

'ORIGIN'

PILOT: 'THE ROAD NOT TAKEN'

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Written by

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'THE ROAD NOT TAKEN'

1

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

1

C.U. on dark eyes snapping open with a gasp of breath, the pupils contracting drastically against the onslaught of sudden light.

The eyes flit from side to side as lights above flash on and off sporadically. A siren is blaring, blurring with the sound of a steady beeping - but every noise is muted, as though we're underwater.

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

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

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

SHUN's hit by scattered memories:

FLASHES

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

SHUN snaps out of the memories and lifts a hand to yank off the oxygen mask, letting out a great gasp.

Sound begins to clarify as his ears acclimatise. With a trembling hand, he reaches down to tear the needles from his skin, letting out a yell. He does the same for the other arm.

With shaking hands, he tosses the needles onto the spotless white floor, flecking it with blood. He attempts to roll from the bed - but his limbs are weak and he instantly crumples.

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

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

Starting to panic, SHUN slams his hand against it. Nothing. He bashes it again, and again, unleashing an inhuman moan for someone, anyone -

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

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

2

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

2

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

SHUN
(croaked)
Hello?

Nothing.

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

When he sees something that causes his body to freeze.

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

He stops. Stares. Hysteria pooling into his eyes.

Then vomits on the floor.

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

Vast nothingness. Endless dark littered with stars.

SHUN KENJI is in the middle of space.

Alone.

TITLES: ORIGIN

3 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

3

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

A train rattles past, sending vibrations through the room.

CHYRON: Yokohama, Japan

3 Years Earlier

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

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

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

4 INT. KITCHEN-LOUNGE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

4

SHUN enters an open plan kitchen-lounge to the sounds of whirs and beeps: a VR video game. His son and daughter, 3 and 5, wearing headsets, are playing together. His wife YURI cooks behind, wearing an apron.

SHUN approaches her. **All flashback conversations in this episode are in Japanese unless otherwise stated.**

SHUN

I'm gonna head out for a bit. Meet the guys.

YURI chops. Without turning around -

YURI

The guys, huh.

SHUN twitches slightly. YURI pours the chopped leeks into a bubbling pan of *miso* soup, and turns.

YURI (CONT'D)

You forget my woman's intuition. And the fact that the same date rolls around every year.

Somewhere between guilty and amused, SHUN smiles. YURI's face clouds into concern.

YURI (CONT'D)
D'you think he'll come this time?

Beat.

SHUN
He has to.

YURI
Just be careful, OK?

SHUN
I will.

SHUN reaches forward to peck her on the lips. He feels a pat at his hip - YURI has reached down to confirm the gun is there.

YURI
Glad to hear it.

5 **EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT**

5

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

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

'EMILY KENJI: 1980 - 2029'

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

We move up the figures to reveal - AIBA KENJI, SHUN's twin brother. Like SHUN, he wears a suit, grey, but his face is differentiated by a beard. Something about AIBA's energy is darker than his brother. More menacing.

AIBA
We haven't done this for a while.

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

AIBA raises his eyebrows slightly.

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

SHUN takes a beat, absorbing the grave one last time.

SHUN
You hungry?

6

INT. NOODLE HOUSE - NIGHT

6

In a dingy, underground noodle house, SHUN and AIBA sit together. AIBA tucks into his noodles with a loud slurp. SHUN's food remains untouched.

AIBA
You lost the moustache.

SHUN
A year back.

AIBA shrugs the comment off and takes another slurp. SHUN glances around cagily; his brother notices.

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

When SHUN continues to be on-edge -

AIBA (CONT'D)
(in English)
We can switch to English if you're that paranoid.

SHUN also changes to English; his accent is native British.

SHUN
I'm not worried about people hearing us, Aiba.

AIBA stops eating. His mouth settles into wry smile.

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

SHUN looks at AIBA properly. Examining him.

SHUN
You alright?

Beat.

AIBA
Status quo.

SHUN
You stop smoking yet?

Under the concerned stare of his older brother, AIBA rolls his eyes.

AIBA
OK, Shun - I'm guessing you didn't break the silence to exchange pleasantries. What d'you want?

Beat. SHUN looks up at his brother, suddenly intent.

SHUN
There's a way out.

AIBA
What?

At last, SHUN leans forward, speaking with quiet intensity.

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

AIBA
Did it ever occur to you that I chose this life? That I might actually like it?

SHUN
What if there was a way to start over? To go somewhere so far from all of this you'd barely remember you were ever part of it.

AIBA
The hell you talking about, Shun?

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

SHUN
It's called the Thea Project.

END FLASHBACK

7

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

7

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

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

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

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

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

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

LANA (O.S.)
Hey - hey!

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

LANA (CONT'D)
I can't get out - please -

SHUN hesitates, feeling the pull of the emergency, but heads towards her. He sees the release pad on the outside of the door and presses it, but it flashes red and buzzes.

LANA (CONT'D)
It's jammed.

SHUN shoves the glass, but it's not budging. He steps back, not knowing what to do. The sirens are driving him on...

LANA (CONT'D)
Hey, don't leave me!

It's unclear clear whether SHUN's abandoning her or finding help - but he spots a futuristic-looking extinguisher. He glances back at LANA - perhaps considering whether to move back or forward - then snatches it up.

SHUN
Get back.

LANA hurries back in her Cell and shields her face as SHUN lifts the extinguisher - and hurls it against the glass. It smashes, shards raining down.

Eyes wide, LANA stumbles out. She squints up at the sirens, ears assaulted by the suddenly-magnified sound of sirens.

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

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

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

LANA and SHUN look up at the announcement.

LANA
We're evacuating.. Are we not at
Thea?

SHUN looks out through the porthole at the stars beyond.

SHUN
I don't think we made it.

LANA
How could we not have made it?

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

LANA (CONT'D)
Where are we?

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

SHUN
I don't know -

FIGURE
(wheezing)
Help..

LANA
Shit!

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

SHUN
Who the hell are you?

MOHINDER
I'm a passenger.. I fell..

He looks down at his hands, covered in his own blood. Going into shock at the sight, he sinks to his knees. LANA moves to dart forward, but SHUN holds her back.

LANA
What are you doing? He's hurt!

He lets her go, and she checks MOHINDER's wound. She takes his hand and presses it against the wound, applying pressure. SHUN watches, detached, still unsure if this is real.

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

MOHINDER moans piteously, eyes rolling.

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

Remembering where he was going before, SHUN turns to LANA.

SHUN
The drills - they told us to follow the lights.. To the Assembly Point -

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

HENRI
(in French)
Sea sickness..

He dry retches into his hand.

SHUN turns to LANA with urgency.

SHUN
(to LANA)
The Assembly Point. Now.

LANA
Help me with him -

SHUN considers, then reaches in to arrange MOHINDER's arm over his own shoulder to hoist him up.

Behind, HENRI wipes a shaking hand over his mouth, and sees the others as they start to move towards him.

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

LANA
It's an evacuation, come on -

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

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

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

DARYL
Evacuation?

He looks straight out of a porthole in front of him at the deep space beyond.

DARYL (CONT'D)
Fuck me.

LANA
Follow the lights!

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

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

Other passengers are emerging, stumbling and yelling. HENRI slams the pad to ABIGAIL's Cell, and heads inside -

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

A wreck of panic, ABIGAIL sees HENRI coming in.

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

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

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

HENRI
 I'm sorry.

And he begins to tear the needles out. ABIGAIL yells in pain as her blood flecks the wall. But she's free of the needles -

HENRI (CONT'D)
 Come on -

Swallowing back her anxiety, ABIGAIL reaches out and HENRI grabs her hand, dragging her from her Cell -

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

Outside, all the passengers have now collected - 10 in total - with LANA and SHUN at the head.

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

LANA
 Alright, let's move!

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

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

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

KATIE FINNIGAN - 23, Irish, childlike energy - spots SHUN.

KATIE
 What's going on? Are we leaving Origin?

SHUN
 It's an evacuation -

KATIE
 What are we supposed to do?

LANA
 (yelling)
 Follow the lights. Everyone to the
 Assembly Point!

But her call only escalates the panic: passengers start to yell and scream, surging for the exit.

LANA (CONT'D)
 Wait! Stay calm -

But no-one's listening - it's wrestling anarchy as they battle to get out first. Someone falls - SARAH JAMES, 35, English - and is immediately kicked aside by thundering, panicked feet. She cries out in agony, but people are battling to reach the end of the corridor.

Before she's crushed, KATIE ducks bravely in through the crowd to drag her out of the way.

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

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

DARYL
 Come on.. We need fucking
 assistance!

But there's no response to his repeated whacks.

LANA and SHUN, still transporting MOHINDER, stop beside KATIE and SARAH. HENRI and ABIGAIL are also with them.

ABIGAIL
 Is she OK?

SARAH is whimpering, cradling her arm, falling between conscious and unconscious. HENRI checks the limb briefly, then whips SARAH up into his arms. He nods to the others.

HENRI
 Let's go.

They rush down the corridor, following the others out -

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

The stairwell rings with panicked chatter; the passengers are looking around, trying to figure out what to do next.

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

Something is very wrong.

ABIGAIL

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

KATIE

Shouldn't there be other passengers here?

LANA

Are we in the right place?

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

SHUN

This is it.

LANA

So where the hell is everyone?

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

On SHUN's wide eyes, as he stares over into the abyss...

12

INT. KARAOKE CLUB / BOOTH - DAY (FLASHBACK)

12

The squeal of overexcited girls and raucous music.

AIBA sits in a karaoke booth with one of his fellow *yakuza* members - ITO, 25 - and two trashy GIRLS, the three of whom are singing Chage and Aska's *Yah Yah Yah* together.

AIBA feels at a disconnect from them, distracted. All conversation is in Japanese.

ITO

No - no - shut up -

He rounds on one of the GIRLS.

ITO (CONT'D)
The lyrics are on the fucking
screen - can't you read?

The GIRLS giggle; AIBA runs a hand over his face, clearly close to having had enough of the noise and silliness. He checks his watch: it's nearly 6am.

GIRL
Who cares, it's a stupid song
anyway -

It's clearly the wrong thing to say. ITO suddenly lunges forward - upsetting the drink AIBA had made to take a swig from - to take her violently by the hair. The laughing immediately turns to screams.

ITO
'Stupid song?'

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

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

AIBA watches, almost eye-rolling at ITO's actions, as the terrified GIRL panics.

GIRL
I am. I am!

ITO doesn't let her go.

ITO
What d'you think, Aiba? Do I let
her off for being a fucking retard?

AIBA
You fucked my shirt up, Ito.

ITO turns.

ITO
Oh shit, I'm sorry -

Having had enough, AIBA gets to his feet.

AIBA
 Whatever. I'm out.

Frowning, ITO releases the GIRL, who immediately runs for the door. Her friends follow suit.

ITO
 Where are you going?

AIBA
 Got shit to do.

ITO
 What shit, exactly?

AIBA walks for the door, but ITO intervenes.

ITO (CONT'D)
 You've been acting funny all night,
 Aiba. Do I need to alert the boss?

AIBA blinks at the slightest ring of threat - and it's clear from ITO's face he immediately regrets saying it. AIBA stares him down coolly.

AIBA
 If you think you've got his ear
 over me.

ITO's jaw twitches. He takes a moment, then quickly unbuttons his shirt, revealing a few colourful tattoos on his chest. He hands it to AIBA. Clearly an act of submission.

ITO
 Sorry about your shirt.

13 **INT. KARAOKE CLUB - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

13

AIBA exits the booth to the sound of Bryan Ferry's *Tokyo Joe* blaring. He strides through a largely-empty karaoke club - the HQ for his *yakuza* syndicate, the *Yamamoto-kai* - unbuttoning his stained shirt as he goes.

He glances sideways to see - three BUSINESSMEN, gagged and bound to chairs, cut and bloody. One suited *yakuza* sits in front of them, another is on his feet, wiping off a bloody fist with a handkerchief. He nods to AIBA.

One BUSINESSMAN sees AIBA and his eyes widen - perhaps hoping for help somehow - but AIBA averts his gaze and continues. This is clearly an ordinary sight he's desensitized too.

AIBA slips his shirt off, revealing a torso and arms covered in swirling, brightly-coloured tattoos. Great waves, Oriental dragons, ancient Japanese warriors. He's a walking piece of art.

He throws the stained shirt behind the desk and slides on ITO's shirt and buttons it up, finishing off by putting his dark glasses in place. He takes something out of his trousers pocket: the flyer SHUN gave him. SIREN's call for volunteers.

As the torture resumes behind, AIBA pushes open the entrance door to the karaoke club, dawn light flooding in, and exits.

14 **EXT. LECTURE HALL - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

14

It's bright day now. AIBA watches people enter a lecture hall: there are several SIREN employees in blue uniforms ushering visitors in. The entrance is flanked by boards advertising SIREN and the call for volunteers.

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

LITTLE GIRL
Mama, mama. My ball.

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

MUM
Let's go. Quickly, darling.

AIBA watches as they rush inside the hall, strange emotions playing across his face. Is it regret for what he represents to ordinary citizens?

AIBA kicks the ball away, then chucks the cigarette aside. Burying his hands in his pockets, he heads into the lecture hall with the others.

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

15

AIBA weaves through the hall. People are chatting, settling into seats. There's a futuristic projector set up on the stage.

He finds himself a seat just as the lights dim and the projector whirs into life, bringing forward a hologramatic image of a man in his 50s, dressed in electric blue. This is XAVIER GREY.

As he speaks, Japanese subtitles run in the air below him.

GREY

(British)

Ladies and gentlemen. My name is Xavier Grey, a representative of the SIREN corporation.

Frowning, AIBA folds his arms.

GREY (CONT'D)

As this talk is being broadcast live in 50 different countries, let me take a moment to thank you all for your participation. Wherever you are in the world, on behalf of SIREN, I welcome you.

The projection transforms, bringing up a 3D projection of an 'S' surrounded by an electric blue circle, which rotates slowly next to GREY. This is SIREN's logo.

GREY (CONT'D)

I hope I don't make presumptions when I say most of you will already know us. SIREN are the world leaders in interstellar travel. We are the creators of the LS Drive, which facilitates faster-than-light travel. And we make it our unremitting mission to alter the future of mankind.

The moving image of the logo smoothly disperses and reforms into a that of a 3D constellation, hanging in the air beside GREY. We zoom closer into it, focusing in on a planet, slowly rotating. Dusty brown with spots of blue and green, a swirl of cloud surrounding it.

GREY (CONT'D)

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

Murmurs of recognition from the audience.

GREY (CONT'D)

As you know, Thea is the only planet we've discovered thus far which can sustain human life.

3D moving images now display Thea undergoing colonisation. Scientists testing the ground, the water, people planting crops in a series of greenhouses, small, basic geodesic domes on the surface, inside which people are living.

GREY (CONT'D)

SIREN are the pioneers of a project to make Thea into mankind's future home. We are currently in the process of colonisation. And that, of course, is why you have all come here today.

AIBA leans forward, taking off his dark glasses.

GREY (CONT'D)

SIREN are looking for volunteers.
SIREN are looking for you.

On AIBA, eyes intent. Compelled, despite himself, at the reality of what this man is offering.

END FLASHBACK

16

INT. ORIGIN / MIDDLE DECK / STAIRWELL 1 - NIGHT

16

In contrast to the previous scene, the dark, sinister stairwell is quiet but for panicked muttering. The passengers are crowded around: frightened, despairing, some still battling with sickness. No-one knows what to do. HENRI, after helping SARAH sit down, comes to SHUN, who stands with LANA.

HENRI

There should at least be other passengers. Are we the only ones who woke up?

SHUN glances back down into the empty stairwell below.

SHUN

(quietly)
Or the last ones to.

Fear shoots through LANA's eyes; she speaks so the others can't hear her.

LANA

You don't think they could've left without us?

SHUN doesn't answer, not wanting to confirm or deny.

SHUN

We should check the other
corridors.

LANA nods and the trio depart from the group, moving down the dimly-lit stairs.

Above, KATIE notices ABIGAIL shaking violently as she holds the railing. She goes over, and puts her arm around the younger girl.

ABIGAIL

What's taking them so long?

KATIE

They'll come. They will. It's probably just a bit chaotic, 200 of us and all -

BAUM (O.C.)

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

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

BAUM (CONT'D)

At least they got to go down with a classical soundtrack.

KATIE's brow furrowed, angry.

KATIE

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

BAUM smiles.

BAUM

You think so? Tell me - you hear that sound?

KATIE frowns, confused.

BAUM (CONT'D)

That's cause there isn't one. This ship's a floating tomb. No-one's coming to save us.

The passengers look at one another. BAUM's words instilling fear in all of them.

17

INT. ORIGIN / MIDDLE DECK / STAIRWELL 2 - NIGHT

17

SHUN and LANA descend the stairs together, HENRI a few paces back, looking around. All of them are nervous and defensive in the poor light.

LANA
(to SHUN)
I don't know your name.

SHUN
What?

LANA
Your name. I didn't ask.

SHUN glances at her.

SHUN
Shun.

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

LANA
I'm Lana.
(beat)
That's a Japanese name, right? Your English is pretty immaculate.

SHUN
My mum was British.

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

LANA
Bet she feels far away now.

They draw up - they've reached the door that leads to Corridor 2, clearly labelled on the wall. It's open, and the flashing lights and sirens are coming from inside.

After a glance at one another, the trio enter.

18

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

18

The corridor is utterly empty.

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

On-edge, SHUN heads forward - then draws up.

HENRI
What is it?

SHUN
Sleep Cell.

The others approach, looking into a Sleep Cell, identical to those they woke up in.

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

LANA
They're gone.

HENRI, who's gone further down the corridor, is looking into other Cells.

HENRI
All of them are.

As they explore the evacuated corridor, anger roils up inside SHUN. He shakes his head.

SHUN
This is bullshit.

He slams the wall and turns to storm back towards the door they entered through.

LANA
Shun!

SHUN
They can't just leave us here to die.

He bursts out through the door -

19

INT. ORIGIN / MIDDLE DECK / STAIRWELL 2 - NIGHT

19

- thundering down the next set of stairs into the darkness, as the others pursue him.

SHUN
Someone must know what the hell's going on -

But he abruptly pulls up, LANA thudding into him and HENRI drawing up violently -

LANA

Shit!

On the landing below, face down on the floor, is a man wearing official blue SIREN overalls.

SHUN

Uniform..

And they rush forward, rolling him over to reveal - blood, stemming from a deep wound in his gut. An ID tag identifies him as 'WARREN LEE', one of SIREN's crew. A half-fallen gun lies in his limp fingers.

LANA

Jesus. Is he -

HENRI

Let me.

HENRI swoops in, pressing his fingers to WARREN's sweaty neck. WARREN is pale, sweaty, lifeless.

HENRI (CONT'D)

He's alive.

He quickly removes his shirt to start tearing strips of cloth to bind the wound, working with expertise. SHUN, meanwhile, picks up the fallen gun to inspect it.

HENRI (CONT'D)

Major organs seem to have been avoided..

LANA

You a doctor?

HENRI's gaze shifts slightly.

HENRI

A scientist.

SHUN (O.C.)

He's used the gun.

They turn to see SHUN revealing the half-empty barrel.

SHUN (CONT'D)

Bullets missing.

LANA looks down at WARREN's wound, increasingly unnerved.

LANA

Who the hell was he shooting at?

SHUN
 Maybe whoever made a hole in his
 gut.

Nasty beat of silence. SHUN looks to HENRI.

SHUN (CONT'D)
 Verdict?

HENRI, having made the best makeshift bandage he can, leans
 back.

HENRI
 He needs medical attention. Now.

20

INT. ORIGIN / MIDDLE DECK / STAIRWELL - NIGHT

20

Back on the first stairwell, a recovered MOHINDER has found a
 spot in the corner, where he has begun to pray silently.
 DARYL, tapping the banister, sees him and shakes his head.

DARYL
 Really think that shit's gonna help
 us?

MOHINDER's eyes open. He gazes calmly at DARYL for a moment.
 DARYL's eyes narrow, taking the response as a challenge.

LANA (O.C.)
 Hey!

She heads up the stairs; SHUN and HENRI follow, carrying
 WARREN between them. The passengers rush in to take WARREN's
 weight from the sweating SHUN and HENRI, but the sense of
 shock and fear immediately ramps up again.

KATIE
 Who is he?

HENRI
 Crew member.

MOHINDER
 What happened to him?

LANA
 We don't know.

ABIGAIL
 (panicked)
 Was he attacked?

LANA

We don't know! Saving his life
might be the only way to find out.

LANA looks over ABIGAIL's shoulder to a glass panel, which contains a blueprint of the spaceship. It's separated into Lower, Middle and Upper Decks, and its floors and floors deep. Down the side is the single word 'ORIGIN'. LANA pushes ABIGAIL aside to scan it.

DARYL

Why the hell would his crew-mates
just leave him for dead?

BAUM

Perhaps SIREN are a little more of
a psycho fuck family than we
thought..

SHUN

Or perhaps whatever hurt him got
them too.

It's a disturbing statement. On the blueprint, LANA spots a large room at the front and top of the ship, labelled 'Control Room'.

LANA

Control Room's closest - they'll
have a medi-kit there.

Compelled by a newfound urgency, the passengers follow LANA up the stairs, taking WARREN with them.

21

INT. ORIGIN / MIDDLE DECK / STAIRWELL - LATER

21

The passengers are ascending, SHUN and LANA at the head. Two other passengers are transporting WARREN, taking it in turns to carry his weight. It's a tense, fearful procession - no-one knows where they're going or what lies ahead.

Suddenly, a great rumble sounds from way down below. The passengers dart together, yelping, petrified. VERONIKA PETROVA - 28, Russian, doll-like - catches hold of MOHINDER's sleeve.

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

VERONIKA

(breathless)

Sorry..

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

MOHINDER

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

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

LANA

Keep moving. Stay close.

As they continue, LANA's hand goes to her hip, where WARREN's gun rests.

LANA (CONT'D)

You know, this is the first time in a while I've missed my gun.
(off SHUN's frown)
I'm a police officer.

Her face darkens.

LANA (CONT'D)

I mean. I was.

SHUN looks at her sharply.

LANA (CONT'D)

What? Not a fan of law enforcers?

SHUN shakes his head.

SHUN

That all just feels like another world now.

LANA

Guess that was the point of all this, right?

SHUN glances at her grimly.

SHUN

It was supposed to be.

The door slides open to reveal SHUN and LANA, on-edge as they peer inside, the rest of the group behind them.

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

SHUN

Empty..

The others move in, nervous, jumpy. They set WARREN down on the floor and HENRI moves over to check his vitals.

HENRI

Look for the medi-kit.

The passengers begin searching. KATIE notices a half-finished packet of food - there are others, strewn along the room - and touches it. Her eyes widen.

KATIE

It's not cold.

SARAH

Is it still edible?

KATIE looks at her; she shrinks under her gaze.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Sorry, I'm just.. I'm hungry.

LANA touches the food too.

LANA

They can't have left that long ago.

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

DARYL

Took the firepower with them..

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

DARYL (CONT'D)

The hell happened on this goddamn ship!?

COMPUTERISED VOICE (O.S.)

Emergency. Evacuation in Progress.

VERONIKA (O.C.)

Hey.

She points to a square set into the wall, on which is a red cross. HENRI rushes over, finds a button in the corner and presses it - the square smoothly ejects itself from the wall, the lid opening as it comes. Inside are medical supplies.

HENRI

Jackpot.

He grabs some bandaged, and examines a few little containers of liquid, then takes one out and grabs a syringe. Sitting down beside WARREN, he extracts liquid into the syringe, and gently shoots it into WARREN's arm.

VERONIKA

What is that?

HENRI

To kill the infection.

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

SHUN

Anyone good with computers?

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

ED

(Chinese accent)

Excuse me.

BAUM

Of course. The Asian guy.

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

ED

System's down on the Lower Decks.

COMPUTERISED VOICE (O.S.)

Emergency. Evacuation in Progress.

DARYL

(aggressive)

Can you shut that fucker off?

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

KATIE
Thank God for that.

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

Oblivious to his own social awkwardness, ED continues to delve through the computer.

ED (CONT'D)
It'll take me a little time to get my head across the mechanics. But I should be able to figure it out.

SHUN
You've used one of these before?

ED
No, but I learn fast. Don't talk to me while I work.

SHUN steps back, slightly offended. The passengers glance at each other, not quite knowing what to do. HENRI is busy at work with WARREN, so LANA takes charge.

LANA
So I guess the plan is to wait.
(beat)
We should collect the leftovers. Split them between us. None of us have eaten real food in a while, right?

The passengers instinctively touch their stomachs, hunger churning. SHUN nods.

They all move to collect the plates.

23

INT. ORIGIN / UPPER DECK / CONTROL ROOM - LATER

23

Wearing gloves, HENRI removes a needle from one of the syringes in the medi-kit. VERONIKA unravels the stitching from one of the passenger shirts and hands it to HENRI, who soaks it in disinfectant. Carefully, he ties the thread to the syringe needle securely - and begins to sow up WARREN's wound. It's a makeshift operation - and slow, gory work. Some of the passengers are crowded around, watching with baited breath. VERONIKA averts her eyes at the dried blood.

When he's done, HENRI sits back, running a hand over his sweaty forehead, and checks WARREN's pulse.

HENRI

That's the best we can do for now.

VERONIKA nods, worried. They and the group around them stand to approach where the other passengers are dispensing the leftovers into small portions, served on pieces of foil they've created by tearing apart the few containers. A pile of plastic forks sits beside them. The food on offer is largely processed - and looks very unappetising.

BAUM

So we have - unappealing grey slop.
Or.. unappealing *red* slop. An
almost impossible decision.

LANA

If you'd rather wait for a Michelin
Star, I'm happy to take your
portion.

A small smile on his face, BAUM takes one of the foil pieces and slides away. LANA assesses the sight.

LANA (CONT'D)

Who's feeling brave?

HENRI

I'll be the human guinea pig.

He picks up a piece of foil and a plastic fork. Smells the food - wrinkles his nose - then takes a bite. He chews, chokes slightly.

HENRI (CONT'D)

(in French)
God, that's awful.

ABIGAIL

What d'you say? What did he say?

HENRI swallows, tries to rearrange his face.

HENRI

(in English)
It's not bad.

The other passengers dive in, taking food and testing it. SARAH takes a tentative bite - and blinks. The ravenousness taking over, she shoves the rest of the food in, savouring the taste. ABIGAIL turns a morsel over in her mouth.

ABIGAIL

I mean if you wanted to put a really positive spin on things, you could say it was like.. an intergalactic version of a masala.

KATIE

Or dhal. But without the spices.

ABIGAIL smiles instinctively.

ABIGAIL

I used to love dhal.

DARYL (O.C.)

For fuck's sake!

They turn to see him sitting at a table, fuming.

DARYL (CONT'D)

We're in the aftermath of a disaster here - and you're seriously discussing the finer distinctions of Indian cuisine?

He slams the table, getting to his feet.

DARYL (CONT'D)

The only surviving crew we've found is bleeding out in that goddamn corner - how the hell can you all eat?

MOHINDER

Sustenance feeds the soul. Restores hope.

DARYL

(losing it)

Oh fuck off, Holy Man -

Boiling over, DARYL storms at MOHINDER, knocking the foil from his hands. The precious rations splatter to the floor.

DARYL (CONT'D)

No-one's got time for your preacher bullshit -

Someone steps in to shove DARYL back. He reels, confused by the intervention - and sees SHUN facing off with him.

SHUN

Enough.

His face is dark and dangerous.

DARYL

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

SHUN

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

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

ED (O.C.)

I have something.

SHUN and LANA glance at one another and hurry over, the other passengers following.

ED (CONT'D)

I've located where the system failure originated.

On one of the screens, he brings up a futuristic blueprint of Origin. It scrolls down to the bottom of the ship - the Hull - where a red circle is pulsing.

ED (CONT'D)

The Hull.

LANA

What caused it?

ED

Large-scale impact, roughly two hours ago. The noise we heard earlier was part of the outer ship breaking off as a result.

ABIGAIL

Breaking off!?

SHUN

What does large-scale impact mean?

ED

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

It's a big revelation. The passengers react with shock and dismay.

DARYL
Holy fucking shit.

ED
It gets worse.

He brings up a screen with the words 'Evacuation - Status' at the top. There are sporadic pieces of information regarding the Evacuation Crafts. Crafts 2 to 9 have the green message: 'Evacuation Successful' next to their name. The only two left are Craft 1 and Craft 10, both of which have the red message 'Pending'.

ED (CONT'D)
Eight of the Evacuation Crafts are gone.

SHUN
What?

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

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

LANA
But that means..
(beat)
They evacuated without us.

A beat of dreadful silence.

ABIGAIL
(whispered)
They're gone?

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

BAUM
Survival of the fittest.

VERONIKA shakes her head, tears starting to collect in her eyes.

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

24

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

24

SHUN sits at his desk. His computer's on but he's not focused on it. He checks the time on his wrist-watch.

He glances at a framed photo of his family - wife and children - on his desk. Then he picks it up, slides off the back, revealing a little phone charm with tiles bearing the letters 'E', 'S' and 'A'.

CHIEF INSPECTOR (O.C.)
(in Japanese)
Kenji-kun.

SHUN shoves the charm away, turning to see his CHIEF INSPECTOR approaching. He sits up straight.

SHUN
Chief.

The CHIEF INSPECTOR leans on SHUN's desk.

CHIEF INSPECTOR
Look, I just wanted you to know how much we all admire your response to everything going down. Can't be easy to separate -

SHUN
I know what's personal and what's professional, Sir. My duty to the force comes first.

The CHIEF INSPECTOR nods.

CHIEF INSPECTOR
Then I thought you should be the first to know. We're going in tomorrow night.

This shocks SHUN.

SHUN
Tomorrow night?

CHIEF INSPECTOR
Sooner than anticipated. But an informant's come forward to tell us the arms are being held at the Yamamoto-kai club. We want to act before Hideto gets the jump on us.

SHUN tries to contain his emotional response, as the CHIEF INSPECTOR fixes him with a stare.

CHIEF INSPECTOR (CONT'D)
 You know you can't be part of this
 one. We couldn't risk.. emotions
 interfering with what has to be
 done.

SHUN bows his head, and the CHIEF INSPECTOR pats SHUN on the
 shoulder. There's sympathy in his eyes.

CHIEF INSPECTOR (CONT'D)
 Stuff that Inspectors are made of.
 After this, we'll talk about
 promotion.

He gives SHUN a final slap of solidarity, then heads off.
 SHUN watches him go, digesting what's clearly not a welcome
 revelation.

25 **EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

25

A perturbed SHUN is departing the police station when his
 phone rings. It's a withheld number. SHUN scrambles to pick
 up.

SHUN
 Kenji.

AIBA (O.S.)
 (in English)
 It's me.

SHUN switches to English, leaning close to his phone and
 speaking quietly.

SHUN
 Did you go?

26 **EXT. TAXI - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

26

AIBA is in a moving taxi, leaning against the window.

AIBA
 I went.

27 **EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

27

SHUN glances around - other OFFICERS are leaving, bidding him
 goodnight. He nods, and quickly lowers his voice.

SHUN
 You get the offer, right?

ED (CONT'D)

We were Corridor 1, split into two wings - assigned to Craft 1 in the event of an evacuation. Our Craft never departed. Nor did Craft 10.

LANA

So that means -

HENRI

- there are other passengers on the ship.

DARYL

And there's still two Evac Crafts on-board.

ED

Do you know how to steer one?

Beat. Clearly no-one does.

SHUN

Where's Corridor 10?

ED leans forward to indicate the blueprint.

ED

This is where we were - Corridor 1 -

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

ED (CONT'D)

That is Corridor 10.

(beat, realising)

The corridor closest to the area of damage.

LANA

Is there a way to contact them?

ED

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

SHUN

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

ED

Not unless you go down there.

A beat of silence. LANA, staring intently at the blueprint, nods.

LANA

Then that's what we should do.

The passengers turn to her, startled.

SARAH

What?

BAUM

Are you completely insane? That -

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

BAUM (CONT'D)

- says 'Damage'. You really want to sniff around this ship? Because I'd rather waltz across a field of land mines.

LANA

If the passengers down there are anything like us, they'll be in a state of panic. They might not know what to do or where to go. I say we help them.

DARYL

If they even exist! We don't know why their Evac Craft didn't depart. And are you forgetting that this guy -

(of WARREN)

- was gutted and left to spill out his innards? What if someone down there is responsible?

HENRI

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

VERONIKA

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

SHUN

So we hole up. Until we starve.

People shift uncomfortably at the statement.

ABIGAIL

I think we should look.

Everyone looks up, startled. ABIGAIL squirms under the collective gazes.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

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

BAUM

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

ABIGAIL

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

KATIE nods.

KATIE

When I woke up in that Cell on my own.. I've never felt fear like that. If there are others down there - lost, hurt, maybe alone.. I wouldn't wish that on anyone.

MOHINDER

I will join you.

LANA shakes her head.

LANA

No - injured should stay here and recoup. Henri, you too, in case something happens to Warren. We keep it tight: a small group travels faster.

She glances at SHUN, suddenly aware he's been silent.

LANA (CONT'D)

Shun. You're with us, right?

A beat. SHUN seems to hesitate. LANA steps closer, speaking quietly to him.

LANA (CONT'D)
 Hey. I need someone I can trust.

33 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

33

SHUN lies in bed, staring at the charm with the tiny tiles.

YURI (O.C.)
 She's down.

SHUN hides the charm as YURI comes in through the door, in her pyjamas, and collapses into bed.

YURI (CONT'D)
 Keeps having the same nightmare.

She rolls onto her side, watching SHUN in the darkness.

YURI (CONT'D)
 Look, I don't want to disillusion
 you about your stealth skills, but
 you're fucking awful at hiding
 things.

Caught out again, SHUN relents, and brings the charm out.
 YURI examines the tiles: 'S', 'A' and 'E'.

YURI (CONT'D)
 'Shun', 'Aiba'.. 'Emily'?

SHUN nods.

SHUN
 Mum made them for all of us before
 she died. It's the only thing I
 have of all of us. Now Aiba's..
 (beat)
 Now he's gone.

YURI leans on his shoulder.

YURI
 You did the right thing, you know.

SHUN
 Didn't bring him home.

YURI
 The police'll have their guys, and
 Aiba will be safe. That's what
 matters.

On SHUN. Still feeling guilt.

42

INT. ORIGIN / UPPER DECK / CONTROL ROOM - LATER

42

A pile of torches and water flasks left by the crew has been made in the middle of the room. Behind them, LANA is looking at the empty space in the Weapons Store where the emergency guns used to be.

LANA

Little disconcerting, huh. You wouldn't have guns in the emergency store for a Ryanair flight.

SHUN

A Ryanair flight doesn't assemble passengers looking to flee the Earth.

(beat)

Usually.

LANA smiles, and hands him WARREN's gun.

LANA

Lucky we've got one.

SHUN

Don't know if luck's the right word.

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

LANA

You've done that before.

SHUN gives her a tight smile. He hands the gun back to her.

SHUN

Unlike you, I don't miss my gun.

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

ABIGAIL

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

HENRI smiles.

HENRI

It's Abigail, right?

She nods. He points to himself.

HENRI (CONT'D)

Henri.
 (to KATIE)
 And you are -

KATIE gives a tentative smile.

KATIE

Katie.

HENRI

So. Three torches and four people.
 Two of you will need to share.

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

KATIE

We'll stay close.

She glances back at WARREN, who lies still and unconscious, VERONIKA keeping an eye on him. He's been propped up with makeshift cushions. MOHINDER holds one of his hands.

KATIE (CONT'D)

So you said you were a scientist?

HENRI acknowledges the question ruefully.

HENRI

I'd planned never to tell anyone.
 Once I was on Thea, I mean. I
 suppose a situation like this
 forces the truth out.

ABIGAIL smiles.

ABIGAIL

It's good, though. What you used to
 do.

Her smile falters slightly.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

No need to hide it.

LANA (O.C.)

How you guys getting on?

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

KATIE

Ready.

Nervous, ABIGAIL and KATIE stand - just as DARYL approaches.

DARYL

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

ABIGAIL

We're the ones risking our necks.

DARYL

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

BAUM (O.C.)

Let them take it.

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

DARYL

What?

BAUM remains nonchalant as he works.

BAUM

SIREN didn't tell us anything about anyone. We don't know what each other have done - or what any of us might be capable of. They might be taking the gun, but my guess is they'll have used it on each other before the hour's up.

The words settle nastily over everyone. DARYL thinks them over.

DARYL

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

ED

Black holes are gargantuan; if one of us goes in, the entire ship'll be going with them -

DARYL

Oh piss off, China.

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

SARAH

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

LANA

No-one's getting left. We're finding help, and we're coming back.

The party move towards the door. LANA, gun and torch at the ready, glances back. Then, setting her mouth, she heads out. KATIE and ABIGAIL follow. SHUN pauses at the door to speak quietly to HENRI.

SHUN

Lock the door from the inside.

He glances back at BAUM and DARYL, now speaking quietly together.

SHUN (CONT'D)

And watch your back.

SHUN turns and steps into the darkness. The passengers close the doors after him, and a lock sounds.

43

INT. ORIGIN / MIDDLE DECK / STAIRWELL 2 - NIGHT

43

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

LANA

Thanks for opting in, by the way.

SHUN

With those assholes in the Control Room, this actually felt the more appealing option.

LANA smiles - then her torchlight falls on bloody handprints going up the wall. WARREN.

ABIGAIL

How far d'you think he came like that?

None of them answer. SHUN shines his light further down - the blood specks and handprints continue.

SHUN

Guess we follow it to find out.

(beat)

Doesn't quite have the same appeal
as the yellow brick road.

They head on.

44

INT. ORIGIN / UPPER DECK / CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

44

MOHINDER watches HENRI feeds a little water from a flask into WARREN's mouth. It spills out over his lips.

Behind, VERONIKA clocks ED, who is murmuring under his breath as he scrutinises the layout of the ship on the on-screen blueprint. Gets to her feet and goes over to watch him working his way around the computer, learning how it works. VERONIKA shakes her head, completely dumbfounded.

VERONIKA

How d'you know how to do this?

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

ED

Define 'this'.

VERONIKA

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

ED shrugs. Going back to the screens.

ED

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

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

VERONIKA

God, don't you have any respect?

BAUM turns, mildly surprised.

BAUM

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

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

BAUM (CONT'D)

(in German)

Shit.

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

DARYL

What is that, some kind of code?

BAUM

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

ED

The date.

BAUM

Know what that means? We've been
asleep for over 2 years.

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

45

The volunteer group are down in the recesses now, having
reached the lowest floor of Sleep Cell corridors. There are a
few scattered pieces of fallen debris, bits of wall having
crumbled, and some of the lights are out. Everyone is deeply
tense; ABIGAIL is visibly petrified, trying to control her
bursts of panicked breath.

They pass 'Corridor 9', labelled on the wall, the door to
which is open with silence beyond.

LANA

Should be the next one down.

They head down the last set of stairs to find -

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

46

- the door leading to Corridor 10, labelled on the wall. The
pad beside the door is lit in red, with the message 'Locked'.
SHUN frowns at the sight.

Outside the door is a large pool of blood. This is where WARREN was stabbed.

SHUN
(quietly)
Blood starts here.

47

INT. ORIGIN / UPPER DECK / CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

47

ED is tapping away at the computer, VERONIKA watching, when he frowns.

ED
(whispered)
Sealed..

VERONIKA
What?

He points to a more detailed blueprint of the ship.

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

VERONIKA
You think that means something?

ED
Possibly not.
(beat)
Unless someone had a reason to keep it shut.

VERONIKA's unnerved expression is suddenly interrupted by a BANG.

Everyone whirls; people scream.

SARAH
Did that come from -

BANG.

Outside. Someone is banging on the door.

They all turn to stare, horrified, at the locked door.

MOHINDER
Someone is trying to get in.

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

LANA steps over WARREN's blood with her torch, shining it against the glass panel of the door.

 LANA
 Shit, can't see anything.. All the
 lights are out..

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

SHUN, LANA and KATIE freeze at the sound.

 KATIE
 That came from inside.

49 **INT. ORIGIN / UPPER DECK / CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT** 49

BANG.

The passengers are crowded together, in a state of panic.

 VERONIKA
 Oh god.. Oh god, what do we do?

 MOHINDER
 We must let them in.

 DARYL
 You fucking crazy?

 VERONIKA
 What if it's a passenger?

 BAUM
 What if it's not?

The banging gets more frantic - they're all on their feet - and HENRI's jaw sets.

 HENRI
 Grab something to protect yourself.

 DARYL
 You ain't opening that door, Doc.

 HENRI
 There are 16 of us in here. If they
 mean us harm, they won't last long.

DARYL's eyes flicker. He sees that the others are ready to back HENRI up.

DARYL

Fine. But whatever you're inviting
in. It's on your head.

HENRI's eyes harden, and he approaches the door, which shakes under the repeated bangs. The PASSENGERS scramble, picking up equipment - anything that could be a weapon. DARYL grabs a fire extinguisher, wielding it in front of him, eyes feverish. They watch as HENRI slowly approaches the door. Someone touches his arm - he flinches - but it's MOHINDER at his side. The Indian man offers a reassuring smile.

Both men face the door.

HENRI

Ready..

And he presses his hand down on the pad.

A PASSENGER immediately tumbles into MOHINDER's arms.

50

INT. ORIGIN / MIDDLE DECK / STAIRWELL 10 - NIGHT

50

LANA reaches to open the door to Corridor 10, but SHUN stops her.

LANA

What are you doing?

SHUN

The door's locked.

LANA

So?

SHUN

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

LANA

(incredulous)

We just heard someone scream!

SHUN

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

51

INT. ORIGIN / UPPER DECK / CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

51

MOHINDER collapses under the stranger's weight and they fall to the floor, where the PASSENGER writhes, pale and sweating.

HENRI
He's one of us.

The others rush in as HENRI props the PASSENGER's head onto his knee - he's pale, pouring sweat.

HENRI (CONT'D)
Hey, can you hear me?

BAUM, however, is looking at the bloody mess that make up the PASSENGER's fingers. His nails are worn to the quick.

BAUM
What the hell happened to his
nails?

The PASSENGER seems to regain consciousness, though his eyes remain strangely vacant. When he speaks, it's in wheezing, pained tones, as though every word is a great effort.

PASSENGER
(laboured)
In.. Me.

52 **INT. ORIGIN / MIDDLE DECK / CORRIDOR 10 - NIGHT** 52

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

LANA
They could be hurt. Calling out for
help.

SHUN
I'm just trying to keep us alive,
Lana.

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

On SHUN. Her words cutting deep.

53 **EXT. AIBA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)** 53

SHUN storms along a garden in the pouring rain. He slams the buzzer of AIBA's apartment.

SHUN
Aiba! Open this fucking door.

He bangs the door, seething with fury. Presses the buzzer again so his voice reaches inside.

SHUN (CONT'D)

What, I put my neck out for you and you fuck me? You said you'd take the offer. You promised me -

Suddenly the door opens an inch - and AIBA's panicked, sweaty face appears in the crack.

AIBA

Shun, get out of here.

SHUN

Fuck you -

SHUN charges forward to tear open the door, forcing himself inside.

54

INT. AIBA'S APARTMENT (FLASHBACK) - NIGHT

54

AIBA backs away as a sopping wet SHUN stalks forward, face full of fury.

SHUN

Everything you said. Everything you made me believe. It was a front.

AIBA

You need to leave. Someone might see us -

SHUN

Not until you tell me why. What is so fucking precious in your shit-heap of a life worth staying for?

His words land on AIBA. He can't answer. Despite everything, he's ashamed of what he's done.

SHUN (CONT'D)

You know something. This is the first time I've been glad Mum isn't around right now.

Then, a gunshot sounds.

Both brothers jerk with the sound. They stare at one another, wide-eyed. Then, SHUN's eyes travel down.

There's a hole in his torso where the bullet's travelled through.

SHUN looks to AIBA - then crumples.

AIBA

No!

He catches SHUN as he falls, blood blossoming onto both of them. AIBA presses down on the wound as HIDETO enters the apartment, watching AIBA.

A terrified NEIGHBOUR pokes their head out of their door, but HIDETO immediately points the gun at them.

HIDETO

(calmly)

Get back inside.

The NEIGHBOUR slams the door shut, and HIDETO turns back to see AIBA fumbling with his phone.

HIDETO (CONT'D)

Put that down.

Terrified, AIBA falters.

AIBA

Please, *Oyaji* [Father]. Please let me call for help -

HIDETO

I wondered where you'd gotten the tip-off. But you promised me so faithfully that you didn't see your brother anymore.

AIBA

He gave me the information. But I chose you! I've always chosen you.

HIDETO mulls this over as AIBA looks down at SHUN, pale and taut with pain.

AIBA (CONT'D)

(to HIDETO)

He's my brother.

HIDETO considers. AIBA watches, terrified, as the gun barrel faces SHUN, as SHUN pants for breath, staring up at the sight of imminent death...

HIDETO

You did choose me.

And he fires three times.

AIBA screams in despair as the bullets thud into SHUN's torso. SHUN's limp arm falls to the floor, never having made it to his gun. His lifeless eyes look at nothing.

AIBA drops to his knees. Staring and staring at the body his brother used to be. Unable to compute the terrible reality.

SHUN is dead.

HIDETO puts his gun back into his coat.

HIDETO (CONT'D)
This time. I'm not willing for
there to be a next.

He puts away his gun and opens the entrance door. Looks up at the rain, and takes out an umbrella. Draws it, and leaves.

AIBA falls back against the wall behind. He pulls his knees in towards him, curling up. The shock and despair keeping him paralysed.

On the body of SHUN.

The brother AIBA lost.

END FLASHBACK

55

INT. ORIGIN / MIDDLE DECK / STAIRWELL 10 - NIGHT

55

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

SHUN
Alright. We go in.

LANA
(relieved)
Good. Good -

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

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

LANA
One gun. You better stay close.

SHUN turns to KATIE.

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

KATIE wavers, then nods.

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

Our SHUN is AIBA.

56

INT. ORIGIN / UPPER DECK / CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

56

The sick PASSENGER writhes, crying out in agony, bashing the sides of his head. HENRI and MOHINDER grab his hands, trying to restrain him.

PASSENGER
Get out, get out!

VERONIKA
What's wrong with him?

HENRI
Hold him still!

The PASSENGER arches up wildly - then abruptly falls limp. He takes a great, gasping breath, and looks straight at HENRI, whose face is directly above. He opens his mouth, trying to speak, but only a wheeze escapes.

PASSENGER
They're..

ED
He's trying to say something.

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

PASSENGER
(laboured)
Corridor 10.. They're inside
Corridor 10.

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

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

The upper part of his head explodes.

Blood and gore spatter the group; the passengers yell, bolt, flinching back. It's a moment of total, inexplicable horror.

Several beats of stunned, horrified breathing. HENRI stares wide-eyed at the place the PASSENGER's head used to be. The only person who looks differently is ED; his eyes shine - but with fear or excitement?

ABIGAIL
(breathless)
Oh my god..

DARYL
What.. the fuck just happened?

Shaking, MOHINDER wipes blood from his face. HENRI simply stares at the dead man's face, preserved in an expression of agony, the blood from his brain dripping down in rivers.

MOHINDER
What did he say to you?

HENRI looks up at the others, in a state of shock.

HENRI
He said.. 'They're inside Corridor
10'.

57 **INT. ORIGIN / MIDDLE DECK / STAIRWELL 10 - NIGHT** 57

SHUN presses the pad; the message changes from 'Locked' to 'Unlocked', and the doors slides open.

It's pitch black inside - and deadly silent.

SHUN and LANA step slowly over the threshold, one gun between them and torches flickering.

Entering the sinister environment of Corridor 10.

Outside, KATIE hits the pad.

Sealing them in...

58 **EXT. BOARDING BAY / ORIGIN - DAY (FLASHBACK)** 58

Under the light of the blinding sun, passengers are pouring out of numerous open-top buses, escorted by countless blue-suited SIREN guards. It's a vibrant, regimented, dynamic operation.

CHYRON: China, 2 Years Earlier

As we focus on one of the vehicles, we see AIBA - who we now know to be our SHUN - descending the steps onto the dry floor, dressed in his grey overalls. His top button is undone, revealing a little of his tattoos below.

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

A crew member is shouting a command through a speaker. It's a Chinese man of around 30: BAI SONG.

SONG

(through speaker)

Please board the craft in an orderly fashion. You will be sedated for departure once you arrive at your designated Sleep Cell. As always, interaction with other volunteers is forbidden until arrival at Thea to preserve your new start -

He continues, switching between various languages.

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

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

At last, SHUN reaches the threshold. A couple of the on-board crew await them, bowing as they pass and welcoming passengers in various languages. They are checking people's wrists.

As SHUN reaches the front, one of the SIREN crew attends to him - and we see that it's WARREN. He takes SHUN's wrist with a smile and bares the number tattooed on his forearm.

WARREN

Welcome to Origin spacecraft,
Passenger 1221.

He types the number into a machine on the side of the craft, bringing up the message: '1221 - Approved'. Nods to SHUN, indicating that he can step inside.

SHUN pauses to cast a glance back over her shoulder at the cars, the passengers, at GREY, the sun and the desert. He does up his top button, hiding his tattoos from view.

Then steps on-board Origin.

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

WARREN (CONT'D)
Your new life awaits.

SHUN disappears inside.

FADE TO BLACK.