

"OUTLAND"

by

PETER HYAMS

Copyright October 1979
Registered WGAW

REVISED
March 17th, 1980.

GANYMEDE

Fourth moon of Jupiter.

Radius--566 miles
Distance from Jupiter--642,000 miles
Surface gravity-- .14 Earth gravity (1/7)
Distance from Space Station--70 hours
Frequency of Shuttle--Once per week

MINE OPERATION

Designation--Con-Amalgamate ~~77~~ 27

Principal ore--Titanium
Franchised to Con-Amalgamate by
League of Industrialized Nations

Personnel--2,144
 1250 labor
 714 support
 180 Administration and Maintenance
Dependents--Administration level 4 and above
Length of tour--1 year
Security--Federal District Marshal

1. TUESDAY, 4:15 P.M.

1.

EXT. GANYMEDE

Jupiter dominates the horizon...a titanic yellow-orange mass, covering most of the sky. Standing on Ganymede...you have to look almost directly upwards to see Jupiter's polar cap.

The red spot swirls near the middle...like a giant furious sore. Bands of colors stretch across the surface...and bleed into one another...giving warning of the violence that is occurring on the surface.

You see this terrible, gaseous warfare going on...and there is no noise. You know that there are sounds down there that you don't ever want to hear.

Most of all, however, it is the sheer size of Jupiter. It looms so enormous in the sky...that you can feel its gravity. You sometimes are afraid to jump from Ganymede's surface...afraid that you will be sucked into Jupiter's pull...and be drawn closer and closer...and then you will hear what it really sounds like...and then you will be swallowed.

That is a fairly common phenomenon on Ganymede. It is quite similar to the kind of disorientation skin divers can experience. Most of the workers lose their sense of up and down for a while...simply because of the constant sight of Jupiter in the sky...making them feel that they are going to fall inward, rather than down.

They soon get over it.

The mine scales the sheer wall of the crater. The platform glistens in the harsh half light from the low sun. It contains a series of angular structures. They are connected by what look like plastic vacuum hoses...which are passageways.

The sunlight is almost always from the horizon...causing elongated shadows. It kicks up brilliant pin spots of white glare on the platform. There is an overwhelming quality of impermanence to these structures. The effect is almost like Dodge City in the 1870's...this small temporary settlement of ugly buildings...broiling in the sunlight, and freezing in the shadow.

The scaffolding is orange oxidized metal...and it stretches more than 200 feet down the inside wall of the crater. The lower 100 feet are in total darkness..

1. Continued.

1.

and the men use brilliant work lights...which cast bizarre shafts of yellow-white on the face of the wall.

The mining equipment is all oversized. Gargantuan yellow cranes on thick treads, crawl around the rim. Pumps and generators pulsate in a web of intake and outflow pipes that stretch from the crater to the storage silos. It all looks like it was made by Matell.

The workers wear color-coded environment suits. The workers in the crater wear yellow. Equipment drivers wear red. Maintenance personnel wear blue. Management wear white. The suits are equipped with oxygen tanks and heating units. Everyone has their name stenciled on the left breast pocket.

All of the workers in the crater have safety tethers... stretching from the scaffolding. Since there is one-sixth gravity...men can float from one level to another by a slight push. The only sounds we hear are the constant crackling of static...and sporadic dialogue...heard through the intercom systems.

We are on the ninth level of the scaffold. A line of men are using electric arcs to cut into the rock. The ninth level is in shadow...so the men are in the hot pool of yellow work light. The harsh white sunlight is streaking the upper part of the crater in the background.

One of the men pushes off his platform...and floats upward. It looks like everybody is under water.

WALTERS

No way. I told them no way
they're gonna bring an
automated vacuum loader here.

HUGHES

When they installed them on
14 and 23, they said it was
just a temporary experiment.
Well...they're still in there.
That's some temporary if you
ask me. Hand me that connector,
will you?

Walters places a thin metal object in Hughes' glove. We can see that both men are perspiring...causing their face plates to fog up.

1. Continued.

1.

WALTERS

What about Wootton? He's the shop steward...what did he say?

HUGHES

I'll tell you what he said... zip. That's what he said... total zip.

WALTERS

They're always trying to pull something. Like they don't make enough dough already... they have to try to keep cutting corners.

HUGHES

Yeah, well it's a bunch of crap. They got 7 worker shifts on 14 and 23, ever since they installed those loaders. You read the by-laws. 8 workers for each shift...in black and white...that's what it says. 8 workers.

WALTERS

They want to get cute...we can get cute too. I'm gonna tell Wootton I want a meeting. Maybe we need a new shop steward. By-laws are by-laws. Jesus... can't they regulate these suits... minus a hundred seventy Goddam degrees here...and we broil our asses off.

A third man...Tarlow...is working by himself...near Hughes and Walters. Tarlow has stopped drilling... and is putting his arc down.

HUGHES

Where's your other suit?

WALTERS

In the shop.

HUGHES

Put some mylar over the sensor. It does something to the heating coil...and you stay cooler.

1. Continued.

1.

WALTERS

Really?

HUGHES

No, moron...I just made it
up. Yeah, it works...most
of the guys do it.

TARLOW

(shivering)

Oh!...I hate spiders!

Tarlow starts to stamp on the scaffolding metal platform...
as if he is trying to kill a spider.

HUGHES

8 workers for 8 jobs. That's
the contract.

WALTERS

Well maybe our shop steward
should read the contract...
Hey Tarlow...what's eating you?

Tarlow is stamping furiously on the floor.

TARLOW

Kill it! Kill it!

CONTINUED PAGE 4.

SCENE NUMBER 1.

1. Continued.

1.

HUGHES
Kill what?

TARLOW
Oh God...I hate spiders!

WALTERS
You shitting us?

TARLOW
Oh! God! Get it off my
leg! Get it off!

Tarlow is flailing at his suit leg...pounding away at
the spider that we can't see.

HUGHES
Tarlow...what's the matter
with you? Get what off?

TARLOW
(screaming)
Spider! Please help me!

HUGHES
Spider? Have you popped
your cork? How can there
be a spider here. There's
nothin' alive here.

WALTERS
He's putting us on.

Tarlow writhes backwards...slapping at his chest now.

TARLOW
Goooodddddddddddddd! Get it
oooooooooooooooooooooooooooo!

HUGHES
Very funny Tarlow. We're
not fallin' for nothin'.
Cut the garbage and get back
to work.

Tarlow grabs at the base of his helmet...near his
throat.

TARLOW
It's getting inside!!!!
It's getting inside!!!!

2. Continued.

2.

kitchen area, a dining alcove, and a lounge-like alcove. Almost everything is built-in...and is unfinished metal. One wall has two television screens, a computer board, and all of the environment controls.

Carol O'Niel is placing frozen waffles and a cup of coffee into a microwave oven. She is a woman in her middle thirties. She has dark hair...a lean figure... and the kind of intelligent chicness that appears somewhat out of place in this kind of situation. There is an unmistakable melancholy about her that pervades her movements.

Paul O'Niel is propping his eleven year old elbows on the formica table...waiting for breakfast. He is an alert little boy...with a sophistication that comes from knowing more than he should know.

CAROL

Two minutes.

PAUL

Is it the buttermilk kind?

CAROL

I'm afraid so.

PAUL

Yuck.

CAROL

Supply said they were running out of the other ones.

PAUL

I can hardly talk with these braces.

CAROL

I know...I'm sorry. It won't be too much longer.

PAUL

How much longer?

CAROL

Pretty soon.

PAUL & CAROL

(together)

How soon?

2. Continued.

2.

Paul smiles.

O'NIEL

How soon for what?

William Thomas O'Niel strides into the room. He is an athletic looking man in his forties...with a hard kind of grace to him. He is a man who doesn't seem to fit too well in things like chairs or rooms. That quality comes from his looks...not his size. He looks like he belongs outdoors...especially when he is indoors.

PAUL

Till I get my braces off?

O'Niel snaps on one of the television screens...and punches in a code on the computer.

O'NIEL

You want crooked teeth?

PAUL

I don't mind them.

O'NIEL

You're going to be missing some teeth in a minute, if you don't eat your breakfast.

O'Niel reads the print-out on the monitor:

PROCEED

O'Niel types:

O'NIEL, W.T. MESSAGES?

The monitor answers:

O'NIEL, W.T. AFFIRMATIVE

Carol takes the breakfast out of the microwave oven and places it on the table. Paul eyes the buttermilk waffles as if they were alive.

CAROL

Pretend they're not buttermilk.

PAUL

Pretent I ate them.

2. Continued.

2.

Carol kisses his forehead.

A man's face appears on the monitor.

LOWELL

Marshal...it's Lowell. The night watch went okay. Nothing much...just a couple of drunks. The door to the purser in dome 9 has some chisel marks on the hinges...may have been an attempt to jimmy. No marks on the air lock...we'll watch it tonight. That's about it. I'll be in your office at 1800.

Carol hands O'Niel his cup of coffee. The image on the screen changes...to an older man.

MONTONE

Marshal...it's Montone. Got nothing more on that incident in the mine yesterday. Looks like it was just some guy who went whacko. The Company is having the body shipped back...or what's left of it...immediately, on today's shuttle. Christ, you should have seen that mess.

Paul, who is having enough trouble with the waffle... gives up and puts his fork on his plate.

MONTONE (cont'd)

Anyway...definitely no homicide. There were two witnesses right next to him when it happened. It happens every once in a while up here. Some people just let this place get to them. Damn shame...his year was almost up. Impossible to do an autopsy. So that's about it...oh yeah... tell your wife Transportation got the tickets for her. See you when you get to the office. Don't worry...you'll get used to it.

The picture goes to black...and the screen reads:

END MESSAGES...O'NIEL, W.T.

Carol has lost the color in her face for a moment. She quickly regains her composure. O'Niel turns the monitor off.

O'NIEL
What tickets?

CAROL
Oh...Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds...
the nice couple from the
bakery...they wanted tickets
on the weekly shuttle for a
friend of theirs. I said I
would see what I could do.

O'NIEL shrugs...and finishes his coffee.

O'NIEL
I gotta go.

He kisses his son.

O'NIEL
See you for dinner, sport.
Don't forget...seven
pages of math.

PAUL
I promise.

O'Niel goes to the door. Carol looks at him for a long moment...then goes to him.

O'NIEL
You be good today.

He kisses her. She holds him tightly.

CAROL
I will.

O'NIEL
Look...I know this is a bleak
assignment. I know what this
is for you...how difficult...
just...give it a chance. It
won't be so bad.

She looks at him longingly.

2. Continued.

2.

CAROL

I know.

He kisses her lightly on the lips...and starts to leave.

CAROL

Bill.

O'Niel stops at the doorway. He looks at her.

O'NIEL

Yeah?

Carol stares at him.

CAROL

Bill...

She goes to him and kisses him fiercely on the mouth.

CAROL

I love you.

He holds her.

O'NIEL

I love you too.

(pause)

Just give it a chance. We've only been here two weeks. It'll get better. I promise.

She holds on to him...without answering.

O'NIEL

I've got to go. You smell good.

He touches her cheek with his hand...and leaves. Carol keeps staring at the doorway. Then she turns to Paul

CUT TO:

3. INT. MESS HALL MORNING

3.

It is a cafeteria...large and crowded. The workers push their trays past the counter of steaming food. There is no attempt to make the area look anything except functional. The tables are long metal slabs.

3. Continued.

3.

The chairs are matching grey. The lighting is from florescent slabs...hanging from the geodesic ceiling.

We slowly drift through this loud room...past the clusters of men telling dirty jokes at their tables...past some of the women workers who are sitting together...towards the back.

A man enters. He looks just like everybody else. He is fairly large...with a nose that is flattened at the bridge...obviously from being broken many years ago. His dark eyes pan the mess hall...looking for someone.

At a table near the side...one of the workers puts down his coffee mug. He gets up and walks to the back. His eyes never look directly at the man who has just entered. The worker opens a door and leaves the mess hall. After a few seconds...the other man follows through the same door.

CUT TO:

4. INT. LOCKER ROOM MORNING

4.

The locker room is a series of extremely narrow aisles, cutting through endless rows of high grey metal lockers. Workers are changing into their environment suits...still carrying on loud raucous conversations. They barely have enough room to put the bulky suits on, in the confines of the cramped aisles.

The worker from the cafeteria pushes through an aisle to his locker. He pushes the combination keys in the proper sequences...and opens the locker door.

The other man is about ten seconds behind the worker. We are a distance away...too far away to hear what is being said. All we can really see is that the man pauses at the worker's locker long enough to give him something. There appears to be an exchange of some kind...and words spoken. The man is on his way...and the worker is starting to put on his environment suit...in a matter of just a few seconds.

5. INT. 'ADMINISTRATION WARD-ROOM DAY

5.

This room is about a quarter the size of the workers' mess hall. The tables have tablecloths. The lighting

5. Continued.

5.

is recessed...creating a glow, rather than a glare. There are waiters here. This is not a cafeteria.

About forty people are finishing their coffee. They are all facing a table at the front of the room. Seated at the table is a man in his early forties. There is a canniness to his features. It is the kind of intelligence lurking in his dark eyes that makes him formidable, despite the fact that he is neither large nor athletic looking. It is the kind of face that is not used to waiting on lines. His name is Sheppard.

Next to him is O'Niel, who is standing facing the people. Seated next to O'Niel is Montone. O'Niel has been speaking.

O'NIEL

Finally...I realize I'm new here. You're going to have to get to know me...and I'm going to have to get to know you. I just hope I can justify your confidence.

(pause)

There is total silence in the room. You can hear the coffee lapping against the rims of the cups.

O'NIEL

Thank you.

He slowly sits down. The quiet hangs in the air like a fog.

O'NIEL

(whispering)

I really wowed them.

MONTONE

(whispering)

Had them eating out of your hand.

SHEPPARD

(full voice)

Are there any questions?

A number of bottoms squirm in their chairs. Finally, a middle aged woman raises her hand.

MRS. SPECTOR

Marshal?...Flo Spector...

5. Continued.

5.

MRS. SPECTOR (cont'd)
Accounting services. I'm sure
I speak for all of us here...
in extending our welcome to you
and your family. If there is
anything Mrs. O'Niel or your son
should need...please tell them
to call me.

O'NIEL
Thank you very much, Mrs. Spector...
I will be sure and tell Mrs. O'Niel.

He looks around for more questions. There are none.
Everybody is plainly bored.

SHEPPARD
Well...I see there are no more
questions. I would just like
to add my welcome to Marshal
O'Niel. I'm sure you all agree
he will find this a pleasant
tour. I know he's just started
here. Pretty soon he will find
that this is just like every
other mining town. There is
never much trouble.

O'NIEL
I'm glad to hear it.

Montone shifts in his seat.

SHEPPARD
Just remember...these men and
women work hard. Very hard.
Since I have been General Manager
here, this mine has broken all
productivity records. We are
on our way to becoming the
leading Con-Amalgamate operation...
and everyone in this room has
received the bonus checks to
prove it. Good work only comes
from contented people. I work
them hard and I let them play
hard.

O'Niel looks at him.

5. Continued.

5.

SHEPPARD (cont'd)

So when the time comes for
them to let off a little
steam...you have to allow them
some room. As long as no harm's
done...just give them a little
room. Do you understand what
I'm saying Marshal?

O'Niel stares at him for an uncomfortable moment.

O'NIEL

Thank you for the advice,
Mr. Sheppard.

SHEPPARD

We're all professionals.

O'NIEL

I'm sure we are.

SHEPPARD

You drop around to my office.
We'll talk some more.

O'NIEL

I'll do that.

CUT TO:

6. INT. ACCESS CORRIDOR

O'Niel is striding angrily through one of the long
vacuum hose-like corridors. It sways with the weight
of his stride...and with the weight of Montone who is
struggling to keep a pace behind him.

MONTONE

Now don't go getting your
nose all out of joint.

O'Niel doesn't answer. He just keeps marching through
the translucent corridor.

O'NIEL

What the hell was that all about?

MONTONE

That's just his way. A little
ceremony for the good folk...
that's all.

6. Continued.

6.

O'NIEL
I don't like his way.

MONTONE
Don't mess with him.

O'NIEL
He's an asshole.

MONTONE
He's a very powerful asshole.
Don't mess with him.

They reach the end of the corridor...and open the hatch to building 7.

CUT TO:

7. INT. BUILDING 7 DAY

7.

This is the security area. It houses the jail, a small squad room, a data center, an interrogation room, and a small office with a glass wall that overlooks the squad room. On the door is written:

"FEDERAL DISTRICT MARSHAL
W.T. O'NIEL"

O'Niel enters...still trailed by Montone.

MONTONE
He's just trying to sniff you out. The last Marshal before you kept things pretty smooth. That's all they want. If things run smooth...they make their money...and nobody's here for their health or for the scenery.

Some of the young police officers stand when O'Niel enters. He marches past them without noticing. He goes in his office and closes the door.

CUT TO:

8. INT. LOCKER ROOM DAY

8.

A worker named Cane enters the locker room. He is a blond man with a thin beard. His eyes are pale blue...

8. Continued.

8.

and they have an unusually serene expression on them. His mouth is curved in a half smile. He looks like a little boy coming home with a note from the dentist saying he has no cavities.

Cane walks through the aisles of lockers. He is not wearing an environment suit. He goes to the outer hatch. It is the one marked:

"CAUTION...NO ATMOSPHERE
PRESSURE SUITS AND OXYGEN REQUIRED"

He looks through the porthole into the airlock. It is empty. He opens the hatch and enters the lock. He closes the hatch.

9. INT. AIRLOCK

9.

Cane methodically closes the hatch to the outside... sealing the lock. He pushes the button for the mine elevator.

10. INT. LOCKER ROOM

10.

A small group of workers have finished filling their oxygen tanks...and start to leave for the elevator. They get to the hatchway and see the red "occupied" light on. They look through the porthole and see Cane standing there...without an environment suit.

The men start to shout at him.

11. INT. AIRLOCK

11.

Cane is placidly waiting for the elevator.

12. INT. LOCKER ROOM

12.

The men pound frantically on the porthole.

13. INT. AIRLOCK

13.

Cane hears the muffled pounding. He slowly turns and sees the terrified faces of the men through the porthole. He smiles and waves to them.

13. Continued.

13.

The buzzer sounds...announcing the arrival of the elevator. The door slides open. Cane steps in. He smiles again at the faces through the porthole. The elevator door slides closed. We can see Cane's face through the window in the elevator door... through the airlock porthole.

14. INT. LOCKER ROOM

14.

The men are agonized by their helplessness...as they see Cane's blond blue-eyed face descend out of sight...as the elevator starts up.

15. INT. EXT. FOURTH LEVEL MINE SHAFT

15.

A group of workers are waiting for the elevator to arrive. They are impatient. This is the end of their shift.

The counter light starts to read off the levels... as the elevator travels down the shaft. The light skips through "ATMOSPHERE"... "GROUND LEVEL"... "DECOMPRESSION"... "NO ATMOSPHERE",,,"FIRST LEVEL"... "SUB ONE"... "SUB TWO"... "SUB THREE"... "SUB FOUR".

The elevator arrives. We can see the elevator window...as the car slides to a stop. The window has become smeared with a thick red.

The elevator door opens. We can only see the reaction of the men who are standing in front...when they see what is inside.

CUT TO:

16. WEDNESDAY, 6:55 P.M.

16.

INT. O'NIEL'S QUARTERS EVENING

O'Niel walks in the door. He is tired. He looks around. Everything is quiet.

O'NIEL

Paul?

There is silence.

O'NIEL

Hey Paulie?

(pause)

Carol?

16. Continued.

16.

He stands there for a moment. He goes to the bedroom. There is no one there. He comes back into the living room area. He looks around again. he goes to the television monitor and punches the computer code.

PROCEED

He types:

O'NIEL, W.T. MESSAGES?

The machine prints out:

O'NIEL, W.T. AFFIRMATIVE

O'Niel pushes the transmit button...and the television monitor flickers on. The face on the screen is Carol's. She is on the brink of tears.

CAROL

I...I'm trying to keep my composure...and...and like everything else I do...I think I'm messing this up.

She takes a deep breath.

CAROL

I despise these message things. I...I'm just such a coward... I couldn't look at your face, and say what I'm about to say... I just couldn't. If you were in front of me...I would change my mind...and I don't want to change my mind.

O'Niel feels behind him for a chair...and slowly sits down...never taking his eyes off the screen.

CAROL

I love you. Please know that.
(pause)
I hadn't planned this. I really hadn't. Look at me... I'm asking for approval... My analysis tapes say I constantly crave approval... and look at me...

She blows her nose in a pale blue tissue.

16. Continued.

16.

CAROL (cont'd)

Oh God....I just can't take it anymore...that's really what it amounts to. We've gone over this so many times before. We've had the same crying from me, and the same assurances from you that the next place will be different. It never is different. It can't be.

(pause)

So something snapped in me yesterday. I couldn't bear to watch Paulie clatter around another bleak place. He has no friends. Ever since he was born, he has been trucked off from one cesspool to the next... a year or two at a time. He's a child...and he's never set foot on Earth. Never. He reads books and looks at pictures of Earth all day long...and then he hides them from you so your feelings won't be hurt. He's like his father. He never complains. He's not like his mother, God knows.

O'Niel's face is rim lit by the glow from the television monitor. He folds his hands together, and rests his chin on them.

CAROL

Don't you see...he deserves a childhood. He deserves the chance to breathe air...real outside air...where you don't broil...or explode...air that smells like life...not like a ventilating unit.

(pause)

You think that it's all worth it. You think that you go where they send you...you keep the good old peace...and do the good old job. Well...I'm not as fortunate as you. I don't have your abiding faith. I can't see anything except one God-forsaken mining

16. Continued.

16.

CAROL (cont'd)
 town that looks just like every
 other one. The Company is the
 same...the greedy people are the
 same...the violence is the same.
 I'm just not as good as you are.
 I don't think it's all worth it.

O'Niel clenches his jaw...causing the small muscles
 in his cheek to twitch.

CAROL
 So...so I'm taking Paulie back
 home. I love you. You don't
 deserve this. You deserve the
 best. I just have to go, my
 love. I will contact you in
 a few days.

She looks straight at the camera...straight at us...
 she tries to say something else...except she can't.
 Her eyes are filled with tears. She swallows. She
 vainly tries to smile...and can manage no more than
 a pathetic little shrug.

The screen flickers to black. Writing appears:

END MESSAGES O'NIEL, W.T.

O'Niel stays fixed in his chair...still staring at
 the screen...the writing blinking on and off. He
 doesn't move.

CUT TO:

17. THURSDAY, 8:30 A.M.

17.

INT. SQUAD ROOM MORNING

Montone is conducting the morning roll call. O'Niel
 is sitting off to the side...partially observing
 what is going on...and partially somewhere else.

MONTONE
 Okay...what do we have?

He looks at a clipboard of reports.

MONTONE
 Ballard...what's happened with
 the purser's area?

17. Continued.

17.

BALLARD

We've put a monitor on the whole area for 36 hours... and it's been quiet as a church.

MONTONE

Keep the monitor on for two weeks.

O'Niel is chewing on a pencil. He is not watching what is going on.

MONTONE

Nelson, what about the detonators?

NELSON

They were found.

MONTONE

Where?

NELSON

I don't know. The shift foreman reported that they were found... and said not to bother.

MONTONE

Nelson...we're talking about nuclear detonators...you don't lose them and then find them. You lose your comb, and then find it...not detonators. I want to know where they were found...and who found them. You get my drift?

NELSON

Yes, Sergeant.

MONTONE

Good for you, Nelson.

He looks at the clipboard again.

MONTONE

What about the club?

A woman deputy answers...

17. Continued.

17.

MORTON

Sheppard asked us for a couple of more men on the late shift... you know...just to keep the boys and girls in line after a few belts.

MONTONE

He can have them.

Reading again.

MONTONE

Slater...what about the incident in the mine elevator?

SLATER

Nothing much to tell, Sarge... some cupcake named Cane decided he didn't need an environment suit. They're still sponging him off the elevator walls.

O'Niel's eyes dart over to Slater. This is the first time he is paying attention..

SLATER

He was alone...nobody was near enough to have thrown him in. A bunch of guys tried to get into the airlock, except he had sealed it. No way it could have been homicide. Had to have been suicide.

O'NIEL

Did he leave a note?

Everyone in the room is startled by the sudden presence of O'Niel's voice. There is an evenness to his voice... as well as a quietness to it...that makes you realise that this man very rarely has to shout.

SLATER

I beg your pardon, sir?

O'NIEL

Did he leave a note?

SLATER

Uh...none that we found, sir.

17. Continued.

17.

O'NIEL

Then how do you know it was
suicide?

SLATER

Uh...it...there's...no other
explanation. He knew what he
was doing...that's for sure...
you can't fall into an airlock
and then an elevator...you have
to open hatches...press buttons...
close hatches...it's...just the
only explanation.

O'Niel studies him for a long silent moment.

O'NIEL

Thank you.

SLATER

(very quietly)

Yes, sir.

MONTONE

Okay...Fanning...what do you
have on the pump station?

FANNING

Just a fight. We took'em both
in to cool off. They were
straightened out in about an hour.

MONTONE

Hill?

HILL

Pretty quiet. A couple of calls
about noise...nothing much.

CUT TO:

18. INT. MALE WORKER QUARTERS AFTERNOON

18.

The men sleep in four-tiered bunks. Each bunk has
built-in drawer space. There are communal banks of
television monitors at each end of each aisle. One
of the monitors is entertainment...another is time
and internal/external temperatures...and the third
is the daily schedule.

18. Continued.

18.

This is a very crowded area, with some men sleeping... others reading...men changing their clothes...and groups of men going to and from the shower and bathrooms.

The effect is like a cramped pullman car. It is impossible to navigate your way down a row, without squeezing past people.

The man we saw entering the cafeteria a while earlier... enters the quarters. He stops at the beginning of an aisle. Some men are watching a television monitor. The man walks down the long aisle.

A worker on the fourth tier of bunks swings his legs over the side...and starts to climb down the bunk ladder. He reaches the ground just a few seconds after the man passes beneath his bunk.

The two men...about twenty feet apart...walk the length of the aisle...to the bathroom.

CUT TO:

19. INT. BATHROOM DAY

19.

The man walks past the steam filled shower room. There are loud voices of men echoing off the tiles. The man enters a toilet stall. He closes the door.

The worker walks through the same area. He enters the adjoining toilet stall...and closes the door. In just a few seconds...the man opens the door to his stall, and leaves. Fives seconds later...the worker leaves.

CUT TO:

20. INT. HOSPITAL DAY

20.

It is more like the sickbay of a military ship. Everything is cluttered. It serves the entire mine as the dispensary, infirmary, emergency room, and diagnostic center. There are eight in staff...consisting of four nurses, three paramedics, and Doctor Marian L. Lazarus.

Lazarus is an alert looking woman with the features of a mature adult, forming the perpetual expression of a twelve year old. Her grey eyes emit a wry fatigue. She is a rumpled, rather sloppy woman, who just doesn't get too excited about things any more.

20

Continued.

20.

Lazarus is at an area towards the back. Even though the hospital is an impressive array of built-in equipment, Lazarus' area is an island of clutter in this sea of efficiency.

O'Niel walks in the hospital...past the admitting nurse. He strides towards Lazarus, who is hunched over a stack of paperwork and a computer read out screen.

LAZARUS

(yelling)

Who the hell ordered all these pressure packs...this is a mine... not a war.

NURSE

You did, Doctor.

LAZARUS

I said one hundred...not one thousand.

NURSE

You said one thou....

LAZARUS

I said one hundred...which can't be mistaken for anything except one hundred. It doesn't sound remotely like one thousand. Listen...you'll see what I mean... one thooooouusssssaaaannnnndddd...one hunnnnnnddddrrrrreeeedddddd...they're totally different.

She sees O'Niel standing in front of her.

LAZARUS

You think they sound the same? Who are you anyway?

O'NIEL

Are you Doctor Lazarus?

LAZARUS

Yes. Take two aspirin and call me in the morning. That's a medical joke. Are you the new marshal?

O'NIEL

Yes. I'd like to talk to you for a few minutes.

20. Continued.

20.

LAZARUS

I got an alibi. I got four
people who will swear they
were playing poker with me.

She gets up...and starts trudging through the laboratory.
O'Niel starts to follow her.

O'NIEL

I've never heard that one
before...that's really funny.

LAZARUS

Sorry.

O'NIEL

Yesterday a man deliberately
went into the atmosphere without
a pressure suit.

LAZARUS

Yes.

Lazarus is taking an inventory as they walk. O'Niel
doesn't like to be trailing after her.

O'NIEL

A couple of days before that,
another man cut open his suit...
on purpose.

LAZARUS

It happens here.

O'NIEL

How often?

LAZARUS

I don't know. It just happens
here.

O'NIEL

Why?

LAZARUS

I'm not a psychiatrist. I
can't tell you why. Some
people just can't take it
here after a while.

O'NIEL

Did you do autopsies?

LAZARUS

No.

O'NIEL

Why not?

LAZARUS

In the first place...the Company wanted the bodies shipped out quickly. Secondly, when somebody exposes themselves to zero-pressure atmosphere... there isn't a lot to inspect. In the third place, you're becoming a nuisance.

O'Niel shoves a drawer open...blocking her path.

O'NIEL

I know.

(pause)

I would like a record of all incidents like these last two, that have happened during the past six months. I would like it real soon, or I just might kick your nasty ass all over this room. That's a Marshal joke.

O'Niel turns and walks away.

CUT TO:

21.

THURSDAY, 9:17 P.M.

21.

INT. MALE WORKERS' BARRACKS NIGHT

A worker we have seen before is getting dressed for a night out. He is the one we saw in the locker room making an exchange of some kind with that man. The worker's name is Sagan. He has finished running an electric razor over his face. He splashes on some aftershave lotion and admires his face in the bathroom mirror. He leaves the bathroom. He is wearing only a pair of underpants.

22.

INT. BUNK AREA NIGHT

22.

Sagan walks down an aisle to his bunk and climbs to the second level. He gets in his bunk. We can only partially see what he is doing, as his reading light is behind him making his figure a silhouette.

22. Continued.

22.

Sagan reaches in one of his drawers, under some clothing. He pulls out a small vaccination gun. He then removes the drawer. He reaches inside the empty space behind the drawer and pulls out a tiny vial.

He places the vial inside the vaccination gun. Then, he presses the gun against his inner thigh. There is a soft thumping sound as the gun delivers its charge.

Sagan sits back and inhales deeply. He closes his eyes. After a pause...he quickly places the vaccination gun back in the drawer and slides the drawer into its place.

Sagan pulls out a shirt and, whistling, starts to get dressed for the evening.

CUT TO:

23. INT. O'NIEL'S QUARTERS NIGHT

23.

O'Niel is sitting on the built-in couch...with his feet resting on the small formica coffee table. He looks distracted and tired.

There is a knock on the door.

O'NIEL

It's open.

Montone enters carrying a large tray filled with covered plates. He puts the tray down on the coffee table.

MONTONE

I don't know what you like to eat...so I brought everything.

O'Niel looks at the food, and tries to smile a grateful smile at Montone.

MONTONE

Listen...you have to eat something.

Montone walks to the kitchenette to get a plate and a glass.

23. Continued.

23.

MONTONE

Can't catch crooks on an
empty stomach.

He sits down opposite O'Niel...and starts removing
the covers from the plates.

MONTONE

There's chocolate cake for
dessert...except you can't
have it until you finish all
your meat.

O'Niel smiles. The two of them sit there in silence.

MONTONE

I know how you feel.
(pause)
I do.

He leans forward.

MONTONE

The second time I did a tour, I
came back and my wife had skipped
off with some guy who's a computer
programmer.

O'Niel studies Montone.

MONTONE

I have two daughters. They
called the programmer 'Daddy'.
My wife said she was happy.
I said 'happy?' The guy looks
so boring! She said he may not
be Mr. Excitement...except he
was home all the time.
(pause)
Can't argue with that.
(pause)
Try the food...it's not that bad.

O'NIEL

I will.

MONTONE

You know the hookers here are
nice. Sometimes when you're
lonely...they can help.

23. Continued.

23.

O'NIEL

I'm sure.

There is a pause.

MONTONE

You want to play cards? I
cheat...except I cheat so
badly...you can catch me.

O'NIEL

No, thank you.

MONTONE

I get the feeling I'm bombing.

O'NIEL

No...I really appreciate what
you're doing. I really do.
It's just...it's just that I
would like to be alone right
now.

Montone gets up.

MONTONE

I understand, Marshal.

He goes to the door.

MONTONE

If you need anything...if you
just want to talk...please
call me.

O'NIEL

Thank you. I mean it.

MONTONE

Screw it. You can have the
chocolate cake.

He closes the door.

O'Niel smiles. Then the smile fades. He looks at the
food. He doesn't want to touch it.

Almost mechanically, he gets up and walks to the
television monitors. He switches one on and punches
the computer keyboard:

O'NIEL, W.T.

PLAYBACK WEDNESDAY TRANSMISSIONS

23. Continued.

23.

The machine blinks to life. The message is wiped off the screen and is answered:

O'NIEL, W.T. AFFIRMATIVE
REPLAY WEDNESDAY TRANSMISSIONS

An image flickers on the monitor. It is Montone.

MONTONE

Marshal...we got a response
on your request.

O'Niel pushes the 'fast forward' button on the tape machine. The picture turns to hash...and the sound races to a high pitched gibberish. The squeaking stops and there is a tone. O'Niel pushes the 'play' button.

Another image appears.

CALDWELL

Marshal...it's Caldwell in
West Security...

O'Niel pushes the 'fast forward' button again. He waits until he hears the next set of tones and pushes the 'play' button.

Carol's face appears.

CAROL

I...I'm trying to keep my
composure...and...and like
everything else I do...I
think I'm messing this up.

O'Niel sits down again as he listens to a replay of Carol's message.

CAROL

I despise these message things...
I...I'm just such a coward...
I couldn't look at your face...

O'Niel stares at Carol's face.

CAROL

...and say what I'm about to
say...I just couldn't.

23. Continued.

23.

CAROL(cont'd)
If you were in front of me...
I would change my mind...
and I don't want to change
my mind.

A yellow light flashes over the monitors...followed by
a high pitched beep. O'Niel reaches for the telephone
next to him...and picks up the receiver. He still
keeps his eyes on the monitor.

O'NIEL
O'Niel.
(pause)
What?
(pause)
How bad?
(pause)
I'll be right there.

O'Niel hangs up the telephone. He gets up and goes to
the door. He picks up what looks like a single
barrelled snub-nosed shot gun...opens the door...and
exits. The television monitor is still on. Carol
is speaking to an empty room.

CAROL
I love you. Please know that.
(pause)
Look at me...I'm asking for
your approval.

CUT TO:

24. INT. TRANSVERSE CORRIDOR NIGHT

24.

O'Niel is hurrying through one of the translucent
corridors. The long plastic tube is swaying with
his steps...making him hold on to one of the sides
as he runs.

Two deputies...one man and one woman...are waiting
for him at the end of the corridor.

FEMALE DEPUTY
Marshal...he's in the West
Wing. Sergeant Montone is
waiting for you.

O'Niel nods a thank you...and enters the passageway.

25. INT. WEST WING

25.

Montone is standing with another female deputy. Both of them are carrying the same kind of weapon that O'Niel has.

MONTONE

He's in a leisure compartment.
He's with a hooker.

It is a long hallway. At the far end is the entrance to the club. On either side of the hallway are various one-room compartments.

MONTONE

All we know is that the guy
is roughing her up. She pushed
the alarm.

FEMALE DEPUTY

When I responded...the man
told me he had a knife...and
he would kill her if I didn't
leave immediately.

O'NIEL

Who is he?

MONTONE

He's a crane operator. Been here
for almost eleven months. Never
caused any trouble. Name is
Sagan.

O'NIEL

How's the girl?

MONTONE

She's still alive.

They have arrived at the door to the compartment.
There are four more armed deputies...all positioned
near the compartment. They make way for O'Niel and
Montone.

O'NIEL

Is he stoned?

MONTONE

Beats me. Some guys just like
to slap hookers around.

25. Continued.

25.

O'Niel pounds on the door.

O'NIEL

(shouting)

Sagan! This is Marshal O'Niel.
Let the girl go...and, no one
is going to hurt you.

OMIT SCENE NUMBER 26.

CUT TO:

27. INT. COMPARTMENT

27.

The room consists of a bed and a television monitor. On the monitor is a pornographic film. Lying on his back on the bed is Sagan. He is stripped to the waist. His body is soaked with perspiration. Little droplets of sweat are beading over his lips. His eyes are wild with excitement. His face is contorted in a manic smile.

One of his arms is around the bare chest of a young brunette prostitute. His other arm holds a long thin knife. The blade is gleaming in the light. The point of the knife is at the girl's throat...puckering the skin...and forcing her to strain her neck backwards at a tortured angle.

The prostitute is bleeding from a broken nose. Her lower lip is split...and her jaw is beginning to discolor from a terrible blow...obviously done with a closed fist. She is whimpering with terror...and almost unconscious form being beaten so badly.

SAGAN

Get away from me! I'll kill
her...I swear to God I will.
I'll slit her throat.

O'NIEL (v.o.)

Why? What has she done?

SAGAN

She's evil. I want you to go
away...now! I will slice her
little pink throat right this
minute if you don't go away!

He applies a little more pressure on the knife blade. It barely pierces the skin. A tiny red dot appears on her flesh...and a trickle of blood rolls down the side of her neck.

27. Continued. 27.

The prostitute screams with terror.

CUT TO:

28. EXT. COMPARTMENT 28.

O'NIEL

Hey! Listen to me. Just listen. I can't go away...and you know that. Now, nobody's going to hurt you. If you want to talk...we'll talk. I won't try to break in...you don't do anything crazy with the girl... okay?

There is no response.

O'NIEL

Sagan...do you hear me?

Sagan starts to make what are almost animal-like sounds.

O'Niel looks around. He motions for a deputy to come over to him. The deputy runs over.

O'NIEL

Get me a maintenance worker.

The deputy runs to a communication box at the end of the hall.

O'NIEL

Hey Sagan...try to understand what I'm saying. You haven't gone too far yet. As long as you don't kill the girl... everything can work out.

CUT TO:

29. INT. COMPARTMENT 29.

SAGAN

I'm going to cut this pretty little thing up. I'm going to do it slowly...sooooo sloooowlllllyy.

29. Continued. 29.

He tightens his grip on the girl...who begins to choke with fear and pain.

CUT TO:

30. EXT. COMPARTMENT 30.

A maintenance woman wearing overalls and a tool belt comes running down the corridor to O'Niel.

O'NIEL

Show me which panel leads to the air-conditioning duct for that compartment.

The maintenance woman takes out a long key and removes four bolts on a panel high on the wall. She pulls the panel out...revealing a narrow passageway.

O'NIEL

(while she is doing this)

I want you to open the hydraulic valve to release the door locks, when I tell you.

Montone looks at O'Niel and nods. He and two deputies climb in the ducts...taking their weapons with them.

O'Niel then walks back to the door. He motions to the maintenance woman to open the seal to the hydraulic valve. She slides the panel open and poises her gloved hand on the pressure lever.

O'NIEL

Sagan! Can you hear me?

CUT TO:

31. INT. COMPARTMENT 31.

Sagan is soaked in perspiration. He is breathing heavily. The hair on his arms is matted with moisture...pressing against the frail bruised skin of the girl's neck. He leaps up and starts to stamp around the small room. He looks like a mindless wild animal.

SAGAN

I hear you.

O'NIEL 9v.o.)

I'm going to explain this to you very carefully.

32. INT. AIR CONDITIONING DUCT 32.

Montone and the two deputies are crawling through the cramped metal passageway...trying to be as silent as they can...and trying to see ahead of them by the light of a small flashlight.

22. INT. COMPARTMENT 33.

Sagan is slashing the knife at the air. He is making guttural wheezing noises.

O'NIEL (v.o.)

I can't let you stay in there forever.

Sagan's eyes are blue fire. He slashes at the sound of O'Niel.

O'NIEL

I'm going to open the hydraulic pressure on the door locks. It will open the door.

CUT TO:

34. INT. AIR CONDITIONING DUCT 34.

Montone and the deputies are getting nearer the space over Sagan's compartment.

CUT TO:

35. EXT. COMPARTMENT 35.

O'NIEL

You can't keep the door closed. You can't stay in there. Why don't you just come out and make it easy on yourself?

SAGAN (v.o.)

The second that door opens... I'm going to kill her! I'm going to slice her. I hate her.

CUT TO:

36. INT. AIR CONDITIONING DUCT 36.

Montone has reached the panel over Sagan's compartment. He stops and feels for the hinges.

CUT TO:

37. EXT. COMPARTMENT

37.

O'NIEL

I'm not going to argue with you...and I'm not going to trick you. I am going to count down from ten to one. At one... the door will slowly open. I will not rush in. I'm not going to shoot you. I don't want anybody hurt...including you. Please trust me... whatever the problem is... we can try to work it out without anyone getting hurt.

CUT TO:

38. INT. AIR CONDITIONING DUCT

38.

Montone is working by the bobbing shaft of his flashlight. He has released the hinges and is holding his breath, trying not to make noise. He is waiting for his cue from O'Niel.

CUT TO:

39. INT. COMPARTMENT

39.

Sagan is listening to O'Niel and his words are beginning to register slightly with him.

SAGAN

You're going to kill me.

CUT TO:

40. EXT. COMPARTMENT

40.

O'NIEL

I'm not. You have my word.
You also have my word that
if you kill the girl...I
will kill you.

He holds his hand in the air...as a signal to the maintenance woman.

O'NIEL

Now, I am going to count
slowly from ten to one.

40. Continued. 40.
- O'NIEL (cont'd)
Just...do as I say...Ten...
- CUT TO:
41. INT. COMPARTMENT 41.
- Sagan is trying to reason the situation. His face is like a child's...with too much information for it to comprehend.
- O'NIEL (v.o.)
Nine...Eight...
- CUT TO:
42. INT. AIR CONDITIONING DUCT 42.
- Montone's fingers tighten around the hatch...ready to lift it.
- O'NIEL (v.o.)
Seven...Six...
- CUT TO:
43. EXT. COMPARTMENT 43.
- O'NIEL
Five...Four...
- The maintenance woman holds the pressure lever.
- O'NIEL
Three...Two...
- CUT TO:
44. INT. COMPARTMENT 44.
- Sagan has his eyes riveted on the door.
- The air conditioning duct hatch springs open on the ceiling. Montone drops into the room. Sagan wheels around to see what caused the noise behind him.
- O'NIEL (v.o.)
One.

44. Continued.

44.

Montone fires at close range. The girl screams.

CUT TO:

45. EXT. COMPARTMENT

45.

The maintenance woman pulls the lever. There is a hissing sound and the door slides open.

O'Niel stares in the doorway. He sees the girl...whimpering on the bed. Sagan is thrown back. His head is at an angle it shouldn't be. His eyes are open. There is a gaping hole where his chest is supposed to be. Montone looks at O'Niel.

MONTONE

He turned on me...I...I
saw the knife...

O'Niel can't believe his eyes.

He shakes his head. He can't stop staring at Montone. The two deputies have dropped into the room and are administering aid to the girl.

CUT TO:

46. INT. HOSPITAL

46.

Two paramedics burst into the emergency entrance... pushing a gurney. The young prostitute is lying on it...unconscious. A plasma tube is attached to her wrist. One of the orderlies is holding the clear bottle.

The deputies are leading the way for the paramedics.

O'Niel is two steps behind.

This crowd is met at the emergency entrance by Dr. Lazarus who starts examining the girl as she is being wheeled into an operationg theater.

There is a general commotion...with Lazarus barking orders to everybody...the nurse trying to get everything

46. Continued.

46.

in order...and everyone else getting in their way.

CUT TO:

47. INT. DIAGNOSTIC ROOM

47.

Lazarus and the paramedics lift the girl's sheet from her body...exposing some of her bruises. They slide the gurney into a large glass chamber. The chamber is activated by the punching of a computer keyboard. It immediately starts to emit a low frequency buzz. The chamber slowly starts to rotate...so that the girl's body will pass in front of an X-ray scanner... both front and back.

Lazarus looks at the results on three television monitors. In the first monitor...she sees a muscle diagram of the girls' body. In the second...she sees a slowly rotating three dimensional skeleton. On the third...she sees a read out of her blood pressure, hemoglobin, temperatures, etc.

LAZARUS

Jaw looks broken...maybe the nose...contusions...neck wound looks superficial...Jesus Christ... who did this to her?

O'NIEL

A worker. He went nuts. It happens here...remember?

LAZARUS

...no skull fractures...I got that list you wanted...she's bleeding in the abdomen...

O'NIEL

Why didn't you bring it to my office?

LAZARUS

I don't make house calls.

O'NIEL

You do now. She going to be alright?

LAZARUS

Maybe...if you let me do my job.

47. Continued.

47.

O'Niel nods a smile.

O'Niel enters the morgue area of the hospital.

It is to the right of the examining room. Lazarus is working on the girl in the background. There is a bank of body drawers on one end. The covers are all made of lucite so you can see the bodies in the drawers.

A frown comes over his face.

He looks at the examining tables in the middle of the room. They are empty.

LAZARUS

Twenty eight...in six months.

O'NIEL

I wonder how many in the six months before that.

LAZARUS

Twenty four. I've got initiative.

O'NIEL

Good for you.

O'Niel starts pulling open the body drawers. They are empty.

LAZARUS

You want to know how many during the six months before that?

O'Niel looks up at her.

LAZARUS

Two.

O'NIEL

You notice anything?

LAZARUS

I'm unpleasant...I'm not stupid...of course I notice something.

O'NIEL

What do you think?

47. Continued.

47.

LAZARUS

I don't know. Almost everybody here doesn't have both oars in water as far as I'm concerned. Why people suddenly start to lose their marbles in greater numbers is not so mystifying. I don't know why more of them didn't do it sooner.

O'Niel pulls out the last drawer. It is empty. Sagan's body is not in the morgue.

O'NIEL

Where do they send the bodies?

LAZARUS

They usually put them on the next shuttle. They wrap them up and jettison the body half way to the station. Burial at sea and all that crap.

OMIT SCENE NOS. 48. 49.

CUT TO:

50. EXT. FREIGHT DOCK NIGHT.

50.

The freight dock is a cavernous area...stretching over one hundred yards. It looks like a giant hangar...except it is more organized. A series of rail spurs meet at one end, for hopper cars and other conveyer vehicles to unload their ore. All of the freight is segregated into type and then loaded into huge containers. The containers are put into the freight bay of the shuttle and then shipped out.

At night, the freight dock is deserted. Harsh bare lamps burn at the bottoms of long poles hanging from the ceiling.

They cast individual funnels of light. The rest of the hangar is black.

A tiny spot appears at the end of the freight dock. It moves into a pool of light and then into shadow. When it reappears into another funnel of light, we can see it is O'Niel...alone...dwarfed by the containers he is passing by.

50. Continued.

50.

O'Niel is checking the bills of lading on the containers. All of them are covered with a bright company logo. Underneath the logo is the category of the container. Most of them are unrefined ore.

Towards the back of the building, there are two containers with different markings. O'Niel inspects them. His shadow dances across the shiny white sides of the containers...past the company logo...past the word "Fragile". The second container has a different marking. It states: "To Be Jettisoned".

O'Niel looks around him. The area is so vast, and so quiet, his breathing sounds thunderous. Very carefully, he opens the four latches at one end of the container. They each make a loud metallic click. O'Niel pulls the huge side lid open and shines his flashlight inside.

The round beam skips across a pile of metal boxes. All of them have a three triangle sign indicating they are radio-active waste. On the lower left hand side, there is a silver mylar body bag.

O'Niel stoops down and inspects the bag. He slowly pulls the zipper. First, we can see strands of hair... then the forehead...then two eyes, wide open with terror and surprise. Finally, Sagan's entire face is gaping upward.

O'Niel pulls the zipper halfway down the body, revealing the red stained gauze that was placed over the hole in his chest. O'Niel reaches in his breast pocket and removes a syringe.

There is a pause...to take a couple of deep breaths, then he methodically plunges the syringe into an artery at the base of Sagan's neck. The clear plastic container behind the needle slowly fills with a thick, blue-red liquid.

CUT TO:

51. BLACK

51.

There is a beeping sound followed by a click.

LAZARUS

Hello?

51. Continued.

51.

O'NIEL (v.o.)
Lazarus...this is O'Niel. I'll
see you in the hospital right
away.

There is another click as Lazarus switches her reading
light on. We see that she has been sound asleep. We
are in the hospital. She is sleeping on an examining
table.

LAZARUS
You know what time it is?

O'NIEL (v.o.)
Yes.

LAZARUS
You better be dying.

CUT TO:

52. INT. HOSPITAL NIGHT

52.

Lazarus is emptying the syringe into four tubes. She
is placing the tubes in an elaborate chemical analyzer.
The results appear on four monitors. The lighted keys
on the computer board and the television monitors are
the sole illumination in the lab.

O'Niel is seated next to her.

O'NIEL
How long will this take?

LAZARUS
You're kidding me.

Some data appears on one of the screens.

O'NIEL
What does that mean?

LAZARUS
Nothing much. Blood type...
cholesterol count. This blood
is from a dead person.

Some more writing on the second screen.

LAZARUS
No alcohol.

52. Continued.

52.

More data appears on the third and first screens.

LAZARUS

He ate dinner. Protein...
carbohydrates...more carbohydrates...
he didn't eat his vegetables.

(pause)

No nicotine...

(pause)

Some tranquilizers...

Lazarus pushes some more keys.

LAZARUS

Yeah...they're Company tran-
quilizers...standard issue.
Blood sugar and hemoglobin
are normal. Hello.

O'NIEL

What?

LAZARUS

I don't know.

She pushes a different combination of keys...and
watches the read out on the first screen. She frowns...
pushes some more keys...watches the second screen.

LAZARUS

Shit.

She tries another combination. Lazarus shakes her head
in frustration.

LAZARUS

Such a smart piece of equipment...
and a wreck like me trying to run
it.

She tries another tack. The fourth monitor is still
dark.

LAZARUS

You know you don't have your
medical all-star here. Company
doctors are like ship's doctors.
Most are one shuttle flight
ahead of a malpractice suit.

O'NIEL

Something's there...isn't it?

52. Continued.

52.

LAZARUS

Maybe.

She punches some more keys.

LAZARUS

I spend my days dispensing
tranquilizers to the workers...
and certifying that the Company
prostitutes don't have syphilis.
I don't know how to analyze a
new molecule.

The fourth monitor flickers to life. A diagram begins
to appear. White lines...with multi-colored circles
forming a geometric pattern.

LAZARUS

Hello.

O'Niel cranes forward...looking at the monitor.

O'NIEL

Is it a drug?

LAZARUS

You just won a prize.

O'NIEL

What kind?

LAZARUS

Some kind of narcotic...nothing
I've ever seen before...synthetic...
Bingo!

(pause)

Polydychloric Euthimal. Those
stupid bastards are taking Poly-
dychloric Euthimal. It's an
amphetamine. Strongest thing you
every saw. It makes you feel
wonderful. You do 14 hours work
in 6 hours...that kind of nonsense.
Especially manual labor. It makes
you work like a horse. The Army
tested it a few years ago. It
made everybody work, alright...
and then it made them psychotic.
It takes a while...10...maybe
11 months...then it fries your
brain.

52. Continued.

52.

O'NIEL

You said synthetic. Can it
be made here?

LAZARUS

No. Impossible. It has to
have been shipped in.

O'NIEL

No autopsies...so nobody knows
anything. The workers are
producing more, so the mine is
more productive. By the time
their heads get scrambled,
their tour is up. The Company
is making a bigger profit...
so they're not about to ask
any questions. That's not a
bad set up.

(pause)

O'Niel gets up and goes to the door.

O'NIEL

Listen...don't say anything
about this to anyone.

LAZARUS

I did good...didn't I...for
a wreck.

O'NIEL

Yes, you did.

O'Niel smiles and leaves. Lazarus looks back at the
screens with pride.

CUT TO:

53. FRIDAY, 6:40 A.M.

53.

INT. O'NIEL'S QUARTERS MORNING

O'Niel is sipping on a cup of coffee. He is working at
his computer.

He types:

O'NIEL, W.T. CONFIDENTIAL
QUERY. SCRAMBLE. SECURITY PRIORITY

53. Continued.

53.

The machine answers:

O'NIEL, W.T. PROCEED

O'Niel types:

DEPARTMENT HEADS WHO HAVE WORKED
ON GANYMEDE FOR MORE THAN A ONE
YEAR TERM?

Machine:

COOPER, FREDERICK - ADMINISTRATION
MONTONE, KENNETH R. - SECURITY
LAZARUS, MARIAN L. - MEDICAL
SELWAY, MARY - FOOD SERVICES

O'Niel types another question:

DEPARTMENT HEADS WITH MOST ACCESS TO
MOST AREAS AND PERSONNEL?

The machine prints out:

ORME, CHARLES - TRANSPORTATION
TRINGHAM, DAVID - PAYROLL
MONTONE, KENNETH R. - SECURITY
LAZARUS, MARIAN L. - MEDICAL
SHEPPARD, MARK B. - LEISURE
O'NIEL, W.T. - SECURITY

O'Niel lights another cigarette. He sits back and
looks at the words on the screen. Then he leans forward
again and types:

NUMBER OF EMPLOYEES WITH
CRIMINAL RECORD?

The machine whirrs:

17
ALABIN, THOMAS R.
ANDERSON, WILLIAM G.
BANDO, DOMINIC R.
DE PAUL, RAYMOND F.
DUMAR, ROBERT E.
FOSTER, PETER F.
FREYMAN, MARTIN E.
HALPERN, GEORGE R.
HOOPER, MARK G.
KUNARD, FREDERICK C.
LOOMIS, CHARLES E.

53. Continued.

53.

MONTINEZ, EDWARD T.
SPOTA, NICHOLAS P.
STEVENSON, JOHN A.
THOMPSON, VIRGIL
WOTTON, MICHAEL G.
YARIO, RUSSEL B.

O'Niel writes:

BREAKDOWN NATURE OF OFFENSES
HOW MANY FOR DRUG RELATED CRIMES?

The machine hums again:

2
SPOTA, NICHOLAS P.
YARIO, RUSSEL B.

O'Niel:

WHO DO THEY WORK FOR?

Machine:

SPOTA, NICHOLAS P. - LEISURE
YARIO, RUSSEL B. - SHIPPING

O'Niel:

WHO APPROVED THEIR EMPLOYMENT?

Machine:

SHEPPARD, MARK B

O'Niel taps his fingers on the console.

TRANSMIT LIKENESS
SPOTA, NICHOLAS P.
YARIO, RUSSEL B.

The screen goes black for a moment...and then a man's face appears on the screen. Underneath is the name YARIO, RUSSEL B.

He is a large dark man...in his forties...with thick features.

The picture changes and another man's face appears... this is SPOTA, NICHOLAS P.

53. Continued.

53.

This is the man we have seen before. We saw him in the locker room. We also saw him in the workers' quarters bathroom...making the exchange with Sagan.

O'Niel studies their faces...then he types:

REQUEST AUTOMATIC DISCRETE SURVEILLANCE
YARIO, RUSSEL B. AND SPOTA, NICHOLAS P.
ALL CAMERA CONFIDENTIAL. MY EYES ONLY.
O'NIEL, W.T.

The machine replies:

AFFIRMATIVE

O'Niel types:

END TRANSMISSION

The machine answers:

END TRANSMISSION O'NIEL, W.T.

CUT TO:

54. FRIDAY, 9:07 P.M.

54.

INT. LEISURE CLUB NIGHT

A naked woman flashes brilliant white and then black in a blazing strobe light. She is gyrating wildly to a thunderous percussive bass music. Her head is tilted back. Her teeth are bared under her lips in an erotic sneer. Her hair is matted with perspiration and sticks to the nape of her neck.

She is dancing in a lucite cylinder...suspended over a tremendous bar. Next to her is another cylinder. A naked man is dancing in that one. His muscular body is soaked in perspiration...and tiny droplets spray off his arms as he flails away to the music.

The bar is crowded with men and women...who have to shout just to be heard over the music. The club reflects all of the attitudes of Ganymede. The work is grim and harsh here. The workers tend to take their pleasure with a vengeance.

There are tables in the club. Each has a deep amber lamp. There are amber lights around the bar. That is

54. Continued.

54.

the only light in the club...except for the furious white strobe lighting of the two dancers.

Both male and female Company prostitutes work at the club. Many men prefer the male prostitutes...and many women prefer the women.

Spota walks in the club. He looks around...scanning the crowd. Then he walks over to the bar. He smiles a greeting to one of the bartenders...and orders a drink.

Near the ceiling of the club...hidden from sight in the exposed piping and wiring...is a small television camera. It is slowly panning back and forth.

CUT TO:

55. INT. O'NIEL'S OFFICE

55.

O'Niel is sitting in his office in front of a row of television monitors. There is a miniature switching panel in front of him...enabling him to punch up a picture from any of the cameras into any of his monitors.

On one of the monitors, we see a picture of an access corridor. On another...we see a picture of the cafeteria. On a third...we see the club. The image is sweeping from left to right...scanning the club. When the camera reaches the bar...O'Niel leans forward. He pushes a button that stops the camera from panning. He then pushes the zoom control...and the image becomes a semi close-up of Spota sitting at the bar.

CUT TO:

56. INT. LEISURE CLUB

56.

Spota gets his drink from the bartender and turns around to admire the dancer above him. Spota's face flashes in the reflected strobe light...as he looks at the dancer's glistening body.

CUT TO:

57. MONDAY, 8:03 A.M.

57.

INT. WORKERS' LOCKER ROOM MORNING

The night shift is returning from the mine, removing

57. Continued.

57.

their bulky atmosphere suits, and putting them into large dusty piles. The morning shift is crowding in an obedient line at the oxygen tanks. The room is noisy with deep voiced dirty jokes, and the slamming of metal lockers.

Spota enters the locker room.

CUT TO:

58. INT. O'NIEL'S OFFICE

58.

O'Niel is sipping a cup of coffee that is too hot. He winces. He can see Spota making his way over the piles of clothing and through the aisles of half dressed men.

CUT TO:

59. INT. WORKERS' LOCKER ROOM

59.

The small television camera in the ceiling pans with Spota. Spota stops and talks with a few of the men. He then puts on an atmosphere suit.

CUT TO:

60. EXT. MINE 8TH LEVEL

60.

The elevator opens and Spota steps out. His face is visible through the face plate of his suit.

In the ribbing of the scaffolding, a television camera starts to move from left to right.

CUT TO:

61. INT. O'NIEL'S OFFICE

61.

O'Niel operates the panning mechanism. We can see the bulky figure of Spota in his atmosphere suit...walking the length of the scaffolding.

CUT TO:

67. Continued. 67.
monitor. He pushes the zoom button. The picture becomes a medium shot of Yario.
CUT TO:
68. INT. LEISURE CLUB 68.
Yario starts to negotiate with a tall brunette prostitute.
CUT TO:
69. WEDNESDAY, 7:30 A.M. 69.
INT. WORKERS' QUARTERS MORNING
Spota walks towards the shower room. The television camera pans to the right with him.
CUT TO:
70. INT. O'NIEL'S OFFICE 70.
O'Niel is trying to wake up with some coffee while he watches the monitor.
CUT TO:
71. THURSDAY, 12:30 P.M. 71.
INT. WORKERS' CAFETERIA
Yario is wolfing down a lunch of meat, vegetables, and noodles.
CUT TO:
72. INT. O'NIEL'S OFFICE 72.
O'Niel watches Yario eat his meal. On his desk is half of a stale sandwich. O'Niel picks up the sandwich and takes a dry mouthful.
CUT TO:
73. INT. WORKERS' CAFETERIA 73.
Yario is ravenous...and the food looks wonderful.
CUT TO:

74. FRIDAY, 9:11 P.M.

74.

INT. LEISURE CLUB NIGHT

The club is teeming with customers. The music is throbbing. People are packed around the bar three and four deep.

CUT TO:

75. INT. O'NIEL'S OFFICE

75.

O'Niel is watching the bank of monitors. On one of them, we see Spota walking down an access passageway. On another one, we see Yario walking down a different passageway. They both walk out of view of their respective cameras. The images on the monitors change. We see Spota entering the club from the front entrance. We see Yario on the other monitor...enter the club from the rear entrance.

CUT TO:

76. INT. LEISURE CLUB

76.

Spota pushes his way through the crowd to the bar. He starts to talk with a male prostitute.

Yario sits down at a table. A female prostitute comes over to him. He invites her to sit down.

CUT TO:

77. INT. O'NIEL'S OFFICE

77.

O'Niel watches Spota escort his date over to the table where Yario is sitting. The four of them order drinks and talk animatedly.

CUT TO:

78. INT. LEISURE CLUB

78.

Sheppard walks in with Montone. The two of them go over to Spota and Yario's table.

CUT TO:

79. INT. O'NIEL'S OFFICE 79.
O'Niel stiffens, when he sees Sheppard and Montone standing over Spota and Yario.
80. INT. LEISURE CLUB 80.
Spota and Yario excuse themselves from their dates, and follow Sheppard and Montone back to a rear table. The four of them sit down and huddle together in a serious conversation.
CUT TO:
81. INT. O'NIEL'S OFFICE 81.
O'Niel watches the television picture of the four men at the table. He drums his fingers on the console.
CUT TO:
82. INT. LEISURE CLUB 82.
Spota and Yario get up from the table. Sheppard and Montone remain talking to each other. Spota and Yario return to their table.
CUT TO:
83. INT. O'NEIL'S OFFICE 83.
O'Niel stares at the monitors.
CUT TO:
84. INT. GYMNASIUM 84.
O'Niel throws all of his wieght into a forehand racquetball shot. The larger than normal ball caroms off the wall with a terrible hollow crash...and streaks towards the back wall. Montone...who is wearing a grey sweat shirt and shorts...lunges for the ball, and manages an undercut return.
O'Niel is wearing a pair of shorts and no shirt. Both men are perspiring heavily. The racquetball court is larger than the ones we are accustomed to seeing. The walls are scuffed white...and the ceiling is almost twenty feet high.

84. Continued.

84.

The game has been going on for some time. Montone... who is the older player...relies more on spins and position. O'Niel's game is more athletic and more violent...however, not much better.

O'Niel's return is anticipated by Montone...who cuts the ball out of reach...and wins the point.

O'NIEL

Shit.

MONTONE

Nine-seven.

Montone serves a ball that bounces high off the front wall. O'Niel pushes off the ground to intercept the shot. Montone pushes off the side wall...diagonally to the left to get O'Niel's shot.

The point continues with both men leaping up and sideways...pushing off the floor, and in one instance, pushing off the wall. O'Niel finally wins the point.

He is breathless...and takes a few seconds to gain his wind back. Montone is not in much better shape.

O'NIEL

You going to tell me about it?

O'Niel serves the ball hard to the right. Montone blocks the serve...and cuts the ball height again. O'Niel leaps for it.

MONTONE

Tell you about what?

O'Niel barely manages to get his racquet on the ball... and send a feeble return...which Montone promptly puts away.

O'NIEL

Sheppard.

Montone's face tightens for a moment. He bounces the ball before he serves.

MONTONE

What do you want to know.

He serves. O'Niel slams the ball back with a grunt.

84. Continued.

84.

O'NIEL

How deep are you in?

Montone pushes off the side wall and spins the ball upward.

MONTONE

Not too deep. I'm paid to
look the other way.

O'Niel is up at the front...and slams the ball downward. Montone lunges for the ball...and slices a shot to the left.

O'NIEL

I get it...you don't do anything.
bad...you just don't do anything
good...right?

Montone doesn't answer. He looks pained.

O'NIEL

I'm going to bust Sheppard.

MONTONE

Are you serious?

O'Niel dives for the ball...and just misses it.

O'NIEL

Yes.

Montone catches his breath. O'Niel remains on the floor.

MONTONE

This isn't the place for heroes.
You try to bust him...you're
messing with more than you think.

O'Niel slowly gets to his feet...ready to receive another serve. Montone bounces the ball. O'Niel doesn't answer.

Montone frowns a weary frown. He serves.

MONTONE

You're talking about the General
Manager here. He's a real hot
shot with the Company. You're
talking about big money. You're
talking about people and places
that we only know from letterheads.

84. Continued.

84.

O'Niel loses another point.

O'Niel doesn't answer.

MONTONE

I've got to warn you, the guy's connected...with more than just the Company. I mean it. There's some serious stuff involved.

O'Niel is silent.

MONTONE

What will that prove?

O'NIEL

I'm not trying to prove anything. This stuff they're selling is killing people.

Montone looks at his feet. He is breathing heavily. A droplet of sweat falls from his chin.

MONTONE

What are you going to do with me?

O'Niel turns and looks directly at Montone.

O'NIEL

I don't know.

MONTONE

You want me to resign?

O'NIEL

No.

(pause)

Don't come between me and Sheppard. Don't tell him anything. Just take your money and look the other way. I don't want you...I want him.

MONTONE

I'm sorry I didn't turn out better.

O'NIEL

So am I.

84. Continued.

84.

MONTONE

My wife was no dummy.

Montone stares back at O'Niel. He doesn't know what to say.

O'NIEL

Your serve.

Montone bounces the ball. He serves. O'Niel leaps after it...and slams it with an absolute fury.

CUT TO:

85. TUESDAY, 11:15 A.M.

85.

INT. SHUTTLE LOADING DOCK

Vario's fingernails are black around the edges with grease. He wipes his hand on the bandanna on his forehead. He puts the fork lift in gear...and starts forward.

CUT TO:

86. INT. O'NIEL'S OFFICE

86.

O'Niel is half watching the monitors...and half doing some paperwork on his desk.

CUT TO:

87. INT. SHUTTLE LOADING DOCK

87.

The fleet of fork lifts and cranes are churning up the dust in the pools of light...as they move the containers.

Spota enters the loading dock. He starts walking down the endless aisle of containers.

CUT TO:

88. INT. O'NIEL'S OFFICE

88.

O'Niel stops writing and looks at the monitor.

CUT TO:

89. INT. SHUTTLE LOADING DOCK 89.

Spota walks by Yario's fork lift without any sign of recognition. Yario waits a few seconds...then he stops the fork lift. He swings down...and walks in the same direction as Spota.

CUT TO:

90. INT. O'NIEL'S OFFICE 90.

O'Niel lights a cigarette.

CUT TO:

91. INT. SHUTTLE LOADING DOCK 91.

Spota turns down another aisle...and steps behind a row of containers...out of the camera's line of sight. Yario follows. There is a brief period of time when both men have disappeared.

CUT TO:

92. INT. O'NIEL'S OFFICE 92.

O'Niel stands up...and walks towards the monitor. There is a growing excitement on his face.

CUT TO:

93. INT. SHUTTLE LOADING DOCK 93.

Yario appears from behind the row of containers first. Spota follows. There are no words exchanged between them. Yario returns to his fork lift. Spota continues walking out of the loading dock.

CUT TO:

94. INT. O'NIEL'S OFFICE 94.

O'Niel punches a series of buttons...and monitors a number of different cameras, to see where Spota is going.

CUT TO:

95. INT. ACCESS CORRIDOR 95.

Spota walks down one of the billowy white vacuum tubes.

CUT TO:

96. INT. O'NIEL'S OFFICE 96.

O'Niel's monitors show a number of different corridors. Spota is not in any of them. Finally, the proper camera is dialed...and we see Spota making his way down access corridor 27.

O'Niel grabs the stubby shotgun from the rack over his desk...and runs out of his office.

CUT TO:

97. INT. ACCESS CORRIDOR ~~14~~ 27 97.

Spota is walking down the long corridor.

CUT TO:

98. INT. ACCESS CORRIDOR ~~27~~ 14 98.

O'Niel is running down the corridor.

CUT TO:

99. INT. ACCESS CORRIDOR ~~14~~ 27 99.

Spota is walking deliberately. He passes someone walking the other way with a slight polite nod.

CUT TO:

100. INT. ACCESS CORRIDOR ~~27~~ 14 100.

O'Niel almost knocks a woman down who is walking in the center of the corridor. He is in a full run.

CUT TO:

101. INT. ACCESS CORRIDOR ~~14~~ 27 101.

Spota arrives at the hatchway...and opens it.

CUT TO:

102. INT. LOCKER ROOM 102.
- Spota walks in the crowded locker room. He passes the area where the men are filling up their oxygen tanks.
- CUT TO:
103. INT. ACCESS CORRIDOR // 14 103.
- O'Niel reaches the hatchway.
- CUT TO:
104. INT. ACCESS CORRIDOR // 27 104.
- O'Niel is running as fast as he can.
- CUT TO:
105. INT. LOCKER ROOM 105.
- The cluster of men taking off their atmosphere suits makes it almost impossible to travel down the locker aisles. Spota's progress is very slow.
- CUT TO:
106. INT. ACCESS CORRIDOR // 27 106.
- O'Niel has reached the hatchway.
- CUT TO:
107. INT. LOCKER ROOM 107.
- O'Niel enters the locker room. He is by the oxygen loading area. He looks around.
- Spota is making his way down a locker aisle.
- O'Niel is at the far end of the locker area. He is crossing behind all the aisles...trying to look down the long rows to catch a glimpse of Spota. It is hard because they are so congested.
- Spota turns a corner...and starts down another aisle.
- O'Niel sees Spota...just as he disappears behind some

107. Continued.

107.

lockers. He weaves his way through a slalom course of people...bumping into some along the way.

A worker is opening his locker. He is looking down the aisle...as if he is expecting someone. He sees Spota. There is a flicker of recognition.

O'Niel is half the aisle behind Spota...gaining on him every step. He sees the man standing by his locker. He can sense that this man by the locker is going to buy from Spota.

Spota is one step from the man when O'Niel knocks into a worker standing in the middle of the aisle. The noise causes Spota and the other man to turn around. They see O'Niel.

Spota lunges forward...throwing the man behind him. O'Niel is after him in two strides. Spota is tearing through the aisle like a wild man...not caring who or what he hits in the process. O'Niel is trying to catch him, and trying not to maim anybody else in the process.

The commotion is loud and violent. The shouting and confusion echoes off the locker room walls. Spota leaps on the benches between the lockers. He grabs onto a locker door...and pulls himself up on top of the lockers. He starts leaping across the room...from one row of lockers to another.

O'Niel pulls himself up on top of the lockers with a grunt. He can see Spota almost half way across the huge room. He takes off after him. He leaps from aisle to aisle. He is not as young as Spota. He trips, and almost splits his face on the corner of the lockers. He regains his footing and jumps across to the next aisle.

CUT TO:

108. INT. ACCESS CORRIDOR

108.

Spota tears into the corridor. His eyes are wild with a mixture of fear and rage. He is almost at the end of the corridor when O'Niel enters. He makes it to the hatchway...and claws it open.

O'Niel is breathing hard...his mouth open...sweat gathering at his neck. He is racing down the corridor...causing it to billow and sway more than normal. The white billowy ribs flash by him as he runs.

CUT TO:

111. Continued.

111.

O'Niel enters the cafeteria. Spota's collisions have slowed him down. O'Niel is gasping for breath. He stumbles on after him.

Spota hurls himself into the crowd on line for food. He lashes his elbow viciously sideways. Blood pours from the mouth of a man who has fallen to the ground.

O'Niel is getting closer.

Spota vaults over the food service counter. Everyone is trying to get out of his way. It is all happening too fast to register. A cafeteria worker goes down behind the counter...having been thrown by Spota.

O'Niel jumps over the food service counter. He avoids the person lying on the ground.

Spota has nowhere to go except through the double metal swinging doors into the kitchen.

CUT TO:

112. INT. KITCHEN

112.

Spota barrels into the kitchen...past the rows of microwave ovens...and the long steam tables.

O'Niel is close behind.

Spota realizes that he has closed himself off. There is no exit at the end of the kitchen. He wheels around and sees O'Niel almost on him. He reaches inside his shirt and rips off a vial of red liquid that has been taped to his chest. He throws the vial into a metal vat of boiling water.

O'Niel doesn't hesitate. He lunges forward and thrusts his hand in the boiling water. He lets out a groan of pain...as he removes the vial. The plastic has not yet melted.

Spota grabs a long butcher knife and brings it down at O'Niel's arm. O'Niel rolls out of the way... and the blade slams into the counter. He takes his shotgun by the barrel, and swings the butt at Spota...who has raised the knife again. The shotgun stock catches Spota's shoulder. The knife blade is deflected, just after it pierces O'Niel's forearm. Blood begins to seep through his shirt.

112. Continued.

112.

O'Niel is grappling with a man who is insane with fury. He is unable to contain Spota...who is lashing out with his legs and the knife.

O'Niel knees Spota in the groin. Spota is momentarily doubled up. O'Niel rolls to the side. He turns the shotgun around. Spota lurches towards him...raising the knife again.

O'Niel fires four rounds from the shotgun. The roar in the metal kitchen is deafening. The pellets crash in a circle around Spota...ripping through the metal dividers...shattering lights...and filling the room with acrid smoke.

It is all over in two seconds. The four blasts have hit in a circle around Spota. None have hit him. Spota is frozen, by the ferocity of what has just happened, and by the speed with which it was done. He looks at O'Niel...who has the shotgun leveled directly at his head.

O'Niel is still on the floor...panting...holding the shotgun with one hand...his other hand is bleeding.

O'NIEL

Think it over.

CUT TO:

113. INT. JAIL

113

O'Niel is walking down a long corridor. Montone is one step behind him. O'Niel's hand is bandaged.

One side of the corridor is a series of enormous glass rectangular windows. Over each one is written: "NO ARTIFICIAL GRAVITY"

Through the windows we can see men in atmosphere suits...floating at the end of long tethers. Each window in effect looks into an individual jail cell. Each prisoner floats in a cell...getting oxygen through the tether. They do not have individual back air tanks.

MONTONE

He's in 37.

O'NIEL

Has he said anything?

MONTONE

Not a peep.

113. Continued.

113

O'NIEL

Anybody ask about him?

MONTONE

Not yet.

O'NIEL

If anyone does...I want to know.

They arrive at window number 37. A man is floating at the end of a long red tether. There is a telephone receiver for the intercom. It is over the control valves for the oxygen supply. There is a small hatch that leads into the cell. Stenciled on the door in red block letters is:

"CAUTION, NO ATMOSPHERE, OXYGEN REQUIRED"

O'Niel picks up the receiver.

O'NIEL

Spota...this is O'Niel.

He can hear breathing and the steady rush of air... from inside of Spota's helmet.

O'NIEL

The lab report says you were carrying four ounces of Polydychloric Euthimal... which is four hundred doses.

SPOTA

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

O'NIEL

Of course you don't. How much does Sheppard pay you to sell the stuff?

SPOTA

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

O'NIEL

You're a real tough guy, Spota. I'm impressed. You're going to love being here. Most people start to go a little crazy at night...when they can't feel the floor for a few days.

113. Continued.

113.

O'NIEL (cont'd)

Sometimes the tether gets knotted
...and a man suffocates. That
doesn't happen often...it's just
the thought of that...seems to
keep people up late at night.

(pause)

Except, you're a tough guy...
that won't bother you, right?

SPOTA

Piss off.

O'NIEL

That's what I like, Spota...
you're real quick with the
comeback.

(pause)

I've got you nailed. I got
the evidence. I got the
witnesses. You're going to
be shipped back to the space
station and do time that makes
this look like a picnic.
Sheppard will just get a little
richer...

(pause)

Don't make a deal with me.
Don't get a reduced sentence.
Just do your hard time, while
Sheppard laughs his ass off at
you. I've got to hand it to
you...you're pretty sharp. See
you around, tough guy.

O'Niel hangs up the receiver. He turns to Montone, and
disconnects the phone.

O'NIEL

Nobody talks to him. Nobody
touches him. I mean nobody.
Do you understand?

MONTONE

I understand.

CUT TO:

114. INT. SHEPPARD'S OFFICE

114.

The office is surprisingly large and dark...with recessed

114. Continued.

114

lighting glowing in the corners...and comfortable black leather furniture arranged symmetrically on a grey carpet.

Sheppard is in the middle of the room...putting a golf ball into an electric ball return. He is not bad.

O'Niel walks in. Sheppard doesn't look up. He strokes the ball.

SHEPPARD

You know I can hit a seven iron five hundred yards on this place? Fix yourself a drink.

O'NIEL

No thanks.

Sheppard lines up another putt.

SHEPPARD

You've been busy.

O'NIEL

So have you.

Sheppard strokes the putt.

SHEPPARD

How much do you want?

O'Niel doesn't answer.

SHEPPARD

How much?

O'Niel lights a cigarette. He takes a long drag.

SHEPPARD

That's what we need here...
a Goddam hero.

He misses a putt.

SHEPPARD

I think this rug has a slight break to the left.

(pause)

Listen...let me tell you what you're dealing with here. I run a franchise. The Company

114. Continued.

114.

SHEPPARD (cont'd)
hires me to dig as much ore
as possible out of this
hell-hole. There's one of
me on every mining operation
all over the galaxy. My
hookers are clean and good-
looking. My booze isn't
watered. The workers are
happy. When the workers are
happy...they dig more ore...
and get paid more bonus
money. When they dig more ore...
the Company is happy. When the
Company is happy...I'm happy.

O'NIEL
Sounds wonderful.

SHEPPARD
Nothing here is wonderful.
It works...that's enough.
Every year a new Marshal
comes here for his tour.
They all know the score.
You know the score. You're
no different. If this hero
routine is to get your price
higher...I'll think about it.

O'Niel looks around the office.

SHEPPARD
What are you after?

O'NIEL
You.

Sheppard smiles...and goes back to his putting stroke.

SHEPPARD
What is it with guys like you?
If you were such a Goddam
super-cop, what the hell are
you doing on a Company mining
operation like Ganymede. They
didn't send you here as a reward
for your sterling service. You
know that and I know that.

114. Continued.

114.

SHEPPARD (cont'd)
I read your record. You've
got a big mouth. That's why
you're sent from one toilet
to the next. Me...I don't
plan on spending the rest of
my life doing this.

O'NIEL
Good for you.

SHEPPARD
This charade of yours is silly.
You try and meddle...you better
know what you're meddling with.
You got something to prove...
prove it to yourself...not to me.

O'NIEL
See you around.

SHEPPARD
If you're looking for more
money...you're smarter than
you look. If you're not...
you're dumber than you look.

O'NIEL
I'm probably a lot dumber.

SHEPPARD
That can get very dangerous.

O'Niel smiles...and leaves the office.

CUT TO:

115. INT. JAIL NIGHT

115.

O'Niel walks down the corridor. The corridor is
almost totally dark. Only small pin lights illuminate
the telephone receivers at each cell. The cells
themselves are brightly lit. The effect is like
walking down an aquarium.

Because it is late at night...many of the prisoners
are sleeping. As a result...some of them are
floating upside down...some sideways...in fetal
positions.

O'Niel stops at cell number 37...Spota's cell. He
picks up the telephone receiver.

115. Continued.

115.

O'NIEL

O.K., Spota...it's time to talk.

There is no answer. Spota is floating with his back to O'Niel.

O'NIEL

Hey, tough guy...

There is no answer. Spota remains turned away from the picture window. O'Niel's face is lit by the glow of the cells pouring into the corridor.

O'NIEL

Hey.

O'Niel looks into the cell more closely. He sees that the oxygen tether leading to Spota's atmosphere suit has been severed. The end of the section leading from the air supply is floating free. The end of the section leading from Spota's suit is hanging straight down. There is a trickle of pulpy blood leaking from the tether. and gathering in a grotesque red pool on the white floor of the cell.

CUT TO:

116. INT. MONTONE'S QUARTERS

116.

The door bursts open. O'Niel charges in the room. He looks around. The quarters are empty.

O'NIEL

Montone!

There is no response. He sees that Montone's bunk has not been slept in. He knocks on the bathroom door.

O'NIEL

Montone...you in there?

There is only silence.

O'Niel starts to search the room. He opens some of Montone's desk and dresser drawers. He pulls open the closet.

Montone's eyes are wide with terror. His tongue is swollen and black. His neck is hanging by a wire

116. Continued.

116.

garrotte...and the garrotte has been fastened to the closet. His hands are tied behind his back. It is a horrible sight.

O'Niel takes a deep breath...and then begins to move the wire from the closet...and he sets Montone on the ground. He looks at how distorted Montone's face is. He rips a sheet off of the bunk...and covers the body.

CUT TO:

117. INT. O'NIEL'S QUARTERS

117.

A small green message light is winking on and off... as O'Niel enters his quarters. There is a weariness pressing down on his shoulders. He slumps in a chair.

O'Niel sees the message light, and sighs as he gets up and goes to the monitor bank.

He presses the keys:

O'NIEL, W.T. MESSAGES?

The machine starts to hum:

O'NIEL, W.T. AFFIRMATIVE

O'Niel presses some more keys:

MESSAGE FOR O'NIEL, W.T.
YOUR EYES ONLY/CODED
ENTER CLEARANCE CODE

O'Niel types the code. The machine answers:

SBVD DTKKHRCY
JBTFWPA

O'Niel looks at the message. He types:

DECODE. MY EYES ONLY

The machine answers:

FOOD SHIPMENT
MONTONE

O'Niel sits forward...and stares at the screen.

CUT TO:

118. INT. SHUTTLE LOADING DOCK NIGHT 118.

O'Niel's flashlight casts a thin white shaft in the dark jungle of equipment and containers. He can hear himself breathe in the quiet. Places that are normally noisy take on a nervous quiet when they are unoccupied.

We see O'Niel from a distance...as he inspects the markings on the various containers. The flashlight skims over the ribbed surface of a refrigerated container. It is marked with the company logo...and the words: "REFRIGERATED/PERISHABLES".

CUT TO:

119. INT. CONTAINER 119.

O'Niel strafes the inside of the huge container with his flashlight. His warm breath forms puffs of smoke in the freezing air. His collar is pulled up and buttoned at the top.

Sides of beef hang from large hooks...the meat a shiny red under the pale layer of fat. The rigid line of beef sides runs the entire length of the container.

O'Niel begins to walk down the line of carcasses. The light dances off the protruding ribs...and the blue stamp marks on the fat layer.

A garrotte wire slams over O'Niel's head before he knows what has happened. His hands instinctively go up to his throat...trying to claw for breath.

Yario's massive arms are gripping the wire tighter and tighter. His knee is in O'Niel's back...forcing him to arch backwards. Yario's knee lifts O'Niel off the ground.

O'Niel's eyes are bulging with fear and pain. He is making rasping noises...while he tries to writhe away from Yario's grip. He flails his arms and legs.... desperately trying to strike Yario.

Slowly...O'Niel's motions become weaker. The veins in his neck are bulging. His arms stop swinging. His legs cease kicking. His chest stops moving. He crumples.

Yario drops O'Niel's body on the floor of the container. He walks down to the end of the container. The various sides of beef are marked for their destinations. Some are marked: "CAFETERIA"...others are marked: "WARD ROOM

119. Continued.

119.

MESS". There is one side of beef that is stamped: "GENERAL MANAGER". Yario goes over to it...and starts to turn it around.

O'Niel's leap brings him slamming into Yario's rib cage...crashing him against the container wall. The force of the impact momentarily knocks the wind out of Yario. O'Niel puts both hands together...and drives them into the bridge of Yario's nose. Blood begins spurting as soon as the bone has been broken.

Yario rises like a wounded bear. O'Niel drives his head into Yario's solar plexus. The air goes out of his huge body with an enormous whoosh. Yario doubles over. O'Niel puts all of his weight into swinging his knee up into Yario's descending chin. The impact is a dreadful deep thud. Yario is a quiet mound of unconscious muscle and bones on the floor.

O'Niel leans against the wall for support...as he tries to catch his breath. He reaches up with his left arm...and unbuttons his collar. We see that he has been wearing a rigid protective collar of plastic. He takes the collar off...and throws it on the ground.

O'Niel looks over at the side of beef with "GENERAL MANAGER" stamped on it. He walks to it. He starts turning it around slowly. He shines his flashlight inside the hollow...inspecting the grey ribs. Nothing seems out of the ordinary.

He reaches in his pocket and takes out a small knife. He makes a thin slice in the fat layer. He pokes his finger in. We see his face. We can read by his expression that he has felt something.

He quickly slices away the fat layer on one side. He reaches in and peels the layer back from the meat. There is no meat underneath. There are more than one hundred of the soft plastic bags of red liquid that Spota was carrying. A smile starts to curl on O'Niel's lip.

CUT TO:

120. INT. SHEPPARD'S OFFICE

120.

We are looking out on a green fairway. Closely bunched cyprus guard the right side. Tufts of soft clouds float in the crystal blue sky.

120. Continued.

120.

There is an enormous crash as a polished mahogany driver sends a golf ball screaming into the picture of the fairway. A computerized image of a golf ball appears on the screen in the precise spot where the actual ball struck. The image floats down the fairway in the trajectory the real ball would have traveled. It comes to land about two hundred and forty yards from the tee...in the right rough.

Sheppard is still in his follow through...staring at the results in the screen. He is standing on an astro-turf mat...at one end of this elaborate machine. The office is dark. Sheppard is lit by the glow of the projected image on the screen.

O'NIEL (o.s.)

What's the matter...sun get
in your eyes?

Sheppard turns around and sees O'Niel standing in the doorway.

SHEPPARD

Well, well...if it isn't
the law.

Sheppard turns back to concentrate on his second shot. O'Niel walks in the room.

O'NIEL

Hey, Sheppard...guess what I
just found in a meat locker?

SHEPPARD

I have this feeling you're
going to tell me even if
I don't guess.

Sheppard takes out an iron from his golf bag.

O'NIEL

I found 250 pounds of hamburger
named Yario that works for you.
I also found your shipment of
P.D.E. I threw the hamburger
in jail...and the P.D.E., in the
toilet. Or was it the other way
around...I can't remember which.

Sheppard's grip tightens around the iron. He turns around and tries to smile.

SHEPPARD

You've been a busy little
Marshal.

120. Continued.

120.

O'NIEL
Are you proud of me?

SHEPPARD
I'm truly dazzled.

He turns around...and takes another shot. He hits the ball very badly...obviously rattled.

O'NIEL
Nice shot.

SHEPPARD
Did you really destroy the entire shipment?

O'NIEL
Yes.

SHEPPARD
You do have a flair for the dramatic.

O'NIEL
Was it expensive?

SHEPPARD
More than you can ever imagine.

O'NIEL
Looks like you're out of business.

Sheppard puts the iron back in the bag...and turns to O'Niel.

SHEPPARD
I think I've misjudged you. You're not stupid...you're crazy.

(pause)
Do you really think you've caused more than an inconvenience? Is that what you think?

(pause)
Go home and polish your badge will you?...you're dealing with grown-ups here. You're out of your league.

O'NIEL
I bet whoever sent you that shipment is going to be mad you lost it. Grown-ups don't have a sense of humor.

120. Continued.

120.

O'NIEL (cont'd)
 I'd use a nine iron there.
 Just try to swing easy.

O'Niel walks to the door. Sheppard reaches in his bag for another iron.

SHEPPARD
 Marshal?

O'Niel stops.

SHEPPARD
 You're dead...you hear me?

O'NIEL
 I hear you.

He walks out.

CUT TO:

121. WEDNESDAY, 6:22 A.M.

121.

INT. SUB LEVEL B ELECTRICAL BAY

O'Niel enters the hatchway marked: "ELECTRICAL BAY".
 He is carrying a small case.

In the electrical bay...there are a series of islands.
 Each island contains the wiring and fuses for the
 various areas in the entire mine. Each island is
 clearly marked with the location it represents.

O'Niel passes the islands for the workers' quarters...
 the hospital...the female workers' quarters...and he
 comes to the island marked: "GENERAL MANAGER".

There are rows of metal panels...each housing a bus
 of wires and fuses...as well as all of the respective
 communication wiring for the area. O'Niel takes his
 identification card from his pocket...and slides it into
 a slit at the top of the panels...under the marking:
 "SECURITY CLEARANCE".

A bank of square multi-colored lights blink on...and
 the panels snap open...revealing a forest of wires.

O'Niel studies the various clusters of wires. He
 passes the electrical circuits...and stops at the
 communications cluster. He kneels down and inspects
 this cluster.

121. Continued.

121.

He opens the small case he was carrying...and removes a set of alligator clips and wires...until he comes to the wires for "ADMINISTRATION". He finds the wire for Sheppard's office. He attaches the clips to the wire. He attaches the other end of the clips to a terminal marked: "MONITOR". He closes the panel...the computer lights blink off...and he leaves.

CUT TO:

122. THURSDAY, 8.04 A.M.

122.

INT. SQUAD ROOM:

O'Niel strides in. The room is bustling with activity... as most of the deputies have arrived for the day shift. Deputy Ballard catches O'Niel after a few steps... and keeps pace with him across the room.

BALLARD

Good morning, Marshal.

O'NIEL

What have we got?

BALLARD

A breaking and entering in the women's quarters. Can't tell if it was a pervert or if it was an attempted burglary. Anyway...the guy was surprised and ran like hell.

O'NIEL

Any prints?

BALLARD

Nothing clear.

O'NIEL

What else?

BALLARD

Not much. There was a doozy of a fight in the cafeteria. A broken nose and some teeth was the extent of the damage. Both guys are cooling off in the tank.

122. Continued.

122.

O'NIEL

Where are your sergeant stripes?

BALLARD

Ah...well, Marshal...you know
it's only been a couple of days...
since Sergeant Montone...and...

O'NIEL

You're the new sergeant. You
wear your stripes. Put them
on now.

BALLARD

Yes, sir.

O'Niel arrives at his office. He sits down at his data
console. He looks through the glass partition, at
the expanse of the squad room. He punches in the key
code:

O'NIEL, W.T.

The machine responds:

O'NIEL, W.T. SECURITY CODE?

O'Niel types the code. The machine responds:

PROCEED

O'Niel types:

MY EYES ONLY. SURVEILLANCE
COMMUNICATIONS TAP ON SHEPPARD,
MARK B.

The machine responds:

4 COMMUNICATIONS--
3 INTER-OFFICE
1 LONG DISTANCE

O'Niel types:

LOCATION OF LONG DISTANCE
COMMUNICATION?

The machine responds:

SPACE STATION

122. Continued.

122.

O'Niel types:

REPLAY

We hear static and then unintelligible voices.
O'Niel types:

UNSCRAMBLE

The machine starts to whirr for a few seconds...then
we hear static. Finally we hear the beeping of a phone.

BELLOWS (v.o.)

Hello?

Sheppard's face appears on the monitor.

SHEPPARD

Bellows? This is Sheppard.

BELLOWS (v.o.)

What the hell has been going
on down there?

SHEPPARD

Just a little trouble.

BELLOWS (v.o.)

Your trouble is becoming big
trouble. You're getting some
people upset who shouldn't be
upset.

SHEPPARD

What do you mean?

BELLOWS (v.o.)

I mean some people think you
don't know how to take care
of your own operation. I
can't say I blame them.

SHEPPARD

Tell them I can take care of
everything. I just need a
few of your best men.

BELLOWS (v.o.)

What about the two you had?

SHEPPARD

Send me the men and I'll have
everything straightened out.

122. Continued,

122.

BELLOWS (v.o.)
My people are not going to
like this.

SHEPPARD
Do it. Tell them I'll have it
all straightened out.

BELLOWS (v.o.)
When do you need the men?

SHEPPARD
I want them on the next shuttle.

BELLOWS (v.o.)
I'll see what I can do. I'll
call you back later.

There are the clicks of the end of a transmission...
and then static.

O'Niel looks out at the squad room...and then types in
the computer:

RESPONSE TO SHEPPARD
MARK B. MESSAGE?

The machine answers:

AFFIRMATIVE
RESPONSE 18:30 HOURS

O'Niel types:

REPLAY UNSCRAMBLED

The machine starts humming again. We hear static...
and then the beeping of a telephone. We see Sheppard
again.

SHEPPARD
Sheppard.

BELLOWS (v.o.)
This is Bellows. You've got
the men you want. It wasn't
easy. My people are very un-
happy with you. This could
cause trouble for our people on
all the other mining operations.
If the Company got wind of what's
going on...they would clamp down

122. Continued.

122.

BELLOWS (v.o. cont'd)
like a vice. They can't afford
to lose their franchise. That
could put my people out of business...
and my people like being in business.

SHEPPARD
Tell them not to worry. How
good are the men?

BELLOWS (v.o.)
The best. They'll be on the
shuttle arriving Sunday.

SHEPPARD
They have their own weapons?

BELLOWS (v.o.)
Yes.

O'Niel surveys the squad room as he listens to the
conversation.

SHEPPARD
The target is O'Niel...the
Marshal here.

BELLOWS (v.o.)
Jesus...you better not mess
this up.

SHEPPARD
I won't.

BELLOWS (v.o.)
It's your party.

SHEPPARD
Yes it is.

BELLOWS (v.o.)
How much help will he have?

SHEPPARD
None.

BELLOWS (v.o.)
You sure?

122. Continued.

122.

SHEPPARD

Yeah...I'm sure. Nobody here will stick their neck out for anyone. Once the word is spread that these guys are pros...there won't be any trouble...and I've got somebody on the inside who will spread the word. Don't worry...he's a dead man.

O'Niel stamps his cigarette out in the ash tray.

BELLOWS (v.o.)

Sheppard...I've got to tell you...if this doesn't work...the next guys who come for someone, will be coming for you.

SHEPPARD

No sweat...I'll call you when it's over.

There is a click...and then static.

O'Niel leans back in his chair...his hands folded on his chest.

CUT TO:

123. THURSDAY, 11:00 A.M.

123.

EXT. IO

The cluster of structures cast long shadows across the brown dry dusty terrain. Jupiter is looming higher in the sky...dwarfing everything.

124. INT. SHUTTLE DOCK

124.

The double bulkheads outside the shuttle dock are partially open...as if they are resting. Over the main access hatch the digital countdown clock reads:

"SHUTTLE LOCATION--SPACE STATION GREEN"

The sign remains motionless for a few seconds...and then it flashes a change:

SHUTTLE--IN TRANSIT
ARRIVAL--70 HOURS 00 MINUTES

CUT TO:

125. INT. WORKERS' CAFETERIA 125.

The clusters of men crowded around the tables look up at the digital readout on the wall as it blinks:

SHUTTLE--IN TRANSIT
ARRIVAL--70 HOURS 00 MINUTES

CUT TO:

126. INT. WORKERS' QUARTERS 126.

A number of men look up from their card game, as the digital readout on the wall flashes:

SHUTTLE--IN TRANSIT
ARRIVAL--70 HOURS 00 MINUTES

CUT TO:

127. INT. O'NIEL'S OFFICE 127.

O'Niel looks out into the squad room. Two deputies stop what they are doing for a moment...as the digital readout on the wall flashes:

SHUTTLE--IN TRANSIT
ARRIVAL--69 HOURS 59 MINUTES

128. THURSDAY, 8:00 P.M. 128.

INT. LEISURE CLUB

The digital readout on the club wall flashes:

SHUTTLE--IN TRANSIT
ARRIVAL--60 HOURS 1 MINUTE

The dancers are undulating their wet bodies in the hot light. The crowd around the bar is thick and boisterous.

O'Niel enters the club and looks around. He starts toward the bar. As he does...he is noticed by the crowd. They become noticeably silent. They watch him...as if he is doing something fascinating.

O'Niel walks as if nothing out of the ordinary is going on. He reaches the bar. A small knot of men part...making a clear path for him. He leans over and orders a drink. The bartender studies him for a moment...and then pours a glass of beer for him.

128. Continued.

128.

O'Niel takes the glass and lifts it to his lips. He looks around at the group at the bar. They are transfixed. He smiles...as if to nod a toast to them. He drinks the beer.

Slowly...the men go back to talking to each other. The noise isn't as loud as before. Everybody seems a bit self-conscious. O'Niel looks up at the readout on the wall.

CUT TO:

129A. INT. SQUAD ROOM

129A.

There are noticeably fewer deputies at work. The place is not empty...there are just less people.

Ballard is at the Sergeant's desk. He is studying some of the dispatches from the previous day...and going over the evening's assignments. He looks across the large room at the glass partition to O'Niel's office. He sees O'Niel looking at him. O'Niel motions to him...and Ballard gets up.

130A. INT. O'NIEL'S OFFICE

130A.

O'Niel is at his desk. Ballard enters.

BALLARD

Yes, Marshal?

O'NIEL

Sit down, Sergeant.

Ballard sits. O'Niel puts his feet up on his desk. There is a long...pregnant silence.

O'NIEL

How many can I count on?

Ballard shifts in his chair.

BALLARD

I...I don't know, sir.

O'Niel sits back and looks at the pattern of the grid work in the ceiling.

O'NIEL

What about you?

130A. Continued.

130A.

Ballard wishes he were somewhere else. O'Niel listens to the lack of response..and nods.

BALLARD

Most of us...most are...we're young. We have families...

O'NIEL

I have a family.

BALLARD

I know sir...except your family is...

O'Niel looks at him.

BALLARD

I'm sorry, sir.

O'NIEL

That's okay...

(pause)

It's true.

(pause)

Do you care if the bad guys win?

Ballard looks at him helplessly. O'Niel nods.

O'NIEL

Well...we know where we stand.
Thank you, Sergeant.

Ballard mumbles something and backs out of the office.
He walks into the squad room...under the digital clock.

CUT TO:

131A. FRIDAY, 4:42 P.M.

131A.

EXT. GANYMEDE

Jupiter is lower in the sky. The red spot...like a giant eye...glares unblinkingly over the cluster of buildings.

132A. INT. SHUTTLE LOADING BAY

132A.

The digital readout flashes:

132A. Continued.

132A.

SHUTTLE--IN TRANSIT
ARRIVAL--40 HOURS 18 MINUTES

CUT TO:

133A. THURSDAY, 11:45 P.M.

133A.

INT. RAQUETBALL COURT

O'Niel is alone on the court. He bounces the ball. The hollow echo of the ball accentuates his isolation. He hits it against the wall...and then goes after it for a return. He misses the shot.

O'Niel stands there...letting the ball roll to the end of the court. He doesn't even make an attempt to retrieve it.

LAZARUS

That's pretty good. Playing
by yourself, and losing.

Lazarus strolls in. O'Niel doesn't look around.

LAZARUS

I'd join you in this dumb
game...if I could play
sitting down.

Lazarus sits down on the polished wooden floor.
O'Niel goes over and picks up the ball.

LAZARUS

I've been well, thank you.
Pretty busy. Seems like
there's some kind of flu
going around.

(pause)

You have no idea how many
workers are going to be
sick this Sunday.

(pause)

It's your actual epidemic.

O'Niel rubs a scuff mark on the floor.

O'NIEL

Are you going to be sick
this Sunday?

Lazarus takes a deep breath...and blows the air out loudly.

133A. Continued.

133A.

LAZARUS

You know...I was married once.
A terrific guy...gorgeous.
Eight years. We were really
happy for about four...neutral
for the next two...and genuinely
miserable for the last two.

(pause)

I remember when we decided to
get a divorce. It was a
Saturday. The weather was
beautiful...we went to a party...
really interesting people were
there...we had a fabulous dinner...

(pause)

He looked at me...and I
looked at him...and we both
knew it was over. Civilized...
except over.

(pause)

He said, 'You know...I will
always love you. I want you
to always be happy. I hope
you find someone else.'

(pause)

Class. That guy had what
it takes...let me tell you.

(pause)

When you really care for
somebody...you want them to
be happy.

(pause)

I looked at him and I said,
'I hope you're miserable...
and I hope your nose falls
right off your face.' Then
I got drunk.

(pause)

You see...if I really had
what it takes...I would have
said the right thing. If I
really had what it takes...
I never would have wound up
in this God-forsaken place.

(pause)

You're looking for sterling
character?...you're in the
wrong place.

(pause)

Listen...if you're the kind
of man you're supposed to be...
you wouldn't stick around either.
That's why they sent you here.

133A. Continued.

133A.

There is a pause.

O'NIEL

They made a mistake.

LAZARUS

I was afraid you would say something like that.

(pause)

You think you're making a difference.

O'Niel shrugs.

LAZARUS

Then why, for God's sake?

O'NIEL

Because maybe they're right. They send me here to this pile of shit...because they think I belong here. I've got to find out if they're right.

(pause)

There's a whole machine that works because everybody does what they're supposed to. I found out I'm supposed to be something I don't like. That's what's in the program. That's my rotten little part in the rotten machine.

(pause)

I don't like it. I'm going to find out if they're right.

LAZARUS

Your wife is one stupid lady.

O'Niel looks at her and tries to smile.

LAZARUS

You want to go get drunk?

O'NIEL

Yes.

Lazarus gets up and starts toward the exit.

LAZARUS

At least you still have some sense left.

133A. Continued. 133A.
They both exit.

CUT TO:

134. SATURDAY, 10:45 A.M. 134.
EXT. GANYMEDE

Off in the distance...an enormous volcano spits a blue-white cloud into the black sky. The low sunlight streaks across the metal buildings...making one side shine...and the other side a deep black shadow. Jupiter swirls above...guarding the sky...reminding anyone who looks out just how far from home they really are.

135. INT. SHUTTLE LOADING BAY 135.
The access hatches are still unlocked. The digital readout is blinking relentlessly.

SHUTTLE--IN TRANSIT
ARRIVAL--22 HOURS 15 MINUTES

CUT TO:

136. INT. O'NIEL'S OFFICE 136.
O'Niel is at his desk reading a thick sheaf of reports. He involuntarily looks up and sees the digital readout across the squad room. He does not want to see it. He goes back to his work...annoyed at himself.

CUT TO:

137. INT. ACCESS CORRIDOR 137.
O'Niel is inspecting the bolts along one of the seams in the corridor.

CUT TO:

138. INT. ANOTHER CORRIDOR 138.
O'Niel is adjusting one of the surveillance cameras.

CUT TO:

139. INT. ANOTHER CORRIDOR 139.

O'Niel adjusts another camera.

CUT TO:

140. INT. O'NIEL'S OFFICE LATER THAT DAY 140.

Almost all of the deputies have finished their shifts. O'Niel is at his desk eating a stale sandwich. You can tell from the expression on his face that the food tastes like sawdust. He has completed the paper-work. He rubs his eyes. He looks across the squad room. The readout flashes:

SHUTTLE--IN TRANSIT
ARRIVAL--15 HOURS 23 MINUTES

CUT TO:

141. INT. O'NIEL'S QUARTERS 141.

O'Niel switches on the lights as he walks in his quarters. The digital readout is flashing:

SHUTTLE--IN TRANSIT
ARRIVAL--9 HOURS 37 MINUTES

He is tired. The overwhelming sense of isolation is only exaggerated by the quiet of his small apartment. You can hear the fabric squeak as O'Niel sits down. You can hear the sound of him exhaling.

The quiet is suddenly pierced by the shrill beeping of the telephone...which is accompanied by a flashing red light over the monitor. The sudden presence of a sound is startling.

O'Niel gets up and turns the monitor on. The screen is flashing in large letters:

O'NIEL, W.T. TELECOMMUNICATION
SPACE STATION

O'Niel reaches over the monitor and switches on a small television camera that is pointed at him. He then types on the keyboard;

O'NIEL, W.T. PROCEED

The screen becomes a series of wavy lines and then the face of Carol appears. She looks straight ahead and smiles.

141. Continued.

141.

CAROL

Hello there.

O'Niel looks at her face for a long time.

O'NIEL

Hello there.

Carol is flustered.

CAROL

I'm doing it again. I've had so much time to prepare what I am going to say. I was going to be so devastatingly clever. And here I am...looking at your face and my mouth has gone to mush. Jesus.

O'NIEL

How is Paulie?

CAROL

He's fine. I promised him he could talk to you. He's in the next room...probably destroying the furniture.

There is an awkward silence. O'Niel keeps looking at the image of her face in the television monitor.

CAROL

Are you feeling well?

O'NIEL

I'm okay.

CAROL

I'm...ah...Paulie and I... our reservations have come through...and...ah...we're booked on a flight home.

O'Niel nods silently.

CAROL

The reservations are for three.

O'Niel lights a cigarette.

O'NIEL

That was thoughtful.

CAROL

Please...

O'NIEL,

I can't.

CAROL

Why...for God's sake?

O'NIEL

I just can't. I wish I could.

CAROL

What is so important?

O'NIEL

I'm too tired to explain.

CAROL

Do you think you're making a difference? Do you think you're making the universe a better place? Do you think what you're doing is worth giving up your family for?

O'Niel tries to answer. All he can do is shake his head.

CAROL

You're a stubborn son of a bitch.

O'NIEL

Yes.

There is a pause. Neither of them know what to say.

CAROL

Something is wrong there, isn't it?

O'NIEL

No.

CAROL

You're in trouble...I know it. Every time you start speaking in sentences of less than two words...I know you're in some kind of trouble.

O'Niel looks at her and manages a somewhat ironic smile.

O'NIEL

I'm okay.

She looks at him.

CAROL

Damn you.

(pause)

She turns from the camera.

CAROL
Paulie! You can come in now.

She turns towards the camera.

CAROL
I love you.

She steps aside and the eager face of Paul stares into the monitor...looking at his father.

PAUL
Daddy!

O'Niel winces at the sight of his son.

O'NIEL
Hey, Paul. How are you doing?

PAUL
Great. Mommy let me stay up late...because this is when the call came through.
(pause)
I miss you.

O'NIEL
I miss you too.

PAUL
Mommy says as soon as you get done, you're going to come home with us.

O'NIEL
As soon as I get done.

PAUL
What's it like on Earth?

O'NIEL
It's beautiful. You'll see so many wonderful things and have so many friends to play with.

PAUL
Mommy says on the flight they put you to sleep for more than a year.

141. Continued.

141.

O'NIEL
That's true.

PAUL
Will it hurt?

O'NIEL
Not even a little. You'll
just wake up and be home.

PAUL
I'm going to sleep through
my birthday.

O'NIEL
Next birthday, I'll give
you two presents.

PAUL
Can't you come with us?

O'NIEL
Not right now.

PAUL
Soon?

O'NIEL
Yes...soon.

PAUL
I love you Daddy.

O'Niel starts to crack...and he catches himself.

O'NIEL
I...I love you Paul. You
take care of Mommy now.

PAUL
I will. See you Daddy.

The screen becomes a series of wavy lines...and then
a solid green with:

END TRANSMISSION

O'Niel keeps staring at the screen. Then...reluctantly...
he goes over and turns it off.

CUT TO:

142. SUNDAY, 7:05 A.M.

142.

EXT. GANYMEDE

The small mining town is huddled in the brown terrain. The black sky is still. Nothing moves...except for the red warning lights on the tops of buildings.

Jupiter boils relentlessly yellow-orange on the horizon.

CUT TO:

143. INT. SHUTTLE LOADING BAY

143.

The work crews are arriving. Maintenance personnel are checking the equipment. The containers are being placed in an obedient line...ready to be loaded on the shuttle.

The digital readout blinks:

SHUTTLE--IN TRANSIT
ARRIVAL--1 HOUR 55 MINUTES

CUT TO:

144. INT. O'NIEL'S QUARTERS

144.

We see shells being loaded into a clip. Another clip is brought into frame and some more shells are pushed in.

The clips are placed on the formica coffee table. They rest in front of a framed picture of Paul and Carol smiling at the camera. She looks radiant. Paul's hair is neatly combed.

O'Niel is doing this methodically. There is no emotion on his face. He is checking the mechanism on the gun...seeing if the barrels are clean. He inspects the magazine...the stock...the sight. He holds the gun up and aims it.

O'Niel reaches for the loaded clips on the table. He places them in his pockets. He pauses.

He looks up at the digital readout:

SHUTTLE--IN TRANSIT
ARRIVAL--1 HOUR 47 MINUTES

CUT TO:

145. INT. LEISURE CLUB 145.
- A fairly good size crowd is there. Music is blaring. There are no dancers...and not a lot of mixing. However, there is an impressive amount of drinking.
- The digital readout flashes:
- SHUTTLE--IN TRANSIT
ARRIVAL--1 HOUR 32 MINUTES
146. INT. SHEPPARD'S OFFICE 146.
- Sheppard is having coffee and scrambled eggs at his desk. He looks up at the digital readout.
- CUT TO:
147. INT. CORRIDOR 147.
- O'Niel walks alone down the corridor. He is carrying the gun. He opens a panel in the wall. He places the gun in the panel...and then closes it.
- CUT TO:
148. EXT. GANYMEDE 148.
- There is no motion in the sky.
- CUT TO:
149. INT. SHUTTLE LOADING BAY 149.
- There is increasing activity. The landing crew has completed the pressure lock testing. The container loading is also completed. The digital readout flashes:
- SHUTTLE--IN TRANSIT
ARRIVAL--1 HOUR 7 MINUTES
- CUT TO:
150. INT. WORKER'S QUARTERS 150.
- Most of the men who are there are lounging on their bunks. There is a card game going at one end of the aisle. One of the players looks up at the digital readout.
- CUT TO:

151. INT. SHEPPARD'S OFFICE 151.

Sheppard is reading a series of cost reports. He sips coffee from a china cup.

CUT TO:

152. EXT. MINE AREA 152.

The mine is deserted. There are no workers. The giant scaffolding shimmers in the orange reflected light of Jupiter.

CUT TO:

153. INT. ADMINISTRATION WARD ROOM 153.

This is the room where the executives and town leaders dine...and hold their administration meetings. This is where we saw O'Niel give his introductory speech when he first arrived.

The ward room is crowded. Everyone is eating breakfast. The women are chatting with each other with a bubbly animation. The men are telling quiet jokes. It looks like Sunday brunch at the country club.

The digital readout flashes:

SHUTTLE--IN TRANSIT
ARRIVAL--43 MINUTES

O'Niel enters the ward room. Everyone stops talking. They turn and stare at O'Niel...who remains at the doorway.

CUT TO:

154. EXT. GANYMEDE 154.

The jagged looking town appears vulnerable under the menacing size and color of Jupiter.

A blinking strobe light appears in the sky.

CUT TO:

155. INT. SHUTTLE LOADING BAY 155.

A pulsating horn blares. The men start to scramble.

155. Continued.

155.

The digital readout flashes:

SHUTTLE--OUTER MARKER
ARRIVAL--EARLY

CUT TO:

156. INT. ADMINISTRATION WARD ROOM

156.

O'Niel looks back at the silent group of people.

O'NIEL
Good morning.

There are some subdued mumbles of 'good morning'.
O'Niel starts walking toward the tables.

O'NIEL
How are you, Mrs. Spector?

Mrs. Spector is flustered.

MRS. SPECTOR
Uh...fine thank you...Marshal.

O'NIEL
Mr. Rudolph?

RUDOLPH
Morning...Marshal.

O'NIEL
I hope everyone is having
a pleasant breakfast.

O'Niel walks by a table and takes a sausage from a
serving plate. He pops it in his mouth.

CUT TO:

157. EXT. GANYMEDE

157.

The small strobe lights are now larger. We can make
out the strange grey shape of the shuttle high in the
black sky.

CUT TO:

158. INT. SHUTTLE LOADING BAY 158.

The access hatches slam closed with a tremendous hiss. The large valves are turned with a loud clanging sound. The ground crew is straining with the heavy equipment. They put their head sets on...covering their ears with the plastic ear phones to protect them against the noise.

CUT TO:

159. INT. ADMINISTRATION WARD ROOM 159.

O'Niel stands in the middle of the tables.

O'NIEL

I could use a little help.

Nobody is rude enough to keep eating breakfast... however, everyone there is trying to act as if they are in another room.

O'NIEL

I thought so.

There is no response.

CUT TO:

160. EXT. SHUTTLE LOADING BAY 160.

Two huge and fierce landing lights snap on from the belly of the shuttle. They cast two blinding shafts of glaring white light.

We get our first clear look at the shuttle. It is an enormous series of grey protrusions and blinking lights. It is dropping straight down at us...growing larger every second.

CUT TO:

161. INT. ADMINISTRATION WARD ROOM 161.

A man near the front...a middle aged man named Rudd, stands up.

RUDD

You're supposed to protect us.
You're the police...it's your
job. Where are your men?

161. Continued.

161.

O'NIEL

My men.

(pause)

My men stink.

(pause)

What about you good people?

He looks around. Nobody moves.

O'NIEL

Enjoy your breakfast.

He walks out.

CUT TO:

162. EXT. SHUTTLE LOADING BAY

162.

The outboard engine nacelles belch flame...as the ponderous shuttle fires its retro engines. There is a huge low growl. The ground shudders. A storm duct is kicked up...flaring in the hard landing lights.

CUT TO:

163. INT. SHUTTLE LOADING BAY

163.

The giant hydraulic landing access arms fold back... waiting to receive the descending shuttle. The four orange gantries swing back to a horizontal position. The blast deflector plates slide up.

CUT TO:

164. EXT. SHUTTLE LOADING BAY

164.

The landing legs fold out from the undercarriage of the shuttle. The spacecraft is roaring a few feet from the landing area.

CUT TO:

165. INT. SHUTTLE LOADING BAY

165.

The landing legs settle down from the top of the bay. The landing lights are blinding in the swirls of dust. The sound is deafening. The metal struts on the landing legs...which looked the size of toothpicks

165. Continued.

165.

when the shuttle was in the air...are now seen to be almost twenty feet high.

As the shuttle touches down...the landing legs start to disappear inside the undercarriage of the shuttle...absorbing the great weight of the spacecraft.

On a matter of seconds...the engines are shut off. The dust stops swirling. The landing lights are snapped off. The gantries swing back up into place. The deflector plates recede. The digital readout flashes:

SHUTTLE--DOCKED
OFF LOADING

CUT TO:

166. INT. O'NIEL'S OFFICE

166.

O'Niel runs into his office. He sees the digital readout on the wall. He grabs his shotgun and places the extra magazines in his pockets.

He sits down at his console and starts to type:

O'NIEL, W.T. REQUEST LIKENESS
OF PERSONNEL ON PASSENGER
MANIFEST ON PRESENT SHUTTLE
ARRIVAL WHO WERE TICKETED
WITHIN THREE DAYS OF DEPARTURE.
CROSS REFERENCE WITH ANY AND
ALL ON MANIFEST WITH PRIOR
ARREST RECORD

The machine whirrs and then replies:

NEGATIVE DATA AVAILABLE.

O'Niel looks confused. He types impatiently:

O'NIEL, W.T. REQUEST MADE
WITH SECURITY PRIORITY

The machine answers:

NEGATIVE DATA AVAILABLE

O'Niel types:

166. Continued.

166.

O'NIEL, W.T. EMERGENCY
SECURITY REQUEST FOR DATA.
WHY NEGATIVE RESPONSE?

The machine responds:

NO MANIFEST TRANSMITTED
FROM SPACE STATION

O'Niel types:

O'NIEL, W.T. URGENT REQUEST
FROM SPACE STATION TO TRANSMIT
DATA IMMEDIATELY

The machine responds:

NEGATIVE. VOICE AND PICTURE
TRANSMISSIONS TERMINATED

O'Niel types:

REASON FOR TERMINATION?

The machine responds:

NEGATIVE DATA

O'Niel looks at the bank of monitors. He dials the picture of the shuttle loading bay on one of them. On another monitor...he dials the image of the main access arm. On the remaining ones...he dials in views of the various passageways and corridors leading to the various buildings.

CUT TO:

167. EXT. LANDING PLATFORM

167.

The passenger elevator descends the gantry...carrying the arrivals from the shuttle.

CUT TO:

168. INT. SHUTTLE LOADING BAY

168.

The landing crew pulls the air pressure valves. There is a deep hissing sound. A lighted display reads:

168. Continued.

168.

ACCESSWAY--NO ATMOSPHERE

In a few seconds it changes to:

ACCESSWAY--PRESSURIZING

And finally:

ACCESSWAY--FULL ATMOSPHERE

The hissing stops. The air locks are opened.

The passageway is revealed. It is long and twists around so we can't see the end. There is a long silence. Nothing moves. It is as if the area is recovering from the violence of the landing. Everything is taking its time settling.

We can hear footsteps coming from the passageway. No one is in sight. We just hear the footsteps growing louder.

CUT TO:

169. INT. SQUAD ROOM

169.

O'Niel is hunched over the monitors. He sees no activity.

CUT TO:

170. INT. SHUTTLE LOADING BAY

170.

The footsteps grow louder still. We now see the shadows of the approaching figures...cast by the light at the end of the passageway.

The shadows grow longer. Then we see the legs...and finally the full figures of twenty men and four women. They are all carrying nylon duffle bags. They say nothing to each other. They walk straight ahead.

CUT TO:

171. INT. SQUAD ROOM

171.

O'Niel sees the various people enter the accessway. He studies the picture on the monitor. There is no way of telling which ones are the man he is looking for.

CUT TO:

172. INT. ACCESSWAY 172.

The group of arrivals walk down the white corridor. At the end of the access corridor there is a hexagonal junction which leads to five other access corridors... feeding various areas.

CUT TO:

173. INT. ACCESS JUNCTION 173.

The arrivals enter the junction. They all start going in different directions. O'Niel studies the monitors. Slowly we see two men lingering in the junction. Finally they are alone. They place their nylon bags on the floor and open them. Each bag contains a weapon in sections. Each man removes the pieces. Barrels are snapped into stocks. Clips are slapped into place. Strange looking sights are slid into holders.

The two men get up. Each one enters an access corridor leading off into three directions. Not a word is exchanged between them.

CUT TO:

174. INT. SQUAD ROOM 174.

O'Niel sees them split up. He watches each man appear on a different monitor. Both of them are walking at the same deliberate pace.

CUT TO:

175. INT. LEISURE CLUB 175.

Activity around the bar is busy. Music is playing.

CUT TO:

176. INT. SHEPPARD'S OFFICE 176.

Sheppard is still at his desk going over paperwork.

CUT TO:

177. INT. ADMINISTRATION WARD ROOM 177.

Breakfast is being served. Mrs. Spector is giving

177. Continued. 177.
another helping of scrambled eggs to her husband...
who is talking with the man from accounting on his
right.
CUT TO:
178. INT. SQUAD ROOM 178.
O'Niel studies the different monitors. He makes a
decision and walks out of the room. We can see the
two men walking down different corridors.
CUT TO:
179. INT. ACCESS CORRIDOR 179.
Man ~~1~~ 1 is walking.
CUT TO:
180. INT. ANOTHER ACCESS CORRIDOR 180.
O'Niel opens the hatchway and starts down.
CUT TO:
181. INT. LOWER PASSAGEWAY 181.
Man ~~1~~ 2 climbs down a ladder and makes his way under
the gridwork. He walks the length of the area.
CUT TO:
182. INT. WORKERS' LIVING QUARTERS 182.
The area is totally deserted. Man ~~1~~ 1 enters at the
far end. He looks in the first series of bunks.
CUT TO:
183. INT. O'NIEL'S QUARTERS 183.
The door flies open with a crash. Man ~~1~~ 2 enters with

183. Continued.

183.

his gun at shoulder height. He sweeps the area with it. He approaches the door to O'Niel's room. He kicks it open.

CUT TO:

184. INT. WORKERS' CAFETERIA

184.

O'Niel enters. He looks around. He quietly makes his way through the maze of empty tables. Everything is so deserted it has an eerie quality to it.

There is an ear-shattering roar and a blazing flash of orange. Semi-automatic rounds of thick tracers explode all around O'Niel. He dives for cover. Tables around him are showered with sparks...and orange streaks from the tracers come from overhead. O'Niel can make out the figure of Man #1 silhouetted against the slits of light from the gridwork on the ceiling. Man #1 is on the level above the ceiling looking down at him. He is firing through a lighting port.

O'Niel fires blindly at the ceiling and rolls along the floor. He makes it to the cover of the far end and is into the accessway...barely ahead of the tracer rounds.

OMIT SCENE NUMBER 185

CUT TO:

186. INT. GREENHOUSE

186.

The greenhouse is a titanic gabled structure of glass. Hydroponic vegetables grow in endless troughs...all under long slabs of controlled light. Water circulates in a constant waterfall effect.

Jupiter is awesome through the glass. It is almost all you can see. Everything in the structure is silhouetted against the swirling orange globe in the black sky.

O'Niel enters and creeps the imposing length of the greenhouse...making his way under the troughs.

CUT TO:

187. INT. SQUAD ROOM 187.

The silhouette of an arm and shoulder enter the frame. The figure stands in front of the data bank...watching the various monitors. The monitors show O'Niel in an access corridor. They also show Man #1 and Man #2 going down other access corridors.

CUT TO:

188. INT. LEISURE CLUB 188.

Everyone is packed around the bar. There is a lot of laughter.

CUT TO:

189. INT. UPPER CATWALK 189.

O'Niel crawls along the gridwork. He turns the lights out. It is almost totally dark. The only light is from the gridwork in the floor. The slivers of light create a strange pattern on the bottom of O'Niel's face.

CUT TO:

190. RED 190.

We see a field of red...with black cross hairs bisecting in the middle. Black shapes are sweeping across. We are looking through an infra red scope...that can see in the dark.

CUT TO:

191. INT. UPPER CATWALK 191.

O'Niel is having trouble making his way in the dark.

CUT TO:

192. SCOPE VIEW 192.

One of the dark shapes that sweeps by, resembles the silhouette of a man crawling.

CUT TO:

193. INT. UPPER CATWALK

193.

O'Niel puts his hand out to grab hold of a railing. The catwalk is blazing with orange light from the tracers exploding around him. Sparks shimmer off the metal. His shoulder has been shot...and is spurting blood. All he can do is roll...and then dive down a hatchway. He loses his gun.

His shoulder gets the brunt of his fall. He lets out an unintentional groan of pain. He scrambles out of the hatchway.

CUT TO:

194. INT. SQUAD ROOM

194.

The silhouette is studying the monitors. We see O'Niel enter one monitor. Men ~~1~~ 1 and ~~2~~ 2 are in two others. The silhouette leaves the frame.

194A. INT. CORRIDOR

194A.

O'Niel runs to the panel. He opens it. The other gun is not there.

CUT TO:

195. INT. ACCESS CORRIDOR

195.

A trail of red drips from O'Niel onto the white floor. He gets to the end and opens the hatch.

CUT TO:

196. INT. ACCESS JUNCTION

196.

O'Niel staggers into the access junction that leads to five other access corridors. He holds his shoulder and tries to catch his breath. He doesn't know which one to choose. His shoulder is spurting.

One of the hatchways from an access corridor leading to the access junction begins to turn. There is someone on the other side about to enter.

O'Niel looks around. There is no time to run anywhere. He would be in the middle of an access corridor by the time the man was in the junction...and there would be nowhere to escape.

196. Continued.

196.

O'Niel has no choice, except to flatten himself against the wall behind the door as it opens.

He can see the tumblers turn...and the door swing open. The man begins to enter the access junction. O'Niel prepares himself for the inevitable. He raises his good arm to strike at the man's neck.

In mid swing, he realizes it is Lazarus...who jumps out of the way just in time.

LAZARUS

Jesus!! Take it easy.

O'NIEL

What the hell are you doing here?

LAZARUS

I'm a schmuck. I went to your office to see if I could help. I saw you on the surveillance screens. You're heading right for the two of them.

She looks at O'Niel.

LAZARUS

You look in terrific shape. They've missed the artery. I'll stop the bleeding.

CUT TO:

197A. INT. WORKERS' QUARTERS

197A.

O'Niel and Lazarus enter. They look around. No one is there. Lazarus goes over to a bunk...and rips part of a pillowcase to wrap O'Niel's wound.

O'NIEL

Did you see where they were heading?

LAZARUS

I think they were going for the operations wing. They're trying to cut you off.

O'NIEL

Start sealing off the access ways in the east quadrant. I'll go out and around them.

CUT TO:

198A. INT. ACCESS CORRIDOR 198A.

Man ~~4~~ 1 is walking. He sees O'Niel's trail of blood on the white translucent floor. He follows it.

CUT TO:

199A. INT. WORKERS' QUARTERS 199A.

Lazarus works on O'Niel's shoulder.

O'NIEL

Thank you.

LAZARUS

Don't misconstrue this. I'm not displaying character... just temporary insanity.

There is a noise from the end of the corridor leading to the area. O'Niel jumps up. Lazarus freezes.

Someone is entering through the hatchway. They can hear footsteps on the metal walkways.

O'Niel motions for Lazarus to follow him. They creep past the mostly darkened workers' bunks...down one of the metal stairways...and into the locker area.

A shadow rakes across them from above.

O'NIEL

(whispering)

I'm going outside. Seal the doors and get the hell out of here.

He starts to put on an environment suit. Lazarus just stays there.

O'NIEL

(whispering)

Go on!

The shadow is making its way across the workers' area.

LAZARUS

(whispering)

I can help.

O'Niel is struggling to finish getting dressed.

199A. Continued.

199A.

O'NIEL
(whispering)
Shit...don't argue with me.

LAZARUS
(whispering)
I can help.

O'Niel studies her for a long moment.

O'NIEL
(whispering)
The access corridor.

Lazarus nods. O'Niel hurries to the elevator air lock.
He turns around and looks back at Lazarus.

LAZARUS
Don't get maudlin.

CUT TO:

200A. SCOPE VIEW

200A.

The infra-red scope is sweeping across the tangled
shapes of the workers' area.

CUT TO:

201A. INT. ELEVATOR AIR LOCK

201A.

The doors seal...as O'Niel starts to ascend in the
elevator.

CUT TO:

202A. INT. LOCKER AREA

202A.

Lazarus is flattened against the wall...as she sees the
silhouette of Man #1 pass directly above her.

CUT TO:

OMIT SCENE NOS. 203 through 216 inclusive.
Continue with SCENE NO. 217.

217. EXT. ELEVATOR

217.

O'Niel climbs out of the elevator on the first level. He looks down at the bottomless crater and the mine scaffolding disappearing in it. He climbs on the grid-work, up the elevator shaft, and onto the ribbing of building C.

O'Niel floats up the side of the building...touching the surface to guide him. He reaches the roof. The view of the other buildings and the mine, under the dominance of Jupiter is nothing less than spectacular. He travels along the roof line...practically weightless. He comes to the end of the building. The spindly looking access corridor, connecting building C with building D dangles below.

CUT TO:

218A. INT. WORKERS' AREA

218.

Man #1 makes his way down the metal stairway. He passes within inches of Lazarus...who backs through the shower room...towards the hatchway.

Man #1 stops...trying to listen carefully.

Lazarus races for the access hatchway. She enters the access corridor. She holds the heavy hatch door open and listens.

CUT TO:

218B. SCOPE VIEW

218B.

The infra-red scope is panning across the area.

CUT TO:

218C. INT. ACCESS CORRIDOR

218C.

Lazarus closes the door loudly.

CUT TO:

218D. INT. WORKERS' AREA

218D.

Man #1 hears the noise...and looks towards the source. He heads towards the access hatchway.

CUT TO:

218E. INT. ACCESS WAY 218E.

Lazarus runs down the access way towards the far end.
She opens the hatchway and waits.

CUT TO:

219. EXT. ACCESS CORRIDOR 219.

O'Niel glides down the side of the building and lands
on top of the access corridor. He balances on top of
it and makes his way to one of the joints in the
corridor sections.

CUT TO:

220. INT. ACCESS CORRIDOR 220.

Man 771 enters the corridor. He sees Lazarus at the
far end. She jumps through the hatch and closes it...
just as he fires at her. The tracers skip off the
closed hatch.

CUT TO:

221. EXT. ACCESS CORRIDOR 221.

The silhouette of Man 771 can be seen from the outside
of the translucent corridor. O'Niel frantically starts
to release the connecting bolts in the corridor section.

CUT TO:

222. INT. ACCESS CORRIDOR 222.

Man 771 continues down towards the far hatch after
Lazarus.

CUT TO:

222A. EXT. HATCHWAY 222A

Lazarus seals the hatch.

CUT TO:

223. EXT. ACCESS CORRIDOR 223.

O'Niel almost has the bolts released.

CUT TO:

224. INT. ACCESS CORRIDOR 224.

Man #71 sees O'Niel's silhouette through the translucent ceiling. He looks at the far hatchway.

CUT TO:

225. EXT. ACCESS CORRIDOR 225.

O'Niel heaves at the bolt and the sections separate.

CUT TO:

226. INT. ACCESS CORRIDOR 226.

There is an instant of recognition by Man #71 of what has happened. He hardly has time to react. The pressure surges out of the corridor into the vacuum outside. His face turns color. In a second, his skull and skin can no longer contain the pressure imbalance. He explodes in a shower of blood and pulp...painting the sides of the corridor and pouring out into the space outside.

CUT TO:

226A. INT. HATCHWAY 226A.

Lazarus catches her breath...leaning against the sealed hatch.

227. INT. ADMINISTRATION WARD ROOM 227.

Breakfast is proceeding smoothly.

CUT TO:

228. INT. LEISURE CLUB 228.

Business is brisk.

CUT TO:

229. EXT. BUILDINGS 229.

O'Niel is travelling along the top of another building.

CUT TO:

OMIT SCENE NUMBER 230.

230A. INT. SQUAD ROOM 230A.

Lazarus runs back to the Squad Room to look at the monitors again. She starts searching for the other man.

230B. INT. CATWALK 230B.

O'Niel is travelling along a catwalk leading to the Greenhouse.

CUT TO:

231. INT. GREENHOUSE 231.

Man ~~1~~ 2 enters the Greenhouse. He looks around. He sweeps the area with his infra-red scope.

CUT TO:

231A. INT. SQUAD ROOM 231A.

Lazarus is trying to find Man ~~1~~ 2 on the monitors. A shadow appears behind her.

BALLARD

Can I help?

Lazarus is startled. She turns around with a start. She sees Ballard, and relaxes.

LAZARUS

Terrific. Here comes the cavalry. You're a bit late.

BALLARD

Is the Marshal alright?

LAZARUS

So far.

Ballard starts to look at the monitors.

BALLARD

Where is he?

LAZARUS

Outside some place.

231A. Continued.

231A.

BALLARD
Where, outside?

LAZARUS
How the hell should I know.
Maybe the greenhouse.

CUT TO:

232. EXT. GREENHOUSE

232.

O'Niel is climbing up the side of the massive Greenhouse. He looks through the glass. He can see Man ~~1~~ 2 inside. He continues climbing up the side of the building.

CUT TO:

233. SCOPE VIEW

233.

The infra-red scope pans back and forth...looking for some sign of movement in the Greenhouse.

CUT TO:

233A. INT. SQUAD ROOM

233A.

Ballard studies the monitors. He looks at Lazarus.

BALLARD
You think the greenhouse?

She looks around at him quizically.
Ballard leaves the Squad Room.

233B. EXT. GREENHOUSE

233B.

O'Niel crawls onto the roof. He looks down along the sheer edge. The entire platform sprawls below.

233C. SCOPE VIEW

233C.

Man ~~1~~ 2 is searching the Greenhouse for a sign of movement.

233D. INT. LOCKER ROOM

233D.

Ballard takes an atmosphere suit and starts to put it on.

234. EXT. GREENHOUSE

234.

O'Niel takes a panel which is about six foot square and carries it to the end of the roof. He watches Man #2 below him.

CUT TO:

235. SCOPE VIEW

235.

Nothing is moving.

CUT TO:

236. EXT. GREENHOUSE

236.

O'Niel throws the large rectangle down on the Greenhouse. It hits the gabled roof and slides down the side of the building.

CUT TO:

CONTINUED PAGE 120.
SCENE NUMBER 237.

237. SCOPE VIEW 237.

A black silhouette moves by. Man ~~1~~ 2 fires at it.

CUT TO:

238. INT. GREENHOUSE 238.

The tracers shatter a glass panel in the Greenhouse. The roar of all the air escaping is enormous. Man ~~1~~ 2 is sucked up and across the room and blasted out through the hole in the panel.

CUT TO:

239. EXT. GREENHOUSE 239.

Man ~~1~~ 2 explodes in a red shower, along with the troughs of plants that are now bursting out of the Greenhouse. In a matter of seconds, all of the panels burst outwards. The entire Greenhouse shatters. The fragments pick up brilliant orange highlights in the glow of Jupiter.

O'Niel slumps down...relieved and tired.

CUT TO:

240. INT. AIR LOCK 240.

Ballard has finished filling his oxygen tank and is about to get into the elevator.

CUT TO:

241. INT. SQUAD ROOM 241.

Lazarus is at the data bank. She is searching in the different monitors for the location of O'Niel. She sees the image of Ballard in his atmosphere suit waiting for the elevator.

Lazarus inspects the data panels. Her hands are trembling. She sees the emergency warning light panel. There is a warning light for every area. She locates the area marked:

ELEVATOR ~~1~~ 7

She pushes the buttons.

CUT TO:

242. EXT. BUILDING 242.

A red and blue strobe light starts flashing over the elevator shaft. O'Niel is sitting with his back to the elevator. He cannot see the warning.

CUT TO:

243. INT. AIR LOCK 243.

Ballard enters the elevator.

CUT TO:

244. INT. LEISURE CLUB 244.

Sheppard walks in and sits down at a table. He is smiling, as he orders a drink.

CUT TO:

244A. INT. SQUAD ROOM 244A.

Lazarus runs out of the room.

245. EXT. ELEVATOR ~~7~~ 7 245.

Ballard gets out and looks around the tops of the buildings. He is at the top level...hundreds of feet off the top of the platform. The shuttle is on the platform below and to the right. Liquid oxygen vapor is rising from the refueling hoses.

O'Niel is still slumped with his back to the elevator... on the catwalk above the edge of the Greenhouse. He feels his shoulder and winces. He slowly starts to get up, and turns around.

The tracer bullets roar towards him. They strike the enormous solar collectors, each almost one hundred feet square, that stretch over the power plant. There is a blinding shower of blue sparks, and the bullets strike the panels. Electric arcs snap up and down.

O'Niel flattens himself on the catwalk. He can see the strobe light flashing in the background. He knows someone has used the elevator.

Ballard makes his way towards O'Niel. He is on one side of the power station...O'Niel on the other.

O'Niel makes his way towards the back of one of the enormous panels...keeping as low as he can.

245. Continued

245.

Ballard has reached the catwalk at the other end of the collector panels...and starts to climb on the ridge of one of the panels.

O'Niel stays on the tiny catwalk...twenty feet over the top of the panels...and crawls along.

Below...the four titanic panels shimmer with electrical energy. Blue lines of arc light ripple upwards across them. Hundreds of feet below...the transformers are buzzing menacingly.

Ballard is stalking along the top of one collector panel. O'Niel is crawling along the catwalk above him. Both the catwalk and the top of the panel are only about four feet wide.

O'Niel waits until Ballard is almost directly below him. He swings over the catwalk railing, and drops straight down...kicking violently...and striking the side of Ballard's helmet.

The impact sends Ballard reeling forwards. The gun goes flying out of his hands. The impact also sends O'Niel floating backwards...over the side of the collector panel.

The gun floats down and scrapes along the side of the panel. There is an explosion of sparks by the mere contact of the charged field. The light display of sparks continues as the gun strikes the bottom panel. It falls hundreds of feet down.

O'Niel desperately grabs the ridge along the top of the panel...and tries to prevent his leg from touching the side. Ballard has stumbled to his feet. He turns to see O'Niel's desperate struggle to gain a footing on the top ridge...without touching the panel. O'Niel sees that it is Ballard. There is a moment of recognition between them.

Ballard lunges for O'Niel. O'Niel grabs on to his leg. Ballard is trying to kick O'Niel off...sending him against the enormous voltage of the blue arc laden panels.

The two men struggle ferociously...balanced precariously on the thin ridge. The entire expanse of the power station and the mine platform sprawl down below.

Ballard lashes out with the intensity of a rabid animal. O'Niel holds on for dear life. He pulls on the man's ankle. The ridge of the panel is too thin. Ballard loses his balance.

245.

Continued.

245.

Both men tumble over the side...and float past the sparking panel. Their struggle is lit by the fuming mass of orange in the sky. They claw at the air...trying to find something to grab on to, and trying to avoid contact with the panel.

O'Niel manages to grab onto the struts under the first row of collector panels, and above the second row. It stops his fall. Ballard grabs the same strut. They both grapple and climb onto the narrow strut. Their images flicker in the blue sparks, and are rim-lit by the orange from Jupiter in the black sky.

The wound in O'Niel's shoulder is beginning to take its toll. He can't hold on with both arms. Ballard leaps at O'Niel...and starts to pry his one hand from the strut. O'Niel doesn't have the strength to keep holding on. He takes his free hand and reaches around for the valve leading from Ballard's air tank.

Ballard has almost succeeded in prying O'Niel's hand from the strut...when O'Niel closes the valve. Ballard draws a breath, and starts to choke. He involuntarily lets go of O'Niel...to reach for his air valve.

O'Niel makes one last kick with both legs at the chest of Ballard, both of whose hands are on his back. It is enough to send him down and sideways. Ballard's right boot strikes the surface of the collector panel.

There is a blue-white eruption of sparks. Ballard's body goes rigid with the jolt. He strikes the panel again. Another shower of terrible light. He tumbles slowly downward...skipping off the panel...shimmering with the electricity that is surging through him.

He falls free...hundreds of feet downward. He is not moving. His stiff body almost disappears in the distance...when it lands on the transformers. The buzzing of the electricity as it devours him is a harsh flare, on the distant bottom of the platform.

O'Niel drapes his arms over the strut. He tries to catch his breath...looking down at the transformers. He leans his head against the strut...and closes his eyes.

CUT TO:

246. INT. LEISURE CLUB

246.

Lazarus enters the room. She is looking around for O'Niel.

The bartenders are working as fast as they can. The crowd around the bar is thick and boisterous. The booths are filled.

O'Niel appears at the doorway. His shoulder is bleeding through the bandages. His face is bruised. He stands there.

It takes a few seconds for some of the patrons at the tables near the doorway to see O'Niel. They stop talking. The silence spreads to the rest of the tables. Lazarus sees him and smiles...

One of the bartenders looks across at the doorway. His frozen expression causes other patrons at the bar to turn around. Soon there is stone silence at the bar.

Sheppard sits in his chair. He sees the silent tableau in the bar and then he sees O'Niel across the room. He is motionless.

O'Niel starts to walk towards Sheppard. It is painful for him to move. His progress is slow. He passes by the silent patrons at the bar and the tables. He is halfway across...then three quarters...and finally... he reaches Sheppard.

Sheppard stands up.

The two men face each other. O'Niel starts to speak.

O'NIEL

Sheppard...

(pause)

Oh...fuck it.

He swings a round house right and absolutely decks Sheppard.

He looks around and walks silently and deliberately out of the Leisure Club.

CUT TO:

247. EXT. IO

247.

Jupiter dwarfs the mining town. The relentless brown terrain of Io rises in craggy symmetry towards the horizon

Over this, we see printed out as it is typed from the

247. Continued.

247.

computer keyboard:

MESSAGE TO O'NIEL, CAROL G.
FROM O'NIEL, W.T.

ARRIVING IN TIME FOR FLIGHT.
KEEP TICKET WARM. JOB DONE
KISS PAUL FOR ME. LOOKING
FORWARD TO SLEEPING WITH YOU
FOR A YEAR

O'NIEL, W.T.

END TRANSMISSION

FADE TO BLACK

-END-