

KENDO continues his pell-mell escape, frantically unsealing the PORTAL that Jordan and Bragg just sealed, expecting Calvin to appear at any moment BEHIND him.

- LEONARDO

JORDAN and BRAGG race through the station, desperation on their faces:

JORDAN

Sho!

- ZARYA

KENDO opens the vacuum-sealed hall. AIR RUSHES IN. He sees Derry's restrained corpse, but in his panicky state, doesn't register its significance.

Kendo passes the body and makes his way to the airlock, OBLIVIOUS to...

...an INERT CALVIN, floating in the rafters. The onrushing AIR swirls motes of dust around the creature.

Kendo unseals the far portal and enters the...

- RUSSIAN EMERGENCY DOCKING PORT

The SOYUZ is connected to the dock's airlock.

Kendo unilaterally UNLOCKS and OPENS the capsule's HATCH from the OUTSIDE. \*

In the rafters BEHIND him, CALVIN MOVES...

...lowering a single exploratory tentacle.

- ZVEZDA

JORDAN and BRAGG are still swimming through the service module when they hear SUDDEN SCREAMING. We follow as they move quickly across Zvezda...

...around the bend...

...into ZARYA.

At the far end of the hall, past Derry's corpse, the HATCH to the SOYUZ capsule is visible. It is fully OPEN, and ALL HELL is BREAKING LOOSE INSIDE.

Multiple voices. Panicked SCREAMS of FEAR and PAIN. Flailing LIMBS. Spraying BLOOD.

The CAPSULE, THRUSTERS STILL FIRING, breaks loose from the station, but only part-way. It remains cock-eyed, STUCK.

Precious air RUSHES out the broken seal into space. The resulting SUCTION violently PULLS Jordan and Bragg down the hall. They GRASP for hand-holds.

TORRENTS of BLOOD FLOW from the Soyuz into space.

The capsule, thrusters on full, BANGS against the side of the station again and again, trying to pull free.

Kendo tries to CRAWL back OUT of the Soyuz, but is impeded by onrushing air.

Bragg is going to be swept right INTO Kendo.

\*

She and Jordan flail at the walls, trying to cling to something. \*

With his final fingertip, Jordan manages to grasp the BELT of DERRY's JUMPSUIT. Then he reaches down and grabs Bragg by the COLLAR. \*

Kendo grasps the side of the DOCK and pulls himself into the station, forward, hand over hand. \*

Kendo reaches for Bragg, and she for him. They CLASP HANDS. \*

The CREATURE emerges from the Soyuz... \*

...grasps with its tentacles... and latches onto Kendo's BOOT. It uses rest of its tentacles to ANCHOR itself. \*

Bragg PULLS with all her might, playing a macabre game of TUG-OF-WAR with Calvin, with Kendo in the role of the ROPE. \*

Calvin's tentacles slip, slide, lose purchase on the floor. But rather than relinquish its hold on Kendo... \*

...it abandons its grip on the floor and squirrels up the LEG-HOLE of his JUMPSUIT. \*

In one fluid movement, Calvin emerges from Kendo's SLEEVE at the wrist. Kendo LETS GO of Bragg's hand to try to FEND the creature off. Instead, Calvin crawls back UP his arm. \*

Kendo grabs the floor and opens his mouth to scream. \*

CALVIN FORCES ITSELF DOWN HIS THROAT. \*

Jordan YANKS Bragg AWAY from Kendo until they both can GRIP the side of the station. Bragg throws one final glance back over her shoulder. \*

Calvin's last tentacle disappears between Kendo's lips like a piece of slurped spaghetti. \*

Kendo starts WRITHING frenetically as the creature EATS HIM FROM INSIDE OUT. \*

BLOOD GUSHES from his mouth and nostrils. \*

Jordan and Bragg pull themselves hand-over-hand through Zarya. \*

Then Calvin crawls out of a newly ruptured HOLE in Kendo's ARMPIT... \*

...and CHASES them both. \*

Kendo's lifeless body TUMBLES out the airlock. \*

Jordan and Bragg crawl frantically out of Zarya, against the onrushing flow of air, and around the bend. Bragg intermittently aims her blowtorch BEHIND her and FIRES.

- ZVEZDA

Just ahead of an onrushing CALVIN, JORDAN and BRAGG SLAM SHUT and SEAL the PORTAL to the service module.

KLAXONS are BLARING again.

Jordan and Bragg enter a virtual SPIN-CYCLE as the STATION begins to rotate from the capsule's haphazard thruster-fire.

As quickly as they can, they SEAL the other THREE PORTALS, turning ZVEZDA into a second ALAMO.

Bragg has no sooner finished than she throws a terrified GLANCE out the CUPOLA WINDOWS.

The SOYUZ suddenly TEARS FREE of the DOCK...

...and TUMBLES end over end, still THRUSTING willy-nilly, directly THROUGH an ARRAY of SOLAR PANELS.

The capsule RIPS a section of panels OFF the side of the station like tissue paper. The remnants of the panel dangle in its wake.

Jordan and Bragg watch helplessly as the crippled Soyuz then hurtles DIRECTLY TOWARD the CUPOLA WINDOWS.

The capsule seems certain to SMASH into the windows, but the CAREENING STATION rotates JUST ENOUGH...

...that the Soyuz sails OVER the CUPOLA by inches. The capsule GLANCES OFF the dorsal ridge of the station with a sickening CRUNCH.

JORDAN and BRAGG are smashed into the CEILING.

Jordan shakes off stars, regains his bearings, fights his way to a console... and starts to kill the ALARMS.

Bragg peers out the window. The rescue capsule is beyond saving, drifting helplessly into deep space.

Bragg joins Jordan as he cycles through SYSTEMS, diagnosing the station's ills.

JORDAN  
CPU's still up. Miracle. But  
we're losing life support.  
Atmosphere's venting from...  
everywhere. Even here. I don't  
know how to stop it.

BRAGG  
How long do we have?

JORDAN  
In here? Two hours? Hour forty-  
five? So there's that. But if-  
(hits keys, beat)  
Fuck. Fuck-fuck.

BRAGG  
What?

JORDAN  
We're not moving into space. The  
opposite. All that fucked-up  
thrusting. We're decaying again.

BRAGG  
You're kidding.

JORDAN  
Sho has this sub-routine-  
(strikes keys)  
Here. Without any correction in  
course - which we don't have the  
fuel for anyway - we'll hit  
atmosphere in...  
(beat)  
...thirty-nine minutes.

Bragg can barely react, let alone respond.

Jordan goes to say something, stops. A sudden, oppressive  
inevitability descends.

JORDAN  
We won't survive reentry.

Beat.

BRAGG  
But Calvin could.

ANGLE ON:

The Cupola windows.

Outside is the most breathtaking view we've seen yet: the NORTH AMERICAN CONTINENT transitioning from DAY to NIGHT, a magical curtain of light drawing across AMERICA.

BRAGG moves into frame, staring out the windows, transfixed.

Then JORDAN appears by her side.

They are SO CLOSE to home, and yet never FURTHER. Bragg is MISTY-EYED.

BRAGG

The first time a place feels like home is when you leave it.

JORDAN

It's perfect. From here. No traffic. Smog. Walmart.

BRAGG

I kinda miss Walmart.

JORDAN

I'm more of a Target guy.

A long beat.

BRAGG

What do we do?

Jordan has no answer. Bragg turns to him. A single tear floats off her cheek.

Jordan catches it in his palm, like a soap bubble he doesn't want to pop.

He slowly reaches up and brushes a strand of Bragg's hair from her face...

...and then all at once, leans in and KISSES her quickly on the lips.

Almost as quickly, he PULLS BACK.

JORDAN

Sorry. I'm sorry. It's just...  
I've been wanting to do that for so long.

Bragg hesitates for a moment, trying to cap her own bottled emotions. It's no use. She abandons decorum and KISSES him back. Then pulls back herself.

BRAGG  
Don't be sorry.  
(angry)  
It's so stupid. We're idiots.  
Fuck this. Fuck everything.

They look into each other's eyes. A stolen moment in a maelstrom.

A moment that is almost immediately INTERRUPTED. Earth's curtain of light is momentarily blotted...

...by SHO'S CORPSE, which floats past the Cupola windows, in serene repose, eyes closed, oddly peaceful after what he just endured.

The sight brings Jordan and Bragg back to crushing reality.

JORDAN  
Soon, the only O2 left will be in  
this room.  
(beat)  
Calvin's coming.

TIME CUT TO:

- ZVEZDA

The ZVEZDA OXYGEN GAUGE is precipitously close to EMPTY.

A melancholy, defeated BRAGG and JORDAN are huddled together near the cupola windows, conserving oxygen, torch at the ready.

BRAGG reads 'GOODNIGHT MOON' aloud.

BRAGG  
Goodnight, stars. Goodnight, air.

Bragg closes the book, rests her tired head on Jordan's shoulder.

BRAGG  
Goodnight, noises everywhere.

Jordan stares out the windows, Earth below, framed by the remaining two SOYUZ capsules in silhouette at the far end of the ISS.

A BEAT of silence.

JORDAN  
One more time.  
(off Bragg's furrowed  
brow)  
Read it one more time.

Jordan suddenly springs into motion. He's got a PLAN.

JORDAN  
Just the last part.

Jordan opens a CUPBOARD, RIFLES through it.

BRAGG  
Goodnight, stars. Goodnight-

JORDAN  
Air.

Jordan holds up a bundle of FIVE OXYGEN CANDLES.

The sound of CLICKING COMPUTER KEYS.

CUT TO:

- MONITOR

The pre-programming for SOYUZ LIFEBOAT A.

JORDAN (O.S.)  
Two lifeboats. A and B.

- ZVEZDA

JORDAN sits at the systems monitor, BRAGG over his shoulder.

JORDAN  
Both set to a default entry  
trajectory. They'll auto-pilot  
themselves to the surface,  
unless...

Jordan strikes a final key.

JORDAN  
...someone overrides them from  
inside.

Jordan separates the candles, keeping four for himself.

JORDAN  
I use the oxygen as bait. Lure  
Calvin into Boat A. Close the  
hatch. Switch to manual.  
(MORE)

JORDAN (CONT'D)

And use the stick to override auto-pilot and chart a one-way course for deep space.

\*  
\*

(hands Bragg one candle)

You take the last candle. And the torch. Boat B automatically flies you home.

\*

BRAGG

No. Absolutely not. We should lure Calvin together.

JORDAN

Both of us in the dark, falling all over each other? No. I go first. If something happens to me...

(wry smile)

...you're Plan B.

BRAGG

Fuck you, David.

JORDAN

We have one job. To keep this creature off Earth...

BRAGG

Then make me plan A!

JORDAN

You're new to piloting. It has to be me. It has to.

BRAGG

Oh God. Oh God. You're gonna do this.

JORDAN

Yeah.

Jordan hugs Bragg. She hugs him back hard. They're both crying.

Jordan pulls back. They stare at each other. Then steal a FLURRY of tiny forbidden KISSES.

JORDAN

I woulda liked- I woulda loved-

BRAGG

Me, too. Me, too.

The two remain still, foreheads pressed together, gathering their courage to say goodbye.

JORDAN  
I'm scared. OK.

One last kiss. And two last looks of grit.

JORDAN  
Save the world.

BRAGG  
Save the world.

CUT TO:

The DARKNESS of...

- HARMONY

JORDAN holds his breath and squeezes out of Zvezda.

BRAGG closes the portal behind him. They share one last look through the closing crack.

The portal shuts and seals. Jordan finds himself in PITCH, INKY BLACK - the dark, airless innards of a dying station.

A long, ominous BEAT.

Then... FLASH!

Jordan SPARKS the first OXYGEN CANDLE.

The blue light source extends into the darkness no more than six feet, in a slowly dying sphere.

Jordan raises the candle to his face and BREATHES off the precious expelled oxygen...

...then extends it in front of him and 'swims' around Harmony. He is HUNTING... for CALVIN.

Illuminated only by the candle's blue glow, Jordan searches every cranny and crevice of the room.

He thinks he sees Calvin in every shadow.

Jordan senses MOVEMENT, twists to his right.

It is only the open lid of Kendo's SLEEP POD, baby pictures still taped to the glass. The jury-rigged EYEGLASS HOLDER floats nearby.

\*  
\*

Jordan extends the candle into the recesses of Kendo's pod. Then he opens the lids of the remaining pods, one by one.

The candle casts LARGE SHADOWS of DERRY's SCRIBBLED CALCULATIONS onto the far wall.

ADAMS's mummified CORPSE drifts out of the last pod.

As Jordan stares at the shrouded body, the blue candle starts to die. The sphere of light contracts, then blinks out.

A pregnant moment of darkness, followed by... FLASH!

A GREEN candle and a new sphere of light. Jordan takes a deep breath of oxygen and proceeds into...

- KIBO

The lab is eerie in the darkness, a graveyard of former plans and dreams.

Adams's BLOOD still drifts through the room.

Particles of FIRE RETARDANT cling to every surface.

CUT TO:

- ZVEZDA

BRAGG peers through the cupola windows at Kibo and the Pirs and Poisk Docking Modules, trying to catch a glimpse of JORDAN.

No sight of him. Her gaze goes to Zvezda's OXYGEN GAUGE.

O2 levels have plunged to near EMPTY.

- KIBO

JORDAN explores KIBO, green candle held in front of him, examining...

PLUTO's CAGE.

CABINETS and CUPBOARDS.

CALVIN's PLEXIGLAS CASE.

The attached RUBBER GLOVES extend toward Jordan, as if BECKONING, trying to escape the case.

Jordan reaches out...

...and tentatively SQUEEZES each glove to make sure nothing's inside.

The green candle starts to dim. Before it goes out, Jordan has lit another:

YELLOW this time.

The lab thoroughly searched, Jordan turns back the way he came, into...

- HARMONY

JORDAN 'swims' ahead. The portal back to ZVEZDA (and BRAGG) nears.

As Jordan proceeds forward, he senses something by his foot.

He spins to see Adams's empty IMPROVISED TORCH FLOAT PAST.

When Jordan turns back forward, Adams's mummified CORPSE has drifted in front of him.

As the shrouded body slowly spins into view, Jordan can see that...

...the emergency blanket and duct tape have SOMEHOW been SHREDDED, revealing...

...Adams's collapsed FACE inside.

Adams's teeth and gums are still partly intact, bared in a half-skeletal grin. A half-dissolved, bifurcated tongue lolls out of a gap between lost teeth.

Adams's eyes are still wide open, paralyzed forever in horror.

Jordan subtly backs away... lowers his yellow candle to one side. Catches his breath.

\*  
\*

Then, something strange: suddenly, and yet gradually, the room starts to grow DARKER, the glow of the yellow candle FADING.

\*  
\*  
\*

Jordan FREEZES, realizes something is WRONG.

\*

He slowly looks DOWN to spy CALVIN on the floor next to him, two extended tentacles wrapped around the END of the CANDLE, OBSCURING its light.

\*  
\*  
\*

The creature is slick with blood and gastric viscera.

\*

Calvin GRIPS the candle and TUGS, craving its OXYGEN.

\*

All at once, Jordan YANKS the candle away and PROPELS himself backward. The creature lets go, but its attention remains on the flame. \*

Jordan holds the candle out and slowly waves it back and forth. Calvin subtly pivots to watch it, like a dog tracking a bone. \*

JORDAN  
That's right.  
(beat)  
C'mere...

The creature gathers itself as if to SPRING... \*

...but before it can... \*

...JORDAN TURNS TAIL, and 'SWIMS' rapidly away from Zvezda back toward Kibo. \*

Calvin IMMEDIATELY CHASES Jordan.

JORDAN propels himself forward as fast as he can, trailing the candle BEHIND to lure Calvin forward.

As the candle moves with Jordan's hand, its yellow sphere alternately LIGHTS Jordan's way, REVEALS the creature scurrying behind him, and ARCS AWAY, plunging Calvin into DARKNESS. The effect is frenetic... TERRIFYING...

Jordan desperately baits Calvin into...

- KIBO

Suddenly...

...the creature is UPON him. Jordan THROWS the yellow candle away. It tumbles END-OVER-END toward Calvin's former cage.

Calvin FOLLOWS it, CATCHES it, ENGULFS it.

Jordan watches in horror as the creature SNUFFS the flame.

All is THICK BLACK...

...until FLASH!

Jordan lights his final - RED - CANDLE.

He tentatively holds it up...

...to discover that Calvin has ALREADY CROSSED THE ROOM AND IS NOW INCHES FROM HIS FACE.

Jordan GASPS as Calvin CLUTCHES his THROAT and WRAPS AROUND his NECK.

Jordan waves the red candle wildly, looking for a means of defense.

Calvin covers Jordan's MOUTH and NOSE and extends TENTACLES around his EARS, as if caressing his head.

Then JORDAN spies, in the darkness, a SPARK.

The TOP HALF of the BROKEN ELECTRICAL WAND lolls just out of reach. Jordan grasps at it with his free hand as Calvin seeps up over his EYES.

Jordan reaches BLINDLY for the wand. His MIDDLE FINGER GRAZES it, SPINNING it back into his grasp.

And he PLUNGES it deep into Calvin's body.

ZAP!

The wand still boasts enough juice to cause the creature to RELINQUISH its grip on Jordan's face and reach for the threat.

Calvin RIPS the wand from Jordan's grasp, envelops it, and in five short 'belching' motions, BREAKS it again and again.

The PIECES randomly scatter.

But this has given Jordan the moment he needs.

He pulls himself FURIOUSLY across Kibo and is nearly ACROSS the lab before Calvin realizes he is gone.

CUT TO:

- ZVEZDA

BRAGG watches the service module's oxygen gauge finally click on EMPTY. Her breath catches in her throat.

She lights her lone OXYGEN CANDLE... which glows VIOLET.

- KIBO

JORDAN unseals the portal to the...

- PIRS DOCKING MODULE

One of the station's two stubby adjacent docking modules. Pirs is nearly identical in size, shape, and functionality to the Russian Emergency Docking Port.

Jordan pulls himself ACROSS Pirs and THROUGH the waiting hatch of...

- LIFEBOAT A

... the unofficial moniker of the first of TWO SOYUZ CAPSULES that carried the crew from Earth.

The Russian capsule is squat, cramped, conical - all jutting angles and protruding bulkheads, instrument panels and exposed equipment - a triumph of functionality over form.

The PILOT's SEAT faces the hatch. A waiting SPACESUIT is strapped in the seat.

Jordan drops the red candle in the center of the lifeboat. He quickly climbs into the suit, buckles it, seals it, pulls on its helmet.

CUT TO:

- ZVEZDA

From the cupola windows, BRAGG, breathing off her oxygen candle, sees the RED LIGHT and silent snatches of eerie, unclear MOVEMENT within LIFEBOAT A. She can barely stand to watch for fear of what might be revealed.

But this was her signal to go. She snaps out of it, quickly crosses the module, OPENS the portal to HARMONY...

...and disappears into darkness.

- LIFEBOAT A

JORDAN BREATHEs the precious recirculated air of his newly donned spacesuit.

He carefully straps himself into the pilot seat, initiates power, toggles a launch sequence...

...and then GRABS the RED CANDLE again.

Jordan stares into the darkness of PIRS and KIBO.

But he cannot see Calvin.

JORDAN

C'mon...

Jordan WAVES the red candle, trying to grab the creature's attention.

JORDAN  
Come and get it, cocksucker...

But even as he asks, the candle starts to DIE, its red sphere SHRINKING.

JORDAN  
No-please-please-please!

Then, just as the red candle DIMS to DYING...

...SLAP! Calvin LUNGES from the darkness and attaches itself to Jordan's HELMET.

Jordan is instantly ENERGIZED.

JORDAN  
Fuck! You!

Jordan reaches blindly for the HATCH to LIFEBOAT A, GRASPS it, SLAMS it SHUT, and LOCKS it...

... with CALVIN INSIDE.

- KIBO

As BRAGG pulls herself through Kibo, she SEES JORDAN SUCCESSFULLY trap Calvin.

- LIFEBOAT B

We're now within Lifeboat B, identical in nearly every way to Lifeboat A.

BRAGG suddenly CRAWLS THROUGH the HATCH...

...just as her violet CANDLE DIES.

Bragg, too, discards her candle for the waiting suit. She fights off panic, straps in, pulls on the helmet...

...and GULPS IN RECIRCULATING AIR.

As she breathes, she fights back sobs.

- LIFEBOAT A

CALVIN abandons Jordan's helmet and begins exploring his spacesuit, looking for a WAY IN.

JORDAN reaches for a manual stick, tap keys, tries to ignore the pressure Calvin is putting on his torso.

METAL SHUDDERS and THRUSTERS ROAR as Lifeboat A DETACHES from the station.

JORDAN  
Me and you, Coolidge.

- LIFEBOAT B

BRAGG initializes AUTO-PILOT as she was once trained, then watches through her tiny pilot's window as Lifeboat A slowly DRIFTS PAST.

Once it is SAFELY BY, she engages THRUSTERS.

The second Soyuz SHIMMIES and ROARS.

- LIFEBOAT A

JORDAN finishes tapping keys. CALVIN scurries all over him.

JORDAN  
Kuiper Belt's... nice... this time  
of year.

Lifeboat A is smoothly pulling away from the station when JORDAN suddenly spies, through the viewing window...

...a BROKEN SOLAR PANEL, still DANGLING off the ISS from where the RESCUE CAPSULE sheared it off attempting its escape.

JORDAN  
Fuck-fuck-fuck-

But the solar panel wavers, then MISSES Lifeboat A altogether.

Jordan watches with relief as his capsule leaves the panel behind.

- LIFEBOAT B

BRAGG's Soyuz is continuing its own pre-programmed course. It has detached from the ISS and begun to pull away.

BRAGG is still fighting back tears when...

...the SAME PANEL JORDAN JUST MISSED SUDDENLY LOOMS in front of her window.

Bragg cringes and BRACES HERSELF.

A pregnant beat. Then...

...SLICE!

The capsule CARVES right THROUGH the panel... which cascades to either side in smaller shards.

Lifeboat B lists, shudders. Bragg waits for the inevitable \*  
ALARM indicating CATASTROPHIC DAMAGE. Instead...

...the hardy LIFEBOAT keeps plowing forward. \*

Bragg catches her breath, looks for damage through the \*  
window, can spy nothing amiss. \*

But her moment of relief is suddenly doused by the sight of...

...LIFEBOAT A growing CLOSER.

- LIFEBOATS A & B

JORDAN's and BRAGG's frightened views now become of EACH OTHER as their lifeboats proceed on what is looking more and more like a COLLISION COURSE.

The capsules grow NEARER...

...then NEARER STILL.

The viewing windows ROTATE in what feels like slow motion.

BRAGG and JORDAN stare at each other one final time, in rapt, longing silence, as the windows arc past each other at a range of less than THREE FEET.

Somehow, miraculously...

WHOOSH!

...they SLIP JUST PAST...

...AVOIDING CONTACT by MERE INCHES.

- LIFEBOAT B

BRAGG exhales as her lifeboat proceeds past Jordan's...

...still INTACT.

- LIFEBOAT A

JORDAN is equally relieved. He immediately reaches for the MANUAL STICK again...

...but CALVIN is now pressing on his ARM and SHOULDER...

...severely limiting the mobility of his limb.

Jordan STRAINS with all his might. The last six inches feel like six MILES.

The cords on Jordan's neck stand out inside the suit.

His gloved fingers CLOSE the DISTANCE to the stick.

His face is ANGUISHED from the effort.

JORDAN  
Got it. Got it.

His middle finger brushes the stick, and we...

SMASH CUT TO:

JORDAN (O.S.)  
(distant, tinny)  
Got it.

Jordan's words usher in total SILENCE as we find ourselves in...

- SPACE

The FIRST EXTERIOR IN THE FILM.

What begins as a silent FIELD of STARS lowers to... the AWESOME CURVATURE of EARTH...

...and a distant shot of the TWO LIFEBOATS:

LIFEBOAT A successfully thrusting into deep space.

LIFEBOAT B dutifully plunging toward the planet.

The CRIPPLED ISS fading into far orbit, GOLOVKIN's CORPSE still tethered to one side.

ANGLE ON:

- LIFEBOAT A

...as it hurtles toward the distant moon...

...and a vast swath of space.

ANGLE ON:

- LIFEBOAT B

...as it turns BUTT-DOWN into the atmosphere, its heat tiles absorbing the FLAME of RE-ENTRY.

Lifeboat B is licked by fire on all sides, but its surrounding aura slowly fades from BLACK...

...to BLUE.

ANGLE ON:

- LIFEBOAT A

...as it soars toward what will one day be the KUIPER BELT.

ANGLE ON:

- LIFEBOAT B

...whose CHUTE ENGAGES.

The capsule floats gently down toward an OCEAN SHORE...

...at last PLUNGING into the water with a kiss of a splash.

The fallen capsule attracts the attention of two BROWN-SKINNED FISHERMEN aboard a dilapidated DINGHY.

The two flabbergasted fishermen fire up their OUTBOARD ENGINE and beeline for the bobbing craft.

ANGLE ON:

- LIFEBOAT A

...speeding toward deep space.

Again, we're over the lifeboat's shoulder, only this time, we begin to CATCH it.

The camera slowly creeps up on the capsule's thrusters, then moves PAST them, circling the craft and pushing in on... \*

...a small but gnarly HOLE torn into the CHIN of the craft, venting gas. \*

At last, the camera reaches... \*

...the PILOT'S WINDOW. \*

Through frosted glass, we see a spacesuit and the astronaut inside: \*

BRAGG.

\*

A look of abject, sobbing horror on her face. Her capsule wasn't undamaged by the collision with the solar panel after all.

\*

\*

\*

SMASH CUT TO:

- LIFEBOAT B

...WHICH IS NOT LIFEBOAT B AT ALL, BUT...

- LIFEBOAT A...

...bobbing in the waves.

The two FISHERMEN climb aboard and try to figure out a way to free the DISTRESSED ASTRONAUT inside. His right arm is still pinned, his hand still a hair's breadth shy of the manual stick. They cannot hear him through the pilot's window and glass helmet.

But he is SCREAMING something at them, waving frantically with his free hand.

The two men assume he's in trouble, work to open the hatch from the outside...

...find the emergency lever, and PULL.

The hatch OPENS.

The two men PEER INSIDE.

JORDAN (O.S.)  
(muffled)  
Noooooooo!

A shimmering slurp.

And we...

SMASH CUT TO:

BLACK.

And then screaming, screaming...

...SCREAMING.

ROLL CREDITS.

